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WINGS ABROAD

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE



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A DAY WITH 400 SQUADRON



Farewell S/Ldr. McFadyen



S/LDR. M. D. McFADYEN.

Perhaps some of you have missed S/Ldr. McFadyen about the operations room, for he has recently been posted to Fighter Command. He was one of the few original officers left in the Squadron and was well known to everybody for his geniality and good nature.

Mac hails from Kamloops, B.C., and spent most of his boyhood days in Revelstoke. He finished his education at the University of British Columbia and graduated in 1930 with the degree of Ph. M.B. He represented that college in hockey.

To him flying is an old game, for he immediately went to Great Western Airways and then to Universal Airways, where he flew for both companies for six years.

Mac's military qualifications are not to be overlooked, for he holds many proficiency certificates from handling Lewis and Bren guns to dealing with all types of gases used in chemical warfare. He served four years in the Non-Permanent Active Militia up to 1936. However, he discarded the khaki for Air Force blue and joined the 113 (F.) Auxiliary Calgary Squadron. In 1937, a year later, it became a full-time job as adjutant of the same unit.

Then came war, and with that Mac found himself in Ottawa with the 110 City of Toronto Squadron and came overseas with it early in 1940. The following autumn he took over the job of Flight Commander, "A" Flight, which he held until the next spring, when he went to Canadian Corps as Air Staff Officer. In May, 1941, "Mac" was back with the Squadron as Officer i/c Operations. He was promoted to the rank of Squadron Leader in June, and when Wing Commander Kerby became commanding officer he assumed second in command until he was posted a few weeks ago.

It is the hope of many that Mac will finally find his way back to "the boys." In the meantime we wish him all the best and our associations with him will be one of the happy memories we have of the old 110 Squadron.

Sergt. Craddock: "Honestly now, Gillingwater, do you think with the voice I have I could keep the wolf from the door?"

Sergt. Gillingwater: "My dear Craddock, you could easily do so if the wolf had any sort of an ear for music."

Corpl. Williams, to Joe A.C.2, while giving rifle drill: "It's about time you knew what a fine sight was. Come now, what is a fine sight?"

Joe A.C.2: "Well, there can be no finer sight on earth than a perfectly huge boat, crammed with disciplinarians, on fire, 400 miles from land in a hurricane, with not the slightest hope of rescue."

"B" Flight, 400 Squadron

"B" FLIGHT FIGHTS BACK.

According to the last few issues of "Wings Abroad" it would appear that "B" Flight has taken an awful beating. For a Flight that occupies a very small portion of the dispersal area it rouses a considerable bit of jealousy between "A" and "C." It must be the general efficiency and all-round excellence of "B" Flight that gets them. Their jealousy is evidenced by the fact that they conspired to remove our dispersal shack, but "B" Flight came out on top, as they succeeded only in lifting the roof off. (Said means of lifting roof off is a secret, but we still think it wasn't cricket.)

GENTLEMEN OF 400.

This scribe recollects certain derogatory remarks cast by a certain "A" Flight correspondent. We choose to ignore his babblings, for who are we to quibble over a few chance untruths uttered by said correspondent. After all, we must remember our position as "The Gentlemen of 400." To him we say "A" may be the first word in the alphabet, but as far as that Flight is concerned the word "first" never did exist.

"C" FLIGHT LAST.

"C" Flight, the last in the Squadron. I think that speaks for itself. However, we will grant them one first, and that is in scruffiness. We need waste no more time in trivialities, for we believe what is to be must be and nothing we can say will change it. You never will see a "B" Flighter patting himself on the back. His ability, appearance and individuality goes without saying. So please don't bother us with such prattle, "A" and "B"; we have much more important work to do.

INTRODUCING.

L.A.C. E. W. "Poker-face" Weaver (he always has a deck on him). To the delight of the "B" Flighters Weaver spends all his spare time (he's got plenty) playing poker with himself. He deals four hands and somehow he always wins. He claims he is miles ahead of the game and if cards meant money he'd be a millionaire.

L.A.C. "Off-beat" Rollins (never a dull moment) will tell you that a jitterbug is not an insect, but a human being acting like one. He is the spark-plug of many a jam session in the Flight shack and almost any morning you can see him D.I'ing his kite to the tune of "Bounce me brother with a solid four." "Rocky's" ambition is to hold an inspection a la swing with the Squadron jiving past while the band beats out a couple of hot tunes.

These are just two of the talented boys we have in "B" Flight. Next issue we plan to uncover more, so be prepared for some revelations. In the meantime Gnats to all "A" and "C" Flighters.

For obvious reasons the identity of this correspondent must remain a secret (at least until "A" and "C" cool off).
"Frankie" D., 400 Squadron.

"B" Flight 402 Rookies

Mr. Editor,

We think it is about time we rookies put a few fellow airmen right about the rookies in "B" Flight, 402 Squadron.

We have been taking quite a ribbing from the so-called old-timers of this Squadron, but, even the "old-timers," who we believe are over the hill, have had to admit that when it comes to intelligence and smartness, and last, but not least, athletics, the "Rookies" take a back seat from no one. Incidentally, the rookies beat the old-timers so badly at volley ball that "Honest Bill" Copely, who captained the old-timers' team, had to go away for a few days to hide his face. Too bad they had to let you down, Flight.

Come on, "A" Flight and Maintenance, we can do the same to you also.
"THE ROOKIES."

"C" Flight, 400 Squadron**The Hangar Gang of 402****GOING TO WORK ON "B."**

Now, as promised, we are going to work on "B" Flight, or as they are more affectionately known, "Patty-cake's Pansies." Surely you've heard of them. Every day their shack resounds to an impromptu "jam session," so our roving reporter, Joe Snard, reports. To quote him, "To enter into conversation with a 'B' Fighter you have to be up on your 'jive lingo.'" Not being so good with his hep-talk, Joe said he started talking with his hands, all the while keeping a blank face, and he said it looked like they understood. At least they showed signs of recognition, but quickly resumed their slick catch phrases. Perhaps if they had trade tests in swing, who are we to say they wouldn't pass?

EFFICIENCY EXPERT.

By this time you may have gathered how badly they are on the rocks. To straighten them out they have "Dreamy" Langdon, the efficiency expert. In no time at all he will have everything running smoothly. In fact, the other day Joe Snard reported seeing "Down Beat" Hancox rushing across the field to get to his work. You know the old "apple for the teacher" gag.

ALWAYS TO-MORROW.

The following bit of news shouldn't be missed. On the recent test move "C" Flight was loaded and first to swing into the convoy. Maintenance, trying to be different, emulated an old "A" Flight trick. When the convoy pulled out they were sitting in the hangar and when it came back they were still there. Then ensued a great argument as to where the truck should have been and where it was. It's okay, fellows, there's always tomorrow.

TOE-NAIL SKETCH OF ALFIE FRONTIN.

Here is a real individual worthy of "C" Flight. He came down to us from 401 Squadron and right away took his place in the Flight. Whoever heard of anyone being mad at Alfie . . . it just can't be done, for he's the cheerful type with the catch answers. You know the type who keeps you on your toes mentally. (No cracks, please.)

ONE UP ON JOE.

One of his efforts was made over the 'phone. Joe Snard was speaking to him and just ready to hang up when Alfie asked, "Got a 24 volt battery?" Joe, being rather stupid and not very well up on these things, said "Why?" "Well," said Alfie, "I've got a cow out here and I want to see if its horns work." Now Joe has smartened up a little, and when Alfie asks "Have you any small brushes?" Joe does a good imitation of doing his job. As he says, "Why should he be sucker again for that guy?"

LILIES TO JACK MOORE.

Another armourer who has come to the fore lately is "Two Gun" Moore. He will always have a permanent reminder of his accuracy in the hangar. At least he will always have an answer when his children ask, "What did you do in the war, daddy?" Joe Snard said he looked rather surprised, but everybody does when they are rudely awakened.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

What "Dreamy" Langdon was thinking about one afternoon last week? The truck stopped to allow another to pass, so immediately he jumped off and unloaded a couple of boxes. When he looked around he was nowhere near "B" Flight, which must have upset him no end. Must be the sun or the strain of hard work.

The Seer of "C" Flight (still unknown, we hope).

When there's a shortage of tobacco, SMILE.

NO FUTURUMA.

In view of the fact that the above gang has become a veritable Foreign Legion, as the result of the influx of men from all corners of the station, yea! even of the world, it is impracticable for this column to produce the futuruma referred to in the last issue. However, there are other matters which appear to call for attention.

HELLO, AUSTRALIA.

Before going on with that, a welcoming hand to the Aussies who have now joined our ranks; we met you in Salisbury (what memories) and we welcome your care-free nature again.

NEW PERSONALITIES.

The time elapsing between the last issue and this one has brought many things to light, new personalities have arisen . . . "Ten Bob" Craven, after a trip to London, elevates the hopes of even the most humble . . . "A" Flight, foremost in adventure, produces another flying "Corrigan" . . . "B" Flight proves again that Bill Copely and Jock Snell are inseparable even to being orderly "Joes" on the same day . . . Sable, that pillar of wisdom, discovers the ideal substitute for retirement on pension as Flight instrument maker . . . W.O. "Nelson" Carpenter expects this day that every man will do his duty, six sixties in as many hours . . . "Mouldie" and Campeau find night life very exhausting . . . "Hutch" and Ken are taking lessons in bike riding, by instruments . . . Blakie Normandin concedes an "Ayr" victory to McKenzie . . . Childs goes into fall training.

MORE PERSONALITIES.

Ken Warren holds a silent tryst with his conscience . . . Bob Locke leaves us for a week to find out whether a "windstick" pushes or pulls . . . Jack Maltby, when asked why he was so browned off, indignantly replies, "I'm not browned off, can I help it if I'm not good looking?" . . . Paul Laroche finds that the responsibilities of an "A" Group lay great strain on his language . . . Corpl. Norton appears to be in a state of suspended animation, having put in a demand for a new lease of life in London . . . "Dagwood" McCaghren "gives" instead of "takes" his lectures on the tommy gun . . . Alf Carleton turns the instrument shop into a mercury vapour chamber—result, gold is turned into silver . . . "Pocket gloves" McCormick achieves new distinction on pay parade, F/Sergt. Pattison's undivided attention at 200 yards' range. . . .

AND STILL MORE.

Teeple, a welcome new-comer, is delighted to find that leave allowance exceeds pay . . . Schwadron, Anderson and McLeod discover that going up means coming down, did you throw your props away? . . . "Slim" Charlton, the oxygen bum, appears to be getting hard of hearing, with fond memories of Robby . . . Godby, Sergt. Duguid's understudy, is catching on quickly . . . Harold Muncaster discovers that Ken Warren has a shadow, even after sundown . . . Tommy Dubord has acquired a hound that walks with retracted undercarriage . . . Extra!!! . . . Don Matheson and "Tiny" Moffat discover what work really is . . . Bates finds a new position to sleep on a "V" engine.

All this to prove to our readers that within the confines of the Hangar lives the spirit of conviviality as well as enterprise; that midst toil and trouble mirth and laughter rings out.

And so to print.

Jim Smeaton, 402 Squadron.

"A" Flight, 400 Squadron

Well! Well! Welcome to our midst, "A" Flight, 402 Squadron. As the lone upholder of all "A" Flighters over here I was certainly glad to hear from 402 Squadron.

WHERE HAS "C" FLIGHT BEEN?

So "C" Flight returns, eh? The rest of 400 Squadron has been wondering for a long time just where "C" Flight has been for the last year and a half. Let us in on the secret, F/Sergt. "Ash-Can" Weldon. The distinction "C" Flight enjoys as far as being unique, is when "A" and "B" Flights run out of serviceable aircraft and we can sometimes get a couple from "C" Flight, if they have had a lucky day.

OUTSTANDING EVENT.

A couple of brand new innocent Corporals now find themselves floundering around dreaming of F.700s, 674s, 658s, etc., and so on. But congratulations, "Moses" Mossop and "Red Light" Curtiss, there's lots more grief and worry coming. The second outstanding event is, of course, a recent joy-ride a few lucky fellows in "A" Flight took around England and Wales. Here's just a few remarks overheard.

P/O. Rogers—If I'm elected navigator I promise!

L.A.C. Murray—Now I know why petrol is rationed.

L.A.C. Whitehead—Let's go back to Cardiff and stay there for the night.

L.A.C. Skene—Good idea we brought our rations; we at least will not starve.

L.A.C. Thompson, driver—I wonder how far to the next R.A.F. station. We are getting low on petrol.

Innocent By-stander, Somewhere in Wales—Say, didn't you fellows ask me the way over an hour ago, going the other way?

These are only a few. Unfortunately there are many, many more but they are all censored.

EGBERT.

Say, did all and sundry notice the swell picture in "Wings Abroad" last issue? Did you all notice the look of pride and satisfaction on Eggie's face? That is the real spirit of "A" Flight, bring on the worst you have, we can handle it.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Why "Pop" Burch blows up every time someone mentions leave?

Why all W.E.Ms. go around talking to themselves?

Why L.A.C. "J." Whitehead hits the roof whenever someone mentions bicycle spare parts?

Why Corpl. Curtis doesn't ride his bike out to the field? What happened, Sid?

Why "Moses" Mossop wants to raffle his gas-pipe off?

Why "Moses" Mossop and "J." Whitehead were so anxious to take "Yank" Murray to London on a "48"?

Why we don't hear from more "A" Flighters?

Why we don't hear from 414 Squadron? What's the matter, Johnny Nisbet?

MISSED BUS.

One of the most amusing things seen around here for a long time . . . Maintenance Flight sitting in the hangar waiting for "Red" McKee's "lifeline," which had left. They are now known as the Flight that missed the bus.

Well, fellas, I'll sign off for this issue. Here's hoping I still continue to duck with the same amount of luck.

Sergt. Chapman, 400 Squadron.

This one was sprung over a year ago at an advanced landing ground during the Battle of Britain, and we're still laughing.

Three of the boys sleeping in the tent were rudely awakened by a terrific crash not far away.

"Was that bombs or thunder?" asked Val Johnston.

"Bombs," came the laconic reply.

"Thank God," chimed in Corpl. Durrell. "I thought we were going to have more rain."

"B" Flight, 402 Squadron

WINTER COMING.

"All the world is a stage," etc., says Will Shakespeare (he wrote it in his spare time, too), and as we play our little part we can't help but notice that the days are getting shorter, weather cooler and "A" Flight getting a little scruffier. Winter is just around the well-known corner and it's nearly time to start thinking about Christmas presents. Don't say I didn't warn you.

SERVICE POLICE TAKE IT (I HOPE).

This is one section even I should have brains enough to leave alone, but "fools rush in where" . . . So don't blame the sun if next you hear of me "on the inside looking out." There are only four of them, all tall, handsome and refined. (I wonder if I will go to Heaven.) Taking as they come I present . . . George "Ricky" Ricards (who still looks for the nearest exit when a policeman walks in), Norman "Gentleman Jim" Cox (so polite he makes you feel as though he is doing you a favour when he bums your cigarettes and money), Malcolm "Doc" Falls (I hear he has found the perfect cure for headache), and Cecil "Red" Burns (a cook acting S.P. as he knows how to handle stews). So far, due to good luck and an honest face, never have I had one of them walk up to me and say, "This hurts me more than you, but come along, Sonny." I hope I am in the clear.

AN AIRMAN'S PIPE DREAM.

The other night before going to bed I had for a snack some cucumber, which caused me to have a delightful dream which I will now relate.

AWOKE TO GENTLE KNOCK.

I awoke to a gentle knock on my door (don't forget, I am now dreaming) and who should walk in with a broom but F/Sergt. Patterson. He tidied the room and swept the floor and told me he had brought my uniform from the tailor's, where he had all the pockets enlarged so that I could walk around with my hands in my pockets and be comfortable.

JOCK GRANT NEXT.

Then in walked Jock Grant, carrying a new white shirt and well polished low shoes for me to wear. Pat then brought in my breakfast of three eggs, toast and coffee. (I wonder if dreams come true.)

Another gentle knock and then Hal Short, our barber, walked in, never said a word, but cut my hair and gave me a shave and shoved a shilling under my pillow.

On my way to work I passed about a dozen fellows from "A" Flight. Each one offered me a cigarette and several offered to lend me money (still dreaming).

As I approached the hangar I noticed W.O. Carpenter, F/Sergt. Klaponky, Sergt. Muncaster and Sergt. Duguid all reading "B" Flight, 402, in "Wings Abroad." They ran after me to tell me how much they liked it and how everything in it was the truth (isn't this dream just ducky?).

ARRIVED AT "B" FLIGHT.

I finally arrived at "B" Flight, where I was met at the door by F/Sergt. Copley, who greeted me by saying "It's only 10.30, have a chair while I get you a cup of tea from the Naffi." While enjoying my tea in walks Sergt. Brim, Sergt. Robinson and Sergt. Vanderpont, wearing overalls, and they tell me they have been up since 5 a.m. washing down and painting "S" for Sugar and would I care to look it over. (Can't this dream go on for ever?)

MADE A CORPORAL.

Just then Bill Clarke handed me D.R.Os. saying, "They have made you a corporal." Well, even a dream can stand so much, and with that I woke up. I have been eating cucumbers every night since, but all I have succeeded in getting in return is a tummy ache.

With a weary hand I brush my hair from my brow and bid you all adieu for the time being.

Fred McCormick, 402 Squadron.

"A" Flight, 402 Squadron

Two weeks slide by and again the time comes to take pen in hand and compose this column of airy gossip. Was there ever such travail, such labour, such brain-racking agony as that which brings a column into the world, and only when "Wings Abroad" is delivered to the Flight shack can one know whether the brain-child is a little "pride and joy," a worthy chip from the old blockhead, or just one of life's misfortunes conceived in darkness and ignorance.

SHOULD WE TRY IT?

One of the happier ways to end this 'ere fracas is being promulgated around the Flight by one of the local noble "domes." It is simple and surefire. Just give every Canadian seven days' leave and ten quid to spend and put Berlin out of bounds. I can almost hear Adolf holler "Foul" already.

Why, oh why, does "Sandy" Cameron get the urge to beat out a hot lick on the furniture with a couple of hammers whenever I have some agonizing work like writing this column to do.

Stop Press News

"A" FLIGHT LOSES VOLLEY BALL GAME.

One hazy day last week, as the airmen of "A" Flight were busily engaged in lavishing loving care upon the aircraft on which the good name and renown of the Squadron depends, a ragged procession of individuals dressed in discarded airmen's clothing was perceived approaching over the greensward. Yelling wierd cries, strutting and making threatening gestures, they were a sight to make the staunchest heart quail. Stopping at a distance, they pushed forward their spokesman, a certain "Honest Bill" Copely. Just why he is called that is unknown, but it is probably for the same reason that the biggest man in the group was called "Tiny."

A CHALLENGE.

This man, with an imperious gesture, silenced the half-wild gibbering of his followers, and then went into a ceremonial dance, reciting in sing-song fashion the great deeds and virtues of his tribe. The gist of it was that "A" Flight was being challenged to a game of Volley Ball.

LOATH TO START.

Loath to take the field in a game in which they were virtual novices, and yet aware of the necessity of maintaining "A" Flight's pre-eminent position over the "lesser breeds under the sun," the challenge was accepted.

BEDLAM BROKE LOOSE.

At once bedlam broke loose as the "B" Flyers (as they turned out to be) realised that their cunningly conceived trap had been entered. "A" Flight hastily chose a team and the game was started. "Honest Bill" Copely elected himself umpire and amended and made up rules as the game progressed.

LOSING BATTLE.

"A" Flight, realising the tremendous odds against them, fought with every bit of skill and brawn, but it was of no avail. The first game they lost by a large score. The hands, so skilful with tools, the eyes and brains so accustomed to the intricacies of aircraft, were unequal to the almost uncanny cleverness of the "B" Flyers.

SECOND GAME.

In the second game, by means of a change in the line-up and desperate surge of energy, victory for "A" Flight was gained by a narrow margin in spite of the obvious bias of the umpire.

DOWN TO DEFEAT.

In the deciding third game, "B" Flight's hours of play and coaching proved to be of great advantage. "A" Flight went down to defeat, still undaunted and with flags flying. Great was the glee of the "B" Flyers and their ridiculous boastings. Posturing broke forth anew as they returned to their lairs. While "A" Flight keenly feels the stigma of having to bow to "B" Flight in this particular field, it would like to point out that in things of more importance "A" Flight stands pre-eminent.

A LOT OF MONEY.

Not a word in any of the above about Johnny Johnston's five "shill." But we feel sure that the team will hear something about it. We understand that five "shill." is a lot of money these days.

A GOOD CRACK.

A good crack picked from an old book: "Man counts results, but God measures intentions."

Herb Woodhead, 402 Squadron.

Overheard at 414 Squadron

F/Sergt. Nugent on returning to "A" Flight after two hours' absence one morning, was asked by F/Lieut. Pattison where he had been.

F/Sergt. Nugent replied: "I have been getting a hair-cut."

F/Lieut. Pattison: "What, in Air Force time?"

F/Sergt. Nugent: "Why not? It grew in Air Force time."

F/Lieut. Pattison: "Not all of it."

F/Sergt. Nugent triumphantly: "I know, and I didn't have it all cut off."

Mainly about 405 Squadron

CLOTHES TAKE A BEATING.

It is the common belief around this Squadron that clothes would be much more plentiful if a certain Squadron Leader, whose home is in Edmonton, were to keep his kite away from the barbed wire entanglements. The replacement of fabric is getting beyond us.

BOTTLES GONE.

In some Squadrons it is a practice for air crews to take empty bottles up with them. The falling bottle screams like a heavy bomb. Now to the Observer's "Bombs gone," 'way back in the tail, echoes "Bottles gone."

A MASCOT.

The Squadron, or rather the Sergeants' Mess, has acquired a mascot, a kitten. Nobody seems to know where it came from, so it looks as if the kitten has acquired a sergeants' mess. It is a veteran of many flips and seems to like it.

SERGT. HIGGINS.

The hero of the hour is now back with the outfit and rarin' to go. How many saw the write-up in the Toronto Star? It really was a beaut. A question common in the Sergeants' Mess is the meaning of the initials tagged on to Sergt. McLeod. Here they are in full. Sergt. F. G. B. A. McLeod. Has anybody any answers?

"Well," said Sergt. Harling, "there's one thing, I can say I'm a self-made man."

"Are you boasting," inquired MacMillan, "or apologising?"

When everything goes wrong, SMILE.



Odds n' Ends

by

The Idler

Smile with Me, Not at Me

ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD.

Smile with me, not at me. It makes all the difference in the world. When you smile **with** me there is a companionship, comradeship, we go hand in hand to the music of laughter, we are equals. When you smile **at** me you are above me on some throne of superiority and I am beneath you humiliated.

* * * *

When you smile **with** me our gladness is wholesome, cheering as cool waters, tonic as bright blue sky. When you smile **at** me you alone have pleasure, a poison pleasure.

* * * *

No bargain or contract is honest unless both parties profit, no game is good where one side always wins. When you smile **at** me you are only tickled. I am stung. It is a bad bargain and a poor game.

* * * *

Duchesses and Kings, head waiters and older brothers, smile **at** you. The fellows you play ball with, or go fishing with or loaf with, the common people, the kind you meet on street cars and trains, smile **with** you. The snobs and all the little knowing ones smile **at** you.

* * * *

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

When we eat and drink together we smile **with**. When we give a tramp a sandwich we smile **at**. The French have the happy faculty of smiling **with**. The Germans smile **at**.

* * * *

The teacher who smiles **at** us we hate. The one who smiles **with** us we love. People in automobiles smile **at** pedestrians on the side walk (and the chauffeur smiles **at** his boss and party).

* * * *

We smile **at** fools, numbskulls, weaklings, animals, people who fall, stumble, or who are awkward or stupid. We smile **with** clever actors, charming speakers, interesting writers, friends, sweethearts, and all those who command our respect or whose fellowship we want to enter into. To smile **with** is Democratic. To smile **at** is Autocratic.

* * * *

To smile **at** me is ill-bred; to smile **with** me is human. To smile **at** is the subtlest form of insult.

To smile **with** means **Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.**

S.P.B.V.T.S. Club to be formed in 402

AUTHORS IN THIS WORLD.

There have been authors in this world of ours ever since Adam and Eve received their "permanent pass" from the Garden of Eden. These men (and I am forced to admit some women too) have written on countless subjects, but up to now "Mothballs" McCormick has been the only writer (probably dictates to someone who can write) who has ever gone so far as to mention the important men in the Air Force.

These men (or should I say heroes?) perform (generally through no fault of their own) one of the many arduous tasks which make our Air Force the best in the world. I shall no longer keep you in suspense (partly because I don't like to see airmen biting their nails in suspense and partly because my supply of descriptive adjectives is almost exhausted) as to the official capacity of these gallant airmen.

HUMAN BALLAST.

They are the fearless men whose powerful (?) bodies are used as human ballast to hold down the tails of our aircraft during a "run-up." Such a term may not mean much to the average person, but to an airman of 402 it is dreaded as much as the sound of an air raid siren. Since I am writing this article for the express purpose of securing the admiration of the average person for these men I will go into more descriptive details of their job.

FITTERS IN A DAZE.

The fitters of this Squadron, "B" Flight in particular, are constantly in a daze as the maximum R.P.M.s. of their particular aircraft, so they find it necessary to run up their power-plants every half hour or so. To perform this task they poke their head into the Flight shack and holler "Six *volunteers*" (note *volunteers* is italicised) to run up "O" for Orange, you, you, you, you, you and you. So out to "O" for Orange march (or should I say "are marched"?) the six "volunteers." One man on each wing tip and four on the tail. "Tiny" Moffatt is settling down in his nice warm, comfortable cockpit with "Jughead" Cooper (who is sometimes seen puttering around "O" for Onion) and "Rookie" Simonds safe on either wing tip. "Tiny" looks into the rear-view mirror. A satisfied look comes over his puss as he sees the old reliables sitting on his tail. Who are they, you ask? Why, it's Charette, Cantin, J.R.J.J. and Christofferson—the fearless armourers, of course. The fourth position is sometimes held by "Rodney" Robichaud, "Mobile" Litowski or even myself (and I'm not blushing either). Their faces are set as they realise what fate has in store for them. "Tiny's" hand slowly moves the throttle forward, the revs. go up, 1,400, 1,800—our heroes hang on grimly—2,400, 2,700, 3,000—they are still hanging on as their hair and clothes strain desperately to be freed. "Tiny" is satisfied (temporarily at least) as he pulls back the throttle and cuts the switches. Our heroes disentangle and help each other off the tail. They are veterans of yet another nerve-wracking experience; but are they finished? No, they chorused! As they walk (I should say stagger) over to the next aircraft with "Woodbine" McNab grinning maliciously from the cockpit, from the lips of the gallant four comes a challenger to any designer to build an aircraft whose tail they are afraid to sit on.

SPECIAL ARM BADGE.

A special arm badge, showing the empennage of an aircraft, should be awarded to every veteran of 500 or more "run-ups," but they will probably go on unheralded and unsung heroes of the second World War. After the war a club is to be formed called the "Society for the Prevention of Bankruptcy among Veteran Tail-Sitters."

Won't you join? I know I will.

"Squeak" Harden, 402 Squadron.

Orchids

To—



Cloutier and his Co-Workers

The last few weeks have seen the old walls and floor of B.B. 83 fairly gleam with paint and polish. This is due to Cloutier and his gang of helpers. Late at night you will find them hard at the job of keeping the recreation room neat and tidy. That bright new paint job you see on the stairs is the effort of "Rembrandt" Jack Moore. It brightens up the place, don't you think? So when you step into the room and admire the bright, clean appearance think of all the work that has been done to keep it that way and try to keep the butts off the floor and the magazines and records in place.

"A" Flight, 402

To "A" Flight, 402, from "B" Flight, 402—three orchids for the show they put on recently and wish them many more successes along the same line.

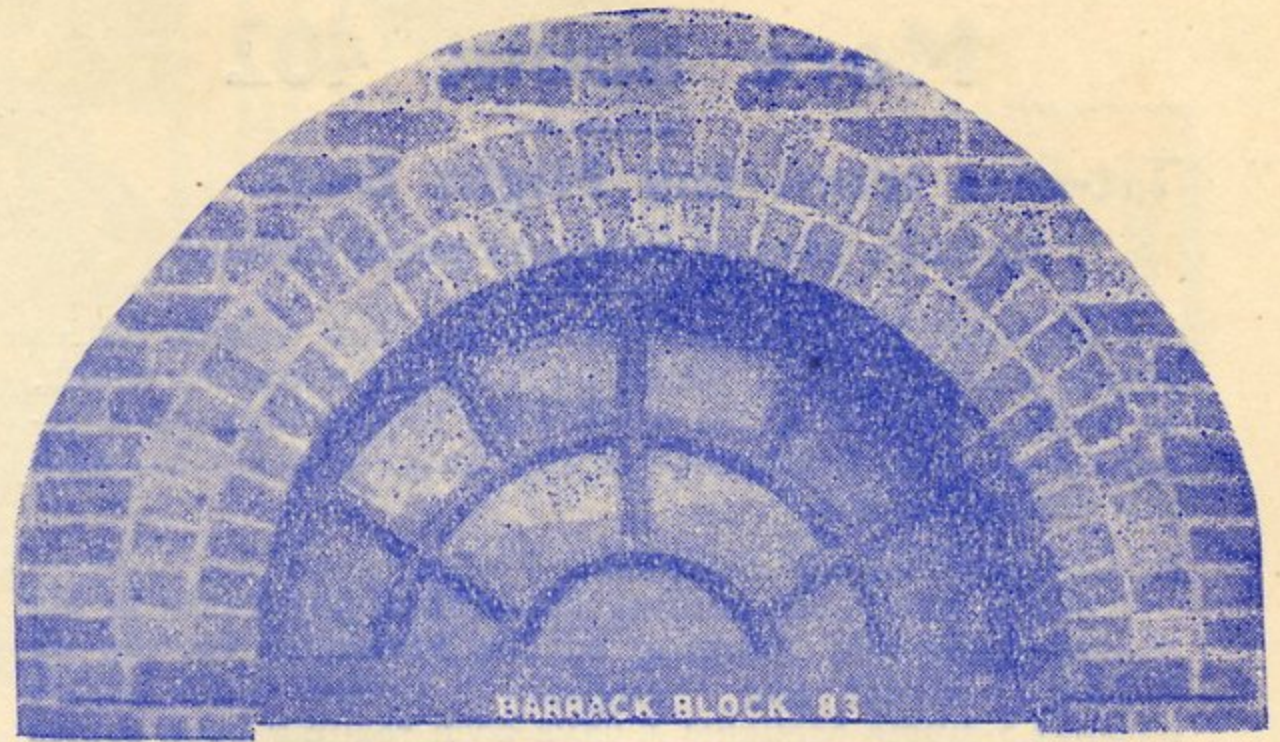
Congratulations!

To five new pilot officers, O'Callaghan, McCrae, Weir, Lomas and Armstrong, "Wings Abroad" takes great pleasure in extending the heartiest of congratulations and wishing each of you every success in your new position.

Song Titles and Their Facsimiles

"B" Flight

1. **I've got no strings.**
A.C. Silcox.
2. **Little wooden head.**
L.A.C. Cooney.
3. **We're all together now.**
"B" Flight.
4. **Playful Pluto.**
L.A.C. Richardson.
5. **Slow but sure.**
Corpl. Godin.
6. **My little chimney sweep.**
L.A.C. Brason.
7. **Heroes of Pease.**
Sergts. Penn, MacMillan and Kilpatrick.
8. **Jogging along behind the old grey mare.**
Sergt. Langdon.
9. **On the beam.**
L.A.C. LaRocque.
10. **Corn silk.**
L.A.C. Hancox.
L.A.C. F. L. Miller, 400 Squadron.



400 SQUADRON SPORTS and RECREATION

**Social Activities Commencing Monday 20.10.41
to Monday 3.11.41**

Monday, 20.10.41.

p.m. **Whist Drive.** Refreshments,
Prizes. Lots of fun.
Also Silent Movies.

Tuesday, 21.10.41.

p.m. **Important meeting of the Club to
discuss Educational Courses
and Winter Programme.** All
interested are urged to attend.
Refreshments.

Wednesday, 22.10.41.

p.m. **Euchre and Bridge.** Good Prizes.
Eats.

Thursday, 23.10.41.

p.m. **Spelling Bee.** Something New.
Prizes. Eats.

Friday, 24.10.41.

p.m. **Bingo!** Loads of Fun! Refresh-
ments. Silent Movies.

Saturday, 25.10.41.

p.m. **Cleaning up the padre's larder.**
Come and see what the week
has left.

Sunday, 26.10.41.

a.m. **Chapel.** Masses, 9.30 and 11
a.m. United Service, 12 noon.
p.m. **Concert Party.** Refreshments.
Excellent Entertainment.

Tuesday, 28.10.41.

p.m. **Meeting of the Club.** Refresh-
ments. Everybody Welcome.

Marriages

Lutes-Geraghty

At Brompton Oratory, London, on Saturday, October 4th, by Rev. M. J. MacNeil, Jack Lutes, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lutes, Moncton, N.B., to Catherine May Geraghty, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Geraghty, Chelsea, London.

More about 402

Tit-Bits from the Flight Desk

By Zeke (Korny Robinson pinch hitting)

Well, folks, since I have taken over the various duties of our dear "Flight" while he is away on studies which, *he hopes*, will bring his knowledge to the high level required of him, I consider it my duty to carry on with this column of his.

BACK COPIES OF D.R.Os.

While I have been shining the seat of my pants in his wicker chair and listening to the harmonic snoring of "Tiny" Moffat and "Jughead" Cooper (two minds *without* a single thought) I have been reading back copies of Squadron D.R.Os. and comparing them with orders issued during the last war. Here are a few notes from routine orders issued in 1918.

MOVE.

The Squadron will, on a date to be notified later, move to winter quarters in Buckingham Palace. Motor transport will be available to and from the train. Airmen are on no account to carry packs or blankets. Water bottles are to be filled with rum and arrangements have been made to serve hot meals every hour during the trip.

OUT OF BOUNDS.

Airmen have frequently been seen leaving local pubs before closing time. As the hours allotted to the purpose of drinking are short, full advantage should be taken of the time available. For this purpose barrack rooms have been placed out of bounds until 2300 hours.

DRESS.

Cases have occurred of airmen wearing their steel helmets in an untidy fashion. Sides should be turned up and the regulation fold made neatly in the crown. Chin straps should be gripped firmly between the teeth as these helmets are very easily lost in a slight wind.

INTELLIGENCE.

All airmen are required to render every assistance to the intelligence department in the classification of enemy bombs. Should an air raid occur men will take note: (a) size of bombs, (b) speed, (c) what the fuse is timed for, (d) colour, (e) numbers inscribed thereon or other details which may be of value. Duds should at once be examined. The nose cap should be given a smart tap with a sledge hammer or other available tools. This will cause a slight explosion which will render the bomb "hors de combat."

RUM.

The issue of rum, owing to the exigencies of the services, has unavoidably been reduced to one quart per man per diem. Every effort should be made to get the full benefit of this amount. N.C.Os. i/c Flights should render a report as to whether they find any difficulty in getting the men sufficiently inebriated on this amount.

Well, folks, I guess I should stop. Another column like this and I *will* be taking a boat ride.

Zeke Returns

All the Squadron knows that "B" Flight is just about tops, whether it be serviceability of aircraft, or their outstanding show of manners, such as stepping to one side in the mess hall to permit "A" Flight or Maintenance to step forward to get their meals.

VOLLEY BALL AGAIN.

Wishing to clear up any difficulty that may arise, I would like to report a game of volley ball played between "B" and "A" Flights one memorable afternoon (for "A" Flight). The F/Sergt. of "B" Flight was challenged by "A" Flight about six weeks before the game was played. The reason being he wished to allow the "A" Flight team time to practice.

SIX WEEKS ROLL BY.

After six weeks rolled by and the "B" Flight teams had been sitting around chaffing at the bit, so as to speak, they thought the time had come to teach "A" Flight a few tricks of the game. So down to "A" Flight goes their fourth reserve team, mostly young boys but with the light of battle in their clear, young eyes. When they saw "A" Flight's number one team they almost cheered, this looked like competition, but they were sadly disappointed.

TEAMS LINE UP.

The teams lined up after much arguing, and "A" Flight sure can argue. They didn't like the ball, the weather, the rules, their own count and almost started fighting amongst themselves. The young gentlemen looked on with carefully concealed disgust but said nothing. To spare their feelings we will not dwell upon the massacre that followed.

TWO GAMES OUT OF THREE.

The first game (it was two out of three) was easily won by "B" Flight, 21 to 3. When the F/Sergt. of "B" saw what was happening he thought he had better do something, and quickly. So he drew out half of his fourth reserve team and substituted two old men and a cripple. Consequently "A" Flight managed to win the second game by about one point, if I remember correctly.

SHOUTING TERRIFIC.

The shouting of the "A" Flight spectators was terrific. The M.O. had been sizing up the prowess of the "A" Flight team, turned, and walked away in disgust. So back into the fray goes the full fourth reserve team, not to avenge, but to play a clean, honourable game. Needless to say, the score was again 21 to 3 for "B" Flight. Did "A" Flight pay their wager—do cows sing?

DAYS ARE NUMBERED.

But I do hear their days are numbered, or in other words the powers that be in "A" Flight have cancelled all their twenty-four hour passes. But in all sincerity, I hope their football team can play as good as their pilots can fly. They have been doing very well lately. "B" Flight wishes them continued success.

Zeke.

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E. P. DUVAL, *Managing Editor.*

D. P. HOWELL, *Secretary-Treasurer.*

Squadron Leader M. J. MacNEIL, *Director.*

H.Q.—J. M. Lutes.

400 Squadron.—A. W. Barnes (circulation).

401 Squadron.—J. A. Alexander.

402 Squadron.—W. McCaghren.

405 Squadron.—C. Forman.

414 Squadron.—J. Nisbet.

Contributors.—Frank Miller, W. Hancox, G. Fortier,
Vince Meredith, Fred McCormick, Sgt. Chapman.