

WINGS ABROAD

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE



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A New Year's Message

For some of us the year 1942 brings the beginning of a third year overseas; a third year overseas finds the world more inflamed by the ravages of war than ever in the history of man. Never before has the struggle been so gigantic; the test so severe.

Since the first days when Hitler unleashed tons of high explosives on defenceless Warsaw, Canadians have played an important role on sea, land and air. Units of the Royal Canadian Navy have distinguished themselves at Narvik and Dunkirk. Until a few weeks ago the Canadian Army had to be content with waiting, but when the test came on the other side of the world they proved beyond question that they could take their rightful place beside other Empire troops who covered themselves with glory in Greece, Libya and Crete.

The Canadians in the R.A.F. and the Royal Canadian Air Force have distinguished themselves in The Battle of Britain and subsequent offensive action. Canada's Mighty Commonwealth Air Training plan will definitely prove a major factor in the defeat of the evil forces that oppress us.

Even now our own dear shores are being threatened by a new and powerful foe. That thought alone is enough to make every wide-awake Canadian resolve never to rest until this scourge on the face of the earth is obliterated for all time; that thought should instil in our hearts a grim resolve to complete the job we have set out to do.

So for the New Year let us take upon ourselves a pledge to do our job well

—no matter how small or humble it may be—and when the time comes to put your experience to the test I have no doubt as to the final outcome.



WING COMMANDER H. W. KERBY.

A Happy New Year to All!

"A" Flight, 400 Squadron

Thank You——apologising

The first thing I would like to do is to thank "B" Flight for electing me as Snow White, but I still think there are more suitable candidates floating around than yours truly. I will here and now publicly apologise to L.A.C. Hornbeck and pin my ears back if and when I ventured out of the sacred confines of "A" Flight dispersal area.

"A" Flight Goes to Town

'Twas the night before Christmas, ah, yes, how well we remember it. Corpl. "Moses" Mossop collected a sturdy crew and talked them, and yours truly, into going to town, so out trundled "Red" McKee's most run-down, dilapidated Crossley and away we went, as usual "B" Flight horned in, and "C" Flight caught on to the idea, a little late as usual, but all pulled out promptly at the appointed hour. True to the tradition of our non-famous M.T. Section, four miles being their limit, we had a change-over, quite handy though as most of us had developed a little thirst, but "Goebells" Allan soon had another Matilda ready and away we went, arriving a little late but in lots of time. All and sundry had a good time, so we hear. The pay off came when due to a misunderstanding our trusty steeds pulled out half an hour ahead of schedule, almost unheard of in Air Force annals, and there we were left standing on the corner, Christmas Eve, what would you do? Someone suggested we go round singing Christmas carols and maybe some kind person would take us in, but it proved a flop, so we dispersed forces and just like all Canadians all spent a more or less comfortable night, but I understand that the local railway yard, Service Club, Y.M.C.A., took an awful beating, but somehow when the roll was called next day sure enough we were all there, home. Well, you could write a book about that, but having only one column to fill, I'll skip it.

Curtis Scores again

Everybody knows how "Moses" Mossop has boasted "If it runs with gas I can start it." At long last "Moses" met his Waterloo. One of our junior fitters was out doing his daily dozen on the petrol bowser, but due to unforeseen circumstances she wouldn't start. Out popped "Moses," cranking and censored words, nothing happened. Round the corner "Curt" happened along. "Let me try it," says "Curt." "Moses," being browned off anyway, thought "Well, why not?" With a great display and mumbo-jumbo "Curt" swung, first crank, away she went. Anyone interested in a first hand account ask Corpl. Mossop, A. E. M., "A" Group.

Things We Would Like to Know

Why "B" Flight keep two petrol bowzers in their dispersal area?

Why don't they give "A" Flight another five acres of ground to hold all their serviceable aircraft?

When is "Moses" going to trim his moustacheo?

When are "B" and "C" Flights going to admit that "A" Flight has them beat at anything they like to mention?

Why doesn't "Yip" Yeager admit he's Joe Snard?

Well, that's all for now, fellas. Right after Christmas this column is a hard go, so I'll sign off. So until the "B"ees buzz and the Snards pick flowers I'll say cheerio.

Sergt. Chapman, 400 Squadron

"B" Flight, 400 Squadron

A Good Christmas

Christmas has come and gone. Thanks to the folks back home, who didn't forget us, and to our grand Padre, who really made up our Christmas, we enjoyed every minute of it. There is a Santa Claus, fellas! I know I began to doubt all this stuff about Reindeers and Sleighs because as usual I hung my sock over the mantel. Thursday morning when I got up it was still empty. I was broken hearted. However, I decided maybe this was a busy year for him, so I left it hanging there. Friday morning it was still empty; Saturday morning still no luck; Sunday morning just the same. But, listen to this, Sunday night when I came back from the Padre's LO and BEHOLD I had a sock full of good things, chocolates, cigarettes and everything. Dear Santa, I am sorry that I doubted you ever existed. See you next year, old fella (if I'm good).

We're still in the running "A" Flight

The time-keeper tells me this is round three, so the Battling Bee steps into the ring and away we go.

As we stated in our first effort, some people are just so stupid that they need a diagram to understand anything. Jus because the Editor puts us on the last page they immediately think it was his idea to do so.

"Piece de Resistance"

Reading "Wings Abroad" is like having dinner at the Savoy in London. There are a number of small unimportant items you have to wade through before you come to the main course. They call them Aferitifs-entrees, etc. Finally you come to the main item, "The Piece de Resistance." (I can use French words too.) That is what "B" Flight column is, the Piece de Resistance. You wade through all other stuff and finally come to the important part. When you discover who the Battling Bee is maybe he will take you there for dinner. He often dines there.

Fifth column

Speaking of where the Editor sets up his columns, he's not so dumb. Next time you see your Christmas number of "Wings Abroad" look and see where "A" Flight column is. It's the *fifth column* from the front cover. Need I say more, fellow. The fifth column really, Chappie, really. That is quite in keeping with the way you were punching us in the Christmas number when everyone else was full of Good Will.

Tut tut, old boy.

Football's the Thing

Since we last went to press we have indulged in another football match with "C" Flight, from which they emerged the victors. It was a hard fought game and true to form with all rules, barred no limit on the number of players per team. An excellent game was turned out by all. Among those who played exceptionally well were Tate in "C" Flight goal, Gaiard in "B" Flight goal, Corpl. Batty, Rollins, F/Lieut. Woods and P/O. Clarke for "C" Flight, Hornbeck, Collins, F/Lieut. Morris and F/Lieut. Wallace for "B" Flight. What is more important is that everyone who attended had a lot of fun. We are ready for and looking forward to the next one.

Confidentially

Hornbeck was minus four teeth after the "Feetsball" game with "C" Flight.

Why don't "A" Flight admit they can't play football?

That's all for round three men, but I'll be back next issue. I'll buzz off now.

The Battling Bee.

"C" Flight, 400 Squadron

The Christmas Party

Snard's Roost the day before Christmas was the scene of a party which threatened to go down in history. It was certainly an epic in entertainment under war-time conditions. The Bees and Snards had both gathered for a party with refreshments of the keg variety. The food was supplied by the officers, who must have dug very deep in their larders. They brought a great selection of Christmas cakes and cookies which Sergt. "Pop" Roman spread buffet style for everyone's convenience. The fellows took care of entertainment by singing with each trying to outdo the other, but still very entertaining. In one corner the novelty trio of Corpl. "Wilky" Winkinson, L.A.C. "Scotty" Barnes and L.A.C. "Down-beat" Hancox swung out with "It ain't what you do, it's the way you do it," which strikes us as a very good theme for the New Year. Music for the event was supplied by P/O. "Gnome" Henderson (violin), P/O. Peters (trumpet), Corpl. "Red" Bullman (accordion) and L.A.C. "Slim" Lewis (guitar). These fellows deserve thanks, for they also led that grand march about the dispersal area. F/Sergt. "Ash-can" Weldon circulated about passing out those "Baby-terror" cigars as he has done so in Christmases past. Later during the afternoon W/C. Kerby and S/L. Waddell dropped in to lend their personalities to the success of the "do."

An apology

To "A" Flight we owe an apology for not inviting them to our party. It was not intentional, but only an oversight. It had not been planned that "B" and "C" should have been together, but just one of those things that happen. We do hope that "A" Flight will accept our apologies with no hard feelings.

An Open Letter

To F/Lieut. "Whiz" Ogilvie are penned these lines.
Dear "Whiz":—

We are proud of Snard's Roost, for it is like home to us. It is our spot of Canada in the dispersal area and shelter from the winter winds. We have a small stove and are glad to make a cup of tea for you any time, that is if the shack holds together. Lately it has taken quite a beating, but we're sure it can't be blown over by a little slipstream. At least we hope not. The stove is still there, but the pipes and lids have been loosened by vibration and you should see the nice cloud of soot that floats around. The paper on the roof is lifting and we're sure the foundation has shifted, so please leave us happy like this.

We thought we were safe with the flag 5 feet up, but now it's down to 4 feet. I guess when we strung up that aerial it must have had a very disheartening effect on you . . . but not enough. Now we're working on a balloon barrage, if we can get the balloons and "A" and "B" Flights can supply enough hot air to fill them. We know we've had to listen to them long enough now.

That's all we have to say for now, "Whiz," except that if you want a cup of tea PLEASE walk down the three steps and through the door and not just drop in on us.

Yours for altitude,
JOE SNARD.
The Seer of "C" Flight.

What is a Role?

A certain pilot officer informs us that P/O. "Bitsy" Grant was nearly expelled from E.F.T.S. because he thought a role was something you ate.

'Ot Exhaust!

By FOUR CYCLE.

The little boy with short pants and 1942 written across his chest finds "Der Fuehrer" and his gang busy with their New Year's resolutions. For instance, your scribe comes across "Goebbels" Allan standing in one corner with his eyes closed, his fingers crossed and saying, "I resolve never to talk above a whisper again and to be a good little Propaganda Minister." "Hegehopper" Brule swearing never to install another modification without "Der Fuehrer's" permission. . . . "Horizontal" Howell leaning against the wall promising to look awake at least once during the new year. . . . Camerader Jolly and Baker with clenched fists upraised pledging allegiance to all good little "Revolutionists." . . . "Sir Malcolm" Story never, never again to argue with "Der Fuehrer."

Stop Press

Drastic Cabinet Re-Shuffle!

Evidently "Der Fuehrer" is also making his new year "revolutions," for he created two new "Ministers" in his Cabinet. Isolationist Leader Bullman has been deposed and in his place is "Rembrant" MacDonald. The hand that once so skilfully wielded a brush is now following a pencil in the Ministry of Supply. The ingenuity that once painted out Der Fuehrer's armoured divisions is now behind the mahogany desk in the Ministry of Supply. Your scribe may see one reason for this re-shuffle in the fact that "Rembrant" had done his job so well that the other party members have difficulty in finding their equipment.

A new position has been created for "Danger 10,000 Volt" Bullman who is now Minister Light, Heat and Power. In a few weeks or so you can expect some spectacular developments. Your scribe had a peek into the Bullman power plant and from what he saw big things in the electrical world can be anticipated.

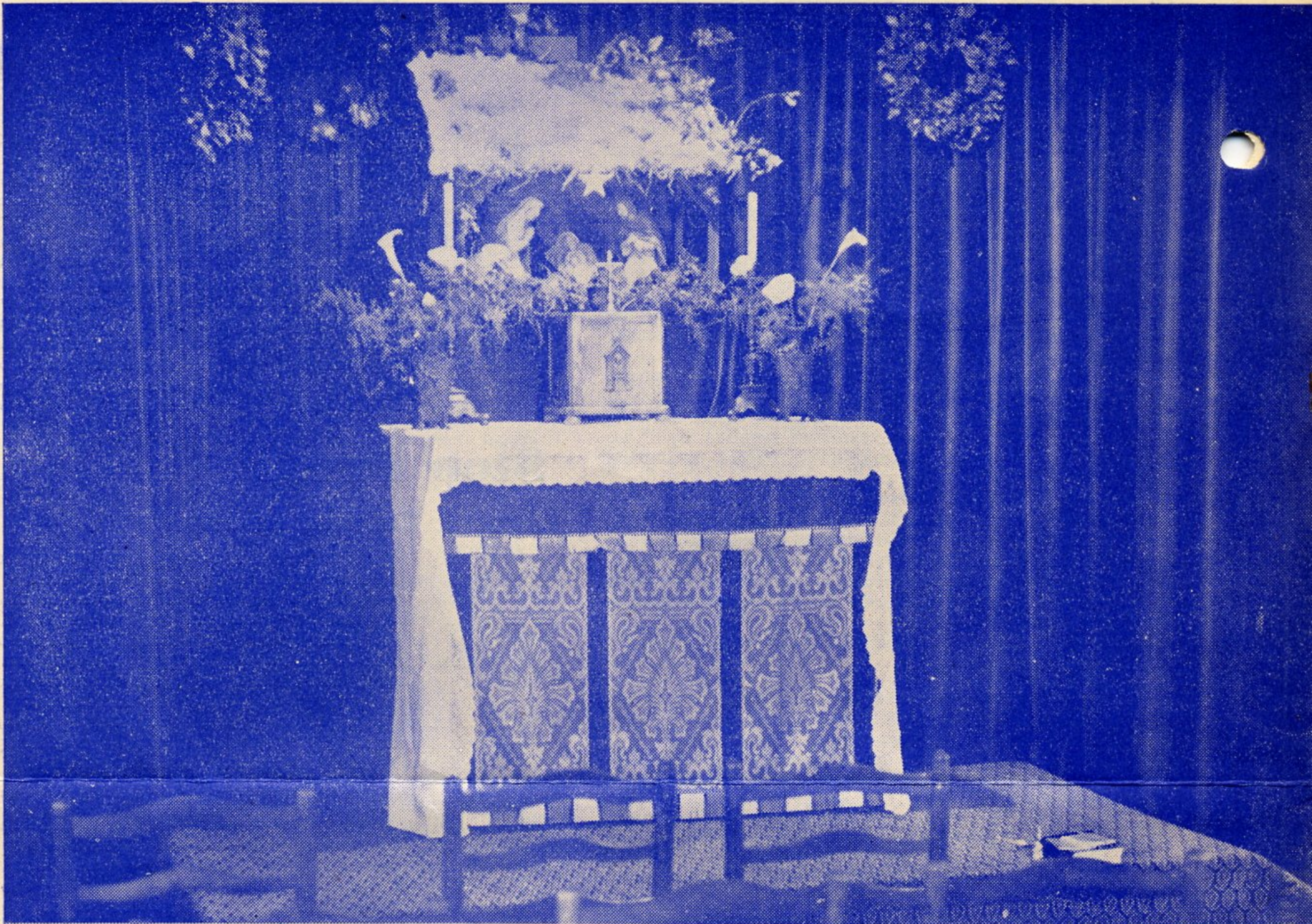
The Government's offices of the high and mighty Reich are now graced with the presence of "Wheels Up" Pearson, who claims that the pen is mightier than the sword and says he didn't like being on "fast four-engined" bombers, anyway. Whatever goes on behind the huge oak doors on the sixteenth floor of the "Sanctum Sanctorum" is a closely guarded secret. Only person who holds the key is "Lofty" Moore, one-time big noise in the Propaganda Ministry.

"CHRISTOPHER WREN."

"Der Fuehrer" owes a lot to "Christopher Wren" Robb, who designed and built the magnificent Government buildings of the Reich. When this scribe first saw "Chris." Robb, talked to him and looked over his blue prints he expected a forest of tepees to rise where the fifty storey Government edifice now stands . . . a real work of art standing in one corner of the whole High Command. Robb claims he was surprised, as we were, when the building was completed. No one could improve on his work with the exception of Punton, who added a real modern touch with a facade and door of unique design. The marquee and huge mahogany facade befit the appearance of the rest of the "skyscraper" and are remotely controlled by Punton alone. Whether the entrance is governed by an "electric eye" or mirrors is still a dark mystery which only its designer can solve.

Big things are brewing within the Reich and there are still many, many unhidden mysteries and secrets to be uncovered. In another two weeks this scribe plans to uncover all! In the meantime keep your eyes on the "Fuehrer" and his Party Leaders.

CHRISTMAS OVERSEAS!



Upper left—400 Squadron Chapel, Christmas, 1941. Upper right—The Recreation Room of a Canadian S. N.C.O.s, Guests of the Officers at Christmas Festivities. Lower right—Wing Command

A Good Time was had by All



quadron in England. Lower left—Christmas Dinner at 400 Canadian Squadron. Lower Centre—Senior Kerby and Flight Lieut. Woods ready to serve the Dinner in traditional R.C.A.F. Style.

New Year's Resolutions

As we fearfully tread into 1942, into the seemingly darkness ahead, everyone is puzzled with the question, "What does the New Year hold for me? I realise I have slipped up in the past, what can I do to improve myself?" Perhaps the words in the next few paragraphs might help. One of the first qualifications a man must have to face this uncertain and difficult future is self-confidence.

Self-confidence a Habit

Self-confidence is formed by persistently choosing to let the mind dwell upon our successes, and in turning our thoughts just as persistently away from our failures. When you come to the end of a day's doings to take stock give the eight failures out of ten for the day one good look, don't dodge them, see what caused them and how you can do better to-morrow—and then dismiss them from your mind. Think of two things wherein you have succeeded, even if they be of small import. Speak of them. Don't mention the others. Keep bringing your success episodes up into the light and air, where they can grow and reproduce their kind. Keep the failure incidents as much as possible in the cellar of your memory, in the dark where they will dwindle, peak and pine. Sterilize your failures, asphyxiate them.

Easier Said than Done

Of course this is easier said than done. What hurts is more easily and sharply remembered than what pleases. A slap in the face is harder to forget than a pat on the back.

Bad things, unpleasant things, ugly things and nasty things have a way of sticking to us; and good, pleasant, beautiful and wholesome things such as our conceit, we are prone to take as matters of course and pay little attention to them. But here is precisely where the will comes in. Here is the opportunity for self-training. Here is the secret of improbability.

"Smooth is road to Hell"

Moral slumping is always easy and moral bracing hard. "Smooth is the road to Hell," runs the proverb. A person with a flabby will is growing worse every day, just as a man that will not pull at the oars is steadily floating down-stream and a man is never more a man than when he summons up his will to combat a tendency.

Account One-sided

As a matter of fact, almost every day for every one of us contains more agreeable than disagreeable things, even to the grouchiest of souls. Just take a pencil and paper and set down in one column all the events of the day, big and little, that have gratified you, and in another all that have annoyed you; and if you are honest in your account the first column has ten items to the other's one. The trouble is that one offense occurrence magnifies itself. The one point on your body where you have a boil attracts more of your attention than the entire remaining surface. When a boy has a sore he wants to pick it and we love to handle over and over the memory of the thing that hurt or pained us.

Turn around

Well quit!
Turn around!
Back up!

Let the inflamed spots in your recollection alone.

When the rebuff, or mistake, or loss, or insult, or slight, or other ugly thing pops up in your thinking, look away, direct your thoughts elsewhere. It is hard to do, but all improvement is hard.

The only way to climb any height of culture is to keep on doing a difficult thing until it becomes easy. The very heart and core of the secret of culture is to have the disposition to tackle the difficult things.

Festivities Mark R.C.A.F. Christmas Overseas

Somewhere in this England units of the Royal Canadian Air Force celebrated the Feast of Christmas with impressive services for all denominations and dinners done up in real Canadian style. Padres worked overtime to supervise feasts and hold services for the boys. In the north S/Ldr. Lightborn, assisted by two other protestant padres, and F/Lieut. Vinet, Catholic padre, played a major role in the spiritual and material welfare of the boys under their care.

IMPRESSIVE MIDNIGHT MASS.

Perhaps the most impressive ceremony was held at 400 Squadron chapel, looking new and bright with the recent improvements designed by Father McNeil, Catholic padre. At midnight the chapel was impressive with its simplicity. The blue drapes hanging from the ceiling dwarfed the linen bedecked altar. The crib set in the niche brought home a reminder of what took place at Bethlehem nineteen hundred and forty-one years ago. After Mass the boys gathered in the recreation room for coffee. Climax of the celebration came at 12.30 Christmas Day with the dinner served in a holly enshrouded hall. The tables, decorations and cuisine left nothing to be desired in the way of a perfect feast. In true Canadian style the officers served the dinner and Christmas 1941 will live in the memories of 400 Squadron as a truly happy and joyful event.

An Airman's Thoughts of Mother

I'm thinking of you to-night, Mom,
And the way that you smiled at it all.
When the foe who oppressed us made war, Mom,
And I answered our country's call.

It seems so long since I left you, Mom,
With a hesitant tear on your brow.
As with never a sigh you whispered "Goodbye,"
It all comes back to me now.

The way that you managed to hide a tear,
Whenever I seemed to stray,
And your tender smile that brought me cheer
In the hours of yesterday.

I left so much undone, Mom,
Too many things unsaid,
But I want to tell you now, Mom,
That my thoughts are soaring ahead.

To the day when the strife is over, Mom,
And our meeting again draws near,
'Till then you are locked in my heart, Mom,
God bless you, Mother dear.

Submitted by Sergt. Cumliffe, 405 Squadron.

Oil! Oil! Oil!

L.A.C. Clear, of Maintenance Flight, the "Three Star Imperial Oil" Magnate, the other day was trying to convince the English people over here the advantages of oiled roads over macadam. Whether he convinced them or not is a question, but the fact remains that he definitely is in favour of "erled highways" over hard surface, as he demonstrated to all recently.

A ten gallon experiment, but we have an idea that it didn't work. Clear oil, too.

Orchids

To—



THE CHOIR.

The Christmas spirit, aided by the choir, reached a peak unsurpassed in the history of 400 Squadron. The chanting of the Midnight Mass, the broadcast to Canada and the numerous carols sung every evening in the chapel must have brought to the minds of the men memories of festive seasons at home. Orchids to the following members of the choir, and especially to Johnny Irvine, who was the mainstay of the practices and performances. Other singers included: Owen Hanson, Jimmy Baker, George Roberts, Red Miller, Fitzhenry, Hurd, Delcillier, Doug. Howell, George Carter, Scottie Barnes and Nolie Henderson.

L.A.C. "DICK" BEDWELL.

Although Dick had Christmas Day off he volunteered to help the kitchen staff to clean up after the Christmas dinner. He worked long and hard to re-arrange the tables and clean the mess hall after the party was over. An orchid to self-sacrifice and willingness to help on the part of L.A.C. Bedwell and it is such evidences of keenness that is helping to win this war.

"SANTA'S ELVES."

Remember the Christmas stockings you received a few days ago? The "Little Elves" worked until the wee small hours of the morning to make up your Christmas socks and here's an orchid to the men or "elves" behind the scenes . . . Jimmy Conn, L.A.C. Gilmour, L.A.C. Smith, L.A.C. Paradis, L.A.C. Carpenter, L.A.C. Bertrand, A., L.A.C. Barratt, L.A.C. Lizoweski, L.A.C. Hale, Corpl. Smith.

Dear Squadron Leader McNeill,

We have heard how you have been looking after our boys, and arranging social evenings, etc., to help them pass the time, also providing them with lunches.

So we, a few of the Mothers of the 400 Squadron in Winnipeg, are sending you two small parcels to help along with your good work, which we certainly do appreciate.

Signed on behalf of the following Mothers,

I. WILLIAMS,
Mother of Corpl. L. S. Williams.

Mrs. Selkirk.	Mrs. McRea.	Mrs. Fell.
Mrs. Searle.	Mrs. Whitehead.	Mrs. Loche.
Mrs. Penn.	Mrs. Deerlove.	Mrs. Pickering.
Mrs. Lisowski.	Mrs. McMillan.	Mrs. Roman.
Mrs. Pearson.	Mrs. Theissan.	Mrs. Silcox.
Mrs. Tait.	Mrs. Peters.	Mrs. Johnston.
Mrs. Ferrar.	Mrs. Blake.	Mrs. Holme.
Mrs. Williams.	Mrs. Douglas.	

Thank you, Winnipeg Women's Auxiliary. Without your help we would be unable to carry on. The boys appreciate your gifts to the full and let me assure you that the Winnipeg boys are second to none, and you certainly have something to be proud of—your sons.

PADRE.

"B" Flight, 402 Squadron

When this issue of "Wings Abroad" is being read another Christmas will have come and gone, but as I write this, the airmen of 402 are becoming Christmas conscious in spite of torrents of rain, due to great gobs of Christmas cards and parcels pouring in almost every day. A great many parcels were marked "Do not open until Christmas," but coloured tissue paper lying all over the place, Christmas cake being passed around and gifts proudly shown, means more than cats are endowed with curiosity. We couldn't help but notice that "A" Flight was getting their share of parcels just when we were wondering if anybody loved them.

* * * *

L.A.C. "X."

L.A.C. "X," who made his debut in the last issue, answers a few more questions and at the same time removes all doubt as to his claim to be a wizard.

"Moanin'" Johnston, late of Maintenance, asks, "What does the New Year hold for me?"

Answer—"Lots of beautiful English scenery made green by lovely rains." (Now you know why Johnny is so happy lately.)

Sergt. Robinson asks: "Can I improve 'B' Flight in any way during the New Year?"

Answer: "There is only one minor flaw." (When they looked at me I excused myself.)

Strangely enough, both Sergt. Heirlihy of "A" Flight and W.O. Carpenter of Maintenance asked the same question: "How can I improve my Flight to stand the pace 'B' Flight sets?"

Answer: "Monkey glands, blood transfusions and night schools, to mention a few."

Then I asked him this question: "When did you find that you had supernatural powers?"

Answer: "Oh, about six months ago, when I saw what you got away with in 'Wings Abroad.'"

As I hastily draw the curtain on L.A.C. "X," let me remind you he will again be with us in the near future to answer your questions.

* * * *

WISHFUL THINKING.

Since Japan has entered this little "do" we are in, the boys have been indulging in a little wishful thinking about going to Canada to defend its shores. Some even go so far as to say Winnipeg needs us, others say Hamilton, Toronto, and one piped up, "How about Grimsby?"

* * * *

FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

It was my intention to give quite a write-up to the first anniversary of 402 Squadron, but unfortunately, along with about a dozen others, we missed the party because of duty. From what I can gather everyone had a wonderful time and 402 is now well into its second year of lusty life.

* * * *

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

New Year resolutions every good airman should make to lead a full and happy life . . . Never argue with the C.O. . . . Don't beef (much) . . . Never go A.W.O.L. (if you think you will get caught) . . . Don't drink anything stronger than water (unless you are thirsty) . . . Shave and polish your buttons every day (you can never tell when you can sneak away to town) . . . but in spite of everything a Happy New Year to All.

Fred McCormick, 402 Squadron.

Mother, Wife, Sweetheart—For Honour and for Her!

Somewhere, a woman, thrusting fear away,
Faces the future bravely for your sake;
Toils on from dawn till dark; from day to day;
Fights back her tears, nor heeds the bitter ache;
She loves you, trusts you, breathes in prayer your name;
Soil not her faith in you, by sin or shame.

Somewhere a woman—mother, sweetheart, wife,
Waits betwixt hopes and fears for your return;
Her kiss, her words will cheer you in the strife,
When death itself confronts you, grim and stern;
But let her image all your reverence claim,
When base temptations scorch you with their flame.

Somewhere a woman watches—filled with pride;
Shrined in her heart, you share a place with none,
She toils, she waits, she prays, till side by side
You stand together when the battle's done.
O keep for her dear sake a stainless name.
Bring back to her a manhood free from shame!

Margaret Scruton.

Dots 'n Dashes from 414

Well "A" Flight has just got back from a two weeks "do" at dear old "Bilgewater." What nostalgic memories that must recall to many an old-timer. The care-free hours awake before dawn and to bed also before dawn. Just like working on a Southern Ontario farm only not so much work. Here all the time is not spent on chores, at least not after dark. When the "Bilgewater Special" is ready there is a rush and scramble reminiscent of King Street cars on "Kids Day" at the Toronto exhibition. The boys back at the station were hugging themselves with joy each time a kite came back for inspection plastered with mud. "Ha," they snickered, "we are well out of that."

DISCOMFORT PREVAILED.

However, some all-wise providence deemed that the station have "anti-invasion" exercises and to use the words of D.R.O., "Discomfort Prevailed." The fog was really terrific and poor old Sergt. Van Sickle managed to fall down an excavation on his way to tea. Nothing daunted, he set out for the mess, but realised that he had lost his way. Groping around, striving vainly to see even a glimmer of light, he fell once more into the excavation.

"Oh, well, I know where I am now, besides I wasn't hungry," was his only remark as he settled back in the mud. About this time a sentry could be heard challenging "Advance and be recognised, F.O. Hardy." Yes, it was all pretty grim, and "A" Flight had to return because the pubs ran out of cider.

REMINISCING AGAIN.

Well, here it is, our second new year in England and we can't help wondering where all the old gang is and how they are doing. All those other New Years we spent in the service. New Years in Ottawa. Everyone moaning for fresh air at night and somebody opened the windows wide and then crawled under the blankets complete with great-coat, Yukon cap and gloves. When the orderly sergeant opened the door he was too cold to get hot under the collar. Another New Year with "Weldy" appearing at the dispersal hut with a box of cigars and liquid refreshment. Comrade Val, Buddy! Tavarish! Weldon. Then giving an exhibition on how not to cover an aircraft! He looked like a fella giving a skating lesson or taking one. He was all flying arms and legs with a dead cigar hanging out of a flushed face. Now another New Year has come and gone. Before I go I will disclose what I overheard at the tea-wagon the other day.

"What kind of a summer did you have at your station?"

"Don't know. I was on a 36-hour pass at the time."

A Happy New Year to all from 414 Squadron.

G. W. Jones, 414 Squadron.



400 SQUADRON SPORTS AND ACTIVITIES

Social Activities Commencing Friday, 9.1.42, to Friday, 23.1.42

Friday, January 9th.

p.m. Silent Movies. Eats.

Saturday, January 10th.

p.m. Cleaning up the Padre's Larder. Also Sing-song. Eats.

Sunday, January 11th.

a.m. Chapel. Mass at 9.15 and Benediction at 6.30 p.m. United Service 12 noon.

p.m. Talkies. Double Feature Programme. Everybody Welcome.

Monday, January 12th.

p.m. Whist Drive. Prizes. Eats.

Tuesday, January 13th.

p.m. Meeting of the Club. Important. Everybody Welcome.

Wednesday, January 14th.

p.m. Euchre and Bridge. Good Prizes. Eats. Everybody Welcome.

Thursday, January 15th.

p.m. Meeting of the Club and Important Discussion on Microphone Technique. Everybody Welcome. Eats.

Friday, January 16th.

p.m. Bingo! The old Army Game. Prizes. Eats.

Tuesday, January 20th.

p.m. Talkies. Double Feature. Everybody Welcome.

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

J. C. BAKER, *Circulation.*

Squadron Leader MacNEIL, *Director.*

H.Q.—J. M. LUTES.

401 Squadron—J. M. ALEXANDER.

402 Squadron—FRED McCORMICK.

406 Squadron—Corpl. VERMANDER.

414 Squadron—G. W. JONES.