



## Guess Again Boys; No Move Pending

The immediate outlook for 39 (R) Wing has more or less crystallized during the past week, and all personnel may now look forward with a reasonable degree of certainty to another three weeks or a month at Luneburg. It should not be necessary to add that such things are always subject to immediate change, but there are no indications at present of an impending move; so set your minds at rest, boys, and let the rumours fall where they may.

To fill in the picture of what the Gods have in store for you during this static period, RECCE FLASH provides you with the following peeks into the crystal ball:

1. Cornered in a dark recess in the kitchen, F/O Johnson, purveyor to 39 Wing, committed himself to some extent on the food situation. He first hedged a little by referring to three new methods for camouflaging bully-beef: Bully au Gratin, Creme Bully, et Bully a la West. However, he followed this drab bulletin with a bombshell — twice-weekly Dakota runs (effective immediately) are being laid on for the purchase of fresh foodstuffs in Denmark. Service will be between B156 and Copenhagen, and mess hall menus are expected to headline commodities like eggs smoked fish, ham, lettuce, radishes, onions and cauliflower.

2. The sports committee announce that the weekly track meets will take the form of elimination trials for a forthcoming 83 Group meet, at which we hope to have a strong representation. The final local meet, at which the wing team will be chosen, is to be followed by an all-ranks whinging in one of the hangars. The barrel will be rolled out, and ENSA will be asked to "bring on the girls".

3. Another projected sports attraction is an aquatic meet to held either in the river at Luneburg or in 52 MFH's pool (?). So

better start limbering up, all you potential Weissmullers.

4. Finally, the staff of this newspaper plan to provide you with some new features which we hope will meet with approval. We now have access to a photo engraving plant, and if the editors of LIFE magazine knew what we had in store, Henry Luce would probably shoot himself. We also hope to produce a literary supplement which will include many of the excellent contributions for which we have been unable to find space in the news columns.

### A WORD TO THE WISE

Anyone wishing to exchange non-issue weapons or equipment for a course in drill instructions with web and rifle, contact any Service Police, while wearing these articles. Other types of courses will be given NCO's and Officer's. Also, advanced courses are available for those carrying these weapons concealed.

## Good Response As Wing Polls

Excellent response in the first few days brought forth this comment from F/L Mitchell, wing balloting supervisor: "Voters are coming in just as fast as we can handle them, and I'd like to see a continuation of this 'til we get through".

By the time of going to press it is expected that a round figure of five hundred votes will have been cast in the Federal Election, and an estimated two hundred and fifty Ontarians will have gone to the polls. The wing is probably unique in having almost 50% of its complement from Ontario, as election figures show — possibly even a higher percentage, for the Provincial Election had a later kick-off.

The dates for the elections and the times that the polls are open are fully described in DRO's, but in case you are one of those characters who thinks DRO's are not for him, we repeat them here:

Federal Election - - - May 28-30  
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## KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL...



Sgt. Joe Walker, Capt. Myles Eadon and Pte. Jack Grier concentrate on a tense moment in the ping-pong game, one of the features of last week's show.

## Cautley's Pie Routine Climaxes Ops Apoppin'

Nuts from all over the world met at the K of C Theatre last Saturday night to stage one of the most hilarious revues seen on the Continent since Adolf introduced goose-stepping. The occasion was "Wrecky Review No. 2" and the revue: "Ops Apoppin'".

It was really a combined ops affair for, in addition to our own Canadian talent, Producer Joe Walker added a generous dash of English through the courtesy of the British Army, the R.A.F. and the R.A.F. Regiment. All blended perfectly to make this one of the best shows seen here to date.

Though primarily a 39 Wing Operations Staff presentation, the cast included many stars from "Wrecky Review No. 1". Space does not permit a detailed review of each trick the cast used to drive the audience insane, but Recce-Flash awards its "Oscar of the Week" to Captain Bill Palk for his brilliant comedy and versatility. Appearing as seductive Veronica Lake, the Captain later discarded his issue sarong to do his own inimitable story of Little Red Riding Hood.

From the opening number by the "orchestra" to the moment the M.C. smashed a gooey ten-inch pie square in Captain Cautley's face, the revue moved as fast as

a three-ring circus and, despite the fact that the theatre floor was littered with writhing bodies and the washrooms filled with frantic airmen bathing their fevered brows with cold towels, "Wrecky Review No. 2" was a classic example of talent, showmanship, co-operation and sportsmanship.

## Councilmen In Session

That middle-of-June-move rumor going the rounds has, apparently, no foundation. The lid was put on it by no other than S/L McLean at the airmen's council last Monday.

Section line-up at the meeting this week was - - - Cpls Wheeler, Peters, Taylor and Lacs Wolfe, Williamson, Greiner, Appel, Raspberry.

First-topic was that much chewed bone of contention about dirty water in the wash-up troughs at the mess. Investigations were promised. (There shouldn't be a greasy mess tin in the Fliegerhorst now.)

As all two-hook men and below are often inconvenienced by neighbouring elbows while gnawing their skinless sausage, an

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## Repat Plan In Operation - But Don't Hold Your Breath

This week's issue of "Wings Abroad" was read and re-read with particular attention by 39 Wing personnel for, within its pages, the long-awaited Canadian Air Force repatriation scheme was revealed. Despite the many discussions, arguments, worried expressions, happy expressions, rumblings, grumblings and the occasional voice of a "Priority 25" lifted in song, there remained a large number of puzzled frowns brought about by the detailed summary in "Wings Abroad". Here then is a condensed version of Overseas Headquarters' "Back To Canada in Ten Easy Lessons".

First, the Royal Canadian Air Force repatriation plan will be conducted in two phases: (a) By Units designated for the Pacific Theatre of war for training in Canada and (b) By posting of in-

dividuals on a priority basis. Note, however, that the repatriation of Units does not mean that the individuals comprising those Units will proceed to the Pacific. Re-organization and postings of personnel will take place in Canada and will take into account the desires of the individual for continuing service.

For those participating in the Pacific Forces, a 30-day leave in Canada is provided, plus entitled leave and all on full rates of pay. Acting or confirmed ranks and trades pay will be retained as well as exemption from income tax. Though not yet finalised, the powers that be are considering Pacific tours of duty to be eighteen months to two years for ground crew and 35 operational sorties or eighteen months service for aircrew, whichever is shorter.

There is, of course, the Occupational Force to be considered. Personnel electing to serve in this Force will be sent on leave to Canada as quickly as transportation facilities permit. They, too, will retain acting or confirmed ranks, trades pay and exemption from income tax.

As far as service requirements permit, all members of the R. C. A. F. who are not serving in the designated Units for Pacific and European theatres will be repatriated on a priority group system in accordance with their length of service, length of overseas service and whether married or single.

Total length of service in the R. C. A. F. has been taken as the basic factor for repatriation and those who have service overseas will receive a slight additional credit for the time they have spent outside Canada. For those who are married, a slight additional priority has been granted, but this factor will not react too greatly against the individual who wants to return home to get married.

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## Wehrmacht Was Drowned In Flood Of Air Photographs

(By Major Tom Wilson)

The Army can be divided into two parts!

1. The Photo-Conscious
2. The Unconscious.

Since the days when the Army Photographic Interpretation Section consisted of three officers and a handful of Other Ranks air photographers have wrought a vast change.

Two years ago the Army considered that photographs for the fighting soldier were unnecessary. They seldom went beyond the planners at Army H. Q.

This year has seen the Wehrmacht virtually drowned in a torrent of air photographs reaching proportions never dreamed of before. In August last Second Army used 2,500,000 air photographs. In March this year this number was certainly exceeded — one corps alone took 500,000 lithographic copies of air photographs

and this was only part of its order.

In fact the last stages of this campaign seemed to show that saturation point had at last been reached, in the supply of contact prints.

Where was A. P. I. S. in this welter of bromide paper?

An air photograph handed to a rather harassed battalion officer without explanation is as useful as operation orders issued in Chinese.

A. P. I. S. interpreters at Army, Corps, and Division extract the information in varying detail and pass it on to their commanders and intelligence officers.

So valuable is his information that in most divisions the senior interpreter is one of the general's right hand men. Side by side they would go over the photographs and annotated maps together.

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## Huntin' Shootin' Fishin's Swell, Say Happy 48-Men

39 Wing's near-utopia at Ratzeburg is daily acquiring new Arcadian facilities. Best commendation for the rest camp comes from its efficient permanent staff — some dozen or so strong. They all want to spend a 48 there themselves!

Sgt. Martin i/c the retreat has recruited a few Kraut POWs to help his boys play housewife and, like that good woman, their work is never done. Conventional travel folders would describe the hide-out's atmosphere as languorous, and complete relaxation for the guests is encouraged. Feature of mealtimes is the slick service provided by two voluntary staff waiters, Roly Labrie and Bert Scarborough, who are gradually assuming the

suave and polished airs of Waldorf-Astoria lackeys.

Eggs are plentiful and the nearby lake assures the ice-box of a good supply of fresh fish. I saw an eight-pound pike go into the refrig. the other afternoon.

Here are one or two more acquisitions of the resort's catalogue of enticements — a Jerry motorbike for running about the grounds, a motor boat complete with maintenance mech Buz Storey, and some excellent fishing tackle.

But at least one philanthropic person is asked to step forward with a view to donating a battery radio — the only distraction that is lacking up there. (Power supply voltage is 110 D. C., so A. C. sets cannot be considered.)

# RECCE FLASH

For Canadian Airmen in Germany

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

The practice of urging every member of the electorate to exercise his franchise is a very old and hackneyed device used by practically every editorial writer who had a deadline to meet. However, at this moment of decision in the history of civilization, surely the idea acquires a new significance.

The government which the men and women of Canada choose next week will be charged with the terrible responsibility of directing the progress of the nation into a course which will either justify or render futile the magnificent war effort of which we are rightly proud. The choice of such a body of legislators is not to be taken lightly.

A great many of us — perhaps all of us — have acquired during our service years a new maturity, a new sense of realities, and a new realization of the meaning of responsibility. Any member of the Canadian community (and don't forget that you ARE a member of that great community) who fails to apply these newly acquired attributes to his part in the democratic running of the country is doing Canada a great disservice. It's very easy to convince oneself that politics is a rotten business which one wants no part of, but that kind of sloppy thinking is the most serious obstacle in the way of improving government. Never forget that a great many of our comrades have died for the principle which is implied in the right of free and secret voting. To ignore our responsibility in the matter is to make light of their sacrifice.

The Fascist governments strangled the free voice of the people as expressed through a free ballot, and it was against this odious menace that we went to war five years ago. Having crushed it now by force of arms, we must be constantly on the watch for any reincarnation of the beast which, in the early stages of its growth, may have an innocuous appearance. Can you truthfully say that you have a thorough understanding of what is meant by the term Fascism? If not, FIND OUT — because we must all recognize this enemy of human freedom.

Regulations prevent the writing of any political comment in this and other service publications. However, the platforms of the various parties in the Dominion election field are summarized in handy form in a special edition of CANADIAN AFFAIRS which was widely circulated this week. Here is a basis for your political judgments. Read it carefully, assess the contents, and if you have not already done so — VOTE!

## Letters to the Editor

Sir: Is there any need for your paper to contain risque and blatantly suggestive remarks in order to raise laughs? Isn't it rather like musicians who condescend to play popular "classical" music to service audiences? You'll find that lots of chaps, keen on sending RECCE FLASH home, are chary of doing so on that account. Let's hope your future editions are suitably purged of this element.

The editor and staff regret certain indiscretions which crept into the first issue, largely due to the disorganization attendant upon launching the enterprise. Future issues will be suitable for inclusion in the Children's Hour.—Ed.

Sir: I write in pursuit of information on a matter which confuses me very much; to wit: has bravery a horizontal as well as vertical difference? Aside from objective degrees of bravery, has it also two different subjective qualities?

An officer may win the D.S.O. but an enlisted man can only win the D.S.M. for the same degree of bravery. Likewise the D.F.C. and D.F.M. et al.

From this a system of logic may be deduced; yet it is confounded by the Victoria Cross the award of which is based on supreme bravery regardless of rank. Can you enlighten?

..... Jacobus Petrus

The only reply we can make to you is "Drop in and see us, old boy". I think we have a job for you.—Ed.

Sir: Is it not everyone's desire that a second edition of the much famed magazine FLAP be produced to carry on the story that was contained in such grand manner in the first edition? Should only half of the story of our unit be put in print when the first part proved so interesting?

If sufficient interest should be shown in such a project, the staff of the FLASH would be prepared to undertake it.—Ed.

Sir: During the month the Wing launched a highly satisfactory campaign in an endeavour to utilize in the best possible manner the leisure hours of all ranks, following the capitulation of the enemy. The measures represent a sincere effort to mitigate the personal hardships imposed by the no-fraternization order. It has been a decided success — the keen interest, team-work and co-operation displayed by the airmen was encouraging and has doubtless been responsible for the marked improvement in morale. For their admirable esprit de corps, hats off to 39 Wing!..... Cpl. Prune.

## Bob Elliott Says.....

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

We are often asked why the Ginche Board has been discontinued. There are at least two good reasons. Firstly, with the advent of peace, we have become even more lazy than usual — it used to take us two hours to make the thing up — and secondly, there is a shortage of material. Way back, during the war, we received every day an Intelligence Summary from both Second British Army and 83 Group. These summaries were filled with statistics, charts, diagrams, humorous anecdotes and many other subjects of general interest. With these documents at our side, we were able to sandwich between say To-days Piece of Ginche and a short account of the night before brawl in the Sergeant's Mess, a first-hand report of conditions inside Berlin. Or perhaps, between the Second Army Troops News and a photograph of Munster at dusk (Pix by Godfrey, of course) there would be an interesting story from Third U.S. Army on German women at war.

The war now being over, these two Intelligence Summaries, our main source of copy, are no longer produced.

And that reminds us of another good reason. Godfrey doesn't take pictures any more. Besides, on V. E. Day, we attended a joyous celebration of all the Wing I. O.'s and A. L. O.'s at which, to the accompaniment of weird chants and mystical dances, we ceremoniously burnt our grease pencils.

So, to-day, having we hope set your mind at rest about the Ginche Board, and Bob Elliott having set out on his spring cruise, thus being temporarily out of touch, we intend to satisfy popular demand and reproduce your favorite story on our hero. We say popular demand because our reader asked for it.

The short article below is taken from the archives of Ginche Board Inc... It appeared on the Ginche Board in the middle of February last and is printed in its original form.

Extract from William Joyce's (Lord Haw-Haw) news summary of last night. "The Anglo-American Jewish plutocrats under the control of the Kremlin are employing a new secret weapon. During yesterday afternoon a curious new craft was seen flying between the lamposts of the Unter den Linden in Berlin. The pilot was sitting in the stern or rear end of the craft, and in a typical Churchill manner was making vulgar signs at the gallant German people wending their way to work through the rubble. All the time he was shouting obscene abuse.

After having made a few passes at the Ministry of Propaganda, the pilot dropped the following articles on the sacred streets of Berlin: One empty bottle of brandy ("with love from Winnie" written on it). One cigar box (contents, one cigar which exploded when lighted up by Dr. Goebbels). One empty case of pom-pom shells. One broken constant speed unit (with cunningly concealed booby-trap). Numerous leaflets of an extremely rudimentary nature, some of which I will quote to show the depths to which the international warmongers will stoop. One roll of lavatory paper with "Government property" written on it and one packet of W. D. and H. O. Wills, the only brand (empty).

Examples of the leaflets are as follows:

A disgusting picture of the Führer with "..... you for a start" written on the back.

"Beware! To-days piece of

## Germany On Her Knees Is Servile, Illogical, Tricky

(by F/L S. C. Barrell)

In a series of short sharp rushes we have travelled over a substantial part of the Fatherland, and have seen a host of Huns, men, women and children, both in and out of uniform. P. O. W.'s, farmers, policemen, tram-conductors, and all the other bodies human that go to make up a modern society.

We have seen dead Germans drably distributed over the landscape, but they are our concern no longer.

What of the living; the millions of Germans still left, who were once the cogs in the devilish Hitler machine, which so nearly laid the world in ruins, and put all its people into slavery?

Most of us have little contact with them, apart from making them understand what we require them to do for us; an understanding usually conveyed by a complicated system of signs; and the diligent use of the word "Kaput".

In the role of interpreter, conversation with Germans is almost continuous, and, after a time, certain conclusions about them begin to assert themselves.

There is a great feeling of relief that the war has finished, and in particular the bombing. From what we have all seen, this is only natural, but a very important point is that these wretched souls, without exception, are convinced that Hitler started the business. Virulent verbal attacks against the former Nazi leaders are very common, and apparently quite sincere. However, the ordinary folk complain that they were completely duped by friend Hitler. That implies blind following of the Führer, and yet these same people will vigorously assert that; "We were, of course, members of the party, but only because we were forced to be". When put side by side, both lines of thought are quite illogical.

We will all have noticed that the German people are clean, tidy, and industrious to a degree. These are their attributes, but, unfortunately, they are sadly lacking in individuality. They seem quite incapable of doing anything outside their ordinary, very circumscribed routine unless they receive some strong direction from outside. Inner thought appears to be at a very low ebb, and, for that reason, they are still believing all the old Nazi propaganda that has not yet been proved to them wrong. In this connection, it was amazing to be told by an intelligent-looking civilian at Lutherheim; "I am more than surprised that I am alive. We were told that the English would cut all our throats, as they had done on the other side of the Rhine".

Rumour-mongering is very prevalent, and great credence is given to even the most fantastic efforts. If the race had been graced with a reasonable sense of humor, it would, no doubt, have substituted laughter for belief. Persuasion is useless, and time has to be left to provide the appropriate denials.

A large piece of, as yet, undisproved propaganda, has left the Huns with a very intense fear of the Russians. It does not appear to be hatred, but just

Grinche (German Ginche) is tomorrow's corpse."

"Uncle George is after your blood and guts."

All this was accompanied by the gigantic roar of the twin engined monster, which was engaged by the entire flak defences of Berlin. Several hits were obtained and the craft is believed to have been shot down somewhere between Osnabrook and Münster.

plain panic. When acidly reminded of their own vile behaviour on Soviet territory they say; "Yes, it was awful, but, you know, it was all done by the S.S." They do not seem to realise that, as they all deny active support of Nazi principles, the burden of guilt must be borne by all shoulders.

The Germans are, taken by and large, a very religious people, and this seems to have resulted in the only real personal opposition to Party doctrine. It was forbidden to send children to church, but a great many parents defied the regulations, in spite of the fact that almost all their other control over their offspring had been ruthlessly removed.

The German people are trying to be as friendly and helpful to the Allies as they possibly can be. It is their only remaining card.

At the moment the mass can well be likened to a large flock of sheep, except, perhaps, that we find sheep useful to humanity.

## The Padre's Corner

(by S/L Cameron)

The end of the European war and the imminence of elections in Britain and Canada should bring us to the point of thinking seriously about our Democracy. The Democratic countries have triumphed over Fascist Germany and Italy and will conquer Japan. Essentially and originally what is our Democracy? Men have struggled and died for it. The first step in our appreciation and honour of them and their sacrifice is to understand the way of life in which they believed.

Democracy presumes a high standard of intelligence on the part of the individual. It means education so that men may distinguish between freedom and licence, between justice and injustice, between right and wrong. The roots of Democracy are found in the Christian belief of the value of the individual person. Corporate salvation without individual salvation is a fallacy. None of the problems facing men is insoluble but all are insoluble if men everywhere are not enlightened and persuaded that their solution is both possible and necessary. For instance, World Peace will not become a fact unless sufficient individuals are persuaded that it can be and should be. In the same manner, we in the Liberation Armies watch not only the freeing of individuals from physical bondage but also the freeing of nations in Europe. The ancient cultural achievements of individuals and nations came to birth not under tyranny but under the free spirit of Democracy. And so it will be in the future. The fetid atmosphere of oppression must give way eventually to the clean free atmosphere of freedom and peace. Every worthy utility of Fascism has been devised by and adopted from the Democracies.

We believe in the rights of the individual, the free exchange of opinions from which the truth finally is crystallized. There is no infallible man — we learn by trial and error.

The responsibility for the future, then, rests with each individual. He should think and act with that serious purpose in mind. There is much in Democracy that needs adjusting and cleansing. But the great hope for the future is that it can be changed if men want it to be changed. Public opinion can be made and can find expression. True patriotism always will be needed. It means unselfish service to man and God in the spirit of our common brotherhood and the practical application of the Golden Rule. In no other atmosphere will Democracy live and function.

# WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN

Sergeant Joseph Stanford Eugene Walker  
(by Genius)

About the tail end of the year 1916, (It was a cool November day, to be precise), on a spacious river boat afloat the mighty river Yangtze, (about eight hours out of Nanking), Joseph Walker got posted to civilization — such as it is.

As a mere nipper (not to be confused with Niponese), he spent his time paddling among the rice paddies and D. I. 'ing the "river retreat". On a tea-selling trip to Shanghai, little Stanford became intrigued with the magnificence of the huge steamers at the docks. After losing heavily in a game of chance to several of the crew, Stanford found himself aboard the S. S. Bulshee Maru as a tea boy bound for Canada.

Initiative seems to have been the keynote of Walker the youth's life for no sooner did he set foot in Canada's bordering terrain (a place called British Columbia) than he set off on a cross country train journey (a la rods); this landed him in Montreal — home of vice, villains, vine and vimen.

There seems to be little or no record of any education, but ROGER informs me that Joseph attended a municipal mission school for several semesters. Records prove he was ostracised when it was conclusively proven that he had been using the school as a "cover up" for his bookie commission. There follows however a period in the chappie's life that we know nothing of except that he took childish glee in kicking crutches out from under old men.

When next we pick up the thread, Walker was employed as a clerk with the Swift Canadian firm. Of course it meant either accepting the position or going on the dole. It was in these environs that his love for rap rummy and the sack developed and bloomed. Also it was here (and how befitting) that he gained his experience as a ham.

Patriotism stirred Eugene to join the Fliegers and be a world traveller at 21, so he dood it and the Army had had Walker.

Roger, who has been watching Gene (with the dark black wig) for some time, informs me that the man in question is hitched, hexed and healthy except for a trick set of ribs which swivel when he burps. He hopes to raise a family of eight, although he is not quite certain how to attain this goal. (Open Note: See "FREUD").

When at home he mixes entertainment with good food on a weekly soiree to the notorious Terminal Club where he devours huge quantities of dark meat I am told.

He enjoys doing his own laundry and after, hangs it all (both handkerchiefs — Red Cross labels et al) on the line at one time. When questioned about this he became quite raucous indeed; waved his arms madly, gibbered at our scribe in a weird Chinese-French dialect and did a slow roll to the side as his ribs swivelled.

Except for a nauseating little habit of wearing other people's clothes (shirts in particular) and wearing Sunday socks (wholly holey) he is a flawless dresser.

He is quite good natured, with a kind beaming face similar to those hanging on warden's kissers. He has a natural tendency to help the underdog, (ask Dutchie).

And here, in closing, is a small note of interest to all bobbysockers. He lies in his sack smoking his "O. P. 's" and wiggles with delight and exuberance when "The Voice" sings.

That, bless his square-bashed feet, is our P. T. I. Gen Man — the true Joe "Batise" Walker.

(by Myles, a Soldier)

Having been mercilessly vilified, crucified and pilloried in this unspeakable column last week, I was not altogether surprised when the Editor of Recce Flash approached me — extremely deferentially I thought — with a request to dash off 7—800 words on any known or unknown character in the wing.

Like a great flash of light, it came to me. It was like a glorious sunrise viewed after a thick night in uptown Cincinnati.

The Day, having gone round again on account of Double British Summer Time, dawned.

In fact, he didn't dawn at all. It happened like this, in the dim dark recesses of forgotten time.

There was 10/10 at 200', viz was practically speaking nil, and the wind was capricious to say the least. Great crashes of thunder rent the heavens, and vivid flashes of lightning lit up the macabre scene.

Two storks had been detailed to bring Harold into the world, but owing to the inclement weather and indifferent pair flying, the number 2 stork got separated from his leader.

The Number 1 stork which was carrying Harold and the magic box of reds which has never run out, in a rather dirty table napkin, made a ropey landing under a gooseberry bush. Harold was unhurt, and it is recorded on an old piece of stone that he was born with a silver verrey pistol cartridge in his mouth. His first act, on seeing the light of this dirty day, was to take a red from the magic box, insert it in the pistol, and fire it joyously into the sky. This unfortunately coincided with the arrival of the No. 2 stork, complete with magic box of greens, who had just put down his flaps and was coming in to land. The wretched bird was so astonished by the performance, that it immediately spun in and burst into flames.

And that, my friends, is how it came about that Harold has no greens.

Then, having refused the No. 1 stork permission to take off, and leaving him, to this very day, mournfully ticking over, Harold went off in search of sustenance. He walked a long way and became very hungry, for he was a big boy. He was lucky enough to see another stork flying round in the mist, and through sheer force of habit, fired off another red. The child baled out, and although it damaged its nose and ear in the descent it immediately started off cooking on a little silver stove, which curiously enough, was in its mouth when it was born.

And that, my friends, was how Harold met Strattioti and how he started eating great mountains of porridge.

Harold has few other interests in life, for even in peace time, he finds a large field, puts up a little tent, and fires reds at all aircraft and birds which come into his view. When the barrel becomes too hot to hold, he retires into his little tent to partake of porridge.

Bob Elliott once summed up the Three Best Things in Life for Harold as being 1. Porridge. 2. Shooting reds at aircraft and 3. Shooting greens at buzz-bombs. These latter he borrowed from a friend.

And finally, there is another story, which is not generally known.

A pilot was once trying to land on one of Harold's airfields, and having been sent round again four times, coined the well-known phrase, "That'll be the Day".

Forgive me, Harold, Forgive me! We love you . . .

## ENSA PROGRAM FOR THIS WEEK

ENSA GARRISON THEATRE

Sunday, June 3rd.

One night only — at 19.30 hours.

Maurice Cole in

PIANOFORTE RECITAL

ENSA GARRISON THEATRE

Monday, for 6 Days — at 19.30 hours.

(Matinee on Wed. and Sat., at 14.50)

"JOVIALITIES"

(all star cast)

CHEVALIER CINEMA

For 7 days — 14.00, 17.00, 19.30 hrs.

daily

"SHINE ON HARVEST MOON"

Anne Sheridan — Dennis O'Keefe

WHITE KNIGHT CINEMA

For 7 days — 14.00, 17.00, 19.30 hrs.

daily

"SHOW BUSINESS"

Eddie Cantor

## Classified Ads

(For sale)

1 Kodak camera and 1 Phillips electric razor, brand new. LAC Moses 6400 Echelon.

Agfa camera, folding model, takes roll film 120 size. Anastigmat F8.8 lens, 1/100 sec. shutter. Also 10 doz. Super XX 4x5 cut film. Also 35 mm. Agfa-colour film. LAC White, 6414 Photo Section.

(Trade or Sell)

A number of RCAF crests, small, medium and wings. Cpl. Heidrick, Central Maint. 6450.

(Engraving done)

Lighters, cigarette cases etc. engraved at reasonable rates. Place articles for engraving together with instructions in an envelope and leave at the K of C. Can be picked up the following day.

(Wanted)

Small Radio, good condition Cash offer or will talk business. Apply Room 7 B. B. 7.

One set of loaded dice. Apply Ted Fisher, Hospital Bldg.

Part time crystal ball gazer and mind reader to assist MT Dispatch clerk. Only those experienced in reading more than twenty minds at once need apply.

(Exchange)

Will exchange one luscious blonde from my harem for two tins of bully beef. Mother-in-law comes with the deal. Apply Abdul Kazar.

## SECTION SIDELIGHTS

ARMAMENT SECTION NEWS

Lac "Bill" Pettigrew has just returned from leave spent with his brother, a repatriated POW, at Bournemouth. "Bill" discovered his brother, in one of those coincidences usually confined to the pages of books, among a group of released prisoners awaiting transport by air from B-154, just before the recent unit move. His brother, a pilot had been a prisoner for over a year at the time of his release.

The section softball team is still going its unchallenged way with a further win over 6414 Officers on Sunday.

6414 SECTION NEWS:

The big breeze down our way is the latest gen on the "numbers system" — known as the repat scheme — and, after a close survey, we find that it caters to the middle class Joe Blow. Ted Fisher says: "I can beat dat racket — I'm going t'Boima." They'll be putting him away any day now.

The hardest-working and most energetic Types of the "Operational Squadron" these days seem to be our instrument bashers. The following conversation took place t'other day: George "Horizontal" Pearson, "Hey, Seeley, is it raining outside?" Seeley, rolling over, "I dunno, call in the dog."

The "games of chance" room is now open every evening, all hours — name your poison. This does not come under the recreational scheme as laid down by the sports committee.

39 "R" WING M.T.

Changes have taken place in the only working Section left on the Wing since V. E. day.

The Section as a whole sadly regret the loss of Penny, one of our biggest noises.

We now have a symphony (very phony) orchestra. It consists of a mandolin and a drum. Performances are given every night at eleven o' clock usually on return

of a certain N. C. O. from the Sergeants Mess. The M. T. Officers appreciate this fully, especially when they are in bed. We wonder if this N. C. O. will live long enough for his "Repat" to come through.

Since the Wing battled its way over the Rhine, the Section has opened a new department known as the "Used Car Mart." It all started as a result of a new disease peculiar to Germany, a sort of urge to acquire articles belonging to other people, preferably German. Odd bods used to nip off on sorties returning with wheeled contraptions which made queer noises, which were a cross between a V. 1. and a Stilton cheese. This was perfectly all right until they dragged the M. T. into it, but they would insist on bringing them to us, and they really did almost convince us that they were good cars. Our diplomatic types used to endeavour to point out that our job was really to keep the M. T. vehicles serviceable — all 244 of them. This was usually met with calm indifference by the proud owners, and so it went on until the M. T. Section resembled a circus in which cars, auto-cycles, trucks and trailers milled around whilst impatient owners were demanding immediate registration, overhauls or paint jobs.

Whenever the M. T. Os went to the Mess Bar sociable types would buy them beer and at the appropriate moment would murmur "By the way I have a car etc., etc."

On the whole the M. T. Section hasn't noticed much difference between War and Peace so far, as our vehicles have come a long way with very little maintenance and everyone is working hard getting them up to scratch for the last move of all.

No. 6 M. F. P. S.

Now that the biggest part of World War II has finally collapsed, you'd think a guy would stop worrying if he can hit the side of a Marquee tent with a Sten gun at ten paces. But he worries just the same and his worries don't concern the Sten gun at all. Instead they take the form of anything from Mausers right down to sawn off blunderbusses — probably the odd blow gun. F/Lt. Pearce, Sgt. Ken Buckley and several others swear by their scrounge jobs — and at them, when after a dozen or so rounds they find they have a dislocated shoulder, and strangely their targets seem to be little the worse for wear. The English lads are content to live and die by their dart games but the Canadians must shoot something with a bang. And more bang.

Speaking of bangs, Freddie Tanner, Herm Ganser and Dunc Donald found some bottles one evening awhile back that went off with a bang. And kick too. No, they weren't booby traps either. Being optimistic bodies with tongues hanging out, they called it champagne.

If we can't always have champagne, there are times when we can at least have a change of diet from bully beef and tea three times a day, especially with chicken wandering around abandoned, homeless, no future.

Sgt. Ken Buckley, Cpl. Art Strange and some of the lads decided one day roast chicken would be a nice change for the Unit. So with two organized posess setting out with knives, axes and potato sacks, the net bag wasn't too bad. To see the chicken-plucking party in the mess tent afterwards would make your mouth water. Feathers flying in all directions ankle deep on the ground, tables and chairs, it looked more like the tail-end of a pillow fight in Manning Pool the morning after New Year's Eve.



Number one on the 1945 bathing beauty list is lovely Rhonda Fleming, who possesses one of the most beautiful figures in Hollywood. Appropriately enough, she will soon be seen in David O. Selznick's production "Spellbound" to be released thru United Artists.

## Good Reason For Harold's Red Barrages - It Says Here

(by S/L Harold S. Day)

I'm not saying how I managed to scrounge an Irving Jacket, but when I tell you that it took three years of unremitting effort, you will appreciate what a big day it was when I deposited this prize bit of loot in my tent at B8. I immediately called into conference my verey-pistol-packing Sgt. Plenderleith and requested an all-out effort on the Art front. Nothing loathe to exercise his talent, Plen undertook to design a coat of arms with verey pistol and aldiss lamp rampant upon a signals area. In lieu of an appropriate Latin tag such as "Semper in Excreto", he agreed to subscribe the motto "Go 'Round Again".

Now these three little words (although from time to time corrupted by Certain Poor Types into "Go Round and 'Round and 'Round Again", or "Go 'Round 'Again While I Finish My Porridge", etc.) reflect one important function of Flying Control. Even on days which are not set aside for Victory celebrations we do fire quite a few "reds", and, to the clued-up pilot a "red" means "Go 'Round Again".

You may be interested to know why we fire these colorful missiles into the sky. Even if you're not, I'm going to refer to some of the occasions on which we go berserk in this fashion.

We are frequently called upon to deal with a Sprog Pilot. You know the type — just over from Canada and with a mere two or three thousand Tiger Moth hours to his credit. Put such a pilot into a real live Spitfire and you can warn us at once to send out for another box of "reds" to the Airfield Controller. On his first approach he'll forget "flaps" — you know this new-fangled idea for reducing speed. We'll give him a "red" and he'll go round again. After a tactful reminder over the R/T regarding this little item, Sprog will try again. This time you'll see his flaps come down as he turns on to the down-wind leg. What, another "red" just as he is turning into wind? "It's the dashed retractable undercarriage that foxed me that time", mutters Sprog to himself. "What with all these knobs and trick gadgets in the cockpit, no wonder a fellow can't remember the old wheels have to be put down."

Then there is the Very Operational Type. He hasn't spent years and years shooting down Huns for nothing. No sir. If anyone knows how to get an aircraft down, it's him. Stick to the tail of the kite in front of you and you can't go wrong. Hundred yards at most. Why not? Piece of cake. Wait till he makes his first bounce then back with your stick. Nothing to it. "Hello. Background. Tell that fool at the end of the runway to stop flashing a red light at me" . . . "Say again" . . . A "red" soars skywards. Both leader and V. O. T. have to go round again. If V. O. T. had seen what happened last week while he was on leave, he'd know why that red light was flashed at him and why Flying Control does it's best to prevent V. O. T's from chopping off the tails of aircraft landing ahead of them.

### Not Listening

The Pilot Who Doesn't Listen Out on "A" (among other things) also costs the Government the price of many "reds". He joins the circuit, sees only a Dak and a Spit stooging around and decides to nip in. "After all the Dak has bags of gravy and that Spit doesn't look like one of ours — got no business here", P. W. D. L. O. A. assures himself. As a matter of fact "that Spit" is one of his own squadron and for the last five

minutes has been keeping Control informed of his progress towards base while nursing a ropey engine.

Control is now vainly calling P. W. D. L. O. A. on the R/T with instructions to keep clear. If "that Spit" cut out he'll never make it. So off we poop another "red".

Now just in case you erks figure that all clots are to be found in the ranks of our winged brethren, let me remind you of the Erk Who Won't Walk Round. This species is gradually disappearing from our midst, thanks, we are told, to having been written off or scared. His place of work and the mess hall are, unfortunately, separated, in space by the runway, and in time by some five minutes — or seven, if you care to walk round the end of the runway. By cutting across the runway E. W. W. R. can save two minutes, two minutes, which, of course, are better spent in the queue than in walking. As E. W. W. R. never bothers to look up and down the runway before crossing, he finds himself half way when a "red" sputters to earth and a Spit roars over his head in fine pitch, going round again. (If I succeed in nabbing E. W. W. R., he also goes round again — round and round the perimeter track.)

In fairness to my erstwhile friends, the pilots of our high and low flying squadrons, I must say that when we fire a "red" they usually do go round again. Obliging chaps, very. But every now and again we meet up with the Pilot Who Doesn't Believe In Flying Control. He looks on these reds as additional hazards to good flying and the people who fire them as interfering and presumptuous. We have a crash tender, a blood wagon and a crane to help clear up the mess.

## REPAT PLAN

(Continued from Page 1)

A quota system for repatriation has now gone into effect. The quotas will be allocated to the various Commands and Units to fill the shipping space allocated to the R. C. A. F. for repatriation purposes. Selections to fill these quotas will be made in accordance with the priorities chart by categories and trades.

After the formation of the R. C. A. F. components to be employed in the Pacific, the Occupational Force in Europe and the necessary training and administrative organizations — both in Canada and in the U. K. — there will be a surplus of personnel for whom there will be no service employment. The surplus overseas will be repatriated as expeditiously as available shipping permits in accordance with their repatriation priorities. Such personnel will be demobilized if they are surplus to requirements in the Western Hemisphere. Priority of release from the service for those who have seen the hardest and longest service will be the policy; provided they themselves desire release and the exigencies of the service permit.

At the time of release from the service you will receive a clothing allowance of one hundred dollars to purchase a new civilian outfit. You will be paid a rehabilitation grant of one month's pay and dependent's allowance and approximately one month after release you will commence to receive payment of your war service gratuity. Briefly, the basic gratuity is 7.50 for each 30 days service in the Western Hemisphere and 15.00 for each 30 days service overseas. In addition, for overseas service you will receive 7 days' pay and allowance for each six months service.

## Bezusko Takes Lead In Wing Track Meet

A track and field meet was held Wednesday afternoon on the newly-constructed sports field across the 'drome, near 6 M.F.P.S. A 440-yard track has been laid out, together with pits for the running and jumping events. The layout is good and it is hoped that more interest will be shown in future events on this track, and that more sections will be represented.

Top man for the day was Bezusko of Signals with 15 points. Runners-up were McKinnon with 14 and Guinn with 10 points, both of 6 M.F.P.S.

Winners of the various events were as follows:

100 yds. dash — (1st heat) Bezusko, Sigs.; (2nd heat) Spicer, Flying Control; (3rd heat) Pancer, 6 M.F.P.S.; (final) Spicer.  
880 yd. run—Capt. Allen, APIS.  
Shot Put — McKinnon, 6 M.F.P.S.  
Running Broad Jump — Guinn, 6 M.F.P.S.  
Hurdles — (1st heat) Bezusko; (2nd heat) Kurch, Sigs.; (3rd heat) Pancer; (final) Bezusko.  
High Jump — McKinnon.  
440-yd. Dash — Capt. Allen.  
Bag Race — Kurch and Bezusko.  
Javelin Throw — Thompson, Maintenance.  
220-yd. Dash — F/O Price, 430 Squadron.  
Football Throw — McKinnon.  
440-yd. Relay — 6 M.F.P.S., McKinnon, Dolman, David, Guinn.

## WEHRMACHT

(Continued from Page 1)

From the interpreter's information the general would form his picture of the situation from which he would make his plan.

At Point 112 in Normandy 11 Armd Div's projected attack was abandoned a few hours before it was due to go in. The interpreter had sat up all night over a 400 Squadron sortie plotting the trenches, minefields, and anti-tank guns of a brand new enemy defence line on which the attack would probably have foundered.

The timing and method of the invasion touchdown itself was decided from the air photo, information on beach obstacles. The planners saw clearly that the touchdown would have to be at low tide and the obstacles be negotiated while they were high and dry despite the danger in crossing the full width of the exposed beach.

A hundred and one such instances of air photos providing absolutely vital information could be cited. In this way — at first sight, a not very obvious way — air photos have revolutionised war. It is not the tank, the fighter plane, and the bomber alone that have given the attacker his all conquering power in this war. The far-seeing, lynx-eye of the camera has forewarned the attacker of his obstacles, given him a chance to plan and make the weapons to overcome them, and directed him to the soft-spots where they could best be employed.

Second Army's interpreters, often cudgelling their brains to keep working in the small hours of the night, have been comforted by this knowledge at the back of their minds.

They were comforted too by the quality of the photographs they had to work with. Visiting interpreters from other armies were envious of them. "We don't get photographs like this", they said.

400 Squadron met every demand and gradually, as the campaign progressed, came lower and lower over the battle field "plodding" their geometrical paths up and down. "Callous" interpreters, trying to meet increasingly difficult demands for information — "where are the mines, the mortars, the reserves?" — put in increasingly difficult demands.

## Upsets Feature Weeks Hot Softball Contests

Softball continues to be the main feature in the local sports picture and some close contests have been turned in by the various teams in the wing league. Top teams in the two sections are: A section — 6400 Echelon, 6 pts; B section 6430 S.E. 4 pts. Complete standing is as follows:

| "A" Section            |   |   |   |      |
|------------------------|---|---|---|------|
|                        | P | W | L | Pts. |
| 6400 Echelon . . . . . | 3 | 3 | 0 | 6    |
| 430 Pilots . . . . .   | 3 | 2 | 1 | 4    |
| Headquarters . . . . . | 2 | 2 | 0 | 4    |
| M.T. . . . .           | 2 | 1 | 1 | 2    |

|                          |   |   |   |   |
|--------------------------|---|---|---|---|
| Flying Control . . . . . | 2 | 1 | 1 | 2 |
| Signals Maint . . . . .  | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Instrument . . . . .     | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Airmen's Mess . . . . .  | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Brownies . . . . .       | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 |

| "B" Section            |   |   |   |   |
|------------------------|---|---|---|---|
| 6430 Echelon . . . . . | 2 | 2 | 0 | 4 |
| 400 Pilots . . . . .   | 3 | 2 | 1 | 4 |
| Cent. Maint. . . . .   | 3 | 2 | 1 | 4 |
| 6414 Echelon . . . . . | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| 414 Pilots . . . . .   | 2 | 1 | 1 | 2 |
| Signals . . . . .      | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| 6 M.F.P.S. . . . .     | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Workshops . . . . .    | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Electrical . . . . .   | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 |

In a similar way the Tac R squadrons were fulfilling demands that interpreters only just dared to put in — nought feet forward facing obliques along river lines and roads.

Though the pilots never saw it, generals, brigadiers, battalion commanders were going slightly ecstatic over these new photographs. The like of them had never been seen in Africa. A strip along a road showing the road half an inch wide on the photographs was a dream sortie to engineers and armoured divisions.

All these demands and the covering of a vaster area than had ever been attempted before with basic cover kept the plotters and librarians busy. There were times in the under-staffed days when plotters would work 36 hours non-stop, bending over the photograph, comparing their minute detail with the map, and plotting them.

The same pressure was being applied to the MFPS's, constantly pestered by APIS to produce more photographs more quickly until in a grand crescendo 5 MFPS topped all known records in this and other theatres by producing nearly 40,000 prints in a day.

The effect of this output together with, in some cases, Dakota loads from PNL at Brussels, was to submerge the Photo Office at APIS almost completely.

Yet the photos went out on time to corps where a similar state prevailed and the interpreter with his drivers, clerk, and batman usually working in the largest room in the headquarters served them out to divs. There slightly distracted interpreters, who also had to interpret, usually spread them out in a field. It is to their credit that not only the information from them was passed on but that even section leaders often went into battles with photographs.

This happy state of affairs was, in fact, the consummation of the interpreters' long cherished hopes.

## GOOD RESPONSE

(Continued from Page 1)

June 9 (inclusive, but excluding June 3.)

Ontario Provincial Election --- May 30-June 4 (inclusive).

The polls close at 12.00 hrs. last day of each election, and are located on the second floor of H.Q. building. The F/L is always on hand to help straighten out any problems you may have regarding voting procedure.

Here is profound advice from F/L Cougler: "The chaps who have been over here for some time preserving the right to vote for all of Canada are expecting Canadians at home to insure that the right people get elected. But we MUST do what we can by voting whenever possible."

Incidentally, our sage adj. was the first Recce type to cast his ballot.

## COUNCILMEN

(Continued from Page 1)

expansion of messing room was deliberated. Best suggestion came from the S. L. A. — erection of a Marquee tent to cope with the overflow.

Note to epicures . . . There is hope, at least, of getting shipments of fresh food from Denmark in the near future — eggs, hams and vegetables. If those shipments materialise, praise should be loud and long for the sections representatives who've been your mouth-piece during the bully beef era.

Highlight of the conference, however, was the animated discussion which followed the more routine agenda items. The subject was — you guessed it — The Repat Scheme And Me.

Flight-Sergeant: Who told you to put flowers on the Group Captain's desk?

Erk: The Group Captain.

Flight-Sergeant: Pretty, ain't they?

## Special Tonite

Sgt Joe Walker presents

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