

WINGS ABROAD

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

ARDVA AD ASTRA PER

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3d. PER COPY

Parades Brightened—Inspections Cheered by 400 Squadron Band



“The Best Band in The Land”

Almost an essential need in any unit—a band. We are justly proud of our band. The credit first of all for its existence goes to Wing Commander McKay. F/Lt. Elms guided it on its way, ably assisted by Flt. Sgt. Ken Carter. Good work boys.

Canadian News Brevities

Do You Know

Canada Commemorates Sir Frederick Banting

New R.C.A.F. Hospital Bears his name

The new Royal Canadian Air Force hospital at Gander Lake, Newfoundland, has been named the Sir Frederick Banting Hospital, in honour of the famous Canadian scientist and co-discoverer of insulin. Long interested in aviation medicine, Sir Frederick visited the Gander Lake hospital shortly before he was killed in a flying accident last February while en route from Newfoundland to England.

The Sir Frederick Banting Hospital is already in operation. It is a modern hospital of 100 beds and is completely equipped with operating theatres, X-ray apparatus and laboratory facilities. In addition to caring for R.C.A.F. personnel at Gander Lake, the hospital is serving Army units stationed in the vicinity.

Canada Produces First Gun Mounting

Regular Deliveries for Admiralty

A Canadian plant has produced the first naval gun mounting ever made in the Dominion. Its firing trials have been successfully completed.

It is a twin anti-aircraft machine gun mounting.

Regular deliveries to the British Admiralty will soon begin.

Part of an extensive armament programme being carried out by Canada for the Admiralty, the twin anti-aircraft machine gun mounting is an intricate and highly sensitive instrument. A complete defensive unit in itself, except for gun barrels and breech mechanism, it weighs several hundred pounds and is made up of hundreds of parts.

Designed specifically to fight off enemy aircraft attacking naval or merchant vessels, it is operated by two gunners working with special sights.

Air Cadet League for Canada

Thousands of Applications are being received

Canadian boys are deluging national headquarters of the Air Cadet League of Canada with requests for information on the new organisation for boys between the ages of 12 and 18.

"We are so choked with enquiries and calls regarding the means of setting up and joining units that we can hardly get our routine work done," said Arthur L. Melling, honorary secretary-treasurer.

"During the first two days we issued over 2,000 pamphlets, which were the answer to the constant questions submitted."

"B" Flight, 402 Squadron

Again, like the Arabs, we have folded our tents and silently stolen away, this time to Bonnie Scotland, and again "B" Flight leads the way by many hours. Looks as though "A" and "Maintenance" just can't stand the pace we set.

When A.E. "Punchy" Johnston became a member of "B" Flight not so long ago to become civilised, we could not but wonder if he was putting on an act or was actually punchy. The answer arrived by cable stating he was the father of a seven pound bundle of female. Congratulations to all concerned.

"Honest" Bill Copely says: "What goes up in 'A' Flight must come down U/S."

Jack "Lochinvar" Snell, he's from out of the west, is the only man in charge of a section in "B" Flight who has very seldom, if any, trouble with his personnel. Don't be alarmed if you see him talking to himself, as he is probably in the process of smartening up the section.

Our electrical section comprising of "Dimples" Minifie

(isn't he cute, girls), "Sparks" Alexander (wonder what he looks like without a pipe in his mouth) and although "Bumps-a-Daisy" Stewart is at present conspicuous by his absence I must mention him. Ask them how exhausting their job is and they go into all sorts of details, but ask a fitter or rigger and they will tell you it's a matter of two of them travelling together for an hour every morning looking very wise, one doing the strong-arm stuff turning on switches, the other the brain work seeing if the lights go on. I hope I am around the morning a light won't go on. A tailspin would be a minor disturbance.

Our "Joe" boys, Christofferson, Cantin and Charrette, are thinking of starting a tail sitting union which you can only join when you have sat at least 500 times on a Hurricane tail during a run-up. They claim it takes a certain technique to sit on tails or why would certain fellows be picked all the time and lots of others never manage to be around.

When you notice a queer thundering noise and the fitters all assume a worried look you can bet your last ha'penny F/Sergt. "Honey Child" Carpenter is out from Maintenance looking for trouble. I wonder if he knows where the word "shut" can be found in the cockpit now.

Now I'll take the High Road and you take the Low Road and ponder where we will be when this column appears in print. The general choice among the boys right now is Scotland for duration or until repatriation.

That magic word repatriation was whispered to a lot of the old timers of the squadron and not one was deaf enough not to hear it. Tall tales will reach new heights when Carling's and Drewery's do their stuff.

Fred McCormick.

One Sunday the padre on our station preached a sermon so moving that the whole congregation was in tears except one man.

After the service was over the padre approached the unresponsive airman, and out of curiosity asked him why he did not weep with the rest. "Well," replied the airman, "you see I don't belong to this station."

TRADE TEST or— How Jim Conn became an S.P.

Outside the Discip.'s Office is a notice board on which the orders of the day appear, together with any other tit-bits of information to be conveyed to us, such as "the practice of sending odd socks to the laundry and entering them as pairs will cease forthwith" or "the practice of washing boots in the hand basins provided for personal ablutions will cease forthwith" or "the Roll Iron Laundry to please wash pyjamas in Lux will cease forthwith" or "the practice of using rubber boots in the bath-tub while washing laundry will cease forthwith."

Usually the notices are about the things which will cease forthwith, but occasionally a new note is struck.

A few weeks ago the following notice appeared: "Men desiring trade tests as bakers and welders will parade outside the Discip.'s Office at 0800 hours on Monday, 14th inst. Dress, clean fatigue." Personally, this announcement left me cold, as I have never acquired the art of baking bread or of welding, but it aroused a good deal of excitement in the breasts of L.A.C. Murphy and L.A.C. Conn.

Conn read the notice five or six times to make sure he understood it correctly, and next morning paraded outside the Discip.'s Office at the advised time. He waited there half an hour and then the orderly corporal came out and asked him what the goodness, gracious—*dash—blank*—doing, spoiling the view for the "*something*" officers as they looked out their "*adjective*" window.

Conn replied simply that he was parading for a trade test, as advertised. The orderly corporal bolted back into the Discip.'s Office and a moment later Conn saw the office staff peering at him curiously, their eyes popping out of their heads.

Then they withdrew and he saw them engaged in earnest conversation.

After a while the Discip. picked up the telephone and, soon after that a two-ton lorry came rushing up from the M.T. garage.

"Conn?" asked the driver, George Dykes. "Yes."
"Hurry up, jump in, trade test."

In the evening I met Conn in the padre's recreation room, rather gloomily playing solitaire. He seemed rather dazed. "The lorry took me (censored) where I underwent a trade test as a baker."

"But I thought you were a welder?"

"So I am, and I did my best to tell Dykes so, but he was in a hurry to get the job done and he didn't give me a chance to explain. So, of course, I failed the test, and when I got back the boss was in a proper stew. It seems the people at (censored) had been there on the 'phone ticking him off for sending a man that didn't know a thing about baking for a trade test as a baker. So I explained how the mistake had occurred. The major said he would put it right."

Naturally, L.A.C. Conn supposed that in a few days he would be called upon to go for his test as a welder, but nothing happened, so, after a bit, he applied for an interview, thru his corporal, as laid down in K.R. and O.

Meanwhile, the C.O. had gone away on leave—and that muddled things up worse. However, the second in command listened to what Conn had to say, as carefully as he could, considering that at the same time he was speaking to the Stores Officer on the 'phone and writing a letter to his wife, and when L.A.C. Conn had finished he said:

"Very well, but don't let it occur again. You must remember that we are at war, and that inefficiency is inexcusable."

Poor Conn decided in his own mind that trying to become a welder in the Air Force was too difficult for him.

The matter was not quite ended, however, because a week later the C.O. spoke to him on the parade ground. "Congratulations, Conn," he said, "on passing your trade test as a carpenter."

That evening Conn looked with more than usual interest to see if the C.O.'s strange news was on the notice board. It was not. Instead he read that L.A.C. Conn will parade outside the Discip.'s Office at 0800 hours, Friday, for the purpose of proceeding to (censored) for training as an instrument maker.

Conn is now happy as a member of that revered body, the Service Police.

Verse—or Worse.

A Maple Leaf has crossed the sea
And introduced itself to me.

This New World fellow just delights
In setting our old land to rights.

I must admit his comments show
That Britain is a trifle slow.

For instance, he can't understand
Why certain things aren't better planned.

Our laundries should be more alert,
They take a week to wash his shirt!

He'd like a pie shop in each street,
Where he could get hot dogs to eat.

Another thing that makes him moan—
Air conditioning seems unknown.

Our barbers' shops don't suit at all,
They haven't changed since Adam's Fall.

Filling stations are just too bad,
Not even petrol to be had!

Most of our cars are just antiques,
They last for years instead of weeks.

In fact, he's made me realise,
That what we lack is ENTERPRISE.

Have a Heart, Buddy.

Our quarters here are crowded,
You are not the only one;
So, when your face is powdered
And your other chores are done,
No thoughtful airman lingers
To rinse out the things he wears,
Or manicures his fingers
While the folks outside bite theirs.

German Canadians will Fight Hitler

Large numbers of "New Canadians" are answering the Dominion Minister of National Defence's call for recruits to fill the ranks of the Canadian Army.

Officials in Saskatchewan, where approximately 50 per cent of the population is either of non-British birth or extraction, report that "New Canadians" were joining up in increasing numbers. An analysis made of 100 attestation cards picked at random in a Saskatchewan unit showed over sixty per cent. of the cards bore non-Anglo-Saxon names.

In another Prairie Province, one troop of a newly mobilized Artillery battery is to be composed entirely of Poles, and Canadians of Polish extraction.

"Old Canadians," too, are signing up for active service. The town of St. John reported that a group of Mic-Mac Indians from the Restigouche Reserve had donated £450 to the Government for war purposes. Prime mover in this effort was Albert Condo, who was the first recruit to be attested in the 1st Battalion, Royal Rifles of Canada, which began mobilization last July.

Condo told the Officer Commanding the unit that it was an Indian guide who led General Wolfe to victory in 1759 and he was hoping to do the same thing for the Royal Rifles. Unfortunately, Condo was discharged some months later on medical grounds.

Canadian-Germans are also joining up. Backing the steady flow to recruiting stations, the German language weekly newspaper, "Der Courier," published in Regina, commented editorially recently:

"Our public opinion condemns National Socialism, but it does not condemn the true German culture of those who speak the German language. In time of war, this is possible only in a country that values and respects the freedom of its citizens. This is possible only in a truly democratic country like Canada. German-Canadians should therefore now show more gratitude than ever before and they should prove that they have whole-heartedly adopted the ideals of Canadian democracy. They should now march, shoulder to shoulder, with all other Canadians and should work for the welfare and preservation of this, our Canada. Those fit for military service should voluntarily join the ranks of our Canadian armed forces."

In the same vein, "Der Nordwesten," German language weekly paper in Winnipeg, said:

"... Canada's war needs are many and the most urgent at the present moment is men for the fighting forces. Every young Canadian who values this land will, we feel sure, answer the call. . . The time to act is now."

Dauntless London

Dorothy Thompson, noted American newspaper columnist, concluded her address at a women's victory loan rally at Toronto recently with words of the poet, T. S. Eliot, which, she said, had been written on her dinner programme on a recent visit to Canada by Leonard W. Brockington, special wartime assistant to the Canadian Prime Minister:—

Ill done and undone,
London so fair;
We will build London
Bright in dark air;
Of new bricks and mortar
Beside the Thames Bord—
Queen of island and water,
A house for Our Lord;
A church for all of us
And work for all of us,
And God's world for all of us
Unto this last.

Be Fair

Whatever I get in the line of comforts is for you, the squadron. The cigarettes, tobacco, candy, tea, coffee, etc., are yours, as long as they last.

Remember there are over 400 new men to be served. They all want something. But if, when you come, you grab everything, they must go without.

Now what I am driving at is this: At tea and coffee time—cigarettes, etc., are put out for you. An airman comes up and helps himself to—say two packages of cigs., half a dozen biscuits, a chocolate bar or two.

That's not playing the game—

I used to have about 200 cups, I have almost 20 now. Some have been broken, the others—?

Magazines: What happens to them? Where do they go?

Now, you are not the only one who likes to read that story, look up that article, consult that diagram.

Why, then, run off with the book and not let us know where it is?

There is a library book—SIGN IT.

I am at your service every inch of the way. Try to remember this, that I am very human and like many another am apt to get discouraged in the face of so many disappointments.

A little co-operation and we'll go to town in a buggy.
Padre.

Laws of the Air Force

A great deal of interest was taken in the "Laws of the Air Force." And the question, "Who wrote it?" is soon to be answered. Air Vice-Marshal Maltby thinks that it will be of interest to know the origin of this form and is looking it up for us. As far as he remembers it was written by Air Commodore Pink, and was adapted from "The Laws of the Navy," written by some Admiral whose name he is going to get for us. This in turn was adapted from "The Laws of the Jungle," the author of which he is also looking up for us.

Thank you, sir, for this interesting information.

25.6.41. 61, Seaton Gardens,
Ruislip Manor,
Middlesex.

Dear Flight Lieut. McNeil,

We hope you and the boys arrived back safely with the piano and gramophone, and also hope that you have been able to get some sort of music out of them. I am enclosing a sample of my home-made chocolate cake and a few "as near as possible" shorties.

Owing to our being unable to get the proper ingredients, you must excuse them if they are a poor result.

I have forwarded on the lads a small collection of books and hope they will come in useful to while away a few spare moments.

My neighbours have promised me more and so I hope to be able to send you a regular supply weekly. The strawberries are still not ripe enough to be able to send a good few. So I thought I would wait till next week, when perhaps the radishes, too, will be big enough. I had hoped to be able to send them all along with these so as to give you all a "high tea."

If at any time any of you should be this way or passing through town or would care to spend the day with us at any time, we should only be too pleased to see you. Please accept the enclosed genuine horse-shoe, which for a joke was poked in one of our bags on the tandem and carried all round, unknown to us, for a fortnight. It wasn't until after we unpacked that we realised it was there. May it bring you all the very best of good luck.

Yours sincerely,

G. G. BELL.

Somewhere in England.

A letter of one of the airmen to his "Ma."

Dear Ma,

Here I am in Old England at last. Gosh, Ma, it's swell over here. I used to think that the grass back home to our place was green, but honest to goodness, Ma, it's got nothing on this grass. And Ma, do they ever make hay here, why, they come right up to the back door with the dinkiest little mower you ever saw. Gee, Ma, I am thrilled.

And Ma—don't send me anything except what I need. If you like you can send me a pipe, tobacco, shirts (without sleeves), cigarette papers, a new suit and about a dozen nice new black ties, like Pa used to get at the General Stores.

Now, Ma, don't worry about me. If I see a bomb coming I'll run as fast as I can to get out of the way. The ground here is full of holes. Makes me feel like a gopher—member the ones that used to tear our fields up and Ma, I've only been here a few weeks, but I've met nice people—member the McGintys who used to live next farm to ours, Percy, Archie, Winnie and Amelia—well, by gosh, Ma, if there's not the identical family over here and I've met them.

Amelia is a sweet girl—and Ma—will you wire me if you think it is alright to go out with Amelia.

Ma, we live in brick houses here and have electric lights—must have cost a lot—remember the hen house that I built—that cost 10.00 dollars and these are so much bigger and made of brick.

Well, Ma, that's all the news for now. Be sure to wire about me and Amelia. And tell Willie to keep his eye on my pups—and don't let him give Gerry away. And, oh yes, I may go to London soon to see the sights. Ma, I'm all excited.

And Ma, I'll put most of my money in my socks—and the rest I'm sewing inside that jacket you sent me. Nobody can find it there. They say they pick your pockets in London—and Ma, even the gals does it. But not to me, Ma, I'm too cute.

So long Ma, and don't forget me and Amelia, Ma, she has red hair and blue eyes and always wears bright red dresses and I've seen her twice and that's how she looked. Well, Ma, good-bye, and be sure to send that wire—and send all the things I need.

Good-bye Ma, and tell Pa I'm not chewing yet. And tell Grandma to knit me a bed comforter.

And Ma, good-bye.

Your dear son,

JOE.

Father's Corner

In this column we hope to record all the "happy landings" which have taken place in the Canadian homes of members of this squadron since their arrival overseas. Therefore you proud fathers, step forward and give us the dope on the happy events. The first father to crash this column is Harold Cook (Cookie to you). A daughter, Barbara Joan, was safely delivered to Mrs. Cook at Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, on the 20th day of August, 1940. This little bundle weighed 7½ lbs. at birth. Cookie sends this message: "Hello Barbara dear, all my love to my little daughter and be a good girl and take good care of mummy till I come home.—Daddy."



Friday, 1.8.41.

Bingo!—Good prizes—Silent pictures—"See the old timers."

Saturday, 2.8.41.

p.m.—Cleaning up the padre's larder. "Come up and see what the week has left."

Sunday, 3.8.41.

a.m.—*Chapel*.—*Masses*, 7.30, 9.30, 10.30—Uni. Service
p.m.—Recreation will be open all afternoon and evening.—*Sing-song*.

Monday, 4.8.41.

p.m.—Whist Drive—Good Fun—Prizes—Eats.

Tuesday, 5.8.41.

Debate—Capital Punishment.

For—L.A.C. O'Byrne, E. P. Duval.

Against—Scotty Barnes, W. Hancox.

Followed by rollicking Silent Pictures.

Wednesday, 6.8.41.

p.m.—Euchre—Bridge—Prizes—Eats.

Thursday, 7.8.41.

Quizz Contest, "What do you know now?" Prizes—Eats.

Wireless Section V/S Motor Transport.

Prof. Nose Hall—Jimmy Duval.

Tuesday, 13.8.41.

Debate—"A Country Girl Makes a better wife than a City Girl."

For—L.A.C. Johnston, L.A.C. Moore.

Against—L.A.C. La Brosse, Corpl. Brown.

Every night of the week has an event corresponding to the above.

You are always welcome at B.B. 83. If you don't come for one of the above events there is always a good supply of writing paper and the best of programmes on our brand new radio.



ODDS n' ENDS

By The Idler

Armistice, 1918—Aggression Destruction—Hatred—1941.

Recently I had the privilege of meeting and chatting with a prominent English business man—a likeable chap who was serving as a member of the Home Guard. He had been a prisoner of war in the last fracas. And in the course of our conversation he showed me a little time-worn pamphlet—it was a farewell message given to him upon his release when peace had been declared. I asked his permission to get a copy of it and I thought it rather interesting to reproduce it here so that we might look back and compare the temperament of the authorities of the “New Germany” and the state of affairs as we know them to-day—judge for yourself:

A Parting Word (a Message Given to the British Prisoners of War in Ger- many after the World War, 1914—18)

“Gentlemen:

The war is over! A little while—and you will see your native land again, your homes, your loved ones, your friends. You will once more take up your accustomed work.

The fortune of war brought you as prisoners into our hands. You were freed, even against your will, from the fighting, from danger, from death. But the joys of peace could not be yours, for there was no peace. Now peace is coming, and peace means liberty. When you are already reunited to your families, thousands of our countrymen will still be pining in far-off prison camps with hearts as hungry for home as yours.

You have suffered in confinement—as who would not? It was the fate of every prisoner in every prison camp in the world to eat his heart out with longing, to chafe against loss of liberty, to suffer from home-sickness, brooding, discouragement, blank despair. The days, the weeks, the weary years crept by, and there was no end in sight. There were many discomforts, irritations, misunderstandings.”

A Tighter Blockade Today ? ? ? ?

“Your situation has been a difficult one. Our own has been desperate. Our country blockaded, our civil population and army suffering from want of proper sufficient food and materials, the enormous demands made upon our harrassed land from every side—these and many other afflictions made it impossible to do all that we should have liked to do. Under the circumstances we did our best to lessen the hardships of your lot, to ensure your comfort, to provide you with pastime, employment, mental and bodily recreation. It is not likely that you will ever know how difficult our circumstances have been.

We know that errors have been committed and that there have been hardships for which the former system was to blame. There have been wrongs and evils on both sides. We hope that you will always think of that—and be just.”

Freest Land in the World (Gestapo)

“You entered the old Empire of Germany; you leave the new Republic—the newest and, as we hope to make it, the freest land in the world. We are sorry that you saw so little of what we were proud of in the former Germany—our arts, our sciences, our model cities, our theatres, schools, industries, our social institutions, as well as the beauties of our scenery and the real soul of our people, akin in so many things to your own.

But these things will remain part of the New Germany. Once the barriers of artificial hatred and misunderstanding have fallen, we hope that you will learn to know, in happier times, these grander features of the land whose unwilling guests you have been. A barbed wire enclosure is not the proper point of view from which to survey or judge a great nation.”

Goebbels Propoganda ? ? ? ?

Was this the trend of thought in 1918? And who and where are the German authorities who compiled these sentiments? That we adhered to the feeling herein contained we cannot doubt—for did we not, in 1939, have but a handful of 'planes and less of anti-aircraft guns? And who first stepped into that corrupt sphere of “Militarism” and “jingo Journalism”? That was 1918—we are at war again—and the day is coming when we shall be at peace again—another 1918—but the set-up will be different—no honeyed words—no suave phrases—but a straightforward peace that *will* make the “New Germany” so inconspicuous that historians in years to come will have difficulty in piecing together the threads that will lead back to the days in which she had a few acres. We slipped up there—we made a grave mistake—but we profited by it—and when the last post sounds—take one last look at your Germany, Mr. Hitler—for you won't be seeing it any more.

Our Eyes “are” Opened

“The war has blinded all nations. But if a true and just peace will result in opening the eyes of the people to the fact that their interests are common—that no difference in flags, governments, speech or nationality can alter the great truth of the fraternity of all men, this war will not have been fought in vain. If the peoples at last realize that it is not each other who are their enemies but the ruthless forces of Imperialism and Capitalism, of Militarism of all sorts, of ‘jingo’ Journalism that sows falsehood, hatred and suspicion, then this war will not have been fought in vain. Then peace will not be established in vain.

We hope that every one of you will go home carrying a message of good will, of conciliation, of enlightenment. Let all men in our new epoch go forth as missionaries of the new evangel, as interpreters between nation and nation.

The valiant dead who once fought against each other have long been sleeping as comrades side by side in the same earth. May the living who once fought against each other labour as comrades side by side upon this self-same earth.

This is the message with which we bid you farewell.”

Orchids

To—



K. J. C. Thompson for an excellent job on "Wings Abroad." Ken has been with me from the beginning and has worked hard. He is practically responsible for the splendid results shown to date as far as your paper goes.

All the fellows are sincere when they say, "Ken, thanks." I know that I could not write this were Ken present. But as he is away on a well-earned leave—I have a free hand.

For myself, boy, words cannot express my gratitude for all you have done for me. Thank you—keep up the good work.

Ken has a very proud little wife and daughter back in Canada in Toronto. And I know that a great deal of inspiration comes to him from them.

May I take this opportunity to say thanks to them also.
Padre.

F/O. Ellis, R.A.F.—for his generous co-operation with the 400 committee in drawing up plans for the squadron sports meet, July 25th.

Mr. Ellis is in charge of Station Sports, and is going out of his way to serve us.

Thanks, Mr. Ellis, and may we be able soon to return the compliment.

F/O. Wallace—for a generous gift of magazines to the Squadron Reading Room.

Dr. Wallace has been with us but a short while—but already he has won the hearts of the boys.

He knows the airmen thru and thru—and is ever ready to give the helping hand.

Thanks, sir, we appreciate you and all you are doing for us.

Knights of Columbus for radio, which now makes merry in the recreation room. Up to now we have had the use of the downstairs barrack room radio through the loud speaker. The owner of that radio moved away and left us orphans.

Capt. Tieuey came along, saw our plight, and lo—the next day we had a perfect radio installed.

And also our thanks go out for a beautiful new Air Force blue writing paper and envelopes, with the Air Force crest printed both on the paper and the envelopes.

Every letter we write will tell our gratitude. Writing paper is an essential to airmen far from home.

Thank you, K. of C., for your generous good care of us.

Sports Officer

We are glad to announce the appointment of F/O. McGrath as Squadron Sports Officer.

Mr. McGrath is well fitted to take over and direct the athletes of 400 Squadron. He has had vast experience in every sport—is keenly interested and—rarin' to go. We are all behind you, sir, and hope that your sports endeavour will be successful.

The Grades Mite Makes an Empire Proud

"I can assure you that not only the R.A.F., but the whole British Empire, will be thankful and proud to receive this contribution, which is but again another convincing proof of the sympathy and readiness of your great country to aid the Empire in its fight for democracy."

Such was the letter sent by Air Vice-Marshal L. D. D. McKean, of the British Air Mission to Canada.

It was his appreciation for a gift of three dollars (about thirteen shillings) from the Sixth Grade in the Ben Avon Elementary School, Pittsburg, Pa., which "thinks a lot of the strength and power of the R.A.F.," and so has dug into its pockets to help the Empire towards "complete success in ruling the European skies."

Distinguished Flying Cross

Flying Officer Kenneth Crispin Vivian Douglas Dundas, No. 211 Squadron of the R.A.F., awarded the D.F.C. F.O. Dundas was born at Pelly, Sask., in 1916, where his father now lives. He was educated at Midhurst School, Saskatchewan, and enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in 1936. He was commissioned in the R.A.F. in 1938.

Air Force Cross

The King has been graciously pleased to approve the award of the Air Force Cross to Flying Officer Philip Henry Knowles. F.O. Knowles was born in Vancouver, B.C., in 1913, his mother now living at Victoria, B.C. He was educated at the Willows School, Victoria, and Oak Bay High School. He served as a private in the Canadian Scottish in 1932 and 1933 and was commissioned in the R.A.F. in 1937.

One Spring Night

I stood beside the window one Spring night;
A moonlit stillness held the quiet town,
My cherry tree was decked in bridal white,
My planted garden looked so neat and brown.
"Dear God! The very houses seem asleep,"
Westminster had already seen the dawn,
Brave, gallant people winched, but did not weep—
The Abbey bombed, the Commons Chamber gone!
I did not know of this in that still hour,
But I knew Freedom as my British dower.

E. Lillian Morley.

If you want to go into battle, have an Englishman at your right hand, and another at your left, and two immediately in front and two close behind. There is something in the English which seems to guarantee security. Never forget that, even when you are most irritated by the antics of these engaging madmen.

Stuff 'n Things from H.Q.

By
JACK LUTES.

Sport

Tune of the week with regards to Softball should be "Stormy Weather." In the first four games of our league—our supposedly "new" league, we cleaned up completely with wins on the head of four defaults—which puts us in undisputed first place of a league that has yet to play a game. Chaos again and the league officials are gray-headed in endeavouring to keep the foundations under just long enough to declare a winner. From our viewpoint it will result in a straight play-off series between two or three teams with the winners going into the next round. However, the boys have been practising regularly and are ready for any eventuality which might develop.

It is nice to hear of the old pigskin again—in this case not from the competition viewpoint but just for the sake of keeping in shape—the boys have dug out "ye olde football" and have been wending their way into the park to heave the odd pass and punt a few lofty ones—good exercise.

Introducing

But now it is time that you started to meet our staff at H.Q.—a miniature "Who's Who!" In each issue we will endeavour to give you a brief summary of the lads who attempt to keep the administrative machinery of the R.C.A.F. on this side rolling.

L.A.C. Bill King

Bill hails from Hamilton, Ontario. He enlisted in his home town in January, 1940, and was posted to Manning Pool in Toronto. They kept him there until June of the same year and then he was shifted to Rockcliffe, Ottawa, and hooked up with No. 112 Squadron. He came across with that outfit during that month. In September, 1940, he was transferred to these Headquarters and has been with us ever since. Most boys prefer the usual run of sports like baseball and hockey, but Bill says he is all for golf, and as near as we can find out he has yet to make a hole in one. However, he can drive a mean one and placing them on the green is quite the evryday occurrence with him.

Corpl. John McKendry

Mac we know him as here. He hails from the west and makes his home in Winnipeg. He enlisted there in November, 1939, and got shot off to Manning Pool, Toronto. But in January they did the inevitable and shipped him to No. 110 Squadron and he stuck with them and landed in this country in February, 1940. After putting in a little better than three months with this unit he was posted to Headquarters and has taken over the job of N.C.O. i/c M.T. Section. Mac nearly laid us for a strike when he told us his favourite pastime was bowling—and since then he has been combing England for a set of alleys—"Skittles" it is called here—wants his M.T. outfit to take on any comers. Find the alleys, Mac—we'll take you.

L.A.C. Russell Middup

Rus proudly states his permanent location as Toronto. He enlisted there on 24th August, 1940, and was posted to Manning Pool. But his stay there was short and in early September he was posted to Camp Borden and made his home there until February, when he was returned to Toronto, and after a week of family re-union he was shot down to Debert, Nova Scotia (little plug for the Maritimes). In April he came over with a crowd of replacements and was posted to this Headquarters. His favourite sport (outside of travelling) seems to be hockey—Rus held down a berth with the Camp Borden Flyers—but on this side he slid over to softball and plays centre field for the outfit here.

Corpl. Maurice Choquette

Maurice comes from St. Jean, Quebec. He answered the call to duty on Armistice Day, 1938, and drew his first billets at Trenton. After staying there for some fifteen weeks he was posted to Ottawa at Rockcliffe. That was in February, 1939. He was there a year and finally wound up with the Headquarters crowd and came overseas with them in March, 1940, and has stayed with us ever since. He gives a preference in sport to skating, but takes a keen interest in baseball—back home he was one of the regular attendants at all Montreal Royal games and knows the International League like the buttons on his tunic.

On Phone—Off Mark

A homesick conscript in training at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, was relaying firing commands when the order came, "Range 4,000."

Thinking of home the gunner passed on his phone number, "Range 8,192."

Now the Government is contesting a suit for three turkeys, a cow and a silo.

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