

## Editorially Speaking

### PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Those charged with the duty of producing a creditable issue of Wings Over Borden each month, find their task immeasurably lighter through the co-operation of those who advertise in our columns. Most of us are sufficiently well acquainted with publishing costs to know that it would not be possible to continue publication of the station journal, were it not for the revenue derived from the sale of advertising space.

We feel that the station personnel is proud of its monthly magazine and would want to see it continued steadily. Each officer, non-commissioned officer and man on the station may help in ensuring regular production by co-operating with the advertisers as they have co-operated with us. So we who edit and write Wings Over Borden ask you, where possible, to patronize those who advertise in our columns. Your patronage will help the advertisers, as their advertising helps Wings Over Borden.

—RCAP—

### RATION ORATION

Heretofore we have steered clear of this word ration but it's slowly getting us down. How can we have any national unity if radio commentators sneer rayshun or ration at each other during every hour of the day? . . . In regard to American commentators we can view their rayshuning with tolerance. That's the way they've been brought up but surely the first duty of all loyal Canadians is to get together on this word. It has become a national question and our Prime Minister, who believes so staunchly in unity, should call a plebiscite on the matter. The minority will vote for rayshun. The majority for ration and we will all say rayshun. . . . We have discussed this perplexing problem with specialists, with educators, with editors and with just ordinary people. They say ration is right but rayshun is right too. We even trod the well-worn path to the office dictionary. It was compiled in the U.S. and without any qualifications states that rayshun is the pronunciation or, if preferred, ration. Our own, less imposing dictionary, (English) gives it vice versa. . . . So that's how the matter rests. It is now the urgent duty of the government to intervene in the interests of National Unity. A vote would settle the whole question—just as it has in conscription. We could then say either ration or rayshun.

—Toronto Evening Telegram.

—RCAP—

### PADRE'S CORNER

"It is worth while to look at the type of character which Jesus admires. How many of the parables turn on energy? Thus the parable of the talents turns on energetic thinking and decisive action; and these are the things that Jesus admires—in the widow who will have justice; in the virgins who thought ahead and brought extra oil; in the vigorous man who found the treasure and made sure of it; in the friend at midnight who hammered, hammered, hammered till he got his loaves; in the man who will hack off his hand to enter into life. On the other hand, He is always against the life of drift, the half-thought-out life. There they were, He says, in the days of Noah, eating, drinking, marrying, dreaming—and the flood came and destroyed them. There is the person who everlastingly says and does not do, who promises to work and does not work, who receives a new idea with enthusiasm but has not depth enough of nature for it to root itself, who builds on sand, the sort that compromises, that tries to serve God and mammon, all the practical half-and-half people. It is energy of mind that He calls for—either with me or against me."

—T. R. Glover.

### BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

By F/O E. G. KENDALL

It was a pleasant world—taking it all in all—that world from which we Canadians were so rudely wrenched in September of the year 1939. Suppose you let your memory go back to it for just one fleeting moment. It is a pleasant Sunday morning in Springtime. The sun is shining brightly. Mr. Average Canadian has just finished a hearty breakfast. He lets his belt out a notch and prepares to loll on the chesterfield, leisurely pawing through the Sunday papers and smoking a good cigar. Of course, he has eaten too much and feels a little drowsy. But why not? There is plenty of everything for all—or nearly all—of us. The gathering war clouds in Europe and the war in China is just another radio programme. A news commentator in cultured tones of unctuous cheerfulness is droning out something about some wild men in Europe led by a half-crazy fanatic who prefers guns to butter. But the radio is only half heard through the din of a neighbour trying out the engine of his new model. He has just finished his eight-hour shift at the factory and is preparing to take his usual hundred-mile jaunt to his summer cottage. He is proud of his new car, and you spend a few minutes pleasantly kibitzing over the back fence. You talk about taxes and politics and religion all quite good-humoredly and without fear. Perhaps you grouse at the government a little. Most men, in a democracy like Canada, do. That is their privilege. There is no gestapo. Then, perhaps, you decide to get dressed up and go to church. What church? Why, your own, of course! That, too, is another God-given right in a democracy.

You simply cannot conceive of any other way of life. In your mind it has always been that way. And it always will!

In your mind, yes—but not in the minds of all men. For suddenly your pleasant little world is shattered by a ridiculous little paper-hanger in a town thousands of miles away. A strange madman who, seemingly diabolically inspired with hate and fury, leads into war eighty millions of a race having a genius for mass subordination. A war in which they purpose to shake the foundation of the world and re-shape the form of civilization for a thousand years.

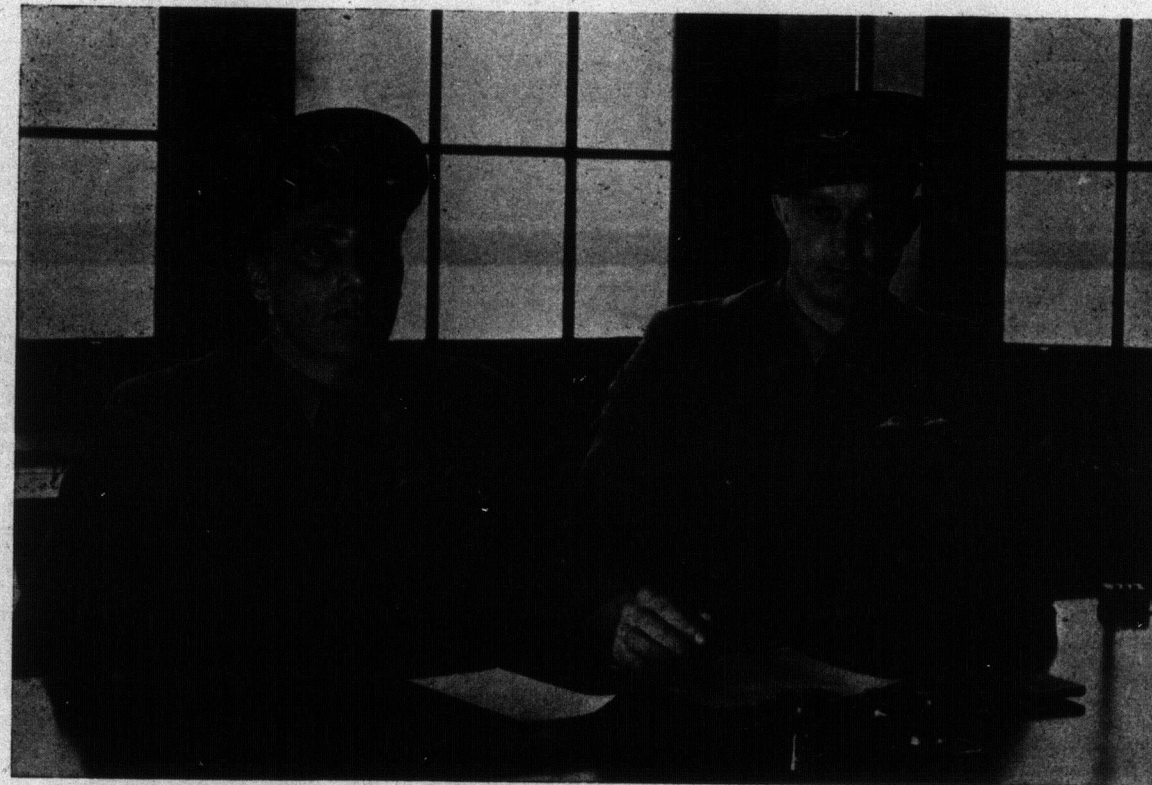
Not social justice and decency, and freedom is to be the creed of the new order of German mastery, but a life based on dark, beastlike, slimy foundation-stones of hate and greed, despair, starvation and slavery, mass murder and mass suicide. And the pleasant pattern of your hopeful world lies in ashes.

Already, all Europe and much of Asia is a prison. A brutal concentration camp where freedom dies and strong men weep in chains; where women are yoked to ploughshares and die under the curses and wirewhips of the conqueror; where parentless children grovel in garbage heaps for the glory of "Der Fuehrer." And not for just a day—but, forever! For this is no temporary eclipse of the sun of righteousness and freedom, but the complete extinguishing forever of all that we hold dear and all that makes life worth living: love, decency, freedom, justice, happiness.

To save the world from this hideous fate every day in miserable Europe, some pitiful little peasant hears the measured tread of marching feet along the cobblestones of his once pleasant native village as he is led out to die at the whim of some petty and ruthless tyrant. Never a day passes that some gallant seaman does not swim in a sea of blazing oil and attempt to guide a water-logged and bullet-riddled lifeboat halfway across the broad Atlantic. "If," as Pluto says, "progress is the gradual evolution of

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## CHIEF INSTRUCTORS -- PAST AND PRESENT



W/C J. B. FLOWERDEW AND S/L G. A. HILTZ

### FAREWELL BORDEN

I am taking this opportunity of saying "Good-bye" to you all, through the medium of our recently re-vitalized "Wings Over Borden."

With the personnel of the Training Wing, I would like to leave this thought. Remember that the only purpose of No. 1 S.F.T.S., its sole raison d'être, is the training of future pilots. When more active spheres of warfare seem more alluring remember that the best pilots will only be turned out by the nation with the best instructors. No greater contribution to Victory can be made than you are making.

It is not easy to say "Good-bye" to Borden and so many friends, but this is lightened by the knowledge that the old job is being left in the capable hands of Squadron Leader Hiltz, the new Chief Instructor. I know you will all accord him the same keen and unselfish co-operation you have given me.

*J. B. Flowerdew*

### HELLO BORDEN

In assuming my duties as Chief Instructor, at the Training Wing, No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden, I am not at all unmindful of the many tasks which lie ahead for all of us. In being conscious of these future tasks, I am equally cognizant of the splendid accomplishments of my predecessor, Wing Commander Flowerdew. To him, and the staff which aided him, I wish to express my thanks and the sincere hope that we may carry on in the splendid spirit so self-evident.

Like the gentleman I succeed, the saying of "Good-byes" at Trenton was not an easy job. I can truthfully say the generous welcome which has been accorded, both my wife and myself upon our arrival here, has done much to make us feel at home with you.

In the days, weeks and months that are ahead, we have a tremendous task to complete. In the dark and the daylight our small part may often appear tiresome. Let us remember the high ideals to which we are pledged and "Carry On."

*G. A. Hiltz*