



Vol. I. No. 10

30th APRIL, 1941

3d. PER COPY

Dedicated to Sgt. Mc.Murdo.

IN MEMORY.

'Twas many years ago we met;
 He was my friend, of that I know;
 We had much in common, the same hardships too;
 It all seems so many years ago.
 His cheery smile and sober jokes

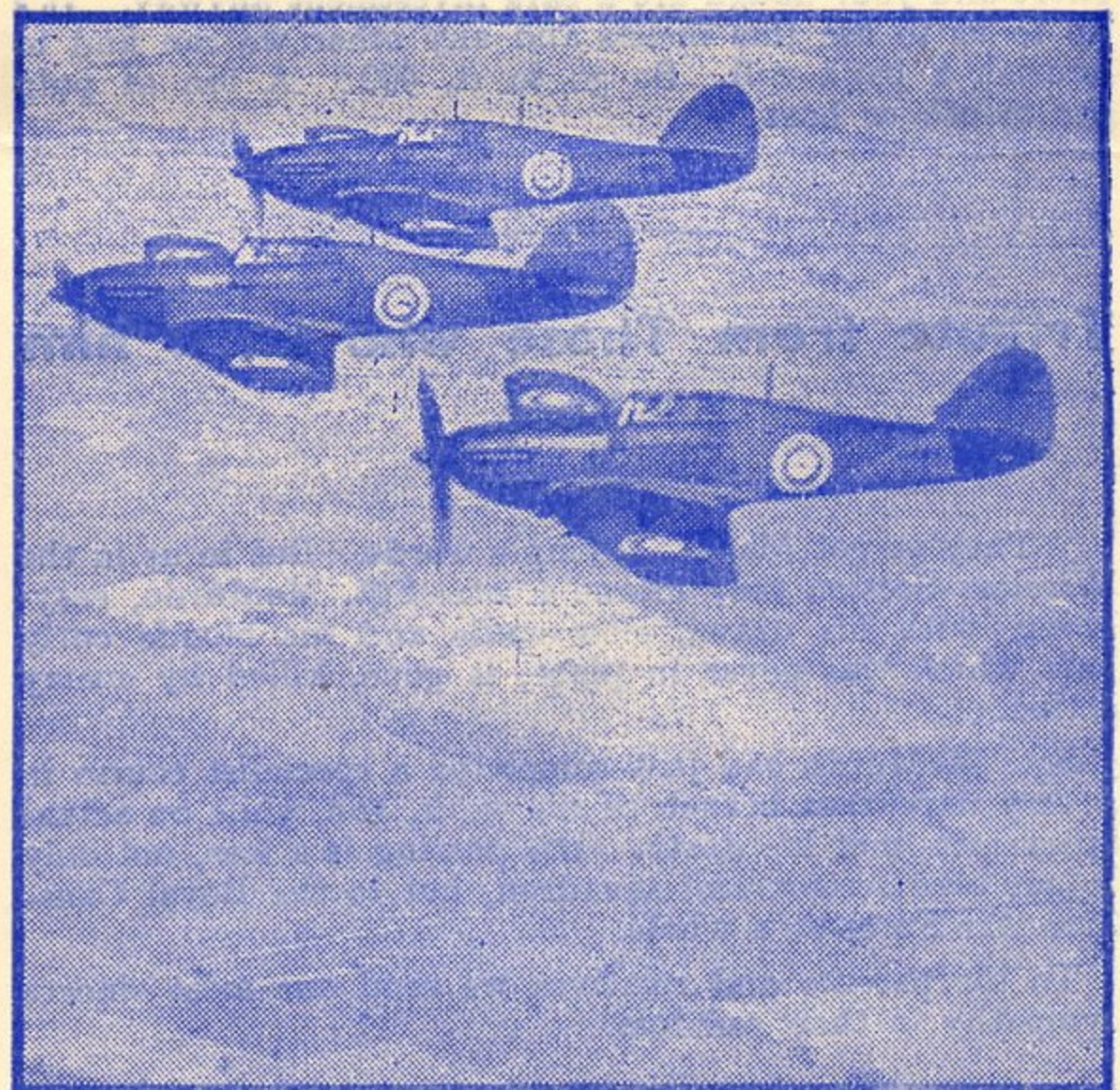
Would cheer me day by day.
 We drifted—but to meet again
 And to greet again in the same old way.
 We took a course and in it's application
 The future held happiness in store,
 For he would return to Canada
 To meet his friends once more.
 Last Sunday night at the cinema

I noticed him in queue, in passing by;
 When we shook hands and said, "Hello,"
 I did not know we said "Good-bye."
 Fate, oft' unkind has rudely pointed;
 'Tis war, 'midst guns and bombs of doom,
 That leave little in their trail of dust
 But heartache, misery and gloom.

To-day the muffled drums proclaim
 A slow and weary beat,
 For the procession that winds its way
 On slow and weary feet;
 The rifles blast a last salute;
 The solemn tones of the bugle ring;
 "The Last Post," "Good-bye,"
 Perhaps some day to meet again.

This, a small tribute, I add,
 Before the sun sinks in the midst,
 A tribute that may brighten
 Another name upon another list.

By Sgt. J. Maier, 400 Squadron.



**Fighter Squadron on Patrol over Britain on the Alert
 for Stray Enemy Bombers.**

(Photo Courtesy London Daily Mirror.)

Congratulations to Sgt. R. D. Hansen.

On your pulling through a very tough spot and proving yourself capable of withstanding Hitler's worst. Your fighting spirit and cheerful smile are an inspiration to all of us. Good luck and stage a fast comeback!

Rota Mota Coins Dough

£4. 7s. 6d.

Realized on Waste Paper

1,600 pounds of assorted cardboard, cigarette cartons, scrap paper and folded newspapers was the net result of a little fifty word paragraph in "Wings Abroad" of February 15th.

400 Rota Mota collected four pounds seven shillings and sixpence for a half-hearted efforted at junk dealing.

Hit the deck with A Real Campaign?

Go to it, fellows! Here's the story.

Keep all clean newsprint, crumpled or not, in a folded pile, bound with cord if possible. That stuff is worth six and six a hundredweight. Scrap paper (nothing oily or muddy acceptable) is rated at two and six a hundred, keep it in a bag, Gilles Fortier will bring one to your section if you wish. Bind the cardboard in bundles, separate from this again, it's valued at four and six a hundredweight.

Quota Set—One Ton per month.

That quota is a high one and it will keep you humping to fill it, but if every one co-operates it should bring in six to seven pounds a month for Rota Mota Club, so your effort and your dough are a safe investment anyway. It's up to us to use this means and any other we can find to nourish a bank roll. So go to it, 400! A ton of pulp per month or bust!

Tribute from Those who knew him best.

"They've got Mac!" Simple words. But to us in the Wireless Section they meant a lot. Sgt. McMurdo, easy-going, with his drawl, slow smile and his blonde curly hair which was never in place, is gone, killed by enemy action.

Sgt. McMurdo had just completed a specialist course in a very important branch of his work, and while on actual operations, met his death. His passing is a loss, not only to our own section and squadron, but to the Royal Canadian Air Force as a whole.

To his parents and relatives we send our most sincere sympathy in their sad loss.

*The Wireless Section of 400 Squadron,
Royal Canadian Air Force.*

*In memory of Sgt. M. E. McMurdo
formerly 2A.C. Squadron and late of
400 Squadron aged 22 years, son of Mr.
and Mrs. E. A. McMurdo of Tisdale,
Saskatchewan, killed by enemy action
April 17th, 1941.*

Women's Association of 110 City of Toronto Squadron Again.

The following is a letter received, together with a large crate consigned to 400 Squadron:—

*Commanding Officer,
400 Squadron, R.C.A.F.*

With the good wishes of the Royal Canadian Air Force Chapter I.O.D.E. and the Women's Association of the 110th Squadron, R.C.A.F.

Kindly acknowledge receipt of this carton to our corresponding secretary, Mrs. N. Irwin, "Stonehaven," Whitby, Ont. Contents as follows:—

3 bundles socks, size 10½.
10 bundles socks, size 11.
5 bundles socks, size 11½.
1 bundle socks, size 12.
3 bundles socks, mixed sizes.
2 bundles mitts.
1 bundle mixed mitts and gloves.
2 bundles helmets and six extra ones.
9 pairs of wristlets.
2 leather coats.
5 pairs socks.
4 sweaters.

Thank you, Mrs. Irwin, for one more of your organisation's many gestures of generosity.

400 Squadron.

Military Funeral F/O Henderson.

Flying Officer Paul Henderson, youngest of 401's fighting pilots, was laid to rest in a quiet little English cemetery at Scopwick, Lincolnshire, on March 28th.

Funeral party was as follows:—

Officiating padre.—Flight Lieut. M. J. MacNeil.

Bearer Party.—F/Sgt. Manners, F/Sgt. Laxdal, F/Sgt. Muir, Sgt. Goss, Sgt. Morrice, Sgt. Skelding, Sgt. Bettin, Sgt. Oslon.

Firing Party.—Sgt. Worrell (in charge), Cpl. Sinclair, L.A.C. Murray, L.A.C. Bamford, L.A.C. Barry, L.A.C. Jeffrey, L.A.C. Buschlen, L.A.C. Hatcher, A.C.1 Miller, A.C.1 Mellen, A.C.1 Kilroy, A.C.1 Robinson.

Paul Henderson lived in Toronto with his mother on Spadina Road before volunteering and joined 401 Squadron after spending some months with the 400 unit. He joined up with Flying Officers Greenwood and Boomer and was a former classmate of Norman Woods and Merve Hawke.

*In memory of Corpl. J. K. Trudeau, of
Headquarters Staff, aged 26 years, son
of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Trudeau of 1019
Gladstone Ave., Ottawa, Ontario, killed
by enemy action April 17th, 1941.*

No. 402 Squadron.

Activity Committees.

Our secretary advises that tentative committees have been chosen to administer our squadron activities as follows. It should be noted that these appointments are subject to change if the official in question is found incapable of carrying out his end of the job. Subsequent changes will be notified in these columns, but in the meantime members should refer to the present committees for information.

Sports Committee—

John Solski, W. Moffatt and M. Hinam.

Editorial—

Chet Calcutt, Arn. Robinson and Alf. Carleton.

Distribution—

Bill Bates, W. McCaghren and S. Humphreys.

Entertainment—

Alex Cameron, Pat Cooper and Steve Lisoweski.

House—

Cliff Neill and George McPhee.

Executive—

One man appointed from each committee.

GREASING WHEELS.

Grease is a great help to axles of an aircraft, but it also can be just the opposite. If an aircraft is flying each day, then the wheels should be greased. About three turns of the handle of the grease gun to each wheel is sufficient. More than this puts excessive grease in the axle, which ultimately is squeezed by the pressure of the 'plane and then splashed over the brakes when the wheels are turning. Less than the amount is insufficient lubrication. A large number of brake and wheel troubles could be avoided if this was remembered.

400 Rota Mota has appointed a committee to look into the possibilities of a swimming hole for the personnel in off-duty hours. Said committee to report to F/Lieut. Rider, Sports Officer, with some subtle suggestions re certain Bathless Grogginers (400 of them) who might be persuaded to bath under the disguise of swimming. The nearby threeacre puddle which floats a target that is used by our pilots and air gunners for gunnery practice seems to be the most likely spot. Frank Miller claims this water has a tendency towards lead poisoning. Jim Conn has suggested that arrangements might be made with Wing Commander McKay whereby there would be certain hours for lead-poisoning and certain hours for swimming. How about it, boys? Do you want a swimming hole? Through Wing Commander McKay we may be able to secure the owner's permission for its use.

If Germany and Russia go to war on the Danube that popular waltz, "The Blue Danube," will probably have its title changed to "The Red Danube."

Jack Harbun was so taken up with last issue's story of the Link Trainer that he now wants to fly home in it.

**Fatigue duty for all Airmen.
Read and Memorize
the following:—**

Poison Gas.

If you get a choking feeling and a smell of musty hay,
You can bet your bottom dollar that there's Phosgene
on the way.

But the smell of bleaching powder will inevitably mean
That the enemy you're meeting is the gas we call
Chlorine.

When your eyes begin a-twitching and for tears you
cannot see,
It's not mother peeling onions, but a dose of C.A.P.

If the smell resembles peardrops, then you'd better not
delay.
It's not father sucking toffee, its that " ruddy " K.S.K.

If you catch a pungent odour as you're going home to tea,
You can safely put your shirt on it, they're using
B.B.C.

D.M. and D.A. and D.C. emanate the scent of roses,
But despite their pretty perfume, they ain't good for
human noses.

Though for garlic or for onions you've a cultivated taste,
When in war you meet these odours, leave the area in
haste.

For it's Mustard Gas, the hellish stuff that leaves you
one big blister
And in hospital you'll need the kind attention of the
Sister.

And lastly, while geraniums look pleasant in a bed,
Beware their smell in war-time, if its Lewisite, you're
dead.

Author Unknown.

Explanatory Note.

C.A.P., K.S.K., B.B.C.—Tear Gases.
D.M., D.A., D.C.—Nose Gases (harassing types).
Chlorine, Phosgene, Chloro Picrine—Lung Gases.
Lewisite and Mustard—Blister Gases.

Back with Vengeance.

" When I was a little child," the sergeant sweetly
addressed his men at the end of an exhaustive hour of
drill, " I had a set of wooden soldiers.

" There was a poor boy in the neighbourhood, and after
I had been to Sunday School one day, listening to a
stirring talk on the duties of charity, I was soft enough
to give them to him. Then I wanted them back and cried,
but my mother said :

" ' Don't cry, Bertie, some day you will get your wooden
soldiers back.

" And believe me, you lop-sided, mutton-headed, goofus-
brained set of certified rolling-pins, that day has come ! "

An Italian Captain having been sent for re-inforcements
arrived back at the front lines and reported to his Italian
Generalissimo straw boss.

" Well, where are they ? " the Generalissimo scare-crow
inquired impatiently.

" They're about five miles back, mon signor. They
are held up. There are a couple of drunken Australians
that won't let them come through."

Satire

A.C. 2s.

"Pour vivre heureux, vivons caches." (The smaller you are, the less chance you have of starting trouble.) This great Pigmy proverb is the war-whisper of a handful of Old Faithfuls to be found in our midst—the A.C. 2s.

A.C. 2s, in our squadron, are slowly becoming a quiet, peaceful and humble institution whose principles are closely akin to those of the ancient Egyptian slaves.

These queer beings are still to be found in great numbers around here. You haven't enough of one hand's fingers to count them on.

Humble? I'll say they are. You never hear them bellowing orders, putting anyone on charge or criticising somebody else's work. Why, they wouldn't even cut each other's throat; if such a thing was done.

A.C. 2s. aren't meek. Far from that, they are wilful, patient—(oh, so patient). They do not crave for praise, shun honours; and are positively shy of publicity. What they usually get for their lot is Peace.

Nobody knows them. They can walk unmolested among all the N.C.Os. clustering this station to-day, without even the fear of a kick. They line up, unobserved, with you for meals and pay parade. They might even sleep incognito in the same room as you do.

I'll bet that you couldn't name three of them off-hand.

In the good old days of warfare, blame, and sometimes praise, used to fall down the ladder of success, i.e., W.Os., sergeants, corporals, and so on, until it *toppled*, with a splash, on the weary private or airman. (For reference, see Charlie Chaplin in "The Great Dictator.") This fine institution may still be alive, but the ladder of success in the R.C.A.F. overseas lost its bottom rung. You see: Blame, in our outfit, isn't dished out in big doses (?) and Praise is held by so many Hooks on the way down that only the spirit of it ever reaches the ground floor. No fear of splash there.

Spooks or ghosts; that's what A.C. 2s. are, but understanding, unassuming, self-contained spooks.

Understanding, because they know that stripes or propellers are so few that it is necessary for them to give their share to others.

Unassuming, I'll say! It never occurred to our martyrs that society was resting upon their shoulders.

Self-contained? They couldn't be otherwise without disrupting the great institution of rank and file.

Still, Chum, when you get rid of those old propellers or hooks of yours don't throw them away. Leave them in a conspicuous place so one of those underdogs of A.C. 2s. can pick them up for souvenirs.

They are quite handy at times to wipe off tears. I know. I'm one of these glorious, unsung and forgotten A.C. 2s. myself.

Gilles Fortier, 400 Squadron.

Many Thanks Westmount W. A.

Via "Wings Abroad" we send our hearty thanks to the Westmount Women's Auxiliary for the many comforts which they have forwarded us since our arrival here at the "Western Front" many months ago. Words cannot fully express our appreciation of these gifts and the repeated thrill we experience on receiving each fresh arrival. It is great to know that we have not been forgotten by our many friends back home.

401 Squadron.

The Sixth Column.

400 Squadron? Yeah! That's the squadron where you read orders twice a day to make sure that the airman you bawled out in the morning isn't a flight sergeant after lunch.

A little German boy always came and knelt by his father's knee before going to bed. At the closing of his prayers he would always say:—

"Thank God and bless Hitler."

One night 400 Squadron (????) visited Berchesgaden. Now the little boy just says "Thank God."

We wonder why a certain L.A.C. suddenly turned very religious the other morning on parade, much to the amusement of the rest of the flight. Brother ———, will you please lead us in prayer. "Amen."

"Say! They're really taking a serious view of this war back home," remarked L.A.C. Campbell, trying on a new pair of running shoes his wife sent him

—30—

Harold Thrift, 400 Squadron.

Quote Hon. C. D. Howe, Minister of Munitions and Supply: "Reports from Great Britain indicate that Canadian transport equipment is superior to production from any source of supply."

"You're telling us?" chorus 400 Squadron, who have been using anything else but.

Flight McKee still feeds the M.T. Section those little "See-more" pills supposed to fortify the eyesight for convoy work between the high-hedged roads in the headlightless, black pall that after-hours driving is. But most of the night driving is done between the sheets with fantastic nightmares of the dreamer wheeling 10-ton lorries up 40 degree grades at 60 per with plenty of pick-up still left for passing, finger-tip control, silken soft, resilient springs, lithe, smooth, silent, responsive, powerful, ball-bearing-actioned left-hand drive vehicles with 120 hard-working horses under the hood. Stap me! That will be the day! (P.S.—I'm not gonna sell pencils. I gonna write car ads.) Just to add insult to injury, news arrives that 90,000 Made-in-Canada vehicles left the Dominion for Empire war work.

Women are trying out shoes with "illuminated" plastic heels, the creation of two St. Louis inventors. The heels are hollow and either transparent or opaque when clear and glittering in gay jewel tones the heels look as if illuminated from within. Some fun in the black out, eh Boys?

Recently the apparent clack, clack of a gas rattler caused an airman to don his gas mask and cussingly accept its discomfort for fully half an hour before he realised the gas warning was someone sharpening up his Rolls razor.

Sign in a ladies' speciality shop in midtown:—"Look! For Only 11.98 you can be a queen of the Undi-World!" For untiringly subjecting himself to a good sweat on any duty—even the cinder pile.

Easter Fashion Parade on Broadwalk has nothing on Maintenance Flight.

The way we have it, Jack Harbun wasn't quite satisfied with adding another robin's egg blue stripe to the two hooks already there—he had to go even further to set the Air Force styles for 400 Squadron.

Colour is the keynote of Jack's new fashion frenzy and his first experiment was quite successful.

Soaking and washing a pair of khaki work-pants in the same bowl at the same time as his new, sky-blue Tooke, produced a beautiful lemon-yellow ensemble that, when paraded the other day, made all the flight fold their hands and sigh, "Oh, Jack! How simply adorable!"

Jack, we know where you can get a blue beige bandeau for two bits, fine, three-thread, sheer, chiffon hose for a double buck, and tiny bootees, half-leg length, to match the set for 3 piastres. Should you tire of your dirty, blonde blouse there is a poplin broadcloth with chalk stripes in background available in horizon shades of green, mauve, pink, blue, or rose—pique collar attached and large mother-of-pearl buttons thrown in for only three frogs.

By the time you read this I'll be on leave, and anyway I didn't write it.

Shutterbugs.

Did You Know

- that outdoor portraits taken in dull weather are usually better than when taken in blazing sunlight?
- that you can take snaps instead of time exposures by using "photo-flood" bulbs for indoor lighting?
- that indoor portraits look better when taken with lights placed higher than eye-level?
- that a cardboard reflector will add a third to the strength of your light?
- that moving objects are best taken at a 45 degree angle?
- that the average shutter speed in snapping a person walking should be 100th of a second?
- that the camera should rest INDEPENDENTLY at speeds lower than a twenty-fifth of a second?

Tee Emm is the name of a new training manual issued by the Department of the Air Member for Training, Air Ministry, London. Primarily designed for pilots, it is nevertheless highly informative to gunners and ground-men alike and should prove interesting to all. Its light-hearted, breezy and satirical style make it one of the best that has come to this desk and ranks it first among all the training publications. Grab a peek from your flight commander's copy.

Edgebert, A.C.3, on visiting village near field: "Nice statue you've got in the square there, but why the funny pose?"

Local Yokel: "Aye, laddie, that monument was meant to be an equestrian statue, but the reeve and council of this hamlet ran out of money before the horse was put under it."

That will be the Day when—

Someone hangs his hat on the many new hooks that are floating around.

(Admiral) Shearer and (Speed) Gill miss a cup of the padre's free tea at break period. They're going Native on us.

Jim Jolly gets a better story to describe that huge bump on his nose.

An Englishman throws a stone a stone's throw. (In their weird descriptive road directions it's usually about five pubs and three miles and there ain't no Dizzy Deans on this side of the big ditch.)

F/Sgt. McKee replaces the armstrong starter on the field taxi.

There is a baseball team in the squadron that can beat the M.T. Section line-up.

Harry King, 400 Squadron.

Did You Know That—

Canada is producing plastic fuseleges en masse.

World's champion long distance dog sleigh driver, Leland Abbott (Arctic—New York World's Fair, 3,800 miles), joined the Royal Canadian Air Force. Now a sergeant will mush his dogs (around the parade square).

Dominion Air Minister Hon. C. G. Powers announces Canada becoming fourth air power of world, outstripping States in producing crews.

Total war orders placed in Canada by the British and Canadian Governments run over the 1,000,000,000 dollar mark. Canada has spent about 83 dollars for every man, woman and child of its total population.

The Turner Valley's oil yield brings Canada to second largest producer position in the Empire.

The Canadian Legion sent 20,000 pounds of turkey to Canuck military units this side of the bubbles.

Stand easy married men—a rent control board eliminates profiteering on housing shortage in Canada.

"Necessity is the mother of invention," murmured CAN168A of 402, as he cut a couple of squares of shirt tail off. What? No snozzle-duster? Shame on you.

The dear old lady approached the bed where a soldier lay almost hidden in a mass of bandages.

"Oh, poor man," she said, "have you been wounded?"

"Oh, no, mum, I bin kicked by a canary."



Odds n' Ends

by

The Idler

Any Subject will do—

I can dispute almost anything.

I am willing to entertain arguments in support of any proposition whatsoever.

If you want to defend theft, adultery, or murder, state your case, bring on your reasons; for in endeavouring to prove an indefensible thing you discover for yourself how foolish is your thesis.

But it is essential to any controversy, if it is to be of any use, first that the issue be clearly understood by both sides.

Most contentions amount merely to a difference of definition. Agree therefore, exactly upon what it is you are discussing.

If possible, set down your statements in writing.

Stick to the Point

Most argument is a wandering from the subject, a confusion of the question, an increasing divergence from the point. Stick to the matter in hand.

When your adversary brings in subjects pendant, do not attempt to answer them. Ignore them lest you both go astray and drift into empty vituperation.

For instance, The late Pres. Wilson in the "Lusitania" incident, called Germany's attention to the fact that her submarines had destroyed a merchant ship upon the high seas, the whole point being that this had been done without challenge or search and without giving non-combatant citizens of a neutral country a chance for their lives. Germany's reply discussed points that had no bearing upon this issue, such as various acts of England.

Mr. Wilson, in his reply, wisely refused to discuss these irrelevant things, an example of intelligent controversy

Bite! Don't Bark.

Keep cool. The worse your case, the louder your voice.

Be courteous. Avoid epithets. Do not use language calculated to anger or offend your opponent. Such terms weaken the strength of your position.

A controversy is a conflict of reasons, not of passions, the more heat the less sense.

Keep down your ego. Do not boast. Do not emphasize what you think, what you believe, and what you feel; but try to put forth such statements as will induce your opponent to think, believe and feel rationally.

Take Your Time

Wait. Give your adversary all the time he wants to vent his views. Let him talk himself out. Wait your time and begin only when he is through.

Agree with him as far as you can. Give due weight, and a little more, to his opinions.

It was the art of Socrates, the greatest of controversialists, to let a man run the length of his rope, that is, to talk until he had himself seen the absurdity of his contentions.

Opposition Best Ally

Most men argue simply to air their convictions. Give them room. Often when they have fully exhausted their notions they will come gently back to where you want them. They are best convinced when they convince themselves.

Avoid tricks, catches, and the like. Do not take advantage of your opponent's slip of the tongue. Let him have the impression that you are treating him fairly.

Stick to Earth

Do not get into any discussion unless you can make it a sincere effort to discover the truth, and not to overcome, out-talk, or humiliate your opponent.

Do not discuss at all with one who has his mind made up beforehand. It is usually profitless to argue upon religion, because as a rule men's opinions here are reached not by reason.

Nothing is more interesting and profitable, however, than to discuss religion with an open-minded person, yet such a one is a very rare bird.

Controversy not Contention

If you meet a man full of egotism or prejudices, do not argue with him. Let him have his say, agree with him as you can, and for the rest—smile.

Controversy may be made a most friendly and helpful exercise, if it be undertaken by two well-tempered and courteous minds.

Vain contention, on the contrary, is of no use except to deepen enmity.

Controversy is a game for strong minds; contention is a game for the weak and undisciplined.

It is the year 1960. Two haggard men stagger through the jungle in Central Africa. One of them falls and dies. The other has just enough strength to scrawl a last note before he too, dies. The note flutters away into the jungle. It is found by two apes. One of them picks it up and reads it and hands it to his companion. He reads: "We are the sole survivors of the world population. Everyone else has been killed in the war. We alone remain and we are dying." The second ape looked at the first ape. "Does this mean," he asked, "that we have to start this blue-pencil business all over again?"

—*Bristol Evening World.*

"I cannot leave my farm altogether, but my wife and I could put in twelve hours a day between us on the lathe!" Says Mr. Boucher, of New Brunswick, in a letter to the Government offering to turn his farm into a miniature munitions factory. Patriotism personified! Go to it, Canada!

F/Sgt. Wingate, of H.Q., showing up the other day on the field, issued the following statement: "I just dropped around to make sure you fellows didn't lay me out on the marble slab down in the morgue."—Rumour almost had you there, Windy. Surprising how well you look.

Orchids To—

Two Blitz Beaters

About the time that an H.E. exploded nearby and blew all their bedroom windows in and littered the floor with debris, two airmen decided things were quite warm enough and moved out of their hotel down toward the street shelter.

Before they had time to enter a basket of incendiaries lit up the upper end of the street and a decision was made to have a go at fire-fighting.

With nearby buildings tumbling down in ruins and every possibility that a "Heavy" would land in their midst, the two airmen struggled with bags of sand and water pumps along with the rest of the Blitz workers who fought to keep damage at a minimum.

As everything came under control a warden dashed up and asked for help.

"That last one wiped out most of my rescue squad," he said.

The airmen reached the ruin post-haste and scrambled over debris and among twisted girders and between broken beams, tunnelling through precarious blocked passages, crawling on hands and knees in and over the dirt and dust that was once a monument to man and his ability to build.

Their efforts were finally rewarded when they reached several badly wounded victims.

Carefully they loaded them on to stretchers and passed them through to the open and to safety, where medical attention completed the job of cheating the bomb-droppers.

Swiftly the time had flown, the dawn broke and the raid ceased. New rescue parties were organised and the boys, tired, sweaty and grimy, turned the job over to them.

The first available train was caught and they appeared back on the field after roll-call, slightly late, a little ragged-looking, but satisfied with a good night's work.

Title—Six Saved.

The Scene—

London.

The Time—

The worst Blitz of them all, April 16th, and the last night of a four-day leave.

The Characters—

Sergt. A. Armstrong and Corpl. A. G. Campbell.

Mayotte: "Why did the coal scuttle?"

Swain: "Yuh got me. Why?"

Mayotte: "He saw the kitchen sink."

Edgebert A.C.3: "Between Admiral Cunningham and our cooks using it for soup the Mediterranean sure is taking a beating."

Our Strange World.

By "THE TRAVELLER" (401 Squadron).

I often climbed the hills in the Shek-Wai-Pui, Mts. Kowoon, Southern China.

The nearest hill was an Oriental Burial Ground with nothing but headstones as far as the eye could reach, with crumbling graves, the bones of some of the dead disintegrating in open jars by the headstones, as it is the law of the country that bodies must not be buried for more than a few months, but must be removed and placed in urns to make room for others.

Paper money lay alongside with the small bowls of rice and other foods, and nearby were seats upon which the departed spirits might rest, and you can take it from me that I didn't relish visiting the place by moonlight. After all, over four million Chinese might not be all wrong about the seat question.

Daily Routine.

Six-fifteen Reveille is sounded,
Out of bed the airmen are hounded.

Seven o'clock, to cookhouse they march,
Only to be served with sausage and mash.

Eight o'clock, out to the flight they rush,
The 'drome still wrapped in night's silent hush.

Eight-thirty, the engines begin to roar,
Nice work, boys, but oh, what a bore.

Ten o'clock brings the welcome break,
But the break van as usual is late.

Twelve o'clock, back to the cookhouse again,
"Horse meat once more," hear someone complain.

One o'clock, back to the field they run,
Each one in top form to deal with the Hun.

From then until tea-time they work with a will,
Then back to the cookhouse for more of that swill.

Five o'clock, and still more work to be done,
Overtime, boys, now that the rummer has come.

Seven o'clock, it begins to get dark,
"Time to pack up here," sergeants bark.

Eight o'clock, into their billets they crawl,
A tired bunch of lads who have given their all.

Ten o'clock, into their beds they creep,
Each to enjoy his well earned sleep.

Ten-fifteen, someone tiptoes and turns out the lights—
Three cheers for the airmen who serve Britain's kites.

A. E. Woollett, 402 Squadron.

Jimmy Duval's latest is that an R.C. is one who is to be Repatriated to Canada.

Sportmites

J. F. SABOURIN (401 Squadron).

Hockey

As the days pass by, so do the teams from the Canadian hockey world, with but three teams left in both the National Hockey League and three also in the Allan Cup Playdowns. In the National Hockey League Detroit, who have defeated New York Rangers and Chicago Black Hawks, are now waiting to meet the winners of the Boston-Toronto series. The last report that this writer had was that Toronto was leading the series by three games to two.

All Star team for the National Hockey League this year is:—

Goaler—Broda (Toronto).
 Defence—Clapper (Boston).
 Defence—Stanowski (Toronto).
 Centre—Crowley (Boston).
 Wing—Drillion (Toronto).
 Wing—Schriner (Toronto).
 Coach—Weiland (Boston).

Baseball

John Quiltey, of the Montreal Canadians Hockey Teams, is to be offered a try-out with Montreal Royals of the International Baseball League, according to President Racine, of the club.

Charlie Gehinger, who was to retire this year from the American Champs team, Detroit Tigers, has again reported to their spring training camp in Lakeland, Fla. This will be Gehinger's 17th year in the American Baseball League.

Here and There

Joe Louis, who was extended to 13 rounds in his last bout with Al Simmons (Detroit), has made the statement that he might retire from the boxing world this year. Louis has defended his title 15 times since he won it from Jim Braddock four years ago.

When the football season opens next year in South Bend, Notre Dame will have a new coach in the person of Frank Leahy, who is replacing Elmer Layden. Layden has given up the position to become supervisor of the Professional Football League. Layden has led the Notre Dame team to 47 wins, 13 defeats and three ties during his seven years of coaching. Not a bad record, considering that the Notre Dame team plays nine games a season, and have played nearly all the top teams of the football world nearly every year.

400 M.T. Nose out "B" Flight in first of softball series.

At the first of the ninth, with "B" Flight leading 11—9, M.T. came up to bat. The first two men fanned out, next two arrived safe on base, Chuck Coutts pulled the high light of the game and hit a home run to make the tally 12—11. Jim Jolly and Jim Baker struck safe on base. "B" Flight overthrew the ball and Jolly romped in for the 13th counter.

"B" Flight rallied and knocked two high flies into Frank Marten's basket. Rudy Brule buck and winged backwards 25 yards to snaffle the third, and the game was over with M.T. victors, 13—11.

The old order changeth again. It's not what brand of pencils you are going to sell on what corner any more. Now you are grabbed by the coat front and one finger is stuck in your face and you are asked: "Do you want to sell 4 pencil?"

One of the lads shows us a letter written to him by his seven years old daughter, and among other things enclosed was one expression—"Oh, Gee Whizzy." The seven-year olds back home being pretty well up on their sophistication, we take it this is the latest in parlour palaver and suggest that those airmen at present studying English in the local night classes add it to their vocabulary. It has a more pianissimo legato dulcis sound than some of the basso profundo fortissimo notes we usually hear around

Blame it on "Joe."

The March 31st issue of "Wings Abroad" contained a number of printer's errors which aroused some curiosity among the readers.

The wild splurge of ten-acre type on page four was due to a last minute change in the make-up when cuts (pictures) arranged for did not arrive.

The dozen odd typographical errors were the natural result of a printer operating under war-time conditions with about four-fifths of his staff in the Army, and an issue deadline that was too close for comfort.

The 12 pt. G.S.L. or 12 pt. Gill Bold phrases that appeared in the paper were catch lines meaning double-line-depth Gill Sans (modern) type light face or bold face headings, probably left there by the lay-out man when he threw the sheet together.

But the paragraph following Sir Alan Brook's inspection story quoting soup strainers as appearing on all the upper lips was the prize boner of the lot.

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