

R. C. A. F. (W. D.) Get Down To Work

Soliloquy on Life in General

(With deepest apologies to Ogden Nash and to all of you unfortunate readers—both of you)

It's very strange how life goes on—and nothing ever happens. For years and years, day in day out, ad nauseum, ad infinitum. A job seems like the thing to do—in fact it is essential, in order to keep up on stuff and other things potential.

To dress as well as all the others, and if possible even better, and go, and go, and wonder why you ever even bother.

A dance is fun—a beer is too—there are so many things to do, No one should be all out of sorts, **LIFE IS WONDERFUL**—no bad reports.

But all of a sudden something clicks—you wonder why the hell you stick.

It doesn't really matter a darn whether you're around or not when you get right down to it, No one is indispensable, no one is so important, so why should I fret and fume and worry and feel I simply can't be done without. "It's time to make a change, I think, with things the way they are.

Life is very **THRILLING** now, and **DANGEROUS**—there's a War! The conflict's on—we've got to win—there must be things to do, All men are needed for a million jobs—and girls are needed too!!

Now's the time for something drastic—it's now easy to explain Why the feeling of uncertainty has been prevalent all these days. It's in the air—on everyone's mind—the only job important

Is to win this war and do it quickly and get the darned thing over. Away with all the plans I've made and the lackadaisical role These things don't matter any more—Victory will be my goal! (Turn to Page Eight, Please)



WANTED MORE WEDDING CAKE
AW2 Black is fresh out. For three nights she slept on a piece of wedding cake and didn't dream of her future. Now she has borrowed AW2 Hoy's piece and still is having no luck. Now that she has worn out the supply will some one please come to her rescue.

UNITED CIGAR STORE
• SMOKES
• MAGAZINES
• CANDY
Soda Bar — Grill
20 Dunlop St.—Barrie

ATTENTION!
OVERNIGHT SERVICE THURSDAY ONLY
Our driver calls at Camp Borden daily.
NU-SERVICE Dry Cleaners
74 Elizabeth St. BARRIE
PHONE 4403



MILITARY SETS
Priced at \$2.50, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$8.00 and up
PENS at \$1.50, \$3.00, \$5.00 and up
On Display at Canadian Legion Canteen
SUPPLIED BY
Whitty's Drug Store
ALLANDALE - ONT.

HELLO FOLKS:
This is from the girls in the mess hall. Our mess hall once belonged to the LAC pilots on the station but upon the arrival of the W.D., they moved out. For this we owe them a lot and couldn't begin to express our thanks. It is a beautiful dining hall with lovely hardwood floors. Everything is grand. After working hard all day going into a place like this can mean a lot. In our barracks we often hear the girls saying how much it means to them and that makes us feel that our job is important. We try to keep it as it should be, bright and shining. Somehow at first when we thought about being mess women our job seemed small beside the jobs the other girls were doing, but when you hear them saying how much it means to them, we feel as though our job is really as important.

And then there's the one in charge. That one person can mean a lot. Our Sgt. Fraser is a wonderful person. He has taken us under his wing and helped us in many ways. For this we are also thankful. It is like any job you have in civilian life, if you like your boss you like your job, and we're all rooting for Sgt. Fraser. We hope they never take him away from us.

The W.D. thank the boys of the Station for the warm welcome they gave us on our arrival. We are going to try hard to make them like us as we hope they do. Each

and every one of us is mighty proud of the uniform we're wearing and we are proud to think we have been given the privilege of wearing it.
I'm saying bye-bye for the issue. May I pass on our cook's motto, "KEEP 'EM FRYING."

SHOP AT ZELLER'S IT PAYS
60 Dunlop St. Opposite Post Office BARRIE
ZELLER'S LTD.
Retailers to Thrifty Canadians

STEPHENSON'S FINE JEWELLERY
Headquarters for Air Force Jewellery
BULOVA — HAMILTON — ROLEX
ELCO and WESTFIELD WATCHES
PHONE 4201 OPPOSITE 18 Elizabeth St. BARRIE
BELL TELEPHONE

MOTOR TRANSPORT

A Bird's Eye View of the M.T. (W.D.) Drivers' Section

Where shall I begin!!! Really I think most of us felt very much like the beginner at school. Should I do this, or should I do that? We were very timid and excited about the first job entrusted to us. When it was completed our thoughts were, "Was that within the law?" In civilian life, yes, you drove 50 miles per hour, maybe more, if you weren't slowed down by the Traffic Cop's whistle. Now it's 15 miles per hour in the R.C.A.F. area, 25 miles in the Army area, 40 miles on the Highway, 10 miles for funeral and parades, miscellaneous miles for whatever foreign territory you happen to be in, speed limit of that area must be conformed to. An M.T. Driver's prayer, "I pray the Lord the speed limit's posted." Now that's settled, let's get on.

The first few days there really didn't seem much to it. But as days have passed we find M.T. Section is a most important cog in the Camp Borden machinery. Every Department calls upon M.T. some time of the day or week. Our work for this reason proves very interesting and varied. In time we hope that each of us will have had a chance to visit all the various Sections in Camp. At present we are not acquainted with all these "Babes in the Wood" trails around Camp Borden. Some fine day if an M.T. driver dashes madly into your Section and inquires for something you haven't got, please be patient with her, she'll do better next time. Just help the "Babe in the Wood" to the right trail, with a few directions. You'll see what service it will bring in return to show our appreciation.

The procedure seemed quite intricate at first, but it is gradually unfolding and sinking in. Why, at Training School we just heard about 8 M.T. Forms. We know why now, they had the other 88 M.T.

Forms at Camp Borden (more or less). Making these out seems like a game of "Eeny-meeny-miny-mo; there's one for you and one for us and one for the Commando." It seems foolish doesn't it? After all they say there's a war on and economy on paper is to be observed as well as on everything else.

Then the poor Despatcher must have many headaches. He has just so many vehicles and twice as many places to send them. He must know how long this run takes, what type of vehicle is best to despatch to do the job most economically, so that the vehicle may be ready to go out again at a required time.

Then there are the boys who keep 'em rolling. The workshop at times looks like a mess that had been shaken up in a bag and dumped on the floor. How in the world can they find places to put all those things together and make a running concern? You'd wonder, but they do. In that corner of the work we figure we'll have to learn a little more to replace them there—if ever. It seems as if one of the gals has turned a hand in that direction already, as overnight her coveralls became quite showproof. There are 35 men in our Section. We haven't the right name attached to all the right personages as yet. Some work night shift and there always seems to be a new face bobbing up. We hope to meet them all in the very near future. They're a hard working gang, but in face of it all there's always time for a pleasant word and the odd joke, which tends to make work more pleasurable.

One problem the M.T. Section is up against is, all vehicles must be used until they become unserviceable. I figured I had gotten hold of that unserviceable vehicle the other day when I was sent to Barrie to bring a patient to Camp. I'm wondering if his thoughts were, if he'd be more a patient than he already was, before we reached our destination; as this particular vehicle resembles the "dodgems" at an amusement centre. Glad to relate, however, we now, they had the other 88 M.T. (Turn to Page Eight, please)

WORKS AND B.

I'm writing this poem all alone, Here's the reason, you see, I'm the only gal of W.D. Who's employed at Works and B.

Just wish you knew the effort it is, To write a bit of news, They're kibitzers all, short and tall, Watching me express my views.

The dance, oh yes, was a great success, At least I heard no complaints, Except for one rule, darn close to cruel, We're certainly not rated as "Saints".

Our stay to date has been a treat No kicks, no groans, no murmurs, As long as we go on ignoring All the far fetched rumors.

The personnel of W & B Is really the "creme de la creme" With Bohas (the quiet one), Po-guey and Blahout— It's great to be the only femme.

Our senior N.C.O., you know, Is the famous W. Reed, Who rules the roost and all he surveys, With an iron hand indeed.

To "Wings Over Borden" Our heartfelt thanks For those kind words last week To lonesome gals so far from home, They gladdened our hearts that were bleak.

—K. MCCARTHY

(Tune—"Our Sgt. Major")

Before the whistle blows Who is up on her toes, Our silver lining—always shining Favourite Sgt. Ball.

No one could take the place Of such a welcome face, So like a mother—we all love her Our Sgt. Ball.

She's the best friend in the service We ever had, And if they leave her stay with us We'll be mighty glad.

No matter where we roam, Near or far from home We'll have no kick—if we can stick With our Sgt. Ball.

—L. ST. C. SAWDON.
Salute to Sgt. Ball, Squadron 4.

We're the W.D.'s at Borden And proud are we to be A part of this old station That is fighting for the free. We listen to the bombers Roaring over-head And hope that some day soon we'll play A bigger part instead.

But we shall keep on patiently Though it's hard I will confess And we'll have our fun When we are done We're the crew of the Officers' Mess.

—L. J. S. SHEARER.

take a chance on a parachute packed by us. Now if that isn't an insult, what is?

You may rest assured, gentlemen, that if your parachute fails to open, we will not only replace the parachute but will probably spend 21 years languishing in jail. You may now jump boys, and leave the rest up to OUR parachutes.

THE GIRLS OF THE PARACHUTE SECTION

It has reached the ears of the fair maidens who valiantly strive to pack parachutes, that members of the air crew have decided to stick to their planes rather than chutes.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR DISPLAY OF Greeting Cards?
Remember those important dates with a card!
Exclusive Gifts for every occasion!
WRAPPING AND MAILING SERVICE AT
WEAYMOUTH'S BOOKSTORE
Phone 4055 30 ELIZABETH STREET, Barrie, Ontario

SINGLE ROOM CABINS FOR TWO OR MORE
Two Rooms with screened porch, front and back; accommodation for 2-4 or more
Bridgeview Apartments
Jas. E. Beardsall, Prop.
WASAGA BEACH
SINGLE AND DOUBLE BEDROOMS
Clean, comfortable. Everything supplied for light housekeeping excepting towels. Attractive rotunda and writing room. Situated on main thoroughfare. Store in connection.

at EATON'S

SNUG MONEY BELTS
SAFE-KEEPING FOR YOUR HARD-EARNED CASH!
Top Illustration—Hickok belt of Khaki suede leather with zipper pockets and single buckle fastening. Each \$2.00.
Bottom Illustration — In Khaki Suede Leather, with zipper pockets, two-buckle fastening. Each \$1.25.
WRITE OR VISIT THE WAR SERVICE DEPOT
MAIN STORE — MAIN FLOOR
T. EATON CO. LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA