

SPARKS FROM WORKSHOPS

May we intrude? Thank you. You see our column has not had a monthly stand for some time, due to postings and shifting of our own personnel, but I think I can promise you a reasonable column from now on.

Before going further, Workshop lads would like to express regrets in losing a number of our gang, namely Flt. Sergeant Cheek, Sergeants Gibson, Henderson, Mortimer, Longley, and LAC Wright. However, as transfers are inevitable and doubtless for the best, all to be said is "Good luck, fellows, and glad for the acquaintance, however brief."

We wonder what LAC Rogers will do now that his stand-to has fallen to "rifle and sand" duty.

Congratulations due to two new N.C.O.'s, Cpl. McFarland and Cpl. Griffin. Nice goin', fellows.

Latest rumours have it that Cy Horrobin has taken vows to keep the new buggy right side up. Cy has really had his share of misfortune, so if the law of averages is at all just we are sure the Oldsmobile should roll unscathed for many a mile.

This brief epistle will just get in under the wire, I'm afraid, so time to sign off for now. More news next issue. —"KELLY."

"H" FLIGHT

Hello, gang! This is just another smear from No. 2 Squadron outpost hangar, to let you know that we are still with you. Although our boast of pennant honours around ye drill hall didn't come quite up to expectations, we have to wish a lot of luck and success to the lads who defeated us in the winter pastimes.

We were sorry to lose genial Sgt. Chapman via the transfer route. He really was one of the spark plugs of this grand flight and we all hope he is doing a good job in his new surroundings.

A few of our Aussie pals will be lost to us very soon as F/L Lundberg, C.I. of this Squadron, has been dashing around "H" Flight like a mad hatter giving them their wings test.

When is LAC Kendall going to hang up his veterinary shingle? He is certainly going to the dogs. It is a good profession to follow up, Stan.

We would like to know where Sgt. McBurney's identification disc got to. What a way to look after a Christmas present, Mac.

Never mind studying the catalogues, Sgt. Aistrop, give the furniture company an order.

We are glad to have with us Sgt. Cox from "F" Flight. We wish him a long and happy stay.

Don Sharpe says the pack is not so very heavy but he would like a gun carriage so as he could wheel the rifle around.

This is all the grief for this issue but before closing we wish F/L Card; O.C. "H" Flight, a speedy recovery from his illness.

—DAL.

SECTIONAL NEWS

FAINT GLIMMERS FROM DAWN FLIGHT

For the past two issues, Dawn Flight has failed to submit any material for inclusion in this estimable rag. However, we would like to make it clear that the copy left this typewriter intact. Evidently the carrier pigeon, to whom (or should we say which) we entrusted our literary efforts, got off the beam somewhere between here and the "Y" office. We are inclined to believe that he attempted to get through the barrier without a pass and was shot for his pains.

Since last we were heard from, Dawn Flight's personnel has been decreased by several members, chief among these being Flight Lieutenant Gilmore, our C.O., who has gone overseas. We wish him the very best of luck and good HUNTING. P/O Sutherland also has left our flock for Uplands.

There follows a poem (illustrating the triumph of mind over meter) submitted by "Wilf" (Dumbo) Ramey, who also has left our humble abode to pursue his activities, and, no doubt, the odd blonde elsewhere; namely, viz, and to wit, —overseas.

THE RUMOUR

Absolute knowledge have I none, But my aunt's washerwoman's sister's son

Heard a policeman on his beat Say to a labourer on the street That he had a letter just last week Written in the finest Greek By a Chinese coolie in Timbuctu, Who said that a native of Cuba knew

Of a coloured man in a Texan town Who got it straight from a circus clown

That a man in the Klondyke heard the news

From a couple of South American Jews

Of someone or other in Borneo Who knew a man who claimed to know

A swell society female fake Whose mother-in-law would undertake

To prove that her husband's sister's niece

Had stated, in a printed piece, That she had a cousin who had a friend

Who knew when the war was going to end.

What war? By the time the next issue rolls off the presses, we shall have become but an insignificant feather in Maintenance Wing.

Don't forget; chip the green mold off your brass, press at least the lower half of your trousers, and knock the winter's dust from your shoes; otherwise, you are likely to be presented with the booby prize, which consists of a bouquet of poison-ivy and dahlias.

Carry on. —J. F.

FRANK CUSTOMER

Affable Butcher: "I trust, madam, that you liked the sausages?"

"Well, I must admit," replied the customer acidly, "they were not quite so bad as they were tainted."

CUES FROM STATION HEADQUARTERS

Congratulations are in order again, and this time to that Walking Ace, Civilian Trouble Settler, Sgt. Allan. Yos friends; he's a Father. Congrats, Allan, old boy.

The great Lochinvar you read so much about, better known as Cpl. Peck, is away up to Owen Sound for two weeks' leave, but according to a long distance phone call received by Yours Truly, he's in Hanover. Wrong address on leave there, Cpl. Guess it must be that Hanover blonde again.

The station dance was a great success but according to a certain F/Sgt. it wasn't the same. Quote: "Why is Toronto so far away? Why haven't I got a car? Why am I on a forty-eight when things like this happen?" See, friends, more than you have troubles. What say, Lou?

Cpl. Carley, the N.C.O. in charge of the Letter Production Department, is carrying out his duties in an excellent manner. In the past two weeks production has increased from one letter a day, to four every three days. What a fine boy, and a proud girl Kay must be!

Things are certainly looking bright these days for Wing. Yes, men, he got his promotion, a dollar-a-year-man Edwards, that's me.

A few of the local boys from the orderly room attended the weekly dance in Alliston in spite of the bad weather and having as guest Rolph the Dauntless of W. & B. who was overtaken with Static Combustion, caused by overloading the Liquid Glands but immediately upon attack, Nurse Ghent applied first aid and in no time Rolph was fast asleep and was able to carry on his duties next day. What a feeling! eh Pogue.

Oh yes, men, one of our smiling Cpl's, better known to the boys of Headquarters as J.O.L. is about to fall off the ladder this coming Saturday. To you Cpl. there is very little to say other than we wish you the best of success in the future and may your new step in life lead you to greener fields.

Notices: Attention all Officers and Airmen! Keep close check on Wings Over Borden for boxing match, the date of which as yet has not been set. The fight between W.O.2, the "Hairless Wonder," and W.O.1, "The Lion of the North." This fight is being staged in the Drill Hall sometime in the near future. It is to be a fifteen round bout, we hope. Each man on entering the ring will as usual go to his corner. The referee will then introduce the fight and read all rules.

CIVIES SORTIES

When Nelson addressed the fleet with his famous speech "England expects every man to do his duty," the need for immediate action was urgent. Today our future depends on our answer to the call of duty, a most urgent call.

There are many ways we can serve our country other than in the armed forces. There are those who through infirmity or physical defect must be excused that kind of duty. It is to the credit of these men who offer to serve in war effort in their lesser capacity.

It should be far from the thought of any patriotic citizen to in any way discourage them or to point the finger of scorn at their noble effort. For after all it is men with such fine spirit who construct true democracy.

We understand one of the civilians in the Airmen's Mess is developing a pep talk. Not having heard him speak we cannot report on his topic but gathering from what we have heard, he must be eggnogging-tic.

We welcome to the station F/O Reath, succeeding F/O Godfrey. He will be closely associated with the civilian help.

For the benefit of the LAC pilot who came to the junior officers' quarters in search of a shoe shine parlor we pass the information on that the man who shines shoes is out. —J. D. SMART.

This means no chewing ears, W.O.2.

And so, readers, as Time Marches On, so does the deadline of Wings Over Borden, until next issue. Remember the old saying: WE SHALL NOT FLAG OR FAIL, BUT WE SHALL GO ON TO THE END.

The man who toots his own horn soon has everybody dodging when he approaches.

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ACCOUNTS FROM THE ACCOUNTS SECTION

In the absence of your regular correspondent, once again it is my privilege to soliloquize on the doin's of Ye Olde Accounting Section.

It is with considerable pride that I point to the "A" team of the Bowling League. The team, consisting of a considerable representation from the section, walked off with top honours of the series. The boys aimed at the top from the first and, never losing sight of their original objective, succeeded in overcoming all obstacles with which they were beset, namely, criticism and derogatory remarks, to finish victorious.

While we are in a sporting frame of mind the fact that the Accounts Section copped top honours in the Badminton League will bear mentioning. For a section wherein muscles are one of the least important requisites, excluding muscles in the head, of course, it seems that the lads have really made a marvellous showing in their sporting endeavours.

It is with regret that we again wave goodbye to three of our lads, Cpl. Cameron having gone forth into a world of Instruments, Navigation, Stall Turns, Spins and Circuits, while the other two boys have gone to No. 4 Wireless School, Guelph. All these men were conscientious and hard working and it is sincerely hoped that they will receive recognition for their labours in their new positions. While on the subject, I would like to quote a famous saying by Longfellow, which, I believe, applies to myself, "Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."

Our estimable Cpl. Rorke is again confined to the hospital. Influenza this time. But then I suppose everyone suffers a relapse after the birth of a child. As one doctor has explained it so well in these words, "We have never lost a father yet." The staff as a whole sincerely hope that he will return to the fold in the near future.

To round out this little column I again enter the cracks and slams department and try to belittle the thoughts and movements of some of our worthy compatriots.

It seems that a certain Sergeant is in contact with the old ladies' home in Toronto and is making his contribution to the cause by escorting some of the elderly matrons about the streets of said fair city.

We are wondering what fair damsel has her dining hooks into AC1 Daly. She must be endowed with exceptional charms to succeed in luring him away from his first love, the R.C.A.F. Or did he really miss that train last weekend.

It must have been extremely difficult for one LAC Cunliffe to obtain drinking water last week, because it seems his body was so dehydrated that his tongue became enlarged to the extent that he found it difficult to carry on an intelligent conversation at the R.C.A.F. dance

SECTIONAL NEWS



"Thought I told you to pick up paper?" "S'right, sarge. First bit was a ten-bob note." —Humorist

CAN WE BE HAPPY?

Can we make ourselves happy you may ask?

Surely. Happiness is a home-made product, and if we ever have any we have to make it for ourselves. No one can hand it out to us as a gift. No amount of money can buy it, for it is not for sale over the counter.

We have to roll our own as the saying goes, and the recipe for doing that is simple. We have to begin by having the will power to be happy. We have to be determined to be happy come what may.

We must not think of happiness as a matter of luck that may happen to us or not. That never happens. And, anyway happiness comes from within, not from without, and when we learn to like what we have, we always have what we like. Then we must seize happiness as it comes. We must grasp pleasure as it flies.

Those who put off enjoying the good things that life offers them

Friday night. However, one of the lads must have administered some extraordinary stimulant for he had returned to normal the following day.

Another problem that has arisen is the blood in McAlear's eye. We are wondering whether it was a broken blood vessel or could it have been in anticipation of a forthcoming dissipation?

Superman

An Airman of obvious distraction approached the paymaster on the delicate subject of an advance. His opening remarks were:

Airman: "Sir, I would like an advance on my pay." F/O Battersby: "We do not issue advances without an extraordinary reason. Therefore, I am afraid we cannot be of any assistance."

Airman: "My mother has been in bed with the doctor for three months, my wife's boy friend has lost his job and cannot support her, my father has just received his wings at No. 2 S.F.T.S., my grandfather has just been re-enlisted and I am going home for the weekend."

First Aid was administered to Mr. Battersby. —F/SGT. H. BRUTON.

lose out altogether. Yet how many do it. Men who never give themselves a break, who fill their days with hard grinding labour, putting off enjoying themselves until some future time when they can take things easy, and then when the time comes when they expected to be happy, it is too late.

Something happens and the happiness which you may have had is gone beyond recall. To be happy we must keep busy. Idleness is the devil's workshop, where most of the misery of the world is manufactured.

There are no people so peevish, fretful, and discontented as those who have nothing to do, to think about, or to plan, nothing to do save kill time.

So keep your chin up, wear a cheery smile, and say to yourself, I'm going to be happy come what may.

—DAD PARKER.

HOWLERS FROM A RECENT QUIZ CONTEST SPONSORED BY Y.M.C.A. AT CAMP BORDEN.

How long is one rod? "360 feet."

Who said, "Nothing is sure except death and taxes?" "Confucius", "Lots of people."

Who invented wireless telegraphy? "Macaroni."

What is a calaboose? "The last car on a freight train."

What is a seven-sided figure called? "A darn poor hexagon."

If you saw a Lepidoptera in your garden, what would you call it? "A vegetable."

What did Peter, Peter Pumpkin Eater do with his wife? "Ate her."

What is the normal temperature of the human body "78 if sober."

What are agenda? "Spanish agents."

Where is the retina? "In Mexico."

If you found a Praying Mantis in your room, would you pray with him? "Not unless in the mood."

What is a filet mignon? "I fish—no bones."

What is a jerkin? "A bad shaken."

Where are: (a) the Pantheon. "A male snake." (b) the Parthenon? "A female snake." (c) the Colosseum? "A place for amusements."

TID BITS FROM "G" FLIGHT

Well, I've had time to make myself comfortable in Sgt. Blackett's armchair, and to get acquainted with the boys who hang-out in No. 3 hangar. Not a bad bunch; quite a collection of personalities—enough to put on a good stage show without changing character.

Gord. Blackett takes the leading role of an inimitable peace-loving, dry, humorous Sgt. in charge of a notorious bunch of scrounging rascals;

Jack Sanderson, his able and competent junior N.C.O., the butt of the wise cracking;

"Hop" Hopkins, the second joe on the list, who does his best to straighten out arguments in the office;

Jack Ingram, third joe. I don't know much about this fellow as yet. I'll have to keep an eye on him.

Next issue I'll enlarge on the personnel.

Good luck and goodbye to LACs Stevens and Smallbone. We know they will do their part 'over there.'

Congratulations on the long list of promotions to the boys who have waited a long time. I hear Cpl. "Horizontal" Barr is laying down the law at the flight and home. He has his wife afraid of the "peg" and pack drill. (But not this war!)

Officers, N.C.O.'s and airmen of "G" Flight extend their deepest feeling of sympathy to the family and relatives of F/Lt. D. B. Gardiner.

"He was one of the best; For his country he gave his all."

Welcome is extended to F/O Hasenplug as O.C. I'm sure he will like it here and the utmost help of the flight can be expected to make it so. All for now.

—CPL. INGRAM, J.M.

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