

Read It Or Not

By CPL. TED RORKE



In the hectic days prior to the publishing of WINGS OVER BORDEN in magazine format, this little column of pertinent paragraphs was buried in a dark and dusty corner and forgotten. However, many of its faithful followers objected to its discontinuance (I don't know why, either), so here it is again.

It was nice to see the magazine in its new garb and we hope it will continue to improve in the forthcoming months, building up reader interest and winning new friends among the station personnel and the folks back home. A great deal of credit must go to Squadron Leader J. McCulloch, of Ground Instructional School, for its present fine appearance. Squadron Leader McCulloch devoted many hours of his leisure time and donated large shares of his seemingly limitless energy, boundless enthusiasm and excellent ideas to the publication of WINGS OVER BORDEN. To him the station owes a vote of thanks for his successful efforts in producing a magazine of which we are all so proud.

Sgt. Tony Moore of Central Warehouse and yours truly often get together in a sonnet. Each of us, being the father of a future Prime Minister of Canada, makes it a point to interchange daily a blow by blow account of our respective sons and heirs. Tony somewhat disgruntled yours truly this a.m. by announcing that the apple of his eye, some months junior to my boy, has developed a tooth. He did not support this with documentary evidence, so we will have to accept it at face value until such a time as we can get over to Alliston and see for ourselves. However, I am proud to announce that my boy is a true son of the Air Force—and that he has several flying hours to his credit. I have had our staff artist, Sgt. Thomas, draw a picture of the Flying Rorke in action, entitled Born to Fly.



"I knew someone in the family would make aircrew."

If you want to live to a ripe old age NEVER contradict a woman unless she is minimizing her own charms.

The love bug seems to be biting around this station with increasing frequency these days. Former defendants for the Cause of Freedom are getting that far-away look in their eyes now. Cpl. Bill Tennant of Station Sick Quarters and AW1 Mary Sobol of Pay Office are contemplating a merger soon. Sgt. Jack Bohas of Works and Bricks is doing some heavy sighing for one of the charming W.D.'s, formerly of this station who has gone to Newfoundland. Word is that Christmas bells and wedding bells will be ringing in unison before 1942 is over. LAC Gibson of the Post Office division and station ball team is also contemplating taking the great plunge in the ensuing weeks. AW1 Black of Station Library announced her engagement last week to LAC Yehudi Rabbit of the R.A.F. To all these folks we wish the very best that life can offer in the future.

Speaking of weddings—here is a little tale that comes from LAC Grant Powell, former Equipment Assistant on this station, who is now with the R.C.A.F. somewhere in England. Grant has passed along this little story that is going the rounds over there. A Canadian airman who had just announced to the folks back home his marriage to an English girl, received a cable from his former Canadian fiancée: "What's she got that I haven't got?" He cables back: "Nothing—but it's over here."

Seven Ages of Women

- The Infant
- The Girl
- The Young Woman
- The Young Woman
- The Young Woman
- The Young Woman
- The Young Woman

It will come as a surprise to many of LAC Jimmy Shea's friends, alias Father Malarkey, that once upon a time he aspired to become a circus performer. It seemed he approached the manager of a famous circus one day and told him he would like to join his troupe.

"What can you do?" enquired the manager.

"I can dive off a three-hundred foot platform into a barrel of sawdust," replied Jimmy.

"Let's see you do it," said the circus owner.

A platform was erected and a barrel of sawdust placed at its base. Jimmy climbed up the ladder, poised himself on the edge and dived into the barrel. Helping him out, the manager dusted him off and said:

"That's wonderful, sensational; I'll give you two hundred a week."

"Nothing doing," said Jimmy.

"O.K. I'll make it \$500.00 a week."

"No, sirree."

"A thousand a week then and that's my final offer," said the exasperated owner.

"Nothing doing," replied Jimmy. "You see that's the first time I ever did that and it gives me a headache."

Aviation students at Brook's Field, San Antonio, Texas, have to get used to the "hot seat" as part of their course in the Link trainer. When they make an error, the instructor gives them a jolt of electricity in the seat of their pants.

A good one was overheard last week concerning Flight Sergeant McAlear and Sergeant Town of Accounts. It seems these two old friends after a convivial evening at Woggy Woggy, as Van puts it, returned to their quarters and were preparing for bed. Mac picked up his flashlight and pointed the beam at the ceiling. "Betcha a fiver you can't climb up that, Van." "Nothing doing," said Van. "As soon as I get to the top, you would turn it off."

LAC Phil Barker, genial member of the Accounts Staff, is at present un-genial, our spies inform us. It's all on account of Cleopatra. Not the "Cleo" of Ancient History books, but a motorcycle of almost the same vintage. When Phil's eyes first set upon Cleopatra in a motorcycle shop, she seemed to be trustworthy, dependable, even if not as beautiful as her namesake in Egypt. After careful consideration, he scuttled the bank roll and bought the "slave." How he got her home we don't know, but when he got her home he set out to master her. Alas, the shoe was on the other foot; Cleo was the mistress, Phil the slave. Literally speaking, Cleo wears (out) the pants in the Barker family. Whether it's her early Egyptian ancestry or a strain of Harvard in her blood, Cleo has a tendency to stall and make forced landings at the most inopportune moments. She is also adept at slow rolls and ground loops. Phil says vaguely she is easy on gas, but he's not sure how easy, as she seldom runs further than the barrier. However, he says he gets several miles to the push between here and Mimico. Cleo is very patriotic and you can easily identify her among the other noises on the station. She gives the V for Victory, three loud staccato explosions followed by a long dash of silence. The latest communique on the Barker-Cleopatra battle states that Phil is contemplating adding roller skates as standard equipment to Cleo's inventory.

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ACCOUNTS SECTION

They call this place the Leopard's Den now, because there are more striped creatures around this section than there are in the Detroit Zoo!

"Cyclone" Cornock, the Ace Typist (?) blew in here last week, to take up where our old Philosopher LaBarre left off, and since then we have had to replace all the bearings on the typewriter. They just can't stand the speed. Does anyone know how to fit a typewriter up with a radiator?

If our little four-foot eleven and a half inches of sunshine gets any rounder we are going to have to call on Works and Bricks to widen all the doors in the office. Seriously though, Pat, we are glad to have you back and we welcome the ten pounds of you that wasn't here before, too! Mac is looking better already. He's been mooning around ever since the day you left.

Alas, the efficient accounts section of old is no more. The new accounts is a cross betwixt a Matrimonial Bureau and the Corporals' Club. Cpl. "M.O." Tennant, the Casanova, started things rolling when he and Mary Sobol (Mrs. M.O.) announced that they were going to be married as soon after the twenty-first of August as they could. Then, of course, one of our corporals has been paying particular attention to one of the W.D. sergeants. (As if there are more than one). Also the two shortest people in the service have been known to talk for hours and it wasn't C.A.P. 10 they were talking about, either!

Ted Rorke's "future aircrew" son must have had a heart to heart chat with his pappy, because Ted has had aspirations to pilot His Majesty's aircraft lately.

George Baskett and "Stoopy" Day seem to consider themselves quite the lads with the Hula Girls at these garden parties in neighboring towns. They tried, oh, so hard, to crash the news by having their pictures in the Toronto Star, but the publishers must have considered them definitely un-photogenic.

F/O Kendall should start a class in elementary spelling for the betterment of Corporals Reed and Baskett. They seem to have trouble reading at times. Ask them how you spell "men" and see if they say something that sounds like W-O-M-E-N? I guess poor George was just "led astray" in his usual innocent way.

We hear that our "N.C.O. i/c of straightening out D.R.O. entries," Sergeant Town, came back to camp in a barrel, after a dip in Lake Simcoe the other night—or did you find your uniform, Van?

Is it true that two can live as cheaply as one, Dick? Or have you another car to sell?

We miss our Sergeant LaBarre and his "Soap Box Topics." Emile was everyone's friend and should be popular wherever he goes. (We wonder if they still have lead paper in Quebec for Emile to put with his collection).

Signed: HANDLEBAR AND CORNY.

BICYCLES FOR HIRE

URRY BROS.

BARRIE

PHONE 3074

The Bookshelf

Did you know that great plans are afoot for your station library?

Since reading is as important in your recreational life as sports, it has been decided to spend a portion of the Station Fund on enlarging the library stock. Your library committee proposes in future to add new and standard titles to the shelves each month and will provide a guide catalogue to these and other worthwhile books available. Later, we hope to move to larger and more comfortable quarters. Meanwhile, AW2 Black of the Women's Division is now on duty to act as your librarian and encourage your reading activities in every possible way.

Here are some of the new books already on hand and on the "recommended" list:

"THE EDGE OF DARKNESS"—a thrilling tale of revolt in occupied Norway. "MY FRIEND FLICKA"—the moving story of a boy and his horse; a "must" for animal lovers. "FALLING THROUGH SPACE"—the autobiography of a fighter pilot in the Battle of Britain. "THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS"—the real Paris by one who knew and loved it. "THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN"—a wealthy English family find their place in modern wartime living. "ASSIGNMENT IN BRITAIN"—espionage and dramatic adventure. "THE SONG OF BERNADETTE"—unusual and delicate, the story of a faith that moved mountains.

There are others—there will be more. Keep your eye on the "new order" in the library.

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