



## NORMANDY TO LUNEBURG

### Wing Completes Year On Continent

Approximately one year ago this week 39 Recce Wing landed on the beaches of Normandy. The heavily-laden trucks made their way under the bursting flak to the airdrome strip (hurriedly built by the Royal Engineers) just two miles to the northeast of Bayeux, and known officially as B-8. The first British air reconnaissance unit to function from a continental base had arrived.

Last week our staff reporter flew the long journey back to the Normandy beaches. Back across the Rhine, through Brussels into France, over Abbeville and the Seine, and on to Caen and Bayeux. The fury of war is silenced and now farmers work in the green and yellow fields while slow carts move along the roads. Life goes on in battered Caen and quiet Bayeux. Along the highway, the once busy airstrip B-8 lies quiet and neglected in the sun. The old buildings are still there and the runways and dispersals are still well marked. But weeds and grass now grow through the steel matting, and on the crash strips Norman farmers harvest grain where Spitfires once coughed and roared. Off the beaches the Mulberry port still swings lightly on the swelling sea. As an airstrip B-8 is no more. As a memory of our days on the beachhead it will never be forgotten.

A year has passed, a year that has seen 39 Wing advance across Europe with our hardworking and victorious brothers-in-arms. It has been a long road, not without its tragedies. The end of the trail has brought us to Luneburg where the evil that was Nazism once flourished.

The Luneburg of the past was occasionally noted as a town of some historical value, with a few old buildings and an important salt-work industry. Buildings such as the Rathaus, (Town Hall) and



This is B-8, Sommervieu, photographed last week, a year after the Normandy landings. No Spits, no blue uniforms — just Norman farmers and ripening grain . . . .

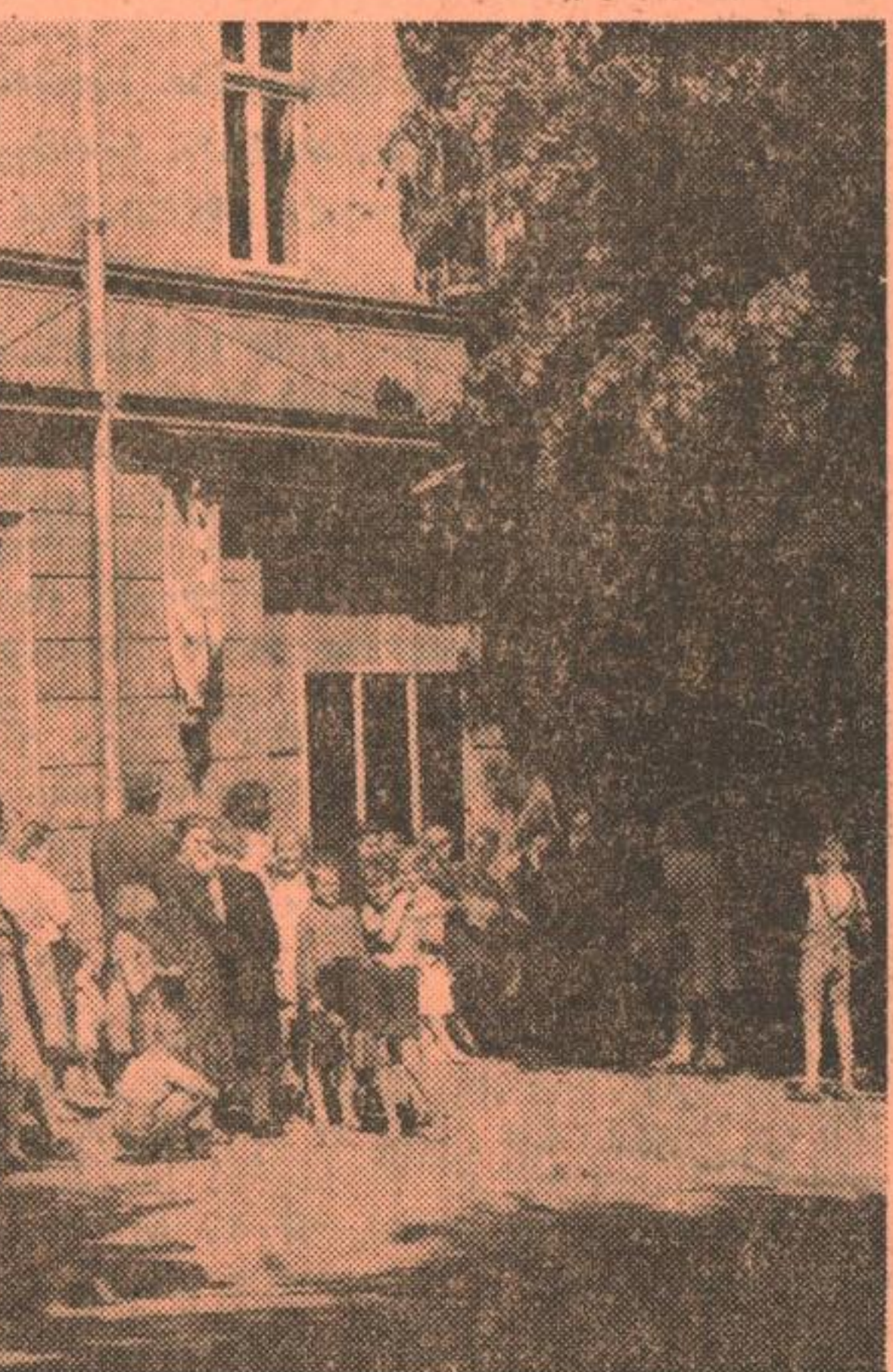
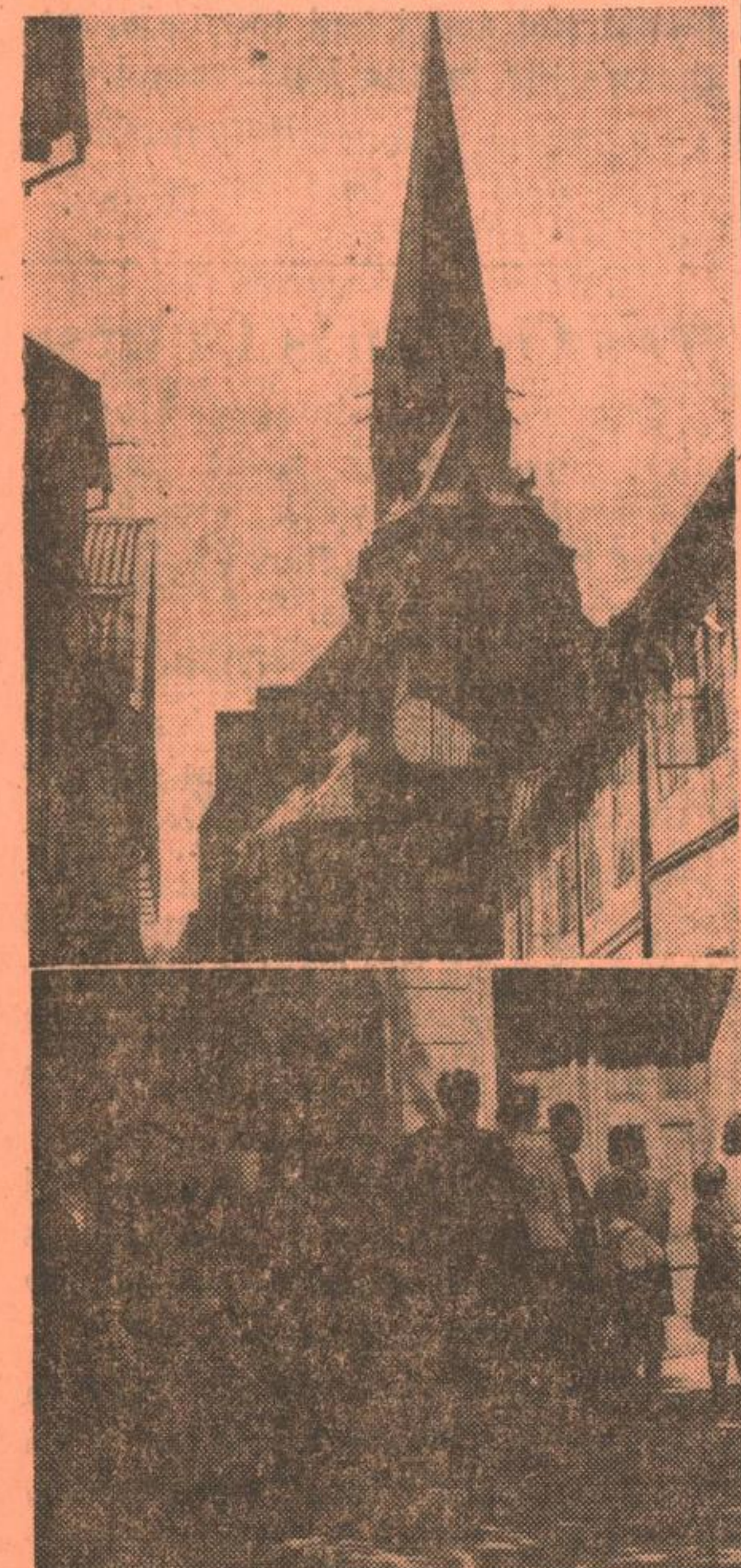
the old churches, among them that of St. John, where old Johann Sebastian Bach once played the organ, constituted its chief interest until very recently.

This insignificant town has, since May of this year, skyrocketed to prominence, due to the strange workings of history. As one of the least bombed towns of Germany, it has become a refugee center, and has doubled its population, which is now somewhere around 90,000 including the transient displaced persons.

On May 4, 1945, a momentous conference was held in a schoolhouse in the town, and shortly after, the surrender was signed and the cessation of hostilities on this front was announced. This started the ball rolling and since that time Luneburg has frequently been mentioned in the news dispatches. When the Military Government took over, the local Gauleiter obligingly committed suicide, leaving

#### SORRY!

The staff of Recce Flash apologizes for not giving you a newspaper on Sat. June 30. A power failure at the printing plant prevented production. Sorry Gang!



Luneburg today, the end of the journey for 39 Recce. The Hun queues up . . .

### Recce Chief Now G/C Ex-400 Boss Winco

Promotions announced this week by R.C.A.F., H.Q. have special interest for 39 Recce Wingers. Wing Commander R.C. Waddell DFC. is elevated to the rank of Group Captain and his appointment as Commanding Officer of 39 Wing is confirmed. At the same time, S/L M.C. Brown, DFC. and Bar, assumes the rank and function of Wing Commander Flying.

Both officers have had long and colourful service careers. Group Captain Waddell came overseas in February 1940 as an F/O. member of 110 Sqd'n., first R.C.A.F. Sqd'n. to join battle with the Luftwaffe. He rose rapidly in the Sqd'n. to become, first Flight Commander, then Squadron Leader 2 i/c. In May 1941 he was appointed Wing Commander 400 Sqd'n. On formation of 39 Wing in June 1943 he became Wing Commander Flying which position he has held with distinction until his recent promotion to Commanding Officer.

Wing Commander Brown first came overseas in December 1941 and completed his first tour of P.R. work from Benson, North Africa and Malta. He subsequently did a speaking tour of the U.S.A.A.F. training camps in the U.S. at the request of Col. Elliott

Roosevelt, himself a P.R. man. The Winco was attached to R.C.A.F. Headquarters in the autumn of 1943 and assumed command of 400 Sqd'n in December 1943.

F/L Jackson Morton now assumes command of 400 Sqd'n. which unit he first joined in February 1942. F/L Don Graham is promoted to Flight Commander in the Sqd'n.

### Oak Leaves For 39 Wingers

In what may well be called the 39 Wing Continental Anniversary Award list, the following officers and N.C.O.'s have been rewarded for outstanding work.

G/C Moncrief, still a 39 Winger at heart, has been awarded the O.B.E.

S/L MacLean has been mentioned in despatches a second time.

Others mentioned in despatches were, S/L Gallagher, ex 39 Winger; S/L Amos; F/LT Golby; F/LT Banner, ex 414 pilot; F/LT Seath, ex 400 pilot; F/LT Richardson, recently of 5 MFPS; W/O Beatty, and Sgt. Rankin.

Drinks will be set up at an appropriate hour, it says here.

#### NEWS BRIEFS

The Polish Government-in-Exile, now without British support, plans to move to Dublin or Montreal . . .

Man who admired other girl's legs shot by his angry wife . . . Air chief Marshal Breadner, CB, DSO was demobbed back home recently . . . 12,500 servicemen return home in three days . . .

#### MAKE 'EM SHORT

The Editors of RECCE FLASH have received a number of letters which they have been unable to print because either (a) they were too long or (b) they dealt with Service complaints that can be handled only through official Service channels.

to his successors his headquarters now known as Mil. Gov. 905, and the records of every individual in his district, a matter of some million and half people.

Hangman Himmler must have taken the cue from his henchman, for he also committed suicide when he was captured in the town, which was further graced or disgraced by the arrival of one William Joyce, alias Lord Haw-Haw. Haw-Haw was confined in one of the Military hospitals here before being sent to England for his trial as a war criminal. British Second Army headquarters were located here until recently, and the Military Government for the Province is also quartered in the town.

Since the area is largely self-supporting, the Germans in Luneburg carry on much as usual, queuing up for their rations and working on the nearby farms for their winter supplies. The people are reasonably co-operative and are being kept busy; even the older children are working on light duties on the farms. When the new text-books, purged of Nazi doctrine are completed, and suitable teachers are found, the process of rehabilitating the people will go forward another step.

For the men of the Services, Luneburg is the place where the war ended - - - the last stop on the line.

### A.T.S. Girls Show Good Form At Maintenance Hop



Remember the legal fratting men? Some hep guys and gals are shown above as they smiled at the "birdy" at the recent Maintenance hop.

The boys from Maintenance led off the social season with a swell dance Last Tuesday Week. A.T.S. girls of the British Second Army showed what really good sports they are in coming all the way from the gun-park at Wenzendorf, near Hamburg, and still managing to look neat and attractive after a pretty tough truck ride.

For one whole night nobody was put on charge for talking to a girl, and, according to the guests, they have never been treated so well at any dance before. Sandwiches, pastry, tea and beer were provided in abundance and attested to the smooth organization of the shindig. Beer was provided by the SLA and other arrangements were handled by S/L Snelgrove and F/Sgt. Gill. Sgt. Joe Walker stood as M. C. for the spot dances while the senior N.C.O.'s and Officers acted as waiters.

The band, under Cpl. Ockerby,

was provided by 2827 Sqdn. RAF Regiment, and turned out some good dance music in spite of the fact that they haven't been out on a job since Eindhoven and the good old days. The rest of the station is anxiously awaiting the formation of other committees for dances for the rest of the units on the Wing.

#### Sergeants Mess Dance.

The Sergeant's Mess Dance was run off the following week. Girls from the gun park and the French Red Cross were guests of the Mess, and music was provided by the "Hampshire Tigers" from Winsen.

#### VIEWS ON NON-FRAT.

Recce Flash intends to devote considerable space in next week's issue to the pros and cons of non-fraternization. We want YOUR views on the subject. Only stipulation—make your contribution reasonably brief.

# 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.

Written material and photographs may be reprinted if proper acknowledgment is given to Recce Flash.

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

Are Service types permitted to wonder why the British Military Govt., in this area at least, has so shockingly neglected the factual propaganda campaign to win the German people over to our ideas and ideals? Eight weeks have elapsed since V-E Day and to date the sum total of our effort in Lüneburg would appear to be the stale Belsen atrocity pix in the show windows on the main platz, which no longer get even a passing glance from most of the berghers. The very least the proper authorities might do (incidentally, IS there a "proper authority" for propaganda) would be to change the pix from the Belsen locale to any one of the score of other concentration camps; God knows there's no shortage of that material.

But atrocity pix are only one small part of the campaign to re-educate the German. He has yet to be shown the basic falsity and viciousness of the entire Hitler-Rosenberg-Goebbels philosophy. That philosophy has to be torn apart by experts who can demonstrate to the German people how the Nazis lied to them, misled them, and finally fastened on them an ignominy and shame which will last for generations.

To our knowledge — someone correct us if we are wrong — little or none of this work has yet been initiated on an organized, scientific basis. The excuse that there are more pressing problems is not good enough. Each week that passes will only convince the German further that his Fuehrer's only mistake was to lose the War. And in the interim the German is prey to every rumour and whisper which have been let loose to keep the Nazi myth alive. We must act — and now!

### Ensa Fails to Meet the Standards.

There is definitely a poor response from the members of the wing to an Ensa show, but not without reason. In some magnificently shortsighted fashion, the armchair planners who decide what is good for the troops always manage to create the impression that all that is good for the troops is second rate fare.

The English stage is not without talent, as any one who has gone to a decent London production can testify, but for the most part, the road companies that tour the continent are collections of artists who are definitely not out of the top ranking performers group. Even the notable exceptions to the general run of Ensa shows such as "Yellow Sands" cannot hide the fact that the rest of the shows are almost an insult to the average man's intelligence.

If it's supposed to be comedy it's too broad for even Canadian taste; if it's supposed to be heavier entertainment it falls short of the reasonably critical standards that a good music or play lover sets up. Ensa entertainers seem to have an exaggerated idea of their own importance and they seem to do pretty well for themselves in the bigger cities such as Paris or Brussels. If we can't have the Bob Hopes and the Frances Langfords who have gone right out to the men to bring them top notch entertainment, where are their English equivalents? Where are the top flight musical performers who manage to tour England, while their less competent brethren are passed off as the best that there is to be had?

The Ensa planners can sit back and drink tea, in a security that has been granted to them by the sacrifices of the men in the services, but the complaint still exist among the performers that they can't fill the halls at their shows. Give us some really good shows, Ensa, and you'll pack 'em in every time.

## The Padre's Corner

by S/L Dumphy

Truth is the object of our mind; we may call it the food of our intellect. To present this faculty with something other than its proper object is an attempt at intellectual starvation. It is always the easy solution to difficulties to tell the truth. It may sometimes be rather humiliating to admit the truth and yet, it is less humiliating than to attempt to lie ourselves out of a situation in which we know full well we are wrong.

The over-estimation of our capabilities touches the very fringe of untruthfulness and deceitfulness. How often in the midst of our self glorification are we the only ones who believe in our discernment? In our attempt not to tell the truth we underestimate the ability of our listeners and over-estimate our own potentialities. We are untruthful to ourselves!

A wise man once said, "Give me the man who tells the truth in preference to the man who may know many truths".

## U. of T. Course Offered Veterans

The University of Toronto offers for would-be business men a Certificate Course in Business.

Only veterans will be admitted and the course will last for ten months. Admission requirements will be determined by the University of Toronto, and will be based on academic standing, maturity, experience, courses taken in the services, and apparent ability to succeed in studies of this nature. SYLLABUS 1st. Section -- Accounting, Economics, Canadian Govt., Commercial Law, English.

2nd. Section--Business Administration, Corporation Finance. Economic History, Statistics.

Those whose applications have been accepted may enter the course at two, and possibly three different times during the calendar year. Every applicant must consult the Rehabilitation Board in order to be assured that his or her tuition fees and maintenance allowance will be paid by the Government. On successful completion of the course, a certificate will be awarded by U. of T.



The club took quite a beating when 6414 pulled out for the frat-country. There were several shutter enthusiasts from that echelon and we hope they will keep up the interest.

An outing was enjoyed by the members last Sunday. They converged on Lubeck, and with bellows extended and lenses gleaming in the sun, every man sought out material to his liking. Pictorial subjects included a fully-rigged sailing vessel and a few young (?) models who were more than willing to cooperate for the odd choc. bar. So we should see some prize winners.

## Bob Elliott Says...

Most of the guests had left. Bob's number one who bit his finger nails had gone down into the hold to check the kedge which had given them some trouble in the afternoon. The Cleaver from Cleve, Dr. Professor Trebinrath from Rotterdam, Bob and I made up the company. The Cleaver had just finished telling a story about some cleft sticks he had cloven for clinging onto cliffs when climbing. Ever the gracious host, Bob was easing the cork out of yet another bottle and while he was charging our glasses he offered to tell us the story of his three love affairs.

He had first fallen in love with a beautiful Venetian doll. "The figure was a masterpiece," said Bob "and rested upon a mantelpiece in the wardroom of my father's barge." Around this little piece of china I created a childish piece of fantasy which dominated my every hour. One day when we lay along the Klopke Quays in Riga taking on tarred rope for the Baltic trade; a swell from a passing tug caused our barge to lurch, and my Venetian doll was dislodged from its base of jade and fell and was smashed on the andirons below. I was horrified!

A wave of sadness crossed the old man's countenance as he drained his glass. Professor Trebinrath smiled and Bob continued. "When I was twelve, I fell in love with a beautiful lady from Boskoop. She was in her late thirties, but still a smashing piece of ginche. I saw the last of her drifting up the Juliana Canal towards Hertogenbosch." No one spoke and from below came the sound of the crew working on the kedge. The Cleaver was obviously moved and staring moodily into his glass mumbled, "Harry sailor lex ky no tell hoe corn." Which the good Professor whispered to me was his way of wondering what the vintner bought that's half so precious as the stuff he sells.

Being careful not to unsettle the dregs, Bob filled the Cleaver's glass and continued. "My third love was a girl from Zwolle who truly loved me. While possessed with the voice of a lark she had consumption and could not sing for fear of death. An evil doctor in the village, by conjuring up a vision of her dead mother, persuaded her to do so. I appeared and she died choking in my arms." Outside the Dobermann Pincer barked. The clank of the steel on the kedge ceased. The cleaver stared, the good Professor smiled and I thought to myself, "Gee but it's good to be sitting here on Bob's barge tonight."

## Just Brewin Up, Sir!



## The Bookshelf

For those who are interested in books as more than mere reading matter—"A Book About Books" by Frederick Harrison should prove interesting material. The author has collected a short and readable history of the art of the book from the earliest scratchings on "papyrus" down to the modern monotype machine used in today's tremendous book industry.

There are some fine illustrations of historical manuscripts as well as diagrams of present day machinery—all tied up well in an informative story.

If you've ever wondered how the book got to the stage where it is to day—this story should clear up many doubtful points.

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Ed:—

The dance held in the Theatre Tuesday night was a real success in the opinion of the Maintenance gang. A batch of beautiful blue orchids is due to the committee that organized the dance.

While we're at it, more orchids to the staff of the "Flash", for the best service paper we've seen yet.

... We accept the orchids gratefully, Ed.

Dear Ed:—

Can you tell me why, at our station movies, most of the fellows rush out in a mad panic, spoiling the end of the film for the men who want to see how the show worked out? This is not only a display of bad manners, but wrecks all the chairs as well, not to mention the fact that someone might get a leg or two broken in the rush.

Why not an orderly exit at the end of a film, it might prevent a serious accident some day.

Corporal Joe Medic.  
... How about saving the chairs for the next show, fellows? ... Ed.

Editor, Recce Flash:

One has not far to look to observe some of the many high tributes being paid to so many Regiments etc. in the British Army. As an Army private with four years service, it has just occurred to me that the time has come to pay the British Tommy something more than a glowing tribute.

Perhaps somewhere in the House of Commons there is a man who will read this and act.

A. P. I. S.  
... Hear, Hear!! Ed.

Editor, Recce Flash:

I wish to take this opportunity of saying so long to the gang at 39 "R" Wing and of thanking all personnel involved for their splendid co-operation. My one wish is that 39 "R" boys win all group titles in softball, track, volleyball etc, travel to the "Island" and capture all the titles in the finals.

Sgt. Bert Foulis.

## Little Denny's Dope Book

The nechs think that they hed mee sheduled fore wuz the enokulashuns end this pruvved very intrustin et furst. Their wuz a big sarjunt that gave us a tak furst. He told us their wuz nothin fur us two wurrie abowt so wee poot ourselvs et ese. In too minuts he wuz gon onlie too cum bak with the noose that elevon people jest dropud stone kold.

In a fue minuts we cued up four hour enokulashuns, i wuz the furst man inn the line maibeecitwuzbecuz i loked the solder tipe. Wun man grabud mee end splashed sum stuf al ovur mi arm. Befour me studd the m.O. i did knot hev a chance end befour i kood due a think i feld sumthin hit mi arm that made sevuntean gys behind mee pas oute kold. Knoe suner did this hapun when i wuz spun around end i agin felt the powdin of steal aginst mi bownes. Agin a whole slu uv gys paseud oute. Verry bravlie i turnud arowned end tolled the gys their wuz nothin two it et all. With a smyle on mi fase i hit the dek of the blu room with a teruble thud. (it onley tuk for shotes of whiskee, sevun shotes uv benadiktine, wun uv gin, too uv konyak, wun uv rie end sick uv cordjul too bring mee two.)

I hev tue goe now becuz f/S hendursun sed i hed too bale oute the watur in the blud vessul.

yours Truely

Denny.

## 39's On Paris Course

Two education-hungry Montrealers made their niche in the newsworld last week simply by going on the Canadian Legion Le-ave course in Paris.

Hailed as the 1000th. and 1001st. students at the Sorbonne in the University of Paris; Lac "Willie the Wolf" Wolfe, Inst. Basher and Capt. "Tubby" Davidson, A.L.O. were photographed at the Information Centre in Gay Paree in company with prominent Canadian Military and education officers.

The course includes some social activity and a series of lectures on French History and present day affairs in France.

Unfortunately, only 6 men a month from the wing can go on this course. We've information that the list of applicants already exceeds the places available for months to come.

# Recononsense

By Breezy

**WITH THE MOB:** Cpl. Ed Cornhill is now repairing ladies watches to beat hell. It might be interesting to note that this sudden influx of trade has only arisen since the successful conclusion of the Maintenance — A.T.S. dance . . . F/L "Mitch" Mitchell stopped Breezy in the hall of H. Q. building the other day just long enough to inform him that "if Recce Flash mentions anything about me swipin' the piano out the band practice hall I'll sue ya for everything Snipper iz got" . . . L.A.C. "Corky" Corcoran of 6430 came back from U. K. leave still shaking the confetti out of his wedge cap. It would seem he's added another British war bride to the list . . . F/O Jim Dew points out he was always under the impression that Esthonia was a very small country, but every second female in the Ratzeburg area claims Esthonian citizenship now . . . S/L Russell made himself very popular while the Blackouts were here. Seems he brought one of the Blackout queens over to 430's hanging all the buckshee woollies, socks, etcetras in clothing, and canned goods galore, and distributing same to the needy Displaced Persons. Have you tried it yet? They tell me 414's barracks is a virtual goldmine . . . Apollo would truly sing a song of triumph were he "Carby" Riddler of 6430. "Carby" has just become a "dadda" for the second time. The score is one, one; the last trip it was a boy. The mighty Riddler informs us that Havana Aromas are on their way from Canada . . . To the Commanding Officers of all Canadian Wing's in 83 Group and G/C Moncrief for going to U. K. and getting some action in regard to the hazy repat picture . . . To the guy who fills in those "second round" leave forms. That's for me brpther . . .

**PAEANS OF PRAISE:** To fliers Al Marshall of 400 Sqd'n and Perkins, Genge and Atkinson of 430 Sqd'n, who have been giving their ground crew brethren a new interest in life in the form of flying instruction. These men are very experienced instructors and in civvy street their time would be worth puhlenty . . . To Cpl. Mickey Ryan, his cook house lads and the messing committee under Cpl. Don Maxwell for that certain "added touch" to the meals at 6 M.F.P.S. . . . To the airmen who struck upon the plan of collecting all the buckshee woollies, socks, etcetras in clothing, and canned goods galore, and distributing same to the needy Displaced Persons. Have you tried it yet? They tell me 414's barracks is a virtual goldmine . . . Apollo would truly sing a song of triumph were he "Carby" Riddler of 6430. "Carby" has just become a "dadda" for the second time. The score is one, one; the last trip it was a boy. The mighty Riddler informs us that Havana Aromas are on their way from Canada . . . To the Commanding Officers of all Canadian Wing's in 83 Group and G/C Moncrief for going to U. K. and getting some action in regard to the hazy repat picture . . . To the guy who fills in those "second round" leave forms. That's for me brpther . . .

**ROUND THE DROME:** Here's some sound advice to the burgher like chappie who clomps through the halls of the M.S.U. billet in the dead of night clad only in a nighty, and a stunning pair of wooden clogs. Either hold out till morning bub or burn said timber boots, otherwise ye might be despatched to long and noble line of ancestors. Nuff said . . . Lately in the quiet of evening heated arguments have arisen between F/L Hart and Uncle Ed (over in the M.T. yard.) concerning the correct pronunciation of certain words. Reference is frequently made to Smithy's dictionary which doesn't impress Uncle Ed at all. The boss usually retires muttering something about having to mix up with a bloody lot of foreigners . . . Despite this the M.T. lads are thinking about presenting the boss with a set of Canada flashes shortly. While on the road several days ago he was heard to call an Army driver "a blank, blank stupid blank". So he's learning men, he's learning . . . According to one of our more learned readers from the M.S.U., the world's longest cuss word in case anyone cares is "Himmelherrgottkreuzmillionendonnerwetter". Quite a mouthfull eh wot . . . Our congratulations go out, a little ahead of time, to L.A.C. Brownfield and Sgt's Reese and Dryhurst, all of 6430, who are taking the matrimonial leap in the near future; financial donations will gladly be received . . .

**JUST GAB:** Cpl. Wally Loader over at 6 M.F.P.S. wishes some of the boys weren't such keen photographers. It seems an enterprising photo wallah clicked the shutter just as Wally was in the midst of one of "those" inspections and now is threatening to send the photo to the Corp's girl in Canada unless some blackmail marks are forthcoming; and on the double too . . . What about the curious coincidence that finds the kites warming up at maintenance every Monday morning when the Airmen's Council goes into session. Maybe the "aeroinjunites" could be persuaded to join the council in the interests of peace and quiet . . . We hear reliable, well founded reports that George "Horizontal" Pearson and "Red" Longair are in paradise. Serving with 6414 has become a pleasure to them. You see the tea wagon makes a round of their drome twice daily; familiar strains of NAAFI up eh men? . . . S/L Trotman, Group Photo Officer has taken to surf boarding on the Baltic. Propelled over the cold Baltic by 5 M.F.P.S.'s motor launch, latest reports state he is progressing very well; further reports state that F/S Baker is recovering rather well . . . The Cactus of the month goes to 6400 Echelon for failing to assist Recce Flash in any way. The immediate award of the "Preserved, Green, Sour Grape with leaves", to the City of Toronto boys who would rather sit around the 700 room than donate to THEIR paper . . .

**WING CAPERS:** 5 M.F.P.S. have launched their tub- the Miss Canada on the cold Baltic. Complete with rondels and maple leaves this launch speeds over the surf spreading the news from Lubeck to Peenemunde that Canadians have taken over . . . F/L Jones and Ironside accompanied by Randy McDonald, Larry Nelson, Gord Waddelow, Andy Vanger, Tommy Roofor, Jimmy Stubbs and "H.B." Baker were returning from a trip to Lubeck when the number one lookout burst into spasms of laughter over something he had sighted with his binocs. Everyone had a good look and a good laugh. (Ed's note. Probably a Hun drowning) . . . Many people are probably wondering what has become of our Wehrmacht Bus. The gen is that it needs many mods and M.T. don't wish to begin the task until they are certain they can keep said mode of transport. Certainly would be ideal for taking the ball team to games and Recce Roosters to Roost . . . Unofficial records from Blighty show that 6414 have put away, (in the manner approved) 927 quarts of "arf and arf"; hic (oops, sorry) . . . What's this about a jumpy erk in the City of Sudbury outfit who accidentally by passed a large slice of 230 volts a.c.; I am informed that when it was all over he was heard to mutter, "Thought they'd got me in the chair at last" . . . Camera trading still going strong with "bon" results at 6 M.F.P.S.; Ho hum . . .

**CINNYA BEAT IT DEPT:** One of our new arrivals jokingly called sprog by a January first veteran sheepishly muttered - "Whats' a

## Wing Views War Art

The members of 39 Wing had a preview of a Canadian War artist's work this week. F/O Bayefsky, Toronto artist attached to the wing since VE day, has done some very fine illustrations which highlight the effect of War. On the C.O.'s suggestion that 39 personnel would like to see F/O Bayefsky's work, the Educational Office arranged for the show which was held in the Station library. This exhibition was an unusual opportunity, since the paintings are going to the Historical Section in England.

### ANIMAL CRACKERS

In the past five weeks, Grifficus and Genicus have tamed many a critter. Perhaps you'd like to see us tame someone you know rather well. Just write his name on a slip of paper, address it to Wild Animals I've Known and drop it in the Recce Flash box, (that's the blue box that nobody uses), in the Airmen's Mess.

## WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN

By Grifficus.

F/Lt Mitchell.

Some men are born great. Others achieve greatness. The vast majority of mankind, however, seems perpetually doomed to a miserable mediocrity, relieved only occasionally by a chance figure here and there who, through the wild blowing of the four winds, finds greatness thrust upon him. Recently the wild winds blew one such lone, almost forlorn, figure into prominence; the same wind now heavy with the aroma of stale tobacco, has since been quietly but insistently eddying about the passages of the H. Q. building. Truly, it's an ill wind . . .

That F/L George C. "Mitch" (asoon-as-I-turn-my-back-everything-gets-all-cocked-up)" Mitchell should have been thrust into prominence via political channels, in the form of the recent Canadian elections, is fitting and proper. By nature, by training, and by preference, he is a man eminently suited to the intricacies of political machination, and the diplomacies of political genuflection. In exactly what manner Mitch came by his appointment the much sought after position of Wing Pole Supervisor (or Wing Polecat, as he is sentimentally known to his 'hangers-on) it is not for us to enquire. Rumour would have him involved in a monetary transaction (Mitch is a keen trader) but Mitch has personally assured us that all, repeat all, of his hard-won, repeat hard-won, earnings go directly into War Bonds or the Mess Bar (both of which add interest to life, he points out) so we hasten to slaughter this vicious canard on the spot. Besides, says Mitch, the S.L.A. was holding out for a Leica; no cash transaction was ever contemplated. However, the important thing is that, having acquired this political plum no matter how, Mitch acquitted himself in the task with efficiency and grace. It was a thing well worth going up two flights of stairs in the H.Q. building to behold Mitch literally in shining armour — immaculately dressed (for a changel-Ed.), imperturbably herding the long queues of eager voters, holding hurried conferences

with the S.L.A., making split-second decisions — all with no other equipment to hand than a dangling cigarette and a gangling boy (this latter identified later as F/O Hozy, political stooge and 400 sqdn pilot.

Like many another arriviste (translate "parvenu") Mitch was not always the man of prominence he is today. His story, Alger-like, runs back through the obscure and sometimes sordid details of life as a 39 Wing I.O., thence to Toronto, to the back-alleys of the stock market; days, and nights, at the gaming rooms of university, back still to origins so murky that the figure becomes swallowed up in an oozing sea of primeval protoplasm . . . Actually we first catch clear sight of Mitch at Toronto University, though he is almost concealed behind a knock rummy hand. It is noted that Mitch was the youngest freshman ever admitted to Toronto; in fact it was often remarked during his sojourn there that he looked positively childish. Leaving University, Mitch found his way to the Stock Exchange, starting at the bottom of the ladder as a board-boy. The outbreak of war found Mitch still at the bottom of the same ladder. There was no alternative but to enlist. Mitch slipped in as an I.O. since in the early days of the war the prerequisites for that office had not been defined. On that basis his work as an I.O. with 39 Wing has been described as "satisfactory."

Mitch has four passions in life, — comfort, loot, knock rummy and high finance. Mitch is also an exponent of the Be-Kind-To-The-Hun theory and has been noticeably mellow in all his relations with them, especially after a successful looting foray. Mitch has plans for the post-war world: "I want to get back to Toronto and set up a German camera and small arms exchange shop. Incidentally, would you be interested in buying at a very reasonable . . ." The wild wind pulls off in the direction of the Mess Bar.

Headline in the Toronto Star: 15 TORONTO FAMILIES REJOICE AT LIBERATION.

Pocket of resistance, probably.

sprog"? (Ed's note — A sprog is a guy who calls a wing a mainplane, remembers the thrill of sewing on his "props" and doesn't know what sprog means.) . . . Your scribe, Breezy, happened to say to one of our late arrivals from Canada, "Do you realize you're liable to be kept here for two years bub?" The sprog innocently and indignantly replied "Who me? Don't be crazy chum. Do you realize I've been in the Air Force damn near two years now" . . . A laugh's a laugh men but just remember some of these "new boys" have been trying to come overseas for 4 years. Others have been stationed in the remotest isolation posts in North America. Breezy says — "Be fair" . . . F/O Smith wishes to thank "de boys" in the M.T. section for the generous cheque they gave him prior to his historic flight to U.K. to get spliced . . .



"BEST EVER" — thats hou our original of this studio shot of JANE RUSSELL was autographed. Looks like the truth!

## Newcomers Get Griff From Yesterdays Sprogs

The replacements for the repatriated airmen who left several weeks ago have arrived. Yesterday's sprogs have taken these men into their custody and are giving out with a really fearful line of their war experiences. Just in passing, a goodly number of the new boys were in Canada on VE day.

These much travelled bods have come a long way since the end of May, and as favoured guests of the government, they have enjoyed (?) a Grand Tour of Europe, with a bonus at the end of each month. After spending a cheery V.E. day in Moncton with one bottle of beer apiece, they left, via New York on what was reported to be a palatial liner in the last Atlantic convoy.

A short stay in England prepared them for the hardships of the Continent, and they may now be seen on the wing wandering around listening in open-mouthed admiration to the lines that are being handed to them. Another mark of distinction is that at present they are still sitting down gingerly due to the pleasures of truck travel.

Never mind fellows, there'll always be another sprog to give the gears to, and in the meantime, welcome to your new home.

## Sketch Club Will Exhibit Work

The sketch club is coming out with its own exhibition next week. After more than a month's work both indoors and outdoors the member's efforts will be on show in the station library on Mon. Tues and Wed, of next week. Most of the sketches are the work of beginners, and should go a long way to convince the rest of the wing that even if you can't draw a straight line, you can still draw. The sketch club will be the first of the station's spare time activities to show what the boys can do on their own. The other clubs will be following suit.

### Classified Ads

For Sale:— Spanish Guitar.  
Cpl. Robertson W.  
55 000 G.B. M.S.U.

For Sale or Swap:  
One typewriter—Good condition. Will sell for cash or swap for Camera.  
ROOM 9 — OPPOSITE MESS

Lost

Lost- One Ronson Lighter at the Recce Roost or vicinity. Initial "D" on the back.- Air Force crest has been removed.- A dent in the case- Sentimental value. Reward.  
Lac Varker. S.S.U.

# FIELD DAY HOLIDAY FEATURE

## Hamburgers and Band Help to Make Meet Success

With the low grey skies of the morning clearing, and fleecy clouds scudding across a blue sky under the light breeze, 39 Wing's Dominion Day Track Meet was a huge success on Wednesday afternoon.

The fine weather brought many fine athletes out of hiding, and the hamburgers ably supplied by Art Golby and his merry men looked after the appetites of the large crowd of spectators. The Pipe Band of the 54th L.A.A. Regiment supplied fine entertainment during the intermissions, and contributed largely to the smooth continuity of the programme.

The grandstand was bedecked with flags, and the appearance of the Nursing Sisters of 52 M.F.H. lent additional colour to the occasion. Soft drinks, hamburgers, cigarettes and gum, as well as biscuits and chocolate milk, were as plentiful as 1000 or more hungry people could wish, and the serving staff of Supervisor Coffey handled them with great success. Photo-Bugs were rampant and caused the track officials a great deal of worry in their keenness for good action shots.

The Tug-O-War, with the Sergeants defeating Headquarters officers in the finish, caused a great deal of amusement for the spectators due to the slippery grass, and the "tug" between the lightweight pilots team and the desk-pushers reminded one of David and Goliath.

Group Captain Waddell presented the prizes of the winners of the days events, who were as follows:

I Mile—FS/Mitchell, Offs. 100 Yd.—F/Lt Graham, NCO's 100 yd. Dash—Sgt. Foulis 100 yd. Open—F/O Price, Bag Race—LAC's Jones and Le Blanc, Broad Jump—Lac Guinn, 120 Yard Hurdles—LAC Platt, 440 Yd.—LAC. Jones, 3-Legged Race—LAC. Smith and Mc Millan, 440 Yd. Relay—Jones, Platt and Ward, Shotput—LAC. McKinnon, 880 Yd.—Partleton, 50 Yard for men over 35—W/O Alexander, 220 Yd. Dash—F/O Price, Pickaback—LAC Rothwell and LAC Wright, Wheelbarrow Race—Torode and Phoenix, Walking Race—Smith, 880 Yd. Relay—LACs Rothwell, Platt and Ward.

### S-O-S.

The Sports Officer has asked us to appeal again for Lifeguards. Expert swimmers proficient in life saving are still urgently required at the Recce Roost. Tour of duty is for one week. We cannot over-stress the urgency of this appeal. Volunteers kindly report immediately to the Sports Officer in H. Q. building.

## Interstation Softball

Thursday, 28. June.

The Wing softball team defeated the Canadian Forestry Corps in a fast and well played game by the score of 5-1. Sammy Rothwell hurled a fine game for the Wing and deserved a shut-out, the only run being scored in the 5th inning when Luoma and Aird singled in succession. A panic-ball advanced both runners. Carriere was an easy out, but Lance fled to short left field. A wild throw home was errored and no play was made. Bill Bulmer with 3 hits, and Ed Murphy were best at bat for the home team.

### The Line-up

39 Wing: Walker LF, Nelson RF, Jones SS, Murphy 2B, Browne 1B, Bulmer 3B, Simpson CF, Alexander C, Rothwell P.

C.F.C.: Luoma RF, Aird C, Carriere 1B, Lance P, Kerr 3B, Ferguson SS, Whynot 2B, Bertram CF, Farrow LF.

### Friday June 29:

In a hard-fought game, a somewhat depleted Wing team was defeated by 410 R&SU by the score of 8-7. Bud Platt pitching for the Wing deserved a better fate, but 5 errors on the part of a usually reliable infield contributed to his downfall. Bulmer with 3 hits; Murphy and Jones with 2 hits were best for the Wing. The big blow of the afternoon was a home-run by Simpson in the 6th, accounting for 3 runs to tie the score.

### Line-up:

39 Wing: Nelson RF, Bulmer 3B, Walker LF, Murphy 2B, Jones SS, Browne 1B, Simpson CF, Alexander C, Platt P.

410 R&SU: Harwood SS, Witley RF, Dalcly LF, Whyatt 1B, Bath CF, Hill 3B, Pike C, Cathill Carton P.

Score by innings:  
410 000 211 400 — 8 9 2  
39W 010 003 021 — 7 10 5

## M. T. Defeats Sigs

M.T. Section took a close, extra-inning game from Signals Maint. by a score of 3-2 in 8 innings. It was a pitchers' battle between Nagel hurling for the Transports and Phillips on the mound for the Wireless team. At the end of the regulation 7 frames, the teams were all tied up with a 1-1 count. In the first half of the 8th, Signals, sparked by the one and only Tiny Leonard, pushed Murphy across the plate with what looked like the winning run. But Graham, Jones, Samways & Co. had other ideas in their half of the 8th. M.T. came from behind in a last minute rally which netted 2 runs and a 3-2 victory.

## MUSCLE MAN of the week

When the famous people of all time in the local sporting world are gathered together, naturally there will be at least one "character" from the biggest little small town in the world---Toronto... When Lac. Jack Graham of M.T. was asked, upon being interviewed, where he came from; he answered "Where do you think?" so then the horrible truth was known.

At Public School in Hogtown soccer and softball were the chief attractions, due to the age limits at Canadians schools; and the next thing our young hero knew, Bloor Collegiate in Toronto was receiving the benefit of "The Presence".

About this time the talent scout for the Columbus Boys signed him up, and with them he stayed for the next 4 years, playing hardball. In the winters, he played basketball for West End "Y" in the TBA; and, in the fall, football for the school.

In 1938 he played softball for Riverdale Grads in the Toronto City junior league, and with "Jackson" on third base, they won the Ontario Championship. This appears to have been a great surprise to him, because at this stage in the game he left school.

General Electric Co.'s head office in Toronto was the next stop, where he played softball for them in the senior Industrial League, with them winning the championship (naturally).

January 1942 found the security guard of the RCAF increased in numbers by one, and Trenton, Camp Borden and "Y" depot followed in short order.

After sitting in Bournemouth (where have we heard that before), for 4 months, he remustered to Motor transport in June 1943. He was immediately posted to TAF, and became attached to 129 Airfield. In July, on D18 to be exact, the Airfield came to the continent complete with Lac Graham.

When 129 was disbanded he was lucky enough (such loyalty) to be posted to 39 Wing, where he has remained till the present.

With a repat. number of 64, he hopes to receive a discharge in Canada and return to his job at General Electric, but in the meantime is doing a good job in Station sports and around the Wing generally. Whether playing Third base for the Station Softball team, or digging horsehoe pitches, or driving a three tonner, Jack Graham will always be trying his best. And those that have seen the wing play softball, with Graham on base, will know that the best in this case is pretty darn good.

## OVER THE TOP!



L.A.C.'s Jones, Waterman and McEvoy, all of M.T. shown above from left to right, are seen going over the hurdles in true Olympic style at a track and field practice.

## SECTIONS ON THE SANDLOTS

by Homer

There have been some well-played games in the Softball League during the past week or two. We have been much impressed with the improvement in the calibre of section softball since the beginning of the schedule. The teams in general, are turning in some good performances and as a result, close, hard fought contests are served up for a few of the faithful. Come out and support your team. We guarantee the right to howl at teams, umpires and anyone within hearing distance. The standing to July 4th is as follows:

### "A" Section

	P	W	L	Pts
6400 Echelon	7	7	0	14
M.T. Section	6	4	2	8
Signals Maint	5	3	2	6
Headquarters	4	2	2	4
Airmen's Mess	4	2	2	4
430 Pilots	5	2	3	4
Flying Control	6	2	4	4
Instrument	4	1	3	2
Brownies	5	0	5	0

### "B" Section

	P	W	L	Pts
6 M.F.P.S.	6	5	1	10
6430 Echelon	7	5	2	10
Central Maint.	5	4	1	8
400 Pilots	7	4	3	8
6414 Echelon	3	2	1	4
414 Pilots	4	2	2	4
Signals	5	1	4	2
Workshops	4	0	4	0
Electrical	5	0	5	0

During the past two weeks, there have been some changes in the top teams of the section softball circuit. 6400 Echelon retained their record as the only unbeaten outfit in the league. In "B" Section, 6430 Echelon after 5 wins in a row, have gone down to defeat in their last two games.

The Photo Bashers of 6 M.F.P.S. gave 6430 it's first loss of the season. In spite of a classic triple play by the Flight infield in the 1st inning, the Film and Shutter boys developed a 6-4 victory.

## Rifle Competition

With the individual sections having completed their competitions to declare winners, the big team championships to determine the best section are about to commence. Ten of the larger sections will be represented, and will "shoot off" every morning of next week.

The firing will be done in "knockout" style, with two teams competing every morning at 0930 Hrs.

It is intended to present a plaque to the winning team, and also to have a group picture taken, copies of which will be presented to each member of the team; one large copy will hang in the mess-hall.

Section sports representatives or section commanders concerned are to select 8 men to represent the Section, and these men may practice any, afternoon except Saturday and Sunday, at the range. All shoots will take place at 0930 hrs, and a schedule has been drawn up as shown below..

Mon. July 9 — 6430 Serv. vs. 6400.  
Tues. July 10 — Cent. Maintenance vs. H. Q.  
Wed. July 11 — Flying Cont. vs. Armament.  
Thur. July — 12 MFPS vs. Signals.  
Fri. July 13 — Electrical vs. Ops.  
Sat. July 14 — M.T. vs. 5 MFPS

## Highlights From Wing's Dominion Day Sports Journey



Supervisor KayCee Coffey "dishes out" hamburgers in great style for the starving crowd.



G/C Waddell presents F/S Mitchell of the RAF Regt with the prize for winning the mile run.



The Senior NCO's Tug-O-War Team is shown winning the final "tug" of the day against Headquarters Officers team.