



**"WINGS OVER BORDEN"**  
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**YOU CAN'T WIN A HOCKEY GAME FROM THE PENALTY BOX!**

Nor can we win this war by sitting on the fence and letting someone else do the planning, the working, the fighting, and the saving. We won't get places by grumbling and moaning about what the other fellow is doing or not doing about it, or worrying whether he is getting ahead of us or not. Any man who calls himself a Canadian who does this, whether he holds office in the government, works in industry, or wears a uniform, is not entitled to the rights of citizenship—and is also extending an open invitation to our enemies to come in and take over. He is a traitor to his country and should be branded as such.

We at No. 1 S.F.T.S. come under no rule of exception to the above fact. Every man jack of us here is a volunteer. We did not wait to see if there was going to be conscription! We did not ask the Recruiting Officer if the job was going to be easy? The pay good and the hours long? We did not need a Paul Revere to come riding out of the night and warn us of danger and spur us to action! We did not wait for the bombs to drop on this Canada of ours before we got started! No we came here because we wanted to come here, the way that any Canadian with red blood in his veins would come. We selected the job we wanted to do, we took the oath, and the results so far show that most of us are doing it. But a few of us have fallen by the wayside for reasons known only to ourselves. Those few of us will have to reenlist ourselves or better still conscript ourselves to do the job we set out to do when we joined up.

If the dear ones at home are going to live in the world of freedom that we want them to live in, it's going to take every pilot we can produce at Borden, every ship we can keep serviceable to train them in, every flying hour we can chalk up. If parents, brothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, and children are going to sleep in their own beds at night instead of air raid shelters, it's going to take every ounce of energy you have, every bit of skill and knowledge you possess in keeping your task running smoothly.

Get out of the penalty box, get off the fence, let's show the Government, the officials of the R.C.A.F., the citizens of Canada that we at No. 1 S.F.T.S. are ready and willing to do our part, and what's more we are not going to tolerate anybody else failing to do theirs. But remember before we can take this cocky attitude we must put our own house in order, 100 per cent.

**WHAT IS IT?**

Dickie—"Can I have any kind of sea food I like?"  
Mother—"Yes, dear. What shall I order for you?"  
Dickie—"Salt-water taffy."

**REBUFFED**

"I'm a self-made man," said the pugnacious clubman, glaring around the room in the midst of an argument.  
"Sir," said one of the older members, "we accept your apology."

**GROWING PAINS**

The Editorial Staff of Wings Over Borden feel it is time to let their hair down and have a heart to heart talk with its readers.

Other papers claim that their readers are never satisfied. We reverse the process; we are never satisfied. As fast as we get one edition off the press, we are planning our next one. We feel that the readers of Wings Over Borden deserve nothing short of the best. The best articles, the best jokes, the best cartoons, the best poems—in a nutshell, the best service journal of its kind. But we cannot give you that unless you send them in. So get cracking there and see what you can do. See if, for a change, YOU CAN'T SATISFY YOUR EDITORIAL STAFF.

No. 1 S.F.T.S. is a pioneer station in the flying world. Men were trained here last war. Wings Over Borden is a pioneer in service journals. From a mimeographed sheet it has grown to its present form. It is still growing and no doubt in the not too distant future will grow into a Service Magazine of no mean proportions. But this cannot be done without your whole-hearted co-operation. It must progress; it must develop. Each edition must be better than the last. Otherwise we might better fill its pages with names out of the telephone directory, or better still, scrap it and gather all our news and views from D.R.O.'s.

Wings Over Borden is not a collection of the ideas and views of a minority on this station. It's the voice of the station. It's what you do while you are here, what you think, what you know that the other fellow doesn't know unless you tell him. IT'S YOU!

But your staff are not mind-readers—we can't publish it unless you tell us. So please become one of our regular contributors. Send us in a technical article, a joke, a poem, a letter. If you can't write, come in anyway and build a bonfire on the office floor and send us your message in smoke signals. We'll get it!

Have the fun of sending the next copy home to the family or the girl friend with a little blue "x" mark on one of its pages and the notation "I sent that in."

Our slogan now—GIVE US THE DROOLS AND WE WILL FINISH THE JOB.

**R.C.A.F. Discovers Australia and New Zealand**

Brotherhood of the British Commonwealth of Nations is established in Canada by the Empire Training Plan.

Despite the knowledge gained in school that there were such countries as Australia and New Zealand, we of the run-of-the-mill type of Canadians never thought much about them except as the home of kangaroos, boomerangs and desert wastes. From our own idea of the Islands down under we assume that the average Anzac thought of Canada as a snow-covered wilderness inhabited by Indians and North-West Mounted Police.

However, these misleading ideas of our distant blood-brothers have all been changed . . . not by second-hand knowledge derived from school books, but by actual contact with the young men who have come to Canada to finish their training under the Air Training Plan. Nothing but a war could have brought this about, so if we have nothing else to thank Hitler for, we have to admit that this is to his credit.

We learn to our amazement that, not counting the North-west Territories, Canada is a little smaller in area than Australia. That Australia has a wonderful year-round climate, has beaches more beautiful than Wakiki and also has skiing and skating clubs. Some of us were a little dumbfounded to see the Aussies demonstrate on skates . . . and we will have to admit that they put to shame some of the Canucks who prided themselves on their ability to manipulate the silver blades.

For an all 'round bunch of reg'lar fellows, the Aussies are hard to beat. They possess all the good points of the English and few, if any, of the bad ones. All are fine types physically and mentally and conduct themselves like gentlemen. If anyone doubts that, well, ask the girls. One thing they do admit, and that is that our beer is better than theirs. And they should know.

At the present time, with a war on our hands, the after effects of this close contact with the fellows from down under is just something to think about. However, we predict renewed friendships which will have a direct effect on trade relations and the increased prosperity of both our Nations.

And so until then . . . we hope we are making you fellows from Down Under feel at home and trust you will carry away as many fond memories of Canada as we have of your short stay here.

CARRY ON, AUSTRALIA

—"CHIC" ROBERT.

**IN FLANDERS FIELDS**

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,

Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;  
To you from falling hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

—LIEUT.-COL. JOHN McCRAE.

**Read It . . .**



**or not?**

By Cpl. E. M. Rorke

Last issue of Wings Over Borden is a literal testimony to the old adage that when "the cat's away the mice begin to play." Apparently those responsible for the issue could not resist the temptation to get revenge. However, it was all in the spirit of fun, and I want to thank you on behalf of my wife and myself for your kind wishes and your words of congratulations. Nine pounds three ounces of future aircrew is something to be proud of. At the same time I want it understood that the fact that I was hospitalized at the same time was purely coincidental!

While waiting to be checked in as Serviceable at the M.I. room the other day I heard this conversation between our genial M.O. and an A.C.I.

A.C.I.—"Sir, for weeks I have been fighting a terrible desire to kill myself."

F/Lt Clark—"Tut tut—"

A.C.I.—"But I decided suicide was a sin, so I came to you!"

By the by have any of you recent visitors to the Medical Inspection rooms noticed that sadistic gleam that comes in Corporal Henderson's eyes when you mention a pain in the stomach?

Sgt. McAlear of the Accounts office has been going around with a queer far-away look in his eyes lately. It begins to look as if he is suffering from high blonde-pressure. Somebody asked him the other day what his girl was going to wear to the costume ball. "Oh," he replied, "she's going to wear a grass skirt and go as a hula dancer."

"And what are you going as?"

"A lawnmower," was the baffling reply.

It has been just discovered that we have a man on this station who is a "Section Four to Forty-Four Fan." It seems that Sgt. Baker after hearing a morning rendition of this, did all in his power to attend the afternoon performance too.

A word of thanks is due to those responsible for the many improvements around the Airman's club. It is to be earnestly hoped that all the personnel using this building will do their level best to keep the surroundings as clean and cozy as they are now. This column has often wondered why the public phone booths in the lower hallway couldn't be moved to some quieter location in the building. At least one of them anyway. It isn't much fun to drop sixty cents into the phone box to talk to the folks back home, only to have their words drowned out to the tune of Sweet Adeline, etc., emanating from the open doors of the wet canteen.

The Protestant lads are beginning to wonder if we are a hopeless bunch of heathens up here at Borden? Since F/Lt Harston left us

for overseas the padres have been coming and going like day following night. Maybe we better all turn Quaker and we can hold our own meetings.

The new postal service at Camp Borden fills a long waited need. Perhaps it is a little more convenient to go and fetch your own mail, but at least you get your OWN The fellows receiving newspapers from home especially have been long suffering in this respect. Seldom if ever did they get first reading on them despite the fact most of the newspapers were banded.

Here's a little corn mash that may or may not get by the censors. We'll try it anyway and give it to you for what it's worth. An old couple on the eve of their golden wedding anniversary were discussing with their family doctor the possibility of having an offspring. They had devoted their married life to making money and had amassed quite a fortune. But they had no kin to leave it to.

"Well," replied the doctor when he fully understood their problem, "you folks may be 'heir' minded but you're not 'Heir' conditioned."

This column learned with great regret of the posting of one of our most zealous supporters, Cpl. Henry Langdon. Henry was always in there "pitching" for his section, for the band, for the paper and for any other enterprise on the station that needed support. We wish him the best success at St. John's and knowing Henry we know that he will carry on in the best traditions of the service down there.

Another posting that will be greatly felt in the Editorial office of Wings Over Borden is the transfer of our feature editor Flying Officer W. A. Beckett, M.C., to the East Coast. Flying Officer Beckett was the author of Seven Seas and he devoted much of his valuable time to the publication of this paper, besides his other extra mural interests, boxing, lecturing, etc. It can be said with certainty no other service paper has ever produced any better material than the stories Mr. Beckett produced under the banner Seven Seas. Our only consolation is the rumour that Mr. Beckett may be with us soon again. Let's hope so.

Ending on this sad note, we will silently fold our editorial tent and try and do the almost impossible, viz., make our bed in the dark. Have courage, my friends, I am working on a plan whereby we will be able to sleep comfortably in our lockers, and leave our beds neatly folded and unsoiled from one inspection to the next.

Modern Bordenites are scaring their offspring now with the threat—"If you don't be good Sgt. Albota will get you!"

Cheerio and thumbs up!

**TOO MUCH**

Private Doaks wanted to slip out of the barracks—unofficially—to see his girl. He went to the sentry to state his case.

"Well," said the sentry, "I'll be off duty when you come back, so you ought to have the password for tonight. It is 'Idiosyncrasy'."

"Idio what?"

"Idiosyncrasy."

"—I'll stay in the barracks."

Every tomorrow can be made better because of our thoughts and actions today.

**AN AIRMAN'S PLEA**  
Did you ever stop to ponder What the people think about An airman's reputation Every time he steps out.

One can hardly help but notice, Though one tries to act correct, That the better class of civics Fail to treat us with respect.

Would you like to know the reason (For a reason there must be) To disrespect the uniform To this you must agree.

Some kids have joined the Air Force, They are just starting in their teens;

They try to act like hard guys; 'Tis they that spill the beans. They can smell an empty bottle And stagger like they're drunk; That's the reason half the civics Think the Air Force is the bunk.

Why must all the Air Force suffer For the sins of the guilty few, And lose their rights to social life For what others do.

Now I don't claim to be an angel, But I'm sticking to one rule: That when I go out on a pass I won't act the fool.

And if all the men in uniform Would try and do the same, With this coming generation We might save the Air Force's name.

—LAC LORD, J. J.

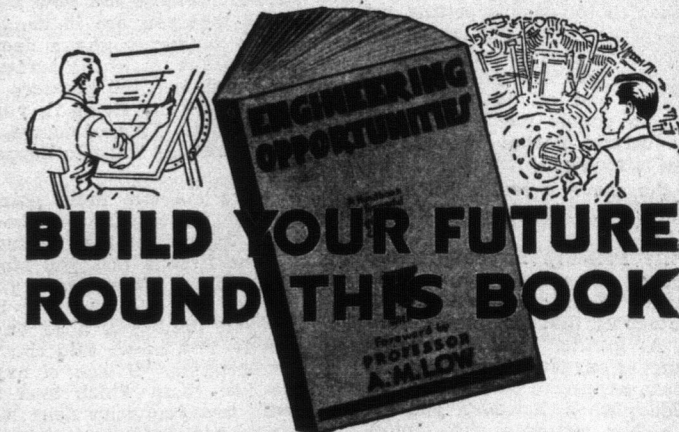
**ECONOMICAL WAY**

Golfer: "Why, Jock, you've holed in one!"  
Jock: "Aye. It's helpful that way—it saves wear and tear on the ball."

**WHAT IS IT?**

Dickie—"Can I have any kind of sea food I like?"  
Mother—"Yes, dear. What shall I order for you?"  
Dickie—"Salt-water taffy."

Take care of your physical condition. You are important to war materials production. Don't take chances, work safely.



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