

ACCOUNTS FROM THE ACCOUNTS SECTION

The announcement that the Trade of Clerk Accountant will soon be sponsored by the R.C.A.F. (Women's Division) has caused considerable anxiety among the lads of the Section. They have, however, been offered an alternative trade in the event they cannot qualify for aircrews. Being a rather optimistic individual, I have speculated on the possibilities provided by such a transition and have chosen the following trades in which I think the members of our staff will be most proficient.

**Lorraine Towner** of course will no doubt be retained for the sole purpose of bringing a little sunshine into the drab lives of the poor misguided W.D.'s.

**Shorty McAlear** because of his stature will make an ideal Tail-end Johnnie. I hear the Sterlings are terribly uncomfortable, Mac.

**Van Town** will be commissioned to write a book on the Pitfalls a gracious young lady should watch for when escorted by a member of the R.C.A.F. (Men's Division).

**Cpl. Doug Davidson** is considering joining the ski troopers and proceeding to Roosia to fight for the Republic.

**Cpl. Tommy Sills** has visions of becoming the man on the flying trapeze. As evidence you can see him on the rings in the drill hall any evening.

**Cpl. Ted Rorke** hopes to be able to remuster to a Nursing Orderly to give lectures to the W.D.'s on how to care for a baby, in ten easy lessons.

**LAC Baskett** is qualified to become a disciplinarian, having just completed a drill test under the eagle eyes of the Station W.O. If he gets past him he must be good.

**ACI Tennant** would like to be a navigation instructor so that he can work the projecting machines in his heart's content.

And yours truly, well, I always wanted to be a G.D. anyway. (But not very much.)

Then there is the story about two negroes:

1st Dusky—"Sambo you all look terribly pale this morning."

2nd Darcy—"Rastus you all wrong, my face is red this morning."

1st Dusky—"Sambo, why you all say your face is red?"

2nd Darcy—"I accidentally walked into the W.D.'s showers last night. Is ma face red."

Well folks, I guess that about finishes this brief resume of the happenings in the Accounts. I haven't been able to give much sectional news this time, but then as the convict who was pardoned on the eve of his hanging said, "No noose is good noose."

Tha-tha-tha-tha's all folks. —F/Sgt H. Bruton.

SECTIONAL NEWS

CUES FROM STATION HEADQUARTERS

Perhaps Easter will be over, but we, the staff of Station Headquarters, extend to all readers Easter greetings.

At this time we regret very much to say farewell and best of luck to one of our well-known sergeants, better known as Judd. Yes, Judd, "You are a good man."

Before I continue further, may I take the liberty of extending my thanks and appreciation to the many sergeants who on their behalf made it possible for me to become a member of their mess. Thanks, boys, the name is Wing.

We at this time extend our sympathetic feelings to the two, F/Sgt. Crowe and his partner, Sgt. Patterson, on the outstanding courage shown by these men as they hobble to and from work. F/Sgt. Crowe, the star basketball player, who met with a serious knee fracture when competing with No. 6 I.T.S., Toronto, and Sgt. Patterson, the handsome N.C.O. i/c of Clothing Stores, when he got water on the knee. However, we are glad to see the boys back in the old grind again. We won the game.

EDWARDTORIALS

After April next, the exigencies of the service expect every person to do HIS or HER duty.

Is it correct, men, that every thing women do is either illegal, immoral, or fattening?

K.P., the great N.C.O. i/c of documents, is thinking seriously of joining the U.S. Marines, after his escapade on returning from leave. He admires the American hospitality, but that candy and those letters are a knockout. The question is, how do you do it, Peck? and quote: Wing, do you think she loves me?

We ask everyone to keep close check on any mistakes that may occur in D.R.O.'s and to overlook them. You men know what it's like when you've got things on your mind, such as Weekends in Ajax, Nights in Toronto, buying Rings, etc. Eh, Herbie?

Until next issue, Carry On. —"WING"

Work is the price of success. Thought is the price of power. Play is the price of health. Study is the price of wisdom.

RUMBLES FROM THE RAMBLING REPORTER

One thing that we should all be glad to hear. The new course that just came in and who were here previously as P. or O. G.D.'s, are glad to get back. The good old Camp Borden spirit gets them all. It is rumored from an unusually unreliable source that there are ten beautiful blondes posted here as Hut Guards in A79.

The present bunch of potential P or O's are all happy to be stepping into the shoes of the Security Guard.

The re-musters to air-crew are coming thick and fast. More power to 'em. Are you going to feel that you are doing a man's job when the C.W.A.A.F.'s get here? Mc too.

Spring is just around the corner. Time to think of your Easter outfit. And remember . . . only 291 more shopping days before Christmas.

Sincere congratulations should be given to the Civilian Personnel of this Station who through their own efforts promote the bingo games in the Airmen's Club every week. These games are well supported by the Airmen themselves and for a pleasant and friendly way to spend an evening . . . come on up.

There is a little doubt in the minds of the Powers That Be if it would be more advisable to use certain sections of the road between the barracks and hangars as landing bases for seaplanes or outdoor hockey rinks.

Where is that bugler boy who tooted his horn last summer at the ungodly hour of 6.30? Maybe he slept in.

Talent scouts for the Brooklyn Dodgers are said to be considering the son of Corporal Ted "Appendixless" Rorke for one of their first string pitchers for the coming season.

The pictures of "London in a Blackout" that they show in the theatre every night about every second reel are quite interesting. We hear the voices quite plainly . . . sometimes.

And in conclusion the boys in A79 are considering appealing to someone to turn off the hot water supply in that building. In the showers they say there is always the danger of being deluged in scalding water. And as they are in prime condition now to join an Arctic expedition they do not want to return to the delicate way of living of civilized man. —AC7½ BUMBLESHOOT, K.T.

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M.T. SECTION

(By AC2 Axel Greez) This section is booming right along as usual. No serious casualties unless you can count LAC McLean's talking to himself at Camp Borden Military Hospital a casualty. Mac should be back with us before this issue comes out.

Timber Merlina is still his old smiling self. His vocal chords have improved with the warmer weather and he is getting in rare shape for the 1942 Hog Calling bout.

We wonder why Debellefeuille (is that how you spell it?) was washing out a couple of pair of socks last Sunday p.m. The little wife surely isn't mad at him.

Here is a scoop retrieved from the ash heap. A certain ardent Romeo in the M.T. section threw away a letter that he had written to his new girl friend. Unfortunately for the friend had a portion of this letter fell into the hands of the M.T.'s member of the fourth estate. Quote—"Well Laura here we go again, for the plane is warmed up. You know I am sitting in a plane writing this letter and have just got my knees to put this paper on so you will have to excuse my writing—ad nauseam" unquote.

My advice to Laura is that she shouldn't put too much trust into this grease-gun ace, 'cause we think he is trying to do-err wrong. Reputation is what folks think we are. Personality is what we seem to be. Character is what we are.

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TILL THE H.E. DETONATES

With Mother Nature again donning her robes of verdant hue and the red breasted robin about to return to our midst, your 13 "X" columnist believes the time is opportune for a few more "chirps" to emanate from this tract of the Borden area.

To our newcomers we bid welcome and hope you will readily find your place within this Unit's scope of operations. Needless to say, the boys from the Golden West, presently serving here as Security Guards, are tickled pink with the landscapes of the East and are probably making post-war plans to settle around Angus. The eighteen odd might get enough lather up over such a remark to shave the whole village—but after all 28 days in the "clink" is a lot for hitting an editor with three hooks.

This Station is bereft of two N.C.O. acquaintances in the persons of Cpl. Fred Malcher and Sgt. Rene Dupuis. Cpl. Malcher was the subject of posting action in mid-March as was Sgt. Dupuis. No. 5 S.F.T.S., Brantford, and No. 13 S.F.T.S., St. Hubert, were the lucky ones in receiving these two amiable chaps.

Puck chasers from 13 "X" are packing away their togs after a very successful season—both in the Camp Borden Hockey League and our own local circuit. In the Borden League, the 13 "X" representatives only lost one game during the season, thus attaining a record which would merit distinction in any series. Throughout the Depot schedule "Bombers" had a little more on the elusive rubber than Headquarters, Maintenance or Equipment, and finished on top, capturing the McLeod-Coults trophy as their prize.

Mr. A. B. McLeod, C.P.R. agent at Camp Borden, presented the cup to the Commanding Officer, Flight Lieut. R. E. Millett, on Friday, Mar. 27. Mr. McLeod remarked that both he and his fellow donor desired to have the silverware competed for annually. Flight Lieut. Millett in a few well chosen words expressed the sentiments of the Station personnel in acquiring such a gift, and added that it would, no doubt, serve as an incentive and aid in fostering competitive sport. In the meantime Bowling play-offs are appearing on the horizon, and some five-pin chatter should reach the Linotype operator's lead pot for the next edition.

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"Grace has been able to borrow a mallet from the camp. Here she is coming back." —Humorist

HONEY FROM THE "B" HIVE

Social life continues apace at 13 "X" and on March 17th, a group of fair Colleens from Barrie graced us with their presence for an evening of dance and mirth. One little Miss MacKenzie threw executive jutes and tartan loyalties to the winds for a night, and was the organizing spirit behind a St. Patrick's party staged for the boys. Enough for that, except to say that "Mac" is one member of the MacKenzie family tree to which we must "bough" for a pleasant evening.

Speaking of diversion, it is brought to light that some of our N.C.O.'s and Airmen like to embark on the whimsical at a little place known as Alliston. True, Alliston has its place in the history of Simcoe County and is a nice place to join the fairer sex and dance, but when you stay "on the wagon" for a stretch of twenty-two days and then just err a "wee drop"—it doesn't seem right that you should run into a brass-buttoned flat foot that has just been inoculated with a gramophone needle.

Just to reveal venturesome blood, the same group (with a few more faithful followers) wended their way to Barrie some days later and partook of a Church Social. Before it was over it appears our 13 "X" Socialites were very adept at spearing ordinary beans, kidney beans and peanuts with hatpins. The squirrels had previously turned down the peanuts because they were salted. At the end of the rainbow it seems there were some chocolate bars for the winners and we have already noticed the fattening effect of sugar content on Sergeant Major Gore, Corporal Elliott and Corporal Dyne.

At an "X" Depot the bigger fire-cracker may well say to the smaller one, "My pop is bigger than yours," and get away with it, but here's one little girl who did her own "poppin":

"Little Martha in the attic Found her mother's automatic. Then in simple childish glee, Popped the iceman in the knee Mother whined, "Gosh, what a bother. Why, he might have been your father."

And so until the next writing it's "Cheerio" and "Happy Landings." —SGT. R. R. WALL.

Watch your step, the energy of a reaction is many times greater than that of the stimulus.

Now I get me up to work, I pray the Lord I will not shirk. If I should die before tonight, I pray the Lord my work's all right.

CIVIES SORTIES

If our headline appears faint this issue it is because of the haze emanating from the Civilian Smoker. However, as the smoke clears, we can see by the smile on many faces that the event was a great success.

We wondered why Joe Milne wandered over to the Army Area but now we know that it was he who secured the services of Lieut. Laughton of the R.C.A.S.C. Lieut. Laughton delighted the gathering with his impersonations of Paul Revere, The Lady of the Bath, and the Radio Program Announcer sponsored by Chewy M.O. No. 9's.

The committee wishes to thank Group Captain Grandy for his kind permission in making possible the Smoker and also to acknowledge with thanks the services of all those who contributed to the evening's success. —J. D. SMART.

The best kind of man is one who does what he ought to do.

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