



"WINGS OVER BORDEN"
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Wing Commander D. M. Edwards

EDITORIAL BOARD

Technical Editor—S/L J. McCulloch.

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Director of Y.M.C.A. Services.

Photos, courtesy of Photographic Section.

Editorial . . .

A WORD TO THE WISE

The large volume of copy that DOESN'T pour into the editorial office of Wings Over Borden from the flights is rather discouraging to those who are devoting their spare time to the production of your paper fortnightly.

Unlike some of the other stations where one man at least of the editorial staff devotes his full time to the publishing of the paper, the crew of Wings Over Borden have only their spare time to devote to its interests, and therefore are unable to make a personal contact with the various sections.

However, a special appeal was made through Daily Routine Orders recently requesting all sections to appoint representatives to report their doings for each issue. Little or no attention was paid to this request and the results were paltry. We want to thank the few that did contribute, but we fear that unless we get more support, we will like the Arabs have to "fold our tents and silently steal away."

Such an alternative would be unfortunate to say the least. Wings Over Borden is the pioneer R.C.A.F. paper in Canada. It has grown from a mimeographed sheet to its present form. With your support it could eventually progress into magazine form and reenter the field of competition with other service papers that are at present surpassing us with this type of publication.

Without your support we can do nothing! For this paper is You, or rather it should be. It's a printed record of your doings while you are here at Borden. It is something that you can file away in the old kit bag to be pulled out years after the war is over and muller over. But if your flight or section is not represented—if you haven't contributed, it can have no possible interest now or in future years to you.

So let's have your contributions. We want to know about your work, we want to hear those humorous little incidents that happen every day around your section. By that we don't mean allusions to "who was that blonde so and so was out with," but we mean real down to earth happenings. We want stories of the flying personnel, their experiences. We want biographies, history or what have you.

So let's have your SUPPORT. Whether you are a newcomer or an old hand get behind us. Pester your flight commanders until you get representation in the paper for your gang. Keep after your reporter to have his copy in on time for every issue. If you have ideas for a column but feel you can't write them out in publication style, jot them down on a piece of paper and we will put a re-write man on your story and give you all the credit just the same. Lastly let us know that you are ON the station.

Laurels for the month were copied by Station Account Section for piling up the highest number of points in intersectional athletic competition. The Commanding Officer's Trophy that is presented monthly to the winning team was handed to F/Lt. J. H. Broughton, Senior Accountant Officer, at last Wings

Parade by John Bampfield, Y.M.C.A. Director. In a few well chosen words, John Bampfield described the history of the cup and the reason for its presentation to the Account Section's "A" team. This team won the bowling and badminton championships by defeating Accounts (Turn to page three, please)

Reprisals

By Clarissa Browne, Liverpool, England

We are waging this war in the name of humanity, that every man may be free to live his own life, the slave of none; our aim is to save life, not to lose it. What then, must be our action in reply to the bombing of our women and children? Are our civilians to be the unrequited sacrifice to a madman's lust for power? Let us get things straight, and in their proper perspective.

We have taken up the standard of Democracy; we have set our hand to the establishment of freedom and peace. A Christian people as we profess to be, can we justify the bombing of German women and children? That is the problem, and the answer must be found in the reason for our bombing; is it revenge or, strange paradox though it may seem, is it for the ultimate peace of the world? In the name of that humanity we serve, what have we to do?

We are not a revengeful people, and the destruction of those things we most cherish has only bred in us a grim determination to hold on to the bitter end; an end that means wiping off the face of the earth those who are responsible for that destruction; to make sure that it shall not happen again.

How best can we achieve it? Shall we let our people be murdered in their hundreds, night after night, while our splendid Air Force batters away at the enemy's bases, or shall we try, by reprisals, to bring a quicker end to this senseless slaughter?

Our present policy in bombing is to destroy at the source the enemy's means of making war; to so disorganize his services, his factories, his railways, his waterways, that he will be unable to make those raids which he hopes will demoralize the British people. It is, however, no use blinking our eyes to facts. In spite of much wishful thinking and our constant attacks on her vital services, Germany still has access to enormous resources; and just as we have struggled to nullify our damage so will she. It is a race against our power to disorganize and her power to re-organize. Surely there must be a quicker way!

We are a united people, and react differently to certain other Europeans: a blow at any part of us only strengthens our resolution not to be beaten; disaster only makes us grimmer.

On the other hand, Germany, the Greater Reich, is made up of a conglomeration of peoples, of states who have been at each other's throats and are now forcibly bound together by conquest or absorption, by the bonds of terror and force.

If the ordinary folk of Germany can be made to realize that her invincibility is but a myth, that the reputed successes which give them the endurance to endure, are but myths also, then those bonds may break, and the overthrow of Nazism begin from within.

By personal experience they must learn that all is not well; that Great Britain has the means, the power—and the will—to give like for like, bomb for bomb; that she

will not see her people helplessly wiped out. They must be taught that the Feuhrer, at whose behest they have made so many sacrifices, and are still willing to make them, has no power to keep a determined enemy away. Then those underground forces of discontent will be released, and will help to overthrow the evil thing which is setting our civilization back in the dark ages. Unless this can be brought home to German minds, our people will be bombed until their endurance gives out, or Germany's resources fail, whichever has the greater staying power.

No half measures are going to win this war: to those who know no mercy for the defenceless, who know no law but force, to them extremist measures must be applied. The machine gunning of bread queues, the bombing of defenceless refugees, the wholesale slaughter of civilians; these are the results of a tyranny and a system that must die deadlier than any tyrant or system has died before.

I have talked to many victims, wounded, homeless, bereaved, and in spite of all he has suffered the ordinary citizen is still without thought of revenge, as such. A father who had lost four of his nine children summed up the argument: "I used to think I should go mad," he said, "if anything happened to the children. It's strange, but I haven't any hate for the Germans. I am sorry to think they have got to suffer what we have, but it's the only way. They must, if we are going to stop this murder of our children." They must!

Our object is to win and end the war with the least possible sacrifice of human life. Unless we are content to be slowly exterminated, surely bombing of vital targets and reprisals must go hand in hand.

Only when the poison of Nazism has been rooted out can a new Germany arise phoenix-like from the ashes; a Germany to whom we can truly extend the hand of fellowship; then can "all the nations live together in peace and unity." Then the policy of a bomb for a bomb will be justified, and the welfare and happiness of the common people, who have so bravely borne so much, will be assured; their sufferings avenged.

So, an eye for an eye, a bomb for a bomb, if we would save the lives of our people.

Contributed by
Mrs. Ward-Price
Barrandale Hall, Barrie

OVERHEARD IN BORDEN

An airman on returning to his flight after being absent for two hours, was met by a Sgt.-Major. S.M.—Where have you been? Airman—I have been getting a haircut.

S.M.—What, in Air Force time? Airman—Why not? It grew in Air Force time.

S.M.—Not all of it. Airman (triumphantly)—I know, but I didn't have it all cut off.

—"DAD" PARKER.

Parents Assist as Sons Receive Wings at Borden



Squadron Leader George Phillips congratulates his son, P/O John Phillips, as latter receives "wings".

P/O Jack Frizelle, former Balmy Beach football star, receives "wings" from his mother. —Photogravures Courtesy Toronto Evening Telegram.

FIRST OUTDOOR WINGS PARADE

One of the most spectacular and unique Wing Parades ever to be seen at No. 1 S.F.T.S. was held on the tarmac on April 24 last. A large crowd of visitors were present to witness the graduates of Course 46 receive their wings.

The sky was clear and the air warm and sunny. The parade, headed by the Commanding Officer and led by the combined bands of the R.C.A.S.C. and No. 1 S.F.T.S., marched smartly along the hangar road and formed up in the traditional hollow square in front of the visitors' chairs. The band was led by our new drum majorette, AW2 Sawdon.

Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E., former Commanding Officer of No. 1 S.F.T.S., welcomed the visitors and invited any parents or wives to pin the wings on their son's or husband's chest as the case might be. He also extended an official welcome to the R.C.A.F. Women's Division, recently arrived on this Station, and complimented them on their fine appearance.

Fourteen parents accepted the Commanding Officer's invitation to pin the wings on. Two mothers came from the U.S. for this privilege and a wife came 1,300 miles from South Dakota to pin the wings on her husband's breast, Pilot Officer S. T. Davis.

The real highlight of the parade was when the name of Phillips was called. P/O Jack Phillips, son of Squadron Leader George Phillips of this Station, marched forward proudly to receive the much coveted wings from his mother's hands, while his smiling father stood by. The fact of father and son being both at the same station, one as an instructor and one as a student, is believed to be unique in Air Force history.

It will be of much interest to the Station personnel to know that Squadron Leader Phillips is considered to be one of Canada's greatest fliers. In 1931 he was awarded the McKee Trophy, an honour given to the Canadian judged to have contributed the most to Canadian aviation. He played an important role in the rescue of the men imprisoned in the Moose River mine.

Despite the fact that Squadron Leader Phillips had 6200 hours to his credit prior to joining the Air Force and for 16 years or more had flown by the "seat of his pants" in all types of aircraft, under all conditions, his early R.C.A.F. experience was similar to his son's. Squadron Leader Phillips received his wings two years ago at the age of forty-seven. This was the second time he has had the privilege of wearing the Air Force wings. During the last war he won an observer's wing.

Overhead throughout the ceremony three Harvards gave the

visitors a thrilling glimpse of the Air Force in action and the line-up of planes flanking the field gave the spectators a glimpse of the tremendous facilities and potentialities of the Empire Air Training Plan.

APOLOGY

Due to lack of space some copy must be held over until our next issue.

MEMBERS OF STATION COMMITTEES

STATION FUND
President—Squadron Leader Flowerdew.
Members—Squadron Leader Badgley (Pres. Theatre); F/Lt. Spruston (Pres. Sports); F/O Reath (Messing Officer); F/O Battersby (Non-Public Accounts); A/S/O Sparrow (Women's Division); F/O Scrivener (Sec. Canteen); F/O Lang (Sec. Airmen's Mess); Sgt. Ball (Women's Division); F/Sgt. Crowe (Secretary).
Representatives—Training Wing, Mtee. Wing, Eqpt. Sect., Accts. Sect.

THEATRE COMMITTEE
President—Squadron Leader Badgley; Secretary—F/Sgt. Crowe.
Member—Sgt. Wainwright (Chief Operator).

GOLF CLUB
President—Capt. Philp (Dental Clinic); Secretary—Cpl. Davidson.

SPORTS CLUB
President—F/Lt. Spruston; Secretary—F/Lt. Breese.
Members—P/O McKinley (Sports Officer); F/O Lang (Officers' Mess); F/O Battersby (Non-Public Accounts); P/O Funkhouser, P/O Rogers (Training Wing); F/Sgt. Crowe; Representatives of different Sections.

SERGEANTS' MESS
Chairman—WO1 Dagenais; Hon. Chairman—S/L Badgley; President—WO2 Craig; Secretary—Sgt. Town; Living-Out Member—WO2 Falls; Living-In Member—Sgt. Chapman.

CORPORALS' MESS
President—Cpl. Griffiths; Secretary—Cpl. Etheridge.
Representatives of Squadrons.

C.O.'S TROPHY
(Continued from page 2)
"B" team and Canadian Dental Corps, respectively.
Members of the winning team were as follows:
Bowling—F/Lt. Broughton, F/O Battersby, WO2 Towner, Cpl. Bohas, Cpl. Bennet, LAC Barker, LAC Blahout.
Badminton—F/Lt. Broughton, F/O Battersby, Cpl. Sills, LAC Biggs, LAC Wilmot, Cpl. Cameron, LAC Cunliffe, LAC Tenant.