



## NO MAN'S LAND

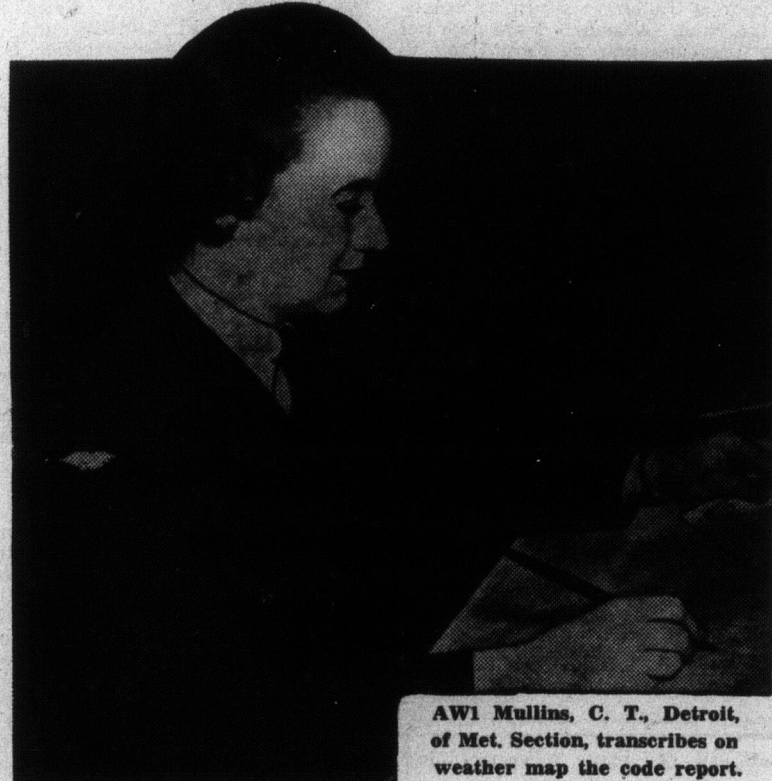
### Gracie Fields at Borden

GRACIE FIELDS. No name in the theatrical world is as synonymous with entertainment as that of Fields. Needless to go into an account of past performances nor of her present tours. Enough to say that Sunday, Nov. 1, performance was "tops."

The evening began with selections by the Army band until time for the radio broadcast. At the finish of the broadcast the audience joining in singing the signature, "Wish Me Luck as You Wave Me Goodbye," the real show began. With "Now we'll get something done," Miss Fields shoved aside the mike and really went to town.

Whether by accident or intent, the songs for the evening were singularly apropos. With "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" for the men of the armed services, and "Walter, Walter, Lead Me to the Altar" for the almost desperate W.D. (never have their most secret wishes been so well voiced), Gracie managed to "touch" most of the audience. Favorites such as "The Greatest Aspidistra in the World" and "Ave Maria" proved her versatility and received an enthusiastic response.

Miss Fields' gown of white georgette studded with gold beads and topped with a jacket of gold sequins caused a stir of



AW1 Mullins, C. T., Detroit, of Met. Section, transcribes on weather map the code report.

interest in the women in the crowd, and no doubt some envy. A blue chiffon hankie served as accessory and as a complete set of stage props. Used as a bubushka and a scarf, it costumed every character from factory girl to Walter's sweetie.

The show was a success. May we have another like it soon.

#### FOUND

Elsewhere in these pages you were told the story of the lost poem. The cooks, remember? Well, just before handing in our copy the little rascal turned up again.

We are the cooks of the W.D.

We went to Guelph to the O.A.C.

We drilled, we cooked,

We wrote our test,

We think our job is one of the best.

We were posted to Borden first of all,

One day in April, if I recall.

We felt very happy coming here,

At least we could spread a little cheer.

We cooked—we cleaned our mess up too,

And now we are trying to show you

That we can cook, sure we can,

So let us cook now for the men.

In this new place we call the mess

Is where I'm sure we'll do our best.

So in Wings Over Borden, mention, please

That there are cooks in the W.D.'s.

LAW GILBERT.

### Arts and Crafts

One of the most instructive and worthwhile evenings was spent recently by the Women's Division at a meeting held by Mrs. McCulloch, wife of S/L McCulloch. The talk, on handicrafts, took in leather workmanship, pottery, sewing, felt work, and various crafts. Held in the Airmen's lounge, Nov. 2, it was attended by officers of the Women's Division and interested airwomen. "That sort of thing" had been given up by most of us on donning a uniform, but the introduction of new, novel, and reasonable ideas has invoked interested response.

Mrs. McCulloch comes from Prestwick, Ayrshire, Scotland. Immediately on leaving Varsity she began pioneering in a new field. In order to take unemployed Scotch youth, between the ages of 14 to 18, off the streets, the "Junior Instruction Centre" was formed. This organization, at which attendance was compulsory, gave courses in academic and vocational subjects. One of the first in the field Mrs. McCulloch helped organize the centres. When war work wiped out unemployment and the need for the centres dissolved, she was one of the youngest superintendents in the organization. At the time of her leaving Scotland to make her home in Canada, some two years ago, she was actively engaged in war work with evacuee children.

The Women's Division would like to thank her for the time and effort spent in their behalf. Such genuine and constructive interest is greatly appreciated.

#### RCAF

### They Stuck to Their Job

After a long evening's work, AW2 Gowan found this little gem of wisdom lying in the bottom of her work basket. At the time it inspired nothing but sarcasm, but later consideration brought out its appeal. The moral is plain to be seen, but she did feel that something better should have awaited her when through honest toil, and "fair wear and tear" (a phrase well known to equipment assistants) she finally reached the bottom of her basket. It is faintly reminiscent of that sentence we used to practice when typing, "A job well done is its own best reward," which is still a matter of opinion. However, here it is:

Diamonds are only chunks of coal  
That stuck to their jobs, you see;  
If they petered out like most of us do,  
Where would the diamonds be?

It isn't the fact of making a start,  
It's sticking that counts, I'll say,  
It's the fellow who knows the meaning  
of fail,  
But keeps hammering and hammering  
away.

So whenever you think you have come  
to the end,  
And you're beaten as bad as can be,  
Remember that diamonds are chunks  
of coal  
That stuck to their jobs, you see.

#### RCAF

Jenkins: "How much of your salary do you take home to your wife on pay day?"

Simpson: "None of it."

Jenkins: "How's that?"

Simpson: "She meets me outside the office and takes it home herself."

### Quid Nunc?

"Now is the time," the "Y" man said, "when we must have some copy." (To paraphrase Lewis Carroll). But the will to be willing, and the wish to be wooing, catches us at odds. The power of the press, however, is not to be trifled with and an opportunity to be "chatty" (catty?) is definite temptation to a couple of women.

Observant, isn't he?

We know a young man who has a clever treatise on Canadian girls—but discretion being the greatest part of valor—and diplomatic relations having to be catered to—the press and the public will suffer great loss not seeing it in print. An excerpt from his observations follows:

Meeting and getting to know a Canadian girl, evidently, must follow certain periods of development. First she takes into consideration the time on hand—then subconsciously she progresses (or allows him to accordingly). The stages are quite evident and can be subdivided:

A.—You just must walk down Main Street with her so so-and-so can see you. "Just wait until she sees me with you!"

B.—She wants your photo.

C.—She'll only too gladly give you one of her.

D.—You must come home and meet her parents.

E.—You just must write—if you do write, replies can be expected by return mail or shortly thereafter.

Any other developments depend on the ingenuity and personality of the airman—docility of the lady.



AW1 GOWANS, B.



From left to right:

A/S/O PATTERSON

S/O E. E. REED

S/O N. HARGAN



—Photos on Women's Pages reproduced through courtesy Toronto Evening Telegram.



#### Where is That Poem?

Everyone likes a little publicity or notoriety as the case may be, and the cooks of the W.D. are no exception. For months now they have begged to see their names in print, and even went so far as to have LAW Gilbert write a poem on their individual efforts. That poem has kicked around from corporal to reporter; from envelope to pocket; and when last seen was on its way to the cleaners via LAW Gowan's tunic. We hope they understand the inefficiency and lackadaisical attitude of the guilty parties are no reflection on the appreciation and affection that the rest of us hold for them and the job they are doing. LAW Hawkins is beginning to have a most belligerent attitude and we fear expulsion to the Airmen's mess. Our Irish backs and puts up a fighting front at that shade of green.

#### Kiss-a-Kiss

Johnny-kiss-a-kiss Mabbett is working up quite a reputation these days. (Aside from the fact it is rumoured he managed to pass his instrument check). The women's barracks are simply seething with jealousy after watching Casanova do a beautiful job of saying (?) goodnite to Ola Mallott, and that demonstration, plus his affectionate greeting of "kiss-a-kiss" is making Ola the envy of the whole W.D. WOTTA MAN—

#### Hotdamn

There were once two airwomen who were feeling quite smug about not having to appear on C.O.'s inspection. On retiring the morning of the fateful day (having worked graveyard shift the nite before), they goaded shining and starched companions with their beautiful freedom. Never had the silver lining in nite work gleamed

so silvery. Curled and creamed to the "nth" degree, they dropped off to sleep, soundlessly (?).

To a rude awakening!

Between 1100 and 1200 hrs. enter one C.O.'s parade fully equipped—in its wake—two completely subdued and meek little airwomen; one with a hoarse, wee whisper, "hotdamn."

#### That's an Angle, Not an Attitude

When you see the W.D. striding along, chin front, rest following—they're not asking for trouble. That fighting stance—that lean-to build—is a by-product of Borden's winds. It's a well-known, if not accepted fact, that women have hips, but this 45-degree angle walk, used for buffeting the winds does nothing to disguise the sad state of affairs. As one W.D. cried when trying on her great coat, "This behind all."