



## Official Organ of 110 Canadian Squadron, the Rota Mota Club

VOL. I, No. 2

25th DECEMBER, 1940

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### An Idea a Day

We all have ideas—but are not all capable of expressing them. If you have an idea, don't let it lie dormant. Remember the sentence—"Don't hide your light under a bushel."

There are 443 men in this Squadron. If each man has one idea a year, we will have more than our "idea a day." Some will be impractical, some will be good, a few will be brilliant and may revolutionise, not only our Squadron, but the whole of the Air Force.

So let's put our heads together. Don't keep your ideas to yourself, let's have them. Let's show young Hitler how far he has "stuck his neck out."

My heartiest and most sincere greetings to the Squadron for a Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year with success ahead.

Wing Commander R. M. McKay.

### Christmas Message

What a blessing it is that even though great changes come to nations, men are qualities of life that do not change. Last Christmas we spent in our own Dominion. Now we are thousands of miles from it. Last Christmas the War had not really started, now it has brought desolation to half a dozen countries that have been overrun by our enemy. Last Christmas old London was intact, now it bears the scars of front line battle. So great are the changes! But, in our hearts there are qualities that abide unchanged; our determination to carry on the struggle for world freedom and righteousness; our loyalty to the noble heritage of the past; our love of things fair and beautiful; our devotion to the home-life of our Empire—Yes, and our resolution to "Keep Christmas" in spite of the War. May each one of you be very conscious of the good will of your fellows this Christmas and above all else

be conscious of the presence of The Christ in whose honour we keep the festival. A right Happy Christmas to you all.

W. Ewart Cockram, Flight Lieut.

### Lieut.-Gen. McNaughton

I have read with much interest the first issue of "Wings Abroad," and I congratulate you on its production.

The well-being and efficiency of your Squadron is a matter of great concern to the Army, for it is only by working closely together and understanding each other's problems and difficulties that we will achieve the results we are all working for.

The work, which 110 Squadron has done for us in the past year, has been all that we could have asked for, and I wish you all continued success in the New Year.

Notification has been received from R.C.A.F. Headquarters, that the Air Force wish to adopt No. 110's song, "We've got a Lovely War to Win," which was composed by the late Flying Officer 'Bill' Middlebro.

We have always been proud of our song and we are certainly pleased to hear that it is receiving the recognition it deserves. We feel that it is also a fitting tribute to the genius of the late Flying Officer Middlebro who composed the song prior to the Squadron's departure from Canada.

### To the Folks Back Home

FROM ALL THE BOYS IN 110 SQUADRON

Never a wish so happy,  
Never a wish so true,  
Never a wish so hearty  
As this that goes to you!  
Never a wish so gladsome,  
Or so sincerely meant—  
May Happiness make your Christmas  
A mighty glad event!

## "Wings Abroad"

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Our first letter, from outside the Squadron arrived the other day. Briefly it was—

"Congratulations on the first publication of "Wings Abroad." Later we will submit an article for your approval."

Signed DON S. FOX,  
for A.I.L. Section

Thank you 'D.S.F.' and may we consider that second sentence a promise?

## War Correspondent

Just about the finest assignment for a Canadian war correspondent in England is to visit No. 110 Army Co-operation squadron. My three days at the air station was one of the most newsworthy and at the same time most congenial of any visits I've had with Canadian units in this country—and that covers a lot of territory.

There's a spirit and enthusiasm about your squadron on duty and off that makes it distinctive. I haven't seen anything quite like it anywhere else in England and I tried to tell the people back home about your accomplishments in a series of stories for the Canadian daily papers.

This newspaper in itself is something to take pride in for it is unique among service publications, put out by the men themselves. The Christmas issue, particularly, is a real undertaking.

"Wings Abroad" asked for an article but a few words of thanks for your hospitality and help—from Wing Commander McKay to the airmen—seem the most appropriate right now. Merry Christmas, No. 110—a wandering newsman wishes you all the best and happy landings.

Capt. Ross Munro,  
Canadian Press.

## Egbert the A.C.3.

The cold, foggy dawn creeps over somewhere in England; 110 Squadron slumbers on through sirens, songs of English larks and the click of sentries' heels.

'Tis Reveille. Lifeless arms, moving upwards from heaps of blankets, groping in the darkness—some to pull chains—some to push buttons, others to turn knobs;—light, warmth, and sound, creep through the airman's digs;—but still that lifeless form is huddled 'neath his ever-so-many scrounged blankets. Waking up slowly is their art, perfected by practice alone. The cheery voice of the B.B.C. "Morning Star" jerks their sense of hearing. To wakefulness. Fifteen minutes of this:—as the B.B.C. goes "On Parade," he must decide:—Weighing his pro and con as to breakfast:

He thinks hard, scratching his head,  
Is it pancake morning, or is it Red Lead?  
Should he tackle the cookhouse?  
Or stay in his bed?  
Then with a bang he is suddenly struck  
He can't go to breakfast, he must clean up this muck.  
He eases a foot out to the cold brown floor,  
Cursing the binge of the night before.  
His body, slowly, from his bed undrains,  
Then notices he has forgotten his blinds.  
On his sleepy face comes a frown,  
Who the devil put that blackout down?  
Looking round taking stock of the room,  
Finds friends have taken away his broom.  
Time creeping on—not a second to spare;  
As yet he hasn't combed his hair.  
Amid a flourish of rags and wax pans,  
C.O.'s inspections—his breakfast he bans.  
Down on his knees he waxes and rubs,  
An ache in his head—too many pubs???  
The floor is clean, he attacks the grate,  
Hurry! Hurry! sure to be late.  
Into the cupboard goes all the junk,  
If the C.O. looks he is sure to be sunk.  
His blankets fold in quarters and eights,  
Mumbling how this job he hates.  
Sure now that none of his kit is mislaid,  
Our A.C.3 Egbert, is ready for parade.  
Rushing out the door with a backward glance,  
Blimey! He has forgotten his pants.  
And now at last everything is set,  
Hoping 'markers' are not called as yet.  
With leaps over mudholes, ever so light,  
Fills the blank file on the left of his flight.  
What is it the Sergeant Major is starting to say?  
No C.O.'s inspection today?  
Well, I'll be x?;x(X), etc.  
No C.O.'s inspection today!!

By Sgt. CARTER, Sgt. BATESON

## Rum Rationing in Peace Time.

Nearly all smoking and chewing tobacco used in the United States of America is sprayed with a solution of New England rum—Boy! Do we enjoy our smokes!

## College Men Pick "Overalls" Jobs.

About 85 per cent of the college men hired by one steel company in recent years choose "overalls" jobs in operating departments, rather than white collar office jobs.—How about it debaters???

## Did You Know That—

The Toronto's Women's Auxiliary of the 110 Canadian Squadron, R.C.A.F., have distributed up to the present, 777 pairs of socks, 127 pairs of gloves, 167 sweaters and 126 pairs of pyjamas? Thank you Women's Auxiliary. Your efforts have certainly been appreciated.

## Eagle at Home

Wing Commander W.D. Van Vliet has been appointed Commanding Officer of a Bombing and Gunnery School at Pingal, Ontario—Our bet is that those chaps hit the bull's eye.

## Picked up in Passing

Sqdn. Leader E. H. Evans, and Flight Lieutenant E. A. Nanton landed safely at an eastern Canadian Port on November 24th.—Just watch Canada's war effort now!

Our reporter has it that L.A.C. Paul Finnbogason arrived safe and sound in Canada and is posted to the Winnipeg Command. Good Luck, Paul.

HERE'S a letter which appeared recently in an Oklahoma City newspaper:

Dear Editor—True stories do happen here in Oklahoma City and here is one you'll appreciate, but doubtless won't print.

A friend of ours has a chicken farm on the edge of the city and the other night he thought he heard a noise in the henhouse.

Getting ready for bed, yet still having on his long underwear, he slips on his house shoes, gets a shotgun and flashlight, and goes out to investigate.

He throws open the henhouse door, kinda squats, pointing gun and flashlight, peering into the hen abode.

Well you know the seat construction of long drawers, they kinda gapped, and about this time his old hound dog came over to see what was going on, touched our friend with his cold nose on the rear, and our friend killed 15 chickens.

Think it over, it gets funnier the longer you think about it. Yours for true humor, I remain,

Laughing,  
C. J. H.

"Wings Abroad" is your bundle, carry it, read it, and support it.

The folks at home want the news concerning you. Here it is, send a copy home on the first and fifteenth of each month. They'll appreciate it.

Be well informed, read your paper "Wings Abroad." You know it, but do the others? All contributions gladly accepted. Keep 'em coming.  
You've News!  
What're your views?  
Tell it to "Wings Abroad."

## Article from A.G.'s

Many amusing incidents took place among A.G.'s; one or two of which we would like to tell you about. It seems that two of the A.G.'s in "C" Flight felt that one village close to where we were stationed should have something to remember them by; consequently Admiral Blake's Memorial which they could never forget, suffered from rather a sudden transfiguration when his face and chest became illuminated like a neon-sign, due to two aluminum sea markers which accidentally descended upon him out of the blackness of night. They heard later, that the Mayor of the town took the incident as a joke, but the local constabulary were "right on the bit," and were not at all happy about the whole affair. Later on, they received a bill from the same village for the gigantic sum of eight shillings, plus odd pence, for the cleaning of Blake's torso.

We wish you could have seen the expression on one of the airgunner's faces, the day he returned to the aerodrome only to find that he had scored more direct hits on his own aircraft than on the target. We wish you could have seen the rigger's expression.

That little episode reminds us of the days that "B" flight spent on the course. Cpl. Dickie was at the time chief score keeper. One day he was to be seen running madly toward an A.G. that had just climbed out of his aircraft and was on his way to see what "the score was." Dickie, tearing up to him said, (*halling gasps*) "Congratulations Smittie, you've done the best yet—thirty two holes in your target." Smith with rather a dry cynical smile opened his hand and glanced at the six empty cartridges that lay there. "Thanks Dickie," he said, and calmly turned and walked away. Dickie, could next be seen trudging very dejectedly back to his job. What was the trouble, Dickie? Could it have been apple cider?

The modesty of some of our pilots really should be brought to light. For instance, we might mention one occasion when one of our over zealous "chauffeurs" having tried so hard to puncture one target by firing with his front guns, and by finally diving at it again and again, he eventually clipped one target neatly from one bow cable with the leading edge of the wing. What a disheartening sight it must have been, to see the fruit of all his effort fluttering gently downward toward Davy Jones's locker.

## Why A.G.'s

The pilot who thinks the air gunner should carry their chutes, helmets, maps, etc.

The question "Where are we?" after the A.G. has been scanning sky and clouds for hours.

The wild form of aerobatics whilst the gunner is in a corkscrew position trying to level a camera.

The visiting officers who put a magazine on a gun with no breach block and leave flying equipment scattered from the dispersal area to the hangar.

Pilot (in anger at delay of morning daily inspection of 9003—"Well Corporal, what's the matter with this Aircraft's Gas Atomizer?")

Cpl. Fitter—"It must be the diaphragm or the damp weather."

Pilot—"See that it is repaired immediately!"

Cpl. Fitter (with sigh of relief)—"Yes, Sir—the armourer has just gone to dry it out."



## To Greet and Bless You

There is no need to tell you to be merry and happy—because you will be. Everybody has been so good to you. There is nothing lacking in comforts from home and friends. Just this one word from myself to assure you that what ever I can do now, or throughout the year for you, will be my greatest pleasure.

May the Christ Child whose birthday we celebrate, bless you, and give you the Spirit of His Peace.

THE PADRE,  
(M. J. MacNeil)



## This Modern Age

In our modern and high-speed life today, time is the element. Everything is in tempo. Our trains, planes, ships, in fact even our every day lives. Wars are no longer wars, but "Blitz Kriegs." But our experience with the latter shows us that it is but a temporary disturbance and very short lived. But, back to our subject; and going into retrospect, for but a short period, we realize what great progress we have made in these fields. Our modern transport lane is a wonder of the age, as compared to the Wright Bleniot or the Curtis "Jenny" of yester-year; and let us compare the crystal radio receiver, or even the one tube super-blooper of not so long ago, to the far advanced all wave super-heterodyne of today. This transmission has not come about in days or months, but is the fruit of work over a long period of time; though its constant evolution and improvement seems to lessen the time of advancement, and its only justification is our seeming ignorance of its complexities, and the contention that it is but a debt to the comfort of our generation owed by science.

Geometric law states that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Could this law be better proven than by a high speed aircraft travelling between two geographic points? Let us take into consideration weather, visibility, etc., conditions that would tend to deviate our craft from its pre-determined course. Surely a factor to be reckoned with; but science aids us still further; with the perfection of beam flying as used by all commercial air lines today. Their aircraft travel on radio-radiated air roads, assuring complete control, and constant communication between the aircraft, points of dispersal, and ultimate destination.

If the essence of today's existence is to be the setting aside of barriers of distance and elements of time, what better means could we employ than our transport plane travelling at speeds in hundreds of miles per hour, guided by that invisible hand which aids its flight with the lightning rapidity that is radio!

L.A.C. LaRoque, J.P.—*Signals Section*

A Cuckoo is a bird that lays other bird's eggs in its own nest and vice versa.

## Genuine Ingenuity

One day, while on Camp Patrol, an R.C.A.F. Service Police was stopped by a new R.A.F. recruit.

Recruit: "Could you direct me to the Watch Office?"  
S.P.: "Yes, but what is the nature of your business at the Watch Office?"

Recruit: "Well I was told that I could get my watch fixed up, you see the spring is. Etc."

## Coincidence in War Torn London

Coincidence in War Torn London.

Two fellows of the same regiment in the R.A.S.C. who had been pals since they had joined up, and having been together in France and all over England etc., were stationed at Portsmouth. One day a letter came to one of the boys who stayed at Petworth, Sussex. His wife had written him saying that she had taken an evacuee from LONDON. It happened to be a lady by the name of Jones, the same as his pal's. More out of fun than anything, he asked if it could be his pal's wife. Sure enough it was. There had been no arrangements made between the two women; they had not even corresponded with each other. This is just another of the funny things which happen here in war torn England.

## Purchasing a Camera

The first thing you notice, in purchasing a camera, is its construction. The lens and baseboard should be rigid with no play in the supporting struts.

The most popular camera is the one taking No. 120 roll film of eight, twelve, and sixteen exposures. Pictures of any one of these sizes can be seen clearly without enlarging, but using a camera with a good lens, can be enlarged considerably.

The lens is the eye of your camera, and as a result the price of your camera is dependent on the quality and speed of the lens. The high speed lens begins at F.4.5 and goes up to F3.5, F2.5, etc. and is used chiefly under poor lighting conditions. But a camera with a slower lens will take just as good a picture with better lighting, if it has the quality.

In judging the quality of the lens, you will depend largely on the manufacturer's name. The Zeiss Tessar lens is the best known, with Schneider Cooke, Ross, etc. following close behind. The Kodak lens is a cheaper lens of good quality doing an excellent job for the beginner, and the results will more than satisfy his requirements.

A good many cameras use the compound shutter between the lens with the trade name Compur. This is the favourite of its type and gives excellent exposures. Another popular type is the focal plane shutter used immediately in front of the film. This shutter is used for high speed action which the compound shutter cannot cope with.

Every camera is manufactured with a special function in view. Some are designed mainly for press photography, some for studio portraiture, others for landscapes, etc.

Therefore, before purchasing your camera think of its intended purpose, size of picture area, and the type if possible, then sally forth with a light heart and good luck to you.

By Sgt. Harris & L.A.C. Smith.



It's the night before Christmas  
And all through my purse  
Not a nickel is stirring,  
Each year it gets worse!  
But still here's a greeting,  
Though I'm badly bent  
I'll send you my best wishes  
If it takes my last cent.

MERRY XMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR CANADA



## Calling All Hep-Cats—By Off-beat.

Because of the many in this squadron who go round the hangars, mess canteen, etc. with a whistle on their lips, a song in their hearts, or who just like to beat it out, this columnist has dug, stolen, scraped, scrounged or what have you, to give the Jive Artists what they want.

The one-time "King of Swing" Benny Goodman is back in the limelight. A couple of months ago, Benny persuaded two of his old men, Teddy Wilson (drums) to fill in with his new combo. Fletcher Henderson and Ed. Santers will do the arranging.

A few of the Squadron's Ickies (who like their corn fresh from the cob), are still crooning "In the Mood." Nice going boys! It's only been dead for the last year.

The peaceful after-dinner snack in the airman's mess was again broken up the other day, when one of the local jive kids mistook his cutlery for a pair of drum sticks and went to town with "Tuxedo Junction," sur la table. Why is the parachute section so small and yet so noisy?

"Pennsylvania—65,000," featured by Woody Herman is one of the newest jump tunes to arrive over here from America. Will Bradley's "Beat in Daddy" a real boosy-woosy number, has also aroused interest with jazz men everywhere. One of the newest, and hottest tunes, for some time is "Southern Fried," by Al Donahn, and is being featured here by Geraldo and Joe Loss.

## "Contact"

—makes a hit on our station.

On Friday, December 13th we were privileged to see a very good revue, "Contact." The show was presented by the personnel from the W.O.A.C. school of the R.A.F.

The guiding lights behind the show were Terrence Rattigan, author of "French Without Tears," "Quiet Wedding," etc. and March Davis who produced several shows in London. Both these men are now with the R.A.F. The cast made up of ten officers and thirty men, had the audience rolling in the aisles with their snappy songs and humour. Having talked with several of these chaps, I found them to be very keen on the show.

It is interesting to note that Jack Hudson, star singer of the show was "discovered" during an air raid. He was singing at the far end of a shelter, and a chap looking for talent heard him. He was persuaded to sing in the show, and although he had no experience in that line, accepted; and did a very good job of it. One of his songs, "If I only had Wings," was written by an ex-London band leader, Sid Collins, who has also joined the R.A.F. Mr. Rushworth, who played the part of Cinderella in the pantomime was "tops." To see his 238 lbs. all man, playing the coy feminine part of Cinderella, was a treat. If the entertainments we are to see here this winter rate as good as the revue "Contact," then I have an idea we will be well entertained.

By SCOTTY BARNES

Noah's Ark was made of wood, Joan of Arc was maid of Orleans.

They came and said the Armada was sighted in the Channel and Drake said "The Armada can wait, my bowels can't."

## Song Titles

and their

## Facsimiles

26. Love is All—Cpl. Nisbet.
27. Playmates—Sgt. Hunt and Cpl. Hierlihy. z
28. There'll be no Promotion this side of the Ocean—L.A.C. J. F. Sabourin.
29. Vagabond King—Cpl. Allan, W.
30. My Buddy—Cpl. Landreville.
31. I Live the Life I Love—L.A.C. Arsenault.
32. Good Night Sweetheart—L.A.C. Thomas.
33. Yes, Sir, That's My Baby—L.A.C. Miller—displaying baby picture.
34. I'm a Lone Cowhand—L.A.C. Gilmour.
35. Oh you Gorgeous Dancing Doll—L.A.C. Barnes.
36. Careless—L.A.C. Brown.
37. If I had My Way—A.C. Weston.
38. It's a Sin to Tell a Lie—L.A.C. Roch.
39. With My Eyes Wide Open I'm Dreaming—L.A.C. Paice.
40. Sweet and Low—L.A.C. Whitehead, J.C.
41. Whistling in the Dark—Cpl. Steeves.
42. Another Little Drink—Cpl. Stewart.
43. I Wish I was Single Again—L.A.C. Thrift.
44. Drifting and Dreaming—Cpl. Trickey.
45. I'll Remember—L.A.C. Main.
46. Cheerio, Here I Go On my Way—L.A.C. Rouleau.
47. These Foolish Things—Thompson, Brust, Harbun and Prette.
48. Moanin' Low—L.A.C. Walters.
49. Lazybones—A.C.I. Bates.
50. Flatfoot Floosie—A.C.I. Bertrand.
51. Just One More Chance—L.A.C. Masters.
52. We Wanna Go Home—110 Squadron (Chorus).
53. Pop, I Don't Wanna Go to Work—L.A.C. Langdon.
54. — Was All the Band could Play—Goer ng.
55. I Love a Parade—E/Sgt. McKee.
56. Beer Barrel Polka—Chuck Arsenault.
57. Run Rabbit, Run  
Harbour Lights  
ALL ASHORE } Italian Navy
58. If I could be with You an Hour Tonight—To Hitler.
59. Who's That Knocking at My Door—Mussolini to Greece.
60. Let's Have Another One—11643 to R53623
61. En Avant de la Grosse Orteilles—Sgt. Albert (In Front of The Big Toe).
62. Little Sir Echo—L.A.C. R. J. Moore.

We regret to announce the untimely death of A. Rumour, of 110 Squadron. A Rumour was employed in the firm of Rumours Interpreted and Unlimited, of No. 2 Hangar Street, where he originated a much used home sickness remedy known as "We'll be home by Christmas." Always a popular and energetic member of our community, his passing leaves a gap in our social life. Mr. Rumour is survived by his wife Egypt, one son Greece, and newly born daughter Squadron Dispersal. There are several thousand relatives spreading around England who will mourn his demise.



## ODDS N' ENDS

by

The Idler

### Christmas

Time marches on! Ten months have slipped by. Ten months that have seen us pass through a maze of changing faces—through troublesome and trying times—through adverse conditions. And today finds us spending a Christmas in a strange land, amid strange people—away from the lights and the glitter and the love of those back home of whom we are so fond. The light, soft, snowfall of a sparkling Christmas of a year ago, gives way to the duller green of a snowless season! The tinsel and the glamour and the decorations—we miss, but in missing will have much. To you back home—don't worry about us—we've had a Merry Christmas and we've thought of you often. All of us, in one way or another, through cables, and letters and gifts, have told you to 'carry on' and have the best Christmas ever. We can't say much, but we would like you to know this . . . and in knowing, to remember . . . YOU were foremost in our thoughts on Christmas Day.

### A Moment in Thought

Society is a vast living organism, drawing its existence from the life giving cells of the family. Its very breath depends upon the make-up of the individual home. And like every living organism, its health is dependent upon the condition of that cell. Undermine the family—undermine that cell and you shake the very foundations of peace and freedom and existence.

War has some far reaching effects, and not the least of these is the birth of another phase of society—a nation's defensive and offensive forces. And like the society of which it forms such an integral part, it too must have its foundations—its cells—its living organisms. The family gives way to the Unit. . . to the individual Squadron, Battery or Regiment. They become those life giving cells in the strength of our Army—our Navy—our Air Force. If a Unit is inefficient—if it lacks perfection—then it must necessarily have its effect on the parent body. Just as any living organism, which has an unhealthy cell, it is sick—its strength is weakened, in a degree equal to its inefficiency. You are a small but vital part of that vast army that helps to make a Nation's War Machine. If you shirk in your work—if you do your job poorly—you weaken your Unit, which in turn weakens your Nation! As inconceivable as that lack of efficiency might be—as meagre as it is—it still exists. That cannot be denied! Are you, through your lack of efficiency, weakening your Nation's strength?

### Money

Workers earn it—spendthrifts burn it,  
Bankers lend it—women spend it,  
Forgers fake it—taxes take it,  
Dying leave it—heirs receive it,  
Thrifty save it—Misers crave it,  
Robbers seize it—Rich increase it,  
Gamblers lose it—I could use it.

(Thank you Mr. Richard Armour of the New York Sun  
"Them's our sentiments exactly.")

### Calling all Airman

Mail—Mail—Mail! Bags of it! Yes, we've all seen truck after truck unload in the past year, to say nothing of the hundreds of bags and parcels in these past few weeks—and so we've wondered and reflected a little and the result of our reflection couldn't be phrased in words—insufficient we say. There's a smart job being done in that Mail Room. In less than three hours after 18 or 20 bags come in — You — and — You — and You have your letters and parcels — all duly registered and signed for and after a minimum of delay—left only for you to open. Yes—a smart job—and to you LAC Williams and to your able apprentices AC O'Brien and LAC Richardson—we're thanking you for a swell job, and all the happiness you have brought us in the past year, and particularly at this, the Christmas Season. If there is anyone to whom we are wishing "A Merry Christmas"—it is you—that's unanimous. Thank you Williams, Richardson and O'Brien. C'mon fellows—a big hand!

BUT, all happiness doesn't come in the one direction—every airman seems to wear a smile on the 15th and the 30th—and all because the following brief conversation takes place. "R983789654 AC Cuthbertson, Peter, John—Three pounds ten." A lot of long weary nights amid a maze of whirling figures—assigned pay—accountance rolls—deferred pay—promotions—crew pay—musterings and what have you. Thank you, Lieutenant Minish for a job well done—and to your capable assistants, Sergeant Cowan and AC Cumming—thanks again!

### Amendment

An item on the back page of the first issue of "Wings Abroad" caught and held our eye, and the result is that I feel it is my solemn duty to make an amendment to this effect:

FOR: AC Weston maintains that the hair on his upper lip will remain despite the fact that the boys in the Orderly Room demand its removal, due to his defeat in a recent debate.

#### READ CESSATIONS

##### Temporary Duty

Hair on AC	Ceases to be attached on Temporary
Weston's lip	Duty, effective the night following the appearance of the first issue of "Wings Abroad." (Auth: Razor plus the boys in the Orderly Room.)

(TORONTO PAPERS PLEASE COPY)

But now the boys are hollering that I'm not going to make that deadline as both time and space are up. So long fellows, and your scribe in this department is saying to each and every one of you—The Merriest Christmas ever and the Happiest and Brightest of New Years . . . and remember too, gang . . . not drunk but drink . . .



# Orchids To—

## The Daily Mirror

Boys—cuts or blocks, as they are called in England are necessary in printing any kind of art work. Back home they cost 25c. an inch. The London Daily Mirror has presented you "Wings Abroad" banner cut for the front page, entirely free. An Orchid also to a Mr. Franklin who despatched the order as quickly, efficiently and business-like as any we have ever seen. Thanks to you, *Daily Mirror*.

## Jack Auld

for his work in the recent bombing of —. The Orchids are for his strenuous sweat soaked efforts in searching the wreckage and debris of those buildings. Jack, if there had been a situation requiring a hero, we are sure you would have filled the bill.

## Maintenance Flight

To the 10 Corporals in Maintenance Flight who pitched right in and unloaded three lorries of petrol in less than half an hour. Nice going boys! It's great to see that the two hooks made no difference. That's the spirit we need in the Squadron.

## Wedding Bells

Congrats to L.A.C. F. R. Young on his last leave to the Land o' Heather—came back engaged. Only one complaint. L.A.C. Welsh says, "this makes F. R. his brother-in-law. Careful Frankie, there's a lot of "Scotch" in them there parts.

## Xmas Dinner with 110—Turkey—Oh Boy!

Although our Christmas Edition must necessarily be prepared well in advance of the 25th of December, we feel that it would not be complete without some mention of Christmas, as it will be, or as it is expected it will be, celebrated on the Camp.

Possibly, we shall all miss the snow-covered landscape to which we've been accustomed at this time of year, and there is no doubt that we shall miss the family gathering at Christmas dinner. However, we have before us, a Menu of our Christmas dinner and, on looking it over, we've decided that if the Christmas spirit is lacking it will certainly not be because of the Christmas dinners we're missing at home—in fact we're almost working up a Christmas spirit ourselves as we read over the following:

Tomato Juice Cocktail	
Roast Turkey	Dressing
Cranberry Sauce	
Mashed Potatoes	
Green Beans	
Hot Mince Pie	
Christmas Pudding	Rum Sauce
Nuts	Apples — Oranges
Coffee	Beer

We know our cooks, and consequently we know that the dinner will be cooked just as it should be. We're a long way from home, but Christmas Dinner is still Christmas Dinner, "Somewhere in England."—Bring on the Turkey!

## Hockey

## Sportmites

Toronto Maple Leafs are setting a hot, early pace in the National Hockey League this year, having won twelve of their fourteen games. The league leading Leafs have only been beaten by the New York Rangers by 4—1, and the Chicago Black Hawks by 1—0.

On Saturday night, December 14, Toronto defeated the Black Hawks by the score of 2—1. While in the other league game, the second place Detroit Red Wings had to go into overtime to defeat the New York Rangers by the tune of 3—2.

	NATIONAL LEAGUE STANDING.				Dec. 16, 1940
	Played	Won	Lost	Tied	
Toronto ...	14	12	2	0	24
Detroit ...	15	7	4	4	18
Chicago ...	14	5	6	3	13
Boston ...	13	5	5	3	13
Rangers ...	13	4	7	2	10
Canadians	14	4	8	2	10
Americans	13	3	8	2	8

According to the latest records from the league, Bill Cowley, the Ottawa boy with Boston Bruins, is leading the league with a total of 15 points, Cowley is closely followed by that veteran Syd Howe of the Detroit Red Wings, who has fourteen points, while in third place is Bryan Hestall of the New York Rangers who has 13 points. Hank Guldop of the league leading Leafs is the leading goal-getter with 8 goals.

## Baseball

You know that the Cleveland Indians, who placed second to Detroit Tigers in the American Baseball League last year, will have a new manager this year in the person of Roger Peckinpaugh. Peckinpaugh will be returning to a position that he held back in 1933. He will be replacing Oscar Vitt, who was ousted by owner Alva Bradley, because Vitt failed to put the Indians in first place and also because he could not handle the men.

Did you know that Charley Geringer (star second baseman of the American League Champs) has been offered the job as manager of the Buffalo Bisons of the International League by the Detroit Tiger?

The Boston Bees of the National Baseball League almost had a new owner this year in the person of Bing Crosby (screen and radio star), but due to Bing having a stable of horses, Judge Landis, the Czar of Baseball, would not let the deal go through.

## Football

Now that the Rugby season is over, and Ottawa Rough Riders have been named Dominion Champs by the Canadian Rugby Union, because of a meeting held last June; the Western Union failed to agree to the rules set by the Canadian Rugby Union, and therefore lost all rights to the Dominion title. The Rough Riders won the Big Four title by defeating the Toronto Argonauts; and Balmy Beach winners of the O.R.F.U. for the Eastern Title. While Riders are called Dominion Champs, they failed to meet the Winnipeg Blue Bombers, who won the Western title by defeating the Calgary Broncs.

Andy Tommy, star halfback for the Ottawa Rough Riders, was awarded the Jeff Russell Memorial Trophy by the Interprovincial Rugby Football Union this year. Tommy won by a single vote over Doug. Turner (former U. of T. player) now with the Hamilton Tigers. This award is given annually in the Big Four League to the player best combining ability and sportsmanship.

## Here and There

Can you please tell this reporter what has happened to all the sports, that were to be played in the Squadron this year? After having the hangar all marked off for various games, we have failed to see any of those games being played. Was this just done to keep some of the boys busy?

JACK SABOURIN.

## Christmas

The word Christmas brings back to all those Canadians serving overseas familiar scenes. Pictures of ice and snow, cold, clear, crisp nights and people hurrying to and fro, all with the Christmas spirit written silently over them.

Those are memories—sweet memories of previous Yuletide seasons. But now those previous realities seem but far away dreams. But are they? There is no doubt that the country is different; that the people seem different; but the spirit of St. Nicholas still prevails.

We are taking a part in a war. A war to bring back those former realities from mere dreams to their former capacity. For this reason alone we should celebrate our Christmas festival with thankfulness and grim determination that those who strive to erase those periods of the year, cherished to us all, shall be shown that we still hold firm to our traditions.

To all Canadians I hereby wish to extend my heartiest Merry Christmas—and thumbs up for the New Year.

The Editor.

## Our Sergeant

So they've went and gone and done it!  
You're a Sergeant now at last;  
And forever left behind you,  
Your Corporal-istic past.  
Your duties are quite different.  
You're a much looked up to man—  
You must hear the airmen's troubles,  
And abolish them if you can.  
For they're here without their Mummies,  
And without their Daddies too.  
So all the bed-time stories  
Must be told by Sergeant you.  
You must be kind and gentle,  
And keep them all from harm.  
For you're Sergeant So-and-So  
With three stripes upon your arm.

Submitted by Sgt. MILLER

## Its a Date

January 7th

The Rota Mota Club presents 110 Squadron's first Smoker. The usual Smoker activities will be supplemented by a Floor Presentation featuring the Rota Mota Club Artists.

A little child, before going to a hospital for an operation, was told by his mother to be a good boy and act like a man. The little boy said, "Don't worry Mom, they ain't going to pan a baby off on me like they did on you—I want a pup."

Canadian Air Force Review.

Notices posted recently at Golf Clubs near London.

*Emergency Rule*—Players may pick ball out of any bomb crater, dropping same not nearer hole without penalty. Ground littered with debris may be treated as ground under repair—some fun this PASTURE POOL.

Radio Questionnaire Contest such as those held in the Beaver Club, London for the Army, Navy and Air Force are consistently won by Canadian AIRMEN. There fore men of 110 squadron should have no difficulty in solving the poser below. Read it aloud to your friends if you can!

### THE TEST

Here's top Pand's Pend A'soc. I. alh our, INh. arm  
les Smirt Hand F. U. N.

Letfri ends Hipreig N.B.E.J. u Sta nd ki' N.D.,  
An Devil's Peak O.F. No. NE.

"Wings Abroad"—the demand for the first issue called for a reprint. That's the spirit fellas! A paid up subscription will guarantee delivery of your copy. Kick through and sign up now.

Candid comments regarding Canada's crack co-operative Command—110 Squadron—That's "Wings Abroad."

Were we seeing double the other night when Corporal Stevie Lisowski visited his brother Lawrence? Boy! They sure look alike. Steves from the 112th. Glad to see you. Come and see us often. Regards to all the lads in 112.

## A New Experience.

Yuletide, when folks get together,  
Despite rain, fog, and stormy weather;  
We lads here, across the foam,  
Are spending Christmas far from home.

Memories take us through the years,  
When Christmas time, meant joy, not tears;  
And yet, we took our chance to roam,  
We now spend Christmas, far from home.

Now, when our thoughts are with our folk,  
Let's drink their health, let's sing, let's joke.  
Peace and good will, reign o'er our drome,  
As we spend Christmas far from home.

## Christmas. The Coming of The Christ Child.

"Wings Abroad" has spent much in space on the material side but the full significance of the feast of Christmas is still foremost in our thoughts. And so it is that we look forward with expectation to the real fulfillment of the feast and all that it embodies. Christmas will more than see us fulfilling our spiritual needs. To you folks back home—remember—our Christmas prayer was one of Peace to the Prince of Peace.



Flying Officer BILL MIDDLEBRO, R.C.A.F.  
Killed July 17, 1940,  
in a flying accident in England.



FLYING OFFICER  
W. G. MIDDLEBRO'

PILOT

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE  
17TH JULY 1940      AGE 24



IN LOVING MEMORY  
OF A GOOD AND GALLANT SON  
ONLY CHILD OF LOVING PARENTS  
OF OWEN SOUND, CANADA

Notification has been received from R.C.A.F. Headquarters, that the Air Force wish to adopt No. 110's song, "We've got a Lovely War to Win," which was composed by the late Flying Officer 'Bill' Middlebro.

We have always been proud of our song and we are certainly pleased to hear that it is receiving the recognition it deserves. We feel that it is also a fitting tribute to the genius of the late Flying Officer Middlebro who composed the song prior to the Squadron's departure from Canada.