



Vol. I. No. 14

30th JUNE, 1941

3d. PER COPY



The R.C.A.F. extend
through the medium of
"Wings Abroad"
Birthday Greetings and
an Assurance of Loyalty
to His Majesty
King George VI.

LONG MAY
HE REIGN

Financial Statement

of "Wings Abroad" for the first six months of publication, December 15th to May 31st inclusive. Editions 1 to 12

Circulation

Total paid circulation	11,072
Number of complimentary copies	480
Promotional and mutilated copies	60
Unsold copies	404
Debts or copies collectable from distributing agent	144
Total press run	12,160

Revenue

Received from paid circulation 11,072 copies at 3d.—
£138 8s.

DEBTS CONTRACTED.

	£	s.	d.
Printer's costs, 12,160 copies	119	15	0
Cuts, blocks or pictures	11	3	9
Office equipment	1	6	0
Stamps		5	0
Paper purchased to cover editions until licence became effective	1	15	6
Total	£134	5	3

Profit

	£	s.	d.
Revenue	138	8	0
Debts paid	134	5	3
Credit balance	4	2	9
Plus debt collectable on 144 copies	1	16	0
Total assets	£5	18	9

Future Liabilities

	£	s.	d.
Paid in advance subscriptions amounting to 5,104 copies at 3d. per copy	63	16	0
Credit balance	4	2	9
Total	£67	18	9

The above sum of £67 18s. 9d. has been deposited with the local branch of Lloyds Bank.

The above figures of "profit" include a donation of ten dollars from the Women's Association of Toronto. This ten dollars came at a time when the paper had gone £14 into the red side of the ledger on the special edition of February 25th, when the quality of paper was changed to a special heavy coated stock. For this same issue most of the costs detailed above under the heading of "cuts" were incurred with the featuring of the squadron in photos published. Hundreds of copies were given away free at the banquet. Receipts on this particular issue only amounted to the cash sales plus the paid in advance subscriptions. The ten dollars donated by our Women's Auxiliary and further financial assistance from F/Lieut. MacNeil, the padre, and profits from the most recent editions eliminated this loss and a few small shortages on some of the first issues.

DISTRIBUTION OR ABSORPTION OF FUTURE PROFITS.

The question probably has arisen in the minds of many subscribers as to where, or to whom, the profits go. The figures contained in this issue will answer up to the present. Now the unasked query will be, "What is to become of all future possible profits?"

Here is your answer.

Profits will be turned back into the paper as much as is possible. This action may take the form of Snap Shot, Best Short Story or Best Fortnightly Letter Home contests. Or we might make special cuts or pictures as you would call them, of our own units in action for appearance in the paper.

PROBLEM OF PUTTING THIS PUBLICATION ON A PAYING BASIS.

Number of Copies.	Printer's charges.	Revenue yield at 3d. per copy.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
400	9 0 0	5 0 0
600	9 15 0	7 10 0
800	10 0 0	10 0 0
900	10 10 0	11 5 0
1,000.	11 0 0	12 10 0

These figures give you a picture of just how small the profits can be on a gross sale of £138. Recent editions have run around 1,000 sold copies plus an average of 40 complimentary copies.

POLICY.

It has never been the intention of the newspaper staff to put "Wings Abroad" on a profit-making highly commercial basis. To date we have given everything back to the readers in quality paper and printing. The financial policy has been to make the paper independent of outside patronage or donations. This was impossible in the first editions until the circulation yield reached a point above cost of production. Evolving ways and means by which this point of perfection could be attained was the subject of a few grey hairs on the part of the staff. To make it pay without reducing the quality and still maintain variety and reader interest with improvements has been only a part of many obstacles.

BRIGHT FUTURE.

Now the main difficulties of establishing a permanent business basis for "Wings Abroad" have been overcome.

The circulation has reached and passed the cost line. There is good evidence that a credit balance of two pounds should be realized on every future edition.

LIABILITIES OR FUTURE SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE FULFILLED IRREGARDLESS.

There is one supposition that has been uppermost in every reader's mind of late, and that is "Should the Squadron break up to a point where publication and distribution became impossible—should we be removed to different parts of the world—or, in the event of sudden peace declaration and consequent dispersal of the subscribers—what happens to my subscription?"

Your answer—

Your paper, "Wings Abroad," will still appear, even if, in the event of peace, we are all on the Canadian side of the water. All those who warn us of their new address, either by card or through their representative, are ensured of receiving their copies, no matter where they are posted.

To all you Fighting R.C.A.F. Personnel on R.A.F. Rates.

The popular (?) topic of conversation in the ranks of the R.C.A.F. Squadrons overseas (H.Q. excluded) these balmy days seems to centre around the change-over to R.A.F. rates of Pay and Allowances. After all, it is generally agreed, from the A.O.C. down to Johnny A.C.2, that "pay" is a mighty and highly important item in the Service, and the thing which we look forward to with a greater devotion than anything else, probably.

This treatise may be treated as a debate, and for want of a better subject, let us entitle it "Resolved that the rates in effect subsequent to 1 May, 41, will ultimately be more beneficial than the former rates."

Firstly:—

What are the benefits in drawing R.A.F. rates?

(1) Airmen now draw the same amount of pay in the same R.A.F. trade irrespective of R.C.A.F. grouping (with some exceptions), which may or may not, eliminate "caste" distinction.

(2) Travelling Allowances, though in less amounts, are paid in cash within one week of being submitted, whereas there was an expectant wait (with enquiries at the Pay Office in the interim) of several weeks or months, before the Canadian Treasury cheques arrived.

(3) The additional 2s. 10d. per diem issued to airmen to cover rations in lieu when on leave is an emolument not drawn under R.C.A.F. rates.

(4) And not to be overlooked, there is the buckshee hair-cutting allowance of 4s. per quarter, and who hasn't noticed the trim heads of Canucks around the Campus since 1 May?

(5) The issue of pay to the nearest two shillings creates a more comfortable feeling than the former payment to the nearest ten shillings, and what is more, there are now twenty-six pay days a year, two more than formerly.

For rebuttal, these points can be noted:—

(1) Airmen who are married, or who have "other dependants," are having a compulsory allotment deducted from their R.A.F. pay, which may be assigned or held as deferred pay. This may be in the nature of a "penalty," depending on the light in which it is looked on.

(2) Airmen who now are issued with less pay than formerly, cannot make money go so far as their R.A.F. brothers who have homes or relatives to depend upon when going on leave.

Airmen are experiencing great difficulty in calculating their issue of pay (assignment and/or deferred) now that the ledgers and figures are kept in sterling amounts, since every airman would need to possess a conversion table to understand what the sterling amounts represent, when converted to Canadian currency.

(4) Moreover, although it is considered a privilege to be enlisted in one of the three All-Canadian Squadrons overseas, why should we expect to be treated differently in so far as pay is concerned, than the "Composite" Canadian Squadrons, or the B.C.A.T.P. trainees who are absorbed in the R.A.F.?

What were the benefits from the R.C.A.F. rates:—

(1) The average single airman was able to draw more pay than at present, and therefore could save against an emergency.

(2) Airmen were able to calculate their pay (assigned and/or deferred) since the old familiar dollar and cents were official tender.

In rebuttal:—

(1) Payments were made to the nearest ten shillings only, and twenty-four pay days a year only was the rule.

(2) The higher amounts drawn led to careless spending and non-appreciation of the value of money.

In Retrospect

It must be pointed out that the original earned pay credited by the Canadian Treasury Office remains the same, and the new scheme has caused a new distribution of total credits. Many will say that the pecuniary benefits are now less, but the resultant savings are bound to help the individual in the long run.

Let us look ahead to the happy days to come when we have achieved Victory—every red-blooded man will want to celebrate this Victory, to enjoy the first leave at home, and perhaps to set up a happy home or a new business in a peaceful land—the money that is now being saved by assignment and/or deferment (plus interest) will facilitate any of these various enterprises no end, and it will be with satisfaction that you will review the present hardships (?) of pay.

We cannot overlook the many cases of suffering and hardship of overseas men at the termination of the last struggle, due to lack of funds to carry on with, and we must learn a fruitful lesson from this sad condition and carry on with fresh vigour after this "show" is completed. Having an amount of savings will aid everyone to a better end.

In closing, it is requested that the two plans be weighed carefully before formulating opinions, and an honest view be taken before criticizing the action which the Government of Canada has decided to take on behalf of the Canadian Squadrons overseas.

Just remember that "There'll always be an England"—and "A Canada."

Afterthought.

You men who have grievances might consider the poor, overworked and emaciated Accounts Section, which has had to bear up against the brunt of this latest attack. The point of paramount importance to remember is, that temporary duty, attachment on courses of instruction, postings to R.A.F. units, etc., are greatly facilitated, now that the present system is in effect.

Capt. F. N. Cann, 400 Squadron Pay Office.

"Until a world is established where little children can play in safety, where men and women can work in dignity and honour, and old men and women can face the sunset with peace in their hearts, we and our brothers will never quit."

Air Marshal William A. Bishop.

"To-day the Air Training Plan appears like a cloud as small as a man's hand on the horizon. But it will come to pass that the heavens will be black with that cloud, and its great rain will destroy the Nazi enemies of men's liberty and progress."

Hon. Malcolm Macdonald, British High Commissioner.

According to post cards received:—

The Isle of Wight contains Needles you can't thread, Cows you can't milk, Freshwater you can't drink, Newport you can't bottle, a Lake you can motor on and a Ryde where you have to walk.

First Corpl. : "Well, why didn't you stick up for me in that argument?"

Second Corpl. : "I did, didn't I? He said you weren't fit to lie down with a pig and I told him you were."

George Dykes.—"You're a better man than I am, Gordon's Gin."

Did You Know that—

A Polish Armed Force has been formed in Canada for ultimate service overseas.

In the last war there were 560,000 Canadians in uniform. Canadians want to repeat the number for World War 2, but must take into account the enormous mechanization and diversification of war industries which automatically effects the army personnel required.

Britain made a world record in wheat purchasing when they bought 120,000,000 bushels on the Winnipeg market.

The Toronto Evening Telegram has sent a total of £165,000 to the Lord Mayor of London's Air Raid Distress Fund.

The Canadian Forestry Corps, working in Scotland, is felling, trimming, hauling and milling 200,000 board feet of lumber a day. Modern methods and Canadian-built portable equipment are used. "The Scots around these parts are amazed at the speed and despatch with which we handle large timber tracts," says their commander. Average time on a 150 foot, 4 foot base pine for three men is—topping and falling, 15 minutes. Trimming and chaining for hauling, 15 minutes. So they amaze the Scots. Well, well. We think they would astound and confound the Southern Englishman with their "speed and despatch" of tackling and finishing the job.

Airmen of the No. 3 Initial Training School of the Empire Air Training Scheme in Canada hear talks of bombing, gunnery, gas attacks and kindred subjects from the pulpit. The school has taken over a monastic institution in Victoriaville, Quebec, and the lecture hall comprises what was once the chapel of the Sacred Heart College.

Gross value of commodities produced on Canadian farms in 1940 estimated by Dominion Bureau of Statistics at approximately £274,600,000.

Wood is regaining its position in importance as a material for aircraft construction.

A £1,750,000 plant for the manufacture of aeroplane machine guns is to be established in Ontario. It will be wholly owned by the Crown.

Ninety-three per cent. of Canada's cheddar cheese production has been ear-marked for export to Great Britain.

We are indebted to Jimmy E. P. Duval for the following poetical masterpiece:—

POME.

The spring is sprung,
The grass is riz,
I wonder where the boidies is?
Some say the boids is on the wing.
Now ain't that absoid?
I always hoid
The wings wuz on the boid.

Johnny Nisbet was travelling to Glasgow, and on the way he felt thirsty, so he took out his bottle and drew the cork. Just as he was about to take a taste, a fellow passenger addressed him: "Excuse me, sir, but I am sixty-five years of age and have never tasted a drop of whisky!" "Dinna worry yersel'," replied Johnny. "Yer no' gaun to start noo."

Snapshot Contest**Candid Snap Shot****Contest Under Way****Here are the Rules**

1. This contest is open to all members of the Squadron except the Judges, the Committee and the Photo Section.
2. A print (any size) is all that is necessary. The winners will be required to show proof of ownership, such as the negative.
3. The entry prints must be submitted in an envelope on which must appear the owner's name, number and rank. Prints themselves must have no identity marks whatsoever.
4. The entry fee will be one shilling, for which you will be allowed to submit two prints, each of a different subject.
5. The subject of **this** contest will be any snap where a person or persons are the centre of interest, i.e., **Candid shots.**
6. All entries must be submitted by **July 10th.** Entries will be received in the Club Room at Barrack Block 83.
7. The decision of the judges will be final. Names of the judges will be published after the contest.

SUGGESTIONS.

1. If a negative should be enclosed with your print, allowance will be made for a poorly finished print.
2. If you consider that a part of your print would look better than the whole, mark off the section of it that is not wanted.
3. Save your pictorial or scenic shots for next month's contest.

You have until July 10th to get your candid snaps in the contest.

See Scotty Barnes or Harry King about your candid snap shot entry for this month's contest.

The Sixth Column

Some of these English cars are built with seats slung so low that every time I see a pebble on the road I involuntarily lift my posterior out of the way.

The wife said the mice were making so much noise on the floor above the other nite it sounded like an R.A.F. Squadron on the march.—All together—three at a time!

Corpl. (Blitz) Bullman has returned to the fold. Just off his course—and I DO mean off his course.

Corpl. Angell "smiled" the other day. It was amazing—the expression on his face! Like a lighthouse—on the dark side.

We're going to get a couple of pals for "Alfie" to take all the spare rides he misses. The misses are no fault of his.

Harold Thrift, 400 Squadron....

A dilapidated airman, his clothing in rags, a shoe-missing, his head bandaged and his arm in a sling, was heard to mutter to himself as he shambled away, "I love my country, I'd die for my country. But if ever this damn war is over I'll never love another country!"

—Stephen Leacock in New York Times Magazine.

Shutterbugs.

Exposure Control is Effected by

1. Diameter of aperture—

- known also as the "diaphragm" or "stop."
- relation to the camera is the same as the pupil to the eye.
- indicated on most cameras by an adjustable pointer opposite to set scale.
- in this case it consists of a series of thin overlapping leaves, forming a circle, or "iris."
- in a box camera it is usually a lever in which are cut out circles of different sizes.
- where a scale is marked with "f" numbers, i.e., f.4.5, 5.6, 6.3, 8, 11, 16—the lowest number is the largest aperture.
- the "speed" of a lens (or camera) is known by its lowest aperture number, as f.4.5 is in the above scale.

This has no bearing on—

2. Speed of the Shutter—

- in box cameras it is usually a flat disc or shield with a fixed speed marked as "I" (instantaneous) or 1/25th second.
- in some cases it may be a blind or a roller with a fixed slot moving in front of the film, known as a focal plane shutter.
- the most common shutter is the leaf type, with several sections forming a complete shield such as the "Compur" shutter.
- depending on the type, speeds will vary from one second to 1/1,000th second.

In Practice—

- learn to simplify the snapshot routine.
- stick to one type of film that you will know offhand.
- keep the shutter set at one speed not slower than 1/25th second (unless extra speed is necessary).
- do your adjusting to the strength of light by means of the aperture.

An example—

- assuming that you know that with your type of film and a set speed of 1/25th, that the aperture on a sunny day should be f.16. When the sky becomes slightly hazy, then open up to f.11. If cloudy, then use f.8, if dull f.6.3. A simple thing about aperture markings is that each lower "f number" is twice as fast as the next higher one.

Pressure of war adds impetus to inventive genius.

Vince Meredith creates new laundry method. Washes his laundry in bath tub with rubber boots on.

Formulae:—

1. Pour four inches hot soapy water into tub.
2. Drop in dirty clothes.
3. Put on rubber boots.
4. Get into rubber boots.
5. Stamp clothes thoroughly.

Result:—"Better than any housewife," says Vince.

We don't mind the promulgation of new ideas on how to win the war in any situation, no matter how much it interferes with us personally—but when the cooks attempt the creation of a new, double-resistance armour plating, and try it out on us in the form of pie pastry, we draw the line.

The following notice from a farmer living near 401 and 402 Squadrons has been submitted to "Wings Abroad":—

"Anyone found near my chicken-house at night will be found there next morning."

"B" Flight, 402 Squadron

What a lovely day it is as I write this column—one of those rare days that three in a row make an English summer. The scenery is beautiful, only it's marred by being able to see "A" Flight in the distance—although, give them their due, they are at least clean, now that bath parade is compulsory.

Nobody in our squadron can now claim the proud title of A.C.2. Yes, we have no one to look up to now that Ken Warren has joined the ranks as an ordinary L.A.C. I wonder when "Hutch" will lose that "I knew I could do it look" he has assumed.

They say listening to bomb stories is boring, but just get involved with a married man in this squadron and listen to him rave about the qualities of his wife and kids. Take Jimmie Smeaton, he says he has the prettiest wife in the world—but then they all say that. Alf Johnson claims wedded bliss is all that could be desired. Newcombe, the Bluenose, claims his is the best cook (I will agree with you, Newky, if you will share one of those many parcels you get with me). The birds who are engaged are worse—just take a look at Honest Bill Copley's calf-like look when talking about settling down in married bliss when this Big, Bad War is over. Two up. Better make them doubles. I'm in the mood.

When our good friend, John Venne, bid us good-bye to return to 400 Squadron, those tears in his eyes puzzled us. Was he sad or overcome with joy at no more early morning readiness?

Tiny Moffatt and Jughead Cooper copped the first 48 hour pass for the cleanest aircraft ("O" for onion) in the flight. (I told you it wasn't a garlic smell.) This feat was accomplished despite stiff competition from ("N" for nuts) Brim and Archambault, who are also (—), not forgetting ("S" for sugar) "Cowboy" Roach and "Smilin'" Mac, who are just as sweet. (Very subtle satire.)

"Hank" Godby, remembering Tom Sawyer, pulled the same technique on Stewy and ended up with a fully painted "T" for topping. (It does a lot of ground running. Get it, boys?)

How much longer will I get away with this sort of stuff? The needle, Watson!

Fred McCormick, 402 Squadron.

Intimate notes on D.F.C. reveals He did it the hard way.

Don Selkirk sent a May 31st issue of "Wings Abroad" to a Canadian friend in uniform with another unit in Britain. Readers will remember that that issue listed a number of Canadians, serving with the R.A.F. and the R.C.A.F., who have received the D.F.C.

Don and his correspondent are both from the Sioux Lookout district. The fact that F/Lieut. L. E. Ellis, quoted as having received the coveted award, also came from that territory excited some comment in the reply Don received.

"Thanks a thousand for your letter and many thanks for the delightful little publication, which I notice is Canadian enough to poke fun at anything and everything within reach. I was glad to learn that Laurie Ellis has been honoured. I have known him since he was twelve. He built his own 'plane when he was 14 and used to lift it about six feet off the lake and go like h—l for about 20 miles and then come back. He had a motor cycle engine in it and a prop he built himself. He's an awfully fine boy, Don. He got his flying training down at Curtiss school in California and worked for six months as a greaseball after he had finished just for the experience. When he came back (1933) he tried for the R.C.A.F., but expansion was out of the question that year. In 1934 he came over here to the R.A.F. and started in right at the bottom."



Odds n' Ends

by

The Idler

Printers' Ink as a Medicine

Printer's ink is saving more lives than any other single agency employed by the modern health workers.

Printer's ink is the essential liquor of democracy

All the manipulations of privileges dread it. It is poison to the tyrant of the old world and the boss of the new.

It is the "Sine Qua Non" of liberty. Liberty to human souls is what light is to human bodies.

Where there is no liberty there is darkness. Where there is darkness there is disease.

It is printer's ink that has scared the food fakers. Only at a good round of printer's ink will the vile, carrion flock of unclean birds that fatten on human credulity and ignorance take flight, they that sell the plaster of paris for bread, carpenter's glue for candy, and God knows what vileness for fish, flesh and fowl.

Printer's ink has prevented more tuberculosis than all the doctors have cured. It has spread right ideas of sanitation, upset old mildewed superstitions, opened windows, lured people outdoors, flooded fearsome brains with truth and despairing hearts with hope.

It has built hospitals and supports them. It has prevented epidemics, driven hush-mouthed authorities to activity in remedial measures of cleansing.

Cholera and smallpox were conquered by it; malaria and yellow fever flee before it.

It is all well enough to give an individual Epsom salts or calomel, but what the public needs for what ails it is plenty of printer's ink.

What people need to know is the truth about health, about food and about simple living. The more truth they know the less drugs they will take, the less useless and harmful food they will eat, and the less they will run after crazy cure-alls and crazy fads.

The newspaper is the health of the state.

You may cure individuals of their ills in the privacy of the sick room, but to cure the public of its ills you must get into the newspapers.

DAFFY DEFINITIONS.

Politician—One who stands for what he thinks the voters will fall for.

Political Bedfellows—Those who like the same bunk.

Bloc—A minority group often led by a blockhead.

Committee—A group of men who keep minutes and waste hours.

Good Speech—An address with a good beginning and a good ending, kept very close together.

Mugwump—A man sitting on a political fence with his mug on one side and his wump on the other.

Taxation—The art of picking the goose as to secure the greatest amount of feathers with the least amount of squawking.

Remittances to Overseas Troops.

Information on the remittance of money, both to and from Canada, might prove useful to any who are lucky enough to be in the money class. Incidentally, millionaires may note that the amount of each remittance is restricted by the Foreign Exchange Control Board. It's all part of the war effort.

Money can very readily be sent over here by our parents or wives, who need only apply to a Post Office or Bank. A special procedure facilitates the remittance of sterling funds to Canadians serving overseas. In urgent cases this can be done by cable, and by cabling both ways a man can have money in his pocket within six days.

In the rare case of a man wishing to reverse the procedure and remit to Canada, he should do so through a Bank or Post Office. The remittances may be mailed or cabled, but are restricted to purposes of "Family Assistance" only. Those having free balances in their pay books may remit by mail through their Paymaster. In all cases care must be taken to give a correct and clear address

Written by F/Lieut. Gavin L. Crede, R.C.A.F., at present on duty on the Canadian Atlantic Coast, is the following poem:—

"The Little Folk of London."

The Little Folk of London
Who throng her busy streets,
Whose myriad heart is London's heart
That still undaunted beats,
The Little Folk of London,
The tyrant's worst defy—

The Little Folk of London,
Unfrightened Folk of London,
The steadfast Folk of London
Whose valor cannot die!

The Little Folk of London,
Of all but Courage shorn,
Who stand beside their bomb-rent homes
And laugh the Hun to scorn,
The Little Folk of London
No hero's laurels don—

The Little Folk of London,
Devoted Folk of London,
The humble folk of London
Like heroes carry on!

The Little Folk of London
Shall play a mighty role
In History's account of Man's
Unconquerable Soul.
The Little Folk of London
The Lion's counterpart—
The Little Folk of London,
Immortal Folk of London,
God bless the Folk of London
Who show us Britain's Heart!

Must We Mention Mustard

"Mustard has an almost endless number of strange uses.

1. Keeps mice away.
2. Stimulates egg production in poultry.
3. Keeps pests off the garden.
4. Cleans sink drains.
5. Two ounces stop a car radiator leak.
6. Removes ink stains.
7. Good for dogs with distemper.
8. In paste form will clean silver.
9. In paste form will keep loose tiles in place."

Tit-Bits, London.

401 Squadron, R.C.A.F.,

Somewhere in England

June 7th, 41.

Mr. Editor,

Would you kindly forward the following letter, through the *Last Post*, to Eddie Lewis, formerly of this Squadron.

Dear Ed,

When they told us the news about you going away we didn't believe it, because there were so many rumours going around about transfers and things.

We just wanted to let you know that we miss you and to ask you to give our regards to the others whom you may meet at your new station, the ones who were part of this outfit once but whom the cards decided should leave.

Not much else to say now, Ed. . . . We hope we'll be in your squadron when our turn comes.

Your hair was black, like the beard on your chin,

But what we all liked was your happy grin,

And though you're gone, we won't forget,

For that smile of yours is with us yet.

So long for now.

ALL THE GANG.

Rookies Review of 401 Maintenance

Well, here we are in England at last—the realization of dreams and hopes of many young airmen come true. We like it fine. We asked for it. We can't seem to realize why you Old-Timers say, now that we've got, we're stuck with it.

The northern Canada weather seems to have us stumped. Seems to us we'd rather have good old Sault Ste Marie at forty below in our b.v.d.'s than England in the spring at twenty above in our woollen issue.

One can occasionally hear "Gunner" Rhul muttering to himself, "I missed the summer around these parts because I went on a seven day leave."

Then there's that proud new father in our ranks—J. C. Vincent, late of Picton, Ontario. He hasn't seen the baby yet, but he has the profession already chosen for the boy. Hi, Doc!

You will recognize us Rookies by that great REAL outdoor look; that lift, swing, energy and eagerness in every move we make; that satisfied expression reserved for those who have recently dug their teeth into a thick, rare, juicy, full-plate-size steak with onions and buttered, roasted potatoes, etc.

If, however, you Old-Timers have become a little blind with the passing of your many years overseas you can rely on your sense of smell to distinguish the Rookies from the Rabble, for there is that subtle fragrance of sweet, scented pine and spruce—that essence of a beloved Canada left behind not so very long ago—around every Rookie.

Perhaps, Old-Timer, you've lost both your sense of sight and smell after such a long sojourn in this country. In that case you can rely on the following expressions for recognition of a Rookie.

"This isn't how they did it on the Harvards."—Frankie Williams.

"Who's got a match?"—Noel Workman.

"Time's a'wastin'."—J. Chipman.

"That ain't what they told us on our course."—Any Rookie.

Well, Old-Timer, if you can't identify us by any of those methods, then we Rookies advise you to get a medical boarding, for with sight, smell and hearing gone you must be dead.

"Poky" Giguere, 401 Maintenance Flight.

"B" Flight, 401 Squadron

Well, well, once again "B" Flight beats "A" Flight to the draw by being the first Flight to have a column in "Wings Abroad."

There has been quite a shake up in the Flights recently. What with "B" Flight personnel being posted to "A" Flight and vice versa, one doesn't know who to rib these days, but one thing is certain, and that is that Corpl. Bamford, Corpl. Knott and Sergt. Fraser were sent to "A" Flight to show them what rigging and fitting really means. Even now we can see a slight improvement in their serviceability.

Many of us are wondering what is on Walter Kornack's mind these days. He is wandering around saying nothing and doing less. Only the other noon hour he was seen marching smartly to the mess, eating irons in one hand and an alarm clock in the other. What's a matter, Wally, is it Dispersalitis?

We would like to wish F/Sergt. Allen bon voyage on his recent repatriation home. He leaves behind many friends, and his jokes and puns, though corny they were, will be greatly missed. So, John, we all join in wishing you the best of luck in your new station.

Our two Gold Dust Twins (Service Police) were busy the other morning asking questions as to who pulled up their tent pegs in the wee hours of the morning. We doubt very much if they have any clues. We wonder who it could have been, or do we?

We would all like to hear the story of Harry Culver's store teeth. For the first few days after he had them installed he was flashing everybody a true-bite smile, then, along came pay day, Harry got all spruced up and stepped out and that was the last we saw of his Ipana smile until the other morning at breakfast, when he came in smiling and took a great load off our minds. Now we are puzzled as to where they were. Maybe he will tell us through this column.

Our cooks are getting plenty of praise these days, and believe it or not, there hasn't been a complaint since our arrival at this new station. Keep up the good work, boys.

"Sweeney," 401 Squadron.

ALFIE AGAIN

Three more airmen lay claim to Alfie as foster-fathers. "Pop" Roman bought condensed milk for him while he convalesced in one of the flight huts, while it appears that Jim Drake's first aid field dressing was the original bandage that bound up his wounds. Then along comes Larry Wheeler with the announcement that he brought Alfie home with him from a nearby town and had him in the Service Police guardroom for several weeks as his own.

Alfie seems to give the best answer to the ownership argument himself.

He adopted the squadron, we didn't adopt him. His apparent distaste for the Army, and particularly for civvies, and his recognition and patronage of 400 Squadron vehicles only has proven his unquestionable loyalty. In the same way Alfie has adopted his own fathers—the M.T. Section. Wherever there is an M.T. vehicle on the move you will find Alfie, and, since possession is nine points of the law, it seems the dog now belongs to the M.T. Section by his own choice. If any other section thinks they can wean him away from his love of riding in trucks they are welcome to try.

MARRIAGE.

Botting—King

Alden Joseph, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Botting, of 10619 St. Hubert Street, Montreal, to Miss Joy Angela, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. King, of Reading, Berks., at St. Peter's Anglican Church on Saturday, June 21st, 1941.

Pay Day Hullabaloo

It usually starts about 10 a.m., just after C.O.'s inspection. They arrive at No. 2 Hangar from every corner of the camp. Men with bright, gleaming faces; men wearing doubtful expressions; cooks, fitters, riggers, clerks, wireless ops.; all trades are represented and all the boys have one thought in mind—money!

The cooks are first to experience the pleasant event. Then come W.O.'s, followed by senior N.C.O.'s and corporals. Aircraftmen, who are last, line up in alphabetical order. Poor old Zabitauski (have you ever seen his anxious look around 12 o'clock?).

You ask someone, "How much did you get?" "I was robbed," comes the reply. "Two pounds. They can't do this to me!"

Over in the corner is a sorrowful sight. L.A.C. So-and-So, who has just returned from seven days' leave, clings desperately to a ten shilling note. Of course there are a few happy faces—very few.

Some, who (in their anxiety to get hold of a few greenbacks again) were unfortunate enough to forget a salute on the way out of the pay office, must pay the supreme penalty—pack drill every night on the parade square.

Then there is the man who, after being continually hounded for weeks by his debtors, finally gets rid of them and also his pay.

On the way back to barracks from the mess at dinner time one is greeted by a great conglomeration of shouts, "Shoot the 10" or "Got ya covered" or "Come on bones, how many days in the week?" Your curiosity (or maybe temptation) gets the better of you and you plunge blindly through the door. The air is dense with smoke. In the centre of the room is a blanket covered table, completely enveloped by men. It is useless to indulge.—Too crowded. Your will power never has the upper hand.

As the afternoon drags slowly by, airmen everywhere plan the night's enjoyment.

Those on night duty plead with their Flight Sergeants for a pass. Their appeals are fruitless and, with a curse on their lips, they sulk away.

After supper, a quick shave, a shower, into the No. 1's and a mad dash for the 6.30 bus to ————. From then on the majority try to outdo each other in the art of spending money. It's a "field day" for shop-keepers, pub-owners and dance-hall managers, etc.

And so, with the whoops and shouts of the last few stragglers into camp still ringing in your ears, you are lost in peaceful slumber.

Another great day in the life of an airman has come and gone, but the next one is only two weeks off.

W. J. Hancox, 400 Squadron.

We understand that, since the scheme, back-slapping has had to be discontinued as weather conditions brought out the Red-Skin strains of all the Pale-Faces.

"Tombstone" La Rocque came across with this little item before he left the Squadron's fold. It seems J.P. was flying in a Blenheim; the air got rough, bumpy, and finally jolty. When concussion ceased J.P. opened up the hatch and found himself gazing at an imposing row of monuments. Hearing no trumpet call, although he expected any moment to be handed a pair of wings by a diaphanously clothed angel, J.P. stepped out and realized that due to interference on the airport the pilot had landed square in a cemetery. That's the closest J.P. ever came to playing the harp in a celestial orchestra, and he wants this as a written record of the tale he'll spring on his friends when he goes back home.

Distress

The sun sets in the glowing west,
The stars are wont to shine,
The clouds may lift at dawn of day,
What hopes are yours, are mine.

I'll drift in dreams through idle hours,
Let fate weave her strange design,
Let every hour, a waiting hour,
Bring true those dreams of mine.

Idle hours may pass me by
In mending shattered dreams
Of many of those happy hours
'Neath woodland glades, near streams.

If friends have turned away
To justify their personalities,
There are others to replace
Their indifferent infidelities.

Strange truths oft' turn to fiction now,
Strange words of hate appear;
The light shows indifferent friction now
When friendship's needed here.

Though facts do weave a weary tale
Let fiction rove at will;
Who may command the powers that be
And bade them to stand still?

Though every hope be dashed to earth,
And every right turned wrong;
Tho' aches may burn within the heart
The lips shall sing a song.

Weary with such thoughts as these,
Of anguish and of hate,
I'll only rest to try again,
By God I'll not lose faith.

J. Maier, 400 Squadron.

"Wings Abroad"

Est. Dec 15, 1940.

Published bi-monthly "Somewhere in England."

Official Organ 400 Squadron R.C.A.F. Overseas.

Address correspondence to:—

"Wings Abroad," 400 Canadian Squadron, Royal Canadian Air Force Overseas.

Letters posted in England: c/o Canadian Base Post Office, Bournemouth, England.

K. J. C. THOMPSON, Editor in chief.

E. P. DUVAL, Secretary-Treasurer.

Flight Lieut. Rev. M. J. MacNEIL, Councillor.

400 Squadron

DALTON PRATT, Editor.

A. W. Barnes, Cir Manager, J. M. Lutes, Frank Miller,
W. Hancox, Lee Dawes, E. G. Steeves, J. R. Yeager,
G. Fortier.

401 Squadron

John Alexander, Editor, Fred Bröwer, Stan Lambert,
K. J. Carleton

402 Squadron

Pete Labranche, Editor, Chet Calcutt, Arn Robinson, Alf.
Carleton, W. McCaghren, S. Humphreys, Bill Bates,
Bob Leslie.