



Wings Over Borden

Vol. 4 No. 5

DECEMBER 1, 1941

No. 1 S.F.T.S.

CAMP BORDEN, CANADA

Aussies Goodwill Visit to United States



LUNCHEON PARTY AT HOTEL PICCADILLY

NEW YORKERS GREET BORDEN GRADUATES

(By CPL. "TED" RORKE)

Course "36" Australian graduates made history last week in New York City. Thanks to the unceasing efforts of F/Lt. Douglass, Station Adjutant, and Mr. McCandlish, C.N.R. representative in Camp Borden, a trip was arranged for them that probably will never dim in their memories if they live to be ninety.

Forty-nine Aussies left Toronto at 1.30 p.m., November the tenth, for the border. Arriving at Niagara Falls, N.Y., they were tendered a civic reception by the Mayor of that fair city and Capt. Jesse Allen, O.B.E., V.D., and members of the British-American League. They enjoyed a sight-seeing tour of the Falls and were later entertained by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the B.A.L. with a turkey dinner. A good luck charm was presented to each airman by Capt. Allen, and during the dinner the guests were entertained by the B.A.L. Concert Band and several other artists. Each of the Aussies were adopted by one of the ladies of the Auxiliary, who promised to see that parcels were dispatched to them regularly overseas for the duration of the war. From there they were taken as guests of the Bell Air Plant and witnessed the manufacture of the famous Airacobras. They departed at 10.02 p.m. and received a hearty send-off from a gathering of about a thousand Niagara Falls folk.

Arriving in New York City the party were met by Comrade E. A. Beltin, of U.S.A. Post No. 120 Canadian Legion; Mr. W. E. Southard, British American Ambulance Corps, Inc.; Mr. David W. Bailey, Director of the Australian News and Information Bureau, and Mr. J. V. Gardiner, Australian Trade Commissioner. After a brief but hearty welcome extended by the above, taxis were provided to take the party to the starting point of the famous Armistice Day parade, held every year in New York. The Aussies were given place of honor at the head of this procession and a band was delegated to lead them. New York papers that evening stated that the Aussies had certainly stolen the show and that never had a body of men received the praise and cheers that these men did. All papers carried photos of them and movie sound trucks followed them for several blocks en route. P/O R. Clark was in charge of the parade.

Tuesday afternoon the party visited Radio City and Rockefeller Centre; at 5.30 p.m. they were entertained at dinner at the Astor Hotel, guests of the Canadian Legion. At 8 p.m. they were honor guests of the Phillip Morris radio show and were presented with cartons of cigarettes by "Little Johnny." At the conclusion of the broadcast they went directly to the Winter Gardens as guests of Mr. Lee Shubert to see Olsen and Johnson's "Hellz-a-Poppin." From the Winter Gardens they travelled by taxi to the Hotel Pierre as guests of (Turn to page nine, please)

SEVEN SEAS

(By Flying Officer W. A. Beckett, M.C.)

A RAW DEAL

Out in the Never-Never Lands of Queensland, Australia, in the back of beyond, where on the roadless wastes the horse and buggy gives way to the camel, lived three pioneer families, the Marshes, the Gordons and the Craiks. In the deep hinterland where a fertile region is separated from the coastal areas by seemingly endless desert, these three families raised sheep and sent the wool by camel transport to the railhead, where the desert begins and civilization stops suddenly.

Each of these families had an only child, Jo Marsh, Bob Gordon and Ted Craik. Mrs. Craik was the schoolmistress of these three youngsters and brought them up with a firm hand. In her own home she was austerity itself, and little Ted, as the years went by, became as straight-laced and unbending as his mother. The sunshine caressed the school house warmly and affectionately with a natural and joyous exuberance, but very few of its bright rays entered into the guarded being of little Ted. The Gordons and the Marshes, on the other hand, were happy-go-lucky and carefree people; it just seemed that in their vicinity even the weeds blossomed like plants. Bob Gordon was freckled to the point of absurdity, and his grin

would have charmed the devil. Jo Marsh was a true daughter of Eve and could outstride and outwit her only playmates with a facility and humor that grew with the years. She could handle the aborigines, throw a boomerang, shoot with bow and arrow, cast a fly with the best fisherman, and even box with the pet kangaroos.

When Jo was nineteen both men were deeply and jealously in love with her. Ted had developed into a handsome, strong young fellow with scholarly tastes and an aversion to work. He was sentimental and had in him a singular element of prudery. Bob, on the other hand, had inherited his father's gift of organizing ability and sound materialistic tendencies; at twenty-two he was comparatively wealthy, but his puckish face just made it difficult to regard him as a "lady's" man. One night Bob wandered home after seeing Jo. His steps were slow, hesitant as though he did not see his way; his mind was filled with a blind pain to which there was no appeal. Jo had decided to marry Ted.

For a time, which seemed so long that his world grew grey and hideous, Bob struggled against the disappointing culmination of his dream to marry Jo. The nights of (Turn to page ten, please)