

Vol. 1 - No. 3

September 1942



WINGS OVER BORDEN

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# Wings Over Borden

NO. 1 SFTS  
CAMP BORDEN  
ONTARIO — CANADA

THE PIONEER R.C.A.F. JOURNAL

VOL. 1 **September 1942** NO. 3

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GROUP CAPTAIN D. M. EDWARDS, COMMANDING OFFICER



FEATURING GROUND INSTRUCTIONAL SCHOOL



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## *Saboteurs in Blue . . . . .*

No long-haired intellectuals; no fiercely bearded assassins; no lean and hungry Nazis are these saboteurs who steadily and relentlessly tear away and destroy the Air Force effort. No master spy directs their operations, no secret radio reports their destructive power to the enemy High Command.

Nevertheless, every minute of the day, in Air Force stations from coast to coast, their incessant gnawing goes on at the war effort like the persistent biting of the beaver. Their cumulative, combined destruction means more to the Germans and Japs than the blasting of a refinery or the sinking of a convoy. These dragons of defeat, clad in Air Force blue, camouflaged in a careless smile, a bantering word, or the mask of nonchalance, tear away at the vitals of Victory.

These are the men who waste Air Force time: the petty thieves of gasoline, metals, parts and equipment; the men who daily fritter away their own time and waste the time of others who have to correct and discipline them. These "Saboteurs in Blue" are on the scrounge. They convert supplies and stores to their own use. They waste food and neglect their equipment. They destroy their own efforts by late hours and dissipation. Their careless attitude is an infection which spreads like rot among their fellows. They fiddle while a figurative Rome burns and they dance in the red glare of the holocaust.

ARE YOU A SABOTEUR IN BLUE?

—From "The Trenton Contact"

# Editorially Speaking

## GROUND INSTRUCTIONAL SECTION

"A good place to rest during the mornings before a hard afternoon of flying, or to recover during the afternoon from an arduous morning in the air—and, of course, a much more comfortable place on cold, wet, non-flying days than the average flight room."

If you are a keen follower of the remarkable exploits of P/O Prune, of "Tee Emm" fame, or if you dangle on the words of wisdom which flow from his friend Sgt. Straddle, you will recognize at once the inspired source of the above description of G.I.S. If, on the other hand, you are one of the many graduates of the Training Plan who found benefit from the instruction received at the G.I.S. of your E.F.T.S., and S.F.T.S., or if by chance, you are at present a pupil striving to qualify for the coveted "Wings", it is probable that you have a different appreciation of "Ground School."

### Value of Ground Training

The value of Ground Training should not, of course, be difficult to appreciate. It should be obvious that any individual who is to be engaged in His Majesty's Service, flying valuable aircraft, must obtain some grounding in the subjects allied to flying. During the course of training, the entire interest of the pupil is usually devoted to flying—the sound of an aircraft passing overhead is enough to distract momentarily, most pupils from the lecturer to whom they are grudgingly listening. The business of sitting in a lecture room listening to some miserable individual lecturing on the theory of some aspect of a subject in which you are not particularly interested, seems ridiculous when there are perfectly good Harvards or Yales—or who knows, maybe an Anson?—sitting on the tarmac waiting to fly. Yet some day, somewhere, the knowledge of that little bit of theory of that subject in which you are not particularly interested, may be the factor which will decide whether you will go forward—or live long enough—to fly Spitfires, Sunderlands, or who knows, maybe a Lancaster.

Ground Training is important. In the Training Plan exactly the same number of marks is allotted to the Ground Training programme as are allotted to the Flying Training programme. It is not possible to become a "Service" pilot in the full sense of the word without satisfactorily completing and passing in both phases of the training. So, those of you who treat G.I.S. lightly, and who have the idea that you can make the grade without attention to G.I.S.—get wise to yourself. (For those worshippers of P/O Prune, the advice is to "dedigitate" before you find yourself a member of "Tee Emm's" Most Highly Derogatory Order of the Irremovable Finger.)

### Point of View of the Pupil

From the point of view of the pupil in training as Aircrew, the instruction which is available to him at S.F.T.S. will prove invaluable at O.T.U. and later in operations. The figures, which unfortunately are confidential and cannot be quoted, of the "ceased training" at O.T.U., either by lack of ability to reach the standard required, or as the result of accidents during training have shown that with a negligibly small exception, the personnel involved have occupied the bottom positions in their preliminary ground training.

It is possible for a backward—or should it be "dumb"?—pupil to fly an aircraft and fly it reasonably well, under the conditions of fair weather, clear skies and wide open spaces of the training schools of Canada. It is possible for a backward—or should it be foolish?—pupil to pass all the flying tests to which he is submitted without an appreciable difficulty and to scrape through his ground training. That pupil will become a Service Pilot—the

question is only for how long? Just so long as he does not find himself in any circumstances which will require him to use his brain, and dig up some rescuing knowledge which was made available to him during his training. There is no need to quote examples; a little thought on the part of anyone will bring numerous instances to mind.

Presumably, there will come that great day when most pupils will graduate from training school, be it S.F.T.S., C.F.S., or O.T.U., and find himself out in the mighty vastness of the Service—a fully fledged pilot. He may find himself in a Recco Squadron; maybe he will end up in a Night Fighter Squadron, he may even have the good fortune to become an Instructor. In any case, he may have the idea that he has done with ground school—from that point on, the decision to continue training on the ground, is left to the individual. If he is satisfied with his own knowledge and ability, well and good, he will have no one to blame for his future shortcomings but himself. On the other hand, if he has any interest in himself, he will work continually to improve his scanty knowledge. The Ground Training staff will no doubt be only too willing to help.

So pilots, embryo, and full fledged and feathered alike, give thought to the question of ground training. It has a place, the Training Plan, a very considerable place. If the fates decree that you give a lecture in G.I.S. (horrible thought, isn't it?)—take some pride in the job. Your efforts will be reflected in the pupils you turn out. If you are a pupil required to spend half your days in G.I.S., take an interest in your work, buck up your ideas—your efforts will be rewarded by the added enthusiasm and interest of your instructions, and at some later unpredictable date, may be your salvation.

If you wish a thought left with you—"Don't be a Ground School Prune."

—RCAF—

## COURSE 56

Course 56 is leaving Borden. Better classes have gone before, better classes will come after. There will be few more representative, and none with a better spirit.

In a group of this kind it is difficult to find one person who will freely admit that he takes anything seriously. "Toujours Gai" is the style. Laugh today—tomorrow flying will be washed out. Yet each of the sixty odd who now wears his wings knows within himself that he has shouldered a grave trust.

We are the finished—but untried—products of a great training plan. The selfless labors of countless men and women have gone into our training. Untold sums have been cheerfully given by taxpayers for the establishment and upkeep of our training schools and equipment. And the hopes of hundreds of millions of free men—conquered and unconquered will ride on our wings.

A few of us deserve the "well dones" that all of us get. The rest of us can pay for them later. Many of us were children, in one way or another when we enlisted. Most of that is gone—the rest is going.

We know there is a tremendous job to be done. We know that we shall have to be good to approach the men who have gone before. We know now that "only 100% is passing", and that "just dyin' ain't enough."

With deep thanks to everyone who has helped in our training we go on. We are proud, we are happy, and we'll be worthy of the trust.

NEXT ISSUE FEATURES  
The Men Who Keep 'Em Flying  
MAINTENANCE SQUADRON

## Officer Commanding Ground Instructional School



The "Contents" page of this journal includes a column headed "Editorial Board," under which the first entry is "Chairman—S/L J. McCulloch." I had believed that the occupation of this exalted position would have carried with it certain immunities, but apparently I was wrong—the Editor insists that a word from me must be included in this number of the magazine, featuring Ground Instructional Section.

Any message which I can possibly write for the Station personnel must be a personal one. My stay at this Unit is of long duration, and I have seen the entire population change over and over. It has been a privilege to be here, to have had the honour of serving under five outstanding Commanding Officers; to have been permitted to work with and to know so many fine fellows of all ranks.

Camp Borden is the Number One S.F.T.S.—to me it is the Number One Station—to us all, its traditions, its background, its wonderful, unparalleled "Borden" spirit should be a source of inspiration and a spur to bigger and better efforts.

*J. McCulloch, Squadron Leader*



First Row (L. to R.)—F/L J. W. Kerr; F/L R. G. Shortreed; F/L G. B. McGillivray;  
F/O R. A. Stewart; WO1 H. B. Smith.  
Second Row—LAC Monague, L. J.; Sgt. Blatt, D.G.; AW2 MacRae, A. I.; F/S Pearsall,  
A. A.; Sgt. Cruickshank, J.  
Third Row—AC1 Hayes, M.M.; F/S Hinett, F. G.; F/S Young, W. A.; Sgt. Caswell, T. E.  
Fourth Row—LAC Jones, A. B.; AC1 Curry, M. L.; AC1 Holte.

## Ground Instructional Section

### Only Ground School in Canada Operating at Outbreak of War

As might be expected of the R.C.A.F.'s oldest training station, No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden, the Ground Instructional Section here was the only Ground School in Canada operating at the outbreak of war. In retrospect it seems a far cry from the first weeks of the war, and the hectic uncertain days when the training syllabus was being devised and revised, when ground instructors were practically non-existent, and when instructional material was most conspicuous by its almost complete absence.

The G.I.S. at Camp Borden in September, 1939, was all located in what is now hangar A-12, and only that part of A-12 which was not occupied by Headquarters of the then Intermediate Training Squadron. The lecture space consisted of three small rooms, inadequately lighted and sometimes heated by decrepit coke stoves which exuded a continuous haze of coal gas and assisted in lulling the pupils into somnolence and inactivity. The staff consisted of the O.C., Squadron Leader Carter, F/O MacDonald and F/O McCulloch on the Navigation branch, and two senior N.C.O.'s in charge of Armament. The G.I.S. Orderly Room staff at that time consisted of three LAC's, one of whom, Sgt. Wright, has recently returned to this station and is at present taking the Aircrew course.

The first classes of pupils were enough to strike terror to the heart of most young instructors—the famed "bush pilots" courses—wonderful men, who had rallied at the first roll of the drums of war, and had given up their civil flying career to enter the Service. In looking back, one realizes how privileged one was at that time to be trusted with the ground training of these men.

The Air Training Plan developed rapidly and G.I.S. was moved from A-12 to its present location. It was obvious from the time that the first stakes were driven for the new buildings that they were going to prove inadequate sooner or later for the Training Plan Courses. One will never forget the agonized pleadings of F/O MacDonald when the walls and partitions began to go up and it was apparent that the inside of G.I.S. was going to resemble the average egg crate!

However, there it was in March, 1940, and here it is today. The record of G.I.S. in the meantime has been a good one. We have had many excellent instructors; we have had others who would never make instructors. We have had many outstanding pupils, and an unfortunate few who could not make the grade. G.I.S. has developed a reputation for careful and conscientious instruction, followed by meticulously fair examinations, and the standard of pupils turned out throughout the three years of war has always been at least as high and more often than not, much higher than that of our contemporary schools.

The present staff of G.I.S. is well qualified to maintain the high standard of instruction set. The O.C. of the school, S/L McCulloch, has been attached to this school since October, 1939, continuously, starting off as Junior Navigation Instructor and presently, since July, 1941, having charge of the ground training. His early training at Naval College in England, and subsequent years in the British Merchant Marine and Royal Navy, well equipped him for his present position. S/L McCulloch has taken a personal interest in each and all of the many students who have passed through the

school, and by reason of his stay at Camp Borden of almost three years, is an established authority on the transition of this station from peace time to its present war-time basis.

The subject which calls for the largest proportion of syllabus hours is navigation. This important branch of the training must be dealt with in the most thorough and capable manner possible—it is no secret that the need for every pilot, irrespective of the type of aircraft he is to fly, to have a thorough grounding in Navigation is not only desirable, but essential. The closest co-operation should exist between the Navigation staff, G.I.S. and the Navigation flight, and this is one of the problems which must be solved before the full value of the Navigation training can be obtained.

F/L Shortreed has charge of the Navigation instruction—a graduate of the No. 1 Air Observers' Course at the start of the Air Training Plan, he has had enough practical experience on the East Coast before coming to Borden in the early summer of 1941, to enable him to instruct with authority, and a complete knowledge of what is required of the pilot, be it in a single seater fighter or multi-engined bomber insofar as Navigation is concerned. F/L Shortreed is extremely fortunate in that he has the closest co-operation of his two junior instructors, F/L Kerr, a graduate of the University of Toronto and former High School teacher of Mathematics, and F/O Stewart, a graduate Engineer of Manitoba University. Both these officers are doing an excellent job in putting across their subjects in the short time available, and with such satisfactory results.

F/Sgt. Pearsall, formerly an Instructor at the T.T.S. at St. Thomas, has charge of the Instruction in Engines and Airframes and is doing a remarkably good job. The syllabus of training calls for a large amount of detail to be taught in a very short space of

## PARACHUTE SECTION

time and with a difficult subject, the results are most complimentary to the N.C.O. concerned.

Airmanship lectures are given by—or should one say, rather, that they are extracted from—a number of flying instructors, each of whom lectures on the subdivision of the subject with which he is most competent to deal. Meteorology is handled by the station civilian Meteorology staff, who make the finest instruction, backed by excellent scholastic training and years of practical experience, available to the pupils.

A note on the G.I.S. Signals Section appears elsewhere in this issue and need not be repeated here other than to pay tribute to F/Sgt Young, N.C.O. in charge of the Signals Section, who is doing an outstanding job. The results obtained by the Section in the Morse training for aircrew have seldom been approached by any other similar station and have certainly never been topped.

The Armament Section is also dealt with in another section of the magazine and speaks sufficiently well of itself.

G.I.S. has helped to train many young pilots who have already made contact with the enemy and acquitted themselves with honour. We who are entrusted with the ground training, and who do not have the opportunity or privilege of meeting the Hun and Japs in the air, feel that we are at least giving our pilots the best training on the ground that is possible to give, and are confident that our efforts may have some little effect in the results obtained by our pilots.

—“SINBAD”

—RCAF—

## G.I.S. SIGNALS

Modern radio of today has advanced beyond expectations in rendering aid, directing, locating and general communications in the Air Force.

With the use of the radio locator, direction finding apparatus, and “beams,” pilots of today may fly in zero weather, take-offs and landings, courses to steer, objectives and other such operations.

Another radio feature is the sensitive radio altimeter instrument which will register a rise in the ground below or any obstacle which may be ahead, this being used a lot commercially as well.

Together with the pilot being a good “flyer,” a marksman for air firing, and a navigator, he must understand the fundamentals of radio and its limitations.

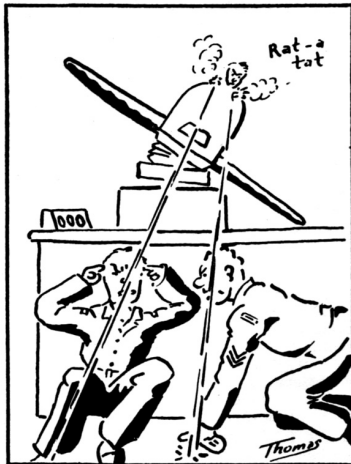
The primary theoretical and practical instruction the student pilots are taught at



LEFT TO RIGHT—Cpl. A. C. Mathewson, AW1 E. Thacker, Sgt. D. E. Manchester, AW1 D. Hay, LAC V. Budden (Aus.).



F/O Stewart instructing a group of pupils in Gyroscope



“Who let that armament man in here?”

S.F.T.S.'s is more or less a foundation for operational work, and it is essential that they know this fundamental work so they may apply that learning to the more advanced instruction.

The long, lengthy R/T procedure which is learned here is shortened somewhat on operations, but the “phrases” remain the same, and an immediate understanding is known when these phrases or words are used.

With our aircraft fitted with radio, the student pilots learn in practice “how,” “when” and “what” the radio can do. (No remarks, please.)

The morse code—d' d' daw—a dreadful monotonous buzzing signal—but essential—and practice makes perfect. In knowing this at a fair speed, visual signalling by Aldis Lamp may be read and other types

of signals relayed from ground to aircraft and vice-versa when the necessity arises.

The pilots have to know the general maintenance and functioning properties also—such as the accumulator (battery) being well charged, that the ignition wiring is well shielded, the a/c bonded at all necessary joints and other such necessities as their microphones and head sets in good working order to ensure maximum performance in transmitting and receiving.

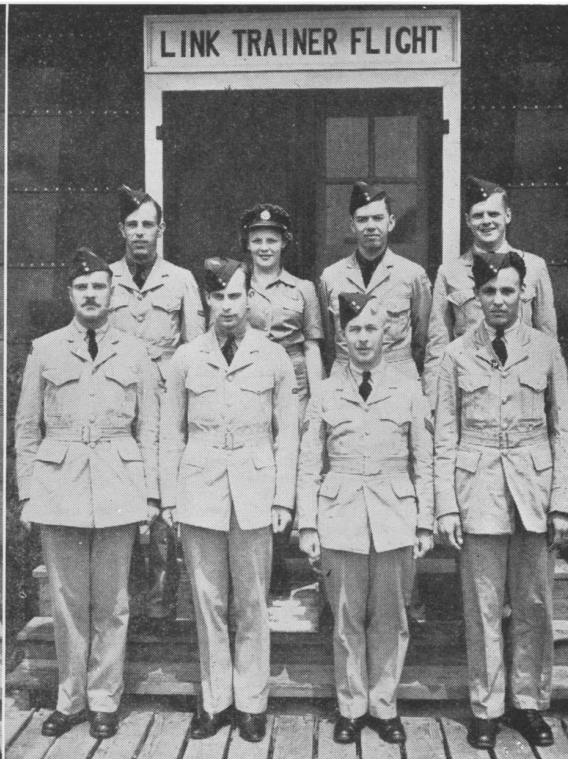
Although the word radio and its operation appears to be something supernatural and mystic, it is learned by asking questions, study and demonstrations, by analogies, and practical use. (Are there any questions?)

The instructional staff here will be only too glad to give extra instruction to those who so desire same.

d'daw d'daw dit



FRONT ROW—F/O DeGrace, F/L J. P. Cross, F/O Bray, F/O Scrivener.  
MIDDLE ROW—F/O Nugent, F/O Lang, F/O Hough, F/O Alton.  
TOP ROW—Sgt. Williams, Sgt. Pauli, Sgt. Thomas.



FRONT ROW—ACI Gibson, LAC Drury, Cpl. Baker, LAC Richie.  
TOP ROW—LAC Lillow, AWI Moore, LAC Sickie, LAC Moyer.

—RCAF—

## LINK TRAINER FLIGHT

### Students Develop Accuracy and Precision in Instrument Flying

Accuracy and precision are the keynote of Instrument Flying today. In the Link Trainer the student, under the careful guidance of an instructor, develops those qualities.

Seeing the Link Trainer Building here at No. 1 S.F.T.S., with its new extension rapidly being finished, one is given to wondering how it all started.

At the outbreak of the war there was one Link Trainer situated in what is now the Airmen's canteen. In the spring of 1940, Link's new home, A-86, was built. Soon there were four trainers and a staff of five commissioned instructors and six maintenance men of other ranks. The students got ten hours of instruction, but a greater appreciation of the value of Link was growing. Soon "Link Time" was stepped up to fifteen hours and again to twenty hours.

This increase in pupil-hours called for an increase in the number of instructors and machines and so our ranks began to grow.

F/Lt. Cross' instructional staff originally consisted of F/O Bray, our present S.F.O., and F/O Lang, our baseball team's coach. Both had served as fighter pilots with the R.F.C. and R.A.F. in the last war.

F/O Hough, pilot under training when the last war ceased, and F/O Nugent, who served with the R.F.C. in Texas, joined

them. Among the repair men was one A. C. Baker, who was to become head of the maintenance staff.

Still Link grew—F/O Alton and F/O Scrivener, both reconnaissance pilots in World War No. 1, came to Borden's Link Section. It is interesting to note that F/O Alton came from India to re-enlist in the service.

The number of trainers had reached the total of five, and then six. As the expansion continued, we were joined by our youngest commissioned instructor, F/O Martin, who before enlisting taught high school at Dundas, Ont., and later by F/O DeGrace, to whom Borden was not new; only changed. He was trained as a pilot here in June, 1918.

When the number of trainers was increased to eight, Sgts. Thomas and Pauli were among the Instructional Staff. Sgt. Pauli was with the 112th Squadron overseas during the Battle of Britain and Sgt. Thomas is a graduate of No. 5 A.O.S.

Latest addition to our instructional ranks is Sgt. Williams, one-time American civilian pilot, with 1000 flying hours to his credit.

Students are now receiving a total of 25 hours instruction. The last five of these are given in A.T.U.—under the direction of F/O Hough.

## Flight Lieutenant JOHN PARKIN CROSS

Officer Commanding  
Link Trainer Section

Born in 1899 in England. He was educated at St. Austell County School and London University. Joined the Royal Flying Corps as Cadet in 1916, served in England, France and Belgium in RFC and RAF as Lieutenant (Pilot).

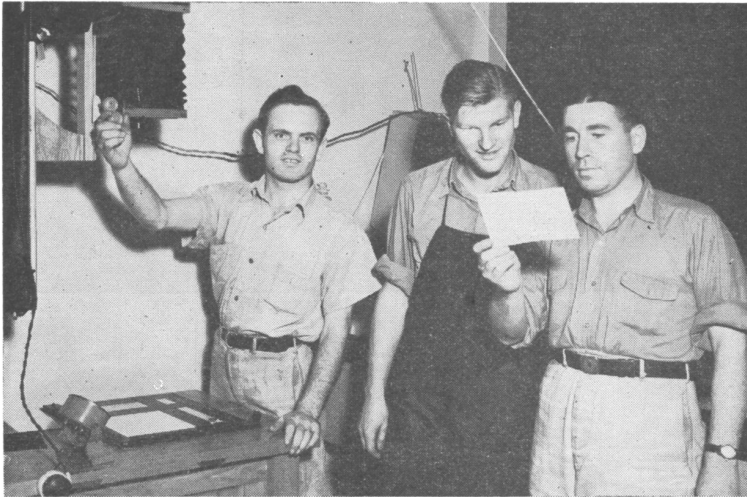
On coming to Canada he was employed on the technical staff of American Cyanamid Co. for 18 years at Niagara Falls, Ont. On the R.C.A.F. Reserve, he was called back to Active Service in April 1940. Was at first employed as Administrative officer at RCAF Headquarters, Ottawa, and afterwards at Trenton. Took a course in Link Trainer and after graduating was posted to No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden.

The section also boasts of a W.D. clerk, AW Moore.

The maintenance staff, consisting of seven electricians specially trained in this technical work at T.T.S., St. Thomas, working two shifts, keep the Trainers and radios in perfect operating condition at all times. They are under the able supervision of Corporal Baker.

As this goes to press we are expecting another Sergeant Instructor. We welcome him to the bigger and better Link Section at Camp Borden.

## OUR PHOTOGRAPHERS



How do you like the pictures in Wings Over Borden? The credit goes to our smart photographic section. Here they are—Cpl. Donahue, LAC Glunz, Cpl. Thompson.

## ARMAMENT SECTION

### Fundamental Knowledge of Aircraft Armament Necessary to Successful Combat

A fighter pilot engaged in combat must not only be able to fly well, but must have developed to a high degree the ability to aim and shoot accurately in split second intervals. A fundamental knowledge of the armament carried on aircraft, along with many arduous hours spent in perfecting himself in the most effective use of this armament, is necessary if the pilot is to be successful in combat.

The Armament Syllabus which is laid down for Service Flying Training Schools is intended to teach the student pilot the underlying principles of armament. Throughout the remainder of his career as a fighter pilot these basic principles, properly developed, will be an invaluable asset to assuring victory in combat.

It requires a great deal of patient study and determination on the part of the aircrew student to complete successfully the Armament Course. "The Theory of Air Sighting" is usually the first subject taught. This part of the course covers the basic principles of sighting in the air and must be learned thoroughly on the ground and put into practice at the Advance Training Units until eventually air sighting becomes instinctive.

"The Theory of Air Sighting" is followed normally by "Harmonization," which is the procedure adopted by the R.C.A.F. from the R.A.F. for mounting guns in an aircraft in relation to the line of sight, so that they will shoot to the point aimed at. A pilot must be able to check accurately the harmonization of his aircraft before taking off to engage in combat.

Next comes the offensive armament mounted on the fighter aircraft, i.e., guns. The Browning rifle calibre machine gun and the Hispano 20mm. gun are the types most commonly used and therefore the ones studied most intensely. Ask any hard working aircrew student the number of hours he has spent learning the names of parts and intricate mechanisms of these guns. You will be amazed at the long and mournful reply received.

The remainder of the armament training is studied under the following headings: "Firing Control Mechanisms," "Camera Gun W 7," "Pyrotechnics," "Stop Butt Test," and "Aircraft Recognition." The most important of these is Aircraft Recognition. Many hours are spent by the student learning to identify "own" and "enemy" aircraft. The students are encouraged to compile scrap books and to read articles of interest on Allied and Axis Aircraft. The importance of having a thorough knowledge of this subject cannot be over emphasized. Every month friendly aircraft are shot down due to mistaken identity.

The knowledge gained in Armament at an S.F.T.S. by a student pilot will stand him in good stead in future combat flying.

The armament instructional staff is ably led by the station armament officer, F/Lt. McGillivray, G.B. Mr. McGillivray was born at Pense, Saskatchewan, on June 25, 1910. He received his education at Regina, finally finishing at McGill, when he received the degree of Bachelor of Commerce. Before the war he was connected with the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company at Kimberley and Trail, B.C. He was also a real estate manager in Regina.

F/Lt. McGillivray is interested in all sports. He played senior football and hockey at McGill and in 1932 he was captain of the hockey team. For one brief winter he barnstormed Europe in the interests of Canadian hockey. Before coming to No. 1 S.F.T.S., Mr. McGillivray gained armament experience at other S.F.T.S.'s and B. and G. schools.

The remainder of the Armament instructional staff is composed of WO1 Smith, H. B.; F/Sgt. Hinett, F. G.; Sgt. Cruikshank, J., and Sgt. Blatt, D. G.

WO1 Smith was born in Edmonton, Alberta, and attended the Eastwood High School in that city. Before entering the service in 1937 he was working for an outdoor advertising firm in Edmonton. Most of his practical armament experience was gained on the West Coast and at various

other R.C.A.F. stations too numerous to mention. Interests, sports, especially golf. Married; no children.

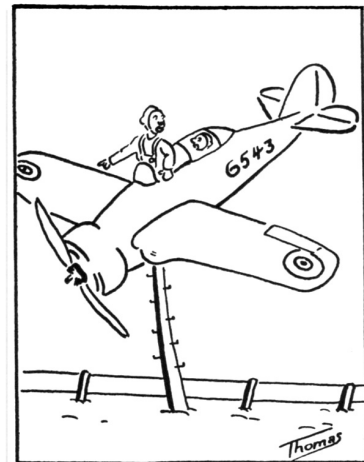
F/Sgt. Hinett, F. G., was born in Sydney, N.S. Educated at Sydney Academy, Nova Scotia Normal College, Gordon College (B.A. degree) and Acadia University, where a year of P.G. work ended with enlistment in the R.C.A.F. Earned a living by teaching before enlistment and continues to do the same. Married; one daughter.

Sgt. Cruikshank, "Jim," was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and is known as a dour Scot. Educated at Lachine High School and was attending McGill University. Interests: sports—track and basketball (known as "Beat the Gun Jim"). Jim is a recent arrival on the station. He was formerly instructing armament at No. 3 E.F.T.S. Contemplating marriage.

Sgt. Blatt is from Kenora, Ont. He completed his High School education at Winnipeg. His chief interests are Machine Shop work and building Armament Instructional equipment. A new arrival on the station, our gain is No. 7 E.F.T.S.'s loss. Married.

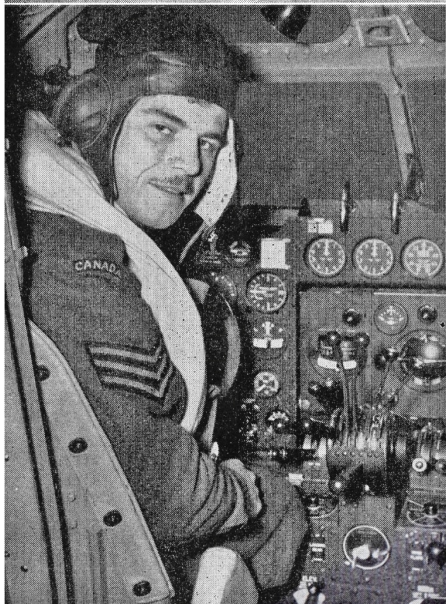
## C FLIGHT TIDBITS

- F/O LOWE—"Gee, these floors look bare. Hey—There's the ash tray on the table. Use the d— thing."
- P/O WRIGHT—"I'm telling ya, lads, ya can't trust the brakes on these A/C." In addition to being able to spot a rock pile from 3000', Jim is now an authority on three point landings. I.E. undercarriage and prop.
- WO2 HELD—"You're nuts; I'm a married man. Ask any of the fellows—I never go anywhere."
- P/O GARRETT—"Me for the Ferry Command. Fly when you want, and where you want. You get kind of stale flying these pursuit ships all the time."
- P/O EDINGER—"Who's got some nickels—the rent is due."
- F/O ADLAM—Walking in at 8 a.m. with tooth picked eyelids, saying: "Let's go home now. I and my bed have parted only temporarily." (The motion has been passed that Adam's trombone be buried at the end of No. three runway.)
- P/O SHIPLEY—"Say, Addie, this Toronto nite life is rather fast—I'm going back home for two weeks."
- F/O FUNKHOUSER—"Who wants to be an instructor? That guy looks at his airspeed about as often as he checks the gas."



And now it's a Link Trainer!

# Canadians Fight in the Skies



By BRUCE KEITH

Second in a Series of Articles  
by the Editor of Canadian Air Cadet



—RCAF—

In dazzling sunlight two miles above the wrinkled Indian Ocean hummed a long-bodied Catalina flying boat, its high-set twin engines cruising comfortably. Ceylon island was behind it; India sprawled to the left. Suddenly Canadian S/L J. Birchall spied tiny white feathers of foam against the dark blue water. He circled, nosed down, peered hard through his windscreen and began counting.

"Japanese aircraft carrier force approaching!" the message crackled into headquarters. It told the total ships and exact position. Then silence. Birchall and P/O A. W. Abbot, other Canadian in the crew, were never heard from again.

Other Catalinas spread out and shadowed the enemy until dark.

At dawn next morning Catalinas went up again, this time with a fighter plane escort to tackle the enemy aircraft and their carriers.

Seven of the fighter pilots were Canadians. All swept out to battle eagerly. One, P/O Jimmy Whalen, of Vancouver, knocked down three Jap bombers. "I climbed to 15,000 ft. above the city of Colombo," he related, "and saw a formation of seven bombers at 18,000. I climbed above them, dived and shot down two; broke away, climbed again and got another. Then I was attacked by Jap fighters, but S/L R. T. Davidson saw my trouble, attacked the Japs and shot one of them down."

Others of the seven—Sgt. J. Hurley, Van-kleeck Hill, Sgt. G. C. Bate, Saskatoon, Sgt. C. I. Nutbrown, Sherbrooke, P/O D. A. McDonald, St. Thomas, Sgt. G. Bishop, Mt. Royal—accounted for five more bombers, bringing the total Canadian score to nine enemy planes—exactly one third of the total enemy aircraft destroyed over Colombo. As a result of this air defense the attack was ward-off, and Ceylon remained free.

This epic encounter half way around the world from Canada is but one of many instances of Canadian skill and courage in the far-flung global war. Young, keen Canadian airmen, graduates of the Joint Plan, are patrolling and fighting in the battle skies of almost all regions where gun fire is heard. They are hitting the land, sea and air forces of the Axis with everything they've got, adding flaming chapters to the story of Canadian exploits in the air and bringing untold benefit to the Allied cause.

Along with the fighter pilots in the Far East a whole Canadian flying boat squadron scouts over the oceans and protects convoys.

Some Canadian pilots who escaped southward from Malaya as the Japs advanced are now winging over Australian shores on aerial guard duty and freighting big bombs north to give Japanese in the East Indies some of their own medicine.

Far north and east of them again in the necklace of Aleutian Islands curving around Bering Strait, Canadian squadrons of bombers are helping U.S. flyers blast the Japanese off Attu and Kiska, and R.C.A.F. fighters maintain round-the-clock vigilance before the continent's northwest door. "They are assuming their full share of the task of thwarting Japanese encroachment," C. G. Power has emphasized.

Along the coastal "pan handle" and dotted down the Pacific as far as the U.S. border are airfields bristling with fighter craft, manned by Joint Plan graduates. Daily patrols sweep far out over the water.

At secret bases in Canada's interior, too, are fast squadrons of fighter planes loaded with live ammunition and eager to streak upward to intercept assailants.

Constant aerial guard is kept by R.C.A.F. squadrons all along Canada's east coast and numerous Canadians pilot machines out over the Atlantic to protect convoys.

Canadian bush pilots and R.C.A.F. flyers are often seen at Ferry Command's Montreal and Newfoundland bases and they deserve much of the credit for safe bomber plane deliveries.

What McNab, Molson, MacGregor, Russell, Timmerman and dozens of other Canadian fighter pilots did in the Battle of Britain has inspired Canadian youth and filled older people with pride for better than a year. What Fauquier, Fulton, Twigg, Brown, Hooley, Ratcliffe, and thousands of other airmen are doing now is adding tremendous weight to the balance of victory that started tipping our way with the aerial annihilation of Cologne, Essen and Bremen.

One R.C.A.F. fighter squadron was recently moved bodily to the Middle East. It is now battling grimly over Egypt. Its leaders: S/L P. B. Pitcher and F/L F. B. Foster, Montreal, and F/L W. H. Pentland, Calgary. Other Dominion flyers are now fighting in Russia.

Based in Britain, Canadians are found at all levels of aerial action. Some were at the helms of four-engined Lancasters that skimmed Nazi chimney-pots half way across Europe and back in the epic Augsburg raid. Two were decorated by the King.

R.C.A.F. flyers have their own intruder

squadron for harassing Nazis at base. In twin-engined Bostons they shadow enemy airdromes and attack aircraft coming to land.

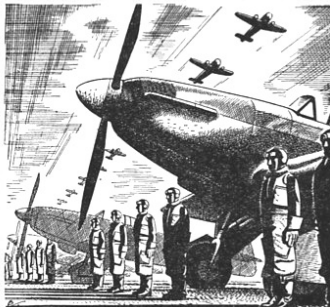
Night fighting is a specialty of other Canadians. M. G. Bell, Montreal, commented, "We think night fighting is just about the most interesting job in an Air Force. But we wish the Germans would give us more to do. However, I guess the less work for us the better it is for civilians."

With other British air groups, a Canadian squadron flying Hampdens and led by W/C A. C. P. Clayton, DFC, Vancouver, is in risky mine-laying work. "If we keep dropping mines the Germans have to keep ships to sweep them," Clayton observed. "These vessels therefore cannot be used for anything else, and a job they would ordinarily do has to be done by other ships. So it goes all along the line."

Another squadron long in action is the City of Toronto group detailed to army co-operation under W/C Harold Kerby, 25. His unit had its baptism of fire shooting up trains, plants and staff cars in France.

Coastal Command's "Demon Squadron" of the R.C.A.F. is famous. Repeatedly it attacks enemy shipping along the coast. Led by W/C A. C. Brown, DFC, Winnipeg, the "Demons" recently scored direct hits on seven of 12 enemy ships stealing along the Netherlands coast. More recently their Hudson bombing planes were credited with sinking two and damaging one ship of another Axis convoy.

Recent Commando raids have gone more smoothly because of R.C.A.F. help. Canadian airmen ferried British parachute troops into France and co-operated in coastal attacks. Their bombing of St. Nazaire



from big Whitleys created a valuable diversion while Commando-laden naval units crept into the U-boat base.

Torpedo carrying, probably with Beauforts, occupies another R.C.A.F. squadron under W/C E. L. Wurtele, Montreal. Two aircraft of the squadron made a recent successful attack on enemy shipping. "Our attention was directed to this enemy merchant ship by a stream of flak it was sending at another of our aircraft while we were still several miles away," P/O G. Lawrence, Calgary, said. "Depending on the other aircraft to continue to draw the fire, we came in at a height of 50 feet. As we approached the vessel, the escorting flak ships turned their attention to us and we pulled up to drop our load. As we completed our run over the vessel, flak ships placed on the other side of it opened up with a terrific barrage and we could feel our aircraft lurch as the stuff hit. I brought our aircraft down almost to the deck and we got out of town."

In daily sweeps over western Europe Canadian fighter pilots are in the forefront of Allied attack. They inaugurated fighter plane bombing by fastening a 250 lb. bomb under each wing of their Hurricanes and hedge-hopping to enemy industrial centres. Canadians are numerous too, in the serried banks of fighters that escort heavy bombers over France.

In past weeks Canadians have won fame

in the devastation raids on Cologne, Essen and Bremen. From 600 to 1,000 flew in Hampdens, Whitleys, Bostons and Halifax's.

Four R.C.A.F. bomber squadrons, four fighter units and one Boston interceptor squadron raided Essen. Bombing force commanders included W/C John Fauquier, Ottawa, W/C John Fulton, Kamloops, and W/C Clayton Bradshaw, London. Fighters were led by F/L's A. G. Douglas and Rob Morrow, Toronto, and L. A. Deane and R. B. Newton.

Fauquier's squadron, the first R.C.A.F. bomber unit overseas, tallied 87 attacks on enemy targets in its first year. Fulton's unit, widely known as the "Moose" Squadron from its leader's nickname, flew its Wellingtons 100,000 miles in eight days of Canadian effort in the air. Hon. C. G. Power said: "Wherever the British forces are attacking you will find graduates of our Joint Air Training Plan. When this summer's air offensive is carried on hardly a squadron in the entire R.A.F. will not have its proportion of men trained and graduated from the Canadian schools."

"Canadians have won 51 awards for gallantry. The total, including those of Canadians in the R.A.F., is 166," he said. R.C.A.F. squadrons overseas number 28. Fourteen more are scheduled.

"They have been in Russia and in the Libyan desert," Hon. J. T. Thorson said recently. "They serve in Britain and over Germany and occupied Europe. They fly to Italy and over the Mediterranean. They have been in the Near East and the Far East. Their training equals the training of any airmen anywhere in the world. Their courage and initiative and their fighting qualities cannot be surpassed."

Leaders of 22 Canadian squadrons overseas:

W/C's H. W. Kerby, Toronto; P. H. Woodruff, Edmonton; J. E. Fauquier, Ottawa; D. G. Morris, D.F.C., E. C. Brown, D.F.C., Windsor; A. C. P. Clayton, D.F.C., Vancouver; P. Y. Davoud, Kingston; J. D. Twigg, Ottawa; D. M. Smith; A. L. Wurtele, Montreal; G. H. Catheral; John Fulton, D.F.C., Kamloops; D. A. R. Bradshaw, London; and S/L's A. G. Douglas; R. E. Morrow, Montreal; C.N.S. Campbell, D.F.C.; M. Lipton, Belleville; R. B. Newton; R. C. Weston; L. V. Chadburn, Toronto; P. B. Pitcher, Montreal; F. W. Kelly, Toronto.



## WINGS ABROAD

Some months ago, On Active Service carried a story about a new R.C.A.F. publication in England, called "Wings Abroad," dealing with the activities of young Canadian airmen in the British Isles—and also news from home.

Last week we received a letter from London in which it was revealed that Flying Officer E. A. (Chick) Spence, once press liaison officer at No. 1 Training Command, Toronto, is the editor of "Wings Abroad." F.O. Spence is well known in Toronto as a veteran newspaperman and at one time published a weekly paper at Strathroy.

"Wings Abroad" was started by Flight Lieutenant "Tim" Reid (another Toronto newsman) in the interests of R.C.A.F. morale overseas," writes F.O. Spence, "and I think it is really doing the job for which it was intended. It is the only medium by which the boys are able to keep in touch with the activities of the service in all of the British Isles. Neither the British press nor the BBC publicizes R.C.A.F. activities and the boys have no way of knowing what their service is doing."

"And, he adds, "they have been doing plenty, as you realize."



## Airforce Officers' Greatcoats and Uniforms

Newly commissioned Air Force officers, who are allowed a limited time for outfitting, will be glad to know that Simpson's has a complete range of stock uniforms and greatcoats in sizes from 36 to 44. Every garment has been cut and tailored from the finest English barathe or melton, with careful attention to regulations.

Of course, Simpson's still offers excellent service on tailored-to-measure uniforms and greatcoats.

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SEPTEMBER 15, 1942

WEATHER DOUBTFUL

## THE END IS BEGINNING HOW TO BE A SUCCESS AT BORDEN

—RCAF—

Course 56 is just a memory to Camp Borden now. Borden will always be more than a memory to us. Many of the unit staff will say privately that we were lucky to get through. They won't say it half as loudly as we do ourselves.

We're grateful to everyone who helped us—from the S.P.'s who doubtfully let us in the gates one Sunday to the Administrative Officers who sighed with relief as we checked out.

Between the swimming pool, the wet canteen, the W.A.A.F.'s and certain favourite people, who shall be nameless, we have enjoyed our stay. Indeed a chronicle of our pleasure here would need whole chapters devoted to the Battle of Wasaga Beach, the siege of the Royal York, and the spirited skirmishes at Congopolo.

But we are more than glad to be through. It was a long march to Wings Parade. Whenever we go from here we'll be doing a job we want to do. We'll be playing for keeps, and liking it.

The few of us who have given our best so far will work even harder. Those of us who have laid down a little or a lot will do better.

Each of us knows that he is the bearer of a sacred trust. We are the heirs of a splendid tradition. The name "Canadian Airman" is a proud one. We'll be worthy of it.

This is the end of our training—the beginning of our real education and our jobs, and the tide of the war is beginning at last to turn for us. We are grateful to you for our chance. We are proud, and we know that "just dyin' ain't enough."

—RCAF—

1. Report at least two days late.
2. Steal somebody else's mattress and locker.
3. Elbow your way to the front of any line. Never wait.
4. Try your keys on every one else's locks.
5. Patiently correct your Ground School Instructor's mistakes. He'll appreciate it.
6. Tell your O.C. how much better they did it at E.F.T.S.
7. Insist on changing flying instructors every week.
8. Ask the Sgt. in charge of the Mess Hall for special foods. He's not busy.
9. Grab clean sheets from the next bed. Don't bother turning in your old ones.
10. Let the guy in the top bunk clean up. He needs exercise.
11. Laugh out loud when anyone makes a mistake on the Parade ground.
12. Never fill out a pass until two hours after they are due.
13. Let everyone know that the Station is being run just for you.
14. When you owe money let the other guy ask for it.
15. Never buy cigarettes—your friends have lots of 'em.
16. Call the N.C.O.'s and officers by their first names. Don't be formal. You'll get along! !

—LAC BROWSER.

### RT 1

Hello Umbra, hello Umbra, Akron K-9 calling, are you receiving me, are you receiving me? Over—

Hello Umbra, hello Umbra, Akron K-9 calling, a dog's life, isn't it? Over—

Hello Umbra, Akron K-9 again. I'm at 3000 feet. It is awful dark up here. What time is it? Over—

Hello Umbra, K-9 calling, I opened the coupe top. It isn't dark, just foggy. Over—

K-9 calling Umbra. Getting cold now. I'm running into super-cooled water droplets. Over—

Hello Umbra, K-9 calling. The water is ice now. Too bad I haven't any Scotch and a glass here. Over—

Hello Umbra, hello K-9. The ice is getting heavy. I'm losing altitude. Over—

Hello Umbra, K-9. I thought I was over Guelph but I just flew thru gravel pit near Angus. Over—

Hello Umbra, K-9 is here. That was me who just swished past the control tower. Soupy, isn't it? Over—

Hello Umbra. I hope I hit the field. Here I come. No, wait a minute. Over—

Hello Umbra, K-9 calling. If the Met. Dept. isn't expecting rain turn in a fire alarm. I just dropped a flare on a big wooden

building in Alliston. Over—

Hello Umbra, K-9 calling. I'm aiming at No. 1 runway going North. I'm letting down. Wheels down, flaps down, last gallon of gas, can't go round again. I'm at 20 feet, I just flew thru a line of tanks. Big ones they're getting now, aren't they? Over—

Hello Umbra. K-9. I'm at 10 feet, 28" of boost. I'm down, I bounced a little, about 100 feet, I guess. I'm out of gas. I dropped a wing just now, hope I can level out in time.

Hello Umbra, K-9. I couldn't level out. I'm down now, send excavating crew to intersection of No. 1 and No. 2 runways. My altimeter says 20. That is all.

—LAC HALPIN.

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BARRIE

## Track and Field Meet Big Success

(From The Barrie Examiner)

The Breadner Shield, donated for annual competition by Air Marshal L. S. Breadner, was captured by No. 2 Squadron, No. 1 Service Flying Training School, at the annual sports day of the R.C.A.F. Station, Camp Borden, Sept. 2. It represents inter-squadron championship in field events.

The City Club Brewing Trophy for individual merit was won by Flying Officer Len Rogers with twenty points.

The Maintenance Cup for inter-unit track title was captured by Headquarter Squadron.

The Inter-unit grand Aggregate Trophy was won by No. 1 Squadron, consisting entirely of "Aussies" and nicknamed "the Waltzing Matildas."

Mrs. Douglas M. Edwards, wife of the commanding officer of the Station, officiated at the presentation of trophies and prizes.

Ideal weather prevailed and a large crowd attended the affair, which closed in the evening with special moving pictures and a large dance in the Drill Hall.

No. 1 S.F.T.S., R.C.A.F., and 26th Army Tank Battalion (Grey and Simcoe Foresters) played an 8-8 tie in the second game of the Camp Borden baseball championship series.

Officials in charge of the sports day were as follows: General chairman, Squadron Leader T. O. McNerny, president R.C.A.F. Sports Club; starter, Flying Officer Eddie Thompson, who flew from Oshawa for the day; referees, Squadron Leader G. A. Hiltz, Flight Lieutenant E. T. McKinley; clerks of course, John Bampffield and Mort Devitt, Y.M.C.A.; announcer, WO2 Falls.

Results of the various events were as follows:

2½ mile run—LAC Parlett, LAC Cummings, Cpl. Fitzer.

Discus throw—LAC Godfrey, LAC Burton, P/O May.

Shot put—LAC Godfrey, LAC Burton, LAC Jeffreys.

100 yd. dash—F/O Rogers, Cpl. Sills, LAC Webb.

Half mile—LAC Rowland, LAC Dark, LAC Whittaker.

75 yd. dash (W.D.)—AW Sawdon, AW Ellerton, AW Clegg.

Running high jump—F/O Rogers, LAC Jeffreys, AC1 McMillan.

Broad jump (W.D.)—AW Ellerton, AW Sawdon, AW Tompkins.

Pole vault—AC1 McMillan, LAC Carver, LAC Tansey.

Tug-of-war—1. No. 1 Squadron (Aussies "Waltzing Matildas"). 2. Maintenance Squadron.

Baseball throw (W.D.)—AW Martynuk, AW Sawdon, AW Mann.

Sack race—LAC Maloney, LAC Rowland, LAC Briggs.

220 yd. dash—Sgt. Russell, LAC Allen, Cpl. Sills.

75 yd. dash (Officers under 40)—F/O McKinley, F/Lt Kerr, P/O Speer.

75 yd. dash (N.C.O.'s)—F/Sgt Page, F/Sgt Crowe, Sgt. Major Ellis.

75 yd. dash (Officers over 40)—F/Lt Lang, F/O Jones, F/Lt Lees.

Running broad jump—F/O Rogers, LAC Carr, AC1 McMillan.

75 yd. dash (girls under 16)—1. May Dagenais. 2. Patsy Nugent. 3. Jean Hanlon.

50 yd. dash (Children under 10)—1. Patsy Nugent. 2. John Hanlon. 3. Janine Dagenais.

440 yd. dash—Cpl. Egan, F/O Funkhouser, LAC Cummings.

Hop, step and jump—F/O Rogers, LAC McKenzie, AC1 McMillan.

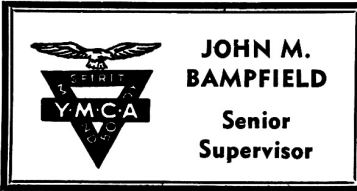
Three-legged race—F/O Speer and AW Clegg, LAC Mackay and A.W. Black.

440 yd. relay—Won by No. 1 Squadron (F/O Funkhouser, LAC Cummings, LAC Webb, LAC McKenzie).

Shuttle relay (W.D.) won by team composed of Airwomen Ellerton, Sawdon, Mann and Ditta.

Tilt-the-bucket contest—F/O McKinley and F/O Baker.

Egg and Spoon Race—Mrs. Dagenais, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Falls.



JOHN M.  
BAMPFIELD

Senior  
Supervisor

We welcome to the station one Mort. Devitt who hails from Waterloo and who is now attached to the Y.M.C.A. War Services. An outstanding athlete at the University of Toronto from which he graduated in 1935, Mort comes particularly well equipped to carry his activities on the sports field. During his long membership at the Kitchener-Waterloo Y.M.C.A. he took an active part in programme work. While Mort has been here only a short time, he has made a host of friends. Welcome to the station, Mr. Devitt.

### "48" Coming Up?

If you have a "48" coming up and would like to meet some nice folks and spend an enjoyable weekend amid pleasant surroundings, just drop into the "Y" office. Several residents of Barrie, Orillia, Midland, Collingwood, Wasaga Beach and district have offered the hospitality of their homes to Airwomen or Airmen away from home. Avail yourself of this service.

### Weekly Dancing

Hows' about joining the crowd that is enjoying the dancing every Wednesday evening in the Drill Hall? These dances are for you—N.C.O.'s, Airwomen and Airmen. The floor is really smooth, the new twelve-piece orchestra under Sgt. Hunt is really superb and the W.D.'s—well really—

### Personal Services

Are you taking advantage of the facilities offered by the "Y" Staff in the matter of personal service? . . . Did you know that forms for Airgraph and Air Letter Service are available at the "Y" office after Post Office hours? . . . That stamps may be purchased in the evenings at the "Y" office or the Library for that rush letter some evening to the folks at home or the best gal? . . . That arrangements have been made to handle sending of Telegrams with payments made at the "Y" office and forwarded to the Telegraph Companies? . . . That the "Y" has information regarding Bus and Train Timetables and will be glad to help arrange a schedule for going places and doing things on that odd "48" or leave? . . . That the "Y" will rush those Films away for developing at 25c a roll with one free enlargement thrown in? . . . And don't forget that the "Y" man is never too busy that he hasn't a few minutes to talk over any Personal Questions or Problems that you may have.

### Sunday Afternoon Tea

We again extend a very hearty thanks to our sister organization, the Y.W.C.A., as they continue their Sunday afternoon tea

## Y.M.C.A. SUPERVISOR



JOHN BAMPFIELD

service in the Airmen's Club. Miss Henderson and her assistants have made this feature a very enjoyable one and it is much appreciated by the Airwomen and Airmen and their friends.

For the benefit of those who are newcomers to Borden, may we say the Sunday Afternoon Tea Service has been a regular Sunday feature since last summer. You and your friends are cordially invited to join with us each week.



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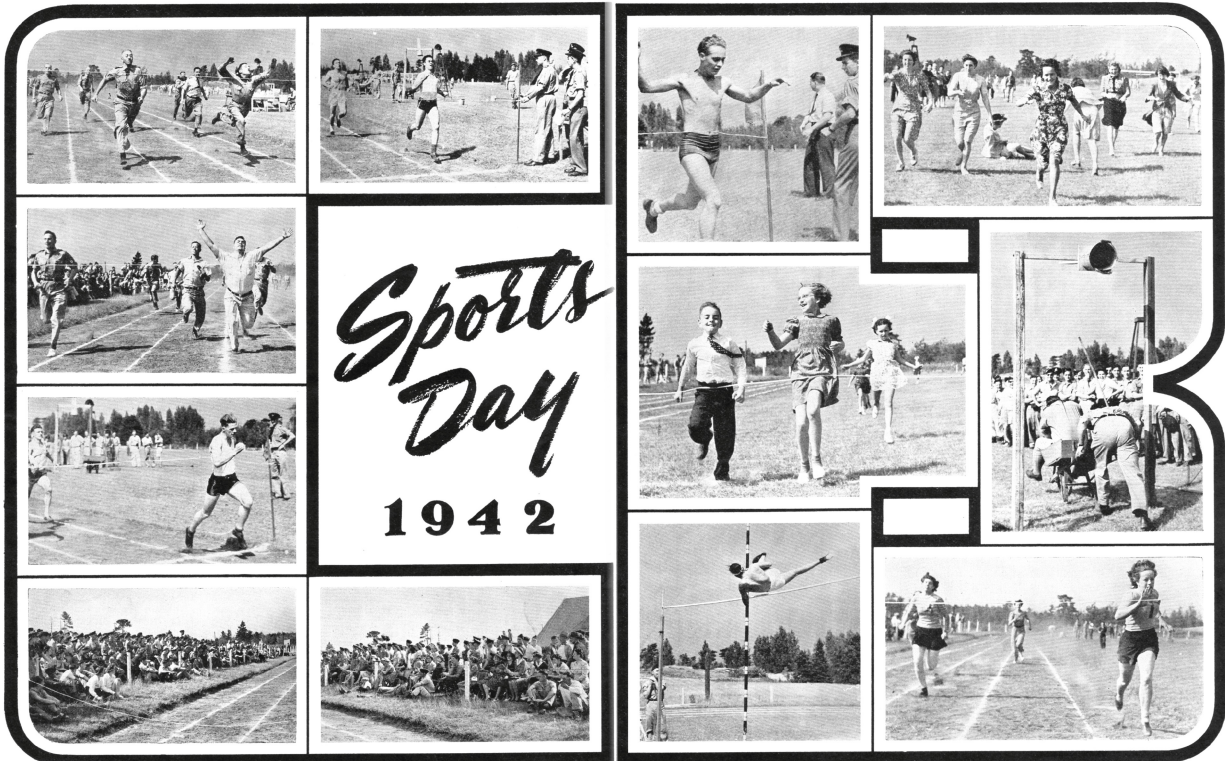
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★  
**HONOUR  
ROLL**  
★



—RCAF—

The undermentioned Royal Canadian Air Force personnel have been decorated for their success in action against the enemy. These men are graduates of this unit—we are proud of them and offer them our heartiest congratulations.

**A. W/C JOHN EMELIUS FANGUIE, CAN. (C1399)**  
No. 402 Squadron, R.C.A.F.

Awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, effective 29-7-42.  
"Throughout the many sorties in which he has participated, this officer has displayed the highest qualities of courage and leadership. His ability and grim determination to inflict the maximum damage on the enemy have won the admiration of the Squadron he commands. Wing Commander Fanguié took part in the two raids on Essen when a thousand of our aircraft operated each time. He is an exceptional leader."

**A. S/L ROBERT ELLIS EVAN MORROW, CAN (C1238)**  
No. 402 Squadron, R.C.A.F.

Awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, effective 29-7-42.  
"This officer has completed many operational sorties. His brilliant leadership and skill have contributed materially to the high standard of efficiency and fighting spirit of his Squadron. On one occasion he led the Squadron in a low level attack on five enemy destroyers. One of these was believed to have been sunk while the remainder were damaged. S/L Morrow has destroyed one and assisted in the destruction of another hostile aircraft."

**CAN. (R71704) W.O. THOMAS HENRY DONNELLY,**  
No. 57 Squadron, R.A.F.

Awarded the Distinguished Flying Medal, effective 29-7-42.  
"As Captain of Aircraft W.O. Donnelly has carried out many successful sorties over enemy and enemy occupied territory, including targets at Essen, Kiel, Cologne, Hamburg and Brest. Many of his bomber attacks have been carried out in adverse weather. He has often remained in the target area for long periods making several runs over the target to ensure accuracy of his bombing. On several occasions W.O. Donnelly's aircraft has been damaged by enemy anti-aircraft fire but he has at all times pressed home his attacks with vigour and by his skill and determination he has succeeded in flying back to base safely. His courage and devotion to duty both in the air and on the ground have been a source of inspiration to all members of the Squadron."



*Air Force Wedding*

—RCAF—

**TENNANT-SOBOL**

At a quiet ceremony in the Y.M.C.A. Chapel, AW1 Mary Sobol and Cpl. Bill Tennant were married by Flight Lieutenant, the Rev. W. F. Butcher. AW1 Lillian Burton was bridesmaid and Cpl. Jack Biggs attended the groom. Many friends of the couple were present to watch the matrimonial knot being tied.

After signing the register, the wedding party proceeded to the home of Cpl. and Mrs. Biggs in Alliston where a reception lunch was served by Mrs. Duncan and Mrs. Ewer. The Padre, AW1 Frances Harvey and LAC Dick Duncan went over to see that the couple got on their way safely, after they were congratulated and wished all the best things life can offer.

After a brief stay in Toronto, the Tennants are going to Bala for a week. During the last week of their honeymoon they intend visiting their parents in Guelph and Bowmanville, after which they will return to Alliston to set up their happy home.

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## THE INSTRUCTOR



So, they've made you an instructor,  
And you feel you're on the spot.  
You think that your escutcheon  
Has received an awful blot.

But comrade, let me tell you  
About the working of the plan,  
And then you'll see the teacher  
Is not an "also ran."

Instructors get discouraged,  
And they think their task is small  
When they hear of others fighting  
With their backs against the wall.

Now many years were wasted,  
With little being done,  
When we were forced, against our will,  
To face the wily Hun.

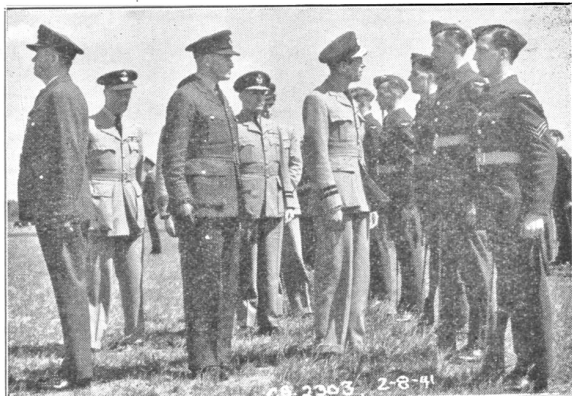
The Air Force then was tiny,  
With just a valiant few,  
But with our wondrous training plan  
It grew and grew and grew.

Instructors then were needed,  
To teach the arts of war.  
For thousands who were learning things  
They'd never known before.

So you've been picked to swell their ranks  
And labor on this side;  
But man, you'll help to win the war,  
You'll help to turn the tide.

For each time that your students  
Come up against the foe,  
You'll know they're fully competent,  
Your teaching made them so.

—F. G. H.



The Late Duke of Kent Visited No. 1 S.F.T.S., Aug. 2, 1941

WINGS OVER BORDEN, SEPTEMBER, 1942

## REID'S

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AND

BEAUTY PARLOR

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BARRIE, ONTARIO

## COMPLIMENTS

## OF THE

## SIMCOE HOTEL

Five Points, Barrie, Ont.



Squadron No. 102 is seen in the Canadian Legion Memorial Day parade on August 9 at Barrie. The Cadets are proudly wearing their new uniforms for the first time. Led by AC F/L Fricke, the Squadron gave the salute to Group Captain Edwards, C.O. of No. 1 S.F.T.S.

## Barrie Squadron No. 102, Air Cadets of Canada

Barrie Squadron, No. 102, Air Cadets of Canada, sponsored by the Barrie Kiwanis Club, received its charter in April, 1942, but was not able to start enlisting until after May, and therefore not prepared to attend the Cadet Camp at Borden.

Forty Cadets, all seniors, and four officers have already been enrolled, and we hope to have our unit up to strength by October 1.

Preparation for classes based on the new syllabus of training is under way, as well as an extensive programme in holding scale model solid planes for use in Aircraft Recognition by the R.C.A.F.

AC F/L GEORGE F. FRICKE, C.O. of Barrie Squadron, No. 102, instructor in Drill, P.T. and Navigation. Born in Buffalo, N.Y., and received his education in that city. Former member of the New York State National Guard. Has been connected with the Y.M.C.A. in the States and upon coming to Barrie eleven years ago, became interested in the Boy Scout movement. Chairman of Kiwanis Boys' and Girls' Work Committee, 1939-1940, and present chairman of Kiwanis Underprivileged Children's Committee.

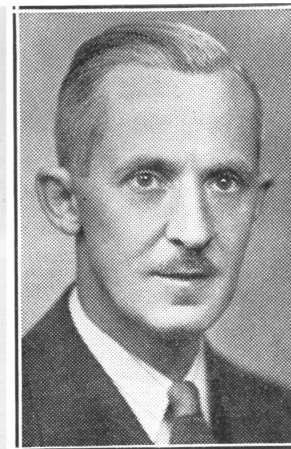
AC F/O PAUL H. FISHER, Adjutant, was born in London, England, coming to Canada via South Africa and Australia in 1908. Received his education in Montreal and upon completion entered the Royal Bank of Canada. Was appointed manager in 1930 and has served in that capacity in various cities of Ontario. F/O Fisher is instructing in Administration, Airmanship and Meteorology. During his stay in Hamilton, he served as Lieutenant in the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry, N.P.A.M., which regiment has so recently covered itself with glory on the shores of France.

AC P/O LEIGHTON S. CLARKE, Flight Commander, instructor in Signals, Drill and Aero Engines. Veteran of the last war as a member of the Divisional Signals attached to the 8th Army Brigade Artillery Headquarters in France. Born in Toronto and received his education in that city. Past President of the Barrie Kiwanis Club, in which organization he has been actively engaged in Boys' and Girls' Work for many years. Vice-President of Clarke & Clarke Co., Ltd., Leather Manufacturers, Barrie, Ontario.

AC WO1 JACK H. JOHNSON, Equipment Officer and Clerk. Born in Oxford Mills, in Grenville County, Ontario, receiving his education at the Oxford Mills Public School and Kemptville High School, and is now employed in a key position by Clarke & Clarke Co. Ltd. For a number of years has been engaged in boys' work, first as a Trail Ranger Mentor and in 1934 organized the Third Barrie Scout Troop. Took a Scoutmaster's course at Gilwell Camp, Ebor Park. Is at present chairman of the Boys' and Girls' Work Committee of the Barrie Lions Club.



AC F/L GEORGE FRICKE



AC F/O PAUL FISHER



AC P/O LEIGHTON CLARKE



AC WO1 JACK JOHNSON

## ORILLIA SQUADRON No. 99

### Who's Who

The Orillia committee who are looking after the financing of Squadron No. 99, are as follows: Chairman, MR. H. G. DAVISON, Insurance Agent, member of R.F.C. in the last war; Secy.-Treas., W. M. GOLDIE, Accountant at Dominion Bank. Several times he has tried to enlist but has been rejected medically; DR. E. W. DEVINE, Dentist, in the Dental Corps of the last war; GEORGE GUY, a young man who has several hundred flying hours to his credit, has his certificate for flying and for some time owned his own plane. He is also instructor in Theory of Flight and Model Building; CLIFF DICK, Shoe Merchant, representing the Town of Orillia, an Ex-Service man; STAN COATES, Manager of Canada Wood Specialty, representing the Orillia Water, Light and Power Commission; HARRY WILLIAMS, Manager Bank of Commerce, ex-service man, representing the Kiwanis Club; LLOYD BODDY, soft drink manufacturer, representing the Y's Men's Club; HARRY CRESSWELL, M.M., President of the Canadian Legion; ERIC BACON, druggist, representing the Lions Club; DOUG CARTER, Manufacturer.

### Squadron Officers

The officers are as follows:

Commanding Officer, A. E. SMITH, in the 20th Battalion in the last war, wounded and gassed and has been turned down for the Service this time on three occasions. Occupation, Division Court Clerk. Adjutant, H. L. JEBB, optician and watch repairer, in a Machine Gun Battalion in the last war. M.O., DR. A. P. ASSELSTINE. Equipment Officer, A. J. WAINE, in the Cheshire Regiment in the last war and served in Gallipoli and other fronts. Occupation, salesman, furniture store of Newton Croxall Ltd.

The Instructors are as follows: P.T., FRED FRENCH, ex-service man, Physical Director of Y.M.C.A. since the last war. Drill, H. CRESSWELL, M.M., R.S.M. of the 20th Battn. in last war. Signals, HARRY PEACOCK, shoe repairer, taught the Morse Code to Scouts in England. Theory of Flight, and Models, GEORGE GUY. Taught a class of 140 boys in Model Building before the Air Cadets were formed. Mathematics and Navigation, DOUG CARTER, Industrialist, Tudhope Metal Specialties. Knots and Splices, FRED HAWK, 16 years in the Merchant Marine. First Aid, JOE PULFORD, Instructor for the Bell Telephone Co. in First Aid.

The line-up, I think you will agree, should be very helpful to this squadron. All men are donating their time to this work and are very happy in being able to do something for their Country in time of trouble. The public have responded finan-



cially and to date through donations we have had the sum of \$677.74 put through the Treasury. The Local Committee handle this and have purchased uniforms for the Cadets, give each one a manual on each subject they take up, supply them each month with the Air Cadet Magazine, supply rope for the course, 10 feet of 1/2 inch Manilla rope per boy, look after the renting of quarters for a Station and while on that subject we have a building under way and will soon be finished that will give us a floor space of 105 feet by 35 feet with a separate building for Orderly Room and Equipment Stores.

### Cadets Doing War Work

The Cadets themselves are also doing war work. There is a new army camp in the course of building here and it is our charge to look after all the salvage from there. This we do and salvage craft paper off wall board and roofing, cardboard boxes from the insulating wool, cement bags of craft paper. We gather these and bundle them ready for the trucks to take away for Salvage Unlimited, a group of Returned Soldiers from the last war, who give their time and sell the material collected and turn the money over to charitable organizations. They have just made a donation of \$100 to this squadron. We are going to get away to a real start in our Fall syllabus and everything looks like a busy winter. We are very thankful to Squadron Leader J. McCulloch of Camp Borden, who is our Liaison Officer, for his untiring efforts to look after this Squadron. These Cadets are tomorrow's Fliers and we must train them right from the start in the ways of the R.C.A.F. With the assistance given from our parent body of Camp Borden, we shall turn out some good men for the R.C.A.F. and that is our only aim and object.

We thank WINGS OVER BORDEN for this opportunity of letting you know what your adopted child is doing and trust we shall have the opportunity of appearing again in your columns from month to month.



ABOVE—Boulton Paul Defiants Like This Are Often Steeds of Canadian Night Fighters

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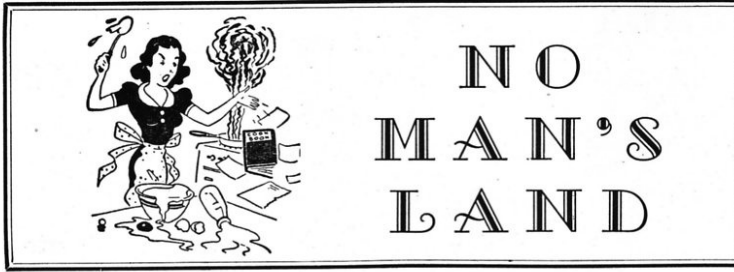
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BARRIE



# NO MAN'S LAND

## QUID NUNC

At the moment of course, it's the Aussies—We refuse to admit they have any more glamour than our own boys, but they are visitors from strange shores, and it's a long time since we've seen such smartly tailored shorts. We are particularly impressed by one lad who is evidently hampered by their long lengths and folds them double at the hem. He's the one who allows his stockings to slink along his ankles, and we are reminded that such casual carelessness used to be quite the thing. Casually carefree, the ads say.—We've heard that Australians are anything but conservative souls and we wonder if this is a sign of interesting things to come?

Whether 'tis folly to be wise or folly to be unwise is a seesaw we've been sliding back and forth on for some time now. Whether to be Gullible Gertie with big round eyes, and swallow all these Airmen's tales, or whether to be Cynical Sadie and listen with folded arms and quizzical eyebrow and to heck with popularity, is a problem worthy only of a Dale Carnegie. But we won't believe there are that many women in love with Sgt. Peck. Peck's bad boy to the contrary!

Determination is half the battle, and we're sure of that, AW1 Librie, M.T.B. On enlistment Librie couldn't speak a word of English and now some 3 months later her command of our language puts some of us to shame. Not only is her oral command something startling, but she wrote an equipment assistant's trade test and passed with flying colors. An achievement worthy of comment.

Sure and it's crazy we are to believe it, but if F/Sgt Crowe says all that mail is coming from a luscious little red-head we'll stretch our credulity to the sticking point. But what are women coming to?

"The men won't be used to women on a station and it will take some adaption to getting used to having you around. You must help them as much as you can." So went the instructions at Manning Depot. But we know one airwoman who fell down on the job and offered no assistance when one of the instructors in her flight forgot her presence so far as to change his trousers in the hangar. We've itched to see the incident in print for some time now and our apologies to P/O Nickerson for refusing to let sleeping dogs lie.

Carrots are not an infrequent part of the W.D. diet, but despite their prominence in print lately, we were skeptical of their aid to night blindness—thought it took a little 'dark' in the family background—But finding an airwoman sitting up in bed knitting socks after lights out has rather changed our attitude. Do you find it useful for sneaking in late, Quesnelle? And do you recommend it as a steady diet?

Sub-lim-i-nal: Below the threshold of consciousness; sub-conscious.

Ri-dic-u-lous: Fitted to excite ridicule; absurd, laughable.

PAGE EIGHTEEN



"Boy, was he handsome—gold braid up to HERE!"

From the sublime to the ridiculous is a gap rarely gapped, but Molly, LAW Ferguson, hit a new high in the peak of absurdity the other afternoon. Molly walked from barracks to the post office bitterly bewailing the cold and was unconscious of her rain coat hanging on her arm. Pretty ridiculous.

Those corn roasts may have been a trifle corny, and I certainly am being corny, but they were a lot of fun and we hope they happen soon again.

## What a Life!



A handsome guy is Corporal Jim  
Yet no girl's ever seen with him—  
Of perspiration odor he  
Is guilty—so he's shunned,  
you see.

**Bath tonight with LIFEBUOY**

The ONE soap especially made to prevent "B.O." (Body Odor)

## IF THE SHOE FITS

Not time nor tide nor fate's unkindest slams  
Can change the smiling smugness of the lambs

Who badger around our naive W.D.'s  
Wielding the Stick and bringing them to their knees.

Pleading for kindness, tolerance and understanding,  
They try so hard to do the brutes' commanding.

With a clickety-click they swagger along,  
These stalwarts, so benignly,  
Bestowing their graciousness hither and thither

And a knife 'hind their backs, gol blimey!

It's the W.D.'s this, and the W.D.'s that,—  
D'd things run so smoothly before?  
If so, page Ripley, 'tis never been heard of,  
And if it could be, it would be a bore.  
It's the hills and the valleys that make a scene pretty.

The clouds add charm to the sky,  
The rivers' rapids create the most interest,  
And in Borden—the W.D.'s. Why?

Because they're doing their best,  
Need more be said? Probably, so I'll try  
To explain the difficult situations we go through,  
And maybe we'll see eye to eye.

Says Tommy to Johnny, "Did you see what I saw?"

"There they sat, crying 'We're homesick.'"  
And Johnny adds fuel to the fire and admits  
The file numbers given "make him sick."  
And then Willy chimes in, in his inimitable style,

"They Wave at the Flag," "They're slow on parade"  
and the So Supercilious smile.  
As transparent as cellophane they are, and as harmless as the proverbial flea,

Their taunts and their insults never ring true, and so our consciences are free.  
Speaking of consciences, they've no trouble at all.

Since they haven't any to speak of. They're hard-skinned, cynical, probably brow-beaten themselves,

And this the opportunity to make the most of.

Our squealing for mercy is not pleading at all

But merely the wrestler's sham.  
We're getting attention and stealing the show,

And consequently, not giving a hoot.  
There's an old adage that doesn't always apply,

In many cases it's not necessary,  
But here in Camp Borden where we're in the minority and

Our standing and I.Q. are moot-ed  
'He who tooteth not his horn—his horn remain untooted!"

Tweedle-ee, tweedle-a, tweedle-ee, tweedle-a, die-a.

Like the monotonous rhythm of a train,  
They boast of their conquests,—of "beating them off!"—

Why, they've W.D.'s on the brain. (Brain?)

AW1 McCARTHY, M. K.

—RCAF—

## DIVERSION

There had been a heavy air raid on London. Our Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, was walking amongst the smoking ruins of some houses when an old woman came up and greeted him. He asked how she felt after this night of horror. She replied: "Well, there's one thing about these air raids, they do take your mind off the war."

—Oliver Lyttelton, quoted by Wall Street Journal.

WINGS OVER BORDEN, SEPTEMBER, 1942

## Flapless Hats

With the chill winter months advancing, the change in the W.D. hats is being bewailed by more than one. Our little flaps pulled snugly over our ears would have been welcomed protection from icy blasts, but who are we to stand in the way of Canada's war effort. But we can't let them pass with a requiem.

### "TO OUR FLAPLESS HAT"

Our W.D. hats once were bonnie,  
And pulled down o'er the ears,  
But they'll never be the same,  
For they have lost their rears,  
For they have lost their rears,  
And no more will cosy be,  
When the winter winds are blowing,  
Heaven help the W.D.!

Tune—Annie Laurie.

—RCAF—

## Expressions

There is an expression that we use almost daily that best describes life for most of us today. Almost overworked, it's one of these handy catch-words that, too lazy to waste time on words, we throw into every speech, letter, and excuse for conversation. In the wet canteen it's a last fast one before lights out; it's goodbye between a W.D. and her Airman before roll-call; breakfast before parade; and that hurried lipstick job before going back on the dance floor after sitting one out.—A versatile little 'part of speech', terse, to the point, and on the tip of every tongue, it definitely 'belongs' in Air Force vernacular.

A 'Quickie' can be many things; those frantic grabs at time between parades or these short station spiels between postings. It goes hand-in-hand with service life. Catching meals on the run, trains on the run, friends and experiences. Very easily it could color our mental attitude and tempt us to grab at today with no thought for tomorrow. Not the tomorrow of jobs, money, and practical existence, but the tomorrow of memories. Whatever we get out of today is worth only the pleasant experience of tomorrow's memories. The ability to look back and feel Red's smile; to enjoy another of Bill's oranges; to see Woody placing sod; to know that even now, Murph is probably in a fight; to be sure of Jean's being ever the perfect lady, Gibby the everlasting flirt, Jeanie the eternal mother. To remember pillow fights and trying to get Hippy out of bed—how often we were tempted to use water—to wonder if 56 and "B" flight missed your parachute; and to know the smug thrill of watching 'your' flight graduate, to be self-satisfied with the tears shed on seeing them get their wings for they were 'tops' in people. To catch a whiff of fire and brimstone and sit up with a jerk anticipating Cpl. Rorke and "copy." These are the things that matter.

With an existence that must be transient in practice and permanent in spirit, where one must be ready to move at the drop of a G.I., and fit in with little adapting, it behooves us to get the most of every acquaintance. Friends today, goodbye tomorrow, and with us forever.

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## INTRODUCING—



MRS. JAMES BEARDSALL

"Wings Over Borden" takes great pleasure in introducing to its readers, Mrs. James Beardsall of Wasaga Beach.

During the past three years Mrs. Beardsall has opened her home and entertained hundreds of airmen from our station. Last year alone, she entertained over two hundred men from Australia, England, United States and Canada.

It is most interesting to drop in at her home and see the great collection of cablegrams, airgraph and air letters from the lads who have enjoyed the hospitality of the Beardsall home.

During the winter months Mrs. Beardsall is an active worker in the Y.W.C.A. Hostess Hut and is to be found in the Airmen's Club on Sunday afternoons serving tea to the Airmen. Along with her services on these occasions she brings home-made cakes and cookies and really treats the boys. To you, Mrs. Beardsall, we say, thanks a million.

—RCAF—

### SO IT SEEMED

A travelling salesman dropped in on a bank officer whose desk was covered with letters, papers, magazines and miscellany. The banker was busily writing a memo and greeted the salesman with: "I'm very busy this morning, very busy!" Glancing at the desk the salesman replied: "Well, I'm very glad to know that. I kinda thought you were just confused." —Exchange.

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There were no stunts, however.

Why? Well, the cadets learned that one of the girls was the daughter of a lieutenant-colonel, the other a daughter of a major.

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## Technical Development of the VS-300 Helicopter During 1941

By I. I. Sikorsky in Journal of the Aeronautical Sciences

Even a brief glance at the history of direct lift aircraft reveals that the primary problems that were encountered in this field were those of (1) stability, (2) control, and (3) the smoothness of operation of rotors and of transmission mechanisms.

During the nineteen twenties, however, extensive research and experimentation was carried on by Juan de la Cierva and his associates on the autogyro which made possible for the first time a practical understanding of many principles of rotating wings, including the famous articulated blades, rotor balance, rotor control, etc. The impulse given by the successful work of de la Cierva, as well as the general progress in aeronautical engineering, finally permitted the successful solution of all main problems connected with the design of a helicopter.

The object of this paper is to describe briefly the general characteristics of the VS-300 helicopter which was constructed in 1939 and successfully flown during the last two years.

### Description of the VS-300

The VS-300 helicopter is equipped with a three-bladed main rotor of 14 ft. radius and has a welded tubular steel fuselage and an auxiliary propeller for torque compensation and directional control, rotating in a vertical plane at the tail of the fuselage. During the early part of 1941, a 90-h.p. Franklin air-cooled engine replaced the previous 75-h.p. engine in the aircraft and has supplied the power ever since.

In addition to the torque-compensating propeller, various control propellers have been installed at the tail of the fuselage at various stages of development. During 1941 the tail propellers, including the one for torque compensation, were generally two-bladed with 46 in. radii. The main rotor in hovering flight turns about 260 r.p.m., and the tail propeller or propellers turn about five times that speed. A free-wheeling unit is installed between the engine and the rotor drive shafts so that the main rotor and tail rotors may continue to turn in an autorotative condition in the event of engine failure. Power is transmitted by means of a multiple-V-belt drive and bevel gears. The angle of incidence of the main rotor blades is controllable with a range from +2 to +13 deg., and the incidence of the tail rotor blades is controllable and reversible. It is obvious that if the incidence of the main lifting rotor is increased more power will be required for it. Therefore, a means of synchronization is provided between the main pitch control and the throttle arm of the carburetor so that an increase in incidence will be accompanied by an automatic increase in throttle opening and vice versa.

### Flights of the VS-300

The practical results of 1941 are best demonstrated by a brief resume of the flights made.

During the year several pilots flew the aircraft extensively, and satisfactory flight and control characteristics were demonstrated. The aircraft, without exception, always took off and landed with no ground run whatsoever, regardless of the wind velocity. It could rise and descend vertically or on an inclined plane varying from 0 to 90 deg.; it could hover over one spot for any desired length of time and could be flown backward or sideways as well as forward. In forward flight, speeds upward of 60 miles per hour were reached, although the aircraft did not at any time approach its maximum. Precision control was repeatedly demonstrated by approaching persons or objects on the

ground and hovering within inches of a given point, followed either by backing away or by proceeding sideways or forward in a routine manner. One example of this was the changing of a tire while the aircraft hung motionless just above the ground.

During the late summer and fall, the aircraft was mounted on pneumatic rubber floats and extensive water operations were carried on within a range from 0 to 60 miles per hour, and fast forward flights, sometimes low over the surface of the water, were repeatedly made to demonstrate the accuracy of control. On the surface of the water the aircraft was found to be more easily handled than any other surface vessel. It not only taxied forward and turned as do other surface craft, but it could also be brought to a complete stop without disengaging a clutch or stopping the engine and be taxied backward without using a reverse gear. It could taxi sideways even against a strong current or wind and turn complete circles precisely on one spot. Because of the aircraft's ability to land and take off vertically, there was no problem of spray from the pontoons and no step was required.

During 1941, three important recorded flights were made by the writer as follows:

On April 15 the VS-300 established the official national helicopter endurance record by remaining in the air 1 hour, 5 min., 14.5 sec.

On April 17 the helicopter, mounted on rubber floats, was repeatedly taken off from the water and landed on water and then landed on the ground, demonstrating for the first time a direct lift aircraft with excellent amphibian characteristics on which no adjustments whatsoever are needed when going from water to land and vice versa.

On May 6 the VS-300 brought to the United States the official international record for helicopter endurance by remaining in the air 1 hour, 32 min., 26.1 sec.

### Control With Two Horizontal Tail Outriggers

During the first half of 1941, control of the VS-300 helicopter was secured from two auxiliary tail rotors turning in a horizontal plane; these were in addition to the previously mentioned torque-compensating rotor that turns in the vertical plane.

The two horizontal rotors were mounted on welded steel-tube outriggers, one on either side of the tail of the fuselage. Each of these outriggers was approximately 10 ft. long, and various angles were given to them in order to investigate the advantages to be secured from changing the plane of rotation of the tail propellers in relation to the main rotor disc. These horizontal propellers provided lateral and longitudinal control as follows: (1) lateral control was secured by increasing the incidence of the blades of one propeller while decreasing the incidence of the blades of the other propeller (this was accomplished by moving the conventional pilot's control stick to one side or the other); (2) longitudinal control was secured by increasing or decreasing the incidence of the blades of both horizontal tail propellers simultaneously (this was done by forward and backward movement of the conventional pilot's control stick). This type of control was found to be extremely sensitive and positive under all circumstances and provided almost instant change of attitude of the airship. The inherent stability, however, was not so marked as in more recent control revisions and, obviously, the structure and transmission arrangements were more complex than in the later designs. It was with this control that the record flights previously mentioned were made.

### Control With One Horizontal Tail Propeller

During the summer of 1941, experiments were carried on with sectional pitch control in the main lifting rotor. In this plan the horizontal tail outriggers were removed and each main rotor blade changed its angle of incidence progressively throughout its cycle of rotation. Thus, for instance, with the control stick moved toward the right, all blades would progress to a certain minimum incidence as they passed the right-hand side of the airship, while at the left-hand side, all of them would be at a certain maximum incidence. Such an arrangement resulted in inclining the lift vector of the main lifting rotor to the right, thus causing a resultant horizontal force to act.

During the following five months, extensive flights were made with sectional control used on the lateral axis only, and with longitudinal control secured through a tail propeller mounted on a skeleton tower above the tail of the fuselage. The incidence of the blades of this propeller could be increased or decreased at the will of the pilot. This arrangement was found to have many advantages, primarily a certain pendular lateral stability and positive longitudinal control. It also had a more simplified structure with its obvious advantages of storage, etc.

### Full Sectional Control

During December, 1941, the control arrangements were again revised in order to provide control by sectional change of the incidence of the main rotor blades longitudinally as well as laterally. Thus, the former lateral sectional control was broadened to be effective throughout the entire 360 deg. of the disc of rotation. The horizontal tail propeller, which had previously been used for longitudinal control, was entirely removed, leaving only the torque-compensating propeller at the tail. Sectional change of pitch in the main lifting rotor was secured by inclining the conventional pilot's control stick in the desired direction. The first flights with this control were made just before the end of the year and during January, 1942, the new control arrangement was proved to be satisfactory in extensive flights. Various modifications have been investigated, including the installation of a horizontal fin surface at the tail. This is now being tried alternately as a movable surface co-ordinated with the fore-and-aft inclination of the main rotor disc and as a fixed surface to act as a stabilizer and a dampener. However, the amount of flying to date with this supplementary surface is not yet sufficient to evaluate fully its worth. Flights with the full sectional control have so far been entirely satisfactory, and the aircraft seems to have reasonable inherent pendular stability, laterally and longitudinally. The obvious advantages of this arrangement are the further simplification of structure and transmission problems.

### Directional Control

It has been stated above that the torque-compensating propeller, turning in the vertical plane at the tail of the aircraft, also provides directional control. This is secured through action of the pilot's rudder pedals which change the angle of incidence of the torque-compensating propeller blades, thus increasing or decreasing their thrust. With the rudder pedals in neutral, a few degrees positive incidence is always carried on the blades of this propeller to compensate for the torque of the main lifting rotor.

### Action of Main Rotor Blades

By reviewing briefly the action of the main rotor blades, therefore, it is found that in the present full sectional control arrangement their incidence may be varied in two different ways: (1) simultaneous increase or decrease through action of the pitch control lever at the pilot's left hand, which results in increasing or decreasing the thrust of the main rotor and thus controlling the rate

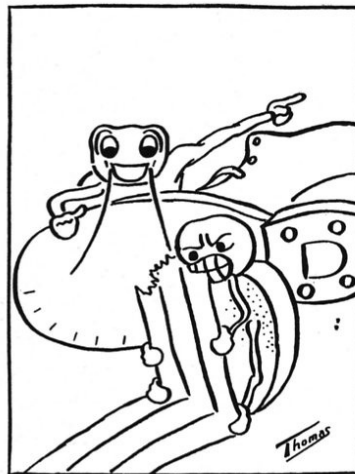
of ascent or descent of the craft; synchronized with this is the action of the throttle so as to provide a change in horsepower as required by the change of incidence and maintain a substantially constant number of revolutions per minute without the need of manually adjusting the throttle; and (2) progressively throughout the cycle of rotation so that each blade will follow a varying path in relation to normal; this is controlled by the conventional control stick which not only determines the direction of inclination of the main rotor disc but also the degree of this inclination. Thus it is possible in a given condition of flight to have, for example, 9 deg. of incidence on the main rotor blades through action of the main pitch control and then to add or subtract a few degrees at any point in the cycle through action of the sectional control. The sectional control, of course, always works so that the lowest point of the blades in their cycle of rotation is at 180 deg. to the highest point.

### Fuselage Covering

In conjunction with the investigation of the three fundamental controls outlined herein, the effect of fuselage covering in various degrees was also studied. Vertical fin area toward the tail of the fuselage was first applied; thereafter, the entire side of the fuselage was covered, and finally, a nose covering was installed which provided an open cockpit for the pilot. As a general rule it was found that a certain amount of fin area made the controls considerably more effective and pleasant but that an excess tended to give too much damping to the action of the controls. The nose covering did not appear to change materially the flying characteristics, and the aircraft is being flown at present with this covering constantly installed.

### Conclusion

On the basis of the results achieved with the VS-300 helicopter during the year 1941 in which fundamental problems of control and stability appear to have been solved, the writer looks forward with confidence to the future of direct lift aircraft. The future work that remains to be done will include the refinement of controls already investigated, as well as research along many other lines of thought. This will doubtless produce further improvement in the handling qualities of the aircraft, but it is certain that 1941 has seen the VS-300 grow from an experimental laboratory model to an aircraft that embodies practical flying qualities.



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# Read It Or Not

By CPL. TED RORKE



H-m-n-n! Smell that touch of Autumn in the air. We will soon be getting the old blues out of the moth balls and donning them against the chill of fall evenings. It doesn't seem quite the same this year, though, without the Toronto "Ex." Who says we have a "hard" life in the service? Just look these statistics over:

### Figures Don't Lie

An airman has: 14 days' leave per year; twelve 48-hour passes per year (24 days per year); 1 day per week less 1 month (40 days per year); 2 days at Christmas and 3 at Easter (5 days per year); sleeps 8 hours a day (122 days per year); 3 hours per day for meals (45 days per year); 5½ hours per day from 1715 until 2245 (82 days per year); average airman reports sick 5 days per year (5 days per year); waits 2 hours per day for officers to sign passes (28 days per year)—a total of 365 days per year and gets paid for it!

—RCAF—

LAC1—Don't you think Myrtle looks ugly in that low cut dress?  
LAC2—Not so far as I can see.

—RCAF—

It was no end of a treat the other Sunday afternoon to hear the new band playing in front of the Airmen's Club. Service personnel and visitors alike seemed to enjoy the excellent programme of Sgt. Hunt and his bandsmen from Ottawa. But forgive your roving reporter if he makes a rather caustic comment. Sprawled around in various unseemly attitudes were a number of airwomen and airmen occupying all the available sitting space. Guess who were standing? That's right—you're right—the visitors. D—n poor show, I call it.

—RCAF—

This one was heard at a recent visit to the M.O.'s.

F/LT. SPRAGUE—The best thing that you can do is give up smoking, drinking, and women.

AC2 PATIENT—What's the next best thing?

—RCAF—

A man who thinks he's the whole cheese generally smells like it.

—RCAF—

Since the W.D.'s have started eating in the Airmen's Mess we members of the weaker sex have been given an opportunity to listen in on some of their noon-day conversations. Here's one Ye Editor overheard the other day:

AW1 MULLINS—My boy friend in the RCAF bombs beverage rooms and night clubs.

AW1 HIPKINS—That sounds strange.

AW1 MULLINS—Well, in his letters he says he's a dive bomber.

—RCAF—

"F-e-e-t," spelled the teacher. "What does that spell, Johnny?"

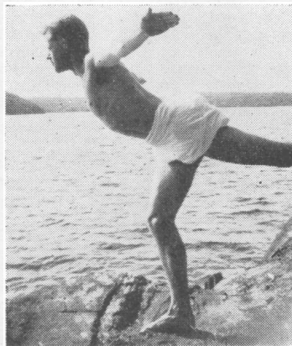
Johnny didn't know.

"What is it that a cow has four of and I have two?" persisted the teacher.

Johnny's answer was as surprising as it was unexpected.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

## Mystic of Accounts



CPL. "YOGI" BARKER

Webster defines a yogi as being a devotee of yoga. Yoga is the Hindu system of philosophic meditation and asceticism designed to effect the reunion of the devotee's soul with the universal spirit. But Webster and the whole ancient tribe of A-59 Upper South cannot define the mysterious actions of one Cpl. Phil Barker of the Accounts.

Last issue of W.O.B., Phil's difficulties with one Cleopatra were reviewed by your columnist. It was thought by all concerned that the matter could be dropped quietly. But no—stranger and more inexplicable events have been happening. But let us begin at the beginning. Our new recruit to the Clan of Yogism is an average Canadian young man, good looking, and an extremely capable Clerk Accountant. He is quiet, though somewhat debonair, and there is no outward evidence of hidden vices or bad habits. The first symptoms appeared in early spring. One night after the barrack lights had been doused and the room had settled down for the night, a great noise and threshing sound was heard in the vicinity of Phil's bed. Yours truly being barrack room Joe, screwed up enough courage to get up out of bed and creep to the light switch. With a trembling hand I flicked the switch and there revealed to my startled eyes was the above mentioned Corporal—clad only in his pyjamas, going through the most awe inspiring gyrations on the floor. When questioned, he muttered something about P.T. and crawled into bed. A few mornings later in the shower Phil was overheard discussing the theory of re-incarnation with his friend, LAC Daly, and he asked the latter if he ever felt like Helen of Troy. Note the similarity between that and that heap of unserviceable scrap iron that he dubbed Cleopatra. And now has come to light a snapshot taken by some intrepid candid camera fiend, of Phil, clad in even less, standing on the shore of some hidden northern lake during his furlough this year. We understand that Phil can hold this position for hours on end in idle contemplation of E-42's, E-56's, etc. What we can't understand, if he can perform this remarkable feat, why he couldn't stand on his both feet during the A.O.C.'s parade—

following the Corporals' smoker, for longer than five minutes—and was last seen being carried off in a somewhat depleted state by some of his fellow airmen. As yet we have not heard of this worthy Yogi performing the Indian rope trick—but we did hear that he swallowed several inches of Blue Top at the Corporals' smoker and next morning brought it up by the yard. Or was it the yard? A free container for old razor blades will be presented to any member sending in the correct solution to the above problem.

—RCAF—

## EQUIPMENT SECTION

Oh, Equipment Section, thou breath of Borden's being,  
Thou to whose open doors the ranks despair-ed are driven  
Like sheep wending afield; hungry, grasping scroungers  
Thou who would'st enter into detail so exact  
Doth keep old Borden going we know it for a fact.  
Daily sounds your self-same cry, "Please get it authorized.  
You can't do business here with me, Do you want me ostracized?"  
Thou whose doors are open wide to every passing Joe,  
Doth handle vouchers by the score,  
Your shattered nerves are apropos.

—With apologies to Ogden Nash.

—AW1 McNEILL.

## M. J. EMMS

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## Philosophizin' With "Dad" Parker

### LUCK OR PLUCK

How often we hear such expressions as "I have the toughest luck," or that fellow was born with a string of horseshoes around his neck—or any of a dozen every-day expressions, all of which intimate that the person under discussion has either been branded by the bad fairies, or singled out by the good ones for special mention. But, if we look closer at the fortunate ones, we will usually find that they themselves have contributed something to their good fortune.

Perhaps you'll say—I know someone who never seems to do a thing and yet life hands him all the lucky breaks on a platter. The thing to remember in this case is—when the breaks or opportunity did come the fellow was ready to seize them.

Maybe he did not appear to you to be working towards these things, but one hundred chances to do a thing and yet life hands him all the lucky breaks on a platter. The thing to remember in this case is—when the breaks or opportunity did come the fellow was ready to seize them.

There is no use trusting to such a weak crutch as "luck" to get you places. Luck is pluck with the lid off. It takes pluck to make a success these days. It takes pluck to face up to life and make it give you the breaks. Pluck makes you use the two strong arms you have—and that strong, young back. It makes you trust your initiative, your perseverance, and your skill.

It's a thing our forefathers had in abundance when they pioneered in this great unknown land to make it the great country that it is today. When success comes to you, others may say you have all the luck—but you will know that you can honestly give the credit to pluck and common sense.

—RCAF—

### IT'S WORK THAT COUNTS

There may be something in luck and chance,  
In omens and signs and such;  
There may be luck in stray black cats  
Or pups in a collie's hutch;  
But I believe the foremost thing  
To make the wheels go round  
Is plain hard work, a good cool head,  
And feet on the solid ground.

There may be something in wishing this,  
In hoping a lot for that,  
In saying the pitcher may hurl the ball  
Directly against the bat.  
But I am sure a wishing well  
Can never replace a plow,  
And a clover leaf is luck, I think,  
When fed to a worthy cow.

The man who hopes and wishes long,  
With mind on this world's wiles,  
May have his place in the scheme of things  
In a world of a thousand styles.  
So let you and I just hang our hat  
On a nail in a solid wall,  
A nail that's real and also strong,  
Or else our hats may fall.

There is too much

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**To SERVE IN SILENCE**

is the duty of every citizen—IN and OUT of uniform

### FREEDOM WILL TRIUMPH

Our European allies are always in our minds. We shall always remember with sympathy the unheralded, and unprovoked, attack on countries whose only fault was that they were too trustful of the word of the Hun.

Memory recalls the brutal over-running of their lands, the exploitation and the mass murders. We can faintly comprehend what it must mean to proud nations to be under the heel of a conqueror, whose bully's soul takes delight in torturing the defenceless. With respect and admiration we greet the courage that carries on in spite of all.

The barbarism that has blotted freedom from so much of the map of Europe has met unconquerable spirits. It is good to know that our allied strength is growing stronger daily, which must surely sound like a death sentence to Hitler and his hordes.

We greet our allies, and let us pledge our increasing aid until we have crushed this fanatic monster that has crept out of the primeval slime. Freedom still lives. Freedom must triumph.

—RCAF—

### THE WOMEN OF NO. 1 SQUADRON

We are proud of the name of Squadron One,  
With all our manoeuvres and all that we've done;

We are proud to belong to such a fine lot,  
With a high reputation as ere can be got.

We will do our best to keep up its good name,  
And we will not give up until we've got fame;

We will all pull together and never despair,  
For Number One Squadron will always be there.

We've a great fighting spirit to carry us through,  
At work, at play, and all that we do;

We're a hard lot to beat and on we will plod,  
We won't stand for shirkers, no, not on our squad.

It's easy to talk and say what we'll do,  
But, believe us, we mean it and know that it's true.

Oh, yes, we are proud to belong to our squad,  
It may seem foolish and perhaps very odd.

Our hearts and our soul is in all that we do,  
So others take notice, we're out to beat you.  
In the future the days may be gloomy and dark,

But wherever we go we'll sure leave our mark.

It will not be said that we failed in our trust,  
Nor will we be laughed at for missing the bus.

At the end of the road when Victory's won,  
We'll feel proud we belonged to Squadron One.

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## What's Cooking

(By Paddy)

### FOURTH YEAR OF WAR

On Friday, Sept. 1, 1939, Hitler struck. In only two days Britain was in it. In one more week Canada, too, went to war.

Certain events stand out clearly and with unforgettable sharpness. The fall of Poland, the "phony" war, the invasion of Norway, the smash into the Low Countries, the debacle at Sedan, the retreat from Dunkirk, the collapse of French military power, the fall of France, the gallant but hopeless stand of Greece, the growing change of temper in the United States, the sudden assault on Russia, the magnificent leadership of Churchill and of Roosevelt, the treachery of Japan as displayed at Pearl Harbor, the entry of the United States into the war on the side of the Free Nations and the formation of an Allied Supreme War Council.

It is worthwhile to recall now at the moment when a desperate battle is being fought in Egypt and Russia is fighting with such courage to stop the Nazi hordes and to prevent the taking of her vital oil wells, that in the summer of 1940 after the fall of France it was hardly believed that Egypt could be held.

Winston Churchill in that memorable speech after the collapse of France, declared that Britain would carry on the struggle for a free world practically alone if the Germans succeeded in their purpose of invading England. The British people would fight from village to village, from town to town, not one inch of territory would be given, and further, he declared, that if it need be His Majesty's Government would be removed across the sea and the battle would still continue. British armies would carry on the war on the frontiers of India if necessary.

The memory of those days should nerve us to face whatever the present has in store and the recollection of perils survived when the British Empire fought alone should carry assurance of victory now that it is backed by powerful allies.

His Majesty's Armed Forces have been tried, as if by fire, and it truly can be said they have not been found wanting. In regards to the R.A.F. and later the R.C.A.F., their conduct is beyond praise. The Battle of Britain when finally recorded in history books, will prove beyond question that the brave men of the R.A.F. was the front line

of defence not only for Britain, but for civilization itself. Without those daring and gallant knights of the skies, long night would have settled over the world.

The Navy and Merchant Marine are constantly performing their duties and all honor to them. Without their help we could not hope to survive.

The Army have been the cause for pride by all free people. The magnificent courage of United Nations troops recently at Dieppe but reminds us that we have not put our confidence in them in vain.

The prospect for victory is brighter, the sorrow over the losses of our own brave Canadians is lessened by the realization that there is no other road to freedom save that strewn by sacrifice and stained with blood. The spirit of a free people does not quail before the news of its losses. This, we may be sure, is the temper of the Canadian nation today. So let each one of us do our part and see to it that we do it well.

The following verses written by Edgar A. Guest may well be taken as a pledge:

We can do it if we will,  
We've the courage, we've the skill,  
We've the manpower, we've the hammers  
And the wrenches and the drills,  
We've the money and the means  
For the guns and the machines,  
And we'll waste no working minute,  
To complain about the bills.

On the land and on the sea  
Where they fight for you and me,  
In the skies where they are battling  
Forces greater far than ours.  
This is dreadful truth I speak,  
War runs seven days a week  
And the boys must stay on duty  
With no thought of wage or hours.

We can do it if we will  
Longer stay at lathe and drill,  
Faster feed the mighty presses  
Making ships and tanks and guns.  
And with that self-same devotion  
Shown on sky, on land and ocean,  
We can share the war for freedom  
And the victory with our sons.

—RCAF—

#### "KEEP PEELIN'"

The Negro soldier had been peeling potatoes until his hands ached. Turning to a fellow K.P. he said: "What dat sergeant mean when he call us K.P.?"

"Ah dunno," replied his co-worker, "but from de look on his face, Ah think he means 'Keep Peelin'."

"Wings Over Borden"

September 1942

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