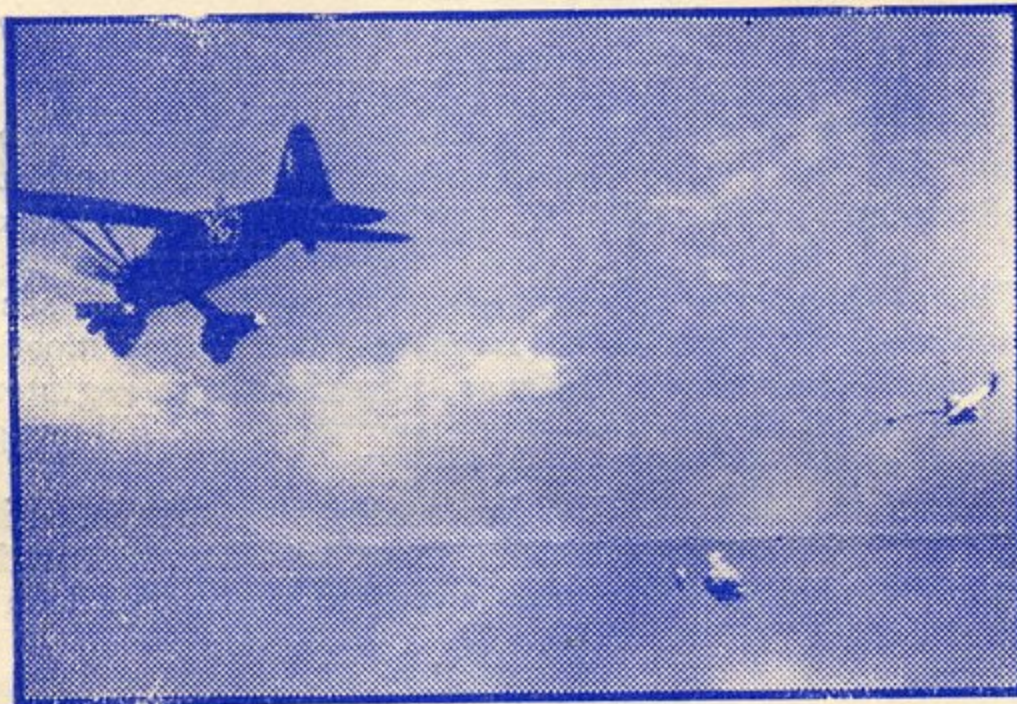




Vol. I. No. 15

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3d. PER COPY



## “ All Our Pilots are Safe ”

More picturesque fighter and bomber squadrons usually take it for granted that Lysanders of Army Co-Op. units are relegated to the back pages until the army and artillery are unleashed.

On the contrary, Army co-op. squadrons have proven to be one of Britain's most useful defensive weapons—calibration of A.A. guns, target towing, night fighting, photographic mosaics and development of wireless work has occupied the full time of all available personnel.

Army co-op. pilots have been behind many of the “ All Our Pilots are Safe ” headlines in the news.

The pilot at the left has just located a wet bomber crew and is dropping them a rubber boat, while in the photo below the rescued are safely inside and paddling the time away until a coast launch can pick them up.

*This page dedicated to the late F/O Peter Lochnan.*



*Photos by kind permission of the London Daily Mirror.*

*Our thanks to Mr. Cyril H. Oates, the art teacher, for the new banner.*

## VISCOUNT TRENCHARD'S VISIT POPULAR EVENT

On May 30th, 400 Squadron was honoured with a visit from Viscount Trenchard, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., D.S.O., D.C.L., LL.D., Marshal of the Royal Air Force.

Viscount Trenchard alighted from his 'plane at 1100 hours and was met by an escorting party led by Wing Commander MacKay.

After inspecting and talking with many of the members of the Guard of Honour and the Band drawn up on the tarmac, he made a most thorough inspection of the squadron at work and all the equipment used, and expressed a keen interest in all the values and characteristics of the ships on the field.

A formal assembly of all the personnel on the parade square was treated to a most democratic and informal chat. Interspersed with recollections of Canada and his connections with that country and the dry and grim wit of a veteran of many campaigns, the talk was one that won the immediate admiration and intense interest of all his listeners. In parting, he expressed his general satisfaction with everything connected with the squadron.

## Reading Room Provides Wide Variety Literature

400 Squadron is very fortunate in having some two hundred old Penguin books, a fair assortment of the better bound fiction and a good many Canadian daily newspapers with which to while away the dreary hours of inclement weather or off duty periods.

Browsing through the magazine section, we came across a June, 1909, edition of "Century." Almost as well preserved as the first day it came off the press, its advertisements offered a "hand-powered vacuum cleaner," a "Packard Laundulet or Phaeton," and, what to this country would be new and modern, a "central heating plant and hot water boiler." A news item proclaimed to all that "A locomobile ran lap after lap at over a mile a minute, thus withstanding a test under which only a perfect car design could survive"—you should see that design.

A July, 1910, edition of the famous Strand magazine contains an eight-page typically-clever futuristic story by H. G. Wells written in the first person singular and picturing himself as the first man in his locality to own and fly a 1912 model 'plane, a year in which hundreds of factories worked day and night unable to fulfil the orders of aircraft flyers. A sure cure inhalation for consumptives and a 30-day free trial for a Vacuum Cap which, if worn a few minutes each day, will obviate baldness, were two ads. in this journal.



*Calling All Pilots!*

**LOOK!**

*Do You Do it*

*This Way?*

## Wing Commander MacKay

### Proud Recipient of 'Plane Picture

Wing Commander MacKay is the proud owner of a large oil painting showing three of his fast 'planes streaking over a typically clouded English countryside.

Executed by Frank Wootton, the aircraft artist, the picture is one to gladden the heart of any air-minded man.

In a letter accompanying the painting, the artist extended his appreciation for the very pleasant time he had with the officers and men of 400 Squadron during his stay last April, and that the presentation of the canvas was a concrete expression resulting from his first association with an all-Canadian squadron.

## Canadian Parachutists

A good many of those mobile arsenal, fifth column, cold-blooded sabotage experts who wear the wing and distended canopy of the British Parachute Corps are Canadians.

"These Canadians are tough scrapping fellows," states their colonel. "They came from the Dominion, most of them around the start of the war, joined British regiments and then volunteered for this new service. I'll wager they rank with our best paratroops."

An English sergeant, who has made many leaps, said: "Some of my buddies are Canucks, but they're turning out to be daring jumpers and handy with our particular fighting tactics."

## 2 ups on Tennis Ladder

Although only a very few tennis racquets were available during the last week of perfect court weather, the tennis ladder has come in for some changing and one, B. Villeneuve, proved his ability to climb when he took Ken Langdon's 4th place, while Owen Hanson traded with Bruce Kennedy for 9th.

First ten standing on the rungs now are:—

1. JOHN IRVINE.
2. LARRY GOULET.
3. LARRY PURVIS.
4. B. VILLENEUVE.
5. KEN LANGDON.
6. J. J. COOK.
7. FRANK YOUNG.
8. T. A. B. BROWN.
9. OWEN HANSON.
10. BRUCE KENNEDY.

Two items in this issue of "Wings Abroad" carry the name "hun" and spell it with a small "h."

No. It is not a typographical error by the printer.

We have also written the words "skunk" and "pigpen" (and also some others) without capital letters.

Since all three have so much in common (they stink), we believe it would be unfair to the skunk and pig to put a capital "h" on hun. Moved, seconded and adopted into the policy of "Wings Abroad." July 1st, 1941.

## Trans-Atlantic Pilots—Unsung Heroes

"The greatest romance of modern flying, the greatest air story of all time, is being enacted before us, yet it goes almost unnoticed."—London Sunday Times.

**Astonishing achievements considered historic decade ago now considered matter of course.**

Every day a thin steady stream of up-to-the-minute bombers pours over the vast waters of the Atlantic to swell the ranks of Britain's night fighters and aggressors.

Ship by ship, they land—a simple entry is made in a ledger—and an unpretentious, unmedalled pilot closes his log book and strolls away to await the commercial liner that will return him to the western world for yet another 'plane.

### Time element reduced.

Turned out in California one day, a bomber may reach Montreal the next, arrive at Newfoundland the same evening, re-fuel and begin the last long leg of its journey and land on an English 'drome in as little as 7 hours and 40 minutes later.

### Once unimaginable feat now everyday fact.

Twenty-two years ago Alcock and Brown took off from almost the same site of that long last leg and made aviation history. Accomplished as it was, under all the difficulties and uncertainties of undeveloped aircraft and meagre meteorological services, and typical of the Briton's talent for pioneering, the flight made history.

To-day, pilots consider this assignment as all in the average day's work. They are none the less deserving of a great deal of credit and well worth a grand salute from every one of British blood. In as much as they literally hold the stick on the first leg of many of the bombing flights that now confound and subjugate the Hun, these pilots are front line war workers.

### Record speaks for itself.

No 'plane on the feed line of Britain's air power has ever been intercepted by the enemy.

Nor, thanks to the splendid navigation of these pilots, has any craft been lost for any other reason.

## The Sixth Column

A.C. Millson, on his 21st birthday. "To-day I yam a man" (nequin).

There's a rumour going around that we have a navy man in the squadron. How about it, "Admiral" Sherer? The last time you were late on parade it was with the excuse that the sinking of the "Bismarck" took a little longer than you had calculated. Who's the next victim of the enemy fleet?

"What's the idea of calling 'Alfie,' 'Swindler'?"

"Oh, just for fun. When I call him in the street, half the airmen in the squadron almost jump out of their skins."

They say the English are great for dropping their "Haitches," but the Germans are no slouches for dropping their "Hesses."

(Another —30—)

Harold Thrift, 400 Squadron.

## "B" Flight, 402 Squadron

Surrounded by such stalwart airmen as Brim, Roach, Sherman and Vanderpont waiting for "S" for Sugar to return, I am attempting to produce a column that has "it."

Glancing over to my left, well out of the way in the shade of a lovely tree, I see our three clock winders, Squeak, Stoney and Grahame, in conference. Imagine radio men with nothing to do all day but wind a clock every three hours trying to work out a "Modif" on the spring so that once a day will do the trick.

The first "D.I." after a P.30 or 60 hours has become a ticklish job, since "Toots," Duiguid's cat, was found in a wing. Boy! I'm glad he's afraid of horses.

Reading "Dandy" Marchant's answer in "Wings Abroad" of June 15th, a fellow can't help but notice the envy and jealousy that can be read between the lines. As for the nickname "Mothballs" McCormick, it is indeed flattering, as mothballs are useful and not many airmen of any "A" Flight can claim to be useful.

The M.T. "Bo ser" section comprising "Rube" McMaster, "Si" MacQueen, "Bing" Burden, "Hank" Wilson and "Hurry" Cain are now travelling in pairs. Why, I can only guess. Here's a couple of reasons of my own:—

1. One can always be awake.
2. Some one to talk to, as they used to get very lonely.
3. Misery loves company.

"Honest" Bill Copley says: "Never put off anything for to-morrow that you can do to-day, even if it is 11.55 p.m."

Lately "B" Flight decided it was time to move so we packed up and here we are plunked right down at—(Censored). Oh! I nearly forgot. "A" Flight and Maintenance tagged along.

Our new billets are private homes taken over by the Government and the best since Rockliffe, but you should hear the boys moan about the meals. "The Greeks had a word for it."

We are wondering how much red tape and wire pulling "Hutch" Hutchinson and Willy Doersam had to go through to get posted to "B" Flight.

Just back of our dispersal shack we have a club not a 100 yards away where a fellow can play tennis, lawn bowl, and get a pint of liquid refreshment for seven pence. We wear our black tie, but it is very informal.

Well, yours until we can wear any coloured tie that our little hearts desire.

Fred McCormick, 402 Squadron.

## Have you become a daddy since your arrival overseas?

Drop a card or letter to "Wings Abroad," giving the baby's name, weight at birth, birth date, town, and your own personal message to him or her. It will be published in "Wings Abroad."

401 Squadron see John Alexander, K. J. Carleton or Fred Brower.

402 Squadron see Bill McCaghren, "B" Flight, or Bill Bates, "A" Flight.

# Gifts to Canadian Troops on Active Service only and not for re-sale.

## Canadians May Loose Smokes

*Quote Press reports of June 29th.*

The Treasury has warned the Canadian military authorities that unless the re-sale of cigarettes and tobacco allowed to enter this country free of duty stops the concession may be withdrawn.

This was stated at a Southern court-martial recently.

### Guard that which you have lest you lose it

The duty free entry of Canadian cigarettes into Great Britain is purely a British courtesy and it is a concession that may be withdrawn at any time.

We believe that the Royal Canadian Air Force have been the least of the offenders in this "Bootlegging" of cigarettes. Guilty or not, all Canadian Forces overseas would be subject to the penalty of withdrawal of this priceless privilege. If you police against this sneaking practice of petty criminality you protect yourselves, for, should the policy permitting free entry be abolished, it is the whole masses of the Canadian overseas forces that will suffer and not the individuals who perpetuate this small-time, throat-cutting, dirty-deed-in-the-dark racketeering.

### Play Ball with Yourselves only

All of us, at one time or another, have reached a point where we had more cigarettes than money and were willing to part with a few packages to gain the necessary fee for an evening's amusement. There is nothing wrong with that if you do it the right way.

**Find a Canadian chap in your own unit who has the money you need and place the necessary number of packages with him as collateral on a loan.**

**Don't, under any circumstances, deal with civilians.**

This recent threat to the finest thing from home that can be had over here eliminates any possibility of even dealing with Britain's uniformed men.

### It's Your Baby. Nourish It.

You all know the queue. You've seen it all over England. Present circumstances prevalent in the English tobacco retailing trades have given birth to long lines of people standing for hours that they might purchase a few weeds, probably of a brand that you now turn your nose up at.

Civilians, smokeless for days on end, look on you with your wealth of fine Canadian brands, as lolling in the lap of luxury.

**You are!**

You've got them by the carton when money can't buy them.

See that you foster that privilege. Guard against the possibility of other Canadians peddling on the open market and you protect yourself and your own kind. When your fellow man is short on cash back him up with a loan on his cigarettes so that he may not be forced into going off the field and attempting to see how much he can get away with.

### It's Up to you

These words are published as a warning and not as a castigation. We know you have not practised "competition with the governmental revenues." This is merely an attempt to eliminate all possibilities.

In a country short of tobacco, your cigarettes come to you as priceless jewels, manna in the desert; like water to a quenchless thirst. A comfort you cannot forego. Don't abuse those gifts so graciously supplied by the folks at home. Don't transgress a concession so generously granted by both your own Government and that of the country you are in.

Above all—do as much as you possibly can to stop others from "bootlegging." It's a court-martial crime.

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"Wings Abroad" has long since become used to the scalping that papers back home give it. If news items, lifted whole, creep into the largest journals back home we don't mind. That's what we're here for. Now even Ripley does it in "Believe it or Not." How about a credit line, Rip.?

Pat Kilpatrick, the cook at M.Q. 50, would like the person or persons who took the frame of his bicycle from his back yard to call on him and he will give them the wheels.

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With all the tankers working in the Atlantic on full throttle for Britain, Canucks back home are experiencing a little "petrol" shortage of their own. Solution offered is a 60,000 barrel a day pipe-line from Portland, Maine, to Montreal.

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The Canadian Government asked its people for a war loan of 600,000,000 dollars—they got it—and an additional 200,000,000 bucks besides. Nice going, Maple Leaf.

## Rookie's Review of 401 Maintenance

Here we are in the third month with this new squadron and all the "Rookies" seem to just fit themselves into the various activities around here. The dances and softball field will find almost anyone you want to see.

The Maintenance softball team has just won the first league game from the M.T. Section, thanks to Anderson, McEwen, Deebank, Bower, Bradley, Leclair, Richardson, Kane, Sparks and Jones.

The boys gave such a creditable account of themselves that we figure on steam-rolling right through the squadron.

To those N.C.O.'s who have just flown the coop, we wish a happy landing and no wet feet. There used to be so many stripes around here that an airman with gravy on his cuff could pass as a W.O. But seriously, we Rookies miss their constructive criticism and good advice.

We just noticed Knowles going to bed early one evening this month. What's wrong?

Buschlin is really getting good with those perfectly balanced darts he received for his birthday, but it is still Jones who cleans up every second Friday.

*"Poky" Giguere, 401 Maintenance Flight.*

## Our Pets Don't get along together

Coupled with the news last week that Alfie and Egbert A.C.3 have yet to negotiate for peace terms comes the communique that Egbert A.C.3, the goat, wandered into the Wireless Section one day last week and was attacked in true Air Force style from above by Fatima, the section cat, who, defending her little kitten colony, leaped on Egbert's back and raked him with fore and aft claws. The enemy beat a hasty, blatant and disorganised retreat.

Dig up those old snaps and pick out a few to enter in the "Wings Abroad" Snap Shot contest.

Having to listen to well colored descriptions of what a beautiful "city" Regina is becomes rather boring. We pick on George Dykes' remark as the best release from the Dust Bowlers' monotonous ecstasies, "Dust storms in Regina? Say! The gophers down there burrow holes twenty feet up in the air."

## Snaps With Life and News Pay Well

Any member of the R.C.A.F. personnel taking a clear, newsworthy photo—preferably candid—something with plenty of punch and life—should drop a print to "Wings Abroad."

The photo, depending on merits, may appear in English newspapers (subject to censorship) and the taker will receive "Photographer's rates." It's a paying proposition.

## Singin' in the Rain

A.C. Jones, or was it Smith, got up the other morning feeling fit as a fiddle. The rain, pouring down on his window panes, made him broaden his smile.

"Oh, what a Godsend to the farmers," he murmured while drawing on his wet pants. "Surely the crops will fairly spring from the good earth," thought he, as he wrung his shirt and socks that were to last him another day.

A.C. Jones, or was it Smith, is thoroughly happy as he waddles in the puddles on his way to the mess. "The man that pines for the sunshine hidden behind those wet clouds is a pessimist, don't you think?" he confides in a whisper to the cook. The cook just looks at him and shakes his head. He, too, is too happy for words.

"I'm Singin' in the Rain," chants our hero, up to his neck in mud, as he pushes valiantly a stubborn 'plane. The lizzie replies with a roar of the propellor that shakes the craft from nose to tail pretty much like "Alfie" would do if he hadn't enough sense to stay indoors.

By now, the grumpy airmen, out of which the squadron is mostly composed, look askance at the rain-mad fiend.

But he, in his happiness, doesn't mind; he's too busy drinking falling raindrops, the patter of which thrills his kind soul like the music of a symphony.

By now he's thoroughly drenched, his clothes are sprouting leaves, his boots are engaged in a watery conversation, down his spine the water falls from bone to bone with the most poetic effect.

But when he kneels down in a pond with arms outstretched in an ecstasy of super enjoyment as a cloud bursts straight in his face: the ambulance backs up and takes him for a ride.

Now A.C. Jones, or is it Smith, is unhappy. They've thrown him from one bath to another with a few spells of cold showers in between. They gave him a tub for a bed and exercised him in a pool. The poor man is wondering if he didn't carry the motto "Take it with a smile" just a little too far.

Maybe we fail to understand you, lad. Cheer up, there will be some other rainy days.

*Gilles Fortier, 400 Squadron.*

## Hello Son

Nelson Cuthbert, of Colborne, Ont., one of the newer arrivals in 400 Squadron, is proud papa of a brand new baby boy—Victor Nelson, born May 18th, weight 7 lb. 4 oz.

Stap me! With names like that we are sure to win this war. Anyway, through "Wings Abroad," it's "Greetings, Vicky! I hope the work's all done this fall so I may get home soon to really see and know my son." From Daddy Nels.

**400 Sports Day—July 28th**  
will end with a Supper Smoker.

The Dionne Quints, complete with Brownie uniforms, joined the Girl Guides on May 28th, their seventh birthday.



# ODDS n' ENDS

By The Idler

## The R.C.A.F. Parade

This bit was passed to us by a friend. He said that he knew not the author but that it originated somewhere in Canada. And so we pass it along to you with the hope that you, too, will like it and extend with us to the unknown author our praise and well wishes for the sentiment expressed so well in these lines:—

They're marching along a thousand strong,  
With their faces turned to the sky.  
Both stalwart tall and medium small,  
The Air Force boys go by.

No fear, no quailing, no whining in them,  
Just a matter of duty to try,  
But their strength reaches out to the looker-on  
As the Air Force boys go by.

Their columns stretch from sea to sea,  
They're Canada's ear and eye—  
And those quiet lines of blue roll on,  
When our Air Force boys go by.

For the lads who died in the first Great War,  
There's a sob in our heart and a sigh,  
But their trust is true and it's carried anew,  
By the Air Force boys going by.

They're homing now to the Mother land,  
As fast as men's wings can fly,  
For the Empire's fate will always be great  
When Britannia rules the sky.

## Nine Spitfires in Paper

If I remember rightly, "Wings Abroad" in a previous issue reported in their obituary column the death of one A. Rumour, together with his brother, I. Gossip. Apparently the post mortem wasn't thorough and the record books should have read "sleeping sickness only" instead of "death."

Figures released recently by the Ministry of Information reveal that it is costing no less than £45,000 to print posters telling you and you and you—that careless talk costs lives—nine spitfires that we could and might well use—spent on trying to control the human tongue.

When one lends for victory, one likes to believe that the money he is putting up for his country is going to make a shell or a gun or a 'plane—but as inconceivably small as the amount would be if divided among all the lenders—nevertheless—YOU are paying and lending your money just to be told that you MUST NOT talk.

Look at it in our own money, roughly about 200,000 dollars—if things don't stop another year will see that amount of expenditure doubled—and we wonder why it is going to be long war. . . . just one word of caution—for the sake of your friends and your country—think before you speak.

## The Bond of Dictatorship

Now it's Russia. To-day Hitler has his massive army massed on the frontiers of his neighbour, who he soft-soaped so successfully these past two years and where only a few weeks back Hitler said "My friend Stalin"—he is now saying "Put up or shut up"—Opinion on the present crisis is varied. Many seem firmly convinced that it is only a bluff on the part of the madman of enslaved Europe—others say Russia will collaborate and put herself behind the eight ball for the rest of this war.

Forecasts in this game we're in is about as easy as trying to play a game of marbles in Piccadilly.

Even though he be our hated enemy—we really have to hand it to Germany for the smart bit of diplomacy of corraling Turkey and keeping her out of the road until she clears up the Soviet mess.

It's really a jumbled picture, but it has all appearances now of helping us balance the book a little more in our favour. We can be certain of this—whatever goes on—we're next—and boy, are we waiting—we almost feel lonesome over here for the want of putting the huns through their paces—we will.

## Picked up in Passing

This department is in receipt of a nice letter from one Miss Marie Shea, Toronto. Miss Shea expresses her keen interest in "Wings Abroad" through this column. She says: "I look forward to each issue with a thrill that transcends many more well-known periodicals." Readers will remember that Miss Shea is a literary artist herself of well-known reputation. Thank you, Miss Shea—We do hope you enjoy all our numbers as well as those of the past.

We like this one:—

Two chaps were talking about the possibilities of using horse meat in sausages.

First Chap: "Did you ever eat horse meat in sausages?"

Second Chap: "No—and I wouldn't. I had a pal in the last war who was eating sausages made of horse meat and just as he was swallowing someone shouted 'Whoa'—and he choked to death."

Congratulations 401. Squadron for your year in England anniversary. Here's hoping that the next will see you all back on the other side with a finished job left behind you.

Remember—the payoff for all that training isn't very far off—keep prepared.

# Orchids

## To—



### Squadron Leader Kerby and F/O. Stevenson

For a smart piece of flying that drew a hefty cheer from the throats of all 400 Squadron. Quite true, sir, censorship and policy has us so well trained we must keep mum, but the orchid still goes and the boys know what it stands for.

### Capt. Tierney

There is a little grey car that pulls into Barrack Block 83 two or three times each week. It's always loaded with such things as coffee, tea, biscuits and sugar, for the free canteen that supplies the boys with a beverage and biscuits three times daily. There is no requirement for the recreation room that needs asking for twice. The return trip of that car always finds the request fulfilled. Two of its weekly trips deliver the films shown Tuesdays and Fridays. Capt. Tierney, of the Auxiliary Forces, is the man behind the wheel of the car that does so much for you fellows, so here's handing him a large and lasting orchid.

### Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bell

61, Seaton Gardens, Ruislip Manor, Middlesex.

Because they wanted to "do something to help the troops and the war along," Mr. and Mrs. Bell have given their piano, gramophone and numerous records to 400 Squadron recreation room. Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Bell.

Mr. Bell, besides his regular all day job, does fire watchers' patrol, and is a Home Guardsman. Mrs. Bell belongs to a war workers' guild, knits comforts for the troops and raises two children, one of whom is quite ill at present. Between them, they raise a "win the war" garden. They are a truly loyal and patriotic couple, typical of our English hosts. All that they represent brings to mind "They also serve who ———"

### Women's Association of Toronto Again

Another large crate from the Women's Association of Toronto has arrived. The shipment of softball bats, balls and gloves was most timely for the present run of fine weather and steady usage of the ball field. The sheet music, ping-pong sets and playing cards are in the recreation room where the boys fill in many pleasant evenings with their favourite pastimes. Ladies, this is only one of many thanks we extended to you, but you may be sure it is as sincere as any. You are doing a marvellous job. The orchid column is not adequate to express the credit you really deserve.

### Bill McCaghren

For a really good job on the circulation end of "Wings Abroad."

Bill, assisted by Bill Bates, looked after 402 Squadron with an efficiency and attention to detail that leaves nothing lacking.

Thanks, Bill, for the perfect score and the good set of books. Look us up when we are a cub reporter on the police beat for the local sheet back home and we'll speak to the manager about a circulation manager's post for you. Maybe he'll hire you and fire us.

### Canadian—News Brevities

Two more divisions (one armoured), a tank brigade and numerous reinforcements will arrive overseas this year.

Parliament passed an Act guaranteeing, as far as possible, that soldiers arriving home after the war will get jobs.

A most severe thunder and lightning storm in Vancouver discontinued electrical services besides scoring many direct hits.

For every beer-drinking soldier in Canada there are approximately seven who stick to coffee and milk.

A bombing 'plane returning trans-Atlantic pilots, has set an east to west record time of 13 hours and 30 minutes. England to Canada.

A blue-winged teal duck flew from Langruth, Manitoba, to Coyaima, Columbia, South America, 3,500 miles, in three months. That's also some kind of a record.

A New Brunswick hen laid an egg 7½ inches long and 8 inches in circumference, indicating that there is nothing like a good old-fashioned war to increase one's productive effort.

Air Cadet Training Scheme gets under way with 2,000 15—18-year-olds in Saskatchewan. Elementary aviation training may also be extended to boys 12—15 years.

Two Doukhobours were fined 500 bucks each for making statements harmful to recruiting.

Montreal Victory Loan subscriptions total 160,000,000 dollars.

A 200 lb. bear died as the result of an encounter with a Maritimer who carried an axe.

Many Canadian cities are practising black-outs with searchlights, 'planes and mock bombs.

## 400 Sports Day—July 28th

All types of Competitions for a  
SQUADRON TRACK MEET!

## Stuff 'n Things from H.Q.

By  
JACK LUTES.

### Softball

Recent clouds on the softball horizon have at last cleared and once again the sun shines upon schedule difficulties. From the haze there evolves a much better set-up from the standpoint of all teams concerned. Briefly, the scheme is this: the games previously played have been thrown out, and the league divided into two sections. The one playing all their games on an out of town diamond, and we, with four C.M.H.Q. teams, have our own spot near at hand. The winners of both sections to play off. As it stood when the old league was disbanded, the Air Force boys were securely settled in second place—one game behind the leaders. Which isn't considered such a bad show with nine more teams coming behind.

The weather man stepped in and cancelled on two occasions, a game with 400 Squadron. In both instances the teams were already on the field but the downpour was too heavy and so called the fracas. Arrangements are now under way to bring these two teams together in the near future. So much for softball.

### It's a Small World

Readers will need no introduction to the wee Scotch lad that got posted to this Headquarters recently—one W.O. 2 Allan. Bill came to us as a F/Sergt. from No. 400 Squadron, to which he has been attached since its formation way back in '39—one of the old original 2 A.C. crowd. Recently he received his crown and we extend him our whole-hearted and well deserved congratulations. He was born in Glasgow and migrated to Canada over 15 years ago. It's a small world so we are told—Bill happened to be at a dance recently and out of the maze of faces he spotted one particular chap and walked up to him—they called each other by name—old school chums back in Glasgow and 16 years since they had seen each other.

### Personality No. 1

Introducing to you a topnotch example of younger Britain.

This young chap carries a smile and a willingness that really gets him places amongst the lads here of the R.C.A.F.

His name is Stanley Durrant—the Headquarters office boy.

He is only 15, but his initiative and sharp observation qualifies him to pull down many a senior task when the pressure is tough. One by one the boys take their turns in taking the little fellow out to a show or a meal—and if you think this little husky isn't a perfect example of the optimistic, light-hearted, smiling schoolboy, then you don't know your men. The only one thing that the boys worry about is that their girl friends back home have taken him to heart and consequently keep him supplied with fan mail, funnies, candy and what have you—just a little of ye olde green eye mixed in there.

But seriously, we like this lad tremendously, and we don't doubt but that you would too, if you could but have the pleasure of meeting him. Naturally he is air-minded—and the secret ambition as he confided recently—is the Fleet Arm—and that is a break for that outfit.

## We're Thanking

Leamington Rotary Club—  
Dollar a Month Club, Vancouver—  
Overseas League Club, Toronto—  
Knights of Columbus and the Airmen's Mess, Manning  
Pool, Toronto—

for the generous gifts of cigs. that we have received so often from them. The boys have asked me to extend to you and yours their sincere thanks and appreciation for your thoughtfulness and wish you every success in your continued endeavours.

## Last Will and Testament of Adolph Hitler

Alias ADOLPH SCHICKLEGRUBER  
Germany's Public Enemy No. 1.  
*The Mad Dog of Europe.*

**Certain** that my end is near—that it is the last fight, and that right must always conquer might—that I have now gone too far.

**I give** and bequeath all my German people that believe in me to the Dumb Friends League.

**I bequeath** all my medals to Goering, the weight of which together with his own, will bring him to his knees.

**I bequeath** "Mein Kampf" to Colney Hatch for investigation.

**I leave** to Goebbels my stock of castor oil, to carry on the traditional work of purges.

**I return** my moustache to Charlie Chaplin from whom I annexed it.

**I bequeath** to Ribbentrop my chamber which he may use by raising his right hand in the customary manner.

**On my death** I proclaim the annexation of Hell which I have tried to give my German people and rightfully belongs to the Fatherland.

**I appoint** Ribbentrop and Goering to be executors of this, my Will as they are well experienced in executions.

**Knowing** my ultimate destination, I wish to be buried in an asbestos suit.

**Signed** with the left arm upraised.

ADOLPH (*The Painter*).

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