

Read It Or Not

By CPL. TED RORKE



H-m-n-n! Smell that touch of Autumn in the air. We will soon be getting the old blues out of the moth balls and donning them against the chill of fall evenings. It doesn't seem quite the same this year, though, without the Toronto "Ex." Who says we have a "hard" life in the service? Just look these statistics over:

Figures Don't Lie

An airman has: 14 days' leave per year; twelve 48-hour passes per year (24 days per year); 1 day per week less 1 month (40 days per year); 2 days at Christmas and 3 at Easter (5 days per year); sleeps 8 hours a day (122 days per year); 3 hours per day for meals (45 days per year); 5½ hours per day from 1715 until 2245 (82 days per year); average airman reports sick 5 days per year (5 days per year); waits 2 hours per day for officers to sign passes (28 days per year)—a total of 365 days per year and gets paid for it!

—RCAF—

LAC1—Don't you think Myrtle looks ugly in that low cut dress?

LAC2—Not so far as I can see.

—RCAF—

It was no end of a treat the other Sunday afternoon to hear the new band playing in front of the Airmen's Club. Service personnel and visitors alike seemed to enjoy the excellent programme of Sgt. Hunt and his handmen from Ottawa. But forgive your roving reporter if he makes a rather caustic comment. Sprawled around in various unseemly attitudes were a number of airwomen and airmen occupying all the available sitting space. Guess who were standing? That's right—you're right—the visitors. D—n poor show, I call it.

—RCAF—

This one was heard at a recent visit to the M.O.'s.

F/LT. SPRAGUE—The best thing that you can do is give up smoking, drinking, and women.

AC2 PATIENT—What's the next best thing?

—RCAF—

A man who thinks he's the whole cheese generally smells like it.

—RCAF—

Since the W.D.'s have started eating in the Airmen's Mess we members of the weaker sex have been given an opportunity to listen in on some of their noon-day conversations. Here's one Ye Editor overheard the other day:

AW1 MULLINS—My boy friend in the RCAF bombs beverage rooms and night clubs.

AW1 HIPKINS—That sounds strange.

AW1 MULLINS—Well, in his letters he says he's a dive bomber.

—RCAF—

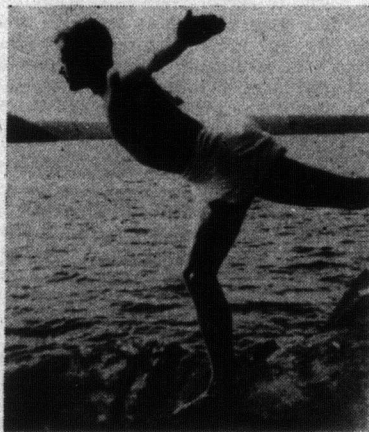
"F-e-e-t," spelled the teacher. "What does that spell, Johnny?"

Johnny didn't know.

"What is it that a cow has four of and I have two?" persisted the teacher.

Johnny's answer was as surprising as it was unexpected.

Mystic of Accounts



CPL. "YOGI" BARKER

Webster defines a yogi as being a devotee of yoga. Yoga is the Hindu system of philosophic meditation and asceticism designed to effect the reunion of the devotee's soul with the universal spirit. But Webster and the whole ancient tribe of A-59 Upper South cannot define the mysterious actions of one Cpl. Phil Barker of the Accounts.

Last issue of W.O.B., Phil's difficulties with one Cleopatra were reviewed by your columnist. It was thought by all concerned that the matter could be dropped quietly. But no—stranger and more inexplicable events have been happening. But let us begin at the beginning. Our new recruit to the Clan of Yogiism is an average Canadian young man, good looking, and an extremely capable Clerk Accountant. He is quiet, though somewhat debonair, and there is no outward evidence of hidden vices or bad habits. The first symptoms appeared in early spring. One night after the barrack lights had been doused and the room had settled down for the night, a great noise and threshing sound was heard in the vicinity of Phil's bed. Yours truly being barrack room Joe, screwed up enough courage to get up out of bed and creep to the light switch. With a trembling hand I flicked the switch and there revealed to my startled eyes was the above mentioned Corporal—clad only in his pyjamas, going through the most awe inspiring gyrations on the floor. When questioned, he muttered something about P.T. and crawled into bed. A few mornings later in the shower Phil was overheard discussing the theory of re-incarnation with his friend, LAC Daly, and he asked the latter if he ever felt like Helen of Troy. Note the similarity between that and that heap of unserviceable scrap iron that he dubbed Cleopatra. And now has come to light a snapshot taken by some intrepid candid camera fiend, of Phil, clad in even less, standing on the shore of some hidden northern lake during his furlough this year. We understand that Phil can hold this position for hours on end in idle contemplation of E-42's, E-56's, etc. What we can't understand, if he can perform this remarkable feat, why he couldn't stand on his both feet during the A.O.C.'s parade—

following the Corporals' smoker, for longer than five minutes—and was last seen being carried off in a somewhat depleted state by some of his fellow airmen. As yet we have not heard of this worthy Yogi performing the Indian rope trick—but we did hear that he swallowed several inches of Blue Top at the Corporals' smoker and next morning brought it up by the yard. Or was it the yard? A free container for old razor blades will be presented to any member sending in the correct solution to the above problem.

—RCAF—

EQUIPMENT SECTION

Oh, Equipment Section, thou breath of Borden's being,
Thou to whose open doors the ranks despair-ed are driven
Like sheep wending afield; hungry, grasping scroungers
Thou who wouldst enter into detail so exact
Doth keep old Borden going we know it for a fact.
Daily sounds your self-same cry, "Please get it authorized."
You can't do business here with me, Do you want me ostracized?"
Thou whose doors are open wide to every passing Joe,
Doth handle vouchers by the score,
Your shattered nerves are apropos.

—With apologies to Ogden Nash.

—AW1 McNEILL.

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LUCK OR PLUCK

How often we hear such expressions as "I have the toughest luck," or that fellow was born with a string of horseshoes around his neck—or any of a dozen every-day expressions, all of which intimate that the person under discussion has either been branded by the bad fairies, or singled out by the good ones for special mention. But, if we look closer at the fortunate ones, we will usually find that they themselves have contributed something to their good fortune.

Perhaps you'll say—I know someone who never seems to do a thing and yet life hands him all the lucky breaks on a platter. The thing to remember in this case is—when the breaks or opportunity did come the fellow was ready to seize them.

Maybe he did not appear to you to be working towards these things, but one hundred chances to one he was preparing himself in some way for the day when success might come his way. To believe in the future is to be prepared for the future.

There is no use trusting to such a weak crutch as "luck" to get you places. Luck is pluck with the lid off. It takes pluck to make a success these days. It takes pluck to face up to life and make it give you the breaks. Pluck makes you use the two strong arms you have—and that strong, young back. It makes you trust your initiative, your perseverance, and your skill.

It's a thing our forefathers had in abundance when they pioneered in this great unknown land to make it the great country that it is today. When success comes to you, others may say you have all the luck—but you will know that you can honestly give the credit to pluck and common sense.

—RCAF—

IT'S WORK THAT COUNTS

There may be something in luck and chance, In omens and signs and such;
There may be luck in stray black cats Or pups in a collie's hutch;
But I believe the foremost thing To make the wheels go round
Is plain hard work, a good cool head, And feet on the solid ground.

There may be something in wishing this, In hoping a lot for that,
In saying the pitcher may hurl the ball Directly against the bat.
But I am sure a wishing well Can never replace a plow,
And a clover leaf is luck, I think, When fed to a worthy cow.

The man who hopes and wishes long, With mind on this world's wiles,
May have his place in the scheme of things In a world of a thousand styles.
So let you and I just hang our hat On a nail in a solid wall,
A nail that's real and also strong, Or else our hats may fall.

There is too much

LOOSE TALK

about Navy, Army, Air Force and Production Matters in Canada

To SERVE IN SILENCE

is the duty of every citizen—IN and OUT of uniform

FREEDOM WILL TRIUMPH

Our European allies are always in our minds. We shall always remember with sympathy the unheralded, and unprovoked, attack on countries whose only fault was that they were too trustful of the word of the Hun.

Memory recalls the brutal over-running of their lands, the exploitation and the mass murders. We can faintly comprehend what it must mean to proud nations to be under the heel of a conqueror, whose bully's soul takes delight in torturing the defenceless. With respect and admiration we greet the courage that carries on in spite of all.

The barbarism that has blotted freedom from so much of the map of Europe has met unconquerable spirits. It is good to know that our allied strength is growing stronger daily, which must surely sound like a death sentence to Hitler and his hordes.

We greet our allies, and let us pledge our increasing aid until we have crushed this fanatic monster that has crept out of the primeval slime. Freedom still lives. Freedom must triumph.

—RCAF—

THE WOMEN OF NO. 1 SQUADRON

We are proud of the name of Squadron One, With all our manoeuvres and all that we've done;

We are proud to belong to such a fine lot, With a high reputation as ere can be got.

We will do our best to keep up its good name, And we will not give up until we've got fame;

We will all pull together and never despair, For Number One Squadron will always be there.

We've a great fighting spirit to carry us through, At work, at play, and all that we do;
We're a hard lot to beat and on we will plod, We won't stand for shirkers, no, not on our squad.

It's easy to talk and say what we'll do, But, believe us, we mean it and know that it's true.

Oh, yes, we are proud to belong to our squad, It may seem foolish and perhaps very odd.

Our hearts and our soul is in all that we do, So others take notice, we're out to beat you. In the future the days may be gloomy and dark,
But wherever we go we'll sure leave our mark.

It will not be said that we failed in our trust, Nor will we be laughed at for missing the bus.

At the end of the road when Victory's won, We'll feel proud we belonged to Squadron One.

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