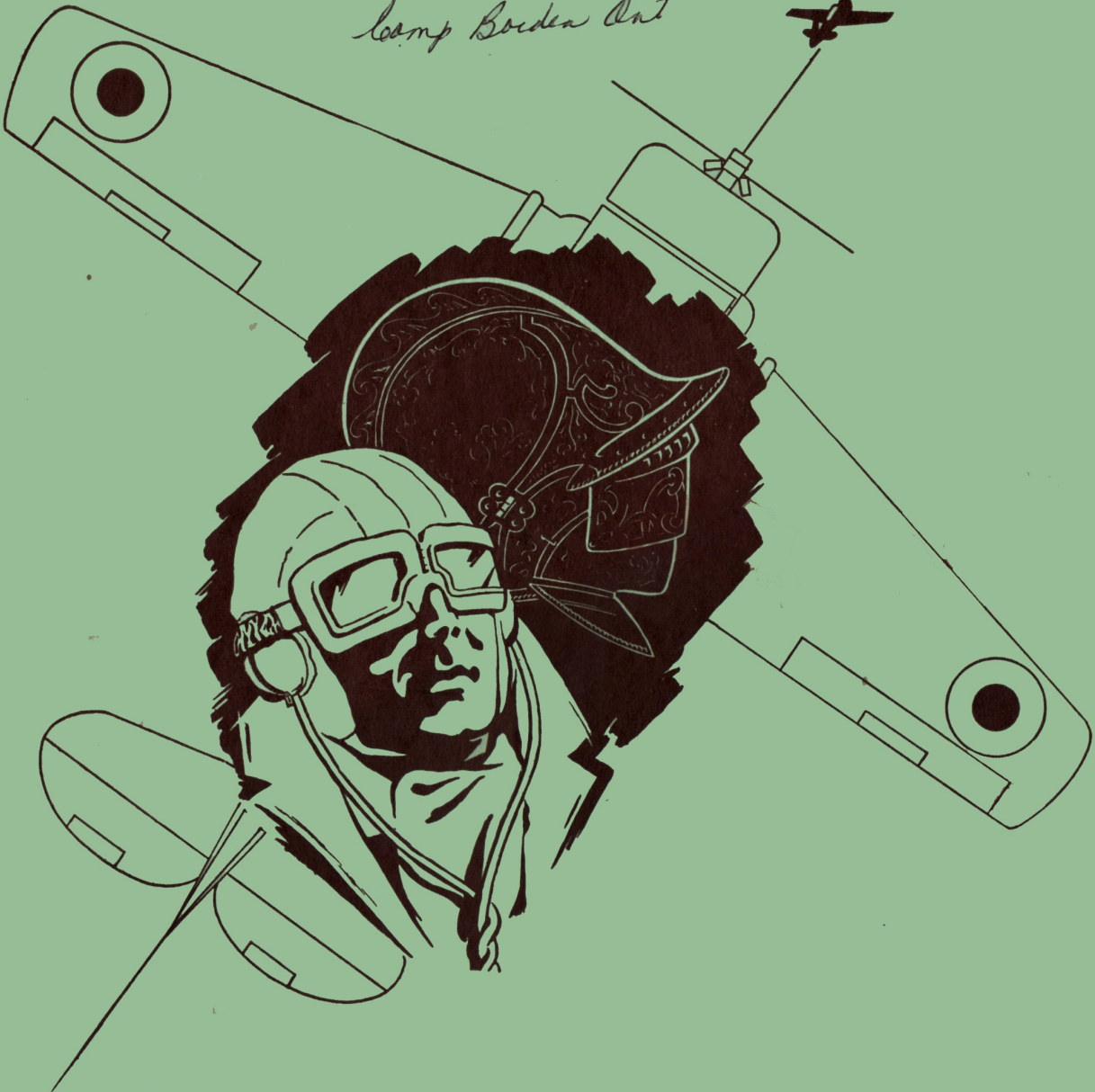


Vol. 1 - No. 5

*Cpl Jean Lines
RCAF(WD)
Camp Borden Ont*

November 1942



WINGS OVER BORDEN

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Wings Over Borden

NO. 1 SFTS
CAMP BORDEN
ONTARIO — CANADA

THE PIONEER R.C.A.F. JOURNAL

VOL. 1 **November 1942** NO. 5

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GROUP CAPTAIN D. M. EDWARDS, COMMANDING OFFICER



THIS MONTH—MAINTENANCE WING (Continued)

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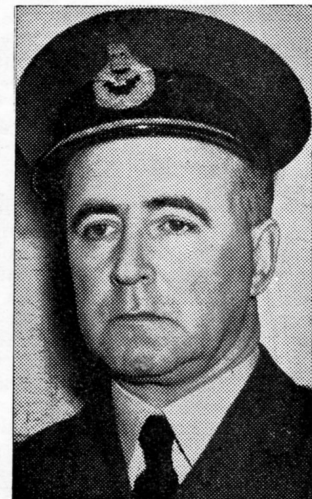
THANK YOU, CPL. RORKE

Due to an accumulation of circumstances which might most easily be called "the exigencies of the service," this issue of Wings Over Borden had to be produced without an editor.

Corporal Ted Rorke, as our readers know, has been editor of "Wings Over Borden" since its origin as a mimeograph sheet two years ago, but was obliged to resign after the last issue. His services have been missed in setting up the issue, and undoubtedly will continue to be missed.

The Editorial Board wishes to thank Cpl. Rorke for all his past services to the Station through his Editorship of the magazine and to assure him that every sincere effort will be made to carry on where he left off.

Incidentally, Cpl. Rorke's retirement leaves the Editor's seat vacant. Surely somewhere on this Station there is someone, male or female, who will come forward and take on this job. Please, somebody, contact any of the Editorial Board and you are as good as elected!



Air Vice-Marshal ROBERT LECKIE
D.S.O., D.S.C., D.F.C.
(See page seven)

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Editorially Speaking

Adrift on a Bubble

BY F/L J. M. BELANGER

"Five days without food or water. Five days, the three of us crowded together in a space not much bigger than the inside of a bath-tub. Five days with no sleep by night, and a pitiless torture by day, all day long, as the sun's burning rays hit viciously into our hides and boiled out the remaining moisture. Five days of turning our suffering skins, like basting fowl, to baths of stinging water. Five days—and how many days ahead?—of nothing to keep us alive but the sinew that was now wasting from our bones."*

There were yet to be twenty-nine days of such abject misery ahead for these three men of the U.S. Air Arm. Out scouting over a portion of the Southern Pacific, they had lost contact with their carrier and, their fuel exhausted, had landed their aircraft on the sea. In the minute before the plane foundered, they managed to save the eight by four feet rubber raft but not the rations, water, charts or instruments which were part of the equipment. During thirty-four long days and thirty-four longer nights their only refuge from death would be the inflated raft—a "wind-blown, sea-drenched bubble."

It was on the morning of this fifth day that our three lads realized how utterly they were lost on the vast sea, and that they ceased to scan the sky in the vain hope of being discovered by a scouting plane from their own carrier. But they had youth with its easy optimism and fertile imagination—youth with its love of life and dreams unfulfilled. How they succeeded without the aid of instruments, rudder or means of propulsion to sail their craft in the general direction of convoy lines or known islands makes interesting reading and we can understand that a superficial critic inclined to the sensationalism of journalism could write. "Then comes the final, the memorable, the supreme remark: 'I resent anyone's saying we drifted'."**

We share Mr. Christopher Morley's admiration for Pilot Dixon's knowledge of navigation, for his skill and ingenuity. With him we marvel at the fortitude of these men, their endurance and their physical strength. But that final remark is but the reaction of legitimate professional pride. It applies to the personal qualities of but one or at the most three men.

No, Mr. Morley, that is not "the memorable, the supreme remark." In the story of their adventure as told by Pilot Dixon there is an admission—I was about to write, "a confession"—which is more remarkable than any other statement, for it reflects on and describes the whole present generation. No more are we concerned with three men whom the fortunes of war have cast adrift on a pitiless ocean in the most precarious circumstances. No more do we see them on their floating bubble, curtailing their own movements to the measure of bare necessity and pathetically repairing every appearance of wear lest the thin fabric give way to the pressure of the air within or the pounding of the waves outside.

"Before evening (of that 5th day)", says Pilot Dixon, "the three of us were sitting dejectedly silent. Then Gene made a suggestion. 'It might be a good idea', he said, not meeting our eyes, 'to say a prayer.' We discussed this seriously. We found that we had all been reared in some religious atmosphere, but that we had all drifted away."

So! It required five days of moral agony and physical suffering before these men thought of enlisting the aid of the only One who could rescue them from death! And were these men? They would then have invoked or tried to propitiate some kind of super-natural spirit as all savages do. Perhaps they were atheists—if it is possible for anyone sincerely to hold the philosophy of atheism. We should then understand that they had not recourse to the Maker and Ruler of the heavens, the earth and the sea. But no! They were all three professed Christians, that is followers of Christ, the Son of God.

They had all been brought up with religious convictions. They had attended religious service and Sunday School rather regularly for a certain number of years. At times they were present at the Sunday services held on board the aircraft-carrier to which they hoped to return. Yet five whole days elapsed before their minds turned to God, the God in Whom they still believed. He, alone could send the refreshing rains wherewith to allay their burning thirst and lead towards them the favourable winds which would drive their raft to some friendly haven. But their faith was without vigour; their minds could not rise spontaneously above the material elements of Nature to attain the spiritual Force which directs them. Well may they say that they had drifted away!

Need I say more? Would it not be insulting to the intelligence of my readers to point out how illogical becomes "the memorable, the supreme remark" in the light of such a confession? The success of sailing a raft to within a few hundred miles of one's objective pales into insignificance when one has to admit that the more fragile bubble of one's life has been left to drift aimlessly for years,—a sad derelict under the colourful appearances of youth, health and intelligence, deprived of rudder and sails, in dire peril of being pounded to pieces at any moment. The case of Dixon, Aldrich and Patula is not an isolated one. It is the sad story of the whole present generation in the democratic Nations.

Our enemies had also drifted for a time, but they have finally improvised sails and a rudder for their craft and for the last two score years they have sailed it towards a definite goal. They have a faith. That their faith rests on a myth and is directed towards an unnatural goal is beside the point. Whatever their faith and their aims, one thing is certain: they are not drifting. They know wherefor they are fighting. In their estimation the sacrifices they are making of property, of comfort, of life are warranted by the values at stake.

How is it with us? How many of those who are willing to die in our cause have a clear idea of its underlying principles? We are not fighting only to kill Huns and Japs. That would be more inhuman than anything they have done. Kill we must, but not for killing's sake. It is a means to a higher end. Do I hear the words: **democracy, freedom?** Abstract words these and, therefore, vague unless they are well defined! Are they well defined in our minds? Think about it! We may help you to do it later.

*The Raft, by Robert Trumbull, Henry Holt & Co., New York.
**Mr. Christopher Morley.



Maintenance Wing

Servicing Squadron

For the past few months as everyone knows, the Maintenance system on this station has undergone a major reorganization. As a result, we have what is known as Central Maintenance.

Under this system, Maintenance has taken the form of a wing. The Chief Technical Officer is the head of the wing comprising three Squadrons, namely, Headquarters, Maintenance and Servicing.

In this article it is hoped to give the reader a picture and understanding of the work and organization of Servicing Squadron.

Servicing Squadron, as the name implies, is an organization to service all flying aircraft on the hangar line. On the hangar line there are eight flights, each having an allotment of aircraft, the type and number being determined by the extent and nature of the flying done by each. Each flight is given a "handling party," headed by a Junior N.C.O. It is the duty of these "Handling Parties" to see that these aircraft are efficiently serviced during the day's flying, records pertaining to the aircraft kept, and to assure that their hangar is kept in good condition at all times. Each group of four Junior N.C.O.'s is under the direct control of a Sergeant, who in turn is supervised and assisted by a Flight Sergeant.

One section of Servicing Squadron only known to this station is Servicing Pool. This is a small group of qualified mechanics under the charge of a Sergeant, whose duty it is to take care of all the minor unserviceabilities on the hangar line. These men form a mobile crew which travels from hangar to hangar making minor repairs to aircraft as the need arises. Besides this one function, the Servicing Pool care for stored or visiting aircraft, carry out numerous modifications, special inspections, and routine daily inspections on night flying aircraft. In brief, this crew are the link between Maintenance and Servicing Squadrons and do a great deal toward maintaining a high standard of serviceability.

The control of the whole system is effected from Servicing Squadron Headquarters, which is situated at the approximate centre of the Hangar line. By a system of boards, such as one would see in a brokerage office, a complete record of all the aircraft and flight personnel on the Hangar line is kept. From the aircraft charts, it is possible at a glance to determine how many aircraft are on the station, the location of each, and the number of aircraft in each flight. On these boards you also find the number of hours each aircraft has on the airframe and aero engine, what inspections have been carried out, the number of hours to the next inspection, the condition of aircraft instruments and any information pertaining to special equipment installed. The charts for personnel

show the strength of the squadron, where the men are situated, their trade, rank and grouping, and also information as to their duty watch and annual leave. From the board which is checked daily, it is possible to keep an even number of men in each Handling Party making replacements where necessary to compensate for sickness or leave. This office is truly the nerve centre of the squadron. It is from here that the efforts of each of the Handling Parties are combined and from here our combined effort is interlocked with that of the remainder of the wing.

The success of any organization lies in its ability to coordinate efforts of its many parts toward the one goal. Our goal is to keep the greatest number of serviceable aircraft in each flight and to assist the Training Wing in giving the students the most possible flying hours. This we have done at all times, though suffering many growing pains, and we shall continue to do so, as long as the spirit, now prevalent among our men, remains.

—F/S GATES, Senior N.C.O.
in Servicing Squadron.

We Answer "No!"

We must be brave!

No sacrifice can be too great

To ward the swift impending fate

Our land to save!

Tho' tyrants rail

And press their long-prepared war

On sea and land, both near and far,

They can but fail!

O foolish boast

That aryan blood shall rule the world,

The swastika to be unfurled

On every coast!

Shall pagan might,

The cruel hand of Jap and Hun,

Destroy the progress long begun

Toward heaven's light?

We answer "NO!"

Our cause is just and shall prevail;

Through carnage, blood and fire, and hail—

We answer "NO!"

—Byron A. Barlow.
FROM WINGS-OVER-SEAS.



KNEELING—Green, Hatfield.
LEFT TO RIGHT—Lawry, Hohncox, Lynk, Bugg, Hoskins, Cpl. German, (i/c Night Servicing Flight), Wahlers, Anderson, Gates, Lawrence, McKee, McClean.

Night Servicing Flight

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE?

We think that it is a fact that airmen in general are ingenious, but this story concerning two airmen is a little above the average. Of course maybe the old adage (two heads are better than one) may have had some bearing on the case, however, it proves a grounded airman is not necessarily a stranded airman.

Our story starts with two of our chaps climbing aboard a bus at Camp Borden—immediate destination Barrie, ultimate destination, Woggy Woggy. The immediate destination was reached without mishap or excitement and the second stage of the journey started with moderate success. That is, they covered about two thirds of this stage by walking slowly along the highway and casting a hopeful glance at each passing motorist; one of which registered. The ride was taking them northward, but at Elmvale our heroes found themselves once more with only their own two feet to carry them. No pleading look seemed to stop the hard hearted business man, holiday bent, or start any maiden's heart to flutter in her breast as she sped beachward in daddy's car. After standing for some time, watching the traffic steadily dwindle, they decided to start back to camp but had no more success in that direction.

This failure called for some deep dark thinking, so a sojourn was made at the local pub where a consultation was held and a plan of action decided upon. At this point one of the lads became violently ill, necessitating the calling of the local doctor. He, realizing the seriousness of the situation, administered first aid and advised the boys to put through a call for their own sawbones as he would be more familiar with an airman's ailments.

The call, when received, was acted upon

in true Air Force manner. Ambulance, stretcher and experienced crew were immediately despatched to the scene of disaster. We are glad to report that all concerned were back in camp before expiration of time on late passes. Also both airmen ate a very hearty dinner next day. Can you beat it?

ACI Gabinet, our six-foot-two model airman (Western version), never seems to have any trouble in procuring co-operation from his fellow workers. Maybe it's that deep voice of his when he roars, "Are you coming," or "Do I have to take you?" We wonder if he uses the same technique or if it's just his Viking like profile which makes him the idol of so many of the fair sex?

"Are the sandwiches here yet?" Hoskins is our hungry airman. We think that each recruiting office should have a department to categorize the eating capacity of, well . . . some airmen.

Lynk . . . No, he is never missing, but his sweater . . . is another story. "Are the sandwiches here yet?" Hoskins leads the whole flight in three cheers for A/S/O Patterson and her kitchen staff for the vast improvement in our eats.

Boys we will have to "smarten up". We have been coasting along for weeks with the "mistaken" idea that we were the most efficient bunch of lads on the station. This one has us floored.

It is the practice to lend a hand in every way possible to the visitors from other stations, who from time to time use the facilities of Borden, and make their stay as pleasant and carefree as possible. However, we are wondering if a new coat of paint supplied and applied to a recent visiting O.C., by the "Servicing Pool" isn't carrying the idea a bit beyond the limit.

THE OWLS' CLUB (Officially known as the Night Servicing Flight)

We are the boys
Who forsake night fun
To keep them flying
When day is done.

There's Hoskins and Faires
And old man McBeigh
Who march off to work
At the close of the day.

Routledge and Gates
Johncox and Bugg
Are gassin' up Harvards
Instead of cuttin' a rug.

Lawrence and Lowry
Are tending the flares,
While Poppa McClean (one dog, he has no kids)
Has the timekeeper's cares.

Helpert and Bridges
And Hatfield and Lynk
Are all in there pitching
Not sipping a drink.

Green and Wahlers
And Bud McKee too,
And wee Tiny Andy
Make up the crew.

Corporal German's in charge,
Our work must be done
Before he will let us
Have any fun.

When the roaring of Harvards
Shatter the nights,
We are the boys
Who are up at the flights.

They Toil Without Glory

Broadcast in the BBC's Short Wave Overseas Service

I would like to talk to you about those four simple little words—and all they imply in the Air Force here, in Canada, in the United States of America and everywhere. To us in the Air Force, they, perhaps, have a meaning that others do not see. To us, they are symbolic of men who have done much to make the Air Force what it is today.

Without them; we should fail. Without them; the Battle of Britain would have been lost. Without them (and I say this deliberately) this mighty island might, long since, have been battered to its knees.

But thank God we had them. They (no less than the men in the air) helped send

adventure, travel, a chance to see new things.

You reach an age, you know, when you like to come home in the evening after your day's work is done; and, depending on your walk in life, take off your shoes and put on slippers, loosen your collar (so to speak) and spend a quiet evening with your wife and children. Many of those ground crew have reached that age. They held good jobs in peace time. There were many foremen mechanics among them. The majority were already skilled tradesmen.

But they had in them that love of fair play—that hatred of a bully—that characterizes our people wherever you find them.

He brought back a souvenir from that war—a jagged one that the surgeons dug out of his shoulder. When this war came along Paddy enlisted again. He knew he was too old for active service. But he also knew that he was a first-rate cook.

Paddy is up there in the Midlands with one of our Canadian Squadrons. Just about now (and it is just after two o'clock in the morning over here in London) Paddy is likely busy over his pots and pans for (on the nights our aircraft are on operations) Paddy knows what it means to keep the fire going all night long. He knows, too, just what an important effect bacon and eggs, if he can get them, have on morale when he serves



FRONT ROW (l. to r.)—LAC Sowden, AC Gourlay, LAC Wright, AC Smith, AC Sweeney, AC Cupoli, AC Anthony, LAC Ross, LAC Hayden, AC Wright.
CENTRE ROW (l. to r.)—Cpl. Cormier, AC Brodie, AC Farr, AC Wilson, LAC Austin, AC Kaismar, AC Burnham, AC Holt, AC Moore, AC Hurst, Cpl. Downey.
REAR ROW (l. to r.)—AC Coates, AC Murphy, AC Purdon, AC Hoglin, AC Beyers, LAC Jones, AC Lobsinger, AC Canning, AC Young, LAC MacIntosh.

the Luftwaffe back into Germany to lick its wounds. They (no less than the men in the air) made it impossible for flames to roar over this island as they did over London more than fifteen months ago.

I pay tribute to the men of the ground crews—the riggers; the engine mechanics; the cooks; the radio operators; the armourers; the clerks; the equipment assistants; the transport drivers; the instrument makers; the parachute riggers—all that host of people in Air Force uniform who are among the fifty ground crew trades that we have today.

The air crew—the men who fly, the valiant young men before whose sheer, stark courage I always feel humble, when I see them off on a raid—they are a gallant company. I would take away from them no whit of the credit they so rightly deserve. But I would ask you to remember that an air force is a team—a team in which each section is interdependent on the other. Those gallant young men in the air are the brilliant half-backs who carry the ball. The ground crews are the men who run interference for them and make their spectacular gains possible. Few of the ground crew are youngsters. Those who are, you can take my word for it, would be in the air if they could follow their own desire.

Many of the ground crew are long past the age when Air Force Service means high

They tossed aside their good jobs. They accepted the lowest rate of pay in the Royal Canadian Air Force. They exchanged the comforts of home life for a life in huts. They bade their wives and children goodbye, and headed out for a future in which everything was uncertain.

But perhaps I'm going too far when I say that everything was uncertain. There was one thing that was certain—that (as ground crew) their lot would be "Toil Without Glory."

There are several definitions for the word "toil." But the one that I feel most properly describes it, as applied to the ground crew, is the one that says toil "is hard and unremitting work." That is true, very true!

I would like to add to that definition. In addition to being hard and unremitting work, the toil of ground crew, in the Air Force, is vital work. It is "win the war" work that means the difference between life and death to the men who fly the aircraft.

Let us look at these ground crew for a few minutes and I will try to let you see them as I see them. On one of our stations there's a man called "Paddy." Paddy is the sort of man you'd pass in the street and never notice him. Paddy is forty-seven years old and (if you could get him to talk about it) he would tell you of a dirty night; near Amiens; in another war, long years ago.

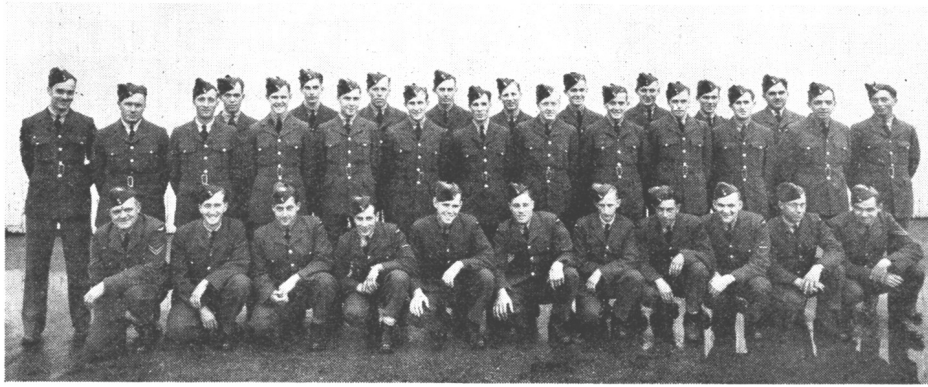
them to tousle-headed crews, at all hours of the day and night.

Away to the north of this aerodrome is another. The wind never seems to die down there. In the winter it howls from the north and brings on its frozen breath that hard, stinging sleet that numbs the fingers and chills the marrow. There are fine Canadian boys flying the aircraft from that station. They battle with sleet and hail and wind long before (and long after) they've battled with the enemy. But they can only do that because of a group of ground crew men, whose names never strike the headlines.

Where the cruel wind howls and bites like a mad dog, these men work. Though their fingers are blue with cold, though their clothes are stiff with frozen rain, they swarm over the aircraft, cleaning, tightening, adjusting, fitting; with almost loving care.

I would like to tell you about the radio mechanics. You don't hear much about them: more because the job they do is one of the things we don't talk about. They are highly skilled men. They are doing a job that has much to do with the successful defence of this island. But no glamour surrounds them. They are hidden away, many of them, in isolated areas. They do not have the fellowship of the mess. They sleep at odd hours. But they do their job magnificently. They take great pride in it. **They**

(Continued on page seventeen)



FRONT ROW (l. to r.)—Cpl. Bratton, AC Chilton, AC Baldasars, AC Martin, AC Purdon, AC Mason, AC Borman, AC Mallet, LAC Dirks, AC Hunter, Cpl. Dombroski.
 CENTRE ROW (l. to r.)—Sgt. Brown, Sgt. McKee, Cpl. Dornan, AC Bolton, AC Hickman, AC Leclair, AC Barton, AC Vermilyea, AC Burke, AC Hawkins, AC Smith, AC Crawford, AC Curran.
 REAR ROW (l. to r.)—AC Carruthers, AC Wilson, AC Cabinet, AC Coultis, AC Gannon, AC Kernaghan, AC Porter, AC Markowsky, Cpl. Weintraub.



Most of the trouble with the things that are happening these days is that they are happening too fast . . . the weather is even closing in faster these days . . . The publishers of "Wings Over Borden," our good friends of The BARRIE EXAMINER, tell us that our magazine, along with other printing exhibits from the same plant, won fourth place recently in a contest open to the printers of Canada . . . The SERGEANTS' MESS deserves great credit for their action in voting a monthly donation to the magazine fund . . . You know that this will be the last issue of "Wings Over Borden" to carry advertising? Someone in Ottawa thinks our advertisers don't want to advertise. Many thanks to those who did and still do . . . we'll try to keep the magazine going nevertheless . . . Changes are in the air again. Congratulations to S/L KING on his election to President of the Officers' Mess; the M.O. is pretty good at handing out the aspirin, Eddie . . . The Women's Division, in particular, and the entire station in general, were sorry that PRINCESS ALICE was not able to land here when she was supposed to visit us . . . She can be assured of a warm welcome whenever she is able to come . . . The new roads around the Station are going to make quite a difference . . . too bad most of us won't have gas or tires left to enjoy them . . . Everyone was extremely pleased to see that third wide stripe, W/C HILTZ . . . Congratulations and best wishes for continued success at this Unit . . . The Station band has been on tour since the last issue . . . it was selected to tour the Southern part of the Province on behalf of the Victory Loan . . . We hear Course 62, our Aussie friends, are planning a trip to New York on graduation . . . New York must certainly be able to take a lot of punishment . . . Have a good time, anyway,

fellows . . . Did you see the GRACIE FIELDS' show? . . . too bad there weren't a lot more ladies like Miss Fields . . . I hope she knows how much we appreciate an effort like that . . . Strikes and spares are the exception rather than the rule around the bowling alleys as the Officers' League progresses . . . good bowlers get too little exercise, anyhow . . . JOHN BAMPFIELD is doing a good job of organizing these Bingo games on Monday evenings . . . just another of the little chores which our Y.M.C.A. laddie does so well for us . . . They tell me the W.D.'s had a chat on Arts and Crafts t'other night too . . . Does this mean that the girls are to become even more arty and crafty? . . . The entire Station deserves considerable praise for their efforts in the Third Victory Loan . . . the final total was excellent . . . roll along the Fourth Victory Loan and we'll really show what the Station can do . . . The open house day, incidentally, seemed very successful . . . wonder how much was collected in the cute little coin boxes disposed around the Station on behalf of the Benevolent Fund? . . . A decided privilege to have A.V.M. LECKIE present the "Wings" the other day . . . yes, indeed. Sorry he could not stay longer and really see this Number One Station . . . The new Mess seems to be still making progress, and very nicely, too . . . looks like Christmas time in really pleasant surroundings this year, boys and girls . . . incidentally, there are only comparatively few shopping days till Christmas (as if it mattered!) . . . Congratulations are surely in order to AW1 ASHBRIDGE for her very splendid handling of the new organ in the theatre . . . would like to hear a really good recital there some evening . . . Lost, stolen, or strayed . . . one Scheme "A" . . . The laddies are looking pretty smart these days in their new aircrew suits . . . surely, someone 'way up high will authorize the issue to non-flying personnel, pretty soon, too . . . sitting in the old chairs, office, tilting, wear out good uniforms just as quickly as the aircraft do, only maybe in a different place . . . The control car looks pretty good around the place . . . should prove very valuable, particularly if and when we have lots of radio-equipped aircraft . . . Had the pleasure of looking over Edenvale pretty closely the other day . . . considerable credit is due the O.C. . . everything looked in top shape . . . incidentally, best wishes for good hunting and happy landings to all the instructors who are leaving for parts close to the enemy . . . The Station will surely miss S.O. REED, of the W.D., who left us recently, not to say hurriedly, for Moss-

(Continued on page seven)

An Address by Air Vice-Marshal Leckie

At a recent Wings Parade of No. 1 S.F.T.S. Air Vice-Marshal Robert Leckie, D.S.O., D.S.C., D.F.C., Air Member For Training, Air Council, said:

Group Captain Edwards, Ladies and Gentlemen, Pilots of Graduating Course No. 60. This is one of the days that will stand out in the memory of the young men who have graduated from Camp Borden today. It is a day that marks definitely the fulfilment of your patriotic desire to serve your country in her time of need and to abandon peaceful ways of life, pleasant living, and creature comforts for the more strenuous and adventurous life that is invariably the lot of a Service pilot. You are embarking today on a career which will inevitably be packed full with thrills and experience. You will enter this conflict boys, you will come out of it men.

When you return to Canada and victory is won, many of you will, I hope, find places in the aerial transport services of this Dominion where the training you have acquired at great cost and effort will stand you in good stead.

You are entering the war at a critical stage which marks our transition from the defensive to the offensive.

THINGS ARE HAPPENING

(Continued from Page six)

bank . . . We're sorry to lose her but are glad that she will see more of her husband, F/O Reed, presently stationed at Saskatoon And of course, really sincere congratulations to DAD PARKER on completion of a long and valuable period of years at Camp Borden. "Wings Over Borden" has had various occasions to be grateful to Dad for his regular contributions to the paper This is the weather for indoor sports again (AWI FLOSSIE DARLING wants to know what isn't good weather for "indoor sports") The Drill Hall is pretty busy these nights too These CHURCH PARADES in Barrie are quite something—no one really minds having to attend them and they are certainly raising the prestige of the R.C.A.F. with the local townfolk Seems the ink is running dry, apart from the usual fugiting of old tempus, so Au Revoir. "SINBAD."

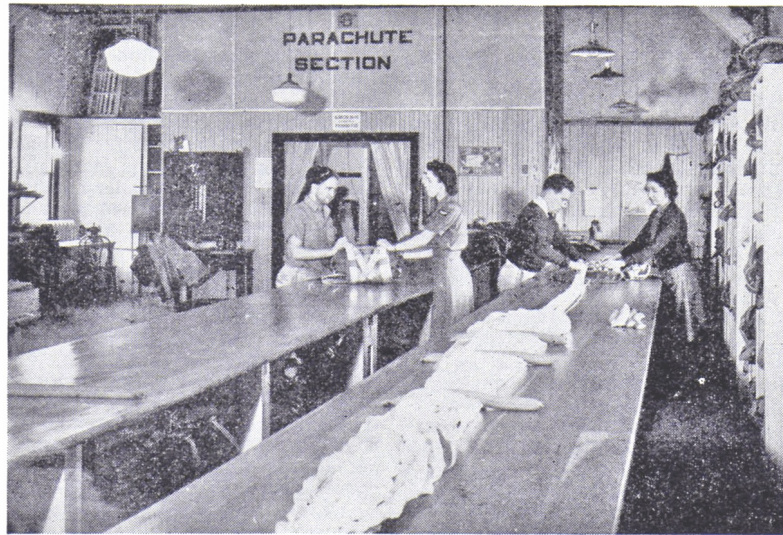
Our strength is growing, that of the enemy is waning; never again can he hope for the easy victories he has had to date as a result of his secret preparations and unprovoked assault on his smaller neighbours. From now on in the air he will be matched pilot for pilot, crew for crew and aircraft for aircraft. There is no doubt that our main enemy the German, is a skilful and resolute pilot but he is no superman. You have been better trained, you will be better mounted and when you meet him in equal combat I have no doubt as to the result. The Hun today can be beaten in the air just as surely as his father was before him and he will find in the end that the weapon upon which he placed so much faith and reliance has turned in his hand and he will rue the day that he challenged the democracies to mortal combat in the skies. This then, is your role, to seek out your enemy, fight him, beat him, defeat him, and never crusaders fought for such a just cause as that to which you are pledged.

Now a word to those who will not be going overseas just yet. I know that you are all straining at the leash, anxious to rush into combat at the earliest possible moment, but as you are aware, the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan is Canada's major contribution to the effort of the United Nations and it is a Training Plan. Therefore, pilots are required to remain in Canada to pass on their skill and knowledge for the benefit of others. Do not therefore be unduly disappointed if you are assigned to these duties. We cannot all be in the fighting line. During my Service career I have personally made it a point of honour never to question a posting, and I recommend the policy to you for adoption. In the long run it works out quite well. There must inevitably in the course of one's career be some appointments that are less acceptable than others, but none of them last very long and it is incumbent on all of us to make the best of them.

I would like also to add a word of advice to those who will be posted to the Elementary Flying Training Schools
(Continued on page eight)



FRONT ROW—McNabb, Thomas, Chomiski, Puhl, McBurney, Baker, Montgomery, Laws.
REAR ROW—Oakes, Kimber, Miaka, Danlychuk, Money, Meehan, Iwashyn, Martin,
Crawford, Kews, Lee, Starr, Reeves, Harding.



LAC Budden, LAW Hoy, CPL. Mathewson, LAW Thacker

AIR VICE-MARSHAL LECKIE'S ADDRESS

(Continued from page seven)

as instructors. The scheme presently in force in which we asked you to go on leave to become the employee of a civilian company, is being abandoned immediately, and in future you will be posted to these elementary training establishments as serving airmen. You will know from your own experience how important it is that the foundations of one's career are well laid, and it will be your duty and privilege to assist in guiding the young entry in the way they should go. We do not intend to keep instructors in Canada indefinitely, and a scheme is in operation now, whereby instructors who have been at the job longest are being given the opportunity of transferring into Home War Establishments or overseas, and this policy will continue.

Today's class consists mainly of Royal Air Force trainees. Of the Royal Canadian Air Force, I understand, four are Americans who have elected to remain in our Service. We welcome them, and are proud to have them with us. To the R.A.F. lads I would say, you are going back home and a warm welcome awaits you. I hope you have enjoyed your sojourn in Canada and have learned to understand and appreciate the size, the extent and opportunities of this Dominion and that when the war is over, many of you may find your way back here to remain with us for good.

To the R.C.A.F. members, I would say that many of you are going to England for the first time. You will wear the Canada badge on your shoulder and the pilot's badge on your breast. You have every reason to be proud of both. Guard them and see that no word of reproach comes to them through any fault of yours. You are in your own way, ambassadors of good will from Canada and the R.C.A.F. to England. Proud traditions are in your keeping. Honour them and add to their lustre.

Always remember that Canada is watching you; our prayers and best wishes go with you. I wish you God speed and happy landings.

Parachute Section

Although the Parachute Section reared its head in the September issue of "Wings Over Borden," we were accidentally misplaced and appear again in our rightful place, Maintenance Wing. We have been asked to write a column, as we have been asked so many times before, but needless to say, a job such as ours, which doesn't call for a great scope in variety, couldn't hope to put out a very original attempt at journalism once a month.

I can't quite remember if we have been in the news since the W.D.'s arrived at Borden, but I would like to state, for the benefit of pilots (Australians mostly), that the girls are quite capable of packing parachutes. As for recommendation to their competence, we refer you to Pilot Officer Brand and LAC Bone of "A" Flight.

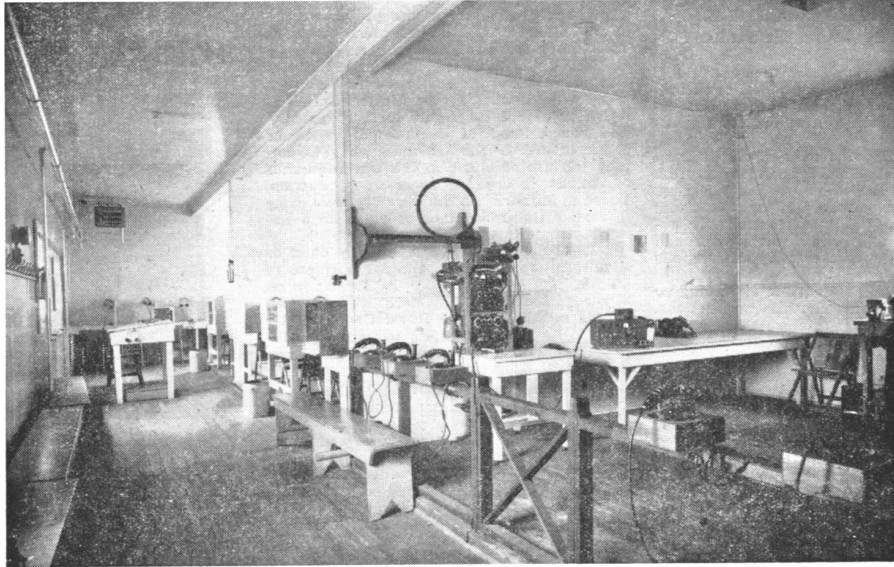
The work in this section not only calls for repacking a large number of parachutes every month, but also all the fabric work, doping and spraying of aircraft on the station. We have been told, and we say this without the least intention of bragging, that No. 1 S.F.T.S. has by far, the smartest looking aircraft in this command. This is wholly due to our competent but short-handed staff at 14 Hangar.

For the past while we have given lectures to the student pilots of G.I.S. and have tried to impress upon them the importance of keeping their parachutes in good condition.

Now whether or not this goes in one ear and out the other I can't say, but I do know this, that the "chutes" on this station take an awful beating. We stand by our claim, that any parachute will open under any conditions, if the rip cord has been pulled. But please, gentlemen, this is no excuse for kicking them around. A parachute is an expensive and valuable piece of equipment. It's the life preserver of the air, your last means of escape from an uncontrollable aircraft. It might let you down—but softly.

SGT. MANCHESTER.

G. I. S. Signals Section



This picture has been printed in the hope that it may be of help to Units similar to this Single Engine S.F.T.S. For a long time, a need was apparent for more adequate accommodation for Signals training than that provided in the G.I.S. For an equally long time, the building provided for the housing of three A.M.C. (Bombing Teacher) instruments stood empty.

The picture shows how the two were combined to form what is believed to be the best Signals establishment at any S.F.T.S. Two of the A.M.C. boys are fitted with partitioned benches, each space being equipped for receiving and sending from and to either the instructor or any other student. The third boy has been fitted with demonstrative radio and visual signals equipment. The total accommodation seated at benches, is 60.



WHAT GOES ON?

By MRS. D. M. EDWARDS

REMEMBERED from a chat with Gracie Fields after her performance in the Military Theatre the other Sunday—Miss Fields' mother and father live in California in a house she has bought there. They like it very much but her mother reports that her father is getting restless, feels that he should be in England in a munitions plant. He's a good many years past seventy!

GRACIE DISLIKES AIR TRAVEL intensely. Among her worst memories are two trips by blacked-out clipper from Los Angeles to England via Lisbon, to entertain the troops. "I just concentrate hard on why I'm going and endure it." Nothing else on earth, she added, would get her off the ground.

NEAR NEW YORK'S EAST RIVER a man with a very common name works at a most unusual job. He's a Mr. Smith and he is the only white man ever to hold a permanent post in a Chinese theatre. Through long experience the management has realized that Mr. Smith is invaluable as a ticket taker. Their own countrymen are invariably too lenient with gate crashers.

THE BEST PLAY IN NEW YORK at the moment, according to most of the reviewers, is "The Eve of Saint

Mark," by prize-winning playwright Maxwell Anderson. The author spent some time in Fort Knox to get the correct soldier-idiom and atmosphere. The play deals with raw American recruits under fire in the Philippines.

THE BRITISH DEVELOPED the commando tactics and coined the word—but leave it to the Americans to go a step further. Down in Camp Livingston, Louisiana, there's a new crop of these modern warriors in training. They're the "Swimmandos" and their military objectives are shore sentries, bridge-heads and landing bases. Swimming is their method of transportation and their uniforms are shorts with knives tucked in the belts and rifles on their backs.

MOVIE GOSSIP—Mrs. Miniver who (as surely everyone knows) is Greer Garson, is reported about to marry her 'son', less familiarly known as Richard Ney. In spite of their relationship in the famous film, there is actually no great difference in their ages.

WRITING in the women's magazine "Glamour", Paul Draper of musical-comedy fame lists a set of rules for all who would be good ball-room dancers. According to Mr. Draper, the two most important factors are the same ones which make or mar people's social success—i.e., you must be both poised and relaxed. If that sounds too vague to be practical here are two individual tips. Any man can be a good dancer, given the correct assortment of feet and legs, if he listens, really listens, to the rhythm of the music. For far too many dancers there are only two tempos, fast and slow. And if a girl wants to be a sought-after partner, she will keep her left hand firmly on the man's shoulder. That's the best clue to where his feet are going next. As for looking down at the feet themselves—that, says Mr. Draper, is disastrous.

In Defence of Music

By AC2 Bourbonais, L.M.B.

Crowds are forming in the streets! People are running from all directions. Dogs are barking, children cheering! Before long, all the buildings and homes in the vicinity are vacated, excepting the ones whose occupants may be seen looking out of the windows.

There are the policemen, trying to keep the crowds under control, and having great difficulty being heard above the cheering. Here comes the parade, led by the band! Such excitement! How much brighter everything seems with music floating through the air. The atmosphere everywhere spells **Happiness.**

We seldom think of music as having so much to do with our emotions and actions. How different even a picture show would be without that music in the background, which we usually take for granted. Seldom do we think of the long hours someone has spent labouring over each measure to make every note count. With its magic qualities it completes every movement and describes each feeling with abilities the actor lacks.

Music experiences and represents every emotion and state of a human soul. A hymn, played on an organ, for instance, has been known to soften the heart of even the worst sinner. We hear the Wedding March, and it immediately creates an atmosphere of excitement. We hear a Christmas carol and our hearts fill with joy. There is a countless number of examples shown us every day. Through mental association, music has in numerous cases, been known to restore the mind of an amnesia victim to its normal condition.

The enemy admits the influence of music on our lives. How he would like to see us completely deprived of it! In the occupied countries of Europe musicians are forbidden, under penalty of death, to congregate or play. In fact, all forms of entertainment in which music is used is forbidden anyone not connected with the Axis.

The Nazis took the city of Oslo, Norway, with, believe-it-or-not, the help of a twelve-piece German swing band, which set up in the street to perform. So much attention was arrested from the citizens by their playing, that the city was taken without a drop of blood being shed. Likewise, in the present Battle of Russia, the Germans have seized and destroyed Tchaikowsky's original manuscripts—mere pieces of paper—but some of Russia's greatest music—and

a great loss. These actions prove the enemy's belief in the effectiveness of music on a nation and his respect for its powers.

Music has made its entry into industry and has already proved its worth. Through many experiments in the United States, it has been found to greatly increase production. The number of plants employing music is increasing. Plans are under way to employ the use of music in the war industries of Canada, in order to speed up production. Those in authority in the Services have come to realize the importance of music in a nation's war effort.

The proven value of a military band as an inspirational teacher, and for purposes of morale, has brought about its formation as a recognized unit; but here we are concerned mostly with the Royal Canadian Air Force. As an appropriate example we introduce our Camp Borden Band—its activities and its progress.

Its formation was brought about last summer at Rockcliffe Air Station near Ottawa, Ontario. Here may be found experienced musicians representing every province of the Dominion. Here we have the Manning Depot for bandsmen, where musicians are trade tested and trained as bandsmen. They are then given a grouping according to their abilities, and posted out to various stations either individually or as a band. At this point we might add that apart from music lessons and preparations, our band boasts an average of ten years actual public performance for each man.

After two weeks' rehearsals at Rockcliffe, the band made its way to Camp Borden—arriving on the Station August 19th, 1942. Adaption to its new home was soon accomplished—along with the building up of a library. It wasn't long before the first concert was under way. Since then, it has made seven public appearances off the station and has seven concerts to its credit.

We are not overlooking the tremendous support given by the tradesmen. They have turned out for all parades, and as much as possible for the concerts, and have done much to improve the band. To them we give our heartiest thanks.

The band is used on all Wings Parades, Funerals, Church Parades, Ensign Raising, Inspections, and Work Parades, Sports Days, and concerts. All dances on the Station are played by our dance bands. Most of the band's time is spent rehearsing the difficult numbers in preparation for concerts and

Band President



**Flying Officer
GEORGE MILTON BURY**

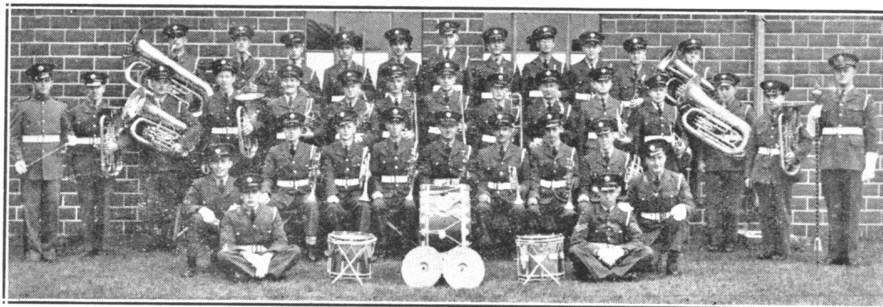
Although not a member of Mart Kenny's Orchestra, F/O G. M. Bury is one of Regina's Western Gentlemen—and musical too. He is the only man in camp who can out-benny Benny in "Love in Bloom" on the violin.

Mr. Bury was born in Manchester, England, coming to Canada as an infant. He was raised and educated in the City of Winnipeg. In 1914 at the outbreak of the last war he enlisted with the 100th Grenadier Guards. Anxious to get overseas quickly he transferred to the 19th Battery, C.F.A. He saw action for 39 months in France with this unit. In 1919 he was demobilized in Toronto.

The same year he accepted a position in the Finance Department of the Assistant Receiver-General and commenced duties as a teller in Winnipeg. He went from Winnipeg to Regina in 1924. When the Bank of Canada took over the duties of this branch of the government, Mr. Bury was promoted to an Accountant, which position he held until enlistment in the R.C.A.F. as accountant officer.

F/O Bury came to Borden a little over
(Continued on page eleven)

parades. The rest of its time is given to study, individual and sectional practice under the supervision of the Bandmaster.



BACK ROW (l. to r.)—Sansom, Nobert, Covent, Leach, R., Morgenthau, Hounscome, Bourbonais, Cushnie, Leach, V., Hart, Denne.
CENTRE ROW (l. to r.)—Sgt. Hunt (Bandmaster), McLean, Eales, Teal, Cavender, Ferguson, Gillespie, Wade, Miller, Tereshyn, Geary, Pauvish, Wilson, Boll.
FRONT ROW (l. to r.)—Charendoff, Bowlford, Simmons, Clarke, Arlitt, Donnell, Gordon.
FRONT (seated)—Rowland, Wakefield, Burrell, Allen.

Band Personalities

By AC2 GEARY, G.

Introducing members of the station band we first present **SGT. CLIFFORD HUNT**, who, before coming here as bandmaster, was solo cornetist for two years with the Ottawa Central Band. Married last June. Hails from Hamilton where he was Salvation Army bandsman—also gold medalist at Toronto and Brampton exhibitions.

Beginning with Cornet section, we find **JACK ARLITT** occupying first chair. His home is Newmarket, Ontario. Very fine soloist. Gold medalist. Son of the late bandmaster of Newmarket, also gold medalist.

Second chair is taken up by **LEN DONNELLY**, of Winnipeg. Also an S.A. bandsman. (It will be noticed that many fine brass men originate in S.A. bands). The band's secretary.

LAC JACK CHARENDOFF, from Toronto, now in the service over a year, gives valuable assistance to the dance band as well.

TOMMY BRADBEER, another Toronto boy, formerly of Harmony Symphony and of Monte Blue's dance orchestra. His tone is similar to Harry James' in his hot choruses in which he scores high. Topnotch bowler.

LAC "BART" SIMMONS, cousin of Arlitt, has spent the last two years with Toronto and Ottawa Air Force bands and is now doing his share with the Camp Borden Band. Comes from Barrie, where his wife is now living.

We come upon the Trombone Section. Here we meet **LAC KEN WADE** of Windsor, another S.A. bandsman. Single, but seriously contemplating matrimony.

MIKE MILER (Shorty) of Gravenhurst, Ontario, spends a great deal of time on musical theory. Who knows! Maybe we will have a composer in the band yet! Captains one of the bowling teams.

PETE GILLESPIE played in the 48th Highlanders' Band in Toronto, which is his home. Also a dance musician.

ART McLEAN of Barrie is a Euphonium soloist. He's the one we hear doing all that fancy stuff in "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise." Keeps the band laughing with his witty remarks.

JIMMY WILSON works very hard as the band's librarian. Aside from being a gold medal soloist on Euphonium, Jimmy also plays the guitar very well. His birthplace is Oklahoma, but spent most of his time in Toronto.

Now for the growling, rumbling bass section. **RALPH DENNE**, from Newmarket, has been a gold medalist in band competitions and don't argue with him about anything. You can't win, I tell you. Only a little fellow but he certainly gives out on the big bass horn of his.

WALLY SANSOM of Orillia, Ontario. Veteran of the last war. Keeps that double B Bass of his the best shined instrument in the band.

NICK PAVISH, another bass man, is one of the best bowlers in the band. Always the first up in the morning.

Next we come to the alto horns, without which a band would be as a sandwich without butter.

ART CANDER is from Windsor and spent much time with the Ottawa Central band.

GLEN GEARY, Vancouver, B.C. Long hair musician (ATCM-LRSM) has been coaxing modern jive out of the ivories recently.

LAC HICKY from Wingham, Ontario. 23 years of age and married. One year's service with the Reed Section. He gets along.

VIC LEACH, Toronto, Ontario. Brilliant clarinetist and sax. man . . . many years' dance band experience.

BERNIE COVENT of Toronto . . . dance band leader and promoter . . . solo clarinet and sax man. Is doing fine work on drums since departure of Bill Wakefield, former drummer, now stationed in Toronto.

BERNIE BOURBONAIS. "Bourby" is a Torontonians . . . Worships Duke Ellington . . . a solid clarinetist and sax man. Member of the dance orchestra.

ANDY CUSHNIE . . . no, this fellow is from Winnipeg. Doubles on clarinet and sax. in dance band . . . Many years' radio experience as dance musician . . . Has consistent high bowling average.

MILL HART of Kitchener, Ontario. Is a hot clarinetist and sax. man . . . a good natured chap.

MURRAY MORGENTHAU. An amiable lad from Toronto. Reliable clarinetist and an asset to the bowling team.

JOHN FERGUSON. "Fergie" from Ottawa. Plays baritone and alto sax.

STAN TERESHYN, from Thorold, Ontario. Plays sax. Always wears a smile.

BILL NOBERT, Toronto. Plays tenor sax. Idol is Kay Kyser.

BERT BURGESS, of Hamilton, where he led his own dance band. Plays bass drum, piano and clarinet.

BILL SHARP. Bass drummer, recently posted here from Toronto, where he played for two years.

In addition to the above bandsmen, there are a number of tradesmen who play voluntarily in the band. Although space does not permit further comment, we should like to pay tribute to the invaluable service they are rendering the station band.



How soon can you make it serviceable?



Library Bulletin

FLASH!—Lots of exciting, spang-new books have arrived in the Library for your autumn reading. You don't have to be that fast-disappearing character, an inveterate reader, to enjoy many of these hand-picked titles. They have been selected with you, all of you, in mind and there's something for everyone. Too many to list them all, but here are some highlights.

James Aldridge is a young (twenty-three) war correspondent who has seen action on almost every front since the war began. "Signed With Their Honour" is written out of his experience but it's more than a report of the air war over Greece, it's a heart-warming novel of youth and adventure as topical as tomorrow. Also a war story but utterly different is "The Seventh Cross" by an exiled German writer, Anna Seghers, which begins with the escape of seven prisoners from a German concentration camp. The suspense of the ensuing man-hunt and the terror and desperation of all those involved, will keep your eyes glued to the book to the last page. Then in a more romantic and somewhat lighter vein, there is that novel of the old South which has been near the top of the best seller list for the last three months, "Drivin' Woman," by Elizabeth Chevalier. "Valley of the Night" by Jeffrey Farnol and "The Dollar Gold Piece" by Virginia Swain, are also for those who like their adventure in a historical setting. We feel we must make special mention of a new novel which doesn't fit in any special category but which you mustn't miss. It's "Quicksilver" by Fitzroy Davis and it's about the theatre and theatre people. When you borrow it, find a quiet corner, tell people not to disturb you and prepare to have a good time.

If you're interested in finding out what's going on in our present-day world, and who isn't nowadays, you'll want to read "Alaska Under Arms" by Jean Potter and the biography of a very important person, "Stalin" by Emil Ludwig, and to come even nearer home, "Sabotage" by Sayers and Kahn. For those who feel the lure of far away places, we suggest "West with the Night" by Beryl Markham, one of the best travel books in many a moon.

The Library hasn't neglected the educational and practical angles of this reading business either. We've added a dozen new technical books to our stock, all of which apply to work you're doing or plan to do in future.

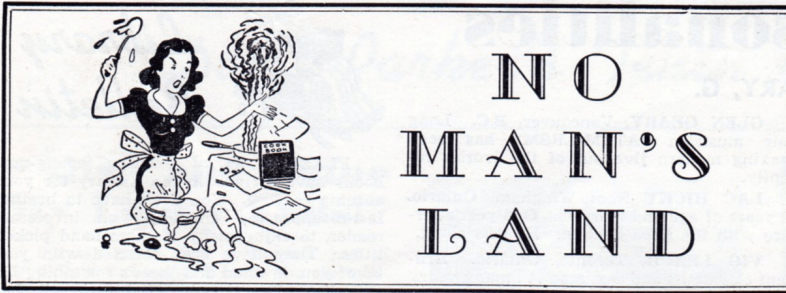
All these books and many others, the Library itself, can be only as valuable as you make it. It exists for you and by you, so make the most of it. If you have any suggestions, your Librarian will be delighted to hear them, and if you read something and enjoy it, tell your friends about it. Remember it is **your** Library and its success or failure depends on you.

F/O BURY

(Continued from page ten)

a year ago, and has taken an interest in many station activities. In June, on the posting of S/L Badgley, he assumed the duties of President of the Station Band. F/O Bury is a keen musician and before coming to Borden he played for many years as 1st violinist in concert orchestras. Under his able management the band has developed into a great asset for No. 1 S.F.T.S.

F/O Bury is married and has three children. All are residents of Barrie at present.



Gracie Fields at Borden

GRACIE FIELDS. No name in the theatrical world is as synonymous with entertainment as that of Fields. Needless to go into an account of past performances nor of her present tours. Enough to say that Sunday, Nov. 1, performance was "tops."

The evening began with selections by the Army band until time for the radio broadcast. At the finish of the broadcast the audience joining in singing the signature, "Wish Me Luck as You Wave Me Goodbye," the real show began. With "Now we'll get something done," Miss Fields shoved aside the mike and really went to town.

Whether by accident or intent, the songs for the evening were singularly apropos. With "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" for the men of the armed services, and "Walter, Walter, Lead Me to the Altar" for the almost desperate W.D. (never have their most secret wishes been so well voiced), Gracie managed to "touch" most of the audience. Favorites such as "The Greatest Aspidistra in the World" and "Ave Maria" proved her versatility and received an enthusiastic response.

Miss Fields' gown of white georgette studded with gold beads and topped with a jacket of gold sequins caused a stir of

interest in the women in the crowd, and no doubt some envy. A blue chiffon hankie served as accessory and as a complete set of stage props. Used as a bubushka and a scarf, it costumed every character from factory girl to Walter's sweetie.

The show was a success. May we have another like it soon.

—RCAF—

FOUND

Elsewhere in these pages you were told the story of the lost poem. The cooks, remember? Well, just before handing in our copy the little rascal turned up again.

We are the cooks of the W.D.
We went to Guelph to the O.A.C.
We drilled, we cooked,
We wrote our test,
We think our job is one of the best.
We were posted to Borden first of all,
One day in April, if I recall.
We felt very happy coming here,
At least we could spread a little cheer.
We cooked—we cleaned our mess up too,
And now we are trying to show you
That we can cook, sure we can,
So let us cook now for the men.
In this new place we call the mess
Is where I'm sure we'll do our best.
So in Wings Over Borden, mention, please
That there are cooks in the W.D.'s.

LAW GILBERT.

Arts and Crafts

One of the most instructive and worthwhile evenings was spent recently by the Women's Division at a meeting held by Mrs. McCulloch, wife of S/L McCulloch. The talk, on handicrafts, took in leather workmanship, pottery, sewing, felt work, and various crafts. Held in the Airmen's lounge, Nov. 2, it was attended by officers of the Women's Division and interested airwomen. "That sort of thing" had been given up by most of us on donning a uniform, but the introduction of new, novel, and reasonable ideas has invoked interested response.

Mrs. McCulloch comes from Prestwick, Ayrshire, Scotland. Immediately on leaving Varsity she began pioneering in a new field. In order to take unemployed Scotch youth, between the ages of 14 to 18, off the streets, the "Junior Instruction Centre" was formed. This organization, at which attendance was compulsory, gave courses in academic and vocational subjects. One of the first in the field Mrs. McCulloch helped organize the centres. When war work wiped out unemployment and the need for the centres dissolved, she was one of the youngest superintendents in the organization. At the time of her leaving Scotland to make her home in Canada, some two years ago, she was actively engaged in war work with evacuee children.

The Women's Division would like to thank her for the time and effort spent in their behalf. Such genuine and constructive interest is greatly appreciated.

—RCAF—

They Stuck to Their Job

After a long evening's work, AW2 Gowan found this little gem of wisdom lying in the bottom of her work basket. At the time it inspired nothing but sarcasm, but later consideration brought out its appeal. The moral is plain to be seen, but she did feel that something better should have awaited her when through honest toil, and "fair wear and tear" (a phrase well known to equipment assistants) she finally reached the bottom of her basket. It is faintly reminiscent of that sentence we used to practice when typing, "A job well done is its own best reward," which is still a matter of opinion. However, here it is:

Diamonds are only chunks of coal
That stuck to their jobs, you see;
If they petered out like most of us do,
Where would the diamonds be?

It isn't the fact of making a start,
It's sticking that counts, I'll say,
It's the fellow who knows the meaning
of fail,
But keeps hammering and hammering
away.

So whenever you think you have come
to the end,
And you're beaten as bad as can be,
Remember that diamonds are chunks
of coal
That stuck to their jobs, you see.

—RCAF—

Jenkins: "How much of your salary do you take home to your wife on pay day?"

Simpson: "None of it."

Jenkins: "How's that?"

Simpson: "She meets me outside the office and takes it home herself."



AW1 Mullins, C. T., Detroit, of Met. Section, transcribes on weather map the code report.

Quid Nunc?

"Now is the time," the "Y" man said, "when we must have some copy." (To paraphrase Lewis Carroll). But the will to be willing, and the wish to be wooing, catches us at odds. The power of the press, however, is not to be trifled with and an opportunity to be "chatty" (catty?) is definite temptation to a couple of women.

Observant, isn't he?

We know a young man who has a clever treatise on Canadian girls—but discretion being the greatest part of valor—and diplomatic relations having to be catered to—the press and the public will suffer great loss not seeing it in print. An excerpt from his observations follows:

Meeting and getting to know a Canadian girl, evidently, must follow certain periods of development. First she takes into consideration the time on hand—then subconsciously she progresses (or allows him too accordingly. The stages are quite evident and can be subdivided:

A.—You just must walk down Main Street with her so so-and-so can see you. "Just wait until she sees me with you!"

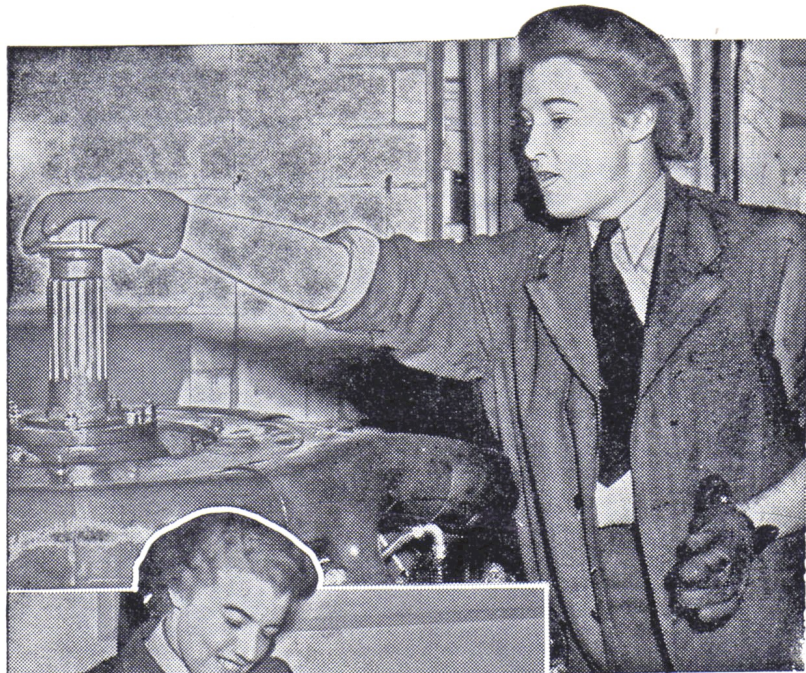
B.—She wants your photo.

C.—She'll only too gladly give you one of her.

D.—You must come home and meet her parents.

E.—You just must write—(if you do write, replies can be expected by return mail or shortly thereafter).

Any other developments depend on the ingenuity and personality of the airman—docility of the lady.



AW1 GOWANS, B.



From left to right:

A/S/O PATTERSON

S/O E. E. REED

S/O N. HARGAN



—Photos on Women's Pages reproduced through courtesy Toronto Evening Telegram.



Where is That Poem?

Everyone likes a little publicity or notoriety as the case may be, and the cooks of the W.D. are no exception. For months now they have begged to see their names in print, and even went so far as to have LAW Gilbert write a poem on their individual efforts. That poem has kicked around from corporal to reporter; from envelope to pocket; and when last seen was on its way to the cleaners via LAW Gowan's tunic. We hope they understand the inefficiency and lackadaisical attitude of the guilty parties are no reflection on the appreciation and affection that the rest of us hold for them and the job they are doing. LAW Hawkins is beginning to have a most belligerent attitude and we fear expulsion to the Airmen's mess. Our Irish backs and puts up a fighting front at that shade of green.

Kiss-a-Kiss

Johnny-kiss-a-kiss Mabbett is working up quite a reputation these days. (Aside from the fact it is rumoured he managed to pass his instrument check). The women's barracks are simply seething with jealousy after watching Casanova do a beautiful job of saying (?) goodnite to Ola Mallott, and that demonstration, plus his affectionate greeting of "kiss-a-kiss" is making Ola the envy of the whole W.D. WOTTA MAN—

Hotdamn

There were once two airwomen who were feeling quite smug about not having to appear on C.O.'s inspection. On retiring the morning of the fateful day (having worked graveyard shift the nite before), they goaded shining and starched companions with their beautiful freedom. Never had the silver lining in nite work gleamed

so silvery. Curled and creamed to the "nth" degree, they dropped off to sleep, soundlessly (?).

To a rude awakening!

Between 1100 and 1200 hrs. enter one C.O.'s parade fully equipped—in its wake—two completely subdued and meek little airwomen; one with a hoarse, wee whisper, "hotdamn."

That's an Angle, Not an Attitude

When you see the W.D. striding along, chin front, rest following—they're not asking for trouble. That fighting stance—that lean-to build—is a by-product of Borden's winds. It's a well-known, if not accepted fact, that women have hips, but this 45-degree angle walk, used for buffetting the winds does nothing to disguise the sad state of affairs. As one W.D. cried when trying on her great coat, "This behind all."

"Dad" Parker's Tenth Anniversary

"Rise and Shine My Lucky Lads!"

For ten years now at Borden, just at the time in the morning when the old bunk gets most comfortable, a somewhat dynamic voice has rudely interrupted the dreams of a lot of tousled-headed sergeants. The voice of Dad Parker. Do they mind—well, just ask them! Dad's boys, as he calls them, are fighting in every part of the Empire, doing a big job for King and Country at present, but to him they are still just a bunch of sleepy headed lads who hated to get up early in the morning even in peacetime, when war clouds didn't loom darkly on the horizon.

Who is "Dad" Parker, someone asks? He's five-foot-two of dynamic Welshman, and although he's a veteran of two wars, looks fully capable of taking a good healthy wallop at the enemy again.

How old is "Dad" Parker? Physically, I can't say—but his spirit is as old as the Empire that he fought for twice, and is serving once again, although not in uniform at No. 1 S.F.T.S.

Dad was born in Wales. He received his early education there at grammar school. As is the custom of the country after leaving school he started to support himself at the age of twelve in the coal mines. That's where "Dad" really enrolled in the College of Hard Knocks. Twice he was carried away from the mines for dead. Once he was trapped under tons of rock and survived for days on brandy passed through an iron pipe—until finally the rescuers reached him. He joined the Imperials and when the Boer War broke out at the end of the century, was among the first to go. In 1914 he joined again and served through the last war. In the meantime Cupid stepped in and he married Elizabeth Ann, the daughter of a Cardiff dockmaster, who is his sweetheart still. They have a large family, one of the boys serving in the East as Sgt/P and another one over in England. Younger ones are waiting to join. When the depression was on, Dad and his family booked passage to Canada and they settled near Lisle. Here after years of struggle, they have raised their family, acquired a home of their own, and land with rich soil, that yields bushels of vegetables every year.

Dad is one of Nature's gentlemen. Never does he pass the flag without raising his hat, never an officer without tipping it. Dad is a friend of everyone on the Station, self effacing as he always is, you know that Dad's always in there pitching. He always has a word of good cheer or encouragement. There's always a smile on that rugged map of his.

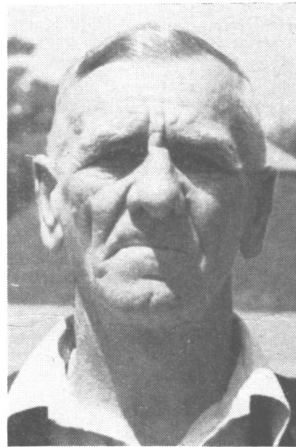
As a tribute to Dad from those that knew him in the past, those that will know him in the future, and those that know him now—"It's been a better place because you have been here."

—RCAF—

He: "Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?"

She: "I don't believe anyone ever did."

He: "Then where'd you ever get the idea?"



"DAD"

Remembrance Day

Remembrance Day this year has a special significance for both old soldiers and the present generation. There is no lack of interest this year, although the present conflict would seem to overshadow all other events.

It is nearly a quarter of a century since the last Armistice. At that time the world heaved a sigh of relief and there was great rejoicing. But now we grieve for those who are suffering, and we must also pay tribute to our honoured dead, not forgetting those who returned, many of them broken in limb and many broken in spirit.

Today, we are surrounded by men and women in the King's Uniform, which makes us fully realize what our lads sacrificed in 1914-18. We see the lads today leave the comfort of their homes, separated from their loved ones, their associations and the land that bore them. All these things must come home to us as we see another generation go to fight.

This Remembrance Day above all, while honouring the dead, we must also remember the living. These with their comrades who fell in the last conflict endured all that humans could endure. Hardships became a joke, they did not endure it—they derided it. Never was such triumph of spirit over matter. And we must always remember those that gave their all that we may be free.

—RCAF—

LOOK FOR THE BEST

Look out for the best in others,
Look for the finest things first.
Be sure you've found all the good things
Before recognizing the worst.

Too often put out by some quarrel
Past goodness we're apt to forget
And ties of affection are broken,
By words that we live to regret.

Now many a friendship is broken,
Because when it comes to the test
We only see all the bad points,
And fail to remember the best.

Dedicated To My Dear Friend

F/O NUGENT

Oh stricken hearts with sudden sorrow
The one we loved is not lost for aye,
The darkest night brings a bright tomorrow
And joy awaits at dawn of day.

Though he has passed beyond our vision
His soul has fled to lands more fair,
God has need of him in heaven,
Rest assured he's in God's care.

Who knows even now from land eternal,
He gazes in pity upon our tears;
Though gone from earth in God's due season,
We shall meet again in happier spheres.

So let us one and all endeavour,
To meet upon that golden shore,
With tears and sorrow gone for ever
We'll meet again to part no more.

A Voice

It was only a voice heard in a crowd
But it seemed to lift a heavy cloud,
Words that were meant for a stranger's ears
Banished my doubts and calmed my fears.

The voice arose both loud and clear
Bidding all be of good cheer
And help to bear each other's load—
Along the hard and stony road.

The speaker passed into the throng
But in my heart he left a song.
A message of hope for a weary day
Something to help me on my way.

We never know who'll overhear
So say only things that please and cheer,
And by some word that we have said
Someone will surely be comforted.

—RCAF—

Hate and Love

Somewhere in the New Testament, Christ tells his disciples to hate the sin but not the sinner. It seems to us that this admonition is one the world needs very badly right now.

To reconcile ourselves to a world of hate, war and death, we are apt to shelve Christianity as another luxury until the war is won. Yet was there ever a time in the world's history when the great testament of love was more needed?

Christ was no appeaser. Our pacific policy of the past years, by which we forestalled the evil day until it burst upon us in all its fury, was not a Christian policy. Christ would have hated with all the hate of a strong man the extinction of the individual, the aggression and cruelty which the democracies, like the Levite in the Samaritan story, viewed from the other side.

Hate is a strong emotion, almost as strong as love, and surely if we hate the sin, the cruel degradation of man to an all powerful state, and love the sinner, our enemy, surely if we can do all these we will win not only the war, but also peace.

AW2 GOWAN.

CAROL FOR OUR NOEL



This Editor wishes to draw to your attention the colorful career of our D.A.P.M., Flying Officer Noel Arnold. It all started in London, England, where on the 15th of December, 1897, our little Noel was born. He was educated at "Laleham" Margate, England, and rumour has it, that he was a brilliant but mischievous scholar. In June, 1915, he attended an Officers' Training Course at "Inns of Court" London, England. This was climaxed in July 1916 by his appointment to 2nd Lieutenant in 3/6th Devon Regiment.

In December 1916 he was sent into battle with the 2/6th Devons at Peshawar, North West Frontier, India, and again with "The Buffs", in Mesopotamia (now Iraq). After Armistice was signed he was sent on special duty into Persia, on his return to Mesopotamia in 1920 he was appointed to the Civil Administration of that State and later placed in charge of a section of refugees at Baquabah. However, these menial tasks did not satisfy the lust for adventure in Noel, so he was sent into action in the Arab Rebellion of 1922. In the summer of 1922 he was a member of the Expedition into Kurdistan and on his return he was placed in charge of a shipment of 3,000 Armenian refugees.

(Continued on page sixteen)

They Work by Night

Some time ago, in the Saturday Evening Post, a cartoon appeared showing a buck private reporting for guard duty, and with him he had a radio, a lamp, books and many other comforts. That cartoon is the dream of the Security Guard, but due to a very efficient officer, Flying Officer Arnold, and a Flight Sergeant, Flight Sergeant Fitter, our dreams just don't come true.

When you see a squad of men marching through the Attention Area with their arms thrown shoulder high, and their chests expanded, you can be sure they are Security Guards. That is the way to recognize us.

Although few people on the Station realize that we are here, we are gradually making ourselves known through our precision squad and comfortable barracks, which I might add are the envy of the Station.

The Security Guard have been called upon to perform many varied tasks, such as funeral parties, crash guards, etc., and some weeks ago we were asked to form a precision squad to demonstrate before the public in Barrie. Although we still had to keep our guards on duty we managed to put out a squad which we hope you were proud of, as evidenced by the picture below.

We as a whole take our job very seriously, but we do have our fun and time for recreation. On many occasions the Guard Room phone has rung loudly, bringing the Corporal out of a beautiful dream. A voice

wildly exclaims, "Someone is moving in the bushes, shall I shoot?" Immediately the Corporal rushes to the scene of the crime, but to his dismay and disappointment finds not a sinister looking saboteur bent on destruction, but a lonely deer out for a midnight snack. As you can see by this, Guard Duty is not altogether drab and monotonous.

The opportunity has presented itself many times for us to take flips, and for this opportunity we wish to extend our appreciation to the instructors. Whenever a fellow returns from one of these hops you can hear him coming, bragging loudly about how he went through several loops, spins, side-slips, and slow rolls without feeling a bit whoozie. Some of the guards are unable to hide their true feelings and they have a bit of a time finding their stomachs again somewhere between Barrie and Camp Borden. Even this sickness has not dampened their spirits and their desire to become pilots. We are grateful for this opportunity to get the thrills of flying. It is certain that every guard will do his best to get the chance of earning his wings.

It is very hard for us to know you as we are always changing but we extend to you on behalf of our Officer, an invitation to visit our barracks of which we are very proud.

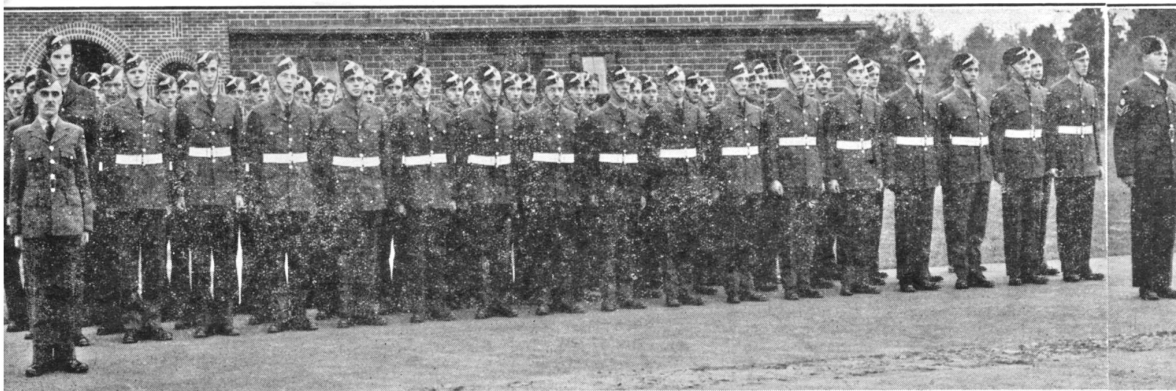
On closing, we would like to offer a poem quoted from the Guardian, a magazine put out by the Security Guard.

"WHEN THE GUARD'S ALL DONE THIS FALL"

There once was a young civilian, who left his mother true,
And joined up in the service, to wear the airforce blue.
They made him do some guarding, to which he gave his all,
For he would see his mother, when the guard's all done this fall.

One night that poor young airman, went out to stand on guard.
The night was dark and stormy and raining very hard.
While climbing to his tower, from it, he did fall,
And he'll not see his mother, when the guard's all done this fall.

This is the sad, sad story, of a boy who never knew
That training to be a pilot wasn't all he'd have to do.
If you can't believe me, if my tale seems tall
Remember he'll not see his mother, when the guard's all done this fall.



The Security Guard Drill Squad made a big hit at Barrie's Exhibition recently. At left, WO2 E. A. McCorkindale, Station disciplinarian, and at right, F/Sgt J. R. Fitter, NCO in charge of Security Guard Drill Squad.

The Realm of Sport By CPL. McKAY, T. N.

BOWLING

No. 1 S.F.T.S. is well represented in the Barrie Town League, having entered two teams.

The "A" team consisting of F/O McAsk-in, J., S/M Falls, A., F/Sgt Pearsall, A., LAC's Chomiski, A., Fulton, E., Bertrand, A., should go a long way and supply very tough opposition for the town teams.

The "B" team of F/Sgt Harding, S., F/Sgt Fitter, J., Sgt. LaBelle, M., LAC's Montgomery, VanSickle and Duguid will also supply very strong opposition in the minor loop and be in the money at playoff time.

So, if any of you folks are in town on a Monday or Tuesday night, drop into the local alleys and give the lads a bit of a cheer.

—RCAF—

BOXING

LAC Dunkleman, L., LAC Rowland, A. H., and AC Spraggett, J., brought honours to this station when they journeyed to the Army Area and competed in a boxing show staged in the Y.M.C.A. Auditorium on November 4.

In the 170-lb. class, Dunkleman (Course 66) defeated Pte. Cochrane of A-9 in a bout marked with a lot of action. Dunkleman took his worthy opponent in the first round by the T.K.O. route.

LAC Rowland (Servicing), weighing 135 lbs., had to enter the heavier class, as no allowance was made. A whirlwind of rights and lefts in the second round against Pte. Fontaine of A-9 gave the Air Force boy the bout by the T.K.O.

AC Spraggett, the smooth 135 pounder from Montreal, met Pte. White of the 2nd Army Tank Brigade in a fast three-round match. Jimmy outclassed his opponent right from the start and after weakening him in the first two rounds, came out for the third to win the fight by T.K.O.

The R.C.A.F. boxers were accompanied by LAC "Andy" Adamson, trainer, and J. M. Bampfield, of the Y.M.C.A.

—RCAF—

CAROL FOR OUR NOEL

(Continued from page fifteen)

to the Port of Batou on the shores of the Black Sea, he then returned to Mesopotamia to complete some duties after which he returned to England.

The civil life of this gentleman is even more varied than his life as a soldier. 1923 found him sheep ranching in Western Australia, during 1924-25-26 he was Asst. General Manager of a gold mine in Korea, China. In 1927 he returned to England via Canada. In 1927-28-29 he managed an estate in Kenya Colony, British East Africa, returning again to England in 1929 to take a well deserved vacation. During this vacation he visited the United States and Canada, the latter, however, held his interest and he remained in this country and in 1932 he was made Manager and Secretary of "Fur Ranches Ltd." at Lindsay, Ont. He continued in this capacity until the outbreak of the present war. After the "call to the colors" was sounded in 1939 he made repeated attempts to enlist and was finally accepted and appointed to a commissioned rank with the R.C.A.F. in July, 1941.

We take our hats off to you Flying Officer Arnold and wish you every success in the future.

J. H. NEVILLE, Sgt.

BASKETBALL

The Station basketball team have had a few practices, and from all indications another squad of high calibre will be formed to represent No. 1 S.F.T.S. in the Camp Borden league, and perhaps come out on top with the championship again this year.

F/O Len Rogers has consented to coach this year's team and with F/L "Jake" Alexander, F/O Harvey Funkhouser and P/O Lorne Brand from last year's team to give their support, the coaching staff is well looked after.

Among those trying out for the team are: Harris, Rivoire, Mitchell, Consaul, Goldberg, Curtiss, Schleicher, Walton, Weiber, MacQueen, Lowry, Alcombrack and Swedlove.

A fast, well-balanced team will be formed worthy of your support, so come out and cheer the boys along.

—RCAF—

FORMER CATCHER MISSING

(Reprinted from The Barrie Examiner)

STAR CATCHER in the summer of 1941 with the Camp Borden R.C.A.F. baseball team Flight Sergeant Jimmy Matches is reported missing overseas. . . he was just 19 and was one of the Owen Sound district's most promising athletes. . . receiving his wings at Borden when he was 18 he proceeded overseas and topped his class in advanced training in Scotland. . . one of our last recollections of Jimmy Matches was at a final ball game in the late summer of 1941 at Borden. . . the Flyers were missing their catcher, who was "in the air" somewhere. . . they stalled for time while the Fort Garry Horse were howling to get the game going. . . eventually a plane zoomed in low over the field, somebody yelled "that's Jimmy," and in a few minutes the likeable youth, grinning sheepishly, came dashing onto the diamond, apologizing profusely about having been tied up in a final navigation test, and then proceeded to play the game of his life.

—RCAF—

WOMEN'S DIVISION SPORTS ACTIVITIES

BOWLING

The Women's Division are entering a team in the station bowling tournament and are intending to give the men's teams some stiff competition.

Comprised of Cpls. Lucas (captain), Back, Laws, Malott, Martynuk, Smith, and AW's Furnidge and Flack, the team's average is well in the 200's. They should put up a good show and are anxious to get into the fray.

—RCAF—

BASKETBALL

A basketball team is being organized which we hope will compete in inter-station games. At the moment it is still in the early stages of development, but a few more practices and it will be raring to go.

A complete set of uniforms is ready and waiting. Blue satin shorts and slacks with red jersey blouses, across the top "Pilets" in white lettering. A temptation even to those who can't play.

It is hoped that in addition to the station team several teams will be formed amongst ourselves with an eye to a busy winter season and some good games. Everyone interested come on out.

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Man of the house: "I miss the old cuspidor since it's gone."

The Mrs.: "You missed it before. That's why it's gone."

What a Life!



We all must perspire
Offending's the error—
That's why the girls
Think the Sergeant's a terror.

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THEY TOIL WITHOUT GLORY

(Continued from page five)

know its importance. They know that, each day, they have done something to help to win the war. In that knowledge they are happy. They are well content.

Let me take you to a fighter station during the season when cross-channel sweeps are being made. On the days when these are at their height, the squadrons take off three or four times. That means heavy work for the ground crews. It means constant and careful checking of engine and airframe. But these men do not complain. If the aircraft they service are in action—it is their fight. If their pilot does a victory roll as he comes in to a landing—it is their victory.

They have a peculiar sense of possession. It is their aircraft—their pilot—their crew—their war—their victory.

Let me tell you of another incident. Recently, one of our bomber squadrons was converted from twin-engine bombers to heavy, four-engined types. The aircrew had made the change in record time—just half the time previously taken by any other squadron. They completed their conversion, a very few days before the first thousand bomber raid on Cologne. But while the aircrew was completing its job, the ground crew had accomplished an even greater task. Faced with new aircraft there were hundreds of minor additions and modifications that had to be made. Fitters, riggers, engine mechanics, armourers, even clerks, all turned in. They worked night and day. They had as little as four hours' sleep one night. At times there were as many as thirty men working on one aircraft. But, when the Commander-in-Chief gave the order that sent another thousand bombers into the air; THAT squadron was ready. It sent out the largest number of aircraft it had ever done. It dropped four times the weight of bombs that it had ever dropped. Every aircraft functioned perfectly.

You didn't read about those ground crew in the stories that were headlined all over the world because:

THEY TOIL WITHOUT GLORY

But the men who flew the giant bombers knew what THEY had done. They did not spare their praise. And I can tell you, the Wing Commander of that squadron knows that he has the finest ground crew now serving the British Isles.

They serve with little praise; no medals;

no glory. Yet there is bravery where chance it falls.

Take for instance, the bravery of Flight Sergeant Lummis who was working with gasoline in a hangar at Trenton, Ontario. Suddenly, a full can of gasoline burst into flame. Calmly, Flight Sergeant Lummis carried it towards the doors of the hangar. Ahead of him was the expanse of the aerodrome; behind him, a hangar crammed with precious aircraft. The heat was intense; and Lummis, his hands and face burned, was forced to set down his blazing load. For an instant he looked back—saw that hangar filled with valuable planes. Again he picked it up, the searing hot flames licking over his face and chest, blistering his hands, and carried it hundreds of feet beyond the hangar—to safety. He nearly lost his life, but he saved many priceless aircraft. In time, Flight Sergeant Lummis was awarded the George Medal. And remember, decorations are hard to get in Canada.

This is the hour—(as I told you, it is two o'clock in the morning here) at which our bombers may be expected to arrive over the spot, in Germany, which has been designated; target for tonight.

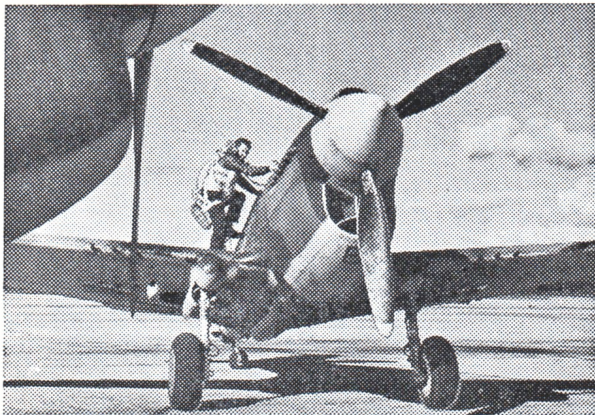
At this very moment, German people may be dashing madly to the shelters as more than one thousand aircraft sound over their heads. Their night may be made hideous with the shriek of descending bombs; the bursting of incendiaries; the explosions of the anti-aircraft batteries.

And if (at this very moment) a German war factory is disintegrating under the weight of heavy bombs; if a submarine base is heaving from its foundations;—give praise to the flying crew certainly. But save a few—or more than a few—of your words of praise for the ground crew—the men who make such gigantic raids possible.

Save some of your cheers for THEM.

Each time you read in your papers of a bombing attack; or of a vicious fighter battle; or the sinking of a submarine, remember the ground crew. Each time I leave an air station (usually at night) my heart goes out to these men: to whom I now pay tribute.

Let me assure their relatives that their efforts to win this war are as important as any other. They shall not go unrecognized. Let your prayers be for them too, for in so doing, you pray for the safety of them that fly. The ground crew pursue a noble calling, and:—

THEY TOIL WITHOUT GLORY!**CANADIAN JAP-SLAPPERS**

Pilot of an R.C.A.F. Kittyhawk fighter climbs aboard his plane before going aloft on a patrol in Alaska. Canada's airmen, serving with those of the United States in the northern outpost, have already drawn Jap blood.

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BARRIE

Special Attention Given
To Graduating Classes.

Life at Edenvale

A class of student pilots prepares to move along to the final leg of a lengthy and arduous course, which each member of the class hopes will lead to his presentation with a set of Air Force wings, the coveted insignia of a graduate pilot. The particular class concerned in this article is Course 58 at No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden, but is typical of any class of student pilots at a Service Flying Training School in Canada. These young men are making preparations to be transferred for the final month's training at Edenvale, Camp Borden's Advanced Training Unit. All are feeling greatly relieved, since Ground School examinations have been completed and, in most cases, flying tests are also behind them. In these circumstances, one can expect a keen anticipation of the new and more complete training provided at Edenvale. This is decidedly the case as one will note from the conversations carried on by these lads.

The reader may wonder where Edenvale is situated as it is probably not marked on the ordinary map. It is almost directly north of Camp Borden, a distance of twelve miles by air and quite close to the southern shore of Georgian Bay.

The student's first impression of Edenvale is of its isolation from the more popular areas to which he has been accustomed. However, he resigns himself to his lot, realizing that in actual operations against the enemy he can hardly expect to be stationed in the immediate vicinity of the gay city life. He also assures himself that while foregoing outside pleasures throughout the week he will make the most of his weekends off.

On his arrival at Edenvale the student finds that part of the class will be living in tents. Here again, is a similarity to conditions which he may encounter on operations where the comforts and luxuries to which he may have been accustomed in civilian life are more or less non-existent. The tents, however, are only in use temporarily and, during the winter months, the students will be billeted in barracks.

Now let us endeavour to ascertain what type of training is undergone at Edenvale. The student has, of course, been taught all the fundamentals of flying in both elementary and advanced aircraft before he is considered ready for advanced training. With this knowledge, it can be correctly assumed that the Advanced Training Unit provides the necessary link between termination of the students' instruction in the proper handling of an aircraft, both in the air and on the ground and actual participation by him, as a graduate pilot in aerial warfare.

The class, having arrived and more or less settled, is marched to the hangar and is addressed in the Operations Room by the O.C. of the Unit or his representative. Here is a significant term, Operations Room, or Ops Room, as it is referred to normally. The class is given a clear and concise explanation of duties and responsibilities and particular stress is laid upon the greater opportunity for the individual to use his initiative at this station. The student now feels he is to assume greater responsibilities.

The similarity of the work undertaken at A.T.U. to that at an operational aerodrome overseas can best be illustrated by a brief description of the flying exercises. On arrival at the hangar before both morning and afternoon flying, each student must look at the operations board to see whether he is listed for operational work. If so, he prepares for his flight at the time stated regardless of any previous assignment he may

have had. Operations take precedence over all other work at A.T.U.

The list of daytime operations carried out contains the following: Bombing Run, Reconnaissance, Formation Cross Country and Sealed Orders. In the first two, the student flies with an instructor and in the last two with a fellow student. In each case, however, the student plots all courses and does all the piloting or navigating, as the case may be.

The Bombing Run usually consists of setting course at a certain height over the aerodrome, climbing on track to the height at which the flight is to be made and commencing a let-down so that a definite height will be reached over the target. This is all carried out as blind or instrument flying, and invariably the student finds himself at or very near the target at his estimated time of arrival. Now, flying by contact, he pinpoints his way to the target. Then comes the interesting part, the feigned bombing. The instructor demonstrates the manner in which the bombing should be carried out. On completion of the bombing, the student flies by instrument back to Edenvale. Probably on return he will tell his fellow students that there is no need for any of them to bomb the bridge at Freeport as he has just destroyed it completely.

The Reconnaissance also consists of flying by instruments from Edenvale to the recco point, as it is called. Then, having identified the place, the pilot patrols a track over the ground, flying by contact. After so many minutes of patrol, he is to pinpoint himself and estimate as closely as possible, the course and distance to Edenvale and the time of arrival. The estimated course is then flown entirely by means of instruments.

Now we come to the operations which are carried out by students only, of which the most interesting seem to be the formation cross-country flights. Three aircraft take part in this operation, each containing a pilot and a navigator. The pilot is captain of the aircraft and is responsible for its safe return to base, but is dependent upon the navigator for a great deal of assistance. The three aircraft take off separately and meet at a specified point possibly ten miles from the aerodrome. Here they form up, one having previously been designated leader. Formation flying is carried out to another point approximately fifty miles from the first. On arrival at the latter place, the formation breaks up on signal from the leader, and each aircraft flies to a different recco point, where within ten minutes, the navigator must draw a map of the town in detail, especially noting all points which would prove valuable to operational headquarters. This done, each pilot sets course for a rendezvous which is usually at least eighty or ninety miles distant, and having met there the three aircraft fly formation back to base. The surprising part to all students concerned is that, as a general rule, all arrive at the rendezvous within one minute or less of one another.

Lastly, the sealed order flight entails the flying by pilot and navigator to a town and, on their arrival, the pilot hands the navigator sealed orders which have been prepared by the Operations Officer. These orders are to be followed to the letter, and, usually include reconnaissance of a town, flying a track by means of a course which the navigator plots in the air. At the end of a certain number of minutes' flight along

(Continued on page nineteen)

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The Primate's Visit to the Fleet

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. William Temple, recently paid a formal visit to the Home Fleet. This is believed to be the first time that the Primate of All England has visited the Fleet in wartime.

Dr. Temple made the visit at the invitation of Admiral Sir John C. Tovey, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet. He was accompanied by the Chaplain of the Fleet, the Ven. Archdeacon Thomas Crick, and by his own chaplain. A destroyer was sent to a Northern port to take the Archbishop to the Fleet anchorage, and he was met at the quay by the Captain of the Fleet, Captain E. D. B. McCarthy.

The sun was shining through broken clouds as the destroyer left the harbour, and outside a high wind had raised a heavy swell. During the trip the Archbishop walked around the deck and talked and joked with the sailors.

When the Commander-in-Chief's barge took the Archbishop from the destroyer to the Flagship, the Commander-in-Chief and the Commanding Officer of the Flagship, Captain P. J. Mack, were waiting at the head of the battleship's gangway to greet him.

On Saturday evening the Archbishop was entertained to dinner by the Com-

LIFE AT EDENVALE

(Continued from page eighteen)

the track, the pilot sets a course given him by the navigator for base. The navigator has also estimated a time of arrival and both he and the pilot pinpoint and mapread, besides keeping a log enroute.

The ultimate result of these operations is a definite understanding by the student of what is to be expected of him Overseas. They also give the student confidence in himself and his fellow-student. Much of inestimable value is learned in map-reading and pinpointing and best of all, the student learns to rely on his instruments. Flying by the seat of one's pants, as the saying goes, has become obsolete in this war.

Another benefit derived from A.T.U. is the manner in which all operations are carried out to schedule. The Operations Officer is in and about the Operations Room at all times, urging students to complete their plotting, so that the aircraft may be off the ground at the time stated on the board. He also has his "rumble book" which contains the list of fines for neglect, that may cause a delay in the schedules.

Thus far, nothing has been said of advanced formation flying, night cross-country lights, mutual instrument instruction (one student acting as safety pilot for another), the use of radio telephony, air to air and air-to-ground firing and actual bombing. All these form part of the training syllabus at A.T.U.

On the less interesting side, the student has certain fatigues to perform. These often seem very undesirable at the time, but are helpful and essential at a small station and are not entirely lacking in benefit to the student himself.

Now enough of the activities at Edenvale aerodrome. The course is drawing to a close, and the student can think of but one thing, the Wings Parade, with the subsequent leave. Of course, he is interested in his posting, but of paramount importance is the set of wings for which he has been striving for a year. Wish him success for he has worked hard to attain the position in which he can perform duties of great value for his country.

mander-in-Chief. His programme for Sunday began with a service on board the Flagship immediately after breakfast. Awnings had been rigged on the catapult deck, turning it into a huge marquee.

Inside it was draped with flags. With more than 1,000 of the ship's company present it was packed to capacity. The service, which was conducted by the ship's Chaplain, the Rev. J. C. Waters, began with hymns to the accompaniment of the Royal Marines band, and prayers. Then the Archbishop preached a sermon. In a quiet conversational tone, which instantly got the attention of every man, he explained the meaning and value of prayer.

During the service the ship's black and white cat found its way into the marquee. It jumped on the seat next to the Archbishop, who stroked it, and for the rest of the service the cat sat quietly at his feet.

Immediately after this service, the Archbishop was taken ashore by boat, where he preached a second sermon at another service held in a canteen building, which was attended by officers and men of other ships in the Home Fleet and the local command.

After lunch, Captain Mack showed the Archbishop round the ship. They climbed in and out of the gun turrets and visited the bridge and fighting top. After his tour Dr. Temple said: "I am not at all mechanically minded. It was all black magic to me, but very wonderful black magic."

During the afternoon, 15 Chaplains from ships of the Fleet visited the Flagship for a conference with the Archbishop, and for more than two hours they discussed the problems of their work.

In the evening the Archbishop attended



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a service on board a destroyer depot ship and delivered his third sermon of the day.

Next morning he left the Home Fleet in a destroyer, having stayed with them from Saturday to Monday. Just before he left he said that he was very impressed with the sincerity of the ships' companies at Divine Service. "Their sincerity was fresh and real," he said.

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A.C.2 R.C.A.F.
JAMES RICHARD MUNGHAM

Air Cadet Sergt. J. R. Mungham was born in Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A., on March 20, 1925, and attended St. Mary's High School in Phoenix, Arizona. He joined the Orillia



Squadron of the Air Cadets on February 28, 1942. With his previous experience as assistant Scout Master and Scout Master of the Cubs he soon was promoted. He was given his discharge on Sept. 29, 1942, to go active in the R.C.A.F. on October 2nd. This is our first Cadet to go active and we will

be watching his every move from this Squadron. Air Cadet Jack Laws of this Squadron was complimented recently for saving the life of a three year old baby which had fallen into a tub of water. The Mother was frantic and upon hearing the screams next door Laws ran out and saw what had happened and took the child and used artificial respiration until the Doctor arrived. The Doctor stated that his actions had saved the child's life.

We give every Officer and Airman an open invitation to visit our new station in Orillia. We are slowly equipping the same and doing all the work ourselves. When completed we think we shall have the Best Air Cadet Station in the Dominion. We are at the Station every evening and it is in the centre of the Town and any one will tell you where to get to it. Our Main Station is on the second floor going off the ground and have a floor space of 105' by 35'. We are covering the cement walls with Ten Test and all our trimmings are in sky blue and white. Through the kindness of some local firms we are able with a few voluntary workers to build up our equip-

ment. We are making individual tables for each cadet and these are finished in blue. The lighting is good and bright, there being 20 200 watt lamps. There is a small drill square and then comes another building used as Orderly Room, Adjutant's Office and the equipment stores. Our regular classes are in full swing and with our own instructors and those supplied from Camp Borden we are going right ahead. On October 12th members of this Squadron had the privilege of doing guard duty about four miles south of Orillia where some Norwegian Fliers were camped for the night. The Fliers were on a route march from Windermere in Muskoka to Little Norway in Toronto. We got busy and gave them a real evening's entertainment. Hot showers and swimming pool at the Y.M.C.A. were put to their disposal, a group of ladies put on a real hot dinner, and the manager of the Opera House entertained them to a show. I am sure it was very much appreciated and they will talk of Canada Air Cadets for a long time. Our strength is now 42 Cadets and four Officers.

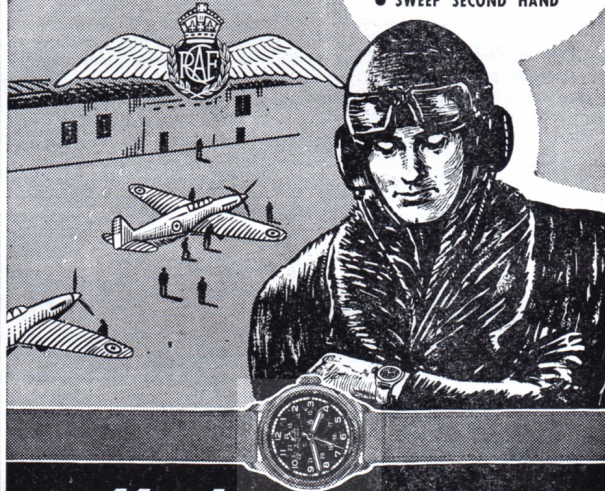
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—RCAF—

The undermentioned graduates of No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden, have recently received awards for great gallantry and devotion to duty in the execution of Air Operations:

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT PHILLIP LESLIE IRVING ARCHER, J.3508, DFC, 24-8-42—

This officer has completed sorties over enemy territory and has destroyed at least four enemy aircraft. On one occasion, although wounded in the leg, Flight Lieutenant Archer flew his badly damaged aircraft back to the base where he executed a skillful landing. He is a most efficient leader.

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT HENRY WALLACE McLEOD, J.4912, DFC, 29-9-42—

In September, 1942, this officer participated in an engagement against at least 20 Messerschmitt 109's. Despite the odds, Flight Lieutenant McLeod so skillfully led his section during the combat that the enemy force was completely broken up. This officer has always displayed greatest determination to engage the enemy and has destroyed at least five and damaged a number of other hostile aircraft. His leadership has been most inspiring.

PILOT OFFICER HARRY MALKIN, J.15521, DFC, 26-9-42—

One night in September, 1942, Pilot Officer Malkin, as captain of a Halifax aircraft, was detailed to attack a target at Frankfurt. When 80 miles away from the target area, his aircraft was attacked by an enemy fighter and much damage was sustained. P/O Malkin, although wounded in the leg by splinters from an explosive cannon shell, took evasive action and enabled his air gunners to return fire, which caused the enemy aircraft to break away. P/O Malkin set his course for home and although suffering much pain, brought his aircraft back to base safely where he made a masterly landing.

SQUADRON LEADER JOHN CLARK FEE, C.773, DFC, 24-8-42—

This officer is a fine pilot and skillful leader. By his outstanding ability he has been mainly responsible for the high standard of fighting efficiency of the Squadron he commands. He has completed a large number of sorties, including some during the combined operations at Dieppe. S/L Fee has at all times set a most inspiring example.

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT JOSEPH JEAN PAUL SABOURIN, J.3519, DFC, 28-9-42—

This officer has performed much excellent work. He has destroyed four enemy aircraft and assisted in the destruction of another.

PILOT OFFICER JAMES WILLIAM BROMLEY REYNOLDS, J.15356, DFC, 10-9-42

This officer has completed numerous sorties involving low flying attacks on important enemy industrial targets and aerodromes in Northern France. In the recent combined operations at Dieppe, Pilot Officer Reynolds participated in attacks on enemy gun positions. He has displayed excellent leadership and initiative.

FLIGHT SERGEANT WILLIAM THOMAS BENT, R.83055, DFM, 23-9-42—

One night in September, 1942, Flight Sergeant Bent was captain of an aircraft detailed to attack a target in the Ruhr. Just before reaching the target, engine trouble developed and Flight Sergeant Bent was unable to fly the aircraft above eight thousand feet. Nevertheless, displaying great courage and fortitude, he continued his mission and after bombing his target, a successful photograph of the area was taken. On the return journey the engine trouble persisted and F/Sgt Bent was considerably harassed by search lights and anti-aircraft fire. By skillful airmanship, however, he succeeded in returning to his base safely. F/Sgt Bent has at all times shown great determination in pressing home his attacks.

CUTTINGS FROM THE MACHINE SHOP

I suppose most of you have been thinking that the machine does all the work, while the operator stands and watches. If that was the case, I'm afraid the parts you wanted made up would be far from what you ordered.

So to start with, there are only two of us in the machine shop, ACI Fortier and myself, and it keeps the two of us very busy most of the time.

A few of the jobs that we have to do are making and replacing worn-out bushings, bearings, nuts and bolts, small dies, punches, rivet snaps, "V" pulleys, small gears, cable eyelets and many others.

We also have a lot of drilling and tap-

ping jobs, plus removing of old broken studs. Then comes the job of repairing the damaged threads, both internal and external, which sometimes necessitates making the complete part over again. There are also a lot of odd threads on aircraft which calls for the thread to be cut on the lathe, as our taps and dies only cover standard threads.

Another job is to machine parts before they are welded, and then remove the excess metal afterwards. Modifications also affect our section, as parts to be modified often have to have metal removed, such as decreasing their size. On the other hand, they often require us to make different parts altogether. CPL. J. R. HOUNSOME.



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AN UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

By "Paddy"

During the summer of 1914, the C.P.R. had built one hundred miles of an extension on their Branch line, extending as far west as Shaunavon in Southern Saskatchewan. Villages sprang up all along the new road; times were good and business was booming. In the midst of such activity, the 1st World War broke out, with Canada declaring war and standing by the Motherland in her hour of need.

To one of these villages in the making, came Tom G. K. . . . a young Scotchman, a son of the Manse; a fine type of young manhood, well educated, a real athlete and lover of sport. As manager of a well-known Lumber Company, Tom soon became a valuable addition to the business and social life of the community and was well-liked and highly esteemed by all.

During the early months of 1916, Kitchener's appeal for an Army of 1,000,000 men stirred Canada from one end to the other, and men were freely offering their services and joining His Majesty's Forces. Tom saw his duty at once and enlisted. He was immediately placed in charge of recruiting for the entire district. He was so popular and well-known that his venture was highly successful, and for his good work was promised a commission.

His battalion, now up to full strength, was sent to Camp Hughes, Manitoba, for further training, while he took his Officers' Course and later was given his commission. But when he presented himself at his Battalion Headquarters, he was informed that no more officers were required in that Battalion, but that he would be placed in another unit.

Tom was naturally disappointed, but he made his decision quickly, deciding to stay with the boys of his home town and district, joining the ranks as a private. He was a tower of strength to all who came in contact with him while in training, urging the boys to play the game at all times, and set a splendid example by living a clean, moral life. In October, the Battalion proceeded to the Eastern Coast, and after a short stay there, joined other troops, and was convoyed to England. Arriving safely, the Battalion proceeded to Thorncliffe, entering into the 13 Reserve, to be sent over to France to other Units as re-inforcements were needed.

After getting settled in their new quarters, those who didn't receive their call to go to France were given more extensive training. Tom, while with the troops in Canada, acted as a P.T. instructor and was soon called upon to serve in the same capacity in England. So well was he liked by his superiors, and being an A-1 instructor, he was soon advanced to the rank of Sergeant. A call came for one hundred Sergeants to volunteer to go to France in a draft, reverting to privates. This was the chance that Tom was looking for, and he applied at once, but his application was turned down. He persisted, then he was offered the rank of Sergeant-Major in charge of the P.T. instructors as an inducement for him to stay. In reply, he simply said that he came Overseas to fight, not to hold down a cushiony job somewhere in England.

So Tom was allowed to go with the draft early one dull, grey morning in November, 1916. I stood and watched those valiant fellows march away to catch the boat that would take them to France.

During the Battle of Vimy, Tom, who was Corporal by then, while leading his section was wounded and was brought back to the British Isles. His wound not being a serious one, he was soon sent to a Convalescent Hospital. While there, he applied to enter the R.A.F. He was accepted.

He took his Course, graduated, and was presented with his Wings, becoming a Pilot Officer.

While on duty with his squadron in the defence of London, something happened to his plane and it took a nose-dive of 1,000 feet to the ground. Out of the burning wreck, they rescued the broken, mangled body of Tom, and at once there began a fight to save his life. While his physical frame was shattered, his spirit and will to live was undaunted. Doctors and nurses performed wonders. Tom survived, and in the course of time, walked again with the aid of a cane.

While in hospital, Tom fell in love with one of his nurses. His love being returned, they were married. They came back to Canada to commence their new life in their own home in a small western city. They were living very happily together, and making plans for the future, when like a bolt from the blue, his wife became ill, and in a short time passed away.

Tom was heart-broken, and in his loneliness and sorrow, he sought refuge with American friends on a prairie farm near where he used to live before enlisting. At this time, he fought one of the greatest battles of his life; no one could help him, but alone with God he conquered, and was able to smile through. Shortly after this, he had to undergo his twenty-first operation which was successful and a great help towards better health. Tom's father in Scotland was getting to be an old man, and wanted his only son to come and live with him. So he went back to his native land and remained until his aged father was laid away.

Being unable to settle down in the old land, he returned to Canada, his adopted country, the land he learned to love.

In 1933, Tom thought he would like to stay put, as he termed it, and bought about six acres of land about eight miles from Montreal, near St. Dorothee, naming his place Dormy House. There, near the banks of a river, he spends his summers improving his cottage and doing landscape gardening. In the winter he usually takes an apartment in the city and lives there.

This article is a true story of a veteran of the last World War, a sincere friend, a real comrade, a loyal citizen, a great man with a big soul, one of the most unforgettable characters I have ever met.

May his life and deeds constantly remind us that in this hour of destiny, we should give nothing but our best to help to give to all mankind a free world.

—RCAF—

THE AIRMAN

(Adapted from Shelley's "The Cloud")

I sniff the snow on the mountains below,
Where the great pines groan aghast;
And all the flight 'tis my billow white,
While I sweep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skye bowers
Lightly my aircraft flits,
Dangered by thunder, or rent asunder,
And blasted if lightning hits;
Over earth and ocean, with sturdy motion,
She faithfully carries me.
Powered by the longing of men below
To dominate land and sea.
Over the hills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains.
Wherever men dream by mountain or stream,
Their spirit my flight proclaims;
But I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Knowing above all, God reigns.

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OFFICERS

STATION HEADQUARTERS

CORNY'S CORN AS FOOD FOR THOUGHT

I was gonna go into town or (Towner) something the other night and celebrate, as I had become a barker (Barker) with two V's for Vancouver, so after giving Mac a leer (McAlear) I headed for the bus. The bus though had no sitting room so I had to remain standing (Standing). After I arrived in Barrie it started to rain, accompanied by splashing from sills (Sills), etc., and I had to dodge to keep from getting a dunking (Duncan). I shouldered my kit-bag which was quite a burden (Burton) and wished then I'd have thought sooner of bringing a basket (Baskett) in town (Town) with me. Upon enquiry at the Active Service canteen, I learned that of late it had rained daily (Daly). The flag over the canteen had blown down so I went into the canteen and said "Raise the banner, man (Bannerman)." I noticed the flag was not as big as (Biggs) ours at Borden. A horse outside the canteen shifted its feet with a noise like "clegg, clegg, clegg (Clegg)" and snorted with a sound like rrrrrr-ooooo-rrrrrrkkkkkk (Rorke). The bell on its neck was tinkling (Timlin) away on a high note. My attention was then attracted by a drunk whom I told to get some coffee and sober (Sobel) up. Sgt. Davidson and I then headed for the depot and caught the CPR train with hardly (Harvey) a moment to spare.

—RCAF—

I have begun to wonder why a certain party has been wearing shorts of late. It wouldn't be the result of an outline on the seat of your other trousers caused by While on Active Service did unwillingly sit upon one of His Majesty's stamp pads, would it, Jack?

—RCAF—

Phil's "bring him back alive" putter still seems to be able to keep up to four miles per. Look at the regulations again Phil and try'n convince it the speed regulations read 40 m.p.h. However, we all realize it's patriotic and very saving on tires and gas at this time but just the same it might be a good idea to have a magnet dragging to pick up the cylinder or axle should they drop off through vibration.

—RCAF—

The three-legged race on Sports Day proved to be quite a thrill for a certain AW1 of Accts., eh, Jean? Wait'll a certain guy in khaki gets to hear about a certain P/O beating his time, especially since the latter was all thumbs when it came to undoing the knot in the handkerchief. Who knows but what it may develop a dual be-twixt bayonet and Spear?

—RCAF—

We in Accounts who know Ray Bartlett of Clothing Stores were sure sorry to hear of his leaving for duties elsewhere. Our best regards to you, Ray, and hope your new field of duty brings you every success.

—RCAF—

The Accounts & Pay seem to be still ticking over and giving away money in a never-ending stream. No wonder we get along fine with everyone. It's also no wonder we're stopped plenty of times in Toronto and asked if we have a dime for a cuppa coffee. It may be a good idea to have beggars fill out an N.D. form before any de l'argent is given away. What's it like to be popular, or reasonable cracksmile? S'long for now needs!

"CYCLONE."

A LETTER

A letter I'll write to the folks today,
To the loved ones dear 'neath the old roof tree,

For though I am many long miles away,
I know they are eager for news of me.
Of what shall I write? Oh, trivial things,
(For my life is peaceful and commonplace)
Mundane, uneventful happenings,
Made of note to them by love's saving grace.
"The garden is badly in need of rain—
The children have named the new calf May,
The old tabby cat has kittens again,
I am planting my dahlia bulbs today."
So shall I write, but deep down in my heart,
Kept, for lack of words, in a dark recess,
Are the loving thoughts I would fain impart,
Thoughts the pen and paper cannot express.
These are the things I should like to say,
Could my pen be imbued with magic power,
"Your love is a milestone along life's way,
Your faith is a lamp that lights up each hour."

But the pen is dumb, and I turn again
To the simple things of the everyday—
With the hope that, like the sunshine
through the rain,
Love will shine through the letter I write today.

GLADYS E. CARRAGHER, Boscombe, Alta.

—RCAF—

EX-COLLEGE BOY

An American soldier now in Northern Ireland is said to have written home:

"Dear Dad—Gue\$\$ what I need mo\$t of all. That's right. \$end it along. Be\$t wi\$he\$. Your \$on, Tom."

The father replied: "Dear Tom—NOthing ever happens here. Write us aNOther letter aNO. Jimmy was asking about you Monday. NOW we have to say goodbye."—Tit-Bits.

—RCAF—

If one must leave a home, a ship or a woman, leave should be taken while one is still in love.

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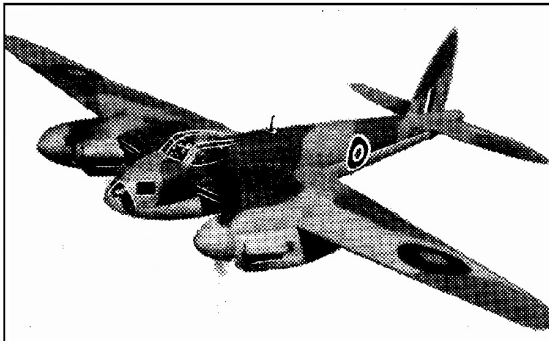
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The plane was thoroughly tested and proven before being put into large scale production. It is powered by two Rolls Royce Merlin engines of 1030 H.P. each which give the plane a top speed well in excess of 400 miles per hour.

The armament is formidable. It carries 4-20M Haspano cannons and 4 rifle calibre Browning machine guns as well as an adequate supply of bombs.

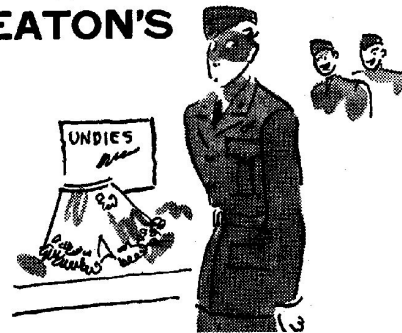
The recognition features of the plane are as follows:

The underslung in line engines projecting ahead as far as the nose.

The wing section almost straight, leading edge and moderate straight taper on trailing edge and the small rounded wing tips.

The tail plane with curved taper more pronounced on leading edge and small rounded tips. The single fin and rudder almost exactly resembles half the tail plane.

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