

Training Plan Workers Play Equal Part With Fighting Men Overseas

By WING COMMANDER E. A. McNAB, D.F.C.
Commanding Officer, No. 4 S.F.T.S.

On this anniversary of the opening of No. 4 Service Flying Training School I wish to congratulate the Reconnaissance staff on turning out one of the best papers I have seen from any Station in Canada. Particularly pleasing are the many articles from such varied sources; it is this interest which creates a fine newspaper. It is this spirit of co-operation that has stopped the German high command in their tracks and which will eventually be his downfall.

Those of us who have returned from Overseas were amazed at the growth of the B.C.A.T.P. in this country. We had heard rumours of its advancement and in the trying days of a year ago, were, with the English people, eagerly looking towards Canada for the flow of aircrew and ground personnel to augment the casualty drain caused by the terrific fighting. Then in the late winter ships landing at battered ports carried the first of the stream.

MORALE BOOSTED

I cannot begin to tell you how much the shaken morale of a harassed people was stiffened by the sight of strong young lads from the Dominion eager to get a handful of Hitler's scrawny locks. Now I am proud to be one of the cogs in this great wheel, and no matter how minute a part an individual plays in this Training Plan he can look with satisfaction to the fact that he carries some of the responsibility in turning out these men, who will soon smash Goering's Luftwaffe into the earth.

Two years ago Hitler and his satellites never imagined that a peace-loving Canada would answer the call to the colours in the vast numbers which we see today. Men dropped the tools of their civil life, from farms, mines, cities, and developed through their co-operation the greatest organized training system the world has ever known. Daily it grows as more and more schools are opened and students arrive from England, until the time will come when the training aerodromes of Canada will supply every man to the fighting aerodromes of Britain.

TIME IS PRECIOUS
We must not hesitate, time is so precious. We must train and build for the hour when the British Army, Navy and Air Force will sweep into and across France to engage in a final death grip with the enemy. When that time comes our forces must be strong—much stronger than ever before in the history of the Empire.

Big battles in this war can only be won if the attacking forces have air superiority. It is Stations such as ours that can make this possible.

I am aware how practically all of us wish to go Overseas. To many it appears that the only way

(Continued on Page 4)

C. F. I. Tests Instructors' Grey Matter

Student pilots would have got the thrill of their lives could they have peeked through the windows of G.I.S. last Monday night and enjoyed the spectacle of the entire flying instructor staff of the Station groaning and sweating over an airmanship examination which had been sprung upon them without any warning whatever by the Chief Flying Instructor.

Wing Commander "Bud" Newcombe is a stern believer in having instructors "know what they are talking about" when they are talking to student pilots, and it was to find out just how much his instructors knew that he sprang the examination on them. Just how much they did know, and how well they did, remains a deep, dark secret. God forbid that our student pilots should ever cease from believing that their instructors are guileless and omniscient supermen of the airways!

At the Front



Wing Commander E. A. McNab, D.F.C., our new Commanding Officer, is shown above as he appeared as one of Canada's crack fighter pilots in the Battle of Britain last September. In an accompanying article he tells something of the spirit of life in the war zone, and gives a word of encouragement to those "doing their bit" in the training plan in Canada.

New Adjutant Writes Verse On Elephants

Rapidly developing that "bark-is-worse-than-bite" type of regimental ferocity so essential to well-groomed and efficient Station adjutants is Flying Officer "Jim" MacMillan, who not so long ago did a very able jump into the shoes worn in so picturesque a fashion by Flight Lieut. "Bull" Durham. Our new Station adjutant can storm and stamp and splutter like a real Indian colonel when he's roused but like the "Bull" he has another side a little less tempestuous.

On the Sports Committee "Jim" MacMillan is in charge of the boxing section, which is a perfectly natural selection since a more pugnaously good-natured type is hard to find. It is rumoured that at pink teas and other "Jim" demonstrates his camaraderie and good-will with playful socks on the nose, but it is strictly in the spirit of fun and adds tremendously to the "spirit de corps" around the Mess.

Jim's history before coming to Saskatoon is a varied one. We

(Continued on Page 4)

Women Will Brighten Up Duty Watch

With the re-birth of Duty Watch and the Conception of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, an exciting time should be assured this coming winter.

Duty Watch is here but the W.A.A.F. is not here as yet but are eagerly awaited by some, and of course not so eagerly awaited by others. It of course may go a long way towards making those long, slow cold weeks turn into more rapid moving weeks, warmer weeks, and slightly more interesting weeks.

The unfortunate few who have already started the watch may not be so lucky as they perhaps will have missed a week and their co-educational duty may be somewhat limited but arrangements are under way for a refresher course, although in some quarters this is not believed to be necessary.

All joking aside though, taking the bull by the horns and the W.A.A.F. by the ankle, the duty watch is not enjoyed, but as it is here, why not smile, take it in your stride and say, "So what the hell!"

Hubbs Gets Music Fame

"We've Got a Party in Berlin," the marching song of the Canadian Fighting Forces, was written and published by L.A.C. Cliff Hubbs of the Motor Transport Section of this Station.

Cliff is a very genial chap always willing to give a helping hand and perhaps the only airman that ever gave the editor what he asked for (in the way of copy). Hubbs turned in about eight pages of closely typed material. Of course we had to cut it but that is another story and we seem to be drifting away from our story.

Hubbs was asked for about three or four pages of material for this issue of Reconnaissance. We always ask for that amount and consider that we are lucky if we get about one-eighth of a page. Cliff fooled us. He turned in eight pages. That alone rates a story.

We have the published music here and have heard a record of the song, "We've Got a Party in Berlin," and must say that it has some real "something or other" about it.

This is not an advertisement but you can buy it down town and we are really pleased to have a music writer with us, that has written something.

Glider Club To Organize On Station

There are few more air-minded and adventurous souls on this Station than Corporal Victor Deschenes, of maintenance, who has blossomed forth with a secondary type glider. Where and how he got it has not been satisfactorily explained to our news staff, but at present the glider is in the maintenance hangar undergoing a major overhaul preparatory to its first flight.

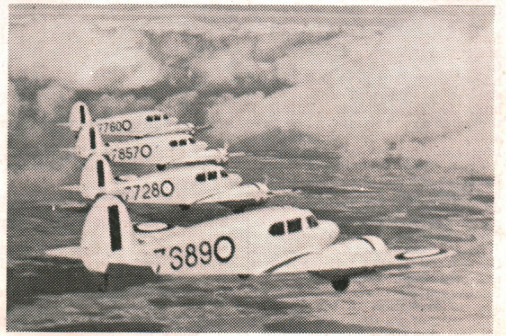
There are several officers on the Station who have had glider experience. Strangely enough, most of them are on the non-flying list. In co-operation with Corporal Deschenes they are hoping to establish a Station gliding club. At first the glider will be launched for short hops by means of an automobile and a shock cord but it is hoped eventually to be able to tow it aloft by aircraft.

Good luck, Corporal!

YOUR BIBLE QUOTATION

"Faith, Hope and Aisreep, these three, but the greatest of these is Aisreep."

Four Nations in Formation



—Photo by D. Galloway.

The four Cranes shown in the neat formation above were piloted by instructors of "A" Flight, No. 1 Squadron. One instructor was a New Zealander, another a Canadian, a third American—from Missouri, guess who?—and the fourth a Jamaican. They call it Aineton's Foreign Legion.

Crazy Flying Reduced; Pilots Today Must Be Sober and Serious Type

The gradual decrease in crazy flying, at No. 4 S.F.T.S., could possibly be attributed to a lot of things: postings for instance, the new regulations, the stiff penalties provided; but whatever the case may be they have decreased and to quite a considerable extent. However, it is not the purpose of this article to deal with the reasons for the reduction, but rather to deal with the effect.

The term, "a good pilot," may in a lot of cases be misconstrued and for a long time not only in service flying, but also in civilian work, a chap who could do a slow roll ten feet above a hangar roof was considered to be a "good" pilot, but times have changed and the lad who goes around satisfying his ego by madly diving on the poor unfortunates on the ground, shooting up canoes and trains, and all those tricks that may seem smart, is not considered to be a good pilot, regardless of how well he may be able to do an upward roll.

Flying today is not a romantic episode from the movies with open cockpit Jennys and silk scarfs flying in the slipstream, but a highly specialized business which takes not only cool calculating decisions but a good amount of the old grey matter, and a pilot today is not measured in ability by the way he performs for the grandstand but by what he knows about orientating a beam, or how a full-feathering prop works, or how to take a star sight.

Getting back to the effects crazy flying can have and analyzing them they all work out to the common denominator of trouble, whether it is trouble with the "C.I." or trouble with the ground, and life is not half long enough even under the best of conditions; and possibly the worst and most lasting effect of crazy flying is the time it wastes, and the results it has on the person engaged in it, because when a pilot indulges in this very exciting and enjoyable pastime he is not only wasting the time of all the people who have worked like blazes to purchase the airplane he is flying, the people who are paying for his gasoline, the chaps who have worked all day so that he would have a serviceable machine at his disposal, and the list is endless, but even if he does get away with it in a literal sense of the word, he's cheating a lot of people, if not himself.

Intrepid Bobby Thompson Takes Life in Hands in Test

The recent arrival of three (3) brand new shiny, snappy, Air Force blue bicycles created an all time high in excitement at No. 4 S.F.T.S.

Upon arrival and after assembly by L.A.C. Reginald A. Walker (noted bicycle assembler from Moncton, New Brunswick), W.O. 2 E. Jones was immediately called to the scene in order to have the bicycles inspected and marked "serviceable." The Sergeant-major tested the bicycles from a mechanical view point, proclaiming the greatest satisfaction in the latest design. Careful scrutiny by the Sergeant-major showed no flaws and the craft were ready for testing.

At this point Flying Officer Bobby Thompson was notified that the bicycles were on their way over to the control tower for testing.

Flying Officer Thompson, after clearing the runways, making sure that the crash tender and the ambulance were in readiness, nervously climbed into his testing togs (crash helmet, etc.), mounted the machine and whizzed off down the runway. Weaving hap-

hazardly from side to side, searching desperately for the feel of the machine he managed to successfully bring the craft to a satisfactory stop after endangering the lives of four or five baby Cessnas.

Thompson, after climbing off the machine, wiped his fevered brow, and asked for a Camel (advertisement), considering them a much better mode of transportation.

Padre Quotes Gems of Poetry To Cheer Us Along Our Road

By Hon. Flight Lieut. the Canon W. F. Griffiths, Padre of No. 4, S.F.T.S.

In honour of Reconnaissance's first birthday I have gathered a posy of other men's flowers—nothing but the string that binds them is my own.

What is life, of which we are so fond and withal so careless? Marcus Aurelius in his "Meditations" wrote: "As for life, it is a battle and a sojourning in a strange land"; and 1800 years later Gilbert Parker expressed the same thought in: "When you and I have seen the tall subaltern life to death yield up his sword."

From time immemorial "life" has been the subject of simile and metaphor, and these attempts to describe the indescribable, to explain the inexplicable, have resulted in a wealth of imagery.

In spite of the words in "Julius Caesar": "I cannot tell what you and other men think of this life," Shakespeare's plays and sonnets are no exception to the general rule, so that we find such phrases as: "all the voyage of their life," "the web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together."

And the well-known lines: "Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player, That struts and frets his hour upon the stage, And then is heard no more. It is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing."

Addison wrote: "My death and life, my bane and antidote are both before me." Dryden: "The wheels of dreary life at last stood still." Pope: "A life's vast ocean diversely we sail."

The oft-quoted exquisite lines of "Adonais": "Life a dome of many-coloured glass, Stains the white radiance of eternity,"

and those from Gray's "Elegy": "Along the cool sequestered vale of life, They kept the noiseless tenour of their way,"

are known to all. That "Life is an empty dream" is a metaphor used by others be-

side Longfellow. Abraham Cowley writes of life as a "vain weak-built isthmus which doth proudly rise up betwixt our two extremities."

That the "cup of life" has been tasted and found bitter would seem to be the experience of many. "My life is one dam'd horrid grind" is the wail of Mr. Mantalini, and he complains in good company: "When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat, Yet fooled with hope, men favour the deceit."

And Dryden and Byron echo him with: "Much makes life itself a lie, Flattering dust with eternity."

And again: "Life's enchanted cup, But sparkles near the brim." Burns work-worn and saddened cries: "O life! Thou art a galling load, Along a rough, a weary road, To wretches such as I."

Gay sounds the merriest note in: "Life is a jest and all things show it; I thought so once and now I know it."

Perhaps the most comprehensive answer is to be found in a further quotation from that great thinker Marcus Aurelius: "Our life is what our thoughts make it." The desire to live long is great and natural, yet life is not wholly a matter of years. The main thing is to live well. Byron was only 34 years of age when he wrote: "I am ashes where once I was fire, And the soul in my bosom is dead; What I loved I now only admire, And my heart is as gray as my head."

He died an old man at 36. Browning died a young man at 77.

We know that man is the most highly gifted creature in the whole round of creation. What we have to learn is to see ourselves in the revealing light of that perfect intelligence by whom all our faculties are bestowed,

and also to fetch up our lives to the God-like design that is lodged in them. What would art mean for us if things were so fixed that we humans could improve everything in the world but ourselves. Unless intelligence spells a purpose in life then are our gifts a mockery.

It is ours to look not down but up. Intelligence is good when it is crystallised into a worthy soulful purpose.

Perhaps the greatest pursuit in the life of each of us is the pursuit of happiness. We all want to be happy. We are all aware that true happiness is a very complex thing. The surest way to happiness is to learn the art of living.

We are creators of value; we are made for that, and this world is just the kind of place where creators of value can find themselves at home. When I judge the world by what I can put into it, by the opportunities it gives me for doing my bit as a creator of value, then I thank God for sending me here and giving me my chance.

"Tomorrow," says the proverb, "is the day on which idle men work, and fools reform."

In the words of Emerson: "The day is always his who works in it with serenity and great aims."

Further, listen to the words of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: "The distant mountains that up rear their solid bastions to the skies,

Are crossed by pathways that appear as we to higher levels rise;

The heights of great men reached and kept were not attained by sudden flight, But while their companions slept were toiling upward in the night."

And, finally, a quotation from 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."

USE THE BUS DAILY!

WEEK DAY SERVICE TO AIRPORT			
Leave Airport	Empire Service Club	21st St. and 3rd Ave.	
6.45 a.m.	6.15 a.m.	6.17 a.m.	
7.30	7.00	7.02	
8.15	7.45	7.47	
8.15	8.30	8.32	
12.30 noon Sat. only	12.15 noon Sat. only	12.17 noon Sat. only	
1.15 p.m.	12.45 p.m.	12.47 p.m.	
4.45	4.30	4.32	
5.15	5.00	5.02	
5.45	5.30	5.32	
6.15	6.00	6.02	
6.45	6.30	6.32	
7.15	7.00	7.02	
7.45	7.30	7.32	
10.15	10.00	10.02	
10.45	10.30	10.32	
11.15	11.00	11.02	
12.00 midnight	11.45	11.47	

SUNDAY SERVICE TO AIRPORT			
Leave Airport	Empire Service Club	21st St. and 3rd Ave.	
6.45 a.m.	6.15 a.m.	6.17 a.m.	
7.30	7.00	7.02	
8.15	7.45	7.47	
9.15	8.30	8.32	
1.15 p.m.	12.45 p.m.	12.47 p.m.	
2.45	2.30	2.32	
3.15	3.00	3.02	
3.45	3.30	3.32	
4.15	4.00	4.02	
4.45	4.30	4.32	
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7.45	7.30	7.32	
10.15	10.00	10.02	
10.45	10.30	10.32	
11.15	11.00	11.02	
12.00 midnight	11.45	11.47	

Woman.....

She's an angel in truth, a demon in fiction— A woman's the greatest of all contradiction; She's afraid of a cockroach, she'll scream at a mouse, But she'll tackle a husband as big as a house. She'll take him for better, she'll take him for worse, She'll split his head open, and then be his nurse; And when he is well and can get out of bed, She'll pick up a teapot and throw at his head. She's faithful, deceitful, keen sighted and blind, She's crafty, she's simple, she's cruel, she's kind; She'll lift a man up, she'll cast a man down, She'll make him her hero, her ruler, her clown. You fancy she's this but you find that she's that, For she'll play like a kitten and fight like a cat; In the morning she will, in the evening she won't, And you're always expecting she will but she won't.

HOSPITAL NEWS

We again had the pleasure of a visit of our former lovely nursing sister, R. McSorley, now of Yorkton, and on her way to enjoy a holiday at Banff.

Many new additions have been taken on strength in the past short while. Namely L.A.C. Smith of North Battleford, A.C.2 Rudolph of Calgary, A.C.2's Kube, Liggins, Broomfield, Trayling, Beattie, Johnson, Bewick and Mayer. We are certain that there will be a posting from here very soon. We wonder who will go.

Due to the serious illness of Sqn. Ldr. Walters of the R.A.F. at North Battleford, Flt. Lieut. Attridge is on temporary duty at that Station.

Flt. Lieut. Frank Avery is in a state and ready to be tied. It appears that Avery was out shooting on the opening day and just ahead of him were a couple of men from the Navy. Well, they got the chickens and what they did not get they scared. Avery only got five. Too bad, Frank! Better luck next time.

For the first time in the history of the hospital it was without patients and of all days that had to be on the day His Excellency the Governor General paid his respects. Not a patient to receive the good wishes of the Princess and the Earl of Athlone. Flt. Lieut. Bradley tells us that Flt. Sgt. Smith and Flt. Lieut. Attridge were going to don a night shirt and get into bed. A hospital must have patients you know.

Working under instructions from Flt. Lieut. Bradley the hospital kitchen staff planted a garden at the side of the hospital this spring. All year they nurtured it, they weeded it, they hoed it, and watered it. They even took the violet ray lamp out and fed it vitamins. The potatoes grew and grew. The radishes came along too. Result: four days' supply of potatoes and radishes so hot and full of vitamins that you could not eat them.

Flyers Lost

This being an anniversary edition it makes it not too late to have a little write-up of the activities of the Baseball League of this Station.

We played a lot of games, had to change our line-up a lot due to the moving around of airmen, and of course more or less ended up in the wine cellar as far as the league went. We did not turn in any startling baseball, but all who took part enjoyed themselves and the few fans that we did have seemed to get a bang out of our errors.

July 3. The R.C.A.F. Flyers played the Tigers at Cairns Field. Tigers won.

July 6 found two games at the Airport. One team from the Army at the Exhibition Grounds and one from the Military Camp at Dundurn. Flyers won both. This game brought new talent to the front in the person of Cpl. Jones the new corporal in the disciplinarian's office.

July 10. Flyers vs. Cubs at Cairns Field. Jim Woods of the stores and Jones on the mound. Flyers lost.

July 11, red letter day. Flyers won from the Technical School. Schmock and Burghardt on the mound.

July 13. Flyers lost again by one run. Cubs were the victors. Flyers the vanquished.

July 15. Flyers lost again. July 17. Another game with the Technical School and the Flyers lost.

July 20. Went out to Dundurn and lost again.

This is the record for July. For June we forget and since then it has been repetition of the above, so that is that for the baseball for the year.

Hope to see you on the football field.

Father: "That boy friend of daughter's has been downstairs with her too long."

Mother: "Now dear, remember when we were young and courting."

Father: "My God! I'd forgotten that! Out he goes!"

Lovely Hostess at Yukon School



MISS ABIGAIL MCGURK president of the Ladies' Auxiliary at No. 75 Bombing and Gunnery School, Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, who extends a hot welcome to all the boys of No. 4 S.F.T.S. who may be up that way on their 48's. Miss McGurk has definite convictions about the part women can play in the great struggle for Democracy.

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1941

What Is Leadership?

A senior officer on the Station was heard to say in an informal discussion the other day that "a man who is capable of doing something worthwhile for others is capable of leadership." He was speaking of the necessity for a greater spirit of teamwork and helpfulness among the personnel of the Station, for a larger measure of what we often call in a vague sort of way "esprit de corps."

Every officer and man at No. 4 Service Flying Training School has a particular duty to which the Air Force has assigned him. Some of us are accountants, others airframe mechanics or aero engine mechanics, still others are flying instructors or students. Almost all of the personnel of the Station are specialists of one kind or another, but the discharge of our special duties is not, as many of us sometimes fall into the error of thinking, the limit of our Air Force activity.

The Air Force is definitely not a place like a factory or a department store or an insurance office where one does a job of work, gets paid for it and goes home at six o'clock in the evening to forget about the whole affair until eight the next morning. Being in the Air Force is not a "job" at all; it is a sacred communion of comradeship created by men bound together in a glorious cause of arms.

But real comradeship brings responsibilities with it, and it knows no limits of time or duty. For the officer or airman who has finished his day's duties there may still be things to do about the Station. They may not seem important things—attending a meeting to discuss some sports activity, helping out with the Station newspaper or the library, or even leaving the wife at home on an occasional evening and spending a social hour with the boys.

The ability to help others, to impart cheerfulness wherever one goes, to build up a better spirit in one's flight or section, and even in the smallest way to improve the standard of efficiency and teamwork on the Station, is the surest mark of leadership. Only he who is willing to place himself unselfishly in the service of others can consider himself a leader.

Turning Corners

Someone once said that "only a fool learns by experience; the wise man learns by the experiences of others." This is not always strictly so; particularly not in aviation, where it may safely be said that there is no substitute for flying time and that only hours and hours of air experience bring genuine competence in the air. Nevertheless there are some things that one must learn from the experiences of others, particularly in cases where such experiences led to the junk-heap for the aircraft and a possible cemetery plot for the pilot.

Since the Joint Air Training Plan was inaugurated there have been all too many casualties overseas under the classification of "killed in flying accident," and a general analysis of these renders a verdict of inexperience on the part of the pilot. A large majority of such accidents can be put down to a lack of proper understanding of the theory of flight, particularly of the most fundamental phase of this theory; namely, airspeed.

Air speed is unquestionably the most important factor in flying. Without airspeed a three-ton aircraft becomes nothing more than three tons of deadweight, and like a three-ton load of bricks will come crashing to the ground, writing off the pilot and the aircraft and chalking up a negative figure against the war effort. This sad story has been written again and again in the annals of our Air Force and is mentioned again only in the hope that some of our student pilots will take notice and understand and live to be old men.

A keen eye on the airspeed indicator can mean the difference between life and death in climbing turns and gliding turns, and this applies particularly to modern high-speed aircraft with a heavy wing-loading. Spinning-in from a turn is becoming a monotonous tragedy in overseas service, and a particularly unnecessary one. A little caution and a little common sense can make modern flying as safe or safer than driving an automobile and we will guarantee unequivocally that the pilot who watches his airspeed like a hawk will find

flying a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

This article might almost be called "How to fly around a corner." Making a turn in an aeroplane may seem to some students to be the easiest exercise of all. Instruments they may have found difficult, and for many of them the landings were for many hours a nightmare. But the fact remains that very few pilots get hurt in poor landings. The flier's graveyard is filled largely with pilots who didn't know how to turn a corner, pilots who came sailing in on their cross-wind leg and turned into wind with insufficient airspeed and spun into the deck, or pilots who thought it looked smart to make a soaring steep climbing turn on the take-off.

You can't "get anyway with anything" in an aeroplane. You may think you can, and very often you do. You can make a climbing turn in a Crane aircraft at 80 or 90 miles an hour if you care to try it, and you most probably won't get into trouble. But if you get into the habit of such carelessness you will probably try it in a Blenheim some day and never live to tell about it. A safe practice would be to add 5 or 10 miles an hour on all recommended climbing speeds. It may take fifteen or twenty seconds more to reach your circuit height but will add forty or fifty years to your life expectancy.

Flying is easy and flying is safe. Flying is a lot of fun and a clean enjoyable career. Fly fast and fly high and you will live to enjoy it for many years to come.

A newly married doctor was out walking one afternoon with his young wife when an attractive young woman nodded to him.

Scenting an earlier love affair, the wife asked, "Who's the lady, dear?"

"Oh, only a woman, I've met once or twice professionally," replied the doctor.

"Whose profession, yours or hers?" asked the wife.

Strip poker is much a faster game now that the zipper has been invented.

ELECTRICAL SECTION

On this, the first anniversary of No. 4 Service Flying Training School, the Electrical Section joins with the many who will be wishing this Station continued success.

Like the Station, the Electrical Section grew and grew, from a staff of two, to the present staff of 21. The problems have been many, and when a staff is spread over 24 hours' duty, difficulties arise. But, through the sincerity and willingness of the staff, that ever-ready co-operation of those in command, the understanding of maintenance personnel, flight personnel, and store's personnel, we have been able to render satisfactory service.

Your co-operation has been and is very much appreciated.

Far Cry to Flying Club Days Here

(Contributed)

When one looks over the prairie to the small buildings that was the home of the Saskatoon Flying Club, you get a pictorial realization of the tremendous expansion of the British Commonwealth Air Training Scheme.

From other such clubs, from the Permanent Force, the Non-Permanent Force, came that small group that formed the nucleus for this Air Training Scheme. These small groups also supplied personnel and stimulated that inherent inspiration in the many who joined the R.A.F. and whose valour was so much in evidence in the Battle of Britain.

From No. 4 Service Flying Training School now go many trained pilots, and we hope ground crews, who we know will bring distinction not only to themselves, but also to No. 4 Service Flying Training School.

It is evident these past few weeks that the offensive in the air is increasing in vigour, we can visualize and wish them good luck, the many who have bid us farewell, striking blows for victory. The hard work and initiative put into the Service Flying Training Schools, the unselfish and collective efforts of the whole Air Training Scheme, throughout the British Commonwealth of Nations, is now making its presence felt by harder and continued blows on enemy territory—paving the way for land offensive, Victory and Peace. Perhaps this vast air strength, along with the Navy, the Merchant Marine, and our comrades holding and pushing back frontiers may make a sustained land offensive unnecessary. Let us hope that those who are responsible for strategy can make it possible.

AFTER VICTORY?

The question often asked is—what is to become of all the planes and equipment after victory? Well, for those stations close to towns and cities, we should be able to visualize a combination of the Permanent Force, Non-Permanent Force, passenger organizations, and Flying Clubs. Ask yourself a question. Which one of these organizations will be honoured with your membership? Or in the words of the late Hon. Asquith, Prime Minister of Great Britain in the last war, "Wait and see."

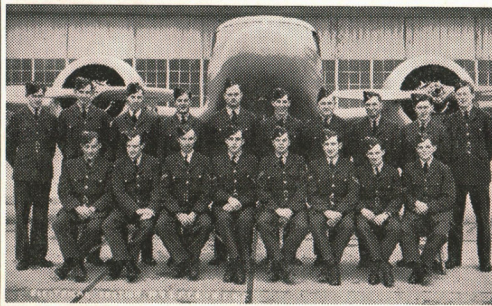
Perhaps, like Saskatoon's first school, standing majestically and with pride on the grounds of the University of Saskatchewan, graced by fine buildings of learning, housing young folk coming on the traditions of those pioneers who attended that and other first schools.

The old flying club building and a school of learning may continue to act as a sentinel and a steady influence to those in the future who will occupy the buildings of No. 4 Service Flying Training School—a reminder of Bishop, Ball, Hawker, Grieve, Alcock, Bader, Cobb, and our new Commanding Officer, Wing Commander Ernest McNab, D.F.C., to whom we extend our hearty co-operation.

Perhaps some of our graduates will become aces. Go to it lads, the very best of luck!

Then there was the girl that said "no," who wore out the most shoe leather.

HOT SHOT ELECTRIC SECTION



—Photo by D. Galloway.

Seated, Front Row, left to right: L.A.C. Lunn, A.C.I Hayhurst, Cpl. Challoner, Cpl. Darch, Cpl. Smith, Cpl. Ansell, L.A.C. Freshwater, A.C.I Mercer. Back Row: L.A.C. Currie, A.C.I Roberts, L.A.C. Campbell, L.A.C. Park, L.A.C. Pepperdine, L.A.C. Roberts, L.A.C. Maricom, L.A.C. Sandercock, A.C.I Watson and L.A.C. Dymont.

She: "Is he a convincing speaker?"
Her: "I'll say he is—he makes a proposition sound like a proposal."

As a civilian approached the army camp a new recruit on guard cried, "Halt!" The civilian halted.

Recruit: "Halt!"
Civilian: "But you've already said 'Halt!' and I've halted."

Recruit: "My instructions are to cry 'Halt!' three times, and then shoot."

A co-ed is a naughty girl—I like her.
So warm, her sizzling morals I like her.
She makes you neck, she makes you choke,
She makes you weak, she leaves you broke,
A young incorrigible soak—I like her.

Sally: "Certainly I slapped him, how did I know what plantation meant!"

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It's a bit late but nevertheless the stork called on L.A.C. Stewart-Irvine. Result Stew stuck for the cigars.

There has been a complete change in stores. You may find it almost impossible to find your way around but honest we are still attached to No. 5 Hangar. Barrack stores and clothing stores will be attached to main stores to facilitate shopping at ease. All under the roof of No. 5. Remember the popular slogan "Meet me at stores."

We all join in congratulations and good wishes to Sgt. and Mrs. G. Bruce, a former No. 4 S.F.T.S. storekeeper and now attached to Brandon Station.

Rumour has it that L.A.C. Les Hamilton is saving his money to build a little home across the road from Dafoe R.C.A.F. Station as a precautionary measure against a transfer.

All of L.A.C. Reg. Walker's friends will be glad to know that his horticultural efforts have borne fruit. To note, we have a nice row of flowers on each side of the west entrance to stores. Good work, Reg. Carry on!

A.C.I. Stan. Taylor, equipment assistant, has reverted to a carpenter during the construction of the publications room. Due to a slight injury, at the hand of a little bitsy nail, he has been converted by E.52 in four copies to Vice-President of Publications and Stationery. What, no pencils?

Amusements are many and varied on the Station but it took a new apple peeling machine to provide a lot of fun for some of the boys in stores. It's really a dilly. The machine arrived and was carefully assembled under the mechanical supervision of Sgts. H. Lines and L. Spruston. First pilot of the machine was Reg. Walker (who also provided the apples). With the flick of a little finger he pared and cored an apple while Fox, Stein, Beischel and Woode stood by with mouths agape. We wonder if there is any call for apple peeling machine operators.

We wonder how L.A.C. Woode ever gets any work done as every time we see him he is looking for small tools which have gone astray. Seek and ye shall find!

The Other Chap

I've often thought, when things go wrong,
And a fellow's feeling blue!
That a kindly word from the other chap,
Would make the whole day new.

It's a long hard trail, that's malice filled,
And the road with hatred bound;
It's a kindly word that will make a chap,
Or crush him to the ground.

A pat on the back is as free as air,
And it's only yours to give;
So think of your own faults, once in a while,
And let the other chap live.

The world could be a happier place,
If you'd think, just once in a while;
To lift your voice in a kindly word,
And show your teeth, in a smile.

—Sgt. R. Campbell.

Inspecting Guard of Honor at No. 4 S.F.T.S.



The Earl of Athlone inspecting the guard of honor at No. 4 Service Flying Training School recently. Wing Commander Ernest McNab, D.F.C., leader of the first Royal Canadian Air Force fighter squadron in Britain, recently posted to the command of the School, is with His Excellency.

Enlist Girls to Sew on Eagles

Edmonton being only 380 road miles, 350 railroad miles and nobody seems to know how many air miles, we feel that this little bit of humour will be of interest to a great number on the Station.

There are many Edmontonians scattered throughout the airport and our good friend Sgt. Alfred Jackson of the Recruiting Office in Alberta's capital city called us long distance on the phone the other day, and nearly scared the living daylights out of half the Station.

It appears that a cute young thing (at least her voice was cute) so the sergeant says, called him on the phone and wanted to join the airforce. The sgt. informed her that he did not have a quota in for girls at the present time but would advise here as soon as one came in. (Girls of course are wanted in the airforce but not by headquarters).

She was persistent. An answer like that would not do. She wanted to join immediately as someone had just told her that the airforce was taking on their strength 200 girls between the ages of 19 and 24 to sew eagles on new uniforms.

Who knows? What next?

NEW ADJUTANT WRITES VERSE ON ELEPHANTS

(Continued from Page 1)

don't know the whole story, but he has been just about everywhere and done everything. He has done a spot of verse-writing in his day, and we have heard a particularly bright piece about an elephant, and another one about a girl. We prefer the elephant one; ask him for it.

We are presenting herewith a picture of Jim MacMillan by way of warning those who haven't met him. Should you ever meet him and have him introduce himself by popping you one on the beak you can take our word for it that you have become his friend for life.

Barrack Corporal



MISS MAIMIE MacSNAVEL

who has just arrived on the Station at No. 4 S.F.T.S. Miss MacSnavel is soon to take over her new duties as Barrack Corporal of Hut 14. Maimie is known far and wide for her orderly duties and it was with these qualifications that she was chosen for this position after the associate editors interviewed some 40 or 50 girls of equal caliber. Keep the Hut tidy now boys!

TRAINING IS BIG PART IN OUR FIGHT

(Continued from Page 1)

of contributing our efforts in actual contact with the enemy. This opportunity may present itself in the near future, but I warn you not to expect to work under the soft conditions we have in Canada. Aircraft never see the inside of a hangar except for a modification or major overhaul, and so many of the hangars have that woebegone look that comes of too close association with a Hun 500-pounder.

LIVE IN DISPERSAL HUTS

Aircraft and M.T. Vehicles are dispersed around the edge of the aerodrome in earthen pens to save them from blast. Personnel, both flying and maintenance live during duty in dispersal huts that make our present quarters appear palatial. All work is done in the open and daily inspections are carried out an hour before dawn by the shaded glow of a flashlight. However everyone seems to enjoy it, and the close liaison between all personnel is a grand thing to see, and be part of. It is not an easy life in the winter, but when it is over not one would have missed it for anything.

TAKE YOUR OWN TEA

When leaves rolls around, no man from the Dominion need worry about a place to go. British homes in every part of the Island are open for a stay. It is always good policy to take along your own ration of tea and sugar. Although it may appear ludicrous walking up to the door of a lovely old English house with a little paper bag full of these scarcities, your host just cannot get any beyond his family rations.

Another point to remember. The pilot and crew are not the only ones who come under fire. When the siren goes or the loud speakers around the aerodrome call "take cover," drop what you are doing and head for the nearest shelter. When you appear to an observer to be a dark streak with tools bouncing out of every pocket, you can be considered an

old timer. Also the old lads never walk across the aerodrome but keep to the edge where they can dive into a convenient ditch ahead of whistle followed by a loud boom.

DON'T BE CURIOUS

Our Dental Officer got somewhat curious during one raid and poked his head out the door of the dug-out. A bomb landed 100 feet away. A sadder and tattered doctor was picked up at the far end of the shelter, minus tin hat, glasses and curiosity.

There are many such incidences occurring daily, but you will hear from probably garnished slightly from those who have returned, and until your time to sail comes, let us give everything we have to the job we are doing.

Church

"Why were you absent from Church Parade last Sunday?" asked the Padre of an airman.

"Well, Sir, I've only been to church twice in my life and both times I was treated rather roughly."

"How did that happen?" queried the Padre.

"Well, the first time somebody threw a cup of water into my face, and the second time they married me to a woman for life."

"That's a pity," enjoined the Padre, "the next time you come we shall probably throw a shovelful of dirt in your face."

Moral — Don't wait until this happens.

The Scotsman's wife, looking out the window, shouted: "Sandy, here comes company for supper."

"Quick," roared Sandy, "everybody run out on the porch wi' a toothpick!"

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C. F. I. HAS HAD EXCITING FLYING CAREER

Has Piloted on Airlines, In the Bush and Desert, Got Arab Bullet in Neck

"Bud" Newcombe Has Vast Experience In Flying Game

Square-jawed, red-haired Wing Commander "Bud" Newcombe first thought he would like to fly after he took an airplane ride in an old-time Curtiss Robin, 90 horsepower, O.X.-5, down in Bellingham, Washington.

It was shortly after that, 1928 to be exact, the Boeing Co. opened their first air school in Oakland, California, so "Bud" hied himself way down to the country of actresses and oranges, and started right in as one of their first students, if not their prize one. Bud claims he had a little trouble; they were flying Boeing 243's, a rather ancient type which was just a few steps ahead of the old "Jenny."

A GLOOMY OUTLOOK

Bud's instructor was a chap who had already survived fourteen crashes, and he was very sure of himself when he said that young Newcombe, then aged 15 and some months, would never make a pilot if he lived to be a nonagenarian. However, "Bud" eventually graduated to the then famous Boeing 40B, "4's" which were still the pride of the United States air mail service, the only outstanding factors of which was the fact that you could reach out and grab the tail plane if you felt inclined.

After 14 months with the Boeing School, the fledgling decided that there was a little more to flying than opening the throttle and pulling the stick back, journeyed to Stanford University, where after some time going into the intricacies of wind tunnels, etc., graduated in Aeronautical Engineering, but flying still held its particular brand of interest for the "C.I.," so he hopped the train to the air-minded little town of Reno, Nevada, where he promptly snared a job flying mail over around the desert and various places in a Wasp Stearman and a Lockheed Vega, the world-famous high winged plywood monoplane, enjoying such little incidents as a few forced landings in the desert, Daytona Beach, and San Francisco bay.

FLYING IN THE BUSH

Canada and the Yukon with bush flying in its infancy was the next step. After a year of freight and prospectors, vague whisperings about big things in the R.A.F. were heard around the Yukon grapevine and "Bud" decided he had better go over and have a look-see, and quickly found himself holding the mighty rank of Acting Pilot Officer. Five weeks at Flying Training School, and atlases, tutors, and the old Siskin fighters, then 18 months with 35 Bomber Reconnaissance Squadron and on to Palestine as Camp Commandant of No. 2 Armoured Car Company. A spot of hyena shooting was the most exciting thing at the time, and three months in a desert post in the Trans-Jordan where he learned to read and write Arabic, there being nothing better to do. After a spell in Ismailia with the famous No. 6 Squadron of the Middle East Command and then to Ramleh in Palestine just as Mussolini began to act up in Abyssinia, from Ramleh he went to the R.A.F. depot at Aboukir in Egypt as test pilot, testing Harms, Audax and Furies, and to Khartoum, Aden and Bagdad as a ferry pilot.

PALESTINE RIOTS

Action wasn't long in coming with the famous Palestine riots in the offing, the riots started in the morning, the morning that No. 6 had decided to take in a football game in Syria, and had to hot-foot back to the aerodrome just after dusk and land by the light of the exhaust stacks of the aircraft, the upshot of which was that all the Harms crashed but one, the pilots being quickly grabbed by the ambulance and rushed to the shelter of the guardhouse, amid showers of rocks, rotten tomatoes and knives welded by angry Arabs.

STUCK HIS NECK OUT

After surviving the night landing and the Arabs, Newcombe was selected to ferry the A.O.C.

CHIEF INSTRUCTOR



Wing Commander "Bud" Newcombe, chief flying instructor at No. 4 S.F.T.S., is shown above as he was snappily by the photographic section during a sports day held on the Station last summer.

to the scene of the battle and was caught in the back of the neck with a lucky Arab rifle bullet. Bleeding badly and suffering from the heat "Bud" flew his machine 115 miles back to the Station where he spent three and a half months in the base hospital. He was invalided back to England where he finally recovered and was given three months sick leave, and was posted to No. 1 Air Observers School where as he claims he spent an entirely uneventful year as Flight Commander of the Gunnery Flight.

With Arab rifle bullets, night landings in the desert and a urge to see Canada again, "Bud" applied to the newly formed Trans-Canada Airlines, and was immediately accepted as co-pilot on the Western Division. After spending five months as second pilot, he was given his captaincy and remained until war broke out as chief pilot on the Vancouver to Seattle run.

Joining the R.C.A.F. with the rank of Squadron Leader, and suffering from an ailment very similar to the "bends" common to deep sea divers and caused by numberless trips at high altitudes over the Canadian Rockies, he was given the job of drawing up the specifications for the first Link Trainer being purchased by the R.C.A.F., and gave the first air force Link instructors their first dual on the newly-acquired machines.

INSTRUCTED ON DIGBYS

Pronounced medically fit for flying duties once more Squadron Leader Newcombe, was sent to No. 10 Squadron in Montreal in company with Wing Commander Gordon, now "C.O." at No. 12 S.F.T.S., Brandon. Both officers collaborated in giving instruction on the new Douglas Digbys. In March, 1940, Squadron Leader Newcombe was posted to Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, where among a number of other activities he personally directed and planned the search for the lost Digby last spring, which was participated in by nine American army aircraft and a number of Canadian. Needless to say, the wrecked aircraft was found very shortly in the wild bush country of Northern Quebec.

Leaving Dartmouth after some months as operations control officer and operational patrol pilot, Wing Commander Newcombe was posted to the Central Flying Training School, where as he puts it "took instruction on how to fly the Harvard in the mornings, and gave instruction on the Lockheed in the afternoons." On leaving C.F.T.S. he was posted on temporary duty to No. 2 Training Command, and from there to No. 4 S.F.T.S., Saskatoon, as Chief Flying Instructor.

A TIGHT SPOT

Asked for his most interesting, if not disconcerting experience, he said it was being 400 miles at sea, 4900 lbs. of bombs and eight of a crew on board, 800 feet of altitude and on instruments, when an engine cut out and for some reason refused to come back to life. After flying 400 miles on a single engine with a full load finally got back to his base quite safely but not without relief.

Most amusing, was the Air Ministry Order given to pilots flying the desert patrol, specifically stating that if forced down they were to "save the last cartridge for themselves." The "C.I." has often thought about that order with interest if not, curiosity. Climaxing a very full and interesting career packed into a comparatively young lifetime, a career of action, work, study, and at times tough slugging, Wing Commander Newcombe, after 4100 hours spent in the air, still remains with his original love of the air, with meteorology and aeronautical radio work, running a close second to his main interest of producing high quality pilots at "Number Four."

ADVICE TO YOUNG PILOTS

Wing Commander Newcombe has nothing but praise for the type of student pilot at present graduating from No. 4 Service Flying Training School, and he attributes much of this high standard to the co-operation and devotion to duty of the staff of instructors working with him. His advice to young pilots may be summed up in a few very crisp words of his own: "There is always something new in the air, and the pilot who is not too proud to learn will be the master pilot of the future!"

In the Brink

By CIGAR

I had a chat with that fellow you see around the swimming pool—you know who I mean—three stripes and a crown. Well this is what he says—or is it?

Chesterfield rugby is still the predominant sport of airmen, and it's not played on the Station—as yet.

But then the airwomen will soon be here, and what can happen then, well, we don't know, but we do surmise. What about you?

And it is said that there are many more airmen with a commission and stripes, that use the swimming pool, than A.C. and L.A.C. boys. What is the trouble? The water is not contaminated.

Is he man or mouse when he shivers in his boots in anticipation of an inoculation. It must be mouse for he likes cheese. But why be frightened of having something shoved in your arm? That won't hurt—much.

Now we come to sports parade.

What seems to be wrong with the sporting spirit of the boys? You would almost think that (observing from the crowds) the players in the various teams were infected with contagious diseases. If you had two fingers on one hand you generally could count the entire sporting audience of airmen at a game. If you want sports, fellows, you'll have to make it yourself.

Incidentally if as much enthusiasm is shown towards hockey as there has been towards basketball, tennis, football and softball, there just won't be any skating or hockey, and then there will be a howl from our sporting bloods.

That is all. See you on the skating rink.

"We must grow more wheat," said the parliamentary candidate in the course of his speech.

"What about hay?" called out a heckler.

"I'm talking about food for human beings at the moment," retorted the candidate, "I'll deal with you later."

A Canadian Airmen, in England, called at a farm house, and was asked if he could have something to drink.

"A cup of tea, perhaps?"

"No tea for me, thank you."

"Coffee, then?"

"No coffee for me, thank you."

The old farmer whispered,

"Whiskey and soda?"

"No soda for me, thank you," answered the Airmen.

The Story of a Pack of Cards

This is the story about an English soldier stationed in the barracks in England.

It is part of every soldier's kit that he include a bible. Now one morning during Kit Inspection the sergeant discovered that this particular soldier did not have a bible in his possession, but instead, had only a pack of cards. Consequently he was arrested and a few days later brought to trial.

The Judge presiding asked him if he had anything to say in his own defence, and, taking a pack of cards from his pocket, he laid them on the Judge's bench, and said: "Yes, your Honour, I have. This pack of cards is my bible, my prayer book and my almanac. Perhaps to you and this court that might appear sacrilegious, but its purpose to me is the exact opposite. It represents everything that is most holy.

"The 52 cards in the deck tell me that there are 52 weeks in the year, and therefore, 52 Sundays in which to go to church. On the faces of the cards there are 365 spots reminding me of the number of days in the year. The four suits in the deck tell me of the four evangelists—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. The 13 cards in each suit picture for me the last supper, at which 13 attended. The ace reminds me there is but

one God. The deuce of Adam and Eve. The trey or three of the Holy Trinity. The four of the major prophets. The five of the five wise and the five foolish virgins. The six of the six days in which the world was created. The seven of the seventh day—the day of rest, Sunday. The eight of the eight good people saved from the flood. The nine of the nine lepers that were cleansed by the Lord. The 10 of the 10 Commandments. The jack or knave of Judas—the betrayer. The queen of the Virgin Mary. The king of His Majesty King George, whom I will proudly serve as long as I am able."

The Judge looked at the soldier for a moment, then in a kindly voice, said, "Case dismissed!"

Somewhere in England, the troops were about to rehearse an attack, and were being addressed by the General.

"There are," he began, "certain essential differences between a rehearsal and the real thing. In the first place, there is the absence of the enemy, and in the second place—"

Turning to the Sergeant-major, he said, "Tell them the difference."

"The presence of the General," answered the Sergeant-major promptly.

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Proof of Pudding Is In the Eating; Verdict Of Flying Officer Field

Orderly Officer Sets Good Precedent By Sampling Meals in the Airmen's Mess

A considerable stir resulted when history was made at No. 4 Service Flying Training School last week. On a recent Wednesday afternoon when airmen were eating their regular and expected Wednesday noon-day meal, they were astonished, one and all, when after the usual perfunctory Orderly Officer's, "Any complaints?" they saw the latter with his Orderly Sergeant calmly walk up to the counter, and receive our humble rations, and proceed to eat them with evident relish.

The officer who so calmly shattered a tradition of a year's standing was Flying Officer Charles Field, formerly of Edmonton, and well known for his active interest in sports.

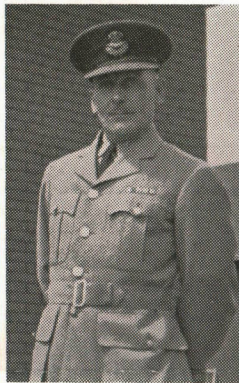
F.O. Field certainly must have enjoyed what he got for at supper time he dropped in again, sat himself down and helped himself to a generous portion of "whatever was going."

Some of the airmen suspected that perhaps there were cockroaches in the officers' mess, or maybe the steaks were tough, or there was no breast left from the chicken and the turkey was all gone, but whatever the reason each and everyone felt that eating in the airmen's mess ought to become the routine duty of every Orderly Officer.

F.O. Charlie Field when interviewed by a Reconnaissance reporter after this epoch-making event was asked "how come he picked on the Wednesday noon-day meal for a start?" The only or rather the best meal of the week. (Without fail, leg of pork and stuffing). He replied, "I am totally unaware of the nature of your daily menus and was merely attracted by the irresistible ravishing odor of the succulent leg of pork." Besides "the whole procedure seems very sensible to me."

Reconnaissance commends F.O. Field for his innovation. Such is a Station Standing Order at Dafoe. We may add that F.O. Field must have an unusually cagey guardian angel for leading him to our one snack of the week and we sincerely hope that this stirring event does not imply for him a posting to Dafoe. Our best wishes to Flying Officer Field.

WE ALL KNOW HIM



F.O. CHARLIE FIELD

of the accountancy department (pay section, to you) who has contributed so much to the excellent spirit of co-operation existing between his section and the rest of the Station personnel.

City of Saskatoon Pleased With Relationship Between School Airmen and Citizens

This month marks the first anniversary of the opening near our city of Number 4 Service Flying Training School. Looking back over its first year of operation we are struck very forcefully by the remarkable development that has taken place. It was fortunate indeed that in the early months of its organization the School should have had the guiding hand of such an able administrator as Group Captain Bell-Irving, and now entering its second year of activity it is fortunate again in having at the helm such an experienced airman as Wing Commander Ernest McNab.



MAYOR MacEACHERN

The citizens of Saskatoon are particularly proud to have at the head of the school Wing Commander McNab, a young man who was born and educated in our city, and who already in the present war has rendered such notable service to the Empire.

The relationships between the City and the Service School have been most cordial. The officers in charge have always co-operated wholeheartedly with civic authorities in matters of mutual concern. The men from the School who make use of our transportation facilities have been most gentlemanly and orderly in their conduct and have because of their genuine friendliness and becoming demeanour earned for themselves a warm spot in the hearts of Saskatoon people.

The efficiency of Number 4 Service Flying Training School has been freely commented upon by military authorities. The smart appearance of the men as they parade from time to time through our streets has never failed to evoke the admiration of our citizens.

As Mayor I want to congratulate all those associated with the School in its first year of operation upon their undoubted achievements and upon the great contribution they are making in the Empire's titanic struggle. Let me express the hope,—a hope shared not only by the citizens of our City but by free people everywhere,—that the day is not far distant when the Service Flying Training Schools will have accomplished their present purpose of freeing mankind from the thralldom of fanatical dictatorship, and will once again be devoted to the training of young men for the peaceful pursuits of life.

To Number 4 Service Flying Training School the citizens of Saskatoon say "Carry On!"

I COVERED THE AIRPORT

By ERWIN SCHWANGART (Star-Phoenix)

The editors have asked me to contribute something to this edition marking the first anniversary of No. 4 Service Flying Training School. Why I was requested is beyond me but some explanation may be found in a telephone conversation I had with "Jerry" Bricker a few minutes ago. He mumbled something about ads and lots of space left and then terminated the one-sided conversation in that kind of voice which demands no answer but immediate action. "When will it be ready?" he said quite loud and much clearer. And then before I could answer, continued, "That's fine, I'll have it picked up in half an hour." So there the matter rested and anything that follows must be taken in the spirit of the request.

However, it'll be just as well to interject right now that secretly I am proud and quite pleased to have an opportunity to make but a few observations. That I feel because having covered the School's activities since the beginning I have even if to a lesser extent shared in the fun, work, excitement and sorrow of the inhabitants.

The request to write something included a hint to say something about how the city feels toward the institution. I am afraid that can be stated quite briefly. The citizens are proud. So I would rather engage in a few memories.

GRP. CAPT. BELL-IRVING

The Air Station today, unquestionably, is a far cry from the half-completed, crude appearing establishment, which greeted Grp. Capt. A. Duncan Bell-Irving, M.C., when he took over the first command. I well recall the group captain's arrival. A few representative citizens were at the station to greet him that cold and nasty September evening last year. Upon his arrival at The Bessborough he gave his first press interview. There were two of us, Bob Moore, now the day telegraph editor, and myself. We walked away impressed with the group captain's informal attitude, his sincerity and obvious determination and faith in the future of the school and the entire Royal Canadian Air Force.

That attitude of mind, I discovered in the ensuing months, remained his chief inspiration in guiding the fortunes of the young station. That attitude, he appeared to transfer so ably to the officers and men of the school. And that is still the attitude of the institution which can be termed without apology one of the most important in the vast training scheme.

That was my first brush with the personnel of the unit. It was promising and held true. Later as I met the officers, one by one, many of the ranks and students I began to appreciate some of their difficulties and ambitions. I saw many of them leave for other posts and with interest followed their careers. They were like those today, a grand bunch of fellows, from the man who does a minor job to the man on whom rest great responsibilities.

DESIRE FOR OVERSEAS

One thing that struck me most was the desire of all to get overseas, to take a personal crack at the enemy. I often wondered just how much they really appreciated what an important job they were doing here or the fact that part of every Nazi plane tumbling out of the skies was rightfully theirs as had they dis-

(Continued on Page 18)

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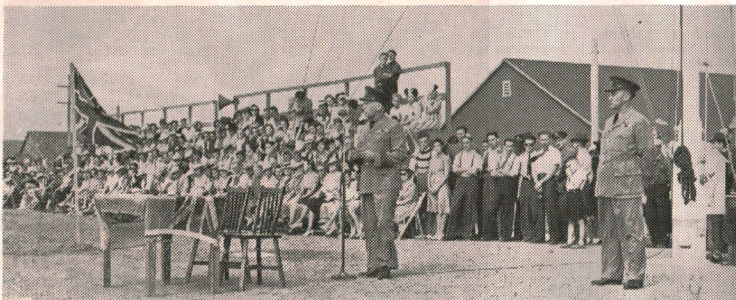
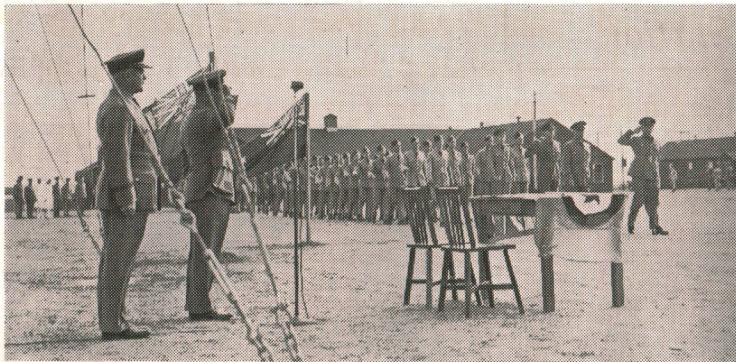
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In a colorful ceremony a flying ace of the Second Great War, Wing Commander Ernest McNab, D.F.C., a Saskatonian, took over command of No. 4 Service Flying Training School from Group Captain A. Duncan Bell-Irving, M.C., an air ace of the First Great War. The greatest crowd ever to enter the grounds of the school attended the function. The top picture shows the march-past the new commanding officer by three squadrons led by Group Captain Bell-Irving and Wing Commander M. C. Dubuc, second in command. Beside Wing Commander McNab is Flight Lieutenant C. G. Durham, M.M., the station adjutant, who has been posted overseas. In the second picture Bell-Irving and McNab are shown shaking hands before the change-over certificates were signed. In the third picture Bell-Irving is shown giving his farewell address. Bottom picture shows Bell-Irving making his last inspection.

Flying Ace of Last War Hands Over Station to Hero of Present Fight

Ceremony Most Colorful In Station's History

In the most colorful ceremony in the brief history of the Station, a flying ace of the Second Great War, Wing Commander Ernest McNab, D.F.C., native of Saskatoon, took over command of No. 4 Service Flying Training School from Gp. Capt. A. Duncan Bell-Irving, M.C., air ace of the First Great War. The greatest crowd ever to enter the grounds of the training school attended the function.

The group captain first inspected three squadrons, composed of nine flights, addressing an officer or rank here and there. He then took the general salute and after making his farewell speech, reviewed the squadrons in a march-past. He then stood at the head of his old squadrons as Wing Commander McNab took his first general salute. The two officers signed the changing-over certificates before the old commander left and the new officer took over.

"In a few minutes I shall be handing over command of No. 4 F.S.T.S. to my successor," Group Captain Bell-Irving said, "and I address you now as your commanding officer for the last time."

"The service has work for me elsewhere and I leave this Station in the line of duty, feeling that pride, which I know of no other line of endeavor than in His Majesty's service."

"I trust that in a similar line of duty you all will find in the service wherever you may go that complete satisfaction which comes of a responsibility discharged to the satisfaction of your own conscience. To the trainees I say 'good luck.' May you complete your training here without difficulty or incident and may you put that knowledge to work on active service to the fullest measure of success and that honor and glory which success brings."

"To the airmen of the staff I say too that I am proud of the work you have done on this Station. Let it never be said that this Station rested on any imagined laurels. Let your conscience guide you in putting the trust you have in your work."

"That utmost you owe to the cause for which we fight. That utmost is necessary from you to

parallel the desperate utmost that is given by those who are face to face with the enemy."

"From my successor, fresh from the line of action, you will receive fresh inspiration from a source of first hand knowledge."

A large picture of Group Captain Bell-Irving was hung in the officers' mess by Wing Commander McNab before the former commander left.

Station Will Never Forget Its Wild Men

One year has passed since the first aircraft went aloft from No. 4 Service Flying Training School. During that time instructors have come and gone, but all of them have left behind them something of their personality.

Perhaps the best remembered of all, particularly among the old-timers on the station, was F.L. "Stormy" Fairweather. He was a beloved character. The old Aristocrat cabin plane he brought over the Rockies from Vancouver still stands rusting in the Maintenance Hangar, refusing to fly for any but her former master. "Stormy" was here since the station opened, was transferred to Windsor, Ontario, and died in an inverted spin the morning after he was promoted to Flight Lieutenant.

Nor will any of the veterans on the station forget dashing and colorful F.L. "Duke" Gordon, another bush pilot of the Fair-weather school. We remember the day he was married, how "Stormy" loaned him the Aristocrat to fly his honeymoon in, and how we painted the fuselage with somewhat impolite references to the happy event. "Duke" was later transferred to Macleod, where we understand his family is flourishing.

Then there was Jack Hawes, who came here as a Sergeant-Pilot and received his commission here. He came over the Rockies with "Stormy" in the same old Aristocrat, always marvelled at how they did it because

(Continued on Page 10)

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Prime Minister Visits Station



In the picture above Mr. King is shown inspecting a guard of honor at No. 4 S.F.T.S. during his recent visit. From left to right are shown Mr. King, Group Captain A. Duncan Bell-Irving, officer commanding; F.O. D. J. England, officer in charge of the parading flight; Brigadier Foster and Wing Commander M. C. Dubuc, second in command of the School.

Women may have no more backbone than the men, but they show it more.
A girl we'll call Martha St. Clair, Had a job at the Golden Gate Fair; She wore silken hose, And she powdered her nose, But the rest was exposed to the air.
"Do you neck?"
"That's my business!"
"Oh, a professional."

PEOPLE ARE MORE FUN THAN ANYBODY

We have a new Flt. Sgt. on stand that all the time in the hospital was not spent in the hospital. Mustn't break hospital my fran. Hard on the complexion.

Sgt. Newton Mason seems to be the most cosmopolitan man on the Station. We watched and followed him one day in his time off. It appears he can clean a dentist's teeth, he then slipped down to the barber shop and clipped the barber's hair. Then over to the canteen to have a beer or two with the boys (that is an accomplishment), and then home to paint and paper the house. My, goodness, man!

Pleased to have Cpl. Mickey Maguire back on the Station again. In days gone by Mickey dished out and took some pretty bad beatings in his fistic activities. It appears that his beak or nose took some wicked punishment. Result, Mickey confined to the City Hospital for an operation on the face. It's all over and the nose was not lifted but we under-

Pleased to note that P.O. Harold Sutton, of Edmonton, who graduated here in January of this year or if our memory is correct, Course 12, has now been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. No. 4 is really turning them out and the boys are finishing the job.

There will come a day—

Telephone Artist Hooked to Number

On Tuesday, September 9, Corporal Frank Smith, telephone operator on this Station, went over the ropes and got himself a wife. Nice going, Frank! Incidentally the principals in the wedding including the Corporal were or was Dorothy Phibbs.

The wedding proper took place very quietly, but that was only the wedding. When the reception started things certainly changed in a hurry. There were some of the most delightful beverages that included everything in the world except sulphuric acid. Everything went well until weather man Harrington started to sing "Bless 'Em All," without or with the proper words.

There was much feminine loveliness to be seen scattered about, and scattered about the feminine loveliness were seen such notables as Harrington the weather man, Chris. Smith the central registry wizard, Cpl. Curly Duncan the service police sleuth, who incidentally disappeared. Bricker the store man, Levy the telephone operator more commonly known for his wrong numbers, Lavigne the mechanic, a few sergeant pilots who flew high wide and handsome, and about 150 other fellows who we lost track of as things got under way.

We could mention the girls' names but why give away a good secret.

Things went well, long and far into the night. People came and people went. Some came back with lipstick on the face. Everything broke up sometime in the morning after a bell had been tied under the bridal bed, but aw heck, the night or day was spent in a hotel.

My luck!

Accounts Trek Storms Hut 8

The great trek east took place late Wednesday, September 10, when the entire Accounts Section were kicked to hell out of Hut 16 West and moved into the former Manning Pool of No. 4 S.F.T.S., none other than Hut 8 East. The mechanics, riggers, fitters, and what have you, heard rumours of the great movement and like the Gypsies they too moved in the night. Only difference, they moved the night before.

Manning Pool is no longer manning pool. Hut 16 is no longer the noisy place that it used to be. Hut 8 has settled down to a more or less permanent guest house. It is expected the Accounts Section may remain longer than the previous average. Hut Eighter: They may stay a day. They may stay a week, or even a month.

The noise has already frightened the ducks away but the scum on the slough remains—green with envy.

THEN ... '14

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Saskatoon Athlete Dies in Training Plane Crash Here

L.A.C. ORVILLE RICHARDSON KILLED INSTANTLY IN FLYING ACCIDENT

L.A.C. Henry Orville Richardson, noted Saskatoon athlete, the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Richardson of 844 Avenue I, south, was killed instantly when his twin-engined Cessna training plane crashed a few moments after it had taken off from No. 4 Service Flying Training School here. The airman was 28 years of age.

The crash took place in a field one and a half miles north-east of the airport. Leading Aircraftsman Richardson had left the field on a routine operational flight.

The funeral was held Monday afternoon from St. John's Cathedral, McKague's Funeral Home being in charge.



for watch. He took one year of medicine at the University of Saskatchewan but later turned to teaching. He graduated from the Saskatoon Normal School and taught at Moose Range when he decided to join the Royal Canadian Air Force.

KEEN PLAYER

The airman excelled in many lines of sport. In hockey he played on a number of Wesley championship teams in midget and juvenile competition before joining, in 1932, the Saskatoon Crescents, who finished second in the Northern Saskatchewan Senior Hockey League. Playing as the Wesley Hockey Club the same team took provincial junior honors by defeating Regina Pats. It was beaten in the Western finals by the Winnipeg Monarchs. Leading Aircraftsman Richardson continued to play inspired goal in senior company. He performed for the Saskatoon Elites, Standards and Quakers before retiring because he had accepted a teaching position in the country. During his younger days he played for the Saskatoon public school all-star team.

In rugby he was the star kicker for the Bedford Road Collegiate team which won many titles. He also performed for the Saskatoon Junior Hilltops. He played briefly for the University of Saskatchewan Huskies but was forced to the sidelines with a back injury.

In baseball he starred for the collegiate, junior teams and in senior company for the Saskatoon Bohemians. His soccer activities were confined to Sons of England junior and senior aggregations. He also played basketball and was a track star. He finished sec-



So many persons attended the funeral of L.A.C. Henry Orville Richardson, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Richardson, 844 Avenue I South, that every seat in St. John's Cathedral, where the service was held, was filled, and several scores of persons remained standing in the aisles and at the rear of the auditorium. Leading Aircraftsman Richardson was killed in a local flying accident.

WIDOW SURVIVES

Also surviving are a widow, three sisters, Lillian Richardson of Melfort, and Clara and Mae Richardson of Saskatoon, and four brothers, Chandis Richardson of Prince Albert, and Lyle, Lorne and Len Richardson, all of Saskatoon. The father is a retired railway employe.

CATHEDRAL FILLED

The funeral was held from St. John's Cathedral, Monday afternoon. So many attended the service that every seat in the cathedral was occupied, and several scores of persons stood in the aisles and at the rear.

Hon. Flight Lieut. Canon W. P. Griffith, padre of No. 4 Service Flying Training School, conducted the service. Assisting him was the Rev. Canon A. E. Greenhalgh, rector of St. George's Church.

The pallbearers were: Leading Aircraftsman W. Irwin, G. Holland, J. E. Land, K. McGough, A. Guickfall and N. Outster. Three are from the United States.

Interment was in Woodlawn Cemetery. During the part of the service held at the graveside, planes from the training school flew back and forth in formation. McKague's Funeral Home was in charge.

SASKATOON-BORN

Leading Aircraftsman Richardson was a native of Saskatoon. He obtained his education at the King George Public School and the Bedford Road Collegiate. At the latter institution he was sen-

ond in the high jump in a provincial high school meet.

STATION WILL NEVER FORGET WILD MEN

(Continued from Page 7)

according to him "Stormy" was fast asleep at the stick most of the way across. Hawes went on leave to Vancouver one day, took a busman's holiday in a light aircraft and spun into the deck with fatal results.

And of course nobody will ever forget F.L. Jim Constabaris, the mad, red-headed Hellenic from Edmonton, who could half-flick a Harvard as smoothly as he could drink hot-buttered rums and recite the verses of Omar the Tent-maker. Jim bailed out from a spinning Harvard at Moose Jaw one bright afternoon and broke his back. He is wearing a plaster cast yet and pushing a pen as some kind of adjutant at Claresholm but the M.O. says he will be flying again soon.

Doug. Macklin was another of the never-to-be-forgotten. How he kept so many feminine hearts palpitating was always a mystery to us, but it may have had something to do with the songs he sang; there was that one about the local virgin in the Virginia hills that always got 'em. Doug. is a Flight Looey in Dauphin now, but comes back occasionally to local hearths.

And, of course, there was Pat Grant, whose wedding to Miss Gretchen Kroshus of the local university was the highlight of his Saskatoon career. Pat is now instructing at a school in New Brunswick, after spending several months on the Pacific Coast, and is reported to be more than ordinarily happy in his married estate.

As for Wing Commander Nobby Fee, he would fill a book. He had several of the most unusual hobbies, including playing golf down the main streets of Saskatoon and driving taxis in his spare time. He is now Chief Flying Instructor at the S.F.T.S. at Hagersville, Ontario.

There are dozens more we could think of, but space forbids and perhaps it is just as well.

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At the 'Bay' Main Floor

In the Slipstream

—By Yehudi

I guess I don't have to tell you that this is our Anniversary Number so without any further ado I will go right ahead with the usual dribble.

One of our Instructors in G.I.S. was heard to comment on the fact that he didn't mind the trainees having to pull out their watches to see the time, but it really bothered him when they put them to their ears to see if they were still going.

They say that the missing link between the animal kingdom and the vegetable kingdom is "stew."

One of our Telephone Operators had the misfortune or fortune to have had part of his anatomy removed—but he is still a man—just his appendix—and the nurse was heard to have said: "I think he is regaining consciousness, doctor—he just tried to blow the foam off his medicine."



YEHUDI

Cpl. Duckett when asked what should be done with the garbage on the end of the taxi strip was heard to reply: "I move that we put it in the hands of a special detail."

One of the boys in the M.T. section told me the other day that he was going to be a confirmed bachelor—certain girls think differently—watch out, Nelson!

There is a certain lad on this Station who is bothered quite frequently with calls from a Southern Belle—but he must be getting sort of sick of this as he has been seen quite a lot lately with a nurse—and not bad if I do say so myself, Gord.

I was lucky enough to be able to attend the Nurses' graduation dance at the Bessborough the other night and it has been brought to my attention that one of the nurses with one of the airmen was in the hospital two days later—she is in First West though and not Second West.

I hear that a lot of the boys were very much disappointed when they found out that the student nurses had to be in by one-thirty in the morning—but they kept staggering in well up until three.

We were until just wondering where A.C. Campbell gets his material for all his love stories—talking about stories, if you want to hear some good ones, you want to see the crowd in a certain vehicle section at nights.

Well now that duty watch is here again I guess we can plan our evenings accordingly—I think that the war effort will appreciate the work that the boys are doing on their own time—especially when they can't get out anyways.

I have been trying to find out who the two A.E.M.'s were who created an embarrassing situation—they walked up to two of the grads of Course Thirty—Pilot Officers—but that didn't mean a darn thing to them—but they found out later.

I understand that Spike Barber was trying to find out a painless method of removing shoe polish from his person—then again Mepstead had a hard time getting rid of his mechanized dandruff.

A.C. Maltman has been receiving very urgent messages for him to call a certain number—he had a scare—and decided to forget these messages—imagine his chagrin when he found out that it was an invitation to a good meal.

My representative in Moose Jaw says that his territory is getting quite a play by our two life-guards. I don't think that anybody knows if they can swim—has anybody ever seen them in the water—I know that they are good sand-blasters.

A waitress in town told me this one. A man is a worm of the dust—he comes along, wriggles about for awhile, and generally some chicken picks him up.

This was overheard in the dental building. "Sir, you must get tired standing there working all day putting in fillings." "Yes, we do get down in the mouth once in a while."

Who was the airman who has been wearing out his good shoe leather trying to find a bucket of propeller pitch—and if you finally do find it, Jenkins, you can bring me one too—they say it is good for the hair.

Levy was at a wedding the other night—it was his boss's—and when he came in—the following morning—the boys asked him if he kissed the girls at all. I am still trying to find out how he could say "no" with a straight face—when his face was just covered with lip-rouge.

One of the new telephone operators really has quite some line. We understand that he has more connection in town than the other operators—and they have been here since January.

Cpl. Jordan was driving across a toll bridge down East—with his car—the gateman cried out, "fifty cents." "Sold," was Jordan's reply.

I understand that Lessard is related to some Big Chief—or he is just partial to his products.

I think that if the foreign talk down in Hut 8 doesn't stop soon—Superman Bill Rogers—5-foot-two of brawn and bones—will do something about it.

Overheard in the Station Hospital. Flt. Lieut. Bradley: "The best thing you can do is give up smoking, drinking and women."

Patient: "What's the next best thing, sir?"

Who was the airman seen walking into the mess hall with a bottle of catsup in his pocket? What's the matter, Mackenzie? Don't you like your meat—rare—good and rare?

A young genius was watching Nursing Sister Horbay plugging away at the Schick test—jabbing dozens of arms an hour. It looked like hard work. "Say," said the Y.G., "they could train mosquitoes for that job. Feed 'em the serum and turn 'em loose—nothing to it!"

They say that the current song hit in Number Four Hangar is, "I'll Never File Again."

Then there is the airman who went over to Stores for a pair of low rubbers for his oxfords.

Things I would like to know—Does a Revellie Pass entitle the bearer to wake up the whole hut at three in the morning? Is there any exchange on razor blades at Stores?

We would like to give you all as many copies of this issue as you wanted. We find that due to the heavy cost of production and cuts, and due to the large size of this issue that one copy will be given free to all Airforce Personnel. Additional copies may be purchased at the Canteen or from any newsdealer at 10c a copy.

Race Across Airport Keeps Airmen in Trim And Encourages Salute

Squadron Leader Smith Excellent Coach In Disciplinary Marathon

The entire stores personnel recently had a work-out in long distance running for the coming marathon under the careful guidance and instruction of the former stores officer Squadron Leader Smith. The results were drastic.

Setting the pace was none other than our former Vancouver policeman L.A.C. Angus Morrison who can run faster and farther in less time than the average race horse. It appears that Morrison was of the opinion that a culprit was ahead of him and if he escaped the chase no blame could be attributed to our Angus.

Running next to Morrison was Bricker. Bricker had little enthusiasm in the spur and for some reason or other could not get into the spirit of the chase. It is rumored that had the race continued once more across the field Bricker would have dropped dead from exhaustion.

L.A.C. Reg. Walker who has the ability and qualifications of a jack rabbit was looking around in order to borrow a bicycle, so that his wind could be saved for more interesting sport usually partaken of in the evenings or on a 48. He too failed.

A.C.I. Stan. Taylor weakened early in the sprint and at no time was a serious contender for the laurels. Much time has now elapsed and granddaddy Taylor is still puffing, spurting and hobbling around. 'Tis not fair to run an old horse.

Following the lead (or should we say slow down) of Taylor was Kelly, Spruston, Lines, Murray, MacGregor, Stewart-Irvine, Bieschel, Woodie, and Bowden.

Four last minute scratches were Trenholm, Johnstone, McMurtry and R. Bricker.

Squadron Leader Smith who at first kept up the race with the first three horses soon fell behind with the rest of the hurdlers and it was sometime before he was able to gather enough wind and energy to call the race to a halt. It took about ten minutes for those in the rear to line up with the first for the retreat across the airport.

At the mess hall much food was saved that day. The sergeant Spruston and Lines were unable to partake of any nourishment unless it was a cool, refreshing bottle of John Labatt's. That of course would not be so bad.

The poor airmen of course were stuck. Not a thing were they able to eat and no place for a refresher until 5 o'clock. So ended the day.

the punishment—especially if they were Orderly Officer a few times in succession?

How come the shortage of help when ever there is pancakes? We like our pancakes, in fact we are very fond of them, but we do hate like the devil to have to stand in line about 20 minutes in order to get them.

Then too, it is getting very difficult to find toast these mornings. Surely it does not take an extra messing fee to get toast.

We were all pleased to see the Commanding Officer drop in and take a look and nibble at our food. But why pick Wednesdays?

Letter From Australia

8 Hill Street, Hawthorn E. 2, Victoria, Australia 28-7-41.

Dear Editor:

As the sister of L.A.C. (then) Roy Williams, a co-worker of (then) L.A.C. Bruce Dean, and also as one of the girls he left behind of (then) L.A.C. John Bosworth, may I ask a favour.

Brother Roy sent home a copy of "Reconnaissance" showing a group of Aussie's who passed out on 16th May. Do you think I could procure a copy so that I could send it on to John Bosworth's people?

I should have said two favours because here is another. Did you by any chance in a later edition publish a photo of the crowd that passed out on 9th June (approximately)? If you did, would you please let me have a copy.

By now, I can almost hear you say, "These Australian girls are a nuisance," but I won't ask it of you again.

With many thanks in advance, yours sincerely,

LORNA WILLIAMS.

It was a very warm day, and the sergeant was fed-up trying to drill his squad.

"I don't know what to do with you," he exclaimed wiping his brow.

"There are some trees over there," one recruit said hopefully. "I know," answered the sergeant, "but I haven't any blinkin' Mess? It certainly would add to rope!"

Mess Hall Antics . . .

The one consolation that the airmen at least get on there three daily visits to the mess hall, is the friendly smile of L.A.C. Bill McShane. We can always count on that, rainy or dry, hot or wet, Bill is always there to greet you.

Our visit from the Earl of Athlone at noon on Tuesday, August 20 was a pleasant surprise. The Governor General and party dropped into the mess hall for a few minutes. During that time His Excellency inspected the noon day dish (what he thought of it, we don't know), our milk vendors stand, talked to a few persons and then carried on.

We were all very pleased to have this visit.

Don't you think that it would be an excellent practice, if the Orderly Officer were to eat each and every day in the Airmen's Mess? It certainly would add to rope!

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CHRISTIE LAUNDRY

Lexicon of a Fight Manager

By DAN PARKER
(Sports Editor, New York Daily Mirror)

CONCLUSION—When your fighter's head hits the floor hard, he sometimes gets a conclusion of the brain.

ILLUMINATION—A tournament held to decide which fighters meets the champ for the title.

JUDICIOUS—Herring and gefulte fish are judicious.

CONCESSION—The Boxing Commission is in concession every Tuesday afternoon.

CONVEX—Guys who have served time in the brig.

CISTERN—Female of brethren.

BIGOTRY—When a guy has more than one wife.

PARTISAN—Any Christian who isn't a Cadillac is a Partisan.

DEMISE—The little animals that eat cheese.

LANGUISH—What every fight manager "moinders" when he opens his yap.

GERMINATE—To become a German citizen.

BENISON—The meat of a deer.

MARTINGALE—A bird that sings sweetly in the night time.

POINSETTIA—A bird dog.

HYDRAULIC—Our stomachs are full of hydraulic acid to digest the food.

HOSTAGE—A big bird with a long neck which it hides in the sand.

POODLE—A pool of mud.

NAUTICAL—When a fighter misbehaves, he is nautical.

SUPERFICIAL—Togged out in your tails and topper.

LEGENDARY—Belonging to the American Legion.

LEPER—An animal with spots.

RENOWN—A renown is a part of speech.

STURGEON—A doctor who cuts you open.

KNOUT—A slang word, used when you say: "Knouts to you, brother!"

PLEURISY—When a renown isn't singular, it's got to be pleurisy.

LASSITUDE—Canada is in a northern lassitude.

SQUALL—A female Indian.

MOSLEM—A cloth used for women's dresses.

MORTUARY—What brick layers put between the bricks.

HARLEQUIN—The section of New York where the colored people live.

MANDARIN—A stringed musical instrument college boys play.

GOGGLE—When you have a sore throat you goggle it.

CULPRIT—A platform the minister mounts when he gives his sermon.

JUGULAR—A vaudeville performer.

MANEUVER—What you spread on the lawn; meadow dressing.

PEDAGOGUE—Every well bred dog and horse has a pedagogue.

GENTEEL—Jewish people call non-Jewish people genteels.

KNAVERY—If you can't get in the armory, join the knavery.

TENDERLOIN—Joe DiMaggio was out of the Yanks' line-up because he pulled a tenderloin in his leg.

UNANIMOUS—When you write a letter to the paper and don't sign your name, it's unanimous.

QUALM—What comes before the storm.

NOSTRUM—Schnozzle Durante has plenty of nostrum.

GULCH—When you bolt your food, you gulch it.

RATIFY—When you squeal on someone, you ratify.

DEMAGOGUE—A Jewish church.

ALLEGORY—A big animal like a crocodile.

DORMITORY—During the winter months, a bear goes into a cave and lies dormitory.

FORCEPS—Muscles in the arms.

GLOULASH—A rubber overshoe worn in winter.

DISTINCT—What the kitchen policeman said to the cook after peeling the onion.

ELOCUTION—What happens when you step on a live wire.

HOARDING—No army camp would be complete without a bit of it on the side.

PENITENT—What the New York Yankees are going to win this season.

INCONGRUOUS—Down in Washington where they passed the Lend-Lease Bill.

EPITETH—What you write on a tombstone.

CUTICLE—A nice looking young trick.

BAZAAR—What they used to call the king of Russia.

CHASTENED—The British won't be satisfied till they've chastened Hitler out of Germany.

PROFITTEERING—Prediction made by a prophet.

SQUADRON BEAUTIES



Making life more cheerful around squadron headquarters are the beautiful creatures presented above. They include Maureen Hayes, Mary Bowman, Eve Shaw, Laura Barber—alias Scarlett O'Barber—Bunty Matheson, Marge Jasper and other lovelies whose names we can't remember.

The Air Gunner

If I must be a Gunner,
Then please Lord grant me grace;
That I may leave this Station,
With a smile upon my face.

I may have wished to be a pilot,
And you, along with me;
But if we all were pilots,
Where would the Air Force be?

It takes guts to be a Gunner,
To sit out in the tail;
When the Messerschmitts are coming,
And the slugs begin to wail.

The pilot's just a chauffeur,
It's his job to fly the plane;
But it's we who do the fighting,
Though we may not get the fame.

But we're here to win a war,
And until this job is done;
Let's forget our personal feelings,
And get behind the gun.

If we must all be Gunners,
Then let us make this bet;
We'll be the best damn Gunners,
That have left this Station yet.

—"Gunner" G. H. H.

On Feathers

How dear to my heart is my inner-spring mattress,
On which I repose when the day's work is through;
It clings to my contours and cost forty dollars,
But it doesn't bring sleep like in childhood I knew.

We bedded on feathers, hard slats and a stray tick,
Which we filled fresh in summer when threshing was o'er;
Each morning we turned and we plumped and we prodded,
And thumped out the lumps so we wouldn't get sore.

And there we slept sweetly and dreamless and deeply,
"Insomnia" was only a word that we'd read;
How I wish that I might once again enjoy slumber,
As I did years ago on the old feather bed.

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Corporals Aloof From Rabble Airmen; Start Exclusive Mess of Own

The Corporals now have a private mess in the west side of the mess hall. They tell us that it is swell. We of course don't know but our special undercover sleuth in charge of messes in messes who is always in the air—himself, informs those in the air—mess is a bit of alright.

A movement is now under foot headed by the leading L.A.C. of the Station to form a L.A.C. mess. It would be adjacent to the corporals' mess. That is, it would be on the same side of the building and only slightly west of the corporals' mess. To be exact, only one table west.

The messing fee will be a nominal charge of \$10.00 per month

to those with a C group, to those with a B group an additional 25c a day will be charged and to those that have attained the top of the ladder, or in other words an A group there will be a further 25c collected. The balance will be made up from the profits of the corporals.

All interested in this scheme, put in for your L.A.C. immediately and communicate with the nearest psychiatrist or mental hospital.

What do you say, Peter?

"She has an awful hangover."
"Yes, that's why she bought one of those bathing suits with a brassiere built into it."

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Newsy Notes

Who is that hard to get, hard to find Corporal of maintenance stores? That tall, handsome, blonde, debonair, million dollar play boy? Could it be Bill Colville?

The Accounts' Sergeant had been consulting the chart for over an hour. Mopping the perspiration off his brow he spied an A.C. 2 going by. "Say, you, do you know whether gophic poison comes under the heading of insecticide?" Any A.C. 2 would know. If he knew less he would be a sergeant.

We wonder how old Pop Weston manages to get over to Hut 32. With his sore feet and that almost out on the reserve.

—And red-headed Indian Face Reed. He reports that instead of getting \$5 cash this year he only got one blanket and it may be a long, cold, hard winter.

We would love a name from Hut 14. Maybe it could be the barrack corporal's name we could use. Cpl. Bob. Hood. Not a bad

egg. We simply needed a name from Hut 14. Makes sense!

It is not appreciated by the airmen the way a certain senior officer always drives into the city empty and seldom, if ever, picks them up. Come now. Honest, we all like a ride.

No longer do we have Christilaw of the Y.M.C.A. on the Station. He deserted us for a pilot officers' job.

Aerodrome control is now well set apparently. Lots of officers up in the tower to shoot off many pretty colored lights. There is F.O. Goodman, F.O. Fry, and we have two new-comers, F.O. J. H. Blackburn and P.O. Blundell.

There appears to be a complete lack of excused duty, 24 or 48 hours off parade with our new doctor Flt. Lieut. Frank Avery. It seems you are not sick or you are and if you are sick, then the only place for you is under the careful care of the hospital. Oh, well, we never liked Attend "C" anyway.

All members of the B.P.O.E. are cordially invited to visit the Elks' Club while in Saskatoon.

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This is just a little story about a sergeant pilot, one of those hard-working, happy, group of individuals that you will find, not only at Service Schools all over the country but in the cockpits of Spitfires, up in the nose of a Whitley, and quite a lot of other places in the service that require a modicum of quick thinking, a pretty large amount of nerve and quite a lot of that peculiar attribute known as "flying skill." This one was stationed at No. 4 S.F.T.S.

It was one of those particular flying afternoons that you dream about. The air was smooth, the sun was shining, just a few scattered cumulus; the place was six miles from Osler, 2500 feet. The Sergeant, possibly, was thinking about his next "48," or it could be about his lately acquired bride, when without any warning a clatter, a variety of noises shook him out of his pleasant lethargy and the Crane that had been once a very proud variety of twin-engined trainer was suddenly reduced to the status of a Tigerschmidt and not a very good one at that.

HALF A PROPELLER

The pilot's mind underwent a variety of thoughts. Flying a twin-engined aircraft on one engine is not a very hard proposition but this aircraft, not only was suffering from a shortage of engines, but also a shortage of propellers. For the benefit of you technical chaps, the cause of the trouble is obscure, but sufficient to say this pilot not only was out an engine, but to make things a little more interesting his remaining engine was laboring under the effects of a six inch amputation on each end of its prop, and thrown in to make an even "baker's dozen" there just didn't seem to be any elevator control.

The first thought of this pilot was his crew, and as all good pilots would do under the circumstances he gave the order to "bail out" and suddenly the thought occurred to his mind that he could bring the machine down safely without mishap, and the order was retracted. So with the decision made, the aircraft was flown on one engine, half a prop, for six miles and brought down in a three-pointer that would make an instructor's heart leap with joy, and outside of a few rather pallid faces, and expressions of pretty genuine relief no one was the worse for his experience.

We would be inclined to call it a good show. What do you think?

Bowling Now In Full Swing

Now that the bowling season has about started again L.A.C. Eddie Gifford of Technical Stores and Flt. Sgt. L. Smith of the hospital have again entered bowling teams in the Commercial League. You will remember that Gifford's team last year won the city championship, which was quite a feat for any air force project in the way of sport.

Let's see more teams entered and in the game so that the bowling experts of last year will have a little stiffer competition.

Here are the line-ups of the teams:

On the one team we have L.A.C. Eddie Gifford, Cpl. Frank Apperly, Sgt. Herb. Lines, Flt. Sgt. Kurt Fincham, and L.A.C. Ian Stewart-Irvine. On the other team we have Flt. Sgt. L. Smith, Flt. Sgt. Kurt Fincham, Flt. Sgt. L. Cox, Sgt. M. Clark, Cpl. J. Chase, Sgt. B. Kitzes, and W.O.2 E. Jones.

You will note that Flt. Sgt. Fincham is playing on both teams. We hate to think what would happen if these two teams were in the play-offs and Fincham had to play against Fincham. It just can't be done Kurt!

When Little Lulu was sent to the Safeway grocery store for some groceries, she laughed, and she laughed, and she laughed. Little Lulu knew there was no Safeway.

Crane Over Saskatoon



This remarkable picture taken from a Crane aircraft pirouetting over the City of Saskatoon is the handiwork of Cpl. D. K. Galloway of the photographic section. The man at the controls is Sergt. Pilot Milloy, maintenance test pilot.

The Maintenance Man

We're not romantic looking,
No neat flying togs we wear;
We sometimes may need shaving,
Grease and oil get in our hair.
Our pants' seats don't get polished,
And we sure ain't got the time.
To manicure our finger nails,
And shoot a heavy line.

We don't get pretty pins and stars,
And other apple sauce;
We just turn out a decent job,
Or get hell from the boss.

Publicity don't mention us,
Our pictures would not do,
To show the civvy public,
We're just the Maintenance crew.
Next time you hear a pilot brag,
About how he is hot,
At keeping schedules, rain or shine,
He's Johnny on the spot.
Why just you kinda grin at him,
And bet your bottom dime,
That it's the good old Maintenance gang,
That gets him there on time.
—Walsh, Overhaul Flt.

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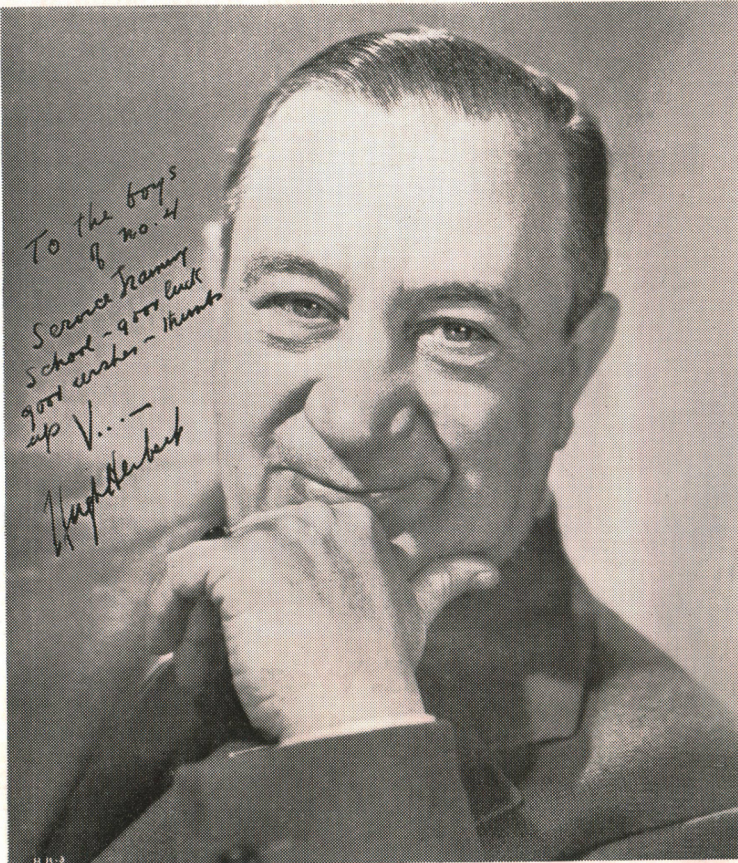
Saskatchewan's Largest

WHOLESALE GROCERS

SASKATOON

HUMBOLDT

Hollywood Screen Star Writes Special Message



Have been requested to write a column for "Reconnaissance"—I can hardly spell it—and feel highly honored; but now, what to say to a group of young men who will probably see more excitement in a day than I have experienced in my years in the theatre and on the screen. But I have had many pleasant experiences that I'm sure you boys might envy. I've made pictures with many of our glamorous stars and know them personally; for instance, I made pictures with Joan Blondell, Mary Astor, Ann "Umph" Sheridan, Louise Rainier, Peggy Moran, Glenda Farrell, Una Merkel, and many more. Not as the lover—you probably guessed that. These are all lovely people, and I mean lovely not only to look at but to know.

Hollywood is always looked at as a fantastic make believe place, but such is not the case. We do, of course, make our living "making believe," but our own lives are as different as night and day—not the way some magazines would have you believe.

Actually there are more churches in Hollywood than any other American city of its size. All the picture people are good church goers, not one particular creed, they belong to the one they like.

I had a rather peculiar thing happen to me a few weeks ago, I was waiting out in front of Universal Studio for my car, when a middle aged lady of uncertain nationality passed me and gave me a side glance. Then she came back again and looked me over again, after doing this three or four times, she approached me and said, "I beg your pardon, but are you Hugh Herbert?" I said, "Yes." She took another look and said, "Oh, my God!"

This is like writing a letter, you sit down to do it, and then you forget what you are going to say; so, I'll take time out to send you future boys of the air my very best of wishes. Your mission is a great one and if you ever get "over there," knock over a Jerrie for me—if there's any left—I'll be seeing you in pictures.

—HUGH HERBERT.

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**STEPHENS'
PAINTS**

E FLIGHT

He read D.R.O. and a smile broke out on his face. The Oriental Gardens were no longer out of bounds. Now we can expect a regular Tiger Moth taxi service to and from Regina.

A nice, lovely black eye, just a night after the wings party. And then a certain L.A.C. hopes we will believe his alibi: "It was a door regulator that done it!"

We wonder what ideas a certain officer had when he was seen walking down the aisle of the Gem Cafe with a lovely bouquet of flowers.

We've read fairy tales of old, listened to great stories of Paul Bunyan, but "E" Flight shines when it comes to D.I.'s by a certain rigger, who D.I.'d eight aircraft and washed sixteen props with soap and water, all in less than an hour. Good going, Andy!

We must welcome an old member back to the fold. We wish him the best of luck and let's hope that next "court" day won't find old Andy up again.

First the ring, then the long-awaited permission, next a new car, then a bouncing baby daughter. Now for crew pay. No wonder a certain tall corporal goes round whistling, "There Ain't No Flies On Auntie."

We must congratulate Cpl. Murphy and L.A.C. Moore, R.S., who have both become the proud fathers of daughters. However, we understand the main crop of the Station is expected in November and December.

He always has a pleasant look on his face, comes to work all buttons shined and hair slicked back. Oh, well, maybe it's worth the trouble when you look at the pretty brunette at the Elite whom we understand he has exclusive rights to.

See you next issue—by Picks 'n shovel.

Then there was the Angel who wanted to trade her harp for an upright organ.

Sick Parade

By THE HOSPITAL STAFF
We think Sick Parade is dandy, Sure, we find it very handy; If we've been out the night before,

Maybe we'll get a "24"; So we can take our aching head, And hustle it into a nice warm bed.

Out all night, to work delayed, "We'll just go on sick parade"; We'll say we have an aching spine, What'll we get? A number nine. Tho' the treatment is no snap, It's better than a C.B. rap.

Some guys come in after dinner, With some little ache they've had since winter; Flight will shake his head in sorrow, "It'll have to ache till tomorrow"; Then you'll get the best that's made. If you're in time for sick parade.

On Sick Parade the best that's made, Is handed out by Scotty; The line of bull he shoots to you, Would nearly drive you dotty; He'll feed you pills to cure your ills, And tell you stories naughty.

One Airman was getting lonesome, And told the boys he'd be getting home soon; Figured he could get a transfer, With some vague, imaginary cancer; With him, the climate did not agree, He would make it, wait and see.

Five times a week on parade he came, Every other day he had a different pain; For a while his ears would ring, Another day it was some other thing; The M.O. gets wise and says, get out and quick, And don't come back unless your sick.

When to hospital we are sent, To repair our bumps and dents; Under the Orderlies loving care, We're soon patched for further wear; Oh! How very thankful I am, For now I am a healthier man!

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Gas Fumes From Motor Transport

By L.A.C. CLIFF HUBBS

The old M.T. gas-pipe hangs around a new neck these days, and it remains to be seen whether or not the paper will survive. It may be that the standard of the column will suffer, but take it from the writer, the pressure will be no less.

Since the circulation of the last paper, many changes have taken place around the M.T. We have the highest regard for the Works and Building Section, but we wondered for a time if they intended to leave us any vehicles. All the boys swear (out loud, too) that they will carry on even if the transport is reduced to a pony and cart.

Several wallops such as the one above, have occurred in the Transport Section lately, and in spite of the calibre of the personnel, something had to be done to keep up the morale. It is believed that the writer of the lines which are to follow, is withholding his name (he is probably trying to be certain of at least one military secret in this war) but you can't pass the section these days without hearing the boys (altogether-one-at-a-time) all singing these words:

There's need for such a story,
As the one we wish to tell;
We run the Motor Transport,
And we really run it well;
From crashes down to road-trips,
There's nothing we can't do;
We're always very happy,
And so, we say to you.

Chorus (with feeling)

We're just a bunch of Josephs,
Our work is never through;
But we're happy in the service,
'Cause we're the Transport Crew

We'll end up in the Nut-house,
From the things we have to do;
But we're happy in the service,
'Cause we're the Transport Crew

Our N.C.O. is Duckett, he never wears a frown;
But get a bit too haughty, and watch him mow you down;
Just call us if you're lonely,
We'll come and sing for you;
For we're happy in the service,
'Cause we're the Transport Crew.

Cpl. Tommy Sprowl had the shivers last week, and instead of crawling back into his winter underwear, he grabbed someone else's overalls, and boarded an R.C.A.F. truck which was headed southward. The vehicle was hauling an aircraft to Moose Jaw but the Corporal did not stop there. It was at the International Boundary where he had a rather unique experience. The U.S. Army officials have called in all Immigration Officials, and Tommy was stopped by a housewife with a broom. Just leave it to the Corporal—it wasn't long before he was enjoying a cup of tea—and the only reason we have Tommy back with us, is because the lady was a tea-cup reader, and she told him that he was about to get his third hook.

We have a young airman named Bork,
At dispensing they put him to work;
He was never behind,
But grew mixed in his mind,
And ordered spark-plugs for a fork.

None of us can figure out why Brownee left for St. Breix, to the scene of a crash, and went by way of Regina. Of course Regina—or some place—or other—is a nice town.

L.A.C. Mepstead is in charge of the stock-room now and some comment is in order in view of the fine score he is running up. He hasn't lost a single thing since he took charge, and there is little possibility that he will. (He won't let anyone have anything).

L.A.C. Boucher is wearing many smiles these days. Two boys have arrived from Montreal and it's really marvellous the way the three of them "parlez vous le Francois a la Chevrolet coupe."

L.A.C. Couch: "Blinkity blank these doggone blinkety blank."
Cpl. Duckett: "I thought I told you to stop swearing in the office. What's the matter?"

Couch: "It's these trip reports; if the time out is marked in, the time in is left out. If I'm in the reports, are out, and if I'm out the reports come in."

Cpl. Duckett: "Well, let's go—all out to get the reports all in—hey, what is this?"
Couch: "I'm all in."

FAMOUS LAST WORDS
By Flather

"If they dare to call me in for another M-2, I'll blow the blasted mercury right off the universe."

SHORT SHORT STORY
Scene: Tommy Grove at the M.T. telephone. Tommy has been in deep thought. His mind being filled with the blue hills of Kentucky. The

telephone rings, and Tommy grabs the earpiece from the hook

"Tommy, Red Line Taxi—grip—that is—M.T. Section—what's that—did you call for a nursing sister?—on the 7.30 run?—Sorry, sir, I'd like to make my own date."

THE END.

Word has been received from Vanscoy that A.C. Goulder, now on that Station as chief executive, is terrifying the natives with his motor-bike. Never mind people, you ought to see him when he is going. (One can't tell if he's going ahead or backward).

Just a word of advice to George Burwell, who is about to leave for the East on furlough. Hurry back, George, and get here on time. Some of the fellows insist that C.B. stands for confined to barracks, and who knows, it might be right.

Corporal Duckett has a cinch these days. All he does is holler, "Mac," and he gets at least a seven-man crew. We have had McGinnis, McNeil, MacKenzie and MacGillivray, for some time. With the influx of new personnel, two Macdonalds and another MacKenzie have arrived. All this makes history, but it was only a few days ago that a new M.M.M.T. arrived and when the Cpl. asked him his name, something very close to murder was in the air. The chap was very considerate, and spelled his name. It was Mac-k. How about forming a "Mac" Duty-watch, Corporal?

It isn't wise to take too much for granted, and it is folly to repeat rumours. Nevertheless, there seems

to be some foundation to the whis-perings that Corporal Sprowl and Ernest Dahoo (A.C.I. "B") were cutting "Canadian Capers" recently at the famous Saskatoon Nite Club, Cavern DeLuxe. It's one of those—don't you dare mention this to anyone—affairs, so if you do mention it don't mention who told you not to mention it. It seems that the boys met at the bar, and after a few rounds (the bar was in the form of a circle) bets were laid on the line as to which one could give the best demonstration of trucking. Western crowds are quick to sense combat, and thinking that two Alberta cowboys (camouflaged in Air Force uniforms) were about to shoot it out, the patrons lined the walls and waited. This reaction proved to be a shin-saving measure, and a sigh of relief was in evidence when simultaneous nods from the contestants were directed toward the band leader.

Corporal Sprowl had for his partner, a flaxen-haired blonde debutante, who followed him perfectly (this is not the first time) Dahoo, was accompanied by a young and beautiful brunette, who it is rumoured, is the charming and much-admired daughter of a railway magnate.

When one couple zigged, the other zagged. They gathered momentum as they swirled—and the place rocked with cheers from the on-lookers. After fifteen minutes of hoof-singing, which the best press-men have been unable to describe, the battle ended in a draw. (Both men were carrying their partners).

It is said that dancing was resumed for a time, but the demonstration had the patrons so early that they left for their homes early. Rumour has it that their sign now hangs in the Cavern which reads: "NO MORE OF THAT."

L.A.C. MacKenzie is out to purchase an aeroplane for his own personal use. He has had the Osler assignment for the past couple of weeks, and swears—swears to walk again. All this goes to show that even a man can change his mind. As Mac boarded the plane for the first trip, he buckled on his 'chute and then called back to the ground crew: "If the ship crashes, look for me in the ruins."

It looks as though this is the end of the chatter from the Transport for this issue. A.C. Walters and the Swede will soon be home from harvest leave, and since both of those boys will have a raft of new stories, the M.M.T. boys await their arrival with anxious anticipation. If they have any parlour stories, we will tell you about them next time. So long for now, and don't forget that the early bird gets the worm. If you think you may need a car, well, just notify us—TWO DAYS BEFORE THE REQUIRED TIME!

Sergeant (explaining mechanism of new gun to squad of recruits): "Now, as you all see, this piece of the gun is operated by a crank. (Slight pause). Now wot the 'ell are you laughin' at Glover?"

"Thinking is said to draw blood to the head," said the instructor to the squad.

"Is that why, when you think twice about some things, you get cold feet?" asked A.C.I. Atkinson.

Orderly Officer: "Any complaints?"

Airman: "Yes, Sergeant. This Irish stew is funny."

Orderly Officer: "Then why the hell aren't you laughing?"

They were writing letters in the Legion Hut at Dundurn. Pte. Tripard suddenly looked up, worried.

"What's the matter?" asked Pte. Comstock.

"Why—er—had it on the tip of my tongue, and now it's gone."

"Never mind. Think hard for a moment and it'll all come back."

"Like hell, it will! It was a three-cent stamp!"

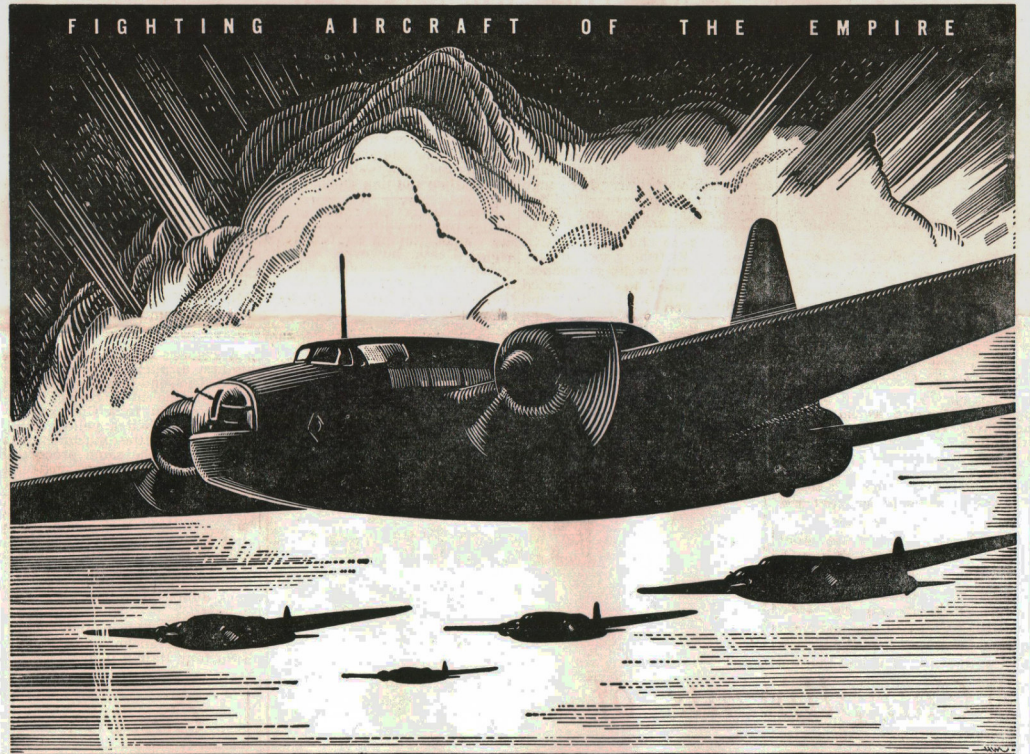
"Does the Sergeant know about this?" asked the Colonel as he surveyed a barricade of sandbags which had just collapsed.

"He ought to," replied the Private. "He's underneath."

Shattering the customary tradition of the No. 4 S.F.T.S. athletic ventures the soccer team has broken away from the custom by winning more games than they have lost. A rather unique situation that requires much comment.

Starting on August 14, the R.C.A.F. soccer team has played six games and have been victors in five, suffering defeat in a game from the Dundurn Engineers.

The league is not yet over but the outcome can be anticipated if the Flyers keep up the high standard that has been shown thus far. Good luck, boys, and hope to see you right at the top of the heap at the final count.



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GAVE UP HUGGARD FOR DEAD IN LAST WAR

Won Wings Four Times In Four Air Services; Remains Active Pilot

German Pilot Dropped Message Telling Of His Capture

Still actively flying after almost a quarter of a century, during which time he has qualified for his Wings in four different air services, Squadron Leader John C. Huggard can tell more than one story of rousing interest to those who are connected with the air force and the grand business of flying.

There are few men, indeed, who have had the rare pleasure of reading their own obituary notices; our present Administrative Officer is one of them. Flying a single-seater scout biplane over Passchendale in 1917 Squadron Leader Huggard, then a Lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps, 70th Squadron, was shot down by the enemy and taken prisoner.

He was officially reported in despatches as "missing" after the air battle, and to his family and friends back home in Winnipeg he was as good as dead. Strenuous efforts were made by his fam-

ily through neutral quarters in Switzerland to glean some tiny ray of hope, but to no avail.

GERMAN MESSAGE

It was not until after several weeks had passed since the day of his disappearance that a German aviator came winging over the Allied lines one bright morning and dropped a message advising that Lieut. John C. Huggard had been captured uninjured and that he was a prisoner of war in Germany. Official reports had to be corrected and Winnipeg newspapers carried the glad tidings with banner headlines.

It was a happy day for young Huggard's parents and friends, but there was still a long, hard period of imprisonment ahead for Lieut. Huggard himself. How he and his friends traced a secret map of Germany on waxed paper, how they made themselves compasses by magnetizing pins and needles, and how they made four gallant but fruitless attempts to escape Germany and get back to their squadrons again is a story that would fill a good-sized, thrilling book.

When the war came to an end and Lieut. Huggard returned to England he was transferred from the old Royal Flying Corps, which had been merely an arm of the British Army, into the Royal Air

Force. Upon his return to Canada he joined the newly-established "Canadian Air Force" and when that was disbanded he was commissioned in the Royal Canadian Air Force. He has qualified for his Wings in four different fighting services of the air.

KEPT ON FLYING

Squadron Leader Huggard spent most of his years between the last war and the present war engaged in private business in Winnipeg, but never for a moment has he lost his enthusiasm for active aviation. During his civilian days he was an enthusiastic sports pilot, and no sooner did he find himself back in the air force at Saskatoon than he was found first in the cockpit of a Tiger Moth and then within a few weeks flying solo at the controls of the twin-engined Avro Anson—no mean feat considering that he had never flown a twin-engined machine before in his life.

Squadron Leader Huggard refuses to believe that the pilots of the last war have no place in the front line of the present war, and he is keeping himself in first-class flying trim in the hope and expectation that he may yet have another chance to take a wallop at his old enemies of 1917. And we hope to be there with him!

refresh. A little of it goes a long way. The turnover on the seven days "final" flight, though, the ages, is the greatest accomplishment of nature, carried on without break in continuity, until some benefactor invented, "If you've heard this one, stop me!" The same gags ran through time, for reason. Most of the jokes were so weak they didn't have strength enough to collapse. Only one era didn't depend on humor, though they had plenty of fun in their own way—in theatrical vernacular, the Borgias didn't need any gags to "lay the guests in the aisles."

An old Irish war story: "An affectionate Irishman once enlisted in the Seventy-fifth Regiment in order to be near his brother, who was a corporal in the Seventy-sixth."

Same formula now used about telephone-number gags. Another of the period: "A sailor on his first galeship cruise nearly drowned on his first attempt at swimming, then told the captain that he would never enter the water again until he was a complete master of the art." Basis for the thought of the wisecrack came from Hierocles. Modern version is more hilarious. Max joined the navy and while out in a launch with a group, the launch capsized. As they were thrashing around in the water a life-saver approached Max and cried: "Can you float alone?" "Yes—but is this the time to talk business?" came the reply.

A recruit was placed in the same tent with a tough sergeant. Then ensued the following conversation: Recruit: "I'm shivering—gosh it's cold!" Sergeant: "Why don't you take my blanket?" Recruit: "What'll you do?" Sergeant: "Crack your skull!"

Bill Robinson, ace dancer and comic, is regaling the land with this one. Rastus broke camp and was soon challenged by an outlying sentry: "Halt or I'll fill you full of lead. I mean business!" "So does I," answered Rastus. "It's got a mother in hebban, a father in de other place, and I's got a gal in Harlem—any means to see one of them tonight!"

A colored soldier was getting his first airplane ride when they decided to send him from Georgia to California in a rush. When the plane got to a Chicago airfield, up speeded a yellow truck and refused the machine. At Kansas City the same procedure up rushed a yellow truck and gave the plane another load of gas. Same in Denver. When the plane landed in San Diego, up came a yellow truck again. The pilot said to the soldier, "Have you ever seen anything go as fast as this plane across the country?" "Listen, buddy, that yellow truck didn't do so bad, either!"

"A carrier pigeon flew across the Mediterranean and brought down four Italian planes."

Prisoners of War



In this unique photo we see young John Huggard as he looked in the last war during his prisoner days. He is shown seated in the front row without cap and with fellow prisoners who assisted in the making of the map and the many unsuccessful escapes.

Gags The Soldiers Tell

Even in War There's Laughter—Here is a Classic Collection of Reasons Why

By HARRY HERSHFIELD
A British cruiser captured a Nazi ship and sent the prisoners into the hold. Captain of the cruiser addressed his own sailors: "We will maintain international law. We will treat these Nazis as prisoners of war. No rough stuff with them, remember!"

A few days later one of the prisoners sporting a black eye, complained to the captain that one of the Britishers socked him. The assailant was summoned. Before he could be reprimanded he cried, "Captain, I didn't mind it when this Nazi cursed you, me, and the ship. I controlled myself when he berated our king and queen—but I couldn't take it when he spit in our ocean!"

Yet, traditionally, North Americans enjoy razzing British humor. The flippant Broadwayite says, "He who laughs last is an Englishman"—forgetting there's

five hours' difference in time.

Familiarity breeds contempt—all nations know the same jokes. The vicious circle: Wars make historians—histories foment new wars—new conflicts start the old war gags over again—which brings on the humor historians—and if that can't start another battle, then nothing can.

Research reveals that every war is replete with jokes justifying war or proving the futility of arms. Death, however, was the penalty for the commoner springing gags against the State in them bad old days. The court jester was the spokesman who dared speak facetiously to the king—but usually a brand of humor that was meant for other ears to grasp also; the forerunner of a Will Rogers—who dared tell governments where to get off.

The war humor between the dawn of history and our modern way of life is pretty much of a



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in the

CITY OF SASKATOON AND DISTRICT



Convoy

The convoys below us, a host of small ships,
At rest on an ocean with tiny white tips,
That are rustled and tussled along by the breeze,
Which comes to us all, o'er the seven wide seas.

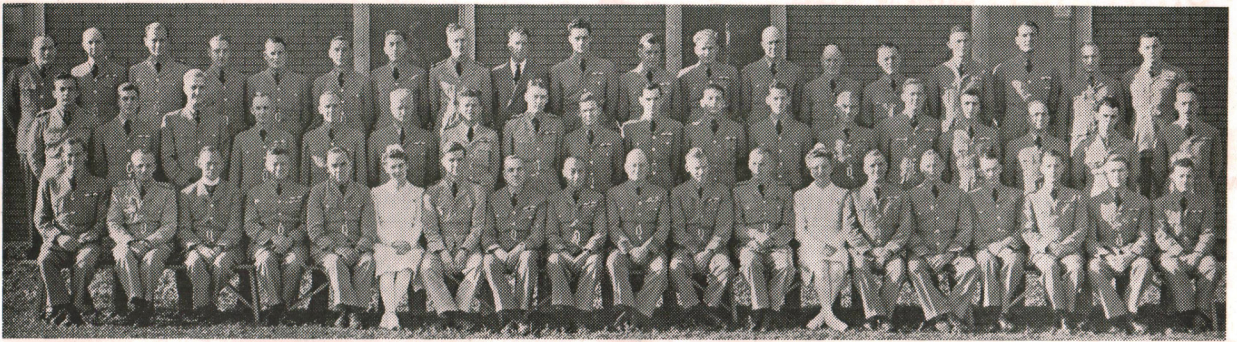
In line so correct, it just isn't true,
Those ships keep on steaming out there in the blue;
From ports with no blackout, where war isn't known,
Bound with their cargoes for big London town.

When the wind gets up strong and the waves are quite rough,
It isn't such fun, but they must do their stuff;
Those sailors of ours, of whom little is said,
As they bring home the goods which keep us all fed.

Around them the greyhounds dash daintily past,
The destroyers that guard them, long, lean and fast;
Bobbing and courtseying about in the swell,
They continue the job they have started so well.

Around and above, from the dawn to the dusk,
The aeroplane's flutter, as ever they must;
Awaiting the chance to loose off the load,
That is carried to help free us from Hitler that toad.
—F.O. Geoffrey Alington.

Brain Trust Presents Itself to Best Advantage



Back Row: F.O. C. W. T. Field, F.O. C. Lambe, F.L. R. H. Patton, F.O. R. C. Scott, F.O. J. M. McMillan, F.O. W. Farquharson, F.O. R. W. Moss, F.O. T. L. Doolittle, Mr. Chrislaw, F.O. Nesbitt, P.O. E. R. McGill, F.O. M. D. Lee, F.O. W. H. A. Thomas, P.O. E. L. Marriott, P.O. A. M. McLaughlin, F.O. G. C. Alington, P.O. N. F. Rettie, P.O. E. D. Gillespie, P.O. W. N. Thomson.
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 Front Row: F.L. D. J. England, F.L. W. A. Stempel, F.L. Mulcahey, F.L. C. G. Durham, F.L. G. C. Bradley, N.S. M. H. Horbay, S.L. W. M. Smith, S.L. J. C. Huggard, W.C. M. C. Dubuc, G.C. A. D. Bell-Irving, W.C. C. F. Newcombe, F.L. L. A. Harling, N.S. G. L. Dunn, F.L. W. P. Griffiths, F.L. F. R. Attridge, F.L. J. N. G. Avery, F.O. D. Dews, F.O. D. W. Dawson, F.O. R. W. Thompson. —Photo by D. Galloway.

The Coal

THE DIFFERENCE

Two pieces of coal—way down in the ground!
 Were wedged together, tight and sound;
 But their thoughts were different, these two,
 One was happy, the other always "blue".
 He complained of the darkness way down below,
 The other replies, "We're safe from the snow."
 So the miners were working near that very spot,
 These pieces of coal were just what they sought;
 With pick and shovel they brought them down,
 Into a cart to be jumbled around.
 "Can you beat this for luck," the grouchy one said,
 But the other answered, "It's just like a bed."
 Well, they were hoisted up into God's clear air,
 The grouchy one said, "I don't think it's fair,
 Why didn't they leave us right where we were?
 We were resting so nicely without any care;
 I think I could be happy if I were back there."
 Rumble, jumble—out they were thrown,
 In front of a mansion (some millionaire's home);
 It started raining—they were both soaking wet,
 The grouchy one said, "It's the worst we've stuck yet";
 "But," the happy one answered,

his heart full of glee,
 "Few pieces of coal have the chances to see—
 The great many things we have come over."
 The grouchy one said, "I'm as wet as clover."
 The happy one said, "I'm having great fun."
 The other replied, "You're the only one."
 "It's the way you look at it," the other one said,
 "Aw, gwan—I think I'd be better if I were dead."
 So they were shoveled up and dumped in a bin,
 The happy one took it all with a grin.
 "We're nearing the end," the gloomy one grumbled,
 "There's never an end," the other one mumbled.
 Then the butler shoveled them—in the hod they were jumbled,
 Into the furnace—to be ashes and crumbled.
 Well, the grouchy one burned into nothing but dust,
 The other one said, "Tis me duty I must—
 Burn bright as I can and make much heat;"
 For a heart like him was hard to beat.
 So when his ashes were sifted, he was yet a strong cinder,
 His thoughts never changed so nothing could hinder;
 He was made into concrete that very day,
 He helped make a building not far away;
 He's in a sky-scraper—fifty

storeys high,
 And he's up at the top—right near the sky.
 —HUGH HERBERT.

F FLIGHT

Orchids to L.A.C. Hatfield who gave the local yachting boys quite a surprise when he took all the silverware in sight. Good stuff, Hatfield. It shows what an eight year old motor and a home-made design, with a little of what it takes, can do.

We wonder if L.A.C. O'Neill has got his Flying Instructor's category yet?

Seen on the highway between Rosthern and Prince Albert—one, Sgt. Pilot Ruppel with thumb extended one rainy "48."

Too bad we had to get back to the main aerodrome just when Corporal Wright was reaching the stage where he could throw a horseshoe with a five yard error.

What senior N.C.O. distinguished himself as quite a Lothario at the last flight weiner roast?

Why does a certain F.O. (who could it be?) always wear sunglasses on Sunday mornings?

Many a guy has started at the bottom of the bathing suit business and liked it so well, stayed there.

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The J. H. ASHDOWN HARDWARE COMPANY LIMITED

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 EDMONTON REGINA



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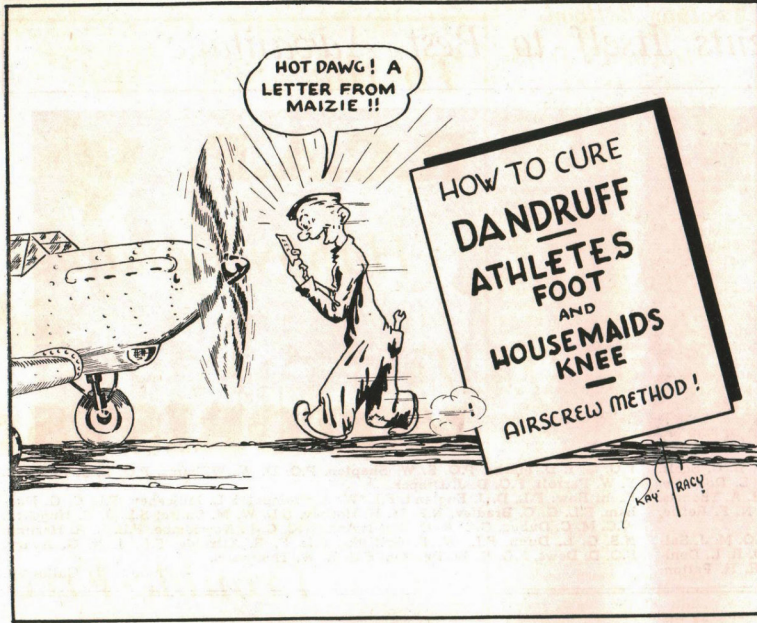
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It does things for thirst that you'll like.
 THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED



I COVERED THE AIRPORT
(Continued from Page 6)

patched the very bullets, causing the mortal wounds to the enemy ship and bringing death to those who would cruelly dominate the world.

WINGS PARADES

Then there were the wings parades. I for one was unable to regard them as nothing more than the end of the assembly line. In watching these youngsters step forward and receive their wings, which they had earned with hard work, loyalty and keenness in duty, each ceremony became an adventure. They stood there, Australians, New Zealanders, Americans and Canadians with the clear eyes, full of hope and determination with which many of them today are winging their war planes across enemy country in the defence of decency and world conscience.

And there, of course, was the work to prepare these young fellows to such an important assignment. The endless routine of making sure that the planes which take off and land in the endless cycle are serviced to the

greatest degree of safety. The never completed office work, entailing numerous and intricate details of a great workshop and school combination. And the many other jobs connected with an enterprise of this size.

And there was fun. Lots of it at times. I recall especially the first track meet when athletes, who had been out of training, defied a physician's opinion to give a fine showing before the greatest crowd in the city's track meet history. Well, all those connected with the preparations must remember the C.O.'s reply when he was asked to see that the performers should not give their best in the interest of health.

The School's ability to achieve the near-impossible was well demonstrated when the personnel managed to transform a patch of rough prairie inside of one week into a sports field despite adverse weather.

The sports field was followed by the swimming pool and additional facilities are planned.

CHANGING COMMAND

Perhaps one of the most moving ceremonies was the taking-over parade when the hero of the First

Great War in traditional manner relinquished command of the School to the hero of the present war. Saskatoon was indeed fortunate that Group Captain Bell-Irving was succeeded by Wing Commander Ernest McNab, D.F.C. The pride the city had in the two officers was amply demonstrated by the huge crowd which attended the taking-over ceremony.

Perhaps this is only touching on the few highlights of a year crammed with excitement and work, but those were the moments which remained most poignant in my mind. If one was to talk about all it would take more space that is needed to fill the vacant spot existing between the aforementioned ads. Right now perhaps is the proper time to call "30" by wishing the School, the

officers and men the best of luck and the greatest success, so richly deserved for the coming year.

Amorous Alphabet

A merry miss, I saw her first,
Buying beauty aids at Eaton's,
Caught her dating, dazzling
glance,
Decided then to take a chance,
Edged even closed to her space,
Found that we were face to face,
Gathered courage with a heave,
Hopefully touched her on the
slieve.
Insisted that she have a drink,
Just a quick one while we talked,
Kummel though was what she
ordered,
Liked it too, and had another,
Made merry quips at my expense,
Never heeded what it cost,
Or listened to my pleadings,
Placed her cards upon the table,
Racked my heart and raked my
nerves,
Seductive siren that she was,
Till with discomfort I did squirm,
Undulated like a worm.
Violent my blush became,
Woeful my expression,
Yon damosel tripped me to a fall,
Zounds—that charmer knew it
all!
(But on the "Q"-t; where I got?
That X left out—will mark the
spot!).

Like a ship tossed by a violent
sea,
Is the hula dancer, Lulu Lee;
Oh, how her craft doth roll and
churn—
Her ship-shape shakes from stems
to stern.

AND SO ON

One little smile makes a flirta-
tion,
One little flirtation makes two
acquainted,
Two acquainted makes one little
kiss,
One little kiss makes several
more,
Several little kisses make one
little engagement,
One little engagement makes two
little fools,
Two little fools make each other,
And so on—

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don't forget...
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at the

Elite..
D'ine and Dance at
Our Blue Room

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ENJOY THE BEST!

Neilson's JERSEY MILK CHOCOLATE

Neilson's JERSEY NUT

THE BEST MILK CHOCOLATE MADE

Operation a la Hospital Staff



—Photo by L.A.C. E. Morey, Photographic Section.

A rare and delicate operation was performed by the members of the Medical Section recently. The catsup began to flow at 3.30 p.m. Flt. Sgt. Smith acted as Chief Technical Director of Works and Movements, and the boys carried out his instructions directly as he read them from the operating manual. A.C.I. Davis developed a cord wood stick in his middle finger on his right hand. It was feared that it would reach his heart (he has not got one). Sgt. Storey supplied the anaesthetic my means of a meat cleaver as can be plainly seen. The wee lad went under for 23 hours. The Nursing Sisters M. Horbay and G. Dunne very ably assisted with words of advice to the men and words of comfort and pity for the patient. The staff admits that while Sgt. Kitizes, L.A.C. MacArthur and Mason looked on the operation was a success and the patient recovered. Worse luck!

"You in the rear rank, why don't you answer me?"

"I did, Sergeant. I nodded my head."

"Good heavens, do you expect me to hear it rattle from here?"

The torpedoed ship was sinking fast, and one of the A.B.'s found himself floating near the pad.

"My goodness, sir," spluttered the sailor, "I wish I'd been a better man!"

"Yes," said the padre, thoughtfully. "I wish I'd been a better swimmer!"

Extract from an English newspaper:

"He said there was a gale blowing at the time. He sighted two British warships and an aeroplane circling overhead."

Some gale!

Porter (to perspiring Canadian dashing after his departing train): "Did you want to catch the Northern express, sir?"

Disgusted Canadian: "Oh, no! I only wanted to chase the damn thing out of the station!"

Weather Balloons

Strachan's Terror

All of us suffer from some underlying fear, either sub-consciously or otherwise, whether it be going in to lunch some day and finding a dish of tripe in front of us or giving a talk to the ladies' section of the foreign missionary society. However this concerns the secret fear of one David Strachan, that genial man from Edinburgh who sometimes forecasts the weather for us.

Dave's secret fear, it seems, is balloons. Yes, strangely enough, balloons, not the kind one takes rides in but the kind sent up by all good meteorologists every morning to gauge the wind. And some days when the sun is beaming down and the sky full of the good old alto-cumulus and not single front to speak of, one may be able to see David gazing with fear and horror in his eyes and that strange something which typifies all the dread and horror of a Saskatoon winter, yes even staring, at that little structure on the roof of the control tower, and when you see this, my friends, you know what suffering is.

And if you are in the know in the Strachan family you may on dark nights hear weird stories of the young Met Joe waking up in the middle of the night, madly chewing the bedclothes in frenzy, and screaming, "Balloons," "Balloons!"

"Oh, Department of Transport," "Where is thy mercy?"

The Big Bad Wolf

Once upon a time there was a sweet little dame called little Red Riding Hood which is a silly name so let's call her Tootsie instead.

One day, Tootsie's loving mother said to her, "Hey, brat, take this gallon of rye over to your grandmother."

Of course Tootsie was an obedient darling like all little girls are. So she said, "Aw, do it yourself, sourpuss."

But after a couple of swift kicks from her loving mother, Tootsie finally scrambled with the gallon of rye and a warning not to let the Airmen give her a biology lesson in the woods.

A few minutes later, Tootsie stopped to powder her nose again, and to take another drink from the gallon, which was down to two quarts by this time, when along came a swanky limousine about a block long.

"Hello there, pilot," called Tootsie, "how about a little ride with a hot baby?"

"Fine!" said the wolf. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, I'm supposed to go to my dear grandmother, but the old dame is probably out with her Squadron Leader in a gin joint. "Gee mister!" exclaimed Tootsie, "what big eyes you have!"

"The better to see that nifty figure you have!" laughed the wolf appreciatively.

"And what a big mouth you have!"

"The better to kiss you with, kiddo! And let's not waste any more time," chuckled the Airman as he hugged her and gave her a long, long, long kiss.

"Whew!" sighed Tootsie five minutes later. "Are you what the girls call a wolf?"

"Yes."

"Oh, boy, at last!" shouted Tootsie, grabbing him around the neck. "Let's go!"

And then—and then the censor stepped in and said, "Nix!"

To the

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CANDY, CONFECTIONERY, ETC.

BRANCH AT HUMBOLT

McGowan Missed Boats, Finally Got Overseas Seeking Ears of Nazi

For those who fondly remember the days of Course 19, first of the Aussies to pass through No. 4 S.F.T.S. a few words of news about them since they arrived in England will not be amiss.

Of outstanding interest, of course, will be word that "Mad-cap" Maxie McGowan, of Station boxing fame, is now flying Blenheims on the big British offensive sweeps over the channel ports.

Maxie had considerable difficulty in reaching England. Everything seemed to conspire against him. The trains always left Saskatoon exasperatingly on time and it took him four days before he found one that left five minutes late and caught it. Then he ran across some unco-operative policemen in Montreal, and later in Halifax and their ideas on entertaining airmen weren't particularly Maxie's ideas. He missed two boats at Halifax, too, but that is a mere incidental.

A NAZI'S EARS

The salient fact is that Maxie is at last at the front and that his flight commander at No. 4 S.F.T.S. is still waiting for a pair of German ears that Maxie in a brief moment of alcoholic experimentation promised he would send him.

Peter Hickey, Rupe Holmes, Clarke, Hearle, Hedge, and Ian McCalman are flying Wellingtons and Whitleys, which they say are "colossal bloody things that make a Crane look like a toy." Balzer and Newman are flying Blenheims with Maxie McGowan. Oh, yes, and Maxie created history in England by finally getting himself knocked out in a squadron boxing bout.

The above news items from England came from Sgt. Ian McCalman, Course 19, "E" Flight, who sent best regards to Wing Commander "Knobby" Fee and Sgt. Pilot Dave Prentice, his instructor.

The R.A.F.'s attitude toward the Nazis is that of members of the Free Corps toward a mass of men.

Personally I am inclined to think that the British airman is nearer the sailor than the soldier, whereas the Nazi airman is nearer the soldier than the sailor. The Nazi airman is a man in boots; the British airman is not. Like the sailor he counts continually with the unforeseen, counting on leadership and improvisation whereas the Nazi counts on staff work.

The sea made Britain and British education has salt air in it at all times in the emphasis on personal leadership. The German is accustomed to battling against other men; the Briton is accustomed to battling against the elements, and the elements are arbitrary and do not take orders from the Luftwaffe command.

British airmen have had oppor-

tunities to encounter many Nazi pilots who have been shot down. They characterize them on the whole as a boastful lot.

"Disgustingly arrogant," they say. "Lately," they add, "they have been less so."

Some Nazis have given themselves up docilely and confessed they were glad to be out of it. But as a rule, the British airmen say, the Nazis have an unshakable servile confidence in the Fuehrer, who in their minds can make no mistake.

"He made a mistake about being in London by September 15th last year," one Briton twitted.

"He changed his mind," a Nazi airman replied coldly.

The British airmen say, "The Nazis believe their own propaganda is a jolly good thing for us."

The Nazis for instance are surprised at being fed in England. They expect brutal treatment.

They do not get it from the British airmen but neither do they get the British airmen's admiration.

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The Few to Whom So Many Owe So Much

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Without exception the R.A.F. fighters with whom I have talked claim complete superiority in the air "as far as our fuel will take us." They do not claim it merely for man and plane for plane, but as a fighting force. They acknowledge a radical numerical superiority of Nazis.

When I asked, "Before the Russian campaign?" they answered, "Not altogether. But in the first two weeks of the Russian campaign there was nothing but rubbish in the air. We have pulled a lot of first-rate Nazi pilots back from the Eastern front.

The Nazi numerical superiority does not bother the R.A.F. fighters, however. They remember when it was overwhelming, when man for man and plane for plane superiority accomplished wonders. They say, "The original enemy tactic is no good. Too many planes are as bad as too few. When the air is black with them it is like flying into a flight of wild geese. Maybe you came down, but you also had a chance of bringing down five or even ten of them. They got in each other's way. They even had to paint the noses of their planes yellow to distinguish their own."

They say contemptuously, "The Nazis are a brave lot when they outnumber us ten to five, but they won't even come in even with tactical advantages even when fighting over their own soil where they could bail out in relative safety unless they are numerically superior. There are occasional exceptions, of course, but that holds as a generality."

The R.A.F. men have great strategical disadvantages in daylight bombing over Germany. Except from great heights made increasingly effective by the new American bombers capable of carrying heavy bomb loads, it is out of the question because no fighters can fuel themselves to Germany and back. But within an area which they can cover they fear no Nazi planes, or fleets of them.

They declare they are pushing the air battle from further and further into France. They also are convinced of the superiority of their fighting planes in speed and height. But above all they are convinced of their superiority in personnel, initiative, teamwork and sheer guts.

"If the Nazis could add to their operational tactics half of the British guts they would be invincible," one airman said.

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WE RUN THIS PHOTO AGAIN BECAUSE IT IS HISTORY
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 Bessborough Hotel in the background.
Front row, reading from left to right: L.A.C. Herb Lines now Flight Sergeant; A.C.1 W. G. Garrett, now Corporal; A.C.1 A. McAskill, now Sergeant; A.C.1 R. Lecour, now at Macleod, Alberta.
Centre row: A.C.1 George Bruce, now Sergeant and stationed at No. 12 S.F.T.S., Brandon, Manitoba; A.C.1 George Phinmore, now Sergeant also at Brandon; Flying Officer Gosling of Brandon; Flight Sergeant V. B. Montgomery; L.A.C. L. Spruston, now Sergeant.
Rear row: A.C.1 Hampson, now of Macleod; A.C.1 P. Millar, now Corporal; Corporal Leadbeater, now at Macleod; A.C.1 D. K. Smith; A.C.1 S. A. Murray, now Corporal; A.C.1 Stan. Stewart, now of Macleod; A.C.1 MacArthur, now of Macleod; and A.C.1 Carr, now Sergeant at Dafoe.

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Dat Bird De Link

For two, tree mont my friend
Baxtair,
Take course on Link to fly de
hair;
She's haireyplane of new special
make,
On first solo your nerves he
shake;
You take heem off wit' nose to
sky,
Dat goddam Link to floor she's
he;
Wit' needle ball and hairspeed
dial,
You fly like hell for two, tree
mile.

Wit' Baxtair call one, two, tree,
Dat Link she's fly like hay, bee,
see;
Go right, go left, it's hall de same,
Dat needle she's like bear to
tame;
But Baxtair he's tell me, once on
leave,
Hees boss, called Slim, get plenty
peeve;
When hairspeed, height above de
groun'
Don't sty put, go hup and down.
Dat Link she's fonnny bird to see,
Got wings and tail Baxtair tell
me;
I hask heem why he's not fly
home?
Dat Link she's nail to floor of
stone;
I visit once at Saskatoon place,
Dose Links line up like for de
race;
But when dey give wot's call de
gun,
Deys back to where whe's started
from.

Baxtair comes home for Heaster
heggs,
Starts walking beams and cones
and legs;
Dat's radio noise on Link he's
ride,
Duck under hood, Baxtair mus'
hide;
Wit' phone on ear and eye on
board,
Hear noise from hell and voice
from Lord;
Baxtair say eyes get cross one
day,
He's turn to left, go udder way.

Ten "Nasty" Bombing Planes

Ten "Nasty" bombing 'planes,
Flying in a line;
One dropped and burst in flame,
Then there were nine.

Nine "Nasty" bombing 'planes,
Tried to keep their date;
Met the Dover Anties,
Then there were eight.

Eight "Nasty" bombing 'planes,
Climbed up nearer heaven;
Along came a Spitfire,
Then there were seven.

Seven "Nasty" bombing 'planes,
Got into a mix;
One fouled another's wing,
Then there were six.

Six got to London town,
The "Archies" came alive;
One took a sudden dive,
Then there were five.

Five "Nasty" bombing 'planes,
Couldn't stand much more;
Swing about and one went down,
Then there were four.

Four "Nasty" bombing 'planes,
Started for the sea;
One did a tailspin,
Then there were three.

Three "Nasty" bombing 'planes,
For the coast flew;
Up came a Hurricane,
Then there were two.

Two "Nasty" bombing 'planes,
Still up in the air;
One met a little shell,
No one knows from where.

One "Nasty" bombing 'plane,
Lonely in the sky;
Met up with the coast patrol,
Then it was good-bye.

Ten "Nasty" bombing 'planes,
None of 'em got home;
Adolf Hitler has for sale,
A "Nasty" aerodrome.
—B. MATHEWS,
High Tor, Sask.

(The above is an age-old formula. Suppose we reverse the process for a change. How's this for a starter?)—

Ten "Nasty" airmen,
Kicked right out of Heaven;
Met up with Old Nick,
Then there were eleven.

Baxtair he's change, his modder
tink,
Since he's been riding in de
Link;
He's appetite on week-end trips,
She's shrunk on down to leetle
bits;
But two week more Baxtair pass
by,
No more in Link he's got to fly;
Sine's prove to Slim he's now ver'
able.
He's fly dat Link from a goddam
table.
—"MAC" McLEOD,
Link Instructors' Course.

The Spitfire

The Spitfire is an eagle keen,
Flying her fearless way;
A taloned, hook-beaked, hunter
lean,
A fighting bird of prey.
Her thundering pinions spurn the
air,
Unconquerable her will;
Through fierce barrage and
searchlight glare,
She dives; she swoops—to kill.
Her chattering rage—staccato
dirge,
To those who dare her sky;
So—from the eastern dawn they
merge,
The Messerschmitts to die.

Oh, merciless, the Spitfire claws,
Steel hard her striking beak;
Well may the questing Dornier
pause,
When prey the Spitfires seek.

Hail; Warden of those "Sceptered
Isles,"
Thy plumage gouged with
scars;
War Bird who guards two thous-
and miles,
Bird from the brood of Mars!
—HAROLD BALDWIN,
Tisdale, Sask.

WE WONDER—

Hitler was inspecting a mental
home when he was told that in
one cell were five men who suf-
fered from a queer form of megal-
omania. They all wore short-
moustaches and kept on mutter-
ing, "I am Adolf Hitler, the great-
est man in Germany." Hitler
asked to be allowed to enter the
cell, his attendants to remain
outside; he would knock when he
wished to be let out. After five
minutes there was a violent bang
at the door. A physician flung
the door of the cell open. Out
walked a short man with a short
moustache. To this day nobody
knows which one left the cell.

ESPRIT DE CORPS

TRUE SHORT STORY OF THE WEEK

The time: Saturday night in
down-town Saskatoon.

The lost sheep: A student pilot
just washed out his course.

The good shepherd: A flying
officer from No. 4 S.F.T.S.

Leaning drunkenly at a crazy
angle against a building the air-
man was indeed a sorry sight.
He had managed to successfully
drown out his worries of the day.
Suddenly an alcohol-soaked brain
echoed two or three times,
"What's wrong, fellow, straighten
yourself up."

"Wash's wrong," said the air-
man, attempting feebly to come
to attention. "All washed out, no
good, dammit, leave me alone, I
wanna get good an' drunk."
"You've had too much now, I'm
an officer from your school, let's
get away from here before the
service police get hold of you."

So saying the good shepherd
led his lamb to a down-town
hotel, got him a room, paid for
it himself and left after making
arrangements with the hotel clerk
for our drunken friend to be kept
under lock and key until the fol-
lowing morning.

Moral: Any one can see it,
especially an airman.

McGuire Looks For Boxers

Watch out for McGuire!
Now that boxing is again being
organized, Corporal Mickey Mc-
Guire of the Service Police is on
the loose looking for pugacious
pugilistic artists. Mickey informs
the writer that he needs lots of
them to make boxing go over
with a big bang.

Last year many an interesting
evening was held by the entire
station during the bouts staged
out here between our men and
men from the other forces. It is
anticipated that more and better
bouts will be held this year.

All persons interested in box-
ing from an exercise point of
view or with the idea in mind
of entering tournaments and fly-
ing around the country licking
the living daylight out of your
fellow airmen, should contact
McGuire as soon as possible so
that final arrangements and plans
can be made.

Golfer (apologetically): "I yell-
ed 'Fore' you know."
Naval Rating Morrell: "Sure,
but you hit me aft!"

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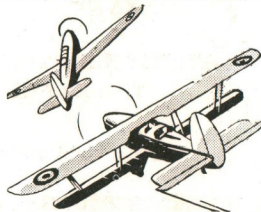
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L.A.C. Kjellander Of Wilcox Heads Graduating Class

WESTERN CANADIANS PREDOMINATE AS COURSE GOES ON WINGS PARADE HERE SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th

L.A.C. Willis Eucart Kjellander of Wilcox headed the order of merit as another large class of student pilots graduated from No. 4 Service Flying Training School here Saturday afternoon. The successful pupil pilots received their wings in an impressive ceremony from Wing Commander Ernest McNab, D.F.C., officer commanding the air station.

The pilots went on wings parade as leading aircraftsmen but left it automatically promoted to sergeant pilots. L.A.C. Clarence Andrew Cunningham of Didsbury, Alberta, finished second to the Wilcox airman. Both were given distinguished passes.

At the wings parade airmen from Western Canada predominated. In addition, there were pilots from the United States, New Brunswick, Ontario and England.

F.O. K. E. Brown commanded the graduating class. Wing Commander McNab was attended by Squadron Leader J. C. Huggard while Wing Commander C. F. Newcombe was the introducing officer. F. O. J. M. McMillan, the school adjutant, also officiated.

Among the Saskatchewan graduates were George Gordon Cane, Quill Lake; Harry Mervyn, Whitewood; John Hamilton Forsyth, Carnduff; George Henry Oscar Friel, Moose Jaw; Clifford Clarence Gray, Viscount; Edward Alfred Greenwood, Moose Jaw; William Russell McDonald, Melville; Jacob Adam Schweitzer,

Markinch; John Henry Stilborn, Finnie; and Grant Hartford, Turcotte.

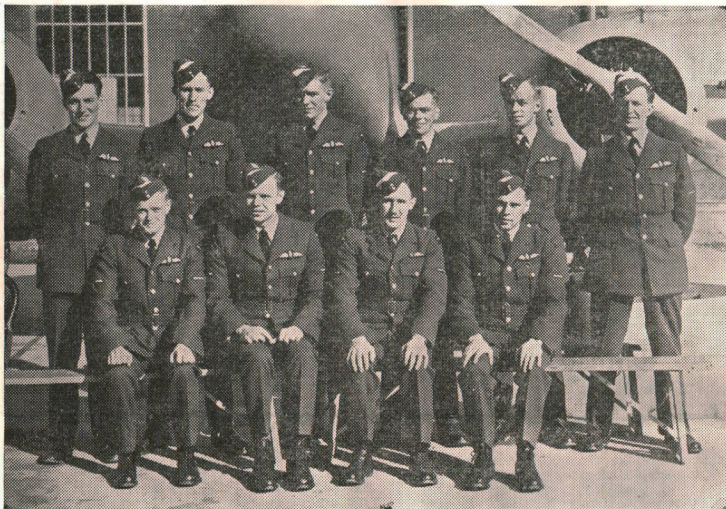
A Winning Team at Last!



Photo by Sgt. Cunningham

Breaking the tradition of the School we have here a team that seems to be going to the top of the pile in the football season this year. Seated, Front Row, left to right: A.C.1 Wilson, L.A.C. Biddle, Sgt. Hobbs, Cpl. White, S.L. Smith, L.A.C. Davidson and Cpl. Chase. Back Row: Cpl. McMeeken, L.A.C. Jones, L.A.C. LaRoche, L.A.C. Stocker, Cpl. Smith, F.S. Baker, L.A.C. Veitch, Cpl. Barker, L.A.C. Mulvihill, Cpl. Ralston and L.A.C. Ursulack. Missing from the picture is the recent flash acquired in the person of A.C.1 Coles.

Sask. Graduates From No. 4 S.F.T.S.



Star-Prentex Photo

Western Canadians predominated as a large class of student pilots went on wings parade at the Saskatoon Service Flying Training School Saturday. Among the successful students who received their wings from Wg. Comdr. Ernest McNab, D.F.C., officer commanding, were a number of Saskatchewan youths. From left to right they are, front, Edward Alfred Greenwood, Moose Jaw; George Henry Oscar Friel, Moose Jaw; Garnet Hartford Turcotte; Jacob Adam Schweitzer, Markinch; back row, William Russell McDonald, Melville; Harry Mervyn Ferris, Whitewood; Willis Everett Kjellander, Wilcox, who headed the order of merit; John Henry Stilborn, Finnie; George Gordon Cane, Quill Lake; John Hamilton Forsyth, Carnduff. All were promoted to sergeant pilots.

"Standard G.D."

He joined to be a Pilot, and sail the azure blue.
Or maybe an Observer, doin' duty as Air Crew;
He might be an Air Gunner, spottin' Fritzie's on the fly,
But when sizing up the Floosies, he'd never bat an eye.
He studied and he worried, but it wasn't worth a dam,
In spite of all his fussing, he wound up just a "Ham";
This seems an awful story for me to hand to you,
But listen till I finish, it's good before I'm through.
This lad (Potential Pilot, or maybe something worse)
Got all fed up through failin', he thought he had a curse;
So they mustered him a G.D., and he hung his head so low,
Ye gods and little fishes, he looked just like a crow!
Then they moved him down to X Flight, great indeed his shame,
Till senior N.C.O. in charge, says, "Play the blinkin' game;
You ain't no worse than I am, I joined to do some more,
Now they've got me held up, I sweat from every pore.
But here I am, so help me; I'm floundered on this side,
Instead of blastin' Fritzie's, it hurts me bloody pride;
Buck up, me lad! You've lots of time, and lots of guts, I'll bet,
No matter what the job you got, you'll do it well, don't fret.
The lad took heart from hearing this, and pulled his shoulders back,
A look then settled on his face, I've seen before "Attack."
My story's nearly over, except I'd like to state,
No matter what your duty is, this is your Lifetime's date;
You're taking part in something that never was before,
And if you miss this bloody show, you'll be real blinkin' sore!

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From an article, entitled, "A. R. P. in Operation."

"The girls work in shifts covering the twenty-four hours."

It is then presumed they change into something warmer.

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Headquarters Headaches

Our new steno is quite a lad by the name of Frank Moore. Frank is quite at home with the lassies in the Registry and around Saskatoon as it happens to be his home too.

Petite Phyllis Harvey known to all as "Blondie" has turned in to quite a sweater girl of late. We wonder if Phyllis has been reading up lately on the private and love-life of Lana Turner. Anyway it has helped the sweater industry.

L.A.C. Smith is beaming with happiness and joy now that Tech. Stores has taken over the stationery. It seems like a pretty soft and enjoyable life ahead for Smith.

Now that a bicycle squadron is attached to H.Q. we are able to make our deliveries swift safe and sure. Also pleased to say the office is so straightened up we are able to find what we want without having to go to the other sections to get them or it.

Now that Miss Bea Bottama is back from her holidays the staff is more or less up to par again. Hope she had a good time and if you ask me she really looks rested and perhaps a wee bit fatter—but if you are not asking—?

Who is the pretty little Miss that faithfully each and every morning makes a straight line for the Orderly Room for a social and friendly little visit with our own L.A.C. Art Williams? Art what is that you have? Be careful, even though this is not Leap Year.

In case you are now wondering what is in the little box in the corner of the Orderly Room and what it contains, I'll tell you. The little box is not for men to rest in. That is the first door

to the left down the hall. It really contains the switchboard and the operator. Now that you know what is in there you won't have to climb the wall to find out.

Incidentally during the day it contains Miss Jarmon and the "Strictly Out of Bounds" means what it infers.

We never thought that getting Corporal's hooks went to your head. I sure did to L.A.C. Frank Smith, now Corporal, the man who is in charge of our communication system. Frank got them and then got married. Good luck, Frank, and the best of everything from the entire H.Q.

We must confess that Flt. Sgt. Yatermick at the most unforgivable moments forgets himself and lets go with the expressions that would shock the worst of us—and us with so large a feminine staff too. His lurid remarks had us all blushing the day of the Governor General's visit. However, we all have our faults and all in all the Flt. Sgt. is a pretty good egg.

Observed Cpl. Polon drinking Orange Crush last Sunday and also a visit from his wife. That is a good way to spend the day.

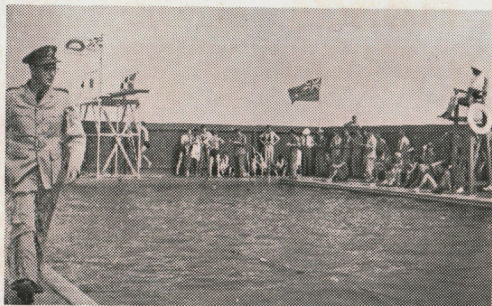
We wonder what W.O.2 Lamb had hidden in his hat the other day when he was bidding the adjutant good-night? He backed down the hall with hat and hand hidden behind him. We thought the West was tame and did not need that kind of protection any more!

"I'll bring the soap," said the airman, when they were going over to give the bride-to-be a shower.

A young German girl of fashion. Liked men who were filled with passion;

To her boy friend she said, As she jumped into bed, "This is one thing that Hitler can't ration."

Opening Day at Swimming Pool



The Station's palatial swimming pool is shown above as it was snapped on the opening day. The man to the left with the vigorous stride is Flight Lieut. Ross Patton, officer in charge of the tank. Be careful, Ross, you may fall in.

Two Airmen Die In Plane Crash

L.A.C. MORRIS OF TEXAS, L.A.C. MEASOR OF WINDSOR, VICTIMS

L.A.C. Ronald George Measor, 24, of Windsor, Ont., and L.A.C. William Stevens Morriss, of Salado, Texas, were killed when their twin-motored training plane crashed and burned, 15 miles north-west of Blaine Lake. The airmen were on a cross-country navigation flight when the crash occurred, approximately 100 miles north of Saskatoon.

Both Measor who was 24 years of age and Morriss, about 26, had recently completed training at

the Prince Albert airfield, and had been transferred to No. 4 Service Flying Training School recently.

L.A.C. Measor's next of kin was given as his mother, Mrs. J. F. Measor, 1022 Wellington Ave., Windsor. A brother, also serving with the R.C.A.F., is stationed at Calgary.

L.A.C. Morriss' next of kin is his father, Joseph K. Morriss, of Salado, Texas.

Measor's body was sent to Windsor for burial, and Morriss' to Belton, Texas.

two sizes, big and very big. Bill got the only super size in stock. L'il Abner boots, we call 'em. O' Betcha didn't know there's a yodeller in our midst. Step up Bunty and show them what you can do.

Flash! Mary Bowman has announced through her press relations bureau that she will be wed October 8th to Mr. James Bannister of Saskatoon. Happiness, Mary!

Numerous comments of approval have been heard concerning the pleasant voice of the telephone operator who has frequented the switchboard this summer. Bouquets to you, Mrs. Jarman.

Who said, "Eve was the end of Adam's perfect day?"

Promotions came thick and fast at Headquarters in July. It makes us wonder who wrote the recommendations. But we settle back with a new style of addressing the same people. This changing world!

Reporter's Note. — To all and sundry, let it be known that this is my first attempt to invade the "literary" world. If anything in the foregoing is thought to be uncalculated for, bear in mind my inexperience in this sort of thing, and blame it on the Evil Influence who induced me to step out of the masses to enter the field of writin'— "Pepper."

There was a young girl from Australia Who went to a dance as a dahlia, When the petals uncurled, It revealed to the world, That the dress, as a dress, was a failure.

Cpl. Frank Smith of the telephone exchange tells us that he is writing a book, the subject and title being, "What Every Young Girl Should No!"

Okay, I'll take the \$50,000 but I have to go to Hong Kong by China Clipper, or was it Cessna?

Didn't I see you in Brandon?

"It's difficult to keep things on an even keel," said the big executive, "while every man has his price and every woman has her figure."

YOUR BIBLE QUOTATION
In the field of the dead, neither do they spin; yet not a little Cessna falleth to the ground but the Chief Flying Instructor must bloody well know all about it!"

New Zealanders now at No. 4 Service Flying Training School. Welcome to Canada and to our school. We are pleased to have you and trust that you have found a place in your memory for No. 4 (of course being C.B. for a few days after your arrival would help "find a place").

Everything is being done to help you enjoy your short stay with us. The weather man has not been so kind, but wait 'till you see our Indian Summer.

Now that you are here, we can say we have pretty well made the rounds. Fliers from the U.S.A., England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Australia, and now New Zealand.

FLOOSIE NEWS

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, Who's never stopped and turned his head, And said, "Hm, not bad!"

Of course, if you are the type who finds no fascination in the fair sex, this column will be of no interest to you; if you are faintly curious to know just what lies herein, scam, chum! the contents are not for your eyes; how-eh, if you fall in neither class, you'll be eligible to continue, so read what you will.

To date, we number 22 strong. Rumour has it we are to be outstripped before long by the newly formed legion of Amazons. There by the way, is a main topic of conversation at the Mess of late, the question arising, "Shall we join forces and carry on the job to hand, or shall we retain our femininity and lose all?" Well, time as always will reveal the outcome.

Now for bits of this 'n' that. Having set my spies out, the following is brought to hand:

What Flt. Sgt. boasts the smartest steno on the Station, only to learn (or did he?) she went on a fruitless search, one afternoon, for a "propeller pitch." (W. side Hanagr 5, please note).

And then there's the dashing young Corporal who has a certain little lady in Maintenance believing that when it comes to tennis Don Budge and he are on a par. Oh, the light that lies in a man's eyes, and lies and lies and lies.

The trainees, through the partition, must find the soothing piano melodies rendered each noon by Scarlet O'Barber a definite aid to the digestive system. Some tasty, Red! Where else will you hear such a variety of singing as in the general vicinity of the Girls' Mess?

Phyllis says, "There are three kinds of apple: pineapple, crab-apple and sexapple."

Can it be that airmen are losing their glamour? There are two little numbers in Headquarters who are definitely army-minded. Concerning the cutie in the south end of the building, is there more to it than meets the eye?

Madeline is the reason Roy spends what's left of a 48 in Saskatoon, after making the long trip from Brandon. Would D.A.P.S. sympathize and arrange a posting, to No. 4 S.F.T.S. do you suppose? D.R.O. please copy.

It seems the civilian personnel (female) attached to Stores Section are attracting too much attention, and in the near future will be given an office tagged "Out of Bounds," where they can

be alone. Aw, Flight, have I art, it isn't catching!

We gals would like to express our appreciation to Mr. Chris Law and F.L. Patton for obtaining permission to use the pool, each noon hour. Thanks also to the airmen who shared their swimming pool with us. It is hoped by next year we won't prove such a menace, or were we the cause of the low attendance?

Say, that Flight Cable must partake of a fishy diet. Doesn't he ever get water-logged?

While on the subject of the pool, may I add a word about the young Apollo who often caused our feminine hearts to beat faster by merely being present. "What a beauty!" one fair maiden murmured. "He's out of circulation," another maliciously added. "Ask hi mif he has a brother," was the reply. Have you, Norm?

What Student Pilot who involuntarily and temporarily remustered to G.D. had his sentence enlightened and brightened by the Archery Squadron in Control Tower.

It is with sincere regret we say goodbye to the Adjutant, Flight Lieutenant Durham. Those of us who worked with him, say, "No one will ever take your place, and we wish you the very best wherever you may be. Good luck and God bless you!"

We recall to mind the Adjutant's unflinching efforts to get the girls in uniform, which was a small task compared to keeping them that a way. How many times have we heard him bark, "Young lady, where is your uniform?" But we knew the answer. "It's at the cleaners, sir!"

And he was a stickler for smartness of dress. Hetty will remember the day he accosted her in the hall, with, "Straighten the team on your left leg, there, Miss B."

Miss Anderson, G.I.S.'c efficiency expert, or should I say expert in efficiency, stepped into the spotlight and stole the honours the day Royalty paid us a visit, by indulging in a chat with Princess Alice.

Have you heard? The popular and suitable name for those beg flat shoes seen on the Station this summer, is "Duck Boots." The fellow who remarked to the wearer, "Hello, duckie," started something. Miss Hayes, is yo' face red?

There must be at least four girls hereabouts who could compare notes on Mr. Chip's lord and master. Who's next?

A highlight extracted from the world of last summer romances is the title given a certain couple, keepin' company. 'Twas the running team, Epps n' Salts. Great stuff—luv.

With one exception the new issue of Airmen's boots come in



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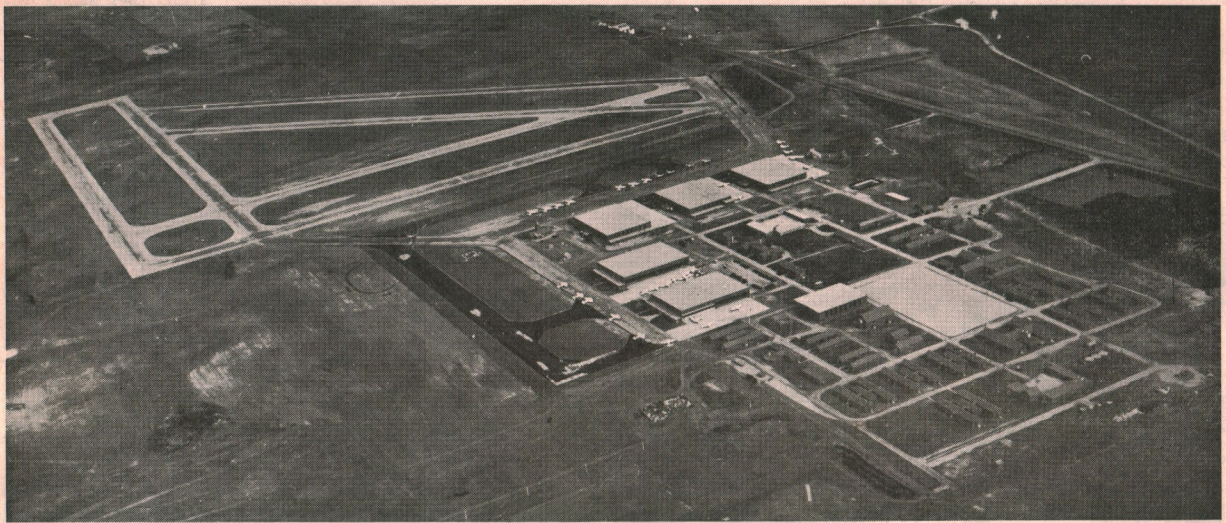
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CRANE'S-EYE VIEW OF OUR HAPPY HOME



The above impressive shot of No. 4 S.F.T.S. was taken several days ago by Flying Officer E. A. Bland, who was formerly a staff photographer on a Western newspaper. From this height it is difficult to appreciate the vast changes that have

taken place since No. 4 opened one year ago. Puzzle fans: Can you tell which way the wind was blowing when this picture was taken?

Editor Thanks All Helpers

This is just a little public thank you to all who so freely gave of your time and were willing to do this, that and what not. On the typing end of the stick, we say thank you to Miss Marjorie Jennings of the Accounts' Section and to A.C.I Harry Sherrburne who were at all times willing to pitch in and do a bit of

typing when the editor was stuck and his two typing fingers ached with pain.

On the writing end of the line we want to thank Dan Parker, sporting editor of the New York Daily Mirror who sent along a column dedicated to the boys at No. 4 S.F.T.S.

We want to mention and thank Hugh Herbert for his picture, show article and the poem that he wrote when he was seventeen. There is Harry Hershfield and Dorothy Thompson. Both have contributed in no small manner to help make this Anniversary

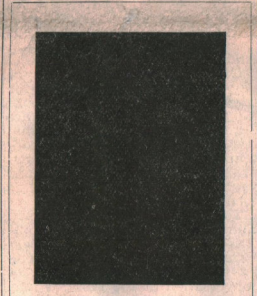
Edition of Reconnaissance the success that it is in size and quality.

To our Advertisers, without their co-operation, there would be no paper.

To our readers, we don't know what to say.

To all of you, thank you!

Managing Editor



The above photograph, taken by an Air Force Staff Photographer, shows a cute head and shoulder view of the Editor in a Blackout. This picture was candidly taken during the recent Saskatoon practice blackout and shows many fine details that have previously gone unnoticed. The heavy set, bushy eyebrows and a fine cupid's bow mouth with the protruding and bulging fine brown eyes. You'll know him when you have seen him.

Airmen Get Wings Here

McNAB PRESENTS BADGES TO STUDENT PILOTS AT AIR STATION

Another class of student pilots graduated from No. 4 Service Flying Training School here. A large crowd was in attendance when Wing Commander Ernest McNab, D.F.C., presented the successful pupils with their wings in an impressive ceremony. It was the Wing Commander's first wings parade since taking command of the air station recently.

HEADS CLASS

William Cosmo Allen of Toronto headed the order of merit. He graduated with a distinguished pass, as did Donald Knox Goyer of Port Colborne, who finished second. The Saskatchewan graduates included Frank Chad, noted hockey star from Prince Albert and Edmonton, Thomas Benson of Davis, T. E. Case of Kelvington, R. G. Sim of Harris, and G. A. Doolittle of Prince Albert.

The following officers were detailed as commanders of flights participating in the wings parade: Flying Officer G. C. Allington, R. L. Lewis, D. W. Dawson, M. D. Lee, K. E. Brown, R. W. Thompson, R. L. Denison and R. H. Payton. The commanding officer was attended by Sqn. Ldr. J. C. Huggard. P.O. D. Dewis had command of the graduating class. The parade arrangements were made by Wing Commander C. F. Newcombe.

DAYLIGHT

Thurs., Fri., Sat.
TWO GRAND HITS!
Lew AYRES Lionel BARRYMORE
in
"Dr. Kildare's Wedding Day"
— AND FOR ACTION —
"Bullets For O'Hara"
Joan PERRY Roger PRYOR

The Roxy Theatre

Wed., Thurs., Fri.
ANNA NEAGLE
in
"NO NO NANETTE"
— also —
MIRIAM HOPKINS
in
"LADY WITH RED HAIR"
Sat., Mon., Tue., Sept. 27-30
GINGER ROGERS
in
"KITTY FOYLE"
— also —
Invading Hordes Invade London
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New Theatre Sept. 29th

A new Moving Picture House will open in the Recreation Hall on Monday, September 29, at 8 p.m. (2000 hours to you airforce fellows).

The opening show will feature Tyrone Power in "Blood and Sand." This is a new picture and according to our movie critic is well worth while seeing.

The new theatre will be equipped with the same type machines and screen as the down-town theatres and the films will be the same size. Under these circumstances, we will be able to have current pictures shortly after they are shown down-town.

Due to the increased expense and the newer and better pictures there will be a small charge of 25c for these pictures with a large percentage of the money going to the Sports Committee.

It is anticipated that pictures will be shown three times a week. Hope to see you all in the Recreation Hall.

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