

On The BANDSTAND

It's been some time since we had the pleasure of submitting copy to such a good paper. So now for a bit of highlights concerning our Band and this time I do mean Band.

First of all let me introduce our new members who were sent here from Ottawa as Bandsmen, LAC Simmons, AC Hickey and AC Tupman. Welcome, gentlemen, to Borden, and believe me when I say that if Ottawa sends us men like that to form the balance of the Band we will have a Band second to none and I don't mean maybe. These chaps have built up the Band wonderfully and the boys are proud to play with them. All I can say is boys that we are tickled to have you and I hope your stay in Borden will be a happy one so we can rise to the great heights, what am I saying?

Our old friend, Kelly Teal, is back but is sadly out of breath, in fact two of the boys had to pack him back to barracks after his first parade. I guess these Prairie farmers don't work so hard after all to get in that kind of condition. Anyhow, welcome home, Kelly.

The boys are right on the bit these days but they lost some of their mustard when we learned that we were losing our old friend and Band President, S/L Badgley. It seems that his old friend needs him with him at a station in Newfoundland. The boys are sorry to see you go, sir, and we all wish you the very best and hope that after the war you can lead us in a grand march around the old sand heap. We were more than delighted when we found out that we could fete our leader with a smoker before he left and I might say one and all had a very nice time. We were more than proud to have as our guest our C.O. G/C Edwards and along with him F/O Battersby and F/O Creeper. S/L Badgley introduced to the boys their new Band President F/O Bury and I'm sure that the boys will work along with him quite nicely as he is a musician in his own right and understands us.

There are still openings for any players so step up fellers and just name it and we have it. Our piccolo player needs a helper to pack his instrument back to barracks each day and we also need someone to lift Sills out of bed at noon hours but outside of that we would welcome any player who would like to join us.

I think that's about all for now so until our next edition I remain your tooth-pick swinger,

"Griff,"

The guy with the Sousa complex.

What's Cooking

(By Paddy)

It is quite true and safe to say that all personnel on this Station look forward to getting and reading the issues of "Wings Over Borden." Truly it can be said, it is our paper, our very own, and we are proud to receive a copy of it from time to time. Thanks to the Editor and those responsible for its publication.

Well, the Airmen's Mess hasn't had much to say lately, perhaps it's because we, the staff, have been so busy. To realize to some extent the work and preparation it takes to feed and accommodate about nine hundred

men, one just has to drop in at the Mess at mealtime and see for themselves.

The Orderly Officer pays a visit every day at noon and the usual question is asked, "Is there any complaint?" Everybody would be surprised if there were any, and some of us would miss a heart beat or two. Perhaps the majority of the staff have their little troubles or difficulties, but we can expect that for we realize there is a war on and a victory yet to win.

But to change the subject, and I must be brief, last night, our Hut Orderly came around, tucked us all in our beds, reminded us to say our prayers and turned the lights out. I soon fell into a deep sleep, and while in a trance, I dreamed I had died and suddenly found myself standing before the portal or gateway of the Celestial Kingdom. While gazing at the closed gates and wondering just what was about to happen, good old St. Peter appeared and looked at me not unkindly, and asked the following question, "What did you do in the World War No. 2 towards obtaining victory and a lasting peace?"

I was stunned for a moment and I must admit I couldn't think of one thing I had done. Then, like a flash my reason returned, and I replied, "I served in the Airmen's Mess at Camp Borden."

A look of sympathy and compassion came over the face of good old St. Peter, and in a voice betraying deep emotion, he said, "Pass, brother, all is well." And the gates opened wide for me to enter. As I stood there, too astonished to move, St. Peter noticed that I was bewildered and proceeded to clear the situation up so as I could understand.

Among the really fine things he said was this, "Anyone who stood at the steam table in the Airmen's Mess, day in and day out, and faithfully served so many meals, that had no word of thanks, not even a pleasant look, one who could be so patient and kind deserved something worth while in the Better World." I could see the whole thing through and woke up feeling happy and much alive.

Kindly allow me to pass along the moral. While many of the boys are kind, thoughtful and mannerly, wouldn't it be a won-

derful thing if we would all be a little more courteous and act like gentlemen even when we are hungry. Now I doubt if our kind editor will pass this scribble or not, but if he does, cheerio, and thumbs up!

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CONGRATULATIONS

To the Editor and Staff of

WINGS OVER BORDEN

on your first magazine issue

The First Co-operative Packers of Ontario Ltd.

Your Letter Home

When you are serving abroad or in some part of the Dominion far remote from your own home, your letters are your one tangible link with your family and your past civilian life. When you go overseas, delay in delivery may depress you far more than any other hardships of active service.

The National Defence authorities realize this and they are making every effort to ensure that your mail reaches you as soon as possible. The most recent, and perhaps the most welcome from the point of view of the man going overseas, is the Airgraph Letter Service.

The idea upon which the Airgraph Service is based is not new. In the Franco-Prussian war in 1870, efforts were made to send letters by carrier pigeon from Tours to Paris. The letters were copied by a photographic process at Tours. They were then printed on large sheets, each of which contained about 200 letters. Next, they were photographed, microscopically, on thin sheets of collodion, each about the size of a postage stamp. They were rolled into quills which were fastened to a pigeon's leg. The charge for the service was 10c per word and no letter could exceed 20 words. Only one out of four birds reached its destination.

The pigeon has been replaced by the long distance aircraft, and modern high speed American photographic equipment has replaced the clumsy reproductive methods of 1870. How does the service work and how can you make the best use of it? If you wish to send and receive letters quickly, your complete co-operation is necessary. Here is a brief explanation of how the Airgraph Service works and you may decide for yourself what advantages it offers over the old method.

Suppose you are posted overseas. You have no idea where you are going (and if you have, it is hoped you won't tell!) You promise to write home as soon as you disembark. You can do so by various methods. You can write an Air Mail Letter Card, which can be sent for 6c. You can write an ordinary letter and send it Air Mail, which will cost 30c per half ounce. Or you can send an Airgraph.

For speed, the Airgraph heads the list. It is said that one aircraft can carry more than 10 million Airgraph letters. The same number of Air Mail Letter Cards would fill 20 aircraft, while ordinary Air Mail letters would fill 68 aircraft for the same load. Your Airgraph letter is received at home in 8 to 10 days and your parents decide to reply by the same means. They go to the local post office and ask for a supply of airgraph forms. They write the letter according to instructions printed on the form, hand it in to the post office, pay the appropriate stamp duty (see rates below) and hope the letter arrives safely. What happens to the letter before it reaches you overseas?

First of all, the letter is passed to a central sorting office where it is sorted into Army, Navy or Air Force units and given a serial number so that the original can be referred to if necessary. The forms are then passed to another department where they are photographed on a Recordak machine at the rate of 2,000 an hour. The forms are photographed on what looks like 16 m.m. cine film, 1,500 letters to each spool. The spool is then processed and forwarded to its destination by air. The container in which this film with 4,500 letters, is shipped weighs only one pound, as compared with 112 lbs. for the same number of ordinary letters.

On receipt overseas, the airgraph becomes

a photographic print about 5 inches by 4 inches. These prints are folded and put into "window" type envelopes and mailed by the regular delivery system. You will receive it in your regular mail, like any ordinary letter. In Britain the General Post Office can handle 60,000 per day, and think nothing of it.

Now you ask what does this cost? R.C.A.F. Routine Order No. 927 dated 19, 6, 42, lays down the following rates:

From any civilian to R.C.A.F. personnel, serving anywhere, 6c.

From R.C.A.F. personnel to any civilian, 6c.

From any civilian in Canada to any civilian in Great Britain, 15c.

Airgraph letters must be addressed in the same way as your regular mail, following the lines laid down in examples published from time to time in your Unit Orders.

The Airgraph Service is your Service—it is one of the good things that have come out of the darkness of the war.

(The above article has been inspired by a recent similar article in the Royal Air Force Journal, and "Wings Over Borden" hopes that "R.B.R." of that Journal will forgive the free use which has been made of his idea, in order to bring this important subject to the notice of its readers).

—RCAF—

"The Last Trip"

Over the hum of the motor the pilot could hear the crash of thunder. Dirty weather it was, and bumpy! It took real concentration to keep her on her course. But he could do it; he was no rookie. This was his thirty-fifth trip. The last one! Land this one O.K. and he was through—two weeks' leave starting tonight.

Another peal of thunder. Good thing the radio wasn't being bothered by the storm, because the beam was just coming through. Follow the beam home and then it would be all over.

The motor hummed on steadily—it had never faltered once—good maintenance!

The beam was getting louder now, and the pilot forgot the thunder and concentrated on instruments and controls. This landing had

to be good. It would be ironical to spoil the last landing.

The descent was bumpy but successful and the landing was good. All over now—two weeks' leave—

As the instructor turned off the "rouge air" the student pilot strode to the window of the Link Section and said: "Look at that rain—and me going on leave."

Sgt. Thomas.

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