

WINGS OVER BORDEN



VOL. - NO. 6

DECEMBER - 1942

# Wings Over Borden

NO. 1 SFTS  
CAMP BORDEN  
ONTARIO — CANADA

THE PIONEER R.C.A.F. JOURNAL

VOL. 1 **December 1942** NO. 6

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GROUP CAPTAIN D. M. EDWARDS, COMMANDING OFFICER



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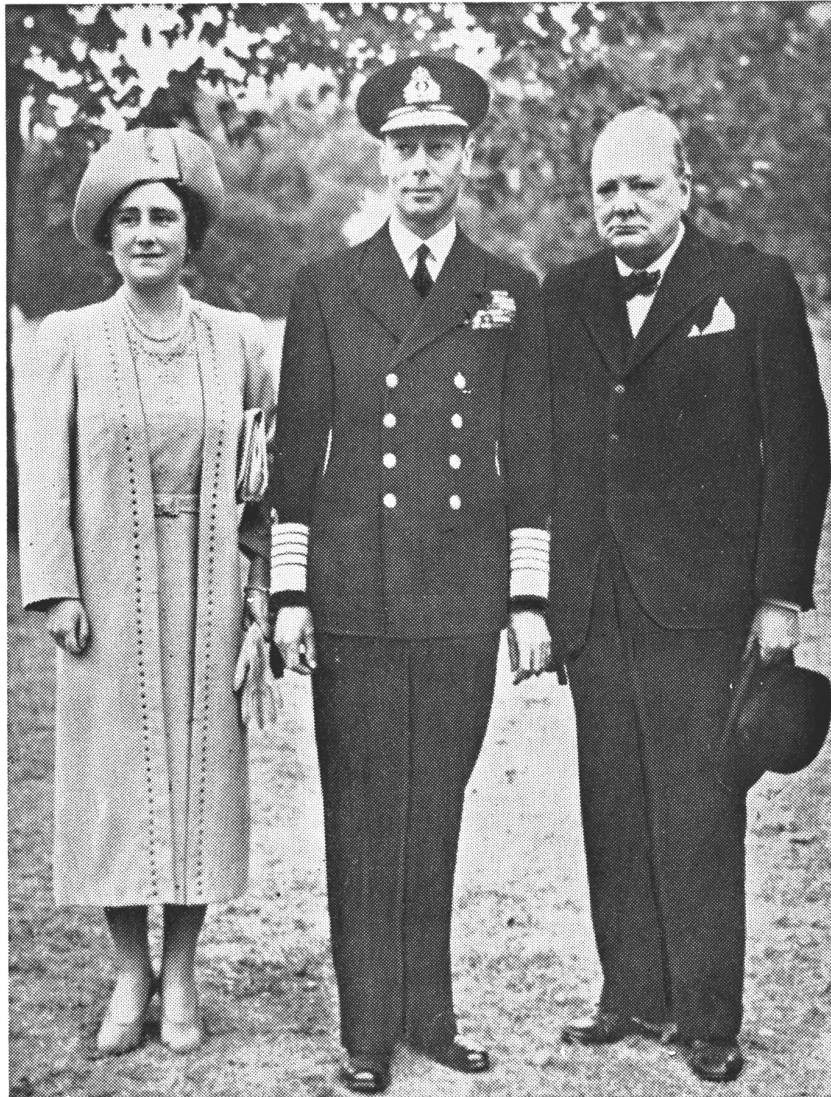
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## Editorially Speaking

"You ask, what is our aim? I can answer in one word: Victory; victory at all costs, victory in spite of all terror; victory, however long and hard the road may be; for without victory there is no survival."

RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL

May, 1940



## Season's Greetings



It is my privilege to be able to say a few words to you at this time through the medium of our Station magazine. A review of the work done and progress made during the past year should give you a sense of satisfaction. The results achieved in all phases of the work indicate a realization of your responsibilities. I am most grateful for the co-operation I have received from everyone.

A new year lies before us. Let us go forward with a resolve to improve our efficiency and increase our contribution to the common cause, both as individuals and as a Station. It will be only by a maximum effort on our part that we can play our full role in this fight for freedom. May your pride be justified again in the months to come.

**A Happy Christmas and Successful New Year to You All**

*Douglas Muir Edwards, Group Captain*

### TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF NO. 1 S.F.T.S.:

Christmas, 1942, is an event of especial significance to all of us.

Three other Christmases have passed since Canada, our sister Dominions and Colonies, and the Mother Country, found themselves plunged into a war against the most ruthless antagonists mankind has ever faced. They were not, as I recall them, particularly happy occasions. Over them loomed the shadow of a long, hard war, of a war which would drain from us the very finest of our manpower and resources. Our own personal joy in the festive season was tempered by the immensity of the task which lay immediately ahead, and by the prospect of the supreme efforts which all of us were being called upon to make.



It is a particular pleasure, then, as a former Commanding Officer of your station, to wish you all the joys that the festive season might bring in this brighter year of 1942. Thanks to your efforts, and to the efforts of the hundreds of thousands of men like you who wear the uniforms of the United Nations, we are at last beginning to see the outlines of our objective before us in the distance. We must not relax. All of us must work even harder to make sure that the victory which is so rightfully ours shall not slip from our grasp. Like a runner who has already run a long, difficult race, we must still put forth our supreme effort in the stretch.

Let me express the fervent hope that "Peace on earth, goodwill to all men" shall once more in the Christmases which lie not too far ahead be restored to its proper place as the credo of all nations.

A very Merry Christmas to you all, and my best wishes for a victorious New Year.

L. S. BREADNER,  
Chief of the Air Staff.

In the war of 1914-18, Camp Borden was an R.F.C. and later an R.A.F. Station. As such, it trained many Canadian pilots who brought great credit to themselves and to their service. The Station was closed early in 1919 and it fell to my lot to re-open it as the first Canadian Air Force Station on the 8th of January, 1920. Since that date Camp Borden has been in continuous operation as an R.C.A.F. training station and I doubt if there was one officer or airman in the Force at the beginning of this war who had not had some phase of his Air Force training at Camp Borden.

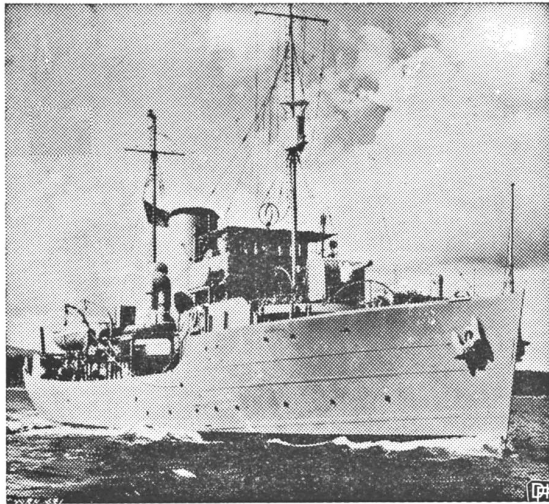
It was, therefore, most appropriate that Camp Borden became the home of No. 1 Service Flying Training School of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

The results of the Station's activity in this war are reflected in the ever increasing list of honours and awards that have been granted to graduates of the Station.

To the Commanding Officer, officers, airmen and airwomen who continue to uphold the tradition of Camp Borden, I extend heartiest Christmas greetings.

G. O. JOHNSON,  
Air Officer Commanding.





## Greetings

from  
The Royal Canadian Navy

To our friends at No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden, we, the Officers and Men of H.M.C.S. "York," Toronto's Naval Training Base, bid one and all the happiest of Christmases and may the New Year find us carrying on together to victory.

The history and growth of H.M.C.S. "York" is synonymous with the almost miraculous growth of the Canadian Navy.

In pre-war days, Toronto's Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve Division carried on its work, sharing the Navy League's building on Lakeshore Boulevard. Just prior to the outbreak of hostilities, however, the whole of the building was taken over by the Division. And so it continued until June, 1941, when headquarters was moved to its present location in the Automotive Building.

Here the spacious building lent itself to fast expansion. Such was the growth that the original complement of approximately one hundred officers and men grew, until, just one year later, H.M.C.S. "York" had become the largest inland Reserve Division in Canada, the ship's company being well in excess of 1,500 officers and men.

Purely a basic training centre, young, navy-minded men are recruited from civilian ranks and brought in from other naval establishments as Seamen, Stokers, Visual and Wireless Signalmen, Specialists, Mechanics, Cooks, Stewards, and all other branches which make up the personnel of Canada's ever-growing fleet.

At H.M.C.S. "York" these men go through a rigid disciplinary course for eight weeks. The course includes squad and rifle drill, elementary seamanship, signals, life saving and school work.

H.M.C.S. Venetia, the training ship attached to the Base provides seagoing experience for the newly joined rating. Upon completion of the course the men are drafted to advanced training bases on Canada's east and west coasts, from which the men will graduate to ships and establishments.

Again wishing you "Happy Landings" during 1943.



Lieutenant  
Commander  
G. E. Bernard

# The Entangling Sword

By the REV. G. STANLEY RUSSELL, D.D.

Minister of Deek Park United Church, Toronto

The following is a reprint of the morning address at Deer Park Church on Remembrance Day, 1942, when a large number of veterans paraded to listen to their chaplain, Dr. Stanley Russell. This address so impressed some of our personnel who were present that Dr. Russell was approached and graciously consented to turn the manuscript over to "Wings Over Borden."

**They that take the sword shall perish with the sword.**  
St. Matthew, XXVI, 52.

Much may depend upon a preposition, and great divergence and speculation has accompanied both the correctness of the reading and the shade of the meaning to be attached to the word "with" in this sentence. One of the modern translators has boldly changed it to "by", and left us to wonder whether or not he believes that everyone who grasps the sword shall at the sword's point lose his life. Such an interpretation is not in accordance with facts. As a matter of fact, the original Greek of my text, which—I call you to witness—I rarely inflict on you, uses neither "with" nor "by" but "in". The aggressor is inside the sword, overwhelmed by it, involved in it, its consequences, and its ramifications. He becomes so entangled there that he loses himself, disintegrates, and falls into ignominious and futile pieces. To "perish" is not, in the fullest meaning of the word, to die a quick clean death. The commando dagger or the bayonet end life, but they do so in hand-to-hand combat, which seems to retain some shred of war's abandoned chivalry. They leave the body, even dead, still clean and whole, and those who write so eloquently of the wickedness of associating such a weapon with religion, have surely forgotten that, while all weapons are detestable, cold steel retains whatever relics of ancient decency war may still pretend to preserve.

To "perish", however, is just to rot. As iron flakes and crumbles and collapses, bringing down in hideous confusion the whole structure it has supported, so men who have taken the sword, even unwillingly, defensively, and vicariously—through their sons and daughters—are on the road to moral disintegration and catastrophe, unless their higher and spiritual natures are constantly examined and reinforced. God gave His only-begotten Son just to prevent that collapse—"that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish."

As this war grows fiercer and more wide-spread, our thoughts turn instinctively to the last, to the hopes entertained, the promises made, and the utilities enacted which today are such a grave warning to our consciences and such a cynical answer to the slogans and propaganda with which we are once more drenched and deluged. Lord Elton has told us that the soldiers of 1914-1918 did not fail in their task, that the householder was by them enabled to repel the burglar, and that we are free to struggle for liberty today because those represented here with us did their part yesterday. That is quite true, but it is not the whole truth. The different and deeper spirit of this war is largely due to the dis-

illusionments and betrayals which followed the last. The "war to end war" has been succeeded by a more pitiless conflict still, in which civilian populations are still further involved and any distinction between the sexes still further abolished, women being nearer than ever to full combatant status. The new world confidently predicted, the "lands fit for heroes to live in", and the social Utopias that lighted the mud of the trenches, were followed by eras of unemployment, chaos, and cynicism in which, while frustration and starvation were in every country, Brazil destroyed 30,000,000 bags of coffee, Canada, the Argentine and the U.S.A. billions of dollars worth of wheat; milk by the thousands of gallons was poured into the Clyde, and, with 2,000 people dying every year from malaria, the 1400 tons of quinine needed was deliberately kept down to 600—all in order to maintain prices at the cost of human life and happiness. The international situation during these two degenerate decades since the last war has been only too often rehearsed, but let us only say that the democracies now compelled to fight for their own lives, committed—not their governments only, but their public opinion, too—some of the most ignorant and ignoble betrayals in history. Most of all, however, do we recall the light-hearted fashion in which morals and religion were abandoned, in which those who now profess grave concern for "Christian civilization" ridiculed every element that constituted it, and rushed like Gadarine swine down the steep places of sexual indulgence, mental debauchery, and godless indifference. Such were among the results of the last war. The failure was not with soldiers, sailors, or airmen: it was with the civilian population. We got entangled in the sword. We lost our balance and our vision. The things for which we told men to fight and die, or to accept mutilation and paralysis, were vindicated by them and then thrown away by us. Never was military victory more complete, never was moral failure more shameful.

This recollection ought to form part—a bitter and penitent part—of our Remembrance. It ought to secure that the end of this war shall not be celebrated with paper hats, tin trumpets, the splitting of the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square by a childish bonfire, or the spending of the first night of peace in drunken revelry. It ought also to secure that so ambiguous a slogan as "Nothing matters now but victory" is very carefully scrutinized, for we had victory before and the fact did not prevent our being where we are now. What is to prevent the frustration of the heroism of Dunkirk, Hong Kong, and Dieppe, equally with that of Mons, Vimy Ridge, and Gallipoli? Where is our security that those who now defend countries which, in some cases, refused them a livelihood, and destroyed, to create artificial scarcity, the food that would have nourished their children, shall not again be flung to the winds of social and economic cynicism? A very great deal matters in addition to victory, if we are not once again to be entangled in the sword and to perish. Military

conquest is the essential preliminary, but it is a preliminary. No shallow catchwords must be allowed to obscure the profound moral and spiritual issues which made this war, and which can alone make a final, constructive and beneficent peace. We are faced not only with our memories of yesterday, but with our dreams of tomorrow. If the former are not to be repeated and the latter to vanish, we must keep steadily before us certain facts, of which the first is that

**I. Our Idea of "Civilization" Must Be Revolutionized.** We like to say that wars are relics of barbarism, but that is not true. War, as we know it, is a result of what we call "civilization". Every invention, appliance, and improvement that can annihilate distance, increase production, or abolish poverty has tended also to make war more frequent, more horrible, and more futile. Isolation has been found impossible, not only for a peace-loving North America, but for African negroes and Indian peasants who are drawn relentlessly into the white man's quarrel. Nor has anything ever been more futile than pacts and conferences to humanize war. Does anyone imagine that, as the certainty of defeat increases, either Germany or Japan will be restrained by Geneva conventions or any other discipline from the use of poison gas, bacteria, or any means that seems to promise escape? Hence the complete futility of agreeing not to use this weapon or that. There is no road any way but by a drastic revision of all our ideas of what constitutes "civilization". A whole volume might be written on this subject, but I give three changes that must be effected if "victory" is to be anything but a fiasco. To begin with (1) **Humanity Must Be Recognized as a Unity.** We know it to be so for destruction and misery: we must recognize it is such for construction and happiness. Nothing will please Hitler more or revive his dying hopes more effectively than a rift in the mutual loyalty or common purpose of the United Nations, and some speakers and writers in all countries seem determined to prolong the enemy's resistance by creating disunity, especially by fomenting Anglo-Saxon distrust of Russia and China, but the world is now one city, its inhabitants are a community, and its interest cannot be split into national or racial compartments. There can be no reformed and peaceful civilization based on anything less than world-life. In the second place (2) **Persons Must Be Recognized as More Important Than Precedents.** If 2,000,000, or even two people are prevented from working in any part of the world, or are starving in the midst of plenty, or are living in vile domestic or industrial conditions, then the causes must be removed, whatever the interests affected or the customs dislocated. People are more important than anything else, and the education, self-respect, and evangelization of people must be civilization's chief concern. So many hasten to tell us that we are not going to adopt Russia's way of life—with which they may or may not be adequately acquainted—but are silent as to what way of life we ARE going to adopt. Does "Nothing matters now but victory" mean that, as Bishop Renison lately said in "The Globe and Mail", Canada is to be content to be still a backward country in the human advance, or does it, on the other hand, mean that our after-dinner speakers will subordinate their enthusiasm for natural resources and economic theories to the making and developing of men and women in usefulness, happiness, and true "prosperity"? The third essential of a reformed civilization is (3) **A Recovery of The Feeling of Responsibility.** If the negro

is backward, then the business of the rest of us is to bring him to the fulness of his capacity; if Chinese children of tender years are working in European-controlled factories in conditions worse than slavery, then that is our responsibility, but how much greater is our responsibility for what our coloured neighbours may well call "the white trash" of our own cities and countrysides. If we are to be so entangled with the sword that "victory" can be conceived as less than the City of God come down at last to the earth to which it has for so long been descending, then all we have to expect is a repetition of our former bitter experiences. "Am I my brother's keeper?" has too long assumed the answer "No", and must now be replaced by the realization that the welfare of every soul on this planet—not of our own race or nation only—is the responsibility of us all.

If this is to be done, there must be a recognition that no war-work is so fundamental as

**II. The Nourishment of The Spirit of Man.** Among the most remarkable and gratifying results of the war is the widespread discovery of the disaster to public morals and morale by the modern attitude to religion. Those who wax eloquent on the anti-God campaign in Russia had better awaken to the fact that we have been having one here subtly, continuously, and contemptuously carried on in schools, universities, many works of fiction, and sections of the press during the last twenty years, and, when New York refused employment to Bertrand Russell—perhaps the most notorious of this kind of teacher—it only did what every community that values its children will sooner or later have to do. It is little wonder that Lord Elton reports how out of one group of thirty evacuated children in England, twenty-three had no idea of the meaning of Christmas. Therefore an added vigour and vigilance is demanded from the churches not only to win the war but to see that the winners of the war are qualified to make a right use of victory. This means (1) **An All-Out Devotion to Evangelism.** The bringing of the world to God, the establishment on earth of the Kingdom of Heaven, the making of your neighbour, your child, your business associate into a Christian, the bringing of Russia as well as China and India, to that Gospel which alone means permanent peace and progress, the carrying of light into the heathen darkness of Canada's neglected areas of city and prairie—in the latter of which the aeroplane should long ago have been our missionary transport—is the business of every man and woman sitting in our pews, not after the war but Now. It also means that (2) **Our City Churches Must Be Strong.** They are the great bastions from which our outposts are fed and manned. It is not too much to say that the spiritual condition of Canada and of the world depends on the service and resources poured into such churches as this to extend and maintain their influence. The energy of many professedly Christian people is too widely diffused and often spent on far lower than Christian purposes. It is time that far more of it was turned from social and secular objectives into Church work, where our fathers and mothers maintained their Christian witness on a scale and with a fervour we have lost. Those of you who heard the timely and searching sermon by the Rector of Grace Church-on-the-Hill in Calvin Church the other night will remember that he said plainly that the reason why worship, work and comradeship had declined in our churches was that so many of our people had

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# The Mockery of Christmas

By Flight Lieutenant W. F. Butcher

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men'.

On Christmas Day, 1937, there was fighting in Jerusalem. Shots were fired and men were killed. Radios and newspapers shocked men with the glaring contradiction between the facts of history and the facts of the Christmas story. The contrast was horribly vivid, and terribly true.

In the five years which have followed the hearts of all men have been hardened. Warfare, with all its cruelties, seems no longer strange. Sudden death in battle, lingering starvation, and the cruelty of brutal torture have come to thousands in many lands. They are the daily stuff of life. They no longer break harshly on our thoughts, though most of us have not seen them, nor realized the full immensity of their meaning.

But, in this atmosphere which has almost become natural to us, the words of the angel's song ring strangely. There is peace in no part of the earth. Nations organized for total war have little right to speak of good will toward men. It would be easy to remark, cynically, that, in such a setting, Christmas and its message are little more than a mockery.

Such bitter words, however, spring from an easy thoughtlessness. Nations and societies have never been truly at peace with one another. Conflict, bitterness, cruelty, and opposition have always existed, and they always will. The peace of which the shepherds heard was not merely political. It was something deeper, more profound. That strength and steadiness of heart and mind and character, the peace of God, reigns in the midst of war and strife. Often it is stronger in the lives of those who are surrounded by outward conflict and bitterness. Those who have knelt at Bethlehem have no fear of the cruelty and ambition of Herod and his sort. They have a secret, and that faith makes nonsense of the lust for power, the cynical brutality, and the cruel heartlessness of those who know only the facts of this world, and pay no heed to the facts of God.

"Good will toward men". Those words, too, seem to be contradicted. But may it not be possible so to fight through the issues of this war, so to prepare for peace, that there may be new good will among all men? That depends, very largely, upon ourselves.



FLIGHT LIEUTENANT W. F. BUTCHER  
Protestant Padre

## THE IDOLATRY OF THE R.C.A.F.

Have you ever thought of the idolatry of the R.C.A.F.? Perhaps the idea surprises you, but that is because you think of idols as being little objects of wood, stone, or metal before which men worship. There are other idols, too, and rather worse ones, for an idol is something less than God, which men choose to serve. It is a guide, leading along the wrong track.

The favourite idol of peace-time North American life was money. Money ruled the standards, customs, ideas and attitudes of men. It often decided where they would live, what clothes they would wear, how they would enjoy themselves. And that not because they had not enough of it, but because they chose to set their standards by money rules, rather than by anything else. How often we used to do things to show off how much money we had—or had not. How often we judged the importance of men and women in terms of their bank accounts, or their incomes, or their buying power. How often we said, "I know it is wrong to do this, but one must make a profit." We served money rather than God.

In the R.C.A.F. this god has been taken from us. And we have raised another in its stead, the god of rank. Nearly everybody in the Air Force, from the AC2 to the very senior person, considers rank of the greatest importance, longs for promotion, and governs his life in terms dictated by this desire. Now rank, like money, does matter. It is one of the necessities of life. But it is not of the first importance, it is not worth choosing as a guide for one's service career. We say, many of us, that we joined to serve our country, but it would rather appear that we joined that we might 'get ahead'. And we consider, in our hearts and minds that the only due reward for good service is promotion. So every AC longs to be an LAC, every LAC a Corporal, and so on. It is even possible that Squadron Leaders pine to be Wing Commanders. And, because rank is an idol and not really a god, when we are raised from rank to rank, we still want to go on. There is no real satisfaction in it, except for the shortest of times. That is why it is all so unsound, a rotten basis for one's service living

(Continued on page 53)



*Season's  
Greetings*

From  
**BRIGADIER  
A. C. SPENCER, E.D.**

Commander  
Camp Borden

At this season of the year most of us look back and appraise the events and happenings of the immediate past. This Christmas is the brightest for our Empire and our Country since the fateful year of Nineteen Thirty-Nine.

The news from all war fronts is encouraging, as is that of the home front. We should not be over optimistic, as such might result in a relaxation of an all-out effort.

For Camp Borden the year has shown much development and progress, but there is very much yet to be done.

On behalf of all ranks of the army and their families in the Borden Command, I wish to extend to all ranks and their loved ones of No. 1 Service Flying Training School, R.C.A.F.

**Sincerest Season's Greetings and Best Wishes.**

Our desire is that we shall continue to work side by side in the same co-operative, efficient and happy manner that has marked the past.

May the day of peace be not too far distant and let us all give Our All to hasten The Day when the Freedom of Man will be firmly re-established on the earth.

# Our Good Neighbors - the Army

## Some Facts About the Largest Military Training Centre in Canada, Which Adjoins No. 1 S.F.T.S.

Number One Service Flying Training School is a complete small town; an integral part of the fair sized city which is housed by the Department of National Defence at Camp Borden. In this, as in the last, or Great War, many fliers from this training school continue to bring honour to their flying Alma Mater, and once again thousands of soldiers are in training here.

"The sky's the limit" as a training area with the Air Force and their trainers range many miles from "home", while the army is restricted to roads and fields within the training area. Thus it is necessary that the army area be larger than that occupied by the R.C.A.F.

To comply with one of the principles of war "co-operation," some facts about the soldiers alongside the Air Force "show" may be of interest to the personnel of No. 1 S.F.T.S.

Last year, you will remember a Canadian (Armoured) Division trained at Camp Borden, along with other field units. While these Field Formations and Units were stationed here, the usual training of thousands of reinforcement troops went smoothly on without any confusion or interference.

Comparisons, of course, are odious, and only to give some idea of the size of the complete picture may it be pointed out that of all the people in uniform in the Borden area about seven per cent wear Air Force Blue.

### BORDEN A COMMAND

Until this fall Camp Borden was a part of Military District No. 2 and under the command of the District Officer Commanding, Major-General C. F. Constantine, D.S.O. By Privy Council Order No. 8106 of the 11th September, 1942, a separate command was established consisting of the townships of Sunnidale, Tossorontio and Essa and the Armoured Fighting Vehicles Range area near Meaford. Camp Borden area proper lies on the boundary of the latter two townships about equally divided in each.

The new command is known as Camp Borden, and the Commander, Brigadier A. C. Spencer, E.D., is responsible directly to National Defence Headquarters, Ottawa.

### LARGEST IN CANADA

Camp Borden is the largest military training centre in Canada.

In Camp Borden there are eight training centres as well as many field units. The training centres produce trained soldier reinforcements, while the field units train and prepare for overseas service. This training is done with equipment such as tanks, trucks, carriers, rifles, machine guns, cannon, wireless, and the like. Training is carried out on roads, open country, five outdoor rifle and machine gun ranges, many indoor ranges, mortar range, hand grenade course, bayonet fighting assault courses, several obstacle courses, as well as battle ranges. The

A.F.V. Range now in operation will, when completed, provide for all types of tank firing practices both machine gun and cannon, as well as small arms.

There are three Canadian Armoured Corps (Advanced) Training Centres; two Infantry (Advanced) Training Centres, and one Canadian Army Service Corps (Advanced) Training Centre. There is also a Canadian Army Medical Corps Training Centre, and a newly established Canadian Provost Corps Training Centre. Maybe in the not too distant future there will be a Canadian Ordnance Corps Training Centre which will train Armoured Fighting Vehicle specialist mechanics.

The army is "serviced" by its services, and every one of them is functioning in Camp Borden, including the Royal Canadian Engineers, the Royal Canadian Army Service Corps, the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals, the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps, the Canadian Dental Corps, the Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps, the Canadian Provost Corps, the Royal Canadian Army Pay Corps, the Corps of Military Staff Clerks, the Canadian Postal Corps, and the Canadian Women's Army Corps will come as and when accommodation is available.

The Field Formations and several Field Units stationed in the area will continue their special training until ready and fit for overseas.

### TRAINING CENTRES

Three training centres of the Canadian Armoured Corps, which have their own headquarters, train reinforcements for Armoured Fighting Vehicles Units overseas. These men learn driving and maintenance of both wheeled and track vehicles, gunnery, wireless, and tactics, all specialized to the needs of their arm.

Two infantry training centres specialize particularly in hand-operated weapons, rifle and bayonet, trench mortars, hand grenades, Tommy guns, and other weapons which the foot soldier uses to close with the enemy, defeat him, and defend the ground thus taken. All branches of the army contribute to the maintenance of this objective, but it is the infantry which holds it.

The Royal Canadian Army Service Corps is responsible for supply in the field, and that service's training centre is a large one because one man in every ten in the army is a member of this service. R.C.A.S.C. personnel are not only trained in the handling and delivering of supplies, ammunition and petrol, but are also trained as combatant soldiers capable of defence whenever the occasion may arise.

The Canadian Army Medical Corps Training Centre takes in both recent graduates who have completed internship in an approved hospital, and doctors who have been practitioners of long standing, as well as specialists. All medical officers, whatever may be their professional attainments, are required to meet military standards as a soldier and qualify as army officers. Besides the basic Military Sciences to which they receive an introduction, they also study



new medical and surgical methods which have been discovered as a result of experiences in the complicated theatres of this war. Many new techniques have been developed by the medical corps since the war, some in actual operations and others in their specialized research laboratories.

There are graduate women doctors now in the army, some of whom are now training at Camp Borden. Of these several were prominent specialists in civil life. The lady doctors will be employed in hospitals and with units of the Canadian Women's Army Corps. They are referred to as "Female Medical Officers".

The Canadian Provost Corps Training Centre has facilities for the training of a large number of officers and other ranks. All Provost recruits come direct to the Training Centre from their companies following completion of basic training, and receive a uniform course of instruction in physical training, infantry drill, Judo (a system of jujitsu), dress regulations, war gases, motor-cycle riding, traffic control duties generally, map reading, military law, infantry weapons, including pistol and Tommy gun; provost duties, first aid, and the thousand and one other items with which their duties require them to be familiar.

#### CAMP SERVICES

To operate this military camp the army's services perform very necessary duties.

More than 400 personnel of the Royal Canadian Engineers form the "department of public works" of this city. They look after the construction and maintenance of accommodations, the building and upkeep of roads and parade grounds, and the establishing of training ranges and courses. They also provide the camp with its water supply and sewage disposal systems, and maintain the power and light systems.

As noted before, supply in the field is the responsibility of the R.C.A.S.C., and this also obtains in Camp Borden. The Camp Supply Depot weekly dis-

tributes 50 tons of potatoes, 25 tons of fresh vegetables, 25 tons of beef (not including, of course, pork, ham, bacon, and fish), and 45,000 quarts of fresh milk. There are also nearly ten tons of evaporated milk used. These figures are exclusive of the extras purchased by various messing funds, for which the supply authorities do not have to account.

The Camp Telephone Exchange is operated and maintained by the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals. It handles over 10,000 calls a day, maintains 1,200 miles of wire within the camp, and more than 600 telephones. Five members of the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) are employed as operators at the exchange. The R.C.C.S. radio station handles messages for all parts of Canada where signals stations are maintained; from Ak-lavik in the north to Victoria in the west, and Halifax in the east. The Camp Borden Signal Section also maintains a despatch-rider service.

The services rendered by the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps are known. When one is sick there is no one who can mean so much to one as his medical officer, or the ministrations of a nurse of the Nursing Service. The Camp Borden Military Hospital is the largest military hospital in Canada and will have 900 beds when construction now under way is completed. The personnel will be a total of 300 all ranks.

The Canadian Dental Corps has four dental clinics in the camp situated near the Y.M.C.A., the Salvation Army hut, Camp Headquarters, and the Camp Borden Military Hospital.

The Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps procures and issues all clothing, arms, vehicles, equipment and the like to formations and units. Articles out of wear or use are returned to them for conditioning and re-issue and worn articles are repaired and re-issued. If not worth repairing, the articles are passed to salvage. The Depot here has literally thousands of articles in its possession or on loan to the army. Everything from Ordnance is either "on charge" to a soldier or issued on repayment.

No. 32 Company, Canadian Provost Corps, is stationed at Camp Borden and its responsibility covers an area as wide as Military District No. 2 from Newmarket north as far as one might wish to go, and west to Sault Ste. Marie. More than 30 men are on detached duty in Barrie, Orillia, North Bay, Sudbury, Kirkland Lake, Timmins, Sault Ste. Marie, Mattawa, and Meaford. A highway patrol is maintained in connection with the work of the company.

The Royal Canadian Army Pay Corps has members attached to all units and formations within the camp and anyone who has attempted to figure out his own pay and allowances has a major appreciation of the service "Pay" gives not only on pay days but throughout each fortnight between.

A detachment of the Corps of Military Staff Clerks is stationed at Camp Headquarters.

The Canadian Postal Corps has three post offices, one in the R.C.A.F. area and two in the military area which handle both private and official mail for the camp.

Far from the least of the services are those rendered by those "men of cloth" who join the troops in their sports, their route-marches, and their training exercises, and minister to their spiritual needs at the same time—the Chaplain Services. Their kindness, understanding and helpful advice are appreciated by all who have sought them out as an assistance toward finding a "refuge".

#### AUXILIARY SERVICES

The fine work of the auxiliary services does not need any "build up" to members of any branch of the service.

The Canadian Legion, Salvation Army, Y.W.C.A., Y.M.C.A., and the Knights of Columbus all play their role in the moral uplift of our community. All provide halls for church services, picture shows and entertainments. They have reading and game rooms, common rooms, and their "tuck shops" are always a popular corner of any camp. The Y.W.C.A. provides congenial surroundings for soldiers to meet and entertain their mothers, wives and sweethearts at their Hostess Hut on the edge of camp.

Both the Camp Central Library and the Educational Building were donated by the Jewish Women's Congress, and the gymnasium was a gift to the camp from the McCall family of Toronto. The thousands of books on the shelves, and out on loan from the

library were donated by the Daughters of the Empire.

Spiritual, mental and physical development are well taken care of by the auxiliary services.

Not the least of their activities, however, is organized and supervised sport, and some figures might be of interest along this line. Between the first of May and the end of October there were a total of 208,689 contestants in organized sports in the camp. The number of players in the various games was listed as follows: baseball, 2,725; softball, 19,186; volleyball, 7,895; basketball, 1,437; soccer, 6,278; Borden Ball, 2,487; tabloid sports, 30,005; horseshoes, 9,883; gym, 11,141; boxing, 3,421; swimming, 4,948; bowling, 1,434; badminton, 4,118; and track and field, 3,314; total, 208,689.

The Camp Borden Military Theatre has a seating capacity of over 5,000 to make it one of the largest theatres in the world. The throw (the distance from the lens of the projector to the screen) is 219 feet, the longest on this continent. Many first run pictures are shown while they are still playing Toronto, and in some cases before they play the larger cities. There are many presentations given from the huge stage and there is a permanent broadcast wire into the theatre over which the camp goes "on the air" over a coast-to-coast hook-up from time to time.

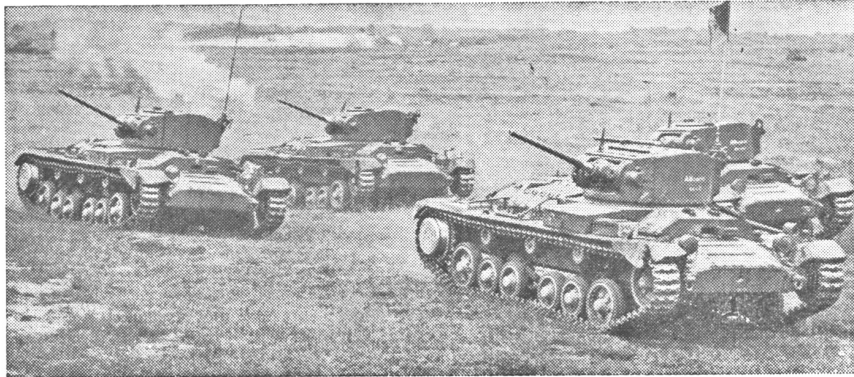
Both the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific Railways run into Camp and there are two bus services, R.C.A.S.C., and Travers Coach Lines. The Canadian Bank of Commerce has a branch office which provides a necessary service when one wishes to put aside a little money for Christmas, or to make a transfer of funds, or, better still cash a cheque from home. Civilian lines of communication are provided in the camp by a large number of pay telephones and both C.N. and C.P. telegraphs.

The writer had the privilege of covering Camp Borden for a daily newspaper, and the obtaining of pictures and copy at No. 1 S.F.T.S. was always enjoyable.

We had the pleasure of knowing several commanding officers personally. They were examples of what the Britisher sums up in one word "Gentlemen" and those under their command were their emulators.

Keep 'em flying, R.C.A.F.

G. B. GILROY, LIEUT.  
Public Relations Officer.





# Sunday Meditation

By Walter Bowles

## BIOGRAPHICAL

Walter Bowles, Toronto STAR Newscaster, was born and educated in Toronto, where he has lived all his life except for a few years of wandering. From preaching to teaching to newscasting, his progress from the top to the bottom rung of the ladder has been full of downs. The ups may come later, if he lives long enough; but by then, unfortunately, he won't have any hair left. "Toupe, toupe, that is the question!" However, until television comes, he is relatively safe in the obscurity of the microphone studio. This also clears up the mystery of the head-gear, which is an odd whim in these days of hatless youth.

Migawd! This is the day!

Well, you might as well face it, Chum! There goes your peaceful Sunday afternoon that you were going to spend with a pipe and "A Place in the Country". The old deadline again! You promised to have 750 words lined up; and if you leave it any longer, you're sunk! So get out the old portable, and go to it.

Good-looking jacket on that book, all in greens and browns. "A Place in the Country", by Dwight Farnum. By golly, Farnum, did you have any deadline to worry about when you were doing your book? Naw, you just sat yourself down and had yourself a good time writing all about the old Connecticut farm you turned into an "estate". "Our adventures and our accomplishments", you write, "have been more of the Swiss Family Robinson type,—salvaging from the wreck, exploring new country, creating a home, improving our quarters and our surroundings, making the most of our environment; and having fun doing it". Maybe not the sort of thing some people would call an adventure; but you weren't hidebound, and you had imagination. You weren't afraid to "live and let live". In your home and your garden, you found a way to "look about you with pleasure, and out upon the great world with confidence".

Well, there you go, Book, back on the shelf! Cripes, I've got to sort 'em all properly, one of these days. This shouldn't go next to Veblen. By golly,—Veblen! Yeah, maybe if I can read a chapter, I'll get into the mood, be in the groove. Let's see,—"Theory of the Leisure Class", "The Nature of Peace",—hm-m-m-! "Now careful, Fellow! Don't go putting on an act! Don't go giving 'em any of this"—as Veblen says in his 'Nature of Peace'! You know damn well you can't read even a chapter without a footbath and an aspirin.

Wait—hold on a minute! Here's Francis Hackett's "Horizons". He had something to say about Veblen, didn't he. "It is hard intellectual labour to read any of his books". But worth the effort, sez you! Why not dope out Hackett's slant on Veblen's slant on—well, the *status quo*, the mess we is in? Why, by golly, Veblen saw all this coming, 'way back in the last war. This "peace" book was written in 1917. O.K., Hackett, carry on with your remarks about it.

"The present unfitness of Germany (or Japan) for lasting peace is ascribed by Mr. Veblen to the essential dynastic need for warlike enterprise; but he has no hesitation whatever in declaring, in regard to the Allied Powers, that peace in general demands the 'relinquishment of all those undemocratic institutional survivals out of which international grievances are wont to arise'. This (proceed, Mr. Hackett!) is not the customary emphasis of good-will pacifists. They are fain to propose peace on the present basis of 'national jealousies and discriminations', and what Mr. Veblen in his highly personal jargon calls 'discrepancies'. This . . . Mr. Veblen plainly regards as an insuperable obstacle to peace. 'What the peace-makers might logically be expected to concern themselves about would be the elimination of these discrepancies that make for embroilment'."

By golly! "These discrepancies that make for embroilment". There you've got it! The everlasting, uncompromising differences of self-satisfied habit and opinion and outlook perpetuated by ignorance and unawareness and intolerance and stupidity; in the family, the community, the nation, and the great world itself. The cynic says you can't do anything about it. The idealist says you've got to educate everybody. The optimist says it will all come out in the wash. Well, we're beginning now to plot post-war programmes, and there are some pretty tough propositions. What, for instance, are we going to do about the enemy after this war is over. As Veblen said the last time, it isn't going to be enough to lick the Germans and the Japanese to a frazzle. No chance! Along with anybody else that doesn't toe the line, or that doesn't make a real effort to "eliminate the discrepancies that make for embroilment", they must be made uncomfortable and kept uncomfortable until they see the light, if it takes a million years!

Why, bless my soul, come to think of it, isn't that the whole core and backbone of Farnum's book, all the way from getting settled in the community to seeing the garden planted and reforming unpleasant guests? "Embroilment" ended when "discrepancies" were eliminated. By golly, there's an idea! Let Veblen sit on the bench, with Hackett cross-questioning the witness Farnum. Boy, we'll swing it! We'll beat that damn deadline yet! Where's my typewriter . . .

## AUXILIARY SERVICES - No. 1 Training Command

An important adjunct to the successful operation of the Royal Canadian Air Force is Auxiliary Services, of which Squadron Leader George R. Rodgers is the head for No. 1 Training Command, with Flying Officer William J. Craig as his assistant.

The subject is of such great scope we are presenting here merely a brief summarization of the duties involved in Auxiliary Services. The personnel of this Station may thus glean some idea of the efforts necessary to co-ordinate and organize this work—with its prime object the keeping of the morale of the Air Force at its high peak.

### Auxiliary Duties

1. All duties pertaining to Auxiliary Services.
2. Responsible for all Auxiliary representatives on Stations.
3. Welfare cases.
4. Management of all canteens.
5. Arranging for all entertainment sent to all Stations, such as:
  - (a) Movies (16 mm.); (b) Concerts; (c) Dances, etc.
6. Supplying books and magazines to all units.
7. Attending all meetings of the National Organizations, such as: Y.M.C.A., Knights of Columbus, Salvation Army Red Shield, Y.W.C.A., Canadian Legion War Services, National Film Board, National Rehabilitation Board, National Library Board, National Educational Board.
8. Attending local organization meetings of Citizens' Committees of all cities and towns in the Command, and sub-committees such as: Entertainment, Home Hospitality, Sports, Dances, Hostels, Active Service Clubs.
9. Anything that will improve the morale of the Unit.
10. Arrange for all Command tournaments.
11. Co-operate on all Auxiliary Services with the Army and the Navy.



SQUADRON LEADER G. R. RODGERS

A comprehensive background of military and semi-military experience over a period of years has fitted Squadron Leader George R. Rodgers most admirably for the responsible post of officer in charge of Auxiliary Services for No. 1 Air Training Command, RCAF, Toronto.

Born and educated in the Town of Barrie, Ontario, situated close to Camp Borden, S/L Rodgers joined the 35th Regiment, Simcoe Foresters, as a private in 1900. He went overseas in 1914, the first year of last war, and was wounded on two occasions. After being invalided home in 1915, he served in Canada at Camp Borden in 1916-17. Holding the rank of Major, he was in charge of the troops at the Quebec City riots in 1918 and returned overseas the same year, coming back to Canada July 1, 1919. Major Rodgers was posted to Camp Borden July 18, 1919, as civilian in charge of engineers' services, and after being absent at Trenton from November 1, 1929, to March 31, 1931, returned to Camp Borden. It was in November 1939, two months after the outbreak of the war, that he was appointed to Headquarters of No. 1 Air Training Command, Toronto, with the rank of Squadron Leader.

S/L Rodgers' family is well represented in the armed forces. A son, Tpr. R. E. Rodgers, is with Canadian Armoured Corps; a daughter, LAW Phyllis Rodgers, is a member of RCAF (Women's Division); a son-in-law, Brigadier W. H. S. Macklin, is brigadier in charge of administration, Pacific Command, Canadian Army (Active); and another son-in-law, Wing Commander G. D. MacAllister is presumed dead following air operations on February 26, 1942. Five nephews are also on active service, all overseas.



FLYING OFFICER W. J. CRAIG

Those who have never heard Flying Officer William J. Craig, officer attached to Auxiliary Services, No. 1 Air Training Command, Toronto, propose a toast to the ladies—or even reply to one—have really missed something. He is a standout in this particular sphere as well as being a "natural" as a black-face comedian or minstrel end man. What Hollywood has lost, the RCAF has gained.

F/O Craig was born and educated in the Town of Barrie, Ontario, situated not many miles from Camp Borden. After leaving Barrie Collegiate Institute, he spent two years in the Superintendent's Office of the Grand Trunk Railway, Allandale, and then fifteen months on the Valuation and Survey of the Railway. He entered the men's wear business with his father in Barrie under the name of "J. F. Craig and Sons", and continued in that capacity for a number of years. He reported to the Administrative Branch of the RCAF in January 1942, and was stationed at No. 1 Technical Training School, St. Thomas, until July 1942 when he was transferred to Headquarters of No. 1 Air Training Command, Toronto.

While in civilian life, F/O Craig was active in community affairs. He was president of Barrie Kiwanis Club in 1934, and active on the Carnival Committee of that Club for eighteen years. At the time of his enlistment, he was a member of Barrie Board of Education, Royal Victoria Hospital Board, and Barrie Agricultural Arena Limited Board, as well as being an elder of Collier St. United Church. He was married in 1927 to Miss Joan Hargreaves, Barrie, and Mrs. Craig and their three children reside in Barrie at the present time.

*from Thomas Richard Henry*

Here goes to tell the Air Force exactly what is the matter with it. We have told almost everybody else in the country what is the matter with them, and there seems to be no reason why airmen should be exempt.

The trouble with the air force is that it is too serious. Its members imbibe too many mathematics and not enough nonsense. The lamentable result of this is that they often neglect to do their work with gay abandon. There is too much routine efficiency about it. They make up their mind to bomb Essen or Genoa, then they bomb Essen or Genoa knowing all the time which they are bombing. Then they come straight home. What fun is there in that?

The correct method is for a bomber to rise from a field in England, circle the field three times, then head into the wind. By daylight it will be over land somewhere. If the crew are over France they will know it by the manure piles in front of the houses. If they see troops goose-stepping they will know they are over Germany and will drop their bombs. Getting back home is simply a matter of back-tracking the trail the plane made on the outward journey, with a thrill in trying to guess how far you have flown, and if you have enough gas to get back.

#### Gay Abandon

Just as one example of this gay abandon in aviation in the old war there was the incident regarding one of the tops in the R.C.A.F. today—and may be blush at the memory.

The old Olympic was plowing home, and things were rather dull. One of the ace flyers got an idea, and at the time it seemed like a good idea. He threw a rope over the big chandelier in the main dining room, climbed up into the chandelier and threw down the rope.

Sailors had quite a time getting him down.

#### Gift or Expense

A fellow newspaperman of ours is in a quandary. They sent him to Belleville to cover a church service. Now usually they hold the church services too early in the morning and too early in the evening for him to be able to attend. But this Belleville service was in line of duty.

An elder of the church welcomed him to his own pew—and in due course the collection plate came around. The reporter felt for his change and found he had none. As the plate reached him he stifled a groan and dropped a dollar bill on it.

Now he is in a quandary.

In the past he has made expense accounts stretch until they have covered shows, refreshments both liquid and solid, groceries, and even the baby's shoes—but he knows no way to make the editor believe that he actually put a dollar bill on a church collection plate.

#### Disappointment

Maybe this would be a good point to air an old grudge we have against the flying fraternity.

Several years ago, when the world could still be shocked by a score of sudden deaths, a flying boat disappeared on the route from Bermuda to New York.

We commented in a newspaper column that if we ever went to Bermuda we would go by boat.

Someway the sentence got relayed to a big airliner company. We never discovered whether we actually had a reader in those days, or whether the printer who set up the company advertisements mailed our comment to the Airlines. In any event a man from the company came up from New York to see us and tell us how wrong we were.

He expanded on the advantages of the airways, told us of the speed of getting from here to there and asked us if we liked fishing.

We said, "Yes".

"You haven't seen fishing unless you have fished a weekend in Florida," he declared. "Some day I am going to show you what it is like. I expect to be in Toronto again shortly and will give you a ring".

For a couple of weeks we were in a dither struggling with our conscience. Could we accept a free weekend in Florida from a soulless corporation and retain our independence? Would we be free or bought if we accepted?

It was a terrible struggle.

Sure enough in a couple of weeks we received a phone call from the airline man.

"You remember me telling you about fishing in Florida," he said.

"Yes," we replied eagerly.

"Would you be interested in seeing what it is really like?" he asked.

"Well—yes," we replied with just the proper amount of hesitation to show that we did not entirely approve.

"Well, I have several rolls of films that I am going to run off for some of the boys here in my room in the Royal York. Can you come down?"

"No," we told him coldly, and decided we didn't like airline men much.

#### Sport

The sports commentator at the Football game when the Toronto Hurricanes bombed the Balm Beachers out of the league, commented on the coming game with Ottawa. He said: "Tony Golab was all Canadian half-back the last year he played rugby".

We wondered idly what Tony has been playing this year. Maybe down in Ottawa they throw away the ball and use rugby for commando training.

In our own line of sport, when lawn bowling petered out with the summer weather, we sampled curling a couple of times.

That is the game, you know, where you take one shot with ice for every two shots on the ice.

You can practise the fine points of the game at home. You stand your wife beside the piano, go to the other end of the room, seize a broom firmly and start sweeping. Encourage her to yell at you to sweep harder as you proceed down the living room floor. This helps out the maid situation, too. Sweeping is one of the most important features of curling. You sweep to raise a thirst so you can go in the locker room to appease it.

#### Suggestion

We have a little suggestion which we think Billy Bishop should take up. With no building going on those lads who used to catch the red hot rivets must be all out of jobs. They should give them back their buckets and put one in the tail of every plane to catch the machine gun bullets and throw them out.

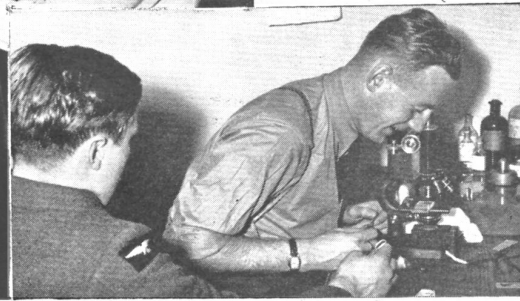
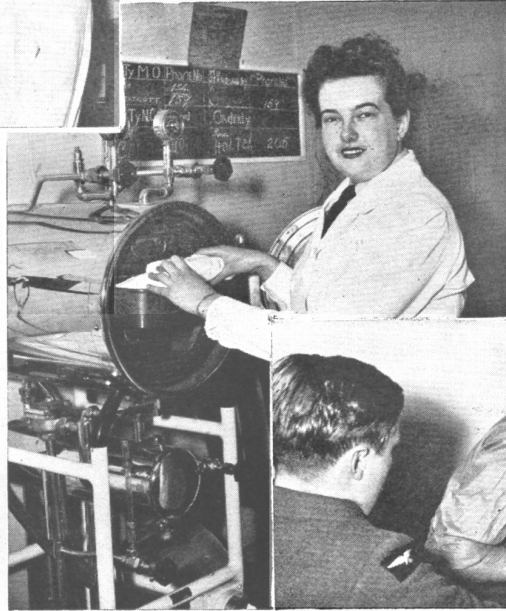
Well Merry Christmas, fellows—and Happy Landings.



F/Sgt. Carnie, N.C.O. in charge of the Dispensary.

Cpl. Cotton operating a Sterilizer.

F/Sgt. Angell takes a blood count.



## The Camp Borden Medical Unit R.C.A.F.

### HEALTH

By Squadron Leader D. B. Westcott

The health of any country's Fighting Services—and civilians—is one of the greatest problems facing it at all times. Previous to the present war, armies in the field have had more casualties by sickness than by wounds. It therefore devolves upon us collectively and individually to see that we do our part. The Medical Services can help by numerous tests and inoculations—remember them?—but without co-operation from all concerned this is so much waste effort. The responsibility rests with the individual, and the key to it is moderation. The man who indulges in physical effort unnecessarily to excess and cripples himself for the next three days is as much at fault as he who sits all night smoking and drinking to excess. They both repent of it the next day but the next day is too late. There is a happy medium in all things—one does not have to be a crank but let us not forget—and I believe many of us do forget—there is a war on and we must win it, "or else". To accomplish this end calls for the best in all of us and we can only give that if our health is good. The average adult requires eight hours' sleep a night—some more, not many less. Most of us need, and want three meals. Overeating is as bad as undereating. Sufficient calories, plus the required vitamins and minerals must be there to do a day's work. This requires a varied and carefully considered diet. It may surprise many to know that the R.C.A.F. rations are supervised by leaders in the nutritional fields to ensure just this

point. Last but not least is the mental attitude. One must have faith in what one is doing. Otherwise the job is sloppy and may result in catastrophe. To the recent graduate, be he Aircrew, ground, or technical, I say only one thing. Don't think you know it all. You have a basic knowledge on which to build, but after twenty years in Medicine I realize more and more how little I do know of the vast amount available.

In the matter of health, mental and physical, let's all do our part to finish this war and go home.



SQUADRON LEADER D. B. WESTCOTT  
Senior Medical Officer at No. 1 S.F.T.S.

## M.I. ROOM ACTIVITIES

It is the duty of all R.C.A.F. Medical Officers not only to keep Airforce Personnel fit but to see that they are properly fed, housed and clothed. For this reason a sanitary inspection is done on the Station weekly and inspection of the kitchen, food, etc., may be made at any time. The Detention barracks is visited daily, the prisoners examined and complaints taken. Sick Parades are held twice daily, but no one is denied attention at other times if he or she is unable to attend Sick Parade or gives a reasonable excuse. A twenty-four hour service is maintained at all times. However, it is a paradox that Sick Parades are practically non-existent immediately before a week-end or on Pay Day. In the first case this may be due to the fact that those attending Sick Parade cannot go on a 48. We can offer no reason for the latter.

The work done by the Medical Section for the purpose of simplicity might be divided into the following headings, with a description of each:

### (1) Sick Parades

All personnel on Sick Parade come to the Medical Inspection Rooms where their names are taken by the N.C.O. in charge. They are in turn seen by an M.O. who decides, depending on the nature of their illness whether they fall into one of several classes:

M. & D.—Which means that they are given medicine and treatment and return to duty.

Att.A.—Which calls for the person to return for treatment at specified times.

Att.B.—Treatment at specified times and light duty.

Att.C.—Treatment and excused duty.

Hospitalization—In this case person involved is admitted to Station Sick Quarters, Camp Borden Military Hospital, Christie Street, or any Hospital where he or she may get the treatment required.

Duty—The person is not considered ill and is malingering.

All treatment other than Hospital is given at Station Sick Quarters by a Hospital Assistant or Nursing Orderly. Besides the ordinary treatment this Station is fortunate in possessing a short wave machine and an ultra violet mercury lamp for special cases. Personnel may be detained in the S.S.Q. for a varying period of time so that treatment may be carried out more intensively. At No. 13 X Depot, Angus, we are confronted with the problems involved in Industrial Medicine, as well as those peculiar to the Air Force. Training Wing at Edenvale also comes under the supervision of the Medical Officers.

### (2) Other Duties

#### (a) Remuster to Air Crew M.2

All ground personnel who decide to transfer to Air Crew are given an M.2. examination by one of the M.O.'s to decide their fitness. In this responsibility the Medical Officer fulfills the Medical duties of a Recruiting Centre.

#### (b) Accident Reports

All personnel involved in an accident with any injury resulting must report for medical examination. A report is made on the condition and if the injury is considered to be of such a nature that it might be the exciting cause of a disability later a further investigation is carried out.

#### (c) Wash Outs

A Wash-out Medical Examination is done on all Air Crew before they are sent to K.T.S. at Trenton.



Flight Lieutenant L. W. C. Sturgeon

#### (d) Annual Medical Examination

This examination is carried out before April 1st of each year on all General List Officers and instructors on the Station, and resembles the Original M.2.

#### (e) Medical Boards M.F.B. 227

Medical Boards are done on all occasions where the Medical category is raised or lowered, on Discharge for all causes, and for granting of Sick Leave of more than 28 days' duration in one year.

#### (f) Officers' Applications

When an Airman or Airwoman is recommended for appointment to a commission a Medical examination is carried out to determine their physical fitness.

#### (g) Change of Foot Wear

In all cases where there is some reason for change of foot wear a medical examination is carried out to determine their physical fitness.

The above constitutes the paper work which occurs in the Orderly Room. In addition to what has been mentioned, inoculations are completed on all personnel, including annual TABT's. Occasionally it is necessary to give all inoculations again due to records being lost or incompleting. This may seem a hardship on those involved, but before anyone may proceed Overseas it is imperative that immunization be completed. It is our pride and boast at No. 1 S.F.T.S. that Medical Documents on all personnel are up to date when they leave the Station.

#### (h) Blood Tests

It has been considered advisable that all personnel submit to a Kahn test. Blood samples are taken during two or three afternoons a week to the extent of about 100 personnel. The result of these tests constitutes a part of one's Medical Documents.

The nature of Medical attention in the Air Force is mostly of a preventative nature. This is due to the high Medical Standards of personnel on enlistment. The Medical Officer is seldom confronted with casualties which would occur in the battle zone on Active Service. Unfortunately most Aeroplane accidents are usually fatal. Minor accidents do occur, however, and are dealt with. It is the responsibility and endeavour of a Medical Officer to maintain the health of a Station at a high level. We are confronted with a minimum of infectious diseases; and we hope always that those taken sick will report early, because in this way the length of time lost from sickness and the amount of hospitalization is reduced to a minimum.

L.W.C.S.

## THE CAMP BORDEN MEDICAL UNIT R.C.A.F.

The story of a Section is a peculiarly intangible thing when it comes to actually writing about it. You can write much about the people comprising a Medical Unit, but what is the Medical Section in the Air Force? The closest definition, probably is that the unit is a service—and so the C.O. was probably correct in putting the Medical Officers in the Servicing Squadron for drill purposes. Perhaps the best way of giving you a picture of ourselves is to briefly describe our history, our present set-up, and our aims.

The History of the Air Force Medical division is of short duration. We do not have years of tradition behind us, which is at once a hindrance and an advantage. Until 1940, the Canadian Army Medical Corps cared for Air Force personnel, but it was realized then that Air-crew problems were specialized and so a separate Air Force Medical Section was established. In the short time since then a great deal has been accomplished in concentrated research and Medical invention. Specific things cannot be mentioned, but Canadian airmen now have available equipment, which equals anything in the world. This



Flight Lieutenant G. H. Sprague

is all to the good of a new Air Force Medical Section—but on the debit side we do not have the established large hospitals (or even small hospitals) as we would like to have. In this particular unit at Camp Borden we could give much greater service with a small hospital of our own.

Until the middle of last winter we had a hospital in the old building opposite the Swimming Pool—but this was condemned and a new hospital was hoped to replace it. Since that time all our hospitalization has been in the C.B.M.H.—which is excellent but very inconvenient. In the past few months we have used our Treatment Rooms to their fullest capacity—even to the extent of occasionally pushing F/Sgt Angell out of his bedroom.

Under our present set-up we have a Medical Inspection Room, Orderly Room, and the M.O.'s offices in one building—previously used as the house of the permanent station M.O. In another building, previously the Medical Staff Barracks Building, we have the Treatment Rooms—the Dispensary, a two bed ward and the Minor Surgery combined—and the



—then he let me try a steep turn to the left . . ."

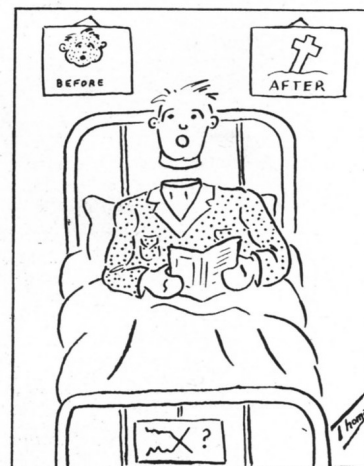
quarters of the Male Medical Staff. Here we literally live and have our being.

And now for our aims—so far, beautiful dreams. Imagine a central Hospital with all services under one roof. We could put those, whom we now keep as ambulatory patients, in bed where they could be under constant observation. Who knows—we might even have a couple of nurses to supplement our very excellent staff. But I can't go on—it's too painful coming back to reality.

To end this dissertation—we have a very efficient unit and credit is due not to our facilities but to the men and women who make it go. There is no key man whose loss would mean the failure of the machine—and that speaks for itself in regard to organization.

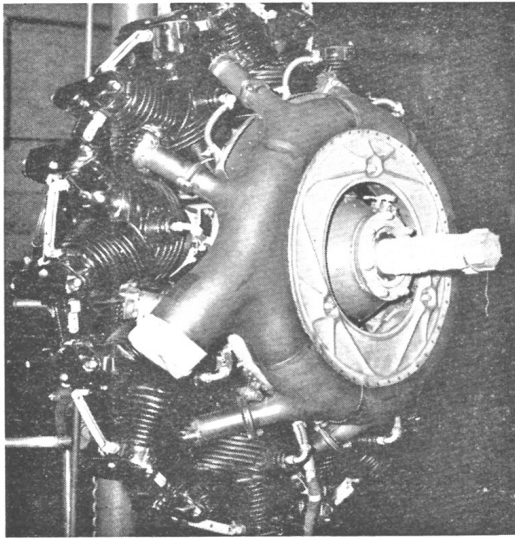
May we of the Medical Unit of Camp Borden R.C.A.F. wish all of you the top-most of Season's Greetings—Good Health—and may your conscience be clear.

G.H.S.

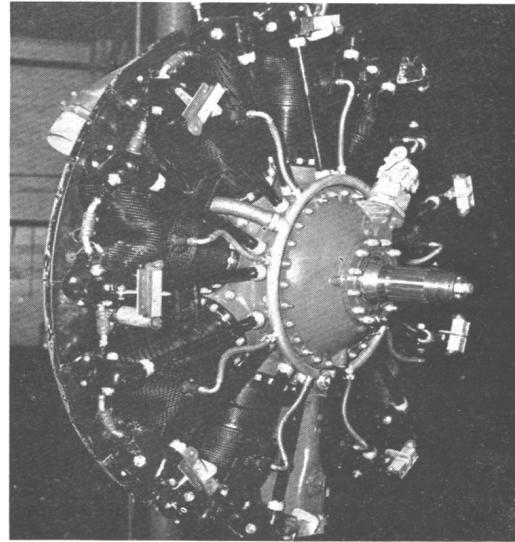


"Yep—I'm o.k., but it feels like somethinks missin'"  
(Dedicated to our Tonsilectomy Ward)

# Vital Statistics Department



The Wright Whirlwind Engine presently installed in the Yale aircraft at this station.



The Pratt and Whitney Wasp Junior Engine presently installed in the Harvard Aircraft at this station.

## DATA TO REMEMBER

<u>Yale</u>		<u>Harvard</u>
Wright Whirlwind .....	Type of Engine .....	Pratt & Whitney Wasp Jr.
420 H. P. ....	Normal Horsepower .....	550 H.P.
456 H. P. ....	Maximum Horsepower .....	600 H.P.
1400 ft. ....	Rated Altitude .....	5000 ft.
30 gals. 12 gals. res. ....	Fuel Capacity Left .....	30 gals. 16 gals. res.
43 1/3 gals. ....	Fuel Capacity Right .....	46 gals.
17 gals. ....	App. Fuel Con. per hr. ....	23 gals.
4 hrs. ....	Safe Endurance .....	3 hrs.
5 hrs. ....	Max. Endurance .....	4 hrs.
6.5 gals. ....	Oil Capacity .....	8.5 gals.
40° C. min. ....	Oil Temp. Take Off .....	40° C. min.
60° to 70° C. ....	Oil Temp. Cruise .....	60° to 70° C.
88° C. ....	Oil Temp. Max. (5 mins.) .....	85° C.
4.2 to 5.6 .....	Oil Pressure Cruise .....	70 to 90
6 .....	Oil Pressure Max. ....	95
.18 to .25 .....	Fuel Pressure Max. ....	4 to 6
.3 to .35 .....	Fuel Pressure .....	6.5 to 7
150 to 230 .....	Cyl. Head Temp. ....	150 to 230
260 (5 mins.) .....	Cyl. Head Temp. Max. ....	288 (5 mins.)
130 to 140 .....	Suction .....	3.8 to 4.1
32 .....	Boost, Take Off .....	32
28 .....	Boost, Climb .....	28
26 .....	Boost, Cruise .....	24
95 .....	Airspeed, Climb .....	120
85 .....	Airspeed, Glide .....	95
170 .....	Airspeed, Loop .....	180
155 .....	Airspeed, Roll .....	160
190 .....	Airspeed, Roll Off .....	200
2700 .....	Max. R.P.M. Dive .....	2800
4291 .....	Weight of A/C .....	5300
40' 17/16" .....	Wing Span .....	43
17.76 lbs. ....	Wing Loading .....	20.25 lbs.
13° approx. ....	Airscrew Fine Pitch .....	11° approx.
18° approx. ....	Airscrew Coarse Pitch .....	27° approx.

## WORD FROM EDENVALE

Well, here we are in Canada, some 15,000 miles from Aussie with its sun-bleached, surfwashed beaches; where last Christmas we escaped from the mid-summer sun by eating Christmas dinner up in the Blue Mountains, down in the cool glades of Tasmania or among the ponds of Ferntree Gully, according to our various homes. But despite the fact that the climates of our two countries are as far apart as their geographic positions, i.e., as far apart as the two poles, we like you, Canada, and that's fair dinkum. Why, stone the flamin' crows, if we stay here too much longer, you'll kill us with kindness.

We have painful recollections of Vancouver, where we did everything except lie in a bed; where the city turned out enmasse to wish us luck at the railway station after only 24 hours in which to form friendships.

And Edmonton! Cripes, was that a fair cow, or wasn't it? It was a happy relief to reach the isolated seclusion of Camp Borden. For two weeks the prairie people preyed on us. The very minute we poked a neck outside the barrier, a swarm of these ferocious folk whisked us away to their homes, where we immediately became lifelong friends and drank our healths till our healths were impaired and talked and sang and danced till 8:15 a.m. when we remembered that we had to be on parade. And then a considerate C.O. felt that we needed some time to recuperate from a long sea voyage, and ordered us to keep out of sight till standdown time at 4:30.

Then the whole glorious nightmare would start again—and this went on for two weeks, during which time some of our number sought to escape by visiting Banff, Jasper and others of the fascinating attractions around this part of your country. But they couldn't escape.

And then on to Borden "where" we were told, "you'll find the people of the East somewhat less hospitable than the Westerners". But no! The Torontonians cannot be excelled anywhere for their good fellowship. Nor can the Hamiltonians, or the Niagarans; and those who have had time to visit the States complain of their inability to work for at least a week.

But we are gluttons for punishment of this type and must confess that we appreciate every minute of it; because, Canada, we fondly imagine that we are capable of just this hospitality. And we would wholeheartedly invite you to put us to the test some time.

Since the last war, the Aussie has been noted for his lack of respect for red tape, and in this he is supported by the other dominions. There are many fam-



ous stories told of this trait and in many quarters it is misconstrued as sheer laziness and insolence.

However, this is really not the case, and when there is a job to be done, the Aussie will be found by the side of any legitimate ally, not bound by jettles of red tape, but prepared to adapt himself in his characteristic informal manner to whatever may be around the corner. At this point we feel that we owe a debt of gratitude to the instructors and others who have had the unenviable task of controlling us in Canada.

During our first week in Edmonton, several Sergeants went on sick parade with severe mental breakdowns, but soon discovered our better qualities (we hope) and were almost in tears when we left. In this connection, we must express our appreciation of F/Sgt Albota's remarkable patience in almost bringing us around to the Canadian's point of view as regards matters in the Service. The instructors are certainly triers when it comes to seeing our point of view on things, but thanks to their perseverance they seem to have succeeded.

### SOME GEN. ON THE R.A.A.F.

Australians are very wild men. This is mainly due to the cold weather in Canada and the lack of good beer. Australians like warm weather, and drink, and women, and swimming and surfing, and drink, and women, and drink and women. Best of all they like drink and women, right down from the old bald-headed ones who are good at navigation, to the young, irresponsible ones who get lost on cross-countries.

The Australians divide the Canadian girls up into two classes—Blondes, who are "fair dinkum," and Brunettes, who are "dark dinkum." (Dinkum is a sort of Australian drink, a mixture of 100 octane and kangaroo milk. If taken in large quantities, which it always is, it promotes severe hiccoughs). All the girls in Australia are called "Sheila." This is apt to lead to some confusion at parties, but Australians get so drunk at parties that the girls could be called Joseph Stalin for all they care.

Australians have two favorite words, "Crook" and "Bonzer." "Crook" applies to non-flying days, soft drinks, officious N.C.O.'s, soft drinks, Squadron Leaders, and above, and soft drinks. "Bonzer" applies to good flying days, drunken instructors in The Old Mill, low-flying, drunken instructors in the Royal York, pretty girls, and drunken instructors.





By LAC H. HARRIS

On October 11, 1942, Borden welcomed, once again, a course comprised of Canadians and a few of the Vanishing Americans. Assembled from Elementary Flying Schools at St. Eugene, Oshawa, Virden, and Regina, the boys were soon off to an early and rapid start in their training at Borden. Comprising C and D Flights, Course 66 has maintained a low accident rate while D Flight has not sustained a single avoidable accident in over 110 days.

**First impression of Borden as a whole:** Joe Doakes expresses himself:

"Thank Gawd I wasn't posted to a twin school".

"Borden? Oh! It's a great place; we've got a complete sports store, swell instructors, good food, a big camp theatre, regular dances; never a dull moment—besides, there's a hundred W.D.'s here, too. What more could you ask?"

"Like it? ??? Sure! Only, if we could move those officers somewhere else and bring those hangars and runways in a little closer, boy, wouldn't it be great?"

"Complaints?—Naw! Not as long as they've got Harvards here."

"Well, so long".—"Thank Gawd I wasn't posted to a twin school".

**Borden's first impression of Course 66 as a whole:**  
"What, no Aussies?"

**Intimate glimpses of life of a trainee at Borden**

Six A.M.—First ones to awake are the farmers and married men.

Six-thirty—Slowly at first but steadily the half asleep airmen reluctantly face the sub-zero temperature.

Seven A.M.—Sergeant Albota (and Junior) appear.

"All right, youse guys, on your feet".

Then breakfast with Oswald and family. (Oswald is the pet roach; sometimes you'll find Oswald and his family in the bread box, sometimes he joins you at the table.)

Seven bread toasters and a hundred men. Fortunate is he who is within ten feet of one.

Seven-thirty—Fall out for roll call in the Drill Hall.

"Right in trees, right toin". And off we go.

If it's a beautiful day, chances are you're on Link or Ground School. If it's a rainy day, you don't particularly care what happens, and nothing does.

When the early darkness of a winter night covers the Camp, and you look forward to a nice comfortable, undisturbed sleep in a warm bed, someone, who thinks it's so funny, informs you that you're night flying from 1:a.m. till 3:a.m.

And so the life of a trainee at Camp Borden goes on. The security guardsman looks at you wistfully, wondering if he'll ever fly a Harvard; the link instructors look at you hopelessly and the feeling is mutual; and the W.D.'s just look.

## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

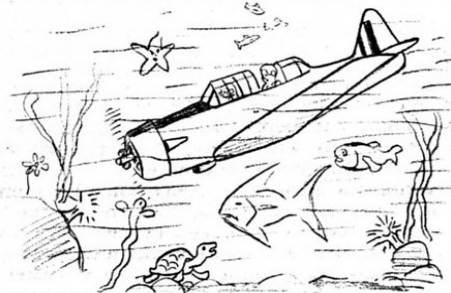
To Group Capt. D. M. Edwards, Commanding Officer, and the personnel of Number 1 Service Flying Training School, we of Course 66 extend our best wishes for a merry Christmas and a successful New Year.

But in the heart of each one, there is a deep rooted pride of Camp Borden for the Borden graduates have met the enemy on all battle fronts; they have been decorated for bravery and heroism on many occasions. It is with full realization of our responsibilities to Canada's oldest and greatest Service Flying Training School, Course 66 assures you all that we shall try to carry on in the real Camp Borden tradition.

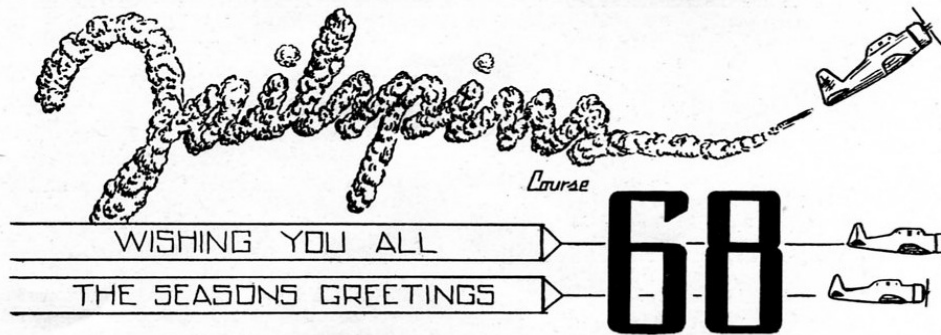
Dear Maw:

It is a long time since I have been home, so will try and write you a letter. My chum here is very good and spells all the words for me, but it doesn't matter much because you won't be able to read this yourself anyway. There is a war on now, maw, and I have joined up with a lot of other fighters to help win it. They have funny things here that look like birds and I ride around in them. You will likely think I am not telling the truth, but it really leaves the ground when you want it to. The man who tells you how to drive it is called an instructor and he is always saying nice things to me. Yesterday he told me that he wouldn't be surprised if I got wings on my back any day now, but pshaw, he was only fooling, because they put the wings on your chest, and anyway, it takes them a few months to make them. I really am good, though, because he also told me that I had as good a chance now of passing my tests as I had in three months time. This thing is called an aeroplane and it has a nice chair to sit in, but I have quite a time finding a place for my feet, as the floor has funny little handles and bars on it. There is also a board in front of you with a bunch of needles and glass on it, and do you know they even have a clock there. I tried to get it out to send to Paw, but a big fellow came along and said he was going to put me on charge if I didn't stop. I knew he couldn't do this because he didn't own it any more than I did, so how could he charge it to me? Uncle Herman is the only one around there that will be able to read this to you, so I won't say anything about an aeroplane as he has foreign blood in him and they say those people are real clever as secret agents. I think a secret agent is some kind of pedlar because you know how that brush company wanted me to be an agent for them. I must close now and go to bed. Yours truly,  
—Al.

P.S.—I don't like it here as well as home because they even make us bath and I have a terrible time with that underwear you made for me. You know you stitched it right on me and it was never meant to come off until I wore it out.—Al.



"—I still think you set the wrong Kollsman number."



We've thought and thought and thought and thought  
But still our brains have come to nought,  
We were joe'd for this job, but we're trying our best  
To cook up a page that will beat the rest.

We couldn't decide just what to write,  
So as a result we stayed up all night.  
We've done our best in a very short time,  
So don't pan us too much if the darn thing won't  
rhyme.

Due to the Military Secrets Act and to give the girl friends left at home a break, we have deemed it inadvisable to publish photographs of the members of this course. However, we shall endeavor to present a few ramblings concerning our course as brought to our attention via the grapevine, and which, we hope, will make interesting reading for everyone.

Probably the majority of us are used to the Camp Borden style of weather (?) but we have a number of lads from England who make no bones about their dislike for our climate. Corporal Nobby Clarke of the R.A.F. recently stated, "I'd sooner have the English fog than the Canadian snow, 'cause fogballs don't make the impression on one that snowballs do".

Apart from the weather, we have the old affliction of every flier: namely, the gremlins—those little horned men who can talk you into doing the wrong thing at the right time and who fly with you on every trip. At this point we'd like to present a ditty about those far-famed little people, written by Bus Corbet:

We're affected by gremlins—Marks I to IX;  
They're most disconcerting, a terrible bind;  
Giving barrels of trouble on ground and in air,  
We're losing our reason and most of our hair.  
There's one in the compass who drinks all the juice  
And reels round the card—it's no mortal use  
To try to insult him—he'll just go berserk  
So we fly by the gyros, they'll probably work.  
There's one on the wing who jumps up and down.  
When we try to fly level, he starts moving round.  
Correct with the stick, we should have him stopped;  
But, first thing we know, the other wing's dropped.  
There's one on the trim and the vertical speed,  
Having great gobs of fun and paying no heed  
To the fact that you're sweating and groaning with  
fear  
This goes on for the hour, seems more like a year.  
There are quite a few others, and we'll have to admit  
Our Flight has the pot, but we'll get rid of it,  
So we'll watch for the gremlins and shoo them away,  
Let them bother the others, they're not HERE to stay.

We might add here that the gremlins are not concerned entirely with flying. Just a short while ago our Corporal White encountered one of them while raising the ensign. It seems that this gremlin stuck his foot in the pulley atop the pole and the Corporal tried his best to dislodge him, but to no avail. Finally, the services of the Fire Department were procured. Because the gremlin was either a sucker for punishment or was intrigued by the quaint language

of the Corporal, he returned on several occasions. Whitey is now taking a rest cure.

After an eventful holiday from E.F.T.S., we found that our physical condition left a whole lot to be desired. The first few periods with our P.T.I. left us pretty limp. Now we are just getting over those sudden twinges of pain that we used to experience every morning. And the route marches to the hangar every morning paced by Flt/Sgt Albota—Four months of this and we will be a massamuscle!

Three of our boys, Poscavage, Kennedy and Gaudar were members of the Hurricanes and certainly held up their end of the team. Sorg, Fisher and Berry play on the station basketball team—besides a number of star hockey and ball players.

As far as running is concerned, Doozy Webb is our star and a sure bet. We were just looking him over at the W.D.'s dance the other night, and he certainly is in form. (Oi, such endurance.)

We have on tap the makings of a pretty fair hockey team and intend to take all comers, as soon as weather conditions permit.

Jones, R. R., of New York, and Horton, R. A., of England, are a pair of motorcycle enthusiasts, having roamed about the country for many years and holding we believe, all-time records, for cross country, and we do mean cross country. Says Jones, "De Hawvad is a "poika".

We're just about wound up, but before closing, we would like to say that we certainly appreciate the co-operation of the ground staff, especially maintenance crews, at the hangar. They are forever cheerfully answering foolish questions from us, and certainly have helped us in becoming familiar with the "innards" of the planes.

Mac MacRae submits this bit of sober philosophy to close off the page.

"I would like to have it for my whole life".

"You will," the other part of him said. "You will. You have it now and that is all your whole life is; NOW. There is nothing else than now. There is neither yesterday, nor is there any tomorrow."

"How old must you be before you know that?"

"There is only NOW, and if now is two days, then two days is your life and everything in it will be in proportion—and if you stop complaining and asking for what you never will get; you will have a good life. So do not worry. Take what you have and do your work, and you will have a full life and a merry one."



## THE CANADIAN DENTAL CORPS AT No. 1 S.F.T.S.

The drill has been pushed aside and all those suspicious instruments are out of sight. So this article may be read without undue nervous tension or apprehension.

At the outbreak of war, organization of the C.D.C. was placed in the hands of Col. F. Lott, who is Director of Dental Services. Combining his knowledge of dentistry with previous military experience, he has moulded the C. Dental C. into an efficient well equipped unit. The C.D.C. supply dentists to the three branches of the service, Air Force, Army and Navy. In addition, it serves personnel of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan in Canada, Royal Navy personnel calling at Canadian ports, as well as personnel of the Armed Forces of the Allied Nations serving in Canada. Prisoners of war now arriving in Canada in large numbers are also a responsibility of the C.D.C. It has increased to approximately 900 officers and 2,300 other ranks and continues to grow rapidly.

Attached to No. 1 Training Command is 36 Coy., Canadian D.C., which supply dental officers and male assistants in the clinics of all R.C.A.F. Stations under this command. The R.C.A.F. supplies the W.D. chair assistants in the clinics.

On entering the service all airmen, air women and officers are examined and two dental documents are charted for the individual. The first document is a record and literally a picture of the mouth, showing missing teeth, fillings, appliances, dentures, cavities, restorations and the oral health of the airman. This chart is sent to records at Ottawa. The second document shows missing teeth, cavities to be filled, and the restorations necessary. This chart remains at the dental clinic and accompanies the individual to any unit where he may be transferred. Only work done is shown on this chart and signed by the operator. Consequently there is a complete check and record of the work done for the individual.

We are particularly fortunate to be attached to a permanent station. The present clinic at Camp Borden opened January, 1940, and was equipped with permanent dental equipment. This equipment is adequate and parallels that in any modern dental office including two complete dental units, 1 portable dental unit, 1 X-Ray and a laboratory. All laboratory

### CAPTAIN J. C. WILLARD

Replaced Captain Jarrett last September, being posted to this station from No. 1 B. and G. School at Jarvis. Born at St. Marys, Ont.—attended collegiates at Stratford, Brampton, St. Marys and Wallaceburg. Graduated in Dentistry from University of Toronto, 1936. Spent a short time doing school dentistry on the Manitoulin Island. Practised at Larder Lake prior to joining the C.D.C. Married, with one son; chief hobbies, music and skiing.

### CAPTAIN F. P. METZGER

Posted to No. 1 S.F.T.S. last May from No. 1 Manning Depot. Born in Waterdown—received his early education at Waterdown High School. Served in the Canadian Dental Corps in the last war for 13 months. After the war, attended the Royal College of Dental Surgeons at Toronto, graduating in 1923. Practised dentistry in Waterdown until joining the service. Recently married; chief hobby is his violin.

### CAPTAIN U. R. MILLS

A newcomer to this station, formerly stationed at Aylmer. Born at Waterford, attended Parkdale Collegiate and graduated from the Faculty of Dentistry, University of Toronto, in 1925. After graduation spent one year at the Eastman Clinic in Rochester, New York. Practised dentistry in Parkdale, Toronto, until joining the C.D.C. Received his Officers' Training Course at Camp Borden A-10. Married with two children.

work is completed on the station giving a prompt and satisfactory service.

In restorations special attention is given aircrew. All fillings other than very small ones are lined. The lining is an insulating layer under the filling protecting the tooth from thermal, chemical and mechanical shock. Teeth at 10,000 to 20,000 ft. may feel normal but at 30,000 ft. a pilot may experience neuralgia of the jaws from defective teeth or large fillings. Consequently particular care has to be exercised in filling the teeth of aircrew.

Classes at termination of their courses and those on overseas draft are completed. Consequently there is no disruption in their unit due to dental infirmities. It is estimated that a lack of dentistry would cause the loss of 1½% of all personnel.

At present the clinic at No. 1 S.F.T.S. consists of 3 operators, 3 chair assistants, 1 technician and 1 orderly, who all work diligently and energetically, co-operating to give the best possible service.

We sincerely thank the other departments for their co-operation in enabling us to see that the boys arrive overseas dentally fit.



# HONOUR ROLL



The undermentioned graduates of No. 1 S.F.T.S. have recently received awards for great gallantry and devotion to duty in the execution of air operations:



**PILOT OFFICER WILBERT ANDREW SHOEMAKER (J7035)**  
awarded **DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS**

This officer captained an aircraft detailed to attack the submarine slipways at Lubeck. Despite bad weather and the strong opposition from ground defences, he attacked his objective from a height of only 500 feet. He also directed the fire of his gunners on searchlight positions and machine gun posts, several of which were put out of action. Pilot Officer Shoemaker has invariably set a high standard of skill, determination and courage.

**SQUADRON LEADER J. HONE (C1294)**  
awarded **AIR FORCE CROSS**

This officer displayed the greatest ingenuity and tenacity in the matter of the rescue of Battle Aircraft No. 1306 from March 10 to March 16, 1940, from the ice in the neighbourhood of Parry Sound, Ontario. This aircraft was considerably damaged during a forced landing on the ice, which was rapidly deteriorating, and, working against time and in very bad weather, he supervised the temporary repair of the aircraft and managed to get it in flying condition and returned it to its base at No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden. His flying capabilities as displayed on this occasion were of the highest order.

In addition to this, Squadron Leader J. Hone was responsible for the salvage of a D.H. Moth in June, 1940, under trying circumstances, in which he displayed a resourcefulness of the highest order.

**FLIGHT LIEUTENANT J. H. ROBERTS (C1083)**  
awarded **AIR FORCE CROSS**

This officer has displayed unbounded enthusiasm during nearly 1,000 hours of flying time, 500 of which were on actual coastal operational duty. He has shown highly commendable spirit and devotion to duty, and has set a fine example for his brother officers by the cheerful, thorough and uncomplaining manner in which he has carried out any task which was given to him. A very outstanding young officer whose spirit and ideals deserve recognition.

**WING COMMANDER G. P. DUNLOP (C171)**  
awarded **AIR FORCE CROSS**

At 11-9-39, Wing Commander Dunlop was Chief Flying Instructor with the Flying Instructors' School, Camp Borden. He remained with this school as Chief Flying Instructor when it was moved to Trenton, and on re-organization of the school in March, 1940, became Assistant Chief Flying Instructor, retaining such duties in Central Flying School until September, 1940, when he was appointed Chief Flying Instructor. In March, 1940, he was posted to No. 3 S.F.T.S., Calgary, as Chief Instructor, and reported to Trenton as Officer Commanding, Central Flying School, in April, 1941. He is still employed in the latter appointment. Since the outbreak of war, this officer has been employed in flying instructional duties, and at all times has displayed outstanding devotion to duty. His abilities, loyalty and energy are a splendid example to others, and have played a great part in the instructor output of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

**WING COMMANDER L. E. WRAY (C127)**  
awarded **AIR FORCE CROSS**

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in that, on the night of September 5, at approximately 2000 hours during a storm of gale force, in order to save Grumman Amphibian Aircraft No. 926, in the St. Lawrence River at Quebec, which had overturned and was threatened with destruction, Wing Commander Wray plunged overboard from the Naval Rescue launch, made fast and held a line until the aircraft could be towed out of danger into the middle of the river, remaining with the aircraft until 0400 hours the following morning. His action undoubtedly saved the aircraft.

**FLIGHT SERGEANT GARTH EDWARD HORRICKS (R72099)**  
awarded **DISTINGUISHED FLYING MEDAL**

Flight Sergeant Horricks is a fearless pilot. He invariably presses home his attack with utmost determination regardless of odds. He has destroyed at least three enemy aircraft and probably destroyed a further two.

**A/S/L ROBERT ELLIS EVAN MORROW (C1238)**  
awarded **DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS**

This officer has completed many operational sorties. His brilliant leadership and skill have contributed materially to the high standard of efficiency and fighting spirit of his squadron. On one occasion he led the squadron in a low level attack on five enemy destroyers. One of them was believed to have been sunk, while the remainder were damaged. S/L Morrow has destroyed one and assisted in the destruction of another hostile aircraft.

**F/L DONALD JAMES MATHEW BLAKESLEE (J4551)**  
awarded **DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS**

This officer has completed a large number of sorties over enemy territory. He has destroyed one, probably two, and damaged several more hostile aircraft. He is a fine leader whose keenness has proved most inspiring.

**FLYING OFFICER A. H. F. McNEIL (J3099)**  
awarded **AIR FORCE CROSS**

Over a long period this officer has efficiently and conscientiously performed all assigned duties, displaying extreme devotion to duty whilst engaged in his duties as flying instructor. In addition he has displayed great courage on two separate occasions, one when he extricated the personnel of two crashed aircraft under hazardous conditions, and again when he entered a burning building to rescue a brother officer.

**FLIGHT LIEUTENANT R. C. FUMERTON, D.F.C. (C1352)**  
awarded **BAR to the DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS**

Flight Lieutenant Fumerton is a most tenacious and skillful pilot. One night in June, 1942, he destroyed two enemy bombers during one flight and repeated this achievement a few nights later. His determination to destroy the enemy is outstanding. Since the beginning of June, 1942, seven enemy aircraft have been destroyed at night by Flight Lieutenant Fumerton.

PER ARDVA AD ASTRA

## The Year in Review

By Squadron Leader J. McCulloch

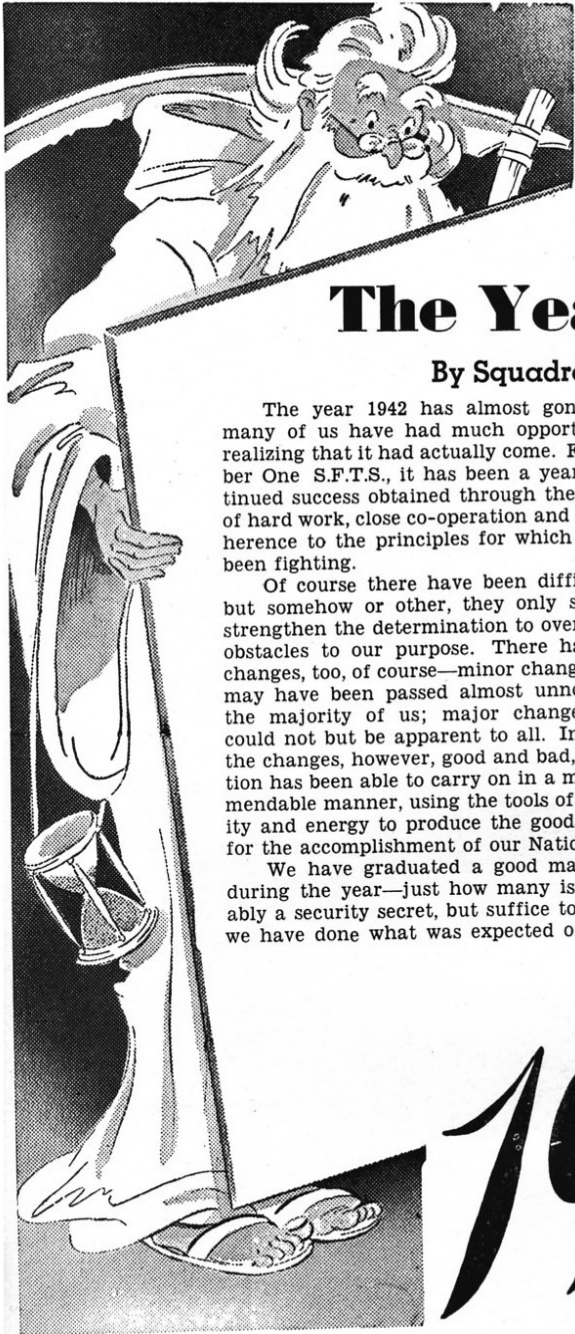
The year 1942 has almost gone before many of us have had much opportunity of realizing that it had actually come. For Number One S.F.T.S., it has been a year of continued success obtained through the medium of hard work, close co-operation and loyal adherence to the principles for which we have been fighting.

Of course there have been difficulties—but somehow or other, they only served to strengthen the determination to overcome all obstacles to our purpose. There have been changes, too, of course—minor changes which may have been passed almost unnoticed by the majority of us; major changes which could not but be apparent to all. In spite of the changes, however, good and bad, the Station has been able to carry on in a most commendable manner, using the tools of our ability and energy to produce the goods so vital for the accomplishment of our Nation's aims.

We have graduated a good many pilots during the year—just how many is presumably a security secret, but suffice to say that we have done what was expected of us, and

our results compare at least favourably with our contemporary Stations. All of the pupils who commenced their training with us did not complete it, unfortunately. Some of them were called to High Service before they were able to reach the goal of their endeavours; others, with no reflection on their sincerity of purpose or depth of effort, could not be judged fit to graduate as service pilots and left us to continue service in the other branches of the R.C.A.F. It has been good to know all of these lads—the year has been so much better for our having had the privilege of working with them—and we will watch their progress with great interest, and not a little pride.

Yes, 1942 at Camp Borden has been a good year—as good a year as can be possible in a war-torn world. For those of us who have been here all year, the following pages will serve to refresh our memory of the passing of the months—for those of us who are comparatively new to Camp Borden, they will be, surely, an inspiration for the furthering of our efforts during the year soon to begin.



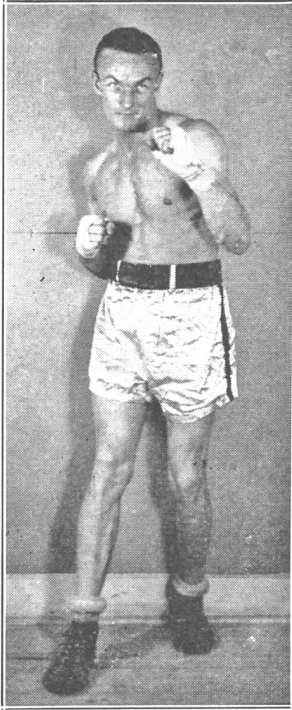
# 1942



**No. 1 Service Flying  
Training School**

Camp Borden, Ontario

## JANUARY

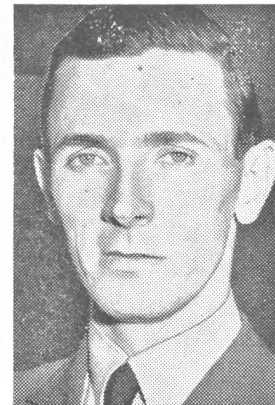


AC2 JACK KEEGAN, one of Borden's best, and one of the most outstanding boxers in the Service.

Happy New Year . . . 1942 started off with half the Station absent on New Year leave and the other half recovering slowly from the Christmas festivities and the ushering in of Young Dan Cupid, 1942 model . . . This was to be the third New Year which we were to begin under the shadow of the World War, and probably many of our thoughts were with the unfortunate people of the occupied countries whose prospects for a happy New Year under the Nazi heel seemed far from bright . . . our thoughts, too, may have been with our neighbours to the South, who at the close of the year just passed had been thrust into the conflict. What effect would their entry into the War have during 1942? . . . that the change of the year was to mean little in our working life was evidenced by the fact that a new course, No. 42, arrived during the first week . . . Happy New Year! . . . Around the middle of the month a new face appeared in our midst, its owner to be seen most times tagging along behind Genial Jim McClenaghan, our Y.M.C.A. director. The new fellow's name was Barnshield or Barnyard or Bampfield, or something. . . at any rate just another of these itinerant Y.M.C.A. blokes. . . . The first class of the year to graduate appeared on Wings Parade around the middle of the month, Course 40, no less. Squadron Leader Gutray, the Chief Instructor, presented the badges—darn good speech, too, if you remember, lots of good common sense and advice . . . The parade was followed by the Station's biggest entertainment programme of the year. Do you remember the "Lifebuoy Follies" show? . . . and the super dance in the Drill Hall?—Roy Locksley and his CFRB band . . . and the floor show? . . . Flying Officer Godfrey really organized an evening that time . . . Group Captain Grandy left on a well-earned leave toward the end of the month, heading for far Newfoundland, complete with skis and what not. The Station was under the command of S/L Gutray in the C.O.'s absence . . . F/O Beckett took a boxing team to Trenton, we remember, and rocked better than half of the Trenton team back on its heels. The score would have been 100% it seems, if one of our boys hadn't pulled the only foul punch of his career . . . The Army Camp hockey team was going great guns, too, in the O.H.A.—too bad the Air Force area hadn't been able to feature in a league, too, but the policy, you know, must be adhered to . . . . And so we have only eleven more months until next January!

## FEBRUARY

February is always somewhat of a poor month to members of the service, particularly to members of a flying service, whose activities depend so largely upon the weather. At this unit nothing good can usually be said about the weather, and February of 1942 was no exception—the weather during most of the month, to say the least, was disappointing . . . Another poor feature of the month is that for some reason poor February, for three fourths of the time, has only 28 days and to members of a service who draw pay on a daily rate, and meet most expenses on a monthly rate, this is not good . . . However, February came and went and we seemed to survive the blast and overcome our financial embarrassment! . . . . The month was not without interest for the station, however. Early in the month two officers of the still new C.W.A.A.F. were to be seen prowling around. They were Assistant Section Officers Cummings and Walker, and their mission was to prepare for the arrival of the C.W.A.A.F. on this station . . . . The C.W.A.A.F. were still something of a novelty and the male personnel at this unit greatly doubted that this station could be run efficiently with a bunch of women running around the place—maybe many of us felt with George Bernard Shaw in "Pygmalion" that "Women upset everything. When you let them into your life you find the woman is driving at one thing and you're driving at another" . . . . Around the same time of month, the station was visited by Wing Commander Kent of the R.A.F.—W/C Kent is one of this war's flying aces and at the time of his visit, he had an impressive total of German aircraft to his credit—his lecture in the theatre was much enjoyed by all even if some of his remarks re "stirring the stick" and the like may have made the job of the instructor harder as he sought to teach the student the value of precision flying . . . . The middle of the month brought G/C Grandy back from his trip—everyone was glad to see him back, looking so fit—there certainly is something in the salt sea air which makes a man feel and look at his best . . . . The end of the month was marked by another Wings Parade, G/C Grandy presenting the badges to a grand class of Aussies . . . . The station hockey championships were being worked off this month—the brand of hockey was not too good as we had been caught napping when the good frost came and the rinks were in pretty poor shape . . . much activity around the Drill Hall, too, where the Accounts Section seemed to have little difficulty in cleaning up on the Bowling and Badminton Leagues—F/L Broughton and F/O Battersby were the the individual heroes . . . and so we left the second month astern, impecunious but undaunted.



W/C Kent

## MARCH

Whereas the month of March entered like the proverbial lion so far as the weather was concerned, the incoming new courses of pupils arrived on the 1st of the month much like the proverbial lambs—the numbers are mounting too, this being none other than Course 50—incidentally from what we remember of this course, the resemblance to lambs passed quickly . . . the attitude of the men towards the W.D.'s (the C.W.A.A.F.'s had now become the Women's Division, an integral part of the R.C.A.F. rather than an appended auxiliary) was changed somewhat later in the month when a goodly number of the girls from the W.D. Depot at old Havergal College, Toronto, arrived by bus as partners at the station dance on the 6th—some of our laddies certainly moved pretty fast that night, we noticed, as we tried to get an automobile off the parking lot . . . do you remember the strong gales around the 9th of the month?—it was strange, we recall, to have so many days of clear, blue sky and perfect visibility spoiled for flying by a lot of wind! . . . A popular and frequent visitor to the station, A.V.M. Goble of the R.A.A.F. inspected the Aussies on the 11th—A.V.M. Goble was formerly Chief of the Air Staff in the peace time R.A.A.F. and since the formation of the Air Training Plan has been head of the Australian Air Mission—Ottawa—it is doubtful if there are any of the Senior Officers who show so much personal interest in every one of the men who come to this country for training—his ability to remember names, dates, facts of flying appears uncanny at times . . . An unusual visitor on the 14th was Major Thomas Huenos Eastman of the Chilean Army. Visiting us from the Chilean Legation in Washington—Major Eastman was most interested in every aspect of the station life and passed on to those who came in contact with him a better understanding of Chile's position in world affairs—a very nice fellow we'd all be glad to welcome back again . . . On the 25th the long awaited showing of "Captains of the Clouds" took place in the theatre—we shall never forget the disappointment registered by G/C Grandy after the showing; he did not agree with a portrayal of Canada's famed bush flyers—apart from that we enjoyed the film particularly as we knew that the flying for James Cagney had been done by F/O's Gale and Phelan from this unit, even if Borden itself did not rate inclusion in the scenario . . . Toward the end of the month the civilian staff held a smoker—a most pleasant evening and one that would have been well worth frequent repetition . . . Major General A. C. Richardson, D.S.O., of the British Imperial Forces was stationed at Camp Borden Army H.Q. during the month, his work dealing with the formation of the Tank Brigade—we were indeed privileged to have this officer present the wings to Course 44—his inspiring address, delivered in cultured English, was a treat for all who were privileged to hear it—Course 44 was largely comprised of Aussies and they were fortunate in having their graduation marked by such a fine address . . . Course 52 arrived on the station on the last day of the month . . . at this stage we were certain that there could not be more than three or four months of winter still to come and we even looked forward to April as a possible harbinger of Spring.



Major Eastman

## APRIL

The first days of the month saw everyone in good humour, the most readily perceptible reason being that the station enjoyed a long weekend over the Easter holiday—for many of the newer recruits to the Women's Division, this would be their first opportunity of exhibiting the "Easter Bonnet" which most of them were prepared to wear for the duration . . . the 2nd anniversary of the opening of the new officers' mess was marked by the usual dance in the mess on the 10th of the month—Brigadier General McCuaig, Camp Commandant, was guest of honour and received the other guests in company with Group Captain and Mrs. Grandy—there were some pictures taken that evening, we seem to remember, but somehow the negatives disappeared! . . . An infrequent visitor to the station shortly after was Air Commodore Nairn from A.F.H.Q.—A/C Nairn is the Senior Accountant Officer in the R.C.A.F. and this visit took place a day or so after he had flown back from Scotland after setting up the overseas pay system (overseas postings please note)—A man of keen vision and very critical and calculating mind, he was one of the most welcome senior officers received here for some time . . . And then came the great day—April 12th—quietly off the mid-day train stepped A/S/O Sparrow and Sgt. (now A/S/O) Ball, the first two members of the W.D. to be posted to Borden—much feverish activity, disapproval of this, approval of that, for five hectic days during which time we slowly got used to the idea of having them around . . . On the 18th the mass of the W.D. arrived escorted by A/S/O Hargan—who can tell what thoughts passed through the minds of these girlies during that first night at Borden?—or who can tell what was passing through the minds of the 1,000 odd airmen who pretended that they did not even notice the girls had arrived?—Can you remember how slowly was the transition from "Surely we don't have to have her in here?" to "How do you think we are going to get along if you take her away from here?" . . . Sic transit gloria . . . April 28th was a sad day for the Station—news was received that S/L Gutray, until very recently Chief Instructor at this unit, had been killed en route from Ferry Command to Newfoundland—his Hudson was reported to have crashed near New Carlisle, Quebec—those of us who knew him well, could not but remember how a few short weeks before he had left this unit so enthusiastic, so keen to come



So this is Borden!

to grips with the Hun—oh, how near, at times, can reach the horny hand of the enemy, for were it not for the need of engaging the enemy in mortal combat, to rid the earth of their kind, our bravest and best young manhood would not know Death so early. . . .

The usual change over of courses took place toward the end of the month, Course 46 being awarded their Flying Badges by G/C Grandy, and Course 54 reporting to commence this phase of their training . . . . Changes were again in order at the end of the month, when Brigadier General McCuaig, C.M.G., D.S.C., V.D., Camp Commandant, was posted to take command at Niagara-on-the-Lake, being succeeded by Brigadier A. C. Spencer, recently returned from overseas . . . . the departing General and his staff were entertained at lunch in the Officers' Mess and farewell speeches and toasts were made . . . . Do you remember your early readers at school—Alfred Lord Tennyson?—"The Lotus Eaters?"—"Time driveth onward fast . . . . . What is it that will last" . . . .

## MAY

Since we ended the month of April with lines from Tennyson, let us start the merry month of May in similar fashion with these lines from his "May Queen" . . . .

You must wake and call me early, call me early, Mother dear,  
Tomorrow 'ill be the happiest day in all the bright New Year,  
Of all the glad New Year, Mother, the maddest, merriest day,  
For I'm to be Queen of the May, Mother, I'm to be Queen of the May."

. . . . and having got that out of our systems we will proceed to things more rational and review the Merry month . . . . That winter must soon be over was evidenced



G/C Edwards

by the fact that the closing monthly station dance was held in the Drill Hall on the second of the month — it was understood, however, that some sort of weekly get-together might be organized shortly . . . . On the third of May, Wing Commander Edwards arrived on the Station from A.F.H.Q. and began a very thorough 'look-around' of the station—in the course of the next few days Wing Commander Edwards was to assume command of this Unit, and his first cursory inspection was no doubt to be the forerunner of many more exacting rounds . . . . Also on the third a new phase of Canada's War Training Programme was introduced to Camp Borden when a class of a University Air Training Plan lads arrived for a two weeks' camp—you will remember that these are lads who, whilst studying on a variety of courses at several Universities had chosen to devote a considerable portion of their spare time studying Air Force subjects in order that when their degree courses were over, they would be able to step quickly into the R.C.A.F.—we shall no doubt hear more of many of these lads as the war progresses . . . . Came May 8th, and the Station was on parade to say farewell to Group Captain Grandy, Commanding Officer for the past 18 months, and to bid welcome to Wing Commander Edwards, Commanding Officer to be—a day of mixed feelings for many of us had formed a deep attachment for "Bill" Grandy, but

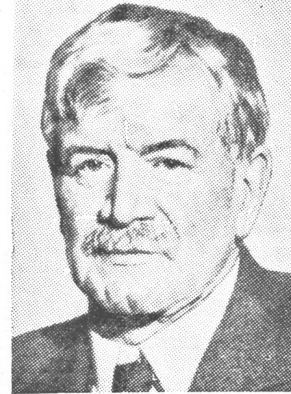
most of us knew how happy he would be to be posted back to his beloved Newfoundland—to our new C.O. we were pledged to give our best efforts—Hail and Farewell indeed . . . . A very welcome visitor on May 9th was Air Commodore Cowley from A.F.H.Q., his first visit to the station since relinquishing command of the unit to Group Captain Grandy way back in October, 1940—a real pleasure for many of us to meet A/C Cowley again . . . . A special visit by the A.O.C. A/C Brooks around the middle of the month, to inspect the lads of the U.A.T.P., mentioned above—a fine showing they made on parade, too . . . . one of the first effects of the entry of the U.S.A. into the conflict became apparent around the 18th when a goodly number of our American pupils and instructors returned to the U.S.A. to carry on their service under their own flag—it was good to know that they would be joined in the U.S.A. by hundreds of thousands of sturdy fellows like themselves, all pledged to strive to bring this war to a happy conclusion . . . . A better understanding of the struggle in China against the yellow Jap resulted from the excellent 16 mm. film shown by F/Lt Eisen, Jewish Chaplain for No. 1 T.C. Most of the films had been taken by F/Lt Eisen himself, and showed the horror of the long war in China. . . The last two days of the month were marked by the visit of Major-General Letson, Adjutant General of the Army—a most interesting man, who has seen every phase of the Canadian Army both at home and overseas . . . . The month closed with a grand vaudeville show by 'The Merry Go-Round' from Toronto, and so—exit the merry month . . . .



G/C Grandy

## JUNE

"The leafy month" was ushered in by the fairest of weather, if you remember, and already mysterious sounds like "woggy-woggy" and "the cottage" were to be heard in all corners . . . the world wide nature of the war was emphasized ever more on the 2nd of the month when we had the honour of entertaining a group of Norwegian Officers from "Little Norway" in Toronto—a fine bunch of fellows with a host of stories of persecution, resolution and escape from occupied Norway . . . incidentally, we have ceased mentioning the incoming and outgoing of the regular aircrew courses, but never fear, they kept coming and going with clock-like regularity . . . The baseball season opened early in the month, and we entered a hardball team in the Camp Championship League—we subsequently discovered that we had to win this league twice before the Army would be convinced that we had the best team on the Campus . . . A distinct privilege on the 9th to welcome Dr. Stephen Leacock to the station—who has not heard of this most notable of Canadian economists and humorists? If you have never read his books, try "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town"—to read his books is to know the man . . . Congratulations were in order on the 12th when our C.O. was promoted to the rank of G/C—that brass hat looked mighty fine, too, and certainly well deserved . . . coincident with the promotion was the visit of A.V.M. Croil, Inspector General — always an occasion of qualms and fears, this visit appeared to pass off most happily—as we remember it, the mess dinner in the officers' mess afterwards was quite something, too—who would have dreamt that they would ever hear a C.O. and his officers say "We want the I.G." . . . that Borden is the spot where A.F.H.Q. and T.C. park all their spare courses, etc., was evident when S/L Boothby arrived with F/Lt Talman to conduct a course in Front Gun Firing—two splendid officers these, both with the D.F.C. up, and a fine record of service against the enemy—we welcomed them and were proud that we should once more have been singled out to do a little extra for the Training Plan . . . a change of R.C. padres this month too—much loved Paul Dwyer left for a post in the West and F/Lt Belanger took his place—we were soon to know that in Padre Belanger we had, as in Padre Dwyer, a real man's man and a good friend to all, irrespective of faith or creed . . . visitors to the station during the month were the Orillia Board of Trade headed by Mayor Pack, on the 24th and the Lions Club of Alliston on the 25th—we are always glad to see these visitors as we are proud of our station and want them to know just what we are doing . . . on the last day of the month the baseball team won the Camp Championship (First Edition!!) . . . and so half the year has gone, willy nilly, summer is upon us, with thoughts of leave, sunshine, and preparation for the approaching fall and winter months—how bound we are by the seasons, the weather, the lengthening and shortening of the days . . . but let us look onward . . .



Dr. Stephen Leacock

## JULY

The month opened with the Army making a serious tactical error—they invited the Air Force to take part in their Athletic Meet—you will remember, or at least have heard, how our lads cleaned up on most of the events and team and individual championships—maybe our boys have never heard of Dale Carnegie. . . Early this



AC1 Burnett

month most of us were made aware of the existence of a junior branch of the Service, the Air Cadet League of Canada, formed to further preliminary pre-entry training in Air Force subjects—one hundred of these young lads arrived at this unit for a week's camp—the way in which they were accepted and looked after by the station personnel reflected greatly on the high esprit de corps of our boys . . . Visitors towards the middle of the month were Air Commodore Collard, Senior Works and Buildings Officer at A.F.H.Q., and Mr. de Carteret, Deputy Minister for Air—this was the first visit of the D.M. to this unit and we know he was impressed—overheard during much of their conversation were the words "Scheme A"—wonder what they could mean? Sub-Lieutenant Darre Hansen of the Royal Norwegian Navy reported on temporary duty to study our G.I.S. Signal Section—this officer is connected with the training of submarine and destroyer radio crews and was impressed by our code room set up . . . More civic visitors came to the station on the 16th when a party from the Red Cross Branch at Alliston looked over the station—we hope they went away knowing something of the work being done here, and knowing also how much those of us in the service appreciate the labours of their wonderful Society—on a training station we have seldom the need to call upon the services of the Red Cross Society, but all of us must know how important is their work overseas and in the prison camps . . . Air Vice Marshal Sully presented the Wings to our Graduating Class. Air Vice Marshal Sully is Air Member for Personnel on the Air Council, the man who directs our comings and goings . . . his address to the graduates was most cheering and inspiring, and the class undoubtedly benefit-

ted by the all too brief contact with this officer . . . No. 1 S.F.T.S. was taken to the ears of the outside world on the 21st when AW2 Fraser of the W.D.'s took part in a nation wide broadcast "Cheers from the Camps"—this young lady is possessed of considerable talent but then of course is not everyone from this No. 1 Station? . . . The biggest history making event of the month was the appearance for the first time in magazine form of your magazine "Wings Over Borden"—the days of the old news sheet had passed and in its place we have what we feel to be one of the best station journals in the country—the cover you all know well by now is a masterpiece showing as it does the development of our present knights of the air from famous bold knights of old . . . Squadron Leader Edwards from Port Albert attended at the close of the month and gave an interesting lecture on operational flying—another morsel to whet the appetites of pupils keen to go overseas and to make the unhappy instructor even more disgusted with his lot . . . Another strange figure was observed around the station, tall, blond, and apparently speechless—rumour had it that this newcomer with the two and a half rings was in some way connected with the transfer back to England of our much loved W/C John Flowerdew—John had been at Borden since January, 1940, and the place was going to seem funny without him—however, the month closed and he was still with us . . .



W/C Flowerdew

## AUGUST

Right smack at the beginning of the month, Training Wing was called on parade to take part in the turning over of the position of Chief Instructor from W/C Flowerdew to S/L Hiltz . . . at last the mystery was solved and it was known far and wide that the silent stranger was none other than the new C.I. . . . Welcome, Sir, we should do our best for you, were our words. . . . To John Flowerdew, nothing but the sincerest of good wishes in every sphere of his activity . . . and many of us knew what a lot of territory that took in. . . . (Incidentally, we just couldn't resist reprinting this picture!) . . . Early in the month the Army became aware of the existence of our W.D.'s and they attended a dance given in their honour by the 2nd Brigade R.C.A. Tank Corps. . . . Something different, something new.—This time from the Chaplain's Department



W/C Hiltz

—nothing less than a Drumhead Service held in the wide open air, criticized by many but secretly appreciated by all. . . . Once more at our Wings Parade we were privileged to have an opportunity of seeing one of the "big shots," who set the policy under which we work—this time A.V.M. Paxton from the Training Division at A.F.H.Q. was on hand—Again, as is to be expected from one so highly placed and shouldering so much responsibility, we were treated to a most inspiring address—how much easier it is to follow a man's policy and carry out a man's plans when you know the man—welcome back, Sir. . . . We knew there was going to be something about August which we would not like and now we have it—Much to his delight and much to the sorrow of everyone else, S/L George "Pop" Phillips was posted to Ferry Command—George was all that we wished all men could be, everybody's friend—we hated like the devil to see him go, but if ever anyone deserved a crack at the Hun, George did—and incidentally, maybe someone else will be able to win the long distance races on Sports Day. . . . (We know you've seen George's picture before but it will do us all good to see it again). . . . During the month, this Station, in common with the entire British Commonwealth of Nations, mourned the death in a flying accident of Air Commodore H.R.H. the Duke of Kent. The manner in which this nobleman met his death, like so many of our own comrades, in Air Force uniform, in service of his King, made us realize even more that we are all, from the highest to the lowest, of one blood, and one endeavour, fighting for the common cause of freedom. . . . Changes had taken place recently in No. 1 T.C., and on the 19th we had our first official visit from the new Air Officer Commanding, A.V.M. G. O. Johnson—Of particular interest was this visit, because we were to learn that A.V.M. Johnson was the first C.O. of this station when it was re-opened, after the world war, in 1920.—The station looked particularly smart that day too, and we are sure the A.O.C. must have been impressed—probably he noticed the odd change here and there in the last 20 years. . . . The month closed in a blaze of glory with the Annual Sports Day on the 26th.—Quite an occasion this Borden Sports Day, for where will you find a more sporting spirit than on this station?—Old Weather Man was good to us, too, remember?—F/O Len Rogers won the individual championship in good style.—The grand aggregate trophy was won by No. 1 Squadron, thanks entirely to the extraordinary display of sportsmanship on the part of its Australian aircrew.—

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S/L Phillips

## SEPTEMBER

This Unit is always happy to welcome back any of its sons who have gone overseas and in combat with the enemy—it was a particular pleasure to have Squadron Leader Maurice Lipton with us early in September—Maurice was a Flying Instructor at this School during the early days of the war and more recently has been O.C. of the first R.C.A.F. Night Fighter Squadron . . . . Another distinguished visitor early in the month was Sir William Glasgow, High Commissioner for Australia—his visit included an inspection of the Aussies and we were again impressed by the number of boys' families that the H.C. appeared to know, or at least know of—well looked after are these Australian lads . . . . At long last and to the extreme pleasure of every man on the Station, W.O.I Joe McAskin received his commission and became Flying Officer McAskin—one of the R.C.A.F.'s most outstanding men, popular, highly skilled, we were glad to know that he was to stay on with us here at Borden—we need more men like "Mac" . . . . We continued to play hosts to our neighbours when the Meaford Rotary Club inspected our station on the 9th—good fellows these Rotarians—many of their clubs all over the country have accepted the responsibility of sponsoring Air Cadet Squadrons, and are thereby carrying out a most noble service to the R.C.A.F.—playing host to them for a day is small return for us to make . . . . The Income Tax was being discussed all around these days, particularly by the officers on the non-flying list . . . . A badly needed addition to the Camp Borden scene was taking shape at this time in the building of the new mess—the present building does not do credit to the high quality of the meals served—Christmas dinner in a new mess seems pretty attractive . . . . The R.C.A.F. Sports Club brought further glory upon itself when the Soccer team won the Camp Championship beating the best the Army could offer—good going, fellows . . . . Air Commodore George Waite, Officer in charge of Administration at No. 1 T.C. presented wings to Course 56 on the 10th—no station could be more fortunate than this in the number of fine officers and men we have been privileged to meet on our Wings Parades — A/C Waite made our graduates feel that they really were part of the Air Force . . . . We were able to get some inside "gen" into the methods to be employed in the selection of future aircrew when the officers of the Aircrew Selection Board Course at No. 1 "M" Depot paid a visit to the Station—it has long been noted that a good many inconsistencies appeared to exist in the methods and standards of recruiting across the country and it was interesting to know that these officers had been got together and given definite instructions in what was required . . . . Return visit of A.V.M. Goble, R.A.A.F., on the 15th . . . . The station was honoured by a visit from the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Matthews on the 18th—Mrs. Matthews made the members of the W.D. feel very much at home when she dined with them in their mess—demonstrations of absolute democracy such as this do much to further the morale—how much better that all of us should be able to meet freely one with the other, than to be continually subjected to the evils of class prejudice and its resulting bigotry . . . . And so September closed, and we could notice that the evenings were already beginning to shorten, and we felt that summer, for what it was worth, was dying . . . .



F/O McAskin

## OCTOBER

"There is something in October sets the gypsies' blood astir", wrote Bliss Carmen in the "Vagabond Song" . . . . unfortunately October at No. 1 was so devoid of outstanding events that it could not stir the blood of a prosaic form of animal life, like an airman, far less that of a romantic gypsy . . . . There were one or two highlights, of course, such as the visit of A.V.M. G. O. Johnson on the 8th of the month when he presented the Wings to Course 58—the A.O.C.'s speech on that occasion was simply grand—sincere, down-to-earth advice which our aircrew need so badly not only when they graduate but all during their course—welcome back soon, Sir . . . . "Sharing a Man's World" was the title of the first real article contributed to "Wings Over Borden" from the W.D.'s—how well they are sharing man's world was shown on the 13th of the month when one of the W.D., A.W.I Doris Duff displayed considerable initiative and gallantry in helping to extinguish a fire on one of the gas tenders—without regard for her own personal safety, this airwoman helped prevent a serious explosion and fire—the station was proud when the C.O. made official mention of the deed at a muster parade . . . . During the years since No. 1 S.F.T.S. was placed on a war footing there have been several Commanding Officers



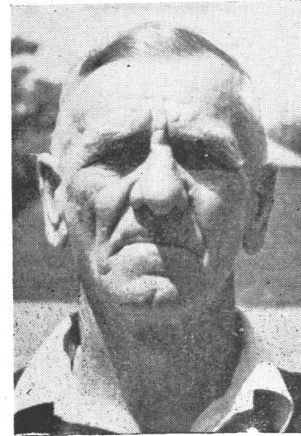
Air Commodore McGill

—of these not the least popular was Wing Commander (now Air Commodore) Frank McGill—it was therefore a great pleasure to see him back on a brief visit on the 14th—(since then we have learned that Air Commodore McGill is shortly to succeed Air Vice Marshal Johnson as A.O.C. at No. 1 T.C.—congratulations and best wishes, Sir). . . . A disappointment awaited the station in general and the W.D.'s in particular when H.R.H. the Princess Alice could not visit the station on the 17th—low ceiling and poor visibility decreed that she was to be unable to land, although her aircraft did arrive at a spot six thousand feet over the aerodrome—we hope to have the honour of a visit from H.R.H. at a later date and can assure her that nowhere will she find a warmer welcome than at Camp Borden . . . . The Barrie citizens were seeing lots of the Boys in Blue, as the public press so loves to call us—two church parades and a Victory Loan Parade all one on top of t'other—the Victory Loan, incidentally, received a good boost from this station—the final figure contributed was very handsome indeed.

... Something a little different took place on the 24th when we held Open House—during the afternoon shoals of visitors thronged the station, looking thither and yon, asking all sorts of embarrassing questions and generally getting an insight into the station activities—probably the only items on the whole campus which they did not notice, were the little boxes cunningly distributed around on behalf of the Benevolent Fund! ... And so we leave the gypsy blood coursing rapidly through gypsy veins and proceed in our own unflurried way to November.

### NOVEMBER

The review of November was none too easy, because at the time this chronicle was penned the station diary had not been completed and your chronicler had to rely on a fairly faulty memory ... you will therefore understand if the rows of dots in this paragraph are slightly longer! ... We got off to a pretty poor start at the beginning of the month when we discovered that we had to produce an issue of Wings Over Borden without the aid of Corporal Ted Rorke whose duties in the Accounts Section forced him to vacate the editor's seat ... (and although we did not want to do it we feel we must mention that that seat is still vacant—won't someone please help us out?—editing this paper is easy, since the editor has to write most of the material anyhow and of course he would know not to put anything in which he would later have to edit!) ... Our much loved Gracie Fields flew in from New York on November 1st and entertained in the Lee Hall—what a truly grand person Gracie is—may she be long spared to us, and to the armed forces of democracy everywhere, for she is ready and willing to travel almost anywhere to entertain "her boys" ... Guy Fawkes Day passed without any effort being made to blow up the House of Commons either in London or in Ottawa,—there are those, they tell us, who think a well placed firecracker under the seat of certain dignitaries of the state might be considered a meritorious act, but who are we to know? ... Remembrance Day on the 11th came and went in its usual solemn way—to many this annual resurrection of sad memories and unhappy recollections brought a tear—to those of us in the Service it served possibly as a spur to bigger and better efforts to ensure that when the Armistice to this struggle is written, the world will be sure of a deep and lasting peace not for just a brief generation, but forever ... Air Vice Marshal Leckie, Air Member for Training on the Air Council, presented the "Wings" to Course 60—a most notable address, too, you will remember,—if you don't remember, you will find it printed in full in the November issue of this journal ... "Dad" Parker celebrated his 10th anniversary at Camp Borden this month—congratulations and best wishes were in order—"Dad" has probably done more than any other one man during the last decade to keep high the morale of this Unit—long may he be spared to us ... Things were happening in the sporting world, too, for were not three of our pupils playing on the R.C.A.F. "Hurricanes" football team which was subsequently to become Dominion Champions ... Congratulations were in order, too, to W/C Hiltz, who suddenly blossomed forth with a third wide stripe ... And so November's thirty days slipped past bringing us to the last stanza of another year ...



"Dad" Parker

### DECEMBER

A magazine, in theory, has a deadline—the deadline for this current issue was set for December 3rd and accordingly it was not anticipated that much could be written about the events during the month ... deadlines, however, appear to be capable of considerable stretching, because it is now the 13th of the month and even as we write the printer is hammering at the door, and John Bampffield is lying in a corner, chewing off his last thumb and muttering "It can't be done" ... The month started off with the graduation of Course 62, Australians—they pushed off to Chicago on leave and the record of their visit appears elsewhere ... We think it was Shakespeare who asked "O who can wallow in December's snow?"—if the Bard could only contrive to visit Borden about now he would see upward of a thousand souls doing it daily ... but we must not pad—we nearly said "We must not spoil this by padding"—and so, with visions before us of Christmas and New Year's leave, family reunions, Santa Claus, more snow, longer nights, new license plates, and who can tell, maybe an overseas posting, we will bring this review to an end ... may it so be that during the year which lies ahead we may be given the power to vanquish and overcome our enemies, and that by the close of another year "Peace and Goodwill Among Men" may indeed appear on the earth ... As we look backward over the year just past let us recall the words of Frank Lebby Stanton:

"Year ain't been the very best;  
Pretty hard by trouble pressed;  
But the rough way leads to rest—  
Here's hopin'!"

J. McC.





# Programme

for the  
ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE  
*Friday, Dec. 4th to Tuesday, Dec. 8th*  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The members will stay at the Sherman Hotel

## FRIDAY, DEC. 4,

2000 hrs.—Arrive in Chicago.

2030 hrs.—Party at Panther Room of the Hotel Sherman as guests of Mr. E. Byfield and Mr. F. Bering.

## SATURDAY, DEC. 5,

1130 hrs.—Group photograph to be made at the U.S.O. Each member to receive a copy. Arranged by Mr. McCutcheon of the U.S.O.

1230 hrs.—Lunch at the U.S.O. Club—131 South Wabash.

1400 hrs.—Tour of the city. Mr. Carpenter of the United States Treasury Department providing transportation. Football Game. Notre Dame (Army) vs Great Lakes (Navy).

1630 hrs.—Party at the Tavern Club—333 North Michigan.

1930 hrs.—Dinner at the Palmer House in the Crystal Room, 3rd Floor. Guests of Mr. Lawless.

2100 hrs.—Dance at the Officers' Club, Knickerbocker Hotel, 163 East Walton Place. Arranged by Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Wells.

## TUESDAY, DEC. 8,

1300 hrs.—Rotary Luncheon—Louis XVI Room—Sherman Hotel. Guest Speaker—Henry C. Wolfe. Subject—"Latin America and the Axis."

1430 hrs.—Service Men's Centre—Recordings to be made of the members' voices. To be sent to relatives in Australia. Arranged by Mr. Gallus.

2010 hrs.—Leave Chicago.

## SUNDAY, DEC. 6,

1000 hrs.—Radio program WBBM, Wrigley Building.

1300 hrs.—Lunch party given at the Casino Club—195 East Delaware.

1830 hrs.—Party and buffet dinner given by the British War Relief Society in the Four Georges Room in the Sherman Hotel.

2000 hrs.—Ice Hockey Game—Blackhawks vs Canadiens—Chicago Stadium. Arranged by Mr. E. Scott, who is an A.N.Z.A.C.

## MONDAY, DEC. 7,

1300 hrs.—Dinner party—guests of Mayor Edward J. Kelly. Chicago Club—404 S. Michigan Ave.

1430 hrs.—Tour of Service Men's Centre.

1630 hrs.—At the Pearl Harbour ceremony in the Stadium, several of the Pilots will be on the platform as guests of the Mayor.

2100 hrs.—Supper at the Chez Paree as guests of Mr. M. Fritzel and Mr. Joe. Jacobson.

V I C T O R Y



We take our hats off to that magnificent mid-western city of Chicago, Illinois, for the marvelous reception accorded the Australian graduates of Course 62 who recently spent four days in the "Windy City." Certainly the people of Chicago spared no effort and through their generosity a program of lavish entertainment was arranged.

The party arrived at the Dearborn Station and were immediately escorted to the beautiful Sherman Hotel located in the famous Loop in the heart of Chicago. There they were met by hundreds of citizens, newspaper reporters and photographers who were clamoring to see and talk with the boys from

"down under". Following a short reception at the Hotel, the Aussies had dinner in the Panther Room of the Hotel Sherman as guests of the management when they were entertained by Bob Hope, Jerry Colonna, and the Three Make Believes.

The following morning the airmen journeyed to the U.S.O. Club where they had group photographs made and were entertained for lunch.

Saturday afternoon found the party making a brief tour of the city, ending up at the Soldiers' Field where they witnessed a football game between Notre Dame and Great Lakes. Following this very thrilling game, the boys found their way to the exclusive Tavern Club where they were received by the city's leading professional men. The boys then hired fifteen of the city's three thousand taxi cabs to make their way to the Crystal Room of the Palmer House for dinner. Later in the evening, a dance was given in honour of the Australians at the Officers' Club in the Knickerbocker Hotel.

Sunday's program began with a broadcast from station WBBM in the Wrigley Building entitled, "Meet the Allies." After a brief interview, the boys topped off the program by singing "Waltzing Matilda." The rest of the morning was spent in a short tour of the city. Following lunch and an afternoon of dancing at the Casino Club, the Aussies were given a buffet dinner by the British War Relief Society in the Four Georges Room in the Hotel Sherman. As dinner was being served Larry Adler entertained with his harmonica, and Paul Draper with tap dancing. That evening the boys were guests of the Chicago Stadium where they witnessed their first game of ice hockey. The Chicago Black Hawks and the Montreal Canadiens put on a beautiful exhibition of hockey which fascinated the Australians.

Mayor Edward J. Kelly gave a luncheon at the Chicago Club on Monday and personally escorted the group on a tour of the Service Men's Centre.

One of the highlights of the trip was the attendance of the class at the N.H.L. game between Montreal Canadiens and Chicago Black Hawks. For most of the "Aussies" this was their first experience with professional hockey.





One of the outstanding incidents of the tour was the visit to the Chicago Service Men's Centre. The above photograph was to have been the official record of the visit but a good many of the class had found other interests and were absent at the time.

Free meals are served to the armed forces at the Centre, and it is interesting to note that 15,000 cakes are served here weekly. Also, in this fifteen storey building the Australians were fortunate to see the world's championship bowling matches.

Later on in the afternoon several of the airmen took part in the Pearl Harbor Memorial Service at the stadium. They took dinner that night at the famous Chez Paree where Sophie Tucker entertained with her popular songs and presented an autograph-picture to each member of the party.

Tuesday noon the Australians were guests of honour at the Rotary luncheon held in the Louis XVI room of the Hotel Sherman. The boys had the privilege of hearing Henry C. Wolfe speak on "Latin America and the Axis". The remainder of the afternoon was spent at the Service Men's Centre where members made recordings which were sent to relatives in Australia.

The Australians are very grateful to Mrs. Douglas Buchanan who as hospitality chairman of the British War Relief Society, made arrangements for the four day whirl and was the official hostess to the boys.

A great deal of thanks is due to Mr. E. A. McCandlish, C.N.R. representative in Camp Borden, whose unceasing efforts made this trip possible.

Squadron Leader J. McCulloch and J. M. Bampfield, Y.M.C.A. supervisor, accompanied the Australians.

—RCAF—

A gentleman is one who never hurts anyone's feelings, unintentionally.

—RCAF—

Perfection consists not in doing extraordinary things, but in doing ordinary things extraordinarily well.



**HON. EDWARD J. KELLY**

Mayor of the City of Chicago

who acted as host at a luncheon to the party in the Chicago Club on Monday, Dec. 7.

Mayor Kelly spent a considerable portion of the afternoon showing the group the Auditorium Service Men's Centre—an outstanding tribute to the patriotic spirit of Mayor Kelly and the people of Chicago. The Australian party, through "Wings Over Borden," wish to thank Mayor Kelly for his interest in them and to assure him and the city he represents that the reception accorded to Course 62 in Chicago will be duplicated in every city in Australia where members of the Armed Forces of the United States find themselves.



A group of the Australian party taken during a visit to the U.S.O. centre.

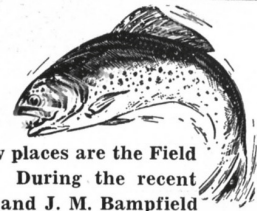
Your Dad was an Anzac and mine was a Yank,  
 And cobbers in arms they were in the front rank;  
 Together they marched and together they fought,  
 And when it was over they never forgot.

Australia we knew was an isle far away,  
 And that's about all, we were sorry to say;  
 But, now, when we wander in dreams now and then,  
 We linger and learn of a land of big men.

The Rotary Spirit extends to all lands,—  
 Makes Cobbers of all and in trade it commands.  
 It's binding all Nations, in Rotary ranks,  
 The Anzacs, the Tommies, the Chinese and Yanks.

—By Rotarian JAMIE HERON, Chicago (1929).

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Two of Chicago's most prize show places are the Field Museum and Shedd Aquarium. During the recent visit to Chicago S/L McCulloch and J. M. Bampfield spent much of their leisure time at these places and would be very pleased to describe many of the outstanding exhibits upon request.

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A warm welcome awaited the bride and groom when they joined the party in Chicago.



# SELLING THE NEW ORDER

By FLIGHT LIEUTENANT J. M. BELANGER

Advertising agencies well know the power of slogans, these short, concise formulas whose persistent repetition gradually compel the curiosity, the interest and finally the adhesion of the mind. By means of slogans daily stressed in the Press, depicted in magazines, pasted on bill-boards in the countryside and flashed on the radio between programs, products whose efficacy is unknown if not doubtful have been spread throughout the world. They are used by people who would be quite unable to justify their favour by any substantial reasons. Even perfect frauds have held sway at times through the power of slogans alone. But salesmanship through slogans does not apply only to articles of commerce. Thoughts, theories, causes good and bad, historical truths and falsehoods, scientific facts and errors: mankind as a whole will embrace any of these things provided that they are repeated with sufficient insistence.

The world has been open to warfare ever since clans, tribes and nations were formed. But war is such an evil that it would not be accepted by any people unless they were made to believe that they are fighting in a just cause. No nation is wicked in itself. The injustices of a nation are due to the ambition or greed of its leaders more than to its fighting spirit. Whether that ambition or greed be personal as in the case of dictators or of a patriotic character as in elected governments, in all wars such leaders must possess the ability to impress their populations with the fallacious appearance of a just cause. Otherwise the nation as a whole would not follow but would overthrow its government.

As a people the Germans are neither better nor worse than any other. If they have national characteristics that clash with the temperament of the English, the French and others, they also have natural qualities which many of the United Nations could rightly envy them. To say that the German people want war for the sake of war (the pleasure of killing ruthlessly and of being killed) is not only unjust: it is stupid and shows a sad lack of psychology. They are perhaps naturally inclined to emphasize certain principles and values that we deem to be unimportant but fundamentally their attitude toward war is the same.

Hitler has been a great salesman. For years he has fed the German nation artfully chosen slogans well adapted to a people who have proven to be most gullible when their national pride was flattered. First it was the greatness of Germany and the injustice of the Versailles Treaty. When they had swallowed that, they were ready to accept any sacrifice for re-armament and the restoration of Germany as a great Power. Then came the sacrosanct quality of the German blood and the sad oppression to which were subjected the Germans who lived under the rule of neighbouring nations. And the whole nation applauded to the annexation of Austria, Bohemia,



Memel, Dantzig and the Polish Corridor, thereby accepting the risk of a war with the Western Powers. England and France picked up the gauntlet. War was declared but the German people had no quarrel with the other nations which they subsequently attacked and occupied. In order to justify this occupation, a new slogan was forced on the German nation: "We have been called to a great vocation. We must destroy the old state of things and institute a **New Order** in Europe. Then shall the world be a Paradise of Peace and Happiness." The German people gulped it whole, nut and kernel.

It had been Hitler's hope that the occupied nations would gulp it too. Even that we, his enemies, would be impressed by it. We were . . . although unwilling to accept his conception of a new order. We realize that something must be changed in the world in order to stop the periodic recurrence of calamities such as it has experienced in the last quarter-century. So, the United Nations hope also to establish a **New Order** when the war is over. Plans follow plans: the Atlantic Charter in the political field, the Beveridge plan in the economic sphere . . . and we are likely to hear of more plans and counter-plans about which let us hope we shall not have to fight. However, in the meantime the whole world is fascinated by this slogan: the **New Order** . . . nothing about which is new but the universal interest it has aroused in the minds of men.

In reality the search for a New Order is thousands of years old, dating back to the day when man himself destroyed the Order established by God at the time of creation and consequently cast himself in what are called the human miseries: illness, pesti-

(Continued on page 54)

# La paix dépend de vous

par Lieutenant de Section J. M. BELANGER

Pour la quatrième fois depuis le début de cette guerre inhumaine nous revient cette nuit de Noël si émouvante dans son tendre mystère que ceux-là même dont l'âme ne brille pas des lumières de la foi, se sentent animés d'une joie nouvelle, source d'effusions cordiales et d'une bienveillance universelle. Cette année encore retentira dans nos églises le cantique angélique: "Gloire à Dieu au plus haut des cieux et paix sur la terre aux hommes de bonne volonté."

Quelques soient les événements de la terre, la gloire de Dieu au ciel n'en souffre rien. Elle reste ravissante de beauté, infinie dans son intensité, et le cantique de Noël ne perd jamais en réalité ce qu'il exprime en désir: "Gloire à Dieu au plus haut des cieux!" Hélas! que n'en est-il pas ainsi de la deuxième partie: "Paix sur la terre . . ." Sur des champs de bataille sauvages les hommes s'égorgeaient jour après jour. Des millions sont déjà disparus; des milliers d'autres sont mutilés pour la vie ou s'étiolent rapidement dans les camps d'internement. Au jour même de Noël les chefs siègeront en conciliabules, mettant en commun leur expérience, leurs connaissances et leur génie pour machiner des plans d'où sortira un carnage plus grand encore. Tous les peuples, même les plus éloignés du théâtre de la guerre s'épuisent à produire les nouveaux engins d'une destruction plus complète et plus raffinée. Et la fin de ce fléau n'apparaît pas encore. On ignore même si l'on peut l'escompter pour des mois ou des années.

Pourtant, ne se plaisait-on pas à décrire l'autre guerre: la guerre pour mettre fin à la guerre? Mais les bruits de guerre n'ont jamais cessé et nos cris de victoire du 11 novembre, 1918, n'ont été qu'un souffle puissant qui, au lieu d'étouffer à tout jamais les clameurs, a excité des tisons de haines qui, vingt ans plus tard, devaient éclater en cette grande flamme que nous voyons aujourd'hui dévorer la terre.

La promesse divine était-elle donc vaine? N'y a-t-il pas de paix possible sur la terre? De quel arbre est-elle donc le fruit qu'on puisse nulle part la cueillir? Cet arbre, c'est la bonne volonté. Non pas cette volonté qui s'applique à quelques détails de la vie ou s'exerce à l'égard de quelques individus ou de certaines classes d'hommes; mais une bonne volonté qui plonge ses racines dans l'amour de Dieu et, nourrie de la sève de la grâce, offre ses fruits à tous et en tout temps.

Ces hommes de bonne volonté ont toujours été en petit nombre depuis l'entrée du péché dans le monde. C'est pourquoi l'histoire peut se résumer à-peu-près à l'énumération des guerres qui ont ensanglanté la terre. De nos jours on parle beaucoup de notre haut degré de civilisation, des étonnants progrès de la science, du génie de nos inventions qui ont effacé les distances, établi partout le confort et vaincu - prétendait-on - la souffrance. Puis l'on s'étonne que l'esprit humain applique ses succès à l'aneantissement de ses propres oeuvres, à la dissémination d'une souffrance pire que toutes celles qu'il avait maîtrisées, à la destruction de millions de vie. Mais pourquoi s'étonner? La paix n'a pas été promise à la puissance de l'esprit, mais à la droiture de la volonté.

Or, jetons un regard sur le monde et nous constaterons qu'au développement de l'esprit humain durant ce dernier siècle correspond précisément un déclin effroyable de la moralité, c'est-à-dire de la bonne volonté. Partout, chez les individus, dans la famille et la société, s'étale un dévergondage

effréné. Notre temps pourra être dénommé dans l'histoire "l'âge du plaisir." Si l'on en veut aux dictatures, c'est parce qu'elles veulent changer notre manière de vivre. Cette crainte s'affiche continuellement dans les discours, les écrits et les réclames qui visent à stimuler l'enthousiasme pour la défense de nos libertés . . . comme si la liberté sans bride qu'on a donnée au plaisir n'était pas au fond la cause du conflit. Cette guerre mondiale est-elle donc autre chose qu'une grande flamme jaillie de l'accumulation des petites étincelles dont le monde était parsemé? Avant septembre, 1939, on parlait bien de paix, mais il n'y avait de paix que pour un très petit nombre. Le conflit était partout parce que partout l'égoïsme présidait à la recherche du plaisir. Conflit dans les familles que brisaient des séparations et des divorces de plus en plus nombreux. Dans l'esprit des hommes le mariage à perdu son caractère sacré pour n'être plus qu'un instrument de plaisir. Conflit dans la société entre les différentes classes, entre les partis politiques qui se disputent le pouvoir, entre les individus qui refusent toute contrainte et veulent obtenir par le crime ce que ne saurait leur procurer ni leur intelligence ni leur industrie.

Tout cela on le trouve malheureusement à un degré toujours croissant chez les canadiens-français, qui perdent de plus en plus leur caractère de race probe et frugale. Pour ne pas m'étendre outre mesure je n'en donnerai pour preuve que le laisser-aller de nos jeunes enrôlés dans l'armée ou l'aviation. Si plusieurs sont restés fidèles à leur formation première, le nombre n'est-il pas plus grand des fils d'éducation chrétienne dont la vie religieuse se borne maintenant à la messe du dimanche quand d'y assister ne les incommodent pas trop? On ne s'approche plus des sacrements; on fait ses quatre volontés sans se soucier de la discipline; on n'occupe ses loisirs qu'à s'amuser et, la distance étant trop grande pour prendre ses congés dans sa famille, on les passe en des milieux et dans une compagnie qui laissent malades et l'âme et le corps. Pourtant, chers jeunes gens, vous avez la vérité et vous avez la grâce! Qu'en avez-vous fait? Ne voulez-vous pas de cette paix du coeur, le plus grand des biens de la terre? Qu'importe que le monde se torde de douleur, que les haines s'aiguisent, que les hommes s'entre-déchirent, que le sang coule à flot, que les cris de vengeance retentissent, si "la paix du Christ qui surpasse tout sentiment garde vos coeurs et vos esprits" loin du monde et de ses querelles?

Le Christ qui est pour vous l'Amour incarné, ne peut vous offrir de souhait plus magnifique que celui qui salua son entrée dans le monde: "Paix sur la terre aux hommes de bonne volonté!" A la veille de repandre son sang pour vous, il laissait à ses disciples ce gage de sa sollicitude: "Je vous laisse la paix, je vous donne ma paix; je ne la donne pas comme le monde la donne . . ." Comme le monde la donne . . . ! On sait la qualité de cette paix que le monde s'efforce de donner. Si courte de durée, si vide de satisfaction. La paix divine, elle, est stable: elle dure tant que persiste la bonne volonté. Ni les vers, ni la rouille, ni les voleurs ne peuvent l'atteindre. Elle recèle aussi toute la consolation du coeur humain parce que sur cette terre de contradictions elle est le gage de l'éternelle paix du ciel.

C'est cette paix, chers amis, que je souhaite à l'ardeur de vos vingt ans en ces jours de Noël et de la Nouvelle Année. Elle vest votre si vous appuyez votre volonté sur la bonté de Dieu. Les traditions de votre race vous y invitent; la grâce de votre baptême vous y pousse; votre intérêt personnel vous y oblige. De plus vous contribuerez, ainsi, plus que les diplomates, les politiques et les hommes militaires, à faire de notre monde, sinon le séjour de la paix et de la joie universelles, du moins un monde meilleur; car, vous attirerez sur lui les bénédictions de Dieu dont toute bonté tire son nom.

## SENIOR ACCOUNTANT OFFICER



**FLIGHT LIEUTENANT  
MALCOLM STEWART SUTHERLAND**

In the south-east corner of the Control Tower Building sits one of the most responsible officers at No. 1 S.F.T.S., the Station Accountant Officer, F/Lt M. S. Sutherland of Toronto, known to his fellow officers as "Sleuth" or "Suds". Mr. Sutherland assumed the command of the Account Section in May, 1942.

His responsibilities are numerous. He is responsible to the Commanding Officer for the accounting of all R.C.A.F. Equipment on charge to this unit, as well as the issue of Pay and the maintenance of these records, the controlling and accounting for all canteen, theatre and mess operations and the financial welfare of all personnel. In addition to the above the responsibilities of organization and training of a staff depleted by frequent postings and transfers is his. All in all no mean task in the face of the ever increasing developments taking place daily in the Service.

Mr. Sutherland was born at Kingston, Ontario, February 1909. Moving to Toronto shortly after the conclusion of the last war, he was educated in Toronto Public Schools and Upper Canada College. In 1925 he entered Royal Military College at Kingston, Ontario.

During four fast moving years at R.M.C. filled with amusing incidents and escapades, one stands out still rather vividly in his memory even after the passing of fifteen years. One day in early Spring he found himself unable to get back to the College in time to fulfill his duties as flag orderly. Phoning a classmate, the latter promised to substitute for the absentee. Later that night after lights out, a huge gale blew up. Sleuth II as he was called in those days, rose in the night and looked out of the window across the sleet swept parade ground to the roof of the administration building. Apparently the substitute had not properly secured the halyard and the flag had been torn out of its compartment by the wind. No mean task in daylight, it was a doubly perilous journey to climb the flag pole, made icy by the wind and sleet. Nevertheless, the flag had to be in place before reveille. He had to climb to the top of the pole, weaving in the wind like a man with ague, and inclining to a forty-five degree angle. The task com-

pleted, a very scared gentleman cadet climbed wearily into bed at R.M.C. for the second time that night, making mental reservations to never get in the soup like that again.

Graduating from R.M.C. in 1929, Mr. Sutherland entered the firm of Price Waterhouse & Co. just prior to the market crash, and obtained his C.A. Degree whilst so employed. He remained in this position until his enlistment in the R.C.A.F.

He held a commission with the Queen's Own Rifles and transferred from the Reserve on enlistment in the R.C.A.F. in June, 1940. He was among the first chartered accountants of these taken into the Service as Accountant Officers. Prior to his posting to Camp Borden, Flight Lieutenant Sutherland served at St. Thomas, Eastern Air Command, Dartmouth, Trenton, Mountain View, and No. 1 I.T.S., Toronto. His greatest disappointment in the service was when he got as far as Halifax and had to turn back without going overseas.

In 1934 he married Miss Lucy Ann Saunders of Toronto. They have two daughters, Penny and Elizabeth. All three are resident in Toronto.

—RCAF—

## The Accounts Section

We are happy to introduce ourselves in the Christmas Issue for everyone will remember that the twenty-first of December was pay-day, not the usual end of the month.

From behind our desks it seems that everything goes through the Accounts Section, except such important matters as training, discipline and personal mail. Consequently, station personnel will realize how this much-maligned Section depends upon the courtesy and co-operation of all.

The simplest way of explaining what we do and why we work so hard is to recall in what manner the station has met the various members of the Section on business. Ample comments as to their off-duty hours (which are few) will be found in succeeding pages.

Everybody knows F/Sgt McAlear and LAC Daly who have been very painstaking in helping inventory holders with their equipment troubles. Cpl. Baskett keeps the creditors happy in passing their invoices through promptly for payments. Cpl. Barker tracks down every service voucher with a remorseless and weary eye. Cpl. Biggs and LAC Standing are the trouble shooters and are well known in the Stores and in the Maintenance Wing where most of our vouchers originate and are checked. The airwomen are well represented by Cpl. Clegg and LAW Bannerman who are proving themselves admirable understudies in checking and entering ledgers.

Two of the most popular people at certain times of the month are F/Sgt Town who with F/Lt Mackie cover the station from the pay angle. Individual attention is given to personnel who really want to argue about their pay accounts, by LAC Duncan and AWI Pritchard. To those who travel, Cpl. Rorke is a Bureau of Information.

Non-Public Funds Section is generally known to be the place where officers are not supposed to pay their mess bills and where the Orderly Officer delivers the canteen and theatre receipts. However, the business of controlling and accounting for the operations of the canteen, theatre and messes, centres in this small but important section. Orderly officers

(Continued on page 40)

### THE ACCOUNTS SECTION

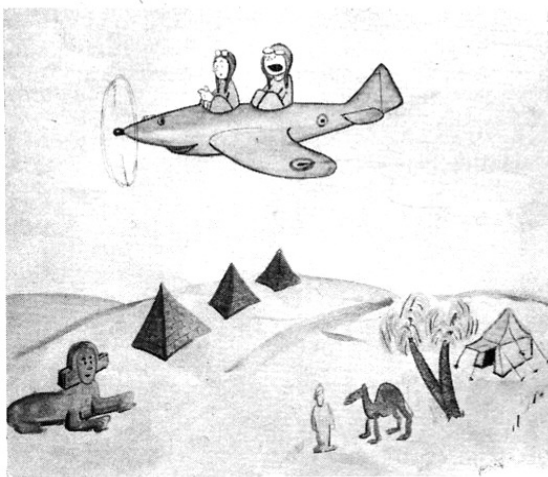
(Continued from page 39)

have many discussions with F/O Bury and Cpl. Sills as to how many bills were in that bundle. Mess bills and mess meetings keep LAW Harvey rolling along. Sgt. Timlin is well-known to the Administrative staff for his ability to slide through a labyrinth of books and figures with the greatest of ease.

An office would not be complete without stenos. and buzzers. Visitors to the Accounts have probably noticed Cpl. Cornock tearing around answering buzzers and those with new dependents will think kindly of AW1 Burton when their allowances come through.

In conclusion I would like to say that the staff of the Accounts Section are just as nice to know after business hours, and at this time I would like to pay tribute to their hard work, loyalty and good humour. Their Christmas and New Year leaves are more than earned.

—M. S. SUTHERLAND, F/Lt.



"I don't care what your computer says. This doesn't look like Camp Borden to me".

### FLIGHT LIEUTENANT GORDON BRUCE MACKIE

The Assistant Accountant Officer at No. 1 Service Flying School, F/Lt G. B. Mackie was born in Toronto, Ontario, February 16, 1898. He has made his home in Toronto for most of the time. He is of Scotch extract, has a quick sense of humour, and is genial to all and sundry, even though he doesn't wear a kilt.

On completion of his education, Mr. Mackie entered the service of the Trust and Guaranty Company. While in the employ of this financial house he enlisted with the Royal Canadian Dragoons in the first World War and went overseas with them.

Returning from the war, he entered the wholesale coal business for a few years and then returned to his first love, the banking profession. Later he became Chief Accountant at the Gardiner Wardrop and Company, Toronto, Stocks and Bonds. He held

## LOOKING BACK

At this time of the year when the Yule Log is burning brightly and we are all dreaming of a White Christmas—we like to look back along the road of the year that we have just travelled, and to think again of the travellers we met from time to time along the way and who journeyed with us for a too brief time.

This has been a hard year for us in the Accounts Section, there have been frequent postings, depleting our ranks of old friends, and leaving us short handed to cope with the ever increasing demands of the Service—but as it draws to a close we like to feel it has been a good year, that the job has been done well, and that a fair measure of success has been gained.

Neither do we want to forget our old comrades in arms who have gone to other duties. To all of them wherever they are we want to wish them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Squadron Leader J. H. Broughton, former Accountant Officer, headed West from Borden, and is now at Dafoe, Sask. F/O W. D. Battersby and W.O. 2 L. G. Towner are at No. 1 Training Command, Toronto, Ont. F/Sgt Harv. Bruton, Cpl. Bert Cameron, and LAC Frank Enfield remustered from the trade and took to the air this year. Harv is down at Uplands soon to get his Wings. Bert graduated at No. 9 S.F.T.S. just recently as a pilot. Frank is now Pilot Officer Frank Enfield and is across the pond doing his bit as Navigator. Two of the old standbys, Sgt. Doug Davidson and LAC Jack Cunliffe are wintering at Gander. LAC Wilmot 'Al' is doing a big job up Guelph way.

Sgt. Emile LeBarre left us for his native province this year. LAC Doug Sloan is at A.F.H.Q. Cpl. Bill Tennant started the year out with us in the Accounts Section but transferred over to the Medical Division. He is now stationed in Toronto, Ont. Cpl. Norm Shaw, Cpl. Frank Waghorne, LAC A. J. Blahout, AC2 Doug Jackman, AC1 M. Smith, Cpl. A. L. Bouck were all with us for a fleeting moment and have gone elsewhere. Cpl. Don Baker, five foot two of dynamite was here for a few weeks.

With the April rains came a deluge of charming W.D.'s who have left us also for various reasons. The old originals, AW's Daly, Woolatt, Clarke, Armitt, and Hayes were here before proceeding to St. Thomas for their course. Patsy Clarke, our little bundle of sunshine, was the only one of the five to come back to roost. Unfortunately, for some reason, she didn't stay with us and has gone back to St. Thomas. We all miss her here. Last but not least on our roll of memories is LAW Sobol, who came, saw and conquered Cpl. Bill Tennant. She is now Mrs. Wm. Tennant.

It is the sincere wish of everyone here that some day we will all meet again under happier circumstances.

this position until enlistment in the R.C.A.F. in September, 1940. On completion of his course at St. Thomas, F/L Mackie has served at No. 2 Wireless School, Calgary, No. 6 Repair Depot, Trenton, and No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden, Ont.

Mr. Mackie is interested in all sports in general; fishing, hockey and bowling in particular.



## Accounts Section Orderly Room

### Pilot Officer Richard "Dick" Beverley Dee:

P/O Dee, single, was born in Toronto and now goes home to 17 Constance St., Toronto. He received education at Fern Ave. Public School and Parkdale Collegiate Institute, besides which he took a course at Queen's University and a Business and Stenographic Course at Shaw's Business College. Prior to enlisting was Bank Inspector attached to the head office of the Bank of Toronto. He was at one time a Director and in 1938 became president of the St. Catharines Flying Club, where the present O.C. at Brandon, Wing Commander Gordon Welstead, and he started flying together. Takes part in numerous sports, among which are golf, racing shells, baseball and hockey. A warm welcome, Sir, and hope your stay here will be a pleasant one.

### Flight Sergeant Dalton Macarius McAlear:

"Mac" comes from Cornwall, Ontario, where before enlistment he was employed as Pay Clerk with Courtaulds (Canada) Limited, Rayon Mfgs. Has a voice that would outcarry that of a boatswain's mate. "Good things come in small packages" would apply to him, as in his sox he stands just over 5'4". Energetic and always there with a spirit of goodwill, "Mac" has a host of friends.

### Flight Sergeant Vernon Albert Newman Town:

Born the other side of the Rockies at a place called Vancouver. Has been a bank clerk, cashier and accountant out west. Now is filling in his time at civilian pay lists and making a d— good job of it. "VAN" is well liked by one and all, so tell DAPS to keep his name off postings to Goose Bay, Gander or reasonable facsimile place.

### Sergeant Douglas Haig Abbott:

"Haig" comes from Midland, Ontario, though was born at Coldwater, Ontario. Has a "rather doubtful" marital status, so he says. He's only been here a short time, but has shown himself to be an all-round nice chap. Favorite sports are hockey, tennis and skiing. He was a clerk-bookkeeper before enlistment and has been overseas and back since the beginning of the present struggle.

### Sergeant Robert George Gilpin:

"Bob" is the most recent addition to the Accounts staff, having meandered here from Gander this month. Bob was born at St. Marys, Ontario, in 1917, a year before the last war ended. Bob has an exemption, who is at present resident in the fair city of Toronto, Ontario. Entered the service in July, 1940, and before enlistment was a student. He won't comment on what he would like to do after the war—but we'll wager a guess that he will be managing a bowling alley.

### Corporal Philip Leslie Barker:

Born in Mimico, Ontario, and educated at Mimico and Camp Borden, this splendid lad with the mein of a clergyman, the optimism of a Dervish (whirling) and the nature of a gentleman, is one of the "boys." He's a hard worker (DAPS please note) and seldom hits the hay before two in the morning. After the war he wants to be a sleep-tester for the Beauty Rest Mattress Company. When asked if there were any highlights in his life, he replied: "None at all admit!" Just got down on one knee to the lady of his choice last weekend and she said "yes," much to the genuine sorrow of the whole W.D. division stationed at Borden. Is noted for Yogiism and Cleopatra. Likes Accounts and Equipment Do's at Beeton—says it's the only way he can catch up on his sleep (?) We all take this opportunity of wishing Phil and the future Mrs. P. L. Barker wealth, health, and above all, happiness.

### Corporal George Thomas Baskett:

Married and also has an heir to the Baskett estate. Was born at Brantford and educated at a house called the Brantford Collegiate Institute. He's one of the old hands in the Accounts Section and appears to have everything at his fingertips. Before entering the service "he-who-who-who" worked as cost accountant for the Watson Mfg. Company, Brantford, subsidiary to Penman's Limited. Always there with a spirit of good nature. "George" is liked by one and all.

### Corporal John Robert Biggs:

"Jack" came into the world at London, Ontario, and before enlisting was teller with Huron-Erie Mortgage Corp. Has a beautiful wife who couldn't have picked a nicer guy. Handles everything from ledger to letter writing and makes a good job of all. The road between Alliston and Camp has worn down a lot of his car tires, but who can blame him?

### Corporal Raymond Gordon Cornock:

For apparently no good reason, the stork became fog-bound over the Rocky Mountains and deposited "Ray" in the sunny city of Penticton, B.C., in April, 1919. He is tall, dark and willin' and also, wonder of wonders—single, although some times he gets troubled with high blonde (?) pressure. In civil life he worked for the B.C. Government (not on the roads)—days, and was clarinet leader of a dance orchestra—nights. His future ambitions run towards being an egg lader at a permanent R.C.A.F. Station. His favorite sport and pastime is music and more music, and is an Artie Shaw fan. His favorite expression—"Get in there." All in all, he is one of the highlights on the Accounts staff.

### LAC Richard Louis Duncan:

A money man, "Dick" worked as money-handrouter with the Royal Bank of Canada at Vancouver and Vancouver Island, B.C., prior to getting into Air Force blue. He means to be "in the money" as he's the chap in Accounts who makes up Acquittance rolls so's the camp personnel can buy Christmas presents. "Married and glad of it," he says, which explains why he wears down the road to Alliston. Put in thirty days army training at Vernon, B.C., and was proficient enough in drill to obtain Lance-Corporal hooks. Popular with everyone, "Dick" hopes that when the war is over he'll be able to go back to his old job of being—a civilian.

### LAC John Stephen Standing:

Married, and has a—"What did you do in the last war, Daddy?" "Johnny" was born in the Queen City, but now mails letters home to R.R. 1, York Mills, Ontario. A very likeable guy and also hugs a ledger in the Accounts. His favorite sport is shinny and football and we can look upon him as a "Happy Pappy."

### Corporal Jean Mary Caroline Clegg (W.D.):

Born in the golden west, namely, Calgary, Alta., this gal now goes home to 164 Cumberland St., Toronto. She must be somewhat of a traveller, as she received her education in Ottawa. Always there with her ready smile, "Jeannie" should go places but just now it appears to be a toss up between Air Force blue with a harp and khaki.

### LAW Evelyn Marie Bannerman:

"Ev" hails from Estevan, Sask., where she was a "number please" before joining the service. Seems to have been passed up so far in the matrimonial line, so she says, but is living in hopes. She's a clerk-accountant who fights ledgers and keeps Phil happy. Wears down issue shoes back and forth between W.D. Barracks and Post Office, but keeps us guessing as to the correspondent. Lives on good humor and Air Force pay.

### LAW Aileen Gertrude Greenfield:

Born at Bulyea, Sask., "Daisy" now gives her home address as Balcarres, of the same province. She received education from the Balcarres-Reliance Business College of Regina and before entering the service was employed as stenographer with General Motors. An example of another westerner gone easterner, and says she's "Happy in the Service." A very pleasant disposition emphasized by a high musical laugh, goes to make her one of the most liked CWAFFIES on the Station.

**Sergeant Walter James Timlin:**

The "you can't put me on parades" man, goes home to Smith's Falls, Ontario, vice Beamsville, Ontario, his birthplace. He received his education at Smith's Falls Collegiate and before enlistment was money-finger with the Bank of Nova Scotia. Since he's with Non-Public funds, it would appear that plenty de l'argent has passed through his hands. Working to the small hours of the morning is nothing new to him, and for an intelligent argument "Tim" is right there. He is married, with two tax exemptions. Known for his man-to-man personality, "Tim" is liked by all who come within his sphere, either on or off duty.

**Corporal William Reginald Reed:**

"Bill," who has a weakness for extinguishers, fire, was born in Toronto, Ontario. Is married and keeps up an estate at 136 Hillside Ave., Mimico. Received education at the Model School and Jarvis Collegiate of the Queen City and was bond trader for Gairdner & Company Ltd., of the same city, prior to enlistment. A straightforward and pleasant personality makes "Bill" definitely "one of the boys."

**Corporal Edward Malcolm Nerke:**

"Ted," a round lad with a cheery disposition and vice-president mein, was responsible for "Wings Over Borden" up until recently. Was born at Melville, Sask., and now spends weekends at Thornbury, Ontario, and Hamilton, Ontario. Prior to enlisting and fighting with travelling claims and warrants, he was employed as bank clerk, credit manager and insurance man amongst other things. Reminds one of a busy bee and can tell you the rates of travel by any route from Borden west, or Borden to all points east. His specialty is writing out warrants to Labrador, Newfoundland, etc., and is therefore a good guy to keep on the right side of. After the war, would like to be a live wolf rather than a dead pigeon.

**AWI Genevieve Ruth Pritchard:**

"Gen" is another newcomer to the Accounts staff, coming here from St. Thomas, Ontario. She is another westerner, claiming Doddsland, Sask., as her birthplace. Different to some westerners, she claims she likes the east very much. At present unmarried, this 22-year-old fugitive from a rodeo show claims she is a-going to stay that way for the present. However, it doesn't seem unlikely that some dashing cowboy-airman will soon lasso this bit of feminine pulchritude and lead her down the middle aisle. An airman was overheard in the canteen to remark that she is as pretty as a "Pritchard."

**AWI Lillian Florence Burton:**

This gal hails from North Bay, Ontario, as from 88 Landsdowne Avenue, though was born at Toronto. "Burtie" would like to be a housewife after this show is over. Likes dancing, although she keeps us more or less in the dark as to whether there's a "secret passion" around camp. Sounds fine over a telephone, so try it some time, boys—the number?—147J.

**AWI Marie Blanche Doris Breaux:**

"Breaux Peep" flew in via stork and arrived at Moncton, N.E., and prior to entering the service was shoe clerk and general clerk. She'd like to be a stewardess in the Trans-Canada Air Lines—and boy, oh boy, if she was, the passengers wouldn't spend much time looking out the windows at the scenery—what say? Favorite sports are bowling, swimming, skating and dancing.

## JUST ONE MORNING IN THE LIFE OF AN ACCOUNTS SECTION STENOGRAPHER

I arose this misty morning at 0630 hrs. (officially), 0706 hrs. (unofficially), got washed and dressed and headed for the mess to get my morning's quota of slightly underdone bacon and egg (without the egg), rushed back to the barracks to shine boots, brass and needless to say do Anti-Orderly Corporal Duty (sweep under my bed), then rush out to play a few tunes with the band.

After having blown myself into a sweat, I leave them and head for work. I arrive at 0630 hrs. and am just in time to start the day right by having the N.C.O. i/c say: "Where the hell have you been?" I explain and he's not at all convinced, however.

I proceed to my desk. I start work and am getting along fine with a long stencil half-completed when my friend? (his master's voice), namely, the buzzer, goes, whereupon I jump up and scuttle for the office of "the Sleuth" who says "Take a wire, and I'd like to get it out immediately." I take the wire down in chicken-scratches and rush back to my typewriter to do the wire. The half-completed stencil is in the machine. The rest of the typewriters are being used so there's nothing more to do but withdraw the stencil in the hope I can replace it later in the same position (a vain hope). I take out the stencil, adjust the ribbon and proceed with the wire.

I get that done and have it phoned in in record time whereupon I'm asked to start on a Civilian Paylist or two which take ONLY about a couple of hours to type. At this point I don't know just who to please. Should I do the stencil and have a certain Flight Looey happy? or should I do the civie paylist and get it away before noon in order to keep the civies from wearing out the telephone lines later on in the month? Just

**Corporal Thomas Daly SHLs:**

"Tommy" favored Seaforth, Ontario, with a call some time around 1916 and received scholastics at Seaforth schools and later the "hard way." Was a banker carried on the staff of the Dominion Bank before answering the call for "Adventure in the Accounts Section." Is a great chap for sports, as was proven on Sports Day, and has a large following of admirers (not only C.W.A.A.F.) Parlor rugby is his favorite, shall we say—recreation?

**LAC Ellwood Hodd McMurchy Daly:**

Single and rarin' to go, "Hodd," a North Bayite, handles inventories and other "gray hair" jobs. Was stock clerk with Canadian Oil Companies, Limited, at North Bay, before completing an R.C.A.F. R.100. To quote him, he says—"When I leave the service I would like to be anything but what I am and anything but what I was, and I'd love to do nothing at all, so I guess you'd say I want to be a politician." Favorite sports are badminton, hunting (with a gun) and driving (when there's gas available). Blows a slush pump with the band on occasion.

**LAW Frances Harvey:**

"Fran" is the gal behind the guy behind Non-Public Funds. She's single and was born in the heart of the Okanagan, at Kelowna, B.C., around 1914, between Radio Station CKOV and the Packing House. Now writes home to Chilliwack, B.C. Before joining the doubleweave dees, worked as bookkeeper with F. W. Woolworth Company Ltd., of the latter city. Quiet, painstaking and good-natured, "Fran" is very well liked on the station.

then the buzzer goes.

I proceed with the stencil at top speed with the hope I finish it before further interruption. That, however, is too much to expect. The N.C.O. who usually looks after answering the phone is out, having gone to Stores to pick up some equipment. The phone rings, so I jump up, dodge between the various desks, reach the phone and hear that SWEET voice from Station H.Q. asking if I would be GOOD enough to take down a wire. I'm in the middle of taking down the wire when that blankety-blank buzzer goes again but I can't leave the phone just at that time and tell the voice at the other end of the wire to speed up as I'm wanted by the Big-shot. He speeds up all right, in fact, he goes so fast I make my shorthand look like pieces of a broken barbed-wire fence. That's taken down at last and I place the receiver in position. I drop the wire copy and head again for buzzer-worrier.

This time it's a Committee of Adjustment or reasonable facsimile. Patience is a wonderful thing and I take down the notes carefully for another half-hour or so. I finally get out of there and come back with the idea of finishing off the Stencil too sweet. I had forgotten about the wire and must proceed with it immediately as it must be important or they wouldn't phone it in. I finish it in a rush and start on the stencil. I'm ripping along fine with the blinkin' thing when all of a sudden that terror of all typists occurs—namely, a mistake on a stencil (when you know you have no correctine). I promptly get up and barge into another office for some. I get it somehow and rush back to correct the error.

All of a sudden I jump as the hooter goes which means fire practice. It's raining out so I grab my raincoat and hat and with the rest of the staff head for outdoors and line up with them. It's over in about twenty-five minutes and I buzz back and start in with gusto on the Accts. report as I want my dinner on time for a change. I'm getting along fine when the phone goes. I jump up and answer it to be told that I had overlooked sending in the "Parade State." I hurriedly tell the voice on the line to hold on a minute or two, and rush to my desk for a parade state. I had played in the band in the morning so Shicklegruber's idea as to how many were on parade would be about as good as mine (and I don't know). I rush about the office questioning the staff about "who's who on parade." I get the dope finally, expecting that when I go back to the phone I'll hear a snore or two. I phone it in, ignoring the gurgles at the other end of the line. I return to my machine and plow industriously through the Accts. report and finally get it done (not without a sigh). However, while I've been at the phone, someone has taken the report out of my machine, used the typewriter in a rush and returned the report to the machine not noticing at the time they had placed the carbons in wrong. I've now finished the report and find all the carbon copies (5), printed backwards—fortunately my home-training makes me keep my knowledge of profanity to myself and with knives shooting from my eyes, I proceed to get new sheets and type the report over again. All at once I remember that I'm Orderly "Joe" this day so I'm expected to get to the Mess early and hang around to see if any of the personnel come in improperly dressed.—Well, dear readers, is it no wonder that I go around using that fond expression—"There's never a dull moment?"

CPL. RAY CORNOCK

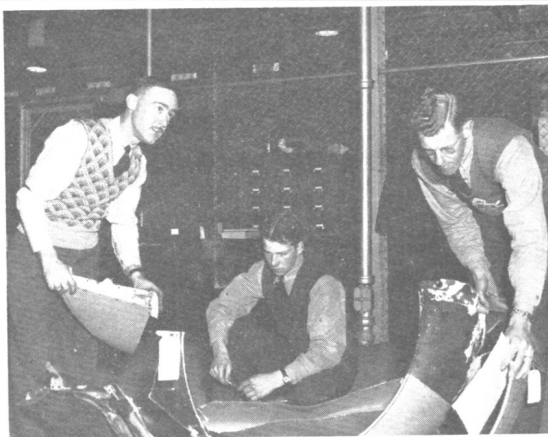


LAC K. Harris, AW1 Mathewson, Sgt. Belanger, LAC A. Newman



AW1 Gowans, AW1 Burtis, Sgt. Pierce, Sgt. Gamble, AW2 Duncan

# AROUND THE EQUIPMENT SECTION



LAC Harris      LAC Newman      LAC Haynes



Cpl. Coughlin      AW1 Ditta      LAC Clarke



LAW M. Black, Librarian



## Library Bulletin

By MRS. D. M. EDWARDS

Do you enjoy detective stories? Most of us do, but few people realize that, setting aside their entertainment value entirely, they are politically important. The detective story is entirely a product of democracy, depicting as it does, violence pitted against order and justice, with order and justice triumphant. At the top of a list of books drawn up by the German authorities, which may **not** be sent to our prisoners of war, are those written by Agatha Christie, Oppenheim and other famous mystery writers.

Here are a few of the new thrillers in the Library,—“Hanged for a Sheep” is the latest Mr. and Mrs. North adventure in which comedy and murder are skilfully mixed together. “No Crime for a Lady” introduces as tough a set of people as one could find anywhere, engaged in some very nasty goings-on in present-day New York. “Mother Finds a Body” is the amazing Gypsy Rose Lee’s second literary effort, and “The Fallen Sparrow” is a fast-paced shocker about Fifth Columnist activity in American Cafe Society.

An important addition to the Library’s poetry section is Edna St. Vincent Millay’s “The Murder of Lidice”. It is the story of one of the most tragic episodes in modern history, told in simple, readable verse.

“Get Thee Behind Me” is an amusing account of what it meant to be the all too-human son of a strict clergyman in a country town some twenty years ago. This is more or less a continuation of the popular biography begun by the same author in “One Foot in Heaven.”

Most of the foremost living American writers have contributed to the anthology, “This Is My Best”, which has just arrived in the Library. Playwrights, novelists, poets, humorists have each selected what they consider their best single piece of work and give their reasons why in a foreword. It is fascinating reading.

That wars always bring in their wake some sort of religious revival is borne out by the popularity of the two current best sellers in fiction. They are “The Robe” by Lloyd Douglas and “The Song of Bernadette” by Franz Werfel, both strongly religious in theme. The Library has them.

Other new fiction includes “Night Shift” by Maritta Woolff, a hair raising tale of violent doings in a modern American industrial city; “A Day Must Dawn,” an excellent historical novel; “The Three Bamboos,” which traces the growth of a powerful Japanese family and the fanatical Nationalism of Japan itself; “There Is Today,” in which a brave young couple face the contemporary problems of ordinary people today; “East of Farewell,” a story of action and danger on the Atlantic patrols.

Drama lovers will be interested in “Best Plays of 1941-42” by Burns Mantle, illustrated with photographs from the productions, and for the current-event fans there is “Last Train from Berlin”, an authoritative discussion of present day Germany by Howard Smith.

Coming soon are the latest books of H. V. Morton, J. B. Priestley and Dorothy Thompson. Watch the Library every day for new books you’ll be wanting to read.



—and the book was only two days overdue . . . !

### A VOICE FROM THE AIRMEN’S MESS

In Scotland a doctor, who was conducting an ambulance class, asked one of his pupils (a butcher in civil life) what he would do if he came upon a man lying unconscious by the roadside. “Gie him a glass of whiskey”.

“But if he couldn’t swallow a glass of whiskey, what then?”

“Well, I wouldna fash wi’ him ony mair. If he’s a Scotchman and canna drink a glass o’ whiskey—he’s deid”.

GUNNER MANN.

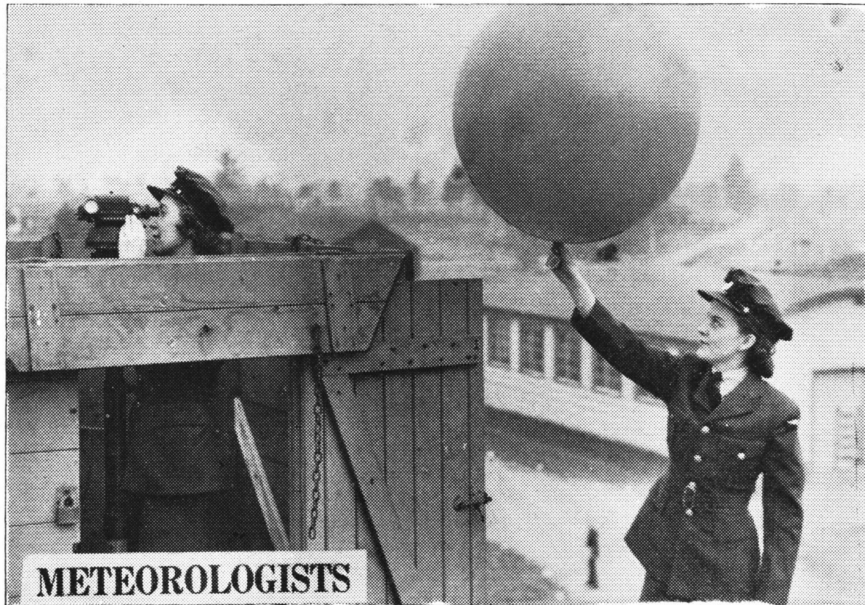


# NO MAN'S LAND

Photos by  
**KEVIN W. MOORE**  
Daily Nugget Cameraman  
Courtesy of  
**NORTH BAY DAILY NUGGET**



**M. P. THOMPSON**, second in command of W.D.'s at Borden. Her work consists of looking after efficiency of the airwomen. "Tommy" to her friends, she is well liked by all.



Meteorological observers **AW2 Agnes Newsome**, Brantford, and **AW2 Lillian Tullis**, Regina, take pilot balloon observations from roof of airport control tower.



All is not work in the R.C.A.F. (W.D.), for the girls have plenty of off duty hours to indulge in their favorite sport, be it badminton, tennis, swimming or bowling. Here a group of "W.D.'s" are pictured in the bowling alley.



Before climbing aboard a trainer to make a routine instrument check, **AW1 Barbara Gowans** watched another plane make a perfect three-point landing. She's an equipment assistant and likes her job.



## *"Aussie" Weds Airwoman Unique Ceremony at No. 1 SFTS*

The first marriage of an Australian airman to a Canadian airwoman took place in the RCAF Theatre, Camp Borden, at 4.30 p.m. Thursday, December 3. Later, the happy couple left for their honeymoon trip with the Australian members of the "wings" class to Chicago.

The groom was Sgt. Pilot J. D. Greenwood, Sydney, N.S.W., and the bride was LAW Everene Helen Denter, Saskatoon, Sask. The groomsmen were Sgt. Pilot D. H. Gardner, Sydney, NSW, and the bridesmaid, LAW Barbara Gowans, Toronto. Flt.-Lieut. W. F. Butcher, Protestant chaplain, performed the ceremony, and Sgt. Jean Anning, St. Andrew's, N.B., played the wedding music. F/O Ian MacTavish gave the bride in marriage. A reception was held at the Y.W.C.A. Hostess House for the immediate guests.

## *W. D. Discussion Group*

A few minutes before 7 P.M. every other Wednesday, some of the W.D.'s may be seen tottering over to the Messhall, there, draping themselves more or less elegantly on chairs drawn into a cosy circle.

First of all Pilot Officer Spear gives a spirited talk on the current war situation and then all of us go into a huddle over some outstanding question of the hour. Later the question is threshed out in open discussion with all present given an equal opportunity to express an opinion.

This, as you may have guessed, is the W.D. Discussion Group at work. The group has been organized under Pilot Officer Spear, the Educational Officer and we feel that his talks have promoted a greater understanding of the issues of the war.

Nothing improves morale like a wide open discussion where opinions are freely expressed and new ideas brought to light. This is a privilege we should

jealously guard. In Axis conquered countries such meetings are forced underground by the jackboots of the Gestapo and the shadow of the concentration camp.

Recently we had a very instructive talk by Mrs. Edwards entitled "A World of Books in a World of Action". This was a highly interesting commentary on the place literature should have in our lives in wartime.

The post-war world has lately been spot-lighted by the leaders of the United Nations, and we too, in our humble way, are trying to find a few of the answers to the problems that must be faced by all after the war is won.

We hope that this group will expand and become one of the highlights of our life in Camp Borden. Such discussion will surely help us all to get a clearer vision of the world to be.

F. G. McCLUNG, Cpl.

The airwoman here is AW1 Ellen Shearer, of Indian River, Ontario. Her "office" is located in one of the hangars and it is her job to check serial numbers of planes as well as names of students and instructors when they take off and land the training planes. Students and instructors must "report in" to her at the completion of each flight. The airman signing his name is LAC N. D. (RED) MacKENZIE, of Melbourne, Australia.





LAC R. M. Cowley, an "Aussie" pilot in training at Borden, waits at the counter for AW1 Audrey McCrea, of New Liskeard, to finish a

telephone conversation. It's her job to perform general stenography work for the orderly room of the Ground Instruction School.

### *Reassurance*

They walked along in silence and the twilight  
Was closing on the firmament above,  
The waves reached out and lapped the sandy shore  
line—

There was no need to tell her of his love.  
In moments such as this will kindred beings  
Experience a sweet ethereal bliss  
And each one fully understands the other—  
Yes, God is near in such an hour as this.

An anxious mother sitting there in silence;  
The darkened room, with just a bedside light—  
To watch her fevered baby's restless tossing,  
Throughout elastic hours of the night.  
Just watching for some little hopeful signal,  
With steady eyes, lest such a sign she miss;  
Yet tiring never through her long sad vigil.  
Yes, God is near in such an hour as this.

The war drums sound, the bugles loudly calling  
For men to go and fight the common foe;  
The mothers weep, the wives and sisters shudder,  
It breaks the heart to see the loved ones go;  
Yet who would hold them back when duty's calling;  
But smiling bravely, take the farewell kiss;  
And gladly give their all for mankind's freedom—  
Yes, God is near in such an hour as this.

The people in the countries o'er the ocean  
By insane tyrant's greed and wrath oppressed  
Bear down beneath the weight of their great burden  
And call to God for help in their distress.  
And waiting patiently for their deliverance,  
They wonder if perchance they've asked amiss.  
Man may not comprehend His final purpose  
But God is near in such an hour as this.

When trouble comes to loved ones whom we cherish  
And problems which are difficult to solve—  
We feel with confidence that they will triumph—  
When order out of chaos will evolve.  
Yet how to help them puts us in a quandary  
The only answer we can find is this:  
That those who truly love Him will have guidance;  
For God is near in such an hour as this.



LAW EILEEN THACKER  
Charlottetown, P.E.I., who entered  
the Air Force as a fabric worker, is  
shown replacing fabric on a control  
surface of an airplane wing.  
She's a qualified parachute packer,  
too.



LAW EVA KAYORIE, of Brantford, is serving as a clerk for  
aeronautical engineer. Her brother,  
Pte. John Kayorie, was taken  
prisoner of war by Germans during  
Dieppe commando raid.

# The Spirit of Christmas

By PADDY—Airmen's Mess

**CHRISTMAS**; the crowning jewel of all the days of the year, the birthday of the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords and the Prince of Peace celebrated throughout the Christian world.

From the hall of memories we recall with vivid recollections happy festive seasons of other years, childhood days with the hanging of stockings, the joyous expectation of the coming of Santa Claus. How our young hearts were thrilled, sleigh rides behind prancing horses with the chiming of bells, the clear white snow clinging to evergreens on every hand, presenting a world of whiteness and purity; the exchange of gifts, remembering friends and being remembered, Christmas Tree entertainments in churches and schools, carol singing from house to house, children returning home to spend the day under the parental roof and partake of mother's magic cooking, special services in churches throughout the land; these with other events, remind us of former Yule Tide days.

The spirit of Christmas will come to the hearts of rich and poor alike. All races and all creeds can share it. There is no difference with Him whose Birthday we humbly desire to honour.

Kindly let one present an incident that occurred in the early homesteading days of the Canadian West. Great blocks of land were thrown open and the hopes of establishing a home and owning a farm of their own brought people from the four corners of the earth. People of various races and tongues settled down together to commence a new way of living in a new land.

In a particular district the land was settled rapidly. There being more than the required number of children to form a school district plans went forward and a District was organized and the erection of a suitable building was soon under way. Being a long distance from the railway permission was granted by the Department of Education, Regina, to build a sod house in order to save in the cost of building and in the hauling of material, this type of building proved warm in winter and cool in summer, and served a useful purpose for several years, until a railroad was built quite close.

They named the new district Indianola after the hometown of the settler on whose farm the school was erected.

School was opened in the spring with a fine lady teacher from Ontario in charge. How happy the children were to be going to school again. Some went for the first time and everything went along fine. In early winter the teacher with the help of the parents, decided to have a Christmas Tree entertainment and set about to arrange for one. Kind friends from outside were contacted and arrangements were made for gifts for all the children of the district. There being no evergreens in that part of that vast prairie land, the men folk journeyed to a creek some distance away and procured a stout shrubby willow. The women folk decorated it and made it ready for gifts to be placed thereon. The children had been trained by their teacher with the help of a few neighbors.

Christmas Eve came and all prairie trails led to the little sod school house. Settlers came from

many miles around; some walked, others rode on horseback, more came in sleighs or homemade sleds drawn by horses or oxen. The building was crowded.

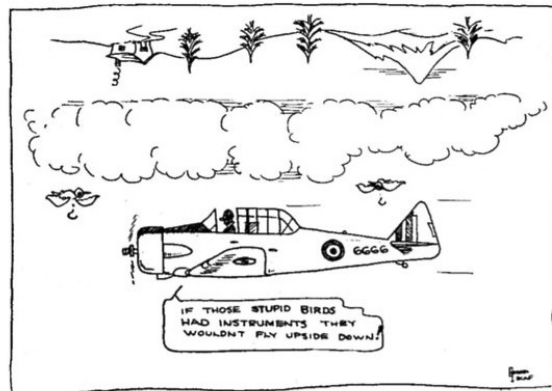
And what a night, for the spirit of Christmas was abroad. People of different races and creeds met together and all were happy. A minister who had taken up land in the district acted as chairman. The children presented their programme, much the same as they always do. Santa Claus came at the right moment, to the delight of the joyful children, and presented the gifts. Then the first Christmas celebration ever to be held in that part of the prairie was brought to a close. As the hour was getting late and the homeward journey was long, greetings were exchanged and the people parted.

Mothers that night as they tucked their happy children away in their cots, with eyes dimmed with tears but hearts filled with joy, whispered a silent prayer of thanksgiving, while men folk tending to the stock in the stable remembered to give them all an extra feed, recollecting that it was in a manger in Bethlehem stable that the Christ child was born, with the cattle as witnesses. Eachelors winding their way to their lonely shacks remembered other days and went to rest in peace.

Who knows but if those settlers residing there had the eyes and ears of the shepherds who watched their sheep on the hillsides of Galilee that first Christmas Eve would have seen the angels and heard them sing their first glad song, peace on earth, good will toward men.

Christmas 1942, with most of the world plunged in the greatest war of all times, it is more necessary than ever to keep the spirit of Christmas in our hearts and cherish it as never before. Faith of our fathers be with us still lest we forget, hope strong in our hearts, believing that sometime, somehow, right will triumph over wrong, love for all mankind and for Him whose birthday we honor.

May all the readers of "Wings Over Borden" have Peace and Happiness this Christmas season; especially those who are far away from home and loved ones. May the Spirit of Christmas spread over all your tomorrows as well. is my earnest wish.



## Our Friends The Service Police

A good many Air Force personnel think that the Service Police are one branch of the service to keep clear of, but many others have found them to be their best friends when in need of help or advice.

The qualifications of a Service Policeman are many. Intelligence, courtesy, self-control, courage, perseverance and secrecy. He must have good discipline and deportment and above all else be loyal to the service. The majority of Service Police have been enlisted from ordinary civilian occupations and, due to their age and physical condition, have been remustered into the Provost Corps after an intensive course of training in police work.

The Service Police are called upon to fill many duties. At the barrier on the main road leading into the station, they check all Air Force personnel regarding their passes and proper dress on leaving the station. Passes of all civilians are very carefully scrutinized to see that they have authority to enter the station.



**TOP ROW**—Irwin, Richardson, Ranney, Sgt. P. Tolemy, Hodgins, McDonough, Everest.

**BOTTOM ROW**—Gurevitch, Balmer, Clark, Bowen, Skrypnchuck, Conley.

Patrols visit all places of amusement in nearby towns every evening to see that dance halls and hotels are conducted in a manner suitable for our personnel to spend their few hours recreation in. The Service Police often offer their assistance to a lad who has become stranded without money and is unable to return to camp. All trains carrying personnel to and from camp are patrolled to see that discipline is maintained.

There is a special department which looks after the finger-printing of all personnel who have not previously been registered in this manner since joining the service.

There is splendid co-operation between Camp Borden Military Police and our Service Police. One is always ready to help the other if so requested. This spirit of goodwill and co-operation aids greatly in binding together the Army and the Air Force in one vast military camp.



**FLIGHT LIEUT. GORDON P. HOWE**

The Deputy Assistant Provost Marshal for this station and the whole of the Georgian Bay area is Flight Lieut. G. P. Howe, officer commanding the Service Police and the Security of this station. His assistant is F. O. N. Arnold, directly in charge of the latter.

Flight Lieut. G. P. Howe has seen many years of service in the Infantry and Air Force. He originally was granted a Commission in the 101st Edmonton Fusiliers in February 1914. On the outbreak of the first world war in August, 1914, the regiment was mobilized and proceeded to Valcartier, Que., August 28, 1914. Intensive training was carried on with until the 1st Canadian Division proceeded to England in the largest convoy of thirty-three ships to cross the Atlantic in the last war.

Flight Lieut. Howe proceeded to France with reinforcements to the 5th Battalion at the 2nd Battle of Ypres when the Germans first used gas. After seeing action at Ypres, Festubert, Givenchy, he was later wounded at Pleostret, and on his recovery later joined the Royal Flying Corps in 1917.

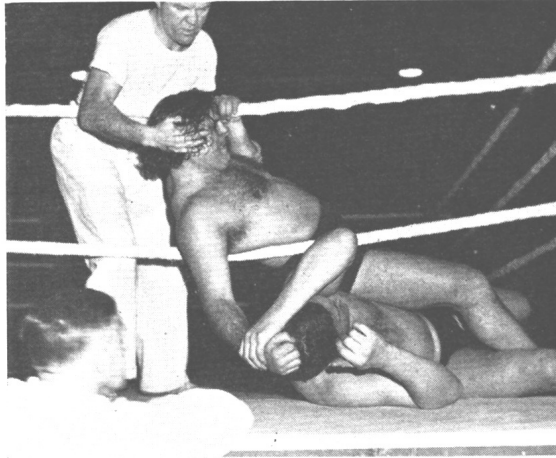
On completion of his training he was chosen as a fighter pilot on Camels and reported to the 65th Squadron in France. During the big German offensive in the Spring of 1918, having earlier obtained the rank of major, he encountered an enemy patrol and while in a dog fight at about 6,000 feet just over enemy territory had his rudder and aileron controls shot away. With no parachute and not able to use his engine, he drifted down in his machine, crashing about 200 yards behind our front line trenches, receiving severe head injuries.

After spending a few months in hospital he was invalided on sick leave to Canada. He returned to England in October, 1918, and was then attached to The Central Dispatch Pool in London. This unit was similar to the present Ferry Command, its duties being to ferry machines all over the British Isles and to and from France. He returned to Canada and was demobilized August 1919.

In private life Flight Lieut. Howe has a Manufacturer Agency business holding the sole Canadian rights on some good English lines. He is married and has one small son.

# The Realm of Sport

By CPL. McKAY, T. N.



Wild Man Zim and Earl McCready

## WRESTLING

On Tuesday, Dec. 1st, the Drill Hall took on the aspect of Maple Leaf Gardens on a Thursday night, when the professional wrestling with their large following held forth. All that was missing was the tiers of coloured seats, the cry of the candy butchers selling their wares, but the rest had all the earmarks of a big time show. The bright lights above the ring and the rest of the Hall in darkness, the dense pall of smoke that seems to be part of a wrestling show. The 1,000 fans gave their full vocal support and the din could be heard for miles. The station band were in fine form and their music was enjoyed during the intermissions.

The wrestling card was presented by the Sports Service League and Frank Tunney of the Queensbury Athletic Club. All the wrestlers were of main bout calibre and a good show was put on, to the delight of all present.

In the curtain raiser Pat Fraley of Omaha, Neb., wrestled to a thirty minute draw with Jack Wentworth of Hamilton, Ontario. In the second bout Ray Steele of Glendale, California, pinned Jean Gotch with a step-over reverse toe hold in thirty-two minutes of their forty-five minute bout.

The last bout, the best of the evening, was fought by Earl McCready of Regina, former British Empire title-holder, with Wild Man Zim of Arizona, a newcomer to Canada. McCready's experience proved too much for the Wild Man and the former won the bout with a body spread and a submarine scissor hold.

Phil Lawson, who referees most of the big time bouts in Toronto, was the third man in the ring. Major Alex Sinclair, Camp Sports officer, was master of ceremonies and introduced Controller Fred Hamilton, President of the Sports Service League, who said that they would like to continue such attractions throughout the winter season with a possible boxing show early in January. So if the next show is anything like the wrestling show, it will be a dandy, and every one should make plans to be there.

## BASKETBALL

The Fliers' basketball team have played three games to date, coming out on top in all three contests. The first two games were with the A-9 C.A.C.T.C. Squad and proved to be well-played games. The first game at our Drill Hall here was a decisive 25 to 10 victory for the Fliers. Paced by burly Hank Munro who scored 14 points, our boys were a little too much for the Tank quintet who were missing three of their regulars, but Harris and Kennedy were strong for the Tankers.

The second game was played at the A-9 Drill Hall and was a closer-played game as the 19 to 15 score would indicate. Stan Harris scoring two baskets in the latter part of the game provided the winning margin. Davis, Richards and McKerron were the Tankers' leading threats. Channing, Tucker and Harris led the scoring parade for the Fliers.

On November 24th, A-10 I.T.C. Basketball Team paid a visit to our Drill Hall for the exhibition game with the Fliers, and a well-played game was provided for the few fans that were out. The Fliers were the winners with a 26 to 20 score. Sword, with 7 points, was the Fliers' big gun but was over-shadowed by Westfall, brilliant centre, who had 16 points. Canning and Munro showed well for the Fliers, Reynolds, Beck and McGarry were strong for the Army team.

—RCAF—

## SOCCER

The soccer team were presented with the Sports Service League Cup for their winning the Camp Borden Championship, and the following players were presented with the engraved medals; Gale, Benfield, Dalrymple, Craven, Jefferies and Bates, all from Course 60 and R.A.F. men who have since returned to their homeland.

We trust these men can look back to a pleasant summer spent in Canada playing their national game. The remainder who are still with us: Sills, McDonald, Cumming, Drummond, Raymond, Iwashyn, P/O Brand, Sgt. Dalgarno, coach, and WO II Refausse, captain of the team.



—"So I borrowed a pair of skis from the drill hall".

## Philosophizin' with "Dad" Parker

By the time this, my little contribution, is printed, Christmas will be drawing near, and, without a doubt, many of you will be spending your Christmas at home with your loved ones. Therefore, through the medium of our fine magazine (WINGS OVER BORDEN) I would like to extend to those I cannot meet personally, very hearty greetings for a happy Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year. And to thank you for the confidence you have always placed in me. Believe me, no words I could speak or write could express my feelings towards you, the personnel, both new and old, of the R.C.A.F., Camp Borden, for the courtesy, kindness and good will which has been extended to me at all times during the ten years I have been proud to serve you.

So, cheerio all, best of luck.

—RCAF—

### SAVE GAS

Even with gasoline rationed that seriousness of the situation has not penetrated the minds of a great many of us. I wonder if the folks we see driving around every day are all bent on essential errands—I doubt it very much. If the folks that drive merely for pleasure these days or for non-essential reasons could think of gasoline in terms of convoys protecting the tankers of oil from which gasoline is made—in terms of torpedoes that slash through the body of a ship—in terms of men clinging to rafts and life boats for hours and days, or slipping silently without a word into the icy waters of the Atlantic, they would search their hearts and think twice before driving their cars for mere pleasure.

### SONG OF JOY

Sing out aloud your songs of joy,  
Just like a happy bird will sing  
Amidst the rainbows lovely hues  
At break of day in early spring.

Think not of death in your young days,  
Why should you that tyrant fear,  
And fear him not when you grow old;  
Think not, that he is ever near.

Strive not for gold, for greedy folks  
Measure themselves by poor men never,  
Their standard still being richer men  
We cannot buy life, now or ever.

Train up your mind to feel content,  
What does it matter how low your store,  
Rich folk oft times doth repent  
That they are poorer than the poor.

Sing happy soul thy songs of joy  
Unconsciously thy life will pass  
Into some faint and weary heart,  
Who will find rest and peace at last.



AWI NIXON, LAW HANIES, LAW PENNYCOOK

### JOTTINGS FROM THE R.C.A.F. POST OFFICE

(M.P.O.-210)

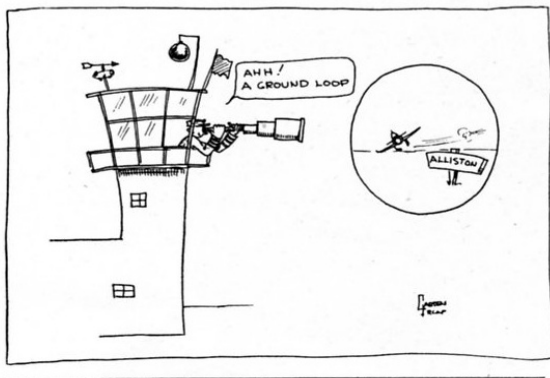
By SGT. E. E. BROWN, N.C.O. in charge

First of all—doing a little bit of reminiscing we find that the first post office ever to be located in Camp Borden was located in the present building but in the section occupied by the station pressing shop. F/L Rogers was the postmaster, this office serving the needs of the permanent forces located in the camp. However, on the outbreak of the present hostilities, the post office was taken over by the Canadian Postal Corps until the present main post office in the army area was completed. The R.C.A.F. post office continued to serve the station personnel with their mail but all the financial business was transacted at the main post office until the R.C.A.F. post office was taken over by the C.P.C. in January of last year to offer full facilities to the station personnel.

All the camp mail is received from the trains at Angus and Essa. This mail is then sorted at the ma'n office and the R.C.A.F. mail is brought to the station post office to be sorted into the general delivery. All ranks except officers and sergeants call at the post office for their mail. Every parcel received is recorded and must be signed for before delivery to the addressee.

To give better and faster service on the outgoing mail the main post office has been authorized by the post office department to receive and despatch on the Toronto and Fort William train passing through Essa. In order for station personnel to have their mail make this connection it must be in the post office by nine o'clock in the evening. This new service saves one day on the mail for the west and assures delivery in Toronto the next day.

From the staff of your station post office may we extend to you the season's greetings and keep smiling. For the admiration of all we hope you like the smiles on the W.D. members from our section, as proof of our motto.



## Anzacisms

It has been said by several eminent etylogists that the Aussies are second only to the Americans in their use and invention of slang. The Aussie is really a very easy-going fellow who would rather pay tuppence for a tram ride to Kenso to see a turn up for the books than pay a deener for the flicks. He is a great lover of the outdoors and the old sundowner will be seen waltzing matilda, his old woollypup with him, and always prepared to lend a quid to his cobbers. But he doesn't like a flamin' bludger, and that's fair dinkum.

Well that's a pretty drongo effort, minus literary value, but it's only a clumsy attempt to display some of our better known slang usages. Many of these words had their origin during the last war when the Aussies visited many strange lands and picked up Arabic, Persian, African and other phrases. From these they developed an original slang language.

In the money line, tuppence, tray, zack, deener, quid are the equivalent of two pence, three pence, sixpence, a shilling and a pound respectively. Tram, of course, is the American street car, while Kenso is the popular contraction for Kensington Race Course.

The phrase "turn up for the books" is used when an "outsider" (lightly-backed horse) romps home, and the bookmaker humping his bluey; or more lucidly, an odd-jobman with his pack on his back, walking to his next shearing station. Cobber is a friend, and bludger is one who sponges on his cobbers. "Fair dinkum" is one not qualified for a position. By the way the term Anzac is taken from the initials of the "Australian and New Zealand Army Corps" of the last war.



"—and all I forgot was the undercart"

## AUSTRALIANA

I wonder how many people outside of the Australian Continent regard it as rather a small land down near the south pole where the majority of the country is just desert, inhabited only by wild natives, with the small white population grouped along the Eastern Coast.

This is far from the truth. Australia is approximately the same size as U.S.A. and thus slightly smaller than Canada, while its population is just short of 7 million, quite a large percentage of this being spread along the fertile coastal plain to the East and South East. Over one third of Australia lies within the tropics with its characteristic jungles and tropical fruits of all description. The range of climate is so intensive in Australia that during the winter months one can enjoy exhilarating wintersports on the alpine slopes and within two days travel northward, to enjoy surfing and swimming at its best.

The topography of the continent consists of a range of mountains running the entire length of the Eastern Coast and separating the narrow coastal plain from the grassland further inland. To the north are the tropical grasslands fed by the monsoonal rain while the western part of the continent consists of a plateau which is dependent for its growth on regular rainfall which does not always eventuate. However, wheat farming has been carried on with some success in these more remote parts of the continent. In the centre of the continent (often called the "dead heart") one finds the stony desert which is as forbidden a piece of territory as any sane person would like to avoid. Fortunately this stretch of country is not extremely large. To the west of the States of Queensland and New South Wales, one comes into contact with the "gentleman that pays the rent"—the sheep. Wool-growing is Australia's greatest primary industry, the result of toil in this particular sphere being of great value to the Australian economy. Another of Australia's great primary industries is cattle raising, which is assuming great proportions since the war due to the pressing need for leather and the subsistence of an army of ever-increasing magnitude.

Of late, Australia has taken a far greater interest in secondary industry due to the aim for self sufficiency in the way of wartime supplies for the fighting forces. Munition factories, engineering establishments, shipyards, and aircraft factories are turning out a steady flow of munitions of war. Five years ago, Australia did not possess an aircraft industry and today after starting from scratch, large quantities of training and operational aircraft are being produced. This is astounding in view of the fact that Australia had to make the majority of jigs and machine tools herself before actually starting on airplane construction.

Australia's part in the war has not been little, as is evidenced by the work of its fighting forces. Its navy has left an imperishable record on the sea—the names of the H.M.A.S. Canberra, Sydney and Perth will live forever in the annals of the sea. The A.I.F. (Australian Imperial Force) has left its mark on Lybia, Greece, Crete, Syria, Malaya, New Guinea and Timor while the R.A.A.F. has made traditions which will not be easy to uphold.

Australia is only now coming into its own and the conclusion of the war will lead to vast changes in the national economy and outlook, and then will Australia take its true place among the world's nations.

N. J. ANDREWS, L.A.C.



SGT. LOUIS (Two-Bits) CHARBONNEAU  
Station Tailor for the Past 17 Years

## THE IDOLATRY OF THE R.C.A.F.

(Continued from page 8)

and thinking and feeling. Like all idols, the longing for rank will warp one's character, embitter one's attitude, and lead to disappointment in the end.

Of course, since men and women, even airmen and airwomen, are imperfect, they rarely work for the love of the work alone, nor even for the love of their country and their homes. They must have aids in the way of reward and encouragement to help them along. But there are other, better rewards than money or promotion. There are means of encouragement which are good in themselves, and which will not thwart and twist those who seek and follow them.

One is self-respect and contentment which comes from having done a good job well. There is real joy in life for the cook who knows that her pies are appreciated, the fitter who hears the roar of his engine taking off, the GD who sees that the floor is really clean, the time-keeper whose records are perfectly in order, the instructor whose students have just won their wings, the flight commander whose flight has gone a hundred days without an accident, the parachute rigger whose 'chute has been used, the Commanding Officer whose men are keen, responsible, and anxious to do a good job.

There is another reward which matters more than promotion or pay. It is the respect and admiration of our comrades, and those who command or obey us. Sometimes one hears it said, "Why bother? Why do more than you have to? You get no thanks for it". But that is not true. Our senior officers do not, we must admit, slap us on the back in appreciation. Our airmen do not, fortunately, tell us how much they admire us. But good work, cheerfully done, does win the respect and the quiet confidence of those around us. And that is a greater reward than promotion. It is more worthwhile than money.

We can't all be Air Marshals. We can't all be Corporals. But we can all be something much more important, loyal, keen airmen and airwomen, who work, not for themselves, but their country, and the things for which their country stands and has stood. This war will be won, not by our promotion, but by the quality of our work.

Which matters most?

## The Redeemed

(By R. McCLINTOCK)

I saw him pass, from the busy press  
Of a downtown street, in his battle dress,  
Swinging his arms as he marched along,  
Whistling the "Barrel Polka" song;  
Head held high, and the rhythmic beat  
Of his hob-nailed shoes on the busy street,  
Steady his eyes and his face of tan,  
And I knew that my country had made a man.

And I thought of his years just after school,  
When his only ambition was dice and pool,  
Then later a date with a Jitter Bug Jane,  
Poker and dice, and the sucker's game,  
Bootlegger gin and a cat-house flop;  
He was gone on the road where it's hell to stop.  
Where it's all down hill on a one way track,  
And a damned tough grade on the long road back.

And I thought of our leaders of bygone years,  
Raving of freedom, their dreads and their fears  
Of teaching boys war, forbidding them drill,  
Claiming it gave them the "lust to kill."  
And our boys were denied—"Oh God the sin"—  
To walk in order and discipline.  
So our workless lads just joined the Gang,  
While our preachers preached, and the church bells rang.

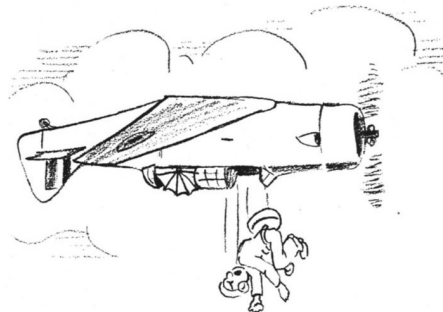
And our Ladies' Clubs, I can hear them yet,  
Condemning with horror the School Cadet,  
And mouthing the pacifists' tiresome prate  
Of a uniform teaching a boy to hate—  
So we preached of love to our fellowman  
While the Hun was arming for war again.  
But let us forget, we all share the blame,  
For neglected youth, and a nation's shame.

For today he passed, and he'll never guess,  
How splendid he looked in his battle dress,  
Swinging his arms as he tramped on by  
Singing his song, with his head held high,  
Marching to glory with rifle and kit, one of a million  
to do his bit,

I stood on there, with my shoulders straight,  
Till he passed from sight through the station gate.  
And perhaps you'll come back, when your battle's  
won,

Praise be to God—my son—my son!

—courtesy The Evening Telegram, Toronto.



"I suppose you think that's funny"

## ESPOIR . . .

J'espère en la victoire de nos armées . . .

**Non pas** parce que j'ai peur des conséquences de la défaite. Ce serait du parti-pris.

**Non pas** à cause de la compétence de nos chefs. L'ennemi en a de grands aussi.

**Non pas** à cause de nos ressources et de la supériorité de nos armements. Ce serait un fol orgueil.

Mais j'espère . . .

**Parce que** notre cause est juste. Ni nous ni aucune des Nations-unies n'avons voulu cette guerre.

**Parce que** nos chefs spirituels prient et espèrent en la victoire tandis que chez nos ennemis les évêques ont prêté les malédictions de Dieu sur leur propre peuple à cause du paganisme de ses chefs.

**Parce que** le Pape a condamné les systèmes que nos ennemis veulent répandre par le monde.

**Parce que** même si nos mœurs ne sont pas plus pures que celles de nos ennemis, du moins nous professons toujours la foi en Dieu de qui dépend la victoire.

**Parce que** notre roi et nos gouvernements invitent leurs sujets à prier le Dieu tout-puissant, tandis que nos ennemis mettent toute leur confiance en leur force.

**Parce que** même si les Nations-unies conservent le souci de leurs propres intérêts, leur cause coïncide avec le droit de la justice dans une lutte contre le droit de la force.

Oui, je crois que Dieu est avec nous. Lorsque la croix aura projeté un plus grand nombre d'hommes à genoux, Il donnera la victoire pour que le monde puisse goûter une paix basée sur la justice et la charité. A nous de nous en souvenir et de ne rendre pas vaine la confiance que Dieu aura mise en nous.

—Bayard.

—RCAF—

## ACCOUNTS SECTION (Continued)

### FLYING OFFICER GEORGE MILTON BURY

Once upon a time in the Fall of '96, the year the grain crop was good, the Stork on a Trans Canada flight grew tired and made a forced landing in the city of Winnipeg and deposited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bury a little bundle of sunshine. This bundle was destined to grow into a banker, soldier, violinist and Non-Public Funds Officer with the rank and name of Flying Officer G. M. Bury.

Flying Officer Bury's early career was reviewed in the last issue of Wings Over Borden—but our spies digging around have uncovered a few additional facts that Mr. Bury modestly withheld. Flying Officer Bury takes an active part in Masonry. He is a Past Master of the North-West Mounted Police Lodge A.F. & A.M. at Regina, Sask. Is also a member of the Chapter R.A.M., the Preceptory, and the Scottish Rite.

Mr. Bury is a graduate of Queen's University Bankers course and is an associate member of the Canadian Bankers Association.

—RCAF—

### FAREWELL TO THE MAIN STOCK LEDGER

We have worked with you for days on end,  
Considering you a lasting friend,  
Wading through vouchers with many a frown,  
But you were close by, never letting us down:  
We posted, checked and cross referred,  
And never heard an angry word.  
You know that we will miss you,  
The parting will be hard,  
But now we'll take our troubles to your friend  
The Tally Card,  
So now we bid a fond farewell—to you,  
Our friend, the M.S.L.

JEAN and EVELYN.

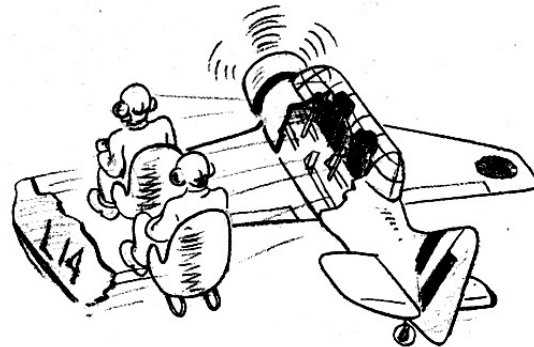
## SELLING THE NEW ORDER

.. (Continued from page 37)

lence, suffering, envy, greed, hate, falsehood, war, death, etc. Two thousand years ago it was anxiously awaited by the Jews whose inspired Authors had sung of the New Order in their Psalms and foretold its splendour in their prophecies. Their hope transpired also among the Gentiles as evidenced in the greatest of their writers and especially Virgilius who dreamed of a King that was to restore all things in a world in which everyone would have his share and his proper place.

Christ has come, bringing to mankind a message of redemption not only for the hereafter but even for the temporal life of individuals and nations. This message does not require to be explained in nine-hundred-page books. It is simple and clear. It asserts the supremacy of the spiritual over the material; it proclaims the brotherhood of men under the loving rule of the Heavenly Father; it promises Peace in the practice of Justice and Contentment in Charity. He, "By Whom all things were made and without Whom was made nothing that was made", gave the world a plan for a New Order that can bring happiness to men. "He was the true Light which enlighteneth every man." But when "He came unto His own, His own received Him not." To this day the world has not received him; nay, the world is rapidly drifting further and further away from His teaching. And notwithstanding the progress of science, the development of education, the number of man's inventions, he does not enjoy more peace, security or happiness in his life.

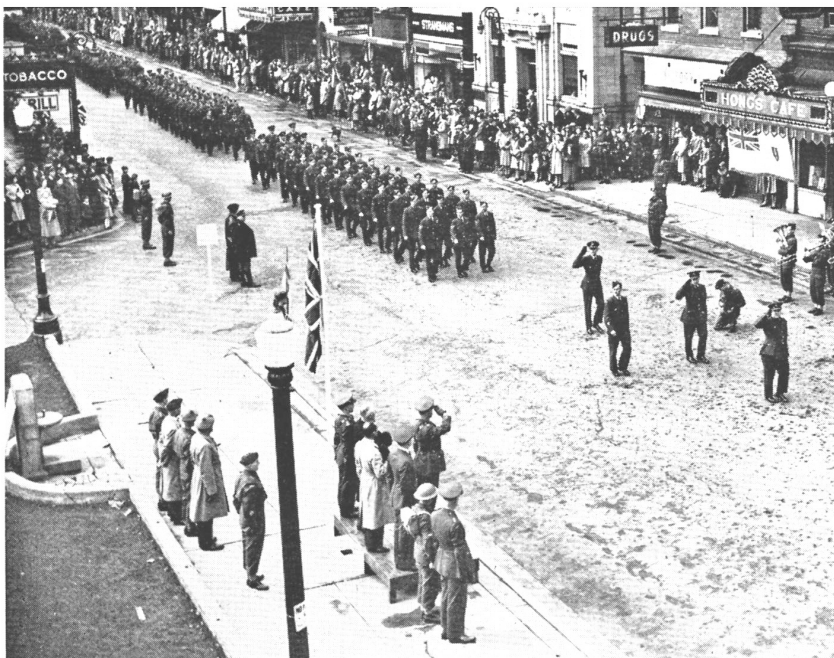
Justice and Charity! These will be the poles of the peace which will end this war or it shall not last. Let us do our share in the furtherance of a Christian world-system by applying ourselves individually to the practice of Justice and Charity towards God and all other men. The righteousness of nations is made up of the combined qualities of its righteous individuals. Let us not leave it to the other fellow to start; but let us start now, each one for himself. Even if we still remain in the minority and nations—including our own—continue to follow unChristian policies, at least we shall enjoy that interior peace which at the birth of Christ was promised to "all men of good-will." Peace on earth to men of good-will! Let this be our slogan for the coming year,—the slogan which we shall endeavour to spread around us. There is no risk of fraud or error: it enjoys the guarantee of the Divine Redeemer.



—"And don't let anyone kid you, you can't sideslip a Harvard".

## BARRIE'S VICTORY LOAN PARADE

Here is shown a section of Barrie's big Victory Loan parade last month. Brig. A. C. Spencer is taking the salute from Squadron Leader McCulloch, at the head of part of the R.C.A.F. contingent. The picture was taken from the Post Office building. On the dais with Brig. Spencer is Group Captain D. M. Edwards, Mayor Donald MacLaren of Barrie, Mr. J. W. Hamilton, Victory Loan Chairman for Simcoe West, and staff officers from Camp Borden Headquarters.



## The Entangling Sword

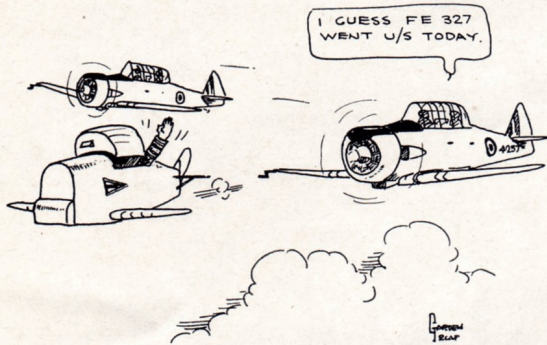
(Continued from Page 7)

(3) **Stopped Saying Their Prayers.** Perhaps it is even more because they have stopped realizing what prayer is. People will ask sometimes for our prayers as if praying was a casual, almost glib, exercise, automatically and mechanically performed, instead of a vast effort of the soul sent forth to reach God and to be lifted up to God's will and God's vision of the world and ourselves. How many of you are prepared to go home from church this morning, fall on your knees, sincerely ask "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" and then honestly wait for, and abide by, the answer? Earnest, thoughtful, habitual prayer, not so much to get God's help or ask God's blessing as to learn God's will and get strength to obey it—this is the one defence against the entanglement of the sword.

**III. Him Who Gave This Warning.** Whatever He may have thought of their calling, Jesus had deep sympathy with soldiers. It may have been partly because he realized the grave spiritual dangers of all who make war, whether in the lines or behind it. So many people have allowed their remembrance of the New Testament to grow faint—it's so long since they read it—and they make Jesus Christ after the manner of their own thinking, instead of looking at Him and His Cross, and following where they lead. Philip Snowden's favourite lecture was on "Was Christ a Socialist?" and he had no difficulty in finding an affirmative answer. Others have decided that He was a sound Protestant, a Nazi publication says that only Hitler can define either Him or His religion, while multitudes think of Jesus Christ as a super-Freemason or an extra keen Rotarian. The non-possession of a Christian background, of a Gospel experience of a sound conversion every day renewed, is responsible for the confusion and heart-break of a vast number of miserable, distraught, un-

happy people whom the war has flung from their moorings. Now this New Testament is a book of conflict, "Woe unto you" cries Jesus to the smug respectables, and that battle was on. "Fight the good fight of faith" says Paul, "be a good soldier of Jesus Christ", while John shouts, "This is the victory that overcometh, even our faith"—which, by the way, would be a slogan for these days—and after the grim horsemen of war, famine, and death, rides on the Captain of our salvation, on His white horse, conquering and to conquer with the great word on his thigh "King of Kings and Lord of Lords". Only that sword—the sword of the spirit—can keep us from the entanglement of the other. As the Christian Church moves into the most challenging chapter of her history, let it be that we shall so acquit ourselves in the struggle for the world's soul, our neighbour's soul, and our own soul that Christ's own eye shall mark and decorate our valour, and that in wounds and heartbreak, in defeat and courage, in constancy and failure, in everything but retreat and dismay, we shall reinforce that church which today, reformed from a routed rabble, again moves forward against the enemy, heeding the fine counsel of Francis Thompson:

Sit fast upon thy stalk, when the blast shall with thee talk,  
With the mercies of the Christ-King for thine awning;  
And the just shall understand that thine own hour is at hand,  
Thine hour at hand with power in the dawning.  
When the nations lie in blood and their Kings a broken brood,  
Look up, O most sorrowful of daughters;  
Lift up thy head and hark what sounds are in the dark,  
For His feet are coming to thee on the waters.

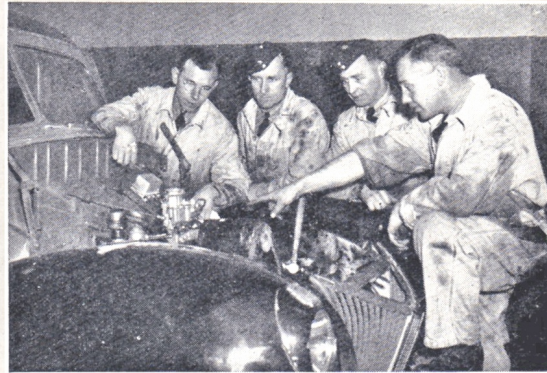


### TEN COMMANDMENTS IN SPORT

- (1) Thou shalt not quit.
- (2) Thou shalt not alibi.
- (3) Thou shalt not gloat over a win.
- (4) Thou shalt not be a poor loser.
- (5) Thou shalt not take unfair advantage, nor ask for that which you are not willing to give.
- (6) Thou shalt not consider the game as a path to thy own glory, but as a means by which you may bring honour to your unit.
- (7) Thou shalt not think there is no more to learn about any game, nor shalt thou develop a swelled head, thou shalt not under-estimate an opponent, or over-estimate thyself.
- (8) Thou shalt remember that a true sportsman always thinks, that fair play is good sport.
- (9) Love and honour the game thou playest, for he who plays the game fair, wins even though he loses.
- (10) Observe these commandments in thine every day affairs, for the greatest game of all is the game of life.

'DAD' PARKER.

## M. T. SECTION



LAC Melvin, LAC MacDonald, LAC Hetherington, Cpl. Davis



LAW Bates, Sgt. Jackman, LAW Ferguson

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Editorial Board of "Wings Over Borden" gratefully acknowledge the assistance rendered by the following—without their help this issue could not have been possible.

For the ready use of many of the cuts of pictures—

- "The North Bay Nugget"
- "The Chicago Times"
- "The Chicago Tribune"
- "The Chicago News"
- "The Toronto Evening Telegram"

For the excellent cover design—  
P/O Ken Smith, No. 1 S.F.T.S.

For many fine cartoons and page headings—

- LAC Elmes, No. 1 S.F.T.S.
- LAC Garden, No. 1 S.F.T.S.

And, above all, for extraordinary patience, co-operation and enthusiasm, which alone brought this journal to its finished excellence, our good friend,

THE BARRIE EXAMINER

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