

FLAP

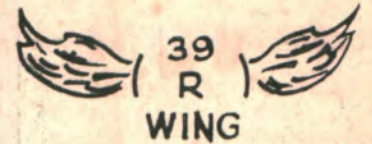


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FLAP



SOUVENIR ISSUE

JANUARY 1945

THE "GEN" MEN.

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BOB ELLIOT says you can bet your life any reference in FLAP to characters either living or dead is purely intentional and not sheer coincidence and that if the editors think that any mistakes contained in FLAP are not their own blacks they need their heads read.

"The cover Page"

Many will remember "somewhere" in Europe, on a certain Wing when Flying Officer Frank Cook of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, brought his 'plane home and could only get one wheel down. It was an anxious moment for all as "Cookie" went around again and then with hundreds watching brought his kite in for a perfect landing, held it and then nosed in.

L.A.C. Morrow our artist who witnessed it was kind enough to make this splendid reproduction of the scene, thus conserving for us a tangible souvenir of a difficult problem skillfully solved.

"WHAT AND WHERE"

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COMMANDING OFFICER**A MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER**

"Another year is behind us, a most momentous one for our Wing and one of which we as a Unit can well be proud.

Moving across France Belgium and Holland, our Squadrons have done magnificent work in support of the Army.

You as a member of our Wing, no matter what your task, have made a great contribution to our success by your cooperation and tireless efforts good times and bad.

I fully realize how much you all desire to once again return to your homes and families, but first the war must be won. This is our bounden duty to our country, so we must keep colours flying, and face the coming year with resolve and determination, to do our share willingly and cheerfully and with good spirit. We must have one single aim — each and every one to give his level best and to keep our standards high so that our Unit may do its full share to bring about the defeat of the enemy in 1945"

Group Captain E. H. G. Moncrieff A.F.C.

WING COMMANDER FLYING

W/CDR R. C. A. WADDELL, D.F.C.

RETROSPECT

BY SCRUTATOR

Foreword

As evening fell across 1944 in wartime Europe the world looked back over the months, the weeks, the days of the year, and one day stood out in crimson red, imprinting itself a sacred niche upon the unfolding scroll of the history of mankind. That day was June 6th.

Over the horizon of the waters that curved down and away from the shores of Normandy crept, in stealth and silence, the Armada of the Forces of Freedom. As dawn's first light waxed grey across the firmament, the distant shores of France appeared like a thin black line to mark where sky and water met.

As ships moved grimly nearer with troops and transport poised for the assault, these men of the Army peered carefully out upon a familiar scene. This shore they knew; they had often seen these beaches; they recognized that hill, those trees, the roadway, the Church steeple. Every inch of the terrain they had studied and memorized. This was vital to their success. This had been possible through the "Eyes of the Army" — Reconnaissance.

This is the story in word and picture of our impression of the Second Front as a Reconnaissance Wing. It is not a scientific treatise of military tactics or even an attempt to pen in precise order the notations of a diary. It could be the ramblings of any airman on the Wing, picking out here and there the people, the places, the things that stick in his memory in all the panorama of world shaking events that now are history.

Farewell England:

Then our turn came. Tents disappeared, rubbish was burned, trucks were loaded, the convoy was formed. It was early and the sky was unfriendly as the leading "Jeep" moved off and the other lorries followed in single file, like a great serpent, out onto the road and down through the village, past the pub and the cinema house which we had so long criticized and now strangely regretted. In short order we rolled onto the main highway and swung south in the direction of the Concentration Area.

It rained a bit that day, then the sun came out. The clouds were billowy and a strong wind blew crosswise over the roadway. On and on, through villages and towns, fields and woods, the convoy made its way throughout the whole morning.

The Concentration Area and marshalling passed without event or mishap. Soon came the great day of embarkation, when we rolled up and onto the barges. As far as the eye could see there were ships great and small in haphazard array in the great port. Many of us had come by convoy from Canada; that had been a majestic sight, but nothing compared to this great invasion venture. The waters were calm as we slipped away in the night. Everyone slept well that night for the long trip to the port and the organization of the marshalling had been a long, sleepless gruel. It was a calm, quiet night. Now and then a lone plane droned by

Continued on page 5

"... Who will forget our first sight of that shore of Normandy?"



EDITORIAL

On the first of September, 1939, the legions of Adolf Hitler marched across the border of Poland to settle the question concerning the status of the free city of Danzig. Thus ended the war of nerves, thus also ended the bickerings and arguments of a thousand diplomats in capitals throughout the world — thus ended a strange phase in a strange century. The first crash of bombs on Polish soil sobered this noisy clamorous world with startling rapidity and the eyes of all men watched from near and far the thorough, ruthless, lightning destruction of a nation of forty-five million people, as a military power, in something under thirty days.

On the tenth of May, 1940, these same grey clad legions, with terrifying weight and speed, hurled themselves against and across Holland, Belgium and France. Once more stupendous victories were gained in a matter of days. Britain, braced for the final blow, stood quite alone. Her glory in the "Battle of Britain" is now history — so is the invasion of Russia, so too, Pearl Harbour making this a global war.

Now this planet is aflame from pole to pole and in every continent. Men of every color, of every creed, are up in arms. In this maze and chaos, this roar and destruction, in all this pandemonium a man in the war queries a thousand happenings and asks an endless stream of unanswered questions.

Uppermost in the minds of men in uniform is the question "What are we fighting for?" No need to change the issue by repeating the evil things that we are fighting against, we who have followed in the wake of the retreating S.S. have heard the tales and seen the grim evidence of their brutality, unparalleled. But this evil crushed, what then? — There is the question.

To what sort of Canada shall we return? We have bitter memories of relief, depression, unemployment, breadlines; that was our adolescence, our youth is war. What will be our future?

The dawn of a new era glows red upon the horizon. Deep forces are at work. Forces of reaction seek to maintain the old ways of economic discrimination. Should this happen it would be a tragedy, if not as great as the war, at least of more lasting consequences.

Crushing Hitler and Nazism is one thing, making Canada a better place in which to live is another. We intend to do both. Such is our right; such is our heritage. Any force which would oppose us in the accomplishment of either of these tasks must rightly be considered the implacable enemy of Canada as a Nation. To this we are pledged. For this we fight.

WINGS AND THE MAN

(Scrutator)

To mention every Squadron and every pilot would be an impossible task and yet to issue this souvenir copy of "FLAP" without saying a word about some of them would be to leave aside the men whose presence here makes our presence necessary.

Sometimes one hears the odd gripe about the "Glamor Boys" and, "Who do they think they are", is oft repeated but that's the Airforce. It is already a compliment to be important enough to have people take time out to criticize you. But that criticism is isolated.

Just take a gander at 39 Wing past and present. Remember Jake Alexander? — best guy that ever climbed into a kite. What about "Cookie" who has just left us? Did you ever know anyone to have more fun and be the cause of more fun than he was? Nobody knew that "Cookie's" mother died just a few months ago. He kept his chin up and never ended his pranks around the Mess. Then there's Dick Manser, a personality you can hear a mile away and a bang up pilot, even

if he can't drive a "Jeep". What about "Satch" Larry Seath with the walrus moustache, they don't come any better. And who can forget such personalities as Ed Dunn, Donovan, Prendergast, the present Squadron Leaders Brown, Wannacott and Watts are old timers at the game. There are dozens more — "Splash" Rouselle of the solemn voice, Basil Mossing that could rattle the bones and fly equally well, Lou May quiet, easy going, who let the other fellow do the talking. Harry Godfrey with the contagious laugh; Clem St. Paul who could have been one of Teddy Roosevelt's rough riders. Then there were the "Brown" boys, Doc, Stew and Dick, Lucky "Wally" Walters and "Fightin" Paul Wigle, likeable "Stew" O'Brien, tall Paul Brunnelle. How many can forget the night "Hank" Hanton bailed out in Normandie, — yes these are just a few of a lot of great guys. They come in all sizes and shapes, from the East and West, but they're all pretty human guys that will be just as glad as you and I when this war is over. Being a pilot is a tough game and it's one that's played for "keeps". FLAP salutes them all, would like to name them all, because anyone who has put into this racket the time, brains and energy to be a pilot is worthy of the highest tribute.

SPECULATION

All activity ceased and heads were turned toward the nearest Tannoy speaker as the monotonous voice of the announcer droned on. All wondered what fiendish announcement was being made to disturb their daily lives.

"Attention, attention — all personnel", the announcer repeated. "Information has been received that the enemy has capitulated. This is **not** a rumour. I repeat — this is **not** a rumour".

Hardly a soul breathed as the announcement was repeated. Indeed, the first person to come to life was Shorty the Barber who sold a bottle of Cognac for 200 Guilders.

On the drome itself, the first movement reported was that of..... who, believing himself to be already on Civvy Street, picked up a ierrican and threw it at F/S.....

Very little work was done on the Airfield that day, and, amongst may others, the following incidents came to light:had considerable difficulty in landing his Spit, because S/L 'Happy' Day could do nothing else but mutter, over and over again, "What can I do in Civvy Street"?

An 'A' Train was on schedule.

Cpl. 'Patsy' Distefan called Wing H. Q. Orderly Room in an effort to ascertain the Authority for cessation of hostilities. He seemed rather put out that the war had ended before his repat could be effected.

Warrant Officer Sturgess, Sgt. Walker and all the S. P.'s barricaded themselves in the Guard Room and were only enticed to come out on receiving the personal assurances of the Padre that they would be protected from the mob.

..... came to work on time.

..... came to work.

Squadron Leader Hicks announced that there would be no inoculations to-day.

Wing Commander Waddell's voice went up an octave.

They turned on the central heating at the Kaserne.

Flying Officer exchanged a pair of socks for.....

The boys stopped regaling the sprogs about Normandie.

Sergeant 'Colly' Collingwood finally got his repat.

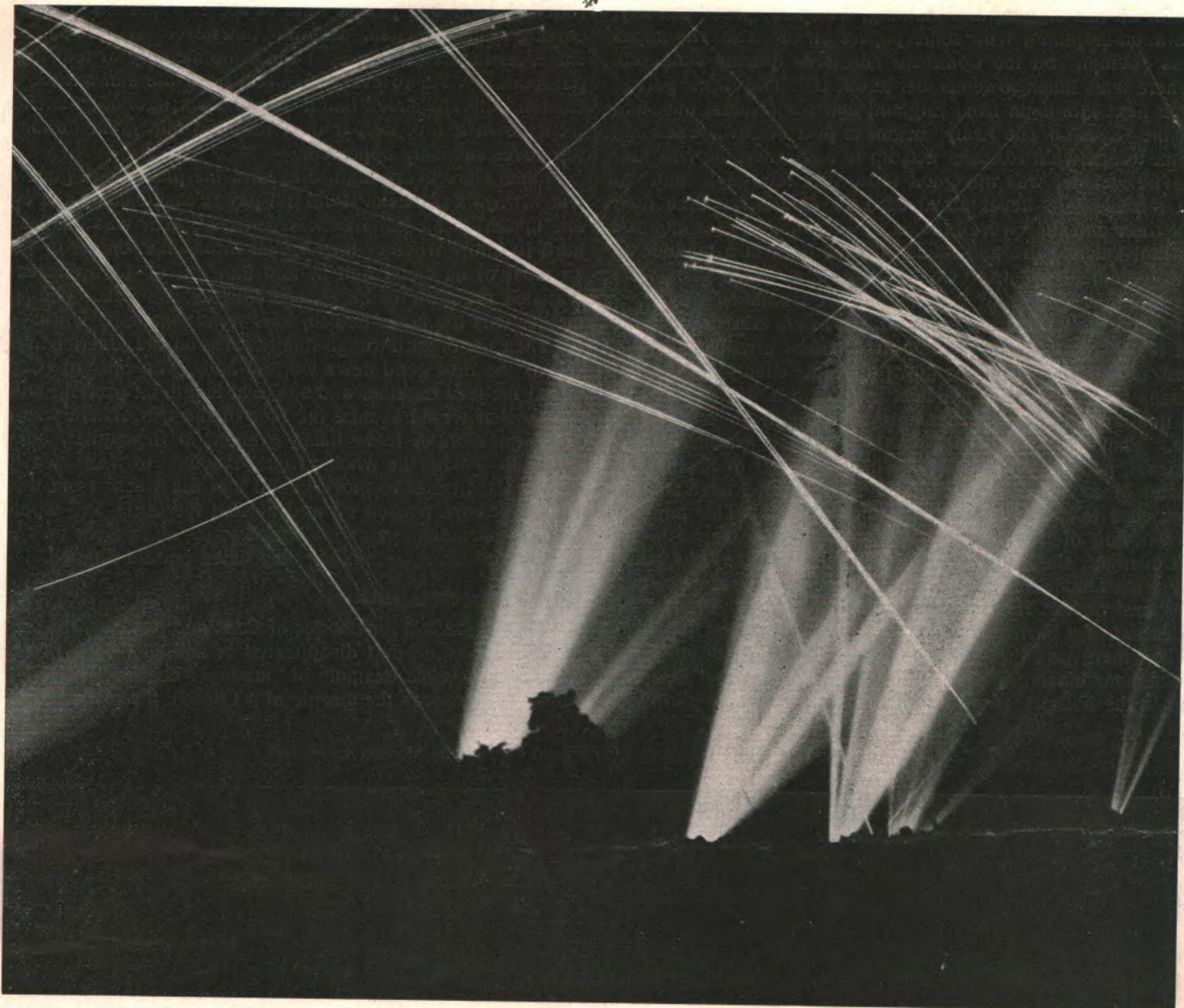
The K. of C. ration was two packages of cigarettes to-day.

Five-Nine Wing Signals answered their telephone.

Of course, many more things happened, but we have neither the time, space, or ability to go into them at the present time. Suffice to say that the M. T. Section, en masse, made a buckshee run to Belgium for some kickapoo joy juice, and inflation reared its ugly head on their return.

Everybody was happy and having a good time.....

THE BURMA RUMOUR STARTED!!



" . . . A maddening pandemonium of defence".

Continued from page 3

in the night, but no German crossed our path to interfere with this great convoy belt of men and material that rolled towards France.

Sand in the Night

But if impressions had been great and vivid up until now, who will forget our first sight of that shore of Normandy where, on either side as far as the eye could see, ships, barges and "Ducks" moved in and out like insects on a pond. There was no confusion, no mix-up, there seemed to be no hurry. Only the smoke rising from across the River Orne told us there was a great battle in progress — a battle that had been raging bitterly for days, as Caen had not yet fallen.

As night fell the tides slipped silently away and against the darkening horizon a reddish glow marked in strange silence the line of battle a few miles inland. Then came the Luftwaffe. Not many of them, but enough to make the war at last seem real, for great streams of blazing red flak poured into the sky from the shore, the neighboring hills, and from the ships that lay at anchor. At moments the blackness was a maze of color and great streaks of brilliant white criss-crossed this tapestry of death as the searchlights sought the raiders. No bombs fell and soon all was quiet and dark. The great ramps fell forward and "Jeeps" and lorries rolled out onto the beaches and away along a winding road into the darkness — and France.

The Siege

Grey skies and drizzling rain greeted us next morning as we rolled onto B-8 — that was our Airfield "Somewhere in France". Wing Commander John Godfrey was at the gate to guide us into this field that had been planted where once a great orchard flourished. It was good to see him. He had preceded us by a few days and his experience had been a bit wetter than ours. Left above the waves, he and Squadron Leader Snelgrove, Squadron Leader Williams, Sergeant Joe Walker and L. A. C. Gee had all had a soaking a few days prior.

Joe Walker found us next and sorted out the bits and pieces to their various spots around the 'drome. Planes were already rolling along the runway and as we passed Flying Control there sat Squadron Leader Harold Day, somewhat begrimed, keeping his finger on the pulse of flying as he had been doing for a few days. He was the first officer of 128 Airfield to step onto B.8.

In behind all this, Group Captain Moncrieff was spied talking to a few pilots. A moment later "General" Perrault rolled by with "Sally", looking for business. Tents began to appear under trees, along hedges. Piles of brown soil on the grass betrayed the rapid creation of slit trenches. "Shorty" the barber and Phil Couturier had theirs completed first. Lorne Williams, the S.W.O., rolled around to this section and that to see that things were going according to schedule and, in the

midst of all this digging and building, we spied "Jack" Barclay, the Station Adjutant, with some papers in his hand. His hopes of less "bumph" on the Continent had been quickly shattered.

There is so much to remember about B.8. The Airlift parties arrived next afternoon from England and soon, midst dust and mud, the "Eyes Of The Army" began to peer out over Caen and Bayeux to see what Rommel was up to and where he was hidden. The weather was not good those first few days and at night the Germans never failed us. Low clouds favoured their sneak raids and they were greeted by the thunder of a hundred guns that belched fire and flame into the dark in a maddening pandemonium of defense. One got to know which guns were firing and if "Big Bertha" was missing we wondered why.

Through the weeks that followed, the heave and strain of the Caen battle convulsed the whole area. Great armadas of Lancasters rained tons of bombs down upon the enemy and yet the Germans held grimly to their line. One night a white form was seen floating down out of the night in the path of a German plane. That really shook us. "Anti-personnel" warnings were broadcast, people stayed in slit trenches, or out of them. The Airmen's Mess was cordoned off and all personnel were advised to "proceed to the Airmen's Mess with caution". This unfortunate wording of a warning started solemn pilgrimages in the black of night, single file, guns cocked and with cat-like poise, many a man made his way forward, hoping to get a shot at some paratroopers. It was amusing the next day, but that night the descent of a barrage balloon had caused a major flap.

Then there was the night the lone raider opened up with both cannons blazing. Flying Officer Smith of Gas and Fire was living in the house that was the target of the vicious pilot. He

rolled over in bed just in time to see two streams of hot lead coming in his direction. "Smittie" has never been the same man since. As far as that goes, I think the memory of that night is particularly vivid to everyone because in the still silence these cannon bursts sounded like a frontline barrage. Slit trenches all went down a foot deeper next morning and great notions for top cover suddenly appeared.

Raids were every night and until the planes had gone by it was always a problem. It did not pay to take chance and everyone made for the slit trenches when the heat was on. It was hard to know whether they would attack the 'drome or go on, so most of us stood half in and half out of our trenches and watched the glow of flares, searchlights and flak. The great danger was the latter and tin hats were constantly worn.

Then the break through finally came on the American sector. It was the first good news we had had. The Group Captain called the men together and spoke at length on pending military events that would change the face of the war. There was even some question of leave being granted in September, but that died out — with the whole front moving forward we soon received the order to move inland too. Six weeks from the day we arrived we packed up and headed for B.21. B.8 would be long in our memories as a siege, a series of "shakey do's", lots of flak and many an anxious day when morale flagged.

Sunshine and Ruins

Then came B.21, memories of Caen and its ruins, the tragedy of Villers Bocage that disappeared in one 2000 ton raid and Aunay, the classic example of modern destruction; all that remained here was the steeple of a Church, the rest was rubble.

" . . . It was hard to know whether they would attack the 'drome or go on".





"... Many a row of white crosses told a mute story".

ruin, death. The tempo of the war was throbbing rapidly by this time and General Omar Bradley's Americans were rounding the pocket to Argentan as the First Canadian Army slashed fiercely towards Falaise. The Second British slugged it out against the main body of that famous pocket. All this time we were at B.21, a classical example of a good Airfield hewn out of an orchard, weather was good, morale climbed, a few fortunate ones managed to see Mont St. Michel near St. Malo. It was an impressive sight, but it must have looked marvellous from the air. Others reached Lisieux and saw the Basilica of St. Theresa. Then the German Army fell apart, Rommel was gone, Von Kluge died from heart failure and their divisions and regiments broke formation and raced madly northward with the Canadians, Americans and British hot on their heels. Back on B.21, with perfect weather nearly every day, the kites were doing a great business. Flying Officer Scott and Warrant Officer Alexander had an American softball team over for a couple of games. Soccer was played against the R.A.F. Horseshoe pitches were everywhere, but most noteworthy were the beautiful tans that everyone acquired. Soon the war had swung north of Beauvais and the order came to leave B.21 and Normandy. This would be a long haul and it meant getting away to an early start. Tents were taken down in the dark for this was late August and already the days were beginning to shorten. So we rolled away from this field where we had not heard a bomb drop and only distant flashes of ack-ack had reminded us there was a war on.

Advance and Retreat

The trip to the Seine district began and through towns of ruin we moved. Who shall forget the desolation of Villers Bocage, the extermination of Aunay, the ruins of Condé, the weird walls of Falaise? These were grim reminders of where the heavy end of the line had been and, for us Canadians, many a row of white crosses told a mute story of the courage unsurpassed that had held and finally forced the hinge of Caen.

But most terrible of all were the fields of Chambois near

Falaise where entire German convoys had been caught by the "Eyes of the Army" and then came the rocket Typhoons and dive bombers to sow death and chaos amongst them. In lanes, on open fields, under hedges they lay dead in groups. These men had died for Adolf Hitler. It was a terrible sight and yet more sorrow was expressed for the poor horses that lay dead by the hundreds in this carnage. A few German prisoners had been rounded up and they were burying their dead comrades.

Past all this we rolled into country where the war had passed rapidly and the ruins no longer appeared in entire cities. Here and there a house would show signs of battle; along the roads, German tanks and lorries lay wrecked; French civilians became more and more friendly. The word "Canada" brought friendly greetings. An ambulance driver received a kiss and we heard the beginning of that eternal clamor "Souvenir pour Papa". Then we reached the Beauce country, turned north at "N" and at 3 P.M. rolled onto a quagmire — B. 38 No one seemed to know just what the score was, trucks were into mud hub deep in every direction and here, and everywhere Flight Lieutenant Golby could be seen rushing from Mess to Mess in an attempt to get a meal organized. Squadron Leader Snelgrove conveyed the C. O.'s desire that no one should set up too permanently. Wilkinson and Bulmar from the Airmen's Mess disappeared into the neighboring village with Arthur Hilson Worth. Flying Officer Scott was dashing frantically around to find out if he should unload — and in general the flap was universal. Next afternoon we "retreated" to B. 34 and that's where the fun began.

B. 34 was the wheat field and I think it was also a turnip field, where everybody seemed to be on the other side of the drome from everybody else. Up until now we had all been strictly "home boys". Circumstances had forced us to be self-sustaining from every angle. Haircuts were done on the camp, baths, recreation — everything was home brew. But now we had sort of moved out of this cramped beachhead. There were large size towns less than ten miles away. Cognac was plentiful. Socially, things began to improve when someone got up and made that memorable suggestion: "Let's go to Paris!"

La Belle Ville

"Paris!" — No one had thought of it until now. Paris to most of us had always been a name with which we associated "Les Invalides", "The Arc de Triomphe", "The Eiffel Tower" etc. So one day somebody went. He arrived back with perspiration on his brow, pop-eyed, tongue out and frothing at the mouth. He was obviously in a state of great nervous excitement. Flight Lieutenant Mathews brought him into Sick

Caen under the swastika.





". . . Armadas of Lancasters rained tons of bombs down".

Quarters and quietened him down and, having succeeded to some extent, he quietly asked what had caused all this dither. The man rose up and with a wild look in his eye: "Women, hundreds and thousands of beautiful women on bikes that wave and smile at you and talk to you, venerate you, make you feel like a hero". The good M.O. quickly closed his mouth which had unconsciously slipped open listening to this outburst on Parisian pulchritude.

The news spread rapidly and soon great pilgrimages were organized, from Fire and Gas, Equipment, Maintenance, the Echelons and Headquarters. Some came, too, from the pilots, signals, messes and every other section and these men headed towards "Mecca". After having been imprisoned in Normandy for more than two months, any city in the world would have been a sight for sore eyes, but this wasn't just "any" city, it was "the" city and what a reception they gave us, for we were the first they had seen of "Canada" and there exists a strange link between France and Canada, as though Canada were her eldest daughter that had to be adopted out. All one's life a person has heard of the Champs Elysees, but did you ever drive a "Jeep" right down the middle of it with the horn

blowing full blast, or did you ever walk into Napoleon's Tomb and find yourself, not Napoleon, the centre of attraction? And everywhere you parked your car, a crowd gathered — a happy, welcoming crowd who asked if they could help you. And every time you asked for a certain street you never got an answer because it usually started a riot of discussion and argument. People would end up shouting at one another and then turn to you in disagreement, talking to you at the same time, telling of two different ways of getting to the same place — that was Paris in September, 1944; excited, curious, happy Paris that forgot the grim winter that lay ahead to rejoice in its liberation. Champagne and Cognac flowed freely and many a man, enchanted by its hypnotism, missed the "Liberty run" back to camp.

All this time the war was racing far to the North. One squadron left us for more advanced fields. The news named Beauvais, Arras, Douai, Tournai, Brussels and on rolled the great drive of the Second British Army into Holland. Back at B. 34 the war had ceased to be and we were more of a show place for curious civilians than anything else. Many met our good friend, Gregory Clark, in Paris. He had left us at B. 21 and

was doing good work in the City of Lights. Many managed to fall in love with the gracious French Belles. The war had moved fast here and little or no damage could be seen. The odd German was being mopped up in the neighboring woods and some were being picked up in towns.

The long Haul

Then the call came from Belgium. The race had slowed down a bit and the Army once more needed their eyes. This was a long haul that was to take us right past Brussels to "Somewhere in Belgium". At the crack of dawn the long line of lorries moved away to the main highway and the Seine. It poured rain all day as we rolled to the north. The Seine was smaller than most of us had imagined, the bridges had really been pranged and new ones hurriedly erected by our advancing columns. We went through a forest on the other side where, a few days prior, some enterprising sniper had taken a crack at Flying Officer Morris. Pilot Officer Slichter and Pilot Officer Haslam knew this road well as they had done convoy work for the Army along here. We made Beauvais before noon, kept on the move through rolling lands to Arras and Vitry. The convoy, like Moses crossing the desert to the Chosen Land, rolled onto the 'drome and it was there we had to break the trip. Travelling was a slow affair because every road from Cherbourg to Brussels was jammed with war material and certain ones had been reserved for that famous "Red Ball" petrol run. As darkness fell, men made their beds in trucks, under them, in brush and out in the open, but at

2 A.M. the heavens looked down and wept in great profusion so that everyone had a real soaking. Somehow or other night ended; morning rolled around once more and soon the grinding of gears could be heard and the rumble of a hundred motors gave life to the convoy that passed through Douai — not, however, before some had made the detour out to the famous ridge at Vimy where Canada's tribute to her last war heroes stood majestic and white upon the crest of the hill overlooking Arras. Vimy Ridge was a memorable battlefield and the pilots say that, from the air, the monument stands out in vivid white against a dark background.

After Douai, we passed across the frontier into Belgium where the pro-British sentiment was a dominant note. One amusing sign on the road was "Welcome To Tommy" in great huge letters across a sign board and then added, as though in afterthought, "and his Allies". The color of the paint was even different. However, the intention was good and the welcome was enthusiastic as on and on we rolled, past Tournai and Ath, 'til finally we came into Brussels. It was a week or ten days after the liberation, but Brussels was still vibrant with nervous excitement; the sudden change over from German in the morning to allies at night on that memorable September 3rd had rocked Brussels as never before and those who saw it say that never before have so many people gone mad all at once and to such a degree. It was hysteria that had not quietened down when our Airfield came through. The warmth of the welcome was very noticeable and it cheered us to know that these people who had suffered so much could still smile

". . . the Group Captain called the men together . . ."





". . . and spoke at length on pending military events".

and laugh. Dance halls were open that had been closed since May, 1940. Brussels, the little sister of Paris, was laughing freely for the first time in years. For the present at least, all thoughts of a grim hard winter were pushed aside; there would be time enough for that when winter came.

Past the "Gare du Nord" up to the boulevard and east on the main highway to Louvain we rolled, past decorated buildings and happy friendly smiles. Pears and peaches and apples, grapes and nuts were all handed into our lorries in profusion.

Mud and Morale

Then we branched away from the main road along a narrow country lane that wound its way down through a picturesque Flemish village where smiling farmers in working clothes paused in their labor to wave us welcome to their land. So at long last our caravan that had crossed France and Belgium came in sight of the now familiar construction gang that was putting the last touches on the landing strip. This was B-66 that we had arrived at. An open field on the crest of a hill and above us the skies threatened bad weather. None shall forget how that weather finally collapsed during the fateful week when the world watched the Battle of Arnhem. Nor shall we forget the sight of those transports that flew in suicide weather to relieve Arnhem. At the operations room Wing Commander Waddell, Major Stewart and Squadron Leaders Hickey and Amos watched the map carefully — anxiously. At this very moment when the Army needed us desperately we were condemned to agonizing idleness. The field soon became a sea of mud, trucks everywhere were into the hub in mud. Tents leaked every time it rained and the downpour never let up. The most pitiful were

Flight Lieutenant Golby's Kitchen Boys who stood literally knee deep in mud trying to cook. The M. T. lads were busy pulling everyone out of the mud and Sergeant Black's police stood for hours in drizzling rain keeping curious sightseers off the 'drome. Morale was near the cracking point when word came through from Headquarters that we were to move into Holland. The only disappointed men on the station were Flight Lieutenant Duffin, Sergeant Goldman and "Mac" MacLean, who were just getting accustomed to the 176 to the £ and now it was no longer francs, but guilders and cents.

Like a great prehistoric monster that slowly stirs in its bed of mud, 39 Wing strained and pulled to lift itself from that bog in Belgium. Trucks and transports roared as though in pain to unfasten themselves, some crawled clumsily along, into their misery. Others lunged forward from one mudhole to another bearing with them great loads of equipment. In and out little "Jeeps" chugged steadily along like spaniels and on the strip the 'planes, like frightened ducks, came rushing down the runway throwing great sprays of water up as they soared away into the sky and freedom. As we pulled away in the last truck, the field behind us looked like some abomination that God had cursed — a field of waste and desolation, and on the edge of it all, stood the little Flemish farmer with his little wife looking rather sorrowfully at what had once been a lovely farm and now was nothing but mud. The 'planes, tents and men had gone. All that remained, as though to give relief to the impression of loneliness, was a scraggy mongrel that walked listlessly up the centre of the runway. So ended B-66.

The Corridor

Arnhem was history now, Walcheren was yet to come, and

off to the right our great American Allies were beginning the build up for the new assault. The hopes of the High Command to smash into the plains above Cologne and turn the Siegfried Line had been stopped cold by fanatical German resistance, by bad weather and, perhaps too, by exhaustion of our own men who had not stopped since smashing through to Falaise and the Seine. The war was crystallizing once more and both sides were drawing up reinforcements for what Adolph Hitler had, in 1940, called "The battle to decide the future of Europe for a thousand years to come".

Such was the state of the war as we rolled out of friendly Belgium to the land of wooden shoes and windmills. This unhappy land that was to be as Normandie, torn asunder by the great Frankensteins of modern war. We saw signs of devastation, of ruin, of grim fighting. Here bridges had been blown and resistance had been more organized. No lines of people to wave us welcome, but rather the anxious regards of wary civilians who, like the Normans, wondered whether we had come to stay. Now and then the orange colors of Holland fluttered from a window, but not everywhere. It was indeed a strange war for in France, Belgium, Holland the citizens of the country were distrustful one of the other. There were the blacks and the whites, the collaborateurs and the patriots; no one asked for quarter, it was a struggle to the death and life had never been cheaper. Such was the Europe Hitler was leaving behind to the Armies of Liberation.

The Place

"Somewhere in Holland" is where we came to that same afternoon. "Major" Sturgess was dashing around pointing here and there for camp sites. Captain Warriner and Squadron Leader Williams went out together to look for a common site

and just across from them the deep, Texan drawl of "Phil" in the K of C could be heard as he set up Freddie Boyle's "K of C". Dozens of smaller tents appeared like mushrooms. It was not warm that afternoon and as the early evening closed in darkness, tired men crawled into their blankets in silence — a silence that was broken by the patter of rain on the canvas and the occasional rasp of a machine gun from "across the way". The noise of the machine gun would eventually end, but that patter of rain was to become a never-ending sound in this land of low marshes and canals.

Never has a war been more confused. The Germans had been sent reeling out of France across Belgium and had landed in a state of coma in Holland. In our mad desire to exploit this confusion we were running shafts of steel and armor here, there and everywhere into the Nazi chaos. The whole picture did not seem to be too clear to anybody. No one worried too much about it until that night in October when we were all roused from our sleep and told to be on the alert as a German attack was pending. At moments the darkness rattled with widespread machine gun fire. No one could tell when the attack would come. Then our transports and lorries started moving all over the Airfield with personnel making such a din that the Germans, if they had planned an attack, must have suspected much armor being moved about. They never came. No one seemed disappointed. As morning came, "Shorty" the barber relieved tension by announcing the attack was off.

The King and "Monty" dropped in to see us also. That was a great honor and they were met by Group Captain Moncrieff. As they shook hands, LAC Buchanan snapped a great picture. We had other visitors too; there was Sir Archibald Sinclair, Lord Trenchard and on November third Cardinal Villeneuve was the guest of honor. There must have

Debut of Pay and Accounts in France.



been many more, but to enumerate them here would be too long.

Then one day great noises of hammers and saws began to make themselves heard and queer shacks and cabins began to appear across the 'drome.

Some saw Antwerp, others saw Aachen, Nijmegen. These names were history. Slowly our Armies inched forward; slowly winter crept up, slowly the sun disappeared and for days on end the rains fell from blackened skies. Travelling across Belgium some had seen the red flame of a V-1 roaring past in the night and the news that V-2 was falling on England came as no surprise either, for our pilots had seen great corkscrew trails of tell-tale smoke where they had passed climbing to the stratosphere.

The first major break in our Unit came when the R.C.A.F. inaugurated the three-year repatriation plan. Hardly a section that did not lose an N.C.O. or Airman.

Who can forget those long lines of hungry Dutch children who stood with hungry eyes waiting for the airmen to come out and give them what might be left over in the way of food? In France and Belgium the situation had been bad enough, but here in Holland it was critical. For the first time many of us Canadians saw the meaning of hunger.

So much more could be related: leave to Brussels; 48's to Paris; the bomber that landed with only one of the crew alive; the Christmas party for the Dutch children that was such a terrific success. Flight Lieutenant N. Jones, Flying Officer

Scott, Fred Boyle, Flight Lieutenant Golby and many others who can't be named here were all present helping to put it over. Then just when all the nicely dressed kiddies had been taken in, another large group of scrawny, black, hungry ragamuffins appeared at the door and they too were brought in and everything went off with a real bang.

Crepescule

December slipped by and Christmas Eve was with us. Many an Airman thought of Christmas at home; the two Padres held Services, the Protestant service being a Carol Service and the Catholics had their Midnight Mass. All during the season parties here, there and everywhere. And so the year slipped by and 1944 closed on the "Western Front". For the world it had been a year of convulsing events, for us it had been one of much movement, new experiences and consoling in the thought that if the war was not yet won, much had been accomplished. Behind us lay such epics as Caen, Cherbourg and Arnhem. Before us lay the Rhine.

The years may go by, but the memories of 39 Wing shall linger on in our hearts. Here indeed has grown a spirit of comradeship. Ties of friendship formed here shall bind us together in the years of life ahead and, as our fathers before us, we too shall look back on our "Great War", recalling the happier moments that brightened for us this greatest of human tragedies.

"... Slit trenches all went down a foot deeper next morning".





SECTION NEWS

Sick Quarters

On June 25th the ambulance, along with five or six other vehicles, was swamped in six feet of water when coming off the barge. Squadron Leader Williams removed his clothes and jumped into the low water to hook on the tow chain. Corporal Joe Beattie stepped out of the cab and went under twice before he was able to grab the door again. The seat of the ambulance nearly floated away. LAC's Reeker and Hunt were in the back of the ambulance and when the water started to come in and up and up, they wondered what to do. Everything started to float — early treatment packs and other medical equipment were floating around by the hundred. All in all, it was a nervy time.

When we got settled in Sick Quarters, the old Chateau du Petit Magny, there was quite a lot of activity at night, what with ack-ack and Jerry strafing. The slit trenches were much in use and at the first shot there would be a regular "Dagwood Dash" for the trenches. We won't mention any names, but two airmen had a race every time to see who would be first. It

got so bad, the Flight Sergeant bought himself a Luger and exclaimed: "If any of you swish past me again I'll letcha have it". Some of the boys slept in the upper rooms of the Chateau for then there would be a mad scramble down the stairs or under the furniture. Two of the gang even had an escape rope from the window.

At B. 78 we had the scares when it was announced that Jerry would attack us with ground forces. This time we sat in slit trenches, including the patients, with the Red Cross flag waving bravely, hoping it would protect us.

5 M. F. P. S.

As the Battle of Europe enters the final phase, No. 5 Mobile Field Photographic Section, a small but vital part of 39 Reconnaissance Wing, reviews the past six months since D-Day with satisfaction and relates its life story from birth in England, through a brief adolescence spent crossing the Channel, to a strong, confident maturity acquired during the trek across the Continent.

June 6th, 1944, found the Unit, commanded by Flight

SECTION NEWS — continued.

Lieutenant J. R. T. Richardson and comprised of mixed R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. personnel encamped in England, a gangling youngster with little field experience and boasting no great achievements. But by the time the huge vehicles lumbered ashore in France marked changes were to be noticed. Experience was coming fast, and the three score individuals were being moulded into a compact operational unit.

The strength and efficiency of the M. F. P. S.'s is measured by the number of photographic prints produced each day and, during those hot, dusty days and long, flak-lit nights in Normandy, the combination of English thoroughness and Canadian "know-how" soon began to tell. In July the Unit set a new record for 24-hour production and the following day celebrated royally at the expense of the C.O., W.O. and senior N.C.O.'s. That started the wave and "No. 5" has ridden the crest ever since.

The stories of sleepless nights in slit-trenches, of tinned spam and hard-tack, of daily rumors of white bread need no re-telling. "No. 5" suffered no casualties and when the Caen break-through came, eagerly joined the chase. Through France and Belgium, then to Holland it rolled; breaking camp, packing, moving and setting up again with speed that brought praise to Corporal Bill Carey's M.T. Section, Corporals "Brother" Stanley and Bill Wemp and LAC's "Frank" Frankland and Lew Lloyd of the maintenance gang and Corporal Ray Perry's kitchen staff.

But all was not work. There were pleasant off-duty breaks such as swimming in the Channel, tours of the battle areas and memorable liberty runs to Paris and Brussels. Like all soldiers the men loaded themselves with souvenirs and haunted the few gay spots to gather memories that were

refreshed in the tents each night and stories that grew stronger with each telling. A few managed several days in that almost mythical rest camp and seven days leave in Brussels.

On December 7 the unit entertained approximately 160 Dutch children at a highly successful Christmas party and by "passing the hat" managed a toy and plenty of sweets for each. Four nights later the boys pressed their best blues and went to town for the Unit's first birthday party. The men themselves drank too many toasts to their first birthday but Flight Lieutenant Richardson launched "No. 5" on its second year with a very appropriate speech.

During recent weeks however, the long talked of "Canadianisation" has become a reality and such R.A.F. stand-bys as W/O "Rory" Moore, Corporals "Jock" McCombie, John McCormack, Bert Prior, Les Dane and "Erks" Ken Lyon, Johnny Johnson, "Jock" Smith and Stan Tolman have moved off to new assignments. The remaining few like Corporal Jim Kelly, Ernie Abbott and 'Titch' Harber have helped build the new unit around Canadian veterans Flight Sergeant Doug Baker, Corporals Larry Monk, Frank Juzak, "Smudge" Smith, Gordy Neild and John Rodgers and "Slaves" Morneault, Ritz, Stubs, Welsh, Roy and Micklethwaite. And never once has the unit failed to fulfill its obligations.

The newcomers took the baton without faltering and already the names of "Red" Wardle, "Mac" MacDonald, Jean Gauthier, Gus Cote and a dozen others are becoming familiar as the production soars higher and higher. As the New Order efficiently takes over the remaining "Beach Bums" crawl quietly into a corner and mumble among themselves about "the guns of Normandy", but more often "that place in Paris....."





". . . . The desolation of Villers Bocage".

SECTION NEWS — continued.

Knights of Columbus

This is one section of the unit that came to France the hard way. After having a stable and well set up concern back in England, we had to tear everything down and find corners here there and everywhere for the bits and pieces innumerable. The two "Marquis" were a problem, not to mention the boxes of supplies. However across the days space was found and when 39 Wing rolled onto Normandie's beaches, Supervisor Freddie Boyle and Corporal Filman were with it. At B-8 the going was a bit rough — no transport and an entirely new environment made re-adjustment necessary. It wasn't long however, before movies were being shown, bingo was rolling again, road shows started to arrive, the Padres were holding Services and the tannoy was being used for the C.O. to speak to the men.

Getting film was not always the easiest thing in the world. Jammed roads and mixed schedules often made the problem a bit sticky but yet a show was seldom missed. On more than one occasion, Corporal Filman "retreated" under the table during a reel because of heavy flak outside.

George Alders came over soon, also Johnny St. Marie and with them came transport. Before long Johnny was in Sick Quarters and a new face, LAC. Franks, had joined us. The departure of Wing Commander Godfrey left Harry Brooker on the loose, so he joined the ranks too.

At B-21 the set-up was nigh on perfect. No flak during shows and a good site along side the Airmen's Mess. The perfect weather brought up morale and everything began to look up. Just about that time some of us took our first day off since D-Day and were fortunate in being able to visit Mont

St. Michel. The war was far away by now so we packed up the circus and away we went to B34.

September came — and with it the sporadic rains and blustering winds of approaching Autumn. We no longer had our orchard shelters and the soil was not firm so we had the big top crash down a couple of times. Civilians became "habitués" for the movies; liberty runs to Paris were laid on for the men; baseball and horseshoes were attracting their share of the crowds; picking up film was a job as we had to go as far as a hundred miles on roads that were jammed with traffic. As we left B-34 and France we picked up everything. The only thing left was the heart of one of the men left in Paris — she was beautiful.

B-66! mud, rain, more rain, more mud. The Paris atmosphere disappeared — and guns were heard again. Days shortened and more and more the big tent was in use for writing, pressing clothes, movies, bingo and Church Services. Then came liberty trips to Brussels. The strain of all summer exposure, began to tell on the tents and a steady downpour of rain finally found its way through so that a gradual trickle here, there and everywhere gave us the first notice that the time had come to seek winter quarters.

Three weeks later we moved into buildings. What luxury to be able to sleep on a wooden floor! — what class to see a show from wooden benches and eat a meal off a table! Corporal Filman went into Sick Quarters for a couple of weeks, but finally felt better after a bad cold and 'flu had cleared up. With Christmas six weeks off there was a mad rush for flower cables. Badminton started as did basketball and volleyball. Constant bad weather brought great crowds to the movies and

SECTION NEWS — continued.

bingos, an R.A.F. band gave a concert — a Canadian show and an R.A.F. Gang Show were great hits.

But perhaps the highlight of all was the Christmas Party given for Dutch "kiddies. Those kids were hungry, really hungry, and yet when they came they were all dressed neatly, and politely stood around the tables loaded with chocolate, candy, fruit, cakes, sandwiches. These were things some of the younger ones had never seen, but when Saint Nicholas arrived in that gaily decorated Airmen's Mess and started handing out presents free for nothing — well, the kids were so happy, so pleased that those of us who saw it will never forget the look of joy that came across those little faces that knew too well what hunger and privation meant.

Central Maintenance

May and the first days of June were dull to the extreme. Mustangs spent the days circling, Maintenance spent the nights repairing. There weren't even leaves to break the monotony, just a day off occasionally. June 5th we painted huge black and white stripes on our kites. This caused much discussion at to possible reasons, all returning to one thing — Invasion! A speech was given the evening of the fifth: "Tomorrow an event is taking place; whether it's the invasion or a rehearsal, we don't know".

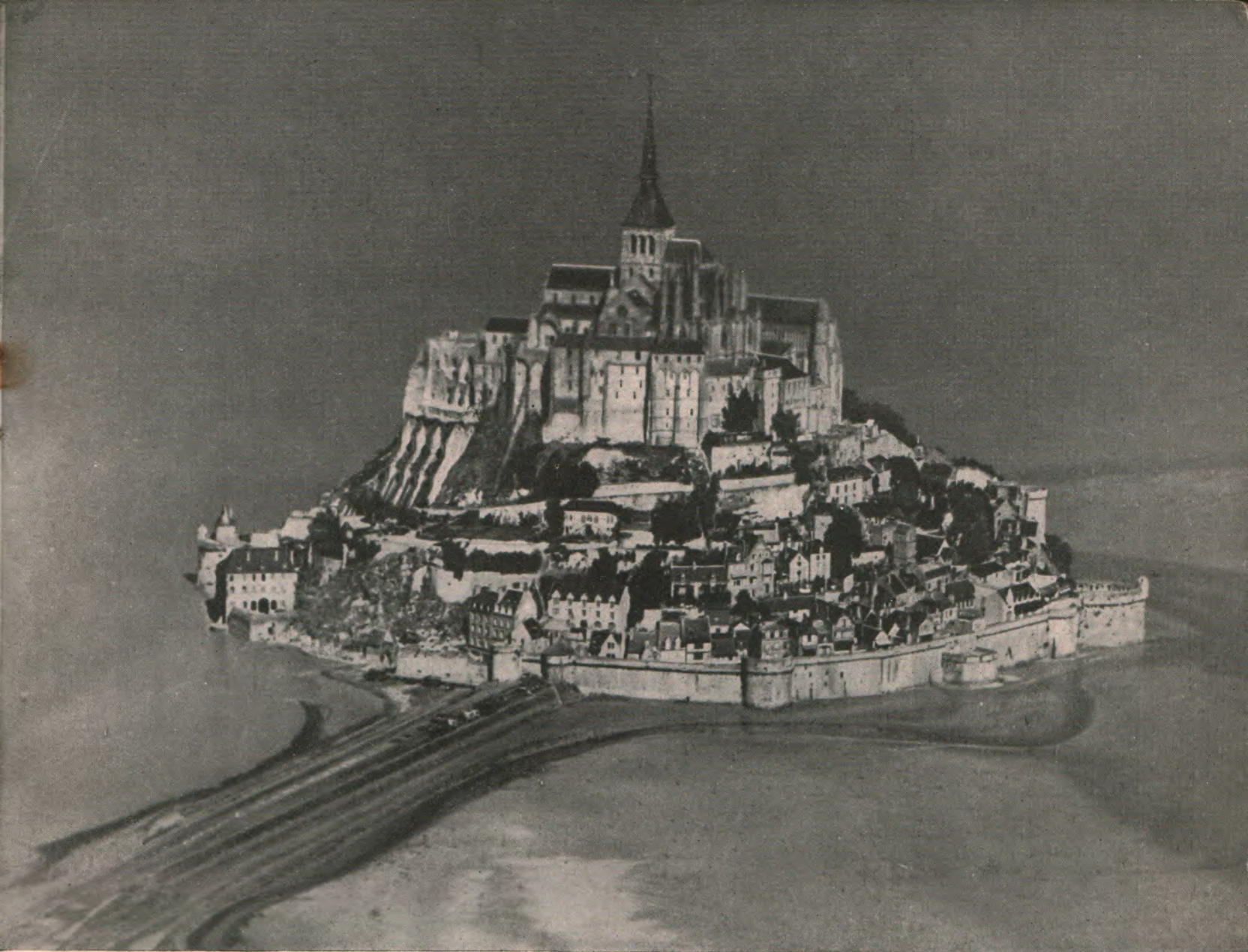
Few slept well that night. At 6.30 A.M., the tannoy, understandable for some unknown reason, announced that the invasion was on. Our kites were just returning at that hour. Heavy cloud washed out their mission. The relief at the announcement was immense. Some had waited for four years for this moment. Morale skyrocketed as well as working speed. Fellows worked who had never been known to do so before. Aircraft went out so fast that soon we had nothing to do and spent our time waiting.

One day our tents came down and trucks were loaded. The advance party left and rumours flew among the remaining men. Truckloads of rumours were carted off for disposal every day. We slept in a blister hanger, camouflage nets and in home made hammocks, (Self inverting type). A night in town was granted for celebration and taken advantage of. Then we moved to the concentration area. The first day or two was fine — nothing to do and lots of time to do it in. We slept, read, ate, went to shows and patronized the NAAFI. ("Special tonight — rock cakes"). A week was too much, however; we were anxious to be off. A day and night at the marshalling area was our next step. Here we received 24-hour rations, a stove, biscuits and other equipment.

At 3 A.M. our beloved Warrant Officer Williams (First class, Spam bar and Maple Leaf) aroused us for roll call. At

". . . Mont St. Michel — was an impressive sight".





". . . It must have looked marvellous from the air'.

SECTION NEWS — continued.

At the point of embarkation the Army gave us a breakfast of stew and peaches, which we supplemented with buns purchased in town. When our turn came to go aboard the barge, our truck shifted to four wheel drive, tenth gear and with engine screaming, crawled up the incline into the barge. The barge proved to have everything we could want including hot water. A day was spent waiting to go. Two great things happened that day — we were issued white bread with meals and also saw our first robot bomb shot down. It landed in the bay with a terrific explosion.

We left that night. As we neared the shores of France the number of wrecked and grounded ships amazed us; they were everywhere. Two battleships were amusing themselves by tossing shells into the German lines. Our barge ran up to the beach and waited until low tide left us high and dry. We floundered off and along dust roads to a marshalling field. Most of the buildings on the way there were full of shell holes. We slept in trucks until the ack-ack started at which time we moved underneath. We were surrounded by sheets of tracers going up and shrapnel coming down. Tin hats were enthusiastically worn.

The morning found us struggling with Hexomide stoves and concentrated rations. We reached B-8 and started to pitch tents and dig shallow slit trenches, just in case. The Merton hangar was well started when an enemy plane came over. There was a mad scramble down off the girders into the trenches. Maintenance produced the Airfield 100-yard dash champions. That night more Jerries were over and the next day trenches were deepened. The third day a roof was installed for flak protection.

One night a dive bomber attacked three times. During the day a Spitfire chased a Focke Wulf and brought it down near the Field. Other Germans were over now and then in daylight and lit up the area with flares at night. The range to the front was so short that our kites were seldom in for inspection. We slept in the sun all day and cowered in the trenches most of the night. One brave Flight Sergeant stayed in his tent all night until it was perforated by flak. Cider and Calvados (Bottled poison) had disastrous effects on many of our number, including a sergeant.

Sundays proved coming out day for civilians. They poured onto the field in hundreds, defying the efforts of our S.P.'s to herd them off. "Cigarette pour Papa" was the B-8 slogan. We enjoyed a diet of hard-tack and canned stew exclusively. Cows and horses grazed around our mess, making it hard to find a place to sit.

We watched a thousand-plane raid one night from the field. Caen was the target. Other pastimes were games (Compulsory if you could be caught). We also rigged a shower which was quite successful, although finished just in time to move. Our C.O. gave a speech, saying he didn't think the war would be much longer. A run-away barrage balloon landed in the field by the Mess. There was great panic as no one knew what it was. Rumours of another move started; brought about by the fading of artillery fire.

B-21 — Tent pitched in a dusty field; the canteen and showers were going well; good food. There was no ack-ack, no Jerries; no excitement and no place to go. Rapid advances by the Army, packed up and moved again. We spent that night in the rain. (Famous last words: "Are you wet?")



"... The extermination of Aunay".



" . . . Others — saw the Basilica of St. Theresa".

SECTION NEWS — continued.

B-34 was a wheat field at one end and turnip field at the other. A runway had been mowed through the wheat. No trenches were dug or needed. The mess hall was a good mile away — this feature saved the cooks the bother of making breakfast. We didn't erect the Merton hangar, which made us happy. Liberty runs started to Paris and wild stories were circulated by returning airmen — those who were able to talk. There was lots of rain and mud; no news and nothing to occupy us between trips to Paris. We were too far from the front, so moved on to B-66 "Somewhere in Belgium" Entering Belgium we all rode on top of the trucks. People cheered and showered us with fruit and vegetables, (Well meant). Brussels looked very inviting when we passed through; all of us were in favor of deserting. Our new Field was another turnip patch — when it wasn't raining it was pouring. The kites bogged down, nosed up and performed other equally interesting manoeuvres. Liberty runs to Brussels helped, although it made it hard to come back to the mud. We had German food for awhile and German cigars (?).

The mud was most discouraging. Our C.O. gave another pep talk and said he would get us winter quarters if possible. The "Independant Squadron" was with us again and still independent except when there was work to be done.

Holland — not so much mud; the slogan changed to "Cigarettes for moneeee?". At least we moved into quarters. With commendable efficiency nothing had been done to the heating or lighting system. Great numbers of airmen binding brought about installation of lights and heat. Rumours of another move have started, so it isn't thought we can be allowed to live in such luxury. Repatriations for airmen and N.C.O.'s who have reached the straight jacket stage are well underway.

This will leave maintenance short-handed and possibly happy.

F.

Stews and News

How often have our mess tins been scraped clean of the last dee-licious morsel since first our lorries touched rubber to the soil of La Belle France.

Living the most dangerous lives on the Airfield — daily expecting to die the death of saboteurs or get snuffed out by a balky hydra — we in the mess have still carried on, until now nearly all of us have the "spam" badge and there are even a few of us with an "A" group. We have extended our activity on to the field of sports, where "Boom" Bulmer's ball team came out on top. We have improvised everything from a boudoir to a bathroom. We have seen slit trenches occupied in various manners — there was Sergeant West's dignified descent, Corporal Cullimore's "Slide-and-to-heck" method and Greiner's "Can you make it" style.

We have built messes in orchards, hangars, quagmires and on hilltops. We have turned down magnificent sums for a tin of "marge" and half the European younger population has tasted our sweets and taken home a cigarette for the Old Man. We have milled around in the Dutch moonlight from midnight to the rosy dawn looking for ammo and action stations. We have run hundreds of miles to escape Sergeant Booker's compositions — without success.

We have progressed through three countries, three languages, seven months, assorted climates and at least ninety-three kinds of stew to reach our present "mooney" Kaserne. But most of us got here and are looking toward our next billets — perhaps closer to "V" Day than "D" Day.

In the wake of the "Tiffies".





". . . . Our good friend, Gregory Clark".

SECTION NEWS — continued.

Instrument Section

When, on a recent night, Ed Cornhill was awakened from his beauty rest by the noise of a "Buzz Bomb" chugging across the sky and bellowed: "Hit the deck men, this is it!" a few memories were revived from way back at B. 8. That's where all the ruckus started and most of us will remember those days for quite awhile. For instance, who will forget the way "Silent" Sequin and "Pappy" Brooks groaned at the mere thought of using water for any other purpose than washing; or "Buzz" Roussy and Louie Kiel valiantly carving a path through the blades of grass to the slit trench at the first bark of an ack-ack gun, while Joe Grimwood became our first casualty by trying to run through the wrong end of a Crossley.

When we moved to B. 21, all was peaceful 'till "Dutchy" Holland whammed a "nine mil" through his leg. Gord "I-mighta-bin-killed" Wheeler is still wondering why he didn't have to pick the fellow out of his pants. "Flash" Collins finally tore his vocal cords trying to arouse Lou Glassman and "Vitamin" Dowling showed signs of recovering from that overdose of emergency rations.

The wheels rolled again and "Stripper" Storey pranged with his gun. In hot pursuit, determined Smith added a Jeep and trailer to his victims before we bogged down at B. 34. Ken Good led the section into Paris, followed closely by all hands. Robby Robitaille was really in his element there. Myr Morrow put his third up before we moved on again and we're still waiting for him to "wet it". (Hint).

Belgium and B. 66 was our next port of call. We only stayed there long enough to pitch our tents three or four times in the wind and rain, but "Tarzan" Smith, Slim Rosebrook,

"Speed" Wolfe and Blacky Roher will forever claim that floating out of bed was a rotten contrast to the luxury of a Brussels hotel.

So now we're in Holland, the scrounger's paradise, and we have two additions to the Section — Johnny Roine's oxygen shack and Mac's two holer.

To say good-bye to our old friend and i/c, the recently crowned Flight Sergeant MacFarlane, is not easy. Besides building the Section from scratch to the present smooth functioning Unit, he has guided us through England and the difficult months on the Continent. We feel sure that his subtle influence has helped to keep us somewhere near the right path. After more than three years Overseas a repat is well deserved and with him go our best wishes for a successful future. In short, Good Luck, Mac.

Stores

D'ya wanna go in behind the scenes and see how the Equipment Section operates: No? O.K. Let's go.

We arrived on the Continent along with the rest of the airfield. (Nice of us to come along, wasn't it?) It wasn't many weeks after we got settled on B. 8 that we were highly operational.

Yes sir, clothing stores, our busiest department, was soon cleaned out so we immediately got three more pairs of shoes in stock. At B. 8 several of the bashers went back to Blighty due to wounds, shell-shock, etc. They were replaced by a bunch of sad-eyed Joes from the late 129 and 144 Airfields (who had wishfully thought their tour was over..... yeh). Well, as you know, our stays at B. 8 and B. 21 were uneventful

Continued on page 24.

FLAP, June 6th, 1944)

D-Day

The Station was all rumors on Monday night, a thousand and one pointed to something extraordinary the next day. Clues, hints, signs were all pounced upon by airmen who had come to refer to "D"-day as something legendary. The official announcement that the "Second Front" had started strangely enough stunned everyone by its sheer realism. Then the work was stepped up. A thousand hands labored more eagerly — many thought of home. War had at last arrived.

A few days after pitching our tents in Normandie the following article appeared:

(FLAP, July 12th, 1944)

La belle France

Through the highways and byways of Southern England, the "Main Party" of 39 R. Wing rolled along in a bright sun and a strong breeze. That day they had reached the Concentration Area. The grim faces of early morning relaxed into curiosity; officers and men peered and poked at their new quarters. For the men it meant a complete rest, for the officers it meant sleeping on the ground. Many moons had passed when the move began again, marshalling, embarking, crossing. Finally it came into sight, at first a thin hazy line across the horizon, then fields, houses, trees. Everyone stared. It was thrilling, but no one said so. This was war not a pleasure cruise, yet the war was very far away. The beaches seemed unbelievably peaceful. At long last the lorries rolled out

THE HALL

A chain of thought has been built across the months in the articles of FLAP called Noteworthy of comment, we believe, is that issue Number One of FLAP ap

onto the beach and away into the darkness. The next day along the roads the first French civilians were spotted. "Bonjour" cried many a "Canadien". Some replied, some didn't. The men were old, haggard. The women (that day) were lacking in glamour. So this was France? — Dull grey skies, rain, mud.

Normandie brought many experiences to us. Our life was static and the reason for this is well exemplified in the following article from Issue No. Three:

(FLAP, July 26th, 1944)

Heave and strain

Field Marshall Von Kluge standing before the ruins of Rouen's once majestic Cathedral last week was "appalled" by such an act. He bemoaned the fact that chivalry was all but forgotten in this war, but in the Kremlin far to the East, Joseph Stalin had long since placed the finger of accusation on Von Kluge's name. Not for accidental blasting of buildings but for premeditated and methodical torture of the citizens of Kharkov. This was the man Adolph Hitler was sending to replace the doubtful Von Runstedt who had failed to stop the Normandie Beachhead being established.

Upon his arrival at Headquarters, the new C. in C. was presented with reports of Montgomery's latest move. Vauxcelles had been outflanked, Canadians and Britishers had blasted with bomb and shell all through the night of July 18th. A terrific effort was sent smashing into the German line which heaved back, did not break, but showed signs of great strain.

Then came the break through. Many will remember the following:

(FLAP, August 19th, 1944)

Air and water

Like Mahomet of old who came to the mountain, the Group Captain on Friday evening came to his men. For twenty minutes he covered a multitude of topics commemorated on the paper in his left hand. His hat visor low to ward off a glaring sun, he started by speaking of the break-through by the Americans, praising the guts and courage of the Canadians and British at Caen, wondering at the Huns' resistance. Little activity behind enemy lines. "I don't know how the hell they exist — perhaps on air and water". The Airfield was doing good work — no small credit

". . . The field soon became a sea of mud".



OF ECHOES

"Retrospect" which we now present picking at random here and there from each issue. appeared on June 6th, coinciding thus with D-Day. Here is our comment at that time.

to the men listening to him. Domestic problems included food, laundry and beer. In general, policy on these matters must remain unchanged. Circumstances in and out of the station governed this. A ripple of applause on announcing "Leave next month" brought a smile to his face. It was reflected on the beaming countenance of his lieutenants, Squadron Leader Mac Lean and Flight Lieutenant Barclay in the background. Morale was good and his personal opinion was that pending military events would soon see the front rolling forward. The men heard of the murder of nineteen Canadians by the S.S. "This" commented the Group Captain, "does not concern us as immediately as it does the Army, but as Canadians it is a matter of concern for all of us". The S.S. lads were described in a few lush adjectives. The informal chat was rounded off with encouragement to keep up the good work and a promise of a return visit. Unanimously, "John Public", now "Joe Erk", was pleased and appreciative of the compliment paid.

The whole war was wide open when off the Gestetner rolled the following comment:

(FLAP, August 23rd, 1944)

Shadows before them

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, back in Washington, received the Press. The Americans, masters of ballyhoo and bravado, were now in a moment of Great Victory showing themselves as masters of modern warfare. Stabbing through France at incredible speed, Omar Bradley was already into the second phase of the Battle of France. Roosevelt was into phase three; namely the occupation of Germany. He admitted a meeting with Churchill was pending. One reason obviously was to plan carefully the surrender and occupation of enemy territory. To many this seemed a near thing; the shadows of the Allied Armies were already falling far to the North of their present position.

Arnhem was history when this one rolled off the Editor's desk:

(FLAP, October 31st, 1944)

Fifteen Armies

Winston Spencer Churchill was home last week after conferring with Russia's Marshall Stalin; nor was he back a moment too soon for the pendulum of British morale that had

raced to dizzy heights in early September was now faltering — showing signs of lowering. A constant apostle of the "long view" he barked out at these people who were up one day down the next. He waxed bitter at those who would shorten the term of Overseas service. The war was not over; there would still be blood, sweat and toil. Germany at bay was not Germany defeated; he scowled at complainers. He was for a flash the bulldog of Dunkirk and pointing backwards he compared yesterday with today. The war had come far since Alamein, since Salerno, since D-Day. To the Germans he left the right to moan, for surrounding Adolph Hitler's Reich fifteen powerful Armies were jockeying — marshalling for the coup de grace.

The liberation of Antwerp and its consequent casualties to the Canadian Army created the following problem:

(FLAP, November 14th, 1944)

The Colonel and the General

Mackenzie King was facing the sixty-four dollar question last week. For five years he had evaded it; for five years he staved off the day of reckoning, but in this sixth year of war, Canada's First Army after five months of bitter fighting and heavy casualties, was calling for reserves. England and America looked at Canada and Canada looked at Mackenzie King; he looked at Quebec and said: "No conscription". Colonel Ralston resigned, was replaced by General Andy McNaughton. The question was answered, the problem was not solved.

An ill wind.



SECTION NEWS — continued from page 21.

(especially when we lost the one set of dice we had in the Section).

Then came B. 34 where we got our first real taste of France spiked with cognac and M'amselles. Paris, ah there's a town with plenty on the ball—especially after being liberated. I guess the section sorta slowed down in spots during our stay here. Who in hell can look after stock and be thinking of that Paris stock at the same time? Boy, what architecture, what an Art!..... S'nuff about Paree.

Next came B. 66 (the mud hole) in Belgium. Stores sank so far in to the mud that our bosses F/L Birtwhistle and F/O Scott were seriously considering sinking a shaft into it. But even this grim set-up was brightened by the occasional "op" into Brussels. It's still a toss-up as to which is the best burg to be buried in. But after seeing "Mannequin Pis" I'll take Bruxelles. We moved on from here just in time. The Section was going down for the third time.

Holland..... the land of windmills, nice shoes and wooden women. Well we won't voice any opinion on this Dutch layout. But it's no hell right now (or is it?) Anyhow we're here and we'll stick it. So Stores just wants to say through FLAP we'll always be at the same old spot dishing out the same old sales talk: "We ain't got it in stock right now, chum, but we're expecting it in any day now..... yeah?"

"SPIKE".

". . . . It wasn't just "any" city".

**Headquarters Signals**

From the day 39 Recce Wing landed on the sunny shores of Normandy, last June, Headquarters Signals, under the direction of the Wing Signals Officer and the Signals Warrant Officer, has been responsible for local landline communications. Laying the landlines, maintaining the equipment and manning the 'Ops Board' are a few of the tasks performed by this Section.

Perhaps you have noticed a couple of our section around the various landing strips throughout France, Belgium and Holland, dashing to and fro with 'Tele/L's' in the slung position, a pair of pliers in one hand and a roll of tape in the other. Meet Ernie Beckley of Toronto and Tom Daly of Hamilton, our local Bell Telephone king pins, who maintain the landlines once they are installed. Both are keen types, and just love to catch anyone swinging on the telephone lines or hacking away at the base of a telephone pole with an axe — heaven help him.

Should you have occasion to place a call through the 'Ops' PBX, that prompt and pleasant "Number, please" or "Ops Board" belongs to anyone of the following: — Vic Bedard of Montreal, Jim Cameron of Ottawa, George Craven of Vancouver, Terry Hepinstall of Washago, Rene Lafleur of Maniwaki, Bob Phair of Edmonton, George Roszell of Abernethy, Johnny Stempeen of Welland or Jack Wrigley of Chatham, N.B. Their duties do not cease at operating PBX's. They are all capable linemen and can put down "Don 8" (telephone lines to you) with the best of 'em and are invaluable when 'leap-frogging' communications on a move.

Turn now to the Wing Signals Office, an imposing if not impressive title. There, seated behind a flight desk (the one with the girl painted on the front) covered with 'bumph', you can find Flight Lieutenant F. H. Parsons of Calgary, that is if he is not out touring the M.S.U.'s on his motorcycle. Flight Lieutenant Parsons joined 39 Wing in the early part of 1944 only to leave for 144 Wing, with which he came to the Continent. He rejoined 39 Wing while at B.8 and has been with us through France, Belgium and Holland. As our arrival to Holland coincided with the coming of the cold weather, he has become a devout member of the 'hot stove league'.

Just to the right of the Signals Officer, peering from behind a pile of crystals and day passes, is the Signals Warrant Officer, Roy Held of Dunville. Roy is an old timer, one of the Wing's originals, with over four years overseas. An early 'brass pounder', he is also the 'gen' man of the Section, having formerly been with Signals Maintenance.

Still in the Signals Office, surrounded by file boxes, etc., and perched behind a typewriter pounding out the 'bumph' for Wing Signals, is Cam Taylor of Winnipeg.

And there you have it, Headquarters Signals, doing its job the same as any other section, to form part of a great team united with one goal in view — to bring the war to an end at the earliest possible moment. "ACE".

Orderly Room

We are the Orderly Room — that mysterious intangible sanctum from which issues the magnitude of bumph that controls the daily life of the Erks and, in extreme cases, that of the Corporals.

Perhaps you know us as that bunch of (?)?"X! who make your life miserable by issuing Wing Routine Orders full of petty restrictions on the freedom of your daily life. But, give us a break, fellas, we're not so bad. Let's introduce ourselves, shall we? We shall? O.K.

Number one on the list is our popular Sergeant "Colly" Collingwood, who was kicked out of London, Ontario, a little over three years ago. (He hasn't been the same since he was told that he was getting a reprieve). Colly says he came over "When they were needin' 'em, not feedin' 'em",

SECTION NEWS — continued.

Next we have our handsome u/t N.C.O. i/c — Corporal Johnny Koski — known by many other names, but we wont go into that just now. He hails from Sudbury, Ontario. and the people of that town make sure that he hails from a long distance.

Then comes "Gerry" Neeson. He claims he has no vices — he claims! I wonder who sends him all that mail; and all those Christmas parcels weren't sent to Momma's fairhaired boy. Anyway, he's from Montreal, and to top that, he's Irish. (At this point I am treated to a lot of bejabbers and bejibbers, asking me to strike this paragraph out — but I've got friends, I hope!)

And here's "Blitzkreig" Gavin (Nee Cregan) who is another on the repat list. Yup, he's now a u/t Zombie but, for all that he's not a bad — a bad — er, er — fellow and hails from Central Ontario.

And we also have Corrie. His given name is Maynard (I don't wonder that name was given). With a name like that perhaps the less said the better except that he's a capitalist from Stratford, Ontario.

Then there's "Mike" Lorenzo, alias Looie de Literary Loonatic. He's strictly a ladies' man and, if through some mischance of fortune he is forced to stay at home one night, we are treated to a discourse on his female friends. But what could you expect from a rootin' tootin' scholar from Calgary?

Of course there's "Eddie" Chabot. He's Maynard's money man. Also everybody else's. He's a Quebecan (Or something) but is no relation to a lad named Lorne who used to decorate the goal posts of some of the big league hockey teams. However, if he keeps on minting money he's going to be some big pow'ful fella.

If you fellas aren't tired yet we still have "Mac" McCool, our most able cartoonist. Before the crisis Mac used to sneak into a home somewhere in Winnipeg.

And now, to dispense with the Erks, there's your scribe. (Being very unassuming we have naturally put ourself on the bottom of the list. But leave us not minimize our achievements. Being one of the clan we wangled ourself into the Orderly Room for a nice, soft touch). (By the way, we couldn't put a nice soft touch on one of you fellas, could we?). Our name? "Barney" Barnartt — everybody "nose" me.

Now that we have drawn over the coals all those hard-working men of the Orderly Room, leave us digress to the Adj and the Ass't Adj.

For Adj we have Flight Looey "Coug" Cougler. In case you're wondering how "Colly" got to be NCO i/c, our Adj also hails from London, Ontario. Of course, "Coug" is pretty new here, having just fled from 414 Squadron, but with our most able assistance is doing fine, thank you.

Last, (And I wont say "but not least"), we have our man of the hour and chief of the minute men, Warrant Officer First Class (?) "Alec" Alexander. He really takes a beating from

". . . . The trip to the Seine district began".



". . . . The convoy, like Moses crossing the desert".

the boys, but then he's a W.O. He's a native of Toronto and when he joined up (about five years ago) they didn't know whether to shoot him or make him a Warrant Officer.

Well, that's the staff, fellas. Anything else you want to know why just drop in and say hello and if you hear a scream, don't be afraid, Colly's repat isn't in yet.

Gas and Fire

Having the pleasure of writing a few lines for the Section, I thought I'd first introduce the staff. In charge is Flying Officer A. Smith who is of no Superman's build but then "TNT comes in small packages". N.C.O. i/c is Sergeant "Throw-it-away-it-might-explode" Abramson. Next comes Sergeant "The-point-of-it-is" Kitchen in whose direction Cupid has the wires singing.

Another member is Corporal Lapier, who still wants to know when his replacement is coming in. So much for the "Gas", now for the "Fire".

There's Corporal Penner, our pin-up friend whose proud boast is a huge collection of Betty Grable's and Janet Blair's. Corporal McLellan and LAC Stannix' favorite pastime is arguing as to whose hometown has the thickest fog. Meanwhile, Corporal Mitchell sits around dreaming of Brussels.

Though LAC "Avez vous une chambre" Samways claims he's in solid with the Belgium babes, LAC Morgan remains loyal to Dutchland; seize he: "Gimme a bottle o' Cognac and

SECTION NEWS — continued.

this town is mine". LAC "Paris" Nadeau politely ignores the local belles in favor of "Jane". And finally, there's LAC Oliver, who is looking forward to going on leave to see his little Spanish bride.

So now you know who's, who down at the "Flames and Fumes" department.

— "OLLIE"

No. 6 M. F. P. S.

The day is April 1st, 1944 and No. 6 M.F.P.S. has just moved into the field. Who says we aren't lucky- a free camping trip on the government and what the hell's a few leaky tents!

"Say, Smitty, can you get your mess going by tomorrow morning?"

"Well, sir, I reckon we'll have to. Them fellers are beefin' like hell about that trip to the airfield. We've only got your tools, a kettle, one cooker, a mustard pot and a spoon, but there's plenty of petrol tins — correcto, sir, we'll cope!"

Good old Smitty! His pancakes sure have been appreciated around this hyar outfit, all the way along the Berlin trail from England to Holland. There's very few outfits that have had that luck.

"The NAAFI must go through!" We can thank "Chiefie" King for most admirable organization of the indispensable "cup of tea". But Chiefie, wherever you are now, if we ever see another NAAFI cake—!

"D-Day!" I guess those magic words excited us old timers more than the young bucks for we'd waited long, weary years for the curtain to rise. At last the results of "blood, sweat and tears" and many an English pub crawl were realized and we were all in it together. But even then, "Pop" Milne

tried to steal the show with his leading part in "The Tragedy of the C.O.'s Flagpole".

"Who stole my water-wings? Where's my can of ox-tail soup! France. Gimme another card an' — say, did you say FRANCE! Boy, lookit them ships, lookit them kites — whata cruise, whata cruise!"

"Please. 'Henry', can I have another plate of stew? — an' how about a couple of biscuits?" After three weeks of drought, did that first bottle of beer ever taste good! "What, only one bottle, Chiefie, — are you trying to wean me?"

"Remember that Hun who let fly over the outfit one night at S — ? And the flak — beat any May 24th I've seen — and free, too! "Stevie" learning to swim after a headlong tumble into the water tank. And our defenses — why the West Wall had nothing on us after that night! 'Dirty Dick's Dive' with its anti-flak top — 'Penguin's Chateau Laurier' with tail gunner 'Andy' and 'Tommie's Last Outpost' — they sure were unforgettable times!"

"Avez-vous des oeufs?" or was it "oof" or "hoof" — hanged if I know. The hens were certainly on the production line for No. 6 in France.

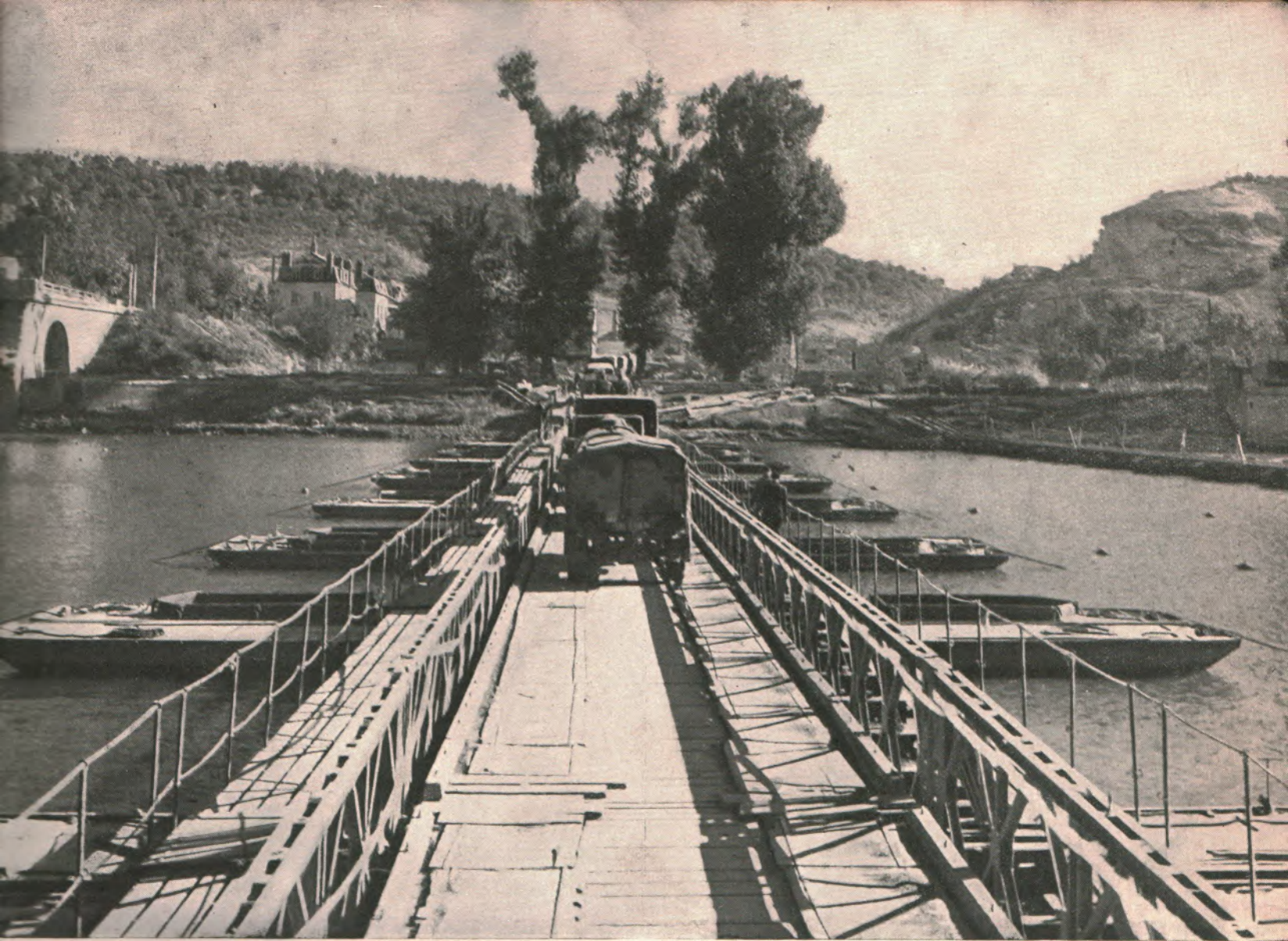
Paris! "Remember the gals on the bicycles, the Eiffel Tower, the gals on the bicycles, the vin rouge, the gals on the bicycles — okay — okay!" Joe Scott certainly showed his boys the sights of the Town! ("Tell the Group Captain I'll have to call him back. I'm writing an article for FLAP").

Belgium, with a cafe between each tent, with "Moose" cutting capers with that little gal, the fruit and ice-cream, the — aw, hell, they only gave me space for 500 words and I'm just started!

And so we came to the land of tulips and windmills! (But

". . . Next afternoon we retreated to B-34".





". . . The Seine was smaller than most of us had imagined".

SECTION NEWS — continued.

where are the tulips and windmills?) Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink (I'm not talking about water now!) Keep up the good work lads; it can't last any more than five years!

By the way, we work, too!

F Lt. W. Moody.

5034 'J' Mobile Signals Unit

Who are we? What are we? Why are we? No one knows or seems to know, unless it is the Signals Officer, and then much to his sorrow. Nevertheless we all have our jobs to do and they say, "They also serve who only stand and wait". If such is the case, then we four think, or hope, we are O.K.

When the Unit was first formed in England, it consisted of one Englishman and three Canucks. But since arrival overseas, the said Englishman has gone back to 'Blighty' and has been replaced with another Canuck 'wireless basher'. So now the four of us, who bother the Equipment Officer for new pants so often (we wear the seats out of our olds ones so fast), are "Spud" Murphy (da big boss), "Chuck" Appel, Roger "B.T.O." LeBlanc and Ed "Hairless Joe" Hunt.

We came to the Continent with 129 Wing, and the first night was spent under a truck. In the middle of the night we thought we could hear machine guns fire, but investigation proved it was only our knees knocking. "Who said we were scared?"

When 129 Wing disbanded, we were attached to 39 (Recce) Wing and have been with them ever since. On the journey up through France, Belgium, all of us managed to get at least one day in each of the capital cities.

So now we wind up in Holland somewhere, for awhile, and life is going on much the same as usual. However, one thing

we would all like to find out is where they get this stuff "Heaven in a pair of wooden shoes". We just can't get it. So long for now.

4 "How do you hear me?" Boys.

5008 Mobile Signals Unit

At 1200 hours one evening in June, 1944, the landing barge lowered its ramp and the vehicles of 5008 "C" M.S.U., under the command of Flying Officer L. J. Shapley, rolled ashore onto the coast of Normandy to take up their allotted place in the invasion scheme as the jig-saw puzzle of 2nd Tactical Air Force began to take shape in France.

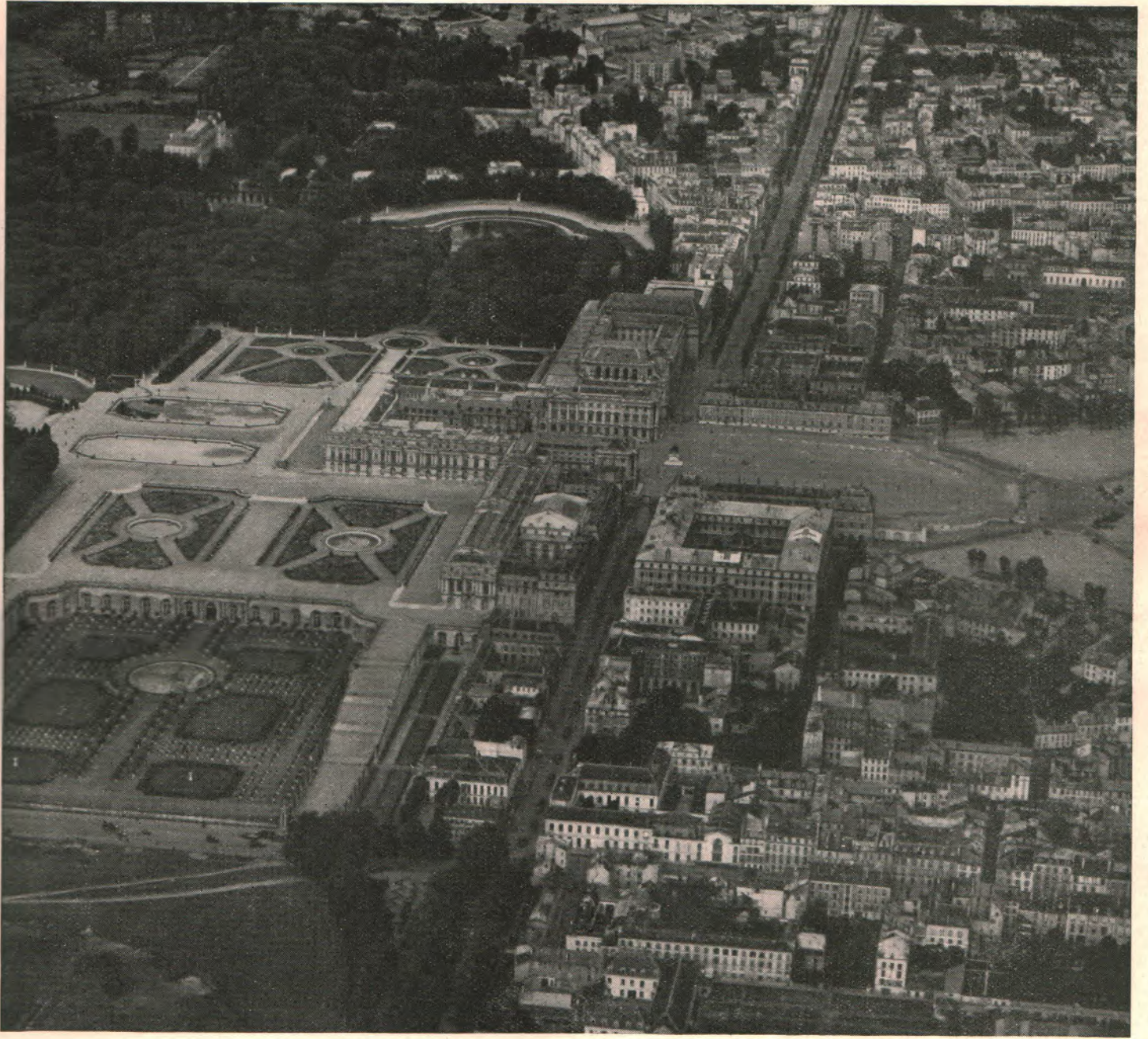
The next morning found all members of the Unit hard at work setting up technical equipment under the direction of Sergeant Vic Deane, Corporals Herb Boughen, Al Mew and Art Martin, with L. A. C. Tommy Thompson in charge of the electrical equipment. De-waterproofing and camouflage was carried out by L.A.C.'s "Slim" Wilson, Johnny Johnson, "Solly" Socholotuk and "Frenchie" Martin of the M.T. Section, under the direction of Corporal R.G. Robertson. L.A.C. Albert Page was in charge of setting up the field kitchen, ably assisted by L.A.C.'s "Hatch" Gallant, "Ace" McGuire and Moe Kardish.

By noon of the next day, 5008 "C" M.S.U. had taken over 39 Wing W/T communications on all channels from the Servicing Commandos. The Cypher watch consisted of Sergeants Tony Mallia, "Spoo" Greenall and George Bradley and "pounding brass" on the wireless watches were L.A.C.'s Adie Gaudet, Stan Olds, "Kid" Lunt, Eddie Allen, "Red" Martin, Russ Lutes, Al David, Bruce Peterson, Howard Marzolf, Roy Green and Gord Sproule. Local communications were supplied by despatch riders Kevin Kelly and George Bailey.

The next months were busy ones as 5008 "C" fell into the



". . . Did you ever drive a 'Jeep' right down the middle of the Champs Elysees?"



Versailles.



". . . The bridges had really been pranged".

SECTION NEWS — continued.

familiar signals routine. Off duty recreation was mainly derived from outdoor sports: volleyball, softball and horse-shoes, under the capable direction of L.A.C. Stan Olds.

As the summer months sped by, 5008 "C" advanced through France until late August found the Unit within striking distance of Paris. where liberty runs to the Gay City provided a pleasant interlude.

On September third, command of the Unit changed hands when Pilot Officer J. K. Warrack was posted in from 5007 "C" M.S.U.

In September, 5008 "C" moved up into the mud of Belgium and most of the Unit were afforded an opportunity of visiting Brussels. Shortly before the move into Holland, L.A.C. Al Tanner, Wireless Operator, joined the Unit as the first of a number of Canadian replacements.

Early in October, 5008 "C" moved up to its present location in Holland and during the next two months became completely Canadianized, with many new faces appearing in our midst. The M.T. Section gained Corporal Vic Ireland and L.A.C. "Red" Mackintosh and L.A.C. Jim Gleason assumed C.W.F. duties. New Wireless Mechanics included Corporal Jack Brown, L.A.C.'s "Red" Hatcherick and Jack Snell and Wireless Operator replacements were Corporal Bob Warburton from 5007 "C" and L.A.C.'s Eddie Shanley, Jack Steeves and Chuck Elliott.

As 5008 "C" M.S.U. celebrates its first Christmas on the Continent and prepares for the final dash into Germany, the best wishes of the Unit go to the R.A.F. boys who have left us and to the fortunate few who have been repatriated to Canada.

Ginche Board, Inc.

Some time in September, 1944 the first Ginche Board

appeared. It wasn't really a Ginche Board at all, as there was no Ginche on it. But it was the beginning. It was a small thing about a yard square and contained odd bits of information about the weather and the military situation. The A. L. Section's Major "Dunc" Stewart of Montreal started us off with this board. Shortly afterwards we got a larger one about two-thirds the size of the present one and the first piece of Ginche made her appearance.

During the idle days at Evereux our Captain Myles Eadon, of Westerham, Kent, sometime officer in the Dorset Regiment, bought some old American magazines in Paris, full of silk-stockinged legs and black underclothes, and these formed the main attraction for some weeks.

Meanwhile we had become more ambitious and Sgt. Berridge walked into our trailer with the three present boards and suggested we circulate them round the Sergeants' and Airmen's Mess. This we did. Except for one regrettable week when the board was withdrawn from the Airmen's Mess on account of the regrettable theft of some pieces of Ginche.

The basis of the board was originally "Today's Piece of Ginche" and the Second Army Troop News and that has remained ever since.

Towards the middle of October the then unheard of character known as Bob Elliot started his droll and philosophical sayings. Who he is, and where he came from is still a mystery. It is fairly reliably known that he lives on the barge up by the Officers Mess, and that he deplores pilots beating up the place. Otherwise he comments on the affairs of the day, and takes particular delight in making sly cracks at Senior Officers — or anyone for that matter — whenever he considers they have put up a black. He is, above all, the champion of the Burgher and the underdog, and he looks back with great affection on the goddam footbridge. He has probably

SECTION NEWS — continued.

witnessed more wizard prangs than any living man.

Although it is by no means certain, it is thought that he is quite an old man, with a large red beard and a long monk-like coat. He is also reported to possess a bicycle.

The first remark he ever made on the Ginche Board was not one of his best, and gave the impression that perhaps he was a little flippant. But it is recorded here for historical purposes. It was "Take gin with your gen", and seemed at the time to bear little relationship to anything. Ever since however, the words "Bob Elliot Says" have heralded some compact saying on the times.

Bob is also supposed to possess an antiquated kite in which he has claimed several enemy aircraft and taken some remarkable photographs.

For a short time, a small rival board appeared down at Ops, which was perpetrated by Doc Bannister, whose appearances unfortunately become less and less frequent. This board, which produced quite a healthy rivalry between the two, was composed mostly of nudes and scurrilous attacks on Bob Elliot. It was a pity it lasted only a few days, for there seemed to be the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

The phrase "Today's Piece of Ginche" happened this way. F/L Manser of 430 Squadron commented on the first one by saying it was a nice Piece of Ginche, and so the phrase appears every day.

Ginche Board, Inc. is run mainly by the Brown Jobs up at Ops, and whenever you read something particularly silly, it is probably by Capt. Bill Palk of Winnipeg who is proud to be the A.L.O. of 400 etc. etc. Squadron.

And finally we would like to pay our respects to Second Army and 83 Group Intelligence Summaries who supply us with most of our hard, up-to-date Gen, and to the many people who send us contributions from outside.

Bob Elliot asks us to send his best respects to FLAP and its readers and says that he hopes the goddam war will soon be over so that they can all go home and leave him in peace.

5415 'J' Mobile Signals Unit

Has anyone heard of a 'J' Unit around here? A burning question. If you should ask anyone other than the Signals Officer or the 'Store Bashes', they all come back with a quick reply, "Never heard of them". So we are making our debut in this souvenir copy of FLAP.

In those early slit-trench days of France, there was a unit, 5028 'H' M.S.U. attached to 39 (Recce) Wing. From that unit, which was twenty-four strong; three of us pulled through thick and thin with 39 (Recce) Wing. We now consist of four 'Over-to-you' boys known as 5415 'J' M.S.U. and answer to the names of "Al", "Eddie", "Dude" and "Buzz".

"Al", Cliff Allen comes from Kentville, N. S. From the other side of Canada comes "Eddie" Kirch of Vancouver. Then from Camrose, Alberta hails "Dude" George Shea. Last but not least comes the brains of the group, "Buzz" Jack Bezusko, imported from Bomber Command. He claims Hamilton, Ontario as the place, and has a total of twenty minutes logged slit-trench time (a rookie).

As for our work much may be said both ways, but we still stand by for 24 hours a day, ready to pass messages.

"DUDE".

Signals Maintenance

VE...—. It is a far cry from Odiham to Holland, but by the sometimes dusty, sometimes muddy roads here we are. As this book will probably be read in later years, we will try to hit just the highlights of the trip.

Concerning the trip from Odiham to France, we will probably look back to the night "Tiny" had to be brow-beaten into kissing his little WAAF friend good bye. With this resounding smack ringing in its ears, the Section headed for the 'Bells' to have 'one for the road'.

Next on the government authorised Cook's tour was the



"He dood it!"

spot well known for its poker and last drink of light ale, the concentration area. We all remember our Flight Sergeant "Mac" McCallom turning out to be a football hero. The long awaited moment at last, a boat for France. Many a wry face was pulled when it was discovered that the Section must sail sans workshop, sans vehicles, sans everything. The next day looked brighter when Mac, Rocky and Jack Wilkins showed up with the vehicles on a smaller craft.

And so, day of days, camp of camps — B.8. Many a laugh has been had since of Harold McQuinn looking out of the tent to see what the noise was about. Not having his glasses on, he thought it was nothing until after closer inspection, with his specs on, he broke all records in his dash for the slit trench. As it is well known, by others, not us, that Signals are supposed to be the laziest bunch and have the least work to do, it was then, that besides keeping George's aircraft flying, they started in earnest to keep Monty's army rolling. Thus began the steady procession of Army radio vehicles.

At this stop our first repat came through, Frank Dunlop. Many a hangover was the result of the farewell do. Our Major, Roy Held, certainly looked a little the worse for wear

SECTION NEWS — continued.

when he managed to roll in the next morning. "Mac" looked pretty in the morning, considering his strip-tease act of the previous night. We lost track of the number of times we poured "Rocky" into his slit trench to keep him from harm's way. At B.8, 144's loss was our gain in the form of F/Lt. Parsons, who does the honours as Wing Signals Officer.

Leaving the flak and slit trench built for two, which accomodated six, behind, we headed for more peaceful nights at B. 21. Here the Section proved themselves a grand bunch of scroungers by having eggs and onions every night. Many thanks must be given to "Tiny" Leonard for his helpful knowledge of the 'parlez vous'. It was here, ours being a stronger constitution than the rest of the Wing's, that Eddie Stewart started the beaten track to the house on the hill.

Next on the program came B. 34 and the duty runs to Paris, of which we saw a fair share. The story about the trip of Rocky, Paddy Maloney, Johnny Hancharek and our two army Pals, Len and Henry, headed for Paris in the staff car, must be mentioned here. They braggingly speak of falling asleep beside the Eiffel Tower. It was at this stop that Signals had their 'brandy party'. Everyone boasted that drinking brandy was like drinking water, that is, before they were picked up off the ground.

Now comes the change in money, change in country and all round change for the worst — the mud and Jerry rations of B.66. The Section, whilst sitting here in its muddy potato patch, was renovated and we lost a number of our R.A.F. friends, namely, Jock Sneddon, Sam Grimley, Jock Young and Len Este. We also said good bye to Jack Wilkins, who was headed for Blighty and a flat hat. In exchange we received, among others, some old time TAFers, Max Newman and Cec Pugh from 144, and "Mac" McDowell from 129.

After a short stay we again hit the road, this time for Holland and B.78, where we still sit at the time of writing. What a sight this stop was at first! We well remember the Convoy Commander saying "Put Signals in there". 'In there' was a path just wide enough for the trucks to pass between two bomb craters. As it looked like a long stay, "Mac" came out with his now famous words "Now we are all together", and we cleared away the rubble to make ourselves comfortable for the winter. "Moaning Moe" Morrison, "Taffy" Bowen and "Slim" Rasberry love to retell of their encounter the first night with the nervous R.A.F. Regt. guard and "Taffy" with his inevitable "Should I put one up the spout?"

Our first official Dutch social, the Signals Dance, was the spot where Maintenance personalities came to the fore.

" . . . With Paris we associated the Eiffel Tower".





"Marching On England" — without music.

SECTION NEWS — continued.

"Professor" Pahl was ready to argue with anyone as to whether or not he was an "Iffy" genius. "Moaning Moe" and Cec spent the evening arguing as to who was King of the Jenny. Eddie Hawthorne ground another one out of the corn with his, "Let's freeze onto a frame". "Slim" pulled his biggest blunder to date by calling the W.W.O. and the C.T.O. a couple of sprogs and by telling them to get some hours in. But, if you want to know more of this affair, ask our erstwhile Vancouverite "Junior" Wright, he woke up in time for The King and the Dutch National Anthem.

With the approach of Christmas, we say good bye to "Bud" Hall, who is headed for Base Post Office to look after the Wing's mail. Replacing him is the boy with the beautiful curls, "Don" Donner. It is also with much regret that we say goodbye to Sergeant "Rocky" Pichora, who is headed for a life of wedded bliss and a boat ride to the promised land — Canada. His replacement is one of the Gable type, Jay Trewin.

Everyone thought "Tiny Mk II" was slow, that is until the morning of January 2nd. Someone let go with a sten, there was a streak of light and Tiny was looking out of the shelter to see where the Jerries were.

At this point we introduce you to our new Officer in the person of Flying Officer Boorse, a recent importation from Bomber Command.

In closing I might add "For bigger and better fires, see Signals Maintenance". All "Red" McNaughton wants to know is, "Why did you save the Nunns". So long for now and we hope to be seeing all of you soon as civvies. —. —. AR.

"A short burst from the armoury"

During the six months since D-24 the Armament Section

has seen many old faces leave its ranks and almost as many new ones arrive. It has experienced all the dusty heat of Normandie, the slimy mud of Belgium, the damp biting cold days of Holland. Yet day by day kites pour in for inspections, guns are whipped out, cleaned, harmonized and synchronized with the same clockwork efficiency; and yet by no means has life been monotonously regular. "Has anyone seen my jeep?" Mr. Koopman consistently repeated. "It probably went up with the thousand pounders the B.D. boys demolished" replied the Bomber Command boy jauntily.

Reid's radio was blazing furiously as Sergeant Allyn struggled into the shack in an inebriated daze to cry: "Rations up, get your rations boys". "Don't mind if do" says A. P. Young as he leaves in a cloud of dust.

Potential "P/O Prune" forces an entrance to demand four "bodies" and all the erks scatter to seclusion. For a moment peace reigns supreme to be broken only by the metallic rattle of an iron as Sergeant Devreaux ponders over the daily pressing of his trousers.

With activity resumed, "Koopy" leaves the shack still mumbling to himself: "Has anyone seen my jeep?"

"THE ADVANCE" or "You too can be operational"

(by "Lib").

From the moment the City of Sarnia Squadron landed at "Acey Deucey" (B-21) it was evident who would carry the colors for 39 Wing; so it was with little a-do that we packed up and with eighteen Army Divisions or more advanced to an old Hun 'drome. As the advance went well and Amiens fell to our Army and the Yanks crossed the Somme, we were told



"... More sorrow was expressed for the poor horses that lay dead",

SECTION NEWS — continued.

we were joining the Wing north of Gay Paree, but instead we pulled a crafty one and nipped up further. The foul stink of dead horses en route was sickening even to hardened veterans like us. ("Hardened", he says). Just for the record, we crossed the Seine. Mr. Morris, our "foreman", decided to go via Paris. He finally encouraged some loyal Frenchmen to get him and motorbike across the Seine. This was done by boat. He was then fired at by snipers. (Either "Jerry" is going blind or some truck nearby was backfiring and so he's still with us).

There were bags of ME. 109's so "souvenirs for papa" took on a personal meaning. A marvellous rumour began that we were going to Brussels. Several days later it materialized and once again we advanced, leaving 39 Wing far behind; and we worried? — Nix.

The crowds cheered madly as we entered Brussels. At last "Dyke" was in the land of his forefathers and man-oh-man was he enjoying it. In the days that we served at Brussels, every man got himself firmly established, either with a bank manager or some opera star and, oh yes, we were doing lots of sorties. It was good to be able to meet your girls at the gate and head out for a night of festivity. Not that I care for that sort of rot myself, but my chums enjoyed it. (It says here).

For some unknown reason all good things must come to an end and so it was that we rejoined 39 'R' (For Recreational) Wing.

From then to the present much-be-dammed Hollandia days we have continued to lead the way in operational efficiency and sorties, but you other Echelons carry on, we can use your help. Last one into Germany is a "square".

Education

On the fateful morning of July 15th, 1944, EDUCATION

came to 39 Recce Wing, Normandy, in the form of a bicycle and one F/L Jack McAusland. Within twenty days of the Wing's arrival on the Continent, a tent had been scrounged and a half dug slit trench abandoned (digging proved infra digs), thus firmly establishing an educational bridgehead in Europe. Perhaps, during the first few weeks, owing to severe counter measures of the late Rommel and numerous operational sorties made by all and sundry, a lull was to be observed on the "book larnin" front. However, with the arrival of P/O Herb Slichter bristling with energy and armed with a formidable number of learned tomes, the Educational Programme for the Continent poised for the assault. Mail Order House students began to appear in ever-increasing numbers and even the odd, unsuspecting Joe expressed a desire to learn French, that is, until the local M'amselles discovered there were only 200 francs to the pound. Later, with the liberation of some several hundred additional books, services offered in the field became comparable to those of static stations back in England.

In early September, Sergeant Bob Ohs was salvaged from 129 Wing and added to the staff and shortly after P/O Slichter was bound for India via England. As the Wing advanced through the dust of France and the mud of Belgium to its present air-conditioned location, the services of that sedate institution known as the Education Office continued to expand. A well stocked Information and Study Room was organized, the library of which has now swelled to 1300 volumes and its clients to commensurate hundreds.

With the recent advent of P/O Graham Wright and F/L Sid (Pedagogue) Tooke taking over the helm from "Mac", the Education Wallers are right ready to dispense the glad tidings of "Back to Civil Life" until those very words ring true.

But for the Professors, serenely reposing on their Seat of

SECTION NEWS — continued.

Knowledge, that burning question still remains: "What are they going to do in Civvy Street?"

Meandering with M.T.

Here was the goal of all our efforts, — those practice convoys, the painstaking job of "waterproofing", that ominous moment when our front wheels rolled onto a landing craft, — here were the shores of France! Those first few moments were charged with sufficient excitement without having Wing Commander Godfrey's Jeep sink out of sight as it left the barge, seeing our crane struggle proudly, ashore only to surrender its strength to the seductive sands of France, or watching Sgt Chappell pulled overboard by a chance acquaintance with some beaching equipment.

So this is a Airfield! — a cloud of dust trails every vehicle and billows out behind each landing aircraft. Nor did we escape the attention of our principle enemy. An Englishman may cling to his cricket pitch, but the M.T. softball team made the quickest exit on record one memorable afternoon when a hostile audience suddenly appeared. A notable step backwards was also made in the field of architecture when several of the drivers, eyeing the scant protection of mere canvas, built weird and elaborate underground dwellings.

When the Army achieved the closing of the "Falaise gap" some of us had the doubtful privilege of visiting that devastated area, to return to the comparative peace of an airfield with a knowledge of what War really was, — and with a loss of appetite, a craving for fresh air, and possibly a "Jerry" rifle.

In September, the Allies made their lightning dash across France and through Belgium. Supplies were urgently required at the front, and 39 Wing was asked to provide vehicles to transport ammunition and petrol. Without exception, every driver volunteered without knowing where he would have to go. On September 3rd the convoy rolled, and there began an adventure none of us will forget. Meal times had no regard for the clock, but depended upon finding a suitable stretch of road or a field cleared of mines for a hasty meal, with possibly a slice of "bullybeef" between two slabs of "hard-tack" on the move. Unusual combinations of "Compo" rations were developed, and no one thought to question what he ate. Sleep at night was no problem, even if one's bed consisted of a load of bombs or tins of petrol.

As we drew near the front, crowds lined the streets of every town, and flags, flowers, fruit, and cups of tea were lavished on us. Passing through one town near the French-Belgian border we saw several girls who were suspected of collaboration with the Germans having their hair shorn off and red swastikas painted on their foreheads, while an excited population alternately cheered us and screamed hatred at the unfortunate women.

". . . There were the blacks and the whites".



". . . Pears and peaches and apples".

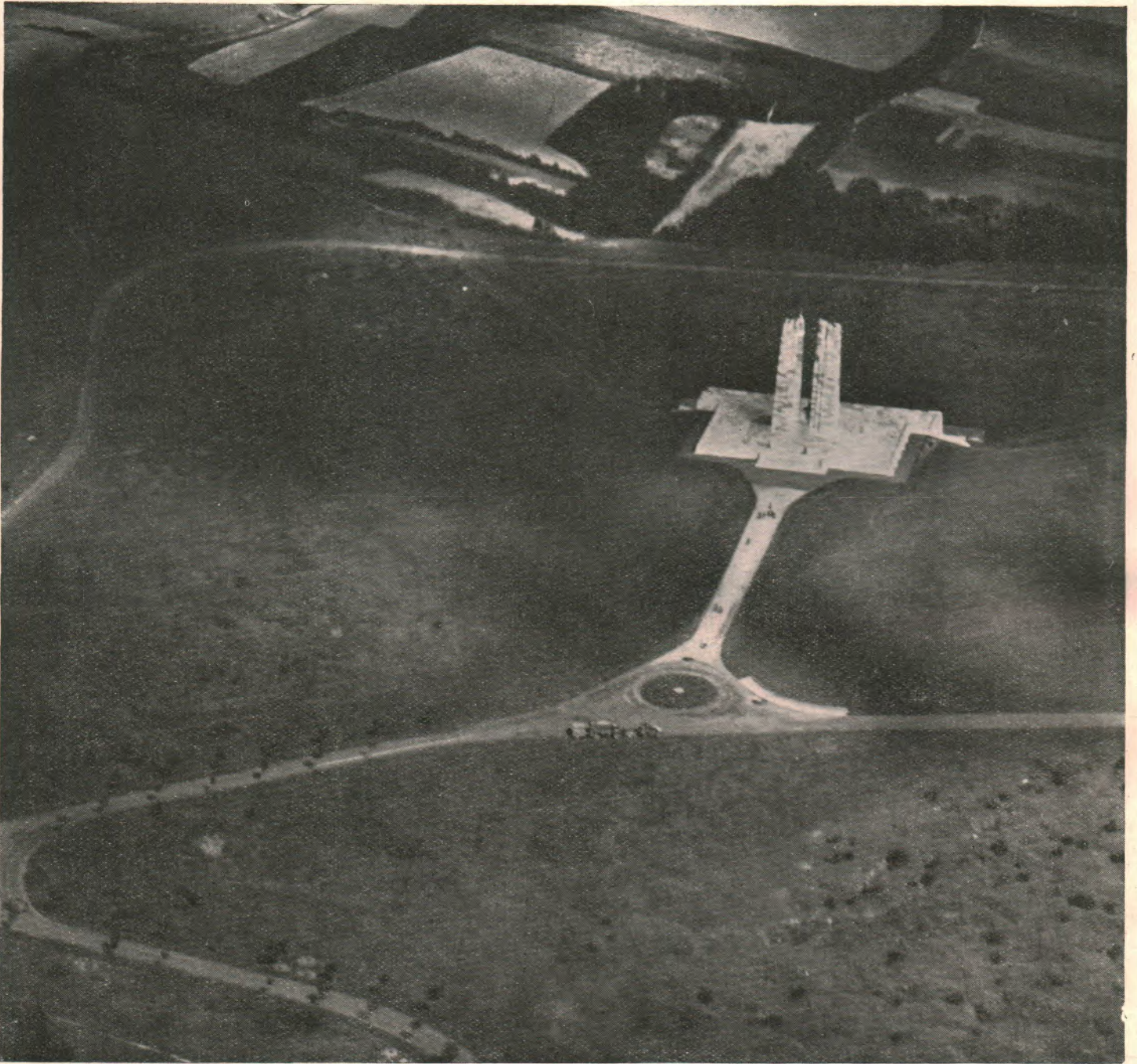
The climax of the trip was our entry into Brussels three days after it had been liberated. The reception we were accorded was overwhelming, and the embraces, invitations, requests for autographs which engulfed us convinced us that Canadians must be held high in the esteem of these hospitable people. All the tiring days of driving seemed repaid by those few moments, — days when we covered 200 miles along roads jammed with traffic, and volutarily overlooked breakfast to get an early start.

There have been other convoys up to the front and back to the beaches since that memorable ones, each has demonstrated the splendid "esprit de corps" of all the drivers, and their undoubted ability to wheel a truck wherever they have to go. Sufficient credit cannot be given to the mechanics, who, in spite of dust, mud, and a total lack of adequate servicing conditions, kept the wheels of 39 Wing's trucks turning.

— F/O W. HASLAM.

Logistics

Much of the present shootin' match is fought behind the scenes unheralded and unsung and indeed much of 39 Wing's battle is no exception. Well, let's just deposit ourselves behind said scenes and latch on to a few facts connected with Supply. Cpl. Ernie Deal, the custodian of the canteen, religiously presses his weekly attacks on NAAFI and, in spite of stiff resistance, usually emerges with a goodly supply of booty and plunder from the fabulous underground stores (oft heard about, seldom seen) of that crusty organization. Ernie, of deah old London, ex-129er, who vehemently claims to be a Canadianised Limey by now, is nobly aided and abetted by a combat crew of two: "Jock" Dodds and Don Caldwell. Cogitating "Jock" hails from Moose Jaw and has toured North America, at times building skyscrapers. (Any comments by you canteen commandos, consider yourself cut off at the bar). An erstwhile hell on wheels, young Don wants to get back to his native London, Ont. and get right back on those roller skates. Well, sir, Ernie and the boys are reluctant to divulge their strategy in keeping us supplied with potables and cigaret currency; we can just accept it with thanks. Now at least, gentlemen, we can appreciate the heroic efforts made by our canteen rustlers. And, oh yes, our deep appreciation for NOT serving NAAFI tea.



"...Vivid white against a dark background".

"A Canuck goes to Canada"

(by "Mid")

Let's suppose the boat has shut off steam, slammed on brakes, let its flaps down or whatever boats do and you have just made a very sedate descent down the gangplank wearing that set smile reserved for blondes and newsreel cameramen. You must refrain from rushing the nearest group of Burghers, (Called "Civvies" in Canada), with the plea "Smokee for monee?" Latest reports from Canada reveal that cigs are plentiful over there and Burghers firmly refuse to pay six bucks per hundred even if they are Sweet Caps.

Showering in the backyard is strictly verboten. Science has progressed to such an extent in Canada that most homes are equipped with a large, rectangular shaped vessel dubbed "Bath tub". Providing some tank or other down in the kitchen is working you may provide yourself with hot or cold water simply by flicking two small various shaped knobs which may be found inside and at one end of the tub. (Note: It is not necessary to wait until 10 A.M. on Thursdays and Fridays before bathing).

Should you be invited to a friend's home for dinner you will not be expected to bring your own eating utensils; these, if it's a respectable joint at all, will be cheerfully provided. You will also be provided with a square of linen

known as a "napkin". The napkin is definitely not to be used for wiping off your plate or polishing your shoes but is to be taken from the table neatly between forefinger and thumb, lowered to table level, the folds gently shaken out and placed squarely on your lap. (For the "types" who have no lap — e.g. Orv Geddy — permission may be obtained from your hostess to tuck it under your chin).

On arising at seven, nine or eleven o'clock as your status in life permits, please try to refrain from folding your mother's pink bedspread into a neat lump at the top of the bed; and when you make the Dagwood dash for work it is strictly against Canadian laws to leap like Tarzan for the tailboard of a north bound truck even if it does happen to be showing the letters "A", "B", "C" or "D" — it's probably the bakery van; besides, Canadians are now getting used to a contraption they call "Street Car" which, if you have a nickel will pick you up at the corner and swish (?) you for ten blocks, drop you off and clang on to the next corner. As you alight don't take a violent swing at the conductor for hissing at you because the doors make a noise like that when they open and close. (If you're living in Halifax and are susceptible to seasickness you'd better buy a bike or a safety belt).

You will no doubt suffer from mild shock when you hear a Canadian 'phone ringing for the first time. You must try to overcome your dilemma however and refrain from bellowing: "Smith here— what the hell can I do for you?"

". . . L.A.C. Buchanan snapped a great picture".



Attending the cinema — called "Theatres" in Canada — it will not be necessary, nor appreciated, to salute the doorman; even if he does happen to be your ex-C.O. Be very careful, too, when you take your seat; they fold up in Canada and even though the guy behind you is leering at you with an ex-RCAF oath because you're blocking his view, ignore him or you'll find yourself sitting on the floor. Should the show be a stage presentation, (Or "Live Show" as they say in W.R.O.'s) fight off the yen to emanate long low whistles at the tricky brunette in the chorus or such compliments as "Get up them stairs". The pin-up era is over and the Burghers take a dim view of such an emotional display in public.

From here on in, brother, you're on your own.

Communication

In writing this my purpose is twofold. Firstly on behalf of my unit I should like to congratulate FLAP. Thanks for the many enjoyable moments it provides. Secondly it would be a great injustice to a fine unit to let this your special edition of FLAP go to press without mentioning the names of the personnel and a word or two regarding the part they played so splendidly in the past.

The purpose of 5007 (C) Mobile Signals Unit was to establish and maintain radio communication between 39 Reconnaissance Wing and other units of Tactical Air Force. This was done with the highest degree of efficiency. As the Reconnaissance Wing is the eyes of the army so the communication links are the nerves which pass their information. 5007 (C) crossed the beaches of France shortly after "D" day under an intense barrage of ack ack fire and proceeded to its destination. Its success as a communication link from the time of taking up its position with the Wing until final dissolution and the

re-organization into a smaller unit namely 5397 (G) Mobile Signals Unit was the result of combining superior work, whole hearted co-operation and a splendid unit patriotism. Great credit is due to the following staffs: — Technical, including WOPS, Sgt. Taber, Cpls Bunn, Tupper and Warburton, LAC's Leskie, Lauder, Miller, Mitchell, Hines, Smith, Beaton, Arens, Goodvin, MacDonald, Porter, Hanright, WOM, Cpl Pichora, WMS, Cpl Millen, LAC's Bayley, Hazedine, ELECT, LAC Fenton, who ensured speedy set-ups, continuous air communication and hasty pack-ups of technical equipment; Secret Department or Back Room Boys, P/O. Warrack, Sgts. Thomas, Kennedy and Glencross who worked in conjunction with the Technical Staff receiving, breaking down and building up of hundreds of messages containing vital information; Motor Transport, with DMTS., Cpl Henderson, LAC's, Reid, Klintworth, Pengilley, Pryde, and Fitter McCool, who convoyed entire equipment and personnel across beaches and over more than five hundred miles of Europe without a single loss; Despatch Riders, LAC's Whittle, Dinnie, Busby and Pope who beside guiding the convoys carried messages through all types of weather at all hours; Messing, LAC Mooney whose supervision and magnanimous efforts produced food befitting a king; General Duties, ACHS. LAC's Corrin, Lount, Thorne, Leahey and Mills whose tasks ranged from ack-ack defence to country side reconnaissance or supporting any section requiring assistance.

To tell the complete story of night shifts, moves, bartering, convoys, slit trenches, Caen, Falaise, "cigarette pour papa", Paris, souvenirs, Brussels, stand to and billets would detail a staff of script writers equal to that of Paramount or Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. So it shall be left to time and fancy which will unfold it in due course through the dozens of happy Canadian, English and Scottish homes after the war.

"... Here the war passed rapidly".





Un bon coup — Somewhere in France.

Bacteriological warfare.

5007 (C) Mobile Signals Unit is gone but it has left memories of many happy days, a splendid job well done and a fine example. Its successor 5397 (G) Mobile Signals Unit composed of many former members of the C unit combined with new friends such as LAC Chestolowski and LAC Smith will carry on to a successful conclusion the task of passing vital information.

So in conclusion, to you; to those who have gone to other units; to those returned to Canada in recognition of several years of excellent service; to the old unit and to the new goes a wish for every success and happiness. It has been a great pleasure to have known you and to have worked with you.

ROBERT J. THOMPSON F.O.

The Zombie's Psalm

MacKenzie King is my shepherd, I shall not wander;
 He maketh me not to wear the "G.S."
 He leadeth me not across the still waters;
 He restoreth his vote.
 He leadeth me along the paths of Canada for his party's sake;
 Yea, though I move from camp to camp I will fear no draft
 For a King is with me, His Government and His Cabinet they
 comfort me.
 He prepareth a table before me in the presence of his enemies;
 He doth not clip my hair short;
 My glass runneth over with Canadian beer;
 Surely the Government will not alter its policy at this late date;
 And I shall dwell within the confinement of Petewawa forever.



INTRODUCING....

ARTHUR HILSON WORTH

(Shorty the Barber)



For years newspaper men have been trying to make their way into the Kremlin for an interview with Uncle Joe Stalin; for months FLAP has been trying to get the inside story on Arthur Hilson Worth, for that is the name that no one knows and yet, "Shorty the Barber" is probably the best known figure on the Station.

Shorty comes from "The Island". It was back in 1909 when he was born and although he grew older he didn't really grow up. He left school in 1921 and twenty-three years ago he began to barber in Charlottetown, his own home town. "Not much to tell about those days" said Shorty. He remembers having shaved "Mitch" Hepburn and many a time he made a job of the Lieutenant Governor's hair. In thirty years Shorty left the Island just once and that was for a hockey game in Moncton. "—But", said he, "Why should I leave the Island? I've got the grandest little woman in the world there and five kiddies. I'll never be satisfied until this war is over and I get back to them".

In 1941 the R.C.A.F. increased by one when the barber signed on the dotted line, and then it was Toronto, Fingal, Penfield Ridge, Dartmouth and North Sydney, where he met Flying Officer "Lefty" MacDonnell. With a twinkle in his eye he recalled the three weeks embarkation leave before "Y" Depot and how the ship was full of little crawling things and how he ended up touring Nova Scotia on the Third Victory Loan Campaign.

Asked about where he got the "Gen", Shorty looked over his customer's shoulder and said: "I get it, don't I? No need to worry how or where I get it. I told you Rommel was dead and it was the real thing". Apparently his sources are reliable. Asked how he liked his job, he said he and Johnny St. John had never worked with a better bunch of boys.

As we left the Barber Shop we thought; Shorty is a real character. No matter what your rank or job may be he has



something to say to you that is usually worth while listening to. He can dig a slit trench faster than any man I ever met, but that is partially because it doesn't have to be so deep as a normal one. In the memories of 39 Wing, the happy souvenir of Shorty the Barber is a "must".

Scrutator

Since FLAP's origin in England early last year, many of you have often asked: "Who or what is Scrutator?"

Scrutator, fellas, is a pleasant looking guy with mischief in his eyes, a ready smile and an equally ready wit. He has that will-o-the-wisp faculty or capacity (call it what you will) for understanding human nature. Here is a guy who, although wearing the rings of a Squadron Leader, can cause erks to relax so easily that it appears too simple. He is a sure cure for moroseness, a refuge in trouble, the ideal companion for laughter or sweet silence. Everyone, both officers and airman alike, knows this man for the description neatly fits our old friend Father Gallagher.

S/Ldr. Gallagher was born near Glasgow, Scotland not so terribly long ago and moved to Canada with his father, mother brothers and sisters when he was six years old. Fortunately, Gallagher Senior had the great good sense to settle in Saskatchewan and it is just possible this might in part account for S/Ldr. Gallagher's overt warm-heartedness, a trait for which the West is far renowned. Our hero attended school in Swift Current and it is reported that even in these days of nonage considerable difficulty was experienced by the family

Gallagher in repressing the irrespressible. The lad grew father to the man all the while failing to dispel his solid reputation as a prankster. After the conventional school years, he departed for St. Mathieu Seminary in Gravelbourg, Saskatchewan where, in conjunction with his theological studies, his bilingual status was attained. It can be noted with more than passing significance that he was ordained the youngest priest in Saskatchewan.

Shortly after returning to his home parish, Father Gallagher joined the Air Force and was stationed at Brandon Manning Depot for about two years before proceeding overseas. At the time of writing, he has been with 39 Wing a little better than a year. Only with his posting to the United Kingdom is it possible to pay homage to the founder of FLAP whose very modesty precluded even the slightest laudatory comment on the part of any of us.

The Gallagher saga by now has become legendary. Who has not heard of the fabulous conclaves of the Greg Clark — Father Gallagher combination and their coterie? Nor will many forget the "Friar's" prowess as a jeep jockey. Having a deep appreciation for serious music, he was also known, on one occasion, to have become a rabid "hep-cat"; a devout reader, we should like to meet a superior raconteur. Then, too, the Clue-less Club benefited from his ability as a talent scout. There is not one of us who could not add to this list infinitely more items both light and serious.

So, together with our sincerest apologies for the embarrassment we know this altogether too inadequate screed will cause Scrutator, we should like to convey the regards of everyone of the Wing and their best wishes for the future.

". . . . It was a struggle to the death".



F/L EVAN ERNEST (TIP) TUMMON

"I don't know how I came by the name 'Tip'. As far back as I can remember it's been 'Tip' and it has followed me since I started gong to school back in Tweed, Ontario". "Tip" was born in Tweed during the last war" September 14th, 1917 — that makes him just twenty-seven. He celebrated his last birthday serving in Belgium. A Flight Commander in 400 Squadron, there is probably no Officer on the station more liked by aircrew and groundcrew alike — certainly no one has sought popularity less. Ho is a typical all-round Johnny Canuck, plays hockey with the best in winter and, when spring rolls around and the old pill is being chucked around in the dispersal area you'll find Evan Ernest in there pitching.

After school in Tweed, this young man took a crack at banking but in 1941 after doing thirty days with MacKenzie King's original Zombies, he joined the R.C.A.F. and succeeded a year later in obtaining his wings and the King's Commission.

In England, after hanging around O.T.U. — this disciple of one Bing Crosby arrived as a lowly Pilot Officer to join Canada's 400 Squadron. Squadron Leader Waddell was C.O. in those days. Every pilot has at least one incident he recalls with a prayer of thanks. Tip was intercepted over Caen one evening by "Jerry" ack-ack way back in 1943. He's a lucky boy to have succeeded in getting out of that one.

That is not his only luck. There's a "Gal" named Kay back in Ye Merrie England and someday — well they're engaged. We know Kay will agree with us in all the nice things said of Evan Ernest.

We wish him a successful completion of his tour and a long life of happy years.



"... The Land of wooden shoes and ..."



AUTOGRAPHS

C. C. Pettigrew
 2310 ANTON ST.
 REGINA

London P. Lewis,
 Sheyfort, Sask.

G. R. Parks
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Alex. Howitt.
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D. L. Raud.
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Alex. E. Gibb
 Vancouver B.C.

AUTOGRAPHS

[Faint, illegible handwriting]

*Wm. Howard
Toronto, Ont.*

*Wm. Howard
Toronto, Ont.*

