



126 Wing Slated For Duty In Reich

It has now definitely been announced that 126 (Spit Fighter) Wing has been selected as the R.C.A.F. representative for the occupational Air Forces in Germany. This Wing, comprising 4 squadrons, 401, 402, 411 and 412, is at present stationed at B 152, Fassberg.

126 Wing has had an excellent fighting record in this war, and no doubt the honour of being chosen for the Occupation has come as a well-deserved reward. While the squadrons comprising the Wing will remain as is, personnel volunteering from other Wings will probably be exchanged for 126 personnel due for return home as the repat scheme gets under way.

With this settled, the transfer of other R.C.A.F. Wings from the continent to the U.K. should be expedited, although it might very easily be a month or two before a start is made. Nothing is definitely known on this score as yet.

39 Recce Wing personnel will wish their fellow-airmen of 126 a pleasurable sojourn in the 4th Reich. The sight and sound of those close-packed Spit formations should keep Jerry toeing the line for some time to come.

Second Death From Drowning

The second drowning fatality within a week occurred at the Ratzeburg rest camp on Thursday. The victim was LAC Percy Rawlings, of the sergeant's mess staff, who was one of two occupants of a sail boat that overturned on the lake.

Rawlings was 22 years old and arrived overseas two years ago this month. He joined 128 Airfield as a member of the officers' mess staff at Woodchurch, transferring to the sergeant's mess when the unit moved to Redhill. He landed on the continent on the 30th of June last year.

His wife, Mrs. E.F.E. Rawlings, resides at Angus, Ont.

This popular young airman was widely known throughout the unit, and his death comes as a great shock to his many friends.

NEWS BRIEFS

Ex-lord Haw-haw was flown from Luneburg to Brussel at the beginning of the week . . . Bombs dropped on Europe by the Allies during the war totaled to nine times the weight of the "Queen Mary" . . . King Leopold of Belgium has been asked to abdicate. . . Lord Beaverbrook claims:—"Empire must be rebuilt"

Pistol-Packin' Not Approved Unless All Weapons Are G.I.

by Fl/Lt Koopman, 39 Wing

Now that the war is over and the casualty rate has increased sharply for divers reasons, it behooves us to come in neatly with a little useful gen on the subject of private fire-arms. I think it can safely be said that nearly every bod in the Wing has acquired, by fair means or foul, some sort of weapon to "take back to Canada as a souvenir". And

while there has as yet been no specific declaration that these fire-arms will be confiscated, there are many straws in the wind which might seem to indicate that the only weapon you will be permitted to take back with you will be the one you came over with.

It is laid down (somewhere) that ALL German equipment in Canadian hands is the property of the the Canadian govt. All weapons must be turned into the A.D.O.S. (Assistant Director of Ordnance Supplies), whose direct representative is one Fl/Lt Koopman (me). Station Standing Orders also read (somewhere) that "all privately owned weapons and ammunition must be turned into the Armament Section for Safe Keeping". Roughly I estimate that there are up to 1500 private gats on the Wing; but when I take a quick gander in the Lock-up --- well, YOU guess the figure (you can use your fingers on the count).

Somewhere in Group there's an ever-mounting stack of reports on types who have more or less unwillingly shot themselves. This sort of thing brings nasty letters from people in London -- and Ottawa. Result --- undoubtedly some action will be taken to remove all these "souvenirs" from harm's way.

The boys on this wing have brought numerous small arms into H.Q. armoury for inspection and approval by our Mk 1 inspector a/c Murray. The armoury is open to all you types: in fact, it would be much better if you did bring your weapon in to get some advice on its condition and how to strip it. (Ed. note: not to be confused with the M.O.'s short-arm inspection.)

Above all . . . YOU DON'T NEED A LOADED GUN NOW SO LEAVE THE AMMO OUT! Besides, it's hard on the magazine spring to have it under tension all the time. Remember those most famous of all last words "I didn't think it was loaded" and live to see the Faderland . . . for certain.

Liberals Win; King Doubtful

Mackenzie King's Liberal Government was returned to power in last Monday's federal election, but the 750,000 service votes not yet counted may alter the picture slightly. The prime Minister's election in his own constituency of Prince Albert, Sask. is not yet assured as we go to press, and his is one case which may definitely be affected when the soldier ballot is made known on June 20.

The Liberal party's over-all majority stands at nine seats, and this involves the support of eight independents. It is estimated that 30 seats could be swung by the service vote.

In a record election which saw more candidates, more votes cast, and more forfeited deposits than ever before, twenty-two servicemen (including two V.C.'s) were returned to office.

gium has been asked to abdicate. . . Lord Beaverbrook claims:—"Empire must be rebuilt"

GENERAL DEMPSEY LAUDS WING



The letter reproduced below is a personal tribute to your work by General Sir Miles Dempsey, G.O.C. of the British 2nd Army. Such a direct compliment should go a long way in convincing us that every man, no matter what his job, has helped directly to bring about the final result.

HEADQUARTERS
SECOND ARMY.

10 June 1945

Commanding Officer
39 Reconnaissance Wing RCAF

Now that the war in North-West Europe is over and the enemy has been utterly routed, there is an opportunity to take stock, and see why so great a victory was gained in so short a time.

We of Second Army realise very well how much we owe to the Royal Air Force and, in particular, to 83 Group. And none of their achievements in the air has been of greater help to us than the consistently splendid work of 39 Reconnaissance Wing RCAF. In all weathers and in all conditions you have flown for us on your reconnaissance and photographic missions. The results you have achieved have enabled us to set about our business as fully equipped with information of the enemy as we could ever hope to be.

On behalf of Second Army I give you my thanks.

M. Dempsey
Lieutenant-General
Commander
SECOND ARMY

FLY-PAST FOR DANES

Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham's victorious airmen of Second T.A.F. are scheduled to take the wraps off their full bag of tricks Soon for the benefit of Allied service chiefs assembled in Copenhagen.

Units equipped with each type of operational aircraft in TAF will take part in the show, with 83 and 2 Groups strongly represented. Massed squadrons and wings of fighters will put on display their polished up "pansy" formation, and ground targets will be attacked by low-flying aircraft. The work-horse kites of Transport Command will unload paratroopers, and it is probable that exhibition bombing will be carried out by the

mediums.

Since there is little distinguishable difference between the TAC/R and fighter versions of the Spitfire, 39 Wing will be represented in the "fly past" by only two Spit XI's of 400 Sqn.

The RECCE FLASH staff urgently requires an expert typist who will be able to devote all his time to the job. If you can punch out legible copy with a reasonable number of fingers—and you feel that you might be released by your section—apply to the FLASH office, H.Q. Blg.

Your Brave Representatives That Bind For Your Welfare



The Airmen's Council, ready to clean up on the week's problems. Left to right:— Cpl. Peters, Sgt. West, Lac Ryan, Lac Good, Lac Pearson, Lac Greiner, Cpl. Taylor, S/L McLean, Lac Thornton, F/L Golby.

Judging from the cheerful noises issuing from the Airmen's Canteen these nights, the promised beer improvement is here to stay. Otherwise the situation in "Beerfer's Alley" was pretty quiet on Monday morning. The eternal problems of leave, repat, and Boima were discussed, but the crystal ball was a bit cloudy and no definite gen was available. Where it's been possible to make any improvement at all, it has been attended to, otherwise it's often a case of "Circumstances beyond our control".

However, here's a word to the wise:—milk is hard to come by,

even our mechanical moo-juice; so don't throw it into the swill-bin if you aren't an addict to the stuff yourself. The late-comers could have used it.

Section representatives were asked to provide little items of news for the new gossip column on the paper, so if you've got some dirt, slip it to your representative.

General feeling was that great credit should go to the mess hall staff, who in spite of the general ease-up and changeover have had to keep plugging away just the same.

Frat Barriers Still Closed: Monty Explains The Policy

Field Marshal Montgomery, C. in C. of British-occupied Germany, this week came down with both feet on rumours which had been current regarding a relaxation of the non-fraternization policy. In a broadcast to the German population last Sunday, Monty pointed out that while the policy was not to be a permanent one, the time had not yet come to let down the barriers.

He said, in part, "Our soldiers are acting in accordance with orders. You do not like this attitude, neither do our soldiers. . . . When your leaders . . . wantonly unleashed this war, you applauded them. Once again your armies have been beaten. But these leaders have arisen from the German people, and the nation is responsible for its leaders. As long as they were successful you

were jubilant, you celebrated and laughed."

"That is why our soldiers are not behaving in a friendly way towards you. We have ordered this, we have done this in order to save you and your children and the whole world from another war."

"THIS WILL NOT ALWAYS BE THE CASE. WE ARE A CHRISTIAN PEOPLE WHICH GLADLY FORGIVES. WE LIKE TO SMILE AND LIKE TO BE FRIENDLY."

"It is our aim to destroy the evil of the National Socialist system. It is too early yet to be sure that we have attained this aim."

The Supreme Commander, General Eisenhower, added a footnote by stating in London that no G. I. on Tommy will be penalized for kindness to little children.

RECCE FLASH

For Canadian Airmen in Germany

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

While the general repat picture remains — shall we say obscure? — one solid fact did emerge last week. People ARE leaving the wing on posting back to Canada. It is probably safe to assume that this process will go on apace from now on, until in the not-too-distant future the unit will have lost its identity and 39(R) Wing as we know it will have ceased to exist.

Now nobody in their right mind would say that this is a regrettable fact, inasmuch as it reflects the end of hostilities and Europe's awakening from the long nightmare of World War II. However, when one considers the phase of one's own career that is coming to a close in this summer of 1945, some degree of regret and nostalgia is probably inevitable.

The sixth of this month was D-day plus 365. On that occasion Group Captain Moncrieff, in accepting a memento from the wing, gave a short address which turned many of our minds back over a hectic and glorious period — from that breathless dawn when the world waited and the bombers thundered over Odiham on their way to Caen, until a quiet spring evening at Rheincellin when a couple of thousand guys went mad in a shower of very lights. The 336 days that intervened were days of toil and anxiety; blood and horror. They were also the most exhilarating days that some of us will ever experience.

The associations and friendships that were built up during the months when we played our part in General Eisenhower's great plan of conquest in Europe are irreplaceable. All our activities were carried out against a backdrop of great events, and anyone who missed the stimulating sense of seeing history in the making must have been completely oblivious to the dramatic.

Long after the leaky tents, the long hours and all the innumerable binds are forgotten, 39 Recce Wing and the British Liberation Army will probably retain and honoured spot in our memories and on our list of line-shoots.

The subject of our association with the B.L.A., and more particularly with Second British Army, gives rise to the suggestion that the men of T.A.F. should be entitled to some distinguishing shoulder patch or other insignia. The idea has been put forward that the close association of this wing with Second Army might warrant our wearing the badge of General Dempsey's men. However, we feel that such an idea might appear presumptuous to the combat soldier who wears the insignia with great pride. But the servicing commandos of the Royal Air Force have their patch—why not the men who sweated out the long trek from Normandy to the Reich?

Letters to the Editor

Sir: I think I'm speaking for a good percentage of the personnel when I refer to the reception accorded here to entertainers, be they ENSA, RAF, or RCAF. It seems that there are a few in every army who must make asses of themselves: for example, I attended the first performance of Swingtime on the 8th inst. and heard some jerks in the audience heckling the performers with such gems as,

"Get some in, Bud!"
"How long have you been over?"
"When's your repat-in, dum?"

Those are just a few of the quips that were thrown at the RCAF boys who entertained us very well. So, fellows, how about giving our entertainers a break? They're doing their part. BUZZ. You just picked a bad night, friend. You should have attended the Wrecked Review at which Miss Mae Cooper of ENSA did her stuff.-Ed.

Sir: With regard to your last week's heading, "G/C Receives Silver Salver etc." . . . might I suggest a more appropriate wording, i. e. "Groupie Gets Silver Salver and Salvo; Batman Still Gets Silvo."

Disgustedly, Cheesed-Off Batman

Sir: Re the controversy over "robust" language in your columns, it might be relevant to point out that from time immemorial it has been customary in the best literary circles to call a spade something a hell of a lot dirtier. The Bible has some pretty strong fare; the Greeks had a word for everything; Will Shakespeare can make the hardest cheek blanch; James Joyce shows little restraint etc. In this respect at least, "Recce Flash" travels in good company . . .

Yours for a lusty language,
"Realisticus"

Br. 2nd Army engineers opened and maintained 11,000 miles of road from D Day to V-E Day.

From D Day to V-E Day Br. Second Army Engineers built 677 bridges which, if put end to end would stretch from Hyde Park Corner to Epsom — a distance of 16½ miles.

Bob Elliott Says...

The invitation was simple enough. It read "Cocktails . . . All kinds of V drinks known and unknown . . . 1400 hrs until oblivion." This was the sort of party we had been waiting for — straightforward and to the point, with no nonsense about dancing or music or eating.

As with all parties, the interesting time came towards the end. The motley gathering, consisting of several burgheresses — strictly fraternisable — a couple of immense bargees and a few shoddy looking pilots had disappeared. Some were fraternising, others were unashamedly asleep on the deck, one pilot had fallen into the hold, where he was reclining with a happy smile on his lips, and several others merely announced their departure by making a loud splash in the water.

Bob mixed us another drink, known, he said, as "Uncle Joe's V. 16, after the 16 Republics of the U.S.S.R." The 16 Republics were new to us, and so was the drink, which was mixed in a quart tankard, the constituents being 3 Ozs Brandy, 3 Ozs Curacao, 6 Ozs Vodka, topped up with Champagne. Bob called this "a beautiful thing".

The squeaky old gramophone played "Avalon" and "I'll see you in my dreams" and other such. We began going over old times old places, old faces. It seemed but a moment before Bob began talking about "NOTABLE BLACKS". He droned on for some time, occasionally interjecting a low chuckle.

He reminisced back and forth, to and fro. He remembered, he said dreamily . . . Pilots who spent the night at His Majesty's expense in Vine Street Police Station, London, England . . . The Officers Club, Eindhoven, telephone calls to High Places, Jim Reid's gallant failure, Hendy Henderson's unprovoked attack on a lame man . . . Mitch Mitchell's conspicuous black with the valour stove in the briefing trailer . . . Dave Corrigan, Mac Brown and Art Collins in their brush with our Allies at Cherbourg, and the mystery of the blood-stained jeep . . . The Very Important Person who had so much trouble with his Pitot Head cover . . . The pilot in the Paris hotel clad only in a revolver and an empty bottle of champagne . . .

The present Orderly Officer . . . The shoeless Sammy Hall and his heart-cry from the wilderness . . . 414 Black Section having trouble with a London Taxi driver . . . Freddie Clarke's farewell black and how he was hurried away before first light the next morning . . . Ivy Iverson's disastrous night cross-country with the burgheress . . . Father Gallagher's absence in the bright lights of Brussels when a Very High Church Dignitary called . . . Bill Maclean framed in battle with bottle . . . Tubby Davidson's bloody two-hour journey over the two hundred yards between the Officers Mess and his billet . . . Ken Gilmor's hatless brush with the D.A.P.M. . . . The saboteurs who shot out the lights at Eindhoven . . . Godfrey's disastrous thunderbolt at the ball game . . . Harold Day's inquiry in the House of Ill-repute, with the Padre as interpreter . . . Noel Bryce stretched out on the floor at the end of an intermittent picture show . . . Norm Jones' famous speech "That goes for you too sir. I suppose I shall be Orderly Officer to-morrow, eh, sir?"

And so it went on, until Bob's voice trailed away into the distance . . . "Many blacks", he said, "But never black days . . ." Oblivion had arrived.

THAT OLD REFRAIN



Life in Northern Russia Lacked Social Amenities

by Fl/Lt Mike Hodsmen

During the summer of 1943 the British Navy perfected the midget submarine and in Sept. they decided to attack the major German naval units including the Scharnhorst and Tirpitz then lying in Kaa, Alten and Lang Fjords in Norway. A P.R.U. detachment was secretly despatched to Vaenga airfield near Murmansk, in arctic Russia, to cover these naval targets before, during and after the Lancaster bombing attacks that were to be directed against them. The P.R.U. photos would reveal the exact positions of the booms, and the vessels, and the extent of the damage caused by the attacks.

Three pilots of 543 Squadron, Benson, flew their Spit. V's direct from the Shetlands to Vaenga in approximately 5 hours. Yours truly — accompanying the expedition as a photo interpreter — was flown from the Shetlands to Murmansk via a Catalina flying boat, a long trip marred only by some grim, squally weather and a comic rigmarole of Anglo-Russian recognition signals procedure before we alighted at Grasnaya sea-plane base off Murmansk. We had some difficulty convincing the Russian customs official that our two Coastal Command pigeons were normal equipment, and that anyway they couldn't carry sufficient petrol to fly back to the U.K. even if they wanted to. Final outcome was that one General Proebchensky personally signed a chit permitting them to fly around the photo drying room during certain hours of each day. Yes, they were quite serious . . .

Our work proved interesting and kept us pretty busy, especially since we had to improvise a lot of our equipment. The weather allowed the Spits to average one sortie every two days on their long haul across that wild and desolate northland. Cloud often prevented vertical photography, but exceptional clarity of atmosphere permitted useful distant obliques. Results were phoned directly to the Royal Navy at Polyarnoe, but security demanded the use of code and we resorted to all manner of sporting terms. A typical report would sound something like this; "Dicky had joy. He covered the field at 10.30 and found the players about to kick off. Tommy was smoking his pipe and a couple of tiddlers were playing about his sharp end. Sammy had his coat unbuttoned and two of the for-

wards were milling about the mouth of the goal."

As for Russia and the Russians . . . We managed a few sorties into nearby Murmansk, 1500 air raids had by then flattened most of it but somehow the Russians kept the port working. Specially built crane ships unloaded tanks and aircraft onto the wooden jetties.

That part of Russia is sparsely populated. The rocky tundra supports little but birch and small shrubs, although the long hours of sunshine in the short summer permit the quick growth of vegetables.

I tried to see round as much as possible but it wasn't advisable to wander across the tundra, for there were many dispersed store dumps guarded by women, women who were certainly easy on the trigger if not on the eye. Incidentally, "frat" was definitely out, for a Russian girl keeping company with one of our chaps might just disappear. We went to an "organized" dance in Murmansk, and another in the officers' mess in Grasnaya. Both were dull and lifeless by our standards; the music was provided by radiograms. Pressure of work, and the language barrier hindered other relations with the Russians.

It was very difficult for me to assess Russia, because what little I saw was probably one of the most undeveloped regions of the country, seen under the worst conditions. What transport, civil equipment, plumbing and building I encountered was antiquated by our standards. Indeed, I got a queer feeling of living in some earlier period and I found the general atmosphere eerie and depressing. I attribute the Russian success, on the whole, to good leadership, overwhelming weight of men and materials, and Russian toughness.

Towards the end of our stay we had a magnificent "praznik" or party in the sole remaining hotel in Murmansk. The table was filled with many Russian delicacies — zakouski (hors d'oeuvre), Siberian salmon, and of course vodka. Indeed that was a memorable evening.

By the end of September our work was nearly ended. The Tirpitz was pranged by the midgets and our photographs showed oil covering the fjord. She had not been sunk but she had been badly damaged. The convoy route was clear for the 1943-44 season and our ships ran "round the corner" unmolested.

WHY SUFFER IN SILENCE? DROP A LINE TO FLASH

We take time out to remind all you Joes again that a box has been placed in the airmen's mess for the collection of articles, criticisms, letters, suggestions, cartoons, etc. . . . intended for the "Recce Flash." To date your response has been something less than over-whelming, if we except the air-mail letters posted therein in error, and the various wads of dried gum plastered on the bottom out of some mistaken sense of ornamentation. We happen to know that every type in the Wing is chock full of beefs, binds, ideas, and suggestions. Instead of inflicting them on your hapless and defenceless neighbours why not send them in to the "Recce Flash", where a competent and sympathetic staff will make the most of them, to everybody's advantage.

The box in question is placed right beside the mail box in the Mess. It's painted blue, and labelled, appropriately. You can't miss it . . . if you're looking for it. Start alookin' . . .

Sketch Club Notes

The budding artists on the wing had their first wallop at an all day outing last Sunday. Even the pencil-packing types get hungry, and food was provided to make the outing complete.

Though this was the first operational tour outing for many of the boys, the results were very encouraging, even to amazing the would-be Salvador Dalis themselves. The results of this trip are on view at the studio, second floor, West end, Maintenance Hangar. In fact, if you're interested, come along on a sketch trip with the gang. Time, Sunday morning 10 A.M. Place the Studio. Pencil and paper provided.

Recononsense

by Breezy

ROUND THE DROME: We understand certain bods in 6414 gathered up the loot of the late LAC's Bauer and Wallbridge and sold out to the highest bidder. Proceeds, some 800 marks we are told, will go to next of kin. Now if pay accounts will play ball, it will be a darn good show all round. . . . Over in the airmen's galley, we overheard a couple of Joes binding. Seems they get no 48's to Ratzeburg, no co-operation, no love, no nuttin'. How about that, eh? . . . The WELCOME HOME mat is out for all the signal types who provided vital communication links for several RAF regiments in the forward area during the surrendering period. Just off the record, they also helped disarm some thousand germans (with small "g") . . . If 6414 SE will call the signals traffic office they'll find that their volley-ball challenge has been taken up. Ask for the traffic master, he'll give out with the place, time etc

SO LONG, JOE: Saw Larry Stokes t'other day beaming all over the jernt. He seemed to be spokesman for all the repat cases (four of them stores bashers — Wener, Barnes, Buchanan and Brown, ye petrol monarch). The great Stokes was heard to utter, "Well, my replacement finally joined up" Now shed a tear in your beer for us — we've lost three of our top staff men, Gord Lewis, Stan Cornthwaite and Jack (Dinna Call Me A Limey) Henderson. Jock's off for Blighty; t'other two are headed for Maple Leaf land. Seems they'd rather go home than continue to be gentlemen of the press, tch, tch. Adios to all you repat types and don't take any wooden gen

THIS, THAT, AND T'OTHER: All you two year men had better probably remember George Kinnear, ex-fitter of 400 Sqn. who remustered to Flight Engineer. He flew on operations with a Lancaster squadron up to VE day and has just been granted a commission — congrats to brother Fred over in 6414 . . . F/L Ed (When-I-Was-In-The-Western-Desert) Maloney, former 400 Sqn. glamour boy and fugitive from MGM talent scouts writes from his present location at North West Air Command in Edmonton, giving a little gen on some other former 39ers. S/L Gord Wonnacott (414 Sqn) is on the verge of a discharge and is said to be contemplating civil aviation in the Yellowknife district S/L Frank Chesters (430 Sqn) has already cast off the blue and is selling real estate on the West coast S/L Dick Ellis (400 Sqn) is, still employed by George Mk. VI in the capacity of transport co-pilot, also on the West coast W/C Jack Godfrey, onetime boss man of 128 A/F has recently remustered to a civvie and will probably be resuming his Toronto law practice. (Ed. note — I wonder if Lorne (Get A Haircut) Williams will be office-boy?) F/L Lou Aide of Flying Control was killed in an Anson crash at Edmonton a few weeks ago F/L Jackson Morton, the Didsbury Dandy, through some bumph oversight, is the only civilian pilot on 400 Sqn. strength. When one is granted a commission, he is first discharged from the Air Force. Seems as though John A. never got sworn in again after his discharge; just bought his uniform and moved his stuff to the officers' mess. Now don't you guys that've been saluting the alleged officer for three and a half years feel dim? Maybe there's a repat angle there, Jackson?

"WHAT ABOUT THAT?" DEPT: Seems as though the hapless inmates of Room 7 Block 7 can't call a natch. They've pooled their resources to buy umpteen tickets in every radio raffle going. Six times they have failed to click; come on seven! . . . The immediate award of the order of two irremovable fingers with beaucoup bars should go to the cads who dump matches and butts into the rinse water in the airmen's mess . . . RECCE FLASH modestly reports that newspaper staffs from other wings in the group are writing and quizzing us for information and advice on the technique of newspaper publishing. We can give them most things but staff genius can't be duplicated Certain officers seem to have made a monopoly bid for the role of O.O.

DASHMATTER: The most sought after job on 39 Wing is held down by one LAC Simpson — he's an armourer on 400 Sqn Adieu to Bone and Russell, armament types who have thrown in their toggles and fled to Canada New President of the Messing Committee (Officers) is S/L Mac Brown. Secretary is F/L Lou Bain. S/L Harold That'll-Be-The-Day who usually argues the minority report got elected to the committee; the mess will not want for porridge Remember LAC Pettigrew, who so fortunately met his ex-POW brother in transit through B 154? Well, he's just come back from Bournemouth, where he and brother really hung on a couple Photo section over at 430 need a Joe of the Bogart or Cagney type to be employed as a bouncer. Duties will consist of applying muscular dissuasion to any and all bods (peelots included) seeking buckshee processing jobs on personal films. Apply with muscels to Sgt. Mac Ask F/L Mac McMillan, Bluebird type, the reason for his blistered lower lip. Story goes that Mac got involved in some queer, perverted orgy with certain Lunenburg hospital personnel. The highlight of the orgy was the sadistic firing about of toasted marshmallows. Mac, a little the worse for champagne, failed to duck, and one caught him on the lip — always so prominent. At that, it's the closest Mac's got to the Purple Heart in this war. . . .

'BOUT EVERYTHING: A recent visitor with 39 Wing has been G/C Father McCarthy, popular and sympathetic chief overseas R.C. chaplain. He listened to a goodly number of binds, mostly about repat, and has promised to carry them to ears in the Highest Places Seems to old Breezy as though the popularity of the swimming hole has waned since burghers were verboten. With all the exciting clubs, movies, sports and ENSA, we haven't time for frating anyway, have we? Air Force motto a la Armament Maintenance: "Faciat Georgius" — Let George Do It! One of our staff men claims that he has passed a certain office in H.Q. Building eleven times this week, and eleven times he has heard the same refrain. "Bang! Fourteen days" The mechanical cow would appear to be falling off her feed somewhat recently. the moo-juice in all messes (it is alleged) seems to have lost some of its former cool and invigorating quality Sgt. Cox, who served 18 months in Ceylon and has volunteered for Burma, pleads: "Don't call me sucker". Note of interest: everywhere he goes they start a paper. While with 110, Wings Abroad got going; out in Bengal 413 started Tropic Topics. In Canada 16 SETS started the 16th Oracle, and then we up and dood it with RECCE FLASH

YIPE!



This luscious incitement to frat has been voted by all visitors to the FLASH office "The Girl Least Likely To Appear in ENSA". She is Miss Mae Something-or-other (who cares?) and she enhances Montreal's legitimate stage by practising her obvious talents at the Gayety theatre.

Classified Ads

SWAP
Will trade 2 rolls 55 mm. film for 127 size film. Apply Cpl. Hunt, Sick Quarters.

WANTED
Expert swimmers for life guard duties at Ratzeburg. For information and to make application, see F/O Walker, Sports Officer.

One bicycle tire tube, size 28x170. LAC M.C. Cullen, Armament Headquarters.

One fountain pen. Will trade muscels or pay cash. Rocky Backs, 6414 S.E.
German radio tubes. Require CL-4, CB-1, CF-5, AZ-1 to complete a set. Will pay almost any price. C.I. Wilson, 6400 SE.

MISSING
Would anyone knowing the whereabouts of a 6/20 Jiffy Kodak which disappeared recently kindly contact the owner, F/O C. W. Anderson, 450 Sqn.

ENTERTAINMENT FLASH

The famous RCAF Blackout show will give four performances here next Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.

The cast of nine real live Canadian gals and twenty one guys (including the swing band) have just been touring units on the continent for some time.

Admittance will be by ticket only. Tickets will be distributed throughout the sections.

GERMAN CLASSES

Starting Monday, June 18th at 3:30 p.m. in the Education Office, H. Q. building, German classes will be given every Monday, Thursday and Friday, same place and time. These classes, led by our new personnel counsellor, F/O MacLean, will last for an hour. The Education Office is still accepting names for enrollment.

F/O MacLean speaks fluent German: the opportunity of getting first rate tuition should not be passed up by anyone interested in learning the essentials of the language.

WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN

From a nucleus of rugged, case-hardened pioneers developed the high H.P., but sweet running organisation which we know as 2nd. Tactical Air Force, replete with mobile laundries etc. Among that drooping, dispirited, dejected, demoted body of airmen was John J. Leonard, a character who was in at the birth of 128 A.F. (Anybody who is ignorant of the fact that 39 (R) was the erstwhile 128 A.F. is definitely lacking in hours, as John himself would say.)

Now John J. (His friends call him "Tiny") had the usual trouble with the money when he first came over, but a natural affinity for tea won him many friends in the Isles. There is no accounting for this tea mania with him, although it is believed that his "pop" went to school with Thomas Lipton.

I first met this TAF worthy over a can of the Limey elixir, poured from a soot-blackened and battered urn (three handfuls and one for the pot). Continental traveller, sportsman (first base), a man of letters is Tiny — an R.T.O. in the E.T.O. it says on his records (not to be confused with B.T.O. however). A patron of the arts, especially music, he cherishes popular arias like "One Meat Ball", "Leave The Dishes In The Sink, Ma!", and "Your Feet's Too Big".

Mrs Leonard's lovable chile has more friends on the wing than

many operators have Lugers, but it was at Redhill that the Montreal charm of the lad worked overtime. Blissful, antic days those-when fraternisation was spelt W-A-A-F. It was there that John crowded out Charles Boyer-toupee and all - - with his torrid love, scenes with Eileen. It was their wont of an evening to hold hands in the NAAFI, John pouring out his soul and unlimited cups of tea.

How pathetic was the parting between the pair on the tail-gate of a Crossley when the wing hot-footed it south to new glory and another NAAFI. (Reliable eye witnesses couldn't find hot enough adjectives.) Since then the tap of John's exuberance has been turned off a little - - some say on account of this rift. But I believe he never recovered from the poisonous inroads on his constitution made by countless gallons of compo tea in Normandy.

I caught him in the maintenance hangar shouting some gibberish like "Loud and clear on all channels", and with a tin of "Carnation" for a bribe I got him to unfold his post war plans.

They are (1) I want to lie in Hyde Park every Sunday watching the broads go by. (2) I want to spend every night in the Queen's Head. (3) I want a radio job with TCA. (4) I want to get into a winning ball team.

Reporter Samples Roost; Activities Going Strong

For the first time since the Roost opened a member of the FLASH staff has been granted (Sturgesso volente) a 48. So here at last we have to hand an authentic account of an average, but complete 48-pass spent at Ratzeburg.

First our scribe informed us that periodic rainstorms rather marred what promised to be a bang-on "do". But under the circumstances - - i.e. in between the showers - - he reported that a good time was had by all, although he went down with nostalgia at the end. The Muskoka-like surroundings went over big with the boys in his party; so much so that he was possessed of a brain-child. He intends to forward to Air Ministry suggestions for a mod to the Spit (all marks), viz., that they be equipped with retractable floats for water landings.

In this way the whole wing can move up to Ratzeburg, and be housed on the shores of the lake. The numerous creeks and inlets will provide excellent dispersal points for the kites. A raft for swimmers - - in the process of being built - - can easily be converted into an amphibious control tower for Harold Day.

Roger (our correspondent) also

127 Repat Revue Play Here Tonight

Tonite we play host to 127 Wing's Entertainment Group.

The evening should prove to be very entertaining, with a rhythm sextet featuring Cpl Bradbury in a tap dance. George Scharfe and Tommy Tomkin turn in swell performances as Ma & Pa in the National Barn Dance — one of the laugh highlights. The Bullybeef Blues and a Brussels Taxicab scene add to the evening's enjoyment.

Andy Snee and his accordion and Al Legare (the singing boy with the guitar) and LACs Clarke and Halstead supply extra musical interest.

We are indeed proud to welcome our Canadian brethren and hope to be able to repay the visit shortly.

reports that the fishing is still pretty good. Catch of the week - - a fifty foot cable with chain on the end - - by F/O Hozy, the officer i/c the camp at the moment. Investigations are promised, for he suspects an underwater concentration camp for foreign slave mermaids. However, Roger is of the opinion that Himmler used it in his zoot-suit get up to fool the 2nd. Army so long.

It would also appear that local Hun hens are working overtime for the lads. Roger had eggs for breakfast on both days and ditto for supper on one of them. Other meals are top-hole. In fact, orderly officers would soon find themselves on the dole at Ratzeburg.

BOOK LARNIN'

Book larnin' is coming into its own on 39 Wing. Promptly at 0900 hours each morning, 17 bods tramp into the classroom at the education office. Presently Sgt. Bob Ohs appears, and for the next two hours all hands wrestle with the mysteries of algebra. Problems in square root, quadratics, surds, roots (imaginary and irrational) etc. fall like nine-pins before the mental onslaught.

These ambitious lads are using this waiting period to good advantage. In a few weeks examination day will roll around, and those successful will be granted junior matriculation standing in algebra. Then geometry is in for a beating.

The group's mentor, Sgt. Bob Ohs, asked what method of teaching he uses replied, "If I know, I tell 'em; if I don't know, I ask 'em". Lots of luck to you and your budding mathematicians, Bob

The first two hours in the p.m. see a similar group under F/O Frank Snowsell occupying the classroom. This time it's trigonometry taking the count. Survivors of this course will tackle Senior Algebra.

Nobody can have too much book larnin'. It's a safe bet that these ambitious lads will be a couple of jumps ahead of the other fellows when rehabilitation days roll around.

SECTIONS ON THE SANDLOTS

by Homer

In the Wing Softball League 6400 Servicing Echelon is the top team winning all four games for a total of 8 points. No less than six teams are tied for second place in the "A" Section with 4 points. In "B" Section, 6430 Servicing Echelon, Central Maintenance and 400 Pilots share the top spot with 6 points.

The complete standing to date is as follows:

"A" Section				
	P	W	L	Pts.
6400 Echelon	4	4	0	8
Headquarters	3	2	1	4
Signals Maint.	3	2	1	4
Airmen's Mess	4	2	2	4
Flying Control	4	2	2	4
M.T. Section	4	2	2	4
430 Pilots	5	2	3	4
Instrument	3	1	2	2
Brownies	4	0	4	0

"B" Section				
	P	W	L	Pts.
6430 Echelon	3	3	0	6
Central Maint.	4	3	1	6
400 Pilots	4	3	1	6
6414 Echelon	3	2	1	4
6 M.F.P.S.	3	2	1	4
414 Pilots	4	2	2	4
Electrical	3	0	3	0
Signals	3	0	3	0
Workshops	4	0	4	0

The Boob of the Week was made by the famous Bluebird Squadron's team in action against their old enemies, Harold Day's Flying Control squad. As the Bluebirds pitcher wound up, a

Sport Shorts

The return engagement of the Wing softball team with 127 Wing, scheduled for Tuesday afternoon was cancelled owing to rain and wet grounds. It will be played on Friday afternoon if conditions are favourable. The team will leave from the Airmen's Mess at 1230 hours. Extra trucks are being provided and it is hoped that a good number will go along to 127 to support the boys.

Rain on Wednesday forced the weekly sports parade indoors again. The volleyball enthusiasts had a field day with a big tournament. Signals 1 took top honors with no losses. The runners-up were 6414 and 6400 Echelons. A total of 22 games were played in addition to the three game play-offs.

Basketball is also becoming popular with several teams playing "pick-up" on the wet Sports Day. Lots of blisters on the feet of all participants caused its finish fairly early however.

The award of the pearl handled pick-axe goes to LAC Jack Graham of M.T. for the way he has worked to popularize horseshoes on the Wing. The local Burghers have been seen watching games, and after 5 minutes, walking away slowly mumbling "Donner-Blitzen der Canadians is crazy mit de hedd".

The need for expert swimmers as life-guards still causes grey hairs to appear on the heads of the Sports Committee. A week at Ratzeburg is the tour of duties, and the alarming number of accidents should cause some public spirited persons, who are also good swimmers to volunteer. See the Sports Officer for information.

The baseball game to-morrow between our station team and that of 126 Wing will, it is hoped draw a large and enthusiastic crowd. The team has put in a lot of work to this date and now play a fine brand of ball. The time is 2 p.m. on Sunday, so lets all get out there and "Root-Root Root for the Home Team, If we dont win, its a shame".

squadron of Thunderbolts screamed over low in fine pitch. The unaccustomed sight of aircraft naturally caused a lot of skyward gazing just as the ball was lofted to the right field position-occupied by Harry (Pix By) Godfrey. Score before T-Bolts: 400 2, Flying Control O. Score after T-Bolts: 400 2, Flying Control 4.

The departure of a considerable number of repatriated airmen will have its effect upon the Softball League. Some of the top teams may have a few stars missing from their line-ups, so here's a chance for the under-dogs to climb the ladder with a few useful victories.

The whole picture in the league at this point leaves only one thing established; and that is that unless everyone is repatriated someone will win. 6400 S.E. are very powerful; but 430 Pilots are apt to prove much stronger in the future than the standings indicate. In "B" Section, 6430 seem to retain the top spot with ease; however, Bud Platt and his assistants from Central Maintenance are not to be ignored. 400 Sqn. Pilots are suffering, and will suffer more in the future, from that old trouble — leave. With the Met. man promising great things for next week, our next issue should find us in a position to pick a final league winners thus sticking our neck out to the maximum.

TAF Swimmers Going To England

Now is the time for all men with web equipment (feet and hands, we mean) to come to the aid of the wing.

39 Wing will enter a swimming team in an 83 Group meet to be held in July. To pick the wing team, it is intended to hold a meet on June 21 (next Thursday) to take place at B 152. Transports will leave at 1300 hours from Headquarters.

Not that this will make any difference, but the winners of the group meet will GO TO ENGLAND in late July to compete for the RCAF overseas championship in a meet to be held in Bournemouth. SO — if you would like to see beautiful England, or beautiful W.D.'s swimming, then go to the sports office now and put your name down for the events you wish to enter.

Next Wednesday is the day; the sports office is the place. ENGLAND BECKONS!

VOLLEYBALL

The Wing Volleyball League has drawn up a schedule which began this week. Sixteen teams are entered, forming two sections with eight in each. The games may be played on any court agreed upon by the team captains. Otherwise, they will be played on the outdoor courts by the Softball diamond. First and second games are scheduled to start at 1500 hours, third and fourth games at 1830 hours.

Teams in the "A" Section are as follows:

6 M.F.P.S., M.T. Section 1, 6400 Echelon, Headquarters, 414 Squadron, 2726 R.A.F.R., 430 Squadron, Signals 2.

"B" Section:

Signals 1, Armament, Central Maintenance, 6430 Echelon, Flying Control, 6414 Echelon, Signals Maint., M.T. Section 2.

In track and field circles, rumour has it that if A.P.I.S. show the form they did in last Tuesdays "rained out" meet, 6 M.F.P.S. had better look to their laurels, or in the coming station meet, the stereo-gazers will cop the top spot.

MUSCLE MAN of the week

To start a series of sports personality articles, what could be more fitting than to start with our Sports Officer himself. So look into the Sports Office, or behind the catcher's mitt at numerous baseball games; the casual observer might think he was seeing two normal, or three sergeant sized, men. Alas, for many in the past, this is not the case. It's only one man, a mere 240 pounds at that, and his name is Bob "Tiny" Walker.

In the year 1909 was born in Armour, South Dakota, a boy. (This sort of thing is always happening somewhere, people tell us.) His early youth was spent in peaceful pursuits such as bending horseshoes and cutting down trees; but by the time that he had become a 97 pound weakling in grade school he was already into practically every sport except heavy-weight boxing. At college a three letter man, in his last year he captained the football team, weighing at the time a mere 180.

In 1934 he saw the opportunities for a little fellow in Canada and he moved to Regina where he commenced playing football for the Regina Roughriders. From this time to 1940 his career is coincident with that of the famous western team, playing football in the Summer, and a little basketball in the Winter. During this time he made 6 all-west football teams as a middle, and got himself a wife in 1938.

In the 1941 season he was playing coach, with success; and in 1942 while coaching the Saskatchewan Navy Recruiting Center Football Team, he joined the Air Force as a P.T. officer. After completing enlistment training in this much-dreaded-by-all branch of the service, he was posted to Pat Bay where he spent nearly a year before the Air Force, realizing either his size or capabilities, or both, sent him to Trenton as O/C P.T. Refresher Course.

Later in 1943 (aircrew please note all hereafter) he was sent to the Three Rivers Commando school for Aircrew. This probably accounts for the worried look on the faces of many once-happy pilots etc.

In 1944 he was posted overseas, to Six Group for a short stay; and then in May to 39 Wing. As well as supervising all sports activities by day and night he sometimes swings a mean deck of cards in the officer's mess in the evenings.

In common with thousands of others Bob hopes to return to Canada soon; there to get to know his infant son and daughter. He tells us he has to get back because his son is already nine months old and hasn't had any good instruction on football as yet.

Stephens' Shooting Unbeaten To Date

The wing still shows signs of being a rifle battalion at heart, with many good scores being made. S/L Tony Stephens' mark of 62 out of a possible 65 remains tops. So far 280 men have fired a total of over 4500 rounds, and F/Sgt. Mitchell promises that it's only the beginning.

A wing team of 8 men is to be formed to shoot it out with the other wings in the neighbourhood. When a station champ is declared, it is hoped to have a prize of some sort provided.

Top scorers for the week are listed below:
Maintenance — LAC Charlton 56, LAC Dryhurst 51.
6430 SE — LAC Brownfield 57, LAC Machin 55.
Flying Control — LAC Pinner 53, LAC Kelly 45.
6 MFPS — Cpl. Loader 57, Cpl. McNeely 51.

Wide Range Of Activities In Wing Sports Programme

Your sports committee is now able, three weeks after its formation, to offer you — and we mean you — everything, or practically everything in the way of sports to occupy your time.

Softball. For softball players, three diamonds are working, already thirty-two league, and the staggering number of two hundred practice games have been played; and eighteen teams are in the league. Already thirty-five bats and seventy-two balls have been used and there are prospects of many more in the future.

Volleyball. For volleyball players, there are courts — seven all together, with one at the officer's mess for the higher paid help. The league is going strong, with sixteen teams working.

Badminton. Badminton is in 430 Sqn. hangar. The sports office have fifteen racquets for the asking. The P.T.'s are always willing to give birds rather than receive them.

Horseshoes. There are five official horseshoe pitches, and many unofficial ones, which, contrary to the opinion of some officers, are not traps for the unwary in the dark.

Swimming. The old swimming hole remains popular as ever, and runs are being "laid on" to 126 Wing at B-152, who have an ex-

cellent pool. A wing meet is to be held there next Wednesday with much enthusiasm expected.

Track and Field. The quarter mile track and hurdles are regularly feeling the patten of not-so-tiny feet. Shot putts are being putted, javelins are being javed, and the discuses (?) are being disced. The past two Wednesday afternoons have seen a lot of ground covered, and the track committee hope to have practically everyone going around in circles soon.

Basketball. The court in Maintenance Hangar, though completely home-made is an excellent one; and several sections have teams already formed. Any section wishing exhibition games can arrange same at sports office. Warning, 414 Sqn. say they are world beaters.

Shooting. The Wing rifle competition is now going strong and F/S Mitchell promises great things in the future.

These are the main sports now being actively played; but every Monday morning at ten your sports committee meets to discuss plans for your future entertainment. If you would like to play or participate in some sport not available at present; see your representative, and the committee will sweat over it.

Group Sports Officers Hold Session at Wing

Right here at 39 Wing on Thursday, all the sports officers of 83 Group met to discuss a policy for RCAF championships on the continent.

Second TAF was divided into three sports groups, 39 Wing being in "A" group along with 126, 127 and 143 Wings. Group champions at softball, volleyball and track and field will be declared by July 21.

The group swimming and track and field meet will be held at 126 Wing on July 14, while the group softball and volleyball champions will be declared on the 18th.

Due to the fact that 143 Wing is so far from the rest of us (Flensburg) it will be necessary for 126, 127 and 39 Wings to declare a winner before playing off with 143.

After group champs in all sports have been decided upon, the winners will play off for TAF honours. The TAF swimming meet will be held at 126 Wing and the softball at 39 Wing (so we had better be in there). Track and field, including tug-of-war and horseshoes, will be decided at Schleswig, and volleyball winners at 127 Wing.

Easy Come Easy Go

F/Lt. Duffin casually informs us that since 39 Wing landed in Normandy he has paid out 940, 853 dollars and eleven cents to a bunch of broke guys. This figure did not include June, and we therefore estimate that he has now passed the million dollar mark.

When the wing was at Evreux they drew three times as much money as they had done since the landing, but the twenty-nine thousand pounds that Duffy paid out in March at B90 beats that and everything since. Them's a lot of shekels.

By rubbing loose postage stamps lightly over your hair you will find they wont stick together in your pocket or pay book. The thin oil film deposited on the stamps from the hair will last indefinitely and keeps stamps ready for use without interfering with the adhesive.

GOLF

Falkenstein Golf Club, just north-west of Hamburg along the Elbe, regarded as one of the finest in Europe, has been taken over by the army and is being operated as the Hamburg Inter-Services Golf Club. A limited number of memberships has been obtained for the officers and men of 39 Wing.

At present it is not possible to obtain meals at the club, although cooking facilities are there; but soft drinks are available. It is hoped to be able to supply meals for players in the future.

Golf clubs, tees and balls are supplied, but supplies are low and getting lower all the time. Any would-be players who are in a position to supply their own golf balls, or obtain them from the U.K., would be helping the House Committee a great deal.

When membership cards become available they will be kept in the Wing adjutant's office, and may be booked in advance.

5 MFPS Doings

About a month ago No. 5 M.F.P.S. quietly folded its tents and, leaving the sheltering arms of 39 Wing, removed itself to Priwall airfield at Travemunde on the Baltic, not far from Lubeck. Here the unit settled down into a former German Photo Centre, previously put "hors de combat" by the mutilations of war, but now restored to respectability. Members inhabit a 16 room house near the drome: excepting some odd leaks in the roof, the comforts of home are there aplenty.

An open ferry operates between the airfield and the seaside resort of Travemunde. The beach facilities are first rate, but few bathers have been found to brave the icy waters of the Baltic.

Some of the M.T. boys managed to get a small glider (found abandoned) airborne by towing it with a truck. A Jerry style Bren gun carrier, 2 motorboats, and a Rube Goldberg type tractor have all been made operational.

Thus the triphibious versatility of No. 5 MFPS.