

Wings Over Borden

Vol. 3. No. 1

CAMP BORDEN, CANADA

March 3, 1941

Flyers' Basketball Team Beats Midland

FLYING OFFICER JACKSON'S CAGERS SHOW FINE FORM

(L.A.C. H. W. Cameron, Sports Editor)

BORDEN 20—MIDLAND 16

Wednesday night, Feb. 26, Borden Flyers downed Midland for the second win of the season. As the score indicates, the teams were quite evenly matched—both on the score and play. Players of both teams were somewhat lax on covering their checks. Midland and Borden have some very flashy passing plays and some of the lads sure can handle the old ball, just as if it were glued to them.

A.C. Bratt copped 6 points with Sgt.-Major Harris and L.A.C. Willis each getting 5, A.C. Brand following the lead with 4 points. Although scoring honors were held by these four players, the other lads of Borden turned in a fine effort and it will not be their fault if they do not make the margin much greater over future opponents.

Borden now advances into the playoffs against Orillia, playing in the Drill Hall Wednesday night, March 5, and the second game in Orillia, Friday, March 7.

The spectators, although few in number, had a real evening's entertainment—and for the brand of game turned in the boys of the Borden team deserve a whale of a lot better backing than they have received to date.

Borden	Flyers	Midland	Dianas
No.	Points	No.	Points
3. Brand4	2. Ney8
4. Harris5	3. Kettle0
7. Crowe0	4. Gerow0
8. Henderson0	5. Shakel2
9. Willis5	7. Parsons0
10. Fried-Lansky	0	9. Jory1
12. Lombo0	10. Nesbitt3
13. Bratt6	12. Almas2
		9. Moores4
Total20	16

CANADA MY HOME

Canada so fair I left behind
When duty called me over the sea,
A place more loved I never will find,
A country so strong and a nation free.

Her mountains, rivers, forests and streams are lovely,

Her sweetness as the seasons pass
Are all reflected in my dreams
Of a fair land, immensely vast.

And when the winter bids goodbye
To frozen lakes and snow clad hills,

The loveliness of spring draws nigh
Recalling days of endless thrills.

My thoughts have gone from coast to coast

Through lands where I have still to roam.

Why should I not be proud to boast
Of lovely Canada, my home?

—DAD PARKER.

"DAD" PARKER MARCHES ON



Above photo shows popular Dad Parker, veteran of Boer War and Great War, handing sports equipment to Airman.

If any man on this Station was to be given a token of recognition for long and continuous effort to the betterment of this camp, the unanimous choice would, without a doubt, rest with one person known to everyone here as "Dad Parker."

Dad Parker, whose home is at Lisle, came from Wales, where he had worked in coal mines—to this country in 1924, and at sixty years of age is as active as many men years his junior. He started to work here in Camp nine years ago, and except for a few days now and then that he may have been on leave, he has been here without fail. He did not start in the position he now holds in charge of Sports Equipment, but rather as one of many who worked here at that time, nor was the position given to him as a gift. He earned it. When a job had to be done, Dad Parker was always there, never questioning what it was, but where to start. In that way, when the others left, Dad Parker remained permanently.

The Sports Equipment was not the big task then that it is now, but Dad did any other work he could find to put in a day, everything from waking the boys at 6.15 a.m. to looking after horses; yes, horses! At one time some officers kept horses in Camp during the winter for recreational purposes and Dad seems to have been in charge of caretaking, but an incident, according to rumor, closed this ambition. It appears that the C.O. had a rather spirited animal that required exercise every day. All went well until one of those merry-making occasions came along, either Christmas or New Year's, but duty must be done and Dad Parker was no one to question it. To make a long story short, Dad Parker was seen astride the horse and away like an Indian Rajah. Whether any tigers were seen or not we do not know, but the low branches of a tree ended the quest and Dad Parker laid low for some time with a broken leg. Most of us are more fortunate.

During the time Dad Parker has been in Camp he has known more Air Force personnel than anyone else now on the Station. He has never been known to commit an unkind act or say an unkind word, he has never refused to carry out willingly any reasonable request and always has had a pleasant word of greeting. Many young men would do well to follow his example; always clean and tidy, well shaven and conscious of respect to his superiors.

The personnel of this Station realize that Dad Parker would be hard to replace, and with this thought in mind, we wish him many more years of good luck and success on this Station.

—CPL. HAMPTON.

TECHNICAL ARTICLES

Recently a suggestion was received by the Editorial Staff of "Wings Over Borden" that a little space be devoted to articles on technical subjects. This idea has merit and we feel that if each branch of the service would submit informative articles about their work and problems, that such articles would be of interest to the readers.

The first of the series entitled Travelling Claims appears in this issue. It is sincerely hoped that the information contained in this article will aid the personnel of this Station in preparing their claims for travelling expenses. We trust that this article will start the ball rolling and that other articles will appear in future issues.

GOOD LUCK, BILL

This week Camp Borden loses one of Nature's gentlemen in the person of Corporal Bill McIntyre of the C.D.C., who has been posted to Toronto. Bill's energetic, cheerful willingness has been interjected into so many of this station's activities that it is very fitting to say—WELL DONE—before we write off his loss.

Bill McIntyre came to this station in September and since that time he has won the esteem and admiration of every man who knew him. His sunny smile even lessened one's trepidation at approaching a dental chair, and when Bill can do that he's really got something.

Bill has been very active on the staff of "Wings Over Borden" and will be greatly missed. His ideas and writings have brought excellent results, and his efforts are a credit to both Bill and the paper.

Bill has also taken a very active interest in all phases of sport life at Camp Borden and himself succeeded in capturing the coveted golf championship in 1940 from all comers.

It will be of interest to all to know that a certain Miss McIntyre (no relation as yet to Bill) has said "yes" and on March 1 at Listowel it will be McIntyre vs. McIntyre, with the parson refereeing. (Wonder if the first will be called McIntyre McIntyre Jr.?) We wish you both a large share of health, wealth and happiness.

'Crossing The Bar'

"Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me
And may there be no moaning
of the bar
When I put out to sea."
—Tennyson.

The bell has tolled again. There is no sadness of farewell, but gratitude in our hearts, that we have known and served with men of such spirit and purpose, who so recently have responded to the call of the 'bell'. They offered their all when they enlisted for service, their all has been required of them in preparation for the defence of civilization. A new glory is now theirs — We honor their memory and extend our deepest sympathy to those who will miss them most.

Two Young Australians

L.A.C. Murray Ross

L.A.C. Colwyn Arthur

Canadians

L.A.C. William Nesbitt

L.A.C. W. H. Shortt

From America

Sergt. Pilot B. J. Smith

We salute you and 'carry on'.

F. LT. E. HARSTON, Padre.



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This paper does not knowingly accept or print material of an objectionable nature and every precaution in the power of the editorial staff is taken to keep its columns clear of matter of this kind.

It is to be hoped that all ranks will accept this paper in the same spirit with which it is intended.

EDITORIAL

The following is an article written by an Airman at Uplands. We think it is an excellent picture of the Y.M.C.A. on Active Service.—The Editor.

THE Y.M.C.A. KEEPS SCORE

"I have just been reading a report. Usually I can take them or leave them alone, but not this time. Though the report is all figures they are so tremendous, so apparently impossible, that my mind refuses either to take them in or let them alone. I see dancing in front of my eyes millions and thousands. If they were nice round figures like zeros it would not be so bad, but when you get 1,190,509 for instance my head begins to spin.

"I would have dropped that report pronto except for one fact. Every figure on that report, even the nine at the end of the million, represented a soldier of Canada (including Airmen as soldiers for once, we're not proud.) And every figure represented a soldier doing something hectic in one of the Y.M.C.A.'s scattered around the country in cities, camps, air fields and Manning Pools. Here, for example, were 722,941 soldiers taking baths. What a splash! And how much soap was left for the one at the end? Here again are 3,059,210 soldiers sitting round in circles, chewing their pens and wondering which of their various escapades could be described after they had written "Dear Ma." Yep, three million and several thousand and ten khaki, light blue or dark blue clad laddies sweating gently as they took pen in hand to write their sisters . . . or someone else's.

"There were 148,530 men (why could they not have humped themselves and made it 150,001?) who submitted to, or engaged in religious exercises. Apparently cleanliness comes before Godliness. But there were 1,988,333 men who went to movie shows. How civilization has advanced

"I don't want to make your heads spin too, so I'll spare you the other figures (even if you did add your little "1" in several cases). It is enough to say that 8,220,142 men of the Canadian forces made use of the "Y" facilities from September, 1939, to the end of December, 1940.

"Perhaps you did not know that Canada had that many men. Of course the answer is that every time you take a bath, write a letter, go to a show or borrow a book, you help to increase the score. If you took a bath every day, think how the score would mount! But however you look at it, it is an impressive total. Eight million and all the rest making use of the "Y" and not paying a cent for it.

"Sometimes I think we get too much for nothing. If we make no return at all it is far too much. But we can make a return, a payment in appreciation, in support, in goodwill. In our letters home, in our conversations, in our use of the facilities we can say "Thank you" to the men and women of Canada who, through the Y.M.C.A., have bathed us, moved us, given us note paper and helped to solve our little problems."

"Canadian Y.M.C.A. War Services, we thank you. It is a very impressive score you rolled up."

As members of the R.C.A.F. in the service of the Empire, there was a reassurance of our purpose in the recent address of President Roosevelt. There never has been, and never will be, any doubt as to why we are members of the R.C.A.F., but when the President of our neighboring country makes such a decisive speech, leaving no doubt in the minds of his hearers where his government stands in giving aid to Britain, we are bound to feel elated and grasp anew the faith we have in the job at hand. No matter how strong one's faith may be, encouragement is always welcome. President Roosevelt has given that encouragement. Consider his following statements, fellows, and then carry on just a bit stronger:

"Let us say to the democracies—We Americans are vitally concerned in your defence. We are putting forth our energies, our resources and our organizing powers to give you the strength to regain and maintain a free world. We shall send you, in ever-increasing numbers, ships, planes, tanks, guns. This is our pledge and purpose."

"The time is near when they will not be able to pay for them in ready cash. We cannot, and will not, tell them they must surrender merely because of present inability to pay for the weapons which we know they must have."

TRAVELLING CLAIMS

(By R-64363 L.A.C. Rorke, E.M.)

This article is written with the idea of aiding the personnel of this Station who from time to time are obliged to travel on public service, in the preparation of claims for travelling expenses. The writer has been on Temporary Duty at No. 1 Training Command doing a little research work on the subject and the highlights of the information obtained is contained herein.

Let us consider for a moment the purpose of Travelling Claims. They are definitely not a get-rich-quick scheme! Neither are they devised for the purpose of recovering the expenses of entertaining that little blonde at Podunk Corners, or for those "beverages" consumed on a stop-over at Montreal last week. But they are claims for recovery of legitimate expenses as governed by P. & A. and F.R. & I. regulations.

We must remember that these expenses claimed are payable out of the public purse, which is already suffering heavy drainage during this period of national stress. The custodians of this purse, being answerable to the public, must see that the rules and regulations are strictly adhered to. Careful economy in administration expenditures will make more money available for the purchase of planes, and other instruments of war.

Therefore, we should observe the following Golden Rule. When travelling at the public expense, we should travel just as economically as if the expenses of the trip were being paid out of our own pocket, and also to plan our trip carefully in order that no money will be expended that will be irrecoverable.

The next point is one of direct personal interest to the claimant. "How soon can settlement for the claim be obtained after the journey has been completed?" The writer's answer to this question, after his experience at the Command, is, **WITHIN A WEEK.** Now many will say immediately, "Well, that has not been my experience in the past." True enough, but if a claim is properly prepared and carefully checked at a unit, the Command is geared to receive it, check it, pass it for payment, have the cheque prepared and mail it back to the unit within a week. Considering the number of claims handled every day by the Command, the amount of correction and correspondence, this is very fast settlement. Therefore if we desire quick settlement we must put our own house in order first. But where to begin?

There is a story told of a traveller in Ireland who on inquiring the route to Dublin, received this hazy answer from a farmer along the road: "Wal," said the farmer, "I'd go straight along this road till ye cum to the forks, then turn—but hold on a minute; ye bitter go back the way ye came to the scind crossroad and go up the hill—no, but wait a minute." The old fellow paused and scratched his chin in a puzzled manner, then he finished: "Begorra, if I wis iver going to Dublin, I'd niver start from here."

This may be our trouble too, but with a good beginning a job is half done. A travelling claim must be prepared before commencing the journey. Paragraph one and two should be completed and the authority of the Commanding Officer obtained. Complete information regarding the nature of the duty should be given. Such terms as "posting" or "temporary duty" are

not sufficient in themselves, but should be qualified as follows: "Posting to No. 1 T.C." or "Temporary Duty—ferrying aircraft to T.T.S., St. Thomas." This is very necessary in order that the correct allocation of the cost of the journey can be made.

If journey is made by rail the Transportation Warrant numbers should be shown. A certification to the effect that so many meal tickets were issued or were not issued. If trip made by P.M.C., the proper authority should be given, the number of passengers carried, and the license number of the car should be shown.

When this has been done the person travelling should take the claim with him and obtain any certifications necessary. If claiming for taxi, claim should be certified that no government transport was available by the officer in charge of transport at the station visited. Also if claiming for lodgings and meals, a certification to the effect that no quarters and rations were available is necessary. If the period claiming quarters and rations is less than seven days, the signature of the claimant will suffice. If over that period the signature of the Commanding Officer at the station visited is required. By obtaining these certifications, much time and correspondence can be saved.

After the journey is finished, the claim should be carefully completed. All points carefully checked and signed by the claimant. The claim should then be passed to the Account Section for further checking, and the Accountant Officer will sign the claim as being examined, and the C.O. or delegated officer will sign as recommending payment. All signatures of the claimant must be original. All other signatures on the original and first copy of the claim should be original.

The claim will then be submitted to the Command. Assuming care has been taken, payment will be received very promptly.

Space does not permit the listing of all the points covering travelling claims, but the writer will be pleased at any time to cover them, with any personnel of the Station concerned with compiling claims or any others interested. Here are a few points, however, may be new to you:

Inasmuch as the railways in Canada are prepared to accept second-class transportation warrants for first-class accommodations, and the provisions of A.F.G.O. 35/1940, say that such warrants, where possible, are to be issued, Airmen up to the rank of Warrant Officers I, authorized to use P.M.C. under Article 100 (5)b P. & A., can only claim at the rate of 1 2/3c a mile when travelling by day.

On ferrying flights the per diem rate has been changed to \$3.25 per day for ranks up to W.O.2 and \$3.50 per day for W.O.1's. The rates for officers remain unchanged.

A man travelling by Trans-Canada Air Lines cannot claim travelling expenses while so travelling, as everything is provided for by this company.

In closing may it be said that the speed in which you obtain settlement is in direct ratio to how you prepare your claim. Therefore, please check it carefully before submitting, and do not claim for any expenses to which you are not entitled.

Barrie and Midland Melody Men, Dancers Provide Borden Concerts

Barrie joined with Midland recently to give Camp Borden a stream-lined stage show which was received with great enthusiasm by over 2,000 soldiers and airmen.

Bob Powell's Melody Men, 12 pieces in all, co-operated with Miss Isobell MacIntosh and her talented girl dancers and vocalists of Midland to give a two-hour programme without a stop or dull moment. The first show was held at the Y.M.C.A. Army Auditorium, from 1900-2100 hours. Over 1200 soldiers were on hand and hundreds were unable to gain admission as the theatre was taxed to capacity an hour before the show started.

Packing up quickly the entire cast of 20 drove to the R.C.A.F. theatre and presented the show a second time for about 800 airmen. It was another full house and included among the guests were Brig.-Gen. G. E. McCuaig, C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D., camp commandant, Col. S. A. Lee and other high ranking officers from Camp Headquarters, also Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E., commanding officer of the Air Station.

The show was arranged jointly by Walling Ruby, Y.M.C.A. Director at the R.C.A.F. Station, and Gordon Burrell, Y.M.C.A. Musical Director at the Army Camp. The latter acted as capable master of ceremonies at both performances, while the former introduced the performers at the Air Force theatre. As a native of Midland, he stated it was especially agreeable for him to introduce a group of young ladies from his home town, whom he knew well and was very much pleased they had offered to give their services in putting on the show.

Flying Officer Charles Godfrey, Director of the Theatre, voiced his appreciation at the conclusion.

The performers were entertained to supper at the Airmen's Mess after the show.

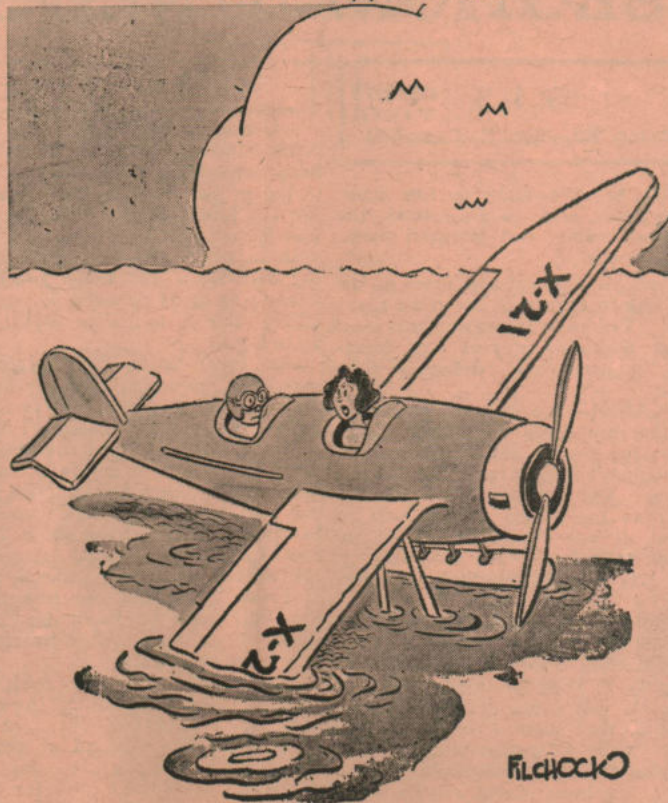
The show itself was based on stage musical numbers by the orchestra under the direction of Bob Powell and dance numbers directed by Miss MacIntosh, the dancers all being her pupils. Miss MacIntosh herself was highly received in a brilliant solo dance and also took part in dance routines with the other girls. They wore lovely costumes in different numbers and were called back for an encore every time. Besides Miss MacIntosh, those appearing in solo and chorus numbers were Misses Barbara Hanley, Joan Hanley, Joan MacDonald, Betty Stephens and Jean Adams.

The featured girl vocalist was Miss Noreen Preston, of Midland, with a lovely soprano voice, heard in four numbers with terrific applause.

The orchestra played some special arrangements of new and old tunes, and featured several comedy numbers with the entire group participating.

Archie Barth and Alfred Shepherd sang vocal solos, while these singers in a trio with Bill Bell were heard in several other numbers.

It Can't Happen Here



"Don't tell me you got a flat!"

DAY MAINTENANCE No. 2 Squadron

"Who's transferred now, and where?" has become the daily salutation and general topic of conversation in Maintenance of late, and it's no wonder because transfers have been frequent and sudden. We regret, very much, losing W.O.2 Vallance to Calgary. The Flight sends their best wishes with him and hopes the West will treat him well. The gang is very glad to welcome W.O.2 Drake as a worthy successor to **Sergeant Major Vallance** and we hope he does not find us too hard to get along with.

We have contributed senior N.C.O.'s to many other parts of the country in the last few weeks, namely, **Sergeants McHenry to Summerside, Wallace to Fingal, Waring to Dauphin, Ferrier to Moncton and Banville to Saskatoon. We feel that when our time comes to be transferred, no matter where we go, we shall bump into some of the old gang, and it will be a real pleasure.**

One Corporal Kelly, T. J., has gone to Calgary (for the stampede we suspect) but he did not take his Ford. We wonder if the new owner, "Sweet Cider" Cuthbert, realizes what a steed he has.

Little "Pop" Alexander and big "Dutch" Timmermans have taken up new posts at Dunnville. They should make a good team.

In spite of all these transfers, Maintenance is offering very stiff competition to any of you hockey teams who think you are good and we are only just getting in the "groove", so watch our smoke.

Our bowling team is also very formidable, particularly since Fenety has perfected his new system and we will take on all comers.

We offer apologies for this column, as this is our first try at journalism

"DAWN" FLIGHT By A.W.L.

Hello, Fellows. It's been some time since we have been in the paper but, like most good outfits, we pop up now and then. So here's a line of hangar chatter from "Dawn" Flight. First we must wish those Aussies that have left us a bon voyage. They will be remembered around here for sometime to come by most of us. It was a real night that evening they sprouted their wings. If you don't believe me, ask Mac.

How do you like the sweaters the boys are sporting around in; not bad, so they must be good.

Usually have an odd jest or so about our C.O. and instructors in this paragraph, but not this time. I wonder if they are just being good or signed some pledges. What say? F/L Reid & Company.

Did you hear about J.C.—the fitter who just bought a limousine and drove up from the big city in the south? He just about made Camp but it appears he forgot to put a little oil in it; it created a knock, you all know the rest.

Here's a sad story, fellows, and it breaks my heart to repeat but it's been in the hangar chatter for some time. One of our L.A.C. fitters had a date over at the Yank Corp and he's had a pitiful time repeating what he says. I wonder if the boys are getting deaf or is it the way he speaks. Oh you so and so's—just wait till I get my store teeth, says Crooky, as he weathers the storm of smart cracks.

Well enough is enough and when you got to go, you gotta go. So, until next issue we'll be flying with you, weather permitting.

and we had rather short notice, but we promise to do better next month (unless transferred to Mossbanks).
—A. H. F.

READ IT OR NOT (LAC Rorke, E.M.)

Well, my dear readers of Read It or Not, (both of you) your correspondent is getting "wised up" at No. 1 T.C. for a couple of weeks. What I haven't learned here at the Command, I've managed to pick up at the Casino. It's quite handy.

You should see the "Wet Canteen" No. 1 Training Command has. They call it the Royal York. Marvellous place. I've got a groove worn from our door to theirs. It's great to sit around on a chesterfield and have your beer served to you. There's just a suggestion for the Canteen Committee.

Speaking of drinking beer, I heard a new name for that room that all men seek who have been imbibing. They call them "Tinkle Pantries" in Toronto.

The little "steno" in the Claims Department sprang a good one today. She asked: "Did you hear what the strawberry soda said to the raspberry soda at the symphony concert?" Sadly I admitted I hadn't. The answer was, "I hear a rap-sody." Ouch, as the hen said when it laid the square egg.

This living out is quite a racket. I had to put myself on charge the other night for being late. I have a swell room on the third floor that I share with a couple of winking gals. The floor, you dope, not the room.

A certain party submitted a claim recently for travelling expenses, including a claim for a berth. As a berth had been issued on his transport warrant, he was asked to explain why he was claiming again. Here was the certification he gave: "Certified as the train was very crowded, I gave berth to an old lady."

Well, chums, must sign off now, but am hoping to see you soon.

AIRMEN'S DANCE

Monday night, Feb. 24, the hep cats, alligators and old-fashioned soft shoe artists gathered at the Town Hall in Barrie for a mixed jam, jive and polka session. The large, happy crowd indicates the increasing popularity of these dances. A great deal of credit must go to Walling Ruby for organizing and handling all the details in such an efficient manner, and orchids to Flight-Sgt. Bean for the good turnout.

Wally is the perfect host. It might be a good notion for some ambitious scribe to dig into Wally's past life and see if he ever was a magician. He certainly can conjure up some lovely visions as dancing partners. Sgt. Crowe at H.Q.'s established himself as a good picker and that wasn't cotton on his sleeve as he walked out of the door. The Gestapo was present in full strength, but their services were not necessary, as the boys and gals were all under control from start to finish. A certain A.C. started out the evening o.k., but ended up with his eye in a sling before the dance was over. He claims he ran into an elbow. Could be; he's only 5 foot two.

These dances are organized for your pleasure and it is sincerely hoped that you will be there next time.

AIR NEWS FROM OUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR

By Sergeant Goldberg, through the courtesy of Eastern Air Lines
 "Pilot of Airline debunks glamour of dive tests"

Eastern Airline Pilot who flew Airacobra 620 M.P.H., prefers Commercial Air Line flying because of its accuracy.

When mild mannered, soft spoken Andrew Charles McDonough, just turned 30, stepped from that Allison engined Bell Airacobra interceptor pursuit P-39 plane he tested for the Army Air Corps in U.S.A. at Buffalo, N.Y., he was unaware that he had flown 620 miles per hour; faster than man had ever achieved before.

Even when informed that his "free" dive as opposed to a power full on dive made with the propeller turning just rapidly enough to keep the Allison engine warm, had exceeded by 97 M.P.H. the indicated air speed required of such planes accepted by the Army, McDonough was still given to understatement. Two double checking recorders confirmed his speed.

Debunking the glamour of dive tests, McDonough said: "As you ride along at such a speed you don't feel any different than you did on a level keel. It's a better ride than you can get in a jalopy on the ground at 50 miles per hour. You don't realize you're going so fast until you pull out of the dive. Even then it is not so bad. When you pull out, you sit down a little hard in the seat. It's as though you suddenly sat down on a floor. Or maybe it's like being kicked by a mule, but not so sudden—it's more gradual, that's all." McDonough fails to see anything miraculous about flying. He understands the airplane and says airplanes understand him.

McDonough says that when you fly the Airacobra, you simply put your fanny in the seat until it becomes a part of the airplane. From there on you fly it with merely a wrist movement on the stick. It's one airplane you can't herd when you fly.

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SECTIONAL NEWS

G. I. S. SAFETY VALVE

Assoc. Ed.—Sgt. R. Campbell

Here we are, right on the deadline again, and judging from the hollow cheeks and haggard looks, spring is here.

There is a lot of big news in the making in regard to the puck play-offs. Teams are picking out their most powerful players and forming impenetrable defences—they hope.

FLASH!—Due to the proximity of the previously mentioned finals, there has been a severe shakeup in the driver's seat of the G.I.S. hockey team. Our erstwhile "roaring" Skipper has taken a back seat in favor of one Hank Goudis. Could it be old age or a couple of "nawsty" letters that did the damage?

Paget (from WINDSOR) and Cpl. Dyson were given final notice by the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Fans, a couple of weeks ago. It was found on close examination that their style of playing was strictly unconventional and surplus to the establishment. They have now been posted supernumerary to the dignified positions of Water Boy and Stick Boy, respectively. Auth./ letters No. 1 and 2, S.P.C.F., H/Q dated 2-1-41. Ft/Sgt. Scott to you.

There have been certain rumors heard by your reporter that the G.I.S. bowling team is not as good as it used to be. Probably a case of spring fever or could it be stiff muscles caused by too many physical jerks? Let's see some of the old fight, bowlers, we need the points.

It has been circulated quite freely that a certain G.I.S. orderly room Sgt. is on the verge of an urge. They say that the first case is always the worst. Not only is it hard on the constitution, but, when the cause of the case lives in Toronto, it's hard on the gas bill.

A certain Old Timer on the Ottawa trail has been noticed (by several people) to prefer those "Sundays in Camp" to the hardships of the trail. Could he be going over the hill?

Our congratulations to all the G.I.S. boys who jumped up to the next peg.

There is an old saying about winter driving on the highways: "If the Air Force can't get through, nobody can." Judging from the prevalence of sore heads and backs the drifts must have been pretty heavy this weekend, or is it spring again?

That's all till next time.

THE PAY OFFICE

Introducing "the boys in the back room" (A60), who from day to day keep the wheels of finance turning in the proper manner (?). This being our first attempt at anything of this nature, we hope you will bear with us while absorbing the following witticisms. You know you don't have to be crazy to work in the Pay Office, but it helps an awful lot. Thank you.

Our local 'Rube Goldberg,' the ingenious inventor, has devised a means whereby a pail of water will be dumped on the heads of those entering the portals of this department before 1350 hours daily. After much brain wracking, an extra gadget was attached which tars and feathers those inquiring about 'Back Pay Cheques', a very, very sore subject around here. Rube is busy at present working out something that will cause bunks in the "Back Room" to collapse at 0600 hrs. daily, four times on Sunday.

The back-bone of the Assigned-Pay Dept., "Harve Bruton," the early bird, rose at midnight one night and began shaving. Instead of getting the worm he got the raspberry. He claims it's all Norm's fault for coming in early at twelve instead of the usual time.

That strong, silent Casanova from the West (R56 triple five) has apparently tangled with a certain Sgt. Major in neighboring Barrie. The subject was—Are the buttons on field service cap-aimen at the back or front? The discussion was carried out through most of the following day by telephone and is finally settled. If Rumor No. 658839 is correct, the introduction of the new Air Force "pill-box" cap should do away with any future misunderstandings on the part of "triple five."

Following in the foot-steps of the Medical Corps, it was suggested that we should wear an insignia. One suggestion was a pen with a half wing but this idea has been discarded as we are afraid we might be confused with the "Skywriters." The dollar sign (\$) should be more appropriate and may be adopted, but will, of course, not be negotiable at the wet canteen. It is rumored that the Dental Corps is working out an insignia with half wing and dentures. Should be very snappy? (pun). We could think of more but this is silly enough now.

"Two Goal" Sills, our hockey star, has reported the big league over for this season so we will have him around in the mornings again for a change. Tommy is also an ardent bandsman and slip-horn artist of no mean repute. It is said that one night in home town, Seaforth, he was playing a trombone solo at a local strawberry social and was being closely watched throughout the selection by a rural admirer. At the end of the rendition the rube turned to another and said, "I betcha that young feller don't swallow that thing every time."

Well, DRO's are out and a bunch of you guys have gone on active Service Rates so I guess we will have to cut the comedy and get to work Signed, Joes Davidson and Whittle. NOTE—In case of any repercussions, names, references and places mentioned in this article are entirely fictitious and bear no reference to anyone living or enlisted in the Air Force.

EQUIPMENT

—H. J. LaGRAVE, W.O. 1.

With all the recent snow storms Camp Borden has been battling against, it is a wonder that personnel coming back from furlough or temporary duties can find their way back. However, the road signs are still visible and a general direction can be taken from them. It is a lucky thing, or should it be termed an ill omen, that the Department of Highways had enough foresight to erect road signs high enough so that they still show above the snow drifts.

The local cry is still "Carry on, Camp Borden," and against all obstacles, Camp Borden carries on.

Severe blows have been dealt this station in recent weeks and large contingents (if they may be termed as such) have bid farewell to these plains to carry on their "Win the War Efforts" at some other school. Needless to say, the hardest blow of all has been the departure of Flight Lieutenant T. C. Slemmon. He has been a pillar around these parts for some time and had knowledge of everything within the boundaries of the camp. There was no problem too big to tackle as far as he was concerned. Good luck to you in your new environments.

Flight Lieutenant H. D. MacGregor is a capable replacement and the Equipment is still in capable hands. To you, also, good luck. The boys are with you 100%.

To the Squadrons, this Section appears to be a stumbling block and moans are heard daily about inability to issue parts and replacement engines. The boys here are doing their chores as well as they can be done, but we are sorry that there is not a magician in the section. We could probably pull them out of hats or coat pockets. Things are now working to a standard and if service can be given by the Equipment Depots we will pass it on. When things look black, don't give up. Better times are coming.

Just air your troubles to this section and we will put them on the line; some line. Keep your chins up.

NOTICE

It is brought to the attention of all readers that the article printed under the heading of "Stores" in the last issue of "Wings Over Borden" was submitted by Corporal Hampton, but written by Corporal Jerry Willis prior to his transfer to Edmonton. The article was a good one and the credit must go where it is due. —HAMPTON.

DO YOU WANT TO BE AN AIR LINE PILOT?

Dr. Ralph Greene, founder and director of the Eastern Air Lines Aero Medical Department, conducted an exhaustive survey of all the company's flight personnel (131 captains and 157 pilots) over whom he has jurisdiction. And here is Dr. Greene's description of the eastern captain pilot flying for Eastern Air Lines. He is 33 years of age, five foot 10 inches in height, weighs 166 pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair. His temperament is complacent, controlled; his average pulse rate is 71 beats per minute. Medically speaking his physical and mental health is so superior, one can view it only as a high tribute to his habits of good clean living

FOR QUICK ENERGY

CHOOSE

ROWNTREE'S
AERO-BISCRISP-COFFEECRISP
CHOCOLATE BARS

DRAFTS FROM THE NORTH END

—J. T. G.

Never have we realized the truth of our Nom-de-Plume quite so much as we have this last week, during which time a strong northwest wind has been playfully surrounding our hangars with enormous banks of snow. The fact that we were practically buried, however, did not keep us from discovering considerable talent in our midst that previously had been hidden under a bushel.

It was this way. "A" Flight, almost to a man, had gathered in the dining room of the Wellington Hotel on the night of Feb. 17 to give a farewell party in honor of seven men from No. 1 Squadron who were departing for duties overseas. Mr. McKenna, our M.C., was giving us several interesting characteristics and habits of our instructors in a way that only he could have done, when suddenly, from among this group appeared two very tuneful sets of vocal chords, belonging to F/O Phelan and Sergeant Henderson. Hardly had the audience recovered when from another direction came a still more silvery melody, which proved to be issuing from our friend Reekie. So sweet was his contribution that a number of the fairer sex were drawn from all parts of the building to listen. Then, too, there was that awe inspiring baritone, A. Brown, followed by some rollicking songs from our Aussie friends, led by L.A.C. Gates. Some very enlightening poetry also came from this group and other quarters. F/S Falls was all this while giving expert demonstrations on how to wield the bottle opener.

So there you are, boys, all that talent, in almost every branch of entertainment, just waiting to be put to use. They will all give their services willingly if you perchance need soothing after a riotous night, or if your wife wants the baby kept occupied, or, for those who are single, if you want the king of the house kept busy while you take the daughter out for a soda.

Down here we are all bemoaning the reported loss in the near future of our beloved Adam La-zonga of Borden (alias Glennie).

SECTIONAL NEWS

STATION HEADQUARTERS

CAMP BORDEN

This was a blue little group last week. Losing two great kids like Hay and Stinson is hard to take and we sure wish them all the luck in the world.

Another of our kin passed from adversity to the stars this week when he donned his two hooks (take a bow, Knox, old boy). If you see Keith Strader going around these days with a dull, glazed look on his pan, don't be alarmed; he is just getting used to his third stripe—or should I say tripe. Congrats, Keith.

"Love certainly is blind—it can't find me," wails our homely Sgt. (I'll bet that will draw ire from all three of them). Sgt. Traynor certainly does not spend all the money he says he does on himself when he goes to Hamilton. He's a Toronto boy, too. I'll leave you to draw your own conclusions on the matter. I know I had no difficulty arriving at a conclusion. Bill Franks is not the only lady charmer on the station. Well, I guess I have got myself into enough hot water to last me till next month.

HONEY FROM THE BEEHIVE

—BUSY BEE.

Congratulations "Al" on your new JOB (1941 model) 8¾ lbs. That's one JOB that will stick with you for a lifetime; they are both doing well, folks.

There's no scarcity of pens in "B" Flight now, laddies, but just try and borrow one. They are swell sets and the boys really do appreciate them. By-the-by, Sgt. Care-foot wants to know where the h—the ink went to so quickly. I wonder?

This week we bid adieu to L.A.C.'s Worrall and MacKay, who left for points unknown abroad. Good luck and happy landings, boys.

We also welcome Sgt. Ward to the flight. We don't know him yet, but we'll soon find out. Eh, Sarge.

Cpl. Brown returned to his old hunting ground. Our loss is "C" Flight's gain?

"H" FLIGHT

Once again "H" Flight is in print: this statement holds good only if all concerned get the copy to the Lino room in time to beat the deadline.

As you no doubt have heard from various people in this flight, we have the hangar nearest Alliston and with all the clearance papers which are floating around these days, rumor has it that "H" Flight personnel will have to get Clearance Papers signed each day before leaving for work, as it is they leave the Barrack area at 0700 hrs. so that they get there at the same time as the rest of the station.

The long trek to and from the hangar accounts for the fine physical condition of the men in the flight; especially our "superb" hockey team, which, bolstered with "G" Flight's hockey players has yet to meet defeat and when or if it does, let Defeat look out for itself. They are only six in number, but throughout the two flights are known as the mighty six: pardon, six.

To enlarge on the foregoing theme, (Continued on Page 7)

FLIGHT SLANTS FROM "F"

L.A.C. INGRAM, J.M.

Here we are back in print again after a lengthy absence. Things have been busy around here. What with promotions and transfers you have a new columnist. "Flight Slants by Slats" has disappeared with the promotion of its originator, Jim Slattery, to the rank of Sgt.

The old gang is holding together pretty good—although we have lost Corporals Fritslaw and Thompson to the prairies.

And talking of promotions and transfers—I think it would be time well spent to use this space for a man we will all miss—that squarest, even tempered Sgt. Major "Duckie" Drake. We lost him to Maintenance and then to No. 2 Squadron Headquarters and now the station loses him to Calgary. He will be sadly missed here. Calgary must be a good station, it's getting all our best men. So on the 25th we said goodbye to a real man. The boys of this Flight wish you the best of luck, "Duckie," and hope that you continue to be "the best friend" to the boys at No. 10 Repair Depot, Calgary.

We hear that Cpl. "Bathless" Brown is a father, the Brown's first, a daughter. "Honey" Dunston is thinking seriously of catching up to the rest of the boys. That Glen Crooks is contemplating a wedding ring??? Angus Germán is still moaning. "Mechanic" Barr is wishing for the return of the Ansons so he can have a decent sleep. "Romeo" Legarre is wooing the girls in Penetang. Fred Page has his third and Sgt. Huycke expecting his crown.

Welcome to Vic Turner, who has been instructing at St. Thomas the past seven months.

SPARKS FROM WORKSHOPS

By Sergeant Goldberg—

Well, here we are back again in Wings Over Borden, that is, what is left of workshops personnel. Recently we lost Flight Sergeant McDowall, Corporal Archambault and L.A.C. Burchell, who were posted to Trenton Air Station. We shall miss them very much, and though it is our loss, it will be, I am sure, Trenton's gain. I thought that I might have to insert in the want ad column of Wings Over Borden, Wanted, one expert welder, one storekeeper and one expert spark plug cleaner and tester. However, we are lucky that one of the positions is to be taken over by our old friend Flight Sergeant Tag Brown, who just came up from Trenton and will be in charge of the welding and sheet metal department. However, we are still Carrying On as usual. The weather has been pretty stormy and cold these past few days, and believe you me, we sure are glad to get into workshops where we can now work in a nice warm comfortable place. I would like to mention that Corporal Reiber, I believe, is one of the busiest men in Camp here. Just recently he has been elected President of the Corporal's Mess, having succeeded Corporal Hampton, who formerly held that position for a number of months, and did a very good job of it. Reiber also operates the Camp moving picture machine and also plays the organ for the Camp church on Sundays. Congratulations go out to Corporals Longley and Ellison, who will now wear three chevrons on their uniform.

Experts can draw wire to a thickness of less than one-thousandth of an inch, but so far Rome hasn't succeeded in doing this with spaghetti.

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SPORT NEWS

Flyers' Hockey Team Defeat Army 8-4

Below is Results of First Month's Competition for Commanding Officer's Trophy:

	Points
No. 1 Day Maintenance	30
Headquarters	24
Ground Instructional Section	21
"A" Flight	19
No. 2 Day Maintenance	16
Medicals	14
"C" Flight	12
M.T. Section	11
Accounts Section	8
"E" Flight	8
Stores Section	6
Combines (G. & H. Flights)	5
"B" Flight	1
"F" Flight	0
Workshops Section	-04
"D" Flight	-14

Hitler in his latest speech announces that he is going to win. But so do all the heavy-weight challengers just before they are knocked out by Joe Louis.

"Say, Buddy, can you let me have a dime for a glass of milk?"
"I thought milk was only a nickel."
"Yeah, but I have a date."

**DON'T MISS
BASKETBALL GAME
Wednesday, Mar. 5
R.C.A.F. vs. ORILLIA
DRILL HALL**

**R.C.A.F. THEATRE
CAMP BORDEN**

March 3-4—"JOHNNY APOLLO"—Tyrone Power, Dorothy Lamour.

March 5-6—"HE STAYED FOR BREAKFAST"—Loretta Young, Melvyn Douglas.

March 7-8—"FLOWING GOLD"—Pat O'Brien, John Garfield, Frances Farmer.

March 9—"I WAS AN ADVENTURESS"—Richard Greene, Zorina.

March 10-11—"MAN WITH NINE LIVES"—Boris Karloff, Roger Pryor.

March 12-13—"SMASHING THE SPY RING"—Ralph Bellamy, Fay Wray.

March 14-15—"MARYLAND"—Walter Brennan, Brenda Joyce.

Below is mix-up at net during play with Collingwood



DRILL HALL AND SPORTS

(By "Red" Wilson)

O.H.A. HOCKEY—

Since we have only a limited amount of space in this paper, we will not be able to describe all the hockey games played in the O.H.A. series since this paper last went to press. BUT we will have room for the last game of the season when the Flyers defeated the Army 8 to 4. For the first (and last) time in the season, Sgt.-Major Hook's hockey club clicked. Timmins' and Goudis' outstanding playing counted for six out of the eight goals.

Orchids to Sgt.-Major Hook and the great Wainwright for keeping the team together and giving Flt.-Lieut. McCullough and wife (our chief supporters) some thrilling games.

Flt.-Lieut. Sutherland and Flying Officer Badgley were of great support and assistance to the team. Thanks!

We cannot mention all the players, but when we look back on the season—Hauser's ace netmanship, McEwan's speedy skating, Sills' defensive tactics, and the fighting spirit of Dombroski, Caird, Cooper, etc., will long be remembered.

BASKETBALL—

Take a tip from your scoop and keep an eye on Flying Officer Jackson's basketball team. Having seen this team in action against their rivals I predict a "champ" team.

INTER-FLIGHT HOCKEY—

Eight teams of our sixteen have qualified for the "champ" league—Headquarters, G.I.S., Combines, "A" Flight, No. 1 Sqn. D.M.; No. 2 Sqn. D.M.; Security Guard, M.T.

The other teams are in a consolation series, with Workshops and "B" Flight leading the way.

Competition in "champ" league is keen and if you want to see some fast hockey, you can see four games in one night.

Thursday, Feb. 20, was an all-star night. To start off, M.T. and No. 1 Day Maintenance battled to a 0-0 draw, as a result of hard checking. The Security Guard-Headquarters game ran neck and neck until the last two minutes of play, when Sgt. Crowe whipped in

the winning goal, assisted by Sgt.-Major Hook. Score 4-3.

The Combines-G.I.S. game was almost snowed out by a blizzard. Refausse's south-enders had enough lines to field a complete team every time the puck was lost in the snow. Flash Scott's men held their ground against the onslaught and went down to a glorious defeat. Score 4-2 for Combines.

"A" Flight is making a comeback in sports with a strong hockey club. This was proven by defeating No. 2 D.M. by a score of 2-1. Flight-Sgt. Falls tried to take off several times, but made a forced landing and was rarin' to go again.

Watch the score sheet in Drill Hall bulletin board as the teams close in on the finals.

By the way, who stole our shovels?

INTER-FLIGHT BADMINTON LEAGUE—

The semi-finals are now in progress, with group No. 1 of Headquarters, Stores, No. 1 and No. 2 Maintenance playing on Tuesdays, while on Thursday G.I.S., Accounts,

"A" and "E" Flights are the competitors. F/S Edmond and Sgt. Strader as a team have yet to meet their match. While the other Headquarters pair are no pushovers, No. 1 Maintenance have undefeated teams such as P/O Macdonald and L.A.C. Lalonde, Horobin and Crieg, F/S Cheek and Sgt. McCloskey. Accounts and "A" Flight tie game gave them each 2 points. The doubles of F/O Broughton and L.A.C. Sills, Cpl. Nicols and Balcombe, provide Accounts with a powerful club. "A" Flight team of F/O Phelan and S/P Henderson, R. Brown and Meyers are a hard crew to defeat when the stakes are down. G.I.S. and "E" Flight postponed their game because F/O Fernie and F/S Ccott are having special instruction.

When Walling Ruby started this league few teams had experienced players. Through his instructions on the game, many lads now can prove their abilities in any badminton competition. Ask Barrie!



Number One Squadron Maintenance, won first month's play for Commanding Officer's Trophy, F/Lt. Phillips, O.C. received cup from Squadron Leader Kennedy.

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"C" FLIGHT

Just to show you that we, the personnel of "C" Flight, remember you, even though you were transferred to Dunnville, we send you our heartiest greetings and the best of luck to you both, Sgt. and Mrs. R. H. Kempster. Good luck, Russ, and may all your troubles, etc., etc.

We are all curious to know why our own dear "Sid" put in a demand for arch supports. We have our own ideas on the matter, but we would like a little more light shed on the subject. We thought that they would help you with your new exercises, i.e. floor walking, eh, Sid?

Our curiosity has also been aroused by the fact that a certain corporal may have other interests in Barrie besides having pictures developed. Or do they develop pictures at dances, too? How about it "Al"?

After an interesting discussion about the fair sex, this question was heard to be asked by Lynch, who was more interested than the rest of the boys, "Mac, has she a younger sister of about 24 or 25 years of age?"

The boys of "C" Flight join me in wishing you both, G. J. (Pokey) Giguere and Steve Zayets, the best of luck, and good pickings, when you arrive "Overseas."

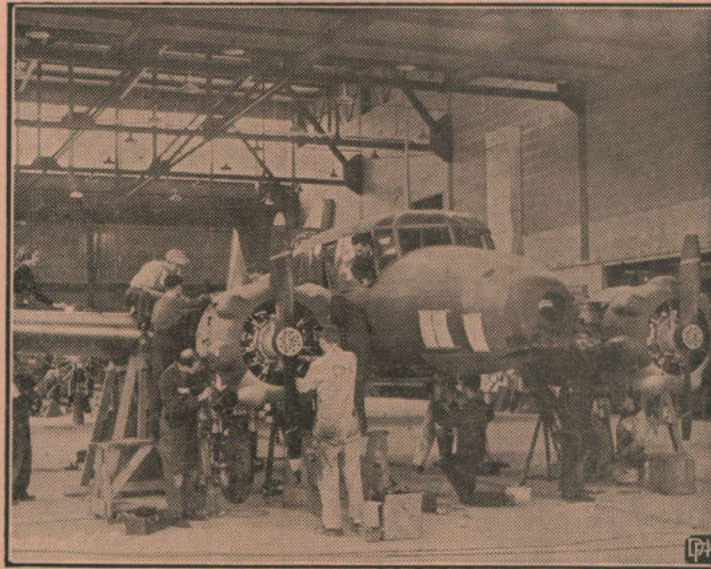
We didn't mind you getting transferred, Frank, but when we need a special tool for a special job, that is when we really miss you. But joking aside, Frank, the lower bunk is still empty. I've even gone poetic since your absence, so here is a small dedication:

A good friend he has always been, at work or play, he was always seen. To share the troubles with our boys, And change all miseries into joys.

So happy landings, Frank, and bon voyage et au revoir.

At the time of writing this column, I have just heard that we are losing another good friend, none other than our own Andre (Cupid) Martin. We are sorry to see you go, Andy, but wherever you will be, we know that you will keep up the good work that you have done while in "C" Flight. So bon voyage et bonne chance, Andre, and drop us a line when you arrive at your new home.

In nosing around and yet minding my own business, looking for news, I noticed that our own F/Sgt has been feverishly active on some invention or other. My curiosity, thoroughly aroused, got me to asking questions, and as a shrewd reporter should, I asked some of his more intimate friends for the solution. All the information that I could acquire was that Project No. 2 was nearing



MORE TRAINING PLANES

Canadian factories are humming a tune of promised victory these days as they turn out increasing numbers of training planes in which thousands of students will be instructed under the Commonwealth Air Training Plan. In this photo workers in a Canadian plant are shown assembling an Avro Anson machine used for training bomber crews.

NO. 1 SQDN. MAINTENANCE

Many changes have made Maintenance almost unrecognizable in the last few days. However, most of us are still there and we see the others quite often. We wish the very best to all the recipients of the last promotions and will be sorry to see W/O Gilchrist go. He will be soon leaving for Dauphin.

I.T.S. Day Maintenance is now officially "Maintenance Squadron," and while the change may seem at first strange to us, we must realize this is a promotion and endeavour in every way to uphold and retain the spirit we have had in the past, for it is only by cooperation, coordination between ourselves, between our flights, and between Squadrons and Stations throughout the entire country that we can faithfully express our part in Canada's great war effort.

In order to eliminate further embarrassment to our clerical staff at Maintenance, the reporter has been asked to publish the following statement. "Junior" has, or has not, a girl friend; she lives at Niagara Falls, Toronto, Brantford or St. Thomas, probably; she may, or may

completion, and that Project No. 1 was finished. How about it Flight, the boys are all interested?

not, call him "Bobby." — We all thank him for this information.

A certain calendar has hidden possibilities, perhaps you know what it is. If not you may surmise what it is from the following reactions or remarks of the personnel inspecting it.

Scotch Cpl. Rigger—Mouth waters, so doesn't buy a drink.

French Sgt. Fitter—"For a twin engine job, the fuselage could probably carry quite a heavy load."

French L.A.C. Rigger, "For me, I don't lak de black sock."

Ft/Sgt Rigger, "When I was in Halifax . . ."

Sgt. Rochester, "Not dark enough."

Stores—Peeps over coffee cup quickly, dives back for a quick swig, burns throat and covers up embarrassment by coughing.

Junior—Blushes, grins, blushes more.

"A pin in place saves face." Once upon a time there was a wing, and nine worried airmen . . . O.K., O.K.

By the way, any time in the next few months that anyone wishes to see the C.O.'s trophy, drop down to Maintenance and we'll show it to you. It was christened the other evening amid the cheers of some quite proud airmen.

—LAC DENNY.

CROWNED WITHOUT A CROWN

(From "Fly Paper")

Somebody has revised the story about the inquisitive old lady who stopped a flight-sergeant on the street and asked:

"Young man, I'm interested in those three stripes and that crown on the sleeve of your coat—what do they stand for?"

"Why, madam," answered the flight sergeant, "I thought everybody knew what those stripes and that crown stand for. The crown indicates that I am married and the stripes indicate the number of children I have."

"Oh, thank you," said the old lady. "The crown indicates you're married and the stripes the number of your children."

"That's right," said the flight sergeant

Two minutes later the observant

"H" FLIGHT

(Continued from Page 5)

the team, with the help of 4 or 5 pupil pilots, scrounged a win from the much vaunted G.I.S. It was undoubtedly a strenuous game with McLeod, Burg, Taylor and Watson being the four star performers, who were ably aided by Dunham, Sheldon, Stocker and Refausse, with Allan turning in his usual sterling performance in goal, this due to his going off the Gold Standard.

To add to our already scintillating glory this efficient organization, ahem, known as "H" Flight, headed by Refausse and Co., has the equal in flying time to any other flight on the station, which is something; this may be due to the fact that our aircraft are towed out to the line by a large, yellow, steaming, clanking monster that is looked upon with great scorn and disdain by other flights: but to us she is "Lulu Belle" our Fordson Tractor, manufactured in Ireland. This accounts for the fight we have to put up every time we try to start it. As I am writing this, they tell me that she has given up the ghost and departed hence: may she rest in pieces and, the worst is yet to come: "There is no other to take her place."

There has been a great epidemic of promotions around this part of the country and among those afflicted were: Sgt. Ellis, Cpl. Paton, Cpl. Moore, L.A.C.'s Hynes, Greenley, Wickett, Pears and honourable mention to A.C.I Allan.

To the first seven we offer our congratulations and to Allan our deepest condolences.

Italians at home are pinched by food restrictions, while the army abroad is in the grip of British pinchers.

old lady met a corporal sauntering along the street. She took one gander at the sleeve of his uniform coat and then smacked him over the head with her umbrella.

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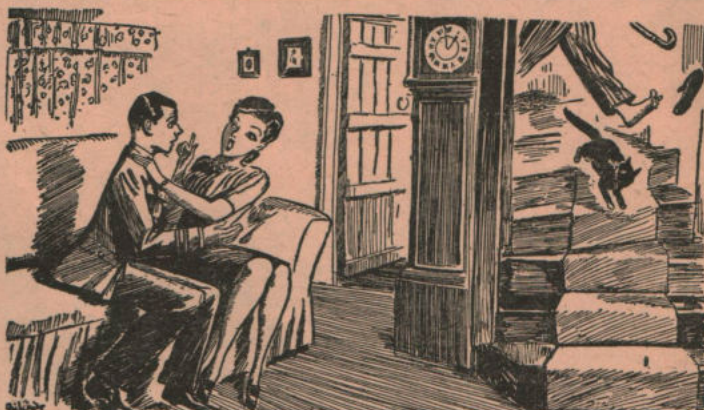
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"You'd better fly now, Reggie. Daddy's coming down out of control." —Humorist

MEMORY REVERED OF SEVEN AIRMEN LOST AT BORDEN

Relatives of Several Missing Fliers Attend Memorial Service at R.C.A.F. Station on February 16; Conducted by Flight-Lieut. Ernest Harston.

With relatives of several of the lost airmen in attendance, a memorial service was held at R.C.A.F. Station, Camp Borden, Sunday, Feb. 16, for seven members of the R.C.A.F. lost since November 13.

Members of the Station paraded to the Air Force Theatre for the service, which was conducted by Flight-Lieut. Ernest Harston, Station Chaplain.

Flight-Lieut. Harston said in part:

"Today in the Service of Remembrance we are adding to our Honor Roll F/Lt. Peter Campbell, R.A.F., Sgt. Lionel Frances, R.A.F., L.A.C. Ted Bates, L.A.C. William Gosling, who went out in search of an airman long overdue. They failed to return.

"What more can a man say than this, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.'

"We are thinking also of two young Australians far from home, L.A.C. Murray Ross, L.A.C. Colwyn Arthur, who in the course of duty met with a flying accident and are also 'missing, believed dead.' We are thinking of our latest casualty, L.A.C. Wm. Nesbitt, whose body has been returned to his home for burial.

"All these lads when they joined the service knew of the risks and dangers involved and 'counted not their own lives dear unto themselves,' but freely gave themselves to the cause of freedom and a better world.

"This is no time for weeping—but rejoicing that we have been privileged to know and are comrades of men with such spirit and purpose, whose heart knew no fear.

"It is the sort of thing we shall meet with constantly. We are at war and whether death comes in training or actual combat it is a rendezvous we shall all one day keep at some disputed barricade.

"The true challenge of this Service of Remembrance is to remember that we have a rendezvous with Life. This is a new and demanding hour. We must campaign with life. The courage that knew no falter before death must not shrink before life. It is harder to meet the rendezvous with life than the rendezvous with death. When I meet death there is a crash and it's all over. But when I look life in the face and set myself to keep the tryst with life, I must know the strain of sustained endeavour. I must go on with dogged perseverance. I must show in ordinary living the heroism, courage, sacrifice and loyalty which characterized the lives of those who kept their 'rendezvous with death'."

Some Comments On The "Flyers"

(Excerpts From an Article
in The Barrie Examiner)

AFTER THEIR FIRST TWO GAMES Flyers lost one of their best defencemen, Jack McGrath, who got his wings, a commission and a transfer all in one day. Two other players, Kirkey and Spowart, were moved out about the same time. Take last Friday's game against Shipbuilders. The R.C.A.F. regular goalie, Ted Roe, had gone on leave to his home in Vancouver, where last year he had starred in junior company with the Lions team. However, his place was well filled by L.A.C. Hauser, who played a bang-up game, quite as sensational as Roe's effort against Owen Sound earlier in the same week.

DEFENCEMAN "HANK" Goudis, one of the best in the league, was out with an injured ankle and the Flyers missed him offensively and defensively. Two other regular defencemen, Watt and Tourville, were not available because of flying tests. So the Flyers didn't have any of their defencemen or regular goalie, yet they put up a grand game and the few fans who thought enough to turn out really got value for their attendance. It is reasonable to suppose that had even two of the four missing been on hand, Collingwood would have gone home defeated.

FLYERS ARE A COLORFUL TEAM and some of the players are good copy. They get fine netminding from Roe and Hauser, this being the best since Hook was in his prime, and that goes back some seven years. In Harold, "Hank to you" Goudis they have a standout defenceman. He is the only left-over from last year, when he made the league's all-star team, so they made him captain this season, and he has been a fighting leader. "Hank" never knows when to quit and gives everything he's got while he's on the ice. A native of Beaverton, he played senior commercial hockey in Toronto with Dominions and starred with Cannington's good intermediate teams for some years. He was a team-mate with Harvey "Red" Raney on the

Cannington team the year before the latter came to Barrie.

A FIGHTING PLAYER of the same type as Goudis is Tom Sills, formerly of Seaforth Juniors. Sills started on defence for Flyers but they have had him at left wing in recent games to add more punch to the attack, which he has done. McEwan is a better-than-average right-winger, and a big student pilot named Archibald, after a slow start, has been going great guns in recent games. He looks better every time out. Tourville has played several nice games on defence. Beveridge, another right-winger, works hard all the time. He formerly played for Isabellas in the Manitoba intermediate league and is currently leading scorer for "H" Flight in the R.C.A.F. inter-unit league at Borden.

"RED" MATHEWSON, stocky centre of the second line, hails from Newmarket, of all places, and starred in their town league last year along with Doug "Daisy" May, captain of the L.T.C. team. Mathewson and May were evidently playing co-managers of the Towners' team in the town league. As the Newmarket Era says: "Some fun when they oppose each other."

CPL. BILL McCLOSKEY, good left-winger of the past two years, is still at Borden but is not playing. The bad concussion he received at Collingwood last year is keeping him out of hockey for the time being.

NOW FOR THE BEST of them all, Jack Timmins. There are some really great centres in the Senior B. loop, such as Lt. Tony Cassels, Tommy Burlington, Don Bowen, Ab Kirby and Sib Brodeur, but this boy Timmins compares with any of them. And if you don't believe us trot over and watch him in action or ask any of the opposing players. He's almost a one-man team in himself, one of the best all-round players Camp Borden Flyers have had in the past ten years and if he cared to exert himself, good enough for Senior A Company. As far as we can learn he hails from Arnprior, played junior there and at Ottawa. He is just over the junior age limit, in fact Barrie Colts were hot on his trail at one time. Timmins can skate as fast as any player in the league. We saw him leave Burlington behind several times in that Owen

Sound game. He is a shifty stick-handler and an expert checker. Although only of average weight and build, he can take the bumps easily, and the opposition really lays it on him. He ran into big Don Jeffery's toughest charge here on Friday, hit the ice, but bounced right back up, and proceeded to score two quick goals. He has a beautiful shot, a natural. It's hard, fast and very accurate. Something like Jack Dyte's sizzler. One of his solo goals against Collingwood was a thing of beauty to behold. There haven't been any nicer pieces of hockey workmanship here in some years. Sorry we have not a picture of "Timmy" to go with this piece, but may dig one up later. When the all-star teams are being selected around the circuit the scribes would do well to consider him, in view of the fact he has been buried with a tail-end club. Playing with some of those Collingwood or Owen Sound forwards we have an idea Timmins would score so many points it would be hard to keep track.

ROXY THEATRE BARRIE

March 3-4-5-6-7 —
Special Feature
starring Melvyn
Douglas and
Rosalind Rus-
sell in "This
Thing Called
Love."

March 8-10-11-12—
George Formby
in "Keep Your
Seats, Please."

March 13-14-15 —
"Night Train to
Munich."

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JERSEY
MILK
CHOCOLATE

Neilson's
JERSEY
NUT
MILK

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