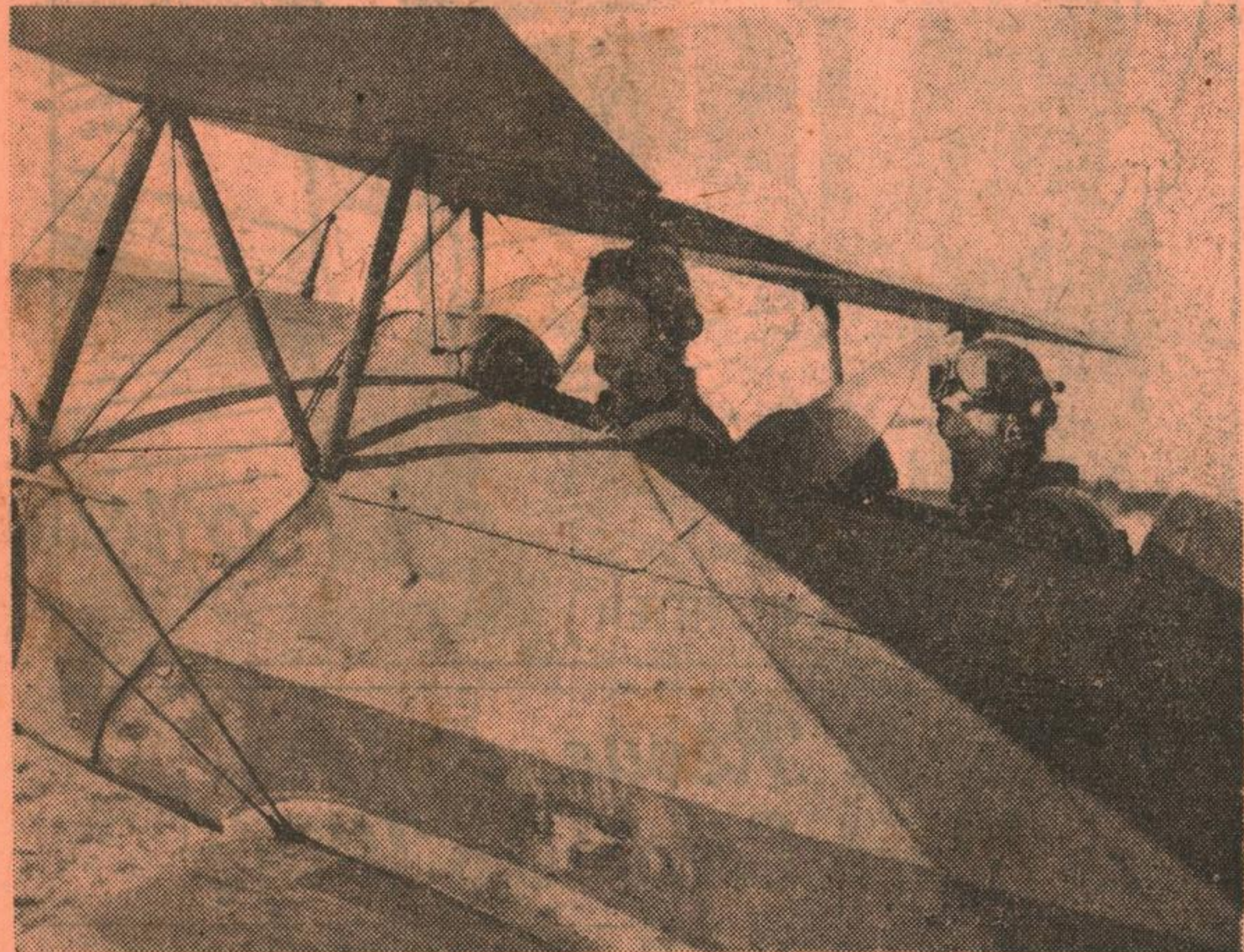




BLIGHTY FLIP FOR RECCEMEN

Earthbound Erks Get Flying Instructions



F/O Al Marshall, one of the four ex-Training Command instructors now giving dual to 39 Wing fledgelings, is pictured with one of his prize pupils, Capt. Hugh Morris of Operations.

The Erk's dream has finally come true! After 3, 4, or 5 years in Air Force blue he is being finally given an opportunity to learn — of all things — how to fly. Where? Why, right here on 39 Wing. When? Why, right now. How? Well here's the griff.

Certain ex-flying instructors, F/O Al Marshall of 400 Sqdn and F/L Perk Perkins, Bud Genge and F/O Atkinson of 430 Sqdn, have taken advantage of the Bucher 131, German elementary flying training aircraft now on Wing strength, to initiate a programme of flying instruction for the ground bods in 6400 and 6430 Servicing Echelons. 430 have the use of the kite from first light to 16.30 hours daily, and 400 take over from there till last light.

To date, Fliegers Perkins, Genge and Atkinson have been concentrating on familiarization flights for all the personnel of 6430. Having completed that, a carefully laid on programme of instruction covering flying sequences preparatory to first solo will be carried through. The instructors hope to handle everyone applying for the instruction, time and circumstances permitting.

With 6400, F/O Al Marshall has already reached the stage where he is giving circuits and bumps instruction to his present quota of

7 men, LACs Moses, Piro, Wilson, Thornton, McBain, Baird, and Capt. Hugh Morris who represents the brown jobs in this scheme. Marshall reports that without exception all his students show above average progress.

The Bucher is reported to be a first rate little training kite, with no quirks in the air or on the ground. Take-offs and landings are carried out on the Auster landing strip parallel to the main runway. The instructor, normally in the front seat, sits in the rear in order to give the student better visibility.

Unfortunately (or perhaps fortunately!) students will not be permitted to solo the aircraft. They can be carried only up to the point of readiness for it, which will probably entail an average of seven hours' instruction.

Displaced Persons Centre Handles Homeless Europeans

There are two kinds of people on the streets of Luneburg these days. There are the Germans, and a mixed crowd of all other nationalities, who wander around looking a little dazed; some healthy, some pale and skinny. They make quite a contrast to the regular

inhabitants of the town, they don't seem to belong. Who are they? How did they get here? The Germans brought them to this country — ex P.O.W's, slave labourers, and political prisoners. We're trying to send them back to their homelands through the Displaced Persons Camp in Luneburg.

There are about 20,000 Displaced Persons in the camp and in several small towns on the outskirts of the city. The Camp, Mil. Gov. Det. 109 (R), is under the charge of the British Army and the staff is assisted by the French and Belgian Red Cross and volunteers of all nationalities. Most of the supplies were provided by the Germans in Luneburg, not without some initial reluctance on the part of the authorities of the town — though they are, directly or indirectly, responsible for the conditions which made the camp necessary. The Major in charge of the camp preferred not to take any credit for the work which he and his staff have done to bring order into this maelstrom of human misery, and mentioned instead the untiring efforts of the pilots and the lorrydrivers who

able. On an overthrow to home, which catcher Bill Baird literally knocked himself out trying to catch, two 126 men scored. Clark, who pitched the last five innings for the losers, turned in a good performance, but to pick stars when a team had such tough luck is practically impossible. As usual, the sparkling infield combination of Graham, Jones and Murphy for the home team, left little to be desired. Lefty Gildner, pitching his first game for the station team, came through some tough spots in fine style; and Jimmy Davis playing his first game in the field made some good catches. Ed Murphy (as usual) was heavy batter, getting two doubles and a single.

Council Discuss Shower Question

Those bods who leaped from a shower that turned from pleasantly warm to icy cold, may take some comfort from the fact that the coal shortage has been temporarily relieved.

Disappointment in getting back a dirty bundle of "smalls" has been the bitter lot of those lads who can't count up to, or past ten. According to the Equipment Officer, ten, and only ten articles can be accepted. Anything over that amount jams up the works. If you sleep in a nightie — it's one unit, but a pair of pajamas is two units — four handkerchiefs or four collars are equal to one unit — and so is one pair of socks. Remember to make out a list; "no tickie no washee".

For those interested in high grade entertainment, keep tabs on the K of C, or their notice board, the gen on such doings is usually a last minute affair, so keep your eyes peeled, you "squares". Coffee for breakfast is rumoured to be in the crystal ball stage, so keep your fingers crossed.

NEWS BRIEFS

Ribbentrop captured in Hamburg . . . Thousands of sarongs being made in England for the relief of the Dutch East Indies . . . Australians drive forward in Borneo . . . Japs in invasion jitters hold long conference . . . New big Three meeting scheduled in Berlin . . . Belgian Cabinet resigns as King Leopold returns . . . The "Blue Division" (Franco's anti-Russian gift to the Germans) was beat up by the French as they tried to leave Switzerland for Spain . . . Mackenzie King loses his seat in his own riding . . .

414 First In Wing For Firing Scheme

Instead of being preceded by the usual flock of rumours, the news that 414 Sqdn. and its echelon were to go to England came as a complete surprise. So the servicing echelon tuned up the Squadron's guns — silent since V.E. day — and the City of Sarnia men move off today to the U.K. for a two week air firing exercise. 6414 accompanied the Spit-borne fliegers in Dakota transports.

The scene of the fortnight's sojourn in the land of unrestricted fraternization is Warmwell, 83 Group's air firing camp. It's located on the Sunny Southern coast of England, some twenty miles west of those pleasant beaches at Bourne-mouth. It is customary when a unit returns from the Continent to this camp, to give the personnel a short leave period; so the trip assumes the aspect of a welcome break in the routine of occupation.

430 Squadron, accompanied of course by their servicing boys, is slated for the same type of jaunt in the near future. In case anyone in 400 has never had occasion to regret the lack of armament on the

P.R. kites, this news will doubtless bring on an attack of acute self-pity. Compensation for the Bluebird types should lie in the fact that they won't have to readjust themselves to the conditions of life on the Continent.

FLAP

"FLAP" magazine has been started, but the editor and layout men are still in dire need of pictures — pictures — and still more pictures, of any phase of our life on the continent. So kick in, fellows — you'll get them back. Don't think your pictures aren't good enough, some of the shots by the amateurs are a lot better than those of the photo bashers.

FISHY TALE

Largest piscatorial prize of the season so far recorded at the Ratzeburg Roost is a nine and a half pound pike, landed on June 8th by LAC M. F. Roncin of 430 Sqdn.

Roncin was accompanied, or rather propelled, on his historic voyage by LAC W. H. Reeker.

Blackouts Still Live Show After Three Years On Road

The Blackouts are still going strong. After three years of the same show, they, as well as we, realize that the times have changed, but the "powers that be" haven't yet seen fit to arrange for a new production.

When seen in that light the cast have managed to keep a very lively and colourful show going, balanced with a smooth jive band that does them all credit. It's a swift moving show — highlighted by many outstanding performances. Among them are, for instance, the accordionist, Orlando Bracci; the slick-chick vocalizing of Georgette Gelinis and the antics of the mad comedian, Fran Dowie.

The peak of colourful numbers is probably the "Rhapsody Russe," though the "Desert Scene" runs

it a very close second, judging by the applause that followed the appearance of real live Ginche, Canadian variety. It isn't easy to keep a show lively after so many performances, and so much travelling. The gang really deserve a lot of credit for the grand shows they gave us. We'd like to do something more than say just, "Thanks"; but we don't know what else to do — so gang, "Thanks again — you were swell".



Two snapshots of the BLACKOUTS troupe in action. Top pic shows chief comic Fran Dowie with one of the gals in the Airmans Dream skit. Below, the boys in the band jam it out in their very polished style.

Wing Tops Fighter Boys In Sunday Softball Tilt

On Sunday afternoon, here at Luneburg, 39 Wing defeated 126 Wing in a hard fought softball scrap. The final score of 12-3 was not a true indication of the teams play, due to some extremely bad breaks experienced by 126.

39 Wing started their steady dribble of hits in the first inning. Graham singled to left centre field and Murphy brought him in with a fine two sack hit. In the fourth inning an error in right field cost the fighter boys 3 runs.

In the last half of the fifth frame, Clark was sent in to pitch for 126 Wing, and immediately the flow of Recce men to home plate was stopped short.

The fighter boys pulled up their socks and got their sights service-

RECCE FLASH

For Canadian Airmen in Germany

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

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF F/L Art Collins. EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS F/L Don Snipper, Cpl. Lou Libman, Lac. "Mid" Middleton, Lac Leo Velleman. SPORTS EDITOR F/L Jack Fox. PHOTOGRAPHERS Sgt. "Mac" MacGregor, Sgt. Murray Barlow, Lac John Humphreys. BUSINESS MANAGER Lac Charlie Nickerson. PRODUCTION, Lac Bill Minter.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

"To frat or not to frat", that is the burning question. Service men here in Germany are widely split over this issue. We venture the opinion that the wiser, cooler heads see a great deal of common sense and justice behind the no-frat regulations; the young hot bloods see nothing in them but frustration and brass hat discipline.

Perhaps both factions are right -- and wrong. Certainly to relax the barriers, to forgive and forget six short weeks after the close of this terrible, bitter, and atrocious war -- that would make a mockery of those millions who died on the field and in the camps, and stamp us in the German mind as shallow fools for whom the lessons of the past meant nothing. On the other hand, if we hope eventually to rehabilitate the German nation, to introduce them to the ways and meanings of the democratic life, somewhere along the line we must offer them guidance, instruction and intelligent friendship, all of which will involve varying degrees of fraternization.

Unfortunately, for most young men fraternization boils down to the need for feminine companionship. That need is very real, and should not be ignored. But the solution does not reside in any immediate relaxing of the no-frat regs. A better answer can be found by increasing U. K. and Continental leave, by introducing into Germany, wives, and women of the various services; best of all by establishing a system of rotation so that no man should be required to serve in Germany more than six months. We have the manpower and the womanpower to do all these things now.

A thing to remember. We are accustomed flippantly to regard the "Brass Hats" as generally out of touch with the needs of ordinary servicemen, and point to the no-frat policy as typical of the cold, ivory tower thinking that obtains in high circles. But non-fraternization is a policy that has endorsement from our most respected and most astute statesmen, from historians who know the German mentality, and from large masses of the military who have come into much closer contact with the Hun than we in the Air Forces have done. These people are much better qualified to decide when and in what degree the time is ripe to offer the German a friendly hand. Let's not frustrate again our hopes for a decent and peaceful world to come, by thought and action that originate below the belt.

The Padre's Corner

In Germany there are many churches -- Evangelical, Lutheran and Roman Catholic. The question naturally arises in our minds. What about the Christian religion under National Socialism? How did the church survive and carry on?

Thousands of ministers and priests upon refusal to cooperate with the Nazis were thrown into concentration camps. Many died there. Those who did collaborate were formed into a state department of religion headed by Rosenberg one of Hitler's henchmen.

National Socialism had for millions of German youths, the enthusiasm of a religion. Many of its leaders frankly hated Christianity; others tried to adopt and use it. The Whole movement represented a romantic revival of an enthusiasm for and patriotism to the German State. After the last war Germans felt themselves impotent. This new doctrine gave them a measure of hope, determination and self-confidence. The two books which best portray this are Hitler's "Mein Kampf" and "Rosenberg's "Twentieth Century Myth".

The basis of National Socialism lay in its radical theory. The Germanic Aryan race was the superior creative part of the human family. Morality was defined only in terms of the needs of that race. Hence the bestial cruelties practised against Jews and others and the complete lack of any sense of guilt on the part of those responsible for these atrocities.

The Nazi scorned the Christian virtues of weakness, humility, long-suffering gentleness and love. Theoretically God was a sort of Providence who manifested himself in the racial soul. The demands and aspirations of this soul were interpreted only by the Nazi

Party. The idea of redemption through a crucified Saviour was repulsive. Sin was any act against the German people which meant against the Nazi Party. The old paganism of pre-Christian Germany was lauded. Wagner's music with all its pagan sources was exalted. Christians who could accommodate themselves to this were permitted to carry on in the controlled churches. S.S. men were present at services of worship to check up on what was taught. Other Christians who could not accept this Nazi paganism were brutally and cruelly persecuted.

In a later article I shall write further on the state of religion in Nazi Germany.

Ross K Cameron S/L
Protestant Chaplain.

Hobby Club

The hobby club is a volunteer effort, stocked with scrounge tools and material mostly from the previous tenants of the drome. The members themselves are responsible for getting new stock, so they cannot throw the place open to the whole wing.

Social visits (minus tea and toast) are welcomed, and new members may join at the Wednesday evening meetings. However, new members can only be those who have a genuine interest in craft work, and who are prepared to work on projects which may be put on exhibition at the Hobby Show planned for July. This rules out the plastic handgrips and holsters for shootin' irons.

Classified Ads

Will the bloke who took the new volume -Canada-America's Problem- from the Education office without signing for it please return same to Education Office.

Will trade electric three-waveband radio for camera, roll, pack or plate model. Apply Room 2, Barrack Block 6.

Bob Elliott Says...

I remember well last Friday morning saluting the quarter deck and stepping aboard Bob's barge. With the bosun's shrill pipes still ringing in my ears I entered the captain's cabin where Bob sat surrounded by a bevy of beautiful ginche. In front of him chained to the floor lay a black panther. To the delight of the company Bob was engaged in pulling the claws from this beast one by one. For this purpose he was using a pair of nicked molar forceps which looked suspiciously like the pair basher Warriner had sold in the black market in Brussels. After each extraction Bob would hold high the bloody claw and shout, "Take that you subhuman b...d" and the ginches would giggle with perverted pleasure.

In the background the radio was playing softly. "Tell me Bob", I said, "Now that V.E. Day is behind us all and the need for security gone, could you release some of the details and performance figures of this barge of yours".

The old man smiled, poured me another V 16 stroked his silky beard and began: "The designer of the barge, my cousin Lepidus, spent many years studying the floating powers and flight of the Oozelum bird, which, as is well known, once off the water flies in ever decreasing circles until it disappears. From which point of vantage it... upon the assembled multitude below. From these studies he has produced an amphibious machine capable of spinning upward about an infinitely divergent pair of axes. To do this, the barge is gyrated about a mizzen jib extension until it has gained sufficient momentum to depress the sear holding in the yarp rings, which propels the barge to a position vertically above or through the burgher's footbridge."

"But surely Bob", I said taking a drink away from the black panther, "This was known before". Across the old man's countenance flashed one of his rare smiles and treating me like a child he went on. "No, the practice of the Oozelum bird is duplicated by means of the exhaust ring splasher, which opens the mucking poppets and couples the auto-rotating bulkheads through a gunshling rod to the splurge gaskets, so that on the backward movement of the valve guide locking piece, enormous quantities of a homologous series of the molybdenum oleates of dimethylglyoxilil acid are ejected accurately from an undoubtedly great height!

"A longfelt want by bargees the world over has been filled by the controllable-prowed, constant riding keel. This has been accomplished by the use of conical snooters, which act according to the law of inversed differentials on the gyro crosstrees, combined with damping provided by helical orthomophic fubbing nuts on the expanding surfaces of the brake lever locking-arm cams".

Bob continued, "A synchronized motion of the bupple pin and the rear serve-stabilizer enables the body extension to be orientated with regard to the condenser cooling gasket, so that the slots on the trailing edge of the constant speed unit are aligned with the decoupling."

The old man stopped and glaring at the panther who was making a pass at one of the ginches he shouted in a rough Cockney accent, "Pay attention because in three weeks you'll be instructing in this at the R.A.F. Staff College in England". Draining my ninth V 16 I said, "That's telling the subhuman b...d off; Bob".



127 Repat Revue Does Much Credit To Wing

Barrack room after-theatre talk was long, loud and enthusiastic last Saturday night after the curtain rang down on 127 Wing's show "Repat Review". Bright, gay completely escapist entertainment, the Review staged by the visiting Airmen knocked that theory that "All the talent is in the Army and Navy" for a burton and makes your reviewer wish he had a ghost writer who could make with a few sweepingly majestic remarks.

Complete with swing band which, for half an hour before the opening played mood music, the show opened with the sextet, Hank Halstead, Cpl. Gallaher, Cliff Caldwell, Tom Tonkin, Herb Scott and Don Newton singing a medley of five numbers.

Master of Ceremonies, Bill Halparin, kept the show running smoothly by his jokes, his gags and his manner of introducing each act with talent of virtuosity.

From this maze of talent, a few of us finally did decide that the most outstanding scene was that depicting two airmen in Brussels. The year was 1948 and, since they were still awaiting repatriation, were running a taxi cab which had stalled beside Mannekin Piss -- who was there, incidentally, and very operational.

Others decided on the radio broadcast from station R.E.P.A.T. as their favourite scene. The bright costumes, the stage scenery, the lilt of a variety of rural instruments along with plenty of singing, gen-you-ine Dogpatch talk and the entire execution of an old fashioned square dance made this one of the most brilliant acts.

Jokes were new; skits were original and enacted with artistry and technique and the music bounced, lowered to an integrated beat or flowed appealingly as the stage action demanded.

For those of us fortunate enough to have seen "Repat Review", no further comment is necessary. For those who missed it, we can only hope this superb cast will play a return engagement very soon.

Engineers of the Br. 2nd Army, from D Day to V-E Day laid 95,000 mines and lifted 350,000 enemy mines.

Br. 2nd Army Engineers constructed 76 airfields on the continent.

Letters to the Editor

An open letter to Bob Elliott.

Mourning doves carrying black crepe streamers have informed us that Bob Elliott is leaving the Wing. Now completely Canadianized, Bob has been granted an honorary repat of minus 7 points.

No longer will the Hellibarge be used for secret missions to Moscow, and a cry has arisen from the repat-hungry bobs on the wing. This cry will not be stilled, it rises from a multitude, with a fierce urgency that cannot be denied. Have the now sacred Barge refitted for troop-carrying to Canada, and may Bob Elliott's name be blessed for evermore among the readers of the Ginche Board.

Latest flash reports that special homing pigeons will continue to bring despatches from Bob. The pigeons are being fitted with long range tanks. --- Ed.

Sir: Reading "Recce Flash" over again I came across the article on the Station Orchestra. As yet I haven't heard or seen it. Now if there is an Orchestra, why doesn't it put on some sessions in the theatre at noon times. They might not have a "John Kirby" outfit but I know it would be appreciated by the boys, so how about a little "gen" on the matter. A.B.C.

Gentlemen: It seems the "non-frat" law is being misinterpreted by some certain W.D's. Most of us have not seen a Canadian Girl for two or more years and I for one was glad to see them. Their performance on stage was really fine but why the act offstage?

I'm for more and more Canadian shows and Canadian girls but lets have some who realize that there are also a lot of lonely-"other-ranks". Sincerely Disappointed.

Dear Editor: I have recently been discussing the current peace situation with my chums and we have not come to any conclusions as to who won the war.

In my opinion we are more like prisoners than the so called German prisoners. We have less freedom than they do, and also, is it common for conquered countries to be able to laugh at their conquerors- or are we liberators of the Germans?

A puzzled and disgusted Airman
Ed. Any answers fellers?

Divisions under command of Second British Army from D-Day to V-E Day totalled 27, comprising 15 infantry divisions, 7 armoured divisions and 5 airborne divisions.

Canadian divisions under command of Br. 2nd Army from D Day to V-E Day totalled 3, comprising 2 Can. Infant. Div., 3 Can. Infant. Div., and 4 Can. Armoured Div.

Recononsense

By Breezy

ABOUT GUYS: The gang over in 6430 armament section seem to be quite happy even if their chieffe has departed for Blighty. The boys are considering taking up a collection for chieffe's mosquito netting and forwarding same . . . Cpl. Len Bradford the suave, soft spoken article from B.C. of 430 Photo was last seen among a collection of characters-labelled repats. Just for the interest of any friends he may have had — he was wearing an incredulous but happy look over his map . . . It seems that as a boy scout in England it is one's privilege to chop down one tree each year. Why anyone would want to knock himself out chopping down trees is beyond me. Nevertheless Mike Hodsmen used to yell the traditional "Timber" once per annum. Since coming to Germany, Mike has found no shortage of trees, so every day, he shoulders his axe and goes to his pleasant task. To date Michael has approximately 30 trees to his credit. Mr. Hodsmen has left for Benson on temporary duty and when he returns it is expected he will be unable to chop trees for some time. Congrats Mike . . . Norm Chuck has gone to greener fields for a while at least. He has joined the R.C.A.F. Swingtime show which played for us here a short time ago . . .

EYES AND EARS: Cpl. Murphy of Signals has apparently performed the hat trick. He walked into Knightsbridge on a recent leave, talked for an hour steady to dubious bods in the "house of confusion" and walked out a sergeant . . . Speaking of promotions at Signals, Penny has put up a big third and Mitch has reached the dizzy heights of corporal. We said dizzy heights chum and you'll see why . . . "Ole Burgher" Dower over in 6430 recently returned from a spot of leave looking as sharp as ever. Some guys just have a lot of will power, eh Alec . . . 6430's champion pub crawler L.A.C. Bill Penny is certainly in his glory with all the free beer in the canteen — just his price too . . . The armament wallahs over in 430 say you joes don't have to worry about getting trounced at sports any longer as their star performers have been posted back to the Land of the Living . . . And speaking of trouncings Signals (the M.S.O. boys) have hung up a fair number of 21—0 scores at volleyball—nice shooting, men . . . Just a thought, men. We wonder how many guys in this wing will escape the dragnet of the psychiatrist upon being sprung from the airforce . . . One might draw a parallel between the German people and their beer these days; complete lack of spirit . . . There were two senior N.C.O.'s in attendance at Padre Cameron's Wednesday evening classical concert last week. Anything can happen now . . .

BOUQUETS TO: 5 M.F.P.S. for consistently sending material to "the paper" despite the fact that they are up on the Baltic . . . Sgt. Mehr, able, pleasant N.C.O. in charge of the Officers' Mess for his never failing courtesy and efficiency with which he dishes up the culinary gems these hot days. Pass the same on to your staff too Sarge . . . Sgt. "Al" Rees who really hit on a swell idea. He has provided a reading and writing room for the erks in 6430. Some people think he founded the haunt so that he could find the boys when joe jobs came up. In any event he founded it and the boys appreciate it very much . . . The "Ops" staff and M.T. for supplying us with transport at the weirdest hours . . .

STINKWEEDS TO: 6400 S.E. who once again have failed to hand in any material to the paper — also to H.Q., Sick quarters, Equipment and Maintenance . . . Those sad sacks who snaffle tickets to heavy plays and concerts in Hamburg then upon arrival proceed to go on shopping tours, et cetera; mostly et cetera . . . To those degenerate types who continue to think that washbasins are a good place to dump tealeaves . . .

BOUQUET AND STINKWEED: A bouquet to the band of the Blackouts show for turning in a really "solleed" performance and for the jam sessions they so willingly played for the "boys" after each performance; A stinkweed to the characters who didn't even acknowledge the band . . . A bouquet to the W.D.'s for their hard work on the stage . . .

SCRATCH NOTES: The mobile laundry staff is anxious to locate the as yet unidentified owner of a pair of pink step-ins. They are at present hanging at half mast from the aerial of "ye wash truck". Who has been carrying his fair one's colours into battle? . . . Junior Blow of 414 Photo section was seen coming out of the billet hair matted with threepence stamps. Apparently read our note last week on how to keep stamps from sticking together by rubbing lightly thru the hair and got balled up . . . Stew Smith over at M.F.P.S. has taken up sketching and photography to add to his accomplishments as cook and barber . . . This column wonders why it would not be possible for our authorities to commandeer a few dozen bicycles from the local natives for the use of camp weary Joes who, willing to abide by the no-frat regs, would appreciate the chance to get in a few cycling hours seeing the countryside . . . This surely is a legitimate military demand on the populace whose representatives weren't shy in sucking the occupied countries dry of everything THEY needed — and considerably more . . . Perhaps we are too apprehensive; but we think the meat wagon should be standing by when Sgt. Bill Anderson of the Armament Section returns from U.K. leave. Whattya say doc? . . .

DROME TROTTING: The other day we heard the S.M.O. asserting that "there were too damned many fliers spending too many hours in the sack — a very bad thing from a medical point of view". Shortly afterwards he smothered up a large yawn, and when last seen was headed quietly towards his own dear sack . . .

TID-BITS: At 5 M.F.P.S. near Travemunde on the cold, cold Baltic, swapping and inventions continue. Cpl. Larry Monk gets high honours for inventing a camera combining the best features of the folding and aerial types . . . This achieved by attaching a small Jerry aerial magazine to a 3 inch by 4 inch plate camera. It uses a film perforated along both edges taking 50 negatives to a roll . . . Trader Buscombe, not related to Trader Horn, will doubtlessly be awarded the pawnbroker's golden balls symbol for most deals completed with the British Army types . . . Suave Gene Gautier has now stepped behind the clippers and provides all the atmosphere of a French tonsorial parlor (not to be confused with Clip joints) . . . Genial Joe Garbott spends his spare time at the controls of "galloping Gertie" a monstrous Jerry tractor. The more the old girl snorts, the more Joe likes it; whatt'a man . . .

PRIZE GINCHE



This little lady is doubling for prizes these days, not only has she copped the cup for swimming ability, but it seems that her form has also won her a beauty contest.

Little Denny's Dope Book

It wuz et the start of the war that i furst got intrusted in in e military lif. maibeitwuzbecuz i kood knot due nuthin elz. Beeng a far cited man i enlusted in the royal Canadian air Farce. I neu i wood be a gud soldjur rite from the beginnin bezuz i hed not a braine in mi hed.

On September thurd 1939 i sined mi kname on the dottud line (not two bee confuzed with the line i em abowt too shoot). The furst plaice i went too was caled a mennink depow. When i got thur i saw whut lookud to be a hi rankin ofishul. Et leest he wore too big bars or hooks or vees or somethin jest abov his elbeau. Bein a gut soljur i kame up wuth a smart slute. Insid i felt gut all ofer nowing i hed pleezed him. All uv a suden he, he yellud et me with the most aweflest langwidge u evur hurd. I jest stood their and shook and shook and shook (gosh it wuz cold in the bull pen) Too this day i due knot no why he wuz so cros with me. I always thot i wuz tue slute ofizers.

I hev tue goe now becuz W/o Sturgun sed i hed too empty the buket uv watur undur his bed.

yours Truly

Denny.

WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN

One morning in February of 1914, the famous (but now hopelessly mad) nature artist Von Clue was at work capturing the beauty of the snowflake for mankind. Suddenly he saw two black storks flying very low and heading towards Windsor. (On reconsidering Von Clue later stated that they may have been buzzards.) The town "batteries" near the "Ever-Ready" plant opened up and the formations broke up and as one buzzard attempted to climb he was hit. He was last seen headed into "the deck". The other bird (obviously the number one) continued over the centre of town where Von Clue noticed the keen bird jettison something. Historians claim that one of those two falling objects hurtled through the hole in the roof at "Pop" Tracey's emporium de-luxe.

When Tracey the elder entered ye general store his naked eye at once discerned a structurless, homogeneous mass protruding from the cracker-barrel. It was apparently endowed with some physical basis of life, for upon looking closer Mr. Tracey noticed "the mass" move. Out of sheer kindness the Traceys adopted "the mass", (jokingly called the mess). They affectionately named it Thomas Chester Tracey.

February 21st must have been a particularly dirty morning because Chester was an awfully ugly child. Despite this handicap all went well in the Tracey household. When Chester was eight years old the doctors decided that he would walk more or less normally and not fly as had been previously expected.

Chester had the edge on all the youngsters on the block when it came to scooters. A peculiar growth on his left leg which resembled the tail wheel on a Spit IX enabled him to play on his scooter without actually buying a scooter. (This business-like approach is not to be ignored)

When Chester was eventually kicked out of school he attempted to join the St. Regis Benevolent Society for Displaced Serbians. This he did and soon equipment in large quantities disappeared and so did Chester.

Following that disgusting episode there follows a period in Chester's life about which practically nil is known. However at the end of that uneventful period we find the man in question being employed as a chain store grocer. This apparently was a good "bash", for Chester stayed there until the outbreak of war.

On Sept. 3, 1939 a new company was started on a back street in one of the shadier districts of Windsor. Bootleg rubber was really in demand and the company

prospered. For reasons better not explained, Thomas Chester decided to give up his commercial enterprises and "join up". So it was that the the R.C.A.F. gained one more equipment basher.

Somewhere along the line Chester married. His home is now at Goderich; the latter may or may not have some connection with the previous reference to bootleg rubber.

Our patriotic boy came overseas as a two hooked wonder in 1942 and has been working relentlessly ever since - - for a repat.

Dick, as he is known to his many friends, is despite all a very popular guy around the wing. At present he is taking inventory - - and waiting for a long deserved crown to come through. A man with a broad background, and it's spread all over the joint from sitting down so much, a grand guy, is our Tommy.

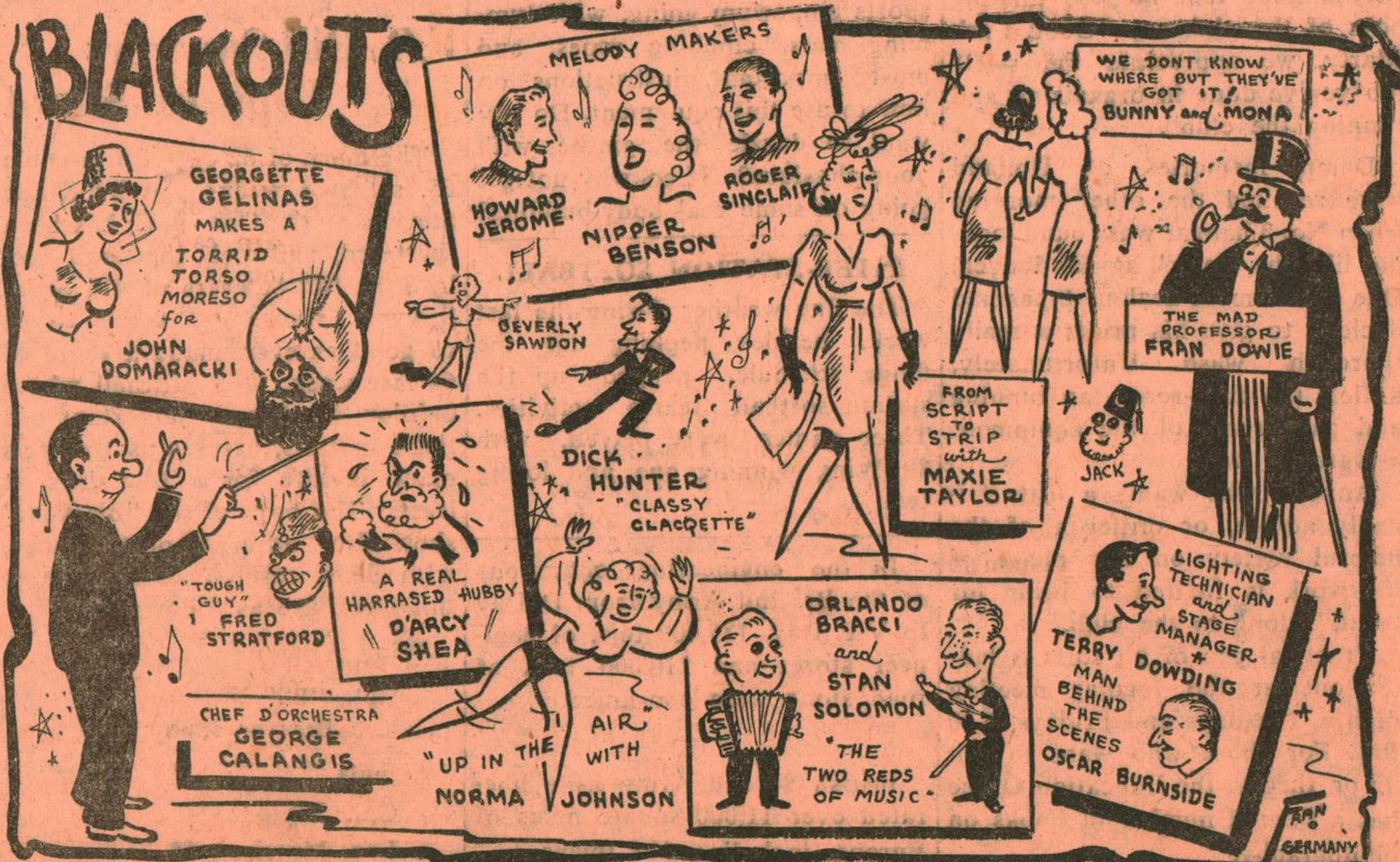
Bookshelf

Whether we like it or not, every day brings us closer to the time when the world's problems will once again be our problems. This tendency is reflected in the increasing number of barrack-room arguments that are springing up, usually at the time when the rest of us want to catch some sleep. These discussions could be stimulating and informative, but generally they tend to degenerate into violent flurries of sound and fury.

The reason for these unorganized and noisy discussions can usually be found in the fact that most of us bring plenty of prejudice, but very little facts, into such an argument. Yet we have in the Station Library a real mine of informative pamphlets and bulletins on current events filled with authoritative information, facts, and suggestions for discussion. Well, what about jobs, labour, small business, family allowances, and so on, far into the night?

There is the "Canadian Affairs", "Food for Thought", "Behind the Headlines" and the "Let's Consider Jobs" series. These books are not issued regularly, but new issues come in every now and then, just the same. A little solid browsing among these books should gen anyone up to the point where a discussion group can be a sound interchange of ideas instead of a backbiting session that leaves everybody thoroughly cheesed off.

The books can be read in the library, or borrowed - - (please sign for and return), so get rolling on some genuine discussion that will benefit all.



SECTIONS ON THE SANDLOTS

by Homer

With the exception of the weekend, the weather was good, but then so was the "Blackouts" show; so the Inter-Section Sandloters didn't get much diamond time in. The top teams held their positions, with the Servicing Echelons still way out in front.

In "A" Section, 6400 Echelon continued their winning ways with a 17-2 victory over Instruments. This gave them five wins in as many starts and puts them well out in front of Signals Maintenance and M.T. Section, who were tied for second place.

"B" section is still being led by 6430 Echelon, now undefeated in five games. Close behind them are the 400 Pilots in second place with 4 victories in 6 games. Any aspirations they may have had towards the top position disappeared in a cloud of dust when they took a

10-4 shellacking from 6430 on Friday last.

The complete standing to date is as follows:—

"A" Section				
	P	W	L	Pts
6400 Echelon	5	5	0	10
Signals Maint	4	3	1	6
M.T. Section	5	3	2	6
Headquarters	3	2	1	4
Airmen's Mess	4	2	2	4
Flying Control	5	2	3	4
430 Pilots	5	2	3	4
Instrument	4	1	3	2
"B" Section				
	P	W	L	Pts
Brownies	5	0	5	0
6430 Echelon	5	5	0	10
400 Pilots	6	4	2	8
6 M.F.P.S.	4	3	1	6
Central Maint.	4	3	1	6
6414 Echelon	3	2	1	4
414 Pilots	4	2	2	4
Signals	3	0	3	0
Workshops	4	0	4	0
Electrical	5	0	5	0

Good Weather Blesses Wednesdays Track Events

Under fair skies and the able officiating eye of F/Lt "Tiny" Walker, the third outdoor track and field meet of the season ran off smoothly on Wednesday June 20.

Competition in the majority of events was keen and a crowd was on hand to watch the local "Greek Gods" turn in good performances. Times and distances registered this week were, on the whole, better than on previous meets.

Individual star of the day was F/O A. K. Price, sometimes called "The Shoeless Wonder". Winning both the 100 and 220 yard dash, he is showing himself to be of championship caliber and it looks at this point as if the Wing's hopes in the sprints lie with "A. K."

Track and field enthusiasts are still being searched for with the Group Meets nearly upon us. Now that track shoes, shorts and shirts are available, it is hoped that these "shrinking violets" will come to our aid.

Next Wednesday, if all goes well, 39 Wing will play hosts to Second Army, so lets all get out there and see our gang lead the way for the Army!



Despite adversities, which included the loss of Sgt. Martin, and a major flood-the camera club is carrying on.

Marty's well deserved repat finally caught up with him, but he left so suddenly that the usual fond farewells were overlooked. In the hope that he sees this-the boys of the club say "Good Luck Marty, we appreciate the swell job you've done in organizing and running the club".

Damp memories of Holland were recalled the other morning when No. 3 hangar was found looking like the "lake" at Eindhoven. One of the more zealous types had decided to give his prints a really thorough wash. Unfortunately, he left the dark-room tap running and gave some of the equipment a wash as well.

Anyone who wants a little friendly advice, or criticism of the helpful variety on any phase of his work is invited to bring his "stuff" along to the club.

Practical gen of all sorts is ladled out at the regular meeting nights, Tuesdays and Fridays, 6.30 PM. For those who want to get up on theory, the Education Office has a limited number of books on photography.

MUSCLE MAN of the week

Probably the biggest plugger in 39 Wing for the beauties of Vancouver is to be found in 6430 Servicing Echelon, giving regular talks on the subject. Natural beauty, or natural beauties, he'll argue for hours upon the superiority of the west at producing either.

Sgt. Melville Harold Rees (quite a mouthful of a name) was born in San Francisco in 1919, and moved to Vancouver at the tender age of two years; to become, and remain, a Canadian citizen. He attended Grade School where he played, as nearly every young Canuck does, football and baseball, and also worked a bit on the cinder oval.

High School at Kitsilano High in Vancouver followed where he played basketball, football, baseball and softball, with hunting and fishing occupying the summer holidays. During High School he played two seasons of baseball in the Senior B Twilight league in Vancouver, pitching a little and shagging flies the rest of the time; keeping busy in the winter by playing basketball in Intermediate Church League.

In the black year of 1938 the Sarge was occupied by working for a living by day and playing Senior A Basketball in the evenings. Then in Dec. 1939 he felt himself called upon to do something about the war and joined the Air Force. As luck would have it, or by some mistake in the orderly room; he was stationed right near home at Jericho Beach, so during that winter was still able to play ball for his civilian team.

In April 1941 the little fellow (now Corporal Rees, please!) was posted to Pat Bay Air Force Station where he played only station sports. In 1942, however, he was posted to Sea Island where Wally Meyer's team was playing basketball in Vancouver Senior A, so young Harold Melville became active once more, playing his last year of organized ball before coming overseas.

Arriving in England early in 1943 he was "kicked around" a bit (as seems customary in England) and then formed up with 126 Wing upon the formation of the present T.A.F.

Early July found him on the continent with 128 Airfield, which (as even ah knows) became our present 39 Wing. Since then the Rees boy has always been one of the most enthusiastic workers at Station Sports, to the everlasting glory of 6430 Servicing Echelon.

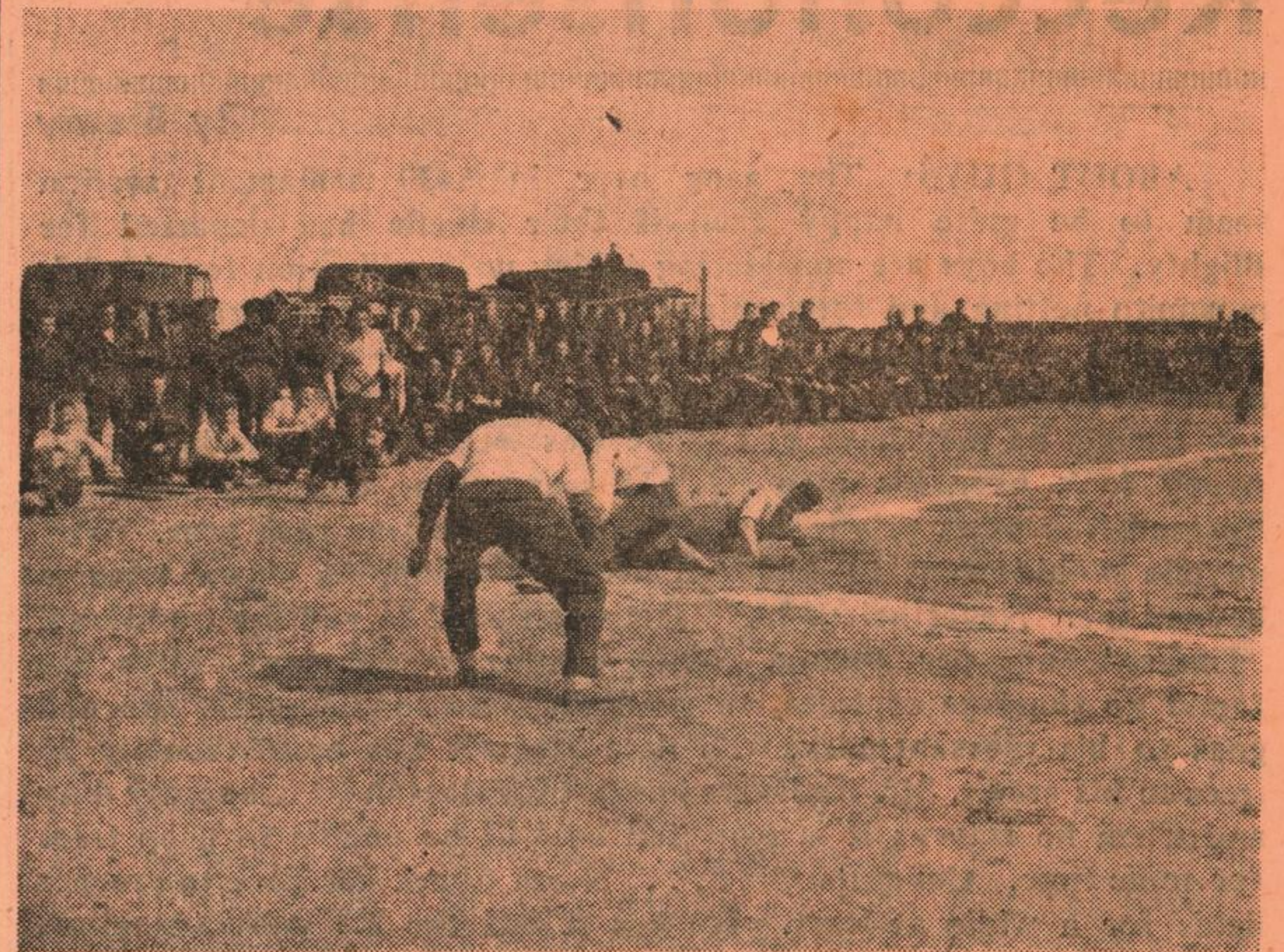
With a repatriation number of 40 and a marriage to a little Scotch girl taking place in late July, Canada is his choice for future Air Force service, if any.

F/Lt Bill Sawyers Tops In Shoot

The mark of 62 out of a possible 65, set two weeks ago by S/Ldr Stevens of the Ops. staff; has been shattered, and well shattered too, by F/Lt Bill Sawyers of 414 Sqdn. Sawyers, whose eye seems to be as good as ever, made a score of 64 last week. F/S Mitchell whose opinion is always important in these matters, assures us that this mark is safe for a few days at least. The boys of the "Blackout" show also "ad a go" on the range, with good results. Other scores this week are as follows;

- Wing Armoury
- Cpl. Jolly 58
- Lac Bowyer 58
- Signals
- Cpl. Taylor 57
- Lac Morrison 53

SAFE ON HOME



The runner hits the dirt to score in a tense moment of last Sunday's softball tilt, which resulted in a 12-3 victory for the local lads over 126 Wing.

Displaced Persons

(Continued from Page 1)

have been taking these D.P.'s home in an unceasing stream.

Every day several thousand people leave the camp by road and air, (via B-156), their places to be taken in turn by other thousands who come in, sick, tired, and hungry, with defeat and suffering in their eyes. They drag their way into the barracks, carrying all they own in a bundle on their backs. The majority of these are dusted, fed, disinfected, treated if ill, and sent back to their homelands to take up where they left off. Their stay is generally for twenty-four hours. Others stay on for a while, until their governments can arrange to take them back. They live in little communities in the camp, orderly and wellbehaved, waiting only for the day that they can go home.

Some hundred stretcher cases come in every day, and these are the severe cases, the political prisoners who have come from the concentration camps. It's difficult to talk to these men, - - - their talk wanders, but in piecing together their stories some important facts do emerge. They were "foreigners", so what happened to them was of no concern to the Germans who used them as slave labourers - and let lie where they fell the ones who died. They were the prisoners of the master race, and that was enough. Their comrades were hanged before their eyes, and only the strong could have survived on a bowl of soup and a chunk of black bread a day. Only the physically strong - and the mentally strong could have gotten this far, and these are but shreds of humanity that are left.

They laugh when they tell you how much they used to weigh, and you don't dare to ask them what they weigh now. But enfeebled as they are, their eyes darken when they tell of their comrades who have died, let's not say how... Skinny arms flail against the sheets, as they ask you if there is any way to bring their ex-overlords to justice. What they want is Justice. Justice for the brutalities, the tortures, and the starvation that they suffered at the hands of men who regarded them as "foreigners", and therefore of no account. When you see these shadows of men, gasping out their lives with tuberculosis brought on by starvation, you see no Russians, Belgians, Serbs, or Poles. There are no national borders in this ward.

And now we find ourselves among the people who are responsible for the wrecks of humanity that lie in the hospital of the D.P. camp in Luneburg. The brothers and fathers of the girls whom we ogle and who ogle back in turn, are the men of the master race who set the clock back a hundred years. These Germans who look so clean, so well-fed and orderly are also so extremely thorough that in this camp alone you can see the results of their terrible efficiency. The people of Europe have been reduced to the very fringe of life, and must take up where they left off; to build afresh, with bodies irretrievably weakened by disease and minds clouded with horror and hatred.

So if you feel like a slice of frat, just think it over. This was the master race, chums, and if there had been no V.E. day, you too would have been a "foreigner".

Softball Squad Drops Two Exhibition Games

127 Wing 6-39 Wing 4

The 39 Recce. Wing softball team paid a return visit to the Soltau camp of 127 Wing on Friday afternoon. Another good ball game resulted with the home team emerging with a 6-4 victory.

It was a nice game to watch. Sammy Rothwell, hurling for 39 Wing, pitched good ball, striking out 5 and walking 3 over the route. His mound opponent, Coveyduck, for 127 Wing, also had 5 strikeouts and issued 4 walks. The fielding was sharp and there were a few extra-base hits by both teams. Any meeting of these two outfits ensures a real ball game. The box score:—

39 Wing --- 000012100 --- 4
127 Wing --- 20001003x --- 6

The line-ups:

- 39 Wing
- Walker 1f, Prince c, Graham 3b, Jones ss, Franks 1b, Murphy 2b, Bulmer cf, Simpson rf, Rothwell p, 127 Wing
- Reilly 1f, Kerr 3b, Hooper 2b,

Tronnes rf, Booth 1b, Pink c, Russ ss, MacDonald cf, Coveyduck p.

39 Wing vs 410 R.S.U.

Having played an excellent game against 126 Wing on Sunday, the students of the Alexander School of Softball showed the world that even the best of us can make mistakes. The team that played for 39 Wing on June 19th. looked so different that 410 R.S.U. didn't realize how good they were; and defeated them 10 to 6.

In the last half of the third inning, a fine rally was started by Joe Walker, who, playing his usual steady game belted a home run over the head of the opposing right fielder. Three other runs followed, and with the score 7 to 4 at the end of the third-innings; our position seemed not too hopeless. However, 410 kept hitting during the next two innings; while the Recce team just couldn't catch up. Generally speaking, of 39 Wing's team it may be said "A bad time was had by all".