

CIVIES SORTIES

SECTIONAL NEWS

TILL H. E. DETONATES

Our smoker went over with a bang. The boys who missed it want to know when we are going to have another. Well, all I can say, boys, it's up to you when we have the next one!

We were honored with the presence of Group Captain Grandy, O.B.E., the guest of honor of the evening. Accompanying the Commanding Officer were S/Ldr. Ashdown, F/Lt. Phillips, F/Lt. Badgley, F/Lt. McInerny, F/Lt. Godfrey, F/Lt. Johnson, F/Sgt. Bean and LAC Jim Cullimore.

Cpl. Rorke, the man who comes to our house with the pay cheques once a month and sometimes twice, acted as master of ceremonies. After the toast to the King, Cpl. Rorke made the following remarks, from which I quote: "... I believe that you will all agree with me that we at Borden—civilian and airman alike—are one big happy family. We sometimes have our differences, we admit, but we are all in this show together. It is the part of some of us to fly, some of us to work in offices, some of us to work in mess hall and barracks. Each role is a necessary one if we are to achieve our common aim in defeating Adolphie. Many of you here tonight were wearing uniforms in the last war and doing your bit for King and country OVER THERE. Today you are not in uniform, but are doing your bit in a magnificent way OVER HERE. Mr. Brazier, one of you, sent me a verse the other day taken from a church wall in England. The words I feel are most appropriate and every man in uniform today should keep those words in mind when dealing with his civilian buddies of the last war:

"As you are now—so once were we.
As we are now—so must you be!"
—unquote.

F/Lt. Godfrey started the ball a-rolling, leading in community singing. Then he gave a selection on the one-string fiddle. You have to see this number to really appreciate the talent it requires to master it. It is a good job there are no horses in the Air Force, as the fiddle looks just like an old broom that has seen better days in a stable, and the basket used is a genuine 6-qt. fruit basket. Believe me, it was a real treat. Then we had 85-years-young Dad Blair who gave us a recitation and supplied his own stage effects in his actions. Then Tom Mills shuffled his feet in a way that would make some of us young ones feel kind of out in the cold. As a matter of fact, we had so much real good talent right from the Commanding Officer down, that we could not get through half of it before we realized it was so late. And you know the boys in the kitchens had to be on the job the next morning. Those Air Force personnel sure know why the Lord gave them good stomachs and they don't fool.

I want to take this opportunity to thank our committee for the hard work in decorating the mess and the very efficient manner in which everything was conducted. Also the many volunteers who were off duty who helped out.

—BILL FREE.

The curtain is drawn for a few more echoes from the serene, area of birches and maples. Probably the 13 (X) column could be likened to the ghost that presumably walks at this time of the year in the sense that it reappears so nonchalantly.

Movement of personnel at this unit has become somewhat "pegged" to use the expression of the wartime price moguls. To new arrivals since last writing, we bid welcome. An event of significance was the visit of Air Vice-Marshal G. M. Croil, Inspector General, and party, to this depot on the afternoon of September 26. The distinguished group, which included Air Commodore G. E. Brookes, Air Officer Commanding, proceeded here after reviewing advanced air training in progress at our good neighbours' station—No. 1 S.F.T.S. After being officially received by the Commanding Officer, Squadron Leader G. M. D. Shiles, the guard of honour was inspected and a tour made of the entire area. Keen interest was evinced in the bomb-filling operation, as well as in the exhibit of miscellaneous explosives and pyrotechnics arranged for the occasion.

Over the weekend of October 11 the boys called "happy landings" for three fellow airmen in the persons of Will Arthur, Martin Schellin and Frank Fetterley, all of whom are about to widen their sphere of service. As "Red" Thom puts it in our local sheet—these boys might well be listed on our honour roll. Flight-Sergeant George Poan has likewise been the subject of a posting letter and a little "finale" was staged on his behalf on the evening of Oct. 16. More strength to your elbow at St. Johns, old-timer!

The bowling season has started and it's so noisy you can hear a "pin" drop. Messrs. Low and McCahill tied for high gross score on opening night. Flying Officer Forster left his votes and coding for an evening and demonstrated his prowess on the alleys by coming within a few points of the leaders.

Meows from the 13 (X) Alley Cat
Probably your correspondent might appropriately re-name this column "Barks from the 13 (X)

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Mongrels." A rise in our canine population has almost led us to the point where one would say "this place has gone to the dogs." Of course Sgt. Walsh might say "don't for the simple reason that he usually goes from bad to worse and from there to Barrie."

LAC Dynes: "Do you know, Mitch, there's not a prominent star up there that Corporal Bernstein could not name."

LAC Mitchell: "Maybe you're right, but I'd suggest he learn them all 'cause I reckon he'll go past them in somewhat of a hurry."

Murray Cohen: "Honest, boys, I'm good for an average of 260 in any 5-pin league—just give me a chance to get acclimatized!"

Amidst the passing review Sergeant-Major Gore might be seen making up the return on R.A.F. officers thus: "Nil stock" and "Nil due in."

Cpl. Huston: "After I read Sgt. Wall's Ottawa papers I like to relax by forgetting that parliament hill prose and encamp upon some fine poetic thought." O.K., Corporal, here we go:

Liquor and Longevity

"The horse and the mule live thirty years,
And nothing know of wines and beers.

The goat and sheep at twenty die,
And never taste of Scotch or Rye.

The dog at fifteen cashes in,
Without the aid of Rhum or Gin.

The cat in milk and water soaks,
And after twelve short years it croaks.

The modest, sober, bone-dry hen,
Lays eggs for nogs, then 'dies at ten.

All animals are strictly dry,
They sinless live and early die.

But sinful, ginful, rhum-soaked men,
Survive for three score years and ten.

And some of us, though mighty few,
Stay pickled 'till we're ninety-two."

And so, folks, until the next "scrap of paper" from 13 (X) it's "So Long So."
—Sgt. R. R. Wall.

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LURKIN WITH LARKIN

Well, Jake Aikens finally got that worried look off his face at exactly seven o'clock on Friday, the 31st of October, when Miss Lenore Lambert came down the aisle of the United Church in Alandale. Boy, they sure looked happy and we hope they always stay that way.

Since the young airwomen have not yet arrived in camp, we can't give you details on how the bride was dressed except that she wore white and looked very nice. Jake had on a suit of smart Air Force blue with brass trimmings, highly polished. He wore a colored shirt to match and a black tie. Also a very peculiar expression on his face, but I guess we all look like that on the big day.

Now that the squadrons have moved to other fields, we are having a big clean up around here and everyone is working hard getting things in a 100% shape by the time they get back. This should speed up service somewhat, particularly if you will have your vouchers properly prepared.

Did you hear about the fellow who had B.O. so badly that three kids shoved him over on Halloween.

Now for pay and away. Toronto, here we come!
—Mac Larkin.

R.C.A.F. Theatre COMING ATTRACTIONS

Nov. 9—
"RINGSIDE MAISIE"
Ann Sothern

Nov. 10-11—
"BLONDIE IN SOCIETY"
Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake

Nov. 11—
"GREAT PLANE ROBBERY"
Jack Holt, Vicki Lester

Nov. 12-13—
"HERE COMES MR. JORDAN"
Robert Montgomery,
Rita Johnson

Nov. 14-15—
"KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE"
Mary Martin, Don Ameche

Nov. 16—
"THE BIG STORE"
Marx Brothers

Nov. 17-18—
"THE ISLAND OF DOOMED MEN"
Rochelle Hudson

"MEET BOSTON BLACKIE"
Chester Morris

Show commences at 1945 hours and at 1900 hours on evenings that Vaudeville is shown. No admittance after the box office has closed.

ACCOUNTS SECTION

Our section seems to survive from one publication to another, and here we are again, its new members keeping up the old traditions, and everybody doing his best to deliver the goods.

As fall is fast turning to winter, we look back and decide it has been a satisfactory one. Some of our members have done full justice to various chicken dinners, held in the immediate neighborhood, one of these being particularly successful and creating much comment. They at least feel that fall has not been wasted and are ready to step into winter.

This advent of winter brings on a new mode of living, and shows up different characteristics among our fellow workers. The more timid souls are seen sporting long woolies and huddling in great coats. Then the more hardy members of our set brave it out and enquire, "What will you do when it becomes cold?"

As time goes by changes of personnel take place and jobs change hands, and yet there has never been a great deal of trouble to turn out the work and keep things caught up. However, just lately, a little difficulty has been encountered. One of the boys—just recently transferred to a new job—appears to have decided to hibernate for the winter, and strong measures have had to be taken to change his mind. He should be advised that it is much more comfortable sleeping if one removes all of his outer garments first, and it also appears more reasonable to others that he should do so.

Though many complaints may be made about the account section, there is one thing they can do very well, and that is eat apples. Bushel after bushel disappears in an astonishing manner, and if there is any truth in the old adage that an apple a day keeps the doctor away, then we shouldn't have to pay any doctor's bills for some time to come. They are certainly very welcome, and we must thank the donor.

There are no legitimate sporting events to report for this session. We are in the midst of an in-between season, but when winter sports commence we expect our members to be right in the thick of it. It is interesting to note that one of our newer additions, Phil Barker, has done considerable competitive swimming, and is commonly known as the "Mimico Flash."—He should be heard from. There are excellent facilities on this station for sports of all kinds, presenting wonderful opportunities for those who wish to develop themselves along any individual line.

The account section, the pulse of the station, carries on. Wally Kribs continues to debate with himself, whether or not we should have hot plates and afternoon tea. Perhaps he will have decided in time for the next issue, and we will all know our fate. Timlin vs. VanTown continues unabated. We think it may some day come to blows, but then everybody knows that underneath it all they are staunch friends. Cpl. Robertson is having many a hard moment, trying to convince Shaw that this way is the right way, as they tackle what looks to be rather a large order on A.I.U. and so it goes.

ACI ENFIELD.

SECTIONAL NEWS

MEDICAL NOTES

By LAC Elvin, R. C.

So we are sitting in our office and wondering just what we can say in this week's issue. The deadline is very near and oh me, inspiration isn't coming along at all. Then suddenly it comes to our mind like a flash—a bolt from the blue—yea, even an electric something or other. But let us tell you about our Sergeant Graham.

Our Bill is quite a chap and we are all liking him a lot and so we naturally want to see him shine in our fair (?) Camp. Your correspondent is very fond of Bill and thinks that a line in our sheet will further his ambitions. Now we have all heard of Walter Hagen, and Bobby Jones, and Gene Sarazen and other greats of the round cup and smooth green. And most of us have heard of Willie Hoppe and Jan Katura of the smoky room, slender stick and green table. But harken to the name of the mighty one who could outdo any of these mentioned—it is none other than our Sergeant William Graham. Yes it is. "... and I will take on anyone in Borden at any price, any time, anywhere. All they have to do is get in touch with me." So went the Flying Scotman's words which we couldn't help but overhear because they were being shouted to about ten men in a very small room during a First Aid lecture. Of course none of us, that is hardly any of us, would dare dispute Bill's supremacy on the green or even on the table, so we sit there awed in wonder at our great Sergeant. However, there are, we ponder to ourselves, some among you who would be glad of a little game and who will give our Sergeant a little practice and yea, even make a little mazuma on the side. (We hope.) So come one and all! Step right up and meet Bill—he's waiting for all comers.

and having a pretty tough time getting everything done in the manner in which we are accustomed to having them done down here. So please, men, if you are ill come on, we are waiting for you, but if you just want a little time off or a good sleep, don't come yet, wait a little while until our boys come back. Remember, there are your comrades who really need Medical attention and they can't be neglected for a few others who are, pardon the expression, "lead-swinger."

Those who have been on Sick Parade lately will no doubt notice that a "No Smoking" rule has been instituted in the Medical Inspection Rooms. We are sorry boys, we enjoy a cigarette as much as anyone, but floors are floors. We tried ash trays, we even posted a sign as to their purpose, but alas, they went neglected and again the majority have to suffer for the neglect of a few.

The bowling season is in the offing—and we intend to enter a team and take the championship of course. We didn't do too badly last year and this season we are going to outdo all comers (We hope).

Orillia, Orillia, oh Jewel of the Sapphire Waters — or something. What's the attraction, boys—even our holier-than-thou Sergeant Clerk-Medical (B) (Guess who) is running off the deep end to that fair town of large hospitals and many nurses and other girls and things.

We are going to press now, but we'll see you next week. In the meantime, don't forget if you play golf or pool and want to further the ambitions of our Sergeant Graham, contact him by letter, phone or grapevine at the hospital. We know he is just straining at the leash for new fields to conquer (?). So long and Thirty.

"ITCHY" BURNS.

LOOK FORWARD
Look forward and our hopes will rise
Though stormy clouds are in the skies,
The steps of time we cannot retrace
So press onward at an eager pace.

Look forward with a hopeful mind
Resolve to leave the past behind
We can't afford to let our gaze
Turn back to look on other days.

Look forward though the world may frown
Don't let this struggle get you down
When everything seems dark and drear
Buck up, and give a rousing cheer.

Look forward to the sunshine's rays
To brighter, broader, better ways
Towards some finer, fairer light
Look forward and we'll win the fight.

—"DAD" PARKER, R.C.A.F.

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on November 20
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