



"WINGS OVER BORDEN"  
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Photos, courtesy of Photographic Section.

## Editorial . . .

## "TO THE LADIES"

The editorial staff of Wings Over Borden join with the rest of the Station in welcoming you to our midst. Your arrival at this Station Saturday begins a new cycle in the history of Borden and we hope a gloriously successful one. You have signified by your voluntary enlistment a willingness to play a part, by no means small, in this battle for Freedom and Democracy along with the menfolk of Canada. This is a very commendable decision to make. The task will not be always a simple one, and when the novelty of your new position wears off may even at times seem irksome. However, the job will have to still be done then as now if we are to win through to ultimate victory. Personal ambitions will have to be subjugated in the interest of the work to be done, sacrifices made, and personal freedom curtailed. To what extent we cannot be certain—but of one thing we can be certain if we work as individuals to the best of our ability, the job will pay off and the coinage will be Victory. Wings Over Borden hope that your stay here will be pleasant and that you will consider this little newspaper to be your paper too.

—THE EDITOR.

## "FROM THE LADIES"

The Women's Division of the R.C.A.F. would like to take this opportunity of thanking the Commanding Officer, all officers, N.C.O.'s and airmen for their friendly co-operation and help in setting us up on Camp Borden.

We feel it an honour to be serving in the R.C.A.F., and are keen to do our bit to "keep them flying."

We are anxious that this station, the oldest in Canada, will be as satisfied with our work as they have been on other stations.

During our first days here, we shall need some help and advice, and from the reports of our "advance" party, we feel confident that both will be given.

—ASSISTANT SECTION OFFICER H. G. SPARROW

## HOSPITALITY SERVICE

## WHERE TO SPEND THAT 48

Hospitality service is available in many Ontario villages, towns and cities for men who are a long distance from home. A real welcome awaits you. Drop into the "Y" office for information.

## INVITE YOUR FRIENDS

to spend a friendly hour with you on Sunday afternoon in the R.C.A.F. Airmen's Club and enjoy a spot of tea. This feature is held every Sunday afternoon under the auspices of the Y.M.-Y.W.C.A.

## WHEN IN BARRIE

make your headquarters at the Barrie Active Service Club and Canteen, located at 45 Toronto Street. There you will find a home away from home. A swell snack bar provides you with wholesome goodies at cost. Dances are held every Monday evening and games parties every Thursday evening. Partners are provided. There is no charge.

## Discipline

by Sgt. L. Albota

Discipline, always maintained at a steady pressure, is essential to the efficiency of a fighting service. The discipline of warrant officers, non-commissioned officers, should set, the example to other ranks, and by its impartiality, it should promote respect for authority.

The ultimate object of all training in the R.C.A.F. is to prepare the service for its role in time of war or national emergency.

The R.C.A.F. is a technical service and the airmen are required to devote most of their working hours to the performance of technical duties. The technical training the airman receives is designed to give him a high standard of knowledge and skill, but his value to the service will depend upon the manner in which he applies them. His true worth is determined by the spirit behind his work and other activities; by his disciplined habit and his pride in the good name of his unit and his service; by his consideration for the general welfare of his comrades and his determination to give his best in the interest of the service.

This quality in the service is known as "esprit de corps." In its wider application it is called "patriotism;" that is, pride and devotion to one's country and consideration for one's fellow countrymen. It produces in a man the highest type of efficiency, devotion to duty, and, if need be, self-sacrifice.

The foundation upon which these qualities are built is called discipline, which is officially defined as:

The immediate and unquestioning compliance with all orders given by a superior officer, in a cheerful spirit.

The rigid enforcement of discipline is a wartime necessity and should be insisted upon by all W.O.'s and N.C.O.'s as their personal effort to pull their weight on the rope of efficiency, to pull together and to pull cheerfully.

The objective of discipline is reliability, and experience teaches us that reliability is a consolidation of qualities found singly in most airmen. And if you are not absolutely reliable you are just grit in the cogs of this stupendous fighting machine.

The few essential qualities an airman must possess:

- To work hard and intelligently without supervision.
- To work cheerfully under even the most trying circumstances, and banish the moaner.
- To cultivate and inculcate in others that splendid spirit of pride of achievement.
- To do everything possible at all times for the continued efficiency of your unit, without the necessity of being ordered to this or that.
- To interrogate more competent authority if in doubt.
- To put implicit faith and confidence in your superiors.
- Give the taxpayer value for his money. He expects to see you smart, well developed, cheerful, respectful and courteous, and that is what he is entitled to expect.

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## THE PADRE'S CORNER

Compulsory church parades are objected to by a great many men in the service. Everybody feels that church going is a very individual matter, better done by choice than compulsion, and that there is something quite out of order in our having to attend.

But this matter of compulsion is worth a thought or two.

In the Air Force we have to be under orders. In the service we have given up a large part of our freedom in order, we hope, to preserve just such freedom for our country and the world. Under the conditions of service life, everything we do is ordered. And it is only as church services are ordered that they can be truly representative and attended by many who really want to attend. Otherwise there would be other, and very necessary, demands upon their time. It must not be forgotten that the orders are made by the service, and not by the church.

And there is a sense in which the church parade is the Station at its prayers. This is a time in the routine of the week when all who can possibly be spared from duty take time to remember God, to worship Him, and to try to understand more about Him, gaining strength and direction for their lives, and for the work of the service as a whole.

It would be unreal to call the R.C.A.F. "Christian;" yet Canada is a more or less Christian land. So far as we, Canadians and members of the R.C.A.F., have real religious beliefs, they are those of the Christian faith. Those beliefs should not be forgotten, and they will be needed in the days to come. So the teaching and the worship of the Christian Church must find a place in the life of the service.

One has every sympathy for those who dislike the Church and all that it stands for, and yet are compelled, by conditions of the service, to attend church parades. It is surely not too much to ask that they come with open minds, trying to understand the meaning others find in Christian teaching and practice.

—W. F. B.

Novelist: "I'm describing a scene that took place ten years ago. Tell me what kind of frocks the women wore in those days."

Novelist's Wife (bitterly): "The sort I'm wearing now!"

ATTENTION  
R.C.A.F. (W.D.)

The Pages of Wings Over Borden are open to you at all times and we hope that you will avail yourselves of the opportunity to contribute in time for the next issue.

Wings Over Borden is published bimonthly and accepts articles, poems, letters or jokes from any of the personnel. Copy may be handed into the Y.M.C.A. office, Canteen Building or Cpl. Rorke, Pay and Accounts office.

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## Read It . . .



or not?

By Cpl. E. M. Rorke

Twenty-five years ago when something whizzed by you, you knew some horse was feeling its oats. Nowadays you know some jackass is feeling his rye.

S/M Towner of Accounts avers that nature is wonderful. He says: "A million years ago she didn't know we were going to wear glasses yet look at the way she placed our ears."

To Cpl. Doug Davidson goes the laurels for the best joke-of-the-week.

Scene a butcher shop.

Little Boy—"I want a pound of kidley please.

Butcher: "Do you mean kidney?" Little Boy: "That's what I said, diddle!"

In writing a column of this type one has to be as careful as a nudist crossing a barbed wire fence. Last issue we made some reference to the disappearance of a blanket. To the boys in the barracks who took exception to this remark we humbly apologize and hasten to assure you that no reflections were meant. We trust that this retraction will be accepted in the spirit it is offered. P.S.—The blanket is still missing.

I think an innovation on this paper would be a department where the editors could beef to their heart's contents. We are a badly used bunch of people at times and our heads are often bowed in anguish. If we could figure some effective way of being in two places at one time the job would be simpler. Or better still if we could produce two separate issues at a time would help. One for the kickers and three or four special copies for those that praise us. It's a hard world.

LAC Shea: Yippee, whoopee, 23 skidoo.

Onlooker: What's the idea of all the noise?

LAC Shea: It's the Indian in me.

Onlooker: On what side are you Indian?

LAC Shea: The inside—I just swallowed a Buffalo nickle. (Ouch).

Anecdotes of that Western Gentleman from Vancouver, Sgt. Town, have been missing in this column of late. But we picked a good one up from the pullman porter that tended Van on his last trip home.

Sgt. Town: (sticking his head out between the curtains of his berth) Porter, bring me a glass of water.

Porter: Man o' man, yo' sho must be firsty. Dis am the tenth glass of water yo hav axed me fo' in the last ten minutes.

Sgt. Town: I'm not thirsty, my bunk is on fire and I'm trying to put it out.

Well, Airmen and Airwomen (this paper is right up to date) we bid you farewell. Time flies and we must go to press. Hope you like this edition and will send it home to your folks.

Borden R.C.A.F.  
Band Plays On

After a short absence, No. 1 S.F.T.S.'s band has re-appeared on the parade square to head the noon parade. It's great to have them back, for the strains of martial music do much to liven the work parade. The step is snappier, arms and shoulders swing in unison, and the general smartness of the parade is increased.

A great deal of credit must go to Squadron Leader M. F. Badgley for the re-organization of the band and in keeping it together, in the face of almost insurmountable odds. Two of the main problems are the constant posting of band personnel to other stations and the reluctance of qualified musicians to come forth and offer their services.

Sharing equally the laurels with S/Ldr. Badgley is Corporal Griffin, the bandmaster, whose able direction and untiring efforts have brought the band to its present state of musical proficiency. To each and every member of the band itself must go a large share of the praise for their excellent work, their loyalty and their willingness to serve. The total result of all this co-operation results in a fine musical performance on every occasion the band appears.

However, the band is not getting the full support and recognition it so rightly deserves from the personnel of this station. If you are one of those gifted with musical ability, you should be out every practice day qualifying for a place in the band. There seems to be an unfortunate feeling among men that if they participate in such an organization they are, to use a couple of common phrases, "sticking their necks out," or "letting themselves in for something." This is perhaps due to the attitude of some of their co-workers, who themselves participate in none of the station's extra-mural activities, yet scoff at anyone who does. In the writer's opinion, you are not sticking your neck out, but you are contributing to an important branch of service life, in offering your services and deriving at the same time a whole heap of satisfaction in so doing. It is also our opinion that the band should be given full recognition for its services, and every opportunity subject to the exigencies of the Air Force to develop this important contribution they make to service life. Wherever possible, they should be given special privileges for their loyal service.

Let's get behind the band 100%. If you can play an instrument, turn out next band practice day. If you can't play, at least lend them your moral support!

## LESS WORK

When a Scottish barber was engaging a new assistant he pointed out:

"I pay lower wages in the summer because the work's lighter."

"But surely people get their hair cut quite as often, if not oftener, in the summer than the winter?" protested the applicant for the job.

"Ay," agreed the barber, "but you dinna ha'e to help them on wi' their overcoats."

## R.C.A.F. Night Fighters In Britain



After two bursts from the guns of his Beaufighter, a night fighter pilot of the R.C.A.F. squadron recently saw a JU-88 raiding the North England coast, blow up and crash into the sea with a terrific flash. The commanding officer of the squadron has shot down three enemy planes and two other pilots have one each to their credit, both confirmed. A number of other enemy planes have been damaged by squadron pilots all at night. The C.O. is shown with some of his air crews.

## NEVER LET IT BE SAID

When you run out of smokes you go to the nearest store, put your money on the counter, pick up your packet of cigarettes or tobacco and that's all there is to it.

But did you ever stop to think how lucky you are? Plenty of cigarettes to be had and the money to buy them.

Consider then, what it must be like to be one of the boys overseas when he smokes his last cigarette. True, if he's in Great Britain and happens to have some spending money, perhaps he'll be lucky enough to get some. But, on the other hand, if he is on some remote duty, what does he do.

The fact is, he either does without the consolation of a smoke, or—and this is where you come in—lock the door."

he reaches into his kit bag for another packet.

Yes, that other packet, that reliable supply of smokes for our fighting lads overseas is up to you and all patriotic Canadians.

We can keep them smoking. In conclusion, never let it be said that we let our boys go without a smoke for the want of a little thought.

—"DAD" PARKER.

## PREVIOUS PRECAUTION

"When George proposed to me I refused him at first just to see what he would do."

"But wasn't that dangerous? Supposing he'd rushed off without waiting for an explanation?"

"Well, he couldn't have done that. You see I'd taken the precaution to lock the door."

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