



What Goes On

The very present trade test is casting its gloom of apprehension over our normally very pleasant barrack rooms, at this very moment, and it is hard to realize that as you read this, if you read it, life will have resumed its usual status of combined gaiety and unsolvable worries which are now dwarfed by the awful exigency at hand.

Smatterings of barrack room chatter usually merge together into a rather extraordinary pattern of past and future forty-eights and the joys thereof, clothes to be washed and ironed—something could be written about the perpetual laundering, like the popular song "From Taps to Reveille" only in reverse,—but to continue, the problems of cleanliness, of buttons to be shined and shoes to be polished, how someone was almost late last night, how someone else was late and why, bits and pieces of letters from home, mingling together with the never-ending voice of the telephone.

All this is changed, not that there are not a few normal folk among us, consumed with what we think now rather petty problems, but the whole rhythm is broken by this threat to our self confidence, the awful fear of failing a trade test. People are heard to mutter about E47's in one, two, three or is it four copies, "make it ten," says someone, "you can always throw away what you don't want." Standing contracts have become goblins of horrible importance and the mysteries of pay accounting is having a serious effect on the dispositions of some of our sunniest natures.

For the first time in our Camp Borden experience, our fellow members are expressing Garbo tendencies, outworn Garbo tendencies we should say, because Hollywood's mystery girl has joined the ranks of the glamour girls now and no longer wants to be alone.

There is quite a difference of opinion as to the general approach to a trade test. There are those of us who think that by worrying loudly and long our store of knowledge will be increased, a sort of three times a day ritual of the words "I'm scared to death about my trade test, I really must study," and whoops we astound our examiners with concise and accurate answers—by now we know if it has worked. Then there are those who think rest is the only approach. Announce that two hours of hard study is in order. Get comfortable as well as beautiful in one's best house coat, a precis book, a notebook, paper and a pencil are added and then drift quietly and thoroughly off to sleep. We know one brand new corporal who adheres to this recipe.

Then there is the admirable method of ignoring the whole issue, if time permits a bit of study of course, but relaxation is the keynote to success is it not? Well, relaxation is in order.

Enough about our bogey which is past and gone, but due to arrive again as bogies always do, but that is not for a long time yet.

PAGE TWELVE

NO MAN'S LAND

In a brief review of our changing scene AW1 Mullins, C. T., who last spoke to you from these pages, where she established a fine precedent of journalism we find difficult to uphold, is now deep in a meteorologist course in Toronto. She is working hard, having fun and is, all in all in very fine form, but with the satisfactory note that Borden is still her favorite camp and she misses it very much. We are glad to be able to report this little note of discontent in her surroundings because we miss Mullins and would hate to think she had forgotten us all.

AW1 Schwandt, R., and AW1 Macdonald, J., are both very interested in their new work, Ruth in Montreal taking a wireless course and Jean at the moment finishing up her Administrative course in Toronto. They, too, tell us they miss us which makes us very happy, smug souls that we are, we Camp Bordenites.

Not newcomers any more really but not yet officially welcomed in these pages are AW2 Johnson, F. A., AW2 Rogers, M. E., AW2 Tompkins, P. C., AW2 Turner, A. M., AW2 King, S. E., AW2 Tessier, I. C., and AW2 Lambie, A. C., Mallett, C. I., Moon, M. K. Posted here recently they have joined us as clerks general, telephone operators, motor transport drivers and general duties. Right now we say welcome and we do hope you like us.

In the "something new has been added" column we say congratulations to Corporal Clegg who is just getting used to her new stripes and doesn't yet respond to the greeting of "Corporal."

Summer is over and autumn with all its charm and temperament is here, early mornings cause us to wonder if we will ever find the mess hall come December and January and into our minds comes that old favourite "Autumn leaves coming falling down around my head..." Remember it? Or are you of later vintage? All of which brings us to the clothing stores where one recent afternoon, a stormy battle raged. In true housewifely fashion this important part of the equipment section was putting its summer things away, when the question arose, "Do moths eat cottons?" As far as one of the staff was concerned there was no question to it. Moths if left to themselves most certainly did eat cottons and over his dead body would the articles in hand get wrapped up without plenty of moth balls. Moth balls were a fine thing and were no doubt heartily disliked by the moth clan, said another of the staff, but in her opinion it was overdoing it a bit to place them snugly in layers of cotton which any self respecting moth would starve rather than eat. Another ingenious member of the clothing stores tried to end the whole business by the suggestion that a large sign, clearly and neatly printed, and placed on the outside of the wrapping, stating "Cottons only" would save everyone as well as the moths a great deal of time and trouble. If anything, it added fuel to the fire and to date we haven't heard of an armistice or a solution either. Any suggestions?

An Island

Most of us keep our philosophies tightly locked up within us and are not given to deep and ponderous discourse or thought. Being busy people, we reflect our own approach to life, rather than talk about it. Sometimes, however, another's action or speech will arrest us with its glimpse of depth beneath the seeming routine of the moment.

"An island of my own," was the expression lightly used the other evening and which seems to us to offer a channel of thought deeper, perhaps, than even the speaker realized. The occasion was not an impressive one or important. One, tired and discouraged, a momentary "fedupness" which comes to all of us, wanted to get out of it all. The other, shocked, was firmly reprimanding her. "But don't you ever," she was asked, "feel you'd like to get out of it and go to your own particular island?" "Ah," she answered, "my own particular island, yes." And with that the conversation ended.

Perhaps she meant literally an island of her own. We don't think so. She does, we think, carry that island with her, and it seems to us a most necessary part of our daily equipment, living as we do in a world not quite sane—and we suspect that people have always thought the world quite mad. But living in an age made horrible for many by a science that has outstripped our social politics more than ever it is necessary that each person has within him his own security and faith.

The old order has gone, the new may be a long time coming and tired and weary as we may be we cannot go back, and we cannot run away. Adjustments and courage are the keystones of the day, courage to meet petty and tiresome inconveniences as well as disaster. All these things, the trappings of an intensely interesting if terrifying era, make it important that we build for ourselves "an island of our own." An island which means faith in ourselves and humanity, a broad view that sees a better road ahead than the one that winds behind us, and humour that melts our discouragements and discomforts.

—RCAF—

BY R.H.R., R.A.F.

The rich man has his motor car
His country and his town estate,
He smokes a fifty cent cigar
And also jeers at fate.
Yet though my lamp burn low and dim
Though I must slave for livelihood
Think you that I would change for him,
You bet I would.

Thieves respect property. They merely wish the property to become their property that they may more perfectly respect it.

The female of the species is more deadly than the mail.

Too lightly opened are a woman's ears; her fence down-trod by many trespassers.

Government is a trust, and the officers of the Government are trustees; and both the trust and the trustees are created for the benefit of the people.

A man once asked Diogenes what was the proper time for supper and he made answer, "If you are a rich man, whenever you please; and if you are a poor man, whenever you can."

WINGS OVER BORDEN, OCTOBER, 1942

Women's Division Pioneers Have Built Firmly Says Mrs. A. Matthews

"You are pioneers, as our fathers were pioneers in this vast and beautiful country, and as they built strongly and well, so are you," said Mrs. A. Matthews, wife of Lieut. Governor A. Matthews, when she addressed the Royal Canadian Air Force, Women's Division, here recently.

Mrs. Matthews, who visited this station on September 18, spoke to the members of the Women's Division, following a luncheon at the airwomen's mess in her honor by the Women's Division officers and airwomen. She was introduced by the Senior Officer Mrs. E. E. Reed, Section Officer who expressed the pleasure felt by the presence of Mrs. Matthews and Mrs. Douglas Edwards, wife of Group Captain Edwards, Commanding Officer No. 1 S.F.T.S. Present also at the head table were Miss M. Dunbar, Section Officer, Miss N. E. Hargan, Assistant Section Officer, Mrs. E. S. Patterson, Assistant Section Officer, Sergeant J. Anning, Corporal M. MacKenzie and Corporal L. Hyckie.

High in her praise of the work done by the girls, Mrs. Matthews spoke of the many people throughout the country who had viewed with considerable alarm the forma-

tion of such a women's organization, some stating flatly that it could not work, others less outspoken sharing their apprehension. "It is due to the splendid job you have done," she said, "that these people are now admitting that the revolutionary idea of women in uniform is no longer such, but an actual and successful fact.

"You have built a fine foundation," she continued, "and you and I know how important is a foundation. You are the pioneers in one of the most outstanding departures among women in this country, that this age has known, and the example set by you will be followed by the thousands of girls who are now joining you and who are to join you. Keep the high standard you have set and continue to do the excellent work you are doing," she concluded.

Mrs. Matthews expressed her delight at being with the girls, and spoke highly of Camp Borden, feeling sure, she said, "that you all must enjoy especially being out of the heat and stuffiness of the city during the summer."

Before leaving the station Mrs. Matthews made a special tour of the airwomen's barracks.

What a Crazy Thing That Was

I am one of the fellows who made the world safe for democracy. What a crazy thing that was. I fought and I fought and I fought—but I had to go anyway. I was called in class "A". The next time I went to be in class "B". Be here when they go and be here when they come back. I remember when I registered I went up to the desk and the man in charge was my milkman. He said, "What's your name?" I said, "You know my name." "What's your name?" I said, "You know my name." "What's your name?" So I told him, "August Childe." He said, "Are you an alien?" I said, "No, I feel fine." He asked me where I was born and I said, Pittsburgh. Then he asked me, "When did you first see the light of day?" I said, "When we moved to Philadelphia." He asked me how old I was—and so I told him 25 the first of September. He said, "The first of September you'll be in France and that will be the last of August."

The day I went to camp I guess they didn't think I'd live long. The first fellow wrote on my card, "Flying Corps 'e'". I went a little farther and some fellow said, "Look what the wind's blowing in." "Wind nothing, the draft's doing it." On the second day they put these clothes on me. What an outfit.

Soon as you are in it (the uniform) you think you can fight anybody. They have two sizes—too small and too large. The pants are so tight I can't sit down. The shoes are so big I turned around three times and they didn't move. The raincoat they gave me, it strains the rain. I passed an officer all dressed up with a funny belt and all that stuff. He said calling after me, "Don't you notice my uniform when you pass?" I said, "Yes, what are you kicking about? Look what they gave me."

Oh, it was nice—five below one morning they called us out for an underwear inspection. You talk about scenery, red flannels, B.V.D.'s and all kinds. The union suit I had would fit Tony Galento. The Lieuten-

ant lined us up and told us to stand up. I said, "I am, sir, this underwear makes me think I'm sitting down." He got mad and he put me out digging a ditch. A little while later he passed me and said, "Don't throw that dirt here." I said, "Where am I going to put it?" He said, "Dig another hole and put it there."

Three days later we sailed for France. Marching down the pier I had more luck. I had a sergeant who stuttered and it took him so long to say "Halt" that 27 of us marched overboard. They pulled me out and lined us up on the pier, and the captain came by and said "Fall in." I said, "I have been in sir."

"I was on the boat for 12 days—seasick for 12 days. Nothing going down and everything coming up. Leaned over the rail all the time. In the middle of one of my best leans the captain rushed up and said, "What company are you in?" I said, "I'm all by myself." He asked me if the Brigadier was up yet. I said, "If I swallowed it, it's up." Talk about your dumb people. I said to one of the fellows, "I guess we dropped anchor." He replied, "I knew they'd lose it. It's been hanging over the boat since we left New York."

When we landed in France we were immediately sent to the trenches. After three nights in the trenches the cannon started to roar and the shells started to pass. I was shaking patriotism. I tried to hide behind the trees but there weren't enough trees for the officers. The captain came around and said, "Five o'clock we go over the top." "I'd like a furlough," I said. He said, "Haven't you any red blood in you?" I said, "Yes, but I don't want to lose it." Five o'clock we went over the top. 10,000 Austrians came at us. The way they looked at me you'd think it was I who started the war. Our captain called, "Fire at will!" but I didn't know any of their names. I guess the fellow behind me thought I was Will. He fired his gun and shot me in the excitement.



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