

LAC Labour  
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3d. PER COPY

## The Laws of the Air Force.

Now these are the Laws of the Air Force, descended from barrack and ship,  
And he that is wise will observe them, lest his foot on the ladder may slip.

As nought must outclimb us in fighting, even so with the law and its span,  
For the strength of the man is the Service and the strength of the Service the man.

Take heed what you say to your rulers, be your words softly spoken and plain  
Lest a bird of the Air tell the matter, and so shall ye hear it again.

If ye labor from morn until even, meet with reproof for your toil,  
It is well that the gun may be humbled, the compressor must check the recoil.

On the strength of the link in the cable dependeth the might of the chain,  
Who knows when thou mayest be tested? So live that thou bearest the strain.

When the plane is tired returneth, with the signs of the air showing sore,  
Men take her in hand for a season and her speed she reneweth once more.

So shalt thou, lest perchance thou grow weary in flying from morn until eve,  
Pray for rest for the good of the Service; and wend thy way softly on leave.

Count not upon certain promotion, but rather to earn it aspire,  
Tho' the sight line may end on the target, there cometh perchance a misfire.

Canst follow the track of the Dolphin, or tell where the sea swallow roam?  
Where leviathan taketh his pastime? What ocean he calleth his home?

Even so with the words of thy Rulers, and the orders these words shall convey,  
Every law is as naught beside this one, "Thou shalt not criticise but obey."

Saith the wise; "How may I know their purpose?" Then acts without wherefore or why  
Stays the fool but one moment to question and the chance of his life passeth by.

If ye win through an overseas bomb-raid unmentioned at home in the Press  
Read it not; no man seeth the piston but it doeth its work none the less.

Do they growl?—It is well. Be thou silent so the work goeth forward amain  
Lo, the engine revs up to two thousand and shouteth, yet none shall complain,

Do they growl and the work be retarded? It is ill be whatever their rank,  
The engine may miss but still shouteth, but can a mis-fire turn the crank?

—to be continued in next issue.

## "Ham" Radio Operators' Banquet.

Canadian Radio Amateurs, serving overseas with 401 and 402 Fighter Squadrons, R.C.A.F., held their initial banquet "somewhere in England" on the evening of April 2nd. These "hobbyists," best known as Radio "Hams," are men who, in peace time, owned and operated their own home constructed short wave radio transmitting and receiving stations. The strong bond which attracts all members of the great world-wide "Ham" fraternity impelled these chaps to arrange an old-time, honest-to-goodness HAMFEST. . . .

Driven by J. W. McQueen, the party soon arrived at the appointed rendezvous, where they sat down to an excellent supper of cream and tomato soup, roast chicken with dressing, creamed carrots, green peas, roast potatoes and gravy, fruit salad and cakes.

Pilot Officer Chadburn, who represented S/L. MacGregor, C.O. of 402 Squadron, spoke. Then in turn each Ham told something of his radio activities pre-war. Hope was expressed that further meetings would be arranged for "Hams away from home." Herb Woodhead described Amateur Radio as he had seen it in the period following the Great War, and described the thrill of building and using all sorts of odd equipment. In his opinion those were the real days, when Radio was utterly new and Ham Radio Communication a free for all.

Tom Dubord, another old-timer, emphasised the fact that Hams are responsible for all present Radio principles and developments used in the current struggle. Television, Frequency Modulation and Major Armstrong's advanced method of radio broadcasting were mentioned. Tom would like Canadian Hams to work on Television after the war. "Television will advance further in five years under Amateur Experimentation than it has in many years of commercial plodding," he predicted.

An impromptu debate came into being. It was agreed that Hams pioneer Radio progress, but the question raised was, "Do Hams or commercial engineers forward

the progress of new radio developments to the greatest extent?" Discussion became most intriguing with no little interest evidenced by all present.

When talking of our immediate Air Force Radio problems, Mr. Chadburn presented the Fighter Pilots' viewpoint; modifications were discussed.

Tom Dubord acted as master of ceremonies.

W. R. Small took movie-camera shots as the fellows feasted.

Bob Butler was able to attend, though attached to an R.A.F. Squadron.

After a bit of talk about a "voice operated cigarette lighter," Ernie Miller piped up, "When more ingenious gadgets are propogated, Miller an' Moffat will propogate 'em."

### Those present were:—

Pilot Officer E. V. Chadburn, of 402 Squadron.  
S/M. Elde, of 402 Squadron.  
J. W. McQueen.  
Al Stone, Radio Vo.2.G., of Newfoundland.  
Ted Shaw, Radio Ve.1.I.Y., of Maratimes.  
R. L. Duffy, Radio Ve.1.N.D., of Maratimes.  
Ernie Miller, Radio Ve.2.A.F., of Quebec.  
Ted Midgeley, Radio Ve.3.T.V., of Ontario.  
John Alexander, Radio Ve.3.A.Y.P., of Ontario.  
Jack Maltby, Ve.3.A.Y.R., of Ontario.  
Herbert Woodhead, Radio Ve.4.B.J., of Prairie Provinces.  
Jack Moffat, Radio Ve.4.G.Z., of Prairie Provinces.  
Tom Dubord, Radio Ve.4.M.V., of Prairie Provinces.  
Bob Butler, Radio Ve.4.X.M., of Prairie Provinces.  
W. R. Small, Radio Ve.4.A.F.K., of Prairie Provinces.  
Michael Shopka, Radio Ve.4.A.F.Y., of Prairie Provinces.

J. A. Alexander, of 401 Squadron  
(Ve.3.A.Y.P.—Toronto).

## Good-bye to Col. Brown—Head of the K. of C.

A great friend and benefactor of 400 Squadron is returning to Canada.

We wish to say, Colonel, "Thanks for everything—and God speed on your journey home." We want you to know that we appreciated all you did for us. Your sympathy and kind heart always produced an effect in line with the genuine comfort of the boys.

We feel sure that you go with the satisfied feeling of having done a difficult job well, and that the good work will be well carried on, because you are leaving to fill your chair one who "knows the ropes" and who has won the hearts of the men of every unit with which he has come in contact, especially 400 Squadron—we mean Capt. Slade. We hope you will not forget us when you reach our beloved Canada and tell the folks back there a great big "Thank you" for their magnificent generosity and thorough thoughtfulness.

F/O. Pattison to M.T. Section:—"Loose auto nuts are much more dangerous when one of them is driving."

Since the new rations came out.

Never in the history of messing was so little received by so many for so much.

## Oil Artist Records 400 at Work.

Frank Wootton, that ace of aircraft artists, who spent a few days sketching around the hangars and ships of 400 Squadron, created more than average interest among the boys. Mr. Wootton has established himself as a top-ranking artist when it comes to recording in colour the Air Force and its planes, and his talents are reflected in the number of his products that have found their way to art galleries and military H.Q.'s all over the world.

A finished 20 by 30 inch oil painting usually occupies about five hours effort on the field and two or three hours in his studio.

He gained a first-rank reputation as a commercial artist for De Havilland aircraft and at the outbreak of war was commissioned by the Air Ministry to make a permanent record of the Air Force, its various types of planes and all the phases of aircraft work.

When asked if the continual glances of curious airmen over his shoulder bothered him, Mr. Wootton said he had become quite used to it since he has worked among thousands of them during the past year.

Boughner: "What's that lump in your breast pocket?"  
Carter (whispering): "It's dynamite. I'm waiting for Prettie. Every time he sees me he hits me on the chest and breaks my fountain pen. Next time he does it he'll blow his hand off."

## Satire

### R.A.F. Rate of Pay.

An unwary observer, strolling on to the station, wouldn't help but be amazed at the lot of cheerful faces knocking about these days.

In fact, that unusual cheerfulness has left deep lines in the faces of our boys; lines that have even invaded their foreheads.

Everyone and his brother is fairly rollicking with mirth; airmen walk heavily under the weight of joy; N.C.Os. mumble something under their breath that one takes to be the latest form of an ancient joke; officers daintily bare their teeth at the slightest provocation; even A.C. 2s. wear a grim grin on their usual poker-faces.

Such happiness has never been so blatant since the week when we were served sausages seven days in a row. Why, will you ask, that unrestrained hilarity?

Well, the joke started in D.R.O. one night and attained its culminating point in the pay-office some time later. Following a suggestion from our "Fathers," we settled down to put money in the bank, in a very intensive way, too. Everything was done to make the task easy for us; no trouble at all, no fees either.

Just to keep traditions alive we still line up twice a month, but we know that the "few shills." smilingly dropped into our once-itching palm won't make a big dent in our leaping Canadian bank account.

Think of it, boys; to be able to walk out of a bank with real "dough" without pulling a "gat" on the teller! Think of your increased social standing boosted up by a roll of crisp and genuine "greenbacks." Do you realise that, for once, you will be able to enter proudly an income tax office and lay down your share for the welfare of the country?

No wonder no one of us cares a hoot about all the tempting glasses of beer sneering at him in the local pubs. Nobody minds strengthening one's lungs by a complete abstinence from Woodbine cigarettes. The world can see how everyone is pleased to display proudly the Canadian shoulder badge upon entering the sixpenny row at the local flick.

"Noblesse oblige" even if the girl friend kicks a row. Let her jitterbug; she ain't getting what you'll get when the cows come home.

So cheers, me lads; there'll come a day when you'll buy that long coveted cigar and the highly polished brass spittoon to match. Look to the future! Never mind if the present finds you flatter than a rivet; Croesus ain't got nothin' on you. . . . By the way, chum, how's your "sob" letter getting along? Mine is sure to increase the old mortgage.

*G. Fortier, 400 Squadron.*

### Potato Leaves to—

That small phalange of super-streamlined potato planters from 400 Squadron who went into secret operations behind the officers' mess. The result of their underground action will, we hope, some day amaze the world (it will astound us if anything at all comes of it).

Big hefty land g - - boys doing their bit for our gastronomical needs. Let's hope those spuds grow as big as their foster-fathers expect them to. Many are sown—but only a few of them are not too self-conscious to face this cock-eyed world of ours.

Someone got "A" Flight's goat for so long that they went to all the trouble of getting one themselves so that they could see what it was that someone had got of their's for so long.

May 11th/41.

Greetings Mom;—

Gee, there's a lot I would like to say—but it just won't come—I sit here helpless.

I want to say something with a true ring to it—something genuine. I know the feeling inside of me—but it just don't seem to come out on paper. But I can and do say, mom dear, God Bless You on your day of the year.

I know that you are wondering and worrying about me—and I guess I worry a lot about you too. Try to feel content, proud and at ease about me, for I am your son, and always thinking of you. And do you know, those thoughts bring me so close to you that I feel safe—more protected than if I had all the world to guard me.

Mom dear, I am with you to-day more than ever—I appreciate you now.

I know what you mean to me.

If wishing could make up to you for all I owe you, then you must be happy.

I love you and will always love you. I bless God for having given you to me. Pray for me and bless me too, mom, and above all don't worry. I'll take care of myself and keep out of harm's way, for your sake.

With all my love,

Your Air Force Son Overseas.

### 400 "A" Flight Gets Goats.

And we don't mean figuratively either. By grace of Glen Campbell, the C.O.'s permission and an Englishman's generosity, "A" Flight has now a goat for a mascot.

Ardent golf enthusiasts that they are, Glen Campbell, Sergt. Armstrong and Joe Botting attended a golf tournament held in aid of the Red Cross. What first and second prizes were does not matter, the main thing is that the third was a goat. Winners auctioned off their booty to the highest bidder, the proceeds going to the Red Cross fund.

In the process of running the score up to £12, one buyer happened to overhear Glen remark that Little Willie would make a nice pet and a good squadron mascot. That casual comment boomeranged right back and the boys found themselves loaded with the Little Liability as a gift.

Joe's midget motor car was commissioned for the transport problem.

As the usual refreshment problem was being taken care of, Joe turned to answer a curious passer-by's enquiry, and experienced first object lesson in the Care and Up-bringing of Blatant Billies—net loss, one glass of beer and 22 inches of ignition wiring.

The early hours of this new pet's first morning in camp were spent chewing and pulling the sheets off of Charlie Hempstocke's bed; since then mutual opinion has relegated him to the flight's dispersal area shack.

Knowing the usual tendencies of this ruminating quadruped, "A" Flight have taken the precaution to keep all dope cans, grease-guns, fabrics and coveralls well out of his reach.

Most of the squadron have enquired as to that most prominent characteristic so peculiar to the masculine gender of the goat species. Joe always answers, "No, he doesn't smell," and then adds a little cautiously the word "yet."

Flight Benson performed a christening ceremony naming that two months old bundle of bovine ba-a-a-as "Edgebert A.C. 3, number 2—2," thereby bringing to life an airman who has long been a ghost-member of this squadron and an inspiration for poetry and fine wit.

## Dog Adopts Squadron.

A long, lean canine loped into 400's field one day last month and sized up the M.T. Section's rolling stock. Some dogs prefer well-treed parks, others like lamp-posts—but this one took to trucks. Ever since he arrived that dog has followed anything that moves. He has worked his way into this squadron much farther than any other stray ever has. He is every man's friend so long as that man wears Air Force blue, and woe betide the man in khaki overalls who playfully punches his chum who wears a tunic.

His head is patted by every last man in the outfit at least once a week. He collects more monnickers and admiration than any "best of breed" in the national finals.

### Description.

Long, lean, slim-limbed, intelligent, friendly and brown.

### Activities.

Following trucks at 30 m.p.m. and barking at drivers who slow down till he jumps in.

### Favourite pastime.

Riding in front seats or lying on someone's foot.

He tore one hind leg so badly in a collision with a short stump one day that the authorities wanted to shoot him, but Sergt. McClung intervened. Rene Albert stopped another attempt to dispose of him and then tied him up at the sergeants' mess and mothered and nursed him back to shape.

Now, it appears that healthy dogs are a first-class source of revenue for the local township and the police are after a nice fat fee for his licence.

Albert, it looks like you're "Joe," for, by saving the dog's life, you automatically took possession of him and therefore are the dog's legal owner. Pass the hat, Albert, and take out the licence in your name, but, remember, no matter where you go, you don't take away our "Alfie."

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## Did You Know that—

The Cathcart family of Saskatchewan have eight sons and the husband of an only daughter in the C.A.S.F.—the father has been in every British campaign since '85.

Approximately 20,000 men are now employed in Canadian shipyards as compared to pre-war figures of 1,900.

Wing Commander McNab, D.F.C., who led the first fighter squadron of the Royal Canadian Air Force in the Battle of London and shot down 28 enemy machines, has arrived back in Canada.

The glow of a lighted match can be clearly seen at 900 yards.

A good sniper can knock off a cigarette smoker at 300 yards in the dark.

If every .303 bullet made in Canada in the last year were destined to end the life of a human being the entire civilised population of the world would be wiped out.

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Rudy Brulé, looking at Alfie's long fangs: "Gee, I'm going to paint this dog black and train him to be a night fighter."

## Slipstream—

Your humble correspondents have at last come to the stamping grounds of a non-union ghost. This fugitive from membership fees performs at 9 p.m. instead of the usual midnight hour. So say the neighbours of ? Hall.

Note to the B.B.C.—The names are Maple Leaf Gardens and Toronto Maple Leafs.

### THINGS WE NEVER KNEW TILL NOW.

The Panama Canal runs from north-west to south-east. Men discard, in butts, eight out of every twenty cigarettes; women ten out of every twenty.

It takes three horses to make one horse-power.

Some truck fleets are filling their tyres with nitrogen and getting 25 per cent. more mileage.

The United States have a Distinguished Flying Cross.

After alighting from a "Maggie," what 402 Squadron pilot, when asked jokingly by a rigger to turn off the gun-sight, actually proceeded to attempt it?

### THINGS CERTAIN PEOPLE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

What airman says F/Sergt. Carson is all right in his place, but it hasn't been dug yet?

What Canadian wants to know what will happen if one of these tiny English cars hit a wad of gum?

### HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES.

Those who refuel from the 4-gallon tin will find it unnecessary to have two holes if the tin is turned so the original is at the top.

Sounds funny, but it really pours well.

One of the latest rackets is "meat-pumping." The fresh meat is injected with a solution of salt water, which gives it added weight and juiciness when cooked. Shrinkage is as high as 80 per cent.

From Shanghai comes this little tit-bit about a foreign correspondent's report. He wrote:—

This little country is tense to-night as it waits.

This little country is very tense.

This little country is past tense.

A deft interpretation of the Indian war dance was enacted to the delight of Maintenance Flight, 402 Squadron, by two N.C.Os. whose sudden alertness was soul-inspiring. Dragging a steel trestle along the floor they absent-mindedly ran over the electric cord to a floor lamp. The angle iron cut into the insulation and—well, shocking to say the least.

Certain evacuees to Canada and the United States complain that our rooms are too warm; oh yeah, they're just not used to having both sides of themselves warm at the same time.

### MORE THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

402 Squadron has just been blessed with some replacements fresh from the land of our dreams, but who is the lad who asked Sergt. "Butch" Hendley if he would give him a flip in a Hurricane? Another asked if all our planes were Fairey Battles, and the bright lad who wants to know if they go over to Germany in those to bomb? Well, boys, it won't be long now.

The boys of "B" Flight are thinking seriously of presenting F/Sergt. Brown with a "chore horse" to practice on.

*E. H. Todd and G. Clarke of 402 Squadron.*

## That will be the Day when—

The cooks will give us a second piece of pie without us getting down on our knees to them.

The painters make up their minds exactly what shade of green they are going to paint our windows.

Glen Baker awakes to find that Bill Malcolm is wearing his own pants for a change.

Bob Moore quits imitating the former Prince of Wales. Every time he goes out on a motor cycle it throws him.

The old boy who drives the turf roller gets wise and goes into the pants pressing business.

By HARRY KING, 400 Squadron.

## Our Strange World.

By

"THE TRAVELLER," 401 Squadron.

Nottingham, England.—Here I am deep underground with two companions, two candles, and the biggest bottle of champagne you ever laid your eyes on—a gift of one of my new friends, a tavern owner.

We are in a cave which, according to legend, was once occupied by a Monk that never left it for forty years, and was inhabited unknown centuries before he was heard of. Now the modern city of Nottingham is overhead.

Tunnels branching out in every direction, and if the stairways, tunnels and caves were all joined together you could travel for over fifty miles underground; some of the local natives claim that it would be over a hundred miles.

The most popular underground tour seems to be in the vicinity of the Old Castle, where you will find a little ancient pub called "Ye Old Trip to Jerusalem." Find the pub and you can enter one of the strangest tunnel and cave formations in the world, nearly as old as time itself.

Last issue we started the sixth column. We admit most of the items were off the cob, but strips like this must have support—so collar one of my A.C. 3 sixth columnists and dish him the dirt.

Two sergeants are credited with this story.

While on leave in London they had dinner with two English companions and expressed their preference for Canadian girls, and were promptly reminded of the number of Canadians marrying on this side of the pond. "Well, when those men go back home and become tired of their wives they'll just trade 'em off to an Indian for a tepee or a war canoe!"

Advice to senior N.C.O.'s: "Why bark when you've got a dog around?"

We hear Corpl. Bullman has a would-be competitor now that J. C. Baker is god-father to twins.

They say there's a new goat in the squadron, but what's new about that? Just because it walks on four legs?

—30—

Harold Thrift, 400 Squadron.

## "B" Flight, 402 Squadron

Here we are again, still on top of the heap without any real sign of serious competition from any flight, here, there or anywhere. From what I can gather, "B" Flight in any Squadron is always considered the most efficient. So "B" Flighters, whatever Squadron you belong to, keep up the good work.

No. 400 Squadron will be pleased to learn that two of their former members are doing good work for us here—Corpl. "Ma" Brim and Corpl. "Temporary Duty" Snell. They have charge of our refreshment hour (I don't mean beer, either). They claim that at the first sign of Housemaid's Knee or Dishwater Hands they intend to resign.

Someone has spread the rumour around that a certain F/Sergt. Solski is the uncrowned king of corn. Before you fellows in "A" Flight (sorry, but we have to mention them sometimes) really crown him we are willing to bank on Corpl. Robinson against all comers. One of Roby's latest is a typical example of his: "He says he never wears a straw hat as every time his head hits the hay he goes to sleep."

They say you can judge a man by the way he acts under fire or difficulties, and this is proving itself true by the way the corporals are handling their turn at waking the boys in the morning. They are in turn wakened at 3.30 a.m. and then have to wake up some 30 to 40 men. Some, such as Corpl. Vanderpont, have the "hand that rocks the cradle" touch. Some, like Corpl. "Dagwood" McCaghren, take a fiendish delight in rudely interrupting your slumber.

Any Canadian who can pull that gag of being "physically exhausted" and get away with it is assured of a medal designed by the maintenance flight, since they have practically nothing to do now that the crews follow the kites into the hangar.

Incidentally, moustaches have got past the rumour stage in "A" Flight. Some of them, such as adorn the lips of Corpl. Leslie and Art. Whitlock, can be ignored, but others, such as Sergt. "Little Dictator" Whellams and L.A.C. "Dandy" Marchant, cannot be missed, and must be described in the girlish manner as being kind of cute. They may be striving for one such as ours, but as amateurs they should not try for the moon. So long.

Fred McCormick, 402 Squadron.

The new 400 draft have been initiated into the intricacies of "left-handed monkey-wrenches."

Big Brother Forsythe was a great help when his new room-mate ran out of fuel for his cigarette lighter. Asked where to get some, B.B.F. answered, "Oh, you have to have a ration card before the stores will sell you any," and sent the poor chap over to F/Sergt. Williams with a signed note requesting that permission be granted for issuing a lighter-fluid ration card to so-and-so.

F/Sergt. Williams, not to be outdone, went one better and DID issue a signed, stamped and sealed "spirits lighter and airman for the use of" order.—Too bad, New Draft, but your day will come when you try it out on the next new rookie.

The circulation manager of "Wings Abroad" gathered his tools and went off to the mess smiling radiantly.

"Hello, Scotty, say, you must have got your two hooks up. Congratulations kid," said Bill Hancox.

"No," said Scotty, "but Herb Dalley, who hasn't paid his subscription for the last six months, came in and stopped his paper."



## Odds n' Ends

by

The Idler

### The Pessimist.

That man's here again—you remember? The same one that was around after Dunkirk and a few following blitzes. This time his face is longer and his tales of woe ever so much more mournful than those he tried to pawn off on us a few months back.

Yes, we've retreated here and there and it looks bad, doesn't it—so what?

The smart checker player moves back towards his own lines before he makes his victorious thrust; the triple threat man fades back into his own territory on the football field, before he lets go one of those smart forwards that will triple him in ground gained, over that which he has retreated.

The Air Force are blitzing Germany with a vehemence and a vengeance that far overshadows anything in the history of aerial warfare—but the pessimist overlooks that.

We know of a London barber who was so upset by the appearance of the word "retreat" in our newspapers that a gentleman friend of ours (a London cop) had to almost threaten him with the business of getting about cutting his hair. Luckily the barber obeyed, for this friend was an optimist of the first degree and another three words would have found the camel haired brush (complete with chair) rammed down his throat.

It's high time that we grabbed some of these "weak-lings" by the collar and either sock, shake or break them.

Don't be a fair weather airman, sticking your head and chest out on a good day, and then dropping it to the ground on a bad one.

We're on Victory Road, fair weather or foul—and don't let a little rain get you down!

### Stuff and Things from H.Q.

We extend congratulations to S.M. Calloway, F/Sergt. Conlin, Sergt. Simpson, Sergt. Hutton, Corpl. Williams, Corpl. Barry and Corpl. Johnson on their recent promotions. True to the traditions of the Air Force, a promotion blitz was held last week and needless to say, it was a huge success. And speaking along the line of success, it looks like a good year for the Headquarters outfit on the diamond. The boys are shaking up and under the capable hands of Captain (S/M.) Griffin, it would seem that any contending outfit will have their hands full with the boys from H.Q. Wilson, Conlin, William and Artichuck are all hitting them with consistent accuracy and it is a safe bet to say that these boys will come through with many a needed single when the going gets tough.

Our next should see the lid pryed off the loop, and the teams in action. This column will keep you informed on their progress and we feel that it will be favourable. Incidentally, in another few weeks it might be possible to arrange a couple of games with a squadron outfit—a good thing to keep in mind.

### Take a No. 11 Bus to—

Ever stand on a kerb and wait for a bus?

You're first in the crowd and semi-circled by an anxious impatient mob, waiting hungrily for transport. Words are not spoken and craning of necks and sharp glances in the direction in which the bus normally comes gives the only clue as to the purpose of the gathering. You, with the rest, note carefully that No. 11 has just turned the corner and is now coming toward you. Other than a gentle shoving and a wicked gleam in the eyes of the attendants, no outward sign is given by the mob that the bus is approaching.

The bus gets nearer and the shoving becomes more intense—the bus is here—so is the shoving—and I mean shoving!!

Trying to be the gentleman in uniform and not to be too enthusiastic about getting on, you sort of politely take your time—that does it!! In that moment of hesitation you are whisked from the front in some inexplicable manner and find yourself running 15th. You're a bit wiser now and hold your own and do a bit of scrum work on the side. Finally you manage to get one foot on the threshold and a hand on the side—only to be cut off with the long arm of the conductor—full up!!!

There you are—right back where you started—first place on the kerb, thinking that probably the next crowd (that is fast gathering) might be more polite than the last—but don't let it fool you, for it isn't—so you may as well get in, steel helmet and all, and shove and push with the rest.

If you are not prepared to do that—then start walking!!

### Picked Up in Passing.

We now have another hour added to our daylight saving time—which will give us a two hour daylight advantage over the standard time, and one of the many resultant effects is that many new shows are opening up in London, together with several old favourites.

Notice flashed on the screen of a London cinema: "A £5 note has been found in the lobby. Will the owner please queue up to-morrow night at 5 o'clock."

*Pearson's Magazine.*

### SECRET AMBITION.

To be able to learn and understand the lingo of:—

- (A) The newspaper seller.
- (B) The platform attendant calling off the names of stations.
- (C) A cockney drinking beer.

Something in common with a few million people in this country—I got a bomb story . . . .

Away again fellows—time sure flies—May is here and it seems as if Christmas was only yesterday—so don't forget, gang, to remember—each of those fleeting seconds and minutes and days is an opportunity—don't miss it!

Mayotte: "What did the ocean say to the shore?"

Swain: "I'll bite. What?"

Mayotte: "Not a thing, just waved."

# Orchids To—

## Bruce Kennedy.

This young airman has instructed two whole army corps on co-operation work. His slogan now is "Kennedy Trains Artillerymen." For the past year he has been lecturing large groups of Army personnel, officers and all, explaining points of interest on aircraft and wireless work. He wishes to extend a hearty vote of thanks to all the different sections of the squadron who have given him assistance in looking after his "students."

## The Ladies' Auxiliary R.C.A.F., Vancouver, B.C.

An orchid and most sincere thanks from all the boys of 400 Squadron for the two crates of airmen's comforts which recently arrived.

Contents were as follows:—Towels, socks, sweaters, sweater-necks, shoe-laces, writing-pads and envelopes, chewing gum, handkerchiefs, razor blades, pencils and chocolate bars. Everything you sent seems to have struck the right spot with the men and these articles have filled a great many vacant spots in our kit-bags.

Thanks again.

## The Women's Association of Toronto.

Another large thanks for those splendid foster-mothers of 400 Squadron.

We have received another large crate of woollens—sweaters, scarves, mitts, helmets, etc.—from them. The total number of hours they and their friends have given up knitting all the woollens they have sent us would probably dwarf the reserve figures of the local bank window.

## The Mrs. Pattison, Hornell, Hay-roe.

For a squadron supply of Life Savers that have found ready takers on the counter of the free canteen. A real Canadian candy treat from back home that has been very much appreciated.

## Mrs. D. E. Galloway and Mrs. H. E. Rodgers.

For a large supply of razor blades. Thank you, ladies. There is no excuse now for shaveless faces in 400 Squadron. You have been very thoughtful in supplying an item that is almost a luxury in this country.

Gilles Fortier was giving a few points to a Frenchman learning English when a Scotsman helpfully intervened: "Your-r-r-r English is guid, lad, but ye must gae about tr-r-ryin' to get the r-r-right accent."

Often heard on the Despatch Office telephone, 1625 hours.

Officer (on wire): "Would you send a truck out to 'C' Flight dispersal to pick me up, please?"

Airman on the wire five minutes later: "Send a truck out to 'C' Flight right away, will yuh! I've gotta get in for early supper. Haven't had a bite since three p.m. and I'm going out to-nite."

## Professor Quizz at 402 Dispersal.

Professor Quizz spent a short visit with the 402 Dispersal gang last week, and he submits the following questions for your perusal. The correct answers will not be found anywhere, and the person obtaining 100 per cent. will be repatriated.

Why does Don Matheson lie on a wing reading *Aces of the Sky*, while Art. Whitlock sits in the cockpit dreaming of a take-off and George Clarke stands beside a parachute shaking his head? Is this what the boys call ready-nest?

Why does Bill Ryland want a Cocker Spaniel to fix a cracked hydraulic line? Will the same thing cure a cracked flight-mechanic?

When Pilots Robertson and Jenkins aren't flying, why do they sit around with a rifle on the knee and a glossy stare in the eye? Is it offensive or defensive?

What are these rumbles that Alex Cameron is always paying for? Can you buy them at the N.A.A.F.I. or do you have to be a specially privileged person?

Where does Herb. Woodhead get the Mess. 109's to make all these rings out of? He must shoot 'em down like ducks or somebody's pulling my leg! Bill Doersam also makes some smart little knick-knacks, mostly out of Jerry bombers.

Why do Klaponski, Carson, Solski and Whellams have to rise at 0330 hours some mornings? We always thought the bosses got to work at 9 o'clock, but maybe this "ready-nest" has something to do with it. How about putting certain other Sections on ready-nest?

Why can't Purc McMaster have the M.T. lads wipe the windshields and blow up the tyres on our kites, in real Canadian service station style?

What is that contraption Butch Handley and Brownie Trask run around in? It seems to have one cylinder and a pair of handlebars! Trask said something about patenting a bicycle for quicker take-offs on ready-nest.

Why do they call Tommy Dubord and Bill Roach the "Beacon Men"? Do they keep the home fires burning or do they burn the candle at both ends?

Why does Bob Scott walk around wearing headphones? Is he awaiting word from Winnipeg? John Cameron always seems to be listening to something, too!

Why do Bill Graham and John Gillespie wish they were back on Lizzies and working in Besseneau Hangars?

What are the flights going to do with their next Jerry victim? Wanted: three long wooden boxes.

*Prof. Quizz, 402 Squadron.*

What Treasurer of what Royal Canadian Air Force Newspaper recently made a business trip to Glasgy Toon and there was approached by a poor, tattered, old heather seller, and when he found the price was tuppence, took pity and paid sixpence only to hear the peddler go further down the alley hollering "Heather-r-r-r, a penny each"! Listen, Calgary Cowboy. When are you going to learn that the "Canada" on your shoulder automatically doubles the price and you're not required to tip?

A smart man is one who hasn't let a woman pin anything on him since he was a baby.

## The Object of Disciplinary Training.

Leadership depends on simple human qualities. Above all, a leader must have the confidence of his men, and he will only gain this by commanding their respect, respect for his personal character and his professional knowledge; for his sense of justice and his common sense; for his energy, keenness and forethought; for his indifference to personal danger and his readiness to share the men's hardships; for his cheerfulness in the face of difficulties; for the clearness and simplicity of his orders and his firm insistence on their execution; for the pride which he takes in his command.

*Extract from R.A.F. Drill and Ceremonial.*

"Do you mean to tell me that Tom and Mary have been married? Why. I thought that Mary was one of those modern girls who didn't believe in marriage."

"Well, that's what Tom thought, too."

Get this one, fellows, and keep up with the times. Nowadays you don't get fingers or A finger stuck in your face with the prospect of selling pencils or A pencil.—You find a folded fist at the end of your snozzle and someone says, "Do you want to go home in an envelope?" Ask me. I know. I wrote that story on Harbun last issue. Imagine what the folks would think when they opened the envelope and saw me there.

There are four possible stories behind that beautiful black eye of Jim Forsythe's:—(1) He got it defending the Rota Mota funds of 400 Squadron, which, as newly-elected Secretary Treasurer, he is entitled to do. (2) He picked it up the usual way, in a slight discussion with someone three times his size. (3) He's training to be a night fighter and the black eye is part of his disguise. (4) He hit the usual obstruction in the black-out, only this time he's a little more subtle than the average fellow, he has bribed three witnesses to back him up.

## MARRIAGES.

### Mayoh—Briggs.

On Saturday, April 12th, 1941, at Frimby Church, Somewhere in England, Richard P. Mayoh, to Miss Joyce Wiltshire, daughter of Mrs. Briggs, of Coleford Road, Mytchett.

### Searle—Read-Sully.

Thomas J. Searle, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Searle, Winnipeg, to Miss Mary Kathleen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Read-Sully, of Mablethorpe, Lincolnshire, on April 17th, 1941, at Salisbury, Wilts.

### Fuller—Balneaves.

At St. Paul's Anglican Church, South Harrow, Middlesex, on April 26th, Gordon R. Fuller, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Fuller, of Winnipeg, to Miss Isabella Balneaves, daughter of Mr. Robert Balneaves, of 36, Harley Street, Ibrox, Glasgow.

## M.T. Softball Aces of 400.

Last week the M.T. trimmed the Wireless Section 14—6. This week they whitewashed "C" Flight 31—18.

Both games were so easy that they are not worth the space to mention, but there is a four-inch play-by-play story open to the first section that can take the M.T. Section off its high horse and put it back to driving trucks.

## As Others See Us.

*The Editor, "Wings Abroad."*

*Read your issue of "Wings Abroad" and wish to congratulate you on a fine job. Keep it up.*

*A few illustrations would put you over the top.*

*Would like you to accept a copy of our "Kamp Pain" with the compliments of the Canadian Army (Reserve) Training Centre, Grande Prairie, Alberta.*

*Good luck to you and your "Wings Abroad," from the Editor and Staff of "Kamp Pain."*

*H. HOWELL, Sub-Editor.*

**Thank you! Mr. Howell. And good luck to your sheet too.**

We would like to have as many illustrations as your own publication carries. But here in England we print under difficult conditions and we cater to a different taste and need.

"Wings Abroad" must be printed on a permanent stock, with permanent inks, to be used as a permanent post-war record, and in doing this the costs rise to a non-profit point at one thousand copies.

Any illustrations we carry are begged or borrowed rather than put the issue in a hole.

Perhaps in this respect we have sacrificed quantity for quality, but our sheet goes over the top and stays over the top because it is well printed and absolutely clean.

The proof of "Wings Abroad's" permanence is that in a recent subscription drive, six months pay-in-advance subscribers total 581, plus many shorter obligations.

Can you show us any military unit publication in your christendom with a record like that? Or for that matter, any average commercial sheet back home with a percentage like that?

**"WINGS ABROAD."**

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