



Wings Over Borden

Vol. 4 No. 9

MARCH 2, 1942

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

BOXERS QUALIFY FOR BORDEN FINALS

FLYERS QUALIFY FOUR BOXERS

At the preliminaries for Camp Borden Boxing Championships held in the Army Area on Tuesday, Mar. 3, four R.C.A.F. boxers qualified for the finals which are billed for Tuesday, March 17.

In the 135-lb. Class, LAC Rowland (Workshops) defeated Pte. Condration of A-11 I.T.C. in a bout marked with a lot of action. Despite the longer reach advantage of the Army man, Rowland had his man in difficulty many times. Rowland will meet Pte. Descenze of the R.C.A.M.C. T.C. in the final.

LAC Ouimet, Station Headquarters, weighing 137½ lbs., had to enter the heavier class as no allowance was made. A whirlwind of rights and lefts in the last round against Tpr. Kendrick of A9 C.A.C.T.C. gave the Air Force boy the bout by T.K.O. Ouimet will meet Pte. MacWilliams, 1st Base Workshops, R.C.O.C., in final.

Pte. Maurice of R.C.A.M.C.T.C. defaulted to LAC Stewart of 'E' Flight. Pte. DiAcavo of A-11 I.T.C. defeated Pte. DesJardines of the R.C.O.C. and will meet LAC Stewart in the final of the 160 lb. Class.

As there were only two entries in the Catchweight Class the bout was delayed for the final card and will bring together Tpr. Henry of A9 C.A.C.T.C. and AC1 Barton of the R.C.A.F.

The R.C.A.F. Boxers were accompanied by LAC Martin, LAC Reynolds and J. C. McClenaghan of the Y.M.C.A.

Beauforts Strike Hard at Enemy Shipping



Bad weather experts are the men who fly Britain's Beaufort torpedo-bombers of the coastal command. The worse the weather is the better they like it, for before releasing

their torpedoes they must swoop down to 50 feet. Rain and fog veil their approach. This formation of Beauforts, shown returning from a swing over the Atlantic, has ac-

counted for 100,000 tons of enemy shipping. It was a Beaufort which torpedoed the German pocket battleship Luetzow. The big machines carry a crew of four.

HIGH FLIGHT

A Sonnet by
the late Pilot Officer
John G. Magee, Jr.

Pilot Officer John Gillespie Magee, Jr., an American citizen born of missionary parents in Shanghai and educated at Britain's famed Rugby school, was killed on active service in Britain last December 11th. He was 19 years old and had the cause of freedom in his heart.

Pilot Officer Magee had poetry in his heart too, and, in the form of a sonnet, he left a message to youth which his parents consider may be a greater thing than anything he had done in the way of fighting.

The sonnet was composed last September as the exultant freedom of soaring 30,000 feet over the earth made a word-pattern in his mind. These words were scribbled on the back of a letter after he had returned to earth.

HIGH FLIGHT

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds
of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-
silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined
the tumbling mirth
Of Sun-split clouds—and done a
hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled
and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring
there
I've chased the shouting wind along,
and flung
My eager craft through footless
halls of air.
Up, up the long, delirious, burning
blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights
with easy grace
Where never lark, nor even eagle
flew—
And, while with silent lifting mind
I've trod
The high, untrampled sanctity of
space,
Put out my hand and touched the
face of God.

Pilot Officer Magee sent the sonnet, scribbled on the back of the letter to his parents, Reverend and Mrs. John G. Magee who now live in Washington. Mr. Magee is assistant minister at St. John's Church, Lafayette Square. The Library of Congress, learning of the poem, has requested the original manuscript for inclusion in a collection called "Poems of Faith and Freedom" which includes works of Burns, Clough, Longfellow, Walt Whitman and Shelley.

After learning of his son's death Mr. Magee wrote to the R.C.A.F.—"When my wife and I saw how deeply he felt about the situation in September, 1940, we gave our consent and blessing to him as he left us to enter the R.C.A.F. We felt as deeply as he did and we were proud of his determination and spirit. We knew that such news as did come might come. When his sonnet reached us we felt then that it had a message for American youth but did not know how to get it before them. Now his death has emblazoned it across the entire country. We are thinking that this may have been a greater contribution than anything

he may have done in the way of fighting, for surely our American youth—must enter this conflict in the high spirit of idealism and faith

"May we thank the R.C.A.F. for all the training and help you have given to our boy. We saw a tremendous change in him when he returned to us from his training, a change that was all for the good. We do not regret that we gave our consent to his going and will be forever proud of him."

Pilot Officer Magee lived in Shanghai for nine years and then was sent to England for his education. After Rugby he came to the United States for the first time in the summer of 1939 and there won a scholarship which would have sent him to Yale. He was entered at Yale in September, 1940, when, having attained his eighteenth year, he felt he must fight.

He enlisted in Montreal early in October and, on completion of his training at No. 2 Service Flying Training School at Uplands, near Ottawa, he was commissioned from the ranks in June, 1941, and proceeded overseas shortly afterward.



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**YOU CAN'T WIN A HOCKEY GAME FROM THE
PENALTY BOX!**

—v—

Nor can we win this war by sitting on the fence and letting someone else do the planning, the working, the fighting, and the saving. We won't get places by grumbling and moaning about what the other fellow is doing or not doing about it, or worrying whether he is getting ahead of us or not. Any man who calls himself a Canadian who does this, whether he holds office in the government, works in industry, or wears a uniform, is not entitled to the rights of citizenship—and is also extending an open invitation to our enemies to come in and take over. He is a traitor to his country and should be branded as such.

We at No. 1 S.F.T.S. come under no rule of exception to the above fact. Every man jack of us here is a volunteer. We did not wait to see if there was going to be conscription! We did not ask the Recruiting Officer if the job was going to be easy? The pay good and the hours long? We did not need a Paul Revere to come riding out of the night and warn us of danger and spur us to action! We did not wait for the bombs to drop on this Canada of ours before we got started! No we came here because we wanted to come here, the way that any Canadian with red blood in his veins would come. We selected the job we wanted to do, we took the oath, and the results so far show that most of us are doing it. But a few of us have fallen by the wayside for reasons known only to ourselves. Those few of us will have to reenlist ourselves or better still conscript ourselves to do the job we set out to do when we joined up.

If the dear ones at home are going to live in the world of freedom that we want them to live in, it's going to take every pilot we can produce at Borden, every ship we can keep serviceable to train them in, every flying hour we can chalk up. If parents, brothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, and children are going to sleep in their own beds at night instead of air raid shelters, it's going to take every ounce of energy you have, every bit of skill and knowledge you possess in keeping your task running smoothly.

Get out of the penalty box, get off the fence, let's show the Government, the officials of the R.C.A.F., the citizens of Canada that we at No. 1 S.F.T.S. are ready and willing to do our part, and what's more we are not going to tolerate anybody else falling to do theirs. But remember before we can take this cocky attitude we must put our own house in order, 100 per cent.

—THE EDITOR.

WHAT IS IT?

Dickie—"Can I have any kind of sea food I like?"
Mother—"Yes, dear. What shall I order for you?"
Dickie—"Salt-water taffy."

REBUFFED

"I'm a self-made man," said the pugnacious clubman, glaring around the room in the midst of an argument.
"Sir," said one of the older members, "we accept your apology."

GROWING PAINS

The Editorial Staff of Wings Over Borden feel it is time to let their hair down and have a heart to heart talk with its readers.

Other papers claim that their readers are never satisfied. We reverse the process; we are never satisfied. As fast as we get one edition off the press, we are planning our next one. We feel that the readers of Wings Over Borden deserve nothing short of the best. The best articles, the best jokes, the best cartoons, the best poems—in a nutshell, the best service journal of its kind. But we cannot give you that unless you send them in. So get cracking there and see what you can do. See if for a change, YOU CAN'T SATISFY YOUR EDITORIAL STAFF.

No. 1 S.F.T.S. is a pioneer station in the flying world. Men were trained here last war. Wings Over Borden is a pioneer in service journals. From a mimeographed sheet it has grown to its present form. It is still growing and no doubt in the not too distant future will grow into a Service Magazine of no mean proportions. But this cannot be done without your whole-hearted co-operation. It must progress; it must develop. Each edition must be better than the last. Otherwise we might better fill its pages with names out of the telephone directory, or better still, scrap it and gather all our news and views from D.R.O.'s.

Wings Over Borden is not a collection of the ideas and views of a minority on this station. It's the voice of the station. It's what you do while you are here, what you think, what you know that the other fellow doesn't know unless you tell him. IT'S YOU!

But your staff are not mind-readers—we can't publish it unless you tell us. So please become one of our regular contributors. Send us in a technical article, a joke, a poem, a letter. If you can't write, come in anyway and build a bonfire on the office floor and send us your message in smoke signals. We'll get it!

Have the fun of sending the next copy home to the family or the girl friend with a little blue "x" mark on one of its pages and the notation "I sent that in."

Our slogan now—GIVE US THE DROOLS AND WE WILL FINISH THE JOB.

R.C.A.F. Discovers Australia and New Zealand

Brotherhood of the British Commonwealth of Nations is established in Canada by the Empire Training Plan.

Despite the knowledge gained in school that there were such countries as Australia and New Zealand, we of the run-of-the-mill type of Canadians never thought much about them except as the home of kangaroos, boomerangs and desert wastes. From our own idea of the Islands down under we assume that the average Anzac thought of Canada as a snow-covered wilderness inhabited by Indians and North-West Mounted Police.

However, these misleading ideas of our distant blood-brothers have all been changed . . . not by second-hand knowledge derived from school books, but by actual contact with the young men who have come to Canada to finish their training under the Air Training Plan. Nothing but a war could have brought this about, so if we have nothing else to thank Hitler for, we have to admit that this is to his credit.

We learn to our amazement that, not counting the North-west Territories, Canada is a little smaller in area than Australia. That Australia has a wonderful year-round climate, has beaches more beautiful than Wakiki and also has skiing and skating clubs. Some of us were a little dumbfounded to see the Aussies demonstrate on skates . . . and we will have to admit that they put to shame some of the Canucks who prided themselves on their ability to manipulate the silver blades.

For an all 'round bunch of reglar fellows, the Aussies are hard to beat. They possess all the good points of the English and few, if any, of the bad ones. All are fine types physically and mentally and conduct themselves like gentlemen. If anyone doubts that, well, ask the girls. One thing they do admit, and that is that our beer is better than theirs. And they should know.

At the present time, with a war on our hands, the after effects of this close contact with the fellows from down under is just something to think about. However, we predict renewed friendships which will have a direct effect on trade relations and the increased prosperity of both our Nations.

And so until then . . . we hope we are making you fellows from Down Under feel at home and trust you will carry away as many fond memories of Canada as we have of your short stay here.

CARRY ON, AUSTRALIA

—"CHIC" ROBERT.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset
glow,

Loved and were loved, and now we
lie
In Flanders Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies
grow

In Flanders fields.

—LIEUT.-COL. JOHN McCRAE.

Read It



or not?

By Cpl. E. M. Rorke

Last issue of Wings Over Borden is a literal testimony to the old adage that when "the cat's away the mice begin to play." Apparently those responsible for the issue could not resist the temptation to get revenge. However, it was all in the spirit of fun, and I want to thank you on behalf of my wife and myself for your kind wishes and your words of congratulations. Nine pounds three ounces of future aircrew is something to be proud of. At the same time I want it understood that the fact that I was hospitalized at the same time was purely coincidental!

While waiting to be checked in as Serviceable at the M.I. room the other day I heard this conversation between our genial M.O. and an A.C.I.

A.C.I.—"Sir, for weeks I have been fighting a terrible desire to kill myself."

F/Lt Clark—"Tut tut——"

A.C.I.—"But I decided suicide was a sin, so I came to you".

By the by have any of you recent visitors to the Medical Inspection rooms noticed that sadistic gleam that comes in Corporal Henderson's eyes when you mention a pain in the stomach?

Sgt. McAlear of the Accounts office has been going around with a queer far-away look in his eyes lately. It begins to look as if he is suffering from high blonde-pressure. Somebody asked him the other day what his girl was going to wear to the costume ball. "Oh," he replied, "she's going to wear a grass skirt and go as a hula dancer."

"And what are you going as?"
"A lawnmower," was the baffling reply.

It has been just discovered that we have a man on this station who is a "Section Four to Forty-Four Fan." It seems that Sgt. Baker after hearing a morning rendition of this, did all in his power to attend the afternoon performance too.

A word of thanks is due to those responsible for the many improvements around the Airman's club. It is to be earnestly hoped that all the personnel using this building will do their level best to keep the surroundings as clean and cozy as they are now. This column has often wondered why the public phone booths in the lower hallway couldn't be moved to some quieter location in the building. At least one of them anyway. It isn't much fun to drop sixty cents into the phone box to talk to the folks back home, only to have their words drowned out to the tune of Sweet Adeline, etc., emanating from the open doors of the wet canteen.

The Protestant lads are beginning to wonder if we are a hopeless bunch of heathens up here at Borden? Since F/Lt Harston left us

for overseas the padres have been coming and going like day following night. Maybe we better all turn Quaker and we can hold our own meetings.

The new postal service at Camp Borden fills a long waited need. Perhaps it is a little more convenient to go and fetch your own mail, but at least you get your OWN. The fellows receiving newspapers from home especially have been long suffering in this respect. Seldom if ever did they get first reading on them despite the fact most of the newspapers were banded.

Here's a little corn mash that may or may not get by the censors. We'll try it anyway and give it to you for what it's worth. An old couple on the eve of their golden wedding anniversary were discussing with their family doctor the possibility of having an offspring. They had devoted their married life to making money and had amassed quite a fortune. But they had no kin to leave it to.

"Well," replied the doctor when he fully understood their problem, "you folks may be 'heir' minded but you're not 'Heir' conditioned."

This column learned with great regret of the posting of one of our most zealous supporters, Cpl. Henry Langdon. Henry was always in there "pitching" for his section, for the band, for the paper and for any other enterprise on the station that needed support. We wish him the best success at St. John's and knowing Henry we know that he will carry on in the best traditions of the service down there.

Another posting that will be greatly felt in the Editorial office of Wings Over Borden is the transfer of our feature editor Flying Officer W. A. Beckett, M.C., to the East Coast. Flying Officer Beckett was the author of Seven Seas and he devoted much of his valuable time to the publication of this paper, besides his other extra mural interests, boxing, lecturing, etc. It can be said with certainty no other service paper has ever produced any better material than the stories Mr. Beckett produced under the banner Seven Seas. Our only consolation is the rumour that Mr. Beckett may be with us soon again. Let's hope so.

Ending on this sad note, we will silently fold our editorial tent and try and do the almost impossible, viz., make our bed in the dark. Have courage, my friends, I am working on a plan whereby we will be able to sleep comfortably in our lockers, and leave our beds neatly folded and unsullied from one inspection to the next.

Modern Bordenites are scaring their offspring now with the threat—"If you don't be good Sgt. Albota will get you!"

Cheerio and thumbs up!

TOO MUCH

Private Doaks wanted to slip out of the barracks—unofficially—to see his girl. He went to the sentry to state his case.

"Well," said the sentry, "I'll be off duty when you come back, so you ought to have the password for tonight. It is 'Idiosyncrasy'."

"Idio what?"

"Idiosyncrasy."

"—I'll stay in the barracks."

Every tomorrow can be made better because of our thoughts and actions today.

AN AIRMAN'S PLEA

Did you ever stop to ponder What the people think about An airman's reputation Every time he steps out.

One can hardly help but notice, Though one tries to act correct, That the better class of civies Fail to treat us with respect.

Would you like to know the reason (For a reason there must be) To disrespect the uniform To this you must agree.

Some kids have joined the Air Force, They are just starting in their teens;

They try to act like hard guys; 'Tis they that spill the beans. They can smell an empty bottle And stagger like they're drunk; That's the reason half the civies Think the Air Force is the bunk.

Why must all the Air Force suffer For the sins of the guilty few, And lose their rights to social life For what others do.

Now I don't claim to be an angel, But I'm sticking to one rule: That when I go out on a pass I won't act the fool.

And if all the men in uniform Would try and do the same, With this coming generation We might save the Air Force's name.

—LAC LORD, J. J.

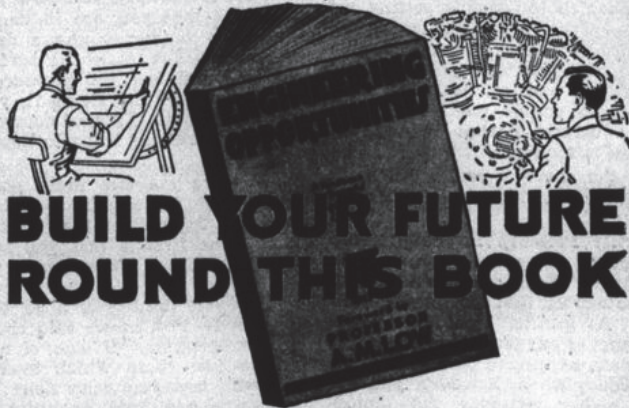
ECONOMICAL WAY

Golfer: "Why, Jock, you've holed in one!"
Jock: "Aye. It's helpful that way —it saves wear and tear on the ball."

WHAT IS IT?

Dickie—"Can I have any kind of sea food I like?"
Mother—"Yes, dear. What shall I order for you?"
Dickie—"Salt-water taffy."

Take care of your physical condition. You are important to war materials production. Don't take chances, work safely.



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Course interested in

Oxygen and All That

(From "Tee Emm")

The body is nothing more nor less than an internal combustion engine. Every time you eat you are merely shovelling in fuel—and if you've ever seen P.O. Prune's uncle in action, you'll realize that's just what it looks like too! The fuel is then changed by combustion into energy, the necessary oxygen for which operation comes from the air. The air is drawn in through the nose—or through the open mouth, if you're that sort of fellow!—into the windpipe and thence is carried by a series of smaller and smaller tubes to the tiny, thin-walled air-cells, of which the lungs are mainly composed. The total area of the walls of these air-cells is about the same as that of a tennis court—though much more useful—and over this whole area the vein blood, returning from its job, loaded with carbon dioxide but poor in oxygen, is getting rid of its carbon dioxide, taking up oxygen from the air and turning itself back into artery blood, rich in oxygen and off to work once more. To enable the blood to do this a certain Partial Pressure of oxygen is required.

All the above is really old stuff; the important thing is this "Partial Pressure."

Partial Pressure is the pressure exerted by any one of a mixture of gases and is proportionate to the percentage of that gas in the mixture. At ground level the Partial Pressure of oxygen is just right for sufficient oxygen to be taken up by the blood; when, however, you get into higher altitudes the atmospheric pressure falls and with it the Partial Pressure of the oxygen. The blood, therefore, cannot be sufficiently saturated and you suffer from lack of oxygen.

The effects of lack of oxygen are at first just grand. They have even been compared to the effects of alcohol, and who can say fairer than that? You are on the top of the world and chock-full of self-confidence, without any tendency to that self-criticism which so often spoils one's enthusiastic appreciation of one's own achievements. You lose the faculty of accurate judgment or reasoned thinking, and, what's more, you don't know it. You may also be inclined to hilarity or pug-nacity—as with too much beer. You are indeed a pretty dangerous person to be piloting an aircraft; you are equally dangerous as a navigator, because—just as in the later stages of a cocktail party, when you take a poor view of anything requiring much concentrated thought—you don't want to be bothered with working out even the simplest navigational problems. (If you do work them out, you get a wrong answer, which, unfortunately, you are convinced is the right one!) To crown all, you may even pass out without knowing it.

In the later stages oxygen-lack affects your vision, particularly your power to see in the dark, weakens your ability to co-ordinate your limb movements, makes you both sick and cold, more liable to frostbite, and inclined to twitch uncontrollably, which may look fun-

ny to your friends, but is no joke to you. It may also give you agonizing muscular cramp. All this distressing business is lumped under the name Anoxia, or Altitude Sickness—which is putting it mildly.

There is naturally one remedy for Anoxia. That is, extra oxygen, in sufficient quantities to keep the blood properly saturated. Now by the time you are at 10,000 feet, extra oxygen becomes necessary for any reasonable efficiency at that height if you are going to stay there for an hour or more. By the time you are up to 15,000 feet it is necessary for actual safety. More and more is required as you go higher, till at 35,000 feet you would have to breathe pure oxygen, and at 40,000 feet even that would be no good by itself.

You would also have to have a pressure suit or cabin, because the atmospheric pressure has now fallen so low that you are in danger of bursting outwards like a deep-sea fish brought up to the surface. And at 63,000 feet the pressure is so reduced that the fluids in your body would boil. This, of course, is rather a distressing thing to happen to anyone.

Now there are two main points which must be emphasized about the use of oxygen for high altitude flying. The first is that you must take it in time. This means you must go by the altimeter, not by whether you think you need oxygen or not. For, as we said above, the first symptoms of lack of oxygen are just those which tend to make you feel you don't need it—over-confidence and inability to criticize. These are mental changes, and thus their significance is not appreciated by you yourself; they are, however, clearly seen by an observer who is not suffering from oxygen lack. You are in the position of the drunk who says, "I'm perfly all ri', o' mani!" and a moment later falls slap on his fanny without knowing quite how he got there. The drunk, of course, hasn't done any damage—except possibly to his own fanny—but if you are a pilot flying an expensive aircraft with perhaps several companions, you can see the implications. You are a definite danger! And you do not know it! Remember that men undergoing anoxia tests have been known to pass out completely while in the middle of writing a sentence, and then on receiving oxygen have come to, finished the sentence and been prepared to swear they never lost consciousness at all! That is what lack of oxygen can do for you. Guard against it!

The second point is, don't let yourself fall victim to the fallacy of thinking that to use oxygen is "pansy." The unspoken thought, "You weaklings have to take oxygen; I don't; I'm tough" doesn't denote toughness—so much as dumbness and damfoolishness. Remember that oxygen should be used for all long flights above 10,000 feet. So use it!

Finally, a few practical hints. At ground level you are getting all the oxygen you need. Taking more doesn't harm you—it doesn't

make you "burn up"; it doesn't even act as a "tonic"; for all the oxygen the blood can absorb is already being received normally and you are just breathing out the surplus and wasting it.

If you do suffer from shortage at any time while flying, and cannot for any reason relieve it, deep slow breathing is the best way of counteracting the effects. While you may be quite comfortable sitting still, moving about in flying clothes demands more oxygen and so causes a temporary shortage which may lead to a sudden faint. For this reason if physical effort is necessary, as in the case of a rear gunner, the regulator should be set for a higher altitude than you're at. If, when using your oxygen mask, you have actually to move about the aircraft, take two or three deep breaths before unplugging the point, hold your breath, move to the new place and plug in at once. (Be sure that the bayonet-fitting has been firmly turned to the right and is secure.) When portable oxygen bottles are available, moving about is simpler, but they should be used sparingly. They only give a "full-on" supply for twelve minutes, and you may want a lot of that if baling out.

Oxygen cylinders hit by a bullet are less liable to cause damage when pressure is reduced. It is important, therefore, to turn on all bottles in the early stages of a long flight so that the pressure has fallen by the time you are in action.

Excessive smoking or drinking lessens the blood's power to absorb its oxygen. This means you want more oxygen to keep efficient. In other words, not only you, but the rest of the crew may go short of oxygen—because you have, in effect, smoked it and drunk it the night before.

Finally, baling out. (We say "finally" because it's probably the last high altitude flying you'll be doing

Dance Caterers



These worthies again went into action on March 6. Fun, food, frolic and friendship marked the Station dance.

Left to right: LAC Clark, T. Milne, Cpl. Mackay, A. McKee, R. Cristo.

with that particular aircraft, and we hope it'll never come to that.) If you have to take leave of your plane above, say, 20,000 feet, great care must be taken not to lose consciousness on the way out. You may then not be able to pull the rip-cord: you may, even—for such are the strange effects of the lack of oxygen—stare dully at your rip-cord handle on the way down wondering what the hell that thing is for. So make all preparations possible while still using oxygen, and take as many full breaths of oxygen as possible up to about a score, i.e., load yourself up with it to the Plimsol, before disconnecting. Then hold your breath just as in diving, and go! Pull your rip-cord as soon as you are clear. Then it doesn't matter whether you do lose consciousness: with the parachute you will be falling slowly enough to come round properly in the lower air before reaching earth.

And happy landing to you—right side up!

A smile is worth a hundred frowns in any market.

The one thing that keeps a man poor is pretending to be rich.

UNITED CIGAR STORE

- SMOKES
- MAGAZINES
- CANDY

Soda Bar — Grill

20 Dunlop St.—Barrie

SECTIONAL NEWS

CUES FROM STATION HDQS.

Surprised, eh! I mean with HQ's having two editions running consecutively. Well friends, we've turned over a new leaf and are steaming right ahead with only one thing in mind and that is Victory. (Down with Hitler and throw Churchill another cigar.)

Some of the local boys attended a dance held in the Palais Royale, Alliston, and according to rumors of good authority a certain Corporal got so hot coming home he rode with his head hanging out of the window. Nice work Corporal, that's how I got my start!

Many of you readers no doubt remember the olden days when people would exchange one thing for another. Well friends, times haven't changed a bit. You should see the well-dressed Airman on the station and the marvellous shoulder fit he got. Mighty fine suit, eh! Major, and a very good exchange, eh! Hoot.

A little behind time perhaps, but we, the staff of HQ's Orderly Room, wish to express our sincere congratulations to Flight Lieutenant M. F. Badgley on his recent promotion to Squadron Leader. Of course my friends, yours truly is still hanging on and with his many benefactors throughout the station. Have courage, Wing.

For the information of those concerned, a well-known Ex-Sgt. of HQ's Orderly Room, Sgt. D. D. Dodge, now stationed at Patricia Bay, B.C., has become the proud father of an eight-pound daughter. Congratulations, Delmar.

Travel, speed, and communication are wonderful things today folks, but when I say that, I'm not thinking namely of the Bell Telephone System, but who were the two who visited the florist in Barrie and a half hour later had two large size boxes of roses (Red Ones) one delivered at Pickering and the other at the Toronto Daily Star? Friends, that's what I call speed. What do you think, Lou?

F. R. Davis, the ace Nostradamus better known to the HQ's staff as Singapore Sam, has quit taking ground trips to Alliston and East but instead is devoting all his time to the Asiatic situation, his assistant being Hop-along Kaminsky.

So readers again caught by the Deadline, remember the old saying, "We did it before and we can do it again." Until next issue, So Long. —"WING."

SIMPLE

The air raid warden was small in stature but very keen on his job. He'd had rather a tiring time inspecting shelters when a large man asked in a bullying manner: "What can I do with my five kids in a shelter that's full of water?"

Then the worm turned. "Teach 'em to swim!" snapped the warden, curtly.

But maybe the old fashioned girl didn't tell mother everything because she didn't know everything.

H FLIGHT

This outpost gang are still in the running for honours, down at Ye Olde Drill Hall where all the top-notch sportsmen meet of an evening.

The matrimonial bug is buzzing around this hangar and making himself heard and no other than Sgt. Aistrop stopped the buzzing by getting himself hitched up away up in Sudbury, where a wedding feast consists of icicles and blubber.

We also would like a little advance notice on our Badminton ace, P/O Lowe, who takes a dive off the deep end on the 28th of this month. We hope it's not too deep and not too cold.

These two stalwarts of this flight have what it takes, so here's wishing them lots of luck in their ventures.

What's the matter with Sgt. McBurney unloading a hundred rolls of "non-skid" in our midst. Are we like that, I ask you!

Sgt. Chapman endeavoured to beat Sitting Bull's record last week. He finished in second place. Better luck next time, Chappie.

More news for you comrades next time, so long for now. —"DAL."

FLIGHT NEWS

"Roly" Bradette and Earle Record are, by this time, well on their way across the pond to join many ex-Borden Boys. We wish them the best of luck and trust "Roly" gets the odd piece of lemon pie. As for Earle, we know he will enjoy a "schooner" of Bass' Ale in the first "pub."

Congratulations to our ex Officer Commanding, F/Lt Krug, on his appointment as Examining Officer of No. 2 Squadron. Our loss is their gain and the sting of regret is somewhat lessened in having F/O Hilton appointed to lead us in our battle to hold the "Most Efficient Flight" pennant.

Our instructor personnel has changed again. We are sorry to lose P/O MacKelvie to A Flight. We extend a greeting hand to P/O Burden and P/O Martin.

In signing off this epistle, let us extend a welcome to LAC Murphy who comes to us from Dauphin, Man., and to AC2 Mathews, fresh from T.T.S., St. Thomas.

ONE EXAMPLE

Teacher in Latin class—"What is the meaning of alter ego?"

Student—"It means 'other I.'"

Teacher—"Can you give me an example of its use?"

Student—"He winked his alter ego."

Initiative never lacks opportunity. It cannot remain undiscovered because it is sought by too many who want to use it.

Wasted energy is like telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man.

CIVIES SORTIES

At a recent meeting of the Civies held in their club room, the main discussion centred around sports events. It was learned that the Camp Sports Committee had sanctioned the use of its equipment to any civilian working on the station on the same basis as that accorded airmen. This information was received with applause.

A recent bingo night proved such a success that those who conducted it were elected to take charge of future events. They were asked to elect their own convenor. We feel sure that they will have full co-operation.

It was further agreed at the meeting that full cooperation should be extended to the Y.M.C.A. to assist with the games nights held at the Airmen's Club each Monday and Thursday. A number of bingo fans have great faith in lucky charms. Mr. Empringham, who won the grand prize at a recent event, says there is not a bit of luck in charms while our friend Cristo says a wish-bone of the proper size, dipped in vinegar, and dusted with cinnamon will bring good results. Mr. Cristo is also interested in locating an ostrich farm nearby.

This little dialogue was heard last week:

1st Batman: "Why did you have that Summer Uniform pressed in February?"

2nd Batman: "I didn't have it pressed, I merely asked the presser to get So and So's uniform and press it. I guess he's the one that is colour-blind."

F/S Bean was the recipient of a Ronson combination cigarette lighter and case in appreciation of his efforts toward the establishment of a Recreation Room. Andy McKee made the presentation.

—J. D. SMART.

One man—"How about buying a ticket in the raffle we are having for the poor widow?"

The other man—"No, sir. My wife wouldn't let me keep her even if I did win."

VOLLEYBALL SPIKES

The No. 1 S.F.T.S. team has progressed through the Camp Borden Schedule with 16 wins and only two losses, the latter to the Canadian Dental Corps, who at present are on top of the league edging the flying spikers by one point. The Flyers' record is remarkable when one considers that a total of 24 different players have represented the station during the schedule.

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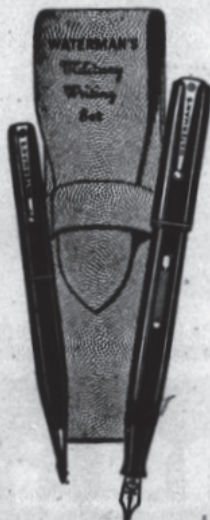
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SPORT SHOTS

BASKETBALL

(By Cpl. Tom McKay)
Beat Ordnance 73-4

The Ordnance Corps Basketball team paid a visit to the drill hall to play the Flyers in a regular league game on Feb. 5. The Ordnance boys proved to be a young inexperienced team and no match for the Flyers as the score of 73 to 4 would indicate.

Eastwood was top scorer, sinking 8 baskets for 16 points. Grenon with 12 points, Crowe and Walters next with 10 points each, F/O Thompson with 8, Ayer and Goodrick getting 6 points each and F/O Rogers with 5 completed the scoring.

The Flyers found no trouble scoring points and pulled off some nice plays from the book of the Flyers' coach, F/O Bodrug. Petty and Lockhart were the Ordnance scoring players with 2 points apiece.

Beat Artillery 46-8

On Feb. 12, the Flyers paid a visit to the K. of C. Hall to play the 19th Field Battery, R.C.A., in a league game and came out on the top end of a 46 to 8 score.

The team was short handed, due to the Officers' Mess dinner. The team was well handled by Jim McClenaghan in the absence of F/O Bodrug.

The first half was very fast, the

Flyers sinking 12 baskets for 24 points, and kept the Gunners off the score sheet.

The second half saw the Flyers score 22 points to the Gunners 4, both the latter baskets being scored by Sgt. Wilson.

Grenon, tall centre, was again top man with 16 points. Lou Crowe with his 10 points still kept up his 10 point-per-game average. Eastwood 8, Wilson 6, Goodrick 4 and Ayer 2 rounded out the scoring.

The Sault Ste. Marie-Sudbury Regiment were the guests of the Flyers on Feb. 19th at the Drill Hall, playing a regular scheduled game in the Camp Borden Basketball League, the Flyers coming out the winner 22 to 4. Eastwood, star forward, was the Flyers' big gun scoring 10 points. F/O Imrie and Ayer with 4 points apiece, F/O's Bodrug and Thompson scored 2 points. Tortolo scored two baskets for the S.S.M. & S. for their 4 points.

The Flyers have played 6 games in the schedule, winning them all, and are at the top of the league, but to date the support from the personnel of the station has been very poor. How about a big crowd out to the rest of the games and cheer a winning team from here on to, we hope, a Camp Borden championship.

MAINTENANCE A-16 WINS STATION VOLLEYBALL LEAGUE

Maintenance A-15 went down to defeat at the hands of the boys from A-16 Hangar. Sparked by the steady playing of Topp, A-16 took three straight from their opposition, 15-3, 15-5 and 15-7. The result was never in doubt as the A-16 men worked together like precision machinery. F/S Refausse's team could not seem to hit their stride and were away below par. The line-ups:

Mtce.-A-16 : Topp, Miller, Bird, Chicken, Cleaver, Coates, McIntyre.

Mtce.-A-15: Refausse, Clarke, Durie, Duplessis, Underwood, Jones.

BADMINTON BATTLES

The closing of the regular schedule found the following teams representing their groups in the semi-finals of the league: Squadron Headquarters and Acct's A and B Teams with Dentals and Maintenance A-15. Semi-finals will be played week of March 2nd and finals the following week.

Those eligible for play-off games are:

Sqdn. Hqtrs. & Accts (a): Richards, Frank, Hare, Blahout, Reed, Pogue.

Sqdn. Hqtrs. & Accts (b): Broughton, Sills, Wilmot, Cameron, Biggs, Battersby, Cunliffe, Tennant.

Maintenance A-15: Gauthier, Refausse, Arthur, Smith, Jensen.

Dentals: Philp, Kilgour, Campbell, Shugart, Ainley.

BOWLING

Jim Gallagher, the Bowling Alley attendant, has submitted the schedule results as follows:

"A" Group—Main A-80	15 points
"E" Flight	14 points
B" Group—Workshops	16 points
"G" Flight	16 points
"C" Group—Sqdn. Hqtrs. & Accts.	16 points
G.I.S.	14 points
"D" Group—Sqdn. Hqtrs. & Accts.	17 points
"Dawn" Flight	14 points

BOXING

It is with deep regret that the Station has lost the services temporarily of Flying Officer W. A. Beckett, M.C., who for some months has given unstintingly of his time in coaching the Station Boxing Team. F/O Beckett has taught the local followers of the fistic art many fine points and has brought about enviable results in contests with other units. It is the sincere hope of every man on the station that F/O Beckett will again return to Borden.

LAC Jack Keegan, our genial K.O. specialist, has entered upon a P.T.I. Course at Trenton. Upon the completion of his course it is expected that Jack will return to take over duties at the Drill Hall.

It is better to have a little efficiency than a lot of knowledge.

R.C.A.F. RIFLE CLUB

There is every reason to believe that all R.C.A.F. personnel may be called upon before this conflict is over to defend their own lives against enemy attacks. Such personnel would not only be useless but would be a hindrance if they were not proficient in the use of firearms.

Our Rifle Club, which is a branch of the Sports Club, is being re-organized and will be under the direction of Flt/Lt W. H. Boyd.

The object of this Club is not to promote small rifle teams for competition but the Commanding Officer expects that every man on this Station will devote some of his time to become very efficient in the use of firearms.

Every effort will be given to make the training a sport, and in a short time, some type of entertaining competitions will be held between the different squadrons and flights. They will not be judged on the proficiency of a few good shots but more on the showing and improvement made by the novices.

For the safety of all, Air Force discipline will be followed and severe disciplinary action will be taken against any one who endangers the safety of his pal. However the instruction and practice will be designed to make the shooting interesting.

Those who are already good shots will receive every assistance to improve but more effort will be spent on those who are very poor to make them also of use in the case of an emergency.

All R.C.A.F. personnel should realize that although they appear to be very safe at the present time they may be living in a "Fool's Paradise," and their ability to handle a weapon may mean the difference between their lives and the life of an enemy or victory and defeat.

It is too late to learn after being attacked, so get your shoulders to the rifle and learn now.

GYM CLUB NOTES

Sgt/Pilot Stan McLarty and Cpl. Jack Houser have the Club off to a good start. With the new equipment now available, considerable amount of interest is being shown. Handstands, upstarts and fly-aways are almost as common as hitchhikers along a highway. The flying rings come in for a great deal of use and many of our would-be and can-be gymnasts are nursing tired muscles from possible over-indulgence.

A list of progressively arranged exercises is now available for those wishing to secure an all-round knowledge and conditioning. It offers both entertainment and challenge to novice and expert alike. All air-force personnel are invited to take advantage of the material and equipment which adorns the drill hall. Gym Club meets Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

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(LAC J. B. McLean)
STATION DANCE

A swell bit of entertainment will be the Station dance, which is billed for Friday, March 6, through the kind permission of Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E.

Hundreds of bundles of beautiful femininity have been invited to grace the Drill Hall. By the time this issue reaches the eyes of its readers many hearts will be beating in increased tempo in anticipation. It is hoped that no airmen will suffer from galloping inertia on that occasion. Nice party, boys.

"CLOUDS" IN SPANGLED BOW
"Captains of the Clouds," Warners' saga of the Royal Canadian

Air Force premiered at Shea's, Toronto, amid military and civic fuss and feathers, accompanied by the R.C.A.F. bugle band, a parade and a broadcast. The debut date was Thursday night, February 12th.

A CBC broadcast the previous night was based on "Clouds," a Warners' picture starring James Cagney. The radio show was linked with the Victory Loan and assisted the buildup tremendously.

Those who took part in the broadcast from the lobby of the theatre included:

His Worship, Mayor Fred Conboy of Toronto, Air Commodore G. E. Brookes, R.C.A.F., officer commanding the No. 1 Training Command, Group Captain T. H. MacWorth, D.F.C., R.A.F., Major Ole Reistad, officer commanding the R.N.A.F. in the Toronto area, Mrs. Donald W. McGibbon, Ontario film convener for the I.O.D.E., Mr. A. E. Arscott, chairman for Ontario, Second Victory Loan Committee, and Laura Elston, well-known radio movie-news commentator.

While the broadcast was taking place, the Bugle Band led the way into the theatre, lining up in open formation to face the audience as the airmen marched to their reserved-seat section in the main-orchestra. When they gained their places, Shea's mammoth organ, played by AC1 Colin Corbett, R.C.A.F., swelled into "Captains of the Clouds," title-tune from the movie. Immediately following this ceremony, the first showing of the motion picture was projected.

The fanfare at the Ottawa opening was equally impressive. His Excellency, The Earl of Athlone, Princess Alice, Prime Minister Mackenzie King and members of the cabinet were on hand. New York and London also staged bright welcomes.—Canadian Film Weekly.

SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED
The fifth columnist of flesh shreds is the alcoholic heckler. It's hard to handle the rum-soggy roisterers. Tossing them out leads to damage and chaos. Managers and actors have to bear with them.

The Toronto magician, Billy Arnot, drew a stew while working a theatre date. A woman, Billy frisked a goldfish bowl out of a handkerchief.

"I wanna goldfish!" she bawled. She kept up the cry. Lost was Billy's chatter and missed were many tricks. Audience, actor and manager were furious. What to do?

Billy bowed off and whispered into a stagehand's ear. The scenery-shifter slipped out. The magician ignored the cries for a goldfish.

When he returned to the stage for his encore, the first cry that greeted him was: "I wanna goldfish!"

Billy walked into the audience and up to the pest, bowed and flipped his handkerchief. Into her lap dropped the granddaddy of all the goldfish—a large Winnipeg Goldeye salmon! The pest screamed and fled.
—Canadian Film Weekly.

A TOAST . . .

Gentlemen . . . the Air Force . . .
Godspeed to their Wings
As they soar far above us.
We earth-bound things
Tho we boast of our feats
On land or on sea
Still we know that our efforts never shall be
Equal to theirs.
For they brave not the enemy alone,
In their flight,
But the elements also.
To these brave lads who fight
In the fathomless blue of the heavens . . .
Luck . . . and may you always be . . .
As the Eagle . . . your symbol . . .
fearless and free.
—C. H. ROBERT, Jr.

GIVE ME A MAN

Give me a man who will dare to do right,
Though his mates may laugh and sneer;
Give me a man who with all his might
Will stand his ground without fear.
Give me a man who will dare to say no
When his honor is put to the test.
Give me a man who is going to row
His boat far ahead of the rest
Give me a man who is good to the old,
To his parents and creatures is kind.
Give me a man with a heart of gold
And his equal that's hard to find.
Give me a man that loves his home,
His wife and children so dear;
Give me a man when trouble comes
That will soothe away their fears.

Give unto others what you know,
And against all wrong raise your hand.
In manhood you'll reap what in youth you sow
And be a credit to your land.
—"DAD" PARKER.

UP THE LADDER

An unknown quantity is an AC2.
He struts around in his suit so new.
His buttons shine like the morning sun,
Until he becomes an AC1.
Still a sadder, wiser man is he,
When he is made an LAC.
He knows the score by then, we hope,
But still he tries for hooks, the dope.
Two hooks are next. But that's no prize.
Even Adolf Hitler was one of those guys.
And look where that guy ended up.
The dirty, low-bred, stinking pup.
Don't take it personal, Corporal, please.

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We were thinking of Adolf when we wrote these.

Next comes three hooks, if the guy is lucky.
And then a crown (now ain't that ducky).

A WO II comes after the Flight;
Then WO I, and then good night.
This is the ending of our song,
For from WO I, on, he can do no wrong.

—"CHICK" ROBERT.

When fifty-one per cent. of all the people want to give instead of to grab, I'll believe in socialism.

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Abbott & Costello

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"NIGHT OF JANUARY 16"
Robert Preston, Ellen Drew

March 9-10
"LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING"
Fibber McGee & Molly,
Charlie McCarthy

March 11-12
"SUNDOWN"
Gene Tierney, Bruce Cabot

March 13-14
"HOLD BACK THE DAWN"
Charles Boyer,
Olivia de Havilland,
Paulette Goddard

March 15
"GLAMOUR BOY"
Jackie Cooper,
Susanna Foster

March 16-17
"NAVY BLUES"
Jack Oakie, Ann Sheridan

March 18-19
**"THEY DIED WITH
THEIR BOOTS ON"**
Errol Flynn,
Olivia de Havilland

March 20-21
"I WAKE UP SCREAMING"
Betty Grable, Victor Mature,
Carole Landis

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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(From "Contact")

"SHE'S HEART OF HAIR TRAIN PLAN"

Dis CFS I'm write about, she's heart of Hair Train Plan,
She's start wit half-a-dozen guy, has train two thousand man.
On Borden Field, before dis war, dose handful start to teach
Dey fly instruct dose PPO's, by night—Wasaga Beach!
An' wen dis war she's started, R.C.A.F. get push,
First biggest class break record, wit' dose pilot from de bush.
In couple mont' dose tough guy get wings and pass de tes',
At party on dere pass-out night, dey wreck de Borden mess.

Soon many class jam up de place, wit' Borden plenty small,
Two-decker bed sleep mos' de guys, some get no sleep at all.
So Ottawa, she's plan big move, just after New Year Day,
Norm Peterson, he's bring his squad to Trenton for to stay.
From dat day 1940, wit' staff of twenty-five,
Dose boys who make dis possible, we wish were all alive.
But Norm he's do his duty, in action oversea,
He's give his life for country, for King, and you and me.

W'en firs' dey start dis flying school, she's call by F.I.S.
But two, t'ree mont' she's pass on by and change to C.F.S.
So many kind of plane fly here, all day and into night,
Wit' Harvard, Oxford, Battle, Fleet, two hangars pack full tight.
But w'en dat Hampshire Hair Train Plan, she's get be big okay,
Dey start to t'row more hangar up, men work by night and day.
An' before dat year she's finish at Central Flying School,
Dere's not one minute for relax or let dose engine cool.

Mos' men dat's fly instructor in Hampshire Hair Train Plan,
Mus' catch de category, or else he's got de can.
Dis CFS, she's classy place, wit' mess for flying guy,
Your pants, he's press de day and night, always you wear de tie.
I'm pass myself upon dat place, turn back from oversea,
CFI boss, he's tell our class, "Lot's work you do for me,
An' if you lay him down on job, dere's always bombing school,
For you dat's place mos' terrible, don't play de crazy fool."

Big shot all over Hair Train Plan, dey pass from Trenton place,
Dis CFS, she's turn dem out, wit' smile upon dere face.
So many course get meal an' board, it's pack mos' all de time,
You're lucky for a bed by night, but Scotch, she's jus' a dime.
You slip in town to spark dat girl an' go to movie show,
An' w'en you hit de hay for sleep, dat goddam horn, she's blow.
It's dark outside, lac inside cat, but DRO, she's say,
Lac Bugle call, "Get move on, guy, you start anodder day."

Since dat firs' class in 39, dere's fifty more pass by,
All school in Hampshire Hair Train Plan, CFS, she's teach to fly.
Mos' time poor fly instructor wish different kin' of job,
But figure in his log book, help choke dat crockdile sob.
Big Boss has promise chance for all, fly Hudson 'cross de pond,
But time, she's fly on pass de door—we buy dose War Save Bond.

—Flying Officer C. W. McLeod in "Contact"

MODEL AIRCRAFT CLUB

A Model Aircraft Club was organized on this Station, Tuesday, Feb. 17. The initial meeting found some 25 members keenly interested in this hobby. They elected the following committee: LAC Bishop, J. D., President; LAC Bub, G., Vice-President; Sgt. Prowse, H., Secretary-Treasurer; Sgt. Pilot McLarty, S., was appointed to co-ordinate instruction; J. M. Bampfield, Y.M.C.A.

Through the permission of F/O Scrivener and with the approval of S/L Badgley, the room which formerly housed the Post Office in the Airmen's Club was made available. The men are anxious to start work in their new room. Some will be able to finish their present models, while others are ready to begin new work. Under available competent leadership, this Club promises to be very active with a steady increase in membership.

A grant has been obtained from the Station Fund to cover initial expenditures. Anyone interested in becoming a member please get in touch with any of the above Committee.
—L.A.C. BISHOP



"Sorry, Sarge, but I thought C.B. meant confined to billet."
—Humorist.



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