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THE EYES OF THE ARMY

Message from Lieut.-General McNaughton, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., D.C.L., L.L.B.

Many of us have been in the United Kingdom for eighteen months or more. We have been engaged in developing our fighting organization, perfecting our individual training, and learning to work together as a team. But, over and beyond this, a very important responsibility has been placed on our shoulders—to guard this country against any attempt which the Germans may make at invasion.

We have not had the satisfaction of great military accomplishments against the enemy, which has been the fortune of the forces from our sister Dominions, whose performance in battle has gained the admiration of all. Nevertheless, we are assured that, in remaining alert and on guard for

month after month, a useful contribution has been made to the cause for which we bear arms. Here in England we garrison the one vital citadel, the retention of which decides the war.

We know that it is hard to stand and wait, but, at present, this continues to be necessary. I have every confidence that all associated with the Canadian Forces will have patience and that they will continue to bend their minds to the arduous task of preparation against the day when we will have the long awaited opportunity for decisive action.

Lieut.-General A. G. L. McNAUGHTON,
H.Q., Cdn. Corps.

Fledglings go "Hangar Flying" with F/Lt. Rider.

A little squadron in the making came from a nearby town to learn about Lysanders from Flight/Lt. Rider. He made a splendid job, too, of lecturing loud and long while 100 pinken-cheeked sixteen-year-old lads poked their inquisitive noses into every piece of equipment he laid his hands on. These boys are the Air Training Corps and might be called the Boy Scouts of the Air except that their studies are conducted on a more advanced scale in mathematics, wireless, fitting framework and photography. As soon as they become old enough they are enlisted for regular air duties. Their tutors are pilots, gunners and fitters of the last war who do their bit voluntarily in this by teaching the young to follow in their footsteps.

Wooing the Western Way

Doug Howell, the six foot four shadow, is known as the shyest and most reserved man in the squadron. Naturally we were astonished when we heard he was going courting. After shaving, showering and shining for over an hour, he scrambled, and arrived back some forty minutes later, looking like the cat who had just swallowed the canary.

"How did it go, Doug?" we asked.

"Swell."

"Did you see her all right?"

"You bet. And if I hadn't ducked down behind a hedge she would have seen me too."

The new draft rookies have been taking a beating and standing up to it well. All the more power to you, fellows. The reporting of four hardened old-timers to the mess hall for "Life-Boat Drill" may give you some consolation. We never knew the veterans could be sucked in so easily. Or perhaps the fact that these lads are supposed to cross the bubbles in the near future had something to do with it.

In memory of L.A.C. J. E. Owen of 402 Squadron aged 20 years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Owen, of 7055 De Lepee Avenue, Montreal, Quebec, killed by enemy action April 14th, 1941.

A most remunerative post-war occupation for that most prominent member of 400 Squadron, Dame Rumour, would be to set up a tourist bureau. She has sold this squadron tickets for Iceland, France, Greece, Egypt, Bermuda and return in the last few months. The latest one is Canada, and a good many of the boys have been sucker enough to buy a one-way trip. Barnum was right.

To those in Canada who picture England as being torn by an over-emphasized blitzkrieg we dedicate this delightful tableau. . . . Young Adonis' sunning themselves under a smiling Phebus while L.A.C. Hogan and A.C. Fortier are busy sketching their well formed physiques. Where else can you see that but on the station or in the Ancient Greek Olympiade.

Those airmen who stay in barracks too long get a disease commonly alluded to as stir-crazy or barrack-nuts. Midnight noise that would wake the dead, moody moments, and absent-mindedness are the most noticed symptoms. But leave it to the padre to pull a new indication—he opened a can of coffee grounds and put it to his ear for three or four minutes to test its freshness. Stap me!

Glad to see you back, F/Sergt. Frank Church. Step right in again and show the boys how it's done.

The Laws of the Air Force.

—Continued from Last Issue.

Doth the wings make war with the cowlings? Do the wings to the engine complain?

Nay they know that a clean and a polish unite them as brother again.

So ye, being heads of departments, growl, but smile as a matter of course,

Lest ye strive and in anger be parted and lessen the might of the Force.

Dost deem that thy station needs paintwork and the Bolo forbear to supply,

Put thy hand in thy pocket and purchase—there be those who rise thereby.

Dost think in a moment of anger "'Tis well with thy seniors to fight?"

They prosper who burn in the morning the letters they wrote overnight,

For some there be shelved and forgotten, with nothing to thank for their fate

Save "That," on a half sheet of foolscap, which a fool had the honor to state.

If the homeway be crowded with "Buses" diving downward the hangar to win

It is meat, lest any should suffer, each pilot pass cautiously in.

So thou, when thou nearest promotion, and the peak that is gilded draws nigh,

Give heed to thy words and thy actions, lest others be wearied thereby.

It is all for the winners to worry, take thy fate when it comes with a smile,

And when thou art safely gazetted, they will envy, but not revile.

Unchartered the bumps that surround thee, take heed that to meet them thou learn,

Lest thy name serve as a mark on a tombstone or else a court martial return.

Tho' the wires may escape from the "Archie," the fabric shows scars on the side,

It is well that the court shall acquit thee, 'twere best hadst thou never been tried.

As the cloud rises over the wind-screen, flashes past and is lost in the wake

So shall "Ye" drop astern, all unheeded, such time as these laws ye forsake.

Author Unknown.

Satire

Air Force Eating

Gastronomy, as every one knows, is the scientific name under which is camouflaged the overwhelming necessity of filling one's stomach in the most appropriate manner.

If eating is a weakness, feeding is an art, and we have in our midst a few willing masters of same. For reasons of national importance they are known under the aliases of Chefs or Cooks. (Don't ask me why.)

Let's strip them of their white togas and analyse the peculiar pieces of humanity found underneath.

Cooks, like all artists, work more or less by inspiration; for instance, they dabble in many a pot before they come forth with the stew. They find some great handicaps in the pursuit of their art in this country, since definition of names is rather amazing at times; sausages—stale bread wrapped up in celophane; butter—fat of certain weeds; beef—a venerable cow, sixteen times mother, chopped to millions of pieces; Jam—ONE raspberry drowned in some kind of syrup. All this orgy of ersatz ain't fair to our artists, t'makes them very unhappy and all that sort of thing. Picture Michael Angelo's despair if he'd been given but a paint brush and a bucket of white-wash to work on a fresco!

In the book "Encyclopedia of Gastronomic Concoctions for the Relief of Hunger Pangs," written by Lucullus and Vatel, published by Soup to Nuts, you'll find under the heading of light breakfasts: "Bathe the whole deer in Burgundy, then spread over same a thick coating of honey before roasting over an open fire for eight hours."

Picture Sergt. Bradshaw's state of mind when he comes across that.

Enough to drive a man to drink.

Porridge and pancakes!

Cooks are very sensitive. Tell them that to-day's stuff is not up to par—they'll stand up in a corner and weep. Praise Brewer's pies—he'll throw another piece in your palm (almost). All the new recipes that you give them are literally jumped upon (I should have said stepped), still, I believe that, under the oven-roasted skins of those temperamental maestros of food-stuffing, there beats an understanding heart. Notice how, despite their broken-heartedness, they manage to smile when they hastily hide a forlorn looking sawdust sausage under a whole spoonful of spuds.

Motherly instinct forbids them to give a second helping. Oh, home away from home!

Of course you are expected to co-operate to a certain extent to ease up their task. Cut short your working hours, don't run for parade in the morning, avoid P.T. if possible. Appetite can easily be curbed if thoughts of food are completely ignored. Above all, don't count sheep at night; it won't be so painful afterwards in the mess when you meet, face to face, with the remains of the beasts hardened by many a night of fence-jumping. Sheep are patient; mutton works under cover.

N.B.—Lucullus and Vatel were two of those voracious epicurians that died gloriously with a juicy morsel in their mouth. Any compliments or praise slipped in this little piece are entirely fictitious.

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By G. Fortier, 400 Squadron.

Did You Know that—

The R.C.A.F. is looking for 2,500 men to specialize in the science of combating night bombers? Radio technicians are a most important part of the personnel, as they work with a new invention that nullifies the dirty, dark threat. Canadian scientists have been largely responsible for the development and success of this defensive weapon.

Canadian 'plane factories used to produce two small craft weekly. Now they employ over 20,000 skilled workers.

One hundred and seventy-five war veterans' pension checks are turned back to the Canadian War Fund; a little Detroit girl gives her monthly allowance of four dollars to the same cause; and one expression of goodwill from the western seaboard in the form of fifty dollars from a group of Japanese fishermen also supplements the Fund.

Canada is producing enough aluminium to go into 50,000 'planes annually.

Two Canadian armed merchant cruisers came across the path of two German merchant ships—the Heinies scuttled themselves.

The T. Eaton Co of Toronto, together with all its factories and branches, is known as the largest retailing firm in the world—the C.P.R., together with its steamship service, is known as the largest single company in the world.

Both of these monuments to competition, aggressive selling and growth with a growing country are eclipsed by the newest arrival in the Big Business world—Canada's Department of Munitions and Supplies.

C.D.M.S. has placed orders totalling £350,000,000 (or perhaps to make it more readable and a little bigger figure we should say 1,575,000,000 esses with two strokes down the centre) (English printers have no dollar signs on their linotype machines).

Daily purchases are expected to reach well over the 4,500,000 esses with two strokes down the centre.

Over 100,000 Canadian built vehicles are now in active service.

Ingenuity

400 pilots have experienced some inconvenience in finding a long, octopus-shaped cable emerging when they withdrew maps from their cases in some of the machines.

Now, due to the ingenuity of the smallest in stature of "C" Flight's sergeants, a canvas bag has been designed and installed into all "C" Flight's aircraft that has eliminated all trouble with the stowage of locking cables.

Note.—Any other Flight wishing to construct and instal the same device may secure detailed drawings and practical assistance from Sergt. Dube. No charge is made for this service.

Ed. Roman, "C" Flight, 400 Squadron.

We herewith inform the uninitiated who are amazed at Sergt. Boughner's output of original ideas that his initials, "C.W.," mean in wireless parlance—Continuous Waves. Insert the word Brain between those two words and you have the whole story.

Shutterbugs.

On Exposures

Do you consider—

The type of day:—

For instance, on a dull day a snap requires eight times or more exposure than on a sunny day.

The time of day:—

A shot taken at sundown would need about five times the exposure required at noon.

The type of subject:—

A beach scene needs approximately a quarter of the exposure for an average country scene.

The distance:—

A close-up of a boat on the same beach scene would need about four times more exposure.

The latitude of direct sunlight:—

A sunny day at the equator would need about a tenth the exposure of on a sunny day in Alaska. Similarly, the strength of light (called actinic value in photography) varies with the seasons.

The type of film:—

The speed is usually rated by the manufacturer.

The sum of the above factors gives you either a good result or a bad one.

Modern films permit either over or under exposure (in moderation) with little noticeable difference. This quality in a film is known as latitude.

What a negative lacks can usually be offset in printing.

In extreme cases (just bad guessing) neither latitude or printing will help.

You can hardly go wrong by sticking to sunny days with a set exposure—a necessary limitation with the simple camera—latitude will take care of the variations.

If you're really interested in good exposures—in varied circumstances rely on an exposure guide.

400 Photography Section.

MOIND MY BOIKE.

It's a fact that 400 "A" Flight's boss covers some fifteen to twenty miles a day in his trips from ship to hangar and here to there. He bought a "push-byke" that this might be accomplished more speedily and comfortably than on his time-honoured feet. As usual, some bright lad put the gypsy touch on his proud possession and he was forced to hoof it the biggest half of the morning. Among other vituperative and vitriolic utterances heard was that the first one caught with the goods on him would be pegged. The tough part is that "Flight" stays up half the night restoring its mekan ickle devil opement even to "borrowing" parts off other bykes so that it might be serviceable. Have a care, airmen, or the same part of your anatomy that trespasses the cycle saddle will be fed to the ten-week-old horn buttons on Edgebert's head.

'Itty Bits

What sergeant was found making out his will just previous to flare path duty on a slightly pock-marked field?

Which is loudest on parade, the bark or the "Bacon"? (With apologies to Mouldy.)

What is noisier than hail stones on a tin roof? Perhaps the airman who wears his tin hat in the showers would know—how about it, "Squeak"?

Who's the screwball in "A" Flight that thinks the surplus fluid in one of those cans of butter the folks back home so kindly ship is buttermilk?

A. G. Carleton, 402 Squadron.

Prop Wash of 400 Squadron

With spring—squadron stylists show startling versatility—such riotous yet decorous shirtings, no natty the footwear!

Your furtive correspondent was given a pre-view of the style to end all styles. A snappy, light-weight military Oxford with laces of R.C.A.F. colouring, rubber-slung heels for silent guard-room encirclement, and retractable heel reflectors for very early morning hikers.

Would you like to leap spryly down the gang-plank on to home soil with that "I am as I was years ago" appearance? This correspondent knows of a Co-operative Society that can help you!!

Several charming items may be—a guaranteed quick resultant hair-dye and restorer, or, an elasto-bilt belt that supports as it beautifies the body where it may bulge—a handy accessory is a jaunty feather-weight staff turned from that deathless Junkers "prop." A masterpiece of lathe-work gives delicate "forget-me-nots" appropriately entwining its beautifully finished shaft.

Cheerio and so-long.

Your Correspondent.

Our friend, "Gerry" Vachon, should really be put on the masthead of this newspaper as a permanent member of the staff, since he is largely responsible for the matter reaching the printer in a readable form. Gerry, a former member of a large typewriter firm in Montreal specializing in repairs and maintenance, is an ace at doing P.60's on this crooked machine. The other departments who have utilized his talents for bringing their own machines into shape also offer a vote of thanks.

Larry Thomas received a smart parcel from Bert Farmer, who has arrived safely over the bubbles. Good show.

Cheers, all the best, Bert.

Congrats to that **satirical** columnist of 400 who graduated from the A.C.2 class, May 19th, 1941.

The Sixth Column

Flash :—There are four Canadian Divisions fighting now.
Two to get overseas and two to get back.

Doorkeeper, at N.A.A.F.I. concert : " You're late, sir ;
the show's begun."

Airman : " But I can go in without making a noise."

Doorkeeper : " It's not that, sir. If I open the door
all the men will rush out."

There was an old lady of Crewe,
Who hurried to catch the 2 2.

Said the porter, " Don't hurry,
Or worry or flurry,
It's a minute or 2 2 2 2."

Then there is that Scotch airman of 400 who talks
through his nose to save his false teeth.

We can always be sure of finding one " Airman " at the
M.T. Section at 0800 hours daily, right on the dot, waiting
for the first vehicle to move—Alfie. And if he misses any
rides, it's only because there aren't two of him.

—30—

Harold Thrift, 400 Squadron.

A great many Canadians serving in the Royal Air Force
have been awarded the D.F.C. There are also awards in
the Royal Canadian Air Force that have missed publication
in " Wings Abroad," but, from now on, we intend to
keep abreast of the times and inform our readers of the
whole works.

The three most recent are to F/Lieut. L. E. Ellis, 228
Squadron, formerly of Sioux Lookout and Toronto; and
F/O. V. C. Woodward, 33 Squadron, of Victoria, B.C.,
and Act. Sq. Ldr. M. H. Brown, 1 Squadron, of Portage
La Prairie, a bar to the D.F.C.

The 400 boys have passed the selling pencils and going
home in an envelope stage. It seems as if they are going
to take root in this country after fifteen months of active
service. The way they adopt those expressions " that's
grim," " Do you get the Jen? " " I take a poor view of
that " and " Cheers all the Best " they are as thoroughly
Anglicized as the natives.

" All the best," F/O. Cannon. You had an exacting
job, and did it well. The squadron would like to see you
back with them as soon as possible. With every good
wish, from the boys of 400.

F/Sergt. Benson's answer to Harold Thrift's crack last
issue, " Why bark when you've got a dog around? " —
" Best way to make others understand is to talk to them
in their own language."

Rusty Brown to " I Live the Life I Love " Ferdy :—
" Come on, take that intelligent look off your face, your
not fooling anybody."

" B " Flight, 402 Squadron

The editors of " Wings Abroad " threw a monkey
wrench into the works two issues back by going to press
earlier than usual, therefore the boys of 402 nearly tore
their papers apart looking for this column. Don't look so
sullen, boys, here it is again just as " B " Flight always
is—cheerful, peppy and bright (I hope).

The boys all want their names mentioned, but around
subjects that will be approved back home. What a job!

I can hardly put things such as :—

Why does " Squeak " Harden wear his tin hat when
taking a shower?

Was Alexander swinging the lead in the hospital or just
tired of it all?

Why is Willy Doerson known as the " man with a built
in mask " ?

What does Bill Clark's wife find to write about in those
big fat letters?

Our two Hill Billies, Bill Copely and Arny Robinson,
are giving the northern English hills a chance to quell home
sickness for seven days. Any queer sounds you may hear
in the south will probably be them yodelling to each other.

As a " Soldier's Civil Re-Establishment " hint to " Flat-
foot " Hyman and " Debonair " Ryland, I would suggest
starting a correspondence school on " How to get Engaged
to Girls Three Thousand Miles Away."

A short true-to-life play entitled—

" Business Men are Made, not Born."

Starring—

" Jughead " Cooper.

Featuring—

" Cas " Leslie and " Wildcat " Dery.

Scene—

Block 45, Room 7.

Time—

7.45 a.m.

Legend—

" Jughead " has only a few minutes to get to work
and his bed is not made. " Cas " (short for Casa-
nova) and " Wildcat " have lots of time (no wonder,
they belong to " A " Flight).

Curtain rises—

" Jughead " appeals to " Cas " to make his bed for
him. " Cas " says " O.K. for a shilling," which is
agreed on.

Enter " Wildcat," who is hired by " Cas " for a
threepence to make the bed in question. The deal is
made with " Jughead " looking on with mouth open
and eyes popping. (Curtain falls.)

Moral—

A corporal has you hooked from the word go.

One year ago (May 29th, 1940) a very select group of
airmen known as the Advance Party of 112 arrived in
Merrie Old England. What a trip. What a year. 'Nuff
said. . . . The new blokes who arrived a couple of weeks
ago say they are only here for nine months. . . . Listen
mate . . . you and me . . . " We've 'ad it."

Fred McCormick, 402 Squadron.



Odds n' Ends

by

The Idler

Unsung Heroes

Endless tales could be told and written of the courage and heroism this war has brought to the fore. Much could be said of the valour and the brave deeds that have been accomplished and for which no medals will ever be bestowed to single them out.

Not the least of these unsung heroes is that great body of men who comprise the London Police Force.

Night after night, in any blitz, fair weather or foul, these men cannot seek the comfort and seclusion and safety of a shelter—at the most—in a doorway and there they stand—watching—waiting—for the death-dealing doom that rains from above.

I had occasion to be visiting a police canteen in the grey light of early morn—it had been a terrific night—a super blitz.

It was really a sight to see—and remember—these men, their usually spotless uniforms dirty, torn and begrimed—face and hands sweaty, dusty and filled with soot and grime—wearily wending their way downstairs for a cup of tea—checking off their names, showing that they live to fight another night—several whose names would never be checked off. They had done a great night's work.

Among them they had saved numerous lives, and yet they asked no thanks, no decorations—just a few hours rest before their next shift.

Their tired, yet quick and easy going friendly smile was fuel to the fires of any heart.

I met and talked with a number of them—heard their tales of various escapades, cloaked under a neat veil of modesty—no bragging with these chaps—no use of the first person and yet it wasn't hard to see that these men had done a night's work. I wish it were possible to relate some of their thrilling stories. Yet—with all their weariness and close calls, they still had time for a friendly smile and a warm handshake for a Canadian.

A great bunch of men these—yes—unsung heroes—every last one of them—and to these valiant men—we Canadians salute you!

Seven-a-Side Finals

Saw something new along the football lines recently—went to a championship final in one of the famous English rigger classics. The final round consisted of an elimination scheme that saw the winning team play four matches in the one afternoon. They play only seven men to a side and if you want to see some smart back field running and passing, then if you ever get the chance, never pass one of these contests up.

Of the fourteen competing teams, not one failed to have at least one international champion in their line-up—and an international champion of English rigger is like Apps and Drillon to our hockey. Had occasion to meet several of these stars after the games and every one of them lived up to full expectation of a champ. Nice crowd of fellows—it was a most enjoyable afternoon.

Hess or No?

As the Editor has mentioned on more than one occasion, owing to certain printing limitations, it is necessary to have copy material compiled as far ahead as three weeks. This column falls in that category. Often, it is written well in advance of its actual publication—so that—the news of the moment has ample chance of being somewhat post-dated when this hits the actual sheet.

Such a bit of news is that which has broken in the past twenty-four hours—more explosive and more devastating (to Germany) than any H.E. that has yet dropped from above.

It is interesting to hear the trend of comment on Hess's spectacular arrival.

On the one side—it is one of Hitler's tricks—on the other—it is the turning point in the war—and still another (as I heard one gentleman loudly expounding his theory on a 'bus) it would shorten the war to the extent that in a few months it would all be over.

Shots in the dark—varied—unfounded—lacking facts, yet each a firm believer in his individual convictions.

What is your opinion? You are a sane, thinking airman—don't build and plan and spread remarks to the effect that this will end the war. Take it easy. That the move, regardless of the power that motivated it, is definitely in our favour there can be no doubt. Probably by the time you read this you will know a little more—but prepare yourself now—you'll never know the whole story . . . until the war is over!!

Remember—Hess is as secret as any weapon, movement or 'plane that we have or shall have in existence; so, too, will the words he speaks be shrouded in secrecy—if he imparts valuable information (which undoubtedly he has) don't expect to read it on the front page.

Hess is in capable hands and what he says will be made full use of. Of its integrity—don't worry—no one will follow fiction but rather only the truth.

I will venture this one statement—IF—the Hessian trip was motivated either by seeing impending internal strife in Germany or a realization of the knowledge of the path of corruption which he found he was following—then you can be certain that with what he passes out, the length of this war will have been shortened by at least one full year.

Picked up in Passing

I never knew they still made 'em this dumb.

Was at a Headquarters party recently and naturally, in the course of conversation, the Air Force was discussed—and one pretty little gal was labouring under the opinion that every time we took a flip—that *we paid* the pilot seventy-five cents!!!

Small boy, hollering to his mother: "Hey, Mom—you know the vase that you said was passed down from one generation to another?"

"Yes."

"Well—this generation dropped it!"

Cheerio for this one fellows—take care of yourselves and remember—which do you prefer—citizenship under democracy or slavery under dictatorship—it's **your** choice!

Orchids To—

400 Trumpet Band

For their magnificent showing in a nearby town. The town in question had lined up all their resources to stage a War Weapons Week. The 400 Trumpet Band was invited to participate in the large parade. Arrangements were made through the Commanding Officer and the Adjutant and the band was put up for public appearance for the first time. They met a large detachment of R.A.F. personnel at the rendezvous and started the march through town. Just as they entered the market square and opened up their second melody, six of the squadron's aircraft dive-bombed from above and put on a well-timed air-manceuvre show. The route covered a distance of about three miles and they blew all the way—and, what's more, played sweet and gave out a faultless performance. The boys came through with flying colours in this first acid bath. Literally shoved from pillar to post for lack of a building to practice in, and having incurred all the difficulties natural to an organization of its type, the boys were a little anxious as to the outcome of their debut, but, if enthusiastic approval from all corners can be any criterion, they must have done a remarkable job. This war, unlike the last, lacks all the brass band work and martial music usually so prominent in military organizations and it is no wonder that the inhabitants and visitors of the nearby town zealously voiced their pleasure at seeing a Canadian band participate.

An orchid, boys, for your hard work and a good show.

Five Gardeners

Take a look at M.Q. Quarters' front and back gardens of MacDonald and Sewell in 27, Vachon in 17, Williams in 23, and Dubuc in 16. These boys really deserve an orchid for their industry and interest in developing flower and vegetable gardens on their own hook. (See Laws of the Air Force, para. 3, this issue.)

Army and Navy Department Stores

That popular radio program, "Rangers Cabin," of Radio Station C.J.O.R., Vancouver, has posted 16,000 cigarettes for the use of 400 Squadron. Another voice of gratitude to the Army and Navy Stores for their earnest effort to supply an item that is almost unprocurable in this country.

Army and Navy Cigarette Fund

Thanks from all of 400 Squadron personnel to the Army and Navy Cigarette Fund of Edmonton, Alberta, who appealed through their radio program over Station C.J.C.A. for 50,000 cigarettes, and sent them safely across the briny for active service.

Toronto Hotels Soldiers' Fund

Six thousand Sweet Caps sent by this Association will certainly augment the monthly cigarette issue and incur the gratitude of all 400 Squadron.

N.C.O.'s and groundmen of 400 "A" Flight sense a loss at the departure of Flying Officers McKenna and Price. "Good-bye and the very best of luck to you in your new posts. We have enjoyed working for you."

"Scoop" Weston lays claim to a small line in this sheet to announce the first birthday of his proud possession, Dale Carolyn. Dale's mummy is an officer in the Women's Air Cadets in Toronto.

That will be the Day when—

An inspecting officer stands to attention and the squadron walks past giving **him** the once over.

We put a double-breasted, drape-style, light, green coat, cream flannels, tan sports shoes, green and red socks, fawn shirt and grey tie on.

All the boys wake up suddenly and realize that after all the only really good thing in this world is the Canadian girl.

Jack Bennett (upstairs) gets a pair of gum-soled shoes. His number nines sound like pile drivers after lights out.

The detective magazines, books, etc., borrowed from the reading room in Barrack Block 83 are returned. Remember walls have ears, and eyes too.

We organize a snap-shot contest. Whatcha think? there's plenty of material.

P.S.—In March 31st issue we said "That Would be the Day When we would be given a subsistence allowance to go on leave with. Now we are sorry we said it. They have taken the suggestion too much to heart and have given us not only ration allowance for leave, but also R.A.F. rates of pay with it.

Note to the powers that be:—

Don't take any more notice of this column.

Harry King, 400 Squadron...

Hockey Finals

Allen Cup Finals.—Sydney Millionaires (winners of first two games), 1; Regina Rangers, 1. Regina, 5; Sydney, 4. Memorial Cup (Junior Championship Finals).—Winnipeg Rangers, 4; Charlottetown Royals, 2. Charlottetown, 5; Winnipeg, 3. Winnipeg, 6; Charlottetown, 4. Charlottetown, 4; Winnipeg, 3. Winnipeg, 7; Charlottetown, 4. (Cup won by Winnipeg.)

If you check the meaning of Cyril Paice's name in the dictionary you will find that it means the space between two feet. F/Sergt. Benson has both of them and, being an Englishman and a former soccer player, he can kick equally well with either of **them**.

Who is the charming airman who entered "Wings Abroad" Office the other day and wrote out a P.L.T. cable to his sweetheart: "I got the socks all right but I love you just the same."

Sergt. Dubé and Corpl. Walters have part claims to "Alfie," the squadron's pet dog. As more and more of this canine's history is uncovered it is discovered that Sergt. Dubé covered every town for miles around to buy dog biscuits, while Perce Walters was the first to administer to his wounds.

Heard around the mess hall since the new rations came out—"Well, if that was my dinner, I guess I've had it."

We have it straight that the big brick building being built on the field is for the express purpose of decontaminating rumours. It will need to be all of that size judging by the way 400 has been rumour-mongering lately.

Tommy Thompson, or rather M——— Thompson as he appears on the roll call, does not object to getting cigarettes from a certain factory in Toronto, but he showed a little consternation at reading a footnote on a letter from the same firm. Quote:—"Could you send us your picture for our Rogues' Gallery?"

By the way, Sergeant, what do the long dashes after the capital letter "M" mean when they appear on the roll call? Do you spell it with one or two "T's"? And why admit to "Wings Abroad" that "Mrs. Thompson's little boy, M———, is gradually going nuts?" Aren't you laying yourself wide open there? And anyway, aren't we all?

Stuff and Things from H.Q.

Since the last issue, nine teams have swung into action along the softball trail. And the Air Force—true to advance dope—hit their first two games in full stride and came through with a 20—4 and a 28—5 win.

Paced by the smart twirling of Thompson, the boys cut loose with a barrage of singles that had much the appearance of a new six-inch gun turning out three hundred rounds a minute. They played close, cautious ball afield and produced a brand that had the scribes granting them an even chance of wending their way into the finals. However, the season is yet young, but granting that they avoid a slump, they should be well out on top when the last hit sounds.

Particularly good in the pinches were Thompson, Griffin, Artichuck and the whirling Spitfire—Williams—this five foot incendiary packed fire aplenty and his long homers and triples had the outfielders in a lather from chasing stratospheric hits. Yet—it looks like a good season, and even though it shouldn't be, it still provides exercise and the spirit of comradeship that makes for esprit de corps—the most valuable of group assets.

Glossary

For the information and guidance of all those who have recently arrived in this country, the following vest pocket size dictionary has been compiled and is submitted for your approval and whatever action you may deem necessary.

bloke—screwball.
blimey—(censored).
cinema—show.
flicks—pictures.
pit—orchestra.
circle—balcony.
stalls—gallery.
sweets—candy.
sandwich—one half of what you think it is.
snack bar—dog car.
queue—line-up.
daft—screwy.
faswakdkajdfk pifiehgkskal—Fares please!!

Jack Lutes, H Q.

The two 400 Squadron pets, A.C.3 Edgebert and Alfie, haven't yet opened up any negotiations for peace or trade pacts according to latest rumours. Edgebert is still a little distrustful of the dog and the latter is too proud to make any advances.

"Jiggs," the American cartoon, has a strange influence on the boys. L.A.C. Jackson, in the mess the other day, gazed for a few moments on a dish filled with greasy yellowish matter, bowed from the waste and said: "'Scuse me, but you look like Margie."

Upon the Tel. Op.'s sheet of instructions there has been added a new rule: "Night operator will put the cat out before going to bed." Isn't it just like home?

The cat in question is Sergt. Boughner's faithful Fatima, who presented him with three kittens not long ago. Sergt. Boughner immediately took a train for Scotland, to save himself the price of forty cigars, probably.

G. Fortier, our waste paper man, will be delighted to take your cigarette butts paper if you remove the tobacco from same. Otherwise, please do not throw them in the box set aside for waste paper collection.

"'Tis onions I'll plant down there
To win favours from a lady fair."
Recites Corpl. Dubuc as he re-shuffles the clay of his garden. "Oh Marcel, how romantic!"

All characters portrayed in this newspaper are entirely fictitious and any resemblance to any person, living or dead is purely coincidental.

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