

# Wings Over Borden

Vol. 5, No. 2

APRIL 20, 1942

No. 1 S.F.T.S.

CAMP BORDEN, CANADA

## BORDEN AIRMEN WELCOME AIRWOMEN

**R.C.A.F. (W.D.) Arrive  
No. 1 S.F.T.S., April 18**

(By Cpl. "Ted" Rorke)

History was in the making at No. 1 S.F.T.S. Saturday noon when a party of airwomen arrived to take up residence in the former student pilots' quarters. The detachment from No. 6 Manning Depot, Jarvis St., Toronto, all graduates of the R.C.A.F. (Women's Division) Training Centre, are under the command of Assistant Section Officer Sparrow of Winnipeg. The latter in company with Sergeant Ball of Toronto, arrived at this station a week ago to form an advance party and assist in the final preparations for receiving the women.

It is understood that Camp Borden is the last Service Flying Training School to receive a detachment of women and that the total already posted throughout the Dominion exceeds two thousand. The next graduating class will be sent to a bombing and gunnery school. In addition to the Camp Borden party, replacements were sent to Guelph, Dunnville, Clareholm, Brantford, Brandon, Moncton, St. Thomas and Winnipeg.

No official reception was planned for the party on arrival, but S/Ldr Badgley, Administrative Officer,

and F/Lt Leafloor, Adjutant, were on hand to extend an informal welcome. A station dance has been planned in their honour for May 1st instead.

On Sunday a full church parade under the command of Group Cap-

(Turn to page four, please)

**MARCH PAST — EYES RIGHT**



Above—R.C.A.F. Women's Division Marching to Station Headquarters.



Station W.D.'s Checking In at Headquarters



A.W. 2 L. Robinson Heads the Lunch Parade.  
Chefs Doff Coats and Don Aprons for First Meal

**ADVANCE PARTY:**  
left to right, Sgt. Ball and Assistant Section Officer Sparrow, Office-

er Commanding R.C.A.F. (W.D.) at Borden, with Squadron Leader Badgley.



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Photos, courtesy of Photographic Section.

## Editorial . . .

### "TO THE LADIES"

The editorial staff of Wings Over Borden join with the rest of the Station in welcoming you to our midst. Your arrival at this Station Saturday begins a new cycle in the history of Borden and we hope a gloriously successful one. You have signified by your voluntary enlistment a willingness to play a part, by no means small, in this battle for Freedom and Democracy along with the menfolk of Canada. This is a very commendable decision to make. The task will not be always a simple one, and when the novelty of your new position wears off may even at times seem irksome. However, the job will have to still be done then as now if we are to win through to ultimate victory. Personal ambitions will have to be subjugated in the interest of the work to be done, sacrifices made, and personal freedom curtailed. To what extent we cannot be certain—but of one thing we can be certain if we work as individuals to the best of our ability, the job will pay off and the coinage will be Victory. Wings Over Borden hope that your stay here will be pleasant and that you will consider this little newspaper to be your paper too.

—THE EDITOR.

### "FROM THE LADIES"

The Women's Division of the R.C.A.F. would like to take this opportunity of thanking the Commanding Officer, all officers, N.C.O.'s and airmen for their friendly co-operation and help in setting us up on Camp Borden.

We feel it an honour to be serving in the R.C.A.F., and are keen to do our bit to "keep them flying."

We are anxious that this station, the oldest in Canada, will be as satisfied with our work as they have been on other stations.

During our first days here, we shall need some help and advice, and from the reports of our "advance" party, we feel confident that both will be given.

—ASSISTANT SECTION OFFICER H. G. SPARROW

## HOSPITALITY SERVICE

### WHERE TO SPEND THAT 48

Hospitality service is available in many Ontario villages, towns and cities for men who are a long distance from home. A real welcome awaits you. Drop into the "Y" office for information.

### INVITE YOUR FRIENDS

to spend a friendly hour with you on Sunday afternoon in the R.C.A.F. Airmen's Club and enjoy a spot of tea. This feature is held every Sunday afternoon under the auspices of the Y.M.-Y.W.C.A.

### WHEN IN BARRIE

make your headquarters at the Barrie Active Service Club and Canteen, located at 45 Toronto Street. There you will find a home away from home. A swell snack bar provides you with wholesome goodies at cost. Dances are held every Monday evening and games parties every Thursday evening. Partners are provided. There is no charge.

# Discipline

by Sgt. L. Albota

Discipline, always maintained at a steady pressure, is essential to the efficiency of a fighting service. The discipline of warrant officers, non-commissioned officers, should set, the example to other ranks, and by its impartiality, it should promote respect for authority.

The ultimate object of all training in the R.C.A.F. is to prepare the service for its role in time of war or national emergency.

The R.C.A.F. is a technical service and the airmen are required to devote most of their working hours to the performance of technical duties. The technical training the airman receives is designed to give him a high standard of knowledge and skill, but his value to the service will depend upon the manner in which he applies them. His true worth is determined by the spirit behind his work and other activities; by his disciplined habit and his pride in the good name of his unit and his service; by his consideration for the general welfare of his comrades and his determination to give his best in the interest of the service.

This quality in the service is known as "esprit de corps." In its wider application it is called "patriotism;" that is, pride and devotion to one's country and consideration for one's fellow countrymen. It produces in a man the highest type of efficiency, devotion to duty, and, if need be, self-sacrifice.

The foundation upon which these qualities are built is called discipline, which is officially defined as:

The immediate and unquestioning compliance with all orders given by a superior officer, in a cheerful spirit.

The rigid enforcement of discipline is a wartime necessity and should be insisted upon by all W.O.'s and N.C.O.'s as their personal effort to pull their weight on the rope of efficiency, to pull together and to pull cheerfully.

The objective of discipline is reliability, and experience teaches us that reliability is a consolidation of qualities found singly in most airmen. And if you are not absolutely reliable you are just grit in the cogs of this stupendous fighting machine.

The few essential qualities an airman must possess:

- To work hard and intelligently without supervision.
- To work cheerfully under even the most trying circumstances, and banish the moaner.
- To cultivate and inculcate in others that splendid spirit of pride of achievement.
- To do everything possible at all times for the continued efficiency of your unit, without the necessity of being ordered to this or that.
- To interrogate more competent authority if in doubt.
- To put implicit faith and confidence in your superiors.
- Give the taxpayer value for his money. He expects to see you smart, well developed, cheerful, respectful and courteous, and that is what he is entitled to expect.

(Turn to Page Eight, Please)

## THE PADRE'S CORNER

Compulsory church parades are objected to by a great many men in the service. Everybody feels that church going is a very individual matter, better done by choice than compulsion, and that there is something quite out of order in our having to attend.

But this matter of compulsion is worth a thought or two.

In the Air Force we have to be under orders. In the service we have given up a large part of our freedom in order, we hope, to preserve just such freedom for our country and the world. Under the conditions of service life, everything we do is ordered. And it is only as church services are ordered that they can be truly representative and attended by many who really want to attend. Otherwise there would be other, and very necessary, demands upon their time. It must not be forgotten that the orders are made by the service, and not by the church.

And there is a sense in which the church parade is the Station at its prayers. This is a time in the routine of the week when all who can possibly be spared from duty take time to remember God, to worship Him, and to try to understand more about Him, gaining strength and direction for their lives, and for the work of the service as a whole.

It would be unreal to call the R.C.A.F. "Christian;" yet Canada is a more or less Christian land. So far as we, Canadians and members of the R.C.A.F., have real religious beliefs, they are those of the Christian faith. Those beliefs should not be forgotten, and they will be needed in the days to come. So the teaching and the worship of the Christian Church must find a place in the life of the service.

One has every sympathy for those who dislike the Church and all that it stands for, and yet are compelled, by conditions of the service, to attend church parades. It is surely not too much to ask that they come with open minds, trying to understand the meaning others find in Christian teaching and practice.

—W. F. B.

Novelist: "I'm describing a scene that took place ten years ago. Tell me what kind of frocks the women wore in those days."

Novelist's Wife (bitterly): "The sort I'm wearing now!"

## ATTENTION R.C.A.F. (W.D.)

The Pages of Wings Over Borden are open to you at all times and we hope that you will avail yourselves of the opportunity to contribute in time for the next issue.

Wings Over Borden is published bimonthly and accepts articles, poems, letters or jokes from any of the personnel. Copy may be handed into the Y.M.C.A. office, Canteen Building or Cpl. Rorke, Pay and Accounts office.

Read It . . . .



or not?

By Cpl. E. M. Rorke

Twenty-five years ago when something whizzed by you, you knew some horse was feeling its oats. Nowadays you know some jackass is feeling his rye.

S/M Towner of Accounts avers that nature is wonderful. He says: "A million years ago she didn't know we were going to wear glasses yet look at the way she placed our ears."

To Cpl. Doug Davidson goes the laurels for the best joke-of-the-week.

Scene a butcher shop.  
Little Boy—"I want a pound of kiddley please.

Butcher: "Do you mean kidney?"

Little Boy: "That's what I said, diddle I?"

In writing a column of this type one has to be as careful as a nudist crossing a barbed wire fence. Last issue we made some reference to the disappearance of a blanket. To the boys in the barracks who took exception to this remark we humbly apologize and hasten to assure you that no reflections were meant. We trust that this retraction will be accepted in the spirit it is offered. P.S.—The blanket is still missing.

I think an innovation on this paper would be a department where the editors could beef to their heart's contents. We are a badly used bunch of people at times and our heads are often bowed in anguish. If we could figure some effective way of being in two places at one time the job would be simpler. Or better still if we could produce two separate issues at a time would help. One for the kickers and three or four special copies for those that praise us. It's a hard world.

LAC Shea: Yippee, whoopee, 23 skidoo.

Onlooker: What's the idea of all the noise?

LAC Shea: It's the Indian in me.

Onlooker: On what side are you Indian?

LAC Shea: The inside—I just swallowed a Buffalo nickle. (Ouch).

Anecdotes of that Western Gentleman from Vancouver, Sgt. Town, have been missing in this column of late. But we picked a good one up from the pullman porter that tended Van on his last trip home.

Sgt. Town: (sticking his head out between the curtains of his berth) Porter, bring me a glass of water.

Porter: Man o' man, yo' sho mus' be firsty. Dis am the tenth glass of water yo hav axed me fo' in the last ten minutes.

Sgt. Town: I'm not thirsty, my bunk is on fire and I'm trying to put it out.

Well, Airmen and Airwomen (this paper is right up to date) we bid you farewell. Time flies and we must go to press. Hope you like this edition and will send it home to your folks.

Borden R.C.A.F. Band Plays On

After a short absence, No. 1 S.F.T.S.'s band has re-appeared on the parade square to head the noon parade. It's great to have them back, for the strains of martial music do much to liven the work parade. The step is snappier, arms and shoulders swing in unison, and the general smartness of the parade is increased.

A great deal of credit must go to Squadron Leader M. F. Badgley for the re-organization of the band and in keeping it together, in the face of almost insurmountable odds. Two of the main problems are the constant posting of band personnel to other stations and the reluctance of qualified musicians to come forth and offer their services.

Sharing equally the laurels with S/Ldr. Badgley is Corporal Griffin, the bandmaster, whose able direction and untiring efforts have brought the band to its present state of musical proficiency. To each and every member of the band itself must go a large share of the praise, for their excellent work, their loyalty and their willingness to serve. The total result of all this co-operation results in a fine musical performance on every occasion the band appears.

However, the band is not getting the full support and recognition it so rightly deserves from the personnel of this station. If you are one of those gifted with musical ability, you should be out every practice day qualifying for a place in the band. There seems to be an unfortunate feeling among men that if they participate in such an organization they are, to use a couple of common phrases, "sticking their necks out," or "letting themselves in for something." This is perhaps due to the attitude of some of their co-workers, who themselves participate in none of the station's extra-mural activities, yet scoff at anyone who does. In the writer's opinion, you are not sticking your neck out, but you are contributing to an important branch of service life in offering your services and deriving at the same time a whole heap of satisfaction in so doing. It is also our opinion that the band should be given full recognition for its services, and every opportunity subject to the exigencies of the Air Force to develop this important contribution they make to service life. Wherever possible, they should be given special privileges for their loyal service.

Let's get behind the band 100%. If you can play an instrument, turn out next band practice day. If you can't play, at least lend them your moral support!

LESS WORK

When a Scottish barber was engaging a new assistant he pointed out:

"I pay lower wages in the summer because the work's lighter."

"But surely people get their hair cut quite as often, if not oftener, in the summer than the winter?" protested the applicant for the job.

"Ay," agreed the barber, "but you dinna ha'e to help them on wi' their overcoats."

R.C.A.F. Night Fighters In Britain



After two bursts from the guns of his Beaufighter, a night fighter pilot of the R.C.A.F. squadron recently saw a JU-88 raiding the North England coast, blow up and crash into the sea with a terrific flash. The commanding officer of the squadron has shot down three enemy planes and two other pilots have one each to their credit, both confirmed. A number of other enemy planes have been damaged by squadron pilots all at night. The C.O. is shown with some of his air crews.

NEVER LET IT BE SAID

When you run out of smokes you go to the nearest store, put your money on the counter, pick up your packet of cigarettes or tobacco and that's all there is to it.

But did you ever stop to think how lucky you are? Plenty of cigarettes to be had and the money to buy them.

Consider then, what it must be like to be one of the boys overseas when he smokes his last cigarette. True, if he's in Great Britain and happens to have some spending money, perhaps he'll be lucky enough to get some. But, on the other hand, if he is on some remote duty, what does he do.

The fact is, he either does without the consolation of a smoke, or—and this is where you come in—

he reaches into his kit bag for another packet.

Yes, that other packet, that reliable supply of smokes for our fighting lads overseas is up to you and all patriotic Canadians.

We can keep them smoking. In conclusion, never let it be said that we let our boys go without a smoke for the want of a little thought.

—"DAD" PARKER.

PREVIOUS PRECAUTION

"When George proposed to me I refused him at first just to see what he would do."

"But wasn't that dangerous? Supposing he'd rushed off without waiting for an explanation?"

"Well, he couldn't have done that. You see I'd taken the precaution to lock the door."

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## STRANGERS in a STRANGE LAND

(By LAC Gerke, Course 46)

The editor called me the other day and seemed to think it a good idea if you heard a little more from the Aussies. I didn't think much of the idea myself, but seeing we are almost the last survivors of that great country on this station, it seemed only courtesy that we should at least make a few "passing comments"—so read it or not.

Perhaps the best way to start would be to name a few of the things that have been missed most by the Aussies whilst training in this country.

First on the list of "missing" with most of the boys is the sun, the beaches, and the surf. It is hard for Canadians to realize what we mean by beaches. Many have remarked that there are some wonderful beaches on the lakes around here, but they are really only shingles. Most of our beaches are at least 400 yards wide (from water's edge to grass) and many are up to a 1,000 yards wide. Their length extends around the continent, but most of the popular resorts are situated on bays or inlets, so the length of the beach is only reckoned by the extent of the bay or inlet. These beaches usually average from ten to twenty miles in length. The sand on these beaches is as white as the snow of this country and as fine as salt. The sand for about 100 yards back from the water is damp and firm, then gradually dries off to become soft and smooth—a children's paradise. Usually the outer edge of the beach is lined with soft dry sea weed, some three feet deep and as soft as down—very popular with the young Romeos and their Juliets. After all, what is more romantic than to be resting here with some of the most beautiful girls in the world, under a soft moon, with the roll of the surf for music. (Confidentially, I could stand a little of it right now).

Then there is the surf, but that can't be explained. It has to be seen to be believed and to be experienced to be appreciated. All I can say, there is no feeling equal to being carried a quarter mile or more on a ten-foot Pacific roller, then dumped on the beach amid the boiling surf. I must admit the learner often ruefully surveys many bruises the next day after his first attempt, but he always comes back for some. Seems I've concentrated a bit on our beaches, but they really are our first love. I hope some of you will visit us some time so we can prove it.

Many other things have been missed by the boys—the abundance of fresh fruit always available, the outdoor sports, and the beer. Some time ago Wings Over Borden quoted an Aussie as saying we like Canadian beer. Don't you believe it! We drink it—as one must live and like it, until next day, then you wish it had been fair dinkum. Aussie beer doesn't leave you with

(Turn to page five, please)



SO THIS IS BORDEN!



WHAT! NO REDCAPS?



"SAY AH-H-H-" F/L SPRAGUE EXAMINES NEWCOMER

## Borden Airmen Welcome Airwomen

(Continued from page one)

tain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E., formed up on the parade square, and led by the band under the direction of Corporal Griffin, Bandmaster, the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) forming first flight, marched to the R.C.A.F. theatre. Divine service was conducted by F/Lt Butcher, Padre, with the band supplying incidental music and accompaniment for the hymns.

The remainder of the day was used by the women to familiarize themselves with the various parts of the station and the facilities provided for their recreation.

Culminating many weeks of extensive planning and intensive activity on the part of the Station Administrative Officer S/Ldr Badgley, the Works and Buildings Staff, the Barrack Officer, and Sgt. Albota and his crew of worthies, the former airmen pilots' barracks, mess, and recreation rooms have been transformed into comfortable quarters for the new tenants. The buildings have been altered, and redecorated throughout; new floors laid and polished; cupboards, shelves built in, and laundry rooms added; all to please the eye and increase the comforts of the new occupants.

It may be of interest to the personnel to know that the graduating class of over 250 airwomen of which the Borden detachment forms a part, were reviewed by the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, Dr. Bruce, at the entrance to his suite in the Parliament Buildings, at Queen's Park on Friday. On the saluting base with the Lieutenant Governor, were Squadron Leader G. P. Hedges, M.C., Commanding Officer of No. 6 Manning Depot, Squadron Officer E. C. Bather, W.A.A.F. chief instructor, and Captain Bruce Young, A.D.C. Following the march past the Lieutenant Governor congratulated the women on their fine appearance.

Which is more important, the shot or the shooter?

There is no substitute for what should be in your head.



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### Strangers in a Strange Land

(Continued from page four)

a head. (Coming to Australia, boys?)

To date this probably sounds like a tale of woe, but although we've missed lots, I can truthfully say that every "digger" has enjoyed his stay in Canada and wouldn't have missed the trip for anything, but the enjoyment has been due to the people and not the country. It is generally agreed among the "diggers" that Canadian hospitality ranks second to none—or in their own words it's "good oh." Wherever we have been, whether in public places or in private homes, we have been treated like brothers and lifelong friends. This applies especially to the female of the species—God bless them! We have certainly been given a lesson in hospitality and it has been a pleasure to have been receiving that lesson. It has made our role of a stranger in a strange country a pleasure and it is our resolve that all this shall be repaid when we get to the "other side."

As we have spent months training on this station, it would hardly be fair not to mention something on the subject of flying. To us the weather conditions we have trained under the last five months have seemed "lousy" and have been a real trial for those of us who have seldom seen the temperature under 60 degrees. Once again though the people came to the rescue. Our instructors, both ground and flying, have treated us more like brothers than pupils and really took our welfare to heart. And it is this, I believe, that has done more towards making our stay here bearable than anything else. You must admit to go as long as six days without setting foot in an aircraft is a little trying, when we had been used to flying at any time any day. The instructors realized this and the appreciation of the boys from "Down Under" is best shown by the fact that almost everyone of them wished their No. 1 S.F.T.S. instructors were coming along with them into the sterner task that is to come.

These "passing comments" have gone far enough, but before ending let me, on behalf of the Aussies, once again thank the Canadians for what they have done for us while in this country, and it is our wish that one day they will visit our country.



**SURVEYING THEIR NEW QUARTERS**—Left to right A.W. 2 Bell, A.W.2 Lucas, and A.W. 2 Sawdon, (Drum Majorette of Station Band).



**AND SO TO BED**

#### THE DISGUISE

"Jack, dear," said the bride, "let us try and make the other people think we've been married a long time."

"All right, honey," came the re-

ply, "but do you think you can carry both suit cases?"

**TOUGH—IT LASTS LONGER**  
Diner: "This is a small piece of steak you have given me."  
Waiter: "Yes, sir, but you'll find it will take you a long time to eat it."

### What a Life!



The young Flyer's feelings were tender  
When his number of dates proved so slender  
'Til they told the young Flyer:  
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## ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Ed. Note: Miss McDingle appears for the second time in W.O.B. She has asked us to thank those who have taken the trouble to write her and only regrets that she is unable to answer all the letters she has received to date. As a matter of fact she says she doesn't know the answers, so how can she answer them? etc.

Dear Dora McDingle,

How can I live without my wife?  
LAC Wyatt, M.T. Section.

Answer: Much cheaper.

Dear Miss McDingle,

Why do all the girls call me Jig Saw?

Sgt. D. McAlear (Accts).

Answer: Probably because every time they look at you you go to pieces.

Dear Dora,

I want you to know that I come from a long line of hale and hearty ancestors. Why I had a grandfather that drank every day of his life and stayed up late nights too, and he lived to the grand old age of 94.

Sgt. Roy Pierce (Equipment).

Answer: Just goes to prove that it will get you in the end.

Dear Miss McDingle,

I am very bashful when in the company of the opposite sex. I always carry spare fuses around in my pocket in case the lights go out. Why I am writing you, I wonder if you could tell me where I could find a girl who can cook and keep house, but who doesn't kiss or neck?

Cpl. W. Baker, Link Trainer.

Answer: Why don't you try the Barrie cemetery. You might dig up one there.

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## R.C.A.F. Heroes Decorated By King



Four courageous Canadians received decorations from the hands of His Majesty the King at an investiture at Buckingham Palace. Pilot Officer Larry Robillard of Ottawa (left) was decorated with the Distinguished Flying Medal. He has a score of four aircraft destroyed and one "probable". The Distinguished Flying Cross was presented to Flight Sergeant B. C. Paige of Bridgeport, Ont., (2) after he safely navigated a Hudson bomber and its crew to its base. The aircraft flew so low in an attack on enemy shipping that one wing-tip clipped a projecting rock, disabling the starboard engine, rendering all instru-

ments and turret unserviceable and extinguishing the lights. To Wing Commander Thomas C. Weir of Toronto and Winnipeg (3) went the Distinguished Flying Cross for bringing a disabled bomber and its crew to its base despite his own serious wounds. For risking his life to rescue a comrade from the wreckage of a burning plane after a take-off crash, Flying Officer Alexander J. Nicholson of Windsor (right) received the George Medal. Nicholson braved exploding ammunition and was blown 60 feet by the force of a blast, but both men survived.

### ON THE BANDSTAND

Our column has been missing in the last few issues due to the fact that we had a very severe loss when Cpl. "Hank" Langdon, your old news hawk, took to the road (25 miles from home sweet home). Nice pickin', Hank, and our loss is some other station's gain.

Comes Spring and the boys are making their debut again and I hope you all like the old stock

numbers that never seem to grow old. We have two practices a week now and soon should be in top form again. As a reward for our hard work we are excused duty watch (No. 1 Command, please do not copy), so that should be some inducement to some of you that used to play in the home town band, so don't be shy. Come forward and just name your instrument and we have it, brand new ones, too.

The boys are all asking if any of the gals can join the band, and the answer is "yes," by all means, so step up, gals, and don't be shy.

Welcome to two new trumpet players and what I mean, players, AC Clarke from Stores and AC Dewar from old Workshops. Nice blowin', boys, and glad to have you. Old Fatso Brisco needs a partner in the worst way, so a special invitation to anyone playing bass, either E flat or B flat.

"Kelly" Teal, our baritone player, has the Spring Planting Blues, so we are a little shy on counter melody, but I guess we have to eat, so go to it, Kelly, and look your

### SPRINGTIME

When winter days are overcast,  
With clouds so cold and grey,  
And morning makes us shiver  
When we see no sunshine's ray.

We oftimes feel off colour  
And life seems all uphill;  
It's good to meet somebody  
That keeps on smiling still.

It's good to meet a comrade  
In some lone, or busy place,  
Who has a kindly word and keeps  
A bright and smiling face.

The March winds may depress us,  
But let our voices ring  
With a cheery song of gladness  
And hail the lovely spring.

—"DAD" PARKER.

old horse in the eye' and say "I'm on the other end of this plow, so get goin', time's awastin'."

Just before I close for this issue I just want to warn the guy that's making the most mistakes at the practices to cut it out. What am I saying, it's me; it must be my stick, dagnabft. —CPL. GRIFFIN.

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## HELPFUL WELDING HINTS

(By Cpl. A. N. Griffin)

Just a few words to those of you who are not acquainted with the welding trade.

To begin with, please don't look down your nose at the welder if by any chance he says that the proposed job you have sent him is impractical, or that it can't be done at all. The reason being, of course, that it obviously can't be done, or else he would gladly have done it for you.

To illustrate what I mean, let us assume that a chap has a crack in an engine cowling, so he makes out a E.O. (or an engineering order to the uninitiated) and sends it along to workshops with instructions to weld it up. To the chap that does not know the theory of welding this sounds quite reasonable, but on looking over the engine cowling the welder finds that the material is Duraluminum and that material cannot be welded (as yet).

For your information, the cause being that Dural is an alloy of aluminum copper, magnesium, manganese, silicon and perhaps some other substance which is the manufacturer's own secret, so, upon welding this material the stronger alloys tend to take the contraction well enough, but not so its weaker colleague, the pure aluminum, the result being that the weakest in tensile strength (or the aluminum) cannot take the strain imposed upon it by the stronger alloys, so it takes the only course it can and cracks. This may not be always the case, but 90% of the time it is, so it is certainly inadvisable to weld it, especially on aircraft parts.

Aluminum pure welds very successfully and so does Alpac, but Dural and Alclad (which is Dural with a thin protective coat of aluminum to prevent corrosion) cannot be welded.

Another mistake is trying to braze a stainless steel fitting or crack with brass or bronze. This is also impracticable as in 90% of cases the brass or bronze will not adhere to the pores of the stainless steel and will only lie on the top or stay there, as welders would say, "by Christian Science," whose theory, as you all know, is faith. Remember then, that stainless steel cannot be brazed, but it can be welded successfully.

The welder has been asked the difference between brazing and welding. He is asked what he means when he says all in one breath that you braze one piece

of metal with brass or bronze, but you weld brass or bronze with brass or bronze. That's clear as mud, I know, but I will try and explain.

When you weld two or more pieces of metal together you fold it together with a rod of equality in tensile strength and of the same material.

When you braze, you make two or more pieces of metal adhere to one another, but in this case it's only on the surface, or as I mentioned before, into the pores of the metal.

The materials used in brazing are, generally speaking, brass or bronze, but on taking this material itself and joining it together you must weld it, because, as I said before, you are joining two pieces of metal of equal tensile strength with metal of the same substance. Another interesting point while we are still on the subject of brazing and welding: supposing you have a piece of bronze to join onto a piece of steel, you ask yourself is this welding or brazing? Yes, you're right, as you have already guessed, it's both in this case.

Let us analyze that. First, because we are using a brass or bronze rod, it would be welding in the case of the bronze, because the materials used up to date are of the same substance and equal in tensile strength, but when we come to the steel, it's the reverse, so therefore the steel would only be brazed with a porous adherence, and incidentally this requires a little technique on the part of the welder, who must control his flame to successfully couple steel with brass or bronze. Different temperatures for different metals is another long story, with which I won't bore you.

We have had chaps who very innocently have substituted a piece of steel in the place of a piece of cast iron which had been broken off and then asked to have it welded. When told that it must be brazed, they frowned at the thought, not realizing that this was the only course, but were quite surprised when it was explained that brazing, if it's done right, is very strong and is surprisingly much faster than welding, but the point is that steel cannot be welded to cast iron.

Cleanliness around a part to be welded or brazed is very essential—and the welders would certainly appreciate it if you would help us in this way by cleaning off the surplus oil and dirt. Oil is not only dangerous to the welder, but also makes a job very hard to do, to say nothing of the fire hazard. The finishing of cleaning you can leave to the welder, all we request is that you clean off the surplus.

Just one other little item before closing; you could further assist us if you would be sure to attach any small broken piece along with the job, no matter how small, as it will help us to make a new piece and also to maintain the right location, which may be very important.

Thanks for reading this.

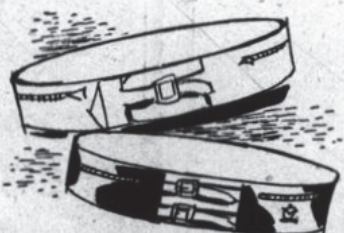
## Wandering Yank In R.C.A.F.



He's a yankee from Texas and he is receiving his wings as a full-fledged pilot in the Royal Canadian Air Force. He is leading Aircraftman J. D. Yankee of Galveston, Texas, but a few hours after this picture was taken he became a "Sergeant Pilot". In June, 1936, he was in New Orleans when the wanderlust seized him and he was off for Germany to find excitement. From there he went to Poland and thence to Italy. He has worked on the docks, as a gas station attendant and as a telephone installation man. He prefers flying. He joined the R.C.A.F. in May, 1941, and recently at a service flying training school, near Brantford, he achieved his great ambition at the hands of his commanding officer, Wing Commander R. H. Waterhouse.



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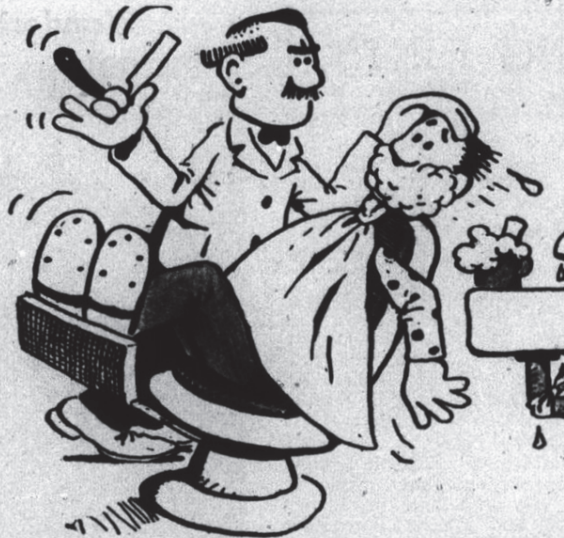
(Continued from page 2)

Every airman will be held personally responsible by his commanding officer for making himself acquainted with:

- (a) The King's Regulations and Orders for R.C.A.F.
- (b) Daily routine orders, which is the adopted means of conveying orders from the commanding officer to you.
- (c) Orders for the procedure in the event of fire.
- (d) Orders governing the administration of the barrack blocks.
- (e) Daily programmes of work.
- (f) All other local orders posted from time to time on unit notice boards.

All airmen of special classes look identical on their first parade in uniform. Subsequently their character is exposed through their personal appearance, habits, and particularly through the company they keep.

Whilst on leave, pay the meticulous attention to your personal appearance as you do for a parade. Improve on it if possible. An upright, smart, well conducted, sprightly airman will attract the attention and approbation of the civilian population and bring credit to his service and himself.



Jim Neill: "I can't figure out the sudden increase in business this week."

**COMING EVENTS AT NO. 1 S.F.T.S.**

- April 24—Wings Parade
- May 1—Station Dance (Drill Hall)

- May 9—Stage Show (Theatre)
- May 23—Stage Show (Theatre)

**MILD COMPLAINT**

Anything she says is sweet,  
Anything she does is right;  
Still, a miss of seven months  
Ought to want to sleep at night. n't you the instructor?"

**CONTRETEMPS**

First Aviator: "Quick; what do I do now instructor?"  
Second Aviator: "Goodness. Are—Ought to want to sleep at night. n't you the instructor?"

**R.C.A.F. Theatre**

**COMING ATTRACTIONS**

- April 20-21  
"SHADOW OF THE THIN MAN"  
William Powell, Myrna Loy
- April 22-23  
"SUSPICION"  
Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant
- April 24-25  
"CORSIKAN BROTHERS"  
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ruth Werrick
- April 26th  
"NO HANDS ON THE CLOCK"  
Chester Morris, Jean Parker
- April 27th and 28th  
"UNDER AGE"  
"TWO LATINS FROM MANHATTAN"  
Alan Baxter, Joan Davis, Jinx Falkenburg
- April 29th and 30th  
"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"  
Maureen O'Hara, Donald Crisp, Walter Pigeon

Show commences at 1945 hours and at 1900 hours on evenings that vaudeville is being performed. Positively no admission after box office has closed.



I would like to start off with a word of thanks to Cpl. Rorke for pinch-hitting for me in the last issue. He was the only one who recognized the fact that I might be going nuts, but that is not surprising, as his condition is far worse than mine ever was. After all, writing one column was enough to send me wacky, so you can imagine what editing an entire paper has done to him. I admit that he has hidden his affliction very well, but mark my words, beneath that jovial exterior lies a Jekyll and Hyde personality that manifests itself in the form of corny puns and ancient jokes. He had a brain at one time, but I am willing to swear that during his operation for the removal of his appendix, the doctor's scalpel slipped and cut into his cranium, and the results are sad to behold. Oh, well, he is attached to Accounts Section, so he really doesn't need a brain. Seriously, I guess that this column is a kind of valedictory, as I have been informed that I am being posted back to civilization, after 18 months in Borden, and it is amazing how nice a place Borden seems, once you know that you are leaving it. I have met a lot of really swell chaps and made a lot of friends, and I only hope that I am as fortunate on my new station. I would like to say a lot more than this, but sentiment has no place in a so-called entertainment column, so, to Ted Rorke, Jim McClenaghan and all the boys in the theatre, so long, and be good to yourself.

—LAC McLEAN, J. B.

This winter a lot of people will plan to save money next summer—the same money they planned last summer to save this winter.

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