



# Wings Over Borden

Vol. 4 No. 10

MARCH 20, 1942

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

## No. 1 S.F.T.S. CAGERS BEAT No. 6 I.T.S.

Borden "Flyers" Have 15 Point Margin in Game at Toronto

### ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Borden "Flyers" journeyed to Toronto on Tuesday, March 17, and celebrated St. Patrick's Day by taking No. 6 I.T.S. by a 15 point margin, 55-40.

Play was fairly even during the first half, with the homesters having an edge on the play. Eastwood opened the scoring by registering two points on foul throws.

Half-time found the I.T.S. boys ahead by 24-22. Crowe had to retire on account of a leg injury.

The second half, however, proved to be too much for the locals. Bodrug, Imrie and Eastwood turned on the heat, garnering 13, 8 and 8 points, respectively, with Funkhouser and Thompson getting the other baskets, to outscore the opposition 33-16 on the half. White, Riggs and Martin stood out for No. 6 I.T.S.

No. 6 I.T.S. (40)—Woods (4), Ransom, Wietzel (3), White (9), Riggs (8), McConkey, Martin (8), Rand (2), Ray (2), Hammond (2), Munroe (2).

Borden Flyers (55)—Eastwood (12), Crowe, Imrie (14), Alexander (4), Bodrug (17), Funkhouser (2), Rogers, Thompson (6), Walters, Stewart.

### ACCOUNTS "A" WIN BOWLING

Last Wednesday marked the completion of the Camp Bowling League with the Squadron Headquarters and Accounts "A" team becoming the new champions. The losers, the Squadron Headquarters and Accounts "B" team put up a stubborn resistance but in the third and deciding game a couple of 300 games by F/Lt. Broughton and F/O Battersby proved to be more than they could handle. Four new season records were set up, namely high three individual games and average by F/O Battersby and high single team total and high three game team total by the winning team.

Individual stars were, for the winners F/Lt. Broughton and F/O Battersby, and for the losers, Cpl. Sills, while all the rest of the players of both teams played steady games.

#### Bowling League Results

SEMI-FINAL: Workshops 0, Sqdn. H.Q. and Accts "A" 4.

Maint. A 80 0, Sqdn. H.Q. and Accts. "B" 4.

FINAL: Sqdn. H.Q. and Accts. "A" 3, Sqdn. H.Q. and Accts. "B" 1.

#### Season's Records

HIGH THREE — INDIVIDUAL: F/O Battersby 831, F/Sgt. Longpre 812, LAC Bertrand 732, Sgt. Long-

## The Albatross

(By AC2 Williams, S.H., St. Thomas, in "The Aircraftman")

"At length did cross an albatross,  
Through the fog it came;  
As if it had been a Christian soul,  
We hailed it in God's name."  
—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

It was the sailor's ancient superstition that inspired Coleridge to write his famous poem. The sailors believed that the albatross which followed their ship for days and weeks of its voyage, swooping and spiralling behind it in the sky, and diving low to snatch from the surface any bit of food that was thrown from the galley, was a

ley 714. TEAM: Sqdn. H.Q. and Accts. "A" 2998, Workshops 2952, Maint. A80 2926.

HIGH SINGLE — Individual: F/Sgt. Longpre 338, LAC Mollet 328, LAC Bertrand 323, F/Lt. Broughton 312. Team: Sqdn. H.Q. and Accts. "A" 1174, Sqdn. H.Q. and Accts. "A" 1120, Maint. A80 1064, Sqdn. H.Q. and Accts. "B" 1063, Workshops 1052.

HIGH AVERAGES — Individual: F/O Battersby 277, F/Sgt. Longpre 270, LAC Bertrand 244, Sgt. Longley 238, LAC A. Chomiski 236, LAC Cleaver 235.

symbol of luck, and as long as it stayed in the presence of their ship they would reach port safely. It was a convoy.

And so, symbolically, the albatross is a convoy to the peoples of the British Empire today. Many of these great British birds are employed at sea near England, to guide merchants vessels safely into port. The smaller craft with which we Canadians are familiar have missions similar in purpose if not in course of action. Much as the superstitious seamen look to the albatross for protection and safe guidance at sea, our peoples, the ones we left at home, and the people of many frightened countries all over the world today, look to these British birds for protection and safe guidance through the course of this war.

As a symbol of protection and power the albatross is well chosen. It is one of the largest of sea birds, and is undoubtedly larger than any land bird known. A 17-foot wing span is usual, while birds with a 24-foot span have been found. The average body length is 4 feet, with a weight of 25 pounds. The feet are large and completely webbed, with only three toes. The bill is 4 inches long, with the upper section hooked over the end of the lower, is very powerful and presents a vicious weapon to an enemy. The wings are extremely long and pointed, the tail short and round, the body streamlined and powerful. The Wandering Albatross (*Diomedidae Exulans*) of Coleridge's poem has a white body with dark stripes on the back, and dark wings. This is the largest type and the one most common. There are 19 other species.

One of the most remarkable things about the bird is the length of time it can fly. It may follow a ship for weeks without once lighting on the water, only nearing it occasionally to seize food. It is truly a bird of endurance.

A native of the Antarctic, it is rarely seen in the North Atlantic. On the lonely islands of this southern ocean it goes to breed and rear its young. The first living creatures that the large round eyes of the baby albatross behold are clumsy, honking sea lions rolling in the surf of the bays, and stately, pretty little creatures, the King Penguins. Over its head wheel many other species of Antarctic birds, many of which would swoop to prey upon it if it were not for the constant presence of its parent. If you should wander near these rocky wastes to watch the albatross in its home you would see some amusing sights.

In the breeding season the wooing of the females by the young

(Continued on page eight)



Enemy coastal defences dread the approach of these leviathans of the air with their loads of TNT.



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Photos, courtesy of Photographic Section.

## Editorial . . .

### A WORKMAN'S COTTAGE

A heap of bricks and mortar, of broken glass and slate; a splintered piece of wreckage that was once a garden gate; a little fellow's wagon, all twisted, red with rust, and an old rag doll, one arm gone, lying in the dust. This was once a workman's cottage, with a garden trim and neat, a little path of cobble-stones, a picket fence and seat, where he was wont to sit at night to watch his children play, as he smoked his pipe and talked about the topics of the day. His wife would sit beside him, busy fingers darning socks, at her feet a little toddler building castles out of blocks. Sometimes a friend and neighbor would come over for a chat, or to play a game of checkers, while they argued this and that. Last night those Nazi butchers dropped a thundering load of hate, and this morning there is nothing left within that shattered gate but a little twisted wagon and a one-armed orphaned doll, some crumbling bricks and mortar—and sadness—that is all.

—ONTARIO DENTAL JOURNAL

### THE BRITISH PEOPLE TODAY

What is the spirit of the British people today as they stand faced with disasters in the Far East, and as their courage and daring of the last two years seem to have been followed only by increasing peril? The heroic mood of 1940 has passed as the presence even of the enemy twenty miles away has fitted into the pattern of everyday life. It has changed to a passing mood of fiery criticism—but criticism which demands only that more risks be taken, more ventures made. The lesson of Malaya and Singapore has been learned by a people which asks for greater sacrifice and sterner hardship than ever before.

"I speak as a representative of the working class, as a workman. I resent the suggestion that workmen need circuses to enable them to do their best for the nation. This is an insult. The people of this country will respond to calls for service, provided the calls are made to everyone, and that service and sacrifice come from everyone in equal parts." (Mr. J. Griffiths, M.P., February 24, 1942.)

This is not a lone voice. It speaks for Britain, for a people which has already in over two and a half years struggle been called upon to dare and endure more than anyone of its Allies and for a people ready to dare and endure until perils are past and the distant victory won. Its answer comes from the Leader of the House of Commons at one with the people.

"The circumstances are grave, and the Government are convinced it is the wish of the people that this country treat this grave situation with all the seriousness and austerity that it undoubtedly demands . . . personal extravagance must be eliminated, together with every other form of wastage large or small . . . in the realm of the war effort itself no person can be allowed to stand in the way of efficiency or swiftness of production, and we must, without regard to the interests of individuals, key up the tempo of our war effort on every side." (Sir Stafford Cripps, February 25th, 1942).



"Now be fair, Tompkins. What do you think I've got 'priority' on my car for if I don't get first pick of the lady drivers?"—Humorist.

## SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING 'BOUT GAS

(By Pat Daly)

IF you get a choking feeling, and a smell of musty hay,  
You can bet your bottom dollar there is Phosgene on the way.  
But the smell of Bleaching Powder will inevitably mean  
That the enemy you're seeking is the gas they call Chlorine.  
When your eyes begin atwitching, and for tears you cannot see,  
It's not mother peeling onions, it's a dose of C.A.P.

If the smell resembles peardrops, then you'd better not delay,  
It's not your father sucking candy, it's that ruddy KSK.  
If you catch a pungent odour as you're going home to tea  
You can safely put your shirt on it, they're using BBC.  
D.M., D.A. and D.C. emanate the scent of roses,  
But despite their pretty perfume they're not good for human noses.

If for garlic, or for onions you've cultivated taste  
When in war you meet these odours, just evacuate in haste.  
'Cause it's mustard gas, that hellish stuff that leaves you such a blister,  
And in hospital you'll need the kind attention of a Sister.  
And lastly, while geraniums look pleasant in a bed  
Beware this smell in wartime, if it's Lewisite you're dead.

## OPPORTUNITY

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream—  
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;  
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged  
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords  
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner  
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.

A craven hung along the battle's edge,  
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—  
That blue blade that the King's son bears—but this  
Blunt thing!"—he snapped and flung it from his hand,  
And lowering crept away and left the field.

Then came the King's son, wounded, sore bestead,  
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,  
Hilt buried in the dry and trodden sand,  
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout  
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,  
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

—E. R. SILL.

## "SIX HONEST SERVING MEN"

The discerning and colourful painter of words—Rudyard Kipling—once wrote:

"I keep six honest serving men  
(They taught me all I knew);  
Their names are What and Why and When  
And How and Where and Who."

R.C.A.F. personnel meet daily the maelstrom of problems and responsibilities posed by Kipling's "six honest serving men." These men are the basic objectives which must be confronted when answering any professional or educational problem. Five of these stalwart thinking assistants, in due time after careful analysis, align themselves in good theory to develop a platform for the clarity of definition, purpose, time, place and personnel. But the elusive "sixth man" whose name is "How" develops the many alternatives for solving the issue at hand. It is this "man" in the realm of the practical, the "doer" rather than the "sayer" who must, in the final analysis, serve as the tool.

# Hitler's Complexities

This is the word picture of an egotistical brain tortured with the fast vanishing picture of world conquest and with the blood of millions of people on his hands.

I wish I could get drunk . . . drunk as a Lord . . . HawHaw maybe . . . those dirty Russians have got us on the run . . . but we'll beat 'em yet . . . don't get downhearted . . . look what we've done so far . . . Japan is away to a good start too . . . I don't like the thoughts of U.S.A. in this . . . bad for the morale of the common herd . . . they know it was the weight of the U.S.A. turned the tide 25 years ago . . . but they can't stop us now . . . keep thinking that . . . who was that French doctor . . . Coue, wasn't it . . . every day in every way . . . that's me . . . must remember to say that whenever I have time . . . every day in every way we are winning except in Russia . . . that spoils it . . . start again . . . every day in every way . . . I can't forget Russia . . . Napoleon nearly conquered . . . does history repeat itself . . . don't believe in those old proverbs . . . good policy . . . never believe in

anything but yourself . . . that's me . . . Adolf . . . I'm a big shot . . . why do those orphans and widows have to keep butting in . . . your fathers died for a cause . . . they are always being killed for a cause . . . what cause . . . mainly because those dirty British can't mind their own business . . . why did they have to butt in . . . blame them—not me . . . they did it . . . I keep thinking of those Japs . . . Italy was a good ally, too . . . until they had to fight . . . but we can beat them alone if we have too . . . look what we've done already . . . look at France . . . those poor fools . . . want to monkey with Adolf, eh? . . . I'll show 'em . . . like to hear of blood . . . makes me feel good . . . is that an inferiority complex? . . . no . . . I'm a hero . . . a second Napoleon . . . only better . . . ha, ha . . . must call in my astrologer . . . he predicts setbacks . . . must remember him . . . confinement camp . . . no one can set Adolf back . . . other men may build bridges . . . I build nations . . . instead of steel and iron, I use men . . . real human beings . . . lots of fun . . . what's a few men compared with me . . . mind over matter . . . keep thinking of Hess . . . good man . . . damn him anyway . . . some of Churchill's work . . . fat pig . . . get him yet . . . wait till my next speech . . . drown him off the air . . . not the orator I am . . . called me a guttersnipe . . . ach . . . hope Rommel can hang out in Libya . . . if he don't . . . pfft . . . another conspirator gone . . . but we'll win anyway . . . mustn't forget that . . . wish I could stop thinking a while . . . see those mangled bodies in Russia . . . and those dead Frenchmen . . . and those murdered Poles . . . and those . . . what's the use . . . what are those noises in my head . . . pity the man with a guilty conscience . . . ach.

—CHIC ROBERT

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## THE RAW RECRUIT WRITES HOME

Camp So and So,  
Feb. 4th, 1942.

Dear Mother: This is just a line To let you know I'm feeling fine. I find the Service simply swell . . . They use you good . . . they do like —well

The food up here is just cooked right

(For Dogs) And just the other night We had some dope they call meat pies

'Twas only horse meat in disguise.

The NCO's sure use us nice . . . But only if we act like mice. Step out of line and they can be A modern type of Sime Legree. To be yourself is sure a sin But then we must have discipline If we would win this blinking fight. But now we know Sherman was right.

You're fitted for the job you like . . . They put me on a motorbike Because I want to learn to fly . . . No one knows just the reason why. Perhaps if I could ride a horse I would have got in the Air Force. Well ma . . . I guess that is nuf sed Must close . . . write soon . . . Love . . . your sop Ned.

—C. H. ROBERT, Jr.

## COPY—COPY—COPY

If your flight or section is not in today's news then someone has slipped! Flight reporters cannot write copy unless you, dear reader, pass on to him daily doings worth recording. Get behind him and gave him a boost—up!

DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30

Mrs. Grabb—Any decent husband would give his wife all the money she wanted to spend.  
Grabb—Don't be silly, my dear, there isn't that much money.

## Hartt Air Force OXFORDS



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A good driver can stop on a dime, but it is a poor driver that has to do it very often.



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## SPARKS FROM WORKSHOPS

May we intrude? Thank you. You see our column has not had a monthly stand for some time, due to postings and shifting of our own personnel, but I think I can promise you a reasonable column from now on.

Before going further, Workshop lads would like to express regrets in losing a number of our gang, namely Flt. Sergeant Cheek, Sergeants Gibson, Henderson, Mortimer, Longley, and LAC Wright. However, as transfers are inevitable and doubtless for the best, all to be said is "Good luck, fellows, and glad for the acquaintance, however brief."

We wonder what LAC Rogers will do now that his stand-to has fallen to "rifle and sand" duty.

Congratulations due to two new N.C.O.'s, Cpl. McFarland and Cpl. Griffin. Nice goin', fellows.

Latest rumours have it that Cy Horrobin has taken vows to keep the new buggy right side up. Cy has really had his share of misfortune, so if the law of averages is at all just we are sure the Oldsmobile should roll unscathed for many a mile.

This brief epistle will just get in under the wire, I'm afraid, so time to sign off for now. More news next issue. —"KELLY."

## "H" FLIGHT

Hello, gang! This is just another smear, from No. 2 Squadron outpost hangar, to let you know that we are still with you. Although our boast of pennant honours around ye drill hall didn't come quite up to expectations, we have to wish a lot of luck and success to the lads who defeated us in the winter pastimes.

We were sorry to lose genial Sgt. Chapman via the transfer route. He really was one of the spark plugs of this grand flight and we all hope he is doing a good job in his new surroundings.

A few of our Aussie pals will be lost to us very soon as F/L Lundberg, C.I. of this Squadron, has been dashing around "H" Flight like a mad hatter giving them their wings test.

When is LAC Kendall going to hang up his veterinary shingle? He is certainly going to the dogs. It is a good profession to follow up, Stan.

We would like to know where Sgt. McBurney's identification disc got to. What a way to look after a Christmas present, Mac.

Never mind studying the catalogues, Sgt. Aistrop, give the furniture company an order.

We are glad to have with us Sgt. Cox from "F" Flight. We wish him a long and happy stay.

Don Sharpe says the pack is not so very heavy but he would like a gun carriage so as he could wheel the rifle around.

This is all the grief for this issue but before closing we wish F/L Card, O.C. "H" Flight, a speedy recovery from his illness. —DAL.

## SECTIONAL NEWS

## FAINT GLIMMERS FROM DAWN FLIGHT

For the past two issues, Dawn Flight has failed to submit any material for inclusion in this estimable rag. However, we would like to make it clear that the copy left this typewriter intact. Evidently the carrier pigeon, to whom (or should we say which) we entrusted our literary efforts, got off the beam somewhere between here and the "Y" office. We are inclined to believe that he attempted to get through the barrier without a pass and was shot for his pains.

Since last we were heard from, Dawn Flight's personnel has been decreased by several members, chief among these being Flight Lieutenant Gilmore, our C.O., who has gone overseas. We wish him the very best of luck and good hunting. P/O Sutherland also has left our flock for Uplands.

There follows a poem (illustrating the triumph of mind over meter) submitted by "Wilf" (Dumbo) Ramey, who also has left our humble abode to pursue his activities, and, no doubt, the odd blonde, elsewhere; namely, viz, and to wit, —overseas.

## THE RUMOUR

Absolute knowledge have I none,  
But my aunt's washerwoman's sister's son

Heard a policeman on his beat  
Say to a labourer on the street  
That he had a letter just last week,  
Written in the finest Greek  
By a Chinese coolie in Timbuctu,  
Who said that a native of Cuba

knew  
Of a coloured man in a Texan town  
Who got it straight from a circus clown

That a man in the Klondyke heard  
the news

From a couple of South American  
Jews

Of someone or other in Borneo  
Who knew a man who claimed to know

A swell society female fake  
Whose mother-in-law would undertake

To prove that her husband's sister's  
niece

Had stated, in a printed piece,  
That she had a cousin who had a friend

Who knew when the war was going  
to end.

What war?

By the time the next issue rolls  
off the presses, we shall have become but an insignificant feather in Maintenance Wing.

Don't forget; chip the green mold off your brass, press at least the lower half of your trousers, and knock the winter's dust from your shoes; otherwise, you are likely to be presented with the booby prize, which consists of a bouquet of poison-ivy and dahlias.

Carry on. —J. F.

## FRANK CUSTOMER

Affable Butcher: "I trust, madam, that you liked the sausages?"

"Well, I must admit," replied the customer acidly, "they were not quite so bad as they were tainted."

## CUES FROM STATION HEADQUARTERS

Congratulations are in order again, and this time to that Walking Ace, Civilian Trouble Settler, Sgt. Allan. Yqs friends; he's a Father. Congrats, Allan, old boy.

The great Lochinvar you read so much about, better known as Cpl. Peck, is away up to Owen Sound for two weeks' leave, but according to a long distance phone call received by Yours Truly, he's in Hanover. Wrong address on leave there, Cpl. Guess it must be that Hanover blonde again.

The station dance was a great success but according to a certain F/Sgt. it wasn't the same. Quote: "Why is Toronto so far away? Why haven't I got a car? Why am I on a forty-eight when things like this happen?" See, friends, more than you have troubles. What say, Lou?

Cpl. Carley, the N.C.O. in charge of the Letter Production Department, is carrying out his duties in an excellent manner. In the past two weeks production has increased from one letter a day, to four every three days. What a fine boy, and a proud girl Kay must be!

Things are certainly looking bright these days for Wing. Yes, men, he got his promotion, a dollar-a-year-man Edwards, that's me.

A few of the local boys from the orderly room attended the weekly dance in Alliston in spite of the bad weather and having as guest Rolph the Dauntless of W. & B. who was overtaken with Static Combustion, caused by overloading the Liquid Glands but immediately upon attack, Nurse Ghent applied first aid and in no time Rolph was fast asleep and was able to carry on his duties next day. What a feeling! eh Pogue.

Oh yes, men, one of our smiling Cpl's. better known to the boys of Headquarters as J.O.L. is about to fall off the ladder this coming Saturday. To you Cpl. there is very little to say other than we wish you the best of success in the future and may your new step in life lead you to greener fields.

Notices: Attention all Officers and Airmen! Keep close check on Wings Over Borden for boxing match, the date of which as yet has not been set. The fight between W.O.2, the "Hairless Wonder," and W.O.1, "The Lion of the North." This fight is being staged in the Drill Hall sometime in the near future. It is to be a fifteen round bout, we hope. Each man on entering the ring will as usual go to his corner. The referee will then introduce the fight and read all rules.

## CIVIES SORTIES

When Nelson addressed the fleet with his famous speech "England expects every man to do his duty," the need for immediate action was urgent. Today our future depends on our answer to the call of duty, a most urgent call.

There are many ways we can serve our country other than in the armed forces. There are those who through infirmity or physical defect must be excused that kind of duty. It is to the credit of these men who offer to serve in war effort in their lesser capacity.

It should be far from the thought of any patriotic citizen to in any way discourage them or to point the finger of scorn at their noble effort. For after all it is men with such fine spirit who construct true democracy.

We understand one of the civilians in the Airmen's Mess is developing a pep talk. Not having heard him speak we cannot report on his topic but gathering from what we have heard, he must be egg-nog-gistic.

We welcome to the station F/O Reath, succeeding F/O Godfrey. He will be closely associated with the civilian help.

For the benefit of the LAC pilot who came to the junior officers' quarters in search of a shoe shine parlor we pass the information on that the man who shines shoes is out. —J. D. SMART.

This means no chewing ears, W.O.2.

And so, readers, as Time Marches On, so does the deadline of Wings Over Borden, until next issue. Remember the old saying: WE SHALL NOT FLAG OR FAIL, BUT WE SHALL GO ON TO THE END.

The man who toots his own horn soon has everybody dodging when he approaches.

## UNITED CIGAR STORE

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**ACCOUNTS FROM THE ACCOUNTS SECTION**

In the absence of your regular correspondent, once again it is my privilege to soliloquize on the doings of Ye Olde Accounting Section.

It is with considerable pride that I point to the "A" team of the Bowling League. The team, consisting of a considerable representation from the section, walked off with top honours of the series. The boys aimed at the top from the first and, never losing sight of their original objective, succeeded in overcoming all obstacles with which they were beset, namely, criticism and derogatory remarks, to finish victorious.

While we are in a sporting frame of mind the fact that the Accounts Section copped top honours in the Badminton League will bear mentioning. For a section wherein muscles are one of the least important requisites, excluding muscles in the head, of course, it seems that the lads have really made a marvellous showing in their sporting endeavours.

It is with regret that we again wave goodbye to three of our lads, Cpl. Cameron having gone forth into a world of Instruments, Navigation, Stall Turns, Spins and Circuits, while the other two boys have gone to No. 4 Wireless School, Guelph. All these men were conscientious and hard working and it is sincerely hoped that they will receive recognition for their labours in their new positions. While on the subject, I would like to quote a famous saying by Longfellow, which, I believe, applies to myself, "Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."

Our estimable Cpl. Rorke is again confined to the hospital. Influenza this time. But then I suppose everyone suffers a relapse after the birth of a child. As one doctor has explained it so well in these words, "We have never lost a father yet." The staff as a whole sincerely hope that he will return to the fold in the near future.

To round out this little column I again enter the cracks and slams department and try to belittle the thoughts and movements of some of our worthy compatriots.

It seems that a certain Sergeant is in contact with the old ladies' home in Toronto and is making his contribution to the cause by escorting some of the elderly matrons about the streets of said fair city.

We are wondering what fair damsel has her dining hooks into ACI Daly. She must be endowed with exceptional charms to succeed in luring him away from his first love, the R.C.A.F. Or did he really miss that train last weekend.

It must have been extremely difficult for one LAC Cunliffe to obtain drinking water last week, because it seems his body was so dehydrated that his tongue became enlarged to the extent that he found it difficult to carry on an intelligent conversation at the R.C.A.F. dance

**SECTIONAL NEWS**



"Thought I told you to pick up paper?"  
"Sright, sarge. First bit was a ten-bob note."  
—Humorist

**CAN WE BE HAPPY?**

Can we make ourselves happy you may ask?

Surely. Happiness is a home-made product, and if we ever have any we have to make it for ourselves. No one can hand it out to us as a gift. No amount of money can buy it, for it is not for sale over the counter.

We have to roll our own as the saying goes, and the recipe for doing that is simple. We have to begin by having the will power to be happy. We have to be determined to be happy come what may.

We must not think of happiness as a matter of luck that may happen to us or not. That never happens. And, anyway happiness comes from within, not from without, and when we learn to like what we have, we always have what we like. Then we must seize happiness as it comes. We must grasp pleasure as it flies.

Those who put off enjoying the good things that life offers them

Friday night. However, one of the lads must have administered some extraordinary stimulant for he had returned to normal the following day.

Another problem that has arisen is the blood in McAlear's eye. We are wondering whether it was a broken blood vessel or could it have been in anticipation of a forthcoming dissipation?

**Superman**

An Airman of obvious distraction approached the paymaster on the delicate subject of an advance. His opening remarks were:

Airman: "Sir, I would like an advance on my pay."

F/O Battersby: "We do not issue advances without an extraordinary reason. Therefore, I am afraid we cannot be of any assistance."

Airman: "My mother has been in bed with the doctor for three months, my wife's boy friend has lost his job and cannot support her, my father has just received his wings at No. 2 S.F.T.S., my grandfather has just been re-enlisted and I am going home for the weekend."

First Aid was administered to Mr. Battersby. —F/SGT. H. BRUTON

lose out altogether. Yet how many do it. Men who never give themselves a break, who fill their days with hard grinding labour, putting off enjoying themselves until some future time when they can take things easy, and then when the time comes when they expected to be happy, it is too late.

Something happens and the happiness which you may have had is gone beyond recall. To be happy we must keep busy. Idleness is the devil's workshop, where most of the misery of the world is manufactured.

There are no people so peevish, fretful, and discontented as those who have nothing to do, to think about, or to plan, nothing to do save kill time.

So keep your chin up, wear a cheery smile, and say to yourself, I'm going to be happy come what may.

—DAD PARKER.

**HOWLERS FROM A RECENT QUIZ CONTEST SPONSORED BY Y.M.C.A. AT CAMP BORDEN.**

How long is one rod? "360 feet."

Who said, "Nothing is sure except death and taxes?" "Confucius", "Lots of people."

Who invented wireless telegraphy? "Macaroni."

What is a calaboose? "The last car on a freight train."

What is a seven-sided figure called? "A darn poor hexagon."

If you saw a Lepidoptera in your garden, what would you call it? "A vegetable."

What did Peter, Peter Pumpkin Eater do with his wife? "Ate her."

What is the normal temperature of the human body? "78 if sober."

What are agenda? "Spanish agents."

Where is the retina? "In Mexico."

If you found a Praying Mantis in your room, would you pray with him? "Not unless in the mood."

What is a filet mignon? "I fish—no bones."

What is a jerkin? "A bad shaken."

Where are: (a) the Pantheon. "A male snake." (b) the Parthenon? "A female snake." (c) the Colosseum? "A place for amusements."

**TID BITS FROM "G" FLIGHT**

Well, I've had time to make myself comfortable in Sgt. Blackett's armchair, and to get acquainted with the boys who hang-out in No. 3 hangar. Not a bad bunch; quite a collection of personalities—enough to put on a good stage show without changing character.

Gord. Blackett takes the leading role of an inimitable peace-loving, dry, humorous Sgt. in charge of a notorious bunch of scrounging rascals;

Jack Sanderson, his able and competent junior N.C.O., the butt of the wise cracking;

"Hop" Hopkins, the second joe on the list, who does his best to straighten out arguments in the office;

Jack Ingram, third joe. I don't know much about this fellow as yet. I'll have to keep an eye on him.

Next issue I'll enlarge on the personnel.

Good luck and goodbye to LACs Stevens and Smallbone. We know they will do their part 'over there.'

Congratulations on the long list of promotions to the boys who have waited a long time. I hear Cpl. "Horizontal" Barr is laying down the law at the flight and home. He has his wife afraid of the "peg" and pack drill. (But not this war).

Officers, N.C.O.'s and airmen of "G" Flight extend their deepest feeling of sympathy to the family and relatives of F/Lt. D. B. Gardiner.

"He was one of the best; For his country he gave his all."

Welcome is extended to F/O Hasenpflug as O.C. I'm sure he will like it here and the utmost help of the flight can be expected to make it so. All for now.

—CPL. INGRAM, J.M.

If you would have your happiness secure, the root of it must be within yourself.

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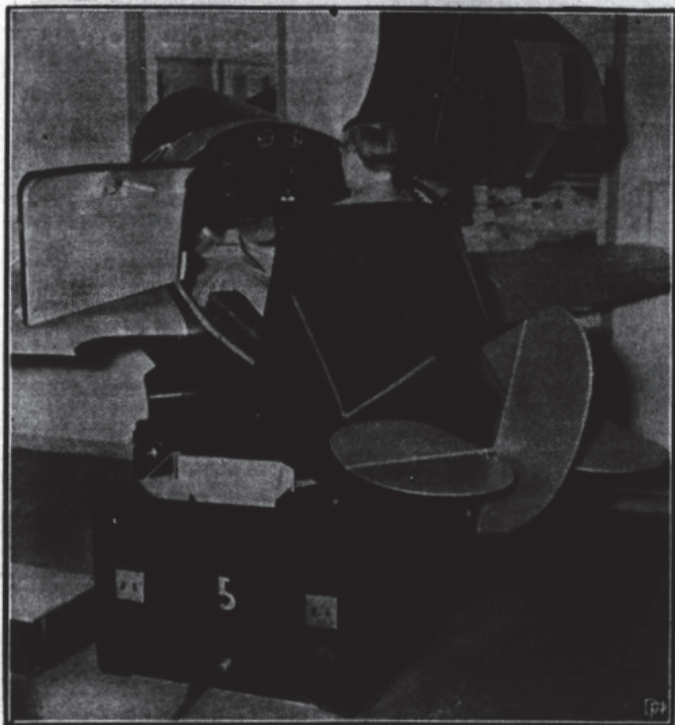
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It is not necessary for us to talk about our faults, we all have them. The important thing is to recognize them ourselves and then try to do something about them.

## R.C.A.F. Theatre

## COMING ATTRACTIONS

March 22

"BUY ME THAT TOWN"  
Lloyd Nolan,  
Constance Moore

March 23 and 24

"THE MALTESE FALCON"  
Humphrey Bogart,  
Mary Astor

March 25 and 26

"SUSPICION"  
Cary Grant, Joan Fontaine

March 27 and 28

"SERGEANT YORK"  
Gary Cooper, Joan Leslie

March 29

"LAW OF THE TROPICS"  
Constance Bennett,  
Jeffrey Lynn

March 30 and 31

"YOU'RE IN THE ARMY  
NOW"  
Jimmy Durante, Jane Wyman

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



## MODEL AIRCRAFT CLUB

The club continues to grow in popularity, with more members showing keen interest in this hobby. A number of models are rapidly nearing completion and will soon be ready for test flights.

Sgt. Pilot Davidson has built a Seversky P-35 Pursuit ship and is also working on a large Flying Boat which has a 5-foot fuselage and 10-foot wing spread. This model will be powered by a gasoline engine. Sgt. Pilot Cox is completing an Army Hawk P6-3 Pursuit plane. LAC Bell and LAC Taylor are working on Baby Hornet flying models. LAC Sadler has built a Corben Super Ace and is now finishing a Sparky model. LAC Bishop is constructing a Messerschmitt 109, while LAC Bright has started work on a Harvard.

In co-operation with F/L Boulter, the executive of the club are arranging to have scale models of enemy aircraft made up for the purpose of aircraft identification. Among these models will be found Messerschmitts, Dorniers, Heinkles, Junkers and Henschels. Any members wishing to assist in the production of these craft are asked to get in touch with LAC Bishop (station librarian) or Y.M.C.A. office.

## Cash and Thrills

(By Sheilah Graham)  
(North American Newspaper Alliance)

Montreal, Que., Oct. 15—Here in Montreal, on a wide, flat, field and in hangars that did not exist last fall, are lined up in neat rows dead-looking B-24's and Hudson bombers awaiting flying transportation to Britain by a strange assortment of flying daredevils under the leadership of Sir Frederick Bowhill, air chief marshal of what is now called the R.A.F. Ferry Command.

Anyone can join the ferry service as a flier—"Providing," says Sir Frederick, a navy and flying veteran with fierce red eyebrows and row upon row of medals, "that the civilian applicant has a minimum of 750 flying hours with commercial or transport plane experience." He adds that at the moment, the service is getting all the pilots it requires.

## Names are Taboo

Names of ferry fliers are now taboo for publication, but this will give you an idea of the type of aviator attracted to the service because of the danger and glamor. And because of the high wages paid—a co-pilot gets \$800 a month—a captain with a year's service, \$1,200 a month.

Among the boys who think nothing of making two trips a month across the Atlantic are a famous American who some years ago successfully girdled the globe in his plane; a "silly ass" type of Englishman who is only silly in private life—his official record includes the winning of a London-to-Melbourne Air Derby; a titled Frenchman who is the fiancee of a famous blonde movie actress; an Egyptian who used to fly a transport plane in his native land; a Boston parachute jumper. And dozens and dozens of boys who formerly piloted the big American commercial planes.

## Most are Married

Ninety per cent. of the ferry pilots are married. And most of them have their wives and families in Montreal. The wives are the real heroines of this story. The men will tell you—honestly—that

they are now so used to the trans-Atlantic flight that they have lost all sense of danger. But the women, staying behind in Montreal, must wait, hope and conjecture until they receive the welcome cable announcing the safe arrival.

When two ferry planes recently crashed in England, killing 41 fliers, there were five new widows in one Montreal apartment house.

## Back in Three Days

The huge Liberators bring back ferry pilots to Canada at the rate of about twelve pilots and a crew of four in each plane. It used to be about eighteen pilots, but this number has now been reduced because of the two crashes. The record for a bomber flight across the Atlantic and return in a Liberator is three days.

Today the service has expanded to the point where one night recently twenty bombers took off on the eastward flight. There are now several hundred flying personnel, plus an organization employing around 1,800 men and women. This will be doubled and trebled with the arrival of the torrent of planes promised by President Roosevelt.

"Going over is easy," a flier who has crossed more than fourteen times told me. "It's the return trip that we don't particularly like." This is chiefly because of the westward headwinds, and for the reason that the pilots, like auto drivers, hate to be in the back seat.

Peggy—But madam, how could you marry a man you knew to be a burglar?

Marge—Well, I thought he'd be so quiet about the house.

## MISSING

Cpl. Rorke's "Read It or Not" column and other features. Reason—indisposition. The W.O.B. staff are sorry to learn that our worthy editor has again found it necessary to relinquish his many duties and rest up a bit at Chorley Park. Speedy recovery, Ted!

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# SPORT SHOTS

(By Jim McClenaghan,  
Y.M.C.A. Services)

## Boxing

The Camp Borden championships scheduled for March 17, were postponed until a later date owing to the small number of entries and to the apparent lack of training and condition of some of the entrants.

It was with regret that the chairman of the Camp Sports' Committee, Major A. J. Sinclair, V.D., found it necessary to postpone the tournament.

It may be said here that the R.C.A.F. entries were in good condition and gave an excellent account of themselves, having qualified four boxers out of four entries for the finals. These were LAC Rowland, LAC Ouimet, LAC Stewart and AC1 Barton.

## Sports Meeting

At the March meeting of the Sports Committee, held in the Airmen's Club on Thursday, March 12, it was decided to organize Bordenball, volleyball and bowling on a squadron basis and to continue basketball, boxing, badminton and gymnastics on the club basis. Watch D.R.O.'s for further particulars.

## Rifle Club

The Rifle Club is now well organized, with the following executive guiding its destinies:

President .....F/L H. E. Boulter  
Secretary .....Capt. W. W. Philp  
Treasurer .....F/O G. M. Bury  
Members ....F/L W. S. W. Breese  
F/O W. Bodrug

It is superfluous here to mention the necessity for each and all personnel to become expert marksmen. The club is primarily organized to teach and encourage the novice. Some few thousand rounds have been used during the past two weeks and a great deal of improvement has been noticed. Watch the notice board for details of a tournament shoot.

## Basketball Finals

Four teams have qualified to enter the Camp Borden semi-finals. They are the A-8 C.A.C.T.C., Canadian Dentals, A-10 L.(A).T.C., and the R.C.A.F. The semi-finals and finals will take place in the R.C.A.F. Drill Hall on Monday and Tuesday evenings, commencing at 7.30 p.m.

## Swimming

A meet will be conducted in Bardia swimming pool on April 8 and all entries must be in by April 1.

All R.C.A.F. personnel who would like to compete are asked to contact Jim McClenaghan at the Y.M.C.A. office or leave their name with F/O Bodrug at the Drill Hall as soon as possible in order that a team may be formed.

The Air Force team won the fall meet and would like to duplicate the feat.

**LIST OF EVENTS:** 30 yards free style, 30 yards back stroke, 30 yards breast stroke, 90 yards free style.

Diving: 2 compulsory dives: (a) back header, (b) swan dive.

Medley Relay (4 men): 30 yards back stroke, 30 yards free style, 30 yards breast stroke, 60 yards free style.

Relay Race: 4 men x 30 yards free style.

Under-water Swim: Winner by distance.

Seaflea relay: 6 men x 30 yards.  
Pigeon Race: 6 men per unit.

Pants and Sweater Race: O.C.'s, Majors and Captains (Air Force equivalent ranks) only. 4 men x 13.3 yards.

## ICE HOCKEY FOR R.C.A.F. PERSONNEL

A very successful hockey league has been organized "somewhere in England" for Canadian airmen. This league has been organized by E. R. McEwen, Canadian Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, R.C.A.F. The teams composing the league come from various Canadian Squadrons in the area surrounding the rink leased by the "Y." The enthusiasm of these teams has surpassed all expectations.

The league is significant when one realizes that the general sports pattern of the R.A.F. is English. This pattern consists of cricket, soccer, English rugby, etc. The enthusiastic hockey player, baseball player, Canadian rugby player, has to a great extent failed to find expression for his sporting nature in the R.A.F. sports programme. The Canadian Y.M.C.A. recognizing this need to create sports programmes for Canadians has done everything in its power to organize leagues in softball, basketball, lacrosse and hockey. The latter mentioned has met with the greatest response from the airmen.

The rink is engaged twice weekly by the Y.M.C.A. and four games are played each week. All equipment such as skates, sticks, shorts, socks, sweaters, pads, etc., are supplied. The airmen in the area of a radius of 40 miles have been

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given a special ticket which admits them free of charge to all these games.

These hockey games are making it possible for Canadians to get together for a social time, as well as providing an excellent sport.

The Y.M.C.A. serves tea to all the players following the game. This provides an excellent time for the renewing of acquaintance.

## ACCOUNTS WIN BADMINTON

To complete a successful season for the Accounts Section, the Section team finished the season of badminton by winning the finals from the Dental Corps by the score of 3 points to 1. The winning teams of F/Lt. Broughton and Cpl. Sills. and F/O Battersby and LAC Cunniffe, proved to be worthy champions after a strenuous struggle with the losing teams of Capt. Philp and P/O Duncan, and Lieut. Kilgour and F/O Kerr.

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## THE ALBATROSS

(Continued from Page One)

gentlemen of the colony would strike you as being much like the habits of human beings. We apologize if this sounds like satire.

An unattached female usually finds several males trying to attract her attention. These young swains will gather around her, throwing out their chests, stretching their long, beautiful wings, strutting and dancing, and screeching in their best imitation of a love song. Occasionally they squabble and swear at each other like chipmunks, never fighting but definitely protesting at each other's presence. All this time the female is coyly wandering among them, giving each a little attention and being very sweet.—the Scarlet O'Hara of the Antarctic. When finally she chooses the mate with whom she will wander off the others walk slowly away hanging their heads and swaying their bodies from side to side. With doleful backward glances at the lucky male they cast throaty noises at him, grumbling their disdain or lament, and disappear among the rocks and weeds.

The newlyweds then are faced with the task of selecting a site and building their home. They, too, have domestic duties and obligations. First they gather bundles of tussock stocks and twigs. This is mixed with mud from the edge of the ocean and is then shaped into a truncated cone with a shallow hollow on top. An odd and homely nest, but a practical one for the district. Living in the suburbs of the world, the mother albatross cannot be too insistent on having a beautiful home.

In this moss-lined hollow she sits, and her mate squats before her on the ground. If you have the effrontery to stay and watch the albatross making love to his wife you will see him sitting there, profoundly proclaiming his affection and loyalty and demonstrating with motions of endearment. They cross bills, stroke each other's neck, chatter with their bills together until you can only see a blur. Then they point their bills skyward and squeal like little pigs. With a resounding clap they strike their bills together, gobble, caterwaul and chatter. Then the male rises, struts about like a general, poses head held high and wings out-stretched, and thus calls her to come down.

This she does and he takes her place, bowing and declaring his love.

A single white egg, 4 inches long, and smoothly shaped, is laid on the dais-like nest. Then begins the long incubation period. One of the pair stays with the nest, never moving from its position, while the other flies away to sea. It climbs to the top of a hill, and racing down the slope, wings outstretched like a glider, takes off into the wind. Mother Nature, like man, seems to have found that to make a large ship which could fly long distances she must compromise with a long and tedious ascent. To fly from the surface of the water, the albatross must first taxi 70 to 80 feet on the surface, propelling itself with its paddle-like feet.

The holiday from duty may last from 6 to 10 days, and in the time the bird will travel many miles across the ocean. On its search for food it will probably convoy a ship on part of its voyage. If the offal from the ship is not enough to satisfy its appetite it will swing toward shore and feed in the inlets and bays or around the islands. Mollusks, fish spawn, carrion and small marine animals make up the diet. Then, heavy with food and barely able to take off into the air, it wings back to the other parent, who has been patiently waiting at home. The two change places and the free bird flies away to take a holiday and fill its stomach. The new guardian of the nest is then able to digest its meal. Piles of indigestible bones of the creatures it has eaten, beaks of cuttlefish, etc., regurgitated in a circle around the base of the cone, are proof of the fact that it never leaves the nest.

Hatching from the egg, the young albatross sits on weak, gangling legs and waits to be fed just the same as a young robin nestling. It is covered with a coat of snow-white down from its head to the tips of its awkward, pointed wings. This color it keeps till adulthood. For the first few weeks it stays in the nest, crawling frantically back up if removed from it. Later in the summer it becomes more bold and ventures out to play with other young. At the end of the summer, it is big enough to fly away. This is a great occasion for the youngster, who finds himself suddenly left alone by his parents and obliged to protect himself. Unceremoniously he is given his wings. Mystified by his inexperience he flies away from his island training school and over the adventurous ocean. High in a gray and white sky soars this graceful gray and white bird—quietly making his way into the world and its criss-crossing shipping lanes.

Into these vital shipping lanes upon which the world depends so much for harmonious living go the young and the old albatross. Wings from the blue protect them. Wings that rise from the ground with the throaty roar of man-made motors. Wings which dive and climb, turn and twist, and fight with furied and vicious movements of revenge. Wings which climb to the sky at dawn to circle and patrol, and return in the blue of the night satisfied that nothing has been harmed.

Blow your nose gently to clean it, not vigorously and dirty up your sinuses.

## RED TAPE LANGUAGE

(From Time Magazine)

Latest organization in Washington is The Wafflebottom Club, so named because its businessmen members wait long hours on cane-seated chairs in Government ante-rooms. (World War I also saw wafflebottoms.)

Other recent additions to the language, from the Washington scene: The "Milk Route" is the daily round of visits a businessman makes trying to get a defence order, to OPM, SPAB, OPA, ODT, War, Navy, Treasury and Agriculture Departments. A "Torch Bearer" is a sympathetic Government subordinate who actually takes up a case and follows it through.

The Air Forces News Letter compiled a glossary of red-tape official-ese in wartime Washington:

Under consideration means: never heard of it.

Under active consideration means: will have a shot at finding the file.

Has received careful consideration: A period of inactivity covering time lag.

Have you any remarks?: Give me some idea of what it's all about.

That project is in the air: Am completely ignorant of the subject. You will remember: You have forgotten, or never knew, because I don't.

Transmitted to you: You hold the bag a while—I'm tired of it.

Concur generally: Haven't read the document and don't want to be bound by anything I say.

In conference: Gone out—don't know where he is.

Kindly expedite reply: For God's sake try and find the papers.

Passed to higher authority: Pigeon-holed in more sumptuous office.

In abeyance: A state of grace for

## OF COURSE YOU KNOW

Sergeants always talk out of the side of their mouths and look tough, but underneath it all they have a heart of gold . . . all the meals are beans and potatoes, day in and day out, but nobody minds . . . you really don't have to get up at reveille if you don't want to . . . a timely wisecrack will always keep you off fatigue duty . . . Officers always consult Rookies on intricate military problems . . . aviators always stick gum on the side of their plane before a take-off . . . and, whenever you're short of money, your buddies are always good for a ten buck touch . . . —IN THE MOVIES!  
—Mather Field (U.S.A.)  
Wing Tips.

a disgraceful state.

Appropriate action: Do you know what to do with it? We don't.

Giving him the picture: Long, confusing and inaccurate statement to a newcomer.

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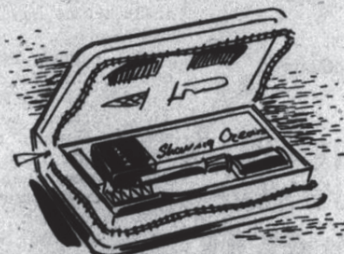
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