



Wings Over Borden

Vol 4 No. 1

SEPTEMBER 2, 1941

No. 1 S.F.T.S.

CAMP BORDEN, CANADA

Borden Wins R.C.A.F. Title Game

Defeats Trenton Outfit 8-3 In Deciding Game in Toronto



Gets New Post

Group Captain A. Duncan Bell-Irving, who has been posted to No. 1 Air Training Command, Toronto, is one of Canada's Air Aces of the Great War. He was C.O. of No. 4 Service Training School at Saskatoon since this unit in the Empire Air Training Plan opened operations last year.

A-80 HANGAR WINS TRACK MEET TITLE

A-80 Hangar took the sectional championship of Maintenance Squadron on Wednesday, Aug. 13, nosing out Workshops by 4 points. They amassed 38 points to 34 for Workshops, 24 for A-14 and 21 for A-15.

Sgt. Longley won the individual honours with an aggregate of 18 points. L.A.C. Jarrett was a close second with 16 points.

Results were:

Pole Vault—1st, Cpl. Hicks, 80; 2nd, L.A.C. Mathewson, 15; 3rd, Cpl. Boast, 80. Height, 8 ft.

220 Yds.—1st, L.A.C. Jarrett, 14; 2nd, A.C.1 Anderson, W; 3rd, F/S Leadbeater, W. Time, 26.2 secs.

880 Yds.—1st, Sgt. Longley, W; 2nd, L.A.C. Friedlansky, 15; 3rd, A.C.1 Anderson, W. Time, 2.39.

Running broad jump—1st, L.A.C. Dickie, 15; 2nd, L.A.C. Jarrett, 14; 3rd, L.A.C. Jensen, 15. Distance, 15'10".

100 yards dash—1st, L.A.C. Jarrett, 14; 2nd, Cpl. Simmons, 80; 3rd, A.C.1 Anderson, W. Time 11.3.

High jump—1st, A.C.1 Teal, W.; 2nd, Sgt. Longley, W.; 3rd, L.A.C. Clarke, 15. Height, 4' 10".

Shot put—1st, L.A.C. Langdon, 14; 2nd, Cpl. Simmons, 80; 3rd, A.C.2 Brown, 80. Distance, 31' 9".

Three-legged race—1st, Cpl. Allen and Cpl. Young, 80; 2nd, Cpl. Heurieux and A.C.2 Garrett, W.; 3rd,

Flight-Lieut. M. F. Badgley's Camp Borden team captured the mythical R.C.A.F. baseball championship by defeating Flying Officer Les. Hook's Trenton outfit by 8-3 in the third and deciding match at Earls Court Park, Toronto, Saturday evening, Aug. 16. Each team had previously won one game.

Entire proceeds of the game were donated to the Sports Service League. A sum of \$77.25 was collected.

The Bordenites played excellent ball and appeared to be the better aggregation. A fair crowd attended, including spectators from both Camp Borden and Trenton Air Stations. Distinguished fans were Group Capt. R. S. Grandy, O.B.E., Borden commandant, and Group Capt. T. A. Lawrence, Trenton Commandant, as well as Squadron Leader Denton Massey, M.P., Trenton.

A feature was the remarks on the players over a loudspeaker by Larry Chuttell, known as "Old Timer" over the air waves. He gave an outline of each player's athletic career as he came to bat, and added to the interest.

Box Score

Camp Borden	A	B	R	H	O	A
Thompson, cf	4	3	3	1	0	1
Shanks, 2b	3	0	1	4	1	0
Irmie, ss	4	1	1	0	2	
Alexander, p	4	2	3	0	1	

Bruce, rf	4	1	3	0	0	
Glunz, c	2	0	0	8	2	
Whalen, 3b	3	0	0	1	2	
Scandiffio, lf	3	0	0	0	0	
Crowe, 1b	2	1	0	4	0	

Trenton	A	B	R	H	O	A
Shelton, 2b	3	0	1	0	3	
Breathet, c	2	1	0	6	1	
Cuba, c	0	0	0	0	0	
Creach, 3b	3	0	0	1	1	
Rodgers, lf	2	2	2	0	0	
Brown, 1b	3	0	2	7	0	
Bijur, rf	2	0	0	2	0	
Smith, ss	2	0	1	1	2	
Smaile, cf	2	0	0	1	0	
Gorman, p	3	0	0	0	2	

Totals	22	3	6	18	9	
Camp Borden	21	2	0	0	3-8	8 1
Trenton	0	0	2	0	0	1-3 6 5

Errors—Brown 2, Shelton, Breathet, Creach, Alexander. Runs batted in—Rodgers 2, Thompson 2, Alexander 2, Shanks, Smith. Two-base hits—Shanks, Bruce, Brown. Three-base hits—Alexander. Home runs—Thompson, Rodgers. Stolen bases—Thompson, Breathet, Smith. Sacrifices—Shanks. Double plays—Shelton, Smith, Brown. Left on bases—Camp Borden 6, Trenton 6. Bases on balls—Alexander 2, Gorman 2. Strike-outs—Alexander 8, Gorman 6. Hit by pitcher—By Alexander (Rodgers, Smaile, Bijur). Passed balls—Glunz, Breathet.



Air Auxiliary Head

Mrs. Charles C. Walker, of Ottawa, widow of Group Captain C. C. Walker, of the R.C.A.F., and until now commandant of the Ottawa Branch of the Red Cross Transport Service, will head the new Canadian Women's Auxiliary Air Force. A group of the Auxiliary is expected at Borden in the near future.

Photographer: "Watch and see the birdie."

Modern child: "Pay attention to your exposure or you'll ruin the plate."—Atlanta Two Bells.

Your baseball team have won their group and have earned a play-off berth in the Camp Borden loop which is composed of fifteen teams. Despite lack of support they made the grade. Their record in past games warrants the support of every last man in the Station. Show your appreciation of their efforts and your loyalty by your attendance at the play-offs.

**WATCH D.R.O.'s FOR ANNOUNCEMENT
SEE YOU AT THE BALL GAME!**

Cpl. Stocker and L.A.C. McIntyre 80.

Discus throw—1st, A.C.2 Jensen, 15; 2nd, L.A.C. Langdon, 14; 3rd, A.C.2 Brown, 80. Distance, 79' 8".

Sack race—1st, A.C.1 Kennedy, 80; 2nd, L.A.C. Griffin, 80; 3rd, Cpl. Simmons, 80.

440 yards—1st, Sgt. Longley, W.; 2nd, L.A.C. Friedlansky, 15; 3rd, A.C.1 Eskow, 80. Time, 65.1.

Hop, step and jump—1st, Sgt. Longley, W.; 2nd, Cpl. Boast, 80; 3rd, Cpl. Emmons, W. Distance, 33' 9".

440 yard relay—1st, A-80—Simmons, McIntyre, Boast and Hicks; 2nd, A-14—Jarrett, Langdon, Cleaver and Topp; 3rd, Workshops—Henry, LaRue, Bailey and Mathewson.

CHIEF OF MEET—Commanding Officer, Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E.

OFFICIALS—Starter, Jim McClenaghan, Y.M.C.A.; Finish Judges,

S/M McAskin, Sgt. Maffey, Sgt. Elias; Track Judge, F/O Hough; Timers, F/O Buchanan, S/M Dale Sgt. Finklestein; Field Judge, F/O Henderson; Pit Judges, F/S Barks, Sgt. Hemphill; Throwing Judges, F/S Moore, Sgt. McVay, Sgt. Bradley; Chief Scorer, F/O Spruston; Announcer, Cpl. Marchon.

WHO WAS—

Who was the Airman travelling to Ottawa, and on the way felt thirsty, so took the bottle off his hip and drew the cork?

Just as he was about to take a swig, a fellow passenger said to him, "Excuse me sir, but I am 60 years of age and I have never tasted a drop of whiskey in my life." The Airman replied, "Dinna worry yersel, yer no gaun to start the noo." "Dad" Parker.

Read It



or not?

By "?" E. M. Rorke

Many are wondering what the question mark is for. Well so am I, dear readers, so am I. After reading the following little bit of philosophy contributed by F/Sgt Towner to this column I am more than ever puzzled.

"Did it ever occur to you that a man's life is full of crosses and temptations? He comes into the world without his consent and goes out against his will, and the trip between is exceedingly rocky. The rule of contraries is one of the big features of this trip. When he is little the big girls kiss him, when he is big the little girls kiss him; if he is poor, he is a bad manager, if he is rich, he is dishonest; if he needs credit he can't get it; if he

(Turn to Page Two, Please)

**"WINGS OVER BORDEN"**

Published at

The Barrie Examiner Ltd.
Barrie, Ontario

By kind permission of

Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E.
Circulation 700**EDITORIAL BOARD**

Consulting Editor—F/L E. Harston.

Technical Editor—F/L J. McCulloch.

Editor—Cpl. Rorke, E.M.

Feature Editor—Sgt. R. Campbell.

Entertainment Editor—L.A.C. McLean, J. B.

Publication Manager—J. C. McClenaghan,
Director of Y.M.C.A. Services.

Fotos, courtesy of Photographic Section.

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**PURPOSE AND OBJECT**

"The awarding of these Pilot's badges today, marks the termination of a carefully planned course of flying training, which you all have completed in a very creditable manner. You will now very shortly be prepared to accomplish the object for which you entered the service; namely—to help defeat and destroy our common enemy. An enemy as cunning and resourceful as he is barbarous and ruthless. This will call for all the skill you have or may acquire, and all the energy you possess. We here—are all confident that the glorious traditions of our service are safe in your keeping; that you as individuals will add to the splendid record of the British airmen, your brothers-in-arms in the present war." From the address of S/Ldr A. V. Ashdown to Course 30JATP on their graduation.

These carefully chosen words were spoken to a group of young airmen, who entered the Service with a purpose, who did not swerve from that purpose, and who on August 20th, 1941, received the award that marked the culmination of their training period, their "Wings". They have left us now and gone to accomplish their object. That is to defeat Nazism and all it stands for. But we are still here. No badges were pinned on our chests. Yet we came into the service with a PURPOSE. What that purpose was or is, whether we have swayed from it or not, is known to the individual alone. But our OBJECT is still here. Namely, to help and train these young men to reach the culmination of their PURPOSE and to go forth to accomplish their OBJECT. No badges will be pinned on our chests, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that we share equally with these young fliers the honour of Victory or the ignominy of Defeat! We hold with them the necessity of keeping glorious the traditions of the R.C.A.F.! Therefore, it is doubly imperative that we here use all the skill we now possess, or may acquire in the future, and all the energy we have to accomplish our object. We as individuals must add to the record of our brothers-in-arms—the R.A.F. They also serve who only stand and wait!

BRICKBATS AND BOUQUETS

Did you ever have a maddened bull by the tail? You are neither anxious to hang on or eager to let go. This is the editor's feeling every time Wings Over Borden goes to press. Of the first ten people you meet after the edition has been distributed, five will say I disagree with you—five will say I concur. This is the normal experience of any newspaper, whether daily, or weekly, scandal sheet or poultry journal, if it has an editorial policy. Some men say to us "Your paper has too much of an 'are you happy in the service' tang." Others say you do not stress enough the necessity for us to quit our moaning and buckle down to work. In other words, gentlemen, it is hard to please. However, Voltaire expressed the situation very well when he said, "I may not agree with your opinion, but I will give my life defending your right to say it." Half-hearted on the fence criticism is not healthy or productive. But constructive, sincere approval or approbation is a stimulant to the production of better issues. Therefore, if you are sincere, if you are not prompted by selfish motives, or looking at the world with a warped vision; and if you have the courage of your convictions, consider well what you want to say; couch your message in language befitting an airman, and write your viewpoints down, sign your name to them and send them in. As many will be published as space is available in a column entitled Brickbats and Bouquets.

—The Editor.

Read It**or not?**

By " ? " E. M. Rorke

(Continued From Page One)

is prosperous everyone wants to do him a favour; if he is in politics it's for graft, if he is out of politics you can't find a place for him and he is no good for the country; if he doesn't give to charity he is a stingy cuss, if he does it's for show; if he is actively religious he's a hypocrite, if he takes no interest in religion he's a hardened sinner; if he gives affection, he is a soft specimen; if he cares for no one he's cold-blooded; if he dies young there was a great future for him, if he lives to old age he missed a great calling; if he saves money he is a miser, if he spends it he's a fool; if he gets money he's a grafter, if he doesn't he's no good. So what the h—'s the use?" Read, mark and inwardly digest it, there's a heaping lot of truth in it.

This one is too good to pass up. Old Rip Van Winkle, alias South Paw Cunliffe of Ottawa, gave a fine exhibition of drill lore recently. It seems that if Jackie is a good boy all day and gets up in the morning without a fuss, he is allowed to take the Accounts' Parade up for the evening meal. However, Jackie has been experiencing a little difficulty in the vicinity of the flag pole. It seems he has the boys turn eyes right despite the fact the flag is on the left. However, Jack martialled his mental forces and concentrated on the eyes left all the way up to the pole! He gave the eyes left o.k. and in order to fix it firmly in his mind, he saluted with his left hand!

I want to acknowledge a couple of letters from "Overseas" handed to me by LAC Bowen of the M.T. Section and LAC "Jim" Crow of Stores. Excerpts that will be of great interest to you all will appear in a forthcoming edition. In the meantime we invite others to send in any letters from former Bordenites or friends or relatives now in the arena of war. Their publication will prove of interest to the readers.

I was on the Press train the other night, and seeing all the nice cozy sleepers reminded me of a story I heard some time ago. It seems that Big Chief Sitanstoop and his Indian Squaw Maiden Water were honeymooning on the International Limited. It was the first train ride for either of them. Of course the Chief took the lower and his bride the upper. No sooner than the little bride had settled herself in bed than the chief ordered her to fetch him a drink of water. So Little Maiden Water climbed down from her cozy nest and went and fetched her husband a drink. Three times this happened. The fourth time the little bride was sent she came back with an empty glass. "Ugh," said big chief, "where my drink." "Man sittum on well," was the laconic reply.

So long my little chickadees.

PADRE'S CORNERBy Flight-Lieut. E. Harston,
Protestant Padre

Here is a fine story of something that happened when certain warships were passing through very dangerous waters.

A squadron of cruisers and destroyers was steaming for home after landing troops in Norway when the signal was given to "stay progress," as an emergency had arisen on one of the warships. It was an extremely risky proceeding, for the waters were full of perils and there was grave danger of attack from the air on stationary ships.

The cause of it was that a blue-jacket had to be operated on immediately for appendicitis. So all the ships slowed down, then stopped and formed a protective circle around the ship in which the operation was being carried out. While the poor fellow lay unconscious under the surgeon's hand those big ships kept watch.

A Dornier flying boat came close but was driven off by the guns of protecting ships. For a whole hour the squadron kept its vigil and stood by uncomplainingly; giving a man a chance for his life. Then the signal was passed to proceed on their journey to a Scottish port.

Splendid, wasn't it? We always admire unselfishness when we see it. Deep down there is a wish that we could all catch the spirit, but there is a little elf that sometimes peeps over the shoulder and looks out of the eyes. It wants to get its own way and bitterly complains if it can't get it. It must have the cake at the table which it is fond of and choose the game that is to be played, and sulks if it does not get it. Everything must suit it, no matter what others may wish. It has never even heard of give and take, and as for sharing, it is other folks' who must do that. It is always wanting what is not—wearing always a perpetual frown.

What can we do with this selfish, complaining little elf, who lives in so many of us?

So you suppose it would help if we could get him to read what an ancient proverb teaches:

"I complained

In bitterness

Because I had no shoes

To ease life's path

Until I met a man

With radiant eager face

Who had no feet."

**ENCOURAGEMENT FOR
"DAD" PARKER**

In a letter recently received by one of our staff, the following quotation appears:

"Perhaps you will recall a poem in the August 1st issue of Wings Over Borden by Dad Parker re the wearing of old clothes and doing a little sacrificing for the Cause. Well, I passed it around and now half the nurses have a copy of it framed on their desks. All our staff is very pro-British and everyone knits and sews for Bundles for Britain, etc. So, if you know the author of the little poem, please tell him for me that at least 40 nurses in one of New York's oldest hospitals have his poem and are in complete accord with his poetic sentiments."

.GOOD WORK, "DAD".



Richmond Golf Club, just outside London, has found it necessary to supplement the ordinary rules of the game with these seven special provisions to cope with the added hazards the war has brought. A cheerful touch is the heading "Temporary Rules."

"Players are asked to collect Bomb and Shrapnel splinters to save these causing damage to the Mowing Machines.

"In Competitions, during gunfire or while bombs are falling, players may take cover without penalty for ceasing play.

"The positions of known delayed action bombs are marked by red flags at a reasonably, but not guaranteed, safe distance therefrom.

"Shrapnel and/or bomb splinters on the fairways, or in Bunkers within a club's length of a ball, may be moved without penalty, and no penalty shall be incurred if a ball is thereby caused to move accidentally.

"A ball moved by enemy action may be replaced, or if lost or destroyed, a ball may be dropped not nearer the hole without penalty.

"A ball lying in a crater may be lifted and dropped not nearer the hole, preserving the line to the hole, without penalty.

"A player whose stroke is affected by the simultaneous explosion of a bomb may play another ball from the same place. Penalty, one stroke."

Handicap playoffs will be started next week.

Non-Swimmers Look Out

A scientist had just stated that if the earth were entirely flattened, the sea would be two miles deep all over the world. Reading this, the editor of a paper in Oklahoma reprinted it with his addition: "If any man is caught flattening this earth, shoot him on the spot. There are a whole lot of us in Oklahoma who can't swim."—The Kalends.

**SHOP AT
ZELLER'S
IT PAYS**

\$

**60 Dunlop St.
Opposite Post Office**

BARRIE

\$

**ZELLER'S LTD.
Retailers to Thrifty Canadians**

**STARTING AND WARMING UP
OF AIRCRAFT ENGINES**

(by Sgt. Deslauriers, J. J.)

The present emergency had brought to this branch of the service a shortage of qualified men in various trades. The flights especially suffer from this shortage. It is my endeavour in this short article to outline briefly the correct procedure for the starting of aircraft engines, thus, relieving, to a certain extent the qualified fitters of the task to go through a lot of theory before they can rely on the junior men for the starting of aircraft motors. A simple, practical demonstration should then be sufficient to render these men available for such a duty.

Simple and intelligent rules are laid down in Administrative Orders as well as Squadron and Flight Orders.

Any man about to start an engine must be familiar with them all. They are promulgated for the safety of the personnel and to avoid damage of any kind to the equipment we are called upon to handle.

Allow me to mention these rules. It might be tedious reading for the "Old Birds," but it is hoped that the newcomers will take advantage of it.

Since this station is equipped exclusively with aircraft powered with Radial Engines, reference will be made only to this type of motor.

Before any attempt is made to start an engine, it must be turned over several times to make sure that no excess oil has accumulated in the bottom cylinders. Failure to comply with this rule might result in a cracked cylinder head.

Now the aircraft is on the line and the brakes are "parked." As an additional precaution, chocks are placed in front of the wheels. This is very important because no matter how well the brakes work they might be released unintentionally and if the engine is running, it is obvious to see the danger of accident to both the crew and to the aircraft.

The man detailed to start the motor, is in the cockpit, another man stands close to the motor with a fire extinguisher already checked for its serviceability. A serious fire might be started, so have two or three fire extinguishers readily available.

Now it is safe to proceed. First, let us turn the fuel on, then with the wobble pump build up a pressure sufficient to feed the priming pump. A quick glance at the fuel pressure gauge will tell the story. For a Harvard, 4 to 5 pounds, for a Yale, 2 to .3 Kilograms per square centimeter.

Now operate the priming pump slowly and steadily. Due to the air pressure in the fuel lines it might take two or three "shots" before the pump is actually sending raw fuel to the engine.

Now the question arises; how many "shots" does it take to prime the engine properly? It is rather hard to state a definite number. It all depends on the atmospheric conditions; especially the temperature. In warm weather like today (73°F.) a good proportion of the fuel injected by the priming pump will be vapourized and will mix very well with the air, thus providing

available mixture for starting. In very cold weather, however, a very small percentage of the fuel will vapourize; consequently, the amount of raw fuel required for starting must be increased to fulfill the requirements of a 10 to 1, or 12 to 1 mixture for good starting.

A Wright Whirlwind engine is primed directly in the impeller chamber, thus, giving to each and every cylinder approximately the same amount of mixture. On the Pratt and Whitney Wasp S3H1 engine, the raw fuel is injected directly in the intake port of cylinders 1, 2, 3, 8, 9. Both systems are very efficient, but personally I believe that a Wright engine can be over-primed more easily than a Wasp. However, an excess of priming in the Wasp would have a tendency to wash the oil of the cylinders walls, thus, greatly reducing the compression so needed for starting.

A certain amount of practice and common sense are the safest factors. The engine is primed ready to start. Check four things carefully.

1. See that the lever operating the airscrew mechanism is in the Coarse position.

2. See that the mixture control is in "Full Rich Position."

3. Have the carburetor air heater control in "Cold Position."

4. Set the throttle opened "approximately" on half inch from the closed position.

Ascertain that everything is clear of the airscrew by shouting the conventional word "all clear," then turn the switch on and start the engine without delay.

(Continued in Next Issue)

ON THE BAND STAND

We have been relatively silent of late and no doubt everyone is wondering what has become of us. To those of you who are inclined to wonder, let us say that we are desirous of continuing our activities but find it impossible to secure wholehearted cooperation on the part of everyone.

Due to the scarcity of players we have been greatly handicapped of late and now that some of our stalwarts are away on leave, it has left us very much in the lurch. This condition was so pronounced that on our last Wings Parade it was necessary to import a band from the Army. We were very thankful that it was possible to secure cooperation on the part of the Army, however, and extend to them our appreciation. This proves that "Ground Hogs" can be an asset to "Pigeons" or vice versa. It would have been tragic to have been entirely without music on a Wings Parade and we were glad that it was not so even though we fell down on the job.

Many of our personnel expressed regret that we were not there to play as usual and we hope that we'll be in a better position to render the service we love so well in the near future. All we need is a few more good players to replace the ones we have lost and we shall resume operations forthwith.

There are signs that there is a

swing band in the making. LAC Allan has contacted a number of fellows who seem quite interested, but we still require more and would appreciate whatever help could be given.

We have received orders from our Captain, F/L Badgley, to have this swing band formed as soon as possible as he expects to have some very fascinating work for it. Inasmuch as we have had the support of the F/L, we are striving to make ourselves worthy of him and we hope you all will lend us a hand to make a success of this new undertaking.

—LAC Langdon, H. J.

R.C.A.F. Theatre

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Sept. 10th and 11th—

"IT'S IN THE AIR"
George Formby

12th and 13th—

"THE BRIDE CAME C.O.D."
James Cagney, Bette Davis

14th—

"SINGAPORE WOMAN"
Brenda Marshall, David Bruce

15th and 16th—

"DEVIL DOGS OF THE AIR"
James Cagney, Pat O'Brien

17th and 18th—

"BILLY THE KID"
Robert Taylor and
Mary Howard

19th and 20th—

"FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK"
Errol Flynn and
Brenda Marshall

21st—

"STRANGE ALIBI"
Arthur Kennedy and
Joan Perry

22nd and 23rd—

"CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT"
Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour

24th and 25th—

"VIRGINIA"
Madeline Carroll and
Fred MacMurray

26th and 27th—

"THE LADY EVE"
Barbara Stanwyck and
Henry Fonda

28th—

"MAISIE WAS A LADY"
Ann Sothern and Lew Ayres

29th and 30th—

"COME LIVE WITH ME"
James Stewart, Hedy LaMarr

Show commences at 1945 hours and at 1900 hours on evenings that Vaudeville is shown. No admittance after the box office has closed.

HEADQUARTERS INTELLIGENTSIA

Hammond has a hard time keeping his weekends straightened out these fine (?) summer days. What with girl friends in Penetang, Midland, Toronto, and, oh, yes—Montreal. Blondes, brunettes and red-heads please note.

The strength of H.Q. staff was increased and decreased since the last edition of Wings, etc., hit the streets. The increase—F/Sgt. Bookman and Sgt. Caswell. The decrease—F/Sgt. Friend and Sgt. Dodge.

There's a certain story about a certain fellow in the Intelligence Office (Stn. Hq.) who, prior to a visit to the Ex. in Toronto, wanted to become a pilot. While strolling down the Midway with a blonde on his arm he spotted an amusement called the "Octopus," a contraption which went around in a circle at a fair rate of speed. Being brave and with the "pilot" idea preying upon his mind, he suggested that they partake of the pleasures of the "Octopus," and proceeded to do so. After a few quick whirls around the circle our friend staggered off and made for the wide open spaces in a hurry, white of race and sick of stomach, while the girl friend was all for going back on it. Result—now he is afraid to turn around fast and is convinced that clerking isn't such a bad job. Oh, yes, the friend—why, K.P., we wouldn't give you away!

The friends of A.C. McLeod will be glad to hear that he has now taken a brighter outlook on life since he moved closer to the window. Get it?

We understand that L.A.C. Dyer is leaving the ranks of the fortunate and is taking upon himself a tax exemption in the way of a wife next month. Good luck, John!

Oh, idle thoughts—The squadron's being contented when informed that a couple of their men have been posted—Everybody and their uncles in the Flight's NOT being recommended for promotion—All personnel reading D.R.O.'s—Ottawa giving us back our hijacked 14 days' leave. These are just Idle Thoughts, as can be plainly seen, but aren't they wonderful?

The Surprise

A Greek scholar, visiting a women's college, was asked whether he would do the institution the compliment of translating their college motto into Greek. He agreed, and asked what the motto was.

It was placed before him and he read the words: "Pep without purpose is piffle."—Tit-Bits.

HAROLD HILL

Chrysler, Plymouth and
Fargo Sales and Service

Specialists on Collision
Work

Phone 293. Barrie, Ont.

SECTIONAL NEWS

"H" FLIGHT

Since the last issue this flight has had the misfortune to lose many of its esteemed Airmen. Cpl. Whiteford, who has just received his hooks, has been transferred to Dunnville. L.A.C. Roe, it is rumored, is on his way to St. Hubert's after two weeks' vacation at the Toronto Exhibition???. L.A.C. Hutchison thought that Roe would be lonely at the Ex. all by himself in the big city, so he went down to do something about it. From all reports they were not lonely for long, and a good time was had by all. (Addresses available on request).

Why is it that the so-called "Flights" down the line (G, F, and E) have the luck to get the best corporals on the Station? We speak of Cpls. Soper and Wilson, two of the finest. Best of luck at your new flights, men, and not too many A.C.'s on the peg at the same time or there will be no work done.

The Flight has also taken a beating around here on A.C.'s, as Montgomery and Welsh have taken up their abode at Rockcliffe Air Station near the fair city of Ottawa. We are glad to welcome here the fellows from the other flights and hope they will be happy with the Hell-Divers.

Our future Bishops and Collishaws are now right in the rhythm of things around the Flight and right now, as I sit here scribbling these wonderful lines, they are arguing as to who and who will wash a certain dirty aircraft.

L.A.C. White is actually settling down since he has joined the group of the betrothed and is seen going out of camp only five times a week instead of seven.

Sgt. McBurney is at this time residing at the hospital. We are not sure that Trenton agreed with Mac or that he just needed the rest. But come back soon, Sarg.—all is forgiven and the kids miss you.

Corporal Hynes was overheard saying regarding the P. and O's who recently came up from Manning Depot: "Those fellows don't need wings; they are all angels anyway—yes, with horns on!"

We regret having lost F/O Buton, whose services have been required at Brantford. We only hope that he will make as many friends at his new post as he did at Borden. Good luck, Red!

H FLIGHT'S WHO'S WHO

Who—was the slightly plump little A.C.2 who had to be gently tucked into his cot the night of the wings parade?

Who—is the glamour-boy sergeant instructor who recently flew down to Trenton to co-star with James Cagney and Brenda Marshall in "Captains of the Clouds?" We doubt if we will have a helmet to fit him when he returns. Sgt., may I have your autograph, please?

Who—was the A.C.2 who spent a couple of hours the other evening running about from hangar to hangar in search of a bottle of prop. pitch and a pail of prop. wash? Or did he have an English accent?

Kendall—"I hear you landed over at Alliston, Sunday."

A certain L.A.C.—"Yes, I came in

ACCOUNTS SECTION

(By Cpl. V. A. N. Town)

At long last I have an opportunity to get some of my own back. Issue after issue I have read disparaging remarks submitted by various reporters from the Accounts about myself and my home town, Vancouver.

Now, to start with, who ever heard of Cornwall, and if they did hear of it, who would want to go there? They out to put it under water along with Iroquois.

Overheard in this section recently was a conversation between Wally Kribs and Bert Cameron.

Wally: Gosh, I would like to know where I'm going to die.

Bert: What's the use. If you did know you would never go there anyway.

Another good one we heard recently was a quarrel between a couple of lads in the pay office. Here was the finish:

Sills: Say that again and I'll mow you down.

Davidson: Consider it repeated.

Sills: Well, then, consider yourself mowed down.

I wonder when the boys in the I. and R. Section are going to make up their vouchers for me. What would happen if they ever lost-triplicate L.P.O.'s? Guess everything would be N.V.A.

Who is a certain corporal in this section whose home is in Smith Falls (whoever heard of it) that likes to argue black is white, even if it is ice cream?

Who is the most recent corporal in the Account Section who likes to take a bath with a derby hat on? You should hear him try to explain to his wife about that horse that called him up. (I won't mention any names, but he is editor of this paper and you probably won't read this anyway). We wonder if his hooks will stay this time. We recommend that he put them on with paste or dome fasteners in case another bulletin comes through changing our setup again.

Things we would like to know: How many soap coupons does a Cpl. have to save up before he gets,

for a lovely landing, levelled off just right, speed perfect, wings level—there was only one thing wrong."

Kendall—"What was that?"

L.A.C.—"My wheels were up!"

Goodbye now.

—Your Hell-Diyer Reporter.

THE MECHANICS' CREED

Maybe we're only the ground-crew. And perhaps we'll never fly, We only work on the grounded planes

To get them back in the sky.

We don't get pretty golden wings And we lack the crowd's applause We can't tell tales of fights and things,

We just find out what the trouble was.

Maybe we won't fly the big ones But you'll find us over there Maybe we won't be firing the guns But we'll keep the planes in the air.

—Dawn Flighters.

another hook? How to wake Sills and Davidson up in the morning. How to persuade Rorke that parade time is 0745 hrs. and that that hour falls in the morning, not the late afternoon. Why Kribs is wearing himself out trying to beat the morning whistle. If he keeps it up, some morning he is going to meet himself going to bed when he gets up. Why I bothered to write this column anyway.

"C" FLIGHT

"C" Flight has been very quiet the past few months as you must all know, but I'm sure you noticed our efforts in number one field day meet.

Which just goes to show you we were not asleep and we also have high hopes of putting in the same performance in the station meet.

Our high score can be attributed to the fine showing of H. Funkhouser 15 points, F. Rogers, 13 points, and J. Houser, 13 points, and the fine co-operation of our relay team consisting of H. L. Rogers, D. Elmer, J. Houser and H. Funkhouser. We will not have Funkhouser with us in the big meet, we are sorry to relate, so will be trying all the harder. Watch out boys, we are out for the kill.

We have lost three good men from "C" Flight with the transfer of Cpl. Latta, Cpl. Moffatt and Cpl. McCallum. They have been with us for some time, so good luck fellows and may all your P40's be small ones. So-long for now, be seeing you at the meet.

—L.A.C. Brewer.

Roxy Theatre BARRIE

Sept. 4-5-6—

Last Three Days Showing
of

"IN THE NAVY"

Starring

Abbott & Costello,
Dick Powell and
the Andrews Sisters

Sept. 8-9-10—

"The Shepherd of The
Hills"

John Wayne, Betty Field,
Harry Carey

Sept. 11-12-13—

"They Met in Bombay"
Clark Gable and
Rosalind Russell

Sept. 15-16-17—

"The Bride Came C.O.D."
James Cagney and
Bette Davis

Sept. 18-19-20—

"POT O' GOLD"
James Stewart and
Paulette Goddard

MAINTENANCE
HANGAR A80 AND A14

The long awaited Sports Day has come and gone and we have had many a pleasant surprise. Our boys responded well to the call, and there was great evidence that each one desired to make some real athletic demonstration.

Mother Nature was not very good to us however, as there was great fridity in the atmosphere. The boys were raring to go however and seemed intent on having an all out day of sports. Our activities started shortly after dinner and many of us had to go easy on the delicacies provided for lunch in order to be of the right weight for the ensuing activities.

The first event was the running of the 100 yard dash and took the form of "process of elimination." This was necessary as there were many contestants in this event. The individual star of this event was L.A.C. Jarrett, the Stratford flash. He ran as never before and arrived at the finish line in quick time. Cpl. Ernie Hicks was very much in the limelight also, as he seemed to delight in giving some pole-vaulting demonstrations. He received much competition but this was of little avail as he captured the first prize.

In general, competition was very keen and each victory denoted positive superiority in each of the events. Yours truly attempted the running of the 220 yard dash, but was soon eliminated by Cpl. Simmons, F/Sgt Leadbeater, A.C.1 Anderson and the Flash, LAC Jarrett. The pace was simply too much, and I soon decided to exert some effort in a more favorable field.

This I did, and thank goodness, managed to secure a few ribbons. The boys of the entire Squadron did well for themselves, but of us all Sgt. Longley was the most outstanding. He took part in many of the events and in each secured enviable positions. This established him as the king of the day, due to his high score in points.

This account of our Sports Day is incomplete by far but I am hoping it will suffice despite this fact. Due to the complex situation of going over new recruits, and endeavouring to find out what they are best capable of, one of our N.C.O.'s have had to answer a call for that job. F/Sgt Cheek has been selected, and to be sure, there could be no better selection as he will go over them

SECTIONAL NEWS

SAFETY VALVE G.I.S.

That blue swarm that you have seen wandering inquisitively about the camp is the latest acquisition of G.I.S.—the "Aussies." They spent their first Canadian leave in Toronto, and, judging from their bleary expressions and the caustic comments of instructors on the following Monday, they enjoyed the international sport with great gusto. They inform us that Australia is content with 4% as compared to our 10% morning dew. We are glad to have them with us, but we must admit envy when we gaze upon those uniforms.

We regret the loss of our genial O.C., Flight-Lieutenant Mignon, motorbike and all. We shall miss that clipped accent and air of suppressed excitement.

This section is unique in that it contains the only two Air Observers on this Station, with its plethora of pilots. To date these two observers have quietly muttered about the capabilities of observers vs. pilots, but recently, having gained unexpected and influential support, they have become a vigorous ballyhooing minority. We quote these remarks, which emanated from the aforesaid potentate (censorship forbids names): "The educational and mental qualities of an observer are higher than those required of a pilot." We do not invite comment; we expect that it will be forthcoming nevertheless, but our observers feel that the debasing remarks of their inferiors will be of little import.

"Skipper" Westman was last reported as an inmate of A.58. It is with pardonable pride that we announce his promotion to N.C.O. in charge of Aussies. It is noteworthy that we saw him ambling about at 6.30 this a.m., or had he just arrived in barracks?

Lessons in self-control: The desire to beat the crowd to dinner tempered by the regulation 120 paces to the minute.

The Toronto Exhibition is drawing its usual share of visitors from this section, but to most it develops into a postman's holiday. Still, the appearance of so many girls on display as war workers indicates promise for the future.

—L.A.C. Malzan.

M.T. SECTION

Will the M.T. Section have a piece in the next Wings Over Borden has been asked of me for quite a while now. So here goes.

Cpl. Smallwood (Jitter) has returned from his annual leave. But that's not news. Everyone knows it by now and no one seems to care but Jitter himself, and he would like to go back east. Who wouldn't?

Before I go any farther I would like to tell you about Jack Ball and Dave Barry. It seems that they were wrassling and Ball got Barry down and some one yelled—"look, boys" . . . come to my barracks some time and I'll tell you the rest of it.

And talking of jokes, who's the witty lad who goes to the beach and cuts such a big swath with the young dames there? Hello, half-pint.

At last, at last, we are getting the square of the new section done and it will not be long now till we are in it. (Hope I am transferred by that time).

Did anyone hear of the race the Major had with the tractor? Well, it seems that the Major was coming in to the station one morning with the station wagon and a tractor came up behind him and blew for the road. But the Major didn't like the idea of a tractor passing him, so he stepped on the gas and slowly drove away from the tractor, or at least that's the way the Major tells the story. Kind of reckless of the Major, don't you think?

It's a funny thing when I am alone I can think of the unnicest things to write of the boys and when I am all alone I can't seem to think of a thing to say that they will not like.

Now, take Ashcan McLean for instance. No, no, don't take him. We can't get along without him. Who would run the show if you were to take him and who would advertise the shows if you did take him? I say again, don't take him. But what I started to say was, when he is around I can think of a whole lot to say. Yes, he sure does give me ideas.

Five new chums have arrived at Borden for this section. I hope they like it here. I haven't their names yet, so I cannot introduce them just now, but you will all learn their names, and when you do I trust you'll make them feel at home. Now take it easy; they are not the girls that it was rumored that the R.C.A.F. was sending here.

Will the rat who stole young Raff's twenty-nine dollars meet me or any one of the M.T. boys out on the golf course some night and try and earn it. Just let me know; that's all you have to do and I'll be there. No one is as low as one Airman who will steal from another.

Did anyone see the picture of our editor in the last issue of our paper, and did you notice that he had his finger on the hook of the telephone? That sure made it look as though he was working late, now doesn't it? Sure he will get even with me for this, but if he is too rough

THE FLIGHT MECHANICS
The Lords of the Air they call us, They speak of our growing fame, The front page of every paper Is adorned with some pilot's name.

Connected with deeds of valour Performed in the sky, The usual are Heinkels and Dorniers Crashing to earth to die.

There's one chap who gets no medals, You've never heard of his name; He doesn't fly in the pale blue sky Or pose for the news in a plane.

His job cannot be called romantic So he's not in the public's eye, But your heroes can't do without him And I'll tell you the reason why.

He inspects the kite each morning, He fills the tanks each night, He keeps the engines running sweet, He keeps the pressure right.

He's up at the break of dawn, He's there when the twilight fades, Pulling his weight to keep the crate Ready to spread the raids.

So next time you see a picture Of a pilot and a smiling crew, Remember the guy who keeps it afloat, Although he may be an A.C.2.

So whenever you praise a pilot As the enemy falls a wreck, Keep your mind on the guy you didn't see, Yours truly, a humble mech. Aircraftman G. A. Coaley, R.C.A.F., Charlottetown.

I'll not give him another ride in my truck again.

Well, I guess this will be all for now, except when Wittingstall reads this he will say: Simpson's growing up through his hair again. Is that right, Whitty?

—L.A.C. Curley Simpson.

Mistake

Customer: "Come, John, we are ready to go."
Milliner: "Pardon, madam, here's the hat you bought—that's the box you're wearing."—Grit.

SHELL OIL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED



YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

to the fullest extent of the word. There should be many interesting questions asked as the experience gained by his many years in the Service should readily dictate what to ask and what to sidetrack.

Sgt. Golberg is in the news again, and this time it is real good news, for today he is a man, and very much so, as he is now the Daddy of a bouncing baby boy. The good news created much joy to him and as soon as it arrived he was off with a flash. From all reports, the newly arrived one is doing nicely and we all join in expressing congratulations to the Sgt. and his family.

While there is much that could be added, I would like to sign off now, realizing the amount of space required for the great amount of material submitted to our great little paper, "Wings Over Borden," and so, until next edition, so long.

—LAC Langdon, H. J.

BLUEBIRD
Registered
DIAMOND RINGS
They're Perfect

FLAWLESS FINE COLOR BRILLIANCE

From \$25 up

REEVES Jewellers
PRIVATE DIAMOND ROOM
76 Dunlop St. Phone 273
Opposite Post Office

FLYERS ELIMINATE B.C. DRAGOONS TIE GROUP STANDING WITH HUSSARS

The R.C.A.F. Flyers scored a decisive 13 to 5 victory over the luckless B.C.D.'s on Thursday, the 25th, to tie the group standing with New Brunswick Hussars at 3 wins to 1 loss apiece.

The Airmen started the first innings by scoring 2 runs in their half. The Dragoons came back in the last of the second to score five times when Lefty Dugal let the base runners steal everything but the C.O.'s pennant. Alexander came to the rescue with two out, five runs in and a man on third. He threw one ball to the batter who dropped a slow roller down the first base line for the final out of the innings. The Flyers made the score 5 to 4 by getting back two runs in their half of the third, and went ahead in the 5th by the score of 6 to 5 when Imrie scored on Bruce's three-bagger, after getting on when the catcher let a third strike go through him. Bruce scored on VanSickle's fielder's choice. In the first of the seventh, Alexander singled, Bruce flied out to the pitcher. VanSickle, Dolan, Matches and Davis singled in succession. Thompson hit a home run into right centre, Crowe tripled into left centre for his second triple of the game. Imrie struck out. Alexander was hit by the pitcher and Bruce again flied to the pitcher for the final out after the Flyers had collected six runs on seven hits.

The highlights of what started out to be a dull game were Alexander's relief pitching, along with two sensational fielding plays; Crowe's back-hand stab of a line drive which turned into an unassisted double play when the base runner was caught off the base, and Eddie Thompson's running catch of a loop-er over second.

—Box Score—

FLYERS:	AB	R	H
Thompson cf	4	1	2
Crowe 1b	4	2	2
Irmie ss	5	2	1
Alexander 2b-p	3	3	1
Bruce lf	5	1	3
VanSickle 3b	4	1	1
Dolan rf	4	1	2
Kettlewell c	2	0	0
Matches c	2	1	1
Dugal p	1	0	0
Davis 2b	3	1	1
	37	13	14

B.C. DRAGOONS:	AB	R	H
Gibbons ss	3	1	1
Nilene 1b	1	0	0
Clew 1b	3	0	1
Webber 2b	4	0	0
McQuestion cf	4	1	1
Hoffman 3b	4	0	1
Carter c	1	0	0

Shumay lf	3	1	0
Wilson rf	3	1	1
Hakins rf	0	0	0
Fair p	2	1	1
	28	5	6

Summary: Errors—Hoffman, Carter, Thompson, Alexander, VanSickle. Runs batted in—Flyers 7, B.C.D. 2. Home runs—Thompson. 3-base hits—Clew, Crowe 2, Bruce. 2-base hits—Fair. Base hits—off Fair 13 in 7; Dugal, 5 in 1 and two-thirds; Alexander 1 in 5 and one-third. Hit by pitcher—by Fair (Alexander). Bases on balls—Fair 3, Dugal 0, Alexander 4. Struck out—by Fair 10, Dugal 2, Alexander 7. Winning pitcher—Alexander. Losing pitcher—Fair. Time of game—2 hours.

FLYERS DEFEAT HUSSARS OF N.B.

You stay-at-homes who weren't present for the group championship game between the New Brunswick Hussars and the R.C.A.F. Flyers on Thursday night, Aug. 28, at the R.C.A.F. field, missed the best ball game of the season, when the Air Force eked out a 3 to 1 victory over a strong Hussar team.

In the two league games played during the regular schedule, the teams have broken even, Flyers taking the first game by a score of 14 to 6 and the Hussars, behind the pitching of McCrea, winning the second fixture 5 to 1.

It was a case of sound strategy, "baseball brains," good fielding and the ball players' nightmare, "errors," winning the game for the Flyers. When things looked black for Clavel in the 6th after McKenzie walked, Webber was safe on Imrie's error and Hodgins dropped down a bunt to load the bases with none out and the score tied 0 to 0, Flight-Lieut. Badgley called time out and held a conference which ended in the shifting of Alexander to the mound, Clavel to right field and Davis to second. This piece of brain work was nearly perfect, as Alexander proceeded to strike out McCrea, forced Hayes to fly out to short centre, but with the count two strikes and one ball on Homan, the next pitch was on the inside and broke too sharply for Matches to hold, rolling back to the screen, McKenzie scoring and Webber and Hodgins advancing a base. Homan then lifted a fly to left which Bruce gobbled up for the third out.

In the 8th, with the score tied 1 to 1, the Hussars came close to putting the game in the well-known "bag," when, with two out, McCrea tripled to deep right centre and Hayes drove a long ball out to centre which looked like a four-bagger all the way. However, Thompson had turned at the crack of the bat and after a tremendous run, with his back to the infield, reached up and pulled the ball out of the ozone for the third out, and, consequently, pulled off a sensational fielding play.

In the ninth, Imrie led off with a single, Alexander was hit by a pitched ball, Imrie going to second. On a throw from the catcher to first to catch Alexander off the

bag, the ball got away from Purcell and went into right field, Imrie scoring on the play and Alexander going to 3rd. Bruce and Davis struck out, but Whalen singled to score Alexander with the second run of the innings. Matches drove a long fly to centre to end the Air Force half of the 9th.

In the last of the 9th with the score 3 to 1 and the Hussars fighting to get back their runs, Homan went down, Alexander to Crowe. Wallace struck out. Hicks singled, but was left stranded when Purcell struck out to end the game.

In summarizing the game—McCrea's pitching for the Hussars had the heavy artillery of the Flyers baffled all night and he deserved a better fate than losing the game on an error that Purcell could not altogether be blamed for, as the lighting was bad at the time. With the exception of one error, the Flyers' fielding bordered on the sensational on several occasions—Matches fielding of a third strike that got away from him and his throw to Crowe for the out; Davis' catch of a line drive near the right field foul line; Clavel's steady pitching for five innings and Alexander's great relief work. The fielding of McKenzie at short and Hodgins at second robbed the Flyers of several hits.

—Box Score—

R.C.A.F.	AB	H	R	E
Thompson cf	3	1	1	0
Crowe 1b	3	1	0	0
Imrie ss	4	1	1	1
Alexander 2b-p	3	1	1	0
Bruce lf	4	0	0	0
Davis rf-2b	4	0	0	0
Whalen 3b	4	1	0	0
Matches c	4	1	0	0
Clavel p-rf	1	0	0	0
VanSickle 2b	2	0	0	0
	32	6	3	1

N.B. HUSSARS

N.B. HUSSARS	AB	H	R	E
McKenzie ss	3	1	1	1
Webber cf	4	0	0	0
Hodgins 2b	4	1	0	0
McCrea p-c	4	1	0	0
Hayes 3b	4	1	0	0
Homan c-p	4	1	0	0
Wallace lf	4	2	0	0
Hicks rf	4	1	0	0
Purcell 1b	4	0	0	2
	27	8	1	3

Summary: Earned runs, Flyers 2, N.B.H. 0. 3-base hits—McCrea. 2-base hits—Thompson, Crowe. Sacrifice—Crowe. Hit by pitcher—by McCrea (Alexander). Double plays—Clavel, Alexander to Crowe. Hits—off Clavel 5 in 5 innings (none out in 6th; Alexander, 3 in 4 innings; McCrea, 5 in 8 and two-thirds; Homan, 1 in one-third. Struck out—by Clavel 1, Alexander 5, McCrea 12. Winning pitcher—Alexander. Losing pitcher—McCrea.

Vod Did You Did in the War, Grandpoppa?

(By Cpl. "Ted" Rorke)
Preface

This is the chronicle of one A.C.2 Solomon Levi Rosibaum, a member of the Royal Egyptian Camel Corp about 1941 B.C. The story was discovered in an abandoned quarry on the Nile River and translated by yours truly after much hauling of rock and piecing together of gravel. Any resemblance to anyone now attached to the R.C.A.F. is purely coincidental. Remember these strange happenings occurred nearly four thousand years ago. Our hero is a member of an old Palestinian family and left home when a depression set in, to seek his fortune in other lands. But let him tell his own story.

Rock I.

In which I liv mine happy home, travel to Hegypt, join the Camel Force and meet a man.

"Gadder aroun mine liddle grandchildren and I vill tell you about mine hexperiences in de war of 1941 B.C.

"It seems dot things vere not so good at home, as there was a impression on. I didn't know how I was well off until—budt that vill come lader. So seeing as things vere nod so good, Momma says to me—'My poy'—dods whad Momma always called me—'mine poy, you vill have to get outd of mine hoise and go and earn your livink somewhere else.' I sez 'Vere vill I go Momma?' 'I should be after tellink you dot,' sez she, 'just so long as you go, I should vorry.' Momma was such a sweet person. So I packs mine bag and kisses Momma farewell. Never I shall forget her last words. 'Mine poy,' she sez, 'remember one liddle ting I tell you, wherever you are, wherever you go, never, never volunter for nuttink.' How I vish I had listened to Momma! I start my joiney. Of my travels and hexperiences I will skip most, hexcepting to say I am not most successful as should be.

"Ewentually I came to Hegypt. Hegypt is a werry strange country with lots of mummies but no daddies. Mebbe it's the Sphinx, I dunno. I ham nod successful in finding anything to do in Hegypt, until one day I see chipped on a wall the words, 'Do Your Bit Now.' I look around an sees no place to do mine bit, so I go on. A liddle lader I sees annudder sign which sez 'Join the Royal Egyptian Camel Force.' I sez to mineself dot's just what I'll do. I'll joint the Hegyptian Camel Force. All mine life sinz I was a liddle poy I want to ride the camules.

"I walks around a liddle and soon I comes to a hoffice which say
(Turn to page seven, please)

UNITED CIGAR STORE

OPEN

24 Hours Per Day
THROUGH THE
SUMMER

Soda Bar — Grill
20 Dunlop St.—Barrie

FOR QUICK ENERGY
CHOOSE

ROWNTREE'S
AERO-BISCRISP-COFFEECRISP
CHOCOLATE BARS

THE ODD HINT TO THE R.A.F. By "WING COMMANDER"

(From an Overseas Clipping submitted by P/O Lang, Adjutant of No. 2 Squadron)

Now these are the Laws of the Air Force descended from Barrack and ship,
 And he that is wise will observe them, lest his foot on the ladder may slip.
 As naught must outclimb us in fighting, even so with the law and its span,
 For the strength of the man is the Service, and the strength of the Service, the man.
 Take heed what ye say of your Rulers, be your words spoken softly or plain,
 Lest a bird of the Air tell the matter, and so shall ye hear it again.
 If ye labor from morn until even, and meet with reproof for your toil,
 It is well that the gun may be humbled, the compressor must check the recoil.
 On the strength of one link in the cable dependeth the might of the chain,
 Who knows when thou mayest be tested? So live that thou bearest the strain.
 When the 'plane that is tired returneth, with the signs of the air showing sore,
 Men take her in hand for a reason, and her speed she reneweth once more.
 So shalt thou, lest perchance thou grow weary in flying from morn until eve,
 Pray for rest for the good of the Service, and wend thy way softly on leave.
 Count not upon certain promotion, but rather to earn it aspire.
 Though the sight line shall end on the target, there cometh perchance a misfire,
 Canst follow the track of the Dolphin, or tell where the sea swallows roam?
 Where Leviathan taketh his pastime? What ocean he calleth his home?
 Even so with the words of thy Rulers and the orders those words shall convey,
 Every law is as naught beside this one, "Thou shalt not criticize, but obey."
 Saith the wise: "How may I know their purpose?" then acts without wherefore or why.
 Stays the fool but one moment to question and the chance of his life passeth by.
 If ye win through an overseas bomb-raid, unmentioned at home in the Press,
 Heed it not; no man seeth the piston, but it doeth its work none the less.
 Do they growl? It is well. Be thou silent, so the work goeth forward amain,
 Lo, the engine revs up to two thousand and shouteth, yet none shall complain.
 Do they growl and the work be retarded? It is ill be whatever their rank,
 The engine may miss but still shouteth, but can a missfire turn the crank?
 Doth the fabric make war with the cowling?
 Do the wings to the engine complain?
 Nay; they know that a clean and a polish unites them as brothers again.
 So ye, being heads of Departments, growl, but smile as a matter of course;
 Lest ye strive and in anger be parted, and lessen the might of your Force.
 Dost seem that thy Station needs paintwork, and the Bolo forbear to supply,
 Put thy hand in thy pocket and purchase, there be those who have risen thereby.
 Dost think in a moment of anger, "Tis well with thy Seniors to fight?"
 They prosper who burn in the morning the letters they wrote overnight,
 For some there be shelved and forgotten, with nothing to thank for their fate;
 Save that on a half sheet of foolscap, which a fool "Had the honor to state."
 If the homeway be crowded with buses diving downward the hangar to win,
 It is meet that, lest any should suffer, each pilot pass cautiously in.
 So thou, when thou nearest promotion, and the peak that is gilded is nigh,
 Give heed to thy words and thy actions, lest others be wearied thereby.
 It is ill for the winners to worry, take thy fate as it comes, with a smile.
 And when thou art safely gazetted, they will envy; but may not revile.
 Unchartered the bumps that surround thee, take heed that to meet them thou learn.
 Lest thy name serve as a mark on a tombstone, or else the Court Martial Return.
 Though the wires may escape from the Archie, the fabric shows scars on the side.
 It is well if the court shall acquit thee, 'twere best that thou never been tried.
 As the cloud rises over the wind screen, flashes past and is lost in the wake,
 So shall ye drop astern, all unheeded, such time as these laws ye forsake.

No. 2 Squadron would like to add these two lines:
 "Tho' it seems at times you are beaten, and Justice on you turns her back,
 Wear a permanent grin, and above all things, keep your sense of humor intact."

Vot Did You Did in the War, Grandpoppa?

(Continued from Page Six)

R.E.C.F. I walks in an I sees a man sidding asleep at a desk. I says to mineself this is here. Presently I wakes the man up and sez to him I am here. He sez, so what. I sez I want to join the camule force 'Hokay, Joseph,' he sez. 'Mine name is not Joseph, it's Solomon.' 'Dot's vhat you think,' sez he. 'If you join, your Joseph.' Oi oi, how true, how true. Budt skip that now. 'Why do you want to join?' he asked me. 'Dot's the second to last time ennybody esked me vy I want to do anytink. Soon it vas do this, do that. Hennyvay, I tells him 'All mine life I wants to ride the camules, ever sinz I vas a little boy.' 'Hokay,' he sez, 'fill in han application.' Wid that he hands me a chizzle and points to a block of granite hin the corner. I walks hover to hit and sees a lot of woids on it. The first woid was 'name.' So I chizzels mine name hout 'Solomon Levi Rosibaum. It takes me two moons and two suns to do that. The next woid says sex! I am confused for a while, but not wanting to show mine hignorance, I chip in 'sometimes.' It takes me nearly six weeks to fill in the application. When I was finished, I sez to the fellow, 'Hokay, it's did.'

'Vell,' sez he, 'come back in six months and I vill see vhat I can do for you!' 'But I've got to hev a job right away or I go hungry.' 'Hokay,' sez he, 'come wid me.' I follow him hout of the hoffice, through a long corridor, through a massive gate into a huge court, the liddle man, 'leave him with me.'

"DAWN" FLIGHT

The month of September is rolling around and soon the Aussies will be seeing snow on the ground.

And as the old saying goes, some tears will be shed 'cause it looks like pretty soon "there'll be some changes made."

Yes gang, last week we lost Cpl. Curran. He used to throw his weight around in a big weigh . . . We are now on the verge of losing our friend "Crankshaft Tucker" . . . We are sorry to see them go but we also know that they will carry with them the old "Dawn Flight" spirit.

Flash!! Flash!! At long last Cpl. Prowse is a Daddy . . . Now that his son is born some of the wrinkles are going out of his forehead . . . (Hmm, we wonder for how long) Nice going, Harry . . . Congratulations and all that stuff, we'll see you at the bar . . .

"Wasaga Sam" has rode again? ? What tall, dark and nothing else corporal of "C" flight has been known to roll home from Wasaga in the wee small hours these last few nights . . . And what car broke down? ? ?

Wonder what our own "Glamour Boy" will do on his 7 days leave . . . Seems to us that the water a "A" beach should be getting cold about now . . . Could be! ! !

We also wonder whose face was "Red" when he found out who the doctor of Essa Township was? ? ?

That's all for now—I gotta beat the deadline, so I'll sign off.

J.C.C.

When the guide had left the hoffice the little man looks at me sadly an' sez 'So you want to join, heh?' 'Yes,' I sez, 'I want to join.' 'What would you like to be?' he sez with tears in his eyes. 'All mine life sinz I whas a liddle poy I wants to ride the camules.' I was beginning to feel a liddle sad for the poor liddle man. He was beginning to sob gently. 'Do you really want to ride the camules?' sez he. 'Yes, I cried, 'I really want to ride the camules.' 'Hokay,' he sez, 'Joseph, you will be a clurg accountant.' 'Is that riding camels?' I esks. 'You'll find out,' he sez, 'when you get to Menning Pramid Number Once.' (To be continued)

YOUR FAVORITE TEAM

Neilson's JERSEY MILK CHOCOLATE

Neilson's JERSEY NUT

REACH FOR THEM TODAY

THE BEST MILK CHOCOLATE MADE



BILLBOARD ★ BITS ★

It is this columnist's sincere hope that no one missed seeing the preview of the pictures issued by the Ministry of Information which were shown here last week. It was a graphic story of what is happening over there, and really brought home the fact that all of us here have a job to do that is equally important as the job that the boys in the actual war zone are doing. That job is training the men who are now giving their lives for the cause of freedom and ensuring that they are as highly trained as is humanly possible, and that the equipment used for training them is serviceable at all times, that there may be no stoppage in the training scheme. Rest assured that we will all get our chance to take a crack at Hitler, so each man to his job, and leave an example for those who follow us. And now in a lighter vein, let's see what we have on the flicker screen.

"Underground", a thrilling story of espionage in present-day Germany, and an expose of Gestapo methods.

"Sunny", Britain's favorite Anna Neagle in a tunesome musical comedy with plenty of laughs. A sure cure for the blues.

"Moon Over Miami", eye-filling Betty Grable gambles a legacy to find a husband, in a light comedy. Incidentally, all she finds is Don Ameche.

"My Little Chickadee", Mae West as a comic Annie Oakley and W. C. Fields as a drummer with a fake bank-roll. Quite a few angles in this one.

"Buck Privates", Abbott and Costello join the army and almost disrupt the defence programme. Swell satire on modern training with the boys at their funniest.

"The Bride Came C.O.D.", Bette Davis gets away from heavy roles and the result is a really swell comedy. James Cagney is his usual

EQUIPMENT SECTION

LURKIN' WITH LARKIN .

Here it is time for another column and not much to say. We aren't sure whether there is too little time between issues or too much time between pay days. I always seem to feel more inspired shortly after pay days than shortly before, don't you?

This cool weather seems to be keeping the boys under control these days and the golf course is taking a beating. Cpl. Hoggarth set up a new record for the fifth hole with eighteen strokes closely followed by the writer with fourteen. Apparently Cpl. "Cancel your 48" Dagenais can take it. He is still making his trips over them tar hills. Is he still looking for gold or did he find it?

Cpl. Pierce came back from his last weekend with chalk marks on the shoulders of his tunic. When asked how come Roy replied "When my wife says good bye she can't get arms around me all at once, so she makes a mark to keep track of where she left off." Incidentally Roy is the most patriotic lad in the barracks. He snores three short blasts and one long one. And we do mean blasts. Freddie Breen is making his monthly pilgrimage to London. We wish him luck with the Bank of Montreal.

By the way you probably all noticed the picture of Editor Rorke in the last issue phoning someone at 1.25 a.m. We understand that he called his wife just to prove that he could stay up that late and still be sober. Anything he says about me is a dirty lie.

Goodbye now.

—Mac Larkin.

OUR PAL

He keeps clean what otherwise might be a dirty muddy hole. He keeps your aircraft from sometimes bogging down. He keeps a landing surface smooth. He helps you keep your airplanes, hangars, barracks and mess halls clean.

He is your best friend, yet you kick him down, and in wet weather when you can hurt him most you tramp him to death. Not satisfied with seeing others hurt him you do the same, which means his complete destruction.

He gets no pay, yet he has joined our ranks and never complains. Try and save him boys.

SAVE THE GRASS!

—"Dad" Parker.

pugnacious self, and the cactus sequence is a riot.

These are a few of the features that are showing in the next two weeks, but if you're not sure what is playing, watch the billboards. In closing, I think that we all owe a vote of thanks to F/L Godfrey, who, in spite of his numerous other duties manages to find time to arrange these special features that we enjoy so much. I know that he doesn't want recognition or praise, but we want him to know that his efforts are really appreciated.

There is a story that Jimmie Walker, ex-mayor of New York, placed a wreath on the tomb of the German unknown soldier in 1931. "And since I didn't know his race or creed," he said recently, "I

COMME MES ALEUX

Lorsque le poids du jour m'accable
Et que sur moi soudain la tristesse
s'abat,

Quand je suis fatigue de l'eternel
combat

Et que mon etre se debat
Et qu'il souffre et gemit sous un
joug implacable;

Quand souffle parfois de l'enfer
Un vent capable de deraciner un
chene

Et que, plus fort que l'ouragan qui
se dechaina,

Je sens la revolte et la haine
Que grondent sourdement et font
trembler ma chair;

Lorsque rugit la horde infame
De violents instincts et d'appetits
fougueux

Et que ces bataillons, geants im-
petueux

Pareils a des lions furieux,
S'elancent pour bondir a l'assaut de
mon ame;

Alors, c'est ton Nom glorieux,
Sainte Mere du Bon Dieu, que ma
bouche murmure!

Il est dans mes combats une invin-
cible armure,

Il dompte ma forte nature
Et ses apres desirs que je tiens des
aleux.

Quand ces faiseurs de terres
neuves

Rencontraient la douleur en creus-
ant leur sillon,

Ils sentaient, chaque fois qu'ils in-
voquaient ton Nom,

La sainte resignation
Comme unbaume celeste adoucir
leurs epreuves.

Le paysan et le soldat
Aux murs de leurs foyers suspend-
aient ton Image,

Et le navigateur echappe du nau-
frage,

Au retour t'offrait en hommage
Assez de cierges pour en construire
un grand-mat.

Du fond de trois siecles d'histoire
J'entends comme un echo qui gros-
sit en marchant

Et qui vibre scande par l'amour, et
ce chant

C'est l'hymne sublime et touchant
Que chante a l'unisson tout un
peuple a ta gloire.

Je vois les foules a genoux
Faire monter vers Toi leurs fer-
ventes prieres,

Et tous les maux et les douleurs les
plus ameres

Dont se composent nos miseres,
Sur ton coeur maternel se donner
rendezvous.

Tu fus sans cesse la gardienne,
Au coeur de nos foyers, de la foi
de nos preux,

Et lorsqu'en mes combats je te prie
avec eux

C'est toute l'ame de mes aleux,
D'immortelle beaute, qui passe dans
la mienne.

Quand j'invoque ton Nom puissant
Et que je m'en revets comme d'une
cuirasse,

Mon ame communique a l'ame de ma
race

Et pour solliciter sa grace
Je ne fais qu'obeir a la loi de mon
sang.

—Roman Catholic Padre.

am wondering if his mother isn't
being stoned in Germany today."

Noted on a sign board advertising
a dairy, "Fresh milk rushed from
Moo to you." O.K. I give up.

LAC McLean, J. B.

SPORTS SLANTS

A lot has happened to the R.C.A.F. Flyers in the past two weeks. They defeated Trenton for the R.C.A.F. championship at Toronto; won two games from the British Columbia Dragoons to qualify for the Camp playdowns, and in the bargain suffered their biggest loss when Jimmy Shanks and Billy Bent, star infielders, graduated with Course 30; Buddy Glunz, catcher extraordinary, and Tommy Scandiffio, outfielder, were posted to No. 1 I.T.S. It's too bad, but it's going to be an awful big job to fill the shoes of this quartet. On top of that, George Hammond demonstrated how not to catch a ball when one of Lefty Wilton's slants broke a finger on his right hand. No wonder Flight-Lieutenant Badgley has been pacing up and down the 3rd base line in a panic and Crowe's hair has taken on a grayer tint. Wouldn't it be wonderful if they drafted Marchildon of the Philadelphia "A's", Rosen of Syracuse, Fowler, Coleman and Hammond of Toronto and Ken Keltner of the Cleveland Indians?

The boys on the team are going to miss Duke Mallory of the R.C.A.S.C., who acted as plate umpire during his stay on this Station, until his posting back West. Duke was well liked by both players and fans and caused plenty of laughs with his demonstrations of calling strikes and balls, which all went to add color to the game. From a players' viewpoint, he called the odd bad one, but then what umpire can please any player? Duke should have been called "The Walking Rule Book," as the men with the gloves found out when an argument arose, because he was seldom wrong on a technical point. It is too bad he had to leave our sandy soil and it is hoped that wherever we play ball we are fortunate enough to meet another Duke Mallory.

It took the Flyers three innings to get going against the B.C.D.'s the other night and for a while it looked as if disaster would be written into the box score when the Dragoons came from behind to tie the score 5 to 5 and threaten to take the lead. However, a backhand stab of a line drive by Crowe which, doubled a man off first, and Alexander's stop of two sure hits, along with Thompson's long running catch, brought the boys out of the doldrums and into their winning stride to take the game 13 to 5.

Clerk: "A gift, madam? Do you want it to be something useful or ornamental?"

Shopper: "No, neither! It's a wedding present that I want."

GARNER'S MEN'S WEAR and SPORTING GOODS

Barrie, Ont. Phone 556

COMPLETE LINE OF
Athletic Equipment

Exclusive Barrie Agents
for TIP TOP TAILORS

YOUR PERSONALITY

Will improve by using the
reliable

NU-SERVICE

DRY CLEANERS

PETER A. SINCLAIR, Pres.
BARRIE

74 Elizabeth St. — Phone 18

Good Luck to You.