



*Official Organ of the Rota Mota Club, R.C.A.F., Overseas*

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# **Gala Banquet**

## **Celebrates One Year in England**

### **400 Men Feast**

On Tuesday evening, February 25th, 400 (110) Squadron celebrated its first anniversary in England with a huge banquet and entertainment attended by all the available members of the personnel and many prominent guests among whom were Col. J. C. Kennedy of the U.S. Air Corps, Wing Commander Ferguson and Group Captain Flower of the R.A.F.

In all over 400 men sat down to a delicious roast turkey dinner replete with all the delicacies of the finest festive boards.

The flag draped hall resounded to cheerful chatter and lusty singing as the airmen took full advantage of their first opportunity to enjoy a real Canadian menu served in real Canadian style.

The evening's programme opened with the singing of O Canada and the Invocation by the padre, F/Lt. MacNeil.

The Chairman of the evening, Wing Commander McKay, proposed a toast to the King. Fruit cocktail and cream of tomato soup was followed by the main course of roast turkey, mashed potatoes, green peas, black currant jelly, and cream sauce, topped off with apple pie a la mode, coffee, cake, fruit and nuts. The various stages of this sumptuous repast were marked by speeches from the guests of honour, Col. J. C. Kennedy, Wing Commander Ferguson representing Mr. Stevenson, the Air Officer Commanding and Group Captain Flower, commander of the station.

This most propitious evening closed with a two hour variety programme from the stage.

The fact that Rota Mota Club had accomplished an apparently impossible feat in presenting a banquet so complete even to the finest detail seems to have been a matter of great pleasure and surprise to all those participating.

### **Col. Kennedy Compliments Efficiency**

Introduced by the Chairman of the evening, Col. J. C. Kennedy rose to his feet and stood for some minutes while one loud round of applause resounded through the hall. His short, frank and friendly talk in typically American accents brought the boys very close to home.

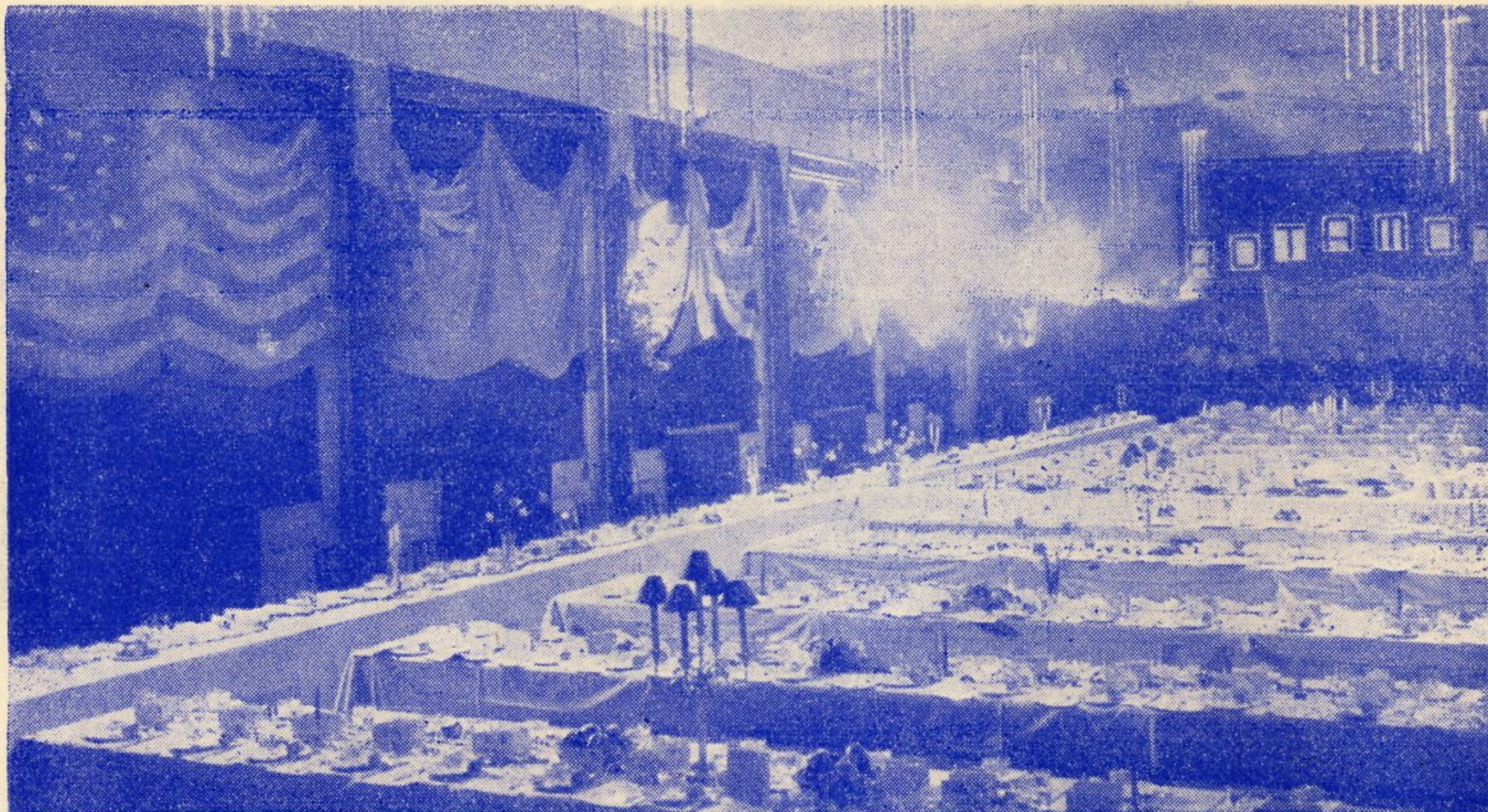
"I am very fortunate and honoured in being able to be here" said Mr. Kennedy. "And I want to thank you for an evening which I will remember all my life. It does me good to see so many of my neighbours here to-night. During my visit I have had an opportunity of seeing all your activities and I am pleasantly surprised at your efficiency. I wish that some of the units I have worked with were nearly as good. I hope that in the not too distant future we will be as close to you somewhere else as we are in the western hemisphere."

Born in 1893 of an average New York family, Col. Kennedy came up through the ranks the hard way. Ear trouble suffered while in training in '17 restricted his flying activities to army co-operation work during the last war, and his career since has been devoted to developing that section of the American Air Force.

### **Speedy Victory and Return Home**

Wing Commander McKay said that the Air Officer Commanding, Mr. Stevenson sent his well wishes for the banquet and his regrets that circumstances beyond his control prohibited his attendance. Mr. McKay then introduced Wing Commander Ferguson as the headquarters representative.

—Continued on next page



### BANQUET TABLES READY FOR ACTION

Rota Mota Club's Banquet hall as viewed from the stage prior to the entrance of the guests on the occasion of the squadron's celebration of completing one year in England. All the appointments of a formal dinner party were included in the resplendant array of food, candles glassware decorations, menus and favours.

#### Gala Banquet continued—

"I am a very incompetent representative of the Air Officer Commanding but I do know that the well being of this squadron is something very close to his heart and that he would be here himself if it were at all possible." Mr. Ferguson said "The Rota Mota Club is a fine institution and well worthy of the high standards of the R.C.A.F. The staff of 'WINGS ABROAD' are to be commended on their efforts. It is very easy to start a paper of this nature but it is quite another matter to maintain it. In closing I want to express one wish we all have in common—that ours will be a quick victory and the next anniversary will be celebrated in Canada." (*cheers*).

#### Group Captain Flower's Appreciation

As officer commanding the station and representative of the Royal Air Force of Great Britain, Group Captain Flower stated that the fine turn-out of the evening was a reflection of the keenness and camaraderie of the unit, and congratulated the Rota Mota Club on such an entertaining and pleasant evening. After quoting many of his experiences in over a quarter of a century of Air Force work Mr. Flower said he was sure that this squadron would lead the way in its particular field.

#### Cpl. Lutes speaks for Rota Mota.

Cpl. Jack Lutes, as president of the Rota Mota Club, represented the men of the squadron and delivered a splendid speech in which he thanked the powers that be for making the banquet possible. His exhortation to the men to hang on and still maintain their standards in the face of apparent adversity was aptly illustrated with a quotation of John L. Sullivan's success formulae "To win you must be able to fight just one more round than your opponent."

#### Chairman Wing Commander McKay Covers a Year of History.

The evening was brought to a close by Wing Commander McKay who rose to express his pleasure and his commendation at all and to all concerned "with this magnificent festival." He expressed his regrets for the absence of Major General McNaughton, Air Vice Marshal Maltby and Air Commodore Stevenson, but he assured all that these distinguished Canadians sent their best wishes and sincerest congratulations on the occasion of "Our first anniversary overseas."

To quote the Wing Commander further:—

"We have been over here a year to-day and for the first time in my life I have seen a squadron that is really ready to go and fight a war. . . . This is due to the whole hearted co-operation of every single member in the squadron and tonight I am proud of you and I want to thank you. . . ." He then brought the evening to a close by asking all to rise and sing the National Anthem.

Orderly Officer, inspecting M.Q. barracks: "Who's that chopping wood upstairs?"

Voice upstairs: "No one, sir. It's just me eating the biscuits in my parcel from home."

Irvine: "Oh! by the way, there is a parcel over in the hangar for you."

Prest: "Good! Whom is it from?"

Irvine: "I don't know, but there are cigarettes, gum, cakes and chocolate bars in it."

Our Winston Churchill has capitulated and offered Italy half the Mediterranean—the bottom half.

# Orchids To—

Never was so much owed  
by so many to so few . . .

Too much commendation can not be given to the cooks of the airmen's mess for the splendid job on the banquet cooking.

There is no need to wonder at the better-than-average type of every-day meal we receive in the mess when, with make-shift equipment, eleven lads from our culinary staff perform the miracle of perfection that adorned the dinner plates.

Small wonder that many guests of honour expressed surprise that such a palatable repast was possible under present conditions in England. In combating those conditions these men resorted to every trick of the trade that can be garnered in the many years of their total experience.

Having broken bread at the best of Britain's festive boards 400 Squadron still maintain that the products of their own staff are the best that can be had this side of the bubbles.

A top-rate Canadian meal, only procurable in the best of Canadian establishments, is the stirring contribution to the banquet offered by the kitchen staff.

Words of praise and gratitude are not adequate enough to repay these chaps, who, over and above their regular duties, toiled away their spare-time hours to produce a work of art that many taste-fagged appetites might be satisfied.

Preparation of the food was only one difficulty to overcome; buying of supplies in a ration-ruled country required great resource, ovens had to be used in hours that would not interfere with the regular meals, asbestos lined containers from the mobile kitchen were requisitioned to transport and maintain the heat of the finished product; a cul-de-sac of some twenty-odd R.A.F. waiters in the doorway of the improvised serving-room was eliminated and above all 402 men were not kept waiting during the serving or between courses. A picture of manual dexterity was the disposition of one plate, complete with each portion of the course, every two seconds.

All this and a great deal more was attained by the united efforts of these eleven self-sacrificing men

In short we take off our hats to the following men whose jobs seem to have lost the touch of just plain work and taken on the habit of a fine art.

**Frank Stephenson**—The Turkey Course.

**Henry Wise and Joe Lewis**—Soup, gravy and dressing.

**Arthur Froment, Patrick Mayotte and Frank Swain**—Pastry.

**Patrick Campbell and Stewart Robertson**—Vegetables.

**Ed Denny**—Coffee.

**Pat Murphy**—Management of the waiters.

**Horace Brewer**—Supervision, organisation and assistance in all departments.

**F/O Pallen** (messing officer) for co-operation of the finest sort that did much to ensure the banquet's success.

Conversion of an air-engine repair shed into a flag bedecked dining hall de luxe, complete with four hundred feet of linen covered tables, stage, paper decorations, candles and favours, was a Herculean task accomplished by:—

Scotty Barnes, Bill Hancox, Lee Dawes, George Dykes,  
Jim Conn Jimmy Duval

Vince Meredith and Ted Weaver worked wonders with a special lighting effect for photography and colour flood lighting.



The Banquet in Progress.

## We Greet a New Name.

Quote D.R.O. February, 27th, 1941.

“For the information of all concerned number 110 Squadron will be renumbered as 400 Squadron effective March 1st, 1941. The reason for this being that all R.C.A.F. Squadrons are going to be in the 400 block, and since we were the first squadron to arrive we have been given the number 400.

Our headquarters appreciates that the re-numbering of a squadron is liable to cause a break in traditions, but the fact that we are given the number 400, indicating that we were the first to arrive, tends to carry on the tradition of 110 Squadron.”

“The decision to make this re-numbering has not been taken hastily or without careful consideration. The need to bring all R.C.A.F. Squadrons within the same block of numbers has been found to be so pressing as to override any objections.

“As explained above, the new number has been chosen with a view to retaining the squadron tradition to the greatest possible extent.”

Rarely does a military unit change its name, number, colours or character.

Like a creed or tradition, it hangs on to these threads of individuality many years after the time-honoured customs prevalent at its birth have passed away.

Therefore it is not to be wondered at that 110 Squadron greeted the change of its name-number with a great deal of surprise, and perhaps in some cases a sense of loss. Like a new style of suit, one becomes accustomed to it through usage.

The new number 400 is just one more case where old, died-in-the-wool, ponderous procedures and out-moded, die-hard traditions give way to more facile methods of war operations.

Even as centuries old cavalry units have dropped their meat and muscle mounts for those of steel and power to keep abreast of modern war requirements, so the needs of speed and efficiency require a change in our nomenclature.

It is up to 400 Squadron, having accepted its new name, to foster and cherish it with that brand of possessive pride so characteristic of all successful units.

With no regrets, we bid good-bye to our old number to take on the new 400 title, which, in the final analysis, will reflect just as much glory and pride and accomplishment as the old.

## Canadian Air Minister's Message.

It is with a great deal of pleasure that I am taking advantage of the invitation to address a message to the members of 400 Squadron through the columns of your new publication, "Wings Abroad."

### Proud of R.C.A.F. Overseas.

It is not necessary for me to dwell on the pride which Canadians at home are taking in the exploits of those units of the R.C.A.F. which have already proceeded overseas. It would be pointless to tell you of the inspiration the achievements already recorded have been to the thousands of young Canadians who are in training to take their place beside you, and to those older Canadians whose task it is to direct and provide those things so essential to a successful conclusion of the war. You men know well the all-out support which Canadians of every class are giving.

### Appreciation of Squadron Work.

To 400 Squadron may I say, particularly, that while you have not yet had an opportunity of actually coming to grips with the enemy, and while I appreciate that the period of waiting is long, the reports I have received of the work you are doing show you are fulfilling your function in the broad plan of campaign which has been mapped out. The operations you have already carried out will show their true value when the time comes.

### Airmen to arrive shortly.

Here, in Canada, the war effort has far surpassed our earliest expectations. The British Commonwealth Air Training Plan is well ahead of our original schedules. Hundreds of Canada's finest young men are applying daily for admission to the R.C.A.F. By midsummer you will have been joined by hundreds of other Canadians trained to play their part in achieving the victory which we all know lies ahead.

### "Victory Motto"

We face the future with confidence. In the words of Prime Minister Winston Churchill, "We shall not flag or fail, we shall go on to the end." That, I know, is your spirit overseas. It is equally the spirit of all the Canadian people.

(Signed) *The Honourable W. Powers,*  
*Air Minister, Ottawa, Canada.*

Corpl. Lutes' speech made many guests realise that the Tuesday and Thursday sessions in Barrack Block 83 are productive of one of the finest forms of strength and character, namely, public speaking. And all who attended are agreed that the demonstration given by Jack is unsurpassed in quality, balance and substance.

One of Germany's best sellers is that American masterpiece, "How to Make Friends and Influence People."

We have heard that serious thought has been given to the exchanging of two wireless men for a trained parrot that will say, "Hellow Bonzo, this is Bozo calling.—Over."

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### GENERATOR DRIVES.

When installing a new Mercury motor in a Lysander it will be found easier and also a great reduction in labour and time if the generator drive, which is connected to the fibre universal, is assembled on the engine before installing in the aircraft. This should be completed while the new engine is still on the engine stand. From previous experience it has been found that the section from the auxiliary drive to the fibre universal is one of the most difficult and nerve-wracking sections to assemble if attempted after the new engine is installed in the aircraft.

—By *L.A.C. Whitehead, Maintenance Flight.*

### REMOVAL OF WING.

The removal of a Lysander wing in a hangar is as you can imagine, no small job; but to remove one in operations in a field, etc., is doubly hard. To dispense with the usual wing standards used in holding the wing up and which, by the way, require quite a large space to be transported, and time to erect, a system of lifting cables has been devised. This consists of a large wing with three steel cables attached to it and having turn buckles on the loose ends. The overall lengths of these cables are the two outside ones 10 feet 5 and three-eighth inches and 7 feet 6 and three-eighth inches, while the centre one is 10 feet 2 and one-eighth inches long. Two cables connect on to the wing root while the other connects on to a bracket near the end of where the lift strut is connected to the wing. The ring is connected to a crane or a portable wooden crane and lifted clear. By this means the wing can be lifted from or lowered to the aircraft and still remain in the same position as when it was removed.

—By *Corpl. Thompon, Maintenance Flight.*

*In memory of F/Lt. Joseph B. Reynolds of number 1 Squadron (Formally of 400 Squadron) who died on active service February 18th, 1941.*

## Six Men in New Blues.

### Medicoes stage Pre-Season Easter Parade.

Proud as a schoolboy with his first pair of long trousers, our six medicoes stepped out in smart new blue Air Force uniforms the other day.

At first there was a sense of shock that that tried and trusted first line of defence, the armour plating of our squadron, that section of our unit to whom we sooner or later find our way in one form or another—the medical department—should forsake their traditional khaki colour to take on Air Force blue. Now that we're used to it we heartily endorse the whole affair.

Too bad these boys had to accept the burden allotted by the new brass-be-buttoned tunic but, to quote one of their own number, it "gives them a greater sense of neatness" than the old, slouch style equipment and, judging by the results we see, there is also a strong sense of pride.

It's a fact that this service, much our senior, could pay us no better compliment than to become a part of us. Whether, as senior service, they adopted us, or we adopted them, does not matter, the consensus of opinion is that it's a most welcome change.

Corpl. Angell assures us that this is no chameleon act and that the switch is permanent. Air Force numbers, ranks and classifications and pay are now permanently in force, making each of our medical staff as much airmen, and, in some cases, more of an airman, than we ourselves are.

This is actually true in the case of F/Lieut. Clarke, who holds English licences to fly any plane of any type or drive any vehicle, two-wheeled or otherwise.

The Pay Corps are expected to follow suit and break out in a blue rash any day now, but the Dental Corps will stick to earth and stay brown.

## That will be the Day when—

They find out who left the lit cigarette butt in the local bus, causing the company to lose half its fleet.

We get paid for our last trade test.

We get our back rum ration all at once.

The pup that runs in and out the ranks during parades bites an airman.

The person who designed the sidewalks and roadways on the camp has to get somewhere in a hurry.

The little man with the ladder and the blow-torch doesn't have to thaw the out-door plumbing when Jack Frost pays a visit.

*By Harry King.*

## Touch Wood.

Almost forgotten in the last sessions of poor flying weather is that little ditty, "Red Warning to you, Red Warning to you, Red Warning, dear Airman, Red Warning to you."

A sound prediction inspired by the warm spring sun of March 5th: "There'll soon be a lot more attention paid to the air-raid warnings when the sun dries the ground enough for the boys to lie down in solid comfort on the grass around the dug-outs."

## Life Belt of the Air.

Down, down, the plane is zooming,  
Down to its inevitable doom.  
As quick as a flash the pilot is scheming  
To bring her out—and soon.  
The air gunner cries "What shall we do?  
Our height is rapidly falling,  
And before the gauge goes under zero  
Let's jump, it's Hades I hear now calling."  
"O.K.," cries the pilot, "Snap on your pack,  
And when I signal, jump,  
For now there's nothing left to do  
But use our chutes or—bump."  
So, by the grace of a parachute  
Our lives go on as yore.  
A wasted plane—yet lives are saved  
To fly the skies once more.

*By L. H. Goulet, Parachute Section.*

## Dedicated to—

### F/Sgt. Allen.

Hickory, dickory dock,  
In Reading he went for a walk,  
The clock struck one,  
The bus had gone,  
For a taxi his watch went in hock!

### F.O. Fleming (Gardening Officer).

Murray, Murray, quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow?  
Lettuce and peas and carrots and please  
If there's corn on the cob, let's know.

### Stephenson-Brewer.

Pat a pie, pat a pie,  
Baker's man,  
Pat a pie, pat a pie,  
Fast as you can.  
Apple pie, raisin pie,  
Custard pie too.  
Go to it, Brewer, we're all with you.

*By Joe Leppington,  
with apologies to Mother Goose.*

## No Hits, Some Runs, No Errors.

That a royal opportunity should be so miserably fumbled by our opponent is the subject of some derision. The results induce greater confidence in our abilities to withstand the trials of future conflicts.

If sudden applications of bright light beams from passing cars leave you blind in the black-out, try shutting one eye as the beam approaches and re-opening it after it has passed. You will find that the eye which has been closed is just as sensitive to darkness as before.

Dear Old Lady: "Little boy, does your mother know that you smoke?"

Youngster: "Listen, lady, does your husband know that you speak to strange men on the street?"

## Secrets of a Civvy Past.

Two of our strongest Club boosters and hardest paper sellers once lost their jobs in civvy life for talking too much.



## Odds n' Ends

by

*The Idler*

### Looking Back

One year has passed—Time has stolen another march—plucked one more moment from our life-span and placed it far beyond our reach. The irrevocable hour—full of opportunity, history, great deeds, great thoughts, good intentions and fine ambitions has rounded the full girth of the clock 9000 times to pass another of life's milestones. Like the traveller looking back upon the scene, we turn, and feast our memories upon the happiness those days have left with us.

### Resume

From the last sight of a mist-enshrouded Canadian shore until the present day most of us have had many "firsts" and just as mother and dad occasionally unearth our first baby photo so we look back upon this year. Most of us have been detached from all those details of our home for the first time. Felt for the first time the thrill of extended travel. Had our first taste of that hospitality meeting strangers in a strange land. Experienced our first change of habit and all that it entailed—change of climate, customs, living standards. To many it brought new hopes, new joys, new fields of conquest and to all an education into life as others live it and a broadening of understanding others from countries beyond our own.

### No Regrets

A quotation—"No man having put his hand to the plough and turning back is fit for the Kingdom of God"—and its definition—Having once set your mind upon a task or acted upon a course of action do not turn back but carry through unto the end. Do not harken back to what might have been or what you would like it to be or seek to retrace the steps of your mistakes lest you lose all sight of the path originally set before you. Regret not any undertaking nor give up any attempt until it is carried out to the end.

### Onward

Whatever or wherever a man may be there are only two possibilities—either he forges on ahead and holds his pace showing each year a gain over all his attributes of the past year or he slips back into oblivion losing bit by bit all that he once had. There is no such thing as standing still for in not using and developing still further all his talents a man rots physically, morally, mentally and financially.

You have progressed in the past year now step ahead—not only maintain your place in the race of life but in using to the fullest extent all your God-given talents rise to new heights and attain all those goals which you originally started out to conquer.

### True Value

The foremost ambition of every individual is to reach the top of the ladder of success. The prime factor of any success is the acquiring of knowledge—especially that pertaining to your individual means of livelihood. When a person has completed his or her juvenile and secondary terms of education, all the knowledge acquired is then put into practice in business life. This educational foundation we soon discover stands us in good stead—but, methods and ideas are ever changing in this modern age casting a look of obsolescence on what was up to date. To keep abreast, and incidentally to prove yourself of exceptional value to your work, you must refresh and forever keep learning more of your chosen profession. In this Squadron educational courses are given for just such a purpose. They are of inestimable value to you. The profits you will receive from ardent study in them will be tenfold. To those who read this—"A word to the wise is sufficient."

### Did You Know—

Wage earners in Canada increased by over 350,000 since September, 1939.

Five hundred 'chutes are made in Canadian factories each week.

Canadian factories turn out 400 military car units per day—an increase of 45 per cent. over peak production records of peace time.

Red Cross gifts include Afghans, Ditties and Nightingales—woollen blankets, bags for hospital patients' belongings and bed-jackets in plain English.

Canada provides Britain's traditional breakfast dish—114,464,000 slices of pig and 2,522,307½ eggs per week. (Re latter—cooking staff please note—long, long time no see.)

While we, over here, are most appreciative of war efforts of those back home, the oddities of the Boy Scouts' waste materials collection stumps our own activities for variety and interest. Included were: one old hearse (for Hitler, we hope), aluminium section of the R.101, 8-inch shell and cartridge case, 18th century shoe sewing machine, several last war German guns.

Canada hitched up 300,000 more white ponies in 1940 than in 1939. They were not bred or imported. They were taken from the country where they had been running around loose for years. This brings the total electric output to over thirty thousand million units.

Add to your vocabulary the term deer boys (note spelling). Two Eskimos are now riding herd in the Mackenzie Delta with 700 reindeer for proteges. Several large herds throughout the north-western wastes now provide the Eskimos with food and clothing.

Mayotte: "What did one little strawberry say to the other little strawberry?"

Swain: "Dunno. What?"

Mayotte: "Oh, look at the jam pop got himself into."

Mindful of one quotation in Jack Lutes' splendid banquet speech are the remarks of the Duke of Wellington after the Battle of Waterloo, "The British were no braver than the French, but they were brave five minutes longer."

## Satire.

Clothing Parade! Two little words that represent in the Air Force a world of torture, blackmail and disappointment. To the storekeeper, it is a fiendish game; to the poor airman, purely poison.

When the great day arrives (clothing parade) a play is enacted. The executioner (storekeeper) puts on his blank mask and slowly mounts the steps of the torture chamber. Tucked underneath his arm are keys, pencils and loads of registration sheets bound in seventy folds of red tape.

Gloriously unaware of the din slowly growing outside, he walks up and down his cubicle waiting for the TIME.

Seconds, minutes, hours pass by until, unable to stand it himself any longer, he flings open the door and gazes upon his victims.

The condemned are lined up; bedraggled, scruffy, tattered and in shreds. Refugees from Europe have never presented a sorer sight. Sons of great families reduced by a queer twist of fate to carry on the fight of their ancestors against nakedness.

A man walks up. What a sight! In my ten days of freight travelling I've never seen worse. The breeze whistles mournfully through his shredded pants and tunic, his bare toes curl shamefully away from the opening in his boots, on his head stands a poor imitation of a turban displaying proudly the R.C.A.F. badge, some people would call the silken rag around his neck a tie.

"What's for you?" says the executioner.

"Cap, field service grey, tunic and pants as well as boots, ankle. All for the good use of. And throw in a tie, too, Sarge."

"Sorry—only two sizes of boots—5 and 15—too bad. No shirts. Wrap your underwear closer around your chest. Collars? Nope. Service caps? Still good—badge still holds on. Press your tie. Come back next week!"

The man looks bewildered, then mildly amazed and sheepishly shoves off, tearing off another piece of his shirt to wipe away his tears. The ranks close on the vacant space and the scene re-opens. Time marches on, the storekeeper fighting the plague of beggars off his trailer; and the crafty, clever, unrelenting airmen assaulting the treasure cave, twice a month, twelve months a year for centuries to come. What a life!

*By G. Fortier.*

## MARRIAGES.

### Young—Brown.

At South Dalziel Parish Church, Motherwell, Scotland, on Wednesday, February 26th, 1941, by the Rev. J. T. Hall, O.B.E., B.D., Frank Ross, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Young, of Waskada, Manitoba, to Margaret M'Intosh, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brown, 52, W. Hamilton Street, Motherwell, Scotland.

## Increased Cost of Dying.

The statisticians' latest promulgation—  
Cost of killing an enemy soldier in the time of Julius Caesar, 85 cents; in Wellington's wars, four dollars and ninety cents.

Hang on to your hat, Mr. Taxpayer—the cost per R.I.P. in the present scuffle will most likely run around ten thousand dollars per.

Lack of lead poisoning symptoms is an amazement of F/Lieut. Clarke, our M.O.—some of the lads have been swinging enough of it on sick parades lately.

Rumour has it that Ted Yaeger may some day die of lint on the heart from chewing the rag too much.

## Squadron Band gives Impressive Debut.

After being besieged by numerous setbacks and hold-ups, the Squadron Band blossomed forth last Friday with an exhibition of playing and marching that calls for unstinted credit.

The undying efforts of Flt. Lt. Elms and Sgt. Ken Carter were responsible for the existence and development of such a section of our unit. Although the band had no permanent residence with which to practice, which was due to the harassing of the frayed nerves of many of the people situated in them.

It will be interesting to note that a large number of the band have had little or no training at all in the playing of drums or trumpets. With liabilities such as these the chaps willingly went to work and practiced until they could be efficient players. This example of go-get-it-ness is evident proof of their excellent moral and will to get things done.

To the members of the band we extend our heartiest congratulations on the splendid show that they have put on, and we look with enthusiasm for a brighter and better future for their efforts.

## New Modification Blues.

The boys in maintenance are moanin' so low,  
To work on these new MODS they have to go.  
They gather their tools to work on that Lizzie,  
Installing these mods has got them all dizzy.  
A rigger is standing there scratching his head,  
These mods have him wishing sometimes he was dead.  
His helper is wondering where this union goes,  
The corporal knows less but the flight sergeant knows.  
Installing these airlines is an unlovely job,  
And "I'm nearly frozen" the rigger does sob.  
Those sweet jacking blocks, what a headache they are,  
His whole-hearted cuss words you hear from afar.  
He complains to himself, why get in these stews,  
"I've got them," he cries, those new "Mod" Blues.

*By Lynn Munson.*

## Shutterbugs.

### Have You Tried.

- unusual angles=e.g., a group in a huddle with the camera on the ground, pointing up? (Set focus at four feet and triple the exposure.)
- using a filter to register clouds?
- making a habit of winding film right after clicking?
- taking outdoor portraits in the shade instead of sun?
- checking up on your range guessing? (You'd be surprised!)
- cleaning the lens with fluid regularly?
- keeping fingers off the lens? (Perspiration is slightly corrosive to it.)
- increasing your exposure when shooting dark objects?
- referring to exposure tables when uncertain?
- using a lens hood whenever possible? (Slight fog or flatness often caused by extraneous light.)
- cleaning inside the camera regularly? (Notice those little specks on the film?)
- making a habit of setting the shutter speed before adjusting the aperture?

*By Lee Dawes.*

# Calling all Hep-Cats

By Off-beat.

That familiar cry of the Beat me Daddy boys has smacked us clean over again. The Cats want a Jam session right here on the premises—and why not. Just watch the notice board, fellows, and soon as possible it will be arranged.

## Sweet Sixteener Struts Stuff.

While in Glasgow a few weeks ago we had the pleasure of hearing a most talented Fem. vocalist with Oscar Rabin's band playing the Empire Theatre there. Her name is Beryl Davis and she is only sixteen years old. This little lady's voice has a remarkable resemblance to that of film star Judy Garland. Not only can she sing, but during the La Zongo number Beryl gave the customers a fine demonstration of a rumba. We'd say this gal is heading for the home stretch.

## New Number and its Name Lays us Low.

Already 1941 has unveiled so many "Boogie Woogie" numbers that we wonder if we are passing through a new era of swing. The song writers have brought forth yet another new tune in this category. This time it's "Scrub Me Mamma with a Boogie Beat." What next, America?

## Hep Pedlers Show Talent.

Local Bugs were handed a treat last week when a small jam band of the R.A.M.C. gave out in fine style at one of the floor wrestles in a nearby town. The Sawbones were really hot! and no wonder—three of the lads, Les Gilbert (tenor sax), Art Wilkson (piano) and Woolf Phillips (trombone), were formerly of Jack Hylton's *ork*. When we hear a good tenor man these days it makes cold shivers trickle down our spines, and the other night, when Leslie Gilbert tore off some of his fine solo work, we were frozen stiff. Les also played with Geraldo, but left a vacant spot in the combo when called up three months ago. Good luck, Gang, and a million thanks for those few pleasant hours of solid jive.

## Jimmie Scores Again.

Those of you who have been fortunate enough to hear Jimmy Dorsey's version of "Can't Get Indiana Off My Mind" will agree that here is the recording supreme. With Bob Eberly doing the vocal, this disc leaves nothing for the imagination, and if ever a band improved in the small space of one year it's the J. Dorsey outfit. Incidentally, the lyric was written by an amateur.

## Tune of the Week.

Each week we try to determine the most popular tune by keeping our lugs open for the squadron's crooners, whistlers, hummers and what have you. This time "Room 504" is the top notch, with "We Three" a close second.

# Wanted . . . One Good Set of Muscles

**Fall in the P.T. parade!** Boy, oh Boy, do we ever like to hear those choice words floating over the tranquility of the hangar each morning. But believe it or not, those who moan hardest gives way to smiles and even laughter later on in these daily groans and grunt sessions. By the exhibitions given of push ups one would come to the conclusion that many were trying to imitate the proverbial pretezel.

Nevertheless, on the whole the masculine torso of the squadron is something to be thought of and not talked of. Nearly all of us like to be in good physical condition as much as possible—but as far as can be ever observed a few elbow bends seem to be about the extent of the exercise that most of the men get.

**Tumbling classes** have been inaugurated by the Rota Mota Club under the direction of Corpl. Langdon. These take place at B.B. 11 every Tuesday and Thursday nights. Come up there and see if you can bring back those bulging muscles that once were your pride on the beaches back in Canada.

If you are one of those **soft ball** fans, then help us organise a league between the flights. The equipment is here and there is no rason why one of our favourite pastimes should go to waste for the lack of a little iniative. Of course, if you wish to specialise in a more gentle pastime, then I am quite sure that last year's winners of the volley ball series—the Photographic Section—will gladly take you on and show you the high lights of the game according to the way that they play it. According to a dispatch run in by dog team from the dispersal area, there seems keen rivalry in that old sport generally known as "**Barnyard Golf**," or to the better educated—**horse shoes**. If some of the stalwarts of this age-old art would care to have a little competition then, a few words to the staff of this paper and a sensational match could be arranged. Last, but not least, for those who like a fast game of **checkers** or games not calling for too much mental or physical exertion a **Ping Pong** tournament is under way at B.B. 83, where chairs are supplied for those who are unable to stand up under the strain of a couple of quick, hard-fought sets.

Well, fellows, due to fatigue and mental strain of writing this, we must come to an end, but leave these thoughts with you and hope that what we have sown will bear fruit in the near future.

## Sportmites.

By J. F. Sabourin

### HOCKEY.

When Detroit Red Wings defeated the New York Americans on Thursday, March 7th, by the score of 6 to 1, the Americans were eliminated from the National League Play-offs.

In another game played on the same night Montreal Canadians defeated Toronto Maple Leafs by 4 to 3, Paul Bibeault formerly of Quebec Seniors played brilliantly in the nets for the winners.

With the play-off starting very shortly they will meet in this order, the league leading Boston Bruins will meet the second place Toronto Maple Leafs, while Detroit and Chicago, the third and fourth place teams will meet, the fifth place New York Rangers and the sixth place Montreal Canadians.

### BOXING.

BILLY CONN who is to fight Joe Louis for the heavy-weight title of the world in June, started on his campaigns by defeating Danny Hassett, in five rounds the other night.