

Barrie Active Service Club Entertains Men of Borden

LUXURIOUS HOME AWAY-FROM-HOME

BY CPL. "TED" RORKE
If you Borden airmen are not using the Active Service Club and Canteen located at 45 Toronto St., Barrie, regularly, you should turn out on sick parade and ask for the services of a psychiatrist.

The Active Service Club and Canteen is conducted by volunteer workers for the convenience and comfort of men of Borden while in Barrie, under the auspices of the War Service Committee of Barrie formed in co-operation with District Officer Commanding M.D. Number Two. The present building was purchased by F. K. Morrow, Esq., of Toronto, and turned over for its present use for the duration and one year after at the nominal rental of one dollar per annum. The Landsear Club of Toronto contributed a generous sum towards furnishings and equipment and William H. Wright duplicated their donation. The club was officially opened on June 26th, 1941.

Entering the main doorway you step into a large brightly lighted hallway, and are greeted by a charming hostess. On the left of the foyer is a lounge as luxuriously furnished as one you would find in any deluxe golf or country club. Leather lounges, easy chairs, coffee tables, modern lighting fixtures, blend themselves into as vivid a picture of cheerful hominess as you have ever imagined. Off the lounge is a cheerful little writing room equipped with desks and all the facilities necessary for letter writing are supplied. Across the hall from the lounge is a game room equipped with every game from ping pong to jacks. At the end of the main hallway is a beautifully panelled canteen complete with tables, chairs, and a juke box. A snack bar provides refreshments that would tickle the palate of an Epicurean, at nominal cost. A fellow would be well advised when eating out of camp, to eat at the snack bar with its sanitary kitchen, rather than at some of the greasy-spoon joints catering to the public in Barrie.

Leaving the main floor you ascend the stairs to other sumptuously furnished rooms, designed for smaller individual parties, card games, or they may be thrown open for dances. A piano sits in the upper hallway and can furnish music for both rooms. Your scribe paid a visit Monday night to this splendid recreation centre for men on Active Service, reputed to be the best of its kind in the Dominion, and found a dance in progress. This dance is a regular Monday night feature of the Active Service Club, and its popularity is indicated by the ever increasing number of soldiers and airmen attending. Charming escorts are provided for those who are strangers in Barrie. These young ladies represent a high standard in Canadian womanhood and do their utmost to make the evening as enjoyable for the men of Borden as possible. Tuesday night is Bingo night, and Thursday evening is card and game night.

Plans are in progress to arrange other feature entertainment to in-

Miss Miriam Hopkins Pays a Surprise Visit to Camp Borden



From left to right: Sgt. Woolverton, Miss Miriam Hopkins, S/L McCulloch, Mrs. Skaith (Red Cross Transport Service, Toronto), F/O Bray, F/O McTavish.

terest the boys in the coming winter months. The facilities of the club are open on the weekend to enable you to entertain visitors from home. These splendid volunteer-workers are devoting more of their already heavily taxed time to making this club a home away from home for the boys on Active Service. Let's get behind them and help them put it over with a bang by attending regularly and using its facilities whenever we are in town. We must always remember that when we pass through those hospitable portals, that although a warm welcome awaits us inside, we must conduct ourselves as gentlemen and do nothing that will diminish the warmth of that welcome. For news notes about the Active Service Club refer to their own column headed Active Service Club, that makes its premiere in this issue of Wings Over Borden.

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TORONTO CANADA

Globe Trotting With the R. A. A. F.

It is now just about a month since we left good old Sydney, but it seems much longer, probably because we have travelled so far and have seen so much since then.

For the majority of us, boat travel was something entirely new, and being out of sight of land was something we could not understand. In fact only a very small number had ever been outside of the harbour.

On boarding the ship, we were pleasantly surprised to find it to be a luxury liner of about twenty thousand tons, and further, everyone who could be accommodated was travelling first class. From Sydney to Auckland we had the freedom of the ship, enabling us plenty of time to get our bearings.

Being budding pilots, we were very interested in an albatross which was following the ship. With no apparent movement of his wings he would follow the ship for hours, stopping now and again to pick up some food from the water.

At Auckland, when we disembarked, a large number of people were waiting for us with their cars ready to take us to lunch and then sight-seeing.

The town proved to be very unattractive, but the countryside surrounding it was very beautiful. A contributing factor to this is the abundant rainfall, of which we had a good sample. There are several extinct volcano craters quite close to the town and the pattern of the volcanic lava is very evident.

From a vantage point quite close to the town, Mt. Eden, a wonderful view is to be had of the town and surrounding countryside. Also from there one can see from one side of the island to the other.

The next day we left Auckland, after taking on board several hundred members of the R.N.Z.A.F. After leaving Auckland we were very discouraged to learn that we were expected to do lessons. However by introducing a little scientific "lead swinging" things were not too bad.

On board we had many important people, but those who interested us most were three well-known wrestlers, Big Chief Little Wolf, Dan O'Connor and Don Lewis. These men provided us with lots of good entertainment, both at exhibitions which they gave and at various contests which they refereed.

Suva was next port of call and there we were met by a number of trucks provided by the military authorities. These took us around a large part of the island and the drivers pointed out to us the various points of interest, including, of course, the New Zealand nurses at the military hospital.

Wherever we went there we were greeted by the one word "Boola," which means "Goodday, how are you, goodbye," and anything else you can think of in that line. From the toddlers to the old grey beards, they all yelled the same thing at us.

The outstanding thing on the island was the fact that every moderately-sized house was surrounded by spacious and beautiful gardens. The fact that native labor there is

worth about thirty cents a day probably has something to do with this.

After the sight-seeing was finished, we were taken back to town and after lunch we had a few hours to spend as we pleased. Some of the chaps hired bikes for a few cents an hour and did some sight-seeing on their own account. The more sensible fellows tried out the swimming bath there, which proved to be quite good. Of course, everyone spent some time buying souvenirs, ranging from bracelets to bows and arrows. The latter had to be thrown overboard when it was found they were too big for the kits.

Leaving Suva, we headed for Pago Pago. Who hasn't heard of that place? Tropical island, palm trees, native girls—there is something that attracts in no uncertain manner. You can well imagine how we looked forward to seeing it. The boat wouldn't travel fast enough. And then disaster! On the medical parade before berthing someone was found to have measles and no one was to be allowed off the ship. Our spirits sank to zero. However, it wasn't too bad after all. The native band and choir came down to the wharf and provided excellent entertainment for a few hours.

It wasn't long before we were getting in some good shooting practice trying to throw oranges down the big ends of some of the instruments. After one of the lads had scored a "bull" the musicians retreated to the shelter of a nearby verandah.

The leis which the natives make are very beautiful. They consist of prettily colored tropical flowers, joined together to make a very pretty garland. Several of these leis are hung around the neck of a departing islander or traveller and are afterwards thrown into the water by the passenger. Should the lei float to land it is an indication that the passenger will return one day.

After leaving Pago we crossed the Equator and also the International Date Line. The latter meant that we had two Thursdays in the one week and so worked (?) one day for the Force free of charge. Terrible thought!

Because of the equator we had plenty of practice at "deflection shooting." The idea goes something like this. Around the equator it is hellishly hot. To combat the heat one needs ample supplies of liquid refreshments. After said refreshment has been taken, something must be done with the bottles, so someone throws a bottle over the stern and the rest of the bottles are thrown at it. Here's hope for the Jerry—from Sydney to "Frisco about three "bulls" were scored.

Honolulu. The very name brings to your mind hula dancers, etc., and last but by no means least, Waikiki Beach. At least it did to us.

At the boat we were met by members of the American Red Cross with automobiles just laid on. The first place we were taken to was a lookout on Mt. Pali. From there a wonderful view was had of the island, despite the fog which

was around. When you were at school in short pants you probably learned that many years ago an invading king and his army managed to push the defenders over this particular spot. Must have been quite an unpleasant thing altogether.

From there we were taken to a nearby beach, where, after the Red Cross had hastily retreated, we had a most enjoyable swim in our "birthday suits." After the swim we had a wonderful lunch provided by said ladies, who must have heard of Australian appetites. There must have been sufficient food to feed a regular army.

Some of the chaps tried climbing palms for coconuts, but ended up with more sore shins than fruit.

As soon as lunch was over a hula dance was staged by quite an attractive lass, accompanied by several squeeze boxes. There were more feet of film used on that young lady than on the whole of the rest of the journey. Let's hope she was flattered. By the way, one of the boys managed to souvenir the grass skirt she used.

From there we were taken back towards the town through plantations of sugar cane, pineapple, bananas and paw-paws.

Before going to the wharf we had a look at the famous Waikiki Beach. It is a good beach, but at home we have a dozen or more all within a few minutes of the city equally as good, if not better. As you've not heard of Bondi, Manly or Manabura, this sounds like eye wash, but facts are facts. A few of the chaps managed to get out to the airfields there and were shown some of the most modern war planes. Just by the way, as the boat was coming up the harbour a flight of six Tomahawks turned on a show and proceeded to shoot the boat up. Boy! what a show.

—C. Randall.
(To be continued next issue)

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