

Wings Over Borden

VOL. 5, NO. 3

MAY 12, 1942

No. 1 S.F.T.S.

CAMP BORDEN, CANADA

Traditional Handing Over Ceremony Held

No. 1 S.F.T.S. Changes Commanding Officers

No. 1 Service Flying Training School bid farewell to Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E., Commanding Officer of this Station since September, 1940, and welcomed the new Commanding Officer, Wing Commander Douglas Muir Edwards, of Ottawa, in the traditional Handing Over Ceremony of the R.C.A.F., Friday morning, May 8, 1942.

The weather man was extremely generous with a large amount of May sunshine, as the parade, under the command of Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E., and led by the music of the combined R.C.A.S.C. and Station bands, moved smartly and immaculately into reviewing position on the tarmac before the assembled visitors.

The old commanding officer then inspected all ranks in company with the new commanding officer. After the inspection, the Group Captain took up his position at the reviewing base, flanked on his right by Wing Commander Edwards and on his left by Squadron Leader Badgley, Administrative Officer, received the salute for the last time as C.O. of No. 1 S.F.T.S. as the parade marched past. He then turned to the new C.O. and they exchanged handshakes. Walking together to a table covered with an R.C.A.F. ensign, the handing and taking over certificates were signed by the two officers.

Finished with this task, the Group Captain walked slowly to the reviewing platform and in a voice husky with emotion, bid farewell to Borden in the following words:

"Officers, Warrant Officers, N.C.O.'s, Airmen and Airwomen, I feel that we have accomplished something in the past year and a half. We are ahead on our flying programme, our maintenance has improved, our ground services have improved, as well as all other services. We have accomplished much and MUST accomplish much more. I feel that this has been due to the greater efficiency on the part of all ranks, the hard work and long hours put in. We will have to be prepared to make ourselves still more efficient, and we have to be prepared to work harder and put in longer hours wherever we are in the Air Force.

"I have been very happy being your commanding officer and feel you have given me very good support. I thank you for your support. I also feel very happy that I am leaving you in such good hands as Wing Commander D. M. Edwards, whom I have known since he joined the Air Force, and I am happy to say that I had the honour and pleasure to assist in his

FAREWELL



GROUP CAPT. R. S. GRANDY, O.B.E.

training.

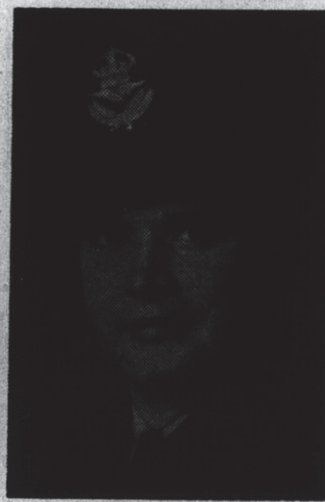
"I am sure you will give him the same support as you have given your other commanding officers—the Air Force is like that. Some day I may have the pleasure of seeing some of you again somewhere, and I want you to know you will be welcome anywhere that I have command or in any place that I have the privilege of serving."

With these last words by the old C.O., the new commanding officer assumed command of the parade and ordered all ranks to doff hats. Group Captain Grandy, O.B.E., was cheered to the skies as he smilingly left the tarmac. He has assumed command of an Operational Station in the Eastern Air Command. He took over command of this station in September, 1940, immediately after the graduation of the first class of pilots under the Commonwealth Air Training Plan and has undoubtedly seen more graduates obtain their pilot's wings than any other commanding officer in Canada.

No. 1 S.F.T.S. was the first of the service flying training schools. Under Group Captain Grandy's command notable improvements were made in every area and branch of the station. We feel certain that he can look back with a great deal of personal pride to the outstanding accomplishments he made as commanding officer of this station. With him go our best wishes for the future and our hope for great success in his new command.

The parade marched past a second time and this time a new commanding officer was at the post to receive the salute. After the march past, the parade marched off to its dinner.

WELCOME



WING COMMANDER D. M. EDWARDS

"STATION DANCE—A GREAT SUCCESS"

The monthly dance held at No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden, took place on Friday evening, May 1st. The dance was sponsored by the station fund with the kind permission of the Commanding Officer, Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E.

Mr. F. C. Kelly and his twelve piece orchestra of the Royal Canadian Army Service Corps proved to be very popular with the dancers.

The floor show was a Victory March, featuring the one and only AW2 Lavinia Sawdon, Station Drum Majorette from Hamilton, who displayed her talent in a most interesting fashion with a repertoire of dancing and baton swinging, also leading the Victory March with the able assistance of our band leader, Cpl. Griffin. At the end of the March, every one joined in and sang the R.C.A.F. Victory Song (We never falter, we never fail), etc., making it a very enjoyable evening and adding new life to the party.

At approximately eleven p.m., the spot dance prizes were presented to various couples by Squadron Leader and Mrs. G. Phillips.

It was regretted very much throughout the station, when word reached us, that Mrs. Grandy could not attend the Station dance due to illness. Miss Joan Grandy, daughter of the Commanding Officer was present and was the receiver of a lovely bouquet of mixed flowers, presented by Squadron Leader M. F. Badgley.

We wish to extend our sincere thanks for the splendid co-operation given by the C.W.A.A.F. of this School, and the Barrie Active Service Club and Canteen, also the party from Elmvalle who were able to take part in making the Station dance another great success.

Wing Commander

Douglas Muir Edwards

The new Commanding Officer of No. 1 Service Flying Training School is a young man, but he brings with him to his new command years of flying experience and a vast knowledge of all phases of the Air Force, both in Canada and abroad. He is 33 years of age and is a resident of Ottawa. He received his early education there and is a graduate of Royal Military College, Kingston, Ontario. Joining the Royal Canadian Air Force in June, 1929, he received his early flying training here at Camp Borden. The station was at that time under the command of now Air Vice Marshal Croil. Wing Commander Edwards received his wings and commission at Borden and shortly thereafter joined the famous Siskin Aerobatic Flight, in which he remained for four years. Leaving this flight, he was posted to the 112 (A.C.) Auxiliary Squadron, R.C.A.F., at Winnipeg, remaining there approximately four years. Leaving Winnipeg, he proceeded overseas to the Central Flying School at Upavon, England. While in England the Commanding Officer made a tour of the training establishments. He returned to Canada just prior to the outbreak of the war. After a period as the Chief Flying Instructor, and then Administration Officer, Trenton, he assumed command of Central Flying School at Trenton, on its formation. This he held until recently, when he was posted to Air Force Headquarters, Ottawa. The whole station extends to Wing Commander D. M. Edwards a hearty welcome and sincerely hope that his stay in our midst will be both successful and pleasant.

Scene—No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden.

Time—1730 hours.

Speaker—An Instructor—

"I've reached a new low. The only person who ever writes to me now is my second cousin. Life is very sad."

At the same time

Somewhere in the World

A former pupil thinks—

"Gee, I wish I could talk to that instructor at Borden. He was a good guy. I wonder if he's still there. Think I'll write him a letter. But he'd never remember me, or he'd think I was sticking my neck out. Heck, I'll write anyway."

Six weeks later,

the Instructor—

"It makes it all a lot more worthwhile when one of your pupils shows that he cares and remembers. I was never more thankful for a letter than for this one."

—W.F.B.



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Wing Commander D. M. Edwards

EDITORIAL BOARD

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Publication Manager—John Bampfield,
Director of Y.M.C.A. Services.
Photos, courtesy of Photographic Section.

Editorial . . .

A WORD TO THE WISE

The large volume of copy that DOESN'T pour into the editorial office of Wings Over Borden from the flights is rather discouraging to those who are devoting their spare time to the production of your paper fortnightly.

Unlike some of the other stations where one man at least of the editorial staff devotes his full time to the publishing of the paper, the crew of Wings Over Borden have only their spare time to devote to its interests, and therefore are unable to make a personal contact with the various sections.

However, a special appeal was made through Daily Routine Orders recently requesting all sections to appoint representatives to report their doings for each issue. Little or no attention was paid to this request and the results were paltry. We want to thank the few that did contribute, but we fear that unless we get more support, we will like the Arabs have to "fold our tents and silently steal away."

Such an alternative would be unfortunate to say the least. Wings Over Borden is the pioneer R.C.A.F. paper in Canada. It has grown from a mimeographed sheet to its present form. With your support it could eventually progress into magazine form and reenter the field of competition with other service papers that are at present surpassing us with this type of publication.

Without your support we can do nothing! For this paper is You, or rather it should be. It's a printed record of your doings while you are here at Borden. It is something that you can file away in the old kit bag to be pulled out years after the war is over and mullied over. But if your flight or section is not represented—if you haven't contributed, it can have no possible interest now or in future years to you.

So let's have your contributions. We want to know about your work, we want to hear those humorous little incidents that happen every day around your section. By that we don't mean allusions to "who was that blonde so and so was out with," but we mean real down to earth happenings. We want stories of the flying personnel, their experiences. We want biographies, history or what have you.

So let's have your SUPPORT. Whether you are a newcomer or an old hand get behind us. Pester your flight commanders until you get representation in the paper for your gang. Keep after your reporter to have his copy in on time for every issue. If you have ideas for a column but feel you can't write them out in publication style, jot them down on a piece of paper and we will put a re-write man on your story and give you all the credit just the same. Lastly let us know that you are ON the station.

Laurels for the month were copied by Station Account Section for piling up the highest number of points in intersectional athletic competition.

The Commanding Officer's Trophy that is presented monthly to the winning team was handed to F/Lt. J. H. Broughton, Senior Accountant Officer, at last Wings

Parade by John Bampfield, Y.M.C.A. Director.

In a few well chosen words, John Bampfield described the history of the cup and the reason for its presentation to the Account Section's "A" team. This team won the bowling and badminton championships by defeating Accounts (Turn to page three, please)

Reprisals

By Clarissa Browne, Liverpool, England

We are waging this war in the name of humanity, that every man may be free to live his own life, the slave of none: our aim is to save life, not to lose it. What then, must be our action in reply to the bombing of our women and children? Are our civilians to be the unrequited sacrifice to a madman's lust for power? Let us get things straight, and in their proper perspective.

We have taken up the standard of Democracy; we have set our hand to the establishment of freedom and peace. A Christian people as we profess to be, can we justify the bombing of German women and children? That is the problem, and the answer must be found in the reason for our bombing; is it revenge or, strange paradox though it may seem, is it for the ultimate peace of the world? In the name of that humanity we serve, what have we to do?

We are not a revengeful people, and the destruction of those things we most cherish has only bred in us a grim determination to hold on to the bitter end; an end that means wiping off the face of the earth those who are responsible for that destruction: to make sure that it shall not happen again.

How best can we achieve it? Shall we let our people be murdered in their hundreds, night after night, while our splendid Air Force batters away at the enemy's bases, or shall we try, by reprisals, to bring a quicker end to this senseless slaughter?

Our present policy in bombing is to destroy at the source the enemy's means of making war; to so disorganize his services, his factories, his railways, his waterways, that he will be unable to make those raids which he hopes will demoralize the British people. It is, however, no use blinking our eyes to facts. In spite of much wishful thinking and our constant attacks on her vital services, Germany still has access to enormous resources; and just as we have struggled to nullify our damage so will she. It is a race against our power to disorganize and her power to reorganize. Surely there must be a quicker way!

We are a united people, and react differently to certain other Europeans: a blow at any part of us only strengthens our resolution not to be beaten: disaster only makes us grimmer.

On the other hand, Germany, the Greater Reich, is made up of a conglomeration of peoples, of states who have been at each other's throats and are now forcibly bound together by conquest or absorption, by the bonds of terror and force.

If the ordinary folk of Germany can be made to realize that her invincibility is but a myth, that the reputed successes which give them the endurance to endure, are but myths also, then those bonds may break, and the overthrow of Nazism begin from within.

By personal experience they must learn that all is not well; that Great Britain has the means, the power—and the will—to give like for like, bomb for bomb; that she

will not see her people helplessly wiped out. They must be taught that the Feuhrer, at whose behest they have made so many sacrifices, and are still willing to make them, has no power to keep a determined enemy away. Then those underground forces of discontent will be released, and will help to overthrow the evil thing which is setting our civilization back in the dark ages. Unless this can be brought home to German minds, our people will be bombed until their endurance gives out, or Germany's resources fail, whichever has the greater staying power.

No half measures are going to win this war: to those who know no mercy for the defenceless, who know no law but force, to them extremist measures must be applied. The machine gunning of bread queues, the bombing of defenceless refugees, the wholesale slaughter of civilians; these are the results of a tyranny and a system that must die deadlier than any tyrant or system has died before.

I have talked to many victims, wounded, homeless, bereaved, and in spite of all he has suffered the ordinary citizen is still without thought of revenge, as such. A father who had lost four of his nine children summed up the argument: "I used to think I should go mad," he said, "if anything happened to the children. It's strange, but I haven't any hate for the Germans. I am sorry to think they have got to suffer what we have, but it's the only way. They must, if we are going to stop this murder of our children." They must!

Our object is to win and end the war with the least possible sacrifice of human life. Unless we are content to be slowly exterminated, surely bombing of vital targets and reprisals must go hand in hand.

Only when the poison of Nazism has been rooted out can a new Germany arise phoenix-like from the ashes; a Germany to whom we can truly extend the hand of fellowship; then can "all the nations live together in peace and unity." Then the policy of a bomb for a bomb will be justified, and the welfare and happiness of the common people, who have so bravely borne so much, will be assured; their sufferings avenged.

So, an eye for an eye, a bomb for a bomb, if we would save the lives of our people.

Contributed by
Mrs. Ward-Price
Barrandale Hall, Barrie

OVERHEARD IN BORDEN

An airman on returning to his flight after being absent for two hours, was met by a Sgt.-Major.

S.M.—Where have you been?
Airman—I have been getting a haircut.

S.M.—What, in Air Force time?
Airman—Why not? It grew in Air Force time.

S.M.—Not all of it.
Airman (triumphantly)—I know, but I didn't have it all cut off.

—"DAD" PARKER.

Parents Assist as Sons Receive Wings at Borden



Squadron Leader George Phillips congratulates his son, P/O John Phillips, as latter receives "wings".



P/O Jack Frizelle, former Balmy Beach football star, receives "wings" from his mother.
—Photogravures Courtesy Toronto Evening Telegram.

FIRST OUTDOOR WINGS PARADE

One of the most spectacular and unique Wing Parades ever to be seen at No. 1 S.F.T.S. was held on the tarmac on April 24 last. A large crowd of visitors were present to witness the graduates of Course 46 receive their wings.

The sky was clear and the air warm and sunny. The parade, headed by the Commanding Officer and led by the combined bands of the R.C.A.S.C. and No. 1 S.F.T.S., marched smartly along the hangar road and formed up in the traditional hollow square in front of the visitors' chairs. The band was led by our new drum majorette, AW2 Sawdon.

Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E., former Commanding Officer of No. 1 S.F.T.S., welcomed the visitors and invited any parents or wives to pin the wings on their son's or husband's chest as the case might be. He also extended an official welcome to the R.C.A.F. Women's Division, recently arrived on this Station, and complimented them on their fine appearance.

Fourteen parents accepted the Commanding Officer's invitation to pin the wings on. Two mothers came from the U.S. for this privilege and a wife came 1,300 miles from South Dakota to pin the wings on her husband's breast, Pilot Officer S. T. Davis.

The real highlight of the parade was when the name of Phillips was called. P/O Jack Phillips, son of Squadron Leader George Phillips of this Station, marched forward proudly to receive the much coveted wings from his mother's hands, while his smiling father stood by. The fact of father and son being both at the same station, one as an instructor and one as a student, is believed to be unique in Air Force history.

It will be of much interest to the Station personnel to know that Squadron Leader Phillips is considered to be one of Canada's greatest fliers. In 1931 he was awarded the McKee Trophy, an honour given to the Canadian judged to have contributed the most to Canadian aviation. He played an important role in the rescue of the men imprisoned in the Moose River mine.

Despite the fact that Squadron Leader Phillips had 6200 hours to his credit prior to joining the Air Force and for 16 years or more had flown by the "seat of his pants" in all types of aircraft, under all conditions, his early R.C.A.F. experience was similar to his son's. Squadron Leader Phillips received his wings two years ago at the age of forty-seven. This was the second time he has had the privilege of wearing the Air Force wings. During the last war he won an observer's wing.

Overhead throughout the ceremony three Harvards gave the

visitors a thrilling glimpse of the Air Force in action and the line-up of planes flanking the field gave the spectators a glimpse of the tremendous facilities and potentialities of the Empire Air Training Plan.

APOLOGY

Due to lack of space some copy must be held over until our next issue.

C.O.'S TROPHY

(Continued from page 2)
"B" team and Canadian Dental Corps, respectively.

Members of the winning team were as follows:

Bowling—F/Lt. Broughton, F/O Battersby, WO2 Towner, Cpl. Bohas, Cpl. Bennet, LAC Barker, LAC Blahout.

Badminton—F/Lt. Broughton, F/O Battersby, Cpl. Sills, LAC Biggs, LAC Wilnot, Cpl. Cameron, LAC Cunliffe, LAC Tenant.

MEMBERS OF STATION COMMITTEES

STATION FUND

President—Squadron Leader Flowerdew.
Members—Squadron Leader Badgley (Pres. Theatre); F/Lt. Spruston (Pres. Sports); F/O Reath (Messing Officer); F/O Battersby (Non-Public Accounts); A/S/O Sparrow (Women's Division); F/O Scrivener (Sec. Canteen); F/O Lang (Sec. Airmen's Mess); Sgt. Ball (Women's Division); F/Sgt. Crowe (Secretary).

THEATRE COMMITTEE

Representatives—Training Wing, Mtee. Wing, Eqpt. Sect., Accts. Sect.
President—Squadron Leader Badgley; Secretary—F/Sgt. Crowe.
Member—Sgt. Wainwright (Chief Operator).

GOLF CLUB

President—Capt. Philp (Dental Clinic); Secretary—Cpl. Davidson.

SPORTS CLUB

President—F/Lt. Spruston; Secretary—F/Lt. Breese.
Members—P/O McKinley (Sports Officer); F/O Lang (Officers' Mess); F/O Battersby (Non-Public Accounts); P/O Funkhouser, P/O Rogers (Training Wing); F/Sgt. Crowe; Representatives of different Sections.

SERGEANTS' MESS

Chairman—WO1 Dagenais; Hon. Chairman—S/L Badgley; President—WO2 Craig; Secretary—Sgt. Town; Living-Out Member—WO2 Falls; Living-In Member—Sgt. Chapman.

CORPORALS' MESS

President—Cpl. Griffiths; Secretary—Cpl. Etheridge.
Representatives of Squadrons.

Read It



or not?

By Cpl. E. M. Rorke

Like the man who became father to twin boys we are going around grinning from "heir to heir". It's all on account of a little yarn we heard at the Active Service Canteen the other night. An army lad proudly displayed a telegram received from his wife in the West. It read—"Just had twins, more by mail. Love, Mary."

Did you ever notice how overcrowded the Corporal's room is on meeting nights? Well there's nothing like a full turnout to help build up the prestige of corporals on this Station.

One of our American lads who hails from down Kentucky way tells us that they really grow tough down in his home state. A hill billy woman whose feet had been toughened by a lifetime of shoelessness was standing in front of her cabin fireplace one day when her husband said to her. "You'd better move your foot a mite maw, you're standing on a live coal." She replied, "Which foot, paw?"

Here's one hot from the corn crib.

St. Peter (at the gates of Heaven): How did you get here my man?

F/O MacTavish: Flu.

LAC Jimmy Shea says that he won't let his girl go to the movies to see Gary Cooper any more, 'cause it takes her two or three days to get used to him again.

Corporal Weiderhold wants to know if elephants get drunk would they go around seeing Pink Frank Bucks?

The old golf course is shaping up for a good season's play. That is of course if we can get a supply of those little white pills that are so necessary. Golf's the game that turns the cows out of the pastures and lets the bull in. We've got to hand it to Sgt. Ken Knox of Station Headquarters though. He never swears when he makes a poor shot—but where he spits grass will never grow again.

There was a little commotion around the pay office 't'other day when the siren sounded unexpectedly in the forenoon. S/M Town-er, anxious to find out why, ran over to the steam plant and asked the reason why it was blowing. Because I'm pulling the lever, was the laconic reply.

And so I think I'll pull the lever on this and call it a day.

(Tune—"On Wisconsin")

Corporals Anning and MacKenzie Sent from Manning Pool, To keep us happy—make us snappy Just like back at school.

They work like slaves for Girls who then soar, On to plant the name Of W.D. in R.C.A.F. Victory—that's our aim.

—By L. ST. C. SAWDON.

My Life in the R.C.A.F. (W.D.)

(By AW2 Dancey, G. H.)

It was in January, 1942, when the idea of joining the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) struck me. There had been much talk about it. Every topic of conversation seemed to end in a discussion of the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) Somehow the urge to be in and acting overwhelmed me. Why not let us women do our part? We knew we were capable if only given the chance.

Now the time had come. In February, 1942, I began inquiries down at the Recruiting Centre in Windsor. The Recruiting Office was busy at all times. Strange people coming in and going out almost incessantly.

Finally, testing, medical examination and the filling out of forms was over. The great day had arrived, and on March 2 I was sworn in. I now had passed the enlisting grade. A new feeling; something strange, tense, yet exhilarating, mixed with a feeling of impulsive action, came into being. Packing of clothes began at once. Small articles were set aside each day until the two weeks leave were up.

The final day of departure arrived. I was down at the recruiting office at 11 a.m. on the 21st day of March. Twenty-six recruits were there, all waiting anxiously for the photographers to come and take our picture so we could spend the last few hours at home with our folks. The photographers came and left. We were free until 5 p.m., when our train bound for Toronto was due.

After all the goodbyes were said, the train pulled out and we settled ourselves for a nice journey. It was a very nice journey. We gossiped (as women do) of everything imaginable. Especially of what was in store for us in the near future.

On arrival at the Union Station, Toronto, I set my luggage down and began to wait. Most of us were quite tired by now, and waiting didn't help our spirits much. Finally the station wagons arrived and I, along with twenty-five others, was taken to No. 6 "M" Depot.

Once settled in my new home, homesickness developed. So many strange people all in one room. If I could only be by myself for a few hours. It was impossible. The only thing to do was to keep busy. So I began writing letters, and the feeling soon passed.

The days flew by. Inoculations, trade training, lectures, clothing, equipment, drills, and a hundred other things took up all the time I possessed. Our Squadron put on a concert, as they all do, which turned out very successful.

Soon three weeks of busy, exciting days came to a climax. There was a station dance held in the mess hall and everyone seemed to be there. The hall was just packed.

The last week at No. 6 "M" Depot was crammed with work, and pleasure. I prepared all my kit for inspection and eliminated all unnecessary clothing and packed them prior to being shipped home.

On Friday, March 17, all the Squadron was assembled in the lecture room for our final address and posting by Squadron Officer Bather. I was tense with excite-

ment. The daily routine rumours that had been going around had me worried. Where were we being posted? Finally I was told. No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden, was the Station. I don't know whether I was happy or not, but I do know that the feeling of relief at actually knowing where I was going was very satisfying.

We were to leave Toronto at 9 a.m. on Saturday, March 18. Saturday: up early, buttons polished; everything in order; breakfast over; returned bedding to clothing stores; at last assembled with others in the squadron lecture room. After the busses were filled, our officers came out and wished us all good luck on our Station and then we were off to the train. Once aboard the train I settled myself with some chums and prepared to enjoy the flying scenery.

As we entered Camp Borden I was astounded to find it was so barren and sandy. There were hardly any buildings and I wondered where the barracks were. The train seemed to bring us deeper and deeper into more sand and brush. At last we came to what seemed like civilization. Several brick buildings could be seen in the distance and my heart gave a leap for joy. I stood up on the train by the window and watched as we passed several soldiers and airmen on the road. I don't know if they resented the idea of airwomen coming to Camp Borden or not, but they certainly didn't look enthused about us at all.

Our destination had arrived. I got my luggage down and after being shown our barracks, I carried my luggage in. A very nice dinner had been prepared for us in a mess hall. I say "a" mess hall because it was so nice I wasn't quite sure whether it was for the airwomen or not. Everything in both the mess hall and the barracks were new and perfectly grand. I certainly thought it was wonderful. Why, I even had a locker. The first one I had had since I had enlisted.

On Monday, March 20, we were taken on a tour of the Station, which proved very interesting indeed. The hangars where the planes were being repaired or tested by mechanics interested me a great deal. The Link Trainer building also drew my attention and I still wonder if the instructor thought we were dumb, but there were so many little gadgets and dials I wondered how they ever kept count of them all.

On Tuesday we were shown to our respective jobs. At first it seemed as though I was going to be an ornament, but soon things began to take shape and work began.

So far my off duty time has been spent mostly in the Drill Hall engaged in playing one of the several games which the hall has to offer. Of course there are always letters to be answered and they take a little time. What with washing, ironing and keeping your room tidy, my time is pretty well taken care of. I have not spent a dull moment here as yet.

Such has been my life experience spent with the R.C.A.F. (W.D.)

Change of
Y.M.C.A. Directors

J. C. McCLLENAGHAN

It was with a genuine feeling of regret that No. 1 S.F.T.S. bid farewell to Jim McClenaghan, former Y.M.C.A. Director, on April 24 last. Jim is going across the pond in the near future and has donned the khaki uniform of the Overseas Branch of the Y.M.C.A.

Jim McClenaghan succeeded Walling Ruby at this Station over a year ago, coming here from St Catharines, where he was secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in the beautiful garden city. Jim was a hard worker and quickly won the friendship of all those who were associated with him at this Station. We wish him the very best of luck, health and happiness, and we know that his work will be successful overseas, as it was here at Borden.

Jim's successor, Johnny Bampfield, also hails from the Niagara Peninsula. He was born in Niagara Falls 26 years ago and tells us he started his Y.M.C.A. career under the direction of Jim in St. Kitt's several years ago. Johnny has a pleasing personality, warm smile, a quick sense of humour, and is a dynamo of activity. All these qualifications should combine to spell SUCCESS in all his activities at Borden. We wish him well and are back of him to a man.

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ACCOUNTS FROM THE ACCOUNTS SECTION

As our recent correspondent from the Accounts Section has left for other parts, to my dismay and my readers' (if any) sorrow, the burden has fallen on me to report the news of the Section. To attempt to become a literary genius would be a complete fallacy on my part, as it is necessary to become, shall I say, a psychopathic case to be a genius as a writer. However, I'll do my best in the hope that the remarks regarding this attempt will not be too caustic. Here goes!

First and foremost, the lads and lassies of the Accounts Section regretfully said au revoir to two more lads from the Section who aim to play a bigger part in their service to their country. I refer to Flight Sergeant Harold Bruton and LAC Frank Enfield, who left last Friday to commence their initial training for aircrew. While it would be possible for any member of the Section to express our feelings toward these two lads, I personally feel more capable in doing so regarding Harold Bruton, having worked side by side with him for more than a year. We enlisted within three days of each other, separated on different postings and came together again at Camp Borden, and during our stay here I really got to know him as being one grand guy. However, the best of friends must part and because you can't keep good men down, I, on behalf of the personnel of the Accounts Section, say "Good luck, Harold and Frank, may you always have good tail winds and happy landings."

To partially offset the gloom caused by our loss, we are glad to welcome into our midst the shining (never mind the powder puff, girls) of seven members of the Women's Division in the persons of AW2's Armitt, Clarke, Clegg, Daly, Hayes, Sobol and Woollatt. May their stay in our office be a pleasant one. In speaking of the W.D.'s it brings to mind a remark heard at Station Headquarters, made by a Flight Sergeant (and there are not many there). When asked how the work of the newcomers was progressing, this N.C.O. crowed: "Well, I've taught them all I know and they still don't know anything." WOW!

Congratulations are in order to two more members of our fraternity who have climbed another rung on the ladder leading to the dizzy heights of a non-com. I refer to the smallest sergeant in the force today, Sgt. McAlear, who received his "crown," and Cpl. Timlin, who was promoted to sergeant. Nice going, lads, the promotions were well deserved. Speaking of McAlear, your correspondent would like to know if it is true that the Noordyn Aircraft Company is building a smaller Harvard so that "Mac" will be able to reach the controls pedals?

One more item I must mention before closing. (No, I'm not getting paid so much a word). I refer to a remark by LAC J. B. McLean in the last issue of Wings Over Borden. It appears that McLean does not think much of our general editor's corny jokes (confidentially aren't they corny?) and referred to the loss of his brain

SECTIONAL NEWS

TILL THE H.E. DETONATES

Yes, you're right. It's ye olde ed. from 13 "X" Depot again appealing to your perceptive faculties (or perhaps your perseverance).

Well, once again the "Welcome" shingle is held forth for some new arrivals, including a detachment of Standard Guards—fresh from the portals of K.T.S., Trenton; also LAC "Jack" Wright, whom we remember as the custodian of our love letters (and occasional window envelopes) during earlier days at Borden, as well as Sergeant L. Richmond, whose alma mater was No. 1 Equipment Depot, Toronto. In the commissioned ranks, an old friend returns to the fold in the person of Flying Officer E. V. Holtzman, former Adjutant, who has recently completed a course in explosives overseas, and this posting action was received with pleasure by his former associates. To Sergeant Goivin and LAC Plumb, who have departed for new fields, we say "Au revoir et bonne chance." After that send off, one can marvel at what the first Canadian Legion lesson in French is capable of bringing out. While delving into personnel topics, Sergeant Scott's recent release from the confines of Christie Street Hospital is welcome news, and the general Sarge is now convalescent at his home in Windsor (a suburb of Sandwich, we believe).

The 13 "X" Bowling League concluded a successful schedule on Thursday, April 16, and a week later four teams, captained by Cpl. Leonard, Cpl. Elliott, Jim Low and Larry Crarey, entered the play-downs for the league championship. Captain Leonard's team found ways and means to scatter more maple in a horizontal position and emerged the winners, with Captain Crarey's team crowding them for honours. The stage is set for a Presentation Night on Monday, May 4, and the curtain thus will be drawn on a pleasant season of entertainment in this particular sphere. An enthusiastic Sports Committee, with Corporal L. N. Dynes at the helm, is seeing to it that recreation continues without interruption and already several summer sports are in an advanced stage of organization.

At the moment, a few mosquitoes who have apparently passed their

in his recent operation. Now I say to McLean that he can slander the editor all he wishes, but when he makes a remark that it is unnecessary to have a brain to work in the Accounts Section, it is going a little too far. I could heap words of condemnation upon his head, particularly as he hits and runs (he was posted right after writing the article) but I think it is sufficient to say, "Let us bow our heads in silence to our poor misguided friend (?)"

(Denotes silence)

And I hope Yehudi gave him that kick in the southern region of his trousers. End of thought—end of me. So long and thanks to all of you who stuck to the reading of all this article. —WO2 LES TOWNER.

screen test, are hovering around this place of writing, so it's a closing poem called "One Week" and then a hasty departure:

"Wimbledon Wimple had oodles of fun,

Because of his being a rich man's Sun.

But suddenly one day at the point of a gun,

He was quickly divested of most of his

And there was poor Wimbledon deep in the blues,

For all he had left was a few ones and

For weeks he existed on nothing but bread,

Until a rich widow he decided to

He spent his last nickels on presents for her,

But when he proposed she lisped firmly "No

"Then life's not worth living," we hear Wimple cry,

And he threatened to jump in the fire and

Then the widow relented, and although she was fat,

Plump down on his knees she heavily

Now his worries are over, no jobs he must seek,

As we know he'll be cared for each day of the

And now, folks, until the next quill scratch, it's "Adios" and thanks for the patience.

ON THE BANDSTAND

Once again it's news time and this time it gives me pleasure to introduce to Borden a new member, AW2 Sawden, but to the boys in the band it's just plain "Bev." Welcome, Bev, and for the short time you have been here you are making a wonderful job of it. All the boys are wanting to drop their instruments and learn how to "swing the stick," but I persuaded them that it would take considerable time and a few bumps on the head to do it right, so they leave it in the very capable hands of Bev.

Thanks to Sgt-Major Austin and his very lovely band for so graciously helping us put on the best Wings Parade in this camp, and I know that all the boys enjoyed playing with his band and we all know that it did sound good. They tell me that "Dougy" had a few of the boys in the canteen afterwards and that they played everything from 1910 until 1942 and right in the groove, jiving all the way.

The folks at the dance enjoyed the Grand March and also "Bev's" number, although some of the boys' music seemed to be blacking out at times, due no doubt to the bad lighting system, so you couldn't blame them, or could you?

If only we had our full band right now it would be tops, but the boys must have their leave and the crops must be planted. I hope Ernie Burrell caught a lot of fish on his leave. He must have, because even his fish stories smell a bit of Billingsgate.

The boys shone at church parade on the 3rd and they finally listened to their maestro and played "piano" and "double forte," much to his delight. Keep up the good work, lads, and I'll enter you in a band competition in 1944, maybe. No joking, though, I have some very good boys and I'm proud of them.

Before closing, let me ask again, are there any more musicians on the Station? If so, come forward. Let's get you a nice, "bran" new horn to play on.

That's all, folks, for now.

—"GRIFF."

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R. C. A. F. (W. D.) Get Down To Work

Soliloquy on Life in General

(With deepest apologies to Ogden Nash and to all of you unfortunate readers—both of you)

It's very strange how life goes on—and nothing ever happens.

For years and years, day in day out, ad nauseum, ad infinitum.

A job seems like the thing to do—in fact it is essential, in order to keep up on stuff and other things potential.

To dress as well as all the others, and if possible even better, and go, and go, and wonder why you ever even bother.

A dance is fun—a beer is too—there are so many things to do, No one should be all out of sorts.

LIFE IS WONDERFUL—no bad reports.

But all of a sudden something clicks—you wonder why the hell you stick.

It doesn't really matter a darn whether you're around or not when you get right down to it,

No one is indispensable, no one is so important, so why should I fret and fume and worry and feel I simply can't be done without.

"It's time to make a change, I think, with things the way they are.

Life is very **THRILLING** now, and **DANGEROUS**—there's a War!

The conflict's on—we've got to win—there must be things to do, All men are needed for a million jobs—and girls are needed too!!

Now's the time for something drastic—it's now easy to explain.

Why the feeling of uncertainty has been prevalent all these days.

It's in the air—on everyone's mind—the only job important

Is to win this war and do it quickly and get the darned thing over.

Away with all the plans I've made and the lackadaisical role

These things don't matter any more—Victory will be my goal!

(Turn to Page Eight, Please)



WANTED MORE WEDDING CAKE

AW2 Black is fresh out. For three nights she slept on a piece of wedding cake and didn't dream of her future. Now she has borrowed AW2 Hoy's piece and still is having no luck. Now that she has worn out the supply will some one please come to her rescue.

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HELLO FOLKS:

This is from the girls in the mess hall. Our mess hall once belonged to the LAC pilots on the station but upon the arrival of the W.D., they moved out. For this we owe them a lot and couldn't begin to express our thanks. It is a beautiful dining hall with lovely hardwood floors. Everything is grand. After working hard all day going into a place like this can mean a lot. In our barracks we often hear the girls saying how much it means to them and that makes us feel that our job is important. We try to keep it as it should be, bright and shining. Somehow at first when we thought about being mess women our job seemed small beside the jobs the other girls were doing, but when you hear them saying how much it means to them, we feel as though our job is really as important.

And then there's the one in charge. That one person can mean a lot. Our Sgt. Fraser is a wonderful person. He has taken us under his wing and helped us in many ways. For this we are also thankful. It is like any job you have in civilian life, if you like your boss you like your job, and we're all rooting for Sgt. Fraser. We hope they never take him away from us.

The W.D. thank the boys of the Station for the warm welcome they gave us on our arrival. We are going to try hard to make them like us as we hope they do. Each

and every one of us is mighty proud of the uniform we're wearing and we are proud to think we have been given the privilege of wearing it.

I'm saying bye-bye for the issue. May I pass on our cook's motto, "KEEP 'EM FRYING."

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MOTOR TRANSPORT

A Bird's Eye View of the M.T. (W.D.) Drivers' Section

Where shall I begin!!! Really I think most of us felt very much like the beginner at school. Should I do this, or should I do that? We were very timid and excited about the first job entrusted to us. When it was completed our thoughts were, "Was that within the law?" In civilian life, yes, you drove 50 miles per hour, maybe more, if you weren't slowed down by the Traffic Cop's whistle. Now it's 15 miles per hour in the R.C.A.F. area, 25 miles in the Army area, 40 miles on the Highway, 10 miles for funeral and parades, miscellaneous miles for whatever foreign territory you happen to be in, speed limit of that area must be conformed to. An M.T. Driver's prayer, "I pray the Lord the speed limit's posted." Now that's settled, let's get on.

The first few days there really didn't seem much to it. But as days have passed we find M.T. Section is a most important cog in the Camp Borden machinery. Every Department calls upon M.T. some time of the day or week. Our work for this reason proves very interesting and varied. In time we hope that each of us will have had a chance to visit all the various Sections in Camp. At present we are not acquainted with all these "Babes in the Wood" trails around Camp Borden. Some fine day if an M.T. driver dashes madly into your Section and inquires for something you haven't got, please be patient with her, she'll do better next time. Just help the "Babe in the Wood" to the right trail, with a few directions. You'll see what service it will bring in return to show our appreciation.

The procedure seemed quite intricate at first, but it is gradually unfolding and sinking in. Why, at Training School we just heard about 8 M.T. Forms. We know why now, they had the other 88 M.T.

Forms at Camp Borden (more or less). Making these out seems like a game of "Eeny-meeny-miny-mo; there's one for you and one for us and one for the Commando." It seems foolish doesn't it? After all they say there's a war on and economy on paper is to be observed as well as on everything else.

Then the poor Despatcher must have many headaches. He has just so many vehicles and twice as many places to send them. He must know how long this run takes, what type of vehicle is best to despatch to do the job most economically, so that the vehicle may be ready to go out again at a required time.

Then there are the boys who keep 'em rolling. The workshop at times looks like a mess that had been shaken up in a bag and dumped on the floor. How in the world can they find places to put all those things together and make a running concern? You'd wonder, but they do. In that corner of the work we figure we'll have to learn a little more to replace them there—if ever. It seems as if one of the gals has turned a hand in that direction already, as overnight her coveralls became quite shopworn. There are 35 men in our Section. We haven't the right name attached to all the right personages as yet. Some work night shift and there always seems to be a new face bobbing up. We hope to meet them all in the very near future. They're a hard working gang, but in face of it all there's always time for a pleasant word and the odd joke, which tends to make work more pleasurable.

One problem the M.T. Section is up against is, all vehicles must be used until they become unserviceable. I figured I had gotten hold of that unserviceable vehicle the other day when I was sent to Barrie to bring a patient to Camp. I'm wondering if his thoughts were, if he'd be more a patient than he already was, before we reached our destination; as this particular vehicle resembles the "dogems" at an amusement centre. Glad to relate, however, we

(Turn to Page Eight, please)

WORKS AND B.

I'm writing this po'm all alone, Here's the reason, you see, I'm the only gal of W.D. Who's employed at Works and B.

Just wish you knew the effort it is, To write a bit of news, They're kibitzers all, short and tall, Watching me express my views.

The dance, oh yes, was a great success, At least I heard no complaints, Except for one rule, darn close to cruel, We're certainly not rated as "Saints".

Our stay to date has been a treat No kicks, no groans, no murmurs, As long as we go on ignoring All the far fetched rumors.

The personnel of W & B Is really the "creme de la creme" With Bohas (the quiet one), Po-guey and Blahout— It's great to be the only femme.

Our senior N.C.O., you know, Is the famous W. Reed, Who rules the roost and all he surveys, With an iron hand indeed.

To "Wings Over Borden" Our heartfelt thanks For those kind words last week To lonesome gals so far from home, They gladdened our hearts that were bleak.

—K. McCARTHY

THE GIRLS OF THE PARACHUTE SECTION

It has reached the ears of the fair maidens who valiantly strive to pack parachutes, that members of the air crew have decided to stick to their planes rather than

(Tune—"Our Sgt. Major")

Before the whistle blows Who is up on her toes, Our silver lining—always shining Favourite Sgt. Ball.

No one could take the place Of such a welcome face, So like a mother—we all love her Our Sgt. Ball.

She's the best friend in the service We ever had And if they leave her stay with us We'll be mighty glad.

No matter where we roam, Near or far from home We'll have no kick—if we can stick With our Sgt. Ball.

—L. ST. C. SAWDON. Salute to Sgt. Ball, Squadron 4.

We're the W.D.'s at Borden And proud are we to be A part of this old station That is fighting for the free. We listen to the bombers Roaring over-head And hope that some day soon we'll play A bigger part instead.

But we shall keep on patiently Though it's hard I will confess And we'll have our fun When we are done We're the crew of the Officers' Mess.

—L. J. S. SHEARER.

take a chance on a parachute packed by us.

Now if that isn't an insult, what is?

You may rest assured, gentlemen, that if your parachute fails to open, we will not only replace the parachute but will probably spend 21 years languishing in jail.

You may now jump boys, and leave the rest up to OUR parachutes.

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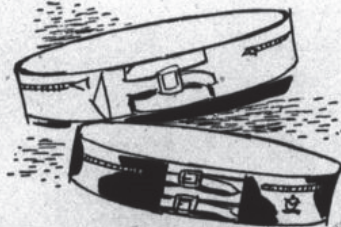
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SOLILOQUY

(Continued from page six)

And so to the recruiting centre I go, all set to do mine duty. They'll be glad to have me—I'll help them so—
They'll welcome me with open arms—"A Heaven-sent gratuity". And so they did—arms full of forms,
"Sign here," "Sign there," "What date?" "How long," "Not applicable," "I did," "So long ago,"
"I can't remember," "Eyes O.K.," "Teeth not bad," "Medically Fit," "I will," "I do,"
"Anywhere," "Any time," "For so long as I am needed."
Here I go,—the Boss is told—In-credulous faces—"Why did she?" "Broken heart, I bet"—a million different reasons.
No one hit upon the right one—no one came even near—
It's difficult to say it anyway and everyone has more faith in their own interpretations.

Blood donations to the army-navy plasma supply increased 100 per cent. after the Pearl Harbor attack, the Red Cross reports.

What a Life!



Don't be fooled by this aviator. He isn't a bit of a woman-hater. If he'd only learn, he could win a friend—He has to perspire, but need not offend.

Bath tonight with LIFEBUOY
The ONE soap especially made to prevent "B.O." (Body Odor)

Goodbyes are said—surprising the friends accumulated through the years.

It will seem strange without them all. Didn't realize they meant so much—or I to them.

I must have been going around in a daze not noticing things I should have.

"What fun you'll have," "The things you'll see," "Such interesting places!"

"All sorts of people, things to do," "Never any dull phases."

"Through peril to the Stars," "Arise, my love, and fly away with me."

Comments — questions — speculations — predictions—

"Mostly fun, thrills and excitement."

A little work of course to make Jill not too dull a girl, but that is only routine now, you're used to that,

And the rest will be DELIGHTFUL and so different and so it goes, tra la trala tra la.

And starting off, all agog, with mixed emotions, of pride and doubt and fear and resignation and such commotion.

Here I am in Toronto—ready to be of service. More Forms, More INFORMATION but

Mostly rules—"You must," "You will," "Yes Sir," "Yes M'am," and many regulations.

It's impossible,—I'll never make it—the course is much too tough.

I was in a rut I guess, but now the old life seems like Shangri-la.

"Hurry, Hurry," "Two minutes to

go," and flights of stairs to climb. My heart—it is really going to stop for good, this time.

Just wait until you're on a station—then life will seem worth while.

There'll be a band, receptions and so many "glad to meet you's."

You'll be treated like a princess—nothing will be too good,

They're all so glad to have you—it will make up for all you've stood. CAMP BORDEN is our station — CAMP BORDEN here we come—

And after many weary miles of shunting back and forth, taking ages through

One little town—"The engineer must live here—he hasn't breakfasted yet—

Or else he's very tired and needs a rest," is the common jeer.

We back up again—oh, here we go—but only a couple of feet and then,

At long last, we are on our way—THERE'S the Army Camp!

"Gee, it's big—so many men," So many smiling faces—I bet they wish we were stopping here—

The Air Force sure is lucky—to have us girls all set to start in Anywhere they place us.

There's the Air Force territory now—I wonder where the band is?

Oh, there's no band—there's no one here—we must be late—they've missed us!

There are a couple of officers, gosh, they look sort of doubtful—Aren't they going to like us—don't they want us here? ? ?

(Concluded Next Issue)

MOTOR TRANSPORT

(Continued from page seven)

Other M.T. Driver problems are: dare we go into men's quarters to announce our arrival? How we're to open that car door (which opens backwards) with the right hand and salute at the same time? To the former problem, Airmen willing to help have announced our arrival. The latter, in some cases has been an attempt to salute when the party to be saluted is still some fifty paces or more away, then hastily reach out trying not to appear too awkward about the whole thing. But after all we weren't supplied with two right hands. We'd like to know why Manufacturers' Specifications does not say to hinge the doors on the proper side.

This was just to be a bird's eye view, not saying how large a bird. So in closing, we wish to thank all the Airmen who have been exceedingly co-operative in assisting us get adjusted in our interesting work.

—AW2 MORGAN, M.T.

R.C.A.F. Theatre
COMING ATTRACTIONS

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Glenn Ford, Penny Singleton

May 15th and 16th
SUSPICION
Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant

May 17th
CHOCOLATE SOLDIER
Rise Stevens, Nelson Eddy

May 18th and 19th
TWO FACED WOMAN
Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas

May 20th and 21st
TARZAN'S SECRET TREASURE
J. Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan

May 22nd and 23rd
FLY BY NIGHT
Nancy Kelly, Richard Carlson

May 24th
ROAD TO HAPPINESS
John Boles

May 25th and 26th
LADY HAS PLANS
Ray Milland, Paulette Goddard

May 27th and 28th
SWAMP WATER
Walter Brennan, Walter Huston, Ann Baxter

May 29th and 30th
REMEMBER THE DAY
Claudette Colbert, John Payne

May 31st
LET GO COLLEGIATE
Jackie Moran, Frankie Darro
SILVER STALLION
David Sharpe

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