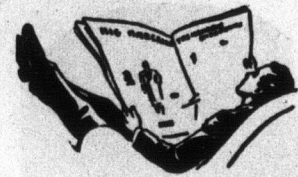


Read It . . .



or not?

By Cpl. E. M. Rorke

Like the man who became father to twin boys we are going around grinning from "heir to heir". It's all on account of a little yarn we heard at the Active Service Canteen the other night. An army lad proudly displayed a telegram received from his wife in the West. It read—"Just had twins, more by mail. Love, Mary."

Did you ever notice how overcrowded the Corporal's room is on meeting nights? Well there's nothing like a full turnout to help build up the prestige of corporals on this Station.

One of our American lads who hails from down Kentucky way tells us that they really grow tough down in his home state. A hill billy woman whose feet had been toughened by a lifetime of shoelessness was standing in front of her cabin fireplace one day when her husband said to her. "You'd better move your foot a mite maw, you're standing on a live coal." She replied, "Which foot, paw?"

Here's one hot from the corn crib.

St. Peter (at the gates of Heaven): How did you get here my man?

F/O MacTavish: Flu.

LAC Jimmy Shea says that he won't let his girl go to the movies to see Gary Cooper any more, 'cause it takes her two or three days to get used to him again.

Corporal Weiderhold wants to know if elephants get drunk would they go around seeing Pink Frank Bucks?

The old golf course is shaping up for a good season's play. That is of course if we can get a supply of those little white pills that are so necessary. Golf's the game that turns the cows out of the pastures and lets the bull in. We've got to hand it to Sgt. Ken Knox of Station Headquarters though. He never swears when he makes a poor shot—but where he spits grass will never grow again.

There was a little commotion around the pay office 't'other day when the siren sounded unexpectedly in the forenoon. S/M Turner, anxious to find out why, ran over to the steam plant and asked the reason why it was blowing. Because I'm pulling the lever, was the laconic reply.

And so I think I'll pull the lever on this and call it a day.

(Tune—"On Wisconsin")

Corporals Anning and MacKenzie Sent from Manning Pool, To keep us happy—make us snappy Just like back at school.

They work like slaves for Girls who then soar, On to plant the name Of W.D. in R.C.A.F. Victory—that's our aim.

—By L. ST. C. SAWDON.

My Life in the R.C.A.F. (W.D.)

(By AW2 Dancy, G. H.)

It was in January, 1942, when the idea of joining the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) struck me. There had been much talk about it. Every topic of conversation seemed to end in a discussion of the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) Somehow the urge to be in and acting overwhelmed me. Why not let us women do our part? We knew we were capable if only given the chance.

Now the time had come. In February, 1942, I began inquiries down at the Recruiting Centre in Windsor. The Recruiting Office was busy at all times. Strange people coming in and going out almost incessantly.

Finally, testing, medical examination and the filling out of forms was over. The great day had arrived, and on March 2 I was sworn in. I now had passed the enlisting grade. A new feeling; something strange, tense, yet exhilarating, mixed with a feeling of impulsive action, came into being. Packing of clothes began at once. Small articles were set aside each day until the two weeks leave were up.

The final day of departure arrived. I was down at the recruiting office at 11 a.m. on the 21st day of March. Twenty-six recruits were there, all waiting anxiously for the photographers to come and take our picture so we could spend the last few hours at home with our folks. The photographers came and left. We were free until 5 p.m., when our train bound for Toronto was due.

After all the goodbyes were said, the train pulled out and we settled ourselves for a nice journey. It was a very nice journey. We gossiped (as women do) of everything imaginable. Especially of what was in store for us in the near future.

On arrival at the Union Station, Toronto, I set my luggage down and began to wait. Most of us were quite tired by now, and waiting didn't help our spirits much. Finally the station wagons arrived and I, along with twenty-five others, was taken to No. 6 "M" Depot.

Once settled in my new home, homesickness developed. So many strange people all in one room. If I could only be by myself for a few hours. It was impossible. The only thing to do was to keep busy. So I began writing letters, and the feeling soon passed.

The days flew by. Inoculations, trade training, lectures, clothing, equipment, drills, and a hundred other things took up all the time I possessed. Our Squadron put on a concert, as they all do, which turned out very successful.

Soon three weeks of busy, exciting days came to a climax. There was a station dance held in the mess hall and everyone seemed to be there. The hall was just packed.

The last week at No. 6 "M" Depot was crammed with work, and pleasure. I prepared all my kit for inspection and eliminated all unnecessary clothing and packed them prior to being shipped home.

On Friday, March 17, all the Squadron was assembled in the lecture room for our final address and posting by Squadron Officer Bather. I was tense with excitement.

The daily routine rumours that had been going around had me worried. Where were we being posted? Finally I was told. No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden, was the Station. I don't know whether I was happy or not, but I do know that the feeling of relief at actually knowing where I was going was very satisfying.

We were to leave Toronto at 9 a.m. on Saturday, March 18. Saturday: up early, buttons polished; everything in order; breakfast over; returned bedding to clothing stores; at last assembled with others in the squadron lecture room. After the busses were filled, our officers came out and wished us all good luck on our Station and then we were off to the train. Once aboard the train I settled myself with some chums and prepared to enjoy the flying scenery.

As we entered Camp Borden I was astounded to find it was so barren and sandy. There were hardly any buildings and I wondered where the barracks were. The train seemed to bring us deeper and deeper into more sand and brush. At last we came to what seemed like civilization. Several brick buildings could be seen in the distance and my heart gave a leap for joy. I stood up on the train by the window and watched as we passed several soldiers and airmen on the road. I don't know if they resented the idea of airwomen coming to Camp Borden or not, but they certainly didn't look enthused about us at all.

Our destination had arrived. I got my luggage down and after being shown our barracks, I carried my luggage in. A very nice dinner had been prepared for us in a mess hall. I say "a" mess hall because it was so nice I wasn't quite sure whether it was for the airwomen or not. Everything in both the mess hall and the barracks were new and perfectly grand. I certainly thought it was wonderful. Why, I even had a locker. The first one I had had since I had enlisted.

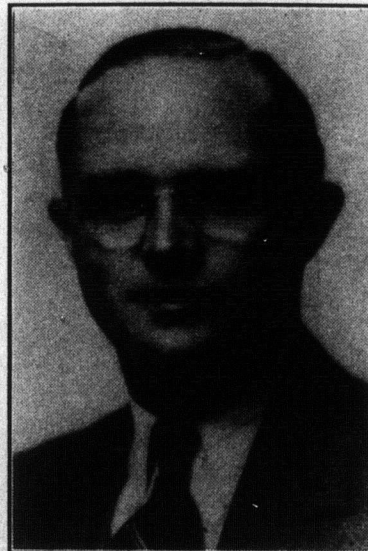
On Monday, March 20, we were taken on a tour of the Station, which proved very interesting indeed. The hangars where the planes were being repaired or tested by mechanics interested me a great deal. The Link Trainer building also drew my attention and I still wonder if the instructor thought we were dumb, but there were so many little gadgets and dials I wondered how they ever kept count of them all.

On Tuesday we were shown to our respective jobs. At first it seemed as though I was going to be an ornament, but soon things began to take shape and work began.

So far my off duty time has been spent mostly in the Drill Hall engaged in playing one of the several games which the hall has to offer. Of course there are always letters to be answered and they take a little time. What with washing, ironing and keeping your room tidy, my time is pretty well taken care of. I have not spent a dull moment here as yet.

Such has been my life experience spent with the R.C.A.F. (W.D.)

Change of Y.M.C.A. Directors



J. C. McCLENAGHAN

It was with a genuine feeling of regret that No. 1 S.F.T.S. bid farewell to Jim McClenaghan, former Y.M.C.A. Director, on April 24 last. Jim is going across the pond in the near future and has donned the khaki uniform of the Overseas Branch of the Y.M.C.A.

Jim McClenaghan succeeded Waling Ruby at this Station over a year ago, coming here from St. Catharines, where he was secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in the beautiful garden city. Jim was a hard worker and quickly won the friendship of all those who were associated with him at this Station.

We wish him the very best of luck, health and happiness, and we know that his work will be successful overseas, as it was here at Borden.

Jim's successor, Johnny Bampfield, also hails from the Niagara Peninsula. He was born in Niagara Falls 26 years ago and tells us he started his Y.M.C.A. career under the direction of Jim in St. Kitt's several years ago. Johnny has a pleasing personality, warm smile, a quick sense of humour, and is a dynamo of activity. All these qualifications should combine to spell SUCCESS in all his activities at Borden. We wish him well and are back of him to a man.

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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 regretfully 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 genial editor's corny jokes (confidentially aren't they corny?) and 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 genial 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 crowd: "Well, I've taught them all I know and they still don't know anything." WOW!

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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 this article. —WO2 LES TOWNER.

ON THE BANDSTAND

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 quick scratch, it's "Adios" and thanks for the patience.

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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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