

SUGGESTION:

When landing, occasionally use the runways!

Reconnaissance

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

THE WEATHER:

—THE WEST!

VOL. 1, NO. 4.

SASKATOON, SASKATCHEWAN

APRIL 9, 1941

Padre Is Not Hurt In Crash

Wrecked Aircraft on His First Solo in Days of Last War

There's a new face around the Station these days and it is proving itself a very welcome one. It is that of Hon. Flight Lieutenant W. P. Griffiths, the new Protestant padre for No. 4 S.F.T.S. Unlike the great majority of "sky pilots" Flight Lieutenant Griffiths has a pair of real wings, won Overseas during the First Great War.

F/L Griffiths earned his wings at the training camp of Thetford, in Norfolk, England. Prior to that time he was a sergeant in a large English hospital, but the work there was too hard so he got a transfer into the Royal Flying Corps.

There he found a tough instructor who promptly scared the daylights out of him by telling him that if he didn't solo within five hours he would be reported to his Commanding Officer and that the matter of his retention in the Service would be under serious consideration.

GRASS LOOKED NATURAL

When his first solo arrived young Griffiths didn't make a particularly good landing. His instructor had told him to flatten out when "the grass looks natural." So he did, but his eyesight was apparently a little ahead of his judgment and he levelled off fifty feet in the air. The instructor dashed over to find Griffiths with his head sticking out through a hole in the upper wing and the wreckage draped all around him—and laughing fit to burst himself. The instructor cursed, but the more he cursed the more Griffiths laughed, so in disgust they gave him his wings and shoved him to the front.

F/L Griffiths was ordained after the War, and for the last few years has been trying to "knock Hell" out of Drumheller, Alberta, where he was a big gun (a Canon, in fact). Since arrival at No. 4 S.F.T.S. he has been fighting tooth and nail to get an office in the Wet Canteen building, and we are beginning to wonder if there is an ulterior motive there? Church parades are to be voluntary for the present, he tells us, so here's hoping they are well attended.

Station Orchestra Has Success

A station orchestra was recently formed under LAC Bill McShane and Cpl. Doug. Urouhart. The first engagement was at the Army, Navy and Air Force get together staged in the Armv and Navy Hall, Tuesday, April 1st, where a very successful and enjoyable dance was held.

Those taking part in the orchestra are: Reg. Dawson, Bill Greenhaleh, Reg. Walker, Alvin Oakes, John Junker, George Falloon, Adam Jackea and Lorraine Fairbanks.

New Padre a Genuine Flying Man



If it is true that "only angels have wings" then our new Protestant padre, Flight Lieutenant W. P. Griffiths, former Canon of Drumheller, is certainly more of a heavenly messenger than the ordinary run of "sky pilots." For Flight Lieutenant Griffiths has a pair of real wings that he earned as a pilot in the First Great War. Above he is shown as he was snapped beside an Anson aircraft shortly after his arrival at No. 4 S.F.T.S.

"Sunny Jim" Wright Will Be Missed About Station

One of the happiest and most cheerful faces around the Station will be missing within a few days when Flying Officer Jim Wright, adjutant of No. 2 Squadron, departs from Saskatoon on his posting to Yorkton, where he is to take over similar duties at that most recently opened Air Force training centre.

Jim Wright is one of the real old veterans around No. 4 Service Flying Training School. He arrived here when the Station was first opened last year, when his desk was ensconced in the midst of a vast heap of old shavings and sawdust and when the cement was still wet on his office floor. He was here in the days when the late "Stormy" Fairweather used to sit on top of the adjutant's desk at lunch time and make a feast of what sandwiches he could swipe from Jim's over-awed stenographers.

Jim has seen them come and seen them go, and he had a good laugh with everyone of them. Nobody really ever made him angry, not even when some of the saucier instructors decided that if Jim could

send them memos they could send bigger memos back again. No matter how washed-out the day, Jim always managed to carry a smile; you're a better man than we are, Sunny Jim, and good luck!

Station C.O. at Controls Again

Group Captain A. D. Bell-Irving, who flew single-engine biplanes in the World War of 1914-18, and enjoyed more than one combat over the German lines, was at the controls for the first time over Saskatoon last week when he made his initial hop in one of the two new Tiger Moths recently added to the Station's growing air fleet.

The instructors and students who peeked out the hangar windows in the off-chance that they might see their C.O. make a bouncy landing were disappointed. For all the years that have passed since Group Captain Bell-Irving first piloted an aircraft he has proved that hand and eye have not lost their cunning.

More happy landings to you, Sir!

STOP! PRESS

News has just arrived that Cpl. Phinnemore has landed in Ethiopia and LAC Murray in China. Cpl. Phinnemore has now been promoted to acting Tribal Chieftain, "A" Group, unpaid and Murray has been promoted to a "C" Group General paid, temporary.

Old Country Lads And Aussies Are Fight Card Aces

One Knockout, Two Technical Kayoes and Grim "Grudge Fight" Gave Fans Best Card Yet

With ample splashes of gore and plenty of hard, clean punching, the Station's boxing team put on its third and by all odds its best show of the season a week ago Wednesday in the Drill Hall. From the opening match to the last grim punches in the Wilson-Unland "grudge" fight that finished the card, the evening was packed with incident and left the Station's fight fans eagerly awaiting the next card that Corporal Mickey Maguire presents.

Outstanding feature of the evening's entertainment was the appearance of a number of Old Country boys, R.A.F. personnel now stationed here, and Australian student pilots. The R.A.F. lads and the Aussies proved that they have the stuff and gave the fans their money's worth in every bout.

The one knockout of the card was scored by Grant Mitchell of Regina, who floored Harold King, from Cape Breton, just before the bell at the end of the third round. Right up until the deciding punch it was anybody's fight, and a rip-snorting good fight at that, and both boys got a big hand from the crowd.

There were two technical knockouts. The first was scored by Ray Lavoie, from Montreal, over "Red" Dymont, who hails from Barrie, Ontario. Dymont held Lavoie to almost even terms right up into the last round, when a good punch from Lavoie brought excessive blood from Dymont's face and the bout was stopped.

Two of the best bouts of the night saw Australians pitted against Old Country boxers. Mad-cap Maxie McGowan, student pilot from Sydney now training in "H" Flight, was matched with "Ginger" Jones from Cardiff, Wales, one of the ground crew in the same flight. Spotting Jones 12 pounds Maxie put up a good, clean show and carried away the decision. Jones showed exceptionally good form and fine sportsmanship.

FROM BONNIE DUNDEE

Another good fight between Aussie and an Old Countryman was that in which stocky little Jock Corrigan, from Dundee, Scotland, clashed with rangy Jim Sandidands, a student pilot from Uralla, Australia. Corrigan, who had achieved considerable fame as a fighter in the Old Country, showed good form in getting in under Sandidands' long, "naky lefts and hammering at his body and earned the decision."

Perhaps the highlight of the evening was the last bout, between Jim Wilson of the Service Police, and Oliver Unland, from Ponoka. It has been rumored that it was a "grudge fight." If it was we are sure that the grudge has now disappeared, for no two men could give each other the pummelling Wilson and Unland handed out without unloading all their animosity in the process. All the same, they put up such a good fight—winding up in a draw

Continued on Page 5, Column 2

Pink Tea Is Cute Affair

By Our Society Editor
AC 1 DUNCAN STIRRETT
(Exclusive To Reconnaissance: All Radio and Movie Rights Strictly Reserved)

A Pink Tea was held in Barrack Block 8 at 3.00 a.m. Wednesday, April 2, 1941. "One-Boys" Burwell and "Little Mack" were hosts and were kind enough to invite a few of the boys. "Able" poured tea for the first hour and "One-Boys" served the eats. The food was delicious and consisted of dainty salmon snack sandwiches, beef and mushroom steak (whatever that is), bread, butter, and coffee. All the above food was supplied by the hosts to the surprise of all concerned. Concentrated coffee was used and the RCAF supplied the boiling water for same from sink taps.

The table was set between two of our spacious antique beds (Louis XIV style), and covered in brightly colored blankets of Air Force grey and white sheets with a red strip down the centre which added much to the appearance. Special Guests were RAF lads who happened to be here and who we had to invite as they stayed anyway. We sang a toast to them by warbling their favorite song (guess what one)? Even though some airmen may have been disturbed from their peaceful slumber we who were there enjoyed a good meal. Tea ended suddenly when one of our hosts fell asleep and refused to wake up.

Among those seen at the luncheon were "Brownie" of the Duty Run, Swede Christensen, and those mentioned above and those who ate but we could not see in the dark.

To our neighbors who we kept awake and did not feed, by name they are Maxie Showers, Dunkley, Wallace, Clarke and in fact everyone on that side of the barrack the hosts offer apologies. We believe we heard some of you complaining of the noise. You should have joined us, boys, and we are all looking forward to meeting again, and "One-Boy" always has lots of food. Our sympathy to AC 1 MacKenzie who buttered his hand instead of his bread.

"Reconnaissance"

Official Organ of No. 4 Flying Service Training School

Published by Kind Permission of the Commanding Officer.

MANAGING EDITOR
AC 1 Jerome Bricker

BUSINESS MANAGER
AC 2 Johnny Dymont

FLIGHT NEWS
AC 2 Leonard Levy

FLIGHT REPORTERS: A Flight, LAC Murray Chariton;
B Flight, LAC Alex Cox; G Flight, LAC Bert Rowe; H Flight, LAC
Dick Twonsey; Motor Transport, AC 1 D. Stirrett; Accounts and
Headquarters, LAC W. G. Garrett; Workshops, Sgt. Lancaster;
Equipment, AC 1 J. A. Woods.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1941

An Inspiration

The visit to this station of Wing Commander Ernie McNab, accompanied by his father, the Lieutenant-Governor of Saskatchewan, was a red letter day in the history of No. 4 Service Flying Training School. Being so far away from the actual scene of war some of us are apt to forget at times just what it is we are working for, and a visit from a man like Wing Commander McNab helps to remind us of the ultimate objectives of No. 4 S.F.T.S.

"Ernie" McNab is a Canadian boy who has made good in the great theatre of Overseas. Not so many years ago he was going to school here in Saskatoon. In virtually every respect he was a few years ago precisely the same sort of lad whom we find today enrolled in the various courses of pupil pilots now being trained at this Station, and to every one of them he should provide an inspiration and an ideal.

Not every one of our student graduates, of course, can ever be ace fighter pilots. Many of them will be posted to important jobs as bomber pilots, entrusted with the work of smashing the machine of Nazism at its source; still others may become reconnaissance pilots, the eyes of our army and navy, while others will be given the more prosaic but just as important a job of instructing still other pilots to come.

But no matter what their task may be, if they do their duty as well as "Ernie" McNab has done and is doing his, they will be able to hold their heads high on the day of Victory!

Our Paper Grows

This issue of Reconnaissance marks its development into an eight-page newspaper. It also records the formation of the initial staff of editors and publishers. Reconnaissance had a humble beginning as a small four-page sheet, but through the loyalty and interest of the airmen of No. 4 S.F.T.S. and the helpful co-operation of the good businessfolk of Saskatoon it has now been able to grow into an institution which we are confident will do much to promote the good fellowship and esprit de corps which a Station like ours deserves.

The continued publication of Reconnaissance, however, will always demand the loyalty and interest of the Station personnel. We need more active flight reporters and general contributors to help fill our columns with interesting tid-bits of news and comment. If you have an idea that you would like your comrades to share, if you have an interesting story about station life, or a snapshot of your fellows, or whatever it may be, send it in promptly to the editors of Reconnaissance.

Remember, No. 4 S.F.T.S. is your home town while you are here, and Reconnaissance is your home town newspaper. So let's all pull together to make both our home town and our newspaper the best of their kind in the Air Force!

The Aussies Give

This is not really an editorial at all. It is a little true story about genuine honest-to-goodness esprit de corps among the Australians whom we now are proud to number among the students in training at No. 4 Service Flying Training School.

Not long ago there arrived from Australia cartons of confectionery, smokes, clothes, nick-nacks and "things" that every airman away from home wants and can very readily use. Just as soon as they were received on the Station, however, they were promptly repacked and sent on another long journey—a gift from the Australians over here to their brother Australians "over there" in the fighting lines.

Since the day they first arrived in Saskatoon the Aussies have shown themselves to be good workers and excellent fellows in every way, but the little incident related above is something that has endeared the boys from "down under" to us as nothing has yet.

We are proud of you, Aussies, and enough said.

TRY OUR EXPERT PHOTO FINISHING

We Carry a Full Line of Photographic Supplies

PINDER'S DRUG STORES

21st Street and 2nd Avenue.

Invitation

The French speaking Catholics are earnestly requested to attend church on Sundays at the Canadian Martyrs' Church, located opposite The Bessborough.

We would appreciate very much, your regular moral and financial support of our French Parish.

The first Mass is at 9 o'clock and the High Mass at 10.45. Every Thursday evening at 7.30 we have Devotions to the Holy Martyrs, followed by the Veneration of their Relics.

LUCIEN DEMERS, Ptre.
Rector.

The Mail Box

Editor of Reconnaissance:

Sir: In reply to the column published in your paper 19-3-41 in which you charged the Service Police with neglect of duty in connection with the deliverance of telephone calls, telegrams and messages we wish to notify you that you have been misinformed as to the duties of Service Police on the station.

Although it is the duty of the Police to co-operate in these duties when called upon, it must be understood that the police are not messenger boys. The police have given good co-operation in trying to get messages to Airmen and have been given no co-operation whatever in trying to render this service. Airmen are under the impression that they can leave the Service Police phone number with the girl friends, etc., and that it is the duty of the police to page them and deliver "such" calls. The switch board at headquarters turns every call over to the police instead of trying to locate the party asked for, as we must do. We as Service Police would like very much to know why the switch board are unable to phone the flights the same as we must do in these cases. We don't believe that every phone call sent to the city is turned over to the City Police to deal with???

The Service Police are only too glad to co-operate when an Airman cannot be found, but why doesn't the switch board try to locate the parties called, and when they are unable to do this the police would be glad to assist.

We as police suggest that a couple of runners be stationed at the switch board and that the switch board do its own work and it would leave the police free to render efficient police supervision instead of being messenger boys. This way good service will be rendered and the runners from the switch board may come and consult our tag board if they wish to find where Airmen are quartered.

We assure you that the police will give full co-operation in this manner and hope your paper will help this matter by printing these suggestions. SERVICE POLICE.

What is a double petunia?

Well, a petunia is a flower like a begonia;

A begonia is a meat like a sausage;

A sausage and battery is a crime; Monkeys crime trees;

Trees a crowd; A rooster crowd in the morning and made a noise;

A noise is on your face like your eyes;

The eyes is the opposite of the nays;

A horse nays and has a colt;

You get a colt and go to bed and wake up in the morning with double petunia.

We Wonder

Why the RAF and the RAAF when they get together need an RCAF to be interpreter. It's all English as "she" spoke."

Who the fresh air fiends in Hut 16 west are, that sleep all night with the windows closed and their heads wrapped in socks.

Who the intelligent Sgt. is that smokes a pipe in a gasoline refueling tender . . . and in the drill hall at that.

How disappointed the young airmen was that asked for special leave on "Passionate Grounds" instead of the usual "Compassionate Grounds" and how disappointed he was when it never came through.

Why the only thing "A" flight students do well is "nothing."

Why the RAF lads call their local girl friends Messerschmitt or at certain time Heinkel Bombers?

If you knew that the YMCA

shows the movies to the patients in the hospital before you see the shows at the recreation hall and that shows are put on every Monday and Thursday evening.

When we will get some mail boxes at the canteen . . .

Did you know, that the name of our new trumpeter is LAC Jack Bessey, from Thorold, Ontario.

The new Pte. in the dental clinic is Alan Caldwell. He can arrange to have them all pulled out. Drop in for an outing.

Would it not be nice to have toast twice again? . . .

Why the balcony at the Recreation Hall is reserved for officers? They never seem to show up.

LEMERY - DENISON
ELECTRIC LTD.

Wholesale Electric
and
Automotive Supplies

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 regu-
lation raincoats, shirts,
ties, socks, forage caps,
badges and wings.

At the 'Bay' Main Floor

Fire Chief Herriott Gets Posting to Beloved Coast

Rumor became a fact at last a few days ago when it was announced from Ottawa that Flight Lieutenant Jack Herriott, our esteemed Fire Chief and cigar-

smoking flight commander, was to be posted to the R.C.A.F. station at Patricia Bay on the Pacific Coast.

For many months past the grapevine had seethed with rumors of the pending posting of the Fire Chief. Singapore was among the places mentioned, also Bali, Suva and even Catalina Island, but tight-lipped, reticent Jack Herriott would only shake his head and say nothing.

Now at last the news is out—Flight Lieutenant Herriott leaves shortly for the balmy climate of Patricia Bay. No longer will he have to don those three pairs of woolly longies before taking to the air each morning.

We're sorry to see you and your cigar and fire chief's hat leave No. 4, Jack, but good luck and good boating!

The Troopship

(We have heard various other versions of this, but no doubt you already know them!)

They say there's a troopship that's leaving Bombay,
Bound for old "Blighty" shore,
Heavily laden with time expired men,
Bound for the land they adore,
There's many an airman that's finished his time,
There's many a man signing on,
You'll get no promotion, this side of the ocean,
SO CHEER UP LADS; BLESS THEM ALL.

Bless them all, bless them all,
The long and the short and the tall,
Bless all the sergeants and W.O.I.'s,
P.T.L., corporals and their blinking sons,
For we're saying good-bye to them all,
As back to our billets we crawl,
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,
SO CHEER UP MY LADS; BLESS THEM ALL.

B FLIGHT

It must have been a swell letter that LAC Cochrane received from his girl friend everything censored but "My Darling." Can you read between the lines, and we never thought they wrote like that in Australia.

The Aussies of B. Flight want to know what's wrong with Sgt. Pilot Campbell who seems to be concentrating more on a certain blonde than flying on a Sunday morning. Unfortunately she seems to favor the blue uniformed L.A.C.s from down under.

we will have to depend on both Gorham and Robinson to look after little Hector.

Two drop out of October Derby. Three only left in race.

COMPLIMENTS OF



STAN EDWARDS, Manager.

MARVINS Overnite Service

We pick up your uniforms Monday and Thursday nights and deliver following morning.

Your Are Assured of
PARA-TEX CLEANING
And Service With a Smile.

MARVINS Ltd.
CLEANERS AND DYERS
Phone 7988

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

When You Are
Downtown Make
Your Headquarters
at the

Gem Cafe

Dine and Dance in
The Blossom Room

CAPITOL

NOW PLAYING

So hilarious — it took
3 Great Fun Stars
To Tell It!

CARY

GRANT

KATHARINE

HEPBURN

JAMES

STEWART

Jimmy in the role that won
him 1940's Academy Award!

"THE
PHILADELPHIA
STORY"

NOVELTY — NEWS

Among the Upper Crust

Have you heard the story of how our Station dentist, in the midst of being gently bawled out by a Senior Officer, finally lost his temper and snorted: "That's a foolish way to talk for a man with an abscessed tooth!"

What officer has decided that driving a taxicab can really be an interesting profession?

And why is it that so many instructors save up all the nice, long navigation flight for Sundays and Mondays?

Is it true that Flying Officer Davie Dewa has been so successful with his bridge that his mess bill is paid ahead for two months?

And will the less successful bridge fiends please tell us how they explain it all to their wives?

And who put the moose in the Bull's bed?

The golf season opens early in Saskatoon, early in the morning, and the hard-surfaced fairway down the main drag is said to be quite the thing.

Would a dictaphone add to efficiency in the office of the officer commanding No. 1 Squadron?

Gas Fumes From Motor Transport

Spring seems to be here for a time anyway—and spring means mud. There is quite a bit of high stepping going on as the boys and girls skip from one puddle to another. We notice how they all, both officers and airmen alike, take notice when one of our vehicles wends its way along the road. Courtesy and Service being our motto, we slow down to a crawl as we pass. So, boys, we have the tophand once again, since Spring is here with all its mud and slush.

Your Motor Transport Section has finally started to break up. Most of the M.T. veterans came up from Brandon on September 10, 1940, being the second group of graduates turned out Sgt. Ing. Of this old gang, AC 1 Frank Burton, AC 1 "Porky" Hamblin, and AC 1 "Sheik" Montgomery have now left us for Yorkton. They are three of six to be transferred, the others being AC 1 Joe Kilbride, AC 1 Reg. Kline, and LAC Norm Towers. We are all going to these boys because they have been on the station for so long a time. We think the whole station will miss "Porky" for everyone knew him personally and his jovial happy-go-lucky manner. We wonder what Monty is going to do about the little brunette he left behind.

We are sorry too about Frankie being moved because we were looking forward to the time when wedding bells would ring. Don't forget to drop in for a visit once in awhile boys.

FLASH

Who could the proud papa in the section be. It's a charming baby girl folks and goes by the name of Miss Elliot.

We are losing three more tractor operators to Yorkton. AC 2s Irwin, Gorham and Robinson. In fact they have already taken the train ride. Yorkton is certainly getting the cream of the crop from M.T. Wait till "Giggles" Irwin steps off the train at Yorkton, and then will the female hearts do a flip. I think

DAYLIGHT

Wednesday Only
ERROL FLYNN
OLIVIA DE HAVILAND
"SANTA FE TRAIL"

STARTS THURSDAY
THE PEAK OF ALL
SCREEN THRILLS!



Matinee, 22c; Evening, 32c

Tivoli Gala Preview Thursday

At 11.30 p.m.

SHE'S NICE... BUT NAUGHTY!
HE'S NAUGHTY... BUT NICE!



THIS THING CALLED LOVE

REGULAR SHOWING
STARTS FRIDAY

"F" Flight Enjoys Rollicking Night

The Army and Navy clubrooms in Saskatoon were the scene of much merrymaking and good cheer several weeks ago on the occasion of the first Smoker of "F" Flight, when the officers, N.C.O.'s and the ground crew of the flight, much to the envy of the rest of the Station, got together over several kegs of beer and made it a real night.

The evening opened with the toast to the King, which was proposed by Flying Officer R. W. "Bobbie" Thompson, who later said a few words about what he had seen during his service on the other side. The good cheer flowed copiously after that and F/O Jimmie Wright, representing No. 2 Squadron, and WO 1 McCauley made their presence known by extemporaneous chatting and participation in the singing.

Solo efforts which were applauded were two songs by Sergeant-Pilot Henderson, accompanied by Don Anderson: "I Hear A Rhapsody" and "Till the Lights of London Shine Again"; and the poetic triumph by AC 1 J. B. Leighton, who ably described the foibles of the rest of the flight personnel.

Fifty Nazi pilots knocked at the gates of Heaven and sought admittance. St. Peter waved them back.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but only six of you can come in."

"But there are 50 of us," the Nazi protested.

"Maybe," replied St. Peter, "but Field Marshal Goering's communique said that only six were shot down."



Those bright yellow wings that flash overhead, as young R.C.A.F. pilots fly Harvard trainers near your home, come from a Canadian factory like this.

McMurtrie Likely To Fly Atlantic?

By the time this appears in print another popular officer of No. 4 S.F.T.S. will have been transferred elsewhere. Flight Lieutenant Eric McMurtrie, officer commanding "G" Flight and formerly in charge of the navigation section of G.I.S., will

have left Saskatoon for the navigation school at Rivers, Manitoba.

Flight Lieutenant McMurtrie came to Saskatoon from Camp Borden, where he was navigation officer in "E" Flight of the Advanced Training School. Prior to that he was flying a Delta in a bombing reconnaissance squadron operating out of Halifax and Sydney, Nova Scotia.

Rumor has it that after a three months "long end" navigation course at Rivers, F/L McMurtrie will go back to his beloved seaplanes and flying boats. Perhaps he will have something to do with those 39 Consolidated PBV's that Vickers are building.

Visitor (at asylum): "Do you have to keep the women inmates separated from the men?"

Attendant: "Sure. The people here aren't as crazy as you think."

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO ALL OUR AIR FORCE CUSTOMERS

We are moving to new larger premises. In the same building, only Third Avenue entrance. Come in and see us there for that perfect fit in your uniforms. Chevrons and badges in stock.

ALBERT C. JACKSON
MASTER TAILOR
145-147 Third Avenue, North,
(Opp. Early Motors)
Zenith Bowldrome Building

"ROLEX"
MILITARY WATCHES
Shockproof, Anti-Magnetic, Dustproof—17-Jewels. **\$29.75**
Priced ...

AMES Ltd.
JEWELLERS
"Ames Aims to Please."
152 2nd Ave., South.

CLASSIFIED ADS

The publishers assume no responsibility for any or all merchandise or articles advertised in these columns. Purchasers or swappers doing business with one another do so at their own risk. The publishers make every effort to accept only legitimate advertising and any swindlers using these columns should be brought to the publishers immediately so that we too can learn their methods. **RATES:** \$1.89 per word. Minimum 10 words. Payable in advance by cash, money order or certified cheque at par. German Marks not accepted. Matrimonial bureaux, Lonely Heart Clubs or French Post Cards or Blank Passes not accepted.

Two forty-eight hour passes for sale or swap for new Pontiac. Reason for selling, ill health and owner moving to Yukon. Apply to Cpl. Neil MacLennan in accounts section.

Will swap winter issue of mitts for new pair of issue boots. Apply AC 1 J. R. L. Poulin in orderly room.

Will raffle fourteen days leave for reveille pass and blonde. Must know by Thursday. Apply Cpl. Bill Colville in Main Stores.

Will swap immediately one empty gin bottle, eight chocolate bar wrappers and one apple core partly used for one L.A.C. Apply AC 1 A. J. Lessard, Accounts.

Instructions on how to get in and out the gate without a pass or bunk tags in four easy lessons, for cash only. Apply AC 1 Selkirk-Halcrow, Hut 16.

FOR SALE: One book from corporal to field officer. Apply bed 8, Hut 13. AC 1 E. M. Henschell.

How to Go on The Wagon

By Madcap Maxie

I had 12 bottles of whiskey in my cellar and my wife told me to empty them—Or Else.

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED.

I pulled the cork from the first bottle—poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass which I drank. I then withdrew the cork from the second bottle and emptied the good old booze down the sink except one glass, which I drank. I pulled the cork from the third sink and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank. I poured one bottle from the cork of the next drink and drank one sink out of it and poured the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle and drank the glass. I pulled the next cork out of my throat and poured the sink down the bottle and drank another glass.

Then I corked the sink with the glass and bottled the drink and drank the pour. When I had everything emptied I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottle and corks which added up to 29. To be sure, I counted them again as they came by—and this time I had 74. And as the house came by, I counted them the third time and finally I had all the houses, bottles, corks and glasses, except one house and one bottle which I drank.

It was all my wife's fault.

Will sell or exchange for rabbits, 3 blankets and one worn pillow slip. Apply L/Cpl. Collicutt, dental clinic.

WANTED young man to drive a truck, learn a trade, earn while you learn, no experience needed. Latest models, expert instructors, best of food and living conditions. Join RCAF tomorrow or apply Sgt. Ronberg at M.T.

Have you a future? Get the low down from away down by Madam Gyp, beer glass readings, future guaranteed to please. Appointments after six only. I buy the beer. Apply room 6. "Peggy."

WASHING. Young airmen will wash socks, shirts, ties or what have you. Need money at once to send to young brother for medicine and girl friend. A.C 1 Roy Corner.

HAVE YOU A LINE. If not investigate wonderful opportunity handling our line. Itsadare Specialty Mfg. Co.

RAISE MICE. If you have an extra pair of shoes you can earn a nice amount of money by raising white mice. Eat little except the shoe. Apply F/O Dewes for government approved methods.

Hostesses at Dance Make Affair Success

Groups one and two of the Air Force Auxiliary, again came to the front with a successful dance in the Recreation Hall on Friday, April 4, with all station personnel welcome and from appearances all station personnel present.

The dance from all angles (not angels) was a real affair. It had the added interest of many attractive unaccompanied hostesses who kindly journeyed out from Saskatoon to the Port for the dance. This relieved the lack of partner situation and gave many an airman considerable more leeway than usual. The usual situation being that all airmen always bring their wives or sweethearts which may result in dire results if one were apt to give too much attention to a certain lady.

All in all everyone had a great time, and there was no danger of having a wife pawned off on you or a punch in the nose from your brother at arms for stealing his sweetheart.

"Won't you marry me, Ellnor?"
"Why you couldn't keep me in shoes!"
"Well, of course, I'd expect you to cut out walking back after we were married."

"A Good Place to Shop"

Everything for Men—at prices you will like!

The Gillespie Big 22 Ltd.

MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT



Full Course Meals
Hot Lunches Served
Candy

Second Avenue. Phone 2385

F. A. Robinson
SHOES REPAIRED
MADE-TO-MEASURE
PHONE 2085
257 2nd Ave., S., Saskatoon

EATON TAILORED UNIFORMS

For Officers of the R. C. A. F.

IMPORTED English "Barathea," cut by hand and tailored to strict specifications. Excellent quality woollens at moderate prices.

The Uniform Extra Slacks Wings
\$48.50 \$11.00 \$1.50

GREATCOATS

Tailored from English melton cloth—a firm, splendid weight material **\$59.50**

Forage Hats, \$7.25 Hat Badge, \$2.75

T. EATON CO. LIMITED

New Crane Sequence Has Variety of Possibilities

An admirably flexible sequence for the operation of Crane aircraft on the Saskatoon airport has finally been evolved following a series of highly technical discussions between flying personnel, maintenance and equipment officers and somebody in Wichita that Mr. Dutton the Cessna man calls on the telephone three times per day.

As a result of these earnest deliberations the following system of alternative sequences has been laid down for adoption.

FIRST: You land the aircraft on the wheels and tail-wheel at the same time. This is called a "three-point" landing, and the results can be adjusted to suit your temperament.

SECOND: You land on the wheels alone. This is called a wheel landing, and the result depends on where you make the wheels go.

THIRD: You land on the port wheel and the port wingtip and when you feel you are securely on

the ground you let them both collapse. This has the advantage of shortening the landing run.

FOURTH: You turn into wind at 500 feet, take out all the fuses and throw them out the window, leave wheels and flaps in the UP position and bail out.

FIFTH: Tell your flight sergeant the brakes won't work; then go and fly an Anson.

New "Y" Leader Is Going Concern

If ever you met a regular fellow, it is Emerson Christilaw, the new director of YMCA services at No. 4 S.F.T.S.

"Chris," as he is known to all who have met him, comes from Brandon where for several years he wielded a strap as principal of a school, but here he has left his strap at home and is out to make this station one of the best for recreational services and facilities for the men.

With summer season fast approaching, he is now laying plans for sports so that there will be something for everyone on the station. There will be softball, ping-pong, lacrosse, tennis and as the time goes on perhaps a little of everything.

A telephone has been installed in the "Y" office and if you can ever find him in, you are most welcome to drop in for a chat or to discuss any problem that may be confronting you.

Old Country Lads And Aussies Fight

Continued From Page One

—that we should like to see them in the ring again.

The bouts were staged with the permission of the Commanding Officer, Group Captain A. D. Bell- Irving, and were refereed by Flight Lieutenant C. J. Fee. The judges were Cpl. Mickey Maguire and Flight Lieutenant "Pug" Attridge. Timekeepers were E. G. Christilaw, Y.M.C.A. agent, and Flight Sergt. Cable, while Flying Officer K. E. Brown made the announcements.

SUMMARY

The summary of the bouts follows:

Ian McPherson, 170, Vancouver, outpointed Bob Lynch, 170, Ayr, Scotland.

"Curly" Duncan, 180, Toronto, defeated Jimmy Smith, 185, Winnipeg, by a technical knockout in the second round.

Rav Lavoie, 153, Montreal, defeated "Red" Dymont, 155, Barrie, Ont., by technical knockout in the second round.

Maxie McGowan, 138, Sydney, Australia, outpointed "Ginger" Jones, 150, Cardiff, Wales.

Jock Corrigan, 150, Dundee, Scotland, defeated Jim Sandilands, 147, Uralla, Australia.

Grant Mitchell, 154, Regina, knocked out Harold King, 154, Cape Breton, N.S., in third round.

Doug Roberts, 145, Saskatoon, defeated Doug Birley, 145, St. Johns, B.C., by technical knockout in the first round.

Jock Miller, 133, London, Eng., outpointed D. Bakv, 135, Edmonton. Jim Wood, 160, Meskinaw, Sask., outpointed Bob Mair, 160, Victoria, B.C.

Bob Hamilton, 160, Brandon, Man., outpointed "Bud" Cherry, 160, Vancouver.

Jim Wilson, 164, Saskatoon, drew with Oliver Unland, 165, Ponoka, Alta.

In the Slipstream

—By Yehudi

We understand that a certain E.A. in Tech stores took great pains to grow a soup-strainer . . . and after he had it well past the baseball team stage it disappeared . . . we wonder what actually happened . . . but after all this same fellow is really a brick.

We understand that a certain senior N.C.O. on this station is thinking seriously of having his voice cultivated . . . it seems it was one of two things . . . and I think that this one is by far the best suggestion . . . I wonder who it could, be?

There is a certain fellow who is known simply as Able . . . and it seems that in the past few months he has received quite a few boxes of eats . . . we wonder what would have happened if some certain airmen from a certain section had found out about the last one . . . but don't quote me, it's supposed to have been a secret . . . and just by way of a contrast this same certain Able bunked over a fellow named "Porky" . . . Queer what?

Can you imagine a person going out on four different blind dates in four days . . . well, I know of such a person . . . and I think that he can really take it . . . or else he is a DON JUAN AND CASANOVA rolled into one.

I hear tell of a certain airman in the Met office who is inventing a new type of something . . . if I knew what it was maybe I could tell you too . . . but no matter what it is . . . watch out that it doesn't blow up on you . . . really all kidding aside best of luck with your wachyoumaycallit.

I never really knew what a MARCH OF SLIME was until I actually saw one . . . and can you imagine all the Gables that we may have on this station . . . I've often watched the different airmen standing looking toward the west and you will hear them mutter "Hollywood, gee" . . . but I wouldn't advise you boys to hold your breath.

You know they tell me that you can do anything in the air force . . . the only catch is . . . don't get caught at it.

By the way have you heard the song "Bless 'Em All" . . . which was brought over by our English friends . . . of course those are the real words . . . but I know that most of the boys like the words which were censored from this column.

And then there was the "Ginger" haired boy who was teaching a girl

how to do the "Bumpsadzie" . . . another RAF innovation . . . and became over energetic in the bumping part . . . and landed this same sweet lass right on her derriere . . . so he says.

Talking about the RAF . . . they sure have an eye for women . . . pretty fair I'd say . . . tell me, boys, where do you find 'em all . . . I've been here for four months . . . and was just thinking seriously of having my face lifted . . . but now that I've seen some of you fellows I have renewed hopes.

Western Hotel
Licensed Premises
SASKATOON, SASK.

TAXI
2544
PHONE
2288
REASONABLE RATES
GREY CAB CO.

AIR FORCE JEWELRY
BROOCHES 50c, 75c, \$1.00 And Up
RINGS \$3.50, \$5.00, \$6.00 And Up
Western Jewelers, Limited
132 20th Street, East, Saskatoon. Phone 3364

A DRINKER'S LAST REQUEST

Under the shade of a juniper tree
Please bury me good and deep,
And let the juice from a silo of corn
Trickle down to where I sleep.
Wrap me around with a gin-soaked sheet
And splash the coffin with rye;
Lay a cocktail shaker under my head,
Near my hand some "extra dry."
Put a poultice of mash upon my chest
And a sackful of hops near my feet,
And soak the ground where is my grave
With a barrel of whiskey, neat.
And close to my head place a barrel of wine,
At my feet a barrel of beer.
And I will sleep with a smile on my face,
Year after pickled year.

G FLIGHT

What happened to the extra duty LAC Hunter Smith was going to get for laughing on the parade ground when his foot and leg sunk out of sight in the mud?

Now that the boys have their requisite number of hours in a Cessna, you you think they will let us go solo in a Link Trainer?

LAC Joe Grant. We suggest you miss the ruts next time when taking off as the rules of the game are the "nose up" not the "nose down."

There Is No Substitute For Quality!

Only the best is available at General Automotive Supplies, Wholesale Department of

John East Iron Works LIMITED

125 Ave. C, North, Saskatoon
A Full Line of Parts and Accessories.
Specialized Machine Shop Service.

TRY
Rose's New menslinen laundry
You'll Be Delighted
Buttons sewn on free.
Sox darned free.
Dial 6108.
Arthur Rose LIMITED
CLEANERS • LAUNDERS • TUNNERS
2nd Ave., bet. 24th and 25th Sts.

HEADQUARTERS FOR
MILITARY SHOE REPAIRING
SOLES SEWN ON IN
We Specialize in Ladies' Work
15 MINUTES while U wait
Harrison's Shoe Rebuilders
104 3rd Ave., North 1 Block North of Eaton's

Airmen Are Welcome At Our Place!

Air Force Blue Dunnage Bags, 12-oz—	Boxing Trunks, pair	\$1.50
14"x36"	Boxers' Rubber Teeth	\$1.50
Air Force Blue Dunnage Bags, 12-oz—	Rubber Soled Athletic Shoes	\$1.25, \$2, \$3.50
16"x42"	color	pair
Air Force Blue Officers' Kit Bags. Same as army officers, but blue		
color		\$5.00

Shorts for every line of sport. Tennis, Softball, Basket Ball, Boxing, Running, etc.

The Largest Stock of Guns, Rifles and Ammunition in the Province.

We Appreciate Your Business

Houlding's Hardware Ltd.
220 2nd Avenue, So. Phone 2916

March of Time Filming Is Success in Spite of Mud

One of the smartest parades this Station has ever turned out was presented on the morning of Sunday, March 23rd, when the March of Time cameraman was here to film a typical Wings Parade.

An adequate rehearsal the day previous had brought the boys to a new peak of snap and efficiency and they defied the boggy mud of the parade ground and a raw March wind to show the movie public just what a real Wings Parade should look like.

Only disappointing feature of the

whole show was the fact that the trim-looking Aussie student pilots who received their Wings from the hands of the Commanding Officer were obliged to return them when the Parade was over. But never mind, boys, they will be yours to keep in a few weeks from now!

Equipment Nuts and Bolts

Stores personnel paraded into No. 5 hangar for a photo Friday afternoon. We trust our looks are not an indication of the way we feel. Perhaps some day it will be in the paper. Who knows?

We are sorry to again lose more of our good friends and fellow workers, namely Cpl. George Phinnemore and Cpl. George Bruce. Our loss will be someone else's gain.

Also transferred recently from stores were Sgt. R. Rennie, AC 1 S. O. Decker, AC 1 "Pee Wee" Foster, AC 1 E. McCarville, and Cpl. Goodman. We hope they are all happy in the service.

It has been reported to us that Cpl. Bill Colville and a cute little blonde named Marg, when taking in the theatre, are so enraptured with each other that the trance is only broken, when at the conclusion, the

National Anthem is played. We are also assured that this could definitely be classed as a "recurring issue."

By the way, Bill, what is the idea of the "Mr. and Mrs." stuff in the Star-Phoenix newspaper writeup of the supper dance?

The entire stores personnel extend the deepest sympathy to AC 2 C. Trenholm who received a 48-hour pass over the weekend. After getting all prepared to go home and visit his charming little wife, he was informed that his hut was C.E., consequently he missed his train and had to walk into the city in the early hours of the morning, and only get part of the 48 at home. How would you like a promotion to hut warden, Clem?

PEOPLE ARE MORE FUN THAN ANYBODY!

What sergeant unpaid in the accounts section is looking forward to about one hundred weight in pure gold, and will he spring for the boys when it arrives? If he does we hope to be around.

Who is the tall Ft. Sgt. in the hospital that is now so popular with the airmen, now that he has their interest so closely to heart... or better still you name it by free issue.

Cpl. Moses of the airmen's mess is gone and now we have no more brandishing of soup ladles when we want an extra piece of pie.

If you can find a better 'ole drop in, said the LAC, groping around our main drag looking for his rubbers with extra unprintable embellishments.

As Reconnaissance is strictly an Airmen's paper, we feel that more pictures and articles of our "Girls" that work here should be published. For they, too, we understand are strictly airmen's... or are they?

Carelessness in Letters Can Have Dread Results

As a member of the R.C.A.F. your attention is drawn to a serious breach of discipline whereby service personnel are disclosing Service matters in letters and conversation which, if allowed to continue, may lead to very serious situations. Air Force headquarters are taking a grave view of recently joined recruits and others who carelessly pass on idle talk in letters and otherwise. This may adversely affect the war, even to jeopardizing your own life by providing information to the enemy. If Service information should be discovered in your subsequent censored letters or indiscreet remarks passed on to your families and friends,

it will not only reflect on the efficiency of this station but may react drastically upon yourselves. Personnel recently arriving from England are particularly cautioned in that Nazi intelligence agents in the United States are very active and that the problem of preventing the disclosure of vital information either through the mails or by injurious conversation is much more complex here than it is in the United Kingdom. If by fully appreciating the intensified seriousness of the present situation you think before you write or speak, you will minimize the problems involved, correct a difficult situation and render a service to our Empire.

Spring is in the air and we notice that the oldest of all instincts coming to the fore. No doubt it is happening all over the station at present but as we sleep next to AC 2 Reg Walker of the instrument section, we have to confess that he has a bad case of spring fever. After all, Reg listening to these phrases as you talk in your sleep, night after night, gets rather monotonous. "Is she ever an angel." "Oh, pal, she's a honey." "I've only know her a week and she loves me to distraction." "I met her one night at the rink. In all that large crowd, that I should meet her of all people." "Some magnetic force must have drawn us together."

One of the RAF lads (we lost his name) told us that the only definition of love that he knew was "Love is like a pail of honey dripping down your back and you can't get around to lick it."

We wonder if our friend feels somewhat like this?

Ten Commandments

1. When on guard thou wilt challenge all parties approaching thee.
2. Thou shalt not send any engraving nor any likeness of any airship in Heaven above or on any postcard of the earth beneath, nor any drawing of any submarine under the sea, for I, the censor, am a jealous censor, visiting the iniquities of the offenders with three months C.E., but showing mercy unto thousands by letting their letters go free, who keep my commandments.
3. Thou shalt not use profane language unless under extraordinary circumstances, such as seeing your comrade shot, or getting coal oil in your tea.
4. Remember the airman's week consists of seven days: six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, and on the seventh day do all thy odd jobs.
5. Honor your King and your country; keep your rifle oiled and shoot straight that thy days may be long upon the land which the enemy giveth thee.
6. Thou shalt not steal thy comrade's kit.
7. Thou shalt not kill — TIME.
8. Thou shalt not adulterate thy mess tin by using it as a shaving mug.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy comrades but preserve a strict neutrality on his outgoings and his incomings.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy sergeant's post, nor the corporal's, nor the flight sergeant's, but do thy duty and by dint of perseverance rise to the high position of air vice-marshal.

CLIPPER PILOT CLUB
The parachute section is initiating pupil pilots into the Clipper Pilots Club by clipping their beautiful silk neckties from very near the collar. The souvenirs adorn the parachute room walls in large quantities. Pilots taking the joke well by purchasing new neckties and staying away from Parachute room.

No secrets to the telephone operators now. It's in the orderly room.

Who was the Aussie airman on the mock wings parade who was reminded that Samson's method of becoming a strong man is no longer approved. Has he been to the barber since or did he see Delilah?

Army Doctor: "Weak eyes, er? How many lines can you read on that chart?"
Draftee: "What chart?"

The Best Taxi Service
REASONABLE RATES

BILL'S TAXI
Ltd.

Phone 6242-6243

Look for the Green and White Hat Bands.

Boyd Bros.

CHEVROLET AND OLDSMOBILE

Gas — Oil — Repairs

PHONE 5210

Day and Night Service

2nd Ave. and 24th St.,
Saskatoon

WHEN YOU TAKE OFF FOR FINE PORTRAITS BE SURE AND MAKE A PERFECT LANDING

AT **Charmbury's Studio**

PHOTOGRAPHERS

D.C. Block (Over Shasta Cafe), 2nd Avenue, So.
Phone 4367.

H FLIGHT

News flash. "Madcap" Maxie McGown reforms. Off beer for a fortnight. How does it feel Maxie?

Has everyone read or reread sections 4 to 44 of the Air Force Act? It is really interesting to know what can happen to you, if you do the things you mustn't do.

A certain young man, and a corporal at that, Unaware that his badge was upturned on his hat, Found this fault was displayed at his morning parade, And was told that his brains were disturbed when he sat.

Marshall's Tailoring and Dressmaking

Service Uniforms Altered and Repaired
Chevrons and Badges Sewn On

FREE

Odd buttons sewn on, button holes repaired as a service.

106 Helgerson Block
Same Floor as Empire Service Club
Phone 7430
Repairs, Pressing—While You Wait.

PHOTOS—STEELE'S STUDIO

Phone 3773

129 2nd Ave., N.



DRINK MILK FOR HEALTH

A Message From Our Padre

*Flt. Lt. W. P. Griffiths Offers a Few Words
On Service and Sacrifice*

The Editor having invited me to pen a message, I do so gladly. At the outset let me thank you all for the open-hearted way in which you received me into your midst. The courtesy and kindness of the Officer Commanding and of the Adjutant will ever be remembered.

"I was a stranger and ye took me in," was the vivid impression left upon my mind as I settled down to my duties at No. 4 S.F.T.S. Thank you!

SERVICE AND SACRIFICE

Life is an epic of personal relations.

We find our interests mutually bound up in the great bundle of life—"No man liveth unto himself nor dieth unto himself."

The way we feel toward each other in the ordinary intercourse of life's traffic is of measurelessly more importance than the intellectual probe of each other's position. George Elliot was not far astray in saying "were duties only substituted in the place of rights, our social problems would be solved at a stroke."

It has been pointed out that could we conceive a human society in which all its members were rich, clever, and intellectual; in which therefore poverty, mediocrity and ignorance were not—we should still have no sort of guarantee of social happiness or virtue. But given the lowliest sort of human society in which its members acted toward each other in a kindly spirit, and the peace and prosperity of such a community would be assured.

When we get down to the last analysis—sympathy is seen to be the root of fellowship and from the sympathetic impulse duly cultivated and cherished all virtues arise.

A modern writer says: "I am not so greatly concerned about the character of the problems we are obliged to confront as about the temper and spirit in which these difficulties are approached."

Yes we talk learned about the truth but we sometimes forget that truth is that which trues our lives to each other.

Service before Self is the destiny of man, no matter what religion he may profess—reason and faith both point to this course, as Kipling says: "Not as a ladder

from earth to heaven, not as a witness to any creed, but simple service simply given to his own kind in their common need."

Service before self spells sacrifice.

The man who walks along the path of life and never thinks of his neighbor does not understand the why and wherefore of his existence.

Service is the keynote of the day and the noblest form of service lies in unselfish devotion to the welfare of one's fellows and we are justified in serving others.

Many a man owes his success in life to the inspiration of a friendly word of cheer.

Remember what we do for ourselves dies with us, but what we do for others lives long after we are called hence. The greatest good we can do in this old world of ours is the service we can render to our fellow men.

We would all do well to act upon the advice of Carlyle: "Here or nowhere, now or never; where thou art not where thou wouldst be, with what thou hast, not with what you would choose to have; do thou thy work; make good thy purpose, save thy soul, serve thy fellows."

Feathers From the Kangaroosters

By THE JOLLY SWAGMAN

In Australia only instructors wear parachutes as they are short of instructors.

What a queer feeling when the people of Canada take us and our uniforms for that of the Salvation Army. Perhaps it is just our well-meaning look.

We soon hope to be playing football with Australian rules. It should be rough and the footballs came all the way from the land of the "diggers." We play only two brands of football, namely, rough football and rougher football.

LAC Alex Cox and LAC Dick Twomey (cobblers or cobblers, we are not sure which), are now on a 24-hour shift of 1 hour studying and 1 hour school and 22 hours shining shoes, boots or what have you. The rate is only 15c for Wellington Boots (you can't make much with all that surface area to polish), overshoes 10c and everything else 10c. Apply Hut 11A.

May we suggest you lay in a good supply of polish boys, as the price may soon be going up.

P.S.: A cobbler is a pal in Australia.

IN THE MOVIES

Was course 21 ever surprised when course 19 swiped the field service caps for the receiving of their wings. Are they back yet?

You have not got your wings yet LAC Alex Cox, so it's not wise to go wing walking without a parachute. Better see that the door is locked next time.

"Just fancy that," exclaimed the proud mother. "They've promoted our Herbert for hitting the sergeant. They've made him a court martial."

Former Mountie Pilot Is Going Back to the Coast

News of the posting of Flying Officer Pat Grant to the training school at Boundary Bay, B.C., has been received around the Station with genuine regret. Not alone to his own "C" Flight but to virtually every section and unit of the Station his departure is going to leave a void that will not be easily filled.

Pat Grant is essentially a colorful figure. Before joining the R.C.A.F. at the outbreak of war he was a pilot engaged in flying a customs patrol aircraft for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police off the Maritime coast. And he was not merely a pilot, he was a genuine Mountie, and his stories of police barrack life and the long arm of

the Law take more than one night to tell.

In being posted to the Pacific Coast, Pat will feel quite at home, for he is a veteran with a Stranraer flying boat and is one of the ablest marine fliers in the Service. At Boundary Bay as well as at Saskatoon, Flying Officer Grant is certain to continue to reap credit for himself and the great Service he works for.

**ACME MACHINE and
ELECTRIC CO.**

Phone 6777

150 Avenue A, North,
Saskatoon, Sask.

"WHEN YOU WANT LUMBER IN A HURRY"

PHONE 6131 OR 97558

*Our Truck Will Be on the Way
A Minute After*

C. H. WENTZ LUMBER CO., LTD.

DAFFYNITIONS

KNAPSACK—Sleeping bag.

UNAWARE—Clothing worn next to the skin.

CREEK—Restaurant proprietor.

YELLOW—Swedish name for a gelatine.

ENAMEL—A four-footed creature.

FATE—Remain: like "Fate for me."

HINDER—Inside of: like "It's hinder bag."

ZOO—To demand legal settlement.

GRADE—Superficial: like "That's a grade idea."

MARGIN—Moving in a body: like "We're margin to Camp Borden."

NIBBLE—Joints of the leg.

STACEY'S LIMITED

"Quality Jewellers"

Sign of the Overhead Clock.

Corner 2nd Ave. and 22nd St., Saskatoon.

The finest stock of military watches in the city. Waterproof, shockproof, anti-magnetic wrist watches from \$22.50 up. (Choose your watch from Bulova, Rolex, Elgin, Westfield, Tavannes, or other well-known makes.)

Air Force Jewellery—a large assortment of rings, pins, lockets, identity bracelets, cigarette cases, wallets, with the popular Air Force crest.

Reliable Watch Repairing by Experienced Jewellers.



Count on Us
to Make Your
Snapshots "Click"

KODAK FILM CAREFUL FINISHING

WHETHER they're outdoor shots in daylight or pictures indoors after dark, you'll find here the Kodak Film that will get them. Our finishing service, too, will help with careful developing and printing after you've made the exposures. Plan to give this combination a trial soon and see for yourself how your pictures improve.

SASKATCHEWAN PHOTO SUPPLY

268, 2nd Ave., S., Saskatoon

SHASTA CAFE

"Where Food Excels"

213 2nd Ave., Saskatoon.

To All Ranks of the Air Force SAVINGS BONDS AND INSURANCE

Plan Systematic Savings With Security

SEE OR PHONE

BUNNY BOXER and JACK TOOMBS
REPRESENTATIVES

The Great West Life Assurance Co.

Saskatoon Office—210-212 MacMillan Bldg.

PHONE 2711 - 2118

A PLAN FOR EVERY PERSON AND EVERY PURSE

SPECIAL

TO AIR FORCE MEN

1 5"x7" Portrait, Colored in
Oils, in R.C.A.F. Gold Frame.
All Complete. Special

\$2.50

Hollywood Studios

238 2nd Ave., S., Saskatoon

Greeting Cards

Hazen-Twiss Ltd.

CAMERAS - SUPPLIES

They're in the Air Force Now



The second Wings Parade for the maidens of No. 4 S.F.T.S. was recently held, when Group Captain Bell-Irving presented the entire staff of girls with Wings for their caps. This now makes an attractive addition to the already smartly styled uniforms, and just remember girls, that no airman gives away his wings. Beginning in the front row and reading from left to right, the girls are: Maureen Hayes, Anne Blackwood, Jean Baker, Donna MacPherson, Rae

Collins, Bunty Matheson and Betty Borland. Back row, left to right: Hetty Brain, Violet Anderson, Renee Coles, Marjorie Jasper, Marjorie Jennings, Flt-Sergt. J. E. Lamb, Sadie Enderson, Madeline Cooney, Rose Porter, Laura Barker and Beatrice Bottema. Missing from the picture is Miss Harriett Veering, telephone operator who was busy at the switchboard.

HOSPITAL NEWS

Remember, next to the pilot the parachute is your best friend. So long, Prince Albert, and nice flying, Sister McSorley, and who fitted your parachute?

There's some attraction in Brandon. It must be a beautiful blonde. They did look different on arriving back at our hospital. Glad to see you back, Storey and Give-more.

They say promotion is just around the corner. Darn those corners. I'm tired going around them.

Who was the kitchen help who asked for a No. 9 instead of a headache pill? So that's why you've been running around so much. We were wondering.

What makes the patients stay so long in hospital? Could it be the food?

The boys have been keeping Sister Horbay and the flight lieutenants busy with the needles the past week. Keep it up, boys, they can give it.

Sorry, Hume, the phone is busy.

Who is the happy chap around the hospital who sings "When the Love Light Shines In Her Eyes?" Have a good holiday in Ottawa, LAC Cochrane.

Stebbing: "Hey, eat up your lettuce, McCrum!"
McCrum (our prize R.A.F. patient): "What d'yer think I am, a bloomin' rabbit?"

"All my life," she said, "I've been seeking the ideal man—and oh!—what a lot of fun I've had missing him!"

First Wedding Is Held Within Camp

There's a first time for everything, and last Saturday afternoon saw the first wedding ceremony conducted on the station at No. 4 Service Flying Training School.

The proud and happy groom was A.C.I Eugene Gilbert Thomlinson, aero engine mechanic from Maintenance Squadron, and his happy, smiling bride was Miss Patricia Mary Barnett, from Grenfell, Sask.

The wedding ceremony took place in the office of the Protestant Padre, Flight Lieutenant W. P. Griffiths, and following the event the happy couple left for their honeymoon.

YES

We understand that Hitler changes his socks at least four times a day, because he cannot stand the smell of defeat.

Charges Reasonable

Mrs. F. Woodward

Expert on Air Force Uniform Alterations

231 22nd St., E., Saskatoon

COMPLIMENTS OF

**BALDWIN
EMPIRE
QUEENS
HOTELS**

Clean — Central
Comfortable

The Redeemed

I saw him pass, from the busy press,
Of a downtown street, in his battle dress
Swinging his arms, as he marched along
Whistling the "Barrel Polka" song:
Head held high and the rhythmic beat
Of his hob-nailed boots on the busy street;
Steady his eyes and his face of tan
And I knew that my country had made a man.

And I thought of his years just after school,
When his only ambition was dice and pool
Then later a date with a Jitter Bug Jane
Poker and dice and the sucker's game.
Bootlegger gin and a cat-house flop
He was gone on the road where it's hell to stop
Where it's all downhill on a one-way track,
And a damned tough grade on the long road back.

And I thought of our leaders of bygone years
Raving of freedom, their dreads and their fears
Of teaching boys war, forbidding them drill
Claiming it gave them the "lust to kill."
And our boys were denied O God the sin
To walk in order and discipline
So our workless lads just joined the Gang
While preachers preached and the church bells rang.

And our Ladies' Club, I can hear them yet
Condemning with horror the School Cadet
And the mouthing pacifist's tiresome prate
Of a uniform teaching a boy to hate
But let us forget we all share the blame
For neglected youth and a nation's shame.

For today he passed, and he'll never guess
How splendid he looked in his battle dress
Swinging his arms as he tramped on by
Singing his song, with his head held high
Marching to glory with rifle and kit
One of a million to do his bit.
I stood on there, with my shoulders straight
Till he passed from sight through the station gate.

And perhaps you'll come back, when your battle's won,
Praise be to God — my son — my son.

R. McCLINTOCK.

QUESTION BOX

- Where is far away?
- What make the wind?
- When was last night?
- Who took care of men when you were a little girl?
- Do you walk when your shooted dead?
- Do my bones make my eyes wink?

BOTH DOING WELL

A young officer returning from leave abroad was about to take his place in an airliner, when a girl ran up and asked the passengers if one of them would be kind enough to sell her their seat as her mother was dangerously ill and the liner was full up.
The young officer gave up his

seat to her, and wired his C.O. thus:
"Given berth to girl. Returning by next plane."
The reply he received ran: "Congratulations. Your next confinement will be in barracks."

BOWMAN BROS. LIMITED

Wholesale Distributors

Of Automotive Merchandise and Equipment

Including

FIRESTONE TIRES, WILLARD BATTERIES AND PHILCO RADIOS

From eight centrally located stocks at

**Saskatoon - Regina - Yorkton
North Battleford - Swift Current
Prince Albert - Moose Jaw
Weyburn**

Now in our 34th Year of Serving the Automotive Trade in Saskatchewan