

# THE *Aircraftman*

JANUARY,

1944



THE

- Hughes -

**TECHNICAL TRAINING  
SCHOOL**

ST. THOMAS

ONTARIO

# CALENDAR 1944

## JANUARY

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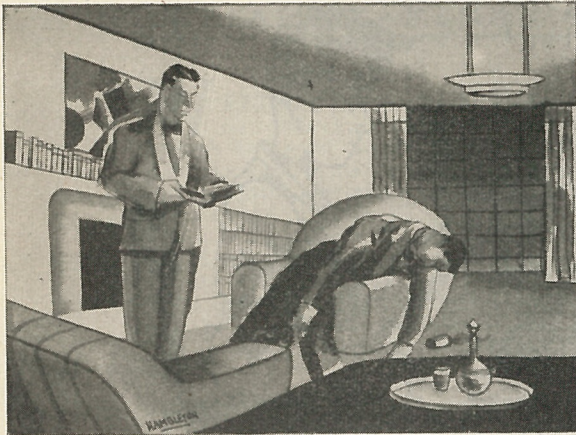
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# DARK DIAMONDS

By F/Sgt. D. J. Blain

of a clock. He was quite alone in the house

Moving to one of the bookcases, he took down the first volume of a row. For a moment he stood hesitant, then carrying the book back to the little table he set it down and opened it. The cover and the first half dozen pages alone folded back. The rest of the pages and the back cover were glued together, forming a solid block. Set in this in a cavity cut for the purpose was an oblong black case.

With trembling fingers Merritt pried it out and snapped back the lid. From their black velvet bed twelve great diamonds blazed and flashed up at him in a mass of crystal fire. Catching his breath, Merritt gazed at them and in their gleaming beauty lost all track of time and place.

For weeks he had planned this, and now here in his hands was the best part of half a million dollars. Since he had lost everything in that disastrous affair on the Stock Exchange, this idea had grown on Merritt. At first he put it resolutely aside, but after each visit to his friend it recurred to him with ever increasing force how easy it would be. These dinners for two with the only servant going for the night afterwards and themselves retiring to the library. Merritt with his port and the other for a glass of mineral water and a biscuit.

Well enough Merritt knew the unvarying procedure on these occasions. His host would go and draw the blinds while Merritt seated himself in one of the two big chairs which stood one on either side of the low table bearing the carafe of mineral water and glasses. They would consume their drinks and after that the diamonds would be brought out to be gloated over and talked about. Merritt had watched that collection grow from one stone of fabulous value to a dozen of equal worth. All were old and most of them had histories in which robbery and murder were no strangers.

Once he had suggested that they should be kept at the bank and his friend had laughed and said, "Nonsense, Arthur, you're the only one who knows where I keep them and you won't murder me for them." He wouldn't, eh? Well, he hadn't thought so either—then.

He had arranged everything with the utmost care. The powder he bought in a part of the city where he was known to no one and when he was asked to sign the poisons book he wrote the dead man's own name. No slightest suspicion could possibly attach to him, he would be the grief-stricken friend who had seen his dearest friend die before his eyes from one of his all too frequent seizures of heart trouble. Without a doubt every last detail was accounted for.

Gradually Merritt became aware that his heart was pounding and his mouth was dry as dust. Still obsessed by the diamonds he gazed vacantly around and seeing the water carafe splashed out a glassful and gulped it down.

The clock ticked on and the diamonds flashed and gleamed in the lamplight.

**A**RTHUR MERRITT looked at the body of the man he had killed: the body of his best friend. The dead man stared back at him with wide, sightless eyes.

It had been amazingly easy, just a pinch of the white powder into the carafe of mineral water while his friend had turned to draw the blinds. The stuff had dissolved instantly and without trace. It was said to give the appearance of heart failure. As his friend was known to have suffered from heart trouble it was most unlikely that any other cause of death would be suspected. Well, he would have to chance that.

Taking his eyes from the slumped figure in the chair he looked around the comfortable book-lined room and listened. There was no sound save the ticking

# WHY WORRY?

By S/Ld. R. Brillinger

**C**AN anything good be said for worry? Are worriers not frequently told to forget their worries, to put them out of their minds, or to stop worrying? Of what use, then, can the function of worry be to us if we are continually admonished against using it?

Webster's dictionary defines "worry" as "anxiety, vexation or trouble." It goes on to define "anxiety" as "solicitude or care." Worry is a function which varies in degree. In its simplest form worry is the act of taking care. If exercised to a greater degree, it becomes the condition of being solicitous or anxious. In still greater degree the anxiety becomes an irritation, vexation, and finally an affliction and trouble, which may cause sorrow, pain and illness.

In its simplest form of "taking care" we find worry a very valuable asset to the individual. Part of the process of growing up consists of learning to take care of ourselves and, at a later stage, to take care of others. In this sense worry is a vital part of our development. Through worry we avoid danger; we practice the rules of health; we are concerned about the welfare and feelings of others. The person who has never learned to worry in this sense will probably die young through accident or neglect of himself. Certainly the person who is careless about everything or does not worry about anything in the sense of

taking care will never amount to much in the world. In functioning to this normal degree, then, worry is a necessity to a successful life.

It should be noted, however, that this degree of worrying is an active function. In taking care we do something active. We do not sit and brood or think, or hope, or even pray when we take care. We do something active in taking care, and in this, its active form, worry is normal and necessary.

It is probably also helpful to us to be solicitous or anxious at times, providing we do something active about our worries. It is in this degree of its function that worry is recognized as such by the individual. There are many situations in life when it is normal and helpful to be anxious, if our anxiety stimulates us to do something to rectify the disturbing situation. Take the approach of that trade test, for instance. If your anxiety about it causes you to study harder, so that you know your work and get a higher rating, it has certainly benefited you. On the other hand, if you do nothing about the anxiety but think about it, or if you allow it to dominate your attention to the extent of being unable to study, then it becomes an irritation or an affliction.

Once worry has become a disease you cannot stop it by thinking about it. In fact you cannot stop thinking about it by

just making up your mind to do so. Since the normal purpose of worry is to stimulate action or taking care of the situation, the only way to overcome or satisfy, or treat worry is by doing something. It has been said that work is the best antidote for worry. This is true if the work is in the direction of overcoming the cause of the worry. If work does not ease your worry, you are doing the wrong thing. In that case you need help from your instructor, the officer in charge of your section, the padre or the medical officer.

Worry is a normal function of the mind. It is the process whereby we take care of ourselves, or adjust to our environment. It never does any harm to worry if you do something to correct the worrying condition. The man who worries and does nothing is as foolish as the person who never looks for cars before crossing the road, but worries all the time he is crossing for fear he will be hit. If you are racing a train to a crossing, worry will not stop the train, but if worry makes you put on the brakes and stop your car, it will save your life. By the same token worry will not stop the war, so you can have special privileges. But if worry makes you put the brakes on your own selfishness and desire to have your own way, war or no war, it will save you a lot of trouble and headache.

# The Aircraftman

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RCAF Technical Training School

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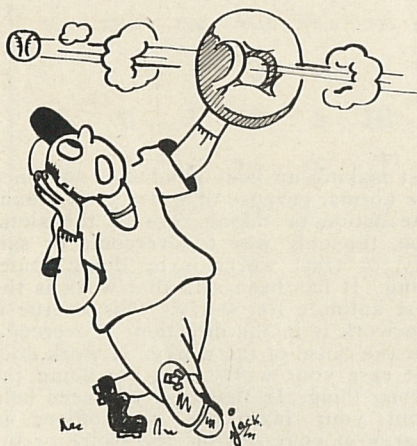
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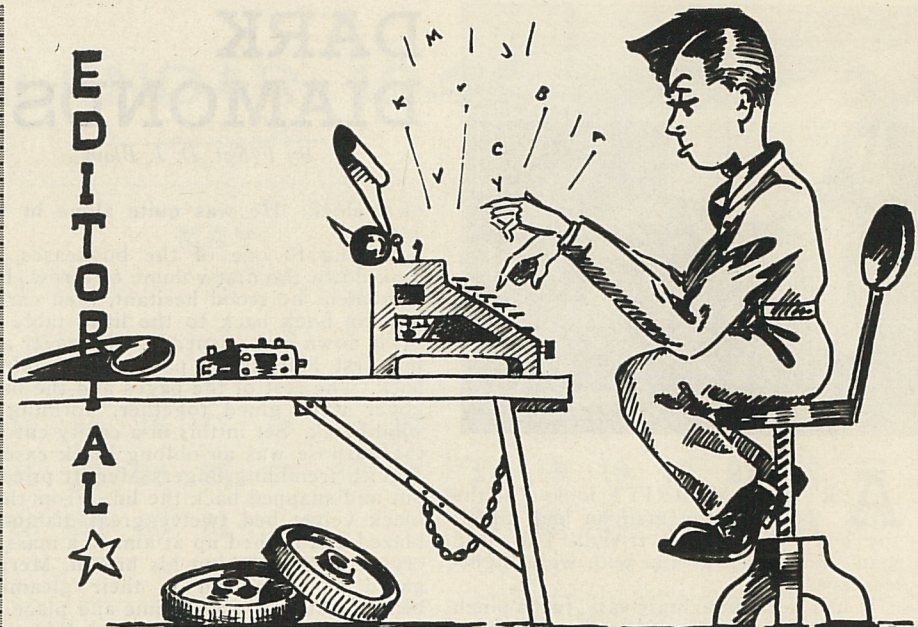
**It Won't Be Long If  
This Weather Continues!**

• • •

The Press Club meets on the 1st and 4th Tuesdays at 1900 hours in the YMCA office, two wing. For further information ask the above contributors.

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## Rehabilitation

In the November issue of the station publication, *The Aircraftman*, there appeared a timely and interesting subject under the heading of "Rehabilitation." The continued success of the allied armies in all theatres of war and the incessant bombings of Germany is rapidly bringing this present war to a victorious conclusion. How soon and when, are important questions that cannot be answered at the moment, but there is no doubt that the war is more than half over, which leaves little time for those of us who have not formulated our plans for the post-war world to make double haste in doing so.

In the Technical Topic section, toward the end of this magazine, and under the heading of "Welding Opportunities," which was prepared and written by Sgt. E. V. Grondin, is a brief but clear picture of the possibilities for those who are interested in Welding as a civil occupation. Plan now for your future by making a definite effort in having the necessary education to re-establish yourself in a civilian occupation.

## Hollow Steel Propellers

Erosion of propeller blades from dust, sand, mud, gravel and water thrown into the propeller disc by the nosewheel of aeroplanes has been practically eliminated through development of the hollow-steel propeller blade.

In addition to superior erosion resistance, the hollow-steel blade is lighter than large diameter wood propellers and permits use of small compact hubs; its torsional rigidity is greater than any other type. Damaged blades can be repaired readily with a comparatively small amount of equipment. The service life of these blades is believed to be unlimited.

WELL, we're back, so help us, and like Shakespeare's schoolboy who "creeps like snail unwillingly to school," we're looking at our Yuletide memories with no little regrets as we try to settle down to the old grind.

It was a sight to soften even the keepers of the gate as the lads and lasses left the trolleys and buses (one of the few times he could truthfully say he was not glad to get off, said one), and straggled into the gray, barred buildings of ye old TTS.



New Year's dinners not eaten with friends in the city were eaten in plenty of gaiety, nonetheless, by those who kept the home fires burning for those blue-clads gadding about Chicago, etc. Our C.O. was as welcome as the little New Year himself as he reigned over the air-men's mess, complete with chef's hat and all, passing out the beer with one hand, and . . . who are we to tell the right hand what the left was doing.

The belle of the ball was hard to choose on New Year's Eve, with 500 gorgeous hostesses from London, St. Thomas and points north, south, east and west—everybody wanted to come; they knew something of the hospitality of the place. Decorations were wonderful, and no kidding, being in charge of our Corporal Costen. Directing genius behind the whole affair was Squadron Leader Bennett.

Music was hep and hot and honeyed, with pianist LAC Charles Foster leading the boys through their musical paces. Bandmaster Flight Sergeant Leroy relinquished the shiny stick for the evening and instead spent the night coaxing melodic howls from the doghouse, the instrument which some people prefer to call a bass fiddle.

Prize dances, and similar novelties got everybody in the mood for celebrating, and before time for the old year to stagger out everybody looked like a veritable Christmas tree, with Cpl. Costen's bells and garlands originally looking so pretty on the evergreens soon looking so jolly on the celebrants. The stroke of midnight struck up the band and a chorus of rootin' tottin' horns, distributed to all and sundry just before the happy minute.

Flying pie plates bombarded the crowd at the crucial moment, and those fortunate enough to grab off one showing a lucky number were generously rewarded from the prize list.

Some of the people talked some of the time, and most of the people talked most of the time, but your master of ceremonies talked all of the time. He had to. And usually it took a hearty shout to drown out the general hullabaloo, so that by the time the next year rolled around he really felt as if he'd talked the whole year out.

To all of which foregoing we must say

# Station Chatter

By Sgt. George Davies



Iris Moyes sings.

New Year's, 1944

F/Sgt. Le Roy and Gang plays.

"Amen," it having tied up beautifully the happenings around the holiday season, they being the main points of interest hereabouts this past month. Incidentally, we are duty bound to tell you that all the foregoing in this column was the work of one "Tommy" Carnes, erstwhile London Free Press staff writer, who has retained a lively interest re the doings of TTS in general and *The Aircraftman* in

particular ever since she used to chase down stories out here when working in the St. Thomas bureau of the paper.

• • •

It was "Happy New Year," and these three words were the password to every group in the big hall. Everybody was everybody's friend, and everybody was very, very happy.

## Air Force Show "All Clear"

Entertain Troops Royally

It is quite some few days now since the RCAF show, "All Clear," visited this station, but so much comment was aroused among the staff and trainees over the excellence of this production that we feel we should mention it again. (See outside back cover.)

We had an interesting talk with Cpl. Lloyd Edwards, pianist in the show's orchestra, about the way in which the production was organized. Seems that the whole thing was fully produced and rehearsed in Ottawa under the direction of F/L Robert Coote, former movie star, before being taken on the road. It had given some fifty performances before showing here, chiefly in Eastern and Central Canada.

The cast of about thirty-five have no easy time of it, however, for in addition to staging the actual performance, every member is responsible for helping in the stage set-up work, the costuming, make-up, etc., and must assist in the packing up after the show.

The kids seem to enjoy it all nevertheless, even the hard work, and get a real kick out of every show they put on.

The dancing line consists of nine girls altogether who have their share of the business end of the work to do as well.

The plump girl in the line, one of the best dancers, is a French-Canadian lassie who is most fun of all, Lloyd tells us. The tall, dark beauty who had all the boys gasping is, on the other hand, strictly not for airmen.

We are assured, however, that the whole group gets along very well together, as indeed they must do to stage such a smooth running show. They had their biggest thrill, and Lloyd says, gave their best performances when the show played for servicemen in Washington, D.C. With that mile-post passed, and thousands of Airmen in Canada entertained, the whole bunch of them are awaiting eagerly their departure for overseas.

To which we can only add . . . if they do half the job over there of entertaining the boys that they have done here, then their contribution to the winning of the war is of the highest.

And just before we close for this month, we'd like to draw your attention to the calendar of station events for the near future—many fine things are on tap. There should be a pretty fair minstrel show staged by station talent on the way too, so watch for it. And so for the present, hasta la vista (Spanish, Joe).

# Evolution of the Flying Fortress

Sky Dreadnought Develops From Engineers' Drawing-Board Dream to the Reality

By THOMAS F. COLLISON

**H**ISTORY is made of tiny ingredients, and all of these ingredients are not shaped by man. Sometimes it seems as though an unknown and capricious hand had thrown the parts together and stirred them in Destiny's hopper to bring about a certain result.

Perhaps nowhere in aviation—and that part of our contemporary history which has been shaped by aviation (and what part hasn't?)—is this more apparent than in those events which shaped the conception and development of the Boeing Flying Fortress. Let's look at some of these ingredients.

(1) An exacting professor of structures in the college of civil engineering at the University of Washington.

(2) Two engineers from this class: P. G. Johnson and Clairmont Egtvedt, later to be known as president and chairman, respectively, of the Boeing Company.

(3) A leader, since retired from active duty, who implemented the quest to solve the new problem—in this case to build airplanes bigger, stronger, faster, and always with unprecedented safety factors. His name is William E. Boeing, founder of the Boeing Company.

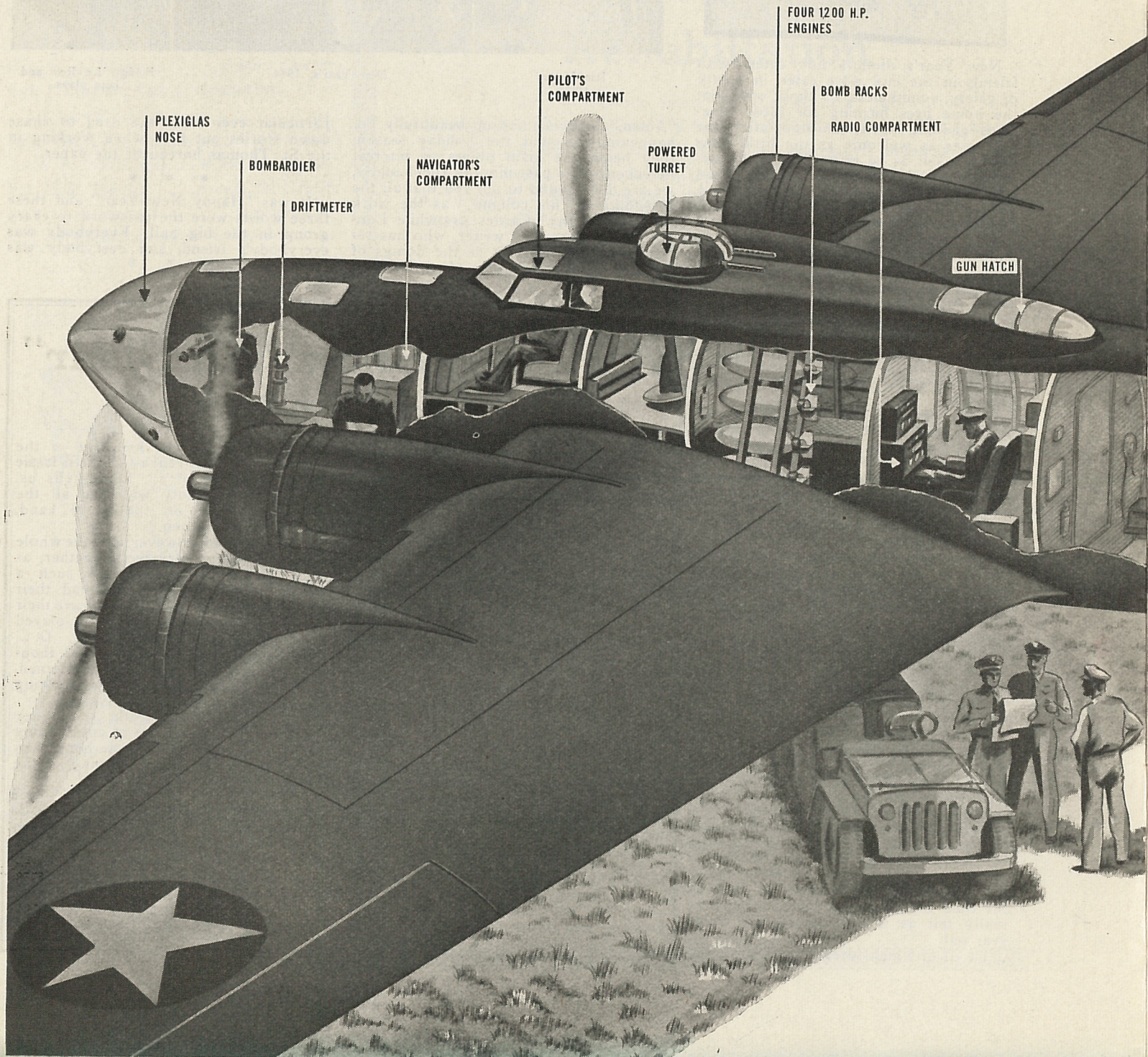
(4) An all-metal mail pit installed on the Boeing 40-B air-mail and air-passenger plane, which led to all-metal plane-construction thinking.

(5) Conversations with an admiral on the nature of instruments of war.

(6) A chance whip-stall in a Fortress by an Army Air Corps officer over Langley Field, Virginia, which proved the craft could stand more punishment than it would normally be subjected to, hence led to acceleration of high-altitude research.

(7) The development of the turbo-supercharger by Dr. Sanford Moss, the General Electric scientist.

All these ingredients, some of them apparently remote from our story, cradled and nurtured the Fortress idea. Time will prove that they saved the Panama Canal, Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands for America and turned the entire course of the war. On some of these ingredients we can dwell only in haste, for the



focus of our story must remain on the origin and development of the Fortress idea itself.

P. G. Johnson and "Claire" Egtvedt will tell you that Charles C. More shaped their early engineering thinking. More, who still lives in Seattle, inoculated his students with the crusading thought that the true engineer was the man who solved the new problem; a mere mechanic could continue to work out the old one.

When William E. Boeing, a sportsman pilot of Seattle, was asked by the U. S. Government in 1916 to undertake the design and construction of military aircraft, he hired Johnson and Egtvedt to head up his engineering department. From 1916 to 1930 this team designed and constructed thirty-nine different models

ranging from training to mail, observation, transport, and pursuit planes.

Of these early craft the Boeing 40-B, the first airplane designed for the carrying of passengers and air mail, was perhaps the most notable. Conceived, designed and constructed within a period of ten months, the 40-B went into service on July 1, 1927, operating over U.S. Air Mail Route No. 1, between San Francisco and New York, for the Boeing Air Transport Company.

On a summer's day in 1928, Boeing engineers attending the Los Angeles Air Races talked shop. Lindbergh's flight, the previous year, had fired the public with the promise of flight. Air transportation, the engineers agreed, should become a paying business, but before this became a reality maintenance costs would have to come down. There was need for improved equipment. This meant a cleaner, aero-dynamically speaking, airplane: a plane without a great many struts, wires and extrusions to support its wings; hence a plane with less drag. Maintenance of fabric surfaces was a costly item. An aluminum mail pit developed for the 40-B supplied the answer here. It was the only portion of that wood-and-fabric craft not requiring constant maintenance care.

Engineers agreed the air-transport plane should be faster, roomier, more comfortable for the passenger.

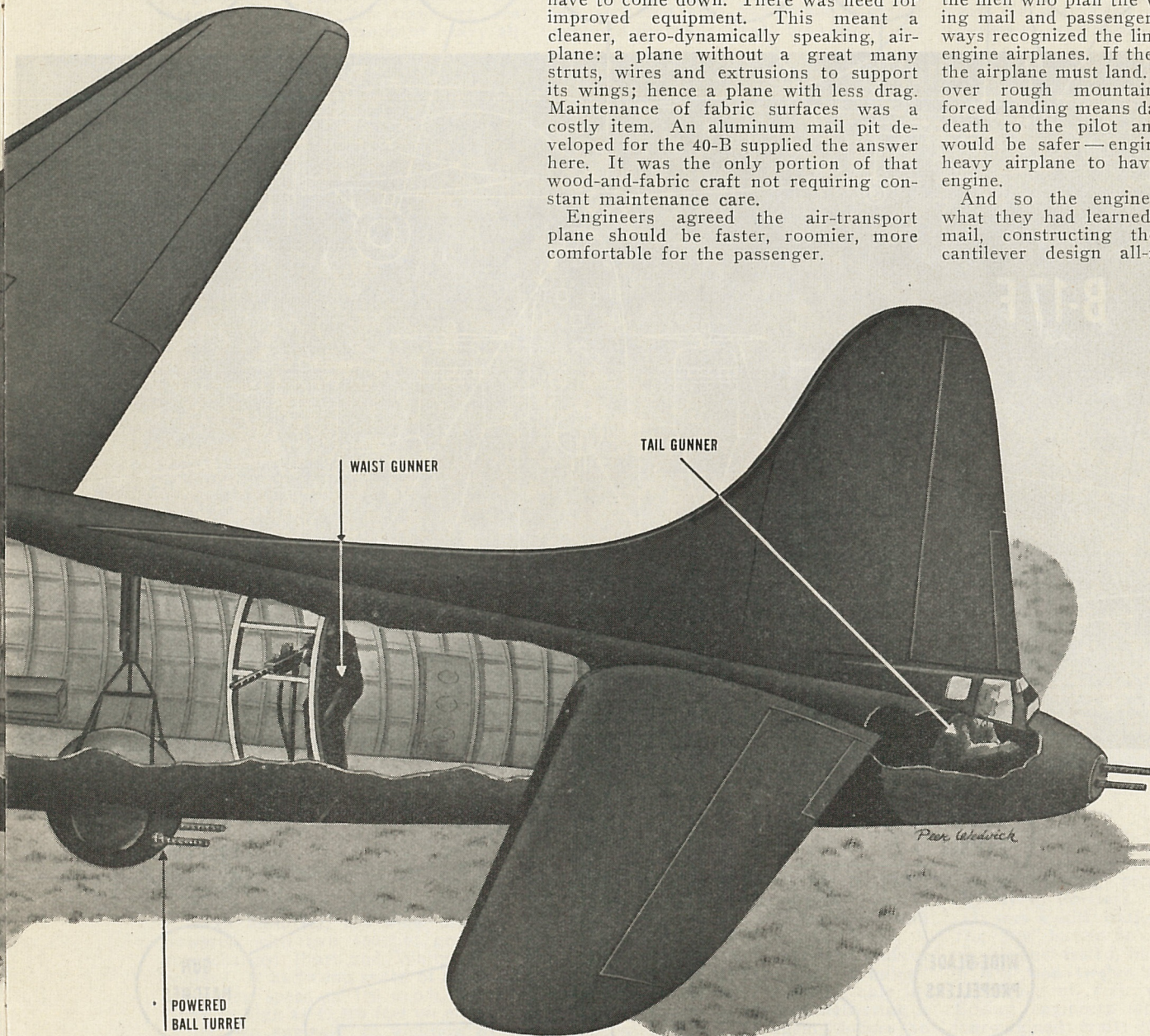
From that discussion of airplane design came the ancestor of the Flying Fortress, and the basic design for the modern all-metal plane: the Boeing Monomail.

Only two Boeing Monomails were produced. In a sense the airplane was a "guinea pig" for the company.

Within its limitations of power and size, the Monomail accomplished a great deal. It demonstrated that the engineers were on the right track. It was a strong airplane; a simple airplane with only one wing; an airplane without a jungle of wing wires to complicate maintenance; an airplane with a smooth metal skin that was economical to maintain and operate.

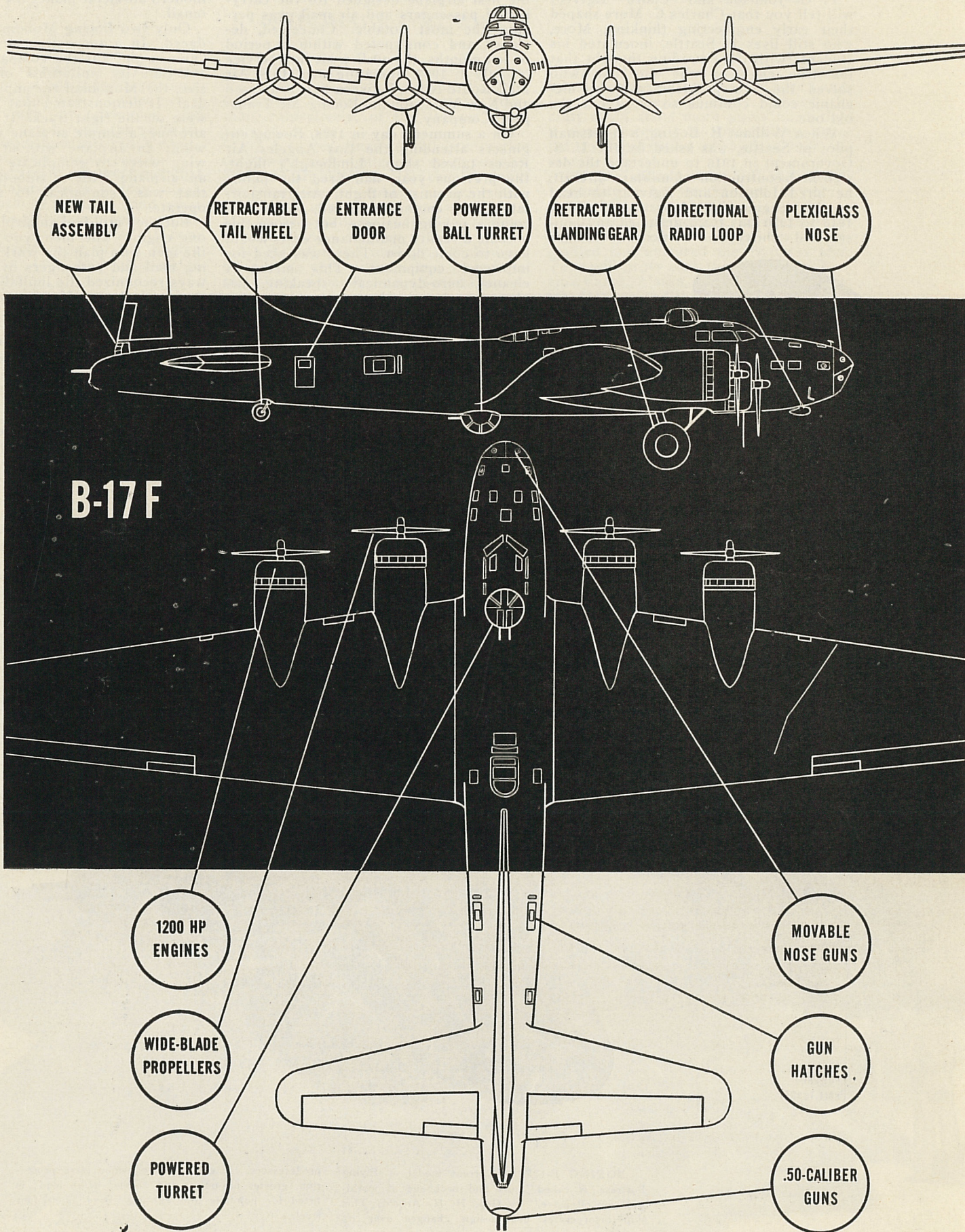
But they still had an airplane with only one engine. The men who fly airplanes, the men who plan the work of transporting mail and passengers by air, have always recognized the limitations of single-engine airplanes. If the engine fails, then the airplane must land. If the airplane is over rough mountainous country, a forced landing means danger; it can mean death to the pilot and passengers. It would be safer—engineers said—for a heavy airplane to have more than one engine.

And so the engineers expanded on what they had learned from the Monomail, constructing the first low-wing cantilever design all-metal monoplane



BOEING B-17F • Current model of Flying Fortress, is called "guts and backbone of worldwide air offensive," by Gen. H. H. Arnold. This ship incorporates 600 design changes over its

predecessors. It carries more armor plate protection, greater fire-power and heavier bomb load; is fitted for bombing and fighting above 35,000-foot level.



with twin engines mounted in the wings. They called the new airplane the Boeing B-9 Bomber.

Combining the speed of the pursuit airplane with the range and load-carrying characteristics of the bomber, the twin-engined B-9 proved sensational. It gave the aviation world the largest single increase of performance of a type in history. Nothing like the B-9 had ever flown before. It was the fastest airplane of its weight class; it established and accelerated the modern trend in bombardment aircraft. Powered with two Pratt and Whitney Hornet engines rated at 600 h.p. each with 2,000 r.p.m. at 6,000 feet, the B-9 possessed a maximum speed of 186 m.p.h. at 6,000 feet.

From the B-9 came vision and the "know-how" to build the Boeing "247," ten-passenger plane, America's first three-mile-a-minute air transport that pioneered the whole troop of heavy air-

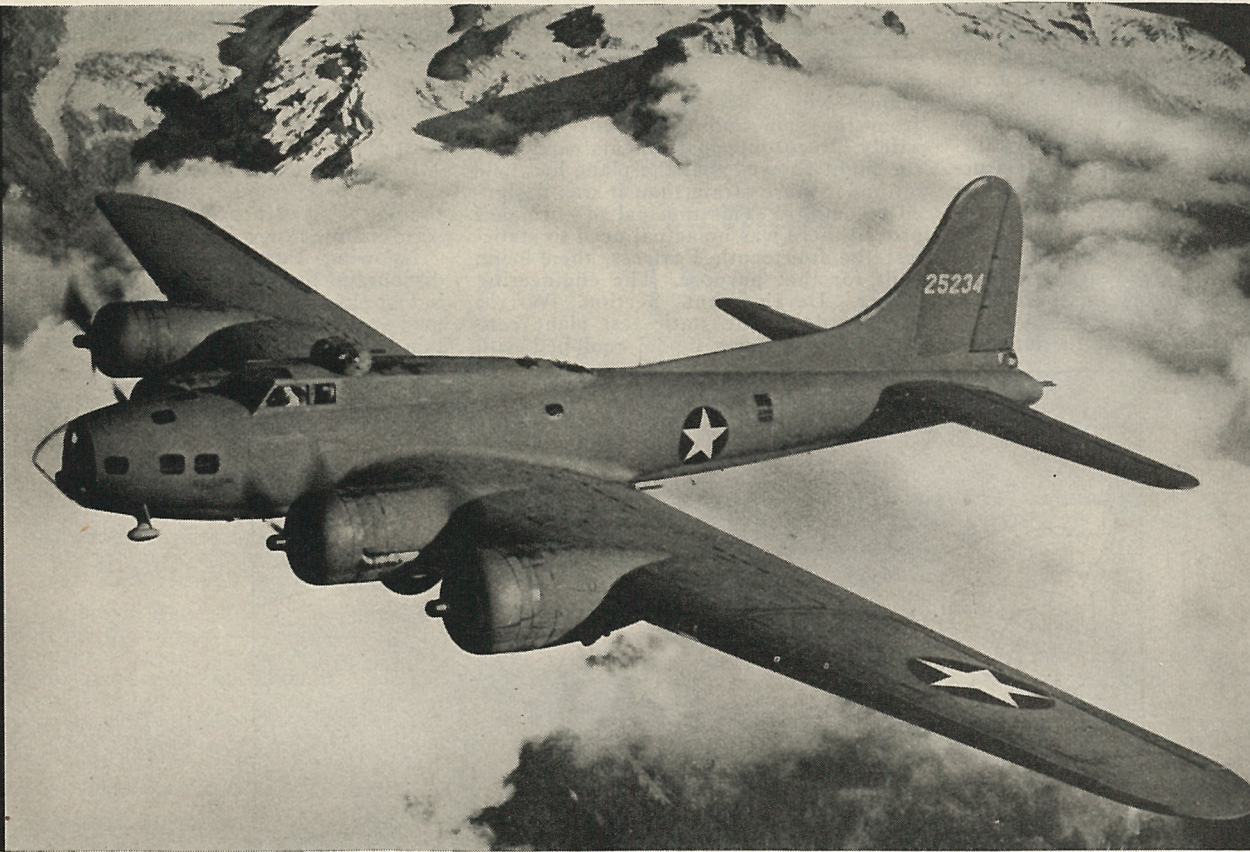
terms of heavy airplanes—airplanes with a gross weight of some sixteen tons—long before the "247" (which weighed ten tons) materialized. The "247," design and production-wise, merely added to their experience and confidence for further pioneering in this inadequately explored field.

As early as 1930, Clair Egtvedt, then vice-president of Boeing, had been thinking of an airplane which would incorporate the striking power of surface vessels and heavy artillery into an instrument of aerial warfare capable of accomplishing a long-range, heavy load-carrying operation. Egtvedt's formal education was not military strategy but engineering. To his subject he brought a consecrated belief in the airplane's emergence as a dominant factor of war. In the officers' mess aboard the USS Langley, anchored near San Diego, Egtvedt explored the subject with his close friend

great maneuverability and that vital military element, surprise. Egtvedt remembered the devastating proof made by Billy Mitchell's bombardment team off the Virginia Capes, in 1921.

When in August, 1934, the Air Corps extended its cryptic invitation to enter a competition for the design and construction of a "multi-engined bombardment air plane," Boeing engineers saw the opportunity they had been waiting for. Requirements of the design called for a high speed of 200 to 250 m.p.h. at the same altitude, range of from six to ten hours and service ceiling of 20,000 to 25,000 feet. The ceiling was moving up.

Because of his keen analytical talent and engineering skill, as had been reflected in his handling of design portions of the "247" to which he had been assigned, Edward C. Wells, then only 24 years old, a graduate of Leland Stanford University, was handed the job of organ-



**EIGHTH IN THE SERIES** • The B-17F has been fitted with external bomb racks which boost the bomb-load capacity to a ten-ton peak. This is alternate supplementary arrangement for super bomb loads.

plane developments for which this nation is famous.

Here's what the airplane was like: It was an all-metal, low-wing monoplane powered with two 550-h.p. gear-driven supercharged Pratt and Whitney Wasp engines. It had a top speed of 200 m.p.h., a cruising speed of 180 m.p.h. It could climb as high as 11,500 feet on either one of its two engines. In addition to ten passengers, it carried a crew of pilot, copilot and stewardess, plus baggage and cargo. Comfort? The passengers' seats were deeply upholstered, the backs reclining. The airplane was fully heated and ventilated. Comfort of the crew—an item which had been overlooked in previous airplanes—was fully provided for.

Boeing engineers had been thinking in

Admiral Joseph Mason Reeves, Commander of the Pacific Aircraft Fleet. They discussed the uses of types of naval vessels—the cruiser, the destroyer and the battleship.

"The battleship can carry thousands of tons of destruction, thousands of miles," said Admiral Reeves. "It is the only instrument of war capable of delivering a knockout blow to the enemy before he touches our shores. The enemy must come to us in ships and the battleship can destroy him when still far at sea.

"No weapon comparable in striking power and range has been developed by our aircraft industry," he concluded.

But Egtvedt saw in the airplane an inherent characteristic which the battleship would never possess: speed. Speed meant

izing and directing much of the basic design of the "299," prototype of the Boeing Flying Fortress.

It was a stiff, challenging competition. The "299" had to be conceived, designed, wind-tunnel-tested, built and flight-tested in less than twelve months. From the beginning of their design discussions, Boeing engineers were certain only a four-engined craft could give the Air Corps the plus results needed.

To cut down air resistance they decided to carry all bombs internally. They gave the "299" constant-speed props. They designed comfort into the pilot cabin, heated, soundproofed quarters. They placed the gunners in enclosures; they developed control tabs on the rudder and elevators to ease the job of fly-

ing. They kept the airplane clean, aerodynamically. Wind-tunnel tests proved the designs sound.

On July 28, 1935, the "299" was flight-tested.

The whole Boeing staff (then about 300 persons all inclusive) smiled. On August 20, less than one year after the receipt of bids, the "299" made its historic flight to Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, a distance of 2,100 miles in nine hours, averaging 232 m.p.h. Of his 3,200 m.p.h. potential the pilot used only 63 per cent at cruising!

If there was another airplane at the Army trials that summer . . . and there were many . . . it was little referred to in discussions of bombardment craft. The "299" had everything: speed, climb, range, stability, and load-carrying capacity unique in the history of aircraft.

But on October 30, when adoption of the design seemed certain, an Air Corps pilot crawled into the cockpit and took off . . . with his controls locked! The "299" climbed, fell off on a wing, stalled and crashed before Eddie Wells who was standing on the field. Although the Air Corps ruled that the crash was man-caused and not the fault of the "299," Boeing was given only a consolation prize in the form of an order for thirteen bombers plus one for static destruction tests. It is ironic here to remember that the winning plane has gone to the limbo of forgotten bombers, whereas the Flying Fortress, proud offspring of the "299," is still . . . eight years later . . . blazing the trail to victory for the United Nations.

We have come to our sixth and sev-

enth ingredients: they concern the development and installation of the General Electric turbo-supercharger. In the summer of 1938, a heavily loaded Fortress flying over Langley Field was inadvertently stalled and spun down through a heavy overcast. The excessive load developed during the manoeuvre bent the

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The editorial staff take pleasure in formally thanking the General Manager, Douglas B. McIntosh, of the magazine "Skyways," Henry Publishing Company, New York, for their approval in permitting us to reprint "Evolution of the Flying Fortress."

This article is very enlightening and of particular interest to all the trainees at St. Thomas, and we are deeply indebted to the magazine "Skyways" for their generosity in this respect.

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plane's wings, but the pilot recovered from the spin and landed the Fortress safely. Recording instruments carried on the flight showed that the plane had held up under more strain than it was designed to endure! This unusual performance proved there was no actual need to static-test the fourteenth Fortress, then being built for that purpose. The engineering officer, Development Section, Wright Field, ordered the static test plane converted into a flying model equipped with

turbo-superchargers to experiment with high-altitude performance.

Dr. Moss and his staff developed the turbo-supercharger; but Eddie Wells and his staff perfected its installation into the Fortress. Perfection of the installation gave America the world's first high-altitude bomber which could out-perform pursuit planes in the stratosphere.

Readers not affiliated with the aviation industry may well come to the conclusion: "Why, the Fortress is an old airplane!"

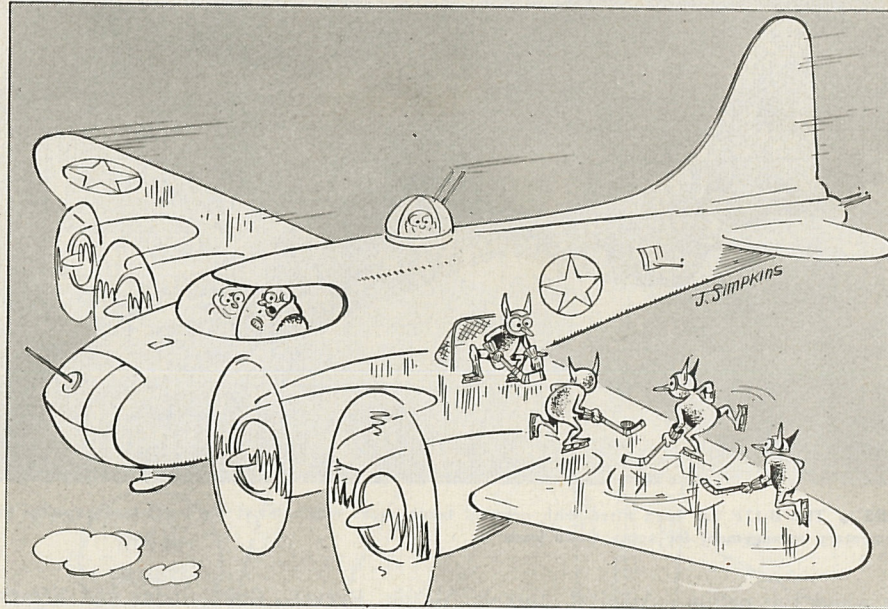
Indeed it is: the Fortress was conceived nine years ago.

But this is no surprise to aeronautical engineers who know that every good airplane (by good we mean clean, proved and perfected) is an old airplane.

Experienced aeronautical engineers are pretty fast with rather concrete blueprint dreams, too, but years of constant study and effort are required to animate these dreams. For example, the basic design of the Fortress was a three-week dream. Since that time there have been 460 weeks. And during every one of these weeks, including this week, there have been more Boeing engineers on the design problem of the Fortress than there were during the initial three-week design period!

Important design changes have been made in every model; the current model, the B-17F, has nearly one thousand design changes over its predecessor!

Knowing these fundamentals should discourage the quickie aviation prophets, but so long as their dubious profession proves profitable, their optimism is certain to continue!



## December Sports Winners

### Floor Hockey—No. 3 Squadron

AC2's Lunn, W. D., R210125  
 Stephen, H. L., R210068  
 Peterson, A. C., R196681  
 Hayes, R. W., R196585  
 Dunlop, R. I., R182933  
 Turta, R. R., R196651  
 MacMillan, S. K., R196818  
 Searcy, E. M., R212198  
 Lunn, H. J., R210124  
 Edwards, C. Y., R222340  
 Corrier, J. J. P., R195255

### Volleyball—No. 3 Squadron

AC2's Brener, M., R253151  
 Kerr, W., R253177  
 Booth, T. G., R222341  
 Matter, A. F., R253262  
 Pederson, G. P., R213554  
 Graham, A. W., R251180  
 Hutchinson, D. K., R250734  
 Robinson, G. T., R253145  
 Sgt. Griner, J. R., R148918  
 Cpl. MacMillan, A. C., R201985

## 4 Squadron Wins C.O.'s Trophy

### Basketball—No. 4 Squadron

AC2's Blumell, J. E., R258409  
 Ciglen, M., R260487  
 Dunning, B. T., R221318  
 Greenbaum, I. S., R266090  
 Jenion, C. A., R215265  
 Simbrow, M., R265151  
 Wheeler, G. H., R258010  
 Williamson, A. G., R214376  
 Holt, J. W., R270260  
 Cpl. Rabin, A., R185293

# The Kee Bird

You have heard the wail of the siren  
As an air alarm clears the street,  
Or have trembled sore at the lion's roar  
Down in Africa's jungle heat,  
The blood-curdling cry of the tiger  
As nightly he follows his prey,  
Or the frightening keen of a Dacoit's  
scream  
In Rangoon or Mandalay.



But these sounds all  
sink to a whisper,  
You will find them  
pleasing and mild  
When once you  
have heard that  
terrible bird  
'Midst the snows of  
the Arctic wild.  
They say it resem-  
bles a raven,  
Enormous and  
frightful and bold.

Like a tortured soul it circles the pole,  
Crying, "Kee-Kee-Rist, but it's cold!"

Then the Eskimo in his igloo  
Tosses fretfully in his sleep,  
While the huskies amidst their snow-  
drifts  
Begin burrowing way down deep;  
For they fear that cry from the Arctic  
sky,

And it freezes their blood, I'm told,  
As the Kee Bird soars o'er the Arctic  
shores,  
Crying, "Kee-Kee-Rist, but it's cold!"

The Mountie, abroad in his dog-sled,  
Patrolling these wards of the Crown,  
When he hears that dread cry, stares  
skywards

With a fierce and worried frown.  
He recalls strange tales of the Arctic  
gales,

And legends the natives have told,  
And hurries the pace, so the huskies race  
At the cry, "Kee-Kee-Rist, but it's cold!"

Now, they breed brave men in the Arctic  
Who toil for the furs or the gold—  
Stern, stalwart he-men of the Northland,  
All valiant and sturdy and bold.  
They take it and give in the fight to live,  
And what they have taken they hold,  
But they hide their heads and cringe in  
their beds

At the cry, "Kee-Kee-Rist, but it's cold!"

The North has no place for the weak-  
lings;

Yields only to those who are strong;  
The weak must give way or Devil's to  
pay

In a night that is six months long.  
For the Kee Bird's scream makes them  
shiver

And freeze with a terrible cold  
As it wings through the night its hor-  
rible flight,

Crying, "Kee-Kee-Rist, but it's cold!"

So the weakling departs in the spring-  
time,

To the Northland he bids farewell,  
He's off to the South with heart in his  
mouth

To escape from that Kee Bird's yell.  
Though he sleep on the softest pillow,  
Though a wife's gentle hand he hold,  
He'll waken and scream at a frightful  
dream

Of the cry, "Kee-Kee-Rist, but it's cold!"

You airmen who fly through the North-  
land,

Whatever your purpose may be,  
If you meet that dread sight as you drone  
through the night,  
Do one little favor for me.



(The Kee Bird is becoming a legend of Northern Canada along with Paul Bunyan and the Chasse Galerie. Many a strange tale is told of this mythical bird and his perpetual flight in search of a warmer roosting place. This particular poem was brought out of the north country by one of the RCAF lads who once attended classes at TTS.)



## Joe Airman

DEAR MAW • Somewhere back in the pages of Plato's Republic (dry stuff, mostly, for us mechanics) there's a line that runs: "They made a desert and they called it peace."

I've always remembered those lines because in the tough, dried-out depression days before the war, when the dust fever blitzed me if I got within 50 miles of Tara (and when the crops, like the livestock there, dried up and looked like tinder, or just laid down and

died for want of food — but still you and Dad carried on), I always wondered what it meant to have peace when people lived in such hardship.

Or if, indeed, it meant anything. But now we have progressed from that stage, Maw; from those narrow horizons.

We then saw nature as the destroyer: saw her "betray the heart that loved her."

But she was going through a cycle, Maw: one out of a million years; and she didn't take our land away.

Now the human destroyer, Germany, has come to make us realize how fortunate we were in the "peaceful desert" of those days. Now the anti-Christ conqueror threatens land on all sides and to spread to them the paganistic desert of her peace terms.

It was just as I read of the terrorism of a mass murder in a little town in Italy, the other day, I realized, Maw, how safe we are here, how distant. How there is the need to concentrate our own effort tirelessly in the back trench battle to do more, to trust each other more completely, "to strive and not to yield."

Your son, JOE.

# The Stamp Club

By Flt. Lt. R. O. Stabler.

CANADIAN postage stamps, besides being among the most skilfully engraved stamps of the world, remarkably reflect Canada's history and progress to such a degree so as to have placed Canadian stamps in the very forefront of philatelic popularity.

The accuracy in which Canadian development, and the art of engraving have been combined in the 20-cents orange Special Delivery Stamp of 1927, as depicted below, has won high praise, and this stamp has been widely acclaimed as one of the most interesting and instructive stamps of the world since the advent of the postage stamp in 1840.



Through a Gothic window, symbolizing the old-world culture from which the Canadian people sprang, we see five different methods of mail transportation against a background which reveals something of our country's vastness and beauty.

In the background is a lofty peak, typical of Canada's great mountain ranges. In the foreground there is a railway line along which a trans-continental train is speeding, and a "pony express" rider carrying a mail bag, on which appears the words "Canada P. O.," so small as to be indecipherable by the naked eye. It will interest the connoisseur of fine engraving to know that this is the smallest bit of engraving ever attempted on a postage stamp.

Three other methods of Canadian mail transport are depicted on this interesting stamp. At the base of the mountains is an arm of the sea on which an ocean liner steams. Between the ship and the railroad train is shown a stretch of snow-covered ground along which a dog-team and sleigh mashes with His Majesty's mails, while in the sky, to complete the picture and bring it up to date, can be seen two air-mail planes. These two methods of transportation contrast sharply, yet are quite characteristic of the Canadian background, for they are both in general use throughout the remote areas of Canada.

This stamp was one of a series issued in 1927 to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of the Canadian Confederation, the entire set of six Confederation stamps being engraved in Ottawa by the Canadian Bank Note Company.



**T**HE proof of the teaching is in the testing. Yes; it can be truthfully stated any weakness on the part of instructor or trainee is brought to light in the Examination Centre.

Having been afforded this opportunity, I would like to outline very briefly some of the features of our local trade test board, which perhaps, are novel to many readers. Unlike the conventional written examination, ours is purely an oral test, made as practical as possible by having the relevant aircraft part, sectioned or exploded if possible, at hand to enable the examinee to "talk" with his fingers, if unable to explain his answer in technical language. Our policy is to find out what the airman knows, not what he doesn't know, and in this respect we feel that our system has decided advantages over other types of examinations. On final examination each trainee is questioned on all phases of his trade by three different examiners for an average of one hour and ten minutes. During this time he is asked from 150 to 200 questions, which is ample evidence that the examiners have a very sound basis on which to make their assessments.

In addition to the final examinations, the examination board conducts examinations for backward trainees, those with language difficulty, those recommended for "cease training," and interims for all trades, namely Aero-Engine Mechanics, Airframe Mechanics, Electricians, Instrument Mechanics, Metal Workers, Welders and Carpenters.

All examiners have been carefully chosen from other technical sections (not without a hearty moan from section officers concerned, for nobody likes to have his best N.C.O.'s snatched away), not for their technical knowledge alone, for an examiner must possess qualifications which make him suitable for this particular line of duty.

An examiner's task is not an easy one, as might be expected by some who have never examined day after day, week after week, month after month, asking the same questions, receiving the same answers. For the first month or so the examiner gets a "kick" out of some of the weird and wonderful answers, and might even keep a list of some of the more amusing ones, such as:

(1) An "Assembly Group" is a bunch of officials at Ottawa that sit around a big table.

(2) "Blue Smoke" coming from the exhaust stack of an engine indicates that it is running. "No smoke" indicates that the engine is stopped.

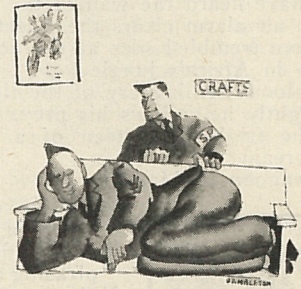
(3) All good solders contain a small percentage of "alimony."

The novelty soon wears off, however, and he can sit and listen to some of the most fantastic replies without "batting an eye." Many nervous trainees are afraid to give what they think may be the answer to a question for fear they "pull a howler." To all trainees who may be nervous in this respect let me ease your minds, for in the four years that the TTS Examination Board has been sitting, every conceivable wrong answer has been given, so your chances of obtaining even an honorable mention in the book of howlers is rather remote.

An examiner's patience is often taxed to the limit, his sympathy exhausted, his nerves on edge, and his faith in trainees in general almost broken. It is little wonder, then, that he will sometimes forget that he has been detailed for wing duty, fall asleep in Crafts waiting room, or drop a lady on the floor while dancing.

To be an ideal examiner one must pos-

sess the patience of Job, the wisdom of Solomon, the understanding of a judge, be as reliable as Roosevelt, as calm as Churchill, and as stolid as Stalin. An im-



possible ideal, you say Yes, perhaps; but one worth striving for, and one which I feel every examiner has endeavored to attain.

To Mr. Anderson and N.C.O.'s of the Examination Centre go my sincere thanks for a job well done in 1943, and my best wishes for their health and happiness in 1944.

(Signed) F/O J. Clarke.

## Examination Centre

Illustrated by Cpl. Hambleton



F/O J. O. Clarke      WO1 G. R. Anderson

• F/O J. O. Clarke. Born in Dulwich, England, he came to Canada in 1924 and started to work with the Singer Sewing Machine Company at St. Johns, P.Q., as an apprentice machinist, working nine hours a day for \$7.50 a week.

The attractive pay (\$1.10 a day and all found) offered by the nearby "A" Squadron of the Royal Canadian Dragoons won him over, however, and he enlisted with His Majesty's Canadian Forces, March 11th, 1926.

"Knobby" can tell many an interesting story of his life with a Cowboy Regiment—of musical rides in Amherst, N. S., and

Montreal—of breaking in remounts—of stables at 05.45 hours daily, including Sundays; and of the train wreck near Arnprior in 1928 when "A" Squadron left St. Johns with 90 horses and arrived in Petawawa with 4 on duty. Three men were killed and 35 horses either killed outright or shot along the track when the troop train met head-on with a freight. Our present popular supply officer, Major "Jimmy" Wood, was "Knobby's" troop officer during this time.

Having risen to the rank of corporal, he left the services for a short spell of nine months to work in the Canadian head office of the Cunard Steamship Co., but the army life was in his veins and he enlisted with the RCAF in September of 1929.

After completing a course at Camp Borden he was posted to Ottawa, where he spent five years in the Test and Development Flight under the late G/C W. Van Vleit.

In 1934 he was posted to Rimouski, Que., to work along with the "Mounties" on the rum preventive service. This work carried him to Sydney, Cape Breton, in 1935; Gaspé, Que., in 1936; and to Dartmouth, N. S., in 1937. In the fall of '38 he was promoted to corporal and sent to Camp Borden as an instructor at No. 2 TTS.

May, 1939 found him Corporal of the Guard at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, while King George and Queen Elizabeth were in residence. Later during Their Majesties' tour he was selected for the Guard of Honor at Niagara Falls prior to the royal visit to Washington, D. C.

Posted to St. Thomas as a sergeant shortly after the outbreak of war, promotions came rapidly and by July, 1941 he had reached the coveted rank of WO1. From December, 1941 to August of 1942 he was chairman of the sergeants' mess and was then posted to the School of Aeronautical Engineering in Montreal,



**A. E. M.**

Standing, left to right: Cpl. D. A. Jordan, F/Sgt. R. H. Lundberg, F/Sgt. S. J. D. Gay, Sgt. J. B. Ledger, Sgt. G. McWilliam.  
Seated, left to right: F/Sgt. J. M. Matthews, F/Sgt. C. C. McKendry, Sgt. K. C. Vincent, F/Sgt. J. A. Rutherford.

and commissioned November 7th, 1942. Returning to St. Thomas, he was placed in charge of the Examination Board, which position he now holds.

"Knobby" has always played an active part in sports, especially track and field, and for his endeavors along these lines has a fine collection of cups.

Having accepted family responsibilities, including two sons and a daughter, his leisure hours are now limited except for section social gatherings.

- WO1 G. A. Anderson. A man from the land of the kilt and heather. Born and educated in Hamilton, Lanarkshire, Scotland, he served his time as a master carpenter, specializing in the construction of large domes and fancy wood carvings of large buildings.

Coming to Canada in 1928, he worked for the Winchell Co., of Toronto, builders and contractors. In June, 1930 he joined the RCAF as a carpenter and woodworking machinist at Camp Borden. In 1936 he was posted to the 110th Squadron in Toronto and while there, among his duties was the job of packing parachutes for all the district aviation. When war broke out he was sent to Manning Pool, Toronto, as a recruiting sergeant. In fact, Jock claims he helped move some of the animals, etc., out. June of 1940 found him at TTS and in November of the same year he was posted to Picton. July, '41 he returned to St. Thomas as a WO2 and was appointed supervisor of the Examination Board.

During the visit of the King and Queen in 1939, Jock was on guard duty for their tour of the Niagara district.

He was an excellent swimmer and soccer player both in the old country and here. His favorite hobby in Scotland was motor bike racing, he and his brother winning much fame and quite a collection of cups and medals.

Before the war, in the good old days

of 28 days' leave, he used to go home to Scotland on his annual leave. He has been to the Continent several times and can relate some interesting experiences.

While chairman of the purchasing committee of the sergeants' mess he was responsible for the addition of some fine furnishings. He was also instrumental in obtaining permission for the establishing of the now popular Sunday afternoon visitors' hour.

The proud parent of an up-and-coming son and daughter, Jock devotes most of his time trying to keep up with the children.

Being one of the most popular N.C.O.'s in the school, he takes a keen delight in social activities and his presence is always felt at service functions in the district.

**A. E. M's.**

- F/Sgt. S. Gay. Supervisor for the AEM section of the Trade Board, Sid. makes Toronto his home. Educated at Dufferin Street School in Toronto and Penn Yan Collegiate in New York. He spent his early life in electrical work in Eastern Ontario. Previous to enlistment he was a valued mechanic in specialized service with A. D. Gorrie & Co., of Toronto, and after the war hopes to return to Alderwood and continue on with his pre-war occupation.

Sid. has made color photography a hobby, being past president of the station camera club, and has furnished many a pleasant hour for his friends with exhibitions of his work.

He is also interested in boating, maintaining a sleek little runabout at Port Stanley. On a sunny Sunday afternoon Sid. may be seen doing a bit of sea-wall cruising, and has developed a technique along this line that is really an art.

- F/Sgt. R. H. Lundberg. A resident of

West Toronto, attended HumberSide Collegiate and Technical School. On graduating from collegiate, "Ralph" engaged in garage business as a motor mechanic.

The highlight in his life was his trip to Europe, touring the British Isles, France and Belgium, and his first-hand information on the locale at Dieppe, is very interesting. He intends to visit France sometime in the future, when he has mustered enough of the language, to ask for something besides "ham and eggs."

His hobbies are photography and golf, and after the war hopes to enter the refrigeration and radio business.

- F/Sgt. J. A. Rutherford. One of the "Rutherfords," Al calls Brantford his birthplace, and has two sisters and brother also wearing air force blue. He attended schools in the home town, completing his course in automotive engineering and machine shop practice. During his school life Albert leaned toward amateur dramatics, and we understand that with the proper setting (new moon, low music, scent of magnolias) Romeo was romantically portrayed. However, he also engaged in clinches on the football field, playing end position for Brantford in Junior O.R.F.U.

Since accepting paternal duties, which by the way takes up considerable portion of his time, he has devoted himself to becoming a real golfer and bowler.

- F/Sgt. C. C. McKendry. Born in Russell, Ontario, and educated at Russel Collegiate, "Cec" immediately started in



garage work. He has had a great deal to do with keeping Eastern Ontario highways free from snow by his maintenance work on snowplows.

Coming to TTS in one of the very early entries, he remained here as an instructor in aero-engine components. His vast mechanical experience has made him a valued member of the trade board. His hobby is homecraft, and has many exhibitions of his talent to decorate his home. At the present "Cec" is engaged in very secretive work in his spare time (something to do with solenoids). After the war he hopes to again return to mechanical work.

- F/Sgt. J. M. Matthews. "Slapsie Maxie" is a lad from the Bay of Quinte, calls Belleville his home town. He was educated at Belleville High School, receiving his Senior Matric. after what he says was a most strenuous and arduous task.

While at school he played practically

every sport, but hockey and baseball were his first love.

After leaving school he entered a district attorney's office as a law student,



but his desire to see the world, robbed Canada of what might have been, one of her greatest lawyers.

He then went to Detroit to work for the Ford Motor Company, staying there for about five years. Hockey being in his blood, he played junior and intermediate O.H.A. with Windsor.

Back to Belleville again, this time with Corby's Distillery as a cost, time and study man, spending most of his time in the sample department. Then for a short while he operated his own garage and vulcanizing business.

In 1935 he joined the Civil Service in the Department of National Revenue as a customs excise examiner and, believe it or not, was posted to Corby's again to put the official seal on the bottles.

In civil life his favorite hobbies were duck hunting, canoeing and figure skating. Since entering the service he has satisfied himself with social activities which include an exact facsimile thereof of Fred Astaire.

From the start of school to the time of the war, Maxie was greatly interested in dramatics and played in many productions.

Very much married, with two boys and two girls, Maxie can't get any better than fifth in the meal parade at home.

His very charming wife, of whom he is very proud, must possess the qualities of Sherlock Holmes and Edgar Hoover to keep up with Maxie at social activities.

• Sgt. J. B. Ledger. Born in Rainy River, Jimmie makes Toronto his home. Educated at Rainy River High, he also took a course in flying at Park Aeronautical School, St. Louis, where he obtained his pilot's license. Jimmie's life has been taken up with selling everything from insurance to automobiles (including ideas on hair tonic). His hobbies include chess and golf (rather sedate for a lad who was a "heller" in his youth), but at present Jimmie's time is being taken up perfecting the "ideal home of the future." After the war he plans to return to Toronto, where by his eloquence and persuasive powers will build Ledger Car Sales into a flourishing business.

(Note—"We sell anything."—See Ledger Sales Incorp.)

• Sgt. G. McWilliam. Victoria, B. C., sent George into our midst. Born and educated there, he attended Victoria High School, and a member of Arts '29 at the University of British Columbia. Previous to enlistment he was engaged in transport and trucking work, maintaining his own business in Victoria. Having been an instructor in several sections of TTS, he is an asset to the trade board.

He has become an enthusiastic chess player and golfer. George has decided that the East agrees with him, and plans

to settle in Toronto after his tour of duty with the service to engage in automobile sales and service.

• Sgt. K. C. Vincent. "Joe," born within a stone's throw of TTS, catches the L. & P. S. every night into London. His education completed at St. Thomas Collegiate, he hid himself to Detroit to offer his services to Studebaker Corporation. Transferring his mechanical knowledge to Cadillac Motor Co., he became a holder of the Cadillac Craftsman's Certificate, something which very few men possess.

Coming back to Ontario, he operated his own garage at Union, Ontario, and gives out with many interesting tales of the "old days" at Port Stanley. Hunting and fishing absorb his spare time, apart from maintaining law and order in a family of five girls and one boy ("Joe" beats Eddie Cantor). His boy, a chief petty officer in the Navy, comes home on leave to give "Joe" a few orders. After Hitler is hanged, "Joe" plans to again open up a business in London, where specialized ignition service on automobiles will be carried out by Kenneth Colborne Vincent, Esq., but "Joe" to his friends.

• Cpl. D. A. Jordon. "Dave" at present time calls Vancouver home. Born in Pen-ticton, B. C., his boyhood days were spent on a plantation in Cuba, and throwing snowballs in the Klondike. He completed his education at Vancouver Collegiate, and decided to see the world through a porthole. Joining the C. P. R. Steamship Line, he sailed the Pacific from Australia to the Aleutians, and has a nifty collection of stamps and curios to while away his later years. Marrying a girl from North Battleford, Sask., Dave settled down in Vancouver. Previous to joining the service he was engaged in transport work, but plans to remain in the RCAF after the war if possible.

## A. F. M's.

• F/S L. L. Black. Maitland, Ontario, on the St. Lawrence River, was Blackie's birthplace. His younger days were spent in trying to keep out of work and driving the old '28 Chev. between Maitland and Brockville, where he attended high school. Finishing off his schooling at Central Tech. in Toronto, he tells us he was no mean rugby player, and from his size and actions around the board room we can readily believe him.

Before enlisting, Blackie was in the general contracting business, building houses both great and small, and was known as the Chic. Sale of Maitland.

He came to TTS early in 1940 with the 4th AFM entry, and well remembers the day and night shifts that were in vogue at that time.

Spending considerable time in the various AFM phases, he was transferred to the Examination Centre, where he now holds the position of supervisor for the AFM section of the trade board.

Blackie is happily married and the proud father of Blackie Junior. He enjoys practically all sports, at present being the enthusiastic secretary of the Sergeants' Bowling League. He is also quite a connoisseur of the culinary arts, and has never been known to refuse a second helping.

• F/Sgt. R. W. Winnett. "Dick," as he is known to all and sundry, can be classed more or less as a local boy. Born in London, he made his home there until his marriage a couple of years ago and now calls himself a citizen of Byron. (London is a suburb of Byron, according to Dick.)

During his career he has worked in Detroit and several other American and Canadian cities, and has worked at nearly everything from boiler-making to selling stocks.

His interests are varied—he is always



## A. F. M.

Standing, left to right: Sgt. E. F. Astbury, Sgt. W. T. Baron, Sgt. L. A. Green, Cpl. M. R. Bjork, Cpl. F. C. Jones.

Seated, left to right: Sgt. E. V. Grondin, F/Sgt. F. W. Winnett, F/Sgt. L. L. Black, F/Sgt. C. M. Merriam.

busy on his correspondence courses and has also his chickens and dogs to look after. He is an ardent sportsman, doing his share of fishing and duck hunting in the proper season.

Dick's post-war plans are still rather indefinite, but if anyone reading this little article knows of a vacant position with good pay and short hours, he would be quite pleased to get the details with a view to filling out an application.

• F/Sgt. C. M. Merriam. Tara, Ontario, presented us with "Ches," a lad born and raised there and well known for his prowess in the world of sport, hockey and baseball being his stock in trade.

His brother, a permanent force man now with the King's Commission, was an incentive for him to join the RCAF.

Educated at Tara High School, he spent his after-school hours at the local office of the Bell Telephone as a "hello boy" (swell chance to collect phone numbers, and he did). On leaving school, Ches. enhanced his father's hardware and tinsmithing business with his presence and as a junior member represented the firm at the hardware conventions in Toronto. He is in the same class as Harry James with a cornet and displayed his art on arriving at TTS. However, with a baby girl around the house, his wife has now decided that bowling is a much quieter hobby.

"When the lights come on again," Ches. plans to return to Tara and again put a load on dad's shoulders by gracing the hardware counter with his smiling face and resuming his seat as a member of the local council.

• Sgt. L. A. Green. Comes from South-western Manitoba, where he was born in the small village of Medora, situated among the big farms and tall wheat of the West.

Became interested in fur farming at an early age, and followed that line of business until enlisting in the present war. Oh, yes, he is among the older men of the trade board, having spent several months as an enlisted man in the last war (another old sweat).

Hobbies are baseball, hunting and curling; as a curler he tells us he has accumulated a large number of curling prizes.

Arrived at the TTS in the summer of '40 with the 23rd entry. After completing the AFM course, was retained as an instructor. After several months in the hydraulic section he moved on to the flight routine section, where he spent nearly two years expounding in the mysteries of forms and pubs before coming to the trade board in April of '43.

After each hard day's work on the board (if not on duty at the wing), Larrie rushes to his home in St. Thomas, where he resides with his very capable wife and family, which consists of one small red-headed boy.

• Sgt. E. F. Astbury. "Fred" hails from Vancouver, but in his more than three years in the East has at last become inured to the local climate. He also lived for some time in Winnipeg, so he is quite familiar with the habits and customs of a cross section of Canada, including both Easterners and Westerners.

His wife is a St. Thomas girl and the remainder of the family consists of one young son.

Freddie has worked in several of the AFM sections and is recognized as an authority on metals, having given much time and study to the subject.

His fondness for music is well known and he was a member of the volunteer

brass band before the permanent band was established on the station.

After the war he hopes to utilize his knowledge of machine shop and metal work to a profitable means.

• Sgt. E. V. Grondin. Ernie tells us he was born in Blind River, Ontario. Due to his small stature he was a very successful jockey and spent a number of years seeing the world from the backs of the ponies.

Ernie is a welder by trade. "He wields a wicked torch"; while following his trade with the Magnolia Oil Company his work has taken him to most parts of the U.S.A. as well as South America.

AC2 Grondin arrived at the big technical school with the 19th entry; on completing his course was retained as an instructor. After spending a couple of years in the welding section, was moved to the hydraulic section; from there he was called to the trade board. The fact that he can speak French as well as English makes Ernie a very valuable man on the trade board.

• Sgt. W. T. Baron. A large percentage of the staff at TTS are from Western Canada and Walter is proud to be one of the "percenters." He was born in Saskatchewan but now claims Carberry, Manitoba, as his home town. He was a member of the 54th AFM entry and his instructional duties have been carried out mostly in the basics and rigging sections.

Being one of the last bachelors on the trade board, Wally is eligible for the strains of Lohengrin any day.

• Cpl. V. C. Jones. Fredy, as he is known among the boys, is a real "Hogtown Feller," having been born and educated in Toronto. During the period before enlistment he spent a number of years working for the T. Eaton Co. When not busy at work, most of his time was spent in his private carpenter shop; his lighter moments were spent in sailing, fishing and hunting.

Fredy arrived at our big school of technical knowledge with the 53rd entry. Upon completing his course, he stayed on as an instructor. After two and a half years of instructional work, Fredy has accumulated a vast store of technical knowledge, having worked in many sections, including basic, rigging, carpentry, splicing and hydraulics.

After each hard day's work Fredy goes happily back to his wife and two small children to enjoy the social life in Port Stanley.

• Cpl. M. R. Bjork. "Milt" is the latest addition to the AFM trade board, coming to us from Maintenance a short time ago. He hails from Saskatchewan and will probably return to that part of the country at the conclusion of hostilities.

He is an accomplished tennis player, and back home in the West was an ardent curler (stones, not irons).

During the Christmas season he journeyed to Toronto and took unto himself a wife. The new bride and groom have taken up residence in St. Thomas and we have no doubt that his wife will see that his ability with the curling broom will be put to good use in the Bjork household.

A very studious chap, Milt has been devoting much time to the study of psychology.

## I. M's

• F/Sgt. A. I. L. MacGregor. A former watchmaker and jeweller from Vancouver. Attended John Oliver High School

and has taken several courses in photography, electricity and machine shop. "Al" was honor student in the first Instrument entry and has been at TTS ever since.

His hobbies are badminton, swimming



## I. M.

Left to right: Sgt. E. G. Ratcliffe, F/Sgt. A. I. L. MacGregor, Cpl. G. A. Wetter.

and model-making. He can be found any Sunday night singing beside his wife, a bride of last spring, at the United Church choir.

• Sgt. E. Ratcliffe. Calgary has earned world-wide renown for its annual stampede and running a close second is the fact that Ed. claims that city as his birthplace and his home. He received his high school education there, and during his years at school took part in all school sports, including baseball, basketball and skating. He was also an enthusiastic exponent of the Thespian art.

His civilian occupation was radio servicing and repair, being first employed by the T. Eaton Co. and later having a repair shop of his own. For a short time he worked in Banff.

A highlight of his boyhood days was a trip to England. Photography being his chief hobby, he is an ardent member of the TTS Camera Club.

Although still single, Ed. visits Toronto regularly and our conjecture is that he will soon join the ranks of the benefactors.

• Cpl. G. Wetter. Gordie was born in the broad spaces under the sunny skies of Eastern Alberta.

He received his education at Fleet High School, where he was considered among the best, having won a scholarship presented by the University of Edmonton. After completing his course on agriculture, he started in at once to operate his own farm (horses may be man's best friend but to this lad they are only a pain in the neck), for Gordie's farm is operated entirely by machinery. His hobby as a mechanic and his well equipped machine shop makes it possible for him to service his own machinery.

Having grown up with and married to the girl next door, Gordie is patiently awaiting the day when they can return to the "little gray home in the West."

## Electricians

• F/S Klein. "Sid." calls Montreal his home town, and claims he is a thoroughbred "Quebec Irishman." Attended Commercial High School and Montreal Technical School, where he took a four-year course in electricity. After graduation he joined the educational staff of the Y.M.H.A., Montreal. Before enlisting, was working on the construction of a

Montreal light, heat and power substation.

"Sid." was in the first electricians



Electricians

Left to right: Sgt. A. M. Jacobs, F/Sgt. S. Klein, Cpl. J. Ferris.

entry, and was the first RCAF electrical instructor at TTS.

His present hobby is reading, and says he would also like to study advertising. (Boxes, boxes, boxes.)

• Cpl. J. Ferris. This smiling lad comes from Toronto. A graduate of Central Technical School in Electricity, and was employed with the Toronto Transportation Commission before enlisting. Jack was in the army for a while, and then transferred to the RCAF. Plays a fair accordion, and is greatly interested in and a keen student of Bible study. Can be identified, when passing him in the corridor, by the bulging package of tracts under his arm.

• Sgt. A. M. Jacobs. Arthur, born in Coniston, Ontario, was raised in the "Gateway of Navigation" (Port Colborne. Starting in Port Colborne High School and Welland Tech., he rounded out his education with a course in Electrical Engineering at Bliss Engineering College, Washington, D.C. During his youthful years he excelled in sports, gain-

ing his letter in hockey and football and his ground work in these sports proving their worth when he played O.H.A. hockey and O.R.F.U. rugby for dear old Port Colborne.

On leaving school he was employed by the Maple Leaf Milling Company, in the engineering department, and under the careful tutelage of Dad, rose to a very responsible position.

The highlight of Art's life was his trip to the British Isles in 1930, but he also retains memories of everything coming up but the moon. "Jake" is an amateur dramatist of rather outstanding talent, specializing in musical productions. His hobby is the designing of small electrical equipment, which he hopes some day may add to the family coffers. At the present time he is seriously trying to beat Eddie Duchin and can really give out with hot licks. He is quite proficient in the terpsichorean art (so he says), but we know that it was the charming personality of his wife that really enabled



him to win those prizes in rug-cutting at section dances. If "Darkness on the Delta" doesn't overtake him, "Jake"



plans to return to Port Colborne and again take up his duties with the Maple Leaf Milling Company in the engineering department.



## And Verily, Words of Wisdom Cometh from the Mouths of Babes:

Cpl. Ferris—"Aw Puh."  
 F/S Klein—"Don't call me brother!"  
 Cpl. Wetter—"What makes the C.....y thing work?"  
 Sgt. Grondin—"How much you win?"  
 Sgt. Astbury—"He binds me rigid."  
 WO Anderson—"I 'member back at Borden in '30 . . ."  
 Sgt. Merriam—"I mind the time . . ."  
 Cpl. Bjork—"Yes, but it says in my book on psychology."  
 F/S Black (to anyone within 50 feet of filing cabinet)—"What do you want in there?"  
 Sgt. Winnet—"Now, when I worked for the old man . . ."  
 Sgt. Green—"Now, when you're raising foxes . . ."  
 F/S Gay—"Now gather round, fellows, and we'll hold a meetin'."  
 Sgt. Matthews—"Oh yea, but where do I come in on this deal?"  
 Sgt. Ledger—"Hold the phone, now."  
 Sgt. Vincent—"And me with 4 aces."  
 F/S Lundberg—"I called on 'Dunc' last night and he was sold out."

Sgt. Jacobs: "Who's got a light?"  
 F/S McKendry—"Now, down home, we had an old fella . . ."  
 Sgt. Baron—? ? ? ? ?  
 Cpl. Jones—"I'll do these and to h.....l with the rest."  
 Sgt. Ratcliffe—"After being to Toronto I don't remember a thing."  
 Cpl. Jordan—"Yes, but the rain is dry in Vancouver."  
 F/S MacGregor—"It may be so, but it ain't legal."

### PRIMARY AMBITIONS

Sgt. Vincent—To beat Matthews and Ledger in an argument.  
 Sgt. Winnett—To get a promotion.  
 F/O Clarke—To get a quizz to end all quizzes.  
 F/S Klein—To be posted to Dorval.  
 Sgt. Ledger—To analyze the question for F/S Heath.  
 F/S McKendry—To invent a solenoid controlled damper for a kitchen range.  
 WO Anderson—To acquire for himself a Texas oil well.

F/S Rutherford—To raise 25-pound roosters.  
 Cpl. Jordan—To be a concert pianist (with help of his wife).  
 F/S Gay—To be mayor of Brown's-Line (Toronto).  
 Sgt. McWilliam—To find a reamer to fit his pipe.  
 Sgt. Baron—To develop a deep bass voice.  
 Cpl. Ferris—To play "Bless 'em all" on that squeeze box.  
 Sgt. Grondin—To own a "Derby winner."  
 Sgt. Jacobs—To be a free-lance correspondent for Dorothy Dix.  
 Sgt. Matthews—To develop a "routine" to beat Astaire.  
 F/S Black—To have "Larry" serve four square meals a day.  
 Sgt. Astbury—To be personal adviser to "Mr. Anthony."  
 Sgt. Merriam—To trade test the last AFM in the TTS.  
 Cpl. Wetter—To produce a mechanical bovine.

## Coming Events

### Tuesday, January 18th

Variety Show No. 3 Troupe, from London (Tweedsmuir Players) at 2015 hours in the Drill Hall.

Tuesday night dance at Y.W.C.A., St. Thomas, 2000-2345 hours.

### Wednesday, January 19th

C.O.'s Sports Trophy games in Drill Hall at 1900 hrs.

Glee Club rehearsal at 1930 hrs. in Lecture Room No. 6.

Square dancing in Rec. Hall at 2000 hours.

### Thursday, January 20th

Symphonic recorded music programs at 1930 hours in No. 2 Wing Airmen's Mess Hall.

### Friday, January 21st

Movies in the Rec. Hall at 1845 and 2045 hours. "Frontier Badmen."

Twin Triangle dance at Y.W.C.A., St. Thomas, 2000-2345 hours.

### Saturday, January 22nd

Squadron dance (No. 2 Sqn.) at 2200 hours, in Rec. Hall.

### Sunday, January 23rd

Movies in the Rec. Hall at 1845 hours.

### Monday, January 24th

Variety show—Lever Bros. "Life-buoy Follies" at 2015 hours, in the Drill Hall.

Camera Club meeting in Camera Club Dark Room, opposite the post office, near the barber shop.

### Tuesday, January 25th

Squadron Drill Trophy Competition in the Drill Hall at 1930 hrs.

Movies in the Rec. Hall at 1845 and 2045 hours. "Cherokee Strip."

Tuesday night dance at Y.W.C.A., St. Thomas, 2000-2345 hours.

### Wednesday, January 26th

C.O.'s Sports Trophy Games in the Drill Hall at 1900 hours.

Glee Club rehearsal at 1930 hours in Lecture Room No. 6.

### Thursday, January 27th

Symphonic recorded music programs at 1930 hours in No. 2 Wing Airmen's Mess Hall.

### Friday, January 28th

Movies in the Rec. Hall at 1845 and 2045 hours. "Captive Wild Woman."

"Twin Triangle" dance at the Y.W.C.A., St. Thomas, 2000-2345 hours.

### Saturday, January 29th

Squadron dance (No. 4 Sqn.) in the Rec. Hall at 2000 hours.

### Sunday, January 30th

Movies in the Rec. Hall at 1845 hours.



Acclaimed by critics as one of the best entertainments yet presented for the benefit of Canada's armed forces, the Life-buoy Follies comes to TTS on January 24th, on its third circuit of naval, army and air force camps in Canada.

Organized and financed by Lever Brothers, the Follies was first launched in 1941 expressly for the entertainment of the armed forces, and in the two years since has entertained over a quarter of a million men in uniform, playing a total of over 300 performances at more than 200 camps across the Dominion.

Each member of the Follies cast is a professional performer and amazingly versatile. Pat Rafferty, Jimmy Devon, and Jack Ayre have been by-words for hilarious comedy and musical antics since they first won popularity in the renowned "Dumbells," which toured the trenches in the last Great War.

## Honour Students

### Welders

AC2's F. Russell Vancouver, B. C.

### Air Frame Mechanics

AC2's J. J. Kuhn, Regina, Sask.;

M. D. Smith, Owen Sound, Ont.;

E. L. Lorimer, Toronto, Ont.;

C. B. Hiltz, Martins River, N. S.

### Aero-Engine Mechanics

AC2 A. G. Wright, Leeville, Ont.;

LAC H. Young, Regina, Sask.;

AC2's R. B. Johnson, Truro, N. S.;

S. A. T. Schultz, Toronto, Ont.

### Carpenters

AC2's E. A. Labelle, Cornwall,

Ont.; J. G. Corner, Toronto, Ont.;

J. H. Fischer, New Hamburg, Ont.;

M. Jackson, Toronto, Ont.

### Metal Workers

AC2's E. E. Cooke, Carlton Place,

Ont.; R. W. Gulliver, Oshawa,

Ont.; B. W. Lester, Paris, Ont.

### Electricians

AC2's A. J. Jeffery, Newbury, Ont.;

W. L. Burrige, Toronto, Ont.

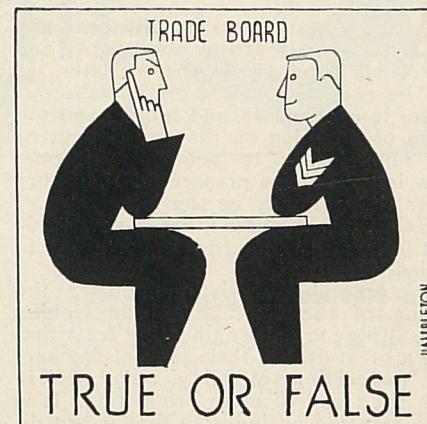
### Instrument Mechanics

AC2's G. H. A. Paget, Winnipeg,

Man.; F. H. Gordey, Cottam, Ont.;

W. J. Coe, Stratford, Ont.;

G. L. Wheeler, Carston, Alta.



- 1 • A "volt" is the unit of electrical flow.
- 2 • There are two types of soldering irons.
- 3 • The high voltage is produced in a magneto when the breaker points close.
- 4 • A diffuser maintains sea level power at altitude.
- 5 • A condenser prevents back lash in a magneto.
- 6 • Thread and cord is made in both right and left hand twist.
- 7 • A coarse tooth hacksaw blade is used for cutting thin tubing.
- 8 • Surface plates are usually constructed with three supporting feet.
- 9 • Oil dilution is never used in hot weather.
- 10 • The shank of a twist drill may be straight or tapered.
- 11 • There are four methods of producing "H.T." spark for starting an engine.
- 12 • A cold chisel is tempered and then case-hardened.
- 13 • No. 12 B.S. gauge wire will carry more current than No. 8 B.S. gauge wire.
- 14 • A thermocouple creates alternating current.
- 15 • T.R. Wasp cylinder head is cast iron.
- 16 • A second cut file and a double cut file are not the same.
- 17 • Density of the air is affected by the temperature.
- 18 • A decrease in breaker point gap will advance the mag. timing.
- 19 • A biplane has two sets of mainplanes.
- 20 • "Spongy" hydraulic brakes usually indicates air in the system.

(Answers on page 16.)

## 1944 DISTRICT PUCK DATES

The St. Thomas and District Hockey League schedule for 1944 as approved at an executive session in the Granite Arena on Sunday afternoon is as follows:

- Thur., Jan. 20—Army vs TTS.  
 Mon., Jan. 24—Aylmer vs. Crumlin.  
 Wed., Jan. 26—TTS vs. Fingal.  
 Thur., Jan. 27—Army vs. Fingal.  
 Mon., Jan. 31—Aylmer vs. Lon. H.C.  
 Wed., Feb. 2—Crumlin vs. Fingal.  
 Thur., Feb. 3—Army vs. Aylmer.  
 Mon., Feb. 7—Army vs. Crumlin.  
 Wed., Feb. 9—TTS vs. Army.  
 Thur., Feb. 10—Fingal vs. Lon. H.C.

**A**S this war enters its fifth year, the thought is driven home more and more that some day, sooner or later, we will be expected once more to take our places in civilian life, and not become too much of a burden on the government or the municipality to which we belong. Now is the time to prepare for the future. After the war may be too late.

Welding is a comparatively new trade that offers a wonderful opportunity to skilled operators.

The present-day aviation industry, the raising of the Normandie, the Golden Gate Bridge are all engineering feats that owe a great deal of their present-day success to welding. Welding, today, fits in with the trend of mass production. It is hard to name an industry that is not directly or indirectly connected with welding; with the result that the demand for skilled operators far exceeds the output of thousands of welding schools throughout Canada and the United States.

The various welding processes in general use may be classified as: Forge, Resistance, Electric Arc, Gas and Thermit.

#### Forge Welding

In this method, the metal is heated in a forge to a plastic stage and hammered together on an anvil.

#### Resistance Welding

This is a heat and squeeze process. When the parts to be welded are raised to a fusion temperature by an electric current, pressure is then applied mechanically to accomplish the weld. Examples of Resistance Welding are spot, flash, and seam welding.

#### Carbon Arc Welding

In this method of welding, the electrode is of carbon or graphite, and merely creates the arc and melts the metal. A filler rod must be used to supply the added metal.

#### Metallic Arc Welding

A metal electrode is used in this method. The electrode forms the terminal for creating the arc and also supplies the added or "filler" metal by melting.

#### Shielded Arc Welding

In the ordinary arc, the molten metal which passes from the electrode to the work is exposed to the atmosphere which contains chiefly oxygen and nitrogen. The molten base metal is also exposed to the elements. They combine with the molten metal, forming an oxide that is detrimental to a good weld. If the metal can be completely protected from the atmosphere, oxide will not form. This is achieved by coating the electrode or rod with a flux that has a higher melting point than the electrode.

As the arc is formed, the electrode melts before the flux with the result that

## TECHNICAL TOPICS

# WELDING

## OPPORTUNITIES



By Sgt. E. V. Grondin

Sgt. E. V. Grondin calls Windsor his home.

In 1927 Ernie crossed the border to the U.S.A., where opportunities led him into welding.

After completing two courses he worked for the Magnolia Oil Company of Texas. One year as an apprentice, then 13 years as a welder in general repairs (pipe lines, etc.).

Before returning to Canada in 1940 to enlist, three years of his time was spent instructing in the art of welding in South America.

the molten electrode is protected until it reaches the base metal.

As the flux melts, it forms a protective coating over the entire welded area.

#### Atomic Hydrogen Welding

This is a process of welding using a combination of Hydrogen Gas and A.C. electric arc.

#### Gas Welding

In this method, the high temperature necessary for welding is produced by igniting a mixture of two gases, usually oxygen and acetylene.

#### Thermit Welding

This process is based upon the chemical reaction of aluminum and iron oxide, and when ignited, develops a temperature of five thousand degrees Fahrenheit.

A man starting out to learn the trade of welding must have certain qualifications. First, he must have patience, because a welder must sometimes work for hours at a time in a cramped position with his arms above his head. Second, he must have steady nerves. Sometimes the quality of a weld depends entirely on the manipulation of the torch and rod. He must have an elementary knowledge of metallurgy, blueprint reading and template making. The latter may be accomplished by devoting a few spare hours a week to a correspondence course. He must then acquaint himself with the equipment he will be using. This may be accomplished by securing pamphlets and

literature from any one of the well-known welding supply companies. The next step is to take a course in welding from any competent welding school. This will take six months and cost approximately three hundred dollars.

During the course, the student will be expected to learn forehand and backhand welding techniques on butt, tee, and lap joints, in the flat, vertical, and overhead positions. He will, also, be expected to learn brazing, cutting, alloy welding and various methods of job assembly and repair. The above will be confined chiefly to oxy-acetylene and electric arc welding. Upon graduating, the operator should not make the common mistake of trying to secure a job as an experienced welder.

The next step is to take a job as a welder's apprentice. The wages will be approximately fifty cents an hour. This will give the operator the opportunity to gain confidence and experience. Certain parts of the welding trade are impossible to teach and are gained only through experience. After serving a year as an apprentice, the operator is then qualified to accept a job as a full-fledged welder. The wages will depend entirely on how much the operator has improved his general knowledge of welding, and the other subjects that go to make an expert welder.

Generally speaking, welding operators are in four wage classes.

An operator who has a limited knowledge of oxy-acetylene welding and cutting can demand from forty-five to sixty-five cents an hour.

An operator who has a limited knowledge of oxy-acetylene welding, cutting and arc welding can demand from sixty-five to ninety cents an hour.

An operator who has a general knowledge of oxy-acetylene welding, cutting, arc welding, blueprint reading, template making can demand from ninety to a dollar and fifty cents an hour.

An operator who has a thorough knowledge of all types of welding, blueprint reading, job estimates and template making can demand a yearly salary.

Contrary to common belief, welding does not impair the eyesight. Companies, such as the Linde Air Corporation and the Lincoln Arc Welding Company, have developed goggles and shields that render welding absolutely non-injurious to the eyes. True, the arc weld does throw off an ultra-violet ray that if allowed to come in contact with the naked eye can be very painful, but if the operator is careful and wears goggles or a shield at all times when welding, he need have no fear of this.

This article is written with the thought in mind that someone in uniform may profit by reading it.

Any information as to books and publications will gladly be given by contacting the educational officer.

### TIMBER DEFINITIONS — Continued from Last Month

**Mortise.** The cut made in a board as the receptacle for a tenon.

**Nosing.** One edge of a board worked into the form of a semi-circle.

**Oven Dry.** The term applied to wood which does not continue to lose moisture after an interval in an oven at 100 degrees Cent.

**Parquet.** Flooring made in geometrical designs with small pieces of wood of various colors.

**Quarter Cut (Quarter Sawn).** Lumber cut in a radial direction, that is, at right angles to the direction of the annular rings, in soft wood usually called edge grain.

**Rabbet or Rebate.** A longitudinal chan-

nel, groove or recess cut out of the edge or face of any member, especially one intended to receive another member and to improve the joint or more easily hold the member in place.

**Resaw.** The sawing of standard measured boards or planks, etc., into thinner lumber with circular or bandsaw.

**Secret Nailing.** Nailing boards in such a manner that the nail heads are not seen from the surface. Skew nailing from edge of boards, etc.

**Select.** In general, a word used in the lumber industry to imply high average grades of lumber.

**Shakes.** Defects originating in a living

tree due to frost, wind, or occurring through injury in felling, etc., which later show up in the manufactured lumber. Complete or partial separation of the annular rings.

**Skips in Dressing.** In surfacing lumber, slight depressions in boards and therefore remain in a rough condition.

### True or False Answers:

True—2, 6, 8, 10, 11, 16, 17, 19, 20.

False—1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 12, 13, 14, 15, 18.



# AROUND THE CIRCUIT



Compiled by Sgt. G. P. Hawke

## High Flight

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,  
 And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
 Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth  
 Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things  
 You have not dreamed of — wheeled and soared and swung  
 High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,  
 I've chased the shouting winds along and flung  
 My eager craft through footless halls of air.  
 Up, up the long delicious, burning blue  
 I've topped the wind-swept height with easy grace,  
 Where never lark nor even eagle flew;  
 And while with silent, lifting mind I've trod  
 The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
 Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

—John Gillespie Magee

They're telling one in the Electrical Section about Corporal "Smoky" Elliott.

It happened on December 17th. "Smoky" went dashing into the Memorial Hospital, where his wife and the newly acquired family were, and rushed pell-mell into the room.

The nurse was extremely irritated and remonstrated with the proud papa.

"Don't you know better than to come in here in your germ-filled clothes? Why, you're not sterile."

"Smoky" looked at her incredulously, "Lady," he said, "are you telling me?"

## And Not a Drop to Drink

The Irishman was relating his adventures in the jungles.

"Ammunition, food and whiskey had run out," he said, "and we were parched with thirst."

"But wasn't there any water?"

"Sure; but it was no time to be thinking of cleanliness."

—The Front Line

Mother (entering room unexpectedly): "Well, I never . . ."

Daughter (quickly): "Oh, but Mother, you must have!"

—The Gander, Gander, Nfld.

## Call of the Wild

I like pictures of pin-up girls.  
 I like shots of babes in swimmin'.  
 I like stills of movie starlets.  
 I'm a Stout Fielder—I like wimmen."  
 —The Fielder, Stout Field, Ind.

## To a Lovely Airwoman

I think that I shall never see  
 A girl refuse a meal that's free;  
 A girl who doesn't even wear  
 A mess of doodads in her hair.  
 Girls are loved by fools like me,  
 'Cause who on earth would kiss a tree?  
 (By a man)

Reply:

I wish that I could only see  
 A man whose hands aren't quite so free;  
 A man who wouldn't even dare  
 To kiss, to hug, to want to stare:  
 A man who won't expect too much  
 In return for a show, a dance or such;  
 A wolf who is not on a spree;  
 Brother, dear brother, show him to me!  
 (By a woman)

—The Gander, Gander, Nfld.

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## Airman Recognition Table

AC2—The lowest form of life in the service, overworked, underpaid, underfed, ill-treated individual who never complains — much. More commonly known as JERK. It is always financially embarrassed, and keenly awaits the bi-monthly visitation of the Great Bird. It is easily distinguished by its unkempt and unwashed appearance; to senior N.C.O.'s by its consistent absence from duty when wanted and by its incessant application for passes.

AC1—Having graduated to this social stratum, the jerk usually assumes its best blue, but still retains many of the vices of its late rank. It assumes an air reminiscent of long service, and becomes subject to fits of ungovernable rage when letters continue to arrive marked AC2.

LAC.—On reaching this rung of the ladder, a distinguished badge is presented which is displayed to all and sundry in an effort to impress upon them the fact that it is no longer an

ordinary jerk. Fond of explaining how difficult its props board was, and the various reasons why it was not passed before. Has a fondness for baggy slacks and greasy tunics. It is, nevertheless, still a sociable animal unless it gets an "OLD SWEAT" complex, when it becomes a BOUNDER.

CPL.—Denoted by two chevrons. Chief duty becomes "can carrying." Can be seen herding hordes of "unmentionables" and endeavoring to maintain discipline and order in the barracks. May often be heard yelling, "What! Orderly Dog again?" Develops an unquenchable thirst and a horror of parades. Has a keen eye for feminine charm, which pastime ranks almost equal to partaking in a "session."

SGT.—Three chevrons. It assumes an air of authority and the middle-aged spread. Has an unhappy faculty of making jerks' lives miserable. Never has any cigarettes or matches, offers as an excuse that his mess bill is stiff. Has brought to a fine art the cult of imbibing water infused with malt and hops, which is partaken of at any time of the day or night. Feeds in a separate mess, from which sanctum comes weird noises after dark when jerks are trying to sleep.

F/SGT.—Denoted by three chevrons mounted by a crown. Has a strong aversion to work, particularly after the regular daylight hours. Has a dread of jerks requesting autographs on passes, stand-to chits, vouchers, etc. Usually called Flight for short . . . when within earshot. Spends its time in finding fault and its money on itself.

W.O.—Wears a smooth suit bearing a crest and the motto, "Dieu et mon droit," on its sleeve. This motto, freely interpreted, means "My God but you're right." Must be addressed as "Sir." Inclined to be somewhat cranky and soured by long service and should not be saluted. Its bark—and what a bark!—apt to be a great deal milder than its bite. Ferocious to a degree, and not to be trusted.

—The Cape Bauld Explorer, Nfld.

## Mountain Marriage

Mountaineer: "Doc, I want you to look at my son-in-law. I shot him yesterday and took a piece out of his ear."

Doctor: "Shame on you! Shooting your son-in-law."

Mountaineer: "But Doc, he wasn't my son-in-law when I shot him."

—The Communique, Camp Livingstone, La.

## Another Pome

And here's the happy, bounding flea,  
 You cannot tell the he from she.  
 The sexes look alike, you see;  
 But she can tell, and so can he.

—Tyndall Target

# SANTA VISITS T.T.S.—Children of Personnel Have a Good Time

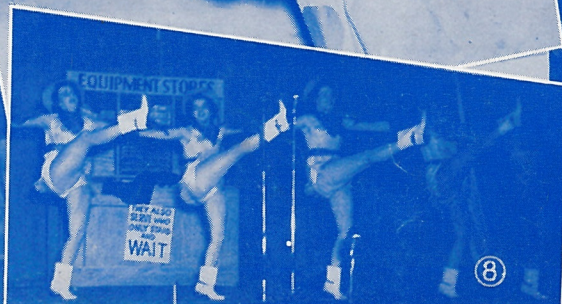


1 Santa (F/Sgt. McCready) takes a few side orders.

2 W. A. Aby Supplies Nourishment  
Left to right: Mrs. A. R. Perry, Mrs. F. L. Benson, Mrs. P. D. Chandler, Mrs. C. R. Kilgour, Mrs. D. Dunning, Mrs. O. S. Dunn, Mrs. Dalrymple, Mrs. W. P. Brien, Mrs. Lowe, Mrs. W. E. Tuer, Mrs. W. A. Winder.

3 F/Sgt. McCready assures mothers of his visit December 25th.

## "ALL CLEAR" LIFTS MORALE—AND HOW!



(1) The Morale Builders. (2 and 3) C.O. thanks entire cast. (4) F/O Marshall, i/c of show, Sgt. Slim Burgess, S/O Fahrenholtz, S/Ld. Bishop, Pres. Ent. TTS. (5) Our