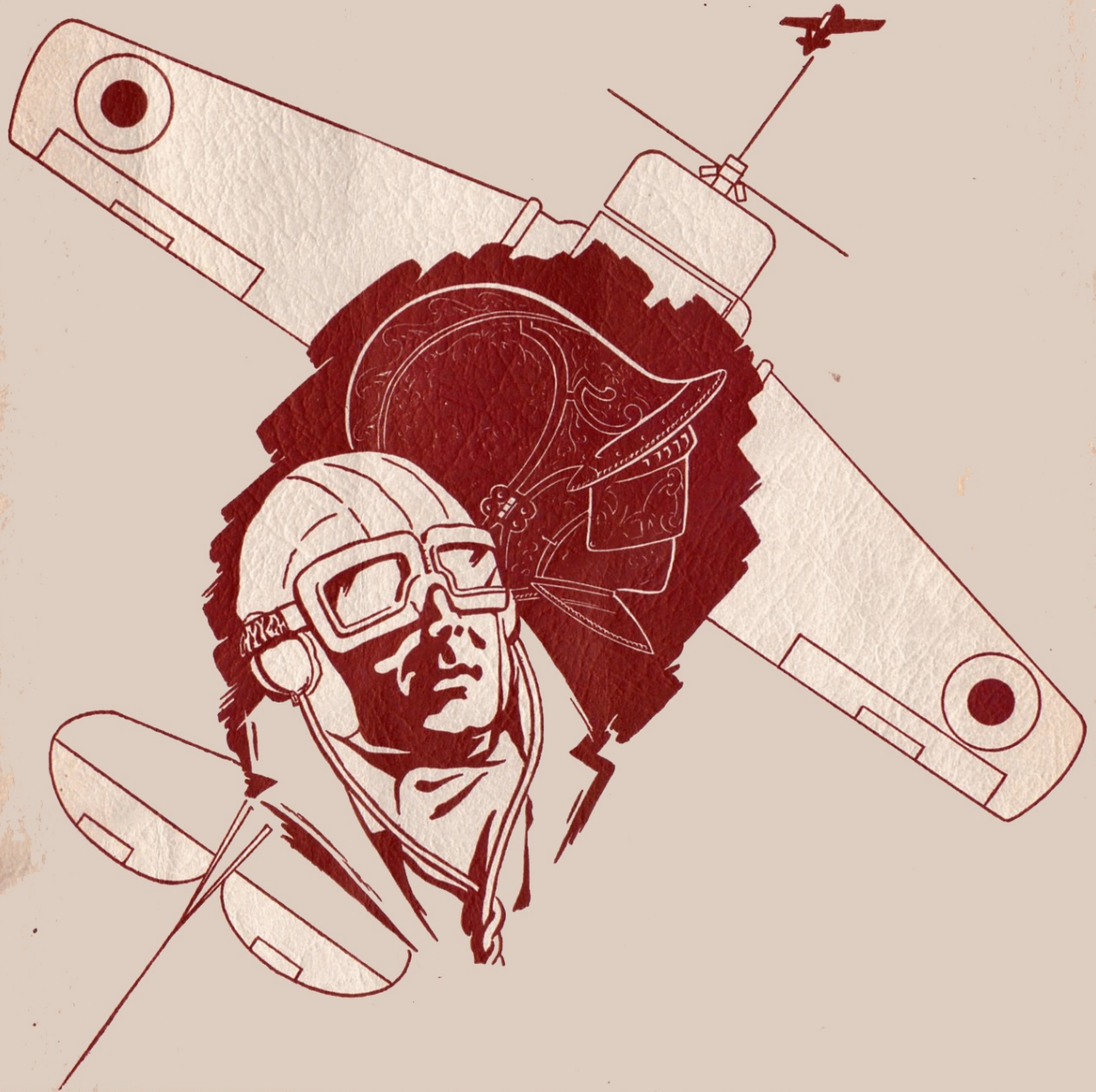


Vol. 1 - No. 1

July 1942



WINGS OVER BORDEN

Wings Over Borden

THE PIONEER R.C.A.F. JOURNAL

NO. 1 SFTS
CAMP BORDEN
ONTARIO — CANADA



PRICE 5 CENTS

VOLUME 1 **JULY 1942** NO. 1

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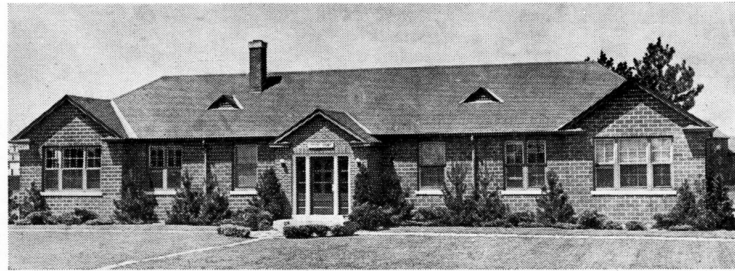
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FEATURING

THIS MONTH



STATION HEADQUARTERS

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Editorially Speaking

"WE SHALL ADVANCE"

In the First World War a famous military leader, when confronted with overwhelming odds, said, "Our backs are to the wall, our flanks are hard pressed by the enemy—WE SHALL ADVANCE!" They did advance and they struck a telling blow against the enemy.

A few weeks ago, Wings Over Borden felt it was in a similar position. Despite the fact that we were first in the field, the pioneer R.C.A.F. paper, we experienced the unhappy feeling of seeing other station papers appearing with increasing frequency around us. Their individual quality increased and soon many of them appeared in magazine format. We were being outflanked in the field of journalism. This was a bitter pill to swallow. A more bitter one was the apparent unwillingness of the station personnel to come forward and lend a hand. Our backs were to the wall, so to speak.

After a hasty conference the situation was studied, and we decided to "advance". Wings Over Borden is now a magazine. Whether we have struck a "telling blow" will depend on you and your reception of it. Our aim is to please you—we will not know whether we have or not. Tell us by contributing to the paper—tell us by buying the paper—tell us by subscribing to the paper for your family and friends. Now more than ever before in your life, your folks at home are interested in what you are doing, where you are, who you are meeting. Why? Because you are away from them. Wings Over Borden will convey this picture to them better than you can tell it in letters or in words. When you are posted you can arrange to have the magazine follow you wherever you go, and you will be able to keep in touch with old friends and old scenes wherever you will be.

MAY WE COUNT ON YOUR SUBSCRIPTION?

—RCAF—

A TRUE STORY

(By a British Mining Engineer)

"I met one of our elder colliers leaving the Pithead Baths. He told me he had been sent for from the Pit and was then going home. He had just heard that his wife had died. I attempted to say something of my sympathy, especially as I knew how devoted a couple they were, but he stopped me, and in his distress told me how, although she had not been well for some time, she had been in bed for the last fortnight. That very morning she had seemed worse and he had suggested that perhaps he ought to stay with her, but she said: 'No, go to your work, John, it is so very important'. 'You see, sir,' added the miner, 'I have always told her how very important my work at the Pit is just now when coal is so badly needed by the country.' So this Englishman, an ordinary working miner, tore himself away for work as usual, his son and elder daughter also going off to war factories fifteen or twenty miles away, leaving the sick wife in the charge of a little girl of fourteen years of age, in whose arms she died soon after the commencement of the shift."

—RCAF—

BRIDGING THE GAP

By F/O Coumans

It is with fear and trembling we graduate from E.F.T.S. The commonest phrase heard there is, "It's o.k. here, but you can't get away with stuff like that at Service School." It is heard in every phase of life, from making a wheel landing to having a suitcase under your bed.

In spite of this oft repeated warning, and the super-

ior attitude of Service Flying School personnel, Elementary Flying Training Schools are plugging along and doing a fine job of work. After all that lowly institution "does" teach 'em to fly and saves many Service School instructor's necks by sifting out the absolutely dangerous would-be pilots, and their necks are out plenty in doing it.

As a tip to you Instructors, if on a dual cross country flight to an E.F.T.S., and your student feels like a rest, give some of the Instructors there a flip. They will be no end grateful and it should help to overcome the subconscious attitude that they pass on to their students, that the Harvard is a man-killer. You all know the "if you do that in a Harvard——" crack that comes out so easily from these lads who have not had any chance to even ride in one. Naturally everyone looks forward to coming to a Service Flying Training School, but when the actual time of parting comes it produces a pang at leaving the elementary stage of training. Closer co-operation and efforts toward mutual understanding between the personnel of both types of school would do much to lay low this typical "mental hazard" and bridge the gap between elementary and service training.

—RCAF—

AIR CADET LEAGUE OF CANADA

Recently there has been set up across the Dominion a youth training scheme of preparatory instruction for prospective entrants into the Royal Canadian Air Force. The Air Cadet League is composed of a large number of Air Cadet Squadrons located throughout the various cities and towns, and for the most part sponsored by some local group of citizens. Each Squadron is attached to its nearest R.C.A.F. station and is under the supervision of a R.C.A.F. Liaison Officer. For instance, the Air Cadet Squadrons at Orillia and Barrie are affiliated with this Unit, S/L McCulloch being the Liaison Officer.

As a preliminary to the intensive programme of instruction to be given during the winter of 1942-43, and as somewhat of a reward for their excellent efforts during the past months, a summer camp has been established for the Air Cadet League, and as part of this we have at present at this Unit representatives of the Squadrons at Timmins and Orillia, in camp from July 5th to 11th, to be followed by Squadrons from North Bay, Etobicoke and Toronto from July 12th to 18th. These cadets are under the direction of their own Air Cadet Officers, under the guidance of Pilot Officer Aplin. We are happy to have these lads here, and congratulate them and their officers on their enthusiasm, smartness on parade and splendid adherence to discipline.

The following has been received from one of the Air Cadet corporals of the Orillia Squadron and is printed with pleasure. The columns of "Wings Over Borden" will always be open to the Air Cadet Squadrons associated with this Station.

"The 99th Orillia Squadron was organized in March, 1942, for the purpose of training young men below military age for Canada's future Air Force. They held their first meeting on March 13th.

"Orillia Air Cadets are divided into two groups—the Juniors, who are between 12 and 15 years of age, and the Seniors, who range from 15 to 18 years. The N.C.O.'s are picked from the Seniors and at present we have a Sergeant and two Corporals. As our Flight grows larger we will add a Flight Sergeant to our N.C.O.'s.

(Continued on page 19)

A Word From The Commanding Officer



G/Cpt. D. M. Edwards

"It is with great pleasure that I introduce to the Station, the new edition of "Wings Over Borden." The magazine is a credit to the Editor and his Staff and is indicative of the enterprising spirit which permeates all activities of the R.C.A.F. Station at Camp Borden. Through the medium of this magazine, personnel engaged on widely diverse duties and sports may learn what all are doing as a Station. The value of your interest in terms of written contributions cannot be over-emphasized. If you will bear that in mind, it is my sincere belief that this number presages a bright and useful future for the magazine of the tradition station of the R.C.A.F., Camp Borden."

Douglas Muir Edwards

Thumbnail Sketches

FORMER ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER



Squadron Leader M. F. Badgley—On June 5th, 1896, in the city of Montreal, the Station's former Administrative Officer, Squadron Leader M. F. Badgley first saw the light of day. He received his early education in Montreal and graduated from High School in 1914 just at the outbreak of the First World War. S/Ldr Badgley served in France with the 66th Battery and the 1st Battalion Canadian Tank Corps. It is of interest to note that he had two brothers serving with him in the last war, and all three are on active service again. In between the two wars he has divided his time equally between financial houses and sports of all kinds. He enlisted in R.C.A.F. October 25th, 1939, receiving his appointment as flying officer, June 5th, 1940. After his Administration Course at Trenton he came directly to Camp Borden. A keen sport enthusiast, he has organized Camp Borden hardball team and managed it successfully for two years. A lover of music he has organized three bands at No. 1 S.F.T.S. S/Ldr Badgley's posting to the coast has robbed Camp Borden of one of its most enthusiastic officers.

O.C. WOMEN'S DIVISION

A/S/O H. G. Sparrow—Born and educated in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Interested in all sports, playing on the Kelvin baseball and basketball teams and a member of the City basketball team, which held the championship. Played badminton for Westminster Church in City leagues. Interested in school choral groups and later a member of Westminster Church Choir, also belonged to Metropolitan Choir and Winnipeg Light Opera Company. At time of joining up, Principal of Chapman School.

Enlisted as recruit in first Officers' Training Course in Toronto October 21, 1941. Completed course on November 27, 1941. Proceeded to Moncton, then to Aylmer, and on April 13th posted to Camp Borden.



STATION ADJUTANT



F/Lt C. G. E. Leafloor—Born June 19, 1908, Ottawa, Ontario. Attended Public and High Schools, Ottawa, graduating 1925. Employed by Fraser-Brace Engineering Company on construction of power houses and dams as Cost Accountant and Timekeeper from February, 1926, to December, 1927. Enlisted in R.C.A.F. April 10, 1928, at R.C.A.F. Headquarters, Ottawa. Served there for 7 years then attached to R.M.C., Kingston, for 3 months. Transferred to No. 112 (AC) Squadron, Winnipeg, in January, 1935. Returned to R.C.A.F. Headquarters, Ottawa, October, 1937. Transferred to No. 1 Training Command, Toronto, August, 1939, also attached to No. 1 "M" Depot and spent approximately 4 months R.C.A.F. Recruiting Centre while in Toronto. Held rank of WO1 when commissioned as Flying Officer on May 15, 1941. Reported to No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden, on May 26th, 1941. Employed as A.A.O. and in present capacity as Adjutant.

Thumbnail Sketches

NEW ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER

F/Lt C. S. Lees—Married. Born 1899 in Hamilton, Ontario. Attended Hamilton Public Schools and Collegiate Institute. Farmed for two years. Attended Osgoode Hall graduating as Barrister at law in 1923. Practised law in Hamilton until commissioned in R.C.A.F. Nov. 9, 1940. Attended Course 9, School of Administration, Trenton, and was first posted to No. 1 "M" Depot and employed as Adjutant and Instructor to Officer Commanding of Officers Direct Entry Course until June, 1941, when appointed Assistant Adjutant. Promoted F/L June 12, 1941. Posted to 14 S.F.T.S., Aymer, September 15, 1941, as Adjutant. Posted 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden, July 1, 1942.

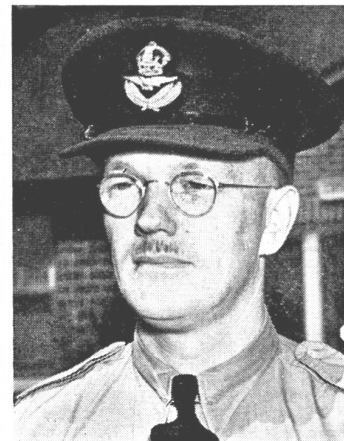


ASSISTANT ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER

F/O W. E. Lang—Born Bruce County, Ontario. Raised and educated in Manitoba from the age of 3 to 21 years. Graduated High School 1919. University (Arts) 1925. In U.S.A. for 3 years, 1926-1929. Moved to Toronto and ever since employed on Credits and Accounts in Executive capacities since 1929. Previous to joining Service in 1941 for a considerable time employed by audit department of Hydro Electric Power Commission of Ontario. Member of H.E.P.C. Club. Past President Toronto Aquarium Society. Member of Budgerigar and Foreign Bird Society of Canada (Chartered). Reported to Trenton direct from civil life. On completion of 4 week administration course was posted to Borden.

ASSISTANT ADJUTANT

F/O O. B. Coumans—The new adjutant, born at Binbrook, 39 years ago, received his early education at Cobalt, Ont., attending Cobalt Public School and also the High School. Before completing his matriculation his family moved to Toronto. Here he finished his high school and entered McMaster University. He graduated from McMaster with a Bachelor of Arts degree. Mr. Coumans was married in 1931 and has no children. He taught school for thirteen years in different parts of the province and was teaching at the time of his enlistment just shortly after the outbreak of war. On first appointment he held the post of educational officer at K.T.S., Trenton, and later took the Administrative Course there. He was adjutant at No. 3 E.F.T.S., London, Ont., prior to coming to Camp Borden.





The photograph above will introduce the members of the staff of Headquarters Orderly Room. Shown in the group are Sgt. W. Smith, LAC Davis, F. R.; Corp. Carley, H. L.; AW2 Wright, J.; F/O Dale, A.; AW1 Hulford, L. E.; AW1 Malott, I. O.; AW1 Smith, L. S.; F/S Crowe, L.

Our Station Orderly Room

We have been asked to say a few words in the first issue of "Wings Over Borden" as a magazine. To cover completely the duties of the Orderly Room staff would require much more space than the magazine will allow and would probably prove to be very dry material for our readers. We shall deal very briefly, therefore, with the purpose and principle functions of the Orderly Room.

Our purpose is to safeguard and maintain the files on Material, Equipment, Training Policy and Procedure, etc.; to maintain documents and records of personnel; to standardize the administrative procedure carried out on the Station through the medium of Station Administrative Orders; to issue orders which affect the whole station in the form of Daily Routine Orders and Station Standing Orders; to ensure the prompt submission of periodical and other returns; to put into effect the substance of new policies issued by higher authority; to maintain an adequate and accurate strength and establishment record; to effect the posting, remustering, reclassification and promotion of airmen, etc., etc. Every function carried out is in accordance with some regulation or order concerning the proper procedure to be followed. We must, therefore, read all orders and understand them, and revise the procedure to comply with them.

Space will not permit us to deal fully with the various sections of our staff which endeavor to achieve the aim in view. However, a brief summary of the duties carried out by each section will serve to acquaint

the reader with the general scheme of things.

Firstly, we shall deal with the Central Registry. The C.R. carries out its duties in the maintenance of files, conduct of correspondence, and distribution of official mail on the station. It ensures the completeness of action in matters. A system of registration is effected which will enable papers to be located with a minimum of delay. It might be well to state that our C.R. receives less criticism than many which function, thanks to the efforts of Corporal Peck, K.L. and his able assistant LAC Davis, F. R. The ability to work hard and a good knowledge of station procedure and organization assist them materially in doing a good job.

Under the able supervision of Flight Sergeant Lou Crowe, our Records Section maintains airmen's records; effects the reclassification, remustering and promotion of airmen on the station; prepares the Daily Routine Orders and Station Administrative Orders. Flight Sergeant Crowe is assisted in records by Sergeant Smith, W. A., who supervises the promulgation of Daily Routine Orders and sees that proper action is taken in respect to Aircrew remusterings; and maintains a record of postings.

Closely related to the Records Section is the Document Section with Mr. Orval E. Edwards, our Civilian Clerk, in charge. His main responsibilities are to maintain Officers' and Airmen's documents; to keep a record of those documents charged out to various units on the station; to ensure that documents of airmen posted away from the

Station are despatched without delay and to ensure that documents of airmen posted to the station are complete. Mr. Edwards is especially busy when a course graduate and at other times manages to keep out of mischief. He has been accorded the privileges of a Senior N.C.O. and is an honorary member of the Sergeants' Mess.

Our N.C.O. Staff summary would not be complete without mentioning Corporal Carley, H. L., who is always busy. The maintenance of the station strength and establishment record and its associated returns require much concentration on his part.

A word about the Stenographers' Pool. The staff of airwomen employed therein are answering the call of our Commanding Officer, Administrative Officer, Adjutant and Assistant Administrative Officer, in the dictation and typing of letters and memoranda. They also maintain the Headquarters inventories and keep the publications up to date. They are doing a good job.

Special mention is reserved to the members of the Women's Division. These girls have taken the place of airmen who are now more actively engaged in the War Effort. Much credit is due them. They arrived on the Station resolved to show us that they could do it and they have. Our hats are now off to them, for they have fitted into the scheme of things on the job and on parade and are really putting on a good show.

Lastly, we work together in congenial harmony in the pursuit of duties which co-relate.

Thumbnail Sketches



RECENTLY COMMISSIONED

F/O Armand John Dale—Born in Westboro (via Ottawa), Ontario, on June 9th, 1916. Attended Westboro Public School and later Nepean High School. Commenced employment in 1934 as Clerk (Stenographer) with Department of National Defence, Ottawa, and continued in this post until 1936. Resigned to join R.C.H.A. (Permanent Force). After nine months as a gunner and battery clerk, obtained discharge to join R.C.A.F. on 5th May, 1937. Has served at R.C.A.F. Station, Trenton; No. 11 (Technical) Detachment, Montreal; Air Force Headquarters, Ottawa; and since August 6th, 1941, has been on the strength of No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden. Appointed to present rank effective 1st July, 1942. Most important event was his marriage to Miss Johanna McCrindle of Montreal in 1939. Has daughter Heather nearly two years old. Favourite sport—swimming. Enjoys other sports.

W.D. HEADQUARTERS CORPORAL

M. MacKenzie, Cpl.—Born at Strathalbyn, Prince Edward Island. Spent earlier part of life on a farm. At time of enlistment held position with the Eastern Securities Company Limited, Charlottetown—in this connection was Provincial Secretary of the Second Victory Loan. Interested in all sports, particularly outdoor sports. Was sworn in to the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) on December 18, 1941, as Clerk Steno., proceeded to Toronto where four weeks basic training was completed—was then posted to Moncton, New Brunswick, where she worked at her trade in the Training Wing, Control Tower, No. 8 S.F.T.S. After four weeks there was sent back to No. 6 "M" Depot to take Administrative Course—after this Course was completed, worked there as Training Corporal for five weeks—then posted Camp Borden on April 25th.



STATION DISCIPLINARIAN

Flight Sergeant E. A. McCorkindale, Station Disciplinarian, was born in the town of Collingwood on April 29th, 1908. Although not a disciplinarian at that time, it is rumoured that he had a mind of his own and an eye for the future. As Collingwood was too far from the seat of his future activities he urged his parents at the early age of two to take up residence in the town of Barrie, which they did. When interviewed his only comments were that he hates women. The Station Discip. enlisted in the R.C.A.F. July 15th, 1940. He was with the Exhibition Squadron in Toronto prior to coming to Camp Borden. Prior to that he was with the Grey and Simcoe Forsters, N.P.A.M., for some years as a drill sergeant.

I Was An - Hungered

"AFTER DUNKIRK"

By Ena Browne, Liverpool, Eng.

The war seemed very far away in the softly falling dusk of the summer evening as the first faint stars were twinkling in the deepening blue of the sky. I stood at the door of the cottage watching the tranquil cows cropping their way across the dewy meadow opposite, and higher up the hillside Steve and Stevess, the horses, tossing their impatient heads and swishing away the teasing flies which settled on their smooth flanks.

The first strange sound to break the evening stillness was the drag of weary feet coming up the lane. I looked up with surprise—those were not just ordinary tired feet, they were feet that sounded as though they were weary past all feeling.

Then the feet came into view round the bend in the lane, bearing their owners, worn out, drooping, exhausted.

"The French!" I whispered, "poor souls!"

Slowly they began to pass, in ragged, uneven lines, some dropping out to rest on the grass by the roadside and ease their shoulders of their heavy packs; others had no packs, no caps: some stopped to ask for a drink.

Then came cars, lorries, private cars, motor bicycles, all carrying three or four times their normal load; men standing on the running boards, hanging on the roof and the wings. The cars passed, turned, and re-passed going to the camp up the road, picking up the hindmost first.

And so it went on until nearly a thousand men had gone by. Then for a time the only sounds borne on the clear air were those of cars turning and men calling, until there came again the sound of feet returning—more slowly still.

A little group stopped at my gate, one of them lifted the latch and came up the little path. He saluted me as I went to meet him.

"Madame, est-ce que vous avez de place pour nous?—the camp, it is full"

The Son of Man had no place to lay His head.....

"I have only the garage. How many of you are there?" I asked.

"Douze, madame,—twelve."

I opened the doors. "But you cannot all sleep in there," I said.

"Mais, oui, madame. We can sleep anywhere, we are so tired. Hola!" he called his companions.

"I am a priest," he said. "I am their leader. They are so tired, les pauvres. They have not slept for three days. And hungry—avez-vous du pain, madame?"

I went into the cottage and called my daughter Elizabeth. We pushed back the furniture in the two little rooms; we collected rugs, blankets, cushions; we cut plates of bread, every scrap we had, and went out to them. They were already falling asleep in their greatcoats on the floor of the garage.

"Now," I said, "five of you in here, four of you in the front room, two of you in the back. And you, monsieur?" I turned to the priest.

"If you could spare a bed for me, madame?" he said.

I turned the sleeping Anne out of her bed. "There, monsieur. Your supper will be ready in a few minutes if you can all wait."

"Wait? Pour le souper? Mais, oui, madame—we are hungry!"

And so in broken English, and halting French we talked of "Dunquerque," the days of waiting; of bombs that sank their transports; of aeroplanes that shot them as they struggled in the water; of the miracle of the sea that had become like a mill-pond, enabling the tiny boats to reach them until they, some of the last to leave, had been safely taken off; of "Dunquerque" in flames; and of the hunger, and the tiredness—the tears of one, Pierre, fell on his clasped hands.....

We shopped and cooked next morning before they woke, and we gave them a breakfast of eggs straight from the farm, hot scones and marmalade, bread and margarine—we had no butter—and coffee in bed-room pitchers. They sat in the middle of the little lawn in the morning sunshine, and laughed and talked like giants refreshed.

Then the business of shaving, washing, of polishing buttons and cleaning rifles. Afterwards they lay in the sunshine and played cards and talked.

"Have you un basin, madame? Pierre, his feet....."

After luncheon I searched for the little priest. His quiet voice came to me from the lounge where he sat with his breviary. He told me of his father, who was also a priest in a little village in northern France; of the France he loved that would rise again from the ashes.

Then I bid him "au revoir." I had to go to my canteen, but I should be back for their tea.

"Madame, you have been more than kind. La chaleur de votre hospitalite sera toujours un souvenir memorable de l'amitee de nos allies—les Anglais."

My last view of them as I closed the garden gate was of the little priest at the window, and Pierre in the middle of the lawn, with his feet in my washing-up bowl.

When I returned they had gone—suddenly—to resume their journey, my only souvenir a note: "Madame, je vous remercie pour tous. Nous sommes alles a la guerre. Le Bon Dieu vous benisse."

My dear French soldiers! They were so grateful, so helpful, in the little we could do. How little they knew! They did not know that in a few days France was to fall, or that they would not live to fight for the France they loved. Their train was destroyed by the enemy at a French port

HARDLY COMFORTING

Mr. Brown looked at the letter on his desk.

"We are very surprised," it read, "that the money we demanded so often has not arrived."

Turning to his secretary he dictated this reply:

"Dear Sirs—You need not be surprised. I have not sent you the money."

An Open Letter To Our Aircrew

—RCAF—

No. 1, S.F.T.S.,
Camp Borden,
3-7-42.

Dear Fellows:

I wonder how many of you, during your stay at No. 1 S.F.T.S. have been able to completely sell yourself on the idea that this is **your** station—that it exists solely for you—and indeed that but for you there would be no need of its existence? While you are here you hold the rank of Leading Aircraftman—not the lowest rank in the Air Force, but pretty close to it. You are kept under a certain discipline, which is only as hard as you yourselves make it. Your comings and goings are ordered, and your whole time is programmed for you. How then, you wonder, can it be said that this is your station?

The purpose of this station is to produce pilots worthy of wearing the Flying Badge and of proceeding to flying duties on His Majesty's Service at home or abroad. The entire set up of this Station is to train you—to whom all credit is due for having determined to enter this service.

Your stay here is brief—you come from a variety of elementary schools, you pass on to a variety of duties. While you have been here we have tried to give you all we have—there have been deficiencies, and omissions, and mistakes, but not of our seeking. We are doing all we can to iron out the wrinkles but **you** can help—remember, this is still **your** station.

How can you help? While you are here you can do your damndest to make things go as they should—attention to little things like cleanliness, promptness, discipline and a whole host of detail which make it infinitely easier for us. When you leave, you can view your training here in the light of your experiences and **write and tell us what you think**. Probably every pupil who graduated from this Unit, promised to write to his Instructor, or Flight Commander, or someone—but very few ever seem to get around to it. Keep it in mind, won't you, and let us hear from you. Write to the Editor of "Wings Over Borden," if you will, and your observations will be passed to the proper people. One thing, please let your criticisms be constructive and use your good common sense in what you tell us of your doings.

Lastly, wherever you go, remember that No. 1 S.F.T.S. is still **your** station and do all in your power to keep the honour and prestige of this grand old place right on top. We are looking to you—don't let us down.

Yours truly,
Squadron Leader J. McCulloch.

—RCAF—

THE SECOND CASE

Two magistrates were summoned for exceeding the speed limit. When they arrived at court there were no other magistrates present, so they decided to try each other. Number one went on to the bench and the case proceeded.

"You are charged with exceeding the speed limit. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty."

"You will be fined five shillings."

They then changed places and again the plea was "guilty."

"H'm," was the response. "These cases are becoming far too common. This is the second we have had this morning. You will be fined thirty shillings."

THE ROLL OF HONOUR

The following names of former graduates of Number One Service Flying Training School have been extracted from Royal Air Force Casualty lists numbers 103—124 inclusive, published between January 13th and March 31st, 1942.

We were privileged to know these men at this Unit; we were proud with them when they graduated; we honour them in their greater glory.

Killed In Action or On Active Service

Can. P/O T. K. Coupland	Course 11 A.T.P.	Aus. Sgt. J. W. Turner	Course 36 A.T.P.
Can. Sgt. S. D. Fassino	Course 30 A.T.P.	Can. Sgt. D. W. Bennett	Course 14 A.T.P.
Can. P/O R. F. Patterson	Course 1 A.T.P.	Can. Sgt. J. R. Pierce	Course 34 A.T.P.
Aus. F/L S. Thompson	Course 18 A.T.P.	Can. Sgt. B. H. Cassidy	Course 32 A.T.P.
Can. Sgt. D. R. Richardson	Course 22 A.T.P.	Can. F/L D. G. Morris	Course 3
Can. Sgt. S. S. Lang	Course 11 A.T.P.		(P/O (P) Course)
Can. Sgt. W. W. Tripp	Course 7 A.T.P.	Can. F/L K. M. Ogilvie	Course 3
Can. Sgt. E. T. Conry	Course 11 A.T.P.		(P/O (P) Course)
Can. Sgt. H. J. Payne	Course 30 A.T.P.	Can. Sgt. A. V. Roffey	Course 34 A.T.P.
Aus. P/O W. D. Eccleton	Course 14 A.T.P.	Can. Sgt. I. J. Eady	Course 30 A.T.P.
Aus. P/O W. D. Willis	Course 14 A.T.P.	Can. F/Sgt. J. W. Archibald	Course 14 A.T.P.
Aus. P/O D. E. Lewis	Course 14 A.T.P.	Can. F/Sgt. J. H. Oliver	Course 34 A.T.P.
Aus. Sgt. N. W. R. Wood	Course 14 A.T.P.	Can. F/Sgt. J. J. McIntyre	Course 1 A.T.P.
Can. Sgt. W. E. G. Taylor	Course 32 A.T.P.	Can. P/O H. L. Myers	Course 20 A.T.P.
Aus. Sgt. J. A. Cormack	Course 14 A.T.P.	Can. P/O W. E. Madden	Course 30 A.T.P.

Missing

Can. Sgt. N. G. Hettrick	Course 11 A.T.P.	Can. P/O H. G. Anderson	Course 28 A.T.P.
Aus. Sgt. E. G. Enwright	Course 26 A.T.P.	Can. P/O G. J. Davis	Course 11 A.T.P.
Aus. Sgt. R. A. Knappett	Course 14 A.T.P.	Can. S/L W. A. Anderson	Course 2 P/O (P)
Aus. Sgt. T. K. Robinson	Course 26 A.T.P.	Aus. Sgt. P. C. Voller	Course 16 A.T.P.
Aus. Sgt. E. H. Schrader	Course 14 A.T.P.	Can. Sgt. R. J. Jackson	Course 28 A.T.P.
Can. Sgt. W. R. Gates	Course 24 A.T.P.	Aus. P/O J. W. Roche	Course 14 A.T.P.

Otherwise Reported

Aus. P/O A. P. Stephenson	Course 14 A.T.P. Wounded
Aus. Sgt. C. Leigh-Murray	Course 26 A.T.P. Wounded
Can. Sgt. R. Mendizabal	Course 20 Wounded
Can. P/O J. G. Hoar	Course 30 A.T.P. Died on Active Service

ROYAL AIR FORCE AWARDS

The following graduates of this Unit have featured in the Royal Air Force Awards during period, January 13 to March 21, 1942.

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

Can. F/O R. C. Fumerton	Course 4 P/O (P)	Can. P/O R. L. G. Hosea	Course 3 A.T.P.
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DISTINGUISHED FLYING MEDAL

Aus. Sgt. D. W. Spooner	Course 14 A.T.P.	R.C.A.F. Sgt. P. G. Morin
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The Padres' CORNER

ON BEING A PADRE By W.F.B.

"Chaplains are rather useless social ornaments." That is a popular idea, and one which most of us have held, though some have had reason to change it.

The Service, despite all the kindness, interest, and concern of officers and N.C.O.s, cannot adapt itself to all human conditions and needs. There are always a few individuals made to suffer accidentally through situations and rules necessarily imposed by the circumstances of so vast an organization operating in many lands in time of war. Often it is possible for the Chaplain to discover such cases, and to do something to make life more bearable, and its injustices less bitter.

In wartime, with huge masses of men under training and in service, it is necessary, if there is to be discipline, order, and efficiency, that human considerations, friendships, and courtesies, be subordinated to the jobs which must be done. It is of the first importance that there be an officer on each station who is not bound by these limitations, who can mix easily and freely with all ranks and types of men and women, and, understanding the needs of all, can explain misunderstandings, and interpret people to one another.

There are many who, though they have good pals in the Service, have troubles and difficulties which they must discuss with somebody, and who feel that they can't talk them over with those with whom they live and work. To many of these the Padre is a confidential friend, ready to listen to any complaints, to try to advise about any problem, and to help to think out many a dilemma.

It is always the business of a Christian minister to be a teacher, and it may sometimes appear that a Chaplain neglects this side of his work. But there are some who

try, with little preaching or moralizing, to bring the light of Christian faith upon the questions and circumstances of airmen, and who think that such "teaching" may have more value than dry and dusty sermons.

The most difficult and delicate phase of a Padre's responsibilities, however, is to remind all ranks of the laws, the claims, the justice, and the love of God. He tries to do so through the Sunday services, but probably he does it just as often by a gentle, laughing hint; or by an explanation of the needs of the Service, or the responsibilities of an individual's position.

How can any man ever do such a job? None can, but a few can dare to try. And there are some important ways of doing it.

Padres try to understand all phases of the life and work of the Service. That is why they lurk quietly on the edge of conversations, why they are often turning up at unexpected places.

Padres try to know, individually and personally, as many officers and men as they can. It is obviously impossible to be intimate with everybody, but it is hoped that one can be known as open to all. And it is the aim of a Chaplain to be able to take as much time as necessary for each individual and his concerns. That is why he is left free from administrative responsibilities.

Being a Padre can be a very lonely job, and there are some who suffer from its loneliness. But it can, at the same time, be one of the happiest and richest jobs in the world. Part of that depends upon the Padre, but just as much upon the men he seeks to serve.

—RCAF—

YOUTH AND SUCCESS

By J.M.B.

It is a truism to state that the R.C.A.F. has drawn to the Colours the pick of the Canadian youth. The young men who have flocked to join its ranks have a clear understanding of the principles at stake. Flaunting death and with a splendid idealism, they stand ready for the great sacrifice that Right may prevail and that the world may be made better for others to live in it.

Youth is the exuberance of Life, conscious of its own strength; it is a contemptuous devil-may-care attitude in the face of difficulties, an unwavering assurance of overcoming any obstacle with a slight effort.

Youth is a Faith in the goodness of life in a World which asks only to be conquered; it is an undaunted Hope of a glorified tomorrow whose realization never seems doubtful, a Hope with a surprising aptitude to bloom even among ruins and almost on tombstones; it is a Love of all things which are noble and true.

Youth is all this and it also appears under a thousand-and-one other forms more fanciful, more lovely and perhaps also—more deceiving. Indeed, in order to be such a bright and beautiful form of life, youth must present itself with the forceful armour of intelligent, persevering Action and not with the graceful but vain cloak of Dream. How many are there not who are deceived by the dreams of a young man!

When asked his opinion as to what constituted a great life, a certain philosopher replied: "It is a dream of youth realized at maturity." True enough, provided it is explained that from youth to maturity a great career is prepared, made and confirmed only through sustained effort and uninterrupted action. Dreamers who lack the will-power and the energy to reach for the objects of their dreams never achieve anything. They only add to the number of the discontented, the envious and the misunderstood. Another kind of dreamer is he who, blind to his own

interests, refuses to accept the inevitable discipline imposed by social order and by divine and human laws, and, through pride or over-eager ambition, spoils his chances of success.

In a certain sense and to a certain degree it is true that one makes one's life. But Life itself is a symphony whose every note is essential to the beauty and perfection of the whole and every one of us has a part to play. What that part will be in the end we do not yet know; but the part we must play now we do know; and we must go on, faithful to our present duty, accomplishing our daily task to the best of our ability, earnest in our efforts to improve our work and ourselves along the lines of our calling. However humble that task may now be, there rests upon us a real responsibility to do it well. A man's responsibility is not measured by the apparent importance of his situation but by the obligation which binds him to his duty. In the R.C.A.F. every man, from Air-Marshall to AC2 is bound by the same obligation: to serve his King and Country to the utmost of his strength and ability within the limits of the task to which he is assigned.

Your present task may seem dull and irksome, devoid of glamour and pleasure. Men will perhaps judge it so: they are short-sighted. But you will always keep a right to their respect if you are patient and do it well, while your situation will not be improved by grumbling, negligence in your work or breaking the rules.

If you thus understand your responsibility and the beauty of Service, you will rise according to the talents which were given you and which you cannot make for yourself. A man deserves to rise above his fellow-men only inasmuch as he can see his responsibilities and can man enough courage to assume

—RCAF—

HE WALKED

"Perhaps you'll explain," said the female pigeon icily, "why you're two hours late for dinner."

"My dear, I was five miles away when I started homing," said her husband, "and it was such a nice evening that I thought I'd walk."

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- Lane Cedar Chest complete with linen, etc.
- English China Dinner Set, 97 pieces
- Rolex Oyster Wrist Watch
- 7 Tube RCA Victor Radio
- Lounge Chair with Ottoman

NO MAN'S LAND

Motor Transport (Women's Division)

Here we are again, folks! The better part of a month has lapsed since last Wings Over Borden. I guess by now we're being counted one of the "gang," instead of referred to as the segregated W.D.'s.

We're very well acquainted with our area now. It's quite safe to send us to Stores, that means on the Station, not in Barrie. I'm sure the general personnel of the Station are much relieved of their former directional duties to the "Babes in the Woods." Strange, too, that misplaced handle on the door that was hinged backwards seems to be O.K. The troublesome areas of varying speed regulations have become second nature. You just "step on it" or slacken up, as you merge into them. We fear, however, one speed regulation was omitted, that governing the rate of speed up and down. As you travel 15 miles per hour on the straight-way, I'd hate to risk registering what the speedometer would be clocking up and down on some of these roads. Better have those pavers work on the main thoroughfare through Camp.

Since we've absorbed so much and show that we CAN DO IT, we feel sure we shall be entrusted with more reliable duties. The fact that we have been permitted to attend the scene of some crashes and forced landings off the Station (at some distance, too, and for all day) and came back safely, shows the ties are gradually loosening upon us. We like it, as one works better without the tension. They will soon realize we're like the Homing Pigeon, "We'll always return."

We have become accustomed to the daily routine in the Section. "Detail," carries an additional meaning, besides falling out on parade. In the M.T., "Detail," is daily jobs that have been laid down and have to be carried out, some around the Station, others require going off the Station—as mail run, express, rations, gas tenders, Security Guard, Service Police, etc., etc. These details require a number of hands to carry on. At present we're shorthanded, that several have been posted from our Section. But with the tactful management of those in charge and the co-operative spirit of those remaining, I don't think there are any complaints of being hampered or delay of M.T. service, from other Sections on the Station.

We'd like to inform patients at the M.I. room, that the Ambulance is again serviceable and no fear of wondering (at least for a while) if they shall arrive at C.B.M.H. with the only ailment they started off with, or have to walk half the way, as the result of their joy ride in our beloved vehicle, 412. Perhaps you'd like to know the dear old vehicle is quite well again or on the road to recovery too, doing as nicely as can be expected from its former critical condition.

We would like to know? Is it the Spring Fever that makes some folk grunt and groan with stiffening of the joints or has the inclement weather had a finger in the pie? Why do others get the wander lust to seek out quiet roads or turn to the water's edge and indulge in the good old sport, canoeing? May it be they haven't all the civilian traits buried and get the longing to do those things that used to be?

Yes, this is Spring, the growing season. Just visit us, you'll certainly agree the

Spring showers haven't drowned all the crops, when you see the tender growth rapidly sprouting on the upper lip of one fair youth. He better keep inside when the lawn mowers are passing by.

In closing, we wish to say a word of farewell to those leaving our Section, to take up service elsewhere: LAC's Rawlings, Goodman, Booker, Scott and Marshman. Bon Voyage, boys. We will surely miss you, but know you will continue the good work wherever you go. Also to AW2's MacGregor and Goodeve, who have entered upon their Administrative Course in Toronto. Best of luck, gals, and show 'em the stuff good old Squadron 4 was made of.

Cheerio! Till next Wings Over Borden.

AW2 Morgan (M.T.)

Sharing Man's World

"Blood, sweat and tears," Mr. Churchill said, "is the price of victory." But much as we appreciate the obvious sincerity of his remark, day in and day out we are impressed more with the fact that for the W.D. it is sleep, sweat and lisle hose.

Sleep that ravishes the slim beauty of svelte airwomen with damaging pounds; sleep that denies us dancing hours with deliciously dangerous uniforms; sleep that seeps into our system until it becomes a companion of our every waking hour.

Sweat that sends tired curls limping down around listless collars; rolls starched belts into dejected folds; and leaves airwomen's noses shining bravely for all the world to see. Faces sans powder, sans rouge, sans glamour. Women robbed of their pet artifice and thrown naked-faced into association with critical-eyed airmen.

Heavy, coarse, ribbed hose, of midnight blue, inclined to stick, inclined to itch, and with a candour that denies us any claim to fastidiousness, inclined to steam! Hardly is this the picture that we envisioned on enlisting for adventure in the sky. Little we thought that our dreams of valorous war effort would be limited to such petty annoyances as wind, sand, mosquitoes, and men!

Honesty—and women have their share of it—demands we admit to liking the men. Like them? We love 'em! But, oh, their mental attitudes! Early in the game we realized that our biggest stumbling-block would be the male attitude to women in the service, and we prepared for a long, arduous siege. From the beginning we have run across every type. The die-hard military mind who refuses to bend his outlook to seeing the necessity for women in the service; the happy-go-lucky individual with an eye to his own amusement, who rubs his hands and chortles, "Sure, let the little darlings in;" and the perfectly natural airman, who accepts us cheerfully, and in some instances gratefully. Surprisingly and pleasantly, the dominant male has been very receptive. Contrary to expectations we have been welcomed with open arms, and showered with attention at every turn. The gift of the W.D. lounge and the opportunity to share the canteen, library, swimming pool, and other facilities has been more than generous. Though at first we were inclined to "look a gift horse in the mouth" and suspect the powers that

be of having brought pressure to bear, the airmen's attitude has shown that they were ready to be generous to a fault without any official "coaxing." More than these overtures, the spirit of friendliness and co-operation has made us feel at home, and made our transformation into station life much easier.

Though life in the service is not a glamorous, glorious adventure, but rather a confining, day-in and day-out existence, to most of us it brings satisfaction, and to all of us a thrill. The thrill of belonging. There is nothing women want more than to share man's world, and here we do it.

—RCAF—

AIRFORCE WEDDING

In a ceremony unique because it was officiated and attended entirely by Air Force personnel, AW1 Kathleen Tapping married LAC John Coombs. The marriage was performed by F/L Butcher in the St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Barrie, Friday evening, July 3rd. The parents of both the bride and groom being unable to attend, Miss Tapping was given in marriage by F/L Sturgeon. Attending the wedding party as maid of honor and best man were AW1 Margaret Parsons and LAC Rex Vanzant.

Following the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Coombs phoned the good news to their respective families, and the party then proceeded to Wasaga Beach, where the event was celebrated by a wedding supper at the Wasaga Lodges. Despite the fact that the couple's plans were rather hazy, the affair was properly done up with roast duck, wedding cake, and Canadian ale.

Prior to the wedding a pre-nuptial party was held, Wednesday evening at the Hostess House. The affair, a wiener roast and dance was a joint celebration honouring the engaged couple and saying goodbye to those of the W.D. posted to Newfoundland.

On their return to camp, following a honeymoon at Wasaga, the bride began clearances prior to discharge, while the groom continues his studies with course 52. Mr. Coombs expects to receive his wings on the next wings parade, July 17.

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Our Women's Division Patrons
TUESDAY and THURSDAY
Until 9 p.m.
SATURDAY—10 p.m.

University Air Training Plan

The University Air Training Plan has been tested. And this new experiment was a definite success. A number of the thirty-eight university students in Course No. 1 are planning on immediate enlistment with the R.C.A.F. as pilots or observers. The others will follow soon.

It was on Sunday, May 3, when Camp Borden first began to notice peculiar buttons, coloured insignia and badgeless caps, all camouflaged by Air Force uniforms. Some students from the University of Toronto, Queen's University and Ontario Agricultural College had arrived—the vanguard of the first civilians in Canada's history to wear the Air Force blue.

They looked forward with mingled fear and anticipation to their two weeks of completing I.T.S. work at an S.F.T.S. How would the "regulars" treat them? Would they be doing any flying? Well, the course is over now and the questions are answered. The students departed with a new air of confident satisfaction and with a determination to do their part in our national job.

As soon as the "regulars" found out that the newcomers were not P.P.O.'s or any such exalted people, a feeling of real comradeship began to spring up. In spite of the fact that they played better baseball than the Flyers, the boys with the plain buttons felt pretty green when it came to discussing matters aeronautical with experienced men. And many of them looked green after the instructors demonstrated all that they could pull out of the trick bag of aerobatics. The stock of fighter pilots went up a hundred points in the first hour. Incidentally—a lot of other things came up in that hour, too! But they all agreed that it was a fine show and an appropriate initiation.

Everyone was pleased with the quarters and the food. The only heart break was the great distance in between the two! Full advantage was taken of all Borden's recreational facilities. But it seems that the favourite amusement was watching Flight Senior W.O. Turner getting the boys out of bed. Next came the efforts of Corporal R. Davidge to get them into barracks and out again in "just forty seconds"—always miraculously successful. Then off to a day of lectures, drill and P.T. It was a widespread opinion that the lecturers were much more interesting than their subjects, but even the lectures were interesting to people who go for that sort of thing.

But even the most interesting talks can get boring if it is theory, theory, theory, all day long. A little practical inspection of aircraft would have spiced things up. The kick the boys got out of pushing planes around in the hangars suggests the idea that the next course should get an hour of hangar fatigue every day instead of drill. Who can understand a tarmac check without ever seeing the instruments? Even washing planes would teach something worth knowing.

Of course, there was considerable inconvenience due to the novelty of the set-up, but F/O A. S. Mitchell did a good job. But it is disconcerting to find that nobody knows your standing or what you are to do. The next course, however, will find it easier now that the ice has been broken. And they will also find that Camp Borden exceeds their wildest hopes as to military camps.

MEET THE LADIES



Mrs. D. M. Edwards

Mrs. Edwards, wife of Group Captain D. M. Edwards, Commanding Officer, is at present resident on the Station. Mrs. Edwards takes a keen interest in all aspects of Station life, and is at the moment devoting her considerable energy and valuable experience in adjusting the set-up of the Station Library. Under her guidance the scope of this important section of the unit will be increased greatly with resulting benefit to all.

"Wings Over Borden" is happy to welcome Mrs. Edwards to Camp Borden, and on behalf of the Editorial Staff and all Station personnel, expresses the hope that her stay with us may be long and pleasant.

LIKE AN INDUSTRY

"My father loses money on everything my brother makes."
"What does your brother make?"
"Mistakes."

—RCAF—

PERHAPS

"Mr. Henpeck, what do you think of a man who marries for money?"
"I think he earns every cent he gets."

—RCAF—

MIGHT BE

"I understand married men make the best commercial travellers."
"That's right. Probably because they're so used to taking orders."

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An Airman to His Mother

Amongst the personal belongings of a young R.A.F. pilot in a Bomber Squadron who was recently reported "Missing, believed killed" was a letter to his mother—to be sent to her if he were killed.

"This letter was perhaps the most amazing one I have ever read; simple and direct in its wording but splendid and uplifting in its outlook," says the young officer's Station Commander. "It was inevitable that I should read it—in fact, he must have intended this, for it was left open in order that I might be certain that no prohibited information was disclosed.

"I sent the letter to the bereaved mother and asked her whether I might publish it anonymously, as I feel its contents may bring comfort to other mothers, and that everyone in our country may feel proud to read of the sentiments which support 'an average airman' in the execution of his present arduous duties." Here is the text of the letter:

— RCAF —

"Dearest Mother,

"Though I feel no premonition at all, events are moving rapidly and I have instructed that this letter be forwarded to you should I fail to return from one of the raids which we shall shortly be called upon to undertake. You must hope on for a month, but at the end of that time you must accept the fact that I have handed my task over to the extremely capable hands of my comrades of the Royal Air Force, as so many splendid fellows have already done.

"Firstly, it will comfort you to know that my role in this war has been of the greatest importance. Our patrols far out over the North Sea have helped to keep the trade routes clear for our convoys and supply ships, and on one occasion our information was instrumental in saving the lives of the men on a crippled lighthouse relief ship.

"Though it will be difficult for you, you will disappoint me if you do not at least try to accept the facts dispassionately, for I shall have done my duty to the utmost of my ability. No man can do more, and no one calling himself a man could do less.

"I have always admired your amazing courage in the face of continual setbacks; in the way you have given me as good an education and background as anyone in the country; and always kept up appearances without ever losing faith in the future.

"My death would not mean that your struggle has been in vain. Far from it. It means that your sacrifice is as great as mine. Those who serve England must expect nothing from her; we debase ourselves if we regard our country as merely a place in which to eat and sleep.

"History resounds with illustrious names who have given all, yet their sacrifice has resulted in the British Empire, where there is a measure of peace, justice, and freedom for all, and where a higher standard of civilization has evolved, and is still evolving, than anywhere else. But this is not only concerning our own land. Today we are forced with the greatest organized challenge to Christianity and civilization that the world has ever seen, and

I count myself lucky and honored to be the right age and fully trained to throw my full weight into the scale.

"For this I have you to thank. Yet there is more work for you to do. The Home Front will still have to stand united for years after the war is won. For all that can be said against it, I still maintain that this war is a very good thing; every individual is having the chance to give and dare all for his principle like the martyrs of old. However long the time may be, one thing can never be altered—I shall have lived and died an Englishman. Nothing else matters one jot nor can anything ever change it.

"You must not grieve for me, for if you really believe in religion and all that it entails that would be hypocrisy. I have no fear of death; only a queer elation. . . . I would have it no other way. The universe is so vast and so ageless that the life of one man can only be justified by the measure of his sacrifice. We are sent to this world to acquire a personality and a character to take with us that can never be taken from us. Those who just eat and sleep, prosper and procreate, are no better than animals if all their lives they are at peace.

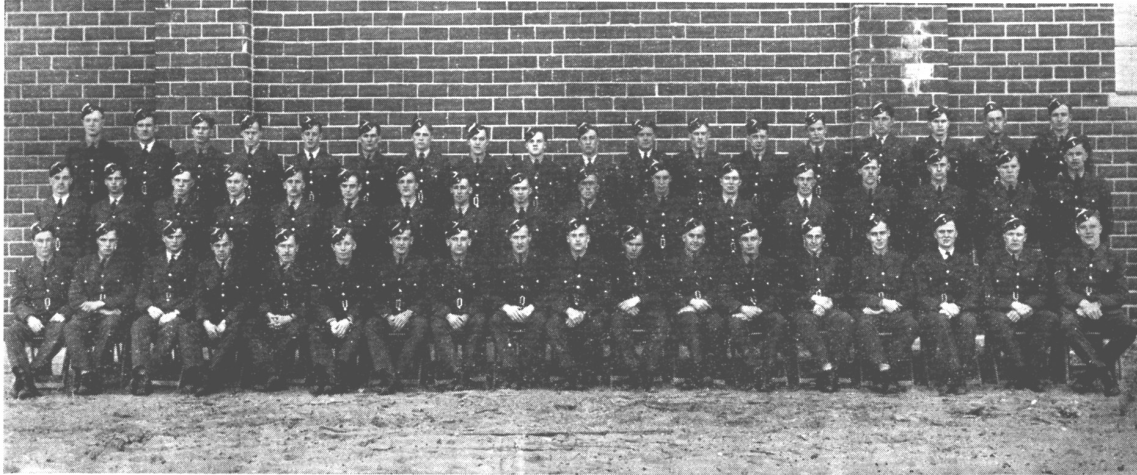
"I firmly and absolutely believe that evil things are sent into the world to try us; they are sent deliberately by our Creator to test our mettle because He knows what is good for us. The Bible is full of cases where the easy way out has been discarded for moral principles.

"I count myself fortunate in that I have seen the whole country and known men of every calling. But with the final test of war I consider my character fully developed. Thus at my early age my earthly mission is already fulfilled and I am prepared to die with just one regret and one only—that I could not devote myself to making your declining years more happy by being with you; but you will live in peace and freedom and I shall have directly contributed to that, so here again my life will not have been in vain.

"Your loving son,

"_____."

THE SENIOR CLASS AT NO. 1 S.F.T.S.



Front Row (left to right)—L. W. Barnett, J. Mason, J. T. Edwards, E. K. Booth, J. Moody, J. M. Priestman, G. D. McKay, R. R. Wilson, B. C. Wesgate, E. H. Allen, J. Andrews, D. I. Cruikshank, F. B. Solomon, W. A. Clark, F. E. Colwill, L. V. Bourke, J. Wilson, A. H. Davidson.

Centre Row (left to right)—E. Winiarz, R. S. Graham, D. G. Dick, J. Downs, H. B. Rutledge, F. W. Hyder, J. Z. Zabek, J. M. Old-

ing, C. A. Krause, J. A. Lowndes, M. L. Failles, A. C. McAuley, B. B. Alexander, C. E. Ratchford, G. W. M. Lumbley, J. T. Wilson, T. R. Ballantyne.

Back Row (left to right)—H. P. Morris, A. D. Green, R. H. Jones, J. E. Coombs, E. G. Smith, A. R. Bonner, W. A. Switzer, R. W. Davidge, J. M. Perkins, E. G. Smith, H. V. West, C. R. Abbott, G. P. Nixon, G. B. Ough, H. H. Ware, J. Martin, K. H. Coffey, J. W. Dunfield.

VALEDICTORY

BY
L.A.C.
G. P. NIXON

Our first impressions of "Borden" were rather awe-inspiring. To be reminded once again that we were even a small part of such an efficient organization gives one a very great feeling of pride. To think that we would be entrusted with one of those "much talked about" Harvards that winged their way overhead every spare moment we looked skyward, gives one a still greater feeling of pride.

Our course was played by us, rather like a grand game, than, as some people would have it, hard work. We were excited, keyed-up, and at all times aiming at a standard just a little higher than our predecessors. It is quite unfortunate that our course at G.I.S. had to be crammed into such a short ten weeks. However, all those instructors, who willingly gave up much of their leisure time at night to journey down to the classrooms in order to help all who need assistance, remind us of that well

known quality "sportsmanship." Again at the flights, our flying instructors did not confine their teachings solely to the time spent in the air, but generously imparted valuable tips to us; flying tips and personal tips which definitely make our stay in the air force more successful and enjoyable. Like every game we had our ups and downs but thanks to this wonderful co-operation the better part of our course can be labelled "up." The "down" that we look on with the deepest regret was the unfortunate accident of our two most promising students, LAC Bonner and LAC Moody.

Now, having completed our training, we are ready, and we hope capable, to carry out the duties to which we are assigned.

With more thanks than can be expressed in words, we say good-bye and good luck to those we leave behind.

—COURSE "52".

IN MEMORIAM

L.A.C.
A. R. BONNER
KIMBERLEY, B.C.



L.A.C.
J. MOODY
NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

The Realm of Sport

By
CPL. MCKAY, T.N.

R.C.A.F. SWEEP TRACK & FIELD MEET

Faced by fast-moving AC1 M. Burnett, the R.C.A.F. swept the field of all opposition in the Camp Borden track and field meet on July 1st. The Fliers took top honors with a total of 38 points, and Burnett carried off the individual championship with 11 points.

Feature of the day for the athletes was the presentation of awards by Miss Lucy Munroe, official sweetheart of the American Army. She was accompanied by Brigadier A. C. Spencer, camp commandant. After presenting the prizes, she sang for the troops and the visitors, estimated at nearly 5,000.

F/Lt. Thompson won first place in the 100-yard dash. Flying Officer Funkhouser scored third in the 880-yard dash. In the 220: AC2 Willis of Michigan chalked himself up for second place. The R.C.A.F. grabbed off third place in the mile-run, when AC Cummings made a gallant try. F/O Rogers of Port Colborne took 1st place in the Hop, Step and Jump and third in the broad jump. AC2 Burnett scored first in the 440, first in the pole vault and third in the hop, step and jump. The Shuttle relay was won by Camp Borden's Fliers with F/Lt. Thompson, F/O Whalen, F/O Battersby and F/O Rogers taking first place.

—RCF—

BASEBALL

The Camp Borden Baseball League opened on June 3rd, the Fliers playing host to A9 Canadian Armored Corps Training Centre, who paraded their entire school of 1200 men to the game, accompanied by their band. The opening ceremony saw Group Captain D. M. Edwards, the Officer Commanding R.C.A.F. Station, pitching the first ball, Major Alec Sinclair, Camp Sports Officer, as batter and Brigadier A. C. R. Spencer, Commandant of Camp Borden, as catcher. Major Sinclair failed to hit a high outside pitch. The Air Force Band then played "The King" and the game, which the Fliers came out of on top, was on, score being 8 to 1.

The Fliers' 1942 team have a large majority of last year's team back again, F/L Eddie Thompson, F/O Jake Alexander, F/O Mike Whalen, F/S Lou Crowe, Sgts. Bill Bruce and Art Clavel, LAC Buddy Glunz, Eddie Dolan and VanSickle. The new members are F/O Walt Battersby, LAC's Lefty Whitman, Gibson, Smith, Hughes, Taylor, Kaminsky and Pte. Bill Polosky of the Dental Corps.

The scoring started in the first inning when Eddie Thompson, who was hit by the pitcher, advanced on a wild throw and scored on Jake Alexander's long single to the right. Four in third, on 2 hits, a walk, an error and hit batsman, two in the fourth on three hits and two walks for a total of 8 runs. Glunz with 3 for 4, Alexander and Bruce with 2 for 3, were the leading batters.

The Army scored their lone run in the fourth inning when Harry Gorman got a life on an error, advanced on Rennie's walk and scored on Maguire's hit to centre. Both pitchers were very effective, Lefty Whitman getting six by the strike-out route and walking 2, Lowe, A9 hurler, whiffing 10 and passing 4.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	r	e
A9 CAC (T.C.)	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—	1 5 1
R.C.A.F.	1	1	4	2	0	0	0	—	8 9 1

Whitman and Glunz Lowe and Mackie.
Fliers 13—A10 I.T.C. 2

On June 8th, A10 Infantry Training Centre played the Station team on our diamond and found no trouble with the Army boys as the score would indicate. The Fliers scored 3



AC1 M. BURNETT

runs in the first innings, 2 in the second, and 8 in the sixth, when the Army team went to

pieces and made 5 errors. A10 scored in the second and again in the sixth for their two tallies. The highlights were Eddie Thompson. (Continued on next page)

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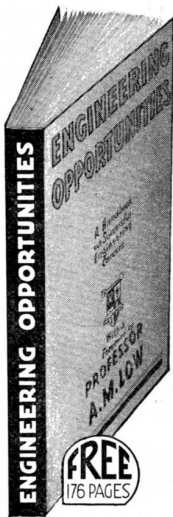
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son's triple in the 6th innings and the work of both pitchers: Whitman striking out 9 and walking 4; Gerrard, A10 pitcher, 11 and 6.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	r	h	e
R.C.A.F.	3	2	0	0	0	8	0	13	6	1
A10 I.T.C.	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	2	3	5

Whitman and Glunz. Gerrard and Yates.

Fliers 15—Halifax Rifles 2

The Fliers again found no trouble in winning the ball game from the Halifax Rifles, and featured the hitting of Bruce, Whalen, Polosky and Kaminsky, all having two or more hits against the various pitchers that the Army lads used. The Rifles scored in the first on 2 hits, a triple by Woods and again in the Seventh on two singles and a walk.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	r	h	e
R.C.A.F.	2	1	7	3	0	0	2	15	12	0
Halifax Rifles	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	5	2

Kaminsky and Glunz. Woods, LeBlond, Crosby, Murphy

Fliers 5—A11 I.T.C. 4

Monday, June 15th, the Fliers played A11 Infantry Training Centre at our diamond and the game proved to be the closest contest of the season as the score indicated. Mike Whalen scored in the first on hits by Glunz and Bruce, three more were added in the third on an error, walk and 3 hits by Thompson, Bruce and Glunz and 1 in the fourth when Gibson doubled and scored on Lefty Whitman's single to left. The Army lads scored 1 in the 5th on Colantino's home run and 3 in sixth on a walk and 4 hits, one a double by Demker.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	r	h	e
A11 I.T.C.	0	0	0	0	1	3	0	4	7	2
R.C.A.F.	1	0	3	1	0	0	x	5	8	0

Whitman and Glunz. Colantino and Appleton.

Fliers 7—A8 CAC 1

The Fliers played A8 in the last league game and came out on top, 7 to 1. The Fliers opened the scoring in the 3rd when Eddie Thompson homered with Whitman on base and added 5 runs in the 7th on doubles by Thompson and Battersby, single by Glunz, Whalen and Smith. A8 scored their only run in the 5th when Kashur doubled and scored on Cook's single.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	r	h	e
R.C.A.F.	0	0	2	0	0	0	5	7	11	1
A8 CAC	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	6	1

Whitman and Glunz. Strachan and Martin.

Fliers 6—Halifax Rifles 1

The final home and home series for the Camp Borden Championship started on Thursday, June 25th, when Halifax Rifles, who finished in second place journeyed to our diamond for the first game. The game was the best contest of the current season with the score being tied 1 to 1 for eight innings. It looked like anybody's game. The Rifles scored first blood in the 4th when McDonald scored on a hit, a walk and an error. The Fliers tied it up in the 5th when Lou Crowe, who had a life on an error, scored on hits by Eddie Thompson and Walt Battersby, and then in the 8th the top blew off and our lads scored 5 runs, to put the game away on ice with 5 hits, one a double by Eddie Thompson.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	r	h	e
Halifax R.	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	7	0
R.C.A.F.	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	5	x	6	12	1

Whitman and Glunz. LeBlanc and Murphy.

Fliers 17—Halifax Rifles 7

On Monday, June 29th, the Fliers won the Camp Borden Baseball Championship, defeating Halifax Rifles in the second and final game. The game was a very one-sided affair, the Fliers had no trouble with the Army lads, as a result the game was a poor game to watch, with lots of errors. The Fliers went to work with a vengeance in the

3rd innings when they scored 8 runs on 7 hits, a walk and error and right back in the 4th with 5 more on 2 hits, 2 walks and 2 errors. One 5th, 2 in the 7th and 1 in the 8th. The hitting of Mike Whalen with 3 for 4, M. Gibson, 3 for 5, featured this slug fest. The Riflemen scored 2 in the 3rd and 4 in the 8th inning on 2 hits, one a triple by Woods and four passed balls by Glunz.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	r	h	e
R.C.A.F.	0	0	8	5	1	0	2	1	0	17	13	4
Halifax R.	1	0	2	0	0	0	4	0	7	10	3	0

Whitman and Glunz. LeBlanc, McDonald, and Murphy, Shorette.

It is with much regret that the Baseball Club bid farewell to S/L M. F. Badgley, the founder and general manager of the team who, by his posting to far away fields, leaves the team in the middle of a good year with reluctance. But the spirit that he injected into the club will remain, and they hope to go on to greater heights just to show 'Badge' that they still think of him and the grand way he handled the club and all hope that some day, somewhere, we may all meet again and renew the great friendships that one acquires on teams of all sports. S/L Badgley in handing over the team to F/O Lang, leaves it in the hands of a very capable man, who knows baseball through and through as his record as a player in other years has shown. So Good Luck, S/L Badgley, from the Camp Borden Baseball League Champions, the R.C.A.F. Fliers.

—RCAF—

PLENTY OF GO

The Browns had a new housemaid, young and very pretty. Mrs. Brown thought that her husband was taking too much interest in the girl.

"I like the look of that new maid. She seems to have plenty of 'Go' about her," Brown cheerfully remarked to his wife.

"She certainly has, darling—she's going tomorrow," replied his wife sweetly.

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Slow music often terminates a fast life.

—RCAF—

A small boy was asked by his father, a well-known contractor, what he would like for Christmas. "A baby sister," replied the boy. "But it's only two weeks until Christmas, that doesn't leave much time," protested the father. "I know, father," answered the boy, "but can't you put more men on the job?"

'Pioneer,' Kingston.

—RCAF—

Sure Remedy

Hark now to the tale of AC McHoot,
Who never would fly with a parachute,
When his motor conked out
He was cured of his gout,
And the rest of his troubles to boot.

—RCAF—

Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand alone,
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.

'Flypaper,' Brantford.

—RCAF—

I held a little hand last night,
So dainty and so sweet,
Methought my heart would burst for joy
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand unto my heart,
Could greater solace bring,
Than the little hand I held last night,
Four acres and a king.

—RCAF—

Skill Needed

1st Doctor: I had an unusual case today.
2nd Doctor: What was it?
1st Doctor: I attended a grass widow with
hay fever.

'Chinnok,' Lethbridge.

—RCAF—

Corp: Why is the aircrew left in cross-
wise position?
Acy: To stop the pitch from running out.

—RCAF—

Sic Transit

The devil sneezed in the depths below,
And belched a jet of flame,
His stomach was a bit upset,
And his head was hung in shame.

"I've lost my place down here in Hell,"
Old Nick was heard to moan;
"I thought I had a steady job,
But I've been shunted off my throne."

"For ages long I've done my worst,
And wickedly ruled this hole,
Dragged many mortals down to ruin,
Now I'm headed for the dole."

"Some foul soul, demented mind,
Stinking, rotten ghoul,
Has usurped this sceptre mine,
And made of me a fool."

"But I'll step down, and quickly too,
For I have met my peer;
I'll let this wretched spectre rule
In the smoky depths down here.

"Come ye down, my master,
Rule hell forever more;
I'm stepping down, oh loathsome one,
I'm bowing on the floor."

The devil paled and shivered,
And cowered, and got littler,
As, down the flue came Goering too,
And slimy Adolph Hitler.

AC2 Hogarth,
from 'The Aircraftman,' St. Thomas.

The Fighting Spirit

His heart was pumping madly and his breath came in short gasps, he thought he would never get his second wind, and that was his big problem, if he was to come through. The drumming in his ears was maddening and he thought it would never cease. He could feel the blood rushing to his head, and his heart began pumping harder than ever before. Must it go on much longer? Now his arms were beginning to go numb and it seemed as though they were not there. His breath came in shorter, shorter gasps his lips were dry and his throat felt as parched as the driest desert, it could not last much longer! He thought he would die. "I must come through. I've got to," was his uppermost thoughts, and at last, at last he saw the final bar and gave a whoop of joy as he finished the last long note of his cornet solo.

'Wings,' Pictou.

—RCAF—

Cheer up even if prices are going up, Ger-
man planes are coming down.

—RCAF—

TOO YOUNG

It cannot be that you are sleeping
In this quiet resting place;
You whose hands were never still
And moved along at eager pace.

You who loved the throb of life,
The crowded towns and life of things
You who loved the busy world
The whirring wheels, the rush of wings.

Too young you were to fall asleep
Too young to rest in death's embrace
But we know that you are striding out
Towards some strange and lovely place.

The grave can never hold your soul
Nor your quick and peaceful mind,
You march ahead with bolder step
New paths to seek and tasks to find.
—"DAD" PARKER, 10-2-41.

—RCAF—

SURPRISED

Mrs. M.: "I got your letter yesterday, but
I was surprised to see that it was dated next
week."

Mrs. R.: "Really? My husband must have
mailed it the day I gave it to him"

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AIR CADET LEAGUE

(Continued from Page 2)

"The courses we study are both helpful and interesting. We take up Theory of Flight, Airmanship, Knots and Splices, Signals, Administration, Model-Building and numerous other subjects.

"On Sunday, July 5th, the Senior Orillia Cadets were taken to Camp Borden. Through the kindness of the R.C.A.F. they were to stay for one week. Comfortable quarters were provided and a schedule of instruction arranged.

"At 6.30 in the morning we are up and dressed. Then we have 15 minutes P.T. followed by 45 minutes for clean-up of Barracks. Then we have breakfast. The meals in Camp are a perfect example of the splendid training men get in the R.C.A.F. During the day we go all round the Station—Parachutes, Control Tower, Hangars and Ground School are all visited. The Officers, Instructors and the men in training are all helpful and very friendly.

"In parting the Orillia Cadets want to thank the R.C.A.F. very much for putting themselves out in order to help us—this week in Camp Borden has helped us immensely."

And now a word from Timmins:

NO. 10 TIMMINS SQDN.

No. 10 Timmins Sqdn. is the first to be organized in Ontario and the tenth of the whole Dominion. And believe me we're proud of it!

The fact that Timmins is so far north does not mean that it hasn't active men interested in boys' groups, for our organizer, Mr. P. T. Moiseley, and our Adjutant, Mr. H. Bates, have worked practically night and day for our formation.

In the beginning these men were the heads of the Boys' Department of the Kiwanis Club. Somehow or other, they were informed that Canada was forming Air Cadet Squadrons. How they found out is beyond me, but you can readily see how interested they are in boys to have done such a feat.

This action must have been taking place last summer (1941) for at the end of August an article appeared in the local paper that applications were open for enrolment in an Air Cadet Sqdn. which was being formed by the local Kiwanis Club.

Many Timmins' boys flocked to an office which was voluntarily donated to be used as a "signing up" headquarters for boys who were interested.

Passing through one month of anxious waiting, until a Liaison Officer arrived was enough to make any boy impatient. Then, after officially being formed as the 10th Sqdn. of the Dominion, all that was left was to begin our training. This was not so simple for men had to be obtained to train us.

At present our Sqdn. consists of three Flights, two Senior and one Junior. Each Flight consists of 50 boys and the two Senior Flights are equipped with excellent uniforms.

The Seniors have received instruction in First Aid, Knots and Splices, Armament, Administration, Signalling and Drill. The Juniors have had Model Aircraft Building, Drill and Administration.

Through the generosity of the R.C.A.F. we are now stationed at No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden, where we are at present getting a good idea of station life. Here we visit the aerodrome where we are allowed to inspect aircraft and ask whatever questions we want to. Although we cannot fly or go up with someone else, we are occasionally allowed to sit in cockpits and inspect the surrounding instruments. The food here is excellent and plentiful.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT



P/O KEN SMITH

The Editor and Staff of Wings Over Borden desire to take this opportunity to thank Pilot Officer Ken Smith, a graduate of Course 50, for the cover design on the new magazine.

Prior to entering the service P/O Smith was a commercial artist having studied here and abroad. He enlisted in the service, August 1941, and received his "Wings" and commission here on June 19 last.

With him go our best wishes for his success in the greater enterprise he has undertaken.

Best Wishes

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On The BANDSTAND

It's been some time since we had the pleasure of submitting copy to such a good paper. So now for a bit of highlights concerning our Band and this time I do mean Band.

First of all let me introduce our new members who were sent here from Ottawa as Bandsmen, LAC Simmons, AC Hickey and AC Tupman. Welcome, gentlemen, to Borden, and believe me when I say that if Ottawa sends us men like that to form the balance of the Band we will have a Band second to none and I don't mean maybe. These chaps have built up the Band wonderfully and the boys are proud to play with them. All I can say is boys that we are tickled to have you and I hope your stay in Borden will be a happy one so we can rise to the great heights, what am I saying?

Our old friend, Kelly Teal, is back but is sadly out of breath, in fact two of the boys had to pack him back to barracks after his first parade. I guess these Prairie farmers don't work so hard after all to get in that kind of condition. Anyhow, welcome home, Kelly.

The boys are right on the bit these days but they lost some of their mustard when we learned that we were losing our old friend and Band President, S/L Badgley. It seems that his old friend needs him with him at a station in Newfoundland. The boys are sorry to see you go, sir, and we all wish you the very best and hope that after the war you can lead us in a grand march around the old sand heap. We were more than delighted when we found out that we could fete our leader with a smoker before he left and I might say one and all had a very nice time. We were more than proud to have as our guest our C.O. G/C Edwards and along with him F/O Battersby and F/O Creeper. S/L Badgley introduced to the boys their new Band President F/O Bury and I'm sure that the boys will work along with him quite nicely as he is a musician in his own right and understands us.

There are still openings for any players so step up fellers and just name it and we have it. Our piccolo player needs a helper to pack his instrument back to barracks each day and we also need someone to lift Sills out of bed at noon hours but outside of that we would welcome any player who would like to join us.

I think that's about all for now so until our next edition I remain your tooth-pick swinger,

"Griff,"

The guy with the Sousa complex.

What's Cooking

(By Paddy)

It is quite true and safe to say that all personnel on this Station look forward to getting and reading the issues of "Wings Over Borden." Truly it can be said, it is our paper, our very own, and we are proud to receive a copy of it from time to time. Thanks to the Editor and those responsible for its publication.

Well, the Airmen's Mess hasn't had much to say lately, perhaps it's because we, the staff, have been so busy. To realize to some extent the work and preparation it takes to feed and accommodate about nine hundred

men, one just has to drop in at the Mess at mealtime and see for themselves.

The Orderly Officer pays a visit every day at noon and the usual question is asked, "Is there any complaint?" Everybody would be surprised if there were any, and some of us would miss a heart beat or two. Perhaps the majority of the staff have their little troubles or difficulties, but we can expect that for we realize there is a war on and a victory yet to win.

But to change the subject, and I must be brief, last night, our Hut Orderly came around, tucked us all in our beds, reminded us to say our prayers and turned the lights out. I soon fell into a deep sleep, and while in a trance, I dreamed I had died and suddenly found myself standing before the portal or gateway of the Celestial Kingdom. While gazing at the closed gates and wondering just what was about to happen, good old St. Peter appeared and looked at me not unkindly, and asked the following question, "What did you do in the World War No. 2 towards obtaining victory and a lasting peace?"

I was stunned for a moment and I must admit I couldn't think of one thing I had done. Then, like a flash my reason returned, and I replied, "I served in the Airmen's Mess at Camp Borden."

A look of sympathy and compassion came over the face of good old St. Peter, and in a voice betraying deep emotion, he said, "Pass, brother, all is well." And the gates opened wide for me to enter. As I stood there, too astonished to move, St. Peter noticed that I was bewildered and proceeded to clear the situation up so as I could understand.

Among the really fine things he said was this, "Anyone who stood at the steam table in the Airmen's Mess, day in and day out, and faithfully served so many meals, that had no word of thanks, not even a pleasant look, one who could be so patient and kind deserved something worth while in the Better World." I could see the whole thing through and woke up feeling happy and much alive.

Kindly allow me to pass along the moral. While many of the boys are kind, thoughtful and mannerly, wouldn't it be a won-

derful thing if we would all be a little more courteous and act like gentlemen even when we are hungry. Now I doubt if our kind editor will pass this scribble or not, but if he does, cheerio, and thumbs up!

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CONGRATULATIONS

To the Editor and Staff of

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Your Letter Home

When you are serving abroad or in some part of the Dominion far remote from your own home, your letters are your one tangible link with your family and your past civilian life. When you go overseas, delay in delivery may depress you far more than any other hardships of active service.

The National Defence authorities realise this and they are making every effort to ensure that your mail reaches you as soon as possible. The most recent, and perhaps the most welcome from the point of view of the man going overseas, is the Airgraph Letter Service.

The idea upon which the Airgraph Service is based is not new. In the Franco-Prussian war in 1870, efforts were made to send letters by carrier pigeon from Tours to Paris. The letters were copied by a photographic process at Tours. They were then printed on large sheets, each of which contained about 200 letters. Next, they were photographed, microscopically, on thin sheets of collodion, each about the size of a postage stamp. They were rolled into quills which were fastened to a pigeon's leg. The charge for the service was 10c per word and no letter could exceed 20 words. Only one out of four birds reached its destination.

The pigeon has been replaced by the long distance aircraft, and modern high speed American photographic equipment has replaced the clumsy reproductive methods of 1870. How does the service work and how can you make the best use of it? If you wish to send and receive letters quickly, your complete co-operation is necessary. Here is a brief explanation of how the Airgraph Service works and you may decide for yourself what advantages it offers over the old method.

Suppose you are posted overseas. You have no idea where you are going (and if you have, it is hoped you won't tell)! You promise to write home as soon as you disembark. You can do so by various methods. You can write an Air Mail Letter Card, which can be sent for 6c. You can write an ordinary letter and send it Air Mail, which will cost 30c per half ounce. Or you can send an Airgraph.

For speed, the Airgraph heads the list. It is said that one aircraft can carry more than 10 million Airgraph letters. The same number of Air Mail Letter Cards would fill 20 aircraft, while ordinary Air Mail letters would fill 68 aircraft for the same load. Your Airgraph letter is received at home in 8 to 10 days and your parents decide to reply by the same means. They go to the local post office and ask for a supply of airgraph forms. They write the letter according to instructions printed on the form, hand it in to the post office, pay the appropriate stamp duty (see rates below) and hope the letter arrives safely. What happens to the letter before it reaches you overseas?

First of all, the letter is passed to a central sorting office where it is sorted into Army, Navy or Air Force units and given a serial number so that the original can be referred to if necessary. The forms are then passed to another department where they are photographed on a Recordak machine at the rate of 2,000 an hour. The forms are photographed on what looks like 16 m.m. cine film, 1,500 letters to each spool. The spool is then processed and forwarded to its destination by air. The container in which this film with 4,500 letters, is shipped weighs only one pound, as compared with 112 lbs. for the same number of ordinary letters.

On receipt overseas, the airgraph becomes

a photographic print about 5 inches by 4 inches. These prints are folded and put into "window" type envelopes and mailed by the regular delivery system. You will receive it in your regular mail, like any ordinary letter. In Britain the General Post Office can handle 60,000 per day, and think nothing of it.

Now you ask what does this cost? R.C.A.F. Routine Order No. 927 dated 19, 6, 42, lays down the following rates:

From any civilian to R.C.A.F. personnel, serving anywhere, 6c.

From R.C.A.F. personnel to any civilian, 6c.

From any civilian in Canada to any civilian in Great Britain, 15c.

Airgraph letters must be addressed in the same way as your regular mail, following the lines laid down in examples published from time to time in your Unit Orders.

The Airgraph Service is your Service—it is one of the good things that have come out of the darkness of the war.

(The above article has been inspired by a recent similar article in the Royal Air Force Journal, and "Wings Over Borden" hopes that "R.B.R." of that Journal will forgive the free use which has been made of his idea, in order to bring this important subject to the notice of its readers).

—RCAF—

"The Last Trip"

Over the hum of the motor the pilot could hear the crash of thunder. Dirty weather it was, and bumpy! It took real concentration to keep her on her course. But he could do it; he was no rookie. This was his thirty-fifth trip. The last one! Land this one O.K. and he was through—two weeks' leave starting tonight.

Another peal of thunder. Good thing the radio wasn't being bothered by the storm, because the beam was just coming through. Follow the beam home and then it would be all over.

The motor hummed on steadily—it had never faltered once—good maintenance!

The beam was getting louder now, and the pilot forgot the thunder and concentrated on instruments and controls. This landing had

to be good. It would be ironical to spoil the last landing.

The descent was bumpy but successful and the landing was good. All over now—two weeks' leave—

As the instructor turned off the "rouga air" the student pilot strode to the window of the Link Section and said: "Look at that rain—and me going on leave."

Sgt. Thomas.

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How and When TO SALUTE

Saluting is supposed to date from the days of armour, the salute representing the motions of a knight raising the visor of his helmet with the open hand to the front, showing that, though raised, it contained no missile. The practice of giving "eyes right" originated from the olden days when it was the privilege of men at arms to look their superiors in the face, while others must pass with downcast eyes. The salute therefore is no sign of subservience; it is a recognition of comradeship and mutual trust between men at arms. It is, at the same time, an acknowledgment of discipline, and a visible indication of the common obedience that all ranks give to the Crown and its service. Saluting is thus another indication of the esprit de corps and discipline of a unit.

The following is a foot-note quoted from Brig. Gen. Forbes; History of Army Ordnance Services Vol. page 125. "In its origin the custom (saluting) probably implied trust. Thus, when two knights met they would doff their casques or raise their visors, putting themselves in each other's power. In the same way the lowering of the sword in the Officer's salute, the pointing of the rifle to the sky in the present arms, the emptying of fire-arms in the feu-de-joie, and of cannon in the artillery salute all imply confidence and submission."

According to the same authority the present forms of salute would seem to date from 1762. He quotes a Regimental Order issued to the Royal Scots in that year (id. P.125). "As nothing disfigures the hats or dirties the lace more than taking off the hats, the men for the future are only to raise the back of the hand to them with a brisk motion when passing an Officer."

In the Navy before 1923 it was customary to salute with either hand but as a salute with the left hand, both in India and on the continent of Europe was considered a gross insult, this practice was discontinued.

Authorities are pretty well agreed on the idea that in saluting we honour the King's uniform is not founded on fact, as soldiers are required to salute a superior when he is not in uniform provided they recognize him as an officer.

Salutes with Guns

In the same way that saluting with the open hand to show that it contained no weapon was a sign of mutual trust and submission, the emptying of rifles one at a time in a feu-de-joie was also an indication that all rifles were emptied. The salute with guns in the same way in the old days was an indication that the ship was unarmed, as the length of time it took to re-load rendered the ship defenceless.

The number of guns in a Royal Salute—21—was determined by the fact that there were so many personages of lesser rank to be honoured. As the list grew the Royal Salute attained this figure.

In India where deference had to be paid to all manner of native princes, the Royal Salute is 101 guns.

An odd number of guns is always a sign of joy, an even number an occasion of sorrow.

The custom of saluting the quarterdeck on a ship is not quite clearly understood. Some authorities say that as there was always a crucifix there it was in deference to that, but the more logical explanation is probably that it was the seat of authority of the ship and the position nearest to where the King's Colours were placed.

The practice of dipping the colours as a

salute is a remnant of the old Navy days when sails were let fly in passing another ship in token of submission to show that the ship was helpless.

The custom of flying the flag at half-mast is likewise an old naval custom. Ships, in order to indicate mourning, presented as slovenly an appearance as possible, ropes trailing, yards scandalized (set askew), etc.

Thus it will be seen that in all forms of salute there is an indication of mutual trust and submission, whether the salute is by the hand, sword, gun or colours.

The correct salute as we know it in the R.C.A.F. is with the upper arm parallel to the ground, and the forearm hinged upward so that the elbow and the hand are in the straight line, with the fore-finger approximately an inch behind the right eye. The disengaged left arm is held as in the position of attention. If saluting to the right or left the position of the right hand does not change, the head is merely cut over at an angle of 45° in the desired direction. This also applies while saluting on the move, special attention being taken that the disengaged left arm is pressed into the side as at the position of attention. So know Who to Salute, When to Salute and How to Salute

—RCAF—

EXCUSES

It's amazing how many of us use "The War" as an excuse for not doing all the things we just couldn't be bothered doing anyway—and for doing all the things we wanted to do. For instance, lots of folks go about looking positively grubby. Conscious of it, they excuse themselves by saying—I know I look a mess, but I don't think people notice such little things as this in war time, and anyway I'm making my old things do—you know there's a war on. A lame excuse for laziness. We've been asked not to spend money on luxuries and unnecessary, but that doesn't give us an excuse for looking grubby—rather, it is a good reason for being industrious and bright like a new pin. It is waste—criminal waste, not to take care of what we have and by "making do" we will win this war. But there is such a thing as morale, that must be kept at its very highest, and being clean and well groomed is essential to morale. In the more than two years that we have been at war good grooming has proved its right to exist as a major morale factor. We just can't use the war as an excuse for untidiness and for allowing our clothes to hang unkempt and unstyled on our bodies! Don't think it is waste of time to keep yourself easy to look at. It's not waste. It's good for us and good for the people that have to look at us. You may be hard up and trying to save—but you have brains, use them. Put them to the test and then you won't have to make any excuses.

—"DAD" PARKER.

FIGURE IT OUT

"Why sometimes I'm taken for my own daughter."

"Nonsense! You don't look old enough to have a daughter so old."

—RCAF—

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Leadership

By Sgt. L. Albota

Leadership depends on simple human qualities. A leader requires the confidence of his men and this is gained only by their respect for his personal character or personality, the manifestation of which instinctively instils in others the willingness to follow and obey. Good non-commissioned officers are not born—they must be trained, and trained by a stern hand. A weak man is no good as an N.C.O. A specialist may be a brilliant man at his work but if the circumstances, and the Service is full of surprises, suddenly drags him out of his depth he tends to flounder and look foolish.

However, the constant dealing with men on a large scale gives him confidence in himself. The ability to command is developed by actual practice, which is acquired by service knowledge built up through study and training till it becomes instinctive.

There are several qualifications an N.C.O. must have to be a successful leader. He must first be sympathetic and tactful, having a regard for needs of others. He must be a psychologist, possess a knowledge of character, and have an understanding of human nature. He should demonstrate personal courage in an emergency. He must be developed both physically and mentally, and have confidence in his own capabilities. He must have the courage of his own convictions. There are two reasons why a man washes his neck—first because he wants to—secondly because he is afraid he will be punished if he doesn't. Let it be your incentive to lead a man by the first rather than trying to drive him by the second alternative. One punishment that is thoroughly earned and is justly given, defers at least a dozen other men from attempting the same offence.

The soft-hearted or lazy N.C.O.'s and the Popularity Jacks who let off men time and time again in the hope that they will improve are encouraging trouble. Others take note of the laxity and feel that they can indulge in the offence at least once "free of charge." As a result this particular offence becomes contagious and spreads and the "weak" N.C.O. has a fistful of trouble on his hands, and sterner measures have to be taken than would have been the case if definite action had been taken at the first. Slack or indifferent discipline can come to but one end. The more the lazy men are allowed to "laze" the more work there is to be done by the good workers. As a result they eventually become disgruntled.

The best N.C.O. is the one who prevents crime, not the one who brings up the most men on charge. The prevention of crime must be clearly distinguished from the concealment of crime. The latter is one of the greatest and most dishonorable offences of which an N.C.O. can be guilty.

There is an old saying that Cleanliness is next to Godliness. Not only for its religious implication but for its practical side this saying bears truth. For dirt always indicates laziness. Many airmen claim that cleanliness is purely a matter of comparison, and this is usually an excuse for being dirty. If your barrack room walls and ceilings are clean, shelves kept clear, and beds kept neat according to the illustrations on the wall, and you can eat a meal off the floor, then and only then is your section clean! It becomes the duty of a good N.C.O. to see that it is that way and it stays that way. Barrack room duties should be divided, and the N.C.O. in charge must work on the principle that every man is to have every possible privilege and comfort—but also to

teach them to respect the privileges and comforts of others sharing the quarters with him.

Lastly an N.C.O. should not try to please everybody. True popularity is not based on such a Quixotic task. No matter how large or small the number of men under your command there will be different opinions. Determine your own course, be sure it is right, and fair, and just and follow it through. Leadership depends on simple human qualities.

— RCAF —

MEMORIAL TO FIRST TRANS-ATLANTIC FLIGHT

When Sir John Alcock and Sir A. W. Brown made the first non-stop trans-Atlantic flight from Newfoundland to Ireland on June 14, 1919, in a Vickers "Vimy" bomber, regular transcontinental and trans-oceanic air line service was born, although at that time it was just a dream of the future. To mark the event a memorial will be unveiled in St. John's in August next on the site from which the intrepid British airmen took off on their epoch-making flight.

This year witnessed the inauguration of the first regular air service between Canada and Newfoundland carrying passengers, mails and express when a Trans-Canada Air Lines plane made the first trip on May 1st last from Moncton, N.B., to St. John's airport at Tor Bay, since when the service has been regularly carried on as a combined commercial and war measure. The inauguration of this service by the Trans-Canada Air Lines has brought Newfoundland into closer contact with Canada, particularly in matters of defence, and ends the more or less isolation that has been a factor in preventing greater co-operation between the two countries.

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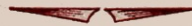
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