

# Schwarzwald- Flieger



SASBACHWALDEN VILLAGE (COVER STORY PAGE 1)

PUBLISHED BY  
4 (F) WING RCAF

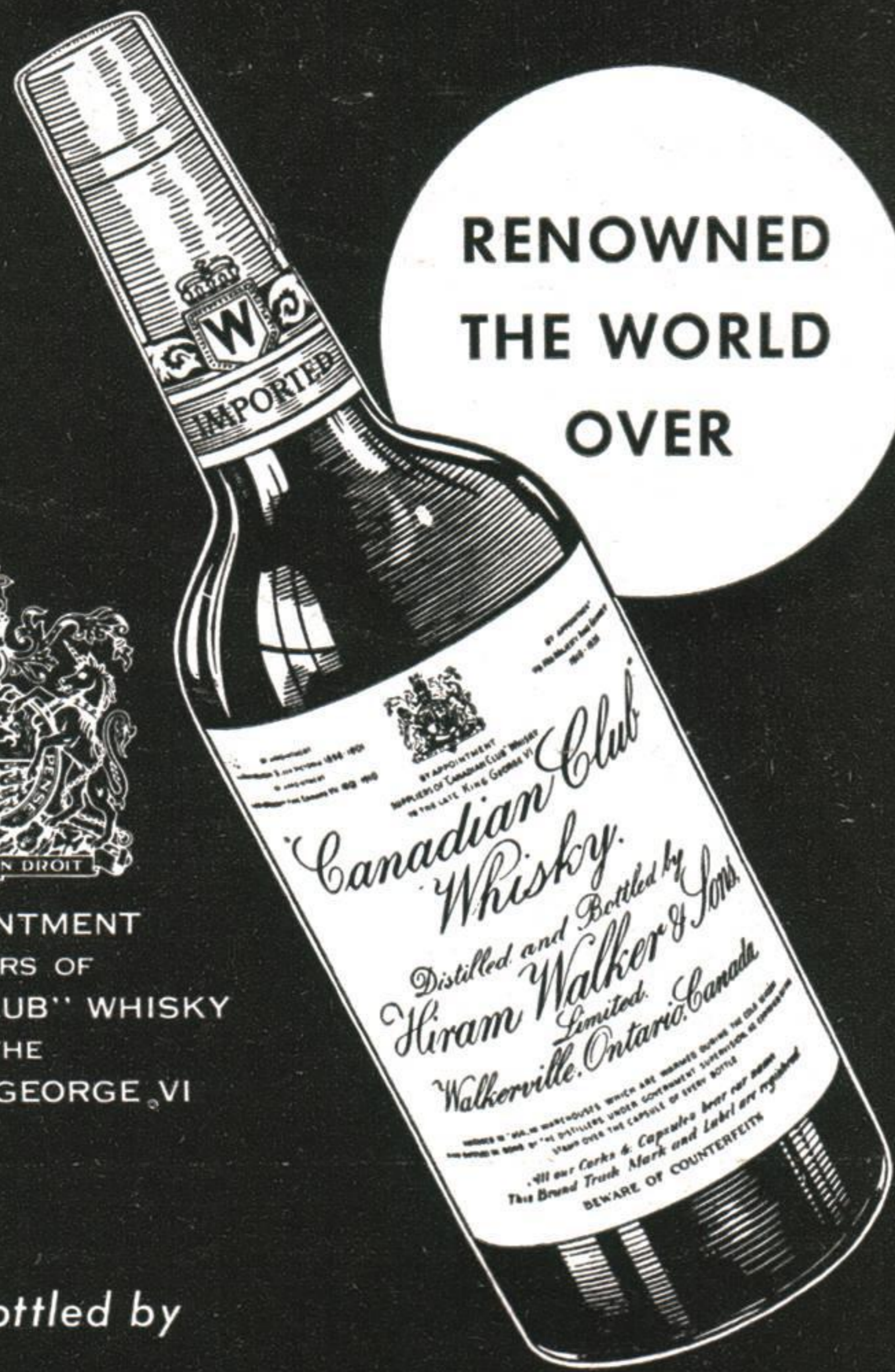


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VOLUME II · NOVEMBER 1955 · NUMBER 11

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# EDITORIAL

With thirty-nine shopping days still left to go to Christmas, maybe it's a little premature to devote our editorial to this topic. But some people have to look ahead and start preparing now for an extra busy season.

While most of us are working out how much we will be able to spend this year on gifts and entertainment for our families and ourselves, a number of people are more concerned with bringing happiness to others who are in less fortunate circumstances. To this end, various projects are taking shape which are designed to bring a little Christmas Cheer to German children in orphanages and refugee camps in the district.

The airwomen, the squadrons, Wing Headquarters and some individual sections are all throwing in their support by working on different fund-raising campaigns, and the possibility of inviting orphan kiddies to spend Christmas Day in Canadian homes is also being investigated.

One of the drives now in progress is being organised by our own Boy Scout troop. They are interested in relieving you of any old toys which are taking up your cupboard space and are surplus to family requirements. Every family has a few, and by collecting them together, repairing and repainting where necessary, and delivering them to the children in the Rastatt refugee camp, the scouts hope to make Christmas 1955 a little less meagre for these German youngsters than it might otherwise be.

Perhaps the boys have already been to your door to ask; but if not, may we suggest you make it a point not to send them away empty handed. If you have already contributed a cast-off toy or two, maybe a second look inside the closet will reveal that old scooter or space-man's outfit which junior discarded when his interests turned to model trains or six shooters.

The scouts are trying to do a good deed on a large scale, and they need your backing. They are not asking



John Griffin Library

## Schwarzwald-Flieger

*(Black Forest Flyer)*

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Editor-in-Chief Flight Lieutenant H. A. Vinish

Associate Editor Flying Officer T. D. Nelson  
FS R. K. Ellery

Current Affairs Editor LAW F. Brucker

Advertising Manager Sgt. W. O. Wenman

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you to reach into your pocket, but into your childrens' old toys cupboard. They are not asking for the toys for themselves, but for children who may never have known what a really happy Christmas is.

Give them your encouragement when they ring your doorbell.



## This Month's COVER STORY

### Sasbachwalden Village

A thirty minute drive from the airfield brings you to one of the most picturesque villages in the northern part of the Black Forest — Sasbachwalden. Nestling in the Sasbach valley, the farms and houses are spread over a large area reaching from the 1,200 foot level right up to the top of the Hornisgrinde at 2,500 feet.

Its half-timbered cottages with their colourful window boxes present new picture postcard views at every twist and turn in the narrow road, and bear testimony to the pride and hard work of their owners.

Most of the 1,600 villagers derive their livelihood from the orchards and vineyards which spread over the terraced slopes of the valley. The October wine crop produces 200,000 litres of high quality wines, with Spätburgunder and Ruländer two of the best known brands.

The first Sunday in October is the occasion of a gay

Wine Festival and Harvest Thanksgiving, at which a local girl is chosen to be Wine Queen.

Builders of new houses are given the stout wooden beams used in the half-timbered type of construction without charge. This compensates for the extra expense involved, and ensures that the new buildings harmonize with the characteristic architecture of their three hundred year old neighbours.

Amongst the sightseeing attractions of the district are the ruins of the ancient Brigitten Castle on the southern rim of the valley, destroyed during the Thirty Years War (1618 to 1648). An old Black Forest Mill, the Gaishöllen Waterfalls and the unusual restaurant and tourist rendezvous, Hohritt, are other points of interest to the visitor.

A small wickerwork and basket weaving workshop in the village makes a wide variety of wares, many of which appear on the shelves in Hohritt's souvenir shop. Another locally manufactured item is the hand printed fabric which is available in various designs and colours.

The well known Black Forest Kirschwasser is a home brewed concoction made by many farmers, something like gin. In case you pocket a bottle to take home as a souvenir, don't be taken in by the deceptively innocent name, which means "Cherry Water".

To reach Sasbachwalden, take the main Freiburg highway through Bühl to Sasbach. Turn left along the road signposted "Obersasbach", and three or four kilometres will bring you to it.

**P. S.** Don't forget Camera, colour film, and enough money to try a glass or two of local wine at one of the village gasthauses.

# NEWS BREVITIES

Sales of Canada Savings Bonds to 4 Wing personnel were expected to pass the \$150,000 mark when all figures had been totalled up at the end of the campaign.

The need has long been felt for a quiet reading room for airmen which can remain open after normal library closing time. This problem has been under discussion and one or two possible solutions are now being investigated.

The airwomen's lounge is being moved to a new home in one of the laundry huts. In its new location, the lounge will be used exclusively by airwomen. The old building will become a mixed lounge, where airmen may bring their wives after a show, and airwomen can entertain their male friends. Use of the mixed lounge will be restricted to couples.

A new semi-circular bar is to be installed in the airmen's lounge, and a new cooling system for draught beer will be incorporated. To keep up with the airwomen's club the airmen's lounge is also slated for an extensive redecoration programme.

About thirty-five persons recorded Christmas Messages on tape during the week ending 28 October for re-broadcast over local home-town radio stations in Canada.

The Bürgermeister of Soellingen and a party of ten officials and their wives visited the airfield on 25 October. They were taken on a tour of the station, and expressed particular interest in the churches, the station laundry facilities and the airmen's mess kitchen. Included in the party was Herr Schaeffer, the Bürgermeister's assistant, who has been kept busy recording the flood of marriages and birth registrations since the arrival of the large Canadian community in the district.

A National Film Board team spent two weeks at 4 Wing taking sequences which are to be included in the recruiting film for airwomen, now being made for the RCAF. In 35 mm colour, the film is centred around the service life of a WD Fighter Control Operator.

Elsewhere in this issue appears the first official mention of the formation of a station automobile club. Temporary quarters for the club will be in the three-door garage in front of the photographic section.

The new building planned as a combined Ground Defence School and Education Centre, which was cancelled some months ago, is back on the books again. Provisionally sited in the area behind the two churches, the project is still waiting for final approval.

Hallowe'en was celebrated by colourful fancy-dress dances in the officers' and sergeants' messes, the corporals' club and Sports Palace over the weekend of 29th October.

The coal shortage which is looming over many parts of Germany for the coming winter will not be felt by Number 4 Wing, ample stocks having been accumulated in advance.

Adequate supplies of novelty goods, including ice skates, hockey sticks and other equipment are expected in the Station Store in good time for the Christmas rush season.

Work is expected to start on one of the laundry huts any day now, to prepare it for its new rôle as home for the camp Post Office. The renovations will take three weeks. When the Post Office staff move across to this new location their old quarters will become an extension to the Station Store.

The date for completion of the Skating Rink stills stands at December 15th. The ice making plant has been installed, and construction is progressing satisfactorily.

Plans to enlarge the Grocery Store by building an extension between the present building and the adjoining warehouse have been given the go-ahead signal. However it is not expected that any start will be made until after the Christmas period.

Although the very large inventory of stock carried by the Station Store and Grocery Store (in the region of \$170,000) is to be reduced considerably during the next few months, this should not affect the range of items on sale. It may mean, however, that some of the lesser used items may be available only on special order.

The CE Snow Clearing Department are all ready for a busy winter, although we have no advance information yet as to how much snow is to be expected this year. Small fir trees will be used again to mark the runway and taxiways.

Telecom Section have moved into the new wing of their Building, which now provides some much needed extra space.

W/C E. N. Henderson will be leaving around November 26th on transfer to AAFCE Headquarters. S/L J. G. Begg, who has been double-banking him for the last few weeks, will assume the duties of Wing Armament Officer on his departure.

The question of having the existing swimming pool covered over to provide year-round swimming facilities has been investigated, and there is a strong possibility that the necessary work will be put in hand by Spring of next year.

One hundred and seventy five families are still living in civilian accommodation off the station, according to the latest count from the Housing Office.

At the wedding of S/L Pond, an old 414 man, at Metz on October 29th, many 414 Squadron pilots attended the ceremony from 4 Wing. In the absence of any bachelor women, all the unmarried pilots were called upon to substitute when the time came for the bride to throw her bouquet. The lucky spinster was F/O Ed Welters.

# THE FIGHTER PILOT



HOW HE SEES HIMSELF

HOW OTHERS SEE HIM

## GNATS FOR GERMANY?

The former Luftwaffe fighter commander, Adolf Galland, who attended the Farnborough Show, is stated to be interested in the possibility of Germany manufacturing under licence both the Gnat and the Orpheus jet engine.

## "ROPE" TRICK

A British Pilot ferrying an RAF Venom fighter from England to the Far East taxied after landing at Bangkok towards what appeared to be a loose coil of rope. The "rope" suddenly reared up. It was a cobra between seven and nine feet long which entwined itself round the wing tip fuel tank. The pilot hurriedly closed the canopy but the reptile uncoiled itself and slithered away.

## LOCKHEED'S V.T.O. AIRCRAFT DROPPED

The U.S. Navy is reported to be considering shelving the Lockheed EFV-1 vertical take-off aircraft. The Company has discontinued flight testing this machine.

## ANOTHER STEP CLOSER

Strategic Air Command of the U.S.A.F. has moved unannounced into a new front-line bomber base at Adana, Turkey, according to reliable informants. It is only 25 minutes flying time from a Soviet fighter field. The new base is 1300 miles closer to the Soviet Union than Wheelus Field at Tripoli, Libya.

THE 4 WING COMMUNITY DRIVE FOR FUNDS ENDS  
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MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS DAY HAPPIER BY MAKING  
AN ORPHAN'S DAY HAPPY.

Spotlight on . . .

# Your STATION HOSPITAL

by Corporal A. E. Lange



Top Row (left to right); **1** Cpl Esther Morris in the nursery looking after a newcomer. **2** The Orderly Room staff — Sgt Jack McCaig, Cpl John Shaw and Miss Elizabeth Schuler. **3** F/O Joyce mixing a potent brew in the hospital pharmacy. Bottom Row (left to right); **1** Sgt Yvonne Mailloux bandaging the leg of a customer, Cpl Don Teed. **2** Ready for business; Dr John Craig and F/O Lillian Hicks in the Operating Room. **3** Dr Craig visiting a dependent patient during ward rounds.

As everyone knows by now, the many-roomed building across from the fire hall is the Wing Krankenhaus, and visitors (especially the sick and ailing) are always welcome in this establishment.

The staff has felt this way ever since April 1953, when the first members arrived on the station. These lost souls were Flight Lieutenant Jacobs and Corporal Hall. Three months later four more of the staff appeared, and of the original old-timers, we now have three left; FS McArthur, Cpl Williams and Cpl Shaw. These old sweats have seen many changes take place during their stay.

Used during the Wing's early days as a mess hall, the hospital came into being slowly but surely until it assumed its present day appearance.

Many and varied forms of sickness have been encountered and treated in this department of Number 4 Wing, and (quoting only approximate figures) at least 1,400 service personnel and dependents have passed through the portals of SSQ at one time or another. This does not include

the additional 150 or so New Arrivals, plus three sets of twins, who have appeared on the hospital's books during the past year.

Demands have been put in for roller skates for the entire staff since the future promises to be busier than ever, as more airmen and dependents arrive from Canada.

The hospital is well equipped to handle all categories of aches and pains, and if there are any complaints we have two Padres directly across the street. From the MIR and X-Ray Department right through to the modern Dental Clinic, we can deal with most of the problems that come our way from day to day.

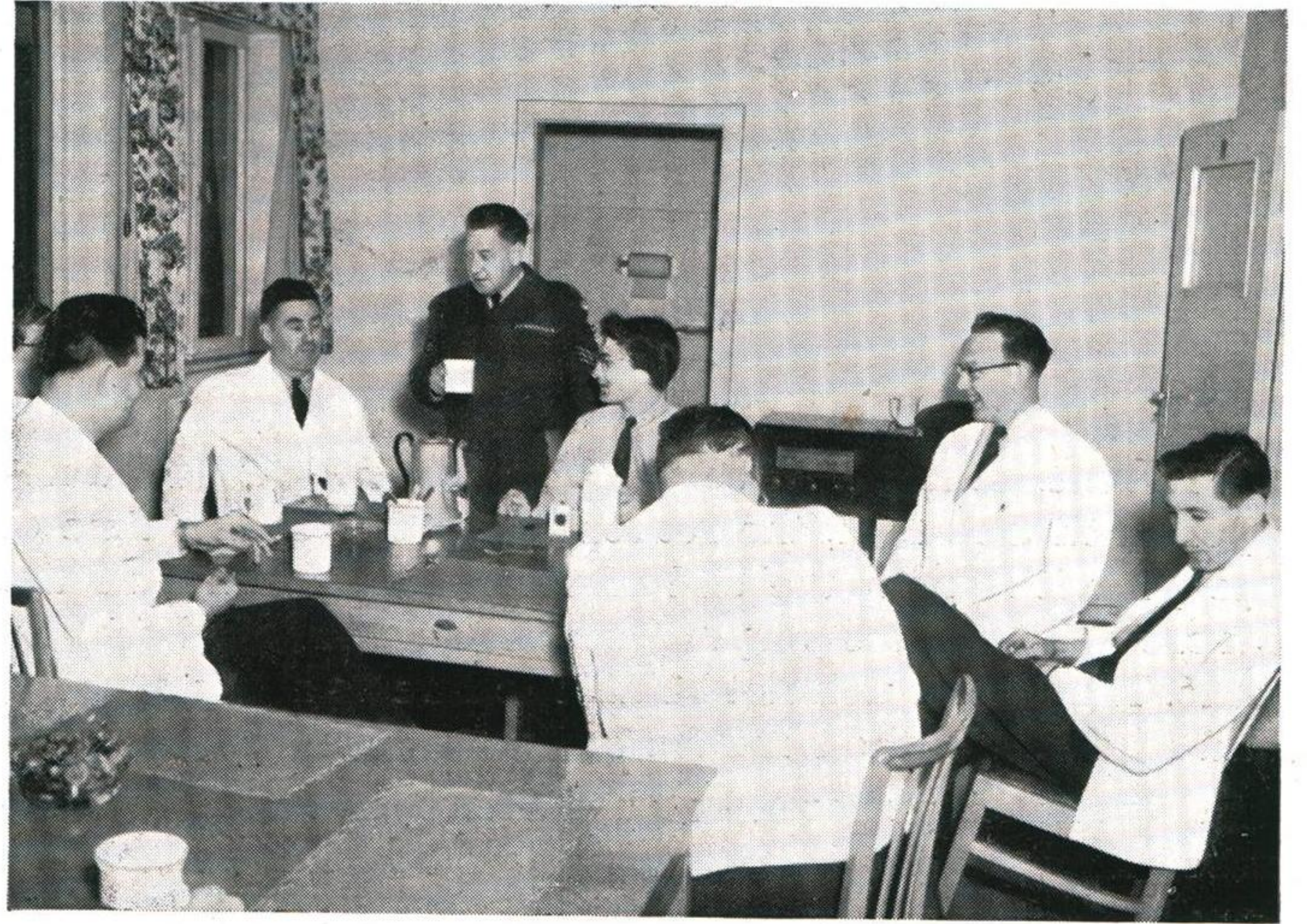
You will notice that the hospital has kept pace with most other establishments of its kind anywhere in the RCAF. Maintaining a full staff has, however, always been a headache, and we have seen many people come and go during the last twelve months.

Our SMOs and Matrons apparently are the lucky ones, as they all seem to get promotions and then leave for

greener pastures. W/C Taylor is only one such example. After receiving his promotion he departed for Metz to take over as Staff Officer for Medical Services in the Air Division, later returning to Canada for a two-year post graduate course.

Last but not least is the Orderly Room, where we have a hard working staff toiling day in and day out to keep the medical records in their proper places. To qualify as a medical clerk you have to be a combined clerk, typist, ambulance driver, father confessor and also own a crystal ball. Many grey hairs have been added to Cpl Shaw's head since his arrival in Germany, but as he is leaving in the near future for Canada, he will not have to take out German citizenship as he was contemplating.

All members of the Hospital staff take this opportunity to invite you to pay us a visit sometime, socially or otherwise. And as Confucius said: "We'll be sewing you."



The nerve centre of the Station Hospital — members of the staff relax in the coffee room during morning break.

*Tip of the hat to a 4 Wing N.C.O. . . . .*

## AIRMAN'S GOOD DEED ALMOST BACKFIRES

Lending a helping hand to others can sometimes lead to complications, as Corporal Alf O'Brien discovered some months ago.

Returning from a visit to Zweibrücken late at night, he was driving along the highway towards Karlsruhe with his wife and another passenger when his headlights suddenly revealed two bodies lying at the side of the road close to a damaged motor cycle.

Stopping the car, Corporal O'Brien got out to investigate, and found that the motor cycle had run into one of the stone marker posts at the side of the highway; the cyclist and passenger had been thrown off, one of them suffering serious leg injuries.

A small crowd gathered quickly, but no-one moved to assist the two injured persons, one of whom was still unconscious. Cpl O'Brien rendered first aid to the badly hurt cyclist, and sent one German off to find a doctor and another to locate the nearest police.

After two hours, German police arrived on the scene, and took over. However they gained the impression from the presence of the car and motor cycle that Cpl O'Brien had been involved in the accident. Unable to explain the true facts sufficiently well in German, Corporal O'Brien had a hard time convincing them that he had just stopped to help.

The police took statements and measured skid marks, etc., but there were apparently no eye-witnesses, and it seemed as if it was going to be a case of Cpl O'Brien's word against the police suspicions. As always happens in such incidents, the crowd of onlookers (who hadn't even seen the accident) had it all figured out, and Cpl O'Brien was practically a marked man.

It was 5 a.m. before he was able to leave the scene, and it's not too hard to imagine the O'Brien family's frame of mind as they drove the rest of the way back to Baden-Soellingen.



Corporal Alf O'Brien, a Ground Defence instructor at Number 4 Wing, whose efforts to help two Germans nearly landed him in serious trouble.

Two weeks later, however, they were relieved to receive a letter from the German police, saying that they had received evidence which cleared Cpl O'Brien completely, and complimenting him on his action in assisting the injured and taking over control of the situation.

It seems that an old lady had chanced to be looking out of her window nearby when the whole thing happened, and had been a little slow in coming forward with her evidence.

Weeks later, when the case was heard in Rastatt Court, it appeared that the two cyclists had been suffering from the effects of a beer-fest in a Gasthaus a few miles down the road from the place of the accident, and had managed to collide with the stone post without outside assistance.

When the prosecutor came over to talk to Corporal O'Brien at the end of the hearing, he again complimented him on his presence of mind and helpful actions, and said he supposed Cpl O'Brien would probably think twice next time before stopping to render aid, in view of the worry and trouble resulting from this particular incident.

Cpl O'Brien's reply is not recorded.



# Canadian Current Affairs



## INTERNAL AFFAIRS

### Hunting

The moose hunting season this year in Quebec did not open until Oct. 15th, the reason being that at this time of the year it is near the end of the mating season, so the moose will be less responsive to the simulated mating calls. The hunter will not be able to lure so many of them, and as a result, their numbers should increase.

Duck hunting should be good this year, so Ducks Unlimited have prophesied. Freezing weather in the north has touched off an impressive migration of ducks into the Western Canada region. This is also true of geese. Bert Cartwright, chief naturalist of Ducks Unlimited, says that Saskatchewan will probably be the best spot for duck hunting, as the province is literally loaded with the birds.

### Furs

The president of the Ontario Trappers' Association says that European fur experts consider Canadian furs top grade. The fur trappers' convention in Sault Ste. Marie, also approved a reduction of three weeks in the beaver trapping season.

### Heroes

Merill Denison, a Canadian writer says that Canadians are neglecting their fold heroes.

Klondike Mike Mahoney put a piano on his shoulders and carried it over the Rockies, Mr. Denison related. Joe Lagmoniere trekked from Winnipeg to Montreal on snowshoes in 60 days.

No Canadian songs are sung about these men, lamented the writer, but Canadians sing about Davy Crockett, an American hero. In fact, Canadians even let the Americans take their heroes away from them — an example of this is the legendary lumberjack, Paul Bunyan, who was born in Montebello, Quebec.

### Dogs

Labrador's transportation system is in danger of being crippled this winter. A form of distemper has broken out amongst the sled dogs there. The situation is considered serious, but steps are being taken to counteract the epidemic. Some 1,500 doses of vaccine have already been sent to northern settlements where the outbreak is most severe.

### Honesty

A visiting English couple will return home with a high opinion of Canadians' honesty, thanks to a Montreal taxi driver.

The taxi driver, identified only as "Mr. Denis", returned a purse containing jewelry valued at \$3,300.00, before the owners even realized it was missing.

Mr. and Mrs. V. M. Scott of London, England, telephoned the police from their downtown hotel and told them of their loss. They had taken a taxi earlier in the evening to a restaurant, and after finishing their meal, they noticed that Mrs. Scott's purse was missing. They rushed back to their hotel, and when they could not find the purse they realized that it must have been left in the taxi.

When the Scotts phoned the police, an officer informed them that they were already in possession of the purse.

The taxi driver received an \$80.00 reward.

### Dionne

Marie Dionne, one of the four remaining Dionne quintuplets, has returned to her convent. In May of 1954, Marie

left the convent to return to Callander, because of illness. The 21 year old quintuplet is known as Sister Marie Rachel at the Quebec City convent where she will remain as a novice for two more years, after which she will be received into the congregation permanently.

### Canadian Aviation

Canada is growing by leaps and bounds in terms of aviation according to the Minister of Transport, Mr. George Marler.

Mr. Marler stated that more and more highly trained personnel were also needed at Canada's 84 airports of national and international importance.

In Montreal, delegates from 29 nations concluded a four week air navigation conference sponsored by the International Civil Aviation Organization. The conference dealt with allied problems in air traffic control, rules of the air, radio air navigation and landing aids, and meteorology.

### Laboratory

At Suffield, Alberta, a big, up-to-date, laboratory, costing one and a half million dollars, has been opened by the Research Board and will be used for experiments relating to biological and radiological warfare.

Most of the work will be secret. The centre of the building is guarded by an electronic watchdog, a machine similar to a huge telephone switchboard. It permits guards to know the exact room where a door is slammed, window raised, or if someone were to drop a leaf from a tree on the floor.

## INTERNATIONAL

### Colombo Plan

At least sixty Canadian workers and their families will spend the next three years in Pakistan working on a 40 million dollar power project. This project is being built by a Canadian firm from Montreal, and is another contribution to the Colombo Plan.

## ARMY

### Left behind

When the Van Doos left for Germany, one of their men was left behind, but he wasn't too keen on going to Germany for two years anyway.

Private Oudjev, a Russian, who settled in Canada and joined the Van Doos, has served in the Russian army too. His wife is also a Russian, and is not yet naturalized, and it was her status that decided that Private Oudjev should remain in Canada.

The day that he was due to sail for Germany with the Van Doos, Oudjev was ordered back to the regimental depot at Valcartier, Quebec.

### Anti-Aircraft

The Army's heavy anti-aircraft units across Canada are to be equipped with a larger weapon with a radar-electronic system capable of detecting and tracking aircraft automatically.

Army headquarters says the guns will be American made 90 millimetre guns of the same type now in use in the United States. The army states that the projectile of the new weapon is a little larger than that of the guns now in use, and that it has a considerably better range and performance. Training courses on the new gun will start next year at Picton, Ontario.

# OLD SWEATS

By S/L-G.A. Woolley



## Author's Foreword

This month's "old sweat" was asked to state what struck him particularly as different between today's RCAF and the Air Force he knew on enlistment. He quoted a number of examples; for example, the 1935 airman, at the tail end of a depression, was more appreciative of his job and worked harder to hold it. Today he requires counselling about the benefits of service life to talk him into staying in and making a career of it. Privileges were fewer then, and airmen were permitted only a midnight pass normally. A special written pass was required to stay out until reveille. The 1935 airmen had a high-necked choker style tunic with a pair of breeches and puttees for walking out wear, and slacks for working dress. In Summer he wore a wrinkled khaki drill uniform with slacks and shorts. Today's airman has working dress, summer and winter, walking-out dress for both seasons, aircraft servicing clothing, hoods, parkas, etc. He thinks these things are all for the better but should not be taken too much for granted. Yesterday's airman got up in time to eat a hearty breakfast in the mess before falling in on the parade ground and marching to his place of duty. Today's airman can stay in bed until it is time to dash off to work, and can eat a hot

dog or hamburger with his coffee at coffee break later in the morning. Pretty soft.

Our "old sweat" nevertheless thinks we have a pretty fine Service, even if some people will think him dated or outmoded. We give you this month: —

## 7503 WO2 WK Bean — Steward 2

Walter Keith Bean was born in Kinburn, Ont., later moving to Ottawa where he attended Ottawa Technical School. He got into the canteen business before enlistment when he ran a roadside inn in Northern Ontario. He did a good business in selling "set-ups" but there is a suspicion that more than set-ups were involved.

He enlisted as a GD at Ottawa Air Station (now RCAF Station Rockcliffe) on 14th August 1935 and left for Camp Borden the same day. His initial duties were those of a flying time clerk, but he was not long getting into canteen work. Although still a GD (there being no trade of canteen steward then) he stayed in the canteen at Borden until 1941 and reached the rank of WO2.

He was posted to 6 B&G School Mountain View, where he was employed as Gunnery Range Officer and later as Adjutant to the OC Flying. He served at 3 Manning Depot, Edmonton, in 1943 doing liaison work between Station Headquarters and the Disposal Wing. He supervised airmen's employment while at the MD and before their postings to Units.

In 1944 he moved to the AGTS Calgary as Station Warrant Officer. In 1945 he went to Yarmouth in preparation for the Pacific show, and remained there until the whole thing packed up, afterwards proceeding to Greenwood with the Holding Unit.

He remustered to Canteen Steward in October 1946, and was required to revert to the rank of Sergeant. The following year found him as NCO i/c Central Warehouse at EAC HQ. After a short tour at Goose Bay (less than a month) he was hospitalized in Montreal for four months. Thence back to his old home, Camp Borden, as NCO i/c Central Warehouse.

He came to 4 Wing in April 54 and was promoted to WO2 in October the same year. He has played no mean part in making our Station Store and Grocery Store the successful enterprises they are today.

WO2 Bean resides in PMQ 6, Apartment 9, with wife Edna, daughter Linda, 15, and son Brian, 12.

He owns his own home in Barrie, Ontario, and has an idea he may settle there upon retirement. When asked about his retirement plans, he stated that he would probably supplement his pension with earnings from some type of selling job. Due to the nature of his employment he has made many contacts with wholesale houses and should have no difficulty lining up something good, such as Johnny Labatt or Jos. Seagram.

## DAIMLER BENZ A.G.

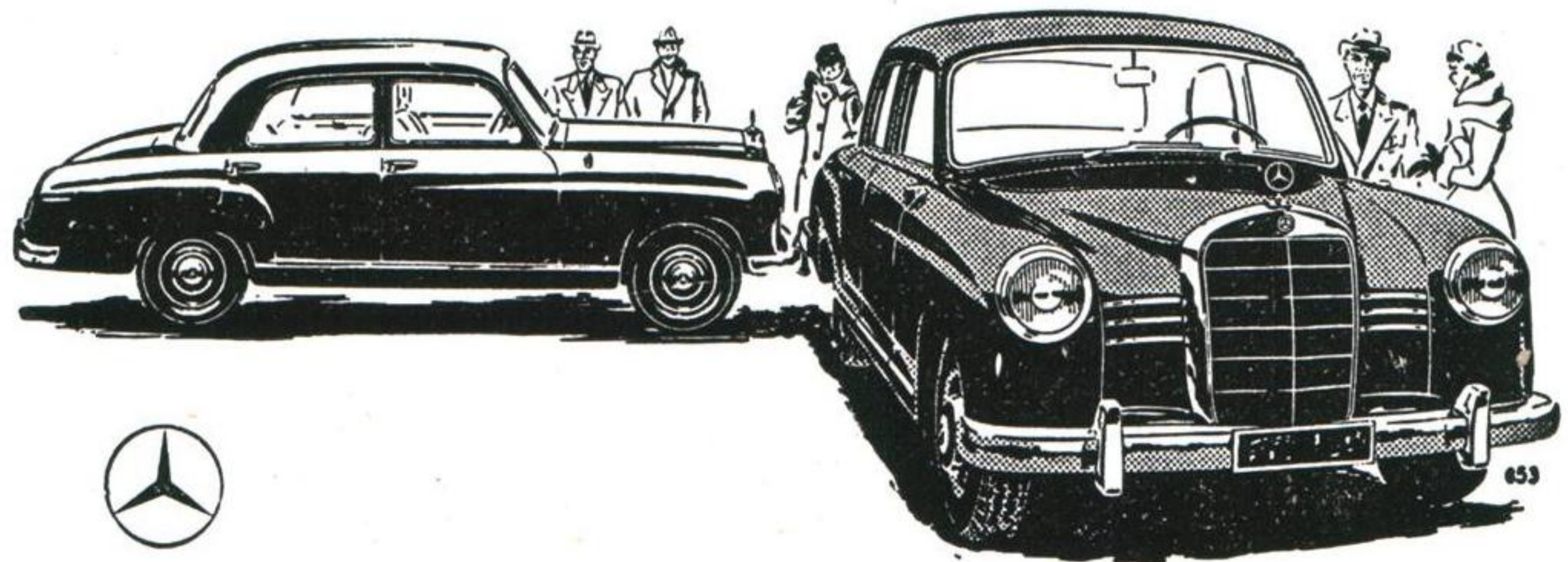
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## MERCEDES-BENZ

# AIRMAN OF THE MONTH

## Corporal André Vallières

If you have ever been tempted to think that life in the Air Force is sometimes dull and lacking in variation, may we suggest you have a word with our Airman of the Month for this issue — Corporal André Vallières of the CE Section.

Andy is from Verdun, near Montreal, where he was born and educated. His first contact with the RCAF was one morning in November 1941 when he dropped in at the recruiting office on his way to work to make a few enquiries. He left by train for the Quebec City Manning Depot the same evening, and very soon found himself working as a lumberjack at Scoudouck, N. B., clearing the area for a new Repair Depot being built there. In between felling trees, he also had a hand in making the roadways for the new base.

Transferred overseas a year later, he became one of fifteen RCAF airmen on an RAF fighter station near Swansea, England. When 126 (Canadian) Wing was formed in 1943, Andy switched to firefighting and spent his nights on the fire truck, helping the fire brigades of local towns which had been bombed by German planes.

One of the pilots on the Wing was Screwball Beurling, who lived just down the road from Cpl Vallières in Verdun; they had known each other before joining up.

The Canadian airfield was used as an emergency landing field for USAF bombers returning from daylight raids over the continent, and many shot-up B-17s and Liberators crash-landed there with badly wounded crew members. Being small and wiry, Andy was usually called upon to climb aboard the shattered wrecks and extricate the injured fliers from their gun turrets and other cramped locations. Sometime the fires would still be burning inside the fuselage, and would have to be extinguished before the crew could be saved. Cpl Vallières has a large scar on his left arm as a memento of one such incident.

Six months before D-Day he was given a special commando course and told that he was to accompany the first troops to land in France in the invasion. His job was to be to set up emergency landing strips inside the allied bridgehead. As June 6th 1944 drew nearer, he was involved in a number of invasion exercises, and helped to prepare the equipment and vehicles of the Air Force contingent by waterproofing them in readiness for the seaborne assault.

On June 5th Andy slept beside the road somewhere in Southern England, as his convoy waited to move forward to the port of embarkation. Overhead hundreds of aircraft droned past in the darkness en route to drop paratroops behind the Atlantic Wall. At 4 a. m. they stepped aboard the landing craft. In their pockets were rolls of French francs, which they had changed a few hours earlier.

Over the radio they heard the B.B.C. announcement of the invasion, and a Navy corvette which steamed past confirmed the news over the loudhailer to the crowded barges. Shortly afterwards they set out for the French coast.

Cpl Vallières was in the third barge in his section, and on the way across the channel a torpedo from a German E-Boat sank the barge behind. Half way across, the fires on the Normandy coastline were clearly visible, and at



Cpl Vallières busy in his greenhouse, tending some of the flowers which will help to brighten up the station next year.

1000hrs he started up the motor of his vehicle and plunged into the shallow water a few yards from the beach. The engine stalled when it hit the water despite the waterproofing, and they were rescued by an army tank which pulled them out of danger.

The Commanding Officer of 126 Wing was with the party in his jeep. His name was W/C Hodson (Now A/C Hodson, HQ No. 1 Air Division). Once ashore the group pressed inland with the advancing troops, and established the first Canadian airstrip in continental Europe at Benny sùr Mer. The area was still under fire from enemy artillery and small arms at the time.

Cpl Vallières had rigged up a Bren gun on the top of his fire truck, and claims to have been one of the first to open fire on strafing German aircraft with this light machine gun.

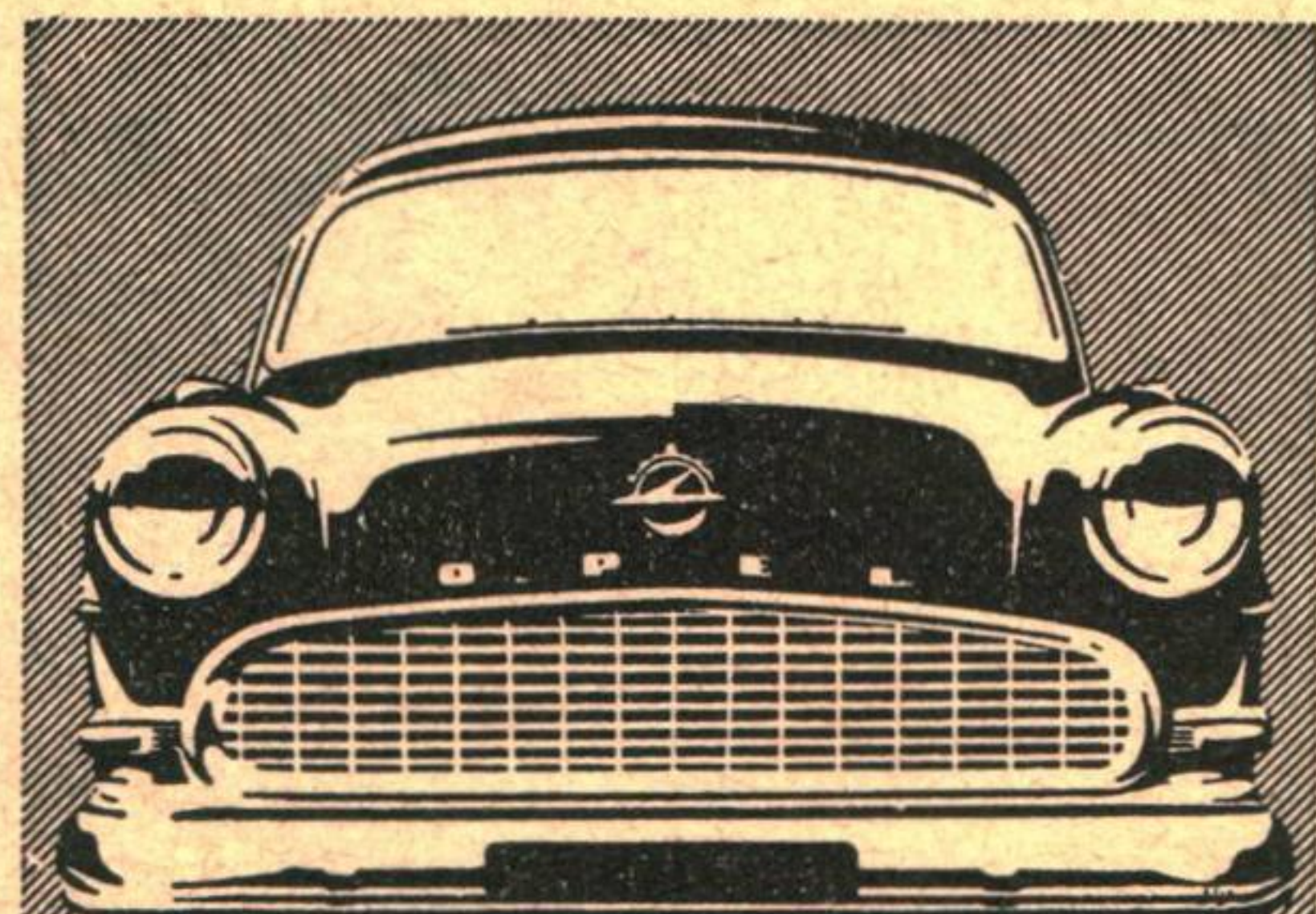
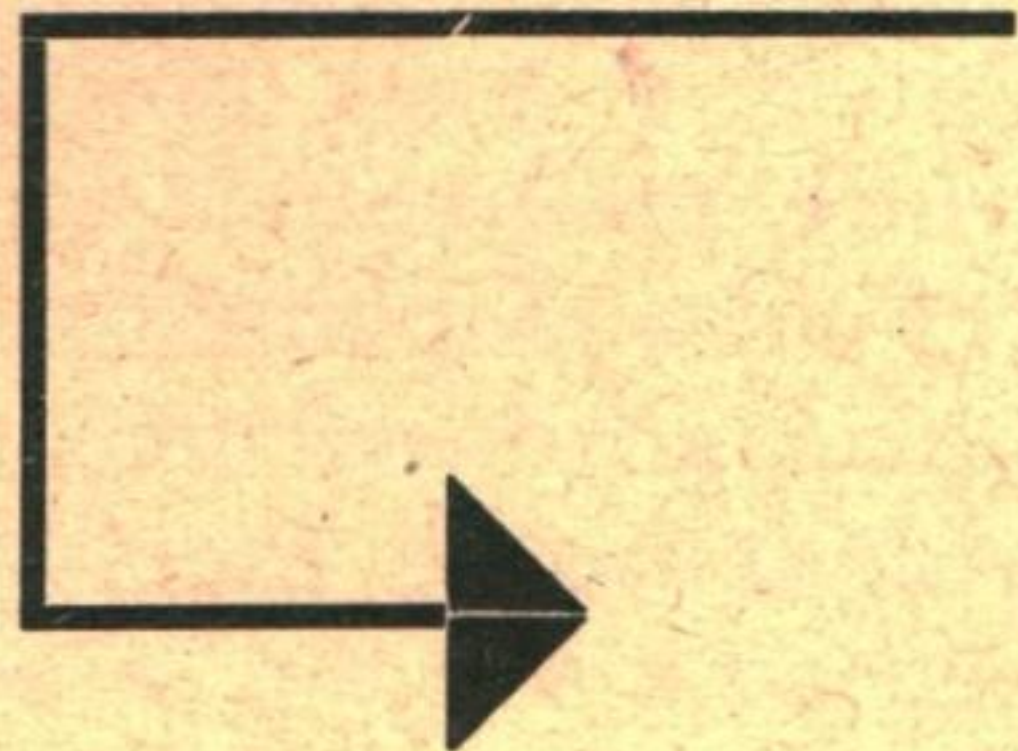
A few days after D-Day a slight diversion was caused by a Spitfire, which flew low over the strip and dropped a belly-tank which was found to contain an undetermined number of gallons of beer. All members of the unit, plus visiting news correspondents, padres and anyone else who happened to be around got to work on the contents to prevent any loss through evaporation.

126 Wing moved to the continent from the U.K. and operated out of the strip. About this time a number of German army horses were captured, and for a while everyone had his own steed for local transportation.

After the battle of Caen, which raged only 2 Km from the airstrip, the Wing moved (horses and all) to St Lô, from where the Canadian pilots participated in the Falaise Gap episode. During this latter battle, Andy was wounded by a sniper's bullet while moving along a highway in convoy. His wound didn't prevent him from following the course of the allied campaign with the advance party through Belgium to Holland, where he spent the winter of 1944—45. The Rhine crossing in the Spring heralded the last phase of the war, and VE-Day found him at the German airfield at Wunsdorf in Northern Germany, where dozens of Luftwaffe planes were landing from the Russian front to give themselves up to the western allies. Andy remembers in particular being surprised to see a heavily-laden Junkers 52 land and disgorge a large number of troops and the pilot — an LAC!

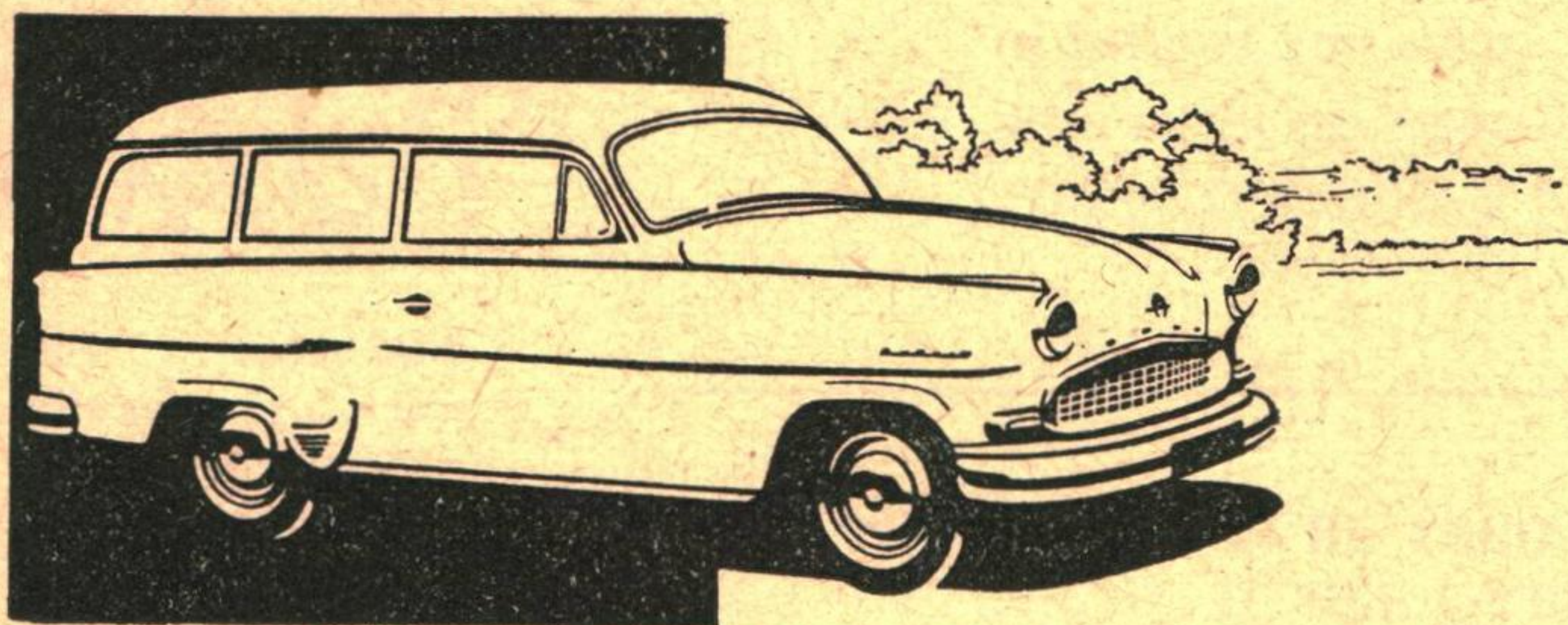
Six months with the occupation forces followed, and in December 1945 he was back in Canada. A few weeks later he took his discharge, but after eighteen months as a civilian he thought better of it and returned to the RCAF.

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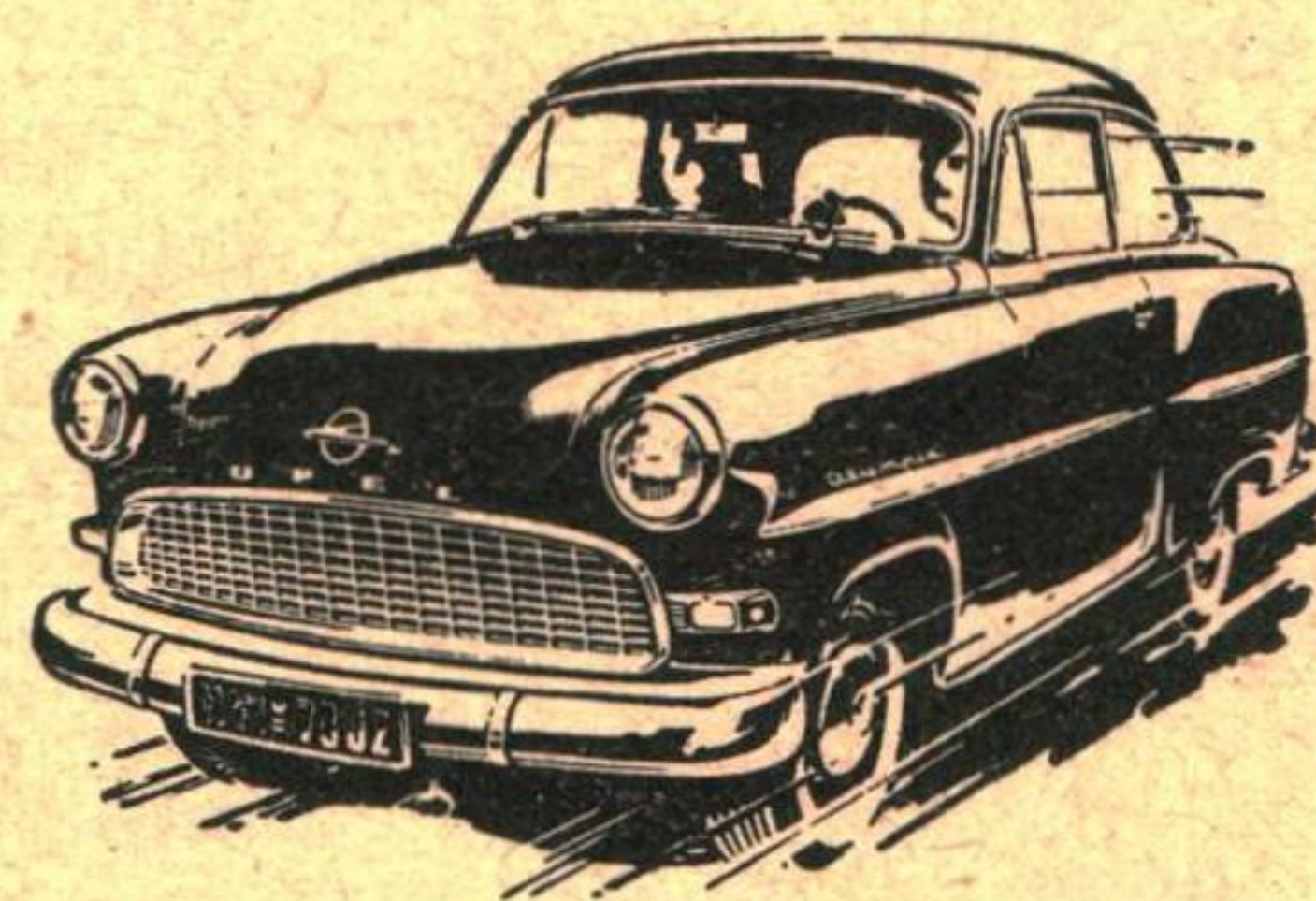


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Maybe the fact that he had just married had something to do with his decision.

He arrived at No 4 Wing in July 1953 via Trenton and St Jean, and is now working with the CE Section, supervising a staff of German labourers. His particular responsibility is Ground Maintenance — making sure that with well tended lawns and flower beds, neatly laid out park areas and well swept roadways, No 4 Wing maintains its reputation for being one the RCAF's most beautiful bases.

Andy lives with his wife, Yvette, two young sons in Rhine Valley Park. During their stay in Europe they have so far visited Austria, France, Switzerland and Italy (where their car was broken into outside a Genoa hotel and stripped clean). Before their repatriation in July next year they hope to include a vacation in Belgium, where Andy wants to look up a family he met in Brussels during the war and with whom he has maintained correspondence.

## Not Repeat Not

May the Lord have no mercy  
on such as these;  
May they go to a place  
where it's hot.  
I refer to the writers  
of memos and such,  
who insist on inserting  
"Do NOT REPEAT NOT . . ."

R. O. H.

"NE US IBKT TI BE YSED UB TGE UBTEREST  
IF TGE OYBKUC."

Yes, that's right; "NE US IBKT TI BE YSED UB TGE UBTEREST IF TGE OYBKUC."

It had us baffled, too, for a while. But there it was, typed in large emphatic capitals, in the instructions for the 4 Wing Orderly Officer.

We'd never noticed it before, so we assumed it was a new instruction. There are lots of them in the O. O's little brown bag . . . instructions for clearing snow from runways, handling urgent signals, procedure in case of fatal accidents, etc. etc. . . . but this one had us stumped.

Being a weekend, the station was deserted and there was no-one around we could ask. We worried all night in case someone approached us about it, but the mystery still remained unsolved when we handed over the badge of office to the new officer next morning. We had a quiet smirk to ourselves as we parted with the brown bag and left hurriedly before he had a chance to discover the cryptic message for himself.

Later on we checked with the Telecom people, as it was obviously a cypher matter. But they couldn't break the code either.

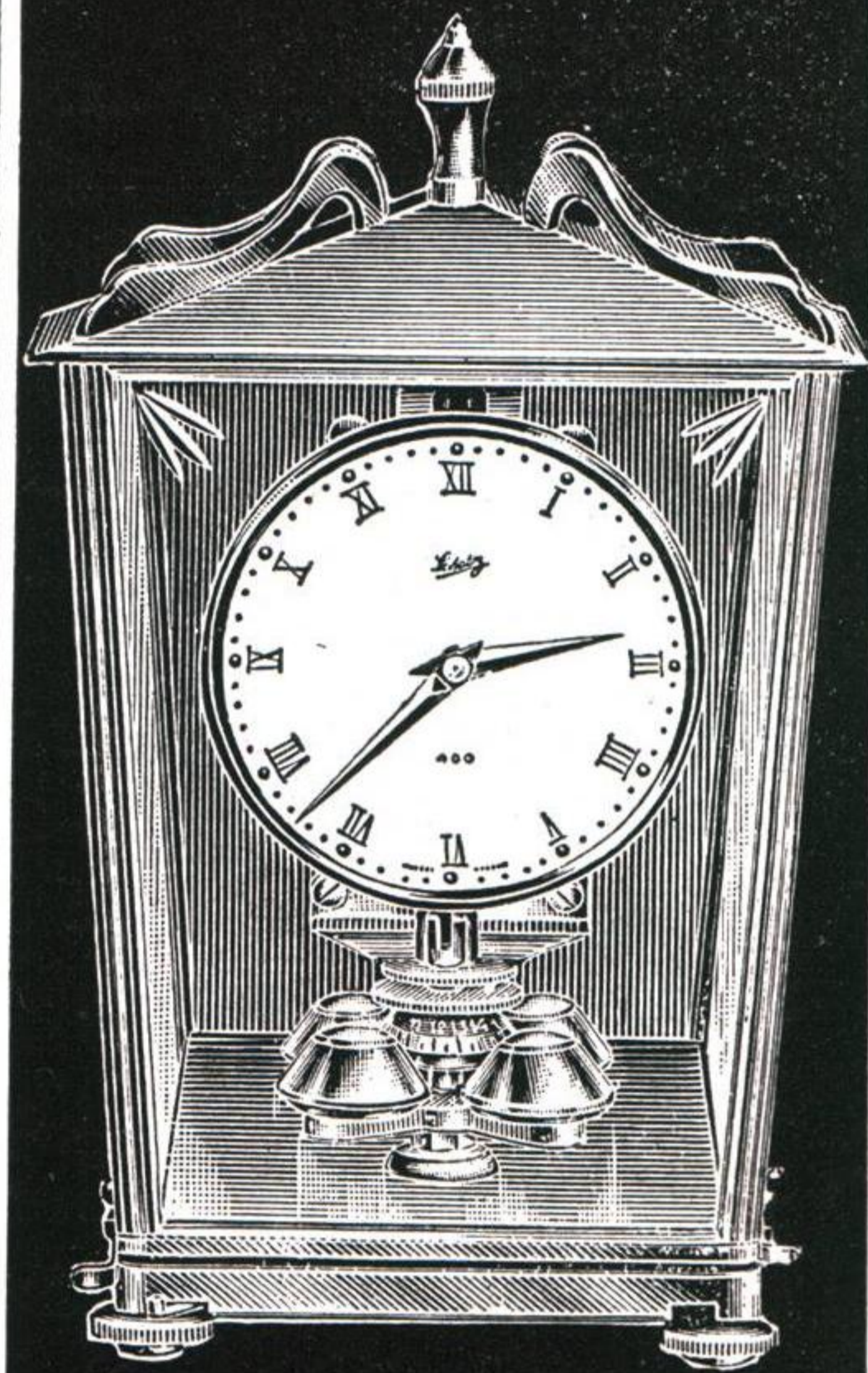
We had almost given up when we happened to speak to the typist responsible for making up the instructions. The 4 Wing hieroglyphics had a relatively simple explanation—the O. O's instructions had been re-typed in a hurry and the Adjutant's stenographer had either had an off-day, or the party in the airwomen's club the previous evening had been a resounding success.

The offending sentence should have read; "ME is only to be used in the interest of the public."

We'll know for next time.

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# MODEL AIRCRAFT CLUB JOTTINGS

by Sgt. E. C. Whipple.



Recent Model Aircraft Club activity has centred about two major contests, the World Model Olympics and the Waldorf annual "Flugmeisterschaft".

This year, the F.A.I. sponsored Olympics were the biggest ever held, with three categories (Glider, Free-flight Power and Wakefield) flown off at an ex-Luftwaffe Flugplatz near Mainz. The Canadian team (pre-selected at fly-offs in Canada) consisted of Bill Etherington and Bryant Jones, both of A. V. Roe Canada, and two German "proxy" flyers who flew models shipped over by modellers who could not make the trip.

The first round went off well with both Jones and one of the proxies recording maximum flights of three minutes. In the meantime both England and Argentina posted perfect scores, each of their four team-members making maximum flights.

As the rounds progressed tension mounted slowly in the Canadian camp as Jones continued to maintain his perfect flights, and at the end of the final round the scoreboard showed Jones tied for first place with Gasster (England) and an Argentine contestant.

In the sudden-death fly-off held near dusk, Gasster's beautiful model took first place, with Jones qualifying for third.

The second weekend in September found us once more rising in the all too early morning and journeying to Waldorf (near Heidelberg), where we discovered to our

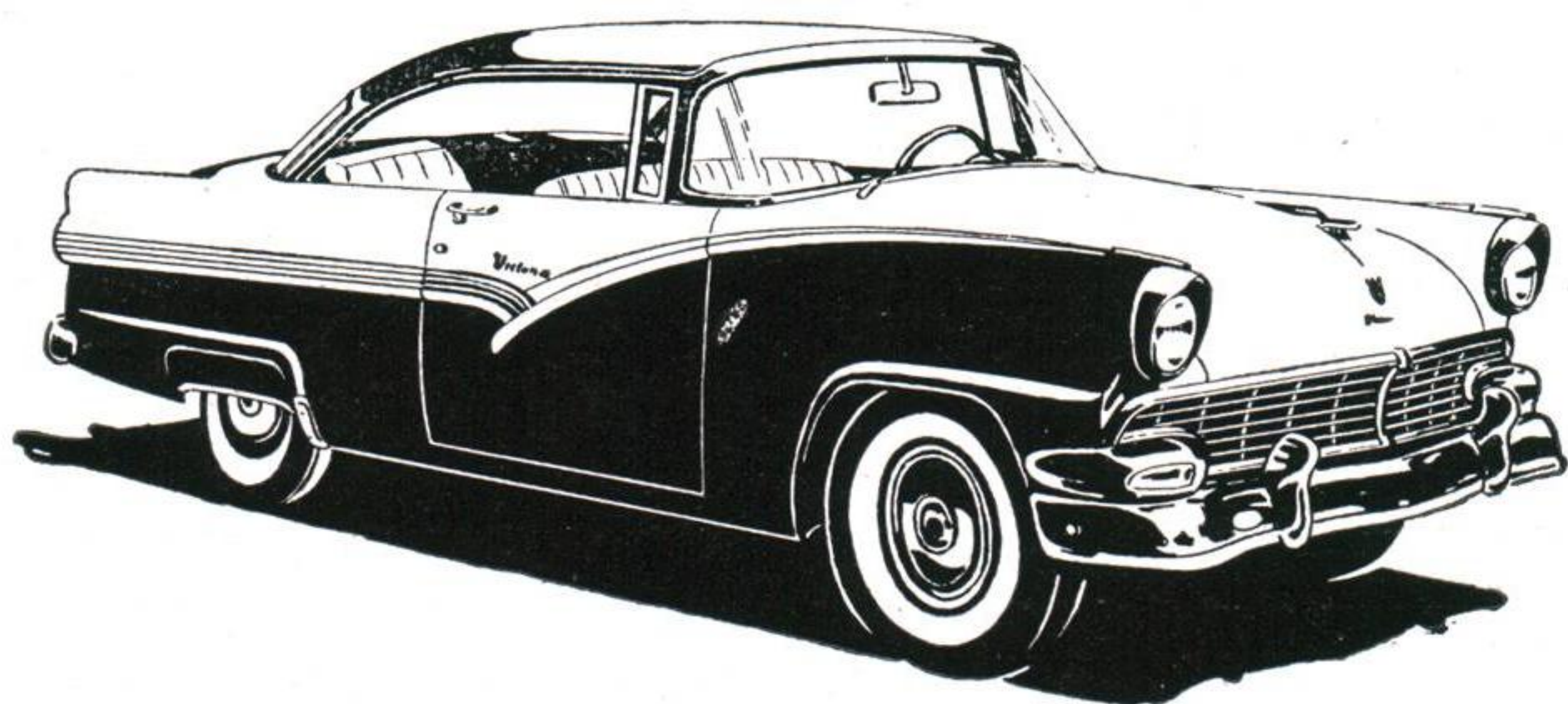
dismay that the control-line portion of the contest was not to be held until the late afternoon.

Our practice flying got off to a good start with a few hairy "carrier take-offs" (from the judges' table) and the usual quota of prangs (apparently Robbie put the undercarriage on the wrong side of the model). Finally the competition got underway with Claude Gray, beset by a squadron of gremlins, placing fourth in Kunstflug (Stunt to you). The 4 Wing contingent swept the Concours d'elegance with Whipple first (Cessna 195, see photo), Gray second (Mustang), Daggitt third (Midget Mustang) and Gray (wot again?) fourth (Douglas Invader).

At both these contests we were fortunate in being able to witness wonderful displays of radio-control flying, including parachute and leaflet dropping, aerobatics and precision landings put on by Herr Stegmaier, Germany's foremost radio-control flyer.

Our second picture this month shows Bryant Jones holding his Oliver Tiger powered free-flight, with Bill Etherington hiding behind the wing-tip, and one of the proxy flyers beaming behind his sunglasses (and well might he beam; this was snapped just after the model's fifth successive perfect flight!).

We're all finished for this month except that I'd like to see a few more of you model builders displaying your masterpieces to the awed crowds around the control-line circles. How about it, lads?



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Not too many people know that an NCO from this station was selected to be one of the first Canadians to witness an Atomic Bomb test first-hand earlier this year. An instructor in the Ground Defence Training Centre, Sgt Hargreaves is now putting the valuable knowledge gained at the Nevada proving grounds to good use in helping to prepare everyone for his or her rôle in the passive defence of the Wing, should we ever find ourselves faced with an atom bomb war.

# Seeing is Believing

by Sergeant I. Hargreaves

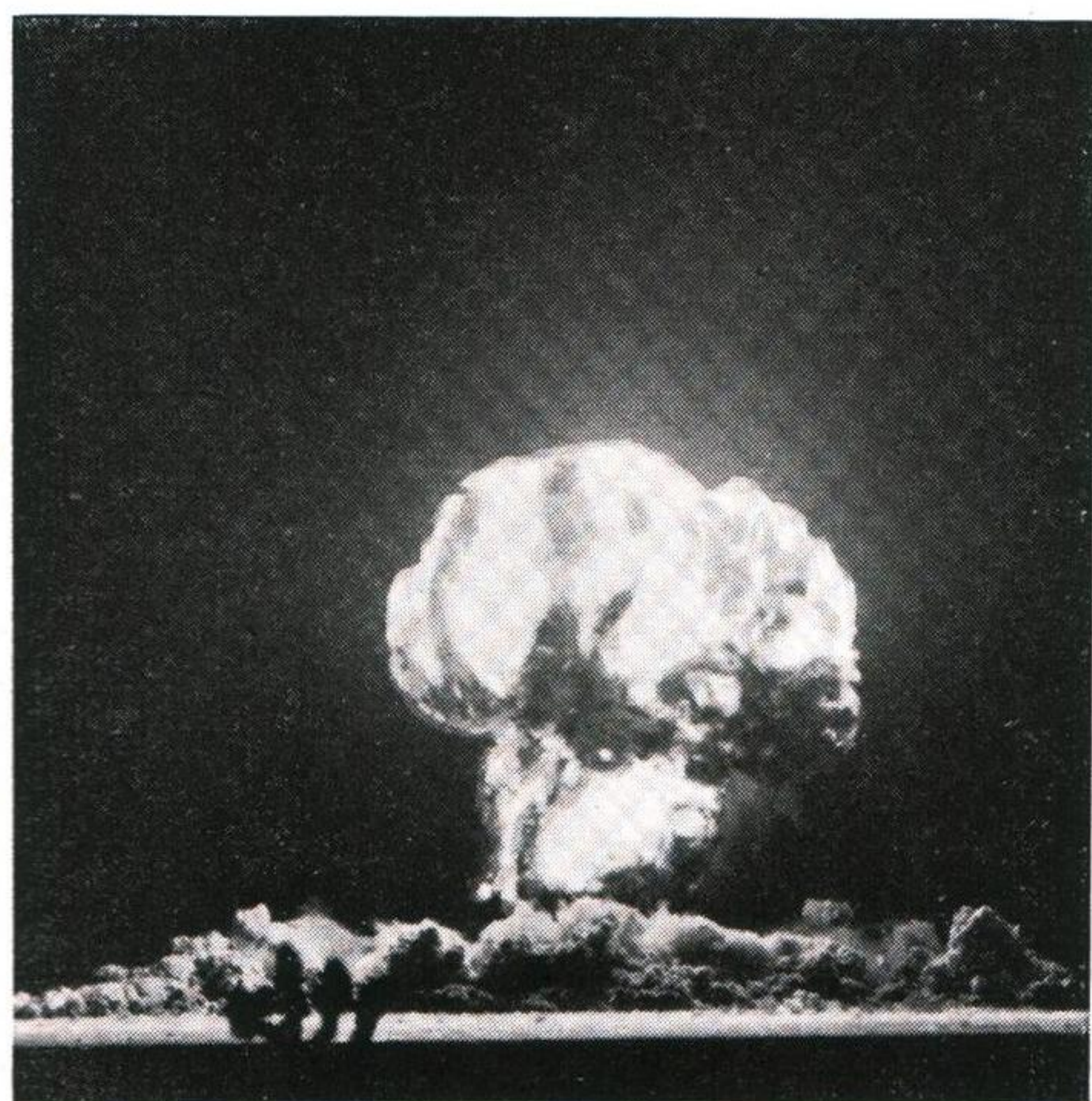


Sgt Hargreaves shows the pinewood board, on which his name has been burned by the A-Bomb flash, to LAC Hughes and Cpl Moir during an Atomic Warfare lecture. In the foreground are two Geiger Counters, used for detecting and measuring dangerous radiation.

The coffee spilled over from my tin mug as I shivered in the cold pre-dawn darkness of the Nevada Desert. Gulping down the hot liquid, we groped our way through the gloom over the sage towards the trenches a hundred yards away.

It was 3.30 a. m. and as I stumbled along to my position in the trench I contemplated the chances of snatching a hasty forty winks. But the biting cold wind combined with the tension in the air removed any such thoughts from my mind.

Along with sixty other Canadians I was a member of a tri-service team attending the "Teapot" series of atomic tests at the Nevada Proving Grounds. The first such Canadian unit to witness an A-bomb explosion, we had arrived from Kingston, Ontario, two weeks before, having



"Apple Two" photographed from a distance of five miles, during the Teapot series of atomic tests at the Nevada proving grounds, during May, 1955.

previously received special training at Number 1 Radiation Detection Unit.

Already postponed several times because of unfavourable weather conditions, the betting was high as to whether "Apple Two" (our bomb) would be triggered this time or not.

It was the morning of May 5th, 1955, and we had left our tented camp at Desert Rock three hours previously, travelling by US Army bus the forty miles to the test site, where the red light on top of the 500 foot steel tower indicated that the A-bomb was already in position.

Dressed in bush uniforms, American steel helmets, plastic boots and respirators, we looked like visitors from another planet.

Our trenches were located exactly two miles from the test tower; a distance which I considered to be as close as comfort would reasonably allow. Propped up on a small mound 1,500 yards in front of me was a small pine-wood board, to which a stencilled outline of my name had been tacked.

My trench was about four feet deep and I couldn't make up my mind whether I'd have preferred it still deeper, to give greater protection, or shallower, to avoid the possibility of being buried alive. We were all silent and a little nervous at the prospect of sitting out an atomic explosion for the first time from such close proximity.

Fifteen minutes before the count-down started, we remembered a number of small rocks a few yards in front of us. There was a hurried scramble for a few moments while we hastily removed these to the other side of the trench, to lessen the chances of having them blown onto our heads by the blast.

At H hour minus five we put on our respirators, took up a kneeling position at the bottom of the trench, and placed our hands over our eyepieces. As the voice over

the loudspeaker started its monotone "Fifteen . . . Fourteen . . . Thirteen . . ." there was a deathly silence and the tension mounted.

Finally the controller reached the final "three . . . two . . . one . . . NOW".

I braced myself for the shock . . . but for a moment nothing came. No loud bang, no blinding flash . . . the dreaded thought hit me: "IT HASN'T GONE OFF!" Could an A-bomb misfire?

As these thoughts were going through my mind everything suddenly turned bright pink. I realized that even though my eyes were tightly closed and I had my hands covering the eyepieces of the respirator, I was actually seeing the flash of the explosion through my eyelids and through the flesh of my hands. The bones in my fingers stood out as in an X-ray photograph. I knew full well that had I been facing this light with my eyes unprotected I would have been blinded.

The flash seemed to last four minutes — in actual fact it was only four seconds. There was a reverberating CRACK, followed by a long, rolling roar, and the ground shook as if a violent earthquake was taking place. I wondered if the sides of the trench would collapse on me as I huddled at the bottom.

A few pebbles and some dirt fell in on us, but I felt no blast or heat wave. About this stage I wondered how many Gamma rays were passing through me, but I wasn't curious enough to check the hair-line on my pocket dosimeter to see if it had already registered a fatal dose.

At this point we raised our heads cautiously to view the spectacle for which we had been waiting four months. A few moments later we received the order to remove our respirators, and other heads started to bob up from neighbouring trenches. Very soon all the 2,000-odd troops and civilians taking part in this test had climbed out and were congregated in front of their trenches.

The Canadians had been amongst the closest to the burst; the only people between us and the bomb were four American Colonels, who were located some distance in front of the main body of troops.

The glow was just dying in the centre of a huge mushroom shaped column of black smoke. It was almost daylight, and I could make out numerous Joshua trees burning, and the clothing smouldering on a number of dummy figures immediately in front of our trenches. I knew then that the flash heat must have passed over our heads and I wondered what had happened to my pinewood board which had been half way between the bomb and my own position.

I recovered the board later, and found that the same intense heat which had seared the trees and dummies had

also scorched the letters of my name into the surface of the wood, as a permanent souvenir of "Apple Two".

Through the smoke and dust I could just see the test buildings off to our left flank, and I could make out even from that distance signs of damage to many of them.

Everyone was exchanging comments and comparing reactions during those few momentous seconds. Our Canadian reconnaissance vehicles came forward some minutes later, and we left the area to set up our decontamination centre.

Our previous training was now about to be put to the test — we were actually going to monitor an A-bombed area.

The scientists, photographers and civil defence officials went forward to inspect the damage to "Doom Town" — a collection of structures of different types which had been erected for experimental purposes.

During the next few days we practised various monitoring procedures and tested different types of equipment, all the time wearing our respirators and protective clothing. Overhead USAF helicopters from Indian Springs and other nearby airfields buzzed around, carrying other monitoring equipment and picking up dust samples from the air for analysis.

One day was spent at Indian Springs air base, watching crews decontaminating aircraft which had been used to follow the progress of the radioactive cloud as it drifted slowly northward towards the Canadian border.

After a further week at the Desert Rock camp, the Canadian personnel started to pack up and prepare for the return to Kingston. But before leaving we visited the fabulous city of Las Vegas, sixty miles away, where we found the gaming tables a much greater hazard than atomic radiation.

Back at the Radiation Detection Unit, the tri-service team of eleven RCAF, eleven Navy and forty Army personnel spent two days reviewing the experiences of the past two weeks, and summarizing the lessons learned, before returning to their respective units.

Ever since the first atomic explosions took place in 1945 films and magazines have given graphic accounts of this terrifying weapon. However, until you actually witness the awesome spectacle for yourself, it is impossible to gain any real conception of the tremendous power of the atom.

Few Canadians have had the opportunity so far to attend an atomic bomb test, and I shall always regard this as being one of the greatest experiences of my career. Seeing is believing.

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## German Army Pay and Appointments

In a statement issued by the West German Government recently, some information was given concerning the rates of pay for members of the new German Army, now taking shape.

Basic pay for a private for example will be 203 marks per month, with a captain drawing from 560 to 816 marks and a general 2,800 marks. Dependents' allowances and subsistence allowances will be paid to all ranks.

The personnel selection committee, which has been established by parliament as a safeguard to examine and control the Government's appointments in the higher ranks, is still engaged in working out the principles of selection on which it will work.

A spokesman of the committee indicated that this need not, however, hold up the approval of individual appointments.

With the Summer over and your travelling for the next few months confined to Sunday drives with the family, a suggestion for newcomers to 4 Wing is the historic old ruin overlooking Baden-Baden called —



# SCHLOSS HOHENBADEN

High up on the craggy Battert Rocks above the valley of the River Oos is the Hohenbaden Castle, known to most people as the **Altes Schloss**.

The ivy-clad walls which have witnessed many changes in the course of local history now contain nothing more dangerous than a coin-operated telescope, and its former rôle as a fortified home for the various Lords of Baden came to an end with its destruction by the French during the latter part of the 16th century.

Located 1,500 feet above sea level, the massive structure is thought by many people to date back as far as the Roman occupation of the district in the third century A. D. However the official history places the castle's foundation around 1100 A. D.

Remodelled and added-to many times over the years, the general layout of the castle can be traced quite easily by the visitor. Some conception of its former grandeur can be gained from the illustrated guide books on sale at the souvenir stand near the entrance.

The oldest part is the tall tower which dominates the whole fortress. One stage lower is a gallery from which sweeping views across to the neighbouring hills and over the Rhine Plain can be examined in greater detail through the **Fernrohr** (telescope) located at one corner. This part formerly contained the reservoir of drinking water for the garrison during times of siege.

The next large addition was the tall, three-storied building which now forms the centre of interest and includes the imposing Knights' Hall. 150 feet long and 60 feet in width, it was built over capacious cellars which contained nine separate chambers — believed to have been prisoners' dungeons. The lofty window frames and remnants of stately gables give an indication of the former splendour of the Knights' Hall. Two vast chimneys are also visible on the interior walls at the second-storey level.

The central stone pillar in the floor of the Hall bears a coat of arms of the House of Oettingen, one of the ruling families of bygone eras.

Other walls and fortifications were added during the 15th century by successive occupants of Hohenbaden, and during the space of three hundred and fifty years up to the mid 16th century no less than thirteen Princes of Baden had made the castle their home.

Construction of the New Castle on the edge of the town resulted in the Altes Schloss being relegated to the rôle of widows' seat. The intermittent local wars of those days caused a considerable drain on husbands, and as each new Lord succeeded to the title, he moved into the New Castle and the family of the departed hero moved up the hill to the Old Castle.

The fortress stood empty and abandoned for many years after its destruction, until around 1850 the ruins were cleared away and new buildings were added to accommodate stables and a restaurant. This heralded the beginning of Hohenbaden's new rôle as a tourist attraction for visitors to the blossoming resort town of Baden-Baden.

Nowadays the Old Castle is a favourite haunt for all visitors — especially the children, who can clamber up and down the narrow, well-worn stone stairways while mother and dad relax and recover their breath over a tasty piece of cake and cup of coffee on the terrace cafe.

A local feature of interest to young and old alike, we suggest you save your next sunny Sunday afternoon for a visit to this familiar Baden landmark — the Schloss Hohenbaden.

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Among the first people from No 4 (F) Wing to try Yugoslavia for a vacation trip, the Nelson family touched only a small corner of this country of contrasts and communism. What they saw, however, was enough to whet their appetites for more, and to convince them that for something different on an average budget —

# JUGOSLAVIA IS THE ANSWER

by Flying Officer T. D. Nelson



The waterfront at Opatija, Yugoslavia.

We shuffled our feet impatiently in the queue at the Yugoslav Consulate in Munich\*. The little man in front of us was having trouble.

"Seven days" said the man behind the counter.

The little man was desperate; "But how can I possibly cycle all the way to Greece and back through Yugoslavia in seven days?" he almost sobbed.

"Seven days is the limit", replied the clerk for the third time, and lost interest in the marathon cyclist. Turning to us, he handed back our passports which we had left there the previous morning, and to my wife's delight, we found a whole new page had been taken up with an imposing "Turisticka Viza", stamped in bright purple ink with other embellishments.

We lost no time in getting on our way, and headed towards Berchtesgaden. After spending the night at this well known German alpine resort, we gassed up for the last time at the Quartermaster Service Station (Note; only one spare can allowed), and crossed into Austria.

Our route led us across the Grossglockner Pass (altitude 2,572 metres), which we took in our stride without incident. Without incident, that is, if you disregard losing a fan belt at the 2,400 metre level in a howling rainstorm, in a temperature much too cool for our thin vacation garb.

Actually we gave ourselves a mental pat on the back when the car rolled to an overheated stop right beside one of the SOS telephone boxes which are strung out along the unpopulated stretches of the highway. The sight of these 'phones every kilometre or so had always inspired a false sense of security until then, never having had to use one.

Our disillusionment was therefore complete when we discovered that these phone boxes are all well padlocked, and the keys are held by the highway workers, who live in small cottages every five kilometres along the route.

To leave out the painful details, we left the point of disaster some three hours later, frozen stiff, rather damp and lighter of pocket to the extent of 200 Schillings, which

\*The address of the Yugoslav Consulate General in Munich is; Boehmerwaldplatz 2. It takes twenty-four hours for them to issue a visa, and the office is only open from 1000 to 1200 hrs each day. The cost for each visa is 4 DM.

was the fee charged by a young mechanic in a jeep, who was eventually called to the rescue from his garage (conveniently located thirty miles away at the foot of the pass).

He had every possible size of fan belt, of course, except ours, but managed to fix us up with a makeshift repair which got us as far as the next major garage at Lienz.

After spending the night here, we pressed through Dölsach towards Spittal, with the saw-toothed peaks of the Dolomites on our right. Consulting our map, we found two roads (both marked as first class highways) leading southward from Villach and Klagenfurt towards the Yugoslav frontier.

We chose the route via Klagenfurt, as we wanted to see the Wörthersee — quite a pretty lake with lots of boating, sailing and swimming — and had our last meal on democratic soil in a lakeside restaurant. We then set off for our first target in Yugoslavia — a place whose name we couldn't try to pronounce, but which appeared on the map as Trzic.

As we approached the mountain range which separates the two countries, our spirits took a noticeable sag as the well-paved Austrian road came to an end without warning and left us bumping along a narrow gravel track. Before long we started to climb, and passed a sign with the comforting inscription; "DANGER, 28% GRADIENT."

Sure enough, a few hundred yards later we had to put our panting Taunus into first gear, where it was to remain for the next hour and a half. The road, such as it was, turned and twisted around hairpin bends and climbed so steeply in some places that the back wheels were skidding on the loose stones and gravel surface.

Pillboxes and detours around demolished bridges, which we passed every so often, served as a reminder that

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tourists weren't the only people to have trodden the road in previous years.

By this time we were surrounded on all sides by steep cliffs and towering peaks. The scenery in fact was most beautiful, except that I had to concentrate more on the temperature gauge and the next blind turn than on the landscape. We were still in Austria, but this seemed to be a forgotten corner of the country, with only the occasional wood-cutter's cottage and small tumble-down farm appearing out of the wilderness momentarily.

During all this time we passed only three or four cars, all coming in the opposite direction, and all covered with a thick blanket of white dust from grille to rear bumper.

After two stops to let the car recover its composure and cool off a little, we caught a glimpse of a tall flagpole almost hidden between two rocky crags high up above us. A few minutes later we reached the top of the climb and found the last Austrian border post perched literally right on top of the mountain.

The formalities took only a few seconds, and the Austrians waved us on politely into the hands of our first real life Yugoslav, who was standing a few yards down the road in a rough grey uniform and bus conductor's hat with a transparent white plastic brim.

He explained that the Yugoslav frontier post was at the bottom of the hill, and let us through the barrier without further complications.

Another sign at this juncture announced a downhill gradient of no less than 32%. We had long since ceased to ask ourselves how this overgrown goat-track had managed to have itself classified on our roadmap as a first class highway, and made a mental note to find a less strenuous route out of the country.

Our brake linings must have been hot by the time we reached the grey stone building at the bottom of the pass, and I was glad of the chance to give the car another rest while I attended to the customs formalities.

The officials were very friendly and helpful, but dreadfully slow. There seemed to be dozens of forms to be filled out in great detail, and all in triplicate. Getting a travel claim made out is child's play by comparison.

In an effort to create a good impression, I asked if they could recommend any particular spot for a few days' relaxation in the vicinity. The following enthusiastic discussion, in which everyone took part, was so long that my wife (who had been sitting outside in the car all this time) had started to suspect that I had been arrested and spirited away to the local jug.

Anyway, their recommendations centred around a scenic spot called Bled, which despite its unfortunate name proved to be a well-known lakeside resort only 25 kilometres or so from the border. Nestling among high wooded hills with the peaks of the Yugoslav alps in the background, it turned out to be the ideal place for a first introduction to the country.

In the centre of the lake a tiny island was crowned with the spire of an old church, and water-taxis were plying back and forth carrying visitors to the foot of the long flight of wide stone steps which led from the water's edge up to its entrance.

A castle situated atop a perpendicular cliff across the

water from the town itself overlooked the entire scene, and on the opposite shore, almost hidden by tall trees, was an imposing villa — one of President Tito's summer residences.

Here we changed our first money (exactly 300 dinare to the dollar) and sounded out the prices. We found the local travel bureau, called Putnik, in each town to be invaluable in locating good accommodation. A double room in one of the large hotels, the Jelovica, was rated at 1,050 dinare per day including service charges, taxes, etc. With a room overlooking the lake, hot and cold water and all the comforts of home, we thought \$3.50 not out of the way.

On our arrival we found every hotel filled to the roof with motor coach tours from Sweden, Holland, Great Britain, Germany and Denmark. We were recommended to a "private" room in a sort of guest-house nearby, but that wasn't a great success. Cheaper than the hotel of course, the room was sparsely furnished, with a feeble glimmer from a 15 watt bare bulb and no running water. The following morning we were relieved to find that the beds still looked as clean by daylight as they had by the 15 watt illumination of the previous evening. Even so we lost no time in tracking down accommodation in a hotel for the rest of our stay.

Never very heavily inclined towards athletic activities, even the writer was enticed into the pleasantly warm water of the lake for some wonderful swimming. Boats could be rented very cheaply, and for a completely relaxing vacation, Bled is ideally suited.

Winding sandy-surfaced lanes led us to other beauty spots in the area. These narrow roads were really quite smooth, and although dry and dusty, they were adequate for unhurried sightseeing drives, though hardly suitable for the 50 m. p. h. specialist.

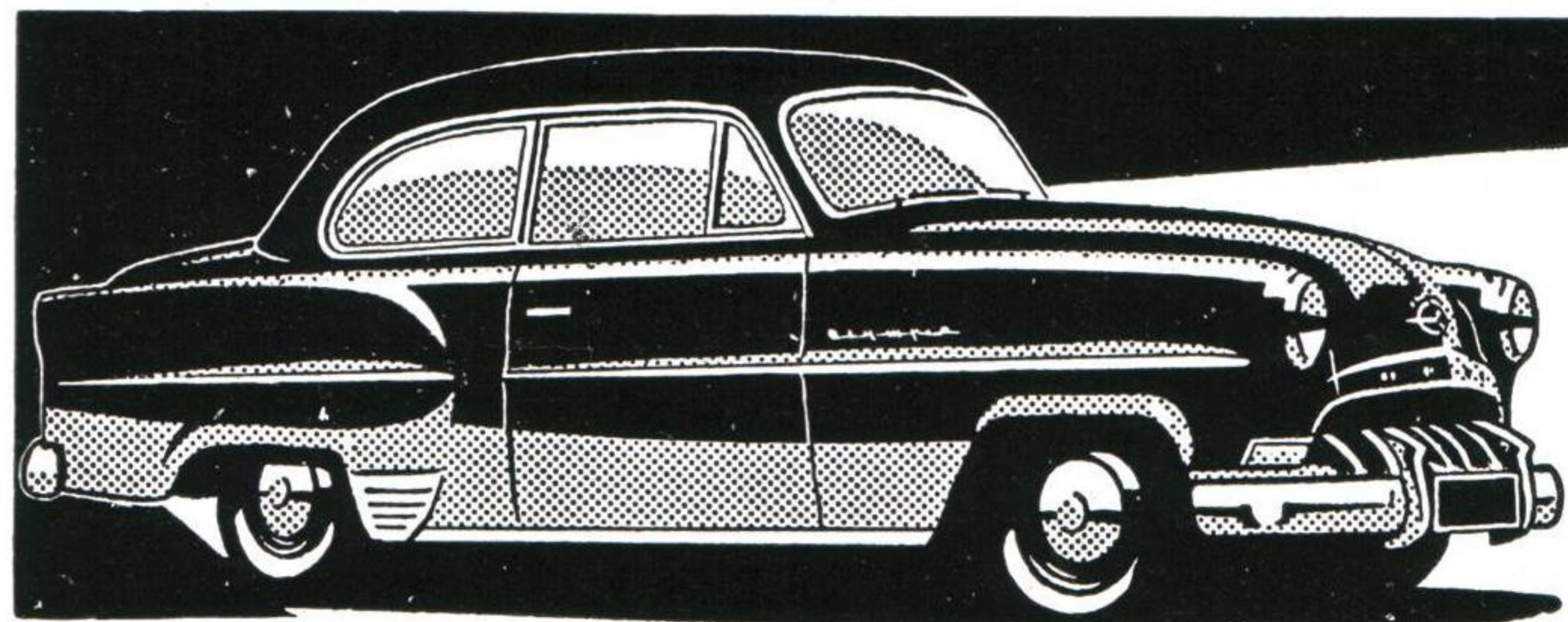
At an average 20 m. p. h. we meandered along most of the roads in the district around Bled, discovering other lakes and stopping for the Yugoslav version of coffee and cakes in a garden café high up on a hill overlooking a river at a place called Ribno. Late one evening we visited the waterfall at Vintar, where the road came to an end in the bottom of a gigantic rock basin, formed by vertical cliffs which rose sheer on all sides and disappeared in the low clouds overhead.

The photographer has a wide choice of subjects in the many little villages in the area, and a small wrought-iron factory at Kropa invites visitors to call in and tour the establishment.

Although tempted to dig-in for the entire holiday at Bled, we felt obliged after a few days' stay to explore a little more of the country while we had the chance.

We found an excellent highway a mile or two outside Bled, which led southward through Ljubljana and Postojna to the Adriatic. We made good time to Postojna, where we detoured slightly to follow the large placards leading to "Europe's Largest Grottoes."

This is something every visitor should make a point of seeing. Underground caverns of unbelievable beauty, containing ballrooms, concert halls, grottoes which take their names from the colours of the rock walls, and forests of stalagmites and stalactites on all sides are revealed as the visitor chugs slowly through the underground maze of tun-



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nels on a small sightseeing train. Alighting half-way around the tour, the guide leads the return journey on foot through the smaller caves, pointing out dozens of fantastic rock formations and natural wonders along the route.

Among other interesting things, the visitor can see living species of one of the rarest fish in the world, the Proteus Anguineus, which is completely blind, and exists only in the many underground lakes of Jugoslavia.

Very carefully installed concealed lighting adds considerably to the beauty of the grottoes without making them appear too artificial or commercialised. The entire system of tunnels and caves extends at present a total distance of 20 kilometres, with further extensions being discovered every few years.

A plaque on the wall near the entrance recalls the fact that the caves were used during the last war as a fuel storage dump by the Germans during their occupation of the country. The inscription tells how Yugoslav partisans entered by a hidden tunnel in the rear of the storage area and blew up the entire stocks.

Returning to the bright sunlight at the exit, the warmth which had left our bodies in the cool, clammy caves soon returned, and we drove off along the route to Opatija.

Along the way we came across large numbers of soldiers, all wearing very shoddy uniforms of ancient vintage, with legs encased in knee-high puttees. Most of them were driving horses and carts, while others trundled along the dusty side-roads in the back of antiquated trucks.

We came upon one interesting example of this communist military machine at a lonely spot on the main highway, miles away from the nearest town. Over the brow of a hill appeared an open coach, drawn by two horses. Inside sat four rather glamorous gentlemen, whom we identified from the ornamentation on their shoulders as army officers. Half a mile behind we encountered a farm wagon, drawn by a very tired cart-horse, containing an antique field kitchen apparatus, the tall chimney of which swayed perilously from side to side as the conveyance bumped along. About a mile further on we came upon the third instalment of the convoy — a very fatigued-looking group of individuals in the last stages of collapse. Thirty or forty in number, they were enjoying a route march and were staggering along in the blazing hot sun, with discarded items of uniform slung over their shoulders, rifles across their backs, hats missing and perspiration streaming off them all.

I was still mentally sympathising with this unfortunate group when we turned the last corner in front of Opatija and came upon our first sight of the Adriatic. A gentle haze hung over the water, but we could see the coastline extending in both directions in a series of sweeping bays. The mountains slanted gradually down until their lower slopes disappeared into the shimmering water below.

Opatija itself lay before us, with modern hotels facing the waterfront, palms lining the promenade, sidewalk cafés, bathing beaches, and a busy shopping centre where tourists from all over Europe were searching for "something really Yugoslavian" to take home.

A large neon sign "Kvarner-Express" identified the lo-



Water taxis wait at the foot of the wide stone steps to the church, to convey visitors back from the island to Bled.

cal Putnik Agency in the town, and again they arranged a room for us without difficulty. Full details of prices, facilities and other necessary information are made available to you before you select a place to suit your taste and pocket-book.

We found ourselves installed in the Hotel Atlantic with a balcony overlooking the bay, where we had a first class room and three full meals per day for 1,300 dinare per head (\$4.30)

Boating, sailing and swimming were the main activities during the hours of daylight, while in the evenings a stroll along the waterfront took us past a dozen imposing hotels, each with an orchestra or jazz band playing for open-air dancing on the terrace.

We found bathing officially restricted to specially cordoned-off areas on the seafront. Upon enquiry we learned that sharks were occasional visitors to the district, and one had in fact accounted for a woman visitor just two weeks previously. This wouldn't have worried me, but my wife insisted that I stick to the approved swimming beaches, which were completely protected by shark-proof steel nets.

Boating on the glassy surface of the bay was marvellous, and sailboats were available for \$1.50 an hour.

Our ambition to see still more of the country wasn't strong enough to drag us away from Opatija, and we hung on there until money, gasoline and leave were starting to run out.

The return journey took us across the border into Italy, via Trieste, Udine, and through the beautiful Italian alps. On the way we were impressed by Cortina d'Ampezzo, the site of the 1956 Winter Olympics. We made the mistake



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though of approaching the Brenner Pass via Bolzano from the south-west. This took us along a little wiggly line on our map, which had "S. Leonardo, 2,129 metres" beside it in very small print.

This is another of those very poorly-surfaced, zig-zagging, ten-miles-in-first roads at the end of which the car makes all sorts of noises it didn't before. Although it offers breathtaking views on the way up, it is certainly not the route for the person in a hurry to get back for work on Monday morning.

While in Yugoslavia we made a few observations:

Most of the hotel people speak some English, and the staff of the Putnik agencies seem to be able to cope with any language. If you have mastered a few standby phrases in German these will be useful, as many of the older people still speak the language perfectly. Don't forget that some of the northern parts of the country belonged to Austria prior to 1918.

Prices when quoted are hard and fast, and there is no advantage to be gained in haggling. Those whose memories of a holiday in Italy are overshadowed by the elastic prices, which stretched according to the estimated size of the customer's pocket book, will enjoy Yugoslavia. Even renting a rowboat or buying a souvenir filigree bracelet, the price is always fixed by law. We encountered no excessive charging, and government controls cover everything from Hotel rooms to postcards.

Whatever else the communistic system may have against it, we were generally impressed by the way everything was organised, and the standards of cleanliness and efficiency in these government-run establishments.

We couldn't resist the temptation to ask one or two people for their personal reactions to life under the communistic system (incidentally, the word "communistic" doesn't appear in any of the tourist pamphlets or guide books; instead the country is described as "socialistic").

Although when questioned I noticed that the people with whom we spoke always made sure there was no-one else around at the time, there wasn't exactly that haunted look of fear in their eyes which any good communist always displays in films and paper-back novels.

On the whole (they said) their own lives had not improved to any extent since the "old times". Incomes among the working classes were still not high enough to meet even basic living expenses, and it didn't make much difference to most people whether they found themselves working for a private firm or for the government. A tradesman in a factory would be lucky to draw a pay-check of 15,000 dinare a month (\$50), which was not very much when a bicycle cost 25,000 dinare, a pair of shoes 3,000, a suit 10,000 and a motor cycle 200,000 dinare.

An automobile doesn't even enter the picture, with a small Italian or German car selling for 5,000,000 dinare (\$ 17,000). Asked about the cars on the roads carrying Yugoslav license plates, our informant shrugged his shoulders expressively and explained that they were government cars for the use of party officials.

We were curious to meet a real-life communist official, but the nearest we came to it was at Bled, when our hotel dining-room blossomed one evening with twenty or thirty people in rather shoddy clothing, and without neckties. All sported a lapel badge which we guessed signified party membership. We nodded to each other knowingly; "A party convention".

Next day we heard the loud voices of orators issuing from the open windows of a public speaking hall across the road. We turned to our waiter to enquire what was in the wind.

He asked us if we'd noticed the people with the lapel badges. We nodded. "This week we have a big fishing

competition" he said, "and the Anglers' Association are just presenting the prizes. They have come from all parts of the country for the contest."

Next time we visit Yugoslavia we plan to rest up beforehand so that we can devote our energies to seeing a little more of the place. There are Roman ruins as well preserved as any in Italy, minaretted mosques, old walled-towns, snowy alps, ancient Turkish fortresses, and at a place called Ogulin the guide book even goes as far as to promise 30 pound river trout. Anyway our first impressions were enough to sell us on the place completely.

We often wondered what happened to the little man with the bicycle.

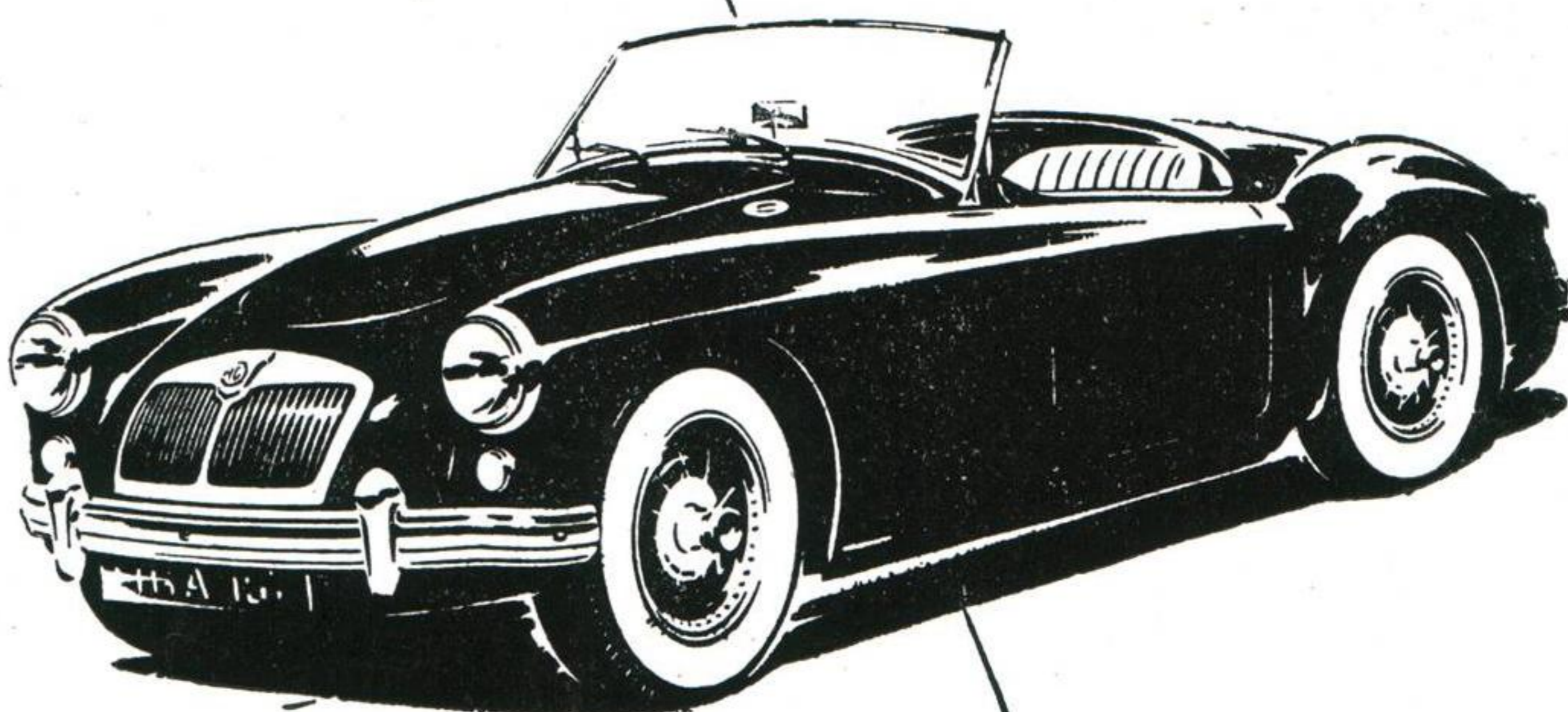
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# Sports

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## Bowling

The league has been in operation for six weeks now, and from all indications it's going to be a good season. The thirty six teams are broken down into two different leagues, A and B, and the ME Monarchs were leading the As, with Tech Services heading up the B League at press time.

## Inter-section Volleyball

The inter-section volleyball league officially opened its current season on the evening of October 26th, with three games played. This year competition is of the three game variety. Each team plays three games per night, with one point being credited for each game won. All games are played on Tuesday of each week with the first round commencing at 1900 hrs and the second at 2030 hrs.

## Inter-section Basketball

Basketball is also on its way to another banner season, with four of the teams swinging into action on October 27th. As in the Volleyball League, all games are played on the same night, in this case each Wednesday, with games scheduled for 1900, 2010 and 2115 hrs.

## Boxing

The news of the beak busters is quite brief this month, as the boys are still training and not quite ready for any title bouts. However those people who have noticed gallons of sweat being produced by the dozen or so aspirants to glory will perhaps agree that we have lots of potential around. Very shortly we hope to have Friday night bouts to liven things up.

The boxing team has recently received some very capable assistance from WO Ferguson from the ME Section, who has offered his services.

The team is now busy sparring, so if you notice anyone walking around wearing a black eye, feel his muscles before assuming that it happened at a party.

## Weight Lifting

Our weightlifters are now in action most of the time with the club endeavouring to formulate a programme for the "before and after" group.

Actually the term weightlifting is not strictly correct, as it is basically a body-building group, specializing in developing and conditioning your body to look like those in the advertisements. An excellent example is LAC Daly. We extend a cordial invitation to those persons who at the moment have to use a mirror to tie their shoe laces to attend our little group.

## Square Dancing

The time has come, the Walrus said, to speak of Square Dancing; and remind all enthusiasts of this very fine pastime that on Wednesday, November 16th (to-morrow) our Square Dancing Club gets started in the Mixed Lounge at 2030 hrs.

Those who have already square danced will need no more encouragement, and the others who haven't yet tried should come along, and we can promise that you'll become a follower for life.

All ye fiddlers and callers better get that old foot stompin' to the familiar "Three ... Four ... and you're in the door ..."

## Inter-Section Fastball Champions



Technical Services Fastball Team completed a successful season by defeating Headquarters three games to one, to win the Inter-Section Fastball championship.

Standing (L to R): Cpl Roy Farmer, LAC Scotty Scott, LAC Charlie Meyers, Cpl Al Snider, LAC Monty Monteith, LAC Satch Armstrong, Cpl Claude Gray, FS Art Whiskin.

Kneeling (L to R): Sgt Joe Sopaz, LAC Moe Julien, LAC Jack Little, Cpl Mac MacCormack, and Sgt Ed Huston.

The diminutive lassie standing immediately behind the trophy is Miss Marlene Whiskin, daughter of FS & Mrs. Whiskin. Marlene is Technical Services' Mascot and a staunch supporter of the team. Although not normally talkative, she has already mastered such simple phrases as "Kill the Ump", "Slide Daddy, Slide" and "You're Safe by a Mile".

# The 1955 World Amateur Weightlifting Championships at Munich

LAC Keevil Daly travelled to Munich to take part in the World Amateur Weightlifting Championship held from 19th to 23rd of October. He was accompanied by Flying Officer John Morrison, who acted as representative and manager. Daly competed in the middle-heavyweight class.

They arrived in Munich early in order to arrange accommodation and begin proper training with the other lifters. Transferred overseas to 4 Wing only a few weeks prior to the competitions, Daly's regular training routine had been interrupted by the move. Two days before the actual competition the old virus bug got Keevil down, and necessitated an almost entirely liquid diet. His weight went down drastically, and he ended up competing as the lightest man in his class.

LAC Daly placed sixth in his class out of eighteen competitors. His total for the three lifts was 385 kilogrammes



LAC Keevil Daly shows here what any man can do if he puts his mind to it. The picture shows him toying with a mere 380 lbs of weights as he puts on a small exhibition at Baden-Soellingen. To demonstrate his willingness to preach what he practices, he has offered to instruct in the weightlifting club now being organised on the station.



LAC Keevil Daly and F/O John Morrison at Munich. The tray and flowers are the results of Daly's third place in the "Mr. Universe" contest, while the medal held by F/O Morrison is the sixth place award in the weightlifting. F/O Morrison acted as manager for LAC Daly in the World Amateur Weightlifting Championships on October 19th.

(849 lbs). In the press he lifted 253 lbs; in snatch 264 lbs, and in the clean and jerk, he did 332 lbs.

He also placed third in the "Mr. Universe" contest held in conjunction with the weightlifting competition. To be eligible for this contest, each entry had to lift three times his own weight in three lifts. The contestants were then given one minute to complete any poses they desired to display muscle control.

The showing put on by LAC Daly during the competition was of very high standard. Contestants from twenty-five countries took part in the events, each man being the best in his respective country. Both Keevil Daly and F/O Morrison received invitations from many other countries to enter in their national events, and it is Daly's intention to accept as many of these as possible, with an eye to next year's Olympic Games at Melbourne, Australia.

He was the Middle-heavyweight Gold Medal winner at last year's British Empire Games held in Vancouver, B. C., and seems to be a good bet to represent Canada at the 1956 Olympics.



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## The Black Knights

First the arrivals and departures: F/O's Mortimer and Edwardson, who went wife-hunting in Canada last month, have returned victorious but unaccompanied. At present they're busily engaged in apartment-hunting. F/O's Brunette and Wyndlow are now residing in England and from what I've heard there is no telling when F/O Wyndlow is coming home. Evidently he likes it. F/O Bawtinheimer (peace be upon him) is now with the detachment in Rabat. F/O Morrison is just back from a jammy trip to Munich as LAC Daly's manager (?). The sudden rash of big black cigars around here can be blamed on F/O Bob Swartman, who is the proud owner of one brand-new girl-type baby. Congratulations Bob.

Despite a heavy fog outside (and inside the cars on the return voyage) there was a good turn out for the squadron party last month. It was again held at the Red Oxen in Kuppenheim and was very successful in that the new squadron personnel did manage, through the course of the evening, to meet some of the old alkys.

In the way of flying, we've been having rather a rough time. F/O Murphy got himself in quite a tight spot one evening and ended up minus a nose wheel. F/O Flynn did one better a few weeks later by ending up in the grass with no wheels. To end the month with a splash we had one of our T-birds catch fire during a run-up at Maintenance. (This happened in the midst of a Flight Safety lecture).

### 414 Squadron Ground Crew

by Cpl SH Nyitray

Congratulations this month go to F/O & Mrs. Swartman on the birth of a son. Also to FS Withers and Cpl Tamblyn who got good results from the last promotion board. To the less fortunate better luck next time.

In our trade board results the Armament Section came out on top with 100% passes.

Welcome to the new personnel of 414 and may your tour at 4 (F) Wing be very joyful and one never to be forgotten. A well known WO2 has joined the strength of 414 and I need not mention his name, just be on your toes men, this man has disciplinary experience.

We bid farewell this month to Cpl GJ Roach, LACs JF Bouffard, WD Gill, RJ Jenks and JJ Zillich. These airmen returned to their homeland with LACs WD Gill and JJ Zillich trying civilian life.

Zum Ochsen Gasthaus in Kuppenheim catered to members of 414 at a Sqn party. A wonderful evening was enjoyed by all.

Cpl "Pete" Plante has just returned from various points of interest in Italy. The question is, has this airman something special in Italy to rate a second visit? Cpl Plante is single and toured Italy earlier this year.

With Christmas season just around the corner don't forget your friends and loved ones at home. Send them 414 Squadron Christmas Cards; they will go on sale in the canteen in the near future.

**(Editor's Note:** We are still wondering whether Swartman junior is male or female. There seems to be a difference of opinion somewhere along the line).

# TOMAHAWK

## 422 (F) Squadron

by F/O Bill Clare

'Twas the day before "Fox Paw", right after Met Briefing and the sky was cloudless and clear. Our braves had decided to test the Ground Defence of the other squadrons. This was to be, if not the first, the most extensive of its kind on the wing. The Black Knights of 414 were taken by storm before they could move, but they fought back gamely as we forced them into their stronghold. One of our heroes, gun spitting, suffered a scalp wound administered by a black hearted knight wielding a two-handed broadsword. He was taken to the rear but we carried the fight. The day was ours.

Hours later — the sun now high in the heavens — yet another humiliation was being planned. There was a business-like air about Blood and Guts Guerin as he loaded his evil Thompson gun in the washroom. Wellon had a wild look in his usually weary eye as he strapped on a pair of 45's. Undernourished and taken completely by surprise the 444 Cobras coiled themselves in corners and behind tables or took to their heels out the front door as 422 poured in through the back. We met with only token resistance as we withdrew in an orderly fashion. With the warrior chant "Everybody loves us" on our lips, 422 melted into the woods, leaving a devastated dispersal behind.

For those of our readers who believe that 422 was unprepared for reprisal — let it be said that when a counter attack came (as we knew it must) **we were ready!** Battle weary veterans lined the windows and the SP's had been called out to protect the OC's baby blue auto. When heavily armed knights from 414 disgorged themselves from the bush (while Sir Morrison blew a clarion call to battle on a sad looking trumpet) we met them with a volley of effective firepower. Each side tried valiantly to extinguish the other. They limped home finally, soggy with perspiration from the effort, leaving two of their kind behind in their haste.

We waited till long after dusk for 444. They didn't show.

Getting domestic here for a bit, we'd like to say hello to two lovely ladies: Mrs Huguette Peck and Mrs Jan Wittich, each recently acquired by their respective husbands and hereby officially welcomed to the fold. You lucky girls—did you know that your husbands are simply whiz-bang at ping-pong?

It is rumored that F/O Clark Robinson, until recently with the RCAF, may elope with the co-star of his latest film: "Mary and the Big Brave Jet Pilot".

### 422 Ground Crew News

by LAC Mike MacNeil

There's been a change in the boys the last few days. Going around with pants pressed, shoes shined and looking sharp all round. The explanation for this is simple. A group of movie making people from Canada were here making a film to help increase airwomen recruits. Some of the boys who've had the privilege of being in the film, tell me they expect contracts from Hollywood as soon as the film is released. Imagine! Fellas with so much talent having to join the Air Force to make their break in the movies. Some of us wonder though how filming of Sabre aircraft is going to increase airwomen recruits.

It seems that I have offended some people in my last article with a remark about English charm. Well, I apologize. It's not my intention to hurt anyone's feeling. Perhaps I should have said English friendliness.



## The Fighting 444th

by F/O J. Breffitt

By the time the October issue of the Flieger comes off the press, "The Fighting 444th" will be comfortably resettled at Soellingen after a four week stay at the RCAF Detachment, Rabat Sale, Morocco.

The trip to Rabat, which comes around once a year is generally much looked forward to by all squadron personnel. Not only that it gives each squadron a chance to prove its worth in air gunnery, but also that it is a visit to a foreign and different land. The experiences added here will be the topic of many discussions when squadron members get together to talk over old times.

After a somewhat slow start, when perhaps opening fire ranges were a little great, our shooting average has progressed at a pleasing rate. It is too early to make any rash predictions concerning the outcome of our tour here since triple four does not return to Germany until November 9th. But if the exceptional scores that some of our pilots are turning in is any indication, then we feel that 444's ef-

fort, when added to 414's and 422's, should be enough to put 4 Fighter Wing over the top and so retain the Lloyd Chadburn trophy.

### REPORT FROM GROUND CREW

LAC MacKinnon

Greetings from the tropical paradise of French Morocco to all you people freezing to death at 4 wing. Just a few words to let you know that everyone is enjoying themselves here and at the same time longing to return to 4 Wing at the earliest possible opportunity.

The Armament boys are really earning their keep these days, rushing hither and yon with loads of ammo and keeping the guns hot. George Cotton has developed a real neat technique of swatting flies, dodging fuel hoses and loading ammo all at the same time. It is really something to see.

The boys at the hangar are complaining that they are not getting enough sun, but every time they come over the line we just show them a fuel hose and they go very contentedly back to the hangar. Dan Porteous has developed a real Chinese Mandarin moustache. Guess Dan will be doing laundry when he gets back to 4 Wing.

I understand that the Corporals have a new theme song these days. Every night about ten the verbrate yells about who has the coffee pot, sugar and milk echo through the halls. This usually constitutes a two hour search, before someone discovers that the coffee is all gone.

## Station Automobile Club Gets off to Good Start

Ambitious plans were announced at the first meeting of the 4 Wing Automobile Club on October 21st.

A ten-bay garage for private cars, driving school, sports car activities, plus centralization of issuing facilities for gas coupons and AF licenses were some of the highlights mentioned.

Until some of these long term plans can be put in hand, a temporary garage is to be established in one end of the Ground Defence and Photo building, employing a full-time civilian manager and catering to some of the needs of the PMC owners on the station.

Grease jobs, tire repairs, car washing and minor tune-ups will be carried out from this interim location, and stocks of oil, anti-freeze and a few spares will be sold. Prices are to be standardized with those of the American EES in Germany.

A site for the proposed new garage was chosen adja-

cent to the present NPF Gasoline Pump near the Main Guardhouse. The new building, if approved, will be large enough to permit those wishing to work on their own cars to do so.

Driving instruction at the school is to cost \$15 for ten hours behind the wheel and five hours classroom tuition; a great saving over civilian driving schools. Driving instructors will be selected from the staff of the ME Section and will be sent on a special course to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents in London, England. Steps are now being taken to procure over \$300 worth of training aids and equipment needed for the school.

Some of these projects are still in the "subject to approval" stage; however the establishment of PMC servicing facilities on the station will satisfy a long standing need, and the progress of the Automobile Club will be watched with interest.

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# Touring our Flugplatz



## Engine Bay Oil Spots

by LAC E. L. KuKucha

Once again all the nerves have settled down. Yes, trade board results have arrived, and the section did very well. Congratulations go to LACs Allard, Southworth and yours truly. Nice work, fellas; just think — in seven years we'll all be Corporals.

There have been a few changes in the hangar to boost our morale recently. Badminton and volleyball courts have been set up, and are used quite frequently when all work is caught up. For this noble deed we pass our thanks along to F/O Cheek and WO Harbun, as well as to FS Blackie Hurdle, who supervised the project.

Amongst other things in our small section we have an inventor. One Cpl Wrightson has devised a gadget called a "Technician's Nightmare." This comprises (now get this!) an off-set, remote, ratchet screwdriver which, believe it or not, actually works. These may be purchased from the Engine Bay for a mere \$ 15.00. Better hurry as there is only a limited supply left.

A little while back LAC MacPherson decided it was time to get a ball and chain. He ventured back to Canada and a couple of weeks later his bride-to-be, Miss Dolores Atkinson, arrived in Germany. We wish them both the very best, and may they always hear the patter of little feet (when they arrive).

## Wing Armament

by Sgt E. C. Whipple

### Systems Section

Business this last month has been rather slow for the Systems travel bureau, LAC Thursby having been the only customer. He was routed through Paris, 3 days, and Mannheim, for the remainder of his two weeks. The only response to a request for comments was a grin and "No Complaints".

We did, however, have the task of obtaining bookings for Cpl Donovan and LACs Way and Butler for a month's rest cure with Triple Four Squadron in Sunny Rabat. We hope neither the sun nor the disturbances get too hot for them.

An informal party was held on the 13th of October at the Grüner Baum in Hügelsheim to bid farewell to Cpl Floyd Nelson, who left for Canada the next day. All who knew Floyd were sorry to see him leave and our loss will definitely be some other section's gain. We all hope he sees the error of his ways, and returns to us at 4 Wing.

### Systems Secret

Security has been relaxed and we can at last divulge some of the details of "The Thing". Its primary purpose is that of a Sight Test Bench and, as such, should certainly simplify and speed the calibration and trouble shooting of Sight Systems. We regret that the Flieger deadline beat us out and it has been impossible to make that photo available for publication.

Though we realize now that it isn't to be a space satellite and recognize its primary purpose, its aerodynamic possibilities cannot be overlooked. Consequently, during the next month, flight trials will be carried out with designer Frank Coyman at the controls, so don't be alarmed at the sight of a radically different flying machine stooging about the area. We promise a flight picture for next issue. Don't miss it! This **could** change the course of world aviation!

### M&W Section

We have a few empty places around the coffee pot this month since Dave Bishop, Ross Galbraith and Roger Lavoie took a hop down to Rabat with 444 (F) Sqn. We're looking forward to the War Stories with which they will, no doubt, return.

Betty Duncan is back (exhausted) from her leave for a few months' rest before continuing her European tour.

Rocky Leveque rushed off to 3 (F) Wing for a week of TD, and rushed right back again in time for the Wing Armament Party.

Don Turner has just returned from a short leave. Nothing but smiles from that boy now his wife is here.

Jack Ashford has left us for a small holiday. He's on his way to Paris to find out how they say "Gasthaus" in French.

### Armament Party

Armament personnel gathered at the Gasthaus zum Hecht in Rastatt to bid farewell to Wing Commander and Mrs. E. N. Henderson. They leave in November for Fontainebleau, where the W/C joins the staff of AAFCEHQ.

W/C and Mrs. Henderson were presented with an exquisite souvenir spoon, with the Baden Crest on the handle and "Wing Armament" inscribed in the bowl. Considering the size of the spoon (approximately 15 inches long) it is surprising that such precious materials and delicate workmanship were insisted upon. The choicest Schwarzwald pine available was used and our finest soldering iron was the engraving tool.

Needless to say, the Hendersons were overwhelmed by the sheer magnificence of the gift. The W/C immediately put it to use to stir his three litre "snifter" of beer.

The party also afforded us the pleasant opportunity to welcome Squadron Leader John Begg and his wife, Joy, who recently arrived from the Rockcliffe Wheel House, AMCHQ, with their son, Brian. Squadron Leader Begg takes over as Wing Arm O when W/C Henderson departs.

All present were pleased that Group Captain and Mrs. Christmas and Wing Commander and Mrs. Stabler accepted our invitation and joined in the fun. Everyone seemed to enjoy himself and we proudly point out the complete lack of difficulties. Salute to the Committee.

## Latest Gen From Telecom

by LAC Chris Black

For the past few months, a construction job in the form of a much needed extension to Telecom HQ's has been under way. What with the banging of hammers, tearing down partitions, compression drills, and the running up of sabres next door, the Telecom personnel of Bldg 9 have had quite a time, especially the telephone operators. This is all history now; all personnel and furniture have been moved in and once again things are quiet and peaceful, save for the occasional ruffle of papers.

Rumour has it that trade boards will now be a bi-annual event. However LACs Isabel, Guillemaud, Watamaniuk and Larue have successfully completed their trade board writing days. Congratulations men.

F/L Scott, an ardent stamp collector, may be seen making an occasional trip to Central Registry in hopes of locating rare stamps. But it seems other people are aware of this fact and competition is becoming quite keen.

LAC (fender basher) Guillemaud has acquired himself a car, but his micro wave friends keep checking his fenders daily.

For some unknown reason, Cpl Lowe spends his coffee breaks in Bldg 9, these days. Might there possibly be some attraction over there or could it be romance in the air?

LAW Marie (the blonde) Vergouwen, is taking her crib-playing quite seriously these days, with a guy nicknamed Bunker (no comment, maybe she likes the game).

LAC Pierre Langlois has given civvy street a lot of thought. Says he could get employment with the Greyhound bus lines, but is looking for something more suited to him.

This month we bid farewell to LACs Sandford and Foreman, who will long be remembered and missed. Welcome to LAW E Watson, Cpl E Kinzel, LAC DG Mageau and Miss Barbara Skura, who is back with us again. The very best to you all and we hope your stay here is a pleasant one.

# ORCHIDS AND LEMONS

by FS Harry Kane

## This Month's Lemon



A lemon to all those persons who take so little interest in the operations of their own clubs and messes that they never attend a meeting. These people are invariably the most critical members, but the only place you hear their criticism is in the washroom. You never see these people on a committee, taking part in sports, or doing anything but gripe about the results of other peoples' work.

## This Month's Orchid



Our orchid goes this month to the GCA Section generally for a fine job well done, and to Sgt Pete Petit in particular for being a genial, thorough-going workman. Among other things, Pete has the knack of minimizing troubles and convincing people in ticklish situations that things maybe aren't quite so bad. Pete is well liked socially and is in the middle of things when anything starts moving in his Mess.

### Corporals' Club Notes

by Corporal E. Haddad

Since the last edition the club has had some more very fine recreational evenings. As in the other messes, we had a Hallowe'en dance which was a tremendous success, with well over two hundred persons attending, and ninety percent in costume. There were prizes for the best male and female, and the most comical. It was a difficult decision with so many original get-ups, however the judges with their infinite wisdom did a good job. There were also spot dances with very good prizes; the lunch served by the mess hall staff was very excellent, consisting of fried chicken and shoe string potatoes. The band outdid themselves, playing until 0100 hrs, they felt quite important on their new bandstand.

The last mess meeting saw an election with several members taking up new positions. The present P. M. C. is Cpl Pruden and Vice is Cpl Lang.

The committee has planned a stag for the 18th November, a mess dinner sometime in the early part of December, and naturally a dance for New Years' Eve...

As a final word. To find out how a democratic vote is taken for nomination... ask Cpl Eddy Dohme from C. E. how long it took him to be voted in as housing officer...

### Maintenance Memorandum

by CPL DS CHISHOLM

Last month this hangar, along with some of the other sections, was lit up by brilliant lighting while the movie cameras churned away, as a few of our people made their debut for the silver screen. Any moment now we expect a flock of talent scouts to come charging into our hangar; however, we aren't holding our breath. Apparently the finished picture is designed to lure a few of the fairer sex into the service. Here's hoping it works.

Volleyball and badminton occupied a few of our dwindling idle hours last month. Cpl Moir and his crew are developing the art of dodging the wild balls that seem attracted to his bay. LACs Farlow and Godin have left us for good with fond memories of the farewell party held in their honour at the Canada bar.

The two boy-wonders, LACs Craig and Horncastle, are increasing their knowledge for their next stab at the trade examinations due in December. Speaking of trade examinations, congratulations are due to LACs Firlotte, Kelly, Clements and Proctor, who successfully tried the last exams.

Word has it that the pin boys at the bowling alley breathed a sigh of relief when they heard LAC Cannonball Comeau would be at 3 (F) Wing for a while.

The Wing Maint hotshots suffered another blow when Cpl Stouffer checked into the hospital to give the prescribed rest cure to his Yellow Jaundice. It was very unfortunate timing, in that his wife left Baden-Baden hospital the day following, and he might miss the qualifying exams that are due very soon. Here's to a rapid recovery, Norm.

Another temporary departure from these parts is LAC Brandon, who is away to Rabat for a month or two.

## Technical Services

(This section came into being in October 1954, and is headed by F/O G. S. Crosby and FS A. Whiskin. The Technical Services Section includes nine different trades and comprises Wing Workshops, Ground Handling, Safety Equipment, Carpentry Shop and Battery Shop.)

### WORKSHOPS

by Sgt Ed Huston

No news is generally accepted as good news, but with the Flieger deadline rapidly approaching, the lack of interesting news items can be embarrassing for a section reporter. Such are the conditions that prevail in Wing Workshops. However, there are a few items this month that should be reported.

In the new arrivals department we have Raymond Jones — Master Raymond Jones that is, born to Cpl & Mrs. Jones on 16 Oct. Congratulations!

An air of mystery still surrounds our last Workshops stag, and the whole story will probably never be known. Being unable to attend the party himself, your reporter nevertheless made it a point to interview each member who did attend, for these section stags usually produce some worthwhile copy. The evasive answers received after this last caper have led this reporter to believe that the boys really enjoyed themselves.

Cpl Claude Gray is back in the Machine shop following a week of leave, and Cpl Al Snider is on his way to the coast to pick up his wife in Le Havre.

LAC Slim Murphy is presently in hospital, and we all wish him a speedy recovery from his illness.

### Ground Handling News

by LAC Cleaver

If on passing the doors of GHE you hear a roar of "Let's get on the ball there" you will know it's the mighty voice of one Sgt Soapy Sopaz, aided and abetted by his three stalwart strong arm men, Cpls Lincoln, Mooney and Sharp. Inside you will find all the rest of this domain frantically running around from energizer to energizer, eager to please their lord and master, and hoping for those magic words "Stand Down".

However, the section has put out a record of work over the past two months, thanks to the combined efforts of LACs McDonald, Harris, Landrville, Cashmore, Palmer, Smith, Baker and Gratton. A few more days and LAC Gratton will be leaving us, to return to the Maintenance Hangar. To play badminton we presume.

By the way, speaking of games, if any of you happen to see the broken remains of corn brooms strewn around the section it is only because of the latest craze called "broom-ball".

Oh, I forgot to tell you what I do here — in the terms of the section I "transcribe".

One final item: An open challenge from us to any and all sections for the broom-ball championship.

### Safety Equipment News

by Cpl M. Bush

I guess the thing that caused the most stir around here last month was when the National Film Board came and took movies. They had more equipment than enough. It took about two hours to set up and five minutes to explain the script to the cast. A cast of not hundreds, not thousands, but six. The shooting was all over but the shouting in about 30 seconds. Just how realistic the actors will look on film I don't know, because quite a bit of artistic license was taken. But you gotta keep the wheels happy.

There were no promotions in this section on the first of October. We figured there would have been at least a couple, but no such luck. Better luck next time fellas.

Congratulations to LACs Benny Beniot and Jim Dwyer, who passed their trade boards, giving them a group three apiece.

Cpl Tessie Verreault is back off leave, having made a tour of the UK with some friends of hers, and LAC Beniot is home again after a pleasant spot of T.D. to Metz.

LAC Jim Dwyer has returned from leave in Italy with reports of good weather down there, while LAC Gorgie Law is down at Rabat on detachment.

## Supply Section News

by Cpl Rose Matei

During the past few months we've had numerous calls and enquiries that went something like this; "Say, how about some news from Supply? There must be lots of exciting happenings there". "Don't we rate a write-up in the Flieger?" queried one timid airman, "I'd like to see my name in print."

So-o-o, F/O Third walked into the office the other day, pointed his finger at me — and I volunteered!

F/O Third, by the way, has just recently arrived from 1 Air Division Headquarters, and is having a great time figuring out the value of the Deutschmark. We hope you and your wife will have a pleasant time here.

Our welcome mat is also out to Cpl Nickerson from Greenwood, Cpl Lightfoot from Winnipeg, Cpl Strickland from Downsview, LAC McPhee from Montreal and LAC Chapados from St. Huberts. It's nice to see new smiling faces, fellas, and we hope you'll like it here.

A small going-away party was held a little while ago as we said Au Revoir to F/L Curtin, who departed for Metz, Sgt Jock Crawford who has gone to AMC, Cpl Len Bateman to Winnipeg, Cpl Guy Clavette to St. Huberts and last but not least Cpl Ed Demone, who was overjoyed with his transfer to Greenwood. Musical mugs were presented to Jack, Ed, Len and Guy, while F/L Curtin is now the proud owner of a picnic suitcase, which has been put to good use on weekend visits back to good old 4 Wing.

Connie Olson (after all, I am a Corporal!) from Tech Group is slowly but surely coming down with a case of the jitters as THE DAY draws nearer. With Fire Prevention Week just over, Connie decided the best thing to do was to have a fireman around the house. We take this opportunity to wish you both the very best of luck and all the happiness in the world, Connie and Don.

Oh yes, a very important project was just completed in Barrack Stores. You may have noticed two volunteers working away diligently in Building 4 under the careful supervision of FS Kane, while boxes and boxes of "the stuff" were being carefully stamped and passed on to the assembly line. Thanks, Joe and Satch, for a job well done.

It's nice to see F/L Smith and LAC Ken Young back from England, where F/L Smith lectured on various uses, types and colours, etc. of POL.

Peggy Major and Isabel Lundstrom are just bubbling over with reports of the wonderful eleven days they spent in sunny Italy. We don't know whether it was the unique architectural scenery which impressed the girls, or the other type of scenery which walks around. They tell me the bus tours down there are wonderful.

Senoritas Cec Klinowski and Rose Matei have just returned from a two week drive through Spain. Driving through the quaint Spanish towns and cities and beautiful countryside was most enjoyable, and the weather was ideal for swimming in the Mediterranean.

Sgt McEachern and LAC George Moore have left for a short tour of duty in Rabat, and both have promised sensational sun tans and multi souvenirs

Cpl Prince doesn't seem to care for barrack life any more, and wasted no time in sending for his wife and family. Spouse and children arrived on the Homeric on November 1st.

Lastly, I overheard a remark by Cpl Mac McKenzie the other day; "I'm the boss in my house, and I can come out from under the table whenever I feel like it."



## 422 GETS INTO THE ACT

During the visit of the National Film Board team to Baden-Soellingen three weeks ago, they shot a number of sequences as background to the life of airwomen in Germany.

Mr Ian MacNeill is shown directing one such scene at 422 Dispersal during a rapid turn-round demonstration. Mr Bob Humble is busy behind the camera.

The film, which is being taken in colour, is intended for WD recruiting purposes, and features Cpl Elaine Harrington of Station Foymount, PQ, as the principal character.

### Accounts Chatter

by LAW L. H. Puurola

The new face brightening up the accounts section is pert AW1 Flo Williams who hails from 1 SD, Calgary. "Auf Wiedersehen" was bade Corporals Ethel Wallace and Earl McChesney. Ethel retired to devote her twenty-seven hour day to catering to the whims and fancies of hubby, and, I hear from reliable sources, a stork is hovering over the Wallace abode. Earl left for 1 Air Div AU, and all those supplementary allowances and living-out privileges that go with that particular transfer.

Jaguars may be the pride of the rat race on the road, but they are not especially good as submarines as our Sergeant "Frogman" Martel discovered one foggy night when he found himself at the cold and wet bottom of the Rhine. Through his quick thinking (these on-the-ball accounts types, you know) he unwound the window, pulled out his companion, and swam ashore to safety.

Seems the trend is for vacationers to head for Italy. LAC Joe McInnes and wife toured to Capri, while WO2 Eric Ziegler and family explored Venice. LAW Rolande Rainville is lazing away her days on a twenty-four day Mediterranean cruise with shore excursions to seven different countries. LAW Susan Timmermans, a bride of a few months, is spending a week's leave around the home and furthering her art of whipping up those scrumptious dishes! LAW Betty Krueger is still under treatment at the 3 Wing Hospital... hope to see you up and around soon, Betty.

Two lucky souls were called away on TD — F/O Ralph Madison went on a security course to London, while LAC Mack Hersey is away at Rabat. Seven months ago, when Mack returned from Rabat laden with Arabian wares, he brought me a bag, and I'm still trying to find something to wear with it.

By the time this goes to print, I should be packing my bags and hitting for merrie England on transfer to Langar... can hardly wait to spend those hard-earned dollars on adding a few English woollens and Scottish tweeds to my well-worn wardrobe. It has been fun relaying the accounts gossip to you readers... adios, and see you in Langar!

### Gastronomique Special

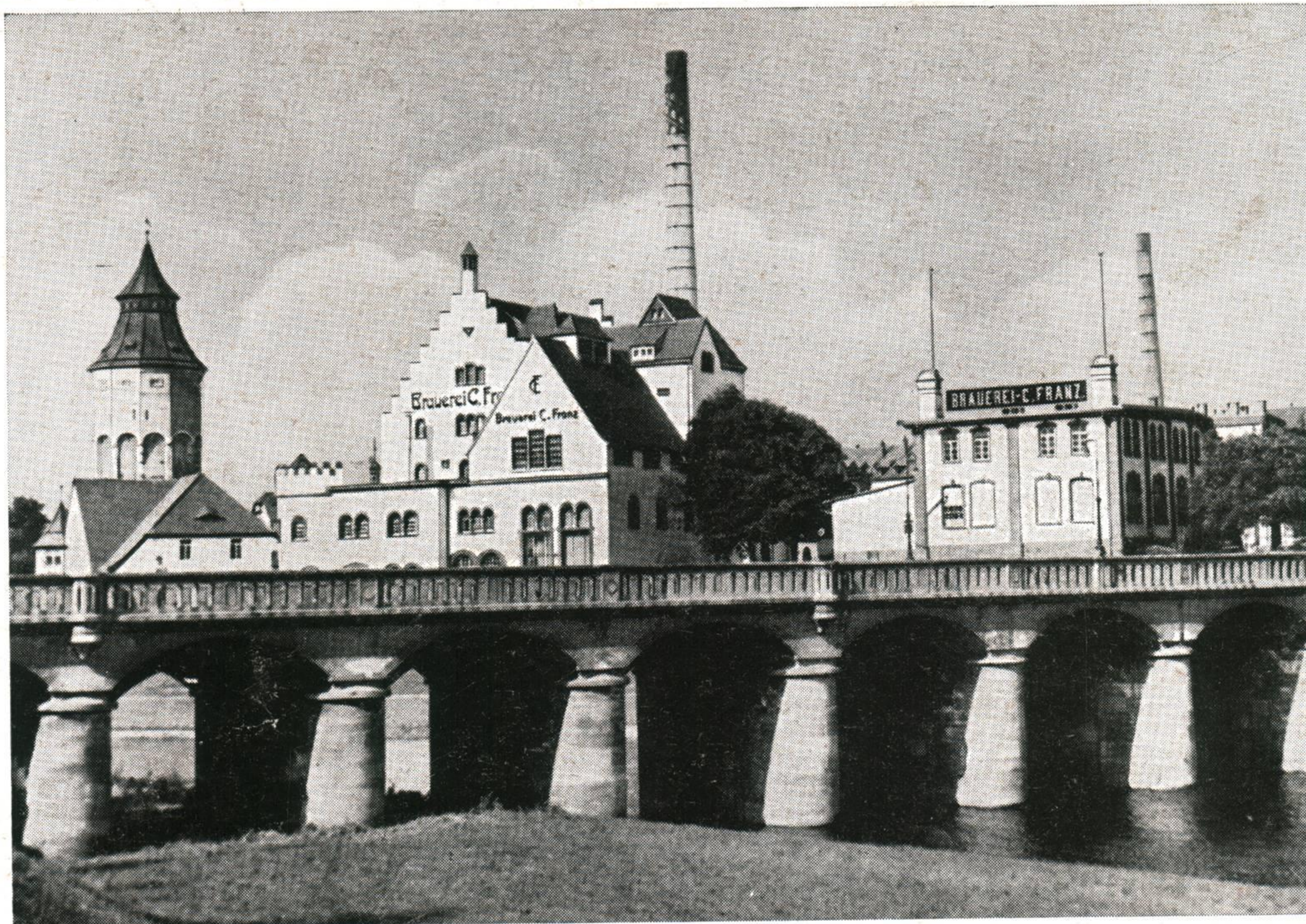
by Sgt J. H. L. Pigeon

There have been many changes in the messing staff since our last contribution some months ago. We said goodbye to WO2 Couzic, Corporals Farrell and Isenor, LACs Bullerwell, Barkwell, Procter, LePitre, Cameron and Hubbard.

At a recent food exhibition in the Baden-Baden Kurhaus and Rastatt some very ingenious and artistic displays of decorated foods were exhibited by LAC Robertson and five of our civilian cooks; Herrn Eberhardt, Orth, Weisenrider, Bess and Rissman. Other entries were sent in by leading chefs from hotels in the Baden-Baden district and the competition was stiff. Nevertheless our own chefs brought back two awards and commendations, which goes to show that nothing but the best is to be found in our messes. We are very proud of their achievements.

With the approach of the holiday and party season, our staff will be working hard behind the scenes to bring you the very best in foods and provide a touch of home away from home. We shall do our best to take care of your (if you'll pardon the expression) stomachs just as well as any good mother, so you can look forward to some real good Essen.

We'll finish by quoting a question from the last Trade Board for cooks: "If it takes two cans of peas for a 20 pound stew, how many beans are there in a canapé?" (By the way, none of our boys failed!).



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