

ACCOUNTS SECTION

(By Sgt. D. McAlear)

At the beginning of a New Year the Accounts Section resolved (as do most people) that this year would be the best for attendance, shoulders to the wheel and all pulling for the same end. We were all endorsing these resolutions to the last man, but on the 5th day of January, Fate stepped in and whisked away our Cpl. Rorke to the Military Hospital for an appendix (?) operation. Well, there went the biggest portion of our resolution number one, attendance. We record this in our section by size, not by days.

The section withstood this forceful blow and decided to carry on until the night of January 7, when we were informed that the following day we were to move over to the Control Tower Hangar. I never saw so many long drawn faces on the older members in my life. The newcomers thought it to be a day of recreation and considered it a respite from pushing on that old wheel. Little did they know that this was the third move for some of us and the fourth for others. By five o'clock the following day the thought had changed and we found that the load that day was far heavier than the ordinary day at work. The wheel was much bigger and heavier. Muscles not used by the weight of a pencil had come into play and by the end of the day resolution number two had vanished. Who the h— wanted to push a big wheel in the form of filing cabinets, files, lockers and heavy oak desks, when a pencil was so much easier? A number also broke their own resolutions, the kind you resolve so you won't make that embarrassing slip in language when on leave. We would like to know how to keep our last and only resolution. All we need to break this and some furniture is the order to move ONCE more. A noble suggestion was made by one of the boys, that we be given a battle crate with wheels and called "The Mobile Accounts Section," with a slogan "Catch up to us only on Pay Day."

Our new office is very nice (?). One can post ledgers, invoice or any other of the numerous jobs, to the hum of, well, we haven't quite figured out yet what tune those heaters give out. The lads are anxiously waiting summer time to catch fire-flies to help in the lighting of the office.

—The Cub Reporter or
—The Little Bear Behind

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SECTIONAL NEWS

TILL THE H. E. DETONATES

Cast an eye and lend an ear good readers because just now the 13 "X" calliope is about to lead a parade of notes and phrases from "somewhere in Angus".

First of all, a word of gratitude for the privilege of sharing a few picas in the columns of "Wings Over Borden" during the past year. No better medium could be used than your interesting paper to extend "Season's Greetings" to all the boys at Borden—in view of the fact that we are nestled some six miles distant.

The Festive Season was officially ushered in at this Unit on the evening of December 19th, the occasion of our first Station Dance. The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Barrie Active Service Club gave their efforts and co-operation by providing dancing partners and chaperones, as well as working in unison with Sergeant Major Gore and his committee of workers. The Recreation Room and Airmen's Mess gave vent to a Christmas atmosphere with their gay decorations. Music was provided by a Wurlitzer machine and the 13 "X" Ensemble, a group of talented young musicians that would tempt Paul Whiteman or Guy Lombardo to leave their southern climates and start out for Angus on a scouting tour. The Social Evening also provided an opportunity for the personnel to wish Godspeed to Flying Officer E. V. Holtzman, recently posted overseas to an Explosives Course, and to Corporal Art Ballem who relinquished his stripes to re-muster as a Wireless Operator Air Gunner. Corporal Ballem was the recipient of a fine leather wallet in Air Force blue which contained "some contents".

A fine new hockey rink now graces the environs of 13 "X" and the boys have taken to hockey like one would hang onto an R. 76 (that's just a furlough form.) A bowling league has been organized and every Thursday evening sees the boys at the Barrie Bowling Academy trying their darndest to emulate the redoubtable Jimmy Smith. Hearken now 'cause here's our feline with a few—

MEOWS FROM THE 13 "X"

ALLEY CAT

Trenton Instructor—"And where on the map do we find England?"

Corporal Wilson: "There isn't such a country, Sir. England is just the southern pair of Scotland!"

L.A.C. Guimond—"If you had two yards of barathra, what would you do with it?"

L.A.C. Ozad—"Why I'd make a uniform and then wait for Green Orders."

Father Time—"And what did you do in 1941?"

Larry Crarey—"70 per and got pinched."

FAMOUS SAYINGS

Sgt. Major Gore—"When Sgt. Wall made this toast, he didn't want to set the world on fire—he only wanted to make a burnt offering."

Cpl. Cadham—"Between fictitious extensions of leave and a closed

M.T. SECTION

(By Cpl. Dalmadge)

Wings Over Borden's deadline is set and here we are caught napping again. Anyway, here goes for a few quips and what have you of M.T. happenings now that Christmas has passed and a glorious New Year is started on its way. We hope that Providence will be as good to us, or even better, than last year.

There were numerous happenings over the holiday season, some of them tragic, but most of them humorous. Here are a few incidents that might well make the guilty ones blush.

"Amapola" must have something really nice in Toronto. Oh, those reveille passes. Does she "Kiss the Boys Goodbye," Ab? At the same time I suggest that Ab get himself a map of Rosedale district in Toronto. Did you ever try burning your bridges behind you, Ab? You certainly can't cross the same bridge three times that way. We wonder where Larkin of Stores was "lurking in" when he thought he was in Midland. An M.T. Cpl. rescued him from his dilemma. We wonder also if Cpl. Patrick sees those smoke signals still from around Caledonia.

We also would like to ask LAC Whittingstall if he drives much? Grilles are fairly expensive though. But never mind, Whitty, we've seen good drivers do that.

And now we have an airman who received deep purple jazz garters with bells on in a Christmas box. Are you going to wear them, Bruce?

Did you hear about the Cpl. who played Santa Claus at a rural schoolhouse nearby? Is that what love does to you, "Jitter"? Not mentioning any names, but who is it that likes the laundry run to Midland better than anything else?

Did you hear about the LAC who, after enjoying a scrumptious dinner at one of the local cafes in Barrie, suddenly remembered when he went to pay his bill that he had left his wallet in his other uniform? Rather embarrassing, wasn't it, R. J.? We notice he's wearing his watch again.

What happened at Orillia the other evening when three of the five Romeos returned by train instead of the car. Quite a hangover, wasn't it, Andy? And of course everyone in barracks would like to meet a certain Froggie's girl friend. Woo, Woo!

And now for a little bit of humor we've picked up here and there:

Said the draftee admiringly: Gee, Sarge, where did'ja get all them medals? Did'ja fight so many

tire market I'm sure fit to be tied."

Sgt. Scott—"Here's my contention boys . . ."

Cpt. Elliott (looking at his identification photo)—"What the hell am I, a cotton picker or an S.P.?"

And so until the next edition it's au revoir and may your troubles be as scant as a Sunday morn's Sick Parade.

—SGT. R. R. WALL

With the advent of winter so vividly displayed, there is hardly a doubt as to the reason why we are not on the march as we would like to. However, every one should be assured that the boys of the band are still raring to go and will be on the march at the first opportunity. We have been deprived of our usual practice periods and many of us, of the Band, feel terribly let down. We realize, however, there is a good reason.

It seems only too evident that any Band, good or bad, must have practice and so we hope that it will be possible to resume our previous status, and continue on the way to bigger and better things with the Band.

Our B.M., L.A.C. Griffin, still wields his baton and if all goes well and we secure some co-operation, the Band will have some real treat in store for everyone. To anyone desiring to join our Band, we extend a special welcome and hope this New Year, 1942, will be a great one for all.

Your Band reporter,
—CPL. LANGDON, H. J.

wars? Sergeant (proudly): These ain't war medals, I got them for gunnery.

Draftee (incredulous): They gave you medals for gunnery? Me they sent to the hospital.

Then there was the clever cat that ate cheese and breathed down the rat hole with baited breath.

1st Sparrow: "I hear Farmer Jones just bought one of those new fertilizer machines."

2nd Ditto: "How'd you find that out?"

1st Ditto: "Oh, you know how those things spread."

Overheard in the mess: Never was so little waited for, by so many, for so long.

1st Bloke: What's the difference between a barb wire fence and a woman's dress?

2nd Bloke: I dunno.

1st Bloke: It protects the property but doesn't obscure the scenery.

It seems strange, but every time that Wally goes on the L.P.O. run, there is lumber to be ordered. Very, very strange.

One of our new M.T. drivers, Scott by name, should remember Beeton for quite some time to come. It seems that he was very lucky in a poultry sort of way. Ask him what it means, fellows, maybe he will talk turkey. At the same place, same time, "Amos" by name took up a new trade. If you have anything to auction off, fellows, see him or Clare, his horizontal pal. No argument, fellows.

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MOTHERS PIN PILOTS' WINGS ON THEIR SONS

S/L Gutray Addresses Graduates; G/C Grandy Presents Pennant to B Flt.

Graduating slightly before completion of their training at this Station, members of the latest class of young pilots received their wings at colorful ceremonies at No. 1 Service Flying Training School, Camp Borden, Friday evening. Due to this fact, no commissions were announced, all the Leading Aircraftmen becoming Sergeant Pilots.

Three hundred relatives and friends who attended the ceremonies were entertained in the airman's mess, Air Force Theatre, and at a dance in the large drill hall, with many guests from Barrie.

The commandant, Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E., welcomed the guests and congratulated the young graduates. The wings were presented by Squadron Leader Jos. L. Gutray, who recently came to Camp Borden as Chief Flying Instructor.

On invitation of Group Captain Grandy, the badges were pinned on their sons' breasts by twenty-two mothers and two fathers, and five sets of parents came to the presentation stand and were first to congratulate their sons. The number of mothers attending was unique.

Graduates Addressed In addressing the graduates, Squadron Leader Gutray declared that they had every reason in the world to be proud of this evening.

"This is their night; they have worked very hard over a considerable period and they have shown by their presence here that they are fully qualified to be pilots."

"Previous to this date, practically all the responsibility has been on the shoulders of your instructors, and now, after showing your ability to shoulder this responsibility, I would like to give you an insight into what a pilot's badge means. It means that you are fully at home flying an airplane according to the standards set by the Royal Canadian Air Force. As far as the R.C.A.F. is concerned, it does not stop there. You will be in charge of aircraft costing a considerable



CIVIES SORTIES

This corner is not as familiar with our old friend Bill Free hovering around. We understand Bill is not only recovering his old time pep but is acquiring a knowledge of diplomacy in dealing with the opposite sex. Hurry back to Borden, Bill, and pass along that knowledge before the C.V.A.A.F. arrive.

The civilians held their first meeting of 1942 in their Recreation Room on Thursday evening, January 8th. The main business was the election of officers and committees for the year. Almost all the 1941 slate was re-elected despite the fact that several had expressed a desire to retire. The following is the election results:

President—Andy McKee.
Sec'y-Treas.—Ralph Harper
Business Committee—W. Hobson, R. J. Kelly and J. D. Milne.
Games Committee—Tom Keeling, H. O'Neil, A. McKee and Art Kemp.

The retiring Secretary, J. D. Smart was tendered a vote of thanks for his services during his term of office. The president, in a brief speech, asked for better co-operation in keeping the club room clean and tidy. He also outlined the programme of events planned with the assistance of "Y" Director, Jim McClenaghan, which is destined to provide many interesting evenings.

We are glad to learn that our amiable issuer of cheques, Cpl. Ted Rorke has successfully undergone an appendectomy and is recuperating very nicely at the Camp Borden Military Hospital.

May it be understood by all and sundry, that your scribe pro-tem is pinch-hitting for Bill Free, whom we all miss so much. May he have a speedy recovery.

Let us begin this year by doing our various tasks not only well but cheerfully, thereby establishing a spirit which will be undaunted by reverses and which will assure a final and glorious victory.

—JIM SMART

amount of money and you will be held responsible.

"However, as pilots, your duty does not stop there; you are also concerned with the welfare and well-being of the men under you. Now you will be responsible for the men and aircraft of which you will be in charge. Regarding the ground crews, you must remember that in order that you may be able to fly, other people have to work and work hard—the men on the ground. These men have worked to keep the craft flying, and will keep it flying. Therefore, think of your ground crew; be sure they are being looked after.

"Godspeed and happy landing," he said in conclusion.

Group Captain Grandy added his congratulations and wished all the best of luck. He made the presentation of the pennant awarded monthly to the Flight making the best showing. It was awarded to Flight-Lieut. K. Krug of "B" Flight, which amassed 970 marks out of 1,000. The commandant also mentioned the names of three members of the Station who had won their bouts at Trenton Wednesday in an inter-station boxing tournament.

Personalities in Song Titles

There'll Be Some Changes Made	Equipment Section
You Walk By	Service Police
I'll Never Smile Again	Orderly Officer
What Do You Know, Joe	Trade Test Board
Winter Wonderland	Hangar Alley
Night and Day	Security Guard
It All Comes Back to Me Now	Mess Bills
You Do the Darndest Things	Medical Inspection
Once In a While	48-Hour Passes
Deep In a Dream	Saturday Afternoon
Whispering	Rumours
Linger A While	Post Prandial Lassitude
You're Always on My Mind	Annual Leave
Beautiful Dreamer	Night Guard
I Can Dream, Can't I	Re-Mustering
Keeping Out of Mischief Now	Detention Graduates
Come All Ye Faithful	Duty Watch Parade
Taint What You Do	Promotions
Make Believe	Rum and Coke
We Shall Have Music	C.O.'s Inspection
If I Had the Wings of an Angel	Prospective Aircrew
Just An Echo	Stand In for Me, Will Yer?
I Hear a Rhapsody	Band Practice
I've Got My Eye on You	Supernumeraries
And the Angels Sing	Barrack Room Snores
Get Thee Behind Me Satan	Church Parade
You Are My Sunshine	Pay Parade
Home on the Range	Bingo! Missed It Again
Why Not Take All of Me	War Savings Certificates
I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now	No. 1 S.F.T.S. Takes Over
It Happened One Night	Where's My Late Pass
Shoot the Sherbet to Me, Herbert	Canteen Lullaby
Do You Ever Think of Me	D.A.P.S.
What Is This Thing	A.I.D.
Where Do I Go from You	Station Runners
I've Got You Under My Skin	Innoculations
Flamemates	Barrie Nite-Owls
I Won't Tell a Soul	Just the A.P.M., Thassall!
I'll Follow You	Advance in Column of Route
I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen	Via the Link Trainer
How Come You Do Me Like You Do-Do-Do	The Pay Office

DRIBBLES FROM DAWN FLIGHT

It has been some time since "D" Flight had an entry in Wings Over Borden. So to start the new year right your walking reporter decided to do something about it.

A lot has happened in the past month including the usual New Year's hangover. Two new F/O's have been born in our family. Congratulations are in order to F/O Leggat and F/O Burden. We also have a new Sgt. but by the printing of the paper I expect his stripes in British Columbia, I am going to be wet. Speaking of being wet, sign off.

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