

La Brosse 2



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

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## What is Efficiency ?

It is doing things not wishing you could do them, dreaming about them, or wondering if you can do them.

It is the power to learn how to do things by doing them, as learning to walk by walking or learning to sell goods by selling them. It is knowing how to apply theory to practise. It is the trick of turning defeat into experience and using it to achieve success. It is the ability to mass one's personality at any given time or place; it is skill in quick mobilization of one's resources. It is making everything that is past minister to the future.

It is the elimination of the three microbes of weakness—regret, worry and fear.

## Will to Win

It is self-reliance clothed with modesty. It is persistence plus politeness. It is the hand of steel in the velvet glove. It is alertness, presence of mind, readiness to adjust oneself to the unexpected. It is sacrificing personal feelings to the will to win.

## The Man

It is impinging the ego against the combination of events—luck, fate, custom and prejudice—until they give way.

It is massing the me against the universe. It is the sum of the three quantities—purpose, practise and patience. It is the measure of a man, the real size of his soul.

It is the ability to use one's passions, likes, dislikes, habits, experience, education, mind, body and heart—and not to be used by these things. It is self-mastery, concentration, vision and common sense. It is the sum total of all that's in a man.

What I have said above pertains to right use of and not abuse. The best we have you know can be used to disadvantage.

Oh, that man would use this God-given gift to advantage.

*By our Counsellor.*

## Let's Understand Each Other

110 Squadron is Rota Mota Club—Rota Mota Club is 110 Squadron—either way you look at it, as a member of 110 Squadron you are automatically a Rota Motarian, whether you be A.C.2, N.C.O. or officer. You're not a social club, a military unit, or, most of all, a "here to-day gone to-morrow" outfit—you're an institution—your Rota Mota Club will live as long as there is a member of 110 Squadron, because every one of you own a charter membership in it.

Your tea and biscuits are ready for you three times a day—your reading material, free films, glee club, language lessons, euchres, debates, games, contests and every other advantage that Rota Mota, with all the organizations behind it can offer—is yours for the taking—the Lord helps those who help those who help themselves—it's up to you few who still stay outside to come in and help help yourselves.

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"Rulers of the Air." That's easily understood—as airmen we all believe in our supremacy in the air.

"Masters of the Audience"—fundamentally the ability to put over an idea to anyone, not necessarily speak in an assembly hall. It may be the corporal to his men—the conversationalist to his listener—the writer to his reader—the job-seeker to his prospective boss.

The "tout ensemble"—the facility for fellowship—the means of expression—the attraction drawing you from your dingy barrack rooms into the throng of life in Barrack Block 83 where you may come in out of the dark to find your place among the crowd. A common meeting place where you may develop man's natural talent for association and expression of himself and his ideas. And, since each man is but himself a product to be put on the auction block of the commercial market and sold to the world's most critical buyer—industry—a club that automatically educates him to "sell himself" and meet the competition of his future life.

## Memorandum

February 6th, 1941

To : Wing Commander R. M. McKay.

Subject : Producing of Ideas Co-operatively.

Ref. : An Idea a day—"Wings Abroad"—25-12-40

1. Pertinent to your request for "Ideas," may I submit the following which, subject to your discretion, may be offered for publication in "Wings Abroad."

Open letter to Wing Commander R. M. McKay :—

Sir :

May I offer herewith an idea, which I believe, will aid you in securing more ideas and will develop a better understanding and closer co-operation within the Squadron.

1. Each Flight to hold a round table discussion every Monday morning from 0830 hours till 0930 hours to be attended by all Airmen and N.C.Os. with the Senior N.C.O. presiding.

2. The greater part of the time to be allotted to a discussion of procedures in effecting our work. These discussions would bring out many new ideas that would add considerably to the efficiency of the Squadron. I believe a man would reveal his ideas more readily in such a discussion than if he had to submit them formally on paper.

3. Men for duty crews and details could be arranged and special announcements could be made. Sport activities could also be arranged.

4. Hoping that this humble suggestion will meet with your approval and whole hearted support, I remain

Your obedient servant,

L.A.C. Ken W. Langdon

No. CAN.324A L.A.C. Langdon, K. W.

### Paper Money.

There's money in waste paper. Our padre recently sold a small collection of old reading room newspapers and magazines for ten shillings. Ten shillings—ten shillings supplies one day's biscuits for Barrack Block 83.

Think it over fellows, it's a paying proposition with all profits going right back under your own belts. Here's the lay-out :—

There's a large waste paper bag in each of these :—

1. The mail room.
2. Barrack Block 83.
3. The officers' mess.

Save all clean newspapers, magazines, wrapping paper or letter paper. Keep them folded, if possible, to save space—no strings, no refuse, no oily or muddy paper. Deposit in one of the three bags. "Wings Abroad" guarantees collection. Many thanks to you all.

### Six Mistakes of Life

1. The delusion that individual advancement is made by crushing others down.
2. The tendency to worry about things that cannot be changed or corrected.
3. Insisting that a thing is impossible because we ourselves cannot accomplish it.
4. Refusing to set aside trivial preferences in order that important things may be accomplished.
5. Neglecting development and refinement of the mind by not acquiring the habit of reading.
6. Attempting to compel other persons to believe and live as we do.

—Taken from the Kilkenny Journal.

**DON'T FORGET YOUR DATE  
ON THE SQUADRON'S FIRST  
ANNUAL GET-TOGETHER**

## 110 Trumpet Band is Born Again.

### Practices Begin.

No unit is quite complete without a band of its own and so it is that Wing Commander McKay has re-organised a brand new trumpet and drum ensemble of some 39 men. These musicians are under the supervision of Flt./Lt. Elmes, with Sergt. Ken Carter as leader and instructor. Tried and trusted members of our outfit of former days form the nucleus, with many new players pursing lips and swinging sticks in an earnest endeavour that will soon put them among the first rank artists.

### Sgt. Carter Pleased.

"With practises shaping up the way they are we're guaranteed a good band. These boys are entitled to a lot of credit for their enthusiasm and willingness to work. A little evening practice in their own rooms is part of their schedule and this will require some co-operation from room-mates," says Sergt. Carter. "It's tough and a lot of work at first, fellows, but it will become more interesting and be more fun as time goes on."

### K of C.'s Supply Instruments.

Securing instruments for this new venture has been one of the biggest hurdles to jump. As in many other instances, the Knights of Columbus stepped into this breach and bought our boys £50 worth of trumpets and drums to augment those already on hand.

### Fued Threatens.

The mess hall has been used for many noisy activities besides that of eating, so it's not surprising that a long-suffering staff have that sick headache look these days with the band blasting forth every afternoon in the hash-house. Sergt. Bradshaw's hints become a little broader each day and the situation may develop into one of territorial rights between Flt./Lt. Pallen, messing officer, and Flt./Lt. Elmes, music-making officer.

### Casualties Small.

Up to now the only mishap has been a newly installed set of Capt. Lawrence's "China Clippers" that threatened to blow through the mouth-piece and go round n' round and come out here.

When interviewed, Sergt. Ken Carter said, "Look at the roll call and I'm sure you'll agree with me that, with the material we have, a good band is assured."

And here it is :—

Sergt. Al Sutton.	A.C. R. Boulianne.
Sergt. Gordon Armstrong.	A.C. Frank Doran.
Sergt. Ernie Burnett.	A.C. Cecil Southward.
Sergt. A. L. Froment.	A.C. Frank Rumsam.
Sergt. Dennis Hunt.	A.C. Ed. C. Millson.
Sergt. J. R. Morrison.	A.C. Norris Farmer.
Corpl. A. Archambault.	A.C. Joe Botting.
Corpl. J. J. Doucet.	A.C. Bob Cox.
Corpl. G. A. B. Brown.	A.C. E. MacRonald.
Corpl. Ted R. Yaeger.	A.C. L. A. Gurney.
A.C. D. G. Skinner.	A.C. Gordon Dean.
A.C. J. R. Delcellier.	A.C. H. G. Brewer.
A.C. Jim Baker.	A.C. Rudy Brule.
A.C. H. G. Prettie.	A.C. Alfred Chalifoux.
A.C. H. V. King.	A.C. Bill Fairley.
A.C. Chuck Johnston.	A.C. Jack Moore.
A.C. Marcel Dubuc.	A.C. Doug. Mendham.
A.C. Roger Fauvel.	A.C. Horace Britton.
A.C. W. J. Wilkinson.	A.C. Percy Walters.
A.C. Larry Thomas.	A.C. G. R. Fuller.
A.C. G. F. Frankland.	

## Once More.

(Dedicated to my wife.)

Once more I long to hold you in my arms  
 And view the loveliness of all your charms;  
 Once more to see the love-light in your eye;  
 Once more to laugh and kiss, to-gether;  
 Once more to say hello and not good-bye;  
 To face all joy and sorrow in any weather  
 Once more to dream beside a cheery fire;  
 Once more to build our castles in the air;  
 Once more to express each fond desire;  
 (This loneliness is more than I can bear);  
 Once more I wish to kneel at eventide,  
 Once more, with you in fervent prayer  
 On the warm rug at our bedside,  
 The soft light reflecting in your hair;  
 Once more our heads to-gether in dreamy bliss;  
 Once more that sleepy good-night kiss;  
 Please God, once more.

—By Sgt. J. Maier.

## Good Luck Major

Another Farewell and God speed has been said; one which perhaps was said more sincerely and with a greater sense of personal loss by the whole Squadron than any other. Before, we have lost excellent officers and leaders. This time it was one of us. The King Pin of the other ranks—Sergt. Maj. Tough.

The Sergt. Maj. attained his position through our channels of opportunity. He enlisted in '27 and passed from "Green" A.C.2 to A.C.1 at Camp Borden in the usual way of cleaning, sweeping, drill, and fatigues, and soon learned the essentials of Air Force life and became proficient as a Fitter A.E. In '29 he was transferred to the West and did excellent work at Ladder Lake, Lac Le Rouge, and Le Pas, working on Vedettes, Fairchilds etc. which were engaged on photography, forest patrols and transport work.

In '32 he was posted to Trenton, looked after Atlas, Fleets, etc. In '35 he took his Air Gunners and Observers course and was one of the first six to graduate in the R.C.A.F.

In those days the A.G.s had to carry on with their trade and also do an Air Observer's job, and while nursing engines along hazardous trips on manoeuvres all over the West George has accomplished many a good navigating, photography, wireless, rear gun shooting and bombing job. When 110 came overseas he was chosen as Number One in our ranks. His splendid character and abilities have proved invaluable to us.

Keenly interested in sports, he could run, jump, play Football, Soccer, Tennis and Badminton better than average.

He hated to leave us. He was the Squadron Buffer. We know he had the best of officers giving the orders. We hope he had a good "bunch" of men to work with. He sure "bawled" us out when we deserved it, but he always remembered that besides being airmen we were also human.

That is why we figure him as the best "Tin God" and though sorry to lose him wish him the best of luck and a Happy Home-coming.

Flight/Sergt Benson

## Dot Dash Dash, Dash

### FAINT DOTS.

Who is the lad who is going around with a pink patch over his right eye? Was it a door knob or was it really dirt in the eye?

Why do all the boys run to the mail box when mail arrives from Scotland? It seems the boys like to go to Scotland because of the good clean air and mountains—Oh Yeah? Look what happened to Tommy Welsh and Frank Young—By the way I saw Frank reading a cook book. My! My!

Here is a tip from Doug. Mendham on how to put yourself in the pink of condition. On arising in the morning, leap out of bed at correct time, place thumb on ear and hold yourself out at arms-length three times. According to Doug., this will fix you up—no doubt.

### Funfest a Success

All reports of the recent wireless frolic indicate that the boys can chalk up another successful evening. With Johnnie and his jive beaters right on the bit and Sergt. Boughner at the helm there wasn't a dull moment. The lads entered into the evening's spirit with a remarkable zest and vice versa.

By A.C.3.Sparks

## That will be the Day when—

The boys quit swiping the padre's ink out of the reading room.

Gordon (Gabriel) Dean learns to play "The Toy Trumpeter" on his horn.

We get the rest of our issue drawers (commonly referred to as W.A.A.F.'s underwear).

The N.A.A.F.I. canteen puts meat in the sausage rolls.

The coal man screens all the dust from our coal issue.

The M.T. Section supplies a truck to take the boys to town and back at night.

Someone tells the truth about receiving a black eye.

The N.A.A.F.I. canteen goes bankrupt through undercharging the troops.

By Harry King.

Excerpt from George Dykes' story of his trip from No. 1 Fighter to 110 Squadron:—

" . . . and so we stayed overnight at the village inn, 'The Shakespeare.' Stap me! I really had a good time that night. That's the second time Shakespeare's given me a headache, once in school at home and once in an English village."

Little fly upon the wall  
 Ain't you got no mom or pop at all?  
 Squish!

Mussolini kicks at Britain's Blockade—since soap has become a scarcity he can't get Greece off his hands.

## "Wings Abroad"

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## Modern History a la Kindergarten

Ten little countries feeling very fine,  
Adolph ogled Austria and then there were nine.

Nine little countries—who could know their fate?  
Neville went to Munich and then there were eight.

Eight little countries praying hard to heaven;  
Poland answered "No, sir!" and then there were seven.

Seven little countries in a fearsome fix;  
Hitler "rescued" Denmark, and then there were six.

Six little countries sitting on a hive;  
Traitors in Norway, and then there were five.

Five little countries, all abhorring war;  
Luxembourg was easy and then there were four.

Four little countries—one beyond the sea;  
Tulip time in Holland and then there were three.

Three little countries feeling very blue;  
Belgium said "Heil Hitler" and then there were two.

Two little countries standing by the gun;  
France was disillusioned and then there was one.

One little country standing all alone;  
Bulldog versus daschound—who'll get the bone?

—In letter from home to Vern Hodges

110 Squadron extends sincerest sympathy  
to Aircraftsman H. V. King on the death  
of his mother, Mrs. E. King, who died  
recently in Toronto.

## From Maintenance Flight.

*Subject: Suggestions for starting and stopping Mercury  
XX engines.*

1. Turn petrol cock on.

2. Open throttle slightly (mixture control in normal). The throttle should not be opened over half an inch, if opened to a greater range, the 35 degree set of points come into operation, and this advance is too great for starting, causing backfire. Turn priming cock to carb. and pump up to 1½ lbs. pressure on fuel gauge.

Turn cock to engine (make sure switches are off). As the airscrew is turned by hand inject fuel into the system, eight or nine shots for cold weather, cutting this down as weather moderates. This operation should be done slowly to allow the petrol to vaporize and be drawn into the cylinders. If this is not carried out, the fuel will remain in the induction system and fire may occur.

Make sure all is clear, switch on main magnetos and starting mag. As the starter button is pressed inject fuel into the system. When the correct fuel-air ratio has been obtained the engine will fire. If the engine does not start on fuel being injected up to five shots, shut switches off and have fitter find source of trouble.

Under no circumstances pump throttle control, for that operation would put the delayed action pump into operation. The delayed action pump forces neat petrol into the venturii, this will enrich the mixture to the extent that the engine will cut out and backfire into the carb. The remaining petrol that is in the delayed action pump will be issuing into the venturii, and running down into the air scoop, it will be ignited by the backfire and a very serious fire may occur. Close priming cock, switch off starting magneto.

The throttle should not be touched for at least thirty seconds, then opened slowly, and the R.P.M. must not exceed 900. The engine should run at this speed until the oil pressure starts to settle and oil temperature rises, then the throttle can be opened up gradually.

Before running at take-off speed, let the oil pressure settle to 80 lbs. per sq. in. and oil temp. at least 35 degrees C. head temp., 125 degrees C. to 150 degrees C. If this is carried out the engine will warm up gradually, and will not starve the vital parts of oil.

Testing of magnetos should not be carried out until the cyl. head temp. has reached 125 degrees C.

### *Suggestions on Stopping the Engine.*

1. The engine should be throttled down slowly, allowing the engine to cool off gradually. This will prevent warping of the heads and valves.

2. Put airscrew in coarse pitch.

3. In order to ensure that the minimum of oil be left to drain back into the sump, the engine should run at idling speeds for a few moments. This also helps to prevent oiling up of the sparking plugs.

4. Turn petrol off.

5. Close throttle operate carb. cut out device until the engine cuts out. Switch off ignition system.

6. The above suggestions are for your approval and criticism.

### *Cold Weather Hints.*

The air screw control valve should be put in coarse pitch position as soon as the air screw has stopped rotating. This prevents the valve from freezing, which would cause delay in take-off. The throttle should be left in the take-off position in cold weather directly after stopping. If this is done the boost control capsule pack and sliding valve will be lowered before the oil congeals. This will give the pilot direct control over the butterfly throttles when the engine has been started until the oil is warmed up for the sliding valves to come into action. If this procedure is followed there should be very little trouble in starting Mercury XX engines in cold weather.

—By Flt.-Sgt. Bowler, Maintenance Flight.

## Educational Courses.

Through the efforts and energy of the Canadian Legion there is now available a considerable range of courses of study covering almost every field of human endeavour from cross-word puzzles to big game hunting. As a number of these courses have not yet been advertised, we think the Squadron would like to know what they are.

We are therefore printing a complete list of courses available at this time. The indicator:—

- C means Correspondence course.
- L „ Lecture course
- \* „ Course of practical exercises.

In all cases, except University Extension Courses, the courses (including text books and mailing expenses) are absolutely free.

### ACADEMIC SUBJECTS

#### Introductory (pre High School)

- C. English.
- C. Mathematics.

#### Grades IX and X Standard

- C. Social Studies.
- C. Economics.
- L.C. English.
- C. Latin.
- L.C. French.
- L. German.
- L.C. Mathematics.
- C. Science.
- C. Physics.

#### Grade XI (Junior Matric) Standard

- C. Canadian History.
- C. English.
- C. Latin.
- C. French.
- C. Mathematics.
- C. Physics.
- C. Biology.

#### Grade XII (Senior Matric) and Higher Standards (University Standard)

If it is desired that the subject chosen shall count towards Senior Matric, or a Canadian University Degree, a University Extension Correspondence Course (inclusive fee 10.00) must be taken.

### TECHNICAL SUBJECTS.

- C. Business Law.
- C. Business Correspondence.
- C. Business Arithmetic.
- C. Business Machines.
- \* Book-keeping.
- \* Typing.
- \* Shorthand.
- \* Art.
- \* Motion-picture Operating.
- L. Air-Navigation.
- L. Meteorology.
- L. Aeronautics.
- L. Aerial Surveying.
- \*C. Petrol Motors.
- \*C. Diesel Engines.
- \*L.C. Practical Electricity.
- \* Electrical Engineering.
- L.C. Radio.
- \*C. Drafting.
- \* Welding.
- \* Tool Making.
- \* Bakery.

### READING COURSES.

Courses of recommended reading (any grade), with text, can be supplied in **almost any subject**.

For example, the following Reading Courses have been, or are being, supplied:

- Poultry Management. — Advanced Radio.
- Minerals and Mining. — Airplane Structures, etc, etc.

**Further Information** may be had from the Education Officer (No. 2 Hangar, Signals Office).

## Follow Through.

To be sung to the tune of *TRAMP. TRAMP. TRAMP.*

If you only think you can  
You can do a lot of things,  
That you used to think  
That you could never do.  
There is power in every man  
If he only lets it out,  
That will wonders work  
If he but "follows through."

Chorus—

Yes, you bet that you can do it,  
Cast all alibis away  
And with purpose firm and true  
You are out to win and do  
You can do it if  
You just but "follow through."

By Ken W. Langdon.

## Song Titles

and their

## Facsimiles

106. Red Sails in the Sunset.—Hamburg after R.A.F. Raid.
107. Slow Freight.—A/C. Howell.
108. Bird Seed Special.—L.A.C. (Canary) Doran.
109. In a Little Part of our Town.—Service Flight Alley.
110. Got a Head like a Rock.—L.A.C. Drake.
111. I'd love to be a Cowboy.—L.A.C. Ralph Robinson.
112. In the Silence of the Dawn.—Hangar Guard.
113. Give, Baby, Give.—To Club Fund Box.
114. Wagon Wheels.—M.T. Section.
115. Hallelujah, I am a Bum.—Cpl. McClung.
116. Don't Worry about Me.—A/C. Du Charm.
117. Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage.—Sgt. Smith.
118. Brother, can you spare a Dime.—Sgt. Thornley.
119. The Broken Record.—L.A.C. Bullman.
120. You Think of Everything.—Our Padre, Flt./Lt. M. J. MacNeil.

## Did You Know?

That when Wrong Way Corrigan made his famous trip he carried a long curtain pole to poke the ice from the leading edge of his wings?

Was your leave worth all the money you borrowed for it?

Among those called up for service was a young welder. For a trade test he was told to make a joint in a piece of steel.

When he had finished, the examiner wrote on the man's report:

"Joint very nicely done."

A few days later the recruit found himself posted as head cook in the Airmen's Mess.

**DON'T FORGET YOUR DATE  
ON THE SQUADRON'S FIRST  
ANNUAL GET-TOGETHER**



## Odds n' Ends

by

*The Idler*

### Armistice—Then What ???

There is a future—problematical though it may be—and one does not necessarily have to be classed as a clairvoyant if one attempts to present a future known fact, but somewhere in the days and months to come there lies the sweet sunshine of a peace—a peace which will be flavoured with the sweet fruits of victory—a peace that will obscure the dark, dismal and desolate days of war—a peace that will bring smiles to a war-torn, war-weary world—Armistice Day. Amid the joy-crazed throngs, YOU will be mingling—happy that the war is finally over. Back again to your beloved native land—the pleasant task of disarming—polishing off your individual wartime jobs and finally the day when you will walk before your Commanding Officer for the last time—salute—and receive your discharge papers—a handshake and the best wishes for luck. Into civilian clothes again and out into the world—on your own. Picture yourself in your mind's eye. You have been discharged—then what? What are YOU going to do? A fantastic thought? I don't think so. The day is coming—and you'll be able to take your place in the world only in the proportion that you have made use of your time during the war. Competition is going to be stiff—thousands of men like yourself will be on the beat, looking for work and it will be the men who have tried to keep up with the world who will be chosen. Will you be one? Our Squadron, and this is no boast, possesses some of the most adequate facilities of all the armed forces for helping you to help yourself—to make your mind just a little sharper, so that when this old war is over, you can step right out in front and not feel that you have to look up to anyone. If you are letting yourself get into a rut—get out of it—you'll never regret it. Think it over and keep in mind that day in the future, when you stand all alone in civvies, facing a new world and asking yourself—What am I going to do?

### Twelve Millions a Day.

More and more we read of plans after the war—we see much of the ways and means for a new and greater London—for a new and greater England—modern—up-to-date—away with the shady and gloomy past, and build more pleasing, modern and neat cities. Yes—plans for the future. A good thing and certainly not premature in their creation. But were we called upon to submit our ideas on “after war methods”—we would agree wholeheartedly with the above, but would not lose sight of another important factor—the really big post-war problem—unemployment—the welfare of the homeless and the maimed. Each twenty-four hours the Allies spend twelve millions to maintain the terrific pace the war demands. And in the spending we are not deprived of so very much of all the luxuries that we were once so used to. When peace does come out of this chaos and a few months elapse for people to settle back to their normal mode of living, why couldn't nations hold a peace-time drive “to locate a home for the homeless” or “give-to-aid-to-live the helpless heroes of this war” campaign? Place a wartime living restriction amid the days of peace for a week or so. Let the people drive with all their might and energy on a campaign to collect for a real peace-time necessity—unemployment. Why couldn't it be done? What's against it? If we can go for months amid war doing it—then certainly we can stand a few days in peace—and a goal just as big and just as bright as that for which we fight to-day—aiding humanity.

### The Canadian Influence.

All of us have heard here and there someone cutting loose with a little Canadian lingo—unheard of on our arrival in this country. Then, undoubtedly we too corral much by way of English influence, find our own boys shoving in rather formal phrases that certainly do not have their derivation from Canadian sources. I know a particular family rather well in London, and recently I had the privilege of seeing them again after some months. In the course of the conversation I was really mildly surprised to hear the lady of the house come out with “It's the real McCoy!” Say what one likes, but here and there one runs into the many of these typical phrases of ours. The first thing to work your way into the hearts of a new people is to get them talking your language—we are doing O.K., Canada!

### Problems of the Week.

Conversation topics vary within the Squadron—each week it seems that some new problem arises that causes many a heated debate among the men. Not very heavy to be sure, but subjects that make for whiling away idle moments via the work route. Last week I had occasion to hit one of these verbal onslaughts in the mess. The boys had a couple of good ones on their minds. I thought at the time that it might make good discussion if I shot them through this column and tried to gather the consensus of opinion from a cross section of it. The first one arose from the possibility that the gas mask would be a man's best friend in the not too distant future. This is it—“if a man in uniform is with a girl, child or elderly lady when a gas alarm is sounded and he possesses the only respirator, what is his duty in each individual case—to wear it himself or to pass it to the other?” I'd like to have your opinion on that—it is a possibility that might arise. What would you do? Remember—it's “What is your duty?” And give the reason for it. Address your reply to “The Idler” and slide it into the box attached to Rota Mota notice board in the hangar. And side by side with that one—“what is your impression as to what a Nazi parachute troop would think from the time he bails out over this country until—well—just until—c'mon—let's have em.”

### Stuff and Things.

Hitler: “I wouldn't vote for you if you were St. Peter himself.”

Churchill: “If I were St. Peter, you couldn't vote for me. You wouldn't be in my district.”

Every columnist seems to try his hand in one form or another at picking winners—either along the sport line, politics or what have you. Never let it be said that I didn't get my five cents worth in—I say that Italy will be out of this war by Easter.

A Surrey man claims to have caught a rat with two tails. That's nothing; we're after one with a small moustache!!—Punch.

So carry on gang—and don't forget our big bang up issue on the 25th—get your order in now, and don't forget either—to get that banquet ticket or you might be disappointed. Keep up the good work and remember—as a last parting thought—your road is only as smooth as you yourself pave it.

What? No orchids to you? Come on airmen! Pull a few out of the bag for the next edition.

# Orchids To—

## The "Big Chest"

It reminds us of something from a dimming civvy past and we can't quite put our finger on it—it might be the rear end of a Coca Cola truck we drove into last year—the big be-heathered hills of Scotland—or the back half of the Royal York Hotel—anyway, it sticks right out at you all of a sudden like and you begin to wonder if you haven't bumped into something you can't handle—the heather and gorse are revealed, thick and virile, when the collar's open at the neck—and the whole frontage gives an impression much like any large, solid building. We hereby sponsor that chest as all-time champion of 110 Squadron. Challengers may meet the defender any evening in Barrack Block 83, with Flt./Lt. Rider as referee and the staff as judges. Somehow we've wandered from the subject—an orchid to Jim Conn for his willingness to pitch in and slug when there is serving tea, washing dishes or cleaning up to do in Barrack Block 83.

## Lee Dawes

The photographic department have contributed more than their share of co-operation to the Rota Mota and "Wings Abroad," but to one of their number goes the W.A.R.M. (Wings Abroad Rota Mota) medal for unselfish effort, talent and time in keeping the bulletin board up to date with catchy posters advertising future dates and supplying "Wings Abroad" with many signs and pieces of art-work for other purposes. On February 5th, at 10 a.m., we caught him just putting the finishing touches to a full page picture lay-out for "Wings Abroad" anniversary issue on February 25th—he had been up the whole night working out that proposition. Thanks, Lee, for bringing a tough assignment out on time.

## George Roberts, R.C.A.M.C.

For originality, endeavour and execution in presenting the Quiz contests, which are now a regular feature of the Rota Mota entertainments. Watch for those dates on the Club bulletin board up in the hangar—George makes an ideal M. of C.—the teams "up on the carpet" and the boys in the audience supply all the interest, humour and suspense that can safely be consumed in one night.

## T. R. Yaeger

Answer to a circulation manager's prayer is Cpl. Yaeger. Before and after each issue he walks into this sheet's office and hands us a list of all his new subscriptions, complete in every detail. If we need a sales crew manager Yaeger will be it. Till then, by right of his accomplishments, he has established himself on the masthead of this issue as now being on the staff.

## Frank Dunlop and Charlie Johnson

Never before in the wireless section was so much owed to so many by so few. They organize and execute social evenings for the W.T. in a manner befitting the most sophisticated hosts from home. It's interesting to see the "get-togetherness" of that group.

—Sportmites—continued from next column

Seems as though spring is in the air from the way the boys have taken hold of things. Volley ball is coming back into its own, and we hope to see a league under way before long. Bowling and curling are getting their share of attention. Pick yourself a sport—and get at it!

Incidentally, Jack Dempsey is the new Sports Editor of Liberty. We nominate Jack Sabourin as the new snow-shovelling champ of whatever district he is in!

# Sportmites

By J. M. LUTES

The last we heard of Sabourin, he was stuck in a snow storm en route to his new unit. Hope you have shovelled your way out before you read this column, Johnny. Meantime, in accordance with your own request, I'm trying to step in and pinch hit until you get organized at your new spot. I think about the best that I can do is to lay down a bunt in comparison, so, "hop to it, kid, and rifle down that material for our next issue—we sure miss it."

## Hockey

The boys in the National League are coming down the home stretch. And again we find Toronto still out in front—but things are getting hotter. At the time of going to press the Bruins have stretched their winning streak to fifteen straight and are only three full games behind the Leafs. In any event both of these clubs will hit the play-off money, but it is anybody's guess as to who will cop the cup. Certainly the Boston club is due for a slump, and if such be the case, then the Black Hawks might slip in the second place gap. Another issue will give us a better lowdown on the N.H.L., and then we will read the adjustment of the Stanley contest. Like Sabourin, we are still banking on the Leafs to lead the parade. And the sensational upward climb of the Bruins is due in no small measure to the accurate shooting of Bill Cowley—the clip that the slight centre is hitting is giving the much needed fire to the Ross men, and close behind him comes Apps—who has narrowed the gap between the two down to five points.

Along the Allan Cup trail, we have been following the Sydney Millionaires as our choice to carry off the coveted trophy—after a miserable start and a somewhat unimpressive season, it seems that they have finally hit their stride and are now riding a single point behind the Glace Bay outfit. They'll pull through.

## Baseball

It might be a little hard to realize, but way on the other side the boys have dusted off their spikes, oiled the gloves and taken the well-known willow in hand and are at it again. All clubs are well under way in their spring training, and even while hockey is just hitting its climax in play-off brackets, the familiar crack of the horsehide is intermingled with the soothing sound of the crunch of skates. The International League gets under way in Montreal on the 17th of April. And with an early spring on this side of the Atlantic, what's wrong with laying a few plans for a good inter-squadron softball league right now?

## Squadron Sport.

After lying in a somewhat dormant state all winter, it is nice to see the boys stepping out once again and knocking off (or having it knocked off) the surplus fat all too prominent after a lazy winter. In the boxing field, we were really surprised to see that there exists some real talent. The way the boys are passing around the leather makes us believe that they can well handle themselves in any fistal emergency. Unfortunately, the sparkplug behind the endeavour hasn't been too well of late, but we sure hope that Tommy Welch is back with the boys soon—they need his cool advice, and his capable instruction in the fine art of the mitt game.

Along the gymnastic line there also exists a fine opportunity for those interested in tumbling, bar work, and the general good physical conditioners. Sergt. Ted Miller is really devoting a lot of time to furthering the interest in this phase of the sport world—if you're interested see Ted, and you won't regret it.

—continued in preceding column

# Calling all Hep-Cats

By *Off-beat.*

## Correction.

Some of our British readers, who are well up in their knowledge of "Jam" music, disagree with this column as to the position of the leading Ork's. in the annual band poll.

To clear up all difficulties we'd like to make it plain that the latest poll was taken from an American popularity vote that was printed, sold and read in America.

## Boogie Number is Hot.

Yes, sir! Even the "ickies" around these parts are singing it. The boys say it's good. We also think it's good . . . It is good, and it's "Beat Me Daddy, Eight to a Bar." As far as boogie woogie rhythm goes, this number is tops. Old stuff back home maybe, but it's just catching on here.

## Jive Tunes Entomed.

Back in October "Kenny Baker" (former tenor of the Jello program) buried a slew of hot recordings as a press agent's gag. The discs will be unearthed in the year 2000. Among them were "Marie," "Begin the Beguine," "My Reverie," "Tuxedo Junction" and "In the Mood"—(Down Beat). What kind of jive will be thrown at the Hep customers 59 years from now is unknown to us, but at least they'll know our hit tunes of to-day.

## Early Bird Catches the Band.

If you awaken early these mornings, you should hear some good recordings of America's ace bands or vocalists on the Forces wave length (B.B.C.). Not long ago Maxine Sullivan (The Loch Lomond Gal) was featured. It's worth getting up for. How about it, Cats?

## Local Lads Make Good.

Billy Bissett, the lad who used to front the band in Toronto's Royal York and who later crossed the "pond" to try his luck in "Blighty" is now playing at the Santa Rita Hotel in Tuscan, Arizona. Bissett left his old outfit on a London "doorstep" to gather a new combo together which he calls the "Mayfair Cow-Boys"—Doing all right, so they say.

Another boy who's been up and doing lately is tenor man Tony Pastor (formerly of Artie Shaw's Band), who has formed a fine jump crew of his own. We should be hearing his recordings any day now.

## Waltz or be Wallflower.

One of the biggest questions asked by Canucks overseas is "Why are so many waltzes played in every dance-hall and nitery in Britain?" It all seems to have originated way back in the good old days when Grandmaw asked Grandpaw for the second minuet—or somethin'. Whether the swingsters like it or not, they won't change the music in English jive dens for us. Let's learn to waltz correctly—whaddya say?

Johnny Nisbet's new girl friend is so attractive that when he takes her home he can hardly keep his eyes on the meter.

End of a report from a junior billeting officer to his C.O.: "I was unable, however, to find on the map a small village called 'Tenez la Gauche.'"

Horse drawn carriages used to average 11½ miles an hour in New York midtown traffic; today the average speed of automobiles is a bare six miles an hour.

## Engagements.

The engagement is announced of Miss Vera G. Hawkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Hawkins, of Portslade, Sussex, England, to L.A.C. Frederick H. Masters, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Masters, of Allen Ave., Mimico, Ontario. The marriage to take place early in March.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Partridge, of Brixham, Devonshire, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Phyliss Joan, to L.A.C. William Thomas Young, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Young, of Toronto, Ontario. The marriage to take place March 2nd at Brixham High English Church, with Rev. T. J. Morris officiating.

## D.R.'s Win Second Quizz.

**Brain Busters leave both Teams groggy.**

Five members of the Photographic Dept. fought a losing battle with the Despatch Riders for the second round laurels of the Query Contest held in Barrack Block 83 on Thursday, February 6th.

With both opponents brain-fagged from sharp lefts to the head the D.R.s. secured a slight margin on points to be declared the winners of the evening.

### TEAMS

D.R.'s.	Photo's.
H. V. King	G. F. Frankland
E. P. Duval	C. Southward
G. Dean	R. Boulianne
T. Sewell	F. Stacey
G. F. Baker	Lee Dawes
Total points 154	Total points 145
Interrogator—Ken Langdon	
Judge—H. (Father-of-Eight) Brewer	

## Don't Use Big Words.

Don't use big words . . . "In promulgating your esoteric cogitations or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychological observations beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversations and communications possess a clarified conciseness and compact comprehensibleness coalescent consistency and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglamérations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affections.

Let your extemporaneous decontings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, setaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity and grandiloquent vapidty. Shun double entendres, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscurent or apparent.

In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Don't use slang; don't put on airs; say what you mean; mean what you say, and avoid big words.

—From *Facts Digest.*