



SEE—I TOLD YOU BOYS!

**MAINTENANCE  
HANGARS A80, A15 AND A16**

With the advent of winter fast approaching, much will be expected of our Maintenance Squadron. Last winter's fridity contributed much to the difficulty of operations, and we can expect the same this winter. However, we are hoping that we'll be as fortunate as we have been in the past, and be able to boast of having overcome our operational difficulties.

The flights are about to return from Edenvale and Hagersville, and we are sure that their personnel will appreciate this after their little stay at those various muddy places. The boys seem real glad to be back with the fold and are making this manifest. We have served rather well as a base of operation to the Flights, even though they took along quite a crew. Several machines returned to be tuned up for their various tasks and most of our maintenance personnel were glad for this as it provided much work to keep our wheels of Progress going. Some of the machines were in quite a state due to the muddy terrain on which they operated. However, with the presence of men of the P. or O. class, it was quite possible to subject each machine to a thorough cleaning. These boys were very eager to perform this task as to them it meant becoming thoroughly familiar with the machine which they are hoping to fly one of these not too distant days.

Cpl. Jim Marchard, a stalwart of A. 80 Hangar, has been temporarily sent to Work Shops. He seems to take delight in this as it means working at his old trade "machinist." Apart from this fact, Jim is glad because of the change of atmosphere. Much could be added but as we must conserve words and space, I'll have to sign off for now.

—CPL. LANGDON, H. J.

**To Our Publishers**

The editorial staff of Wings Over Borden join with all the personnel of the Station in wishing The Barrie Examiner staff a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The bi-monthly publication of Wings Over Borden is no mean accomplishment, especially under wartime conditions. The first step naturally in the production of a paper is the gathering of news items, ideas, pictures, cartoons and jokes. When all the material is garnered and you find you still haven't a newspaper, you begin to realize what an important role the publishing house plays in spanning the gap between the assembly of material and the distribution of the finished paper. In our case this credit goes to the Barrie Examiner, our publishers, who with the capable assistance of Ken Walls and staff, do much in transforming Wings Over Borden from the hodge-podge it is when the copy first reaches them to the newspaper it is when they finally hand it back to us for distribution. To make a clearer picture for your understanding of the part the Barrie Examiner staff play in the production of our paper, we will analyse the process necessary step by step. When our deadline is reached and the copy edited and censored, the material is sent into the Barrie Examiner office, along with whatever pictures or cartoons are going to be used in the forthcoming issue. Unfortunately, due sometimes to the lateness of arrival, the copy is not always in the best shape possible. As soon as it hits Barrie, the wheels of this modern printing plant begin to turn. The pictures and cartoons are rushed to the

photo engravers to be made into cuts. The copy is set up on the linotypes and carefully proof-read. When the cuts arrive back from the engravers, galley proofs of the whole are sent out to us for checking and layout. Your editorial staff sit around till the wee small hours of the morning gnashing their teeth and tearing their hair. No matter how late we sit, or how much care we take there always appears to be unfilled gaps on one page and overlapped columns on another. Giving the job up in despair, we rush the layout to Barrie first thing next morning. Presto, the same night or early the next day back comes Wings Over Borden—gaps all filled out and overlapping columns squeezed into shape. Whether these experts use black magic or not, they won't say. But we do know that ever since Wings Over Borden first appeared in printed editions the Barrie Examiner has been doing this job for us on a NON-PROFIT basis; that every two weeks they place at our disposal the facilities of a plant already overtaxed by wartime conditions, and that the whole staff seem to take a personal interest in the publication of our paper. In our opinion the staff of the Barrie Examiner are making a marvellous contribution to the happiness of men in the service by lending us such a cheerful helping hand.

—THE EDITOR.

Linking two continents, Central America has more South American than North American animals. America's skunks and muskrats are unknown in Europe, except in the zoos.

**A MESSAGE FROM  
THE STATION  
WARRANT OFFICER**

I want to take this opportunity to extend my thanks to you one and all for the splendid co-operation you have given me since I have been with you, and to wish you one and all a very Merry Christmas and a Bright, Happy, Victorious New Year.

I am including this little poem for publication. It may give you a preview of that Morning After New Year's Feeling, or anyway a laugh. It's dedicated to Sgt. McAlear of Accounts.

Here I lie upon my bed,  
Throat so dry and throbbing head,  
Bloodshot eyes and body sore  
The morning after the night before

Can't eat nothing, got no pep,  
Lost my money and lost my zip,  
Can't get up—I feel so bad,  
Boy! What a wonderful time I've had.

Never felt so bad before,  
Even my darned old tongue is sore  
When I sneeze I still taste gin,  
Gosh, what a party it must have been.

Can't remember where I went,  
Don't know where the time was spent,  
But wow, what a time it must have been,  
Look at the heckofa shape I'm in.

So now I pledge and take my tip  
That never a drink will touch my lip.  
For at least—another week I'll say  
Until I get another pay.

—W.O.I DAGENAIS

Like their prehistoric ancestors, modern Pueblo Indians of the southwest still seek parrot feathers for ceremonial regalia.