

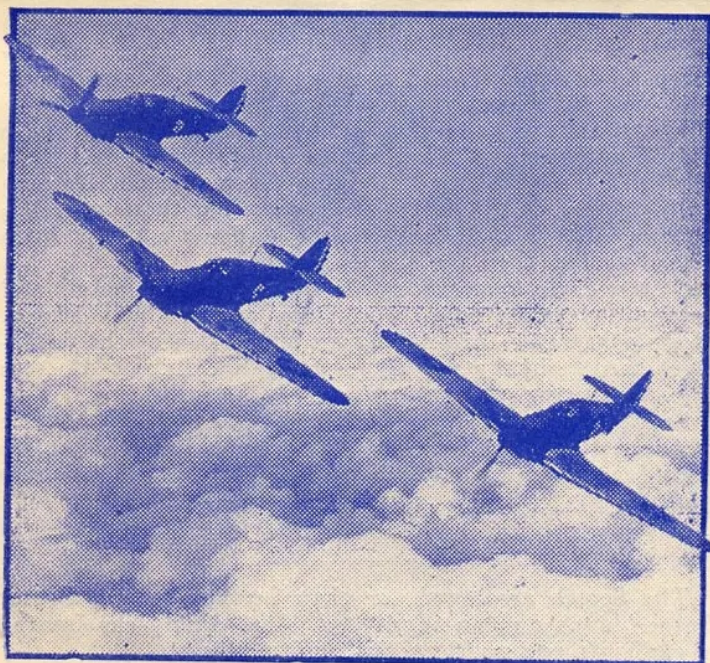


Official Organ of the Rota Mota Club, R.C.A.F., Overseas

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3d. PER COPY



"Hurricanes" of the Fighter Command diving down to the attack on sight of the enemy.

The Women's Auxiliary Again

The following cable left "Wings Abroad" office last week:—

"Women's Association of the 110 City of Toronto Squadron.—Thanks very much for donation (ten dollars) Rota Mota and 'Wings Abroad.' Women's help always appreciated by boys. Letter following.

Rota Mota Club.

Easter Greetings!!

Although the Feast of Easter has passed we hope sincerely that you had the very best under the circumstances and that it is not too late to wish you every happiness for the remainder of the season.

This goes for all the folks at home and the boys overseas from 400, 401 and 402 Squadrons of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Orion Action Recalls Safe Arrival 400 Squadron.

Cable to the Naval Ministry, Whitehall.

"To the Officers and Men of His Majesty's Ship Orion. Congratulations on your recent success and victory in the Mediterranean. From the boys of the 400 Squadron, Royal Canadian Air Force, whom you escorted over the Atlantic last year.

(Signed) Rota Mota Club, 400 Canadian Squadron."

Slipstream

This column understands that the Bilgewater City poppas are all adither about putting Admiral Blake's statue away. Keep it from the blitz, they say. Yeah!—or maybe sea markers and dope! One official quotes the statue as saying, "If I were alive I wouldn't like to seek shelter." I could quote something else he'd say, too!

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In "Ye Olde Days" people were content to wait days for a stage coach. Now they squawk if they miss a section of a revolving door.

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It seems the "Nasties" took quite a shellacking when they asked Americans to send cables free of charge. Besides messages in Yiddish one New York columnist sent "God Save the King and God Help You."

* * * *

Simile—F/S. Benson—If a speaker doesn't strike oil in five minutes he should stop boring.

* * * *

Have you heard the story of how H. G. Wells' "Invisible Man" married an invisible woman and they had an invisible son. For a long time they did not know what to do with him. Then the problem was solved. They put him in the Italian Navy!

* * * *

Attributed to a movie critic—"First they had slides, then came movies, then they made them talk—now this one stinks!"

* * * *

According to reports a painter and decorator's shop was demolished. All that was left standing was the windowless shop front. Across this was a plank bearing the legend, "Professional Jealousy."

* * * *

Noticed on our travels: A sign bearing these words—"By order of the District Board, cows grazing by the roadside or riding bicycles on the sidewalks is hereby forbidden in this area." Tandem or single?

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Then there's the story about the airman who imbibed so frequently that when he died they poured him back into the bottle.

* * * *

No. 402 Squadron is changing Merlins over to Diesel. They put rings in upside down so it will pump oil out of the system and into the cylinders. They figure it cuts down gas consumption.

* * * *

A lady went into a store to purchase some soap. There was an American behind the counter.

Lady: "Have you any lifebuoy?"

Clerk: "Yes, lady, just set the pace."

* * * *

Corpl. Bert Miller recently came to earth like a burned out comet. While on the frosty wing of a "Hurricane" he made an attempt at the world's ski-jumping record. Well, the record still stands, but not wee Bertie.

* * * *

Our bronco-busting pal, Corpl. Eddie "Lone Ranger" Potter, has just moved up a notch from the wagon to the horse—and back again. While out for an afternoon's riding the "Lone Ranger's" pony decided to take our cowboy for a ride. Taking a corner at high speed, our poor corporal apparently blacked out and bit the dust in true redskin style. He now sports a swollen shiner and sprained wrist.

E. H. Todd and G. Clarke of 402 Squadron.

Goulet-Barnes Team Do Up 'Chute Shop.

Executives Lead Plant Tour.

Mr. Hatfield, chief inspector and test man for the Irvin 'chutes, took us in tow and explained the various methods of testing fabrics, rings and cords. What happened to those 'chutes without any noticeable wear or tear certainly made our eyes pop. A metal ring, although specifications only call for 5,000, easily held up 11,000 lbs.

Everything being on a production basis, the assembly lines are much like those in a Ford plant. Miles of tables equipped with many sewing machines, some of which have four needles for running up the quadruple seam evenly, turn out scores of 'chutes daily.

One slight fault, blemish or error is enough to relegate the whole issue to the ash-can. So intense is the inspection system that any pilot, taking a trip through the Irvin factory and following the manufacture of his 'chute from the bolts of superfine silk to the finished, folded product, would have the last word in confidence in using it when the need arose.

At least 85 per cent. of the workers in this factory are girls, who, besides doing their nine-hour stretch at close fine eye-work, knit woollies for the forces to the tune of half a ton of skeined wool per year.

We use the expression, "Are you happy at your work?" These people definitely are. An amplification system plays popular dance band melodies to which the girls sing an accompaniment.

The highlight of our visit was meeting and talking to Mr. Leslie Irvin, the man who made parachutes the "life-belt of the air." A widely-travelled American, his humorous anecdotes pertinent to 'chute work were an education to any packer, and our long conversations with Mr. Irvin and his executives ironed out many little snags.

The trials and tests of a German and an Italian 'chute proved interesting; the German is similar in design to the Irvin (the "Nasties" having taken over the German Irvin factory at the outbreak of war), but the material is inferior; the Italian is the same design as and a little better quality than the French model.

As Mr. Irvin explained, "One thing old-time actors and present-day pilots have in common are the body straps. Modern harnesses are merely an adaptation of the equipment used to haul supposed 'angels' and 'ghosts' across the stage many years ago."

Sergt. Goulet and myself would like to thank Miss Moir of the A.I.D., Mr. Irvin and Mr. Hatfield and the entire staff for giving us a great two-day visit to their 'chute shop.

Scotty Barnes, 400 Squadron.

The Scotch are noted for their hospitality and Scotty Barnes' aunt was no exception. Accordingly she invited a soldier from a nearby Polish unit to tea.

"We are having tea this afternoon and would like your company. Could you come?"

Well, the Scotch, with their loveable hills and valleys accents, are sometimes difficult enough to the orthodox ear, but it must have been even worse to the Pole, for four o'clock that afternoon found a whole company of tammied and caped Polish soldiers, one hundred and fifty strong, at Auntie's gate.

"The Scotch are not to be outdone," claims Scotty. "The whole street got to work and every last man in the outfit had their tea just the same."

Attributed to Johnny Gair in an unguarded moment of frustration and frigidty while coaxing warmth from his English fireplace—"Many are cold but few are frozen."

400 Rota Mota Vote Results.

Campaigns Wound Up.

The ardent wooing of the voter's favour is finished. Gone are the stumper's harangues, hissing of opponents, campaign manager's sign boards, side-bets, straw votes, advance polls, and who, what and why controversies. 400 Squadron has elected its Rota Mota officers for the coming six months.

As April 3rd rolled round, advance polls were set up so that those who wished to vote and still take their leave might not be deprived of their privileges as members of a vast organisation-to-be—Rota Mota Club.

Vote Formalities Followed.

The actual formalities of the last meeting under the old regime were carried out under the council of an independent chairman, with three sergeants acting as ballot scrutineers. The electors made up their lists and deposited them in a sealed tin box with all the decorum and sound consideration of a board of directors' meeting. The wisdom and study of the vote-casters was such that it might well put to shame the casual and indifferent political elections of civvy life. These boys were serious and there was no mistaking that the issue to them was one requiring careful choice to guarantee that those most fitted for the positions at stake might be sure of victory.

While lists were being compiled and results tabulated, various members stood on their feet to voice constructive suggestions on the policies and activities of the club for the following term.

The evening was not without its dramatic moments as belated supporters arrived panting at the scrutineers' desk to subscribe their fidelity to, and appreciation of, their candidate, in tangible form, and add to his total count.

Results are as Follows—

Jimmy (E. P.) Duval is President for the next six months.

By virtue of his chairmanship talents, his activity and his past efforts, his devotion to all the ideals of Roto Mota, his industry and interest in squadron social and educational affairs, Jimmy is "the people's choice." If the proof of the pudding is in the eating, then Jimmy has been well tested. He has slugged and sweated along with the other executives in such large undertakings as the banquet, the newspaper, etc., etc. You've earned your position, Jimmy; we know that you will fill it well and we wish you all the best for the coming term.

George Roberts won the Vice-President's post.

George Roberts has been with the Rota Mota Club from the start and to him belongs the distinction of having conceived and inaugurated the quizz contests which proved so popular. A first rate speaker, and active in the vocal ensembles, euchres and every other club affair, and as a member of the medical department he lends a lift to the club that is most welcome.

Financial Secretary-Treasurer's job goes to Jim Forsythe.

Jim is a new blood injection into the executive of a most desirable type. Noted for an unusual personality and a style that is individuality personified, Jim will add an omph to Rota Mota that is bound to show in the results of the coming term.

400 Vote Results—continued

Frank Miller becomes Recording Secretary.

Frankie has been in "Wings Abroad" with various honourable mention before, and he can be depended upon to add up to anything that comes his way. Not spectacular, but rather steady and staunch, he characterises all the requirements necessary for his new job. Frank, we know we'll get what we need from you for the next six months.

Victors Applauded.

The announcement of the successful candidates brought forth long rounds of applause from all followers and the general impression gained was that all were satisfied and that the executive picked was the best possible.

Vanquished Become Advisory Board.

The Chairman summed up popular opinion in a few pertinent remarks regarding all those who had taken part in the elections, whether successful or not, and stated that there was a need for still holding these men on the executive. Accordingly it was moved and seconded that all the nominees be formed into an advisory board to work with the elected executive during their terms of office. Therefore Scotty Barnes, Vince Meredith and Ken Thompson (candidates for Presidency), Wally Larocque and Jim Conn (for Financial Secretary-Treasurer), Johnny Nisbet, Bill Hancox and Ken Langdon (for Vice-President), and Jack Langley (for Record Secretary) form an advisory council and executive committee, that, on past records alone, may well be expected to fulfil all the wishes of the Rota Mota members.

Satire

Before we start on the subject we must admit that one theory of physics we had been led to believe at school is shot to pieces in this country—namely—fire very seldom brings heat.

Still we persist in including this phenomenon in our attempts at keeping warm.

Now, to build a fire, one needs matches, paper, coal, wood, oil or electricity. Let us see how the former 110th Squadron used all these elements in its pursuit of warmth.

Once in a while we have been supplied with a bag of that famous Disappearing Coal to feed the hungry monster called Fireplace, whose gaping mouth disgraces our rooms.

How much of this elusive fuel you stole, bartered, borrowed or begged from your neighbours is nobody's business.

If you've been on the losing end what did you use?

The monthly 6d. for M.O. barrack damage provides the best clue to our source of supply. Gradually, occasional shelves, stools, tables, fence posts, and even a door or twent up the soot chute and are now flying in the clear(sic) (*Greek for ha! ha!*) skies of England.

I've even seen the more inventive lads rig up a tin contraption consuming parafin oil, grease, old socks chopped to pieces and an odd Very cartridge. The result was astounding—Blistered hands, singed eyebrows, blackened faces could be dimly seen through the thick smoke.

Electricity was widely used until someone got up and complained that, after all, it wasn't cricket.

So we've used all this and a little more. Still many is the night we went to bed, miserable looking as a polar bear without his tunic, lulling ourselves to sleep with envious visions of that Place so hopelessly remote, where one roasts blissfully, swimming for years on end in a sea of fire, resting delightfully on a bed of live coals.

By G. FORTIER

401—2 Smoker a Success

All the members of 401 and 402 Squadrons broke loose in a huge smoker held the last day of the past month in the upstairs mess hall of their station.

Event of much import

The occasion held a triple significance for all the guests.

For the first time in their history, 401 and 402 Squadrons were able to get together on a social affair and really hoe things down in typical airman fashion, without going to those extremes usual to the letting out of all the restraints of barrack confinement.

The evening was the first of its kind for at least one of the squadrons.

All were appreciative of the fact that this happy fun-feast was the first concrete expression of their newly organized Rota Mota division, and, to say the least, the executives are to be complimented on their effort, accomplished as it was under all the difficulties that these squadrons are subject to in their routines.

But once the opportunity was opened up for the boys, they became fully alive to all the possibilities and made everything they could out of an all too brief interlude in the affairs of their particular community.

Debate Featured

Fred Brower, President of 401 Rota Mota, presided over a debate that is still raging in the barrack rooms, showers and field huts.

The subject, "It is resolved that a man can marry and live on 25 dollars a week," was affirmed by Ken J. Mathews and Ed. Carley, while Pat Lassardo and Ed. Potter said "No! it can't be done."

No's Win

The negative side was conceded a victory on argument alone, although the affirmative led a last minute rally that threatened to turn the tide in their favour. Both negative speakers had had one or more opportunities to debate with their former squadron (400), and therefore went into battle with a slight margin in their favour, but, after the first few minutes, Ken and Ed. picked up the scent and led a pursuit that brought the score so close that, when all was said and done, the judges just about entered into a debating session themselves before they could arrive at an agreement.

Audience Argues it Out

While results were being tallied, the audience swung into a verbal slug-fest across the floor of the mess hall and waged a bitter battle of opinions and experiences and excerpts from the pages of other peoples financial affairs—what my Mom and my Pop did and who else did, which reached a high spot where everyone was keyed up to the point where there was an argument rather than a debate on the floor.

Even those who remained silent were kept busy turning their heads to pick up the spectacle of the extemporaneous speakers ad libbing themselves into a mathematical predicament while expounding a point or two with folded fist in flattened palm or index finger waving in the nearest adversary's face.

That old, hackneyed threat, usually voiced with out-stretched fingers in the listener's face—"Would you like to sell pencils?" has changed and is now an argument as to who is going to have what corner and what brand of pencil he will sell.

L.A.C. Coallier is a one-man debater, critic, judge and exponent of the art of oratory, and he started the whole post mortem affair off with a bombastic burst that leaves no doubt in the minds of his listeners as to who will lead the next debating team into the fray.

Suffice it to say that, from last reports, the battle is still waging fast and furious and we believe the same subject will still be open for another fact battle as soon as another smoker is lined up.

Reports from Executive

Pete Labranche, assisting Brower in the chair, stated that a newspaper staff to handle their squadron's end of "Wings Abroad" was being formed.

Jerry Graham proved to be an accomplished master of ceremonies whose words, wit and banter found a ready ear among all.

Jack Sabourin, reporting for the paper, drew a verbal picture of just what type of copy was required for the forthcoming editions, while L.A.C. Kelly suggested that the squadrons put themselves on a 100 per cent. subscription basis. Airmen Gallagher for entertainment; Perks for house committee; and Cooney for sports were others who took the floor for their particular departments.

Entertainers "Tops"

The arrival of refreshments in the form of free beer, sandwiches, cakes and coffee marked the beginning of the stage entertainment of the evening, and some very interesting and capable talent was brought to light in the form of Ken Mathews and his banjo, Chet Calcutt, Spanish guitar and vocals, and Norm Woods, piano. Sammy Lappin, Jack Gallagher and F/Sergt. Burdis gave out some smart vocals to the all-ears audience. Despite their improvisation and informality the stage presentations were considered top performances.

F/Lt Cockram was largely responsible for accompaniment of the singers and the sing song.

The evening ended with a vote of thanks and three cheers for F/Lieut. MacNeil, who sponsored and captained the whole affair.

402 Squadron Promotions

Those well-earned and long-awaited promotions have at last come through for the 402 boys. Congratulations are in order for the following N.C.Os. :—

New Flight Sergeants—

R. A. Carson, W. Copley, L. E. Pattison, and J. Solski.

New Sergeants—

A. Beaufoy, H. Comack, J. Evans, J. Duguid, E. Hierlihy, H. Hutchinson, B. Kemp, C. Neill, H. Tottle and D. Whellams.

New Corporals—

J. Garey, H. Muncaster, J. Vanderpont, W. Nordquist, W. McCaghren, W. Conley, A. Cameron, E. Hargrave, S. Webb, T. Dubord, R. Duffy, G. McPhee, E. Bishop, T. Carrie, L. Cooper, P. Oliver and E. H. Todd.

New A.C. 2s—

The Medical boys have recently been welcomed into the Air Force and they are real lady-killers in their new blue. They are :—Corpl. M. Sargeant, L.A.C. L. Gartner, L.A.C. C. Evans, L.A.C. B. Henley, and very soon we hope to have the Pay Office all decked out.

Shutterbugs.

Did You Know

—that you can't depend on sharp results if you're holding a camera while snapping at less than 1/25th?

—that panchromatic film is much faster with artificial light than other types?

—that fine-grain film and fine-grain development is essential for good enlargements from small negatives?

—that a filter used with panchromatic film will give truer tone values?

—that shooting "into the sun" (at an angle) will give sparkle and "halo" to your snaps? (Double the time and shade the lens.)

—that fog on film can often be traced to a pinhole in the bellows?

—that a good percentage of dud results is caused by loosely wound film?



Holy Week Church Services

R.C.'s STATION CHAPEL.

Wednesday, 9th.—Mass, 7 and 7.30 a.m.; Retreat, 6 p.m.

Thursday, 10th.—Mass, 8 a.m.; Retreat, 6 p.m.; Exposition of Blessed Sacrament, 5 to 9 p.m.

Friday, 11th.—Veneration of Cross, 7.30 a.m.; Retreat, 6 p.m.

Saturday, 12th.—Mass, 7.30 a.m.; Confession, 7 to 10 p.m.

Sunday, 13th.—Easter Masses, 7.30 a.m., 10.30 a.m.; Benediction after last Mass.

C. OF E. IN THE VILLAGE.

13th.—Easter Day.—H.C. 6.15, 7.0, 8.0 and 12 noon. M., 11. E., 6.30.

14th—Monday, H.C. 8.

15th—Tuesday—H.C. 11.

17th—Thursday, E. and Intercession, 3.

In memory of F/O. Paul Henderson of number 401 Squadron (Formally of 400 Squadron) who died on Active Service March 25th, 1941.

"B" Flight 402 Squadron

No finer title could head a column such as this. Ask anyone from "A" Flight or Maintenance and they will tell you it stands for efficiency, high morals, hard work and exceptionally good men; in fact, everything both "A" and Maintenance Flights have been striving for in vain. Now that it has been settled as to which is THE FLIGHT, a little gossip about a few of its personnel would not be amiss.

One on our Sergt. Copley, by an Englander, if you please. You know that brass "do-da" (bomber insignia) Bill wears just over his three hooks, well, I was asked if it meant he had been torpedoed coming over. After reading this I bet he doesn't hit the dart board for a week.

If you see Stewy, our "Bumps-a-daisy" expert, lying on the sunny side of an aircraft with a magazine, don't bother to ask him what he's doing, as he always answers "I'm in readiness."

Anyone who by error reads this column and by chance knows a cure for snoring, permanent or otherwise, might get in touch with Vanderpont or Sahli re the case of one McCormick. Other reasons for loss of sleep is because Vanderpont uses baby talk at 2 a.m. and Sahli's thumb in the ribs doesn't feel like a feather.

We have an amateur magician by the name of Herb Woodhead who does some very neat tricks, and that's why we put him on our messing committee. But we have since decided that it will take more than a magician to do any improving around that mess.

To close this first attempt at being a columnist, I am letting you in on a sad story of a very prominent corporal and his shirt. I won't spoil the story by explaining, I'll simply use his letter to the laundry.

Dear Sir or Sirs,

Last week I sent with my laundry bag, among other things, one Van Heusen, blue, air force style, shirt and collar size 14½. The collar came back marked DY39980436985, but the shirt was missing from the parcel. I would be very pleased if you could locate it for me. That shirt was my pride and joy. I bought it only last week and it was the only decent shirt I had to go drinking in. Its not the value of the shirt I care so much about. That is, not the value, but the price of it. I paid 18 shillings complete with two collars, and 18s. is more than some farmer hay. Honestly—tears came to my eyes as I—carefully at first—then in frantic haste—tore through the contents of the parcel only to find my glorious shirt was a casualty. Even the heartfelt sympathy of my chums couldn't console me, as my memory went back to the long penny-pinching days of privation I went through to scrounge the necessary skills to become the proud possessor of such a shirt. So I know you will do your best for me in this matter.

With prayers,

ARNOLD ROBINSON.

Editor's Note.—For your information this letter brought r results, but the laundry added a P.S. saying "You were gypped, it isn't worth 18 shillings."

Fred McCormick, 402 Squadron.



Odds n' Ends

by

The Idler

Easter Eggs '41 Version

It's Easter. The warm rays of a late spring sun have already made themselves felt—and the self-same Easter feeling that gives the stomach a longing for a surplus of ham and eggs has rightly taken its place. But for some reason or other, while we will have had a portion of both on Easter morn, you can bet that we won't be finding any extras in our old top hats or under the pillows and the million and one places that we used to see 'em back home—laid by the "Easter Bunny." However, there is a keen sense of satisfaction in knowing that for every single egg that we are deprived of (four or five to a man), the said eggs will assume proportions of some 500 or 1,000 pounds—and our dependable Air Force will very neatly lay them in the "little yellow basket" of one Herr Hitler—what we sacrifice is all in the cause of "peace." Happy Easter *Mister Hitler*—we hope you choke—let your Lord Haw-Haw stress the intense generosity of our forces in presenting the "fatterland" with a few million Easter Eggs—1941 style!

Strike Three

Well—I had my three swings and now I am entitled to the well-known glass of water which a strikeout calls for. But somehow it has been a lot of fun striking out. I said awhile back that I picked Italy to be out of this war by Easter. Here it is and Italy is still in (not that she wants to be). But you have to admit that she's only a schoolboy with a bloody nose and somewhat battered and bruised features besides, how did I know that the Allies were going to cross me up and keep her in? Certainly they are down—and very deep too—seven of 'em! Oh well—one guess—one miss!

On a Bicycle Built for Two

Never a dull moment—learn something new every day. This one happened about a week back. Was on the way back to my club in a blackout, and really black it was, too. I missed my turning and wound up in some blind alley—well off the beaten track. Saw this thin flashlight beam coming down the road and knew that some chap was coming my way on a bike. I hollered and asked him to set me right as to just how to make home. He tried to explain to me and then gave up and finally said:—

"Can you drive a tandem?"

"A what?"

"A tandem."

"Oh, you mean one of those two-seater affairs. Well, no—that is I have never driven one."

"Can you drive a bicycle?"

"Yes."

"Get on back and I will drive you down to the club."

Ohhhh bbbbooooooyyyy! Dungeon blackness and gliding along the streets on a new secret war weapon! When he pumped, I had the brakes on, and vice versa—dual control. Right to the door of the club, and needless to say—that while I was just a bit dubious and maybe a wee bit untrustworthy as to my driver's skill, I still found the opportunity to sing one verse of "On the Sidewalks of New York"—with special emphasis on the line "A bicycle built for two!" More darn fun!

War Diary

It's a safe bet to say that hardly a man left Canada who was not armed with a year or five year diary. With all the vim and vigour and ambition of budding writers, each night on the boat saw the "treasures" unlocked and secretive entries made—mostly dedications to the loved one who had presented them. Settled in barracks, the more stalwart ones carried on—others found that they told everything in a running commentary in their letters and so neglected their own personal records. Months went by and the diary was so far behind in data that it was impossible to catch up. Only the odd one stuck with it. To-day, we doubt if there is single man who has kept an accurate day by day record of events for his own history. Maybe as things pick up, the locks will give way and the pen again come into use with more exciting incidents to relate. It would be fun reading some—should I say—just a wee bit exaggerated?

Stuff n' Things from H.Q.

The sign that foretells the real certainty of coming summer was prominent in this locality last week. The Canadian Auxiliary Services called representatives from different outfits stationed in and about this city and not only mooted, but formed an eleven team softball league. Already plans are nearly complete for the gala opening within the next couple of weeks. Headquarters will be the sole representatives of the R.C.A.F. in this district, competing against formidable aggregations of khaki-clad stars. And while it is certain that competition will be stiff, nevertheless a crew of capable ball hawks will be out from this Headquarters and with a spot of practice (which has already begun) under their belts, we feel justified in saying that we'll be hearing more by way of hits and runs in our next.

A Word to Home

Just a passing outspoken remembrance—we miss you this Easter. But don't worry—we are more than well looked after and at long last just about ready to take over the driver's seat in "ye olde war." So it's to you that we are shouting across the waves—A Very, Very Happy Easter—just look after yourselves and enjoy life and above all, as the Happy Gang would say—remember to smile and keep happy, won't you?

Addendum

I pick up my last issue of "Wings Abroad" and find myself exposed—thrown to the lions—and face to face with the fact that I have to exercise a little more caution along the lines of discretion and give up the joy of standing next to a fellow and hear him run you up and down—never suspecting that the writer of this column is beside him. Oh well—it's the lot of the goldfish to lack privacy and I'm no better—certainly not by way of gold! Just have to take my chances a la Winchell—but a black eye or a bruised face will not call for an explanation now—it is a "Self evident fact"!

* * * *

Carry on, gang—and maintain that same high standard of efficiency for which this Royal Canadian Air Force is so well noted—lend that unselfish effort and remember, too—the joy of achievement far surpasses the roughness in attaining it.

George Dykes to Doug. Howell (Duval's room mate).—
"How do you like living in the White House?"

Orchids To—

WALLY M. LAROCQUE.

Little seen and heard is Wally Larocque, for this airman extraordinary, plies his trade far from the maddening throng of regular routine channels of squadron activities. And what a trade! Wally handles the Link for the officers on their instrument flying courses. Not so long ago an average aircraft maintenance worker, he took a course on Link trainers, and worked for some time under F/O. Brown until the latter left for Canada. Now Wally is on his own and doing a swell job.

His duties begin with a D.I. first thing in the morning; for his "aircraft" must fly just as perfectly as the real McCoy. From the daily inspection on, his day is a busy one, requiring close attention to instrument panels, the course recorder, and the actions of the craft.

A Link session goes something like this:—

Pilot climbs in hooded cockpit, Wally sets him loose; Link, just to be contrary, goes into a spin; flyer pulls out, using same methods as in actual flying, and then starts on his predetermined course, using his instruments alone as a guide. Believe you me it is a man-sized job! Climb to ten thousand, rough air for thirty seconds, proceed by stop-watch, airspeed and compass to given point, ninety degree turn, climb to fifteen, circle over target, watch that side-slip, proceed to another point and then turn for home, cross the beam, go back, pick it up again and come in on it. Oh! Oh! Here it is. Hit her right on the nose.

And our pilots rarely miss, says Wally. It's no cinch to plot a course on the desk and then step in the Link and fly it. Think you could do it? Try it some time. A man sometimes does, but that little course recorder on Wally's desk never lies. That thing isn't human. Everywhere Link goes, every turn and bank, at any speed, the course recorder knows, and what's more, writes it down in a thin red line. If the pilots set her down in the potato patch in the next field there it is in red and white. One can imagine many a flyer has cursed its accusing accuracy after completing what he considered a perfect point to point and back again trip.

And that's where Wally works, in the little red brick building opposite the sick bay, with Link and all the pilots who regularly come in to pit their wit and skill against the whims and fancies of a subtle, temperamental, touchy machine that dishes out all the difficulties of stormy weather, tender controls, and aircraft motion with blind flying conditions. As part of his work Wally has spent almost thirty hours in the Link and is himself an accomplished instrument flyer.

The way we see it, Wally has his "wings." They are not up yet, but they are there just the same, even if they are tied to earth by the mechanized ingenuity of the Link. Wally's frequent applications for a pilot's course may some day bear fruit and catch him a real pair of wings, but, until then, an Orchid to you, Wally, for a complex job well done.

F/O J. McArdle

"Wings Abroad" hereby give a twenty-one gun salute to Sergt. Jack McArdle. Jack went to town on the Gunnery Leaders' course to knock off the highest marks ever known to be attained by any N.C.O. or officer on the same studies.

Congratulations, Flying Officer J. McArdle!

Orchids to—continued

F/O. V. E. Tapp and F/O. A. Spence

A few days ago it was Sergts. Vince Tapp and Bert Spence and now its Flying Officers. Congratulations, boys! Your promotions are most deserving. We now have three Air Gunner Flying Officers who came into the ranks at Rockliffe as mere airmen, completed their course in air gunnery there and arrived in England as Leading Aircraftmen, to receive their half wings within a few short months and gain their sergeants stripes. It is gratifying to all the squadron to see yourselves and Jack McArdle come up from the ranks to the positions of Flying Officer Air Gunners.

Professor Quizz at 401—402 Smoker

Why did Pat Lassardo and Ed. Potter have to crush our hopes on getting married on five quid a week?

And then why did Jim Smeaton have to back them up with an even more convincing argument? Incidentally, we'll remember Jim for our next debate!

How did friend Coallier pick up his newly acquired English so fast? Some of these French lads will make better "blokes" than the rest of us!

Why did Phil Oliver have to keep his big feet out in the aisle? Tiny Moffatt wasn't hiding his barges behind any bench either. Incidentally, Tiny has some good ideas about soft ball this summer.

Why did George McGauran have to park in the corner with Attwell? They would have missed the sandwiches if it hadn't been for Mac's long arms.

Where did Pat Cooper disappear to during the night? He was supposed to be one of the judges.

Why did Chet Calcutt have to make us homesick for the mud at High Post? Clever poem, though.

Why does Joe Carpentier have to wrestle with a beer bottle? Didn't he have enough of the ring in Trois Rivières? The Cantin boys weren't doing badly either.

Why didn't 45 Block bring their gramophone? Some of those snappy new records would have been a hit! Give me the Andrew Sisters any time.

Why did Rod Carson and Bud Hutchinson spend the evening chatting about two sisters in Ottawa? Could it be they married into the same family!

Why did Harry Keen go around calling everybody "Fat Stuff"? Did George McPhee put the idea into his head?

Why didn't Bill Bates, Bill McCaghren and Sam Humphreys give a little sales talk on a subscription to "Wings Abroad"? Couldn't they be working their way through Kindergarten or something?

Where was debater Jim Duguid and president Bob Leslie? Do they have to live with Hurricanes?

Why didn't somebody give Johnny Solski a big fat Aropa cigar and a Green Goddess? We might have heard a joke or two. Ern. Bishop was doing all right with one about the airmen's mess.

Where was Lord Haw-Haw? Is he afraid of a few fighter boys? Next smoker we'll invite Gibbles Gobbles, Hissler and Mufflerino and let the boys have some real fun. Wanted: Three long boxes.

Professor Quizz, 402 Squadron.

Calling all Hep-Cats

By *Off-beat.*

Chopin's Rythmed

Proof that the classics can still be swung without disturbing the entombed composers is fulfilled in the newest "lovely," "Weep No More." Taken from Chopin, this enchanting melody ranks high in the praise of band leaders everywhere. Yet another new ballad now filling the waves carries the dreamy title "The First Lullaby," and is gaining popularity fast.

—401 and 402 Break out Rota Mota Banners with Smoker.

Loss Gains

Joe Loss, whose fine combo has been touring the country these past few months, stopped off in London long enough to play one or two broadcast dates for the "Forces" B.B.C. Change of scenery must be agreeable to the Loss band, for they never sounded better. The novelty spot of one airing found Joe running over a few show numbers, which he hands to the music-hall customers each week. According to the leader, that old familiar arrangement of "In the Mood" draws the largest applause in every town the outfit have played so far.

Film Features Trumpet Tooter

If our memory serves us right, Wingy Manone, hot trumpet man, came through with a few superb "licks" in the recent Crosby film, "Rhythm on the River." Along with the rest of the hot crew, Wingy really sent his music, and those of you who saw the show will realise that here is a lad who can blow a mean horn.

Spice in Programme by H.P.

Harry Parry is one man in England who believes in satisfying hep-hungry moderns. Through the medium of his Radio Rhythm Club each Friday night at 7.30, Parry gives jive enthusiasts everything they desire in the way of hot recordings. His own group of "senders" (a sextet) take the air Monday nights. H.P. has invited small amateur crews up to and including sextets to sit in with the Monday sessions, so future programmes will make tuning the dial well worth the effort.

That will be the Day when—

Someone with two pairs of rubber boots starts a "ferry" service across the puddle as the foot of "Mess Hall Alley" on rainy days.

Some thoughtful person donates or arranges for a radio—or wireless set for the airmen's canteen.

The N.A.A.F.I. sends a sample of their lemonade to the M.O.

Our A.C.2 "Takes" the parade.

Harry King, 400 Squadron.

Editors addition to that will be the day when—

"401 and 402 hitch up their trousers and submit more copy to "Wings Abroad."

Longer Life for Radio Valves

There have been quite a number of valves going dead in the radio sets presented to the squadron personnel by the Weston Biscuit Company.

This, we have discovered, is due to too high a voltage being applied to the filaments of the valves.

In our particular case, the only available low tension supply being two volts, we have found it necessary to put a resistor of $\frac{1}{2}$ ohms in series with the low tension leads, thereby reducing the voltage to the proper low value of $1\frac{1}{2}$ volts.

Another point—if the high tension supply exceeds 90 volts under load it will cause the resistors to burn out. If you need a hand on the above get in touch with the writer.

Jim Forsythe, Wireless Section, 400 Squadron.

Sportmites

Ralph McCreath, of Toronto, captures men's championship at figure skating competition in Montreal. Miss Thacker regains Title she lost last year to Norah McCarthy, who places third. Barbara Ann Scott 13-year-old Ottawa girl is second.

Earl Dew, 1940 U.S.A. Jockey Champion, died on the day to hospital after suffering a skull fracture, while riding in a race, at Caliente Mexico Race Track.

There was a discussion on movies the other night. Well, we've heard Snow White's proteges called a lot of things, both collectively and individually, but for pure unadulterated originality we hand it to the padre—"Seven Little Shrimps." Stap me!

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