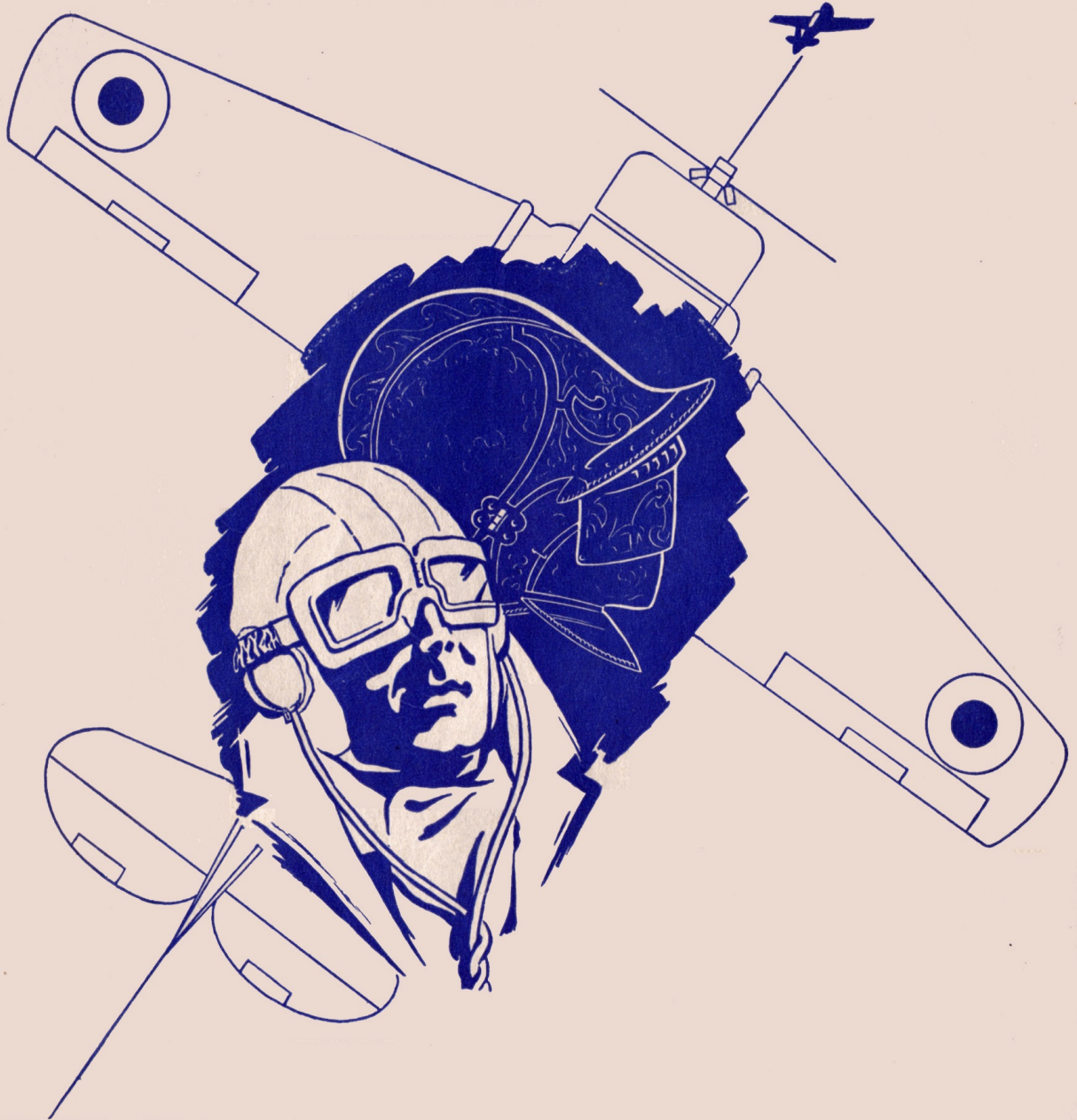


Vol. 1 - No. 2

August - 1942



WINGS OVER BORDEN

Wings Over Borden

NO. 1 SFTS
CAMP BORDEN
ONTARIO — CANADA

THE PIONEER R.C.A.F. JOURNAL



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Editorially Speaking

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Those charged with the duty of producing a creditable issue of Wings Over Borden each month, find their task immeasurably lighter through the co-operation of those who advertise in our columns. Most of us are sufficiently well acquainted with publishing costs to know that it would not be possible to continue publication of the station journal, were it not for the revenue derived from the sale of advertising space.

We feel that the station personnel is proud of its monthly magazine and would want to see it continued steadily. Each officer, non-commissioned officer and man on the station may help in ensuring regular production by co-operating with the advertisers as they have co-operated with us. So we who edit and write Wings Over Borden ask you, where possible, to patronize those who advertise in our columns. Your patronage will help the advertisers, as their advertising helps Wings Over Borden.

—RCAP—

RATION ORATION

Heretofore we have steered clear of this word ration but it's slowly getting us down. How can we have any national unity if radio commentators sneer rayshun or ration at each other during every hour of the day? . . . In regard to American commentators we can view their rayshuning with tolerance. That's the way they've been brought up but surely the first duty of all loyal Canadians is to get together on this word. It has become a national question and our Prime Minister, who believes so staunchly in unity, should call a plebiscite on the matter. The minority will vote for rayshun. The majority for ration and we will all say rayshun. . . . We have discussed this perplexing problem with specialists, with educators, with editors and with just ordinary people. They say ration is right but rayshun is right too. We even trod the well-worn path to the office dictionary. It was compiled in the U.S. and without any qualifications states that rayshun is the pronunciation or, if preferred, ration. Our own, less imposing dictionary, (English) gives it vice versa. . . . So that's how the matter rests. It is now the urgent duty of the government to intervene in the interests of National Unity. A vote would settle the whole question—just as it has in conscription. We could then say either ration or rayshun.

—Toronto Evening Telegram.

—RCAP—

PADRE'S CORNER

"It is worth while to look at the type of character which Jesus admires. How many of the parables turn on energy? Thus the parable of the talents turns on energetic thinking and decisive action; and these are the things that Jesus admires—in the widow who will have justice; in the virgins who thought ahead and brought extra oil; in the vigorous man who found the treasure and made sure of it; in the friend at midnight who hammered, hammered, hammered till he got his loaves; in the man who will hack off his hand to enter into life. On the other hand, He is always against the life of drift, the half-thought-out life. There they were, He says, in the days of Noah, eating, drinking, marrying, dreaming—and the flood came and destroyed them. There is the person who everlastingly says and does not do, who promises to work and does not work, who receives a new idea with enthusiasm but has not depth enough of nature for it to root itself, who builds on sand, the sort that compromises, that tries to serve God and mammon, all the practical half-and-half people. It is energy of mind that He calls for—either with me or against me."

—T. R. Glover.

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

By F/O R. G. KENDALL

It was a pleasant world—taking it all in all—that world from which we Canadians were so rudely wrenched in September of the year 1939. Suppose you let your memory go back to it for just one fleeting moment. It is a pleasant Sunday morning in Springtime. The sun is shining brightly. Mr. Average Canadian has just finished a hearty breakfast. He lets his belt out a notch and prepares to loll on the chesterfield, leisurely pawing through the Sunday papers and smoking a good cigar. Of course, he has eaten too much and feels a little drowsy. But why not? There is plenty of everything for all—or nearly all—of us. The gathering war clouds in Europe and the war in China is just another radio programme. A news commentator in cultured tones of unctuous cheerfulness is droning out something about some wild men in Europe led by a half-crazy fanatic who prefers guns to butter. But the radio is only half heard through the din of a neighbour trying out the engine of his new model. He has just finished his eight-hour shift at the factory and is preparing to take his usual hundred-mile jaunt to his summer cottage. He is proud of his new car, and you spend a few minutes pleasantly kibitzing over the back fence. You talk about taxes and politics and religion all quite good-humoredly and without fear. Perhaps you grouse at the government a little. Most men, in a democracy like Canada, do. That is their privilege. There is no gestapo. Then, perhaps, you decide to get dressed up and go to church. What church? Why, your own, of course! That, too, is another God-given right in a democracy.

You simply cannot conceive of any other way of life. In your mind it has always been that way. And it always will!

In your mind, yes—but not in the minds of all men. For suddenly your pleasant little world is shattered by a ridiculous little paper-hanger in a town thousands of miles away. A strange madman who, seemingly diabolically inspired with hate and fury, leads into war eighty millions of a race having a genius for mass subordination. A war in which they purpose to shake the foundation of the world and re-shape the form of civilization for a thousand years.

Not social justice and decency, and freedom is to be the creed of the new order of German mastery, but a life based on dark, beastlike, slimy foundation-stones of hate and greed, despair, starvation and slavery, mass murder and mass suicide. And the pleasant pattern of your hopeful world lies in ashes.

Already, all Europe and much of Asia is a prison. A brutal concentration camp where freedom dies and strong men weep in chains; where women are yoked to ploughshares and die under the curses and wirewhips of the conqueror; where parentless children grovel in garbage heaps for the glory of "Der Fuehrer." And not for just a day—but, forever! For this is no temporary eclipse of the sun of righteousness and freedom, but the complete extinguishing forever of all that we hold dear and all that makes life worth living: love, decency, freedom, justice, happiness.

To save the world from this hideous fate every day in miserable Europe, some pitiful little peasant hears the measured tread of marching feet along the cobblestones of his once pleasant native village as he is led out to die at the whim of some petty and ruthless tyrant. Never a day passes that some gallant seaman does not swim in a sea of blazing oil and attempt to guide a water-logged and bullet-riddled lifeboat halfway across the broad Atlantic. "If," as Pluto says, "progress is the gradual evolution of

—Continued on Page 21

CHIEF INSTRUCTORS -- PAST AND PRESENT



W/C J. B. FLOWERDEW AND S/L G. A. HILTZ

FAREWELL BORDEN

I am taking this opportunity of saying "Good-bye" to you all, through the medium of our recently re-vitalized "Wings Over Borden."

With the personnel of the Training Wing, I would like to leave this thought. Remember that the only purpose of No. 1 S.F.T.S., its sole raison d'être, is the training of future pilots. When more active spheres of warfare seem more alluring remember that the best pilots will only be turned out by the nation with the best instructors. No greater contribution to Victory can be made than you are making.

It is not easy to say "Good-bye" to Borden and so many friends, but this is lightened by the knowledge that the old job is being left in the capable hands of Squadron Leader Hiltz, the new Chief Instructor. I know you will all accord him the same keen and unselfish co-operation you have given me.

J. B. Flowerdew

HELLO BORDEN

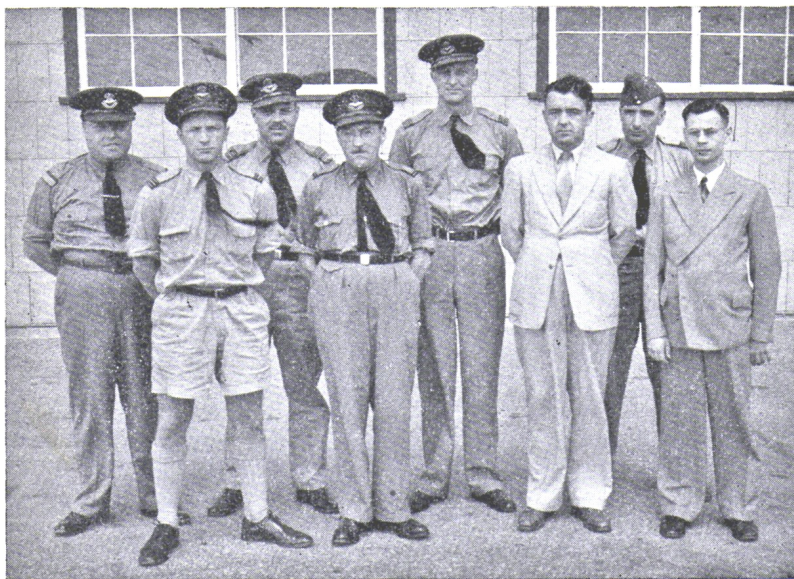
In assuming my duties as Chief Instructor, at the Training Wing, No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden, I am not at all unmindful of the many tasks which lie ahead for all of us. In being conscious of these future tasks, I am equally cognizant of the splendid accomplishments of my predecessor, Wing Commander Flowerdew. To him, and the staff which aided him, I wish to express my thanks and the sincere hope that we may carry on in the splendid spirit so self-evident.

Like the gentleman I succeed, the saying of "Good-byes" at Trenton was not an easy job. I can truthfully say the generous welcome which has been accorded, both my wife and myself upon our arrival here, has done much to make us feel at home with you.

In the days, weeks and months that are ahead, we have a tremendous task to complete. In the dark and the daylight our small part may often appear tiresome. Let us remember the high ideals to which we are pledged and "Carry On."

G. A. Hiltz

TRAINING WING HEADQUARTERS



**FRONT ROW—(L to R)—F/L K. Morham, F/O W. T. Jones, W. J. Green, R. B. Munro.
BACK ROW—(L to R)—P/O A. J. Balfour, S/L K. E. Krug, S/L G. A. Hiltz, F/L C. K. Card.**

Well, here we are again, with the second edition of "Wings Over Borden," in its new, comprehensive style. The first issue was a roaring success, and it is our intention that each subsequent issue will be that much better than its predecessor. In this edition, we are featuring Training Wing from the flying training point of view. It is our intention to devote a subsequent issue to the Ground Training of Training Wing. I am going to try and tell you a little bit about the organization and operation of Training Wing, and try to get you better acquainted with some of the personalities who are responsible for the efficient operation of the "Wing."

Sqn. Ldr. G. A. Hiltz, Officer Commanding, Training Wing, and also Chief Instructor at this unit, is a newcomer to this station, and on his shoulders rests the responsibility of keeping flying training running smoothly. Sqn. Ldr. Hiltz was born at Milltown, N.B., in 1914, and was educated at the Mount Allison University and later at the University of New Brunswick, where he obtained his Bachelor of Arts degree. He comes direct to us from Central Flying School, Trenton, and previous to this was stationed at Ottawa, Windsor and Camp Borden. We wish Sqn. Ldr. Hiltz every success at this unit, and hope that his stay here will be a very happy one.

Training Wing is divided into two squadrons in order to facilitate the efficiency of flying training at this unit. In command of No. 1 Squadron we have F/L Card. F/L Card was born at Melville, Sask., in 1915, and enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in November, 1939. He received his wings at Camp Borden in 1940. F/L Card, incidentally, is an accomplished musician, who plays a very hot trumpet.

S/L Krug, Officer Commanding, No. 2 Squadron, was born at Hamilton, Ont., in 1912. He was educated at the Caroline and Central Collegiate, and enlisted in the A.A.A.F. in April, 1936. He was assigned to the original 119 Bomber Squadron at Hamilton, and later received his wings at Camp

Borden. He was an automotive engineer in civilian life.

Each Squadron Commander has an examining officer who keeps a check on the flying progress of the students in his squadron and shares some of the burdens of the Squadron Commander. F/L Morham, Examining Officer, No. 1 Squadron, was born at Montreal in 1919. Previous to his enlistment in the R.C.A.F. in January, 1940, F/L Morham was a cadet at the Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont. He received his wings at Camp Borden in 1940, and previous to this was stationed at St. Hubert, Brandon and Trenton. F/L Hasenflug, Examining Officer, No. 2 Squadron, was born at Toronto in 1916. He enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in July, 1940, and later received his wings at Uplands in December. He attended Oakwood Collegiate in Toronto, and after leaving there, took a course in Bacteriology at the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, Ont.

Each Squadron is divided into three flights, No. 1 Squadron comprising A, B and C Flights, and No. 2 Squadron D, E and F Flights. F/L Gilmour, F/O Burden, F/O Lowe, F/O Holmes, F/L Holder and F/L King are in charge of the various flights. If space will permit in a subsequent issue, we will give you a little information about our various flight commanders.

The senior course at this unit spends its last four weeks of training with the Advanced Training Unit. The Advanced Training Unit is comprised of two flights, G. and H. Flights, respectively. F/L Cochrane, officer commanding, A.T.U., was born at Guelph, Ont., in 1914. He was educated at Toronto at Central High School of Commerce and Riverdale Technical School. Previous to enlistment he was employed by the T. Eaton Co. Ltd., Toronto. F/L Whalen and F/L Leggett are in charge of G and H Flights and are doing a very fine job.

The above gives a general idea of the organization of Training Wing, but time does not permit us to elaborate if we want to make the deadline for this issue.

Valedictory

— COURSE 54 —

As we pass another milestone in our flying training, we do so with somewhat mixed emotions.

Eagerly we do so because as we pass that milestone, we are reaching a new height of achievement and are proudly joining the ranks of those who have so successfully preceded us. Now that we have won those coveted wings—thanks to the greatly appreciated efforts of our instructors—we are beginning to know something about flying, and soon we shall have the opportunity of playing an active part in the struggle for the freedom of all peoples.

Reluctantly we pass that milestone, for now we shall find that we have to stand on our own two feet and no longer shall we have a "binding" but usually welcome voice of an instructor to console us. Theirs has been a tough job, with no glamour or glory attached to it, but let it be of some consolation to them that they are responsible for building us up from mere fledglings to what we are today—and what we shall be tomorrow. To those who have made this transformation possible—the flying instructors, the G.I.S. instructors, the ground crews, and even the "Discips"—we say "Thank you, very much."

Needless to say, we are not sorry to say goodbye to Borden's sandy wastes and mosquitoes, but let it be known to those who follow on, that, thanks, to Borden's topography, we have incorporated here, a course of "Initial Training for Action in the Middle East."

Neither can we say we are sorry to quit the unmelodious lull-a-bye of "Harvards in the Night."

As we approach our Wings Parade and come to say "goodbye" to Borden, we are reminded of that regretful flying accident which claimed the life of one of our own course, LAC Bromley, and that of his instructor, P/O Rozek.

In saying "Goodbye," may we once more express our deepest gratitude to all personnel who helped us through this course, and we trust that in our future service we shall always be a credit to them and a credit to the prestige of Camp Borden.

—LAC W. S. LOUGH.



If they can't teach you to fly at Borden you'll never learn.

Happy Landings



S/L G. H. R. PHILLIPS

With the posting to more important duties of Squadron Leader George—"Pop" to you—Phillips, the Station has lost one of its most outstanding and colourful personalities. George Phillips came to Borden for his present sojourn as a flying instructor and left as commander of a flying squadron, but this was not his first visit to this Camp. He first knew Camp Borden from the Army viewpoint towards the close of the last war when he served here under training amid Borden's sandy wastes. S/L Phillips returned to Borden in the years between—he had developed his great love of flying and in the course of his career as one of Canada's foremost 'bush' pilots, he came to the R.C.A.F. station here to take a course and increase his knowledge of his chosen sphere of activity and the machines he was to use in it.

Of his ability as a pilot there is no question; as to his qualities as a man there are many witnesses in the persons of the many pupils of this Unit who had the good fortune to be trained by him. He was always a friend to all who came under his care. His prowess in the field of sport too is a source of inspiration to all—if he is ever forced down in enemy territory, the Hun will have to run mighty hard to catch him, as over a distance George is faster than most men of half his years.

We shall miss you, George—and although you were able to slip away on your posting before we were able to say 'cheerio' to you as we would have liked, we want you to know that all our best wishes for success and happy landings go with you. We look forward to the day when Borden may be privileged to welcome you back again.

—RCAF—

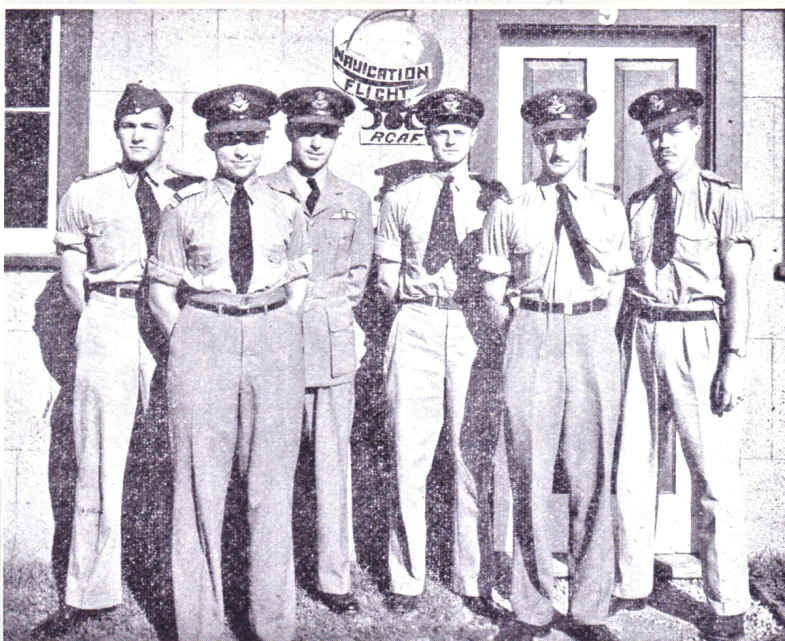
AMOROUS

"My one and only," he cried passionately, "come to me. Shake off the shackles that are holding you dormant. Arise and let me take you in my arms. Let me display you in all your pristine glory to envious friends and passersby. Raise your head to the heavens and your face to mine, and by so doing make me the happiest, proudest, and most fortunate man in the world. Arise, my love, arise."

So saying, the amateur horticulturist hopefully sprinkled a little more water on the single tomato plant in his "Victory" garden.

—Rays of Sunshine.

NAVIGATION FLIGHT



LEFT to RIGHT—F/O R. E. McKnight, F/O J. C. Brunner, F/O O. R. Alexander, F/L E. A. H. Porter, F/O G. W. Collin-Williams, F/O I. E. MacTavish.

ADVANCED TRAINING UNIT



BACK ROW (standing)—WO2 R. Kistner, F/S A. Badland, P/O D. H. Shipley, P/O J. P. Morton, P/O A. B. Orr, Sgt. W. B. Brittain.

FRONT ROW (sitting)—P/O H. S. Clark, F/L P. S. Leggatt, F/L J. H. Cochrane, F/O S. W. Handforth.

No. 1 SQUADRON

"A" FLIGHT



"B" FLIGHT



"C" FLIGHT



"A" FLIGHT

BACK ROW (standing)—WO2 V. H. J. LeGear, F/O J. E. Creeper, F/O G. A. McDonald, WO2 L. W. Brand.

FRONT ROW (sitting)—P/O L. Sykes, F/L W. W. Gilmour, P/O W. N. Stronach.

"B" FLIGHT

BACK ROW (standing)—WO2 H. H. Hinton, P/O P. Denbigh, P/O J. A. McWilliams, P/O T. E. Farley, WO2 T. W. Gain.

FRONT ROW (sitting)—F/O K. C. Baker, F/O N. Burden, F/O A. Hunter.

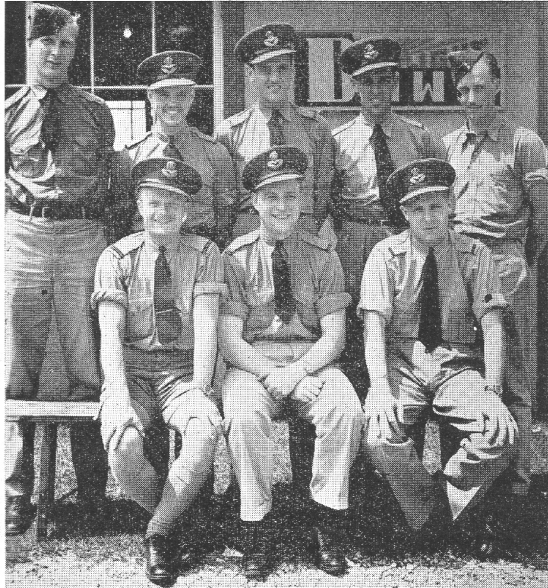
"C" FLIGHT

BACK ROW (standing)—F/O W. D. Adlam, P/O C. E. Edinger, P/O E. T. Garrett, P/O A. M. Herring.

FRONT ROW (sitting)—P/O J. R. Wright, F/O A. T. Lowe, F/O H. G. Funkhouser.

No. 2 SQUADRON

"D" FLIGHT



"D" FLIGHT

BACK ROW (standing)—WO2 H. H. Davison, P/O J. R. Forrester, F/O J. D. Van Huyse, P/O G. H. Vipond, WO2 J. M. Rice.

FRONT ROW (sitting)—F/O J. D. Armstrong, F/O W. L. Holmes, F/O E. T. Gardner.

"E" FLIGHT

BACK ROW (standing)—P/O J. Robinson, WO2 J. S. Cox, P/O W. J. Pearson, P/O R. E. Henderson.

FRONT ROW (sitting)—P/O A. F. Smerdon, F/O F. L. Rogers, F/O W. G. Anglin.

"F" FLIGHT

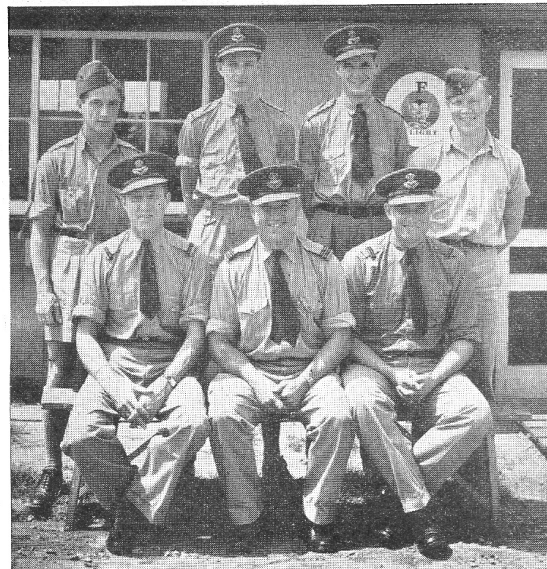
BACK ROW (standing)—WO2 H. P. Lambrinos, P/O C. S. Gilliatt, P/O E. J. Smith, WO2 S. McLarty.

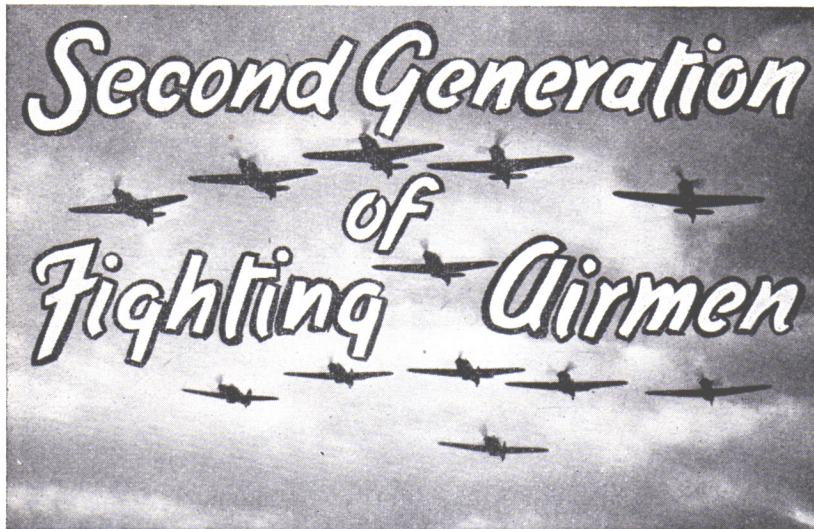
FRONT ROW (sitting)—FO C. C. Parish, F/L J. O. Holder, F/O C. A. Wilson.

"E" FLIGHT



"F" FLIGHT





By BRUCE KEITH



THE AUTHOR

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are pleased to present the first in a series of articles loaned to Wings Over Borden by the Air Cadet League of Canada. Bruce Keith, author of this splendid article, is Editor of one of Canada's finest aviation magazines—"Canadian Air Cadet," and also Publicity Manager for the Air Cadet League. Mr. Keith was born in Edmonton, Alta., in 1917. He is a graduate of the University of Alberta, and he served his journalistic noviciate on the Toronto Daily Star, first as cub reporter and then Assistant Aviation Editor. He took over his present duties in Ottawa, July, 1941. We are grateful to Mr. Keith and the Maclean Publishing Company for the cuts appearing with this article.

You can't think of aviation without thinking of youth—young men who are clean-cut, aggressive and enthusiastic—the two go together.

No more can you consider aviation's part in this war without calling to mind the thousands of young Canadians now interlacing their way over the skies of the world in rondel-crested machines. From that first fateful Sunday when crashing bombs in Poland transformed the whole atmosphere of the earth into a battle space, blue-garbed men with "Canada" badges have helped hold the aerial frontiers.

They cruised over Germany in the early months of the "phony war," dropped leaflets, set forests afire with incendiary cards, and became highly skilled in long reconnaissance flights.

Canadians were sprinkled through the R.A.F. squadrons that fought valiantly to stem Nazi conquest through the Lowlands and France. Inland they intercepted the hordes of German machines coming in for the kill at Dunkirk and spilled many of their loads of explosives.

Again during Britain's "finest hour" when, like a boxer in fierce combat, the British people stood on their toes and slammed back blow for blow with the aggressor, Canadians knew the nightmare of not removing their flying togs for days on end. They flew and fought hour upon hour against unnumbered odds, collapsed for precious moments on their bunks and then fought in the air again and again through many refuellings until their nerves screamed from concentrated tension.

The names of the McNabs and Molsons, the McGregors, Russells and Timmermans who flew in that epic autumn of 1940 are inscribed in large letters on the record of the Luftwaffe defeat.

A little more than 25 years ago in another war in far different machines, at a far different pace but against the same foe, other young men had blazed a like trail of victory. They were the Bishops and Barkers, the Collishaws and McLeods who first won the reputation for Canadians of invincibility in the air. Today's youth who fought so bravely in the Battle of Britain and after are of the second generation of Canada's fighting airmen.

In the last war the air force was the dare devil auxiliary service. It scouted over enemy lines, bombed supply centres and guarded allied ships and armies. But in this conflict aviation is the chief weapon of enemy advance and the only means of future salvation for the United Nations. If the allies do not become supreme in the air they cannot be victorious. The responsibility of Canadian airmen today, therefore, is tenfold. Success in the air only helped bring victory in the last war; victory cannot come at all without success in the air in this.

Airmen today must not only match the courage of last war aces—they must outdo their exploits. They must fly in far greater numbers, and perform daring feats not as aerial jousts, but as a whole legion of brave men wielding the United Nations' chief weapon.

Today—two and a half years after this

war started—Canadian airmen by the thousands are flocking to the battle front. Trained to the minute as pilots, gunners, observers and ground men, they give promise that an aerial armada such as the Luftwaffe despatched in 1940 cannot again reach British shores. They bring nearer the day when aggressor nations will be cleared from the skies and victory will follow air supremacy.

Not soldiers of fortune, but average, normal Canadian boys are these ranked squadrons of keen young fliers to whom the forces of freedom have owed and will owe so much. They come from the fruit farms of the west coast, the wheat country of the prairies, the cities and rural areas of Central Canada and the fishing towns of the Maritimes. Had war not come they would be lawyers, doctors, business men and farm folk. They would belong to service clubs, support chambers of commerce, grumble about the weather, take their families to lake resorts, and keep pace with the years as average, stalwart Canadians.

But now the war has electrified each community and attracted young men by the hundred from every province. Their interests are pooled in a fast-moving assembly system of barracks, depots and training schools. They are turned out as a uniformed army of airmen ready for concerted and determined action.

To all parts of the globe these men are going and will continue to go, manning planes of the United Nations. Across their bomb sights they will squint at industrial centres of the Nazis, tiled roofs of Japanese factories and ships of many sizes flaunting Axis flags. Through their gun sights, too, they will concentrate on aircraft bearing Fascist, Swastika and Rising Sun markings.



Distinguished Flying Cross

Because of their skill, daring and fierceness, a new world order will be made possible.

Undeniable proof that youth of Canada today are meeting the challenge and living up to the reputation of last war fliers is given by their vast totals on parade and their amazing performance in action.

In numbers they count to well over 100,000. Another 70,000 to 80,000 will be enrolled next year. Canadians are forming 25 squadrons overseas, in addition to thousands of men in the R.A.F. Soon all these squadrons will have entirely Canadian crews, and future squadrons will be of all-Canadian personnel upon embarkation. Of the squadrons overseas, 16 are in active operation. One has gone to the Middle East.

In the millions of miles they fly, Canadian airmen are consistently brave and courageous. They must be, for the weakness of any one man could mean the failure

—Continued on Page 9

Second Generation of Fighting Airmen

(Continued from Page 8)

of his aircraft and possibly his squadron on its mission. All deserve the highest praise and all merit award. To a few, however, because of unusually intrepid action, specific awards of valor are given, acknowledging at once both their own and their comrades' heroism. So far Canada's fighting airmen of this generation have won 157 decorations.

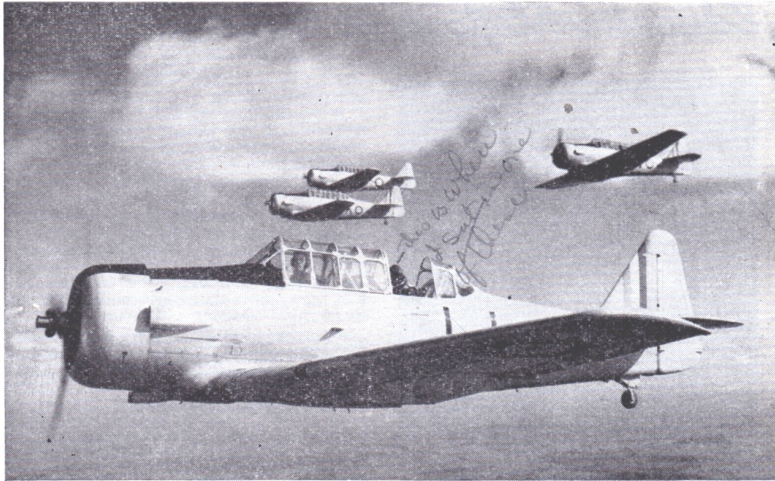
Fliers from Canada with the R.A.F. have received 133 awards and R.C.A.F. airmen 24.

In the honors list of Canadians with the R.A.F. are 94 Distinguished Flying Crosses and 12 Bars, along with five Air Force crosses and 14 Distinguished Flying Medals. Canadians have also received other awards, including Companion of the Order of the Bath, Medal of the British Empire, Distinguished Service Cross, George Medal, Order of the British Empire, and decorations from foreign governments.

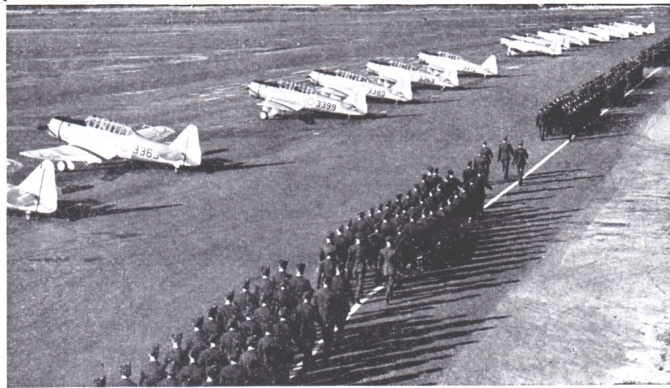
R.C.A.F. awards total 10 D.F.C.'s, two O.B.E.'s, nine D.F.M.'s, one G.M. and two foreign awards—the Czecho-Slovak Military Cross and Czecho-Slovak Medal of Valor. In addition, dispatches have cited seven members of the R.C.A.F. for bravery.

Canadian airmen with most decorations in this war are: W/C J. A. Kent, Winnipeg, Man., D.F.C., and Bar, A.F.C., Polish Witul Militari, 5th Class; W/C N. W. Timmerman, Kingston, Ont., D.F.C., D.S.O. and Bar, mentioned in dispatches; S/L G. L. Raphael, Brantford, Ont., D.F.C. and Bar, mentioned in dispatches.

D.F.C. and Bar have been awarded to F/L O. R. Donaldson, Revelstoke, B.C.; P/O W. L. McKnight, Calgary; S/L P. A.



HARVARDS A-WING



HARVARDS A-GROUND



DISTINGUISHED FLYING MEDAL

Gilchrist, Weyburn, Sask.; W/C M. H. Brown, Glenboro, Man.; F/L Christie, Westmount, Que.; S/L A. W. Fletcher, Lethbridge, Alta.; S/L A. L. Bocking, Winnipeg, Man.; W/C L. V. E. Atkinson; F/L P. S. Turner, Toronto. The D.F.C. and Czecho-Slovak M.C. were awarded to W/C J. F. Griffith, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Wing Commander Ernest McNab, of Saskatoon, was given the first of the R.C.A.F. awards. In October of 1940 he received the D.F.C. for his part in the Battle of Britain.

THE END



ON THE ALERT

Education Officer



F/O R. G. KENDALL

Flying Officer R. G. Kendall. Born Toronto, Ontario, April 9, 1904. Attended Toronto Public Schools, Parkdale Collegiate Institute, Toronto Normal School, and the University of Toronto. Has taught school since 1924, the last thirteen years being spent as a critic teacher at the Normal Model School in Toronto, which was recently taken over by the R.C.A.F. to be the No. 6 I.T.S.

In his younger days played on championship baseball and rugby teams and is still a keen sports enthusiast. Also interested in literary work, having recently completed a text-book which has been published by the Canadian Legion War Services Inc. Committee on Education and has been adopted as a text book by the R.C.A.F.

By direct entry from civil life, entered the R.C.A.F. on Aug. 22, 1941, at No. 1 Manning Depot, Toronto. After completing the course for Link Trainer Instructor at No. 1 I.T.S., Eglinton, he was posted to Borden in that capacity on Oct. 6, 1941.

After six months as a Link Instructor, he was selected for his present post of Unit Education Officer, whose duties are to provide as many and as varied educational facilities as are required by the personnel on the station.

For airmen anxious to re-muster to aircrew, there are courses to bring them up to the academic level of matriculation in Mathematics, English and Science; for potential pilots there are Refresher Courses in Mathematics and Progress of the War; for airwomen there are night classes in typewriting and shorthand, and for the service man looking forward to the days after the war, or anxious to improve his technical knowledge of his job, there are over fifty correspondence courses in such useful and varied subjects as Music, Poultry Raising, Mechanical Drawing, Diesel Engineering, Practical Trigonometry, all distributed free by the Canadian Legion War Services Committee on Education, through the Unit Education Officer.

BITS FROM TRAINING WING

METEOROLOGY SECTION

The Camp Borden Meteorological office under two civilians, W. J. Green, M.Sc., and R. B. Munro, B.A., (Hon.) of the Department of Transport and Meteorological Service of Canada, is only one of the many offices opened under the J.A.T.P. The function of this office is to issue forecasts and weather information in this area to service personnel as well as giving instruction in Meteorology to student pilots in training. The office is technically responsible to Dr. Patterson, controller of Meteorological Services in Canada. The establishment also calls for four airmen, who, under Cpl. Paget, maintain a series of shifts covering a 24-hour day.

Regardless of whether there is actual flying at the station, observations are reported hourly to other stations. A teletype is hooked up with the Department of Transport teletype system, which collects weather reports across Canada as well as throughout the United States. Weather maps of the North American continent are drawn up and displayed every six hours and in this way the pressure systems are watched very closely, especially those in this immediate area.

A constant check is made by senior service personnel to ensure that aircraft are not sent upstairs in inclement weather conditions. Twice daily recordings are made of upper wind direction and velocity, by the use of balloons filled with hydrogen. These findings are used by pilots to plot their course on various cross country flights. The teletype is also used to gather daily reports on field conditions at other airports, to give notices to airmen concerning radio range, etc., as well as the filing of individual flight plans covering aircraft movements.

The importance of meteorology as applied to modern warfare is somewhat underestimated. In planning operations, weather conditions are often an overriding factor, dictating what can or cannot be undertaken with a reasonable chance of success. In the planning of bombing raids some of the following points must be considered: moon phase, cloud heights and amounts, weather expected, visibility, sea level pressure at the target (to correct altimeter readings), upper winds and icing conditions. All the foregoing facts must be duly considered to plan each and every operational flight.

In a recent press item with reference to the success of mass bombing attacks over Germany the following statement is made: quote, "The big man in the whole sector is oddly enough not H——, the Commander, but an unidentified, unhonoured weather man, known to the R.A.F. as the Chief Meteorological Officer, for none of H——'s commands can be flashed to the bomber group until "Met" has decided that the weather conditions both in England and Germany are suitable."

Bearing the above in mind, the proper authorities have seen to it that a most comprehensive study of meteorology has been inaugurated in conjunction with the Air Training Plan.

—RCAF—

TIME OFFICE CHEESE BITS

With Training Wing being the feature for this month, we feel it is only right we should write a column, introducing the time office and its staff. First of all we will give in detail a little about the personnel.

Cpl. V. J. Bennett, N.C.O. i/c. He claims Montreal for his home town. Employed at timekeeping in Borden for the past 23 months. In civil life an employee of the Canadian National Telegraphs. (Better known to all as Benny).

LAC J. Shea. Born and educated in To-

ronto, where he spent the greater part of his life. At the time of enlistment he was with Powell Rouyn Mines, Noranda, Que. ("Short Pants Shea," so short the seat of his pants seems to be always dragging).

LAC J. Frith. Also from Toronto. Previous to enlisting was employed with Colgate Palmolive Peet Co. Ltd. (Frequently referred to as Donald Duck the Office Quack—does a very good imitation).

LAC S. I. MacPherson. Home town, Smiths Falls, Ont. (Known as Drug Store Cowboy, because of his weight and drawl).

AW1 Robinson, L. Montreal, Que. Before enlisting was employed with Northern Electric as telephone inspector. Slap Happy Lil. (Finds it so hard to catch trains back to camp after a 48. Could the burlesque show have something to do with it, Lil?)

AW1 Dewsbury. Born in Humber Bay, but raised in Niagara Falls, Ont. At the time of enlistment was working with Canadian Cellucotton. (Frequently referred to as Granny). Quite a ball player in her own right. Granny, have all the aches and pains disappeared yet after that big practice the other night? We hope so.

AW1 Quesnelle, G. A. Born in Midland, later moving to Toronto. At the time of enlistment was with White & Sons, Ltd. (Always has swimming on her mind lately—wonder why?)

AW1 Silmsier, R. Cornwall, Ont. At the time of enlistment employed with Canada Cottons, Ltd. (Known as "rooster" because of her early rising in the a.m.).

If I survive after what I have written about the staff between the time this issue reaches you and the next one, you'll be hearing from me again.

In the next issue we hope to tell you a little about our work. So, for now, I say Cheerio to you all. BENNY.

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F/O Johnny "Sea Level" Armstrong (alias the Butcher) V.C. (Victim of Circumstance) . . . The lad with the cowed look. Famous quotation . . . "I don't see how I can be so wrong . . . so often"

F/O George Vipond . . . Our "Browned Off" Instructor . . . Ask him about his wrestling experiences . . . Famous quotation . . . "je suis Francais, le nom est pronounce Vipone???"

F/O Julian Cyril VanHuyse . . . Dawn Flight's Casanova . . . who "ultimately" gets down to the flight each day . . . Side-panel VanHuyse . . . Famous quotation . . . "I thought you had control"

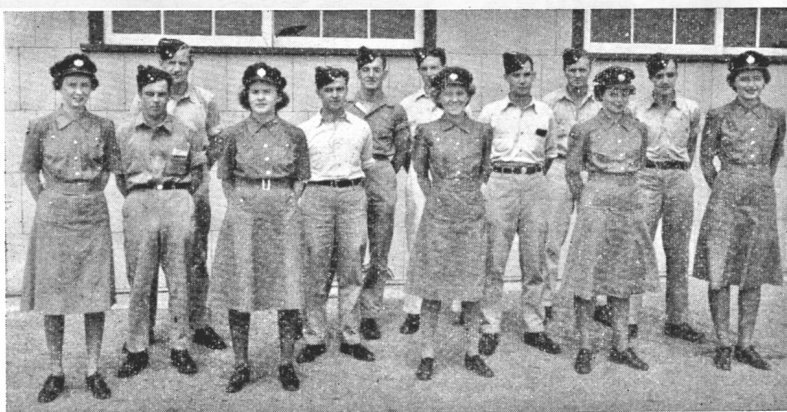
F/O Edward Theodore Gardner . . . The only known instructor to fly in his sleep . . . more than once . . . Hasn't been in hot water yet . . . but then he's married and thusly subdued???. . . Famous quote . . . "I'm beat"

P/O Jim Forrester . . . Our Protege . . . Jim's pretty quiet, but he hasn't been at Borden long and time alone will tell . . . Famous quote . . . "Chee, I can't land these B Yales???" (Who can?)

WO2 Murray Rice . . . Dawn Flight's veteran . . . Blames his constant companion (a rabbit foot) for his 1000 hours accidentless record . . . Famous quote . . . "I won't bounce on the next one."

WO2 Hal Davison . . . Our big blond mass of muscle???. . . Calling Umbra, Calling Umbra . . . Where in blazes is Borden . . . Over (ditch) . . . Famous quote . . . "Well, my mother always told me to fly low and slow and not to forget to throttle back on the turns"

TRAINING WING CLERICAL STAFF



FRONT ROW—AW1 Dewsbury, AW1 Silmsler, Cpl. Hadfield, AW1 Quesnelle, AW1 Lucas.
CENTRE ROW—LAC Baker, F/Sgt. White, Cpl. Bennett, Sgt. Helliker.
LAST ROW—Cpl. Paget, LAC Frith, LAC Moreland, AC1 Shantz.

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NO MAN'S LAND

Love Thy Neighbor

Love thy neighbor is not just a title to a "used to be popular" song, nor even "just" a Bible parable. It's the key to success and without a doubt, it is the solution to barrack block living. For all of us, whether we realize it or not, our greatest problem on entering the service, is not adapting ourselves to drill, food, work and sleep, nor even losing our individuality to the drab sameness of a uniform; rather it's learning to restrain our feminine temperaments (tempers?) and straining our cordiality to the sticking point when some little brat from the East or West makes free with our toothpaste, towels, or favorite lipstick. In a world of open lockers, borrowed hair-pins, jointly owned soap flakes, shared suit cases, one must acquire the patience of a Job and the hide of a rhinoceros. With familiarity running rampant it behooves us to put our best foot forward, our most determined smile fixed, and relax our clenched fists and set teeth. Living as we are on a "sort" of communistic basis, familiarity must breed not contempt, but generosity, understanding, and co-operation. We begin to know that sincerity and candour still are great virtues, but well placed tact and diplomacy deserve brighter halos. This is no endorsement of hypocrisy, simply a realization that white lies are often more useful tools for building smooth relationships than tactless honesty.

An experience like this offers a green field for exercising philosophy. According to Mr. Douglass, we absorb some bit of every acquaintanceship into our own personality. Whether it's Johnnie's accent or Mary's lifted finger; Jeanie's ability to laugh and comfort, or Cathie's to understand. Opportunities to garner a little of this one's charm, that one's patience; to pick up this quirk of tongue, that movement of lifted eyebrow. Faults, habits, moods and manners, affectations, ideals, gathered from every social level, every financial place, and every point on the compass, go on about us and it will take a mixture of sound judgment and haphazard luck to absorb the "mosta of the besta."

Women have long envied men their spirit of comradeship. Never have we been able to attain the clanishness so definitely a masculine prerogative. Men's stags are renowned for their success, while it's an accepted fact that "spinster" dinners are a flop. Yet we have rarely had the opportunity for living and working together as they, and this may bring us closer to the spirit. We rue the day women greeted one another with a hearty backslap, but perhaps the lifted eyebrow and the poised talons are closer to being on their way out.

RAINY DAYS

A rainy day at any time is enough to give one the jitters,
But a rainy day at BORDEN brings on the blues in litters,
No planes azooming anywhere—the place is as quiet as a tomb,
I wonder if the war's called off too?
Have they decided at last, there's room
For all nations to be at peace,
Not infringing on one another—
"Rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's"
And all greediness to cease?

The red and white wash-out flag is hanging limply in the stillness,
And the hills have disappeared from view.
Does it mean the end of the world-wide illness?

But another day—the sun is out,
Now once again, the zoom
And in reverse, this time the sunshine means
Preparing for the doom
Of Hitler and his misled throng,
Of Japanese deception;
The putting right of things that are wrong.
Clean, complete victory, with no exception.

Our Canadian boys have passed the test,
Gloriously showing up all the rest.
We know they are the very best—
Their courage and endurance reflecting on their crest.

'Tis proud we are to play a part in working out the cure.
Even though in a very inconspicuous, minor role—and that's for sure!
Minor roles alone can do no good—
Important roles are also stranded,
When on their own—but ALL TOGETHER,
One for all and all for one,
Sticking together until it's done.
How happy and contented we will be
Appreciating more the luxuries that we
Took for granted for so long—
The treasure of a loyal friend;
The spirit in a community song;
The broadening of views—and then
A victorious peace—a lasting peace—
A fitting reward for our Fighting Men!

—RCAF—
REMARKABLE!

It is a rule of the Bank of England that every employee must sign his name in a book on his arrival in the morning, and, if late, must give the reason. Fog is given as the chief cause of tardiness, and the first man to arrive late writes "fog" opposite his name, and those who follow write "ditto."
One day, however, the first late man gave as his reason, "Wife had twins." Twenty other late men mechanically signed "ditto" underneath! —Exchange.

A "W.D." Flies



After my flip was over,
And I was safely on the ground,
I stood a moment to watch and see
How the world went 'round and 'round.
When the world was back where it should be,
And my knees no longer shook,
I was very glad that I hadn't stayed
In barracks, to read my book.
The ride was very thrilling,
I'd love to go up again.
But if the pilot loops and rolls,
Then dives and climbs so high—
Then I know I'll use that envelope,
Or kiss my stomach goodbye.

—AW1 DEWSBURY, M. L., Time Office.

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 "Beautiful Dreamer"Security Guard
 "Whispering"Rumors
 "Once In a While"A 48-Hr. Pass
 "Friendly Tavern"Wet Canteen
 "It All Comes Back to Me Now"
Canteen Hot Dogs
 "Deep In a Dream"The Morning After
 "Coming Through the Rye," Sick in Quarters
 "You're Just an Angel in Disguise"
Service Police
 "Do You Ever Think of Me?"
D.A.P.S., Ottawa
 "You Can't Brush Me Off"
Camp Borden Mosquitoes
 "There'll Be Some Changes Made"
Postings
 "Miss You"Beauty-rest Mattress
 "But Look at Me Now"Grey Lisle Hose,
 Flat Heeled Shoes, etc.
 "No, No, a Thousand Times No"I Do Not
 Approve of the W.D., says Sgt. Peck
 "It's All Over Now"Lights Out
 Finis
 —AW2 BREAU, M. B. D.

WE LOVE THAT SERGEANT

We of the W.D. like Camp Borden,
 But each morning we get much cause for
 beef.
 Our Spirits are high 'till one sergeant
 Gives us hell in terms short and sweet.
 'Tisn't long since he took the great plunge
 We are wondering if his love has been scorn-
 ed.
 We're sure he is down on women
 And it's left him sad and forlorn.
 'Tis the look of those blue skirts in "one"
 Flight
 That makes sergeant come forth with a leer.
 He will throw out a tonsil from shouting.
 "One" Flight should have first chance to
 cheer.
 His voice is grumpy and snarly
 Please know that it drones in our ears.
 You have no idea how unhappy it makes us
 We go on to our jobs with tears.
 Perhaps sergeant should stop and consider
 If he's being quite fair and just,
 We're used to short step in nice pumps
 And from that it's been hard to adjust.
 We feel we've worked hard at this change,
 Gave up things that were smart and pert,
 Our Service is young and imperfect
 Surely, encouraging words wouldn't hurt.
 Would it do to apply some old chivalry?
 Our parades could be nice, we'll just bet,
 If that sergeant could shout at we women
 With less snarl in his "Eft, Ight, Eft."
 AW1 INGLES, J.

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REPLY TO "WE LOVE THAT SERGEANT"

You of the W.D. like Camp Borden,
 But each morning you've no cause to beef.
 Because, one Sergeant, too, likes Camp Bor-
 den,
 That's why you get "Hell" short and sweet.
 It may not be long since he took the great
 plunge,
 And his love has been far from scorned,
 You're wrong when you say "he's down on
 women,"
 And he's far from being sad and forlorn.
 He loves all you girls in "One" Flight,
 And he knows blue skirts may be tight,
 So stretch your legs and keep step,
 And Sergeant won't yell with all might,
 Sergeant's voice may sound grumpy and
 snarly,
 To a bunch of recruits like you,
 But now you're doing a man's job,
 So try to do just as we do.
 Our Sergeant has stopped and considered,
 And believes that he is more than fair,
 Because you don't wear nice pumps any
 longer
 Since five to six months here or there.
 You may have worked hard at this change
 And gave up things smart and pert,
 Your service may be young and imperfect,
 But that's no reason for marching inert.
 As far as the sense of chivalry goes
 Don't you think you gave that up when
 You enlisted to do a man's job?
 So take what a Sergeant can give.
 Keep those heads up, swing your arms,
 Cover from front to rear,
 Do these things at all times on parade,
 And Sergeant's voice you never will hear.

Sergeant Wainwright assures members
 of the W.D. that he is quite sure of your
 complete understanding but lays no
 claim to accepting any sympathy. I hope
 you girls may take this, too, in the same
 spirit as your epistle was received. And
 as you say, "the temptation was too
 great."

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CPL. MCKAY, T.N.

1942 INTER-SQUADRON SOFTBALL CHAMPS

SOFTBALL

Cpl. Fred Swarbrick's Servicing Squadron team were the winners of the house league, meeting Maintenance Squadron in the three-game final. The first game was a well played ball game, with the final score being 8 to 7 for the Servicing boys. Sgt. Art Bainbridge's Maintenance team came back in the second game to tie the series one game each with a 16 to 8 win. The final game proved to be a high-scoring affair with the score being 25 to 10 for the Servicing team, who ran their legs off on the base paths. The outstanding players of the series with good hitting and fielding were: Swarbrick, Bainbridge, Scott, Tucker, Pettie and Doble. The champs line-up consisted of Cpl. F. Swarbrick, LAC V. Cairns, LAC J. Scott, LAC Vaillencourt, AC's Lightfoot, McGee, Doble, Boll, Bradley and Pettie.

BASEBALL

The Camp Borden Sports Officer, Major Sinclair, and staff, decided to run another baseball league, as most of the units were still at Borden, so with the Flyers, winners of the first series as an entry, the second half got under way on Thursday, July 16. The opening game saw the Fliers playing hosts to A-9 Armoured Corps Team. The Fliers continued their winning streak by taking the game 14 to 2. The runs were scored on the hitting of Walt Battersby, who had a homer and a single, Gibson with a double and single and Whitman with two doubles. The Army hits were well scattered, all singles, going to McCutcheon, McKenzie, Martin and Smith.

Fliers 10—A-8 C.A.C. 0

Tuesday, July 21, the A-8 Advanced Armoured Corps paid another visit to our diamond and went home with a 10 to 0 white-washing from the hands of the locals. They were set down with no hits or runs by Lefty Whitman and Walt Battersby, who each pitched three innings and had seven strike-outs each. Crowe and Battersby had two hits apiece; Hughes, Glunz, VanSickle and Whitman one each.

A-8—C.A.C.000 0000— 0 0 3
R.C.A.F.103 204x—10 8 2

On Friday, July 24, the ball team went to Toronto to take part in the Canadian Sandlot Tournament held at the Maple Leaf Stadium. The Fliers drew Tip Top Tailors softball team, turned baseball for the tournament, who list many outstanding baseball players, some ex-pros, on their line-up. Eddie Thompson, first man up, hit the second pitched ball for a home run out of the ball park onto the barrack roof of Little Norway. The Fliers were in front 3 to 1 for five innings and then things began to happen; passed balls, wild pitches, errors on the field and good hits proved to be the Fliers' downfall, the score ending



FRONT ROW (L. to R.)—L.A.C. Cairns, J. Bampfield (Y.M.C.A.), Cpl. Swarbrick, LAC Lightfoot.
BACK ROW (L. to R.)—LAC Vaillencourt, AC Doble, AC Pettie, LAC Scott, AC Bradley, AC McGee.

7 to 4 for the Toppers. The feature play was Jake Alexander's one-hand catch out in right field, robbing Porter of a sure triple.

Fliers 4—No. 26 Army Tank 3

July 28, No. 26 Army Tank made their initial visit to our diamond and put up a very well played game, as the score would indicate. The outcome was not settled until the last innings, when the Fliers scored the winning run, Taylor scoring, getting on base by an error on Lefty Whitman's double to right field. Taylor, Whitman and Battersby were the big hitters. The Army had four hits, by Murphy, Coombs, Richardson and McDonald.

No. 26 Army Tank120 0000—3 4 2
R.C.A.F.012 0001—4 9 3

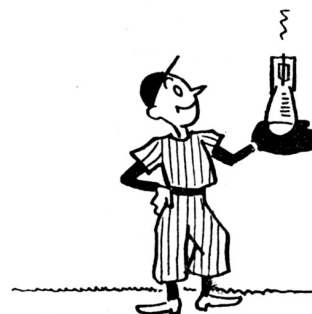
Fliers 12—7th Supply Co. 6

On July 30, the 7th Supply Co. played the Fliers on our diamond in a regular league game. The Fliers came out on top 12 to 6. This game proved to be a slugfest, our lads getting 17 hits from Seaman and Ostrowercha, the Army pitchers. Bill Bruce had a perfect night with 4 for 4, all singles, Whitman 3 for 4, of which two were home runs; Gibson 3 for 4, Taylor and Smith 2 for 3, and the rest had one or more hits except Crowe, who again went without hits. The Army men had a big innings in the 6th when they scored five runs on two hit batsmen, walks, and only one hit

7th Supply Co.000 1050— 6 4 3
R.C.A.F.433 002x—12 17 1

TENNIS

The tennis courts are proving quite popular these long summer evenings. They are kept in very good condition by Dad Parker and his staff and many real good games are to be seen every night. A tournament is soon to be arranged to find out just who is the best in both singles and doubles, so the competition will be keen and should provide the tennis fans with some enjoyable hours, both playing and watching.



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SOCCER

The soccer team under Cpl. George Dalgarno's leadership has started out on a new 7-team league, with the Army providing the opposition. The first game was played at our field, the Flyers starting out on the right foot by winning 4 to 0. Their opposition was the No. 11 Army Medical Corps. The other players on the club are Raymond, Cummins, Grove, Refausse, Brand, Wilkie, Drummond, Sills, McDonald, Thomas, Lough, Nisidken and Iwashyn.

SWIMMING

And now a word from the swimming team. Sgt. Albota, LAC's Blain, Carslake, Evans, AC's Cowan and Francis and Pte. Knight have been setting a high standard for inter-service swimming meets. At the first meet held in the Army Area on July 12, they defeated the Army team in a relay race. They also won at the meet on the following week, but on July 23, competition became so keen that the Army team were the winners by three inches. At the last race, held on July 31, it took record time to beat the stars, who lost by a very close margin. The Flyers are entered in a five-team loop that started on July 23 and is scheduled to finish on August 18.

—RCAF—

GOLF

The Camp Borden Golf Club has, so far, enjoyed a very prosperous and enjoyable season, and we wish to welcome the many new members from the R.C.A.F. (Women's Division) who have proven to be very ardent golf fans and have added a great deal of local colour to our course. Through the kind co-operation of the Commanding Officer, a considerable amount of work has been done on the course and there is no doubt that the club has shown a marked improvement over previous seasons.

There have been two inter-club matches held here this summer, one with Barrie on July 15 and the other with the Midland Golf and Country Club on July 22. Both matches proved to be very enjoyable outings and through the magnificent efforts of the Airmen's mess staff, we were able to entertain the visitors to an exceptionally fine dinner. Return games are being arranged at both clubs and it is expected that Camp Borden will visit Midland on August 19.

Great plans are in store for all enthusiastic members of this club in the way of handicap and open tournaments to be held in the ensuing weeks, and it is hoped that those who have not submitted scores will do so without hesitation. There will be a number of prizes and trophies given for each contest, so let's all get practicing on these precious short "chips."

A.W.1—"Jack, what is the matter with my driving?"

Bohas—"You are standing too close to the ball—after you hit it."

Philosophizin' With "Dad" Parker**LIBERTY**

Our fathers gave us liberty. Men and women of our breed paid a high price in blood, sacrifice, and endurance. We took it for granted, like much in our heritage. And many generations live and die without the foundations on which they relied being shaken.

Not so with us. We know that justice may be flouted, that the common decencies of national and international life may be thrown to the winds, and that liberty may be murdered. Once again we have to pay the price for freedom—for ourselves and for mankind.

The past gave us liberty. But the past cannot guarantee that liberty will live today and tomorrow. It is for us to do that. Sooner or later, judgment must come, either at the hands of the oppressed or from the courts of the victors.

Underground in Europe a mighty army is gathering for an offensive on the side of the Allies. Faster than the casualties to the army, the new recruits join up. They publish papers and organize centres of resistance. They strike in the dark for the cause of liberty. We in fair Canada must remember these Allies. To them above must we prove steadfast and true. For them we must work harder and faster, that the days of their tribulations may not be prolonged for one day more than is necessary.

—RCAF—

WHAT CAN WE DO ?

1. We can live unselfishly and ask ourselves continually, is this proposed action in the best interests of the country, or simply for my own satisfaction.
2. We can work harder as victory depends on the total number of work hours we devote to the war effort.
3. We can save more and lend it to Canada to buy more war material.
4. We can encourage others by reminding them of Canada's war effort and refrain from criticizing others.
5. We can help one or more service organizations in the work they are doing for our fighting forces.
6. We can delay buying of non-essentials and therefore save material and labour.
7. We can follow the spirit as well as the letter of any laws made by the governments in the interests of war.
8. We can demonstrate confidence by being cheerful and sincere in all our doings.
9. We can sacrifice our immediate present for a better and brighter future for us all.
10. We can win the war if we keep our chins up, lend all we possibly can, and give our spare time to any service which will help win the war.

DAILY ROUTINE AT BORDEN

Six fifteen, Reveille is sounded,
Out of bed our Airmen are hounded.
Seven o'clock, to the cookhouse they march,
To be served with the usual sausage and mash.

Eight o'clock, out to the flights they rush,
The drome still wrapped in night's silent hush.

Eight thirty, the engines begin to roar,
Nice work, boys, but, oh, what a bore.

Ten o'clock brings the welcome break,
But the milk van, as usual, is rather late.
Twelve o'clock, back to the cookhouse again,
Corn beef again, hear someone complain.

One o'clock, back to the flights they run,
Getting in form to deal with the Hun.
From then till supper they work with a will,
Then back to cookhouse for more of that swill.

Six o'clock, still more work to be done;
It's overtime, boys, now the big shot has come.

Seven o'clock, it begins to get dark,
Time to pack up, lads, the sergeants bark.

Eight o'clock, to their billets they crawl,
A tired bunch who have given their all.
Ten o'clock, into their beds they creep,
Each to enjoy his well earned sleep.

Ten fifteen, the sergeant comes round,
With a grunt and growl, and also a frown.
Then the corporal dashes to turn out the lights,
Three cheers for the men that look after our kites.

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Read It Or Not

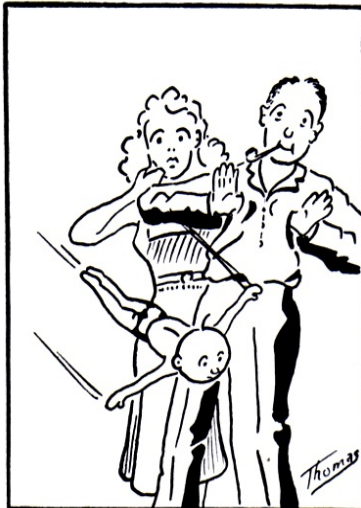
By CPL. TED RORKE



In the hectic days prior to the publishing of WINGS OVER BORDEN in magazine format, this little column of pertinent paragraphs was buried in a dark and dusty corner and forgotten. However, many of its faithful followers objected to its discontinuance (I don't know why, either), so here it is again.

It was nice to see the magazine in its new garb and we hope it will continue to improve in the forthcoming months, building up reader interest and winning new friends among the station personnel and the folks back home. A great deal of credit must go to Squadron Leader J. McCulloch, of Ground Instructional School, for its present fine appearance. Squadron Leader McCulloch devoted many hours of his leisure time and donated large shares of his seemingly limitless energy, boundless enthusiasm and excellent ideas to the publication of WINGS OVER BORDEN. To him the station owes a vote of thanks for his successful efforts in producing a magazine of which we are all so proud.

Sgt. Tony Moore of Central Warehouse and yours truly often get together in a son-fest. Each of us, being the father of a future Prime Minister of Canada, makes it a point to interchange daily a blow by blow account of our respective sons and heirs. Tony somewhat disgruntled yours truly this a.m. by announcing that the apple of his eye, some months junior to my boy, has developed a tooth. He did not support this with documentary evidence, so we will have to accept it at face value until such a time as we can get over to Alliston and see for ourselves. However, I am proud to announce that my boy is a true son of the Air Force—and that he has several flying hours to his credit. I have had our staff artist, Sgt. Thomas, draw a picture of the Flying Rorke in action, entitled Born to Fly.



"I knew someone in the family would make aircrew."

If you want to live to a ripe old age NEVER contradict a woman unless she is minimizing her own charms.

The love bug seems to be biting around this station with increasing frequency these days. Former defendants for the Cause of Freedom are getting that far-away look in their eyes now. Cpl. Bill Tennant of Station Sick Quarters and AW1 Mary Sobol of Pay Office are contemplating a merger soon. Sgt. Jack Bohas of Works and Bricks is doing some heavy sighing for one of the charming W.D.'s, formerly of this station who has gone to Newfoundland. Word is that Christmas bells and wedding bells will be ringing in unison before 1942 is over. LAC Gibson of the Post Office division and station ball team is also contemplating taking the great plunge in the ensuing weeks. AW1 Black of Station Library announced her engagement last week to LAC Yehudi Rabbit of the R.A.F. To all these folks we wish the very best that life can offer in the future.

Speaking of weddings—here is a little tale that comes from LAC Grant Powell, former Equipment Assistant on this station, who is now with the R.C.A.F. somewhere in England. Grant has passed along this little story that is going the rounds over there. A Canadian airman who had just announced to the folks back home his marriage to an English girl, received a cable from his former Canadian fiancée: "What's she got that I haven't got?" He cables back: "Nothing—but it's over here."

Seven Ages of Women

The Infant
The Girl
The Young Woman
The Young Woman
The Young Woman
The Young Woman
The Young Woman

It will come as a surprise to many of LAC Jimmy Shea's friends, alias Father Malarkey, that once upon a time he aspired to become a circus performer. It seemed he approached the manager of a famous circus one day and told him he would like to join his troupe.

"What can you do?" enquired the manager.

"I can dive off a three-hundred foot platform into a barrel of sawdust," replied Jimmy.

"Let's see you do it," said the circus owner.

A platform was erected and a barrel of sawdust placed at its base. Jimmy climbed up the ladder, poised himself on the edge and dived into the barrel. Helping him out, the manager dusted him off and said:

"That's wonderful, sensational; I'll give you two hundred a week."

"Nothing doing," said Jimmy.

"O.K. I'll make it \$500.00 a week."

"No, sirree."

"A thousand a week then and that's my final offer," said the exasperated owner.

"Nothing doing," replied Jimmy. "You see that's the first time I ever did that and it gives me a headache."

Aviation students at Brook's Field, San Antonio, Texas, have to get used to the "hot seat" as part of their course in the Link trainer. When they make an error, the instructor gives them a jolt of electricity in the seat of their pants.

A good one was overheard last week concerning Flight Sergeant McAlear and Sergeant Town of Accounts. It seems these two old friends after a convivial evening at Woggy Woggy, as Van puts it, returned to their quarters and were preparing for bed. Mac picked up his flashlight and pointed the beam at the ceiling. "Betcha a fiver you can't climb up that, Van." "Nothing doing," said Van. "As soon as I got to the top, you would turn it off."

LAC Phil Barker, genial member of the Accounts Staff, is at present un-genial, our spies inform us. It's all on account of Cleopatra. Not the "Cleo" of Ancient History books, but a motorcycle of almost the same vintage. When Phil's eyes first set upon Cleopatra in a motorcycle shop, she seemed to be trustworthy, dependable, even if not as beauteous as her namesake in Egypt. After careful consideration, he scuttled the bank roll and bought the "slave." How he got her home we don't know, but when he got her home he set out to master her. Alas, the shoe was on the other foot; Cleo was the mistress, Phil the slave. Literally speaking, Cleo wears-(out) the pants in the Barker family. Whether it's her early Egyptian ancestry or a strain of Harvard in her blood, Cleo has a tendency to stall and make forced landings at the most inopportune moments. She is also adept at slow rolls and ground loops. Phil says vaguely she is easy on gas, but he's not sure how easy, as she seldom runs further than the barrier. However, he says he gets several miles to the push between here and Mimico. Cleo is very patriotic and you can easily identify her among the other noises on the station. She gives the V for Victory, three loud staccato explosions followed by a long dash of silence. The latest communique on the Barker-Cleopatra battle states that Phil is contemplating adding roller skates as standard equipment to Cleo's inventory.

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ODDS N' ENDS

ACCOUNTS SECTION

They call this place the Leopard's Den now, because there are more striped creatures around this section than there are in the Detroit Zoo!

"Cyclone" Cornock, the Ace Typist (?) blew in here last week, to take up where our old Philosopher LaBarre left off, and since then we have had to replace all the bearings on the typewriter. They just can't stand the speed. Does anyone know how to fit a typewriter up with a radiator?

If our little four-foot eleven and a half inches of sunshine gets any rounder we are going to have to call on Works and Bricks to widen all the doors in the office. Seriously though, Pat, we are glad to have you back and we welcome the ten pounds of you that wasn't here before, too! Mac is looking better already. He's been mooning around ever since the day you left.

Alas, the efficient accounts section of old is no more. The new accounts is a cross betwixt a Matrimonial Bureau and the Corporals' Club. Cpl. "M.O." Tennant, the Casanova, started things rolling when he and Mary Sobol (Mrs. M.O.) announced that they were going to be married as soon after the twenty-first of August as they could. Then, of course, one of our corporals has been paying particular attention to one of the W.D. sergeants. (As if there are more than one). Also the two shortest people in the service have been known to talk for hours and it wasn't C.A.P. 10 they were talking about, either!

Ted Rorke's "future aircrew" son must have had a heart to heart chat with his pappy, because Ted has had aspirations to pilot His Majesty's aircraft lately.

George Baskett and "Stoopy" Day seem to consider themselves quite the lads with the Hula Girls at these garden parties in neighboring towns. They tried, oh, so hard, to crash the news by having their pictures in the Toronto Star, but the publishers must have considered them definitely un-photogenic.

F/O Kendall should start a class in elementary spelling for the betterment of Corporals Reed and Baskett. They seem to have trouble reading at times. Ask them how you spell "men" and see if they say something that sounds like W-O-M-E-N? I guess poor George was just "led astray" in his usual innocent way.

We hear that our "N.C.O. i/c of straightening out D.R.O. entries," Sergeant Town, came back to camp in a barrel, after a dip in Lake Simcoe the other night—or did you find your uniform, Van?

Is it true that two can live as cheaply as one, Dick? Or have you another car to sell?

We miss our Sergeant LaBarre and his "Soap Box Topics." Emile was everyone's friend and should be popular wherever he goes. (We wonder if they still have lead paper in Quebec for Emile to put with his collection).

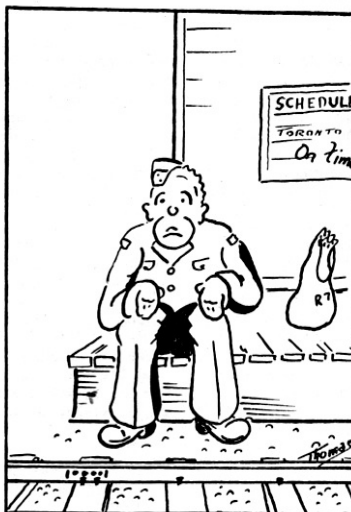
Signed: HANDLEBAR AND CORNY.

BICYCLES FOR HIRE

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One frosty Friday night
I had a forty-eight;
"I'll dance till early light"
I said, passing the gate.

I'll trust those trains no more,
In town I didn't jive;
The darn thing left at four,
I had to work till five.

—SGT. THOMAS.

PUZZLED FARMERETTE

The new Land Girl was doing her best, but she was evidently finding everything on the farm very strange.

Having had an incubator explained to her, and been asked if she fully understood it, she put her head on one side and, with a puzzled look, replied:

"Yes, but where does the hen sit?"

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The Bookshelf

Did you know that great plans are afoot for your station library?

Since reading is as important in your recreational life as sports, it has been decided to spend a portion of the Station Fund on enlarging the library stock. Your library committee proposes in future to add new and standard titles to the shelves each month and will provide a guide catalogue to these and other worthwhile books available. Later, we hope to move to larger and more comfortable quarters. Meanwhile, AW2 Black of the Women's Division is now on duty to act as your librarian and encourage your reading activities in every possible way.

Here are some of the new books already on hand and on the "recommended" list:

"THE EDGE OF DARKNESS"—a thrilling tale of revolt in occupied Norway. "MY FRIEND FLICKA"—the moving story of a boy and his horse; a "must" for animal lovers. "FALLING THROUGH SPACE"—the autobiography of a fighter pilot in the Battle of Britain. "THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS"—the real Paris by one who knew and loved it. "THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN"—a wealthy English family find their place in modern wartime living. "ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY"—espionage and dramatic adventure. "THE SONG OF BERNADETTE"—unusual and delicate, the story of a faith that moved mountains.

There are others—there will be more. Keep your eye on the "new order" in the library.

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TECHNICAL NOTES

Engine Icing

The following is a safety bulletin, written by Alexander N. Troshkin, air safety specialist in power plants, and issued by the Civil Aeronautics Board.

Reports have been received from air-carrier pilots of adapter temperature readings of approximately 35° F. or higher during operating conditions which were strongly indicative of induction ice. This was usually attributed to a defective or off calibration thermometer.

During the current induction system de-icing investigation being conducted under the direction of the N.A.C.A. by the National Bureau of Standards, this same phenomenon of temperature readings above 32° F. was observed even though the ice formation was definitely visible in the adapter.

Operating Conditions

The conditions of the test operations were such as to simulate actual engine operations with respect to air, fuel and water ingestion in the induction system. Air was passed through the induction system of a Wright G200 engine at the rate of approximately 4,000 pounds per hour, which is equivalent to operating the engine under cruising conditions to 625 h.p. Under these operating conditions water was admitted into the induction air through a series of spray nozzles at the rate of 15 grams per cubic meter of air to simulate a water content in the mixture equivalent to that which would be obtained when flying through heavy rain.

When the gasoline was turned on the mixture temperature thermometer in the adapter dropped to 20.5° F. and subsequently it gradually rose to 32° F., where it remained constant for a short period as the ice formed around the temperature indicator bulb. The temperature then continued to rise until it stabilized at approximately 41° F. Notwithstanding these temperature indications a visual inspection through a glass enclosed aperture provided in the adapter showed the bulb and adapter to be coated with a heavy deposit of ice, which was building up at a rapid rate.

Action Explained

After careful consideration this phenomenon was attributed to the insulating effect of the ice formed on the adapter walls and thermometer bulb. A brief review of adapter icing is necessary in order to explain this action. Consideration must be given to the fact that there are two heat sources acting on the adapter and thermometer bulb. The rear engine compartment heat results in a heat flow through the adapter walls into the interior and through the outside thermometer section into the bulb inside the adapter. Counteracting this heat flow is the cooling effect of the mixture passing through the adapter. The cooling effect of the mixture is greater than the heating effect of the rear engine compartment heat on the adapter. The inside surface of the adapter and the thermometer bulb is rapidly reduced in temperature to that of the mixture which under some conditions may be 32° F. or below. Moisture condensed out of the air due to the drop in temperature and / or free water ingested will be deposited on the inside surface of the adapter and on the thermometer bulb. If the temperature of the mixture is 32° F. or lower, the deposited moisture forms ice.

After the ice film has formed the cooling effect of the mixture on the adapter wall

and bulb is gradually reduced with the increase in ice deposited due to the insulating effect of the ice. The thermometer bulb and inside adapter walls are being cooled by the contact ice with the result that the bulb thermometer will indicate 32° F. and not the mixture temperature, which may be considerably below 32° F. The rate of cooling by the contact ice is substantially lower than that existing when the high velocity low temperature mixture is in direct contact with the bulb and adapter walls. The reduction is apparently sufficient so that the heat flow from the outside of the adapter as conducted through the walls and thermometer bulb assembly is great enough to melt the ice at the point or surface of contact and adhesion. This is substantiated by the fact that in all ice formation tests it has been observed that the ice plug in the adapter is not frozen to the walls, etc. It is entirely loose but suspended in the adapter due to the adapter shape and / or various protuberances. The heat under these conditions continues to flow into the bulb and is then under some conditions sufficient to raise the bulb temperature reading to above 32° F. or, as in the case of the test results previously discussed, to 41° F.

Danger Evident

The danger of such erroneous temperature indication is self-evident. Unless the operating personnel is conversant with this insulating effect there is the danger of blaming any rapid loss of power on other factors than ice, since the mixture temperature indicator would read above the icing temperature. Sufficient power may be lost before the pilot becomes aware of the true condition to make the heat de-icing system ineffective. Particular attention should be paid to the temperature indicator for evidence of this phenomenon during taxiing, take-off, or an approach through an icing condition when carburetor heat would be reduced or operated fully cold.



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TECHNICAL NOTES

Effects of Acceleration

An aircraft in flight may be subjected to acceleration forces due to either loads which are generated by virtue of atmospheric disturbances or by the manipulation of controls on the part of the pilot. The directions of these forces may be variable in the case of atmospheric disturbances; for example, when a gust is encountered, the direction of the gust may be either vertically up or down or horizontal, or at any angle with respect to the axis of the aircraft. The primary effect of gusts is to alter the air flow about the aircraft surfaces, that is to say, they alter momentarily the angle of incidence of the air foil and thus alter the lift and drag both in magnitude and direction. The application of control loads by the pilot has the effect of changing the attitude of the aircraft, and the more violent the application of control loads, so is the change in attitude more rapid. It should be borne in mind that any aircraft can be broken in the air by the misapplication of control loads.

The transmission of acceleration forces to the pilot is by means of physiological phenomena, and the intensity of the pilot's reaction is a measure to some degree of the accelerations which have been experienced by the aircraft. Pilots, when experienced, can assess the probable acceleration being experienced by the aircraft structure as a result of their own physiological reactions, they can, therefore, control their aircraft to within safe limits of manoeuvrability, as they can associate the magnitude of the acceleration against their corresponding reactions.

To demonstrate the effect of acceleration, it is convenient to have a steel wire or strip to one end of which is attached a lead ball. If the strip is held horizontally by one hand, rapidly moved in a vertical direction, the ball momentarily does not move. The magnitude of the deflection of the wire, or for that matter, the displacement of the lead ball from its former position, is a measure of the acceleration which has been applied to the system. This device as described above will, of course, only measure the component of acceleration in the vertical plane, the movement of the support to the system of course having been in a vertical direction.

It should be borne in mind that air forces vary according to the square of the speed, and, therefore, when accelerations are associated with higher speeds, the air foil loadings are increased very considerably. For this reason, manipulation of controls at higher speeds requires to be more delicate than at lower speeds, since the more rapid change in attitude, so is the accelerating force proportionately greater.

All aircraft are designed to certain acceleration factors. Factors for a particular class of aircraft are usually of the same order, but there is considerable variation between the factor required on, say a single seater fighter and a heavy bomber. The latter correspond to the factors required on heavy civil transports. In other words, the design factors are graded according to the weight of the aircraft and its probable duties. It is quite possible that an aircraft can be designed which has greater strength than the human frame against failure. Devices have been invented to support the human frame against failure under severe acceleration forces, where, owing to the duties being undertaken, this is necessary.

In order to provide an impression as to

the magnitudes of acceleration forces, let us suppose that an aircraft weighing 2000 pounds is subjected to an acceleration which renders its momentarily effective weight 6000 pounds. This is merely an acceleration of 3G and is by no means uncommon. Then the loads on the air foil have vertical components which sum up to 6000 pounds, and a pilot weighing 200 pounds now has an effective weight of 600 pounds and hence his weight on the seat structure can be 600 pounds. Correspondingly, the loads on the tail unit are increased in magnitude, and what is more, the redistribution of air forces is such that they are effectively concentrated on a smaller area due to the changes in the relative air flow; whence there may be a very much smaller area supporting a greater load than before the acceleration was encountered. Aircraft are designed to ensure adequate strength under various loading conditions occasioned by different attitudes and speeds. For example, in centre pressure forward position with the centre pressure at approximately 1/3 of the chord aft of the leading edge, a certain air loading distribution is obtained. In the attitude of top speed, that is to say, centre pressure back, another loading condition exists. This latter condition naturally loads the rear spar greater than the front one for the particular condition, and in centre pressure forward it is the front spar which takes the maximum load. The design factors for these two conditions are not equal, the C.P.F. being greater. In the pull-out from a dive, the centre of pressure moves forward and the net result is a very high concentration of air load along the forward portion of the wing. The factor of strength under this condition is, therefore, considerably less. Similar remarks apply to tail load distributions and, of course, this has effect on fuselage strength.

Below are quoted two examples of the effect of acceleration. If a Spitfire is stalled in a steep turn at 320 m.p.h., the effect is the application of a load equal to twelve times the weight of the aircraft. When a Harvard is pulled out of a dive, six times the weight of the aircraft can be generated momentarily. It should be borne in mind that control loads can increase in magnitude to a degree which renders the actuation of controls outside the strength of a pilot under some conditions of flight. A common condition wherein this is achieved is in a Fairchild 71 type aeroplane which possesses Göttingen air foil section 387. This is a so-called thick air foil, and the combination of tail plane associated with this type aircraft, results in the production of tail loads far beyond the ability of the pilot to handle in fast glide speeds.

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Practise your steep turns over your girl friend's house—she will think you are the cutest corpse.

Always fly into a thunderstorm—it must be interesting for few ever come back after they go into one.

Stretch your glides to the last inch—if you don't reach the spot you will make a nice one anyway.

Your gas gauge is always correct—only old-fashioned pilots look in the tank to check. Pull the nose very high in slips—it gives the ground observers a bad case of the jitters. When approaching a strange field always sneak in low and straight—it is such a surprise to the local fliers.

When a plane is placarded for a maximum speed—see if you can't squeeze a few more miles out of the old crate.

Don't have your parachute packed every month—that's just a racket thought up by the chute makers.

(U.S. AIR SERVICES MAGAZINE)

THE R.C.A.F. THEATRE

PRESENTS

The Following Attractions

August 14-15

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ.
Hedy Lamarr, Robert Young
Midnight Snack

August 16

HENRY & DIZZY
Jimmie Lydon, Charlie Smith
Pipeye-Pupeye — Blue Streak
Popular Science No. 2

Ants in the Plants—Fuller Bluff Man

August 17-18

A GENTLEMAN AFTER DARK
Brian Donlevy, Miriam Hopkins

August 19-20

TWIN BEDS
George Brent, Joan Bennett

August 21-22

TO BE OR NOT TO BE
Carole Lombard, Jack Benny

August 23

MEXICAN SPITFIRE AT SEA
Lupe Velez, Leon Errol

August 24-25

TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI
Maureen O'Hara, John Payne

August 26-27

WE WERE DANCING
Norma Shearer, Melvyn Douglas
Pound Foolish — Alley Cat

August 28-29

JOAN OF PARIS
Michele Morgan, Paul Henreid

August 30

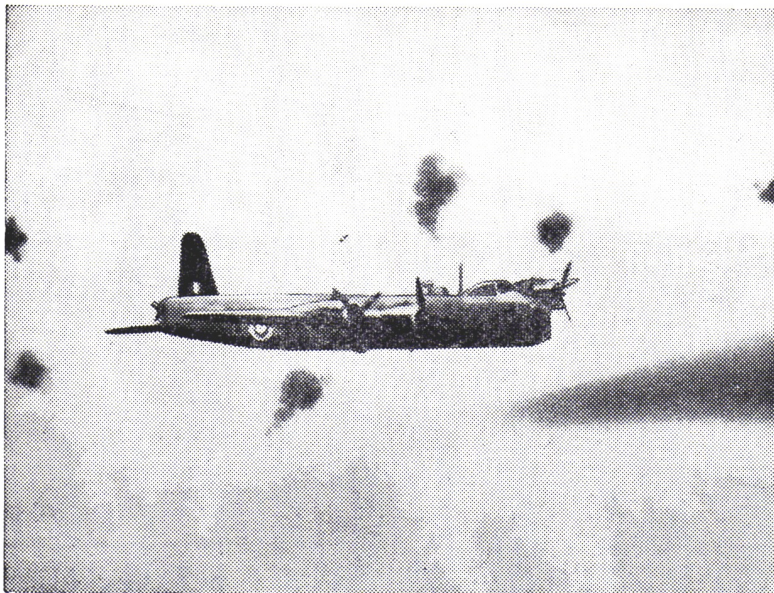
WEEKEND FOR THREE
Dennis O'Keefe, Jane Wyatt

August 31 and Sept. 1st

LARCENY INCORPORATED
Edward G. Robinson, Jane Wyman

A TAIL GUNNER'S STORY

From Canadian Air Cadet



R.C.A.F. Bomber Finds Target Through Cloud of Flak

I am going to tell you something about the life of a tail gunner in one of our heavy night bombers. But if you expect a long catalogue of thrilling incidents, you will be disappointed. We certainly have our excitements—we get shot up, iced, and sometimes fed up—but for the most part our outings lack the Hollywood element.

A tail gunner is part of a crew, and this crew's life dominates not only his flying hours, but his whole existence.

In our crew the captain and second pilot were Scots; the two wireless operator air gunners were from Canada and the Irish Free State, while the navigator came from the West Indies; and I'm an Englishman.

The two other things that are all-important to a gunner are his turret and his guns. He is entirely responsible for their upkeep and efficiency, and he nurses them as a woman does her child. Daily he cleans them, fills the ammunition boxes, looks to the sighting. As to his turret, it is his home for all his flying hours. He's practically always working in the dark. At first, one is all at sixes and sevens. One puts down the loading handle or the spanner or the dummy round, and cannot find it again. One bangs one's head and tears one's hands. I have shed good blood, not to mention flesh, in my turret. But after a bit it becomes almost lovingly familiar. One knows the exact peculiarities, the strains and stresses of each fitting, and each seems to have a personality which one regards with affection even in its most stubborn moments.

I'll take you with us tonight on an ordinary sortie over Germany. So settle down in the seat, adjust your flying helmet, plug into the inter-communicating set—and there you are. Your parachute is hung up just behind you and you've locked the turret doors. As is probably well known, our turrets are power-operated, swinging easily in any direction, and so you test your turret, moving it to and fro by pressing on a pair of handles, rather like bicycle handles. And you finally load and cock the guns, putting on the safety catches, because one may

meet brother Boche at any moment. All this makes you feel rather hot, because knowing you may fly high, you've got on a couple of pullovers, a leather Irvine suit, which is fur-lined, leather gauntlets with silk linings and heavy flying boots. You apply your body gingerly to the seat. Seven hours is a good long sit. I can assure my listeners that the last few months have made me a connoisseur of contours.

Then you switch over your "intercom" and speak to the captain to show it's working all right; and you hear the others doing the same, for you are all on the same circuit. In this way you get a fair idea of what is going on all round the aircraft. You can picture each member of the crew doing his job from the report he gives or the instructions he receives.

The striking thing about a tail turret is the sense of detachment it gives you. You're out beyond the tail of the plane and you can see nothing at all of the aircraft unless you turn sideways. It has all the effects of being suspended in space. It sounds, perhaps, a little terrifying, but actually it is fascinating. The effect it has on me is to make me feel that I am in a different machine from the others. I hear their voices. I know that they are there at the other end of the aircraft, but I feel remote and alone.

Now we are rising slowly over the familiar, darkened landmarks below. A pause, and we have crossed the coast and we ask the captain's permission to fire a burst into the sea, just to make assurance doubly sure as regards the serviceability of our guns. Out at sea, away on my beam, I suddenly see another aircraft; a twin-engined plane flying parallel to us. It is a long way off. Can it be a Messerschmitt 110? I report to the captain and keep it in view, but as it swings in I recognize the high familiar tail fin of the Wellington. Soon it has disappeared again in the darkness. Good hunting.

Time passes—we are over the Dutch coast and soon we are flying high above a bank

of clouds. It is lit from below by German searchlights and this gives it a sort of opaque glow. Our captain comes down just above it, so that we can have cover if it is needed. Ten minutes later we are past the clouds, climbing again. We have been this way before and we are getting to know it quite well. Now the Germans are after us with their searchlights—and pretty good they are, too. Out in front there is a flak barrage, otherwise known as an anti-aircraft barrage. You and I in the tail turret can't see the barrage yet. The searchlights keep crossing and crossing. Now one's caught us. But no. After holding us for a moment it passes. Two minutes later, however, they get us good and proper. And very confusing it is, too. You feel a cross between a fly on an arc lamp and a man whose clothes have been pinched while he was bathing. But, of course, it's a good deal worse for the captain, who's flying the aircraft.

We turn and twist, hoping to get clear, and—now the party's starting!—here comes the flak. Personally the German flak has never worried me very much. Perhaps I've been lucky. You can see the pyrotechnics coming bursting up at you, and going off all around you, with a sense of detachment.

Well, we are getting pretty close to the target now, and I can hear the navigator and the captain chattering away over the "inter-com;" but actually there is no need to worry about spotting our target tonight, because some more of our bombers have been there first and the factory we're after is blazing away nicely. It's a terrible temptation to sit and watch the bombs dropping. But really we oughtn't to, because we may be attacked at any moment and the rear gunner's job is to watch for their attack, not ours. Still, let's have a peep or two out of the corner of our eye. The first stick seems a bit wide, but the second hits the target square as far as one can judge, and adds to the blaze. "Whoo-pee!" shouts the second pilot. "Whoo-pee!" shouts back the captain, and "Whoopee!" shout you and I from the back.

What a Life!



The girls didn't go for this soldier on leave
In spite of the stripe he had on his sleeve.
It's all because he has ways he should mend—
He has to perspire,
but he need not offend.

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ALBERT and the HARVARD

With Apologies All Round

There's an R.C.A.F. Station called Borden
That is noted for rubble and muck,
Where Albert Ramsbotham were posted,
Which he said were just like his luck!
A bright little lad were young Albert,
His flying on "Tigers" were swell,
He'd got "very good" in his log book
So tha' know that he must have done well.
A keen little lad were our Albert,
He soon found the way to his flight
And found the instructors all dormant,
A truly somnolent sight!
He went up to the nearest instructor
And showing not morsel of fear,
He bent down towards sleeping figure
And shouted, "I've come!" in his ear!
Instructor leapt up from his stupor
Did two flick half rolls and a bunt,
Returning once more to the parachute rack,
He landed with kind of a grunt.
He picked himself up sort of sheepish
And glaring as if he were mad,
He picked up a spare seven hundred
And made a wild swipe at the lad.
Th' commotion aroused Flight Commander
Who, to fill up his forms had to know
"His name and his age and profession,
And to which public school did he go?"
With all these formalities over
Our Albert said, "What about trip?"
Instructor said "Jump into Harvard
And I'll take thee up for a flip!"
"Break tha' own ruddy neck," said instructor,
"Tha'll get no more chance to break mine,
And before tha' goes sign seven hundred,
And IF tha' comes down seven nine!"
You could tell Albert knew vital actions,
For, putting the flaps fully down,
He loosened th' throttle nut slightly,
And raised "undercart" on th' ground.
Duty Pilot had viewed the occurrence
And didn't know what to do next,
So he 'phoned up the C.I. and told him,
And C.I. said, "Eh, I am vexed!"
So Albert was sent on to C.O.
Who said, "What's all this 'ere todo?
I hear that tha's been and pranged Harvard
That was straight out of Maintenance, too."
Young Albert took purse from his pocket,
"I'll pay for't now if I may."
C.O. said, "Harvards cost thousands!
We'll have to stop some of tha' pay."
Now this made our Albert feel gloomy,
He'd nobbut five bob in the bank;
He'd given three bob for a Spitfire
And promised two bob for a tank.
Eventually all was decided,
That to clear up this horrible mess
C.O. must send recommendation
That Albert must try C.F.S.

—D. C. WALLINGTON in "The Penhold Log."

SPORTS DAY, AUGUST 26, 1942

At 1330 hours the starting gun will put into swing a complete list of track and field events on SPORTS DAY, August 26. The individual champions will share in a generous list of prizes and in addition the Trophies and Challenge Cups will be up for inter-Squadron competition. Guests will be welcome for the Day's program, which will be terminated by a Monster Dance in the evening.

Qualifying heats will be run off for each squadron during the week of August 17, so keep your eyes open for further announcements. And in the meantime, men, get those legs limbered up. It is reported that one squadron already has its ace shot-putter working out at night under cover of darkness, to spring a surprise upon the present holders of The Breadner Shield.

—RCAF—

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

(Continued from Page 2)

government from violence to persuasion"—how much progress can you see in a so-called new social order which turns the clock of human destiny back five thousand years and more. Back to slavery! Back to a tyranny which suffering millions groaned and died beneath the hot Egyptian sun, and thousands of sweating backs were lashed into bleeding ribbons by the thongs of those brutal taskmasters of Antiquity.

There is nothing new in slavery! This is the return of a very old order of slavery for all mankind. Only the finality that modern science enables the oppressors to stamp upon the necks of their crushed and bleeding victims in a dozen conquered lands today is new in an age of ruthless totalitarianism.

There is little new—and less efficient in an unholy social order that was created by rapacious and sadistic monsters to rape and pillage, to torture, destroy and massacre. If such a machine is efficient, how came it then to allow thousands of its very elite to die miserably in the cruel blue frost of a Russian winter?

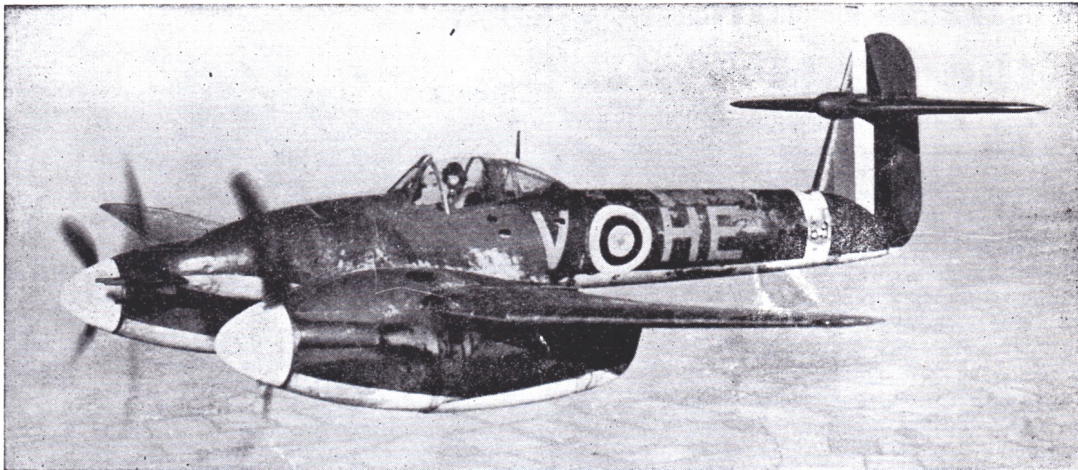
Has not our world proven itself more efficient? Recollect that it was not created for war but for love, life, laughter and the pursuit of happiness. That was and is the only kind of world we wish to live in. When the German people, in a moment of despair, chose Hitler, they threw away the keys to freedom—forever! We have wisely retained in the sovereign will of a free people the right to change our world with the changing times as gradually as the rising sun melts into the noonday zenith. And we use ballots, not bullets.

Judged by dark German standards of blood and terror our world is too soft and pleasant to survive. Judged by our eternal standards of light and love and laughter it will survive for it is an eternal law of the universe that only the good can survive—all evil things carry within them the seeds that result in their destruction. Must a good world die because evil forces prove themselves more powerful to destroy than we are to defend?

We of the R.C.A.F. know this must not, can not be! For this we enlisted. Thousands of our fellow servicemen overseas stand ready to die at a moment's notice to preserve this good world of decent things. They count it a privilege to be of the right age and in the right place at this most crucial hour in humanity's history to contribute their all toward the banishment of this hideous nightmare of a world without hope forever from the green earth.

We in Canada can do no less. There is only one question to be answered. Will it help to win the war? If so, there is no job so large, none so tedious, nor none so difficult into which we cannot and must not fail to put our all. For team play on the station means team play in the air. And team play in the air, and on land and over the sea means ultimate victory so that you and I and all of us will be enabled with God's help to pass on to our children and to their children, not the chains of slavery but the pleasant smiling world we love so well.

AIRCRAFT OF THE DAY - DO YOU KNOW IT ?



Talented W.D.

July 14, in a broadcast heard throughout Canada and the States, "Cheers from the Camps," AW1 Fraser, E. G., of this unit, portrayed the role of a German spy. This was the first of the series to feature a Canadian camp and the W.D. were proud to be so ably represented by Fraser.

A background of musical and dramatic training, plus a father who is musical director for the Winnipeg Light Opera Co., and the Winnipeg Lyric Society, made it natural for Gracie to handle her part so well.

Miss Fraser began her career portraying the lead in a high school production, "Mother Goose." From there she graduated to chorus work with various groups. In '39 while spending a three-weeks' vacation in Vancouver, she became attached to Theatre Under the Stars. Her holiday lasted four years until her enlistment in the R.C.A.F. (W.D.)

Before enlistment, Fraser was currently doing Gracie Fields impersonations at private entertainments and with the Victory Campaign rallies throughout Vancouver. Past performances include portrayals with Canada's Little Theatre in "Naughty Marietta," "Lisette," "King's Lady," and other productions.

—RCAF—

DON'T BE IMPATIENT!

Father—"Isn't it time you were entertaining the prospect of matrimony?"

Daughter—"Not quite, dad. He won't be here until 8 o'clock." —Grit.

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What's Cooking

(By Paddy)

Congratulations are in order to the management of "Wings Over Borden." The first edition, in magazine form, was pleasing indeed. Carry on the good work.

We take this opportunity of welcoming A/S/O Patterson to No. 1 S.F.T.S. and to the Airmen's Mess. May her stay be happy and pleasant and her work be crowned with success.

The civilian personnel, attached to the R.C.A.F. on this station, are known by their works, and they need no comment. But, if we stop to consider, we will find that the majority of those who are now serving for a year or more are veterans of the World War No. 1. No longer able to enlist in His Majesty's Forces because of age or disabilities, perhaps both, they are doing their bit, the best way they can, to finish the job of crushing the enemies of a free world.

And, because of having served, these ex-soldiers have a close kinship to all who have volunteered and are now serving in the common cause. In the Airmen's Mess, we note new faces who come and when you are posted, bid you a silent farewell, and in our hearts wish you well. Perhaps our feelings go a little deeper for the student pilots. We use you the best we can while you are here and when your course is finished and you are presented with your wings we are there, if possible, wishing we could shake hands with each one of you and wish you God-speed. Yes, we veterans experienced camp life while in training, marched away to an east coast town to be convoyed overseas to the motherland. We'll be with you in spirit when you start on your great adventure.

We met the foe in France and Flanders; watched many of our comrades fall and today they sleep in Flanders Field. We came back. Some suffered sorely and the scars will ever remain. War leaves its mark.

You will meet the same foe possibly in the skies of Europe, and we feel that you will write Canada in large letters wherever you are and whatever you are doing. We will be proud of you and when you return, we hope you will, and you gaze on the gray shores of Canada again, you will have the satisfaction that you have done your best and you will love Canada all the more, having helped to pay the price for freedom. Perhaps you will, like us old veterans, love this homeland of ours not just because of her forests, mines, farm and fruit lands, railway systems, towns and cities, but just for the simple things of life. Having helped to purchase them they seem all the more dear to us. And we think they will to you, someday, when you return.

For instance, things like these and lots

more, help us to round out our lives and go far towards shaping our happiness and contentment: a prairie sunset, lights twinkling in the darkness of night, leaves on trees, coloured by Autumn frosts; the first spring flowers, fishing lazily for trout in a deep pool by a river's bank, a fall of snow on trees and evergreens alike, a glowing fire at eventide in wintertime, laughter of children, church spires and school bells, hand shake of loved ones, and friends when trouble comes.

To all Airmen and Airwomen, who pass on and are posted elsewhere, or who are doing their duties faithfully here, we veterans salute you and wish you good luck and a happy landing.

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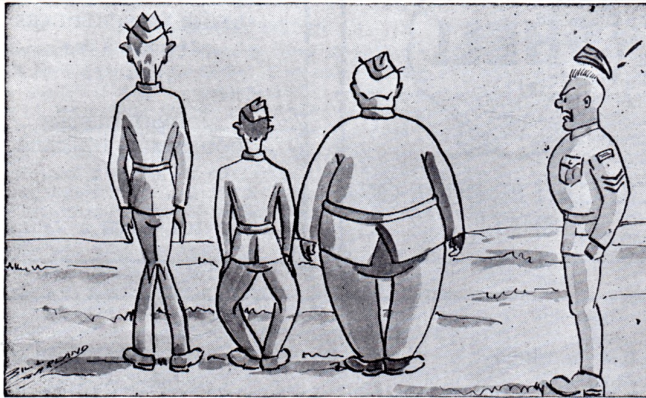
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"Wings Over Borden"

August 1942

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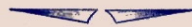
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