

FLIGHT SLANTS
FROM "F"

(NOTE: This article was started several weeks ago, but owing to the present situation of the flight, it was completely overlooked.)

Wonders of wonders! Our gang is still together.

I was reading the last issue of "Wings" and the news from the flights and sections all contained "regrets of losing so and so." You know, the ground personnel in this flight are 60% (at time of writing) of those who graduated from St. Thomas with No. 2 entry, with Sgt. Page and Cpl. Bolch, who were A.C.L.'s when we arrived here. Now that's quite a record. To have men enter the service at approximately the same time, finish their course at the same time, arrive in Borden at the same time, enter "F" Flight at the same time and work together for sixteen months, is something to crow about.

Of course, we are still L.A.C.'s.

We have seen eighteen classes of LAC pilots and five or six classes of P.O.'s graduate. We have seen our Flight Commander, a lad from "down under," and two of our own Canadian pilots, leave the flight to return no more. May they rest in peace.

And we are still together and we will probably be here for duration—German still moaning, Shallase giving out the facts of life, Dundon peacefully smoking his pipe, Barr making wings, Page and his cards, Bolch and his books and office work, and yours truly and his family worries—helping to turn out class after class of "wings" to rid the world of Dictatorship.

"If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well." Thumbs up, lads!

NOTE: Second Instalment. Well, I didn't get this in time to make the deadline, because I find myself at Edenvale, along with 85 other "lucky lads."

If anyone mentions mud I won't be responsible for my actions. It is so muddy here that when an aircraft comes in we tie it to a sky hook so it won't be missing ten minutes afterwards.

And now that I've mentioned a sky hook, let me tell you there is such a thing. Ask Ripley, if you don't believe me.

Well, I'll sign off now and try my luck in the mud. See you next issue if we don't all disappear up here.

—LAC INGRAM, J. M.

EXTEND APPRECIATION

We wish to extend our deepest appreciation to F/O Lush and Mr. Jim McClenaghan, Y.M.C.A. Director, for all they did to make our trip to Niagara Falls and St. Catharines such an outstanding success. Everyone had a super time, and apparently some good friends were made, as many of the boys accepted Christmas invitations in that vicinity.

We also wish to thank Mr. Wallis and Mr. Bert Gray, of the St. Catharines "Y," for their warm hospitality while in that city.

SECTIONAL NEWS

M.T. SECTION

Again we are here, with news and views of our M.T. Section. Very little has happened in the past month, except that Dave Hartley is still continuing his weight-lifting (at New Lowell this time) and he has an ardent supporter in one D.A. Danny seems to get quite a kick out of it too. Dave also has a sense of chivalry. He turned grocery boy the same night. Was the mud very bad, Dave? It seems that one of the M.T. lads took a bath with his socks on the other Sunday. Curly Simpson of Edenvale had quite a time that day, too, as a result of happenings to our night fliers at Edenvale. Tut-tut, Curly, tit for tat, you know.

M.T. Sgt. Weiners and Sgt. Blossom from Stores had quite a time in Barrie on Saturday, acting the cut-ups. How did it go, boys?

Well, Danny MacDonald has been transferred to Dartmouth, the lucky dog—only three miles from home. We'll miss you, Dan, and we all wish you the best of luck.

We hear that two-draught Avery has started drinking in a big way. He had three the other night. I believe that since his return from Alliston he is lonesome for Ye Olde Poor House, Beeton. What say Wally?

An airman in the M.T. Section has taken up dish-washing for a hobby. We all know who it is, so I won't mention names.

F/Sgt. Bean of the M.T. must be working for his wings. We noticed him on the tarmac with our new fudge (snowmobile). When do you "solo" flight? Speaking of Flight Bean, we think of that old song by Stephen Foster (apologies) "I Dream of Beanie with the Dark Brown Taste."

The M.T. lads have just returned from Hagersville and Edenvale and the arguments are hot and heavy right now as to how they will get 58 men into 15 double beds. Our J.W.W. has a fair figure. Do you want to go double, Johnnie?

Jack Ball he had a fall, and hence he chipped his elbow.

That's what the M.O. says, but who said that I could write poetry in the first place. What happened, Jack? I don't believe that you told us.

Who is the lad who gets his car stuck the first snowfall? Ask "Timber-r-r," fellows, he knows.

Jimmy Robinson of Alliston fame (remember the socks) is moping around these days. I believe that he is lonesome for little Kay from one of Alliston's restaurants. Right, Jim?

Ye editor didn't seem to like our leading phrases in the last issue. I may have some more for you next issue.

This will wind up the news for the Christmas, except that we wish each and every one a very Merry Christmas and a real New Year. May next year be as good to us as this one.

That's all, folks. That's my story and you're stuck with it.

—CALGARY KID.

ACCOUNTS SECTION

The time has arrived when everyone is dropping gentle hints about the things they need, and a few of these have been heard and taken note of, right here in our section. Most children handle such things with a line to Santa Claus, and on behalf of our own young folk, I have penned the following letter, hoping that Santa will heed it.

Dear Santa: I know you get lots and lots of letters from children all over the world, but one more won't make any difference from a bunch of dear little kiddies who are playing around in Camp Borden. They have all been good (?) little boys the year through, and this is a list of what they want:

Allen (Angel) Wilmot—A potent tonic, to stave off his annual bronchial attack during that crucial February period.

Dougie Sloan—A combined muff and muffler as protection to both him and us against those breezy Borden blasts.

Georgie Basket—I think a wooden leg, or a set of spiked crutches, would be just the thing, and please send Donnie McAlear a blonde.

Tommy Sills—No-draft ventilation, of a big hot water bottle, would tickle Tommy, while a double Scotch and soda in a Yankee bar would sure warm up his pal, Doug Davidson.

Herbert Cameron—Six dozen clean diapers, or a cleaning and press-job of an overcoat.

Henrietta Bruton—A new power plant for a Ford car is what she wants, there is no doubt about it, and please send Dalton McAlear a blonde.

Teddy Rorke—Twins.

Master Ellwood Daly—A new kind of dental powder, to keep his plates where they should be—in his mouth.

Tim—Bigger and better arguments Philly Barker—A second growth of blonde locks, or a quick "yes" from a Toronto bankerette.

Tubby—Sleep on—sleep on, in a feather bed with a rubber alarm clock, and please send Dalton McAlear a blonde.

Normie Shaw—It's not hard to please him, Santa. A fat share in the Bank of Canada would go over big.

The Western Gentleman—In spite of recent developments, Van is still praying for that transfer west. Ah! Wilderness.

Lorraine Towner—Anyone would guess it, a longer working day.

Reveille Reid—If we could have a five o'clock whistle, Billy would jump with joy, and please send Dalton McAlear a blonde.

Willy Tennant—The appropriate gift—a strong silent woman.

Wally Kribs—No doubt you have guessed it, but turkey eggs and minklets are the only things for him.

Jackie Bohas—This suggestion was endorsed by all and sundry. A French Canadian harem is what Bo needs. Wool! Wool!

Julius Caesar—I won't ask anything for him. We are all going to

LURKIN
WITH LARKIN

Well, the social life around Stores has sprung up anew, bigger and better than ever. Cpl. Jack Powell seems to have found a good place to stay on these cold winter nights and Cpl. Earl Dagenais is making regular trips to Barrie but we hear he is getting a lot of competition from one of our fair-haired boys.

We'll still put our money on Cpl. Jim Louch as the champion getter around. A lot of lads are wondering how he keeps it up. The secret is, boys, he has a friend in the Red Cross who gives him a blood transfusion each month.

Jim Crow has been in the hospital for a couple of weeks now and we all hope he gets better soon but after seeing his nurse I can understand why he is taking his time. You had better come back soon, Jim, some of the boys are getting out of hand around here.

Via the grapevine we hear that one of our new lads, Tommy Bolger, is planning a secret wedding soon. We promised not to say much about it, however, we hope to have more details by next issue.

Just back from Kohler, Ray Rappaport tells us he became the proud father of a nine-pound baby boy. Nice going, and congratulations.

I guess this is all for now, so from all of us to all of you we extend our best wishes for a swell Christmas and may the New Year bring success to all our efforts.

CIVIES
SORTIES

The civilian personnel wish to extend the season's greetings to the Commanding Officer, Officers, and Airmen of No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden.

A general meeting of civilians was held on November 20th, at which a proposed smoker was the chief topic of discussion. Several opinions and views were expressed, but it was decided finally to postpone the event indefinitely.

The games committee provided arrangements for euchre, cribbage and bingo games, and the small sum derived from this programme will form a nucleus for another donation to the B.W.V.F. The experience gained from the bingo game mentioned should do much to ensure the complete success of following like events.

We have been asked to insert the following notice: "A certain batman would like to meet the person who says he buys cigars just for the bands—the bloated plutocrat."

chip in and get a new broom for his stocking.

I realize, Santa, that all this is a lot to ask for, and it is too much to expect everyone to be satisfied. You must have hundreds of refugees to look after this year, and that alone will keep you very busy. Therefore when you check this list twice, we will take your decision on who has been naughty and nice, but please send Dalton McAlear a blonde.

Very sincerely yours,

—L.A.C. ENFIELD

Air Force Concert
Indicates Talent
Among PersonnelHundreds Unable To
Get Inside
Theatre

A FINE SHOW

Collection Nets \$113
For Russian
Relief

(Reprinted from The Barrie Examiner)

Sunday evening's Royal Canadian Air Force Concert at the Roxy Theatre was a rare treat of song and music to Barrie people. It was unfortunate that more people could not be accommodated. So many wanted to hear the concert, the Roxy was packed twenty minutes before curtain time, the doors had to be locked and hundreds were unable to gain admission.

While the attendance of over 800 was no greater than on several previous concerts at the same place this year, the collection of over \$113 sets a new record. Entire proceeds were given to the Red Cross Society's Russian Relief Fund.

Among those present was Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E., Officer Commanding No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden, by whose kind permission the concert was made possible.

The concert was under auspices of Barrie Active Service Club, which supplied two ladies to the programme—Mrs. M. F. Badgley and Miss Rhoda Young. Mrs. Badgley, who has a beautiful voice, was featured in the special Air Force number early in the programme. She sang "Lords of the Air," after which the Band rendered "Victory March," then the bandsmen sang words to the tune, inspired by F/L Badgley, interpreting the spirit of the airmen at Camp Borden. All the while the Air Force flag fluttered in the breeze at the rear of the stage. It was a most effectively staged number.

Miss Young gave two clever and humorous monologues, popularly received as ever by a Barrie audience.

J. C. McClenaghan, Y.M.C.A. Director, was master of ceremonies in a clear, able manner.

Dr. Harvey Doney

Highlight of the programme was the singing of Flight-Lieut. Harvey C. Doney, medical officer at the R.C.A.F. Station, Goderich. Formerly stationed at Camp Borden, Dr. Doney had flown there especially for the concert. Well known for some years as a star of stage, radio and church, Dr. Doney had appeared on Barrie concert stages twice previously and his efforts were eagerly awaited. He did not disappoint as in his full, rich baritone, he rendered "Your Canada and Mine," "Old Man River," "Captain Mac," and in the finale, "Abide With Me."

Dr. Doney was ably accompanied by LAC Grant Powell, Brampton. LAC Powell also effectively accompanied most of the other musicians and vocalists, and was himself featured in a piano solo, "Nearer My God to Thee" (Ryder).

BORDEN DIARY 1941

CHARMING ENTERTAINERS

(Continued from page six)

and F/Lt. Dwyer arrived to take up their respective duties. F/Lt. E. Harston, popular padre of Borden, was posted overseas, and F/Lt. Gagnon, R.C. padre, was posted to Trenton. No. 1 S.F.T.S. won camp swimming title. Aussies led the way.

November

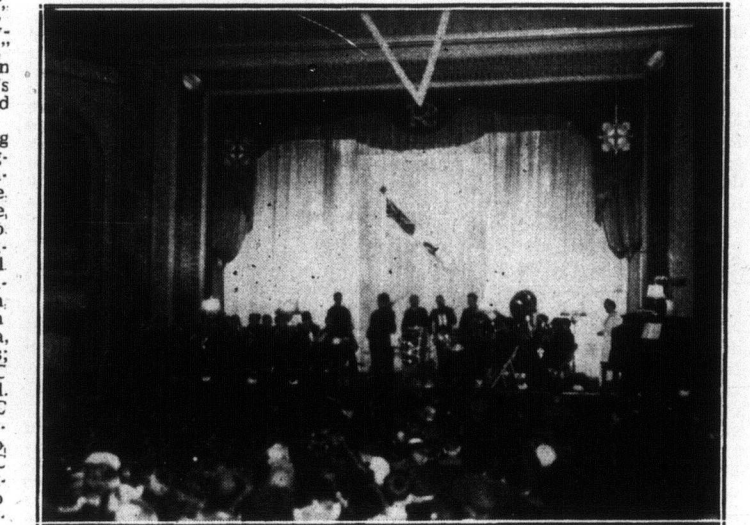
Aussies graduating from Camp Borden take New York by storm on goodwill tour. Miss Miriam Hopkins, Hollywood movie star, visited Camp Borden. W/C D. A. R. Bradshaw departed Borden to take up new post. Active Service Club of Barrie inaugurates bi-monthly Sunday evening sing-songs. Outstanding event of the month was the Sunday evening band concert staged by the R.C.A.F. Station Band at the Roxy Theatre, Barrie.

December

Winter has taken a hold again as squadrons return from Kohler, Hagersville and Edenvale. The year ends as it began, cold, stormy and wintry.

The electric eye is being used to Mrs. M. F. Badgley, soprano, and perforate postage stamps. Miss Rhoda Young, elocutionist.

SPECIAL AIR FORCE NUMBER



Bandmaster L.A.C. Griffin is shown conducting the entire Band in the R.C.A.F. Victory Number.

THE BAND PLAYS ON



Bringing the Sunday evening concert to a successful conclusion.