

February, 1940

February, 1941



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

Vol. I. No. 6

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# **Anniversary Edition**

## **-COMMEMORATING OUR ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND**

### **In Quick Review—**

#### **FEBRUARY 13, 1940**

110 Squadron, with complement of 429 officers and men, marches from Lansdowne Barracks at 11 a.m. and boards train bound for eastern port.

#### **FEBRUARY 14—**

Squadron boards troopship, 8 p.m.

#### **FEBRUARY 16—**

Troopship leaves harbour, 4 p.m., accompanied by armed escort of four ships.

#### **FEBRUARY 24—**

Three cruisers and coastal bomber added to escort as troopship nears British coast.

#### **FEBRUARY 25—**

Squadron disembarks, 11 a.m. Lord Derby, Air Commodore G. V. Walsh, Group Capt. Heakes welcome unit. Unit entrains at 12 a.m., arrives destination 9 p.m.—thence by 'bus to air station.

#### **MARCH 12—**

Inspection by the Honorable Vincent Massey.

#### **APRIL 4—**

Squadron inspected by Mr. Anthony Eden.

#### **NOVEMBER 17—**

Air Marshal Sir Arthur Barratt inspects Squadron.

#### **JANUARY 16—**

Inspection by Canadian Air Vice Marshal Breadner.

## "Wings Abroad"

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the Rota Mota Club



### Odds n' Ends

by

*The Idler*

#### What's in a Year . . . . . ???

Anniversary means history, which in turn is nothing more than an accumulation of events coupled with the wheels of time. Today we commemorate a year abroad and in the commemoration, much has undoubtedly unfolded itself by way of incidents, occurrences and certain historical data that one usually finds in such an edition. History *has* been made in the past year, and our Unit, as a whole, will share its proper place on those golden pages that future posterity will breathlessly read. But of all the accomplishments, there is one outstanding—one that is not measurable in terms of value—one that shall never make the pages of history books, but rather one that shall live as long as a member of 110 breathes. It can be summed up in a single word . . . . . friendship. A year together—a year living side by side, day in and day out amid ups and downs, joys and sorrows, fair weather and foul. 'Tis a privilege—for, somehow it seems to make us keep faith with humanity—to know and understand that with these same chaps there is much of good—much of all that is true and decent and fine. To live with these men and watch and study and understand their likes and dislikes—their moods—their reactions. To have seen the foundations of unshakeable friendships built up carefully and solidly and lasting. Friends—friends and pals that war and destruction and misery can't undermine—can't touch—can't harm! Something that is far greater—far more priceless than any of our other achievements and yet it will never make history as we understand it. It shall never go down as a courageous stand or be lauded as a shining example in the achievement of final victory. Germany can bomb and destroy and wreak havoc and chaos, but, with the combined forces of the entire world she could never dent the links of the chain of friendships within our Squadron. There's my conception of last year's history—there's the secret of the method in which we shall win this war. Unity and friendship—our secret weapons. And with those as our wedge, we have no fear in undertaking whatever task that is entrusted to us in the days to come but rather we shall fly on, armed only with the cool confident smile of the chap next to us—our friend.

#### Problem of the Week . . . . .

Leave has disconnected, for a time, the contact with squadron affairs, and so it is that my last problem of the week has yet to be solved completely. However, before another issue I hope to have the squadron's opinion as to what their stand would be in the event of such an emergency, as related previously, arising. Meantime here's another that I have heard discussed and debated. It has to do with N.C.O.'s. And out of the maze of angles that have been attacked, I formulated the following question for your own personal answering—"What do you consider to be the five outstanding qualities that an N.C.O. should possess in order that he may capably fulfil the tasks allotted to such ranks?" Let's have 'em and we'll settle these little differences thru' this column. Are you writing *your* opinion?

#### Encyclopedia with Legs . . . .

Knows all — sees all — hears all. That's him — the barber. Back home, if one felt that one was somewhat behind the times along the paths of current events, one always knew that a visit to a barber would bring out all the latest in politics, sport, and what have you. For a barber, by the very virtue of his trade, must be possessed with an infinite knowledge along every conceivable conversational line. In England, we miss that chatter. But I walked into it on my leave. Had a haircut and a shampoo at a small barber shop in a northwest town. As I entered the shop an elderly gentleman had just arisen from the chair. As it happened the Canada badge, drew me into introductions and conversation. The barber was somewhat perturbed that I had never heard of this particular gentleman whom I had just had the pleasure of meeting. It seems that he had been a former coach of a cup-winning soccer team—and to think that my education had been so badly neglected. Quite chastened I was. After twenty minutes of a football discussion in which I served no better than an apparent interested listener, I managed to get around to the question of a haircut and a shampoo. After my customary instructions of "not too short—no clippers on the side" I settled back and let the barber cut loose with his prolonged chatter of the good old days of English soccer. He grew excited and my hair grew shorter—ever so much shorter. Clippers on the side, back, top and front. There was no stopping him. Anyway the damage was done and the process of the shampoo commenced. As he sprinkled the tonic on the top, the cork gave way and with no extra charge I had a shower and a bubble bath thrown in, to say nothing of the tidal wave that trickled neath my collar. And people wondered why I took the necessary precautions of keeping my hat on day and night. . . . .

#### Youth and Peace . . . .

Plans for Armistice—plans for the future—plans for a new and a better world—plans for a binding peace document that will sport no loopholes—plans to make the world "safe for democracy." Plans! Plans! Plans! And amid those plans, the very heart of that peace is ignored. The ones that it concerns most vitally have no say. It's the youth of this Empire that will reap the benefits or mistakes of these coming treaties. It's the youth of today who are sacrificing—who are giving their very lives in order that the cause of democracy might be made secure—and yet no provision is being made that they might have voice in safeguarding their future, and that of their children. True, that such gigantic and responsible tasks necessitate the cooler and more experienced minds of the older man—the man who has the experience of previous wars, but why should we not have a say along certain lines as to what WE want?—as to what we feel will safeguard and not jeopardize our future? It can well be done. How? Simply have a representative from each Unit—let them get together—let them tabulate their demands and finally let them pick their representatives and send them forth to the coming peace conference and there—side by side with the nation's leaders—they as the active participants in this war—can impose OUR peace terms—for it is justly our fight and our reaping in future years. In peace—forget not youth!

Airman of 110: "Hey, waiter? You've just given me a wet plate!"

London Waiter: "A wet plate? Why, that's your soup."

Well fellows it's time to shove off again. When you read this you will be actively engaged with the anniversary banquet—do justice to it. We've left a year behind tonight . . . . the end of our first full year abroad. Remember gang . . . . it is finished now—don't look back—look ahead. Lay your plan for the future—not the past. . . .



Wing Commander R. M. McKay

To you, Wing Commander McKay—you are now our Commanding Officer, and the results of your untiring efforts are evident in every phase of our work—you are a leader that we can and do look up to—you set the pace yourself and break the path—your whole-hearted approval inspired us to go through with "Wings Abroad."

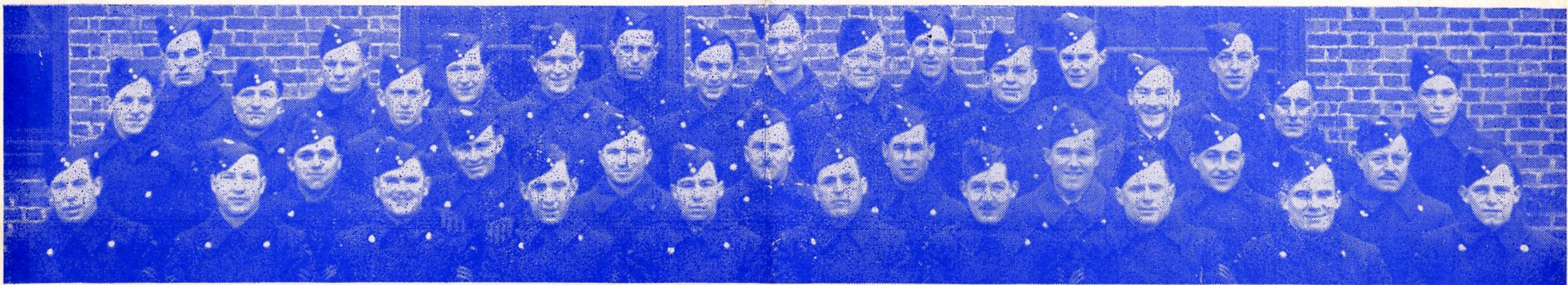
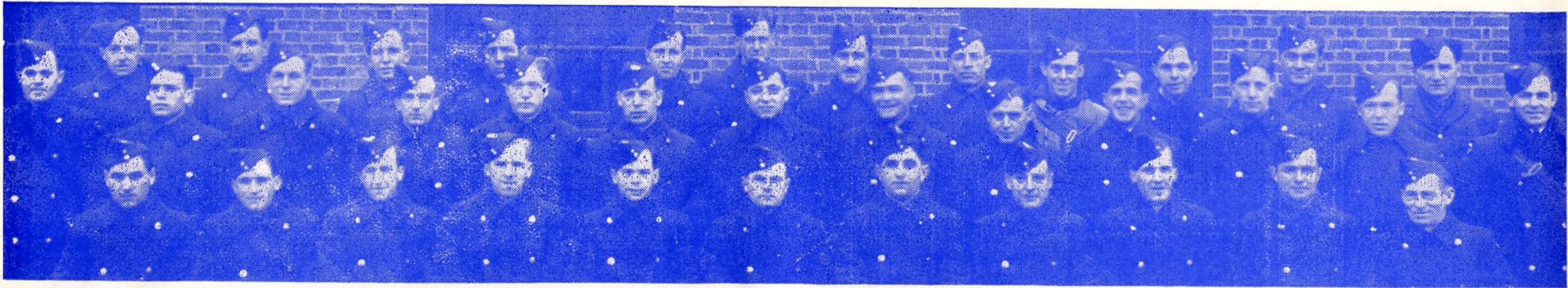


Squadron Leader J. T. WILSON

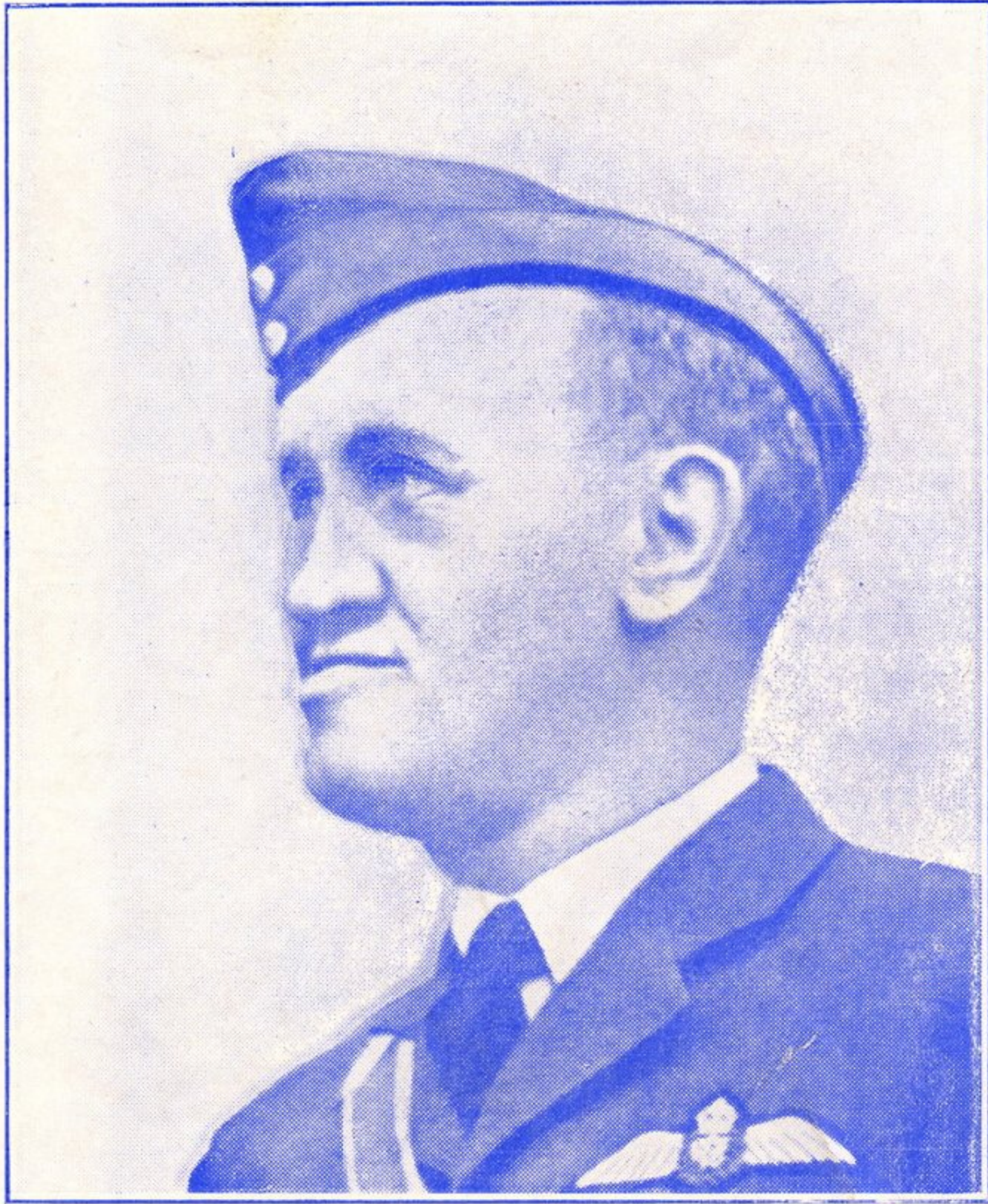


Flight Lieutenant G. L. MANN

110 Canadian Squadron, somewhere in England, February, 1941.







This picture needs no introduction. We can well and justly say—This is 110. For if ever a man has been a leader and an inspiration to his men, then it was so with Wing Commander Van Vliet. Remember when he was the C.O. of the old 2 (A.C.) Squadron? Then came the formation of our own 110, and at its head Van Vliet. He came over with us, guided us and brought us along to that state of efficiency that made us one of the top units in all England. Then in midsummer of last year—Canada needed his experience and capable ways badly. So he was recalled and on the other side, the men under his charge are revelling in the good fortune of having been the lucky outfit to draw down Van Vliet.



The Rota Mota Club was the outgrowth of an idea to promote some educational and recreational needs within our own Squadron. In its original form it was solely a Public Speaking and Dramatic Club; formed with intent of developing the ability of the airman to be able to express himself clearly and confidently before any audience—hence the name was derived "Rulers of the Air—Masters of the Audience." That it has made some headway in its two months of existence, there can be little doubt. It has grown and to-day it fosters practically all the social and educational tasks of this Unit. We have our own recreation room, library, card tables, writing tables, newspapers, ping-pong table, checkers, playing cards and dart boards, hot tea or coffee twice daily for cold and hard working airmen. A light lunch at night for those who attend classes or who happen to drop in for a pre-bed snack. A euchre party, with suitable prizes, every Monday, Movie Films twice weekly.

The Club meets twice a week on Tuesdays and Thursdays. A class in French is taught from 1830 to 1930 hours. The Club then holds its meetings and transacts all its business, adhering strictly to parliamentary procedure throughout. On Tuesday, a lecture on Public Speaking follows the meeting. On Thursday, a lively debate which doesn't stop with the four speakers, but seems to wind its way back to barrack room, in the canteen, and beneath the props, in the hangar. Every Wednesday and Friday evening there is a class in German.



The Executive of Rota Mota Club, founded October 29th, 1940, and the Staff of "Wings Abroad," founded November 26th, 1940. Sitting, left to right.—S. H. Smith, Sgt. Dalton Pratt (Editor, "Wings Abroad"), Flt./Lt. M. J. MacNeil (Councillor), K. J. C. Thompson (Manager, "Wings Abroad"), E. P. Duval (Secretary-Treasurer, "Wings Abroad"). Standing, left to right.—Cpl. E. G. Steeves, A. W. Barnes (Circulation Manager, "Wings Abroad"), Cpl. Jack Lutes (President, Rota Mota Club). Members of Paper and Club not present.—Sgt. W. J. Bateson, Cpl. J. T. Leppington, L.A.C. Frank Miller, Cpl. E. H. Potter, L.A.C. W. Hancox, L.A.C. Lee Daws, L.A.C. J. P. Laroque, C. Meunier.

# I Will Come Back To You

It was a happy world we shared together, you and I. There were joys and tears; long hours of idleness, and the zest of being young—and free. To you I was no hero that day when I became a soldier. Still less was I a hero to myself. It was a war not of my making, but in it, I have found a cause too precious to betray. That is why, one day, —**I WILL COME BACK TO YOU.**

Oh, yes, it might have been easy to have turned aside. I heard no call to battle—only deep down within me a conviction that was greater than myself. If I had lived to love you, could I risk death to fight for you? It was no challenge; it was a simple echo of the heart that whispers now —**I WILL COME BACK TO YOU.**

There is only misery in war to those who weigh life in comfort, gold and power. Those are the scales of our enemy and they have called me from your side to challenge our possession of the right to live. Men call it "Freedom," but I call it—you. How simple then it seems as I stand in line, awaiting the order that has already gone forth to thousands of my comrades. Proudly I shall press on to victory, because —**I WILL COME BACK TO YOU.**

Though out on that battlefield may lie many of those who staked a claim to life, their souls triumphant will go marching on—cleansed by the fire of tribulation in the cause of right. Shoulder to shoulder we will stand—even in death. And if my living comrades of the line close their ranks for me, I, too, will be there, content. God's wish will be fulfilled—a night—a little day—and —**I WILL COME BACK TO YOU.**

Make this column a tribute to your loved one by pasting his photograph here, cutting around the article and mounting it on cardboard.

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# Songs Sung at the Anniversary Banquet February 25th, 1941.

## O CANADA!

O Canada! Our Home and Native Land!  
True patriot love in all thy sons command.  
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,  
The true North, strong and free,  
And stand on guard, O Canada,  
We stand on guard for thee.  
O Canada, glorious and free!  
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee!  
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee!

## WE'VE GOT A LOVELY WAR TO WIN.

Pompei, Darius and Cyrus were all defeated one by one  
Ghengis Kahn and Alexander really lost the wars they won,  
There's a medieval tyrant, living in this world to-day,  
He will never last as long as they did  
Now that we are on our way.

*Chorus—*

Up boys into the blue sky  
Up boys that's where the foe fly  
Up boys, we've got a war to win.  
We'll make history tremble  
With our might and assemble  
On the streets of Hitler's old Berlin.  
We're the eyes of the forces  
Instrumental resources  
Without us action can't begin  
When we convince the Nazi  
His government will collapse  
In every house there'll be a maiden waitin'  
We've got a lovely war to win.

## BEER BARREL POLKA.

Roll out the barrel,  
We'll have a barrel of fun,  
Roll out the barrel,  
We've got the Huns on the run.  
Zing! Boom! Tararrel  
Ring out a song of good cheer  
Now's the time to roll the barrel  
For the gang's all here.

## HOME ON THE RANGE.

Give me a home where the buffalo roam,  
Where the deer and the antelope play,  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy or gray.

*Chorus—*

Home, home on the range,  
Where the deer and the antelope play  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy or gray.

How often at night when the heavens are bright  
With the light from the glittering stars,  
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed  
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

## 110 LET'S GO MEN.

110 Let's go men  
We're flying right off, we're flying right again,  
Nobody knows where or when  
We're flying right off, we're flying right off again,  
It may be Paris, Bon Soir, my cherie,  
Sally and a Sue, don't be blue,  
We may be gone for years and years and then  
We're flying right off for home, flying right off for  
home  
Flying right off for home again.

## THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

In days of yore, from Britain's shore  
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came,  
And planted firm Britannia's flag  
On Canada's fair domain.  
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,  
And joined in love together,  
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine  
The Maple Leaf forever!  
The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,  
The Maple Leaf forever!  
God save our King and Heaven bless  
The Maple Leaf forever!

## LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART.

Let me call you sweetheart  
I'm in love with you.  
Let me hear you whisper  
That you love me too.  
See the lovelight glowing  
In your eyes so blue,  
Let me call you sweetheart,  
I'm in love with you.

## WE ARE CANADIANS.

We come from the hills, the mountains and the valleys,  
We are Canucks, don't you see,  
We come from the east, we come from the west,  
We come from the land of the free (Gor Blimey).  
*Chorus—*  
Now that we're here, with the rest of Britain's sons,  
We don't give a damn for Hitler and his Huns.  
C—A—N—A—D—I—A—N—S  
We are——We are——  
We are Canadians——Whoops Gor-Blimey  
What do you think of that.

## AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And days of auld lang syne?  
For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet  
For the days o' auld lang syne.

## GOD SAVE THE KING.

God save our gracious King,  
Long live our noble King,  
God save the King.  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save our King.