



Wings Over Borden

Vol. 4 No. 2

SEPTEMBER 16, 1941

No. 1 S.F.T.S.

CAMP BORDEN, CANADA

SPORTS DAY TURNS AQUATIC

FANS GET SOAKING EVENTS RAINED OUT

(By Sgt. R. Campbell)

On Friday, Sept. 5, the Air Force held their annual Sports Day. These sports are supposed to consist of track and field events, but there were many who, before the day was over, thought that they should have been aquatic events. Unfortunately, just after the sports got well under way, the weatherman interceded with a few well-placed buckets of rain.

The events were well attended by the friends and relatives of Station personnel, who had come all set to spend a pleasant afternoon basking in the sun, and consequently were not prepared when "The Rains Came." There was more than one father heard to say, as he squelched his way to shelter: "I wish that boy of mine had joined the Navy."

We were rather surprised to see the magnificent performance given by the new group of Australian aircrew. They did very well considering the fact that they had just completed a long and arduous boat trip from Australia. Outstanding among these men was L.A.C. Nichols, who did justice to every event he entered, particularly the discus throw.

In the evening a dance was held in the Station Drill Hall, and judging from the conversations heard the next day, it was a howling success. The thing that impressed the airmen most was the busloads of feminine partners so kindly provided for them. The girls entered into the spirit of the day so well that they outnumbered the airmen two to one, and some of the lads found, at the end of the evening, much to their horror (?) that they were escorts for more than the usual allotment, issued at one per airman.

In the past couple of weeks, the remainder of the events were run off, slowly and painfully, and the whole affair was climaxed by the presentation of the prizes at the Wings parade last Saturday evening, by Mrs. Grandy and Mrs. Bradshaw. There were a good many of the valiant heroes of the field who blushed gracefully as they saluted the ladies.

Squadron Point Standing—

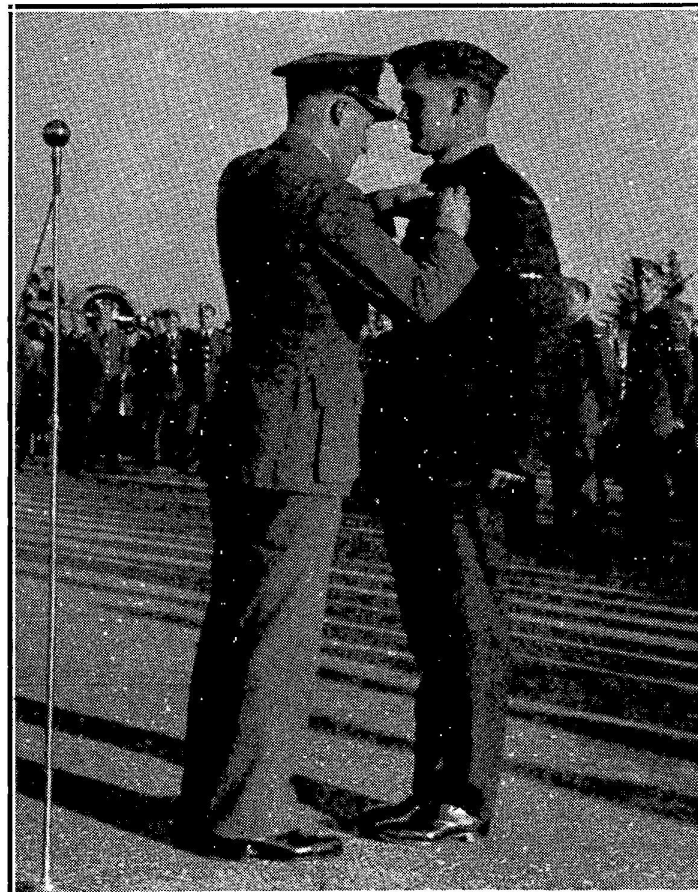
Standing was as follows:
Squadron championship—1st, No. 2 Squadron, 42 points; 2nd, Headquarters Squadron, 34; 3rd, No. 1 Squadron, 32; 4th, Maintenance Squadron, 17.

Individual championship — 1st, Flying Officer Edward Thompson, Toronto, 15 points; 2nd, L.A.C. J. B. Nicholls, Paddington, New South Wales, Australia, 14; 3rd, tied L.A.C. G. J. Rogers, Port Colborne, and A.C.2 D. E. Williams, Ottawa, 13 each.

(Continued on page eight)



Mrs. R. S. Grandy presents prizes for the Mile Relay to F/L Phillips of No. 2 Squadron. Left to right: F/L Badgley, Mrs. D. A. R. Bradshaw (who assisted in the presentation of prizes), F/L Godfrey (in background), J. C. McClenaghan, Y.M.C.A. Director, Mrs. R. S. Grandy, F/Sgt McCorkindale, F/L Phillips, Cpl. Cornish.



LAC V. J. Hibbins, R.A.A.F., receives his Wings at recent ceremony from Group Captain R. S. Grandy.

SPORTS DAY DANCE PROVES BIG SUCCESS

The first Station dance ever to be held in the Drill Hall proved a huge success. The Dance Committee, headed by F/L Godfrey, left nothing to be desired. The spacious Drill Hall was tastefully decorated with a spider web-like arrangement of crepe papers in Air Force colours. Ted Johnstone and his Blue Room orchestra from Midland rendered real rhythm from a raised stage decorated with hemlock trees. The canopy arrangements and the drapery did much to cut down the echo.

We are indebted to Squadron Leader Rodgers of No. 1 Training Command for securing some thirty girls from the Command, and to the Y.M.C.A. for providing their transportation. We are also deeply grateful to the Women's Active Service League of Barrie, the Women's Active Service League of Cookstown, and to Mr. Mulligan of Midland for providing dancing partners to make the evening a huge success. Appreciation is due the Service Police for effectively supervising traffic and parking area.

It is almost impossible here to elaborate on all the splendid work done by each committee, but may it be said that the co-operation of each and all made a grand night possible.

'C' FLIGHT WIN C.O.'S TROPHY

F/L Paul Sharpe received the C.O.'s Trophy at the Wings Parade held Saturday, Sept. 13th, on behalf of "C" Flight.

"C" Flight men were well in advance of their nearest rival, "E" Flight. Points were based on scores made at the Squadron Track Meets held during July and August. The following gives the order of finish:

Flight	Squadron	Points
"C"1	50
"E"2	44
A-80 M	38
Workshops M	34
Security Guard H.Q.		32
"G"2	30
"H"2	29
"A"1	28
"B"1	25
A-14 M	24
G.I.S. H.Q.	24
A-15 M	21
Equipment H.Q.	19
Accounts H.Q.	16
"D"1	16
Medicals H.Q.	14
"F" 2	12
HQTRS2	11
Motor Transport HQ		11

Mistletoe in Australia has infested such vast areas of forest that it is rated a pest.



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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

"Two men looked out from prison bars,
One saw the mud, the other the Stars."

—Source Unknown.

Recently I heard a success story. Some success stories are of doubtful value as they are too prone to make the foot fit the shoe instead of the shoe fitting the foot. However not this one, and it is well worth passing along. In a fair sized Canadian city, situated on Lake Ontario, live a large family of foreign extraction. The father, a labourer, has toiled long hours to assist the mother in providing the necessities of life for their growing family. The eldest boy, anxious to improve his station in life, and to follow a career of his own liking, had marked scientific ability, even in High School. He was eager to gain more knowledge and determined to put himself through university. To do this meant rigid economy, blood, sweat, and tears. When he had graduated, and established himself in industry, he conceived the idea of creating a fund to assist his next younger brother through. The second brother combined with the first, and a third brother has graduated. Each practised the same rigid economy of his predecessor, and each worked as faithfully for success. This trio of young scientists are now contributing to help a fourth now in High School to go to college. The foresight, the ambition, and the perseverance of the first has given to Canada at a time when she needs it most, three industrial scientists, and a fourth is promised. This man of vision, from behind the prison bars saw the Stars.

This we must do in the service, each for the other. We must struggle against all odds to be successful ourselves, and then we must be ready to create a fund for our successors. Not a fund of money, but a fund of knowledge, experience, and understanding. Carried through from rank to rank, man to man, this fund cannot help but supply the service with A-1 airmen.

—The Editor.

SPORTS SLANTS

Don't let us hear anybody say there isn't anything to do in Camp at nights. When a whole army regiment can come into the Air Force Camp to see something that is being witnessed by a very small group of Air Force personnel, then it is something for the Records.

The lack of enthusiasm shown by the Station personnel in Station Sports, which are provided for their

entertainment, has been noted with alarm for the past two seasons.

It is not considered a healthy condition when a person loses interest in sports of one kind or another and judging by the small attendances, which turned out to support the hockey team, the basketball team, the baseball team and the soccer team, there are an awful lot of unhealthy specimens in this Camp. If you can't play any of the games well enough to become a member of the team at least work up a "Brooklyn" interest and turn out and support them.

PADRE'S CORNER

I DARE YOU

Most of our mottoes and axiomatic sayings are half truth and half error. A shining example is found in that little two-word slogan, "Safety First." Of course we must obey the rule Safety First, if we expect to travel life's road very long and live to a ripe old age. But we must disregard the rule if we ever expect to get to first base in life's big game. It would be stupid of me to overlook the fact that there is a class of individuals to whom "Safety First" must apply for their own good and for the sake of everybody else. You can call them foolhardy—the rambunctious, thoughtless daredevils who will cut up with a plane over populated areas, strike a match to see if there is any gas in the tank of a car or take unnecessary chances to try to beat a train over a crossing.

"Give ear to the story of John Doodle Von Phlop, Who heard a train coming and saw the sign, 'Stop':

Then out of this world his journey did take

When he stepped on the gas instead of the brake."

For all such dim-wits, "Safety First" must continue to be a daily admonition.

What a drab world this would be, however, if "Safety First" had been the slogan of all that great host of men who have helped develop modern aviation. The same applies to the scientists. Life for millions is now longer, happier and less filled with hazards because a few men disregarded the slogan insofar as their own personal safety was concerned. How much protection would there be for life and prosperity if we were guarded against aggressor nations by sailors, soldiers and airmen whose motto was "Safety First"? No, the men who have gone down to

the-sea in ships and have gone over the top and across. "No Man's Land"—the men of the air who ride the sky lanes and soar to the stars—have a different motto, "Live Courageously."

While it is true we shun the thought of living in a safety first world we cannot but sense the fact that it would be equally tragic to live in a courageous world that had no rules; for courage by itself unguided may lead to disaster of major proportions. A navy, an army, an air force, be they ever so courageous—without drill and discipline would be just an ineffectual mob. Science, though courageous, unless guided by laws and principles already established would revert to magic. Business would sink to the level of a mere gamble and life would become stagnant and uninteresting.

Do you suppose it would help to keep an even balance between these two ever present dangers if the basic principles long ago laid down viz: Self Reverence, Self Knowledge, Self Control, were constantly observed?

—Flight Lieutenant E. Harston.
(Protestant Padre)

R.C.A.F. Theatre

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Sept. 19-20—
"FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK"
Errol Flynn, Brenda Marshall

Sept. 21—
"STRANGE ALIBI"
Arthur Kennedy, Joan Perry

Sept. 22-23—
"CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT"
Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour

Sept. 24-25—
"VIRGINIA"
Madeleine Carroll
Fred MacMurray

Sept. 26-27—
"THE LADY EVE"
Barbara Stanwyck
Henry Fonda

Sept. 28—
"MAISIE WAS A LADY"
Ann Sothern, Lew Ayres

Sept. 29-30—
"COME LIVE WITH ME"
James Stewart, Hedy LaMarr

Oct. 1-2—
"PEOPLE VS DR. KILDARE"
Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore

Oct. 3-4—
"MANPOWER"
George Raft, Marlene Dietrich
Edward G. Robinson

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



Our thanks are extended to our sisters-in-service—the Y.W.C.A.—for their assistance in the operation of the Sunday afternoon teas. Over a hundred airmen and their friends partake of this hospitality each week. As the cooler weather approaches, an increase in the attendance will be noticeable. Judging from the comments which reach our ears, airmen appreciate this service greatly.

Since the beginning of summer, over 150 airmen have taken advantage of the invitations extended by many of our friends in this great resort district to spend their 48's in pleasant surroundings amid congenial company. The men who have been fortunate enough to spend their leaves in this manner have been highly appreciative of this generous hospitality.

There are more invitations available and a cordial reception is awaiting any who would care to accept.

Drop into the "Y" office tonight for a chat.

Read It



or not?

By Cpl. E. M. Rorke

Last issue this column acknowledged the receipt of letters from overseas. One of these was handed to us by L.A.C. Clare Bowen of our M.T. Section. It was a letter from his brother, P/O Lawrence Bowen. A tragic event has occurred since last we went to press, an event that is bound to bring the war even closer to us here at Borden, after we read it, for P/O Bowen was killed in action just recently. To Clare and his family must go our most heartfelt sympathy and condolences. Nothing we could say can moderate their grief, but we can pay tribute to this gallant airman and others like him who in the name of liberty have given their all; by buckling down and trying to do a little better work and a little less grouching. Here is the letter:

June 30, 1941, Scotland.

Hello Clare,

I received your letter yesterday and was very pleased to know you are getting along fine and hope you continue to do so.

Well, Clare, we are making lots of trips these days and getting plenty of experience. That about fills the bill as far as news is concerned, and besides, I'll bet you know more about this war than we do. This is a beautiful country up this way, but you can have my share any day. Give me good old Toronto. The beer over here has a different taste all its own, and it doesn't compare with Canadian beer.

Well, Clare, I'm glad to hear that W— and the kids are doing fine. I miss them all, but I hope soon to be able to see them all again. Maybe with Russia's help we'll be able to finish this war before Christmas time (maybe.) I hope so, anyway, for there is no place like home, and you can quote me as saying so. That little newspaper that they publish about Camp Borden is very interesting. I read that piece you intended me to see and it was very good. I also read about Cpl. Plumb. He must be very good. I had the good luck to wrestle with Wally Myers that year. It must be quite a station at Camp Borden for sports. I see by your paper that they have a good sports committee. I wish we had those things up here, but on the other hand, we fly at night sometimes and sleep all day, so I guess we don't get the time anyway.

I'll close now and cheerio!

It seems this little paper of our travels to all parts of Canada. We were very pleased to hear from our Theatrical and Entertainment Editor, L.A.C. J. B. McLean, that the paper he forwards to his father is passed all around the little town of Caraqueet, N.B. Consulting the atlas in the library, Caraqueet ap-

"DAWN" FLIGHT

CAME THE DAWN!

Are you a nature lover? Come and admire the natural beauties of Dawn Flight. Arriving at Hangar 9 via the south end (or scenic route), one is confronted by a vast expanse of open water, lying (approximately 87% of the time) immediately in front of the hangar doors. One must take the ferry to reach the hangar. It runs every twenty minutes, I believe. One of the natives of the place, one Flight Sergeant Harris, will, if coaxed, recount the legend which would have one believe that sometime in the dim and distant past, an attempt was made to drain this lake, said attempt ending in dismal failure. Moral: "Nature triumphs over all, or You can't keep a good lake down." Having arrived at the moral, there is really no reason for pursuing this tale further.

(Note: In the ensuing paragraphs, any reference to places or persons, living or dead, is purely intentional, and might as well be construed as such.)

Dawn Flighters have become rather prolific recently. "Hub" Lester is the latest one to instal heir-conditioning. It's a boy. Mother and son doing well. Father doing no better than can be expected under the circumstances. All kidding aside, we offer the Lesters our sincerest congratulations.

Cpl. J. C. (Rodney) Caird has departed from our midst and has gone

appears to be a little bit of heaven on an inlet opening into Chaleur Bay. (McLean told me the Bay of Fundy.) Of course, he wouldn't know. To the good folk of Caraqueet I say this, if I ever get down that way I hope I'll have the good luck to see your village. A little snack of seafood wouldn't go amiss right now.

To Larkin of Stores and Simpson of M.T. Section, all we can say at present is that you are a couple of nasty little boys and your geoses will be cooked next issue. And I do mean geoses, not geese.

to dwell in the tepee of Maintenance Squadron. We shall miss his sweet voice and his smile.

According to an unsubstantiated report from a rarely authoritative source, Red plans to stay in camp some night in the near future. These newlyweds!

Since our canteen ceased to exist we have begun to acquire a gaunt, expectant look about 11.00 a.m.

Cpl. Mabee recently acquired another hook to wear on his sleeve, and is now being familiarly addressed as Sarge.

Pat MacDonald has written a poem, which we present forthwith, extolling the merits of Dawn Flight and its personnel, and illustrating the triumph of mind over meter.

DAWN FLIGHT

Drop in at Dawn on some fine day:
Come in at any time:
And see a crew that thinks it is
A-firing on all nine.

With twice too many corporals,
Who would like to boss the show.
The hardest task they have on hand,
is

"Where to find a 'Joe.'"

But 'Joe's' are hidden every place.
(I know 'cause I am one.)

And as for crankin' Yales each
dawn

It just ain't any fun.

There's Mr. Lester just this week
(For all his line so coy)

Could not out-talk the Stork—and
so!

He finds he has a Boy.

And Reinhardt calmly tells us
That Niagara has a view
He's going to share with lady-fair
In just a month or two.

But—nuff of gush and back to us
And all our Aesop's Fables;
Let's have a laugh at Waslyk
And his one-strand broken cables.

While down at Maintenance you'll
find

At home, among the sitters,
That Mr. Caird has gone the way
Of all improving fitters.

But—when it all boils down to facts
What keeps the Flight alive?

Who makes it tick?' What makes it go?

Who dares to boss this 'dive'?

It may be Sgt. Maybee, or
The Flight; I do not know!!!
So-o-o, we'll credit half to the guys
in charge

And the other half to "Joe".

—Pat.

CAMP BORDEN

C stands for camp, it's Borden I mean,

A stands for Airmen, all smart and serene,

M stands for Men who-no duty will shirk,

P stands for Pilots ever alert.

B stands for Bulldog and bulldogs we are,

O stands for onward through clouds to the stars,

R stands for ready wherever the call,

D stands for duty what'er may befall.

E stands for even unto the last man,

N stands for never give up is our plan.

—"Dad" Parker.

Helping Out

Lady of the house (reprovingly):
"These biscuits appear to be smaller than usual."

Cook: "Yes, madam. I made them smaller so that you would have less to find fault with."

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STORES

In our last column we mentioned that Cpl. Dagenais was still looking for gold in them thar hills but he has been beaten to the draw by a couple of other lads. It seems that the Cpl., with the big broad shoulders, who doesn't like his name mentioned in this column (he even threatened to pierce me if I did), and Eddie Pike went for a walk to that canteen for a few hamburgers. Apparently the blackout in Toronto had far reaching effects as it was so dark coming home that they lost their way and while strolling over the fields, stumbled into some gravel. When they lit a match to see if the hole was familiar, it turned out that the little stones were gold nuggets. They even brought samples home with them to prove it. No details are available as to where this is but we have our scouts watching to see where they stake their claim.

Our latest Cpl., J. M. J. Powell, showed us a group picture of his family which was very nice and one to be proud of. Fourteen children in one family is quite an accomplishment but what beats me is how anyone with that many children could spare three names for Jack.

This issue we greet eight new storekeepers from St. Thomas and hope that they like it here and don't have too much trouble finding their way around. We also have word that Butch MacDonald is being given a nice jammy transfer to No. 6 I.T.S. in Toronto. This has caused quite a bit of weeping around here for the lads who know how close this is to a well known grog factory. We wish Butch the best of luck and for his sake we hope the beds are as comfortable there as they are here.

We just asked Sgt. Finklestein if anything funny or amusing ever happened at Maintenance Stores. He replied: "There are lots of funny things happen but they're not amusing." I guess that explains the worried look he has had for the last while.

One of the best known civilian employees in camp is Bill Free, the ace shipper in the I & R section. Bill was pretty well banged up in the last war and some of his ailments caught up with him and he is now in the hospital. We all wish him a speedy recovery.

Before the next issue I hope to be able to figure out how F/O Bell, who was a field judge on sports day, managed to keep so dry.

—Mac Larkin.

Judge, to Negro: "Have you a lawyer?"

Defendant: "Naw, suh. We has decided to tell de troof."—Atlanta Two Bells.

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SECTIONAL NEWS

MAINTENANCE
HANGAR A80 AND A14

Our silent prayer for Oleo-legs has been answered, it seems, as we have a new stock of them. The boys will surely be busy installing them and there will be a definite increase in the amount of serviceable A.C. We are hoping that our flying personnel will cooperate with us by keeping serviceable those machines that are now in service. We realize, however, that as long as we have uncontrollable cross-winds, plus new students, there will always be the odd case of a few damaged Oleo-legs. Great tribute could be paid to this component, for they serve so well in the process of training our men for the inevitable "Eagle's Nest," the nest our enemy fears most, as it constitutes a great and formidable challenge to his brutal way of life.

Our glorious weather will soon come to an end and we can expect old man winter with all his fridity. This will affect working conditions a great deal, I am sure you will all agree. Snow and ice present quite a problem to our men of the air, and though the resolve is to do or die, we often wish ours was a tropical land. We realize, however, that the occasional fridity of this land causes a sharpening effect on the minds of our people, and for this reason we must conclude that such fridity is an asset.

Since the writing of our last issue we have suffered the loss of a few of our personnel and we regret this a great deal, as they were men among men. The mighty "transfer axe" has been wielded once more and on each wielding men of long acquaintance go to far off stations, leaving a few pleasant memories behind. Cpl. Simmons, Cpl. Ernie Rantz and L.A.C. Johnston were the recent victims of the old axe and we are sure they will be assets in their new spheres of influence. Being members of such a gigantic force as this makes us destined to constant shifting, and whenever the hour comes, there is not to reason why, but simply to comply while hoping all goes well.

Another great day of sports has come and gone, but this time our boys were not as impressive. Competition was simply too keen and not even our stalwart star, Cpl. Jarrett, had the slightest chance. The day was an extremely wet one, and though there was constant desire to defy the elements, we had to capitulate in the end and call off our activities. This was not done before real stubborn demonstrations to continue, and this caused many of us to get quite wet.

Our boys from maintenance were not in high spirits and this seemed very evident when we were called upon to accept the challenge of our Service Police in a tug-of-war. We were greatly outweighed and even though there was some show of a will to pull, there was little we could do to withstand the mighty Service Police with their gallant giants.

The day's events were followed by a night of gaiety and the boys

TILL THE H. E.
DETONATES

Since our first expressions published in "Wings Over Borden" 13 (X) has developed a few "growing pains." Subsequent diagnosis proved this malady was present in more avenues than one; for instance our strength has been increased to the extent that the powers that be will soon cease to ponder over any existing vacancies insofar as this Unit establishment is concerned. It is also our humble opinion that organization and efficiency has been maintained on an equal level with this "growth."

As is inevitable due to the vast set-up of the J.A.T.P., old acquaintances (in the sense of original personnel) depart occasionally to new fields and new faces appear in their stead. Amongst those departing thus was Sqd. Ldr. F. J. R. Garland, Accountant Officer, who was posted to No. 6 Repair Depot, Trenton, on August 27th. With our congratulations on his promotion (which prompted this transfer) is conjoined our best wishes for the future. During the "au revoir" party for Squadron Leader Garland, the Officers and Airmen joined in official "welcoming festivities" for both Flight Lieutenant S. Cox and Pilot Officer E. V. Holtzman, most recent acquisitions in the order named. The combined adieu and welcome expressed by the Commanding Officer, Squadron Leader G. M. D. Shiles on the night of August 25th, brings to mind those fine lines composed by Henry van Dyke, which might be appropriately quoted for all our personnel on draft:

"Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold;
New-made friends, like new-made wine,
Age will mellow and refine;
Friendships that have stood the test
Of time and change are surely best."

Perhaps ye olde scribe might now well chart his quill from the sentimental side to the more humorous atmosphere which means that the clarion call must be sent out for the "MEOWS FROM THE 13 (X) ALLEY CAT"

Sqd. Ldr. Shiles: "But, sir, I was not going 60 miles an hour, nor 50, nor 40, nor 30, nor—"
Camp Commandant: "Here, here;

were in higher spirits. Everyone seemed intent on having some real fun, and there was much encouragement, for there were many delightful guests who had come many miles to spread some joy to some lonely airmen. A few members of our High Command were present and seemed to be in high spirits also. However, of us all, the one who took the most advantage of the possibilities of the night was no other than our new-born Cpl. Dick. His joys were numerous, as they were intermingled with greater joys. The music was grand and the presence of so many pleasant faces transformed the place entirely. Much tribute should be given F/L Godfrey and our Y.M.C.A. representative, Mr. J. C. McClenaghan, for the fine time.

—Cpl. Langdon, H. J.

SEPTEMBER NUPTIALS

Friends of Squadron Leader J. G. McCormack, a former Accountant Officer at Camp Borden, will be pleased to hear of his marriage to Miss Mary Patricia Butler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stewart Butler, of St. Thomas. The wedding took place at St. Thomas, Monday, September 15.

steady now, or you'll be backing in to something."

Sgt. Major Gore: "What happened, did you hurt your hand?"

AC Cohen: "No, I was counting my fingers, I just shook hands with Corporal Bernstein."

Sgt. Scott: "Guard will fix bayonets" — "fix"

New Guard: "Sorry sarge, guess I'm the only guy without a broken one!"

Corporal Malcher says the beauty of a Kelvinator lies in the fact that you never have to 'Mark it on the Ice.'

"Hardtack" James is the name please! At least the fingerprint steno. registered our I. & R. hustler as "Tyle" instead of "Lyle."

Jack Cadham has acquired a chaperon. Ask Sgt. Walsh, he's the man instituted the deal. Your columnist has already offered a prayer to Allah for having thrown this pressing invitation in the discard.

Corporal Elliott, our genial Service Policeman, says he didn't mind riding with the R.C.M.P. but he did object to the female bystander asking "Which is the horse?" More script for the feline!

—Sgt. R. R. Wall.

Roxy Theatre
BARRIE

Sept. 22-23-24—

"BACK STREET"

Chas. Boyer
Margaret Sullavan

"SIX LESSONS FROM
MADAME LA ZONGA"

Lupe Velez, Leon Errol

Sept. 25-26-27-29-30—

"DIVE BOMBER"

In technicolor,
with Errol Flynn
and Fred MacMurray

Oct. 1-2-3-4—

"LIFE BEGINS
FOR ANDY HARDY"

with Mickey Rooney,
Lewis Stone
and Judy Garland

M.T. SECTION

Worry, worry and WORRY. Nothing to write about, and I was told that tonight is the deadline for Wings Over Borden.

I have a great big hunch that there is something in store for me somewhere. Every once in a while my good friend, Jack Ball, will look at me and grin with a Cheshire cat look on his face, as much as to say that you just wait, Curley; the boys are going to get even with you for a lot of things that you are putting in the paper about them. O.K., O.K., I can take it as well as any of you can.

And then our good friend, Cpl. Rorke, has got something up his sleeve, I'll betcha, mister, I bet ya.

So all in all, this issue ought to be a very interesting one for me if my hunch is correct.

Who is the lad that has the most nerve in the whole section? Hold everything and I'll tell you all about it. As I write this I just heard a very interesting bit that's too good not to write about. In trying to get a column for the paper, J. B. McLean sends a wire to his wife and wants to know, "Where the devil is the "Picture Review?"—and that's not all—he sends it collect.

Now that we have the new section all done and an administrative officer who holds the rank of A.C.1 the boys will be as happy as a fish out of water. I suppose I should say as happy as fishes out of water.

Oh, yes, the Major says that he can pass a tractor now that he has a new car. I knew he would get tired of that old Ford.

The boys of this section had a smoker out at Loretto the eighth of this month and from what I hear, it was a grand time. All the boys were there that could get there except one, and he don't count, or at least that is what one of the Cpls. told me, and I guess he is right. It was me that he meant.

L.A.C. Lang has just returned last Monday (pay day) and glad to get back, too. How about a loan, Jack?

A burr is a burr, but those Midland burrs stand out by themselves. Eh, Dave?

Yes, yes, we have five new men in the section, so the same old thing will start all over again. "Trade tests," you guessed it the first

SECTIONAL NEWS

ACCOUNTS SECTION

Sports Day has come and gone, but not completely from the memory of one of our golf experts, Al Wilmot, the Woodstock Woodchuck. Seems after taking precautions from catching cold after spending some time in the drenching rains, Al entered the drill hall optimistically or should we say "misty optically," where the dance was in progress.

"Shay," he asked, "who kicked the end out of the drill hall?"

"Why nobody did," was the reply.

"Well then," he demanded, "Why ish the orchestra playing out there in the bushes?"

Corporal Van Town has turned over a new leaf or is sweeping with a new broom, we don't know which. He has developed into a regular barrack room dictator.

It is reported that a certain stout Corporal who has been limping around the station the last few days, was taking up horseback riding at the Riding Academy in Hamilton last week. It seems he asked for a gentle horse as this was his first experience on one. "Well," says the stableman, "if you're a beginner you better take that little brown mare there, she's a beginner too." Well, it seems the portly corporal mounted the horse and she started kicking around at a great rate. At last she got her foot caught in the stirrup. "Well," he was heard to mutter as he painfully climbed down from her back, "if you're going to get on, I'm going to get the heck off."

So long!
—LAC George Baskett.

time. Here's wishing you luck, lads.

Well, if five men come in, there must be five or six go out, and maybe one of them five will be me.

Sept. 16th will be a blue day for this section. Cpl. Dulmage will start on his furlough. We hope you have a pleasant trip, Les., old man. Take care of the west while you are out there, and don't dig any potatoes either.

Cpl. Wainwright must be expecting another hook. I see he has a telephone just like the Major's.

Our Jitter has been sent out to the wilds for a while to Alliston. How do you like it out there, old boy, and how do you and Mr. Henneberry get along?

Who were the two men that left here the 12th and had a breakdown in Whitby, or did the car really have something wrong with it?

L.A.C. Patrick has had his first forty-eight in some time now, but we are told that he has had a lot of time off lately. How does it feel to be free, Pat?

Doug. Joel has been transferred to Ottawa. Doug. will have the time of his life there I know. I am told that he likes it there.

Now, just one little joke, if you can call it a joke.

J. B. McLean met one of his ancestors and they began comparing notes. J. B. asked his great grandparent if he still had the stub of his tail yet.

—Curley Simpson.

ON THE BAND STAND

Our long silence has been broken and the boys have come out again in response to a great many requests. We are hoping to continue our activities and trust to luck that some new food for thought will be supplied. We realize how little we have served in the past few weeks, and we have great regret for this. However, it should be realized that unless we are supplied the tools, it is impossible to do the job.

We refuse to believe that there are not more men who are musically inclined here, and so, out goes the call for more men with such inclinations. This might seem a bit monotonous, but as it is said, "it pays to advertise;" it is well to do so and hope there will be some response.

As we want to continue our good service, we desire co-operation on your part in order to help us on our way.

Our general maestro, L.A.C. Griffin, is back with us after his lengthy stay at the Toronto Ex. He has heard some of the topnotch bands while there and no doubt has received many musical inspirations. Now that he is back, I am sure operations will be resumed to the fullest extent of the word.

The weather is rapidly changing and very soon it will be far from pleasant playing on the march. However, whatever the difficulty, let us resolve to say, "Sail On," in the spirit of Columbus. His resolve to say "sail on" despite a seemingly impossible task, resulted in a great success and a benefit to humanity in general. Let us strive to take pattern by his persistence, for if we do, success will surely mark our path.

Signing off for now, while hoping to be with you on the next issue.

—Cpl. Langdon, H. J.

What About the Band?

What has become of the band? This seems to be the prevalent question on the minds of all. Could it be that the members have become lax or without interest? It is sincerely hoped that this is not so, as it would be rather regrettable considering what great work they have done in the past. We miss the comforting sound of martial music and this is really apparent whenever the men are on the march. Instead of delightful tunes, which make marching a pleasure, we have the constant shouting, "Keep in step." This is a favorite command of our Sgt.-Major, and though the boys welcome keeping in step, they would rather do so to some delightful tune. Many of us are anxious to know what is the trouble and we would like to appeal to our intelligentsia to find the trouble. Could it be that the band is not securing the co-operation of the powers that be? This seems unlikely, as they realize only too well how much of an asset the band has been to our Station.

Whatever the difficulties may be, let us hope that a solution will soon be found so that the boys may

THANKSGIVING

Give thanks to God who His mercy sends,
For health and strength, for home and friends.
Give thanks for comfort in the hour of need,
And for every kindly word or deed.
Give thanks for this beautiful land of ours,
Our lakes, our forests and beautiful flowers.
Give thanks for the song of the birds in the trees,
And the cooling balmy summer breeze.
Give thanks for sleep which comes at night,
And the early morning's golden light.
Give thanks for the sun which shines on high,
And the silvery moon and the starlit sky.
Give thanks for thoughts and happy talk,
And guidance on the paths we walk.
Give thanks for these and all we see,
And to God who giveth Life to thee.

—"Dad" Parker.

CHAIN LETTER

This chain was started in Reno in the hope of bringing happiness to all tired business men. Unlike most chains, this one does not cost any money. Simply send a copy of this letter to five male friends, then bundle up your wife and send her to the fellow whose name heads the list. When your name works to the top, you will receive 15,176 GORGEOUS GIRLS.

HAVE FAITH—Don't break the chain!

One man broke the chain and got his own wife back.

resume their march to bigger and better things.

There are constant appeals being made for new members, and this seems more urgent now than ever, as the boys of the band seem handicapped and would welcome any musical aspirant. There are treats in store for all who render such an indispensable service.

—An Observer.

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SPORTS NEWS

FLYERS DEFEATED BY DIV. SIGS. ELIMINATED FROM CAMP PLAYDOWNS

The R.C.A.F. Flyers, suffering from lack of practice and a bad case of the "jitters," lost a 10 to 1 game to a well balanced Div. Sigs. nine.

The Signallers landed on Alexander, starting pitcher for the Flyers, in the first inning scoring two runs and following this up with five more in the second and three in the third before they were stopped by Al Imrie, who came in and set them down for the remainder of the game without a run being scored against him.

The Flyers only threatened in one inning, the second, when Crowe, the first batter, was hit by a pitched ball, stole second, went to third on an infield out and scored on a passed ball. From then on the Flyers base runners were as scarce as grass in the Sahara.

The Div. Sigs. were by far the better team on the night's play and deserved to carry off the honors. One of the big factors of the evening was the marching of the whole regiment over to cheer for a team which represented them. The "riding" that the Air Force players took was terrific and without doubt caused a few of the boys to be nervous and make errors that wouldn't have happened if the "riding" had been neutralized by the cheering. It was really a remarkable sight—300 soldiers and 22 Air Force personnel including the ball team. But what really hurt was that it was in an Air Force game. Thank goodness next year is another season.

Maritimer on Mound

Signalman Ray Chalmers, of Newcastle, N.B., an ex-semi-pro, pitched steady ball for the winners, letting down the Flyers with three scattered hits. One hit was definitely scratchy, the others solid singles. The lone run was unearned, coming from a walk, stolen base, infield out and wild pitch. This was in the second frame when Sgt. Lou Crowe crossed the plate with what proved to be the Air Force's only tally.

Not Alexander's Night

On the other hand, it was not Pilot Officer "Jake" Alexander's night—and his whole team was the same way. It was one of those games where one team could do nothing right, the other nothing wrong. In this case it was the worst showing the Flyers made all season, in three months of baseball. They committed three bad errors, were jittery in the field, and almost helpless at bat. They

SIGS 10—FLYERS 1

No. 1	S.F.T.S.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Thompson, cf, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Whalen, 3b	3	0	0	0	0	0
Imrie, ss, p	2	0	0	0	2	1
Alexander, p, ss	3	0	0	1	4	0
Crowe, 1b	2	1	0	11	1	0
Davis, rf, lf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Vansickle, 2b	2	0	0	0	4	2
Dolan, lf, cf	3	0	1	0	0	0
Kettlewell, c	0	0	0	2	0	1
Matches, c	3	0	2	2	0	0
*Hammond	1	0	0	0	0	0
		24	1	3	18	11	4

*Batted for Vansickle in 7th.

5th DIV. SIGS	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	
Button, ss	4	2	1	2	2	1
Granger, rf	4	2	3	0	0	0
Dow, c	3	0	0	7	1	0
Hamilton, 1b	4	1	2	6	0	0
Chalmers, p	3	0	0	0	2	0
Howden, cf	3	1	2	1	0	0
Ellis, 3b	3	2	1	1	3	1
Jackson, lf	3	1	0	1	0	0
King, 2b	3	1	0	3	1	0
		30	10	9	21	9	2

SUMMARY

Runs batted in—Hamilton 3, Button 3, Granger 2; triples—Button, Howden; homer—Hamilton; stolen bases—Button, Crowe; left on bases—Sigs 3, Flyers 4; walks—off Chalmers 2; struck out—by Chalmers 6, by Alexander 2, by Imrie 1; hit by pitcher—by Chalmers (Imrie); wild pitch—Chalmers; sacrifice hit—Dow; hits—off Alexander 8, off Imrie 1; losing pitcher—Alexander.

had beaten the same Signallers in an exhibition match previously 12-5.

Imrie to the Mound

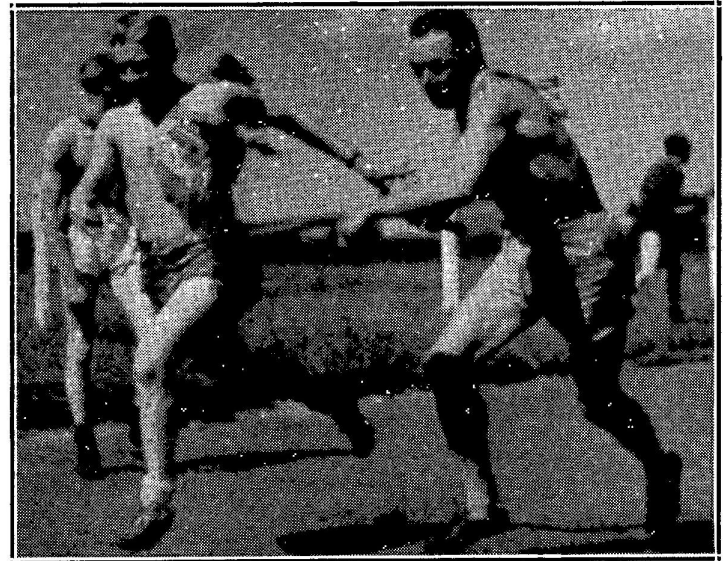
Signallers got away with two runs in the first, five more in the second, three in the third. Flight-Lieutenant M. F. Badgley then decided to switch Alexander with Imrie on the mound for a few batters. But Pilot Officer "Al" Imrie, who is a shortstop and had only pitched two innings before this year, went along so nicely he remained on the mound for the rest of the game, with no runs, one hit only, off his delivery. The "Sigs" made eight safe hits and all 10 runs off Alexander, who never did get warmed up.

Catcher Missing at Start

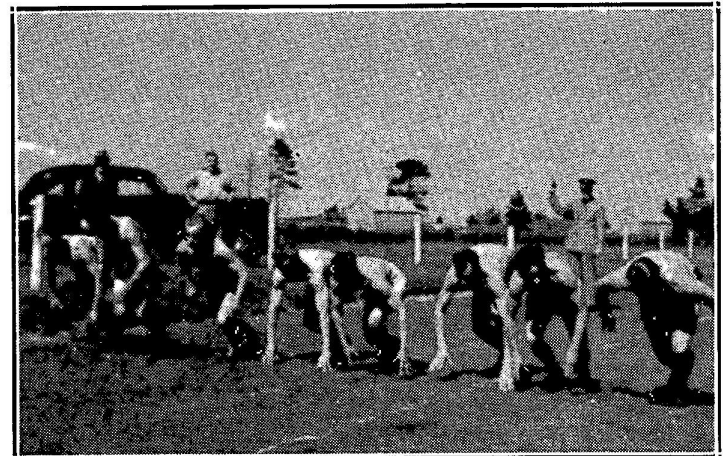
The Flyers got away to a bad start. Their regular catcher, L.A.C. Jimmy Matches, was "up in the air" when the game started, on his final navigation test. The game started with A.C.2 Kettlewell, a new man, behind the bat, and while he made a nice effort, the team and pitcher did not have the confidence the presence of the regular catcher would have given. Matches finally arrived late in the second stanza with the score standing 3-0 and the bases loaded with none out.

Hamilton Hits Homer

"Sigs" produced some hefty batters in the first three innings as the boys teed off on Alexander's offerings. Wilbur Hamilton, big first baseman from Winnipeg,



LAC Pidgen passes the baton to F/L Phillips as No. 2 Squadron capture the mile relay.



The men get off to a good start in the 440 yd. dash.

clouted a homer with one on in the first. A triple by Stu Button, Belleville, a clever shortstop, produced three runs in the second. Howden opened the third with a triple. Harvey Granger, Manitoba, got three safeties for the winners. He was the only batter to reach first on Imrie.

Should Have Been Closer

Flyers fielded erratically for three innings, like champions in the last three. If they had been on their game, it would have been a real match. Alexander made some nice plays at shortstop, also Crowe at first. In left field, L.A.C. Lawrence Davis, from Ivy, made two nice catches.

	R	H	E
R.C.A.F.	0	1	0
Signals	2	5	3

Umpires—Ray Ryan, K. of C. Hut, plate; Sgt. McCulloch, B.C. Dragoons, bases.

Curious Caddy

Golfer: "Dear, dear; I'm certainly not playing the game I used to play."

Caddie (disgustedly): "What game was that?"—Exchange.

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BATTING AND FIELDING AVERAGES CAMP BORDEN 'FLYERS' BALL TEAM

As at August 31, 1941

Player	G.	AB	Hits	P.C.	2BH	3BH	HR	FC	E	Aver.
Glunz	6	16	10	.625	1		1	48	0	1.000
Alexander	14	47	26	.553	3	4		37	6	.838
Thompson	13	40	22	.550	3	1	3	19	1	.948
Bruce	13	48	23	.479	3	2		11	1	.910
Matches	3	9	4	.444				12	0	1.000
Wilton	2	7	3	.428				5	0	1.000
Shanks	12	42	17	.404	1			36	3	.917
Rebbetoy	8	28	11	.392	2	1	1	45	0	1.000
Crowe	14	46	16	.347	9	2		73	3	.959
Kallio	8	29	10	.344	2	1		13	0	1.000
Dolan	4	9	3	.333				1	0	1.000
Schecter	4	7	2	.285				5	1	.800
Imrie	12	44	12	.272	1	2		42	5	.881
Vansickle	1	4	1	.250				2	1	.500
Hammond	5	9	2	.222	1			4	0	1.000
Whalen	4	16	3	.181				8	3	.625
Clavel	3	7	1	.142				4	0	1.000
Davis	2	7	1	.142				3	0	1.000
Scandiffio	2	7	1	.142				0	0	1.000
Bent	10	22	2	.090			1	15	1	.934
Dupuis	3	1	0	.000				6	0	1.000
Dugal	2	2	0	.000				2	1	.500
Friedlansky	3	8	0	.000				10	2	.800
Kettlewell	1	2	0	.000				4	0	1.000



S/M Grenke coaches the Headquarters' Team to victory in two straight over No. 1 Squadron.

YOUR BOY

Yes, you had to let him go,
But the time will surely come,
When you hear that dear familiar
voice,
Saying—"Hello, darling mum!"
How proud and happy you will be,
How thankful and how glad
When once again you welcome back,

Your own sweet bonnie lad!
Keep your chin up, it will help him
If he knows that Mother smiles,
When the world looks dark and
dreary,
With her troubles and her trials.
Tho' dark and bitter life may seem,
Tho' the world seems hard and
stern,
Each day will bring you nearer,
To the day when he'll return.

—"Dad" Parker.

PITCHING RECORD

	G	W	L	P.C.
Alexander	7	7	0	1.000
Wilton	2	1	0	1.000
Kallio	6	4	1	.800
Clavel	3	1	1	.500
Dugal	2	0	0	.000
Total	13	2		

Team batting average, .342; team fielding average, .931; games played, 15; games won 13, lost 2; leading hitter, Alexander; home runs, Thompson; triples, Alexander; doubles, Crowe.

STARTING AND WARMING UP OF AIRCRAFT ENGINES

(Continued from previous issue)
If the amount of priming given is sufficient and the throttle opening properly set; back-firing and flames at the exhaust will be almost eliminated.

For the newcomer a little tip. If by any chance the engine catches fire open the throttle wide. The increased suction will very likely suck the flames and the excess gasoline in the engine, preventing the flames from touching the airframe.

Having followed the proper procedure the engine started without any trouble.

The first, and I should say the only dial to watch immediately after starting, is the oil pressure gauge. If no pressure shows after a maximum of thirty seconds, do not hesitate to stop the engine; then investigate.

As soon as the pressure becomes normal, (70 to 90 lbs.) move the airscrew lever to the fine position; thus relieving the extra load put on the engine.

Manufacturers recommend warming up of radial motors at 1000 R.P.M. At that speed the top cylinders -1-2-9 receive adequate lubrication, which they would not if the engine was turning at a lower speed. The high viscosity of the oil after starting necessitates this procedure.

While the engine is warming up the man in the cockpit has enough spare time to check thoroughly the different operations of the motor. I mention the most important ones. The oil pressure normally should range between 70 and 90 lbs. The fuel pressure, 5 lbs. for a Harvard, .2 to .3 Kilograms per square centimeter for Yales equipped with instruments calibrated according to the metric system.

The suction gauge should read a depression of 4 inches of Hg. when the engine is turning at 1200 R.P.M. thus giving a good indication of the proper operation of the vacuum pump.

The magnetos should be checked separately. The right magneto supplies the front spark plugs in both the Whirlwind and the Wasp and the left supplies the rear plugs. When switching from "Both Magnetos" to either right or left a drop in R.P.M. of more than 125 should never be tolerated.

The "Hot Air" should be turned on and off, and a reading taken on the instrument. Never let the carburetor air temperature rise above 50C (122°F.).

As soon as the cylinder head temperature reaches 150°C and the oil temperature 40°C it is considered safe to open the engine up to 1500 R.P.M. give a final check to the magnetos, and there for a very short time increase the R.P.M. to 1800. See that all the instruments give you a proper and accurate reading and throttle back gradually. After a "run up at" high speed, it is imperative to do so in order to allow the valves to cool sufficiently. If everything is found correct stay in the aircraft until somebody relieves you but never leave an engine running with nobody sitting in the cockpit.

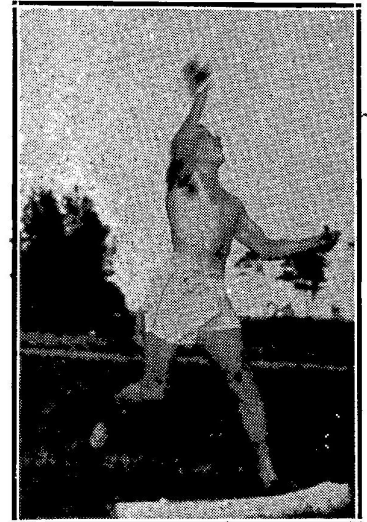
I hope that these few notes will

help the boys; they are not complete and I would like to say a lot more about this important part of our work but the space is confined in our Camp paper and I already had more than my share in the present edition. So fellows, let us make a practice of being careful whenever we have to start an aircraft engine because more harm can be done during the first three minutes after starting than during fifty hours of normal operation.

—Sgt. Deslauriers, J.J.,
N.C.O. i/c A80 Hangar.

AIR FORCE TEAM AT CAMP BORDEN MEET

The Camp Borden Track and Field Championships are scheduled to take place on Sept. 17. The R.C.A.F. Sports Committee have selected a team to take part. We wish the boys the best of luck.



F/O Eddie Thompson puts the shot 40'5" to win the heavy event.

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Good Luck to You.

Welcome To No. 1 S.F.T.S.

Your first impression on arriving at Borden is, of course, its absolute separation from any neighboring towns or accommodations. Usually at most of our stations there are some civilian quarters where most of the off-duty relaxations and comforts are obtained. Thus on your arrival you may be a little depressed on the prospect of your stay with us. However, let not thy thoughts be downcast, for here we have more than ample reparation for our solitude.

Ever since the founding of Camp Borden as Canada's first Flying School in 1917 under the name of Canadian Air Force, later in the year of 1919 the Royal Flying Corps came into existence, constant efforts have been spent to alleviate the arduous period which makes up our working day. Here are the names of the Commanding Officers whose ingenuity and unquenchable spirit and loyalty have brought fame to Camp Borden:

F/L C. O. Johnson, M.C.	1920
W/C D. G. Joy, A.F.C.	1920
S/L F. S. Williams, A.F.C.	1921
S/L F. L. Gordon, D.F.C.	1921
S/L J. A. Glen, D.S.C.	1922
S/L A. E. Godfrey, M.C., A.F.C.	1922
W/C J. S. Scott, M.C., A.F.C., A.D.C.	1922
W/C W. C. Barker, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., A.D.C.	1924
W/C L. S. Breadner, D.S.C.	1924
S/L A. B. Shearer	1927
W/C R. N. Anderson	1927
W/C G. M. Croil, A.F.C.	1932
W/C A. A. L. Cuffe	1922, 1932, 1936
S/L G. E. Brooks	1937
W/C R. Collis	1939
G/C L. F. Stevenson	1940
W/C F. S. McGill	1940
G/C A. T. M. Cowley	1940
G/C R. S. Grandy, O.B.E.	1941

(The rank given as at the time of their command.)

Particularly since the beginning of the World War II, unparalleled growth has taken place, the once sandy waste has been transformed into spacious lawns; modern buildings have replaced the old wooden type, the result of our present Air Force Administrators.

There is one building, "Airmen's Club", which is dedicated particularly to the task of supplying after-duty pleasures. The Dry Canteen is open from 1200 to 1315, 1630 to 1715 and 1800 to 2130 hours daily. The Wet Canteen hours are from 1700 to 1715 hours and 1800 to 2115 hours daily except Sunday when it is open from 1900 to 2115 hours only. The Dry Canteen keeps a rather complete sundry stock and many needs may be met at reduced figures. Suggestions for additional service are always welcome.

Laundry and Dry Cleaning are cared for by two reliable companies. One concern calls at the Airmen's Club from 1430 to 1800 hours on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The other service operates on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The Library, with more than 1500 books, is open from 0900 hours until 2100 hours daily except between 1100 to 1215 and 1700 to 1800 hours. Sunday periods are from 1300 to 1700 hours and from 1900 to 2100 hours. Recently published technical books and books on current events form a strong section on the shelves. Very recent best-sellers are to be found awaiting the reader. Over 1500 books are available.

Flight Lieutenant E. Harston, Protestant Padre and Flight Lieutenant L. E. Gagnon, R.C. Padre, have their offices on either side of the Library. The Padres are always glad to advise on personal or Religious problems and to give spiritual guidance.

The office of the Y.M.C.A. is just across the hall. From the "Y" emanates an unending stream of game schedules, interesting programmes and the Station newspaper, "Wings Over Borden." Mr. J. C. McClenaghan, Director of Y.M.C.A. Services, is available at all times to help newcomers become adjusted and to assist with sports and recreational programme.

Linked with the Airmen's Club are the Baseball Diamonds, Tennis Courts, Swimming Pool, Soccer Field and Modern Track. The Station also has a well-kept 9-hole Golf Course. The spacious Drill Hall houses accommodation for Volleyball, Badminton, Basketball, Gymnastics, Bowling Alleys and a Shooting Gallery. All these facilities are open to all station personnel.

Midway between the Airmen's Club and the Drill Hall is the Theatre. This building which was built from the profits of the first ten months running during this war, has some of the latest equipment, air conditioning and a modern stage upon which appear from time to time stage shows imported from Toronto and other points. The programme changes every two days and first and second run pictures only are shown. Lectures are also conducted here and on Sunday, Church Service.

In addition to these "active services" are what might be called passive services. Mail is delivered to Camp twice daily. A regular Post Office facing the Main Road assures thorough Postal accommodation.

So, from this brief outline, it may be seen that while Borden is not exactly a home away from home, nevertheless, those who came before you have shaped from out of a sandy waste at least a modicum of accommodation and comfort.

—Flight Lieutenant C. Godfrey,
Messing Officer.

EVENTS RAINED OUT

(Continued From Page One)
Sports' Day Committees

General Chairman—F/L M. F. Badgley, Chairman, Sports' Committee—F/O T. A. Spruston, President Sports Club, Chairman, Dance Committee—F/L Charles Godfrey, Messing Officer.

Grounds Committee—F/O Jones, W.O.2 Grenke, W.O.2 Lockhart, Cpl. Wainwright, LAC Wright, "Dad" Parker, Dance Committee—F/L Godfrey, W.O.2 Standing, F/S Bean, Cpl. Robertson, LAC Lindsay, J. C. McClenaghan, Y.M.C.A.

Catering and Refreshments—F/O Bell, F/S Langford, Sgt. Albota, Transportation—F/L Gill, J. C. McClenaghan, Y.M.C.A.

Prizes—F/O Spruston, F/L Godfrey, F/O Laing, Finance—F/L Broughton.

Officials for Track and Field Referee-in-Chief, Group Captain R. S. Grandy, Referees, W/C D. A. R. Bradshaw, S/L G. V. Priestley, S/L J. B. Flowerdew, Clerk of Course, F/O T. A. Spruston, Clerk of Field, F/O E. G. Gilmore, Starter, F/L M. F. Badgley, Announcers,

A Tribute To Camp Borden

Again there is a sound of a million marching feet,
Now that there is the sound of bugle and drum
Blaring out as though thunder from the clouds;
Again as before the scene is in good old Camp Borden.

Now that the Battle of Men has been resumed,
The sons of former warriors have gathered again.
With motives the same as that of their fathers,
For indeed, the common enemy, is the one of old.

They have accepted the challenge of this old enemy
Much with the great spirit of their fathers of old.
And again, the proving and training ground is Borden,
The camp which has served in every tragic hour.

Let us, with one acclaim, salute this good old camp,
For from her ranks have come some of our greatest warriors.
Defenders of the land which can ne'er be forgotten
Have indeed trodden over her sandy soil.

Today some of them have died and gone,
But still Camp Borden carries on and on.
Always there can be heard the many marching feet,
For this seems the destiny of this camp indeed.

The mighty roar of giants of the skies
Display themselves in further tribute to this old camp,
For unlike the machines of the past, though good,
Roar on with precious cargoes over precious land.

With such outstanding tradition and so outstanding a camp,
Let us then rejoice, for indeed we have been blessed.
Indeed this good old camp has done her best—
Carry on, Camp Borden! Carry on! on to Victory!

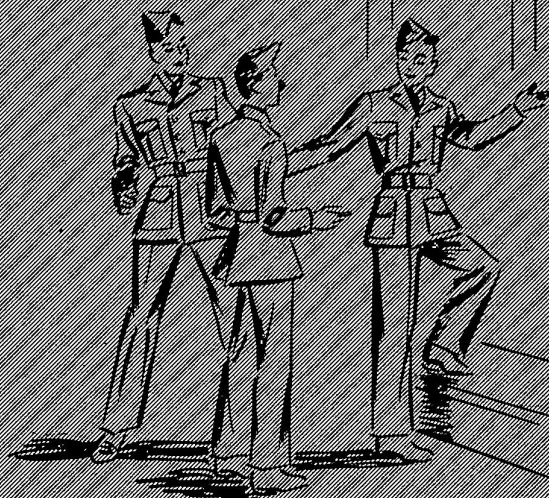
—Henry J. Langdon.

W.O.2 A. R. Lockhart, F/Sgt. A. E. McCorkindale, Chief Scorers—S/L Falls, A. V. Ashdown; F/L J. H. Broughton; Sgt. L. Crowe. Novelty Event

Finish Judges—S/L H. J. Phillips; S/L B. L. Hession; W.O.2 J. M. McAskin. Timers—F/L J. McCulloch; F/L H. A. Gill; W.O.2 Grenke. Pit Judges—F/L S. T. Douglass; F/L C. Godfrey; Sgt. W. Woolverton. Throwing Judges—F/L W. H. Boyd; F/O N. G. Bray; F/Sgt. A. E. —F/O O. W. Laing.

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