

V

WINGS ABROAD

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

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Sports Day, July 25th—400 Squadron



400 Squadron Sports Day topped off with Smoker.

Athletics Led by F/O McGrath

400 wound up and let go some of the P.T. training of past months in a production of track talent that provided no end of interest.

With kind permission of Wing Commander McKay, all available airmen turned out to participate or applaud.

F/O. Jack McGrath, with his Sports Committee of Maurice LaBrosse, Jack Murphy, Ernie Brason, "Oley" Oleskevis, Glen Campbell, "Weldy" Weldon, Ray Howarth, Scotty Barnes, Rusty Brown, Willy Powchuk, Rudy Brule and Ed. Millson, accomplished miracles in manufacturing a track field for the competitions—thanks fellows, we would like to make good use of your handiwork again.

Some Upsets

Dark horses came from nowhere to cop top honours in events considered by most to be in the bag for other artists.

Strangest of these was Ken Weller's wide-open, free style, mile run when he pulled a pace for the last two of four laps that forced at least one former champ. out of the race. Certainly that heel-down, stiff-backed stride never came out of a track coach's kit bag, so we accept the explanation that the mile was a "natural" for Ken from practice received in running all the way home from a town nine miles away to check in at the guard gate on his midnight pass "on time."

"Oley" Oleskevis took the high jump with stratospheric aerobatics that vanquished the Olympic style and talent of his nearest opponent. "Oley's" bird-like flights over the top from six feet this side of the bar to the farthest edge of the pit reminded us of the man on the flying trapeze.

Soft-Ball Feud Ended

Most Squadron members have always agreed that 400 Soft-Ball team was *THE* team and no doubts about it, but the M.T. Section have never quite fallen in line with that opinion.

Long ago the trucksters started a whispering propaganda programme entitled "We can lick the pants off the squadron team and we've got dough that says so."

So far as the dough is concerned, "They've 'ad it," and the squadron team is still celebrating on the proceeds.

The squadron team played tight heavy-hitting ball with Newt Large's arm-work and W.O. Baker's three runs. Maurice LaBrosse, Blacky Black, Oley Oleskevis and Jack Murphy each chalked two.

The post mortem reveals Jim Jolly as a one-man ball team with no support from his losing mates. Recent injuries had forced three first-rankers to the side-lines, which probably had something to do with the team's more errors than runs.

Still want a game, M.T.?

Still think you can beat the squadron team?

Well I'll be ———!

You really do stick your neck out.

Okay. How about taking on the best two out of three?

With F/O. Wallace calling the decisions with the same good eye he had on the ball in the last game neither team could go far wrong.

Come on, squadron team. Take them up on that challenge. They'll be good to practice on.

THE WINNERS

100 YARDS DASH.

1st ... Wally Gillingwater.
2nd ... Owen Hanson.
3rd ... Bill Neville.

220 YARDS DASH.

1st ... Frank Young.
2nd ... Owen Hanson.
3rd ... Johnny Irvine.

440 YARDS DASH.

1st ... Johnny McManus.
2nd ... Ken Weller.
3rd ... Howard Batty.

1 MILE RACE.

1st ... Ken Weller.
2nd ... Tommy Searle.
3rd ... Frank Young.

JAVELIN THROW.

1st ... Maurice LaBrosse.
2nd ... Doug. Bruce.
3rd ... Al Sutton.

SHOT-PUT.

1st ... Doug. Bruce.
2nd ... Al Smith.
3rd ... Maurice LaBrosse.

HIGH JUMP.

1st ... "Oley" Oleskevis.
2nd ... Johnny McManus.
3rd ... Al Watson.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

1st ... Johnny McManus.
2nd ... Wally Gillingwater.
3rd ... Joe Streeting.

DISCUS.

1st ... P/O. McGrath.
2nd ... Doug. Bruce.
3rd ... "Oley" Oleskevis.

POLE VAULT.

1st ... P/O. Jack McGrath.
2nd ... L.A.C. Cooney.
3rd ... "Oley" Oleskevis.

SOFT-BALL THROW.

1st ... Bernie Villeneuve.
2nd ... Maurice LaBrosse.
3rd ... Doug. Bruce.

THREE-LEGGED RACE.

1st ... Doug. Mendham and Jimmy Gordon.
2nd ... "Oley" Oleskevis and Maurice LaBrosse.
3rd ... W.O. Baker and Bernie Villeneuve.

Wireless Win Section Honours

The dot-dash boys showed plenty of the latter when they cornered the prize for the most points gathered by any one section.

As the Wing Commander laughingly explained at the smoker, these track victories were results of doing the hundred yards dash and hurdling obstacles, aircraft, equipment, etc., between the section and the hangar door when there were any "jobs" to be done.

Of all the 101 shipments of comforts forwarded by the Women's Association of 400 Squadron, only two were lost at sea.

Supper, Smoker and Stage Show a Success !

Sharp at 8 p.m. all the officers and men of 400 Squadron sat down to a supper, smoker, sing-song and presentation of squadron stage talent.

Wing Commander McKay, as master of ceremonies, guided the evening through to its happy and highly satisfactory conclusion. Sqn. Leader Jacques, representing the R.A.F., and Capt. Tierney, of the Auxiliary Services, were guests of honour.

After a splendid supper of greens, cold meats and liquid refreshments, prizes for the athletic competitions of the day were presented by Wing Commander McKay.

The padre, Squadron Leader MacNeil, led a sing-song. Then Wing Commander McKay introduced a variety programme by the following artists:—

Accordion, Violin and Guitar.

Bob Brown, Moe Mamott, L.A.C. Herling.

Vocal Solo.

Owen Hanson.

Violin Solo.

Moe Mamott, accompanied by Slim Lewis on the guitar.

Vocal Solo.

Harry Fitzhenry.

Impersonations.

Corpl. Bassett-Spiers.

Vocal Solo.

Bernie Villeneuve.

Violin Solo.

Moe Mamott.

Vocal Solo.

Corpl. Higgins.

Saxophone Duet.

Slim Lewis and Clare Whitehead, accompanied by L.A.C. Herling.

Vocal Solo.

Johnny Nisbet, accompanied by Red Bullman.

Impromptu Vocal Solo.

P/O. George Jackson.

Vocal Solo.

Red Miller.

At this point F/O. Jack McGrath, who had been responsible for all the sports activities of the day, voiced his appreciation for co-operation received from the R.A.F. personnel and his gratitude and satisfaction in the success of the day's events.

Wing Commander McKay, after thanking Squadron Leader MacNeil, the padre—who made the smoker all that it was possible—brought the evening to a close with the singing of the National Anthem.

The Men That Worked

Corpl. J. J. Lewis was the cook responsible for the culinary end. His co-workers were H. Wise, A. E. Sauve, C. F. Smith, H. Brewer, F. Swain and C. Daly. Paul Lemieux, A.C. Bertrand, Johnny McManus and Spitfire McLeod were waiters. Special mention must be made of Wally LaRocque and Jack Phillips, who did all-round sweating in every capacity, and George Stringer and George Drew of the R.A.F., who volunteered their services for the evening.

Through these columns the padre has asked that all of you—the workers, the entertainment talent and the guests—be thanked for your whole-hearted and cheerful co-operation in all and everything.

Doin' a "Do"

Going on a scheme is another means of testing a man's capacity to the utmost. Since we must be fit to an edge, the R.C.A.F. overseas has welcomed the opportunity of rendering us immune to any weakness by incorporating this great sport in its activities.

Commonly referred to as "being taken for a ride," going on a scheme is certainly nothing of the sort. Every victim, or should I say lucky chosen, is given a long notice of over an hour to pack his clothes, fetch his clean laundry, borrow a couple of £s, find the right truck and fight for the best places.

Amid gentle coughs and hiccups of our Mastodons of the road and despite the gentle protest of broken fences, damaged lawns and scratched fenders, the convoy is swiftly organised and starts on its way.—Three hours behind schedule.

When the maximum speed of fifteen miles per has been obtained, maps are taken out and, from thereon, everybody proceeds to lose their way with the utmost efficiency. The despatch riders, like young frolicking goats, saunter all over the country in pursuit of all stray pilgrims. As fences are, after all, mere contraptions of wood that give way when properly tackled, our flying cowboys on cycles ignore them. Should the said fences resist—well, that's just too bad, but one of the medical orderlies will have to give up his bed in the meat wagon to a stiff. Dazzling instructions have set you toward a destination that you are not supposed to reach without cheating. Signposts and German Tourist Information Bureaus being on an extended holiday, you are left with some very meagre road marks to guide your hesitating wanderlust.

Pubs are the most widely used in that respect; however, if you subject too many of them to close scrutiny, you will end up by bearing left, bearing right or bearing a grudge toward somebody; that is, if the law has not already bared its teeth and clamped you in the cooler (six d's for a bed and tuppence for a cup of tea in the morning).

Let us presume that everything went right, that you found your objective in the least possible delay. Accordingly you arrive at the meeting place in the small hours of the morning. The cooks pick themselves up out of the stew-pots, wipe the tea from their eyebrows, and serve you a delightful "reveillon sur le pouce" (which is next to nothing), slight handicap indeed.

Refreshed by a quick shave and a hot bath, if the truck's radiators haven't boiled over during the journey, you send your pilots into the blue sky and settle down for a quiet rest—to-night chum. First you should turn your shirt and collar inside out, brush the creases out of your pants, give a quick spit on your buttons and step out to meet local beauties—the nearest one isn't any such thing and she's twenty miles away; never mind, it's all in the spirit of the game. While you play your part of the enamoured swain, the scheme goes on, and in the end, what's left of the bunch is coralled and brought back to camp.

Merrily singing with a great big grin on your face, you cook up a great big yarn that will leave the boys speechless when you come back and, maybe, prompt some other sucker to take your place next time.

Being amongst those who stay at home and listen, goggle-eyed, to your glorious tales of adventure, I had to write this from Big Drum Rumsam's notes.

Did he really pull my leg?

Gilles Fortier, 400 Squadron.

"Let me tell you all, there is nothing unreal about this war—it's a fight to the finish, and Canadians need to have that said to them as much as anybody else."—Defence Minister Ralston.

The Sixth Column

The boys must have been behaving themselves last week or else my Sixth Column men were asleep at the switch. Result—No column. You're not sorry. I'm not sorry. But we gotta have something to make up copy.

We understand the "Admiral" was making heavy weather the other nite and had to be taken under tow. Mild and bitter too much for you, "Admiral"?

What about those lads that "thought" they had complimentary tickets to the smoker and the others who put the gypsy touch on the glasses and silverware.

Who's the ex-D.R. who took a turn where there warn't none and ended 40 feet beyond his motor-cycle with his passenger well over the hedge? We hope the cure isn't too much for him. After all, those nurses are so nice.

Two bad black eyes don't warrant a trip to Bramshott, eh, Brownie? Try not to land on your head the next time—after all, you can't get blood out of a stone!

Famous Last Words.

"Never have so many run so fast from so few."—mussolini (spell with small "m" please.)

The C.O., over the 'phone, ordered his car to be brought around to him at once.

"Sorry, sir," replied the M.T., "but Squadron Leader Kerby is out in the Rolls Royce, F/Lieut. Miller has the Hillman, the M.O. took the half-ton, and W.O. Ince has borrowed your bicycle."

"Well, find my batman, and if he's not wearing my shoes I'll walk."

That's —30—

Harold Thrift, 400 Squadron.

Record of Your Voice an Ideal "Letter-Gift" Home

Most airmen are stuck for a gift suggestion. Here's one. Go to Star Sound Studios, 17 Cavendish Square, London, W.1 (Take a bus from Trafalgar up Haymarket, past Piccadilly and Oxford Circus. Get off at the B.B.C. studios and turn two blocks left.) Star Sound Studios are specialists in making records for radio programmes and entertainments. For Canadian airmen they have a special rate of seven and six for a three minute record.

A record of your spoken voice is much more tangible and personal and a truer expression and reflection of yourself than the average hackneyed letter.

Star Sound Studios look after the censorship end and will, if you wish, parcel and mail the record to any given address and guarantee unbroken delivery at slight additional cost.

M.T. Section in a Pickle

That keg of "giggle-juice" so generously donated by F/Lieut. Pattison really put the boys in high spirits.

Corpl. D——— (really not necessary to do this cause everybody knows him) drove the spigot. As the party warmed up we were treated to a floor show by A.C. G——— with sound effects by A.C.'s S———

The highlight of the evening occurred when the naval man was "scuttled" and had to be towed home with his decks awash and a bad list to port.

The "trucksters" extend to F/Lieut. Pattison their thanks for a pleasant "session" and their best wishes in his new position as O.C. "B" Flight.

New Executive in Women's Association of 400 Squadron

Mrs. Royden D. Kerby was elected President of the Women's Association of 400 Squadron at the annual meeting held early in July. In this new post Mrs. Kerby succeeds Mrs. A. J. Pattison, who has taken over the position of Vice-President.

Thank You

Through the medium of "Wings Abroad," all the boys in 400 extend sincerest thanks for a most difficult job most generously and ably done. Your self-sacrifice has brought forth real appreciation and gratitude from all of us.

New Executive

Listed herewith is the new executive who will look after the boys for the coming year:—

President.

Mrs. Royden D. Kerby.

Vice-Presidents.

Mrs. A. J. Pattison, Jr.

Treasurer.

Mrs. Ellsworth Rogers.

Correspondence Secretary.

Mrs. Norman Irwin.

Record Secretary.

Mrs. D. E. Galloway.

War Convener.

Mrs. J. Hay-Roe.

Two new members of the Association are

Mrs. Paul Mathews and Mrs. Norman Chandler.

Letters posted in England: "Wings Abroad," 400 Squadron, Overseas Canadian Base Post Office, England.

Short Story Contest

The first in a series of short stories appears in this issue. This contest goes on for six months. Every airman is eligible to enter. Good prizes will be awarded the writers of the best stories.

Airmen, get busy. You have proven that you have talent and ability. "Strut Your Stuff."

The story must not be more than two foolscap sheets of paper length. It must be your own plot. Your copy must be in two weeks before the paper goes to press. Only one story per issue. You may have to wait, but if your story is worth while, we will print it. Get along fellows.

401 Attention!

Sorry to have no report from your editors. We want you to appear in these pages and invite you to contribute what you will. It's our intention to keep all the links in the chain unbroken.

400, 401, 402, 403, 404, and all other 400 Squadrons

You certainly must have some news about Tom, Dick and Harry that would be of interest to many of our readers. So let's have it. What happened in "A" Flight this week? Who pulled that boner in "B" Flight? Why does that Corporal in M.T. always get in such terrible jams? And the tit-bits of real news about Who's Who and Why, that of necessity pops up now and then.

Entry for Short Story Contest**Out of the Blue**

Harry was just the sort of man that few could get along with, few acquaintances, few friends.

Now there are men and men. You don't get along with some because they have "I" trouble, as you put it. Others are hard to please; others talk too much.

But Harry was none of these. He didn't say enough. When he said, for instance, that "Johnnie isn't the 'guy' he should be," just by the way of starting a friendly "back-stabbing" conversation, you understand, Harry would say "um-hum" in his cold unconcerned manner (agreeing such a way as to "freeze you out").

I've known Harry for a long time, since the first world war; but it really doesn't matter, except that I want to show that I know him and I'm just not guessing.

You see, Harry was a Flying Officer and he took his flying seriously. Of course he was a soldier before he even joined the Army and he hasn't changed much either.

I knew Harry, because I flew under him. He was as hard as nails, and strict on discipline. He liked things straight, and hated things that were out of line. But still, he wasn't a prude. He was just the kind of a man that could fill in for two cogs, him and the other fellow, when the other cog wasn't working.

The first time on duty, I went up with Harry, his 'plane in the lead, mine following. It was almost dawn, everything was quiet. We flew over the lines and all I saw on the way was a puff of smoke here and there on the landscape. The coming back was tougher. Looked like a cinch to me, but that's where I was wrong, as I found out later.

You see, all of a sudden, there came down out of the clouds, gray as death itself, a mess of red crosses. I got kind of sick where my stomach was and did not know what quite to do next. I was a kid, see, slow with the stick and rudder, just learning the ropes.

Not doing was my mistake. Before I knew what was going on a few slugs came singing against my control board. Suddenly they stopped coming. Then I saw an enemy 'plane swoop up overhead, roll over and start burning. Harry was already chasing another. He finally got two and I got one. I'm not bragging, mind you. Just showing how seeing a man like Harry work was enough to take the sickness out of you.

Harry was a good flyer and would have worked himself up, but the war stopped, and he stopped flying. I heard it was because of his family, his wife and his little boy, who was lame.

Everybody said that Harry didn't like his little boy. Where the story started I can't say, except that the wife picked it up on the way home one evening and that she could never get the satisfaction of repeating it to anyone that had not already heard it. Of course, knowing Harry as I did, I wouldn't believe what they said and I'm glad I didn't.

I did try to get at the reasons though, not just to feel my ears burn, but to return a favour to Harry, by returning him to favour, so to speak.

The only reasons I could get were poor ones: "His wife's so quiet and looks so sad all the time—she doesn't belong to Mrs. Jones's circle—the kid's bawling every time you pass the house and he's never outside playing. What's more, there's a broken window in the kitchen, which Harry has probably thrown a cup through, because he doesn't like the coffee and most likely he threw it at the kid."

At any rate the ex-pilot, now mechanic, wasn't liked and to hear everybody talk, he didn't seem to like anyone else either. But maybe everyone was wrong. Anyhow, that's what I got to thinking one day when I stepped into

—continued page 8, col. 1.

"B" Flight, 402 Squadron

If you can say "It's a Bra——" Oh! What's the use, I can't say it, let alone spell it—but you can at least guess that we are still in the land of the Heather. This Cook's Tour of over a year arranged for us by the R.C.A.F. is gradually reaching its peak. A good long boat ride is all that's left.

Our Sage, "Honest" Bill Copely, says for the book this time: "Repatriation may be the aim of most; but all I want is to be able to spell it."

Arny Robinson's Korny Kernal for the week:—

"I am practising cutting my finger nails with my left hand in case my right hand gets shot off."

Not enough credit is given to the trade of Rigging. There is no doubt it is the backbone of the Air Force and attracts and allows only the best of men to worship at its shrine. Can you imagine "A" Flight without its riggers, half-baked though they be. My, My! I can't.

Now I am going to briefly mention the sterling riggers of "B" Flight.

Starting from away up "thar" we have for your pleasure F/S. "Honest" Bill Copely, ably assisted by Sarge Arny Robinson. On the step a little lower we find three corporals, George "In-The-Bit" Brim, "Debonair" Ryland and "Jughead" Cooper. One rung below that lie "Porky" Lang, "Gabby" Simons, "Chocolate" Walkerdine, "Mugg" Mogg, "Curley" Jones, "Blondie" McQueen, and then on the ground floor we have the old guard of "Vee" Clarke, "Mooch" Jobin, and in the cellar where he belongs, "Mothballs" McCormick.

A stolen page from Sergt. Hutch's diary follows:—

7 a.m. to 10 a.m.—I arose (I think).

10 to 12 noon.—Thought.

12 to 2.—Lunch and breakfast.

2 to 5 p.m.—Will this day never end?

Notes from the flight desk of Zeke.

For obvious reasons the writer of this tit-bit prefers to remain incogniti, so I'll take the rap as usual.

Sergt. R—— (to his girl friend: "I passed your house last night.")

Girl Friend: "Thanks."

Incidents such as this should be on the censorship list, but who is the corporal armourer who went up to the bar in the ice rink and asked for a glass of water (He hails from 400 Squadron.)

We hear that "A" Flight are going on 24 hour shifts—straight flying for 24 hours every day—that will give their two serviceable kites quite a work-out. It must be a case of practice makes perfect—but you can't make a purse out of a sow's ear.

Fred McCormick, 402 Squadron.

Joe Leppington: "Sergt. Albert is pounding away at his typewriter again."

Steve Steeves: "Gee, I didn't know that he could type."

Joe Leppington: "Who said anything about typing?"

Ten thousand Italians and 2,000 mules have been made prisoners in East Africa. The mules offered fierce resistance.



ODDS n' ENDS

By The Idler

A TOAST, GENTLEMEN.

"Let's drink to the spirit of gallantry and courage; that makes a strange heaven out of unbelievable hell; and let's drink to the hope that one day this country of ours, which we love so much, will find dignity and greatness and peace again."

"Cavalcade," by Noel Coward.

SURPLUS N.C.Os.

We thought there were a lot of stripes in 400 Squadron up till the time we heard this one. Met a veteran of the last war, who was stationed in India, and it seems that it was necessary for a man in the forces to possess no less than three stripes before he was able to enter a pub or hotel to buy a glass of beer. The ex-Sergt.-Major told me that even the lowest private carried a set of hooks in his pocket, ready to slap on at the first sight of a pub. His unit numbered some 1,500 men—every last man an acting sergeant.

WHAT IS WAR EFFORT?

It is not a difficult matter to pick up any current newspaper and see a constant repetition of the words "war effort." What does it mean? All of us have a more or less hazy idea of its application, but when we see and read certain things—it makes us wonder. Recently, I strolled into one of those popular centres parading under the name of "Sport Drome," "Sport Garden," "Amusements," or what have you. They consist, as you undoubtedly know, of all types of machines ranging from "Bagatelle" to Pin and Slot machines. I stood idly by and watched several machines in operation. And it dawned on me that here was a lot of money pouring into hands that would certainly not turn it back into war savings. Each active machine was taking on an average 2d. per minute—sometimes more. The places are open some eight hours a day and on the whole I figured that each machine undoubtedly took about £3 a day. There was easily 100 of them in the shop and certainly an easy 300 shops in all the country. Stop to figure it out—this is at a minimum, remember—in the run of one day, those machines corral something in the vicinity of £90,000—believe it or not. Would you define for me the words "war effort" in the light of the above? I like to play them as well as anyone—but would you forego your shilling to help shove that £90,000 in a Boeing 19?

PICKED UP IN PASSING.

If we could nominate a popular song title for the week and at the same time keep in mind that rationing allows for one egg per person per week, that song would be "Say little hen, when, when, when—will you lay me an egg for my tea?"

One of the new arrivals, after having his "baptism of fire" in the nature of a minor blitz, actually believed that it was a realistic practice on London's defences!!!

Most used phrase during an air raid—"One of ours."

Cheerio men, it's nearly 18 months now since we last saw the folks. Don't forget to remember that that one letter home is worth more now than ever it was before.

THE COST OF ENTERTAINMENT.

The agony that man will endure off the battlefield is somewhat surprising. Maybe you know this one.—A couple of the boys in "400" decided to see a show in London on their day off. As usual, they took the train back to (censored), in order to catch the midnight bus back to camp. The train was late—they missed the bus; stouthearted lads they were—and so commenced to walk some 20 miles, inspired by the thought that it might be possible to pick up a lift. Two o'clock found them with only 19 miles to go, and the desire to sleep stronger than the will to ride. Their first "bed" was in the nature of a "springless" oak, park bench. Twenty minutes of this was sufficient to convince them that maybe they should walk. However, being boys with a woman's mind, they changed their intentions at the sight of a 'phone booth. One chap tried first to sleep standing up, but the constant ding of the 'phone bell gave him a somewhat restless time. The attempt to sleep on the floor resulted in nothing better than the well-known rheumatism—and so they hit the road once more. This attempt netted them no more than $\frac{3}{4}$ mile—and thus they fell again. This time a hay stack. Eventually they dozed off, only to be awakened by the warm snuggling of a stray dog. That did it—there was no more sleep, and "Paddy," as the little mongrel was quickly christened, proved much more inspiring than the tempered will of the two prodigals—they did arrive in time for work!!!

Cable to Larry Thomas, 400 Squadron.

"All Well and Safe,"

Ken Carter.

Congratulations, boys! Now we know that the repatriation gang all arrived safely in Halifax. Drop us a line and let us know where you are and what you are doing.

An airplane made a forced landing in a fjord a few hundred yards off a village in western Norway. A fisherman set out by rowboat to rescue two aviators floundering in the water.

The crowd on shore saw him pick up the two airmen and start rowing for land. But suddenly he pulled his oars in, grappled with the two men and threw them overboard. When he reached shore the sheriff asked him: "Why did you throw those men into the fjord?"

"They turned out to be Germans, and I thought that they were British," the fisherman replied.

"Did you drown them? Weren't they alive when you tossed them overboard?" the sheriff asked.

"Well," the fisherman said, "one of them said he was alive, but you know how these Nazis lie."

New York Post.

"England has always singled herself out in the world by honesty and fair play, but especially by her stand in the world to-day."—Premier Godbout of Quebec.

Orchids

To—



P/O Jack McGrath

Thank you, sir, for the sports day and all that you did to make it such a splendid success. Now that you have established 400 sports and athletics may we look forward to some more products of the same brand and quality. The squadron is indebted to you for your interest and activity and looks to you for further guidance along this line.

S/Ldr. MacFadyen

Congratulations, sir, on your recent promotion. All the boys extend to you, through "Wings Abroad," the best of luck in everything.

Little Hiawatha

Smart, eh? and smart work to Corpl. Nesbit. The crest on the 'planes is sure IT. Jack was one who took the C.O. seriously when he asked for Aircraft Crest suggestions. He drew out Walt Disney's creation, "Little Hiawatha," showed it to Wing Commander McKay and he liked it. So the flying craft will all be trade-marked—"Little Hiawatha."

Good luck to the men flying ships bearing this emblem. May they fly fast and furious and may each dart from their (arrows) guns pierce the heart of the enemy.

Best o' luck from 400 to—

F/O. Manders and F/O. Peters, both recently departed on special courses, and to F/O. Tapp in his new position with another unit.

It's a Small World

Corpl. Bruce, who just lately arrived on the station, ran into an old school mate, Corpl. Don Wellington, of the R.A.F. They used to go to Glebe Collegiate together at Ottawa, way back in "those days."

Don came over here in '38. He will be glad to see any of the boys from home any time. He is to be found in the Instrument Shop.

"A" Flight Operations

From this day hence the battle cry of "A" Flight will be "Hold that cider." The "Zomerzet Yokels" uncorked some of the local apple jack and let the boys try it out. What happened after that is a total blank. Have respect for old age and local liquor, eh, fellas? I think your case was one of gross under-estimation.

"Mo" Mossop caused great consternation amongst the kids at the swimming hole when he told them that Prest had been scalped by the Indians.

A late communique just issued from "A" Flight "Range" says: "Recent operations were carried out with some success. Several aerial wires are missing but all our droques returned safely."

Of special interest to Mossop: we dedicate this ditty. "Rub-a-dub-dub ONE man in a tub."—We couldn't keep him away from the water while the flight was on operations. It's a cruel world, isn't it, "Mo"?

E. P. Duval, 400 Squadron.

W. T. War Cry



A warm-hearted welcome from all to Corpl. "Moustachio" Brown, who has returned to the section from Maintenance Flight.

Corpl. Brown stated: "It's been a grand holiday, but I'm delighted to be back in the harness."

After associating with a party specialising in the field of Political Economy and returning from a People's Convention, Corpl. Brown, when asked about the future of Socialism, muttered "Blast the People," then went on to say that this was entirely off record.

Professor Orlando (High Pockets) Powchuk, the noted composer-cum-radio technician, will give a short talk soon on "Good Music and how to find it without a W.39." This will be followed by a lecture entitled "Why I turned down professional career as a Ball-Tosser to be a Wireless Whizz."

Among other things turned down by Orlando are: A nice job as a batman and—his thumbs.

Book Review

We note with pride, in the "Experimental Drinking" monthly, that three of our local scientific tippers recently risked their lives to give the world the "LAND MINE" a disgusting concoction of Scotch, Gin and Rhum doubles. Doubles used to ensure the proper delayed action and—detonation.

Miscellaneous

We learn with pleasure that a bench, complete with vice and tools, is to be installed in B.B. 83. This is to prevent these frequent attacks of nostalgic home-sickness which has been causing many members of the section to rush back to work at twenty to twelve.

This suggestion springs from the agile brain of Corpl. Ya Ya Mendham, versatile hooper and singster.

Brain Wave of the Week

L.A.C. Dunlop (L'Ingenue) asking Corpl. Schwartz for a chit so he could get late tea from the padre.

This little bit of news has been painlessly extracted from the W.T. bedtime dirty rag—cleaned, translated and made palatable by one of the long suffering Tel. Oper.

Keep your subscription to "Wings Abroad." This might never happen again.

Gill. Fortier, 400 Squadron.



Father's Corner

Buddy Brule to Carol Elizabeth

In February, 1940, Rudy landed over here in England. In Ottawa on October 22nd Carol Elizabeth Brule was born. Rudy has never seen her. "Wings Abroad" take pleasure in forwarding this message:—

"Darling wife and daughter,

Hope you are both well and not too lonesome. You are a swell little girl, Carol. From all I can see of you in your pictures you are everything a daughter should be. Everything here is O.K. Thinking of you always and hoping and praying to see you two soon.

All my love.

From DADDY."

"Out of the Blue"—continued

church on the way from the airport. I just took a rear pew, not interested in saying anything in particular, but just on duty as orderly officer. I sat there awhile, gazing around at the walls, at the windows, when suddenly my eyes stopped moving. It was at the right side, near the front. The man up there looked familiar. It was Harry.

We both arose to leave at the same time. I stopped at the door and he slipped up behind me. We walked home together. I saw more of Harry after that, and we became fast friends. In a year or so we were making it a point to drop in on each other occasionally. I recall one night especially that I dropped in on Harry. It was in fact the night that I got my first real insight into the man that he was. We had already eaten, and were sitting near the fire puffing away at a couple of new ready-broken-in pipes and cooling our tongues with words, when the kid came hobbling into the room to toss his toys around a bit before going to bed.

Now Harry always kept his eye on that boy, even though it wasn't so noticeable. So the boy had hardly stopped playing when Harry set aside his pipe and climbed down on the floor. "What's the matter, son?" he asked, as though there wasn't really the matter, "getting tired?" His son didn't say much, never was one to whimper, just said something about being a soldier some day, so he could walk straight like his father.

The kid had been pretty lame ever since a nurse had dropped him. Of course there wasn't much Harry could do right there, but he played his part well. I can still see him laugh and lift the kid high in the air and say he'd see what he could do about it, and that, as though he really meant it.

But after the kid's mother took him off to bed Harry changed, for a moment or so it was hard to say anything, although I really did not have to, for Harry was re-lighting his pipe and thinking painfully.

Finally I said, "I'm sorry, Harry." "Yeh," he said, "It's tough on the kid. He's getting to an age where he knows what he's missing. Hang it all," he sat down, "if ——" "If what, Harry?" "Well—ah—you're a decent fellow, Mac," he said. "Well, have you ever heard of a—a sort of swap of conditions between two people? You know. It is done?"

"You mean, can you take somebody else's place and they yours?" I said, not knowing exactly what Harry meant. "That's it, that's it; I knew you'd get what I meant, Mac." Words like that from Harry made my heart melt as if it were butter. "Can it be done, Mac?"

"Well—now—it's exceptional." "Look," he said, "I've read about men asking to—well—to suffer for other men. They just took the other men's place—you know, and sort of took the rap. That's what I'd do for sonny. He's young with plenty of life before him—and crippled." Harry didn't hate his son. He loved him. But Harry liked things straight and in order. He suffered from his kid's lameness. People had it all wrong. They were lying. I wanted to tell them so.

"Wait," I said. "Isn't there some other way you might have overlooked, some tangible way? For instance, a doc——"

Harry shook his head. "Maybe."

"Need money?"

"Plenty."

"How much?" I said. "I could give——"

"Give," Harry wouldn't hear of that.

"Wouldn't think of it," he said. "Besides, you've got a family of your own."

I knew it was useless to try to argue the point, so I said, "How's for a loan?"

"No, that's the same as a gift. I couldn't pay it and you wouldn't try to collect."

"But I owe it to you, Harry. You remember—that time you tore into me when we got back from——"

"I owed it to the Government," Harry muttered rather unpleasantly. "We were short of 'planes." "Humph, just like Harry," I thought.

"Look here," I said. "You want to cure that son, don't you? I have the means and you won't use them—or say—what are you driving at anyhow?"

For the first time that evening I noticed a smile about Harry's face.

"You're superintendent at the works, aren't you?" I said I was.

"You have 'planes tested frequently over there, don't you?" I nodded.

"And test pilots get good money, don't they?" and without availing a response, "Well, how's for putting me on? This mechanic job doesn't pay enough and it's getting right down monotonous."

"It's a dangerous job," I said, "for a man with a family."

So Harry took again to the cockpit. He worked with us for about a year and a half and tested most of the 'planes that came from the factory. Then one day the thing I had been fearing happened. He took up a 'plane that wasn't as shipshape as it looked. It turned nicely and baulked and rolled. It did anything in fact that Harry told it to do where there wasn't much strain, but when he nosed her down for a dive a wing tore loose. I can still see it fluttering behind the spinning ship. I can see a brown helmet above the cockpit and an arm waving over the side. It was then that I turned away.

It was the first time that Harry had ever cracked up, and like everything else he did, he did it well. The fact is, I think, he did the best a man could do with a battered ship and still get out alive.

At any rate, when they found him, they carried him off to patch him up, and with the company footing the bill (they didn't lose much by it). Harry was pretty well fixed financially now, he can't fly any more, but he doesn't have to.

I saw Harry on the street the other day, bent and leaning heavily on his stick, walking between his wife and his sturdy, straight-shouldered, twenty-year-old son, but Harry doesn't look at all like he used to. The fact is, he looks more like he had just swapped places with the cripple. He was the son and the son was Harry.

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Address correspondence to:—

"Wings Abroad," 400 Canadian Squadron, Royal Canadian Air Force Overseas.

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K. J. C. THOMPSON, Editor in chief.

E. P. DUVAL, Secretary-Treasurer.

Sqdn.-Ldr. M. J. MacNEIL, Councillor.

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