



# NO MAN'S LAND

## Love Thy Neighbor

Love thy neighbor is not just a title to a "used to be popular" song, nor even "just" a Bible parable. It's the key to success and without a doubt, it is the solution to barrack block living. For all of us, whether we realize it or not, our greatest problem on entering the service, is not adapting ourselves to drill, food, work and sleep, nor even losing our individuality to the drab sameness of a uniform; rather it's learning to restrain our feminine temperaments (tempers?) and straining our cordiality to the sticking point when some little brat from the East or West makes free with our toothpaste, towels, or favorite lipstick. In a world of open lockers, borrowed hair-pins, jointly owned soap flakes, shared suit cases, one must acquire the patience of a Job and the hide of a rhinoceros. With familiarity running rampant it behooves us to put our best foot forward, our most determined smile fixed, and relax our clenched fists and set teeth. Living as we are on a "sort" of communistic basis, familiarity must breed not contempt, but generosity, understanding, and co-operation. We begin to know that sincerity and candour still are great virtues, but well placed tact and diplomacy deserve brighter halos. This is no endorsement of hypocrisy, simply a realization that white lies are often more useful tools for building smooth relationships than tactless honesty.

An experience like this offers a green field for exercising philosophy. According to Mr. Douglass, we absorb some bit of every acquaintanceship into our own personality. Whether it's Johnnie's accent or Mary's lifted finger; Jeanie's ability to laugh and comfort, or Cathie's to understand. Opportunities to garner a little of this one's charm, that one's patience; to pick up this quirk of tongue, that movement of lifted eyebrow. Faults, habits, moods and manners, affectations, ideals, gathered from every social level, every financial place, and every point on the compass, go on about us and it will take a mixture of sound judgment and haphazard luck to absorb the "mosta of the besta."

Women have long envied men their spirit of comradeship. Never have we been able to attain the clanishness so definitely a masculine prerogative. Men's stags are renowned for their success, while it's an accepted fact that "spinster" dinners are a flop. Yet we have rarely had the opportunity for living and working together as they, and this may bring us closer to the spirit. We rue the day women greeted one another with a hearty backslap, but perhaps the lifted eyebrow and the poised talons are closer to being on their way out.

## RAINY DAYS

A rainy day at any time is enough to give one the jitters,  
But a rainy day at BORDEN brings on the blues in litters.  
No planes zooming anywhere—the place is as quiet as a tomb.  
I wonder if the war's called off too?  
Have they decided at last, there's room  
For all nations to be at peace,  
Not infringing on one another—  
"Rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's"  
And all greediness to cease?

The red and white wash-out flag is hanging limply in the stillness,  
And the hills have disappeared from view.  
Does it mean the end of the world-wide illness?

But, another day—the sun is out,  
Now once again, the zoom  
And in reverse, this time the sunshine means  
Preparing for the doom  
Of Hitler and his misled throng,  
Of Japanese deception;  
The putting right of things that are wrong.  
Clean, complete victory, with no exception.

Our Canadian boys have passed the test,  
Gloriously showing up all the rest.  
We know they are the very best—  
Their courage and endurance reflecting on their crest.

'Tis proud we are to play a part in working out the cure.  
Even though in a very inconspicuous, minor role—and that's for sure!  
Minor roles alone can do no good—  
Important roles are also stranded,  
When on their own—but ALL TOGETHER,  
One for all and all for one,  
Sticking together until it's done.  
How happy and contented we will be  
Appreciating more the luxuries that we  
Took for granted for so long—  
The treasure of a loyal friend;  
The spirit in a community song;  
The broadening of views—and then  
A victorious peace—a lasting peace—  
A fitting reward for our Fighting Men!

—CAF—  
**REMARKABLE!**

It is a rule of the Bank of England that every employee must sign his name in a book on his arrival in the morning, and, if late, must give the reason. Fog is given as the chief cause of tardiness, and the first man to arrive late writes "fog" opposite his name, and those who follow write "ditto."

One day, however, the first late man gave as his reason, "Wife had twins." Twenty other late men mechanically signed "ditto" underneath! —Exchange.

## A "W.D." Flies



After my flip was over,  
And I was safely on the ground,  
I stood a moment to watch and see  
How the world went 'round and 'round.  
When the world was back where it should be,  
And my knees no longer shook,  
I was very glad that I hadn't stayed  
In barracks, to read my book.  
The ride was very thrilling,  
I'd love to go up again.  
But if the pilot loops and rolls,  
Then dives and climbs so high—  
Then I know I'll use that envelope,  
Or kiss my stomach goodbye.

—AW1 DEWSBURY, M. L., Time Office.

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## SONG PERSONNELS

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"Come All Ye Faithful" .....Church Parade  
"You Walked By" .....Inspection  
"What Do You Know Joe" .....Trade Test  
"Beautiful Dreamer" .....Security Guard  
"Whispering" .....Rumors  
"Once In a While" .....A 48-Hr. Pass  
"Friendly Tavern" .....Wet Canteen  
"It All Comes Back to Me Now"  
.....Canteen Hot Dogs  
"Deep In a Dream" .....The Morning After  
"Coming Through the Rye," Sick in Quarters  
"You're Just an Angel in Disguise"  
.....Service Police  
"Do You Ever Think of Me?"  
.....D.A.P.S. Ottawa  
"You Can't Brush Me Off"  
.....Camp Borden Mosquitoes  
"There'll Be Some Changes Made"  
.....Postings  
"Miss You" .....Beauty-rest Mattress  
"But Look at Me Now" .....Grey Lisle Hose,  
Flat Heeled Shoes, etc.  
"No, No, a Thousand Times No" .....I Do Not  
Approve of the W.D., says Sgt. Peck  
"It's All Over Now" .....Lights Out  
Finis  
—AW2 BREAU, M. B. D.

## WE LOVE THAT SERGEANT

We of the W.D. like Camp Borden,  
But each morning we get much cause for beef.

Our Spirits are high 'till one sergeant  
Gives us hell in terms short and sweet.  
'Tisn't long since he took the great plunge  
We are wondering if his love has been scorned.

We're sure he is down on women  
And it's left him sad and forlorn.  
'Tis the look of those blue skirts in "one"  
Flight

That makes sergeant come forth with a leer.  
He will throw out a tonsil from shouting.  
"One" Flight should have first chance to cheer.

His voice is grumpy and snarly  
Please know that it drones in 'our ears.  
You have no idea how unhappy it makes us  
We go on to our jobs with tears.  
Perhaps sergeant should stop and consider  
If he's being quite fair and just,  
We're used to short step in nice pumps  
And from that it's been hard to adjust.  
We feel we've worked hard at this change,  
Gave up things that were smart and pert,  
Our Service is young and imperfect  
Surely, encouraging words wouldn't hurt.  
Would it do to apply some old chivalry?  
Our parades could be nice, we'll just bet,  
If that sergeant could shout at us women  
With less snarl in his "Eft, Ight, Eft."  
AW1 INGLES, J.

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## REPLY TO "WE LOVE THAT SERGEANT"

You of the W.D. like Camp Borden,  
But each morning you've no cause to beef.  
Because, one Sergeant, too, likes Camp Borden,

That's why you get "Hell" short and sweet.  
It may not be long since he took the great plunge,  
And his love has been far from scorned,  
You're wrong when you say "he's down on women."

And he's far from being sad and forlorn.  
He loves all you girls in "One" Flight,  
And he knows blue skirts may be tight,  
So stretch your legs and keep step,  
And Sergeant won't yell with all might.  
Sergeant's voice may sound grumpy and snarly,

To a bunch of recruits like you,  
But now you're doing a man's job,  
So try to do just as we do.  
Our Sergeant has stopped and considered,  
And believes that he is more than fair,  
Because you don't wear nice pumps any longer

Since five to six months here or there.  
You may have worked hard at this change  
And gave up things smart and pert,  
Your service may be young and imperfect,  
But that's no reason for marching inert.  
As far as the sense of chivalry goes  
Don't you think you gave that up when  
You enlisted to do a man's job?  
So take what a Sergeant can give.  
Keep those heads up, swing your arms,  
Cover from front to rear,  
Do these things at all times on parade,  
And Sergeant's voice you never will hear.

Sergeant Wainwright assures members of the W.D. that he is quite sure of your complete understanding but lays no claim to accepting any sympathy. I hope you girls may take this, too, in the same spirit as your epistle was received. And as you say, "the temptation was too great."

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