



"WINGS OVER BORDEN"
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Wing Commander D. M. Edwards

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Photos, courtesy of Photographic Section.

Editorial . . .

A WORD TO THE WISE

The large volume of copy that DOESN'T pour into the editorial office of Wings Over Borden from the flights is rather discouraging to those who are devoting their spare time to the production of your paper fortnightly.

Unlike some of the other stations where one man at least of the editorial staff devotes his full time to the publishing of the paper, the crew of Wings Over Borden have only their spare time to devote to its interests, and therefore are unable to make a personal contact with the various sections.

However, a special appeal was made through Daily Routine Orders recently requesting all sections to appoint representatives to report their doings for each issue. Little or no attention was paid to this request and the results were paltry. We want to thank the few that did contribute, but we fear that unless we get more support, we will like the Arabs have to "fold our tents and silently steal away."

Such an alternative would be unfortunate to say the least. Wings Over Borden is the pioneer R.C.A.F. paper in Canada. It has grown from a mimeographed sheet to its present form. With your support it could eventually progress into magazine form and reenter the field of competition with other service papers that are at present surpassing us with this type of publication.

Without your support we can do nothing! For this paper is You, or rather it should be. It's a printed record of your doings while you are here at Borden. It is something that you can file away in the old kit bag to be pulled out years after the war is over and mulled over. But if your flight or section is not represented—if you haven't contributed, it can have no possible interest now or in future years to you.

So let's have your contributions. We want to know about your work, we want to hear those humorous little incidents that happen every day around your section. By that we don't mean allusions to "who was that blonde so and so was out with," but we mean real down to earth happenings. We want stories of the flying personnel, their experiences. We want biographies, history or what have you.

So let's have your SUPPORT. Whether you are a newcomer or an old hand get behind us. Pester your flight commanders until you get representation in the paper for your gang. Keep after your reporter to have his copy in on time for every issue. If you have ideas for a column but feel you can't write them out in publication style, jot them down on a piece of paper and we will put a re-write man on your story and give you all the credit just the same. Lastly let us know that you are ON the station.

Laurels for the month were copied by Station Account Section for piling up the highest number of points in intersectional athletic competition.

The Commanding Officer's Trophy that is presented monthly to the winning team was handed to F/Lt. J. H. Broughton, Senior Accountant Officer, at last Wings

Parade by John Bampfield, Y.M.C.A. Director.

In a few well chosen words, John Bampfield described the history of the cup and the reason for its presentation to the Account Section's "A" team. This team won the bowling and badminton championships by defeating Accounts

(Turn to page three, please)

Reprisals

By Clarissa Browne, Liverpool, England

We are waging this war in the name of humanity, that every man may be free to live his own life, the slave of none: our aim is to save life, not to lose it. What then, must be our action in reply to the bombing of our women and children? Are our civilians to be the unrequited sacrifice to a madman's lust for power? Let us get things straight, and in their proper perspective.

We have taken up the standard of Democracy; we have set our hand to the establishment of freedom and peace. A Christian people as we profess to be, can we justify the bombing of German women and children? That is the problem, and the answer must be found in the reason for our bombing; is it revenge or, strange paradox though it may seem, is it for the ultimate peace of the world? In the name of that humanity we serve, what have we to do?

We are not a revengeful people, and the destruction of those things we most cherish has only bred in us a grim determination to hold on to the bitter end; an end that means wiping off the face of the earth those who are responsible for that destruction: to make sure that it shall not happen again.

How best can we achieve it? Shall we let our people be murdered in their hundreds, night after night, while our splendid Air Force batters away at the enemy's bases, or shall we try, by reprisals, to bring a quicker end to this senseless slaughter?

Our present policy in bombing is to destroy at the source the enemy's means of making war; to so disorganize his services, his factories, his railways, his waterways, that he will be unable to make those raids which he hopes will demoralize the British people. It is, however, no use blinking our eyes to facts. In spite of much wishful thinking and our constant attacks on her vital services, Germany still has access to enormous resources; and just as we have struggled to nullify our damage so will she. It is a race against our power to disorganize and her power to re-organize. Surely there must be a quicker way!

We are a united people, and react differently to certain other Europeans: a blow at any part of us only strengthens our resolution not to be beaten: disaster only makes us grimmer.

On the other hand, Germany, the Greater Reich, is made up of a conglomeration of peoples, of states who have been at each other's throats and are now forcibly bound together by conquest or absorption, by the bonds of terror and force.

If the ordinary folk of Germany can be made to realize that her invincibility is but a myth, that the reputed successes which give them the endurance to endure, are but myths also, then those bonds may break, and the overthrow of Nazism begin from within.

By personal experience they must learn that all is not well; that Great Britain has the means, the power—and the will—to give like for like, bomb for bomb; that she

will not see her people helplessly wiped out. They must be taught that the Fuehrer, at whose behest they have made so many sacrifices, and are still willing to make them, has no power to keep a determined enemy away. Then those underground forces of discontent will be released, and will help to overthrow the evil thing which is setting our civilization back in the dark ages. Unless this can be brought home to German minds, our people will be bombed until their endurance gives out, or Germany's resources fail, whichever has the greater staying power.

No half measures are going to win this war: to those who know no mercy for the defenceless, who know no law but force, to them extremist measures must be applied. The machine gunning of bread queues, the bombing of defenceless refugees, the wholesale slaughter of civilians; these are the results of a tyranny and a system that must die deadlier than any tyrant or system has died before.

I have talked to many victims, wounded, homeless, bereaved, and in spite of all he has suffered the ordinary citizen is still without thought of revenge, as such. A father who had lost four of his nine children summed up the argument: "I used to think I should go mad," he said, "if anything happened to the children. It's strange, but I haven't any hate for the Germans. I am sorry to think they have got to suffer what we have, but it's the only way. They must, if we are going to stop this murder of our children." They must!

Our object is to win and end the war with the least possible sacrifice of human life. Unless we are content to be slowly exterminated, surely bombing of vital targets and reprisals must go hand in hand.

Only when the poison of Nazism has been rooted out can a new Germany arise phoenix-like from the ashes; a Germany to whom we can truly extend the hand of fellowship; then can "all the nations live together in peace and unity." Then the policy of a bomb for a bomb will be justified, and the welfare and happiness of the common people, who have so bravely borne so much, will be assured; their sufferings avenged.

So, an eye for an eye, a bomb for a bomb, if we would save the lives of our people.

Contributed by
Mrs. Ward-Price
Barrandale Hall, Barrie

OVERHEARD IN BORDEN

An airman on returning to his flight after being absent for two hours, was met by a Sgt.-Major.

S.M.—Where have you been?
Airman—I have been getting a haircut.

S.M.—What, in Air Force time?
Airman—Why not? It grew in Air Force time.

S.M.—Not all of it.
Airman (triumphantly)—I know, but I didn't have it all cut off.

—"DAD" PARKER.

ACCOUNTS FROM THE ACCOUNTS SECTION

As our recent correspondent from the Accounts Section has left for other parts, to my dismay and my readers' (if any) sorrow, the burden has fallen on me to report the news of the Section. To attempt to become a literary genius would be a complete fallacy on my part, as it is necessary to become, shall I say, a psychopathic case to be a genius as a writer. However, I'll do my best in the hope that the remarks regarding this attempt will not be too caustic. Here goes!

First and foremost, the lads and lassies of the Accounts Section regrettably said au revoir to two more lads from the Section who aim to play a bigger part in their service to their country. I refer to Flight Sergeant Harold Bruton and LAC Frank Enfield, who left last Friday to commence their initial training for aircrew. While it would be possible for any member of the Section to express our feelings toward these two lads, I personally feel more capable in doing so regarding Harold Bruton, having worked side by side with him for more than a year. We enlisted within three days of each other, separated on different postings and came together again at Camp Borden, and during our stay here I really got to know him as being one grand guy. However, the best of friends must part and because you can't keep good men down, I, on behalf of the personnel of the Accounts Section, say "Good luck, Harold and Frank, may you always have good tail winds and happy landings."

To partially offset the gloom caused by our loss, we are glad to welcome into our midst the shining (never mind the powder puff, girls) of seven members of the Women's Division in the persons of AW2's Armit, Clarke, Clegg, Daly, Hayes, Sobol and Woollatt. May their stay in our office be a pleasant one. In speaking of the W.D.'s it brings to mind a remark heard at Station Headquarters, made by a Flight Sergeant (and there are not many there). When asked how the work of the newcomers was progressing, this N.C.O. crowed: "Well, I've taught them all I know and they still don't know anything." WOW!

Congratulations are in order to two more members of our fraternity who have climbed another rung on the ladder leading to the dizzy heights of a non-com. I refer to the smallest sergeant in the force today, Sgt. McAlear, who received his "crown," and Cpl. Timlin, who was promoted to sergeant.

Nice going, lads, the promotions were well deserved. Speaking of McAlear, your correspondent would like to know if it is true that the Noordyn Aircraft Company is building a smaller Harvard so that "Mac" will be able to reach the controls pedals?

One more item I must mention before closing. (No, I'm not getting paid so much a word). I refer to a remark by LAC J. B. McLean in the last issue of Wings Over Borden. It appears that McLean does not think much of our me. So long and thanks to all of you who stuck to the reading of all referred to the loss of his brain

SECTIONAL NEWS

TILL THE H.E. DETONATES

Yes, you're right It's ye olde ed. from 13 "X" Depot again appealing to your perceptive faculties (or perhaps your perseverance). Well, once again the "Welcome" shingle is held forth for some new arrivals, including a detachment of Standard Guards—fresh from the portals of K.T.S., Trenton; also LAC "Jack" Wright, whom we remember as the custodian of our love letters (and occasional window envelopes) during earlier days at Borden, as well as Sergeant L. Richmond, whose alma mater was No. 1 Equipment Depot, Toronto. In the commissioned ranks, an old friend returns to the fold in the person of Flying Officer E. V. Holtzman, former Adjutant, who has recently completed a course in explosives overseas, and this posting action was received with pleasure by his former associates. To Sergeant Goivin and LAC Plumb, who have departed for new fields, we say "Au revoir et bonne chance." After that send off, one can marvel at what the first Canadian Legion lesson in French is capable of bringing out. While delving into personnel topics, Sergeant Scott's recent release from the confines of Christie Street Hospital is welcome news, and the general Sarge is now convalescent at his home in Windsor (a suburb of Sandwich, we believe).

The 13 "X" Bowling League concluded a successful schedule on Thursday, April 16, and a week later four teams, captained by Cpl. Leonard, Cpl. Elliott, Jim Low and Larry Crarey, entered the play-downs for the league championship. Captain Leonard's team found ways and means to scatter more maple in a horizontal position and emerged the winners, with Captain Crarey's team crowding them for honours. The stage is set for a Presentation Night on Monday, May 4, and the curtain thus will be drawn on a pleasant season of entertainment in this particular sphere. An enthusiastic Sports Committee, with Corporal L. N. Dynes at the helm, is seeing to it that recreation continues without interruption and already several summer sports are in an advanced stage of organization.

At the moment, a few mosquitoes who have apparently passed their

in his recent operation. Now I say to McLean that he can slander the editor all he wishes, but when he makes a remark that it is unnecessary to have a brain to work in the Accounts Section, it is going a little too far. I could heap words of condemnation upon his head, particularly as he hits and runs (he was posted right after writing the article) but I think it is sufficient to say, "Let us bow our heads in silence to our poor misguided friend (?)" (Denotes silence)

And I hope Yehudi gave him that kick in the southern region of his trousers. End of thought—end of me. So long and thanks to all of you who stuck to the reading of all referred to the loss of his brain

screen test, are hovering around this place of writing, so it's a closing poem called "One Week" and then a hasty departure:

"Wimbledon Wimple had oodles of fun,
Because of his being a rich man's

Sun.
But suddenly one day at the point of a gun,
He was quickly divested of most of his

Mon.
And there was poor Wimbledon deep in the blues,
For all he had left was a few ones and

Tues.
For weeks he existed on nothing but bread,
Until a rich widow he decided to

Wed.
He spent his last nickels on presents for her,
But when he proposed she lisped firmly "No

Thur.
"Then life's not worth living," we hear Wimple cry,
And he threatened to jump in the fire and

Fri.
Then the widow relented, and although she was fat,
Plump down on his knees she heavily

Sat.
Now his worries are over, no jobs he must seek,
As we know he'll be cared for each day of the

Week.
And now, folks, until the next quill scratch, it's "Adios" and thanks for the patience.

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ON THE BANDSTAND
Once again it's news time and this time it gives me pleasure to introduce to Borden a new member, AW2 Sawden, but to the boys in the band it's just plain "Bev." Welcome, Bev, and for the short time you have been here you are making a wonderful job of it. All the boys are wanting to drop their instruments and learn how to "swing the stick," but I persuaded them that it would take considerable time and a few bumps on the head to do it right, so they leave it in the very capable hands of Bev.

Thanks to Sgt.-Major Austin and his very lovely band for so graciously helping us put on the best Wings Parade in this camp, and I know that all the boys enjoyed playing with his band and we all know that it did sound good. They tell me that "Dougy" had a few of the boys in the canteen afterwards and that they played everything from 1910 until 1942 and right in the groove, jiving all the way.

The folks at the dance enjoyed the Grand March and also "Bev's" number, although some of the boys' music seemed to be blacking out at times, due no doubt to the bad lighting system, so you couldn't blame them, or could you?

If only we had our full band right now it would be tops, but the boys must have their leave and the crops must be planted. I hope Ernie Burrell caught a lot of fish on his leave. He must have, because even his fish stories smell a bit of Billingsgate.

The boys shone at church parade on the 3rd and they finally listened to their maestro and played "piano" and "double forte," much to his delight. Keep up the good work, lads, and I'll enter you in a band competition in 1944, maybe. No joking, though, I have some very good boys and I'm proud of them.

Before closing, let me ask again, are there any more musicians on the Station? If so, come forward. Let's get you a nice, "bran" new horn to play on.

That's all, folks, for now.
—"GRIFF"

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