

CHRISTMAS EDITION

WINGS ABROAD
ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE



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3d. PER COPY



“Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will”

(Photo of actual Crib in Station Chapel)



Christmas Musings

Culled from Charles Dickens "Pickwick Papers."

"Numerous indeed are hearts to which Christmas brings a brief season of happiness and enjoyment. How many families, whose members have been dispersed and scattered far and wide in the restless struggles of life, are then re-united and meet once again in that happy state of companionship and mutual goodwill which is a source of such pure and unalloyed delight, and one so incompatible with the cares and sorrows of the world, that the religious belief of most of the civilized nations and the rude traditions of the roughest savages, alike, number it among the first joys of a future condition of existence, provided for the blest and the happy! How many old recollections and how many dormant sympathies does Christmastide awaken.

Christmas, a joyous circle

We write these words now, many miles distant from the spot at which, year after year, we met on that day, a merry and joyous circle. Many of the hearts that throbbed so gaily then have ceased to beat, many of the looks that shone so brightly then have ceased to glow; the hands we grasped have grown cold; the eyes we sought have hid their lustre in the grave; and yet the old house, the room, the merry voices and smiling faces, the jest, the laughter, the most minute and trivial circumstances connected with those happy meetings crowd upon our mind at each recurrence of the season, as if the last assemblage had been but yesterday!

Happy! Happy! Yuletide

Happy! Happy! Christmas that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days; that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth; that can transport the sailor and the traveller thousands of miles away, back to his old fireside and his quiet home!"

Undeniably Charles Dickens made our modern Christmas, writing in this strain. By his great advocacy of rejoicing, mutual good will, and kindly feeling on the anniversary of the Saviour's birth, Dickens made men and women better than mere carousers, made them think and ask themselves once more why they should rejoice.

I know that I find a great deal of meaning in Dickens' Christmas writings, for myself, and I am sure that thousands of other airmen will find the same. On reading we are taken back to what used to be. The war has taken us away from a lot, but not from the Spirit of Christmas. May the Christ Child, on His Birthday, give you the Spirit of Faith you once possessed! May He give to you, to me, to us all, what He came to give, Peace and what is more, may we do something to warrant our getting that Peace.

Gloria in Excelsis Deo

As of old the Angels sang . . . to-day may it be our privilege to swell the chorus, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth Peace to men of good will."

God bless you boys of the R.C.A.F. and a thousand blessings on our Mothers, Fathers, Brothers, Sisters, Wives and Sweethearts back home. We are far away in body but very close in spirit.

So all together let's have a Happy, Merry, Jolly, Holy Christmas.

Father MacNeil, Padre, R.C.A.F.

Ceiling Zero

Reminiscing with 401 a year ago

THURSO, The weird escapades of Graham giving his impressions of Wagner's "Phantasy in Spring" in the wee hours of the morning, in the snow. (We all know where he is now; was he so mad?) The hectic nights we spent holding old Kirk Johnston from going over the edge from Morbid Morbidism, while the other half of us were threatening Kapinsky with fiendish reprisals if he dared to warble another note of the "Donkey's Serenade." The untimely hour Cunningham's intellect chose to discuss the "Merits of Relativity", and the hurt expression in Sergt. Manitt's soul-revealing eyes when he found the dog licence in his stew.

If the author of those immortal lines, "Death, where is thy sting," is still in the same state of doubt, there are quite a number of the personnel of 401 who are more or less convinced as to its approximate vicinity.

On the Scrounge

The recent news that Daddy Warbucks and little Orphan Annie, after many harrowing weeks of misadventure, had been saved and the arrival of my Dick Tracy badge, which had given me many weeks of apprehensive waiting, threw me into such an elated state of mind, I immediately set about to pull a Dale Carnegie, and to deny myself the prudent wisdom of "Discretion being the better part of valour," by planning a scrounge on the orderly room. For the benefit of those who may misinterpret the term "Scrounge" as something pathological, it's merely a subtle term given for out and out stealing.

Needless to say, particularly to those who have had past experience in this mild sort of piracy, the orderly room as a scrounge objective has rarely been found a profitable venture, indeed, one might add that the consequence for failure is rated as a bit severe. Normally an adventure of this type would only be entertained by a very, very raw recruit or by a frenzied meglomaniac attempting to perform a dramatic method of suicide. Equally as ridiculous as to try and appear twice on a pay parade or of going for another helping of eggs at an Airmen's Mess. In either case your courageous efforts would be quickly frustrated and you would find yourself quietly but firmly escorted to the S.S.Q. for immediate observation. Such are your chances for any charitable response from the abode of the Intelligentsia.

As the space allotted to this column is subject to brevity, the gruesome details of the attempted scrounge on the orderly room will be printed in the forthcoming issue of "Wings Abroad."

Airmen's Mess

Yesterday at noon, found hanging on the door of the mess hall, was a placard neatly printed and reading thusly:—

Queue,
Stew?
Phew!

Sergt. Stephenson is anxious to interview the Airman responsible for this witticism, and benevolently offers to any informant a double dish of custard and prunes. (A mighty tempting offer, Sergt.; we're thinking of framing the editor.)

"Jane Arden."

It happened at a Bomber station somewhere in England. Airman, phoning the Flight Commander:—"I have loaded your aircraft with 250's ready for 12 p.m."

"Is that pukka gen?"

"No," said the armourer, "this is Lt.A.C. White."



General McNaughton's



Message to all Canucks Overseas

We Guard Islands

It is now two years since the leading elements of the Canadian Army arrived in this country. The equipment and training of these formations was soon completed and since then a steadily increasing force has been held ready for active service which might be required; meanwhile other forces have been organized by Canada and despatched to the Far East and to our own Western shores now menaced by a new foe.

So far it has been our principal duty to guard these islands. We recognise the need for this decision, for, with the enemy's hordes within a few short miles of this vital centre of civilization, the reason is evident to all.

Many Disappointments

Nevertheless, through the long months on watch and in repeated routine training there have been many disappointments at action deferred and great patience has been required; it has been given without complaint and I count it a privilege and satisfaction to be able to say so and to thank all ranks for the steady purpose and acceptance of conditions which they have shown. On behalf of all our force I thank the people of Britain also for their continued hospitality and friendliness, which has done much to ease our path.



M. G. L. McNAUGHTON,
H.Q., Canadian Corps.



Canadian Army Grown

From very small beginnings the Canadian Army has now grown to many tens of thousands of men and women. New units and formations and reserves have come to us as quickly as ships could be found to bring them here, and as they arrived the organization of our Military Headquarters, Reinforcement Units, Hospitals, Schools, Repair Establishments and many other needed facilities has been pressed forward; meanwhile our Engineer and Signal and Forestry Corps have made their contribution to the life and welfare of the community.

Canadians Ready

Throughout this long period of preparation, which circumstances have given us, the Corps, Divisions, Armoured formations and other field units, have been completed in equipment and trained together and with the Squadrons of the Royal Canadian Air Force assigned to Army Co-operation. These tasks have been pursued with unrelaxed attention and the whole has been made ready for decisive employment when the opportunity comes to take full effect on the enemy.

That the future holds great difficulties and dangers and much hardship there is no doubt, but we go forward firm in our confidence in the ultimate result—the triumph of justice and right over the dark forces of evil which oppose us.

411 Squadron down to Defeat in first game of Series

The opening game in the R.C.A.F. hockey series saw 400 Squadron swamp 411 to the tune of five goals to none. The longer-organized, more practised 400 team outplayed, out-smarted and out-skated their hastily thrown together rivals.

Expecting a setback, our boys spent a scoreless first period mostly in front of 411's net, golfing and playing the puck everywhere except where it counts. Occasionally 411 showed flashes of brilliant team work that promises better games as the season wanes.

WENT ON SCORING SPREE.

In the second and last period they went on a jamboree that netted five goals, Oleskevis drawing first blood in a spectacular shot from the blue line. McGrath skated in on a pass from Mossop to make the score 2-0, followed by a tally from Albert assisted by Oleskevis. Albert then soloed to boost their count to 4-0. Final goal was made by Mossop from Oleskevis's stick. Steady work was turned in by Conn on defence and Bordello in the nets. Although the score may seem a little one-sided, 411 Squadron pulled some dangerous plays, and by the looks of both teams and what this scribe hears of the others, the R.C.A.F. will be seeing some great tussles this winter.

Rota Mota features debates

The club's plan to feature public speaking showed some measure of success in the debate held on Thursday, December 4th. The subject was catchy, "Resolved that a man should marry before 25," and attracted a fair number of interested spectators. The subject was very ably dealt with by Sergt. Brown and L.A.C. Hurd on the negative and L.A.C. Delcillier and L.A.C. Duval on the affirmative. Scotty Barnes, Chairman of the Debating Society, plans a big season for all budding orators. Debates, discussions, talks and lectures will be dealt with by its members. The club equipment was augmented by the recent arrival of a public address system, which the Chairman hopes will eliminate a lot of "mike fright" in this Squadron.

HELP YOURSELF.

The sole aim and object of this society is to help you! Help you build up a confidence that only public speaking can do! To help you get up on your feet and speak your ideas, for what good is a man with ideas if he can't put them across? When you arrive back home and are attending a banquet in your honour, how many of you will be able to hold an audience with your experiences, so many are waiting to hear. Yes, how many will even have the ability to get up and say a few words without faltering? Remember your most valuable asset is your ability to put ideas across, the ability to sell your ideas, and that ability can only be obtained by experience. Even if it means saying a few words at a time, gradually you will enjoy speaking before an audience and feel the satisfaction that only a well delivered speech can give. Keep your eyes on this club, they're going places. Would you care to join them?

"A" Flight, 400 Squadron

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

Merry Christmas fellows, especially "Joe Snard" and the "Battling Bee." I thought with all the Christmas cheer floating around here I would bury the hatchet, but I would certainly be letting down the "Flight that Leads" if I failed in starting the year all square. So here goes. In the last edition of "Wings Abroad" both "B" and "C" Flights ganged up on me. It just goes to show you, what would you think of a fella that hides behind a nome-de-plume and then calls in a fellow crook who sneaks up and hits a chap when he is down, over in this corner we have the "Battling Bee." Gnats to the "Battling Bee," the cute little fella.

THE LOW-DOWN.

Say, if you boys would like the lown-down on who gave me the dope on the Seven Dwarfs. Just ask a certain Corporal Armourer. No names, of course, but you know him quite well, so start buzzing, Bees. I guess the editor had the right idea when he put "B" Flight on the back page, the usual place for the trash . . . you know, the composing room sweepings. Oh yes, "B" Flight, our dispersal hut has been in its present position for about three months now. Amazing, isn't it? How some people can live so long and be so dumb. I also notice that the "Battling Bee" had to consult the powers that be to find out how to write about "B" Flight. We've wondered for a long time how they ever existed, but we haven't got time to consult the oracles to find out. Well, Merry Christmas, "B" Flight.

"C" FLIGHT TEA SHOPPE.

The latest rumour has it that Flight "Ash-can" Weldon has gone in cahoots with the padre and opened a tea shoppe in "C" Flight dispersal. True to our reputation of only printing what we see or hear we investigated and found the rumour true. Were we ever amazed to see Flight Weldon pouring tea and begging the Snards to come in for their cup of tea at ten o'clock. Poor fella had tears in his eyes when one of the Snards was five minutes late and his tea was cold. Never mind, "Ash-can," get a whistle. I'm sure Joe Snard has enough hot air to blow it for you.

OUTSTANDING EVENTS.

The order changeth ever. I don't think a fellow is better liked in "A" Flight than Sergt. Burch, better known as "Pop." Our heartfelt congratulations on your recent promotion; one that was well deserved. Our loss is 401's gain.

Our short-circuit expert, having serviced all the aircraft up in Scotland, has finally returned. Due to service requirements our one electrician hadn't time to install a lighting system. The first day "Curt" was back swish, and "A" Flight had lights all over. The only snag was that Flight "D" for Dennis Hunt insisted that only one light was necessary. We had quite a job explaining that down east they usually have at least three in every room. Ah me, these Westerners.

"A" FLIGHT'S MERRY CHRISTMAS.

No doubt a lot of people back home would like to know who has the honour of being an "A" Flighter, so here they are, all twenty-seven of the best:—Flight Hunt, Sergt. Hunter, Corpl. Mossop, Corpl. Fenety, Corpl. Irvine, Corpl. Curtis, Corpl. Higgins, L.A.C. Creighton,

L.A.C. Miller, L.A.C. Raworth, L.A.C. Skene, L.A.C. Weller, L.A.C. Shoup, L.A.C. Whitehead, L.A.C. Britten, L. A. C. Jennings, A.C. Crawford, A.C. Smith, A.C. Murdock, A.C. Arsenault, A.C. White, A.C. Clark, A.C. Brown, A.C. Barry, A.C. Roberts, A.C. Barnes and yours truly, Sgt. Chapman. I think I echo all our feelings when I say Merry Christmas to all you in Canada and over here. A Happy and Safe New Year. Our hearts and thoughts will be back home this Christmas, which for many of us is the second Christmas overseas; but it won't be long now. We'll be seeing yas, cheerio!

Sergt. Chapman, 400 Squadron.

Flashes from 405

MEMOIRS OF AN AIRMAN.

Veterans of 402 Squadron, veterans since its inception, are now with 405 Squadron and we find it very different. We look around the mess hall and see a great number of strange faces. Here and there is an old 402 man, but they are few and far between. What we miss most is "Rookie" Simons saying "You're an old-timer, you're over the hill." "Jug-head" Cooper muttering to himself "Ah's cheesed." "Man-mountain" Carpentier telling "Tiny" Moffat to smarten up. "Swish" Melnick asking every innocent passer-by, "Where's the bowser?" That portable corpse, "Mothballs" McCormick, slouching past on his way to "S" for Sugar. He's so slow that he's two days behind on his D.I.'s. (For example, if to-day is Thursday you will see him busy doing his D.I. for Tuesday).. What sticks in our minds (sometimes we place a finger in one ear and it helps tremendously) most, though, was the friendly invitation that "Madman" Dery used to extend to all his "chums" in "B" Flight. I wonder what he would have done if a "B" Flighter had accepted.

HAPPIEST MAN IN SQUADRON.

Few men can guess who the happiest man in 402 is. Well, I have that much sought after information. It's fresh from the grape-vine. Are you prepared for a shock? Here it is. For nine months "Rookie" Simons was constantly reminded that he was "fresh" from Canada. He countered with the afore-mentioned sentence, "You're over the hill." He argued long and hard (and sometimes successfully) against the anglicised sarcasm of "Jughaid" Cooper, Cousin Schurman and numerous other "ancient veterans." Quite often Simons was reinforced by "Porky" Lang, Cousin Forth, Simonette, etc. One day there arrived at 402 some replacements. This sounds insignificant to anyone ignorant of the true situation that existed in "B" Flight at this time. The arrival of these men moved Simons (and his fellow rookies) up from the rookie class right up into the "veteran class." So Simons is now one of those envied men—"Old-timers of 402." Simons can now be seen wandering about in a great sea of mud with a faraway look on his face mumbling almost incoherently, "Gee, I'm an old-timer. Gee, can it really be true. I'm an old-timer, Gee."

A note to the author of "Bouquets from 414" (November 30th issue). It is not that I talk too much, but I talk too good. If you would but listen to the pearls of wisdom which flow so freely from my lips it would not be necessary for you to remain the anonymous author of a column.

"Squeak" Harden, 405 Squadron.

W/C. H. W. Kerby wishes Officers and Men
of 400 Squadron a very Merry Christmas

'Ot Exhaust

By FOUR CYCLE.

The festive season finds "The Reich" in an unusual state of affairs, for all the party members have been very, very sweet to the Fuehrer. Whether the coming Yuletide has anything to do with it is a mystery, and if that is the case methinks there will be a lot of empty socks and swollen heads on Christmas morn. The Fuehrer plans to spend the Noel quietly, no holly, no mistletoe, no caroling, and doubts whether he will hold a Christmas tree for his "party members." I can see myriads of disappointed faces when they find that Santa Claus will not show up according to schedule, particularly those of "Speed" Gill, "Admiral" Sherer, "Goebbels" Allan, "Groupie" Phillips and "Flash" Searle.

Despite the elements, despite the Christmas season, time continues its march and your scribe continues his snoop, and this time he comes across

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Up near one corner of the control tower nestles Der Fuehrer's A.R.P., Der Fuehrer's Fire Service and Flame Dampers. The "Texaco Fire Chief" and "Ed Wynn" of that department is none other than "Glimmer" Rumsam, ably assisted by "Crash" Cassivi. A tin of Brasso, a soft cloth, a piece of metal is Rumsam's idea of heaven. I often wonder what would happen if you gave him a stream-lined train to polish. As we enter we hear "Ed Wynn" singing his favourite tune, "Shine 'cos mah 'teeth are pearly." On interview he stated that he didn't think the price of Silvo would go up, but asked me if I was interested in jewellery. His sideline is ornaments and any day now we can expect to see a neon sign blinking from the fire station, "Rumsam for Rings." Guaranteed not to rip, wear or tear, sag at the knees oh well, you know the rest.

ADMIRAL SHERER.

"Admiral Raeder" Sherer assured this scribe that Christmas was just another day to the Navy. "Anyways," he sniffed, "who ever heard of a crackpot looking for holly and mistletoe on a battle-cruiser?" As usual the Admiral's flagship will sally forth on Christmas morn just as it does every day, that's if she is not in the dry dock for repairs. Sherer is Grand Lord and Master of Der Fuehrer's entire fleet. Naturally censorship prevents mentioning the size of the Navy, but I assure you, it is substantial. Bright and early, every morning about eight, you can see the "flagship" getting up steam and a few minutes later can be seen, slowly moving from the dock with the Admiral waving from the stern. Where does Sherer go on these sorties? That is a mystery even your correspondent cannot answer, along with a few Maintenance Flight N.C.Os. The Admiral claims she's a fine ship, rugged and compact. Of course he would not disclose her speed, armament and fire power and would not be quoted on any rumoured naval successes. Where he goes every day is a dark secret, but every night he can be seen slipping quietly into dock, another day's work (?) behind him.

As yet there are more dim, hidden mysteries in Der Fuehrer's Government, but before this scribe goes into that he takes time out to wish one and all a "Very Merry Christmas."

A Christmas Message

Although I am not with you now, I would like to think on this day of the many Christmases we have had together, of the happiness we have all experienced as only those who are real members of a family can experience it.

I remember each Christmas dinner so well it seems only yesterday. We sat down to plates heaped high with the good things so closely associated with Christmas turkey and cranberry sauce, creamy mashed potatoes, corn, new green peas then the best part of all the dessert mince pie that melted in your mouth with plenty of home-made ice-cream.

Remembers Happy Faces

I remember all these things as I write, but more than that I remember the happy faces mother smiling and slightly flushed from the heat of the stove dad, deftly wielding the ivory-handled carving knife, discarding one almost every year in favour of a sharper one I remember how mom always seemed to be near enough to my nose so that I could hardly wait for the carving to be completed it was a wonderful sensation.

Irene always used to mystify me nine years my junior, yet she could put away so much and often more of the good things of the day than I could what an appetite and what a personality even Aunt Mary couldn't resist making her the centre of conversation.

I remember, too, Auntie and Uncle Joe on those auspicious occasions Uncle Joe always looked so impressively immaculate and Auntie always had such a satisfying way of laughing at anything funny that was said in the course of the meal.

Christmas at Home

Those are some of the things I like to remember about Christmas at home there are other things even more intimate than I like to remember the Christmas tree the bright lights the neat new ties, the first box of shaving equipment from Jim the bigger boxes from Auntie and Uncle Joe Christmas Eve at home everybody slightly excited and no one willing to admit it.

Now you know what I remember about Christmas; some of the things that really stay in my mind.

Christmas Overseas

This Christmas as I eat my turkey I hear we are to get turkey too this year I will have on my face what some might like to call a far away look my thoughts will not be here at all they will be in a little old town in Canada I will see the snow, clean and white on the roads children out experimenting with newly acquired presents and comparing notes excitedly with friends I'll see brightly coloured lights shining through the windows, glittering tinsel and hoar frost on the trees I'll see a fire burning in the fireplace and the untidy beauty that Christmas wrappings become when they are torn off in haste.

You may wonder why I have told you all this. Perhaps to you it doesn't make much sense, but to me it does, for it means a Christmas time when some of the boys over here are sick with loneliness they themselves cannot explain, I shall be able to smile as all those happy recollections pass through my mind. So when you think of me on Christmas Day, do not feel unhappy that I cannot be with you because I will be as happy as anyone could hope to be without actually being with you. I'll have my memories and they are all happy ones.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL

E. Claxton, 400 Squadron.

Merry Christmas 402 Squadron

**Sorry your copy did not arrive
in time to make this edition**



ODDS n' ENDS

By The Idler

Yule-Tide Origins

CHRISTMAS DATE.

It was Pope Julian I (A.D. 337-352) who arranged the date of Christmas, induced the civilized world to accept the 25th of December for it. Theologians had differed up to his time as to the actual date of Christ's birthday, some extending for the 20th of May, others for the 21st of April, and others again for the 6th of January. As the great majority of the nations at the time had celebrated it on the last mentioned date, after it was settled to be the 25th of December, the festivities were often kept up through early times until January 6th. "Old Christmas Day" as it was called, and hence the old date comes to be known as

* * * *

YULE.

Yule is an old English name for Christmas, and really means "Jolly," being derived from the Anglo-Saxon "geol," or Icelandic "gol," a noise or an outcry. That is the loud jollity indulged in.

* * * *

NOEL.

Was ancient French or Norman French and was derived from the Latin "Natalis," meaning Natal, the Natal day or Birthday of Christ. As it was much used as a refrain or the burden of carols, carols themselves were often called Noels.

* * * *

CAROL.

Is also old French, and meant originally a dance to music. Then it became applied to a song sung as an accompaniment to dancing, in which sense it is frequently used by the old poets. Many performances came to be part in these dance songs, all joining hands in a ring and singing as they circled around and run; and thus the word became to be more particularly applied to the songs of the divine praise at Christmas, and these were and still are generally sung by half a dozen or so persons.

* * * *

TURKEY.

The modern and chief dish at Christmas is, of course, the turkey, but it was not so until the 19th century, or about Dickens time, although turkeys were first imported into England in Henry VIII's day. The word turkey is a misnomer; the birds did not come from turkey but from the newly discovered America. It was the boar's head that was the great Christmas dish before this. In grand houses it was borne in by the Server in State, heralded by a fanfare of trumpets and with attendants singing a special carol.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

A Mr. W. E. Dobson, a member of the Royal Academy, is accredited with having been the first to send one. He painted a family group toasting absent friends at Christmas time, and posted it to a friend, as a token of kindly remembrance of that festive occasion in 1844.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO.

Angels we have heard on high,
Sweetly singing o'er our plains,
And the mountains in reply,
Echoing their joyous strains.
Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

Shepherds, why this Jubilee?
Why your rapturous strains prolong?
What may the gladsome tidings be
Which inspire your heavenly song?
Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

Come to Bethlehem and see
Him whose birth the angels sing:
Come, adore on bended knee,
Christ the Lord, the new-born King.
Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

See Him in a manger laid,
Whom the Choirs of Angels praise,
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid
While our hearts in love we raise.
Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

Christmas Committee

The men responsible for the success of the Christmas dinner and festivities, under the chairmanship of Sergt. Williams, are as follows:—

Sergt. Stephenson.	Corpl. Brewer.
Corpl. Hayward.	Corpl. Lewis.
L.A.C. Smith.	L.A.C. Dereyker.
L.A.C. Johnston, W. K.	L.A.C. Wells.
L.A.C. Barnes, A.	L.A.C. Baker, J. C.
L.A.C. Conn, J.	L.A.C. Downer.
L.A.C. Swatridge.	L.A.C. Robert.

Orchids

To—



L.A.C. "SLIM" LEWIS.

Perhaps one of the most ambitious and conscientious men in the Squadron is L.A.C. "Slim" Lewis. At any spare moment of the day he can be found with his nose buried deep in technical books. Now Slim has taken over wireless stores and organised them in his usual efficient manner. Lewis also takes a major part in all musical shows put on by the club and we also hear that he arranges music beautifully.

F/SERGT. BOWLER.

Or in other words Pilot Officer Bowler! Top technical man in this Squadron who has gained a well deserved commission in that capacity. Congratulations, Pilot Officer Bowler, and it is our sincere wish that you will remain with us as Technical Officer, 40J Squadron!

L.A.C. ERICKSON.

L.A.C. Erickson is the quiet unassuming chap who makes your coffee, morning, noon and night, in Barrack Block 83. We present him with an orchid for his steady, reliable manner in all jobs he tackles.

Women's Association again

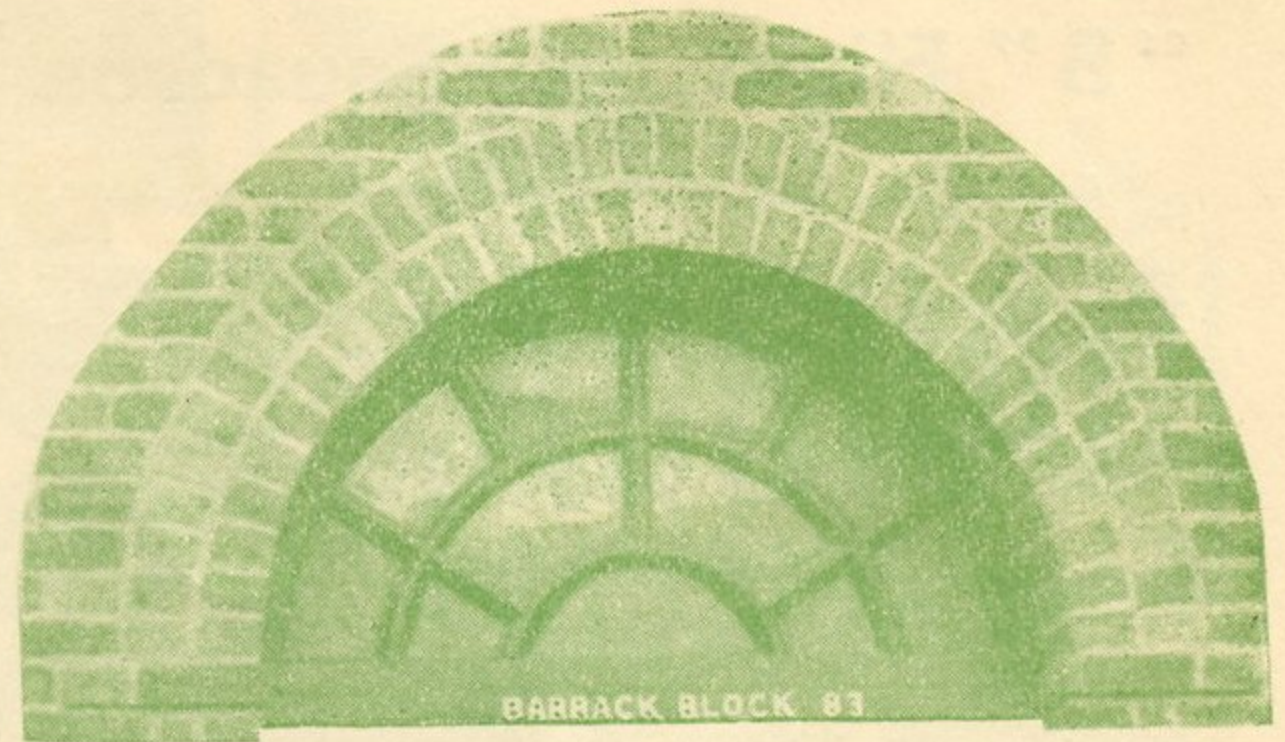
F/Lieut. Matthews has recently had word from the Women's Association of 400 Squadron. Here are excerpts of the letter sent by the Secretary, Mrs. Irwin:—

"Many thanks for your letter. We feel that our efforts are little compared to what the women of Britain are doing and only hope we can continue to do so, also to the 'Wings Abroad' staff, say that we are overwhelmed by the publicity they are giving us. We neither ask nor deserve it, but it does please us, as is only human." Also included in Mrs. Irwin's letter was a list of donors who have and are so kindly contributing to the Association's cigarette fund:—

J. L. Seitz, Donald Frazer, J. D. Kervin, Wm. Jackson, Jr., F. M. Buckingham, Neil Peterson, L. F. Fitzpatrick, J. E. Johnston, R. D. Kerby, J. Elsworth Rogers, Geo. C. Crawford, Geo. H. Nichol, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Armer, Mrs. Gordon C. McEwen, Mr. Fred C. Scoller, Mr. Allan Neilson, Mrs. R. D. Clendin, Miss Maud Martin, Miss Leila Martin, Mr. Geo. McCullagh, Mr. W. R. Wright and Mr. R. A. Barber have pledged amounts varying from 2 dollars to 12 dollars for the duration.

The following have given donations to the general cigarette fund:—Mr. Fred C. Scoller, Hamilton Golf Assoc., Admiral Hood Chapter I.O.D.E., Mrs. G. E. Brookes, Mrs. C. Burgess, Dr. Wm. Chalmers, Mrs. Stafford Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Neilson, R. A. Barber.

Again "Wings Abroad" wishes to extend a sincere thanks to all donors and especially to the women of our Association, who do so much to make our overseas stay a comfortable one. May this Christmas be to you, as you have made it for us, a merry and happy one.



400 SQUADRON SPORTS and RECREATION

Social Activities Commencing Tuesday 23.12.41 to Tuesday 30.12.41

Tuesday, December 23rd.

p.m. Talkies. Double Feature. Eats.

Wednesday, December 24th.

Christmas Eve! Christmas spirit prevails. Midnight Mass in Chapel. Special Choir under John Irvine.

Thursday, December 25th.

a.m. Christmas Day. Mass at 10.30 a.m.
United Service 11.30 a.m.
p.m. Christmas Dinner, 2 p.m.

Friday, December 26th.

p.m. Silent Movies. Eats.

Saturday, December 27th.

p.m. Christmas Carols. Everybody Welcome. Eats.

Sunday, December 28th.

a.m. Chapel. Mass 9.15 a.m. and Benediction at 6.30 p.m.
United Service 12 noon.
p.m. Talkies. Eats. Everybody Welcome.

Monday, December 29th.

p.m. Whist Drive. Prizes. Eats. Everybody Welcome.

Tuesday, December 30th.

p.m. Meeting of the Club. Everybody Welcome. Prizes. Eats.

The orderly officer happened to be in the cook-house the other day and noticed an airman carrying what appeared to be a large bowl of soup. "Hi there, let me taste that." The airman meekly condescended and gave him a large ladleful. Spluttering and fuming he roared, "Do you call that soup?" The airman humbly replied, "No sir, that's dishwater."

"B" Flight, 400 Squadron

The Battling Bee is back for round two, fellas, but somehow I can't just settle down to it. It's Christmas-time, and to start punching now, when everyone is thinking how he can do a good turn for his friend, would be hitting below the belt. If there is anything to draw the line at it is being unfair.

OUR CHOICE.

Just to show you our heart is in the right place we are going to help our next-door neighbour, "A" Flight. They want to know who in their Flight would make a good Snow White. There is only one person as we see it, "Chappie," and that is that lovable example of good nature, that model N.C.O. and airman, that charming, delightful, very pleasant "Smiler" Hunter. He will be a big sister and a mother to the lads. What do you think of our choice?

Continuing with the good will spirit we want to congratulate the new N.C.Os. in the Squadron.

A "DIG" AT "C."

For the last week or so we have been getting Christmas cards and parcels and it certainly is good to know that the folks back home haven't forgotten us. It makes our existence over here a lot more pleasant to be remembered by them.

Being human, we can't let this issue go to press without taking a dig at someone, so here goes. In the last edition we notice that "C" Flight admits that they can't play football. In our next match with them we have arranged first to enlarge our goal and leave it vacant. Second to let them choose the referee. Third, give them three goals to start the game with. Maybe they will be able to put up a better show. There is, however, one thing we agree with them on, and that is, "What is the matter with Service Flight?"

GROWTH OF VEGETATION.

We have often wondered if this English climate was favourable to the growth of vegetation. Any airman requiring proof of this climate's benefits can receive same by referring himself to a certain "B" Flight N.C.O. who shows remarkable tenacity and resolve in carrying out his experiment in the cultivation of what he calls (with pardonable pride) a moustache. There are others in the Squadron (a senior N.C.O. in Maintenance Flight and a corporal fitter in "A" Flight, not to mention others who would, we are certain, back up the testimonial of our "B" Flight N.C.O.

LOVE FOR FINER THINGS.

Realizing that deep down in every airman's heart is a desire and love for the higher things in life, we are inserting this little poem we ran across. I hope you like it.

BUILDING FOR YOUTH.

An old man going a lone highway
Came in the evening cold and grey
To a chasm vast and deep and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim—
The sullen stream held no fear for him—
But he turned when safe on the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.
"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your time with building here.
You never again will pass this way,
Your journey will end with the closing day.
You have safely crossed this chasm wide,
Why build you this bridge at the evening tide?"
The builder lifted his old grey head,
"Good friend, in the way that I've come," he said,
"There followed after me to-day
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This stream which has been as naught to me,
To the fair-haired youth might a pitfall be;
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."

CONFIDENTIALLY.

L.A.C. Hornbeck is studying a copy of H. G. Wells' book, "The Invisible Man." It's a good trick if you can work it, "Becky."

L.A.C. Hancox is in the market for mistletoe.

There goes the bell to end round two, gents, but don't think I'll be so easy on you the next time, and by the way, Merry Christmas, everybody!

"The Battling Bee," 400 Squadron.

Education

Education is just learning things. Sergt. Air Gunner G——— learnt something when he found that there are people about who will look a gift car in the spark plugs.

All readers can learn something at a cheaper rate in fact for nothing except for the expenditure of a little energy. There is Mathematics, which means Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry; English in various guises; Air-Navigation and French. There's a full time Education in S.H.Q. whose job it is to meet your requirements. Why not make him work? He is paid for it, and anyway he doesn't mind. Talk over your educational problems with him and see if he has got any of the books in that useful looking library of his.

Room 36 in S.H.Q. is the address, 1745 to 1815 hours on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays will find him in so will most mornings and afternoons.

P/O. Taylor, Station Education Officer.

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

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