



"WINGS OVER BORDEN"
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GOOD NEIGHBOURS

"It takes a heap of living to be a good neighbour."
—Edgar A. Guest.

There is something about having a good neighbour living next door that makes this old life worth living. Something about the daily intercourse between the house next door and ours, the chats over the back fence about the weather, the wash, and the gardens; the evening visits, and the game of cards, that helps to lighten the daily tasks and to solve the ever-increasing problems on life's journey. When trouble, sickness or death strikes at our threshold, we can count on our neighbours standing by to lend a hand and offer a word of sympathy. When good fortune or happiness pays a visit, they are right there to share it with us, and extend congratulations.

The church we attend may not be the one to which our neighbour takes his wife and children. But what odds? The difference in faith, if we are broadminded, opens up new ways of leading a better life. The man whom we select as our candidate in the next election may not get our neighbour's vote, but the friendly rivalry and freedom of choice helps to stimulate this business of government. Our neighbour may have a better job, a newer car, more up-to-date furniture. Such a difference in station in life means little, if true friendship is the basis of valuation.

Friendly neighbourliness is one of the birthrights of democracy. To live in harmony, side by side, whilst at the same time embracing different religious faiths, political views, and living on different scales of income, is unknown in totalitarian-dominated countries. For a century or more, the border between the United States and Canada has been a peaceful one. Visitors and merchandise have flowed back and forth annually between the two great countries, creating goodwill and stimulating trade. The pioneer spirit that carved the United States out of the wilderness she was, into the progressive nation she is now, is akin to the spirit that built the Dominion of Canada. Her problems were our problems.

In September, 1939, when war struck at us again, she stood by—a good neighbour—lending aid and encouragement. In December, 1941, when the sneaking Japanese struck at Pearl Harbour, she joined us in this Battle for Freedom as our ally. We welcome her. She has been a good neighbour in the past: she will be a good ally in the future. —EDITOR.

WE KNOW we can do as we please. Hence we know we are responsible for our actions. We must accept that responsibility and play the man and not be seeking excuses for our weaknesses.

WE KNOW we do not understand all the secret ways of the acts of others; therefore we must be charitable in our judgments.

WE KNOW what we know. But sometimes we don't realize that we can be taught to know what we don't know.

WE KNOW that the world is managed by a power and a will not of ourselves, and greater than ourselves; therefore we must try to understand and conform to it.

WE KNOW we cannot cheat or evade the laws of nature; therefore we must seek to find out what they are and obey them.

WE KNOW that life is sweet to the healthy-minded, and therefore reject any creed or opinion that degrades life.

WE KNOW that suspicion is a disease of faith, jealousy a disease of egotism, and envy a disease of nations.

WE KNOW we must do right to receive God's approval and whatever wrong we do, He becomes our friend when we begin to do right.

—DAD PARKER



"This idea of saving electricity is swell with me . . . !"

Needle - - Ball - - Airspeed

(By F/O N. G. Bray)

Personnel of the Link Trainer Flight, wish to congratulate F/L C. W. T. Robinson on his second ring also to wish him the best of luck on his new appointment at Trenton.

May we also take this opportunity in welcoming back F/O "Jack" Cross as our Officer Commanding.

The Link Trainer Flight has a very "hot" five-man bowling team and hereby challenges any team on the Station. One at a time, please, and name your "handicap."

"Amateur Cards Not Required."

CANADA AT WAR

Raw air force recruit who asked for weekend leave so he could fly by Link Trainer to Montreal, was unlike Pierre's brother who knew, "Dat Link, she's nail" to floor of stone.

Pierre's brother gives his impressions of "dat bird, de Link" in a poem written after the Habitant style of J. W. Drummond by Flying Officer C. W. McLeod of the Royal Canadian Air Force. The poem follows in part:

For two, t'ree mont' my brudder Pierre
Take course on Link to fly de H'air.
She's hairplane of special make.
On first solo your nerves he's shake.
You take heed off wit' nose to sky:
Dat goldarn t'ing, to floor she's tie,
Wit' needle, ball and H'air speed dial
You fly like hell for two, t'ree mile.
Wit' system Pierre call "One, two, t'ree"
Dat Link she's fly like Hay, Bee, See.
Go right, go left. It's h'all de same,
Dat needle, she's like bear to tame.
But Pierre, he's tell me once on leave,
He's boss, call' Slim, gets plenty peeve'
When h'airspeed, height above de groun',
Don't stay put: go H'up an' down.
Dat Link, she's funny bird to see,
Got wings and tail, so Pierre tell me.
I ask him why he's not fly home:
Dat Link, she's nail' to floor of stone. . . .
I visit once on Trenton place,
D'ose Links line up like for de race,
But when dey give wot's call' "de gun"
Dey's back to where she's started from.
But two week more Pierre pass by,
No more in Links he's got to fly,
He's prove' to Slim he's now ver' able
To fly dat Link from a goldarn table.

Read It



or not?

By Cpl. E. M. Rourke

Hi-ya, gang! I thought you were going to be spared the horrors of a column this time, but unfortunately for you, dear readers, the operation was unsuccessful. . . I lived! This has been my second time in hospital since December 12. I escaped the surgeon's scalpel the first time by employing a simple ruse on December 13. A friend smuggled a package of Christmas seals in to me. I selected one from the lot and pasted it on my tummy. When the surgeon went to operate he had to desist, for the seal read: "Do not open until Christmas!" If the items have a slight flavor of ether, pills and alcohol, you must forgive me.

I have been away from camp since last issue and am not "hep" on station dolings.

Two "up" patients of the Hebrew faith, anxious to kill a little time, suggested a little game of poker, but found they didn't have a deck of cards, and the more resourceful of the two searched around and discovered some obsolete case history cards. Setting a table between them, Abie dealt the first hand.

Abie—On dis hand I should bet a quarter.

Moe—A quarter and I bump 75 cents.

Abie (studying his hand closely)—Vell, I still tink dis is a better hand. Here's seventy-five cents and up a quarter.

Moe—I'll see you!

Abie—Dere! A full house—three hernias and a pair of appendixes!

Moe—Not good enough. I hev four enemas.

Abie (disgustedly)—You take the pot—you're goink to need hit!

This would be a veritable paradise for airmen except for one little thing. We are a most unpopular species among the nursing sisters whose duties require that they toil at night and rest in the day time. They claim that our Yales and Harvards deliberately practice their landings and take-offs on the roof of their sleeping quarters. To get even they go around at night sticking pins into airmen so that they can't sleep. For further particulars see Sister Bradley. Can't we get together on this?

In more serious vein, the staff of Camp Borden Military Hospital—doctors, nursing sisters and orderlies—are deserving of highest praise for the efficient manner in which they perform their various duties. Their battle against the unknown elements of sickness is a constant one, yet they never falter or complain, no matter how hard the task. They never miss an opportunity to increase their knowledge of the job they are doing. In addition, they do it all with such a spirit of cheerful good-will that it can't fail but to help a patient's chances of recovery. What an increase in the success of our personal attitudes if we applied the same principles to our daily task.

BABONA

(Continued from Page One)

dancers tired. Babona was gloating over his beautiful bride and eager for the solitude of his hut. Adumbrated, Toma sat on and on, gazing with a growing viciousness into the dulling embers until Babona snatched her to her feet and hastened her away.

A few days later Toma met Kilamina in their favorite glade near the deep pool where they had so often played together. At first they were sad with suffused emotions, but youth and desire drove away their fears and they lay together in the soft fern. Skilfully, in wooing tones, Toma unfolded her plan for the quick disposal of Babona. They talked at great length and decided that just before the dawn of the next day Kilamina, secreted in the bush nearby, would creep out and set fire to the hut in which Babona and Toma would usually be asleep. Toma, however, would be very much awake, watching and waiting for the first signs of smoke or flame. With the tomahawk at her side she would be ready to split the head of Babona at his first cry of alarm. Toma was then to leap to safety and leave the detested Babona to be consumed in the funeral pyre.

To the Papuan mind there is nothing ignoble in killing an enemy, and cunning is the faculty that distinguishes a weak animal or person from a strong one. Happy in anticipation of the success of their savage plot Toma and Kilamina gave vent to their feelings in an ecstasy of enlacement and ruttish murmurings. Little did they suspect that Babona had tracked them down and had been watching and listening to them for hours from his place of concealment on the ledge of an adjacent rock. He overheard the plan for his unpleasant end, and despite the fact that his spear was by his side he did not risk a throw and possible battle with Kilamina. He lay in sinister silence, preferring to match his devilish ingenuity against the simplicity of Toma's attempt to obtain freedom from her bondage.

Dusk fell, the lovers sped their different ways into the gloom. Toma threaded her way back to the hut of Babona, Kilamina returned to his simple abode for a much needed rest before setting out to fulfil his part of the arson and murder.

Meanwhile, Babona stalked Kilamina to his hut. It was a poor structure raised on piles six feet from the ground and floored with rough boards of black palm. These crude planks were warped in places and in their entire lengths had interstices about half an inch wide. Soon Kilamina was fast asleep, stretched out on his native blanket

ent's chances of recovery. What an increase in the success of our personal attitudes if we applied the same principles to our daily task.

Here's an appeal to some romantic Lochinvar of the Clouds. A certain vivacious little sister, the matriarch of this ward, Sister Arnold by name, is a great aviation enthusiast. This capable lady is anxious to gaze on Borden from the clouds. Who will come to her rescue?

Well, my friends, I'll be seeing you soon, I hope. Cheerio, thumbs up!

which formed with the bare palm boards his native bed. Cautiously, Babona stooped under the hut and searched by his sensitive hearing for the position in which Kilamina lay. Very patiently he listened and listened until finally he could hear the deep breathing of Kilamina through the thin boards above. Grasping his long spear he inserted the point between one of the slits in the floor which he calculated would guide the spearhead into the back of Kilamina's prostrate form. All was now ready. Babona braced his legs, tensed his shoulder muscles, and made one mighty upward thrust. The scream that pierced the night told of his success. Swiftly he withdrew the spear and dashed from beneath the hut into the bush.

The death shriek of Kilamina awakened his tribesmen; over his dead body they wailed their lamentations until dawn. Their curses reached the trembling form of Toma as she sat huddled in a corner of her hut facing a malevolently grinning, but silent, Babona.

At the tribal burial rites, as Kilamina's body lay strapped in its bamboo shroud before the elders of the village, Toma submissively took her place at the side of Babona. She had decorated her hair and put on her finest grass skirt. Daringly, not knowing what Babona would do in revenge, she took his bau-bau (bamboo smoking tube) out of his hands, filled her lungs with the cool smoke, then emptied them slowly as she took her last look at Kilamina.

VERY HELPFUL

Charles is one of those people who always try to look on the bright side of things. Well, one day he saw a little fellow weeping his eyes out, so he crossed over the road to see if he could help.

"And what's the matter?" he asked.

"Boo-oo," wept the youngster, pointing to a broken egg on the ground. "I threw that egg up in the air, but didn't catch it, boo-oo." "Never mind," said Charles, cheerfully, "you'll 'catch it' when you get home."

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