

Schwarzwald- Flieger



UNTERSTMATT (COVER STORY PAGE 1)

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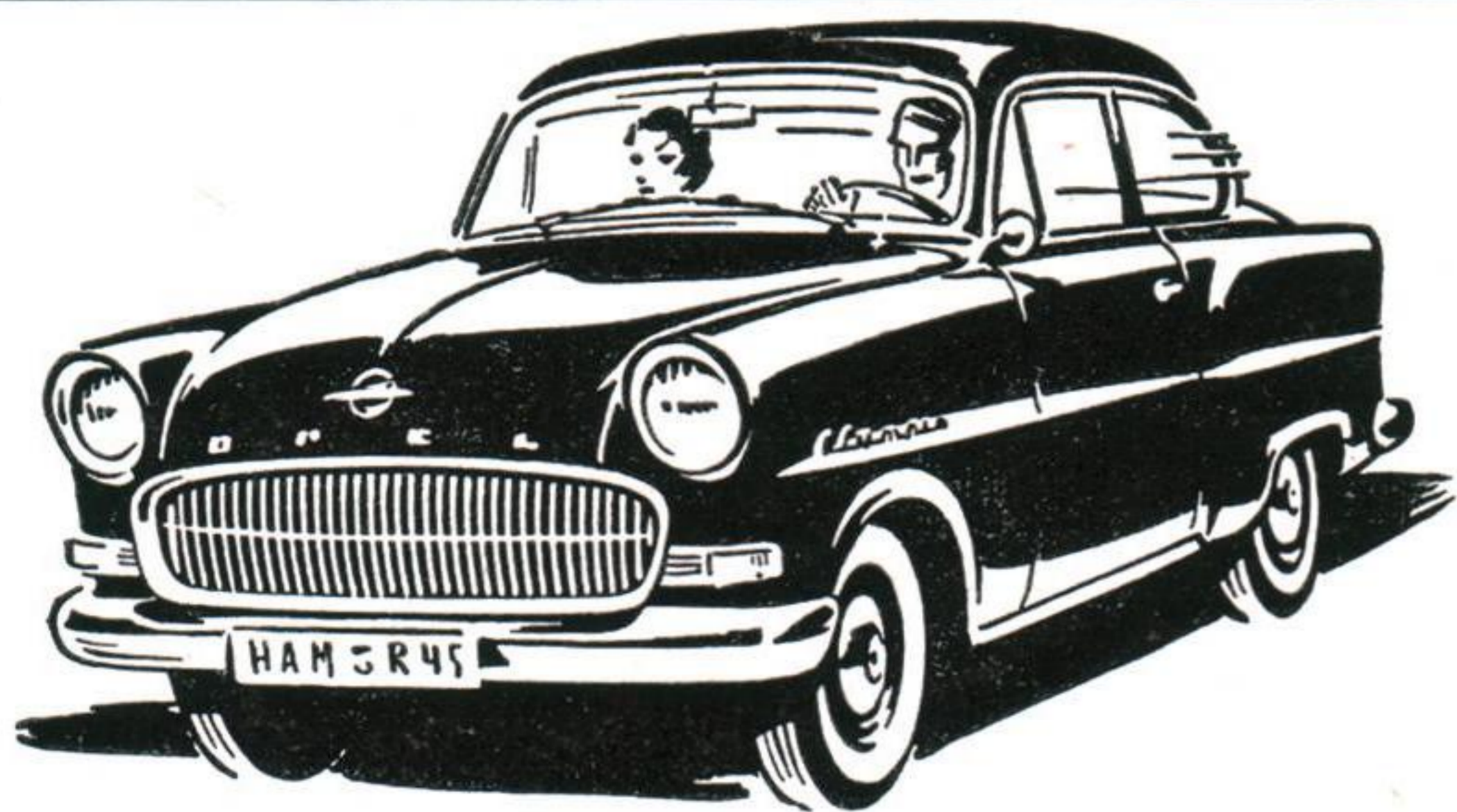
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This
Month's
**COVER
STORY**

Unterstmatt

by Mrs. M.T. Bauert

Unterstmatt is one of the many famous first class hotels for winter sports and summer holidays, situated 3000 ft up on the picturesque Schwarzwald-Hochstrasse — Black-Forest Highroad. Driving up from Baden-Baden you pass some of the equally famous hotels, such as Kurhaus Bühlerhöhe, Plättig, Sand and Hundseck, the latter of which has just been sold to a private company. Kurhaus — literally meaning cure-house — Unterstmatt is situated right in the heart of the Black-Forest. It is a most inviting, cosy and friendly place, unusually well furnished, and this as well as deliciously prepared meals provide mental and physical relaxation for everyone, looking for a peaceful and quiet spot.

You can enjoy walking for hours along even paths through the silent, high, pine-clad forests without meeting a soul. Benches for resting are placed at the most intriguing spots with unique views across the Rhine-Valley as far as Strassbourg and the French "Vogues" Mountain range. Directly by the house you will find an expansive lawn for lazying in a deck-chair, before enjoying your afternoon tea, coffee and cake.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor,
Dear Sir,

Perhaps this is the wrong way of finding out, but I would like very much to know why it is that there is no show on Saturday evenings.

It seems very peculiar to me that a theatre of the calibre of the one on this station should not be able to draw some sort of a paying crowd out of those of us who do not spend the majority of our spare time in a gasthaus, guzzling draught after draught of beer. We should be able to spend our time in a manner which we find enjoyable, and not be forced to adopt ALL of the local customs.

Please let us see if we can't do something to improve an already good establishment.
A.W.T.

Saturday evening shows were presented approximately 2 years ago; but the turn out was so small that it was discontinued. However W/C Ball said he was willing to have them again, if a crowd could be assured — but how can that be done?

L.S.C.



**Schwarzwald-
Flieger**

(Black Forest Flyer)

This magazine is published monthly as a Station Non Public Fund Activity through the kind permission of Group Captain B. E. Christmas CD, Commanding Officer 4 Fighter Wing, RCAF, Baden-Soellingen, Germany.

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A ski-slope and ski-lift provide ample fun for the sport minded, and even skiing lessons are provided for. So up the Black-Forest Mountain Road we go in search for the "something a little different" from everyday life.

To the Editor,
Dear Sir,

In a hot, dusty room on this station there is an assortment of broadcasting equipment strewn about in an extremely disorderly fashion. Is this equipment still functioning as radio station CRBS?

If it is, then how is it that one can never dial it on a receiver in the evenings? If it is not, then does this mean that there are no longer any interested personnel on the station who can bring its delightful programs back to our ears?

A Radio station on an Air Force base makes the base one to be envied by the many others who have no such institute.

Is the pride and joy of our fine establishment just growing stagnant because of lack of interest or support, or is all the equipment in an unserviceable and irreparable condition?

If you, kind sir, cannot give me an answer, then would anyone reading this letter please answer me via next issue?

Perturbed . . .

Your perturbed state is soon to end. Again, W/C Ball said a sum of \$6000.00 has been allotted for this project. AFN shall soon have competition.

L.S.C.

A German's Impressions of Canada

(ED. Note: The following letter was written by a German national, a former employee at this Wing, who recently emigrated to Canada. Our readers, might be interested in a local inhabitant's viewpoint of our country.)

Dear Fellows,

It's about time that I let you hear from me, but I wanted to wait awhile before telling you about my first impressions of Canada. With the guidance and cooperation of you all I have little difficulty in passing for an old-timer. Of course there are quite a few differences in the way of living compared with that of good old Germany. But I couldn't say that I ever felt homesick. I do miss the perfect countryside of the Schwarzwald that's true, but there is no pain to go with it. I just miss it that's all.

As far as this city, Toronto, is concerned I guess I will never like it. It might be a nice city in about 20 years time, but right now it gives you the feeling that it grew too fast. There is nothing like uniform city planning or architecture. Everyone builds and seems to do what he likes. And boy! — are the Canadians ever sign crazy! I have never seen them as large in my life; what is as amazing is the inexpensiveness of electric power. Even the smallest store can afford a one-billion bulb advertisement. The used car lots fight the night with ten times that number.

At the present I am staying with my brother-in-law who has a \$15,000, five room bungalow. I guess I'll stay there until I earn a down payment for one of my own. Without too much trouble I found a job. I start with \$70.00 for a 37½ hour week, paid vacations and insurance, pay guaranteed even if there is no work. For a brand new immigrant that's pretty good pay, everyone tells me. Compared to Germany living is very cheap. It is no luxury to have meat every day or real coffee or a ½ lb of butter daily. The Canadian citizens claim that the cost of living is awfully high, but as for the immigrants, they all have houses of their own, drive new cars and live well. Something they could never have achieved back home. Most of them go on a visit to Europe after about five years and then they come back completely changed, true Canadians. Everything seems so simple here. But one thing is real important and that is to learn to speak English. There are different Canadians; some were born here, these are the native Canadians. Some speak with an English accent, those are the good Canadians. Some recognize your accent, having the same one, but answer you in English; those are the better Canadians. Some recognize your accent and answer you in your own language, these are the homesick Canadians. In this city it looks like first group are in the minority.

Extract from the Masquerade Journal,
Baden-Oos Carnival 1957

BELOVED ROYAL AIR FORCE!

Walls, rooftops and people shaking;
Thunder roaring, lightning waking
you from glorious, heavenly slumber,
Tearing ear-durms, brains asunder,
Not for reasons ask, bewailing
Why jet-pilots don't go sailing.
Don't you know that sweet repose
Is begot, produced by those
Gently, softly humming jets,
Synchronized and well tuned sets,
Whose pitch is lowered to suit your ear,
Remember, even should you hear
Slightly higher notes, my dear,
Not as German you appear!

The Dependents Driving School is operating as if geared to perfection, the last course started on 18 Feb. 57. The students are now in the process of learning the art of self-preservation, namely "How to drive in Europe".

Ever notice all the pedestrian husbands on camp lately. Seems that once the little woman is taught to drive by the Dependents Driving School, she figures the car is supposed to go with her license. Don't feel bad fellows, most of the instructors get "multi" miles on the shoes too.

Posting — itis has hit the section in epidemic proportions due to approximately thirty of our personnel returning to God's Country during 1957. Every second person you see is comparing sailing dates and boats, also a lucky few comparing Commands and Stations. Oh Well! . . . About another year and I will be under the influence of Posting — itis!

The accident record board for PMC accidents is climbing by leaps and bounds. Don't be a statistic on the board. Dead people are awfully dull company and you are dead a long time.

DRIVE CAREFULLY — LIVE LONGER.

DAIMLER BENZ A.G.

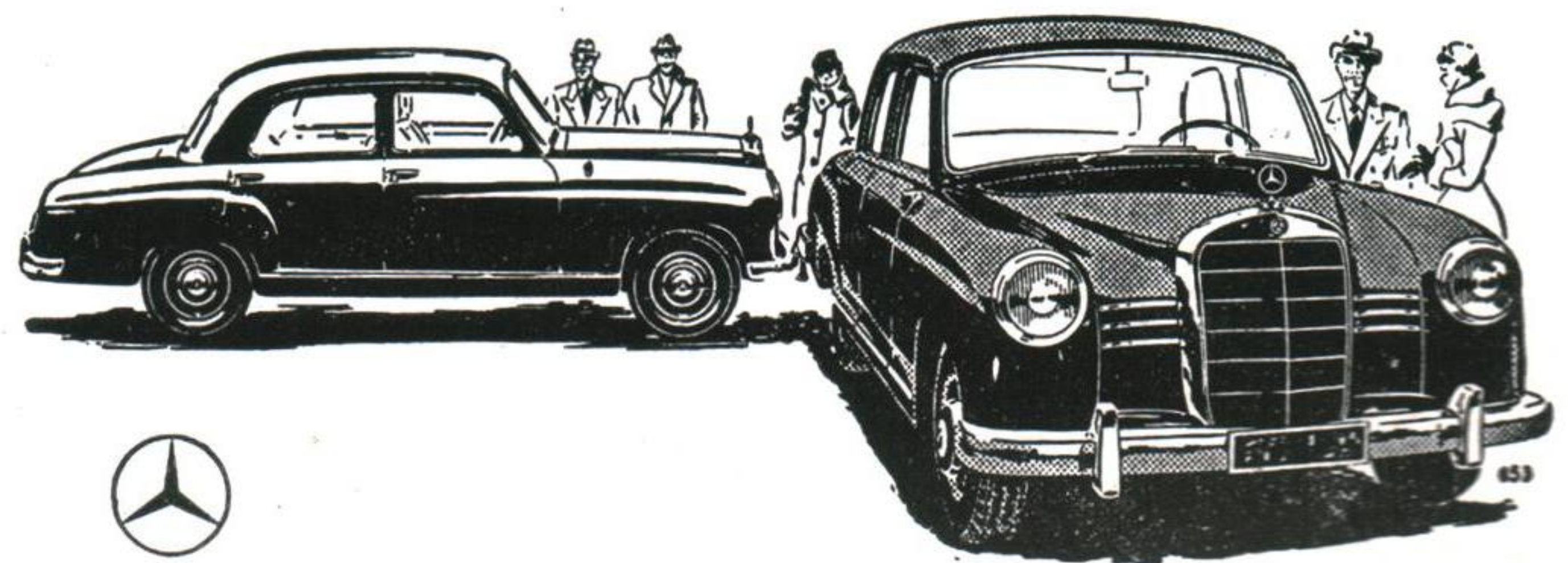
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MERCEDES-BENZ

St. Patrick and His Day

by Ron Coulson

On the 17th of this month, Irishmen from the Bronx to Belfast will be seen sporting a bit of green somewhere in their attire to show the rest of the world that they are Irish, and darned proud of it.

Ask anyone of these folks, and they will tell with expanded chests that this is the day of their patron saint, Patrick.

In many communities it is this date which finds various church groups trying to outdo each other with socials, and stage shows along a typically Irish theme, usually sporting one or more of the Irishmen which acclaimed so much fame as a real tough enforcer of the law.

Dances are held in honour of their favourite intercessor in heaven, and radio waves are overflowing with the beautiful ballads which have sprung from this land of Killarney.

Just how many of these Sons of Erin realize how far back into history their patron existed we have no way of knowing, but we are sure that they are grateful to him and the work he did for them no matter how long ago it was done. Certainly very few saints have had the acclaim afforded to Patrick.



Just when he was born is not known for certain, however it has been laid down in various sources that the year was between 385 and 389 A. D. His young life was little different from that of any other boy of his day. His parents were Christians, and his father was a land-owner of sorts. He spent most of his early years tending the family herd of sheep high on the hills of Erin.

When he was sixteen years old he was captured by a band of Irish marauders and carried off to Europe as a slave. He laboured under their whips and curses for six years before he managed an escape from their clutches and wandered on foot through Europe for several more years before he reached home again.

During this time he was considered dead by his family, and when he came upon his village he discovered that a grave change had come over them in that they were all turning into pagans of the worst sort. Plundering of smaller villages and farms was spreading throughout the country with many landgrabbing tribal chieftans declaring themselves kings, and clearing out kingdoms from their fellowmen.

All of this was very distasteful to young Patrick, and he decided that he should become a missionary and do

what he could to restore Christian teachings to his people. He took leave of Ireland on his own this time, and for some fourteen years he studied theology in Gaul and Rome.

All this time his sleep was troubled by visions of the many thousands of his countrymen who were suffering persecutions from pagan emperors and chieftans. They called to him in dreams, beseeching him to come to them, and save them from their fate.

In 432 he was consecrated bishop, and made his way back home armed with the teachings of Christ. It was not long before a chieftan he succeeded in converting, granted him a barn, which he in turn made his first place of worship in Ireland.

He worked hard to conquer these pagan peoples, and had many battles with chieftans who would have put him to death except that they were finally won over to God by his inspired tongue.

Another King's son donated an entire estate to be converted into a church, and soon faith was firmly established in Erin.

Many succeeding years were spent in battle with royalty, and although multitudes of hardships confronted him at every turn, he never seemed to weaken. Stronger and stronger became his words, until finally he had won enough over to his side to be able to cope with the rest of the country and establish many churches where hitherto bloodshed had been the only means of power.

Now the word of God was the greatest power in the country, and through this one man Ireland became what it still is to this day, the most Christian country in the world.

St. Patrick resigned as Bishop as soon as he was satisfied that his work was completed, and died in 461.

Yes, the Irish can rightly be proud of their patron saint, for few men in history have left such a lasting monument to their life's work as the pride in the voices of the people who hold March 17th as a special day.

A Scotchman's Reply

Some day I'll come across the sea to Scotland,
If only at the closing of my day,
To see again the moonlight on Loch Lomond,
And to watch the sun go down on Cathkin Braes,

To see again the ripple on Loch Katrine,
The landgirls in the farmyard staking hay,
To sit beside the camp-fire in the gloaming,
And to watch Jock Tamson's bairns as they play,

The winds that blow across the sea from Scotland,
Are perfumed by the heather as they blow,
And the lads that fought and died for their great country,
Spoke a language that the English did not know,

They talk about the Shamrock of Killarney,
They speak about the lovely English Rose,
But there's nothing like the good old Scottish thistle,
And the land in which the Scottish thistle grows,

Now if there's going to be a life hereafter,
And somehow I feel there's going to be,
I will ask my God to let me make my heaven,
In that Scottish land that's aye sae dear tae me.



Canadian Current Affairs



NEWFOUNDLAND — A national hospital insurance plan for Canada has moved one step closer to becoming a reality with the announcement that Newfoundland is ready to join in the proposed scheme. The federal government's offer to establish the plan rests on the stipulation that at least six of the provinces representing more than half of Canada's population indicate their willingness to participate. One of these six provinces would have to be either Ontario or Quebec because of the proportionately large sizes of their populations.

MARRIAGE — The latest figures from Ottawa have pointed a warning finger at the Canadian male. It seems that there are 393 thousand more eligible men in the country than there are women, and that's a statistic that can cause a lot of trouble. To break it down even further, there are more than and a half million unmarried men in Canada. But the competition could become pretty fierce, because there a just over a million single women available. Despite the discrepancy, marriages have declined slightly.

SABRES — The minister of trade, Mr. Howe, says that Israel has cancelled its order with a Canadian aircraft company for 24 Sabre jet fighter planes. The order, which was valued at more than seven million dollars, was suspended by the government last October when Israel invaded Egypt. Now, the Israel government has cancelled the order completely, and Canadair, the Canadian firm involved, has refunded two million dollars in deposits to cover the construction of eight Sabres. The eight planes, Mr. Howe said, would be turned over to the RCAF.

CANCER — Ontario will soon have the most modern cancer centre in the country. The new institute opens in Toronto this summer. In charge of the institute's department of radiation physics will be Doctor Harold Johns, the scientist who built one of the first two Cobalt bombs to be produced in this country. Its most up to date piece of equipment will be a new betatron, the first of its kind in Canada. Doctor Johns explained that a betatron was a source of even greater radioactive energy than the Cobalt bomb. He expected that within next five years X-Ray would be put aside, to be replaced either by Cobalt bombs or cesium units. Doctor Johns estimated there were now 2 thousand Cobalt bombs in use throughout the world.

NATO — The minister of defence, Ralph Campney says that Canada has no plans at present for altering the strength of her forces now serving with the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Mr. Campney made the statement in the House of Commons in reply to a question put by the leader of the CCF party M. J. Coldwell. Mr. Coldwell had noted that Britain was considering the possibility of withdrawing some of her air and ground forces from the European continent. And he asked if Canada was contemplating any similar action. Mr. Campney said that while he did not know what the final outcome of the British plans would be, he did not expect any changes in Canada's contribution to NATO.

POST OFFICES — Army headquarters in Ottawa has announced that three new post offices will be opened this week for Canadian forces serving in Europe. The post offices will be Antwerp, Belgium, and at Zweibrucken and Baden-Soellingen in West Germany. The Antwerp

post office will serve Canadian army units stationed in Belgium and the German branches will be for the RCAF's number three number four wings.

HIGH BIRTH RATE — More babies were born in Canada in 1956 than in any other previous year, according to estimates by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics offices. The estimated total was 450,00 versus 443,000 in 1955. Birth registrations in 1956 were greater in Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia, but smaller in the other provinces.

FARMERS — Farmers in Saskatchewan are going to get a break when it comes to paying taxes. The C. C. F. member for Swift Current, E. I. Wood told the provincial legislature that the government intended eliminating a three per cent tax on farm fuels. The tax went toward paying for education and hospitalization in the province and it amounted only to ten dollars a year for each farmer. But even that small amount Mr. Wood said added another burden to the farmers who were already suffering much hardship.

TOURIST ACCOMMODATION — The Canadian Travel Bureau reports that all across Canada tourist accommodation was on the rise in 1956, with new motel and motor courts springing up in most of the provinces. In Ontario alone new construction included 127 motels, 28 cabin establishments, 15 lodges, two inns and 80 cottages. Alberta added ten new motels, comprising 117 units, and British Columbia reported 600 new accommodation units. Fourteen new units were added to a Charlottetown, Prince and 85 tourist camp or resort units. The motel building Edward Island, motel. Manitoba had 110 new motel units, boom continued in Saskatchewan and extensive camp building went on throughout the province, particularly in northern fishing areas. New accommodation in Nova Scotia included 105 motel units, 98 tourist home rooms and 21 cabins, while New Brunswick reported 87 new motel units. Newfoundland added 235 guest house, cabin and motel units.

FAMILIARIZATION — Three officers of the German Air Force visited RCAF training stations and discussed training arrangements preparatory to the arrival of 360 German aircrew trainees in Canada. The three visiting officers were Colonel Poetter, Director of Training for the German Air Force; Colonel Hoffmann, Deputy for Technical Training, and Lieutenant Colonel Wehnelt, commanding officer of the German Air Force station which will first fly the Mark V Sabres given to Germany by Canada. They arrived in Montreal by air from Germany and for 10 days visited RCAF training establishments in both Eastern and Western Canada. In company with Colonel F.C. Schlicting, the German air attaché in Ottawa, they flew to the RCAF's Training Command headquarters at Trenton, Ont., and then moved to Station Centralia, Ont, home of the RCAF's Primary Flying Training School, and Station London, where the Air Force's officer's School is located. The group then flew to Winnipeg, where they visited 14 Training Group headquarters. Before returning to Montreal they visited RCAF flying training establishments at Moose Jaw, Sask., and Portage la Prairie, Manitoba. A visit to the RCAF's day-fighter Operational Training Unit at Chatham, N. B. concluded the tour.



A History of a popular-risque wine name

At the inn "Ritter Götz" at Kröv

Translation by Elfriede Radetzki

In some vintager-villages on the Moselle river many hotels are named after their most famous brand of wine. For instance, at Piesport one can put up lodging in the "Goldtröpfchen" (golden drop), at Wehlen in the "Sonnenuhr" (sun dial) and at Urzig in the "Würzgarten". At Erden one can take a rest at the "Treppchen", and at Zell it has to be the "Schwarze Katz" (Black Cat). In the historical wine-village of Kröv, however, one takes lodgings at the "Ritter Götz"; this name is not a paraphrase of the most popular wine-name of Kröv, though; since this "imperial inn" existed already some decades before one started drinking the "Kröver Nacktarsch" (literal translation: naked backside).

This name, for which Kröv is much envied by the other wine-districts, owes its origin to a rather prosaic but historically authentic fact. At the time when King Ludwig XIV had the left border of the Rhine under his occupation, the vineyards of Kröv were pledged to a monastery, and the vintagers had to work in the vineyards for very low wages. During the vintage-season, however, they got an extra — allowance in so far as they could also pick grapes for their own needs for as long as a candle required to burn down. When, in fall of 1711, the grapes of the "Kröv Paradise" vineyard were of a particularly fine quality, the monks — who had a great liking for good wine — did not want to give the vintagers their share. So when the day came, where the vintagers could pick grapes for their own use, the monks — in an effort to reduce their share as much as possible — put laxatives in the vintagers' food hoping that this would keep them "busy" otherwise so that they wouldn't be able to pick many grapes. The Kröv vintager people, however, were not so easily outwitted. When the laxative started to

work, women- and menfolks, free and easy, uncovered their bottoms right in the vineyard, so that they did not have to interrupt their picking. "Never mind the Padres seeing our backsides", they said, "it is more important that we get our grapes".

And since the time that the brave Kröv vintagers and their womenfolks fought for their rights in such a drastic manner, the vineyard "Kröv Paradise" was re-named into "Kröver Nacktarsch" — in honour of the vintagers and as a mockery of the monks. The "Kröver Nacktarsch" wine, however, got its popularity more or less through the tourists. Nowadays, nobody would come home from a trip to the Moselle without stopping at the station Kröv of the "Saufbähle" (booze railway, connecting the famous wine-villages) and crossing over to the 1200 years old village on the other side. The Kröv population have not yet erected a monument to commemorate this historical event; they content themselves with giving an illustration of their most popular wine-growth on the bottle labels — although not in the historical version!

Just like in other wine villages, the large number of inns at Kröv can very often not accommodate the great influx of tourists. The "place of pilgrimage", one could even say the "stronghold" of the Kröver Nacktarsch is the ancient imperial inn "ZUM RITTER GÖTZ", which is one of the most remarkable inns of Germany; the inn-keeper, Mr. Matthie Junglen, is famous for his good sense of humour and is on odd fellow. This old inn is full of exposed body parts, not only on the wine-bottle labels, but also on the stain-glass windows, murals, drawings and photos covering the walls, and the pictures do not only represent children, but also very seductive females. Matthie Junglen, the innkeeper, in order to exonerate himself from any possible wrong suspicion, has hung up among those pictures a document on a decision made by the Public Prosecutor of Hesse Province in 1933, which reads as follows: "There is no sexual relation attached to the picture of the human backside on the wine label in question, so that the sense of decency and the ethic feelings cannot be offended in this regard". For those, who may not quite agree to this "official judgement", the following inscription is displayed in the old inn:

You are at a historical place, so enjoy yourself

You are at the source of "Kröver Naked Bottom"

And if you think this word is too swinish — don't blame me
Translate it yourself into Latin — since I can't do it for you!

And being in Kröv, drinking the most famous wine of the village, who wouldn't join in the merry-making! Let's hope that the "Kröver Nacktarsch" agrees with your system just as well as with the four old "worshippers of Bacchus" who — totaling 345 years — had their picture taken in a wine drinking mood and are now looking down from the wall of "Ritter Götz" encouraging the guests to follow their example.

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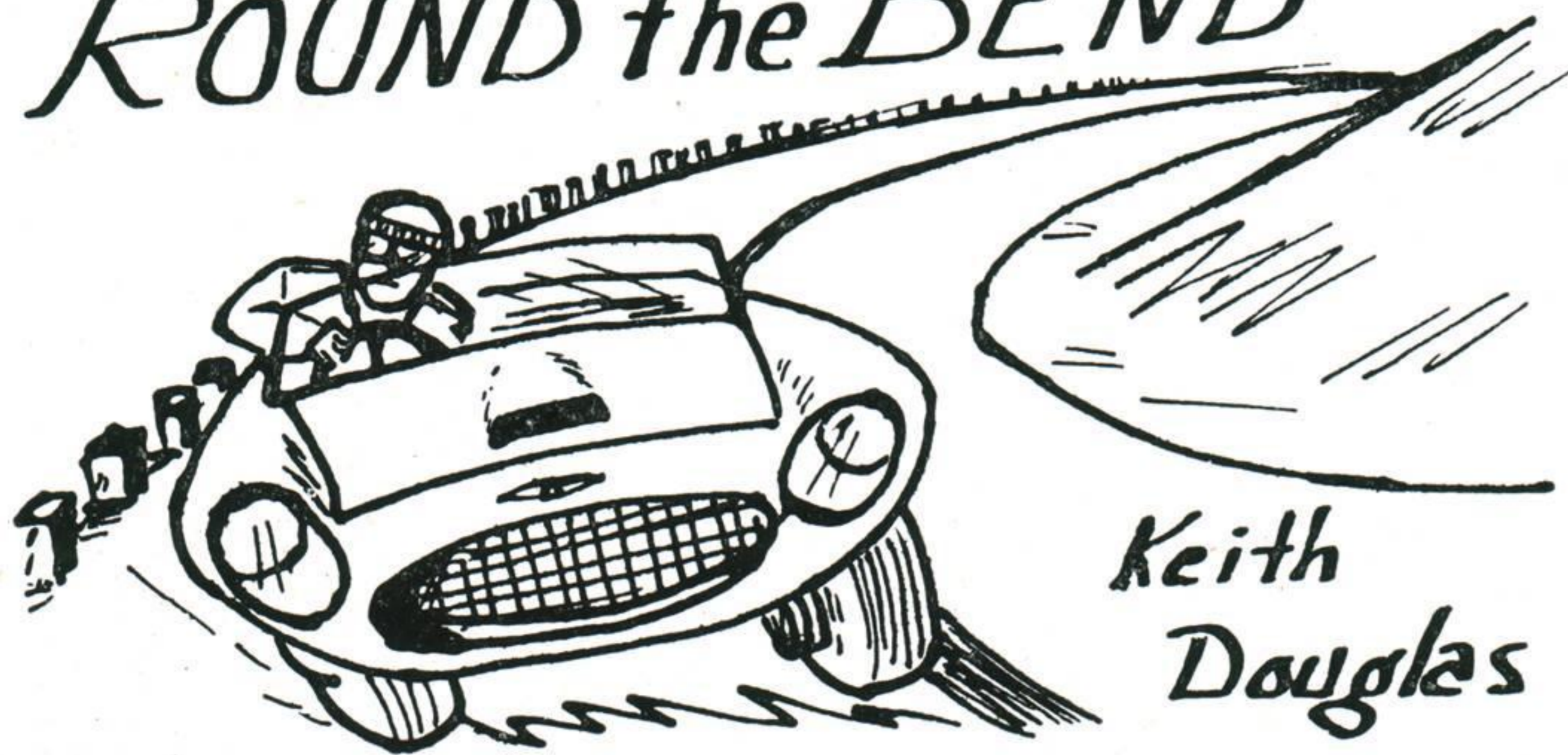


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ROUND the BEND



Well, a few days will see the Sebring 12 Hours, second of the major sports car races of the year, and one of the most bitterly contested. This road and airfield circuit in Florida last year saw only 24 cars still running at the end, out of 60 starters.

To follow up last month's promise (or threat) I'll worry the subject of Formulae again — this time the most famous and controversial one of all, the pre-war 750 kilo formula. Around the mid-thirties the FIA decided that racing machines were getting altogether too hot and should be cooled off. Their new formula, instead of specifying a new engine size, merely decreed that the dry weight of the car (i. e. sans gas, oil, water and driver) should not exceed 750 kilograms. (1650 lbs) On the surface, this was quite reasonable, as the weight of contemporary racing chassis didn't leave a great deal for engine. What the organizers could not foresee was the German development of their brainchild. Mercedes-Benz and Auto-Union, with the aid of huge subsidies from a Nazi government which appreciated the propaganda value of a German sweep of racing, developed light, immensely powerful supercharged engines mounted in murderously light and flexible chassis. Power rose until 6½ litre supercharged monsters were delivering 650 hp in a car 350 lbs lighter than a tiny MG! To make things more complicated, the Auto-Unions were built with the driver seated forward of the engine, and their handling characteristics were enough to make strong men blanch. It was found easier to take motorcycle riders and train them from scratch on Auto-Unions than to convert experienced racers, who missed having a long bonnet to sight down. The great Bernd Rosemeyer was killed in one at the 508 km stone (there's a memorial in the parkplatz) on the Frankfurt—Darmstadt autobahn in 1938 when a puff of wind blew him off the road in a record attempt. His records for the standing kilometre and mile, set in 1937, still stand,

at 117.3 mph and 138.7 mph, respectively. Remember these are the speeds he AVERAGED from a standing start! The Mercedes of the same year could spin its wheels on dry concrete in fifth gear. Perhaps it's just as well this formula died, or we'd have no top drivers left alive after a couple of seasons.

The local chapter of the ISCC has been reasonably active this past month. They had a couple of entries in the Rallye Schneefahrt at Weinheim, had a lively practice day on the station, and have had some terrific films. Their next meeting will be at the Bahnhofskeller in Baden-Baden on Thursday the 21st. Any and all interested types are invited to come out for a social evening and some films.

For those people who just want a Sunday drive, here's a couple of suggestions. In July there will be races at both the Solitude Ring and the Schauinsland Rennstrecke. Why not go over the course some quiet Sunday and pick your vantage point?

The Solitude is just outside Stuttgart, so to find it, take the Stuttgart autobahn as far as the turn-off for Heilbronn, and then take the first turn-off to the right from the Heilbronn autobahn. Continue right for 2 kms and you'll be on the track by the pits. Take a drive around and see a nice, tidy little circuit.

The Schauinsland Rennstrecke is a winding 12.5 kms of mountain road with 173 curves and slopes up to 13%. It lies just outside Freiburg in lovely country and the whole drive is worthwhile. Only one thing I would strongly recommend for married readers — as Freiburg is a fair-sized town with a large shopping centre, take the trip on a Sunday — you'll find it much cheaper in the long run.

After the wedding, the minister patted the groom on the back and told him, "Son, God bless you. You're at the end of all your troubles". A year or so later, the young husband met the preacher and threatened to horsewhip him. "What's the matter?" the preacher asked in astonishment. "When you married me, you told me I was at the end of all my troubles!" the young man cried. The minister smiled. "Son, I just didn't tell you which end."

A Businessman, asked if he liked intelligent girls, replied, "I like a girl with a good head on my shoulder".

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FENDER BENDERS



by "Newf"

After five long weeks on a Driving Course in London, Eng., our boss has finally returned to the flock. When asked how he enjoyed his stay, his only comment was, "A smashing course, but ruddy horrid weather you know".

Once again we extend the hand of welcome to some new personnel who have arrived from across the Pond. We welcome Sgt Rankin and family from Beaverbank, NS; LAC Gribbon and family from MACHQ Halifax, NS.; LAC Pollock and family from RCAF Station Namao; LAC Blain from 6 RD Trenton, Ont., and LAC Haaheim from 5 SD Moncton NB.

The tear soaked handkerchief used for waving "Bon Voyage" is waving for LAC Clampitt who has decided to have a try at civilian life. See our friendly bookie at the Section and get the best odds on how long he will stay out.

LAC Berube and family have also taken the Air Force Special Atlantic Cruise. Guess no. 11 TSU at Montreal will hear some thrilling tales of European duty.

LAC Coolen has left for MACHQ at Halifax even though it took a day or two for him to get cleared thru' Customs. His wife due to illness was taken home by Uncle Sam's Airlines, she had her passport which also had the names of the two children on it. When Coolen arrived at Frankfurt Flughafen complete with baggage and two children he ran into a little customs trouble. Seems he didn't have any authority to take the children out of the country. All misunderstandings were fixed up in a day or two and Coolen complete with kids flew home via Commercial Airlines.

The broomball game between the ME airmen and ME NCOs was played on Saturday nite, Feb. 9. When the final bell had sounded and all bruised and battered bodies had been removed from the ice, the score board read 1—1. Once again the airmen had been unsuccessful in their attempt to humble the NCOs. True, they had tied the game so maybe this was an omen of future victory. (it was.)

Due to this omen the airmen gathered added confidence and challenged the NCOs to a hockey game. This game was played at 1800 hours on 16 Feb. Mainly due to the sparkling goaltending of LAC (Sure Stop) Kirkpatrick and their vast superiority in numbers (the airmen had at least 20 players, the NCOs had 9) the airmen came out on the winning end of an 8—2 score. Nuff said . . .

The big rush now at the section is to try and have everyone finish their leave before the 31 March. With so many personnel on leave it puts an added strain on the few who are left to try and fulfill all commitments.

The rumour making the rounds of the section is that an ME Party is in the making. Such a party will ensure a nite of fun and frolic for most people attending, plus a morning of enormously enlarged heads for a selected few. The hangover types are always conspicuous the next morning by heavy laden eye lids and the noticeable wince at any sharp sound. Another symptom is the unwillingness to talk also a very grouchy nature coupled with an unquenchable thirst. It seems a competent hang-over cure has not hit the consumer market as yet.

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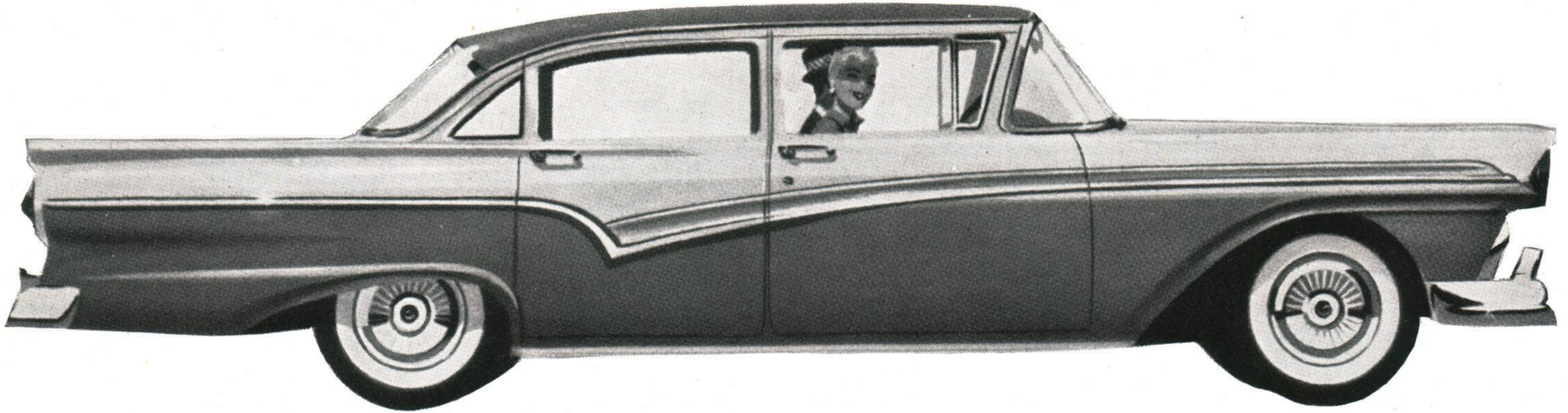
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The '57 Ford

by Keith Douglas

Finally got a big one for you, thanks to Messrs Brenk and Linkenheil, the Ford dealers of Pforzheim, who were kind enough to rally round with a '57 Ford Custom sedan for test.

As usual, I took it away and parked, to have a crawl over the machine and see exactly what I had. It turned out to be one of the best-looking Fords in recent years, with neat, slim lines and a pleasantly simple grill, marred only by slightly pop-eyed headlights. The canted tailfins are a matter of taste, and in this case are certainly less extreme than those on some of the other '57 models. Finish is about average for an American product, with traces of the usual Ford orange-peeling in the paintwork. The only point that could definitely be faulted was the use of a soft putty-like plastic to finish off joints on the rain gutters. This had been painted over, but the paint had flaked off, and the gutters leaked badly.

The hood release is inside the car, and the hood itself is hinged at the front, for safety's sake. The particular machine I tested had the „Mileage-Maker“ 6-cylinder engine, and it's a model of accessibility. For those of us who prefer to do our own maintenance, this is an ideal car. The trunk, of course, is a cavernous hole, and will swallow all that the average airman can afford to put in it.

The instruments (speedometer/odometer, fuel gauge, thermometer, and lights for generator and oil pressure) are easily visible and easily read through the deeply dished steering wheel. A row of three clearly labeled switches on each side of the steering column governs (reading from left to right) ignition cum starter, lights, left air (demister), right air, wipers (vacuum operated), and choke. Over in the dash centre are heater controls, radio, and a neat clock which regulates itself by interpreting re-settings as corrections in operating speed. A lockable glove box completes the console. Oops, almost forget, the ash tray is in the centre, below the radio, concealed by a spring-loaded door that can be awkward to close.

Along about here I should pay the highest possible tribute to the Ford Motor Company for being the only manufacturer in America with the guts to engineer and talk in terms of safety. The others seem to shy away from any suggestion that they should preach safety. Only Ford have engineered impact-resistant door locks, recessed steering wheels, cushioned visors, and swing-away mirrors into their machines and then talked it up loudly. I'll grant that other makes do have some of these features, but they outwardly at least pretend that the problem does not exist. It does, and more power to the Ford people for betting that we, the public, won't be frightened away from their machines by the tacit admission that cars do sometimes get involved in prangs.

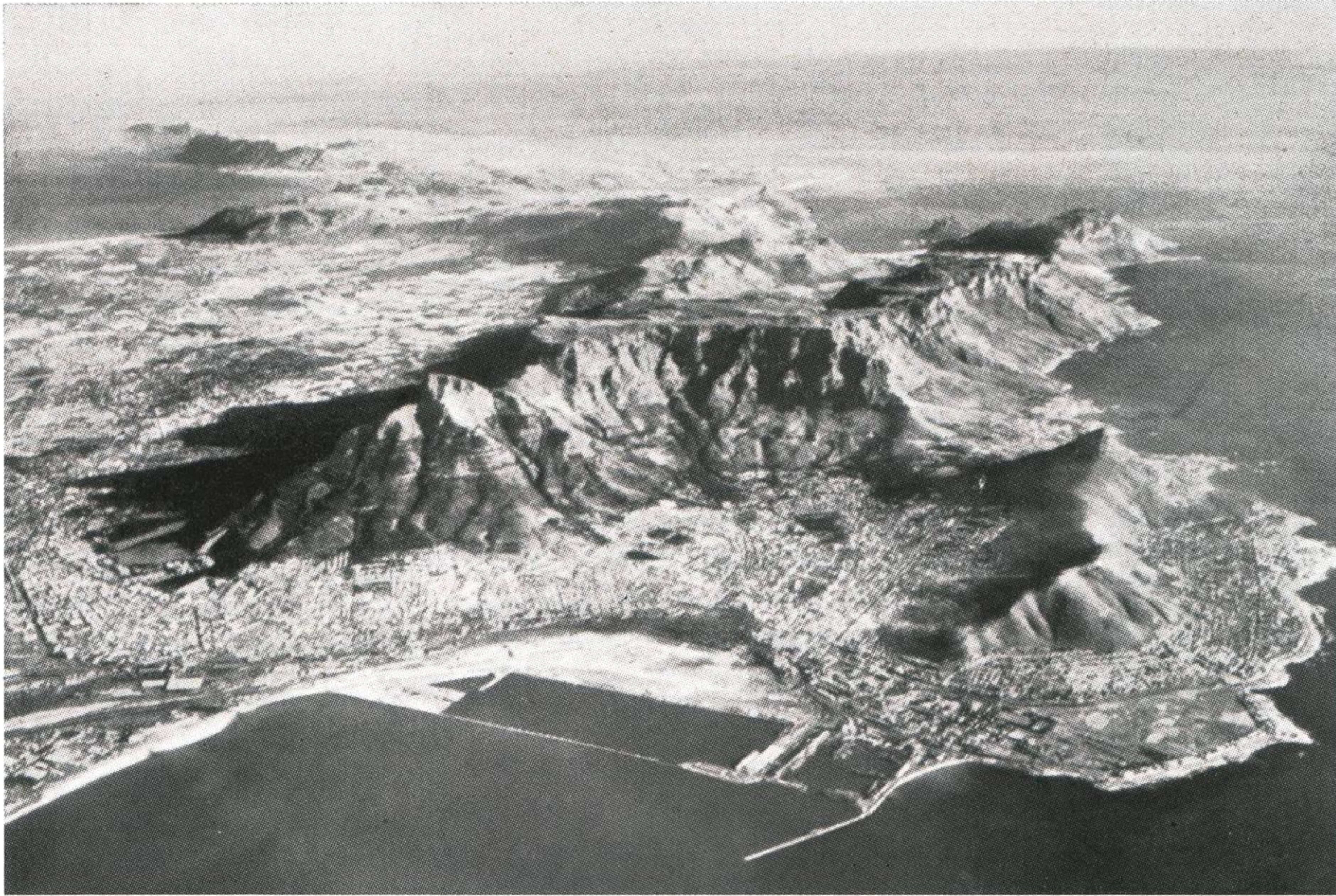
Stepping heavily down off my soap box, I'll continue with a road test —

Visibility from the drivers seat out over the flattened fenders is good, and whatever you think of the fins on the rear fenders, they are quite visible through the huge rear window, and with parking the problem it is in Baden-Baden I was grateful for this aid in judging room. Pedal spacing is good, and the feet are very soon "at home". The gearshift is one of the the best column shifts I've used, with a minimum of lost motion and a fairly short arc. I must go on record as quite impressed with the performance of this wagon. I realize that the V-8 is the punch performer of the family, but that lovely shift and a really willing engine still gave me a quite respectable 0 to 60 indicated in 12.1 seconds. This same engine, incidentally, is docile enough to lug happily down to below ten in high gear and still walk smoothly away, so if your wife doesn't like shifting gears, she'll love this job. The extra soft 7.50 X 14 tires contribute to a smooth ride at all speeds, but why oh why has Ford put such small wheels on a car this size? They'll support it, sure, but the brakes then pose a problem. For ordinary usage they are quite adequate, and in fact are quite powerful, pulling down hard and straight from almost any speed. But under repeated hard application the lack of ventilation starts to tell, and they fade rapidly. Admittedly the only time that the brakes are likely to receive this kind of use (or abuse) is in high-speed touring on mountain roads, but I'm afraid that the 14 inch wheel cannot be hailed as an advance in brake engineering.

Now for some brighter words of praise. The handling of this Ford is a great improvement, and my favourite stretch of winding road was taken with a minimum of wallow and body roll, and even at unwise speeds the Ford was still controllable in corners, though the distortion through the corners of the wrap-around windshield was distracting and even annoying when I was trying to set up for a really tight corner.

The list of optional accesories for the Ford is as long as this already over-long report, and ranges all the way from a cigarette lighter to automatic everything, so I can't possibly do it justice. The car as described is available delivered at Cologne for \$2400, which includes heavier shocks and springs for European roads, and the labour costs involved in preparing the car for delivery to the standard expected by the European customer. If you've plenty of time, you can get one for \$1900 delivered in New York, and then make your own deal with Canadian Home Lines for delivery at about \$200. Here's the rub — it may take about three months for delivery — to Hamburg. It's up to you.

In any case, if you want a really roomy car, easy and pleasant to drive, and one whose appearance will cause heads to turn in any village you pass through, (at least for one year) then this is your buy.



Cape of Good Hope and Table Mountain

Impressions of South Africa

by Evan Gill

We were cleared by customs, and our tickets inspected, then the passengers for K.L.M. flight to South Africa were ushered aboard. Within what seemed minutes we were airborne, and heading south. Behind lay a cold Europe, a seasonally foggy Rhine valley, and ahead lay an experience the extent of which is hard to visualize this far north. The intrigue of this continent which lies partially south of the equator, its vastness, and its beauty combine to make it one of the most fascinating holiday spots of the world.

Our stops on the way down were to be few, and hurried, so by the morning of the 3rd December, Rome, Italy; and Kano, Nigeria, were far behind. Brazzaville in French Equatorial Africa was to be the third and last stop before Jan Smutts Field, near Johannesburg in the Transvaal.

Brazzaville is situated on the historic Congo river which separates F.E.A. from the Belgian Congo. This third leg had now made me a member of "crossing the equator club" noticeable only by a little added perspiration. Now we were off again on the final leg to Johannesburg a bare 24 hours from Frankfurt with a distance covered of about 5000 miles.

In this short span of time, I had travelled from winter to summer, from fog to brilliant sunlight; and with out further ado began to investigate my surroundings. Pretoria, my home for the duration of my visit is the capital of the Transvaal, and one of the four provinces which comprise the Union of South Africa. Natal, Cape Province, and the Orange Free State complete the foursome.

The Union has a governmental system basically the same as our own. With two sittings of parliament, each of six months duration, and held in Pretoria during the winter, and Cape Town during the summer. The party at present governing the Union is of Africaaner Nationalists group, their policy being one of apartheid or complete segregation. Where ever anyone goes you are reminded of this by signs marking entrances, or areas saying — "Europeans" or "Non-Europeans" and written in the two official languages of the country Africaans and English.

The people they govern are many and varied. They comprise roughly 8,000,000 natives or blacks; 2,000,000 whites; and approximately 1,000,000 Indians who are descended from the laborers brought to Natal a century ago to work on the sugar plantations. The whites are comprised of mostly, the Africaaner or Boers of Dutch descent, and the British. The blacks who hold the power of numbers if nothing else, are descended from the old tribes,

the main ones being; the Zulus, Basuto, Ndebel, and Swazi. Day by day all these people exist together in the 470,000 square miles of the Union, at one time so peaceful and congenial and at another, like a ripe volcano.

Its history, as a Union began shortly after the Boer war, where the Boers rebelled against British rule. Finally in 1906 self government was instituted in the Transvaal, and Orange Free State, then later in Natal. The establishment of self government took place under Gen. Jan Smutts, the Boer general who was the first, and most outstanding of Africas leaders.



A Ndebele Woman and Son



Basuto Tradesman Weaving a hat

As my first day dawned in Pretoria I had my initial taste of South African weather with its brilliant sun shining in a cloudless sky and endless visibility. Under these conditions we set out for a location outside Pretoria, an area set aside strictly for the Native people. These locations, or native residence surround every city, for due to the government policy of segregation no native is permitted to live in a city. They are government built areas, and are strictly controlled as white people are not allowed to enter these locations without a pass.

Once there, we proceeded to the small mission run by the only two whites in the restricted area. These two British spinsters with some help, look after and teach the children, run a clinic for the location which they are often required to open in the late hours, because of a stabbing or accident and through this, have gained great respect with the local people. Their children vary in age from 3—7 years, and have a gift for dancing and rhythm. This rhythm which all native children have, both amazed and fascinated me where ever I went. When led in a small dance they gather about clapping their hands, and stamping their feet all completely in time. This of course is easily understood when one realises the important part rhythms and dancing has played and does play in the life of the African native.

A few days later I was on my way to the Mother city. This 3 day visit to Cape Town began 3600' above Table Bay. The time was early morning, with warm summer temperatures, and a light breeze. I had struggled to my feet early enough to catch the first cable car to the top of Table Mountain, and there I stood in the beautifully clear morning air, looking down at Cape Town huddled at the foot of this unique and picturesque mountain. Every where one looks is beauty and rugged grandeur. On one hand the steep rocky sea coasts with bays and there white sand beaches making Cape Town and area truly, a tourists paradise. On the other hand the plain stretches away only to disappear once again in the hilly region to the north, and if we continued farther north through the plains and rolling hills of the north cape we reach a plateau known as the Great Karoo.

Cape Town is itself an old, and attractive city; a metropolis of white stately houses dating back to 1652 when this city known as the "Tavern of the Seas" was a stop-over for the early shipping, of both traveler, and trader; now this historically famous old port town is the seat of the Union Legislature. All this plus the sounds in the streets, the English, the Africaans, Zulu, Xosa, and the foreign merchant traveler, makes Cape Town as famously international as it is.

Again its age may be seen at the Groot Constantia

Vineyards where the large square buildings of Dutch architecture, their white washed walls showing a brilliant white in the sun light, stand out almost like a national monument, with the rows of grape vines stretching to the foot of Table Mountain. Below these old houses are the cell like slave quarters, where once long ago the native workers were locked at the end of a days work.

The last very pleasant visit was a trip around Table Mountain, out to Cape Point and to complete the circle back to Cape Town. This is an easy and singularly beautiful drive of about 50 miles. The road followed the rocky coast and we made our way with Table Mountain on our right through the many old towns which cling to the steep coastal slopes overlooking the Indian Ocean, the oldest of which is perhaps Simmonstown, once a British naval base, and then on to Cape Point. This barren rocky jut of land is the dividing line between the Indian Ocean and the Atlantic. The Cape Point light-house perched on its weather beaten ridge stands sentinel to the history of shipping which has passed by its guiding light. Straight ahead there is nothing but water; that part of all the oceans in the world so notorious to seamen who were not considered such until they had sailed once around this cape and south past this to the pole.

Our visit to the Cape completed, we were airborne again next day and on the 1000 mile flight back to Pretoria. The great raised plateau of South Africa which falls more sharply to the sea on the east than on the west has a climatic condition unequalled anywhere in the world. So to return inland, and to Pretoria where its temperature is tempered by its 5,700 foot altitude was not too uncomfortable. In summer it is the height which does not allow the heat to become too unbearable and in winter the sun beats down almost continually. Easily summed up by saying, midsummer can be warm and robust, midwinter is warm, sometimes cool but never cold.

After our return, and a bit of golf and swimming I was fortunate to have a chance to visit a diamond mine. These mines are similar to our own, with the main head shaft dominating the scene, except that the Premier Diamond mine is surrounded by a fence. The area of the mine is immaculate in appearance with closely cropped lawns and flower beds bordering the roads. Only visible from above are the huge shafts of about 1500 to 2000 feet deep and 800 feet in diameter. Below ground are found a network of tunnels surrounding these great holes like the rim of a wheel with spokes or minor tunnels protruding to the walls of the pit beginning at about the 800—1000 ft. level and continuing down every 50 feet for about two hundred



Bee Hive Huts, of the Zulus

feet. These tunnels which protrude into the main holes are used to blast the rock away from the walls. This rock falls to the floor of these excavations where it sinks through openings, and is drawn off underground without anyone appearing in the shaft itself.

The main tunnels of this mine are white washed and spotless in appearance. The workers are made up almost totally of blacks except for white engineers and supervisors. As the stone is removed from the mine it is inspected and then goes through many different stages of separating, crushing, and inspecting until its final stage of the grease tables. Here a mixture of the crushed rock up to 1/4 inch is washed over these tables, and as diamonds have an affinity for grease they will stick to it. This is considered fool proof and is the final stage; the waste is then thrown out and the rough diamonds collected from the melted down grease. The rough diamonds are then sorted in a separate building which is kept locked at all times. Here, white sorters work behind wire cages, and when this stage is completed the diamonds are shipped out to companies for cutting and commercial uses accounting for the staggering export of \$50,000,000. a year.

The diamond export is second only to gold, which is the largest export of the Union. They employ some 300,000 non-Europeans to work these mines of the Transvaal and north Orange Free State. These areas covering more than 60 miles of regular gold deposits give South Africa the astonishing production figure of \$300,000,000. per year. The Main Reef mines, some of which date back to 1886, have reached a high standard of technical efficiency and some mines are reaching depths approaching 10,000 feet.

The native mine workers are recruited from the Union, and the Protectorates. These people come from the outlying districts and tribes of Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland, to work and make money. Once recruited they are not permitted to leave the mine, nor are they allowed to bring their families with them. This period of monastic labor is approximately 6 months and when the period is finished and they have enough money, some workers return to their families and tribes.

One Sunday we visited a mine in the Johannesburg area. Johannesburg, the boom town of South Africa not only riddled underground by mine shafts but eaten away in every day life by crime and the tribulations which arise from the extremes of wealth and poverty, from overcrowding and too many people with not enough work. This visit to the compound of the gold mine was to watch the mine dances which are carried out as part of the recreation for the thousands of workers. These dances are held often and on quite a large scale. The different tribal people get together and do basically their own tribal dances although slowly European influence is again infecting another part of their life. These competitions are



Tribal Dance at the Mine in Johannesburg



Zulu Warrior and his Wives

carried to inter-mine play-offs, so to speak, and great prestige is gained by the winners.

A few days later we headed away from Pretoria again, this time towards the north eastern Transvaal for a week of sight seeing. Our route was to take us to Krugar National Park and Swaziland. Our first stop as we drove through the tremendous rolling country of the high veldt where one travels without much notice of a climb to 8,000 feet was at a small fishing stream; although the fishing was not good at the time we did manage a couple of rainbow trout. Then our route continued down from the cool high rolling veldt, to the low lands of the Krugar National Park area. By late afternoon we were signing in at the gate.

This, the largest of all game reserves had its beginning in 1898 when the last president of the Transvaal Republic — Paul Krugar set aside the area for the preservation of wild life. In 1925 it was nationalized and parliament decreed it would remain an unspoiled, unbarred, and unrestricted haven for wild life. Its location is in the north eastern Transvaal where its 8000 square miles lie in a north south rectangular shape. Its rainfall of about 23 inches per year does not encourage much vegetation, added to this the sun beats down and bakes the soil for about 280 days of the year making the climate of the low veldt hot and dry. Its vegetation is low bush and grass with sparse population of trees, except by rivers where the growth becomes quite thick and green. Generally the scenery in this area is flat and monotonous but this lack of beauty is overlooked when one sees the wonders and excitement in a journey through the park.

From the gate we proceeded to the rest camp. There we found our accomodations which are called Ronbavels or extremely comfortable circular brick walled huts with thatched roofs; these were our homes for 3 days. Then full of enthusiasm we set out on one of the many roads which form a network through-out the park and searched for animals.

Rules of the park are simple; stay in your car, keep to the roads, don't exceed 25 MPH, carry no fire arms and no driving between 6 PM and 6 AM. Follow these rules and the wonders of a lifetime are yours. One sign exists, and that is "Beware of Elephants"; this warning is understood when you realise elephants do charge cars and can travel at speeds of 25 MPH. This is one time officials encourage speeding. Also always being prepared to turn around and go away is sound advice. The seeing of animals in their natural habitat is a tremendous thrill. Although elephants and snakes are the only animals which will cause serious trouble it is wise to temper ones enthusiasm for wild life with a little bit of caution. In our two days in sweltering temperatures we were lucky enough to see most animals including, a green mamba, the most vicious of snakes, a lion, giraffe, zebra, wildebeest, Kudu, impala, (who multiply almost as rapidly as rabbits), sable antelope,



Victoria Falls in Rhodesia

steenbuck, monkeys, baboons, warthog and cape buffalo. Included with these are many others among them eagles and vultures. Most animals are becoming accustomed to automobiles and lions generally ignore them. Its not unusual to see a pride of 10—15 lions emerge from the bush, and rest on the sandy roads holding up traffic for about an hour.

On a satisfied note we left Krugar and headed the car southward and back into the cool hills. Our destination this time was the British Protectorate of Swaziland situated in, and almost completely surrounded by the Transvaal. The purpose of our visit to this country known as "the land of a thousand hills" was to witness the Swazi tribal celebration of the Inqala, translated it means 1 — prayer for a good harvest, or the request for rain, ceremony. We were to stay just outside the Swazi capitol of Mbabane, and attend the rites when permitted at the main Kraal or enclosure a few miles up the picturesque valley in which we were staying.

The ceremony or celebration of which very little is actually known, lasts from six to eight days. Many of the tribe who can attend, journey from far and wide to witness or take part in the feasting, dancing and gaiety. These tribal natives relatively uninfluenced by Europeans, dislike liquor, but do drink their Kaffir beer; a corn beer, and one which is extremely good for them. They become a little happy during the festivities, but I did not see anyone obviously drunk, although some who do spike this beer can become quite intoxicated. This is their time to rejoice and they are gay, and happy. Part of the ceremony is to initiate the young men thus making them warriors. Besides many other feats during this period of their new manhood, is the killing of the bull. This is done after the bull, usually black, has been properly anointed and prepared. It is then let out into the kraal where it is caught bare-handed and pounded to death with their fists by the many young men. During this killing no blood may be shed, or it will be considered a bad omen. One does not see the bull again because there are so many young war-

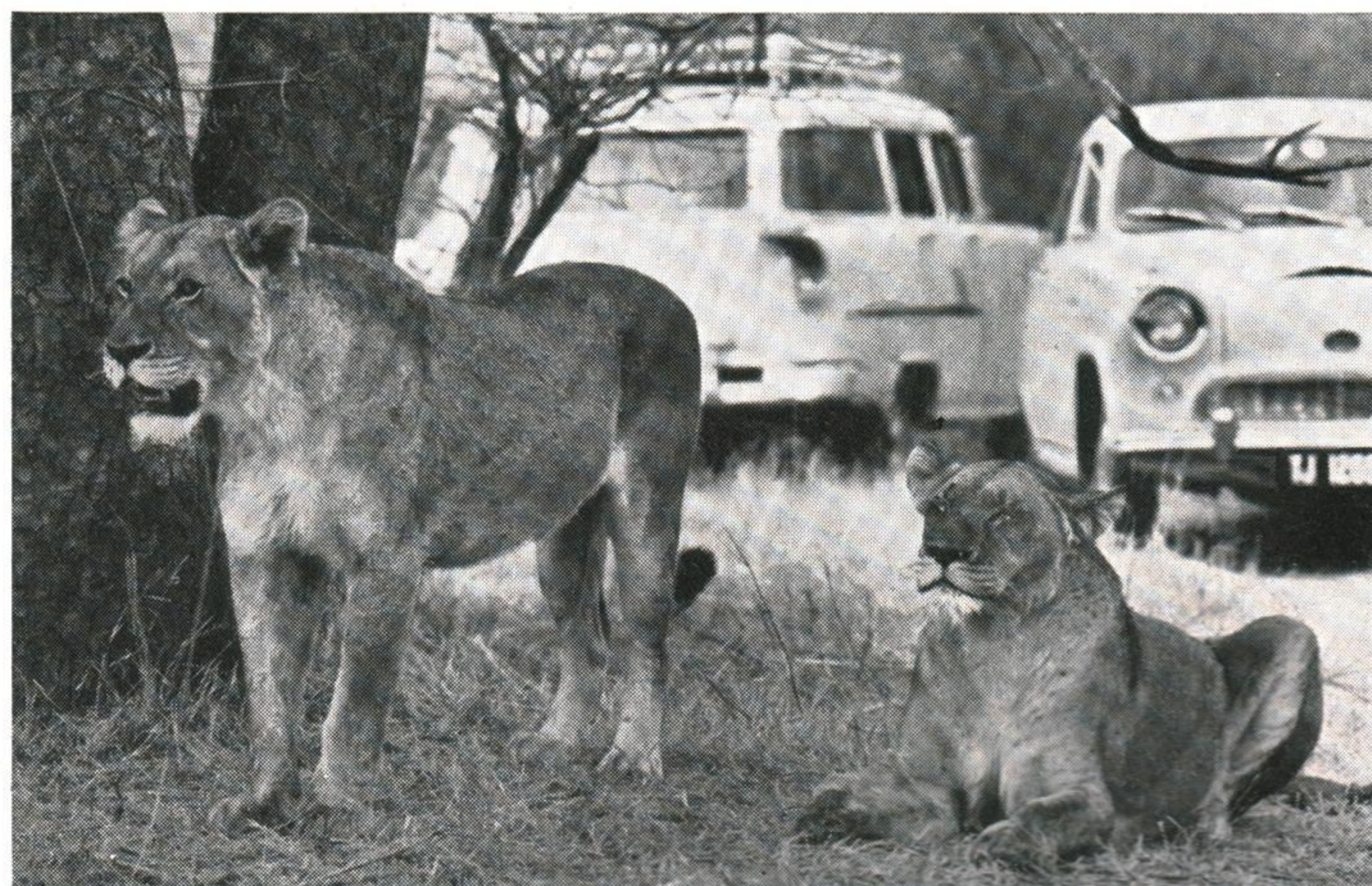
riors the bull is hidden completely from view, then dragged into a secret kraal, at this point all Europeans must leave.

The next afternoon we returned for the official day, when everyone would be present. Sabooca, the second, chief of the Swazi people and an Oxford graduate, the Resident Commissioner and his staff of District Commissioners decked out in their formal colonial office uniforms, also present are the chief's wives, eighty-three of them at the last count. The practice of bigamy is very much a part of the native life, each native warrior has at least two wives. With the chief's wives are his favorite daughters, dressed simply in a scanty beaded skirt; besides these are all the native Swazi spectators from far and wide. In the kraal, not counting the whites, were about 4000 natives. The whites were only invited if they wis-

hed to come and witness the colorful events taking place. The ceremony is strictly for the Swazi people and has been handed down from generation to generation. No white person has ever been allowed to attend the complete ceremony. It is impossible to explain what they do and why they do it for it is not entirely clear to anyone. It's a ceremony partially religious but full of gaiety and color.

Around his own home the tribal warrior is a personage of great dignity and courtesy. They love jokes and laugh easily but are a most sincere race; these are qualities that if one lives with them endears the people to him. Their simple logic can be seen from what one chief said to me as he shook the feathers of his magnificent head-dress taken from the long tailed "widow bird", "Are these not beautiful, yet the police get me in trouble every time I kill the bird to get the feathers; the bird does not do any good and the feathers look so beautiful where they are."

Back to Pretoria, and this move more or less ended my trip of 3½ short weeks. This time with many regrets, I climbed aboard the aircraft and headed north to Frankfurt, regrets because I was leaving behind a very wonderful country full of interest, beauty and excitement that would take years to learn about and explore to the fullest extent, regrets because of the people I had seen and met who have such a different way of life; the blacks who in their way have so much to offer, and the whites who overflow with hospitality gave me a new concept of what has been called the dark continent.



In Krugar National Park



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Padres' Page



WHAT IS LENT FOR?

by F/L Gorieu, RC Chaplain

In a few days, a very special season in the liturgy of the Church will have been ushered in: the season of Lent. Properly understood and lived, it is one of the most interesting periods of the year.

It is by no means a time for sad miens and long faces. Those who would embrace it in that spirit would be missing the point. It is a time of spiritual training, and there is nothing sad about training in any field of endeavour if one has a worthwhile goal in mind.

The hockey player is able to perform smoothly only if he was conditioned his body to the exigencies of the game; and the same is true of any other sport. The surgeon does not acquire over-night the skill which saves lives on the operating table. The pilot likewise receives his wings only after weeks and months of study training. None of these hesitate to produce the required effort, because they feel that the goal they are striving for is something worthwhile.

Lent is a period of spiritual training, of conditioning of the soul to enable the individual who takes it seriously to move surely towards the one goal of life non can afford to pass by: a strong, deep and purposeful love of God which manifests itself daily through compliance with His will, expressed so simply and forcibly by Our Lord: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself."

This spiritual growth is not without obstacles, as each one's personal experience reveals. Our will is not always successful in keeping our selfishness, our passions and our disordinate appetites in line. Temptations repeatedly find us weak, much weaker perhaps than we care to admit we are. Habits have grown stronger over the months and years, to the point where their hold on us is nothing short of tyranny leading to one weakness after another. A person in this state is really not his own boss, but the victim of his own disordinate passions.

It would be sad if there was no way out; but there is one. Christ clearly stated: "Unless you do penance, you shall all perish." In those few simple words is summed up the whole purpose of Lent. The soul and the spiritual life of the soul can be strangled by the disordinate appetites of our bodies. The one who pampers himself and ignores the word "self-denial" is seldom if ever ready to face the test of God's judgement tomorrow, if the final curtain should be suddenly drawn on his life.

So the purpose of Lent, of penance or mortification and of self-denial, is simply to focus our attention at a special time of the year on a problem which requires the constant attention of the Christian. But the tempo is increased during Lent, as a preparation to Holy Week, during which we relive with the Church the mysteries of Christ's death and suffering for our sins.

Without Good Friday, there would not have been an Easter morning. Like-wise, no spiritual resurrection to a deeper love of God and to a keener realisation of His divine teachings in our lives, no breaking-away from the many chains of sinful habits into self-mastery and true freedom to do as we ought, is possible, without dying to ourselves and to our earthly desires.

Penances are good for us if adopted intelligently and practised energetically, because they train us to say "no"

to the satisfaction of legitimate desires. Having made that step, we have also learnt to say "no" to those tendencies and desires which create havoc in our souls.

Lent is not only a time of Penance, it is also a time of Prayer. And prayer is simply a raising of our minds and hearts to God, practised more frequently and with more generosity during Lent.

God continues to give us a an opportunity to serve according to this programme contained in the prayer of St. Francis:

"O Divine Master, grant that I may not
So much seek to be consoled as to console;
To be understood as to understand;
To be loved as to love;
For it is in giving that we receive;
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned.
And it is in dying that we are born to eternal life."

LENT 1957

by F/L C.H. White, Caplain (P)

What does "Lent" mean? What are we supposed to do or not do during this season?

A Prayer used in many churches during the next few weeks will give us some of the answer: O Lord, who for our sake did fast forty days and forty nights: give us grace to use such abstinence, that, our flesh being subdued to the Spirit, we may ever obey thy godly motions in righteousness and true holiness, to thy honor and glory; who livest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

Self-discipline is never easy, but it is necessary if one is to keep his life under control. Sometimes we do things impulsively and try to justify ourselves by saying it was merely self-expression. Really it was surrender to our emotions of the moment. Will power is also part of self-expression and any person who has even the slightest desire for self-discipline will realize that there is need for restraining and directing our emotional reactions. Of course this means training and discipline. For those of us who call ourselves Christians there are certain moral and spiritual controls in which we must school ourselves. The season of Lent is a means provided for this purpose. It may be difficult to tabulate the results of a well-kept Lent, but the cumulative benefits of a period of Lenten discipline year after year can hardly be questioned in the building of a Christian life. There may be no particular value in giving up something here and there, but there is great virtue in learning to control one's desires and in the positive exercise of one's spiritual faculties. Lent consists in doing something, not merely in doing without something.

Lent has none of the properties of magic. Prayer, fasting, special devotions and regular Communion may not be used, like Aladdin's lamp, to place us in command of God's almighty power. They are aids to spiritual growth. Just as some of us know that a time spent on a diet is good for digestion, so is Lenten observance good for one's spiritual constitution. There must be self-denial, but there must also be the positive quality of cleansing, strengthening and refreshing of our souls. We ought to be better Christians at the end of Lent than we were at the beginning.

Soellingen Sally Reports

by Benny Bennett

Some people enjoy walking around the country — then again others prefer the comforts of a motor car. Then too, we find people who can appreciate a mixture of both. Just walking — in the mud — you too can run out of gas (and of all places). Next thing you know the starter won't work — what say Barney Smith!!!

It all comes out in the wash or should we say from the ground. It seems there is one among us who has "Horticultural Talents". If you are in need of this type of information I refer you to Marlene. However please bear in mind that it is a species from France that is being featured right now. A — get married, no more Tuesday night clean-up — but it seems invariably there is one of the married airwomen in room 16 — BB17B doing said clean-up along with the Fancy Free on Tuesday nights. Seems like the married airmen do a terrific job at a/c guard, fire-picquet and the like!!! Want some Angel Food cake (so it's only an inch and a half high) count your blessings. You should have seen it while it was cooking (burning). That's the rise and fall in life aye Robbie — never mind it's the thought behind it that counts.

Two games of Broom-ball, both of them wins, have been played since the last article. On Fri 8th Feb the Raiderettes played the TNT's with a big win of 3—0. The goals for the evening are credited to Reggy with two and Jackie with one. Then again on the 25th Feb the Raiderettes played the Airmen's wives with the game ending in a win of 1—0. Once again Reggy smoked through with the winning goal. Our other original "Bellivea" Beaubien was busy Broom-balling in dear ole London. Way to fire team, the rest of the troops are cheering for you, the only thing the you'll have to take the bruises yourselves.

A candlelight service in the Protestant Chapel on 16 Feb 57 was the setting for the wedding of Alice Sauter and Jim Stutt. Following the service a reception was held in the mixed lounge where the bride and groom received well wishes from their friends.

Ode to New Duties

(DAW — 23 Feb)

The bar was stocked for the night
with great care

In hopes that some of the troops
would be there

First crack at being DAW she was
filled with fright

With it being the first time
things had to go right

But this will jar you and start
you to thinking

Not one of the troops came over
for drinking

It's that time of the year that
is on strict ration

And they all had gone out to
enjoy some faschin'

We all wonder what it is that is making a certain airwomen (FtrCop) play it cool these days. You can't hide the stars in your eyes can you Elaine?

It's really terrific to see the interest some people take in extra duties — such as Barrack Senior. They do so much to tire themselves out that they can't seem to wake up in the morning when it's time to get up and do their regular work!! Has anyone got an old Big Ben alarm clock for Lonnie?

Bowling is still going strong and by the time you have finished reading your copy of the Flieger (Sat. Morning) we'll know who was top team after the final play-off

games 15 Mar 57. And then of course comes the bowling banquet which will probably merit a few lines in the April edition. At this time of year a young woman's fancy turns to "Spring Housecleaning" and that's just what happened the night of 19 Feb in the lounge. It got the face-lifting of the year and now that we are down to the bare surface a Coat of Paint would just finish the operation.

Street-cars, neon-signs, big cars and snow — where else can you have all these? Back from a tantalizing few hours of TDY to Canada (Ontario natch) is Bernie to give us all the latest gen on what to look forward to on our return. By the way Bernie have you found the battery in your new car yet???

LEAVE

Who says you have to go to Florida to acquire a tan in the winter months? This fact has been definitely disputed by three of the female members in the "brass" section, namely F/O's Terry McDonnel, "Andy" Anderson and Miss Jessie McCarthy who have recently returned from a week of skiing in the Swiss Alps. After listening to F/O Anderson relate some of her experiences during her stay in the village of Murren, I managed to persuade her to let the rest of the Wing in on it; so here we have Murren as seen through the eyes of our WP Officer.

Murren is one of Switzerland's famous ski resorts nestled on the side of a mountain at the 4,950 foot level. To reach this skier's paradise, we drove to Lauterbrunnen and boarded the "Funicular", a cable car that wound its way almost perpendicular up the mountain side to a junction point where we transferred to an electric train. After gliding smoothly through a landscape carpeted with glistening white snow, interspersed with tall pines and cosy chalets, we arrived at picturesque Murren. Here winter sports are the main feature and a spacious outdoor rink provides adequate facilities for figure skating and curling. For the amateur skier, the nursery slope located directly behind our hotel provided plenty of speed on the "hickory's" and ample snow to cushion the falls that we knew were inevitable.

After renting ski equipment from one of the local merchants we ventured forth for our first ski lesson. Speedily gaining confidence in the two slats of wood clamped to our boots, we rapidly progressed to the point where our instructor informed us we were ready to attack the ski run from the 6,000 foot level. I must admit we weren't quite as confident as he was. With shaking knees we boarded the cable car that took us higher and higher until we arrived at what we thought was the top of the world. It wouldn't have taken too much persuasion to have us quietly climb back on board the cable car and retreat to the haven of our nice gentle nursery slopes. Just as we were prepared to take the safe way down, a class of children ranging in age from 3 to 8 laughingly started on the downward trail. We sheepishly looked at each other and decided that perhaps we might attempt to follow. With grim determination we clamped on our skis, took a firm hold on our poles and pushed off. There were no traffic cops around and I don't think they would have been able to stop us with anything short of a brick wall once we started on our headlong flight. What a thrilling, exciting run that was, with the scenery a blur of dazzling white and green. Half way down a small chalet is very conveniently located for those who wish to refresh themselves with a hot cup of coffee or gluhweine. Being in a hurry we didn't stop but continued on our way and very shortly arrived at our hotel.

All too soon our week was up, and we had to leave beautiful Murren with its glacier covered mountains behind and return to the spring-like atmosphere of Germany.

Castles of the Mad King

by L.S. Coleman

In 1864 Ludwig II., then 18 years old, ascended the throne of Bavaria. As a romanticist the world of medieval sagas, fired his imagination. But during the first years of his reign his idealism suffered disappointment., among which were his separation from the composer Richard Wagner, of whom he was a patron and the distressed situation of his country. The foundation of the German Empire in 1871 was the end of Bavaria's sovereignty as a kingdom. Ludwig fled from public life to the solitude of nature. He withdrew to the mountains and there built three spectacular castles:

Neuschwanstein, a romantic, medieval castle on a steep crag, Linderhof, a fairy-like chateau in a lonely mountain valley, and Herrenchiemsee, "Bavarian Versailles", on an island.

In 1886, declared insane, he was deposed, and taken to Berg Castle. On June 14th of the same year, with his attending doctor he met his death in the waters of the Lake of Starnberg.

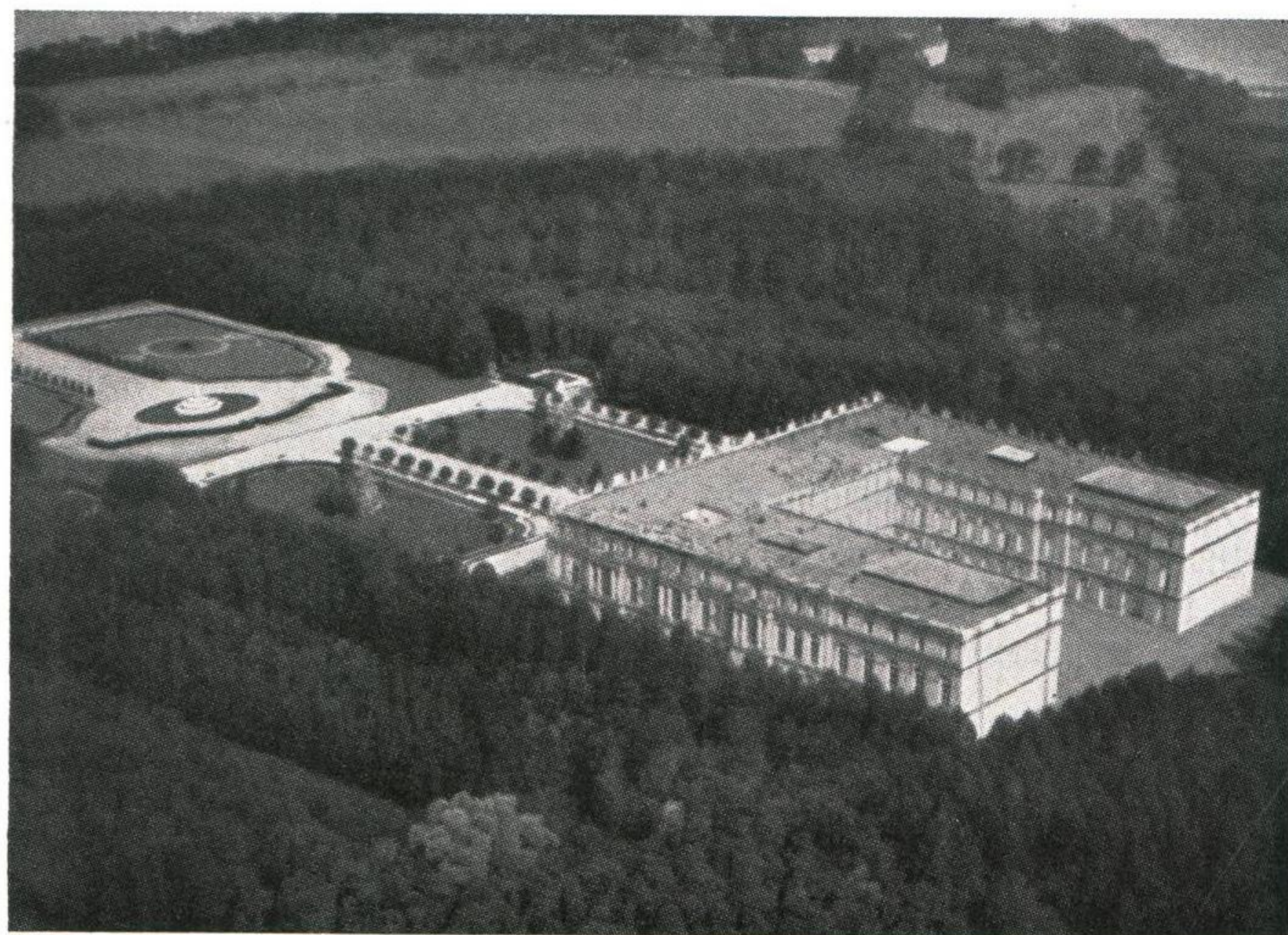
An escape from reality to a world of illusion can be had through a 4 to 6 hour drive from Soellingen to any one of these three castles. They are today as the King left them at his death; furnishings, paintings and ornaments, all intact. From reports the value today is inestimable; at that time the estimated cost of Herrenchiemsee alone was 20 million marks.



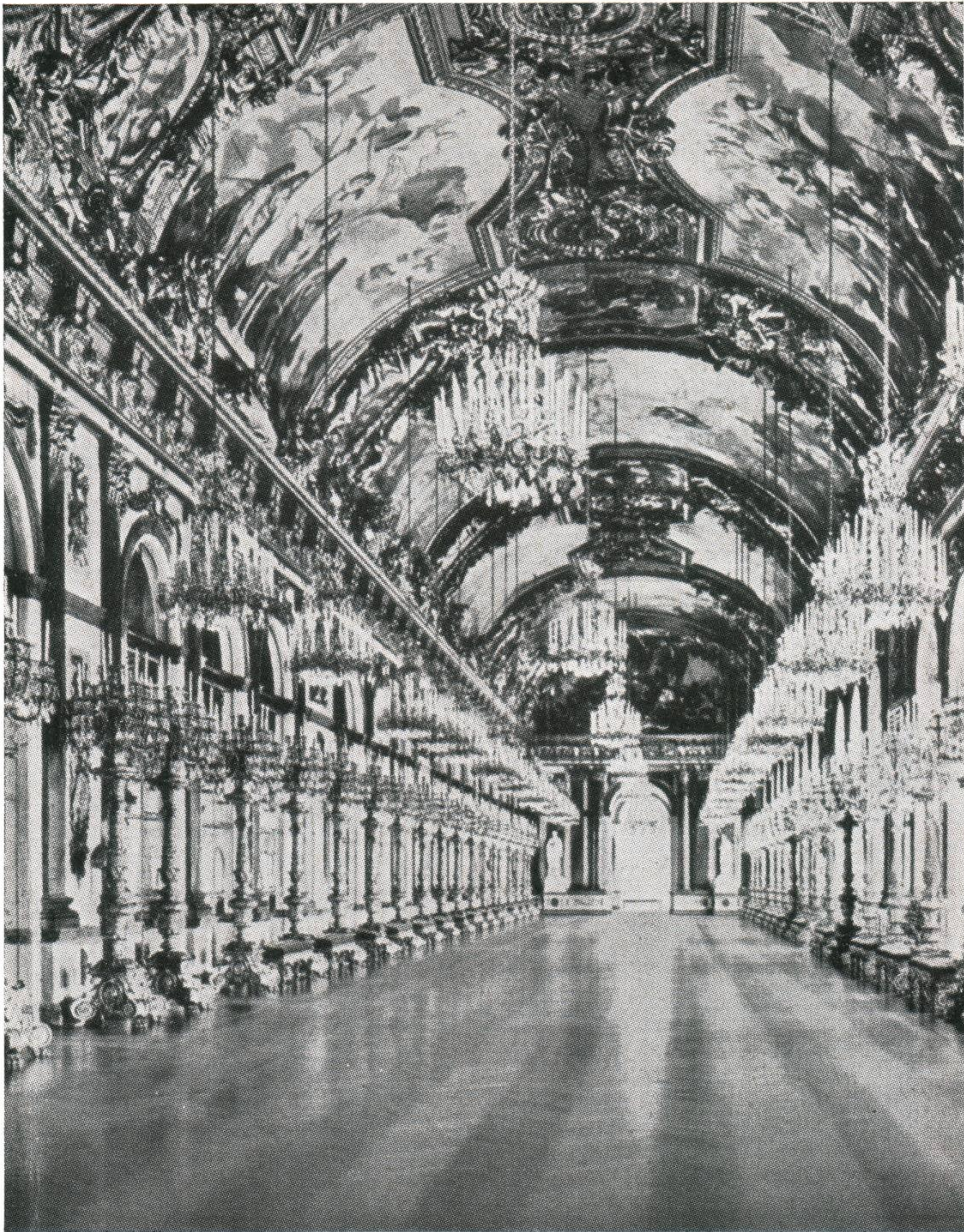
Linderhof — considered the summer residence of the King. It is in the style of the Petit Trianon in the park of Versailles. It is named after a Linder family who farmed there; as tenants of the Benedictine monastery at Ettal. A visit here should include the Turkish kiosk and the grotto. This castle is located in the Graswang valley near Oberammergau, 20 minutes from Garmisch.



Neuschwanstein — is built in the style of the late romanesque of the early 13th century. It is 3300 feet above sea-level above the Poellat gorge in Schwangau, the Swan-Country. From the throne room one overlooks Swan lake and the Austrian alps. It is located near Füssen, 1½ hrs south of Munich, driving past the Lake of Starnberg.



Herrenchiemsee — Ludwig idolized Louis XIV of France. Versailles, Louis' magnificent residence in France was Ludwig's inspiration and model. This castle is located on Herrenwörth island in the Chiemsee, 30 minutes drive east from Munich. A boat is taken to the island from the American Army rest centre at Chiemsee directly on the Autobahn.



Hall of Mirrors at Herrenchiemsee — a copy of Versailles

A History of Flight

by Ron Coulson

Over half a century has passed since the Wright Bros. made their historic flight over the sands of Kitty Hawk, but the story of flight does not begin with this memorable feat.

If one were to go back through ages of legends and myths, he would find that the first recorded story of flight comes from China 23 years before Christ. A Chinese emperor named Shun became the first aviator when he constructed a craft of some description, and then made the first parachute drop from a tower in which he was confined, with the aid of a pair of reed hats.

The Chinese were also the originators of the kite away back around 1000 B. C., and evidently used these as man-lifting devices for military reconnaissance. They produced from these experiments a rocket aircraft, which was a pair of kites propelled by no less than 47 rockets. The inventor, by the way whose name was Wan Hoo, met his death on it when it exploded.

Apart from these stories which come out of the Orient, are legends of a great number of western experimenters, and stories without number of those who met their deaths while attempting parachute and glider attempts at descent from towers.

All these futile efforts were hailed with laughter for their fantastic recklessness, and it wasn't until the days of Leonardo da Vinci, that a scientific aeronautical wor-

ker appeared. From the highly versatile and brilliant brain of this genius came the first practical designs for the parachute and helicopter, but he was led astray from real flight by the theory of "flapping flight" which even today is obsessing the minds of some aeronautical 'inventors'.

Late in the 17th century a Jesuit priest named Francesco de Lana made the first scientific attempt at a lighter-than-air aircraft. His design with its vacuum spheres created a major milestone in aeronautical history.

Another Jesuit named Father Laurence de Gusano, made a small hot-air balloon which he demonstrated before the king of Portugal in 1709. This same priest was also the designer of a model glider, a man-operated ornithopter and a primitive dirigible airship.

Numerous experimental flights were made in hot-air balloons by various barnyard animals, and then on the 15th October 1783, Dr. Pilatre de Rozier made the first voyage in a captive air balloon. He also made the first flight through the air over a distance of five and one half miles, and eighteen months later he became the first aerial fatality.

The hot-air balloon soon disappeared, but hydrogen balloons held the scene for some years, and soon professional aeronauts appeared, with J. P. Blanchard being the first to cross the Channel by air in 1785.

Dirigibility, or the problem of steering, came into the scene and was attacked from all angles until Giffard produced his successful steam-driven airship in the year 1852. From here followed many firsts in the field of aeronautics such as reconnaissance, bombings, photography, and soon the first air transport service.

Progress in the field of heavier-than-air flying crafts was rather less spectacular in the 18th and 19th centuries, and those who 'knew better' subjected it to a great deal of ridicule. Never the less there was a great deal of interest in the subject, and fiction even contains a tale of an electrically driven 'flying saucer' back in 1775.

During the latter part of the 19th century, there appeared many novel designs and experiments too "nervous" to mention here, but a few of them have left their contributions to the designs of modern day aircraft.

Among these inventions were a delta winged jet aircraft, a wind tunnel, and from the brain of a great man in the field came such ideas as a tail plane to provide longitudinal stability, and a full scale model which was to be controlled by a control column.

This man, Alphonse Penaud, was prevented from being the first man to fly, by not having a light-weight engine, and of course by the tremendous ridicule to which he was subjected by the public for his hair-brained ideas.

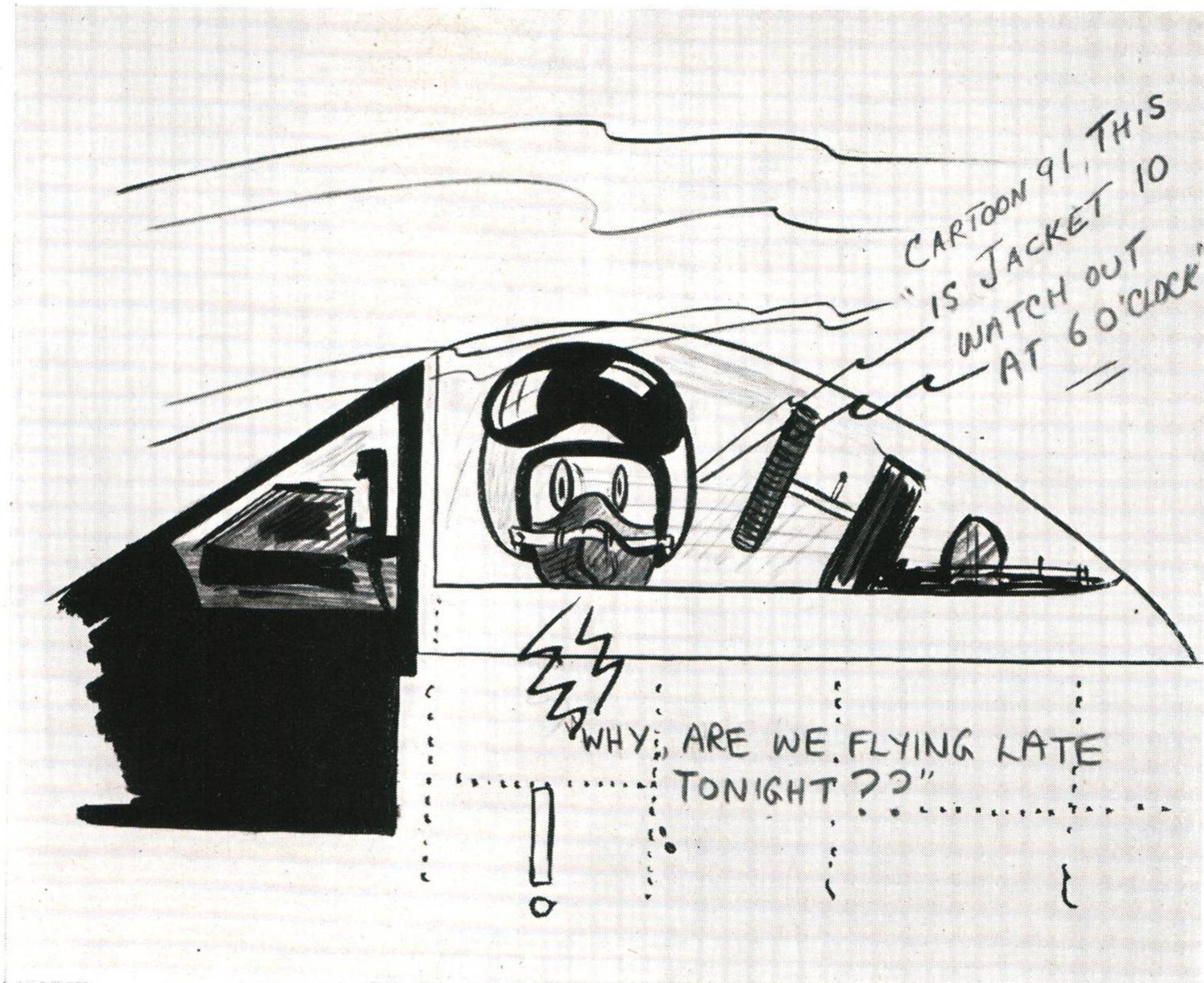
Several men tried their hands at this problem until an Australian named Hargrave invented the rotary engine which was used extensively during the first few decades of this century.

In 1899, the Wright brothers, influenced by Octave Chanute began their experiments with gliders, and a few years later, after developing a system of controls, manufactured their own gasoline engine and propellers, and combining these produced their famous aircraft the Flyer.

On December 17th 1903, on the sands of Kitty Hawk, they achieved the goal which so many men before them had striven for; powered, controlled and sustained flight.

An era ended with this flight, but with it began another era which is still in the stages of infancy. Who can say what will transpire in the next century in the field of aeronautics, for the spirit of these pioneers is still alive in the aero-engineers of to-day, and is becoming more and more apparent with each new development in this, the Jet Age.

**OVERHEARD
AT
40 THOU'**



by F/O H Jacobs

Highlighting this month's activities from Tomahawk Terrace is the arrival of two pilots in the persons of F/L Johnny Stelter and F/O "Hank" Henry. Johnny comes to us from PWS MacDonald where he was on staff and "Hank" from OTU Chatham where he was certainly highly thought of. The addition of both these chaps is certainly welcomed by the squadron especially along gunnery lines and we are looking forward to a repeat performance of our Rabat standard when we enhance Sardinia's clime this year. To John, Hank and their families we say welcome to the squadron and we hope that your stay will be a lengthy and happy one.

Once again Fasching has been enjoyed by all squadron members. Favourite haunts during the "57 campaign" seem to be the Adler in Varnhalt and the Weinburg in Umweg. (Not to mention Con's trips to Gaggenau).

In other extra-curricular activities the squadron hockey team ended up in 3rd place with F/L Al Adams and LAC Johnny Melancon (HQ) having a battle royal for the scoring honours. Johnny did manage to take the trophy with just a one point lead over Al. As we prepare to go into the semi-finals facing off will be Headquarters and 414, 444 and ourselves.

We are really sorry to lose two valuable squadron members within the next few weeks. F/L Ernie Saunders and F/L Al Adams are off to the land of the big PX following lengthy tours overseas. Both are squadron "oldies"

and we are going to miss them both around the squadron and on the ice. To the chaps concerned, their wives and families we say "so-long" for now and we'll be seeing you later.

Congratulations are in order for F/O Bill Ross and his wife Betty on the addition of nach ein son to their family. William Paul made his 7¹/₂ pound entry on February 20 and to the proud Mom and Dad sincerest congratulations and best wishes.

The Shadow has finally returned from his leave in Copenhagen with an additional 15 pounds tucked under his belt, and he recommends red cabbage to all who might be planning a trip to the area.

Well that just about sums up the past 4 weeks activities' we'll be seeing you in the April issue.

414 (F) Sqn

Ground Crew News

On the 8th of Feb, the ground crew had a Stag Party in Stoffenburg which was a great success with nearly all personnel attending. Entertainment was provided by Dave Jones, "Whitey" White, Ted Drennan, Walt Empey, two females who will remain anonymous, and Carl Cryderman as M. C. Special thanks must go to S/L Liggett who donated \$25.00 from his own pocket and to Dave Jones and Carl Cryderman who did a wonderful job of organizing the whole affair. It's quite apparent that everyone had a good time because by the time this edition gets to you, another party will be down the drain.

Who said Swede was married? Don't believe it, he doesn't get enough sleep, thats all.

Ode to J. D. R.

Oh, I went over to the Cpls Club just to have a drink,
As I was rather cool from standing in the rink,
They say I had too many and I think that it is true,
Because I lost my watch and socks through dancing in the
nude.



by F/O B. C. Bell

Things were pretty quiet down at triple four during the first part of the month until the boys got into the spirit of Fasching. Those who survived the Kurhaus Ski-Ball, outdid themselves on Dirty Thursday down in Hörden, Kuppenheim, Lichtental and other assorted towns around 4 wing. If we ever get over this one, we'll really have a party.

New arrivals in Feb. included F/L Bob Frith who joins the squadron from the OTU. F/L Frith was formerly with Visiting Flight at CFS Trenton, and was accompanied overseas by his wife and three children. Our other addition is F/O Dave Barker from 411 Sqn(R), at Toronto. F/O Barker is also married and came to 4 Wing with his wife and little girl. We wish both families a hearty welcome and hope their stay here will be a long and a happy one.

The squadron serviceability rate for aircraft is the highest in Air Div again this month but the auto situation is horrible. Experiencing difficulty while on the road was F/O Scotty Wrather who came out second best while driving his car into church. F/O Jim Wendover's grosse Pontiac has reappeared after a one year absence in Hamburg, while S/L JB Lawrence and F/O Brian Wallace are contesting to see who can get more for vehicles minus motors. Meanwhile a 1949 Mercedes was seen in flames on the approach to Iffezheim but the driver escaped with nothing but a slight twitch. (Nothing new.)

The sports scene saw the windup of the regular hockey season with the fighting 444th coming out on top with a nine point margin over Headquarters. We hope to see all the squadron supporters out to the first game of the semi-finals against 422 starting at 2100 hrs on the 5th Mar.

Taking advantage of the good weather, (as if they needed an excuse), a four plane rendezvous was carried out in Denmark by four intrepid Sabre drivers and a 1956

Opel Kapitan, one weekend last month. According to reliable sources, the trip was very successful and the report is that Copenhagen is a reasonable place any time of the year. (Leave, anyone?)

444 Ground Crew

by LAC J.D. Ledrew

First of all congratulations from all the groundcrew to LAC & Mrs James Stutt (Nee LAW Sauter) on the occasion of their wedding on Jan 16.

The reception was held in the mixed lounge where the newlyweds received many guests and a good time was had by all. It was nice to see so many shiny (and well behaved!) faces from 444.

In the hangar all is quiet except for the occasional indignant rumblings from the guard house when the Lock Up Joes fail to lock all doors and windows Oh well, Fasching you know!

In the dispersal building we find a hum of activity as usual. The Telecom and Photo are sporting a brand new partition complete with wire fencing on top. Also new to this section is LAC Maurice Filiol who comes to us from Namao. There has been much discussion among the fellows just what the wire is for. **Some say that it is to let the hot air out** while a few supporters say it's to let the cool air in. To settle it here and now fellows it's merely to let the light in. Now with a new paint job we'll put it up against any Telecom section on the station for sheer beauty that is.

As the hockey season draws to a close (with the fighting 444th on top naturally) I think a vote of appreciation is due to the fellows in ground crew who helped to put the squadron there. Also it seems that the airmen came out on top in the inter-mess league. They also received help from of course 444!

News from the grapevine has it that there will be a squadron party on March 15 so limber up the drinking arms all.

As of this writing there are two lonely hearts in "A" flight in the forms of LAC's Weston and Gullickson. They are undoubtedly here **in body** but their minds are in England.

Furthermore if any readers doubt that love strikes like lightning just ask Gullickson. **Then Run.** It seems as if that's all for this month so we'll see y'all next issue.



ESTABLISHED 1842

BRAUEREI

Franz

RASTATT



ESTABLISHED 1842

BREWERS OF THE FAMOUS "FAVORIT BEER"



Touring our Flugplatz



The Ground Defence Report

It has been some time since you have heard from the section, and we would like to bring you up to date on things that have happened.

F/O Nelson, who has been employed as "Adjutant" of this station and other choice jobs is now back with us, with an addition to his family (a son, born Dec. 56), the baby bonus helps Sir! Congratulations from the entire section.

The new councillor of Ward 1, PMQs, FS Fortune, also has a new addition to his building, one, "Willie K" MacDonald commonly known as the "Cape Breton Kid" (no cold seat now Willie).

Sgt Acton has now replaced Sgt Hargreaves in the management of the Rifle Club. Heres hoping he can do as good a job as his predecessor. Cpl Stuart I understand has two new cooks in his establishment while his Frau is away on her tour in Canada, although "Stu" doesn't look any worse for the cooking by his sons, we hear but one complaint from this man (COME BACK SCHNEL DENISE).

There was a new addition to the section who was hastily transferred to 2 (F) Wing just a month after his arrival here, Good Luck Sgt JO Clarke, may your stay at 2 Wing be longer than your stay at 4 Wing.

At this writing, Cpl "Obie" O'Brien had but one thing to report Quote "Thank god fasching is finished for another year". Unquote.

Cpl "Tap Tap" Wilson is now sporting the 4 (F) Wing Flat Top Special (crew cut) this was done to hold in the knowledge he is now gaining as the secretary and typist for the Ground Defence Section.

There is another job that has been given to us of late, Marking the Service Respirator, on this job Sgt "Willie K" is the boss, accompanied by two able assistants Cpl Pitchford, who is now studying for the April Trade Board and LAC Michaud, who (if his remuster is approved) will become a "Ground Defenceman", we're all pulling for you "Mich".

In closing we say "Aufwiedersehn to Fasching".

TECHNICAL Services

by — — "The Bay Bye"

The personnel from Tech Services who attended the Wing Maint. party at the Red Oxen in Kuppenheim all seemed to enjoy themselves very much. There was plenty of beer and schnitzels for everyone and the music was good. The Canteen Committee should be highly commended on the way they arranged things.

Cpl. Al Dalton from workshops is sporting a new Volkswagen. I hear he made the down payment with the prize money he won at the bowling alleys.

One of our well known N.C.O.'s is on a diet and promises to lose fifty pounds within three weeks. We hope he makes it.

Our "A" league bowling team is still holding down second place with M.E. Monarch's (our rivals) in first place. The "B" league team is doing well after being in a

slump for sometime, but still have a chance to make the playoffs. Personnel from Tech Services are winning their share of prize money at the alleys with the winners being S/L Blain, Cpl. Dalton, and LAC Dwyer.

Congratulations to S/L Blain who was elected Mayor of Rhine Valley Park. "Rumors are that he promised everyone in PMQ's a new Volkswagen if he was elected.

F/L Crosby is back with us after two weeks vacation touring Europe.

Ken Kirby our hard working Englishman from Tech Library is quite busy getting the EO's and Publications ready for shipment to Sardinia.

Cpl. Ken Hurt from our Orderly Room is still making enemies as he makes up the weekly roster for A/C Guard and Fire Picquet.

Safety Equipment celebrated two weddings during the month of February with LAC Benoit getting married on the 9th and LAW Sauter the 16th. Everyone wishes them happiness in the years to come.

Sgt. Harry Ruggles is planning a few days rest and relaxation in the Bavarian Alps soon. Cpl. Andy Wilson is still waiting patiently for a PMQ for his family who are presently in Ireland.

Ben Morin has ordered himself a Karmann Ghia. After seeing W.O. Buchan driving around in his sports model, Ben was sold on it.

No news from Ground Handling this month, perhaps something spectacular will happen there soon that will be printable!!!

We would like to close by wishing all our readers a very Happy Easter.

Supply Section

by LAC A.K. Skarbo

Well, here we go again. After last months comments and news we shall try a little harder.

There have been no new arrivals, but one is going back — LAC Jacques — doesn't know where he's going yet, but he leaves 2nd March. Bon Voyage.

Lower Slobovia hasn't much news, but the Cpl who drives the big Red Cadillac has the marrying look. I hear she comes from Buhl. Well they all can't stay single.

With everybody going on leave we should be able to get a lot of good stories for next month. Going on leave to Italy are Wally McPhee and Dave McCumber, with George McDonald taking over where they leave off. Myself, it's the land of the Tulips and I'll give you the time for traveling to the Fields. We would like to say Hello to Mrs Gillon ("the loveliest girl in the world") who just arrived from Canada.

Well without further adieu will close with our little coffee table joke.

Motorist: "I'm sorry I ran over your hen. Would a dollar make it right?"

Farmer: "Wa'al better make it two, I have a rooster that was mighty fond of that hen and the shock might kill him too."

If that wasn't good how's this?

A young man walking with the padre — and this was the conversation: —

Young Man: "Padre, can a young man live a good christian life on \$20.00 a week."

Padre: "You can't do anything else son."

Short Circuits from the Salt Mine Wire Pullers and the Hydrogen Gasthaus Boys

Now F/S Doe, he is our boss
He always wears a smile and never gets cross
He walks around the section, happy and gay
And talks with his men to pass the time of day.

Sgt. Groves who is next in command
Has just come to us from the promised land.
He likes beer, cognac, whisky and swish
And to become a F/S is his greatest wish.

Now Cpl. Scarlett is our man in stores
From where is often heard his snores,
When you want him he is always out,
In the Swartzwald being a boy Scout.

We have a sharp looking Corporal on hand,
A Frenchman by the name of Hank Leeland
He's going soon to the land of the "nickel"
To learn all about election trickle.

A Corporal who is always seen smoking a pipe,
Is Corporal Mitchell, our Kipper type,
He works on the floor in charge of three bays
And is leaving us for Canada one of these days.

Now Corporal Swinameer, he likes to play hockey,
And out on the ice he gets pretty cocky,
Seems to us his spirit was marred
When he found out the boards were hard.

Wilson is the Corporal we call "Willy",
Often says "Drunk last night? Don't be silly".
On the Maint. hockey team he plays defence,
With or without his teeth makes no difference.

When Chaluck is on the ice, he sure sets a pace
If he's not on his back, he falls flat on his face.
He goes around the rink with his skates just a burning
But sometimes at the corners he forgets about turning.

Now LAC Webber had nice wavy hair,
But when you look at him now, it is no longer there,
When the girls they bugged him, it was cut in short order
And now he resorts to his new tape recorder.

LAC Cashmore Man! That cats real cool
He's been dusting the road every night into Bühl.
Now everyone thinks you should get married Cas,
Then think of the money you'd save on gas.

From 426 came LAC Crossman
And for quite a while he worked with the boss-man,
But now he is happy, he's out on the floor —
Doing the things he did before.

LAC Henderson is a man that is new
And now is employed on Mitch's crew,

When he's not adjusting a landing light beam,
He's trying out for the station rifle team.

Never a man was born with such luck
As our happy go lucky Danyluck.
He recently was seen jumping with joy
Over his 9 pounder, a baby boy.

Around the section is a tub of lard
A smiling, happy type called "Laird".
He is the terror of the Canada Bar,
And the women they chase him from near and far.

Another young fellow by the name of Smitty,
After the W/M party we think its a pity
That such a nice fellow Smitty could be
But for a Fraulein called Rose Marie.

Now LAC Elmore is Denmark bound,
While Gugary his shadow just sulks around.
The two of them are buddies they say
And one gets lonesome when the other goes away.

Part of Willie's testing crew
Is a fellow by the name of Villeneuve.
Running the tester must be a good touch
Cause you never see Tony around very much.

Scotty Harris is our kilted kipper
And like most Scots he's a real good sipper.
He can often be found down at the Green Trees,
Sitting with the boys shooting the breeze.

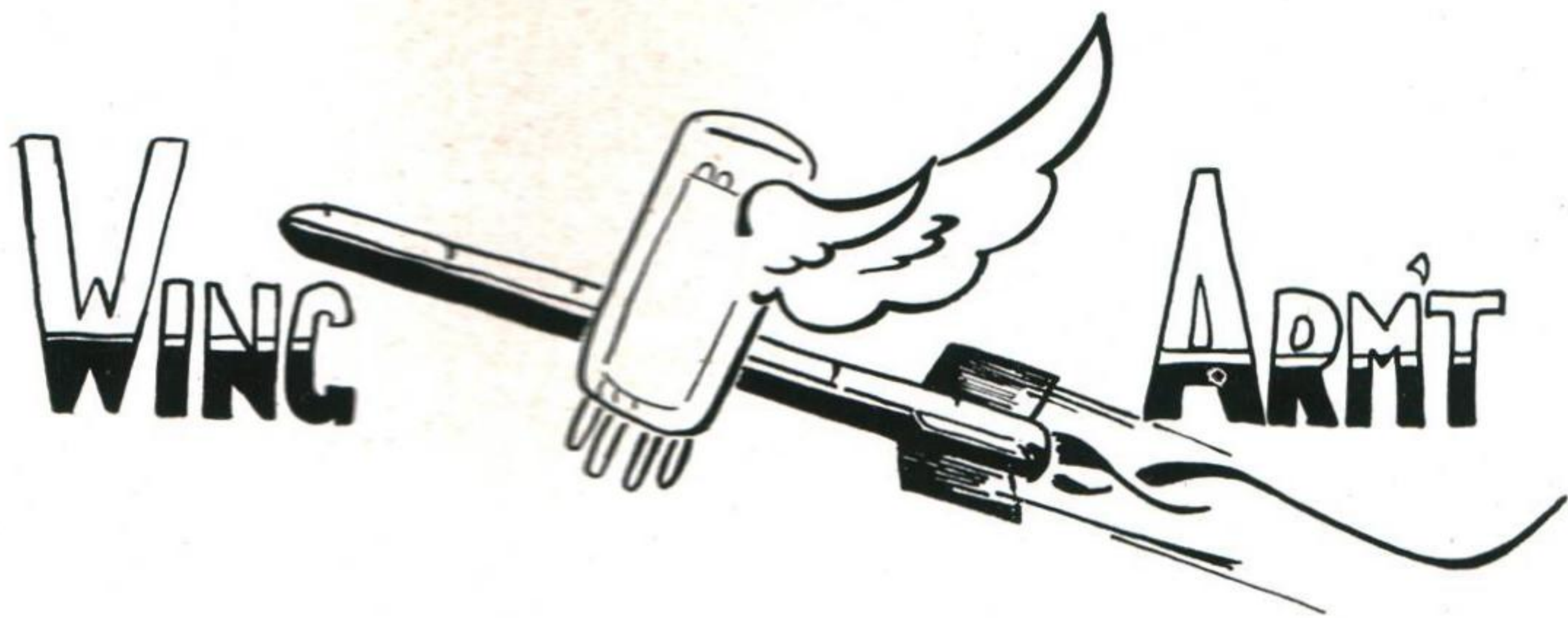
Going to England soon is Al Gelinas
With marriage in mind to an Irish lass,
But now his fingers are bandaged you see.
Cause he puts his fingers where they never should be.

In the battery shop is Lac Barr
You always see him with his hands full of tar.
The hydrogen gases make him want to sleep
So come five o'clock he's dead on his feet.

Corporal Hatton, is in charge of the shops
And I'm telling you, he sure makes the boys hop.
He's full of ideas, always thinking something new
So don't let anyone tell you that we have nothing to do.

LAC Meihk, he works there too,
His views on the brass I'll leave up to you.
Generally you find him sneaking off for a smoke
Or shooting the breeze with some limy bloke.

And last but not least we say "Yours truly",
After reading our ditty, don't think us unruly
This is our version of fun and humor
Put together with the odd little rumor.



by "Al" Wilson

Greetings on St. Patrick's Day from W/Arm't.

"Rock-a-bye Baby on a Tree Top." Congratulations are in order for two families of the Arm't clan; Mr. and Mrs. Knight and Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Both being blessed with baby daughters. "Al" hasn't been fairing too well as you can tell by the "suitcases" under his eyes while "Snuffy" has taken the rest of his annual leave to readjust himself to his growing family.

High up in the clouds overlooking Baden-Baden stands a great and noble mansion where the pride of our hockey team, "Tear down the boards" Tanner and our type pounding clerk, "Hal" Card have taken up residence. Well, fellows, if your wives get angry you can always climb up on the chandelier and get lost.

Hill climbing, stump dodging, and time trials in the eyes of FS Rootes are a very enjoyable way to spend a Sunday afternoon. (If only that stop light had stayed green!) Some of it must have rubbed off on LAC McCormack as his little Hillman has been seen going through its paces behind the Supply Section. (Some say a Borg Ward was seen also).

What well known "Tad", in the section, will take on any Mercedes with his gross Hillman?

We had one of 422 Sqn's spies with us lately, FS Bate-man, keeping an eye out for any hockey secrets while WO2 Stanton was away on a course. We hear by way of the "Mess Line" that a certain WO missed being Mayor by a well known recipe, "Whisky on the rocks".

A tip of the old Arm't tin hat to our boss, S/L Begg, on a very successful season of hockey. As President of the Hockey Committee he has taken great interest in improving the sport on the Station.

On the weekend of the 23rd and 24th of February our 4 (F) Wing Skeet Club lost, by a slim margin of 5 points, to a "crackerjack" team from number 2 (F) Wing. We wish to thank all of those people who tried so hard to bring the bacon home. A special mention for our boys; LAC Ashford — 88/100, Cpl Goddard — 89/100, and last but not least LAC Turner — 93/100 and second place out of all the entrants. That's wonderful shooting in anyone's language! 4 Wing will be represented on the 10th of March at 2 Wing with the same and better scores.

The section has taken on a new look under the able supervision of our master carpenter, Cpl Zadow, the test benches have undergone a face lifting to keep up with the modern times.

The mental wheels of learning are ever increasingly turning as the date of the trade board speedily approaches. Our trade advancement programme has been in full swing for quite some time in hopes that our usual high standard will be attained in April.

Our bowling team, The Cannonballs, is still in third place even though we lost our big bowler "Norm" Roy, (219 average). We wish Norm the best of luck on civie street.

Our ever trying Combines have been eliminated for this season but are to be congratulated for a never die attitude which they capped with a blazing finish when their last gasp turned into a hurricane as they blasted their way to an 8—3 victory over a bewildered 422 squad. A big bouquet of roses to; "Tanglefoot" Tanner, "Punch" Davis, "Duke" Dukeshire, "Doug" Acres, "Red Light" Gottraux, all the M.E. and Telecon boys, and last but not least Combines hard rock coach, "Curly" Stanton.

Telecom Gen

by Cpl. E. Sherwood

There lives a young corporal named Matt
Whose motto out here was "non-frat",
With this as his cult
You can see the result,
A Mercedes, and Brand-new at that.

While talking of loot-loaded folks,
Get an eyeful of Hammel's new Volks.
And how come Jim Bauder
Can once more afford
A new car and a girl? — drinking cokes?

We hated to see Calvert go
(Centralia, you're due for a show)
Though his jokes made us sore,
We don't hurt any more
Now he's strumming his "geetar" at Doe.

This month we say "Farewell" to Twit,
Old Leblanc has done more than his bit
To make Air Section seem
Like a lost airman's dream;
He's really earned His clearance chit.

The Wing Tel. O. went on a spree
With his boss in a T33
Skipper Winter said, "Scott
As a pilot you're hot",
Yelled our chief, "You're the driver, not me!!!"

A check at Sigs. Centre reveals,
A recent increase in car deals,
So take heed you bods,
Hear the words of the gods, —
"This space is reserved for the wheels.

Men came from 3 Wing to this station
To gen up on Pye installation.
They also saw Black,
And studied the knack
Of his bicycle-bull operation.

The days at Wolfsburg were laborious
(Though that 4 bucks per diem is glorious)
So McInnis and Norris
Were sent over for us, —
Great sighs of relief from Sartorius.

O'er the drome there's a little wood shack
And a newly made 6×6 track,
Built by Kinzel and crew
It makes ADF true,
And it's handy for playing Black Jack.

alexander

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Smoke House News

by Cpl H. O. Miller

Well here we are again friends to bring you a little more news and views from the boys who drive the Station Hose Carts. (Mobile type that is!)

First of our adventurous pair, LAC "Red" Hill and LAC "Jet" Kavanaugh have just returned from an apparently exciting trip to Blighty. The boys managed to pour their way clear to Nottingham and though it is hard to believe, with their handsome looks and all, they managed to hang onto their single status. Coming back, Red Hill picked himself up an Opel 1951, so all AFP's please take note!

One very important item for this month is the goal which LAC Davies managed to plunge into the net. From highly reliable sources, it has been found that this was accomplished by a combination of true skill and the fact that the puck deflected off an opponent's skate. Another field in which LAC Davies shone for a brief but exciting while was curling. It seems that Cpl Miller's opponents were down a player one evening so he hooked Davies to spare for them. Much to Cpl Miller's chagrin, Davies proved himself a very adept curler and Miller went down in total defeat.

It has been learned that F/S Steppings, our erstwhile Deputy Chief will be heading for the land of the ice at no other than RCAF Station Baggotville in Le Province de Quebec. We all wish him the best of luck at his new location which is quite close to his home town of Montreal.

As you can see, we are having to scratch the bottom of the bin for news this month, so I'll close for now with the best wishes to all and sundry from the boys in Ye Olde Fire Hall.

Flashes from Training Flight

by A. N. Emigrant

The mainstay of these articles is new arrivals, departures of old friends, births and marriages. I have to report a complete blank this month in all departments. Come on Lemieux, Vansickle, Quigley can't you hurry things up a little.

New cars are appearing in the section every week. A little grey bomb (cheap at half the price) and a Mercedes for the low cost of 7 marks extra followed by a Mercedes 300S, are just some of the bargains. Inciden-



AWAY SHE GOES! — The first CL-28 submarine hunter-killer to roll off the assembly line at Canadair Limited is towed away to the pre-flight hangar where it will be prepared for its first flight in early spring. The largest yet built in Canada, the CL-28 is being built for the RCAF Maritime Air Command.



First emergence of the CL-28 submarine hunter-killer as the initial aircraft rolls from the final assembly line at Canadair Limited, Montreal, which is building the giant aircraft for the RCAF. While no special ceremony was planned, hundreds of employees joined management personnel, engineers, office workers and air force officers to see the "Roll-out".

tally, can anyone tell me what's the good of a car that will go 60 MPH in 2nd gear if it won't start in the morning?

Sgt Partick is back with us again after some leave in England, with tales of buying a good suit, gabardine raincoat, and sports jacket, all for less than \$70 (advert. for "Buy British"). Our human dynamo "Dick Lasouski" is taking some leave at the moment. The relief on Cpl Jones' face is wonderful to see, maybe his rib will get a chance to heal.

The early springlike weather has got the horse-shoe pitchers out again. Judging by the time a couple of fellows spend practicing, they should be ready for the "All Canadian Championships" when they get home.

Heard around the section;

"Never mind "Jerry" now that SI's are done you won't have to work again for another year.

"Jackson take that seat pack out again."

"The front "G" meter is the one that matters, isn't it?"

Mess Hall Rambles

by Sgt Hughes

Hello once more from the Food Services Section. Looking out of the window as I write, I am thinking it is a beautiful day. It appears as though our winter is about over, the trees etc., are bursting into bud and everyone appears to be enjoying the beautiful weather.

On the 9th of February we held our staff dinner in Zum Anchor, Rastatt. The number participating in this annual event was about a hundred, a good meal was served, a choice of either chicken or steak with all the trimmings.

After the dinner there was dancing and also a play put on by the civilian personnel. A very nice time was had by all and many thanks to Sgt Pigeon and everyone who assisted in making the event a great success.

W/C and Mrs. Ball, Sgt and Mrs. McCafferty, WO2 and Mrs Wright were among the guests at the head table.

Next week will see the visit of our Command Messing Officer S/L DR Cambell, who will be with us on the 4th and 5th of March for her inspection.

Corporals' Club Corner

by Cpl. E. Sherwood

No tour of our Flugplatz is complete without a visit to THE CLUB. However it has been some time since the Flieger pages were graced with our jottings, so we'll rectify the omission right schnell and get back on the map (hic, — 'nother rye and coke, Charlie)

Well now, as this is a comfortable spot at the Bar, I'll settle here awhile and reminisce. Ah, there's Ranger, having a few last flings, eh? — When's the wedding? — April? — OK, we'll see you in next month's Flieger. Don't forget the St. Patrick's Dance on the 16th of March, — it's a big night.

Fun and games down by the Rhine at 0400 hours I hear followed by an informal dance outside Supply, — guess who (boy these Hick-oughs are bad tonight, I'll have a draught beer, Tio) — Now I don't mean to insinuate (much) — but — Cpl. Watkins seems to have great interest in U.K. these days (isn't that right Dick Duncan?) — maybe that's because a Little competition has returned to the land of the big trains! I see old 12345 is on his way too, hope they don't "warke" you too hard there.

Hockey now, Sharp-shooter Snyder (howdy Sir) kept up his average with a well placed shot, — he was the toast of the mess (the Officers' Mess). Roll on April 1st, perhaps we'll have some players then; — which reminds me, must submit the work order for a Wailing Wall. Well, there's Harry Ennis, — how is Holland? You're looking kind of weak Harry, — have a beer. Pardon me, must have this dance or my wife will think I've just come here to drink — imagine that!! Oops, that was Red Campbell I tripped, sorry Red, — what are you doing under that table? Nice orchestra this, can't understand why more fellows don't bring their ladies along on Saturday nights.

Ah, here come the Bingo cards, must pack this up now and win some loot. I'll leave you with Jim Wright's suggestion: — why not organise a late pass from the Frau on the odd Friday night and come to YOUR Club, — play some games, — get hep on the latest jokes and scandal, over a pint or two of the old amber fluid of course.

See you!

Wing Maintenance

by Cpl. "Mel" Thelonsen

Will we make it this month? That seems to be the \$64. question of W/M, but they say miss 3 try 4 and you're sure to make it so here goes. Yours truly attended the hockey game Friday 15 Feb. '57 and witnessed one of W/M better played games of the season. There was a noticeable void among the spectators for W/M. This is the major factor at all the games and it is my opinion that with more support W/M could give a good account of themselves. That is, if certain people on the ice area at the same time would wake up to the fact that there are **two** teams on the ice not just one. The comments were flowing thick and heavy on this subject both between periods and after the game but to no avail, as it has been a continuing occurrence in more recent games. Enough said but do get out and give your team the boost it needs for the last few remaining games. More recent news is the bang-up party held Thursday 21 Feb. 1957 in Kuppenheim. The success of this party was shown that night by the many happy couples at the Gasthaus Oxen and the many wan looks Friday morning in the hanger. The party was highlighted by delicious weiner schnitzel which was enjoyed by all. May we have another real soon. Congratulations to the entertainment committee for a job well done.

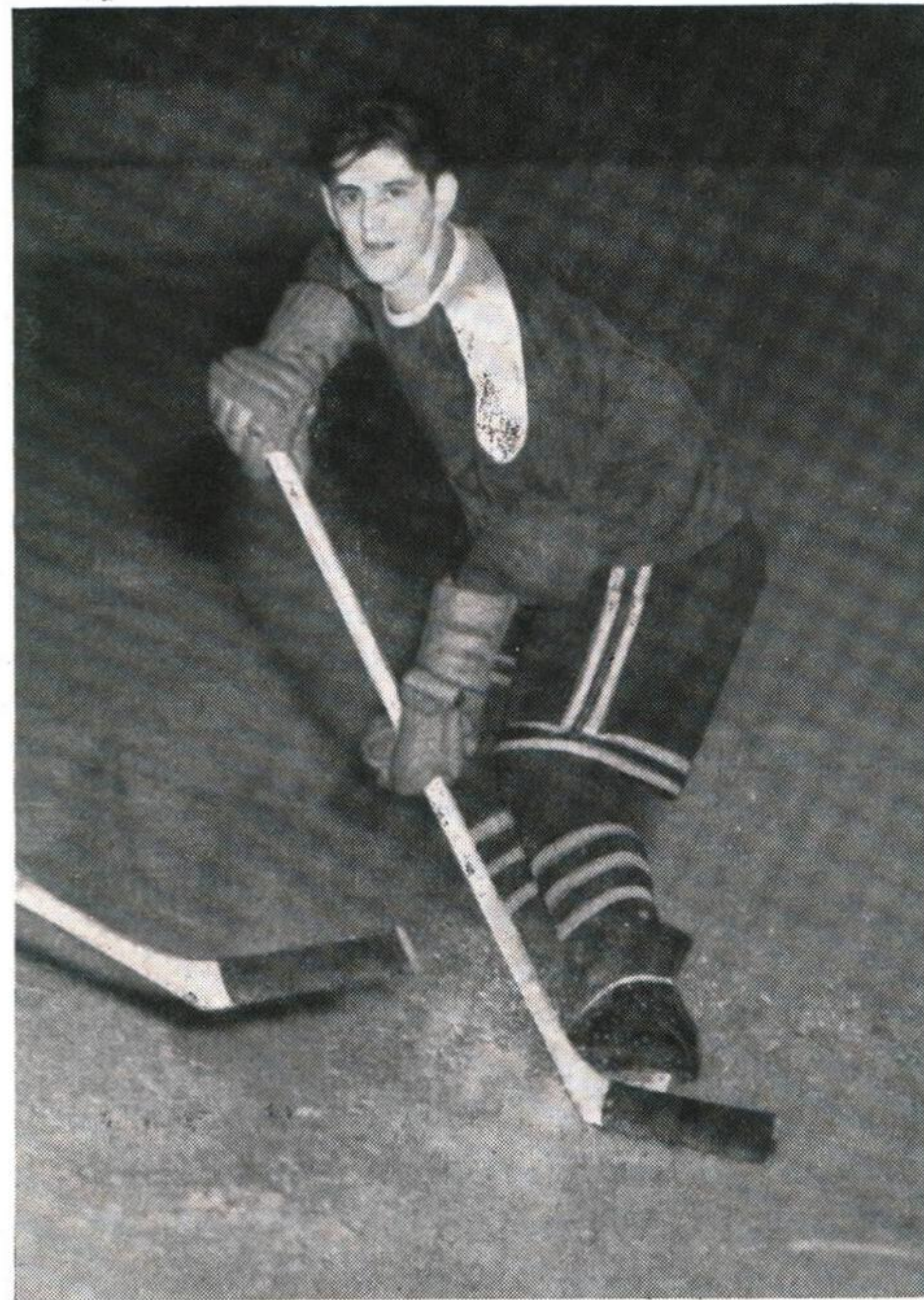
Some people have all the luck. The latest person, by name of Sgt. Landry recently from Greenwood who is our first man to attend the course on CF 100's at 3 Wing. What do you think about it Gerry?

By the flurry of questions concerning Canada it seems the population of same is to be increased in the near future by our "kipper friends" who are soon to depart for the "land of sunshine".

There seems to be a lack of hot dogs lately as the machine is U/S and has been for some time. I think we had better AOG for parts, what do you think Sarge???

Welcome to all newcomers since the last publication. By now the list is too long to mention but we do hope you like it here.

That's it for now. See you next month.



John Melancon — Winner of the Dale Mc Larty Memorial Trophy — 52 points for the season — Well Done

The Athlete's Prayer

by Ivan Miller (Hamilton Spectator)

Dear God, help me to be a sport in this little game of life. I don't ask for any place in the lineup. Play me where you need me.

I only ask for the stuff to give you 100 percent of what I have.

If all of the hard drives come my way, I thank you for the compliments.

Help me to remember that You won't let anything come that You and I cannot handle.

Help me to take the bad breaks as part of the game. Help me be thankful for them.

God help me to be always on the square, no matter what the other players may do.

Help me to be honest in all my decisions.

Help me to see that often the best part of the game is helping others.

Help me to be a regular fellow with the other players.

Finally, God, if fate seems to uppercut me with both hands and I'm laid up with weakness and sorrow, help me to take that part of the game.

Help me not to whimper and squeal that the game was a crooked deal.

When in the dusk, I get the final call, I ask no compliments, I'd only like to know that You feel I've been a good man.

Amen.

Sports and RECREATION

Your 4 Wing All Stars 1956-57

Sgt. "Twit" LeBlanc (Pictou, N.S.) 29 yrs old. Forward.

Twitter started his hockey in his home town, and advanced thru Juvenile and Junior ranks to the Seniors for one year, before enlisting in the RCAF in 1948. Since 1948, Twit has played at Clinton, Rockcliffe, Lachine and the last two years with the Air Div Flyers (Europe) He is married and has 2 sons, Brent and John.

FO Jerry Edwardson — Estevan, Sask. Forward — 22 years old.

This is Jerry's second year on the All-Stars at 4 Wing. Previously, he played at Claresholm, with the RCAF, and with Estevan in the Soo Line Snr "B" loop prior to enlistment. Jerry is married, and has one son, Jerry jnr.

Cpl "Muck" Reading 9 (Windsor, N.S.) 24 yrs old.

Muck played minor hockey in Windsor, prior to his enlistment in the RCAF. Since then, he has played at Chatham, and of course last year with the Air Div Flyers. Muck is married, with no children — yet.

Mac MacDonald (Glace Bay, N.S.) 20 yrs old. Goalkeeper.

Mac played school hockey at Glace Bay and Sydney. This is his second year at 4 Wing, and is due for repeat this summer, still single.

Mac MacDonald (MK 2) Cornwall, Ont. Forward — 28 yrs old.

Mac played Int "B" at Cornwall. His service hockey centred around 6 RD, Trenton and North Bay and of course 422 Sqn at 4 Wing the last 2 years. Mac is married, and lives in Kuppenheim.

F/L Al Adams (Regina, Sask) Forward — 30 yrs old.

Al played his school hockey in Regina and Notre Dame, Sask. His hockey career in the RCAF extended to such stations as Centalia, Summerside, Chatham and 422 Sqn at 4 Wing. Al is married, and has a family of 3, one boy and two girls.

LAC Ron Renaud (Montreal, PQ) 22 yrs old — Forward.

This year Ron was converted to a defenceman, on the HQ's team, although he normally is a centre man. He played minor hockey in Montreal, and since his enlistment has played at Aylmer and Goose Bay. Ron is also due for repeat this summer — still single.

FS Jack Kennedy (Calgary, Alberta) Manager.

This is Jack's first attempt in the world of hockey, and all of the All-Stars will agree that it was most successful. An ex RAF man, Jack was on the police force in Calgary before enlisting in the RCAF. He was stationed in Aylmer, Calgary and Langar, before coming to 4 Wing last summer. Jack is married, and has 3 children, a boy and two girls.

Cpl Murray Titmarsh (Toronto, Ont) Equipment Manager.

"ML" is the busiest man on the squad, dispensing sticks, gum, sweaters, laces and of course advice. Murray plays defence on the HQ's team. Though few people will believe it, Murray was a fast skating forward with the Borden Flyers in 1952-53. He is married and has one son, Michael.

LAC John Melancon (St. Jacques, PQ) 21 — Forward

Johnny played his school and minor hockey in his home town. In 1953-54, he played with the Greenwood Bombers and the Kentville Aces. This is John's second year with the All-Stars. He is married, and has no family-yet.

LAC Bill Cheverie (Pictou, NS) 21 — Forward

"Chevvie" 8 played minor hockey in Pictou, then after enlisting in the RCAF, played Int "B" with Rivers, Manitoba. This is Bill's second year with the All-Stars, by way of 444 Sqn. Chevvie is still single.

CPL Lou Lukacs (Lousana, Alberta) 31 — Defence

This is Lou's second year at 4 Wing. He played Int "B" hockey in various leagues, and spent 1953-54-55 with the Borden Flyers. Lou is married, and has one daughter Noelle.

F/O Bob Longhouse (Loon Lake, Sask) 24 — Forward

Bob played his minor hockey in Toronto, advancing to the University College team in 1951. He also played Jnr B with Woodbridge during the same year. His service hockey started at Centralia, and has been continued at 4 Wing the last two seasons. Bob was married last December, just squeezing in under the income tax deadline.

LAC Gill Gouttreux (Halifax NS) 22 — Goalkeeper

Although Gill was born in Montreal, he learned his hockey in Dartmouth and Halifax. He played with the Greenwood Bombers in 1954-55. In his first seasons at 4 Wing, Gill has made quite an impression on the fans, and earned the respect of rival players with his spectacular net minding. He is married and has one daughter Cynthia.

LAC Ron Lenson (Fort Erie, Ont) 22 — Defence

This is Ron's second year at 4 Wing. He played school and minor hockey in his home town, and before enlisting in the Airforce, was playing senior hockey at Amherstburg. Ron is single.

LAC Ray LaLonde (Montreal) 26 — Forward

Ray enlisted in the RCAF in 1949, and started his service hockey at 6 RD and Trenton. This is his second year with the All-Stars, and Ray is recognized as one of the smoothest skaters in the league, Ray is married.

LAC Joe Daigle (Jacquet River, NB) 26 — Defence

Joe played most of his hockey at St Stephen and St Croix in New Brunswick. He spent 3 years at 6 RD, and is just completing his first season at 4 Wing. Joe is married and has one daughter, Theresa.

F/O Ev Gill (Ottawa, Ont) 24 — Forward

Ev played minor hockey in Ottawa and Toronto prior to enlistment in the RCAF. This is his second year at 4 Wing, and his first with the All-Stars. Ev is still single.

LAC Ken Pentland (Smithers, BC) 21 — Defence

Ken played school hockey in Smithers, and this is his second year in organized hockey, both with 444 Sqn and the Wing team. He was married last year.

F/O Mel Henderson (Minitonas, Man.) 26 — Forward

Mel has had a varied hockey career, playing Juvenile, Junior and Intermediate in Sudbury, was with the Minitonas team that won the provincial Junior championship in 1950, and arrived in 4 Wing via Gimli and Chatham. Mel is married and has one girl Dara Lee.

LAC Ernie Purvis (Windsor NS) 22 — Defence

Ernie played minor hockey with Muck Reading in Windsor, and was promoted to the Seniors at the tender age of 14. Since he has been in the Service, he has played at St Johns, PQ, and Chatham and St Huberts. Ernie is single.

FINAL STANDINGS — Intersection Hockey League

Team	Won	Tied	Lost	Goals Scored	Goals Against	Total Points
444	20	2	3	146	51	42
HQ's	15	3	7	124	99	33
422	14	2	9	115	99	30
414	8	1	16	89	122	17
W/Maint	6	2	17	84	130	14
Combines	6	2	17	83	131	14

Individual Scoring (Top Twenty)

Player	Team	Goals	Assists	Total
Melancon	HQ's	33	19	52
Adams	422	29	22	51
Bell	444	28	15	43
McDonald	422	29	13	42
Henderson	444	25	17	42
Edwardson	414	30	11	41
Longhouse	444	23	18	41
Johnson	HQ's	19	19	38
LaBlanc	Comb's	21	15	36
LaLonde	W/Maint	24	9	33
Banfield	414	15	15	30
Tanner	Comb's	21	7	28
Wittich	422	15	12	27
Peck	422	16	10	26
Gill	444	14	12	26
Black	HQ's	12	12	24
Buffett	444	14	9	23
Cheverie	444	16	6	22
Kennedy	W/Maint	15	6	21
Gratton	W/Maint	13	8	21
Hamel	Comb's	9	12	21

Individual Penalties (Top Ten)

Player	Team	Total
Morrison	414	53
Pentland	444	33
Titmarsh	HQ's	32
Gratton	W/Maint	30
Purvis	444	29
Hessian	HQ's	28
Buffett	444	27
Carpenter	414	20
McDonald	422	16
Renaud	HQ's	16
Kennedy	W/Maint	16

TEAM PENALTIES

444	183 minutes
414	147 minutes
HQ's	129 minutes
W/Maint	108 minutes
Comb's	92 minutes
422	88 minutes

The Intersection league came to the end of its second highly successful season on Thursday 28 Feb 57 with 444 repeating as the regular season, champs. The 4th playoff spot wasn't decided until the last night when 414 cinched it. For the semifinals it will be 444 vs 422 and Headquarters vs 414. The last night of regular play also saw HQ's Johnny Melancon come up with 3 goals and 2 assists to squeak home first in the race for the Dale McLarty Memorial Trophy for the individual scoring champ. The runner up was 422's Al Adams only one point behind. In the Sin Bin Championship John Morrison had no serious competition winning this title by a clear 20 minutes.

Something new has been instituted this year as there is now an Air Division Trophy for the Intersection Champion of the Division. The winner of our league will be playing the 3 Wing league winner in a best of three series for this trophy. Each team will have one home game and the third game, if needed, will be played at the rink of the team scoring the greatest number of goals in the first two. Whoever our winner is, the best of luck to them and lets make it in two straight.

From The "Birdie Corner"

The week-end of Feb 17th saw 4 Wing Badminton Club on the courts of 2 Wing. We did our Wing proud taking three events out of five, honours going to Stan Steen and Chris Malin for mens doubles, Grace Reid and Stan Steen for mixed doubles and Grace Reid taking ladies' singles.

The competition was really keen making two excellent afternoons of play.

INTER-MESS League

The first Inter-mess league is over, with the Airmen being the winners, polishing off the Officers in two straight games. The Airmen previously had eliminated the corporals (the team with the six platoon system) and the Officers convinced the old men from the Sergeants Mess that the season should end for them. Although the league is over the oldtimers won't say die and are still scheduling games on the odd Monday night. Altogether the league was a big success and will probably get off to an earlier start next year.

BASKETBALL

The basketball season is almost over for the two 4 Wing teams, the Raiders and Raiderettes. The Raiderettes finished fourth in the women's league and missed qualifying for the playoffs although showing great improvement towards the end of the season. The team started with only 3 experienced players: Isabel Lundstrom, Elaine Watson and Denny Bayley but players such as June Oystensen, Pat McLean, Teddy Hansen, Steve Gallant, MerriLynn White, Dolores MacPherson and Joan Miller gave their all and managed to win a couple of games and lose some heartbreakers.

The Raiders are currently tied with 3 Wing for the third playoff spot in the mens league, with 3 Wing having a game in hand. There is a good chance they will still make the playoffs and under the coaching of W/C Mc Leod may surprise and take the title yet. This years team is comprised of W/C Mc Leod (coach and guard) Johnny Duggan, Don O'Toole, Slats Tomilson, Chris Black, Norm Lefler, Pete Tillner, Ian Mc Hardy, Joe Naso, and Dave Allen.

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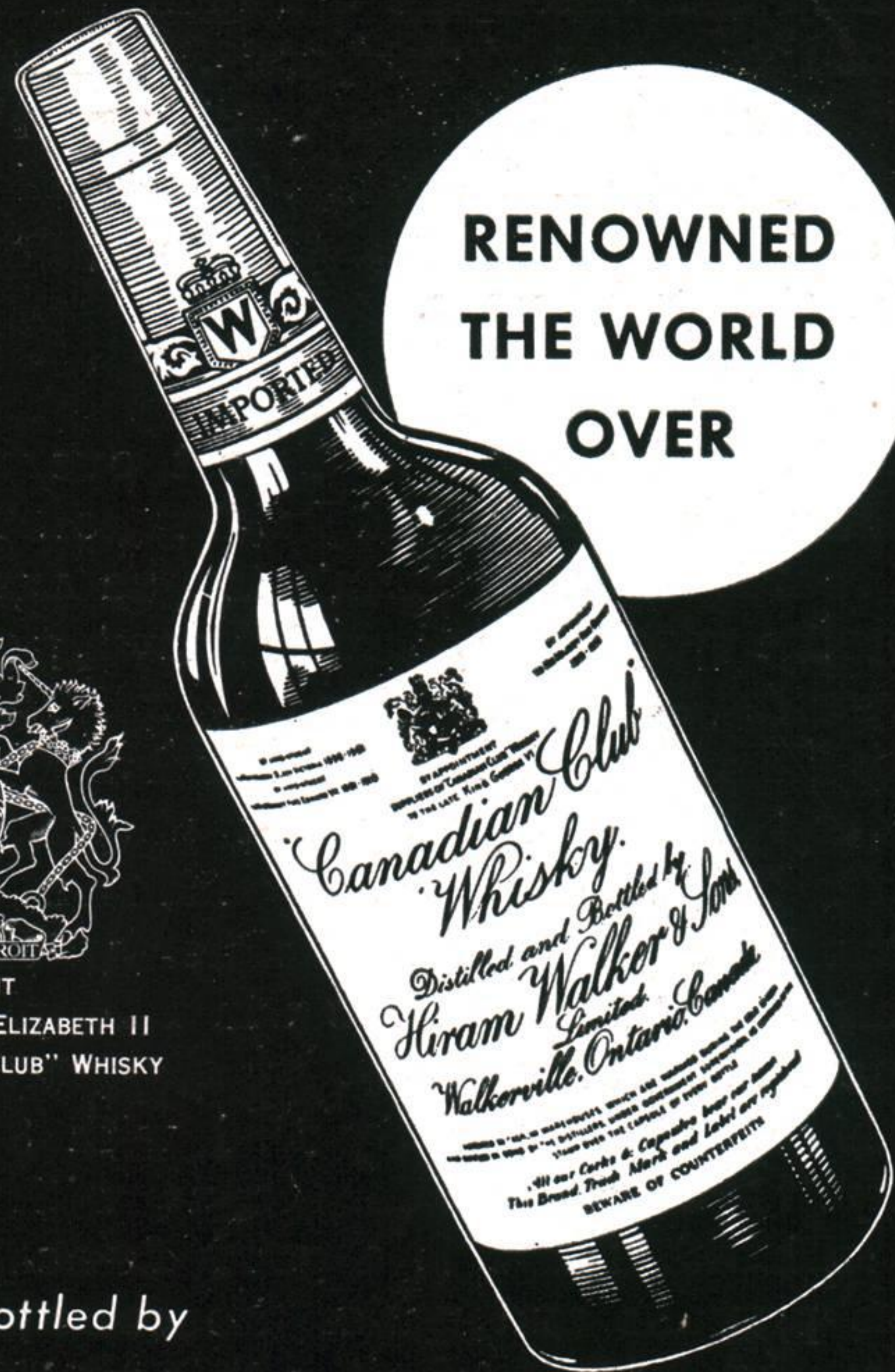
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