

Schwarzwald- Flieger



FOOTBALL - SOELLINGEN VS SCHWARZACH MAY 1 - 1956 (PHOTO BY LAW BALL)

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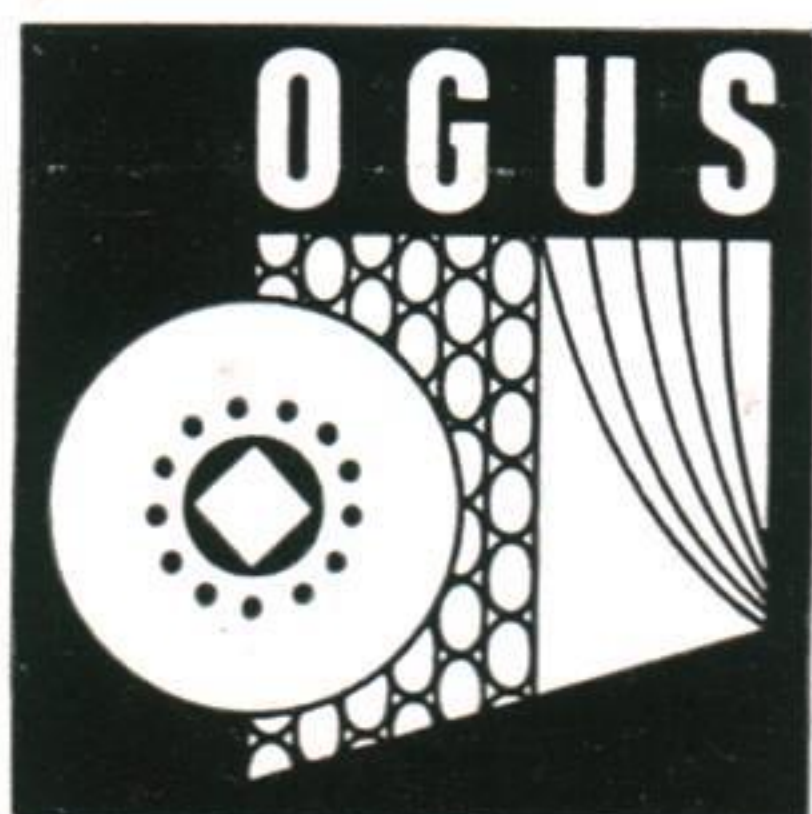


BADEN - SOELLINGEN
G E R M A N Y

VOLUME III • MAY 1956 • NUMBER 5



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This Month's Cover Story

May Day Celebrations in Germany

During our stay here in Germany a great number of traditions and local celebrations at various times throughout the year create in our mind a desire to know more about these customs.

While in school we quite often celebrated on May 1st with a Maypole, dancing and singing around it, little realizing that this custom was carried out in Europe not only by children but grown-ups also and that May 1st is celebrated as a national holiday throughout Europe.

This month our cover picture depicts a May Day football game in Soellingen. Every village and town has a football team and the sport is followed avidly comparable to hockey in Canada. Our picture on this page shows a celebration of May Day in Bavaria.

The celebration of May Day has been carried on for centuries in Germany. It is essentially the working man's holiday and in keeping with the custom, workers celebrate the day with traditional jovial festivities. To the enthusiasm of the entire population a Maypole or a spruce (Mai-baum), wreathed with flowers and streamers, is erected in all town and village-centres, around which merry-makers



Schwarzwald-Flieger

(Black Forest Flyer)

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dance and sing. The tree symbolizes the awakening of new life as well as the victory of light over winter darkness. Some young men present a gaily decorated tree to their girl-friends as a token of love. Trees are also placed in front of the town-hall and vicarage by the inhabitants in honour of their mayor and priest.

In Baden-Baden a Maypole is decorated with all the emblems of the various trades and a wreath of fir crowns the top. In the Pfalz (Palatinate) an adorned tree is perched on the roof top. In some districts of the Rhine Valley a harrow is tied upon a mast to remind the peasants that no work is to be done. The Bavarians cut down the largest spruce to be found in their community, fetch it secretly in the night and hide it in their village. The neighbouring villagers try to steal each others trees, which can be recaptured, and whoever is left without one in the morning has to pay for a 100 liter barrel of beer, which is shared jovially. In Northern Germany boys and girls frolic around a young birch tree on the market square.

As a deviation to placing a Maytree in front of their girl-friends' houses, young men, whose love has been spurned, leave a bundle of sticks, unhook the window shutters, or block up the chimney, all in the spirit of the occasion.

Throughout Germany this is day of rest, songs and dances, hiking and merry-making.

A FOX HUNT... SANS CHEVAL

by F/O DS Miller

Whose imagination has never been sparked at the thought of joining a fox hunt? On April 15th, some of the station personnel and their families happily took advantage of the opportunity of joining a local version sponsored by the DVM Motor-Sports Club of Durmersheim.

The local fox hunt differed from the traditional English version in that a car or motorcycle is substituted for the horse, and the drivers' keen eyes take the place of the sensitive nose of the fox-hound.

Cars and motorcycles, filled with eager children and sharp eyes, left the starting point at three minute intervals. At first the course seemed very easy. All one had to do was follow the arrows marking the route which was only 80 kilometers long. Rules stated that cars arriving at the finish line after 5 p. m. were disqualified. A cinch — you only had to average about 25 km an hour. With this in mind most of the drivers blithely went along full of confidence. Suddenly they came to a fork in the road. Which way to go? The driver says right; the navigator says left — and pandemonium reigns. If the wrong turn is taken, the mistake goes unnoticed for several kilometers, until the complete lack of arrows (remember?) is noticed. By the halfway mark, most of the cars were backtracking at least one kilometer for every three kilometers forward.

The course extended between Durmersheim and Iffezheim in a line towards the Rhine, and ended in a wooded area. Somewhere in a square kilometer was a fox's tail, with a man substituting for the fox itself.

As soon as the cars arrived at this area, the hunters piled out and began to search mercilessly for the "fox". Men and children were every where — peering into hollow logs, under piles of brush and in every conceivable place — and some inconceivable — in which a fox could hide. A real fox was sighted and vanished with a flicker of his tail.

Suddenly a shout went up. "I found it!" Indeed the fox and his tail had been discovered. S/L Ritch's son Bob, walking along a road passed a pile of gravel and curiously

noted a pipe extending above the surface. Suspecting nothing, he gave it a tug, and was rewarded by a voice saying "I give up. You've found me." When the gravel had been scooped away, the fox (or man and tail) was found in a wooden box.

After Bob had posed triumphantly for the camera with his prize, the party returned to the Gasthaus Zum Adler for the presentation ceremony. Later in the evening a dance was held for the hunters. S/L and Mrs. Ritch there upheld the family honour (reluctantly) in a solo dance for the many enthusiastic people present.



Bobby Ritch locates the elusive "fox". (Photo by F/O D Miller)

The whole day was a grand success. All those who participated learned quite a bit about alertness and frustration. The newcomers to the sport are most certainly looking forward eagerly to next year's contest, and will bear in mind that if the fox should prove to be too elusive, there is always ample opportunity to work out a new strategy in any gasthaus en route.

NEWS BREVITIES

Radio Station CRBS may soon be in for a rejuvenation programme if a current proposal to replace its present transmitters with new German broadcast equipment bears fruit. How much fruit it is likely to bear will depend largely on the cost entailed and the magnanimity of Station Fund. The purchase of new equipment would be a welcome follow up to the renovations recently completed in the radio station's premises.

Plans for Air Force Day 1956 were still not firmed up at press time, although they are expected to follow the lines of last year to a large degree. Air Force Day this year will be observed on Saturday, June 9th.

The firm of Alkit Ltd. has now established its Soellingen Branch firmly in the Education Centre building, and is able to offer ladies' and men's tailoring services, English materials and items of uniform apparel.

The next commercial enterprise on the station will be the banking facilities which are to be set up in the foyer of the Cinema by the Bank of Montreal. No date for the inauguration of this much needed service has been set so far.

Seventy-five pairs of rubber-wheeled roller skates are on order for the station store as the plans for utilising the pavement surface of the ice arena as a summer roller skating rink start to materialise. The arena will also double as an outside dance hall during the warm weather season, with the first dance date scheduled for around May 21st.

Headquarters staff will be re-packing their bags and files again towards the end of this month, when the trek back to the Administration Building starts. They will relinquish their temporary quarters in the Ground Defence Centre for their re-modelled and redecorated home, which has been the scene of much hammering, chiselling and plastering during the past few weeks.

THIRTY DAYS ANNUAL LEAVE

Egypt - Jordan - Syria - Lebanon

by Cpl Flo Brucker

Out of the mysterious darkness of their thousand years' sleep, Tutankhamon and the beautiful Nefertiti call. They invite you to lay your tribute at their feet, to admire the majestic and imperishable works that their predecessors and successors have left as a legacy to posterity.

The charming land of Egypt awaits with its eternally mild climate, its legendary cities, its magnificent sunsets reflected in the warm waters of the Nile. Tapering minarets pierce the blue sky like arrows. The air, wafting the melancholy prayer of the muezzin, is filled with exotic scents. The pyramids, like dumb witnesses, watch from the fringe of the desert the passing of civilizations.

From Egypt, with a short two hours' flight, you can visit the holy cities of Jerusalem and Bethlehem, the cradle of Christianity, that saw the birth of Jesus, that were present at His Miracles, at His Passion, and Death, and continuing your voyage you can also visit Damascus, the fascinating door of the East, and the imposing ruins of Baalbeck.

Imagine missing the train at Baden-Oos when starting a fascinating trip like this. Well, we did it, (we are Marie Stewart and Flo Brucker), and had to catch the next train to Basel, where we again had to run furiously to make our connections. But finally we arrived in Genoa where our tour was to start. By this time it seemed as if we would never get there at all.

In Genoa, after a strictly informal tour of the city by a man who had only been asked the way to a good restaurant, Marie and I boarded the MS Esperia and set sail across the Mediterranean to Naples. The boat was lovely, our cabin was cosy, the food was wonderful, and our fellow passengers were all interesting and friendly. A Jordanese diplomat on board recognized us from our passport pictures which he had seen when he signed our visas in the consulate at Rome.

Naples was our first port of call, and the start of a tour to the excavated city at Pompeii. Syracuse was next and Marie and I had a wonderful time walking around the strange city.

Early in the morning on our fourth day out, everyone was up and feeling excited. We were to dock at Alexandria. The usual shuffle and scramble with baggage, passport and visas, found Marie and I taking pictures on the top deck while everything was straightened out by the Jolley Agency who conducted the tour. After disembarking, we left by bus for Cairo. This ride gave us our first glimpse of the desert and confirmed our earlier impression that Egypt was a crowded land of beauty, noise and colour. Burnoose and fez were worn everywhere, and we were fully conscious of being in a completely different culture.

Cairo is a city of contrasts — old and new, bright and dingy, rich and poor. One senses a movie-like excitement in the crowds of people with different coloured skins and different costumes. At our hotel, we were greeted by a clerk in a bright purple burnoose, who handed us each a lovely bouquet of flowers. After cleaning up and eating a fantastic lunch we were taken to see the Great Sphinx. That same evening we went to a cabaret to see an original Egyptian Belly-dancer. I almost expected to see Humphrey Bogart or Charles Boyer sitting somewhere near.

Ishmal, our guide, took us to the Egyptian Museum the next morning where we saw the treasure of Tutankhamon, the child king, including his chariot, coffin and household goods, all made out of solid gold, and encrusted with precious stones. There were also numerous mummies there. From the museum, we went to the Syna-

gogue of Benazra, to the Mosque of Mohammed Aly and Sultan Hazzan, to the Muslim University of Al Azhar and to the Dead City of Old Cairo. Here we visited the cave where Mary and Joseph came with the Child Jesus when they fled from Bethlehem. We followed our guide through a small opening, where, before we realized it, we came to a tiny, ancient chapel. Here a wizened priest showed us parchments which were supposed to be the first copies made from the tablets which Moses brought down from Mount



Taken at the completion of our Camel Cavalcade from the Famous Mena House in Cairo. The famous sphinx and the Cheops Pyramid the largest in Egypt

Sinai. The script was barely legible, and the parchments were yellow and cracked with age. In an adjoining room, another small altar was built in the place where Joseph and Mary had slept.

From here we went to the Bazaars of Khan Khalil. Our way took us through a very old part of the city where the streets were crowded with donkeys, goats, dogs, ragged children running everywhere and begging constantly, and hundreds of vendors selling everything from melons to brass-ware. Finally we arrived at Lucky's, a specialty shop for tourists. I bought a piece of brocade, which the owner assured me was the very finest and original. Marie bought herself a lovely Alexandrite ring. We left there \$60.00 poorer and returned to our hotel to prepare for our over-night journey by train to Luxor.

In Luxor we drove to our hotel, The Winter Palace, in a horse-drawn carriage. This hotel was one of the most amazing and beautiful we had ever seen. Huge balconies looked over the Nile, and we were invited to rest in darkened rooms with lace-canopied beds. Breakfast was an experience with numerous waiters in colourful native dress hovering everywhere in the beautiful salons. Our sight-seeing started at Karnak with the Avenue of the Sphinxes, the Basilisks, and the sacred lakes of the temp-

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les. Our guide explained the history of everything we saw and read some of the hieroglyphics to us. Outstanding in our memories is the history of the god Amor Ahrra, the Sun God, who is usually pictured wearing a feathered headdress. After our curiosity got the better of us, we were told that the sphinxes were made with a lion's body for strength and a ram's head for fertility. History seemed to come to life as we wandered among these ancient remains in the heat and dust.

The next day we sailed across the Nile in a small yacht to visit the sugar-cane plantations and from there across the hilly, rocky country to Thebes, the Valley of the Kings, and the Valley of the Queens. In the Valley of the Kings we visited to the tomb of Tutankhamon and saw his mummy in its original gold casing. This valley was the burial place for many of the major Egyptian monarchs, and some had been moved here by priests from their pyramids to foil grave robbers.

After spending a short while in the garden of the hotel later that evening, we went back to Cairo. After breakfast the next morning we went to the Menna House where we mounted camels for a bumpy, bruising ride to the Great Pyramid of Cheops. After our return to the Menna House we sat on the terrace and watched the people streaming by. Tourists from all parts of the world were in evidence, along with all manner of local people.

The next day we had to get up at 4 a. m. to get our plane for Jerusalem, across the Red Sea and over Mount Sinai. In Jerusalem, our guide pointed out the wall which divided the city, which is in Jordan, from Israel. We were now in the Holy Land.



Miss Jean Ling-Lee and The Writer in Luxor touring through the Avenue of Sphinxes



Mario our guide, Marie and myself and the Egyptian Dancer in the Sinbad Cave in Cairo

That afternoon we found ourselves on David Street which leads up to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This street is typical of the lanes of old Jerusalem, which no motor traffic can ever invade. It is a dark and cool street; sometimes the sun, slanting down into its depths, falls in a dazzling pool on a pile of oranges, melons, cucumbers and other vegetables. All around are booths with all sorts of fascinating merchandise. As we were wending our way amongst the natives and donkeys, Tony, our guide, explained the stations of the cross and pointed out doors on which the numbers were marked in Arabic. At home, one always thinks of Jesus in Heaven, but in Jerusalem, one thinks of Him walking the dusty, white roads. The Via Dolorosa, on which Jesus carried the cross, led to a gate in a wall, on the other side of which was a large courtyard. At the far end stands the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is almost exactly as the Crusaders left it 800 years ago. We sat on a stone bench running the length of the courtyard and watched the people going in and out. In the centre of the courtyard was a stall hung with rosaries and brightly coloured pictures of the life of Christ. Everywhere were monks in white habits.

Just inside the porch of the church, to the left as you go in, was a wooden divan spread with carpets and cushions, on which reclined a calm, aristocratic man with a neatly trimmed beard, a turban and a long black robe. Tony explained that he was one of the Muslim door-keepers whose family had been entrusted with the task of locking the Holy Sepulchre by Saladin.

Once inside the Church, we were at first confused by its difficult lay-out. There is so much to see you don't know which way to look, so you look everywhere at once and understand nothing. It is essentially a round church with Christ's Tomb in the centre. A short distance away is another chapel, higher than the rest of the church, which is built on the top of the Hill of Golgotha. Another church stands behind this, known as the Chapel of St. Helena from which steps lead down into the rock cistern where the Mother of Constantine found the cross. The whole church is built on Calvary and around the Garden tomb of Joseph of Arimathaea, which was in the place where He was Crucified.

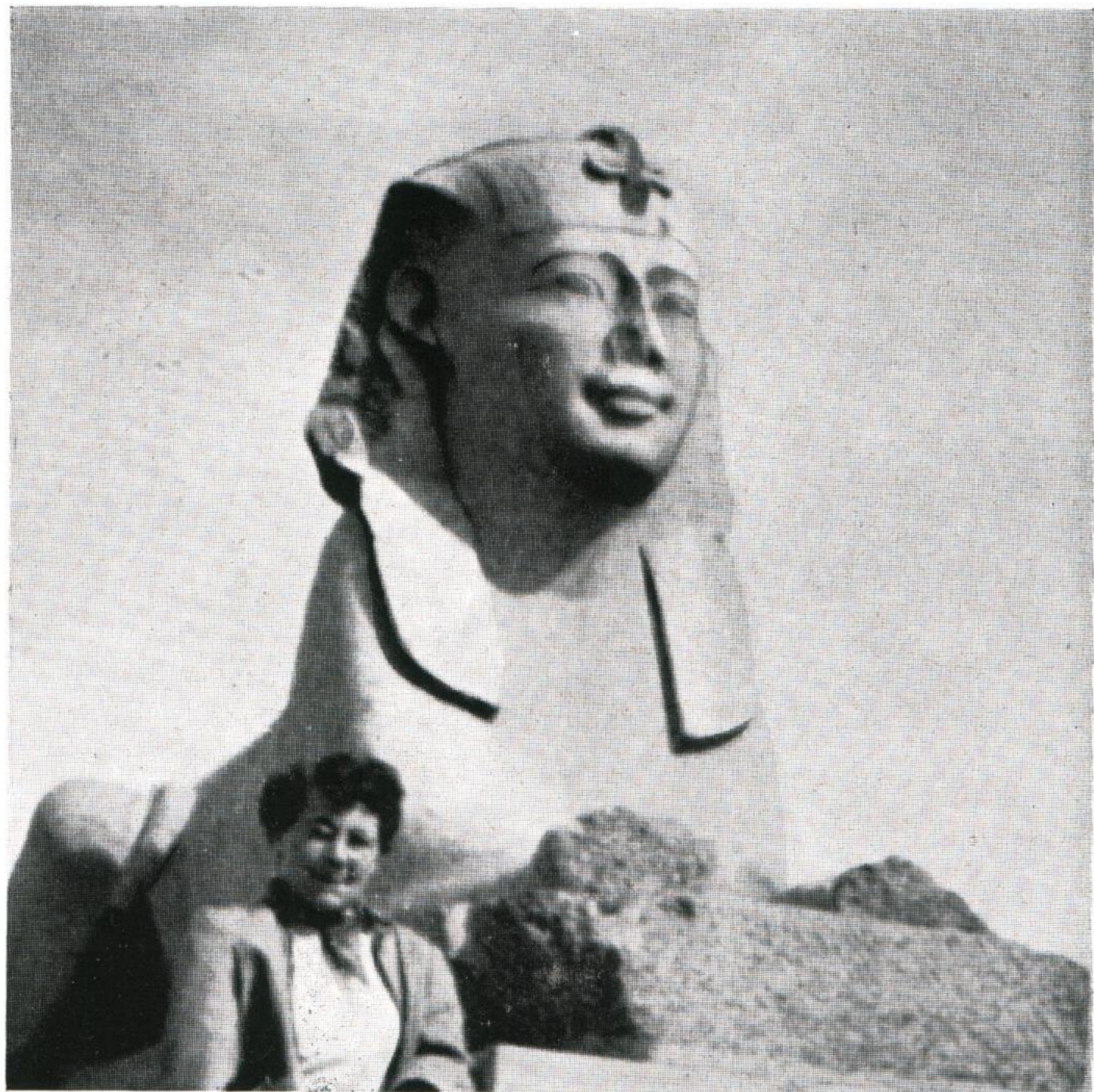
Extreme devotion has the same effect as extreme neglect here. There is an over-whelming impression of darkness, and the decay of wood, rock and iron is fantastic. Passages were so dark that we had to light matches to see down them. Pictures on the wall were rotting or completely bleached white, but unmoved. Everywhere there is a confusion of pillars and passages, and of underground caves and passages.

The Church has a richness and flamboyance reminiscent of the Eastern rather than the Western churches.

After some minutes one realizes that this is Calvary, the place of the Crucifixion and the Holiest place on Earth.

One of the most difficult things to understand is the divided ownership of the Holy Sepulchre. The shrines within the Church are divided among five different religious groups: the Greek Orthodox, the Armenian, the Coptic, the Syrian and the Latin, which represents all the Western churches. Perched on the roof are the Abyssinians who have been forced out by over-crowding.

The Tomb of Our Lord and the Rotunda in which it stands are common property and each of the churches has the right to hold processions and celebrate masses there on different occasions. Before entering the tomb we were handed candles and went in, finding ourselves in a very small space. The tomb is only about 6 by 6½ feet and only two or three people can enter at once. From the ceiling hung numerous small lamps which belong to the different churches. We lingered in the tomb for several minutes watching the flickering of the candles and the swinging of the lamps.



Cpl Flo Brucker in Cairo at the foot of the Famous Lady Sphinx

We were then led around some pillars and entered the Greek Temple where several monks were saying mass. As we left the Temple, Tony pointed out the stained glass windows which had been donated by various countries. All around us were people going into the different chapels. One Muslim was making his ablutions before worshipping and Tony explained that he was washing his mouth, hands and feet, and ears three times in the belief that he was washing away all evil he could have spoken, touched or tread upon, or heard before he came in.

As we came out into the sunshine we heard more chanting and were advised to look upward to a minaret where the muezzin was standing in his little railed-in balcony and calling the people to prayer. We listened and could hear him say "Allah akbar, Allahuakbar, Allah akbar, ashadu an la ilaha illa-lla, asadua, anna Muhammed-arrasulullah... hayya, allassala" (Allah is great, testify that there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is His Prophet... Come to Prayer). As the muezzin calls he does not cup his hands to his mouth, as the artist usually depicts him, but cups them behind his ears, with the palms to the front.

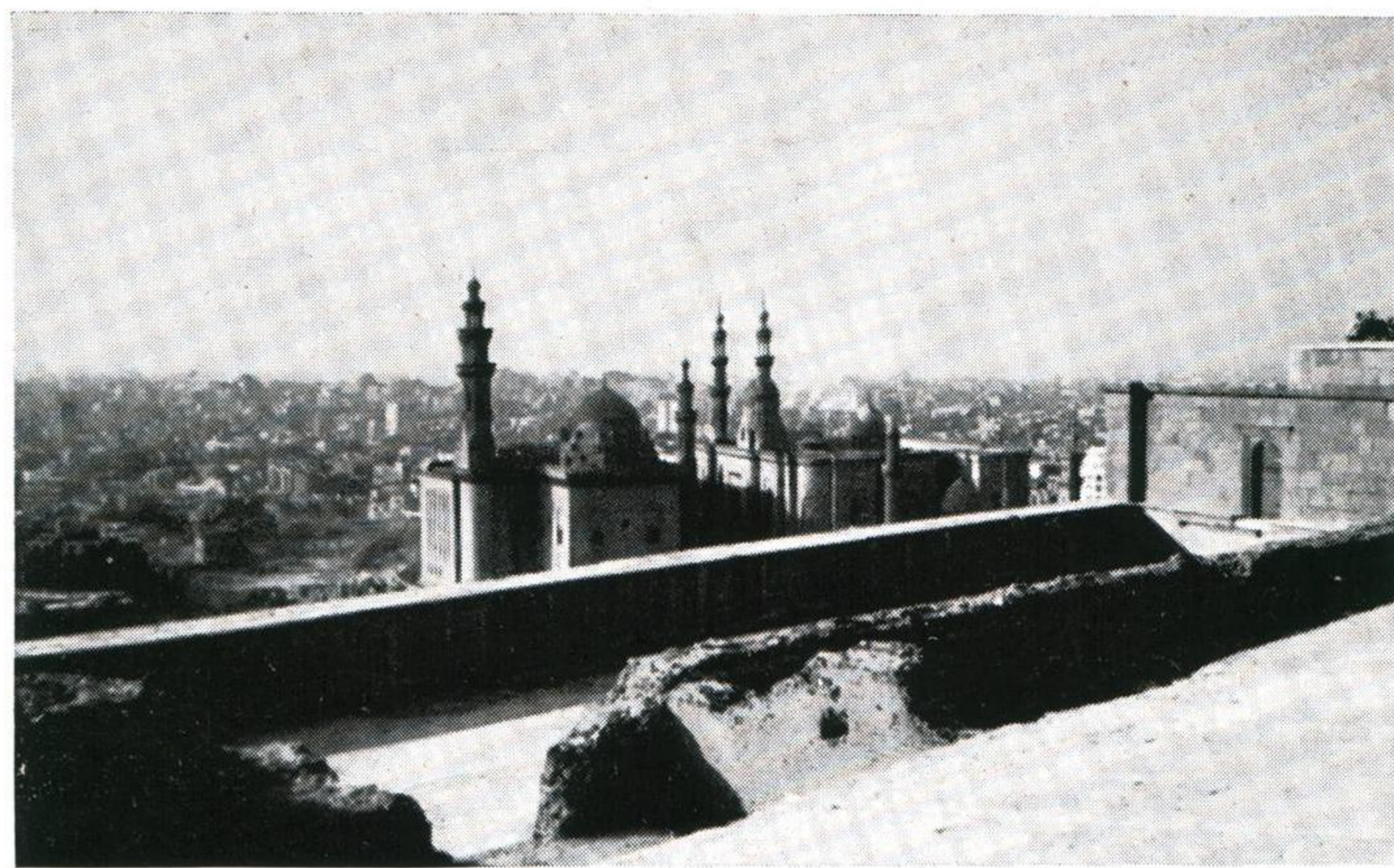
In Jerusalem we were shown all kinds of places which may be opened for doubt — such as the very spot on

which the cock crowed when Peter denied his Lord — but one looks at them with respect for the piety which created them.

Later, we were taken to another doorway which was presently opened by a monk clad in dark robes. In front of us was a very small garden, with eight olive trees encircled by masses of brightly-coloured flowers. There were several small new shoots growing from the old trees, which were propped up with ramparts of stones and poles. Time had not altered this little garden where Jesus spent that last Thursday night with His disciples. Behind the garden we could see the yellow wall which was the sight of the triumphal entry into the City. As we left the monk handed us a followed slip of paper in which we found an olive leaf and a small flower, from this, The Garden of Gethsemane.

That afternoon we visited the Wailing Wall, the Dome of Rock and the Mount of Olives. We came to the Wailing Wall at the end of a narrow winding lane. It stood about sixty feet high and stretched for about fifty yards. This is believed to be the only fragment of the Temple wall which the soldiers of Titus did not destroy after the siege. We were not allowed to take pictures here. On the other side of the Wall we could see the magnificent white and gold walls of the Temple of the Dome of the Rock. As we entered the temple, we were given enormous slippers to wear over our shoes. Tony explained that this shrine is unquestionably the most exquisite building in Jerusalem. It is eight-sided with the domes erected on magnificent tinted rock quarried in Egypt. These columns were taken by the Muslims from Roman Jerusalem, and some of them still carry the sign of the cross. The stained windows were perfect. In the centre of the temple is an intricate screen behind which stands the Living Rock, a huge unsmoothed slab, of shining black marble. It is as improbable there as a ton of coal in the middle of a living-room floor. As we left the temple, the guardian reverently showed us a golden casket in which were preserved two hairs from Mahomet's beard. The favourite stories of the guardian are about the Prophet rising to heaven from the rock on his steed, El-Baruk, and about the sound of the waters of the flood which can sometimes be heard under the rock.

Shortly afterwards, we found ourselves climbing the Mount of Olives. First a minaret, then a dome or two appeared above us. As we reached the top the whole city lay before us, and we stopped to view the panorama. A short distance away from the Dome of the Chapel of the Ascension, which now belongs to the Muslims, was a small round building — built in the place of the Ascension. The only thing to be seen inside it was the slab of cement — about eight feet high and four feet square — which stands on what is supposed to be the exact spot on which Jesus said goodbye to His disciples and ascended into Heaven.



A Panoramic view of the City of Jerusalem



One of King Farouk's Rest Homes in Cairo

Next morning we left Jerusalem to go to Bethlehem. Before we entered the town, we stopped to see the Valley of the Shepherds where the Angels proclaimed the Birth of Christ. In Bethlehem we visited the Basilica of the Nativity and entered the Birthplace of Christ through a doorway so low that one had to bow before entering. Here too one could detect the antiquity of the place, but it was very severe and unornamented in contrast to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This is it — the earliest Christian Church in use today, and more or less as it was built by Constantine. The Church is built above the cave which was recognized as the birthplace of Christ two centuries before Rome became a Christian state. To enter the cave you must go down a very steep flight of stairs, and the fifty-three lamps in the cave hardly lighten the gloom, although the cave is only about 14 yards long and four yards wide. Rough, smoke-blackened walls are concealed by tapestries which reek of stale incense. This church is also under divided ownership, as is the Holy Sepulchre. To the right in the floor is a star around which a Latin inscription reads: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary". To the left is a slab of wood which stands in the place of the cradle. How different is this place from the manger of ones imagination.

After leaving the Basilica of the Nativity, you find yourself in the very quiet streets of Bethlehem. We could not help but notice the strange headdress of the women which is unique. The married women wear a high head-dress with a veil covering the back and shoulders pinned under the chin. We visited many of the quiet little shops

and admired the beautiful mother of pearl artifacts made there.

The next morning we were on our way to the Dead Sea. The journey was very dry and dusty and on the way we stopped to visit the house of Martha and Mary, and the Tomb of Lazarus. We drove down the Jordan valley to the sea with the Mountains of Moab to one side, and when we finally reached the salty, inland sea, we went for a swim in the extremely buoyant water. From there we went to Jericho where we met hordes of refugees carrying their water jugs on their heads. Here again we were forbidden to take pictures. From a hill where excavation of one of the ancient Walls of Jericho was going on we could see the Mountain of Temptation where Jesus fasted for forty days and forty nights. On the Jordan River we were shown the spot where John the Baptist was supposed to have baptized Jesus Christ.

Shortly after this, our guide left us and Marie and I were on our own. We crossed the Syrian frontier and arrived in Damascus where we spent the night. The next day, during a tour of the city, we were shown St. Paul's window, where he had been lowered to escape death at the hands of his enemies, the Street called Straight, the tomb of the head of John the Baptist and the tomb of Saladin. In the brocade factories, which we also visited, I got my "very best and original" brocade, and was disappointed to learn that which I had bought in Egypt was just an imitation.

From Damascus we went to Baalbeck where we visited the Temples of Bacchus, Venus and Jupiter, the basement of the Trilithion Temple, the quarries and the catacombs, all of which were very interesting. From there we drove to Beirut to visit the American university and the University of St. Joseph, and the pigeon rocks. Here we again embarked on our boat.

The first night out at sea again was very rough, and I proved to be a very poor sailor. The next day in Alexandria again, we wandered around the streets, reluctant to return to the boat knowing that it meant our holiday would soon be over. Two days later, most of which I spent in our cabin, we arrived in Venice. Although it was rainy and foggy, we were fascinated by this magnificent city and its gondolas. We roamed around the city ourselves and fed the pigeons in St. Mark's Square.

That night our train took us back to 4 Wing, broke but happy and loaded down with souvenirs and exciting memories.

Is it possible?



TOMAHAWK

422

422 (F) Squadron

by F/O Bill Clare

IN BASKET

Finally getting some people in to replace those chaps who have been "rotated to the ZI". In the past month the following types have checked in:

F/L Paul APPERLEY, a rugged looking individual with the desperate air of a man who has spent too much time at Trenton. In pre-Air Force days Paul raced boats and stock cars and started his flying career as a crop duster pilot. Paul, his wife, Mary, and kinder, wee Mike are happily installed in PMQ's.

F/O Bill ROSS, our handsome new addition to the ranks of the **younger** married men (The Cream Of The Crop) recently arrived from Chatham and hails from Kirkland Lake, Ontario. Bill also has a wee kinder named Mike and his wife Betty is in PMQ's also.

F/O John T PRICE, of Montreal Quebec and recently from OTU Chatham, our newest "newie". John is single but has already made an impression in the mess by publicly displaying his affection for Walter the bartender! John is undergoing an extensive check out with instrument flight before being allowed to commence phase training with the squadron.

Welcome to the ranks of the best, chaps!

OUT BASKET

Temporary farewell to F/O "Slim" LaLonde, off on course to Canada and to F/O Ken McCrimmon who has had the bad luck to accompany 444 Squadron to Rabat.

This month we say a final farewell to F/O Nelson Levesque who has been with Flight Simulator and Training Flight for a long time now but who nevertheless is one of our old originals. We all wish him luck in his new posting.

We thought you all would be interested in this last bit of news: The F/L Guerins' have received a new addition to the family, a boy of some 6 lbs 2 ounces. Both Terry and Gil are doing well and we'll take this opportunity to again wish them — all the best.

OPEN WARNING TO 444

It is extremely difficult to protect one's interests when one is 1000 miles from home. Take care of our Kenneth or else! Incidentally, in what shape is your softball team???

422 GROUND CREW NEWS

by Alec Todd

CPL LLOYD RICE

Corporal Lloyd RICE is the Ground Crews' selection for a short biography. Having served with 422 Squadron in the war when it was operating with heavies, he is undoubtedly the most appropriate airman.

Lloyd first joined the airforce at London, Ontario, in August 1943 from where he was sent to Manning Depot in Toronto. On completion of his training there, he subsequently was posted to Mountain View where they had a formidable combat force, namely Ansons. However, he was not there very long and January 1944 saw Lloyd at Lachine ready to embark for overseas.

He arrived at Bournemouth, England in March and enjoyed himself basking in the beautiful English sunshine for a few weeks. But there was a war on, and very soon he was on his way to the Emerald Isle to join 422 Squadron.

At that time, 422 was using Sunderland flying boats and was stationed at Castle Archdeal in Northern Ireland. Their principle pastime was sinking enemy U-boats, and when Lloyd arrived they added a couple more to their credit.

The whole squadron moved to Pembroke Dock the following December. We can well imagine Lloyd had quite a rip-roaring time with the Welsh Lassies there. A few months later, just after VE Day, the squadron was disbanded and he was sent to another holiday resort. This time to Torquay in South Devon. His following stations were, Downhampny, Basingstoke, Topcliffe and finally Southampton. He was then transported back to his native land on the French Liner, "Ile de France".

Lloyd left the airforce soon after and worked for the Imperial Oil Company until May 1951, when he rejoined the RCAF.

After being in turn at St Jeans, P. Q., Camp Bordon, Chatham, and Whitehorse, he found his way to Baden-Soellingen and back to 422 (F) Squadron.

We wish him many happy months with us...

DAIMLER BENZ A.G.

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Airwoman of the Month

Personality of the Month

by F/O J. T. Third

This month's choice for the outstanding personality on the station is Corporal Rose Matei.

Rose was born in the small town of Hairy Hill, Alberta, where she lived until she was 16. At that time her family moved to Edmonton, where Rose finished her high school and went to McTavish Business College.

Rose had several jobs before joining the RCAF. In Edmonton she worked for the Great Western Garment Co. and for Swift Canadian Co. Ltd. When she attempted to join the airforce, she found that the Edmonton quota was filled. Undaunted, Rose moved to Vancouver, got a job as a bookkeeper, and finally joined the RCAF there.

Her basic training was taken at St. Johns, with a supply course later at Aylmer. Her first posting was to 11SD in Calgary, where she remained from June of 1952 till June of 1954. She was there when she received her overseas posting to 4 Wing.

In Supply, Rose has been working in stock control and on LPO, which brings her into contact with most of the station personnel. She received her corporal's hooks in April of 1955. Her handling of her job has been efficient and much admired, and her capabilities made obvious to all.

With regard to sporting activities, Rose names as her favourites swimming and dancing. She may be seen as an enthusiastic spectator at most of the other sporting activities.

Travelling was not entirely unknown to Rose before she came to Europe. In the summer of 1951 she took a trip to California and Mexico. However, since coming to 4 Wing, Rose has managed to travel a great deal. She has seen most of Germany and Switzerland on weekends, and has even flown to London for three days. She spent two weeks touring Italy, including Rome, Naples, Venice and Capri. She has taken a flying tour to Marseilles, Algiers, Barcelona and Palma de Mallorca. This same trip included a ride through the North African desert by bus. In October of 1955 she went, with three other girls from the station, on a car tour of Spain to Valencia, Madrid, Alicante and Barcelona.

Rose claims that Amsterdam is her favourite city. She saw it on a train tour of Holland and the Scandinavian countries, which she took in 1954.

She maintains that one of her motives for joining the RCAF was the opportunity to travel. She has certainly not been disappointed in that regard.

Rose is due to return to Canada in July. She will be sorely missed by all who know her at 4 Wing.

414



SQDN

The Black Knights

F/O Chuck Paine

The last few weeks have seen a string of parties in honour of "The Boss", S/L Ritch, who is departing for the great white castle at Metz on the 10th of May, and for F/O "Grundoon" MacDonald, who is leaving for Canada shortly. The farewell parties for S/L Ritch have been many and varied, the noteworthy one being held in the mixed lounge. The Sqdn airmen presented S/L Ritch with an engraved watch and the officers donated an air cushion. We figure both will be well used indeed. The watch for accurate coffee-breaks and the air cushion needs no explanation.

May we take this opportunity to congratulate F/O Ron Clarkson on his most meritorious conduct on the night of the third of April, in that he did not: quiver, quable, chain-smoke, pace floors, bite fingernails, or in any way show signs of fatigue or worry while awaiting the good news of his first-born. As a matter of fact, the O. O. succeeded in waking up all of BB 39 A before finally getting Ron out of bed. Very cool lad!

NOW FROM THE WORKING CLASS

by JBFDPW

Seems that a newspaper man can never live in peace. On entering the Schwan the other evening I was accosted by a gentleman of my acquaintance who informed me that his wife requested my presence at the next table. Upon arrival I was greeted by a frown of undetermined fury. "What's the idea of omitting our new arrival from the Flieger this month?" "I—I—I didn't know". "What do you think this is?" "Eh, what is it?" All joking aside, we wish to apologize to Cpl and Mrs Duncan for our blunder. Seems our new sources were not too reliable so to you our belated congratulations.

As of late the Volkswagen bus craze has hit the squadron. With F/O Swartman who led the way, Sgt Bennett (Benny the Grip), was the next to venture into the prospects of purchasing one of these monstrosities, but as yet he has not got it. Next to follow in these illustrious foot-steps is FS (The Whip) Robinson, who, having sold his car, now has to walk until receiving his laundry truck. Next thing you know we will be putting Sauerbrun out of business.

LAC Russ Gilroy — married 5 May 56 to Patrica Lodder "I wonder if she is any relation to Harry?"

Cpl "Muck" Reading — tells us he is getting married on the 31 Nov 56. We would sure like to believe that one, but we know the old poem too.

FS Robinson can now be seen applying his talents down in servicing taking the place of FS Kent, late of 414, who has gone, bless his dear soul & bell-like voice that we loved so well, to Training Flight. Self sacrifice of course, to help the needy, or should we say seedy.

Speaking of missionaries we have also sent two of our esteemed comrades, George O'Connor and Scip Cluett, into the far flung wastes of 444 territory to spread the gospel to the types that hang out down in that country.

Goodbyes are in order for LACs Al Gray, Gerry Lanouette and Ollie Jensen; hope they have a nice trip back to the land of the Maple Leaf, oh, and I almost forgot, Vancouver.

That old stool way in the back corner of the electrical section is now being used to a great extent by LAC Fred Prouse who has come to us from Wing Maint.

MONTMARTRE

A HIGHLIGHT OF PARIS

Less than one hundred years ago, one of the quiet rural suburbs of Paris was a small village known as Montmartre. Here one could find the perfect French pastoral scene; windmills, grazing cattle, green hills, vineyards etc. Later after becoming a part of the city of Paris in 1860, this sleepy little country village gained world fame as the Bohemian center of aspiring, and often successful, artists and poets. Today Montmartre is still an interesting "Ville" composed of three main and distinct sections.

The first is the section made up of the night spots. They are usually small and expensive.

The second is the area which abounds with the current poets and artists and which contains the Bohemian hang-outs. In this section you may still find the homes and haunts of such famous artists as Toulouse-Lautrec, Van Gogh, Utrillo and Picasso. The appearance of the old "Hill" streets, where at one time it was not wise to walk alone, have remained practically unchanged over the years. You may spend a very pleasant afternoon strolling through these narrow thoroughfares which are often nothing more than rocky steps clinging to the hillside.

Some interesting spots are the Place du Tertre which



One of the many artists at work on a street in Montmartre



The Sacre Coeur, which dominates the Montmartre district of Paris

has those wonderful restaurants and cafes which still retain their provincial atmosphere; Rue St-Vincent which borders the sole remaining vineyard of the "Butte" and where each year the "Mayor of Free Montmartre" leads the population in the colourful harvesting of the grapes; Rue Lepic which contains the only two remaining windmills of the village; or Rue des Saules with its famous cabaret "Le Lapin Agile" so named for Gil's rabbit and once a hangout of robbers, desperadoes and penniless artists.

The third principal section of Montmartre is centered about the Byzantine styled Basilique du Sacre Coeur or Sacred Heart. This magnificent Church, financed by popular subscription, was begun immediately after the Franco-Prussian war and completed in 1919. Situated on the highest point in Paris, the Sacre-Coeur is crowned with an imposing dome extending 230 feet above the main floor of the Church, and from the gallery which surrounds the dome, you may have an unparalleled view of Paris and the countryside. The belfry contains the famous bell "La Savoyarde", a gift of the people of Savoy, and is the second largest bell in Europe.

You will find Montmartre interesting. See for yourself.

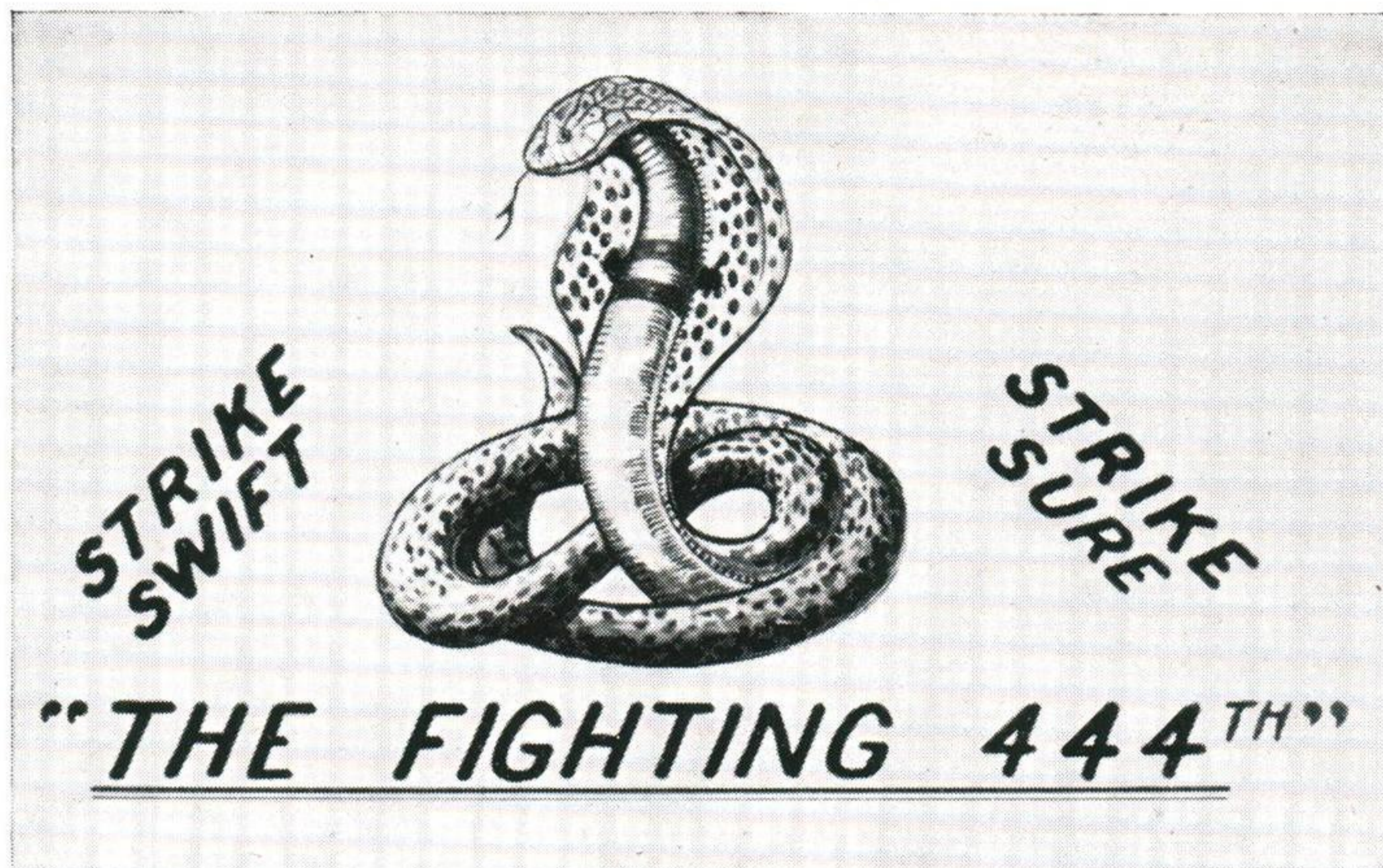


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by F/O BC Bell

This month S/L ERB Gray takes leave of 4 (F) Wing and 444 squadron for his posting as OC of 434 (F) squadron at 3 (F) Wing. S/L Gray has been working with 444 for the past three months and we have certainly enjoyed having him aboard. Coincidental with a small gathering at the Neuweier Schloss on Friday the 13th, was the Grays' 13th wedding anniversary, which was celebrated with frequent toasts to their future happiness. We wish S/L Gray every success in his posting and hope the experience gained here will prove useful on his new squadron.

F/L AJ Bauer left early in April for a stint of TD in Canada on the Flight Safety Course. On his return to Europe he will take up duties as Air Division Flight Safety Officer. Around the 1st of May, F/O Bob Longhouse was off on the same course. This entitles him to avoid our fourth trip to Rabat. However, he won't be missing the excursion completely, as arrangements have been made for him to accompany 422 squadron later in the summer. F/O Ken MacKrimmon, with his "Seeing Eye Dog", is coming with us in exchange for F/O Longhouse.

Speaking of Rabat, the Fighting 444th will almost be pulling up stakes after three weeks of exercise Weapon-fire IV when this issue of the Flieger comes off the press. Diversion in leisure time will probably include some serious softball practice in preparation for the coming season. Also planned is a boomerang throwing contest, sponsored by our Aboriginal Imports, F/O's Dusty Miller and Buck Arnold.

Nicely timed with the week of rain was the one day Exercise Steeplechase. Although designed to toughen up the boys for the real thing in May, judging from the appearance of most of the boys after the chase, it didn't. Many evaders went for an early season swim — some deliberately, and F/O Al Brown by accident. He was trying to cross a little canal, Tarzan style, with the help of a supple tree and F/O Len Fitzsimmons. But, unable to handle his poundage, our hero made a perfect letdown into six feet of water, with a splash comparable to the underwater burst at Bikini. We understand three among the pride and joy of 422 returned to the Wing in record time. It seems that while waving at some tourists who were passing by on a slow train, their arms were entangled and they were whisked away, fat, dumb and happy, to a point only a stone's throw from the airfield. Apparently through some oversight, this has not appeared in their debriefing report (S/L Cuthill please note).

The only evader who reached the safety area legally, was Triple Four's F/O Mel (the shadow) Henderson. We heartily congratulate him for his honest effort.

The sports' scene in April saw the windup of a fine



Back row — left to right: WO 1 PE Larue (coach); F/L B Sheasby (manager); F/O E Gill; Sgt V Penny; LAC B Cheverie; LAC B Buffett; LAC E Purvis; S/L JB Lawrence (OC 444 Sqn); LAC K Pentland; F/O B Bell; F/O A Brown; F/O D Miller
Front row — left to right: LAC C O'Callaghan; F/O B Longhouse (captain); F/O T White; LAC N Weston; LAC L Brumm; F/O M Henderson

hockey season. The Fighting 444th ended the playoffs with a 4—1 final game victory, winning the series 3 games to 1 over the Headquarters squad. The Karl Wacker Trophy was presented to captain F/O Bob Longhouse and both teams enjoyed the impromptu champagne party (courtesy S/L Lawrence) which was held in the winners' dressing room after the game. Congratulations to the team members, WO1 PE Larue, the coach, and to all the squadron supporters go many thanks for helping to make the hockey season a real success this winter.



Photo shows "Man's Best Friend" with a cast on left front leg put on by Dr Craig of Station Hospital. Unlike most patients our canine friend did not realize that our treatment is a sure cure for a broken leg. The first cast put on was chewed off pronto and after a stern warning and a picture of Dr Craig's medical license was shown to Rover, he allowed the second cast to remain on. Of course we sneaked a coat of aircraft dope on with a flavor that did not suit poor Rover's appetite.

Needless to say we neglected to charge DVA rates for this cast and we are now awaiting Rover's signature in six copies prior to submitting account to next of kin for payment.

alexander

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"The Pause that Refreshes" — F/O RK Swartman (Assistant Scoutmaster) with a group of 4 Wing Scouts and well-loaded trek carts on an overnight hike

ORCHIDS — — — — —

By LAC R. BINNS.

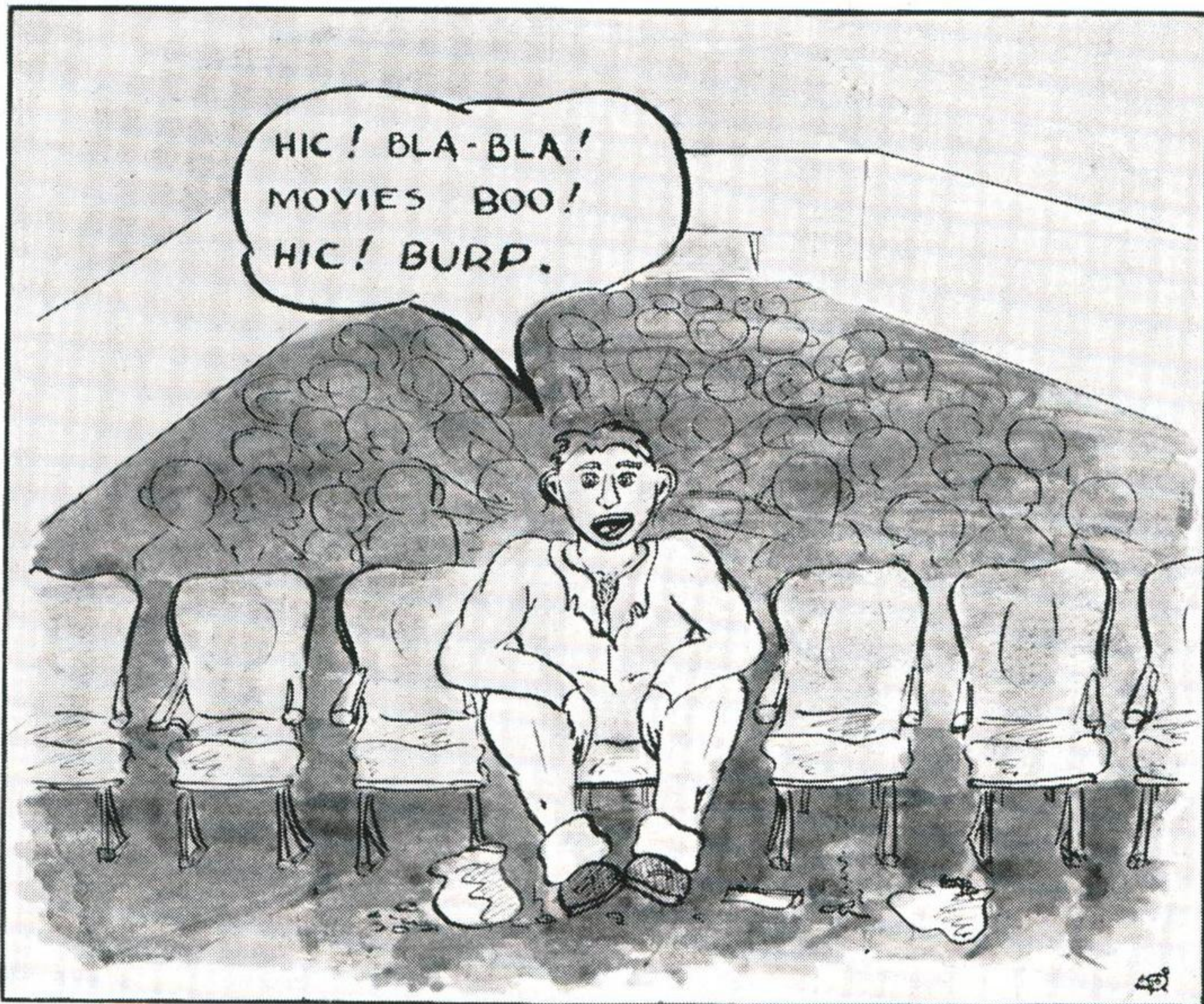
How often have we said "I'd like to, but I haven't the time"?

Yet on 4 Wing there is a small band of people who have the time and give it unselfishly and generously.

These people both men and women, who would probably prefer to remain unpublicised are the leaders of the 4 Wing Scout and Guide movement.

Several nights every week and at the weekends, they teach the children to become better citizens of the future by using patience, politeness and good will as their weapons.

So to the Scout, Guide, Cub and Brownie leaders, for their unceasing efforts in teaching the young people to lead a fuller life and for keeping Juvenile Delinquency down to a minimum, the Schwarzwald Flieger proudly presents an Orchid.



— — — AND LEMONS

One of 4 Wings chief means of entertainment is the Station Theatre where a couple of hours of relaxation is just the thing after a hard days work, and yet there are some individuals who insist on using "Dutch courage" to go to the show.

They sit in their seats, sometimes in a daze, other times making ribald comments at the film whether it is good, bad or indifferent, much to the discomfiture of their neighbours.

To these people who insist on making fools of themselves and spoil an evenings' entertainment for others, the Schwarzwald Flieger sourly offers a Lemon.

Heinz Fessler

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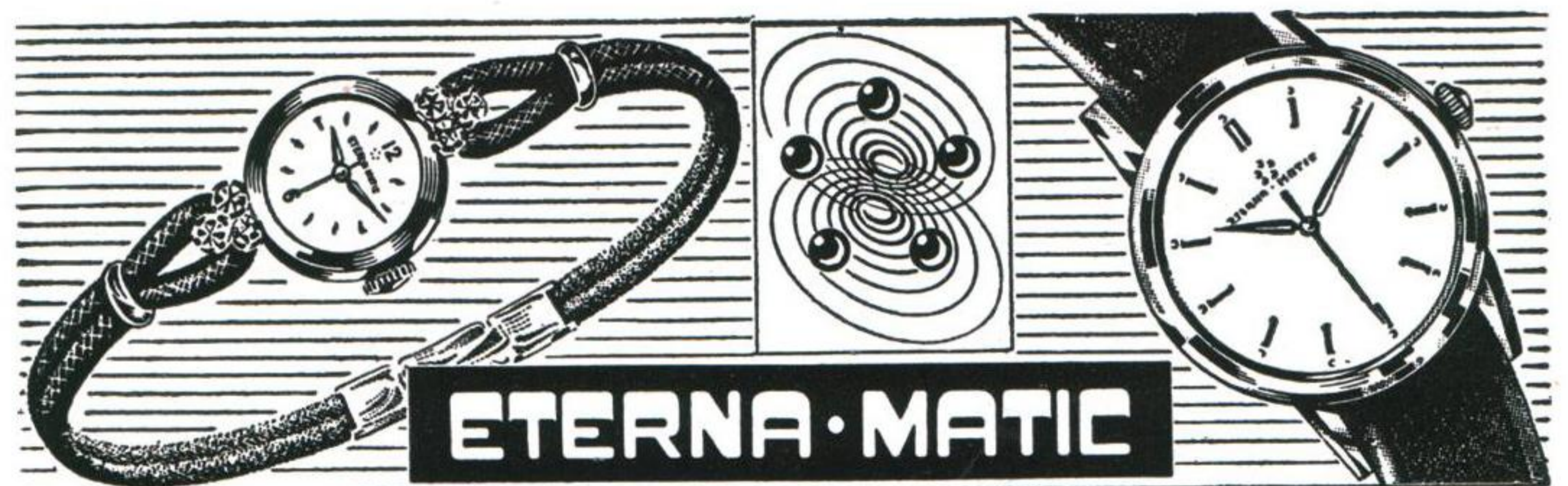
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Sports

and RECREATION

by Cpl E. Haddad

Now that the Ice Arena is officially closed, the spotlight has turned to summer activities, which will be the main one? Baseball, fastball, tennis, swimming or sleeping in the sun.

The Baseball addicts have been at it for almost a month, even tho' on some practice days it was cold enuf to freeze the ball in mid-flight the players were still out in force trying to make a berth on the team. Coach F/O Ian (Durocher) McHardy says quote "They don't look too bad a-tall."

Drifting over to the other ball diamond, where the fastballs are we just can (not) see too much at the present moment, there are only a few of last years team around and with the big turnover of personnel coming this summer, we will just have to sit tight and hope that we will end up with a lineup full of stars.

The girls Fastball team has been out too, with Cpl. Jack Little handling the reins and has had them galloping around the field really working, but as to any speculation as to the results of the coming season he says "Grunt".

The Air Div basketball season has come to a close once again and this year there is no mention of 4 Wing in the winners column. However they knew we were there, the girls lost a hard fought game to 1 Wing in the semi-finals. To show you how they were trying. Just look at the accompanying photo...

On the 25th of April the semi-finals of the Air Div Volleyball championships were held here against 3 Wing. Unfortunately both our teams just missed out as the ME team, our Intersection champs, went down to defeat in a hard fought three out of five series. Our boys may have been beaten but they really gave their all. The girls team also lost out in a close match with the 3 Wing girls but again it was not for lack of trying. Oh well, there is always another year coming up.

STAGE SHOWS

The Little Theatre group from the US Army in Heidelberg put on the comedy stage play "Heaven Can Wait" here on the 14th of April. The show was seen by a capacity audience and thoroughly enjoyed by them all. After the show the Corporals Club played host to the cast and from all reports from the cast were terrific in their hospitality. There is nothing definite yet on the next show but more are expected soon.

DANCES

To those who are interested in tripping the light fantastic, we hope to have at least one station dance per

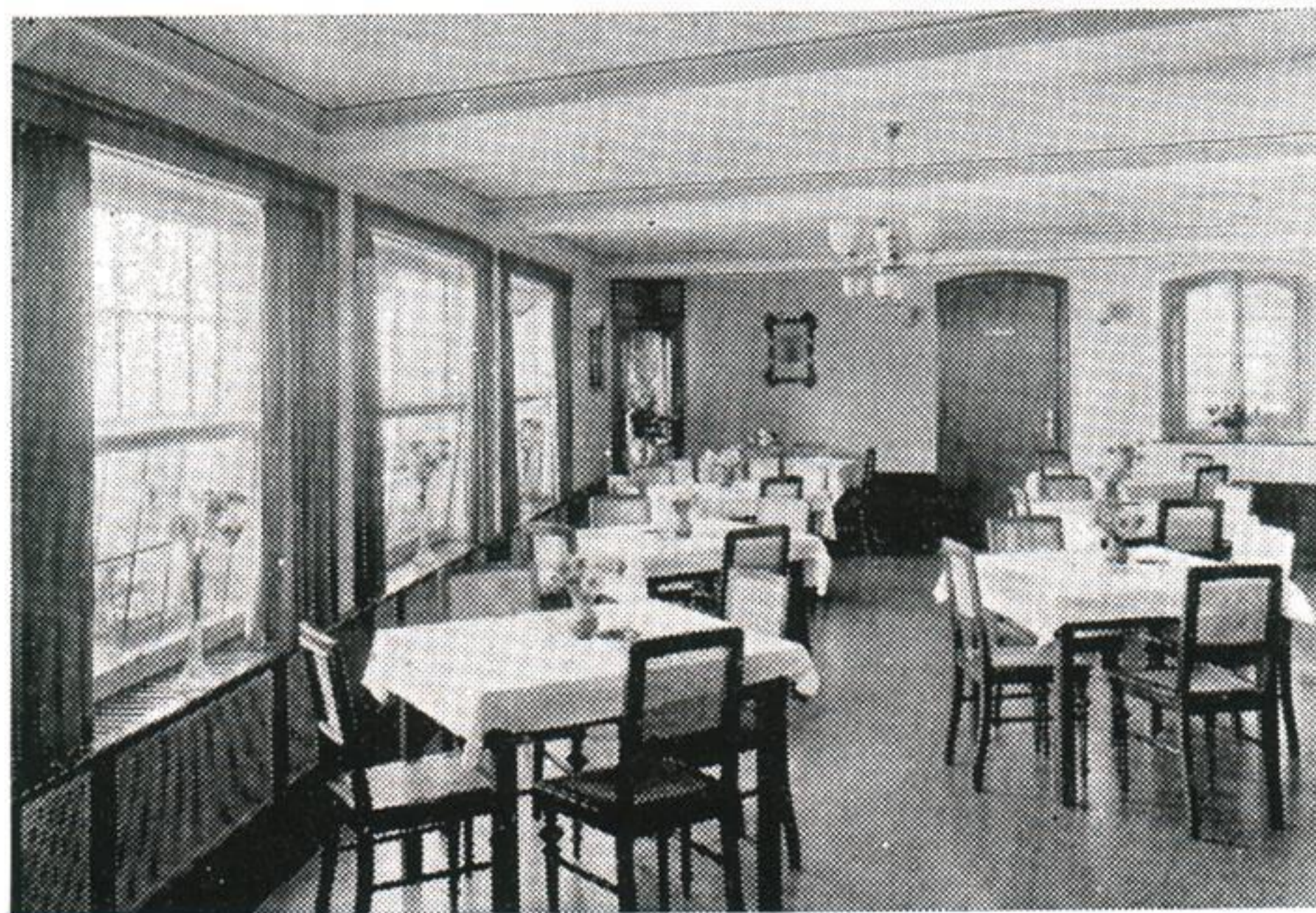


In the Semi-Finale Game against 1 (F) Wing, LAW Lundstrom goes after a jump ball. Also sweating it out are LAW Orma General (10) and in the background Cpl Garrison

month during the summer months. Top line bands are on tap and the Ice Arena will possibly be the site of these dances.

TRACK MEET

4 Wing will be the site of the annual Air Division Track and Field meet on the 11th of July. Our own station track meet will tentatively be held on the 20th or 27th of June with our representative team being picked from the results of this meet. A Track club is being formed and any one interested is welcome to join. One of the main purposes of the club is to make training easier, as all you athletes know that it is much easier to train with a group than by yourself. We came a very close second last year at 3 Wing and this year hope to make the other teams eat mud so lets get out and work on it.



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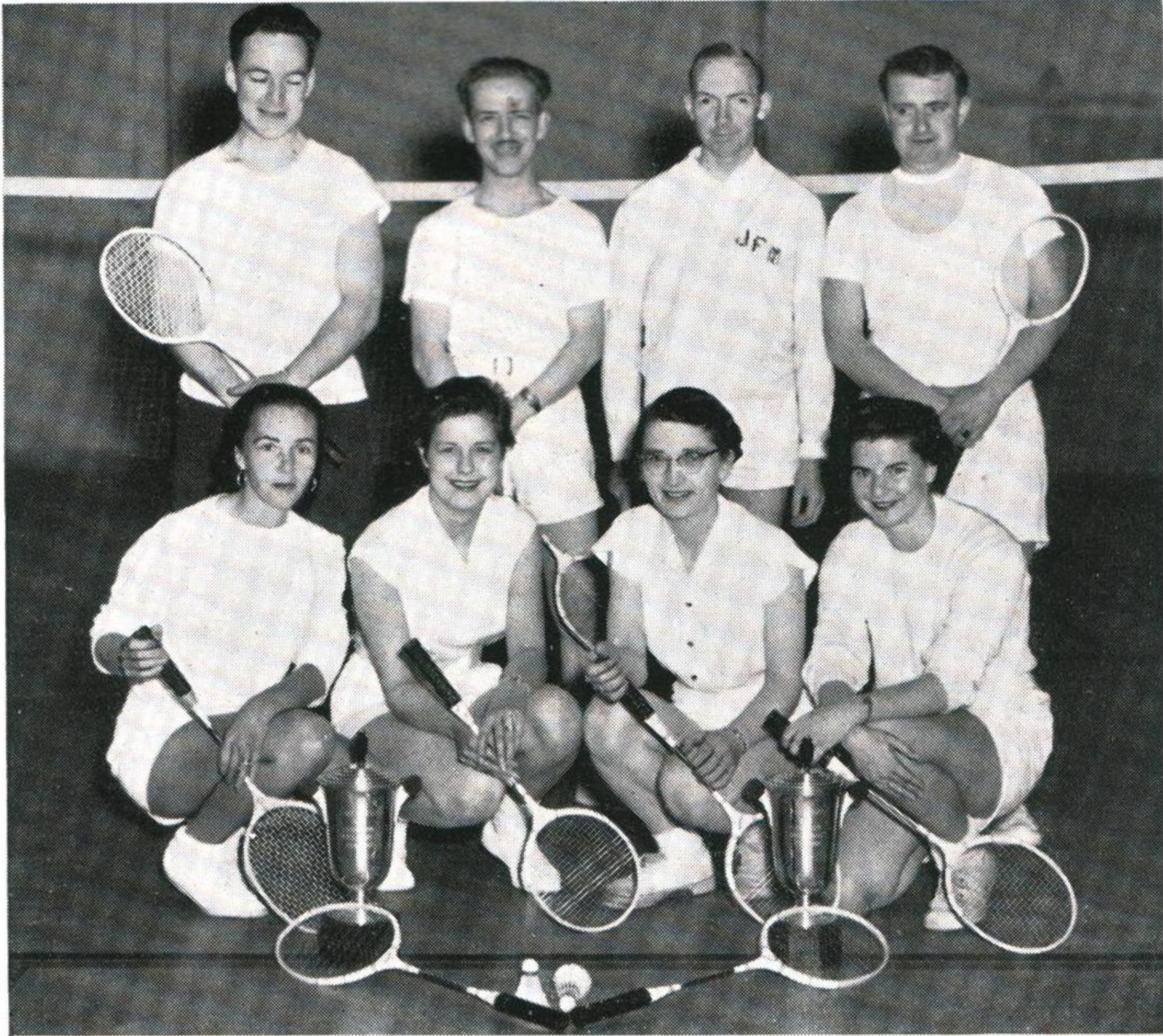
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Badminton Champs — standing left to right: Lalonde, Smith, McIsaac, Julien. kneeling left to right: Huget, Chartrand, Klinowski, Reid. (Photo by LAW Ball)

BADMINTON

The badminton club wound up its season by entering a team in the Air Division tournament at 2 Wing. The representatives were selected from the results of the badminton club tournament and these people did a fine job too. The team won two of the major trophies with Cec Klinowski and Grace Reid winning the ladies' doubles and Frank McIsaacs and Bill Smith taking the men's doubles crown. The other members of the team all put up a good fight to give us a very good team showing. In both cases these trophies return here for the second straight year.



Back row L to R — Sgt Knipe, Sgt McCafferty, LAC Dwyer, LAC Powell
Front row L to R — FS Ellery, Sgt Sopaz

BOWLING

At long last the keglers have kegeled for the last time to end the kegeling season and declare the kegeling champion. There is no team that can say they didn't have a chance this year as even the low teams on the totem pole got a chance to win the cups. However, the Tech Services team not only won the season play but plowed through the playoffs and really left their opponents on the bench. The man who proved to be the bestest with the mostest was Tech Service's Jim Dwyer who won the season high average title with an average of 222, pretty consistent bowling.

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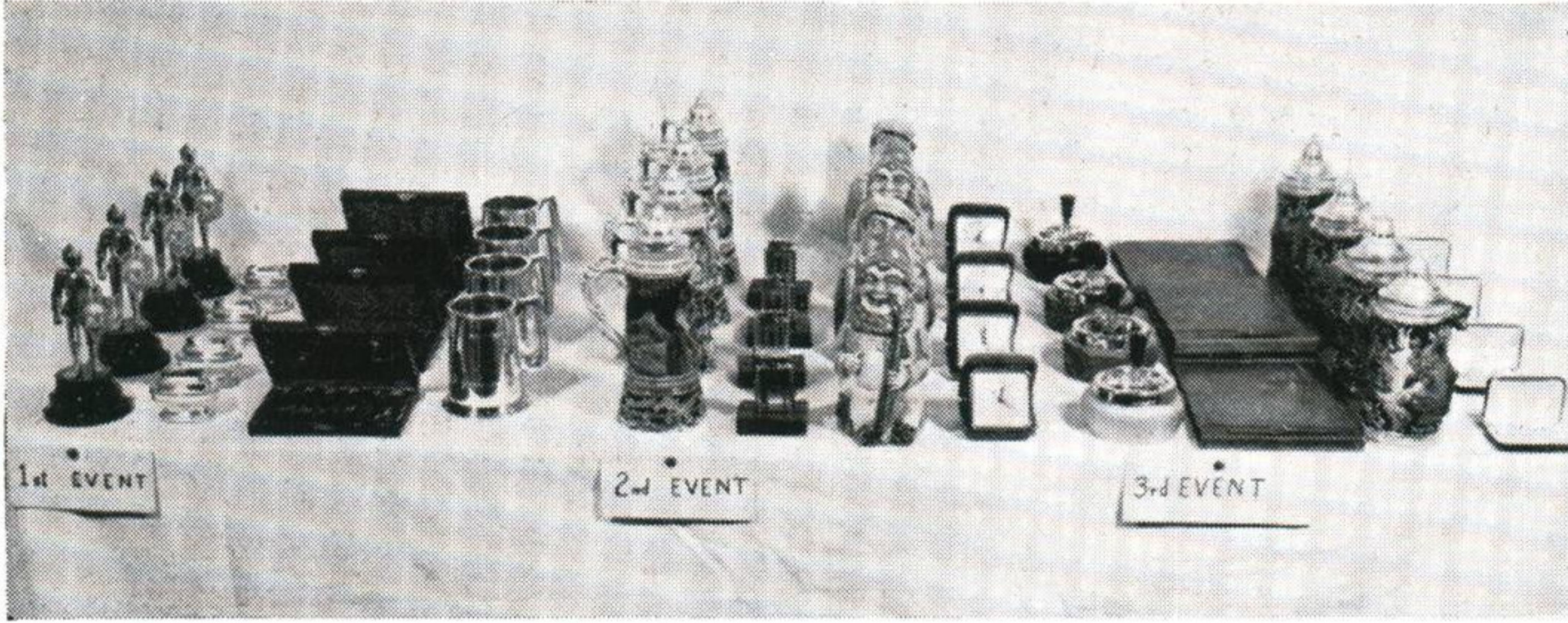
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Curling prizes before presentation. (Photo by Cpl Wright)

CURLING FINALS

by Sgt J Hargreaves

The 1955—56 Curling Season has come to a close since the last issue of the "Flieger". During the short curling season over 256 members participated in this sport. The close of the season was climaxed by a Bonspiel with the following rinks taking home the prizes:

1st Event

- 1st — Sgt Thompson's Rink — — Armoured knights
- 2nd — FS Wiskin's Rink — — Ronson Table Lighters
- 3rd — Cpl Barrett's Rink — — Silver Spoons
- 4th — LAC Denet's Rink — — Silver Steins

2nd Event

- 1st — WO2 Walrod's Rink — — Musical Beer Steins
- 2nd — LAC McCart's Rink — — Ronson Whirlwind Lighters
- 3rd — Cpl Wien's Rink — — Dwarf Beer Steins
- 4th — F/L Vinish's Rink — — Travelling Clocks

3rd Event

- 1st — LAC Vicland's Rink — — Ash Trays
- 2nd — Cpl Olson's Rink — — Photo Album
- 3rd — Cpl Walker's Rink — — Beer Steins
- 4th — Sgt Harper's Rink — — Tie-pins & Cuff-links

Forty-eight prizes in all were presented and it is noted that 12 of the 48 prizes went to rinks skipped by members of ME section, who followed this sport with great enthusiasm throughout the season. We expect a bigger and better curling season next year.

SOCCER

The soccer team from the station has been doing double duty this season as they have been playing the the Southwest Baden League on Sundays and the Air Div League on Saturdays. The German league is over now and the team finished seventh in a strong fifteen team league. This was the boys' first year in German competition and they did very well getting a name in this area for being a hard and clean playing team. The team is still in the running for the Air Div title and with having to play only one game a week from now on should really roll.

DISA and DATA

The new addition to the swimming pool is expected to be finished and ready for use about the 15th of May. The hours of operation will be from 1100 to 2100 daily which should give everybody lots of time to get wet. With the heating system in and the new covering it will no longer be a matter of waiting for the sun to appear.

The Ice Arena will again be the center of attraction for skaters starting approximately the 1st of June only this time it will be the roller skaters. Special skates will be provided (for a nominal fee) and it is expected to prove a popular sport this summer.



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OLD SWEATS

by Sgt Whipple.



FS F. V. Polkinhorn

Born, and named Frank Victor, on November 12, 1912 at Woodward's Cove, Grand Manor, New Brunswick, "Polky" comes from Fisherman Stock. His stature attests to the excellence of salt cod as a diet.

Perhaps in search of a change of fare he joined the Royal Canadian Regiment at Halifax N. S. in November of 1930 and served as a private for three years, returning to civvy street in November 1933 to see service in the Battle of the Depression. The next few years, we can only assume, were spent in fishing and fighting and, the battle won, Polky returned, in June of 1939, to the safe and sure life in the services, this time to the RCAF, Marine Section. A momentous year was 1939 as it also saw him married to Annie Laurie Simms of Halifax N. S. on November 12.

He remustered to **THE TRADE**, Armament, in January 1940 and went to 10 BR Squadron in Dartmouth where he picked up his Corporal Hooks in January 1941. Promotion to Sergeant came in January 1942 after his move to 8 SFTS, Moncton.

The next step, Flight Sergeant, in June 1942 occurred about the same time as his move to Bombing and Gunnery at Jarvis, Ontario. Skipping about considerably, he has been to Mount Pleasant P. E. I. in 1943, Mountainview, Ontario in 1944, 16 X Depot, Debert N. S. in 1946, Trenton, Ontario in 1950 and here to 4 (F) Wing in 1953. On or about the day this is read Polky will be once more on his way.

Reversion Day saw Polky once again a Sgt but 1951 restored the Flight to the Sergeant.

Polky's duties have been rather varied and he has seen great changes in equipment and men since he first sampled military life back in 1930. On joining the RCR he was the tallest man in "A" Company and, as a six footer could look over the heads of his companions. Today, it is not uncommon for him to see a flight with half the men over six feet tall.



Badminton players in training (??). 4 (F) Wing Mixed Lounge 7 Apr 56. (Photo by LAC Ron Dent)

While with 10 BR Squadron in '39 and '40, Polky participated in many flights in Digbys and Stranraers as Bomb Aimer and Air Gunner, tasks entrusted to armourers in those days. These were convoy patrols over the North Atlantic. If we know those aircraft, that's where he gained the patience he shows today.

On a Senior Armament Instructors course in Trenton in 1940 he recalls, the old Wapiti was still the mainstay for camera exercises, while bombing and gunnery had it made with Fairey Battles.

Polky has had more than his share of responsibility in that, since attaining the rank of Corporal in 1941, he

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has been NCO i/c of his various armament sections. The highlight of his career came during his four years at 16 X Depot, Debert. It was there that his office door hung heavy with the titles of NCO i/c Armament, Adjutant, Sports Officer, and A. I. D. of explosives. However, he still found time for hunting and fishing, catching more trout than he could eat or give away.

Now on his way to AFHQ, Polky is eying 1960, retirement, and a return to fishing. He takes with him the warm regards and good-wishes of his many friends at 4 (F) Wing.



Richtfest à la 4 Wing

by Karl Hornlehnert

The CE Section, together with the Central Warehouse staff and W/C C. E. Ball, the CAoO, celebrated 4 Wing's first real "Richtfest" or Erection Festival on the top of the new grocery store.

Richtfest is a must for every construction going up in Germany. Bigger projects, like the PMQs for example, even carry the expenditure for this celebration in the contract. As soon as the last rafter has been fastened to the roof the workmen put a decorated tree on the top of the building. The future owner of the building now has to show his appreciation for the work done by appearing with free beer for everyone working on the project. In case he does not do so the tree will be hastily removed from the roof and replaced by a broom decorated with old rags. This will advertise to everyone that the owner is cheap.

At every major Richtfest either the carpenter or brick-layer foreman will prepare a history of the construction together with aspects on its future and deliver it during the celebration. The whole celebration is similar to the launching of a ship.

The people of the CE section who, under the supervision of FS JO Franklin, the foreman of works, and Herr Edwin Migende, are working on the new grocery store, proudly repeated this custom on the CE Section's first major construction project.

Hobbies — The Photo Club

by WO2 Ziegler

Since the opening of this wing, almost everyone arriving to take up their duties seems to have had one thought in mind — get a new camera and take pictures, pictures and still more pictures. With this rush of both old and new camera enthusiasts the need for an amateur photo club became increasingly more pressing, and on the 24 Sep 54 plans were laid to make facilities available as soon as suitable space was found. Laundry hut 64 was subsequently freed for conversion to this use, and on 15 Jun 55 the necessary equipment was procured and moved into the site.

The facilities to date include everything that the amateur black and white still photographer could ask for in order to process his (or her) own work. There are enlargers, a dryer and dry mounting press for prints, and tanks and dryer for film. Also included are a fine set of portrait lights for the serious artists.

Some difficulty was experienced this winter when the heating facilities of the laundry huts in general were found to be sadly deficient. In order to prevent the freeze-up of both plumbing and members, it was necessary to shut off the water and lock up the club pending milder weather. At this time the majority of the then active members went into hibernation, or got posted or something, because, since the re-opening of the club some weeks ago very few of the oldtimers have returned. In the event that there is some doubt as to the present status of the club, may we state that all is well and old and new members are now invited once more to partake of the joys of "souping their own".

For the newly arrived may we advise that nothing is required in the way of an entry fee or any special entry requirements. There is only one "must" and that is a short

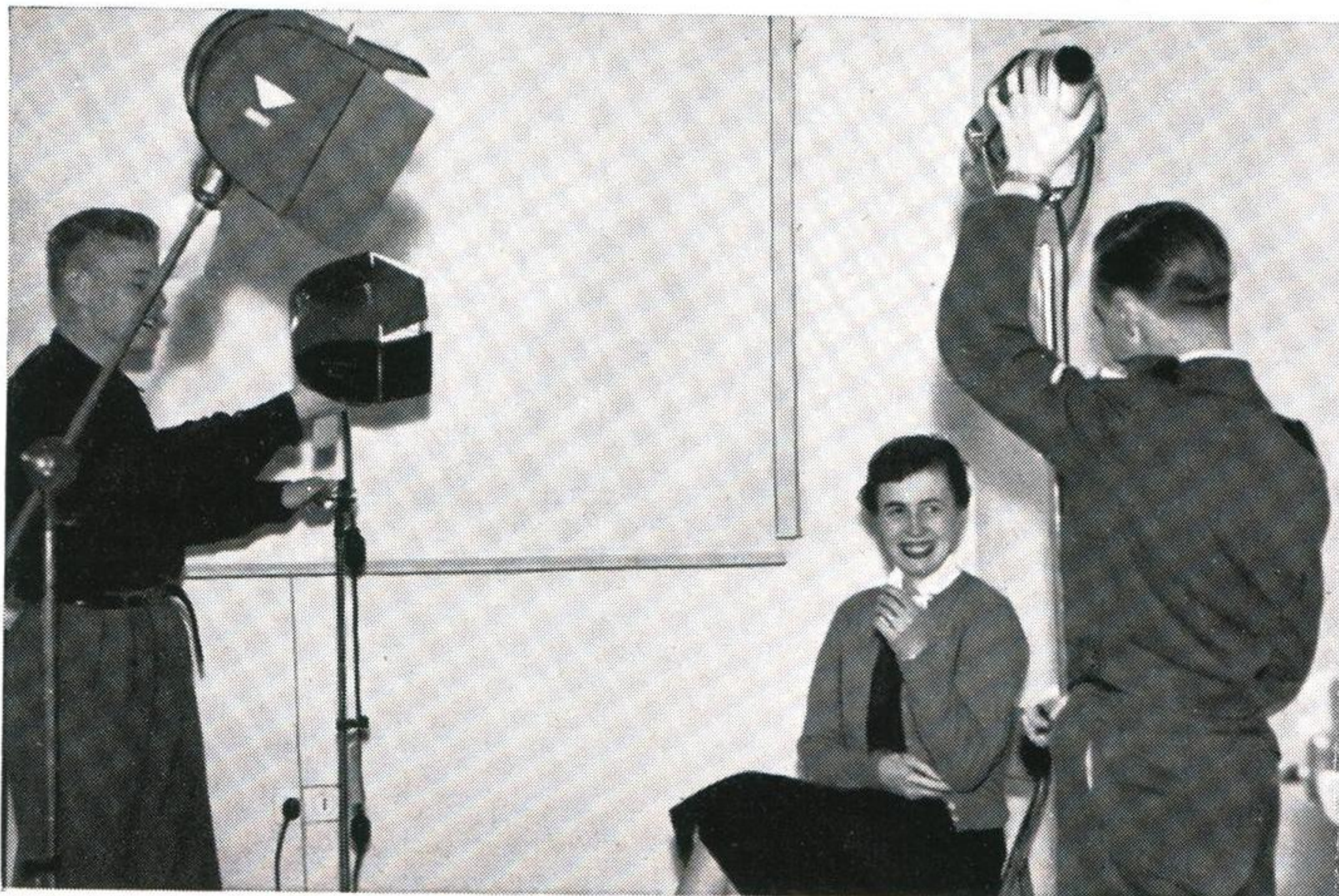


Preparing to make up prints. (Photo by Focus)

check out to assure that one is familiar with the operation of the equipment, in order that the possibility of damage through misuse will be minimized. After this, you can get a key to the equipment and work without supervision at any time.

To date, the activities of the club have been confined to the availability of the equipment mentioned above. In conjunction several classes of instruction were organized and carried to their completion with the benefit thereof presumably evident in the private collections of the individual members. We are a trifle vague on this subject since a recent attempt to organize a salon showing by members of their work failed to produce a single entry. The prospect of a further organized competition is admittedly bleak, but is being considered because of a recent suggestion from Air Div for an inter-Wing competition. This matter will be discussed at the next meeting of the club.

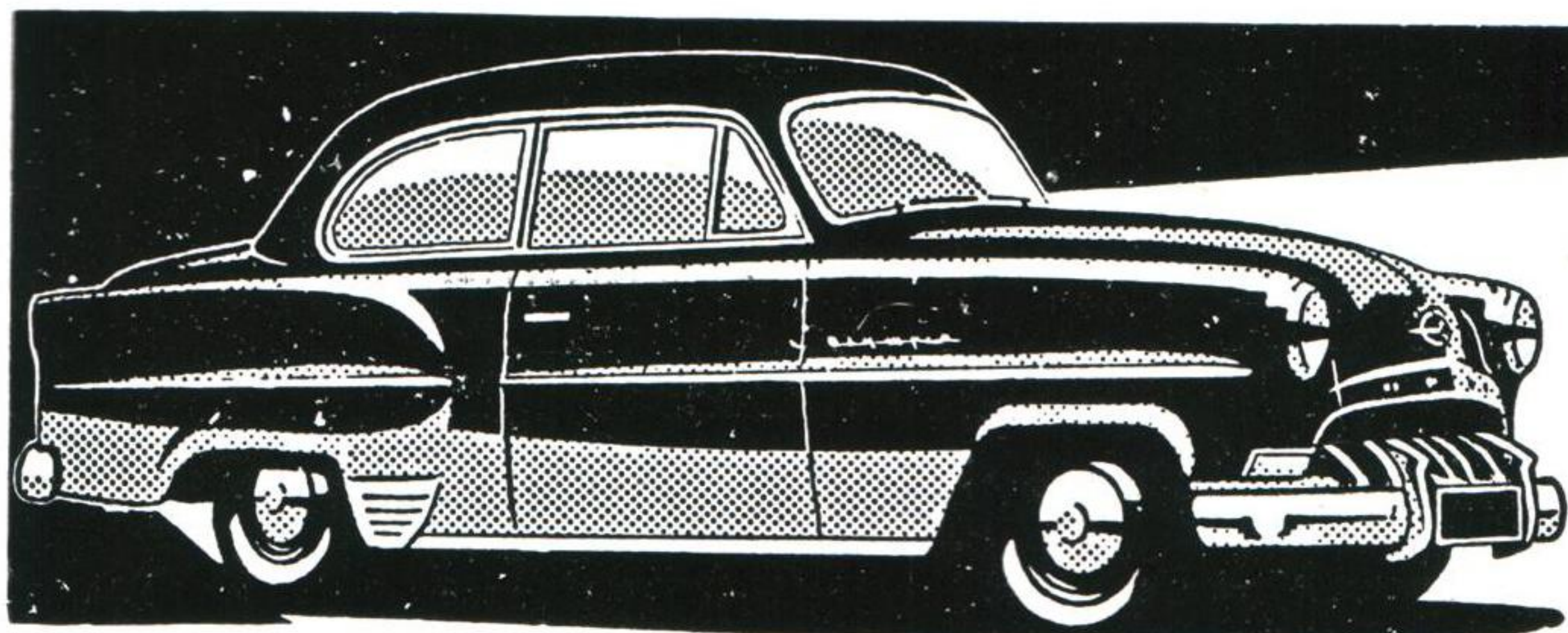
Personnel interested in joining the Photo Club may contact WO2 Ziegler in Stn Accounts, local 42.



Setting up the Model. (Photo by Focus)



One of the finished prints comes off the ferrotypewriter (Photo by Focus)



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FENDER
BENDERS



by Cpl Warke

That collection of shining morning faces in the picture is most of the ME Section. We say most because duty calls first and no portrait sitting will interfere with essential runs. Mostly, the picture is sort of a souvenir for our boys who are going home shortly, the three year men who helped found this Station and without whose yeomen labors, the rest of us would have suffered mightily. Lastly, a sad farewell to you and the very best of luck in your new transfers.

We are forced to pull in our horns after considerable crowing about our volley-ball team over the past months as the first team we met in the interstation's finals managed to show us how the game was played in three games out of three. One small note has crept in and we would like to point out that we did **not** meet the winning inter-section team from 3 (F) Wing but a team composed of exceptional players of the section teams banded together and exported for the purpose of winning the cup. Amid anguished cries of "Foul" and more unprintables, we go on record as stating that next year the interlopers will be checked legal-wise and face stiffer competition than they did this year.



ME Section May 1956

We are all finished our first bath of lady drivers in our Dependents driving school and were happy to see that they all passed with flying colors. Much of their success was owing to their own splendid co-operation and altho' it has aged me about 5 years in the past three weeks, the course was a lot of fun and we're looking forward to the next class. One wonders what a certain instructor was up to when he borrowed a couple of blankets from the AFP's and was last seen heading for POL compound at a pretty good clip! Also a word to the AFP's and Security Guards, please do not follow any of the vehicles too closely on the course as it makes the pupils nervous and who knows what dastardly things might happen trying to shift into reverse from low at ten miles per hour.

We Wonder:

Why meat prices are climbing so suddenly?

When people are going to realize that 25 kph means just that in PMQ's?

What happen to our PMQ Playground?

About a phone in each PMQ in case of accidents, etc.?

Where the money is coming from when I go on Leave?

If we can keep our PMC accident rate down to a sane level?

Co-operation and courtesy are the primary rules of the road.

Operation Engine

by LAC EL KuKucha

Scene I

Operating Table in the Engine Bay No. 1 Hangar.

As the varsol mist clears there stand Dr's Dawson and McNeil with their trusty Intern "Worry Wort Pearce". They stand solemnly as Dr McNeil speaks, "Are you gentlemen ready?" "Yes doctor", comes the reply. "Very well then, cutters please, ratchet, socket, extension, screwdriver". Beads of sweat stand out on his forehead as the momentum increases. He works furiously for one hour and Number 2 combustion chamber falls to the hangar floor. He drops exhausted. Dr Dawson immediately takes over and repeats the pattern over and over until only the bare essentials stand before him. Lines are hanging from every place visible. Truly a ghastly sight, but, the operation is a success.

Scene II

Same table, Same Hangar, Same Doctors and Intern.

Dr Dawson sends the trusty Intern to the Corporal for parts, "No parts", Corporal states. "But Corporal the men shall revolt", was the lamented cry from the Intern. "Let them revolt, there will be a roll call at 1700 hrs", the Corporal retorts.

Parts arrive. The operation continues as the Doctors work hour after hour replacing the ragged looking pieces. Ratchet mit socket, hammer cutters and locking wire, a piece of masking tape for that hole and at long last there stands a gleaming new engine in the afternoon rain. Along comes Dr Weston to recalibrate the pumps and now the engine is ready to be passed to Dr Tyrell for run-up at the noise maker by Wing Armament. The operation is a complete success and is now ready for installation in aircraft to fly happily ever after.

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Supply News

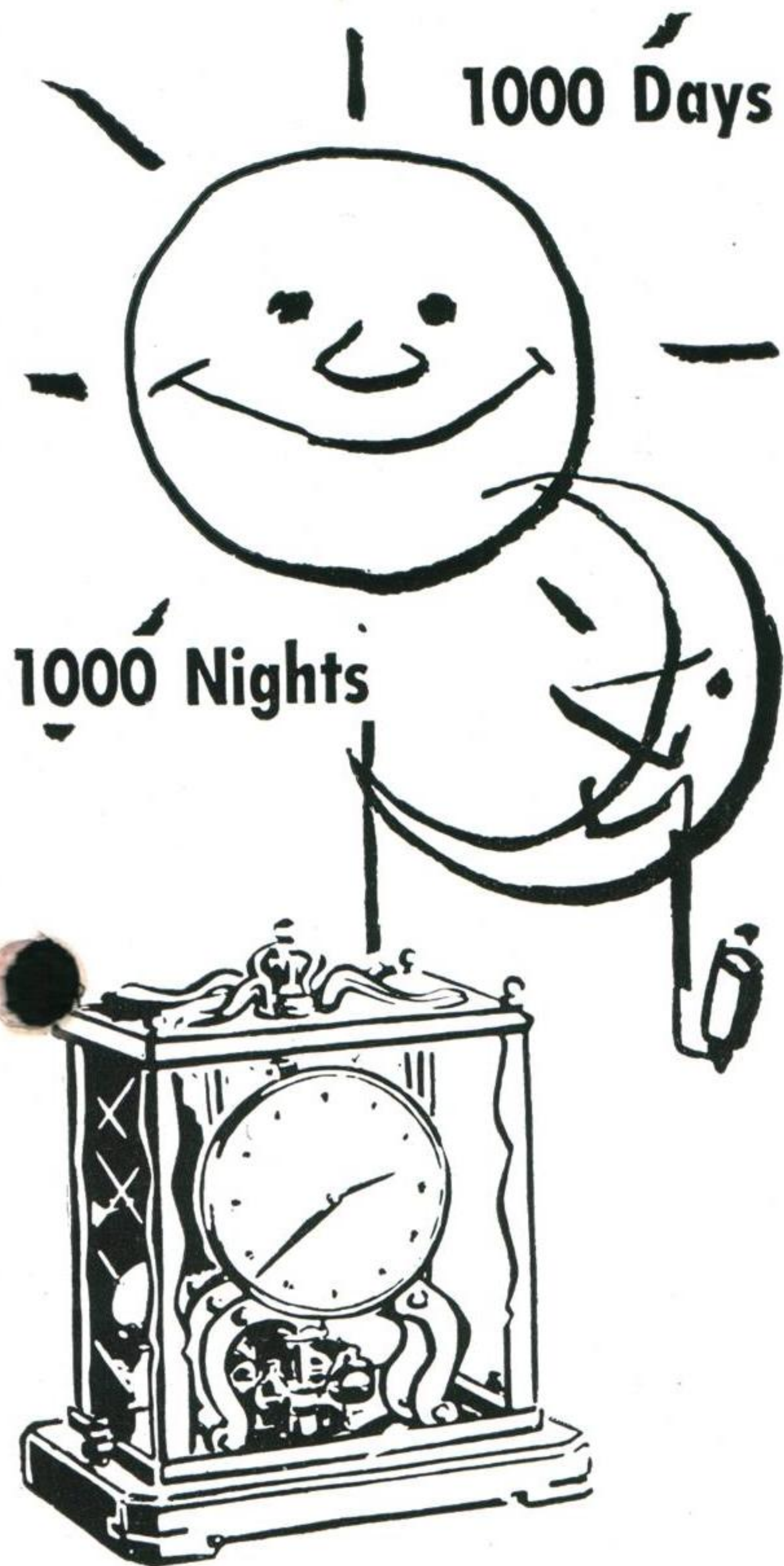
by F/O J. T. Third

With spring weather here again, we find the Supply staff's softball team hopefuls busily practising under the direction of WO 1 Jack Smith. The first practise of the season brought out the usual aches and pains, with liniment at a premium.

New arrivals to the section in the past while are LAW Audrey Warke, from Trenton, who now works in Tech Stores, and LAC Bob Gingras, from Greenwood, who will also work in Tech Stores after he gets back from the Ground Defence Course.

The number of Supply Techs with a "single" marital status is again dwindling. The latest to go is Cpl Stan Ponsford who succumbed recently to one of the local Frauleins from Bühl. We wish them all the best in the years to come.

In closing, let us hope that the weather man will give lots of lovely days during which our ball team can practise in order to win (?) the station league championship.



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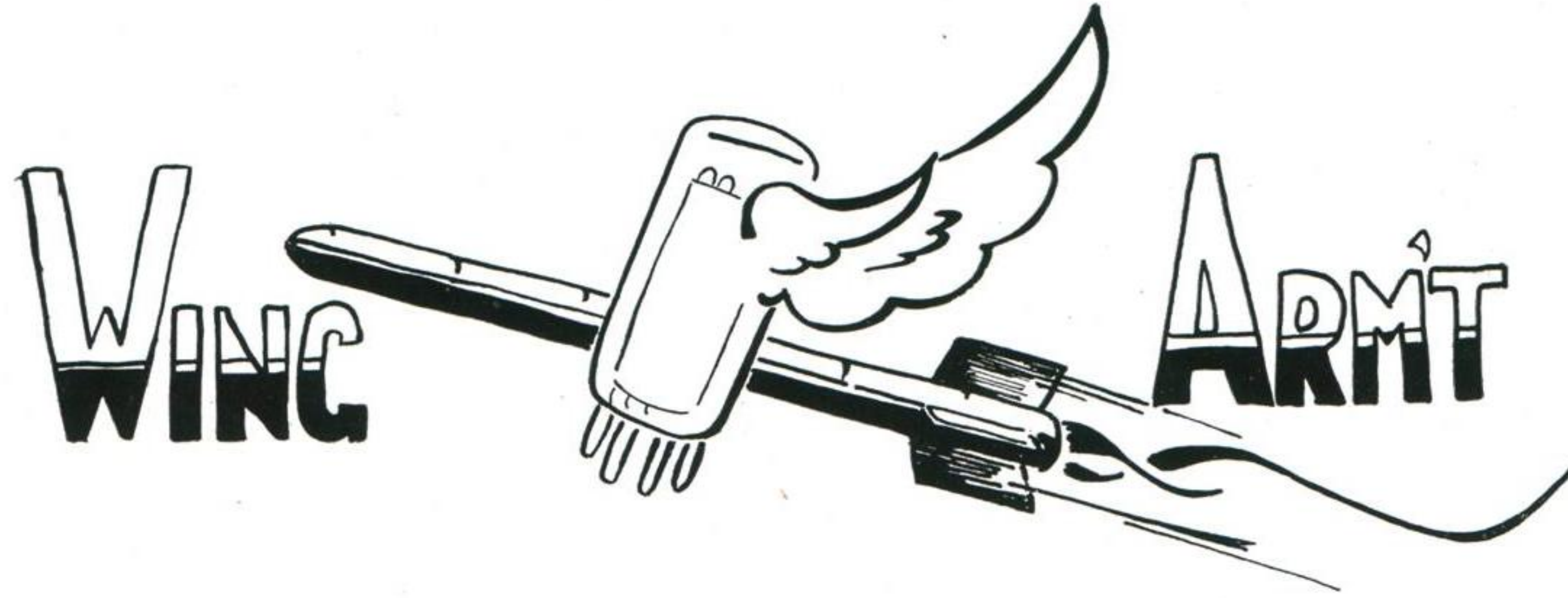
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Systems Section

Once more we've opened our Tourist Office and business is heavy. A sad duty developed into a hilarious occasion when we escorted Cpl Bob Dun and LACs Mac McDougal and Paul Way direct from the farewell stag to the Bahnhof. In pouring them onto the train several well wishers got caught in the flow and only flying leaps saved them a compulsory trip. Bob returns to his old stamping grounds at Chatham and Mac and Paul intend to give civvy street another fling. Civvy street gained and we lost. We'd like to see them back.

Offsetting the above loss we welcome to the section LACs Al Wilson and Vic Cheatley, two new credits to System's acquittance roll. We have a gem in Al. Seems he's quite a cartoonist and poster maker.

Tommy Thompson has gone to Rabat with triple Four to bring them through to greater honors and Cpl Lex Zadow will attempt to pull 414 to the heights when they go down in May.

We are sorry to say that F/L Zwicker left us for a few days vacation in 4 Wing's Pill Palace to have the gravel excavated from his throat. Report: Mining operation successful.

Trade Board is over again and sighs of relief are in order by the writers and instructors. Speaking of instructors we extend to Ben Pessah, late of Triple Four and now struggling (who, Ben?) with MG-2 in Borden, a big vote of thanks. Ben was our mainstay of the Radar lecture program and did a very good job. We have high hopes for Mel Nelson and Glen Jahraus as they await the Trade Board results.

The camping bug has hit several of our number and the talk centres on tents, air mattresses, etc. No names but an A-50 and a Zephyr are being eyed by their owners with a view to expansion. Wonder where all the station wagon literature is coming from.

M&W Section

Well, here we are again to report the happenings of the M & W side of Wing Armament.

We wish a Bon Voyage to FS and Mrs. Polkinhorn who will be sailing for Canada on the 18th of May accompanied by their dog, Buttons, and Volkswagen.

Cpl (Stan) Goddard has been busy the past few weeks keeping the 25 yard range open for members of the station rifle team who wished to sharpen up their shooting eye for the Air Div shoot the 26th Apr. All section personnel were kept busy for a while last week clipping ammunition for the shoot.

LACs Anderson, Allen, Ashford and Lavoie are off to Rabat with 444 Squadron to keep the Fatimas company.

We wish to welcome Cpl Larocque to the section, also LAC Locey who will visit us for a few weeks working with the droguing crew while 444 Squadron is in Rabat.

We had a visit by WO 2 Sheppard, now F/O Sheppard, from AFHQ to do the annual explosives inspection.

Cpl Walker has been busy getting signs made for the Wednesday night Bingos. He figures we will go to Bingos more often now that we have had a raise.

FLASH!!! 4 (F) Wing took the honors in the Air Div Shoot.

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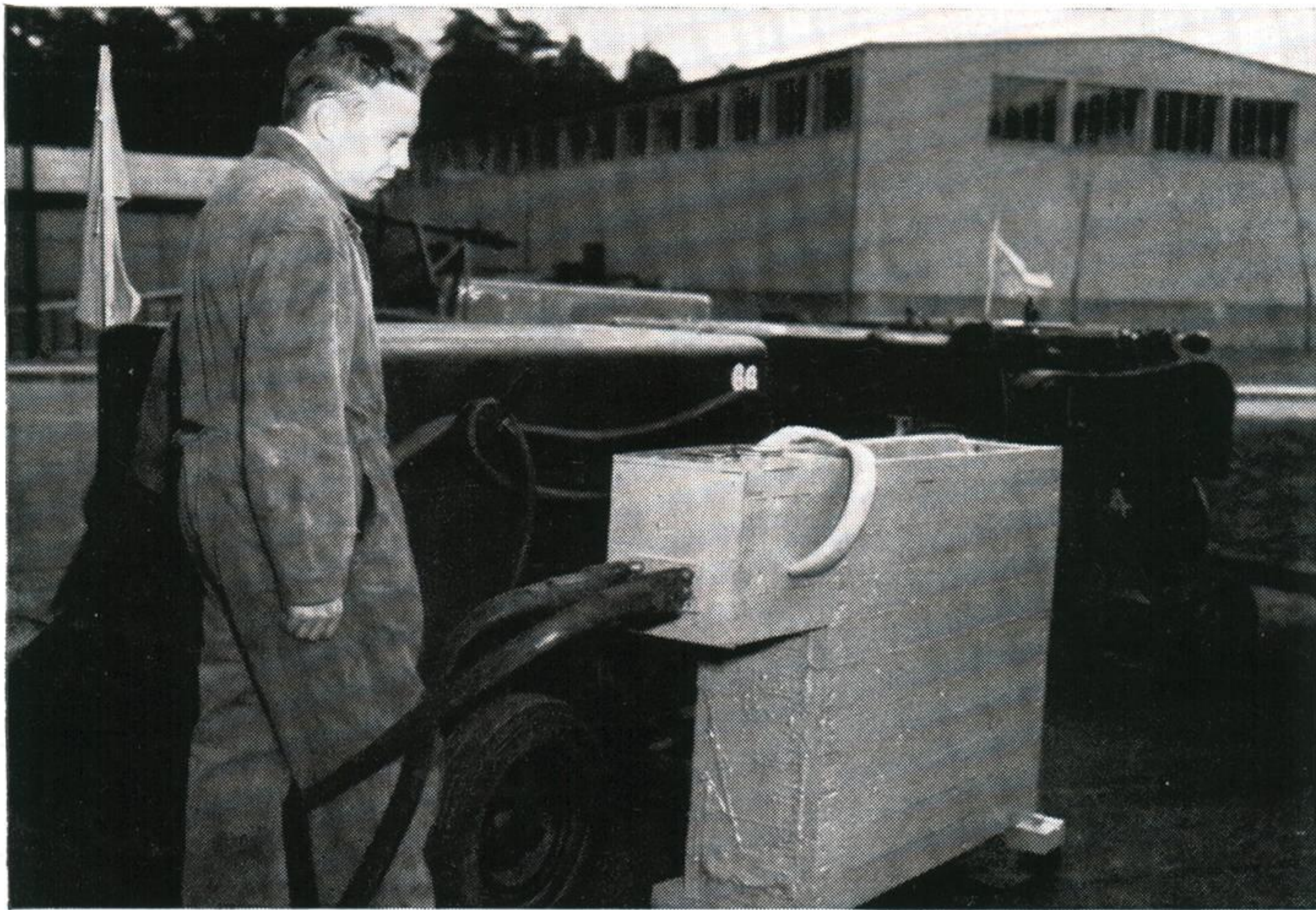
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Cpl Ivan Mooney checking an energizer with a simulated load tester. (Photo by LAC Violette)

Tech Services

by Cpl Bill Jones

Congratulations to "Tech Services" bowling team on winning the knock out competition. Things were looking pretty black at the start of the last game when they were trailing 214 pins, but they came through in the final game and won by a total of 118 pins. Non counting score in the final game was 212. The team consisted of: Joe Sopaz, Moe Julien, Roy Farmer, Ivan Mooney, Ray Lincoln and Jim Dwyer. The boys are raring to go and challenge any team on the station before the alleys close.

Congratulations again to Jim Dwyer who became a father on the 18th March 56. The arrival was a bouncing baby girl Donna Marie, who weighed 8 lbs, 13 ozs. Mother and baby both doing well. Safety Equipment Section is rather bare at the moment with LAC Lanphier and Cpl Bush both on duty at Rabat. Waiting his turn (next) with mixed feelings is Moe Julien.

Rumour has it that Roy Farmer has gone on the wagon since becoming PMC. Is this true?

A bit of a shuffle has occurred in Ground Handling. F/O Crosby has returned to Direct Operations, LAC's Smith, Palmer and McPherson have returned to Wing Maint and have been replaced by LAC's Norris, Allard and Ilott. Here we bid farewell to FS Art Whiskin who leaves us to return to Canada on the Homeric, sailing on the 18 May. We have a feeling he does not want to leave but when asked replies "no comment".

The sheet metal shop is on its toes this month. It is with regret that we state that no spare time work can be accepted until further notice owing to the pressure of work. Work is accumulating so fast that a sign has been formed at the barrier, so keep out and don't disturb the workers.

Cpl Al Dalton left for Rabat on Wednesday for a tour with 444 Sqn. We hope he enjoys his trip. Sad Sam Saumure leaves for civvy street on the Homeric sailing 18th May. To Sam and his wife we say farewell and the best of luck always.

A combined Wing Maint/Tech Services party was held in Zum Red Ochsen in Kuppenheim on 15 April 56. Beer and eats were laid on and were enjoyed by everyone present. Sgt McNeil was master of ceremonies ably assisted by Sgt Roger Paquette.

The Song and Dance team, i.e. Gray and Mineault returned from their Langar trip a bit downhearted. They claimed everything was closed on Sunday and they are still trying to puzzle out what the inhabitants do on week-ends.

Maintenance Memorandum

by Cpl DS Chisholm

Greetings, from the men of this airbase, and joint participants in that bang-up section party held at Kuppenheim. Every one must agree it was the best ever, free beer was still flowing at 1 o'clock. Some of the highlights were the introduction of S/L CW Blain as our new OC Wing Maintenance, the dancing ability of most of our Kipper population, and the beautiful mouses (mice, if you like) one of the boys was sporting the morning after, (no names, no lumps).

Just before the ice arena closed, the fitters gained a little revenge on us, and managed to put us down in hockey, 11—9. This follows a whopping 8—3 thumping our side gave them a week previous. So we'll all have to wait till fall and see how the rubber match turns out. Right now the big interest is in the try-outs for our 2 teams in the intersection fastball league.

The M.S.A. (Maint Soccer Association) is being dominated by "Rices Riggers" and Moir's "Monsters" in that order, but there hasn't been a game for so long, we are beginning to think the other sections have conceded. No competition.

Contrary to appearances, that new crew chief in Bay 1, Cpl W Gilroy by name, hasn't absorbed too many decibels. That puzzled look is brought about by his trying to determine how on earth he landed in Wing Maint, after his comfortable job with 422 Sqn. In any event, welcome, Gil, to the house of Mods and Maniacs.

Latest Gen From The Telecom Section

By LAC Chris Black

Having recently acquired a somewhat startling raise in pay, it is only fitting that I present you, with a higher caliber article. However, after several futile attempts at trying to copy such giants in the journalist field as F/O TD Nelson and his efficacious ways of describing historical facts, LAC Ron Binn's fictitious style, and LAC Eddy Kukucha's finesse, I decided to use a method of an up and coming reporter, one Walter Winchell by name.

And so here goes Dit Dit Dit Dah... Gooten tag this is Christian Schwarz reporting... FS Joe Austen was seen in Rabat attempting a three dimensional shot of the Sultan's Palace... LAC "Mac" McNamara is now on TD in Istres. Seems LAC "Reg" Garbett relinquished this trip, by the mere flip of a coin... Cpl George Daoust may be seen anytime after hours cruising down the autobahn with his new Olympia Caravan... LAC Ron Lane, wife, baby, and fire truck, are booked on the SS Scythia ex Le Havre in June... LAC Reg Klepsh sporting new hairdo, boogie cut they call it... Cpl Julie Chechotko is the new girl behind the typewriter in the Telecom Orderly Room. Seems her stay will be a short one as wedding bells are scheduled sometime in June... The new Telecom entertainment committee reports next party will be, Friday June 1st... The 4 Wing Variety Show has returned with its all star cast, things should look up in the radio room now, what say Mike... Airmen's elections have found two ROPs on the committee (Pflug)... GCA Techs here are having a hard time getting the AC's to do the work: there are none... Bridge playing has reached a new high at the transmitter site and competition there is becoming quite keen... The ROPs and ground Techs got together on a mobile Telecommunications unit, did all right too except for the odd blister... Cpl Al Hammell's lad accidentally broke his foot, we're told he finds the cast a bit of a nuisance, but otherwise is recovering very nicely... Those attending Sgt Bob Graham's going away party were treated with a song by F/L Scott. No one, however, could establish the title of the song... Understand there's a new Supply Tech in our midst, Cpl Ponsford, I'm told he just got married, all the best from Telecom... An extended hand to Cpl Dymtryshyn and LAW MacLean new FtrCOps, and Auf Wiedersehen to Sgt Graham, Cpls Crawford, Lowe, Watamaniuk, Isabel, Stevenson, Thurrott and LACs Guillemaud and Mickelson who have left us to fulfill their duties elsewhere... And so in closing, this is Herr Schwarz, bidding you all good bye till next month.

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Cpl Phyllis Ritcey

Wor News
by Cpl Savoie

The new addition to our staff this month is Cpl Phyllis Ritcey, who arrived here from Station Greenwood. Phyllis asked for a transfer to 4 (F) Wing so that she could be close to her fiance — who is now her husband. We wish her all the happiness possible.

LAC W (Dean) Remple is the second addition in the orderly room, and was formerly stationed in Kipper Land at 30 AMB. He welcomed this move with great joy after spending nine months looking for the plug that kept the island afloat. Hope your successor (Cpl Banks) will be more successful and perhaps find it. In the meantime, hope you and your wife and the two papposes? Papeese? ... offspring enjoy your stay on the continent.

During April LAC Andre Rouleau took 15 days annual leave and visited Amsterdam. Andre said he studied so hard for his trade board that he had to take the leave now.

Guardhouse News
by Cpl Art Gauthier

Changes in personnel here at the Guardhouse highlights the news this month. "Auf Wiedersehen" were extended to Sgt and Mrs Johnny Link and family who left with their Volkswagen late last month for SID, Rockcliffe, Ont., while Cpl and Mrs Morris C Lester left also at that time for RCAF Stn Rockcliffe, Cpl and Mrs Camille Vansnick left earlier last month for RCAF Stn 5SD Moncton, NB, Cpl Dave Mallett was transferred upon expiration of his tour last month to Stn Holberg, BC, while Cpl Dave Shanks left for the other side of Canada to Stn Greenwood, NS.

We have three new arrivals here prior to this publication with the arrivals of Cpl and Mrs Ron Watkins from Stn Hubert, PQ. (a little late on this one eh Ron?), Cpl AH Stevenson from Stn Holberg, Cpl ER Graham from 5 SD Moncton and Cpl RK Wilson from AFHQ.

We had another successful section party last month in the form of a farewell to the boys who were leaving. With FS Jack Kennedy as Master of Ceremonies, the evening was highlighted with a number of spot dances and gifts being presented to the departing AFPs.

Cpl Murray Titmarsh joined the married ranks last month when he was united in marriage to Cpl Marion Kientz, of Wing Accounts. Best wishes are extended from all us to the happy couple who will reside in Sandweier.

CE Section News
by Karl Hornlehnert

By the time this issue of the Flieger is out we shall be shaking hands with Cpl Eddie Dahm, our carpenter-painter supervisor, who is going back where he came from — Camp Borden. It looks as if we only had him on a loan card for a year. Along with Eddie, we are going to lose a real old-timer. Good-byes will be said to FS Ted Howard, our Stationary Engineer, a fine man who did a fine job on this station.

Cpl Andre Vallieres and crew are pretty busy planting a nice little lawn by the driveway to the section. Word has been passed around that LAW Zita (Randy) Chartrand is planning a daily, mid-afternoon sunbath on this area. If such should be the case, precautions will be taken to declare the adjacent watch-tower out of bounds.

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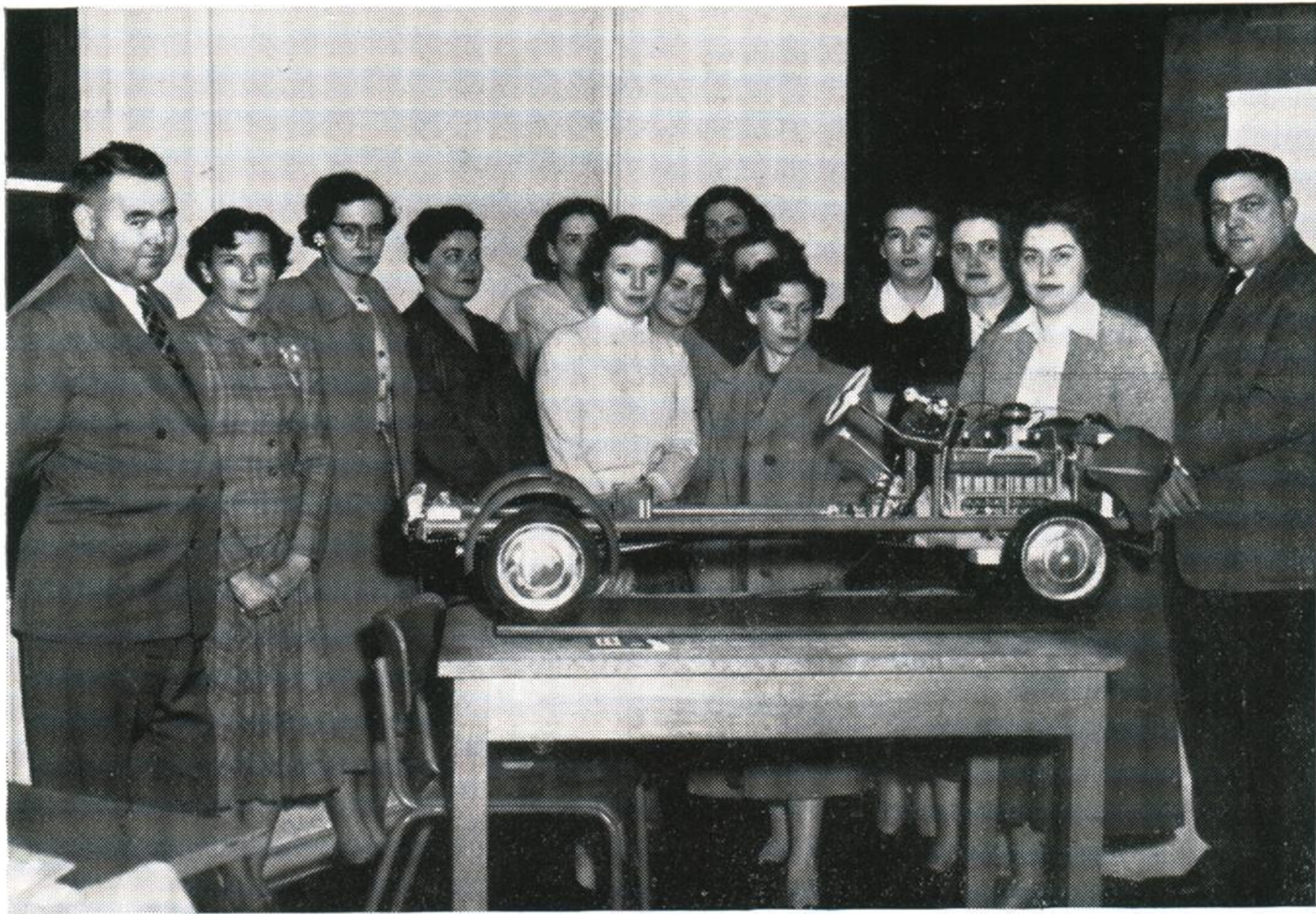
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**FRY'S CHOCOLATE
BARS**





Dependents' Driving School — The first class left to right: WO 2 Wright (Course Supervisor), Mrs. Maddison, Mrs. Harper, Mrs. Stacey, Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Hammill, Mrs. Nerrier, Mrs. Churchill, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Woolley, and F/L Huson (Chief Instructor)

Soellingen Sally Reports

Cpl Lorrie Garrison

To begin the gossip for this month, "on behalf of all the Airwomen" I would like to thank Cpl Julie Chechotko for the excellent job she did while writing this column and I only hope I can keep in swing.

The Airwomen sponsored a dance at the Mixed Lounge 18 Apr 56, a wonderful turn out of airwomen but what happened to the men? In spite of the shortage a good time was had by all. At this point we wish to thank LAW Stevie Gallant and the committee, also Sgt Guy Fortier for the good arrangement of music and everyone else that helped to make it a success. The camera was won by Cpl Robert Saul — 422 Sqn, you may hear a "click, click" around you often, but don't worry it's only Saul trying out the new toy.

You've heard the song "Those Wedding Bells are breaking up that old gang of mine", well I think that should be the theme song for the Airwomen's barracks. Congratulations are extended to Cpl's Tiny and Murray Titmarsh, LAC Joseph & LAW Flo Gagnon. This does not mark the end of our weddings, Cpl Phil Ritcey and LAC Jonny Petzinger exchanged vows on the 28 Apr 56. The Best of Luck to all.

The airwomen's bowling play-offs were played 20 Apr 56 between the Hawks and the Robins, captains LAW Randy Chartrand and LAW Cec Klinowski. It was very exciting and anyone's game all along. However Randy's team edged the Robins with a margin of 130 points. That league was full of laughs and for the benefit of those didn't participate it's a wonderful constitution, join the gang next year.

Little success for the gals this year in the basketball and volleyball play-off, however, it's Mox Nix, better luck next year and we thank you for your efforts.

Has anyone else noticed the long faces around the barracks now that 444 Sqn is at Rabat? Or is this just my imagination?

With Spring in the air we find Esther, Jean, Jenny or Cec outside putting a little elbow grease on their cars. It seems they are using some very powerful cleaner "what's this I hear the paints peeling off"?

Our roving actress "Miss Patricia Grubb" is back once again from location at 30 AMB Langar. The show was a smashing success I dare say. However, it seems she gets so excited. What happened to that in between line Pat? Welcome back.

A month has passed and no one has suggested a new name for this little column. Oh come on gals, what's with the thinking caps? Are you satisfied with this name? Please inform us one way or the other.

Anything you wish to have published in this article just let me know, anyone's ideas will be appreciated.

Cheers for this month.

Fire Hall News

by LAC KM McCarthy

Since our last entry in the Flieger we have had a few changes in the Section — mostly in rank. Congratulations go to six men: to Sgt Steppings, who made his F/S, and to five new corporals, Leblanc, Landry, Racette, Woods and Tompson. It seems as if you see corporals everywhere you look now.

We had three good days of training in Fire Fighting under the watchful eye of WO 2 DeBrowere from Air Div who was giving us the know-how. I'm sure we all learned something. He also tested our equipment and found everything in order.

Cpl and Mrs. Tompson went on leave to England where they are sure to enjoy their stay in their Home Land. Sgt Dahlgren got posted to Ste. Margaret's in Canada and seems to anticipate a lot of time off. Before he left he bought himself a new shotgun and a set of golf clubs. I guess he plans to go shooting around the golf course. We wish him all the best of luck in his new posting.

Woodford's wedding went over in a big way. To prove it there were lots of big heads the next day.

We regretted losing Jim Landry who went to Canada for a month. He has all our sympathy for the loss of his brother at home.

A new alarm system has been installed in PMQs to give the people added protection, but we are sure they will still be just as careful with fire now as in the past.

Instrument and Electrical Flashes

By LAC R. BINNS

Ah, the springtime, when an airman's thoughts turn to making hot dogs in the hangar canteen and senior NCO's thoughts turn to brown papered windows.

And speaking of the brown papered office, we note a new "wheel" to be oiled at the section parties in the person of Sgt Browning direct from Winnipeg.

It has also been noted that a new spring fashion has hit the section in the shape of a glamorous car which is parked beside the hangar in all its splendour, making the other cars look obsolete in comparison. Although its owner is still seen riding the section bicycle, it's claimed he just does so for exercise.

Yet another fashion has been paraded around the section during the past month, that of new badges of rank on sleeves, and rather belated congratulations are extended to WO 1 Hayman, WO 2 Ward and Cpl Charron. Although the other two elected to take things quietly, WO Hayman celebrated by counting all the tables and chairs in 4 Wing (apparently an old established custom amongst newly promoted WO 1s).

During the past month by the way, we have felt great pride and gratitude in knowing that our own local boy made good. Cpl Ken Bradley played an important part in the organization of the highly successful Wing Maintenance party, and we should also like to thank the section heavy weight Champ Cpl Dick Grealy for his greatly appreciated floor show.

At the time of writing, LAC Kent is again (or is it still) paying nightly visits to his friends at the "Gasthaus zum Fleischkopf", he is expected to be relieved of these social activities when LAC Forgues returns from leave.

And so we close, but before we say Auf wiedervoir, we shall give you our profound thought for the month,

"On a Chesterfield, actions squeak louder than words".



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A German Wedding



Traditional Wedding Procession during the wedding ceremony of Cpl Norm Stouffer.

Every district in Germany has its own marriage customs. In the village of Lichtenau which is about nine miles south of Soellingen Airport on the main road to Strasbourg, one of our airmen, Cpl Norm Stouffer joined hands in matrimony with one of the local girls, Miss Gertrude Schneider.

In this particular district there are several customs that the Bride and Groom to-be must adhere to. It is customary for the Bridal couple to see each other the night before the Wedding and have coffee together. While they are sipping their coffee they hear the sound of glass breaking in the next room. Someone has thrown broken glass and bottles on the floor. The traditional custom is that the bride and groom must clean up the debris and this is supposed to bring them Good Luck.

On the day of the wedding the Groom, Best Man, and all the guests gather at the home of the Bride, where they assemble for a procession and proceed to the village church. The best-man and the bride lead the procession followed by the groom and the bridesmaids and all the guests. It is customary for the parents of the Bridal couple to walk at the rear of the parade. The procession wended its way to the Church, where the couple were married by a German Protestant Minister.

After the marriage ceremony the procession forms up again with the Bride and Groom leading. They parade through the main street of the Village with the children scampering hither and thither, the Groom stops periodically and throws candy and coins to the children. At one point of the route a ribbon is stretched across their path and the groom must pay to cross over with his bride and party. They proceed to the Reception Hall where eating and drinking and dancing goes on for hours.

During the Reception if the Groom is not watching his Bride, someone steals her shoe and to retrieve the shoe the Groom must pay the thief, who in turn gives the money to the bride, this is the first money the bride received from her husband. The groom must always be on his toes, because if not, someone whisks his bride away to a local Gasthouse then the Groom must start looking for her. If he is fortunate he may find her at the first one and the custom is that every Gasthouse he enters he must buy a round of drinks for the house. This could prove expensive if he enters several before he finds his bride. He returns to the Reception Hall with his bride and everyone continues merry making. At midnight the Bride's mother removes the bride's veil and they continue to dance and be merry. The bride and groom must stay at the Reception Hall until the last Guest leaves, if not, it will bring them Bad-Luck.

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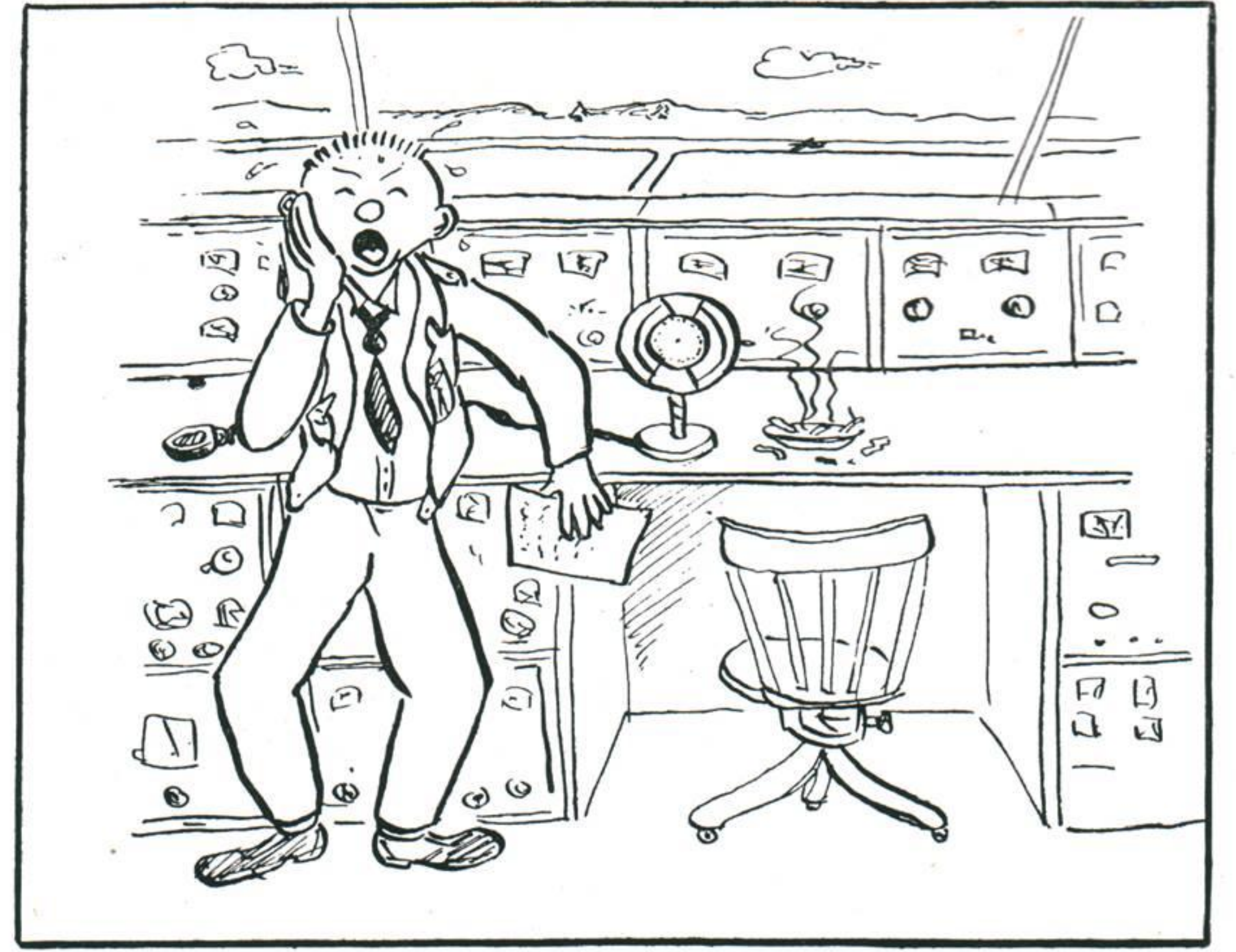
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Jet
 stream

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Way up above ground level, the good controller sits
 If a stranger could but see him, he would think "He's
 taking fits".
 But he's not: he's cool and calm you see as all controllers
 are
 And the name of "Good Old Jet Stream" is known both
 wide and far
 This story as related here you would believe as true
 If you had been up here with me or if this man you knew.

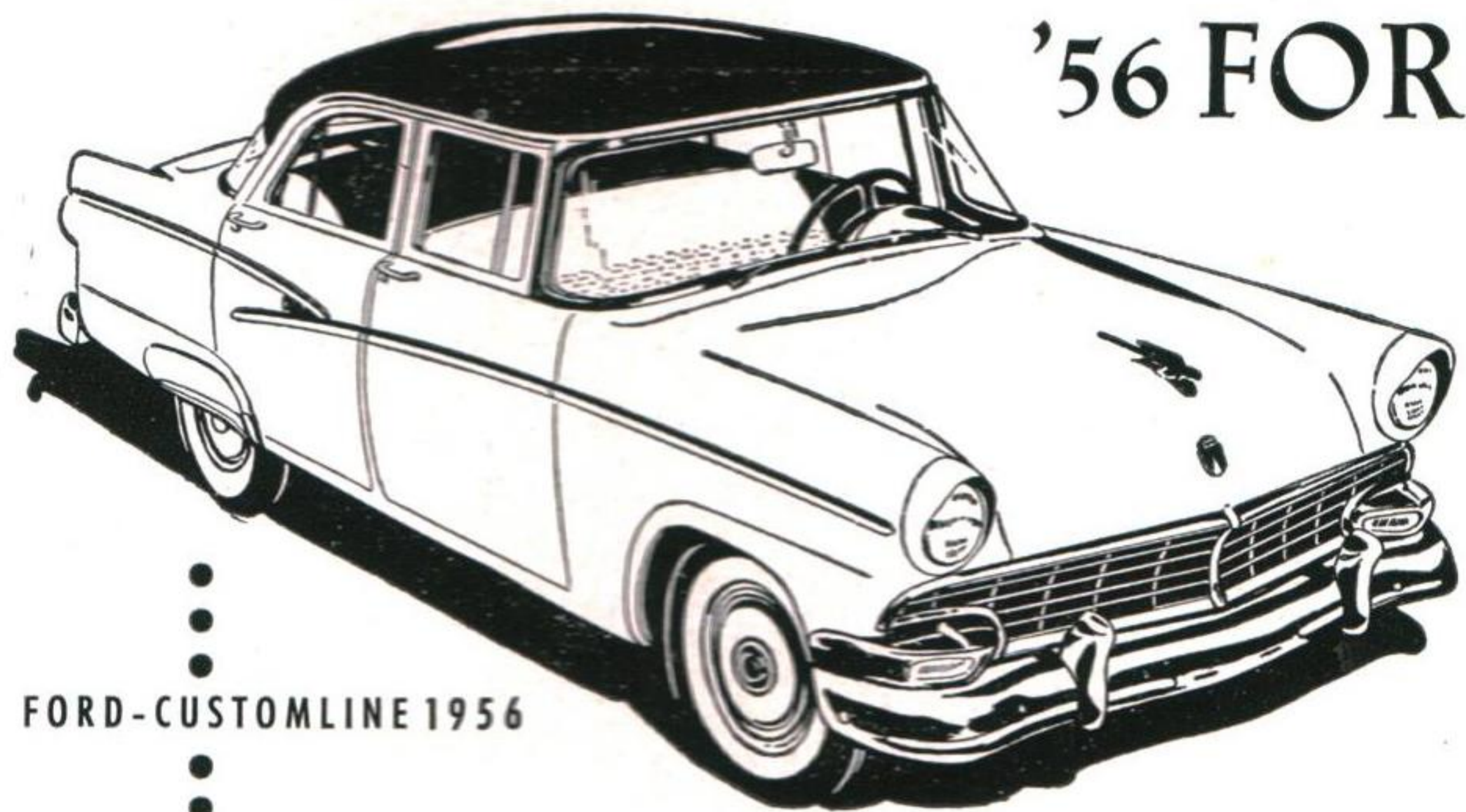
Twas on a dark and dingy day, the vis was dropping fast
 A voice came thru "Approach Control" in short excited
 gasps
 "Soellingen this is one two three on IFR from Landstule
 I'm forty west of station now and getting low on fuel."
 "Jet one two three, Approach Control your steer is one one
 five
 Descend to Angels twenty: Standby till I advise"

Our story I must interrupt to bring you up to date
 The weather's bad and GCA is out on coffee break
 Our Beacon's also off the air, there's only ADF
 A pipe line five's the only thing, the only let down left.
 "Jet one two three you're by the base — descend to Angels
 ten.
 A right procedure to turn will head you in for base again."

Twas only seconds after this Approach Control was called
 By one two three with words of woe; the words "Compres-
 sion stall."
 Now Jet Stream knew he'd but one chance to get this air-
 craft down
 His teeth were clenched his face was wet and wrinkled in
 a frown
 "Jet one two three, Approach Control turn right to two
 one five
 You're in the safety lane, descend, report at one point five".

I moved and pushed the crash alarm; the bell was loud and
 clear
 And I shouted at the squawk box for everyone to hear
 "The ambulance is ready but the crash truck's awful slow;
 Please send someone right over here to give the boys a
 tow."
 Now all the 'phones were ringing and the squawk box
 buttons burped
 But I poured two cups of coffee to quench our awful thirst.

"Jet one two three, Approach Control, when steady please
 advise"
 "Soellingen I've the base in sight," Jet one two three
 replied.
 Then through the solid overcast Jet one two three came
 down
 And thirty seconds later he was safely on the ground.
 I turned and said, "Boy that was close", and sighed with
 great relief
 But Jet Stream didn't hear me — he had fallen fast asleep.



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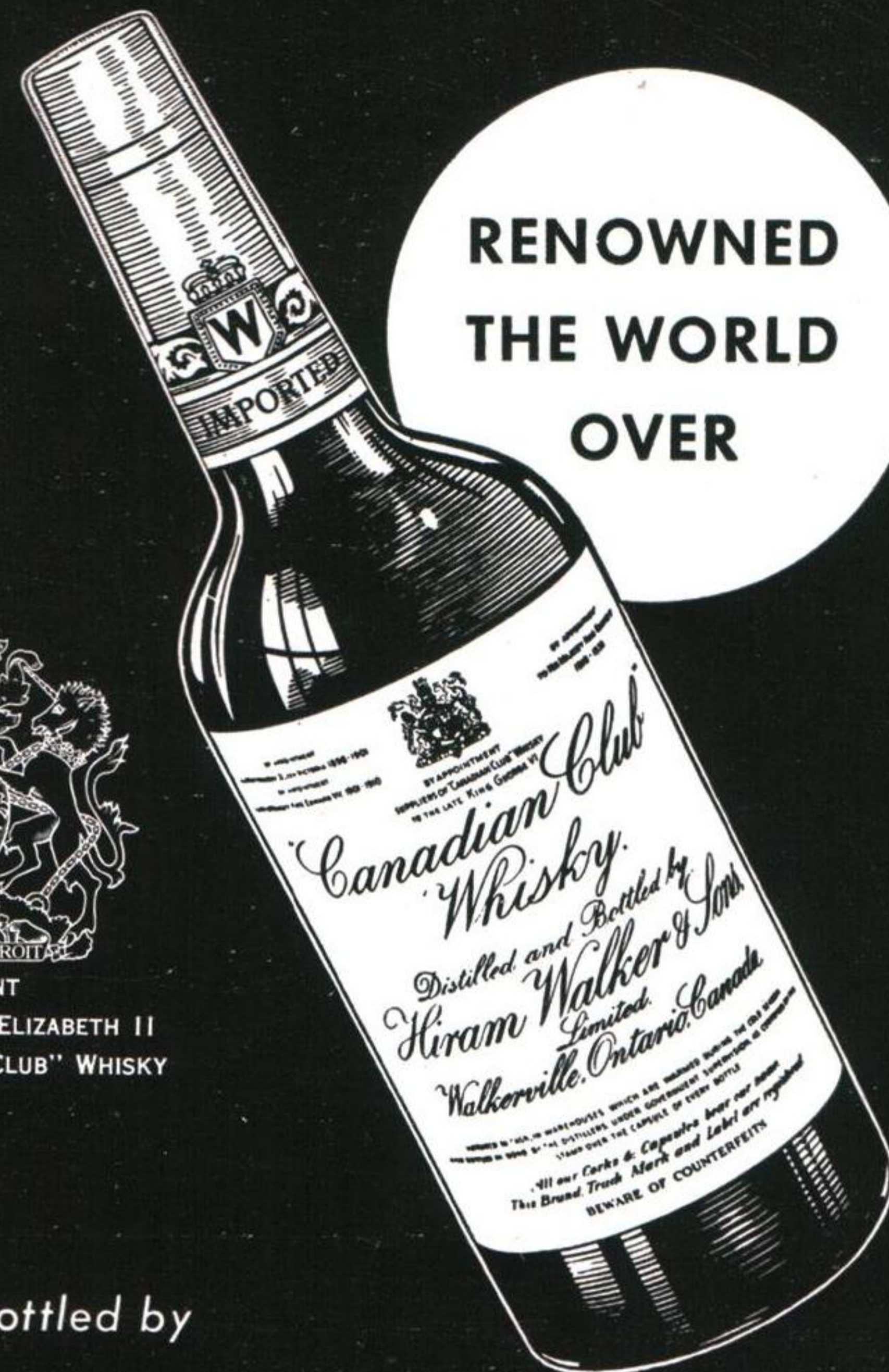
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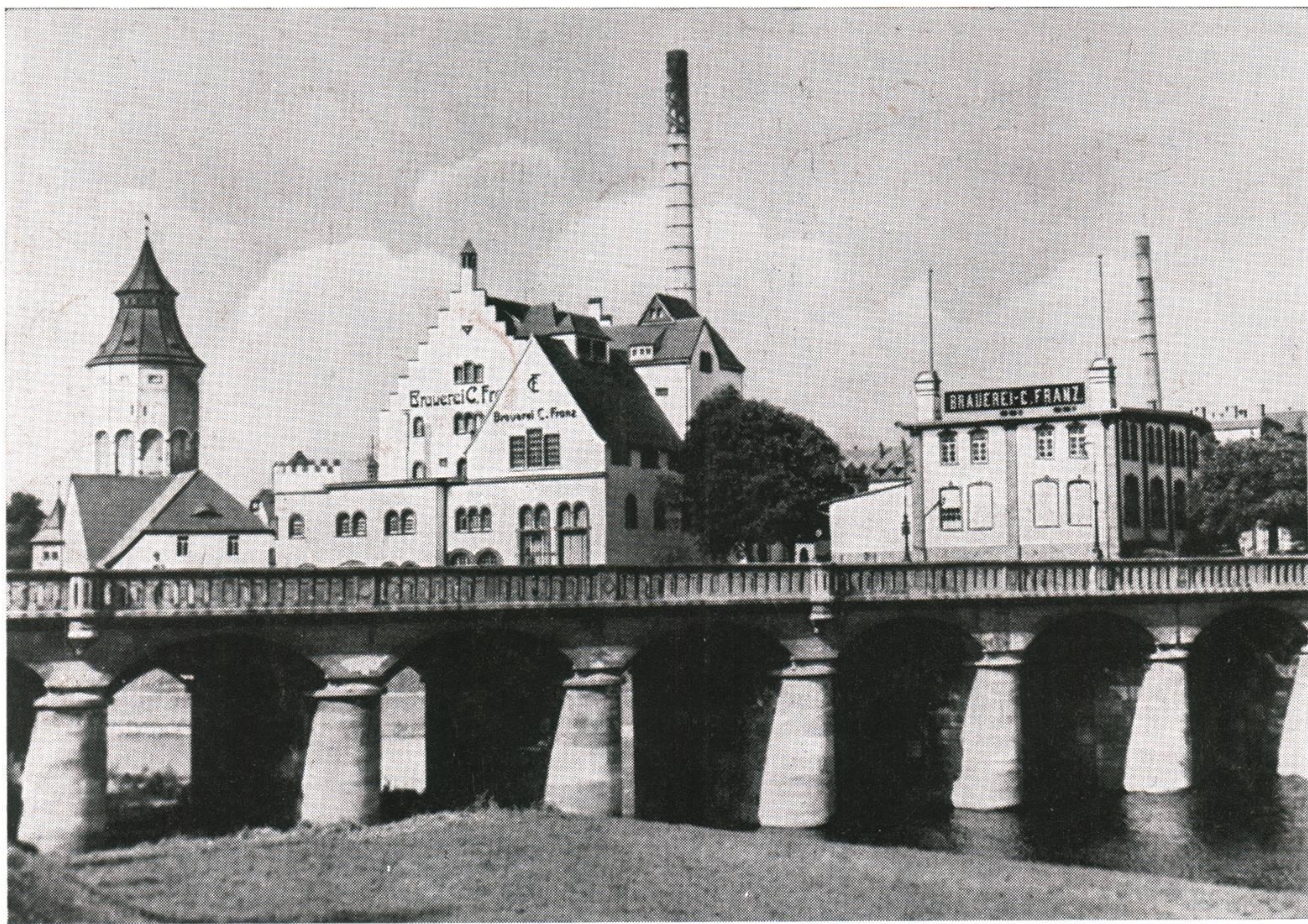
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