



Wings Over Borden

Vol. 4 No. 7

JANUARY 20, 1942

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

Station Dance Largest Held Here

SEVEN SEAS

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

FRUSTRATE

The characters herein are authentic, and the story has been told from facts revealed by statements taken from the intimates of Babona and Toma.

A cynic has written that it is the duty of an officer of the Government he serves to enforce the wishes of the legislative power until such time as the judicial department shall be pleased to pronounce them invalid and of no effect. In the case to hand the "Government" was helpless; there simply was not sufficient evidence to lay a charge of murder before the Court of Native Affairs, but Babona knew that we knew and he always had a mocking gleam in his eyes whenever we visited his village.

Babona's ancestors had been cannibals, Babona was a cannibal; he was also a powerful chieftain and fearless warrior, but age—that period in life in which we compound for the vices we still cherish by reviling those that we have no longer the enterprise to commit—was creeping upon him. His powerful frame proved that the survival of the fittest was still a main factor amongst the Papuans, but his place as tribal leader was maintained by his craftiness and fierceness of argument, when he would subdue the younger warriors by the very roar of his voice.

Babona had survived many wives. It was rumoured that some had met rather sudden deaths in several mysterious ways; but only Babona knew the true inwardness of these trivial matters, and it would have taken a very reckless tribesman to have challenged him on such a delicate subject. However, love—that temporary insanity that is curable by marriage—had caught up with Babona again at a time when his limbs tired easily, and his throwing arm could not hurl a spear its usual distance. Nevertheless, the desire for Toma burned in his spirit and challenged his weakening flesh.

One had only to see Toma cast off her gaily coloured sarong and dash into the waves for her habitual swim; or to meet her swinging through the village proud of her lithesome limbs with grass skirts swaying boldly from rhythmic hips, and displaying the tattoo markings on her torso that proclaimed many lovers, to understand the fountain of Babona's rejuvenating passion.

The day came when Babona suddenly called together the elders of the village, and Toma's parents. Before them he displayed his wealth. For Toma he would give many pigs, much trocus shell, carved coral, and



BABONA

a garden filled with bananas, pineapples, taro and sweet potatoes. From the swift second that the covetous eyes of Toma's parents took in the lavish presents defenceless Toma was sold down the river—literally pitched into the arms of the aging Babona before she could gasp her astonishment, or show her resentment.

The wedding took place immediately. Pigs were killed and spitted; the tribesmen started their barbarous marital dance and as night came on Toma sat by Babona at the head of the feast, on her head a crown of frangi-pani, in her heart a vast hatred, whilst before her eyes the flames of the bonfires licked their fantastic routes into the darkling night.

By the glow of the festal fires Toma could see the dance of the swirling warriors. Especially did she follow the gyrations of Kilamina. His virile leaping and spear catching excited her. Slyly she glanced at Babona and compared her husband of a few moments with the youth and elegance of Kilamina. She had loved Kilamina from the first moments she knew herself to be a woman, and her secret sorrow had been that he had not sufficient gifts to buy her in marriage.

The largest dance ever held at No. 1 S.F.T.S., R.C.A.F., Camp Borden, took place on Friday evening, January 16th. The dance was sponsored by the station fund with the kind permission of the Commanding Officer, Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E.

Roy Locksley and his twelve-piece orchestra, with the able assistance of the "Three Shades of Blue" (female trio) proved to be very popular with the dancers.

The Floor Show featured Kathryn Young and Wishart Campbell, singing stars of the "Sweetheart" program. "The Lesters," Lawrence and Peggy, society dance team, who just arrived from London, England, displayed their talents in a most interesting fashion. "The Whirlers," fast roller skating flash act from Buffalo, thrilled the audience with their seemingly impossible feats.

With the fine co-operation of the C.W.A.A.F., No. 1 Training Command, the Toronto West End Y.M.C.A. Junior Auxiliary, the Barrie Active Service Club and Canteen and the Midland Y.M.C.A. Women's Auxiliary, a large number of ladies were able to take part in making the dance a successful occasion.

Committees were as follows:
Chairman—S/L Flowerdew, F/Lt. Badgley (Asst.).

Entertainment and Decorating—Chairman, F/Lt. Godfrey; F/Lt. McInerny (Eqpt. Sect.), F/O Jones (W. & B.), F/O Bury (N.P. Funds), Mr. Stewart (Barrack Officer), F/Sgts. Bean (H.Q.'s), Crowe (H.Q.'s), McCorkindale (H.Q.'s), Sgts. Knox (H.Q.'s), Wainwright (M.T.), LAC Brewer (No. 1 Sqn.), Sgt. Bainbridge (No. 1 Sqn.).

Refreshment and Cloak Rooms—Chairman F/O Lang (Link Trainer), F/Sgt. Cleary (A/Men's Mess), Sgt. Inglis (A/Men's Mess), Sgt. Fraser (A/Men's Pilots Mess), Cpl. Dagenais (Eqpt. Sect.), Cpl. Horrobin (Maint. Sect.), AC Stewart (No. 2 Sqdn.).

Officer i/c Canteen—F/O Scriven-er.

Reception and Transportation—Chairman, F/O Spruston (Maint.), J. C. McClenaghan (Y.M.C.A.), F/Lt. Johnson (Service Police), S/M Carter (Sgts' Mess) (G.I.S.), F/Sgt. Crowe (H.Q.'s), Sgt. Knox (H.Q.'s), Cpl. Davidson (Cpls' Mess) (Accts.), Cpl. McKay (Maint.), Cpl. Timlin (Accts.).

AUSSIES IN THE NEWS

Word has just been received by S/L J. McCulloch concerning three Australian graduates of Course 14 of the B.C.A.T.P. at Camp Borden.

F/L Truscott, K. W., has been awarded the D.F.C. for bringing down eleven enemy aircraft.

Sgt. Chisholm, K. B., has been awarded the D.F.M. after accounting for seven enemy planes.

Sgt. Rutherford, J., was shot down over the English Channel but managed to reach safety on the English shores after swimming six miles.

OVERHEARD ON THE BUS

"If we only had this cold weather in the summer when it's warmer, instead of in the winter, we'd be able to cut down on our fuel bill."

New Postal Service

Effective Wednesday, January 14, 1942, the R.C.A.F. Post Office, located in the Airmen's Club Building, will be known as "M.P.O. 219 CAMP BORDEN, ONT.," and will be opened for business re Money Orders, Postal Notes, Stamps, etc.

Office Hours will be—Week days: 0900 hrs.—1300 hrs.
1600 hrs.—1900 hrs.
Saturday: 0900 hrs.—1300 hrs.
1600 hrs.—1800 hrs.
Mail Collections—Week Days: 0715 hrs. and 1345 hrs.
Sunday: 1430 hrs.

The staff of the Post Office consists of:—Cpl. C. E. Collard NCO I/C C.P.C., Pte. L. G. Rushford, C.P.C.; LAC Wright, R.M., R.C.A.F.; LAC Cleony, J. E., R.C.A.F.

Retrospectively and passionately she reflected upon their happy hours together, swimming and diving and galloping through the bush as playmates, the while her heart held hope that some day Kilamina would be rich enough in trophies of the chase to obtain the sanction of her parents to their union. Now it was too late! Almost before she knew what had happened she was the chattel of Babona. Fury burned within her. Her desire for Kilamina grew with every thought of her thwarted wishes, and her agile brain filled with cunning machinations for revenge upon Babona and the elimination of the eternal triangle. Slowly the fires died down, the
(Continued on Page 3)



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Photos, courtesy of Photographic Section.

GOOD NEIGHBOURS

"It takes a heap of living to be a good neighbour."

—Edgar A. Guest.

There is something about having a good neighbour living next door that makes this old life worth living. Something about the daily intercourse between the house next door and ours, the chats over the back fence about the weather, the wash, and the gardens; the evening visits, and the game of cards, that helps to lighten the daily tasks and to solve the ever-increasing problems on life's journey. When trouble, sickness or death strikes at our threshold, we can count on our neighbours standing by to lend a hand and offer a word of sympathy. When good fortune or happiness pays a visit, they are right there to share it with us, and extend congratulations.

The church we attend may not be the one to which our neighbour takes his wife and children. But what odds? The difference in faith, if we are broadminded, opens up new ways of leading a better life. The man whom we select as our candidate in the next election may not get our neighbour's vote, but the friendly rivalry and freedom of choice helps to stimulate this business of government. Our neighbour may have a better job, a newer car, more up-to-date furniture. Such a difference in station in life means little, if true friendship is the basis of valuation.

Friendly neighbourliness is one of the birthrights of democracy. To live in harmony, side by side, whilst at the same time embracing different religious faiths, political views, and living on different scales of income, is unknown in totalitarian-dominated countries. For a century or more, the border between the United States and Canada has been a peaceful one. Visitors and merchandise have flowed back and forth annually between the two great countries, creating goodwill and stimulating trade. The pioneer spirit that carved the United States out of the wilderness she was, into the progressive nation she is now, is akin to the spirit that built the Dominion of Canada. Her problems were our problems.

In September, 1939, when war struck at us again, she stood by—a good neighbour—lending aid and encouragement. In December, 1941, when the sneaking Japanese struck at Pearl Harbour, she joined us in this Battle for Freedom as our ally. We welcome her. She has been a good neighbour in the past: she will be a good ally in the future. —EDITOR.

WE KNOW we can do as we please. Hence we know we are responsible for our actions. We must accept that responsibility and play the man and not be seeking excuses for our weaknesses.

WE KNOW we do not understand all the secret ways of the acts of others; therefore we must be charitable in our judgments.

WE KNOW what we know. But sometimes we don't realize that we can be taught to know what we don't know.

WE KNOW that the world is managed by a power and a will not of ourselves, and greater than ourselves; therefore we must try to understand and conform to it.

WE KNOW we cannot cheat or evade the laws of nature; therefore we must seek to find out what they are and obey them.

WE KNOW that life is sweet to the healthy-minded, and therefore reject any creed or opinion that degrades life.

WE KNOW that suspicion is a disease of faith, jealousy a disease of egotism, and envy a disease of nations.

WE KNOW we must do right to receive God's approval and whatever wrong we do, He becomes our friend when we begin to do right.

—DAD PARKER.



"This idea of saving electricity is swell with me . . . !"

Needle - - Ball - - Airspeed

(By F/O N. G. Bray)

Personnel of the Link Trainer Flight, wish to congratulate F/L C. W. T. Robinson on his second ring also to wish him the best of luck on his new appointment at Trenton.

May we also take this opportunity in welcoming back F/O "Jack" Cross as our Officer Commanding.

The Link Trainer Flight has a very "hot" five-man bowling team and hereby challenges any team on the Station. One at a time, please, and name your "handicap."

"Amateur Cards Not Required."

CANADA AT WAR

Raw air force recruit who asked for weekend leave so he could fly by Link Trainer to Montreal, was unlike Pierre's brother who knew, "Dat Link, she's nail' to floor of stone."

Pierre's brother gives his impressions of "dat bird, de Link" in a poem written after the Habitant style of J. W. Drummond by Flying Officer C. W. McLeod of the Royal Canadian Air Force. The poem follows in part:

For two, t'ree mont' my brudder Pierre
Take course on Link to fly de H'air.
She's haireplane of special make.
On first solo your nerves he's shake.
You take heem off wit' nose to sky:
Dat goldarn t'ing, to floor she's tie,
Wit' needle, ball and H'air speed dial
You fly like hell for two, t'ree mile.
Wit' system Pierre call "One, two, t'ree"
Dat Link she's fly like Hay, Bee, See.
Go right, go left. It's h'all de same,
Dat needle, she's like bear to tame.
But Pierre, he's tell me once on leave,
He's boss, call' Slim, gets plenty peeve'
When h'airspeed, height above de groun',
Don't stay put: go H'up an' down.
Dat Link, she's funny bird to see,
Got wings and tail, so Pierre tell me.
I ask him why he's not fly home:
"Dat Link, she's nail' to floor of stone. . . .
I visit once on Trenton place,
D'ose Links line up like for de race,
But when dey give wot's call' "de gun"
Dey's back to where she's started from.
But two week more Pierre pass by,
No more in Links he's got to fly,
He's prove' to Slim he's now ver' able
To fly dat Link from a goldarn table.

Read It



or not?

By Cpl. E. M. Rorke

Hi-ya, gang! I thought you were going to be spared the horrors of a column this time, but unfortunately for you, dear readers, the operation was unsuccessful . . . I lived! This has been my second time in hospital since December 12. I escaped the surgeon's scalpel the first time by employing a simple ruse on December 13. A friend smuggled a package of Christmas seals in to me. I selected one from the lot and pasted it on my tummy. When the surgeon went to operate he had to desist, for the seal read: "Do not open until Christmas!" If the items have a slight flavor of ether, pills and alcohol, you must forgive me.

I have been away from camp since last issue and am not "hep" on station doings.

Two "up" patients of the Hebrew faith, anxious to kill a little time, suggested a little game of poker, but found they didn't have a deck of cards, and the more resourceful of the two searched around and discovered some obsolete case history cards. Setting a table between them, Abie dealt the first hand.

Abie—On dis hand I should bet a quarter.

Moe—A quarter and I bump 75 cents.

Abie (studying his hand closely)—Vell, I still tink dis is a better hand. Here's seventy-five cents and up a quarter.

Moe—I'll see you!

Abie—Dere! A full house—three hernias and a pair of happendixes!

Moe—Not good enough. I hev four enemas.

Abie (disgustedly)—You take the pot—you're goink to need hit!

This would be a veritable paradise for airmen except for one little thing. We are a most unpopular species among the nursing sisters whose duties require that they toil at night and rest in the day time. They claim that our Yales and Harvards deliberately practice their landings and take-offs on the roof of their sleeping quarters. To get even they go around at night sticking pins into airmen so that they can't sleep. For further particulars see Sister Bradley. Can't we get together on this?

In more serious vein, the staff of Camp Borden Military Hospital—doctors, nursing sisters and orderlies—are deserving of highest praise for the efficient manner in which they perform their various duties. Their battle against the unknown elements of sickness is a constant one, yet they never falter or complain, no matter how hard the task. They never miss an opportunity to increase their knowledge of the job they are doing. In addition, they do it all with such a spirit of cheerful good-will that it can't fail but to help a patient's chances of recovery.

BABONA

(Continued from Page One)

dancers tired. Babona was gloating over his beautiful bride and eager for the solitude of his hut. Adumbrated, Toma sat on and on, gazing with a growing viciousness into the dulling embers until Babona snatched her to her feet and hastened her away.

A few days later Toma met Kilamina in their favorite glade near the deep pool where they had so often played together. At first they were sad with suffused emotions, but youth and desire drove away their fears and they lay together in the soft fern. Skilfully, in wooing tones, Toma unfolded her plan for the quick disposal of Babona. They talked at great length and decided that just before the dawn of the next day Kilamina, secreted in the bush nearby, would creep out and set fire to the hut in which Babona and Toma would usually be asleep. Toma, however, would be very much awake, watching and waiting for the first signs of smoke or flame. With the tomahawk at her side she would be ready to split the head of Babona at his first cry of alarm. Toma was then to leap to safety and leave the detested Babona to be consumed in the funeral pyre.

To the Papuan mind there is nothing ignoble in killing an enemy, and cunning is the faculty that distinguishes a weak animal or person from a strong one. Happy in anticipation of the success of their savage plot Toma and Kilamina gave vent to their feelings in an ecstasy of enlacement and ruttish murmuring. Little did they suspect that Babona had tracked them down and had been watching and listening to them for hours from his place of concealment on the ledge of an adjacent rock. He overheard the plan for his unpleasant end, and despite the fact that his spear was by his side he did not risk a throw and possible battle with Kilamina. He lay in sinister silence, preferring to match his devilish ingenuity against the simplicity of Toma's attempt to obtain freedom from her bondage.

Dusk fell, the lovers sped their different ways into the gloom. Toma threaded her way back to the hut of Babona, Kilamina returned to his simple abode for a much needed rest before setting out to fulfil his part of the arson and murder.

Meanwhile, Babona stalked Kilamina to his hut. It was a poor structure raised on piles six feet from the ground and floored with rough boards of black palm. These crude planks were warped in places and in their entire lengths had interstices about half an inch wide. Soon Kilamina was fast asleep, stretched out on his native blanket

Well, my friends, I'll be seeing you soon, I hope. Cheerio, thumbs up!

which formed with the bare palm boards his native bed. Cautiously, Babona stooped under the hut and searched by his sensitive hearing for the position in which Kilamina lay. Very patiently he listened and listened until finally he could hear the deep breathing of Kilamina through the thin boards above. Grasping his long spear he inserted the point between one of the slits in the floor which he calculated would guide the spearhead into the back of Kilamina's prostrate form. All was now ready. Babona braced his legs, tensed his shoulder muscles, and made one mighty upward thrust. The scream that pierced the night told of his success. Swiftly he withdrew the spear and dashed from beneath the hut into the bush.

The death shriek of Kilamina awakened his tribesmen; over his dead body they wailed their lamentations until dawn. Their curses reached the trembling form of Toma as she sat huddled in a corner of her hut facing a malevolently grinning, but silent, Babona.

At the tribal burial rites, as Kilamina's body lay strapped in its bamboo shroud before the elders of the village, Toma submissively took her place at the side of Babona. She had decorated her hair and put on her finest grass skirt. Daringly, not knowing what Babona would do in revenge, she took his bau-bau (bamboo smoking tube) out of his hands, filled her lungs with the cool smoke, then emptied them slowly as she took her last look at Kilamina.

VERY HELPFUL

Charles is one of those people who always try to look on the bright side of things. Well, one day he saw a little fellow weeping his eyes out, so he crossed over the road to see if he could help.

"And what's the matter?" he asked.

"Boo-oo," wept the youngster, pointing to a broken egg on the ground. "I threw that egg up in the air, but didn't catch it, boo-oo."

"Never mind," said Charles, cheerfully, "you'll 'catch it' when you get home."

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ACCOUNTS SECTION

(By Sgt. D. McAlear)

At the beginning of a New Year the Accounts Section resolved (as do most people) that this year would be the best for attendance, shoulders to the wheel and all pulling for the same end. We were all endorsing these resolutions to the last man, but on the 5th day of January, Fate stepped in and whisked away our Cpl. Rorke to the Military Hospital for an appendix (?) operation. Well, there went the biggest portion of our resolution number one, attendance. We record this in our section by size, not by days.

The section withstood this forceful blow and decided to carry on until the night of January 7, when we were informed that the following day we were to move over to the Control Tower Hangar. I never saw so many long drawn faces on the older members in my life. The newcomers thought it to be a day of recreation and considered it a respite from pushing on that old wheel. Little did they know that this was the third move for some of us and the fourth for others. By five o'clock the following day the thought had changed and we found that the load that day was far heavier than the ordinary day at work. The wheel was much bigger and heavier. Muscles not used by the weight of a pencil had come into play and by the end of the day resolution number two had vanished. Who the h— wanted to push a big wheel in the form of filing cabinets, files, lockers and heavy oak desks, when a pencil was so much easier? A number also broke their own resolutions, the kind you resolve so you won't make that embarrassing slip in language when on leave. We would like to know how to keep our last and only resolution. All we need to break this and some furniture is the order to move ONCE more. A noble suggestion was made by one of the boys, that we be given a battle crate with wheels and called "The Mobile Accounts Section," with a slogan "Catch up to us only on Pay Day."

Our new office is very nice (?). One can post ledgers, invoice or any other of the numerous jobs, to the hum of, well, we haven't quite figured out yet what tune those heaters give out. The lads are anxiously waiting summer time to catch fire-flies to help in the lighting of the office.

—The Cub Reporter or
—The Little Bear Behind

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SECTIONAL NEWS

TILL THE H. E.
DETONATES

Cast an eye and lend an ear good readers because just now the 13 "X" calliope is about to lead a parade of notes and phrases from "somewhere in Angus".

First of all, a word of gratitude for the privilege of sharing a few picas in the columns of "Wings Over Borden" during the past year. No better medium could be used than your interesting paper to extend "Season's Greetings" to all the boys at Borden—in view of the fact that we are nestled some six miles distant.

The Festive Season was officially ushered in at this Unit on the evening of December 19th, the occasion of our first Station Dance. The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Barrie Active Service Club gave their efforts and co-operation by providing dancing partners and chaperones, as well as working in unison with Sergeant Major Gore and his committee of workers. The Recreation Room and Airmen's Mess gave vent to a Christmas atmosphere with their gay decorations. Music was provided by a Wurlitzer machine and the 13 "X" Ensemble, a group of talented young musicians that would tempt Paul Whiteman or Guy Lombardo to leave their southern climes and start out for Angus on a scouting tour. The Social Evening also provided an opportunity for the personnel to wish Godspeed to Flying Officer E. V. Holtzman, recently posted overseas to an Explosives Course, and to Corporal Art Ballem who relinquished his stripes to re-muster as a Wireless Operator Air Gunner. Corporal Ballem was the recipient of a fine leather wallet in Air Force blue which contained "some contents".

A fine new hockey rink now graces the environs of 13 "X" and the boys have taken to hockey like one would hang onto an R. 76 (that's just a furlough form.) A bowling league has been organized and every Thursday evening sees the boys at the Barrie Bowling Academy trying their darndest to emulate the redoubtable Jimmy Smith. Harken now 'cause here's our feline with a few—

MEOWS FROM THE 13 "X"

ALLEY CAT

Trenton Instructor—"And where on the map do we find England?"

Corporal Wilson: "There isn't a such a country, Sir. England is just the southern part of Scotland!"

L.A.C. Guilmond—"If you had two yards of baratha, what would you do with it?"

L.A.C. Ozad—"Why I'd make a uniform and then wait for Green Orders."

Father Time—"And what did you do in 1941?"

Larry Crarey—"70 per and got pinched."

FAMOUS SAYINGS

Sgt. Major Gore—"When Sgt. Wall made this toast, he didn't want to set the world on fire—he only wanted to make a burnt offering."

Cpl. Cadham—"Between fictitious extensions of leave and a closed

M.T. SECTION

(By Cpl. Dalmadge)

Wings Over Borden's deadline is set and here we are caught napping again. Anyway, here goes for a few quips and what have you of M.T. happenings now that Christmas has passed and a glorious New Year is started on its way. We hope that Providence will be as good to us, or even better, than last year.

There were numerous happenings over the holiday season, some of them tragic, but most of them humorous. Here are a few incidents that might well make the guilty ones blush.

"Amapola" must have something really nice in Toronto. Oh, those reveille passes. Does she "Kiss the Boys Goodbye." Ab? At the same time I suggest that Ab get himself a map of Rosedale district in Toronto. Did you ever try burning your bridges behind you, Ab? You certainly can't cross the same bridge three times that way. We wonder where Larkin of Stores was "lurkin'" when he thought he was in Midland. An M.T. Cpl. rescued him from his dilemma. We wonder also if Cpl. Patrick sees those smoke signals still from around Caledonia.

We also would like to ask LAC Whittingstall if he drives much? Grilles are fairly expensive though. But never mind, Whitty, we've seen good drivers do that.

And now we have an airman who received deep purple jazz garters with bells on in a Christmas box. Are you going to wear them, Bruce?

Did you hear about the Cpl. who played Santa Claus at a rural schoolhouse nearby? Is that what love does to you, "Jitter?" Not mentioning any names, but who is it that likes the laundry run to Midland better than anything else?

Did you hear about the LAC who, after enjoying a scrumptious dinner at one of the local cafes in Barrie, suddenly remembered when he went to pay his bill that he had left his wallet in his other uniform? Rather embarrassing, wasn't it, R. J.? We notice he's wearing his watch again.

What happened at Orillia the other evening when three of the five Romeos returned by train instead of the car. Quite a hangover, wasn't it, Andy? And of course everyone in barracks would like to meet a certain Froggie's girl friend. Woo, Woo!

And now for a little bit of humor we've picked up here and there:

Said the draftee admiringly: Gee, Sarge, where did'ja get all them medals? Did'ja fight so many

tire market I'm sure fit to be tied."

Sgt. Scott—"Here's my contention boys . . ."

Cpt. Elliott (looking at his identification photo)—"What the hell am I, a cotton picker or an S.P.?"

And so until the next edition it's au revoir and may your troubles be as scant as a Sunday morn's Sick Parade.

—SGT. R. R. WALL

ON THE BAND STAND

With the advent of winter so vividly displayed, there is hardly a doubt as to the reason why we are not on the march as we would like to. However, every one should be assured that the boys of the band are still raring to go and will be on the march at the first opportunity. We have been deprived of our usual practice periods and many of us, of the Band, feel terribly let down. We realize, however, there is a good reason.

It seems only too evident that any Band, good or bad, must have practice and so we hope that it will be possible to resume our previous status, and continue on the way to bigger and better things with the Band.

Our B.M., L.A.C. Griffin, still wields his baton and if all goes well and we secure some co-operation, the Band will have some real treat in store for everyone. To anyone desiring to join our Band, we extend a special welcome and hope this New Year, 1942, will be a great one for all.

Your Band reporter,
—CPL. LANGDON, H. J.

wars?

Sergeant (proudly): These ain't war medals, I got them for gunnery.

Draftee (incredulous): They gave you medals for gunnery? Me they sent to the hospital.

Then there was the clever cat that ate cheese and breathed down the rat hole with baited breath.

1st Sparrow: "I hear Farmer Jones just bought one of those new fertilizer machines."

2nd Ditto: "How'd you find that out?"

1st Ditto: "Oh, you know how those things spread."

Overheard in the mess: Never was so little waited for, by so many, for so long.

1st Bloke: What's the difference between a barb wire fence and a woman's dress?

2nd Bloke: I dunno.

1st Bloke: It protects the property but doesn't obscure the scenery.

It seems strange, but every time that Wally goes on the L.P.O. run, there is lumber to be ordered Very, very strange.

One of our new M.T. drivers, Scott by name, should remember Beeton for quite some time to come. It seems that he was very lucky in a poultry sort of way. Ask him what it means, fellows, maybe he will talk turkey. At the same place, same time, "Amos" by name took up a new trade. If you have anything to auction off, fellows, see him or Clare, his horizontal pal. No argument, fellows.

Skates Sharpened

On New Model Machine
Lengthwise Method
FUN SKIINGWe have a full stock of all
that is required for good ski-
ing.

URRY BROS.

THE SPORTING GOODS
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BARRIE

.. MOTHERS PIN PILOTS' WINGS ON THEIR SONS ..

S/L Gutray Addresses Graduates; G/C Grandy Presents Pennant to B Flt.

Graduating slightly before completion of their training at this Station, members of the latest class of young pilots received their wings at colorful ceremonies at No. 1 Service Flying Training School, Camp Borden, Friday evening. Due to this fact, no commissions were announced, all the Leading Aircraftmen becoming Sergeant Pilots.

Three hundred relatives and friends who attended the ceremonies were entertained in the air-men's mess, Air Force Theatre, and at a dance in the large drill hall, with many guests from Barrie.

The commandant, Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E., welcomed the guests and congratulated the young graduates. The wings were presented by Squadron Leader Jos. L. Gutray, who recently came to Camp Borden as Chief Flying Instructor.

On invitation of Group Captain Grandy, the badges were pinned on their sons' breasts by twenty-two mothers and two fathers, and five sets of parents came to the presentation stand and were first to congratulate their sons. The number of mothers attending was unique.

Graduates Addressed

In addressing the graduates, Squadron Leader Gutray declared that they had every reason in the world to be proud of this evening. "This is their night; they have worked very hard over a considerable period and they have shown by their presence here that they are fully qualified to be pilots."

"Previous to this date, practically all the responsibility has been on the shoulders of your instructors, and now, after showing your ability to shoulder this responsibility, I would like to give you an insight into what a pilot's badge means. It means that you are fully at home flying an airplane according to the standards set by the Royal Canadian Air Force. As far as the R.C.A.F. is concerned, it does not stop there. You will be in charge of aircraft costing a considerable

CIVIES SORTIES

This corner is not as familiar without our old friend Bill Free hovering around. We understand Bill is not only recovering his old time pep but is acquiring a knowledge of diplomacy in dealing with the opposite sex. Hurry back to Borden, Bill, and pass along that knowledge before the C.W.A.A.F. arrive.

The civilians held their first meeting of 1942 in their Recreation Room on Thursday evening, January 8th. The main business was the election of officers and committees for the year. Almost all the 1941 slate was re-elected despite the fact that several had expressed a desire to retire. The following is the election results:

- President—Andy McKee.
- Sec'y-Treas.—Ralph Harper
- Business Committee—W. Hobson, R. J. Kelly and J. D. Milne.
- Games Committee — Tom Keeling, H. O'Neil, A. McKee and Art Kemp.

The retiring Secretary, J. D. Smart was tendered a vote of thanks for his services during his term of office. The president, in a brief speech, asked for better co-operation in keeping the club room clean and tidy. He also outlined the programme of events planned with the assistance of "Y" Director, Jim McClenaghan, which is destined to provide many interesting evenings.

We are glad to learn that our amiable issuer of cheques, Cpl. Ted Rorke has successfully undergone an appendectomy and is recuperating very nicely at the Camp Borden Military Hospital.

May it be understood by all and sundry, that your scribe pro-tem is pinch-hitting for Bill Free, whom we all miss so much. May he have a speedy recovery.

Let us begin this year by doing our various tasks not only well but cheerfully, thereby establishing a spirit which will be undaunted by reverses and which will assure a final and glorious victory.

—JIM SMART

amount of money and you will be held responsible.

"However, as pilots, your duty does not stop there; you are also concerned with the welfare and well-being of the men under you. Now you will be responsible for the men and aircraft of which you will be in charge. Regarding the ground crews, you must remember that in order that you may be able to fly, other people have to work and work hard—the men on the ground. These men have worked to keep the craft flying, and will keep it flying. Therefore, think of your ground crew; be sure they are being looked after.

"Godspeed and happy landing," he said in conclusion.

Group Captain Grandy added his congratulations and wished all the best of luck. He made the presentation of the pennant awarded monthly to the Flight making the best showing. It was awarded to Flight-Lieut. K. Krug of "B" Flight, which amassed 970 marks out of 1,000. The commandant also mentioned the names of three members of the Station who had won their bouts at Trenton Wednesday in an inter-station boxing tournament.

Personalities in Song Titles

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| There'll Be Some Changes Made | Equipment Section |
| You Walk By | Service Police |
| I'll Never Smile Again | Orderly Officer |
| What Do You Know, Joe | Trade Test Board |
| Winter Wonderland | Hangar Alley |
| Night and Day | Security Guard |
| It All Comes Back to Me Now | Mess Bills |
| You Do the Darndest Things | Medical Inspection |
| Once In a While | 48-Hour Passes |
| Deep In a Dream | Saturday Afternoon |
| Whispering | Rumours |
| Linger A While | Post Prandial Lassitude |
| You're Always on My Mind | Annual Leave |
| Beautiful Dreamer | Night Guard |
| I Can Dream, Can't I | Re-Mustering |
| Keeping Out of Mischief Now | Detention Graduates |
| Come All Ye Faithful | Duty Watch Parade |
| Taint What You Do | Promotions |
| Make Believe | Rum and Coke |
| We Shall Have Music | C.O.'s Inspection |
| If I Had the Wings of An Angel | Prospective Aircrew |
| Just An Echo | Stand In for Me, Will Yer? |
| I Hear a Rhapsody | Band Practice |
| I've Got My Eye on You | Supernumeraries |
| And the Angels Sing | Barrack Room Snores |
| Get Thee Behind Me Satan | Church Parade |
| You Are My Sunshine | Pay Parade |
| Home on the Range | Bingo! Missed It Again |
| Why Not Take All of Me | War Savings Certificates |
| I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now | No. 1 S.F.T.S. Takes Over |
| It Happened One Night | Where's My Late Pass |
| Shoot the Sherbet to Me, Herbert | Canteen Lullaby |
| Do You Ever Think of Me | D.A.P.S. |
| What Is This Thing | A.I.D. |
| Where Do I Go from You | Station Runners |
| I've Got You Under My Skin | Innoculations |
| Playmates | Barrie Nite-Owls |
| I Won't Tell a Soul | Just the A.P.M., Thassall! |
| I'll Follow You | Advance in Column of Route |
| I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen | Via the Link Trainer |
| How Come You Do Me Like You Do-Do-Do | The Pay Office |

DRIBBLES FROM DAWN FLIGHT

It has been some time since "D" Flight had an entry in Wings Over Borden. So to start the new year right your walking reporter decided to do something about it.

A lot has happened in the past month including the usual New Year's hangover. Two new F/O's have been born in our family. Congratulations are in order to F/O Leggatt and F/O Burden. We also have a new Sgt. but by the printing of the paper I expect his stripes will be wet. Speaking of being wet, sign off.

who was that certain rigger who had tooth trouble in a certain Cpl's back yard in Barrie on the night of Dec. 31. Sorry to see Cpl. Dombroski and L.A.C. Rice move over and join our next door neighbour but we welcome L.A.C. Jodoin and L.A.C. Vezina and hope they will like their new home here.

I was very happy to see definite progress being made on our hockey rinks. Hope to see you all out soon getting ready for some good competition from "D" flight in the hockey games. Well as a certain Cpl. says "This is the way we do it in British Columbia", I am going to

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Well, the holidays are all over, and it sure is an awful let down to have to buckle down to work again. It seems funny, but during the holidays everyone seemed very friendly, and passing even a perfect stranger in camp called for a "hello" or "hy'a fellow." I wonder if it wouldn't be a lot better and more pleasant if we all could carry that friendly feeling through the entire year, as, after all, it doesn't seem sensible to meet the same fellows day after day, and pass them as though they were strangers. While admitting that this is a big place and everyone can't be expected to know the other chap's first name, it would be very easy to at least nod or say hello and it is surprising how soon you'll feel that you actually know these chaps. It is particularly hard on new men coming from a Manning depot, as usually they don't know a soul here, and I know that you can spend a very lonely month until you get acquainted. So let's pretend that the holidays are still with us, and give any chap that you meet a friendly hello. It doesn't cost you anything and I know that you'll find that life will be a lot more pleasant for everyone. And now here is a little bit of nonsense, with apologies to Ed. Sullivan.

Stage Directions to 1942

Listen, Kid 1942, get this and get it right. You will enter stage centre through the red portals, and you can work on the front microphone . . . The band will give you eight bars of entrance music, so don't try to "milk" applause . . . Get to the mike before the band reaches the flourish . . . Don't start off your first introduction with any baby-talk . . . It's corny . . . Keep your stage-mother out of sight, or I'll break both her

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legs . . . We've had baby stars before in this house.

In the script they have written you in as a villain . . . Yeah, yeah, I know, you want to be a fairy prince . . . We'll, that's up to you . . . If you can win the audience over, well and good, but if you start ad-libbing, make it good.

How much time have you got? You're pencilled in for 365 days . . . That's long enough to do a great act . . . Oh, yes it is . . . I remember once we had a baby star who was a sensation, and he wowed them in less than 365 days . . . His name was 1918, and just before he closed he whipped out Armistice Day from a victory bouquet . . . All right, I don't expect you to do that . . . You're no magician . . . But you can do something to make the audience yell . . . Even that little stinker who just closed here, 1941, electrified us with the Commandos and the Hong Kong garrison.

Don't worry about the stage crew, they'll give you plenty of help . . . You've got Winston Churchill in charge back-stage and McNaughton is leader of the pit-band . . . They'll keep things moving along for you . . . And the crew back-stage is sensational . . . They're Yanks, and brother, when they go to work, they can knock "H" out of Hitler and Hirohito, and there is no stalling with Stalin . . . In case of a stage wait, call on the RAF, the Commandos, the Netherlanders or the U.S. Air Corps . . . Hold the Mediterranean fleet for a big finale around June.

The audience? Tough? Hell, no . . . You never played to such an audience in all your born days . . . It's funny, about a month ago, the audience was tough . . . Hecklers were driving them nuts, and "Mac" could hardly finish a single tune . . . But then they heard that a troupe of Jap acrobats were stealing bows at Pearl Harbour and Malaya and from then on, this audience got hot as a pistol . . . You never saw so many with the same idea in mind . . . They don't expect you to do miracles, kid, and they know you'll probably open slow, but when you come up with anything good, they'll tear the roof off . . . So don't be nervous.

What kind of make-up do you need? Well, you'll work in a strong spotlight, unless there's a blackout . . . If you're on stage when those sirens sound in Vancouver, just tell the audience not to worry or get panicky . . . Keep the show running . . . Tell them jokes . . . sing a song . . . do a jig . . . They won't walk out on you . . . They're Canucks, and that's a proud title to carry nowadays.

Billing? Don't talk like a small-time ham . . . I've plastered you on every calendar in big letters and the Postmaster General will stamp you on every letter . . . The banks are putting you on every cheque . . . And magazines won't skip an edition without mentioning you on the cover . . . And get this . . . this'll flatten you, because nobody ever thought of a stunt like this before . . . I've arranged for everybody in the country, while you're on, to have a birthday cake with you spelled out on top of it . . . Is that colossal . . . But remember this . . . Not even billing or build-up can sell a lousy act . . . It's up to you to deliver.

That buzzer you just heard was the 15 minute signal, kid . . . That

means that you better get ready. In ten minutes you'll get your 5 minute signal . . . You better leave your dressing room and go downstairs and wait in the wings for your entrance . . . Probably you'll start getting nervous then, and maybe you'll forget your lines, but that's natural . . . Once you're in the spotlight, it will all come back to you, because you come from a long line of performers . . . You've got savvy . . . Run out there when the portals open and start punching . . . Give them a quick flash of that silver lining . . . And if you lay an egg, 1943 will sweep it off the stage when he goes on . . . Go ahead, you're on.

This is all for now, but don't forget fellows, give the other lad a glad-hand. It won't cost you anything.

—L.A.C. J. B. McLEAN

SMILE

When the world seems dark and dreary
And nothing seems worth while,
Look your problems in the face,
Just lift your head and smile.

If old time friends forsake you
When you have spent your pile,
It goes to prove they were no good,
But lift your head and smile.

Mayhap you have, gone hungry,
Not ate for quite a while,
But you'll meet some good samaritan,
'ust lift your head and smile.

You may meet a poor old comrade
Whose fortune has been vile,
Just help him on his weary way
And he'll lift his head and smile.
Now when this war is over
And we've done our job in style,
We'll shake each other by the hand
And lift our heads and smile.

—Dad Parker

THE AMERICAN SPEAKS

For justice and for mercy
United now we stand
To protect, with other nations,
Our loved ones, homes and land.
For months we've watched the holocaust
That awful sweeping tide
But now we stand united
And fighting by their side.

We saw the suffering people—
All that was good and right,
Swept out with one foul gesture
Which left them only night.
We heard the children crying,
The aged in their pain,
But like their native countries
They fell to rise again.

With tyrant heel upon them
They dare not make a cry,
The day will come when as a man
They'll raise their protest high.
We'll hear their maddened voices
As from a mighty mob,
But now, beneath oppression
We hear a stifled sob.

We join you brave defenders,
The British, Russians, Dutch,
You have been standard bearers,
May we be classed as such?
With China, you have carried
The burdens all alone—
Now, America is ready
To share them as her own.

We shall gladly go the limit,
Our homes, our wealth, our men,
That hellish powers may vanish
And never rise again.
Then the world will stand united
On the ground where heroes trod,
While thanks of grateful people
Will gladly rise to God.

—EAB.

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.. BORDEN BOXERS TAKE HONORS AT TRENTON ..

No. 1 S.F.T.S. Boys Win Three Bouts by TKO; Lose Two Close Margin

(By F/O W. A. Beckett, M.C.)
 Granted the kind permission of Group Captain R. S. Grandy, OBE., our boxing team visited Trenton on the evening of the fourteenth to participate in a triangular contest of three teams: No. 5 I.T.S.; Trenton Station and Camp Borden. Before a good crowd, and patronized by Group Captain T. A. Lawrence, and the officers of the Trenton and Belleville Stations, our boys individually put up a fine performance winning three out of five bouts by the technical knockout route, and losing the remaining two bouts by a narrow margin.

The night's entertainment was opened by AC 2 Chevins of No. 5 I.T.S., and AC 2 Tremblay, of Camp Borden. It is hard to realize that two weeks ago Tremblay had never boxed before. He electrified the crowd by a smashing attack against his more experienced opponent, and by a series of straight left jabs and left and right hooks he soon had his man in distress. He never stopped his aggressive punching until the referee stopped the bout and awarded him the fight after a whirlwind minute and forty-five seconds. These boys fought at 125 lbs.

Our next member was LAC Stuart who was drawn against AC 2 Kain of No. 5 I.T.S., at 160 lbs. It was Stuart's first fight in public and the calm and skilful manner in which he proceeded to cut his opponent down was an eye-opener to the spectators. After a minute's fighting he shook his man with a straight left, then waded in with several body blows. After one min-

ute and thirty-five seconds he connected with a right hook that spun Kain around and sent him staggering against the ropes. To all it was apparent that Kain was out on his feet, but very courageously muttered he wanted to fight on. Referee Donovan, of Canadian fistic fame very correctly stopped the proceedings and awarded the fight to Stuart. Kain afterwards said he had never been hit so hard.

LAC Bolin, Trenton, and LAC Linwood, Camp Borden, 170 lbs., then took the squared ring. These experienced men fought cautiously with Bolin steadily gaining a lead on points. He had a smashing right cross that puzzled Linwood. It became obvious that Linwood's severe cold had weakened him. In fact he weighed in at 165 lbs. instead of the 170 at which the match was arranged. Bolin was clever and used his longer reach to great advantage, it was not until the last half minute of the bout that we saw Linwood coming into his own; by then it was too late, Bolin's right hand had won the fight.

The semi-finals brought Sgt. Ross, Camp Borden, and AC 2 Lawty, No. 5 I.T.S., together. In three rounds of rapid exchanges Ross forced a comfortable lead on points. Lawty, however, was very strong and came back for more. In the third round Ross unfortunately used the open glove, and strangely enough used it again after being warned by the referee. These slips on Ross' part cost him the fight.

In the finals at 147 lbs., the headliners, AC 2 Thompson, Trenton, who, by the way, is a noted boxer from California with a string of thirty wins to his credit, and AC 2 Keegan, Camp Borden, fairly brought down the house with a sparkling display. Clean fast punching, and clever countering marked the first round. Thompson had evidently not expected to meet such stiff opposition. Both boys brought forth many comments upon their splendid physical condition. Early in the second round Keegan flashed a right that opened up Thompson's sound defence, and quickly followed this up with three lightning lefts to the face. Thompson came back with two well placed body punches, then escaped a right cross that missed by a miracle. That near blow was so well executed that the crowd came to its feet with a roar. Keegan was now boxing superbly, bobbing and weaving he sought an opening and it came. Crack went a left hook and Thompson's right eye was slit. When the referee judged that the cut was too dangerous to allow Thompson to carry on, the whole audience groaned with dismay. The two rounds had been thrill packed,

MAINTENANCE Hangars A80, A15, A16

We, of the Maintenance Squadron, would like to take this opportunity to wish every one the best of luck in this New Year. We feel sure that this should be an eventful year and hope that our Squadron will be able to serve as well as we have in the past. 1942 has indeed come, and it has brought the usual frigidty with its first month, January. However, as we were only too glad to usher this New Year in, let us resolve to welcome all that it may bring and endeavour to make the best of it all. Our machines and personnel will be called upon to make great sacrifices throughout these wintry days but as we have done it in the past, it should be a "cinch" to do it again. Let us join in this resolution, that

each boy bringing the best out of the other, and everybody was tensely awaiting the third round which certainly promised fireworks. Thompson shared the disappointment of the crowd and very sportingly asked for a return bout, which we trust can be arranged when the Trenton team visits Camp Borden. Our team was capably handled by AC 2 Keegan, who has great qualities of patience and inspiration.

After kindly distributing the prizes Group Captain T. A. Lawrence personally complimented our boys on their display and sportsmanship. We were so well received and cared for that the team is anxious to visit Trenton again.

The evening's entertainment closed with a comedy bout of boxing cleverly put on by three old-time scrappers. One wore a brassiere and the fun was fast and furious, with kicking and tumbling and a grand finale effort in which the three contestants tore the clothes off the comic referee. A snappy wrestling bout followed and a good time was had by all. F/O Davis, Trenton, is to be complimented for a well organized meet.

we be of good cheer while endeavouring to bring Victory to our Cause.

A number of our personnel have secured a good start for the New Year as they have welcomed it with high hopes, having been promoted. Among the lucky ones are, Sgt. Maffey, L.A.C. Stephens R.C., L.A.C. Watts and L.A.C. Wathan M.W. Sgt. Maffey is now a F/Sgt. and the other three are now proud and enterprising corporals. These new promotions will surely add much to each of the individuals and above all, to the general well-being of our Maintenance Squadron. To all of these lucky fellows, we wish the best of luck and continued success.

While there is much I would like to add, I have to sign off for now as space is limited.

Your Maintenance Squadron reporter.

—CPL. LANGDON, H.J.

R.C.A.F. Theatre

COMING ATTRACTIONS

- Feb. 1—
 "Adventure in Washington"
 Herbert Marshall
 Virginia Bruce
- Feb. 2 and 3—
 "HOLD THAT GHOST"
 Abbott and Costello
- Feb. 4 and 5—
 "DUMBO"
 Walt Disney
- Feb. 6 and 7—
 "UNHOLY PARTNERS"
 Edward G. Robinson
 Edward Arnold
- Feb. 8—
 "FORCED LANDING"
 Richard Arlen
 Eva Gabor
- "WEST POINT WIDOW"
 Anne Shirley
 Richard Carlson
- Feb. 9-10—
 "HOLD BACK THE DAWN"
 Charles Boyer
 Olivia de Havilland
 Paulette Goddard
- Feb. 11-12—
 "LADIES IN RETIREMENT"
 Ida Lupino
 Louis Hayward
- Feb. 13-14—
 "CITIZEN KANE"
 Orson Welles
- Feb. 15—
 "WILD GEESE CALLING"
 Henry Fonda
 Joan Bennett

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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LOVELY GIRLS ENTERTAIN AT CAMP BORDEN



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, performed by professional cast at R.C.A.F. Theatre, Camp Borden, Jan. 16 and 17. Shown here are four versatile lovelies—Helen Bruce, Mildred Moray, Irene Hughes and Dorothy Merrall.

tainment, and featuring a presentation which runs the entire evening without a pause. The Follies runs right through its repertoire without the customary curtain intervals.

Heading the cast are ex-service men of the Great War who made names for themselves in revue and vaudeville, plus the addition of feminine musicians and dancers. The "Lifebuoy Follies" is among the first professional shows of its kind established and maintained for the sole purpose of serving up entertainment right in the camp or barracks.

Comedy highspot of the show is veteran comedian "Pat" Rafferty, who punctuates his songs and nonsense with an able exhibition of eccentric dancing. Mr. Rafferty will be remembered for his fine work with the First Division Entertainment Party during the Great War, and later with Canada's then famous "Dumbells", having previously served in the fighting forces in France for two years.

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Airmen Thoroughly Enjoy Streamlined "Lifebuoy Follies"

Jack McLaren's Lifebuoy Follies, produced by Lever Bros., Ltd., put on a grand show for the boys of No. 1 S.F.T.S. in the Station Theatre on Friday, January 16th, after the Wings Parade (graduation of Class 40 B.C.A.T.P.). It was thoroughly enjoyed by members of the Air Force and their friends.

Streamlined, like Canada's fighting forces, the Lifebuoy Follies thrilled the packed theatre with their cast of eight professional entertainers.

Two hours of fast-moving comedy, dance routines and songs left nothing to be desired. The show was repeated on Saturday evening to another jammed house.

Included in the cast were Harold Rich, musical director and master of ceremonies; J. W. McLaren, with the Dumbells for three years; Jim-my Devon, dance specialties; Sasha Dener, operatic tenor; Helen Bruce, coloratura soprano; Mildred Moray, comedienne; Dorothy Merrall, accordion player; Irene Hughes, dancer.

Fitting the modern tempo of Canada's mechanized Forces, the "Lifebuoy Follies" is a new type show running a full hundred and twenty minutes of fast-moving comedy, stream-lined dance routines and ri-

otous comedy and the logical modern counterpart of the old divisional concert party behind-the-lines shows of the last War.

With a smaller cast of eight professional entertainers, the "Follies" packs more into it than the older style revue and represents one of the first major efforts on the part of a Canadian business organization to present a compact unit of entertainers built around a show specially designed for the Army camp enter-

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