

WINGS ABROAD

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

ARDVA AD ASTRA PER

Vol. II. No. 1

15TH DECEMBER, 1941.

3d. PER COPY



Upper left—S/Ldr. Cockram, Padre, now in Canada, talking to a brother officer outside the mess.
Lower left—Air Marshal "Billy" Bishop chatting with Canadian officers during his recent inspection of our Squadrons overseas.

Upper right—Air Commodore Stevenson at his desk in H.Q. at a recent broadcast to Canada.
Lower right—Clowning you will invariably find wherever Canadians congregate.

Royal Canadian Air Force Photographs.

Dots 'n Dashes

By "WIRELESS WIZZ."

Again the time rolls around when the Editor has spoken, saying, "Men, the deadline is here, so get your tales of wisdom in now or for ever hold your peace." (Maybe he lisps, I don't know.) All this finds the W/T. Section in a state of super-efficiency, but there seems to be some argument about the fellows going on leave. No, they don't want to go; the truth is that they are so interested in their work that we just can't get them to go. This may sound funny, but believe me, men, it's nothing but the truth. So help me.

Current Events.

Since the last month's issue of our paper there have been a few well-earned promotions, which are: "Rusty" Brown to the rank of sergeant, Sergt. Boughner to the rank of F/Sergt., also L.A.C. Irvine to the rank of corporal. Congratulations men, keep up the good work and we'll be seeing you at the local on pay-day.

Among the outstanding events recently is the return of Sergt.-Major Baker to the 400 W/T Section, now that all at 414 is running smoothly. "Welcome Home, Nobby."

They Burn the Midnight Oil.

You might have noticed the fellows standing in the grub-line earnestly toying with a thing that looks like an expensive ruler. The story is that they are striving for higher learning and the gadget which demands so much of their attention is the old reliable slide rule. They are sure going for this home study to make big money in order that they can be the only man to speak to the boss. (Do you read the ads.?) Cook doesn't need any studying and any night you can find Crolly burning the midnight oil, either in the Section or in his little room. It just goes to show you that when you were going to school you should never have played truant to go to the show with the gang.

Technical Topics.

The boys are still working on that new "wonder valve, the "interpretor," which, when perfected, will take the accent off the speech received on the Forces wavelength. So hold off a little longer, fellows, you will soon be able to understand all that racket and be able to laugh at some of the alleged jokes.

Protective Association.

J. F. Forsyth, who has just completed unarmed combat training, stated that it brought back memories of the old days in Chicago, when he and Al used to work together. Now Forsyth is on a great recruiting drive to form a "Protective Association" after this war is over. So don't be surprised if someone grabs you by the lapel, pushes their face within an inch of yours and says in a Bronxian growl, "Lissen, wise guys, youse are going to choin the Protective Association . . . or else." Followed by "Do yuh pack a heater? Have yuh pulled any jobs? Have yuh done time?"

Bright Sayings of the W/T. Section

Sergt. "Rusty" Brown: 15-2, 15-4, your crib, chum.
 Corpl. Bennett: I hope you haven't heard this one.
 Corpl. Welsh: Now, when I was up north.
 Corpl. McLeod: When I was running my own radio business.
 L.A.C. Crolly: Anything for a laugh.
 L.A.C. Powchuck (Tinny Tannoy): Listen, youse guys.
 L.A.C. Gibson: You've 'ad it, chum.
 L.A.C. Cook: I still don't see how it works.
 L.A.C. Gaathier: You don't want to do that, won't you?
 L.A.C. Fortier: Close that door.
 L.A.C. Selkirk: Is there any voltage on the grid?

A Year ago To-day

With this edition "Wings Abroad" swings into a second year of publication and this occasion cannot be passed without comment. In brief, this paper has passed its first milestone in its history, and what a history! As we look back we see a graphic picture of mountainous accomplishment and valleys of shortcomings.

How it Originated.

The idea originated 'way back when the blitz on London was at its height and night raids were the vogue, and in the midst of it all was born our baby, which was soon tagged "Wings Abroad." To the majority of the members of Rota Mota their conception of the "blitz baby" was nothing more than a single sheet run off on a mimeograph, but there were others a bit more far-sighted and the first edition surpassed even their wildest dreams. Thus our paper was conceived, and now began the struggle to establish it on a permanent basis, after the first enthusiasm had died out. To those concerned it was a hard battle, but they emerged victorious, and before anyone had realised it six months had passed and its permanence was assured.

Ambitions and Shortcomings.

From the first days the columns of "Wings Abroad" reflected the idealism and high ambition of those who devoted their time to publish it. Designed primarily as a Squadron paper, it soon appealed to the other Squadrons and they were showing interest in its progress. The far-sightedness of the staff realised the possibilities of establishing an overseas paper for The Royal Canadian Air Force and immediately set about to foster the idea. But the trail was a long, difficult one and a small minority in the other Canadian Squadrons showed an active interest in the paper, and as a result contributions were small and solicited with difficulty, and there it stands to-day. Perhaps Volume II will realise the definite setting up of a R.C.A.F. paper overseas. If so, "Wings Abroad" will be serving its purpose to bind together all Canadian Air Force overseas and foster a camaraderie and *esprit de corps*, that will live in our memories long after this conflict is over.

Appreciation.

All those directly or indirectly concerned with the paper since its inception wish to show a sincere appreciation for the support you have given it in the past. Remember, without your help all this would have been an impossibility, and remember especially those who devoted all their spare time last December to "Wings Abroad."

"IF"

(with apologies to Rudyard Kipling).

If you can sit for hours on end and twirl a dial, yet never hear a thing concerning you and keep a smile.
 If you can face a set and look intelligent the while, and think of your superiors as men and not as something vile.
 If you can stop the inner urge to cry and scream, and through your will-power make believe it's all a dream.
 If you can smoke and not make smoke your master, and bring yourself to think that Time is passing ever faster.
 If you can hear of glories won high in the air, and satisfy your lust for Glory in a swivel chair.
 If all these things you do: as do you can, you'll be a wireless Op., my son, and what is more, a Superman!

By Corpl. Howden, D. L.

'Ot Exhaust!

By FOUR CYCLE.

This edition finds our "Fuehrer" rising to new heights, namely, two points up since last writing, not to mention the other party members who are on the way to becoming good little members of "Der Fuehrer's Reich." Otherwise everything is "proceeding according to plan" with one exception. The "Luftwaffe" has claimed five of the Fuehrer's men and frankly he is a bit worried.

He Has a "Luftwaffe."

Now that I have let you know there is such a department in McKee's Government I suppose I should go all the way and have you accompany me as I nose around "Der Fuehrer's Luftwaffe."

As yet I have been unable to find just who is the "Goering" of McKee's "flying fifty." As I see it the honours are divided among several. "Groupie" Phillips is Chief of "Fighter Command." Under the "Groups" Command we find such outstanding single-seater pilots as "Winco" Dion, "Bomber" Bennett and "Sir Malcolm" Story. These pursuit men have accounted for a considerable amount of "aircraft," but we don't know whose. Incidentally, I find that "Sir Malcolm" is again in "concentration" for low flying in a restricted area. However, this man has won "distinction" for his daring and disregard for personal danger, in the face of "the enemy."

"Bomber" Command

Down the command we stumble across the "six-engined" slow, heavy night "bombers." Head of "Bomber Command" is "Air Marshal" Speed Gill, who has many "op's" to his credit on the more obsolete type of heavy "aircraft." He can be described as a slow, easy-going "brass-hat" with the "Ipana" smile. Under him we find such "Box-car" men as "Op's" Harrington, "Bombs Gone" Steel, "Flash" Cassivi, "Sweeps" Robb and "Beat 'em off" Russell.

On the newer, "four-engined" types used for daylight "raids," faster, more manoeuvrable than their prototypes, we discover "Air Vice Marshal" Coutts, followed closely by "Crash" Davis, "Wheels-up" Pearson, "Flaps" Harper and "Ceiling Zero" Thompson. All these men are tops in their class in piloting the speedy modern crates.

"Reconnaissance and Experimental."

On "Reconnaissance" and "A.C." work we come across the pilots of small, very fast aircraft, noted for their speedy take-off and equally fast landing. Ask the Chief, "Throttle-wide" Trudeau, who has had many a scrape in "kites" of that type. In this special branch there are "Down-wind" Dean, "Circuits" McLean, "Wing-low" Brown and "Available" Eccles.

Now we stroll into the experimental branch and over in one corner we see a sleek interceptor being fussed over by that specialist, "Hedgehopper" Brule, who, by the way, is the big shot in that department. Modifications, experiments, new types he takes in his stride, but his pride and joy is a kite that he claims will revolutionise pursuit "aviation." Still in the experimental stages and time alone will tell the fruits of the super-interceptor a la Brule. I understand that it is being held back in case of invasion. Der Fuehrer's last hope, and what a hope!

We haven't touched "Coastal Reconnaissance" or "Night Fighters" yet, but that comes in the next edition. If you're good, we might even take a peek into the Fuehrer's "A.F.S." and navy. So far these branches have been overlooked, but two weeks will tell who is Der Fuehrer's "Ed Wynn" and "Admiral Raeder."

"B" Flight, 402 Squadron

With the deadline hanging heavy over my head, with "Gabby" and "Hammer" making a lot of noise toasting bread and heating soup (Canadian), with candles throwing their soft shadowy light, I find myself up the well-known tree for material to fill a column. I could write about the weather, but it being like "A" Flight, very disagreeable, so let's ignore both.

A Big Day.

December 12th, 1940, was the day 112 Squadron ceased to exist and in its place was born 402 Squadron. By the time this appears in print we hope to have celebrated the occasion in the proper manner by dancing and eating until the wee small hours of the morning.

Another Big Event.

Although no bottle of champagne was broken over her sweet spinner (nose to the public), "S" for Sugar has been re-named Sally. (Note to "A" and Maintenance: We allow admirers, but keep greasy hands off her beautiful lines.)

He Who Sees All.

On my right is a very wise fellow who is willing to answer any problem of the heart or otherwise. He is willing to set up a sort of "pen-pal" system, so if there are any lonely hearts in 402, or any other Canadian Squadron, please write to him. Address all correspondence to L.A.C. "X," in care of "B" Flight. One of his quaint sayings is "Time heals all C.B." Here is a sample of questions and answers he has already handled. Question: "Are we going to have Turkey for Christmas this year?" Answer: "No. I think Turkey will stay out of the war indefinitely." Question: "How can you tell when you are in love?" Answer: "If she has lots of money, marry her, it must be love." Question: "How can I get back to Canada?" Answer: "I am myself looking for a guy who can answer that one."

Be sure to send in your problem; you need our help.

Two more of "B" Flight's men have wandered from the fold and taken up positions in other Canadian Squadrons, namely, F/Sergt. Copely and Corpl. W. Cooper. Keep up the "B" Flight standard, boys.

Six-thirty a.m. comes early and a man must have his rest so—well—when "you gotta go."

Fred McCormick, 402 Squadron.

Overseas Chief Repatriated

Air Commodore L. F. Stevenson has been repatriated to Canada to take up a position in Western Air Command. Wing Commander Kerby received this farewell message prior to his departure.

"The co-operation I have received from you and the members of your Squadron during my posting here as Air Officer Commanding has been a source of deep gratification to me. Will you please, on my behalf, extend to your Squadron my most sincere thanks.

It would give me the greatest pleasure to be able to spend the approaching holiday season here in England with you, but the dictates of the Service rule otherwise, so I would like to take this opportunity of wishing you all the very best of luck, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Thank you, Air Commodore Stevenson, for your leadership in the past and the best of luck in your new appointment.

When you miss a bus, SMILE.

Introducing

F/Lieut. W. F. Cann.

First saw the light of day in Montreal, Quebec. He wandered around that Province and finally settled down to an education at the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville. F/Lieut. Cann was prominent in the field of sport, starring in basketball, baseball, tennis and golf. In between lectures he also found time to captain the hockey team, of which Russell "Joe" Blinco (of Chicago Black Hawk fame) was a team mate. He held positions on two football and two championship hockey teams at the Alma Mater.

Between terms he worked as a deck hand on a freighter-passenger boat, was a forest-fire ranger, a sports news writer, a boy's Camp Councillor and a factory foreman.



F/LIEUT W. F. CANN.

Served in Ranks.

F/Lieut. Cann saw military service in the ranks with the C.O.T.C. and the 53rd Sherbrooke Regiment, obtaining a commission in the Royal Corps of Signals at the outbreak of war. The "Air Force Blue" held a stronger appeal, however, and in December '39 he transferred to the Pay Corps, attached to the Air Force. He served in that capacity at No. 1 Training Command and Camp Borden. In the summer of 1940 he came overseas with 112 (City of Winnipeg) Squadron and since then he has had the unique experience of serving with the three original Canadian Squadrons and the R.C.A.F. Pool. F/Lieut. Cann reported to this until last May and has always taken an interest in "the boys." Evidence of that fact is shown in the splendid results he has shown since he took over our band, and that he is ever striving to promote good will and comradeship in this Squadron. Thank you, F/Lieut. Cann!

Financial Statement

of "Wings Abroad" for the last six months of publication, June 15th to November 30th, inclusive. Editions 13 to 24

Circulation

Total paid circulation	10,390
Number of complimentary copies	744
Promotional and mutilated copies	354
Unsold copies	816
Debts or copies collectable from our distributing agents	596
Total Press run	12,900

Revenue

	£	s.	d.
Received from paid circulation 10,390 copies at 3d.
	129	17	6

DEBTS CONTRACTED.

Printers' costs, 12,900 copies	117	4	0
Cuts, blocks or pictures	13	0	6
Office equipment		13	0
Stamps	1	8	6
Stationery		16	6
Total	£133	2	6

Profit

Revenue	129	17	6
Debts paid	133	2	6
Debit balance		3	5
Debts collectable		4	4
Total assets		19	0

Future Liabilities

Paid in advance subscriptions amounting to 4,419 copies at 3d.	55	4	9
--	-----	-----	-----	-----	----	---	---

The above sum of £55 4s. 9d. has been deposited with the local branch of Lloyds Bank.

As compared with the first six months of publication, the paper has shown an increase in printers' costs owing to the difficulty in obtaining the same quality paper. The last few editions have carried front page mosaics, all of which helps to put the statement "in the red." However, a credit balance of one pound shows that all the profits are being turned back into "Wings Abroad," and it always was the policy of the paper not to put it on a profit-making, commercial basis.

Value.

The chief value of "Wings Abroad" lies in the fact that it is, more or less, a news-letter home. If only we could realise how our dear ones at home anxiously scan the paper to see if their "Tom or Harry" is mentioned. It is a paper printed entirely in your own interests and all we ask is your support to give you even a better "Wings Abroad" in the coming year.

D. P. HOWELL, Secretary-Treasurer.

When that wrench slips, SMILE.



ODDS n' ENDS

By The Idler

Are You Happy?

Happiness is rarely visible in the multitude; it lies hidden in odd corners and quiet places. Happiness is shy; grief is blantant and advertising. If a man cuts his finger he howls, proclaiming his woe. If he is eating pie he sits still and says nothing. If you ask a man how he is he searches his mind to find a pain to report. If he has nothing but happiness he hates to mention it, and says "Oh, not half-bad."

* * *

Big Things Rare

The big things, such as someone giving you a million dollars, are not only rare, but they do not satisfy when you have neuritis. We are so cantankerous by nature that we are usually able to spell happiness only by holding it before the mirror and reading it backwards. If you seek to analyse contentment, you go at it negatively. To feel well means that you do not have a headache, you have no dyspepsia, catarrh, gout, sciatica, appendicitis, hives, nausea, boils, cancer, neuritis or any other "itis." You must be free from any disease, even in the remote, and to determine your real pleasure or joy, you must reckon by checking off and eliminating the factors of possible pain. Answer—happy, if no pain discoverable, so elusive is joy.

* * *

We Conceal Happiness

We conceal happiness as a vice. We are rather suspicious of it and if we feel particularly well, or have exceptional good luck, we knock on wood. The fact is that Happiness does not come from the big events in life, but is made up of innumerable little things. Ordinary everyday happiness is composed of shoes that fit, stomach that digests, purse that does not flatten, a little appreciation and a bit of this and that and the other, too trifling to mention—but nothing sordid.

Reverse the Process

Some day try reversing the process. Note all the pleasurable things, for instance a good sleep, a delightful snooze in bed after you ought to get up, a delicious bath, the invigorating caress of cold water, a good breakfast, a half hour's diversion with the newspaper, the flash of nature's loveliness as you go along, interesting faces on the street, pleasures of your business, pleasant relation with your fellow workers, meeting old friends and new faces, the good story someone tells you, and so on . . . you'll fill your notebook and you can get your disappointments and grievances into three lines.

Happiness is scant in the wicked world, they say, and hard to find. One way to find it is to look for it!
Are you still happy?

Variations on a V String



The vibrant "V's" evincing Victory
With Cæsar's "veni, vidi, vici" vie,
And vivid and veracious they evoke
A vista of lands all void of Hitler's
yoke;
Vain, vicious, vengeful, violent and vile
Vampire and viper and a greater vendor
A peevish venter of a verbose bile,
of virus and venom than the Witch of
Endor,
A villain to be vexed and vilipended
Until his vaunted virulence is ended,
He's on the eve of his evisceration,
So evident these "V's," thro' ville and
village,
Provide a vision of a step to pillage,
Now with one voice ye versifiers, roll,
Roll out your "V's" with verve and your
whole soul,
With variations on the string of V,
Roll out your "V's" with virtuosity,
On viol, or virginal or viola now,
In villanelle or virelay, as vow
That in the sun this V-chanting voodoo
Your verse verien will serve as Hitler's
hoodoo
And make this invading man-devourer
bleed
As victim of his own "vae victis" creed
And vanish from his corpse-environed
wassail,
Not as a victor but as a vanquished
vassal. . . .



V. V. Vernon.

**Interested in Public Speaking? Join the
Debating Club Now**

If your guns jamb, SMILE.

Orchids

To—



CORPL. BROWN, A.

In our hangar there is an unimposing little room in which you would see a few pigeon holes and some mail sacks set up in stands, but the amount of work turned out in that office is terrific. I am afraid we are inclined to overlook the service "Brownie" renders us in delivering the mail, and so "Wings Abroad" dedicates an orchid for the speedy, efficient way Corpl. Brown handles tons of parcels, thousands of letters and all the other odd details connected with his job.

CORPL. RUST AND COMPANY.

Another section that has been overlooked in the past is the instrument shop. Censorship and policy prevents us mentioning the details of the orchid-deserving job just completed by Corpl. Rust, L.A.C. Brason, L.A.C. Raworth, L.A.C. Hale and L.A.C. McFarlane. Efficiency plus in turning out a real difficult assignment and that's what the orchid stands for.

THE WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Boys, they've done it again! Hardly had we acknowledged and thanked them for a year's work than they started off the new season by sending us nearly a ton of comforts! Here is a list of goods received and a bouquet of orchids for those who have done so much for us.

Eight cases soap, 200 packages razor blades, 9 cartons face tissue, 6 cases of Christmas cake, 10 cases of raisins, 3 cartons of peanuts, 2 cases of chocolate bars, 6 cases of toilet tissue and one public address system.

Amazing, isn't it? All this was intended to make our Christmas just a little happier and to a man our thoughts, on that day, will be with you back home, and may you find gratification in knowing how much we appreciate your generosity. In closing, may we wish you the very merriest of Christmas's and may the New Year bring us together again.

Welcome

The boys of 400 Squadron extend a welcome to all the "rookies" recently arrived from Canada, not forgetting "the oldies" from various stations here in England. For all of you this is your first stay with a genuine Canadian overseas unit, and we hope we can make your stay with us a pleasant, memorable one. We are glad to have you here with us and want you to know just that.

Goodbye

To those "originals" we know so well "Wings Abroad" bids them farewell and wishes them the best of luck in their new undertakings. So long Villeneuve, Fallis, Gillingwater, Kilpatrick and Penn.

Rota Mota Swings into Third Term

The club got away to a flying start on Thursday, November 26th, by electing the new officers for a third term. Jimmy Conn was their choice for Presidency by virtue of his earnestness, ability and the interest he has shown in all club projects. Hard-working Jimmy Conn is for you and with you and for that reason you could not have picked a better man.

TALENTED OFFICERS.

For Vice-Presidency Gill Fortier was unanimously elected by the fact that his ability to lead and teach men could not be overlooked. He has an enthusiasm that will surely pep up the club and perseverance that will stand him well in the future.

As treasurer popular Jimmy Baker came out on top. He is a member of long standing and with a flair for exactness and efficiency that befits his position as club treasurer.

L.A.C. Corey, fresh from Canada, nosed out competitors to hold down the job of secretary, and already he has shown an interest that will stand a lot of damping.

With this bulwark of officers a successful third term is assured. Congratulations, and may you live up to our expectations, as we know you will.

Do You Know ?

That the first airgraph letter from Canada has been received by a member of 400 Squadron? L.A.C. Ted Mowers, of Stores, is the proud recipient of that new service now inaugurated in the Dominion.

That your "extras" in your parcels could be put to a good use? With the arrival of every mail someone in the Squadron is forgotten, and if you handed in all your extra articles to the padre, he would see that the neglected ones would benefit by your generosity.

That a choir is being groomed to sing carols for Christmas? Under the leadership of Johnny Irvine, we have a real treat in store for us in the way of Christmas music. Christmas music fosters a Christmas spirit, and we need that spirit. All will be welcome at the Christmas festival in the Chapel.

That F/Lieut. Hogan is the Officer in Charge of Airmen's Comforts and is at your service? He can be reached by letter to R.C.A.F. H.Q., London.

That the Knights of Columbus are opening three hotels in London for the Services? That one of these hotels has been operating for some time? It offers excellent meals and accommodation and is situated at 26, Pembridge Square, Nottinghill Gate. A No. 12 or 88 bus will take you there and the charge is two and six for bed and breakfast. Since the Knights have done so much for us, we should at least patronise and support their organisation.

Gerry Vachon had been having a little trouble with the power plant on his aircraft. Obviously he had worked himself into the intricacies of the carburettor and was getting nowhere fast. After two hours of fruitless labour he gave up in disgust. Rising to his full height he threw down his wrench and said, "Oh, fudge."

"B" Flight, 400 Squadron

Perhaps the readers of "Wings Abroad" wonder why they don't see more about "B" Flight in it. Their immediate thoughts on reading my first sentence will be—Fooy! there is nothing to tell! You're wrong, gents! There is much to tell, but "B" Flight never have been ones to brag about their achievements. They do their job, and do it well, wasting no time in talking.

"BATTLING BEE."

So in this edition we introduce, "In this cornah at one hundred and ninty-three, The Battling Bee. Here to champion the cause of 'B' Flight, 400 Squadron."

Before the bell let us give a word of welcome to the new-comers, not only to "B" Flight, but to the whole Squadron; a word of farewell to those who have left us; and a word of congratulation to those who have recently improved their trade grouping.

There goes the bell for the first round, shake hands and come out fighting.

NURSERY RHYMES.

It would seem that the intellect of the other Flights is so low that unless someone points out the many ways in which their Flight is superior they will continue to do that simple job of "Always Belittlin." Continuing on your mental plane, Gentlemen (I give you the benefit of the doubt), let me recall for you one of your favourite nursery rhymes. Surely you can understand a nursery rhyme? It seems that once upon a time there were three little pigs who had a house to build. One (call him "A") built his house of sticks. Two (call him "B") built his house of bricks. Three (call him "C") built his house of straw. Needless to say, "A" and "C," having completed their projects with the least possible effort, were finished first. So they spent the time they had gained by "belittlin" "B" Flight. Unfortunately, when their workmanship was put to the test, "A's" and "C's" failed them and they were suitably repaid, whilst "B," who worked hard and did the best job they knew how, reaped the reward of a job well done. So, my dear little children, beware of the fate of the two little piggies. . . . Get it?

IMPOSSIBLE HAS HAPPENED.

The impossible has finally come to pass. "A" Flight has at last smartened up. Their dispersal hut has for some time past occupied a prominent place by the roadside. At last they have realised their proper place in the Squadron and have moved that shack to a place where it should have been long ago, namely, in the bushes at the bottom of . . . (well, you know the rest). "C" Flight, take note, that's where you belong, in the backwoods.

MORE ABOUT "BATTLING BEE."

You'll be hearing more about the Battling Bee. He's a friendly fellow, who is with you every day. He works with you, plays with you, and is every bit a member of 400 Squadron as you are. Guard your speech lest he be with you when you let slip some secret of secrets, for he has no scruples, and he will do anything for a scoop. . . . There goes the bell for the end of round one. There will be a space of two weeks between rounds and now we will give you the judge's decision, "Battling Bee's round on points."

CONFIDENTIALLY.

L.A.C. Garard was heard to ask if a sub-lieutenant in the Navy is the officer commanding a submarine.

S.C. McManus asked the other day who "Antenna" was.

L.A.C. Rollins enquired of McFarlane why aircraft had Artificial Horizons installed instead of real ones. (Maybe they were cheaper.)

L.A.C. Silcox wants to know if new pilots use more green flares than experienced ones.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since this is my first effort, I have kept before me a copy of September 15th "Wings Abroad," which contained "Chappies" first literary lapse, "A" Flight, 400 Squadron. Having carefully pieced this together, consulted journalists, lexicographers and the like, I feel that this article, unlike his, can be read without opening the windows.

"The Battling Bee," 400 Squadron.

Farewell to an Editor.

"Scoop" Weston, editor of the "Orderly Room Times" (D.R.O's), will no longer grace the presence of "The nerve center" with his winning smile and non-chalant manner.

Now he has taken a new position in No. 2 Hangar and when questioned about this drastic re-shuffle, "Scoop" merely replied with a smile, saying, "Now, I ask you."

Daffy Definitions.

Adult: One who has stopped growing except in the middle.

Will Power: The ability to eat one salted peanut.

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

"Wings Abroad"

Est. Dec. 15, 1940.

Published bi-monthly "Somewhere in England."

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

E. P. DUVAL, *Managing Editor.*

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

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

H.Q.—J. M. Lutes.

401 Squadron.—J. A. Alexander.

402 Squadron.—Fred McCormick and W.
McCaghren.

414 Squadron.—G. W. Jones.

"A" Flight, 400 Squadron

Here we go again. Having got "Moosomin" back on the map and Flight Hunt's eatin' tooth safely back to Doc. Hawkins, our "China Clipper" expert, we will go on with the more enlightening things around here.

"B" Flight.

The other day I watched the busy bees droning around their one serviceable aircraft. To complete the picture all they needed was Snow White, as they already have the Seven Dwarfs, and here we present the "Seven Dwarfs" of "B" Flight:—

Grumpy: F/Sergt. Oleskevis.

Doc: Corpl. McLeod.

Dopey: L.A.C. Hancox.

Sleepy: L.A.C. Hornbeck.

Sneezy: L.A.C. Gerard.

Bashful: A.C. McManus.

Happy: Nobody.

If anyone knows who, in "A" Flight, would make an ideal Snow White, let this scribe know and we will give him his due in the next edition. In the meantime cast your eyes over those cute little dwarfs.

Mossop Returns.

I previously reported that "Moses" Mossop was absent on a course. At last "Moses" returns, and what a homecoming. During his absence "Moses" decided that shaving of the upper lip was a lot of unnecessary hard work and now he is the doubtful possessor of a moustache, if you can call it that, eight on one side and nine on the other. Oh well, "Moses," with the right kind of fertilizer and lots of patience you should be able, in a year, to develop something that even resembles a "cookie-duster." Advice given free by Flight "D" for Dennis Hunt.

Parachutists.

This edition I am going to wander a little and take you over to a section that has escaped notoriety, a section that has had little or no publicity in the columns of "Wings Abroad." Gentlemen, I give you the Parachute Section, where the combination of Barnes-O'Blenis pack and unpack umbrellas all day long. "What goes up must come down and that's where we come in," state the silk worm cultivators. As we peek in the door we hear a hive of industry. O'Blenis is at the sewing machine in one corner, getting tangled up with six or seven chutes, and by the looks of things is really tied up in his work. In the other corner we find Scotty Barnes with his feet up on the desk, a smile on his face, both eyes shut and turning out more revs. than the $\frac{1}{4}$ -horse power motor that runs his sewing machine. —There is a great executive in action; to-morrow's Carnegie at work. I hate to disturb them at such a time, so close the door softly, and now you know what goes on behind the doors of the Parachute Section, and surely you don't believe that sign on the door? "In Conference, do not disturb."

Until the next edition of "W.A." cheers, fellas.

Sergt. Chapman, 400 Squadron.

"C" Flight, 400 Squadron

Lights—Action.

Every day more improvements; every day more smiling faces. Here is just another example of the organization enjoyed by "C" Flight. No longer do black mornings and nights keep the Snard from his work. Now each Snard can arrive early and work late, which pleases them no end. The fact is that Edison once made a light, but "C" Flight is a little up on him; we have half a dozen.

Technical Installation.

The whole system was designed and created by our two short circuit Snards. Chief engineer is Corpl. "Powerhouse" Lyons and technician is our own "Thin-man" Bjornson. The fittings were either made or scrounged, and the throw switches are a fine example of ingenuity. To a Snard nothing is impossible, and the best none too good.

When finished "Snard's Roost" will be as cosy as any home. If only we had more accommodation for relaxation. Last year F/Sergt. "Bathless" Jones, now of 414, solved this problem with hammocks, reclining air-men for the use of. Of course Jones was always the one to forge ahead in that field and always was on the lookout for better ways in which to rest.

Those Other Flights.

After our last great column Joe Snard reported seeing some food going out to the Bee Hive at tea-time. The parcels from home come in handy; nice going, Bees—we didn't think you were quite as dead as you looked. "A" Flight, of course, hasn't caught on yet. Joe Snard investigated and reported that each Goat is in favour of a tea-break, but that's as far as it goes. We also wonder why "A" Flight won't play us at soccer. We, the Snards, are ready. In a recent game with the Bees the Snards came out with a three-seven chalked up against them, but why should we moan. They can't do it every time (we hope).

The Flight larder has been swelled by a big contribution from the Flight Commander, F/Lieut. "Flash" Woods. Good show, sir, we appreciate it a lot.

Things We Would Like to Know.

When is "A" Flight actually going to get into the swing of things and field a soccer team?

When will F/Sergt. "Hardboiled" Oleskevis have his Flight ready at "the five o'clock whistle" instead of holding up the truck and the men that count?

When will both "A" and "B" Flights smarten up and admit that "C" has them beaten in all undertakings (except football)?

The Seer of "C" Flight.

And then there's the story about the budding pilot in the Link Trainer who was jolted by the instructor's casual remark, "Incidentally you are flying at an altitude of minus fifty feet. What do you think you are, an underground railway?"

*"Wings Abroad" celebrates One Year of publication
with this issue.*

Our thanks for your support in the past.

If the engine doesn't start, SMILE.