



Vol. I. No. 13

15th JUNE, 1941

3d. PER COPY



Photo by "B" Flight personnel

**Flight. Lieut. WILLIAM A. RIDER**

who was killed as the result of a flying accident on May 21st, aged 29 years.

Flight Lieut. Rider, a native of London, Ontario, played championship rugby with Western University of London and worked a good part of his way through college giving P.T. instructions and coaching football teams. He secured his wings in June, 1939, and proceeded from Trenton to 2 A.C. Squadron in August of the same year. He was an original of 400 Squadron from its formation in December. Was probably the squadron's most popular officer.

Mr. Rider was the object of his groundmen's admiration for his abilities as a flyer and a commander as well as for his splendid personality. He is survived by his wife, of Belleville, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Rider, of London.



Photo by "B" Flight

**Flying/Officer PETER W. LOCHNAN**

who died as the result of a flying accident in the course of duties, May 21st, 1941.

Flying Officer Lochnan attended Queen's University in the early thirties. A good rugby and ski enthusiast, he gained a skiing championship at Ottawa and became a professional ski instructor. Keenly interested in the great outdoors, he took up mining in various parts of Canada. He secured an Auxiliary commission in June, 1939, and served on stations in Trenton, Vancouver, Borden and Ottawa, coming overseas to join 401 squadron in June, 1940, and arriving at 400 Squadron in February, 1941.

Wing Commander McKay, Officers and Men of 400 Squadron take this opportunity to extend sincere sympathy to the wives and families of the deceased.

## Group Captain O'Brian's visit Recalls Old Memories.

The recent visit of Group Captain G. S. O'Brian to 400 Squadron station recalled a wealth of memories to old-timers of the former 110th Squadron. Sqn. Ldr. Kerby, F/Lieut. Waddell, Sergt. Boughner and Sergt. George Allan were all made to feel as if they were back in the old field at Weston.

Group Captain O'Brian was the first officer commanding 110 Squadron, formed early in 1932. He gave up this position to Group Captain Curtis about 1934, then Wing Commander Russell took over in 1938. When in October, 1939, Mr. Russell was appointed C.O. of Manning Pool, Wing Commander Irwin took the reins until the break up of the Squadron in December. Group Captain O'Brian has been the Officer Commanding Number One Initial Training School, occupying the former Eglinton Hunt Club premises, just north of Toronto's city limits. As a member of the Royal Flying Corps in the last war he won the A.F.C.

Also in the visiting party was Wing Commander Tilley, who has arrived in England as Principal Medical Officer of the R.C.A.F. in Great Britain. His appearance aroused many memories of medical inspections away back in the first day's of 110's formation. The Hamilton boys remember Wing Commander J. W. Tice as the original M.O. for 119th Squadron of that city.

## Snapshot Contest

Following a suggestion in "That Will be the Day When," the Recreation Club is kicking off on a Shutterbug Contest. Having been caught by those snappy snappers hanging from trees, performing ablutions, strolling country lanes, etc., and having seen super samples of British scenery, we know there is plenty of material at hand for entries.

### Get "cracking" now.

Next issue of "Wings Abroad" will carry a complete set of rules and names of judges. We all know the regulations regarding photos of military importance, therefore the subjects will be limited under art and personality classes. Start now! Any entry may win.

### Cash prize, publication of picture to winners.

Tentative rules are:—One shilling entry fee, winner receives two-thirds and second prize one-third. Winning photo will be published in "Wings Abroad."

For further information communicate with "Wings Abroad," or see Harry King or Scotty Barnes.

All entries should be in by June 30th. One clear print required.

Since "Alfie," the dog that adopted 400 Squadron, got the "Jen" on the padre's free tea and biscuit hand-out at 1000, 1500 and 2100 hours, he's been a regular visitor. We expect to see him getting into the euchre, whist and ping-pong games and maybe the quizz contests any day

*In Memory of Fl/Lieut. Geo. Gordon Hyde, age 27, of 402 Squadron, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Hyde, 1212 Grove Park Rd., Westmount, P.Q., who died May 17th, 1941. Formally Commander of "A" Flight 401 Squadron and 115 Squadron in Canada.*

## Your Best Friend

He keeps clean what otherwise might be a dirty, muddy job—holds your aircraft from bogging down—plays a major part in keeping a landing surface smooth—lessens your labours at keeping aircraft, vehicles, hangars, barrack rooms and mess halls clean—cushions your footsteps—greatest of all his deeds is to hide and protect you from prying enemy eyes.

He is your best friend and yet you kick him down—in wet weather when he is most easily injured you tramp on him with cruel sharp shoes—uselessly skid wheels to tear him apart—drag rough, heavy loads over him and undo a whole season's labour and growth—not satisfied with seeing another wound him, you do the same, and many others follow you to complete the path of his destruction.

He receives no pay, and yet he has joined your ranks to work uncomplaining as the greatest natural fighting aid of modern warfare. With all the costly modern anti-aircraft devices, station defence schemes and long-houred duty posts, he has probably saved your neck many times when all other agents combined were unavailing.

**This bond of friendship should be two-sided—now it's your turn.**

## Save that Grass !!!

## Canadian Cooking for 401—2.

Reports have it that 401 and 402 are all on the "Ipsy-Hi! Thumbs up!" wagon nowadays. They have at last come into their own cooks and cooking and the Canadian style meals that go with it. We don't know who exactly is responsible, but whoever it is, certainly deserves a long, loud thanks and a "God Bless" in the prayers of every man in these units.

### 402 promote new ideas in mess-hall management.

The airmen have got right into the thick of quick co-operation and sound business ideals by forming a messing committee and arriving at a business basis necessary to an institution of this nature.

Go to it, boys!

The idea of a 2s. 6d. fortnightly fee for provision of those extra delicacies that do so much to satisfy the inner man is, we believe, something new in an overseas airmen's mess. With an executive and committee to work for and with the cooks and the men the inauguration should be a success.

President.—L.A.C. Fred McCormick.

Secretary-Treasurer.—Corpl. George McPhee.

Committee.—Tom Dubord, Alex Cameron, Cecil Burns and L.A.C. Giovenazzo.

Squadron representatives.—

"A" Flight.—Len Clayton.

"B" Flight.—Fred McCormick.

Maintenance Flight.—John Vanderpont.

M.T. Section.—Sam Dixon.

Headquarters.—John Mallin.

Supervisor of Messes.—Cecil Burns.

Cook i/c Airmen's Mess.—L.A.C. Giovenazzo.

The above has all been made possible through the permission and co-operation of the messing officer.

Airmen who have relatives in England now have the privilege of putting them on the "Please Notify" list in case of accident or illness. All that is required is that the airman forward a list of the names and addresses to the orderly room, who will place it in his personal file and follow the instructions should the occasion arise.

There is a certain F/Sergt. who, just for a lark, stole a certain Sergt.-Major's doghouse. The S.M. threatened his section that there would be no passes issued until the doghouse was found. Sensing a serious situation, the section soon brought the culprit to justice and passes were issued that same afternoon.

*Has the paint worn off yet, Flight?*

## Summer Day

The breathless charm of such a day,  
The musty tang of new mown hay,  
A quiet breeze; a rushing stream  
On which the soothing sun would gleam.  
The splendour of it seemed to say  
Here is a perfect day.

Enraptured by the glorious scene,  
I stopped to watch a hawk careen.  
A flock of martins hurried by,  
The clouds, like puffs, rose in the sky.  
This God-like sight around me lay,  
This was a perfect summer day.

From rolling plain to woodland glen,  
Long shadows started falling, then  
The summer evening, sharply cool,  
Drew purple mist from lake and pool.  
A whip-poor-will was sounding gay,  
The end of a perfect summer day.

By W. J. Hancox, 400 Squadron.

## Shutterbugs.

On Color Photography.

First distinguish **colored photos** (photographic prints colored with transparent oils or or tinted with dyes) from

### Color Photos—

(Made by technical processes to reproduce natural color right from the film).

### Natural color processes.

Color images  
are formed on:—

#### 1. Transparent celluloid or glass.

This corresponds to an ordinary negative in positive color form known as "transparency"—viewed by light passing through it, that is, "transmitted light."

Made by—

an "additive" process, where a black and white positive image is combined with a special color screen, such as "Dufaycolor" and "Finlay" and "Autochrome," or

A "subtractive" process where the image is a clear dye of the natural colors, such as "Kodachrome," "Technicolor" and "Agfacolor."

#### 2. Color paper.

All color print processes (of reasonable permanency of color) require a set of three negatives of the subject.

Each set consists of one image taken with a red filter, one with a green and one with a blue filter (the same subject, of course).

This set may be made by re-photographing a transparency.

Or by photographing the subject directly with a three negative color camera.

The color print is made from these negatives by processes known as "Wash-off Relief," "Chromotone," "Three color Carbon," "Vivex" and others by respective manufacturers.

### The practical side for amateurs.

Your ordinary camera can take Transparencies of natural color by using film such as "Dufacolor" and (in 35 mm. size) "Kodachrome."

The cost of an 8-exposure roll in the 2½ x 3¼ inch size is approximately four shillings.

More exposure is required than for ordinary films.

Exposure must be accurate, because the latitude of this film is restricted.

Color prints can be made from a good Transparency.

Cost of these is much more than ordinary photographs, but if you want to go further into the details and try color photography communicate with

The "Wings Abroad" Photographer.

## That will be the Day when—

Reading our papers in the mess, some person doesn't finish the page we are reading before us and ask for a change NOT to turn the page over.

We hold a pet show—what with cats and cats' kittens, dogs and a goat, we should have quite an exhibit.

Proceeding on leave we get travelling time, thus making our seven-day leave seven days instead of the usual five, since most of us think that Scotland is the best place to go.

Jimmy Duval gets the new typewriter for Ken Thompson promised in his presidential campaign. (His rival Scotty wants to know.)

Jack McCrea gets his uniform back from the cleaners. The service is getting good. He only sent it last Christmas and there is no storage charge.

Harry King, 400 Squadron.

## We ARE Interested

### Quote D.R.O.

The following is an extract from a letter written to the Commanding Officer by

"Mr. S. A. Searle, Vice-President of the Searle Grain Company of Winnipeg.

"It also occurs to us that the Squadron might be interested to learn that, together with our employees, our company has given a Spitfire to the British Government and have designated that plane to be named 'Alloway.'"

Mr. Searle, we definitely are interested. F/Lieut. Hamilton Alloway was one of the most popular members of our squadron and we feel it a great compliment, not only to "Hammy," as his fellow officers knew him, but to our squadron as well.

The lads in the squadron feel that your generosity is a true reflection of the spirit that will eventually win this war and that no finer tribute could be paid than that you provide the means to avenge a loss that we have all felt very keenly.

With that new plane bearing the name "Alloway" goes the Commanding Officer's and the Squadron's wish for the very best of luck in carrying out its duty.

## Plain Enough

Ground maintenance crews at an R.C.A.F. training school in Saskatchewan became a little tired of their pilots belly-flapping on to the field after they had forgotten to let down their undercarriage.

The sight of a bird coming in to land with its wings outstretched and legs distended earthward provided an inspiration. They secured a photo of a bird about to land and ran off enough prints to affix one to each cockpit just above the undercarriage controls, then beneath printed these blunt instructions:—

"Look, you ——— fool!

"The birds can do it!"

"Why can't you?"

Pointed and pithy and more forceful than many hours of lectures, but can't apply to our pilots. By the time they get over here they either have their undercarriage down or their spirits up with St. Peter.

## Air Vice-Marshal Maltby, A.O.C., at 400 Squadron.

Air Vice-Marshal Maltby Air Officer Commanding No. 71 Group, visited the 400 Squadron station on a tour of inspection on Friday, May 30th. In departing he expressed his pleasure at finding the squadron in such a high state of efficiency and regretted that he was unable to visit all the various sections, but was well pleased with those he had been able to see at work. It is quite probable that he will return to the squadron in the near future so that he may see the remainder of the sections and flights.

## Sportmites of 400



### Priory Trounce Truckers

### Two Top Teams Tangle for Title

The boys from the Priory finally promoted a softball team that put the M.T. Section back to driving trucks.

Played one wet evening in real old time style, in a field occasionally used for yarding livestock, the game brought out much of the field-running talents of both sides.

Priory handled the hickory first without even a base. M.T. traded the egg for a lone counter hit by Padley with Pearson on base. Then the boys settled down to real tough ball such as one reads about in big League reports.

The score stayed still till the sixth, when Law started a spree that netted the Village Vicars six runs, with the Truckers staying in the woods.

F/S. Lecompte speed-balled the final innings through and the game ended 6—2 for the V.V.'s. This tangle was the tightest seen around these parts and both teams deserve a lot of credit, but to Brown, Black, Law and Lecompte go the orchids for doing what a certain over-confident Flight Sergeant's five pounds said couldn't be done. Jack Auld reffed.

### PING PONG TOURNNEY.

#### Doubles Semi-finals.

Baker—Johnson played off with Greer—Gazey. Greer and Gazey won.

#### Singles Semi-finals.

Won by Johnny Nisbet, played off with Norm Baker.

### TENNIS "RANKING" SYSTEM.

The tennis enthusiasts of 400 who have been unlimbering rusty muscles in the past month or so, have organized a tennis ladder as a means to finding their top-ranking players.

Players' names are placed on a graduated list on the notice board and each may challenge the players within two rungs above him. If the lower player should win the two change places and gradually the better players win their way to the top.

Ken Langdon is looking after this new venture and all enquiries should be addressed to him. There is a large field still left for new-comers. If winners will turn their names in to Ken after their progressive matches they will be published in a series of short sports spots that will gradually work up to the finals later in the season.

## Spooks Perform for 401

'Long before the eerie witching hour of twelve, with only the faint whispering of the breeze among the leaves of nearby trees to break the soft stillness of the night, a sudden sharp screech, followed by a long, hollow, harsh laugh that ended on a high note as suddenly as it began, shattered the quiet calm of many sleepers.

"Streaky" woke and rolled to his feet with bristling neck, bare fangs and low ominous growl. Airmen leapt erect in bed with questioning look. Then again that raucous, blood-stirring laugh, followed by a rattling of chains down the long dark upstairs corridor.

As one every man grabbed the nearest weapon—revolvers, boots, brooms, pokers. Airmen streamed through opened doors into hallways and tumbled into a run in the general direction of the sound—a hurried search on the top floor, no results.

Everyone looked incredulously at his neighbour—an airman half smiled and opened his mouth as if to speak, then stopped with a worried look as another of those back-tling walls rolled up the deep staircase well and echoed through the high panelled halls. A frozen moment of silence, a soft swishing sound, then noise of chains dragged over steps.

"He's down below" someone shouted and instantly the stairs were filled with scrambling men. Probing flashlights revealed the progress of the hunt through every wash-room, linen cupboard, bedroom and den. Nothing there.

Since two floors had been covered it was suggested the job might as well be completed. Airmen, with weapons at the ready, poked their flashlights through every nook and cranny, down both stair wells into the long panelled ballroom, the high windowed dining hall, the rambling, cub-boarded kitchen, through larders large enough to garage several cars, side-rooms, servants' quarters and large, vaulted entrance hall and out on to the lawn of the castle grounds. Through side doors and into the cobblestone courtyard and all its surrounding outbuildings. Periodically they stood still as if a further opportunity to make himself heard would encourage the "thing" to betray his whereabouts. Nothing moved.

The moon rode high, with only an occasional passing cloud to dim its cold night light. The breeze stirred the leaves again ever so softly. Still they watched and waited, ready to mete out justice to their midnight disturber. Nothing unusual could be discerned.

A irmen, patrons of the art of sleeping almost raw, shivered and turned toward bed once more. With many muttered speculations, "Streaky," looking subdued and just a little ashamed of himself, dropped his tail between his legs and followed with occasional backward sniffs.

Next day, work as usual. The warm bright sun and cheerful chatter belied any possibility of the night before.

Four airmen laboured to load a lorry. Packing cases to be moved from cellar to yard. Just as they lifted a large box from its place against the wall they heard a faint tapping noise. They questioned the source—they waited, but nothing further came. They prepared to move the box again. Again that faint tapping sound. Its origin was ascertained to be on the other side of the cellar wall. A close inspection revealed no break in the wall, no room beyond to hold anything of flesh and bones, no hollow beyond the wall to house the quick or the dead. Outside the garden earth rose high above the level of the noise.—

Ghosts are common conversation in older England. Every mediæval English castle has its history, actual and supernatural. No one in 401 believes in ghosts—and yet—?

## The Sixth Column

There must be fifth columnist men working against the Sixth Column, 'cause my undercover men haven't been able to uncover much.

It has been said that when Corpl. Angell smiles it's just like a ray of sunshine. We wonder if that had anything to do with the continued absence of Old Sol this spring.

Benny Flesher. "Grab Alfie! Here comes a cook!"

Since a certain F/Sergt., recently returned from convalescence he's so thin that if he turned sideways on parade he'd be marked absent.

You know it never really rains in this country. The sky just settles down on the ground.

If we have many more inspections we'll just wear our number ones all the time and keep our number twos in moth balls for stepping out.

—That's—30—

*Harold Thrift, 400 Squadron.*

## Slipstream

A gangster rushed into a saloon, shooting right and left, yelling, "All you dirty skunks get out of here." The customers fled in a hail of bullets, all except an Englishman, who stood at the bar calmly finishing his drink.

"Well," snapped the gangster, waving his smoking gun.

"Well," remarked the Englishman, "there certainly were a lot of them, weren't there!"

"Now, Trickey," said F/S. Brown, "can you tell me what a hypocrite is?"

"Yes, Flight," replied Trickey. "It's an airman who comes on early morning readiness with a smile on his face."

The laundry having a few towels left over had written to the C.O. asking for the names of possible owners whose initials were L.M.S. L.N.E.R.

### NOTES TO NEW-COMERS.

Stirrup pumps are not for inflating tyres.

Thinners aren't for washing down aircraft.

Because there are two mag switches it doesn't mean there are two engines.

Ice picks aren't for cleaning radiators.

Gun-firing buttons not to be tested on daily inspections.

At the next meeting of the Agricultural Society we will propose naming a variety of golden bantam "Solskium" in commemoration of that verbal corn. F/S. Solski insists on feeding the boys. What with F/S. Solski's corn, the heat generated by F/S. Klaponski when D.1's aren't finished, and the booming voice of F/S. Rodney 'Everybody out' Carson, life certainly ain't no bed of roses.

Corpl. Dubord: "I hear you got rid of your old car, sir."

F/L. Little: "Yes. It was hopeless. Every time I parked it along would come a cop and ask me if I had reported the accident."

We have just discovered a pilot who forgets his chute, takes off across the flare path, and lands without navigation lights. He must have started life as a plumber.

*E. H. Todd and G. Clarke, 402 Squadron.*

## "B" Flight, 402 Squadron

From "Somewhere in Scotland" comes this journalistic effort, away from the cares of work, away from the worry as to whether "A" Flight will have more than old "O" serviceable to take off on their share of readiness.

One of the new Canadians of "A" Flight walked up to me and asked if I was the McCormick who wrote this column. When I modestly said "Yes," he said, "I didn't think anybody could be as homely as they said you were," then walked away.—Methinks Willy Doersam is behind that. Professional jealousy. If you are interested in a sketchy description of me—well—there is something about Ronald Colman.—Boys, I bet this shakes you.

"Mooch" Jobin's machine has been flying right wing low for so long, Wild Bill Thomason claims every time he "runs it up" it tries to do a victory roll.

It is getting to be a pretty state of affairs when airmen on their day off get up in the morning to eat breakfast and wait until after supper before going up town just so they won't miss meals in the airmen's mess. (See story elsewhere re reasons.) Red Burns and his very small but efficient staff are to be congratulated on the wonderful meals they are dishing up. Wait until we get a good cookstove, nobody will want to take leave.

"Honest" Bill Copely, the man with the stride of the "man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo," says "Little man, you've had a busy day, here's a 48 hour pass but be back here to-morrow morning at 4.30 a.m."

I spent my first night in this lovely toon with "Mugsy" Solski. Did you hear how he got his new nickname? When we arrived at the hotel he, as usual, cracked some of his corn which impressed the Scotch lassie behind the counter so much she asked him to put his hand on his hip and turn around. After he had done so she said, "Thanks, I just wanted to see what a mug looked like with a handle."

112 Main Party's first year in England comes to a close on June 20th. I wonder if the sun will shine by then?

*Fred McCormick, 402 Squadron.*

## "A" Flight, 402, Answers

Fred "Mothball" McCormick passes comment on methods used to waken airmen at 0300 hours. Well, well. He speaks from personal experience—the methods were by his room mates seeking revenge, for anyone unlucky enough to sleep with noisy Mack can't get asleep until he is wakened.

Now that 402 has moved to new quarters at "Dogpatch Centre" the inventive genius of his new room mates will assert itself and a perfect cure for snoring will be on the market.

But after all is said and done, there is at least one thing that "A" Flight does excel in, and that is moustaches. The soup strainers of "A" must really have glamour to draw so much attention from such an incompetent exponent of facial foliage as Mothballs McCormick.

*"Dandy" Marchant, 402 Squadron.*

### That will be the day when—

We miss the great black cat that prowls around the mess and they serve us furry meat pies.

They stop serving us buckshot for peas.

We get all those parcels that were sent to us last year.

Heard in "A" Flight Hut:—"Open the doors and let some of this smoke out. There's enough smoke in here to smoke a ham, and I'm no ham."

*(We wonder.)*

*Chet Calcutt, 402 Squadron.*



## Odds n' Ends

by

*The Idler*

### Making News

A few hours ago I was at a loss as to just what I would write in this current issue. It seemed that I had had the greatest difficulty in obtaining a germ of an idea. As I strolled out to lunch, I kept my eyes open for some little something that might possibly stir the forces of a somewhat unfertile brain.

The fates were with me, for coming down one of the main thoroughfares and near one of the prominent Forces' Clubs, who should be driving out in a car but Her Majesty the Queen.

We all agree on one point—and that is, when the Queen makes her appearance—it is definitely news!

The car hadn't proceeded five yards after I had first noticed her, when there was a crowd so huge I could hardly move.

In her true majestic style and with that heartening smile, which we Canadians remember so well from the Canada visit, she waved and smiled and seemed not in the least perturbed at the snail progress of her vehicle.

And so as I watched—I reflected—I tried to visualize a similar happening in Berlin with Hitler in a like role—no smiles—only hoarse, forced cheers and instead of the warm smile of the Queen—the mechanical, brutal and untrustworthy lifting of that right arm.

I should beg your apology for writing of the two in the same column, but it is apparent that what we fight for and what Germany fights for can best be illustrated by simply comparing the smile of the Queen and the upraised salute of the Nazi. Is it not a just cause?

### The Thought Behind the Mask

No newspaper—no book, packs more of interest than expressions that pass and exist on the human face. Riding in buses, gliding along on tubes—on the street—in the parks—at work and at play—one can find every existing expression.

But none prove more interesting than the faces of our own Forces.

We often wonder as we glance at the Canadians in their various phases of activity and we ask ourselves the questions and contemplate on possible answers.

What brought them over here?

What driving force inside makes them smile and whistle their way along after an absence of nearly two years from their homes?

To number one, we feel that we can answer that straight off—it was a voluntary effort on their unselfish individual parts that made them leave good homes, good jobs and step into the uniformed ranks.

It was the inner desire to pitch in and do their bit towards stamping out the evil influence—the scourge—the disease with which the world is afflicted.

But to attempt to answer the second completely we feel the need for the psychological aspect—which we lack.

However, it would seem to boil down to three main issues—firstly, that driving inspiration of the folks back home—of a dear mother or a kindly white-headed dad—of fond brothers and sisters. The desire to get in and finish the job so that the joyous day of home-coming might be brought a wee bit nearer. Or it might also be the thought of some sweet wife or sweetheart—back home.

In all cases—it is the thought behind the mask that brings our boys to realize that it is for they that we fight—to make the world just a little safer to live in—the right to live as human beings and to lead peaceful, happy lives.

### Thank You, America

First it was Hess—then Crete—then the Hood—then the Bismarck—and then came Roosevelt.

This morning the radios and newspapers carried stirring accounts of the President's historic fireside chat and throughout the city, people commented, smiled and seemed to glory in filling in their versions of the unspoken words that existed between the lines of his oration.

It was a lighter England to-day—buoyed up by the uplifting news of the Bismarck and the encouraging words of the fighting President of the U.S.A.

They behaved much like a crowd of schoolboys who have copped a track championship . . . not that at any time did the reversing news get them down—but nevertheless the abundance and proportions of the recent fast developing good news would widen the smile of any cheery face—and so to you, America, for stepping out like the true champion of democracy that you are and pledging still further your unstinted and unselfish support in its entirety—we say—thank you . . . this move you shall never regret.

### Hang the Expense

Walked into a little country store in north-west England. And my entry brought my attention to the fact that a certain uniformed gentleman and his wife were in the bargaining process of purchasing some candy for their two kiddies.

With much of boisterousness and less of backing to keep pace with the tones of bravado, I got the last bit of the conversation thus:

“ Hang the expense—I know there is a war on and money comes hard, but we might just as well have a supply on hand—don't get a penny's worth—get TWO PENNY WORTH!!! ”

I thought he intended to buy the store—and would have been no more surprised had he asked for a receipt. As it was, he was all for having it in two separate bags—until his wife brought his attention to the paper shortage and with the calm assurance that she personally would count the pieces so that Johnnie would get the same number as Bobby—c'est la guerre!!!

### Picked up in Passing

The story is told of a little evacuee, now residing in New York.

It seems that the good woman who was looking after the youngster was intent that the first stages of his home training should be followed on to the letter and so each night he knelt down to say his prayers.

One night, when he was ready for bed, he knelt down in the customary style and proceeded to ask the powers above to bless his mother and dad, etc., and to say a little prayer for victory—after which he seemed to pause for a minute and added, “ And please God take good care of yourself—for if anything happens to you—

**WE'RE SUNK!!!**

The editor of a little hand-set local newspaper in a small American town was the victim of a practical joke which led to his paper having to be produced one week without the use of the letter “s.” His explanation and apology to his readers was as follows:—

“ Latht night thome thneaking throundel thtole into our compothing room and removed all the “ etheth ” from the type catheth, tho we mutht apogitithe to our readerth for the thomewhat inthipid appearance of thith week'th ithue.

Let uth add that if at any time we catch thith dirty thnake in the grath on the premitheth, it will give uth great thatithfaction to drill him full of holeth. Thank you.”

Well, tholong fellowth—now I'm doing it—cheerio—keep smiling—and above all—remember—keep those planes in the air. . . .

## Orchids To—

A great bouquet to Mr. Cyril H. Oates for his helpful interest in the Canadian airmen of this squadron.

Mr. Oates is a well known and talented artist of 25 years' standing. Bombed out of his London studios, he has taken temporary shelter in a nearby town, where he teaches art to a few of our lads. His lessons, time and efforts are entirely free and his interest in the boys is really a fine example of English hospitality.

Mr. Oates is helped in this unselfish work by his wife, Mrs. Phyllis Oates, herself a remarkable artist, and Mr. Maxwell Aylwin, who has graciously put his studios at our disposal for the lessons.

Mr. Aylwin is closely related with every artistic architectural affair of the community and pitches in quite often with a bit of enlightened advice. From the squadron at large and from F/Sergt. Edwards, Sergt. Doyle, Corpl. Dawes, L.A.C. Hogan and A.C.'s Gauthier and Fortier, as well as Gunner Needham—an orchid.

### The Kitchen Staff of 402

For producing the best meals this squadron has received on active service.

Working under conditions that might easily have driven them to desperation, these men satisfied the ravenous appetites of all of us to a remarkable degree. In fact, the opinion that we could not have anticipated more pleasing dishes anywhere in the services is unanimous.

Honourable mention might well be made of Corpl. "Red" Burns, who has worked exceptionally long hours to accomplish the almost impossible.

Our sincerest thanks and good luck to you, "Red" and gang.

Signed,  
Every Airman in 402.

### Corpl. Jensen and Crew of 401

Boys, we eat at last. Ever since this squadron has been overseas we have been "also-rans" in someone else's mess-hall. Now, in our new quarters, for the first time in a year we have our own cooking crew, mess-hall and equipment. They say an army marches on its stomach and we can readily believe it. This squadron's R.P.M. and sense of humour have increased fifty per cent. since Corpl. Jensen and his co-workers have had their own shop.

Don Selkirk shows us a comparison of post marks on some of his recent mail. One letter, posted in Aberdeen, marked May 20th, arrived May 31st. The second letter, posted in Winnipeg, May 22nd, covered with 30 cents worth of Canadian stamps and a red inscription, "Trans-Atlantic Air Mail, Army P.O., England," arrived the same day. The story on the first is old news in a country that has been at war almost two years, but the one on the second is something to warm the heart cockles of all those letterless airmen we hear so much about. The cost seems a little on the rough side, but then, if she loves you, she will do it, especially if you earmark this paragraph when you send this copy home.

"Do you feed your babies properly?" "Look! He walks alone now." "Little things like that need plenty of milk." "You let me hold it for a while."

No, chum, this isn't nursery talk, but cries coming from serious minded W.T. lads as they pamper and play with Fatima's family. Those kittens will make sissies out of someone or we don't know our fur.

## Stuff and Things from H.Q.

The highflying R.C.A.F. Headquarters Softball Team continued their winning ways and had the fans betting their Whitsun holiday money on their chances of coming through on top. The Air Force boys galloped through all opposition to win their first five games before dropping their sixth to the steady playing Postal and Dental Corps. Despite the fact that the flyers had two regulars on leave and one on duty, they put up a fight worthy of that splendid Force to which they belong, but the twirling of Thompson and Middup failed to silence the big bats of the League leading Corps team. Prominent in the past few games was the sensational field of Wilf Groulx. Wilf made his appearance only recently and from the way that he robbed base hits and doubles off the grass blades, he earned for himself the title of the "Larrupin' Sergeant." No less sensational was his hitting—on several occasions, when runs were badly needed, Wilf cut loose with sharp singles and in one instance a homer, with three on, to send the necessary markers across the plate. All told the boys are playing head-up ball, and Coach Sergt.-Major Wilson feels confident that his proteges will avenge the one blotch on their record when these two top ranking teams meet again.

Within our own sphere, one recent bright Saturday afternoon, the married boys challenged the younger and unattached single gents to seven innings of ye olde hit and run. It was a hectic, shifty battle and when the last strike had been called, the married crocks were on the long end of a 7-1 score . . . and consequently on the long end of the free beer—the price of defeat that saw the bachelors digging for the right to buy to wet the thirst of their victors.

The boys down this way are extending double congratulations to Flying Officer C. M. Griffin. A week ago, Grif, as he is known to the boys, received his commission and all hands are wishing him every success in his new promotion. And side by side with the news of his promotion came the announcement of his marriage. On Saturday, May 31st, 1941, Grif was married to Miss Muriel A. Jones, of Bromley, Kent. The wedding took place in the Church of St. Joseph at Bromley with the Rev. Fr. Grady officiating. The church was attractively decorated for the occasion and the quiet but pretty wedding was attended by the immediate friends and parents of the bride and most of the officers and men of this H.Q.

Welcome is being extended to Group Captain E. L. McLeod, who recently arrived from Canada to take up his duties as Senior Air Staff Officer at this H.Q. Group Captain McLeod is replacing Group Captain A. P. Campbell, who has left to fill a new appointment elsewhere.

Jack M. Lutes, H.Q.

### No Profit in Satires

There is one who has found that Satirists pay deeply for their literary brain-children. As a result of "Clothing Parades" he went shoeless and ragged for weeks. He did not dare let "A.C.2's" appear until after his own A.C.1 had come through on orders. Since the appearance of "Air Force Eating" the poor fellow is starving to death. It remains to be seen whether the "kill or cure" method used by the cooks will find him dead with a half finished masterpiece in his hand or coming out, as all true artists proclaim is the case, with bigger and better satires on an empty stomach.

As far as "R.A.F. Rates of Pay" is concerned, we still maintain that it is the greatest piece of promotion any pay office can find to impress on the boys the value to be derived in accepting a lower rate of pay and saving the balance for future use in Canada. While the Satire gave forth, in true whimsical style, the irking points of the lower rate, it also covered the airman's temporary loss of pride with a rosy picture of a cheque-cashing, income-paying future.

## The "13" Bogey

Just look at it on the front page in the date line—Vol. 1, No. 13!

We are not superstitious actually, but sometimes we pretend to be. It's sort of fun toying with the idea. Pitting one's self against an unknown force whets our appetite for competition. It's an excuse for the bad luck that befalls us since that same luck is usually our own negligence. Sometimes when we pretend 13 is our lucky number it lends backbone to our bravery and, like the man who whistles when walking in the dark woods, we can brag about how unsuperstitious we are. When we hear our companions complain that "Superstition is nothing but sheer ignorance," we pretend not to put any faith in ill omens less they consider us in the ignorant class.

### Whistling in the Dark

There are two reasons why that number 13 on the front page doesn't even haze us. First—13 has always been good to us. It was on the double 13th day of November, 1940, that final arrangements for publishing of this newspaper and the election of its staff took place. There were 13 good men and true on the original staff. Since its first issue "Wing's Abroad" Office has been in Barrack Block 83, N.C.O. 13. But then it would be ignorance to appear to have any faith in 13.

### Real Reason for Appreciation of 13

Second motif for bliss at Vol. 13 being on the front page is—that it marks the passing of the 12th issue and the 12th issue marked the first half year of "Wing's Abroad's" existence. The first half year is the hardest, they say. Once over the first half year of its journalistic journey it is generally taken for granted that a sheet has established itself with its readers and created a permanent market for itself.

### So Long Yet So Short

Half a year. It seems like yesterday that the motions making "Wing's Abroad" an established fact were made and carried. Six months of bi-monthly publishing under voluntary effort and some of the toughest conditions possible. It doesn't seem that long.

One hundred and eighty days. A little two by four sheet has expanded and extended its sphere of influence, spread its wings to include two additional squadrons—they passed too quickly.

4,320 hours. Enough time for mails to cross and re-cross the Atlantic and for "Wings Abroad" to see itself reflected in the comment and criticism of those 15-20,000 relatives and friends back home who are such rabid readers and who re-live each word contained with the mental picture and unspoken whisper "that's my boy." They felt your presence in every word.

Six months. It's not so long when you say it fast. Perhaps, mesmerized with the pace of war, we do not realize how quickly the moments mount into months and slip by without any apparent mark or monument to note their passing. They seemed to have fluttered by like the idle butterfly.

### There'll Come a Day

Vol. 1, No. 12, passed by, Vol. 1, No. 13, on the deck, and Vol. 1, No. 14, coming up. Hang on, fellas. Another short span like that and it will be Vol. 2, No. 1, and a second year will start the numbers tallying toward 24 again.

But—let each and every man lend his shoulder to the wheel in that effort which will ultimately find Vol. — No. — breaking out in all the 48 point type of a five-star final, marking the end of this war and all that this war is and the early arrival home of every overseas Canadian.

Speaking of that supposedly unlucky number thirteen, no one seems to be affected by the fact that they walk up thirteen steps to reach the second floor of all the M.Q. buildings and every one in the squadron does that at least once a day.

## Our Strange World

By the Traveller, 401 Squadron.

Aboard the S.S. Tyderious, year 1938. Off the port bow lies the island of Formosa, where an ultra modern Japanese city is built on the fringe of an almost prehistoric jungle. Natives inhabiting the jungle do not believe in clothes, not even a loin cloth, their only adornment is a square wicker basket weaved about their heads. Their one consuming ambition is the collection of human heads.

The Japanese High Command have resorted to every modern method of war unsuccessfully in humbling these unconquerable natives. A forty foot electric fence, charged with electricity and protected with concrete machine-gun posts every two hundred yards, has failed to restrain these walking bread-baskets from regularly breaking through, raiding the modern city and leaving a few headless Japanese civilians as a calling card. Truly strange, it is one last jungle stronghold that persists in resisting the advance of civilisation.

## Stealing Our Stuff

No better compliment can be paid than that one be copied. "Wings Abroad" has been quoted, if not verbatim, then in substance, by more than one Press Association newsplugger on many occasions in dailies back home. We consider it a compliment. They get their intimate news items of this squadron's affairs and everyone is happy. The "Fingal Observer" is a comparatively new sheet that has started up in the station commanded by our former Wing Commander Van Vliet. They, too, have started an "Orchids To—" column. Thanks, F.O. At this rate we will soon be able to land that most coveted of all newspaper slogans, "Most Quoted ———."

Then there is the prospective "Wings Abroad" subscriber who wants to toss us on a six months three shilling subscription for double or nothing.

The answer is "No."

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