

Wings Over Borden

Vol. 5 No. 1

APRIL 2, 1942

No. 1 S.F.T.S.

CAMP BORDEN, CANADA

Easter

VICTORY

And Jesus came and stood in the midst of the disciples and said, "Peace be unto you; it is I, be not afraid."

We now come to the end of the Lenten Season and prepare to celebrate the great Christian festival of Easter. Appropriately it is at the beginning of Spring when the earth sees the annual miracle of a revived earth. The long sleep of nature is over and already the new shoots of grass and flowers are shoving above the ground, the sap is flowing in the trees and soon the countryside will be clothed in brilliant green. From death they spring into new life.

During the days of Holy Week we are brought face to face with the stark tragedy of the sufferings and death of our Divine Saviour, God and man, who willingly offered Himself, the Lamb of God, as a victim for the sins of mankind. On Good Friday, He died. On Easter Sunday, by His own power, He rose again from the dead, proving His divinity and confirming our hope of eternal salvation.

In His death, He seemed a complete failure. In His resurrection, He showed Himself the victor over death and all evil. Only as His followers, faithful to His laws, grateful for His favours, hopeful of His promises, can we have any assurance of future security, either in this life or the next.

To the forces of evil now rampant around the world and for the moment successful in their designs, the cross of Christ is a mockery, His resurrection a fable. Our final victory can come to us as it did to Him only through suffering and sacrifice. If our labours and trials are dedicated to Him, if individually we acknowledge His kingship and submit ourselves to His rule, then we can be assured that victory will be ours. Though our own lives may be given in that struggle, we will have gained for ourselves the greatest victory and the most glorious reward, and for those to follow a better world where at last may be realized the highest Christian hope in this world, "The peace of Christ, in the reign of Christ."

—FLIGHT LIEUTENANT DWYER, Padre.



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Editorial . . .

It has well been said by many men that Canada's vast expanses and sunny blue skies have given to its youth the spirit of flying. We do not doubt this, it has been and is being proven, that her sons rank with the best in the realm of aviation, but the mere fact that we have the quality is not enough. Of all the members of the B.C.A.T.P., Canada was understood to supply eighty per cent of the aircrew material, and with her small population, she is finding this to be a tall order. The standards originally set for enlistment in this branch of the air force, have been lowered immensely, and there is a general trend in the policy of the R.C.A.F., to have its ground personnel conscious of this fact and of its implications.

We will win the war with air power. The assembly lines of the aeroplane plants in North America are gradually being organized to the point where they will equal and surpass the productive capacity of the enemy. Our leaders have promised aircraft by the thousands and if they live up to their word, the problem of men to fly them will be an acute one. As yet the Allies have started no big combined air and land offensive in any phase of the war, that would lead to losses as suffered by the Germans, as in their advance into Russia, or in the Battle of Britain. The air force has not felt the weight of extremely heavy losses such as these. There is no doubt that when the two factors mentioned become realities, the need for aircrew personnel will have increased a hundred-fold. Where else but inside its own organization should and will the R.C.A.F. first look for men to help fill the bill?

Educational rehabilitation schemes have already been put into effect for the convenience of ground personnel. Physical training and sports of all kinds are encouraged, and we find this week that Ottawa is extending its first feeler into the ranks, in the form of a survey of the capabilities, qualifications and inclinations of those in the Clerk Accounting trade. It remains to be seen what the reaction will be, but one can be sure that this is the first move in a scheme for the redistribution of manpower resources to positions where they will be of more value to the organization as a whole, and to give opportunities to those who are qualified and who desire to train as aircrew. Naturally, the trades that will be affected immediately are those which can be taken over by the Women's Division of the R.C.A.F.

The pursuance of this policy is a step along the right way, by those in command, to putting their own home in order. Foreseeing the problem that will confront them in the near future, they are taking full advantage of the resources they already possess. Perhaps this action, if carried out fully and promptly, will help in the final solution of the United Nations' all too familiar bugbear—"Too little and too late."

—LAC ENFIELD, F. A.

ARMAMENT

By Flying Officer H. E. Boulter

If it were not for the radio and newspapers to keep it before us, strange as it may seem, most of us would forget that we are actually at war. The main purpose of war is the destruction of our enemies by any of the unpleasant methods most suitable. We can shoot our enemies, poison them, drown them, blow them up and at the same time they can try to do likewise to us. The country developing the most satisfactory lethal weapons wins. It is this brutal side of war that is rarely brought to our attention and often forgotten by us employed in training schools. At this very moment Canadians are somewhere doing their best in carrying out some of the above means of ridding the world of Nazis, Wops and Japs, while these three are doing their worst in return. It is, of course, a case of "do unto others as you would not have them do unto you." To make this golden rule of warfare good is the main reason why Armament and its study is essential.

Unfortunately our fighting forces were not entered in the war games that took place in Spain, China and Ethiopia and thus missed out on some realistic practice. We did have our observers at these tests and they saw plenty but just how much they were able to impress the proper authorities is evident from our results to date. Our enemies, however, were able to modernize their armament and developed Stukas, 5th columns, mechanized war en masse, wholesale terrorism and many other forms of destruction well known to us now. They also learned the value of perfect co-ordination of all branches of the services. They were able to find out how effective their machine guns, cannon guns, A/A guns, anti-tank guns were and just how good their armoured fighting vehicles and armour plate were to stop these guns. But our observers were never told these important findings. These tests must have been very pleasing to our enemies, so much so that they were confident that no force could withstand their blitz methods. It is interesting to note that the only nation, Russia, also played in these same games. The knowledge they gained, they kept

secret from friend and foe so successfully that their fighting ability came as a complete surprise. Events have proven that our enemies were right and after eliminating the more brutal methods which their natural tendencies make it easy for them to apply, and so much right that to beat them we must play the same type of game.

Now during all this time when our "thinking" part of the world was doing what we apparently wanted to do—nothing—and nothing whatever about it, there were a few who struggled through the well-known tape and actually made the right people listen. These few whose names we may never know, were Armament specialists and armourers and to them we owe our very existence today. These men finally sold the British the two ideas, the power operated gun-turrets and multi-gun installations. It was this armament that saved Britain and gave the rest of the world the time we need. It was the Spitfires and Hurricanes with multi-gun installations which won the Battle of Britain. It was the power-operated turrets in our bombers which enabled them to bomb successfully and defend themselves at the time when fighter escorts were scarce. How well they did their job is evident when we learn how few aircraft were available at any one time at any one place.

Owing to the fact that our type of nation does nothing about armament till we are actually at war, those who have ideas during peacetime rarely can obtain any encouragement or money to complete them. Our enemies, on the other hand, seem to develop destructive ideas as a peacetime hobby under Government blessings. The ingenuity and perseverance of the developers of this armament which saved our lives would actually make a long story.

They went through something which could be compared with the experiences of the men who developed the tank only they were actually at it longer. It was only after actual fighting took place that the authorities realized that they were not merely interesting experiments.

CONTRADICTIONS

We like to speak of VICTORY;
and to paint our streets and houses with Vs;
and use the V as the design for brooches and table decorations;
and other things expensive and useless.
And there are those in the Services who are afraid of being joed;
and who won't do work today that can be put off till tomorrow;
and who aren't responsible about anything.
There are women who can't bear to think of husbands going off to war;
but would rather have Hitler and the Germans ruling them;
because they've never stopped to pause and think what that would mean.
There are men, in the Air Force, and outside, whose only real interest is Promotion and Profit;
and a chance to improve their position.

Is this how wars are won?

Along this road does Victory lie?

Every one who fears being joed;
who is slow and slack on the job;
who puts personal interest and gain before his service and the War;
who hesitates to give himself, his very best;
is aiding Hitler and our foes;
preparing, not for Victory, but Defeat.

—PADRE BUTCHER.

Read It



or not?

By Cpl. E. M. Rorke

Now is the time for all good men to take a good dose of sulphur and molasses and park the long underwear in the bottom of the old kit bag. Spring is here but definitely. Government has forbidden the use of icing. Let's hope the weatherman remembers that from now on.

Spring Pome
Mud
Bud.

—Shortfellow.

A suggestion for the conservation of wool would be for men's socks to be built with the holes in them.

Who was the officer on this station who had made out his wife's income tax blank because she did not want to fill her form out?

Recommended for a double dose of rat poison and 14 days in the gas chamber is the skunk who stole the blanket off my bed on Sunday last. It's a fine thing when a man's home ceases to be his castle. It leaves a bad taste in your mouth, worse than swamp whiskey to have the knowledge that among the fellows you are living with, working with, playing with, that there is one among that lot so d—d depraved that he can't leave things that are not his alone.

People who talk behind your back spoil the movies.

Watching a Highland regiment marching down the street two maiden ladies unfamiliar with the kilted dress were at a loss to know who the troops were.

1st Spinster: "Are they men or women?"

2nd Spinster: "I don't know, it's very confusing. Maybe they're this Middlesex Regiment we hear so much about."

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND LICK THE OTHER SIDE. Slogan.

"Come on, quit stalling," said the exasperated student pilot to the Harvard.

Before many issues roll by there will be a startling story appear in this column. In the mean time—"Who is Father Malarkey?" More of this anon.

When the Lord created man, he gave him two ends, one to sit on, and one to think with. Ever since that day man's success or failure has been dependent on the one he uses the most. It has been always, and is now, a case of heads you win and tails you lose.

To you and yours a Happy Easter.

OFFICER OF CHILEAN ARMY VISITS No. 1 S.F.T.S.



Major Tomas Huneos Eastman of Chilean Legation, Washington, was a recent visitor at Borden. (Left to right—S/Ldr M. F. Badgley, S/Ldr J. B. Flowerdew, Major Eastman and S/Ldr J. McCulloch.)

NEED CO-OPERATION BETWEEN SERVICES

(From The Barrie Examiner)
"What we need at this particular time is co-operation between the various branches of the armed forces—army, navy and air force. We are all working toward one end, and that is the elimination of the Nazi menace," declared Major-General A. C. Richardson, D.S.O., director of armored fighting vehicles of the Imperial forces, who officiated at the presentation of "wings" to the members of the latest class of young pilots to graduate from No. 1 Service Flying Training School.

The event took place in the large drill hall, Friday evening last, when a class made up mostly of Australians, received their wings. Thirteen of the group were advised, following graduation, that they had been awarded commissions as pilot officers.

The class was headed by Pilot Officer B. F. Hegarty, Rymble, New South Wales.

Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E., welcomed the guests and congratulated the graduates and their instructors, and presented General Richardson, who congratulated the class on its training efficiency and also staff of instructors and quoted their commanding officer as saying it was the best class of Australians turned out at Camp Borden.

Nothing succeeds like success.

NOTHING IS TOO SMALL

You may think your contribution of work or money to the War Effort is too small to be of any value, and if you keep on thinking this you may some day be sorry that you did not do your little bit when you had the chance.

It's your solemn duty to use anything you can spare, and to use it to the best purpose. Just now we are being asked to lend our money in this grim fight for Liberty.

It may be only a small amount that you were putting away for a rainy day. So small to your way of thinking, it couldn't possibly turn the scales of War one way or another. You're wrong. One little bit, however small, will always weigh more. It may mean sacrifice for you, but you would willingly sacrifice all that you have, if by so doing you could save the life of one of the lads overseas. (Perhaps your own).

The Government is asking us for the loan of our money. We cannot all buy bonds, but we may be able to buy a War Savings Stamp once a week. But remember, it's the quarters added together that make the millions. Throw in yours, all that you possibly can. The enemy is raining death and destruction on all parts of our Empire. You can help eradicate this menace by lending your money to your country. DO IT NOW!

—"DAD" PARKER.

TO BORDEN "WINGS" FLYERS WIN FROM ENGLAND CHAMPIONSHIP

(By Cpl. McKay, T. N.)

On Wednesday, March 25, in the Drill Hall, the Flyers won the Camp Borden championship, defeating the A-10 Infantry Training Centre by the very close score of 21-20 in a very fast and exciting game.

The Army opened the scoring at the two-minute mark when Harvie scored on a nice fast play. Westfall then scored a free throw and then F/O Battersby scored a basket to make 't 3-2 at quarter time.

The second quarter was also low in scoring, ending 10-6 for the Flyers on baskets by Stewart and Funkhouser and Thompson's free throw.

The last half saw the Army score 14 points on baskets by Westfall, Seaton, and Harvie. The Flyers scored 11 on baskets by F/O Thompson, LAC Stewart, P/O Funkhouser, and the great play of F/O Bodrug at 55 seconds to full time, who was awarded two free throws with the score 20-19 in the Army favor, sinking the first to tie the score, the other to win the game by 1 point to end a very fast, hard played, exciting game and a good league.

The teams:

Flyers — Thompson, Robertson, Battersby, Stewart, Funkhouser, Bodrug, Kerr.

Army — Westfall, Seaton, Reynolds, Harvie, Patterson, Sphon, Henry, Hamilton, Bryer, Bisard.

Previous Games:

Central "Y" Toronto 34 Flyers30 Exhibition.

Dental Corps27 Flyers41 Semi-final.

No. 6 I.T.S. Toronto38 Flyers29 Exhibition.

Coming Games:

West End "Y" Toronto vs. Flyers 31-3-42.

Flyers vs. Central "Y" Toronto, 2-4-42.

There are many earnest souls occupied in trying to do people good.

It is a delusion that labour lowers a man. The real fact is that it ennobles him.

ED. NOTE: We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following verse from a reader of WINGS OVER BORDEN in England. Miss Blackman was a resident of Canada for several years and is a keen reader of Canadian news. It is splendid to see represented in the words of this poem that great English spirit, that willingness to give a word of cheer no matter how dark the outlook.

TO BORDEN "WINGS"

Where'er you go, near friend or foe Remember that whate'er you be, A lowly lad or of society:

There's many a one who thinks of you,

Who'd like to help in all you do. But wait—that self same one already works

To hasten the day when no fear lurks,

When Peace and Love shall overthrow

All lust and greed, and tales of woe.

It may be he or she is laboring

On a great big part you'll call a "wing";

Or perhaps they're toiling on the land

To feed you—make your 'mess'—"just grand".

Whatever their share, be it large or small

Just think, it is by you they stand or fall!

So whatever troubles you may meet

Carry on my lads! Keep on your feet!

We'll back you up— toil and pray— until that day when everyone Can join in sweet reunion.

(MISS) EDITH M. BLACKMAN, A.L.C.M.,

"Bridge View," 59 Broadway, Morecambe,

Lancashire, England.

Keep your mind as keen, alert, disciplined, accurate and dependable as your hands.

A pessimist is a man who looks both ways before crossing a one-way street. An optimist is the man who does not look at all.

ACCOUNTS FROM THE ACCOUNTS SECTION

The announcement that the Trade of Clerk Accountant will soon be sponsored by the R.C.A.F. (Women's Division) has caused considerable anxiety among the lads of the Section. They have, however, been offered an alternative trade in the event they cannot qualify for aircrews. Being a rather optimistic individual, I have speculated on the possibilities provided by such a transition and have chosen the following trades in which I think the members of our staff will be most proficient.

Lorraine Towner of course will no doubt be retained for the sole purpose of bringing a little sunshine into the drab lives of the poor misguided W.D.'s.

Shorty McAlear because of his stature will make an ideal Tail-end Johnnie. I hear the Sterlings are terribly uncomfortable, Mac.

Van Town will be commissioned to write a book on the Pitfalls a gracious young lady should watch for when escorted by a member of the R.C.A.F. (Men's Division).

Cpl. Doug Davidson is considering joining the ski troopers and proceeding to Roosia to fight for the Republic.

Cpl. Tommy Sills has visions of becoming the man on the flying trapeze. As evidence you can see him on the rings in the drill hall any evening.

Cpl. Ted Rorke hopes to be able to remuster to a Nursing Orderly to give lectures to the W.D.'s on how to care for a baby, in ten easy lessons.

LAC Baskett is qualified to become a disciplinarian, having just completed a drill test under the eagle eyes of the Station W.O. If he gets past him he must be good.

ACI Tennant would like to be a navigation instructor so that he can work the projecting machines to his heart's content.

And yours truly, well, I always wanted to be a G.D. anyway. (But not very much.)

Then there is the story about two negroes:

1st Dusky—"Sambo you all look terribly pale this morning."

2nd Dusky—"Rastus you all wrong, my face is red this morning."

1st Dusky—"Sambo, why you all say your face is red?"

2nd Dusky—"I accidentally walked into the W.D.'s showers last night. Is ma face red?"

Well folks, I guess that about finishes this brief resume of the happenings in the Accounts. I haven't been able to give much sectional news this time, but then as the convict who was pardoned on the eve of his hanging said, "No noose is good noose."

Tha-tha-tha-tha's all folks.
—F/Sgt H. Bruton.

SECTIONAL NEWS

CUES FROM STATION HEADQUARTERS

Perhaps Easter will be over, but the staff of Station Headquarters, extend to all readers Easter greetings.

At this time we regret very much to say farewell and best of luck to one of our well-known sergeants, better known as Judd. Yes, Judd, "You are a good man."

Before I continue further, may I take the liberty of extending my thanks and appreciation to the many sergeants, who on their behalf made it possible for me to become a member of their mess. Thanks, boys, the name is Wing.

We at this time extend our sympathetic feelings to the two, F/Sgt. Crowe and his partner, Sgt. Patterson, on the outstanding courage shown by these men as they hobble to and from work. F/Sgt. Crowe, the star basketball player, who met with a serious knee fracture when competing with No. 6 I.T.S., Toronto, and Sgt. Patterson, the handsome N.C.O. i/c of Clothing Stores, when he got water on the knee. However, we are glad to see the boys back in the old grind again. We won the game.

EDWARDTORIALS

After April next, the exigencies of the service expect every person to do HIS or HER duty.

Is it correct, men, that everything women do is either illegal, immoral, or fattening?

K.P., the great N.C.O. i/c of documents, is thinking seriously of joining the U.S. Marines, after his escapade on returning from leave. He admires the American hospitality, but that candy and those letters are a knockout. The question is, how do you do it, Peck? and quote: Wing, do you think she loves me?

We ask everyone to keep close check on any mistakes that may occur in D.R.O.'s and to overlook them. You men know what it's like when you've got things on your mind, such as Weekends in Ajax, Nights in Toronto, buying Rings, etc. Eh, Herbie?

Until next issue, Carry On.
—"WING"

Work is the price of success. Thought is the price of power. Play is the price of health. Study is the price of wisdom.

RUMBLES FROM THE RAMBLING REPORTER

One thing that we should all be glad to hear. The new course that just came in and who were here previously as P. or O. G.D.'s, are glad to get back. The good old Camp Borden spirit gets them all.

It is rumored from an unusually unreliable source that there are ten beautiful blondes posted here as Hut Guards in A79.

The present bunch of potential P or O's are all happy to be stepping into the shoes of the Security Guard.

The re-musters to air-crew are coming thick and fast. More power to 'em. Are you going to feel that you are doing a man's job when the C.W.A.A.F.'s get here? Me too.

Spring is just around the corner. Time to think of your Easter outfit. And remember . . . only 291 more shopping days before Christmas.

Sincere congratulations should be given to the Civilian Personnel of this Station who through their own efforts promote the bingo games in the Airmen's Club every week. These games are well supported by the Airmen themselves and for a pleasant and friendly way to spend an evening . . . come on up.

There is a little doubt in the minds of the Powers That Be if it would be more advisable to use certain sections of the road between the barracks and hangars as landing bases for seaplanes or outdoor hockey rinks.

Where is that bugler boy who tooted his horn last summer at the ungodly hour of 6.30? Maybe he slept in.

Talent scouts for the Brooklyn Dodgers are said to be considering the son of Corporal Ted "Appendixless" Rorke for one of their first string pitchers for the coming season.

The pictures of "London in a Blackout" that they show in the theatre every night about every second reel are quite interesting. We hear the voices quite plainly . . . sometimes.

And in conclusion the boys in A79 are considering appealing to someone to turn off the hot water supply in that building. In the showers they say there is always the danger of being deluged in scalding water. And as they are in prime condition now to join an Arctic expedition they do not want to return to the delicate way of living of civilized man.

—AC7½ BUMBLESHOOT, K.T.

M.T. SECTION

(By AC2 Axel Greez)

This section is booming right along as usual. No serious casualties unless you can count LAC McLean's talking to himself at Camp Borden Military Hospital a casualty. Mac should be back with us before this issue comes out.

Timber Merlina is still his old smiling self. His vocal chords have improved with the warmer weather and he is getting in rare shape for the 1942 Hog Calling bout.

We wonder why DeBellefeuille (is that how you spell it?) was washing out a couple of pair of socks last Sunday p.m. The little wife surely isn't mad at him.

Here is a scoop retrieved from the ash heap. A certain ardent Romeo in the M.T. section threw away a letter that he had written to his new girl friend. Unfortunately for the gay lad a portion of this letter fell into the hands of the M.T.'s member of the fourth estate. Quote—"Well Laura here we go again, for the plane is warmed up. You know I am sitting in a plane writing this letter and have just got my knees to put this paper on so you will have to excuse my writing—ad nauseam" unquote.

My advice to Laura is that she shouldn't put too much trust into this grease-gun ace, 'cause we think he is trying to do-err wrong.

Reputation is what folks think we are. Personality is what we seem to be. Character is what we are.

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TILL THE H.E. DETONATES

With Mother Nature again donning her robes of verdant hue and the red breasted robin about to return to our midst, your 13 "X" columnist believes the time is opportune for a few more "chirps" to emanate from this tract of the Borden area.

To our newcomers we bid welcome and hope you will readily find your place within this Unit's scope of operations. Needless to say, the boys from the Golden West, presently serving here as Security Guards, are tickled pink with the landscapes of the East and are probably making post-war plans to settle around Angus. The eighteen odd might get enough lather up over such a remark to shave the whole village—but after all 28 days in the "clink" is a lot for hitting an editor with three hooks.

This Station is bereft of two N.C.O. acquaintances in the persons of Cpl. Fred Malcher and Sgt. Rene Dupuis. Cpl. Malcher was the subject of posting action in mid-March as was Sgt. Dupuis. No. 5 S.F.T.S., Brantford, and No. 13 S.F.T.S., St. Hubert, were the lucky ones in receiving these two amiable chaps.

Puck chasers from 13 "X" are packing away their togs after a very successful season—both in the Camp Borden Hockey League and our own local circuit. In the Borden League, the 13 "X" representatives only lost one game during the season, thus attaining a record which would merit distinction in any series. Throughout the Depot schedule "Bombers" had a little more on the elusive rubber than Headquarters, Maintenance or Equipment, and finished on top, capturing the McLeod-Coultras trophy as their prize.

Mr. A. B. McLeod, C.P.R. agent at Camp Borden, presented the cup to the Commanding Officer, Flight Lieut. R. E. Millett, on Friday, Mar. 27. Mr. McLeod remarked that both he and his fellow donor desired to have the silverware competed for annually. Flight Lieut. Millett in a few well chosen words expressed the sentiments of the Station personnel in acquiring such a gift, and added that it would, no doubt, serve as an incentive and aid in fostering competitive sport. In the meantime Bowling play-offs are appearing on the horizon, and some five-pin chatter should reach the Linotype operator's lead pot for the next edition.



"Grace has been able to borrow a mallet from the camp. Here she is coming back."
—Humorist

Social life continues apace at 13 "X" and on March 17th, a group of fair Colleens from Barrie graced us with their presence for an evening of dance and mirth. One little Miss MacKenzie threw executive duties and tartan loyalties to the winds for a night, and was the organizing spirit behind a St. Patrick's party staged for the boys. Enough for that, except to say that "Mac" is one member of the MacKenzie family tree to which we must "bough" for a pleasant evening.

Speaking of diversion, it is brought to light that some of our N.C.O.'s and Airmen like to embark on the whimsical at a little place known as Alliston. True, Alliston has its place in the history of Simcoe County and is a nice place to join the fairer sex and dance, but when you stay "on the wagon" for a stretch of twenty-two days and then just err a "wee drop"—it doesn't seem right that you should run into a brass-buttoned flat foot that has just been inoculated with a gramophone needle.

Just to reveal venturesome blood, the same group (with a few more faithful followers) wended their way to Barrie some days later and partook of a Church Social. Before it was over it appears our 13 "X" Socialites were very adept at spearing ordinary beans, kidney beans and peanuts with hatpins. The squirrels had previously turned down the peanuts because they were salted. At the end of the rainbow it seems there were some chocolate bars for the winners and we have already noticed the fattening effect of sugar content on Sergeant Major Gore, Corporal Elliott and Corporal Dynes.

At an "X" Depot the bigger fire-cracker may well say to the smaller one, "My pop is bigger than yours," and get away with it, but here's one little girl who did her own "poppin":—

"Little Martha in the attic Found her mother's automatic. Then in simple childish glee, Popped the iceman in the knee Mother whined, "Gosh, what a bother.

Why, he might have been your father."

And so until the next writing it's "Cheerio" and "Happy Landings."
—SGT. R. R. WALL.

Watch your step, the energy of a reaction is many times greater than that of the stimulus.

Now I get me up to work, I pray the Lord I will not shirk. If I should die before tonight, I pray the Lord my work's all right.

CIVIES SORTIES

If our headline appears faint this issue it is because of the haze emanating from the Civilian Smoker. However, as the smoke clears, we can see by the smile on many faces that the event was a great success.

We wondered why Joe Milne wandered over to the Army Area but now we know that it was he who secured the services of Lieut. Laughton of the R.C.A.S.C. Lieut. Laughton delighted the gathering with his impersonations of Paul Revere, The Lady of the Bath, and the Radio Program Announcer sponsored by Chewy M.O. No. 9's.

The committee wishes to thank Group Captain Grandy for his kind permission in making possible the Smoker and also to acknowledge with thanks the services of all those who contributed to the evening's success.

—J. D. SMART.

HONEY FROM THE "B" HIVE

Well, fellows, we lost out in the last issue, but here we are back again. We are losing to the overseas forces, our O/C, F/Lt "Bill" Hilton. We wish him all the luck in the world. Get a few for us, Bill.

Goodbye, Reavie, good luck, do as good a job as you've done here and you'll get along alright, and keep an eye on F/Lt Hilton for us.

We all know "Montie" is rushing Toronto lately but we didn't think he was going fast enough to get pinched for speeding. (Slow down "Montie" or you'll strip a gear).

Why is Tucker going to Barrie so often now, are the shows that good? (She must be awfully nice, Bill. Stay with it.)

The Borden saying is "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to Wasaga Beach." (Right, lads.)

Congratulations, Cpl. Swarbrick, on your promotion to a corporal. Carry on, you are doing good work and we are all with you.

Thanks a lot, boys, for the great sports' attendance we had this season. We almost won the booby prize. Let's show them the next chance we get, what say?

Your Reporter,
—"BILL" TUCKER.

The best kind of man is one who does what he ought to do.

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Advice To The LOVELORN

(By Miss Dora MacDingle)

All letters or communications of any kind are to be addressed to Miss MacDingle, care of this paper. Do not try to reach her at home—you might over-reach.

DEAR MISS MacDINGLE:

What does the sign "WET CANTEN" mean in the Airmen's Club? Is it true that this room has the floor covered with water and is just kept open so that Airmen from the Coast will not get homesick?

A NEWCOMER.

ANSWER: Could be.

DEAR MISS MacDINGLE:

My wife wants me to leave the Air Force so that she can join the C.W.A.A.F. What would you advise?

SGT. ALBOTA.

ANSWER: Did I hear anyone say yes?

DEAR DORA MacDINGLE:

What is the cause of this queer dizzy feeling I have that makes me want to sing and run and wander through the woods and pick daisies on the hills and listen to the little birdies warble?

SGT. STOBA.

ANSWER: That, my lad, is either spring fever or too much Johnny Labatts.

DEAR DORA:

I am worried about my son. Lately he has been acting very queer. He stays up late nights, drinks a lot and has been seen continually in the company of a married woman. What should I do?

CPL. TED RORKE.

ANSWER: Don't worry. It's a natural course for young men of his age to take.

DEAR MISS MacDINGLE:

Is it correct to eat peas with a knife?

ACI LITTLE, G.M.

ANSWER: No. In the latest edition of "Etiquette for Airmen," page 46 (paragraph 3) it states, quote: "When peas are served as a side dish (if ever) they are to be strung on a thread and with one end of the thread in your mouth they are to be swallowed. Then just haul up the thread and there you are. Or are you?" Unquote.

"THE TAKE-OFF"



Yesterday's model airplane builders are today's air heroes. Symbolizing the strong love of aviation aroused by model construction is this lively action photograph by Robert Weatherwax of Bloomington, Ind. The shot, "Take-Off," is a feature picture in the salon section of the current, April, issue of Popular Photography magazine.

MODEL AIRCRAFT CLUB GROWING

The Model Aircraft Club which was organized on Feb. 17, 1942, has continued to grow so large that expansion is being contemplated. Many of the models formerly under construction are awaiting test flights and adjustments. Some of these models are L.A.C. Sadler's Super Ace and Sparky, which require only covering and rubber motor installation.

L.A.C. Bright's model Harvard is beginning to resemble our beautiful yellow trainers here at Borden and it soon will be flying like its big brothers. Sgt. Pilot Davidson's flying boat is near completion. A motor, cowling, wings and tail unit are required to complete this model. Everyone is looking forward to the day on which this model will be test flown.

Many new members have been added lately as a more or less steady influx of men have been posted here from St. Thomas. Arrangements for building scale models of the Luftwaffe (for the Armament Section) are being completed and members or others who would like to participate in the construction of these models can do so by applying at the Library or Y.M.C.A. office.

—L.A.C. BISHOP.

We read that walking is a lost art in this country. How do they think most of us get from where we park the car to where we are going?

When we talk, people find out how little we know. It is always better to have people wonder what you would say, than wonder why you said it.

MANANA

In nineteen hundred thirty-nine The world was doing mighty fine Until a stinking ill-bred Hun Went wild. And then the war began.

Well anyway they told us then "Next year we'll be at peace again." That failed, so Nineteen forty-one Was when they'd have him on the run.

Now that year's passed and here's another, Looks like 'twill be just like its brother.

Now nineteen hundred forty-four Is when we'll end this bloody war.

That will be O.K. if it works, But what about those other jerks? Hirohito, Muss and old Adolf? They're not at home a-playing golf.

Did Adolf wait till '43 Before he took the low country? The Japs ne'er tarried very long Before they mopped up old Hong Kong.

They did not wait till '44 Before they tried out Singapore. Nor did the Russians mildly say "Tomorrow is another day."

Let's wait till we are on our knees Before we lick our enemies." The way to win this bloody row Is give 'em hell. AND DO IT NOW!

Can whatever you say be absolutely relied upon?

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—YEHUDI

Captains of Clouds Inspirational Picture

HELD OVER TWO EXTRA DAYS

It is to be hoped that none of the personnel missed the showing of Captains of the Clouds at the R.C.A.F. Theatre last week. This excellent picture, starring James Cagney, Brenda Marshall, Alan Hale and a host of Air Force personnel and Hollywood players, should be an inspiration to every man and woman wearing the Air Force blue today.

It is true that some of the scenes were far fetched from a Service angle, but this was necessary to carry out the fictional plot of the story, and to make the picture more suitable for public consumption. In the main, however, this delightful coloured feature gave a bird's eye view of the progress being made by the R.C.A.F. and emphasized the vastness of its scope in training young men for the various branches of aerial warfare. If it accomplished nothing else, Captains of the Clouds should prove to each of us that we are an integral part of one of the greatest fighting forces engaged in the colossal struggle for freedom today.

Another angle to consider is this. Captains of the Clouds will be shown in every city, town, and village across Canada that has motion picture facilities. Men, women, and children will have an increased interest in the R.C.A.F., and our prestige will reach a new high. It will be more than ever necessary to conserve the good impression created and to become **PRESTIGE BUILDERS** ourselves. It is no wild conjecture to prophesy that before this conflict is over the R.C.A.F. will stand second to none among the Allied fighting forces. Each of us will have to do our share to put it there. We must marshal our abilities and discipline ourselves to perform the duties that fall to us in the most efficient manner possible in order that the success of the Service will be assured.—Secondly, being in the limelight entails a great deal of personal responsibility in maintaining the good opinion of the public. We will find the crossfire of criticism keener. The public are in general, I believe, quicker to censure than to praise. We must be especially diligent when off station to see that our conduct and appearance is at all times in keeping with the best interests of the Service. A slovenly attired airman or one behaving in an unseemly manner stands out

ON LOCATION



Dock and aircraft used in picture Captains of the Clouds photographed by LAC Daily, Accounts Section.

like a sore thumb, and brings down barrage of public disapproval against the Service as a whole. Therefore, let us all, whether officer or airman, flying personnel or ground crew be in ourselves Captains of the Clouds and carry through the best traditions of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

We understand that the Theatre Committee has arranged the showing of several pictures for the coming months that are ace high in the entertainment world. We sincerely hope that LAC McLean will be back in time to review them for us in next issue. On his behalf we wish you one and all a Happy Easter.

SILENT VARIETY

A young playwright once brought his masterpiece to G. B. Shaw for an opinion. After listening to the first act, Shaw fell asleep. The young author was indignant.

"Mr. Shaw! Mr. Shaw!" he said sharply.

G.B.S. stirred.
"Uh—yes? What is it?" he asked.
"May I remind you that I came here to get your comment?"
"My dear boy," yawned Shaw, "sleep is a comment."

The man who idly waits for his ship to come in, often finds his wages docked.



This week ye editor is pinching for Mac McLean, who is at present an incumbent of Camp Borden Military Hospital with a threatened nervous breakdown. This disease is more commonly known to us who have dwelt here for a period of twelve months or more, as 'Bordenitis.' Our spies have informed us that McLean is holding his own with the psychiatrist at C.B.M.H. We understand that after his first interview with our worthy Entertainment Editor that the M.O. retired to a Rest Home to soothe his shattered nerves. Here's why. It seems when Mac went up for his first interview he had to wait a long time in a little room. When the M.O. finally entered he found Mac with his chair drawn to one side of the room, and his ear pressed closely to the wall listening intently.

M.O.—What on earth are you doing?

Mac:—Shhhh. Come over here and listen.

M.O.: (Pressing his ear close to the wall) I can't hear a thing.

Mac: Neither can I and it's been like that ever since I came in.

M.O. moans and collapses, frothing at the mouth.



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THE PADRE'S CORNER

"I thought nobody cared what happened."

But you were wrong. A lot of people cared, or they would have cared, if you had given them a chance to share your worries and troubles. Under the conditions of Service life, of course, it is not possible for officers to know all about their men; but, usually, they do want to help when you are in anxiety and distress.

And the Padres care. You can go to them without hesitation, and they will do what they can for you. But you must let them know about your burdens. They have no secret and mysterious way of discovering them for themselves.

They will be quick, of course, to know if your troubles are real or not. They are not to be imposed upon. But they want to ensure that no man ever has cause to say, "I thought nobody cared what happened."

—W.F.B.

R.C.A.F. Theatre

COMING ATTRACTIONS

April 5
"ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN"
Fredric March, Martha Scott

April 6-7
"MEXICAN SPITFIRE'S
BABY"
Leon Errol, Lupe Velez

April 8-9
"SERGEANT YORK"
Gary Cooper, Joan Leslie

April 10-11
"FORTY-NINTH PARALLEL"
Laurence Olivier,
Leslie Howard,
Raymond Massey

April 12
"REMARKABLE ANDREW"
Ellen Drew, Brian Donlevy

April 13-14
"CALL OUT THE MARINES"
Edmund Lowe,
Victor McLaglen

April 15-16
"LADY BE GOOD"
Ann Sothern, Eleanor Powell,
Robert Young

April 17-18
"BAHAMA PASSAGE"
Madeleine Carroll,
Stirling Hayden

April 19
"WEEKEND FOR THREE"
Dennis O'Keefe, Jane Wyman

April 20-21
"SHADOW OF THE THIN
MAN"
William Powell, Myrna Loy

April 22-23
"SUSPICION"
Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant

April 24-25
"CORSIAN BROTHERS"
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.,
Ruth Warrick

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"MEN"

(From the "Canadian Airman")
Men are what women marry. They have two feet, two hands and sometimes two wives but never more than one collar or one idea at a time.

Like Turkish cigarettes, men are all made of the same material, the only difference being that some are a little better disguised than others. Generally speaking they may be divided into three classes—husbands, bachelors and widowers.

An eligible bachelor is a man of obstinacy, entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three varieties: prizes, surprises and consolation prizes.

Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity, especially charity.

It is a psychological marvel why a soft, fluffy, tender, violet-scented, sweet little thing like a woman should enjoy kissing a big, awkward, stubby-chinned, tobacco and bay rum-smelling thing like a man.

If you flatter a man it frightens him to death. If you permit him to make love to you he gets tired of you in the end and if you don't he gets tired of you in the beginning. If you don't flatter him you bore him to death.

If you believe him in everything you soon cease to interest him and if you argue with him in everything you soon cease to charm him. If you believe all he tells you, he thinks you are a fool and if you don't, he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear gay colours, rouge and a startling hat he hesitates to take you out. If you wear a quiet brown hat, no rouge, he takes you out and stares all evening at a woman in gay colours, rouge and a startling hat.

If you are of the clinging vine type he doubts if you have a brain, and if you are modern, advanced and independent, he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are silly he longs for a bright mate and if you are brilliant and intellectual he longs for a playmate. If you are popular with men he is jealous and if you are not he hesitates to marry a wall flower.

Let's Blow ...

More and more the need for a United Canada becomes apparent for the successful ending of this war. "East is East and West is West, etc." should never become applicable to this Dominion. Her fighting men are respected as such the world over, not because they come from Manitoba or Quebec, or any other province, but because they are Canadians.

Popular beliefs by the ignorant and untravelled are listed below:
THE MARITIMES: A small body of land surrounded by codfish.

QUEBEC: A part of France, definitely against the rest of Canada.

ONTARIO: The home of money-grabbers and hypocrites.

THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES: Flat desert-like land where the money from the rest of the provinces goes for relief.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: An unexplored land inhabited by Japanese and other savages.

Can we ever have a mighty nation while such ideas are prevalent? And a rich and powerful nation, Canada should be with all her natural resources and her peoples drawn from the best in the world. Already in this war she has proven her worth both in actual combat and in her ability to supply the weapons of war to hard-pressed Allies. But the limit of her resources has not been reached. If it can be reached, the rest of the world can sit back and watch Canada mop up the Axis single-handed.

Canadians are noted for being reserved and for their lack of the art of boasting. Being provincial-minded, they do not know what they really have got to brag about.

Well, fellow Canucks, let's start blowing our horns. When some lug starts shooting off his face about what it's like in his country, tell him about Canada—the country that has EVERYTHING. Get ac-

MOTHER, FATHER, SWEETHEART, WIFE

Somewhere a Mother, though miles away,
Smiles bravely for your sake,
Constantly toiling from day to day
Fighting tears and many an ache.
Somewhere a Father, a grand old man,

Is thinking of you with pride,
Waiting to shake you by the hand
When this terrible War subsides.
Somewhere a Sweetheart, true and tried,

Shrined in her heart, you're second to none,
Is waiting and praying till side by side

You stand together when the battle's won.
Somewhere a woman, a loving Wife,
Hopes and waits for your return,
Her words will cheer you in the strife

Of this struggle so grim and stern.
They love you and call in prayer
your name

Soil not their faith with sin or shame

When temptations meet you with its flame
But bring back golden laurels of fame.

—"DAD" PARKER.



"I'm so glad I've seen you, Sarge, because if I'm late back you'll know I'm okay, so don't wait up for me, will you?"—Humorist.

quainted with the rest of the Dominion. If you can't travel, read the articles in our Canadian magazines, which, by the way, are the cleanest and most interesting to be found on any newsstand. There you will find that the Maritimes do not depend on their fishing. They have great lumbering and manufacturing industries, mining and farming. The Province of Quebec is all Canadian and has proven itself by the number of men it has in the Armed Forces. Ontario people are generous and honest. The Prairie Provinces have taken many hard blows and have bravely stood up under them. And British Colum-

Duty is the idea by which we rob ourselves of the real joy of work.

Most people are about as happy as they have made up their minds to be.

The best way to win an argument is to let the other fellow run down before you speak.

He lost control of his car while lighting his pipe and the flame of life flickered out.

bia is a veritable Garden of Eden. So . . . We really have got something to boast about—LET'S BLOW!

—CHR

TRY THIS ONE

FOR SHEER SATISFYING ENJOYMENT

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COCONUT IN RICH
MILK CHOCOLATE

BUY
SOME
TODAY..

Neilson's

Smoke

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