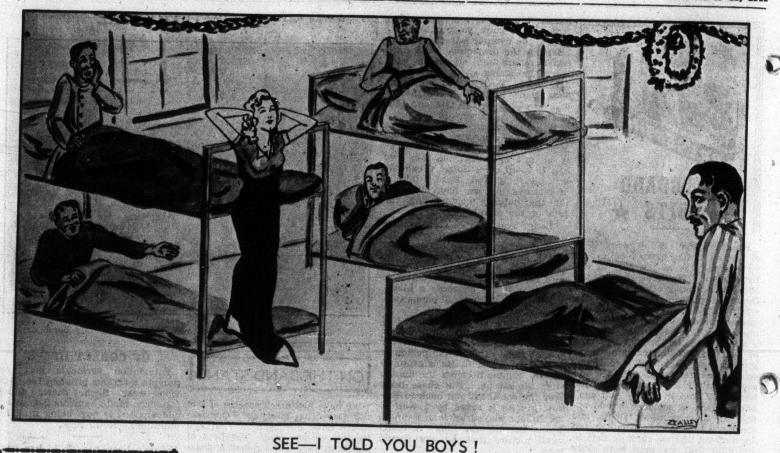
December 15, 1941



MAINTENANCE HANGARS A80, A15 AND A16

With the advent of winter fast approaching, much will be expected of our Maintenance Squadron. Last winter's frigidity contributed much to the difficulty of operations, and we can expect the same this winter. 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 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 main-tenance personnel were glad for various tasks and most of our main-tenance 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 thor-ough cleaning. These boys were ough cleaning. These boys were very eager to perform this task as to them it meant becoming thor-oughly familiar with the machine

oughly 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 temporar-ily sent to Work Shops. He seems to take delight in this as it means working at his old trade "machin-ist." Apart from this fact, Jim is glad because of the change of at-mosphere. Much could be added but as we must conserve words and

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 Jings Over Borden is no mean Wings accomplishment, especially under wartime conditions. The first step 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 Examin-er, our publishers, who with the capable assistance of Ken Walls and staff, do much in transform-ing 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 to us for distribution. To make a clearer picture for your under-standing of the part the Barrie Ex-aminer staff play in the production of our paper, we will analyse the s aminer 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 Ex-aminer 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 working at his old trade "machin-ist." Apart from this fact, Jim is glad because of the change of at mosphere. Much could be added but as we must conserve words and space, I'll have to sign off for now —CPL, LANGDON, H. J. and cartoons are rushed to the zoos. Until I get another pay. Linking two continents, Central Merica has more South American America's skunks and muskrats are unknown in Europe, except in CPL, LANGDON, H. J.

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 check-ing and layout. Your editorial staff sit around till the wee small hours of the morning gnashing their 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 much care we take there always appears to be unfilled gaps on one page and overlapped columns on another. Giving the job up in de-spair, we rush the layout to Bar-rie first thing next morning. Pres-to the same night on early the pert to, the same night or early the next day back comes Wings Over Bor-den—gaps all filled out and over-lapping columns' squeezed into shape. Whether these experts use lapping 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 Ex-aminer has been doing this job for us on a NON-PROFIT basis; that us on a NON-PROFIT basis; that every two weeks they place at our disposal the facilities of a plant al-ready overtaxed by wartime con-ditions, 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.

MESSAGE FROM THE STATION A WARRANT OFFICER

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 Accounts.

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

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

-THE EDITOR. For at least-another week I'll say

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