

Merry Christmas

"MAY IT BE YOUR BEST—AND WORST"

It is more than difficult to write a greeting in keeping with the season when the ominous clouds of all-out world-wide warfare engulf us. But, may it be your best and worst—the best Christmas you have ever had and the worst you ever will see!

From the beginning of time man has been accustomed to direct his own life with faith in something. He must hold to certain beliefs that govern everything he does. He must have hope. I wonder if there is anything more important throughout the Democratic world today than that our capacity for faith, as of old, be restored.

There is an issue at stake which we all have to face and face it we will—

"And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong,
Alleluia!"

JIM McCLENAGHAN—Y.M.C.A. SERVICES

A WORD ABOUT OURSELVES

With this Christmas issue of Wings Over Borden, the activities of your present editorial board are coming to a standstill for 1941. We do hope that you will enjoy this number as much as we did getting it ready for you.

We want to take this opportunity of thanking the personnel of No. 1 S.F.T.S. for the support and contributions they have given us this past year. Such encouragement has spurred your staff on to do bigger and better things. The paper has increased in size since the beginning of the year—and we hope in quality. There have been some good issues and some poor ones. That is to be expected of course when personnel are changing overnight. However, you have been very generous with your praise and straightforward with your criticisms, and that is the way it should be. There is nothing so dampening to editorial ardour and inspiration, as passive or indifferent acceptance of their efforts.

We do not hope to please everybody with every issue—but we do want to reach everybody with some portion of each issue. We want Wings Over Borden to do three things. Firstly we want it to be a literary symbol of the spirit of No. 1 S.F.T.S. Secondly we want it to be a pictorial and verbal acknowledgment of your service and activities at Camp Borden at the present time. Lastly we want it to be a Treasure Chest of memories, for the years after the war, for those of you who save your copies of each issue.

If these three aims are to be accomplished, we must have co-operation; and to have co-operation we must have organization. Plans for the organization of an active editorial board are under consideration at the present time—and full details will be forwarded to you in the near future. At the present time here is a brief outline of the plans for the future. The present editorial board as shown in our masthead will still function. In addition there will be two or three representatives selected from each of the Squadrons. These men will act as associate editors and will be totally responsible for gathering the news, and technical items from their respective squadrons. At the same time they will be instructed and will take an active interest in the final assembly and distribution of each issue of the paper. The results of such organization should ensure the successful attainment of our aims. There will be an experienced reserve of writers to draw from when postings and resignations occur from our editorial board. Therefore we make a strong personal appeal that when the details of this plan are forwarded to you and the request is made for volunteers that you fellows will step forward in large numbers to lend us a hand. We won't say that it will be an easy task—for the paper makes many demands on

A MESSAGE FROM THE ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER

Your administration staff and its various committees, through the Commanding Officer, have, in the past year, endeavored to adhere to your needs and desires to the utmost of their ability and to the limit of the powers invested in them. Our plans have been carefully formulated so that the results attained would be in the best interests of both the service and the personnel of No. 1 Service Flying Training School.

For instance, the expenditure of Canteen Funds, where it was deemed most needed and beneficial, brought about the new interior in the Air-men's Club. Additional furnishings will follow shortly. The re-surfacing of the drill hall has made a more healthful recreation ground for all. Brightening the theatre and installing better equipment is another 1941 project. In addition to the above, general improvements in messing were made.

It is sincerely hoped that the redecorating and the enormous amount of sodding in and around the various buildings will bring about an additional interest in their upkeep and cleanliness. After such splendid progress in 1941, we can look for bigger and better things in 1942.

At all times we welcome your suggestions, and are willing to co-operate in any feasible project which concerns the welfare of the station and its personnel. So with bright prospects ahead for the future, may you all enjoy the comforts of the present equitable surroundings. Best of luck. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

—M. F. BADGLEY, FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT.

A MESSAGE FROM THE ADJUTANT

I would like to take this opportunity to extend to the officers and airmen of No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden, a very Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year, and to thank them for the co-operation and assistance they have extended the writer this past year.

As Adjutant of No. 1 S.F.T.S. I have an appointment for which I am paid an extra fifty cents per day. For the information of those who think this fifty cents is not duly earned, I will state below, to encourage the ranker with ambitions, a few of the duties, together with what is expected of a Station Adjutant.

"He must be a man of vision and ambition, a night owl, work all day and all night, and appear fresh on morning parade. Learn to sleep on the floor, and take meals on the fly, while checking monthly returns, parade states, and clothing and articles required for the use of . . . a banker, a ranker, an airman and a clerk. Must be able to entertain Air Marshals, Ordinary Marshals, Air Vice-Marshals, editors, photographers, recruits, veterans, draft dodgers and reasons-why men. Must have a thorough knowledge of K.R. Air and M.A.F.L., from choir boy to chorister, corporal to Field Officer, the Bible, the Manual of Arms and Statute of Limitations.

"He must be a man's man, a ladies' man, a model husband, a fatherly father, good provider, a plutocrat, an autocrat, a democrat, and a reformed Conservative. A mathematician, politician, and able to convince obstructionists. Must be neat and tidy and have a full-dress mess dress, undress, fatigue uniform, a mourning suit, dress suit, dinner jacket. Must be category A plus, have an IQ of 155, a memory for names and faces and a knowledge of all rank badges, army, navy, air force and expeditionary force, canteen. Must be a soldier on parade, and an ink pot in the orderly room. Must borrow, beg, wangle or scrounge typewriters and turn filing cabinets into war diary jackets and convert Buddhists into other denominations. Apply ancient and modern history and the field of finance into a rainy day lecture. Must be able to mount the Security Guard, the quarter guard, the C.O.'s horse, and the mountain lion, and the stranger within our gates—and dismount the Bren gun, the Lewis automatic rifle, the sick, late duty parade, and the Last Post.

"He must have unlimited endurance, and a range of telephone numbers from the A.O.C. to Security Guard Post No. 1 and 3, an attractive home and wife, a blonde daughter, a car, a radio, must belong to the best club and defray all expenses at home and abroad. Must be an expert driver, bridge player, poker hound, knock rummy enthusiast, diplomat, financier, capitalist, philanthropist; an authority on palmistry, chemistry, physiology, psychology, dog breeding, cat feeding, horses, brunettes, machine guns, trench mortars and red heads; a qualified linguist in English, Gaelic, French and profanity, and interpret drill instructors, sergeant-majors and corps orders."

I am only sorry I don't possess all the above qualifications, but if the personnel are willing to overlook any minor slip-ups, such as notifying relatives of non-missing "Brand" new airmen, I am,

Yours very truly,

—S. T. DOUGLASS, FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT.

your personal freedom but we will say that it will be a pleasant task, and many hours will be filled that otherwise might have been boring vacuums.

—CPL. TED RORKE, EDITOR.

Season's Greetings From Our Padres

THE ANGELIC MESSAGE

In the midst of a world-encircling war, it seems strange indeed to be proclaiming the angelic message of "Peace on earth to men of goodwill." While recalling with grateful and loving hearts the birth of our Divine Saviour in Bethlehem, we must recognize that the world as a whole is far from accepting Him as the Son of the Eternal Father and the King of Kings.

Well for us that we in our fight are on the side of right and justice; that our leaders are professing Christians; that without hypocrisy we can call on the aid of God who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son to redeem and save it.

All the forces of evil are today marshalled to destroy everything that Christ represents to us: the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the right of the Creator to rule, the obligation of the creature to obey; the value of the human soul, the evil of sin.

We need not fear the result of the struggle. While evil for a time can be predominant, it cannot conquer. God alone can bring good out of evil. Let us turn to the Divine Babe of Bethlehem in full confidence and hope that He will bring to fulfillment the prophecy which Daniel, inspired by the Holy Spirit, spoke concerning Him: "I beheld therefore in the vision of the night; and lo, one like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven; and He came even to the ancient of days: and they presented Him before Him. And He gave Him power, and glory, and a kingdom: and all peoples, tribes and tongues shall serve Him: His power is an everlasting power that shall not be taken away: and His Kingdom shall not be destroyed."

As true soldiers of Christ the King under His banner of the Cross "be strengthened in the Lord, and in the might of His power. Put on the armour of God, that you may be able to stand against the deceits of the devil. For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in high places. Therefore take unto you the armour of God: . . . having your loins girt about with truth and having on the breastplate of justice, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace: in all things taking the shield of faith . . . and the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit (which is the word of God)."

Thus accoutered may you approach the crib of the Infant Redeemer in adoration and penitence and "may God supply all your wants, according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus."

HON. F./LT. (REV.) P. M. DWYER
R.C. Chaplain.

CHRISTMAS GIFT

Christmas and giving are synonymous in the minds of most people, though the emphasis on the giving is greater than on the Christmas. It is by no means inappropriate that Christmas and giving should be closely linked together, for this holiday is our annual reminder of God's great Gift to men.

We can never make too much of the deity of Christ, but those who believe in Him as the Son of God are prone to make too little of His humanity. In their need of Him and their prayerful approach to Him, they are likely to forget or to minimize the fact that Jesus was born of Mary, that He suffered cold and hunger and thirst, that He grew weary and tired, that He was in all these respects like ourselves.

"In the fulness of time, God sent forth His Son, born of a woman." A Babe in a Mother's arms! So God's great Gift was first manifested to men. Here in the very beginning Jesus was associated with men in all their need. He entered this life through the portals of human birth, as every man must do. It would not have entered our minds, it did not enter the minds of the Jews, to have the Saviour of Men come to the world in this way, but that was the way God planned it. God's great Gift was first seen of men as a Babe lying in a manger.

Then we see a Boy glorying in a trip away from home, revelling in all the strange sights of the journey, full of questions, as every normal boy of twelve is. The story of the Boy Jesus lost and found again in the Temple is too well known to be repeated here, but just consider how true to boyhood and boy behaviour the whole incident is. Most of us have memories of some comparable experience.

The years slip rapidly by, and the Gift is hid from us for a while. Then we see a young man fired with enthusiasm for a great task, a great cause. As men grow older their enthusiasm is apt to wane, but this is a young man who has caught the Vision of God and God's purpose for this world of men. He is so filled with it that He must tell it, and so we see Him, nearly thirty years of age, giving up the settled and routine work of a village carpenter to become for a few years an itinerant preacher.

And now we find that we are watching a Man matured. Here is one fully aware of the difficulties of His task, but sure as ever that it is God's task. His purpose is fixed, and no cost is too great to pay, no obstacles too fearsome to be faced and overcome. His enemies bring Him to judgment, and Pilate's cry rings out, "Behold the Man!" History has produced only one so worthy of the title—God's Christmas Gift to the world.

All this, I repeat, is not to minimize in any way the deity of the Christ. But Christmas is the feast

of the Mother and the Babe. It reminds us that the Son of God is also the Son of Man. Perhaps you have heard of Peter the Great, who left his imperial throne and in humble disguise apprenticed himself to the shipwrights of Zaandam and Amsterdam. Among the ordinary labourers, the ruler of millions toiled, dressed like them, housed like them, sharing their food and drink. Yet he never ceased to be the Emperor of Russia. His royal splendour was laid aside for a time and a purpose. In serving his fellow men he proved his manhood.

God's great Gift to the world was the gift of an Example, and that Gift was and is for all men regardless of their race or wealth or education. There once was a young Florentine artist who spent many days in a gallery copying a masterpiece by Raphael. He gave time without stint to his task; he laboured hard and long, only to lean back at last and view his own work with complete dissatisfaction. He compared the copy with the original and then in despair drew his wet brush across the copy, crying out: "How can I imitate what Raphael has done without the mind of Raphael!" No man need come to that despairing conclusion in his effort to follow the example of the Man of Nazareth. The mind of Christ is the gift of those who receive His spirit and His life in the ways He has promised and provided through His Church. Like the page boy in the old carol "Good King Wenceslas," who planted his feet in the footprints of the saint and felt that glow of warmth and life thrill through his chilled members, so the Christian with his feet placed in the marks made by His Master—following the path of willing self-sacrifice and unselfish service—feels the thrill and warmth and love of Christ throbbing in his own veins.

Let us also realize the eternal newness of God's great Gift to men. It is fresh and real for you and me this year as it was for the shepherds on the Bethlehem hills nineteen centuries ago. That is why the weak and helpless Babe in the Manger continues so powerfully to win the hearts and change the lives of greater multitudes than the most forceful of all tyrants. His own saying that He is with us and for us always is being proved daily in the experience of men, women and children the wide world over.

In a Florentine square there stands the statue of a young Greek woman. It is exquisite, a thing of rare beauty, graceful in form and noble in expression. One day a ragged, unkempt, unlovely girl came face to face with this statue. For some minutes she stood staring at it, drinking in the beauty of it. Then she turned slowly homeward. Next day she visited the statue again, her face washed and her hair combed. The next day again she stood before the statue and this time her clothing was washed and mended. Day by day the girl changed. Her shoulders

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

I have been asked to write a short note of Yuletide Greetings to the personnel of this station, which I consider an honour indeed.

In summing up the activities of the Medical Section of this station during the past year, we first of all wish to thank all concerned for the co-operation we have received. At times you might feel we are a little difficult to get along with, but on the other hand you will find we have your interests at heart. The general health of this station has been good and flying accidents have been kept at a minimum. For this we have to thank our Commanding Officer for his excellent administration and judgment, the officers and instructors in charge of flying, and last but not least, our Maintenance section and all ground crew personnel.

To all aircrew pilots, we would extend our heart felt greetings and would ask that they stick to their task, which might seem long and tedious, but which will end all too soon and then you will be on your way to finish this fight to the end against all totalitarian countries and all that they stand for. After it is all over and finishes in our favour, which it must, the glory will be all yours.

To all Aussies we especially extend our greetings, and hope that you may soon be fighting in the skies defending your country against our common enemies.

Again to all personnel of this station, we extend our most hearty Yuletide greetings and express as our personal New Year wish to all that the New Year may bring a more stable state of world affairs. Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, and may God be with you.

—J. R. CLARK, F/LIEUT.
Medical Officer.

ders straightened. Her carriage became graceful, her face more and more refined. The silent influence of the beauty caught in stone changed her, redeemed her character.

That is but a poor illustration to describe the influence of the living Christ. The whole of that story can never be told. But it has got into the spirit of people and is being manifested in hundreds of ways. However large and horrible the apparent triumph of evil in the world today, I believe not only that the right will triumph, but that things are much better now than in the "good old days" for whose recall some people wistfully long. The study of history is the surest cure for pessimism, and all true progress is Christian progress, the work of God's great Gift in the lives of men.

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved."

—PADRE CAULFEILD,
Station Chaplain (P)