

DAY MAINTENANCE

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

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

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

Maintenance Wing

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

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

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

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

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

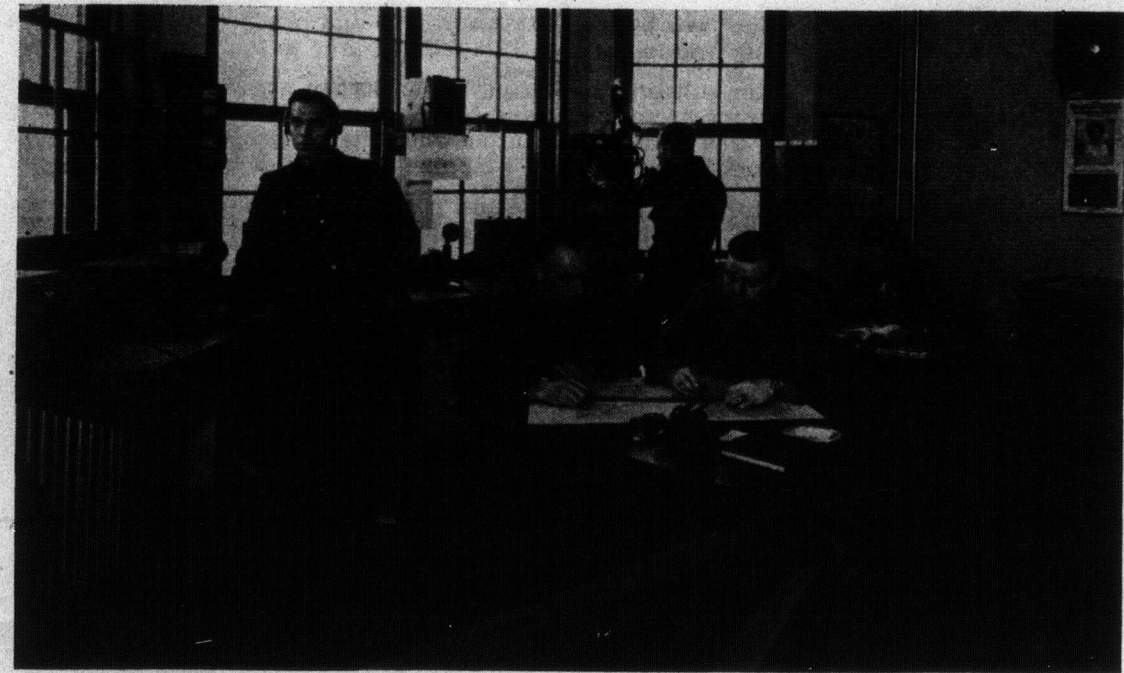
Day Maintenance forms the largest single group operating in one location. Their duties are legion, and are completed with a maximum of efficiency. To enumerate these duties would be beyond the purpose of this article, but the reader may conjure up all the possible things that can go wrong or happen to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

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

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

A. A. BUCHANAN, Flight Lieutenant.

WIRELESS SECTION



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

Even at Camp Borden, where lucky helmets, good luck sweaters, special buttons and a thousand and one other superstitions are indulged in by the flying personnel, there are few who believe in spirits (we refer to the banshee type). There is one section, however, where these little folk from another world have a very definite following. "The Pixies," as they are known by the fellows in The Wireless Section, are a peculiar lot, and while the flying personnel may not be acquainted with them they nevertheless are great friends of the pilots and pupil students. Yes friends, for these are the little folk who steal the knobs off inter-coms, the jewels out of control boxes, the plugs off cords, the switches out of remote control units, the buttons off microphones, the kilocycles out the A.T.R.'s and the energy out of batteries (lead acid accumulators to those who desire to be ultra R.A.F.). They are a busy lot these little lads from the world next door and the busier they are the busier too are the chaps you see pictured in the above plate.

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

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

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

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

Heard on The Green Band

1st Voice: This is Akron P1 calling. "This is Akron P1 calling. Are you receiving me?"
2nd Voice: Yes I am receiving you but who the hell is Akron P1?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This is one of the most helpful calls we have tuned in in a long, long time. (Made in very English manner.) "Hello! Hello! I'm transmitting. I'm transmitting. Are you there." Even if we were there we are not sure where that there should be. Even if we were (Continued on page 9)

