



# NO MAN'S LAND

## QUID NUNC

At the moment of course, it's the Aussies—We refuse to admit they have any more glamour than our own boys, but they are visitors from strange shores, and it's a long time since we've seen such smartly tailored shorts. We are particularly impressed by one lad who is evidently hampered by their long lengths and folds them double at the hem. He's the one who allows his stockings to sink along his ankles, and we are reminded that such casual carelessness used to be quite the thing. Casually carefree, the ads say.—We've heard that Australians are anything but conservative souls and we wonder if this is a sign of interesting things to come?

Whether 'tis folly to be wise or folly to be unwise is a seesaw we've been sliding back and forth on for some time now. Whether to be Gullible Gertie with big round eyes, and swallow all these Airmen's tales, or whether to be Cynical Sadie and listen with folded arms and quizzical eyebrow and to heck with popularity, is a problem worthy only of a Dale Carnegie. But we won't believe there are that many women in love with Sgt. Peck. Peck's bad boy to the contrary!

Determination is half the battle, and we're sure of that, AW1 Librie, M.T.B. On enlistment Librie couldn't speak a word of English and now some 3 months later her command of our language puts some of us to shame. Not only is her oral command something startling, but she wrote an equipment assistant's trade test and passed with flying colors. An achievement worthy of comment.

Sure and it's crazy we are to believe it, but if F/Sgt Crowe says all that mail is coming from a luscious little red-head we'll stretch our credulity to the sticking point. But what are women coming to?

"The men won't be used to women on a station and it will take some adaption to getting used to having you around. You must help them as much as you can." So went the instructions at Manning Depot. But we know one airwoman who fell down on the job and offered no assistance when one of the instructors in her flight forgot her presence so far as to change his trousers in the hangar. We've itched to see the incident in print for some time now and our apologies to P/O Nickerson for refusing to let sleeping dogs lie.

Carrots are not an infrequent part of the W.D. diet, but despite their prominence in print lately, we were skeptical of their aid to night blindness—thought it took a little 'dark' in the family background—But finding an airwoman sitting up in bed knitting socks after lights out has rather changed our attitude. Do you find it useful for sneaking in late, Quessnelle? And do you recommend it as a steady diet?

Sub-lim-i-nal: Below the threshold of consciousness; sub-conscious.

Ri-dic-u-lous: Fitted to excite ridicule; absurd, laughable.

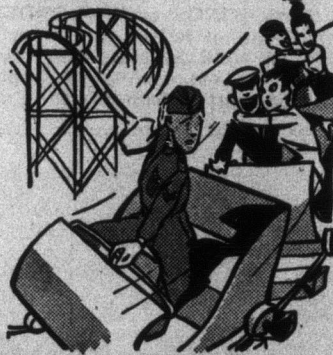


"Boy, was he handsome—gold braid up to HERE!"

From the sublime to the ridiculous is a gap rarely gapped, but Molly, LAW Ferguson, hit a new high in the peak of absurdity the other afternoon. Molly walked from barracks to the post office bitterly bewailing the cold and was unconscious of her rain coat hanging on her arm. Pretty ridiculous.

Those corn roasts may have been a trifle corny, and I certainly am being corny, but they were a lot of fun and we hope they happen soon again.

## What a Life!



A handsome guy is Corporal Jim  
Yet no girl's ever seen with him—  
Of perspiration odor he  
Is guilty—so he's shunned,  
you see.

Bath tonight with LIFEBOUY

The ONE soap especially made to prevent "B.O." (Body Odor)

## IF THE SHOE FITS

Not time nor tide nor fate's unkindest slams  
Can change the smiling smugness of the lambs

Who badger around our naive W.D.'s  
Wielding the Stick and bringing them to their knees.

Pleading for kindness, tolerance and understanding,

They try so hard to do the brutes' commanding.

With a clickety-click they swagger along,  
These stalwarts, so benignly,  
Bestowing their graciousness hither and thither

And a knife 'hind their backs, gol blimey!

It's the W.D.'s this, and the W.D.'s that,—  
D'd things run so smoothly before?

If so, page Ripley, 'tis never been heard of,  
And if it could be, it would be a bore.

It's the hills and the valleys that make a scene pretty.

The clouds add charm to the sky,  
The rivers' rapids create the most interest,  
And in Borden—the W.D.'s. Why?

Because they're doing their best,  
Need more be said? Probably, so I'll try.  
To explain the difficult situations we go through,

And maybe we'll see eye to eye.

Says Tommy to Johnny, "Did you see what I saw?"

"There they sat, crying 'We're homesick.'  
And Johnny adds fuel to the fire and admits  
The file numbers given "make him sick."  
And then Willy chimes in, in his inimitable style,

"They Wave at the Flag," "They're slow on parade" and the So Supercilious smile.

As transparent as cellophane they are, and as harmless as the proverbial flea,

Their taunts and their insults never ring true, and so our consciences are free.  
Speaking of consciences, they've no trouble at all.

Since they haven't any to speak of. They're hard-skinned, cynical, probably brow-beaten themselves,

And this the opportunity to make the most of.

Our squealing for mercy is not pleading at all

But merely the wrestler's sham.  
We're getting attention and stealing the show,

And consequently, not giving a hoot.  
There's an old adage that doesn't always apply,

In many cases it's not necessary,  
But here in Camp Borden where we're in the minority and

Our standing and I.Q. are moot-ed  
'He who tooteth not his horn—his horn remain untooted!'

Tweddle-ee, tweddle-a, tweddle-ee, tweddle-a,  
dle-a,

Like the monotonous rhythm of a train,  
They boast of their conquests,—of "beating them off"—

Why, they've W.D.'s on the brain. (Brain?)

AW1 McCARTHY, M. K.

—RCAP—

## DIVERSION

There had been a heavy air raid on London. Our Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, was walking amongst the smoking ruins of some houses when an old woman came up and greeted him. He asked how she felt after this night of horror. She replied: "Well, there's one thing about these air raids, they do take your mind off the war."

—Oliver Lyttelton, quoted by Wall Street Journal.

## Flapless Hats

With the chill winter months advancing, the change in the W.D. hats is being bewailed by more than one. Our little flaps pulled snugly over our ears would have been welcomed protection from icy blasts, but who are we to stand in the way of Canada's war effort. But we can't let them pass with a requiem.

### "TO OUR FLAPLESS HAT"

Our W.D. hats once were bonnie,  
And pulled down o'er the ears,  
But they'll never be the same,  
For they have lost their rears,  
For they have lost their rears,  
And no more will cosy be,  
When the winter winds are blowing,  
Heaven help the W.D.!

Tune—Annie Laurie.

—RCAP—

## Expressions

There is an expression that we use almost daily that best describes life for most of us today. Almost overworked, it's one of these handy catch-words that, too lazy to waste time on words, we throw into every speech, letter, and excuse for conversation. In the wet canteen it's a last fast one before lights out; it's goodbye between a W.D. and her Airman before roll-call; breakfast before parade; and that hurried lipstick job before going back on the dance floor after sitting one out.—A versatile little 'part of speech', terse, to the point, and on the tip of every tongue, it definitely 'belongs' in Air Force vernacular.

A 'Quickie' can be many things; those frantic grabs at time between parades or these short station spiels between postings. It goes hand-in-hand with service life. Catching meals on the run, trains on the run, friends and experiences. Very easily it could color our mental attitude and tempt us to grab at today with no thought for tomorrow. Not the tomorrow of jobs, money, and practical existence, but the tomorrow of memories. Whatever we get out of today is worth only the pleasant experience of tomorrow's memories. The ability to look back and feel Red's smile; to enjoy another of Bill's oranges; to see Woody placing sod; to know that even now, Murph is probably in a fight; to be sure of Jean's being ever the perfect lady, Gibby the everlasting flirt, Jeanie the eternal mother. To remember pillow fights and trying to get Hippy out of bed—how often we were tempted to use water—to wonder if 56 and "B" flight missed your parachute; and to know the smug thrill of watching 'your' flight graduate, to be satisfied with the tears shed on seeing them get their wings for they were 'tops' in people. To catch a whiff of fire and brimstone and sit up with a jerk anticipating Cpl. Rorke and "copy." These are the things that matter.

With an existence that must be transient in practice and permanent in spirit, where one must be ready to move at the drop of a G.I., and fit in with little adapting, it behooves us to get the most of every acquaintance. Friends today, goodbye tomorrow, and with us forever.

## URRY BROS.

SPORTING GOODS

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## INTRODUCING—



MRS. JAMES BEARDSALL

"Wings Over Borden" takes great pleasure in introducing to its readers, Mrs. James Beardsall of Wasaga Beach.

During the past three years Mrs. Beardsall has opened her home and entertained hundreds of airmen from our station. Last year alone, she entertained over two hundred men from Australia, England, United States and Canada.

It is most interesting to drop in at her home and see the great collection of cablegrams, airgraph and air letters from the lads who have enjoyed the hospitality of the Beardsall home.

During the winter months Mrs. Beardsall is an active worker in the Y.W.C.A. Hostess Hut and is to be found in the Airmen's Club on Sunday afternoons serving tea to the Airmen. Along with her services on these occasions she brings home-made cakes and cookies and really treats the boys. To you, Mrs. Beardsall, we say, thanks a million.

—RCAP—

## SO IT SEEMED

A travelling salesman dropped in on a bank officer whose desk was covered with letters, papers, magazines and miscellany. The banker was busily writing a memo and greeted the salesman with: "I'm very busy this morning, very busy!" Glancing at the desk the salesman replied: "Well, I'm very glad to know that. I kinda thought you were just confused." —Exchange.

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Two Foster Field (Texas) aviation cadets met two attractive girls. To top off the meeting the cadets promised to do some stunts over their homes.

There were no stunts, however. Why? Well, the cadets learned that one of the girls was the daughter of a lieutenant-colonel, the other a daughter of a major.

SHOP AT

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