



Wings Over Borden

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No. 1 S.F.T.S.

CAMP BORDEN, CANADA

Borden Tarmac Deserted as Birdmen Migrate

STOP PRESS!

A FLYING VISIT TO OUR FOREIGN LEGION

(BY CORPORAL "TED" RORKE)

At 1045 hrs. November 4th, your correspondent was fortunate enough to be one of a party that took off in the Norseman and flew down to Kohler and Hagersville for a visit with No. 1 Squadron now there on temporary duty. Wing Commander Bradshaw was at the controls.

The weather was clear and warm for this time of year and the rich countryside spread below us in colourful autumnal garb. In what seemed a very short time, we sighted the runways of Kohler with Harvards and Yales lined up beside them. The absence of buildings and hangars was very noticeable, and for a fleeting moment we had the impression one would have in dropping in on a fighter squadron across the Pond. We were received with open arms at Kohler. Mud spattered figures detached themselves from their various duties for a moment and came forth to give us a cheery hello.

It is clearly evident that the amount of enthusiasm and goodwill displayed indicates that the boys are having a whale of a time, despite rain, mud, cold, shortage of water and lack of indoor plumbing.

As a matter of fact they pointed out their gaily unpainted inconveniences and remarked that Wings Over Borden was seeing new service at Kohler. The boys state that the grub is swell and claim that despite their primitive mode of living they are thriving.

They have not been letting the grass, or should I say mud, grow under their feet as far as sports and entertainment is concerned. Already they have had a successful dance in the town hall of Cayuga, organized by P/O Hope and F/Sgt Falls. The local belles provided the feminine interest. P/O Hope confidentially admitted that some one let the cat out of the bag that most of them were married, and now it's feminine disinterest.

In addition to the dance and spurred on by the credo that cleanliness is next to godliness, Sgt. Bainbridge organized a swimming meet, held at the Hamilton Y.M.C.A. So successful was this event that others of a similar nature are being promoted for the near future. The highlight of the sports activities this week at Kohler, was an old fashioned game of football, played knee deep in muddy fields.

Montemuro, the North Bay flash, organized a team that defeated Tucker and his Mudcats 2-0. This game was well worth anyone's money. Considering the handicaps the men are working under, a large

packing case for a Control Tower, tents for offices, rain, cold and mud, we couldn't help but be impressed by the co-operative spirit and comradeship manifested there.

Just as an observation in passing we feel that this spirit is due to ownership of common aims and objects, and pride in what they are accomplishing. It is to be hoped that when eventually they return to Borden they will bring this spirit back with them and dish it out in large gobs.

Bidding farewell to Kohler we took off once more and headed for Hagersville. At our first sight of this station we were greatly impressed at the compactness of the station and the uniformity of buildings, runways, and hangars. The modernistic design of the control tower was outstanding. The bright red roofs offset by the rich green of the walls created a pleasant eyeful as we came in for a landing.

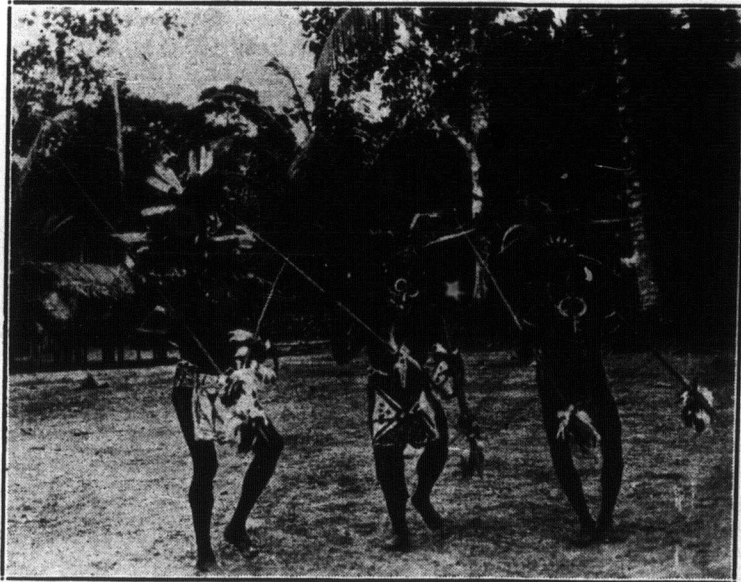
Here as at Kohler we were greeted by familiar personages. Being long past dinner time we hastened to the messhall. Not wishing to inject a discordant note in this little write-up, all we can say is that some of our chronic grub-complainers should get away to a different station for a while.

After lunch we got together for a chin with the boys and found that lack of heat, shortage of water, and difficult working conditions had not dampened their ardour, and that they were full of high spirits and horseplay.

Corporals Baker, Crouch, and Soper, and LAC Wilson demonstrated a musical drill (Camp Fire Girl Style) that they had developed in their spare time. Pirouettes, mincing steps, curtseys, etc., made one of the most hilarious comedy acts that we have witnessed in a month of Sundays. If S/M Lockhart ever saw his markers approaching in that fashion he would have an apoplectic fit. The boys have a lot of yarns that they will be spinning in the paper next issue, but here's an outstanding one they sent back.

The shortage of water has been mentioned earlier. Well it seems that Corporal Baker, a man not easily deterred in his pursuit of cleanliness, decided that this problem must be overcome. He discovered a certain plentiful supply of water, a little inaccessible one might say, but nevertheless our worthy corporal knelt and performed his ablutions. At time of writing he is sporting an egg sized bump on his right temple. It seems that someone told him toilet-water was good for the

MOROBIAN WAR DANCE



SEVEN SEAS

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

"An Eye For An Eye"

(The name used in this article is, of course, fictitious, but the incidents themselves are authentic.)

Doug Baxter stood at the water's edge on the glaring sandy beach at Wau, in New Guinea, and searched the clear-cut blue horizon for a spiral of smoke. Such a smutty puff would mean that the coastal cargo boat for once was on time. In his mind's eye he could see in tow behind it a trim auxiliary schooner, and the pride of ownership swelled within him. The purchase of a schooner was the first major investment in his life, and the start of his plans to construct a coconut plantation of his own. Doug had accumulated his moderate capital in the hard way, always dreaming of a competence for his old age. Rugged men who have fought bitter life with their claws and hoofs almost always have before them a vista of security in which they themselves will be lord and ruler, and it was no wonder that Doug fondly patted the tightly sewn belt of small linen pockets filled with gold dust and nuggets that coiled snugly around his body. He had been through a veritable hell to wrest his small fortune from the harsh earth. Under broiling suns, suffering the pangs of the damned from malaria, tongue-

swollen thirst, hunger and tropical insect and animal pests, he had worked his native labourers at the rich findings of alluvial gold, never sparing himself, but slaving on while his inherent strength held out. His nearest white neighbour slogged in at the same mad game forty miles away, with dense bush and swamp between, so he had to be constantly on the alert for native treachery and thefts, and Doug's Colt automatic under those conditions was the only companion he could trust.

In this struggle and anxiety, Doug's only beam of light and encouragement was at night time, when in his crude tent he would weigh the pannings of speck and nugget. From a mere blood-won ounce, the washings had risen until he was gleefully watching the scales show eighteen, twenty ounces for the toil of the day. Then came the blow. Dysentery struck down his natives; one by one they died, until, at last, he was left to make the arduous trek over the mountains and through the snake and mosquito infested valleys back to the coastline, alone.

Pliant as steel, Doug never knew when he was beaten. He had fought his way out of the toughest shebangs from Shanghai to Singapore, from the Baltic to the Antarctic. The story of his fight with an Italian captain of a tramp steamer and his mate is still an epic of the Southern Seas. Doug had been refused his right pay on arrival at Brisbane, and after a particularly bloody scramble, including the cruder types of mayhem, the cap-

hair and the seat fell on him.

It was with great regret that we clambered back into our places and said goodbye to these cheery lads. As we waved farewell we knew that ALL WAS WELL at Kohler and at Hagersville.

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