

Vol. 1 - No. 4

Cpl Jon to Kines
RCAF(WD)

October 1942

Comp Borden Out



WINGS OVER BORDEN

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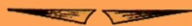
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Wings Over Borden

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CAMP BORDEN
ONTARIO — CANADA

THE PIONEER R.C.A.F. JOURNAL

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NO. 4

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GROUP CAPTAIN D. M. EDWARDS, COMMANDING OFFICER



THIS MONTH—FEATURING MAINTENANCE WING

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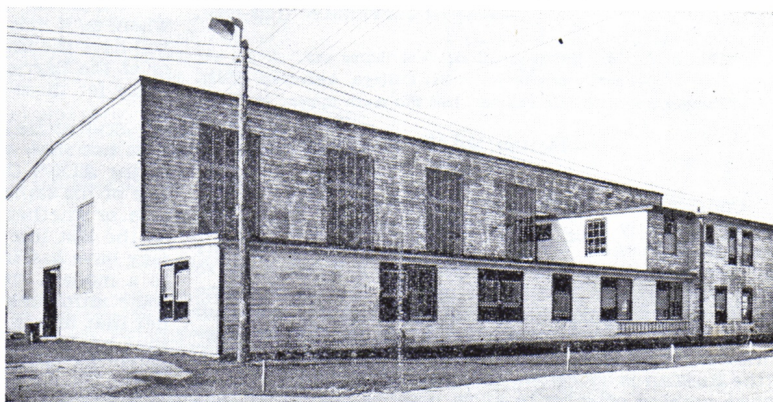
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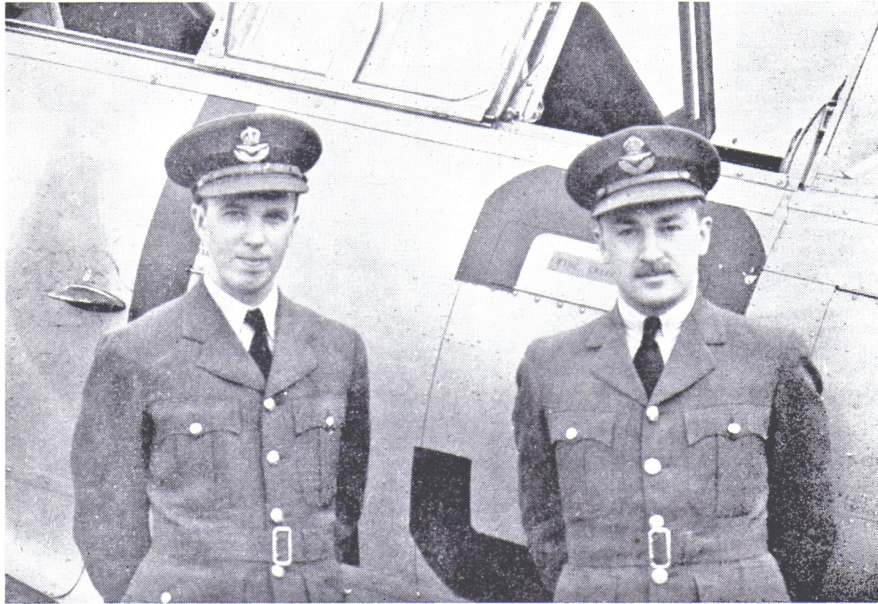
STOP PRESS!

It just can't be done! Maintenance Wing has come to the fore with so much copy for this issue that it will be necessary to hold over much of it until the November issue. Accordingly, next month the feature will be—MAINTENANCE WING (continued).

"Maintiens Le Droit"

Under Canada's Coat of Arms
Maybe you've read our motto,
It says
"Maintiens Le Droit."
It's French.
Translated freey
It means "Uphold the Right."
And that means all Canadians,
You, and me, and Joe the Rigger too . .
This is a maintenance job for all of us.
It means the maintenance of "the square deal,"
A decent job . . . a home . .
We all started out with a free life,
Individual rights, liberty to speak our minds.
Now, someone challenges these things,
And it's up to us to defend 'em!
To fight . . to maintain
The Democratic style of living,
The Christian way . .
The indefinable something in morale
That makes a free man Free.
When we think of it that way,
We're all . . "on maintenance"
Aren't we?

Officers Commanding Maintenance Wing



S/L G. R. GORING

F/L A. A. BUCHANAN

By the time this issue of Wings Over Borden is read by you, I will have left Camp Borden for another station. However, whether I have left Camp Borden or not, I will always feel attached to it, for it is a unique place. It has charm, whether seen from the air or from the ground. It does not have that bare cold look so frequently seen elsewhere. But, most outstanding of all is the fact that people at Borden work easily and happily yet efficiently.

What contributes to this state of affairs? Perhaps the answer can be found in the way people work here. Using Maintenance Wing as an example, I have seen men voluntarily working long after normal working hours just to get a job done, and being thoroughly interested in it and happy at the same time. This is the kind of thing that makes life worth living and wins wars. Perhaps, too, the cooperation of sections with each other has a bearing, because Maintenance Wing, the Equipment Section, Training Wing, and other units are all vitally linked together to achieve a common result, and the magnitude of the result is a measure of the cooperation that prevails.

To the Maintenance Wing, may I say that I appreciate having been with you and admire your initiative and co-operation which has resulted in the ideas and methods that have brought the Wing to such a healthy condition. No system of organization will function unless those upon whom it is inflicted try to make it work and present ideas to improve it. And this is the actual reason for your fine showing.

The new C.T.O. and his officers are an enthusiastic and hard working staff. I have the greatest confidence that they have the full support of the Wing and will provide successful leadership for its advancement.

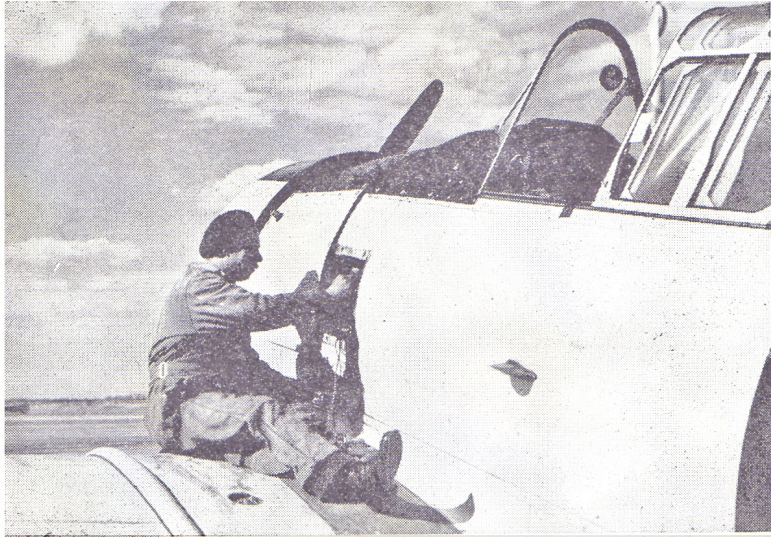
G. R. GORING.

The writing of this message comes at a most important time in the fortunes of the Maintenance Wing and Camp Borden as a whole. Never has such an excellent standard of maintenance been in existence at this station. It is with feelings of strong determination to maintain the high standard set by Squadron Leader Goring, and some apprehension at taking over such grave responsibilities, that I assume control of the Maintenance Wing.

The airmen, N.C.O.'s, and Warrant Officers are to be heartily complimented on their spirit of complete co-operation that has made our enviable showing possible. It is a privilege to be in a position to work with a group of men with such a splendid record of achievement. This helpful spirit has been shown by all sections of the station, and has been a material aid in all phases of our work. The airwomen have not been forgotten in this giving of richly-deserved praise, for their work has been invaluable and their worth fully realized.

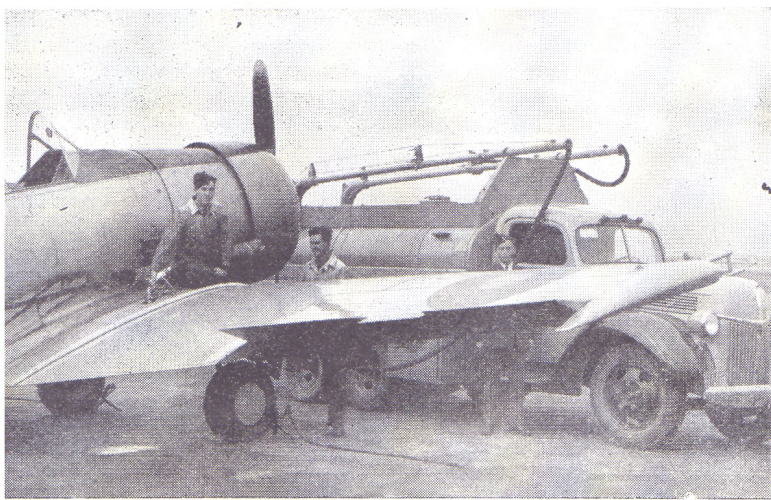
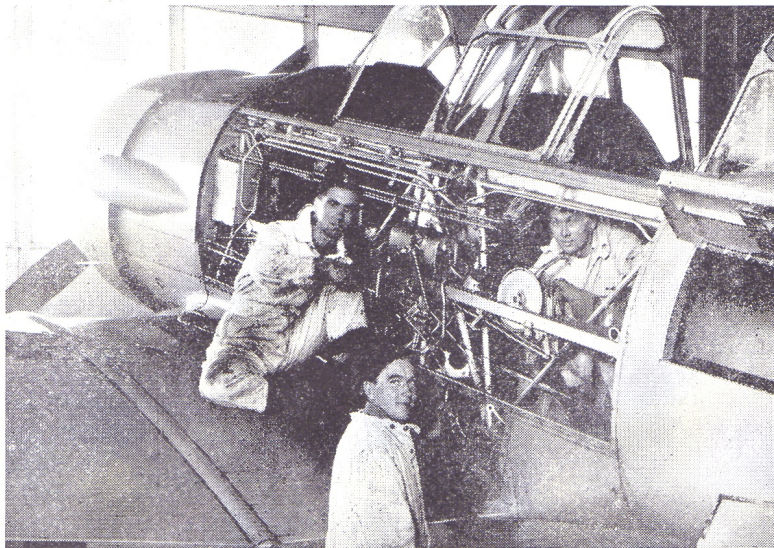
All I can ask is that this spirit, which was so generously given to my predecessor, be not changed; so that each of us, understanding and appreciating one another's job, may work together pleasantly and efficiently to do our bit towards the ultimate defeat of our enemies.

A. A. BUCHANAN.



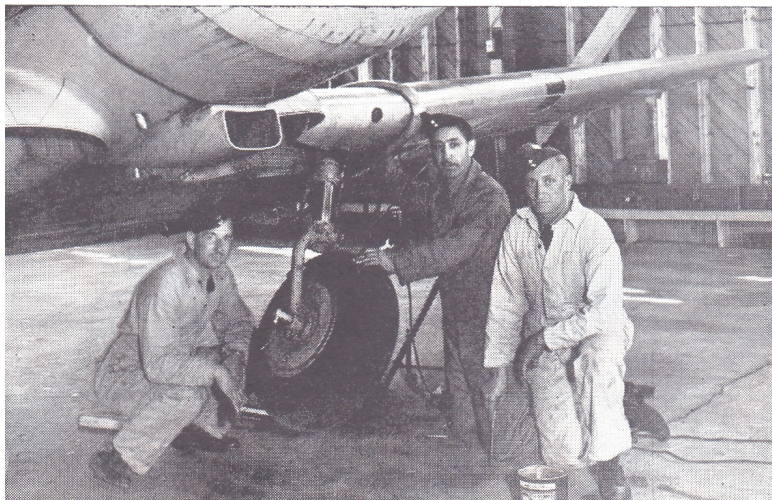
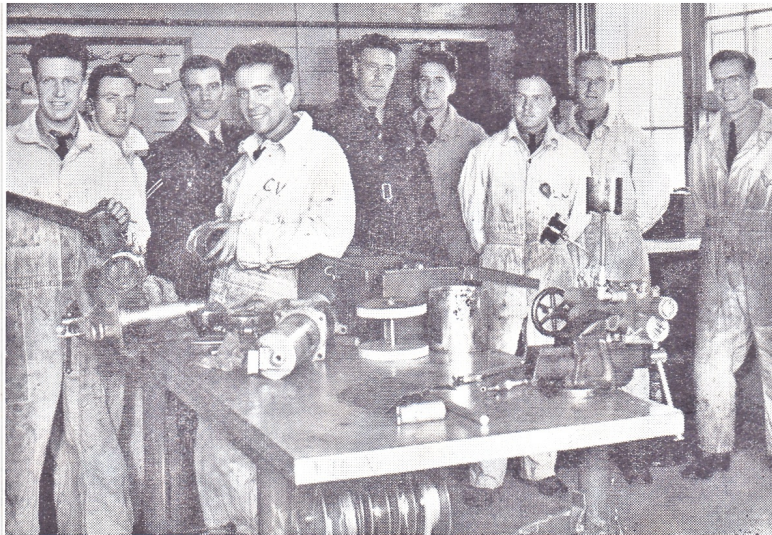
(Electrical Section)
LAC SNACHE, J. A.

Left to right—
LAC HURDLE, J. D.
AC HOOVER, R. S.
LAC MASON, J. E.
(Day Maintenance)



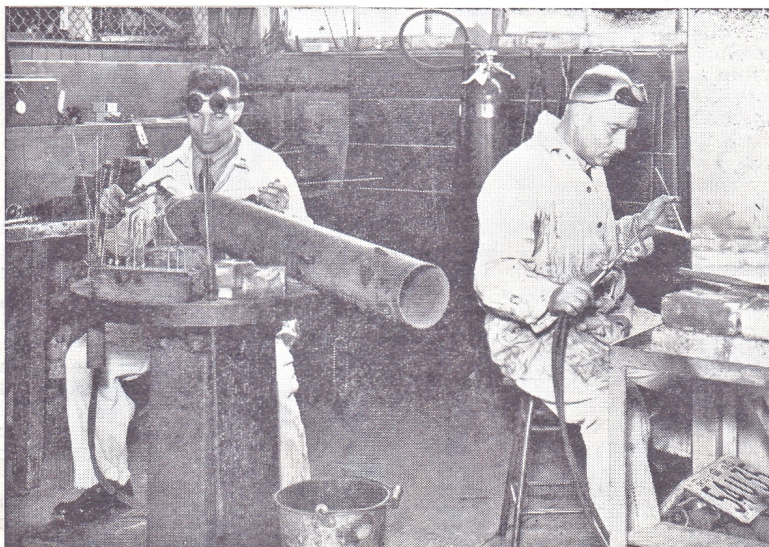
REFUELING AT
"C" FLIGHT

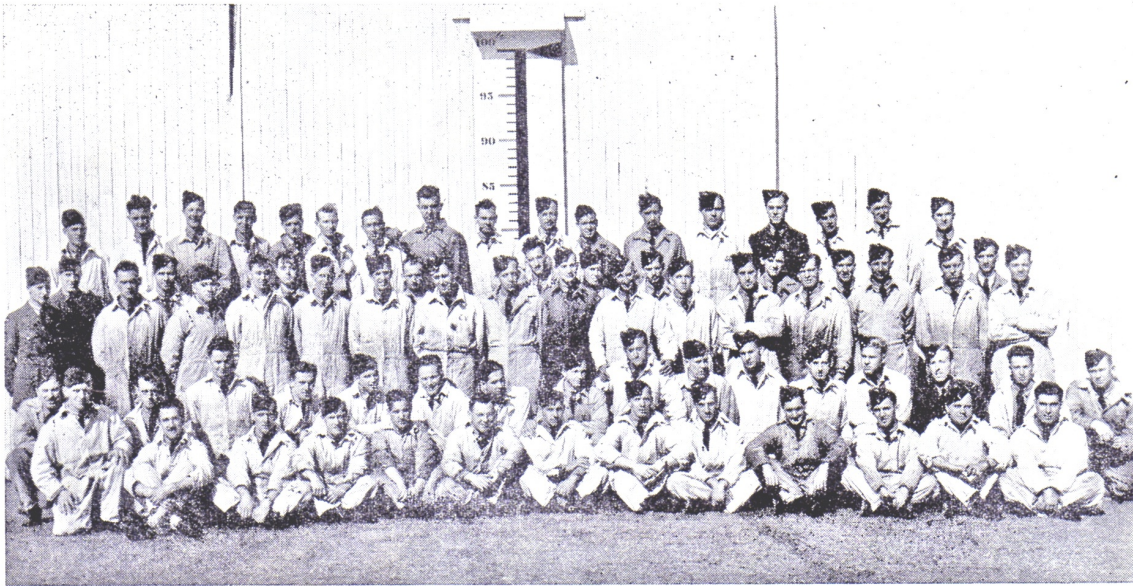
Left to right—
 LAC WILSON, D. M.
 LAC HAWKINS, S. R.
 CPL. LEGARE, E. J.
 LAC VIVAN, C. A.
 F/SGT. BAINBRIDGE, H.
 (N.C.O. in Charge)
 AC STROM, W. B.
 LAC MASON, L. R.
 LAC DUNN, R. A.
 LAC MORGAN, J. E.
 (Component Section)



Left to right—
 LAC POAPS, D.
 LAC MONTEMURRO, S.
 LAC WELDON, H. W.
 (Day Maintenance)

LAC DAVIDSON, C. L.
 CPL. HUDGIN, L. G.
 (Metal Repair Shop)





DAY MAINTENANCE

Front row from left to right—Cpl. Mallett, B. F., LAC Martyn, EL. L., AC1 Coutts, D., LAC Roberts, G., LAC Greenspoon, N., LAC Pask, C. H., LAC Tatai, C., LAC Hawkins, W. R., LAC Chicken, J. E., LAC Scott, J., AC2 Christie, W. J., Cpl. Gynp, P., LAC Leach, A. R. B.

Second Row—Cpl. Lingwood, J., Cpl. Narbonne, L. A., LAC Bulford, J. C., AC1 Hartrick, R. B., LAC Cairns, V. R., LAC McRorie, E. R., LAC Hurdle, J. D., Cpl. Dunsdon, H., LAC Beauregard, J. L., LAC Pearce, F. G. E., LAC Kerslake, K. R., AC2 McLaughlin, C. F. S., LAC Mason, L. R., AC2 Preston, W. H., AC1 Fawcett, J. H., LAC Archer, W. L.

Third Row—Cpl. Bell, J. H., Cpl. Savage, F., LAC Eales, F. W., LAC McIntyre, R. E., LAC Robson, A. E., LAC Mason, J. E., LAC Reinhardt, V. J., LAC Dunn, R. A., LAC Wilson, D. M., LAC Hare, W. D., LAC Vivian, C. A., LAC Drummond, N. J., LAC Lightfoot, E. G., LAC Withers, H. G., LAC Strom, W. B., LAC Weldon, H. W., Cpl. Jones, G., AC1 Hoover, R. S., LAC McDowell, H. R., LAC Gabbot, P. A., AC1 Morgan, J. E., LAC Poaps, H. D., LAC Hollingshead, A., Cpl. Legare, E. J., Cpl. Tucker, W. L., LAC Potts, A., AC1 Boll, M. F., LAC Skinner, E. D., AC1 Snache, J. H., AC2 Feldman, J., Cpl. Cox, P., Cpl. Hopkins, J. G., LAC Mauch, C. G., AC1 Driben, E., Cpl. Stevens, R. C., Cpl. Swarbrick, F. J., LAC Montemurro, S., AC1 Golub, S., LAC MacDonald, R. G., Cpl. Henderson, J. F., LAC Rafuse, S. F., LAC Megyesi, L.

Maintenance Wing

The Maintenance Wing is a complex organization which has grown up out of the ever-increasing scope of its activities. Certain phases of it are bound strictly by regulations, while the different sections have been drawn up and carefully organized to meet all normal and most abnormal demands. It has required the closest co-operation of everyone on the Station to bring it to the healthy state it now enjoys, and for this reason it should be of especial benefit to make public the manner in which each person's efforts has helped to bring about the final result.

The Headquarters staff of the Wing carries a heavy load that is not always fully appreciated except by those who know. They do a good job in handling all the detail of the organization, and keeping endless records and charts to prevent any airman from becoming a "forgotten man," and losing the equality of opportunity which is so precious to everyone.

Maintenance Stores is a little-heard-of branch that performs a gigantic task. All equipment and spare parts flow through this section to the never-ending despair of the N.C.O. in charge. As an added feature, this N.C.O. also cares for the inventories. Truly his is a paper war—a war of attrition, he would say, designed to realize him to a jibbering candidate for a state institution.

The Instrument and Electrical Sections are twin groups with highly specialized functions. With comparatively few men they carry out endless checks and repairs on the most vital parts of aircraft. Their praise is little

sung, but their efforts are amply rewarded by the remarkable record of thousands of flying hours with no accidents even remotely attributable to them.

Day Maintenance forms the largest single group operating in one location. Their duties are legion, and are completed with a maximum of efficiency. To enumerate these duties would be beyond the purpose of this article, but the reader may conjure up all the possible things that can go wrong or happen to an aircraft, multiply by ten, and be near the point. Apart from taking care of aircraft having every ailment from a slight cough to a major operation, all repairs and minor unserviceabilities must be followed up, inspection of parts and equipment by the A.I.D. Section must be carried out, and a supply of prefabricated or preassembled components must be prepared and kept on hand.

Night Maintenance comes at last! These are truly the unsung heroes who labour when there is no one to cheer them on, and whose work ends with that awful deadline—the arrival of the flying men. These sleep-defying tollers are relieved of their unenviable but indispensable task every month, and emerge into the light of day with a new determination to make life easier for the "night men."

This by no means covers all parts of the Wing, so on the solemn promise that on other pages their glory is sounded, they must now be left.

A. A. BUCHANAN, Flight Lieutenant.

WIRELESS SECTION



Sgt. Bradley, G. K., Sgt. MacCourt, D. J., Cpl. Etheridge, N., P/O Balfour, LAC Fraser, R. J.

Even at Camp Borden, where lucky helmets, good luck sweaters, special buttons and a thousand and one other superstitions are indulged in by the flying personnel, there are few who believe in spirits (we refer to the banshee type). There is one section, however, where these little folk from another world have a very definite following. "The Pixies," as they are known by the fellows in The Wireless Section, are a peculiar lot, and while the flying personnel may not be acquainted with them they never-the-less are great friends of the pilots and pupil students. Yes friends, for these are the little folk who steal the knobs off inter-coms, the jewels out of control boxes, the plugs off cords, the switches out of remote control units, the buttons off microphones, the kilocycles out the A.T.R.5's and the energy out of batteries (lead acid accumulators to those who desire to be ultra R.A.F.). They are a busy lot these little lads from the world next door and the busier they are the busier too are the chaps you see pictured in the above plate.

Under the direction of Signals Officer Balfour these boys only have 103 inter-communicating units to keep in service, some 500 odd headsets to keep repaired, 18 radio equipped aircraft to be serviceable at all times, 3 ground transmitting stations to look after, and just as a side line the fixing of everyone's radio who happens to find the same on the fritz. Try this some time on your favourite old violin and see how jig goes and we venture you'll understand why

the wireless section answer in one voice, "A little sleeping please," when F/O McKinley wants to know what particular type of sport one would like to indulge in.

Seriously though, this section would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone for the excellent cooperation being extended them. Keep it up, and we will keep our end up and between the two of us who knows maybe we will look back on the day to say, "Why away back in 1942 at Camp Borden, Ontario, I was one of the lads who said radio was definitely here to stay."

This is the story of an ex-radio announcer who after he had joined the R.C.A.F. was invited out for Sunday dinner. Seated at the table his host called upon this chap to say grace. Never having been called upon to perform such a duty before the lad was a little disturbed for a moment but being an old trooper, he knew the show must go on. Summoning all his previous radio experience to his aid he launched forth something like this, "This food comes to us through the courtesy of Almighty God, who is with us each week day at this hour, and whom we hope will be back at this same time tomorrow. This is a vital supplication and comes to you from an undernourished fr̄mework."

—RCAF—

Heard on The Green Band

1st Voice: This is Akron P1 calling. This is Akron P1 calling. Are you receiving me?

2nd Voice: Yes I am receiving you but who the hell is Akron P1?

Edenvale Pilot (in radio communication with K7): Gee those guys in Borden sure are a bunch of dopes. I've been listenin' for the last quarter of an hour and they keep yellin', "This is Umbrā 3 calling." I wonder when they'll get to know that the station over there is U-M-B-R-A. (We in Borden would just like to know whether or not to have a christening and invite the Edenvale lads in that they might see little Umbrā 3).

—RCAF—

Johnnie: "Hello Akron N2, can you hear me? over."

Jake: "Hello M7! Yes I am receiving you loud and clear, over."

Johnnie—"Say Jake, where are you going tonight, to Minet's Point or Woggy Woggy?"

Jake: "Think I'll make it Woggy this time. She's expecting her old man home in Barrie this weekend so perhaps it is best to skip Minet's this time."

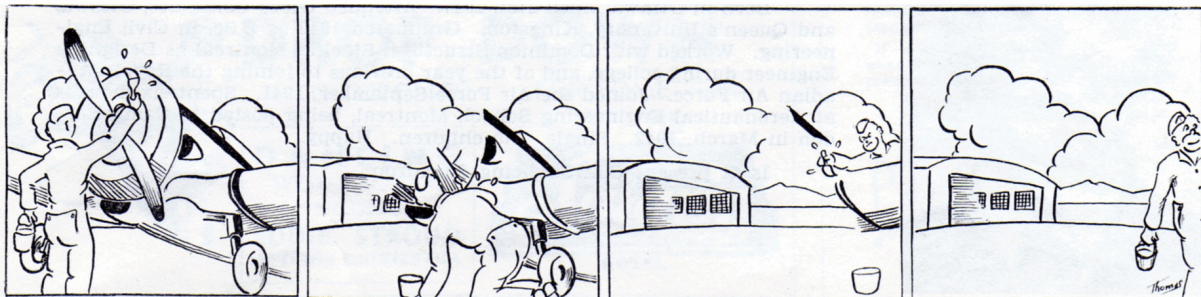
Johnnie: "Okay fellow. See you at supper time. This is Akron M7 over and off with Akron N2".

(Editor's Note: Wireless section has put in a demand for television sets so that pilots in future will be able to see whether old man is home or not.)

—RCAF—

This is one of the most helpful calls we have tuned in a long, long time. (Made in very English manner.) "Hello! Hello! I'm transmitting. I'm transmitting. Are you there." Even if we were there we are not sure where that there should be. Even if we were

(Continued on page 9)





FLYING OFFICER J. McASKIN

"Mac" was born in Ottawa in 1906 and received his education at the Capital city and in the year 1928 felt the urge to join the R.C.A.F.

After enlisting, he was posted to Borden where he obtained his technical training as an A.E.M. and became one of the establishment until 1936 when he was posted to Trenton where he carried on with the same excellent work in maintenance which he had done at Borden.

Later in 1939, he was again posted to Borden and has since been on the Station and always in Maintenance.

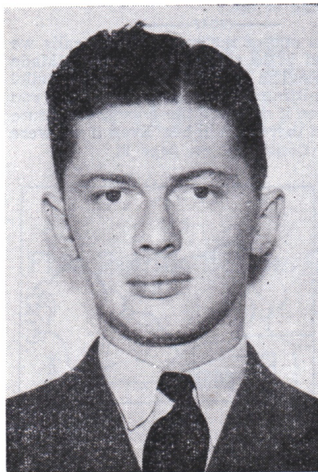
"Mac" has always been active in sports and excelled at hockey; during the last few years he has been one of the mainstays of the Station bowling team in the Barrie League.

Finally in September of this year, the reward of good work caught up to him and he was commissioned as a Flying Officer, and with this rank is now O.C. Maintenance Squadron. Very happily married and has two sons.

WO2 A. E. FALLS

WO2 "Art" Falls replaces F/O McAskin as Senior Technical Warrant Officer at Maintenance Wing. When the present system of central maintenance was instituted, these two did much to bring the present excellent organization into effect at this station.

"Art" was born in Ottawa, 1916, and educated at Glebe Collegiate, same city. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. Nov. 1935 and was posted to Camp Borden. From Borden he was posted to Trenton and after spending two years at that station, returned to No. 1 S.F.T.S. in April, 1939. Until recently he has been in charge of Station Workshop. Married.



FLYING OFFICER K. MARSHALL

Born in Ottawa, April 21st, 1917. Attended Glebe Collegiate, Ottawa, and Queen's University, Kingston. Graduated 1940 as B.Sc. in Civil Engineering. Worked with Dominion Structural Steel in Montreal as Designing Engineer during college, and of the year previous to joining the Royal Canadian Air Force. Joined the Air Force September, 1941. Spent six months at Aeronautical Engineering School, Montreal, being posted to Camp Borden in March, 1942. Single. No children. Happy.

Is at present O.C. Servicing Squadron.



FLYING OFFICER ALLERTON

After being born in England on an undisclosed date, Bruce came to Canada at a very early age and received an extensive and extended education from many and varied schools from coast to coast.

During the last war he saw service with the 13th Royal Highlanders of Canada from 1916 to 1918 and since that time has been associated with several Units in the Armed Forces.

Since the war ended, he has been variously engaged with the Hotel business, coal mining, Highway construction and importing and exporting.

Vancouver is his home town at the present time where his wife and two daughters are living.

Likes to play tennis and badminton and is keen on fishing.

—RCAF—

WIRELESS SECTION
(Continued from page 7)

there and were sure that that there was the right there we couldn't be sure of where the call came from. And if we were positive that we were the right party at the right place at the right time and the person calling wanted to speak to us then why worry about all the shouting? Why not get a smoke generator and an Indian blanket and send smoke signals? This does away with the English accent and is a lot easier on the voice.

Someone may ask—What is an Aeronautical Engineer? Well, the best we can do is as follows: He is a person who passes as an exacting expert on the basis of being able to turn out with prolific fortitude infinite strings of incomprehensible formulae calculated with micromatic precision from vague assumptions which are based on debatable figures taken from inconclusive experiments of problematical accuracy by persons of doubtful reliability and questionable mentality for the avowed purpose of annoying and confounding a hopelessly chimerical group of fanatics referred to altogether too frequently as airplane designers.

S/L G. R. GORING

Much of the credit of the high degree of efficiency which has been attained by Maintenance Wing must go to Squadron Leader Gilman R. Goring who was from early March until the end of September this School's Chief Technical Officer and Officer Commanding Maintenance Wing.

Squadron Leader Goring is a native of Montreal. He entered the faculty of engineering of McGill University in 1930 and during alternate years attended classes and engaged in Mechanical Engineering Work, thus gaining valuable practical experience while completing his formal education. He was graduated with honours in 1939 with the degree of B.Eng., having headed his class.

After graduation, until the Fall of 1939 S/L Goring was engaged in Mechanical Engineering Work subsequently undertaking the design of aircraft propellers, particularly the Hoover, and other aeronautical engineering work.

In June, 1940, S/L Goring was appointed to a commission in the R.C.A.F., spending the time until December at No. 1 Manning Depot, Toronto, and the School of Aeronautical Engineering, Montreal. He was then posted to No. 6 S.F.T.S., Dunnville, where he was stationed until coming to Camp Borden in March. His recent posting to No. 5 S.F.T.S., Brantford, is that School's gain and Camp Borden's loss. Two recent highlights in his career were the day Maintenance Wing attained 100% serviceability and the day he was notified of his admission to membership in the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences.

—RCAF—

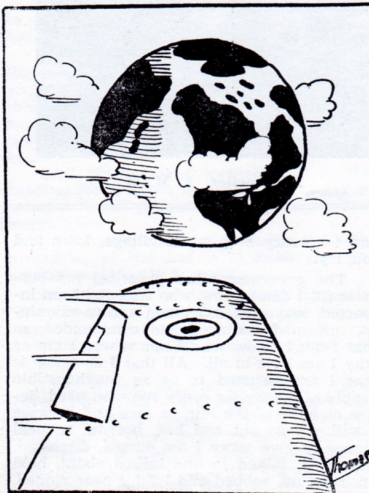
FLIGHT LIEUTENANT A. A. BUCHANAN

First saw the light of day in the city of Montreal in 1913. He was educated there in the High School of Montreal and McGill University from which he graduated in 1939 and was employed by Jenkins Bros. Ltd.

In September 1940 "Buck" enlisted in the R.C.A.F. and attended A.E.S. and after completing the course he was posted to No. 5 S.F.T.S. at Brantford in February, 1941. After a brief and uneventful stay there he was posted to Camp Borden in June 1941. He is now the O.C. Maintenance Wing.

His chief source of sporting activity is his bicycle which since gas rationing came into effect has been continually seen flitting from Hangar to Hangar or wherever his presence is required.

Happily married and no children as yet.



Our engineering officer discovered something to mix with gas!



FLYING OFFICER EDWIN M. APLIN

Born and educated in Devon, England, nearly 34 years ago. Obtained London Matriculation 1924, followed by 2 years specialized study at King's College, London. After completion was employed by Barclay's Bank Ltd., London. Was employed at Scotland Yard before coming to Canada in 1930.

For six years prior to enlistment, held the position of Ontario District Supervisor for Autographic Register Systems Ltd.

First came to Borden in May 1942. Took Administration course at Trenton. Prior to assignment to Maintenance Wing, was Training Wing Adjutant. Married in 1931. Has three sons.

—RCAF—

NIGHT INTERCEPTOR

You who touch the lamps of Night
Into swift and solemn gleaming,
Uphold those wings in aery flight
As they pass the quiet, dreaming
Towns of men in slumber. Keep
Your watch on one who guards our sleep;
Guide his pathway, be his beam
As he flies the stars between.

Thou his beacon, and his plan,
Steady-on his compass keep;
Guide the lonely wings of man
Sailing on your starry deep,
South of Saturn, West of Mars,
O'er the flarepath of the stars.

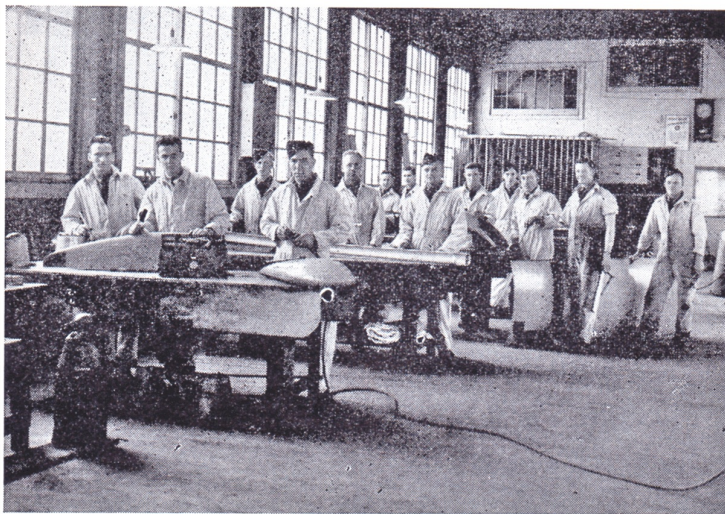
Steady, steady ride his wings,
Symbol of our word unspoken . . .
You who reign the King of Kings,
See our sign. We are not broken,
Though the stars fall out of sight,
England shall be safe tonight.

STAGE SHOW

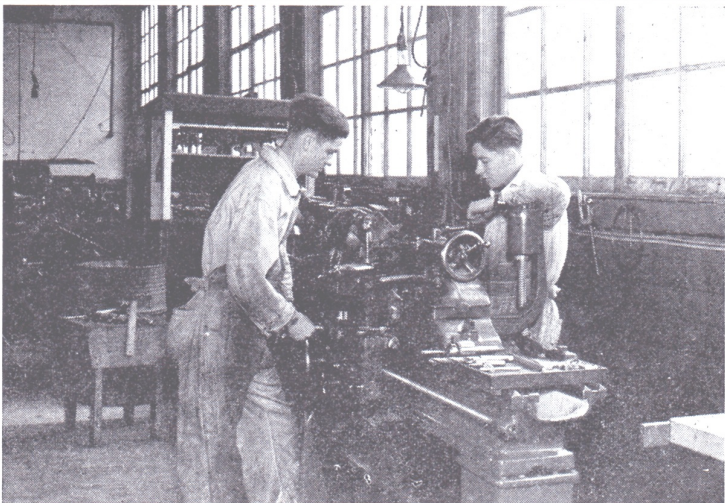
The Massey Harris Concert Party played in the Air Force Theatre on the evening of October 3rd to a house packed to overflowing. The show, which was clean, lively, featuring a good variety of entertaining numbers was very well received by Officers, Airwomen and Airmen.

Dorothy Todd, star of the evening, thrilled the audience with her beautiful voice and magnetic personality. Dancers, harmonica players, comedians and singers gave us a gay and amusing evening, and all performers are to be congratulated for the fine show.

STATION WORKSHOPS



Left to Right: LAC Taylor, W.; AC Plunkett, R. H.; AC Cattermole, M. R.; LAC MacDon-ald, D. A.; LAC Smith, K. C.; AC Cumming, J. J.; AC Ludbrook, K. M.; LAC Pahal, J.; LAC Gatelney, W.; LAC Switzer, K. C.; LAC Wilmot, G. S.; LAC Teal, H. V.; Cpl. Wilson.



Cpl. Hounsome, J. R.

AC Fortier, J. M. R.

LETTER TO HOSPITAL

Through the kindness of a friend I am forwarding this brief essay to our Wings Over Borden. The following is a copy of an authentic letter sent by a subscriber to a well known hospital in answer to their appeal for funds.

For the following reasons I am unable to send you a large cheque. I have been held up, held down, sandbagged, walked upon, sat upon, flattened out and squeezed by the income tax, the spirit tax, tobacco tax and by every society, organization and club that the inventive mind of man can think of to extract what I have or may not have in my possession for the Red Cross, the Black Cross, the Ivory Cross and the double cross:

and for every hospital in village, town and country.

The government has governed my business till I don't know who runs it. I am inspected, suspected, examined and re-examined, informed, required and commanded, so that I don't know who I am, where I am or why I am here at all. All that I do know is that I am assumed to be an inexhaustible supply of money for every common need, desire or hope of the human race and because I will not go out and beg, borrow or steal money to give away I am cursed, discussed, boycotted, talked to and talked about, held up, rung up, robbed and ! ? ! ? near ruined.

The only reason why I am clinging to life at all is to see what the Hell is going to happen next.

CPL. COX.

If I were to tell you of all the jobs which are done in Station Workshops, this copy of "Wings Over Borden" would be too expensive for the average airman to buy, so I will mention only a few.

For those of you who are not familiar with the shop, it is divided into four sections. First, and no doubt the most important is the Metal Repair Shop which is being run by an A.F.M. of long standing and who is also in charge of the whole shop, WO2 Ellis. Second there is the Machine Shop which is run by your humble writer, Cpl. Hounsome. Third, there is the Welding Section which is operated by LAC "Hap" Harper. Last, but by no means least, there is the Carpenter Shop which is being handled solely at present by one of our civilians, Mr. H. Brock.

A great deal of our metal work is the result of minor accidents such as "ground loops" or misjudging of distance when taxiing aircraft around the starting line. Another accident which causes the metal men a lot of grief is a "belly landing". The most common job resulting from a "ground loop" is a damaged wing tip which drags along the ground or runway in the course of the "loop." A few of the jobs we get from "belly landings" are wheel fairings, engine cowlings, and carburetor air intakes.

Some of the other work done in the Metal Shop is putting ribs in flaps and side panels, repairing ailerons, rudders, trim tabs, or any of numerous other metal fractures. Of course along with these jobs they do a great number of modifications.

In the Machine Shop the work is limited on account of the small variety of machinery but nevertheless we do quite a number of small jobs. One of the first jobs that comes to my mind is the turning down and undercutting of armatures from both generators and starters from aircraft, M.T. trucks, cars, and link trainers. There are a great number of different types and sizes of bushings and bearings, "dollies" (for riveting), studs, nuts, and bolts, sheer pins both straight and tapered. Another type of work is the machining of parts before and after welding. There are also many different drilling and tapping jobs which come in quite frequently. I could go on and mention a variety of wrenches, pliers and fittings but our space is limited in this issue.

Our Welding Department has a very important and different job. I say different because they never can tell what sort of work will be "thrown" at them next, as welding covers such a large field. To name a few of the more common jobs, I can mention exhaust rings, air scoops, control rods, gas and oil tanks, baffle plates, fuel lines, etc. There is considerable welding done for the Motor Transport Section such as fenders, bumper brackets, battery holders, chassis etc. Besides straight welding, our boys do brazing, silver and soft soldering. The welders' cry is "Take it back and clean it up or we won't do it."

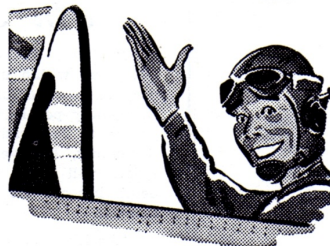
The Carpenter Shop does very little work on the aircraft itself which is only to be expected in this age of metal planes, but they sure help a fellow out a great deal by making him a stand so he can reach the part of the ship he is working on. Another job they do which saves the metal workers a lot of time is to make them a form to shape a part on. The carpenters help out the "pen pushers" by fixing their desks and cabinets, or the chair that big fellow leaned too far back on, etc. They also repair that crack in the window sash or door frame that lets in so much sand or cold air.

The Motto of the shop is:

"Where's the work order for that job!"

CPL. HOUNSOME.

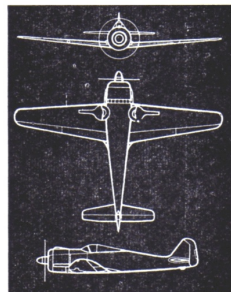
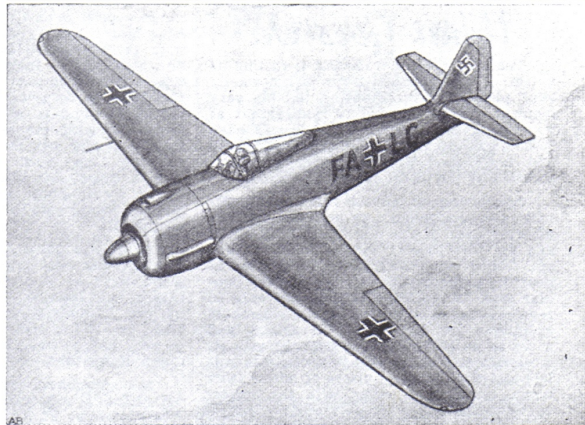
Things
ARE
Happening



The Headquarters Orderly Room is going to miss FLIGHT SERGEANT LOU CROWE—glad to hear of your marriage, Lou—congratulations and best wishes to the new wife The Station was just getting to know FLIGHT LIEUTENANT LEES when he was posted to No. 1 T.C.—good luck, Syd—the space between the Officers' Mess and the Hangar area is your testimonial Welcome to the new A.O. FLIGHT LIEUTENANT GRANT—here's hoping you stay around a while longer than your predecessor Looking forward to greeting the new Accounts Officer FLIGHT LIEUTENANT MACKIE in an early issue—one of the officers to keep friendly with, fellows (did someone say Income Tax?) Hails and Farewells seem to be in order in the Equipment Section too Cheerio, SQUADRON LEADER MCINERNEY—it has been good to know you Greetings, SQUADRON LEADER RAND—Hope to know you better soon Congratulations to all the nice new shiny P.O.'s around the place. Good stuff, fellows, all the best when you leave us The new 720 mess is beginning to look like something—wonder when the housewarming will be? The Aussies have practically given up the Canadian climate as a bad job—(who hasn't?) The Active Service Canteen in Barrie is planning great things for the winter—wonder why more of you lads and lasses don't drop around? Congratulations are in order to one of the Station's former instructors, popular FLIGHT LIEUTENANT PAUL PHELAN—glad you finally got all caught up, Paul Isn't this Commando training the real stuff to keep one fit?—if and when First the baseball championship (twice) and now the soccer championship—well! well! Hope the Station won't be without a good hockey team in one of the leagues this year—how about a little early action there, Sports Committee? Did you see "WINGS OVER SEAS" from TOR BAY around the Station?—GROUP CAPTAIN GRANDY seems to be going great guns on his home pitch Wonder why more of the station personnel won't write for "WINGS OVER BORDEN"? Centralia might be quite a good spot after you get settled there—sorry to see you go anyhow, SQUADRON LEADER KRUG Nearly time the Station got up on its feet and thanked MRS. EDWARDS and L.A.W. BLACK for the job they are doing in the Library—or maybe you haven't been around lately? All you strong husky fellows in the Ground Crew should be interested in the Red Cross BLOOD DONOR CLINIC being organized in Barrie—No. 8 S.F.T.S. has a Blood Clinic of its very own—good show Wonder how many people on the Station are interested in Dramatics?—let the Editor know and maybe we can do something about it The Aussies are working out well on that new rigger pitch—here's hoping they can field a good '15' to carry the colours to other rigger camps Some pretty good formations around the skies these evenings—wonder where they come from? Seems too bad so many lads leave the station without taking out a subscription to the magazine The Station enjoyed having the AIR OFFICER COMMANDING present the 'WINGS' last time These 'Canada' badges look pretty good, FLIGHT LIEUTENANT MORHAM—hope you don't miss the O.R.F.U. Games too badly over there Don't you agree that the Band is getting better every day?—the Barrie people think they are 'wonderful'

Know Your Aircraft

Long the proud boast of the Luftwaffe, Germany's new high speed fighter plane the Focke-Wulf FW 190 is appearing in great numbers above Germany and France. It is fast and good but has had its measure taken many times by Spitfires. F/L E. Neal, Quebec, and P/O I. Ormston, Montreal, engaged 15 Focke-Wulf 190's in one sweep. They knocked one down and drove the rest off. W/C J. Blatchford, D.F.C., Edmonton, and F/L F. E. Green, Toronto, shot one FW 190 down in flames and damaged another.



Reports from these and other pilots indicate the FW 190 is highly manoeuvrable but distinctly inferior to the Spitfire as a fighter.

In design it is to be distinguished from other radial engine single-seat fighters by its fairly slim fuselage, flat hood and unique tail unit.

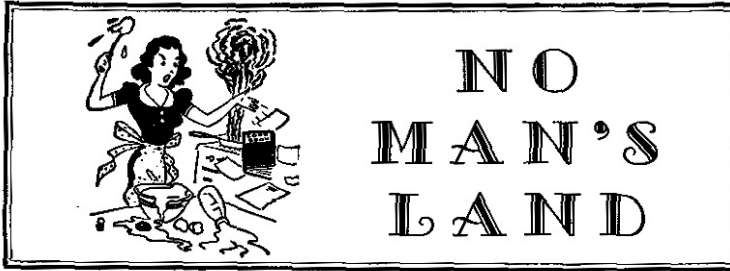
Its engine is a 14-cylinder two row radial BMW 801 of 1,600 h.p.

Top speed is around 370 m.p.h. at 18,000 ft. and service ceiling of operation close to 38,000 ft. Range at a cruising speed of 300 m.p.h.

Span of the FW 190 is 37 ft., length 28 ft. 11 in., wing area 194 sq. ft., and weight 7,000 lbs.



—Reprinted from CANADIAN AIR CADET.



NO MAN'S LAND

What Goes On

The very present trade test is casting its gloom of apprehension over our normally very pleasant barrack rooms, at this very moment, and it is hard to realize that as you read this, if you read it, life will have resumed its usual status of combined gaiety and unsolvable worries which are now dwarfed by the awful exigency at hand.

Smatterings of barrack room chatter usually merge together into a rather extraordinary pattern of past and future forty-eights and the joys thereof, clothes to be washed and ironed—something could be written about the perpetual laundering, like the popular song "From Taps to Reveille" only in reverse,—but to continue, the problems of cleanliness, of buttons to be shined and shoes to be polished, how someone was almost late last night, how someone else was late and why, bits and pieces of letters from home, mingling together with the never-ending voice of the telephone.

All this is changed, not that there are not a few normal folk among us, consumed with what we think now rather petty problems, but the whole rhythm is broken by this threat to our self confidence, the awful fear of failing a trade test. People are heard to mutter about E47's in one, two, three or is it four copies, "make it ten," says someone, "you can always throw away what you don't want." Standing contracts have become gobins of horrible importance and the mysteries of pay accounting is having a serious effect on the dispositions of some of our sunniest natures.

For the first time in our Camp Borden experience, our fellow members are expressing Garbo tendencies, outworn Garbo tendencies we should say, because Hollywood's mystery girl has joined the ranks of the glamour girls now and no longer wants to be alone.

There is quite a difference of opinion as to the general approach to a trade test. There are those of us who think that by worrying loudly and long our store of knowledge will be increased, a sort of three times a day ritual of the words "I'm scared to death about my trade test, I really must study," and whoops we astound our examiners with concise and accurate answers—by now we know if it has worked. Then there are those who think rest is the only approach. Announce that two hours of hard study is in order. Get comfortable as well as beautiful in one's best house coat, a precis book, a notebook, paper and a pencil are added and then drift quietly and thoroughly off to sleep. We know one brand new corporal who adheres to this recipe.

Then there is the admirable method of ignoring the whole issue, if time permits a bit of study of course, but relaxation is the keynote to success is it not? Well, relaxation is in order.

Enough about our bogey which is past and gone, but due to arrive again as bogies always do, but that is not for a long time yet.

In a brief review of our changing scene AW1 Mullins, C. T., who last spoke to you from these pages, where she established a fine precedent of journalism we find difficult to uphold, is now deep in a meteorologist course in Toronto. She is working hard, having fun and is, all in all in very fine form, but with the satisfactory note that Borden is still her favorite camp and she misses it very much. We are glad to be able to report this little note of discontent in her surroundings because we miss Mullins and would hate to think she had forgotten us all.

AW1 Schwindt, R., and AW1 Macdonald, J., are both very interested in their new work. Ruth in Montreal taking a wireless course and Jean at the moment finishing up her Administrative course in Toronto. They, too, tell us they miss us which makes us very happy, smug souls that we are, we Camp Bordenites.

Not newcomers any more really but not yet officially welcomed in these pages are AW2 Johnson, F. A., AW2 Rogers, M. E., AW2 Tompkins, P. C., AW2 Turner, A. M., AW2 King, S. E., AW2 Tessier, I. C., and AW2 Lambie, A. C., Mallett, C. I., Moon, M. K. Posted here recently they have joined us as clerks general, telephone operators, motor transport drivers and general duties. Right now we say welcome and we do hope you like us.

In the "something new has been added" column we say congratulations to Corporal Clegg who is just getting used to her new stripes and doesn't yet respond to the greeting of "Corporal."

Summer is over and autumn with all its charm and temperament is here, early mornings cause us to wonder if we will ever find the mess hall come December and January and into our minds comes that old favourite "Autumn leaves coming falling down around my head . . ." Remember it? or are you of later vintage? All of which brings us to the clothing stores where one recent afternoon, a stormy battle raged. In true housewifely fashion this important part of the equipment section was putting its summer things away, when the question arose, "Do moths eat cottons?" As far as one of the staff was concerned there was no question to it. Moths if left to themselves most certainly did eat cottons and over his dead body would the articles in hand get wrapped up without plenty of moth balls. Moth balls were a fine thing and were no doubt heartily disliked by the moth clan, said another of the staff, but in her opinion it was overdoing it a bit to place them snugly in layers of cotton which any self respecting moth would starve rather than eat. Another ingenious member of the clothing stores tried to end the whole business by the suggestion that a large sign, clearly and neatly printed, and placed on the outside of the wrapping, stating "Cottons only" would save everyone as well as the moths a great deal of time and trouble. If anything, it added fuel to the fire and to date we haven't heard of an armistice or a solution either. Any suggestions?

An Island

Most of us keep our philosophies tightly locked up within us and are not given to deep and ponderous discourse or thought. Being busy people, we reflect our own approach to life, rather than talk about it. Sometimes, however, another's action or speech will arrest us with its glimpse of depth beneath the seeming routine of the moment.

"An island of my own," was the expression lightly used the other evening and which seems to us to offer a channel of thought deeper, perhaps, than even the speaker realized. The occasion was not an impressive one or important. One, tired and discouraged, a momentary "fedupness" which comes to all of us, wanted to get out of it all. The other, shocked, was firmly reprimanding her. "But don't you ever," she was asked, "feel you'd like to get out of it and go to your own particular island". "Ah," she answered, "my own particular island, yes." And with that the conversation ended.

Perhaps she meant literally an island of her own. We don't think so. She does, we think, carry that island with her, and it seems to us a most necessary part of our daily equipment, living as we do in a world not quite sane—and we suspect that people have always thought the world quite mad. But living in an age made horrible for many by a science that has outstripped our social politics more than ever it is necessary that each person has within him his own security and faith.

The old order has gone, the new may be a long time coming and tired and weary as we may be we cannot go back, and we cannot run away. Adjustments and courage are the keystones of the day, courage to meet petty and tiresome inconveniences as well as disaster. All these things, the trappings of an intensely interesting if terrifying era, make it important that we build for ourselves "an island of our own." An island which means faith in ourselves and humanity, a broad view that sees a better road ahead than the one that winds behind us, and humour that melts our discouragements and discomforts.

—RCAP—

BY R.H.R., R.A.F.

The rich man has his motor car
His country and his town estate,
He smokes a fifty cent cigar

And also jeers at fate.
Yet though my lamp burn low and dim
Though I must slave for livelihood
Think you that I would change for him,
You bet I would.

Thieves respect property. They merely wish the property to become their property that they may more perfectly respect it.

The female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Too lightly opened are a woman's ears; her fence downtrod by many trespassers.

Government is a trust, and the officers of the Government are trustees; and both the trust and the trustees are created for the benefit of the people.

A man once asked Diogenes what was the proper time for supper and he made answer, "If you are a rich man, whenever you please; and if you are a poor man, whenever you can."

Women's Division Pioneers Have Built Firmly Says Mrs. A. Matthews

"You are pioneers, as our fathers were pioneers in this vast and beautiful country, and as they built strongly and well, so are you," said Mrs. A. Matthews, wife of Lieut. Governor A. Matthews, when she addressed the Royal Canadian Air Force, Women's Division, here recently.

Mrs. Matthews, who visited this station on September 18, spoke to the members of the Women's Division, following a luncheon at the airwomen's mess in her honor by the Women's Division officers and airwomen. She was introduced by the Senior Officer Mrs. E. E. Reed, Section Officer who expressed the pleasure felt by the presence of Mrs. Matthews and Mrs. Douglas Edwards, wife of Group Captain Edwards, Commanding Officer No. 1 S.F.T.S. Present also at the head table were Miss M. Dunbar, Section Officer, Miss N. E. Hargan, Assistant Section Officer, Mrs. E. S. Patterson, Assistant Section Officer, Sergeant J. Anning, Corporal M. MacKenzie and Corporal L. Hyckie.

High in her praise of the work done by the girls, Mrs. Matthews spoke of the many people throughout the country who had viewed with considerable alarm the forma-

tion of such a women's organization, some stating flatly that it could not work, others less outspoken sharing their apprehension. "It is due to the splendid job you have done," she said, "that these people are now admitting that the revolutionary idea of women in uniform is no longer such, but an actual and successful fact.

"You have built a fine foundation," she continued, "and you and I know how important is a foundation. You are the pioneers in one of the most outstanding departures among women in this country, that this age has known, and the example set by you will be followed by the thousands of girls who are now joining you and who are to join you. Keep the high standard you have set and continue to do the excellent work you are doing," she concluded.

Mrs. Matthews expressed her delight at being with the girls, and spoke highly of Camp Borden, feeling sure, she said, "that you all must enjoy especially being out of the heat and stuffiness of the city during the summer."

Before leaving the station Mrs. Matthews made a special tour of the airwomen's barracks.

What a Crazy Thing That Was

I am one of the fellows who made the world safe for democracy. What a crazy thing that was. I fought and I fought and I fought—but I had to go anyway. I was called in class "A". The next time I want to be in class "B". Be here when they go and be here when they come back. I remember when I registered I went up to the desk and the man in charge was my milkman. He said, "What's your name?" I said, "You know my name." "What's your name?" I said, "You know my name." "What's your name?" So I told him, "August Childe." He said, "Are you an alien?" I said, "No, I feel fine." He asked me where I was born and I said, Pittsburgh. Then he asked me, "When did you first see the light of day?" I said "When we moved to Philadelphia." He asked me how old I was—and so I told him 25 the first of September. He said, "The first of September you'll be in France and that will be the last of August."

The day I went to camp I guess they didn't think I'd live long. The first fellow wrote on my card, "Flying Corps 'e'". I went a little farther and some fellow said, "Look what the wind's blowing in." "Wind nothing, the draft's doing it." On the second day they put these clothes on me. What an outfit.

Soon as you are in it (the uniform) you think you can fight anybody. They have two sizes—too small and too large. The pants are so tight I can't sit down. The shoes are so big I turned around three times and they didn't move. The raincoat they gave me, it strains the rain. I passed an officer all dressed up with a funny belt and all that stuff. He said calling after me, "Don't you notice my uniform when you pass?" I said, "Yes, what are you kicking about? Look what they gave me."

Oh, it was nice—five below one morning they called us out for an underwear inspection. You talk about scenery, red flannels, B.V.D.'s and all kinds. The union suit I had would fit Tony Galento. The Lieuten-

ant lined us up and told us to stand up. I said, "I am, sir, this underwear makes me think I'm sitting down." He got mad and he put me out digging a ditch. A little while later he passed me and said, "Don't throw that dirt here." I said, "Where am I going to put it?" He said, "Dig another hole and put it there."

Three days later we sailed for France. Marching down the pier I had more luck. I had a sergeant who stuttered and it took him so long to say "Halt" that 27 of us marched overboard. They pulled me out and lined us up on the pier, and the captain came by and said "Fall in." I said, "I have been in sir."

I was on the boat for 12 days—seasick for 12 days. Nothing going down and everything coming up. Leaned over the rail all the time. In the middle of one of my best leans the captain rushed up and said, "What company are you in?" I said, "I'm all by myself." He asked me if the Brigadier was up yet. I said, "If I swallowed it, it's up." Talk about your dumb people. I said to one of the fellows, "I guess we dropped anchor." He replied, "I knew they'd lose it. It's been hanging over the boat since we left New York."

When we landed in France we were immediately sent to the trenches. After three nights in the trenches the cannon started to roar and the shells started to pass. I was shaking patriotism. I tried to hide behind the trees but there weren't enough trees for the officers. The captain came around and said, "Five o'clock we go over the top." "I'd like a furlough," I said. He said, "Haven't you any red blood in you?" I said, "Yes, but I don't want to lose it." Five o'clock we went over the top. 10,000 Austrians came at us. The way they looked at me you'd think it was I who started the war. Our captain called, "Fire at will." but I didn't know any of their names. I guess the fellow behind me thought I was Will. He fired his gun and shot me in the Excitement.



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DANCING EDDIE STROUD
Wed.-Fri.-Sat. and His Orchestra

OPPORTUNITY

Man at door: "Do you believe in free speech?"

Housewife: "Why, certainly I do."

Man: "Fine. Let me use your telephone."

Atlanta Two-Bells.

"Headquarters" for Officers' Uniforms

READY-TO-WEAR
OR
TAILORED-TO-MEASURE

Pascoes
LIMITED

TWO SHOPS:

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Travers Coach Lines
SERVING AIR FORCE
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SERVICE WITH A SMILE

URRY BROS.
SPORTING GOODS
BARRIE PHONE 3074

What a Life!



Seen from afar he pleased
her eye,
At closer quarters . . .
MY, OH, MY!
You can avoid his fate,
my friend.
You must *perspire*,
but don't *offend!*

Bath tonight with LIFEBOUY
FROM HEAD TO TOE
- IT STOPS B.O.

R.C.A.F. (W.D.) and Barrie Girls' Softball



Back Row (L to R)—Smith, Turner, A/S/O Hargan, Mann, Lucas, Axford, A/S/O Dunbar, Carnegie, Leask, Drinkwater, Martynuk.
Centre Row—Louise Gourette, Lavilla Bell, Alice Fralick, Georgina Brown, F/O McKinley, Jack Stanwyck, Sgt.-Major Brown, Frances Duvalle, Viola Perry, S/O Reed.
Front Row—LAC Glunz, Cpl. Mallett (coach), Evelyn LeGear, Beatrice Burridge, Geo. Gill, Paul Grouette.

The Realm of Sport By
CPL. MCKAY, T. N.

The R.C.A.F. (W.D.) Softball team played its final game in Barrie with the Barrie Girls team on the evening of September 22. This was an exhibition game and one of the highlights of the Barrie Annual Fair. The Airforce girls won and the score was 7-4.

While it has been very difficult to keep our team together, we have enjoyed the games with the Barrie Girls very much, have found them very keen and enthusiastic and good sports. Our team has changed continually from game to game, due among other things, to postings. Much of the credit for keeping the team together is due the Captain, LAW Martynuk, who has pitched for us all season, and the catcher, LAW Smith—these two have appeared at every game and practice and are chiefly responsible for maintaining such a fine team spirit throughout the season—they, together with LAW Mann, from Leamington, Ontario, AW1 Lucas from Kingsville and LAW Axford from Riverside, have been the mainstay of the Airforce team throughout the season.

We wound up the season with four Western girls added to the team. They are AW2 Turner from Victoria, B.C., AW1 Drinkwater from Glenboro, Manitoba, AW1 Leask from Fenton, Sask., and AW1 Carnegie from Congress, Sask. The Western girls as usual have maintained their reputation of being excellent sports and have been a welcome addition to our team.

FLYERS WIN CAMP BORDEN SOCCER CHAMPIONSHIP

The R.C.A.F. Soccer team met A-22 Army Medical Corps in a two game-goals-to-count-series. First game was played at Ralston Field with the Flyers blanking the Army, 2-0; the goals being scored by Brand and Drummond. During this game the Medical Corps team suffered a severe setback when their star goalie was injured and had to be removed from the game.

The second game was played on the Air Force pitch and proved to be a much better game than the first, with the Army displaying a good passing attack. The game ended in a 1-1 tie. The 2-goal lead from the previous game proved to be enough for the Flyers to win the Championship. This concludes an eight team league that has shown some very well played games.

BOWLING NEWS

Monday night saw the opening of the newly decorated Bowling Alleys. Plans are underway for the formation of a House League. The Station Band has already started with a four team loop. Any section or flight desiring to form a team for the forthcoming league should start making their plans and watch D.R.O. for further announcements. It is hoped that a large number of entries will be tendered and that another good bowling season will be had at No. 1 S.F.T.S.

—RCAF—

DRILL HALL NOTES

Plans are under discussion for the winter's Drill Hall sports—basketball, volleyball, badminton, boxing, borden ball, etc. It is also hoped that the Station basketball team will be formed again this year. It is recalled that last year's team was successful in winning the Camp Borden Championship. We wonder if there are enough basketball players of high calibre on the station to form another club who will be in the hunt for the 1942-43 championship? Watch D.R.O.

—RCAF—

HOCKEY

No. 1 Training Command is entering a Senior Hockey Team in the "A" Series of the Ontario Hockey Association.

This team will have its headquarters at the Maple Leaf Gardens at Toronto.

It is stressed that only the names of highly qualified players be submitted, as there are many outstanding players at the present time at Units of No. 1 Training Command.

Will personnel interested, and qualified, report **immediately** to F/O E. T. McKinley at Station Headquarters.

—RCAF—

WINS BARRIE GOLF TITLE

Congratulations are in order to WO1 Howard B. Smith of Armament Section for winning the championship of Barrie Golf Club this season. With this honor goes the Wadsworth Cup, a traditional trophy which has been in competition for many years. WO1 Smith defeated J. G. Currie, Barrie barrister, in the final match on the 37th hole.

A Visit to Melbourne's Chinatown

The time is about 10.30 p.m., any night of the week. The scene is scarce a stone's throw from Melbourne's brilliantly lit main thoroughfare.

One turns and walks a few hundred yards along a dimly lit, narrow street, and is practically a stranger in a strange land. Dark figures, standing on the corners of the lanes, and in the dim doorways, are chattering away in Chinese. Only occasionally, from pedestrians passing through, or a wandering supper party seeking something new in life, does one hear the English tongue spoken. The predominant sound is the peculiar shuffling sound of the Chinese, as they cross the streets or lanes in their apparently aimless manner.

A friend of mine was down from up north, and, in common with many other people, associated the Chinese with knifings, stranglings, and other dark deeds. To disprove this to him, I decided to show him the Chinese behind the darkened doors of Little Bourke Street. I knew all the Fan Tan schools well along there, and had access to most of them.

We knock upon a weatherbeaten door, which looks, to all appearances, as though it has not been opened for years. However, it opens readily, and "Charlie's" leatherlike, inscrutable face is just discernible in the gloom. I have never found out his real name. However, he always looked pleased when I passed and gave him "Night, Charlie," and always replied with his "Lo, dlink cup of tea." Tonight he looks closely at my companion. I explain that my friend wishes to "watch fan tan play," as he has never seen it before. Charlie nods assent, turns, and conducts us up a dark, rickety flight of stairs to a large, bare room above. Here there is a long deal table in the centre of the room. The players are seated along each side of the table. The "master" of the game is seated at the head of the table, with a long, slender, pointed stick in his hand. With this he selects chips, in fours, from a heap in the centre of the table. I have never mastered the game fully, but

the wagering, I understand, is as to whether there are three, two, one, or no chips left after the last four have been raked away. I have always been more interested in the intent players and onlookers than in the actual game.

No sooner had we entered than "Charlie" asked us, "Likee cup of tea?" which I declined courteously, saying that I had just had one. A pot of tea and half a dozen or so small china bowls are always in attendance on the table side of the room. I have no doubt that the tea would be really good, but I don't fancy drinking from the community bowls. On a table next to this one are also a dozen or so bamboo pipes, about two feet six in length, and one inch in diameter, and, if one is in the know, one can obtain a tiny pellet of opium and retire to a room with one of these pipes, to enjoy the heavenly sleep.

We move over to the table, and join the ring of spectators around the game. There are over 10 to 12 players, and some of the "rolls" on the table would contain £20 to £30. They play in silence, only broken occasionally by a few quick words in Chinese. What always intrigued me was the utter lack of expression on their thin, bony inscrutable faces. I have watched them for an hour at a time, and have never yet seen a face register any sign of either joy or disappointment in win or loss, great or small.

We watch the game for 10 minutes or a quarter of an hour and then leave. My friend heaves a sigh of relief when again in the street, and remarks, "I still don't like the look of some of those guys standing around with their hands in their sleeves."

To me the Chinaman appears as one of our best citizens. He is hardworking, industrious and thrifty. He keeps to himself. His vices seldom go beyond the bounds of a game of fan tan or dominoes, and an occasional pipe of opium. He discourages Europeans to join in his vices with him.

NEWS AND NONSENSE FROM NO. 15 MAINTENANCE CRASH HANGAR

If you were to walk into fifteen Hangar at any time you would hear the clicking and clanking of wrenches on the metallic structure of the aircraft. "Busy?" We are always busy. Some one wrecks them and we fix them, to rocket the serviceability up to an astounding percentage. Under the guidance of "Sarg" Glennie, our most handsome and noble rigger, and the tractor our parts are secured pronto, then the rest is up to our noble crew which consists of Cpl. Jack Lingwood, "Jackie"; Cpl. Narbonne, who likes the crash crew business, Cpl. Cox, LAC Nichols, our maestro who takes an active part in our station orchestra; LAC Pepper Martyn, an old hand at the game; LAC Lightfoot, "Lighty" to you.

AC1 "Axe Handle" Snache has secured a position in the Component Section, AC2 Raymond, who says, "She's a great country where I come from!" AC2 Feldman, new to us, doesn't know the ropes as yet but when he does he claims he'll tie us all in knots. AC1 Barton, we are sorry to report, is spending a few days in the hospital recuperating. "Married life must be great."

LAC "Gussie" Roberts says he is going to remuster to a rigger fitter. "I like it," he says. LAC Skinner waits until his forty-eight then he starts cutting corners, but the trouble is he always gets caught, then he starts sweating over whether he is going to get his forty-eight cancelled or not.

LAC Mauch, "Tiny the Iron Man" says sometimes the noise around would drive a dog off a sut wagon.

AC1 "Biff" Bell is the proud and haugh-

ty lad you see waving the great baton high, wide and handsome in front of our station band. Sergeant Major McCorkindale said it was a great honour? ? ?

LAC Eagles, a good lad, says, "I have pains that jingle, jingle jangle," but he seems to get what he wants. He also blows his own horn—who else would do it for him?

LAC Vince Reinhardt, or should I say the Invincible Vince, has been blessed with an heir, a baby girl. Now you have something to keep your hands full Vince. We hope you don't have too many route marches between the gay hours of 2300 and 0400 hours.

LAC Brewer, who was retained in the hospital for a while is now convalescing at home. Hope you're better soon, fellow worker.

LAC Porter, among the missing at Camp, turned up at last and is at Edenvale. He says the walking in is swell.

LAC Trudeau has trouble with his boots. "It's either my feet that are too big or these boots that are too small." A real problem! So we'll let him figure that out for himself.

LAC Archer has returned from farm leave. He claims everything is "under control." The only thing he didn't like was getting barley straw down his back. He said, "It bites." He took his boots off before he came back so as it wouldn't bring back fond memories to the other boys in the hangar. So with the assistance of Cpl. "Doc" Savage life goes on in fifteen hangar. That's all for now. CPL. COX.

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With the R.C.A.F. at Dieppe

F/L J. M. Godfrey was a P.P.O. pupil on Course 5, the last officer class to graduate from this Unit before the formation of the Air Training Plan. The following story was contained in a letter to his wife, and is reprinted from The Peel Gazette.

Thursday, August 20, 1942.
6 a.m.

Here I am after the most hectic and exciting day of my life. We were in the thick of things at Dieppe yesterday and no doubt you are anxious to know how your husband made out.

The story really starts with our being suddenly pulled back to our home station from air firing last Friday on an hour's notice. We knew then that something big was brewing. However, nothing happened; but other squadrons started to pour in to the station from aerodromes farther away from France. Then, on Monday, we were all briefed for a sweep to escort Fortresses to Rouen. As we came out of the briefing room, who should be standing outside but Lord Louis Mountbatten with a lot of big shot Army, Navy and Air Force officers, obviously waiting for us to get out so that they could have a conference. We all immediately thought that a second front was going to be established.

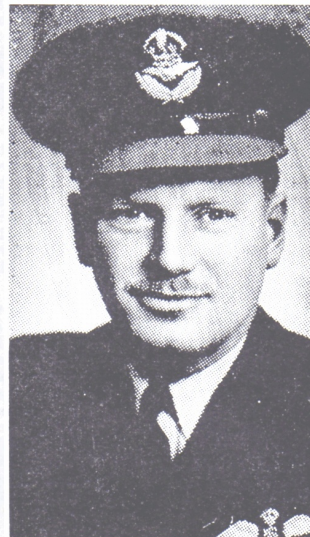
Then, on Tuesday, we were on readiness at 5. We patrolled up and down out to sea to stop any Jerrys coming over that might see the preparations afoot. Several were intercepted and we chased them back out to sea before they reached the coast. I landed at 20 to 7 and took off again at 10 to 7 after refueling, and didn't land again until 8.30.

I was in bed by 11 and was awakened rudely at 3. I jumped into my clothes and went downstairs for breakfast. We had an egg, which was a great treat and by 4 a.m. we were all in the flight waiting for instructions. We were told that it was to be a Canadian Army landing at Dieppe and that we were to stand by for further instructions.

The names went up for the second show and I was down to fly No. 2 to John —, who was leading us. I was glad that I was going with John because he had had about thirty sweeps under his belt and was a very cool and cagey pilot.

We waited around about two hours and finally the call came through. We were to escort Hurricane Bombers on a low level attack on gun positions to the left (i.e., the East) of the town which hadn't been knocked out and which were holding up the landing at that point. Of all the jobs that could have been assigned to us, this was undoubtedly the worst. I didn't feel at all happy, but it wasn't until it was all over and we were talking over a beer last night that I realized that I wasn't the only one who wasn't feeling exactly elated at the prospect.

We took off at 10 o'clock and met the eight Hurri-Bombers over the coast of England opposite Dieppe. There was one other squadron of Spits with us and away we went. It was to be a low level attack and we flew over the water about five feet above the waves, cruising quite slowly at about 200 M.P.H. About five miles off the French coast we gradually opened up so that we hit the coast going flat out to the right of the town. Here there is quite a high hill which slopes down to the water. Up over the hill we went, right down on the deck. We were to the right of the Hurri-Bombers, but the other squadron didn't come in, but waited a mile or so offshore for us to come out. We went inland



Flight-Lieutenant J. M. Godfrey

about three miles, weaving amongst trees, and I don't think I was ever more than five feet from the deck. The lower you are, the safer, because they can't see you coming and you are over their heads and behind trees before they get a shot at you.

After about three miles we swung to the left. I was following John, slightly to the right and about 75 yards behind. All this time we were passing over Jerrys who were trying to take pot shots at us. After we had made our turn to the left, we were in a bit of a gully with trees on either side and no trees ahead. The ground started to rise, and there, at the top of the rise, was a big flak position. We were going so fast that we were on it before we realized it. All hell was breaking loose. There were at least six heavy ack ack guns and I don't know how many machine guns, etc., blazing away at us from point blank range. We had come right up a funnel completely exposed. The next thing I saw was the tail of John's just blow away and the fuselage break in two right behind the cockpit. His kite seemed to go slowly over on its nose. I didn't see it hit the ground as I was past, but one of the other lads saw it and it really spread itself all over the ground. I don't suppose poor John even knew he was hit before it was all over. I weaved wildly to the left and the next thing I knew I was in the midst of the Hurries. We swung again to the left and headed for the sea. There was a ridge between us and the sea where all the Jerry batteries and ack ack were, that had held up the landing. The ground was cleared for about a mile before we got over the ridge and all hell broke loose again. Over the ridge we went, absolutely flat out, praying to God that our engines would hold out. As we hit the sea, we fully appreciated the reception we were having. There was literally a shower of splashes all around us from ack ack, which

followed us about three miles out to sea. Why I wasn't hit, I don't know. I was following up in the rear of the Hurries, but soon passed them and then swung around looking for Jerrys that might bounce us as soon as we got out of the flak. The squadron that stayed outside were looking after them, however, so I remained on one side, weaving like mad and expecting to be jumped by a 190 at any time.

About fifteen miles off the English coast I suddenly heard the C.O. yell, "Red 4, you are pouring glycol out of your rad. Climb like hell." Then a few seconds later, "Bail out Red 4." Then, "Nice going Red 4." The C.O. and a couple of other pilots managed to direct a launch to where the pilot was and he was picked up just forty minutes later. His chute evidently just opened before he hit the water and he barely managed to climb up high enough to bail out before his engine quit. He was very lucky, as it must have been a small hole to allow him to get as far as he did and he was also lucky that the C.O. happened to see the leak. The pilot was a flight sergeant in our flight and is none the worse for his experience. Of the six of us who went out from our flight, only four of us came home.

About 1.40 the phone rang again. This time we were escorting 24 Hurries after the same target, and we were the only squadron of Spits going. Evidently the first bunch of Hurries had not wiped out the battery and there was to be another crack at it. We didn't feel at all happy, and were considerably relieved when the G.C. said that we needn't go right in with the Hurries, but stay over the shore and cover their withdrawal. When we were about a mile off shore from Dieppe, we climbed to about 500 feet. There were Focke-Wulf 190's all over the place around 2,000 feet and we were the only Spits at our height. Some 190's started to dive down on the Hurries. We tore after them and they, seeing us coming, started to break away. Just then someone yelled "Red section, break." There were some 190's on our tail. We went into a steep turn to the right and shook them off. I lost the others for a few seconds. The flak started to come up at us in great volume. Red balls were shooting past my nose uncomfortably close. I spotted my No. 1 and joined up with him. Just then the C.O. yelled "Let's get out of here." We dove down onto the sea, going all out and weaving as hard as we could. The Hurries were about two miles out to sea on the way home. We managed to keep the Jerrys busy so that none of them had been attacked. We stayed with them on the way home, weaving around them, with our heads turning about 120 to the minute, looking for Huns. However, none chased us back and we landed with the whole squadron intact.

The C.O. had a hole in his aileron about half a foot square from flak and I had a bit of shrapnel through the fuselage below my seat.

The weather started to close in and we were released about 6. We were in the midst of baths, shaving, etc., when we were told to get back to the flights immediately. The Jerrys were taking advantage of the bad weather to bomb us. We all took off again but the weather was so bad we couldn't locate any. One JU 88 flew over the aerodrome just as we took off, but we lost it in the clouds and rain. Finally, about 9 o'clock we were through for the day and went up and had some dinner. I was in bed by 11 p.m. and up again at 4 a.m.

It is now 2 p.m. This letter has been interrupted by a scramble after some Jerrys. We chased them forty miles out to sea, but couldn't catch them. We are going on another sweep this afternoon and I hope to get a good night's sleep tonight at last.

—RCAF—

HODGE PODGE

A woman is necessarily an evil but he that gets the most tolerable one is lucky.

Note on Hitler

The people have always some champion whom they set over them and nurse into greatness . . . This and no other is the root from which a tyrant springs; when he first appears he is a protector.

In the early days of his power he is full of smiles, and promises, and he salutes everyone whom he meets.

When the tyrant has disposed of foreign enemies by conquest or treaty, and there is nothing to fear from them, then he is always stirring up some war or other, in order that the people may require a leader.

Has he not also another object which is that they may be impoverished by payment of taxes, and thus compelled to devote themselves to their daily wants and therefore less likely to conspire against him?

See the happy moron
He doesn't give a damn
I wish I were a moron
My God, perhaps I am.
I ain't again to have murther thin three children. I read in an Almanac thet ivery fourth pusson borned into the world is a Chinaman.

The surest way to prevent a war is not to fear it.

Along the line our signal ran:
"England expects that every man
EACH day will do his duty."
Being asked whether it was better to marry or not, Socrates replied, "Whichever you do, you will repent it."

A Roman divorced from his wife being highly blamed by his friends who demanded, "Was she not chaste? Was she not fair? Was she not fruitful?" Holding out his shoe, he asked them whether it was not new and well made. "Yet," added he, "none of you can tell where it pinches me."

A liar should have a good memory.
Every day should be passed, as if it were to be our last.

Many receive advice, few profit by it.
R.H.R., R.A.F.



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 barathia or melton, with careful attention to regulations.

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If It's Made of Metal, We'll Fix It

Although it may not appear to many, the repair of metal aircraft parts is a very important job. Usually any metal part may be repaired and made as strong or stronger than the original part with the addition of only a small amount of weight. When repairing a part several requirements are to be met. The strength of the original part must be maintained, the outside shape must be conserved, excessive weight must not be added and corrosion resistance of the repair must be observed. There are many different repairs made including patches, dents, replacement of rivets and repairs to struts, ribs, skin surfaces, stringers, etc.

The first step in a repair is, of course, to determine the extent of damage and to prepare the part for repair. Jagged edges, corroded and damaged parts have to be cut away and cracks have to be "stopped" by means of small holes drilled at the ends of the cracks. Rivets that are suspected of having been strained or damaged are removed and replaced by new ones.

Next comes the preparation of the material for the repair. As most of the material used in aircraft parts is of aluminum alloys, great care must be taken. The material must not be scratched either in layout or working as each scratch may possibly soon mean a crack. The proper material and gauge of material must be used in order to have the proper strength and tightness. If the material for the repair is to be formed in any way it first has to be heat treated to soften it, or it will crack when rolling or bending. This operation is carried out the same way that the rivets are softened which

is explained later. After it has been softened and formed to the proper shape by means of rolling, bending or bumping it is then ready for rivetting. Quite often it is found necessary to make complete new parts such as ribs, struts, and stiffeners as they may be damaged beyond repair.

Probably the most important part of the job is now at hand, namely rivetting. Rivetting is an art itself and can either make or break a job. The correct size and type of rivets is an important choice. Many different types of rivets are made, each for a special purpose. Of course the holes for the rivets must be the correct size, and the rivets must be the correct length. If the holes for the rivets are too large or small, the rivets too long or short, or the rivets are damaged in any way while rivetting, then the rivet heads may pull off or crack or the plate may tear. Great care must also be taken not to damage the surface of the sheet.

Before the rivets are used a heat treatment must be carried out. To do this we heat the rivets in an electric furnace at 330° F., for ten to thirty minutes depending of course on the thickness of the rivets. They are then taken out of the furnace and quenched in cold water. After quenching, the rivets are soft, but start age-hardening immediately, obtaining their maximum hardness in about four days. It is necessary to use them within an hour as they become quite hard in this time. Therefore when rivetting, it can be seen that it is necessary to work both quickly and efficiently or re-treatment of the rivets will be necessary.

MacDONALD, D. A., CPL.

EVOLUTION OF METAL AIRCRAFT

Since the inception of the heavier than air aircraft, the desirability of the Metal Airplane structure has been uppermost in the minds of the Aeronautical Engineer.

The benefits of metal structures are obvious. Wood at its best is a material of variable properties. Metal on the other hand being a manufactured material can have its properties determined within a close limit.

To offset the weakness of wood a larger margin of safety must be employed and this gives excess material with excess over-weight. Moisture absorption and the dependence on glued joints puts its use very much in the background. Metal lends itself easily to production methods, the accuracy of stress analysis and the ease of replacing parts. The durability and high fatigue strength has made the metal structure very appealing to the Engineer.

The first successful Metal Aircraft was produced by Blackburn Aircraft Ltd., England. It was a monoplane, wire braced, using wings of metal skeleton, covered with high tensile strip steel all riveted together. The fuselage was wooden frame covered with the same material.

The German Government was the first to develop and manufacture aluminum light alloys and the welded steel tubing for fuselage construction.

The all metal aircraft structures were slow in developing through the lack of suitable alloys, technique of heat treating, fabrication, inexperience and cost. Fabrication on an all metal plane is costly and metal working requires skilled labour.

The all metal aircraft is the ideal ship for military use. Repairs can be more quickly done and the all metal job will stand considerably more abuse in handling than the wooden and fabric constructed aircraft.

CPL. HUDGIN, I. G.

"BURNS FROM THE WELDERS"

Fire is our business, yet we are not firemen! We make use of a controlled and directed flame of terrific intensity to join similar or dissimilar metals in the repair and construction of everything in metal used in the airforce.

Ordinary mild steel is the metal most commonly welded, yet one of the hardest metals to weld correctly, because many welders do not bother to keep their flame correctly adjusted. Slight variation in the gauges that regulate the flow of gasses or a spark adhering to the end of the tip will cause an oxidizing flame which burns the metal and weakens the union.

In some cases, the trick we use to join new metal is next to useless on old or burned metal, as is the case with stainless steel. With the new metal we use a neutral flame and a flux to make a union, but with badly burned metal we find a soft carburizing flame and no flux the best.

Not all metals are joined by welding, for welding in some cases, changes the original structure of the metal. In other cases, in joining dissimilar metals the melting points are so different that to flow the two together would burn the metal with the lowest melting point. In cases like this we braze, silver solder, or soft solder, depending on the metals concerned in the union.

One way you can help us when you bring in your jobs to be welded is to make sure that they are clean; if this is done it will save time and we can make a far better job.

L.A.C. HARPER, H.C.

—RCAF— ISN'T THAT RIGHT?

New definition of golf: A game in which you place a ball an inch and a half in diameter on a ball 8,000 miles in diameter. Then you try to hit the small ball without hitting the big one.

Answers.

Read It Or Not

By CPL. TED RORKE



With this issue of Wings Over Borden your old columnist folds his tent and silently (?) steals away. My association with the station paper for the past two years has been indeed a pleasant one, many an otherwise useless hour has been filled with interesting "headaches". Looking back through the old file I see it was about twenty-two months ago that the Editorship fell into my lap with the posting of Cpl. Bill McIntyre to Toronto.

At that time I was a rather unwilling candidate for the position, for my workaday tasks were heavy, and my association with the former Editor had taught me that the job demanded much personal time, that your neck was stuck out most of the time, and that you were under fire constantly from all branches of the personnel. A few months on my own, I discovered that Cpl. McIntyre had not exaggerated nor had he minimized the setup. However, forgetting these things it has been a pleasant task to watch the paper grow and develop into a magazine, and it is my personal hope that it will grow still better and bigger.

Before I join the ranks of the unemployed entirely, I want to say a word of appreciation to those who during the past months have given me their loyal assistance. To Squadron Leader McCulloch, F/L Shortreed, John Bampfield, Cpl. Tom McKay and all the sub-editors a million thanks. I would like to also make reference to the loyal support of 'Dad' Parker, who is always first with his copy. Thanks are also due to the Photo Section who to a man have done all in their power to assist in the publication of Wings Over Borden. Another man who rates a big bunch of orchids is a merry-faced little Irishman of the Electrical Maintenance Section, Cpl. M. J. Hanlon. Mike has been a close pal of mine ever since I came on the Station, and he has been doing a super-terrific job in pounding the pavements of Barrie soliciting advertising for the magazine and collecting for same. Last but not least in the thank you chart is Ken Walls and the staff of the Barrie Examiner. They are the unsung heroes of W.O.B.

To those who haven't supported the paper to date, get in there and start punching. Remember anything you write will be just as interesting as what the other fellow writes, both to him and you and the folks back home.

This column sounds more like an obituary than anything else so far—but it's not intended to be one. There are a few that think that new blood would be a good thing for Wings Over Borden and I am among them. So to the new Editor, whoever he or she may be, the best of luck and success!

Before closing I want to contribute my last little bit of corn to this column. And is it ever corny, dear cornfed readers.

It seems in one of the occupied countries an investigator was questioning three poultry farmers.

Investigator: What do you feed your chickens?

1st Farmer: I feed 'em corn.

Investigator: You are under arrest! Corn is a food product. What do you feed your chickens?

2nd Farmer: (trying to be cagey) I feed mine corn husks.

Investigator: We use corn husks for the manufacture of cloth. You are under arrest. Turning to his third intended



victim he asked: What do you feed your chickens?

3rd Farmer: Oh, I just give them the money and let them buy what they want.

If there is room I will end with the first contribution I made to Wings Over Borden way back when.

A.C. JOE

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling's Gunga Din)

You may think you're overworked,
When those duties you have shirked,
Have piled up and left you far behind.
When headquarters calls for action,
And your brains ain't got no traction,
And there's just no solution you can find.
Don't let the powers know it,
Look around and you can 'Joe' it
To the man in every squadron we all know.
He is just a young beginner,
In a pinch he'll be a winner,
He's the R.C.A.F. hero A.C. Joe.

It's Joe, Joe, Joe,
Where the devil did you go?
But you're willing and forgiving
By the saints all dead or living,
You're a better man than I am A.C. Joe!

When Adolphie's through his blitzing,
And Benito stops kibitzing,
And Hirohito has been struck a final blow,
There'll be shouts of joy a-ringing
And all tongues your praises singing,
For the part you played in winning, A.C. Joe.
When the aces and the bosses
Get their V.C.'s and George Crosses,
We'll see you get the D.S.O.
For you work in cold or heat,
And you're mighty hard to beat,
For you and us there's no defeat,
A.C. Joe.

It's Joe! Joe! Joe!
Where the devil did you go?
Off to lick the blooming Heinie,
Britain still rules sky and briny,
God go with you till the fini,
A.C. Joe.

GOOD BYE NOW!

EDENVALE

Edenvale so far remote,
Envy us—we know you don't,
But we have pleasures—although rare,
With which Borden can't compare.
Open spaces—just galore,
Quiet evenings by the score,
A bit of mud, a bit of sand,
Which adds the beauty to our land.
Of show and theatre we cannot boast,
But what we treasure at the most
No weary miles to trudge and shirk
To the hangars to go to work.
On a Sunday with a clear blue sky
With Harvard roaring 'way up high,
Students flying the work is done
As RI Edenvale carries on.

—AC.1 HARMAN, M.

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BY WILLIAM HOLT

Broadcast in the BBC's Short Wave
Overseas Services

In what was formerly a private residence, in a quiet London square, a number of women are working at high pressure on one of the most merciful jobs of the war. You might easily pass this house without noticing it—it's just a cream plaster-faced house with a pillared porch and high windows, one of a row of similar houses and typical of Belgravia. It's not a hospital or shelter or first aid post, no sick or wounded are carried in, only telegrams and cablegrams arrive and men and women and children come and go, some with a tenseness on their faces. It's the "Wounded, Missing and Relatives Department" of the Red Cross.

The Headquarters of the Prisoners of War Department of the British Red Cross is at St. James' Palace but when I went to enquire there about what happens at this end when men are cut off by the enemy—as at Tobruk—and presumed captured, and what happens to the men, I was sent to that house in Belgrave Square. "The real story begins there," they said.

I've had a peep behind the scenes at that house where I saw rows and rows of files in boxes on white scrubbed plain wooden tables and women were at work on these files too busy to look up. This special section of the Red Cross and St. John War Organization known as "The Wounded, Missing and Relatives Department"—is directed by the Dowager Lady Amptill and works in close cooperation with the War Office, Admiralty and the Air Ministry. If a missing man is found to be in the hands of the enemy, his family is informed by the ministry concerned and his particulars entered on a "buff slip" which is sent to St. James' Palace together with his file. When he becomes officially a "prisoner of war" the women at that house in Belgrave Square have completed their job. I saw them at work handling particulars of wounded and missing. And not only are the men and women in the forces covered by this department, the men of the merchant navy who are missing are reported here too.

It's not difficult to imagine the anguish which is caused to relatives when the one most dear to them is reported missing. Enquiries pour into Belgrave Square by telegrams, post and telephone, and many relatives call personally there and are interviewed by sympathetic women who have been carefully chosen for the job. The door is always wide open and the people who come are given every consideration. Since the big battles began in North Africa the Department has been flooded with enquiries.

I talked to Lady Amptill and she told me how the information usually comes through. It's a very fascinating story. Generally it comes first from the International Red Cross Committee at Geneva in the form of an advance service of telegrams dealt with by the War Office Casualty Branches. The arrangement under which this advance information is telegraphed by Geneva was made shortly after the fall of France, and it's worked out very successfully.

The International Red Cross Committee and the Protecting Power—which in this case is Switzerland—receive diplomatic information generally in list form from the belligerent powers—Germany, Italy or Japan—for transmission to the British Government. This information confirms and amplifies Geneva's advance telegrams to the War Office.

"Of course, information that a man is missing officially comes from the War Office, Admiralty or Air Ministry," Lady Amptill said, "but often news comes direct-

ly to us through the relatives. The office casualty services of the War Office, Admiralty and the Air Ministry are most efficient and complete," she said, "but we fill up the gaps."

She told me that lists were beginning to come through now from Hong Kong and from information received through private letters from escaped prisoners it would appear that prisoners are having reasonable treatment in Singapore.

But while the service Casualty Branches carry out their own inquiries about missing men, the Department, run from that house in Belgrave Square, carries out certain important auxiliary work. In Britain there are Red Cross "Searchers" attached to all principal Military and Emergency Service Hospitals. These searchers visit the sick and wounded and are sometimes able to pick up clues about missing men who were in the same unit or may have been personal friends of those in hospital.

There are times when it happens that friends of the missing men are themselves prisoners of war in an enemy camp and they're able to give information. In such a case it's to the International Red Cross Committee in Geneva that the appeal is sent. A message gets through to the prisoner and the answer comes back. These inquiries are carried out in conjunction with the service Casualty Branches and every possible clue is followed up.

Not only members of the fighting services but merchant seamen, internees and captives from British ships including women and children are traced. Unfortunately the news, when it comes, is not always good; maybe the missing person can't be traced or is found to be dead but whatever the result the relatives are comforted to know that everything possible is being done.

I heard some very touching stories at Belgrave Square of parents and wives who persist in believing that their dear one is still alive although reported dead. "He may have lost his memory," they say. Sometimes they call at that house in Belgrave Square very excited with photographs of prisoners of war cut from newspapers and point to one of the blurred and indistinct faces and say that it is their son or their husband. In the case of one man in a photo six women claimed him as their husband.

Lady Amptill showed me some of the cablegrams which come from all over the world. These inquiries pour in from people overseas who are anxious to find out what's happened to their relatives or friends—whether they have become air-raid casualties in the blitzed areas.

After the Bath raids there was a flood of inquiries from overseas, from civilians, and from men serving in the forces. Cablegrams come from America, Canada, Palestine, Egypt, East Africa, Malta, Colombo, and so on and these inquiries are probably for relatives who may be missing as a result of air raids or whose letters have gone astray. To do the tracing required by these cablegrams, a thousand liaison officers are scattered all over Britain. In most cases, Lady Amptill tells me they are able to send satisfactory replies.

Besides doing all this, the Department fixes up visits of relatives to wounded men in hospitals in Britain and gets billets for them near the hospital and pays for these billets when necessary.

I talked to some of the men and women who were coming in and out of the door of that house in Belgrave Square. One woman had heard nothing of her husband since the fall of Singapore. She was naturally very upset and worried but she was less distressed after her interview. She felt that sooner or

later she would have news.

By an ironic twist in this war men at the front on active service sometimes received word that their mother or father or their little sisters or brothers are missing back home. I saw two telegrams from anxious soldiers overseas. One of them was from a man who was in hospital suffering from spinal injuries. He wanted to know whether they had news yet of his wife. He'd not heard from her for fourteen months. These tragic cases of lost people in total war will hardly bear thinking about. But what would it have been like without the Red Cross?

I heard of one inquiry, however, which oughtn't to have been addressed to Belgrave Square. It was from an Irish wife who wrote from Ireland asking if they could trace her separated husband who had failed to pay his arrears in maintenance. They had to write to her, informing her that the Department only dealt with those missing through enemy action.

Well the majority of men posted as missing are ultimately traced and notified through channels already described as "Prisoners of War." At this stage their files are passed to the next department and their relatives receive as a further Red Cross Service a monthly journal called "The Prisoner of War"—which is circulated free to next-of-kin. The third issue of the journal is already out. It contains photographs of the men in prison camps and all sorts of items of news of interest to next-of-kin. This paper, coming out each month, is bound to make parents, wives and children feel more at ease. Then hundreds of tons of parcels are packed in Red Cross packing centres, collected by the G.P.O. here, shipped to Lisbon. They are transferred there to ships specially chartered by the Red Cross and St. John for shipment to Marseilles. Well, Canadians won't need to be reminded that they, too, are sending large quantities of food parcels to Lisbon for despatching to the prison camps. The Red Cross people tell me that the figure at the present time is about 60,000 parcels per week and we feel very grateful in Great Britain for the grand way you are backing up the men behind barbed wire in Germany and Italy.

From Marseilles the parcels go on by rail to the vast warehouses of the International Red Cross at Geneva and then to the camps in Germany and Italy. But all this is another story and we over here can't tell you in America anything new about looking after the comforts of prisoners of war.

Well, thanks to the Red Cross—founded within the lifetime of many living men and women (it's only eighty years since the Swiss Henri Dunant made his appeal and Gustav Moynier, another Swiss, founded the first committee—there are now National Red Cross Societies all over the world) thanks to the Red Cross the anguish of the next-of-kin is made easier to bear, and the sick, wounded, missing and prisoners are cared for. But not only this—the hopes of Man for real international brotherhood based on humanity are stimulated and nourished, because here is a concrete example of the international mercy and human cooperation going on even in the middle of "total war."

COLLEGIATE

The scene was Napier Field, Alabama, the characters, a raw recruit and an Air Corps classification officer.

The private stepped forward and said, "Harvard Princeton, reporting, sir."

The officer, in no mood for jokes, looked up furiously and asked, "What name?"

The recruit blushed and stammered, "Harvard Y. Princeton, sir."

The officer leaned back and sarcastically remarked, "I suppose the Y. stands for Yale!"

"Yes, sir," answered the soldier simply. Private Harvard Yale Princeton is now with the Air Corps. Strangely enough, he is not a college graduate—as a matter of fact, he did not even finish high school.



No doubt there are many of you fellow air cadets who would like to know just why the league was formed. As is mentioned in the Air Cadet Administration book Canada is a vast country with many barriers within her boundaries. The people of such a continent have had no choice but to better their lines of communication "a mare usque ad mare". The modern aircraft present an easily solved problem in this respect. The older generation have been brought up to believe that an aeroplane was nothing more than an oversized and very dangerous boxkite, but the younger, being born into an atmosphere of conflicting ideas, namely the rather negative views of over sceptical parents and the bright hopes and prospects of eminent aircraft designers, chose the latter view.

Young Canada took to the hobby of model aircraft building as birds take to the wing, they clamoured for more and more sleek streamlined fighter planes to satisfy their desire for speed. Model aeroplane companies were formed and developed into very successful enterprises. The boys of our province and nation came into the national limelight when they created sensations at the many different model meets all over the country, on the whole everything was progressing splendidly until in nineteen thirty nine the greedy war mongers of Europe struck the freedom loving peoples of the world in order to satisfy their lusts for more and more. The supplies that these various companies had on hand began to run low and young Canada was growing listless. A clamour was raised to the government and these boys, many of whom were sons of fathers in the service, asked for some kind of military project to be formed so that red blooded Canadians could take part in some activity which would be of help in a national emergency such as was at hand. The Canadian government answered their petitions with the Air Cadet League of Canada. Officers were selected and trained during the summer at the various Air Training Stations through the country. Uniforms of the same colour and make as the Air Force blues were manufactured with the sole difference being in the high necked "choker" collars and Air Cadet Albatross on the buttons.

However, as is the case with all organizations which are just making their initial appearance, a difficulty arose out of the scramble. It appears that rumours were being spread to the effect that it was compulsory for a lad to join the air force when he was of age if he participated in the training of the league. Mothers and fathers, I would like to take this opportunity to tell you that if you have a son anxious to join his local squadron do not prevent him for this reason as it is entirely without founding. It is not necessary to join either the Air, Navy, Army or any Auxiliary forces having been a member of the corps.

Young Canada has now the makings of a permanent and very fine organization and I personally wish all the sponsors (who have been in the majority of the cases, service clubs, and have undertaken to finance and officer squads), officers and cadets the best of luck.

Keep 'em flying fellows.

THOS. MASSON.

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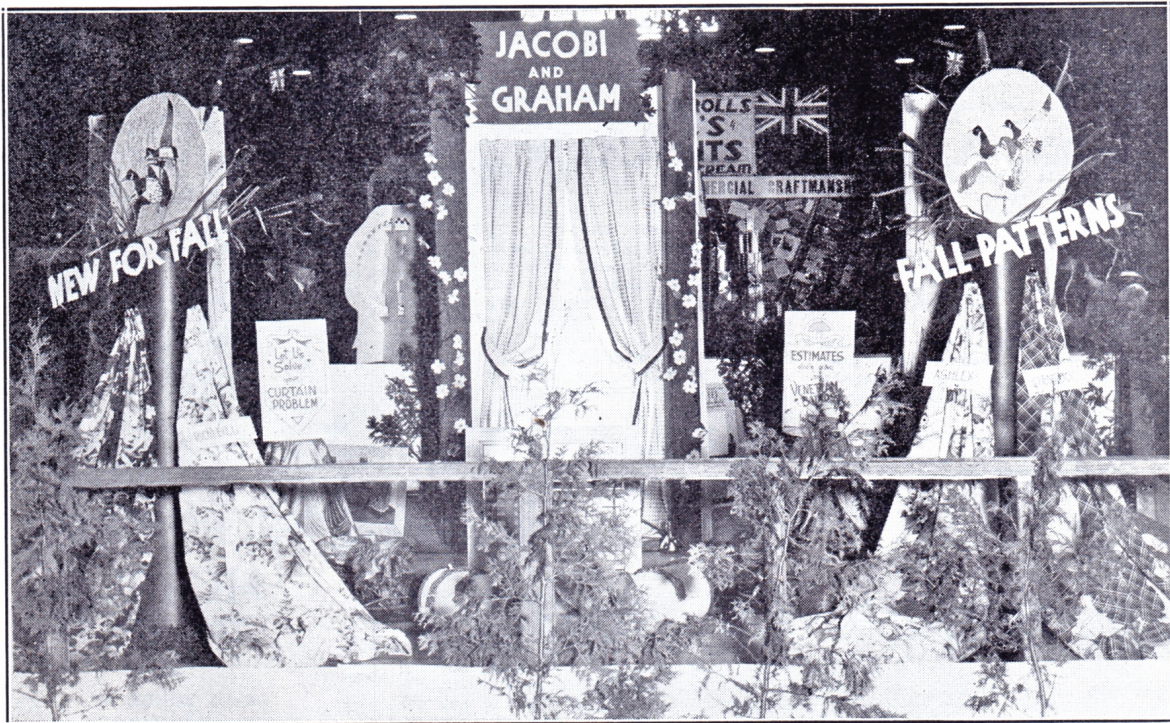
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There are many things we've learned to do without since this war began. Many of these we've given up in patriotic silence. However, living in a home where the curtains are dull and drab isn't being patriotic—you can do more toward boosting your family's morale by keeping your home lovely. No doubt those who paid us a visit at our drapery display (as pictured above) during Barrie Fair week will have some idea of the wide selection of curtains and draperies which we carry in stock. So if you are planning to re-curtain your home—stop in to see us first, and get our suggestions and hints about how to have lovely things at moderate cost.

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FRIENDLINESS

Plain ordinary friendship and thoughtfulness are two things which will go a long way towards making our lot bearable in war-time. For too many years we kept ourselves to ourselves and our own kind. We called it minding our own business, a good quality in itself, but one which can be overdone.

You don't need to be forever running to a neighbor's house to show your interest. The kind of friendliness we must have is, not being afraid to smile and speak to the man who has come to live in your district, even though you haven't been formally introduced to him—even though he doesn't look very friendly or jolly himself.

We do not know what may be weighing on his mind. Don't be afraid when you meet him to pass a remark, such as, you are a newcomer here. I hope you will like the district. Or words to that effect. That this doesn't happen often enough today is a shame and a reproach to us.

We are so pre-occupied with our own worries and anxieties that we pass unseeingly down the street, ignoring the stranger whose need of comfort and cheer is often much greater than ours. All of us have at one time or other in our lives said regretfully, I wish I had known that Tom, Dick or Harry was having all that trouble. I might have given him a hand with things.

Just talking to someone at such a time helps a lot, too. But the golden moment has passed when we could have done a good turn. It's a funny thing how deep is the reserve which keeps us from being natural. If the war lasts long enough perhaps we will lose it. There is such a thing as honest emotion which springs from the heart, as when for instance the first bars of the National Anthem is struck and a great crowd starts to sing—why should we be ashamed of the choked feelings in our throats. We should be proud that the great qualities of mankind still have power to lift us out of ourselves, to move and stir us.

LIFE'S ROAD

We go our way so oft unheeding
Our comrade on an uphill road;
We forge ahead and do not notice,
That he has got a heavy load.

His smile may hide a heartache
Longing for a friendly hand or word of cheer,
Or for someone to walk beside him
To feel the presence of someone near.

He may have hurts deep down within him,
The burden he bears may seem too great;
His soul, once tender and forgiving,
Is warped with bitterness and hate.

Or grief too deep for tears relieving
Is right within him night and day,
Have we no time to say, My Brother,
I, too, have known the bitter way.

Be of good cheer, though clouds hang heavy,
The sun behind is clear and bright.
And soon break through with warmth and healing,
Have courage Comrade, all will come right.

—RCAF—

ARE YOU?

Are you an active worker
The sort that would be missed
Or are you just contented
To be a name upon the list?

Are you chummy with your comrades
And mix in with the flock
Or do you lounge about the drome
To criticize and mock?

Do you ever go to visit
A comrade that is sick
Or leave the job to someone else
And talk about the clique?

Think it over comrades,
You know the right from wrong
Are you an active worker
Or do you just belong?

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CARELESSNESS

BY LAC CHAS. SHOFNER

"And you, Bungle, one signed out in Harvard No. 2606. I want you to go up and practice all the sequences in preparation for your Wings Test"—Thus spoke Instructor J. Doe to Student Pilot Bungle one bright sunshiny morning in September, year of 1942.

"Boy, oh boy," says Bungle, "been fooling around with 'cross-country's and instruments and dual so long I'll hardly know how to fly solo. Brother, let me at that phone," and off he goes to get into his parachute and helmet.

In the phone, Bungle is in a big hurry to get off the ground. This is one time they won't cheat me out of 15 or 20 minutes says Bungle. "I'll get away from here in nothing flat." Don't see any of the ground crew around. Oh well, I never saw one catch fire in starting so I'll just get this baby started and get gone. Why wait on them. Ah—there she goes, nothing prettier than the row of a Harvard I've always said anyway."

Let's see now, pitch fine, yep, I think she is already. Flaps down, yep they work O.K.—Say what's that red light coming on for, I know d— well the wobble pump brought her up to 50 lbs. and still is—oh, I forgot to switch the gas on. Lucky I'm not just taking off, I'll say. "Hey you!" shouts Bungle, bawling at one of the ground crew, "how about pulling these checks. I can't stay here all day—"

"The checks aren't in place," says the G.D. coming over to the plane. "O.K.," says Bungle, waving his hand. "I'm off," and with a blast of the engine he shoots away from the hangar.

"Great God," says Bungle, coming up to the take-off port, "look at all these guys warming up their engines, if I wait for them I'll be about tenth. I'll just slip out here in front and get away fast. The temperature is 100 anyway, that's warm enough on a hot day like this." "Say, look out you Boob," says Bungle to himself as he just misses another plane easing out onto the runway. "Well, might as well wait for him but if I ease real close behind him, I'm next! Well, there he goes, let's see, gas on, fine pitch, mixture rich—here I go." And down the runway he starts with furious blast of the motor.

"Brother, has this baby got power," says Bungle, "she took off in nothing flat. Wheels up, throttle back, adjust pitch and trim. Oh! Oh! No wonder she came off so fast, the

trim is all the way back. I thought it felt kinda funny! Oh well, if I'm ever forced down, I'll know how to get it out of a field quick. Believe I'll just make a quick circuit and try another take off—no, I guess not, take up too much time and I want to polish up my roll off, can't understand why I keep spinning out of them," and off he goes to perform various fancy manoeuvres.

Having beaten the aircraft around for over an hour, we now find Bungle on the way in, just outside the circuit.

"Man, that was one good flip," says Bungle, "time's up already so I better go in before the instructor gets mad. Let's see now, which way are they landing now?—Oh, I see, still coming in to the South on No. 1. I'll just skip in here ahead of that fellow crossing upwind, and not have to go around—He's probably just practising landings anyhow and I'm late now.

"It's a wonder some of these guys wouldn't be more careful," says Bungle, "look at that bird making a cross-country circuit. I'll just speed up and get ahead of him, he can still make it anyhow, I think. Not supposed to go 140 in the circuit I know but I got to get in."

Bungle slips ahead of these two aircraft, crowds another one out on the into-wind leg and roars into a rocking-chair landing, pretending not to see the control man at the end of the runway waving the red flag at him. "Good Lord," says Bungle, "that plane ahead of me was almost off the runway anyway. Besides, I'll probably catch it for being late. I've got to get in. Those guys ought not to be so slow anyway getting off the runway."

Bungle taxis up to the hangar, leaves the gas on and the pitch half out of fine, kills the motor, hops out and goes in to Sign In.

"Bungle," says the girl at the control desk, "you forgot to sign the L-14!"

"Good Lord," says Bungle, "you folks are sure fussy about little things that don't amount to a hill of beans."

Flying an aircraft a la "Bungle" manner is definitely a hazard, not only to the pilot himself, but to everyone in the vicinity.

The line of demarcation between criminal negligence and gross carelessness, or just plain carelessness, is so small that it behooves every single one of us who are fortunate enough to be permitted to fly to be ever on the alert every second we are in an aircraft, from starting the motor to bringing the aircraft back to the ground and stopping the motor.

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