

# WINGS ABROAD

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

Vol. II. No. 7

15TH MARCH, 1942.

3d. PER COPY



RCAF Photos

Upper Left.—Canadians play Rigger too! as proven by this photo. Back Row (left to right): "Rusty" Brown, Howard Batty, "Tiny" Gerrard, Maurice Labrosse Front Row (left to right): Johnny Irvine, Doug. Young, "Zap" Zapatozney.

Upper Centre.—Sergt. Pilot G. G. Robertson. It speaks for itself.

Upper Right.—Air Gunners Sutton, Dickson and Thornleigh wear dark goggles to accustom their eyes for night flying.

Lower Left.—A Canadian Squadron serving time in readiness even though celebrating one year in England.

Lower Right.—"The Spitfires," runners-up for the R.C.A.F. Hockey Championship. Back Row (left to right): Edwards (Manager), A. Debeney (Y.M.C.A.), Corpl. Cooney, Daspher, Buchan, Dubank, Clarke, F/O. Howe, McKenzie, McEwen (Y.M.C.A.). Kneeling: McQuestion and Leclare.

## "C" Flight, 400 Squadron

### "The Flight that Flies"

#### Now it can be Told

For the past few months our thousands of readers have been demanding to know the identity of the "Seer" and "Joe Snard." Every week letters by the hundreds pour into our palatial (?) offices, all asking the same question: "Who are they?" Now we are going to answer that question, or at least part of it. So hang on to your hats folks, here it comes. "The Seer" is none other than our dear friend Sergt. "Theodore Drummer Boy" Yaeger. We feel that it is safe now to admit it, as "Drummer Boy" has left us. No longer will his dulcet tones be gently wafted across the dispersal area to shatter the ear drums of us poor trembling A.Cs. No longer will the peace and quiet of the dispersal shack be disturbed by his pounding drumsticks. For all these things and many more we kneel down and offer thanks. But seriously, Ted, so long and the best of luck. As for "Joe Snard," well he is still kicking around here, and as he wants to remain, more or less, healthy, he will have to stay unknown.

#### There's been some changes

Since "C" Flight last hit the pages of "Wings Abroad" there has been a lot of changes in the Flight personnel. Many new men have come to us, fresh from Canada, to learn the noble traditions of "C" Flight, 400. Many of the old gang have left and are now scattered far and wide, from one end of this island to the other.

#### Here they are

One of the first to go was Sergt. Yaeger, followed by Corpls. Paul Durand, Glenn "Honey Boy" Campbell, "Fat Stuff" Haworth and "Bertie" Lyons. Then we lost L.A.Cs. "Moon" Meunier, "Junior" Legge, "Dreamy" Winters, "Sleepy" Zapotozney, "Scotty" Waller, and last but not least, "The Black Bash" Johnny Drake. How well we remember them. Sergt. Yaeger: "It's got to be done and you've got to do it." Durand: "Move over, I'm tired too." Campbell and his ever-present grin. Haworth, bustling around with a voucher in his hand and an important look on his face. Lyons, speaking with authority on any subject. Then there was Meunier: "Do you think they will send me home next month maybe?" Legge: "No thanks, I don't drink, but I'll have a grape-fruit." Dreamy Winters and Sleepy Zap shuffling lazily across the dispersal and everyone wondering whether they would make it or not.

Those who are left will miss all these boys. We wish them, one and all, the best of luck and feel sure that wherever they are, and wherever they may go, they will take the "C" Flight, 400, spirit with them and spread it around and throughout the R.C.A.F. Overseas.

#### "Feetsball"

"C" Flight continues to live up to its reputation as the leading Flight, not only in the air, but also on the ground. During the past few weeks we have taken on the broken down Bees in several games of "feetsball." "Feetsball," for the benefit of the uninitiated, is a game that very distantly resembles football. We, too, use a football and kick it as well as the opposing players, but there the similarity ends. There are no rules and everything goes (except Reynolds, he's usually too tired). The main idea is to put the ball or one of your opponents into the goal and, while there are no points given for the latter, it is considered a personal triumph. There are several ways of doing this, such as throwing, carrying, knocking in with the hands, and once I even saw it kicked in. Yes, fellows, it's a marvellous game.

## "C" Flight conquers again

After defeating the broken down Bees so consistently that they retired to their hives for safety, we looked around for fresh fields to conquer. Then we did what the C.O. and the rest of the Squadron wasn't able to do. We found "A" Flight. Then we talked them into a game with us. The result? Yes, you're quite right everybody, we did win, 3 to 1. To give credit where credit is due, please notice that we're not saying anything about how lucky they were to get one goal. The result of the "feetsball" games are always the same—a "C" Flight victory, bruised skins, stiff limbs and creaking joints. But keep trying, "A" and "B"; who knows, some day you might be lucky and beat us.

That is all.

Joe Snard.

## Maintenance Flight, 407 Squadron

Friends, we are here. Yes, the Squadron which gets things done is making its debut in literary circles, and here it hopes to stay, but you never know. Anyhow, we will do our best, and best in this Squadron is usually pretty good.

#### ANNIVERSARY SMOKER.

To get right down to business, the first item which comes to my mind is the recent celebration at 400 Squadron of its second year overseas. Of Maintenance Flight, five members attended the celebration, four of whom were former members of 400 Squadron. They were: L.A.C. "Moon" Meunier, L.A.C. "Mop-Head" Duthie, L.A.C. "Junior" Bayliss and your correspondent. Flight Sergt. Copley was the fifth.

#### GONE.

We were all sorry to lose two of our best N.C.Os. recently, and we wish Flight Sergt. "Bill" Copley and Sergt. Fraser the best of luck in the future. We also lost Corpls. "Red" Miller and Cogswell to "A" Flight. Don't forget all that we taught you in Maintenance, fellows!

#### CONCERNING A DITCH.

At this point, a certain happening involving our one and only Corpl. "Red" Miller comes to my mind. (No cracks, please!) One very dark and foggy night, after riding back from G—— in a more or less questionable state, he stepped off the 'bus, and, with all the faith in the world, started to cross a very wide and deep ditch, at a point where he was quite certain that there was a bridge. Everything would have proceeded according to schedule except that the bridge was not there. When "Red" arrived in barracks later it was quite evident that the ditch had contained several feet of wet and muddy water. Look before you leap next time, "Red"!

#### HEARD IN THE HANGAR.

L.A.C. "Pop" Churchill—

"Hello Atkins—what's your name?"

L.A.C. "Jock" Morrison—

"Two-six on the du-shanks."

L.A.C. "Lofty" Milnes—

"Has anybody seen a woof-woof valve?"

A.C. "Scotty" Campbell—

"I'm cheesed."

L.A.C. "Wiggy" Wigmore—

"Bags of gen to-day."

So long folks, we will be back with more soon.

R. C. Legge, 407 Squadron.

# Second Anniversary Celebration of 400 Squadron Huge Success

Rota Mota Club Sponsors Dinner and Entertainment to Culminate Two Years of Active Service Overseas

R.C.A.F. Official Photos

February 25th, 1942, was Canadian Night somewhere in England, when 500 Canucks jammed the Station Theatre as guests of the Rota Mota Club on the occasion of 400 Squadron's Second Anniversary Overseas. This year the Club outdid their overwhelming success of Anniversary No. 1—they did something that, in the minds of many, was an impossibility, and that was to beat last year's Anniversary Dinner.

In two years, members of this Squadron had been scattered far and wide over the length and breadth of the island, but that Wednesday night saw more of the originals together than they will ever see until this conflict is over.

## American Flag prominent

The scene opened in a Station Theatre, that in the space of days had been converted into a festive banquet hall by a small army of voluntary workers. Peculiarly enough, it took place in exactly the same location as the first celebration, February 25th, 1941. Prominent among the flags draping the wall were the star spangles of America and the cocarded Maple Leaf of the Canadian Air Force. For war-torn England and these days of strict rationing the cooks worked miracles with the food they had. The cuisine could not have been better, the programme more entertaining—a perfect evening and a feather in the hat for the Rota Mota Club.

## Distinguished guests

The guest of the evening was Air Commodore Curtis, Deputy Air Officer Commanding, R.C.A.F. in Great Britain, representing Air Vice-Marshal Edwards, who was unable to attend. Other dignitaries included Wing Commander Kerby, Wing Commander Moore, Squadron Leader McFadyen and Squadron Leader Hillock.

The banquet was opened by an invocation by Father MacNeil, and then the fun started—cat-calls and remarks filled the stuffy air as some recognised old cronies and originals who had been absent from the fold for months.

## Entertainment

The entertainment was amateurish and yet better than any professional show seen on the station. Variety is the spice of life and the programme included everything from an accordion solo to a wrestling match—just to prove it here is the programme:—

1. Opening Chorus—"Lords of the Air."
2. Novelty Swing Trio—Slim Lewis, Moe Mamnot, Red Bullman.
3. The Solid Four—Slim Lewis, Scotty Barnes, Bill Hancox, Bill Wilkinson.
4. Violin Solo—P/O. Henderson, accompanied by W/C. Kerby.
5. Squadron Male Chorus.



Some of the Five Hundred Happy Canucks who packed the Banquet Hall at 400 Squadron's Second Anniversary Dinner, February 25th, 1942.

6. Baritone Solo—Owen Hanson.
7. Sing Song—Joe Streeting setting the pace.
8. Boxing and Wrestling—Everything goes.
9. Accordion Solo—Bob Brown.
10. The Solid Four again.

As the entertainment drew to a close everyone went away satisfied that he had witnessed a really grandiose affair and if anything is to be remembered after this war my guess is that the Anniversary Dinners held by the Rota Mota Club will be foremost in the minds of those reminiscing.  
"Wings Abroad" Staff Reporter.



A general view of the Banquet Hall. Neatly arranged tables, flags and bunting converted this station theatre into a smart setting for an Anniversary Dinner.

# 400 Squadron Victors in Air Force Hockey League But Bow Before Canucks in Khaki

## Hiawathas Lose Out to Camerons

The team that had not lost a game in the Air Force series, the team that won the R.C.A.F. Hockey League, the team that handed the Second Division a 3-1 defeat in the first game of the play-offs, bowed low before their Canadian comrades to the tune of five goals to one in the final tussle. Thus ended the career of the Hiawathas; the boys who couldn't take a khaki uniform to the cleaners, just as they washed up all-comers in blue.

To win the R.C.A.F. Hockey Cup donated by Air Vice-Marshal Harold Edwards, the Hiawathas trounced the Spitfires 5-1. The score was opened by Alex Blas of the Spitfires. Showing great form and style, the Hiawathas sifted through the opposing team and rapped five goals past Dickson before they could whisper "We've 'ad it."

## Win Edwards Trophy

Tallies were turned in by Boivin (Hiawathas) in the first period, and in the second session Conn grabbed one, McGrath grabbed two to chalk up a score of 4-1. Final goal was scored by "Olly" Oleskevis and 400 Squadron emerged victors in the Air Force League, winners of the Edwards trophy and challengers in the play-offs against the Army for the Canadian Army Hockey Championship.

## However . . . .

In the first tangle with a khaki uniform 400 Squadron eaked out a score of 3-1. The second division Camerons were faster and smoother, but Williams, in the Hiawatha net, stopped more rubber than the Highlanders could shake a stick at.

The second game of the total goal series saw the Hiawathas sink rapidly under torrents of Camerons. Out-skated out-maneuvred and out-played, Albert of the Hiawathas saved a shut-out when he rapped one in from a pass from the corner. Final score: Camerons 5, Hiawathas 1.

To the Hiawathas goes the credit of winning the Edwards Trophy. Had they been in better condition and more practised the story might have been different, but they weren't, and you know the rest . . . . they just couldn't beat the Army . . . . and here is the line-up of the Hiawathas Champions in Air Force Blue:—

**Goal:** Bates and Williams; **Defence:** Conn, Roberts, Velders, Boivin; **Centres:** McGrath, McQuoid, Barry; **Wings:** Creighton, Oleskevis, Mossop, Albert, Hansen, Grant.

(*"Wings Abroad" Cub Reporter.*)



### GROUP CAPTAIN CAMPBELL

at his desk somewhere in England.

Group Captain Campbell is the only Canadian commanding a R.A.F. Station in England.

### AIR COMMODORE W. A. CURTIS

Deputy Air Officer in Chief, R.C.A.F. Overseas, presents the Edwards Trophy to 400 Squadron, Hockey Champions, at the Second Anniversary Dinner, February 25th, 1942.



*R.C.A.F. Official Photo.*



### FIGHTER PILOT H. SPRAGUE

(since killed in action) typifies the splendid Canadian spirit among Operational Pilots Overseas.

## 'Ot Exhaust!

By FOUR CYCLE.

After a two edition lay-off, 'Ot Exhaust again meets another dead-line, with not a thing on "Der Fuehrer and his gang of fanatical maniacs." In short, yours truly is holding the proverbial bag behind the well-known eight-ball, up the well-known tree, and up the usual creek without the customary paddle.

The recent weather may have something to do with it, because this scribe feels as if he is in a low-pressure area or he has his Cirro Nimbus mixed up with his Alto Cumulus. (Clouds to you.) If this keeps up well . . . if you see a nut out picking posies, then you will know it is he, and by he we mean he who writes 'Ot Exhaust. . . .

### Stop Press!

Here is a flash just flashed in by "confidence men" working at risk of their lives under the very noses of Der Fuehrer's men in magnificent government offices, 16th floor, Office "A," Room "B." Quote:—

"It is reported that Party-member Brule, one time ace in experimental department, has fallen into disfavour with the high and mighty Fuehrer because of an important experiment that went pfffft! Said failure presented itself when Da Brule applied a brawny and sinewy arm when he should have applied a brawny and sinewy brain . . . or Archimedes was too much for him. Anyways, Brule is in the dog house until he can pull something spectacular out of his bag of tricks to regain the love of his Lord and Master." Unquote.

It is also rumoured that Der Fuehrer has greater things in store for one D. G. Story. One time adviser to the Fuehrer on speed, and acceleration and chief test engineer on anything that was rolled out of the Reich's workshop, Story has brought a hidden talent to light. In view of recent events, the big shot is offering Story the job of ballistics expert, and by ballistics we mean anything pertaining to the art of throwing anything by the use of the ballista. Whether it be sling-shots, pea shooters or pop-guns you're worried about, Story's the man to see. No job is too large or small for Story to handle.

### Reinforcements arrive

The Fuehrer's Legions have been reinforced by the arrival of four new, shiny recruits in the persons of "Pauncho" Gilmour, "Swish" Andrews, "Torchy" Douglas and "Bumps" Bordello. Strangely enough, these boys have all joined a special branch of Der Fuehrer's Service . . . . despatches, manuscripts, letters and epistles they take in their stride, and if some day a helmeted figure, leaning over the handlebars and doing about ninety, flashes past you then that will be one of these boys . . . . delivering.

### Admiral Scores again

The recent "naval success" of the Admiral Sherer is bringing broad smiles both from "Der Fuehrer" and the Admiral himself. It is rumoured that the Admiral is up for the highest decoration that can be given to any member of "Der Fuehrer's Service" . . . . "The high order of the over-ripe banana" . . . . so if you see a cluster of monkey-fruit, gathered over the Admiral's left shoulder, then you'll know he's 'ad it.

Apart from the usual rantings and ravings of "Herr Goebbels" Allan and "Der Fuehrer" McKee, things have been a little quiet in the past. However, we hear murmurings, and mayhap some party-members are cooking up something . . . . Could it be the long-awaited "revoloo-tion"? . . . . With some of Joe Stalin's boys in there anything can happen, and when it does you'll know all about it via this column. . . . .

## "A" Flight, 414 Squadron

Lately I've been thinking. Now, already I know what you will be saying, "What with?" or "What's that burning?" And to you I say, "Don't judge others by yourselves." I can guess who is going to make these remarks so beforehand I'd like to be a bit sarcastic myself.

### Sam—Pick up thy moosket

For instance, every time I think of Sam "Bug Eye" Martin I think what a nice Squadron 414 is . . . such a long way from Sam. By the way, how are your eyes, Sam? If I remember correctly, you used to keep seeing cracks in front of your eyes, especially cracks in generator struts. Did Frank "Happy" Bowler ever buy those glasses for you? I hear you are going into "A" Flight again, Sam. I can just see the big smile on Matt "Flash" Thompson's face, but the language Flight "D" for Dennis Hunt will be using is strictly censored. Never mind, Sam, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good and in this case you will be making one person happy, "Flash" Thompson.

### Introducing

There's another chap in 400 Squadron who I would like to introduce to my avid readers. He's such a nice lad, so simple, sweet and good natured. By the way, girls, he's really good-looking—you'd love him, I'm sure. He has lovely blonde, wavy hair and sky-blue eyes. Of course there's a tooth missing from the front of his face, but what's a gap between teeth nowadays? He comes from the West too, girls, and no matter what the Easterners say about the "dust-bowl" I think it's the best place to come from, especially Winnipeg. I hear via the grapevine that he's a corporal now. So Corporal Specht let me know the truth and tell me about Corporal Lionel "Mrs." Crawford too, and Bill "Curly" Main. Did Bill enjoy his recent holidays?

### Still Introducing

Now I'll tell you all about some of our boys. They are really a happy lot. There's Gordon "Bathless Mohammed" Jones of "B" Flight, who just now is spending a lot of his spare time prancing around his room, humming to himself with a dancing book wrapped around his face. However, his dancing is turning out a lot better than his oil burner, which gave him such a fright that he put it outside to cool it off; well, it's still outside.

### Let me tell you

John "Nizzie" Nisbet is quite a lad too. I know, 'cos I live with him. He is always practising what he believes to be a tap-dance. He's ambitious too, and wants to travel. He's going to organize a dance band and he's also going to draw "Little Hiawathas" for Disney. He has a lovely voice, baritone or tenor, he says, but I have my own ideas. On top of it all he's going to the South Seas. Another little habit he has is making faces at me, pretending he's from Montreal, or else playing Lord Fotheringill, a typical English gentleman.

Chuck "Big Valley" Arsenault is another joy to the eye. He plays in our hockey team and does a pretty good job. Last night he was an Arab Sheik, a towel wrapped round his head and dashing over sand dunes on his pure Arab pony. I couldn't see either Arab or pony, but he claims they were there all right, so I left it at that. . . . And all this happened before the pubs opened. . . .

There's a lot more fellows in this Squadron you'd like to hear about, but as there's a war on and paper is rationed, I feel the Editor would not appreciate me filling his whole next edition, so as somebody else said before me . . . You've 'ad it.

*Sergt. Fell, 414 Squadron.*

## "A" Flight, 400 Squadron

Here we are again. "A" Flight is still all in one piece. Amazing as it may seem, the hard part around here right now is trying to get warm. Like "B" and "C" Flights, we have a stove, but like a lot of things over here, the smoke would rather go any place but up the chimney, but due to an ingenious weathervane contraption which works once in a while. So far our Brains Trust have yet to figure out a way of making it work in a north wind.

### Recent Promotions

The most outstanding, "Moses" Mossop to Sergeant. Winnipeg's shining example of good humour at last got his third. To tell you the honest truth, I really know now how the Lone Ranger feels with Moosomin on top of me and Winnipeg behind me. Yeah, the West is sure a great place. Heroes are made, not born.

**L.A.C. "Speed" Raworth** to Corporal. For dogged determination and a pleasant smile in the face of all adversity we present Corporal Raworth, and may we add our heartiest congrats.

**L.A.C. "Hammy" Skene** to Corporal. Sometimes called "Ham," but without giving too much of the show away we will just call him "Hamilton" for a start. There is another one tacked on, but you know how it is, fellas. Good luck, "Hammy."

### Overheard in "A" Flight Shack

**L.A.C. Crawford:** "Say, Flight, I met a fella from Moosomin over the week-end."

**Flight Hunt:** "Didcha? What was his name?"

**L.A.C. Crawford:** "Gee, that's funny, I can't remember."

**Flight Hunt:** "Can't remember! Why, besides McNaughton and myself there's only two others over there. 48s cancelled for the month."

### Funny Things we've Seen

W.O.I. Ince leading Echelon "C" in a snow storm.

Flight Sergeant Hunt reading the Moosomin World Spectator.

Sergeant Chapman trying to find the comics to his Toronto Star Weekly.

Flight Sergeant Thompson trying to find Sergeant Stewart, or vice versa.

Flight Sergeant Weldon after a 48 hour pass.

Sergeant "Goebbels" Allan rounding up the M.T. Section at the Padre's.

Flight Sergeant Oleskevis trying to find a serviceable "B" Flight aircraft.

### "A" Flight Leads again

Of course you all heard about the "A" Flight "do" and, as usual, "A" Flight led the parade. However the weather man had other ideas and proceeded to lay ceiling zero weather all over the place, with the result that the "A" Flight boys had to turn their hands to easier and more pleasant pastimes. "Cheese-cake" Smitty, from the dustbowl, proved an outstanding individual during the scheme, followed closely by Barnes, our instrument breaker. Alf. Duvall and Corpl. Reynolds, although not

actually members of our Flight, did much to maintain the time-honoured traditions of "A" Flight. P/O. "Biscuits" Bissky and P/O. "Bitsy" Grant had much to do with making the scheme a successful one.

. . . . And so, fellas, by the time this reaches the Press many of us will have celebrated our second year over here. Let's hope that the next year will see us all home and button "A" a thing of the past. Cheers.

*Sergt. Chapman, 400 Squadron.*

### We notice

A scan over Daily Routine Orders finds many of the "oldies" leaving 400 Squadron for greener valleys. Among some of the boys who have left are:—

Black, R.	Archambault, A. R.
Weller, K. J.	Lavoie, J. L.
Waller, W. H.	Whitehead, J. C.
Thomas, L. A.	Simpson, W. G. R.
Kennedy, G.	Dearlove, J. A.
Miller, F. L.	Smith, C. J.
Wooley, J. S.	McBurnie, J. D.
Barrat, C. R.	Gurney, L. A.
Bennet, T. R.	Fairley, W. W.
Hillen, D. H.	Johnston, W. K.
Forsyth, J.	

Good luck, boys! It has been nice knowing you. We've come a long way together and may our next meeting be in dear old Canada!



**MRS. R. D. KERBY**

as seen through the eyes of our Staff Artist, J. R. Ednie. She is the mother of Wing Commander Kerby, Officer Commanding 400 Squadron, and is President of the Women's Association, 400 Squadron.

# Orchids

## To—



### “The card sharks”

Within the space of a few weeks two new personalities have come to light in Barrack Block 83, namely, Corpl. Ross and L.A.C. Durier. An orchid to each of them for the way they organized and ran off the first real successful cribbage tournament. Judging by the large turn-out of cribbage fans the affair was a smashing triumph for the Ross-Durier combination.

### “The Renovators”

The recreation room, Barrack Block 83, has had its face lifted. The walls are bright with new paint, the floor shines with fresh polish. Through the efforts of Van Dusen, D. L. Currie, Dykstra, Vailiancourt and Richardson our recreation room has had its spring cleaning, and what a spring cleaning. Thanks, boys, your efforts are really appreciated.

### “The Small Army”

The small Army of volunteers who decorated tables, hung flags, prepared the stage, set tables, cooked, arranged dinners and millions of odd jobs connected with the banquet—and here they are, “The Boys who made it possible” :—

Irvine, J., Boivin, J., Sabourin, Mills, H., Bouree, Burnett, H., Sheck, B., Bissell, Bjornson, H., Sweeney, Conn, J., Roman, E., Brown, G., Lyons, P., Clear, Silcox, Kinkade, Philips, Way, Orth, Baxter, Buchanan, Noonan, Collins, Padley, Corpl. Smith, Van Dusen, Corpl. Brewer, Downey, Pearson, Richards.

Thanks, boys, the Rota Mota Club is sincere in its appreciation—and don't let anybody fool you. The Rota Mota Club did not put on the banquet. YOU did.

### Stubble-Jumpers re-union

The hog call was sounded and from all corners of 400 Squadron came the thirteen “clover-kickers,” riding hell for leather. They were a motley lot, covered in alkali dust and bronzed by the British sun. . . . “Skeets” Marr, ten gallon hat pushed back on his head; “Horizontal” Howell, his lean frame draped over his dozing Palamino. In the background loafed “Buck” Johnston, “Knut” Large, “Hopalong” Spencer, “Roll Along” Streeting, “Boops” Bateman, “Bitsy” Grant, “Waddy” Davies, “Stew” Stephens, “Long Horn” Knight, “Daybreak” Duval and “Aces” Murdoch. . . . These cowboys, these range-ridin', gunnin', shootin' fools that had never even seen a horse, much less ride one, held a re-union one Saturday night and yes . . . Yes, the closest these boys ever came to the West were the Indians at the Calgary Stampede . . . and if you can find any place more “wester” than Calgary then please get in touch with the writer, because West was Calgary that Saturday night when “Waddy” Davies and the Bar 400 boys rode again. Yoiks!

“The Lone Stranger.”

### To an A.C.2.

The lords of the air they call us,  
They speak of our growing fame,  
The front page of every paper  
Is adorned with the pilot's name.

Connected with deeds of valour  
Performed in every sky,  
The usual are Heinkels and Dorniers  
Crashing to earth to die.

There's one chap who gets no medals;  
You've never heard of his name,  
He doesn't fly in the pale blue sky  
Or pose for the news in a 'plane.

His job can't be called romantic  
So he's not in the public eye,  
But your heroes can't do without him,  
And I'll tell you the reason why.

He inspects the kite every morning,  
He fills the tanks each night,  
He keeps the motors running sweet,  
He keeps the pressure right.

He's up at the break of dawn,  
He's there when the twilight fades,  
Pulling his weight to keep the crate  
Ready to spread the raids.

So next time you see a picture  
Of a pilot and a smiling crew,  
Remember the guy who keeps it afloat,  
Though he may be an A.C.2.

And whenever you praise a pilot  
As the enemy falls a wreck,  
Keep your mind on the guy you didn't see,  
Yours truly, a humble mech.

A.C. Purnell, R.C.A.F.

### Reminiscing



At a time when 400 Squadron has just finished celebrating two years in England, we look back to 1939. Here Wing Commander Russell turns over command of 110 City of Toronto Squadron (400) to Wing Commander Irwin.

## "B" Flight, 402 Squadron

After a month's respite, caused by the appearance of the Anniversary Number, you will expect great things in this column, but you are doomed to disappointment, because you are getting the same old tripe. So on with the show.

### We Broadcast

Representatives of the C.B.C. paid us a short visit and we were able to pour our hearts out to folks back home. Many a man who is brave enough to fly into combat with a Jerry and many an airman who isn't afraid to face a W.O.2 (How am I doing, CARP?) quivered and shook when they faced the mike. Nine out of ten when they got to the mike forgot to mention something or other, but none failed to use the word love several times and "Don't forget to send cigarettes" became a familiar phrase.

Our old friend (he's able to grow a moustache now) Babe Bunting popped in on us to take more pictures of the gang. He is still the Ace photographer of the R.C.A.F. Overseas and he is as punchy as ever. To give you an idea of what I mean, right in the middle of a conversation he is liable to say, "Say cheese," and when I offered him a cigarette just as he took it he said, "See the pretty bird."

### He's here again

Our own baby, L.A.C. "X," has just entered the room, his drawn face an inscrutable mask, but as his piercing eyes glance around you realize he hasn't missed a thing (after he goes I always look around to see if I have missed anything). As he goes into his trance I start shooting the questions which have been submitted, the first one by F/Sergt. Murchie, who asks: "Why do they call fellows from the Maritimes—Herring Cokers, Cod Gobblers and Mackerel Snatchers?"

Answer:—If you have ever seen a man choke a helpless herring, or gobble a cod before it quit wriggling, or snatch food out of the mouth of a poor hungry mackerel, you would understand.

Howard McGinnis asks:—"When am I going to get a parcel from Lois of Toronto?"

Answer:—I imagine a guy who has only been over here two months worrying about parcels already. What he should worry about is will she remember him at all two years from now? To set his heart or stomach at ease there is one due one of these days.

Murray Watt asks:—"Why do I have to listen to 'Moanin' Johnston moan?"

Answer:—When there are so many people in the world to-day suffering do you think you should get off scot free? But don't worry, we are making arrangements with a man who owns a fine old castle which he wants haunted. All that is holding up proceedings now is how many moans per hour per shilling.

With this colossal bit of work done L.A.C. "X" passes out. (He still can't take more than two pints of N.A.A.F.I. beer.)

### The inside on some who fly our kites

It has been brought to my attention that a young lady of St. Catherines, by the name of Mary, who is a rabid fan of Li'l Abner, has re-named several of our dashing pilots. Here are a few, starting with F/Sergt. Murchie, the flying school-teacher, who is fondly called "Iron pants Yokum." F/Sergt. Bayley is known as "Angus Dimwitty" (I almost left out the witty). F/Sergt. Emberg answers now to "The Tough Hombre." Duke MacIntyre (when are you coming back to fold, Duke?) jumps to attention when called Haggis McBagpipe, and F/Sergt. MacKay has been called Cue Ball for some time now, and we wonder if a young lady named Joy had anything to do with it. Well, May, you have hit the nail on the head in my opinion, but how do you feel when they call you Mitzie Mudlark?

## Introducing

Meet the officers of "B" Flight and take your hands out of your pockets.

F/Lieut. Norm Bretz, who leads us "Per Ardua ad Astra," which roughly translates to "Through adversity to the stars." He also dishes out the odd bit of C.B.

F/Lieut. Jim Thompson, formerly of "A" Flight, whom I hear will clean a windscreen for the odd shill and make a good job of it as well.

P/O. Brownie Trask, who made good in a big way. I wonder if it's the way he wears his hat.

P/O. Hugh Russell, who has a little trouble now and then with his left wing being a little low.

P/O. Butch Handley, who has just joined the commissioned ranks. Congratulations Butch, I won't be surprised but "Q" for Queenie will forget to be rough.

'Phone numbers can be had for 2s. 6d. each or five for ten shills, but don't tell a soul I am on the Black Market.

Men might come and men might go, so you can't expect me to go on for ever. So long.

*Fred McCormick, 402 Squadron.*



WING COMMANDER  
TIMMERMAN, D.F.C.  
after the Investiture at  
Buckingham Palace.

## Knights of Columbus

### Canadian Army Huts

are responsible for many a happy hour  
at 400 Squadron, our thanks, Knights

## "Wings Abroad"

Established December 15th, 1940.

Published bi-monthly, Somewhere in England.

Address:—"Wings Abroad," 400 Squadron, Overseas  
Canadian Base Post Office, England.

E. P. DUVAL, *Managing Editor.*

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

J. C. BAKER, *Circulation.*

Squadron Leader MacNEIL, *Director.*

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