

Request:

Please refrain from landing
Aircraft on back.

Reconnaissance

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF NO. 4 SERVICE FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL, SASKATOON

THE WEATHER:

Do you like it better in the
winter or the country?

VOL. 1, NO. 3.

SASKATOON, SASKATCHEWAN

MARCH 19, 1941

Many See Course 17 Get Wings

Kingston Pilot Leads the Class With Special Distinction

Fifty-two students of Course 17 received their Wings from Group Captain A. D. Bell-Irving at the Station's fifth wings parade held in Hangar Four last Monday afternoon. A large number of relatives and friends were present to see the youthful airmen get their badge of air proficiency, and the parade turned out to be one of the smartest yet seen on this Station.

Leading the class with the only "Special Distinction" of the Course was L.A.C.—now Sergeant and perhaps soon Pilot Officer—D. E. Noonan, from Kingston, Ontario. Noonan before joining the Air Force was a student at Queens University and spent his vacations working with construction companies in Nova Scotia and Northern Ontario.

Before presenting the Wings to the graduates Group Captain Bell-Irving formally thanked Squadron Leader Roy Gross, Flight Lieutenant C. J. Fee, Flight Lieutenant John McKnight and Flight Lieutenant L. A. Harling for their work in turning out Course 17 on schedule in spite of numerous difficulties. Following the Parade tea was served to the graduates in the Recreation Hall by members of the Air Force Ladies' Auxiliary.

The Course 17 graduates are as follows:

Noonan, D. E., Special Distinction, Kingston, Ont.; Cronk, J. R., Distinguished Pass, Toronto, Ont.; McCutcheon, J. T., Distinguished Pass, Hudson, Que.; Williams, C. F., Distinguished Pass, Ottawa, Ont.; Shorrock, F. W., Distinguished Pass, Wellington, Vancouver I.; Fleming, G. H., Distinguished Pass, Owen Sound, Ont.; Elliott, J. G., Distinguished Pass, Montreal, Que.; Ward, R. D., Distinguished Pass, Cupar, Sask.; Francey, G. G., Distinguished Pass, Kitchener, Ont.; Alexander, A. E., Distinguished Pass, Vancouver, B.C.; Gagnon, L. E., Distinguished Pass, Vancouver, B.C.; Cotterill, S. H. R., Distinguished Pass, Beamsville, Ont.; Williams, D. W., Verdun, Que.; Dodd, W. G., Grandview, Man.; Boswell, F. P., Montgomery, Alabama; Frizzle, L. P., Berwick, N.S.; MacDonald, G. W., Wingham, Alta.; Keefer, R. G., Westmount, Que.; Schofield, T., Montreal, Que.; Kenmuir, R. C., Vancouver, B.C.; O'Brien, W. L. S., Montreal, Que.; Marcotte, H. A. J., Montreal, Que.; Laing, G. A., Kirkland Lake, Ont.; Hore, A. E., Brampton, Ont.; Asselin, E. T., Westmount, Que.; McCormack, J., Toronto, Ont.; Carter, W. G., Toronto, Ont.; Ellison, T., Vancouver, B.C.; McLennan, A. N., Glenridge, New Jersey, U.S.A.; Dawson, J. F. B., Montreal, Que.; Lane, G. V., San Antonio, Texas; Johnston, J. P. S., St. Vital, Man.; Heard, J. W. H., Vancouver, B.C.; Hamm, J., Aberdeen, Sask.; Cottier, T. G., Antigua Dog Mills, Ramsay, Isle of Man, England; McAvity, H. K., Rothesay, N.B.; Lord, F. G., Winnipeg, Man.; Rossen, G. W., Toronto, Ont.; Park, E. A., Ottawa, Ont.; McKay, J. A., Vancouver, B.C.; Kar-

Oh, Sure, This Won't Hurt...



We don't guarantee this to be an everyday scene around the Dental Clinic, but this is what it looked like when Cameraman Galloway of the Photo Section dropped in the other day. In the chair is the victim, A.C.2 Hepburn of Tech Stores. From left to right around him are Lieutenant Jackson,

groping blindly with the drill, Pte. George Collicutt with the cleanser tin, Sergeant Cordner with the anesthetic hammer, Sergt. Newton Mason preparing to insert the new plates, and Nursing Sister Ruby McSorley, providing the much needed sympathy and moral support.

Further Dauphin Postings Take Popular Instructors

YOUR DAILY BUS SCHEDULE

Lv. Hotel Senator	Leave Airport
6.15 a.m.	6.45 a.m.
7.00 a.m.	7.30 a.m.
7.45 a.m.	8.15 a.m.
8.30 a.m.	9.15 a.m.
12.15 p.m. Sat. only	
12.45 p.m.	1.15 p.m.
4.30 p.m.	4.45 p.m.
5.00 p.m.	5.15 p.m.
5.30 p.m.	5.45 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	6.15 p.m.
6.30 p.m.	6.45 p.m.
7.00 p.m.	7.15 p.m.
7.30 p.m.	7.45 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	10.15 p.m.
10.30 p.m.	10.45 p.m.
11.00 p.m.	11.15 p.m.
11.45 p.m.	12.00 p.m.

Four more flying instructors of No. 4 S.F.T.S. have been transferred to the school at Dauphin, Manitoba, it was announced from the office of the Station Adjutant on Monday. Two are officers, F.O. Doug Macklin of "H" Flight, and F.O. Clyde Marshall of "E" Flight, and two sergeant pilots, Sgt. P. L. Gibbs of "G" Flight and Sgt. E. F. Ashdown of "H" Flight. They will report to Dauphin next Monday.

Flying Officer Macklin has been on the Station almost since its inception. Before the war started Doug was a fairly stalwart pillar of Sarnia, Ont., where he divided his time between barnstorming, flying commercial jobs here and there, and running a florist shop on the side. In the Air Force his ability to imitate Donald Duck, his genius for funny stories and his deft handling of an accordion earned him the popularity of the entire station and the adoration of a large section of the civilian population of Saskatchewan.

For Flying Officer Clyde Marshall the transfer will prove something of an extension to a honeymoon, for it was only a week ago that Mr. Marshall arrived back from leave with a charming bride. Both F.O. and Mrs. Marshall are looking forward to a pleasant summer in their new surroundings.

Sgt. Gibbs and Sgt. Ashdown are comparatively recent additions to our Station, but already they have come to fit in well with their fellows and their posting to Dauphin will be regretted around the Flights. Good luck and happy landings!

Please Send in Your News Items

Reconnaissance not being a daily paper, it is rather difficult to publish coming events as they are not usually known far enough in advance to meet publication dates. We do, however, like to report all station happenings, and persons with any volunteer information as to the "doings" on the station could render a service by dropping in with the news. Any special coming events should also be sent in, and will be used whenever the dates make it possible.

Seeking Staff Far Paper

All station personnel interested in newspaper work are invited to attend a staff formation meeting on Thursday, March 20, 1941, at 8 p.m. (20-3-41 at 20.00 hours) in the office of the Accountant Officer in the Administration Building.

Airmen with previous experience are especially invited to attend and all those with the desire to help make Reconnaissance the paper it should and can be, will be most welcome. Remember, it is your paper and the success or failure depends on you.

R. A. F. Say Canada Is Chilly Spot

Station Arrivals Express Opinions About Things In General

"Canada is a bloody big country and damn cold," is the first impression of one of the party of Royal Air Force airmen who arrived at No. 4 S.F.T.S. last week direct from England. Some of them are a little disappointed at not finding any Redskins cavorting about the Prairies, but most of them are united in the opinion that "Saskatoon is a damn fine place to spend a reveille pass."

The entire group voice genuine optimism over the outcome of the war, and are loud in their praise for the heroism and courage of those they left at home holding the fort. Their courage and spirit, they are convinced, is the kind of stuff that will finally lick Hitler, and every bomb he drops is serving only to harden Britain for the final big push and victory.

The group landing in Saskatoon offers a cross section of the people of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. Here is their personal story, as told to a Reconnaissance staff reporter:

A.C.1 David E. Baxter from Grimsby, Lincs., England, joined at the beginning of the war. In civilian life David was a market research investigator for Proctor and Gamble. "What we want most is a new Canadian uniform. All of us boys regret your having to say that we are a scruffy lot, but it is the only uniform we have got. We've had it since the beginning of the war. When you have slept in air raid shelters, worked in them and lived in them for months, well, you just can't help looking scruffy. We are all amazed at your clothes. We wear the same summer and winter."

A.C.1 Richard Hobson from Manor Farm, Charney, Bassett, Wantage, Berkshire, England, was a motor mechanic in civil life and a rigger in the R.A.F. He has been in for 10 months. Here is what he thought of the crossing and Canada: "The crossing was not too bad, but the food not too good, in fact, pretty bum. It got better, though, when the R.A.F. cooks took hold. I think Canada is a wonderful country and I sure am surprised at the size of it."

WANTED SOME ACTION

A.C.2 Sidney E. Gatley from Corsham, Wiltshire, England, has been in one year and was a fitter's mate as a civilian. "I had a good crossing but was seasick. It would have been much better if we had seen some action."

A.C.1 Samuel Boa from Craiglands, Beattock, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, a gardener before he joined up 13 months ago. "I peeled potatoes for the whole trip at sea. My luck to hit the fatigues!"

A.C.1 Jack Hibberd of Melbourne, Derbyshire, England, has been a member of the service for two years. Before joining he was an engineer at Rolls-Royce. "I had a lousy crossing but it was quiet. I was impressed by the lights and the

Continued on Page 3, Column 1

"Reconnaissance"

Official Organ of No. 4 Flying Service Training School

Published by Kind Permission of the Commanding Officer.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1941

Soldiers for Democracy

In the first flying fatalities since No. 4 S.F.T.S. was opened last year two student pilots of Course 17, last Wednesday, met their deaths. The accident occurred during normal routine duties, and is something which every flying school, particularly during periods of active service, expects to meet sooner or later. So long as aircraft are built and piloted by human beings casualties are bound to occur, and the most we can do is make an effort to see that they steadily diminish in number.

The friends and relatives of the two young men who died last Wednesday have the firm satisfaction of knowing that these student pilots did not die in vain. They never reached the field of combat overseas, it is true, but even in training they were an integral part of the great machine which we are building to fight the war for Democracy, and their deaths must be added to the Empire's price of victory.

Somehow or other we cannot escape the feeling, shared by all airmen, that Wednesday's victims met death in the way they would have chosen . . . in the air. They died as airmen and good Soldiers of Democracy!

Library for Airmen

Within a week or two it is expected that an airmen's Library will be functioning in the north section of the wet canteen building. This will add another recreational facility to the great number already provided. The Station has an excellent Recreation Hall with moving pictures twice a week, equipment for basketball, volleyball, hockey, boxing and many other sports, good concert programs and other entertainment. The Library will be another unit in the Station's recreational set-up.

The Library will include on its shelves a large number of books on technical subjects such as aviation, mechanics of all kinds, and kindred subjects and it is expected that many airmen anxious to get ahead in their trade or to get in position for a more advanced trade will take advantage of the new facilities for study which the Station Library will offer them. For those who want lighter reading an ample supply of novels and travel books and biographies will be provided.

Like all the other recreational facilities on the Station, the Library is placed at the disposal of the airmen for their entertainment and enjoyment, and when it is opened it is expected that every airman will make use of it.

For Lower Bus Fares

A large section of the personnel on this Station are expressing the view that a definite hardship is being suffered by the airmen as a result of the fares charged on the bus linking the Airport with the downtown section of Saskatoon. At the present time the single fare is ten cents, or three rides for twenty-five cents.

As a result of this situation large numbers of airmen are now walking to and from town, and without soliciting rides often are favored with a lift from a kind-hearted passing motorist. A nickel fare, it is urged, would see these pedestrian airmen using the bus and it is submitted that a lower fare would quickly swell the volume of traffic on the bus line.

The same situation prevailed for a time at St. Thomas when that great station was first opened. The fare was felt to be too high for the airmen's pocketbooks, and the great majority of them walked or hitch-hiked. When the fare was cut to a nickel the bus traffic boomed and everybody was happy.

We trust that the authorities will look into this situation at their earliest convenience.

Among the Upper Crust

Flying Officer Geoff Allington has just logged his first 1,000 hours in the air force.

Congratulations to Squadron Leader Roy Gross on attaining air rank, and is it true that he spent all of three months back pay in celebrating the fact?

Congratulations also to Flying Officer Alex Mair and Flying Officer H. O. Taylor, who were pilot officers not so long ago. The cokes are on you.

Is it true, as alleged around Technical Stores, that Doolittle does less?

Flying Officer Doug Macklin sprained his ankle during the recent unseasonable blizzard. Better mix more water with it next time, Doug!

Flying Officer Hugh Rae may shortly take a trip up the middle aisle, Saskatoon social rumors say. Who, Rae? Hooray! (Pun).

Gas Fumes From Motor Transport

There are now five new additions to the Trucks and Tractors personnel. We should get service at last. Perhaps.

We understand on good authority that there are three types of men at the Motor Transport Section. Gear clashers, clutch riders, and those that can't drive at all.

Congratulations to A.C.1 Kilbridge on the splendid performance as a mother put on by him and one of the army boys at the Y.M.C.A. Sunday Sing Song. How to become a mother in one easy lesson was okay and how to put a baby to sleep will no doubt prove of benefit to many airmen. The thing we can't understand are the words he used under his breath in talking to the baby. So firm and yet so soldierly. Such language. My.

The main reason the officers like to be sent to Vanscoy for night flying is due to the "Red Devil." At Vanscoy they drive the "Red Devil Crash Wagon" and perhaps one of these days we will be sending a plane for the crash wagon instead of the crash wagon for a plane.

Stranger than fiction. Sergeant Ronberg now maps his course from the air before setting off for any crashes. It must be tough to get lost.

Can it be true that some of the boys are expecting about October? Don't forget the cigars please.

A.C.1 Frank Bufton will soon be driving down the centre aisle. He's the driver now but after June he'll be driven. We did it too and it's not bad at all.

This month's absent-minded contest was won by a salesman who was asked if he had a wife and replied, "No, but I have something just as good."

(Advt.)

ATTENTION AUSTRALIAN STUDENTS. Your Wellington high top boots are exchangeable here at par for Wings. Apply to your nearest instructor.

PEOPLE ARE MORE FUN THAN ANYBODY!

ODD FACTS

Did you know that it takes a whole cowhide to make each boot for L.A.C. Galitzine of Maintenance? We suggest old airserew boxes. It would be cheaper.

LEG SHOW RAISES THRILL IN MAINTENANCE

A surprise spectacular Leg Show with a one-girl cast was presented to maintenance flight just before sports parade on Wednesday. One of the pretty R.C. A.F. girls dashing hurriedly back to work (late of course), slipped and fell . . . on the ice, etc. The brushing off of the knees, etc., kept the boys strictly at attention and you may be assured that the Sergeant did not have to instruct them to look to their front. What caused that loud murmur of oooooOOOOHHHHH?

We understand, no field service caps downtown until after April 1. Rumor only, of course.

Congratulations to LAC Joe Audette in Maintenance Flight. Joe has maintained the standard of maintenance by maintaining production (in due time, of course). He has just added another addition to the ever-growing Audettes in the form of a bouncing girl or something. As we understand it, Joe now has one-sixth of a dozen assorted, which to our mind, is pretty good for any LAC.

We must hand a bouquet (not literally speaking) to the little fellow from the army who entered the fight because he understood he would have to box in order to see the fights. That is, if he could see after he boxed . . . and he made sure he saw them . . . by entering the ring, doing a bit of footwork and at the same time keeping out of the way of the flying fists.

Would it not be nice to have toast again?

The consolation to being an AC is that the Cpls. and Lac's have all the difficulty in locating coats in the mess hall. Some fun!

OUR AIM—

They lust for power, blood and loot, As for quick victory they shoot. Roaring and tearing o'er peaceful lands That once were tilled by plowmen's hands.

No, they think not of happy towns, As black-crossed planes come diving down.

For 'tis too much to think that they Could— from their evil manners stray.

But there is another story there, Of tender love of homes to care. 'Tis things like these that send our men

To fight the beastly horde again. A God-given land is ours to save; We'll fight to victory or the grave. Thus living or dead when strife doth cease,

We'll have signed our final lease on peace.

Boys!

don't forget . . .

The Best Food Is Served at the

Elite..

Dine and Dance at Our Blue Room

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

SASKATOON

Offering a Complete Banking Service

T. O. SEWELL,
Assistant Manager

J. W. McMARTIN,
Manager

Hudson's Bay Company



AIR FORCE UNIFORMS

Suits and great coats, ready-made or made-to-measure. Also regulation raincoats, shirts, ties, socks, forage caps, badges and wings.

At the 'Bay' Main Floor

R.A.F. Say Canada Is Cold, Big Place

Continued From Page One

shop windows here are so full. Fruit like bananas I have not had for two years. Here, you have one on me!"

A.C.2 Ted Bryer from Brighton has been in one year and as a civvy was a private chauffeur. "The train ride across Canada was much better than the boat ride across the pond. The first meal on the train here made me wonder if it could be for me. The tea with sugar and the bread with butter and jam in such quantities! Canada for me any day!"

FOOD IS A WIZARD

A.C.2 Ron Foreman from Littleover, Derbyshire, has been in for three years, was a fitter at the Rolls-Royce Company. Here is what Ron thinks of us: "The Canadian officers are real gentlemen and treat us as one of them. The Canadian coffee is okay and your food is a wizard. We are looking forward to our next pay day, but then we are always doing that."

A.C.1 Robert Baird, a member of the R.A.F. for the past three years, comes from Glasgow, Scotland, where before the war he was a sheet metal worker. "I enjoyed the crossing and your hospitality most impresses me. I never thought there were so many Scotsmen in this part of the country."

A.C.1 William Corrigan from Dundee has been with the Air Force 15 months. Before joining he was chauffeur to the city officials of Dundee. "I had a peaceful crossing. Seeing lights and so many at one time and at the same time so much butter and sugar, why I'll never forget it."

A.C.2 Samuel Proud of 9 Roxburgh Place, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Northumberland, England, would like to meet anyone from around there. A motion picture projectionist before, Sam informs us that "I'm not a movie star, but I am married and do I ever miss my wife! I was on guard duty for the whole trip and it seemed queer to take four days to cross Canada when you can cross all of England in a day. My biggest thrill was seeing the lights at night."

A.C.1 Alex. McPike from Glasgow is an engineer with ten months service. "On the whole, the crossing was quite all right. The friendliness of the people most impresses me and especially their particular liking for Scotch."

A.C.1 Douglas Cooke from Bol-

Student Pilots Who Gave Lives in Training



L.A.C. W. L. N. STARKEY



L.A.C. G. D. BARRETT

who lost their lives last Wednesday during a routine training exercise when the Avro Anson airplanes they were piloting collided in mid-air. Both students were popular members of Course 17. Reconnaissance extends its sympathy to the relatives and friends of these two young student airmen.

sover, Derbyshire, was a former garage manager and has now been in the service 15 months. "The main concern of the people here, it seems, is to show us a good time and occasionally I think we accept that generous hospitality too freely with rather disastrous after affects. The airframe I was attached to was bombed on several occasions and I have been in the middle of them all. I never got hurt but had some mighty lucky escapes."

A.C.1 Kenneth Marshall from York, Yorkshire, has been an air-craftsman for one year. The one thing that Marshall has not yet been able to overcome is this, in his own words, "Your blooming train whistles sound like our air raid sirens and that to me is an old familiar noise. It makes me think of home when I hear them, but the explosions that come with the shrieking sirens never come here. It is a mighty good thing."

A.C.2 Alex. Fleming has been in 25 months. Comes from Farnham, Surrey. "Had a fine crossing over. The train in Canada that brought us here was absolutely the dirtiest thing I have ever been in and that may help account for some of the dirt on our clothes. We can't get clothes so easily for if we send them to a cleaner and his place is all blown to hell then we are just out our clothes. That happened to my laundry."

A.C.2 Frank Hutchinson comes from Dublin, Eire. "I have been in the service two years and feel that I would make a good corporal. I'd sure like to bring my wife out here. If I don't get her out pretty soon I'll be going back for her. I had a wicked crossing keeping company with the rats in the hold. I did guard in the wine cellar as there were a lot of R.C.A.F. and Canadian army aboard and they needed a special armed guard on the wine. I got none of the wine. I am an Irishman and so I have leave to speak my mind. No harm meant to anyone in particular, but to all in general. S'long, mate, I'm the only one that came over that has a peak cap and that is all I have got, and I sure like the R.C.A.F. and Aussies. I bet you don't print this."

CHICKENS CACKLE

L.A.C. Harry Peace from York, Yorkshire, has been in two years. I am a blacksmith by trade. I was sick for two days on ship. During those days if the ship had sunk I would have felt a whole lot better. We had chicken soup on board, but all we got was the cackle. The chicken walked through the soup on stilts. Canada is all right, but too cold, and I have not seen any Red Indians as yet and that is what I expected."

WHAT ARE WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES?

They are the safest investment you can make—a direct obligation of the Dominion of Canada. Sold in convenient denominations—\$5 to \$500—they provide a good return of three per cent interest compounded half-yearly. War Savings Certificates are repayable 7½ years after issue, but may be redeemed after six months from issue date at an established scale of values. The holder is completely protected, as War Savings Certificates are fully registered.

Wood From Workshops

It wasn't wood that carpenter A.C. 2 Dumas sawed off the other day. While sawing lumber in Workshops, he mistook the end of his finger for a piece of 2x4 and now the finger is reclining with the sawdust.

A.C. 1 Armstrong took more than 14 days leave recently. He also took himself a wife. Good luck, Clarence.

Is Sergeant Lancaster of Workshops happy now that he has his blacksmith coal. More action please but he still wants his rivets.

Who is the Flight Sergeant in Workshops that brings his wife and family out to the airport to show them where he works so hard . . . or does he work?

Will the A.C. who previously was on the radio as Signor Delmont in "Advice to the Lovelorn" please come forward. We suggest that he could handle a good column for us under the same heading. Perhaps next issue "Advice to the Lovelorn."

Airmen's Dance Is Successful Affair

The dance sponsored by Groups 1 and 2 of the Air Force Auxiliary in the Recreation Hall on Saturday, March 15, was a success from every angle. With a large number of ladies and their airmen present, good music, and a good floor, everyone seemed to be happy.

Here are some of the choice tidbits of the dance: We don't wonder who the telephone operator airman was, who was so amorous on the balcony . . . Say, by the way, the gal wasn't bad . . . And on looking twice there was a corporal who wasn't doing bad, either . . . Ft. Sgt. Rhodes wasn't doing too bad either . . . We think he should compete with Fred Astaire or Bill Robinson.

"Eavesdropping again," said Adam, as his playmate fell out of the apple tree.

Spend Your '48 at the
SENATOR HOTEL
SASKATOON, SASK.

Library Will Open Soon

Good Technical Books Are to Be on the Shelves

A spacious and well-stocked library will soon open its doors for all station personnel in the wet canteen building. Plans are now being made by the library committee as to the furnishings and layout.

A large selection of books on technical subjects will be available as well as a variety of authors of novels. Your favorite magazines and home town paper will be waiting for you in the reading and writing room, where you will be able to relax on comfortable lounges and easy chair.

The library committee consists of F.O. K. E. Brown, L.A.C. Passy and A.C. Bricker.

We Wonder...

Who is the Hollywood disciplinarian corporal that gets his hair marcelled every two months?

Did you know that the Manning Pool of No. 4 S.F.T.S., is Hut 8?

Did you take the opportunity of Sports Parade last Wednesday?

If it pays to fall asleep at the switchboard?

Why so many hope there is a mistake in their pay that requires adjustments at the pay office. Can it be the adjustment or the atmosphere?

When You Are Downtown Make Your Headquarters at the

Gem Cafe

Dine and Dance in The Blossom Room

CAPITOL

STARTS FRIDAY

GINGER ROGERS
America's White Collar Girl,
Heroine of
Christopher Morley's

"KITTY FOYLE"

A Four Star Picture
Featuring

GINGER ROGERS

Who won the 1940 Academy Award for her part in the picture.

With

DENNIS MORGAN
JAMES CRAIG

In Business Since 1911

AIR FORCE UNIFORMS

For

Officers and Services

TAILORED TO ORDER

FIT GUARANTEED

We Stock "Regulation"

TOPCOATS

SHIRTS

HOSIERY

GLOVES

Smartly Cut by Expert Military Tailors to Exact Government Regulations

Caswells

THE Store For MEN

Urges Better Service In Messages for Personnel

In the Slipstream

—By Yehudi

If you will remember in the last issue of this paper yours truly made a statement about the waiting list for the hotel down by the gate . . . but little did yours truly realize that he was almost a candidate for this same list . . . but that is history now.

I was talking to the airman in the post office the other day and he tells me that there is an airman on the station who receives at least two letters . . . beautifully scented . . . a day, postmarked Toronto . . . and that reminds me that you can't burn the candle at both ends unless you burn it in the centre first.

Here is a riddle . . . There was a soldier, an airman and a sailor standing outside a car and they wanted to get in . . . Now, who got in first? . . . The airman . . . He had the key. Corny, what?

It seems that there are quite a few gentlemen (?) of the Air Force . . . At least that's what the King calls us . . . are wondering who Yehudi is . . . Between you and me he is the little man who comes and beats on your head with a trip hammer the morning after the night before . . . I think quite a few of you should know him quite personally.

I was talking to a certain young lady downtown the other day . . . and she seemed quite disappointed with the Aussies . . . It seems they haven't got pouches in front.

I understand from my intricate spy system that a certain young lady called the station for a certain corporal. She was asked where he worked. She answered in a hushed voice, "He is in the secret police." . . . That's a new one!

Late on Sunday afternoon a call came from the sergeants' mess and strange as it may seem it was a female voice . . . Is it possible that she was left over from the dance on Saturday night? . . . I wonder.

Ethiopian, Chinese Posts For Tech Stores Workers

The verbal battles of Cpl. Phinmore and L.A.C. Murray have now reached the ears of Training Command. We wonder what is behind these oft-heard verbal barages? However, by means of Reconnaissance's private jungle telegraph we have received a daily routine rumor that Cpl. Phinmore will shortly be leaving to take a key position with Halle Selassie in the deepest wilds of Ethiopia. L.A.C. Murray, S.A., is said to be leaving for his "native" Hong Kong where he will accept a commission with Chiang Kai-Shek as A.C.2. Good luck to both of you from the entire school and may your journey be a pleasant one!

"A Good Place to Shop"
Everything for Men—at prices you will like!
The Gillespie Big 22 Ltd.

Suggest Service Police Might Render Real Service

With the bunk tags now working to perfection the Service Police at the Guard House should make every effort to locate airmen and deliver telegrams and long distance phone messages. The method of placing a notice on the bulletin board when an urgent telegram arrives does not prove sufficient or adequate.

There have been repeated occasions where considerable inconvenience and hardship has been caused airmen by this neglect. Cases have been brought to our attention where not even the slip of paper advising that a message had arrived had been posted on the bulletin board. Reconnaissance feels that to contact the airmen under these circumstances is not asking too much and if an airman is out a note pinned to the bunk and a slip of paper on his bunk peg would be a service worth rendering.

May we all have your co-operation.

To Dauphin



F.O. DOUG MACKLIN
flying instructor in "H" Flight, who has been posted to S.F.T.S. at Dauphin. Our loss is Dauphin's gain, and they're going to hear a lot of good stories they never heard before when Doug gets there.

Superman In An Anson, Or How Our Students Navigate

The aircraft bounced off the ground and climbed away, circled the airdrome on a left-hand circuit and set course for Prince Albert. It climbed steadily until it reached an altitude of 3,000 feet, then levelled off and gained another 500 feet.

Saskatoon was now out of sight astern and below as far as the eye could see spread the endless prairie. The South Saskatchewan River snaked below between steep bluffs. It was March and snow was everywhere, white and glaring in the bright sun, broken here and there by clumps of stunted scrub.

The engines eventually synchronized—rather as an afterthought—and the vibration smoothed out and the big Avro Anson bomber winged its lumbering way towards Prince Albert, weather CAVU by courtesy of Dave Strachan.

No. R6000%, L.A.C. Doakes was alone at last, at the controls on his first cross country. He unbuckled his parachute and slipped off the safety belt; it was much more comfortable that way. In his pocket was a well-thumbed copy of Superman which he had picked up as he was leaving the pilots' room. This was to read when he got straightened away and had things stabilized properly.

THOSE NAVIGATION LOGS!

L.A.C. Doakes suddenly remembered that stupid navigation log. With a stub of a pencil he made the single entry "1,500 hours, S/C for P.A." He decided he would make up the rest of the log when he got back in the Flight. You can do a neater job that way and who's to know the difference? He glanced casually earthwards and noticed that the aircraft appeared to be moving slightly sideways over the ground, but that was just an optical illusion, he remembered, because you were sitting slightly off centre in a twin-engine dual-controlled aircraft, and anyway the wind was only 10 miles an hour on the ground.

L.A.C. Doakes settled down to the adventures of Superman and scarcely noticed the river below him disappear as it skidded away to the left. Nor did he notice the little deviation card on the compass which said "for North read 10 degrees." Nor did he dream that

such things as 30 to 40 mile-an-hour winds from the West exist. And so it was with a bit of a start that he emerged from Superman to find that the river had vanished from sight. And scattered clouds were beginning to form all around him.

Then he remembered that one had to leave the river on nearing Prince Albert and cut across country—via the highway and the railroad-track—to the North Saskatchewan River. So maybe that's where he was, he figured, as he steadily lost altitude and found himself under what was becoming a gloomy, forbidding overcast.

His compass had swung around slightly—50 to 60 degrees or so—and it was puzzling to determine which way to turn to get back on course. L.A.C. Doakes tried a swing to the right, but it was no good because the compass needle only swung further to the right, strangely enough, so he tried a swing to the left. This sent the compass needle further to the left by about 40 degrees, but L.A.C. Doakes decided that things looked better anyway even if the compass wouldn't stop turning. He uncaged his directional gyro and decided to use that instead.

The ceiling dropped lower and the windscreen began to whiten

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An Old Nursery Rhyme — In a New Dress

TEN little nations, all doing fine;
Hitler swallowed up the Czechs, and then there were nine.
NINE little nations, anxious for their fate;
Hitler grabbed Poland, and then there were eight.
EIGHT little nations, looking unto heaven;
Norway fell beneath the Huns, and then there were seven.
SEVEN little nations, in an awful fix;
Austria was the next to go, and then there were six.
SIX little nations, glad to be alive;
Albania felt the iron heel, and then there were five.
FIVE little nations, quaking more and more;
Hitler ravaged Denmark, and then there were four.
FOUR little nations, hoping to be free;
The Germans swept through Holland, and then there were three.
THREE little nations, feeling very blue;
Belgium was invaded, and then there were two.
TWO little nations—such a gallant pair!
Greece—would you believe it—gave Italy the air!
ONE little nation, waiting, unafraid;
The Turks will meet defiantly the tyrant's every raid!

But there's still another nation—an Empire, boundless, free,
Battling for faith and honor and world-wide liberty;
Determined, in its blazing zeal, that things of sterling worth
Shall take the place of savagery throughout a bleeding earth;
And millions to this British pledge devoutly say "Amen.
The curfew bell of serfdom shall never ring again!"

and suddenly a grain elevator loomed up beside him and flashed past in the haze. That gave Doakes an idea. He had heard that grain elevators often carried the name of the town, so he circled back again and swooped down on the elevator. "Searle," it said, but when Doakes checked with his map he couldn't find it anywhere and began to wonder if he was in Manitoba.

When he finally decided to attempt a forced landing he couldn't remember for the life of him whether cows stood with their sterns into wind or out of it. He was just plunking the Anson down into a 15-acre pasture bounded on all sides by high trees when he fell off the top of the lockers where he had been sleeping and woke up to find that flying had been washed out and it was time to go to G.L.S. (Editor's Note: Flight Lieutenant

Knobby Fee, who vouches for this story, denies that the character Doakes bears any resemblance to any student at this school, living or dead.)

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