

WINGS ABROAD

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

Vol. I. No. 23

15TH NOVEMBER, 1941.

3d. PER COPY

TIME ON! TIME OFF!



What a Cheery Lot! What? What?

"A" Flight, 400 Squadron

Here we are again, fellas. Boy, how time flies. Who said everybody was trying to kill it? Yeah, we know there'll always be an England, and England shall have rain. In this issue I intend to uncover a few startling facts about some of the members of our great Flight.

OUTSTANDING EVENT.

The first and foremost, of course, is the fact that "A" Flight had a smoker ("B" Flight take note). We understand that "C" Flight had a little bit of a "do" the other week. They kept it pretty quiet. I wonder why? I suppose, like all "B" and "C" Flight undertakings, there was nothing much to rave about.

GEOGRAPHY CAME TO LIGHT.

During the course of our smoker some very interesting geography came to light. How? Flight "D" for Dennis Hunt trying to describe just where Moosomin is. So far all we can understand is that it is somewhere west of Winnipeg. I still can't figure out whether it's a railway flag stop or a real town. Well, they have a paper anyway, "The Moosomin World Herald." Every time Dennis gets it (once a month) it usually takes him all morning to struggle through the two pages of livestock reports enough to fill every Western heart with pride. I was amazed to find that about half our Flight were unfortunate to come from the West. Oh, well, as our Wing Commander said, "They're great fellows these Western lads." We understand that our C.O. once studied law. This training sure came in handy. Diplomacy at its best.

OTHER OUTSTANDING EVENT.

The other outstanding event in our Flight was the loss of George "Baldy" Church to Maintenance Flight. However, maybe we will get a machine now and then. We're counting on you, "Baldy."

Apologies are in order to Flight "D" for Dennis Hunt. I understand his "big green job" is an eight horse power instead of twelve as I was led to believe. Please note, local constables, the dear fellows are only too glad to help a Canadian in distress. Quote Flight "Ash Can" Weldon.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Where Corpl. "Thurston" Dearlove hides.

Why L.A.C. "George Formby" Smith keeps his money in two purses.

Why L.A.C. "Hydrometer" Murdock doesn't like changing batteries.

Why Corpl. "Pop" Burch rushed away from the smoker early.

Why "B" Flight can't put more in our paper. What's wrong with the "Busy Bees," Dreamy?

Why Sergt. "Yap" Yaeger doesn't give the "C" Flight boys their shill. back and let them buy their own teapot.

Things around our dispersal hut have been very quiet of late, due to Moses Mossop being absent on a course. No doubt Moses lays awake at night planning and scheming how to scrounge more tools. Happy dreams, Moses.

Well, I guess I'll sign off, so cheerio, pip, pip. (Hey, who put that in?)

Sergt. Chapman, 400 Squadron.

This was heard in the "Naffy" yesterday. Corpl. Richardson had been waiting patiently to be served. He wasn't getting any attention so he called the "Naffy" waitress.

"Have you been to the Zoo?" he asked.

"No," replied the waitress.

"Then you ought to go. You will find it very thrilling to watch the turtles rushing past you."

When things get even tougher, SMILE.

"C" Flight, 400 Squadron

PARTY GREAT SUCCESS.

Our party was held Tuesday evening, October 28th, at the Venture Restaurant. Only snards were invited to enjoy themselves in whatever way they wanted to. They must have had a good time, for we couldn't see any sour looks. Invitation was by an "operation order" which was issued to each snard. "The order" was concocted by the Flight Commander and here are extracts of "Exercise Snard" . . .

"C" Flight Army Co-opulation Squadron has been allotted the Venture Restaurant for the purpose of intense practice in Flight re-arming and re-fuelling to demonstrate the Flight's fitness to retain the crown of "Best Flight Ever." The "intention" of the order was to take "C" Flight to the restaurant and return with as few casualties as possible. The "administration" was to the effect that Ammunition, petrol, will be supplied by the Venture Restaurant. F/Sergt. Weldon will supply a gramophone. P/O. Clarke will supply the records. P/O. Henderson, P/O. Peters, Corpl. Frontin, A.C. Winter will supply musical instruments. Admission only on presentation of the order.

This was the first time we've enjoyed obeying an order of any kind. En route we stopped to pick up the "Priory boys," who probably not realising the significance of the occasion, kept us waiting. Of course, being senior N.C.Os., they had an excuse ready, mumbling some very disparaging remarks about mess meetings leaving them no time to clean up.

DINNER EXCELLENT.

The dinner tables were laid when we arrived, so after a few refreshments we sat down to a very palatable meal. Rising to the occasion, Sergt. Mike Jones gave a very interesting discourse on church parades, 414 style. Before leaving the table a silence fell as we rose to drink a toast to the King.

REFRESHMENTS MATERIALIZE.

Immediately after eating more refreshments materialized and a sing-song started. To provide the accompaniment for this, eight hefty snards moved a piano into the room and as they did so were heard to remark that it was the heaviest . . . piano they had ever moved.

Just as we got started W/C. Kerby and S/Ldr. Waddell dropped in to give the party an official air. However, it turned out that W/C. Kerby accompanied P/O. Henderson's violin and then joined in the fun.

THANKS TO L.A.C. BROWN.

L.A.C. Brown deserves a vote of thanks for his accordion playing and was ever willing to play, on the piano, whatever we wished. He also piloted us safely back to camp when the party broke up.

The result the next morning was shown in the very tired but happy faces around "Snards Roost." Now everyone wants to know when the next party will take place, but that depends largely on the Flight fund.

ON FLAMELESS HEATERS.

Will any other Flight please help us out? We haven't been able to keep any of these flameless heaters going. If any Flights have some helpful hints, don't be catty about it, but let us know. Even now "Ash-can" Weldon is pulling out the one inch long hair on his head and shows a tendency to go berserk from worry.

The Seer of "C" Flight.

We heard George Dykes the other morning saying "This insomnia's got me worried. I can't sleep even when it's time to get up."

Scotty Barnes claims that the finest after dinner speech he ever heard was: "Scotty, I'll settle with the waiter."

"B" Flight, 402 Squadron

Getting back into stride is not easy after seven days of the best sort of leave, for I find not only "S" for sugar u/s but chilly weather, lots of rain and work. After all, a fellow should have a few days to rest up after having leave. (All in favour say "Aye.") The first thing I noticed on returning is that most of "A" Flight are either humming or singing (using poetic licence when I refer to it as humming or singing) the song "Over the Hill," and I am inclined to believe it.

COME FOR A STROLL.

All you pretty lads and lassies who have very little to do come with me while we look over "B" Flight dispersal point. Of course everything you overhear is strictly hush-hush and remember "The Gubbins has ears." Because we have to start somewhere, this secluded spot is where "U" for uncle is billeted and that door leads to an air raid shelter where, when things get a little tough or too much work is going on, you will find its crew of "Wild Bill" Thomason and "Choc" Walkerdine, also too many armourers, wireless men and electricians to mention individually.

AROUND THE CORNER.

Just around the corner we find "N" for Nuts and that fellow with the curly hair is Jones, who used to be all right until he listened for too many air leaks. Now let's hop over to "T" for Tommy, where we find "Mooch" Jobin doing his D.I., which comprises of kicking a tyre thoughtfully and looking wise with "Yorkie" Simonette sending up his usual prayer before signing it out. We pass on to the target-puller of the Flight, "O" for Onion. Walk on tip-toes, as that's "Jughead" Cooper sleeping over there and Smith is walking around in what's known as the "Maintenance Trance." Then we come to "P" for Percy and we find "Killer" Doerson muttering to himself something about playing for double or nothing.

"Q" FOR QUEENIE.

Next on the line is "Q" for Queenie, and looking so bright and deceiving is "Baby-face" Hilts sparring with "Toughie" Watts. Be careful, boys, you won't be the first ones to get a black eye or a skinned knuckle.

I thought you would remark about how smart that aircraft was over there. Isn't it beautiful? That's "S" for Sugar which receives the loving care of "Cowboy" Bill Roach and "Mothballs." Those two forelorn-looking airmen walking around as though they have lost their best friend are "Gabby" Simons and "Porky" Lang, and they can't understand why there's no "W" for Willy.

NEARING END OF STROLL.

Nearing the end of our walk we come to "V" for Victory and there is Bill Clarke polishing his windscreen again. My personal opinion is that he likes looking at himself in the clean glass with "Woodbine" McNab arguing to nobody in particular about nothing as usual. We need go no further and, as you can see from here, "R" for Robert and that blonde streak having all the trouble is McQueen. Look out, here comes the other McQueen, "Si" we call him, and when he is driving the bowser we give him plenty of room, even when we are sure he is not "browned off."

THE FLIGHT SHACK.

Before taking leave of you I would invite you into our Flight shack, only there is very little to see except our N.C.Os. playing darts or writing letters home, and they do hate to be disturbed. I wonder if they are now disturbed enough to cancel some of my days off.

A LITTLE UNFINISHED BUSINESS.

Before closing I would like to bring up a little unfinished business. My steady readers or reader (one I am sure of, my mother, bless her) will remember I wanted suggestions for a new nickname for Bill Copely. Well, I have had many which I have shuffled down to the following. You pick out one as the best. "Poker-face, Flash, Beau Brummel, High Pockets." And as a big percentage, including Jimmy Hutton, say I hit the nail right on the head with "Honest Bill," well, what's your opinion? How about "Zeke," his nom-de-plume when writing for "Wings Abroad."

I need a five letter word beginning with F, wait for me now, I get it, FINIS.

Fred McCormick, 402 Squadron.

"B" Flight, 401 Squadron

GOLDBERG ROPED IN.

"B" Flight is thinking seriously of commissioning Rube Goldberg to design a modification for Sergt. Thompson's aircraft. The clay pigeon Ace figures that with his trusty "choke-bone" he could mow the Jerries down with "nae bother at all." If Jerry spots a kite with several shot guns protruding from the region of the hood, it may be Britain's secret weapon, but more likely it will be none other than "Thompson the Terrible."

CONGRATULATIONS.

"B" Flight lads wish to proffer heartiest congratulations to F/O. Wallace on his prompt decisive, successful air action the other day. It certainly gave us a zestful start in this area. Happy landings, Mr. Wallace.

"THE FLYING SCOT."

Everyone has heard of the world-famous "Flying Scot," that super-fast railway engine. It's high time everyone heard about the "Squadron famous" Flying Scot. His name is Alex Hunter, the busy armourer, a veritable beehive of industry. Nelson Bouenfant calls him "blue pencil" Hunter. Can he have a reason?

We miss the quartet of F. Potts, Earl McCallanm, Chuck Sparks and S. Lappin these mornings. Although of somewhat doubtful quality, it did wake the boys up.

Corpl. Leatherbarrow and Corpl. Lappin have had many of those "many subject" debates because we hear E. Leatherbarrow calling S. Lappin "Scrooge" and S. Lappin calling E. Leatherbarrow "Gabby." What a pair.

THANKS ARE DUE.

To the Canadian Legion Educational Services under the direction of Mr. Chatwin.

Nearly all the fellows are studying something in connection with this service. We are getting excellent, costly correspondence courses in such subjects as Mathematics, Mechanical Drawing, Journalism, etc., free of charge or in some cases at a fractional cost. This is certainly "in the running" as THE finest service available to the forces, for its benefits are lasting. Sincere thanks, sir.

J. Alexander, 401 Squadron.

Soccer Team Turns in Draw

The recently formed Squadron soccer team put in a week of hard practice with the aim of taking the local R.A.F. boys into camp at their own game. The final result was a two all draw with Campbell, Creighton and Tait turning in a steady game. The team was as follows:—Tait, Pearson, Searle, Johnstone B., Barnes, Welsh, Baker, Rollins, Grant and Duthie.

After a recent practice Irvine was elected captain, with F/Lieut. Wallace and McKellar to form a team committee. Any soccer players are invited to turn out.

When it rains again, SMILE.

Women's Association Wind-up Best Year Yet in War Work

The 1940-41 report of The Women's Association, 400 Squadron, just arrived, shows the most successful season since the inception of that organisation. "I was amazed, on reading it over, to see all the work they have done," was the Commanding Officer's comment.

The report is thirteen pages long and contains a condensed description of the year's activities. It is subdivided under the following headings and here are extracts from that report presented by Mrs. F. C. Hay-Roe.

FAMILY WELFARE.

A Committee composed of the mothers of the Toronto Officers Overseas was formed last year to look after any special emergencies which come to our attention in the families of Toronto airmen of the Squadron. Our funds for this were very limited, but on hearing of a little home where there were a number of small children and a sick mother, Mrs. Pattison and Mrs. Hay-Roe were able to supply extra food and clothing.

OVERSEAS SHIPPING.

The Convenor for overseas shipping, Mrs. D. E. Galloway, has had the pleasant, though very often arduous, task of purchasing from different companies our orders, contacting the insurance brokers and the details of insuring and shipping gifts to the 400th Squadron.

Much to our regret, our gifts intended for a Christmas treat (1940) were lost at sea. These shipments contained chocolate bars, Christmas cake and tins of apple butter. A shipment of 20,000 cigarettes and 50 pounds of tobacco also failed to reach its destination, but through a special fund created by Mrs. Walter Stewart, wife of the President of the McDonald Tobacco Company, duplicates of these orders were filled and sent to the Squadron.

Mrs. Galloway, who has done such fine work in this Convenorship, has been assisted in the work on various occasions by Mrs. Norman Irwin, Mrs. E. Rogers, Mrs. T. Andison, Mrs. Don. Galloway, Mrs. J. L. Hurley and Mrs. Hay-Roe.

The following is a list of the total gifts forwarded since June, 1940:—

90,000 cigarettes; 4,416 chocolate bars; 225 lbs. of tobacco; 816 batteries; 300 lbs. of coffee; 11 rugby balls; 25 bushels of apples; 600 handkerchiefs; 250 lbs. of Christmas cake; 384 tins of apple butter; 12,000 poker chips; 6 games of Tripoli; 112 decks of playing cards; sheet music (11 dollars worth); 12 bats; 4 mitts; 12 softballs; 2 sets horseshoe games; 12 sets of ping-pong; 5 games B airmen; 200 packages razor blades; 30.00 dollars worth Life Savers; 8 badminton rackets, presses and birds; 12 cartons of Face Elle; 6 cases of Purex; 75

records; 4 basket balls; 250 lbs. of maple sugar; 100 tins corn syrup; 400 packages soda biscuits; 200 packages of cheese; 100 tins of butter.

(Editor's Note: This does not necessarily mean that all these goods shipped were received by the Squadron as a certain amount were lost at sea).

KNITTING.

This department of our work, since June, 1940, has been convened by Mrs. Ellsworth Rogers for the first part of the year and later on by Mrs. T. H. Andison. This Convenorship requires someone who is a competent buyer of wool and an expert on inspection of knitted articles. Both these members very ably filled these requirements.

May we extend our sincere thanks to the Royal Canadian Air Force, Municipal Chapter of the I.O.D.E., for their generosity in augmenting our supplies of knitted comforts for our men overseas, and also to all our friends who have helped us to a large extent in our knitting. Special mention might be made of a friend of Mrs. Kerby, Mrs. Davis, who in the past year has knitted 157 sweaters, beautifully made and pressed.

The following is a total of knitted goods sent overseas: 304 pullovers; 1,067 pairs of socks; 208 scarves; 240 helmets; 380 pairs of mitts; 44 caps; 141 sweaters; 9 wristlets; 2 leather coats.

CHRISTMAS PARTY.

Mrs. J. L. Hurley sent in a very complete report of her splendid Convenorship of the Christmas Party for the wives and children of the original 110th on active service overseas and elsewhere. The Citizens' Committee of the troops in training are the sponsors of this event, which is given in the Fort York Armouries for all the families in the service in Toronto, our unit included. Music, dancing, gifts from Santa Claus to each child, Eskimo pies, milk, orange crush, biscuits, candy, toy

balloons were distributed. The Women's Association contributed funds for the refreshments for the adults and members assisted in the serving of the tea and caring for the children.

SOCIAL CONVENORSHIP.

Congratulations are due to Mrs. Royden Kerby (now President), a particularly valued member of our Association, on the outstanding success of her department, which convenes at least a good half of our war endeavour and includes work at various times by all the members.

Ways and means of raising funds become increasingly difficult as the number of calls on the purses of our friends become more and more each day. Ticket selling is something all of us dread, but for our cause we have become as bold as lions. The field of work covered under the



Mrs. R. D. KERBY, President.

When others are promoted, SMILE.

above heading includes for the past year, Subscription Letters, Rummage Sale, Supper Dance, Talent Money, Garden Party, Sale of Knitting Bags and Crests and Cigarette Fund.

(Signed)

Mrs. HAY-ROE.

In Appreciation

Well, there it is, fellows, the result of a year's work for us. In the words of Mrs. Hay-Roe, "Facts and figures are often dull reading, and tell little of the hard work involved by officers, convenors and members alike." A year of toil, 365 days of self-sacrifice and labour, for you and I. A year with only an eye to the cause for which they worked, and that cause is our welfare. It makes you feel just the least bit uncomfortable to think of all they have done for us compared with the appreciation we have shown for them.

Space nor words cannot re-imburse their efforts in satisfying our every little need and whim, which they have done with tremendous success in the past year.

SPECIAL MENTION.

Special mention should be made of Mrs. Davis, who knitted 157 sweaters for the Women's Auxiliary. It is generosity and self-sacrifice such as this that is winning this war and a knitting record like hers definitely deserves all the thanks and appreciation we can offer. Our humble thanks to you, Mrs. Davis, seems small in proportion to the outstanding sacrifice you have made for us.

The cigarette fund we especially appreciate. We owe a great deal to Mr. Buckingham, Mr. Geo. Nichol, Mr. Geo. Crawford, Mr. F. C. Scholler, Dr. Wm. Chalmers, R. D. Kerby, J. L. Seitz, Neil Petersen and Mr. J. D. Kervin, Mr. D. Frazer, Mr. Jackson, Mr. L. F. Fitzpatrick, Mr. J. E. Johnson and Mr. J. Elsworth Rogers. Gentlemen, we appreciate your generosity. Thank you again.

WE SALUTE YOU.

Women's Auxiliary, we salute you for a war effort of no less important than we overseas. We salute you for a job well done. At present we must be content to offer you a simple thanks, until that day when we are together again and each of us can personally express the appreciation we now feel in our hearts.

With every wish for a successful 1941-42 season.

The Boys of 400 Squadron.

Christmas Gift Suggestion

In these days of rationing, gifts for those back home will be increasingly difficult to select. Western Union now offers a new service. "Flowers by Wire" available to this unit. We will be glad to take your order for roses to those loved ones at home. Minimum charge is 12/6, which includes the greeting.

Notice

To all you people in Canada. You too can subscribe to "Wings Abroad." All you have to do is mail us one good Canadian dollar and we'll look after the rest.

When you miss pay parade, SMILE.

'Ot Exhaust!

By FOUR CYCLE.

A'chtung! Ge'ben Sie acht! (That means pay attention t'a youse.) Yes, you guessed it, the "Fuerhrer" rants and raves supreme in the 400 M.T. Section. Latest victims of a "blood purge" are party members Story and Boyer. Since the return of Red leader Jolly and camerade Baker there have been strong Socialistic leanings as a result of "strong arm" methods employed by said "revolutionists." The red-headed "dictator" reports fifth column activity in his government and that can mean only one thing. He's cracking! In the last edition we exposed a few departments in McKee's high command and now we delve into the mysteries of that deep, dark, dirty branch, "The Ministry of Supply."

SUPPLY MINISTER BULLMAN.

Chief, Head, Party Leader, Minister or what have you in charge of such a department is Corpl. Bullman. Minister of Supply. Whether he supplies or not is questionable, for like all such departments, yes, even down to our stores, his favourite cry is "No have got." All day long he gloats over his two year accumulation of junk and if you happen to catch him unawares you will see him fondling, with loving care, a new part. Ah, he sees you! As if by magic the spare disappears into thin air. Bullman is a confirmed isolationist, and being cooped up in his Ministry might account for that.

WHISPERING CAMPAIGNS.

Away from the Ministry of Supply and back to the Ministry of "Mis-information" or Propaganda departments of Red's government. Working hand in hand with "Goebbels" Allan is Corpl. Moore, second in Allan's ministry. He also has a finger in statistical department, but his special job, and the one in which he "stars," is whispering campaigns, and he is that personified. To see "Goebbels" and his aide-de-camp walking together, eating together, they offer little contrast except when talking, and then they are worlds apart. So far they are the only two that can walk under a three-ton truck without stooping. We also hear that Moore has a finger in more of McKee's departments than most of us know. So watch for this "Himmler" of 400 M.T. Section.

NEXT ON EXPOSE.

Next on this expose is Corpl. Punton, head man in the Department of Transport and comptroller of vast thousands of convoys despatched from that branch. Merely as a side-line he works for the Propaganda Ministry in the rumour department. Almost any minute of the day you can hear him saying "Did you hear that . . . bzzz . . . bzzz . . . bzzz . . . or did you know that . . . bzzz . . . bzzz . . . bzzz."

STOP PRESS!

Flash! The great day arrived. L.A.C. Brule had a trip. He flew out of the station with wheels up, throttle wide, plenty of boost and engine at maximum revs. Later on in the day we saw him being towed back to the section. He was shaking his head sadly and saying "I guess that pursuit job of mine is a lemon and after all the mod's I put on it, too!"

Next edition this scribe plans to reveal the secrets of the Maintenance Department in "Der Fuerhrer's" Ministry, and the big man in that branch is Party Leader Gair (United Farmer).

As the padre so aptly put it, Barrack Block 83 serves its purpose to fill in your spare time. It is there for that reason; why not take advantage of it?



ODDS n' ENDS

By The Idler

Money Makers

Anybody can save; only a few can make money.

All you have to do, to save money, is to spend less than you get. Any human being that is healthy and "Compos Mentis" can live on, say, nine-tenths of what he is now living on. There may be exceptions to the rule; we must grant that for the severely accurate.

It is safe to say that those who say they need every cent of what they make, and that it is impossible to save anything at all, are victims of self pity, weak will and bad management.

* * * *

VERY FEW GET RICH.

Saving money is about all that most of us can do and that makes few rich.

If I make ten dollars a week I can lay aside one dollar. If I make a thousand dollars a week I may bank nine hundred and ninety dollars of it (though I certainly would not), but either case I wouldn't get rich.

Rich people are not those who earn large salaries. They are those who handle money, who make money earn money.

Of course in this argument we exclude two classes. Those who have money given them, by inheritance or otherwise, and those who get money by chance. These two classes merely step into money someone else has made.

But very few people get rich, for the simple reason that money-making requires a certain order of genius. Money-makers are born; they have a natural gift. They are like poets, mechanics, orators, in that they are endowed by their Creator with a peculiar capacity. The money-makers are the real kings of modern life, because, vulgarly we measure all things, including human worth, by dollars.

* * * *

LET MONEY-MAKING ALONE.

If you make ten thousand dollars a year at your job it is only because your employer is making more than that amount out of your services. He is the player; you are the chessman; he is the general, you are the private.

The best thing for us workers to do is to let money-making alone. Nine times out of ten when we go into the game we are stung.

Wall Street is strewn with the corpses of lambs who thought they could outwit old wolves that hunt there. Many a shopkeeper has been ruined trying to get rich, not realising he is not a money-maker, but a money-earner. Many a widow has lost all her insurance money by imagining that, being possessed of a tidy lump sum, she could increase it rapidly by shrewd investment. She does not understand that in speculating in real estate or buying stocks she is pitting her inexperience against genius and trained ability.

RICH NOT HAPPY.

Let the natural born money-makers make money. Let us, you and me, content ourselves with the only thing wherein we have a prospect of sure success, that is saving money.

Sometimes that money-making faculty is a racial heritage as amongst the Hebrews. Sometimes it runs in a family, and sometimes it appears spasmodically and a money-making genius crops out in the most unexpected place, just as Lincoln, Napoleon or Leonardo come from common-place environment.

The thing for us to remember is that getting rich is but one small way in which human endeavour succeeds; that those who achieve riches are by no means certainly happy, and that their power to acquire luxuries is usually destructive to character; and that the money-saver, if he is intelligent, and if he has common sense and philosophy, is practically assured of contentment.

FIVE SIGNS OF SELF PITY.

If people are always picking on you
 If you frequently nurse a grudge
 If things always seem to go wrong for you
 If your fellow airmen are treated better than you are
 If your superiors have "it in for you"
 you are just wallowing in self pity and are wasting priceless time which might better be devoted to the job of winning this war.

Acknowledgments

"Vol. 1, No. 1, No. 15 S.F.T.S." Review from way out west in Claresholm, Alberta. Congratulations on a well balanced, breezy sheet. To the Editor-in-Chief and Staff we say "Good show," and may you enjoy many more editions like Vol. 1, No. 1.

"The Rally," a smart, bright magazine published by Captain Bradley for the Canadian Active Service Forces. We compliment you on the quality of your journal, Canadian Forces, and for the long standing you enjoy in the field of journalism.

**Scotch Concert in Station Theatre,
 St. Andrew's Night, November 30th,
 Get Your Entry In. See the Padre.**

When you have to do fatigues, SMILE.

Orchids

To—



F/LT. PHELAN.

For a hard job well done. Mr. Phelan has Southern England to take care of and he does just that. In his capacity as K. of C. supervisor, he is ever willing to help you out. Despite the fact that he has been over here but a few weeks he has done a tremendous amount for this Squadron alone, not to mention the other Canadian units under his jurisdiction. Thank you, Mr. Phelan, for the interest that you take in us and all the entertainment you have provided in the short time you have been with our Squadron.

L.A.C. DAVIDSON.

Did you know that "Wings Abroad" had a photographer? Well we have, in the person of Vic Davidson of the Photo Section. Most of the photos supplied for the mosaics are the result of his work and "Wings Abroad" wants to thank him for the interest he takes in the paper and hand an orchid for the work he turns out. What Vic wants to know is, "When am I going to get that Speed Graphic press camera?" (They only cost about 300 dollars. What a hope!)

Song Titles and Their Facsimiles

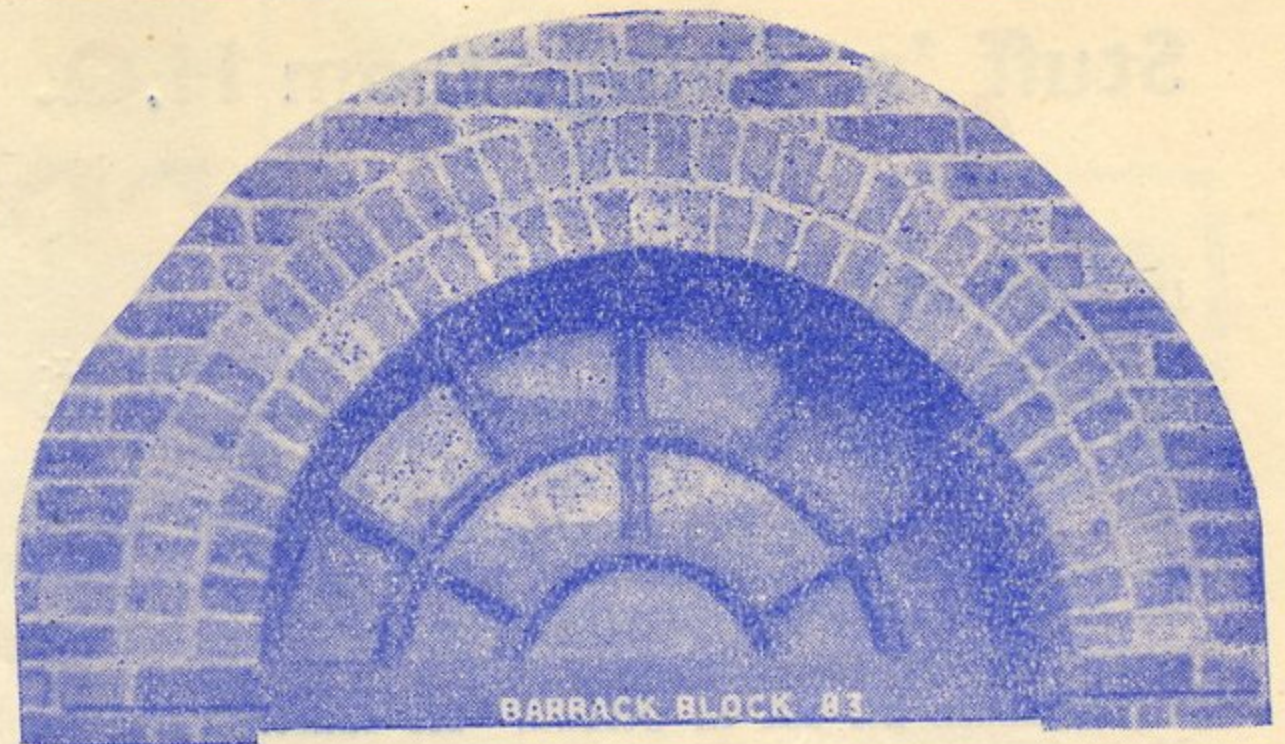
1. **Sergt.-Major, be a Mother to me.**
Sergt. Harling.
2. **Japanese Sandman.**
Sergt. Streeting.
3. **Oh, the Gentleman needs a Shave.**
Sergt. Burnett.
4. **If I only had Wings.**
Sergt. Craddock.
5. **You'd be far better off in a Home.**
Sergt. MacMillan.
6. **My curly-headed Baby.**
Sergt. Kilpatrick.
7. **In and out the Window.**
Sergt. McMillan.
8. **The London I love.**
Sergt. Gillingwater.
9. **Waltzing Matilda.**
F/O. Spence.
10. **Love is all.**
Sergt. Penn.

PUN OF THE WEEK.

What did one grain say to the other as they fell down the hen's throat?

We're off to see the gizzard! Well, all right!

When someone angers you, SMILE.



400 SQUADRON SPORTS and RECREATION Social Activities Commencing Friday 14.11.41 to Friday 28.11.41

Friday, 14.11.41.

p.m. **Bingo!** Everybody welcome.
Lots of Fun! Eats.

Saturday, 15.11.41.

p.m. **Cleaning up the Padre's larder!**
Come and see what is in store for you. Sing-song.

Sunday, 16.11.41.

a.m. **Chapel.** Mass 9.15 and Benediction at 6.30 p.m.

p.m. **Talkies!** Good Programme!
Double Feature! Refreshments.

Monday, 17.11.41.

p.m. **Whist Drive!** Come and try your hand at cards. Prizes. Eats.

Tuesday, 18.11.41.

p.m. **Meeting of the Club.** Important discussion regarding public speaking. Refreshments will be served.

Wednesday, 19.11.41.

p.m. **Euchre and Bridge!** Good Prizes, also Eats.

Thursday, 20.11.41.

p.m. **Spelling Bee!** Something new and different. Should be interesting. Refreshments.

Friday, 21.11.41.

p.m. **Bingo!** Housey Housey! Lots of Fun! Everybody Welcome. Eats.

Tuesday, 25.11.41.

p.m. **Meeting of the Club.** Everybody Welcome! Eats.

Variety Show

No. 1 Canadian Artillery Holding Unit Variety Show is the name of a concert put on for the station, Sunday, October 26th. It was arranged for by the K. of C. and they are to be thanked for engaging such an excellent affair. The boys appreciated the pure Canadian comedy, music and what have you. It was the first time the variety show played for the Air Force and we want them to know that we hope it won't be their last. The Variety Show featured Lou Hooper and his orchestra, the Rhythm Ranch Boys, a real fire eater and a glee club. Our thanks to Lt.-Col. Roberts for making such a great entertainment possible.

Stuff 'n Things from H.Q.

by
JACK LUTES.

INTRODUCING

It seems that this issue we must devote our space exclusively to the Ottawa chaps—all tried and true lads and every last one a true believer in the prowess of the "Rough Riders"—in fact the atmosphere here is so tense re the coming Toronto-Ottawa game that it won't be safe to show up after the final whistle—glad I am from the east . . . anyway we're giving you . . .

W.O.2 KENNETH CONLIN

Ken hangs his hat in Ottawa. He enlisted there in May, 1939, and was shipped direct to Headquarters in that city. He remained there until February of the following year, when he proceeded overseas with the Headquarters contingent and landed in this country in March, '40. Has been at H.Q. ever since. Ken is reputed to be the youngest sergt.-major in the Canadian Air Force, being only 21 years of age, but he is more than well qualified to hold down the job. He is a graduate of St. Pat's College of Ottawa and there excelled in hockey, football and basketball. He was a team mate of Johnny Quilty—of well-known Maple Leaf fame. We've seen him perform and had he not enlisted he might well have leaped ahead in the sports field with the same moving swiftness in which he has risen in the Force.

F/SERGT. WILFRED GROULX

Wilf seems proud to call the Parliament City—home. He enlisted in that spot just after the outbreak of war in 1939 and his first posting was to the Recruiting Centre in Ottawa. In November of the same year he was sent to Montreal to open a recruiting centre there, and as he says "L.A.C. in charge." He stayed there until February of the following year, and then received a posting to the H.Q. outfit at Lansdowne Park, Ottawa, and proceeded overseas with them in March, '40. Remained with us throughout. Wilf has a photographic hobby and has corraled many a candid shot of the boys of this H.Q. both off and on the sports field. He himself in the sport line specialises in golf and tennis—both games in which he can aptly give an account of himself. You will also remember him as earning the name of the "Larrupin Sergeant" on the softball diamond.

The Rookies Again

First of all we would like to mention the fact that we were very happy to hear that all the "old timers" are not over the hill, as one of them (a clock winder) perked up a bit last month and took the fatal plunge into matrimony. Best of luck, Stoney, from all of "B" Flight.

NOT USED TO BLACK-OUT.

As much as we hate to admit it, seems like some of our crowd haven't become accustomed to the black-out. In fact, two of the boys are still wearing the result of an argument with a lamp post and an air raid shelter. That is their story. We might even also add that it happened on pay day. How about it, "Porky" and "Baby-face"?

DISPLAYING PROPS.

Very worthy of mention is the fact that a few rookies are proudly displaying "props" as a result of a recent trade test. Congratulations are quite in order. This is one more step toward becoming an "old-timer," or a N.C.O. Keep it up, fellows.

We wonder why rookie Forth, an armourer, returned to the Flight at 4 o'clock one morning to sign his D.I. Is he working for his hooks?

We should be very glad to hear from you rookies in 400 and 401.

The Rookies of 402.

Dots and Dashes from 414 Squadron

Last August 414 Squadron, R.C.A.F., came into existence and because of that a leavening of old hands from 400 Squadron were transferred to 414. Since then we have often wondered how 400 stood the shock of having her finest snatched away from her. It was indeed a numbing blow. So last week some of the boys went back to see how they were getting along.

DISMAL SIGHT.

It was a dismal sight. F/Sergt. "Honest Boyce" Weldon sitting down to a meal staring straight ahead with dead eyes. All the light and laughter had left him, or maybe he had a hang-over. Sergt. "Theodore Yip Yap Down Beat" Yaeger seemed unconcerned and went on putting food inside and outside his mouth.

Even the N.C.Os. of "A" and "B" Flights seemed strangely subdued. Cheer up, boys, we are carrying on the old traditions of 2 (A.C.) 110 and 400.

Old "C" Flight boys will be delighted to hear that "B" Flight, 414, has adopted yellow dope as its trade mark. Shades of W.O. Ince, the day is not far off when every member of the Flight will be equipped with a can of yellow dope and a brush to paint everything in sight. F/Sergt. Nugent, of "A" Flight, has thrown a cordon of guards around his dispersal area with orders to shoot on sight.

Well, that's all for now, boys; cheers, all the best.

G. W. Jones, 414 Squadron.

**Knights of Columbus
Canadian Army Huts
are responsible for many a happy hour
at 400 Squadron, our thanks, Knights.**

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