

WING REST CENTRE OPENS

First Lucky Erks Off To Ratzeburg

Due in large measure to the zealous efforts of the entertainment committee, yesterday marked the opening of 39 Wing's retreat for tired, brassed off and sergeant-ridden airmen. This haven of refuge, known tentatively as the Ratzeburg Recce Roost, is located some forty miles from Lüneburg in a northerly direction. The atmosphere is the nearest approach to a Muskoka resort hotel that could be found locally.

The general picture is this: A large country house set in magnificent grounds bordering a small lake has been taken over and converted from a private dwelling to a sort of luxury hotel for YOU. You lucky people! The main building was once a mediaeval castle, but has been recently modernized to make a most attractive home for one Dr. Henschel, distant relative of Joachim von Ribbentrop and Medical Officer in the long-kaput Luftwaffe. Dr. Henschel and family are at present occupying a small groundskeeper's lodge on the premises, an abode which they decided to adopt at the suggestion of the local military government. The lake is two or three miles long and at its opposite end lies the town of Ratzeburg, which certainly enhances the view, but doesn't offer anything in the way of recreation. It is, in fact, out of bounds to all troops other than those actually billeted there—for several reasons, all of which are the prevention of fraternization. However, you should find little difficulty in putting in a pleasant 48 at the Roost without resorting to "frat". The lake offers excellent swimming, and boats are available for the athletic types. Fishing is also a possibility which

should definitely be explored. Tennis courts are being readied for use, and riding horses can be obtained in the neighbourhood. A stable has, in fact, been started already by "David Harum" Labrie, who is reported to have obtained two ponies and a four-place buggy in exchange for six hundred cigarettes and an exhibition of his dazzling smile. The K of C are providing table tennis and other indoor games to supplement the outdoor attractions.

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No Answer To Food Problem

Monday last saw another convocation of section representatives presided over by S/L McLean in the latter's office. Features of the Airmen's Council this week were not remarkable for their uniqueness, in spite of the transition from operations to the relative inactivity that peace has imposed on the wing.

Delegates, burdened with the unanimous complaint of the erks over the chronic bully beef issue at the mess, got little consolation from the S.L.A. Reason given for the prolongation of canned meat

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A MESSAGE FROM THE C.O.



It gives me great pleasure to address these few words to all ranks of the Wing, and attached units, in this, the initial issue of RECCE FLASH. We have come a long way in more ways than one, and accomplished much in the past year since we first set foot on the Continent. All this has been done by your untiring efforts and earnest cooperation. Now the pace has changed because of the Victory in which you played an important part.

You all now have shorter working hours, and more time for sports and leisure. See that you take full advantage of the recreational facilities, both here and at the Rest Centre, which have been provided for you. Remember that this "slow down" period, which we are now entering, is the initial step in fitting us all for a world of peace. Don't get the idea that the last "five o'clock whistle" has blown. The opportunity to fit yourself for peace-time civilization is now presenting itself. It is up to each one of us to do his full share.

I take this opportunity on behalf of Group Captain Sellers to again thank you for a job well done, and wish the Editor and Staff of RECCE FLASH every success in their new endeavour.

Recce Types Put On Grease Paint To Entertain Fliegers

The station theatre rocked with enthusiastic applause last Saturday night when, at nine o'clock, the house-lights dimmed, the curtains parted and Sergeant Joe Walker parked his personality before the microphone to open "Wreckly Review No. 1". From that moment until the curtain rang down on the finale, boys from Central Maintenance, the three Servicing Echelons, the M. T. and from the Messes entertained like a group of professionals.

First to appear was Corporal Ed Aiken of the M. T., who set the keynote on laughter for the entire evening by his comic recitation of the French-Canadian "The Skunk Polecat".

Corporal Lou Libman, of 6414's Instrument Section, had the audience literally rolling in the aisles with a burlesque edition of Churchill's VE-Day speech. I have heard Lib do a better impersonation of Britain's Prime Minister within the confines of a barrack room, but his timing was good

and his performance screamingly funny.

Two other particularly bright spots in this programme of Wing talent were the appearances of "Bud" Platt from Maintenance and Russ Ralph of the M. T. Each latched onto the blue notes of several popular songs with surprisingly good technique and really jammed it out with the angels.

Super highlight of the evening was, however, the first stage appearance of the "Cookhouse Quartet", comprising "Arf" Forge, "Westey" West, "Crunch" Wilkinson and "Stocky" Stockton. Stepping into the glare of the footlights somewhat apprehensively they rendered first "When You Wore A Tulip", which was received with spontaneous and thunderous applause. Obviously reassured by this enthusiasm, they proceeded to execute distinctive arrangements of "Wait Till The Sun Shines, Nellie", "For Me And My Gal" and, for their fourth and final encore, "Moonlight Bay".

Determined not to let the Cooks make off with all the laurels, the M. T. played another trump card in the person of Les Smith with his harmonica. He was in there depp 'n' groovy with "Twelfth Street Rag" and "Chinatown".

Under the direction of Sergeant Eddie Brooks, the Wing's Old-Time Band presented an interlude of rural rhythm especially for the Westerners, but probably appreciated even more by the Easterners. "Joe Erk" demanded and received a repeat of Jim Cahoon's

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Slide Rule Needed To Figure What Gong Goes To Whom

Some time ago, the Canteen Staff provided its clientele with the following one-way ticket to insanity regarding the weekly chocolate rations: "You may have last week's with this week's if you didn't get it last week, but you can't have next week's with this week's this week; only this week's". A few maintained their equilibrium throughout the weeks this tantalizing sign confronted our every approach to the canteen counter; and so, for those few, the British Government this week produced a much more definite system of reserving a padded cell: "Who gets what, when, where and why as regards the nine new campaign ribbons?"

The "Flash" immediately quizzed every authoritative source of information this side of the Channel, but they either didn't have anything more definite on the subject or were as badly in need of a reliable straight-jacket as we were. Pending receipt of more definite details, which we hope to obtain for our next issue, here is what we hope to be a simplified version of the information contained in the London dailies.

The majority of the personnel here will be eligible for at least two of the new ribbons: The Defence Medal and the France-Germany Star.

The conditions under which you are eligible for the Defence Medal are: (i) Three years service with Forces in non-operational areas subjected to air attack or closely threatened, (ii) One year non-operational service with Forces overseas from or outside the country of residence.

The Defence Medal, designed by the King, is flame-colored in the centre with two black stripes representing the black-out and green edges.

The France-Germany Star, which is designed in red, white and blue - - symbolic of the Union Flag, France and the Netherlands - - will be awarded to land forces and air crews in support of land operations from D-Day until VE-Day in France, Belgium, Holland or Germany.

Mr. Churchill in his announcement to Parliament added that a United Nations Medal may be given at the end of the war.

Waddell Takes Command While G.C. Is Absent

With the departure of Group Captain George H. Sellers AFC of Winnipeg, until recently Commanding Officer of 39 (R) Wing, our unit comes under the temporary command of Wing Commander R.C.A. Waddell DFC, of Peterboro.

We wish to express on behalf of all ranks our regret at the circumstances which have caused the temporary retirement of Group Captain Sellers from active service

with Second TAF. The G/C is held in high regard by his men, and it is the universal hope that his illness will not prove long or serious.

W/C Waddell is an officer of wide experience and popularity, and one who knows 39 Wing from the ground up. A former C.O. of 400 Sqn., he has served as Wing Commander Operations with the wing almost from the day of its inception in 1943, with the exception of a period spent in Canada last summer. The Wingco is the only officer still serving in the wing who made the historic Atlantic crossing in early 1940 with the first RCAF unit to arrive in the U.K.

UK Leave Upped To 11 Days; Continent Still Hard To Crack

UK: Leave to the UK has been extended to cover 11, repeat 11, clear days on the islands. (Note: Any bod returning overdue with the excuse that he thought 11 clear days meant 11 days free of rain will be immediately shot and the body suspended inverted from the Orderly Room ceiling). To be eligible for UK leave it is still necessary to qualify by having spent six months on the continent. 83 Group emphasize that personnel with one leave under their belts are not to proceed on a second as yet.

BRUSSELS (Leave Hostel): Seven clear days are being granted for Brussels, but unfortunately vacancies are extremely limited. To date only three airmen have been accommodated from this wing. Another three vacancies

are expected shortly. (Good word that - shortly.)

PARIS (Leave Hostel): This has been in effect for over two weeks now. Applications may be submitted through your Section Commander, but must first be approved by 2nd TAF HQ. If approved, a reservation is made for you at the Palais D'Orsay, in the wicked city. Note that this leave is in lieu of leave to the U.K.

The Orderly Room tearfully begs us to beg you not to beg them for leave elsewhere on the continent, because that is still verboten. When and if it does come into effect, you will be notified immediately (or a great deal sooner if you read the "Recce Flash").

SORRY!

To all those who have made contributions that do not appear in this first issue of RECCE FLASH, we make our apologies with the promise that every effort will be made to include them in some subsequent issue. The response to our requests for copy has been voluminous and gratifying. So thanks to all you scribes for your co-operative spirit, and keep up the good work. The box in the Airmen's Mess is primarily for letters to the Editor—other contributions should be brought in person to our office in the Admin. Building.

RECCE FLASH

For Canadian Airmen in Germany

This newspaper is a weekly publication for the officers and men of 39 Recce Wing, R.C.A.F., edited at 39 Wing H.Q. and printed in Lüneburg, Germany. Copyright is reserved, and no material may be reprinted without prior permission.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Although we hate to say this, let's face up to the fact that many of us in 39 Recce Wing are going to be on the Continent for some little time to come. Repatriation, for a number of reasons which must all be clear to us now, is necessarily a lengthy process. That can't be helped. But what can be helped is our attitude towards that hard fact, and what we intend to do to fill the period of waiting.

In one way, the things we can do to keep ourselves occupied and reasonably content are somewhat limited. Social life, and everything it implies, is to be almost nil. There are no dances to go to, no night clubs to be visited, no homes to lounge around. Contact with the local natives is limited to purely business relationships (not monkey-business, either). Leaves come all too seldom. In short, we're thrown pretty well on our own resources.

This newspaper is one attempt to fill the void. We're going try and make it as interesting, as newsy, as bright as we can. But when we say "we" we really mean "us" - - you and the staff together. Its to be your sheet, filled with your contributions. Don't feel its merely a weekly rag that arrives on Saturdays in some mysterious way, to be read and enjoyed (or otherwise), then used in the nearest "bog" when the stuff labelled "Government Issue" runs out. In other words, we want your contributions - - articles, poems, criticisms, suggestions. If you notice the first yellow-bellied wagtail in Saxony province, write us a letter, instead of "The Times". In short, if you have anything worth writing, and of general interest to all the "bods" in the Wing, send it along to our staff officer on the second floor of the H.Q. building. And while we can make no GUARANTEE that everything will be printed, we can assure you that everything will get close and sympathetic consideration. Just think of the thrill of seeing your name in print, and that in a paper against which it can honestly be said no hint of disrepute has ever been breathed. It almost makes those four years of Service life worthwhile! So, "give" gentlepeople Please us by helping to fill up our empty pages; please the Wing by making them privy to your talents and ideas; and please yourself by filling up those long, spare hours with products of your pen. Let the floods commence and the waters flow

The Padre's Corner THE BOOKSHELF

by
S/L W. H. Dunphy

In the market of human commerce the sale price tag is often marked too highly. We, the vendors, are at fault, in presenting, to the public, ourselves, at a higher value than we are really worth. In selling ourselves, we are prone to increase the value and the peoples in the market, our kinsfolk, our neighbours, our community, often times transact at the prices we quote.

Time — an element in the determination of volume will indicate to us that our traffic will have diminished — first our community, our neighbour and lastly our kinsfolk — and soon, nothing to sell — sold out.

Man is of worth to society — accepted at true value. True value may be taped across one's span of life. There is no short cut to success — we must sell ourselves at true worth.

In this transaction, to arrive at true value, it should be our aim as good citizens to present ourselves as we really are.

During the last five years, due to my superficial status of life, many times have I thought that I must have often considered myself of much more value than I am. And for me to return to civilian life tagged as such — what a store of disappointment will be my portion if I do not act my true value in the sight of God and man — for soon we will find that we are not the appraisers of our value but rather a strict and cool world.

Let it not be said of me or of you by any jokester — "Here is an opportunity to make a fortune, buy that man for what he is worth and sell him for what he thinks he is worth".

by
H. K. Morphy

Now that we have more time at our disposal, reading will perhaps dominate the majority of those spare moments. Therefore, with that thought in mind and your interests at heart this column, "The Book Shelf", will appear weekly; PERHAPS through it your attention may be focused upon some excellent material we have on hand in the Library.

The Library at present has a large order in London for new and top-rating American best-sellers. These will be here soon, so watch this column for the announcement of their arrival.

There are, however, a number of good books on hand and from these I have chosen the novel rated fourth by New York literary spokesmen, namely "Green Dolphin Country", written by Elizabeth Goudge.

"Green Dolphin Country" won the Louis B. Mayer prize of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the best novel of the year published in the United States.

May I recommend this highly entertaining novel to you? The writer never deserts the narrative for wit or description, yet readily she presents both — the mirth is truly infectious. You must not pass up the opportunity for an interesting story and many a good laugh.

There are four copies of "Green Dolphin Country" available in the Library, so trot over and help yourself to a few hours of first-rate entertainment.

F/Lt. Robb, DFC., after a wizard prang: "I had plenty of gas left but I ran out of altitude".

Bob Elliot Says.....

A weekly column keeping you in touch with one of the personalities of the War.

A few days ago we received a long illegible letter, written from "The Barge", Eindhoven. We were glad to get it, because the last word we heard from Bob Elliot was when he was in Stockholm — naturally enough in touch with usually well informed sources. That was over six weeks ago.

The letter, once deciphered and expurgated, has filled in the gaps in the varied and colourful life of its writer.

We remember his daring escapades — the sky writing, the leaflet raid, the mission to Moscow and finally the visit to the world rumour clinic in Stockholm. But after Stockholm, what? Enquiries have been so numerous as to have proven embarrassing, and the arrival of the letter was indeed a happy event.

Readers of or gazers at the Ginch Board may remember that Bob Elliot's arrival in Stockholm coincided roughly with Count Bernadotte's return from his first interview with Himmler. Bob sent us a stock of the latest rumours, and that was the last we heard from him.

We now give you the gist of the letter, which was written in those concise, abusive sentences which we came to know so well. Having told us that the "Goddam Barge" is still in good shape except for the usual trouble with the constant speed unit, and that the "Goddam Foot Bridge" is still the wizard span it always was, and that practically nothing is "verboden voor berghers" anymore — except possibly food — he got down to the business. He was he said the contact man between the Germans and the Allies. Monty who wanted to keep well in with one and the saw to this, and from what Bob says it was he — Bob Elliot — who engineered the whole surrender. The Helibarge was going back and forth between London, Moscow, Washington, D. C. and Stockholm like a mad thing, and finally it was Bob who obtained the final signatures from all parties. This he says was highly satisfactory as it enabled him to spend VE night! back on the old Barge, "literally surrounded by V. 7's" He had a personal call from Winston saying he had been mentioned in despatches so many times that they were presenting him with a complete Oak Tree. Ike rang up to say how glad he was that instead of saluting Kietel, Bob had called him a "Goddam Sonofabitch", and given him a bash on the head with his ("Kietel's) baton, and President Truman telephoned to say that if Bob wanted Lauren Bacall he could have her and to hell with Bogart. Finally Uncle Joe sent a bottle of Vodka which turned a V. 7 into the "Goddamest drink you ever saw".

Bob went on to say how he missed the old 39 Wing faces, how quiet was the Flieger Kaserne, and that he was preparing the barge for a spring cruise, and "goodness knows where he will turned up next". He urged us as usual to keep in touch, suggested that the show "Ops A Poppin" which he had somehow heard about, had probably come straight out of one of Libby's tins, and ended up with a P. S. in the old style, i. e.

Bob Elliot says the Officers Mess staff may prefer serving four meals a day instead of 3 as heretofore, but if that is a way of reducing work, he'll eat his hat, thus increasing the number of meals to five.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY
German Interpreter for
FLASH Staff
Apply FLASH Office

Canada Votes Next Month: Have You Considered Issues?

Now that you guys have won the war to make the world safe for Democracy (blare of trumpets), the time is come to fasten our attention on the equally difficult problems of peace. By this we don't necessarily mean the difficulties of forecasting the Stanley Cup winner for 1946, or even the difficulties of getting hold of a bottle of Scotch on Yonge Street on a Saturday night, though we would be the last to minimize the necessity for facing up boldly to both of THOSE. What we actually mean is a little intelligent interest in the way the PEACE is going to be won, too. Can we avoid another world war? What kind of job opportunities are there going to be in our post-war society? What are we going to do about all those patriotic women in the war factories? Most people have SOME idea about these questions, and of course everybody has plenty about the latter. Obviously, these are matters of such importance and scope that only governments can provide practical answers. Which, of course, leads us very neatly into the coming Canadian elections

Back home, in the far-off land of Canada (blessed be her name) the earth heaves nightly to the orations and preorations of statesmen and politicians of various political hues. On June 4th, Ontario is to elect a provincial government to rule the destinies of Ontarions during the coming four years. A week later, on June 11th, the entire country is to vote in a federal election to determine the composition of the Canadian Government for the four crucial years ahead.

Now there is quite a number of political parties competing in both these elections, each claiming to have the pukka gen on all the issues before the public. In Ontario, we have a three-sided fight among the Conservatives, the Liberals and the C.C.F., with some smaller, independent groups or individuals filling in the gaps. The Federal election brings the same groups into conflict, with additional excitement introduced by various lusty competitors — Social

Shutter Bugs Get Unionized

Every Tuesday and Friday night the wing shutter bugs climb the stairs in No. 4 hanger, — say about 18.30 hrs., sit down in the locker cased lecture room and tune their ears to the patter of lips on whats what in the Camera World.

The club was formed about the middle of May, and now has well over a hundred members, ranging from the idle clicker to the moulded professional. Everyone is welcome to tag along, there are no membership fees, and the scrounging is pretty good.

The policy is to create as much interest as possible, in these workless days and to give everyone a chance to develop and print his own private roll, which we hope will contain snaps that will long be remembered. Lectures are on all types of Photography, of picture taking and darkroom procedure. — The inevitable guidance needed to enable your camera to become more flexible.

In the course of a week the scrounging has surpassed all expectations and we are able to offer developing, printing, and enlarging rooms, that will be at the disposal of members 24 hours a day. To those who say "NUTS" it's sorry chum, there is no price list you gotta do your own.

Sgt. Martin.

Credit, Bloc Populaire, National Front, Labour-Progressive, etc.

It is not our desire, nor our purpose, to "gen" you up on the political and social platforms of these divers parties, (though of course, we have all this information right at our finger tips), nor to plug for our own pet little set. Naturally, we have our own political convictions, pretty shrewd ones, too. After all, we haven't been at war for five years for NOTHING. And if you care to drop into our offices of a quiet evening with a small bottle of schnapps, we should be only too pleased to convert you.

What we ARE getting at is that YOU should be investigating this political business for all you're worth. Arrangements are being made to record your vote in both these imminent elections, right here on the station; the details will be published shortly in D.R.O. Watch for them!

The point of all this commotion is simply this — work up an interest in your country's government. Know what the political fight is all about, and what it means to you. Find out why the Conservatives and the C.C.F. don't see quite eye to eye, and why the Bloc Populaire thinks the Labour-Progressives stink, and vice-versa. Find out what they all think about world peace. Come to some reasonable, democratic conviction about your vote, and then GO OUT AND CAST IT when the time comes along. Don't be one of those types who finds the sack much more comfortable than a walk to the polling booth, and then complains for the next four years that the politicians are ruining the country.

We have spoke. We settle back. A rap on the dor . . . "Come in . . . why, yes. Sit down; we're only too glad to discuss politics with an interested type like yourself. Comfortable? . . . Hand me the schnapps!"

Ops Staff Goes Berserk Tonite

(By L. L.)

Saturday evening, at 8.30, the curtain goes up on "Wrecky Review No. 2" entitled "Ops-a-Poppin". It is ably directed by Sgt. "Yogi" Reese, and written by Captains Palk and Eadon. The cast features the Ops. Staff and a few of last week's performers. I am assured that the program is studded with snappy jokes and "S. H." musical numbers.

Things you never believed possible take place before your very eyes. A man crawls into a quart whiskey bottle and whittles a pair of dice; a nubian slave kills a white princess on a bear rug. Come one, come all!

In an interview exclusive to this column, Capt. Palk informed me that this company starred at the Pavillion Caprice in Hotel Netherland Plaza in uptown Cincinnati. The show has been on the road for 21 seasons, and after this performance it will be out on the road again.

It's one of those things you've just got to see! Sapper Joe Hertenheimer, of 52nd Road Construction Company, who has never backed a failure, and who has had acting experience himself, is the producer of the show.

As you likely remember, it was Hertenheimer who was a candidate for the role of the doctor in DeMille's "Birth of a Nation."

This column strongly advises you to make "Ops-a-Poppin" a must on your entertainment parade.

Competition Keen As Softball Schedule Opens

The 39 Wing softball league, composed of 18 teams representing all sections on the airfield, is in action, 9 teams make up each of the two sections of the league. As we go to press only 5 games have been run off but the interest shown has been very gratifying.

In "A" Section, 430 pilots, 6400 Echelon and Wing HQ are tied for first place, all having won their initial contest. In "B" Section 400 pilots and Central Maintenance are sharing the top spot, also with one victory each.

SCORES: Central Maint. 14 MFPS 2; HQ 13 Airmen's Mess 11; 6400 Echelon 5 MT 2; 400 pilots 15 Workshops 10; 430 pilots 20 Brownies 7.

Games next week: **Monday** — MT vs Airmen's Mess, HQ vs Flying Control. **Tuesday** — Electrical vs 6414 Ech., Central Maintenance vs 400 pilots. **Wednesday** — No games. **Thursday** — 6 MFPS vs Workshops, 414 pilots vs Signals, 5 MFPS vs Instruments, 6400 Ech. vs 430 pilots. **Friday** — Airmen's Mess vs Flying Control, Brownies vs MT. **Saturday** — 6430 Ech. vs 414 pilots, Signals vs 6414 Ech.

SECTION SIDELIGHTS

6414 SECTION NEWS

Well the "Operational Squadron" has settled down to post-war efforts, and everyone — except "Shoot-you're-faded" Bone — is thinking of what will come along with the discharge slip besides a V.D. rating. Quite a few of the boys have had an interview with F/O Ramsay — all we need now is the opportunity — it says here.

We are issuing a challenge to any motley volley-ball squad who wish to have a "trim job" done a la double. There is a fair warning with this notice — we have one Sgt. (I needa repat) Hutnik on our team who can yell louder than anyone else, thus adding to the argument for who got what point — you have been warned!

With the coming of all the "sprogs" N.C.O.'s, it is fitting to note that our old stand-by, Cpl. "Panic" Fenton is still amongst us. Rocky Backs still wishes to contact anyone with a bull-whip to give to ye slave driver for his last birthday. Attention all leather mongers!

Oh yes, guess what? Our "god-dam fran" "Bing" Beyries (I read de book) is making final arrangements for his forthcoming marriage to a comely Dutch girl, yes a burgherette no less. June 9 is the date, we believe. A kitchen shower will be held for the groom in the crap-shooting room soon.

(This room is listed as the "game of chance" room at the Town Major's office, Luneburg. Ed.)

— by L.B.G.

ARMAMENT SECTION NEWS

In keeping with the general transition from war work to peace-time production, bicycles have replaced guns in the Armament Section, and the arrival of an aircraft for an inspection is an event of major importance — almost in the category of a catastrophe. However, the proud owners of the aforesaid bikes are kept busy with running repairs, consisting for the most part of tire patching. Those not lucky enough to be on "A" party, have to while away their time with other things.

The taking of our section picture a short time ago brought to mind the last one taken in Normandy last July, and we could not help but notice the great change which has taken place in the personnel in this unit. Many faces which appeared in the former picture will be missing from the latest one, through posting, repa-

VOLLEYBALL

A sudden death volleyball tournament was held on two courts laid out in No. 3, Hangar, on Wednesday afternoon Sports meet. Teams from 12 sections were in the first round. A loss meant the showers for the losers and competition was keen.

First round games: Signals-21. 414 (Pilots) 2 6400 (Echn) 21. MT. 17. Hdqs. 21. Armament. 14. 6414 (Echn) 21. 6. MFPS. 4. Maintenance. 21. Flying Control. 20. Buckshee. 21. Fire and Gas. 11.

Second round: 6400. Echelon 21. Signals. 11. Hdqs. 21. Buckshees. 15. 6414. Echelon. 21. Maintenance. 7.

With three teams left in the running, they tossed a coin to determine which should have a bye into the finals. 6414 Echelon won the toss. 6400 defeated Headquarters by a score of 21—3.

In the final game 6400 ran up a considerable lead before the 6414 team found itself and in spite of a last minute rally which netted the latter 10 points, 6400 triumphed 21—13.

TRACK STARS FORCED INSIDE

Owing to inclement weather on Wednesday afternoon, the track events planned were postponed but a few novelty races were run off in No. 2 Hangar. Motor Transport took top honours with 18 points, 6414 Echelon was second with 16, 6400 third with 11, and HQ Signals brought up the rear with 6.

Events: Two-legged race: 1. Wilson and Morden (6400) 2. Sinel and Gauthier (6430) 3. Parkinson and Payman (6400). Shuttle Relay: 1. Shillingford (6430) 2. Payman (6400) 3. Davidson (6430). Medicine Ball: 1. Graham (MT) 2. Gilette (6430) 3. Dodds (6400). Bag Race: 1. Allen and Kirch (HQ Sigs) 2. Graham and Jones (MT) 3. Morris and Howden (MT). Body Race: 1. Graham (MT) 2. Morrison (MT) 3. Gilette (6430). Pie Eating: Morrison (MT), Shillingford (6430) and Sinel (6400) all tied for 1st. One-leg Race: 1. Graham (MT) 2. Stevenson (6430) 3. King (6430). Ball Roll: 1. Kirch (HQ Sigs) 2. Beaudry (6430) 3. Morrison (MT).

Apprentice Big Time Operators, big deal handlers and perspicacious business men are requested to send in ads. to this column; as early in the week as possible for publication. Business without advertising is like — well, Harold Day without his flare pistol. If you have any of the less lethal souvenirs acquired in your continental peregrinations that you intend to swap or sell, send us a brief description.

Drop a chit into the box in the mess hall bearing your name and section, with the works on the article for trade. Note though, that NO ads for firearms or ammo will be accepted! That stuff's out!

FOR EXCHANGE Will trade 2 pounds Old Virginia pipe tobacco for 600 Sweet Caps or Exports. Contact LAC Geddy O. F., 6430 S. E.

Wanted immediately, zoot suit (7" cuff), canary yellow, and 4ft. watch chain. Exchange for part worn dress suit, 2 piece, Air Force Blue. Please write Box 13.

WANTED Stock of Nazi armbands required. All colours, types, sizes needed. Fair cash offer. Box 7.

Urgently need edition of K.R.s and A.C.I.s. Court-martial Monday. "Fingers" c/o Box 18.

FOR SALE Crossley, 3 tonner, good as new, only 59,000 miles. What offers? Box 4.

Spitfire Mk. IX, ten gallons in tank, no batteries. Apply Editor.

ENSA PROGRAM FOR THIS WEEK ENSA GARRISON THEATRE "A SOLDIER FOR CHRISTMAS" Monday, May 28, for 6 Days 19.30 hours. Matinee: 14.30 hours. Wednesday and Saturday. (All-star cast)

Y.M.C.A. CONCERT HALL (on "Nieuwe Suize") CELEBRITY CONCERT Ensa presents Sidney Crooks Miriam Lycette Wednesday, May 30th, at 19.30 hours.

CONGRATULATIONS Workshop's congratulations and best wishes to "Metal Basher" Ralph "Daddy" Peacock whose son "Terry" was born to Mrs. Peacock in London England on the 11th of May. Pete is going back on leave to visit with his wife and son this week.

WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN

Ed. note: With horrid visions of time bombs through the mail and muffled shots in the night, we hasten to assure the subjects of these and similar sketches which will appear later that WE ARE ONLY KIDDING!

by Genicus

Although at first sight one would swear Albert had been propagated by a seed, it is a biological verity (also Base Records assures that it's so) that A. E. Sturgess was born in the same delightful way as were you and Shorty the Barber.

This medical phenomenon occurred beaucoup years ago (in the year 1916 to be precise). It is of note to mention that throughout the First World War Albert did not offer his services neither to his king nor his country.

As a youngster, "Albert the Tall" amused himself by tying little girls together by their trailing locks and then, applying the "coup de grace" (a sharp kick on the buttocks), he would playfully force them into the swirling depths of the Atlantic. Then, with one eye on his watch and his other eye on the small bobbing heads below, he would time his victims to see how long the bobbing continued before the final bubbles appeared. This developed in Albert a fine sense of timing which proved invaluable in his later career as he performed sleight-of-hand tricks in the "5 and 10", and dodged the law at most city intersections.

After drifting from one school to another for a number of years, at last his "book larnin" days came to an end, and he was put on two years' probation. This was cut to eight months, we believe, on the suggestion of the probation officer, who later died from injuries.

Having a fine sense of timing and a love for technical devices, Albert became employed as "Gin Still Mecht". I in the employ of a somewhat shady group of businessmen, with no official rating.

About the end of 1934, the bathtub pipes became corroded beyond repair, and besides feeling the hot breath of the law over his back (a trick performed by a patented folding ear, with attached antennae) Albert suddenly became a virtual paragon of patriotism—a lover of democracy and lover of the homeland. Each day the cops were rounding up more suspects and so Albert headed for the enlistment centre. It was, of course, no more than a coincidence that Air Ministry authorized the issue of NAAFI chits to P. F. personnel at this same time.

The problem of how to torment people legally was solved for Albert by the air force when they introduced "disipsm" as a paid trade in the service. Eddie (one of his many aliases) worked hard — man how he worked! It was during this period of diligent application to duty that his breathing organ took on that odd hooked shape. He worked arduously digesting K. R. & A. C. I.'s until he burped A. M. O.'s. Just on the record, his favourite colour is brown. At last, as it has happened to many men but for the grace of God and a shrewd adjutant, Albert became a Warrant Officer Class I.

One can still see our popular S. W. O. walking gayly about the 'drome, lighthearted, not a care in the world—his two bodyguards and watch dog (this latter critter answers to the name of "Dutchie") following closely behind.

It has been thrice suggested that Eddie remuster to a flagpole or some such useful article, but when approached on the subject he displayed his Ipana choppers and said (and we quote this for posterity): "The only thing I wanna be outside of a S. W. O., is an millionaire's son."

CLASSIFIED ADS

by Grifficus

Have you perchance encountered in the environs of the camp while strolling out of an evening, bent on non-fraternization, a youngish man of slender figure, fine demeanour, and aristocratic bearing dressed in the familiar brown of army? Yes? Undoubtedly then you have encountered some utter stranger unknown for the purposes of this writing.

Captain Myles Eadon (on the other hand) of the Royal Corsets — excuse us! Royal Dorsets — Army Liaison Officer with 39 Recce Wing may be loosely described as a middle-aged Briton with a head of carefully marcelled grey and dirty-brown hair, bearing the look called by the French "distingue" (translated freely "all shagged out").

The history of 39 Recce Wing is closely bound up with that of Captain Myles, who, through his invention and development of the "Ginche Board", a complex mechanical contrivance of considerable assistance to Recce pilots in directing them in their search for, and exploitation of temporarily unoccupied weapon pits, contributed in no small measure to achievements of which all in this Wing may well be proud and which may well be remembered long after the lesser things of battle have found their way into the limbo of the evanescent and the transitory.

Very little is currently known about the antecedents of the marcelled Myles, although rumor has it that he was found on a doorstep wrapped up in a particularly dirty copy of the London Daily Express, to be reared by kindly circus people, whence his present-day predilection for life under canvas. Myles is further reported to have grown up, a phenomenon frequently reported by observers of life among the ancient Britons. He finally launched himself on a career as a journalist, delivering the morning papers on a route in Hackney for several years. Casting about, he discovered an English accent to be the indispensable qualification in carving a career in the higher reaches of Fleet Street, in consequence of which promptly set about acquiring one, with such pertinacity and success that today the deception is hidden from all but the most practised Canadian ear. The soon-to-be-captain shortly added those further indispensables to success, a pair of brown suede shoes and — absolute sine qua non — a family crest which shows a camouflaged weapon pit rampant against a field of gules, the whole surmounted by the family motto "Ginchamus", translated "we ginche".

Captain Eadon has had a distinguished Army career having contrived by dint of courage, skill, and much initiative, to be placed well to the rear of the fighting lines for five consecutive years, with a record of never having asked to be relieved of duties for even the shortest periods. It is said that several times during this period of protracted duty, gun fire was heard to roar in the distance.

See the Education Officer about this.

Girl to friend: "I don't care if he is a pilot, I don't like being referred to as his target for tonight".

W.O.I Sturgess to sweating LAC late for parade: "Glad to see you, airman. We were beginning to fear you'd signed a separate peace"

Thumbnail characterizations: "He has a difficulty for every solution" "She was all sugar and spice with a dill pickle for a tongue" "He made himself old friends at once"

Local Gals Are Off Limits Frat Strictly For Suckers

Don Snipper

Fraternization is one of those things that every guy thinks is all right for him, (Only a little bit, mind you), but which plays hob with the Service if all the other guys start to horn in. Here we stop to add that fraternization means something a little more than, well . . . sexual promiscuity, shall we say? We shall. Before we delve further into the subject we trot out our vast store of learning to point out that the word "Fraternization" derives from the Latin "frater", meaning "brother", and "nization" from "niso", meaning "not to do"; the whole word then meaning: "Oh no you don't, brother!" And this injunction "Not to do" applies to a wide field of relationships with the Hun - - male and female. And for good and sufficient reasons.

The average Canadian (or Britisher or American, etc.) comes from a pretty decent society and his social standards are generally those of twentieth century civilization. After fighting his way into the heart of Hunland, he finds to his surprise that the Jerries appear to be, apparently contrary to what he half expected, reasonably decent law-abiding folk who go about their work in the fields or in the towns, at worst appearing indifferent to us in the Forces and at best seeming downright friendly and eager to please. He even thinks that quite a number of them look pretty presentable indeed and a certain amount of drooling ensues: "What the devil! You really can't go on being beastly to the Hun, y'know. It isn't decent; it isn't natural". Belsen seems pretty far away just about then; V-1, V-2, Coventry, Kharkow, the applause of the German millions in 1940 and 1941 . . . all these are just words that cover failing memories.

But there are a few considerations that crop up about here, considerations that have not escaped the attention of those High Up; whose knowledge of Germany and the Germans is exceeding wise, based on pretty shrewd experience of Resistance movements, of German toughness and persistence. Don't think for a moment that just because you are seeing a Germany still stunned by the enormity of the defeat, a Germany which has been temporarily deprived of its toughest and boldest elements; because you are seeing a Germany inhabited now by old men, women and children who, through fear and relief over the end of the war, treat you with a seeming respect and friendliness; don't think for a moment that all is forgiven or that all is forgotten. Do you really think that behind the smile of that woman in the field, whose son or brother or sweetheart has fought you in the field as a bitter enemy for almost six years and who now lies dead, maimed or locked up in a prisoners' cage; do you think behind that smile there lies friendliness and a desire to please? If you do, Chum, then it's only your great big male ego thinking for you.

And as a matter of fact, Jerry is counting on just such a reaction from the average Joe. He's going to be nice as pie, talk about war - - what a nasty thing it is! - - and how he was always against it, blame everything on Adolf, (Quite dead you see), mention what home-loving bodies the Germans are, and point out what a fine looking girl his daughter is. This is a line that's pretty hard to resist in the long run - - unless, repeat unless, we keep constantly in mind the reasons behind the nonfraternization order. Perhaps the only way to

keep it all fresh in mind will be to repeat with your morning exercise, twelve times: "Today I will not fraternize". The S.W.O. is said to favour this procedure.

Of course, there is always the "bod" who, while perfectly sincere in his desire not to fraternize, just can't tell the difference between a German and a Russian, or a German and a Pole or a Frenchman, or any one of the other dozen nationalities that one finds in peace-loving Germany today. This is especially so when it's a question of some rather lush bit of relaxation, at which point his ethnological sense just seems to go for the well known burton. He swears up and down that he thought she was speaking Czechoslovakian, (A language, incidentally, with which he isn't even on swearing terms), that her blond pleated hair he thought typical of the south of France; that her eyes were obviously Jugo-Slavian green and anyway what does everybody think he is, a hermit? While avowing that the latter is a line of reasoning to which we are by no means immune, (though retaining rigid control over our baser nature), we point out, somewhat painfully, that it is also a logic to which the Powers Above are quite impervious.

Accordingly, we think it will be helpful to set forth briefly a common-sense definition of fraternization and what it means to you. Generally, fraternization implies contact with Germans upon terms of friendliness, familiarity or intimacy, whether individually or in groups, in official or unofficial dealings. (Note however, that non-fraternization does not demand rough, undignified or aggressive conduct, nor the insolent overbearance characteristic of Nazi leadership). Allied Personnel will so conduct themselves in their relations with the inhabitants of Germany as to command respect for themselves, the forces they represent, and for their countries. Remember, the Germans as a nation hold the armed forces and all things military in deep respect, so don't wander down the main strasse of Luneburg shying stones at the officers, or even at the civilians for that matter. In fact, acts of violence committed when not in the lawful course of military duty are forbidden, as well as acts of pillage and oppression. This doesn't mean, either, that if you are sent down town by the Squadron Adj. to pick up a case of beer for the boys, you can take time out for a small rape under the guise of official duty. Common sense has to be applied, as always.

Certain specific restrictions on contacts with the German population have been ordered and are strictly verboten, (there, see how easy it is for the Hun influence to creep in?). Visiting German homes; drinking with Germans; shaking hands with Germans; playing games of sport with them; giving or accepting gifts; attending German dances or other social functions; accompanying Germans on the street, in theatres, taverns, hotels or elsewhere, (except on official business); discussions and arguments with Germans, especially on politics or the future of Germany. Needless to say we haven't bothered to include you-know-what, because even our batman knows THAT'S verboten.

Well, what are we left with? "Exactly", says someone. "What ARE we left with?" Precious little perhaps. But console yourself. It won't be long before the Arcadian shores and the Elysian fields of CANADA beckon you once again. Meanwhile, keep your pecker up, (And in, we might add),

Buckshee Work Picks Up Dough

Join NOW! — What? — The Hobby Club! It's yours! Use it!

What about that holster? That wallet? How much longer is the girl-friend's or wife's picture going to suffer abuse in that G.I. kit-bag? Here's your chance to make that folding leather picture-frame you always felt you should have! There's leather; there's plexiglass; — why not go over to the Hobby Shop and make an hour of your spare time really count? — The room across the hall from "Ye Olde Barber Shoppe" in the administration building.

Here's the chance to try out that idea you had in mind — only before you didn't have the time, place or material. Now you have all three—plus excellent tools and equipment!

The Hobby Shop is a room set aside especially for you. Tools and equipment for every sort of project. Daily new materials are expected — but you might have found something by the way of material — so bring it along and see what you can do with it!

Here are a score of plans for you to look over. You too probably have ideas for projects. Come over and make use of our draughting equipment! — a good chance to get some really excellent practice wielding the old "T" square.

The Shop is open to its members anytime of the day or night — be a member now — just go over and make your request to Cpl. Peters of the Armament Section or to the sergeant in charge of the Station Library — we'll be only too glad to solicit your interest.

Competant instructors in the persons of Cpl. Peters (Arm't. Sect) and Sgt. George Miles (52 M.F.H.) are available with ready interest in any of your ideas. Sgt. Miles organized two Hobby Clubs in Warrington and now is giving us the advantage of his experience and technical ability. We are all keen on making our Hobby Club a success — won't you give us your support too?

Wednesday nights have been set aside as "Lecture Nights"; when new plans and ideas will be presented; — come and see what the boys are planning to do and

RECCE TYPES

From Front Page

Autry-styled vocalizing after "Tumbling Tumbleweed" and Jim smilingly obliged.

So varied was the programme and so determined were the members of the cast to satisfy the entertainment hunger of the Wing, they reverted almost to slapstick at one point by staging a hilarious pie-eating contest. While six volunteers from the audience clasped their hands behind their backs and attacked six plates of delicious looking pastry, the audience drooled and yelled encouragement. Sergeants Rees and Walker proclaimed the winner, whereupon the other contestants, wearing expressions of satisfaction under the layers of broken crust and whipped cream, left the stage with several packs of cigarettes stuffed in their pockets as consolation prizes.

Ernie Whitledge with his accordeon, "BLA 6/8" announcer Moe Morrison, the piano stylings and accompaniment of Frank Gurney and the periodic comedy walk-ons of Joe Walker contributed in no small measure to the bang-up success of "Wrecky Review No. 1".

Just prior to the finale the producer threw in a surprise package — and what a package! Miss May Cooper — ENSA's female Sinatra (plus blood). While the audience sighed as one man, Miss Cooper cuddled up to the microphone and gave out with her own scintillating version of "Embraceable You". I won't say she was a sensation — we only had a minor riot on our hands.

Replying to "Kaycee" Coffey's appreciation after the show, producer Joe Walker and M. C. Harold Rees expressed their gratitude to the audience for the way in which every act was received and added that it was their hope to recruit more talent on the Wing and stage a "Wrecky Review" every Saturday night.

USE RECCE FLASH WANT ADS AND GET RESULTS!

bring your ideas! The Hobby Club has great hopes; make these your hopes too! Make your spare time count! It will pay you big dividends; Have that satisfactory feeling of accomplishment!

FOOD PROBLEM

From Front Page

and fish at meals is that there are no refrigeration cars to haul fresh meat and vegetables from Antwerp — our closest port. Until Hamburg is opened to shipping, bully beef and sardines are here to stay, since Antwerp is fully 500 miles from Luneburg.

But the Admin. boss sugar-coated the pill with his details of the new 48-hour leave centre at Ratzburg. Airmen, labouring indefinitely under the stringent nonfraternization regulations, will get relief from the Fliegerhorst surroundings soon. Forty men per two days is the quota, and as we go to press the first contingent is on the way.

Some beefs about the laundry were not long in forthcoming. It seems that the laundrymen, eager to make amends for their period of inoperativeness, had included Saturdays and Sundays in their working schedule. A revision of that was necessary to let them fall in line with the other sections. Result — a frantic effort to catch up with the mounting stock of dirty duds. But all delays will soon be smoothed out — ju-u-ust like they do your shirts!

One altruistic member of the council suggested relieving the kitchen staff of their chores on Wednesday afternoon. The motion was adopted immediately, and it was ruled that each section in turn should send a crew into the cookhouse on that day. The boys of Sigs Maintenance gave the cooks their long-deserved break this week—entirely voluntarily of course. Section Joes at the meeting were the old gang: Cpls. Peters, Taylor and Weiner and LACs Rasberry, Muirhead and Ryan.

RECCE ROOST

From Front Page

The establishment is at present being managed by Sgt. Martin of the PTI staff, who will be in permanent residence. Accomodations are sufficient for forty airmen, twenty going and twenty coming back each day. Vacancies will be allotted to sections as they occur, and it is hoped that everybody will have an opportunity to spend at least one rest period amid these idyllic surroundings so thoughtfully provided by the good doctor.

CORN!

CORN!!

CORN!!!

To Day, Saturday, May 26, at 20:30 hrs

in

K of C THEATRE

39 Wing entertainments, inc., presents the operations staff in their own unfoigiveable Social Satire.

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