

# NO MAN'S LAND

## Motor Transport (Women's Division)

Here we are again, folks! The better part of a month has lapsed since last Wings Over Borden. I guess by now we're being counted one of the "gang," instead of referred to as the segregated W.D.'s.

We're very well acquainted with our area now. It's quite safe to send us to Stores, that means on the Station, not in Barrie. I'm sure the general personnel of the Station are much relieved of their former directional duties to the "Babes in the Woods." Strange, too, that misplaced handle on the door that was hinged backwards seems to be O.K. The troublesome areas of varying speed regulations have become second nature. You just "step on it" or slacken up, as you merge into them. We fear, however, one speed regulation was omitted, that governing the rate of speed up and down. As you travel 15 miles per hour on the straight-way, I'd hate to risk registering what the speedometer would be clocking up and down on some of these roads. Better have those pavers work on the main thoroughfare through Camp.

Since we've absorbed so much and show that we CAN DO IT, we feel sure we shall be entrusted with more reliable duties. The fact that we have been permitted to attend the scene of some crashes and forced landings off the Station (at some distance, too, and for all day) and came back safely, shows the ties are gradually loosening upon us. We like it, as one works better without the tension. They will soon realize we're like the Homing Pigeon, "We'll always return."

We have become accustomed to the daily routine in the Section. "Detail," carries an additional meaning, besides falling out on parade. In the M.T., "Detail," is daily jobs that have been laid down and have to be carried out, some around the Station, others require going off the Station—as mail run, express, rations, gas tenders, Security Guard, Service Police, etc., etc. These details require a number of hands to carry on. At present we're shorthanded, that several have been posted from our Section. But with the tactful management of those in charge and the co-operative spirit of those remaining, I don't think there are any complaints of being hampered or delay of M.T. service, from other Sections on the Station.

We'd like to inform patients at the M.I. room, that the Ambulance is again serviceable and no fear or wondering (at least for a while) if they shall arrive at C.B.M.H. with the only ailment they started off with, or have to walk half the way, as the result of their joy ride in our beloved vehicle, 412. Perhaps you'd like to know the dear old vehicle is quite well again or on the road to recovery too, doing as nicely as can be expected from its former critical condition.

We would like to know? Is it the Spring Fever that makes some folk grunt and groan with stiffening of the joints or has the inclement weather had a finger in the pie? Why do others get the wander lust to seek out quiet roads or turn to the water's edge and indulge in the good old sport, canoeing? May it be they haven't all the civilian traits buried and get the longing to do those things that used to be?

Yes, this is Spring, the growing season. Just visit us, you'll certainly agree the

Spring showers haven't drowned all the crops, when you see the tender growth rapidly sprouting on the upper lip of one fair youth. He better keep inside when the lawn mowers are passing by.

In closing, we wish to say a word of farewell to those leaving our Section, to take up service elsewhere: LAC's Rawlings, Goodman, Booker, Scott and Marshman. Bon Voyage, boys. We will surely miss you, but know you will continue the good work wherever you go. Also to AW2's MacGregor and Goodeve, who have entered upon their Administrative Course in Toronto. Best of luck, gals, and show 'em the stuff good old Squadron 4 was made of.

Cheerio! Till next Wings Over Borden.

AW2 Morgan (M.T.)

—RCAF—

## Sharing Man's World

"Blood, sweat and tears," Mr. Churchill said, "is the price of victory." But much as we appreciate the obvious sincerity of his remark, day in and day out we are impressed more with the fact that for the W.D. it is sleep, sweat and lisle hose.

Sleep that ravishes the slim beauty of svelte airwomen with damaging pounds; sleep that denies us dancing hours with deliciously dangerous uniforms; sleep that seeps into our system until it becomes a companion of our every waking hour.

Sweat that sends tired curls limping down around listless collars; rolls starched belts into dejected folds; and leaves airwomen's noses shining bravely for all the world to see. Faces sans powder, sans rouge, sans glamour. Women robbed of their pet artifice and thrown naked-faced into association with critical-eyed airmen.

Heavy, coarse, ribbed hose, of midnight blue, inclined to stick, inclined to itch, and with a candour that denies us any claim to fastidiousness, inclined to steam! Hardly is this the picture that we envisioned on enlisting for adventure in the sky. Little we thought that our dreams of valorous war effort would be limited to such petty annoyances as wind, sand, mosquitoes, and men!

Honesty—and women have their share of it—demands we admit to liking the men. Like them? We love 'em! But, oh, their mental attitudes! Early in the game we realized that our biggest stumbling-block would be the male attitude to women in the service, and we prepared for a long, arduous siege. From the beginning we have run across every type. The die-hard military mind who refuses to bend his outlook to seeing the necessity for women in the service; the happy-go-lucky individual with an eye to his own amusement, who rubs his hands and chortles, "Sure, let the little darlings in;" and the perfectly natural airman, who accepts us cheerfully, and in some instances gratefully. Surprisingly and pleasantly, the dominant male has been very receptive. Contrary to expectations we have been welcomed with open arms, and showered with attention at every turn. The gift of the W.D. lounge and the opportunity to share the canteen, library, swimming pool, and other facilities has been more than generous. Though at first we were inclined to "look a gift horse in the mouth" and suspect the powers that

be of having brought pressure to bear, the airmen's attitude has shown that they were ready to be generous to a fault without any official "coaxing." More than these overtures, the spirit of friendliness and co-operation has made us feel at home, and made our transformation into station life much easier.

Though life in the service is not a glamorous, glorious adventure, but rather a confining, day-in and day-out existence, to most of us it brings satisfaction, and to all of us a thrill. The thrill of belonging. There is nothing women want more than to share man's world, and here we do it.

—RCAF—

## AIRFORCE WEDDING

In a ceremony unique because it was officiated and attended entirely by Air Force personnel, AW1 Kathleen Tapping married LAC John Coombs. The marriage was performed by F/L Butcher in the St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Barrie, Friday evening, July 3rd. The parents of both the bride and groom being unable to attend, Miss Tapping was given in marriage by F/L Sturgeon. Attending the wedding party as maid of honor and best man were AW1 Margaret Parsons and LAC Rex Varzant.

Following the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Coombs phoned the good news to their respective families, and the party then proceeded to Wasaga Beach, where the event was celebrated by a wedding supper at the Wasaga Lodges. Despite the fact that the couple's plans were rather hazy, the affair was properly done up with roast duck, wedding cake, and Canadian ale.

Prior to the wedding a pre-nuptial party was held, Wednesday evening at the Hostess House. The affair, a wiener roast and dance was a joint celebration honouring the engaged couple and saying goodbye to those of the W.D. posted to Newfoundland.

On their return to camp, following a honeymoon at Wasaga, the bride began clearances prior to discharge, while the groom continues his studies with course 52. Mr. Coombs expects to receive his wings on the next wings parade, July 17.

## DERMAC BEAUTY SALON BARRIE'S LEADING HAIRDRESSERS

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## University Air Training Plan

The University Air Training Plan has been tested. And this new experiment was a definite success. A number of the thirty-eight university students in Course No. 1 are planning on immediate enlistment with the R.C.A.F. as pilots or observers. The others will follow soon.

It was on Sunday, May 3, when Camp Borden first began to notice peculiar buttons, coloured insignia and badgeless caps, all camouflaged by Air Force uniforms. Some students from the University of Toronto, Queen's University and Ontario Agricultural College had arrived—the vanguard of the first civilians in Canada's history to wear the Air Force blue.

They looked forward with mingled fear and anticipation to their two weeks of completing I.T.S. work at an S.F.T.S. How would the "regulars" treat them? Would they be doing any flying? Well, the course is over now and the questions are answered. The students departed with a new air of confident satisfaction and with a determination to do their part in our national job.

As soon as the "regulars" found out that the newcomers were not P.P.O.'s or any such exalted people, a feeling of real comradeship began to spring up. In spite of the fact that they played better baseball than the Flyers, the boys with the plain buttons felt pretty green when it came to discussing matters aeronautical with experienced men. And many of them looked green after the instructors demonstrated all that they could pull out of the trick bag of aerobatics. The stock of fighter pilots went up a hundred points in the first hour. Incidentally—a lot of other things came up in that hour, too! But they all agreed that it was a fine show and an appropriate initiation.

Everyone was pleased with the quarters and the food. The only heart break was the great distance in between: the two! Full advantage was taken of all Borden's recreational facilities. But it seems that the favourite amusement was watching Flight Senior W.O. Turner getting the boys out of bed. Next came the efforts of Corporal R. Davidge to get them into barracks and out again in "just forty seconds"—always miraculously successful. Then off to a day of lectures, drill and P.T. It was a widespread opinion that the lecturers were much more interesting than their subjects, but even the lectures were interesting to people who go for that sort of thing.

But even the most interesting talks can get boring if it is theory, theory, theory, all day long. A little practical inspection of aircraft would have spiced things up. The kick the boys got out of pushing planes around in the hangars suggests the idea that the next course should get an hour of hangar fatigue every day instead of drill. Who can understand a tarmac check without ever seeing the instruments? Even washing planes would teach something worth knowing.

Of course, there was considerable inconvenience due to the novelty of the set-up, but F/O A. S. Mitchell did a good job. But it is disconcerting to find that nobody knows your standing or what you are to do. The next course, however, will find it easier now that the ice has been broken. And they will also find that Camp Borden exceeds their wildest hopes as to military camps.

## MEET THE LADIES



Mrs. D. M. Edwards

Mrs. Edwards, wife of Group Captain D. M. Edwards, Commanding Officer, is at present resident on the Station. Mrs. Edwards takes a keen interest in all aspects of Station life, and is at the moment devoting her considerable energy and valuable experience in adjusting the set-up of the Station Library. Under her guidance the scope of this important section of the unit will be increased greatly with resulting benefit to all.

"Wings Over Borden" is happy to welcome Mrs. Edwards to Camp Borden, and on behalf of the Editorial Staff and all Station personnel, expresses the hope that her stay with us may be long and pleasant.

LIKE AN INDUSTRY  
"My father loses money on everything my brother makes."  
"What does your brother make?"  
"Mistakes."

—RCAF—  
PERHAPS

"Mr. Henpeck, what do you think of a man who marries for money?"  
"I think he earns every cent he gets."

—RCAF—  
MIGHT BE

"I understand married men make the best commercial travellers."  
"That's right. Probably because they're so used to taking orders."

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