



Official Organ of 110 Canadian Squadron, the Rota Mota Club

VOL. I, No. 3

15th JANUARY, 1941

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War and the Man

War to the young has a certain number of attractions. There will always be an aura of romance connected with a uniform and the feeling that they are going to risk their lives in combat. There will always be visions of new lands, new faces and new thrills.

The older people see beneath the surface. They see the justness of the cause for which they are fighting.

This and the excitement during the war tends to make both the young and the old forget what is going to happen after the war is over. We must not lose sight of the fact that the armed forces are not run like a business. If we compare the two, the war staff and their direct associate are like an advertising force of a store. The advertising force prepares for a sale months in advance. They are the war staff preparing for a battle. The people who are to do the selling on the day of the sale are the fighting men. However the business man can hire and train sales staffs a few days in advance, but the commander must keep his men in fighting trim for months. This is where war and business differ.

During the waiting period, keeping the fighting men occupied is a big problem for the commander. Only in a few instances will it be solved. The men might realize after a few months that they have really been doing nothing but wait, which they have learned very well. They won't realize, however, until they get back into civilian life that they have lost their working capacity. Thus they will realise their business sense has not been kept awake. Others have gone ahead of them. To solve this is the second problem of the commander.

The solution to this problem is not to keep busy digging holes and filling them up again. The solution is to increase the man's skill and knowledge. If the man's thinking capacity and skill can be improved, and improved to the extent that his working capacity has fallen off, then he will be able to start in business at the same level as he left off. If the commander can accomplish this then one of the biggest crimes caused by war has been minimized.

Some might think the job ends there, but it is not so. The destruction caused by this war to both the material and the abstract things of life must be remedied. A tremendous reconstruction will have to start. The world will be crying for leaders. There's only one way to prepare yourself—diligent study and hard work. You have the ability—I've seen it—all you need now is the equipment—it's your solemn duty—GET IT.

Wing Commander McKAY.

Rota Mota Smoker

January 7th saw the Rota Mota Club usher in the first Squadron Smoker, and if current comment can be classed as good authority, and we are confident that it can, it was a success. A debate, broadcast and sing-song formed the highlights of the evening's entertainment. No. 1 Canadian Neurological Hospital were the guests of the Club in a friendly debate in which it was resolved that machinery does more harm than good. The hospital boys upheld the affirmative side of the question, but despite the fact that they made a splendid showing, No. 110 Canadian Squadron was awarded the unanimous decision of the judges. Cpl. Middleton and Pte. Stirrup debated for the Hospital, and Cpl. J. M. Lutes and L.A.C. O. Hansen handled the interests of the Squadron. The judges consisted of Squadron Leader Jeakes, Flight Lieut. G. L. Mann and Lieut. Coulter.

Following the debate, the Squadron took to the ether waves. Well enjoyed and capable solos by Cpl. Nisbet, L.A.C. Hansen and L.A.C. Langley, coupled with a Squadron sing-song, provided the programme for a re-broadcast to Canada at an early date. Greetings from individual members of the Squadron to the old folks back home completed the broadcasting angle. The smoker was under the able chairmanship of Wing Commander R. M. McKay. Delicious refreshments polished off a successful evening and closed another chapter in the short history of ROTA MOTA.

Rota Mota Dinner

In gratitude for their interest, effort and activity in the club, a Dine, Drink and Discuss session was held on New Year's evening for all present Rota Mota members.

Guests entered Barrack Block 83 at 9 p.m. to sit down to a long T-shaped table laden with delicacies from Canada.

A toast to the King was followed by fruit cocktail, tomato soup, turkey, ham, green peas, asparagus, coffee, fruit cake, nuts, candies, cigarettes and beer.

This perfectly appointed festive board, with immaculate linen, artistic decorations and capable waiters carried every man back home with memories of peace-time parties and their well-stocked buffets. For three luscious hours, planes, bombs, sirens and squadron duties were left far behind.

Major Tough, the guest of honour, expressed a hope that the Rota Mota would continue fathering the cause of good fellowship and camaraderie under its present founder and moderator and said that the arrival, organization and activities of the club were largely responsible for 110 Squadron's high morale and esprit de corps.

Major Kritsch, F/Sgt. McKee and F/Sgt. Baker and four members of the newspaper staff also spoke and were thanked from the chair for their industry and co-operation. The Padre, Flt. Lieut. MacNeil, extended his appreciation to all guests, the cooks and their helpers for making such a grand evening possible.

The President, Cpl. Jack Lutes, exhorted everyone present to foster and promote the ideals of the club in such a manner that all 443 men of 110 would sit down to Rota Mota's next Dine, Drink and Discuss.

Lux Veritatis

A newspaper does more to mould and model public opinion than all other factors combined. An honest independent one guides people's thoughts along a sane constructive line of thought; an unprincipled, controlled press warps their views along any selfish direction desired.

And so it is that "Wings Abroad" takes up the touch of Truth synonymous with impartial journalistic policies of quality to:—

Lay a lie in its lair and right a wrong that might gain monstrous proportions in the public sentiment.

A reliable source states that a former member of this squadron now returned to Canada, has informed a women's work group who intended sending cigarettes and woollen comforts to this squadron, that, Quote "110 has a great surplus of socks and the men have such an abundance of cigarettes they are giving them away to English civilians and a hamper of socks and cigarettes would be a useless present."

No airman of 110 Squadron has given, or is likely to give, any cigarettes to English civilians. Scattered cases have occurred where the donor did so because of social obligations or desire to assist one in a position much less fortunate than himself, and in these instances it was one packet and not an indefinite quantity, as the quotation implies. No airman of 110 Squadron has in his possession what could rightly be called a surplus of cigarettes. Quite true, as many as two thousand have been received in one shipment. But these are hoarded as carefully as two hundred would be, for the owner always looks after his room mates and friends, a great many of whom invariably have been entirely devoid of any shipment for weeks. Later on these same friends usually receive windfalls themselves and it is their turn to aid the original receiver, since his shortage is now acute.

So What ?

Christmas is gone, New Year is past, memories linger bright,

It made a cheerful break for us and put old gloom to flight.

The festive spirit was all there, yet still it seems to me We maybe missed the folks back home, the kids and Christmas tree.

It's a merry spot, old England, but with me you'll agree That all the boys were getting tired of soda pop and tea. I heard a voice around the mess, "Come on with me my friends,"

We're off down to the local pub to try some elbow bends.

A gin and lime or rum and coca, a double scotch and soda,

The evening hours passed on and on until I'd had my quota.

I felt so mighty queer that night that I believe I'd bound

To tell you that it isn't love that makes the world go round.

We had a bit more fun that night before we hit the hay, Oh! what a job to get us up by morn on Christmas Day. Then came the Christmas dinner. Boy! what a feast it was;

It almost had me thinking that there was a Santa Claus. Time marches on: the 31st—the last day of December, What happened after 10 o'clock I'm darned if I remember.

Some have hazy recollections of '40 old and wan, When baby New Year toddled in with almost nothing on. Happy New Year to one and all we shouted out with glee,

We hope we'll all be home again by 1943.

When New Year's day dawned lazily the sun was shining bright,

I woke up feeling fit and fine and smiling—well, not quite.

I'm afraid the morning after affects our constitutions, I'll drink no more—will be the first of New Year's resolutions.

Now all this tangled mass of words and all this roundelay

Was only just to reach the point, so we could merely say

"Hope you all enjoyed your Christmas and all had lots of fun

Let's join in Happy New Year, the best for '41."

by Sgt. F. B. CHURCH.

Egbert A.C. 3

Our "going to press" roll call revealed Egbert the A.C. 3 absent off parade. Sgts. Carter and Bateson's explanation is that he was granted two weeks' compassionate leave due to difficulties suffered at Christmas and will not parade till January 31st.

Card of Thanks

The N.A.A.F.I. manageress and staff wish to acknowledge with thanks the excellent dinner to which they were invited on Christmas Day and also to express appreciation for the gift from the airmen of 110.

With best wishes and happy landings to all Canadians.

The N.A.A.F.I.

Short Short Story

High up on the bare white-washed wall of the guard room a not too accurate clock noisily ticked off the minutes. At the table the Service Policeman sat leisurely ticking off names in the "Book." Looking up at the clock he thought lazily that in another few minutes he would be off, when the door opened and in strolled a remarkable figure.

The stranger was dressed in the old Cavalier costume, booted, spurred and bewigged; with frills of lace at his throat and cuffs and a long rapier swinging easily in his sword belt. The S.P. sat frozen into immobility, his mouth open and an incredulous look on his face.

"Ho! Varlet," cried the stranger. "I would hold conversation with the Captain of the Dragoons, on a matter of import. Conduct me right speedily to his quarters."

The S.P. stared at the newcomer. What the hell, he thought. Some of the officers have been to a masquerade and taken on a cargo. This one has just strayed a little. Better humour him. Aloud he replied:

"Well, sir, I don't rightly know where he is."

"Dost dare quibble with me, scurvy knave? I'll have thee horsewhipped and placed in the stocks," cried the stranger, and before the startled S.P. could find his tongue he had drawn his rapier and angrily cried: "The Captain of the Dragoons, oaf."

"Here," cried the S.P., "I don't mind a joke, sir, or you having a little too much to drink, but you've gone a little too far in your language."

"Language," laughed the stranger, "Shalt be boiled in oil, I tell thee. Dost dare criticize thy betters, scum. A little blood letting will temper thy audacity." And so saying he made a quick thrust with his rapier at the now thoroughly startled policeman, who jumped back in alarm. The stranger followed him fiercely, stabbing and lunging, stabbing and lunging. The pain was becoming unbearable. Finally he closed his eyes and cried out.

"For God's sake stop," and opened his eyes once more.

The stabbing had ceased. Standing over him holding a ruler in his hand was the Orderly Officer. Quickly the S.P. jumped to his feet.

"I'm sorry, sir. I'm afraid I must have been dozing."

"Dozing," said the Double "O." "You were sound asleep. I've been poking at you with this ruler for the past five minutes. What have you to say for yourself?"

The S.P. opened his mouth, then he closed it again.

"Nothing, sir."

After all nobody would believe his story anyway. If he pleaded guilty he might get away with fourteen days.

—T. T. WELSH.

Now You Tell One

It's twelve long months since we left Canada's shores in dear old England to roam. Since we've been here we've drunk lots of beer and told some terrible tales of how the heat of the day burnt your buttons away and at night we've frozen stiff with the cold. We talk of crows so large, so says the "Sarge," they swallow machines off the 'drome and of radio bulbs of which they are full a thousand miles on the 'phone. Of "A" Flight batteries disappearing at sight. Of "C" Flight flying 50 hours at night. Of "B" Flight sleeping days as well as nights, of maintenance flight boys wasting paper galore on photos flight what a metal workers delight. Of how we wait for the next bunch out from home, we'll tell them big tales why the sun itself isn't half as big as it was last year.

L.A.C. McLeod bears the scars of battle. "Mac's" contention is that it was an iron girder in the black-out. It's a good story—BUT—

Rebuttal

In the first issue of "Wings Abroad" readers will recall "C" Flight throwing bouquets at themselves and wise cracking at "A" and "B." Quote:—

1. We haven't changed any engines yet."
2. We still have six machines flying."
3. "Give 'C' Flight a few good men from 'A' and 'B' to handle cinders and coal, etc."

CHECK AND RE-CHECK. The score is now:—

1. Three engine changes for "C" Flight in two weeks—right?
2. How many machines in "C" Flight up now, or should we say which is up now? (Note.—Going to press date January 9th.)
3. Two men drafted recently to assist you in your flying operations—not cinder piles.—N'Yah!!

Editor's Footnote.—"Hey, you birds! Scram away out in the dispersal area and don't fisticuff across my desk. Everything was peaceful before you came; say, who the h—— let you in, anyway!"

Did You Know That—

There is a Santa Claus. Yes, sir! and he sure treated us O.K. Fellows, if ever we all had a friend it's Flt. Lieut. MacNeil, our Padre. No small order for any Santa Claus. He distributed Christmas parcels to everyone and there are over four hundred individuals. Thanks to you Padre!

Another of our airman now in Canada is F/O. Miller, who joined us early last summer and left in the fall to hustle Hurricanes for No. 1 Fighter. He was shot down in enemy action and suffered severe burns. Mr. Miller is remembered as a first-class pilot and this squadron, and particularly his ground crew, wish him "all the best for 1941."

"They also serve who only stay at home."

Canada's second war loan of £65,000,000 was over-subscribed by £10,000,000.

The Red Cross Society's second request for £1,250,000 has been covered.

New sales and luxury taxes and percentage-of-salary taxes are being added and accepted ungrudgingly by folks back home.

Canada's Active Service Force—167,000 men.

Canada's Navy—130 vessels and 11,000 men.

Canada's Air Force—25,000 men.

Did you know that 50 per cent. of the married people in Canada are women?

During a recent raid on Berlin the R.A.F. dropped leaflets as well as bombs. Most of the people were very glad of the leaflets.

Jack Hulbert is making a new film with the British Navy. The theme was to be about the Italian Navy, but they can't do it now as they never take under water films.



Marriage Announcements

Lewis—Pickett

—The marriage of L.A.C. Joseph J. Lewis, eldest son of Mr. S. Lewis, of Morriston, South Wales, to Miss Rhoda Sarah, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pickett, of 31, Cameron Road, Reading, on November 9th, 1940.

L.A.C. Lewis, native of South Wales, has been a resident of Canada for the last ten years.

Mrs. Lewis spent some years in North-West India, where her father was a W.O. in the Army.

Mother

Dear fond mother with your kind hands
Reposed in patient waiting as the days go by;
A quiet tired figure stifling a sigh
As she smiles a pleasant answer to all demands.
Though at present we are so far apart
Still we praise often your generous heart.
We're in a land filled with thrills anew
And we'll try not to fail your trust so true.
You are my strength, your advice must not fail
To guide me over that long, long trail.
So please God help and be with me to see
That no great sins should ever tie to me.
We hope so soon to be back home,
Never more that we should roam.
Then only will we be the happy boys,
As some time ago, brim full of joys.

L.A.C. HAMM, J. A.

Buttons Burst as Proud Poppa Presents Picture of Prize Papy

110 rates top honours in many fields of competition covering every phase of squadron work.

But to Frank Miller belongs the biggest boast—his baby, Kenneth, won third prize at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto last August. Baby Kenn, out-proportioned, out-dimpled, out-dispositioned and out-hand-somed 197 other keen competitors in his class.

Here's the score:—Age 17 months, weight 23½ pounds, height 29¼ inches. Great stuff, Frank, for enabling us to add to our laurels. "When better babies are born our boys will be responsible." But in tribute to Grace, Frank, we'll change the caption of this story—

WINSOME WIFE REARS WINNING WONDER-CHILD.

CALLOUS HUBBY CORRALLS CREDIT.

LOST

—One half-smoked package cigarettes in Christmas gift parcel. Will person who received same kindly return to Corpl. Potter. Reward—one full pack cigarettes.

Note.—Corpl. Potter was wrapping up Christmas gift parcels for the tree and inadvertently slipped a half empty package of his own fags into a bundle instead of the intended full packet. Will person concerned see corporal concerned and end embarrassing concern of all concerned.

Purchasing a Camera

Continuing our discussion in our last issue on Purchasing a Camera, our next step will be to study and become well acquainted with the various parts and their relationship to one another.

The first thing you notice about your newly acquired pride and joy is that it roughly resembles a box, as it has four sides and two ends and that it is so constructed as to be light tight. At one end you will notice your lens, shutter and iris diaphragm, and it is at this end that light will be allowed to enter the camera in a given quantity.

Diaphragms, frequently called "stops," are obstructions, placed before, behind or within a lens, to control the amount of light passing through to the film. The iris diaphragm is such an obstruction consisting of a number of overlapping leaves of thin metal opening and closing as the iris of one's eye.

The iris diaphragm is operated by a lever working across a scale of F numbers. The F numbers are arranged in such a manner as to double or halve the amount of light passing through the lens when the lever is moved from one F number to the next. You will find by examining your camera that the larger your F number, the smaller your aperture will be and vice versa. Therefore if you move your lever, say, from F.8 to F.11 you will only receive half the light at F.11 that you received at F.8, providing your shutter speed remains constant. The reverse holds true if you move the lever from F.8 to F.5.6, you then double your amount of light falling on the film. Your shutter has various speeds. The compound shutter can vary from one second exposure to one five-hundredth of a second exposure. By common mathematical sense you realise that if you expose your film to an object for half a second you are going to receive only half the light you would receive at one second exposure providing your aperture is constant. The same holds true of high speeds. A shutter speed of one two-hundredth of a second is twice the speed of one one-hundredth of a second. Therefore it will permit just half the light to pass.

Now that you know how much light you can allow to pass your lens by means of the shutter and by the diaphragm you can work the two factors together to give you just the amount of light you desire. You know that a shutter speed of one one-hundredth of a second will give you twice the light that one of one two-hundredth of a second gives you and that an aperture of F.8 will give you half the amount of light that F.5.6 will give you.

Let us suppose that the correct exposure is one-fiftieth at F.8, but this is not sufficient to stop movements; then you must use one one-hundredth of a second as this halves the amount of light passing through the lens. You must open it up another stop, that is from F.8 to F.6.3. Correspondingly the exposure could be one twenty-fifth at F.11. Of course these figures are used only to illustrate the point as the intensity of the light governs the aperture and shutter speed you will use.

If you have any problems or questions we will be glad to help you. Please submit queries to any member of the staff or directly to us at the Photographic Section.

—By Sgt. HARRIS and Cpl. SMITH.

"Paddy" had Pups

Big doings in camp on December 29th. L.A.C. "Paddy" O'Bryne's spaniel presented him with a litter of six pups. Three black and three white. We are pleased to report that "Tillie," the spaniel, "Paddy" and the six "doglets" are doing O.K. L.A.C.'s Gibson and Weston spent a trying few hours as midwives. This event brings the camp's canine complement up to more than somewhat.

We Wonder

WHO?—is that certain cook who unwittingly substituted a bar of cheese for soap and laboriously washed out two shirts? (Mother isn't using Persil yet.)

Like the airman asking the Army laundry to "Lux" his silk pyjamas, we suppose the new wash-house headache will be "please cheese my socks."

This item recalled to one of the staff that he once shaved with tooth-paste. The pumice laden, latherless result proved the ruination of both blade and complexion. Still another would-be scribe having accomplished a tooth-paste shave, whipped a fair sized batch of shaving cream into his gullet with his tooth-brush.

Phooey!! Say, how far does this ersatz stuff go?

What N.C.O. sent our friend "High Pockets" Powchuk into stores for a *long rest* to aid in moving a motor generator of gigantic proportions. When he didn't return the N.C.O. found him nesting quietly in the section. That's carrying out an order to the "T." But "Mac"—What the devil is a "Long Rest"?

Among things we would like to know is—What holds Sgt. McMurdo's field service cap on at that rakish angle? My! Mac, what lovely wavy hair you have.

What telephone "Op" called for the guard "Rooster"? Our friend Fortier sure cuts cacophonous capers with the King's English—English as she is spik.

It's a Tough Racket

The newspaper game is a tough one and is absolutely bereft of any feeling. Its matter follows and flouts every known law of grammar and composition.

Editors ask for news with brevity and colour; and it must have emphasis. These are but the elementary laws of composition and in their entirety constitute but a small part of a complete newspaper organization. News is its life blood.

The "Philadelphia Enquirer," one of the widest read papers of the day, had its humble beginning. Our "Wings Abroad" has begun. Lend it impetus with news. Comment on it—it is your paper, so give it the support it deserves

—L.A.C. LAROQUE.

Canada—Our Home

That land so fair he left behind
When duty called him o'er the sea;
A place more loved he ne'er will find,
A country strong, a nation free.
Her mountains, rivers, forests, streams,
Her sweetness as the seasons passed,
Are all reflected in his dreams
Of that fair place immensely vast.
And when the winter bids adieu
To frozen lakes and snow clad hills,
The loveliness of spring breaks through,
Recalling days of endless thrills.
His thoughts have travelled coast to coast,
Through lands where men have yet to roam.
Why should he not be proud to boast
Of glorious Canada, his home?

—L.A.C. W. HANCOX.

Song Titles

and their

Facsimiles

63. Don't you ever cry.—Cpl. Angel, R.C.A.M.C.
64. Watching a man paint a fence.—Sgt. Nugent.
65. Too Romantic.—Cpl. Jones.
66. Don't ever pass me by.—Pay Parade.
67. Arm 'n' Arm.—F/Sgt. Lecompte and L.A.C. Morrell.
68. No Souvenirs.—Sgt. Carter.
69. Oh, Johnny, Oh.—Sgt. Maier.
70. Dreaming.—Cpl. (Bomber) Bennett.
71. Fools Rush In.—Glass House.
72. It's a lovely day to-morrow.—Pay Day.
73. I shall be waiting.—Cpl. Hunter.
74. There goes my dream.—Cpl. Chuck Arsenault.
75. Give me my ranch.—L.A.C. Munson.
76. Good-bye Sally.—Cpl. Brim.
77. The man with the mandolin (violin).—L.A.C. Langley.
78. F. D. R. Jones.—Sgt. Jones.
79. Three little fishes.—Weller, Waller and Gibson.
80. Wishing.—Father MacNeil.
81. Am I for you.—W.O. Ince.
82. I hear Bluebirds.—L.A.C. Weatherall.
83. You're wrong.—Sgt. Pratt.
- 84.—Tuxedo Junction.—"A" Flight Office.
85. Whose little what's it are you?—F/Sgt. Bailey.
86. All over the place.—Aircraft Engine During P.60.
87. Angel in disguise.—A.C. (Ken) Thompson.
88. The Pessimistic Character.—L.A.C. Swain.
89. Me and my shadow.—F/Sgt. McKee and A.C. Duval.
90. Nursie, Nursie.—Pte. Roberts, R.C.A.M.C.

A soldier displaying considerable worry about his first trip "over the top" was questioned by his Captain regarding his fear.

The man revealed that he was desperately afraid his belly button would be shot away.

"Why worry over your belly button?" asked the officer.

"Well," replied the private, "I've a bad habit of eating celery in bed and if my belly button is shot away where am I going to put the salt?"

Check your date pad and put on your stinking (pardon me, printer's error) thinking cap. An anniversary party has been suggested for February 25th. How about it, boys?

After about five minutes of profane language, when his engine refused to start, a certain Flight Commander was surprised and embarrassed to find that he had forgotten to turn the fuel cock on. Three attending airmen looked on smiling.



ODDS N' ENDS

by

The Idler

Reflection

A world of grown-ups. That is what we live in. We never hear the rippling laughter of the prank-playing youngster . . . never hear the bang bang of the mythical cowboy's guns, just as real—just as alive to that kid, as those planes on our tarmac . . . never see the surprised and worried frown when a "base hit" meets head on with a pane of glass . . . never see the unkempt hair and dirty faces, the sloppy pants and bedraggled stockings, of the mischievous, grinning little urchin. And in not hearing or not seeing—we miss. Yes. War has some far-reaching effects! Wouldn't it be a REAL THRILL—a thrill that would make Goering's dive bombers look sick—to see a dozen kids in a good snowball fight?

The Trial of Democracy

Chesterton said "Democracy has not failed—Democracy has never been tried." How true it was on the day the words were first penned, and it is not the intention of your humble scribe to attempt to alter or change the words of the distinguished, but certainly they are in the throes of transition, for if ever Democracy is to be tried, then it is undergoing that trial to-day. We see Britain and her Empire in the role of the proverbial champion—in the role of the wedge, bearing the terrific brunt of the attack that will split and destroy with relentless fury, the barbaric forces of a rabid race. We see America, the second great bulwark of justice and right and freedom, lending her unselfish efforts to defend the cause of a brave democratic people. Is not democracy being tried to-day? Might we not well say when this war is over, "Democracy has been tried—and democracy has not been found wanting!"

Little Joe

Dear Maw,—We been here for nearly 11 months now and I am still well hoping you are the same. It snowed a bit last week and the boys collected the flakes off their front lawns and they put them together and we had a coast—more darn fun! I went sliding myself and it was one of those horizontal slides—not intentional, of course but just the same I slid on my the boys had a big doo here last week with broadcast n'everything. I said "Hello Maw," so I'll hope you'll be listening.

Well things are pretty quiet here and I guess we got Jerry pretty worried. The boys here are not getting any balder or any greyer from the attempt to worry that the G.A.F. (that stands for the German Air Force I guess) tries so hard to make.

I guess that is all I have to say for now so I'll be off and play a game of snooker with the boys.

Your loving son,

JOE.

So this is English

We'll begin with box, the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox is oxen, not oxes.
One fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of moose is never meese.
You may find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hicc.
If the plural of man is always men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
If I speak of a foot and you show me two feet,
And if I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
If the singular's this and the plural these,
Shoud the plural of kiss ever be keese?
We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
But though we say mother, we never say methren.
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him,
But imagine the feminine, she, shis and shim.
So what?

—We thank Walter L. O'Donnell in the *World Digest*.

Correspondence

Your scribe is in receipt of his first bit of outside comment. It comes in the form of a neatly written article from the pen of L.A.C. F. H. Masters and it reflects clearly the sentiments of more than one Airman in this great Squadron of ours. It has to do with Unity, coming under the heading of "Esprit de Corps." To quote in part, he says: "Wherever one may go in our Squadron, one is impressed by the fact that everyone pulls together." Being one of them and knowing the fellows, I can quite safely say that each and every one of the personnel in this Squadron is of it, for it and proud of it. Aside from the fact that there is such a deep feeling, such an "esprit de corps" for 110, by its personnel, individuals are always friendly toward each other and help each other. It is almost amazing the scarcity of differences of opinion among such a large number of men.' A notable feature of this Squadron, I say. Thank you, L.A.C. Masters. May we have more, fellows?

Attention Padre

"Halt!! Who goes there?"

"Air Force Chaplain."

"Advance, Charlie Chaplin, to be recognised and don't be so d—— funny next time."

And so we usher in 1941. It's a big boy now and growing fast—but it is not too late to wish him and you the Happiest New Year's ever fellows and I wish you every single thing that you wish yourselves—and remember—make it a year to look back on with pride—not regret. . .

Orchids To—

To Lieut. Minish

Who, Despite having broken a leg the previous day, dug deep into his desk drawer to dish out the dimes to all the boys on New Year's Eve and an otherwise penniless and whoopiless celebration was avoided. Incidentally the injury was suffered while assisting others to deal with incendiary bombs.

To L.A.C. Mike Murphy

To L.A.C. Mike Murphy and his co-workers.—For producing such a tasty dinner as that of New Year's evening in Barrack Block 83. It was just like "mother's best," Mike, thanks to you and your lads.

To L.A.C. Hanson

L.A.C. Hanson.—For preparing a winning debate in a little over an hour when the regular speaker was unable to attend. Better than average attributes are required to turn in so good a performance on such short notice.

To A.C. H. King

Despatch Rider of unknown fame (his face is his fortune) and dauntless courage. When L.A.C. Sewell shorted 220 volts of hangar juice and was unable to free himself, King came to the rescue. While Sewell went into a Hulla-Hulla with effects, and King beat Paavo Nurmi's record to tear out the wiring. Good going Harry! When seconds count it is action like that which shows what our airmen are made of.

To—Barracks Best

M.Q. 10.—Cpl. Hunter, Cpl. Saunders, L.A.C. Johnston, L.A.C. Hempstock, L.A.C. Masters, L.A.C. Curtis, L.A.C. Todd, L.A.C. Langley; the boys who had the cleanest quarters for the past two weeks.

M.Q. 50.—L.A.C. Stephenson for the cleanest single room (kitchen).

To—Our "Annie Oakleys"

For the following scores which came to light in this month's revolver shoot—

F.O. Fortt	30
A.C. 1 R. Pearson	30
A.C. 1 F. Rumsam	29
A.C. 1 A. MacDonald	27
F/Sgt. Taylor	27

(Note.—Possible score 30—6 shots.)

Sportmites

Hockey

Toronto Maple Leafs, early pace setters in the National Hockey League, are again in sole possession of first place by virtue of their 3 to 2 overtime win over the 6th place Montreal Canadians, on Tuesday night, January 7th. On the same night Detroit Red Wings, who were tied with the Leafs for first place, dropped back into second place by having a 1 to 1 tie with the third place Boston Bruins. In another match on the same night the 4th place Chicago Black Hawks defeated the last place New York Americans by the tune of 3 to 2. The 5th place New York Rangers were idle.

Bill Cowley, of the Boston Bruins, still leads the league in goals and assists with a total of 27 points. Cowley is closely followed by Phil Watson, of the Rangers. Syl. Apps, Toronto Maple Leafs, and Neal Colville and Bryan Hextal, of the New York Rangers.

Jimmy Mowers, the Niagara Fall's boy, now in the nets for the Detroit Red Wings, is certainly slated to win both the Hart and Vezina Trophy if he continues the fine work that he has shown in the first half of the National League Schedule.

The Allan Cup playdowns are slated this year to be played in the West, possibly at Calgary, beginning around April 11th or 12th. The Memorial Cup will be played this year in the East, but the city has not been decided.

The Canadian Amateur Hockey Association has decided to have one week, where at all the games played in the week 10 per cent. of all the proceeds will go to the Canadian War Effort.

Baseball

Did you know that Jimmy Wilson, last year's World Series hero for the World's Champion Cincinnati Reds, has been signed as manager of the Chicago Cubs in place of Gabby Hartnett. Gabby Hartnett was not long out of the baseball world, as he was immediately signed up by Bill Terry, of the New York Giants, to act as a playing coach. Terry figured that Hartnett will be able to coach all the young pitchers who are now on the roster of the Giants' team. Terry was very lucky to get Hartnett because there were many clubs in both the American and National League after his services.

Judge Landis was re-elected as head of the baseball world again this year. Landis will continue in the position that he has held for the past 15 years.

Boxing

Henry Armstrong, one time holder of three world boxing titles (welter weight, light weight and light-heavy weight) has decided, after losing all three titles, to leave the boxing world and start an orchestra of his own.

What has happened to all the hockey talent that is in the Squadron? Will this year pass without the boys continuing where they left off last year, with their string of unbeaten games?

To Our Fallen Fighters

Fearless and daring, staunch hearts and true,
Loyal at the core to the Colours they flew;
Unceasingly noble and constantly brave,
They asked nought in return for all they gave.
Men, we admire you and though you have gone,
The Empire remembers the deeds you have done;
You were typical Knights without worry or care,
And we stand to salute you warbirds of the air.

—By Sgt. F. J. CUNLIFFE.

"Wings Abroad"

Published Somewhere in England.

Established December 15th, 1940.

Official Organ of No. 110 Canadian Squadron,
R.C.A.F., in Great Britain,
the Rota Mota Club

Address correspondence to:—

In England: "Wings Abroad," 110 Canadian Squadron, R.C.A.F., c/o Canadian Base Post Office, Bournemouth C.A.S.F.

In Canada: Canadian Base Post Office, Ottawa, Canada.

Subscription Rates.

3d. per copy, 6d. monthly.

By mail in England, 1s. per month.

By mail in Canada, 25C. per month.

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The Coming Year

Yuletide has come and gone. We are already into a new year. Will it be better than last—is the outlook brighter? What does the future hold in store for us? What has 1941 for us anyway?

There is no reason at all why the coming year should not present great achievements—not only achievements in political or social life—not only in world-wide events or provincial improvements—but in you yourself.

You and I have witnessed the wrath of war around this island in the past year. At first we were not accustomed to it and then gradually we adapted ourselves to its ravages. Now that the schooling of self-preservation is more or less terminated, we turn ourselves to the bettering of our position at work and the improvement of ideas already used. This is the way that points to advancement. The furthering of our knowledge is one of the main factors in the winning of this war. Not by the improving of one person alone will our cause be furthered but by the collective improving and strengthening of each individual. By this method we are going to pay dividends in this new year that lays open before us.

EDITOR.

The Canadian Red Cross Society are originally responsible for those warm, blue scarves found in your Christmas parcel.

Also from their Christmas cheer fund came £20 to help toward making your Christmas and New Year's dinners more reminiscent of the tables you left at home.

We're sure that an association like the Canadian Red Cross Society will receive your full support in future years.

Song of an Airman

To the stars we rise on our flimsy wings,
For duty has ordered "Go";
As the skylark mounts at the dawn and sings,
When Nature has told her so;
As the stars themselves sail round in rings,
Which none but the gods may know.
To the stars we rise, though we see them not,
And the clouds are about our plane;
And the end may come with a sudden shot,
And then but a moment's pain;
As the clouds themselves dissolve to nought,
When their's is to give men rain.
To the stars we rise with our soaring dreams,
Nor is it an easy rise;
For the fact of pain and of death it seems
Has made of all life surmise;
But the dreamland plane, when the lovelight gleams,
Must always attain the skies.

Taken from "Songs of an Airman and Other Poems"
by Hartley Munro Thomas, Lieut. Observer, R.A.F.,
1917.

A Tribute

A quiet lad is Wally Larocque,
At work this guy will seldom talk,
He's on the job when somethin's to do,
He's ready, tough, unselfish too;
On broadcast night, you will recall
Wallace was in there giving his all;
Let's take a lesson from this lad,
Then lots more helpers could be had.

Weekly Euchre

Prizes for the euchre session at Barrack Block 83 on Monday, January 6th, went to:—

- 1st.—Bob Hayes, leather cigarette case.
- 2nd.—Tommy Eccles, metal cigarette case.
- 3rd.—Harry King, cigarette lighter.
- Low Man.—Ab Looney, cigarettes.

—Stranger than Fiction

Several guests consisting of Polish soldiers in uniform were invited to a Scottish home for a social evening. The highlight was a father finding his son attending the same party. They had not seen each other since the scrap at Warsaw.

A Last Word

And again we come to the last lines of the last page. What more suitable words could we fill it with in this, the first of the New Year's 24 editions, than:—
"Put into your task, whatever it may be, all the courage and purpose of which you are capable. Keep your hearts proud and your resolve unshaken. Let us go forward to that task as one man, a smile on our lips and our heads held high, and with God's help we shall not fail."
—From the King's Empire Day broadcast.