



## HOMeward BOUND AT LAST

### History Is Reviewed By Recce Flash-Backs

As the last issue of the Recce Flash goes to press we feel that it's time to tell the readers of this great newspaper just how we have managed to dish out the sheet more or less promptly every Saturday for the last ten weeks.

When the Flash was just a brain-child it needed the loving care and attention that only a mother could give. Lacking a mother, the staff did all in its power to bring the first issue of the paper off the press. Since that fateful day, most of the midwives attending the birth have been posted or carried off to the looney-bin, leaving only Doctors Libman, Minter and Grainger who were on hand in the early days. Since then we have received orchids and jealous remarks from other envious and less fortunate, or talented units.

Greatest single factor in producing the premature aged look on the staff can be traced to the "kraut" linotype setters. These worthies were in the habit of correcting a line of type for one error and quickly substituting two new ones. The hiring of a combination interpreter and reporter, one "burger" Velleman, Lac, did much to clear up that bottleneck. The linotypers now make three mistakes per line right off the bat. After two months, the staff of the Luneburger Anzeiger can now say: "Okay Boss... yes?" and the boys of the Recce Flash go about muttering: "Halb-fett und zwei-spaltig versalien".

Low point of our career was the dismal Wednesday when we called in at the press with a fistful of copy to find all the printers gone save for one little old man who wiped off his moustache and sobbed: "It giffs no shtromm".

### Behind The Scenes With The "W-Debs" Starlets

The W-DEBS Company was formed at Rockliffe in March 1944, under the direction of Flight Officer Lola Thompson Davis who left the show a year later.

The production gave several performances in Eastern Canada, then in June of 1944 "went active".

They toured England and Wales twice, covering some 18 000 miles and played to Canadian Army, R.C.A.F. and R.A.F. houses.



ROUGHING IT IN THE E.T.O.: Shown above just getting organized on a few "medium-rares" are the W. DEBS. From left to right: LAW Winnie Kermath, Montreal; LAW Hazel MacDonald, Winnipeg; CPL Kay Campbell, Toronto; SGT Audrey Canty, Ottawa; LAW Doris George, Toronto; LAW Lennie Barlow, Vancouver; CPL Cecie Smith, Winnipeg; LAW Nonie Stockton, Kamloops.

This was translated to mean that the power had failed and the Wing was Flash-less for a week. Incidentally, we had a half-holiday.

The pictures of our "Dancing Girls" required flying trips to Hamburg where more double talk was in order to let the engravers know that our Ginche was sooper-dooper, and needed the best that could be had in the engraving line. We have a suspicion that they thought us a pretty lucky lot, apparently such ginche doesn't grow here.

"Recononsense" in the best Winchell manner brought on late hours and much ferreting for Breezy who is reported to have lost several pounds a week on the job. To those disappointed scribblers who turned in their literary efforts to us, and then cancelled their subscription when the same wasn't set up in print the following week, we can only offer our apologies and point out that last-minute changes on Mad Friday... (make-up day), often called for some pretty drastic cutting. Still and all, the staff is grateful to those co-operative bods who turned in stories and bits of gen without which we might have had to fill most of the paper with want ads for Lugers. While at it, a grateful word of thanks to the changing procession of editors, cartoonists, typists and circulation managers whose help has been most generous and invaluable.

From now on it looks as if the present staff will have to go back to work on their units while back copies of the "Flash" acquire great value as collectors' items. Reliable sources inform us that the first issue is already selling at 66 pfennigs.

So-long fellas. Anybody want to buy a dictionary?

### In Closing...

"This final issue of "Recce Flash" marks another milestone in the history of our Wing. Although only ten issues old this robust youngster has done much to ventilate, as well as circulate ideas within the Wing. The same inter-section co-operation which has proved invaluable in the past has allowed the paper to appear with outward smoothness and regularity. It has been interesting to look forward to each issue knowing that in addition to providing the Wing with information it also filled a gap in our lives.

"Although faced with a change of three editors in as many weeks, Cpl. Libman and his associates have carried on most ably. At this time, when the "Recce Flash" will soon be but a memory, may I take the opportunity of extending my heartiest congratulations and thanks to the editor and staff of "Recce Flash" for the excellent function which they have performed."

Group Captain R. C. A. Waddell, D. S. O., D. F. C.

### Powers That Be Give Latest Gen

Up to the time of going to press very little official gen. was available on the first leg of the homeward trek. By the time this appears in print possibly more details as to time and method may have been announced. Some facts, however, have been definitely established, subject to change without notice in the approved service manner.

It is not considered likely that there will be any postings to other units on the continent before departure. The Wing will move intact with the exception of No 5 MFPS which will go for a time to 121 Wing. The RAF personnel will have various destinies. Some will stay at B156 some go to other units on the continent while still others will accompany the Wing to England for reposting. No 3 Squadron are still waiting for their new accomodation at 124 Wing to be made ready before moving off. The rumor that we are to be joined

by two Squadrons from 143 Wing can be discounted.

39 Wing unlike 127 Wing will travel by road and rail only. When 127 Wing moved, air lifts were provided for some very low number personnel to enable them to catch a trans-Atlantic sailing but this Wing has no men in that category. The port of embarkation is not known but may be Ostend, the Belgian seaside resort town.

Dunsfold, about eight miles from Guildford, in Surrey, is the United Kingdom destination. Guildford is convenient to London by road and rail. At Dunsfold, the Wing goes under canvas in the old familiar fashion and postings out begin. Once the aircraft land at Dunsfold, the Wing's flying is finished. Airmen are generally posted to Torquay and officers to Bournemouth and having arrived at either place your long or short active association with 39 Wing will be ended forever.

### Gold Is Where You Find It Either in Bay St. or Yellowknife

Airmen discharged in Canada will discover a gold mining boom in full progress. The strange thing about this boom is that it is based not on mining but on speculation. To quote Harold Dingman, Toronto journalist, "It's the most illogical, most unorthodox boom in all Canada's spectacular gold-mining history". The speculation is based on the fabulous Yellowknife area where the Dominion Government, to conserve manpower and machinery has actually forbidden mining.

Not wishing to discourage exploration and development in gold mining, however, the Federal government has allowed these activities in various areas and the Yellowknife boom is based solely on this and nothing more. Paper fortunes have and are being made. One Toronto broker bought Giant Yellowknife at ten cents in June 1943 and in June 1944 the market price for the stock, meanwhile admitted to the Toronto Stock Exchange was 10.75 dollars giving him a gross profit of 1,075,000 dollars. This profit was made without an ounce of gold being brought above ground on Giant Yellowknife. The Ontario Securities Commission which permitted the sale of Giant Yellowknife are a little fearful of the Brobdinagnian proportions of what they authorized.

Publicity for Giant Yellowknife claims it "may even beat the Rand". The conservative types like the Toronto Stock Exchange executive manager say that in a few years Giant Yellowknife will either be off the market or up to 100 dollars a share.

On the more solid side of the ledger is this undoubted fact. Gold mining is straining at the leash and is all set to go when the Canadian Government gives the green light. There will be jobs for tens of thousands in the actual

field and in those activities related to gold mining such as transportation. One company has on order from a Buffalo firm two helicopters to be used for aerial exploration.

It all adds up to this for the ex-serviceman. Get into gold mining via the special classes in prospecting run by the Ontario Government or in the new Haileybury Mining Institute. The returns from your labour may not be so spectacular, but they will be steadier than if you give your gratuities to the Bay Street Boys to play with.

### Superb Food, Friendliness Headline Copenhagen Stay

The word that the Wing was "folding" spread through all the hotels in Copenhagen and on Wednesday August 1st at 2.30 p. m., the "A" Party of the City of Toronto Squadron pulled into Luneburg. The Bluebirds arrived at 11 a. m. on Thursday and the "B" Party Saturday afternoon.

All of 400 Squadron from S/L Morton, D. F. C., the Commanding Officer, to AC 2 Plonk the proverbial erk, were unanimous in their high praise of Danish hospitality.

Concerning their attachment to 122 Wing, no complaints other than the usual ones have been made. When Canadians are detached from their home unit, grumbles are always to be expected. The boys from 3 Squadron on the other hand had no "beefs".

Canuck impressions of Copenhagen itself do not vary very much. The city is one of the most beautiful in the world with a wealth of trees and water unsurpassed in this part of the globe. The name Copenhagen means "Ship Harbour" and boats of all sizes are to be seen everywhere.

Social life? The "tired, gleamy eyed" expressions on the returned

### News Briefs

Potsdam Conference closes as President Truman flies to England for his first meeting with King George VI. . . . Field Marshal Sir Harold Alexander to be new Governor-general of Canada . . . Drastic changes in U. S. flying regulations to follow the crash of a Mitchell bomber into the Empire State Building . . . Pierre Laval is being turned over to France by U. S. troops in Austria. . . . Famous British Eighth Army has been disbanded . . . Belsen trials will open in Luneburg in about six weeks' time. . . . The British Liberal party are planning a comeback . . . Canadians are to trade prefabricated houses for British cups and saucers . . .

prodigal sons faces speak for themselves. Food in Denmark has not altered very much from their famous pre-war standard despite 5 years of German occupation. It is still possible to go into a Danish restaurant and order (and receive) steak and mushrooms, 3 eggs and bacon, a whole lobster or any of many other thoroughly succulent dishes. Drinks are a little more difficult to obtain but Schnapps and beer are abundant and Danish whisky and domestic wines are available — for a price!

The prices in Copenhagen restaurants compare with those in Paris and Brussels. However, due to a power shortage, all cafes, night clubs and eating houses close at 9 p. m. This did not curtail 400's social life as Danish hospitality is unequalled on the continent.

Huge volumes could be written about Danish girls. Canadians were received in Copenhagen with "open arms" — even more so than elsewhere on the continent. The girls, about whom not too much can be said, are the most genuinely

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# 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.

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### "But Westward, Look the Sky Is Bright"

The great news which broke on us last weekend that soon the majority of 39 Wing's personnel will be turning their faces westward evokes a great variety of reflections. Soon to end for some of us is that masculine life of messhall, billet and aerodrome. Soon your recreation will be sought on the Main Streets of Canada rather than on the foreign byways of the Old World. No longer will it be necessary to struggle with the intricacies of a foreign tongue or to confine your conversation to kindergarten English. The easy camaraderie and esprit de corps of the squadron will be a thing of the past and it will be necessary to begin adjusting our lives to mesh with the world at home. This world has, in our absence been developing into something which may prove slightly shocking by its unfamiliarity. Both ourselves and the folks at home must needs make rediscoveries and adjustments in our relationships. Be prepared to find the Canada you return to not quite the same Canada that you left.

There have been good friendships and associations formed between the men who worked and fought together from Britain, across the Channel, through the heat and dust of Normandy, the snow and cold of Holland, the mud of Belgium and the desolation of Germany. It will be a pity if these friendships and associations are allowed to lapse. May they often serve as reasons for get-togethers with the beers upon the table and the chatter flowing free. May the training and experiences of military life help make us better and more successful citizens of Canada.

As we turn our backs on poor battered Europe let us be thankful that we have our prosperous provinces to come home to, undamaged by war and faced only by the problems of peace. Finally let us hope that the United Nations Charter born at San Francisco will make it unnecessary for us or our children to see Europe's beaches except as happy tourists.

### A Genuine Grievance

Several letters to the Editor have been received, two of which we reproduce, complaining of the unequal distribution of good times. Always keeping in mind the difference between a privilege and a right and admitting that we are not in uniform primarily for enjoyment, we consider that the complainants have a case. It is probably too late to remedy matters now but it may help to soothe the sense of injustice rankling in the breasts of those who have been left out, to know that someone recognizes and sympathizes with their plight.

If one was with a squadron he got a break in England or Copenhagen. If he or his friends had transport they could dash hither and yon on mysterious missions and break the intolerable monotony. But for the earthbound and deskbound there was no such relief from the monotony of the daily grind and they heard and watched with envy their more fortunate fellows.

But all the foregoing beefs will now be submerged in the greater excitement. We are going home and who knows what unexpected pleasures lie along the way.

## The Bookshelf

### Two Solitudes

(Hugh MacLennan)

A racial problem which the Canadian can appreciate and should try to understand if we are ever to achieve nationhood, is the theme of this splendid novel. The descendants of the seigneurs and habitants along the great river, the money lords whose mansions rise above the trees on Mount Royal's steep slopes, the Maritimes sea captain and the Ottawa politicians weave an intricate pattern across the Eastern Canadian scene. In Mr. MacLennan we have a novelist who is helping Canadian literature to at last come of age.

### Time Must Have an End

(Aldous Huxley)

To any lover of the old master, Huxley's latest will prove slightly disappointing. From "Chrome Yellow" up through "Point Counter Point" to "After Many a Summer", there seemed to be a developing progression. This novel adds nothing new to the Huxley halo. Possibly the vein has been worked out.

### Wingate's Raiders

"Wingate's Raiders", by Charles Rolo, is an extremely interesting account of the Chindits' first expedition into the heart of Japanese occupied Burma.

The struggle for existence in the damp, green gloom of the jungle, colourful oriental panoramas, humour, striking characters, and the thrill and suspense of living in the Shadow of Death, are all vividly portrayed by Mr. Rolo with forceful clarity, and are qualities which make it a first rate war book.

In addition to describing the sabotage activities of the Chindits behind the Japanese lines, the book shows convincingly, how completely Wingate's men mastered the cunning and ruthless methods of jungle warfare.

### HOLD THAT WOMAN

When a certain famous American magazine sent out a questionnaire on "The best way to hold a wife", it received only one answer. The sole reply read: "I found the best way was around the neck, but it should not be overdone. Please note the change of address." The new address was that of a certain mid-western penitentiary.

## Bob Elliott Says...

By Special Carrier Service From Blighty — — —

We went down to the Tangmere Ranges to see "Lighthouse 31" doing some dive bombing. As we rather expected, his aim was not good, and we were able to have a broad laugh at his expense when we met him later on in the dispersal — or was it the bar?

We had several laughs about other things, such as afternoon tea, and being able to understand what everyone was saying for a change, and being able to say "dance" without everyone making comments about goddam limeys.

And although Lighthouse 31 was able to see his wife every weekend, so were we able to see ours.

We told all this to Bob, whom we found in a secluded backwater of the Thames near Maidenhead. We were taking a quiet stroll along the river bank, when the inevitable noise of bawdy singing reached our ears. We followed the sound, as if drawn by some irresistible impulse — V. 16 fluid no doubt.

We came upon it quite suddenly. There it was. The old Mark 31 Hellibarge. On one side was a placard on which was written BOR. This we found out meant Barge Off River, in the same way as VOR means Vehicle Off Road in the Army. On the other side was a placard on which was written BAR. We found out what that meant years ago. We made for IT.

The old, old scene presented itself — the usual gathering of eccentric human beings drinking and occasionally talking. We told Bob that the new word for Ginche in the R. A. F. was Harpey. He reflected on this for a minute, but decided that "To-days piece of Harpey" sounded undignified, and that "Harpey Board, Inc." was quite out of the question. We asked him why he had chosen Maidenhead for his summer cruise, to which he replied that he thought the answer was obvious. It had everything. He had, he said, recently visited Copenhagen, with "the biggest goddam bag of cigarettes you ever saw", and was therefore not lacking in funds, funds being very necessary for the continuation of life in Maidenhead. He said that he expected to remain there until the barge was back on the river, which was likely to be some time, because replacements for the new contra-rotating, semi-jetpropelled constant speed unit were difficult to find. Asked why he was not in Berlin for the Big Three meeting, he said he'd had power politics, and anyway he preferred the delights of the Thames to the fair-haired frauleins of the Unter den Linden. Asked who the pretty girl was, in the scanty bathing suit, sitting on his knee, he said it was none of our damn business. Asked if he could let us have some clothing coupons and a couple of pounds of butter he said yes — at a price. Asked if he would care to make a statement for Recce Flash, he again said yes. Asked who the pretty girl was, in the scanty bathing suit, sitting on his knee — we were struck sharply on the head with an empty gin bottle.

Allright, allright we said, let's have the statement. He stood up, shedding the pretty girl in the scanty bathing suit. After gazing out of the porthole he said pompously, "Bob Elliott says that Lighthouse 31 may have done the map reading exercise in record time, but as a dive bomber pilot, he's the bottom."

He was. Bottom of the class.

\* N. B. F/L Clarke of 430 Sqn, who is at present on a course at Tangmere.



"...Allo Babe-e-e--You Wan' Good Time, Eh?"

## Letters to the Editor

### EDUCATION AND EXPERIENCE

Editor, Recce Flash: For the first time the reading of the "Recce Flash", has left me with a bad taste in my mouth.

Commenting on one of last week's letters, you aptly observed: "Destructive criticism of another man's country is a symptom of limited education and experience". Yet under the heading, "Listening Out", you print the following comment of "Sicnarf", on the British election: "We wonder if the average voter realized as he went to the polls that the eyes of the world were on him. We doubt it. The pity of it is that decisions in America, France, Belgium, Greece, and Spain and many other countries are waiting these results with an incomplete voter's list and an ill-informed electorate."

To describe the British electorate as ill-informed is truly symptomatic of a limited education and experience. The British people are as politically conscious and as well-informed as no other people in the world as anyone with any knowledge and experience of them knows. When those people went to the polls on July 5th, they knew that the eyes of the world were on them. They voted in that knowledge and out of the conviction of long years of political thought and experience. They were not deluded by the red herrings dragged across their paths nor by the tricks so glaringly played to frighten and deceive them.

It remains to be seen whether the Members elected can discharge the burdens which have been laid upon them. But let those of limited education and experience from other countries rid their minds now, once and for all, of the impression that the results of this election in Great Britain were due to the electorate being ill-informed or unconscious of the responsibilities of their country to the world at large.

As for the voter's list, any person of education and experience is aware that no voter's list in any country is ever complete. The number of British Electors deprived of their votes by some omission in this respect was manifestly insignificant. In any case wasn't this voter's list prepared by, or for the defeated party?

Harold S. Day S/L

— Sicnarf slightly startled by the weighty condemnation, diffidently points out that political consciousness is of doubtful value when informed or bedeviled by a partisan press each member newspaper of which flatly contradicts the other. All party organs however seemed unanimous on the inevitable incompleteness of the voter's list due to evacuation and enlistments. —Ed.

### W-Debs Appreciated

Editor, Recce Flash:

Usually when I write you a letter I moan and groan. This time I sing a song of praise. Thanks to a thoughtful SLA, or whoever was responsible, for seeing to it that the females in the W-DEB show appeared elsewhere besides the Officers' Mess.

Three receptions, one in the airmens mess, one in the Sergeants Mess, and one in the Officers' Mess proved very satisfactory to everyone; maybe even the gals.

Everything taken into account they were the swiftest bunch of kids on stage and off ever to hit the wing.

Sgt. "Beef" Hannigan.

### Voice of the Forgotten Men

Editor, Recce Flash:

I see by Recce Flash that all contri-

## Little Denny's Dope Book

Aftur hour enokulashuns wee wear aloud tue sleep inn qwite late the necks dae. Inn fakt itt wuz es late es 0600 hours. Tue-dey wee are goin too git hour nue unifourms. Sum uv dose hi ofishuls got us all inn e strate line end then the prade begun, I waked inn the dore end e gy throo e pare uv pantz inn mi fase end tolled mee not too stend arond so much but too git goin. Stil another gy thre mee e tunik end so downe the line i went. In mi pokets i hed the following stuff, pare uv shoo lases, e come, e shoo brush, teeth brush, buton brush, hare brush, bbton stik bras butons, howsewive (blond), razor blades, shafin brush end meny uther thinks. Et the end uv itt al they gav mee e kitt bag.

I rushud tue mi bunk tue trie mi nue stuf on. I kut mi hends onn the razor blades i hed inn mi poket but i didnt mind maibeet-wuzbecuz i hed seferul uthir fingurs. The pants i hed onn fited purfektly. Al it needud wuz 10 inches ov the botom end 8 inches frum round the waste. U ken alwase reconize mee on kamp bi mi smartley talored owtfitt.

I hev tue goe now becuz i promized F's Tracer thet i wood tri end git him sum prop wash.

yours Truly Denny.

butions are still being gratefully accepted. We, as a bunch of browned-off airmen have a big beef, which we hope will register home.

All the echelon boys have been getting a lot of publicity on the grand times being enjoyed by all in their present surroundings. We do not begrudge them these good times, but is it necessary to publicize it to the extent that H. Q. boys not only know who are getting all the breaks but go as far as to doubt whether or not the Ech. Corps ever put in as many hours as the average H. Q. Joe. But of course, undoubtedly everyone thinks he has worked office hours — 9 to 4 — throughout the war. Just when does the backbone, or maybe better yet "skeleton" of 39 Recce Wing start getting the breaks???

Very Disgusted!

The eleventh-hour cudgels are being taken up for you in this issue. — Ed.

### A Legitimate Beef

Editor, Recce Flash:

We have been reading in your last few editions about the good times the guys from the echelons have had, and are having in various places of leisure. We don't think that they have earned this any more than the rest of us, and we figure it's just about time that H. Q. got a few breaks. What do you think Ed?

P. S. — We have put in just as many hours as the rest of the guys on the wing... Four Browned-Off Joes. ... See the Editorial Column. — Ed.

# Recononsense

By Breezy

**DROME TROTTING:** F/Lt. Thompson of 55060, CB, MSU (wotta bloody long name for a sparks outfit) informs "Breezy" that he has been hit very hard on account of all the repats — He wishes all repats Godspeed — Figures the sooner they're home the more chance we have of seeing Canada before VJ day . . . One of many RFC's (Recce Flash Cross) awarded this week goes to F/Lt. Thompson for managing to fill all his leave vacancies despite postings, wars, and what have you. That's the idea — get the boys away for a little rest . . . For days now, certain bods have tried, by fair means and foul to locate the person responsible for the open air weema'-hours broadcasts in the form of "Midnight in Munich". T'other night "Alex the dentist" found the varmints in suite 25, Barrack Block 8 . . . Slim Kinnear informs me that he has been threatened with a quick dunk in a "Sporta" pool if Johnny Kerr's AFN show doesn't quieten down a little . . . A few days ago an operator on the R/T link noticed that communication though good, wasnt perfect. Later in the day the cause was discovered. The aerial was severed and trailing on the ground. Theoretically transmission should have been nil-yet; — radio, ever the mysterious . . . One for the book: the "Flap" staff, busily burning the midnight erl, is reported to have refused leaves and 48's while they enter the home stretch on the production job of the slickest souvenir magazine on the continent. What do they get for their hard work at Journey's End . . .

**GENERALLY SPEAKIN':** Bob Evans at 5 M. F. P. S. says that the war's end should improve the quality of photographic paper. "Now they can put the rubber back in the paper to give it a little more snap," he says . . . We heard that the opening of the Lido Club caused a monstrous queue. The boys were waiting their turns to take in the showers when the NAAFI van drove up and started a bang-on sale of "wads and char" . . . By way of blowing our own horn: Recce Flash is really getting around these days. Circulation spreads from Munich to Montreal and from Hollywood to Potsdam. (President Truman had his lunch wrapped in a Recce Flash dated July 21) . . . Some of our readers are to be found in Mil. Gov. and by way of interest we note that all back copies of the "Flash" were found in the possession of a German civilian fifty miles away . . . When Hirohito writes asking for back copies we'll tell him, "So sorry pliz — no Lecky Flesh" . . . T. T. F. N. to Sigs officer Frank Parsons and "HY-ALL" to F/L Trip Tipple, 5 ft. 16 of vertically polarized radio activity and a helluva repat number. "Tip" describes himself as that, so who are we to quibble . . .

**RAMBLING NOTES:** From a letter received by one of Breezy's chums we quote this priceless gem: "We enjoyed reading your magazine very much. There was a lot of beautiful photography in it which I suppose is natural considering you're with a Recce Squadron. We are still undecided (after several readings) as to what "GINCHE" consists of; is it cheese-cake, daily routine rumours, official boners or the latest story about the travelling salesman and the farmer's daughter? Please write and solve our problem Dear Miss Dix" . . . In order to solve the lady's problem Breezy enlightens: Ginche from the Latin ginchamus; translated loosely it means "lush goils" — the type bushed airmen speak about . . . After the rains came and went a few days ago we met Padre Dumphy sitting in a very soggy jeep scratching his wise head. "By Gadfrey," he said "should I bail it out or just bale out" . . .

**DID'JA KNOW:** The first six airmen brought up on "the carpet" for fratting, (this of course was before the ban was dropped), offered the following tale as their excuse: The Province of Hanover was the property of the British Crown during the reign of George, MK 3. The land was given back to the Germans by Queen Victoria. Today in Lüneburg there are still some citizens whose great-grandparents were Britishers . . . "So you see Sir, we were only fratting with Limeys all the time" . . . Have youse guys ever noticed the church with the leaning tower in Lüneburg? Apparently it was built by one of Germany's leading architect's during Bach's time. When the Holy edifice was completed the architect stepped back to admire his masterpiece . . . His eyes popped as he observed with horror that his beautiful l'il church leaned. He entered the House of Prayer, climbed to the top of the tower and with no ceremony whatsoever leaped to his death. **MORAL** (every story should have one) "A leaner is good to the last drop" . . . For the sake of all nervous types — Breezy explains that all the banging going on in the bushes surrounding the camp can be attributed to a keen mob of "Bomb Disposal" types, and not Jap infiltration patrols . . .

**DROME TID-BITS:** The boys of 6414 promise Cpl. Warren's canine friend- "Flap", a premature death if he continues to play havoc with their laundry bundles . . . Apparently the playful little black — — chews up the chits attached and when the laundry comes back a battle royal ensues! Good thing we're shovin' off eh Flap . . . An unposted plumber (honest fellas, that's how he signs his stuff) informs me that roll-calls are no longer necessary in Maintenance. "Robby", lone senior N. C. O., just takes a quick look around and then the boys go to work; fifteen for two, and one for his nob — — work — hah . . . Down in Brussels on duty Kaycee remembered his boys and brought back a lovely engraved medallion for each of his assistants . . . Really grand looking things but then Kaycee was always a grand guy, eh fellas (You Got That Square) . . .

Our Japanese correspondent Baggy-Aggie from Nagasaki informs us that after a recent Super-Fortress fire bomb raid many Nips were dashing about the streets shouting, "Holy smoke, Holy smoke" . . . Seems several fire bombs hit the Hon. Imperial Palace. "Too bed-so sed" . . .

**BREEZY'S HONOUR LIST:** As "Break Up" time approaches (on the double), 5 M. F. P. S. asked Breezy to pass on their thanks to the Station Laundry for the excellent services rendered . . . On reconsidering however Breezy has decided to go further and offer each of the "Rinso-Boys" an immediate R. F. C. (Recce Flash Cross) . . . R. F. C's also go to F/S "Tom-Job" Tracey of stores; Cpl. Stockton bully beef basher; Lac's "Elly" Elliott and Johnny Nasvadi shoe makers, each of the postal boys, and each of the mechanical cow-punchers. Like the proverbial elephant Breezy doesn't forget — You've done a grand job fellas . . .

## Wild Life Notes...

The Emtee Wallah

There has been a great deal of speculation in scientific circles on the genus "Emtee Wallah," one of the many subspecies of the group "Erk".

Recent researches have disclosed that the "Emtee Wallah" is not provided with wheels and a cab. It has been conclusively proven that this condition obtains only under certain situations; and that the part with the four wheels is properly known as the verricle (spelt "vehicle") and that the true Wallah can be separated from the verricle at certain times.

The Wallah has certain characteristics, among which may be noted an uncontrollable urge to go from heah to theah in the shortest possible time. On this account, the mortal enemy of the Wallah is the speed MP. The latter, provided with a motorbicycle is not very popular and is usually known by an unprintable term, not very scientific. It has been shown elsewhere that the speed MP has two parents.

Another peculiarity of "Emtee Wallahs" is a list to port or starboard of the upper part known as the head. This is the unhappy result of driving verricles with a left hand drive on right hand roads and vice versa.

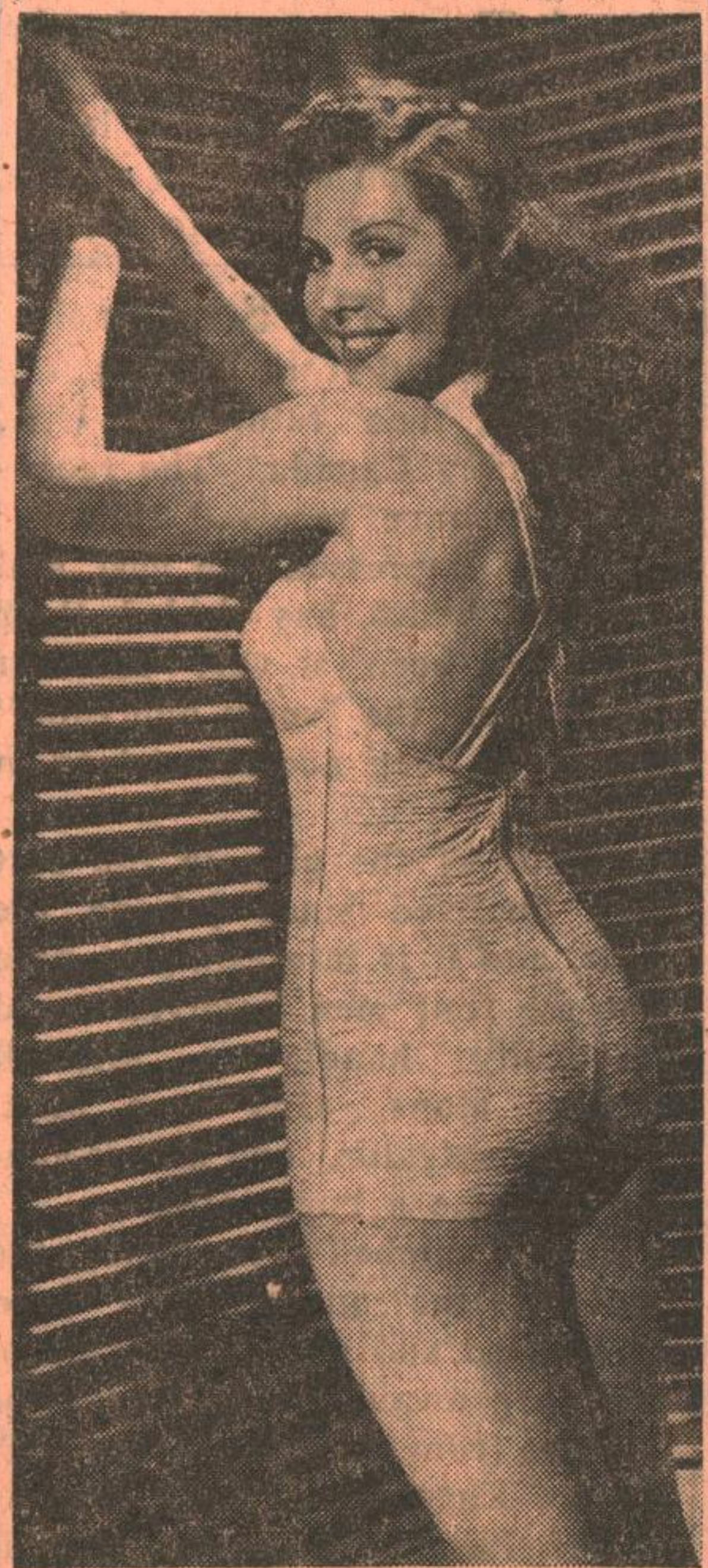
Wallahs are divided into three groups; the three tonners, the fifteen hundredweights and a semi-flying version known as the "Yeep". Enterprising Wallahs have tried to fly the other and heavier versions without much success . . .

When the verricle is pried loose from the telegraph pole it is brought in a basket to the subgroup known as the "Emtee Fitter". The Fitter, it is reported by reliable observers, takes all the parts out of the basket, spreads them out into the sun to dry and puts them together again. What is left over is turned into yeeps.

King of the "Emtee Wallahs" is the "Dispatcher". Seated in a crystal and chromium enclosure, he rules the disposal of verricles which ride from heah to theah. Lesser species who wish to make use of a Wallah and verricle bring costly gifts of myrrh and wrist-watches to obtain favours from the Dispatcher.

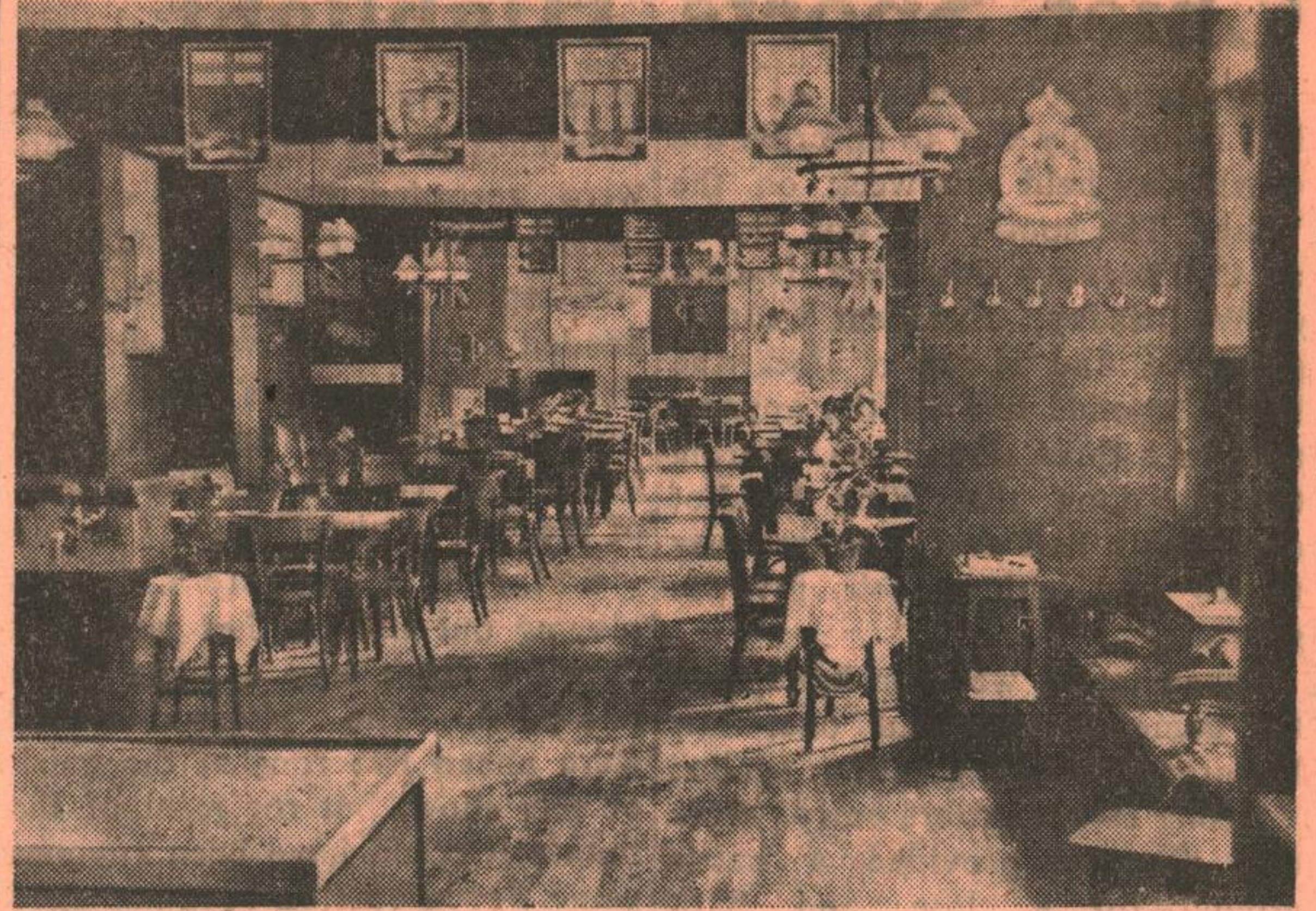
Heard After THE Air-Raid: "Gee it feels good to be half alive."

### PRIZE LOOT



Shapely Ann Miller has been voted "The Girl We'd Like Most to Stow Away in Our Kit-bag and Take Home" by the repat-conscious boys of 39 Wing.

## The Reccemen's El Morocco!



All the comforts of a slick nite club including pukka table cloths — food and cokes are provided in the dining room of the 39 Club in Lüneburg while the boys tuck away to the sweet music of a Choiman Band.

## Jimmy Davis

Everybody knew him as "Jimmy", which goes a long way to indicate how popular he was. Dates and statements concerning "Jimmy's" career in civil and military life could be set down in great length, but they would not even begin to tell us about him. "Jimmy" had a friendly cheerful disposition; he was thoughtful and sincere, and is missed very much by the many, many friends he made in his much too short life.

His home was in Toronto. He was educated in East Toronto and attended Riverdale Collegiate. His civilian occupation was electrician. "Jimmy" was twenty-three years young.

On Sept. 10th, 1940 he enlisted in the R. C. A. F. as an Air-Gunner. Upon successful completion of his course he was posted to Eastern Air Command, where he carried out a tour of operations. Only then was he granted his original wish, and was remustered to a pilot. Feb. 18th 1934 he was commissioned as a pilot. He was married on the 21st of Feb. 1944, and his wife resides at 28 Parkfield Ave., Toronto.

"Jimmy" was a good pilot, and a most valuable person to 414 Squadron. Because of his cheerful disposition alone one could not help but like him.

He lost his life while leading a formation from Eindhoven to Lüneburg on an operational flight. Due to bad weather conditions "Jimmy" was forced into a sudden turn at 10000 feet, after the formation had been forced to break up. That was the last seen of him until the wreckage of his plane was found many days later. His body is buried at Ammeloe, Germany, quite close to the Dutch border.

Our sincere sympathy goes to Mrs. Davis, his widow in Toronto. Our memory will always hold the brightest image of a "real" man, and a genuine friend who did all he could (and that was much indeed) in helping to rid the world of hate, oppression and cruelties.

### Classified Ads

**For Sale**  
One complete kit, Airman for the use of. What offers? Space needed for booty. Lac Grabbitt, Room 96 B. B. 143.

**Help Wanted.**  
One Wehrmacht soldier, utility model, for carrying airman's kit and spoils on and off trucks, aircraft, trains and BOAT. Will pay three cans bully beef for return passage. Only strong-backed, weakminded need apply.

P/O S. Sack. Fliegerhorst.

## Paddy Elliott

News of a tragic nature came to 6 M. F. P. S. last weekend when word was received from the rest camp at Ostseebad Scharbeutz, that popular Lac. "Paddy" Elliot had met death by drowning.

In the company of Lac. P. Misk, and Cpl. J. Gilbert, "Paddy" left Lüneburg on Friday July 27 to go to the popular resort camp up on the Baltic.

Late Saturday afternoon, the three friends went to the beach,

where Elliot went for a swim, while his friends enjoyed the sunny beach sand. On returning from his swim Paddy announced that he and a friend intended to go for a ride in one of the rubber dinghys available on the beach.



Elliott

A stiff off-shore breeze carried them out, and in a few minutes it was apparent to those on shore that Paddy and his friend were making an effort to get back. The onlookers on the beach sensed trouble and a launch was sent to the rescue. After completing half the trip a lack of gas was discovered and it was necessary to return without completing the rescue. A second trip was made, and when the dinghy was overtaken, it was empty.

Elliott was in his 24th year, and a native of Ottawa. His mother, Mrs. Jane Ann Elliot resides at 16 Edina St. in that city. He was a Roman Catholic in faith. From separate School he went to St. Pats College in Ottawa, and prior to enlisting he worked in the Irish Embassy. He joined the R.C.A.F. in May 1943, as a photographer, and came overseas in May 1944, to join 6 M.F.P.S. He conducted his duties well, and his cheerful attitude won him many friends.

Efforts to locate his body have to date been unsuccessful. The body of his companion was washed ashore Sunday morning.

## Shucks! Fancy Meeting You Here

The spot where Field Marshal Montgomery received the surrender from the German High Command was the scene of a happy reunion on Sunday afternoon when Sgt. Audrey Canty of Ottawa singer and dancer in the W. Debs Show met Lac Miene an old school chum from Ottawa. "This is amazing meeting you at this historic spot," said Sgt. Canty when she saw Lac Miene. "The last time I saw you was at my very own home in Ottawa in July 1940."

(Ottawa papers please copy)

## Softball Tournament Is Chief Sports Highlight

A "bang on" afternoon of softball is the only way to describe the sports day held this week on the Wing. The sports day was moved up to Thursday this week, instead of Wednesday. Excellent weather prevailed and at two o'clock the ball diamonds had all the appearance of a three ring circus. During the afternoon the Wing Sandlot enthusiasts had every opportunity to see and enjoy their favorite sport.

Seven teams were on hand, and the game on diamond one, saw Maintenance taking action against a strong Headquarters entry. Another diamond provided a battle ground for a close and hard fought game between Signals and Flying Control. On still another Sandlot six M. F. P. S. were busily trying to cope with the offerings of 6414 S. E. Results of these games were Headquarters, 12; Maintenance, 9; Signals, 11; Flying Control, 8; 6 M. F. P. S., 7; 6414 S. E., 2. To climax the afternoon, 5 M. F. P. S. challenged Headquarters. This was the surprise battle of the day. The "Mufpa" boys were never in trouble and as the game progressed they amassed a total of 14 runs to Headquarters' 7.

The game between Headquarters and Maintenance was a see-saw affair throughout. Rober pitching for Maintenance turned in the steadiest effort in his department. Cairns hurled for Headquarters and was hard pressed in all seven frames as he allowed the Maintenance crew to get aboard the base lines 27 times. An even dozen of these were of the free ticket type. However his team mates combined an effective game in the field with some good base running during their 18 times on the sacks to convert the game into a win. Alexander and Haffey each connected for the circuit route during Headquarters turn at bat. Simpson got a homer for Maintenance during their half of the third.

While the above mentioned teams were battling it out, Signals and Flying Control were also at each others throats in as close a game as was seen during the afternoon. Signals got twenty-two men on base whereas Flying Control only managed to get seventeen on. In the fielding department Signals came through with a slight margin

of superiority to make the telling difference in the score. No homers were recorded by either of the teams. In runs earned by Signals-Greenspoon, Snell and Cameron headed the list with two each. Tinline got home three times for Flying Control, and Misener brought in two to top the efforts of the "verey pistol" lads.

6 M. F. P. S. and 6414 S. E. were playing out still another game and here the score was a little more one-sided. The "photo bashers" were ahead five runs at the finish of this show, but for most of the fixture it could have been anyones game. Seven echelon boys managed to get on base but of these only two were able to end up in the pay-off position. Gagnon pitched for 6414 and allowed fifteen "picture makers" to get on base; these lads managed to get around for seven counters. The M. F. P. S. boys really capitalized in what proved to be the fatal seventh for 6414 as they gathered in six runs.

## Photo Bashers Defeat H.Q.

5 M.F.P.S. were on hand early in the afternoon but as there was no spare team on hand it was decided that they would play the winner of the Headquarters versus Maintenance tilt.

Number 5's boys really went into action the second time at bat and started a hitting spree that netted them fourteen runs during the game. At the same time they managed to hold the highly touted Headquarters team to seven runs. Slater, pitching for the winners, held his opponents to scattered hits. He played a peppy infield game, got on base four out five times at bat and tallied a homer which paid-off for three runs in the second inning. Luterbeck, playing short stop for the winners got top honors in runs, bringing home the bacon four times out of five tries. The boys from Headquarters however had played a previous game and seemed to wilt from the efforts of the photographers. Whortley gathered in three runs for the losers, one of which was a homer. This was Number 5's debut in any of the Wing's ball activities.

## W-Debs Show Successful In Three Night Stand Here

The all Canuck, nearly all female W-DEB show entertained the Wing for three consecutive evenings this week with a fast-moving, sparkling revue.

In our opinion the two star performers were little Katy Campbell, whose treatment of the Basin style jive was terrific, and Audrey Canty, tall versatile blonde who sings, dances, and acts in a way which seems to cry out, "Broadway, here I come."

Some very clever colourful dance routines brought such Canadian starlets as Doris George, Hazel MacDonald, Nonie Stockton and Phyllis (Cecie) Smith before 39 Wings' footlights.

Several clever "black-out" skits and "walk-ons" helped to tie the major numbers together. The "Tea Shoppe" skit was stolen by the trim little waitress, Lennie Barlow, who for my money typified the "White Spot" service help found at home. Accordion and violin solos by Winnie Kermath and Doreen Allen respectively, combined to bring the needed touch of music to the revue, which when all added up, made on of the best evenings' entertainment presented here in a long time.

Lacking an orchestra, the accompaniment music was provided by

two new pianists, F/O Bill Russell of Montreal, and Lac Roy Taylor of Hamilton. Each pianist gave out with a specialty solo during the performance, drawing attention to the fact that these lads could do more than accompany stage numbers.

The two pianists who were with the cast until they recently became repat cases were Sgt. Neil Chytem, one of Canada's leading concert pianists who arranged the musical score for the show, and F/Sgt. Ken Bray.

Despite rather inferior staging facilities for a production of this type, stage manager Cliff Briggs, of Detroit, and his crew Jim Haining from Cornwall, electrician, and Jerry Coulliard and Stan Rowden, (drivers who double as stage hands), managed lighting and scene changes without any hitches.

The entire, smooth, pleasing presentation is under the direction of Flight Officer Jane Gage, of Montreal.

Flap, fascinating, scintillating W. D. attached to 414 Photo Section, has been discharged and was immediately sworn into the CWAC by Capt. LeBeuf. She has been granted a commission as a second lieutenant and posted to 255 Mobile Dental Unit



Now that we are looking our last on Luneburg, our historical research department has uncovered some interesting facts about the old town. While this part of Germany was under the sovereignty of the Kings of England in the eighteenth century, as part of their Hanoverian patrimony, settlers from here were brought to Nova Scotia and founded another Lunenburg there. The German name was formerly spelled with the "N" which the Nova Scotia town has preserved. The antiquity of the German Luneburg can be judged from the Rathaus erected in 1320.

Trials of the Beast of Belsen and his staff are due to start in Luneburg on August 12 but Recce Flash will not be able to cover this event.

Our move is coming just in time. Hamburg is now out of bounds to Canadians and improperly dressed and weaponless personnel are threatening to curtail our Luneburg privileges.

Mr. Churchill has declined the consolation prize of the Order of the Garter. His fame rests on too secure a footing to require bolstering.

Canada Steamship Lines founders must be whirling in their graves. British newspapers called their famous Hamonic which burned at Sarnia dock an American vessel.

Goering is reported to be nervous of thunderstorms. One big noise resenting another we suppose.

Flying Control was all alert on Tuesday to capture Pierre Laval reported heading this way from Barcelona but their chance for immortality faded when the Junkers 88 landed in the American sector.

Field Marshal Sir Harold Alexander's appointment to the Governor-generalship of Canada is a happy choice. A wise man in his own right is not likely to do a Byng.

Pity the poor planeless passengerless pilot. F/O Wilson and crew, RAFTC, joined us six some weeks ago destined to ferry around a big general. For weeks they lacked an aircraft now they lack a general. The press reports that he has been posted from his job and gone on three month's sick leave. This leaves them up in the air but not the way they want to be.

## Behind The Scenes

(Continued from Page 1) six weeks, then return to U.K. and possibly Canada. The reception they have received thus far has truly impressed the cast and the food which has tickled their palate has been a very pleasant change from the "spam and chips" they have been accustomed to in Blighty.

Four of the girls in the cast have married since joining the show, and it is interesting to note that the four men involved could practically handle a Mitchell Bomber alone. One is a pilot, one a navigator, one an air-gunner and one a bomb aimer.

Katy Campbell's husband, the pilot of the quartet, has been repatriated and is now a civvie in Winnipeg awaiting the return of his wife from the "Active Service" front. Katy incidentally is nicknamed Parrot-eyes - - or is it Para-dise?

Flight Officer Gage has acquired a canine companion since arriving

## 39 Wing Duo Cop Honors In Aquatic Events

July 27th saw several 39 Wing "hopefuls" travelling in the direction of Hamburg, to take part in a swim meet which was held in the Olympic Stadium Grounds, of the now "bomb torn" city.

Winners, and second placers in these events are to travel to Bournemouth, England, where they will enter, along with the fast company of other overseas R. C. A. F. units, in a tournament to be held there. Two 39 Wingers managed to get in the honor positions, having brought home to us a first in the diving competitions, and a second in the 220 metre free style event.

The happy lads who brought home the bacon were none other than Lac W. Doucette, 6414 "photo basher", who got a first in the spring-board events, and Lac N. Liberio, of the Equipment section, who paced a large entry to come second in the free-style 220 metre dash. The swim meet to be held in Bournemouth, will take place on August 4th, (today) and the "39 twosome" left last Wednesday to be on hand for it.

Other entries from the Wing, who took part in the Hamburg meet, were F/S Doug Baker of 5 M. F. P. S. who entered the 50 metre free-style, and the relay event. Lac Pete Day entered the breast stroke, and placed fourth. The Wing placed third in the relay, which provided a lot of laughs. It seems the boys forgot to take along any of their scrounge compasses, and had difficulty in setting a course that was accurate. Several crossings of the pool were made during their attempts to get down the length of the magnificent 100 metre pool. The boys were impressed with the Olympic - its long pool eleven lanes wide, and equipped with catchy diving apparatus.

in the Fourth Reich and the little one has been christened Limbo and already nicknamed Bimbo; Limbo-Bimbo has a mania for milk and bread with a raw egg thrown in for added vitamins. Expensive wot!

By the way--should one of the four husbands mentioned get hold of this Flash, believe me your wife is being very faithful to you. Ouch--my cheek still hurts!

Some one in the cast told me never to call La Smith Celeste, but I cant figure out why. Should one of my inebriate readers be interested, Nonie Stockton, the original French 75 kid, informs me that champagne and gin when mixed give one that ultra-gay feeling . . . Only fooling kids--You were all swell.

by — PEEK.

## Flap Report Promising

The date for the publication of "Flap" Magazine has been set for late August and the deadlines have been arranged with that time in view. Thus it may be possible that the Wing will pull out before the magazine comes off the press.

In that case, the staff of the magazine has volunteered to stay behind with their "problem child" and see the job through to the bitter end. Advance notices from the editor state, that to put it briefly, "Flap" will be terrific. A great many difficulties have been encountered and overcome, including the problem of keeping a staff of artists, writers and layout men one jump ahead of the printers and engravers.

Pilots have flown across the face of Europe in the search for paper good enough for 39 Wing's souvenir magazine, and special colour film runs were laid on to Brussels to speed up that part of the work. At one time there were no less than three trucks and two aircraft laid on during the same day to run errands in order to make certain that we should have a magazine worthy of the Wing.

When the unit moves to Blighty, the "rearguard" will catch up as soon as possible and "Flap" will be distributed. We are remembering our allies, so if all the units who have been attached to the Wing will turn in a nominal roll of their personnel (as of VE Day) to the Recce Flash office, a copy will be mailed to each man involved. Men from the Wing left behind in Germany will also get their copies. Those lucky bods posted to Canada need not worry, since Records will have their forwarding address and copies will be sent on to them.

The Wing, no matter where it may be, is anxiously awaiting the day when some dusty figures will come on the field with the cry:—"Come and get your 'Flap' here. It's free!"

## Superb Food

(Continued from Page 1) beautiful and friendly in all of Europe.

Your reporter approached two "fagged out" airmen recently returned from Copenhagen and asked them what stood out in their memory, more than anything, of their trip to Denmark. The One Airman opened his eyes as the other said, "Bicycles, blondes and bosoms". His friend said, "Got a smoke Buddy?" Need we say more!

Coming!

