

Wings Over Borden

Vol. 4 No. 7

JANUARY 20, 1942

No. 1 S.F.T.S. CAMP BORDEN, CANADA

Station Dance Largest Held Here

SEVEN SEAS

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

FRUSTRATE

The characters herein are authentic, and the story has been told from facts revealed by statements taken from the intimates of Babona and Toma.

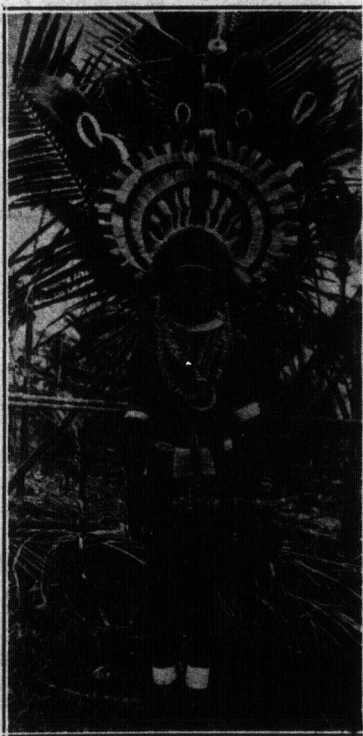
A cynic has written that it is the duty of an officer of the Government he serves to enforce the wishes of the legislative power until such time as the judicial department shall be pleased to pronounce them invalid and of no effect. In the case to hand the "Government" was helpless; there simply was not sufficient evidence to lay a charge of murder before the Court of Native Affairs, but Babona knew that we knew and he always had a mocking gleam in his eyes whenever we visited his village.

Babona's ancestors had been cannibals, Babona was a cannibal; he was also a powerful chieftain and fearless warrior, but age—that period in life in which we compound for the vices we still cherish by reviling those that we have no longer the enterprise to commit—was creeping upon him. His powerful frame proved that the survival of the fittest was still a main factor amongst the Papuans, but his place as tribal leader was maintained by his craftiness and fierceness of argument, when he would subdue the younger warriors by the very roar of his voice.

Babona had survived many wives. It was rumoured that some had met rather sudden deaths in several mysterious ways; but only Babona knew the true inwardness of these trivial matters, and it would have taken a very reckless tribesman to have challenged him on such a delicate subject. However, love—that temporary insanity that is curable by marriage—had caught up with Babona again at a time when his limbs tired easily, and his throwing arm could not hurl a spear its usual distance. Nevertheless, the desire for Toma burned in his spirit and challenged his weakening flesh.

One had only to see Toma cast off her gaily coloured sarong and dash into the waves for her habitual swim; or to meet her swinging through the village proud of her lithesome limbs with grass skirts swaying boldly from rhythmic hips, and displaying the tattoo markings on her torso that proclaimed many lovers, to understand the fountain of Babona's rejuvenating passion.

The day came when Babona suddenly called together the elders of the village, and Toma's parents. Before them he displayed his wealth. For Toma he would give many pigs, much trocus shell, carved coral, and



BABONA

a garden filled with bananas, pineapples, taro and sweet potatoes. From the swift second that the covetous eyes of Toma's parents took in the lavish presents defenceless Toma was sold down the river—literally pitched into the arms of the aging Babona before she could gasp her astonishment, or show her resentment.

The wedding took place immediately. Pigs were killed and spitted; the tribesmen started their barbarous marital dance and as night came on Toma sat by Babona at the head of the feast, on her head a crown of frangi-pani, in her heart a vast hatred, whilst before her eyes the flames of the bonfires licked their fantastic routes into the darkling night.

By the glow of the festal fires Toma could see the dance of the swirling warriors. Especially did she follow the gyrations of Kilamina. His virile leaping and spear catching excited her. Slyly she glanced at Babona and compared her husband of a few moments with the youth and elegance of Kilamina. She had loved Kilamina from the first moments she knew herself to be a woman, and her secret sorrow had been that he had not sufficient gifts to buy her in marriage.

The largest dance ever held at No. 1 S.F.T.S., R.C.A.F., Camp Borden, took place on Friday evening, January 16th. The dance was sponsored by the station fund with the kind permission of the Commanding Officer, Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E.

Roy Locksley and his twelve-piece orchestra, with the able assistance of the "Three Shades of Blue" (female trio) proved to be very popular with the dancers.

The Floor Show featured Kathryn Young and Wishart Campbell, singing stars of the "Sweetheart" program. "The Lesters," Lawrence and Peggy, society dance team, who just arrived from London, England, displayed their talents in a most interesting fashion. "The Whirlers," fast roller skating flash act from Buffalo, thrilled the audience with their seemingly impossible feats.

With the fine co-operation of the C.W.A.A.F., No. 1 Training Command, the Toronto West End Y.M.C.A. Junior Auxiliary, the Barrie Active Service Club and Canteen and the Midland Y.M.C.A. Women's Auxiliary, a large number of ladies were able to take part in making the dance a successful occasion.

Committees were as follows:
Chairman—S/L Flowerdew, F/Lt. Badgley (Asst.).

Entertainment and Decorating—Chairman, F/Lt. Godfrey; F/Lt. McInerney (Eqpt. Sect.), F/O Jones (W. & B.), F/O Bury (N.P. Funds), Mr. Stewart (Barrack Officer), F/Sgts. Bean (H.Q.'s), Crowe (H.Q.'s), McCorkindale (H.Q.'s), Sgts. Knox (H.Q.'s), Wainwright (M.T.), LAC Brewer (No. 1 Sqn.), Sgt. Bainbridge (No. 1 Sqn.).

Refreshment and Cloak Rooms—Chairman F/O Lang (Link Trainer), F/Sgt. Cleary (A/Men's Mess), Sgt. Inglis (A/Men's Mess), Sgt. Fraser (A/Men's Pilots Mess), Cpl. Dagenais (Eqpt. Sect.), Cpl. Horrobin (Maint. Sect.), AC Stewart (No. 2 Sqdn.).

Officer i/c Canteen—F/O Scriven-er.

Reception and Transportation—Chairman, F/O Spruston (Maint.), J. C. McClenaghan (Y.M.C.A.), F/Lt. Johnson (Service Police), S/M Carter (Sgts' Mess) (G.L.S.), F/Sgt. Crowe (H.Q.'s), Sgt. Knox (H.Q.'s), Cpl. Davidson (Cpls' Mess) (Accts.), Cpl. McKay (Maint.), Cpl. Timlin (Accts.).

AUSSIES IN THE NEWS

Word has just been received by S/L J. McCulloch concerning three Australian graduates of Course 14 of the B.C.A.T.P. at Camp Borden.

F/L Truscott, K. W., has been awarded the D.F.C. for bringing down eleven enemy aircraft.

Sgt. Chisholm, K. B., has been awarded the D.F.M. after accounting for seven enemy planes.

Sgt. Rutherford, J., was shot down over the English Channel but managed to reach safety on the English shores after swimming six miles.

OVERHEARD ON THE BUS

"If we only had this cold weather in the summer when it's warmer, instead of in the winter, we'd be able to cut down on our fuel bill."

New Postal Service

Effective Wednesday, January 14, 1942, the R.C.A.F. Post Office, located in the Airmen's Club Building, will be known as "M.P.O. 210 CAMP BORDEN, ONT.," and will be opened for business re Money Orders, Postal Notes, Stamps, etc.

Office Hours will be—Week days: 0900 hrs.—1300 hrs.
1600 hrs.—1900 hrs.
Saturday: 0900 hrs.—1300 hrs.
1600 hrs.—1800 hrs.

Mail Collections—Week Days: 0715 hrs. and 1345 hrs.
Sunday: 1430 hrs.

The staff of the Post Office consists of:—Cpl. C. E. Collard NCO I/C C.P.C., Pte. L. G. Rushford, C.P.C.; LAC Wright, R.M., R.C.A.F.; LAC Cleony, J. E., R.C.A.F.

Retrospectively and passionately she knew what had happened she was she reflected upon their happy the chattel of Babona. Fury burned hours together, swimming and diving within her. Her desire for Kilamina and galloping through the bush grew with every thought of her as playmates, the while her heart thwarted wishes, and her agile brain held hope that some day Kilamina filled with cunning machinations would be rich enough in trophies for revenge upon Babona and the elimination of the eternal triangle. of the chase to obtain the sanction of her parents to their union. Now Slowly the fires died down, the it was too late! Almost before she (Continued on Page 3)