

WINGS ABROAD

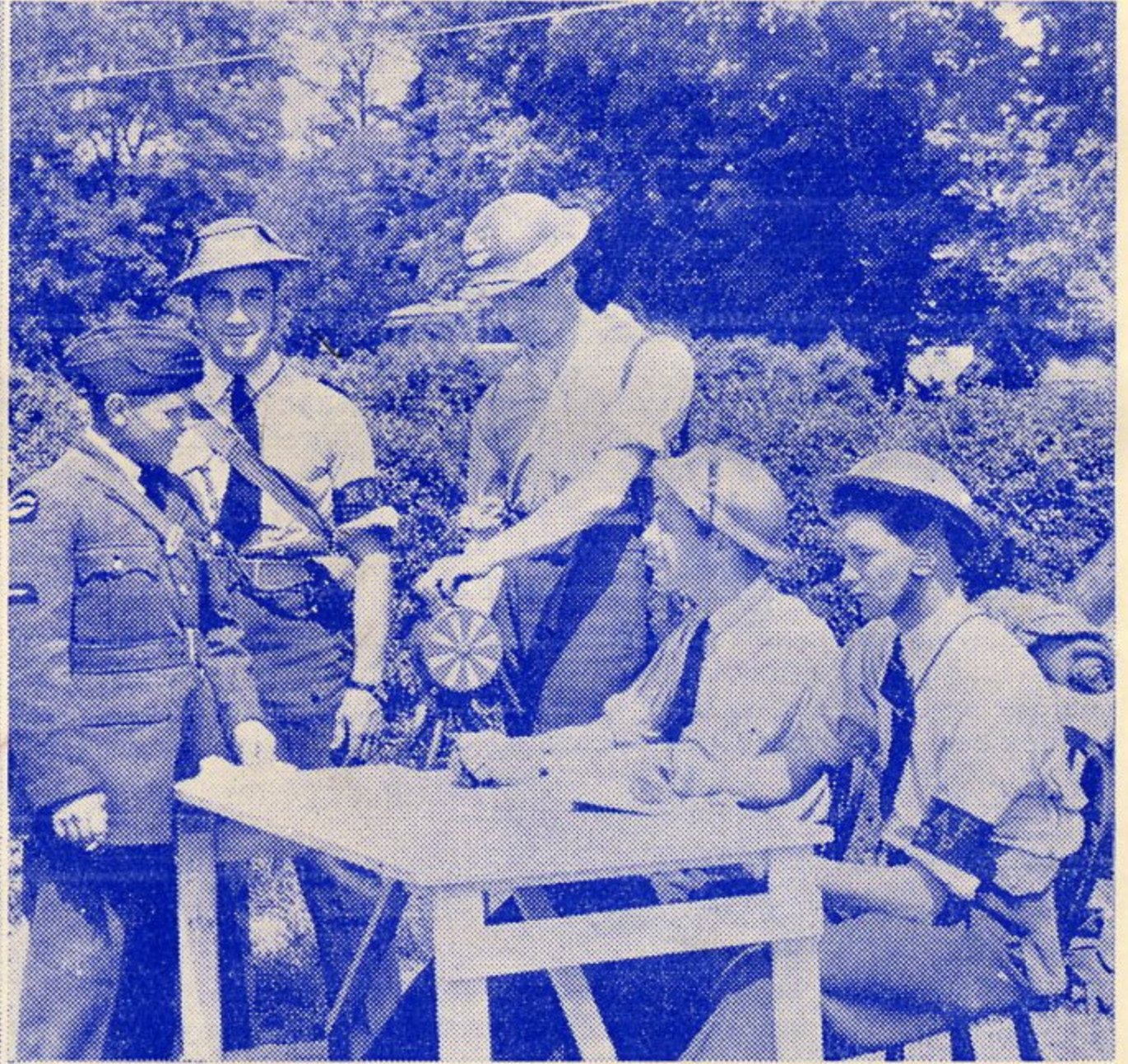
ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

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400 SQUADRON—AT WORK AND PLAY



Gentlemen with Wings

"Wings Abroad" on-a Coast-to-Coast Network

In collaboration with a programme called "Gentlemen with Wings," "Wings Abroad" cut a disc to be broadcast over a coast-to-coast network on September 18th. With the able help of Jack Peach, C.B.C. radio commentator, the recording was made without a hitch.

RECORDED IN PARTLY BOMBED BUILDING.

In a partly bombed-out building in the heart of London the staff of the paper were led into a room and Jack Peach began asking questions about the paper. With the discussion still going on a mike was brought forth and the speech recorded. The interesting feature of the broadcast was that it was perfectly impromptu, without the aid of any script whatsoever. The disc was cut outside the building in a C.B.C. mobile recording van. In the wee small hours of the next morning, in order that it might arrive at a "white man's" hour, that record was being broadcast across the Atlantic from London; picked up in Canada; recorded and re-broadcast at the best listening times of the day.

C.B.C. THREE UNITS.

The C.B.C. actually has three such mobile units, two in Canada and one overseas. A unit consists of two technicians, four commentators and two engineers, and believe me, these fellows work hard to give us service. You could actually say these men are the foreign correspondents of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Jack Peach handles all the greetings from the Air Force, hails from Vancouver and has been over in this country since April of this year.

HOLMES RECORDS FAMOUS BLITZ.

Whenever you hear the sound track of London's worst blitz, that probably is Art Holmes of Toronto, who went out during the worst raid of all time to record the sound of ack-ack fire, bombs and burning buildings for the C.B.C.

SERVICES RENDERED.

This recording van goes everywhere Canadians are and here is the service it renders:—

1. Keeps the boys in touch with folks back home.
2. Keeps the families at home in touch with the boys overseas.
3. Handles all the Forces programmes.

So hats off to the foreign correspondents of the C.B.C., who maintain that vital link between you and the family.

In memory of **Sergt. R. Payton, age 24, of 405 Squadron, who was killed in action, August 17th, 1941. Sergt. Payton joined the 110th Auxiliary (City of Toronto) Squadron in May, 1939. He obtained his gunner's course at Rockcliffe and was the first of his class to be killed in flying operations against the enemy.**

*To you from failing hands we throw the torch,
Be yours to hold it high.
If you break Faith with us who die
We shall not sleep*

"A" Flight, 400 Squadron

FIRST EFFORT.

This being my first literary effort to "Wings Abroad," I hope all will have patience in my feeble endeavour, as most of the Sections have, from time to time, come forward with some "Gems" from their Flights and Sections. Here are a few things that most people don't know about "A" Flight.

CONTRADICTIONS ARE IN ORDER.

I am sorry to have to contradict our friend of 401, who so often has wasted pages of our brilliant paper about drivel from "B" Flight, 401 Squadron. Down here "B" Flight just occupies a space between "A" and "C" Flights. "A" Flight being the Flight that leads and "C" Flight the Flight that flies. What they fly nobody has yet been able to figure out, but most of us long ago figured it out as box kites. Of course they can be counted upon for the loan of their usually one serviceable aircraft, when we have one of our six out of the air. The "B" Flight boys can always be counted upon for Bowser detail, having nothing else to do, or if the odd Dispersal hut falls down they are experts at putting them up again. Bill Hancox, I understand, has asked permission to be re-mustered to a carpenter, having long ago earned his "A" group at driving nails and an expert at pulling them out. Well, I think that just about covers the rest of the spare Flights, and now for a little about THE Flight of 400 Squadron.

CUSTODIANS OF EGBERT.

The real pride of belonging to "A" Flight is the fact that we are custodians of "Egbert." Both "B" and "C" Flights have put trade marks on "Eg.," but of course that's just jealousy, as "Eggie" knows where he is better off.

"Egbert," I might add, has been just a little upset lately since "Valdor" Johnston was transferred to "Maintenance," as he used to bask for hours in the hot air surrounding the great pioneer of the North. However, he is beginning to come around again, as L.A.C. Murray seems to be able to fill "Val's." shoes. Instead of fighting the frozen North we are now basking in the tropical splendour of the Southern States, but this should prove quite a help during the coming winter.

"JUNIOR" WHITEHEAD.

The fellows in "A" Flight have an added duty besides looking after "Egbert." Most of us feel a fatherly instinct come on whenever "Junior" Whitehead comes skipping along, but "Junior" can, at times, be counted upon to come up smiling, for he proved himself worthy of belonging to "A" Flight on our recent trip. He covered himself with glory and was the envy of all and sundry from Flight Murphy down, who, as always, ended up behind the eight ball which is usually Frank Miller's private property.

Well, fellows, that's all for this issue, but I hope to be back again with more news if someone doesn't pull the plug out of this island and let it go down.

Best of luck to "A" Flight, 401. Let's hear from you.

Sergt. Chapman, 400 Squadron.

The working of a Lewis gun is: "The striker pin hitting the base of the cartridge, explodes the charge which forces the cartridge up the barrel followed by spare parts."

**Ten "Yanks" say
"Good Work"
"Good Luck"
"Write Us"**

Charley Begin, of the M.T. Section, has received an interesting letter signed by ten raw recruits in the new American Army.

"The boys would like to correspond with the fellows in the R.C.A.F., so I'll have them put their names on the bottom of the letter.

Pte. James Tsmaris."

"All the boys here are very much interested in the Canadians that went to England to fight Hitler. We consider them as our brothers in arms defending the world against Hitlerism and hope that you all hold him off until we are ready to fight. We're just getting into second gear now, but soon we will be sending so much help that Hitler will not have a chance. Give him hell for us.

Pte. Joseph Schultz."

"I may only be a rookie, but I'm backing you up 100 per cent., and take my word for it, pal, whoever is making trouble for you is making it for us. Good luck, fellows.

Pte. Al Nellis."

Other correspondents are:—Ptes. Jack Callis, Willard Peters, Leonard Gurtowski, Walter Senich, James F. Kozan, Charles Dugan and Corp. Wm. Slayes.

The address is:—Battery "D," 12th Battalion, Building 1622, Fort Eustis, Virginia, U.S.A.

There you are, fellows, an invitation to become Pen Pals with the American Army. It might have interesting developments.

Kellog Cocktail

Take a look at "Pop" Roman some morning in the mess and you will probably see that frothy, golden-coloured breakfast he has. What is it? Here's the recipe.

Take a pint glass, airmen, for the use of, in the locals, fill half full with those delicious (no plugs) Corn Flakes. Proceed to the big green can at the end of the table and press the tap which gives you the necessary "moo-juice." This is the big moment, girls. The coffee urn is next. Now when you grasp the handle in your right hand make up your mind it is going to open with a bang. There! Isn't that lovely and fluffy? Warm, too!

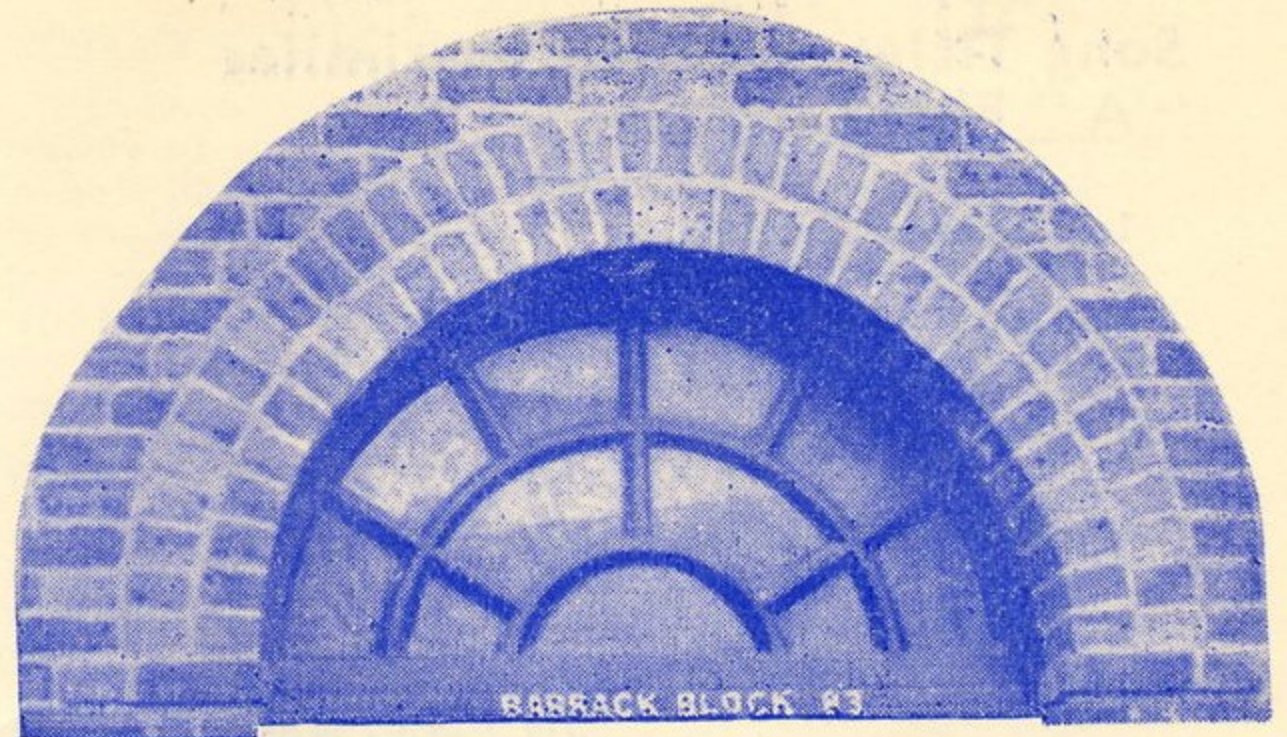
Now if you have company coming you can add a dash of jam you "don't get" (get it?), which gives you a delightful red against a golden background. You could call this "Corny Coffee Flakes." (The dish, not the item, you dope!)

That's all for this week, girls, but don't forget you young ones a year and six months does things to one.

"Scotty" Barnes, 400 Squadron.

Frank Bowler now claims that, in view of recent events, a three point landing is "Two wheels and a propeller."

When the alarm clock rings, SMILE.



400 SQUADRON SPORTS AND RECREATION

Social Activities Commencing Monday 15.9.41. to Monday 29.9.41.

Monday, 15.9.41.

p.m. **Whist Drive.** Prizes. Refreshments. Lots of fun. Movies too!

Tuesday, 16.9.41.

p.m. **Debate.** Resolved that "Air Gunners are more useful than Ground Gunners."
pro.: Sergt. MacMillan, D. K.; Sergt. Streeting.
Con.: Sergt. Kilpatrick; Sergt. Weir.

Wednesday, 17.9.41.

p.m. **Euchre and Bridge.** Good prizes. Eats.

Thursday, 18.9.41.

p.m. **Quiz Contest.** "Ask me again."
Prizes. Eats.
Maintenance Flight v. "B" Flight.
Professor "Nose-Hall" Jimmy Duval.

Friday, 19.9.41.

p.m. **Bingo!** Loads of fun! Refreshments. Silent Movies.

Saturday, 20.9.41.

p.m. **Cleaning up the padre's larder.**

Sunday, 21.9.41.

a.m. **Chapel Masses, 7.30, 9.30, 10.30.**
United Service, 12 noon.
p.m. **Talkies. Double feature!** Refreshments.

Tuesday, 23.9.41.

p.m. **Important Meeting of the Club to discuss Winter Programme.** All are urged to attend. Refreshments.

"What is the point in me buying a subscription to 'Wings Abroad'? I can't see any point in it," said one of the three non-subscribers in 400 Canadian Squadron to the Circulation Manager.

"Well, it will show you how to be a better airman."
"Listen, fella. I'm not half as good an airman as I know how to be."

Song Titles and their Facsimiles "A" Flight

1. **Japanese Sandman.**
L.A.C. Skene.
2. **Rock of Ages.**
L.A.C. Johnston, G. F.
3. **Beautiful Dreamer.**
A.C. Cain.
4. **Pictures from Life's other side.**
Weller and Colbert.
5. **The Lost Chord.**
Duscharm.

By L.A.C. Miller, F. L.

Under Bombardment

I, who am known as London, have faced stern times before,
Having fought and ruled and traded for a thousand years and more.
I knew the Roman legions and the harsh-voiced Danish hordes;
I heard the Saxon revels, saw blood on the Norman swords.
But, though I am scarred by battle, my grim defenders vow
Never was I so stately nor as well beloved as now.
The lights that burn and glitter in the exile's lonely dream,
The lights of Piccadilly, and those that used to gleam
Down Regent Street and Kingsway may now no longer shine,
But other lights keep burning, and their splendour, too, is mine.
Seen in the work-worn faces and glimpsed in the steady eyes
When little homes lie broken and death descends from the skies.
The bombs have shattered my churches, have torn my streets apart,
But they have not bent my spirit and they shall not break my heart.
For my people's faith and courage are lights of London town
Which still would shine in legends though my last broad bridge were down.

Greta Briggs.

"Have you heard what Hitler's folks said the day he was born? They didn't say anything—they just wagged their tails!"—*Walter Winchell.*

The story is the one about the woman interviewing an applicant for a maid's job—a girl recently arrived from Europe—and asking her if she could cook, clean, do laundry work, to all of which the applicant answered no. Finally, in despair, the housewife inquired: "Well, what can you do?"

"I can assemble a machine gun," was the prompt reply.
Journal of the American Medical Association, Chicago.

Canadian News Brevities From Brush to Bombs

On August 15th last year a contractor's truck plowed through loose sand to the middle of a blueberry patch in an out-of-the-way spot in the Province of Quebec in Canada and began to unload tools.

To-day one of the world's largest aerial bomb factories stands in the heart of that blueberry patch. Its normal output will be well over one hundred thousand 500-pound bombs per year.

The bomb plant is an excellent example of what can be achieved by a Democracy at war. Construction was begun in that August. Machines and equipment began to arrive almost before the roof was on. Steel was melted for the first time in January of this year. The first trial bombs were molded in March—just a little less than seven months after the first sod was turned—and mass production is now under way and the output is growing each day.

Construction Booming

To speed the Empire Training Plan to its maximum capacity and to accommodate the thousands of young men who are waiting to commence their training, Canada is rushing the construction of still more buildings for schools and other establishments. Between April 1st and June 30th, the Department of Munitions and Supply awarded 271 construction contracts involving an expenditure of more than 16 million dollars. Two hundred of these contracts were Air Force projects.

Canada's W.A.A.F.

Organization of the Canadian Women's Air Force for service with the Royal Canadian Air Force is well advanced and recruiting will begin shortly.

Members of the C.W.A.A.F. will not be called upon for any flying duties, but will release R.C.A.F. men for other duties by serving as cooks, mess waitresses, drivers of light trucks, fabric workers, clerks, telephone operators, equipment assistants, general duties, etc.

They say there is no distinction between Capital and Labour in the Air Force, but we beg to disagree. . . . The money you lend is Capitalism and getting it back is real Labour.

Smiles

She: "Here's your ring back. I cannot marry you, for I love someone else."

He: "Who is he?"

She (nervously): "You're not going to kill him?"

He: "No. But I'll try to sell him the ring."

When you can't find what you want, SMILE.

"B" Flight, 402 Squadron

Here to-day, gone to-morrow, is becoming the slogan of 402, for tripping the light fantastic we find ourselves back in England where the pubs stay open a couple of hours later at night and people drop their "H's." I wish we could drop "A" Flight as easy.

PROMISE KEPT.

Last issue I was rash enough in an unguarded moment to promise some great things. Needless to say I am going to keep that promise, so here goes nothing.

"Wings Abroad" is past its infancy stage and is a going concern, so just to be different I am going to take up an issue (July 30th) and give it the once over. Here are my comments or revelations for what they are worth.

CANDID COMMENTS.

1. The new Banner is a dilly.
2. "The best band in the Land"; ghosts of 112 take note. We would have been at least second, if you don't believe me ask Slim Lewis of 400, or Buck Buchan of 401. formerly known as "The Sweethearts of the R.C.A.F."
3. Turning to page two, surrounded by newsy little articles, is a column headed "'B' Flight 402." If your facts about having 11,000 readers is true and they each spend three minutes reading this column . . . Sure is a lot of time wasted, isn't it.
4. Page three . . . "How Jim Conn became an S.P." is bitter but true, the R.A.F. must have the same trouble but most of the Welders, Plumbers and Truck Drivers had no difficulty it seems to me in passing their cook's trade test, for they are all busy engaged in cooking. Then there is poetry. I love poetry. Send me a self addressed stamped envelope and enclose ten shillings and I will send you some of my best stuff. State your preference . . . "Love," or if you are married, "How to peel onions without shedding a tear."
5. Pages four and five . . . Mostly news and a few letters worth reading, but padre, if you think you are having trouble with cups, think of me. I had six cups and lost them for a percentage of nil, whereas you had 200 and now have 20, which is ten per cent. How' my doin'?
6. Page six . . . By the Idler: I wonder what he looks like? My guess, tall, thin, somewhat serious, after the style of James Stewart. I'll bet he's a lady-killer. (If he's married you can't believe a word I say.) (*Wrong both times, Mac, he's engaged.—Ed.*) After reading his stuff he must get around. I wonder what pub. he reads this in?
7. Page seven . . . More news and of course "Orchids to," which I never expect to make, but is a grand way of showing appreciation. If I keep up this sort of stuff you will have to start a new column much after the same style, but its heading will be "Lilies to."
8. Page eight and last page . . . (Are you happy?) "Stuff N'Things from H.Q.," by Jack Lutes, is very good, and Jack, if you ever run out of material look up Dunc Young, Orndolf Simpson or Hal Goodchild, who I'll admit are a little worn around the edges, but each have more than their share of parlour tricks which they will perform for the odd shill., and it would make good reading.

After reading this effort over I can see you will be disappointed after all my tall promises, but it only cost you threepence, so what?

COPLEY'S COME BACK.

I'm having trouble which at least one of the 11,000 readers of this magazine can solve for me. Bill Copley doesn't like the title of "Honest Bill," as he says he's far too crooked for it, so I'll save all my old razor blades for the best nickname sent in. If by chance a lady should win I will send her an autographed picture of myself, also my address so she can send me cigarettes without any trouble or fuss.

INTRODUCING ORDERLY ROOM.

Where there is smoke there is fire. Where there is a squadron there is an orderly room. Well, we are no exception to the rule and for your pleasure I present Cliff "Get crackin'" Neill (you should hear him sing)—"Long John" Mallin (look out, girls)—Harry "Gubbins" Keen (if he could only cook) and then there is George "Ace" McPhee (who is reported by the local paper back home to have brought down a M.E. 109, with the able assistance of Bishop of Maintenance, from the rear cockpit of a Hurricane). I wonder how many they damaged? (Hurricanes I mean).

Now that you have met the boys perhaps you would be interested in the work they do. Well, we are in the same boat as you, for we would like to know too, 'cos every time we pay them a visit they are busy writing letters home. Some day we will catch them at official work and give you the low-down.

If you expected more you've 'ad it.

Fred McCormick, 402 Squadron.

In and around 401 Squadron

Wanted, a super man to compete in a gab fest with "Our own Leather."

Which Sergeant Pilot objects to thorns in connection with roses?

Two pounds for a ride on a motor-cycle is a bit steep—ask Patterson, our worthy S.P.

Why do the boys all applaud when Buschlen steps into the 'bus before 8 a.m.?

Flannel Foot O'Brein had better stop praising married life. Stop it, Bob! You'll have us all married if you don't. I'm sure you wouldn't want to have that on your mind.

According to some recent trade test answers a definition of steam is "Water gone crazy with the heat."

We've often heard the airman boast about his ability to speil off a fifteen or twenty page letter to his girl friend. Here's a little item that will make that fella seem like an illiterate:

An Elizabethan courtier wrote a love letter to his lady; it runs to 400 closely written pages and contains 410,000 words! The letter is preserved in the British Museum.

An airman on a long convalescence in a hospital claims that the B.B.C. played "You'd be far better off in a Home" for him every day.

The Padre: "My boy, don't you know you will never get anywhere by drinking?"

"Ain't it the truth. I've started back to camp from this corner five times already."

"Rocky," 401 Squadron.

When you have to work late, SMILE.



ODDS n' ENDS

By The Idler

What is Courage in Practice?

It is doing things, not wishing you could do them, or dreaming about them, or wondering if you can do them. It is the power to learn how to do things by doing them, as learning to walk by walking, or learning to sell by selling.

It is the trick of turning defeat into experience and using it to achieve success.

It is the ability to mass one's personality at any given time or place; it is skill in quick mobilization of all one's resources.

Have you a Theory?

This censorship racket is a difficult thing to understand. The limits or defines of its boundaries we haven't as yet managed to comprehend. That "Careless talk costs lives" or that information disclosed that might help the enemy in any way whatsoever should be censored—you are not fools enough to doubt. To me there seems to be still another angle that might come under the scope of the censor—it might seem to be matter of fact at first thought but spend a minute to think about it. It has to do with bushels of theories that appear daily in our newspapers that have to do with methods of winning the present war. Each new dawn finds another "unshakable theory" supposedly written by some eminent militarist on his own pet methods of how to clear up the crisis. Look back—you'll find at least ten different explanations of how we lost Crete and Greece—and now we find at least a dozen more on how to avoid those pitfalls and rush on to Victory. I don't doubt the truth of these articles because I haven't the facts to oppose them—but it just doesn't add up—it doesn't make sense. If all of these theories are bona fide—then why not corral together these master minds and evolve one solid major plan—fool proof, if you will, that would give us a definite way in which to point. Let's have one aim and one road to achieve that aim—not a maze of short bye-paths and cross-roads. It's action we want—not typewritten articles.

In the Lighter Vein

Every once in a while an airman experiences one of those nights in which the usual routine affairs like shows, dinners, etc., fail to hold any attraction for him—listless nights if you will—the desire to do something different. I felt like that last night—and so did the one thing that I hadn't done for over a year—I strolled up to Marble Arch—the home of England's soap box orators. It was a rare treat—and when I say different—I mean different. In one spot some chap was speaking on behalf of the M. of I. He was doing a fair job, but for some reason or other failed to try and supply answers to several well meant questions from the working class—the only shadow on his performance and a poor one in the light of what he represented. A little further down the line, after passing the usual heckling crowds around some new found economist or psychologist—came the shining star of all the future greats—at least she had the biggest crowds but the material met little. Her name was "Aggie." Good old Aggie. She was preaching the Gospel—in her own individual style. As she was exhorting the Powers above to save some of the frightful mob facing her, some little

chap standing about five feet, well dressed, a man of about some 50 years—and a little the worse for drink, hollered out "What ya say mate?" and then proceeded to push his way to the front. I wish I could portray on paper the scene that took place within the next five minutes. Aggie was apparently trying to save him, but the little boy objected to being saved until he knew the ins and outs of the whole racket. For the first time in his life he heard the word Saviour—but maintained that he heard of His death but no one ever told him that He rose again. When I left, Aggie was tearing the Scriptures apart and trying to make Pinnochio give up the Elixir of Life in favour of the well known water. I never found out, but I'll bet even money—she never succeeded!!!

We'll Finish the Job

I was convinced that I had a fair idea of just what this famous English smile stood for. I had seen it on the faces of a blitz-torn public many a morning after a tough raid. I had seen it in theatres, dances, on the street—in restaurants. A few days ago—I saw it in a different light. I had occasion to make my first visit to a large maintenance unit. The nature of the duty necessitated me staying through the lunch hour, so I accepted the invitation to eat in the Workers' Canteen. Did someone say there is a war on? Did someone say that the smile of the Britisher was founded on a heart of gold? In the canteen, away momentarily from the gruelling work of war production, was assembled a light-hearted, happy-go-lucky crowd of British war workers. I looked around—in two different corners, as though their very existence depended upon it, were couples intent on a game of darts; up front, some chap pounded away enthusiastically on a well tuned piano. At various tables, at least a dozen games of cards were in progress—it was a sight to cheer the heart of any visitor. It was humorous to think that Germany could break the morale of a group of workers so casually heaving the war into the background. It's sights like those that still gives one faith in humanity and supreme confidence in final victory. So long as this nation has workers like that—so will there always be an England.

Picked Up in Passing

Poem.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth—I know not where.
I lost ten of the damned things that way!

Cummings: Would donate ten cents to the old ladies' home?

Leppington: What! They out again?

This deadline racket doesn't do my old grey hairs any good, but if that turns out to be the biggest worry of this war, then far be it from us to moan. Let's hope that every last one of you has what it takes to stand on your feet and say "It all Depends on Me."

When news is really bad, SMILE.

Orchids

To—



The M.T. Section

Of all Flights and Sections that probably renders the greatest service to the Squadron is the M.T. Section, otherwise known as "the life line of the Air Force."

The co-operation "Wings Abroad" has received since its inception has been of the highest order. There were times when transportation was needed quickly and it was freely given.

So better late than never we hand the boys of the M.T. Section a bouquet of Orchids, and particularly those who have been outstanding in their help. Thank you

F/O. Ogilvie.

Corpl. Allan.

H. Steel.

F/Sergt. McKee.

L.A.C. Chalifoux.

L.A.C. Gair.

A. McDonald.

Bob Moore.

L.A.C. Gazey

For the interest he has taken in the affairs of the club and giving us a helping hand wherever needed. It was he who fostered the idea of installing the electric pick-up for our gramophone which definitely adds some "oomph" to B.B. 83. His versatility is shown by the fact that he did most of the alterations himself, a ticklish job for the average fellow.

L.A.C. Hannaford

"Chuck," you have been up in B.B. 83 for nearly five months and we want you to know it's nice having you around. For general all-round reliability and earnestness you can't be beaten. The interest you have taken in club activities is most gratifying and WE want to thank you.

"Smitty" Comes Across

We are indebted to Sergt. J. A. Smith, of 405 Squadron, for "letting us in on" a new secret weapon he recently came across. Those who know "Smitty" will appreciate this one. . . .

"'Spits' with cans of green paint, which they drop on surfacing U-boat. . . . Paint covers periscope lens green. . . . Commander, thinking he is still under water, keeps rising. . . . On reaching 2,000 feet 'Spit' shoots him down."

So That's Where he is!

Information regarding the recent repatriations just came across the desk from our "foreign" correspondent across the bubbles. The following Joes? are serving at Dartmouth, N.S.: **Corpl. Dikaiakos, Corpl. Jenkinson, Corpl. Holland.**

These originals are stationed at Mountain View, Ontario: **Corpl. Langley, Corpl. Trickey, Corpl. Corrigan, Corpl. Brousseau, Corpl. Rock.**

McNely, Studd, Cook, J. J., Price and Greer are at Brantford, Ontario.

Jarvis, Ontario, is fortunate to drag down these men: **Corpl. Paice, Corpl. Ward, Sergt. Archambault, W.O. Taylor, F/Sergt. Brown.**

The following are stationed at Yarmouth, N.S.: **Corpl. Dubuc, Corpl. Belair, Corpl. Porter.**

Sergt. Lavoie is serving at Chatham, Ont.

Sergt. Prettie and Sergt. Jones are stationed at St. John D'buerville, Quebec.

Incidentally, our "Foreign Correspondent" is none other than "Junior Spanky" Paice. We didn't know you had it in you, "Spank."

The N.A.A.F.I. girl was a flirt, and as soon as Corpl. Bullman went out to buy a paper she leaned invitingly over the counter with her face close to Rumsam's.

"Now's your chance, darling," she whispered.

Rumsam looked around the room. It was empty.

"So it is," he remarked—and promptly drank the corporal's glass.

This was heard in a Friday nite crap game. "I knew I should have stayed in the barracks and waxed the floor to-nite."

Dykes to Gair: "What did the earwig say to the airman?"

Gair: "Dunno."

Dykes: "I'm laying all my eggs in your biscuits."

Whoa—Ho.

Father's Corner

July 2nd was a happy day for Johnny Johnston, of 401 Squadron, when his wife presented him with a seven pound baby girl, back in Toronto. "Wings Abroad" takes great pleasure in conveying this message:

"Darling Doll and Susan,

Hope you are both as well as I am and not too lonesome. I can see by your pictures that you are a swell little girl, and I am proud of you, Susan. You are all a Daddy could wish for.

Thinking of you always and hoping and praying to be in your arms soon.

With all my love,

DADDY."

Stuff 'n Things from H.Q.

By
JACK LUTES.

Softball

The willowy whisps of a dream that actually had us believing that at least we were entrants in a Softball League that was really going to function and furnish some stiff competition—most of all a League that would finish—have vanished in the breeze. Like the well known balloon barrage, when hit by lightning, the idea dissolved in smoke. In short, it is washed up, and out of the damaged ruins of competition with the other Service units, we are attempting to stir a little "house" competition. Once again the officers have thrown out their chests, to bellow a challenge to the unsuspecting airmen. They settled on the latter part of this week. Interest is at fever heat, with beer on ice ready for the unquenchable thirst of the winners. You will hear more later.

Track

With the softball season dying a natural death, this H.Q. is considering seriously a couple of letters which were received recently—both to do with Track Meets. What the outcome will be we have not as yet decided, but it looks like a sure thing that the Inter-Squadron Meet being held at 400 Squadron around the middle of September, will see this Headquarters well represented—at least a few of the boys are training with that object in mind—never let it be said that they were thinking of the smoker that will follow in the evening. . . .

Introducing

In our last you met four of our boys from this H.Q. To-day we want you to meet four more, and so once again—we're introducing :—

L.A.C. BUSTER HOLME.

Bus likes to think of himself as having first seen the light of day in Winnipeg. Like most of the fellows in this great Canadian Air Force, he failed to resist the urge to enlist with this Force and in June, 1936, he signed up and was posted to No. 112 Auxiliary Squadron in that city. He stayed there until December, 1939, when he was posted to No. 110 Squadron at Rockcliffe, Ottawa, and moved overseas with them in February, 1940. In May of the following year he was posted to our Headquarters. Bus shies at the ordinary trend of sport and gets all his kick out of speed skating, and from what we can gather in his own particular club, it has been seldom that he had a rear view of the C.C.Ms.

L.A.C. FRANK MARTENS.

There must be something about this Winnipeg—Frankie hails from there too. He enlisted actually just 24 hours after war was declared—that's what we call putting ye olde shoulder to the wheel. He was posted direct to 112 Squadron and moved with them to Rockcliffe. He was later transferred to No. 110 Squadron and came overseas with them in February, 1940. In June of the present year he got transferred to us. Frankie feels right at home during the English rainy season—for his favourite pastime is swimming—we have no first hand information as to what extent he goes in for this type of sport, but judging from the way he wades through English puddles, he can well take care of himself in the sea.

L.A.C. SAMUEL O'BRIEN.

Sammy invariably hangs his hat in Toronto. He spent 15 years in the Tax Office of that city and then passed up his seniority to pitch in and do his bit. He enlisted in February, 1940, and was sent to Manning Pool in that city. In May of the same year he was shipped to Dartmouth and stayed there with No. 1 Fighter Squadron until it embarked overseas that same year. After spending a few months with that outfit, he was transferred to this H.Q. Sammy goes in for baseball and was an ardent fan of the Detroit Tigers. This stops you for a minute—but Sammy has an answer. In his spare time he used to stay at a little spot near the border and whenever the Tigers were at home he slid across and settled down in his customary seat behind the plate. Can't seem to work up the same enthusiasm for cricket as for baseball—what's the trouble, Sammy?—isn't it a worthy substitute?

CORPL. JOHN BUNTING.

Johnnie is another Torontonion!! In October, 1939, he donned the blue and drew down as his first assignment the well known and ever popular Manning Pool. In January of the following year he was shipped to Winnipeg and hooked up with 112, and came overseas with them in June, 1940. After a stay with them, he eventually received a transfer to Headquarters. Johnnie, up till the time of the arrival of Flying Officer Johnson, the photographic officer, was a roving photographer. He travelled all over England and Scotland getting "shots" of Canadian airmen in the various stages of their active service routine. Sit tight for this one—but Johnnie goes in for weight lifting. Roughly, after looking him over, we would say it has certainly done him no harm. In addition he did much speed skating with the Royals of Toronto. Nice going, kid—how's about a little exhibition with Bus this winter?

Pun of the Week

What did the earwig say as it fell off the cliff?
"Earwigo." . . . Gr—Gr.

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E. P. DUVAL, *Managing Editor.*

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

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405 Squadron.—C. Forman.

414 Squadron.—J. Nisbet.

Contributors.—Frank Miller, W. Hancox, G. Fortier,
Vince Meredith, Fred McCormick, Sgt. Chapman.