

**SUGGESTION:**

When Low Flying, Please Spare the Gophers!

# Reconnaissance

VERY INFORMAL ORGAN OF NO. 4 SERVICE FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL, SASKATOON

**THE WEATHER:**

Married or Happy?

VOL. 1, NO. 5

SASKATOON, SASKATCHEWAN

MAY 19, 1941

## P.O. Arnold Loses Life In England

### First Student From No. 4 To Give Life in Service Overseas

Pilot Officer Victor Charles Arnold, 20, of the Royal Canadian Air Force, one of Saskatoon's most promising scholars and athletes, was killed in an air crash overseas, his parents, Col. H. W. Arnold and Mrs. Arnold of 717 Seventh Avenue, north, learned May 6.

The airman was the younger brother of Ft. Lt. Keith Arnold of the Royal Air Force, who recently was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross in "recognition of gallantry and devotion to duty."

#### BORN AT KINDERSLEY

Pilot Officer Arnold was born at Kindersley on February 20, 1921. He obtained part of his primary education by attending the Indian School at Moose Mountain, where his father was Indian agent. He also went to public school in Moose Jaw and finished his public school education at Wilson School in Saskatoon.

He then attended City Park Collegiate Institute and after finishing his grade 12 joined the Royal Canadian Air Force on July 18, 1940. At City Park Collegiate he was awarded the honor of being senior stick.

The airman graduated with a fine



**PILOT OFFICER ARNOLD**

record from No. 4 Service Flying Training School, Saskatoon, and was one of a few who were given commissions upon completion of their course.

The pilot officer was a versatile athlete in addition to being a competent and keen scholar. He excelled in hockey, basketball, track and specialized in swimming in which line of sport he earned many trophies. He was a member of the Saskatoon Public School all-star hockey team and played on several collegiate teams. He won numerous provincial trophies. While stationed at the Trenton, Ont., air base he competed for this air school at a swimming meet in Toronto and was rewarded with a gold medal for his exceptional showing. He was a keen member of the Saskatoon Y.M.C.A.

His death deeply shocked his family which had prepared themselves for his return. The older brother Keith, whose fearless tactics against the enemy were well known.

Citizens of Saskatoon will best remember the young flier for a daring feat when he and a companion and close friend, Everett Ettinger saved Lois Williams of Leney from drowning in Wilson Lake, near Biggar, in July, 1939. The two boys did not tell about their act. It was first discovered some four months later when the girl's mother wrote a letter of thanks to William H. Moor, secretary of the Y.M.C.A., where Ettinger is a physical instructor in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Colonel Arnold, a veteran of the First Great War, who was unsuccessful in trying to enlist in this war, said Tuesday night: "All I can hope is that the deaths of young men like Victor will ultimately benefit the world."

Besides his parents and brother the young airman is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Doris Stobie and Freda and Joan Arnold, all of Saskatoon.

## Station Moguls See Sports



Two eager spectators at the Sports Parade on May 11th were snapped by LAC Galloway of the Photographic Section in the picture above. Seated is our Commanding Officer, Group Captain A. D. Bell-Irving, who is enjoying a chat with Squadron Leader "Bud" Newcombe, the Station's new and efficient Chief Flying Instructor. Both are ardent sports fans.

## Rowdy Service Police Enjoy Themselves at Hearty Brawl

By CPL AMM  
Chief of Staff Service Police Reception and Confidential Amusements

A party sponsored by the Service Police was held in the Legion Hall on Wednesday, April 30. Airforce Blue was the dress of the night and guests were F/O Taylor, W.O. 2 Collyer, Sgt. Pilot Hunt, Sgt. Knox, and Cpl. Tizard. The above guests were all guests on the go as you pay plan but pay in advance before you go.

Tables were nicely decorated with beverages of various sorts, sizes, tastes and prices, meat pies, eggs, eggshells, cigarette butts and feet. Also a table cloth.

A toast was given by Cpl. Wilson and a few tales were told by Curley Duncan, which included a story about the fight he won in his pugilistic days. Just what Cpl. Wilson said nobody knows and everybody cares less. However it was an interesting address.

The musical entertainment was started off by Cpl. Amm, who played the Sonata in "F" "7", "C" and "2" and sang Madama Zelle from Armaters as an accompaniment to the piano and to himself.

Flying Officer Taylor held the floor on many occasions with the trick he called a "double barre special." This trick was more than an ordinary stunt, as it had a future meaning. It consisted of downing two raw eggs in one glass of beverage. While Flying Officer Taylor held the floor, Cpl. Amm kept him vertical and a few more

police held Amm. Everything was O.K. anyway.

A strip tease was performed by the new sensation of crime Madamzelle Wilson, who just came from star performances in the gutters of Saskatoon, danced with the festiveness of a plow horse. After an encore Miss Wilson gave the crowd an impersonation of Barnacle Bill the Sailor, which had the crowd holding their noses.

Lunch was served by L.A.C. Tensley, who fed everybody but the guests. The floor received the best share of the meat pies.

Sgt. McKay thrilled "himself" with singing the Sidewalks of New York, and wiggled his hips until he had W.O. 2 Collyer yelling "as you were."

A star piano player was imported for the extravaganza in the person of Jimmy Glover, who tickled the keys to every tune anyone could think of.

A.C.I. Fogarty ran himself almost ragged in his effort to keep the boys supplied with eggs, which he succeeded in delivering all with shells intact.

The highlight of the evening program was Mickey McGuire, ex pugilist and station fight promoter, versus the stomach wallowing Big Chief, the well known station KO artist. McGuire resorted to all sorts of tactics, grabbing Big Chief by the neck and turning him upside down with two fingers.

The first slug McGuire took at Big Chief started the Chief on the Way Down, and the crowd could see the sap draining out of him. Big Chief gave a low gurgle that sounded like a death rattle, and the boys thought he was dead.

McGuire now with his killer instinct aroused and stepped in quick for another slug at the sinking Chief. The fans became aware that Big Chief was about to be drained of his last drop of energy and they booed McGuire (loud and long) for they all loved their Big Chief.

McGuire's third slug landed Big Chief on his neck, bottom up. The fans got excited and yelled for the waiter, who came running and carried Big Chief out—dead.

No inquest will be held.

## Help Needed For Paper

The editor and staff of Reconnaissance, are sending out an urgent SOS for help. The co-operation of the station is urgently required to help gather the news. The staff of Reconnaissance being somewhat limited in the time at their disposal, and having had to cut their staff from 150 employees to 148, we now find it difficult to have a reporter on the spot at all station happenings.

If you will only let us know when something has happened, when something is going to happen, when you want something to happen, then we will see what can be done for you. At times interesting tid bits crop up in your barracks, that you wonder why they never appear in the paper. The sole reason is that we never hear of them.

Don't forget to drop around with the news. We can use it. It will help make the paper more interesting. Will you help?

## Station Athletes Show Top-Notch Prowess in Opening Sports Parade

### Student Pilot Daniels Takes High Honors In Many Events

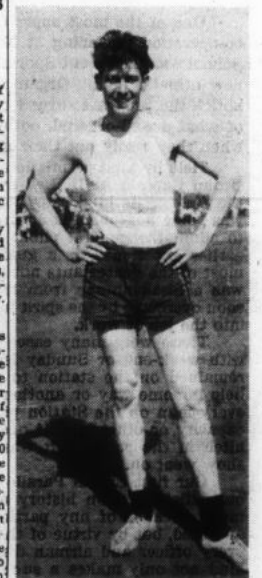
The first summer sports got off to a grand start on Sunday, May 11, when the school staged its first sports day at the airport. Everything was in readiness, including old man weather, who behaved marvelously well and enticed some 5,000 Saskatonians out to watch the airforce strut in great athletic pride and form.

Competitors from every country in the British Commonwealth and the United States took part in the activities, with L.A.C. E. Daniels former Toronto track star, becoming the individual hero of the day.

#### CAPTURES FOUR TROPHIES

Leading Aircraftsman Daniels went home with nearly all the important silverware. He won the Star-Phoenix Cup for gaining the highest track aggregate with four wins, or a victory in every one of the competitions he entered. He won the Hudson's Bay Company Trophy by triumphing in the 100 yard dash. He was awarded the Overways Limited Cup for being the best athlete in the meet. He accepted the Birks Trophy as captain of the winning team, "A" flight with 17 points of which he personally garnered 12 and finally led the Royal Canadian Air Force four to victory over the Royal Australian Air Force in the 880 yard relay by turning a 25 yard deficit into a five yard winning lead as the anchor-man of the team.

Another particularly busy athlete was Corporal D. W. Hutchinson of southern Saskatchewan, who scored a popular victory in the 440 yard dash but had to give up to Daniels' superiority in the shorter distances. Members of the Royal Australian Air Force were consistent performers. One of the greatest cheers of the day went up from the large crowd when tiny L.A.C. D. C.



**L.A.C. E. DANIELS**

Anderson, a versatile athlete, cleared the bar at 10 feet three inches in the pole vault to win this event.

Leading Aircraftsman Daniels was an easy winner in the 100 and 220 yard dashes. He was never threatened in the heats nor finals and yet did not appear to give his best. In the broad jump it was his second attempt which was measured at 18 feet and five inches which brought him victory. L.A.C. A. L. Cox, an Anzac, made it interesting when he cleared 18 feet two inches on his third try to place second. Daniels' first attempt in the discus throw was good enough for victory. It measured 82 feet and six inches and was well to the fore.

## Officers Lose Bacon in Fire

A great fire of unknown origin broke out suddenly in the Officers Mess at 16.45 hours on April 15th, endangering food, the lives of our officers and the station in general. Only through the quick and able work of our fire chief was this conflagration cut down, put out and loss reduced to a minimum.

The operator gave the alarm at 1.45 and at 1.45 1/2 the big fire truck came lumbering past the administration building, ploughing through traffic, splashing, careening, twisting, bell clanging, and at 1.45 1/2 lumbered up to the Mess. Fire pliers, snuffing from all over the station, the hose was unreeled, a few doors broken down, the water turned on, and the fire was out.

Total loss one slab of choice bacon. We understand that the bacon ration has been somewhat limited of late but then poached eggs are just as good.

#### FLATHERS IS HERO

Highlight of the fire was Cpl. Flathers whose abandonment of life has been to drive a fire truck, yes, a big red fire truck. Cpl. Flathers was given his opportunity to pilot the truck back after all danger was past but really when he started to drive all danger was on again. From all appearances, Cpl. Flathers' education in M.T. fire trucks must have been limited for you are not supposed to start a truck in high at the bottom of a hill, nor are you supposed to put it in reverse when the desire is to go forward. Better luck next time Cpl. Flathers. Sgt. Quinn would give you a few lessons.

The aftermath of the fire and the investigation by your Reconnaissance reporter is that Sgt. Hobbs, formerly in charge of the fire dept, had been posted to No. 32 S.P.T.S., Moose Jaw, and Sgt. Quinn had just taken over. The fire was a grand welcome for the Sgt. for it was an all out success and he no longer requires the gloomy look, for how better could we show you our gratitude than to have a fire for you, especially a nice little one.

Daniels' best effort came in the 880 yard relay. He trailed by a good 25 yards when he took the baton on a faulty change from his third man, A.C. I. Korchinsky, and had ahead of him L.A.C. R. Tivonney of the Royal Australian Air Force, who had not been entered in any of the track competitions. At the half way mark of the 220 yards the Canadian, while gaining, was still 20 yards behind. He suddenly hit his stride, and to deafening applause, caught up with Tivonney and won by five yards.

#### 880 TO WILSON

Corporal James Wilson of Saskatoon, better known for his exploits as a fighter, played a cagey game in the 880 yards. He trailed the field once around the track but sprinted the final round to win by 10 yards to score another popular

Continued on Page 4, Column 3

## Aussies Honor Anzac Day

If you had been around on the evening of April 25 you would have seen a pretty little ceremony taking place on the parade grounds by the Australian airmen posted to this station. It was in memory of Anzac Day.

Anzac Day is a day dear to the Aussies. It stands for Australian New Zealand Army Corps, and it was on April 25, 1915, when the Anzacs stormed the heights of Gallipoli and made so great a name for themselves. It was the Dominion troops' first baptism of fire.

Anzac Day is observed each year in Australia as a public holiday and remembrance services, parades of returned men are held. The parades are monstrous affairs that take up to three hours to pass, with the parade 20 abreast. To see one of these parades in Sydney or Melbourne is to give you something to ever remember.

# "Reconnaissance"

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MONDAY, MAY 19, 1941

## Sports Parade

One of the most superb tokens of the good spirit of co-operation prevailing at No. 4 Service Flying Training School was the recent Sports Parade held on the Station's new athletic field. Organized on comparatively short notice the program turned out to be a splendid example of what a well-ordered, enthusiastic body of men can do when they really put their minds to it.

Held by kind permission of our Commanding Officer, Group Captain A. D. Bell-Irving, the sports parade was the first of its kind ever held on this Station and there was some nervousness at first when it had been decided to admit the general public to see the events. Without earlier experience as a guide to the officials, and with most of the contestants not in perfect training trim there was a disadvantage from the start, but one which was soon overcome by the spirit in which all concerned entered into the job of work.

There were many cases of student pilots and others with week-end or Sunday leaves and passes who gladly remained on the station to participate in the events or help in some way or another around the field. Virtually every man on the Station pitched in and helped in some capacity or other, and if occasionally there was a slight hitch in the program it was readily ironed out and the show went on.

Our first Sports Parade can definitely be entered in our official station history as a red-letter day. Not so much because of any particular spectacle on the track and field, but by virtue of the "work-to-win" spirit which every officer and airman displayed. Team-work of that kind not only makes a success out of a Sports Parade; it is also the path to Victory in the bigger battle we are waging every day.

## The Mail Box

Editor, The Reconnaissance:

I wonder whether something could be done in the near future to remedy the present unsatisfactory arrangements in the Airmen's Mess in regards to the disposal of garbage and dirty dishes and utensils. The line-up of would-be diners is continually broken up by "filled-up" airmen emptying their dirty dishes in a large "slough" garbage can a foot or two away.

It is an eloquent testimonial to either the good cooking of our chefs or to the excellent appetite of our airmen (probably both) that the vast majority of the latter persist in securing their rations. Added to this is the matter of whistling knives "flying thru the air with the greatest of ease"; how these have not yet accounted for anyone's ears, nobody knows. It must be stated, however, that the toll of soiled uniforms has been high.

THE REMEDY. Simply the use as in the St. Thomas T.T.S. of dish and garbage wagons placed some distance away from the before meal line-up. The adoption of this suggestion would go a long way toward a better gustatory appreciation of the culinary achievements of our "chefs de cuisine." Yours sincerely,  
ARTHUR "PETE" LESSARD.

## In the Slipstream

—By Yehudi

Who is the one and only curly haired Disciplinary corporal who was seen walking in the attention area with a stogie in his mouth . . . and not only that . . . BUT his hands in his pocket . . . but I'm not telling who.

They tell me that a corporal . . . namely Flathers who should be devoting his time to the M.T. section . . . is learning to be a Telephone Operator . . . maybe it's the pretty voice that answers "Long Distance" . . . he has some competition from Calgary though . . . and I understand that the fireworks will be on May 14.

If you don't know about it . . . I'll tell you . . . it seems that "F" flight has a personage . . . namely O'Neil who it seems has been ferrying Seaplanes . . . no . . . to land in the slough which decorates our fair airport.

All those who are interested in the forming of a boating and yachting club please get in touch with yours truly . . . as I am already negotiating for a diving board for our lake . . . slough to you.

I would like to take this opportunity to welcome into our midst . . . two new stenos . . . male . . . but don't you think that it would be awful for a full grown man sitting on your lap.

If you have been in Headquarters Orderly Room lately . . . which you shouldn't have . . . D.R.O. No. 89-29-4-41 page 1—para 6 . . . you would have noticed a calendar with the days stroked off one by one . . . how many days is it now before the WEST . . . Bless it . . . will have to give up the Easter contribution . . . namely Able . . . for a period of just 14 days . . . but if you want to see what is waiting for him down east . . . take a look at bunk SW11 . . . and then you won't blame him for counting the days.

New that summer is here . . . ha, ha, ha . . . we will most certainly miss those nocturnal visitors of ours . . . the men who pussy-footed around so quietly that you didn't know they were there . . . the men who filled the huts with a delectable perfume . . . they are the furnace men . . . and how we will miss them.

I understand that the airmen under 5' 6" are making applications for L.P.O.'s . . . it seems that the new lockers are too high . . . and the low boys have an acute need of step-ladders . . . or something.

And then there was the airman who was asked if he would like to pilot . . . and he answered . . . that he doesn't like getting blisters on his hands from swinging a shovel or pitch-fork . . . get it . . . Horrible

They tell me that now that Ingram is back from his leave . . . a much needed rest . . . everyone has started smoking a pipe . . . I wonder what will happen to us all if he starts to smoke a pipe . . . I guess snuff will be the next stop.

With these lovely balmy nights . . . one of the boys in hut No. 8 woke up . . . and he was shivering so much that the water on his knees had white caps.

If you have any race horses that you want trained . . . or any people

that you want stabbed . . . I am led to believe that there is an excellent horse trainer . . . and Knife thrower in . . . in the person of A.C. T. Thompson.

The girls in Headquarters Orderly Room have joined a new library . . . or maybe it is just that their reading material is censorable . . . but don't ask me, ask them. We understand it is "Confessions of a Secretary."

## Among the Upper Crust

There's a new baby girl in the McKnight home these days. The fact that it is John's first, which is enough to keep any proud husband's head in the clouds, and the long sleepless nights he has had since its arrival may or may not have had something to do with the recent mishap with the Crane! Congratulations, John!

Congratulations, too, to Flying Officer Doug Dawson, whose home is graced with a daughter!

And congratulations to Flying Officer Eric Bland. Nope, no sons or daughters, just three days Orderly Officer duty. Next time you try to loop on the take-off make sure the C.P.I. is in Winnipeg or Vancouver, Eric.

And Flying Officer Gordon Willis is in line for all kinds of congratulations. Coming to No. 4 S.F.T.S. as a student in Course 19 he won his wings at a one-man wings parade, got a 48-hour leave the same day, got married the next day, and arrived back in time to get a posting here as an instructor the day following. Fast worker, Gordon!

Flight Lieutenant Attridge tells us that P/O Brown and P/O Card never knew anything so full of hay could be so hard. From Cessna to Hay-burners in one easy lesson: Ride a horse and walk away from the crash . . .

Oh, yes, and did you ever hear the story of how Flying Officer Card came to Melville. And what he called the train as it pulled out of the station? Tut, tut, language, Ken!

We wonder if Flying Officers Mair, Taylor and Payton know if a license is required to shoot mudhens and ducks on the Station slough? Better stick to gophers . . .

They tell us that Flying Officer Bob Lewis was sorely disappointed the other day when after making a forced landing in a farmer's field because of engine trouble he found himself host for five long hours to about five hundred curious farmers—and not a farmer's daughter in sight. Guess they've all moved into Saskatoon, eh?

Is it true that Flying Officer Bob Payton fell asleep the morning of the Sports Parade and didn't wake up again until the events were all over?

After the big sports on Sunday we understand that things became rather wet up at hut 16 when the boys let loose with the water works, wetting this, that and what have you. It is a darn good thing that it did not freeze Sunday night for there most certainly would have been a skating rink in the hut and a slippery time would be definitely assured to everyone.

Confidential information has it that Sgt. Quinn of the Fire Depart-

ment has a bit of difficulty keeping track of his superior these days. At first the fire chief was F/O Herriott, then came F/O Douglas. Both of these officers have been posted. As Fire Chief now, we have a dual personality in the form of F/O H. L. Taylor who as well as being fire chief is also chief of police. It looks like all fire chiefs get posted.

## An Instructor's Prayer

Our student who art in a Cessna,  
Cursed be thy name.  
Thy circuit run, my will not done  
On earth nor in the heavens.  
Give us this day our daily pater,  
And trespass not on us, that  
you may  
Survive to trespass on others—  
And lend us not into tempta-  
tion to  
Deliver you unto the C.F.I.  
For his is the power and the  
glory  
To send you to Mossbank for  
ever and ever.  
Amen.

The student is my shepherd, I  
shall not want—  
He leadeth me by high tension  
wires and caustic  
Me to sit down in rough pas-  
tures—where he  
Anointeth my head with hot  
crankcase oil.  
He prepareth me a lousy landing  
in the presence of mine  
C.F.I.  
The O.O. and the staff they ras-  
zeth me:  
Yes, verily, though I fly through  
clear skies.  
I fear much evil, for thou art  
with me.  
Ah-men!

## GOT NO BREAKFAST

A little tragical-comedy got mixed in with the other circumstances of the graduation of Course 17 the other day. The morning after the Wings Parade the proud graduates, with their sergeants' stripes glowing on their sleeves, were ousted hungry from the Airmen's Mess because they were no longer L.A.C.'s. Marching over to the Sergeants' Mess they found that no accommodation had been made for them there, and the net result was that they got no breakfast.

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### Accounts and Headquarters

Was L.A.C. Allan Sweetnam and face red the other day when he decided to purchase the stuff you carry on the hip and don't open in a public place. Such carrying on, Al, and we suggest that the next time you drop around by that store, make sure you look up and down the street so that you won't run into the Padre. It can be most embarrassing at times.

We wonder how the boys in the accounts section feel now that they have run into the arms of the law and out of them again in a very few minutes. It is a good thing the corporal happened along at the right time and took charge of things or else. . . In order to miss the city police we suggest going to barracks via direct route instead of via 20th Street. Strange things happen in those dark corners.

If a boat sinks would a safety razor?

Sgt. Yaternick the new sgt. in headquarters may be a newcomer to the station and Saskatoon but already he is cutting quite a swath. The sgt. seems to have things pretty well in hand by now for already we have seen him at two supper dances and various other places. It's good work if you can get it.

If a beef steak is tough would a bar tender?

Is it true that Flt. Sgt. Lamb, the senior N.C.O. in H.Q. came in very happy last Sunday and the telephone operator did not know whether to say "good morning" or "good afternoon." It's all the same in this country anyway.

It is also nice to hear a Flt. Sgt. admit that when he was an AC2, he too skipped duty watches and slipped out the gate only to be caught. That is the spirit, sgt, it's no use putting him on the peg.

Cpl C. N. R. McLennan tells us that there are two types of passes. The kind you make out and get your officer to sign and the kind you don't make out and get your face slipped. One is usually not much good without the other.

Does the carrying of the advertisement of rooms for rent and board and room, help pay the publishing cost of the Daily Routine Orders. All papers to be a financial success must carry advertising.

The name of the Central Registry has been changed to "We Hide It, You Find It."

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## Australian Pilots Laid to Rest



One of the most impressive funerals ever witnessed in Saskatoon was accorded the two Australian student pilots, LAC Donald Tweedie and LAC A. M. Randall, who were killed instantly when their Anson crashed near Cudworth on a navigation flight. The picture above shows the funeral ceremony at the Soldiers Plot in the Woodlawn Cemetery.

## Pay Impressive Tribute To Australian Students

It is with the deepest regret we have to place on record the deaths of those two very fine Australian pilots, LAC's Donald Tweedie and A. M. Randall of "E" Flight and No. 19 Pilot Class, who lost their lives in an air-plane crash at Cudworth. The funeral parade consisted of all members of 19 and 21 classes, who admirably volunteered for three hours hard drill on Good Friday morning to ensure their comrades received their last honors in a befitting manner.



The funeral service was held at St. John's Cathedral, Saskatoon. Flight Lieutenant W. P. Griffiths, our newly arrived padre, conducted the service, assisted by Archdeacon H. A. Alderwood. A large congregation attended the service in addition to approximately 200 Australian, Canadian and English airmen from the school. Mayor MacEchern and Commissioner Leslie represented the city, whilst representatives from various civic and sports day at the airport. Every of the Canadian Corps were also present.

The impressive funeral procession, led by the escort party, moved

Equipment Nuts and Bolts

Since we last went to press our friend A.C. Hepburn, came to work one morning in his fatigue pants, he even had to arrange to be excused from morning parade. Upon being asked the reason for not appearing to work properly dressed, he replied, "He went to bed and hung his pants up and when he woke up in the morning they had disappeared." We hesitate to think what the result would have been if he had only one pair of pants. A bit of advice to our friend Hep, Try sleeping with your pants under your pillow.

We understand that a certain Corporal has been told he has been spending too much time over at the accounts section on personal business. We trust that his time will be more fully occupied in the Flights.

**A THOUGHT FOR THE DAY**  
A distinguished philosopher once said that an extensive use of profane language is a distinct sign of a limited vocabulary.

Our Editor informs us that he went to and from Edmonton, a distance of approximately 800 miles for the small sum of 70c. How does he ever do it? Oh yes, we understand he didn't get off so easy after he arrived home.

Who is the equipment assistant who is, "Inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity?"

What is oblivion? Nothing. Nothing is nothing so what is nothing if nothing is oblivion? I'm crazy, too.

in slow time from St. John's Cathedral on Spadina Crescent, west on Twenty-first Street, past the Cenotaph, which was saluted by the escort and flying parties, and north on Second Avenue, while many thousands of citizens lined the streets to pay their last respects to these Australians. On arrival at the cemetery the cortege was halted at the gates, where the caskets, draped with the Union Jacks and bearing the headdress and flying helmets of the deceased, were carried on the shoulders of the pallbearers through the flying parade, who stood resting on their arms reversed, to the grave side. After the trumpeter had sounded the "Last Post," whilst the flying parade and escort party were at the "Present," a formation of aircraft which had accompanied the whole procession, broke formation on being signalled with a yellow signal cartridge, and with engines silent dipped in final salute over the graves at a very low altitude. A bouquet was dropped from the leading plane near to the graves. It is interesting to record that they were buried side by side in the Soldiers Plot in the Woodlawn Cemetery, where their graves will be under the continual care of the Canadian Legion.

The pallbearers, close friends of the deceased, were: LAC's Windsor, Stower, Hickey, Hildebrand, Higlett, Pury, Grant, Miller, Balzer, Taylor and Ledbetter. The flower bearers were: LAC's Emrys-Jones, McKee, Richards and McCallum.

Among the floral tributes were wreaths from the high school and the people of Cudworth, the student pilots of courses 19, 21 and 23, the air force auxiliary and the mayor and City Council of Saskatoon. The Saskatoon Funeral Home had charge.

After the funeral Flying Officer Collins, R.A.F., who had charge of the military arrangements, expressed his thanks for the very fine co-operation of the Saskatoon Boys' Band, Saskatoon City Police, the Canadian Corps, the Officer Commanding Machine Gun Section, Dundurn Camp, and Mr. Thorburn, who went to considerable trouble to accommodate LAC Tweedie's brother, who arrived from Macdonald to pay his last respects.

### Fireman Takes Bride

Fireman Frank Coldwell, the right hand to Sgt. Galt of the R.C.A.F. Fire Department climbed the ladder to matrimony on May 2, 1941, when he and Miss Ina Simpson, of Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia, were married. Miss Simpson is now Mrs. Coldwell.

Fireman Frank got away on us before we could get all the details of the wedding, but we understand confidentially that they will reside at 213 Twenty-ninth Street, west, and all station personnel are cordially invited to drop in for tea at all hours of the day or night.

Editor's Note: Please bring your own tea, and for goodness sake don't tell Frank you read the invitation in Reconnaissance.

### Police Calls

The Service Police (not Secret Police) had a Preview of the 1941 Spring Fashion Parade when Sgt. Knox modelled a new fishing suit under the moniker of "Miss Scotts Emulsion." (Adv't.)

The Security Guard have to keep a close watch on the Sergeant these days, as he insists on going fishing in the pond near the gate, since he has the new water suit.

Suites 2 and 3 in the Hotel at the Gate were vacated on Thursday, April 24, at 2 p.m. and are for rent. Airmen may rent any one of these on the working plan.

Corporal Tommy Allan became a benedict the other day and if you see his back kind of bent, it is only because he has settled right down to hard work. All the best, Tommy, it does make a guy get down to business.

Rumor has it, and it may be true, so we suggest that you stay away from the "GATE HOTEL" as a stone wall is to be built along the road from the gate to the highway and guests may find the work a bit strenuous. If you have any ideas of visiting us, might be better if it were postponed indefinitely.

The Service Police are wondering what kind of a line a certain airman sings when out visiting. The other day a call came through and a cute young thing wanted to speak to the airman who had eight girls working under him at the orderly room. Since when did they move into the basement?—but it's a good story if you can get away with it.

Like some Police arrests this news may be a bit late but to our happy couple it was just like yesterday so we don't feel bad in telling you about it now. On Wednesday, March 19, 1941, Cpl. Tommy

Allan of the police was married to Miss Gertrude Day of Regina, at St. Paul's Anglican Church, Regina. Tommy tells us that he is happy in the service, glad to be back and that it was the first time he had been in a church for a long time. Good luck.

The sergeant-instructor was taking a class of backward recruits in musketry drill. "A.C. Jones" he said wrathfully. "I just told you to take a fine sight and you at once did the opposite."

"Did I Sergeant?" murmured Jones nervously. "Yes, you did!" snapped the Sergeant. "You ought to know by now what a fine sight is. What is a fine sight, anyway?"

The recruit looked thoughtful. "A very large ship full of sergeant-instructors sinking in the middle of the Atlantic," he returned.

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# Aussies Take Collection After Singing on Street

First of the Australians to graduate from No. 4 Service Flying Training School, students of Course 19 had a pre-Wings Parade celebration at the Bessborough last weekend. It was a case of everything goes and don't spare the horses and it will go down in Saskatoon history as one of the most successful of the better binges.

Highlight of one of the evenings was the appearance of two handsome, stalwart Aussies on the corner near the Cenotaph. To the doubtful reaction of the populace they commenced to render numerous Australian bush songs, while one of the pair took up a collection in his cap. Proceeds totalled 30 cents by the time the police arrived to take them away.

Guests of the students included their instructors and other Station personnel with their ladies, and by the time the evening wore on just about anybody in Saskatoon who had heard the rumpus and decided to walk upstairs and see what it was all about. Best song of the night, an Australian bush song, was "Waltzing Mathilda."

## 'Y' Travel Service In Full Swing

Travel service is now available on the station by Emerson Christlawn, Y.M.C.A. director at No. 4 S.F. T.S. A complete line up of train and bus schedules, folders advertising Saskatchewan, Regina, Miami, California, Bermuda, and Europe are available at the "Y" office in the Recreation Hall.

Chris tells us that if he has not got the information you want, he has a phone and he will soon get it for you, so drop in fellows whenever you plan that leave.

Where do your socks go to when they shrink?

# Station Athletes In Splendid Form

Continued From Page One

Victory. In the mile event the corporal adopted the same tactics. When starting on the last round he was about 150 yards behind. He again started his sprint. Cox, the winner, beat off his challenge and won by less than four yards.

Exhibiting the American roll, Sergeant W. G. Garrett of the Royal Canadian Air Force led all the way against his opponent, who used the orthodox style. A.C.2 E. W. Walter of the R.C.A.F. gave him the best competition in the high jump.

The battle between Anderson, A. K. Cunningham and Garrett in the pole vault was one of the most keenly contested of the day. In the final round, Anderson cleared the bar with plenty to spare while his opponents did not make the grade at 10 feet three inches.

The tug-of-war was easy picking for the Royal Canadian Air Force on the first attempt to pull the Anzacs and less time on the second try.

Corporal Hutchinson took the lead in the 440 yards and never relinquished it. Keene and Sandilands both Australians, fought for second and third place, while the fourth man, Pearce was scratched.

The Saskatoon Boys Band played between competitions. The spectators were also treated to formation flying by five planes from the air school. The prizes were presented by Group Captain A. Duncan Bell, Irving, officer commanding the air school here.

The group captain was also director of the meet. He was assisted by Wing Commander Marcel Dubuc, Squadron Leader C. J. Fee, Flt. Lt. G. G. Bradley, M.D., Flt. Lt. J. C. Johnston, M.D., Flt. Lt. L. J. Harling, Flt. Lt. Jack Broughton, F.O. R. L. Dennison, F.O. As. W. McMillan, F.O. David Dewa, F.O. Robert Thompson, F.O. K. E. Brown, F.O. Charles Field, P.O. E. J. Reed, P.O. J. Shapton, E. G. Christlawn of the Y.M.C.A. War Services and a number of N.C.O.'s and men. Sergeant Eddie Mather of Saskatoon was the starter for all track events and judge at the field events.

The prizes were donated by the Star-Phoenix, The Hudson's Bay Company, Drewrys Limited, Henry Birks and Sons Limited, The T. Eaton Company, Marshalls-Wells Limited, the Gen. Cafe, Mallin's Men's Wear, The Big 22, The Elite, Hotel Senator, Bill's Taxi, Saskatoon Hardware, Houlding's Hardware, Capitol Theatre, Tivoli Theatre, and W. L. Gray.

### RESULTS

**100 Yards (dash)**  
 First heat: 1. L.A.C. C. E. Daniels, R.C.A.F.; 2. L.A.C. J. D. McNearney, R.C.A.F. Time, 12 seconds.  
 Second heat: 1. Cpl. D. W. Hutchinson, R.C.A.F.; 2. Cpl. D. M. Deschenes, R.C.A.F.; and A.C.2 D. T. Hewitt, R.C.A.F. (tied). Time, 12 seconds.

Third heat: 1. L.A.C. K. Pearce, R.A.A.F.; 2. L.A.C. D. C. Anderson, R.A.A.F. Time, 2 seconds.  
 Semi-finals for those finishing second: 1. Anderson, 2. Hewitt. Time, 12 seconds.  
 Final: 1. Daniels; 2. Pearce; 3. Hutchinson. Time, 11.3 seconds.

**220 Yards Dash**  
 First heat: 1. L.A.C. L. E. Keene, R.A.A.F.; 2. L.A.C. J. W. Sandilands, R.A.A.F. Time, 27.6 seconds.  
 Second heat: 1. Hutchinson; 2. A.C.2 R. C. Dunn, R.C.A.F. Time, 27.8 seconds.  
 Third heat: 1. Daniels; 2. L.A.C. H. J. Rowe, R.A.A.F. Time, 26.8.  
 Final: 1. Daniels, 2. Rowe; 3. Keene. Time: 25 seconds.

**440 Yards**  
 First heat: 1. Hutchinson; 2. Pearce. Time, 60 seconds.  
 Second heat: 1. Keene; 2. Sandilands. Time, 61.5 seconds.  
 Final: 1. Hutchinson; 2. Keene; 3. Sandilands. Time, 59 seconds.

**880 yards:** 1. Cpl. James Wilson R.C.A.F.; 2. L.A.C. F. Wilby, R.A.A.F.; 3. L.A.C. F. Crittenden, R.A.A.F. Time, 2 minutes 12.4 seconds.  
 One mile: 1. L.A.C. A. L. Cox, R.A.A.F.; 2. Wilson; 3. L.A.C. R. D. Shaw, R.A.A.F. Time, 5 minutes 23.4 seconds.

**880-yard relay:** 1. Royal Canadian Air Force (Hutchinson, L.A.C. S. Prodigan, A.C.1 W. W. Korchinsky and Daniels); 2. Royal Australian Air Force (L.A.C. K. Miller, Pearce, L.A.C. W. Blessing, L.A.C. Tivonney); 3. Security Guard (A.C.2 G. T. Edwards, Dunn, A.C.2 E. W. Walters, Wilson). Time 1.47.

**Running broad jump:** 1. Daniels; 2. Cox; 3. L.A.C. W. Stocker, R.C.A.F. Distance 18 feet, five inches.

**Javelin throw:** 1. P. Sgt. F. B. Ray, R.C.A.F.; 2. A.C.1 C. Pike, R.C.A.F.; 3. L.A.C. E. J. Morrow, R.C.A.F. Distance, 120 feet 1 inch.  
**High jump:** 1. Corpl. W. G. Garrett, R.C.A.F.; 2. Walter; 3. Sgt. A.

K. Cunningham, R.C.A.F. Height, 5 feet 6 inches.  
 Pole vault: 1. Anderson; 2. Cunningham; 3. Garrett. Height 10 feet 3 inches.  
 Shot put: 1. L.A.C. A. J. Newman, R.A.A.F.; 2. Walter; 3. Ray. Distance, 34 feet 7 1/4 inches.  
 Discus throw: 1. Daniels; 2. Ray; 3. F.O. Alex Mair, R.C.A.F. Distance 92 feet 6 inches.  
 Tug-of-war: 1. Royal Canadian Air Force (L.A.C. L. J. Russell, A.C.1 N. C. Price, A.C.1 J. W. McDonald, Corpl. R. White, A.C.2 J. Mitchell, Corpl. C. M. Cone, A.C.1 D. O. Veitch, A.C.1 C. H. Gardner, A.C.1 J. Meaworing, Pike, Walter, L.A.C. A. R. Page) won by two straight pulls from R.A.A.F.

## Motor Transport Have Celebration

It was just two weeks ago last night, The M.T. boys were an awful sight (as usual). Me, I was feeling very fine, 'Till "Swede" came along and stole my wine.

Then down from the grounds, Came a driver name Brown, With a single idea, From the waist to the ground.

Now came Scotty of no tunic fame, No collar or tie, and a very poor aim, He wanted to sleep, but couldn't find bed, So he flopped on the floor, and slept their instead.

In wheeled a man with three stripes and a crown, Up the room, and around and around: 'Now, listen, you boys, the boss is here, Just in from Newfoundland and fresh out of beer.

In dashed MacKenzie with a telephone operator, And it wasn't water he had in his radiator. His total possession was forty of rye, He lay on the floor and said "I'm ready to die."

There was Duckett and Flathers, Dunckley and Sprowl, You could tell at a glance they'd been out on a prowl, Along came Stirret, Nicky and Smith, Looking so happy, but oh, so stiff.

There was little Tom Brooks and I don't mean a stream, In a little closed room he started to dream, In rushed Morrison slightly canned, Fell over Tommy, "I'll give you a hand."

The Blue Room now, is no longer blue, They painted it red, and the town too, Back in the barracks, to crawl into bed, (To wake?) in the morning with a terrible head.

There was little Tom Brooks and I don't mean a stream, In a little closed room he started to dream, In rushed Morrison slightly canned, Fell over Tommy, "I'll give you a hand."

### AVOID OLD AGE

"Take a shovel and move that pile of snow out there, and I'll watch you through the window of my nice warm office."

Where does your light go to when you turn it off?

# Have You a Heart, Home Problem?

This column is conducted for Air-men who have heart troubles and bunk problems

Note: We have been fortunate in obtaining the services of Hortense Heartburn, the nationally known expert on problems affecting the heart and the home. What Miss Heartburn doesn't know about Heart and Home problems would fill eight books.

Dear Hortense: I am a young Airman madly in love with a beautiful girl but every time I call round to pay her a visit, her father throws me out the front door. These forced landings are beginning to cause my friends and I a great deal of pain and discomfort. What shall we do? PUZZLED.

Dear Hortense: Leave your undercarriage at home the next time you visit your girl friend. HORTENSE.

Dear Hortense: I am a Flight Sergeant, aged 35, blond with curly locks and considered good looking. And yet I don't seem to be able to win friends and borrow money. How can I become more popular? BEWILDERED.

Dear Bewildered: Forget this hopeless craving for popularity of yours and join a good circulating library. Who ever heard of a popular Flight Sarge? HORTENSE.

Dear Hortense: I am in love with an airman who wears two hooks on his sleeve. He says he is a Group Captain but gets only Corporal's pay. This is the reason we can't get married, he says. Do you think we should wait until he gets full pay of rank? PENSIVE.

Lady, it'll be the far off Friday when your Group Captain gets his will pay of rank. Now, while it is said that two can live as cheaply as one, this was true only before the invention of the Gold Standard. However, I'd marry the guy and get him to look up a reliable Finance Company. HORTENSE.

Dear Hortense: I am going with an Airman who is always telling me how beautiful I am and what lovely teeth, etc., I have. What should I do? SUSPICIOUS.

Uh, huh, the old etc. line? Well, eternal vigilance, girls, is the price of a good many things besides liberty. If he says his word is as good as gold, tell him to visit a jeweler and get it made into something a little more definite—like a ring set? This requires a subtle touch. If he starts mumbling something about being posted in a few days, all is lost. So be subtle, and be vigilant. HORTENSE.

Dear Hortense: The fact that I am an Irish Corporal shouldn't be a disadvantage, but the truth is, I'm having trouble. I told my girl friend I had to leave town to see my sick wife but she thinks it's a gag to get rid of her. How can I prove I'm telling the truth? DILEMMA.

Ever since Adam got into a jam some time ago, a wife has always been a bit of a nuisance at times. Refer your girl friend to the Bureau of Vital Statistics. If she doesn't believe the Registrar of Marriages, then bring your wife to town. This may cramp your style but when things are desperate, you have to be desperate too. HORTENSE.

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# HOSPITAL NEWS

The Station Hospital got a nice blowing up in the local paper on Saturday with pictures taken by our own photographic department. We never knew that we had so fine an establishment and efficient staff till we read it in the paper though we often suspected it.

Flt. Sgt. L. J. Smith is now getting real handy with a pick and shovel, not only on Arbor Day but he also dug a 50 foot pipe line for a friend in the south end of the city recently.

Sgt. Mason and Cpl. Colicutt make a great team at digging up the ground in front of the dental clinic. Keep up the good work boys and plant lots of trees in front. It will look nice for the patient too when having a tooth extracted.

We were sorry to see N.S. McSorley leave the hospital on being transferred to Yorkton and are looking forward to the arrival shortly of N.S. Dunn.

How come all the fine promotions in the medical section? There is expected to be a large baptizing with firewater of stripes in the near future. All are welcome who know where it is to be held. We don't either nor when.

AC 2 Mitchell says when am I going to get my AC 1.

Flt. Lieut. Johnston is going to get a new car if he has to use Sergeant Story's back pay to get it.

Some of the lads are wondering where Flt. Lieut. Attridge acquired the handle "Pug."

This is one column which was written by special request and I might even go so far as to say by command. Being of a kind of position let us say it was written because there was an extra space in the paper which nobody wanted to fill and therefore out of the goodness of our heart by command of Flt. Lieut. Johnston, etc., etc. However, it would be a good idea if we all clipped in and help our editor a bit more by handing in the news. What say we all get together.

Come any time and get stuck.

## Baseball Team In City League

Baseball got under way to a flying start on Thursday April 24 when an organization meeting of all baseball players was held in the Recreation Hall. Cpl. Emery and AC Walters were appointed as air force representatives to attend the meeting of the Saskatoon City Baseball League to be held on April 25. The league has been formed and is now well under way with three teams from the city and one team from the air force. Baseball equipment is supplied by the Y.M.C.A. and the airmen are taking the opportunity of getting out and banging the old hard ball around, with little danger of broken windows. Practices take place every night on the new Sports Field just west of Hut 16.

Cpl. Emery, the manager of the Air Force Blues (they are not named yet) tells us that he is really whipping up a good team and being the entire team being posted to the Yukon, should be right into the finals holding up the R.C.A.F. to the last.

The first air force league game will be held on May 15 in Cairns Field when they meet the Tigers which should prove a good opener. All league games will be held at Cairns Field but there will be one exhibition game a week on the R.C.A.F. sports ground according to secretary Walters.

### RIDDLE DEPARTMENT

She: "Mother, should a girl hold an airman's hand in a taxi cab?"  
Mother: "Yes, if she can."

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## Commanding Officer Presents Sports Prizes



A strenuous, worth-while day is finished, and at the conclusion of the Station's first Sports Day the Commanding Officer, Group Captain A. D. Bell-Irving, is shown above handing out the prizes to the deserving winners. Assisting him is Squadron Leader C. J. Fee, an outstanding Canadian athlete of earlier days and at present the President of the Station sports committee.

## Genial "Jumper" Collins Is Posted to Bombing School

Another genial disposition to leave Saskatoon during the past few days has been Flying Officer C. J. Collins of the Royal Air Force, who had been attached to No. 4 S.F.T.S. almost since its inception as Armament Officer. Mr. Collins came here from Trenton, where he was attached to the Air Armament School after arriving in Canada from England.

Flying Officer Collins derived his greatest fame around the station not so much from his armament activities as from his abilities as a drill officer. A soldier of the "old school," he was extraordinarily proficient in drill and ceremonial and was called upon repeatedly to perform services in this sphere, wings parades, funerals and the like.

There was much delightful color, too, in his parade ground language; it sparkled with imagination and verve. As, for instance, the day when he informed a squad under instruction that they were "marching like a flock of diseased crabs." It was always said in a spirit of cheery helpfulness, however, and no harm done.

"Jumper," as he was familiarly known, will take to Dafoe, his new station, a spirit that will do the station credit. Our fondest wish for him is that his bridge losses will be lighter there than they were here.

Come, now, Flt. Sgt. Cox. We know you like to play baseball, but when throwing stones at least try and get a better aim, especially when on parade. And those faces you make when some of the boys are on a route march . . . and you even look spectacular riding on the back of a truck, with that big smile on your face from ear to ear.

We wonder what Flt. Fincham will do now that his right-hand man Sgt. L. P. Dundin has been posted to Calgary. Congratulations to you Sgt. Dundin on your marriage and good luck. We must confess, however, that you do things in a big way. We had a little note in which we were going to mention that we understood wedding bells would soon ring for our sergeant. We turn around and the bells have finished their ringing. We turn around again and you are posted. What is it like to come home from your honeymoon and just get into the apartment when the phone rings and tells you that you are no longer going to live in the apartment? You must pack your kit bag and wend your way for southern Alberta. Good luck to you and your bride, and we hope you like Calgary.

We are pleased to report that our famous tonsorial artist Seipp, has been returned to the good graces of that little-hair dresser with the pleated forehead.

We almost lost Corporal "Hydraulic" Barker a short while ago, but his knowledge of brakes stopped him in time.

"Hutch" that "maintenance marathon" tried to lift a plane by its gasoline tank overflow pipes. The pipes went up but not the stupid plane, however, all well that ends well. Hutch, is now a corporal.

Well spring is here at last. All of which reminds us that some of the boys have found a new tonic. I think it is called Beef, Iron and Wine. Is that right, Mac?

## Barrack Eight Headlines Again

By LAC BILL BROWNE  
Chief CB Investigator

Coming through to fame and popularity for the second time, Manning Pool or as you know it, Barrack Block 8 went under the gun again for being none too tidy and all airmen who reside within, were C.B. until 7.00 p.m. or in other words 1900 hours on April 22, 1941. This of course made the airmen somewhat annoyed.

However the situation was well remedied slightly after 5.00 o'clock when the residents returned from supper and the remaking of beds, lining up shoes, and even sweeping under the beds was carried out in the grand old fashion. Many a sore back developed and many a foul word was said. The barracks is now clean.

The fatal hour approached for the officer to make his inspection. All men stood by at their post, (bed) waiting eagerly and patiently. Seven o'clock arrived and passed. Seven past seven and the men still waiting, still no officer. Assuming he would not arrive to view the splendid miracle that had been done, the body left en masse for the lights of the city in order to drown the sorrow that had befallen them that day. Let that be a lesson to you all.

Your reporter then inspected the hut as there was no officer present and here is a view of the observations made.

Under the bed domiciled by AC 2 Walker and AC 1 Woode we were not quite sure if we had gotten into a shoe store as there are enough shoes, oxfords, rubbers, overshoes to outfit an air force.

Taking a slight glance into Cpl. Jenkins' room, well, we just don't like to say, but anyway it is a room and the walls are covered with . . .

A hurried glance was made at some of the beds used by some of the boys and we see AC 2 Thompson asleep with his clothes on as usual, the Swede Christensen scrapping tobacco off the floor beside his bed; LAC Brown kicking about the web equipment of the RAF lad Brooks that sleeps above him and mentioning that it gets in his way;

AC 1 Levy had his radio under his mattress in case it should not be in sight; RAF Scotty Bradley trying to get the left corner of the blanket in and the blanket wanted to stay out and did stay out.

AC 1 Pop Weston cursing and tearing his hair for having to stay in and pay for our sins when he sleeps out and all he has is a bed number in the hut.

AC 1 Barber and Boan shining their shoes and brass because the beds were so tidy they just had to look the best, even though they could not go out as they were broke.

AC 1 Henschell wondering if his new baby's bed was as clean as his.

AC 2 Lapointe wondering if the C.B. would be over in time to make the date or would he have to make his bed over and over.

Cpl. Ralston checking the beds and helping tuck in a shoe, line up a shoe just in case.

## Air Force Wins Bowling League

The Royal Canadian Air Force bowling team under the guidance of LAC Eddie Gifford came through to championship of the Men's Commercial League in bowling. The final game for victory was played against the Beasboroughs.

The R.C.A.F. team took the lead with a game of 1,266 and it was R.C.A.F. all the way, with the Beasboroughs trying vainly to overcome the early lead. Going into the fourth game the R.C.A.F. led the Beasboroughs with a small margin of 14 pins and both teams rolled a miserable 1,066 and left the small margin the same for the fifth and deciding game.

The outcome was in doubt until E. Gifford struck his stride and bunched his strikes to finish with a fine game of 279 and led his team to victory, increasing the margin from 14 pins to 23 pins. Gifford also stole the individual honors with games of 311, 272, 216, 146, 279, for a total of 1,224.

The R.C.A.F. team was made up by LAC E. Gifford, Flt-Sgt. Curt Fincham, LAC Frank Apperley, LAC Ian Stewart-Irvine, and Sgt. Herb Lines.

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272

# Pioneers of Station From Stores and Accounts

The first to arrive at No. 4 S.F.T.S. was Flt. Sgt. V. B. Montgomery, senior N.C.O. in charge of main stores, who came from No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, arriving on the morning of August 14, 1940, to find the station in an incomplete condition. On the evening of August 15, the remaining fifteen airmen arrived under F/O Gosling of No. 2 Manning Depot, who was temporarily in charge, pending the arrival of Flt. Lieut. W. M. Smith, (now Squadron Leader) from Debent, Nova Scotia.

At that time there were no completed buildings at the station, which meant there were no facilities for messing and billeting. Arrangements were therefore made for sleeping at the Y.M.C.A. and eating at the Elite Cafe. The airmen carried on their duties at the station from these places until the Barracks and Mess Hall were completed and ready for use sometime later. Upon the arrival of Flt. Lieut. Smith from Debent on August 17, F/O Gosling returned to Brandon.

As facilities and buildings to store equipment were not yet available due to the incompleteness of the station, equipment could not be received for about one week, during which time the men were given drill and route marches, while for

recreation they participated in basketball, swimming and P.T. under the very efficient supervision of AC1 Mickey Maguire (now corporal) of the Service Police. F/O T. L. Doolittle and F/O J. Nixon arrived on August 28, to assist in the opening of the station, prior to the official opening. F/O Doolittle is the present stores officer, now that Sgt. Ldr. Smith has been posted to No. 15 S.F.T.S., Claresholm, Alberta.

## Feathers From the Kangaroosters

L.A.C. Hal Moran has a telegram that takes all prizes for speed. It appears that Moran was sent a wire inviting him for Christmas dinner at the Hotel Australia. He happens to be in Canada now and the telegram followed him via the mail. It just got here, a little late for Christmas dinner, but anyway it was a relief to read the contents. These telegrams sure keep you in suspense.

We wonder why a certain disciplinary corporal has moved out of Hut 12, and is the mud muddy?

Glad to have you as barrack corporal, Corporal McLaugh. We will try and make our beds nicely, line up our shoes, sweep under the bunks and keep dirty pictures off the wall. We will all be good boys if we can.

Glad to have the C.B. lifted L.A.C. Dick Twomey? Are you a member of Reconnaissance staff? Perhaps a story on the little hotel at the gate or an article on how to clean woodwork in the airmen's mess would be appropriate at this time. Even a few notes on washing and waxing floors.

Overheard L.A.C. H. W. Connolly saying his prayers. Here is his version: "The Lord is my chauffeur, I shall not walk."

Here is an odd fact about a ride that was not made on a kangaroo. The ride of Paul Revere was not made by Paul Revere! It was made by two other fellows. Paul started the ride but was captured. One of his companions, Capt. Prescott, escaped, and was the only one to finish that famous midnight ride. Just like night flying.

L.A.C. Keith Cochrane, Bruce Dean, and Allan Trigg are asked to remember that they cannot ride Cessna aircraft like they ride buck jumpers (broncos), hence the broken undercarriages.

The Aussies are wondering and deeply concerned why all the sudden C.B.

Hut 11A has enough noise from L.A.C. Phil Scott Young without him going down town and buying a horn.

A warrant is hereby issued for the arrest and apprehension of "Peeping Voom" and "Schmidt the Spy" by the authority of L.A.C. H. A. L. Moran.

L.A.C. Dick Twomey, L.A.C. Ron Bell, L.A.C. Cam Anderson and L.A.C. Hudson-Hopkins (we are not sure of these two) are leading in the Air-Mail Sea-Mail Sweepstakes. It makes the rest of us feel lonely to see all the letters you get. L.A.C. Pittman is leading by a long head in the local Mail Plate.

L.A.C. Alex Cox is beginning to create quite a sensation with all the conversations of he and the little brunette. Information also has it that L.A.C. Dick Twomey is thinking of closing a shoe shine business if he can't find a new partner. The only other alternative that Twomey has would be for Cox to stay home.

# PIONEERS OF NO. 4 S.F.T.S.



The above picture is of the first airmen to arrive in Saskatoon at No. 4 S.F.T.S. The picture taken in the park opposite the Y.M.C.A. shows the Beesborough Hotel in the background.

Front row, reading from left to right: LAC Herb Lines now Sergeant; AC 1 W. G. Garrett now Corporal; AC 1 A. McAskill now Corporal; AC 1 R. Leceur now waf Macleod, Alberta.

Centre row: AC 1 George Bruce now Corporal and stationed at No. 12 S.F.T.S., Brandon, Manitoba; AC 1 George Phinnemore now Corporal, also at Brandon; F/O Gosling of Brandon; Flt. Sgt. V. B. Montgomery; LAC L. Spruston now Sergeant.

Rear row: AC 1 Hampson now of Macleod; AC 1 P. Millar now Corporal; Cpl. Leadbeater now at Macleod; AC 1 D. K. Smith; AC 1 S. A. Murray now LAC; AC 1 Stan Stewart now of Macleod; AC 1 MacArthur now of Macleod; and AC 1 Carr now Corporal.

## PEOPLE ARE MORE FUN THAN ANYBODY

Don't phone that girl you took to the dance the other night, we overheard one cpl. say to an AC1. She never puts any clothes on. Come on you telephone operator and get on the bit. Pick 'em better clothed beneath the belt because we can't stand the strain and we must confess we can't help looking.

### Groupings and Otherwise

It is to no avail. Beware. You can't pump any information out of AC1 Poulin as to the marks you got or if you got that A or B grouping. Kindly lay off and give the poor fellow a rest. You are driving him nuts. Nuff said.

What do you eat for supper that makes you so full of life? I wonder too.

It is told that when L.A.C. Bert

### THAT FROSTY FRIDAY MORN

On a frosty Friday morning when this bloody war is o'er, When the last air raid has sounded, from the siren's banshee roar, When they've taken down the black-outs, and lit the old street lights,

When a man can see for certain who he's taking home at night,

When there ain't no army rations, and they issue T-bone steaks, When the Company Sergeant Majors are all stricken with the snakes,

When the bloomin' noisy sergeants lose their lusty vocal power, And the water's sometimes hot when you go to take a shower—

That will be the day, my lads, you'll be glad that you were born, And they tell me that it's coming, some frosty Friday morn.

We'll toss away our battle dress and heavy army shoes,

We'll watch the cooks all dining on their own mysterious stews,

We won't be there on church parade, no guards and no fatigues,

No blistering route marches or imaginary blitzkriegs,

We'll hang our rusty rifles upon the Q.M.'s wall,

We'll give him back the two-by-four he issued us last fall,

And when our web equipment some farmer's mules adorn—

We'll all be very happy on that frosty Friday morn.

We'll strangle all the buglers if they dare to blow a note,

And we'll pour a barrel of cold, weak tea down the blasted N.A.A.F.I.'s throat,

We'll tear up all the orders, burn up rifle lesson 24,

And we'll make the provost sergeant mop up the guard room floor,

We'll all go back where there ain't no fish and chips, where the girls have been around,

Where a five-spot is a five-spot and not a blinking pound,

We know some time it's coming as we sit here at our form,

So we'll carry on as usual, 'til that frosty Friday morn.

Rowe landed in Saskatoon the conductor of the train stepped off and said this is certainly brazen weather. Damned paralyzing I should say, said Bert. It was only 42 below. We remind you of this, simply because winter is gone and spring is here.

But Notice of the Photographic section tells us that "She was only a photographer's sweetheart—but, oh, my, she was well developed."

"Those boxes you saw along the floor of the huts, you could not help but see them for you always ran into them. Anyway they are not coffins now are they rough boxes. They are for clothes now that they adorn the wall.

The new setting of tables in the mess hall is much better. We like it. Gives it more of a homey appearance.

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### OVERHEARD IN G.I.S.

"Hey, you there in the back of the room: explain the action of a supercharged engine."

"I dunno, sir."

"Well then, explain what you know about flaps."

"I dunno, sir."

"What? I lectured on these subjects yesterday. What were you doing last night?"

"Drinking beer with some friends, sir."

"You have the audacity to stand there and tell me a thing like that! How do you ever expect to pass this course and get your wings?"

"I don't, sir. I'm from the Signals Section, sir, and came in here to fix the buzzer!"

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