



Wings Over Borden

Vol. 4 No. 4

NOVEMBER 5, 1941

No. 1 S.F.T.S.

CAMP BORDEN, CANADA

Borden Tarmac Deserted as Birdmen Migrate

STOP PRESS!

A FLYING VISIT TO OUR FOREIGN LEGION

(BY CORPORAL "TED" RORKE)

At 1045 hrs. November 4th, your correspondent was fortunate enough to be one of a party that took off in the Norseman and flew down to Kohler and Hagersville for a visit with No. 1 Squadron now there on temporary duty. Wing Commander Bradshaw was at the controls.

The weather was clear and warm for this time of year and the rich countryside spread below us in colourful autumnal garb. In what seemed a very short time, we sighted the runways of Kohler with Harvards and Yales lined up beside them. The absence of buildings and hangars was very noticeable, and for a fleeting moment we had the impression one would have in dropping in on a fighter squadron across the Pond. We were received with open arms at Kohler. Mud splattered figures detached themselves from their various duties for a moment and came forth to give us a cheery hello.

It is clearly evident that the amount of enthusiasm and goodwill displayed indicates that the boys are having a whale of a time, despite rain, mud, cold, shortage of water and lack of indoor plumbing.

As a matter of fact they pointed out their gaily unpainted inconveniences and remarked that Wings Over Borden was seeing new service at Kohler. The boys state that the grub is swell and claim that despite their primitive mode of living they are thriving.

They have not been letting the grass, or should I say mud, grow under their feet as far as sports and entertainment is concerned. Already they have had a successful dance in the town hall of Cayuga, organized by P/O Hope and F/Sgt Falls. The local belles provided the feminine interest. P/O Hope confidentially admitted that some one let the cat out of the bag that most of them were married, and now it's feminine disinterest.

In addition to the dance and spurred on by the credo that cleanliness is next to godliness, Sgt. Bainbridge organized a swimming meet, held at the Hamilton Y.M.C.A. So successful was this event that others of a similar nature are being promoted for the near future. The highlight of the sports activities this week at Kohler, was an old fashioned game of football, played knee deep in muddy fields.

Montemuro, the North Bay flash, organized a team that defeated Tucker and his Mudcats 2-0. This game was well worth anyone's money. Considering the handicaps the men are working under, a large

packing case for a Control Tower, tents for offices, rain, cold and mud, we couldn't help but be impressed by the co-operative spirit and comradeship manifested there.

Just as an observation in passing we feel that this spirit is due to ownership of common aims and objects, and pride in what they are accomplishing. It is to be hoped that when eventually they return to Borden they will bring this spirit back with them and dish it out in large gobs.

Bidding farewell to Kohler we took off once more and headed for Hagersville. At our first sight of this station we were greatly impressed at the compactness of the station and the uniformity of buildings, runways, and hangars. The modernistic design of the control tower was outstanding. The bright red roofs offset by the rich green of the walls created a pleasant eye-fel as we came in for a landing.

Here as at Kohler we were greeted by familiar personages. Being long past dinner time we hastened to the messhall. Not wishing to inject a discordant note in this little write-up, if we can say is that some of our chronic grub-complainers should get away to a different station for a while.

After lunch we got together for a chin with the boys and found that lack of heat, shortage of water, and difficult working conditions had not dampened their ardour, and that they were full of high spirits and horseplay.

Corporals Baker, Crouch, and Soper, and LAC Wilson demonstrated a musical drill (Camp Fire Girl Style) that they had developed in their spare time. Pirouettes, mincing steps, curtseys, etc., made one of the most hilarious comedy acts that we have witnessed in a month of Sundays. If S/M Lockhart ever saw his markers approaching in that fashion he would have an apoplectic fit. The boys have a lot of yarns that they will be spinning in the paper next issue, but here's an outstanding one they sent back.

The shortage of water has been mentioned earlier. Well it seems that Corporal Baker, a man not easily deterred in his pursuit of cleanliness, decided that this problem must be overcome. He discovered a certain plentiful supply of water, a little inaccessible one might say, but nevertheless our worthy corporal kneeled and performed his ablutions. At time of writing he is sporting an egg sized bump on his right temple. It seems that someone told him toilet water was good for the

MOROBIAN WAR DANCE



SEVEN SEAS

(By Flying Officer W. A. Beckett, Beckett, M.C.)

"An Eye For An Eye"

(The name used in this article is, of course, fictitious, but the incidents themselves are authentic.)

Doug Baxter stood at the water's edge on the glaring sandy beach at Wau, in New Guinea, and searched the clear-cut blue horizon for a spiral of smoke. Such a smutty puff would mean that the coastal cargo boat for once was on time. In his mind's eye he could see in tow behind it a trim auxiliary schooner, and the pride of ownership swelled within him. The purchase of a schooner was the first major investment in his life, and the start of his plans to construct a coconut plantation of his own. Doug had accumulated his moderate capital in the hard way, always dreaming of a competence for his old age. Rugged men who have fought bitter life with their claws and hoofs almost always have before them a vista of security in which they themselves will be lord and ruler, and it was no wonder that Doug fondly patted the tightly sewn belt of small linen pockets filled with gold dust and nuggets that coiled snugly around his body. He had been through a veritable hell to wrest his small fortune from the harsh earth. Under broiling suns, suffering the pangs of the damned from malaria, tongue-

swollen thirst, hunger and tropical insect and animal pests, he had worked his native labourers at the rich findings of alluvial gold, never sparing himself, but slaving on while his inherent strength held out. His nearest white neighbour slogged in at the same mad game forty miles away, with dense bush and swamp between, so he had to be constantly on the alert for native treachery and thefts, and Doug's Colt automatic under those conditions was the only companion he could trust.

In this struggle and anxiety, Doug's only beam of light and encouragement was at night time when in his crude tent he would weigh the pannings of speck and nugget. From a mere blood-won ounce, the washings had risen until he was gleefully watching the scales show eighteen, twenty ounces for the toil of the day. Then came the blow. Dysentery struck down his natives; one by one they died, until, at last, he was left to make the arduous trek over the mountains and through the snake and mosquito infested valleys back to the coastline, alone.

Pliant as steel, Doug never knew when he was beaten. He had fought his way out of the toughest shebangs from Shanghai to Singapore, from the Baltic to the Antarctic. The story of his fight with an Italian captain of a tramp steamer and his mate is still an epic of the Southern Seas. Doug had been refused his right pay on arrival at Brisbane, and after a particularly bloody scramble, including the cruder types of mayhem, the cap-

hair and the seat fell on him. It was with great regret that we clambered back into our places and said goodbye to these cheery lads. As we waved farewell we knew that ALL WAS WELL at Kohler and at Hagersville.

(Turn to Page Ten Please)



"WINGS OVER BORDEN"

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

NOTE EDITORIALE

Les Quartiers Generaux de l'Aviation Royale du Canada ont recemment transmis des instructions aux officiers commandants des centres de recrutement, manning depots et des ecoles d'entrainement, a l'effet que la distribution des emplois, transfers, logement dans les baraques, etc., soit faite de maniere a permettre aux membres du Service Actif de mieux fraterniser avec ceux dont la parente, le caractere, les aptitudes ou la langue auraient fait naître des liens d'amitie. Cependant, ces concessions seront accordees que lorsque les interets du Service ne seront pas de ce fait negliges. Ce rapprochement est considere desirable afin de stimuler l'esprit de camaraderie et d'union, (esprit de corps) l'amour du travail, et aussi un encouragement vers une discipline toujours meilleure qui est la base d'un effort de guerre toujours plus grand.

Les hommes qui combattent pour le Canada d'aujourd'hui seront aussi appeles a solutionner les problemes du Canada de demain, et partant, si nous dans le Service avons appris ensemble a vivre et a travailler harmonieusement, respectant et cherchant a comprendre le point de vue de ceux qui ne semblent pas penser comme nous, supportant nos imperfections mutuelles qui sont le partage de tous les humains, (et les Aviateurs n'en sont pas exempts), realisant enfin que la gravite de l'heure doit elever les hommes au-dessus de leur infermite naturelle, notre vie commune deviendra plus agreable, l'avenir nous apparaitra plus souriant, et nous aurons la satisfaction d'avoir cooperer efficacement a la protection et a l'avancement de notre pays.

Au contraire, si nous nous laissons aveugler par des prejuges le plus souvent concus dans l'ignorance des choses ou des personnes dont le contact nous est subitement fourni par les circonstances, nos efforts ne deviendraient que futilites, ou, tout au moins, feraient obstacle au developpement de notre patrie.

Actuellement, l'occasion nous est presentee de faire montre de bonne volonte en aidant a solutionner un probleme que d'aucuns sont enclins a qualifier de dilemme: celui occasionne par l'union des efforts de deux grandes races pour la sauvegarde de tout ce qui leur est communement cher. Deux races qui, apres avoir realise que l'ideal de l'une etait l'ideal de l'autre, deciderent de travailler et de combattre cote a cote pour se qui etait devenu le but commun. Ce rapprochement ne peut se faire sans quelques efforts de l'esprit, surtout lorsque le temperament d'une de ces races semble faire un vif contraste avec celui de l'autre. Nous avons d'un cote, le temperament anglais qui est celui de la moderation et de la prevoyance, dont l'exterieur peut paraître froid au premier contact avec l'etranger, mais dont les actes prouvent la grande generosite et la grande sensibilite interieure; et d'un autre cote la spontaneite et la chaleur du temperament francais qui vent bruler les etapes, dont l'intelligence vive et optimiste ne peut pas toujours concevoir les reactions de l'intellect plus lent mais plus perseverant du temperament anglais.

Ajoutons a ce premier sujet de reflexion les difficultes eprouvees par ceux qui n'ont pas la connaissance des deux langues et nous voyons la somme de bonne volonte dont doivent disposer les interesses afin de faire un succes de leur travail et de leurs loisirs.

La venue au Camp Borden de plusieurs Canadiens de langue francaise devrait etre considerée par tous comme un precieux avantage de se mieux connaitre et aussi comme un excellent moyen de pratiquer les deux langues qui ont servi a transmettre la pensee de tant d'hommes qui se sont illustres en participant a l'oeuvre nationale, faisant du Canada et de l'Empire Britannique une forteresse de civilisation.

Translation by Sgt. Le Barre.

—L'EDITEUR.

EDITORIAL

Air Force Headquarters have recently issued instructions to Commanding Officers of recruiting centres, manning depots, and schools handling trainees that wherever possible, subject of course to the interests of the service, that in arranging postings, accommodations in quarters, and allocation of duties, friends be permitted to remain together as long as possible in their service. This is considered to be desirable in stimulating team spirit, pride of workmanship, and improved discipline. It is a master stroke in developing esprit de corps in the R.C.A.F., and the resultant concord will lay the foundation for a greater war effort.

The men that are fighting for Canada today will be administering her affairs and problems tomorrow, and working to lay the foundation for a greater Canada in the future. Therefore, if we in the service have learned to live together harmoniously, work together cooperatively, and strive to understand each other's views, the task will be more than half done and her future as a world power secured. However, if we follow a course of biased judgments, narrow-minded and limiting views, our efforts towards such development will come to a lame and impotent end. One of the problems that needs a solution today, and will need one then is the difference in language and temperament between the French and English speaking population of Canada. The fact that Camp Borden is to some extent bilingual presents a marvellous opportunity for us to intermingle socially and politically, study each other's ways and ideas, and strive to reach and try to gain that understanding that will be an asset to us, not only now, but in the future when again we pick up the threads of our personal lives and start once more to compete for our daily bread. Our conceptions will be broadened, our spirits raised and we will extend the hand of friendship one to the other as we go about living in this Canada of ours. **THE EDITOR.**

BOMBS AND BRITISH CHURCHES

Nazi bombers have damaged 2,659 English churches of all denominations since the start of the war, according to the British Press Service. Among the famed landmarks either destroyed or "very seriously" damaged are the cathedrals of Llandaff and at Coventry; St. Paul's, London; and City Temple, London. Churches less seriously damaged include Westminster Abbey, Westminster Cathedral, and the Deanery at Canterbury Cathedral. In addition, 108 vicarages, 304 church halls, 236 church schools, and 36 convents have been wrecked.

EXTEND AIR COURSE BY TWO WEEKS

Initial training school courses for pilots and observers are to be lengthened by two weeks it is indicated in an announcement from air force headquarters in Ottawa.

In the past, the announcement said, some of the essential ground-work training and Link trainer instruction given pilots and observers in their probation period has been carried over to the elementary flying training schools. This will now be "moved back" to the initial training schools.

Navigation and aircraft recognition will be stressed in the extra two weeks at the initial training schools. Aircraft recognition is taught at the schools by means of colored slides, bakelite models and "spotting cards."

Beverly Baxter, Canadian-born member of the British Parliament says:

"The worker who shirks today or obstructs is a Fifth Columnist; the worker who strikes is the same as the deserter from the front line. The worker who gives all that he has, and more, is the true Canadian patriot."

WHAT COUNTS

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful,
Or hide your face from the light of day
Like a craven soul and fearful?

Oh, a trouble's a ton or a trouble's an ounce
Or a trouble is what you make it.
And it isn't the fact you're licked that counts
But only how did you take it.

And though you be beaten to earth what then,
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat
But to lie there, that's the disgrace.

The harder you're thrown the higher you'll bounce,
Be proud of your blackened eye.
It is not the fact you are licked that counts
But how did you fight and why.

And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could
And kept your place in the ranks of men
The critics will call it good.

Death comes with a crawl or comes with a pounce,
But whether it's slow or spry
It isn't the fact you're dead that counts
But only how did you die.

—W. J. BLAIR.

A class was asked: "Who can name one important thing we have now that we did not have one hundred years ago?" And one student answered, "Me."

Read It . . .



or not?

By Cpl. E. M. Rorke

At long last all those maps in my little den of siniquity are coming in handy in keeping track of our wandering boys. With part of the boys at Hagersville and part at Edenvale, our happy gang here at Borden has dwindled noticeably. The pages of our paper contain news from Edenvale. They have set up a paper in opposition or apposition to ours, and it's good! So good that we have reproduced it in its entirety for the edification of our readers here. Editors Robart and Watson are doing a mighty fine job, and we are just restraining our impatience until these lads set foot on Borden land again when we hope to grab them off for service on this sheet.

On Hallowe'en night a group of airmen from Borden and Edenvale motored to Midland, where they were entertained in a grand manner by the Y's Men's Club. The entertainment was in the form of a dance and a good time was had by all. The Midland gym was decorated in gala style—the motif, dive bombers, pursuit planes and reconnaissance ships. The side walls were decorated in the conventional Hallowe'en style with witches, spooks and skeletons predominant. The dance committee must have raided the gates of Paradise to supply us with dancing partners. When our hosts had welcomed us they dished out little tickets bearing numbers, the idea being to mingle with this bevy of angels and find the corresponding number to the one you held in your hand. If my little wife was not likely to be listening in, I would say that I hit the jackpot that night. It would appear that Corp. Casanova Cornish is somewhat superstitious. He drew the number 13 and went around steeped in gloom most of the evening. When questioned why he wasn't out doing the jive, he would reply solemnly: "I can't dance; I've got haunts in my paunts."

Brother Walden is trying to convince the lads of the M.T. Section that the lighter in his coat pocket suddenly decided to light itself and proceed to consume his tunic with flames. We are forced to receive his story with a certain amount of skepticism inasmuch as we have tried to obtain a light from said lighter on numerous occasions and no amount of manipulation would cause it to work. What we really believe is that Walden has worked himself up to such a heat over the approach of the CWAAF's that he just broke out into flame all by himself.

As this time of year seems appropriate to the telling of mystery stories, do you suppose anyone could solve this one? How come on at least four occasions now, Al Wilmot, of golfing fame, has rid-

den back and forth from Woodstock without being relieved of his ticket by the conductor. We wonder if this miracle could be linked with the mysterious disappearance of the news agent's hat and the back copies of old magazines around the barracks.

Corporal Town, our western gentleman from Vancouver, walked into the main beverage room of the Royal York last weekend and exclaimed in a majestic manner: "When I drink, everybody drinks." The waiters dashed around madly serving all the patrons. When all were served, Van drank up and slapped a dime on the table. In a clear, loud voice he roared: "When I pay everybody pays." Exit blackout.

Since last issue the civilians on the station held their first smoker, which was a huge success. Bill Free, our civic correspondent, writes it up in his column, *Civie Sorties*, appearing elsewhere on these pages. But Bill hid his own light under a bushel and neglected to mention the splendid work he did on the committee himself and the fine selections he offered for the entertainment of all those present. Bill's rendition of *The Chimes* was outstanding. Group Captain Grandy contributed a humorous anecdote of an impatient officer and his batman. It seems that when this batman was selected for his duties, he was instructed to wake the officer up each morning sharply at seven, announce the time, announce the weather and bring the officer a cup of tea.

Each morning the batman knocked on the officer's door and announced in a Cockney accent: "Good morning, sir—hit's seven o'clock, the weather is fine and Hi've brought you a spot of tea." Each morning the officer got a little angrier with the batman, until one morning when the announcement was made the officer yelled at the batman: "Yes, yes; I know it's seven, I know the weather is lovely and I know, you've brought my tea. Buzz off and quit bothering me."

The batman replied firmly: "Sir, you don't know a d—d thing. It h'aint seven, hit's nine bells; it h'aint nice out, it's raining blooming cats and dogs, and it h'aint tea, it's coffee."

"Well, as the little boy said as he was walking down the street with his teeny-weeny wagon: "I dess this will be all for now."

PADRE'S CORNER

AUX OFFICIERS ET PERSONNEL DU CORPS ROYAL DE L'AVIATION CANADIENNE, CAMP BORDEN

Avec une vive anticipation d'une vie heureuse et utile parmi vous, je suis arrive a Camp Borden comme votre padre, votre pere en Dieu.

Je vous assure que je desire de tout mon coeur a vous aider en tous vos problemes spirituels et materiels.

Avec votre co-operation et l'assistance et la benediction du bon Dieu, j'espere que nos efforts auront de bons resultats.—PAUL DWYER.

TO THE OFFICERS AND AIRMEN OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE, CAMP BORDEN.

In lively anticipation of a useful and happy life amongst you, I received my appointment as your new R.C. Padre.

Though my desire to be of service to you all far outruns my ability to accomplish, I trust that our mutual efforts may have the blessing and aid of our Heavenly Father and bring them to a bounteous harvest.—PAUL DWYER.

GREETINGS TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF NO. 1 S.F.T.S., CAMP BORDEN.

It is a greater pleasure than I can express to be made one of your number. The welcome you have given me has been one of actions rather than of words, and no one could ask for better. The comparative absence of coughing and boot scraping at the 11 o'clock service last Sunday, in fact the general conduct of all present, made me feel that in that Theatre I was in the House of God and that His Sanctuary was receiving its due reverence. I look forward to worshipping and working with you as your Padre. My job is not so much to find out whether you believe in God, but rather to tell you that He believes in you and expects big things of you, and will never ask you to do a job that with His help you cannot do. You know where my office is. Come and see me.

—ARTHUR E. L. CAULFEILD.

F/L R.—"Wonder what the night life at Edenvale will be like?"
F/O McT.—"Don't know, but the rabbits seem to enjoy it!"

AUX CANADIENS-FRANCAIS

Chers Amis,—

N'avez-vous jamais realise que notre revue "Wings Over Borden" est aussi votre revue, et que vous pouvez l'aider de vos suggestions et aussi par vos articles francais que vous voudrez bien nous faire parvenir aussi souvent que vous en aurez le loisir.

—L'EDITEUR.

Station Welcomes New Padres

The last week or two has witnessed the dual arrival of F/Lt. Arthur E. L. Caulfeild of Ottawa and F/Lt. Paul Dwyer of Toronto, Protestant and Roman Catholic padres, respectively. Borden is extremely fortunate to have the services of these men and it is to be sincerely hoped that their sojourn with us will be of mutual benefit.

F/Lt. Caulfeild was born in Ottawa and received his early education there. He is also a graduate of Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Quebec. Returning to Ottawa, he held the position for several years of assistant priest of Christ Church Cathedral (Anglican). He is a married man.

F/Lt. Caulfeild is keenly interested in young people, their work and their problems. He has been both Provincial and Dominion Chaplain of the Anglican Young People's Association. For five years was in charge of Ontario Provincial Camp, A.Y.P.A., at Lake Couchiching. He was delegate at the First World Conference held at Amsterdam in 1939, returning to Canada just prior to the outbreak of hostilities. This year he was a delegate to the North American Ecumenical Conference held in Toronto.

F/Lt. Caulfeild has the unique distinction of having worn the uniforms of the three services, navy, army and air force. He served five years in the C.O.T.C., one year with the R.C.N.V.R., and was chaplain of 3rd district engineers from 1938 till the present time. He was called to Manning Pool in October and Borden is his first air force post.

F/Lt. Dwyer, though born in Parry Sound, looks on Toronto as his home town. After early education in Toronto Separate Schools, he entered St. Michael's College, University of Toronto, and graduated with a degree. He then went to Rome and studied Theology for four years in the Vatican and graduated with the Doctorate of Theology. His years at the Vatican were spent at a most interesting period in that he witnessed the passing and the coronation of a Pope. He had several audiences while in the Vatican. During vacation periods he travelled extensively throughout the European continent. He returned to Canada and took up parish work at Welland, Ont. He continued with this work from 1923 till 1931, when he became Headmaster of Grey Gables School for Boys. He held this position until he entered the service in September of this year.

We extend to F/Lt. Dwyer and F/Lt. Caulfeild a real Borden welcome and hope that their stay here will be a pleasant one.

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Before reviewing the coming attractions, I would like to speak of something that happened a short time ago. Through a mistake, that was no fault of ours, we were left without a picture to show and we had to make last-minute arrangements to ensure that the fellows here weren't deprived of a place to go. In spite of the fact that our booking costs are as high, and often higher, than the better theatres we were forced to accept two distinctly class "B" pictures, and the moans and groans that were heard after the show were really pitiful. While I have no intentions of trying to praise these features, it is only fair to remember that it is very seldom that an inferior picture is shown here, so, if it happens that the show isn't quite up to scratch, bear with us, fellows, as it will happen as seldom as is humanly possible. Confidentially, didn't that ghost picture stink?

Here is a list of the features that will be shown in our theatre and I really believe that it would be hard to beat these bookings. I have heard from various people that I should date these pictures, that is, place the showing date alongside the reviews, and I would like the opinion of the readers, and, if there are any of you fellows who are interested in projection machines, drop around and see us before the show some night and we'll be glad to show you what makes things tick.

"HERE COMES MR. JORDAN." A hilarious tale of a man who dies and finds that his place in Paradise is not ready for him, and has to return to earth until room is made for him. Robert Montgomery and Rita Hayworth (who said "Oh, Boy?") turn in swell performances, and James Gleason and E. E. Horton add to the hilarity.

"KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE." Vocalist Mary Martin turns in a fair job in the screen adaption of the famous Broadway play, which concerns the efforts of a show girl to land a coveted part in a new show. She is supported by Don Ameche, but it is this reporter's opinion that orchids for the show go to Charles Ruggles for his portrayal of a high-powered producer.

"THE BIG STORE." The Marx Bros. at their zaniest, in a highly involved story revolving around a department store. I shouldn't say "story," as there is none, but it is the Marx Bros. at their funniest. The lingerie sequence is a riot, and this is one picture that will send you away chuckling.

"BALALAIKA." Nelson Eddy and Ilona Massey are starred in a picture that takes you to pre-war Russia, through the war and then to post-war America. Eddy is cast

as the leader of a band of daredevil Cossacks and the beautiful Massey as an entertainer in a Scropka (joint to you). Mr. Eddy uses his fine voice to advantage, and there is a highly unbelievable but wonderful scene when, on Christmas Eve, friend and foe join in singing "Silent Night." A really worthwhile show.

"PARACHUTE BATTALION." This picture has been aptly called "as timely as tomorrow's headlines" and although the story is very weak, the inside glimpses of the technique used to train the modern parachute troops classes this with the best. The story is weak in that it employs the old gag of having the hero enlist in the regiment which his father commands, and father not knowing son, but in spite of this, a grand performance by the entire cast rates this picture tops.

"BARNACLE BILL." Wallace Beery and Marjorie Main are starred in a film that has all the pathos and comedy of the Beery and Marie Dressler series, and follows the general outline of these films. Beery is his usual blustering self and Miss Main plays his nagging but loving wife. Fair entertainment.

"ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS." Dorothy Lamour, complete with sarong, plays a jungle waif introduced to the benefits of civilization, with Jon Hall as her jungle playmate. I wonder if I went into the jungle could I find me a playmate? It is the usual type of fare that is associated with Dottie and she sings and does things in her own sultry style. After seeing this picture, I was reminded of that famous poem that starts "Why must these vagrant thoughts of mine torture my inner soul?"

"A YANK IN THE R.A.F." Tyrone Power and Betty Grable are co-starred in a picture that I hope no one misses. Not so much for the cast or the story, although both are tops, but for the authentic shots of the miracle of Dunkirk and actual combat over England. Power is cast as a ferry pilot to whom the whole thing is a joke, until the sacrificial death of a buddy and the scorn of a war worker, played by Betty Grable, makes him realize what the whole thing means, and what defeat means. It is only too bad that a lot of smug, self-satisfied people in this country can't realize the same thing.

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH." This is a hilarious comedy in which Bob Hope is talked into betting that he'll tell nothing but the truth for twenty-four hours, and the efforts of Edward Arnold to make him lose the bet, and of Paulette Goddard to prevent it, will keep you roaring all through the show. It is the usual Hope picture in that you have to cut your laughter short, as the gags come so fast that you will miss half of them. Make a date to see this show.

This is the works for now, so watch the billboards.
—LAC McLEAN, J. B.

Dorothy Thompson writing about her London experiences, told this story about a taxi-driver. His home was destroyed by a bomb and this was what he had to say about it. "Nothin' happened to me throughout it all, but me Aunt Maud 'ad a bit of a bad time—'ad 'er 'ead blowed orf."

SLANG GETS ITS WINGS

New York, Oct. 15 (A.P.)—In the most complete glossary of R.A.F. slang compiled since the war began, Lester D. Gardner, executive vice-president of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences, reported today that to a flier a tank is a "roller skate."

- Ropey means unsettled weather.
- Cheesed means depressed.
- Brock's benefit—Heavy anti-aircraft fire (after Brock, fireworks manufacturer).
- Confetti—Ammunition for machine guns.
- Contour chasing—Low flying.
- Crabbing—Limping home with a damaged plane.
- Dirt—Much anti-aircraft fire.
- Dust bin—Retractable under-turret for gunner.
- Erk—An aircraftman novice.
- George—The automatic pilot.
- Get cracking—Get going.
- Go to the movies—Go into action.
- Gong—To get a medal.
- Greenhouse—Plastic cover for cockpit.
- Hip flask—Service revolver.
- Kipper control—Coastal command aircraft convoying fishing boats.
- Kites—Airplanes, a mechanic's term.
- Mae West—A chest life preserver (inflatable waistcoat).
- Mein Kampf—Leaflets to be dropped in enemy territory.
- Mousetraps—Submarines.
- Mickey Mouse—Automatic lever releasing bombs.
- Put up a black—Poor attempt.
- Scrambled eggs—Gold oak leaves on an air marshal's hat.
- Shot down in flames—Reprimanded by a superior officer or crossed in love.
- Squirt—Machine gun burst.
- Taped—Solved.
- Wailing Winnie—Air raid siren.
- Wuffs—Gun noises.

Overheard in Officers' Quarters in early (?) morning:
 Batman: "6.45, sir."
 Officer: "Thanks, waken me at a quarter to seven."
 Batman: "Very good, sir."
 Batman walks along hallway, goes down stairs, notes time from hall clock and returns to officer's room, knocks and opens door.
 "A quarter to seven now, sir."
 "Thanks a lot, those extra winks helped quite a bit."

ROXY BARRIE

ALL WEEK

November 10 to 15

ABBOTT and COSTELLO

IN

Hold That Ghost

ALL WEEK

November 17 to 22

TYRONE POWER

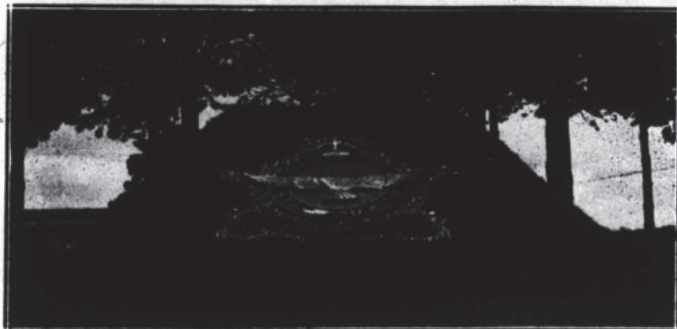
IN

A YANK IN THE R.A.F.

"Here's where You get Big-Store Value and Service"

SIMPSON'S BARRIE ORDER OFFICE
 57 DUNLOP STREET — PHONE 1601

Welcome to No. 1 S.F.T.S.



PER ARDVA AD ASTRA

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. Brookes	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 fig-

ures. 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 A. E. Caulfield, Protestant Padre, and Flight Lieutenant Paul Dwyer, 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 thor-



Y.M.C.A. SERVICES

BY JIM McCLENAGHAN, DIRECTOR

GREETINGS, LADIES!

We again extend a very hearty greeting and welcome to our sister organization, the Y.W.C.A., as they resume their Sunday afternoon tea service in the Airmen's Club. Mrs. Brown and her assistants have made this feature a very enjoyable one and it is much appreciated by the airmen and their friends.

For the benefit of those who are newcomers to Borden, may we say that the Sunday Afternoon Tea Service has been a regular Sunday afternoon feature almost every week since early summer. The presence of the ladies has given the "bachelors' lounge" a touch of hominess and warmth that is not quite apparent on week days. You and your friends are cordially invited to join with us each week.

"48" COMING UP?

If you have a "48" coming up and would like to meet some nice folks and spend an enjoyable weekend amid pleasant surroundings, just drop into the "Y" office. Several residents of Barrie, Midland and district have offered the hospitality of their homes to airmen away from home. Some 200 men have been served in this way since the beginning of summer. Avail yourself of this service.

BARRIE SERVICE

The Active Service canteen at 45 Toronto Street in Barrie invites you and your friends to make use of its splendidly equipped club rooms and services. An attractive canteen is presided over by volunteer members of the club. Quiet rooms, game rooms and a music room leave nothing to be desired. A dance is promoted each Monday evening and usually gets under way around 8.30. Many of Barrie's charming girls help to make the evening enjoyable. There is no charge for the dance. See you there next Monday.

GAMES, GAMES, GAMES

Crokinole boards, cribbage boards, checkers, chess and dart boards, magazines, table tennis, horseshoes and what-have-you have found their way through the "Y" office into the recreation rooms of the Mud Slingers of Edenvale, the Bombers from 13X, the Assorted Civies from Borden and the Stalwarts of the Security Guard. It is hoped that this modest expression will materially assist in passing many otherwise dull moments in a more lighter vein. Recreation conveners are cautioned, however, not to hang dart boards behind doors. You might get the point. I hope you don't.

HOW YOU CAN GET FREE ROOM, BOARD, WHILE IN TORONTO

If you wish to be placed as a

ough 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.

guest in a private home for the duration of your leave, or for a single day's entertainment, call at the office of the Canadian Women's Service Force, "Open House Bureau," 121 King St. West, Toronto or phone Adelaide 7958 between 1900 and 2300 hours (7.00-11.00) Friday and Saturday nights. Miss Mabel Westaway is in charge of the service. This service, for which there is no charge, has already proved a success. Hundreds of men have been provided with rooms and meals while on leave. Drop in and avail yourself of this privilege. The service has the support and backing of Radio Station CKCL, Toronto.

BOWLING

Now that the bowling alleys have been re-surfaced and are ready for use, thanks to Sgt. Longpre and his assistants, who have both put in quite a few evenings in making the alleys presentable, all eyes are turned toward the pin games. Plans are under way to commence a pre-season bowling league to fill in the time while our flying squadrons are off station.

A meeting will be held in the reading room of the Airmen's Club on Monday, Nov. 10, at 1845 hours, to make plans for the league. Make sure that your unit is represented.

NOTES FROM ARMY AREA

We regret very much to bid adieu to several members of the Y.M.C.A. Army staff. Austin Rutland and Gordon Burrell have gone to lend their aid in other centres. Their service in the realm of entertainment and with the tea car will be well remembered. Word has also just been received that Harry Hardy (Reverend H. B. Hardy) has resigned to become the pastor of Glen Forest Baptist Church in Toronto. Harry's personal charm and kindly philosophy was only exceeded by his capacity for service to his fellow men.

An entirely new staff now greets one as he enters the spacious "Y" building. The senior secretary is Fred Maines, who hails from Kitchener. Fred has had a wealth of experience in Y.M.C.A. work and his presence will be felt. Sam Jacks from Toronto West End "Y" is in charge of sports and recreation. Ross Thompson of Central "Y," Toronto, is in charge of entertainment. Chuck Rogers, also of Central, looks after comforts of various kinds. Roland Webb, the most recent addition to the "Y" staff, has been assigned to the Tea Car service. You are cordially invited to meet with these men and to make use of available services

From the desk of Cliff Peters, who is attached to the National Y.M.C.A. War Services, in Toronto, comes this information: During the month of August the Y.M.C.A. Tea Cars in England made 409 trips and served 61,867 Canadian troops on active service in defence areas. Some 48,720 Canadian soldiers took part in 5,056 sports events arranged by the "Y." Spectators at those events numbered 33,127.

COULD BE !

We are sitting around our recreation room listening to our Great Sergeant Graham, who is at the moment employed in nonchalantly sinking all the balls on the pool table with one stroke.

"Talking of putting a Loud Speaker up at Station Headquarters in order to check up on the fellows that think they honour the Ensign," says the Great One. "Good idea," we all immediately return in unison. (We always agree with him, he's a Sergeant.)

Oh well, it's getting late—guess we will turn in and get an early night. In bed we are mulling over in our mind the (very) Loud Speaker. Quite an idea, really, although we wouldn't want Graham to think we agree with him. And so to sleep. Before we know it 0700 hrs. has come and we are walking up to the pay office to await the Paymaster whom we hope won't be too affected by the cold weather to give us a small advance. Gee, he won't miss a Fin we hope, skeptically.

Bid "Good morning" to the Guards at the Barrier and sleepily but never the less sincerely they return the salutation. Awful job that guarding

In the Attention Area now and we turn smartly to the right as we pass the appointed place and give a salute that would make any disciplinarian mention us in any despatch. Might even make up a special despatch—might even give us the Leather Medal, who knows? "Hey you," fairly booms a voice from out of nowhere, and suddenly. Our knees knock a bit. "Gee," we muse to ourselves, "what a voice! What power of command! Sure am glad he isn't bellowing at me."

"You there you & () ch !! dope!" There it is again, even more furious than before. Boy, that guy sure is sore at someone. Can't blame him—some people are awfully slow in the morning, we think.

Another tirade of commands and oaths issue from the L.S. We look around. Migawd there isn't a soul around. Why, that man must be crazy, or maybe he is just practising. Sure, of course, that's it—he's practising. How stupid of us, why didn't we realize that before. Nice and early, nobody around, except the Guards, and they don't mind—breaks the monotony for them.

Suddenly there is a noise from what might be the L.S. but what sounds more like a Harvard forced landing on a field of Persian cats. It's that man again. Eeegad (comes the dawn) he's yelling at us! Back we scamper—full of fear and expectation of something horrible. We stand stiffly in front of a window—there is a steady rat-tat-tat-ing—it's our knees again—nothing we can do

BOXING



The "Mourning" After the Fight Before

Scene in dressing room after dual boxing meet. between. R.C.A.S.C. and No. 1 S.F.T.S. Hartford, Keegan and LeBlond are shown in the centre background.

about that. We peer in the window through the frost—and there "it" is. Eyes fairly popping out of head—face crimson to the hair-roots. Moustache actually bristling! And in his hand a mike. (Said hand being partially covered with a crowned sleeve.) "What do you salute that flag-standard for?" screams the voice at us through the L.S. "Honouring the Ensign, sir." (We risk that "sir" we don't know whether he is entitled to that or not.)

"Are you blind?" it booms. We look around at various objects and discover that we can see quite well considering the early hour. "No, sir," we venture.

"Can't you see there is no flag up there at this hour of the morning?" We turn around and look—well, now, neither there is.

"Seventeen months C.B. and the duration will be spent peeling potatoes."

"Gad," we say to ourself, "what a sentence." Won't need that Fin after all.

Then we wake up wondering why we have a headache—and didn't we go to bed early last night?

—"ITCHY BURNS."

Of all the heavenly bodies, says an astronomer, the sun is the only one indispensable to the earth.

SEE WORKOUTS OF BOXING TEAM

A boxer, like an actor, sees little if anything of the show. First he has to prepare himself; then he enters the ring—after his bout he is busy preparing to fit himself once again for the public gaze. So here's to our boxing team, who are working hard to give us a hectic night of fisticuffs in the near future. A little encouragement goes a long way, and you are cordially invited to the Drill-Hall on Monday Wednesday and Friday evenings to watch the boys work out. Despite the great loss of Cpl. LeBlond's enthusiasm and organizing ability, good progress is being made. The punching power of LAC Stewart, the closer fighting of the two-fisted LAC Linwood, the speed of AC? Keegan, the improvement of LAC Hartford's footwork and defence, and the rough and tumble of the "sophomores," will provide the cognoscenti with plenty of argument and goodwill towards the boys who will represent the No. 1 S.F.T.S. in a season of campaigning wherever challenged. Recent arrivals are asked to come forward and prove their quality by taking instruction in this manly art of self defence.

ABBREVIATIONS CAUSE TROUBLE

The man and woman approached the theatre, evidently expecting an evening's enjoyment. As the man stepped forward to purchase the tickets the woman grabbed his arm. "I do not want to see this show, Alfred; I do not like Chinese plays," she exclaimed.

"But this is not a Chinese play." "It certainly is—the title is right there on the front of the theatre—Sun. Mon. Tu."

COWLEY ANNOUNCES LONGER AIR COURSE

Student pilots training at British Commonwealth Air Training Plan service flying training schools, in future will train for 12 weeks, instead of 72 days as in the past, and the course may later be extended to 14 weeks.

This statement was made by Air Commodore A. T. N. Cowley, A.D.C., air officer commanding No. 4 Training Command, as he spoke at graduation ceremonies Tuesday afternoon, at the No. 3 S.F.T.S., Currie, Air Commodore Cowley told the graduates that their course was the last under the 72-day system.

The training period was being extended so that pilots might learn better by not having to "cram," the speaker said. Stressing the importance of physical fitness, he declared that there would be an increase in "P.T." instruction.

Authentic Air Force DRESS SHOES \$8.50

Made by Ritchie

Other lines at \$4, \$5, \$6

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85 STORES IN CANADA

8 ELIZABETH ST. — BARRIE Wellington Hotel Block

FOR QUICK ENERGY CHOOSE

ROWNTREE'S AERO-BISCRISP-COFFEECRISP CHOCOLATE BARS

WEATHER: WORSE, IF POSSIBLE

THE EDENVALE MUDSLINGER

1st Copy

1st Edition

October 31st, 1941

Free of Charge

DEDICATION

To the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of Edenvale, the stout-hearted stalwarts who left the cheery warmth and comforts of Camp Borden and ventured into the unknown lands of mud and swamps of Minesing.

THE OCCUPATION

The October dawn broke grey and cold over the still, small (or still small) "village" of Edenvale. The handful of guards and natives yawned bitterly and turned their backs on the flurries of snow. The 'drome was still and dark and quiet.

Then suddenly a roar of planes overhead—one, two, three, four—they counted (that's all, they couldn't count any more). But no! Plane after plane circled, landed and unloaded (the guards were still trying to find out what four times seven plus two was) whilst in the rear approached our armored fighting vehicles, loaded to the gills with sleepy personnel. In the half light of the morning the 'drome and guards were surrounded—and so were we—with mud.

The whole engagement lasted only half an hour. Prisoners included one red-headed, frostbitten corporal and ten half frozen AC's suffering from (1) loss of memory and (2) severe cases of trigger-finger itch. As they laid down their arms a sigh of relief was heard. For them the war was over—another victory lost and won and Edenvale was ours. Why?

Editor's Note: For the first correct answer the Edenvale Mudslinger will gladly cease publication.

TRIBUTES

To the Cooks—The food is swell.
To LAC Shea who brought the beer and
To the M.T. Section—our only contact with the outside world—Greetings and salutations!

SPORTS

Nil—as yet.
Badminton in the offing.
The bowling alleys and billiard tables will soon be in condition—but not this war!

ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR SALE or to give away: One berth—upper or lower—at R.C.A.F. Station, Edenvale. Apply any airman stationed there.

Post-War Occupations

Wanted: Employment by an Arctic Exploration Expedition: Approximately 115 experienced Officers, N.C.O.'s and men now serving at R1, Edenvale. Ready now for anything. Will supply own frozen ears, etc. Write don't phone above address.

BIRTHS

LAC Shallhase gave birth to a kitten this morning when he woke up and found that it wasn't a dream after all.

OBITUARY

None yet—but there will be if the man is located who selected this place for an aerodrome.

The Edenvale Mudslinger is edited weekly at Edenvale, Ontario, with kind permission of Squadron Leader J. B. Flowerdew.

Editor: LAC Robart, C. H., and AC2 Watson, J.

EDITORIALS

Two very pleasant scenes at Edenvale:

- (1) Watching the senior N.C.O.'s stand in line for meals.
- (2) Watching the Officers shave in cold water.

Any contributions to these columns by personnel of this station will be appreciated.

JOKES?? OR CORN??

The AC2 had been given complete instructions in the paying of compliments but day after day he continued to make mistakes. One day the Squadron Leader came into the hangar and was greeted by the AC2 with "Hi-Ya, boss!" The verbal barrage from the S/L was terrific and when he was through the bewildered AC2 simply said: "Gee, Boss, if I knew you were gonna be that mad I wouldn't have spoke to you at all."

LOST AND FOUND

LOST: Tuesday, 28/10/41, in the vicinity of Edenvale, the shine from 115 pairs of boots. Finder can keep same.

POETRY?

Edenvale

Edenvale, Edenvale, land of the fair
Land of the mud and bush and slime
Land of the fresh, fast-frozen air
For all of an acre, not worth a dime.

The barracks are new and reek of paint,
We wash outside in a frosty tent,
The food is good—but the plumbing aint,
And what heat we get is heaven sent.

However, for all the hardships we bear
We shouldn't swear or even curse,
We might have had to sleep in tents
And all caught colds, or even worse.

AC2 TRAVERS.

COMMENTS BY CURLY

Edenvale is not so bad no matter what they say about it and one thing to be thankful for is that we are clear of Borden. But don't be surprised if you see Borden coming over the hill some day. And that is not unlikely if they don't do something about the cockroaches there.

When a pilot falls out of an aircraft, what does he fall against?

Against his will, of course.

Now that we have decided to call this rag the "Edenvale Mudslinger" everyone should try to dig up all the dirt they can. Throw all the dirt as it were.

The usual mascot for an R.C.A.F. Station is a pigeon; at Edenvale it should be a mudhen.

F/L Raymond: What was it now that I was going to say?

Brother Officer: What do you think I am—a mind reader?

Did you ever hear tell of a horse marriage: A bride with a wagon behind.

Au revoir.

Prophetic vision of Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," written over 100 years ago.

"For I dipped into the future
Far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and
all

The wonder that would be,
Saw the heavens filled with commerce,

Argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight
Dropping down the costly bales.
Heard the heavens filled with
shouting,

And there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies,

Grappling in the central blue."

Then he says:

"Till the war drum throbbed no
longer

And the battle flags were furled,
In the parliament of man
The federation of the world.

There the common sense of most
shall

Hold a fitful realm in awe,
And the kind earth shall slumber

Lapt in universal law."

Let us all "work and strive" that
this prophecy may be fulfilled.

—Submitted by Cpl. Stocker.

Maintenance 15 Hangar.

Hungry FOR Candy?

DON'T RESIST - BUY A BAR OF...

Neilson's MALTED MILK CANDY BAR

Buy Some Today

Neilson's

CIVIES SORTIES

Our smoker went over with a bang. The boys who missed it want to know when we are going to have another. Well, all I can say, boys, it's up to you when we have the next one!

We were honored with the presence of Group Captain Grandy, O.B.E., the guest of honor of the evening. Accompanying the Commanding Officer were S/Ldr. Ashdown, F/Lt. Phillips, F/Lt. Badgley, F/Lt. McInerney, F/Lt. Godfrey, F/Lt. Johnson, F/Sgt. Bean and LAC Jim Cullimore.

Cpl. Rorke, the man who comes to our house with the pay cheques once a month and sometimes twice, acted as master of ceremonies. After the toast to the King, Cpl. Rorke made the following remarks, from which I quote: "... I believe that you will all agree with me that we at Borden—civilian and airman alike—are one big happy family. We sometimes have our differences, we admit, but we are all in this show together. It is the part of some of us to fly, some of us to work in offices, some of us to work in mess hall and barracks. Each role is a necessary one if we are to achieve our common aim in defeating Adolphie. Many of you here tonight were wearing uniforms in the last war and doing your bit for King and country OVER THERE. Today you are not in uniform, but are doing your bit in a magnificent way OVER HERE. Mr. Brazier, one of you, sent me a verse the other day taken from a church wall in England. The words I feel are most appropriate and every man in uniform today should keep those words in mind when dealing with his civilian buddies of the last war:

"As you are now—so once were we.
As we are now—so must you be!"
—unquote.

F/Lt. Godfrey started the ball rolling, leading in community singing. Then he gave a selection on the one-string fiddle. You have to see this number to really appreciate the talent it requires to master it. It is a good job there are no horses in the Air Force, as the fiddle looks just like an old broom that has seen better days in a stable, and the basket used is a genuine 6-qt. fruit basket. Believe me, it was a real treat. Then we had 85-years-young Dad Blair who gave us a recitation and supplied his own stage effects in his actions. Then Tom Mills shuffled his feet in a way that would make some of us young ones feel kind of out in the cold. As a matter of fact, we had so much real good talent right from the Commanding Officer down, that we could not get through half of it before we realized it was so late. And you know the boys in the kitchens had to be on the job the next morning. Those Air Force personnel sure know why the Lord gave them good stomachs and they don't fool.

I want to take this opportunity to thank our committee for the hard work in decorating the mess and the very efficient manner in which everything was conducted. Also the many volunteers who were off duty who helped out.

—BILL FREE.

SECTIONAL NEWS

TILL H. E. DETONATES

The curtain is drawn for a few more echoes from the serene area of birches and maples. Probably the 13 (X) column could be likened to the ghost that presumably walks at this time of the year in the sense that it reappears so nonchalantly.

Movement of personnel at this unit has become somewhat "pegged" to use the expression of the wartime price moguls. To new arrivals since last writing, we bid welcome. An event of significance was the visit of Air Vice-Marshal G. M. Croil, Inspector General, and party, to this depot on the afternoon of September 26. The distinguished group, which included Air Commodore G. E. Brookes, Air Officer Commanding, proceeded here after reviewing advanced air training in progress at our good neighbours' station—No. 1 S.F.T.S. After being officially received by the Commanding Officer, Squadron Leader G. M. D. Shiles, the guard of honour was inspected and a tour made of the entire area. Keen interest was evinced in the bomb-filling operation, as well as in the exhibit of miscellaneous explosives and pyrotechnics arranged for the occasion.

Over the weekend of October 11 the boys called "happy landings" for three fellow airmen in the persons of Will Arthur, Martin Schellin and Frank Fetterley, all of whom are about to widen their sphere of service. As "Red" Thom puts it in our local sheet—these boys might well be listed on our honour roll. Flight-Sergeant George Foan was likewise the subject of a posting letter and a little "finale" was staged on his behalf on the evening of Oct. 16. More strength to your elbow at St. Johns, old-timer!

The bowling season has started and it's so noisy you can hear a "pin" drop. Messrs. Low and McCahill tied for high gross score on opening night. Flying Officer Forster left his votes and coding for an evening and demonstrated his prowess on the alleys by coming within a few points of the leaders.

Meows from the 13 (X) Alley Cat
Probably your correspondent might appropriately re-name this column "Barks from the 13 (X)

Mongrels." A rise in our canine population has almost led us to the point where one would say "this place has gone to the dogs." Of course Sgt. Walsh might say "don't for the simple reason that he usually goes from bad to worse and from there to Barrie."

LAC Dynes: "Do you know, Mitch, there's not a prominent star up there that Corporal Bernstein could not name."

LAC Mitchell: "Maybe you're right, but I'd suggest he learn them all 'cause I reckon he'll go past them in somewhat of a hurry."

Murray Cohen: "Honest, boys, I'm good for an average of 260 in any 5-pin league—just give me a chance to get acclimatized!"

Amidst the passing review Sergeant-Major Gore might be seen making up the return on R.A.F. officers thus: "Nil stock" and "Nil due in."

Cpl. Huston: "After I read Sgt. Wall's Ottawa papers I like to relax by forgetting that parliament hill prose and encamp upon some fine poetic thought." O.K., Corporal, here goes:

Liquor and Longevity

"The horse and the mule live thirty years,
And nothing know of wines and beers.

The goat and sheep at twenty die,
And never taste of Scotch or Rye.

The dog at fifteen cashes in,
Without the aid of Rhum or Gin.

The cat in milk and water soaks,
And after twelve short years it croaks.

The modest, sober, bone-dry hen,
Lays eggs for nogs, then 'dies at ten.

All animals are strictly dry,
They sinless live and early die.

But sinful, ginful, rum-soaked men,
Survive for three score years and ten.

And some of us, though mighty few,
Stay pickled 'till we're ninety-two."

And so, folks, until the next "scrap of paper" from 13 (X) it's "So Long So."

—Sgt. R. R. Wall.

LURKIN WITH LARKIN

Well, Jake Aikens finally got that worried look off his face at exactly seven o'clock on Friday, the 31st of October, when Miss Lenore Lambert came down the aisle of the United Church in Alandale. Boy, they sure looked happy and we hope they always stay that way.

Since the young airwomen have not yet arrived in camp, we can't give you details on how the bride was dressed except that she wore white and looked very nice. Jake had on a suit of smart Air Force blue with brass trimmings, highly polished. He wore a colored shirt to match and a black tie. Also a very peculiar expression on his face, but I guess we all look like that on the big day.

Now that the squadrons have moved to other fields, we are having a big clean up around here and everyone is working hard getting things in a 100% shape by the time they get back. This should speed up service somewhat, particularly if you will have your vouchers properly prepared.

Did you hear about the fellow who had B.O. so badly that three kids shoved him over on Hal-lowe'en.

Now for pay and away. Toronto, here we come!

—Mac Larkin.

R.C.A.F. Theatre

COMING ATTRACTIONS

- Nov. 9—
"RINGSIDE MAISIE"
Ann Sothorn
- Nov. 10-11—
"BLONDIE IN SOCIETY"
Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake
- Nov. 11—
"GREAT PLANE ROBBERY"
Jack Holt, Vicki Lester
- Nov. 12-13—
"HERE COMES MR. JORDAN"
Robert Montgomery,
Rita Johnson
- Nov. 14-15—
"KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE"
Mary Martin, Don Ameche
- Nov. 16—
"THE BIG STORE"
Marx Brothers
- Nov. 17-18—
"THE ISLAND OF DOOMED MEN"
Rochelle Hudson
"MEET BOSTON BLACKIE"
Chester Morris

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

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ACCOUNTS SECTION

Our section seems to survive from one publication to another, and here we are again, its new members keeping up the old traditions, and everybody doing his best to deliver the goods.

As fall is fast turning to winter, we look back and decide it has been a satisfactory one. Some of our members have done full justice to various chicken dinners, held in the immediate neighborhood, one of these being particularly successful and creating much comment. They at least feel that fall has not been wasted and are ready to step into winter.

This advent of winter brings on a new mode of living, and shows up different characteristics among our fellow workers. The more timid souls are seen sporting long woollies and huddling in great coats. Then the more hardy members of our set brave it out and enquire, "What will you do when it becomes cold?"

As time goes by changes of personnel take place and jobs change hands, and yet there has never been a great deal of trouble to turn out the work and keep things caught up. However, just lately, a little difficulty has been encountered. One of the boys—just recently transferred to a new job—appears to have decided to hibernate for the winter, and strong measures have had to be taken to change his mind. He should be advised that it is much more comfortable sleeping if one removes all of his outer garments first, and it also appears more reasonable to others that he should do so.

Though many complaints may be made about the account section, there is one thing they can do very well, and that is eat apples. Bushel after bushel disappears in an astonishing manner, and if there is any truth in the old adage that an apple a day keeps the doctor away, then we shouldn't have to pay any doctor's bills for some time to come. They are certainly very welcome, and we must thank the donor.

There are no legitimate sporting events to report for this session. We are in the midst of an in-between season, but when winter sports commence we expect our members to be right in the thick of it. It is interesting to note that one of our newer additions, Phil Barker, has done considerable competitive swimming, and is commonly known as the "Mimico Flash."—He should be heard from. There are excellent facilities on this station for sports of all kinds, presenting wonderful opportunities for those who wish to develop themselves along any individual line.

The account section, the pulse of the station, carries on. Wally Kribs continues to debate with himself, whether or not we should have hot plates and afternoon tea. Perhaps he will have decided in time for the next issue, and we will all know our fate. Timlin vs. VanTown continues unabated. We think it may some day come to blows, but then everybody knows that underneath it all they are staunch friends. Cpl. Robertson is having many a hard moment, trying to convince Shaw that this way is the right way, as they tackle what looks to be rather a large order on A.I.U. and so it goes.

ACI ENFIELD.

SECTIONAL NEWS

MEDICAL NOTES

By LAC Elvin, R. C.

So we are sitting in our office and wondering just what we can say in this week's issue. The deadline is very near and oh me, inspiration isn't coming along at all. Then suddenly it comes to our mind like a flash—a bolt from the blue—yea, even an electric something or other. But let us tell you about our Sergeant Graham.

Our Bill is quite a chap and we are all liking him a lot and so we naturally want to see him shine in our fair (?) Camp. Your correspondent is very fond of Bill and thinks that a line in our sheet will further his ambitions. Now we have all heard of Walter Hagen, and Bobby Jones, and Gene Sarazen and other greats of the round cup and smooth green. And most of us have heard of Willie Hoppe and Jan Katura of the smoky room, slender stick and green table. But harken to the name of the mighty one who could outdo any of these mentioned—it is none other than our Sergeant William Graham. Yes it is. "... and I will take on anyone in Borden at any price any time, anywhere. All they have to do is get in touch with me." So went the Flying Scotchman's words which we couldn't help but overhear because they were being shouted to about ten men in a very small room during a First Aid lecture. Of course none of us, that is hardly any of us, would dare dispute Bill's supremacy on the green or even on the table, so we sit there awed in wonder at our great Sergeant. However, there are, we ponder to ourselves, some among you who would be glad of a little game and who will give our Sergeant a little practice and yea, even make a little mazuma on the side. (We hope.) So come one and all. Step right up and meet Bill—he's waiting for all comers.

Our ranks have been sorely depleted due to the recent movement to Hagersville and Alliston and Edenvale. The boys are working hard

and having a pretty tough time getting everything done in the manner in which we are accustomed to having them done down here. So please, men, if you are ill come on, we are waiting for you, but if you just want a little time off or a good sleep, don't come yet, wait a little while until our boys come back. Remember, there are your comrades who really need Medical attention and they can't be neglected for a few others who are, pardon the expression, "lead-swinging."

Those who have been on Sick Parade lately will no doubt notice that a "No Smoking" rule has been instituted in the Medical Inspection Rooms. We are sorry boys, we enjoy a cigarette as much as anyone, but floors are floors. We tried ash trays, we even posted a sign as to their purpose, but alas, they went neglected and again the majority have to suffer for the neglect of a few.

The bowling season is in the of-fing—and we intend to enter a team and take the championship of course. We didn't do too badly last year and this season we are going to outdo all comers (We hope).

Orillia, Orillia, oh Jewel of the Sapphire Waters — or something. What's the attraction, boys—even our holier-than-thou Sergeant Clerk-Medical (B) (Guess who) is running off the deep end to that fair town of large hospitals and many nurses and other girls and things.

We are going to press now, but we'll see you next week. In the meantime, don't forget if you play golf or pool and want to further the ambitions of our Sergeant Graham, contact him by letter, phone or grapevine at the hospital. We know he is just straining at the leash for new fields to conquer(?). So long and meet me at Thirty.

"ITCHY" BURNS.

LOOK FORWARD
Look forward and our hopes will rise
Though stormy clouds are in the skies,
The steps of time we cannot retrace
So press onward at an eager pace.

Look forward with a hopeful mind
Resolve to leave the past behind
We can't afford to let our gaze
Turn back to look on other days.

Look forward though the world may frown
Don't let this struggle get you down
When everything seems dark and drear
Buck up, and give a rousing cheer.

Look forward to the sunshine's rays
To brighter, broader, better ways
Towards some finer, fairer light
Look forward and we'll win the fight.

—"DAD" PARKER, R.C.A.F.

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MOROBIANS FLEEING EVIL EYE



"An Eye For An Eye"

(Continued from Page 1)

tain and his mate found themselves overboard, minus a few teeth and eyebrows, gasping and choking in the stinking waters of a foul dock.

Reaching the gold-rush little port of Wau emaciated and malaria-filled, Doug decided not to recruit more natives and return to his claim, but to start a coconut plantation, become a copra producer, set himself up in a little Garden of Eden and want no more as long as coconuts continued to fall to the ground.

As dusk ushered in the night the cargo boat hove into sight, and there bobbing contentedly in the foam-lashed wake was Doug's "Saucy Sallie." Elated and proudly he viewed the trim ship, and as an expansive mood crept over him he decided that the "Saucy Sallie" should be re-christened and invited the captain of the cargo boat and the three officers to join the celebration. A case of Scotch whiskey was resurrected and the fun commenced. Doug had not had a "drink" for three months, and no white companionship, so "Saucy Sallie's" festival must be made a grand occasion. In the wee small hours of the morning, with a glassy stare in his eyes and great annoyance in his heart, Doug perceived that his companions had one by one passed out into the land of oblivion, so, very thoughtfully, he laid the four ship's officers side by side on the hatch of the cargo boat, imprinted on their bare chests Faith, Hope, and Charity in red paint, and gaily chug-chugged away in the "Saucy Sallie" along the New Guinea coast in search of his haven and prospective coconut plantation.

After probing the coastline for a few weeks, Doug found an ideal stretch of country, with a small horseshoe-shaped harbour in the centre, a few miles east of Morobe. The Morobians bore a gruesome reputation for unfriendliness to the white man, and the finest qualities of Doug's fighting instincts and hard common sense were tested to the full before he gained their respect and allegiance by his courage and fair dealing. Hard work then sprung up on all sides. White man and native toiled and sweated under the fierce equatorial sun. Trees were felled and their huge roots blasted out of the ground with dynamite. Immense boulders of volcanic rock were rolled away into the sea. Swamps were drained, bridges thrown across rapid streams, wells were dug, and in the course of time a clearing of a thousand acres was ready for the seedling nuts.

Doug rapidly discovered that the Morobians worked well if constantly supervised by a white man, but should he happen to turn his back to attend to other affairs, their hitherto free and indolent habits would reassert themselves and they would lay down their matchets and axes, lie down and smoke, and yawn themselves into a blissful sleep. Naturally, this amiable weakness of the easy-going natives was a drag on Doug's bank-roll and kept him constantly on the jump, as practically no work would be done during his absence. Unfortunately, there was little he could do about it, as even his "boss-boy" would join the workers in their stolen slumbers.

It takes from six to seven years for a coconut palm to come into bearing, and whilst the young palms were growing, Doug amused himself with hunting kangaroo and wallabies, sniping at crocodiles, shark fishing, chasing wildcats and teaching these erstwhile cannibals to cook their food properly. His own cook-boy would often serve up a dish of blood-oozing wallaby leg or bush pig and thought Doug a "sissy" because he refused to tear the raw lumps asunder and grunt his pleasure between bites. He built himself a fine bungalow and for the natives he erected rows of suitable huts; he also taught them better methods of sanitation and attended their sick and wounded; therefore, it was no wonder that the Morobians looked up to him as something of a god.

This idealistic life had its elements of trouble and anxiety, however. At various times, and they never knew when, they would be raided and attacked by the cannibalistic tribes whose refuge was the mountains. The young women would be carried off, their pigs and chattels stolen, and many of their finest braves tortured and slain. In these fights, Doug, by his keener and sophisticated tactics, would finally drive off the enemy.

Nevertheless, it happened that in one fierce skirmish a spear flashed across Doug's face and cut a deep gash that slit his right eye. Being absolutely without medical aid in Morobe, he took his schooner to Rabaul, from whence he went to Australia.

It was a cruel and difficult matter to leave his growing plantation to the mercy of his Morobians, however faithful; but somewhat assured by their fulsome promises to work as though he were present, he reluctantly took his leave, and as a parting gesture he decorated his "boss-boy" with a tropical hel-

met, to be a mark of dignity and authority.

At the hospital it was found necessary to remove Doug's eye and replace it with an artificial one. The matching was admirable—one unexperienced in these medical arts could scarcely detect his loss.

Three months later Doug picked up the "Saucy Sallie" lying in Rabaul, and with great happiness in his heart set his course for Morobe. As the schooner approached the plantation he took up his binoculars and swept the shore-line. There was a chattering crowd to welcome him, but looking beyond them into the depth of the tall palms he was filled with a terrible apprehension. The neglect was appalling. Tall, wild kunai grass filled the groves; the banana plants were stricken, and as he jumped ashore he saw that his vegetable gardens were a mass of weeds. Brushing aside the natives, his fists clenched as he took in the aspect of his once dapper bungalow. Doug swore some mighty oaths as he wiped the perspiration from his troubled brow. The natives had followed his every footstep. They felt they had failed him, but in their indolent and almost childlike imagination they did not understand how grievously. They gazed at Doug with varying expressions, becoming more and more afraid at his explosions of wrath. The air was tense and mute, suddenly!

Poor Doug, to ease his artificial eye from the trickling sweat that poured therein, he wearily took out his handkerchief, mopped his brow, then automatically removed his glass eye to wipe it.

The effect was volcanic. Howls of dismay rent the air. The natives gasped, some whimpered, and all retreated from him as though he were a plague. Never in all their lives, or in the lives of their ancestors, had they known a man who could take out an eye, hold it in his hand away from his body, wipe it, and then put it back again! They gaped at their witch-doctor, but he, too, was backing away with fright.

Swiftly Doug summed up the situation. More than ever he now held them by the power of white-man magic. An idea flashed through his mind. He would not explain the apparent phenomenon but use to his own advantage this new sign of his omnipotence. Fate had thrown him the chance to play upon the superstition and credulity of the natives. The opportunity was soon to present itself.

Once again before him lay a mountain of work to be re-done. The palm-paralyzing kunai grass had to be uprooted. His bungalow had to be rebuilt. His presence would be needed at the building and at the supervision of the toiling natives on the plantation; and until this moment Doug had not been able to solve the problem of how to be in two places at the same time.

The next day he lined up his workers and allotted them individual trks along the groves of the coconut palms, so that they were following straight lines and in sight from one spot. On a tree stump facing their trend of work, after a suitably solemn harangue, he placed his glass eye and told them that whilst he was at the bungalow his eye would follow every one of their movements, and report to him at the end of the day.

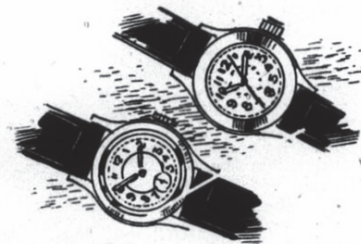
The scheme worked admirably. Never had they labored so assiduously. Doug cackled with joy at this miraculous "break" in his fortunes and went about laughing happily to himself.

Finishing his labours earlier than usual one day, he thought he would take a stroll and check up on the progress of the kunai grass destruction. To his troubled surprise he found his natives lying about in attitudes of pleasant ease, smoking or sleeping the sleep of the innocently soothed. Looking expectantly towards the stump of the tree whereon lay his glass eye, he saw that the "boss-boy" had carefully covered up the watchful orb with the old tropical helmet that was his badge of dignity and authority.



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