



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

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3d. PER COPY

### Out of Dreams Grows Reality

From the germ of an idea springs achievement—from the castle of dreams comes reality. Rota Mota was at one time, not so very long ago, an idea, a wisp of a dream, and as a nucleus of what might be achieved, there grew our club of to-day. We pause and look back, and out of the maze of events, during its short existence, we became established. Small, inconspicuous, yet forceful.

It is no boast to say that we lead anything of our kind, among armed forces. We have proven ourselves capable of putting across a small undertaking. But—in proving ourselves capable we stand on the threshold of something great, something big, something solid and lasting. We know only too well it is a gigantic undertaking and its successful fulfilment will necessitate the unselfish effort of every last man amongst us.

Roughly this is the scheme. To establish a Rota Mota Club in every Canadian Squadron that reaches these shores. To set up a chain of clubs all flying under the banner of Rota Mota. Every airman, regardless of where he be posted, would automatically be a member of Rota Mota. The only qualification he need have is that he be a Canadian Airman serving overseas. That shall be the only membership restriction.

These clubs will operate independently and yet will all be linked together by virtue of the aims and the common name. They will be governed by a single constitution that will be equally applicable to one as to the other. That will summarize things briefly insofar as this side is concerned.

But the big achievement will be in the post-war line. When the last shot is fired and we lay down our arms and prepare to go back home—then Rota Mota will establish itself as a lasting organisation. One that will live as the years roll on and the present war becomes merely a memory. In every city, there will be established a Rota Mota Club in the larger centres—hotels and club rooms will be set up. Conventions, get-togethers, will be held—they will bring together once again, we who are to-day fighting side by side in this great cause.

A coast to coast Rota Mota chain—solid, deep, lasting. Possible?—Sure it's possible. Look around you and see your other great organisations—the Canadian Legion—Rotarians—Kiwanis—they didn't spring up over night—they were not the result of a miracle. They were the outgrowth of small groups such as ourselves. It's possible and more than probable. It can well be accomplished.

We will have the medium of our "Wings Abroad" to criticise, praise—and most of all to give a common ground to meet upon—to give us one common voice with which to reach each other and maintain our friendship and association.

Let's all lend our efforts towards making this good foundation that we now have a little more secure and then build—build far and wide—and when the day comes, as you go from city to city in that vast dominion of ours—you'll never be a stranger—but always you will have a friend in Rota Mota.

You're a charter member now—be a good one.

Lend us your effort and with that—we shall achieve.

#### MR. MACDONALD WITH THE R.C.A.F.

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald inspected pilots and airmen of 400 Squadron on Wednesday, March 12th.

He was accompanied by Air-Marshal Sir Arthur Barratt, Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Army Co-operation Command; Air Vice-Marshal P. C. Maltby; and Air Commodore L. F. Stevenson, Air Officer Commanding the Royal Canadian Air Force in Great Britain.

Mr. MacDonald said his visit would enable him to give people in Canada an impression of their fight and their work in Britain, and of the great part they were playing in the common struggle.

Numbers 401 and 402 Squadrons took to "Wings Abroad" like a duck to water when visited recently. The net result was 139 six-month paid-in-advance subscriptions with some two hundred odd men still to be contacted.

This staunch support is typical of their Canadian spirit.

As of this issue "Wings Abroad" will serve 401 and 402 with the same policy and space formerly limited to 400.

# Orchids To— The Women's Association 400 (110) City of Toronto Squadron.

Quote herewith monthly shipments.

Sept.—100 lbs. coffee, 4 rugby balls (receipt acknowledged).  
 Oct. 2.—20,000 cigarettes, 50 lbs. fine cut and pipe tobacco, 15 newspaper subscriptions renewed (receipt acknowledged).  
 Oct. 25.—20,000 cigarettes.  
 Oct. 26.—25 bushels apples (receipt acknowledged).  
 Nov. 8.—250 lbs. Christmas cake, 2,300 chocolate bars.  
 Nov. 9.—384 tins apple butter.  
 Nov. 30.—627 handkerchiefs (receipt acknowledged).  
 Jan. 7.—20,000 cigarettes, 50 lbs. fine cut and pipe tobacco.  
 Knitted comforts such as scarves, socks, mitts, gloves and sweaters shipped include :—  
 Sept., 720 articles; Nov., 356 articles; Jan., 526 articles.  
 Total, 1,602 pieces or pairs of woollen comforts.

To you, **The Ladies of the Women's Association of the 110 City of Toronto Squadron**, we dedicate the first double column orchid to appear in "Wings Abroad." Not that space or words can re-imburse such generosity and self sacrifice as you have offered, but that too much prominence cannot be given to you who looked after our every need.

The woollen comforts you so faithfully provided have warmed us through the chills of a climate we are unaccustomed to and the cigarettes and apples proved a pleasant relief from the victual deprivations of a country at war.

These columns of "Wings Abroad" are gladly opened up to you in one great big "THANKS" from every last man in the squadron, in an attempt to portray a part of the really sincere appreciation we all feel.

This orchid is dedicated to your association and its aims and accomplishments under the following executive :

Mrs. A. J. Pattison, 38 Crescent Rd., Toronto, *President*.  
 Mrs. George McCullagh, Thornhill, Ontario, *Vice-President*.  
 Mrs. R. D. Kerby, 415 Glenayr Rd., Toronto, *Vice-President*.  
 Mrs. J. L. Hurley, 896 Avenue Rd., *Recording Secretary*.  
 Mrs. G. N. Irwin, "Stonehaven," Whitby, Ont., *Correspondence Secretary*.  
 Mrs. F. Hay-Roe, 15 Connaught Circle, Toronto, *General Convenor*.  
 Mrs. D. E. Galloway, 98 Wychwood Park, Toronto, *Overseas Shipping Convenor*.  
 Mrs. D. W. Hornell, 9 Eastbourne Crescent, Mimico, Ont.  
 Mrs. F. Hillock, 14 Walmsley Blvd., Toronto.

## Introductions are in Order.

There are three chaps in this Squadron who have been regular contributors to the editorial columns of "Wings Abroad" under pen-names. For the most part they are unknown to the personnel. "Wings Abroad" proudly takes this opportunity of introducing them to you :—

### The Idler.

To be a balanced sheet every newspaper must have its share of news, humour, poetry, personalities, speciality columns . . . and above all editorials. These editorials usually take the form of the more serious things in life and must be weighty and substantial. The writer requires something more than the average reporter who simply writes on impulse promoted by an outside factor.

"The Idler" has provided a full page of editorial matter for each issue of "Wings Abroad" for the first six editions without any form of recognition. His paragraphs were meaty, varied and constructive.

"The Idler" stood behind the scenes and watched you read the products of his pen without getting or asking for any thanks. Many of you extolled or criticised to the writer himself without knowing it was **JACK LUTES**.

### Off-Beat.

If nothing else, "Wings Abroad" has brought out latent journalistic talent of a catchy interesting, modern, parlour-slang type in **BILL HANCOX**.

In his own inimitable style he has written his column HEP-CATS for every issue with such a *savoir faire* and snap that even those who were not in the slightest interested in the subject made a special point of reading his column.

## Song Titles and Facsimiles.

**FRANK MILLER** has combed the cob-webs out, compared notes, lists and personalities every press day to run off "Song Titles." His results speak for themselves. It would seem that he knows more about the individual characters in this squadron than the subjects of the titles do.

## That will be the Day when—

There is a subsistence allowance granted to go with the food ration card issued prior to going on leave.

"Jerry" has to chip in with his sixpence for damage to barrack buildings.

There is a trophy for our sports efforts.

We get a wood issue with our coal issue.

Gord. Dean runs a free bus to (*censored*) or, when he doesn't have to pay out of his own pocket to cover the expenses.

We have a pay parade without having some "specialists" horning in at the head of the line.

By **HARRY KING**

Mossop of "A" Flight—"I have a uniform for every day in the week."

Edgebert, A.C.3—"Yeah? You have?"

M. of "A" F.—"Yes, this is it."

## Abroad With Us

'T was a devil of a big parade  
And many a slinking bloke came late ;  
The parade formed up on the blinking square  
And every son of a gun was there.  
The rain came down in a drizzling gust ;  
I suppose it was to set the dust ;  
But the sergeants began to fume and fret  
Because their precious stripes got wet.  
The Wing Commander had a date ;  
That was the end of the big parade.

Out in the field the fitter tuned,  
Until his engine softly crooned ;  
The wireless operator tuned the set ;  
While the armourer did sweat  
And cuss with a sneering snort  
Because he was one bullet short ;  
And the rigger played with the controls and struts,  
Hammered in the bolts and stripped the nuts.  
The pilot said with a weary cry :  
" Is this thing really fit to fly ?  
You see I've really got a date,  
'T would never do if I were late."  
The corporal shouted, that could not be,  
For she had trouble on the knee.  
The rigger then removed the pants,  
He solved the trouble at a single glance ;  
So with his wrench, a twist or two,  
He said : " Sir ! She ought to fly like new."

The pilot taxied slowly out  
And weaved a pattern round about ;  
He pushed the throttle up to full,  
And the mighty engine began to pull,  
Down the runway he madly roared  
Until on the airy breeze he soared.  
The gunner cocked his gun as they flew  
And shot a " Junker " right in two.

By the dozens came the Hun  
But he shot down every one.  
Soon the tide of battle turned,  
Nothing but the machines that burned,  
And a lonely " Lizzie," high,  
A tiny speck in a lonely sky.  
In she glides at a clumsy slant ;  
The cylinders wearily grunt and pant ;  
The runway comes up to meet the plane,  
To bounce and bounce away again ;  
Finally she settles with two flats,  
Pushed in oleo, buckled up spats.  
" Cheers and all the best ! " every one cries,  
" That scheme certainly took the prize,  
Sir, too bad this shoot wasn't real  
For your bullets had that socks appeal."

And now as the evening sun has set,  
Where is the pilot we have met ?  
Where is the fitter and rigger too ?  
Where are they all, that weary crew ?  
No parade states needed here,  
Round the bar a-drinking beer ;  
Not a lonely maiden now,  
For they can love, are loving now ;  
Only the lonely married bloke,  
Will sit alone with his pipe and smoke ;  
Only he in the smoke ring sees,  
The love, in sacred reveries.

Let the curtain swing to, with a sigh,  
For hours of slumber are passing by,  
Forgotten is this, forgotten and gone,  
Passed into the night, to awake with the dawn.  
(All events in these verses are entirely fictitious and any  
similarity to persons and place are purely co-incidental).  
By SERGT. J. MAIER

## As a Civvy Sees Us

" Wings Abroad,"  
400 Squadron,  
R.C.A.F.

9th March, 1941

Dear Editor,

May I beg the space to offer a word of appreciation to " 400."

As you know, I am a little on the nervous side and a visit to a new Station is an ordeal.

One tries to make a good impression, naturally, as one may be called upon to spend a lot of time with the personnel of that Station.

Whilst working for a civilian firm, one is actually working with the military, and may have to answer for both sides, so let me state that " 400 " has been an example of real comradeship.

I remember the first introduction I had to you ; our mutual friend, Flying Officer Greene, greeted me with a big smile and a hearty hand-shake. It was with much regret that I wished him " Good-bye," later ; also Sergeant Major Tough—two fine men.

When we call to interview Wing Commanders, there is (shall I say, for the want of a better word) " awe " attached to it, as they are usually somewhat austere, but your chief welcomed me with " Hello, how are you ? Have an apple ? " So the Wing Commander and Squadron Leader and myself munched an apple each and discussed engine problems like old friends.

That is how it has been. No barriers ; everyone friendly. Of course, I find your language (to say the least) a little strong, and hearty, and sometimes difficult to follow, but the Flight Sergeant has always come to the rescue and translated for me.

Every visit (I have made 30), reveals something which I did not know before and sometimes (let me whisper) about the engine.

Yes, I salute you for your engine maintenance which is as perfect as possible ; clean and efficient.

Your strange sayings puzzle me. I heard one of your people say " Come on Mr. Bones, give me a five and a two " and the other, while intermittently blowing into his fist, implored Mr. Bones to give him two fours. Who is this Mr. Bones ? Is he a super-natural being who is able to give heed to heart rendering prayers ? Maybe he is one of " 400 " I have not yet met.

Your sweets are candy, petrol is gas, courting is petting, wireless is radio, a fellow is a guy and so on. I feel that my education has been sadly neglected, but it is all sinking slowly into my English brain.

One thing you have given me is a strong desire, or shall I say a longing, to see the place of your upbringing and when the " trouble " has been justly settled, I will certainly try and see for myself the place where these tough, hard working, and efficient yet lovable men come from.

May it be my lot to serve you as long as you are here with us.

A MERE CIVILIAN

### EXCERPTS FROM A LETTER FROM Mrs. R. J McKAY THE COMMANDING OFFICER'S MOTHER.

" I want to add my congratulations to the number which you must have already received on the success of your editorial effort " Wings Abroad." We are enjoying it so much. It is like getting a long letter from our lads over there. I pass it to all interested friends and they read every word. Mr. and Mrs. Van Vliet, Sr. do enjoy it so much.

So that I may become a subscriber like yourselves I am enclosing a good Canadian dollar and with it I send my best wishes for your continued success and the hope that we may have you all home again soon.

Yours very sincerely,

(Mrs. R. J.) Pearl McKay.

# ROTA MOTA

## Established

### in

# 401 & 402 Squadrons

### Meeting Inaugurates First of Many Gay Evenings.

Fresh from the whirr and roar of propeller blades fifty odd members of 401 and 402 squadron gathered together in the station mess hall to open up the first meeting of the Rota Mota Club to be held in these two squadrons. This meeting was unique in that it was the forerunner of many of its kind to come, and in that it will be the father of many of those social activities that have until now only belonged to 400 squadron.

### Policy and Purpose Explained.

Before the meeting was very far on its way the ideals and the policy and the ultimate purpose of the Club was explained to all those assembled as follows. Sooner or later there would be a definite need for all airmen of the overseas force to band themselves into an association of some sort that would give them one common field in which to work and one common voice with one common goal. That various associations now popular at home such as the Kiwanis Canadian Legion, Veteran's association, etc. all had their beginning in a humble manner and there is every possibility that the Canadian Air Force veterans from overseas, banding themselves together now would ultimately reach the same stage. That for the men to start, maintain and hold for the years to come a club and all that it means both here and at home would be an invaluable asset. That collectively, they could accomplish, so much where the efforts of a few individuals would be bound to fail. The Club would be a means of securing sports equipment, comforts, and all those necessities from home that go to making an airman's life so much more enjoyable. That an association of this nature would do much to break down those subconscious barriers to friendship such as religion, language, and place of enlistment, etc., and that the esprit de corps and morale of the squadrons would be greatly increased at a time when it probably had suffered through the methods of war used at present.

### Looking Ahead.

A picture was graphically drawn of what the Rota Mota Club of tomorrow would be. Fully equipped club rooms in every large city complete with all the facilities that go toward making a travelling fellow member at home. That there was no reason why the best of equipment should not be used in every club room.  
12pt. Gill.

### No Fees—No Ties.

No exactions were expected of prospective members. Each and every member of any Canadian squadron to arrive overseas becomes automatically a member of Rota Mota Club and it is up to he himself just how much advantage he takes of the privileges offered. The many facilities opened up in the Rota Mota Club of 400 Squadron were then explained. The free tea, coffee, cocoa and biscuits three times daily. The writing room, library, games room. Card parties, film shows, French and German lessons and the organisation of squadron get-togethers, etc., etc.

### Temporary Elections.

The chairman then called for nominations for the temporary positions of president and secretary for each of the two squadrons.

#### BROWER and LAMBERT ELECTED 401

Fred Brower won the election for president of 401 against the close competition of airmen Perks and Kelly, while Jack Lambert carried off the secretary's post.

#### LESLIE and LaBRANCHE FOR 402

Bob Leslie is captaining the 402 Squadron Rota Mota with a very capable secretary in Pete LaBranche. Duigood and Humphries and Kelly and Perks were their respective opponents in this selection. The vote was very close and competitive for all the positions and in one case a tie resulted which forced a re-vote for the position of secretary in number 402 squadron.

## Speeches Show Promise

Each elected candidate then gave a short speech of thanks to his supporters. Each displayed a talent and a punch that insures the successful leadership and interest in the club affairs. The entire election was carried off with an enthusiasm that guarantees the whole hearted co-operation of all the members.

## Activities Started Already.

By way of demonstrating that they really meant to do business the four executives got down to brass tacks immediately and organised a debate and smoker for the evening of March 30th. It promises to be a first-rate affair with hard-hitting debaters on both sides.

## Refreshments Popular.

The usual Rota Mota after-meeting session of tea and chocolate wafers proved a popular event and the evening was closed with a feeling of satisfaction and good spirit that can rarely be found in any unit and as these new members chatted their way back to barracks one fact became a reality to all concerned, that

## Legion Furnishes Feast.

Although Turkey's re-action towards the Axis has been the topic of conversation among civilians in the streets of this country, truly so has the domestic turkey's reaction towards nearly 500 Canadian airmen been the topic of much comment after a real Canadian dinner in the airmen's mess on March 10th, made possible by the Canadian Legion.

Thanks a million, Canadian Legion! It transformed an otherwise ordinary dinner into one of rarity among this squadron at this time of year. It also disclosed that societies and organisations back in Canada are imbued with the spirit of providing for its sons overseas. Not only on this occasion have we felt the weight of Canadian generosity, but rarely a month passes into oblivion that cigarettes, socks, scarves, mitts, etc., etc. have reached our squadron for distribution.

## Turkey Day a Success.

Noon hour of the eventful day arrived and those usually "just squeezing in" before closing hour every other day were right on time and first in line.

Our Canadian cooks had not forgotten the way to prepare this delicacy and great care was displayed in cooking the birds so as to meet the approval of our palates. When ready for serving, our admiration for the cooks was never higher as they presented the finished product for our approval.

On entering the mess an aroma scented the hall that left no doubts in the minds of the airmen what was in store for them. There was turkey with dressing, potatoes, cabbage and gravy, and for dessert, apple pie. Some wanted drum-sticks and others white meat; while some had to be content with wings, etc. Was it ever good? Well, if one had seen the contented look on the faces of the airmen at the conclusion of the tasty repast, not a doubt would have been left in an onlooker's mind that both Canadian operational squadron's personnel were fully satisfied.

## N.C.Os. Sacrifice.

But what of the senior N.C.O's.? Although they had arrived on the scene ready to do justice to their share of the turkey, they were turned back. The limited amount provided would have deprived some airman from his turkey dinner. However the N.C.O's. never whimpered although they were very disappointed. But like the good sports they are an about turn was made and they repaired to the sergeant's mess.

While the dinner lacked the decorations of a yuletide setting such as that of Christmas Eve, it nevertheless was enjoyed by all. Coming as it did, it was a complete surprise and the airmen who were privileged to be present are high in the praise of your organisation. Again, thank you Canada!

By L.A.C. CARIETON, K. J. 401 Squadron, R.C.A.F.

## Slipstream

Another year has passed and once more spring is just around the corner.

Now all you sports enthusiasts can dust off your fun paraphernalia. The resurrection of golf sticks reminds us of the game one heavenly day between St. Peter and St. Thomas. St. Peter's first drive went right from tee to cup. St. Thomas, brandishing his celestial club, drove a hole in one also. "All right," said St. Peter, "Now let's cut out the miracles and get to work."

Things we never knew till now :—That windmill vanes have controllable pitch.

*Smile* :—L.A.C. Munson—When you ask him a question it's like taking your finger out of a dyke.

According to the Bible, Job was the worst patient man on earth.

No wonder, he didn't have to work on aircraft.

Yours truly, after rinsing out a can with 100 octane gas proceeded to prepare the outer surface for doping by cleaning with thinners. The gas and thinners got together and produced a smell fit to out-stink a skunk. But the concoction removed rust, and almost the tin plate! Further trials proved the stuff removed rust most proficiently. Care to drop us a line on your results?

Who's the wise guy when told by the Flight Sergeant he should have been on parade at 8 o'clock, replied: "Why, what happened?"

*Simile* :—L.A.C. Johnston—his life is an open book and he likes to read out of it.

That 402 Squadron Canadian-made bus with engine in rear, and front and centre doors operated by remotely controlled, always has the local natives awed.

To those who think English plumbing shouldn't be called "sanitary engineering," lend an ear. It must take "engineering" to be able to design a formidable maze of inaccessible pipes that end up by flowing down the wall, either inside or out. It's a toss-up whether you wear rubber boots or bathing suits.

It is claimed that it takes twenty to sixty years for the roots of the briar to attain size suitable for pipe making. You would smell too, if you were underground that long.

As one casket said to the other: "Is that you coughin'?"

What sergeant in 402 squadron, whose corny jokes are referred to as "solski's?"

As one rheumatic pain said to the other: "Let's get out of this joint." See what we mean? That's a solski!

*Agony ad.* :—Would anyone knowing the whereabouts of an airman of the R.C.A.F. named Hollyoake be kind enough to get in touch with the writers of this column. It is possible he has arrived in this country.—*Thank you.*

The airmen's mess hall "Utopia" has been discovered. A prominent sign reads in part, "Airmen are encouraged to have a second meal."

E. H. TODD and G. CLARKE of 402.

## 400 Nominates New Rota Mota Executives

With the present term of officers ending, nominations for the presidency of the Rota Mota Club of 400 squadron took place on March 20th.

### COMPETITION KEEN.

It seems as if the art of ballyhoo was never so widely used or with such variety as it is expressed on this camp at the present time. The sides of the N.A.A.F.I. Canteen wagon has been a profitable medium for one candidate while others are considering the use of sandwich boards on all the camp canines. One makes a point of helping the padre pass out cigarettes and tells all takers that they come with the courtesy of ———. Candidates can be depended on to give out in real style at the slightest excuse for a stump speech, while one campaign manager has even gone so far as to enlist the aid of the big blackout curtain in an opposing candidate's room so that when rolled down it reads as one large ad. against himself. The use of sky-writing or planes towing large signs was abandoned early in the campaign.

### APRIL 3rd THE BIG DAY.

The fur is bound to fly sky high when voting day comes around and judging by the effort already extended 400 Rota Mota is guaranteed an active and resourceful president for the next quarter. May the best man win when the big day April 3rd arrives.

### Candidates and Platforms.

The nominations for the position of president of the Rota Mota Club for the following six months took place on Tuesday, March 18th. With the election campaign in full swing the candidates herewith present their respective platforms for your approval.

#### Scotty Barnes.

Gentlemen:—I have been nominated as a candidate for the office of president of our club. I am not going to give you any long, flowery speeches as to how good I would be as president. You chaps know the "score" on club activities. Now—it's up to you to pick the right man for the job. Go to it, and may the best man win.

#### Jimmy Duval.

Rota Mota is destined to outlive the war and take its place beside powerful social bodies now existent in the Dominion. With your support I promise to:—

1. Systematize the administration of the club in order to serve you better.
2. Sponsor wholeheartedly your ideas and activities.
3. Get Thompson a new typewriter.

As president I can accomplish something tangible and make Rota Mota a by-word to your people in Canada.

#### Vince Meredith.

My election will guarantee real support of the aims and ideals of the club. As this is my first attempt to run for public office I cannot hope to equal the brilliant work of the past president, but I do pledge my services to Rota Mota with actual sincerity, interest and hard work.

#### Ken Thompson.

Gentlemen, (I know you so well I hesitate to use that opening). My nomination for presidency was made at a time when I was away and unable to defend myself. I am firmly convinced that any of the other three candidates can far exceed my limited abilities. I already have enough grief on my hands with this sheet and therefore ask you to save your vote for Barnes, Duval or Meredith and your best interests will be served.

## MARRIAGES.

### Young-Partridge.

On Wednesday, March 12th, 1941 by the Rev. J. S. Morris, at St. Mary's Church, Brixham, South Devon, England:—William Thomas Young, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Young, 18, Glebe Road, Toronto, Canada, to Phyllis Joan Partridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Partridge, of Brixham.

That beautiful four foot Lysander model on display at the banquet that Sgt. Major Baker spent so many hundreds of hours building was won by S. Robertson of the Airmen's mess in the raffle.

MARRIAGES—12pt. Gill Bold.

### Masters-Hawkins.

On Saturday, March 1st, 1941, by the Rev. Mr. Holmes at St. Nicholas' Church, Portslade, Sussex, England: Frederick H. Masters, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Masters, Mimico, Ontario, Canada, to Vera Grace Hawkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Hawkins, of Portslade, England.

### C. in C. Home Forces Inspects.

Sir Alan Brooke, Commander-in-Chief, Home Forces, arrived by air to inspect 400 Squadron on Friday, March 14th. The unit was drawn up in Flight mass formation, with the A.I.L. and band. Before the C.-in-C. arrived the squadron was treated to a lively tune by the band as a "warmer-upper." Sq'dn./Ldr. Kerby handed the parade over to Sir Alan and he proceeded with the inspection immediately. He made no comment but congratulated Sgt. "Ken" Carter on the quality of the Trumpet band.

Soup strainers are appearing on the upper lips of all "A" Flight groundmen in 402 Squadron and threaten to stay there until that great day when . . .

## NO !

NO is next to the shortest word in the English language. It is the concentrated Declaration of Independence of the human soul.

It is the central citadel of character and can remain impregnable forever.

It is the only path to reformation. It is the steam gauge of strength, the barometer of temperament, the electric indicator of moral force. It is an automatic safety first device.

It has kept millions from going over the Niagara Falls of drunkenness, profligality and passion.

It is the brick wall of the home, keeping the father from folly, the mother from indiscretion, the boys from ruin, the girls from shame.

It's the one word you can always say when you can't think of anything else. It is the one answer that needs no explanation.

The mule is the surest-footed and most dependable of all domestic animals. NO is the mule-power of the soul.

Say it and mean it. Say it and look your man in the eye. Say it and don't hesitate.

A good round NO is the most effective of known shells from the human howitzer. In the great parliament of Life the NOES have it.

The value of any yea you utter is measured by the number of NOES banked behind it.

Live your own life. Make your own resolutions, mark out your own programme. Aim at your own work. Determine your own conduct, and plant around all those an impregnable hedge of NOES with the jaggedest, sharpest, thorns that grow.

The No-man progresses under his own steam. He is not lead about and pushed around by officious tug-boats. Be soft and gentle as you please outwardly, but let the centre of your soul be a NO as hard as steel.

You know when! Say NO !



## Odds n' Ends

by

The Idler

### The Spirit of Victory.

Seated in a Snack Bar in London, munching a sandwich. London was having one of its old time blitzes . . . . . bombs were thudding and bursting with a violence that shook the ground and buildings with all the vehemence of an earthquake. Ack ack barrage was extremely heavy. An extra heavy shake and explosion . . . then far off sounds. Hardly had the terrific din died, when a chap came in and asked for a cup of strong tea. He knew the proprietress. Seemed a bit shaken and said that he wanted something to steady his nerves. It seems that he had been very close to that big one which demolished the (*censored*) containing a crowd of dancers. The lady inquired as to what happened and so on . . . all quite casually and unconcerned. From the conversation and from the impression it made on her, I gathered the raid must have been in Scotland rather than London. So I inquired as to where (*censored*) was and she said "Just around the corner—about two minutes walk—sugar, mister?" "No," I said, "Give me a cup of coffee—and make it black—I want something to steady my nerves!" Unconcerned—and if that isn't standing up and taking it, then I don't know what is!

### England in the Spring.

Back home about this time, we can visualize the slush of the melting snow underfoot, the first warm rays of the sun starting to penetrate those cool winter winds. We can visualize the first splurge of "Easter Shopping"—the appearance of new hats and new top coats. Would that we too could join in the warbles and the lazy spring fever. But this year, as last, we are experiencing a different sort of spring—a spring that seems to start creeping out and then almost leap into a thing of rare beauty. For there is no denying it—an English spring is a thing of rare beauty. The enormous variety of colourful flowers, blending with the flowing even green of the countryside, is something to really behold. Peaceful and serene, it stands out like a soothing ointment on a country at war. It is hard to realize—to even conceive—that under the cover of darkness, the shackles of destruction and death are unleashed by the depraved monster, who, unfortunately, we must categorize as a man. To stroll out away from the hustle and bustle of the city, is like a tonic that soothes and refreshes—it is almost intoxicating in its effect—a real treat—a real privilege to be able to see England in the Spring.

### Problem of the Week.

Remember the one about the N.C.O.—the five outstanding qualities a good one should possess? Well, here's a cross section of Squadron opinion on the subject—after much of digging and rehashing:—

1. That a good N.C.O. should first know and understand his men.
2. That a good N.C.O. should possess natural qualities of leadership—in which capacity, he is not himself afraid to show the way.
3. That a good N.C.O. should have a good knowledge of his work.
4. That a good N.C.O. should possess initiative, and work in the interests of his Unit, his men and himself.
5. That a good N.C.O. should be a master first of himself and then of his men.

## "Wings Abroad"

Published Somewhere in England.  
Established December 15th, 1940.

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

### Stuff n' Things from H.Q.

The boys down this way were not to be outdone along the commemoration lines of their advent to this country. On March 6th, they too celebrated their "year in England" Banquet and from all reports, it was really a high class affair. The menu included all the tasty Canadian delicacies that we ourselves had on the 25th. All told, it was a most successful evening and with the one exception of a particular N.C.O. tripping over the "spittoon" and bouncing on his chin, the casualty report read nil.

Thanks to the Canadian Auxiliary Service, a further turkey dinner was held a week ago and through it I had the opportunity of getting to meet and know the fellows—a really likeable crowd with a good deal of *esprit de corps* and the ability to make a "stranger" feel at home. You'll hear more from this source as time goes on.

### Picked up in Passing.

The Thrill That Comes Once in a Lifetime. By Webster

Dear Sally,  
Thanx for your epistle with the swell pitcher of you. It is a lollapaloosa. I hear you went to the high school dance and I suppose "me hated rival" was there—Curses-s-s! ha! ha! ha! On New Year's day I was going to turn over a new leaf but I couldn't find even an old one—ha! ha! The trees were all "bear" and some of them "barked" at me—ha! ha! What you said about Joe was "Komical" but he don't "cut any ice" with me. Did I ever tell you your big blue "ice" are the "last word?" (Loaf)ers like Joe aren't well bread—ha! ha! Did you hear about the 2 holes in the ground? Well! Well! (Joke) ha! ha!  
Old Man Smerk fell down yesterday and broke 4 ribs.  
Hoping you are the same

Your phunny phriend,  
Elmer

p.s. "Pardong" my (G)love!—Elmer.

But that's all gang—away again. Time sure moves on its way—as does space. See you in the Easter Parade. And remember fellows—many a man has been knocked down—but the good ones never stayed down.

## National Day of Prayer

Requested by His Majesty King George VI.

All Christians on Sunday, March 23rd bent the knee in reverence, adoration, thanksgiving and petition, to the God of us all in the cause of peace tempered with justice.

The beautiful prayers of the Catholic liturgy were recited by the padre at the 10.30 mass; while at the village church the vicar of the Anglican parish assisted by the Congregationalist minister followed another impressive ceremony at which one hundred and fifty of our airmen attended.

Mass in the morning was well attended, a number receiving Holy Communion. The padre preached on "The True Christian Spirit and the Quest for Peace."

In the afternoon the Anglican padre by apt illustrations pointed out to his military and civilian congregation the necessity of religion in this, our age, and stressed that the only guarantee of true and lasting peace was a true conversion to the side of Christ "Prince of Peace."

# Calling all Hep-Cats

By *Off-beat.*

## Blitz Beaten by Down-beats.

Spring has brought back more musical scores to war-torn London than ever before since the blitz began. George Black's production "Applesauce" at the London Palladium is one of the gayest reviews the big town has to offer and there is certainly no scarcity of stars.

The customers relished the sweet songs of Vera Lynn, hailed as the finest feminine exponent of smooth vocals on this side of the pond. Jack Stanford billed as the "Dancing Fool" has been rolling the crowd in the aisles twice daily since the show opened, and along with such famous stars as Max Miller, Florence Desmond, Jean Carr and the London Palladium Orchestra (director Freddie Bretherton), the whole affair is amusing, entertaining and satisfying.

## Oldies Renewed

Revival of the old tunes such as "Who," "Exactly Like You," "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair" has been gaining great popularity with leading British orks throughout the country. Jack Payne's radio show on the B.B.C. Friday nights is just another sample of the resurrection of these oldies, and they make a mighty pleasant earful these days.

## New Records Arrive.

All ears await the recording of the new Muggsy Spanier band formed a few weeks ago when Spanier left Bob Crosby's orchestra in Los Angeles. When the discs arrive the British music pushers should hear some fine solo work from the leader's horn.

## Busman's Holiday in Spare Time.

Last week we chanced an interview with a few of the Jack White Combo now playing the Astoria in London. The main idea was to ascertain how the band relaxes. Strange as it may seem, in between broadcasts, dance-dates and A.R.P. work the boys hold jam sessions (strictly Stag). Every Sunday night the band gets together in an hotel room five floors above ground (blitz or no blitz) with instruments, records and a few cases of beer, and each musician gives out to his own satisfaction. Every man in the outfit has his own favourite soloist from whom he gets ideas and they wouldn't trade those Sunday sessions for any other nerve cure on the market.

Mrs. Rollain of Buffalo, N. Y. has given her thirteenth child the middle name of "Too Much." The twelfth was christened Evelyn Enough Rollain.

Not content with doing all the ordering around, it appears there is a Sergeant in 401 who also does all the batting in the ball-games. Come on Sergeant let me have a try at bat. *Edgebert, A.C.3.*

Flash!!

Roosevelt permits American armament firm to make Bombs for Germany.

*P.S.—The R.C.A.F. will deliver them.*

# Sportmites.

By *J. F. Sabourin*

## Hockey

Well, here comes the spring, and that old, old question of the Hockey fan's, who will win the Stanley, Allan and Memorial Cup this year. With the season at an end and the playoffs started 6 teams remain in the running for the Stanley Cup. In the Allan Cup there are 15 teams, while in the Memorial play downs only 13 teams remain across Canada.

As Boston Bruins have been named the winners of the National Hockey League this year, they will meet the second place Toronto Maple Leafs, in the best of seven games. Detroit Red Wings and New York Rangers will meet in the best of three games and the winners will engage the survivors of the Chicago Black Hawks and Montreal Canadians, who will also meet in a two out of three series.

Bill Cowley, Boston Bruin's star centre won the National Hockey League this year by scoring a total of 60 points, their 4 players tied for second place with a total of 46 points, namely Aps, Toronto, Hextall, Rangers, Drillon, Toronto and Watson, Rangers.

With but one game left to play, and that against the high scoring Boston Bruins, Johnny Mowers, Detroit Red Wings goaler leads the National Hockey League goalers for the Vezina Cup. Mowers has the least goals scored on him this year going into this last game with only 98 goals put past him, while Turk Broda, Toronto Maple Leafs, who has completed the league schedule has only 99 pucks put pass him.

## STOP PRESS SCORES.

### NATIONAL HOCKEY LEAGUE PLAY-OFFS. BEST THREE OUT OF FIVE.

Toronto *v.* Boston, Thursday, March 20th — score 3—0 for Boston.

Toronto *v.* Boston, Saturday, March 22nd—score 5—3 for Toronto.

### BEST TWO OUT OF THREE.

Red Wings *v.* Rangers—score 2—1 for Detroit.

### BEST TWO OUT OF THREE.

Chicago *v.* Canadians—score 3—2 for Chicago.

Chicago *v.* Canadians—score 4—3 for Canadians.

Play-offs are being won by games this year and not points as in former years.

## Baseball

Johnny Mize, star first baseman of the St. Louis Cardinals has come to terms with his team by agreeing to sign his contract which was said to be \$16,000. Mize was holding out for \$18,000.

Detroit Tigers released Earl Averill, 37-year-old outfielder.

Bob Quinn, Boston Bees' president confirmed reports that he and Manager Casey Stengel were organising a syndicate to take over financial control of the Bees.

Shortstop Harold (pee wee) Reese and Third Baseman Harry (Cookie) Lavagetto of the Brooklyn have signed their contracts, leaving only nine players still yet to sign their contracts.

Chuck Klein signed a contract as outfielder coach of the Philadelphia Phillies, while Syl Johnson of the same club was given his outright release as pitcher coach. 18pt. Cloister Italic