

"Dad" Parker's Tenth Anniversary

"Rise and Shine My Lucky Lads!"

For ten years now at Borden, just at the time in the morning when the old bunk gets most comfortable, a somewhat dynamic voice has rudely interrupted the dreams of a lot of tousled-headed sergeants. The voice of Dad Parker. Do they mind—well, just ask them! Dad's boys, as he calls them, are fighting in every part of the Empire, doing a big job for King and Country at present, but to him they are still just a bunch of sleepy headed lads who hated to get up early in the morning even in peacetime, when war clouds didn't loom darkly on the horizon.

Who is "Dad" Parker, someone asks? He's five-foot-two of dynamic Welshman, and although he's a veteran of two wars, looks fully capable of taking a good healthy wallop at the enemy again.

How old is "Dad" Parker? Physically, I can't say—but his spirit is as old as the Empire that he fought for twice, and is serving once again, although not in uniform at No. 1 S.F.T.S.

Dad was born in Wales. He received his early education there at grammar school. As is the custom of the country after leaving school he started to support himself at the age of twelve in the coal mines. That's where "Dad" really enrolled in the College of Hard Knocks. Twice he was carried away from the mines for dead. Once he was trapped under tons of rock and survived for days on brandy passed through an iron pipe—until finally the rescuers reached him. He joined the Imperials and when the Boer War broke out at the end of the century, was among the first to go. In 1914 he joined again and served through the last war. In the meantime Cupid stepped in and he married Elizabeth Ann, the daughter of a Cardiff dockmaster, who is his sweetheart still. They have a large family, one of the boys serving in the East as a Sgt/P and another one over in England. Younger ones are waiting to join. When the depression was on, Dad and his family booked passage to Canada and they settled near Lisle. Here after years of struggle, they have raised their family, acquired a home of their own, and land with rich soil, that yields bushels of vegetables every year.

Dad is one of Nature's gentlemen. Never does he pass the flag without raising his hat, never an officer without tipping it. Dad is a friend of everyone on the Station, self effacing as he always is, you know that Dad's always in there pitching. He always has a word of good cheer or encouragement. There's always a smile on that rugged map of his.

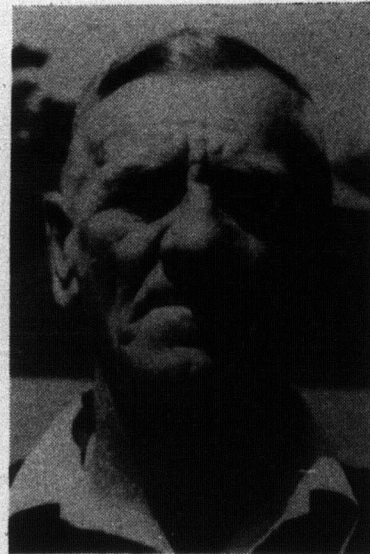
As a tribute to Dad from those that knew him in the past, those that will know him in the future, and those that know him now—"It's been a better place because you have been here."

—RCAF—

He: "Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?"

She: "I don't believe anyone ever did."

He: "Then where'd you ever get the idea?"



"DAD"

Dedicated To My Dear Friend

F/O NUGENT

Oh stricken hearts with sudden sorrow
The one we loved is not lost for aye,
The darkest night brings a bright tomorrow
And joy awaits at dawn of day.

Though he has passed beyond our vision
His soul has fled to lands more fair.
God has need of him in heaven,
Rest assured he's in God's care.

Who knows even now from land eternal,
He gazes in pity upon our tears,
Though gone from earth in God's due season,
We shall meet again in happier spheres.

So let us one and all endeavour,
To meet upon that golden shore,
With tears and sorrow gone for ever
We'll meet again to part no more.

A Voice

It was only a voice heard in a crowd
But it seemed to lift a heavy cloud,
Words that were meant for a stranger's ears
Banished my doubts and calmed my fears.

The voice arose both loud and clear
Bidding all be of good cheer
And help to bear each other's load
Along the hard and stony road.

The speaker passed into the throng
But in my heart he left a song.
A message of hope for a weary day
Something to help me on my way.

We never know who'll overhear
So say only things that please and cheer,
And by some word that we have said
Someone will surely be comforted.

—RCAF—

Hate and Love

Somewhere in the New Testament, Christ tells his disciples to hate the sin but not the sinner. It seems to us that this admonition is one the world needs very badly right now.

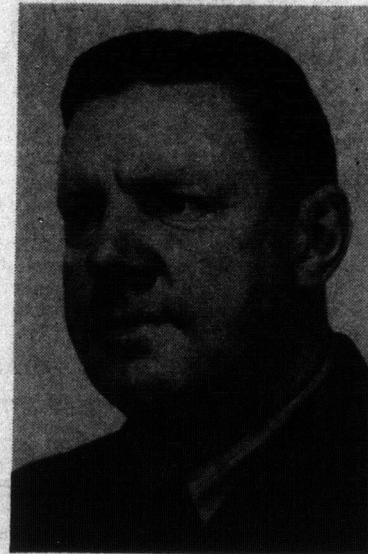
To reconcile ourselves to a world of hate, war and death, we are apt to shelve Christianity as another luxury until the war is won. Yet was there ever a time in the world's history when the great testament of love was more needed?

Christ was no appeaser. Our pacific policy of the past years, by which we forestalled the evil day until it burst upon us in all its fury, was not a Christian policy. Christ would have hated with all the hate of a strong man the extinction of the individual, the aggression and cruelty which the democracies, like the Levite in the Samaritan story, viewed from the other side.

Hate is a strong emotion, almost as strong as love, and surely if we hate the sin, the cruel degradation of man to an all powerful state, and love the sinner, our enemy, surely if we can do all these we will win not only the war, but also peace.

AW2 GOWAN.

CAROL FOR OUR NOEL



This Editor wishes to draw to your attention the colorful career of our D.A.P.M., Flying Officer Noel Arnold. It all started in London, England, where on the 15th of December, 1897, our little Noel was born. He was educated at "Laleham" Margate, England, and rumour has it, that he was a brilliant but mischievous scholar. In June, 1915, he attended an Officers' Training Course at "Inns of Court" London, England. This was climaxed in July 1916 by his appointment to 2nd Lieutenant in 3/6th Devon Regiment.

In December 1916 he was sent into battle with the 2/6th Devons at Peshawar, North West Frontier, India, and again with "The Buffs", in Mesopotamia (now Iraq). After Armistice was signed he was sent on special duty into Persia, on his return to Mesopotamia in 1920 he was appointed to the Civil Administration of that State and later placed in charge of a section of refugees at Baqubah. However, these menial tasks did not satisfy the lust for adventure in Noel, so he was sent into action in the Arab Rebellion of 1922. In the summer of 1922 he was a member of the Expedition into Kurdistan and on his return he was placed in charge of a shipment of 3,000 Armenian refugees.

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They Work by Night

Some time ago, in the Saturday Evening Post, a cartoon appeared showing a buck private reporting for guard duty, and with him he had a radio, a lamp, books and many other comforts. That cartoon is the dream of the Security Guard, but due to a very efficient officer, Flying Officer Arnold, and a Flight Sergeant, Flight Sergeant Fitter, our dreams just don't come true.

When you see a squad of men marching through the Attention Area with their arms thrown shoulder high, and their chests expanded, you can be sure they are Security Guards. That is the way to recognize us.

Although few people on the Station realize that we are here, we are gradually making ourselves known through our precision squad and comfortable barracks, which I might add are the envy of the Station.

The Security Guard have been called upon to perform many varied tasks, such as funeral parties, crash guards, etc., and some weeks ago we were asked to form a precision squad to demonstrate before the public in Barrie. Although we still had to keep our guards on duty we managed to put out a squad which we hope you were proud of, as evidenced by the picture below.

We as a whole take our job very seriously, but we do have our fun and time for recreation. On many occasions the Guard Room phone has rung loudly, bringing the Corporal out of a beautiful dream. A voice

wildly exclaims, "Someone is moving in the bushes, shall I shoot?" Immediately the Corporal rushes to the scene of the crime, but to his dismay and disappointment finds not a sinister looking saboteur bent on destruction, but a lonely deer out for a midnight snack. As you can see by this, Guard Duty is not altogether drab and monotonous.

The opportunity has presented itself many times for us to take flips, and for this opportunity we wish to extend our appreciation to the instructors. Whenever a fellow returns from one of these hops you can hear him coming, bragging loudly about how he went through several loops, spins, side-slips, and slow rolls without feeling a bit whoozie. Some of the guards are unable to hide their true feelings and they have a bit of a time finding their stomachs again somewhere between Barrie and Camp Borden. Even this sickness has not dampened their spirits and their desire to become pilots. We are grateful for this opportunity to get the thrills of flying. It is certain that every guard will do his best to get the chance of earning his wings.

It is very hard for us to know you as we are always changing but we extend to you on behalf of our Officer, an invitation to visit our barracks of which we are very proud.

On closing, we would like to offer a poem quoted from the Guardian, a magazine put out by the Security Guard.

"WHEN THE GUARD'S ALL DONE THIS FALL"

There once was a young civilian, who left his mother true,
And joined up in the service, to wear the airforce blue.
They made him do some guarding, to which he gave his all,
For he would see his mother, when the guard's all done this fall.

One night that poor young airman, went out to stand on guard.
The night was dark and stormy and raining very hard.
While climbing to his tower, from it, he did fall,
And he'll not see his mother, when the guard's all done this fall.

This is the sad, sad story, of a boy who never knew
That training to be a pilot wasn't all he'd have to do.
If you can't believe me, if my tale seems tall
Remember he'll not see his mother, when the guard's all done this fall.

The Security Guard Drill Squad made a big hit at Barrie's Exhibition recently. At left, WO2 E. A. McCorkindale, Station disciplinarian, and at right, F/Sgt J. R. Fitter, NCO in charge of Security Guard Drill Squad.