

VEE-BOMB BARONS ARRIVE

Historic 3 Sqdn. Replace Bluebirds

The strange kites flying around the drome these days belong to the Tempest Tycoons, otherwise known as Three Squadron. Replacing 400 Sqdn., who have gone to greener fields and Danish pastry, the new arrivals have a long and interesting history that reaches back to 1912, when the squadron was first formed. "One" and "two" squadrons were flying the old reliable balloons, and to three squadron fell the job of handling the new-fangled aeroplanes of those days. They were the first squadron of aeroplanes in existence, and their motto — "Tertius Primus Erit", means "The third shall be first".

Three Squadron has a valiant first war record which has been added to in the intervening years. Between wars the air-minded youth

of Britain trained with the squadron, and at the beginning of hostilities, the outfit equipped with Hurricanes, went to France. After the retreat from France the unit went on night fighter work. When the need for dive-bombers arose, the squadron converted to Typhoons and later they were one of the first units to get the new Tempests. As a Tempest outfit, they went into action against the buzz-bombs and were credited with top score in this field.

In September '44 they came to the Continent and joined 122 Airfield at Grimbergen, Belgium, and a week later moved to Volkel in Holland. They spent the winter doing armed recce flights and during that time F/L Clostermann, DFC and Bar, shot down the

39 Club Now Open Bods Enthusiastic

39 Wing's own club in Luneburg opened Thursday night with a gala opening in what was once a "kraut" restaurant on the Bardowicker Road. The finishing touch was produced by the presence of the "Westernaires", the R.C.A.F. Overseas Headquarters Band.

Free food, in the shape of tea, milk, and sandwiches was provided, and the club was crowded with happy first-nighters who voted the cafe as a great improvement in our facilities for enjoying life in Luneburg.

Supervisor Diamond assisted by Kaycee Coffee's man Friday, Cpl. C. H. Browne, hope to add many refinements to the club. It is hoped that coca-cola will soon be for sale at the bar.

Squadron's 100th enemy aircraft. They continued to move up, first to Hapsten, near Rheine and then to Fassberg where VE day finally caught up with them. Then on to Copenhagen, and finally down here to B-156 where they are replacing 400 Sqdn for the time being.

S/L Bruce Cole, DFC and Bar is C.O. of the outfit, and did his first tour of operations on Kittyhawks in the Middle East. He replaced S/L Thiele, DSO, DFC and Bar, who was shot down in February.

The Allied invasion necessitated the withdrawal of 20 Luftwaffe day fighter groups, one night fighter wing and 50 light and 140 heavy ack-ack batteries.

Army, Air Force Leave Course At The University Of Brussels

The Free University of Brussels is now open to Canadian airmen for leave courses.

Founded in 1834 as an institution of higher learning it was based almost entirely on philosophical principles. Education has always been very solemn and intellectual. Very little stress has been placed on sports and social activities in the past. However, when the university was forced to go underground during the occupation the faculty began to see the need for a change in policy.

The intimacy in the underground classes was unparalleled and appreciated by all the students in preference to their pre-war university life. Incidentally underground classes were carried on for two main reasons. First, the board of governors and staff felt that despite all, the liberty of teaching must be maintained. Second, they thought classes would do away with despair and instill self-confidence. This was found to work very well, and as a result sports and social functions are going to have their place from now on.

The lectures on the leave course are given by the professors of the faculty, and are very interesting. Their scope is so wide that they will surely interest everyone. They deal with Belgian history, Europe's future, and demonstrated

Prisoner of War Recounts Horror

Monsieur X was sitting up in his hospital bed puffing on a cigar from his Red Cross parcel. It was difficult to get a coherent story from him. His mind wandered from what he was telling me into irrelevant details, and he interrupted himself to help his companion in the next bed.

"I am a restaurant keeper from a small town in France . . . in spite of the Occupation, I was running my small business with some success. One evening I spoke too loudly, I fear, and the next day I was arrested and sent away to work for "les Salots". With other Frenchmen I was stripped naked and shipped, like some animal, to the camp in Germany. There we worked in the mines nearby; a full day's work for a slice of bread and a bowl of soup. Many of my companions died in the mines there, Monsieur, if they could not complete their work, they did not eat until they finished another full day's work. Secretly we made a list of those who mistreated us, and there were many. Only one, that I can recall showed any humanity to the creatures that worked in the mines. The rest were beasts.

"I am a strong man, and I survived. I weighed ninety kilos once, look at my legs now! It is good that I was strong, for otherwise I would not be here to-day smoking

a Red Cross cigar from America. For almost a year I lasted out in this animal life that we were forced to lead. Then we heard that the Americans were coming to free us and we became restless. Many of the guards began to disappear. They put on civilian clothes, and zut, they were civilians. Though by now we were too weak to do anything, other than crawl around the compound we were moved away before the Americans could reach us.

"How I lived through that I still do not know. We were crammed into closed express cars, men of all nations, until there was no more room. For six days and nights we were locked up. The men went completely mad. We did not know where we were going, or why. Fear of going to even a worse camp and rage and disappointment at not being freed drove us to lunacy. The men fought, brother against brother in the pitch dark driven by some unspeakable madness. I am strong and I fought too, look at the scars on my arms, they have not yet healed completely. I cannot describe to you how the car looked when we saw the light of day again, many of us were dead and the rest of us were exhausted to the point of death.

"The Germans failed if they thought that we should not be rescued. We had not been at the new camp for more than a few days when we were finally freed, and now I am here though I do not know how it is possible. I live only for one thing, Monsieur, I live only to return to Germany and to seek those who killed my brothers. It is that thought that has kept me alive this long. These people who have been killed must be avenged, and the Germans must be shown how they have debased the name of mankind."

Flash Notice

Back numbers of Recce Flash can be bought at any time in the Recce Flash office, second floor of the Headquarters Building. All issues except the first, are available.

Leading Artists Give Opera Program At Station Theatre



Gaught in a gay carefree mood by our cameraman, and shown above from left to right are: Norah Newby, accompanist; Marjorie Lawrence, dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, and Valda Averling, charming pianist, as they relax in the officers mess following their brilliant concert.

Under the Air Force ensign on the blue backdrop of the stage at the station theatre, Marjorie Lawrence leading dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, New York, sang some of her favorite numbers and received a tremendous ovation from a packed house of music lovers of 39 Recce Wing last Tuesday evening.

Alternating with Marjorie Lawrence with groups of selections on the program, Valda Averling, brilliant solo-pianist from Sidney, Australia, charmed the audience with her talented touch on the grand piano and her graceful movements in a red and silver sequin ensemble.

Stricken from the concert stage by an attack of poliomyelitis a few years ago, Marjorie Lawrence, well on her way to complete recovery, sang from a bench banked with red and white flowers. In a pale pink evening dress with green sequin trimmings, Marjorie Lawrence sang the sprightly "Segui-

dillas" from Carmen while her pendant earrings sparkled before the footlights. Her gay mood was picked up and reflected back and forth, audience to soloist.

Among the selections played by Valda Averling that irresistibly pleased her audience were: "The Harmonious Blacksmith", "The music Box", "Prelude in G Minor", "Novelette in C", and "The Ritual Fire Dance".

Although "Closing Selections from Twilight of the Gods" requires the accompaniment of a full symphony orchestra, Norah Newby, accompanist, from Surrey, England, filled in splendidly at the piano when Marjorie Lawrence sang this number.

On behalf of 39 Recce Wing, G/C Waddell thanked the guest artists for entertaining the Wing and presented each of the ladies with a bouquet of flowers; this was followed by a reception in the Officer's mess for the concert party.

Flash Scribe Beats Cordon To See President Truman

Antwerp, July 15. — President Truman arrived here Sunday and was greeted by the fervent acclaim of a free Belgian people and Allied troops. He was brought to the continent by the cruiser "Augusta" upon whose decks Churchill and Roosevelt had signed the Atlantic Charter. He was, of course on his way to Potsdam and had chosen V-1 battered Antwerp as the place to set foot on the continent. Incidentally Potsdam, scene of the three power conference, is just like hundreds of other cities in Germany. About ten miles from Berlins' city limits it was squashed in one furious air assault.

The Big Three Conference in Germany will be the consecration

of the free thinking countries over Boche imperialism.

Truman's coming to Antwerp is in reality a repetition of Wilson's 1918 trip. To Europe's hopeful millions the need for an America-backed world peace is even greater and more fervent than in Wilson's day.

Enthusiastic cheers from thousands of Belgians meant thanks for air assaults on Germans, armoured divisions pushing the Hun back and in general the American's participation in the war.

President Truman will be guarded in Potsdam by the honour division of the U.S. Army — the Fighting 35th. President Truman belonged to the 35th. Division in the last war.

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

Staff Changes...

With this issue a new Recce Flash editor makes his bow. Blushingly conscious of the great honour thrust upon him and aware of the ghostly figures of his mighty predecessors in office looking over his shoulder, he hastens to ask your forbearance. Horses having been changed in the middle of the stream and the ranks of the staff having been riddled by leave and temporary duty, this issue may seem to be a thing of shreds and patches. Be of good cheer the next issue may be better — or worse.

Fraternization...

The B. B. C. has announced a partial relaxation in the ban on social intercourse between our troops and German civilians. From the text of the announcement as carried by the British newspapers it seems that we can now speak to and carry on business with Germans in the streets and public places. This is the opportunity which many of us have been awaiting. We have argued speciously that we could not know what was in the German mind when he followed Hitler unless we could talk to Germans. We have urged the authorities to let us speak to them that we might educate them into our way of life and let them see the superiority of the democratic product.

Now the proponents of fraternization have had their way. The weapon is in their hands and theirs is the responsibility for the proper use of it. Non-fraternization presented you no problems, you just did not talk. Now you have the authority to do so, and willy nilly, the responsibility that always accompanies authority. Take care that the educating is done by the proper party and not get into the position of the professor, hired to improve the speech of the little son of a newly rich New York East Sider, who, when asked by the father after three months of seclusion with his charge for a report on progress, replied, "Vell you see it iz dis vay."

The Elbe

Where East Meets West.

The sun was very hot, unusually hot for the middle of May. The road, an ever varying mixture of pave and sand, with shapely edging of silver birch, shimmered in the heat. The occasional rusting wreck of lorry or tank passed almost unnoticed in the sunny, green countryside. The little town was tidy and clean, and quite ordinary; perhaps a few files out of place, but nothing more. The corporal lazily waved a bare, bronzed arm towards a narrow street, which climbed away to the left, with the help of its lumpy cobbles. Climbed, levelled out, and wandered a little until it came to the Bridge. The River, broken here by a flat grass-green island, was hardly visible. A fantastic number of rubber boats, in accurate line, and decked with wooden planks. That was the Bridge. Three soldiers sat under a large white sunshade, and studied an out-of-date newspaper. The nodding of a head showed that the road was clear. It was very hot. The Bridge seemed to enjoy its quiet floating in the cool, clear, deep, and swiftly flowing River, which now revealed itself, wide and purposeful, in its urgent hurrying to the North-West. The planks murmured quiet protest. The road again, climbing wide and vague over loose ballast, and ancient gravel, to become narrow and ordered as it finished its groaning ascent, and set off once more across the plain. Past a dishevelled farmhouse, which noised with the confused buzz of human voices, and then... Silence. A bee disturbed the Silence, and was gone. The sun blazed down. The pave and the sand were there, and the silver birches, but something had changed. The fields were no longer green; they were a dirty yellow, with streaks and spikes of stark black... and there was the Silence. And nothing moved. Lorries, caravans, cars, tanks, carts, all stood still. The sun was getting hotter, but there was more than that. There was a feeling. It did not press so much upon the lungs as upon the mind. Death. That was it. Death had been here. But there are no corpses. No mangled horses. No stench of decay. But there are those wheels which do not turn, and the dirty yellow straw, and the posts. Death. Yes, Death in subtle, subtle mood. Here the confused scuttling mob from the East meets the faded flower of the Wehrmacht, as it staggers, broken, back from the River. And the rabbies confuse together. The elegant pride from the East, and the grey-clad pride from the West. And Death cuts down their pride, and, watching them grovelling in the ground, cuts again. They stake a claim to a piece of earth with little black posts; put down some straw, and try to rest their aching limbs. Death has seen these creatures usurp his scythe through torture, starvation, and horrors unspeakable. His scythe that is meant always to cut so clean. Remembering that, Death surveys grimly the grovelling scum, and passes on. The road winds on and comes upon the elegant East. It has moved away from the River now, and lives in huts of twigs and any debris that can be found. The once proud grey-clads have moved off to the prison cage. The road retraces itself with relief towards the River. The expanse of dirty yellow straw and black posts has changed. Two women are walking very slowly across it, looking intently at everything they pass. The sun is hot, and there is the Silence. And there is the silent shout. "Women, you will never find your venomous pride. It is destroyed for ever."

The cool River hurries past in shame; his only concern the sea. The planks clatter cheerfully. The three soldiers stand behind smiles. The road winds to the little town, and, between the birches, shimmering in the heat, dwindles its sandy pave to infinity.

By — F/Lt. S. C. Barrell

Bob Elliott Says...

Under the above heading for the last few weeks have appeared a series of articles about a character called "BOB ELLIOT". It seems that some of the folks at home, and some new arrivals to the Wing have asked questions concerning this person. "Who", they say, "is this guy; what about this barge, what about these strange drinks and beautiful girls he seems to know?"

Well, it all began like this. Once upon a time there were two V. S. P's of the ops staff, one a Major Dunc Stewart and one a Squadron Leader Max Hickey, who thought that the pilots, (henceforth to be known as the "bods") should be encouraged to read Intelligence Reports and 2nd. Army Troop news. The idea was conceived that a "board" should be obtained and have these bits of gen placed upon them, this "board" to be placed in a place easily accessible to the "bods" namely, near the bar in the officers mess.

Having invented the "board" the V. S. P's turned to their assistants, who were A. L. O.'s (henceforth to be known as brown jobs). These brown jobs, being intelligent brown jobs and not unlike our own "bods", realized that the addition of some pictures of lovely ladies to this "board" would be indeed invaluable, and so they were added.

Then one day a "bod" named F/L Dick Manser, looking at one of these lovely ladies exclaimed "shat's a nice piece of Ginche." That was that. The "board" had become the "Ginche Board" and so began its ascendancy. Captain Myles Eadon, an English brown job, became Editor of the "Ginche Board" and so endeared himself even more to his friends "the bods."

At this point in our biography it must be explained that Holland is a land of many canals but very few bridges (ref. 7th. Panzer Div. Demolition Report 178668). This made it necessary for the "Bods" "Brown Jobs" and even "V. S. P's" to cross the canal from the airfield to the officers mess by means of a footbridge.

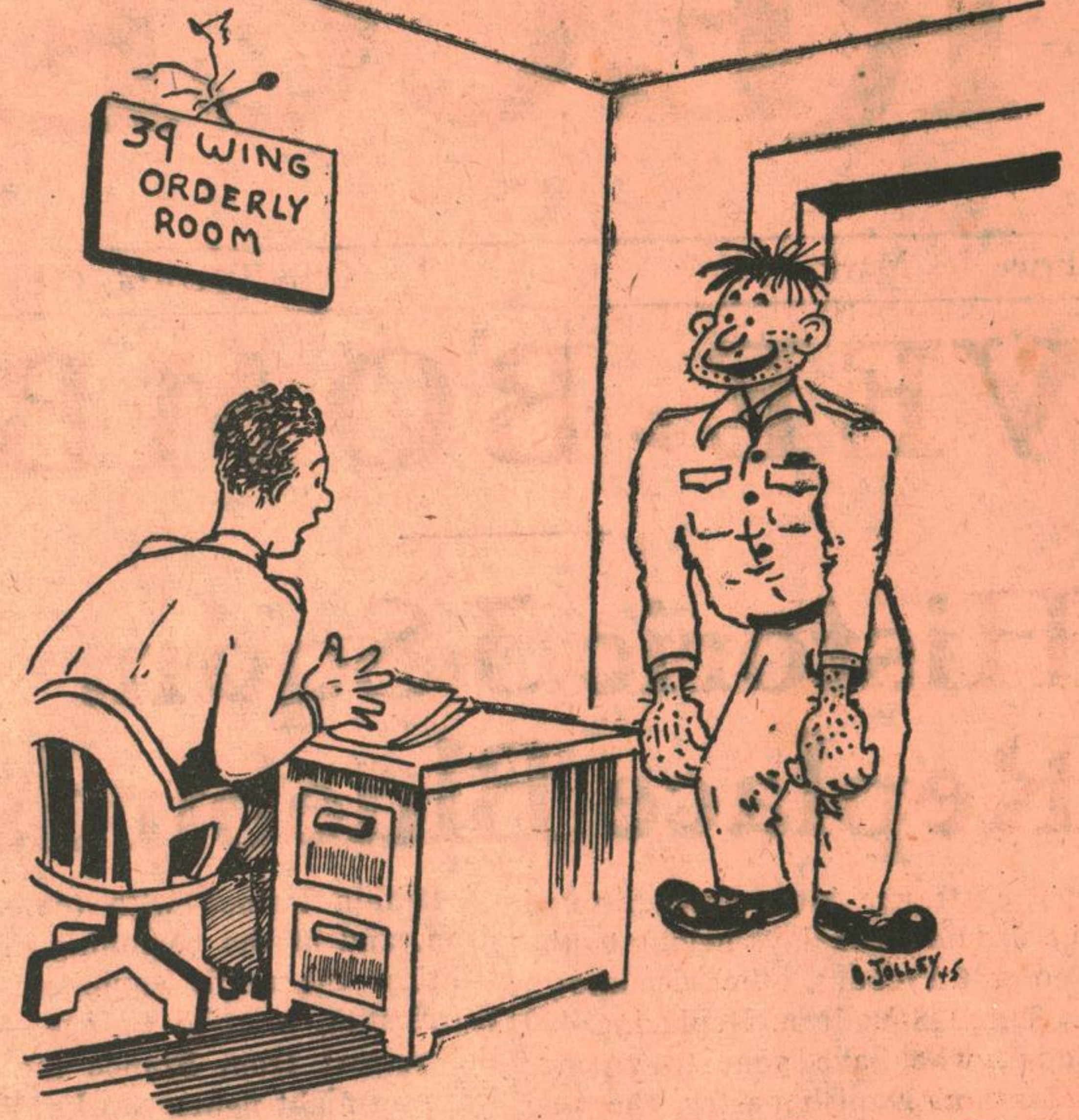
While crossing the footbridge alone one evening, a brown job, one Captain William Palk from Canada, noticed a large barge moored near the footbridge. The good Captain investigated this and found a Canadian by the name of Bob Elliott had taken up residence there.

Bob, however, always confined his conversations to the brown jobs and even made himself invisible when "bods" or V. S. P's were near. He would however always say things to the brown jobs about mistakes of the "bods" and V. S. P's. These mistakes Bob called Blacks. He became the champion of the underdog, and his sayings on the Ginche Board were positively Winchellian in their timeliness and wit.

Shortly after the Rhine Crossing, his whereabouts were hazy for a few days due to the rapid rate of advance, but he and the "Ginche Board" were with us right up until V-E day, when the "Ginche Board" went out of business.

Bob is still with us, his barge hidden somewhere near the camp in a place known only to the brown jobs.

Bob Elliott, his V16's, his "blacks" his "Ginche" and his "Burghers" will always live in our memories, as will the brown jobs who made his appearance possible. So lets all raise a glass of V16 to the memory of a well loved Canadian — Bob Elliott.



"I Feel That I'm Better Suited For Burma, Sir."

Letters to the Editor

Editor, Recce Flash:

In order to clear the air a bit would you please endeavour to insert the following in your next issue.

Maybe you have noticed a few orders which were published in W.R.O's this week cutting down your pleasure runs. Well, before you types start blowing your tops off just take a gander at the following.

During April the average daily mileage clocked by the M.T. Boys was 2,500. This included Wing moves of 250 vehicles from Petit Brogel to Rheinsellin. During July the average daily mileage to date has been 2,100, which has been carried out with fewer bods and fewer vehicles.

From the foregoing it will be obvious that there is one hell of a lot of unnecessary running about and overlapping of runs. Whilst we hate to refuse you when you come round and ask us for a car to go out frating on Sundays, remember the bloke who signs his name on that piece of bumph is the bloke who takes the very large can if you have a prang, and as the time is drawing near when M. T. Officers and Senior N.C.O's hope to be drawing their gratuities they don't feel like sticking their necks out too far.

Also please have pity on the drivers and fitters. They too like to relax on Sundays, and whilst they are full out to cope with authorised recreational runs, you can hardly blame them for taking a poor view of being turned out to make an obviously unnecessary one.

During the war the drivers would willingly drive their backsides off and the fitters work all hours to keep them rolling just as much as anyone else would do, but please don't try and give us the gears — frating is NOT an operational necessity.

W. R. Hart F/L

... Recce Flash sympathizes with the overburdened M.T. Section caught between the upper and nether millstones of legitimate transport requirements and official parsimony. — Ed.

Editor, Recce Flash:

The relaxation of the non-fraternization ban fills me with apprehension. The tremendous gaps in the political education of the Allied soldier will make him an easy victim of the drooling utterances of Joseph Goebbels which live yet unshaken in the brain of every German: until gradually and imperceptibly the Allied soldier will come to believe that the poor, innocent Germans were on his side all the time. Jakobus Petrus.

... Let your light now shine before men and make converts to our way of life. — Ed.

Editor, Recce Flash:

A recently (thank God) completed return from Hamburg has prompted me to pass on the following technical "gen" to members of 39 Wing M.T. Section.

From aeronautical considerations it would be necessary to add at least 325 sq. ft. of wing area to the 3 Tonne MK 2 to remain airborne at 60 mph. I.A.S.

Ground speeds in excess of this figure, without the necessary modifications, can only result in temporary contradictions of the law of gravity. Sir Vyver.

... A little learning is a dangerous thing but a word to the wise is all that is necessary. — Ed.

Editor, Recce Flash:

I like music, I love music, but only up to a certain point. When some joker stretches "Midnight in Munich" till 3 A. M., the point has been exceeded and I quit. A word to those birds in Barrack Block 6, bottom floor should be enough

if not, look out chum.

— Buzz.

... Occupants of barrack block 6 are advised of the location of Schmidts Protective Agency nearby. — Ed.

Editor, Recce Flash:

There is the old saying "A time and a place for everything". Surely Tuesday evening was not the time for the boozing which two or three individuals indulged in when the Commanding Officer went on the stage to thank the visitors for the evenings' entertainment. Was it for a laugh? I'm sure the majority didn't think it funny, especially from Canadians. "Burned Up"

Editor, Recce Flash:

One of the most outstanding performances ever presented on 39 Wing was marred by the "Bronx Cheers" handed out by a few lowbrow types when the Commanding Officer got up to thank Marjorie Lawrence on the occasion of her performance at this station. No C. O., is any angel, but our present one has done a lot for this Wing and deserves a little more respect, especially in front of guest artists, who are Americans, Englishmen, and Australians. An Operational Section

Editor, Recce Flash:

It sure was a "rotten show" from fellow Canadians. H. Skinner

Editor, Recce Flash:

Surely the Educational Officer doesn't need to begin an Emily Post column in the Flash, but sometimes I wonder. G. R. Shelton

... The Recce Flash has received many letters on the subject mentioned in the above, all condemning the ill-mannered few who partially spoiled the visit of Miss Marjorie Lawrence to the Station. Lack of space permits the printing of only two and excerpts from some of the others. — Ed.

... Investigation of the complaints in a letter to the Editor of a lack of cigarettes and comforts in one of the Sqd's reveals that in matters of this sort "Sqd'n" means the pilots, adjutant and orderly room corporal, though surpluses are distributed to attached sections when available. — Ed.

Bookshelf

"Tomorrow is Forever"
(by Gwen Bristow)

Typical of the brittle, superficial, modern philosophy suited to the minds whose deepest thinking is conditioned by the movies and whose idea of human progress is measured by indoor plumbing and vitamins is this latest acquisition of the Station Library. False ideas are hung on a skeleton of a story which could have been told in one paragraph.

The writer, struck with admiration for the material progress of the Twentieth Century completely neglects the fact that man's spiritual progress has lagged so far behind his material that he stands in grim danger of being destroyed by the Frankenstein monsters he has created.

Recononsense

By Breezy

Breezy has been on a trip. When he came back he found practically no gen waiting for his column so he decided to tell the Wing all the dark secrets he had unearthed about Bruxelles. The shaky text follows:—

MAINLY 'BOUT BRUSSELS: As a mark of honour and respect and also to keep the memory of Franklin D. Roosevelt alive forever, Brussels has renamed their ancient Avenue des Nations — Avenue Franklin Delano Roosevelt . . . Passing by Duquesnays' famed little bronze figure, Mannekin Pis, Breezy, overheard a British Officer (with one NAAFI bar) loudly objecting to the presence of the obscene statue; probably a relative of the British soldier who, during Marlboroughs' campaign of 1704 tried to steal M. Pis . . . Speaking of the Mannekin Pis, the little lad has no German uniform dating after Napoleonic times . . . On the side wall of the "Hotel De Ville", where Mannikin's uniforms are stored, there is a bronze plate fixed bearing a life size figure of Count t' Serclaes, hero of Belgian Independence during the period of Spanish domination. His hand protrudes and shines brightly for it has been rubbed by passers-by for a number of decades. At first this act was carried out as an act of reverence, but now it is merely done for good luck. Did I say merely . . .

DID' JA KNOW: In the Parc Josaphat in Schaerbeek there is a fountain of love. Young couples in love need only to drink from its magic waters and it is believed Venus will bless them. Breezy tried it alone and all he got was a kick in the pants from the park attendant; strange peoples these Belgies . . . In the area bounded by the Palais de Justice (largest edifice of nineteenth century architecture) and Porte de Hal (a Gothic fourteenth century structure), lies the oldest, quaintest section of Brussels . . . With its narrow winding streets filled with sliding door (ask for Louis) cafes one can still see vivid traces of Spanish domination. Long decorative earrings, triangular colourful shawls, dark hair and olive skins earmark the Spanish era. Families in Les Marolles, as the section is called can trace their family histories back to the fourteenth century . . . Girls from Les Marolles leave this section of the city dressed only in twentieth century finery . . . After receiving some of the latest creations Breezy figures the gals may just as well stick to the old get-ups . . .

'BOUT BURGHERS AND BELGIANS: In 1830 the Belgians suddenly found that all important government positions in what was then known as the Low Countries were being held by Dutchmen . . . One nite in 1830, at the Opera, "La Muette de Portiei" was being played. Music lovers know of course that in the middle of this now famous composition there is a patriotic song against oppression. This song ignited the fire of hate in all the Belgians. In a few minutes the hall was empty. Everything Dutch in Brussels was smashed. The fight for independence had begun . . . Fighting was fiercest in Brussels Parc where on a dark nite Breezy has survived some pretty tough tussles himself . . . In homes of old Belgian families one can see caricatures of a wooden legged old man, a veteran of Napoleonic wars, loading a cannon. This patriotic old man is said to have killed scores of Dutchmen with his deadly shooting . . . One can also see caricatures of civilians throwing everything from boiling oil to furniture out their windows at retreating Dutch types. Finally all the Dutch retreated to Holland and on the twenty first of July they declared their Independance . . .

'BOUT A BATTLE: If you've been to Waterloo you've surely seen the huge hill there. This woman-made height was built up by hard-working Belgian females who carried canvas bags of earth from the surrounding countryside and eventually piled up enough "terra firma" in one spot to enable one to see all the battlefield by standing on top of what is called "Waterloo Hill" . . . On top of this hill the Belgian Lion looks out over the battlefield . . . Near the hill there is a vivid panorama of the battlefield showing the last desperate assault by the French troops. The Prussians are shown attacking the French on the right flank . . . Three farms where fighting was fierce have been preserved and have been viewed by millions of sight-seers . . . Monuments are everywhere. One favourite of all Belgians is that erected to Sir Gordon, aide de camp to the mighty Wellington . . . Each year hundreds of guns, skulls, and badges are dug up by farmers at ploughing time. These are placed in the unique cafes nearby to be proudly displayed by their owners . . . A nearby cinema owner prevented his bankruptcy by having a historical film made of the battle and showing it to tourists — and wide-eyed service men . . .

DROME DRIBBLES: Word comes from maintenance (at last) that Roy Coleman is officially reported MISS-ing in England. HEH, HEH . . . Maintenance boys will be sorry (sorry he says) to see 6400's "Muscle for Brains" leave. A free Woodbine to the first joe who tells Breezy who that is . . . From Alex Pancer and "Mac" McArthur, just back from the "wicked city" comes the report that they intend revolutionizing bathing costumes after their jaunt to the fashion centre. Seems they took some rare photos. In any event beaucoup oohs and aahs were heard coming from the dark room while the shots were being turned out . . . Now that the two "klein-photodorf", 5 and 6 M. F. P. S., have pooled resources, a metropolitan atmosphere is felt in the tent city (also called tense city, you know, repat numbers and all), however — it is hinted the inhabitants are to acquire more pretentious quarters in barracks across the field. The boys are glad to know they aren't forgotten . . . If they can't go to England or Copenhagen they might as well go from one side of the drome to t'other . . . At least they're cutting down their kit I betcha . . . Any squawks from you flight men to this: A certain maintenance joe assures Breezy that qualification one for flights is, an awful weak mind and an awful strong back . . .

Club Exhibits Now Displayed

Nude statuettes marked off a well-balanced display of woodcarvings, plexiglass work, leather goods and metal work at the Hobby Club show in the educational section this week. The nudes are the woodcarvings of Cpl. Peters, Armament Section. One entitled "Salina" is a nicely proportioned figure with a clear dope finish while the other "Nude" is unfinished and of hard oak.

Lac Grainger of 6430 echelon featured salad servers and sugar tongs cut from deep yellow plexiglass. In the leather goods group, Lac Johnson 6400 showed a grey brief-case and Lac Velleman 6430, a pair of moccassins.

Ash trays were predominant in the metals group which included a "Mannikin-Pis" tray by Lac Geddy 6430 and a beaten copper tray made by Cpl. Evans 6400. Lac Corcoran 6430 displayed a wooden cigarette box with a metal eagle. Many picture frames were shown made from a variety of materials. One frame by Lac Bird 6414 had rifle cartridges for uprights, a stainless steel frame and a hard rubber base.

Flash Office To Stage Competition

In recognition of the untiring and little-heralded efforts of the Camera, Hobby and Sketch Clubs, the Recce Flash proposes to stage a competition for the members of these clubs.

Valuable prizes are being obtained and details worked out. Watch these columns for further information on this subject.

F/O Jack Hanna

When report reached this wing that F/O Hanna was the victim of an air accident a gloom was cast on the faces of his many friends and admirers.

39 Wing lost a great favourite in Jack. That happy smile and a kind word for everyone, irrespective of rank, truly leaves for him



the caption of one of the most beloved officers of 414 Sqd'n.

To die at the early age of 22 years, will enroll his name with the many young Canadians who have made the great sacrifice that others may live, freely.

In civil life, prior to enlisting, in Oct. 17 1942, Jack was an aircraft apprentice, having completed his training in Canada, he was granted his wings and Commission, on Mar. 24, 1944.

His home was in Toronto, where his mother lives. He attended the Danforth Tech. School, and there was a great favourite.

His funeral took place in the Town Cemetery at Enschede, in Holland, S/L Loftus, R. C. Chaplain, 409 Sqd'n, officiated. The funeral party consisted of members from 414 Sqd'n.

To his mother we extend our sympathy on the loss of a fine son and hero.

Sick Parade Impressions



It's surprising how the word "work" brings hundreds to sick parade; just kidding, guys. Shown above is S/L Hicks, 39 Wing SMO, as he gives his undivided attention to an ailing airman's ear.

Following true service custom all personnel must be classified (e. g. Officers, O.R.'S). Your unit M.O.'s do so under the headings of (a) Sick and (b) Unsick. Both officers and O.R.'s fall into these categories.

Category (a) forms a most minute part of the average sick parade. The only problem is to recognize him. An attempt is made to do this quite early in the parade by our medical orderlies. In spite of their thug-like appearance they really are trained in this work.

The great bulk of the parade, however, is made up of category (b) bods. Every morning during his tour of duty the M. O. is privileged to witness the most varied display of dramatic acting imaginable. He learns to appreciate the Master Artisan (and as a reward for the performance may grant E. D. 24 hrs.) With 30-40 performers daily why should he waste time on the hams—the overactors. Occasionally, of course, he is almost moved to tears by the rapid succession of anguish-filled stories.

If he tries to picture the excruciating pain this big healthy-

looking lad suffered when he (the lad) tried to get out of his bunk this morning, any M. O.'s heart bleeds.

On the basis of statistics the M. O. expects 1% of station personnel on sick parade each morning. If on entering S.S.Q. he finds 5-10% of said bods awaiting him he concludes (1) That some lout of a section commander has suggested work or (2) That there is a number of "running-shoes" cases present. In connection with (2) it should be pointed out that officers are never found in this line. For some mysterious reason they have come to believe that the officers' mess is an auxiliary Sick Quarters. Just when the M.O. is about to sink his fangs into a luscious piece of chocolate pie some officer (and gentleman?) is certain to beam at him and say "Doc, I think I got the —."

Don't get us wrong! These are only a few impressions. We have some good ones too and we don't mind admitting that if you guys didn't come to see us every day we'd die of sheer boredom. "Be seeing you!"

New 39 Resort On Baltic Sea

Bods of 39 Recce Wing who long for the ultra swank and luxurious surroundings of a seaside resort will now have their wishes granted at the new Canada Club at Ostseebad Scharbeutz on the Baltic Sea. The "Ostseebad", meaning west seaside resort, is approximately 20 miles north of Lubeck on Neustadt Bay.

The former hotel is a spacious three storey building of "H" shape with both wings facing a promenade and wide sandy beach. This Club will be operated for RCAF personnel by the Knights of Columbus under the supervision of Joe Winkelaar, formerly of the Canada Club, Eindhoven.

An allocation of 27 has been made for 39 Recce Wing on a 72 hour basis and personnel will be expected to arrive for the noon meal. The first truck load left here Wednesday July 18 to attend the opening of the new retreat. Each person will take blankets but will not be required to carry rations.

Westernaires In Good Form

Recce Wing swing fans went "hep to the jive" when the Westernaires, an RCAF swing band, now touring the continent, let loose a jammy session in the station theatre last week. The rhythm addicts described the musical moments as "solid on all four" and "cookin' on the front burner".

"The place was jumpin'" during the number "Harry James Jam"



Yvonne de Carlo

Voted the girl w'd like most to be "fenced in" with is the "body" — Canada's own statuesque Yvonne de Carlo.

Session" when members of the band featured the genial personality man with drums and sticks, hot licks from the trumpet and saxophone and "slappin' the doghouse". The pianist shared the hot notes with a right bit of boogie-woogie.

WO 1 Fred Philips, band supervisor, gave out some deep song including, "The Sgt.-Major is on Parade, Kiss Me Good Night Sgt.-Major, and Shortnin' Bread". Other numbers played by the Westernaires were: "Saturday Night is the Loneliest Night of the Week", "Torpedo Junction", "Robin Hood", "Sentimental Journey", "Sugar Blues" and "Eager Beaver".

Classified Ads

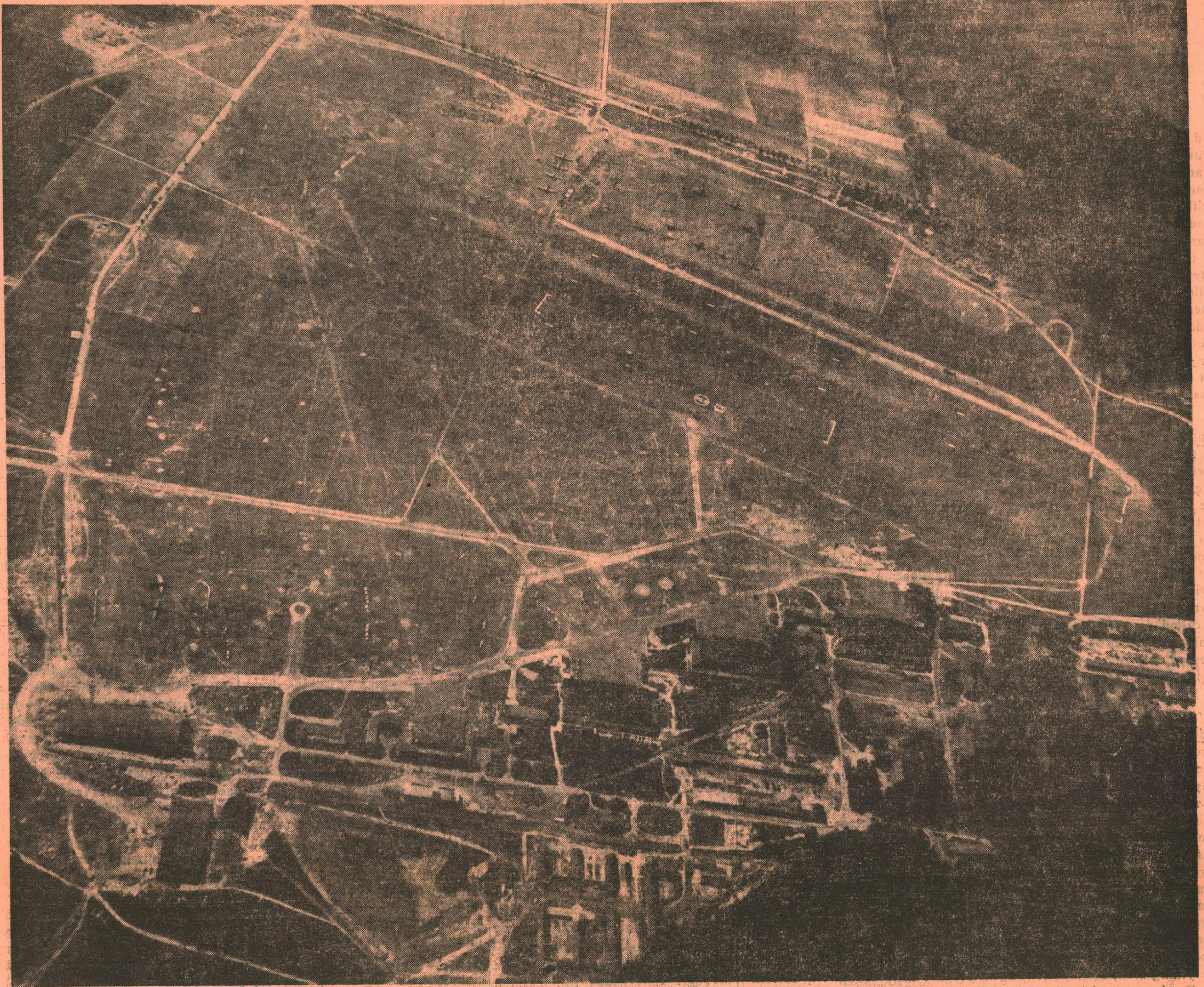
LOST

Scribbler with approximately thirty negatives enclosed. Lost either at the camera club, or station theatre, July 17. Lac. Guibord, 6414 S. E.

NEW GONGS

S/L Tony Stephens, American DSC; F/L R. Gill, ex-430, American Air Medal; F/L Godfrey, ex-400, F/L Lowndes, ex-430, Croix de Guerre; F/L Woloschuk, ex-414. British DFC.

End Of Our Long Invasion Trail - B 156



B156—a long way from the dusty Norman surroundings of B8. After just over a year of excellent operational achievement, we find ourselves amidst the more or less posh surroundings the Luftwaffe took care to leave us and which you can see above spread all over the Hun countryside. Put a big X over your billet and send the paper to Moma, Cousin, Brother, and Sister.

SECTIONS ON THE SANDLOTS

by Homer

The first schedule of the Sandlot Softball League has been virtually completed. 6400 Echelon were the undefeated leaders of "A" Section, winning eight straight. In "B" Section, there remains one game to be played between Central Maintenance and Signals, which could effect the final standing. A victory for the Maintenance crew would put them in a tie for first place with 6 M.F.P.S. and a section play-off would then be necessary to name a team to meet 6400 Echelon in the league Championship.

The title will probably not be decided for a few weeks owing to departure of the Bluebird boys for Denmark. From what we have heard of Copenhagen, it will take the softball team some time

to recover from another "liberation".

The Sandlot League proved a success in its first schedule. The class of softball improved as the teams, more or less thrown together in the first instance, played several games, and developed a certain amount of team work. Some of the entries were not quite good enough, or lucky enough, as the case may be, to enter the win column of the standing. Here we would like to pay tribute to the teams who, altho winless throughout the schedule, never-the-less overcame the lethargy and sense of failure induced, and completed the schedule. They took a beating every time out but proved that they could at least take it and come back for more.

Sports Committee Changes Schedule

At a meeting of the Sports Committee of the Wing held in the Sports Office on Monday Morning, it was decided to postpone the proposed second schedule of the Sandlot Softball League for the time being. The temporary postponement is due to detachments which would have no less than four teams out of the Schedule. 400 Squadron Pilots and 6400 Echelon left this week for Denmark. By the weekend, 430 Pilots and 6430 Echelon are slated for a return to England on an air firing

session.

In the meantime, it was proposed to have a series of exhibition games drawn up among the remaining section teams. This would enable them to keep in practice and on their toes for the new schedule which will be started when the Squadrons return and the Wing gets back to normal strength again.

PLAY-OFFS AT FLENSBURG

The 39 Wing Softball and Volleyball teams left for Flensburg on Tuesday to take part in the Group playoffs. As yet we have no word on their fortunes.

Listening Out...

Overheard in the Officer's Mess, "Hitler and them Naafis may have been bad joes but they sure could build. Just lookit them Calvary Barracks" . . . Disgruntled airman not yet repatted, "I've given the best years of my wife to the Air Force" . . . Distinguished visitors to the station during the past week included G/C Moncrief, former C. O. of 39 Wing and W/C Bannock, top buzz-bomb scorer, once C. O. of 418 City of Edmonton Squadron . . . The Wing's solid front is gradually being broken by postings. This week the scythe swept out many well-know NCOs and pilots, among them the ubiquitous J. Hutchinson. The Wing will miss its O. O. . . Well substantiated rumor hath it that the repatriation mill now rolls swiftly once you enter it. Apparently the R.C.A.F. had its maximum sea transport demands unexpectedly filled and now the problem is to quickly fill the transport with the right bods . . . F/L Knobby Clark, 430 Squadron, has gone to take the No. 3 Fighter Leader's course at Tangmere . . . There are now so many leave centres available to the Wing that the only way to take full advantage of them would be to close down operationally and send everyone . . . Inside Tip: The second volume of Flap is really something worth waiting for. If you are posted, do not neglect to leave your forwarding address and the requisite number of pfennigs with Lac Marsters or Lac Nickerson in the Recce Flash

Sport Shorts

The Recce Softball team will present a somewhat patched line up at 143 Wing. The durable Joe Walker's fiedling and hitting in left field will be missed. Simpson, the regular right field patroller, was away on a course as was Murphy, whose work at 2nd base has been a highlight of the sparkling infield combination. However, the 2nd bag chores were capably handled by Stu. Wortley, a newcomer to the Recce team and a good ball player. Bill Baird, the catcher with the rifle throwing arm, was also unable to make the trip.

5 M.F.P.S. is back with us again and claims a softball team which will make the other section sandlot outfits sit up and take notice. How 'bout that?

Sympathy of the week goes to the 430 Photo boys due to the loss of their little dog "Pep". What has this to do with sports? Well, Pep had a bad habit of chasing balls. During a strenuous game of catch in the hangar the other day, Pep was running and jumping between the two hurlers. Unfortunately, Pep jumped at the wrong time and caught a fast pitch which was too much for a small dog to

office . . . The excellent "browsing and sluicing" at 39 Recce Wing has become a commonplace to us, but is still a source of gratified amazement to our visitors and guests. Let the kitchen staffs know you appreciate them . . . SICNARF

shake off, especially since he caught it between the eyes. Pep was "kaput" and the sorrowing Photo bashers had to administer the last rites. Next day, all 430 boys were observed to be wearing their pants at half mast in honour of the canine catcher.

Sgt. Bud Saunders of 5 M.F.P.S. recently ended his career as a softball umpire, when he was unceremoniously dumped into a canvas water pool by a few players who violently objected to his decisions. This is not intended as a threat to other intrepid callers of the balls and strikes.

Also at 5 M.F.P.S. they have a catcher, Lac. "Noisy" Farewell, who disdains a head mask and is reputed to use his face as a backstop. We've heard of faces that launch ships, stop clocks and now here's one that stops balls. What next?

Rifle Competition

The rifle competition between sections has been postponed for the time being due to the moves of 6400 and 6430; the semi-finals will be run off as soon as 6400 returns. In the meantime any personnel wishing to practise can do so by contacting the Wing Defence Office.

Teams still left in the competition are as follows: 6400, 6 MFPS, Cent. Maint., Flying Control, 6414, Ops and Intell., 5 MFPS.