



# Wings Over Borden

Vol. 4 No. 3

OCTOBER 20, 1941

No. 1 S.F.T.S.

CAMP BORDEN, CANADA

## No. 1 S.F.T.S. Bids Farewell To Popular Padre

PER ARDUA AD ASTRA

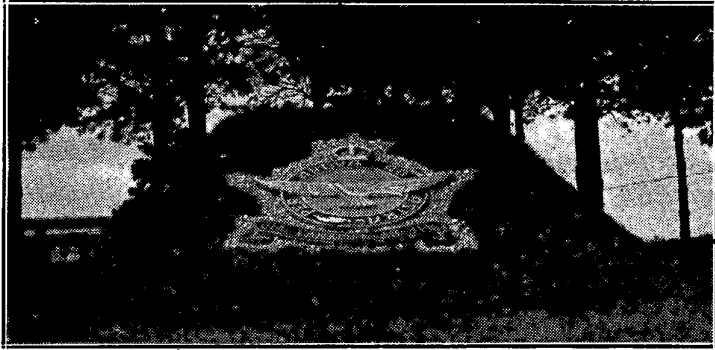
### F/Lt. Harston Leaves Borden for Overseas

That little room at the head of the Canteen Stairs is vacant. The Padre has left us. He has gone to serve his Master among shot and shell, bombs and blitzkriegs, and we who knew him here will know that that service will be carried out unflinchingly and faithfully.

F/Lt Harston won many friends at Camp Borden in his comparatively long stay here. He was the first uniformed padre at Camp Borden and came here shortly after the outbreak of hostilities. His cheerful manner and friendly daily visits to the hospital, tarmac, and mess hall will be greatly missed by all. The Padre always displayed keen interest in all station doin's and was always Johnny-on-the-spot with a word of praise or sympathy when needed.

Known affectionately behind his back as the Fighting Padre, F/Lt Harston did not leave any issue clouded that he was concerned with, and never pulled his punches when delivering his Sunday sermons.

So to you Flight Lieutenant Harston we bid a fond farewell and wish you the best of luck, and hope some day that when this conflict is over, we will meet up with you again on some happier occasion.



Attractive entrance, No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden, inspired by F/Lt. Badgley

## SEVEN SEAS

(By Flying Officer W. A. Beckett)

(Editor's Note: The editorial staff of Wings Over Borden are pleased to introduce a new series of exciting anecdotes by an officer on this station who has covered the "Seven Seas" in his travels. It may well be said of the author, F/O Beckett, that the world is his home. He was born at Holmes Chapel in England and finished his education at King's College, University of London. Immediately on leaving school this officer travelled to the four corners of the world with one of England's leading industrialists. When war broke out in 1914 he returned to England to enlist. He received a commission in the Second South Lancashire Regiment and served in France until 1918. After the armistice he was sent to North Russia in charge of some Russian troops at Murmansk. These troops were to join with the White Russians under General Malshevesky. When the British-Slavo Legion was formed he was transferred to the Intelligence Department of the Imperial Forces. After the Russian debacle, F/O Beckett went to Papua, New Guinea, with the Australian Government, who held the mandate with the League of Nations over this territory. Here he saw service opening and developing this hitherto practically unknown country, subduing head hunters and bringing the comforts of medicine, sanitation and better methods of cultivation to the native population. He acted as mediator in tribal wars and worked for the cessation of tribal warfare. He worked with Australian Government to wipe out such savage practices as binding infants' heads to give them a conical shape. He was one of the pioneers in the Bulolo Gold Fields. While in the tropics he indulged in pastimes such as pearl diving, beché-de-mer fishing and trocus fishing. When his service with the Australian Government was finished he came to Canada and is now an officer in the Security Guard at this station. F/O Beckett's articles have great reader interest and should be well received by the readers of Wings Over Borden. The following article, the first in this new series, deals with Mandor

who played an important part in F/O Beckett's life in Papua. But we will let the author tell the story of Mandor himself.—Ed.)

## MANDOR

The sturdy little schooner "Van-apa" forced her heaving prow through the grey chill waves into the light of dawn. The Papuan coastline from the sea was a sinister black-banded stretch, crag-mounted and forbidding. The foothills were thickly wooded and on the mountains beyond the sun burst its early rays.

Against the wheel was the silhouette of a bushy-headed native,



The Author

F/O Beckett at right talking with his successor at Papua.

one of the fuzzy-wuzzies of anthropological delight and fabulous renown. Whilst his eye was on the binacle, he was steering by sheer instinct and mountain outline. Three shivering native ship's crew slept uneasily under their greasy blankets on the hatch.

I was the only "white" passenger aboard and leaned against the deck house drinking in the whole scene and revelling in the glorious sunrise. Suddenly, with the grunt of a roused hippopotamus, the rugged and bellicose captain twisted his huge bulk out of the diminutive cabin and joined me on what pretended to be the bridge, whiskey bottle in hand. "Have a swig?" he breezed. At a sign my personal boy brought me two raw eggs, which I broke into a glass, added a generous dose of Scotch, anointed the floating mess with some Lea and Perrins, and did as I was bid. Breakfast over, we lit stogies and quietly enjoyed the expanding glow that arose in our stomachs.

"So you're going after recruits, eh?" rumbled the captain, spitting mightily into the sea. That happened to be my specific errand this trip. The government required a good fighting class of native for the black police force, the miners wanted labourers to wash the alluvial sands for gold, the planters were short of workers for the rubber and copra plantations, and it was my sweet pastime to wander into the hinterland, from inimical village to inimical village, gathering such natives that could be cajoled, bribed or sold by their aged relatives and village chief into three years' bondage for the benefit of everyone except themselves. Of course they would be paid for their labours, but at the end of their term it would be unwise and probably very unhealthy for any of them to return to their elders

### THE YOUNG AIRMAN SPEAKS

With Canada so beautiful  
Why should I wish to go  
Across the broad Atlantic  
To fight an unknown foe.

I have my life before me,  
I'm young, and strong, and free,  
And yet, with freedom fettered,  
What good is life to me?

The people who are living  
Beneath the tyrant's heel  
Are sending out through silence  
An anguishing appeal.

Oh, may no rank indifference,  
Or cowardice, or fear,  
Cause me to fail that summons,  
Or turn a deafened ear.

I know the joy of living,  
Yet I must do and dare  
To aid the cause of mankind  
In this adventure rare.

The youth of this great Empire  
United stands today,  
That mankind's love of freedom  
May never pass away.

Lest some among us falter,  
God, make us truly men—  
That justice, love and mercy  
May walk this earth again.

—E. A. B.

and tribesmen without as many presents, in the form of twist tobacco, loin cloths, tomahawks, knives and beads, as their accumulated earnings would buy. Then for three hectic days of dancing and feasting and succumbing to the maidenly local "gold-diggers" they would figure, as heroes, and just as promptly be forgotten until the next recruiter came along and heaved them off for another term of toil and loneliness. Thus, you can imagine, a recruiter was as popular among the young braves as

(Continued on page eight)



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Photos, 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

A recent pep-talk by an outstanding member of our High Command, has caused a revolutionized state of mind to exist in some of our newly appointed Corporals. The facts were laid down in no uncertain terms, and the importance of our being was stressed emphatically. Much is expected of us and due to our newly acquired position, it would be well to face the facts as they are. Corporals have long been the foundation on which great military men have been built. It is a difficult stage, more so because we merely have a semblance of importance despite the fact that we are expected to "toe the line" at all times.

There must be a demonstration of a great will to produce or achieve outstanding merits, otherwise the making of a further ascension is impossible.

As many of us have risen to this new and critical height, let us have faith, courage and endurance, for indeed this is what is most needed if we are ever to walk in the footsteps of the great Corporals of the past.

Napoleon was an outstanding example of the height to which Corporals may rise, and so those of you who cherish great ambitions, by all means retain it, as "there will surely come a day."

Let us heed the Master's Voice, and abide by His dictates, for even as the sun rises and shines in all its glory, Corporals will rise and shine in their glory for King, Country and Empire.  
—Henry Langdon, Cpl.

### In Memoriam

J-5119 PILOT OFFICER R. D. WILKES,  
Toronto, Ontario  
R-78680 L.A.C. G. S. YEARSLEY,  
London, Ontario

Killed in Flying Accident at Banks, Ontario,  
Sunday, October 19, 1941.

AUS. 403651 L.A.C. BROOKS, E. A.,  
Australia

Killed in Flying Accident at Alliston, Ontario,  
Saturday, October 18, 1941.

"When the Silent Guest, Lad,  
Lifts His cup to you,  
Shrink not, grasp it coolly,  
End as you began,  
Smile and grit your teeth, Lad,  
Take it like a man!"

These men have accepted the cup bravely. A new glory is now theirs. We honour their memory and extend our heartfelt sympathy to those who will miss them most.

### BEWARE THE FOOL

When the Lord was a-makin' the people, I guess,  
He found fools were the easiest made;  
He could set up a dozen as quick as a wink,  
And leave them to dry in the shade.

Then He'd monkey away with a bucket of clay  
A-makin' a feller with brains,  
And He'd wake to the fact that the work didn't pay  
'Cause fools didn't need any brains.

Once I got stuck on a bog, don't you know,  
Bought the thing for a cranberry patch,  
But dog-gone my hide if the berries would grow,  
'Though I planted them batch after batch.

One day a fool came, a-moping along  
And remarked he was looking for bogs,  
So I sold him the place for a bar of a song,  
Now he's wealthy from marketing frogs.

Then I got me a hill just as dry as a bone,  
Hopped clean to the other extreme;  
Wherever I ploughed I could raise plenty of stone,  
But all other crops were a dream.

One day a fool with a hammer in hand  
Said he wanted the place for the air,  
So I told him the price, grinned and sold him the land,  
Now he's quarrying marble up there.

I mosied out west and got me a mine,  
It was showing a heap of good ore,  
And it pinched and I said it was fixed, I opine,  
So I set to and fixed it some more.

One day a fool with a geology book  
Bought the old mine at a price,  
I really was sorry I sold the old nook,  
He's refused a cool million just twice.

Now for twenty years past in this cold, dreary place,  
With nothing but timber and lake,  
I've hung here a-thinkin' that I'd set the pace  
As big a darned fool that they make.

But should a fool ask me to sell I know if we meet on the price,  
He'd run through the place a railroad to hell,  
And contract for cordwood and ice  
—"Dad" Blair.

His life was gentle and the elements,  
So mixed in him that nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world—  
"This was a man!"

America's mountain sheep, instead of being woolly, have a hairy coat.

NEXT ISSUE OUT  
November 4

Please Submit Copy  
Before October 30.

### DISCIPLINE

Discipline may be said to be the science of conduct or a system of moral ethics relating to conduct.

Sir John Moor, the "Father of British Discipline," terms it a spirit which will make of the whole a living organism to replace a mechanical instrument. He laid down the following principles:

(a) That it is necessary to have the officers and N.C.O.'s efficient before the men and require them to act with real knowledge toward the men, and act with good temper and observe the necessary kind treatment that they themselves would wish were the positions reversed.

(b) That power or authority should be delegated and the men taught to look up to them.

Moor's idea was to encourage rather than suppress intelligence; to make the development of the individual contribute to the effective unity of the whole; to enlist the zeal of all ranks in order to perfect the whole.

He set up as his ideal, and history shows how well he lived up to it, a perfect knowledge and exact performance and required of his subordinates a correct knowledge of their profession; ardent minds, order and regularity of conduct and unremitting attention to duty.

The necessity of discipline may be seen in the following precepts: An undisciplined force is a menace to organized society. Without it there can be no orderly effort of any kind, as discipline represents a regulated control.

Discipline is not peculiar to armed forces, but is the true basis of any society, and where it ceases, chaos rules.

Steamship lines and railways are models of discipline. They have to be or accidents would multiply and the lines put out of business. There is a rigid discipline of the church, of finance, of science, and of every human endeavor and activity. The rights of man and the entire sphere of his activities are irrevocably bound up with discipline.

It is more than a system of punishment. This may be termed the negative aspect of the thing. The positive aspect may be seen in the results.

Well disciplined officers and airmen will instinctively do the right thing no matter what the circumstances. Individually they are better men for it, mentally inured to hardships, prepared to sacrifice self in the larger cause, and collectively they are a force to be depended on, far superior in action and with greater ability to withstand the vicissitudes of war than are indifferently disciplined men.

Discipline results in concerted action, the application of power at any desired point at any given time and for a specific purpose.

The true basis of discipline is summed up in the K.R. and O. for the Air Force by the definition, "A willing, prompt and implicit obedience of all ranks to superior authority."

Elsewhere it has been defined as a habit of instantaneous and instinctive obedience under any and all circumstances.

All going to show how each of us can do his part by making the British war machine run a little smoother, and incidentally, more efficiently.

—Contributed by  
Cpl. A. Clavel

Read It...



or not?

By Cpl. E. M. Rorke

We have been reading with keen interest, news accounts of the approach of the CWAAF's. As a matter of fact, we are attributing those cold shivers up and down our badly bent back, not to the approach of winter, but to the advent of these ardent Amazons. Those among us that are married thought that after we enlisted that at least for the duration we would be above suspicion in our ever loving wives' eyes during working hours. Now think of all the detailed explanation we will have to give in accounting for our hours spent earning our daily bread when we go home on forty-eights. It's sure going to be tough on married men like Al Wilmot and Happy Day, who are inclined to converse in their sleep.

Little did I think that I would ever cast an admiring glance at a sergeant's ankle as I was strolling up the hangar road.

Wings Over Borden is going to look different with an Advice to the Lovelorn column and perhaps a Recipe Corner. Let's have a sample:

"Dear Lucy Lastic: I am a blonde, blue-eyed flight sergeant, just five foot two in height, and some folks call me pretty. I am madly in love with an AC2, but he claims that he must be my equivalent in rank or higher before we can be married. What will I do? It's got me so worried that I can't keep in step while marching down to work.— (Signed) Anxious Flight Sergeant."

Or how would this look:  
Notice: My wife, Flight Sergeant Jones, having left my bunk and mess hall, I advise that I will not be responsible for any debts hereinafter contracted in my name.— W.O.2 Jones.

Well, as Mr. Rabbit said to Mrs. Rabbit, all this worry is giving us gray hares.

Seriously, fellows, it's a great gesture on the part of the women of Canada to volunteer to do their part with their menfolk and we are grateful to them. Not wishing to

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**C.W.A.A.F. PAY**

Royal Canadian Air Force Headquarters announce that pay for the newly established Canadian Women's Auxiliary Air Force will be at the rate of two-thirds that of the R.C.A.F. personnel.

Exceptions to this are senior officer's rank, for which a rate of pay is provided to correspond to that of a wing commander, and medical officers who will be paid at the same rate as those of the R.C.A.F.

Allowances covering subsistence, officer's outfit, warrant officer's civilian clothing, funeral and shipment of personal effects will also be similar to that of the R.C.A.F.

On enlistment an allowance of \$15 will be paid and \$3 each quarter for under clothes, toilet articles and necessaries for other ranks.

Daily rates of pay for C.W.A.A.F. officers: Air commandant, \$11.35; group officer, \$8.70; wing officer, \$6.70; squadron officer, \$5.20; flight officer, \$4.35; section officer, \$3.35; assistant section officer, \$2.85.

Under officers, non-commissioned officers and aircraftwomen, according to group, A, B, C, and Standard: Under officer I, \$3.30; \$3.15, \$3.00, \$2.80; under officer II, \$2.60, \$2.40, \$2.25, \$2.10; flight sergeant, \$2.20, \$2.00, \$1.85, \$1.70; sergeant, 2.00, \$1.80, \$1.65, \$1.50; corporal, \$1.65, \$1.50, \$1.30, \$1.15; leading aircraftwoman, \$1.50, \$1.35, \$1.20, \$1.00; aircraftwomen I, \$1.45, \$1.30, \$1.10, 95c; aircraftwoman II, \$1.40, \$1.20, \$1.05, 90c.

detract at all from that statement, we do not wish to let this matter pass entirely until we've said this. There are still too many young fellows hanging around dance halls and poolrooms, and working at non-essential industries, that should smarten up and quit hiding behind women's skirts. What are they waiting for, anyway? Maybe it's to see their kid sisters get out of kindergarden and go and defend their family name on the field of battle?

And now a word for the civilians on this station. From time to time unfortunately I have heard them addressed and referred to in some insulting manner. Fellows, let me gently remind you that these men, most of them, anyway, that are serving us our meals and tending our personal needs, were serving us in Flanders in 1914-1918. These men have carried their packs and proved themselves. They've worn the King's uniform and have faced death many times over. It's a true fact that many of them here at Borden could be working at more remunerative jobs in industry. Why are they here then? I'll tell you why, because, being too old for battle, they are getting as close to the smoke and fire as they can. Let us remember that we too are wearing uniforms, but as yet we haven't proved ourselves. And when it's all over and if in another year in the future war breaks out again and WE are too old to go, let us hope that we too will be men enough to stand and serve as uncomplainingly as they are doing at Borden today.

So fine are modern methods of laboratory analysis that presence of one millionth of a gram of poison may be detected.

**AIRCRAFT ARMAMENT**

By P/O J. W. Youngman

The development of modern high-speed aircraft has resulted in many new requirements from the standpoint of armament. The need of designing aircraft to carry armament with sufficient fire power and defensive armour has become highly important.

One of the most significant problems is the question as to whether it might be more effective to have a high volume of fire such as would be attained with eight or more machine guns, or whether speed had developed to such an extent that chances of making a hit were so slight that any one hit obtained would result in decisive damage. The latter idea would entail the use of cannon with their more powerful shells.

There are various points of advantage and disadvantage to both the use of machine guns and cannon. The cannon, while being able to produce a more devastating result when hits are made, is not as accurate as the machine gun and has a lower rate of fire, approximately 600 rounds per minute, compared to 1,200 rounds per minute for the machine gun. The weight of the cannon and its ammunition is much greater than the machine gun, which limits the number of guns that can be mounted and the number of rounds carried. The structural strength of the mountings required to carry the extra weight and absorb the heavy recoil shock of the cannon would result in heavier mountings being needed.

At the beginning of the war, when armour plating was not extensively used, the high intensity of fire of multi machine guns provided a decided advantage, but with

the development of higher powered engines, armour plate came in to use more extensively, especially as protection from stern attacks. Beam armour was also used, but for adequate protection the excessive weight required became a limiting feature. The armour plate at present used is chrome nickel steel which has proven fairly good protection against machine gun fire, the thickness required being from 2-12 mms. However, no armour plating at present fitted is proof against cannon fire. A modern 20 mm. cannon will perforate three inches of steel plate or 2 inches of armour plate at 200 yards. Such power from a cannon can be turned out either in armour piercing, explosive or incendiary form with most devastating effect once a hit has been obtained.

The ideal armament for aircraft depends greatly on what type of fighting they will be used for. The present day fighter is now being equipped with multi machine gun armament, with one or two cannon, to provide the final effect once the preliminary aim has been picked up with the machine guns. On night fighters, where range is short and evasion assisted by darkness, cannon are a decided advantage, since the greatest amount of damage is required in the first burst.

Future trends will no doubt point to more heavily armed aircraft, both from the standpoint of armour plate and cannon, which will develop with the use of higher powered engines. The use of lighter armour plate will no doubt come into being with further developments in new alloys, and will provide a more efficient defensive protection.

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**CIVIES SORTIES**

Since last going to press the civilian employees held a meeting in their new recreation room. It was not a fair representation of the staff. They elected a committee of five to act in regards to our smoker and other matters which may come up from time to time. Andy McKee, of the Airmen's mess, was elected chairman; Jim Smart, of the Batmen, as secretary-treasurer, and Findlay McNabb, of the Officers' mess, R. J. Kelley, Sergeants' mess, and our genial Bill Hobson, of A60, the remaining members. So, boys, these are the chaps who will be interested in anything constructive for our mutual help. So if you don't know them, make it your business to. They will appreciate your help and suggestions to further our endeavors, so that we as a whole can do our utmost to make things better and a more homier atmosphere for the Air Force personnel, who are only with us for a short time, and are on their way again to fulfill a job which we are in shape to do.

Things we would like to know: Who was the batman (out late the night before) who was to call a certain officer at 6.45, and after calling the gentleman, said: "I think I will lie a little longer; call me sharp at a quarter to seven." The batman went on about his business, scratching his head, and then looked at his watch, and smartly turned back and in no uncertain tone of voice, said: "Sir, it is a QUARTER TO SEVEN!"

Also the new AC2 of the Security Guard, who was told he was to mount guard tonight. He said: "Very good, sir, but where do I get the ladder?"

**SMOKER**

F/L Godfrey is assisting the committee to plan a smoker for the civilian personnel on the evening of Wednesday, October 22, from 2000 hours to 2300 hours. A fine programme has been prepared for this occasion. Further information will follow.

"The 'Civies' are deeply grateful to the Y.M.C.A. for supplying several different types of games and equipment for the Civilian Recreation Room. Soon the boys will want to leave.

There are 26 bones in the foot.

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**SECTIONAL NEWS**

**IS YOUR SECTIONAL NEWS HERE?**

If not, you have our full permission to grab your Flight Reporter and tear him limb from limb! However, if you haven't such a flight reporter in your section, get one! Remember, fellows, that the doings around that place where you hang your hat from 0800 hrs. till 1700 hrs. each day are just as interesting to the other fellows on the station as they are to you! Also that little space reserved in "Wings Over Borden" is your voice in the activities of this station. Therefore let's be hearing from you. We are not asking particularly for long articles, although there is no limit set on the space you use, but we are asking to hear from you every two weeks in this paper.

—The Editor.

**STORES**

**LURKIN' WITH LARKIN—**

Here we go again with hello to another bunch of new lads from St. Thomas. Transfers are coming so fast lately we're not sure whether to wait for next issue to say so long to them or not.

We understand that Sgt. Ray Cogger has been the man around town at Orillia for so long that half the town is going around without a shave trying to keep up with him.

The big news today is Jake Aikens is getting married at the end of the month and we all wish him the best of everything. He has been getting a lot of good advice around here, but don't let them kid you, Jake; there is only one thing to remember.

If any of you lads that are being moved around the country in this little shuffle find a Northrop around anywhere, let Fitzer know right away, will you!

The tin medal goes to Ralph Day of the tailor shop. He made the fastest time on record between Camp Borden and Brading's Corners. He was taking some of the lads there for a chicken supper but by the time they got there all the chickens died of old age and they substituted goose.

To those at Hagersville we say, keep your shoes clean.

**CHEF CHATTER**

**FELLOW AIRMEN—**

Once again we greet you from the din of pots and pans and all our staff join in to say a big "thank you" for the co-operation you all have been giving in keeping your tables clean.

After a meal, when you look up and down the tables, it doesn't look like the battlefield after the 600 had finished their charge, because every airman has taken his dirty dishes to the washroom.

We are looking forward and planning our Christmas menus, and Mr. Godfrey has some pleasant surprises for those who have to remain on duty over the holiday.

We have some pie-eating champions on our station and we would like to ask of them this favor. When you are refused your second, third or fourth piece of pie, don't take your spite out on the lad serving you, as he is just following orders.

Most of our pies are extra rations, bought from canteen funds, and remember when you have two pieces, that perhaps your chum is going to have to go without. In closing, may we pass on to you a little song originating in our mess:

**MUSIC—**"There'll Always Be an England,"

**WORDS—**

"There'll always be a mess hall, And the mess hall shall be free

open. You chaps must remember that even though it sometimes may be your last means of escape, your "chute" is your best pal in the air and you have to have confidence in it.

Every man in this section knows his job thoroughly and carries it out under the most rigid inspection.

One good way to get confidence in your "chute" is to come to the section and see just how it is packed. In fact, fellas, if you want to, you can help pack your own "chute."

Here is a little plea we want to add to our column: "Try your best to handle the parachutes in your flight properly. Try not to flop them down on the hangar floor in the dirt. Some day you might have to thank that piece of silk for your life."

—Cpl. Manchester.

**PEACE**

We shall surely be a mightier race,  
When out of the chaos we upward rise  
With flames of freedom in our souls,  
And light of knowledge in our eyes.

We shall be gentle, brave and strong,  
But we one and all must dare,  
And we must plant man's freedom firm  
On land, at sea, and in the air.

Men shall love with hearts so pure,  
Will shout aloud their joy;  
Peace forever then will reign,  
Contentment without alloy.

No more shall there be sin or shame,  
Though pain and passion may not die,  
For man will be as one with God,  
From the cradle till we die.

Nations will all go hand in hand,  
Shall live as comrades, free!  
In every heart and brain will throbb  
The pulse of one fraternity.

—"Dad" Parker

From cockroaches and dirt and filth  
For AC2 and Three.  
Roast beef and pork,  
Surely you'll shout with joy;  
Shout it aloud "thanking your God,"  
That it's not stew today.  
There'll always be a "moaner,"  
No matter what you serve;  
It's ice cream, chicken a la king  
That they think they deserve."

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**Shoots From The Parachute Section**

For the past month we have intended to write a small entry in Wings Over Borden, but have never been able to find the material.

We are addressing this short note to Aircrew in particular, but to the whole of No. 1 S.F.T.S. in general.

While walking about the flights on different inspections we sometimes overhear the student pilots saying that they wouldn't trust a parachute.

Now we know that to think of jumping out of an aircraft seems very hazardous, and some lads seem to think that parachutes only open on rare occasions. All the lads in the section want to join me in saying that never to our knowledge has anyone in the R.C.A.F. ever jumped and his "chute" failed to

**HONEY FROM THE BEEHIVE**

It has been many moons since the Beehive has had anything to buzz about, in fact we have been silent since losing our associate editor, "The Busy Bee," known to us as Cpl. Peden, or Torchy. Torchy left us several weeks ago when he was transferred to Montreal. We have heard that he is doing well, just as we expected he would, and I am sure that our loss has been a decided gain for the Montreal station.

This will appear to the reader to be a story of losses, but the other day we suffered a loss that we feel will be felt on this station for some time to come. Three of our Airframe Mechanics, LAC Smith, L. B. W., LAC Milner and LAC Smith, M., were chosen for duties overseas. We are sorry to see these three friends of ours go, but for months such a transfer has been their one ambition, so we know that they will at last be happy in the thought, at last, they have been granted the opportunity to put in a blow for their country and the friends they leave behind. With one accord we wish our Three Musketeers the best of everything in the old land.

Several of the boys here, as in all the other flights, are patiently waiting the new adventure afforded them by the temporary move to Hagersville. This appears to be a type of work that none of the personnel has, as yet, had any experience. We hope that it will not turn out to be unpleasant and I feel sure that no matter how difficult the detached operations become, our men will see things through with a smile.

As this is our first appearance after a long, long silence, I feel that I had better not make this too long or drawn out, so I'll close now with a rather satisfied feeling that we have once again come back into circulation.—F/Sgt. J. T. Gates.

Some youths don't fall in love—they jump.

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**SECTIONAL NEWS**

**M.T. SECTION**

George Edward Grenke, W.O.2, in charge of the M.T. Section, has been transferred to Newfoundland. A man four-square, honored and respected by all, and his loss will be felt keenly here. Called to a higher and more important duty, he looked forward to his new adventure eagerly, but not without regrets, however. Regret for his family and the friends that he has to leave. Many are the officers and men of Camp Borden who hold him in highest esteem. The S/M has been on this station for thirteen years and three months, and during this time he has come in contact and had many dealings with many men, all of whom can say that he has been a man throughout his career. Born in Muskoka, Ont., where he lived a while as a boy, he went west for a few years, then returned to this country to the town of Barrie, when he joined the R.C.A.F. and has been in the service ever since.

In honor to him, the boys of the M.T. Section had a party at the Airmen's Club on the evening of the 9th. Every man that could be spared off his duties attended and drank to him a toast. On the next evening, in the privacy of their own barracks, they presented him with an engraved rubberized shaving kit. The engraving was "From the Boys of the M.T. Section," a token that we know the Major will keep and remember the boys by as long as there is an M.T. Section. None of us that were there that memorable evening will ever forget that parting as we wished him luck and safe journey.

His successor in Camp Borden is F/Sgt. Bean, who was transferred here from Rockcliffe. Flight Bean has been in M.T. for a long time and has won his spurs the hard way and is capable and efficient to a marked degree. He is being assisted by Sgts. Wainwright and Jackman. Sgt. Jackman has just lately won his third hook and is showing that he can be as good a sergeant as he was a corporal, and we know by his past conduct that he will never let us or the R.C.A.F. down.

On the 11th, ten new men were posted here to the M.T. from No. 1 Manning Pool; J. P. Burrows, B. D. Ervin, J. A. Lavola, C. E. R. Sanford, W. G. Street, G. A. Delefeuille, W. G. T. Hay, T. E. Marshman, J. A. A. Renaud, W. Whiteley.

Hope you like it here, fellows, as you are likely to be here for some time. It's a good home and I know that the boys will make it as easy for you as possible.

Cpl. Dulmage has been transferred out to Alliston while our Jitter is on harvest leave.

In spite of the fact that we have ten new men, the over-worked M.T. will be busier than ever for the next few weeks, so for now I'll have to sign off.

I am still known as —Curley.

At the time of Spanish Conquest, Aztec Indians in Mexico had the highest civilization in America.

**ACCOUNTS SECTION**

This being a rather belated effort on the part of your correspondent, it will be necessarily short, but I shall endeavor to convey the section news to all.

We are happy to welcome to our home in the pines a few more hopefuls, namely, LAC Shaw, AC1 Enfield, AC2 Daly, AC2 Baker, AC1 Sloan, AC2 Tait and AC2 Mephram.

It is hoped that these boys will quickly grasp the spirit of co-operation and good fellowship that prevails in our office. We realize, fellows, that you are all potential Sergeants and W.O.'s, but please be content to wait for a while.

Having heard our Aircrew aspirant rave about his offspring, I was rather dismayed that such glowing laurels should be heaped upon the head of one so young, but having seen said child, I want to warn all you prospective fathers that you have a very serious contender for the best looking baby of 1941 in the shape of Norman David Cameron.

I understand that our esteemed Cpl. Davidson has walked off with top honors in the golf tournament. Congrats, Doug, no wonder F/Sgt. Townner couldn't take you this summer.

We have just recently heard from one of our friends now stationed at parts distant to the effect that one of the pay staff shot himself. Your scribe cannot wonder at it, having reached the point of exasperation myself many times, but never having had the courage of my convictions. If any of you boys are still dissatisfied with Borden after having read said letter, I think you are probably eligible for discharge on the grounds of insanity.

It has been suggested by members of the staff that a date bureau

**WESTWARD HO-HO**

Number Two Squadron is off to the war, The Adjutant leading—he sure knows the score.

Through woods and by lakeshore O'er hill and down dale, We're slated and dated For R1 Edenvale.

Tho' Camp Borden has sand And sunshine and fleas, Tho' we smother in summer And in winter we freeze. Still I'll bet my last quarter That I'm saving for beer By the last of November We'll wish we were here.

We're sleeping in tents Over there so I'm told, With our blankets around us Like the Injuns of old. But unlike the brave redman, Who defied the cold storm, We're lacking in squaws To keep ourselves warm.

So farewell to Camp Borden, We'll see you again. We're off to new pastures And we hope it don't rain. Here's wishing you luck, Au revoir and farewell, We'll agree with old Sherman— War surely is Hell!

—"Chic" Robart, No. 2 Sqdn. HQTRS.

**THE SIXARDEE**

The first printed edition of "The Sixardee," No. 6 Re-pair Depot's newspaper, reached the editorial office of Wings Over Borden today. We extend our heartiest congratulations to those responsible for its publication and wish it every success. The paper is laid out on similar lines to Wings Over Borden and is plenty peppy.

Strange as it seems that this is Trenton Air Station's only newspaper, although there seems to be a hint that in the near future there may be an official organ for that station. In any event, "Sixardee" is going to be a hard paper to beat.

Apparently the life of a sergeant-major is as much fraught with danger at No. 6 R.D. as it is in other places. Here is an excerpt from "Sixardee."

Quote:  
"O, Lord above, send down a dove,  
With wings as sharps as razors,  
To cut the throats of the ugly goats  
That we call Sergeant-Majors."

—Unquote

be established at Camp Borden when the C.W.A.A.F. arrive here, under the supervision of Henrietta Bruton and Lorraine Townner. Perhaps something of this nature could be formed, but we are wondering whether the children of a resultant marriage from matches made would be born with wings.

—Sgt. H. Bruton.

**R.C.A.F. Theatre**

**COMING ATTRACTIONS**

Oct. 20-21—  
"MEET JOHN DOE"  
Gary Cooper  
Barbara Stanwyck

Oct. 22-23—  
"PARSON OF PANAMINT"  
Charles Ruggles  
Ellen Drew

Oct. 24-25—  
"LIFE BEGINS FOR ANDY HARDY"  
Mickey Rooney  
Judy Garland

Oct. 26—  
"HIGH SIERRA"  
Humphrey Bogart  
Ida Lupino

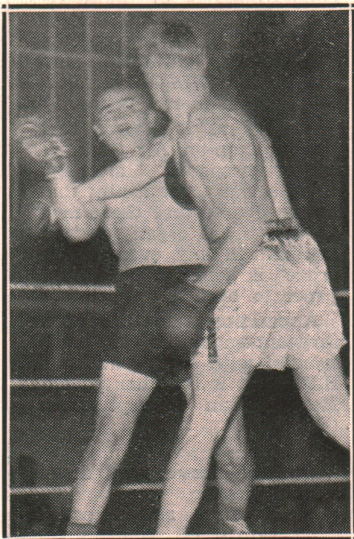
Oct. 27-28—  
"THEY MET IN BOMBAY"  
Clark Gable  
Rosalind Russell

Oct. 29-30—  
"INVISIBLE GHOST"

Oct. 31-Nov. 1—  
"DIVE BOMBER"  
Errol Flynn  
Fred MacMurray

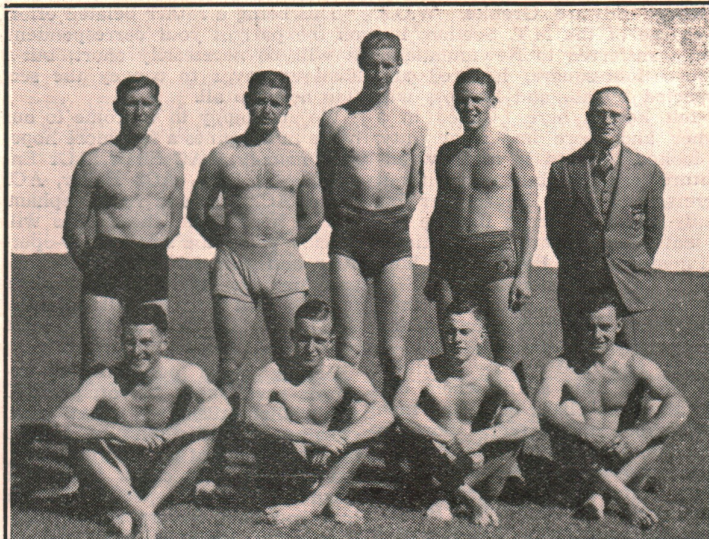
# SPORTS NEWS

## A Right to the Chin



AC2 Keegan bounces one off Driver Loftus' chin in a recent scrap when the Air Force defeated the Army team.

## Borden Swimming Champs



The No. 1 S.F.T.S. team which won the honours at recent Swimming Meet held at R.C.A.S.C. "Bardia Pool," defeating Army opposition. Left to right, standing: LAC Wennholm, LAC Nicholls, LAC Cantor, LAC Stitt, J. C. McClenaghan, Y.M.C.A. Director. Seated: LAC Franks, LAC Radcliffe, LAC Winn, AC1 Evans.

goal had Robertson beaten. The Air Force fought fiercely to hold off a very determined Army attack and also came close to scoring on several occasions on nice breakaways.

There were very few "stars" on either team, as each displayed a nicely balanced team. Sgt. Warner of A-11 I.T.C. handled the officiating job in grand style.

The teams:

R.C.A.F.—LAC Robertson, Cpl. Sills, LAC Friedlansky, Sgt. Ross, F/Sgt. Refausse, LAC MacDonald, AC2 Wilkie, Sgt. Brand, Sgt. Graham, LAC Miles, LAC Stitt, LAC Nickudson.

13th Light Field Ambulance—Sgt. Murray, Cpl. Moyes, Cpl. Jarvis, Cpl. Stobo, Pte. English, Pte. Felton, Pte. Green, Pte. Raffle, Pte. Tauson, Pte. Vance, Pte. Kulai.

—LAC Stitt.

The half-cracked man is usually what he is cracked up to be.

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## R.C.A.F. SOCCER TEAM TAKES BORDEN TITLE

The Camp Borden soccer title was decided Thursday, Oct. 9, when the Flyers defeated the 13th Light Field Ambulance by a score of two goals to one on the R.C.A.F. soccer field. Before a large crowd of soldiers and a few faithful Airmen, both teams put up a very spirited contest and the result was in doubt until the last minute of play. The game started with a rush and for the first part of the initial half the 13th had a territorial advantage. At the twenty-four-minute mark,

"Nick" Nickudson took a beautiful pass near the goal mouth and beat the goalie with a beautiful shot. Two minutes later Bill Graham secured the ball and while still some sixty feet out, scored on a brilliant bullet-like drive that had the goalkeeper beaten.

As the second half wore on the 13th attacked relentlessly and only brilliant work by the defence and Robertson in goal saved the day for the Airmen. The Army boys scored as a cleverly-headed

## ROXY BARRIE

Oct. 20-21-22—

"UNDERGROUND"  
with Jeffrey Lynn

Oct. 23-24-25—

Dorothy Lamour and  
Jon Hall in  
"ALOMA OF THE  
SOUTH SEAS"

Oct. 27-28-29—

Wallace Beery in  
"BARNACLE BILL"

Oct. 30-31-Nov. 1—

Bob Hope and  
Paulette Goddard in  
"NOTHING BUT THE  
TRUTH"

## R.C.A.F. Boxing Team



From left to right—Cpl. Powell, 125 lbs.; LAC Hartford, 125 lbs.; AC2 Keegan, 147 lbs.; LAC Stewart, 155 lbs.; LAC Etherington, 160 lbs.; LAC Linwood, 170 lbs.; LAC Donahue, 130 lbs. In front—Cpl. LeBlond. Sgt. Ross, 147 lbs., was absent when this photo was taken.

Arrangements are being made to hold a boxing tournament between No. 1 S.F.T.S., Manning Depot, and the Army in the near future.

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Did you ever sit with a pen in your hand and a sheet of paper in front of you and try to draft a letter to your wife. That is how I was sitting tonite trying to make up a column and couldn't think of anything to say, so I decided to repair to the canteen to seek inspiration (wet). After one round it struck me that a lot has happened in the past week or so, and here are the events as your correspondent sees them.

First of all, it was with sincere regret that we bade au revoir to a swell superior and a real friend in the person W.O.2 Grenke, on his posting to the wilds of Newfoundland. In the short time I have known him, he has proved himself a real man's man in every respect, overlooking a lot of faults and ever ready to lend a helping hand in anything connected with the theatre, or anything that would further the enjoyment of the airmen stationed in Camp Borden. I only hope that his talent for making life a little more pleasant is realized and put to use, as it would be a shame to allow that readiness and ability to be wasted. Speaking for myself and the theatre staff, we have lost a real friend, and I am sure that sentiment is echoed by all who ever came in contact with him. In passing, I wonder why the Major missed his train in Montreal and had to change his sleeper?

The next event was the arrival of Mr. Lon Marshall, the new projectionist, who is a newcomer to these parts, but in the short time he has been here has proved that he intends to make the theatre and everything connected with it as interesting and as enjoyable as possible. He received his early training in Orillia and other parts of Ontario and is qualified to handle any projection machine. We wish him well and extend the welcome hand to our new boss.

To top off the evening's surprises, while in the canteen there was a major upheaval and when the smoke and dust cleared, there stood Sgt. O'Mahoney, or as he is better known, "Fifi!" So help me, he was there in person. One of his first acts was to supply beer for the house by the simple act of throwing a few quarts of the stuff all over the canteen. I think that a few remarks on this versatile comedian and what he has done for various stations are quite in order. He came from Dover at an early age and since he was able to walk and talk has been amusing people all over the world. He made several pictures in Hollywood with Joe E. Brown and some time ago he joined the Air Force. He tells me that most of his time has been spent on the coast, supplying enter-

## WHACKO—HERE'S THE AUSSIES

BY LAC JACK NICHOLLS—"KOALA BEAR"

Many a country has awaited with mixed feelings the arrival of this carefree fraternity, the Aussies from down under, and this name also includes some New Zealand coppers, too, but I think that courses 36 and 38 are respectable gentlemen compared to the standard put up by our brother service the A.I.F. We, therefore, excuse ourselves that our sample is not the best for criticism.

The A.I.F. could relate endless tales of adventure that in comparison to ours would amount to comparing a "mug of old" at home to a bottle of Canadian beer.

There are several reasons to advance for this, and maybe the beer, short leave and station discipline have a lot to do with it.

Moreover, although our typical slouching attitude in the precincts of the camp have been misunderstood, our inactivity is not what it seems, as is only too well known by the results that have been achieved on the track, field and swimming pool. The boys were never bettered in either recent meeting, and now hope in the near future, they can add to their laurels with the football.

Several prominent players are in their midst and maybe they can show Canadians and others, that forty minutes each way of consistent tackling and straight running, may be something on the grid iron after all.

tainment for the Army, Navy and our own boys, and after seeing him in action I can understand the reluctance of the Eastern Air Command to sanction his transfer up here. By the time that this reaches the press you will have seen him at our free show and I know that you will all echo a hearty "thank you" and a wish that what he expects on his return to the coast may be a reality.

And here's a few of the attractions coming to the theatre in the next two weeks:

"Life Begins for Andy Hardy." Andy graduates from high school and decides to take New York by storm. His efforts to prove himself a man, the scrapes he manages to get into and his crestfallen return to Carvel proves to be one of the best of the Hardy series.

"High Sierra." Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino are starred in a dramatic story of a gangster's flight from justice and his eventual death through the unwitting attempts of a pet to be near him. A gripping story that will hold you till the curtain falls.

"They Met in Bombay." Clark Gable and Rosalind Russell are co-starred in a tale of two high-class jewel thieves and their attempts to outwit each other. A really grand comedy that no one should miss.

"Dive Bomber." A gripping story of the conflict between a flight surgeon and a flight commander who can't see eye to eye on the treatment of the men who pilot the speedy aircraft of today. Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray turn in swell performances, and even if you don't like these principals, you will be thrilled, by the shots of "Dive Bombers."

This is as far as my list takes me, so, for the balance of the entertainment coming to our show, watch the billboards.

It is much less on the courage to bring a man down with pads, leather and rubber as protection, than it is to pull off a flying tackle with just flesh and bone between you and hard ground.

Farther afield from the camp, a radius of over a hundred miles has been well trodden by all the bushwhackers, but places like Toronto, Niagara, Wasaga, Midland, to mention the more important, show worn paths to and from the station. I doubt whether the boys have experienced so much hospitality as the folk have been giving them at the moment. Nothing appears to be too much trouble for the Canadian people, and every available minute of leave is devoted to spending with them in their beautiful homes or viewing their scenic country.

But the Aussies, like their countrymen, require a "walkabout" now and then and the Carls-Rite gets its proportion of pleasure seekers each weekend. To put this in print without mentioning our wonderful friends in the Anzac Club would be sacrilege and our hearts go out to those that are responsible in enabling us to get around to see and enjoy this land.

I think "Vignettes of Life" fill every Airman's diary, but we encountered a couple of "bobby dazzlers" soon on arrival. Our ace on "slow rolls" with his pugnacious jaw, was told by a fair lass how

well he spoke English. His contempt was no less than her surprise when he told her that he had been having no trouble speaking it for 23 years now.

We have also had a shag at some time or other now, and like the style over here, and perhaps our girl friends at home would like to know that we have improved at this. It's marvellous what a lot of dancing we do.

In addition we are feeling much better now, than just after our arrival, and the fair sex don't enquire of our health anymore. We sure did feel lousy after thirty-one days of travel in a dutchman's "belly," the smell of fish and confined quarters in the "kennels."

With our wings in the offing it looks as though there will be many sorry Aussies in having to leave so soon, but "c'est la guerre" and we are being drawn nearer the orbit of battle. I doubt whether our next landfall after the Atlantic crossing will have such splendid people and possess so fine a country as here.

About Camp Borden Station we hold the highest regard, not only to its administration, flying instructors, men and sporting amenities, but also to that likeable person, Jim McClenaghan, the "Y" Secretary, a brother to us, who has fostered the boys to many happy gatherings and arranged meeting with many nice "chooks," who have given all—er, many a pleasant occasion.

We have yet to put on our passing out party before graduation and we hope on this occasion or before, to be able to reciprocate to the swell chaps we have met in this camp.

# MANDOR

(Continued from Page 1)

barber's itch on the cheeks of a bride.

"Chose the hell of a district this time, didn't ya?" sniggered the captain. That attack upon me seemed to please him, so he added: "Why, the Orokolo devils will skin you alive if you make just one false move."

"The Orokolos, once broken in, are the best and healthiest workers," I chirped in defence, and hope.

"Yeah! once broken in," he sneered. "You'll pay me double rates if you bring any of those blasted cannibals on board my ship." I could afford to smile at this threat, because Captain Dale would have shipped rattlesnakes and scorpions if his thirst was heavy and his pocket light.

A yell from the lookout boy told us the shore was sighted. One of the black crew scrambled to the mast top and spotted for the coral reefs, that, wave-hidden and uncharted, dotted the shallow sea. My native carriers busily gathered my camp kit, cases of provisions, guns, the tempting trade goods used as inducements when recruiting; myself, and dumping all items into a dinghy, rowed hard and fast for the sandy strip that was land. Camp was struck on a silent and uninhabited shore, shadowed with tall palms, tangled pandanus roots that resembled octopi in mass formation, and the awesome, defying dense scrub and bush that could hide an army. We slept very uneasily that night, for not a sign of a human being had we seen—yet we knew the Orokolos were about and watching us. Those who dwell in large cities to whom the dark closeness of huddled trees, the strange rustling of small animal life in the dead leaves, the twittering of quarrelsome birds, and the squeak of beetle and lizard in the branches is an unknown experience, have decidedly another world to discover. It may be the dread of solitude; it may be the thrill of Nature in the raw.

As the bright tropical sun glistened over the adjacent foothills next daybreak we set out to find the nearest village. Soon a sinuous track was discovered, and pushing forward rapidly through the tall dew-wet cane grass, we came to a larger clearing, guarded by three short poles on which grinned three sun-bleached skulls. My carriers quietly dropped their packs, stood their ground and prepared their spears, tense and ready for any evil of witch-doctor or warrior. Curious, I advanced another twenty paces, rifle alert and calling softly: "Come!" I repeated the call several times into the hot and clammy undergrowth and waited expectantly under the full rays of a fierce sun, perspiring freely from heat and anxiety. I was becoming rapidly very frightened by the eeriness of the situation, when, swiftly, from behind a tree glided into my path the most masterful looking native I had beheld. Frangipani was in his hair, his whole body, glistening with coconut oil, was adorned with beads of pearl shell, strings of animal teeth, human finger bones and sapi-sapi (the native coral money), whilst the muscles of his arms and legs were wrapped with colored plaited grasses. Alto-



**Mandor**  
Head Hunter of Papua,  
New Guinea

gether a magnificent specimen. We stood facing and measuring each other, ready for the next move. I spoke to him in pidgin-English. He answered and right there was the start of a six-year bond of friendship, trial and danger and a fidelity that never faltered.

I put down my rifle, he threw his spear into the ground, head buried. He said his name was Mandor. He was the son of the village chief and had been watching us, with his braves, from the moment they had sighted the "Vanapa" from the hilltops. His village did not want the recruiter; they had had sickness and too many raids from other tribes; they were numerically weak and could not afford to lose any of their young men for labour purposes. I gave him tobacco and a few squares of toilet paper, which they use as cigarette paper, and we puffed smoothly away whilst I pumped him for his history and the ways of his tribe. Mandor, with fair logic and some guile, persuaded me to go further inland and try a much larger village, where, he averred, I would get many more recruits than in his own village. The tribe he chose were his people's greatest enemies, and he was very anxious to weaken them by a good recruiting bout, if possible. Even as we were talking the rhythmic barra-ban barra-ban beats of the zooming native tom-toms could be distinctly heard. We both knew it was the tribal telegraphic system at work telling of the approach of the white man. Mandor and I looked knowingly at each other as we made our plans.

Obviously, he could not accompany us into the village of his enemies; that would surely have meant sudden death for all of us, but he undertook to give us as much protection as possible with a body of his warriors hiding in both sides of the bush to our immediate rear. He, himself, would stay in the track which would be our best retreat in case of trouble. I didn't appreciate until long afterwards, and my third visit to that region, the risks he took in following us to the hailing point from whence the village could be seen.

As we neared the settlement the

beating of the drums ceased and there was silence. Cautiously creeping forward to the circle of huts, I found the village empty, with the exception of several very old and decrepit women, who stood trembling in a group. The warriors were in the encircling bush and hidden in and up the trees, ready, no doubt, with their darts and spears. Fearing a trap, I returned to confer with Mandor. "They think you are raiding for young women," he said. "They have left you the old ones, hoping you will be satisfied."

Re-assured, I returned to the group of hags and stopped their wailing. I tried to explain that we were friends and the nature of my visit. Above all, that we didn't want their virgins; but couldn't make them understand. According to an old strategy, I loaded them with presents of tobacco, cloth, beads and a bright new axe and knife. They gibbered amongst themselves, but would not touch any of the articles. I went back to Mandor and the carriers. We made a camp on a high rock from which we could protect ourselves on all sides during the night. As night fell one of the carriers was wounded by a thrown spear and my camp became jittery to the extreme. Mandor scouted about in the darkness, flitting from tree to tree as noiselessly as a snake, and presently brought in a young armed warrior. Frightened and guilty, he was breathless with fear, expecting to be speared to death forthwith, but with the intent of using him as an ambassador we treated him well and loading him also with presents we liberated him at dawn, to the great chagrin of my wounded carrier, who certainly wanted a little piece of him.

On the morrow back to the village I went. Again there were the

old women, and the presents on the ground had still not been touched. Consulting again with Mandor, he advised to return with additional gifts. I did, and put them with the others and again retreated. On the third day we had success. Upon my return to the village I was met by the medicine man and an aged chief. The old chieftain spoke good pidgin-English, which he had picked up whilst serving in gaol for a few cases of murder during his youth. We rapidly made a bargain and I brought out of that village twenty fine young warriors, many of whom are in the Papuan Native Constabulary today.

We did not take the "Vanapa" homewards, for which omission Captain Dale has never forgiven me, but trekked the three hundred miles back to headquarters, with Mandor marching proudly in the lead.

## "Let Go the Anchor!"

The politician prided himself on his oratorical powers. He was describing the needs of the country and used the metaphor of the ship drifting and going to pieces on the rocks. A sailor in the audience was deeply interested.

"The waves dashed over her!" bellowed the speaker. "Her sails are split! Her yards are gone! Her masts are shivered! Her helm is useless! She is driving ashore! There seems no hope. Can nothing be done to save her?"

The sailor rose in his seat, his eyes wide with excitement.

"Let go the anchor, you lubber!" he shouted.

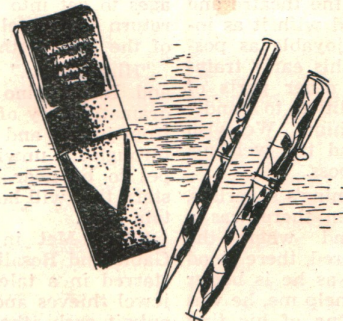
Things are looking better. It appears that John Doe has quite a little more dough.

Odd cases of allergy include individuals who can eat rooster meat but have allergic reactions after eating meat of hens.



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