

WINGS ABROAD

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

ARDVA AD ASTHA PER

Vol. I. No. 20

30th SEPTEMBER, 1941

3d. PER COPY

IN AND AROUND 400 SQUADRON



"A" Flight, 400 Squadron

Well, fellows, here I am again. Yeah, I'm still living, but I don't expect to for long, and if looks could kill, your's truly would be a dead bunny, no foolin'.

"A" FLIGHT DANCE.

I don't know whether you chaps in the other squadrons heard about the "A" Flight party we had. Of course it goes without saying that it was an outstanding success and was put on with the usual "A" Flight efficiency. Girls were supplied by Messrs. Thornycroft, and how! How so many beautiful girls could be found all in one place is a mystery to me. The band was a real dandy, as bands go over here, and all will admit that for ten musicians they turned out some of the best heard over here to date.

The real orchid for the whole affair, of course, goes to F/Lieut. Norris and P/O. "Six-Gun" McGrath, and of course our genial C.O., Wing Commander Kerby, who was behind us 100 per cent. The man who handled all the money was F/Sergt. "D" for "Dennis" Hunt, ably assisted by Corpl. "Smiler" Hunter, L.A.C. "Red-Light" Curtiss, and L.A.C. Frank "Eight-Ball" Miller.

"DADDY" BURCH.

The outstanding event to "A" Flight personnel during the past two weeks was the birth of a son to Corpl. "Pop" Burch. We are glad to report that all three are doing well, and the buttons on Pop's tunic are by now just nolding on by a single thread. Somebody suggested we do "Pop" a favour and either sew them back on or secure them with split-pins. However, I think all will wish this new Canadian the best of everything and a speedy journey home.

Things have been a little quiet of late out here in the dispersal hut, what with Corpl. "One Alone" Masters and L.A.C. "Incendaric" Joe Botting away on leave, but we will soon be hearing how "I" spent my leave from them, so we should be thankful for the silence that enshrouds said dispersal hut.

MOSSOP AGAIN.

The most notable character in "A" Flight is, of course, "Moses" Mossop and his gas-pipe conglomeration he calls a bicycle. Most of the boys insist "Mo" in some way stole Bob Burns' Bazooka and had it sent over and converted into a bike. I don't wish to take anything away from Sid Curtiss's bike, which is not bad when it runs. The only trouble is that Sid hasn't got around to buying any bulbs for it yet, but by the time he does he should know all the angles of how to buy new bulbs, having tried at least four times to get bulbs for Sergt. Chapman's streamlined beauty. As all know, Sid is "A" Flight's star electrician, and as such bulbs would prove quite a mystery to him. This fellow "A.M." always labels his quite clearly and all Sid has to do is plug them in and his troubles are over. It's the little things that stick a guy, is Sid's reply.

It goes without saying that all have missed "Moses" Mossop, who has been working in Maintenance Flight, but we will soon be able to have our usual morning show of "Moses" putting on his trick bicycle act. "Moses" and "Egbert" have had two or three battles over "Moses" bike, but so far "Moses" has won, but you can't always win, "Moses," as "Eggie" is a smart goat.

It seems that most people at some time in their life pick up a handle. Here's a couple that came up in our Flight which have most of the boys guessing. P/O. "Six-Gun" McGrath, P/O. "Biscuits" Bissky, and P/O. "Hank" Morris. Can anyone throw any light on how one gets these handles?

Well, fellas, I'll sign off for this issue, but if you don't hear from me in the next issue you'll know that I zigged when I should have zagged, so I'll say solong all you "A" Flighters and best of luck.

Sergt. Chapman, 400 Squadron.

"C" Flight, 400 Squadron

"C" FLIGHT COMES BACK.

Hear ye! Hear ye! Let the bugles blow. Let the trumpets sound forth their clarion notes and all who gaze upon this bow down in reverence and thanksgiving. Why, you ask? Because "C" Flight has returned to grace the pages of "Wings Abroad." Was it not "C" Flight that brought the truth to the columns of the first edition?

Long enough we have kept silent believing the axiom "Actions speak louder than words. Now the time has come to answer the remarks of a certain "A" Flight correspondent.

It has done our hearts good to sit back and watch "A" and "B" Flights squabble like children who had found a ha'penny. Now we are stepping in to give the side of the leading Flight.

"C" FLIGHT IS DISTINCTIVE.

"A" and "B" Flights there are in plenty; in fact Britain is full of them. But to be a member of "C" Flight is a real distinction, for it automatically promotes one to aristocracy. We are unique and I might say fortunate, for we are the only "C" Flight in any of the All-Canadian Squadrons in Britain, thus elevating us to a level not enjoyed by the common "A" and "B" Flighters. Being democratic, though, we do not want to mention the others, who, acting as a background, tend to make us the more resplendent.

EGBERT AGAIN.

Egbert the goat (four-legged one) we found necessary to trade mark to avoid confusion in recognising the other members of "A" Flight. By the way, Egbert was brought to the Squadron by one of our able fitters, Corpl. Cambell, who left it in the custody of "A" Flight for obvious reasons, which may best be explained by the axiom "Birds of a feather . . ." This is enough for "A" Flight. Next issue we promise to expose the busy bees of "B" Flight.

"C" FLIGHT CUSTOM.

Our Flight equipment being in first-class shape attracts "scroungers" from all other sections. To counteract this we found it necessary to mark all equipment with yellow dope. This was carried out to such a high degree that it is nothing to see a "C" Flighter whip out the old brush and dope and go to work. The other night we saw the boys attempting to similarly mark a pub they had taken a fancy to

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Where F/Sergt. Weldon got that mass of tin on four wheels he so fondly calls a car? And also why does he always keep it well hidden whenever there is a salvage drive?

Why have Corpl. McEwen and A.C. Smith formed such a violent dislike for telephones since their leave?

What brought about the sudden change in A.C. Winter after kit inspection? For a few moments we would have sworn we saw signs of life.

That is all . . .

The Seer of "C" Flight.

This was overheard on sick parade the other day.

"Now, Harry King," said Doc. Wallace, "what is the matter with you?"

"It's like this, doctor," was the doleful answer. "You know how you feel when you don't know how you feel? Well, that's how I feel."

Orderly Room, 400 Squadron! Did you know you had a swimming enthusiast in your midst? Yep! It's none other than Bill "Weismiller" Neville. A few nights back we found him floundering in one of the fire tanks, but what we want to know is, Bill, "Did you fall or were you pushed?" Perhaps "Scoop" Weston could tell us. What say, "Scoop"?

In and Around 401 Squadron

401 SQUADRON AIRMEN'S MESS.

We have had real chicken for dinner on two consecutive Sundays. It was the type of chicken dinner that influences one to remain on the camp for an extra hour to wait for dinner time, even if you happened to have the afternoon off—and wanted to get away early. The meals served to us have, as a matter of fact, improved tremendously.

We have to thank for this smiling L.A.C. Jack Coltheart, who is "Purchaser" for the Squadron, and cooks L.A.C. "Tony" Davis and L.A.C. Harry Yates, who really do work hard and do more on behalf of the boys than most of them imagine.

Jack, Tony and Harry have a really arduous task on their hands. They are putting a great amount of earnest, diligent effort into their work, the job of feeding us well under very difficult conditions, which need no explaining. Yes, they have responsibilities on their hands. It would seem that they are hampered by the fact that they are not N.C.Os. Obviously, the thing to do in the case of an airman with long service record and responsibilities on his hands is to promote him, giving him a freer hand, thus helping him attain greater efficiency in the direction of his department.

We thank you, Jack Coltheart, Tony Davis and Harry Yates.

TIT-BITS AROUND 401.

Jimmy Coburn, aero-engine mechanic, who helps preside in the Maintenance Department, and Sammy Sabourin, of the Orderly Room staff, not very long ago became sergeants.

It is swell to see these two capable, good-natured chaps receive promotions, because they carry their rank so lightly and amicably. I believe everyone is glad of the advancements of Jimmy and Sammy. We wish you every success, fellahs. Dig for victory. Hi—

We admire the dashing flying style displayed by some of the sergeant pilots—and we do like their willingness to take the aircraft-crewmembers for "flips" when possible.

Corpl. Sammy Lappin and L.A.C. Sparks ("Sparky" for short) just returned from special courses. Sammy looked a little Saturday-nightish when they came back.

We notice a bit of ectoplasmic-fog floating about just between shoulder and elbow of the sleeves on Ernie Miller's tunic. What's it going to be, Ernie. Do you think it'll materialise, or are you going to have to take up spiritualism in order to realise those elusive stripes.

A.C. Harrington claims that you cannot drown your sorrows in alcohol; you can only give them swimming lessons.

A New York detective agency that specialises in tracing missing persons has been employed by more than 70,000 wives to find their husbands, but by only 15 husbands to find their wives.

Corpl. Johnny Mathews went for a bicycle ride the other night. According to the impressive local constabulary, Johnny's borrowed bike was not sufficiently illuminated. Now he wishes he had taken 17 shillings and sixpence worth of taxi-ride. Too bad. Johnny is reported to be going around muttering "Just wait until I get that big blue-pencil stiff in MY back-yard—blue pencil—"

One of our more famous members of the Squadron received a birthday card, and obviously his friends did not know his whereabouts, for it had travelled half way round the world addressed "God knows where." The flyer sent back a note which consisted of two words: "He did."

There comes a time in every man's life when he refuses to remain a servant of rules and regulations, and bounds forth as a man with individuality. So it is with an airman, but instead of becoming an individual, he becomes a number in the Glass House.

J. Alexander, 401 Squadron.

When your leave is cancelled, SMILE.

"A" Flight, 402 Squadron

ODDS AGAINST US.

When we pause in our task of doing the flying for 402 Squadron to bandy frivolous words with "B" Flight, we must admit at once that the odds are against us in the battle of fantasy. After all we of "A" Flight are but horny-handed sons of toil, the men of brain and brawn upon whose efforts depend, to a large extent, the good name and reputation of 402 Squadron. When it comes to the vivid flights of imagination, the castles in the air and the absolutely authentic, but never factual rumours, who can compete with the starry-eyed dreamers of "B" Flight. Lord Haw-Haw and his boss, "Limpy" Goebbels, are masters at taking liberties with facts, and they have some apt students of their technique in "B" Flight. The truth of the matter is that with sweat and vigilance, "B" Flight, by closing their eyes and courting the Muse, or the spirits or whatever it is that provides their pipe dreams, but give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. We stand humble and awed before the colossal pride and self-satisfaction of "B" Flight. It's a charming sight to see two "B" Flighters standing admiring each other.

CONGRATULATIONS.

Sincere congratulations to Wing Commander Kerby on his appointment to Commanding Officer, 400 Squadron. We old-timers from the 112th knew him well, when as Flight Commander of "C" Flight he showed his great skill as a pilot and his ability and talent as an executive officer. With all respect we of the 112th acclaim him as a real "swell" guy, with whom it was an honour to be associated with, even in the humblest capacity. Congratulations, 400 Squadron, and best wishes for your continued success, Wing Commander Kerby.

NICKNAMES FOR "B" FLIGHT.

So "B" Flighters have nicknames, have they? How ripping, how perfectly smashing, but the fancy names must be used on ceremonial occasions, or during self-appreciation periods. Personal observation shows that senior N.C.Os. follow the standard procedure of adorning the wanted airman's surname with bits of profanity; and believe me, it takes a tidy bit of language to make a "B" Flighter come down to earth and get his hands dirty.

Some of the violent action of "this here" war takes place when "Marbles" Dery dramatizes scenes from his eventful life. The other day while telling how he'd bid his current heart throb good-night, he knocked down three men and drowned a cat.

POST-WAR OCCUPATIONS.

Sandy Cameron needn't sell pencils, he can make a fortune pounding tenderness into tough steaks with a pair of drumsticks.

"Pauncho" Lassardo will make a fine whistle for a peanut stand.

"Blond Beast" Kidd can test fly mattresses to destruction for a bedding factory.

Vic Hemmings can make a living showing how a rolling "bone" can gather moss, or rather, hay.

DAFFY DEFINITIONS (according to some people we know).

Efficiency:

Arguing for ten minutes over a two minute job.

Corn:

The snappy crack you didn't think of.

I was going to finish this column with a little higher culture or a little poetry but—

McCormick is snoreful,

And "B" Flight is orful.

—after getting it on paper the inspiration died away. Any suggestions to augment this incipient opus will be appreciated.

Herb Woodhead, 402 Squadron.

"B" Flight, 402 Squadron

There just ain't no justice. What is this war coming to anyway? First the rookies of "B" Flight take the old-timers for a case of beer at volley ball, then "A" Flight come along and take "P" for Percy and with a deft stroke of the brush change it to "B" for Baloney right under our very eyes. What's the matter, "A" Flight, having a little trouble? I am sure Bill Copely (still waiting for a new nick-name) would gladly let you have a couple of good men, on loan, of course, if you find you are beat.

THREE BRAWNY YOUNG MEN.

"Under the spreading chestnut tree" (finish it yourself). Well, here at 402 we have neither a chestnut tree nor a village smithy, but we have a workshop on wheels with three brawny men running it. (Now that I own a motor-cycle they are always doing something for it. Do I know what side my bread is buttered on, eh?) Reading from left to right we have "Slim" Charleton (girls, when he dances he's just a dream walking), "Toad" Todd (just a city slicker out to do nobody good), and "Hepcat" Vermander (next time you think you hear a cat fight stuff your ears as it is probably Hepcat practising his clarinet). Their motto is, "If it's made of metal we'll bash it."

"B" FLIGHT ARMOURERS.

I have had a go at every section of "B" Flight except the armourers and, although a book could be written alone on their cute sayings, I will try and make it short and sweet. First meet the boys and be polite, even if it hurts.

Tommy "Fat-boy" Carrie, corporal in charge, who nearly flunked his "A" Group by answering the time-honoured question "What is an airplane?" with "It's a doings to transport guns around."

Angus McDonald, second-in-command, who by the sound of his name must have been in seventh heaven when we were up in Scotland.

MORE "CUT-THROATS."

Now throwing the rest in the ash can and mixing them well, you will find the following mixture of "cut-throats."

"Diehard" Forth (I let him get on the wing of "S" for Sugar now and then), "Tex" Schurman (the only horse he had anything to do with feeds on petrol), "Mobile" Litowsky (he even takes his time rolling over in bed), "Droop" Robichaud (always has lots of time as he chums with "Mobile"), "Bobbie Burns" Bergamini (they tell me he writes a mean line of poetry), "Punchy" Self (C.B. to him means nothing as he sleeps right through it), "Sunny Boy" Barrett (he put in an hour's work not long ago and he's clouded all over now), the three "Joes," Cantin, Christofferson and "Wheelbarrel" Charette (still riding the aircraft tails to victory), "Bashful" Holland (he's got himself a packet), "Gloves" Mitton (a former "A" Flighter who is gradually becoming useful), "Mailman" Selby (if I got as many letters as he gets from Canada I could demand money for my efforts), "Thermometre" Gray (in French it means thermometer, he's not very beefy if you get what I mean).

For better or for worse you have met the gang. Not many months ago, just before the war, not one had any stoppages as they could always be remedied with a corkscrew or bottle opener (get it?).

MORE CORRESPONDENTS.

I have been able by my own methods to get Herb Woodhead, of "A" Flight, and Jimmie Smeaton, of Maintenance, to represent their Flights in "Wings Abroad." They will, no doubt, have something to say about "B" Flight, and at the bottom of each of their columns there should be printed the little story, "Any similarity to person or persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental."

SERGEANT TROUBLE.

The other night, over a cup of tea and a bun, I noticed two of our promising sergeants looking very glum. When questioned as to what the trouble was, here is the tale of woe I had to listen to: "Some fellows have all the gravy, others are A.C.2s and have no worries, and then there is the other class, commonly called sergeants. Some, we will admit, never have any cares, as they have nothing to do, therefore there is nothing on their conscience at work or play. Take the two of us, we take our work seriously and therefore always carry that worried look which says as plain as day, 'Did I tell so-and-so to check "S" for Sugar for an oil leak?' 'I'll bet they haven't done the D.I. on that kite yet. Here comes "Corp." and those cratse still here and both "B" Flight and "A" Flight are hollering for kites.' Is it any wonder on a day off we like to bury our weary pussies in a great glass of mild?"

There was a lot more to it than this, but it was all I could stand, but to-day I saw those two same sergeants, arm in arm wending their weary way to the local, and it was no other than "Munk" Muncaster and "Van" Vanderpont.

A couple of issues ago I mentioned fitters (riggers with their brains knocked out) and forgot to mention "Yorkie" Simmonet. One fitter more or less doesn't matter very much, but give the devil his due.

Fred McCormick, 402 Squadron.

Missing after Air Operations

For many of you who read this little item, a short explanation will be required. Every aircraft in 402 Squadron has a ground crew assigned to it and be he Fitter, Rigger, Armourer or Wireless man, he will at some time or other refer to it as "his" ship. Then again, each ship has its own pilot, who takes particular pride in its performances. When all the wrinkles have been ironed out among all concerned, a certain respect grows which binds the whole Squadron together as one.

A morning not so long ago word came through that 402 was taking part in an operation. The ground crew watched twelve aircraft take off and form into a beautiful tight formation and fade into the distance.

After a long wait of nearly one hour and a half, first one, then two together, and then a few more until ten had landed. Two were missing. Flight Lieut. T. B. Liddle, Flight Commander of "B" Flight, and Sergt. Pilot D. W. Jenkin, of "A" Flight, and they are two of the best.

In full, D.R.Os. the following day carried the story by saying "Missing after air operations." Somehow we hope by this you will understand how we feel when "two of the boys" are missing.

Personnel of 402 Squadron.

285 "SECRET" FLAVOURS.

A popular soft drink back home is reputed to contain 285 secret ingredients, the compounding of which is known only to four men. Well, our local N.A.A.F.I. dispenses a brownish liquid with only four ingredients and it has 285 different flavours and nobody seems to know how it is made.

Pay-day:

Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow you will have to scrounge pennies.

Finance:

Fade the pound or bump it a "shill."

When you hear another rumour, SMILE.

400 SQUADRON WINS TROPHY AT INTER-UNIT SPORTS MEET HELD SEPTEMBER 21st, 1941

Here is the Score

100 Yards.—1, L.A.C. Lewis, S.A.Q., 11 secs.; 2, L.A.C. McManus, 400; 3, Corpl. Stead, S.H.Q.

High Jump.—1, L.A.C. McManus, 400, 5ft. 3in.; 2, F/Sergt. Oleskevis, 400, 5ft. 2in.; 3, Corpl. Stead, S.H.Q., 5ft.

220 Yards.—1, A.C. Lewis, S.H.Q., 24 secs.; 2, L.A.C. McManus, 400; 3, Sergt. Villeneuve, 400.

Javelin.—1, L.A.C. Labrosse, 400, 139ft.; 2, Corpl. McAughy, 400, 129ft. 6in.; 3, Corpl. Sutcliffe, 13.

440 Yards.—1, A.C. Lewis, S.H.Q., 55 4-5 sec.; 2, L.A.C. McManus, 400; 3, Corpl. McAughy, 400.

Shot Putt.—1, Corpl. Murray, S.H.Q., 39ft. 4in.; 2, L.A.C. Labrosse, 400, 36ft. 5in.; 3, L.A.C. McManus, 400, 35ft.

880 Yards.—1, A.C. Lewis, S.H.Q., 2 min. 15 2-5 sec.; 2, Sergt. Matthews, 13; 3, Corpl. Waters, 13.

Discus.—1, P/O. McGrath, 400, 98ft. 2in.; 2, Corpl. Simmonds, S.H.Q., 87ft. 9½in.; 3, Sergt. Burridge, S.H.Q.

Pole Vault.—1, P/O. McGrath, 400, 9ft.; 2, Corpl. Tanner, 13; 3, Sergt. Villeneuve, 400.

Long Jump.—1, Corpl. Stead, S.H.Q., 19ft. 9½in.; 2, L.A.C. McManus, 400, 19ft. 0¼in.; 3, Sergt. Villeneuve, 400.

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1, L.A.C. Labrosse, 400, 113yds. 2ft. 8½in.; 2, Sergt. Villeneuve, 400, 111yds. 0ft. 10½in.; 3, F/Sergt. Granville, S.H.Q.

One Mile.—1, Sergt. Matthews, 13, 5 min. 10 sec.; 2, Corpl. Waters, 13; 3, L.A.C. Sauve, 400.

Inter-Unit Relay (4 x 220).—1, S.H.Q., 1 min. 42 sec.; 2, 400; 3, 13.

To Those Who Worked

The success of the whole day was due mostly to S/Ldr. MacNeil, P/O. Ellis and Bob Brown. It has been the padre's wish to organise a concert for some time and this one is certainly a credit to his organising ability. P/O. Ellis worked hard on the athletic meeting and to him goes the distinction of arranging the first inter-unit meet and running things in the great big way that he did.

Bob Brown could be called the "director" of the concert "Flying High," for he was the driving force behind the stage arrangements, the smooth running of the affair and every other odd detail connected with the concert. With the able help of "Scotty" Barnes, M.C., he succeeded in putting on the best show seen on this station.

Without the co-operation of the three units such a day would have been an impossibility. The way the "boys" worked to put the show over was remarkable. The personnel of 13 Squadron and S.H.Q. did most of the work in transforming a shed into a delightful banquet hall. We wish space would permit us to mention each and every one of you. We would like to make special mention of those instrumental in making the event a success:—

A.C. 1 Phillips (400).	L.A.C. Swain (400).
L.A.C. Fairley (400).	A.C. 1 Slater (400).
L.A.C. Weaver (400).	A.C. 1 McDonald (400).
Corpl. Simpson (13).	A.C. 1 Howell (400).
L.A.C. Newell (13).	L.A.C. Burr (13).
A.C. 2 Roberts (13).	A.C. 1 Jones (13).
L.A.C. McCarthy (13).	A.C. 1 Cochrane (13).
Corpl. Lewis (400).	Sergt. Lugg (13).
Corpl. Brewer (400).	

Message from Sports Officer

Pilot Officer Ellis (R.A.F.V.R.), Station Sports Officer, writes:—

"Congratulations to 400 Squadron on winning the Inter-Unit Challenge Shield and for their admirable support in connection with the banquet and concert. It is impossible to name all those who gave much time and energy to make the day a memorable one, but special mention must be made of R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. personnel who toiled with Fr. MacNeil to make the evening's entertainment a very happy affair.

The padre struck a deep note when he appealed for closer co-operation among the units. If the athletic contest and banquet have been the means of furthering a spirit of comradeship among all the ranks and units, the labour of many will have been amply rewarded."

"Flying High"

PRESENTED BY OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE THREE UNITS, SEPTEMBER 21st, 1941.

1. Opening Chorus.
2. Community Singing, conducted by **Scotty Barnes**.
3. Filmophone, "Duke" **Wellington**.
4. "Berkeley Square," **Lillian Westgate, Owen Hanson, Bernie Villeneuve and Bob Brown**.
5. Violin Solo, **P/O. Henderson**, accompanied by **Squadron Leader MacNeil**.
6. **P/O. Redding** will entertain (?) (accompanied by **F/Lieut. Young**).
7. "Actions Speak Louder than Words," **P/O. Ellis** (accompanied by **F/Lieut. Young**).
8. Instrumental Trio, **Slim Lewis, Moe Mammott and Bob Brown**.
9. "The Two Black Crows," **Wally Gillingwater and Joe Streeting**.
10. Baritone Solo, **Owen Hanson** (accompanied by **Squadron Leader MacNeil**).
11. **Jack Mason** and his **Accordion**.
12. The Singing Cowboy, **Don Russel**.
13. The Return of **Lillian Westgate**.
14. Tenor Solo, **Bernie Villeneuve** (accompanied by **Squadron Leader MacNeil**).
15. "Coffee for Two," **Lillian Westgate, Fred Diehl and Scotty Barnes**.
16. Saxophone Solo, **F/Lieut. Waddell** (accompanied by **Squadron Leader MacNeil**).
17. "A Wee Drop o' Scotch," **John Irving**.
18. "Listen In," **Joe Streeting and Wally Gillingwater**.
19. Violin Solo, **Moe Mammott** (accompanied by **Squadron Leader MacNeil**).
20. Finale, "Carry On"—"Wish Me Luck," **Entire Company**.

THE KING.

When even more things are rationed, SMILE.



Odds n' Ends

by

The Idler

Smarten Up.

Lest We Forget

Most of you have studied economics and you have learned that Supply is proportionate to the Demand. In recent weeks the demand for Comforts and Refreshments at Barrack Block 83 has been enormous. We turned to the Knights of Columbus for the Supply and they answered the call "with interest." Most of you know that the Knights are responsible for the cigarettes you smoke, the cup of coffee you have in the morning and afternoon, the writing paper you use, the games you play, checkers, ping-pong, and many other odd details too numerous to mention. Too much can never be said about the way they have adopted us and it is with this thought in our minds we can safely say "We are the *most* fortunate of all units overseas."

Recently they have given us a new innovation and that is the Talkies. Every Sunday night without fail the K. of C. have put on a double feature, up-to-date show, the like of which has never before been seen in Barrack Block 83. So once again we want to thank the Knights of Columbus for all favours granted.

I Know.

I KNOW I can do as I please. At least I can always refuse. Hence I know I am responsible for my actions. I will accept that responsibility and play the man. I will not be ever seeking excuses for my weaknesses.

I KNOW I do not understand all the secret springs of the acts of others, hence I will be charitable in my judgments.

I KNOW that what I know is to what I do not know as one is to infinity, hence I will try always to be teachable.

I KNOW that the world is managed by a power and a will not of myself and greater than myself, hence I will try to understand and conform to it.

I KNOW I cannot cheat nor evade the laws of nature, hence I will seek to find out what they are and obey them.

I KNOW I have limitations, and that it is quite as important to understand them as it is to know my capacity.

I KNOW that life is sweet to the healthy minded, and therefore I will reject summarily any creed or opinion that degrades or mocks life.

I KNOW that suspicion is a disease of faith, jealousy a disease of egotism, and envy a disease of small nations; therefore I will avoid.

I KNOW that I can control and shape my tastes, my desires and my thoughts, and I will not allow myself to be dominated by these.

I KNOW that I will get from this world the equivalent of what I give to it.

I KNOW that I must do right to receive God's approval. Whatever wrong I have committed, He becomes my friend when I begin to do right.

War! When you hear that word what do you think of? Men, marching men, guns, tanks and ships, death and destruction. Men maimed for life, their bodies twisted and bent by the ravages of total war. But did you ever think of what war does to men's minds? Years of army life dull their intellect and they can't think as fast as they used to.

It can happen to you! Do you think that the civilian world has been standing still while you are in uniform? How many of you can return to your old job with calm self-confidence that possesses every man who knows his work? It is easy to fall into a devil-may-care attitude, but oh so hard to keep your mind active and keen. In the words of our former C.O., "The biggest problem in modern warfare to-day is keeping busy," and that is just what Barrack Block 83 intends to accomplish this winter. Here is a brief resume of what to expect during the next few months.

1. Club meetings will start in earnest, with Parliamentary procedure throughout. Public speaking will be emphasised along with debating.

2. Courses in shorthand and typing will be inaugurated for the benefit of those interested.

3. For those who have a leaning towards languages, French and German classes will be resumed this winter. The Linguaphone system will be used entirely and is yet the simplest system used by B.B. 83.

4. Courses in journalism will be started with the following books at our disposal:—

- (1) Writers' and Artists' Year Book.
- (2) Modern Journalism.
- (3) Sub-editing.
- (4) The Complete Journalist.
- (5) Short Story Writing.

5. We are installing a P.A. system to train you in broadcasting. This is but one development in the public speaking course. If you are interested in a radio career this is your course.

Space permits us mentioning only a few courses undertaken by the club. If you have any particular subject you would like to study, let us know, and we will give the matter every consideration.

Resolve now to improve your standing this winter.

The Other Chap.

I've often thought, when things go wrong,
And a fellow's feeling blue;
That a kindly word from the other chap
Would make the whole day new.

It's a long hard trail, that's malice filled,
And the road with hatred bound;
It's a kindly word that will make a chap,
Or crush him to the ground.

A pat on the back is as free as air,
And it's only yours to give;
So think of your own faults, once in a while,
And let the other chap live.

The world would be a happier place
If you'd think, just once in a while,
To lift your voice in a kindly word
And show your teeth in a smile.

Orchids

To—



All Our Donors

During the past 15 months, quite frequently, 402 Squadron has been issued with cigarettes, socks, scarves, sweaters, candies, and, on last pay parade, razor blades. These are gifts donated by friends back home, and although they receive a letter of thanks, we, the boys of 402, feel that a little publicity in this column will help to show how much we appreciate anything from home. So, to the following donors, 402 passes out Orchids:—

Winnipeg Women's Air Force Auxiliary.
 Women's Auxiliary for Air Services, Vancouver.
 Airmen's Canteen, No. 1 Manning Depot, Toronto.
 The Dollar a Month Club, Vancouver.
 Mrs. E. B. Worrell, Montreal.
 Canadian Red Cross Society.
 Knights of Columbus.
 Women's Auxiliary, R.C.A.F., Montreal.
 Buddie and Marie Foley, Vancouver.
 Army and Navy Department Stores.
 "Rangers' Cabin Radio Programme," Vancouver.
 Ladies' Liberal Association, London, Ontario.

The Americans have not forgotten us, so here are two who sent cigarettes:—

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Howard of California.
 Canadian Legion Post 120, New York City.

And look at this:—

Mr. E. C. West, Barbados, B.W.I.
Personnel of 402 Squadron.

"Fred" McCormick, 402 Squadron

You first crashed "Wings Abroad" last April with "B Flight, 402 Squadron." Since then you have filled your column with some of the neatest, lightest form of writing any paper could wish for. Your style is catchy; your wit is appealing. We want you to know that we appreciate your efforts towards furthering the interests of "Wings Abroad" and we can safely say that your column gets the most reader interest in any of the Squadrons.

Recently arrived from Canada. Gifts from the Women's Association—Butter, Maple Sugar, Cheese, Biscuits, Coffee, Corn Syrup, two cases of Woollens. Our prayers and our thanks.

400 Squadron.

Yesterday we found MacDonald in the garage frantically searching his pockets with a woe-begone expression on his face.

"What's wrong, Mac?" we asked.

"I've lost a three-penny bit and I've searched every pouch but one."

"Why don't you search for it?" he was asked.

"I'm feared," was the reply. "For if it's no' there I'll drap doon deid."

When you wait for someone who is late, SMILE.

So That's Where he is!

F/Sergt. Ken. Carter (serving in Trenton) is our "foreign correspondent" for this edition. So here is the information of the whereabouts of the old gang, now "Somewhere in Canada."

Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

Sergt. Froment, W.O.I. Collins, F/Sergt. Pratt, Corpl. Phillips, Sergt. Dube, Corpl. McBeth, F/Sergt. Bateson, Corpl. Walters, Sergt. Venne, Sergt. Goodwin.

Moncton, New Brunswick.

F/Sergt. Edwards, Corpl. Smith, L. G., Sergt. Frankland.

Aylmer, Ontario.

F/Sergt. Bailey, Sergt. McLung, Corpl. Smith, S. G., W.O. 2 Garside, Corpl. Kellett, Sergt. Lennox.

Hayersville, Ontario.

Sergt. Byers, Sergt. Allan, Sergt. Malaterre, Sergt. Goulet.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Corpl. Couley, Corpl. Impey, Corpl. Auld, Corpl. Barrie, Sergt. Slaughter.

Portage, La Prairie.

Sergt. Potoroka, Corpl. Arnott

Vancouver, B.C.

Sergt. Wilson, F/Sergt. Church.

Song Titles and Their Facsimiles

"A" Flight

1. **Just Awearying for you.**
Miller thinking of home.
2. **Why do I love you.**
Curtiss to Egbert the goat.
3. **La Cucaracha (the cockroach).**
Whitehead.
4. **Are you sure the news is true.**
"A" Flight being told of repatriation home.
5. **Daddy.**
Corpl. Burch.

The next edition of "Wings Abroad" will carry "B" Flight Song Titles. Watch for it!

F. L. Miller, 400 Squadron.

Fathers' Corner

Cpl. Bennett to Baby Marguerite

"Wings Abroad" takes pleasure in conveying this message from Corpl. Bennett, 400 Squadron, to Baby Marguerite, born October 2nd, 1940:—

"My darling Marguerite,

Although I have never seen you, I know you are the sweetest child a daddy could ask for. Many happy returns on your first birthday, and I know I will be back to share your second. All my love to you and Mommy.

DADDY."

The Hangar Gang of 402

A column dedicated to that Mecca of efficient compromise, 402 Maintenance.

NO TIME FOR RETALIATION.

Firstly, in reply to the query, why has Maintenance not raised its "bloody head" to assail the new abusive bludgeonings of that able scribe from "B" Flight, one can only say that, occupied by more demanding service, no member of the said section could find sufficient time to put into words any retaliation.

However, rather than enter into what appears to be a timely argument, this writer will prefer to paint a true picture of Duguid's pet hobby, namely, Maintenance, quite devoid of any bric-a-bracs.

MAINTENANCE "HUB OF SQUADRON."

Fundamentally, Maintenance must be conceded to be the hub from which the Squadron runs as spokes. That is to say, on its efficiency depends the smooth running of the Squadron. One has only to listen to the claims and counter-claims of "A" and "B" Flights regarding flying times and serviceability to appreciate how well Maintenance fulfils its requirements. Which are extremely rigid.

"WALLACE BEERY" OF 402.

But little wonder that such must be the case, when it is guided in its work with such unerring precision by that guerillous "hombre," the Wallace Beery of 402, W.O. Carpenter. Opposite in nature, but no less effective, there is his co-cracker, Flight Sergt. Kaplonski—cool, calm and collected in the face of any emergency from pub to pulpit. Seated on this upper dais there is also Flight Sergts. Young and Vernon, each an expert in his own line.

SECOND DAIS.

On the second dais one finds the whip-crackers, without whom little could be expected to appear from Maintenance in anything less than a week. Without enumerating them all, these include such men as "Mouldy's" pal Duguid, the blonde bombshell Hutchinson, who, by the way, Mr. McCormick, shows no hesitation in stating his preference between Flights and Maintenance, and gentleman Muncaster, who wishes he was twins so that he could go home twice. We will stop there, for the ever-increasing list will make this obsolete ere it gets into print.

GROUND FLOOR.

On the ground floor amongst the junior N.C.Os. and common airmen, one can find what really makes the clock tick. It would take page after page of available adjectives to extol the merits of these men. Daily they perform their many tasks unflinchingly, without complaint, ever willing to relinquish that all-precious day off. The following word pictures may suffice to indicate to the reader how varied and individual are the personalities in Maintenance.

MAINTENANCE "MEN."

Ken Windsor and Paul Laroche, it is understood, are being recruited to man a gun post, having exhibited outstanding co-operation—"Curly-top" Baker, the blonde crusher, dusts the dust of destiny from his dirty digits to blow his nose in mute agreement—Blackie Normandin, reviewing a completed sixty, exclaims, "The prop she is loose, he will be O.K., yes, no?"—"Slugger" Warren, when asked "How many days between pays?" suggests that the answer might be, two fluid and twelve broke days, not necessarily implying that the fluid ones be too fluid.—Then there is boost buster Robby, not to be confused with bust booster Scotty, who thinks that boost control was devised to prevent sixties from being completed too rapidly.—The Duke now sports a new suit of clothes, very seasonal, complete with patch pockets, zipper and all. "How do you get around stores, Duke?"—and so on.

WELCOME R.A.F.

The above reproduction of the Maintenance stalwarts can be continued in a later issue or two. In the meantime just a word of welcome to the R.A.F. lads that have been amalgamated to our section for the duration of our stay here at this station. Also to the Flight lads, who have bravely turned their backs on the satin and silk comforts of the flights to face nature in the raw in the good old hangar. These include such outstanding men as Temporary Duty Snell, who, after snaring another hook, has finally managed to overcome the ardent wooings of the Beau Brummel F/Sergt. Copley, also "Magnets" Carpentier, who can bend anything from a piece of bamboo to a 6-inch beam.

Well, so much for that. In these days when almost every periodical carries its quota of peeps into the future through the medium of tea cups, palmistry and astronomy, it is only fitting that this column should reveal to many what their future life might be. So in next issue "The Hangar Futurama."

Jim Smeaton, 402 Squadron.

Apologies

On page eight, August 31st edition, we ran a story entitled "401 Again." It should have read "402 Again." This time the Editor "takes the rap," as it was no typographical error or printer's mistake. Sorry, 402 Squadron. It won't happen again (I hope).

An Englishman told his son at school that he was too busy to read long letters and requested him to be brief. The boy replied: "S.O.S. £ s. d. R.S.V.P."

"Wings Abroad"

Est. Dec. 15, 1940.

Published bi-monthly "Somewhere in England."

Address—"Wings Abroad," 400 Squadron,
Overseas Canadian Base Post Office,
England.

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