



Wings Over Borden

Vol. 4 No. 8

FEBRUARY 5, 1942

No. 1 S.F.T.S.

CAMP BORDEN, CANADA

No. 1 S.F.T.S. BOXERS DEFEAT R.C.O.C.

WIN FOUR OUT OF SIX BOUTS

Capably promoted by Mr. David Speyer, Knights of Columbus, a contest was staged on Thursday evening, 29th January, between the boxing teams of the R.C.O.C. and the R.C.A.F., Camp Borden. Encouraged by the patronage of Brigadier-General G. E. McCuaig, C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D., and officers of the R.C.O.C. and R.C.A.F., the contestants put forward their best efforts and many sparkling bouts resulted. The enthusiasm of the crowd was thoroughly maintained by the spirited displays and varied styles of these amateurs drawn from all parts of Canada, and one from Australia.

The evening's entertainment started with Pte. Smith gaining a verdict over Pte. Anderson, both of R.C.O.C. Then LAC Rowland cleverly smashed his way to victory over Pte. Dawson. We must see more of Rowland, who volunteered at the last moment to fill in the 135-lb. spot for us. AC2 McLeod, a hard-hitting man, won in the first round from Pte. Ashby. L-Cpl. Sanderlin, who is making a comeback, warded off the attacks of LAC Connors sufficiently well to gain a decision on points. Connors finished the stronger, but his last round rally came a little too late. When in condition he will be hard to beat in the light-heavy division. LAC Stewart met Pte. Macdonald. It was a slugfest for two and a half rounds, when Macdonald cried enough! Both men flung plenty of leather, wildly at times, and gave us action. Pte. McWilliams was too good for AC2 Langdale, who, by the way, was in the ring for the first time. He was substituting for Sgt. Ross, R.C.A.F., who failed to put in an appearance. AC2 Springsteel, a very promising novice, then fought Pte. Sutton. Showing a snappy left, he opened the way to a good win by steadily blocking all attacks by Sutton with a stiff left jab to the head. The bout went the distance and the crowd showed its appreciation of the sparkling rallies by goodly applause. Pte. Dambiski was a little too good for plucky Pte. Gallagher.

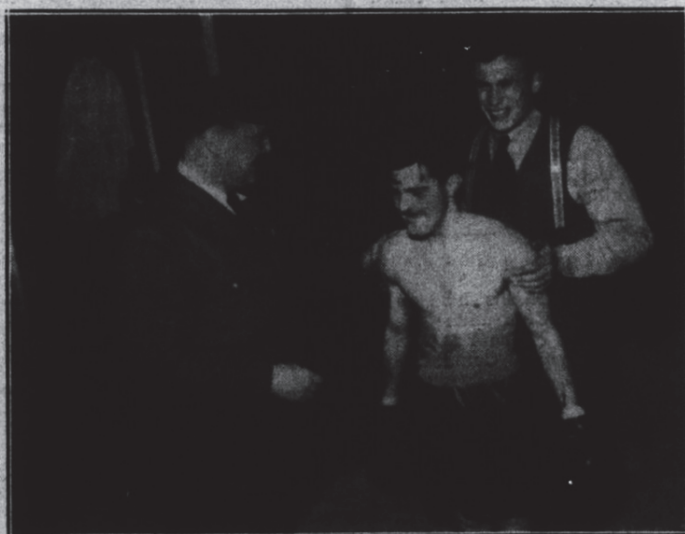
At the conclusion, Brigadier-General McCuaig spoke very encouragingly about the manly art of self-defence and the good sportsmanship it developed in the right class of man.

By winning four of the six bouts, our team is to be congratulated, and special mention must be made of those novices who took the places of members of our regulars away on leave, or in hospital. AC2 Kagan again managed our boys in his quiet, efficient manner.



SOME OF NO. 1 S.F.T.S. BOXING SQUAD

Left to right: LAC Stewart, LAC Linwood, AC2 Kagan, AC2 Langdale, LAC Harford.



AC2 Tremblay receiving congratulations of F/O Beckett, boxing coach, after his clever win at Trenton.

COIN FRANCAIS

Vous pensez peut-etre que ces folies hitleriennes ne peuvent aller bien loin? Detrompez-vous.

Le mythe de la superiorite raciale encercler maintenant le globe terrestre.

Les Japonnais en defiant leur empereur, se sont fanatises au degre que l'on sait, et Hitler, devenu le Saint-Esprit des Nazis, va noyer dans le sang, des millions de Chretiens, ce n'est pas pour s'en, que le sabre remplace le crucifix sur les autels.

Ce n'est pas pour les voisins que le Canada est en guerre, c'est pour sauver ses propres enfants et les institutions que vingt siecles de progres leur ont acquises. Opposons la Croix du Seigneur a la croix crochue que satan, pas son representant, essaie d'imposer sur le monde.

Ce n'est pas la quantite d'hommes et d'armes qui gagnera la guerre, mais la foi et la confiance en Dieu qui remporteront la victoire.

—EMILE TETREULT, AC1.

Flyers Trim Dents In Basketball 38-22

(By Tom McKay)

Friday evening January 23, the R.C.A.F. Flyers journeyed to the K. of C. Hall for the second league game of the Inter-Camp Basketball schedule, and defeated the Can. D.C. 38-22.

The first half proved to be a closely fought period, with the score at half-time being 15 to 9 for the Flyers. In the third quarter, the Dental Corps, with only six men, began to tire, and the Air Force's plays started to click with a smoother precision.

AC Grennon, tall centre, and F/Sgt. Crowe, forward, led the Air Force team with 10 points apiece. AC Hart with 9 points, Flying Officer Alexander with 6 points, Pilot Officer Bodrup with 2 and Flying Officer Thompson with 1, completed the scoring.

Corporal Newman, speedy forward of the Dents, proved to be the thorn in the side of the Air Force, scoring 10 points. Captain Singer with 8, Bottomly with 2, Simpson with 1 and Lieut. Shuken with 1, completed the scoring for the C.D.C.'s.

CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations are in order for Cpl. E. M. Rorke and his good wife. Yes, sir! A 9¼-lb. edition (or addition) was welcomed into the Rorke household by the stork on Monday, January 26. Mother and baby doing well; father slowly recovering.

Father has had a very trying time of late, complications having developed earlier in the Camp Borden Hospital. Pending appendectomy and addition(s), Rorke succeeded in getting out an edition. Hope you read the last copy. Nice going, Ted!



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TO THE EDITOR—

Sir: It is with great pleasure that I take my pen in hand, etc., to let you know how much we all have enjoyed your paper in the year just past. We know that you have put your heart in your work and with the results as they are we draw the conclusion that your heart is as large in comparison as the rest of your carcass.

We trust that you will return from your sojourn at home feeling better and with a broader viewpoint of the world and its troubles, not forgetting our own little petty grouches here at Borden. During the operation did the doctors say anything about you having an enlarged sense of humour?

May we mention here some of the prevalent grouches as heard in the corridors, lobbies and other intimate retreats of this our happy (?) home. We hope that anything we say will not be used against us.

First, as with any army, it's food. Occasionally we hear a moan about not getting breakfast. The persons moaning however are always the ones who leave the procedure of getting out of bed in the morning until about quarter past seven. They shake hands with the soap and towel and call it a bath, and then with their great-coats in one hand and an expectant look on their faces, they enter the mess hall about twenty-five minutes to eight . . . and expect breakfast. Well, the guys that are serving the food have only been out of bed for three or four hours; they have been standing over hot ranges, probably have gone without their own breakfasts in order that we may have ours on time, and when they shut down the grub line . . . we moan. Some of them are old soldiers who have seen Active Service when the privilege of having a good breakfast in a clean, quiet dining room was just a dream. Hard-tack and bully-beef was their menu . . . and not much of that. And so, fellows . . . we appeal to you . . . when you miss your breakfast, blame it on the guy responsible . . . YOURSELF.

Secondly: What's the good of moaning anyway? That never won a war yet. There are many things that go against the grain in this outfit. But what outfit is perfect? Did you ever work on a job where the bosses were all gentlemen, where everything was done just to please you, where there were no mistakes made? I believe

Congratulations

To Squadron Leader George Phillips and to Squadron Leader M. F. Badgley, on their recent promotions.

Those who missed the coming-out party must have felt just as "sore" as those who attended.

CORPORAL RORKE

Here's to our Editor, Corporal Rorke;

If he was as big when he came, we pity the stork.

But in spite of his size, which we know is enough,

When he gets down to business, he sure knows his stuff.

With little enough of the gang's co-operation,

He edits a paper . . . the joy of this station.

We've not got much time to comment on you, Ted,

So good luck and we'll always remember you as our YE ED.

and of course this is just a private opinion, that the chief moaners are those who never worked before in their lives and don't know the score yet. We worked on a construction job once, with a guy who we knew had never had any more than bread and black tea in his life and you should have heard him groan when the meals were not just cooked to suit his delicate palate. So . . . instead of wearing out the good nature of your friends by your complaints, take them to someone who gets paid for listening to them. After they are well aired they will probably shrink like poor cotton. There may be the possibility that you will shrink with them.

BINGO!

The Bingo Nights held in the Airmen's Club under the joint auspices of the Y.M.C.A. and the Civilian Committee have proven quite popular. Andy McKee and his committee and John Bampfield of the "Y" have done much to make these entertaining and successful. Bingo nights will be held each Monday and Thursday in the Club so there should be no dearth of entertainment.

Canada Speaks

For you, our Allies, one and all
From every part of this great earth,
We thank the God who gave you birth,
And you, will Canada salute.

Russia:

The stalwart men of the northern clime
Have shown resistance to the foe
Beyond our dreams; and now we know
A greater people shall survive.

Netherlands:

A little nation, great in power,
With men as brave as they are true,
Who to the end will see things through—
We know we can on you depend.

China:

You've borne the burden four long years
And now we share it side by side.
We'll carry on with you, with pride
Until God's peace again prevails.

Poland:

Your land beneath oppression's yoke
Will not stay down, but rise indeed
And live once more, your people freed
From slavery's chains and tyranny.

Norway:

Thank God for those who will not bow
Or cower to those who make them slaves,
Better to sleep in heroes' graves
Than live to serve some alien power.

Denmark:

You were not given a chance to speak
In protest. The aggressor came
And crushed you. You were not to blame,
And you are with us, that we know.

Czecho-Slovakia:

We share your sorrow, martyrs brave.
With courage rare you faced the foe,
And wait to strike a counter blow
When destiny bids you march on.

France:

We know the blame is not on you
But traitors, who within your gate
Betrayed you, and we hold no hate
But know that you are with us still.

Belgium:

When all is done and clouds of doubt
And error disappear, we'll know
You left us, feeling you were right,
And your decision we'll respect.

U.S.A.:

Great nation to the south, with you
We join our hands and hearts to stand
And free the world, to save our lands,
From powers that threaten to destroy.

Greece:

You faced the foe with valiant hearts
And though you fell, the time is near
When you will heed the summons clear
And Greece will rise to power again.

Central and South America:

Small nations of America
Who cherish freedom as we all
Your countries' flags shall never fall,
We make our pledge to stand with you.

Australia and New Zealand:

Our brothers in this Commonwealth
You've travelled far to do your part.
Let come what may, down in your hearts
You know our Empire shall survive.

Great Britain:

Our motherland, you've faced the test—
Your children in this far off land
Admire your pluck, and with you stand,
United in one common bond. —E.A.B.

POETRY

To climax this, our feeble attempt in the realms of free-lance writing we will now attempt a poem. But what to use for a subject? I think, Mr. Editor, with my humble apologies I will attempt one on yourself . . . any references

to characters living or dead being entirely accidental and without malice aforethought.

—"CHIC" ROBERT.

A long extinct "grandfather" fish was the ancestor of all back-boned animals, including man.

SEVEN SEAS

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

A FRIEND IN NEED

Always gold! It was the subject of every conversation where rugged men met at Rabaul. In the bar of the European, and in Ah Chee's oriental hotel, miners, bush-whackers, sea-faring men from all quarters of the world were discussing the exploits of the Big Six who had discovered the famous Edie Creek bonanza.

Bob Palmer, back from the rich find for further supplies and tools for his mates, opened his shirt and exposed a hairy burnt chest that told the tale of fierce suns and months of exposure. Next to his skin he carried a string of snake-skin bags, from whence he poured a stream of nuggets among the glasses on the bar counter. Small scraps of gold stones, calcined earth and pebbles streaked with the yellow veins of the precious metal.

Gold! Hands trembling with emotion stretched out to seize the samples and to pass them from one to another. Eyes shone with fanatical gleams, and who shall say what rapid plans passed through those eager minds as they saw this opportunity for sudden wealth, whatever hardship and suffering it might entail!

Happy and elated, Bob Palmer shouted for champagne and the party was on. Old-timers of Rabaul can recall the festivities that for three days rocked the town. Everything was on Bob. Fights, sudden partnerships, groups scurrying off in any kind of vessel that might make the five hundred miles between Rabaul and Salamaua on the mainland, recruiting for native carriers, the purchase of tools at any price asked—that's what Bob started when he first showed that inagnetical, alluring, compelling gold.

In the midst of this turmoil, absorbing the ever-changing scenes of men wild with gold fever, listening intently to all discussions of prospecting possibilities, learning much of native lore and the risks of passing through the country of the head-hunters, jotting down the names of the successful and their mining locations and studying the routes taken by those who had been massacred by the warlike natives, was Roy Steele.

Roy had landed by the recent boat from Queensland, enthralled by the chance of adventure and wealth at a stroke. Tall, athletic, good humored, he was not afraid of living and at all times being himself. He had no time for the petty vanities, conceits and struttings of those who, "dressed in a little brief authority," cluttered up the wheels of necessary quick action by their imbecilic officialdoms. He battled for and rapidly obtained his miner's license, his team of natives, the necessary equipment and food supplies, and started off to find a new field farther up the giant Kaindi Range than white man had been before, and where he felt it in his blood his fortune lay.

With him was his Australian cat-laughed and advised him not to tie dog, Bluey. Seasoned miners



Mamba and Wife

take the dog. Food was scarce, they said, and offered to wager that Bluey would provide a meal for himself, or more probably for his native carriers, before three months had passed. But Roy and Bluey were inseparable; he had raised her from puppyhood and was not going to leave her behind when he most needed her companionship and watchfulness.

The almost indescribable physical tortures and terrors suffered by Roy in the month that followed are epic. On and up through the formidable Edie Gorge, higher and higher, scrambling along the cliffs and crags with the aid of lawyer-vine ropes, against mist and rain, with feet slipping over the mossy, slimy foliage, Roy struggled along. Through the precipitous jungle, washing prospect after prospect, with small and varied success, on to the seven thousand foot level, ever pushing forward, never taking proper time for rest. Lured on by the traces of gold, Roy came at last to what he judged to be the out-crop of a vein. So near to success, he naively credited his native carriers with having as much enthusiasm, and as much incentive to withstand hunger and fatigue as he was generating within himself.

Then came trouble; the trail had been followed beyond the safety mark of his food supplies and his carriers dropped from exhaustion and disgust. They became afraid of this crazy white man who would suffer so much for, to them, the worthless little specks of money-stone. Truly, he had been a fool, but the insidious lure had conquered his reason, and his mind was filled with the monomania—even to the exclusion of his own safety. Worse was to follow; in the night ten of his natives deserted, taking with them all they could carry of his last provisions. Hardly sufficient was left for a two-day march for himself and the two remaining faithful boys; and they

were nine days away from the coast and calculable possible supplies. With blunt force the shafts of reason returned, and returning, smote him hard and fast and filled his heart with bitterness.

The irony of it all! There within reach of his goal he had driven his pick into colorful strata that promised the fulfillment of his expectations. Now, alas! he must face a starvation forced march, abandon all his gear, and admit defeat, unless in Salamaua he could find someone to believe his story and finance another attempt. Wherever he looked, black doubt loomed. His shotgun cartridges were finished, therefore his supply of pigeons cut off. There was a native village somewhere in the mountainous region, but he had not located it. Roy had encountered several inhabitants at a hailing distance, but at his approach they had uttered warning cries and fled into the bush. As a last resort to tempt the natives, Roy sent his boss-boy to the track where he had last seen them and told him to stick the remaining brand new steel axe into a tree. Perhaps they would give some vegetables in return, he hoped. That night Bluey had seven little puppies.

With a gesture of despair, Roy, next morning made the natives dig a hole for his picks and shovels, his wash pans and box of tools, and assisted them to fold his tent and bed into bundles. The bit of food was packed into an old rice bag and everything made ready for departure. Then, taking a spare bag, Roy went to Bluey's retreat in the grass on a mission of necessary cruelty. Patting her head he knelt to gather the grunting little mass at her side.

"It's hard luck, old gal; I shall have to drown them," he mutter-

ed, "we've got to leave, Bluey, and I have only three tins of condensed milk left . . . that should see you through as weak as you are, but the piccaninnies will have to go." He caressed her gently. Bluey put a paw on his bent knee and licked the lobe of his ear. Their eyes met; appeal was a sentient living action, still, but how eloquent! Entreaty in the dog, sympathy in the man; they were the victims of circumstances each out of their element, strangers in a hostile land. Roy put the puppies in the bag. Bluey lay down with her nose between her paws and whimpered as if in final protest.

"I suppose, if you could speak, old gal, you'd forgive me . . . however, he goes!"

"Mastah! Mastah!" The cry reverberated through the rocks, and, startled, Roy dropped his squirming bundle and seized his gun.

"Hello!" he answered cautiously. His boys came running towards him.

"Mastah! one feller bush kanaka want to buy 'im tomahawk. Him (Turn to page six, please)

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H FLIGHT

The loss of the efficiency pennant was something—but the O/C of the Flight, F/Lt Card, has let it be known that the pennant is only out on loan, for with the standard of the personnel in the above flight it can be recalled at very short notice. The sporting gang of the station would do well not to take this outpost hangar too cheaply in any of the events which are being held in the drill hall as we have the goods up here in all branches of the winter pastime and we intend to bring home the bacon.

We were sorry to lose F/O Thompson but we wish him a lot of luck in his new post. The replacement, P/O Lowe, suits us all as he is young and behind all the sporting ventures of this flight and he sure is throwing his weight around in regards to the ability of his gang.

The north country has always been regarded in the public mind as being tough. It must be so as Sudbury dumped one of her sons in our lap Monday morning after what must have been a terrific weekend. We don't know if he is broke but he is badly squashed—what do you say Ace? How about changing from horizontal to vertical. The beau brummel of the district is in our midst, so boys keep the phone numbers and addresses hidden. Chappie has been Toronto-bound too often lately. Open up, Chappie, let's know if you need any help. Orillia has been neglected lately. What's the matter, gang, no grass or no money? Did Kendall really fix his steering or did he fall asleep at the wheel? Digging his way out of the ditch at 3 a.m. is evidence or is it?

A rush of new N.C.O.s, Sgt. Waslyk, Cpl. Pigden and Cpl. Dikalakos, joined H Flight recently. This is the place to send them for a real Borden welcome and we hope they stay a long time. Sgt. McBurney is sporting a new identification disc on his wrist. Where was the Christmas tree located? More dope next issue.

—DAL.

Eyes generate tiny flashes of electricity which carry pictures to the brain via the optic nerve, according to Dr. R. J. Beitel, American Optical Co.



SECTIONAL NEWS

ON THE BAND STAND

TILL THE H.E. DETONATES

"Rest your brow sentry—it's only the 13 "X" reporter with a hasty entry for your Borden paper." Speaking of sentries reminds one of the story that goes somewhat thus:—

Sentry: "Halt—who goes there?"
Voice in the dark: "The cook, with doughnuts for breakfast."

Sentry: "Pass, cook. Halt—doughnuts."

To Flight Lieutenant R. E. Millett, our new C.O., a word of welcome and a pledge to give him our best in all spheres of effort. Flight Lieutenant Millett reported to this Unit on January 19th to assume command, Squadron Leader Shiles having been posted to Air Headquarters, Ottawa.

The 13 "X" Bombers made an auspicious entry into the local sports circle by defeating the Camp Borden Military Hospital hockey team to the tune of 12-0 in their opening C.B.H.L. fixture, Wednesday, January 28th. It was hard to pick any outstanding star as all the boys just "clicked" in unison and their showing in general brought plaudits from the large crowd of rooters. The medicos brought forth a quartet of bouncing defencemen but they just couldn't stop our 13 "X" comets. In a second league fixture played here on the same evening, the R.C.A.M.C. (T.C.) club defeated the Borden Flyers 4-2. Better luck next time Bordenites—unless it's 13 "X".

Coming to flies instead of flyers they tell us that a fly and her daughter were taking a stroll over the head of a man who was quite bald: "How things do change," said Mrs. Fly, "When I was your age, this was just a foot path." Sgt. Walsh and Cpl. Dynes claim they would rather protect birds than flies for the simple reason that the dove brings peace and the Stork brings tax exemption. This bird business should not prevent the Sr. N.C.O.s from saying "Some Turkey—some neck" in the King James version after having garnished the former C.O.'s turkey in error.

Closing with a little poetry, we could dedicate this one, quite appropriately, to Sergeant Major Gore:

"I'm through with women,
They cheat and they lie,
They prey on us males
Until we near die,
They tease and torment us,
And drive us to sin,
Sa—ay who is that blonde
that just walked in?"

—SGT. R. R. WALL.

CUES FROM STATION HDQS.

Hello gang, and greetings friends. Many changes have taken place since our last epistle, but as we are again caught by the deadline, don't expect too much.

Three of our well known officers have taken their departure from our pleasant station. F/Lt Douglass, F/Lt Sharpe, F/Lt Caulfeild and F/Lt Province. To these officers we extend our well wishes for a pleasant future. A few of the lads from the orderly room have also left for greener fields. Cpl. Hammond all done headed for Washington, LePage, Murphy and Wedder have departed to a place where their services are most required and even Rolph the Dauntless has left our little family for the broad expanses of Works and Buildings. Curley Caswell is now assisting with the Ground Instructing of our Aircrew, mostly ground trips to Barrie. All we can say to these fellows is the best of luck, and keep 'em flying.

Who is the great Lochinvar of the Orderly Room, who according to various reports is having trouble with the weaker sex. I believe it happened like this. He—taking a certain girl to the dance and being a gentleman—was having a wonderful time till opposition arose in the form of JATP course No. 40. After this things changed and it finally ended up by Course 40 going out to look at the stars accompanied of course, but not by Lochinvar. Oh no, Loch went home, saying to himself never again, never again. (Jeannie with the light brown hair.)

Have you noticed D.R.O.s lately. What? Didn't you notice Notices carried "Pictures Tonight—Gold Rush Maisie" for five nights in a row. Kay's gone to Pickering to become another member of our great civilian army and Herb is acting not unlike any other fellow in his condition—leaving doors open, forgetting where he left his coat, bumping into people and writing one letter a day every day in the week.

Another Kay breaks into print at this point. Flight Crowe's Kay, more popularly known as the "red head." All we've heard since a week before the last big dance was Kay this, Kay that, letter from Kay, picture of Kay and even O-Kay (Wheeww). It will be a great day when the CWAAF trek into camp. Maybe these fellows will forget the old girls in Toronto, Barrie, Pickering and Beeton and concentrate on the subject in hand. (Even if we

Great anxiety was felt by the boys of the Band of late, as there was a feeling that an end had come to our activities. However, this was not so, despite all that had happened. Instead of a cessation of activities, there is a new desire to advance to higher heights. We have had to reorganize a bit, and, if all goes well, the Band will again march.

We have not secured as much support as we would like to, but still believe we should have success in doing so if we resolve to continue and give further proof of our ability to render a great service. Our Band Master, LAC Griffin, along with every member, seems intent on giving some further demonstration of our desire to enliven our Station in a musical way. We are hoping that all will go well and that the co-operation we need will be secured. Our Captain, S/L Badgley, has again demonstrated his willingness to help, and we sincerely hope that his efforts will not be in vain.

We have secured a number of new members but are still in need of more. On this account, we appeal again to those of you who would like to join us while we serve in a musical way.

Signing off for now.

Your Band Reporter,

CPL. LANGDON, H.J.

are in Bella Bella we can concentrate on some Indians.) More work will be accomplished, I'm thinking. Davis, thinking of pastry and charging False Dockets out to R.E. No. 92½ Beeton, Carley packing cordite in his DRO's. Lou referring everyone with the letter K in their name to the Toronto Daily Star instead of to KR (Air) or Command Instructions, Edwards calling every stranger Bill; see what I mean.

That is about all the late flashes for now—if anything drastic turns up we'll see that it is published in your local newspaper, even if it is Mice Gibson's pine tree bugle. And remember fellows, if any transfers come in we'll let you know after the rest of the Station have bid you adieu.

—WING.

Mark Was Moving

One day Mark Twain arrived in a Canadian hotel, and glancing over the register, took note of the signature of the last arrival:

"Baron—and valet."
Twain signed, and when the clerk looked at the register, this met his eye:

"Mark Twain and Valise."

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There is great evidence that men of our Squadron are in constant demand everywhere. We are nappy of this fact as it proves that we have men of high quality. However, even though we agree with this choice of quality, we are sorry, as so many of our outstanding men have been called away. We realize, too, that wherever our men may go, they will perform their tasks well. The training they have received here should contribute much to their ability to serve in this, our greatest hour.

Among the ones recently selected for duty in the various theatres of operations are Cpl. Jarrett, W.K., LAC Lumsden, LAC Dolby, LAC Le Page, P. LAC Bourgeois, LAC Emery, LAC Kirk and a number of others. That these boys have served well is needless to say, as those of you who knew them will surely agree. Let us join in the wish that they have Good Luck wherever they may go and trust that they may be spared to perform their duty to this, our great country and Empire. Those of us who are left behind must continue in our effort to maintain the high standard of workmanship which our comrades have helped us to establish.

Due to the changing tendency of

SECTIONAL NEWS

our Wintery weather, much flying time has been lost and this is causing many unpleasant circumstances. However, as the job we are doing is imperative, there is little one can do but resolve to carry on despite whatever the sacrifice may be.

Although there is much ink and paper left, I'll have to sign off for now so that there might be space left for the writings of our Intelligentsia.

Your Maintenance Squadron
Reporter,
CPL. LANGDON, H.J.

CIVIES SORTIES

(By J. D. Smart)

Much fun is being derived from those quiz contests sponsored by the Y.M.C.A. Even the most familiar facts have a way of escaping one's cranium, causing answers in the howler class.

Bingo has been quite popular lately. We understand games will be played Monday and Thursday nights.

We wonder who was the individual who when approaching the serving table in the men's mess, was asked if he would have hamburger or cold beef. He immediately yelled "bingo!" Yes, it gets you in time.

We expect the civies will have two bowling teams. A workout one evening recently showed some very good bowling and a hot game or two was played. The beginning was hot, but the final score was hurriedly removed. Someone explained the let down by suggesting that the heat of the first game warped the alley. We know it limbered some rusty muscles.

Your scribe would appreciate any news items which might prove of general interest. Just jot down your items and let us have them early.

'Tis said some of the batmen are well versed in history, particularly concerning wars. While on the subject, one of the boys confessed that he was a great admirer of Mary Queen of Scots.

TWIXT DARK AND DAWN

(With apologies to Burns and Scalds, the Mess Hall Twins)

Great pals were Jim and Robert, Who catered in the mess; They worked their shift together Be it said with great success.

One evening in December, When the sky was dull and drear, Jim said to Bob, "Let's hie us To the club and have a beer."

There they sat and talked and quaffed

Whilst loudly blowing foam; Jim told Bob of the grain he grew And the mines he used to own.

The night comes on so swiftly While the past you are disclosing, And before the pals quite realized 'Twas past the time for closing.

They then arose unsteadily, Said Bob "Hic! Gosh, you're tight." Said Jim, "You little glow worm. You need 'nd fly your kite"

Thus they ambled to their quarters Amid the dead of night:

Bob clamouring that Jim was wrong,

While Jim stuck up for right.

They stumbled in the threshold, Bob falling o'er a chair; Jim sat upon a steam pipe And raised a blister there.

Regardless of the sleeping men They at each other railed, Until the waking hut guard warned "I'll have you night hawks jailed"

The buddies now were fighting. Jim pushed Bob in the eye; Bob cried and said "I'll bust your teeth,

If I can reach that high."

The sleepers now awakened, Yelled "Have that nonsense stop." The guard replied, "don't worry, I've already called the cop."

The S.P. took each by the arm And said, "When on the loose, The best place for you two birds Is in the calaboose."

Our little scene now changes To the hour of early morn, And we find the buddies sleeping Upon a wooden form.

At last Bob stirs and rubs his eyes, His head seems full of stars; He wonders if he's Superman, Or from whence came those bars.

O Jim! he cries, "where are we?" Where is this place? and you" Jim answered "by St. Patrick, We must be in the zoo."

Jim sat up and felt his eye, And said "for Betsy's sake, Someone has let the monkeys out, And we're captured by mistake."

"I wonder where we were last night; I remember some commotion; By the way the bed is heaving We must be on the ocean.

"There's something stinging in my eye; I need a hunk of beef. If we haven't been torpedoed, We must be on a reef."

The pals are now back in the mess, Where Jim made this oration: "I'll never take another drink While Borden. is a station."

**HONEY FROM
THE BEEHIVE**

Congratulations are in order to "B" Flight on the winning of the Pennant for the most Efficient Flight. This indicates a fine spirit of co-operation among the personnel of the Flight. Particular credit should be awarded to Sgt. Baker and Cpl. Turner for their hard work and ultimate reward.

They, with the co-operation of the personnel, have developed a fine spirit in the flight and it is a gratifying experience to become associated with them just at the time of their winning the pennant.

The Flight Commander and instructors are quite pleased with the sharp point on the upper end of the Pennant staff. They have the thought in their minds of using it, to good effect, when certain of the student pilots start dreaming of night before instead of making the correct approach to the runway.

—J. G. HARRIS, F/SGT.

A letter received from Lloyd Smith, who is now with the 414th Squadron somewhere in England, reveals a lot of interesting news. Apparently the fact that there is a war on does not stop the boys from having a good time in their spare moments.

The Australian wheat crop for the 1941-42 season is estimated at approximately 158,000,000 bushels, compared with 83,300,000 bushels in 1940-41.

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COMING ATTRACTIONS

Feb. 9-10—

**"HOLD BACK THE
DAWN"**

Charles Boyer
Olivia de Havilland
Paulette Goddard

Feb. 11-12—

**"THEY DARE NOT
LOVE"**

Martha Scott,
George Brent

Feb. 13-14—

"CITIZEN KANE"
Orson Welles

Feb. 15—

'WILD GEESE CALLING'
Henry Fonda
Joan Bennett

Feb. 16-17—

**"LADIES IN
RETIREMENT"**

Ida Lupino
Louis Hayward

Feb. 18-19—

"SMILIN' THROUGH"
Jeanette MacDonald,
Gene Raymond,
Brian Aherne

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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British munition makers use spider webs as hair-lines in gun sights and periscopes.

A FRIEND IN NEED

(Continued from page three)

got plenty kou-kou (sweet potatoes)."

In a whirl of amazement and speculation, Roy strode off to meet the unexpected. As he turned his back, Bluey picked up her young out of the bag and stole artfully away.

Here at the last conceivable moment, against all probability, a native was offering food for a tomahawk similar to the one Roy had left in a tree as bait. Within the framework of possibility he could picture food for all, another chance to reach his objective, and perhaps carriers for his gear. What an opportunity! Before him stood a native and his wife. She was loaded, native fashion, with the produce for the bartering and carried the heavy weight of kou-kou in a vine-string bag on her back suspended by a band around her forehead. By pantomime, pidgin talk and voluble assistance from his own boys, Roy tried to bargain; the native wanted a tomahawk and Roy hadn't one left to trade. The native, Mamba, turned away and his wife followed him down the track. Going was Roy's last chance, and he was helpless! The path led past Bluey's nursery and as Mamba and his wife went by she flew out and protested loudly against the intrusion. Frightened, the native woman dropped her bag and screamed. Mamba struck her sharply, whereupon she recovered rapidly and hid her face.

A dog, a pig, a wife, which is the more important in the psychological make-up of the New Guinean? A dog will hunt the wild pigs, the pigs will buy a wife. Roy knew the value of a white man's dog to a native down at the coast, but in the interior where the natives had

H.Q. NAVAL OPERATIONS

At 1800 hrs., four airmen assembled at H.M. government stores (liquid). There four vessels were launched, one airman in charge of each vessel. Orders—to dispose of ballast (liquid) carried in vessels.

1st AC, hailing from the "Sault," in charge of H.M.S. "Sherry," disposed of ballast in record time. Operation affected nervous system of AC1, who was found giving forth realistic wolf howls at Latitude X' by Longitude Y

2nd vessel, H.M.S. "Gin Rickey," in charge of corporal from N.B., who completed operation, but respiratory system of Cpl. collapsed and he was found unconscious, with anchor embedded firmly on rough bottom.

3rd vessel, H.M.S. "Old Mull," in charge of an LAC from "Bras D'Or," was completely successful in losing ballast, but was overcome with emotion; when last seen was bearing due east, a herring clenched firmly between his teeth, dragging a codfish head along behind him.

4th vessel, H.M.S. "Cherry," in charge of corporal from "Barrie," who had some difficulty in disposing of ballast. Compass would not behave, several readings of stars were taken; when last seen Cpl. said he would try an instrument take-off under the hood, a difficult feat at best, but incredibly spectacular when performed in Woolworth's store.

However, all commanders reached port intact, and will be ready to sail again after having barnacles scraped off.

never seen a white man before, he never anticipated a market. With fierce hope in his eyes, he showed the puppies. Instantly the woman uttered the delighted cries of her sex on perceiving the young of any kind. Excitedly she babbled to her man. Roy watched the comedy, and to him trickled a big idea. He conveyed his willingness to give the puppies in exchange for food. He furthermore made the bushman understand that it would be one moon before the puppies could leave their mother. They must bring him food each day for that period as payment. Mamba jumped at the proposition. The following day they appeared with the chief of their village, loaded with yams, kou-kou, taro and sago. Bluey's offerings were inspected and praised with many weird ejaculations, and after receiving a small present of tobacco, they departed. This performance was repeated for five weeks, terminating with the gift of a pig. Roy stripped and smoked the young boar and packed the dried meat preparatory for his journey to the coast.

The extra month's prospecting had been sufficient. Fate tinkled with each pan that he washed. The scratching of golden pellets, the sweetest music on earth to a prospector. "Gold!" he cried to himself in a hoarse whisper, "Gold!"

Back at Salamaus, Roy filed his claim with the Warden, and grasping the precious document he left the small office with Bluey at his heels. The Warden chipped him: "That your mongrel, Roy?" "She is!" was the proud reply.

PHOOEY!



LAC Stewart stops AC2 Kain at Trenton.

"Strike a light! Couldn't you find yourself something better than that?"

"No-oo!" drawled Roy, "guess she'll do me!"

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Y.M.C.A. SERVICES

BY JIM McCLENAGHAN, DIRECTOR

We welcome to the station one John M. Bampffield, who hails from St. Catharines and who is now attached to the Y.M.C.A. War Services. During the short time he has been here he has made a host of friends. More power to you, John.

This station is indeed fortunate in having P/O William ("Bill") Bodrug, ex-Varsity and Simpson Grads' basketball star as P.T. and Drill Officer. Bill was with Y.M.C.A. War Services at Uplands Station before coming to Borden. He takes the odd "busman's holiday" to play for and coach the Station basketball team.

The station volleyball team, under F/L J. R. Clark, has had its ups and downs. We defeated the 6th Field Ambulance, 3 games to 0, but "allowed" the Can. Dental Corps to take 2 out of 3 from us. With more practice, however, the Flyers should not experience any difficulty with local opposition.

The Station leagues got off to a fair start last week. Results of the various competitions are recorded elsewhere. It is important that all

units concerned do all in their power to see that the schedules are carried out and have as many men participating as possible. Fun for all and all for fun.

Now that most of the interior (building) decorating has been more or less finished in the Airmen's Club and canteen, we will again welcome Mrs. Brown and her committee of our sister organization—the Y.W.C.A.—each Sunday afternoon. The Station greatly appreciates the fine service rendered by the Y.W.C.A. in serving airmen and their friends tea, coffee and cookies every Sunday. Drop in, friend "Newcomer," and make yourself to home!

Dance ?

Why certainly! Every Monday evening at the Active Service Club and Canteen, 45 Toronto St., Barrie. Their live-wire committee have arranged to provide dancing partners and excellent music. Dance from 8.00 p.m.-11.00 p.m. No charge made.

How About a "48" ?

If you are at a loss for some place to go on your next 48, drop into the "Y" office. We have a

STATION SPORTS

VOLLEYBALL LEAGUE

Results for January 26 to 29.

Main A80	3 G.I.S.	3
Main A15	3 A Flight	0
Main A16	3 F Flight	0
Sqdn. H.Q.	Meds and S.P.	0
and Accts.	3 C Flight	0
Workshops	3 D Flight	0
	M.T.	0

BASKETBALL RESULTS

Workshops	26 E Flight	10
Security Guard	30 D Flight	23
G.I.S.	30 "C" Flight	7
"H" Flight defaulted to Main A80.		
Main A16 defaulted to Main A15.		

BADMINTON LEAGUE

Team standing to date.

"A" Group	Won	Lost
Sqdn. H.Q. & Accts. (A)	8	0
A Flight	6	2
Link Trainer (A)	6	2
Sqdn. H.Q. & Accts. (B)	5	3
H Flight	5	3
C Flight	4	4
Main A16	3	5
G Flight (A)	3	5
H.Q. & Fire	0	8
Main A80	0	8
"B" Group	Won	Lost
Main A15	8	0
"F" Flight	5	3
Security Guard	4	4
Dentals	4	4
Link Trainer (B)	4	4
Equipment	3	5
G.I.S.	2	6
Workshops	2	6
"G" Flight (B)	0	8
"B" Flight	0	8

*Defaulted two sets.

list of several excellent homes where airmen are made extremely welcome (gratis) and where entertainment in the realm of skiing, skating, dancing, etc., is available. You are invited to make this club your home while away from home. Open every day and evening.

A large library of phonograph records which is this "Y" worker's proudest possession, is constantly loaned out by him to any troops possessing a machine on which to play them.

POST NOTES

A few discrepancies have been observed when personnel of this station call for their mail at the Post Office.

1. A large number do not carry proper identification. Post Office rules are: Proper identification must be produced when calling for registered letters, parcels and the cashing of money orders and postal notes.

2. The Post Office will move to larger quarters in the near future and a General Delivery system for the giving out of all mail matter will be installed for all personnel of this station below the rank of sergeant.

We also ask for the cooperation of everyone in order that we may give efficient service.

—C. E. COLLARD, Cpl.
N.C.O. c/o M.P.O. 210
R.C.A.F., Camp Borden.

On Becoming a Father

Our hero staggered from his sick bed to the laboratory and gazed conjecturingly at his vermiform appendix dangling in a jar of alcohol. "To think that was once a part of me," he muttered reflectively.

The Medical Officer, for once, was sympathetic. He led our hero away gently by the hand from the ghastly sight and begged him to take a year's sick leave. But our hero was built of stern stuff. His path of patriotism lay before him—he was to become the father of a Canadian, and soon! Summoning up his remaining strength he beat a track to the hospital door. "You are just in time," the surgeon said, "take a seat." "But . . . but . . ." stammered our hero. "Take it easy," said the surgeon, "we haven't lost a father yet!"

Gropingly, blindly, our hero swayed from wall to wall in the waiting room. His face was wan, his eyes were sunk in black halos, but he suffered mutely, bravely! "Oh look!" said the pretty nurse, dashing forward with noisy bundle, "nine and a half pounds, and it's a BOY!" Jolted out of his Gethsemane our hero saw the bright lights of heaven, then collapsed.

Later, resuscitated, among friends, with a large glass of sarsaparilla and a bit of arrowroot in his hand, he told of his past agony. As the potent drink soothed him he sought out his eyes. "Say!" he said, "if any of the fellows let you down for Thursday night's scrap at the R.C.O.C., do you think you could have MY boy ready in time?"

Congratulations, Cpl. and Mrs. Rorke. Long life and many of 'em!

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COMICS

Feb. 14th

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BILLBOARD ★ BITS ★

It would seem that the loss of the inspiring presence of our editor, Ted (Appendixless) Rorke, is being felt by all and sundry, as writing seems very difficult these days. I'm afraid that all that I can do is review some of the coming attractions, so here they are:

Hold That Ghost. Lou Abbott and Bud Costello get involved in a haunted house and the results make for one of this pair's zaniest pictures. If you're an Abbott and Costello fan, don't miss this laugh-feast.

Dumbo. That master of phantasy, Walt Disney, has produced one of his finest in the story of an ugly elephant who is shunned by his fellows until he discovers that he can fly. Watch closely and you'll see several well-known characters caricatured, and I'm sure you'll spend a really enjoyable evening with "Dumbo."

Forced Landing. Richard Arlen is featured in a better than average picture concerning jungle flying and showing one of the most exciting air battles ever filmed. This show should appeal to everyone in camp, so don't miss it.

Hold Back the Dawn. Charles Boyer and Olivia deHaviland are co-starred in one of the finest films ever to come out of Hollywood. Boyer as an emigre and Olivia as an innocent school teacher whom he uses to crash his way into the States, give one of the finest performances that I have ever seen. Don't miss this one.

Ladies in Retirement. In spite of the fact that this is a rather morbid affair, there are a surprising amount of laughs, and the story itself will grip you until the curtain falls. Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward carry this picture, assisted by a marvellous supporting cast. Worth seeing.

Citizen Kane. In his first picture, Orson Welles disappoints a few and pleases the majority, in the story of a fabulous figure of the newspaper world and his rise and fall. Welles directed, produced and stars in this picture, and, even if you don't enjoy the story, the novel twist that the story takes will keep you interested.

This is all for now, as Jim McClenaghan has taken Rorke's place in hounding me for copy, so I gotta go, but there will be lots more stage shows like the last one we had, so watch the billboards.

—LAC J. B. McLEAN.

Radios and phonographs left behind by residents of a coast town who are moving to other districts have been collected from the owners by a Y.M.C.A. supervisor and distributed among the isolated military units in the neighborhood.

Needle-Ball Airspeed

(By F/O N. G. Bray)

Pilots under training are preparing themselves to undertake heavy responsibilities, therefore it is necessary for them to realize that while both ground and air training are essential, yet the ground training given to them only forms a necessary background to practical work in the air.

Their ground work will be closely supervised by capable instructors, but since their flying instructors cannot always accompany them in the air, they must learn to rely on their own efforts to become responsible and fully capable pilots.

Every pilot under instruction must realize that it is his duty to make the best possible use of every minute he spends in the air. The pilot should not begin with the idea of delaying his attention to instrument flying until the time comes for his final test. Instrument Flying is not to be thought of as a special branch of flying, but should be practiced on every possible occasion when circumstances permit.

Under conditions of normal visibility, a pilot controls his aircraft by responding to his sensory reaction. Sight, by far the most important guide, is coupled with his sense of balance and certain muscular sensations which result from shifting of bodily weight. Under instrument flying conditions the pilot must depend upon correct and accurate readings of the instruments on the panel in front of him.

Instructing student-pilots in the proper use of instruments for flying is, of course, the particular function of the Link Trainer. The Link is very sensitive on the controls because one of the major fault-tendencies with pilots learning to fly by instruments is over-controlling. It permits the careful, correct acquirement of each detail necessary for the fine degree of coordination coupled to correct method which results in accurate technique or style.

The personality factor also enters into the success of both the student and the instructor in teaching Link Trainer work. The instructor must put forth his best effort, so as to enable him to understand his pupil better and so be able to get the best work out of him. The intellectual ability, personality and physical state of both instructor and the pupil enter into

this phase of instructing and to understand his individual pupil the instructor must try and understand the pupil's attitude toward the instructor and build up that it leads in a favorable direction. We all know that personalities differ greatly and that some personalities differ in such ways that they are sometimes considered incompatible. This may not be the case if we have a more thorough understanding of personalities.

Personality can be said to be the sum total of one's attitude tendencies and will determine how one will think and act, in the various situations in life in which one finds himself. A good manager is one who understands personalities and that is why he is able to get the best out of those under him. In the same way, a good instructor must not only be able to understand the subject which he is teaching, but he must study the personality of his pupil and suit his instruction methods to his particular pupil's personality.

We inherit certain personality trends and these trends are developed by what we experience in life. Our pupils all have different personality trends and it is necessary for us as instructors to study their individual personalities and mould them to the tradition of the R.C.A.F.

THE PEARLY GATES

A Guard knocked at the Pearly Gates, His face was scarred and old, He stood before the man of Fate, For admission to the fold.

"What have you done?" St. Peter said, "To gain admission here?" "I've been on Security Guard, Sir, For many and many a year."

The Pearly Gates swung open wide, As St. Peter touched the bell, "Come in," he said, "and choose your harp, 'You've had your taste of H—'" —AC2 SPRINGSTEEL.

Rayon has replaced cotton cords in airliner tires.

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PILOT PHILIPS AND PHLOPS

The folks around Edenvale are still wondering why an aircraft descended out of the blue winter sky so rapidly and landed on the Edenvale Airport on Sunday last. Upon enquiry it was found that the aircraft had encountered alternate high winds and heavy atmosphere. To save the craft and the lives of its occupants, the pilot sat down while the gust passed.