



Wings Over Borden



Vol. 4 No. 6

CHRISTMAS, 1941

No. 1 S.F.T.S. CAMP BORDEN

"And so, as Tiny Tim observed,
God bless Us, Every One."

(Dickens Christmas Carols)



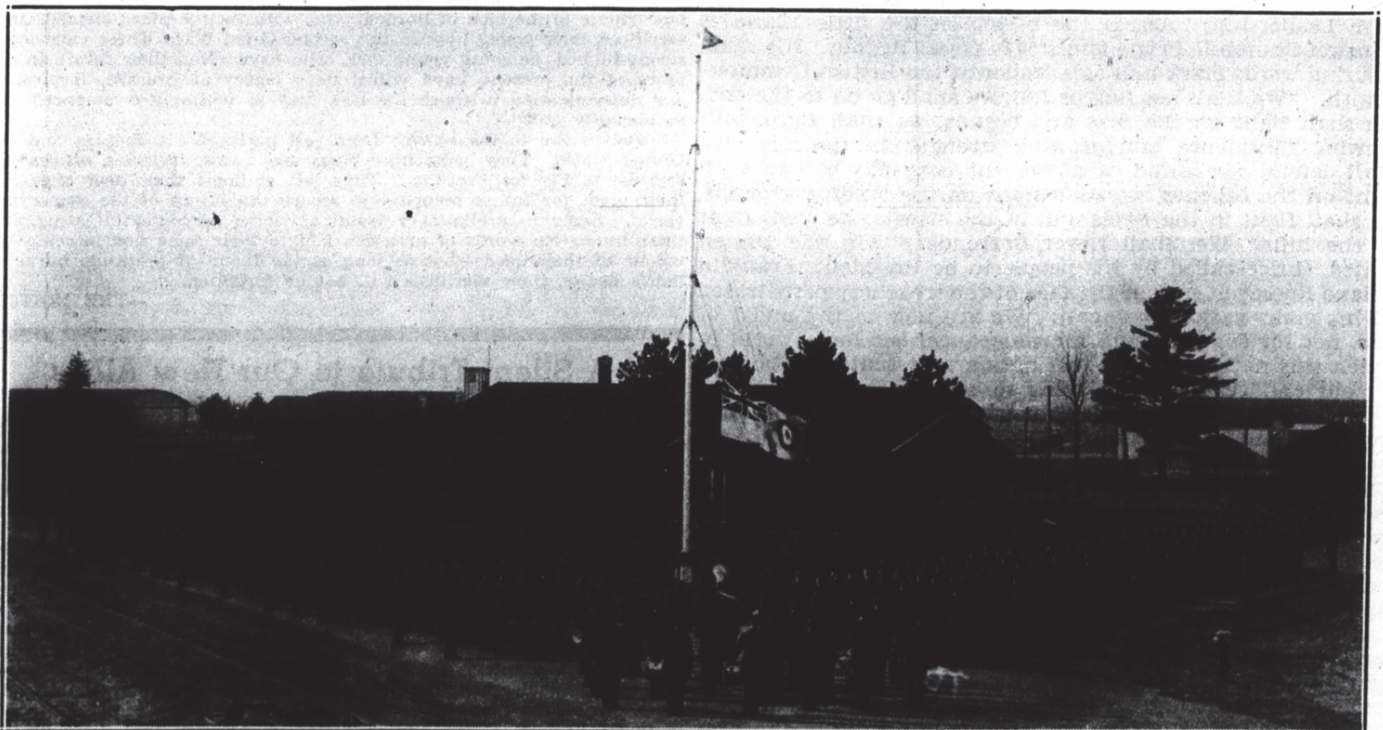
A

Merry
Christmas



A Happy
Victorious
New Year

R. S. Grandy
GROUP CAPTAIN.



OUR VICTORY MARCH

We'll never falter—we'll never fail.
Our men from Borden will you enthral
Watch our Harvards roaring high,
Our pilots can cover any sky.



Backed by our ground crew always on call,
Our Rondell will flourish over them all,
Loyal Sons of Mars are we,
Flying to Victory!

—Words by F/Lt M. F. Badgley.



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EDITORIAL

"FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE"

"Once more it knits mankind. Once more the nations go
To meet and break and bind, a crazed and driven foe."

—KIPLING.

It is hard at this particular season of the year, with the Yule Log burning brightly in our hearths, with the gaiety and spontaneity that pervades this festive season, to turn our thoughts to the stark grim realities of war and treachery—but turn we must. The democratic nations of the world are standing together fighting bravely a "crazed and driven foe." The British Empire, the United States, Russia, conjoined with their smaller allies are fighting man against man, ship against ship, plane against plane, tank against tank—the almost overwhelming forces of the renegade Axis powers. We know that ahead there will be dark moments, that we will have a taste of minor defeats. We know that there will be doubts and misgivings, lives will be lost, and sacrifices made. But of one thing we are certain—that ultimately we will win! We have a common task—to defeat Nazilism and its puppets, Italy and Japan. We have a common purpose—to preserve the right to live freely, speak freely and worship freely. We have Leadership! Across the ocean on the little island is Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of Great Britain. His calm, assuring words mark him as a leader of the British Commonwealth. "We shall not flag or fail, we shall go on to the end. We shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air. We shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be: we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills. We Shall Never Surrender!" In the United States, thrice-called by his people to be President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt says in the face of the treachery perpetrated on his great nation by Japan: "We are now in the midst of war, not for conquest, not for vengeance, but for a world in which this nation, and all this nation represents will be safe for our children. We are going to win the war and we are going to win the peace that follows—and through the dark days that may be yet to come—we will know that the vast majority of the human race are on our side. For, in representing our cause, we represent theirs as well—our hope and their hope for liberty under God." Again across the ocean, on the Eastern Front of Hitler, is Stalin, leader of the Russian people, who at present are locked in a titanic struggle with Germany. He says: "We shall defend Moscow—street by street, house by house, stone by stone—we shall never give in." And today the Russians under Stalin's leadership are making the Germans pay dearly for every inch they gain and twice dearly for every inch they lose. But leadership alone will not bring ultimate victory. It will mean the iron sacrifice of body, will, and soul. It will take the courage of all of us—the lives of some of us to bring this victory about. But bring it we will! Again in the words of Kipling:

"There is but one task for all—one life for each to give.
Who stands if Freedom fall?"

—CPL. TED RORKE.

TAPS



"Greater love hath no man than this,
That a man lay down his life for his friends."

Before 1941 has passed into history, "Wings Over Borden" wants to pay tribute to the men of Borden, who, with their brother airmen, have sacrificed their young lives in this second Great War. These clear-eyed, strong-limbed, laughing young men, who have given their future in defence of the present, have willed us a legacy of courage, inspiration and determination to finish the task they so willingly commenced and so abruptly quit.

They came to the service from all parts of the Empire and the United States. They came from cities and farms, factories, offices and schools; to Fly for Freedom. They left at home their dear ones and their plans for future security—to secure the future of the democratic world. Some in preliminary training, some in combat fighting, lost their lives. No words of ours can add to their fame nor increase the valour of their deeds—but as long as the flame of gratitude burns in men's hearts, their sacrifices will not be forgotten.

—THE EDITOR.

A Silent Tribute to Our New Allies

(By Squadron Leader J. McCulloch)

The voice on the radio announced: "Ladies and Gentlemen—the National Anthem." The officers rose with one accord and stood silently at attention, eyes lifting slightly to the loudspeaker high on the wall. The playing of the National Anthem took longer than seemed usual, but the officers held their heads high and there was no movement, no shuffling until the last strains had died away. No one knew just why he had been standing there so quietly; none could know what thoughts were passing through the minds of the other officers—each knew only that there was a "something" which brought him to his feet and kept him standing there.

A few moments before, another voice had come from the same loudspeaker, high on the wall—the voice of a great man, the elected leader of his country. He had just ended a speech alive with drama, in which he had asked the elected representatives of his people to declare war on the Empire of Japan. And so it was to the playing of the National Anthem of the United States of America that these officers rose—officers of the Royal Canadian Air Force, listening to the President of the United States—listening to him in their own mess in Canada.

December 7th, 1941—the day when the English-speaking peoples of two great nations became united in the common cause—"to ensure that never again shall such great treachery come upon us—so help us, God."

SEVEN SEAS

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

The Parcel

Out of the gloom of the wintry Arctic skies of the Murmansk coast, to Kandalaksha, thence over the frozen expanse of the White Sea, three reconnaissance planes were flown to Archangel. They glided to the snow-caked earth at Smolny railhead and the pilots made their way to Headquarters for further instructions. Young men in years, they were brave and efficient veterans in the art of shooting their enemies out of the skies. Fifteen months of dauntless gallantry had earned for them the distinctive and arduous task of Arctic flying. Squadron Leader Ronnie Calder could only boast of twenty-five years, but for two years the exhilaration of battle and conquest had been his life, and he thrilled at the prospect of further adventure in Northern Russia.

From his diary it appears that the following day they were provided with a troika, jingling bells complete, drawn by three shaggy, vigorous ponies, and with a Russian guide they sped over the crunching snows to become acquainted with the quaint city of Archangel and its environs. Crossing the river Dvina by the bridge at Solombola, their attention was drawn to a long train of freight cars standing in a siding. Along its length were signs of domesticity; small fires for cooking and warmth lined both sides of the train, whilst from the open sliding doors of the cars peeped the faces of many people, young and old, male and female. They were not happy faces; distress was plainly written on all conditions and countenances—they looked through eyes as from an immeasurable distance behind them.

"What is happening here?" queried Ronnie. The bearded Isvoschik dropped the reins, blew on his numbed fingers through the holes in his mitts, gazed dispassionately over the disconsolate groups, then mumbled: "Refugees from Lenin-grad. We have no houses for them here, poor devils! so they are allowed to occupy these cars."

This scene of calamity was so strong and dispiriting to Ronnie that he jumped from the troika. "Drive on, you chaps," he said. "Come back for me later; I'm going to have a look-see." With a wave of his hand Ronnie wandered off, impelled by some inward necessity.

In the shelter of the huge snow-banks, as independent cages, that lined each side of the tracks, he passed small family groups busy at their chores; evidently relieved to be from their close confinement in the box cars. An object of great curiosity to them all, he spoke to several and paused at last before a loose box that appeared to be guarded by a tall, gaunt Mongolian whose whole aspect was sinister and defiant. Seated within, in deep and musty straw, he saw two girls, the younger of whom would be about nineteen. Her face, in the hard, sparkling sunlight, showed a pallor and fixity inexpressibly distressing. Dried tear lines were on her cheeks and to her breast she hugged very caressingly a soft brown paper parcel. At her side one could not mistake an elder sister, her beauty was such a surprise to Ronnie that the marvellous fascination of her face, appealing mutely, stirred deep chords within him. He was entirely disarmed by her beauty and her distress. Striding past the Mongolian, he

saluted and asked if there was anything he could do. She averted her eyes with a hopeless gesture. Masha, the younger, blurted out: "We are hungry!" Her lips quivered, and bursting into tears she cried, pointing to her sister: "I'm tired of life, but Tania won't let me die."

"Masha is very unhappy," Tania explained. "Just before we left home Masha's fiance was killed. They were to be married—that parcel she is nursing is her wedding dress."

"Mother and Tania and I made it together," Masha whispered sadly, "and now our mother is dead." The tears again rolled slowly down her wan cheeks. The head of the Mongolian poked into the box car and Masha shrank visibly. Ronnie gave both girls a swift searching glance. Tania's eyes showed no fear, only disgust. "Who is this man?" he whispered. "We don't know," replied Masha, "he has been following us since we were allowed to join this train. He wants to take Tania away from me." Tania moved closer to Masha and stroked her hair.

With a singular refinement of hospitable humility Ronnie asked if they would be safe for another five or six hours whilst he went to find out what he could do for them. Tania answered with a grim and doubtful smile: "If only you can do something." With stern resolve he promised to be back. In the distance he spotted the troika and his companions.

At headquarters, with a spurt of really good wangling, he procured for Tania and Masha the use of a fairly decent shack on the outskirts of the town. He drew rations, collected utensils, then drove off furiously in the troika to gather his charges and install them in their new home. The immediate happiness of the girls knew no bounds. Fear, that stalking idiot! left them for a time, and Masha forced a smile of gratitude as she found a place for her precious parcel. They talked far into the night and as the history of the sisters' unfortunate family was unfolded, Ronnie felt that the uncontrollable instinct that had guided him to them could not be explained in other terms than metaphysical. However, on leaving the shack to return to his billet he passed the inscrutable Mongolian standing ominously and patiently at the corner, and his fear for the safety of the girls became a nightmare.

Three months passed by during which Ronnie was able to visit his proteges fairly regularly. Whither the acquaintanceship was leading he did not know, though all seemed simple and natural, as is the way with a man in love. To himself he could not describe Tania other than she was beautiful exceedingly.

One luckless evening he found the girls in tears. The Mongolian had attempted to abduct Tania. That astute dead-pan, Masha, foiled him. Whilst he struggled with Tania, she rushed out of the shack, but the horses free from the waiting sleigh, and with terrible shrieks and prods of her large knife sent them galloping madly over the snowy waste. The Mongolian felled her with a blow, then ran after the horses, cursing and threatening with the full strength of his lungs! So deeply did this outrageous attack move Ronnie that he abandoned the subtle charm of an impersonal and spiritual relationship and asked Tania to marry



CATHEDRAL AT ARCHANGEL

him. Tania explained that for her love must be only a delicious dream. She could not leave Masha; she must continually force her own awakening for the preservation of all of them. Masha sobbed quietly in a corner of the room; her supple frame shook as she listened to Tania thrusting her own happiness from her.

"But you love him so, Tania," she pleaded. "I know, for I, too, have loved. I can go away—anywhere!"

In this pitiable state the three unhappy young people sat for hours, facing a shoreless eternity; there seemed to be no time—only insurmountable cares.

A cold, clear night followed a day of blinding snowstorms. The virgin snow was like white velvet delicately grained in the moonlight and twinkling with diamonds and spangles. Into this Arctic night Tania took Ronnie. Her face shone with a bright and calm determination. They walked the narrow footboards that lined the centre of the streets. Snow had been cleared on each side of the boardwalk until it reached to the second windows of the houses. Underfoot it crunched and sizzled. In the distance there was a tolling of bells. Christmas was here with its memories, but hearts were too full to show more than the festivity and brave patience that lies in faith. Approaching ever, the sounds striking tunelessly to the heavens, Tania led Ronnie through the doors of that strange and wonderful cathedral that sentinels Archangel. Golden domes coruscated under the stars, the beautiful frontal paintings that withstood climate and time looked down inspiringly. Inside, the priests and acolytes droned their incantations. Shadows flickered from the air-blown candles on the altars, and in the cups in

front of the ikons. Quietly, almost stealthily Tania and Ronnie tiptoed to seats in the alcove where was portrayed Tania's patron saint. Obtaining candles, she lit them reverently, and drawing very close to Ronnie, she commenced to pray. Whispering carefully, her low voice suffused with the earnestness and compassion that proclaimed her love, Tania told of the complexity and horrors of her imagination, her anxieties about immortality, the disciplining of her soul against the desires of her body, and her love for Masha. The organ joined its sweet music to the inward charm of her revelations, and Ronnie felt within him an exaltation that hitherto had been beyond his compass. Tania turned slowly towards him, she raised her eyes with a look that did not falter: "From this night, Ronnie, I will be yours," she said. "Before we go pray with me that we will be happy." She prayed again, then, bowing to the ikon, her tear-filled eyes looked deeply into those of the lover she had chosen.

Leaving the cathedral, and the teachings of the ages that frowned over the confused landscape of their lives behind them, they hurried back to tell Masha of their desperate decision. Upon entering the shack they were startled to find that Masha was not present. "Masha! Masha!" Tania called anxiously, and passed quickly to the bedroom. Halting in the doorway Tania turned and beckoned excitedly to Ronnie. There, on the bed, spread out to show all its beauty, was Masha's wedding dress. Resting upon it was a note, scrawled as if in haste, and barely legible were the following lines: "Tania, please wear my dress tonight and be happy with Ronnie. I have gone away with the Mongolian.—Masha."

Merry Christmas

"MAY IT BE YOUR BEST—AND WORST"

It is more than difficult to write a greeting in keeping with the season when the ominous clouds of all-out world-wide warfare engulf us. But, may it be your best and worst—the best Christmas you have ever had and the worst you ever will see!

From the beginning of time man has been accustomed to direct his own life with faith in something. He must hold to certain beliefs that govern everything he does. He must have hope. I wonder if there is anything more important throughout the Democratic world today than that our capacity for faith, as of old, be restored.

There is an issue at stake which we all have to face and face it we will—

"And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long:
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong,
Alleluia!"

JIM McCLENAGHAN—Y.M.C.A. SERVICES

A WORD ABOUT OURSELVES

With this Christmas issue of Wings Over Borden, the activities of your present editorial board are coming to a standstill for 1941. We do hope that you will enjoy this number as much as we did getting it ready for you.

We want to take this opportunity of thanking the personnel of No. 1 S.F.T.S. for the support and contributions they have given us this past year. Such encouragement has spurred your staff on to do bigger and better things. The paper has increased in size since the beginning of the year—and we hope in quality. There have been some good issues and some poor ones. That is to be expected of course when personnel are changing overnight. However, you have been very generous with your praise and straightforward with your criticisms, and that is the way it should be. There is nothing so dampening to editorial ardour and inspiration, as passive or indifferent acceptance of their efforts.

We do not hope to please everybody with every issue—but we do want to reach everybody with some portion of each issue. We want Wings Over Borden to do three things. Firstly we want it to be a literary symbol of the spirit of No. 1 S.F.T.S. Secondly we want it to be a pictorial and verbal acknowledgment of your service and activities at Camp Borden at the present time. Lastly we want it to be a Treasure Chest of memories, for the years after the war, for those of you who save your copies of each issue.

If these three aims are to be accomplished, we must have co-operation; and to have co-operation we must have organization. Plans for the organization of an active editorial board are under consideration at the present time—and full details will be forwarded to you in the near future. At the present time here is a brief outline of the plans for the future. The present editorial board as shown in our masthead will still function. In addition there will be two or three representatives selected from each of the Squadrons. These men will act as associate editors and will be totally responsible for gathering the news, and technical items from their respective squadrons. At the same time they will be instructed and will take an active interest in the final assembly and distribution of each issue of the paper. The results of such organization should ensure the successful attainment of our aims. There will be an experienced reserve of writers to draw from when postings and resignations occur from our editorial board. Therefore we make a strong personal appeal that when the details of this plan are forwarded to you and the request is made for volunteers that you fellows will step forward in large numbers to lend us a hand. We won't say that it will be an easy task—for the paper makes many demands on

A MESSAGE FROM THE ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER

Your administration staff and its various committees, through the Commanding Officer, have, in the past year, endeavored to adhere to your needs and desires to the utmost of their ability and to the limit of the powers invested in them. Our plans have been carefully formulated so that the results attained would be in the best interests of both the service and the personnel of No. 1 Service Flying Training School.

For instance, the expenditure of Canteen Funds, where it was deemed most needed and beneficial, brought about the new interior in the Airmen's Club. Additional furnishings will follow shortly. The re-surfacing of the drill hall has made a more healthful recreation ground for all. Brightening the theatre and installing better equipment is another 1941 project. In addition to the above, general improvements in messing were made.

It is sincerely hoped that the redecorating and the enormous amount of sodding in and around the various buildings will bring about an additional interest in their upkeep and cleanliness. After such splendid progress in 1941, we can look for bigger and better things in 1942.

At all times we welcome your suggestions, and are willing to cooperate in any feasible project which concerns the welfare of the station and its personnel. So with bright prospects ahead for the future, may you all enjoy the comforts of the present equitable surroundings. Best of luck. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

—M. F. BADGLEY, FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT.

A MESSAGE FROM THE ADJUTANT

I would like to take this opportunity, to extend to the officers and airmen of No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden, a very Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year, and to thank them for the co-operation and assistance they have extended the writer this past year.

As Adjutant of No. 1 S.F.T.S. I have an appointment for which I am paid an extra fifty cents per day. For the information of those who think this fifty cents is not duly earned, I will state below, to encourage the ranker with ambitions, a few of the duties, together with what is expected of a Station Adjutant.

"He must be a man of vision and ambition, a night owl, work all day and all night, and appear fresh on morning parade. Learn to sleep on the floor, and take meals on the fly, while checking monthly returns, parade states, and clothing and articles required for the use of a banker, a ranker, an airman and a clerk. Must be able to entertain Air Marshals, Ordinary Marshals, Air Vice-Marshals, editors, photographers, recruits, veterans, draft dodgers and reasons-why men. Must have a thorough knowledge of K.R. Air and M.A.F.L., from choir boy to chorister, corporal to Field Officer, the Bible, the Manual of Arms and Statute of Limitations.

"He must be a man's man, a ladies' man, a model husband, a fatherly father, good provider, a plutocrat, an autocrat, a democrat, and a reformed Conservative. A mathematician, politician, and able to convince obstructionists. Must be neat and tidy and have a full-dress mess dress, undress, fatigue uniform, a mourning suit, dress suit, dinner jacket. Must be category A plus, have an IQ of 155, a memory for names and faces and a knowledge of all rank badges, army, navy, air force and expeditionary force, canteen. Must be a soldier on parade, and an ink pot in the orderly room. Must borrow, beg, wangle or scrounge typewriters and turn filing cabinets into war diary jackets and convert Buddhists into other denominations. Apply ancient and modern history and the field of finance into a rainy day lecture. Must be able to mount the Security Guard, the quarter guard, the C.O.'s horse, and the mountain lion, and the stranger within our gates—and dismount the Bren gun, the Lewis automatic rifle, the sick, late duty parade, and the Last Post.

"He must have unlimited endurance, and a range of telephone numbers from the A.O.C. to Security Guard Post No. 1 and 3, an attractive home and wife, a blonde daughter, a car, a radio, must belong to the best club and defray all expenses at home and abroad. Must be an expert driver, bridge player, poker hound, knock rummy enthusiast, diplomat, financier, capitalist, philanthropist; an authority on palmistry, chemistry, physiology, psychology, dog breeding, cat feeding, horses, brunettes, machine guns, trench mortars and red heads; a qualified linguist in English, Gaelic, French and profanity, and interpret drill instructors, sergeant-majors and corps orders."

I am only sorry I don't possess all the above qualifications, but if the personnel are willing to overlook any minor slip-ups, such as notifying relatives of non-missing "Brand" new airmen, I am,

Yours very truly,

—S. T. DOUGLASS, FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT.

your personal freedom but we will say that it will be a pleasant task, and many hours will be filled that otherwise might have been boring vacuums.

—CPL. TED RORKE, EDITOR.

Season's Greetings From Our Padres

THE ANGELIC MESSAGE

In the midst of a world-encircling war, it seems strange indeed to be proclaiming the angelic message of "Peace on earth to men of goodwill." While recalling with grateful and loving hearts the birth of our Divine Saviour in Bethlehem, we must recognize that the world as a whole is far from accepting Him as the Son of the Eternal Father and the King of Kings.

Well for us that we in our fight are on the side of right and justice; that our leaders are professing Christians; that without hypocrisy we can call on the aid of God who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son to redeem and save it.

All the forces of evil are today marshalled to destroy everything that Christ represents to us: the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the right of the Creator to rule, the obligation of the creature to obey; the value of the human soul, the evil of sin.

We need not fear the result of the struggle. While evil for a time can be predominant, it cannot conquer. God alone can bring good out of evil. Let us turn to the Divine Babe of Bethlehem in full confidence and hope that He will bring to fulfillment the prophecy which Daniel, inspired by the Holy Spirit, spoke concerning Him: "I beheld therefore in the vision of the night; and lo, one like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven; and He came even to the ancient of days; and they presented Him before Him. And He gave Him power, and glory, and a kingdom: and all peoples, tribes and tongues shall serve Him: His power is an everlasting power that shall not be taken away; and His Kingdom shall not be destroyed."

As true soldiers of Christ the King under His banner of the Cross "be strengthened in the Lord, and in the might of His power. Put on the armour of God, that you may be able to stand against the deceits of the devil. For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in high places. Therefore take unto you the armour of God . . . having your loins girt about with truth and having on the breastplate of justice, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace: in all things taking the shield of faith . . . and the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit (which is the word of God)."

Thus accoutered may you approach the crib of the Infant Redeemer in adoration and penitence and "may God supply all your wants, according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus."

HON. F./LT. (REV.) P. M. DWYER
R.C. Chaplain.

CHRISTMAS GIFT

Christmas and giving are synonymous in the minds of most people, though the emphasis on the giving is greater than on the Christmas. It is by no means inappropriate that Christmas and giving should be closely linked together, for this holiday is our annual reminder of God's great Gift to men.

We can never make too much of the deity of Christ, but those who believe in Him as the Son of God are prone to make too little of His humanity. In their need of Him and their prayerful approach to Him, they are likely to forget or to minimize the fact that Jesus was born of Mary, that He suffered cold and hunger and thirst, that He grew weary and tired, that He was in all these respects like ourselves.

"In the fulness of time, God sent forth His Son, born of a woman." A Babe in a Mother's arms! So God's great Gift was first manifested to men. Here in the very beginning Jesus was associated with men in all their need. He entered this life through the portals of human birth, as every man must do. It would not have entered our minds, it did not enter the minds of the Jews, to have the Saviour of Men come to the world in this way, but that was the way God planned it. God's great Gift was first seen of men as a Babe lying in a manger.

Then we see a Boy glorying in a trip away from home, revelling in all the strange sights of the journey, full of questions, as every normal boy of twelve is. The story of the Boy Jesus lost and found again in the Temple is too well known to be repeated here, but just consider how true to boyhood and boy behaviour the whole incident is. Most of us have memories of some comparable experience.

The years slip rapidly by, and the Gift is hid from us for a while. Then we see a young man fired with enthusiasm for a great task, a great cause. As men grow older their enthusiasm is apt to wane, but this is a young man who has caught the Vision of God and God's purpose for this world of men. He is so filled with it that He must tell it, and so we see Him, nearly thirty years of age, giving up the settled and routine work of a village carpenter to become for a few years an itinerant preacher.

And now we find that we are watching a Man matured. Here is one fully aware of the difficulties of His task, but sure as ever that it is God's task. His purpose is fixed, and no cost is too great to pay, no obstacles too fearsome to be faced and overcome. His enemies bring Him to judgment, and Pilate's cry rings out, "Behold the Man!" History has produced only one so worthy of the title—God's Christmas Gift to the world.

All this, I repeat, is not to minimize in any way the deity of the Christ. But Christmas is the feast

of the Mother and the Babe. It reminds us that the Son of God is also the Son of Man. Perhaps you have heard of Peter the Great, who left his imperial throne and in humble disguise apprenticed himself to the shipwrights of Zaandam and Amsterdam. Among the ordinary labourers, the ruler of millions toiled, dressed like them, housed like them, sharing their food and drink. Yet he never ceased to be the Emperor of Russia. His royal splendour was laid aside for a time and a purpose. In serving his fellow men he proved his manhood.

God's great Gift to the world was the gift of an Example, and that Gift was and is for all men regardless of their race or wealth or education. There once was a young Florentine artist who spent many days in a gallery copying a masterpiece by Raphael. He gave time without stint to his task; he laboured hard and long, only to lean back at last and view his own work with complete dissatisfaction. He compared the copy with the original and then in despair drew his wet brush across the copy, crying out: "How can I imitate what Raphael has done without the mind of Raphael!" No man need come to that despairing conclusion in his effort to follow the example of the Man of Nazareth. The mind of Christ is the gift of those who receive His spirit and His life in the ways He has promised and provided through His Church. Like the page boy in the old carol "Good King Wenceslas," who planted his feet in the footprints of the saint and felt that glow of warmth and life thrill through his chilled members, so the Christian with his feet placed in the marks made by His Master—following the path of willing self-sacrifice and unselfish service—feels the thrill and warmth and love of Christ throbbing in his own veins.

Let us also realize the eternal newness of God's great Gift to men. It is fresh and real for you, and me this year as it was for the shepherds on the Bethlehem hills nineteen centuries ago. That is why the weak and helpless Babe in the Manger continues so powerfully to win the hearts and change the lives of greater multitudes than the most forceful of all tyrants. His own saying that He is with us and for us always is being proved daily in the experience of men, women and children the wide world over.

In a Florentine square there stands the statue of a young Greek woman. It is exquisite, a thing of rare beauty, graceful in form and noble in expression. One day a ragged, unkempt, unlovely girl came face to face with this statue. For some minutes she stood staring at it, drinking in the beauty of it. Then she turned slowly homeward. Next day she visited the statue again, her face washed and her hair combed. The next day again she stood before the statue and this time her clothing was washed and mended. Day by day the girl changed. Her shoul-

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

I have been asked to write a short note of Yuletide Greetings to the personnel of this station, which I consider an honour indeed.

In summing up the activities of the Medical Section of this station during the past year, we first of all wish to thank all concerned for the co-operation we have received. At times you might feel we are a little difficult to get along with, but on the other hand you will find we have your interests at heart. The general health of this station has been good and flying accidents have been kept at a minimum. For this we have to thank our Commanding Officer for his excellent administration and judgment, the officers and instructors in charge of flying, and last but not least, our Maintenance section and all ground crew personnel.

To all aircrew pilots, we would extend our heart felt greetings and would ask that they stick to their task, which might seem long and tedious, but which will end all too soon and then you will be on your way to finish this fight to the end against all totalitarian countries and all that they stand for. After it is all over and finishes in our favour, which it must, the glory will be all yours.

To all Aussies we especially extend our greetings, and hope that you may soon be fighting in the skies defending your country against our common enemies.

Again to all personnel of this station, we extend our most hearty Yuletide greetings and express as our personal New Year wish to all that the New Year may bring a more stable state of world affairs. Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, and may God be with you.

—J. R. CLARK, F/LIEUT.
Medical Officer.

ders straightened. Her carriage became graceful, her face more and more refined. The silent influence of the beauty caught in stone changed her, redeemed her character.

That is but a poor illustration to describe the influence of the living Christ. The whole of that story can never be told. But it has got into the spirit of people and is being manifested in hundreds of ways. However large and horrible the apparent triumph of evil in the world today, I believe not only that the right will triumph; but that things are much better now than in the "good old days" for whose recall some people wistfully long. The study of history is the surest cure for pessimism, and all true progress is Christian progress the work of God's great Gift in the lives of men.

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved."

—PADRE CAULFIELD,
Station Chaplain (P)

BORDEN DIARY -1941-

(By Cpl. "Ted" Rorke)

The old year is passing into the oblivion of history. It has been an epochal one here at No. 1 S.F.T.S. Those who have been here since January 1 have seen many old landmarks wiped out and a large number of improvements made. Under the capable direction of Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E., Commanding Officer of No. 1 S.F.T.S., who was at the helm of this station for the whole year work has progressed systematically in the hangar and operational area of the Station. With this work successfully drawing to completion attention is being turned to the barrack area, where further improvements will be made in the coming year.

The men of Borden have worked hard this year and as a result courses have succeeded course with a minimum loss of life and time. This year Borden has received visits from many important personages, outstanding among these being the visit of H.R.H. Air Commodore the Duke of Kent in August.

As you may realize, it would be an impossible task to set down in strict chronological order all the things that have transpired at this Station in the past year; defence regulations would not permit. But in compiling this diary we have attempted to brush lightly the highlights and republish suitable pictures, so that in the years to follow after the war you may refer to this issue and find contained in its pages pleasant memories of your year 1941 at Borden.

January

King winter held sway for the whole month. January entered like a lion and growled the whole month through. The "Y" tea wagon made its inaugural run into No. 1 S.F.T.S. Since that time thousands of cups of warm coffee and tasty cookies have been enjoyed by the men of Borden who through duty were forced to face the wintry drafts. Camp Borden Bullet our literary rival, made its first appearance. Since that time it has quietly folded its tent up and crept down to Toronto to be the official organ of M.D. No. 2. Maybe we were too much for them (plug). Commanding Officer's Trophy was introduced in January. The palatial new gaolhouse was opened.

February

Top billing for February goes to the successful Airmen's dance held at the Town Hall in Barrie, with the permission of the C.O. and sponsored by the Y.M.C.A. The editorship of Wings Over Borden changed hands with the transfer of Cpl. Bill McIntyre of the C.D.C. who was transferred to Manning Pool. Besides being editor of this paper, Bill was golf champion for 1940. Sport and recreation activities were in full swing and Sgt.-Major Hook's hockey aggregation trimmed Army 8-6. F/O Jackson's basketball team were showing great style.

March was highlighted with some splendid feature entertainments. March 15, the Masker's Revue of Toronto played in our theatre to the evident enjoyment of the whole audience. On March 25, Mari Kenny and His Western Gentleman accompanied by Miss Judy Richards, played a full two-hour show to a packed house. This top ranking band returned at a later date to play for a dance at the officers' mess. Squadron Leader C. F. Falkenberg, senior administrative officer, departed this station on posting to No. 4 Training Com-

mand. Tribute was paid to "Dad" Parker, veteran of three wars, in the March issue of Wings Over Borden.

April

Spring came in with a flourish. Golfers got in many hours of pre-season practice. A visiting aircraft from Washington, D.C., came to Borden. It brought with it Col. K. Buchanan of General Staff Corps, Lt.-Col. W. C. Crane, Lt.-Col. F. J. de Robar, Lt.-Col. V. K. Hurd, all of Bolling Field, Washington, to be guests of the Camp Commandant. The pilot, Major W. E. Hall, and co-pilot, Lt.-Col. J. B. Jordan, were guests of the R.C.A.F. officers at a mess dinner. Sgt. J. P. Kizma, technical engineer, and another sergeant wireless operator were guests of the R.C.A.F. sergeants mess. Frazier Hunt, staff writer of Liberty Magazine, visited the station for material. Flight-Lieutenant Sutherland (now Squadron Leader), senior administrative officer, was posted to Mountainview. The same date Wing Commander Kennedy was posted to Calgary.

May

Mosquitoes were very large and plentiful! Sir William Glasgow, Australian High Commissioner to Canada, in company with Mr. Ellen and Mr. Bridgeland, of Ottawa, visited No. 1 S.F.T.S. and inspected all Aussies on strength here. Jas. S. Duncan delivered a lecture on War Savings to all the personnel in the Drill Hall. Walling Ruby, former Y.M.C.A. director, Camp Borden, became AC2 Joe Ruby and entered Manning Pool as aircrew, May 28. Walling Ruby is now Flying Officer Ruby attached to R.C.A.F. Station, Trenton. Sunday afternoon hostess service was inaugurated at our canteen under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. James C. McClenaghan arrived on the Station to fill the post vacated by Walling Ruby. F/Lt. Costello, R.C. Padre, left Borden for No. 2 Training Command, and Flight-Lieutenant Gagnon, now at Trenton, arrived to take up his spiritual duties.

June

Baseball season opens and Borden team wallops Penetang 9-5. The Toronto Dolphinettes presented their Aquacade on June 21 in the R.C.A.F. swimming pool, captivating all

who saw them with their beauty, grace and rhythm. Camp Borden Golf Club officially opened their season with a tournament at the Midland Golf and Country Club. It was a very close match and competition was keen. The score: Borden 16, Midland 15. Party of 37 newspaper men visited the Station and were entertained to dinner at the officers' mess.

July

Camp Borden settled down to enjoying the summer weather. Probably frequent nightly raids on Wasaga Beach accounts for the brevity of news in this month. A party of 1,000 R.M.C. Cadets visited Borden under the guidance of Lt.-Col. Campbell. This party was conducted on a tour of the Station. Gerald Noxon, C.B.C., visited the Station to get material for future radio broadcasts.

August

On 2nd of August, H.R.H. Air Commodore the Duke of Kent, brother of His Majesty King George VI, inspected No. 1 S.F.T.S., accompanied by Air Commodore G. E. Brookes, O.B.E., A.D.C., and Wing Commander Sir Louis Greig. On the 13th, Lt.-Col. H. A. Bruce,

former Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, visited the Station in company with W. H. Wright, mining magnate, and Brigadier-General G. E. McCuaig, C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D., Camp Commandant. Party of 70 editors and newspaper men arrived by bus, accompanied by Group Captain Sully and staff officers from Ottawa, to inspect the Station. They were entertained at dinner at the officers' mess.

September

The Station Field day and dance were the big events in September. Despite the prolific amount of rain, a good time was had by all. The Station was visited by Air Vice-Marshal Croil, Inspector-General, accompanied by Air Commodore G. E. Brookes. In conjunction with a Wings presentation, Mrs. R. S. Grandy, assisted by Mrs. D. A. R. Bradshaw, presented prizes to the winners of sports day events.

October

Wings presentation was held for Course 34 in the Drill Hall. Wings were presented to the graduating airmen by Gen. Steffins, Chief of the Norwegian Military Mission in Canada. F/Lt. A. E. Caulfield (Turn to page eleven, please)

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND—



A HAPPY NEW YEAR—SECURITY GUARD

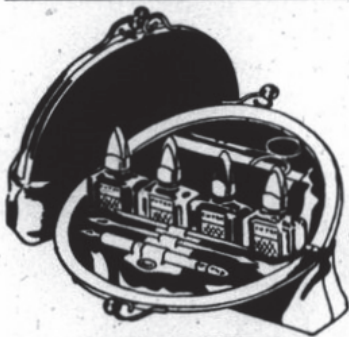


H.R.H. the Duke of Kent Inspects Guard of Honor



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At this time of year we like to say, by word of greeting, all the nice things we think about people during the year. Among these people are included those loyal supporters, our advertisers. We want to thank them for their financial support during the past year and to say we hope it will continue in 1942.

It's a true saying that only the Mint can make money without advertising. It is also true that our supporters cannot make money unless we support them. Our advertisers have evinced, through their willingness to advertise in our paper, an interest in what we are trying to accomplish. Such an interest between seller and buyer is indicative of high business principles, and an open highway to square dealing. Therefore, we feel it not enough to say just thanks, for we can make a more concrete manifestation of our appreciation by pledging our patronage to our advertisers wherever possible. At the same time we want to wish them a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY, PROSPEROUS 1942.

—THE EDITOR.

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- Dec. 19-20—
"LADY SCARFACE"
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- Dec. 21—
"DEAD MEN TELL"
Sidney Toler, K. Aldrich
- Dec. 22-23—
"SHE KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS"
Joan Bennett, Franchot Tone
- Dec. 24-25—
"MAN HUNT"
Joan Bennett, Walter Pidgeon
- Dec. 26-27—
"DANCE HALL"
Cesar Romero, Carole Landis
- Dec. 28—
"SLEEPERS WEST"
Lloyd Nolan, Lynn Bari
- Dec. 29-30—
"IN THE NAVY"
Abbott and Costello
- Dec. 31-Jan. 1—
"MAJOR BARBARA"
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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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Read It



or not?

By Cpl. M. E. Rorke



Calling All Readers

To wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Jingle bells, jingle bells, and all that sort of stuff. Winter is slowly taking over its usual seasonal activities and our Australian brothers are turning as blue in the face as the uniforms they wear on their back. Cheer up, my hearty coves, this is only the beginning.

Scanning the pages of a weekly paper published in the district every Thursday I noticed the following announcement in the news briefs. (quote) "Mrs. Silas P. Pumpernickle, age 28, gave birth to her fourteenth child this week" (unquote. Well, well, how remarkable and still Friday and Saturday to go.

The boys that work around the pay office are watching with growing concern the queer goings on of one LAC Enfield, a gold medalist who recently arrived at this station. Ever since his arrival this lad has been going around with a far-away look in his eye, shaking his head from side to side and muttering to himself. This six-foot-two-in-his-stock-sock-foot lad, who hails from the Garden of Eden (Hamilton) kind of brought things to a head one day last week. While walking across the sandpile that borders the new parade square, our hero lost altitude and did a ground loop in the sand. A few minutes later when the roll was being called our hero jumped smartly to attention, at the sound of his name and called himself "Duty." You figure it out.

Lettuce Alone

"Is May at home?" he asked the maid.
 "May who?" (he had her guessing)
 "Why Mayonnaise," the man replied.
 "Ah, Mayonnaise is dressing."

Being as this is the Christmas season, I thought I would like to do something a little different for you for a change. So I lit the old opium pipe, took three drags, followed by a hashish chaser, and wrote this little one-minute drama. Here it is:

Could Be?

A One-Act Play in One Act
 CAST

First Airman—
 Sgt. "Louie" Charbonneau
 Second Airman—

LAC "Able" Linzon
 Scene: Hangar Road near Clothing Stores. Time: mid-morning.

1st Airman (meeting 2nd airman going opposite way): Aha! I know vat you're goink dis way for!

2nd Airman: No, you don't!
 1st Airman: Betcha a quarter?
 2nd Airman: Okay.

1st Airman: I betch you are go-ink to scrounge a new unyform?
 2nd Airman (looks thoughtful for a minute then puts hand in pocket and hands 1st airman a quarter): Here!

1st Airman: You see, Linzon, I was right after all.
 2nd Airman: No, you wasn't right, but the idea is worth it.

THE END

Well, fellows, the year is drawing to a close. It hasn't been too bad a year at that. We who have been on the station for the whole year have seen a lot of splendid fellows come and go. Many have gone across the pond, others have been posted to different parts of Canada. Our thoughts are very much with them in this festive season and if this paper falls into their hands by any chance we want them to know that we are thinking of them and that we send our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Prosperous New Year.

And now a word about New Year's resolutions. There are some mighty fine resolutions made before New Year's and broken shortly after. One fellow told me he didn't have to make any new ones this year, as he hadn't used last year's yet. The following poem, written by Edgar Guest, is most appropriate.

LORD, MAKE A REGULAR MAN OUT OF ME

This I would like to be—braver and bolder,
 Just a bit wiser because I am older;
 Just a bit kinder to those I may meet,
 Just a bit manlier taking defeat;
 This for the New Year my wish and my plea:
 Lord, make a regular man out of me.

This I would like to be—just a bit finer,
 More of a smiler and less of a whiner;
 Just a bit quicker to stretch out my hand,
 Helping another who's struggling to stand.
 This is my prayer for the New Year to be,
 Lord, make a regular man out of me.

DO WE FIT IN?

Most of us would be very much annoyed if anyone suggested that we were not adaptable, that we did not fit into the scheme of things as they are. But it might be a good idea to find out if our much-vaunted adaptability is measuring up to the challenge of these war-time days.

Are we ready for all the demands and denials that are expected of us? Demands on our time, energy, patience, and our pockets? Do we grumble because the pattern of our lives has changed and many of our brightest dreams have perished, or do we gladly sacrifice the present for the hope of a better future?

Are we willing to do without the little personal luxuries that always seemed little enough and our just due?

Are we perfectly happy in wearing that suit that has already seen perhaps two or three winters, because we are giving our nickels and dimes to provide our lads and lassies with the weapons of war?

Of course, if we are measuring up we will know that it's possible to look cheerful and smart, in spite of the fact that our conscience compels us to make these small sacrifices. We don't need to go around with a downcast look on our face; it's good for the morale to look our very best.

If we can do these things willingly and cheerfully, then we have a right to step around with our head held high, because we know that we are fitting in, that we are an asset and not a liability to our grand country at war.

Do we, I wonder, realize the magic and wealth that lies within the following phrase (a little thought) has anyone ever thought or even guessed the power for good contained in it. We must confess all men are brothers, so let us give a little thought, and sympathy, not just one day, but seven days a week, and help to make this troublous and devastated world a better place to live in.

Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

—DAD PARKER

This I would like to be—just a bit fairer,
 Just a bit better, and just a bit squarer,
 Not quite so ready to censure and blame,
 Quicker to help every man in the game;
 Not quite so eager men's failings to see:
 Lord, make a regular man out of me.

This I would like to be—just a bit truer,
 Less of a wisher and more of the doer.
 Broader and bigger, more willing to give,
 Living and helping my neighbour to live.

This for the New Year my prayer and my plea:
 Lord, make a regular man out of me.

So say us all. Well, fellows, I want to say thanks to you all for the support and encouragement you have given me this last year, and to wish you the best of Air Force luck.

BARRIE ACTIVE SERVICE CLUB NOTES

The big "do" for the month concerning the Active Service Club and canteen of Barrie, located on Toronto Street, was the band concert staged by the R.C.A.F. Band, held under their auspices Sunday evening, November 30, at the Roxy Theatre. Details of this concert with pictures appears in another section of this issue. The canteen committee entertained the band and their friends after the show and served refreshments. Among those present at the after-theatre party were Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E.; Flight-Lieutenant and Mrs. M. F. Badgley, Miss Rhoda Young, LAC Griffin, Mrs. Griffin and their two children, who have recently come to Barrie from Vancouver, B.C.

The Monday night dances, a regular feature of the canteen, are increasing in popularity and the largest turnout of airmen yet appeared at the dance held Monday evening, Dec. 1. As yet it is only the merest whisper of a rumor, but it may be necessary next year to devote two nights a week to dancing.

Another rumor heard last Thursday night that sounds interesting is the possibility of the committee running a "Mystery Night" once or twice a month. These entertainments will be in the form of a party, but no one will know just what kind of party it's going to be until each "Mystery Night" gets under way.

The pages of the canteen's visitors' register contains romance and intrigue. Besides the regular visitors that have signed their names in this record, a lot of colorful personalities seem to have visited the canteen also. Adolf Hitler, Major Bowes, Col. Stoopnagle, Lana Turner, and of course, Mickey Mouse. One young soldier apparently used its pages to establish an alibi of some kind or other. A notation appears to this effect (quote) "I, Private certify that I was at the canteen twice tonight and that I had a pass, but I lost it. I have witnesses to prove it." A senior N.C.O. used its pages for advertising (quote): "For sale, a watch by a sergeant-major with swiss movements" (unquote).

Don't forget the regular Thursday night card games. Prizes are given and refreshments are served.

The Active Service Club and Canteen of Barrie wish to take this opportunity of wishing all the men of Borden a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Also we want to tell you that you are always as welcome here as you would be in your own homes.

—CANTEEN REPORTER.

A stack of writing paper which, if piled sheet upon sheet, would reach to a height of 750 feet; or more than 1½ times the height of the British Empire's tallest building, the Canadian Bank of Commerce Building in Toronto, is used every month by the men of the Navy, Army and Airforce who frequent Canadian Y.M.C.A. War Services Centres in Canada and Overseas.

FLIGHT SLANTS FROM "F"

(NOTE: This article was started several weeks ago, but owing to the present situation of the flight, it was completely overlooked.)

Wonders of wonders! Our gang is still together.

I was reading the last issue of "Wings" and the news from the flights and sections all contained "regrets of losing so and so." You know, the ground personnel in this flight are 60% (at time of writing) of those who graduated from St. Thomas with No. 2 entry, with Sgt. Page and Cpl. Bolch, who were A.C.I.'s when we arrived here. Now that's quite a record. To have men enter the service at approximately the same time, finish their course at the same time, arrive in Borden at the same time, enter "F" Flight at the same time and work together for sixteen months, is something to crow about.

Of course, we are still L.A.C.'s.

We have seen eighteen classes of LAC pilots and five or six classes of P.O.'s graduate. We have seen out Flight Commander, a lad from "down under," and two of our own Canadian pilots, leave the flight to return no more. May they rest in peace.

And we are still together and we will probably be here for duration—German still moaning, Shallase giving out the facts of life, Dunsdon peacefully smoking his pipe, Barr making wings, Page and his cards, Bolch and his books and office work, and yours truly and his family worries—helping to turn out class after class of "wings" to rid the world of Dictatorship.

"If a thing is worth doing,
It is worth doing well."
Thumbs up, lads!

NOTE: Second Instalment.

Well, I didn't get this in time to make the deadline, because I find myself at Edenvale, along with 85 other "lucky lads."

If anyone mentions mud I won't be responsible for my actions. It is so muddy here that when an aircraft comes in we tie it to a sky hook so it won't be missing ten minutes afterwards.

And now that I've mentioned a sky hook, let me tell you there is such a thing. Ask Ripley, if you don't believe me.

Well, I'll sign off now and try my luck in the mud. See you next issue if we don't all disappear up here.

—LAC INGRAM, J. M.

EXTEND APPRECIATION

We wish to extend our deepest appreciation to F/O Lush and Mr. Jim McClenaghan, Y.M.C.A. Director, for all they did to make our trip to Niagara Falls and St. Catharines such an outstanding success. Everyone had a super time, and apparently some good friends were made, as many of the boys accepted Christmas invitations in that vicinity.

We also wish to thank Mr. Wallis and Mr. Bert Gray, of the St. Catharines "Y," for their warm hospitality while in that city.

COURSE 34.

SECTIONAL NEWS

M.T. SECTION

Again we are here, with news and views of our M.T. Section. Very little has happened in the past month, except that Dave Hartley is still continuing his weight-lifting (at New Lowell this time) and he has an ardent supporter in one D.A. Danny seems to get quite a kick out of it too. Dave also has a sense of chivalry. He turned grocery boy the same night. Was the mud very bad, Dave? It seems that one of the M.T. lads took a bath with his socks on the other Sunday. Curly Simpson of Edenvale had quite a time that day, too, as a result of happenings to our night fliers at Edenvale. Tut-tut, Curly, tit for tat, you know.

M.T. Sgt. Weiners and Sgt. Blossom from Stores had quite a time in Barrie on Saturday, acting the cut-ups. How did it go, boys?

Well, Danny MacDonald has been transferred to Dartmouth, the lucky dog—only three miles from home. We'll miss you, Dan, and we all wish you the best of luck.

We hear that two-draught Avery has started drinking in a big way. He had three the other night. I believe that since his return from Alliston he is lonesome for Ye Olde Poor House, Beeton. What say Wally?

An airman in the M.T. Section has taken up dish-washing for a hobby. We all know who it is, so I won't mention names.

F/Sgt. Bean of the M.T. must be working for his wings. We noticed him on the tarmac with our new fudge (snowmobile). When do you "solo" flight? Speaking of Flight Beam, we think of that old song by Stephen Foster (apologies) "I Dream of Beanie with the Dark Brown Taste."

The M.T. lads have just returned from Hagersville and Edenvale and the arguments are hot and heavy right now as to how they will get 58 men into 15 double beds. Our J.W.W. has a fair figure. Do you want to go double, Johnnie?

Jack Ball he had a fall,
And hence he chipped his elbow.
That's what the M.O. says, but who said that I could write poetry in the first place. What happened, Jack? I don't believe that you told us.

Who is the lad who gets his car stuck the first snowfall? Ask "Timber-r-r," fellows, he knows.

Jimmy Robinson of Alliston fame (remember the socks) is moping around these days. I believe that he is lonesome for little Kay from one of Alliston's restaurants. Right, Jim?

Ye editor didn't seem to like our leading phrases in the last issue. I may have some more for you next issue.

This will wind up the news for the Christmas, except that we wish each and every one a very Merry Christmas and a real New Year. May next year be as good to us as this one.

That's all, folks. That's my story and you're stuck with it.

—CALGARY KID.

ACCOUNTS SECTION

The time has arrived when everyone is dropping gentle hints about the things they need, and a few of these have been heard and taken note of, right here in our section. Most children handle such things with a line to Santa Claus, and on behalf of our own young folk, I have penned the following letter, hoping that Santa will heed it.

Dear Santa:
I know you get lots and lots of letters from children all over the world, but one more won't make any difference from a bunch of dear little kiddies who are playing around in Camp Borden. They have all been good (?) little boys the year through, and this is a list of what they want:

Allen (Angel) Wilnot—A potent tonic, to stave off his annual bronchial attack during that crucial February period.

Dougie Sloan—A combined muff and muffler as protection to both him and us against those breezy Borden blasts.

Georgie Basket—I think a wooden leg, or a set of spiked crutches, would be just the thing, and please send Donnie McAlear a blonde.

Tommy Sills—No-draft ventilation, of a big hot water bottle, would tickle Tommy, while a double Scotch and soda in a Yankee bar would sure warm up his pal, Doug Davidson.

Herbert Cameron—Six dozen clean diapers, or a cleaning and press-job of an overcoat.

Henrietta Bruton—A new power plant for a Ford car is what she wants, there is no doubt about it, and please send Dalton McAlear a blonde.

Teddy Rorke—Twins.

Master Ellwood Daly—A new kind of dental powder, to keep his plates where they should be—in his mouth.

Tim—Bigger and better arguments

Philly Barker—A second growth of blonde locks, or a quick "yes" from a Toronto bankette.

Tubby—Sleep on—sleep on, in a feather bed with a rubber alarm clock, and please send Dalton McAlear a blonde.

Normie Shaw—It's not hard to please him, Santa. A fat share in the Bank of Canada would go over big.

The Western Gentleman—In spite of recent developments, Van is still praying for that transfer west. Ah! Wilderness.

Lorraine Towner—Anyone would guess it, a longer working day.

Reveille Reid—If we could have five o'clock whistle, Billy would jump with joy, and please send Dalton McAlear a blonde.

Willy Tennant—The appropriate gift—a strong silent woman.

Wally Kribs—No doubt you have guessed it, but turkey eggs and minklets are the only things for him.

Jackie Bohas—This suggestion was endorsed by all and sundry. A French Canadian harem is what Bo needs. Wool! Wool!

Julius Caesar—I won't ask anything for him. We are all going to

LURKIN WITH LARKIN

Well, the social life around Stores has sprung up anew, bigger and better than ever. Cpl. Jack Powell seems to have found a good place to stay on these cold winter nights and Cpl. Earl Dagenais is making regular trips to Barrie but we hear he is getting a lot of competition from one of our fair-haired boys.

We'll still put our money on Cpl. Jim Louch as the champion getter around. A lot of lads are wondering how he keeps it up. The secret is, boys, he has a friend in the Red Cross who gives him a blood transfusion each month.

Jim Crow has been in the hospital for a couple of weeks now and we all hope he gets better soon but after seeing his nurse I can understand why he is taking his time. You had better come back soon, Jim, some of the boys are getting out of hand around here.

Via the grapevine we hear that one of our new lads, Tommy Bolger, is planning a secret wedding soon. We promised not to say much about it, however, we hope to have more details by next issue.

Just back from Kohlen, Ray Rappaport tells us he became the proud father of a nine-pound baby boy. Nice going, and congratulations.

I guess this is all for now, so from all of us to all of you we extend our best wishes for a swell Christmas and may the New Year bring success to all our efforts.

CIVIES SORTIES

The civilian personnel wish to extend the season's greetings to the Commanding Officer, Officers, and Airmen of No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden.

A general meeting of civilians was held on November 20th, at which a proposed smoker was the chief topic of discussion. Several opinions and views were expressed, but it was decided finally to postpone the event indefinitely.

The games committee provided arrangements for euchre, cribbage and bingo games, and the small sum derived from this programme will form a nucleus for another donation to the B.W.V.F. The experience gained from the bingo game mentioned should do much to ensure the complete success of following like events.

We have been asked to insert the following notice: "A certain batman would like to meet the person who says he buys cigars just for the bands—the bloated plutocrat."

chip in and get a new broom for his stocking.

I realize, Santa, that all this is a lot to ask for, and it is too much to expect everyone to be satisfied. You must have hundreds of refugees to look after this year, and that alone will keep you very busy. Therefore when you check this list twice, we will take your decision on who has been naughty and nice, but please send Dalton McAlear a blonde.

Very sincerely yours,

—L.A.C. ENFIELD

Air Force Concert Indicates Talent Among Personnel

Hundreds Unable To
Get Inside
Theatre

A FINE SHOW

Collection Nets \$113
For Russian
Relief

(Reprinted from The Barrie
Examiner)

Sunday evening's Royal Canadian Air Force Concert at the Roxy Theatre was a rare treat of song and music to Barrie people. It was unfortunate that more people could not be accommodated. So many wanted to hear the concert, the Roxy was packed twenty minutes before curtain time, the doors had to be locked and hundreds were unable to gain admission.

While the attendance of over 800 was no greater than on several previous concerts at the same place this year, the collection of over \$113 sets a new record. Entire proceeds were given to the Red Cross Society's Russian Relief Fund.

Among those present was Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E., Officer Commanding No. 1 S.F.T.S. Camp Borden, by whose kind permission the concert was made possible.

The concert was under auspices of Barrie Active Service Club, which supplied two ladies to the programme—Mrs. M. F. Badgley and Miss Rhoda Young. Mrs. Badgley, who has a beautiful voice, was featured in the special Air Force number early in the programme. She sang "Lords of the Air," after which the Band rendered "Victory March," then the bandmen sang words to the tune, inspired by F/L Badgley, interpreting the spirit of the airmen at Camp Borden. All the while the Air Force flag fluttered in the breeze at the rear of the stage. It was a most effective-ly staged number.

Miss Young gave two clever and humorous monologues, popularly received as ever by a Barrie audience.

J. C. McClenaghan, Y.M.C.A. Director, was master of ceremonies in a clear, able manner.

Dr. Harvey Doney

Highlight of the programme was the singing of Flight-Lieut. Harvey C. Doney, medical officer at the R.C.A.F. Station, Goderich. Formerly stationed at Camp Borden, Dr Doney had flown there especially for the concert. Well known for some years as a star of stage, radio and church, Dr. Doney had appeared on Barrie concert stages twice previously and his efforts were eagerly awaited. He did not disappoint as in his full, rich baritone, he rendered "Your Canada and Mine," "Old Man River," "Captain Mac," and in the finale, "Abide With Me."

Dr. Doney was ably accompanied by LAC Grant Powell, Brampton. LAC Powell also effectively accompanied most of the other musicians and vocalists, and was himself featured in a piano solo, "Nearer My God to Thee" (Ryder).

The Fruit Basket Broom Violin Barrie's musical education may now be considered complete, finally having heard in public for the first time Flight-Lieut. Godfrey's inimitable renditions on his unique and self-invented instrument called the "fruit basket broom violin." It is positively amazing the music he can coax out of that old broom-stick with the piano-wire attachment, a cello bow and fruit basket for sound box. His son, Mickey Godfrey, of Barrie, accompanied on the piano.

The R.C.A.F. Brass Band

The R.C.A.F. Band, purely voluntary and comprised of men from various branches such as mechanics, ground crew, office, made a great hit with their snappy playing. Director and organizer is F/L Badgley, Chief Administrative Officer, and the Bandmaster is LAC A. N. Griffin of Vancouver.

Among the band's popular numbers were "Invercargill," "Bandmen's Delight," "Over the Waves," "Colonel Bogey," "The Band Played On," "Beer Barrel Polka," "Military Escort," "Home Town Band" and interpretations of Sousa's famous marches—"El Capitan" and "King Cotton."

There is one Barrie boy among the bandmen, Cpl. Harry Livingston, on solo cornet. Other members are: Cpl. Davidson, Napanee; Cpl. Beck, Strathroy, LAC McGee, Windsor, LAC MacMillan, Toronto; LAC Weder, Edmonton, LAC Benitz, Newmarket, trumpets; Cpl. Sills, Seaforth, LAC Cleaver, Winnipeg, trombones; Cpl. Langdon, Montreal, LAC Briscoe, Chatham bass horns; LAC Stewart, Orillia, AC2 Terry, Vancouver, saxophones; LAC LaFrance, Hawkesbury, LAC Chase, St. Andrews, clarinets; Cpl. Hounsome, Hamilton, piccolo; LAC Teal, Watrous, baritone; LAC Rowland, Toronto; LAC Bell, Toronto, alto; Cpl. Burrell, Toronto, LAC Franklin, Saskatoon, LAC Donoghue, Toronto, LAC Martin, Toronto; LAC Allen, Galt, Cpl. Glenn, London; Cpl. LeBlond, Mount Albert; Cpl. Westman, Winnipeg, drums.

Soloists

A number of talented soloists were uncovered among the Air Force personnel and their efforts were greatly enjoyed by the vast audience. These were: banjo solos by Bandmaster Griffin, "Old Black Joe" and "I Love You Truly;" baritone solos by Cpl. Jack Sanderson, "The White Dove" from the Rodeo Song by Lehar, and "Tonight We Love;" tenor solos by Sgt. Ken Knox, "In a Monastery Garden" and Gounod's "Ave Maria;" tenor solos by LAC Tom McGee, "The Rose of Tralee" and "I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen;" piano solos by Cpl. Henry J. Langdon, and tenor solos by AC2 Fred Lee, formerly of the National Grand Opera Co., Vancouver, and just posted to Borden a week ago. AC2 Lee rendered beautifully, "The Lord's Prayer" and "Thine Alone" (Victor Herbert).

At the conclusion, James W. Hamilton, president of the Active Service Club and Barrie Red Cross Society, spoke briefly and voiced appreciation to the Air Force for presenting such a splendid concert.

Flight-Lieut. Badgley, who arranged and staged the entire programme, was also called on and responded on behalf of the R.C.A.F. to Mr. Hamilton's remarks.

BORDEN DIARY 1941

CHARMING ENTERTAINERS

(Continued from page six)

and F/Lt. Dwyer arrived to take up their respective duties. F/Lt. E. Harston, popular padre of Borden, was posted overseas, and F/Lt. Gagnon, R.C. padre, was posted to Trenton. No. 1 S.F.T.S. won camp swimming title. Aussies led the way.

November

Aussies graduating from Camp Borden take New York by storm on goodwill tour. Miss Miriam Hopkins, Hollywood movie star, visited Camp Borden. W/C D. A. R. Bradshaw departed Borden to take up new post. Active Service Club of Barrie inaugurates bi-monthly Sunday evening sing-songs. Outstanding event of the month was the Sunday evening band concert staged by the R.C.A.F. Station Band at the Roxy Theatre, Barrie.

December

Winter has taken a hold again as squadrons return from Kohler, Hagersville and Edenvale. The year ends as it began, cold, stormy and wintry.

The electric eye is being used to Mrs. M. F. Badgley, soprano, and perforate postage stamps. Miss Rhoda Young, elocutionist.



SPECIAL AIR FORCE NUMBER



Bandmaster L.A.C. Griffin is shown conducting the entire Band in the R.C.A.F. Victory Number.

THE BAND PLAYS ON



Bringing the Sunday evening concert to a successful conclusion.

Coin Francais

LE MESSAGE ANGELIQUE

Au milieu d'une guerre qui est en train d'engouffrer l'univers, il semble tres etrange de proclamer le message angelique de "Paix sur la terre aux hommes de bonne volonte." Quoique nous nous rappellons avec reconnaissance et amour de la naissance de notre Divin Sauveur, nous devons admettre que le monde considere comme un entier, est loin d'accepter notre Sauveur comme etant le Fils du Pere Eternel et le Roi des Rois.

Neanmoins pour nous qui guerroyons pour le triomphe du droit et de la justice; nous dont les chefs se declarent chretiens, nous pouvons sans hypocrisie appeler Dieu a notre aide, ce Dieu qui dans son grand amour pour nous, nous donna son Fils afin de nous sauver.

Toutes les forces du mal se sont aujourd'hui rangees cote a cote afin de detruire tout ce que le Christ nous represente: la paternite de Dieu et la fraternite de tous les hommes; le droit de Createur de gouverner et l'obligation de l'homme d'obeir; la grandeur de l'ame et la gravite du peche.

Ne craignons pas le resultat final. Meme si le mal semble quelques fois avoir la main haute, il ne PEUT conquerir. Dieu seul a le pouvoir de tirer le bien, du mal. Tournons nos regards vers l'Enfant Jesus et esperons avec confiance que la prophetie de Daniel, alors inspire du Saint Esprit, se realise quand il dit de Lui: "Donc, je vis dans la vision de la nuit, un homme ressemblant le Fils de l'Homme descendre dans les nuages du ciel; Il vint meme au commencement des siecles; ils Le presenterent a Lui, et Il Lui donna le pouvoir, la gloire et un royaume; et tous les peuples, tribus et langages devront Le servir. Son pouvoir sera eternel et continu, et son royaume ne sera jamais detruit."

Sous la banniere de la croix comme de vrai soldats du Christ-Roi "renforcez-vous dans Dieu, dans la grandeur de son pouvoir. Revenez-vous de Son armure afin de vous proteger contre les artifices du demon. Car il ne faut pas oublier que notre presente lutte n'est pas entreprise contre nos freres en Jesus-Christ mais plutot contre les sources de nos presents maux, c'est a dire; ces principautes, ces pouvoirs, ces instigateurs et dirigeants de ce monde de tenebres et les esprits pervers de ces memes dirigeants.

"Pour cela revetez-vous de cette armure de Dieu, ceignez vos reins de verite, ajustez a votre poitrine la cuirasse de justice, preparez-vous a propager l'evangile de la paix, en tout temps vous armez du bouclier de la foi, vous couvrez du casque du salut et portez votre cote l'eppee de l'Esprit Saint qui est la voix de Dieu."

Ainsi accoutre, approchez avec adoration et un esprit de penitence, la creche de l'Enfant Jesus et "Puisse Dieu vous accorder tous, vos desirs dans ses richesses par la gloire de Jesus Christ."

—LE CHAPELAIN.

SOUHAITS

Je suis heureux, comme Senior Warrant Officer, de la Station, d'offrir mes meilleurs souhaits a tout le personnel a l'occasion des fetes de Noel et du Jour de l'An.

Ces deux grandes fetes doivent etre pour nous des jours de reflexion. Celle de Noel qui nous rappelle la venue du Sauveur a une epoque aussi mouvementee que celle que nous traversons, pour annoncer au monde ses moyens de salut. C'est precisement pour la conservation de ses enseignements que nous offrons actuellement nos efforts et nos vies meme.

Pour les Canadiens-Francais, le Jour de l'An est comme une fete nationale et de rejouissances. Il est a souhaiter que chacun aura la satisfaction d'avoir fait son devoir durant 1941, tout en prenant la resolution de meriter des promotions durant l'annee 1942, et que tous auront au moins trois crochets pour le Jour de l'An prochain.

—J. E. DAGENAIS, W.O.1.

PERSPICACITE

Cher Monsieur, dit le directeur, savez-vous qu'hier dimanche un terrible accident a eu lieu devant notre etablissement? Non, Monsieur le directeur. Eh bien! voila: un cycliste qui roulait a une allure moderee a ete renverse par une auto qui lui a coupe les deux jambes au-dessus du genou. L'automobiliste s'est enfui sans s'inquieter de sa victime; mais le cycliste, lui, n'a pas perdu la tete. Il est remonte sure sa bicyclette et est alle se faire panzer chez le pharmacien du coin. Le fou l'interrompt: Ce n'est pas possible, Monsieur le directeur. Mais, dites-moi, pourquoi, n'est-ce pas possible? Parce que, repond l'autre, le pharmacien due coin n'est pas ouvert le dimanche!

ELECTION

Ce candidat avait deja ete battu a deux ou trois reprises et il estimait que les scrutins avaient ete triques a son desavantage. Lors des dernieres elections il se rend dans une localite ou il avait eu tres peu de voix et va directement a la maison commune. Monsieur le maire, dit-il, je vous demande l'autorisation de faire un discours au cimetiere. Mais a quoi rime donc cette manifestation? Voici: je ne veux pas que les morts votent encore une fois contre moi, sans m'avoir au moins entendu.

THE R.C.A.F.

Lord, hold them in Thy mighty hand

Above the ocean and the land,
Like wings of eagles mounting high
Along the pathways of the sky.

Immortal is the name they bear,
And high the honor that they share,
Until a thousand years have rolled
Their deeds of valour will be told.

In darkest night and light of day
God will bless them on their way,
And homeward safely guide each
one,

With glory gained and duty done

O God our help in ages past,
Our hope in years to come,
Subdue the cruel and treacherous
Hun

And Thy will shall be done.

—DAD PARKER.

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

BY LAC CECIL RANDALL

(Continued from last issue)

Wilmington, California, was our next port of call. Arrangements had been made from the boat for us to make a tour of the surrounding countryside. Transport was to be made by a fleet of busses, the drivers of which had a very good knowledge of the district through which we went. Los Angeles was our first place of interest, but our main interest was centred on Hollywood. Passing through Hollywood itself we went to Warner Bros. Studio.

The firm kindly gave us the run of the premises while we were there and afterwards provided lunch for us. We saw several shots being made, in one of which Bette Davis was acting.

The place itself proved to be a land of make-believe. Nothing there appears real. Buildings are put up one day and pulled down or altered the next. Houses without rooms or roofs, aeroplanes with nothing except one side and perhaps a droning engine. Side of ships—anything at all that can be used. Perhaps one sees a building of four sides there. Each side is different; perhaps one is a bank, another a grocer shop, etc.

The same rooms where the recordings are made are big places with walls four or five feet thick, no windows and only one door, thus rendering them entirely sound-proof. Before the sound is recorded a bell is rung which demands instant silence from everyone in the building, and when recording is finished the bell is rung twice.

Leaving Warner Bros., we headed for Beverley Hills, passing through Hollywood again. There we saw a famous theatre, "Graumann's Chinese Theatre." The floor of this place is made of concrete flagstones, each of which bears the foot and hand prints, also signature, of one of the "greats."

At Beverley Hills we saw some of the more famous homes, including those of Robert Taylor and John Barrymore.

On the way back to the boat we passed through many oil fields with their derricks standing up against the skyline like forests. It seemed strange to know that there were millions of gallons of oil there while at home car owners can only get two gallons of gas per month.

As the song about 'Frisco's Golden Gate is known as well in Australia as anywhere else, we were all on the lookout for the bridge. Odds were stacked against us, however, for despite the fact that it was about 2 p.m. when we arrived there the harbour and city were still shrouded in fog, but before very long the fog lifted a little, enabling us to see the Golden Gate and Oakland-Frisco bridge, also Alcatraz island and prison. The prison part of the business looks more like a modern hotel from the boat than a prison.

Once off the boat we were taken straight to the train, which was to be our new home for a while.

On the way to Vancouver we went through one of the big tim-

ber centres of the U.S.A., passing such towns as Oregon City and Klamath Falls.

Arriving at Vancouver, we were promptly sent off to the Y.M.C.A. building for a bath. We knew the Y.M.C.A. did some good work, but didn't know that it embraced work of that nature. Anyway, the showers and heated swimming pools were much appreciated by everyone, as we had not had a decent wash for quite a few days.

We left Vancouver by C.P.R. and expected to see some pretty good sights on the way across, but what we saw was far beyond the fondest expectations.

Everything we saw was magnificent, far beyond my ability to describe such places as Banff, etc., held special interest as we had heard such a lot about them. Perhaps some day a few of us will be able to come and have a good look around. We hope so.

The first time the train stopped in the snow country, a good snow fight started. Most of us had not seen snow before, so you see the experience was something new. The novelty wore off later after getting a ball of snow on the ear and having it run down inside one's shirt.

The local girls came out to give us a royal welcome at Winnipeg, but our stay was all too short.

On the trip across the prairies we lost most of our fellows, some going to observer schools and others to bomber schools, but after six days on the train, the rest of us ended up here after the greatest trip of our lives.

A penny a week is contributed by each of one hundred volunteer helpers in the Y.M.C.A. Club at Chichester, England. The money thus donated is used to purchase current magazines and newspapers for the troops using the club.

TALL AND SHORT



Cpl. McDonald, 6'9½" and Sgt. McAlear, 5'2½"



Another year is drawing to a close, and it has been, I believe, a very good year in the way of entertainment. We have showed the odd lemon among our features, but the good pictures and the really worthwhile stage shows that we have secured have more than made up for the few poor showings. It's a queer thing, but around this time of year, editors and columnists are prone to sit back and give themselves a mental pat on the back and say "Didn't I do a marvellous job last year," and in a way you can't blame them, as someone has to appreciate their peculiar talents, and are those talents ever peculiar, but I am afraid that we can't do that as anything that we may have done during the past year to make the theatre more enjoyable has been made worthwhile by the swell support that we have received from our own boys and the Army in Camp Borden. Any job that is appreciated seems worth doing and you fellows have certainly made us feel that we have a share in making your stay in camp more enjoyable. Speaking of appreciation, I think that a hearty vote of thanks is due to the Y.W.C.A. for the splendid way that they have co-operated in making the Sunday visits of our relatives and friends an occasion for a reunion in pleasant surroundings. They have been serving refreshments every Sunday to the airmen and their friends, and the entertainment that individual members of this organization have arranged has gone far towards making any station seem more like home. I had the privilege of attending an evening arranged by a girls' club attached to the Y.W.C.A. and I can vouch for the fact that everyone had a grand time. Going to the canteen, show or drill hall every night can become very monotonous, and I know personally that any town is dead if you don't know anyone, so I know that you will all join me in a sincere "thank you" to the ladies. Incidentally, some of our A.C.2 Joes should easily qualify for flying duties with a dawn patrol, but I guess that this is no place for Western jokes. There have been a few changes in personnel in the past year among the theatre staff, the first one to go being Cpl. Russ Reiber, an assistant operator, who was transferred, and then we lost our chief projectionist, W.O.2 George Grenke, who was posted to the wilds of Newfoundland, and whose transfer was a real loss to the entire station, and then Mr. Lon Marshall took charge for a short time, and the present staff consists of Sgt. Frank Wainwright in charge, with Bill Tennant and yours truly as assistants, truly a remarkable collection. Is there a curio hunter in the

house. I can hear someone yelling "copy" so I gotta go, but before I review the coming attractions, may I say for the projection room staff, ticket sellers and myself, a very Merry Christmas, and a really prosperous New Year to each and every one. Don't forget that the theatre will be closed on the 17th and 18th of the month, as we are installing new sound equipment, and we are also closing Christmas night and New Year's night, as it would hardly be fair to charge the lads two bits to sleep off a binge. (Teetotalers, please ignore.) Here is the list of features that we have lined up for the holiday, commencing the 19th of the month.

"Lady Scarface" — This picture would be only a usual cops and robbers affair, except for the fact that it has a new twist in that the gang chief is played by a woman, with Dennis O'Keefe as a detective on her trail. It concerns a black-mail-killer mob, and will pass a fairly pleasant evening.

"Man Hunt"—A thrilling story of a big-game hunter played by Walter Pidgeon, who decides to hunt the biggest game of all in the person of little Nasty himself. He is captured and the hunter becomes the hunted after his escape. The chase leads over the continent and back to Britain, but he is saved by a waif of the streets, played by Joan Bennett, giving her life for him. A really swell picture that no one should miss.

"In the Navy"—This is Abbott and Costello at their zaniest. To avoid capture by a policeman, they dodge into a doorway and find themselves in a recruiting office of the navy and are forced to enlist. Their antics as tars will keep you roaring until the curtain falls, and Abbott's efforts to learn the gentle art of shooting craps is one of the funniest things that I have ever seen. Be sure to see this one.

I'm afraid that this is all that I'll have time for, as Cpl. "Simon Le-gree" Rorke is waiting for this, but if you'll watch the billboards, you'll find many good pictures in store for the boys in camp.

KEEP A-GOIN'

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-go-in'!

If it hails or if it snows,
Keep a-go-in'!

"Taint no use to sit and whine
When the fish ain't on your line;
Bait your hook an' keep a-tryin'—
Keep a-go-in'!

When the weather kills your crop,
Keep a-go-in'!

Though 'tis work to reach the top,
Keep a-go-in'!

S'pose you're out o' ev'ry dime,
Gittin' broke ain't any crime;
Tell the world you're feelin' prime—
Keep a-go-in'!

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-go-in'!

Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a-go-in'!

See the wild birds on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring;
When you feel like singin', sing—
Keep a-go-in'!

—F. L. STANTON.

Radiators are 10% more efficient when covered with oil paint instead of metallic paint, is the verdict from research at the University of Illinois.

PACKED THEATRE



Showing a portion of the house that greeted our band.

ON THE BAND STAND

We have had much success of late and have cause to rejoice. Our sacrifices have not been in vain and for this we are glad. The boys of the Band have had a recent engagement to play for a great audience at our concert in the Roxy Theatre in Barrie. The entire event was praiseworthy judging from the comment of all who were there. We were assisted by two lovely ladies, Mrs. Badgley, the wife of our Captain, F/Lt Badgley, and Miss Rhoda Young, along with F/Lt Doney, LAC Powell and a number of others. Our B.M., LAC Griffen, was especially good in his rendition of two numbers on his old banjo. The old maestro strummed his way to the hearts of everyone.

The Band was very active throughout the entire engagement and played a number of rousing tunes. Quite a few of our members followed the lead of our Band Master and doubled by giving separate numbers. LAC McGee sang beautifully. He selected two Irish airs and did great justice to them. LAC Powell was very active and was quite busy throughout the evening. The purpose of the concert was a great one as it was in aid of our great ally, "Russia." We were sponsored by the Active Service Canteen through the Red Cross. This was in answer to an appeal for medical supplies which were vitally needed by the Russians as they fought off the wanton aggression of the Nazi hordes. We all felt glad to have been privileged to serve such a wonderful cause and hope that such will be always possible. All the success we have attained thus far is due entirely to the whole-hearted co-operation of our boys of the Band and we hope this will always be possible so that good service may be rendered to this cause of ours. Let us all strive to keep the wheels turning towards a greater goal.

As there are so many new faces in the camp we feel sure that there must be some new musicians, and so, we appeal again to anyone who may be musically inclined. We have a great stock of new instruments and require new players, so

OF CORSET HELPS

Foundation garments may yet provide a serious problem for those who wear them. Steel, which formerly made substantial stays and zippers, is now being used for munitions.—News item.

Milady's been rocked to her very foundation;
Milady's for Freedom as never before;
The Government says the defence of the nation!
Calls for her corsets as weapons of war.

Gone are the garments that once used to pinch her,
Gone the restrictions that kept the girl in;
Part of her now is a Dover six-incher.
Part was a Monday-night bomb on Berlin.

She has no regrets that she once was a willow,
Artfully formed as a Sheba-like girl,
And now she resembles a well-slept on pillow
That moves with a sort of amoeba-like swirl.

No more lacings or zips with a Yo! and a Heave-Ho!
She doesn't mind that, for she's proud to divulge
The re-arming strength for her alto-relievo
With its Bundles for Britain in each little bulge.

—STUART DAVIDSON HEMSLEY

NEW REVUE

A streamlined version of the Overseas Concert Party groups featured during the Great War was the way Jack McLaren described his new revue, "Lifebuoy Follies," produced by Lever Brothers Limited. Mr. McLaren will bring his lovely versatile entertainers to this Station for a showing on January 16 and 17. Be sure to keep these dates open.

join us now and join the fun.
Your Band Reporter,
CPL. LANGDON, H. J.



SEE—I TOLD YOU BOYS!

MAINTENANCE

HANGARS A80, A15 AND A16

With the advent of winter fast approaching, much will be expected of our Maintenance Squadron. Last winter's frigidty contributed much to the difficulty of operations, and we can expect the same this winter. However, we are hoping that we'll be as fortunate as we have been in the past, and be able to boast of having overcome our operational difficulties.

The flights are about to return from Edenvale and Hagersville, and we are sure that their personnel will appreciate this after their little stay at those various muddy places. The boys seem real glad to be back with the fold and are making this manifest. We have served rather well as a base of operation to the Flights, even though they took along quite a crew. Several machines returned to be tuned up for their various tasks and most of our maintenance personnel were glad for this as it provided much work to keep our wheels of Progress going. Some of the machines were in quite a state due to the muddy terrain on which they operated. However, with the presence of men of the P. or O. class, it was quite possible to subject each machine to a thorough cleaning. These boys were very eager to perform this task as to them it meant becoming thoroughly familiar with the machine which they are hoping to fly one of these not too distant days.

Cpl. Jim Marchard, a stalwart of A. 80 Hangar, has been temporarily sent to Work Shops. He seems to take delight in this as it means working at his old trade "machinist." Apart from this fact, Jim is glad because of the change of atmosphere. Much could be added but as we must conserve words and space, I'll have to sign off for now.

—CPL. LANGDON, H. J.

To Our Publishers

The editorial staff of Wings Over Borden join with all the personnel of the Station in wishing The Barrie Examiner staff a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The bi-monthly publication of Wings Over Borden is no mean accomplishment, especially under wartime conditions. The first step naturally in the production of a paper is the gathering of news items, ideas, pictures, cartoons and jokes. When all the material is garnered and you find you still haven't a newspaper, you begin to realize what an important role the publishing house plays in spanning the gap between the assembly of material and the distribution of the finished paper. In our case this credit goes to the Barrie Examiner, our publishers, who with the capable assistance of Ken Walls and staff, do much in transforming Wings Over Borden from the hodge-podge it is when the copy first reaches them to the newspaper it is when they finally hand it back to us for distribution. To make a clearer picture for your understanding of the part the Barrie Examiner staff play in the production of our paper, we will analyse the process necessary step by step. When our deadline is reached and the copy edited and censored, the material is sent into the Barrie Examiner office, along with whatever pictures or cartoons are going to be used in the forthcoming issue. Unfortunately, due sometimes to the lateness of arrival, the copy is not always in the best shape possible. As soon as it hits Barrie, the wheels of this modern printing plant begin to turn. The pictures and cartoons are rushed to the

photo engravers to be made into cuts. The copy is set up on the linotypes and carefully proof-read. When the cuts arrive back from the engravers, galley proofs of the whole are sent out to us for checking and layout. Your editorial staff sit around till the wee small hours of the morning gnashing their teeth and tearing their hair. No matter how late we sit, or how much care we take there always appears to be unfilled gaps on one page and overlapped columns on another. Giving the job up in despair, we rush the layout to Barrie first thing next morning. Presto, the same night or early the next day back comes Wings Over Borden—gaps all filled out and overlapped columns squeezed into shape. Whether these experts use black magic or not, they won't say. But we do know that ever since Wings Over Borden first appeared in printed editions the Barrie Examiner has been doing this job for us on a NON-PROFIT basis; that every two weeks they place at our disposal the facilities of a plant already overtaxed by wartime conditions, and that the whole staff seem to take a personal interest in the publication of our paper. In our opinion the staff of the Barrie Examiner are making a marvellous contribution to the happiness of men in the service by lending us such a cheerful helping hand.

—THE EDITOR.

Linking two continents, Central America has more South American than North American animals.

America's skunks and muskrats are unknown in Europe, except in zoos.

A MESSAGE FROM THE STATION WARRANT OFFICER

I want to take this opportunity to extend my thanks to you one and all for the splendid co-operation you have given me since I have been with you, and to wish you one and all a very Merry Christmas and a Bright, Happy, Victorious New Year.

I am including this little poem for publication. It may give you a preview of that Morning After New Year's Feeling, or anyway a laugh. It's dedicated to Sgt. McAlear of Accounts.

Here I lie upon my bed,
Throat so dry and throbbing head.
Bloodshot eyes and body sore
The morning after the night before

Can't eat nothing, got no pep,
Lost my money and lost my zip,
Can't get up—I feel so bad,
Boy! What a wonderful time I've had.

Never felt so bad before,
Even my darned old tongue is sore
When I sneeze I still taste gin,
Gosh, what a party it must have been.

Can't remember where I went,
Don't know where the time was spent,
But wow, what a time it must have been,
Look at the heckofa shape I'm in.

So now I pledge and take my tip
That never a drink will touch my lip.
For at least—another week I'll say
Until I get another pay.

—W.O.I DAGENAIS

Like their prehistoric ancestors, modern Pueblo Indians of the southwest still seek parrot feathers for ceremonial regalia.