



"WINGS OVER BORDEN"  
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#### A LOOK TOWARDS THE FUTURE

The old order of life is slowly passing. Hitler's avaricious greed has united the democratic peoples of the world in a victory-or-death struggle against his deadly war machine, that threatens every peace-loving, home-loving law-abiding citizen today. The inquiry into the unfortunate combination of circumstances that permitted this threat to civilization to come into being must be tucked away on a dark shelf until this battle for freedom is won; then and then only may it be removed from the shelf, dusted, and squeezed dry of any material that may be used as a guide in preventing the recurrence of such a threat as this has been—to future generations. The outcome of this war is not in doubt—we shall win! The resultant devastation of this battle is only conjecture—but devastation there is now, and devastation there will be when it's over. There will be a new world to build out of this ruination, a world that will wipe from the minds of the generations-to-be all recollection of bombs and blitzkriegs; all memories of oppression and dictatorships. A world where the recognition of rights and freedom of young and old will be universal. A world where the medium of exchange is not the tyrant's sword but the unimpeachable coinage of honest, hard working freemen. The world of the future is the world that we will live in until our days are ended. It will not be the world that was handed to us by our forefathers but a world that we have pioneered in ourselves and one that we will be proud to hand over to succeeding generations. If this lofty goal is to be attained, we men of the service must help to attain it. We must prepare ourselves now for the task. Let us strip ourselves of all petty weakness that is only a deterrent to honest effort and accomplishment; let us train our minds and strengthen our characters, as we would our bodies for a physical contest. Hesitation to act has already prolonged and increased our present task—let us heed the lesson contained in that fact and prepare now for the future, so that when the last shell is fired, the last bomb dropped, and the last tank has rumbled to a stop and the battle has been won, we can commence immediately to build out of the debris this brave new world of the future.

#### SAFETY FIRST

From time to time fatal traffic accidents have robbed the Service of valuable personnel. Men trained at great expense to the public and whose services are needed in the gigantic task ahead. The Man who wields the Sceptre is no respecter of individuals. Nor does he pause to allocate the blame before collecting his victim. Just a week or so ago this Station lost a very popular officer through a car accident. The fact that this accident was no fault of his, did not alleviate the pain of his passing for his loved ones, nor did it counterbalance the loss of his services to the R.C.A.F. It left only the grim finality of death. As the hazards of winter driving come into being again, icy roads, and hampered visibility, we believe it's a timely suggestion to every motorist to urge him to observe every rule of the road, to not overlook the fallibilities of other drivers, and to operate his car in such a manner that under all circumstances it is perfectly under control.

—THE EDITOR.

## Poet's Corner

#### BRIGHT INTERVALS

You'll not find us complaining that our working hours are long; That our pay is very little, that conditions are all wrong; Or, our clothes are not sufficient and we're needing something new; Or we trained for something different than the task we have to do. We don't kick about our bedding, and we grumble not at all, For we get our satisfaction in one happy interval.

A wire comes from the little wife, with magic news forsooth, To tell the happy daddy that the baby has a tooth. This simple little message makes him just as proud as Punch— He could work from morn 'til ev'n'ing without stopping for his lunch. And a fellow gets more pleasure than you'd ever comprehend From his sweetheart's little missive with some x's at the end.

Comes a time when every airman is to get his "forty-eight," He leaves on Friday evening and gets back on Sunday late. He sees his wife and kiddies; if there are none, perchance, He can go out with his girl friend for an evening of romance. The time spent in the interim is chocked so full of fun His "forty-eight" is over 'ere it really has begun.

There's a letter here from mother, away out there back home, She tells us all the gossip—she is living all alone; But her letters are so cheerful, they make us happy, too, And we set about with lighter hearts our daily tasks to do. So you'll never find us grouching, for we drive our cares away. When we have these little intervals to brighten up our day.

—E. A. B.

#### FLIGHT LIEUT. G. J. C. REID

Officers and men of No. 1 S.F.T.S. without exception regret the passing of Flight Lieutenant Jack "Shorty" Reid. He was killed in a motor accident on the night of Thursday, the sixth of November, and was buried with full Air Force honours at Kingston, Ontario, on the tenth of November. One of the most popular officers on the Station, he was also one of the most capable. In 1940 he was given the award for the best Junior Pilot in the R.C.A.F. When the news of his death reached his brother on Active Service in England, he cabled to his parents and younger brother, "Will carry on for Jack here. Chins up.—Bill." Now that he has gone to higher service, we shall one and all carry on for him here.

#### AN OLD DOG FOR A HARD ROAD

Give me a dog with a tattered ear And teeth that are blunt and worn, A tail that's straight and a pacing gait And a nose that's cut and torn.

And show me the trail where the going is bad, No place for a young 'un to be, And whatever the road we'll deliver the load, That tattered old dog and me.

Don't expect us to make any records of speed, But we'll follow the trail right through And come back as well with no story to tell For I am kind of an old dog, too.

When the trail is unbroken and there is nothing to smoke And neither a bite nor a sup, And it's sixty below, let the old dog go For that ain't any place for a pup. —Submitted by W. J. BLAIR.

#### RESOLVE AND TRUST

Our goal is not reached at a single bound But we build a ladder by which we rise And mount to the top, round by round, From the lowly earth to the lovely sky.

We count these things to be grandly true That noble deeds are a path to God, To a purer and broader view, Lifting our souls from the common sod.

We rise by things trodden under our feet, By what we have mastered of good and gain And the worldly ills that we daily meet, By the pride deposed and the passion slain.

Our hearts grow weary and ere the night Our lives are trailing the sordid dust But the morning calls us to life and light, We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust!

—DAD PARKER.

#### HOW YOU CAN GET FREE ROOM BOARD, WHILE IN TORONTO

If you wish to be placed as a guest in a private home for the duration of your leave, or for a single day's entertainment, call at the office of the Canadian Women's Service Force, "Open House Bureau," 121 King St. West, Toronto, or phone Adelaide 7958 between 1900 and 2300 hours (7:00-11:00) Friday and Saturday nights. Miss Mabel Westaway is in charge of the service. This service, for which there is no charge, has already proved a success. Hundreds of men have been provided with rooms and meals while on leave. Drop in and avail yourself of this privilege. The service has the support and backing of Radio Station CKCL, Toronto.

## Read It . . . .



or not?

By Cpl. E. M. Rorke

A lady wrote to the late Ben Turpin, famous English comedian, asking whether he really suffered from the affliction which made him so popular. Answered Turpin: "Yes, madam, I am genuinely cross-eyed. So much so that I once spent three months in the South-East trying to get into the North-West Mounted Police."

This column wants to congratulate Sgt. V. A. N. Town on his third hook. In future we will have to be careful what we say about him. But can we help it if he's news? The latest yarn we heard about this Vancouver vagabond deals with a recent journey of his to Montreal. Anxious to air his west coast French, our hero hastened to the nearest restaurant on his arrival and sat himself down.

"Je desire un morceau, un bit—hang it, I mean de pang," he said to the waiter who brought him a glass of water. "I'm sorry, sir," said the waiter, tactfully, "but I don't speak French."

"Well," said Van indignantly, "kindly send me someone who does."

A double bouquet to the civilians on this station. The other night they had themselves a party and collected nearly twenty dollars for the British War Victims' Fund. This gift was acknowledged by Jim Hunter, Telegram reporter, on his news broadcast. It might be a good idea if somebody rigged up a box and displayed it in a prominent place, say on the end of the month pay parades. There one could drop those odd nickles, dimes and coppers received on the last pay parade of the month. With folding money in your pocket for even a brief spell, the coins would not be missed, and there's no question about it they would be appreciated by the victims of Nazi bombs.

Congratulations are extended to three former Y.M.C.A. men of Camp Borden who are now commissioned officers in the R.C.A.F.—F/O Walling Ruby, now stationed at Trenton; F/Lt. A. G. (Andy) Ley, who has been posted to the headquarters of the Eastern Air Command at Halifax, N.S., as Auxiliary Services Officer, and to P/O Austin Rutland, whose nightly appearances on the "Y" tea wagon were so much appreciated by the night hawks. In closing, did you hear about the termite's nightmare: "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls."

#### OF COURSE NOT

A motorist was stopped on a Suffolk road and asked by a policeman how he would immobilize his car in the event of invasion. He replied: "I should take off my license plates, like I do every night; they can't go on the road without them."

## Coin Francais

#### ICI ET LA

L'Editeur de notre journal a bien voulu me donner l'hospitalite dans l'une des colonnes de "Wings Over Borden." Je prends avantage de son offre pour communiquer quelques informations aux Canadiens de langue francaise.

D'abord, il est important que vous soyez bien familiers avec la discipline et les reglements de la Station. Le seul et le plus sur moyen d'acquiescer cette familiarite est de lire, dans vos moments libres, un livre que vous trouverez accroche un peu partout, dans les baraques, a la cantine, etc. Ce livre est intitule, "Camp Standing Orders." En le parcourant vous vous familiariserez avec la langue anglaise et vous etudierez du meme coup les reglements qui gouvernent la Station. N'oubliez pas non plus les Ordres qui sont publies tous les jours et souvent referes dans la phrase "as-tu vu le D.R.O." Ils contiennent parfois des instructions importantes.

Je profite aussi de l'occasion pour souhaiter aux amis qui partent pour outre-mer un atterissage heureux et beaucoup de chance, ce sont:

L.A.C. Jalbert, J. T.  
L.A.C. Cote, J. C.  
A.C.2 Tetreault, C. E.  
A.C.2 Joly, E.  
A.C.2 Jervais, G.  
A.C.2 Descoteaux, J. M. A.

Je me permets de vous conseiller d'assister aux cours d'Anglais. C'est pour votre propre benefice que ces classes ont ete organisees. Si vous aspirez a de hautes positions (et je n'en doute pas), la connaissance de cette langue vous est indispensable. Cela ne veut pas dire d'oublier le Francais qui est toujours pour nous la plus belle, mais bien d'augmenter votre bagage de connaissances.

Au revoir les amis et a bientot.  
—J. J. DESLAURIERS, F/Sgt.

#### EN REGARDANT DESCENDRE LES GLACONS

Mordu d'un chaud soleil, pousse par le courant, Presse, tumultueux, en foule qui s'insurge, Le troupeau des glacons descend le Saint-Laurent, Et defile sous nos yeux en invoquant Panurge. Quelques uns, toutefois, s'arretent a propos, Pour venir s'echouer aux anses de la greve, Ou terminant leurs jours, ils auront le repos . . . .

Leurs freres lutteront jusqu'a la fin sans treve . . . .  
Au fleuve de la vie ainsi les hommes vont, D'ambition imbus, jalosant son semblable, Chacun de nous poursuit sa bulle de savon. La course est sans arret, le but inatteignable, Nous luttons, lutterons et jusqu'au debotter.

Si quelque frere un jour, s'arretant au rivage, Veut gouter le repos, nous savons repeter . . . . fou . . . . reveur . . . . Faineant . . . . fou . . . . reveur . . . . Et pourtant . . . . c'est lui le sage.

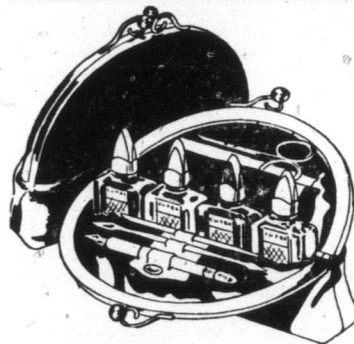
#### CHERS AMIS

Puisque nos notes veulent bien pousser la condescendance jusqu'a nous inviter a coucher nos pensees sur les ailes agiles de "Wings Over Borden," nous nous efforcerons de prouver notre appreciation en y venant aussi souvent que possible. Ne serait-ce que du badinage, ce moyen de communication dans notre langage n'est-il pas tout de meme un bon divertissement. Si le vieux Cultivateur de Chez-Nous trouve son "capot de poil" tres confortable contre la brise de l'hiver, il est cependant toujours content, quand vient le soir, de se retrouver la chaleur du foyer: ainsi en est-il de nous, tout en goutant le confort du Camp et jouissant de la bonne entente qui y regne, ne sommes nous pas contents nous aussi de pouvoir echanger nos impressions dans la Langue Maternelle.

Cette pensee et ce regard vers l'Est me rappellent une petite poesie epique composee par un de Chez-Nous. Sa modestie etant aussi profonde que sa pensee, peut-etre m'en voudrait-il de divulguer son nom. Qu'il me suffise d'observer que l'hardiesse de son esprit n'a pas craint de defier les glaces a la fois traitez et majestueuses de notre grand fleuve pour y trouver une si belle lecon de morale:

#### A BIT OF ADVICE

Mr. McPherson gave some advice to his wife when they were expecting friends to tea. "Just mind, Jeannie," he said, "to put the sugar-tongs in the basin, an' not a spoon." "But we have no lump sugar in the hoose," she expostulated. "We've only granulated." "I was mindin' that!" said McPherson.



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#### THE ROAD WE TRAVEL

The road we travel may be rough  
Ill luck attend our way  
When all seems dark and hopeless  
Look towards a brighter day.

We oftimes speak of trivial things  
And oftimes we complain,  
But do not speak an unkind word  
To cause another pain.

When so-called friends desert us  
And all hope in life seems lost,  
Don't give up, go ever onward,  
Count such friendship nought but dross.

You may meet another comrade  
Who is poorer than yourself,  
Give him a friendly handshake,  
It will mean much more than wealth.

Then we'll travel on life's journey  
Forming one great happy band,  
Looking forward, never backward,  
To a happier, better land.

—DAD PARKER.

## R.C.A.F. Theatre

### COMING ATTRACTIONS

Dec. 1 and 2—  
THE ROUNDUP  
Richard Dix, P. Morison

Dec. 3 and 4—  
FATHER TAKES A WIFE  
Gloria Swanson  
Adolphe Menjou

Dec. 5 and 6—  
NICE GIRL  
Deanna Durbin

Dec. 7—  
MAIL TRAIN  
Gordon Harker  
Allister Sims

Dec. 8 and 9—  
LET GEORGE DO IT  
George Formby

Dec. 10 and 11—  
YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH  
Rita Hayworth,  
Fred Astaire

Dec. 12 and 13—  
BACK STREET  
Charles Boyer,  
Margaret Sullavan

Dec. 14—  
THE MONSTER AND THE GIRL  
Ellen Drew,  
Robert Cameron

Dec. 15 and 16—  
TIME OUT FOR RHYTHM  
Rosemary Lane,  
Rudy Vallee

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