



# Wings Over Borden

Vol. 4 No. 5

DECEMBER 1, 1941

No. 1 S.F.T.S.

CAMP BORDEN, CANADA

## Aussies Goodwill Visit to United States



LUNCHEON PARTY AT HOTEL PICCADILLY

### NEW YORKERS GREET BORDEN GRADUATES

(By CPL. "TED" RORKE)

Course "36" Australian graduates made history last week in New York City. Thanks to the unceasing efforts of F/Lt. Douglass, Station Adjutant, and Mr. McCandlish, C.N.R. representative in Camp Borden, a trip was arranged for them that probably will never dim in their memories if they live to be ninety.

Forty-nine Aussies left Toronto at 1.30 p.m., November the tenth, for the border. Arriving at Niagara Falls, N.Y., they were tendered a civic reception by the Mayor of that fair city and Capt. Jesse Allen, O.B.E., V.D., and members of the British-American League. They enjoyed a sight-seeing tour of the Falls and were later entertained by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the B.A.L. with a turkey dinner. A good luck charm was presented to each airman by Capt. Allen, and during the dinner the guests were entertained by the B.A.L. Concert Band and several other artists. Each of the Aussies were adopted by one of the ladies of the Auxiliary, who promised to see that parcels were dispatched to them regularly overseas for the duration of the war. From there they were taken as guests of the Bell Air Plant and witnessed the manufacture of the famous Airacobras. They departed at 10.02 p.m. and received a hearty send-off from a gathering of about a thousand Niagara Falls folk.

Arriving in New York City the party were met by Comrade E. A. Beltin, of U.S.A. Post No. 120 Canadian Legion; Mr. W. E. Southard, British American Ambulance Corps, Inc.; Mr. David W. Bailey, Director of the Australian News and Information Bureau, and Mr. J. V. Gardiner, Australian Trade Commissioner. After a brief but hearty welcome extended by the above, taxis were provided to take the party to the starting point of the famous Armistice Day parade, held every year in New York. The Aussies were given place of honor at the head of this procession and a band was delegated to lead them. New York papers that evening stated that the Aussies had certainly stolen the show and that never had a body of men received the praise and cheers that these men did. All papers carried photos of them and movie sound trucks followed them for several blocks en route. P/O R. Clark was in charge of the parade.

Tuesday afternoon the party visited Radio City and Rockefeller Centre; at 5.30 p.m. they were entertained at dinner at the Astor Hotel, guests of the Canadian Legion. At 8 p.m. they were honor guests of the Phillip Morris radio show and were presented with cartons of cigarettes by "Little Johnny." At the conclusion of the broadcast they went directly to the Winter Gardens as guests of Mr. Lee Shubert to see Olsen and Johnson's "Hell-a-Poppin." From the Winter Gardens they travelled by taxi to the Hotel Pierre as guests of

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## SEVEN SEAS

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

### A RAW DEAL

Out in the Never-Never Lands of Queensland, Australia, in the back of beyond, where on the roadless wastes the horse and buggy gives way to the camel, lived three pioneer families, the Marshes, the Gordons and the Craiks. In the deep hinterland where a fertile region is separated from the coastal areas by seemingly endless desert, these three families raised sheep and sent the wool by camel transport to the railhead, where the desert begins and civilization stops suddenly.

Each of these families had an only child, Jo Marsh, Bob Gordon and Ted Craik. Mrs. Craik was the schoolmistress of these three youngsters and brought them up with a firm hand. In her own home she was austerity itself, and little Ted, as the years went by, became as straight-laced and unbending as his mother. The sunshine caressed the school house warmly and affectionately with a natural and joyous exuberance, but very few of its bright rays entered into the guarded being of little Ted. The Gordons and the Marshes, on the other hand, were happy-go-lucky and carefree people; it just seemed that in their vicinity even the weeds blossomed like plants. Bob Gordon was freckled to the point of absurdity, and his grin

would have charmed the devil. Jo Marsh was a true daughter of Eve and could outride and outwit her only playmates with a facility and humor that grew with the years. She could handle the aborigines, throw a boomerang, shoot with bow and arrow, cast a fly with the best fisherman, and even box with the pet kangaroos.

When Jo was nineteen both men were deeply and jealously in love with her. Ted had developed into a handsome, strong young fellow with scholarly tastes and an aversion to work. He was sentimental and had in him a singular element of prudery. Bob, on the other hand, had inherited his father's gift of organizing ability and sound materialistic tendencies; at twenty-two he was comparatively wealthy, but his puckish face just made it difficult to regard him as a "lady's" man. One night Bob wandered home after seeing Jo. His steps were slow, hesitant as though he did not see his way; his mind was filled with a blind pain to which there was no appeal. Jo had decided to marry Ted.

For a time, which seemed so long that his world grew grey and hideous, Bob struggled against the disappointing culmination of his dream to marry Jo. The nights of

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## "WINGS OVER BORDEN"

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### A LOOK TOWARDS THE FUTURE

The old order of life is slowly passing. Hitler's avaricious greed has united the democratic peoples of the world in a victory-or-death struggle against his deadly war machine, that threatens every peace-loving, home-loving law-abiding citizen today. The inquiry into the unfortunate combination of circumstances that permitted this threat to civilization to come into being must be tucked away on a dark shelf until this battle for freedom is won; then and then only may it be removed from the shelf, dusted, and squeezed dry of any material that may be used as a guide in preventing the recurrence of such a threat as this has been—to future generations. The outcome of this war is not in doubt—we shall win! The resultant devastation of this battle is only conjecture—but devastation there is now, and devastation there will be when it's over. There will be a new world to build out of this ruination, a world that will wipe from the minds of the generations-to-be all recollection of bombs and blitzkriegs; all memories of oppression and dictatorships. A world where the recognition of rights and freedom of young and old will be universal. A world where the medium of exchange is not the tyrant's sword but the unimpeachable coinage of honest, hard working freemen. The world of the future is the world that we will live in until our days are ended. It will not be the world that was handed to us by our forefathers but a world that we have pioneered in ourselves and one that we will be proud to hand over to succeeding generations. If this lofty goal is to be attained, we men of the service must help to attain it. We must prepare ourselves now for the task. Let us strip ourselves of all petty weakness that is only a deterrent to honest effort and accomplishment; let us train our minds and strengthen our characters, as we would our bodies for a physical contest. Hesitation to act has already prolonged and increased our present task—let us heed the lesson contained in that fact and prepare now for the future, so that when the last shell is fired, the last bomb dropped, and the last tank has rumbled to a stop and the battle has been won, we can commence immediately to build out of the debris this brave new world of the future.

### SAFETY FIRST

From time to time fatal traffic accidents have robbed the Service of valuable personnel. Men trained at great expense to the public and whose services are needed in the gigantic task ahead. The Man who wields the Sceptre is no respecter of individuals. Nor does he pause to allocate the blame before collecting his victim. Just a week or so ago this Station lost a very popular officer through a car accident. The fact that this accident was no fault of his, did not alleviate the pain of his passing for his loved ones, nor did it counterbalance the loss of his services to the R.C.A.F. It left only the grim finality of death. As the hazards of winter driving come into being again, icy roads, and hampered visibility, we believe it's a timely suggestion to every motorist to urge him to observe every rule of the road, to not overlook the fallibilities of other drivers, and to operate his car in such a manner that under all circumstances it is perfectly under control.

—THE EDITOR.

## Poet's Corner

### BRIGHT INTERVALS

You'll not find us complaining that our working hours are long; That our pay is very little, that conditions are all wrong; Or, our clothes are not sufficient and we're needing something new; Or we trained for something different than the task we have to do. We don't kick about our bedding, and we grumble not at all, For we get our satisfaction in one happy interval.

A wire comes from the little wife, with magic news forsooth, To tell the happy daddy that the baby has a tooth. This simple little message makes him just as proud as Punch— He could work from morn 'til ev'ning without stopping for his lunch. And a fellow gets more pleasure than you'd ever comprehend From his sweetheart's little missive with some x's at the end.

Comes a time when every airman is to get his "forty-eight," He leaves on Friday evening and gets back on Sunday late. He sees his wife and kiddies; if there are none, perchance, He can go out with his girl friend for an evening of romance. The time spent in the interim is chocked so full of fun His "forty-eight" is over 'ere it really has begun.

There's a letter here from mother, away out there back home, She tells us all the gossip—she is living all alone; But her letters are so cheerful, they make us happy, too, And we set about with lighter hearts our daily tasks to do. So you'll never find us grouching, for we drive our cares away, When we have these little intervals to brighten up our day.

—E. A. B.

### FLIGHT LIEUT. G. J. C. REID

Officers and men of No. 1 S.F.T.S. without exception regret the passing of Flight Lieutenant Jack "Shorty" Reid. He was killed in a motor accident on the night of Thursday, the sixth of November, and was buried with full Air Force honours at Kingston, Ontario, on the tenth of November. One of the most popular officers on the Station, he was also one of the most capable. In 1940 he was given the award for the best Junior Pilot in the R.C.A.F. When the news of his death reached his brother on Active Service in England, he cabled to his parents and younger brother, "Will carry on for Jack here. Chins up.—Bill." Now that he has gone to higher service, we shall one and all carry on for him here.

### AN OLD DOG FOR A HARD ROAD

Give me a dog with a tattered ear And teeth that are blunt and worn, A tail that's straight and a pacing gait And a nose that's cut and torn. And show me the trail where the going is bad, No place for a young 'un to be, And whatever the road we'll deliver the load, That tattered old dog and me. Don't expect us to make any records of speed, But we'll follow the trail right through And come back as well with no story to tell For I am kind of an old dog, too.

When the trail is unbroken and there is nothing to smoke And neither a bite nor a sup, And it's sixty below, let the old dog go For that ain't any place for a pup. —Submitted by W. J. BLAIR.

### RESOLVE AND TRUST

Our goal is not reached at a single bound But we build a ladder by which we rise And mount to the top, round by round, From the lowly earth to the lovely sky. We count these things to be grandly true That noble deeds are a path to God, To a purer and broader view, Lifting our souls from the common sod.

We rise by things trodden under our feet, By what we have mastered of good and gain And the worldly ills that we daily meet, By the pride deposed and the passion slain.

Our hearts grow weary and ere the night Our lives are trailing the sordid dust But the morning calls us to life and light, We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust!

—DAD PARKER.

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

If you wish to be placed as a 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.

Read It . . . .



or not?

By Cpl. E. M. Rorke

A lady wrote to the late Ben Turpin, famous English comedian, asking whether he really suffered from the affliction which made him so popular. Answered Turpin: "Yes, madam, I am genuinely cross-eyed. So much so that I once spent three months in the South-East trying to get into the North-West Mounted Police."

This column wants to congratulate Sgt. V. A. N. Town on his third hook. In future we will have to be careful what we say about him. But can we help it if he's news? The latest yarn we heard about this Vancouver vagabond deals with a recent journey of his to Montreal. Anxious to air his west coast French, our hero hastened to the nearest restaurant on his arrival and sat himself down.

"Je desire un morceau, un bit—hang it, I mean de pang," he said to the waiter who brought him a glass of water.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the waiter, tactfully, "but I don't speak French."

"Well," said Van indignantly, "kindly send me someone who does."

A double bouquet to the civilians on this station. The other night they had themselves a party and collected nearly twenty dollars for the British War Victims' Fund. This gift was acknowledged by Jim Hunter, Telegram reporter, on his news broadcast. It might be a good idea if somebody rigged up a box and displayed it in a prominent place, say on the end of the month pay parades. There one could drop those odd nickles, dimes and coppers received on the last pay parade of the month. With folding money in your pocket for even a brief spell, the coins would not be missed, and there's no question about it they would be appreciated by the victims of Nazi bombs.

Congratulations are extended to three former Y.M.C.A. men of Camp Borden who are now commissioned officers in the R.C.A.F.—F/O Walling Ruby, now stationed at Trenton; F/Lt. A. G. (Andy) Ley, who has been posted to the headquarters of the Eastern Air Command at Halifax, N.S., as Auxiliary Services Officer, and to P/O Austin Rutland, whose nightly appearances on the "Y" tea wagon were so much appreciated by the night hawks.

In closing, did you hear about the termite's nightmare: "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls."

OF COURSE NOT

A motorist was stopped on a Suffolk road and asked by a policeman how he would immobilize his car in the event of invasion. He replied: "I should take off my license plates, like I do every night; they can't go on the road without them."

Coin Francais

ICI ET LA

L'Editeur de notre journal a bien voulu me donner l'hospitalite dans l'une des colonnes de "Wings Over Borden." Je prends avantage de son offre pour communiquer quelques informations aux Canadiens de langue francaise.

D'abord, il est important que vous soyez bien familiers avec la discipline et les reglements de la Station. Le seul et le plus sur moyen d'acquiescer cette familiarite est de lire, dans vos moments libres, un livre que vous trouverez accroche un peu partout, dans les baraquas, a la cantine, etc. Ce livre est intitule, "Camp Standing Orders." En le parcourant vous vous familiariserez avec la langue anglaise et vous etudierez du meme coup les reglements qui gouvernent la Station. N'oubliez pas non plus les Ordres qui sont publies tous les jours et souvent referes dans la phrase "as-tu vu le D.R.O." Ils contiennent parfois des instructions importantes.

Je profite aussi de l'occasion pour souhaiter aux amis qui partent pour outre-mer un atterrissage heureux et beaucoup de chance, ce sont:

- L.A.C. Jalbert, J. T.
- L.A.C. Cote, J. C.
- A.C.2 Tetreault, C. E.
- A.C.2 Joly, E.
- A.C.2 Jervais, G.
- A.C.2 Descoteaux, J. M. A.

Je me permets de vous conseiller d'assister aux cours d'Anglais. C'est pour votre propre benefice que ces classes ont ete organisees. Si vous aspirez a de hautes positions (et je n'en doute pas,) la connaissance de cette langue vous est indispensable. Cela ne veut pas dire d'oublier le Francais qui est toujours pour nous la plus belle, mais bien d'augmenter votre bagage de connaissances.

Au revoir les amis et a bientot.  
—J. J. DESLAURIERS, F/Sgt.

EN REGARDANT DESCENDRE LES GLACONS

Mordu d'un chaud soleil, pousse par le courant, Presse, tumultueux, en foule qui s'insurge, Le troupeau des glacons descend le Saint-Laurent, Et defile sous nos yeux en invoquant Panurge. Quelques uns, toutefois, s'arretent a propos, Pour venir s'echouer aux anses de la greve, Ou terminant leurs jours, ils auront le repos . . . .

Leurs freres lutteront jusqu'a la fin sans treve . . . .

Au fleuve de la vie ainsi les hommes vont, D'ambition imbus, jalousant son semblable, Chacun de nous poursuit sa bulle de savon. La course est sans arret, le but inatteignable, Nous luttons, lutterons et jusqu'au debotter.

Si quelque frere un jour, s'arretant au rivage, Veut gouter le repos, nous savons repeter . . . . Faineant . . . fou . . . reveur . . . . Et pourtant . . . . c'est lui le sage.

CHERS AMIS

Puisque nos hotes veulent bien pousser la condescendance jusqu'a nous inviter a coucher nos pensees sur les ailes agiles de "Wings Over Borden," nous nous efforcerons de prouver notre appreciation en y venant aussi souvent que possible. Ne serait-ce que du badinage, ce moyen de communication dans notre langue n'est-il pas tout de meme un bon divertissement. Si le vieux Cultivateur de Chez-Nous trouve son "capot de poil" tres confortable contre la brise de l'hiver, il est cependant toujours content, quand vient le soir, de se retrouver la chaleur du foyer: ainsi en est-il de nous, tout en goutant le confort du Camp et jouissant de la bonne entente qui y regne, ne sommes nous pas contents nous aussi de pouvoir echanger nos impressions dans la Langue Maternelle.

Cette pensee et ce regard vers l'Est me rappellent un petite poesie epique composee par un de Chez-Nous. Sa modestie etant aussi profonde que sa pensee, peut-etre m'en voudrait-il de divulguer son nom. Qu'il me suffise d'observer que l'hardiesse de son esprit n'a pas craint de defier les glaces a la fois traitresses et majestueuses de notre grand flueve pour y trouver une si belle lecon de morale:

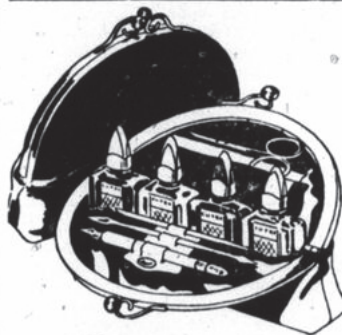
A BIT OF ADVICE

Mr. McPherson gave some advice to his wife when they were expecting friends to tea.

"Just mind, Jeannie," he said, "to put the sugar-tongs in the basin, an' not a spoon."

"But we have no lump sugar in the hoose," she expostulated. "We've only granulated."

"I was mindin' that!" said McPherson.



\$5.00

WHITTY DRUG STORE

Allandale - Phone 226  
Daily Delivery Service to Camp Borden  
GIFTS ON DISPLAY AT CANADIAN LEGION CANTEEN

THE ROAD WE TRAVEL

The road we travel may be rough  
Ill luck attend our way  
When all seems dark and hopeless  
Look towards a brighter day.

We oftimes speak of trivial things  
And oftimes we complain,  
But do not speak an unkind word  
To cause another pain.

When so-called friends desert us  
And all hope in life seems lost,  
Don't give up, go ever onward,  
Count such friendship nought but  
dross.

You may meet another comrade  
Who is poorer than yourself,  
Give him a friendly handshake,  
It will mean much more than  
wealth.

Then we'll travel on life's journey  
Forming one great happy band,  
Looking forward, never backward,  
To a happier, better land.

—DAD PARKER.

R.C.A.F. Theatre

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Dec. 1 and 2—  
THE ROUNDUP  
Richard Dix, P. Morison

Dec. 3 and 4—  
FATHER TAKES A WIFE  
Gloria Swanson  
Adolphe Menjou

Dec. 5 and 6—  
NICE GIRL  
Deanna Durbin

Dec. 7—  
MAIL TRAIN  
Gordon Harker  
Allister Sims

Dec. 8 and 9—  
LET GEORGE DO IT  
George Formby

Dec. 10 and 11—  
YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH  
Rita Hayworth,  
Fred Astaire

Dec. 12 and 13—  
BACK STREET  
Charles Boyer,  
Margaret Sullavan

Dec. 14—  
THE MONSTER AND THE GIRL  
Ellen Drew,  
Robert Cameron

Dec. 15 and 16—  
TIME OUT FOR RHYTHM  
Rosemary Lane,  
Rudy Vallee

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

# Barrie Active Service Club Entertains Men of Borden

## LUXURIOUS HOME AWAY-FROM-HOME

BY CPL. "TED" RORKE

If you Borden airmen are not using the Active Service Club and Canteen located at 45 Toronto St., Barrie, regularly, you should turn out on sick parade and ask for the services of a psychiatrist.

The Active Service Club and Canteen is conducted by volunteer workers for the convenience and comfort of men of Borden while in Barrie, under the auspices of the War Service Committee of Barrie formed in co-operation with District Officer Commanding M.D. Number Two. The present building was purchased by F. K. Morrow, Esq., of Toronto, and turned over for its present use for the duration and one year after at the nominal rental of one dollar per annum. The Landseair Club of Toronto contributed a generous sum towards furnishings and equipment and William H. Wright duplicated their donation. The club was officially opened on June 26th, 1941.

Entering the main doorway you step into a large brightly lighted hallway, and are greeted by a charming hostess. On the left of the foyer is a lounge as luxuriously furnished as one you would find in any deluxe golf or country club. Leather lounges, easy chairs, coffee tables, modern lighting fixtures, blend themselves into as vivid a picture of cheerful hominess as you have ever imagined. Off the lounge is a cheerful little writing room equipped with desks and all the facilities necessary for letter writing are supplied. Across the hall from the lounge is a game room equipped with every game from ping pong to jacks. At the end of the main hallway is a beautifully panelled canteen complete with tables, chairs, and a juke box. A snack bar provides refreshments that would tickle the palate of an Epicurean, at nominal cost. A fellow would be well advised when eating out of camp, to eat at the snack bar with its sanitary kitchen, rather than at some of the greasy-spoon joints catering to the public in Barrie.

Leaving the main floor you ascend the stairs to other sumptuously furnished rooms, designed for smaller individual parties, card games, or they may be thrown open for dances. A piano sits in the upper hallway and can furnish music for both rooms. Your scribe paid a visit Monday night to this splendid recreation centre for men on Active Service, reputed to be the best of its kind in the Dominion, and found a dance in progress. This dance is a regular Monday night feature of the Active Service Club, and its popularity is indicated by the ever increasing number of soldiers and airmen attending. Charming escorts are provided for those who are strangers in Barrie. These young ladies represent a high standard in Canadian womanhood and do their utmost to make the evening as enjoyable for the men of Borden as possible. Tuesday night is Bingo night, and Thursday evening is card and game night.

Plans are in progress to arrange other feature entertainment to in-

## Miss Miriam Hopkins Pays a Surprise Visit to Camp Borden



From left to right: Sgt. Woolverton, Miss Miriam Hopkins, S/L McCulloch, Mrs. Skaitth (Red Cross Transport Service, Toronto), F/O Bray, F/O McTavish.

terest the boys in the coming winter months. The facilities of the club are open on the weekend to enable you to entertain visitors from home.

These splendid volunteer-workers are devoting more of their already heavily taxed time to making this club a home away from home for the boys on Active Service. Let's get behind them and help them put it over with a bang by attending regularly and using its facilities whenever we are in town. We must always remember that when we pass through those hospitable portals, that although a warm welcome awaits us inside, we must conduct ourselves as gentlemen and do nothing that will diminish the warmth of that welcome. For news notes about the Active Service Club refer to their own column headed Active Service Club, that makes its premiere in this issue of Wings Over Borden.

Cork is made of tiny air-filled cells and about half its volume is air space.

## UNITED CIGAR STORE

### CHRISTMAS

- SMOKES
- CANDY
- Dolls and

Christmas Cards  
Soda Bar — Grill

20 Dunlop St.—Barrie

The prickly pear cactus, which has plagued Australia, was brought there in 1787 with the idea that cochineal insects use the plant as a host, and a cochineal industry would be profitable.

New knowledge of the importance of the B vitamins to health, this time in connection with liver function and sex hormones, appears in a report to the scientific journal, Science.



at EATON'S

HI! FLIER!

How about dropping EATON'S a line for anything you want. You'll find us well qualified to look after all your needs.



### To Keep the Borden Breezes Out

Scarves and gloves sturdily knit in Airforce blue wool. Scarfs in various qualities, each \$1.00 and \$1.95. Gloves with snug ribbed wrists, pair \$1.00 and \$1.50.

T. EATON CO. LIMITED  
TORONTO CANADA

## Globe Trotting With the R. A. A. F.

It is now just about a month since we left good old Sydney, but it seems much longer, probably because we have travelled so far and have seen so much since then.

For the majority of us, boat travel was something entirely new, and being out of sight of land was something we could not understand. In fact only a very small number had ever been outside of the harbour.

On boarding the ship, we were pleasantly surprised to find it to be a luxury liner of about twenty thousand tons, and further, everyone who could be accommodated was travelling first class. From Sydney to Auckland we had the freedom of the ship, enabling us plenty of time to get our bearings.

Being budding pilots, we were very interested in an albatross which was following the ship. With no apparent movement of his wings he would follow the ship for hours, stopping now and again to pick up some food from the water.

At Auckland, when we disembarked, a large number of people were waiting for us with their cars ready to take us to lunch and then sight-seeing.

The town proved to be very unattractive, but the countryside surrounding it was very beautiful. A contributing factor to this is the abundant rainfall, of which we had a good sample. There are several extinct volcano craters quite close to the town and the pattern of the volcanic lava is very evident.

From a vantage point quite close to the town, Mt. Eden, a wonderful view is to be had of the town and surrounding countryside. Also from there one can see from one side of the island to the other.

"The next day we left Auckland, after taking on board several hundred members of the R.N.Z.A.F.

After leaving Auckland we were very discouraged to learn that we were expected to do lessons. However by introducing a little scientific "lead swinging" things were not too bad.

On board we had many important people, but those who interested us most were three well-known wrestlers, Big Chief Little Wolf, Dan O'Connor and Don Lewis. These men provided us with lots of good entertainment, both at exhibitions which they gave and at various contests which they refereed.

Suva was next port of call and there we were met by a number of trucks provided by the military authorities. These took us around a large part of the island and the drivers pointed out to us the various points of interest, including, of course, the New Zealand nurses at the military hospital.

Wherever we went there we were greeted by the one word "Boola," which means "Goodday, how are you, goodbye," and anything else you can think of in that line. From the toddlers to the old grey beards, they all yelled the same thing at us.

The outstanding thing on the island was the fact that every moderately-sized house was surrounded by spacious and beautiful gardens. The fact that native labor there is

worth about thirty cents a day probably has something to do with this.

After the sight-seeing was finished, we were taken back to town and after lunch we had a few hours to spend as we pleased. Some of the chaps hired bikes for a few cents an hour and did some sight-seeing on their own account. The more sensible fellows tried out the swimming bath there, which proved to be quite good. Of course, everyone spent some time buying souvenirs, ranging from bracelets to bows and arrows. The latter had to be thrown overboard when it was found they were too big for the kits.

Leaving Suva, we headed for Pago Pago. Who hasn't heard of that place? Tropical island, palm trees, native girls—there is something that attracts in no uncertain manner. You can well imagine how we looked forward to seeing it. The boat wouldn't travel fast enough. And then disaster! On the medical parade before berthing someone was found to have measles and no one was to be allowed off the ship. Our spirits sank to zero. However, it wasn't too bad after all. The native band and choir came down to the wharf and provided excellent entertainment for a few hours.

It wasn't long before we were getting in some good shooting practice trying to throw oranges down the big ends of some of the instruments. After one of the lads had scored a "bull" the musicians retreated to the shelter of a nearby verandah.

The leis which the natives make are very beautiful. They consist of prettily colored tropical flowers, joined together to make a very pretty garland. Several of these leis are hung around the neck of a departing islander or traveller and are afterwards thrown into the water by the passenger. Should the lei float to land it is an indication that the passenger will return one day.

After leaving Pago we crossed the Equator and also the International Date Line. The latter meant that we had two Thursdays in the one week and so worked (?) one day for the Force free of charge. Terrible thought!

Because of the equator we had plenty of practice at "deflection shooting." The idea goes something like this. Around the equator it is hellishly hot. To combat the heat one needs ample supplies of liquid refreshments. After said refreshment has been taken, something must be done with the bottles, so someone throws a bottle over the stern and the rest of the bottles are thrown at it. Here's hope for the Jerry—from Sydney to Frisco about three "bulls" were scored.

Honolulu. The very name brings to your mind hula dancers, etc., and last but by no means least, Waikiki Beach. At least it did to us.

At the boat we were met by members of the American Red Cross with automobiles just laid on. The first place we were taken to was a lookout on Mt. Paali. From there a wonderful view was had of the island, despite the fog which

was around. When you were at school in short pants you probably learned that many years ago an invading king and his army managed to push the defenders over this particular spot. Must have been quite an unpleasant thing altogether.

From there we were taken to a nearby beach, where, after the Red Cross had hastily retreated, we had a most enjoyable swim in our "birthday suits." After the swim we had a wonderful lunch provided by said ladies, who must have heard of Australian appetites. There must have been sufficient food to feed a regular army.

Some of the chaps tried climbing palms for coconuts, but ended up with more sore shins than fruit.

As soon as lunch was over a hula dance was staged by quite an attractive lass, accompanied by several squeeze boxes. There were more feet of film used on that young lady than on the whole of the rest of the journey. Let's hope she was flattered. By the way, one of the boys managed to souvenir the grass skirt she used.

From there we were taken back towards the town through plantations of sugar cane, pineapple, bananas and paw-paws.

Before going to the wharf we had a look at the famous Waikiki Beach. It is a good beach, but at home we have a dozen or more all within a few minutes of the city equally as good, if not better. As you've not heard of Bondi, Manly or Manabura, this sounds like eye wash, but facts are facts.

A few of the chaps managed to get out to the airfields there and were shown some of the most modern war planes. Just by the way, as the boat was coming up the harbour a flight of six Tomahawks turned on a show and proceeded to shoot the boat up. Boy! what a show.

—C. Randall.

(To be continued next issue)

A common but not yet recognized disease has been shown by U.S. Public Health Service scientists to be the cause of tiny limestone formations in the lungs previously thought due to tuberculosis.

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## Oil Dilution

(By F/Sgt. Deslauriers, J. J.)

Our boys of the Squadrons are actually working under trying conditions and everyone knows it. We, of the "home base," do our best to help them by giving to each and every aircraft coming in a very severe inspection and a thorough clean-up.

However, the responsibility for the daily maintenance of aircraft still rests on the shoulders of our AC's out there in the cold.

In a previous issue of "Wings Over Borden" I ventured to give a few "tips" on how to start aircraft engines and warm them up. It was, in September, if I remember, when the nights were mild and the days warm.

On purpose, I did not mention a little device directly connected with the starting and warming up period of engines. My idea was to take it out of the cockpit where it is buried with a multitude of gadgets and instruments and show it to you in its simplest form. It is called the "Oil Dilution System."

According to the dictionary, to dilute means "to thin or weaken by the admixture of another fluid; to become thinner."

Everybody knows that engine oil of a given viscosity, if exposed to cold weather for a certain period of time, will increase its viscosity, thus rendering its flow more difficult.

That is exactly what happens in an internal combustion engine which has been exposed to cold weather for a certain period of time.

Everyone also admits that for its proper functioning, it is imperative that the said engine be properly lubricated at all times by a steady flow of oil. If the oil does not flow freely through the numerous lines and passages of an engine, it is easy to picture the resulting amount of damage liable to be caused.

After a night out in the open under the present climatic conditions, the oil in the tank and in the system has increased its viscosity to a point where it does not provide proper lubrication, especially during the first five minutes following the starting.

A small device incorporated in all Harvards MK. II called "The Oil Dilution System" provides a very efficient method to overcome the difficulty encountered in cold starting. It is very simple. The fuel carried in an aircraft mixes very well with engine oil. All that has to be done is to mix it with the oil prior to its admission in the engine oil pump.

In a few words, let us see how the mixing takes place.

A copper line, branched off the fuel pressure gauge line, goes to a celluloid controlled valve. When the switch is pressed down in the cockpit the celluloid pulls the valve open and the fuel under a pressure of 4 to 6 pounds per square inch passes through this valve and

is directed at the lowest point of the oil inlet line. From this point on, the fuel is free to mix with the oil. The size of the line governs the amount of fuel mixed with the oil.

As soon as the engine starts, open the throttle to obtain 1000 R.P.M. and press down on the switch in the cockpit and hold it there for approximately 4 minutes. It will be noticed that the fuel pressure on the gauge drops almost to zero. It is nothing to worry about; this is caused by the opening of the fuel pressure gauge line. The best proof that the carburetor is not running short of fuel is that the warning light will not flash.

During the 4 minutes period the oil has been "thinned" out by addition of gasoline and flows more freely throughout the engine, thus warming up much faster. When the oil is properly diluted and reaches a temperature of 40°C, the fuel will evaporate as fast as it is absorbed and the fumes will escape through the crankcase breather, thus creating a fire hazard. A steady low oil pressure is a good indication of over-dilution. This condition MUST be avoided.

After the last flight at night the engine should be allowed to cool off for a while and when the oil temperature is below 40°C, the same procedure as for starting should be applied for 3 or 4 minutes. The idea is to leave in the engine a film of "thin" oil to ensure an easy starting the next morning. The same idea applies at any time of the day of course, if the aircraft is to be exposed to cold weather for any length of time.

The proper use of this small device greatly reduces the difficulties encountered in cold starting and lengthens the life of the engine.

In this respect, everyone is asked to co-operate; ground crew, students and instructors.

Since it is a part of a student pilot's course to learn how to start and stop his engine, I would advise them all to clear the matter with their instructors.

And never forget, fellows, that an engine will give good and reliable service as long as you take care of it both in maintenance and in operation.

N.B.—The inventor of this Oil Dilution System, Mr. T. W. Seirs, has recently been presented with the McKee Trophy for the most outstanding contribution to civil aviation in 1941. This man was a maintenance engineer for Canadian Airways.

Discovery of a prehistoric Indian skeleton with narrow, bulgy forehead, buried in a stone-lined vault in Pennsylvania is believed to mean that some of ancient America's Hopewell Mound Builders of the Mississippi Valley moved east through the mountains long ago to settle there.

## Needle Ball Air Speed

(By F/O N. G. Bray)

As this little episode is our first contribution to Wings Over Borden, we of the Link Trainer Flight hope the editor will see fit to give it a little space and not file same permanently in the morgue.

As B.C.A.T.P. advanced so rapidly and the need for great skill in Instrument and Blind Flying was required it became increasingly apparent that New Technique and Methods of training would have to be developed.

The Link Trainer is one answer to this big problem, and experience has proven over the past few months that the actual flying time necessary to become qualified on instruments can be reduced by as much as fifty per cent. through proper use of the Link Trainer.

The trainer is an invention of Mr. Link of Binghamton, N.Y., who incorporated some of the basic features of the pipe organ, namely, the operation of the trainer on a system of bellows by means of vacuum pump. This vacuum pump is operated by a ¼-h.p. motor, which is situated under the trainer.

The trainer consists of a model aeroplane mounted on a universal joint and is free to move in three positions, namely, turning, banking, climbing or gliding.

The fuselage is large enough to accommodate one pupil, and is equipped with the usual aeroplane controls, as well as the most important instruments used in blind flying, and these are found conveniently situated on the dashboard in front of the pilot's seat.

The cockpit is equipped with ear-phones and a microphone, connected with the instructor's desk, making two-way communication possible.

The recorder, which operates on the instructor's desk is an ingenious device for tracing the course the student would have flown had he been actually aloft in an aircraft. It is electrically connected to the trainer and records on the pupil's chart every turn of the course flown. The recorder travels on three wheels connected together, so that directional control is effective on all three wheels at the same time from one master motor. The third wheel is known as an idler wheel, which is equipped with an ink roller and does the marking on the sheet according to the movements of the trainer.

A duplicate set of instruments synchronized with those in the trainer is mounted in a cabinet on the instructor's desk and enables the instructor to observe and check the accuracy of the student during any exercise.

The Link Trainer is not a trick machine. It is perfectly true in all its movements. It will react exactly as the pilot handles the controls. If the trainer appears to bob about in no uncertain manner you may be sure the pilot is being rough and jerky with the controls. On the other hand, if the machine banks and turns with a smooth-flowing rhythm, you know that the pilot has a light touch and good control.

During the early exercises most new pupils feel somewhat like the proverbial "one-armed paperhanger with the hives," and recently one of our Australian student-pilots was so thrilled with his first "flip" he nicknamed the trainer the "Box of Horrors." This same student-pilot after a few hours of instruction had an entirely different viewpoint on the value of his time spent under the hood and appreciated the fact that the more time spent in the trainer the better in-

strument flyer one would become. In order to be a good instrument pilot you must know just what information each instrument will give you, and learn to believe your instrument rather than your sense of feel.

All Link Trainers are equipped with at least the fundamental instruments—and the three most useful and important instruments used in the 1-2-3 system are Turn-Bank Indicator and Air Speed Indicator. Other instruments used and listed in order of importance are: Vertical Speed, Sensitive Altimeter, Compass, Directional Gyro, Gyro Horizon, Tachometer, Clock, Path Indicator and Radio Compass. These instruments are arranged on the dashboard in such a way that any combination of related instruments can be used together with a minimum of eye travel.

May we repeat once again, that when a pilot controls the instruments, he controls the trainer. The standard system of instrument flying the world over is the 1-2-3 system. The Turn Indicator is the foundation of all instrument flying, and is number one in every move a pilot makes. The Turn Indicator is controlled by the rudder only.

The Bank (Ball) Indicator is the number 2 instrument in Blind Flying and in practical use is really more an indicator of co-ordination between the rudder and ailerons than a bank indicator.

When the rudder and ailerons are being correctly used together, the ball is exactly in the centre. When the ball is off centre the rudder and ailerons are crossed to a degree indicated by the distance the ball lies off centre. One great fault with pilots is sloppy co-ordination of rudder and ailerons. That is, allowing the ball to stay any place except in the exact centre, EXACTLY BETWEEN THE CROSS WIRES. The main thing to keep in mind is that the turn indicator is controlled by the rudder only, and the ball by the ailerons only.

The Air Speed Indicator, which is number 3 instrument of the 1-2-3 system, enables the pilot to maintain the speed of the Link Trainer within safe flying limits. After the pilot has set the throttle, control of the Air Speed Indicator is maintained by elevators only.

(More Anon)



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# THE EDENVALE MUDSLINGER

Editors: AC2 "Chick" Robart, AC2 J. K. Watson  
Published at Edenvale, Ontario, weekly, with the kind permission  
of Squadron Leader J. B. Flowerdew

## Remembrance Day

On Tuesday, November 11th, at 1100 hours, the siren of Edenvale's ambulance sounded. Fifteen seconds later our Station was silent, deathly silent. In the two following minutes, many and varied thoughts must have passed through the minds of the entire personnel; some possibly of fathers, of brothers, of relatives, and of friends, who have given their lives, and who are giving their lives in this, the Greater War. But, what better opportunity or atmosphere could we have had, whilst honoring our predecessors, to ask ourselves, in all fairness and sincerity, "Am I, throughout the day, day after day, giving my best to the Service? Am I carrying my share of the Torch, which they 'from falling hands' pass on to me? Am I playing the game with my King, my country, and my fellow airmen, and most important of all, am I fitting myself, spiritually, mentally and physically, for the job I have undertaken to do?"

Unless we can answer ALL these questions affirmatively, at the end of every day, not just once a year, we are NOT worthy of the task to which we have committed ourselves. Let us all get behind our O.C. and work hard FOR him and WITH him to make Edenvale a station which will command the respect of everybody, everywhere. And on November 11th, 1942, when many of us will be "Over There," our successors will remember US and feel that they, too, have an Honor to uphold.

## Farewell

To F/Lt. G. H. R. Phillips, who was until Thursday Examining Officer of our Squadron, farewell. F/Lt. Phillips is leaving Edenvale for Hagersville, where he will assume the duties of Commander of No. 1 Squadron. He leaves behind a host of friends and well-wishers. To F/Lt. Phillips we say "Congratulations, Sir, and Good Luck!"

Congratulations, too, to F/Lt. J. C. Raymond, formerly O.C. of "G" Flight, who now assumes the position of Examining Officer for No. 2 Squadron.

## News Flash!

Corporal Cornish, Canada's Climatic Casanova, is in love, again! This time it MUST be true. When interviewed today, with his half-closed eyes three-quarters open, Cornish was heard to say (and we quote verbatim, or nearly so): "Moi geezly noives." From this great statement we presume that he is in love.

## Radio Program—Station EDEN

0500—Snores from the Bunkhouse .....The Harmony Boys  
0600—The Hour Approaches .....Rev. Mr. Orderly Officer  
0630—Then Came the Dawn .....Anonymous  
0700—From Soup to Nuts .....The Hashslinger Quartet  
0800—Moans from the Mudholes .....The Entire Company  
0805—Stand By for Station Announcements  
1200—Soup Inhalers .....Mess Choir  
1220—Fine Points in Cribbage .....LAC Dalgarno  
0500—Same as at 1200  
0700—Beer Bibbers Babel .....The Soaks  
0830—Heroes are Born .....Shaving Quartet  
1030—Station Sign Off

With all due apologies to Thornton W. Burgess, this station begs to announce that there will be no Bedtime Tales at Edenvale

## Sports

Our baseball and football season being on their last legs, we turn our thoughts to hockey. This should be an ideal place for hockey, as natural outdoor rinks are in abundance.

Crokinole and checkers are about the only form of amusement available at the present time. Cribbage as usual in the barrack rooms.

A pleasant form of amusement is observing the varied expressions on the faces of the hardy souls, who brave the elements to shave in the mornings. The lucky few who get there first get the hot water, and as for the remainder—try it yourself and see.

## Future Story (Condensed from The Readers Indigestion)

First, a little secret! Only 35 more shopping days till Christmas! Think of that! Think of Edenvale, our home, all lit up (Edenvale, not us) on Christmas day! What a thrill! No mud, no puddles—just ice and snow, clean, crisp, white snow. Woe is me! Ah'm just a dreamer. Thank heaven! But wait. The sun is shining, the air is warm and filled with sweetly singing birds (and they're not Curley's mudhens, either). The grass around the barracks is green and soft; springtime flowers have gently pushed their little heads through the soft, warm earth. All around the tarmac roadway the shrubs are in full bloom, lining the road from the gates to the flights (and back) with delicate pastel shades of blue and pink. The shade trees around the freshly painted buildings are just now tinged with a darling shade of greyish greenish, bluish, yellow—well, anyway, the picture is one of perfect peace and contentment. All through the spring-filled grounds saunter the "Boys in Blue," no cares, no worries and no money. Times never change, do they?

But to continue, there are many things about the grounds too beautiful to describe. But, in a hazy mist (which seems to define a two compartment frame shanty) stands in all its glory an exotic fountain with little drops of fresh, warm water drifting slowly down to the pool below. The water is crystal clear. (Looks strange to me). But at any time of the day or night, you can, if you listen closely, hear the con-

tinual murmuring of those little drops of water. (Rather ghostly, don't you think?) In ones and twos the boys in blue come and fondly gaze into the pool, gazing silently and wondering inwardly and gazing outwardly for the good old days, back in '41. In ones and twos they return to their rooms, light and airy and spotless. The warmth of the radiator takes the chill from the freshness and they sit in their easy chairs and ponder. Their faces are toward us, as we walk in the door, and light up with a radiance, too expectantly. We will leave them; they look so tranquil, so contented, so old! Along the narrow hall we ankle-briskly (72 to the minute) resting here and there for a fleeting moment, down past the mess and the canteen, to the orderly room.

Once there, we can rest, if the chairs are not in the sergeants' mess. There's a lot of warming friendliness in that room; you can feel it as you walk in the door. They said it was overcrowded; but it would be a shame to break up the serenity and warmth those cronies hold for each other. Over in the corner, talking in muffled tones as though to preserve the tranquillity, wrinkled and bald, Travers and Watson in their rocking chairs. I hear they are supposed to go to I.T.S. some day. And poor old Witcher, his beard tangled in the keys of that old typewriter, sympathizing with Houselander, who hasn't got his posting overseas yet. Crochety old Mahoney says he's going to re-muster if he don't hear something pretty soon; Robart, still brooding over the censoring of his "Wings Parade," rather childish in his dotage, but still happy in the service, but not this war. I heard that Cornish had been relieved of his great responsibility; it had grown too much for his strength. Poor chap, gone are the days when he could swear with the best of them and dance like the worst of them.

Through the door hobbles an old, old man. Yes, the Adjutant! His steel grey mustache now a snowy white. That goatee sure looks like many years of careful cultivation and stroking when he was talking on the phone. "Fellows," he says, in a shaky but still authoritative voice, "The war is over; you can all go home. You did a nice job and I'm proud of you." His voice shook with emotion; he continued: "Travers and Watson, for forty-four years I hoped every day I could tell you to pack your bags and go to I.T.S. Mahoney, you'd have made a mighty fine discip. Gee whiz! fellows, I'm awful sorry." And he turned and limped from the room. Well! so that's that. Tears filled the eye of those faithful souls who had kept their vigil for years and years. Not a dry eye was in sight—freedom staring them in the face—and they wept bitterly. C'est la guerre.

## Wanted

Two pairs of walking shoes. Must be sturdy and strong, and able to take about 4 miles of pavement pounding at least once a day. Apply to AC1 Mahoney and AC2 Watson.

## Births

To Lady and her friends—five pups, born October 26. Mother and family doing fine—Mascot and Mascotees.

## Obituary

Missing, presumed dead: Hot Showers, or even cold ones. Killed in action: A school of whitefish were run over the other day by a taxiing aircraft. It is humbly suggested that the S.P.C.A. look into the matter as it seems hardly fair to drive the water fowl and the fish from their natural habitat.

## Editorial

Twice in three weeks, No. 2 Squadron attended a new kind of parade. On both occasions a shadow was cast on the name and honor of each and every one of us. We do not intend to go into details explaining the circumstances leading to the calling of these parades—we all know what they were. Nor can we state the actual results derived from them. But we can point out that throughout the Squadron there is a strong feeling of resentment arising against those who are LOW enough and WEAK enough, yet THINK they are smart enough, to make these "Nuisance Parades" part of our daily or weekly routine.

On Tuesday we had 115 officers, N.C.O.'s and men on this station. By Thursday, only 48 hours later, we had only 114. One had fallen by the wayside. Our code of living was too high, temptation too strong, and his moral strength too weak. Now we have 114 men who are going to help the straggler; 228 eyes and ears to watch and listen for the first sign of a breakdown. Those men, those eyes, and those ears, can either help or hurt, and scars remain for a long, long time.

Bear in mind one thing—with odds of 114 to 1 against it, the "CRIME" horse won't pay off but once in a lifetime—and it's paid once! It will not pay off again. Don't forget that 114 pairs of eyes and ears are at the track. Take a tip and lay off.

Also in fairness to our Officer Commanding, a little co-operation on the points set out in his talk the other noon would be in order.

## To the Aussies

We take this opportunity to extend our best wishes to the Australian boys of Course No. 36, who received their wings on Saturday, November 8. May we say on behalf of the entire Squadron, "We've enjoyed working with you and we're all sorry to see you go."

To an all 'round group of stout fellas—congratulations—good luck—and a speedy and safe return to your homeland. And don't ever forget, we're watching the Decoration List.

To our fellow Canadians about to graduate—the best of everything and lots of luck. Carry on, Canada!

M.T. SECTION

With the absence of our Curly Simpson, who is in Edenvale for awhile, I have been delegated to give you any news and happenings in the M.T. so, in promulgating my esoteric cogitations, I will try and beware of platitudinous ponderosity and let my extemporaneous decantings have intelligibility without rodomontade or thronical bombast. (This guy must have swallowed the dictionary—Ye Editor.)

HERE GOES—I guess now is as good a time as any to welcome our new D.T.s. (not delerium tremens) but Drivers Transport to our Section, so a real welcome to you lads, and you will soon get the lay of the land and enjoy your stay here.

AC2 KRAUSS—MARKER—Our own little Joe Krauss has been working hard lately for his WINGS. The big trouble though is getting the crests. Isn't that right, Joe. Some of the boys think that Joe is pretty tough, but I don't think so because, the other day, Ab. and Smitty and Danny cleaned up on him. He's not so tough.

One of the M.T. gang has rung the bell and got the jackpot, thus we have a prospective F/O now. Congratulations to Jack Burrows. What are you going to buy Jack, beer or cigars?

That reminds me of the little duck who was so embarrassed because his first pants were "down."

JM WYATT of M.T. and GORDIE PRIESTLY (a Kitchen Mech.) as a result of an exchange of duties have taken up residence in a new barracks opposite the Canteen for awhile. Is everything comfy, lads?

It seems that a certain Sgt. "Blossom" from Equipment had quite a time with another Sgt. from Transport, "Weiners" by name. A little inquiry would let you know who they are. Did you have a good time lads, at the dance and the Riviera with Marie and Laura?

FLASH! Has Dave Hartley taken up weight lifting? We heard from good authority he made a good start at "Ye Olde Towne Hall" Saturday night.

Bill MacDonald has cracked a rib. He says he fell in the grease pit but we believe his wife hugged him too hard when he came off duty watch. Eh, Bill?

"Amos" Halloran went home last weekend with a partially black eye. How did you explain it to the girl friend, "Amos"?

My two weeks' stay at Alliston Airport relieving Jitter, who was away on leave, was most enjoyable. We sure ate royally and I believe I put on a little weight. I really missed my glass of suds before supper though. There are still the M.T. D.R.R.'s rolling around. What will it be boys? Newfoundland, Labrador, Pat Bay, Dartmouth? Take your pick, there's bound to be some.

We just had word that Bill Beaulé's baby passed on shortly after birth. We of the M.T. offer our heartfelt sympathy Bill, we were indeed sorry to hear this.

We hear that Adam (Jitter) Smallwood has turned over a new leaf and found Eve. He's going steady now. How about an intro, Jitter?

Now that Wally has a new tunic

SECTIONAL NEWS

ACCOUNTS SECTION

Our backwater of tired men have been shocked from their usual lethargy of late by a series of happenings, and we must tell the people.

The foremost event, perhaps, was the promotion of our erstwhile Cpl. Robertson to F/O, and we all agree such a promotion was never more deserved. It serves as an inspiration and example to everyone and proves that hard work pays off. It is no joke now when someone points and says "commission material." It was true in Robbie's case and we wish him luck at Trenton.

Another on our promotion list is the "Western Gentleman, Van Town, who has deserted A-59 for the Sergeants' quarters. The drinks were on Van, and this time he paid Vancouver is deserting us altogether, what with Lou Tait moving out for the course at E. and A.T.S., along with John Mepharm. We trust that the haze surrounding the course is a little clearer than usual, after their beneficial stay at Borden.

On announcing that he was going overseas, Don Adams walked into the office last week, wrapped up in web equipment, and created an afternoon's diversion. Genial Don was certainly well liked and we appropriately wished him Godspeed on his new adventure.

It seems that six of our staff, namely, A/Cpls. Davidson, Sills and LAC's Kribs, Shaw, Cameron and Reid, are out barking for their corporals' hooks on the parade ground. We are sure they can talk their way into it, and it won't be long now before they are wearing that semi-severe expression peculiar to junior N.C.O.'s, and also sporting two hooks (paid) on the sleeve.

Since last issue, our nights have been punctuated by a series of get-togethers. There was the smoker,

as a result of overheating he would like suggestions as to how to get a pair of pants to match. Maybe Cpl. Ted Rorke has some ideas?

That's all for this issue folks, the Canteen Special is ready to pull out. Don't drink myself, got no teeth.

—CALGARY KID.

CIVIES SORTIES

Plans for a winter programme were the main topic of discussion at a meeting held in the Civie Recreation Room, Tuesday, November 4. A game committee was appointed at the meeting. The committee selected, Tom Keeling, Harry O'Neil and Alex. Lundy, wasted little time in hitting their stride.

A very successful euchre was held. The proceeds, amounting to over \$20.00, were forwarded to the Tely's B.W.V.F., and were acknowledged by Jim Hunter on his 6.30 news broadcast. The winner of the first prize received a pair of salt and pepper shakers (silver), donated by Joe Milne. (Thanks, Joe). Charles Donnelly copped off second prize, a 1/2-lb. of tobacco, and the winner of the booby prize was Bill Brennan. After the game refreshments were served by Tom Keeling, Andy McKee and Bill Hobson. They looked their very best decked out in Vail's latest creations.

At this time the date of the next smoker has not been set, but I understand it is to be held early in December.

A certain well-known cook, possessor of a very fine bass voice, confided one day to a friend that once he sang in a choir of fifty sopranos, fifty altos and fifty tenors, all singing at once double forte. All at once the choir leader stopped the choir and turning to the single basso, our friend the cook, said to him: "Not quite so loud, Mr. ....?"

—BILL FREE.

at which we were the guests of the Equipment Section, where we were royally entertained, and from which we conclude that George Basket can't take it. Then there was that confusing evening spent running around a dusty cellar, falling over one another. We also got together for free drinks a couple of times, indirectly supplied by Ottawa, and we are looking forward to six more drinks in the near future.

We feel from all this, that the Account Section's presence is still felt around the station. Sills and Davidson continue to blow—in the band; Little Napoleon (MacAlear) urges us on with "Let's go fellas;" Kribs has forgotten hot plates and now dotes on a milk farm; Cunliffe sleeps on, and we all step off on the left foot, except Cameron, who jives off; and Sloan, who huddles further into his greatcoat. Our saddest pair are Lorraine Towner and Henrietta Bruton, the executive of the Lonely Hearts Club, who were grieved to learn that there are no female clerk accounts on the course at Havergal College, C.W.A.A.F.

We welcome to our section a new officer, Pilot Officer W. D. Battersby, from No. 1 Training Command. We hope he will find everything to his liking here.

Flash: Just heard through the grapevine that F/Sgt. Towner is now WO2 Towner. Congratulations, Sergeant-Major.

—AC1 Enfield.

BARRIE ACTIVE SERVICE CLUB NOTES

The initial Sunday evening sing-song, Nov. '16, held at the Barrie Active Service Club and Canteen, was a pronounced success. The representative gathering of army, air force and friends and relatives enjoyed the musical evening, with refreshments. Jim McClenaghan, versatile Y.M.C.A. director, acted as master of ceremonies. Mrs. M. F. Badgley, wife of the station administrative officer, sang Gounod's "Ave Maria." Mrs. Badgley is the possessor of a supremely beautiful soprano voice and her rendition of this lovely vocal masterpiece was much enjoyed by everyone present. Mrs. Badgley was accompanied on the piano by Mrs. W. D. Griffiths. Miss Rhoda Young entertained the audience with two very amusing readings. The first, entitled "At a Euchre," depicts an evening in the life of the local gossip. The second portrays a fickle femme and her dancing partners. AC2 Philip Lapham did a couple of snappy octaves on the accordion. Garnet Grennis, popular civilian at Camp Borden, gave a demonstration of his ivory-tickling technique. Sgt. Ken Knox, C.R. maestro, did a masterful job on the violin, thrilling his listeners. This programme was under the able direction of Mrs. R. S. Atkey, chairman of the Sunday Evening Entertainment Committee. Among those present from No. 1 S.F.T.S. were: F/Lt. M. F. Badgley, F/O N. P. Lush and F/O N. Bray, S/M Dagenais and Cpl. Franks of No. 2 Squadron. It is earnestly desired by all concerned with its future operation that this club will be used more and more by the airmen of Camp Borden, especially at these Sunday evening get-togethers.

F/Lt. Badgley announced that in the near future the Station Band will be playing at a Sunday evening concert in the Roxy Theatre, Barrie, proceeds to go towards the work of the Active Service Club.

There was a larger attendance at the regular Monday evening dance held November 17. Among those present were Jim McClenaghan, F/O Lush, LAC Dolan, LAC Linzon, AC2 Caesar and several other airmen from Camp Borden and 13X Depot.

The Active Service Club and Canteen located at 45 Toronto St., Barrie, is open Monday to Fridays from 2 p.m. till midnight. Saturdays and Sundays from 11.30 a.m. till midnight.

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## Aussies Visit

(Continued from page one)

Mr. William Ruxton, president of the British-American Ambulance Corps, Inc. Here the boys met and danced with New York "Debs." Miss Dorothy Thompson was there and she dedicated a song that she had written that day called "Hats Off to the R.A.A.F." Miss Nola Luford, Radio Supervisor of the B.A.A.C., arranged to have in attendance several native-born Australian ladies now resident in the United States.

A group photo was taken of this after the theatre party, also a recording was made which was being forwarded to Australia by clipper plane for rebroadcast. Each airman sent personal greetings to his people and advance notice of the broadcast was forwarded to all concerned. From the Hotel Pierre the party proceeded to the Hotel Astor to be honor guests of the American Legion ball, and upon arrival they found that Mr. Lee Shubert had fifty of the chorus girls from "Hellz-a-Poppin" to greet the boys and be their dancing partners. The party remained there until 2.30 a.m., and then went on to Leon and Eddie's night club. They wound up the evening very happy but tired at six in the morning.

Ten a.m. was the earliest that the boys could get up after the night before, and immediately after breakfast proceeded on a three-hour tour of N.Y., including a looksee from the Observation Roof of the Empire State Building. In the afternoon through the courtesy of Radio City Music Hall they had the opportunity of seeing the Rockettes in action in the world's largest theatre.

Wednesday evening Miss Nola Luford arranged for the boys to be guests in the homes of several Australians resident in the city, and also provided those that wanted them, tickets for any show in N.Y.

Thursday at 10 a.m., the N.B.C. arranged for the boys to speak to their parents in Australia. Advance notice to the boys' folks to be listening in was cabled prior to the broadcast. After leaving N.B.C. they visited La Guardia Airport and saw the world's largest and busiest flying field. From here they visited Floyd Bennett field and were guests of the officers' club. At 5.30 p.m. the Aussies were guests of the British Club and were afforded a hearty British welcome. Here they received many good wishes and congratulations on the splendid training they had received, culminating in them earning their wings. From the Gothic Hotel they left for Penn. Station, where they departed at 9.15 en route for Halifax.

The boys were very grateful to Mr. William V. C. Ruxton, president of the B.A.A.C. Inc., Mr. Pat Powers, promotion manager, Miss Nola Luford and Mr. Wally Southard. The boys thought Wally must be the man who owns New York City, as he was the one detailed by Mr. Ruxton to see that the boys had a rip-snorting time while in the big city. They sure did. The boys also were very grateful to Mr. Larry White, manager of the Piccadilly Hotel, who helped to make their visit the wonderful

## THE EDENVALE MUD-SLINGER

Notes by F/O W. E. Lang

The well-known Scientific Statement that water rusts the pipes is definitely proven here, as evidenced by the color of the water. What we want to know is—are all members of the camp afraid of a personal application of the above scientific statement by internal corrosion as evidenced by the decreasing use of water except for purposes of ablution—and not much of that. The M.O. would like to know how the required moisture content of the body is being maintained, and if so, where. After the "H" Flight dinner on Wednesday night, many official (?) reports could be given, assuring him that the moisture content is amply taken care of, even though flavored with malt and hops. This can be confirmed by the Aussies, and vouched for by a certain Corporal, wearing a bored expression. Possibly the expression is caused by the name, which is a happy combination of a famous mountain range and a well-known conifer, affixed by the inevitable Mc., so indispensable to the humorous twinkle in the eye. It was also noted that when the elbow bending contest for the evening was inaugurated by our friends from Down Under, combined with a very appropriate song, said Corporal had completed his part of the contract, at the second down. Whata dispatch!!

All joking aside, the officers who were fortunate enough to have an invitation to the dinner, wish to express their thanks and appreciation to the pupils of "H" Flight for a mighty fine party, thoroughly enjoyed by all.

## Educational Services

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF NO. 1 S.F.T.S., CAMP BORDEN: 4 nights per week, from 6.45 to 8.45.

Representing as I do, Canadian Legion Educational Services, it is a signal honour as well as a great pleasure for me to be posted to this station as your Educational Counsellor. The spontaneity of your hospitality has indeed left nothing to be desired.

These educational correspondence courses which I am privileged to offer to any member of this station give an excellent opportunity of pursuing your interrupted education.

Without cost, you may, to your own advantage, spend a part of your leisure working at, either:

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- Technical, Commercial or Academic Courses on the Secondary School level, or
- Courses on the University level.

On the successful termination of any of these courses, a certificate recognized by each provincial Department of Education is issued—thus this excellent educational scheme is nation-wide in scope.

Many of you have already seen our two padres on educational problems. Please feel free to come to me with your educational difficulties and I will most gladly answer your queries and render all the assistance of which I am capable.

At the present time at G.I.S. we are holding a course in Mathematics success it was.

I think that it is very appropriate to mention, that besides entertaining the Aussies so royally, that the British-American Ambulance Corps Inc. have already sent to Britain in her hour of need over eight million dollars worth of ambulances and medical supplies. Your editor will have more particulars of the wonderful work this organization is doing under the direction of Mr. Ruxton, not only for Britain, but for any airmen of the allied forces visiting N.Y.

N.B.—We wish to thank Mr. McCandlish for furnishing the details of this trip, to make this write-up possible.

## Boxing Team Visits Toronto to See Fights

With the kind permission of Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E., our boxing team visited Toronto to see the Pace vs. Speary fight. Ten sparkling rallies were witnessed, and the main object of the visit—to give the team an experience of ring "atmosphere"—has borne fruit.

The boys will hence train on closer lines and keep before them the advantage of the ever-ready punch and the snappy countering that keeps an opponent in "Sorry Street" whenever applied.

Many photographs were kindly taken of the team by Mr. Harvey P. Catrall, of New York City, a recent visitor to Camp Borden and a sportsman of rare merit. These "snaps" will later appear in "Wings" from time to time to make known to new arrivals the men who are at all times ready to take on all-comers. The encouragement thus shown the team is individually appreciated by the members.

### A WISE OLD OWL

A wise old owl stood in an Oak, The more he saw the less he spoke, The less he spoke the more he heard, Oh, Airmen, imitate that bird.

### INNOCENT

The New Army apparently doesn't know so much about conduct sheets as the old. A young soldier was recently brought before his company commander charged with his first crime, a minor matter.

"Has he a clean sheet?" the officer asked the sergeant-major.

"Excuse me, sir," the accused man broke in hurriedly, "I have only been issued with blankets."

—JAS. MARSHALL.

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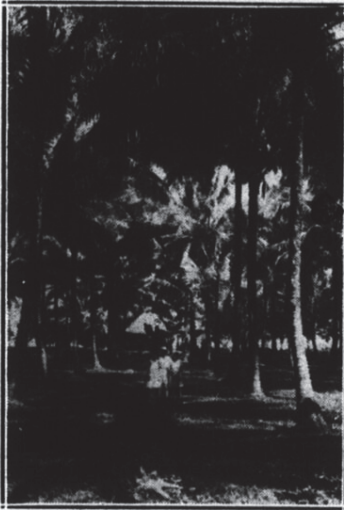
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"ON THE PLANTATION"

## A Raw Deal

(Continued from page one)

unrest succeeded days of expectation and disappointment, for Jo would not change her mind. Her marriage appeared to be very happy, for which he was thankful; but sometimes she would turn her big brown eyes upon him frankly and entirely devoid of boldness that an impersonal and spiritual relationship became utterly impossible to him. His feelings for her were so strong that he knew he could not live in the same vicinity and continue an acquaintanceship that may become intolerable and cruel. So, quietly and hurt, he left his home and went to New Guinea to start life anew. In his memory were the twenty years of footprints, the impressions of their happy hours of padding through bush and vale.

Five years went quickly by. Jo and Ted had teamed up splendidly, with Jo developing into a beautiful and hardy woman of ranch and stockyard. With hair wind-blown, riding like a centaur, she would round up the sheep, corral the cattle, or gallop with piping hot meals to the men at the shearing sheds. She had a knack of managing her household of aborigine women servants and their clinging piccaninies with an amazing facility. Women of the bushland and the fringes of habitations will tell that the hardest thing next to a mule to master is an aborigine man servant or maid. There were times when Jo longed desperately to see Bob again, but the course dictated by sense guided her to prudence and the preservation of the high ideals that she shared in common with him.

Meantime, all had gone well with Bob Gordon. He had now a fine copra plantation, an auxiliary schooner for his pleasure, leisure to roam the seas from the Solomon Isles to Borneo, few worldly cares, and was beyond the reach of want. His letters were full of enthusiasm and the joy of useful living. Nevertheless, his heartache for Jo never diminished. He simply stated that he lacked the talent for marrying and would be a bachelor to the end of his days. These letters caused a lot of resentment in Ted. They filled him with envy. True, he was having a hard time financially. A drought was spread over the countryside and the sheep were dying in droves. A few inches of rain can make or break the richest man in these districts. A healthy sheep is worth good money, but a sick and dying one is not worth a cent; consequently, a man with a quarter million sheep can

be wealthy when water is about and ruined when the pastures dry out, and it is not a happy situation to have thousands of rotting carcasses decorating the landscape for miles around, each one an abomination financially and physically.

Unfortunately the drought dragged on. Ted wrote to Bob of his fears and probable failure, and as the conditions grew rapidly worse, Ted eventually took Bob's advice, sold out his ranch and stock and went with Jo to try their luck as a neighbor of Bob's in New Guinea.

The natives of the Mambaree district are known as one of the fiercest warrior tribes in New Guinea. They are indomitable and intractable, and very few will accept work on plantations. They prefer the wilder pursuits of hunting and raiding their enemies. Plantation owners engage native labor from other parts, and in turn, have to protect these strangers from the rapacious Mambarees. Therefore the task of attempting to co-exist with such fractious creatures is arduous in the extreme, and the Mambaree coast is not exactly the nicest place in the world for a white woman. In fact, Jo was the only white woman in that territory for hundreds of miles. Had she not come from a hardy, pioneering stock, it is doubtful if she would have lasted a month, as several white women have had the misfortune to find out too late. However, Jo quickly accustomed herself to her new surroundings, and after a few months' experience she could handle a native gang of workers with a dexterity that was truly feminine and successful.

The plantation that Ted and Jo were building came on apace, but there was still the years of waiting before the coconut palms would come into bearing. It is written that a man is something like a tree: in a forest of his fellows he will grow as straight as his generic and individual nature permits; alone in the open, he yields to the deforming stresses and tortions that environ him. It was so with Ted. He became restless and irritable, malaria struck him down frequently and he would quarrel at the drop of a pin. In the midst of his distresses news came through of the gold findings along the Bulolo River, and Ted, to his shame, did a cowardly and sneaky action. Without a word to Jo, he secretly packed his lugger and stole off to the goldfields, leaving Jo to manage the plantation and the wild natives alone.

When the bad news reached Bob he was furious; his first impulse was to go after Ted and bring him back, if necessary, at the point of the gun. Jo would not hear of it. She stood in the shadow of the verandah, her white dress gleaming in the moonlight, with eyes fixed with an infinite gravity which was not reproach or even hate. "I will carry on for him," she said quietly.

Through monsoon and dry season, Jo worked like a slave. She had the indentured natives well under control, but the Mambarees gave her a lot of trouble with their raids and plunderings. The situation was at its blackest, the struggle had sapped her strength, and ill and desperate, she sent for Bob. The rainy season was on, torrential storms raged, Bob rode through the night at her call. Slipping and sliding down the native tracks, his horse plunged, then fell. Bob was thrown heavily and hurt, but by great courage he struggled to her bungalow only to die in Jo's arms within a few hours from heart failure. Poor Jo was in a deplorable situation. In the tropics a body must be buried within a few hours of death. The frightened natives would not touch the dead form of Bob Gordon. The most they would do was to bring the wood for the crude coffin, which Jo fashioned

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with her own hands. She prayed and cried as she buried her lifelong friend.

A week later Ted returned. He listened to Jo's story. Crazed with jealousy and rage, blind and bestial with what he thought was his insulted manhood, he disbelieved her.

Accused her foully, then rushed off back into his lugger and disappeared out of her life.

Today, on a certain reach of coast near Mambaree, there is a plantation run by a woman who is said to be the bitterest creature that God ever made.

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