

Schwarzwald- Flieger



WINTER SPORTS IN THE BLACK FOREST (COVER STORY PAGE 1)

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Schwarzwald-Flieger

(Black Forest Flyer)

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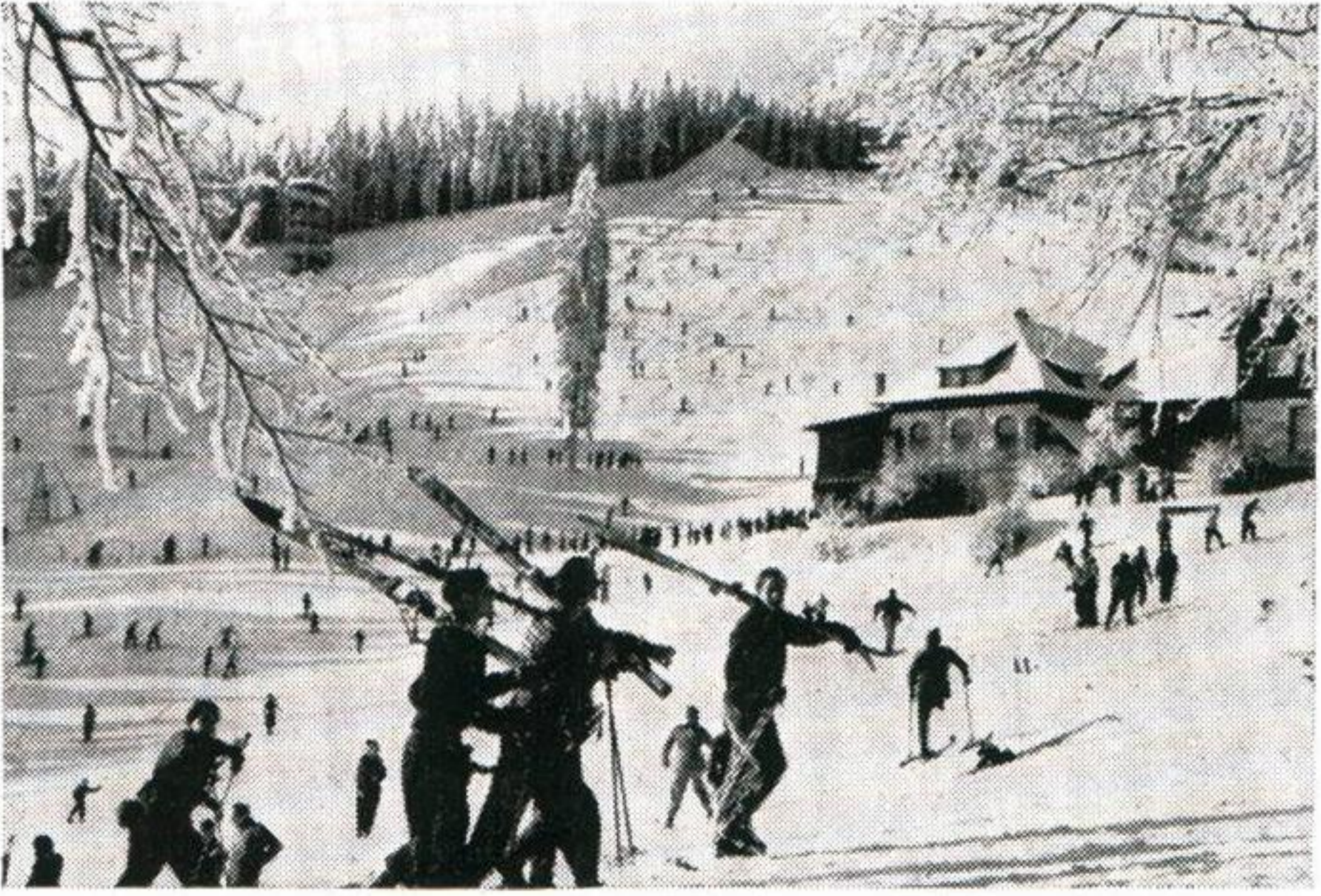
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This Month's COVER STORY

(Photo Kuehn)

Winter Sports in the Black Forest

by Heidi Bauert

If you are planning on going skiing this winter, the Black Forest has many excellent ski resorts.

The nearest one is Kurhaus Sand, with a fine ski slope and ski lift. You can reach it in half an hour's drive by car from Baden-Baden via Lichtental and up the "Schwarzwaldhochstrasse" (Black Forest Highway). Kurhaus Sand, 2700 ft above sea level, is centrally situated and a 10 minutes' walk in any direction will take you to 5 other resorts, and more slopes, such as: Kurhaus Buehlerhoehe, Plaettig, Herrenwies, Unterstmatt and Hundseck, which is shown in the cover picture.

Driving past the Sand via Hundseck and Unterstmatt along this Schwarzwaldhochstrasse, you pass the romantic mystery lake "Mummelsee", and further on the "Alexanderschanze" and "Kniebis", finally you will reach Freudenstadt, a sunny high altitude resort, beautifully situated on an elevated plateau. It is famous for its most salubrious climate, the salutary effects of which are even more beneficial in winter than in summer, thanks to the stronger ultra-violet rays of the sun. Here is Germany's largest forest reservation, and paths as well as roads are kept snowplowed. Horse-pulled sledges take you into the

magic of the Black Forest winter. There are special skiing grounds for beginners, ski jumps, ice skating and curling facilities. Your children will have lots of fun tobogganing here.

Perhaps you have more time and can travel to Freiburg, one of Germany's most beautiful University cities, a mere 90 mile drive from the base. From here you drive up the Feldberg mountain, which is the highest peak of the Black Forest, reaching 4500 ft. On your way you pass another

(continued on page 2)

The Kurhaus Sand



THE CONNOISSEURS

by Ron Coulson

Having visited at one time or another, some of the various Chinatowns in Canada and the USA, and having partaken of their most delectable foodstuffs, we three more or less considered ourselves near-experts on the subject of Chinese food. That is of course, experts as far as the average layman goes. Just how far does the average layman go? That is beside the point. The point is, that we decided on the way to Frankfurt that we had been without suey, foo yung and chow mein far too long, and vowed that we wouldn't do a solitary thing until we had ended this dilemma.

The whole object of the trip north was to obtain certain items for a car not too common among the German populace, and hence the long drive to the servicing shed. We delivered the monster and wended our way into the maze of traffic circles, which is Frankfurt, in search of an oriental eating house.

The problems we encountered in our search would have turned back three of lesser spirit, but we overcame them with mounting anticipation, and the multitudinous gesticulations which accompany our meagre Deutch vocabulary, certain that we would taste once more the sweet and sours and yin gat soups of the Orient. Some kind soul finally took pity on us, (I suppose it was because of my tears) and gave us scanty directions to what he seemed to be assuring us was the best Chinese restaurant in town, and, he added, the only one. We were to go two blocks from this point, something about the links, and then go around with the streetcar tracks until we came across the sign in plain view in a second story window. It sounded easy enough, but this business about the links threw us off until one of us, not me I assure you, remembered the German word for left. We backtracked the last four blocks and continued along the tracks with our eyes glazed by the thoughts of the meal we would soon enjoy.

Oblivious to the stares we were attracting in the middle of the thoroughfare, gazing into second story windows, we succeeded in dodging the streetcars until a gentleman in white gloves and a green hat led us individually onto the sidewalk. The tracks we were using for a guide converged into another traffic circle, and there we were, stumped. This we had not bargained for. In desperation, we turned into the tiny photo store we happened to be leaning against in despair, and asked in badly broken Deutch where the famous eating parlour we sought, was to be found.

What a feeling came over us as he answered in perfect English "Right across the road. See there, where it says in red neon, 'Chinese Food'?"

Our spirits rose to a new summit as we gazed across at the blazing sign running the full length of the building, spelling out our goal in brilliant red letters.

Thanking our deliverer most eloquently, we dashed against the lights to the edifice housing our restaurant. A solid grey wall confronted us here, and we stood with mouths agape and tongues watering until we could gather our wits together. Searching along the wall from the corner of the building, we found the entranceway, and squeezed through into a mirrored hall. A door stood ajar at the end of this alcove and closer inspection proved it to be that of an elevator. In no time we had enclosed ourselves in the box, and stood in silence as it groaned its way upward. It halted eventually, and my heart was pounding as we stood impatiently waiting for the door to open. All three of us fidgeted nervously, too frightened to open our mouths for fear we would burst into tears over a failure at this point.

I punched frantically at the buttons on the panel near my shoulder, but to no avail. In my mind I could smell the fragrance of a pot of Jasmin tea steaming on the bamboo table in the room beyond. One of the others whimpered almost inaudibly, and I sensed that the vision of the foo chow scramble he had been longing for was slowly fading as the elevator door would not respond to our persuasive kickings and pushes.

From behind us came the rude sounds of a laughter someone could no longer confine to himself. We turned in unison, and paled at the sight of a little old man staring at us with tears of laughter in his eyes. The other exit, for which we had not thought to look at the back of our tiny cell, was wide open.

Our cheeks flushed, and we avoided the eyes of this gent, making haste to vacate the lift. Directly in front of us now was a lantern of definite Chinese design, hanging over a door carved out of teak wood. Beyond this we would achieve our goal, and our mind-whetted appetites would be satisfied.

My hand was on the latch before I noticed at eye-level a sign printed in four languages, — 'Closed until further notice'.

Cover Story (cont. from page 1)

of the Black Forest mountain lakes, equally romantic and fascinating, where you can enjoy marvellous skating.

On the Feldberg itself you will find exquisite ski slopes with jumps, where international winter sports' programmes with competitions are held, including bobsleighbing and tobogganing. Roads are always cleared of snow, so driving is without difficulty. You can also take walks along paths with breathtaking views across the Rhine valley to the Vosges mountains and the rest of the Black Forest.

No skis? Never mind buying new ones, — you can rent them at all the resorts for only 25 cents.

What, you've never skied? It's lots of fun, falls and all. Ski courses are given everywhere for the ambitious at inexpensive rates.

"Ski Heil!" (Happy skiing)



Skiing at Freudenstadt

The High Cost of Foolish Driving

A lot of publicity has been given to the danger of foolish driving. People have been warned time after time that sooner or later it will catch up with them and they will end up in the hospital or the graveyard. So far most people, judging from the way they continue to drive and from the soaring accident statistics, take no notice of these warnings. If you are one of those slap-happy people who think that because you've been lucky so far that you can continue to get away with it for the next forty or fifty years that you hope to live, just pause for a minute and think about the cost in money of your recklessness. Stupid driving costs money, a lot of money, and you are the one who pays it.

Let me show you.

Whether you drive in Europe or North America, it costs you roughly 9 to 10 cents a mile to run your car. For the European, gas is more expensive, but he compensates for it by running a smaller car without the voracious appetite that most North American gas-burners have built into them. This cost figure is born out by various statistics compiled by people in the business. The British Automobile Association, for example calculates, on the basis of 10,000 miles a year that it costs the average Englishman 10 cents a mile to run a 1500 cc car eg an Austin A 55 or a Ford Consul. As most of us run European cars and don't pay English gas prices we can reduce the cost by one cent so 9 cents a mile is a more accurate cost for us. Notice that the RCAF, under certain conditions, pays 9 cents a mile.

That 9 cents a mile cost is for the average driver who, unfortunately, drives a lot faster and more foolishly than he should. You decrease or increase the cost according to how sanely or insanely you drive. Lots of business companies operate their own fleet of cars and naturally they keep statistics on how much it costs to run each vehicle. Most people in Air Div operate European cars, so let's take the figures compiled by one company in London, England, and quoted in the "Autocar", an authoritative automobile magazine. This company runs a fleet of cars which includes ten British Ford Consuls. The running expenses for the cars (ie gas, repairs etc but not depreciation) for approx 23,000 miles varied from \$89.60 to \$355!! An important factor in this variation was driving habits — which affect gas consumption, frequency of repair, wearing out of tires etc. Remember when you pay out money for a new set of tires or you pay that repair bill — those expenses just didn't "happen" — **you** wore out those tires and **you** caused those repairs. This was well expressed by a garageman in Trènton. A sergeant I knew kept going to him for minor repairs to his car. Finally the exasperated sergeant said, "What's the matter with this — car?" "Well", said the repairman, "it's quite simple. The fault lies in the nut." "Oh, which nut?" said the sergeant. "The nut behind the wheel," was the reply. Since then the sergeant has drastically overhauled his driving habits, and he finds he's much better off financially.

Another example of the effect of driving habits on your pocket is a Squadron Leader I knew at Ottawa. He was fond of keeping statistics and he kept a log of all expenses he incurred in running his car. For the first 30,000 miles he worked out that it cost him 13.9 cents a mile to operate his car. A major factor was repairs.

If you drive sensibly you can run your car for 6 cents to 7 cents a mile including depreciation. If you drive recklessly it'll cost you double that figure. Can you afford to throw 6 cents out the window every mile you cover? You may not consider yourself a reckless driver, — you may be an average driver and drive just a little faster than is good for your own safety or your car. If so, you can save from one to two cents a mile merely by slowing down. Once you exceed 45 or 50 mph, wear and tear on your car rapidly increase. At a steady 45 mph an American car will give you 25 miles a gallon — at 60 mph that figure drops to approx 18 miles a gallon. Tire wear, engine wear and the stress on your car's suspension rapidly increase above 50 mph. At 15,000 miles a year a one to two cent a mile saving comes to \$150 to \$300 a year or \$12 to \$25 a month.

The next time you go to the PX and look longingly at that appliance you can't afford, just get this: you could have bought it if you hadn't thrown your money away on foolish driving. C. G. B.

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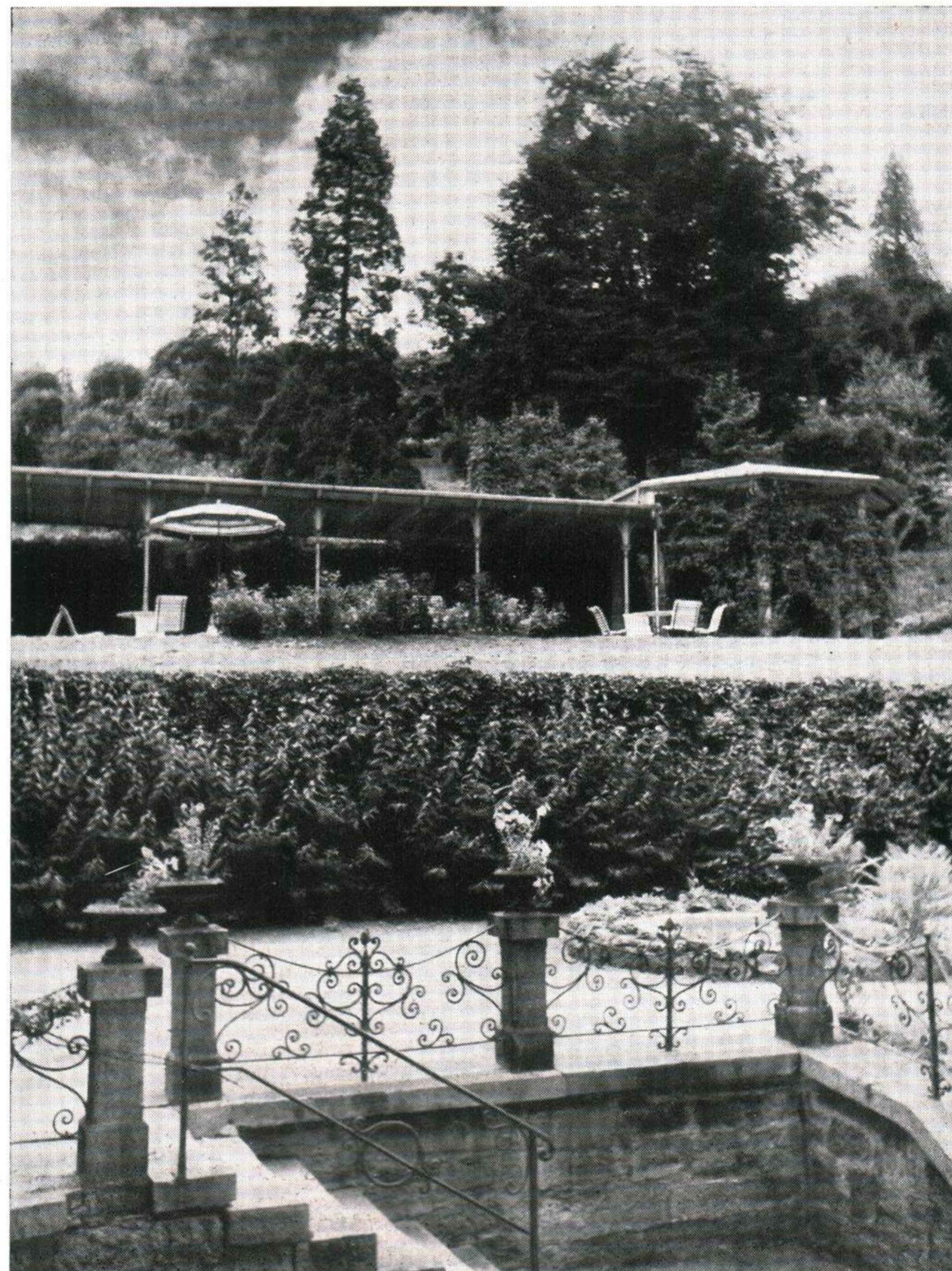
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Baden-Baden's Beautiful Parks

Baden-Baden, one of the most picturesque cities in Europe, is famous not only for its health-restoring mineral waters but also for its delightful parks. Spring comes early to the city and in a few weeks time the sun will be warm and the weather will be ideal for a stroll through these parks.

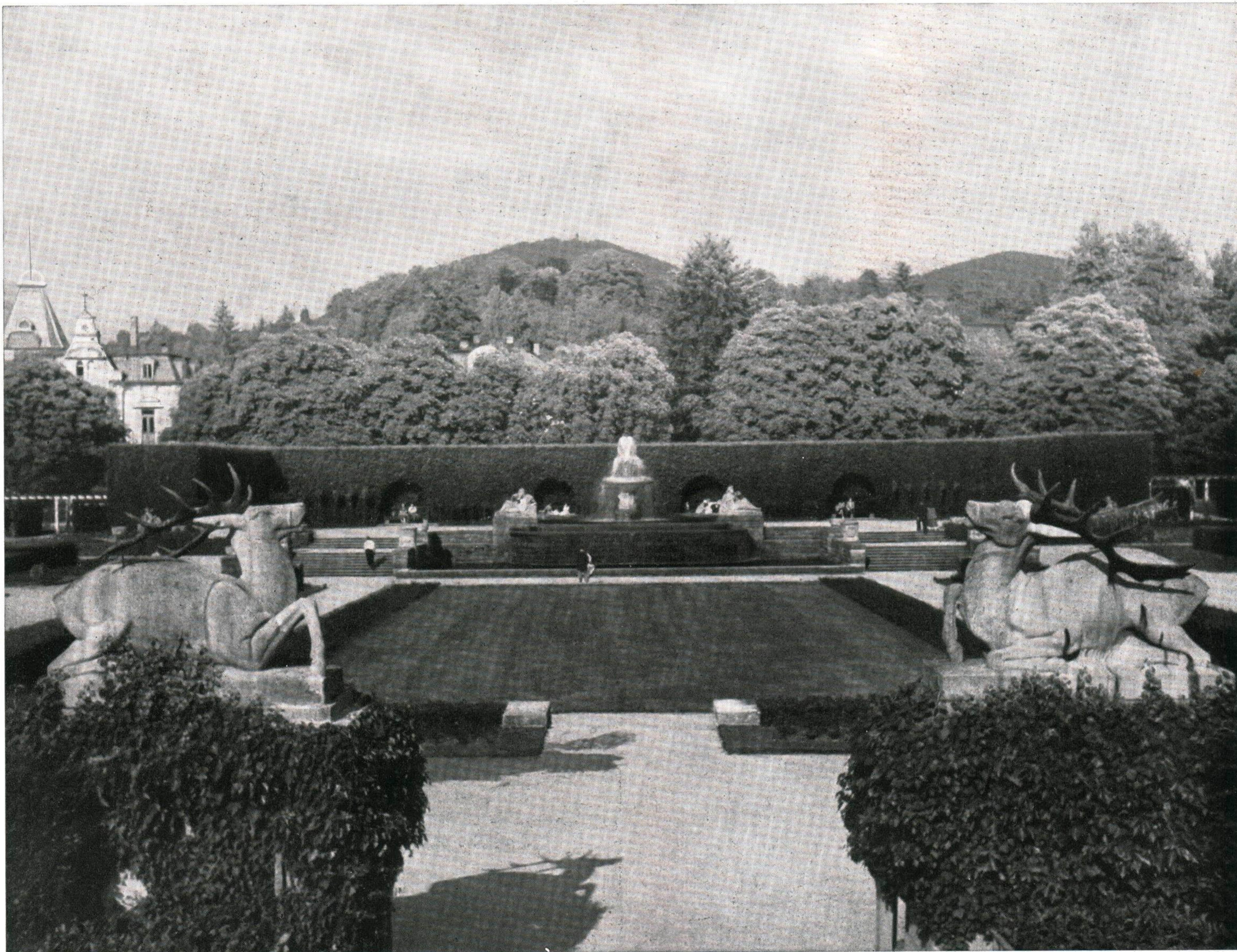
The largest and most interesting is the one through which the Lichtentaler Allee passes. It stretches from the Kurhaus to the suburb of Lichtental. Here you may stroll by side of the clean and sparkling river Oos, play miniature golf at the Miniatur Golfplatz, watch tennis at the "Rot und Weiß" tennis club, admire the gardens of Baden-Baden's smartest and most expensive hotels, or sit in the shade of its many trees. These trees have been imported from almost every country in the world. A plaque on each tree shows its name and country of origin. There are, for example, the Mammoth-Tree from California — it reaches a height of 390 feet — the Divine Tree from China and the Ginko Biloba from Formosa and Nepal. Some of the trees have particularly attractive blossoms like the Tulip tree whose home is the Eastern United States, and the Emperor tree which comes from Central China. Incidentally, the latter tree, whose latin name is *Paulownia Tomentosa*, is called after the daughter of the Russian Tsar Paul 1st.

The Lichtentaler Allee park is the product of many



▼ The Goenneranlage

The Zaehringler Hof Park ►



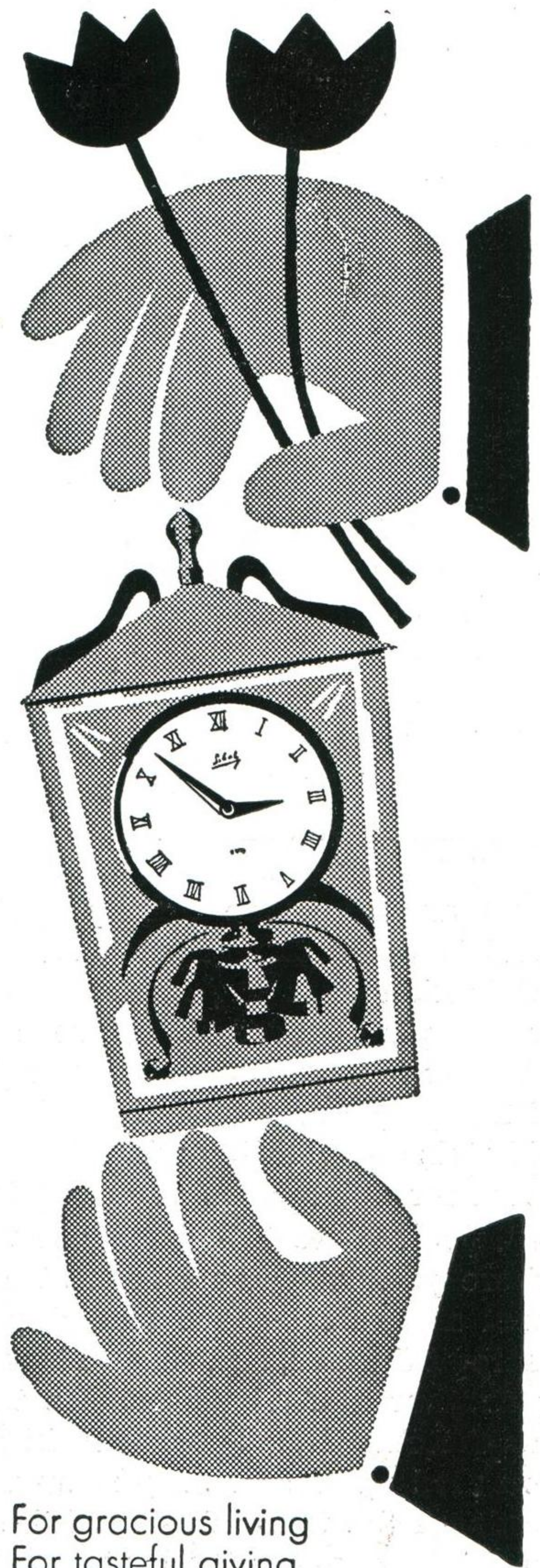
people's handiwork. Of these the Benazet brothers deserve special mention; between 1832 and 1882 they did much to make the Lichtentaler Allee one of the most enchanting avenues in the world.

The other side of the River Oos from the Lichtentaler Allee park is the Goenneranlage. The origin of the name Goenneranlage is interesting. The cost of laying out the park was paid by a rich German-American coffee king, Herr Sielcken. In appreciation of his generosity the city wished to name the park after him, but he requested that he remain anonymous. At that time the mayor of Baden-Baden was a Herr Goenner, and "Goenner" means "paid for by a sponsor or patron". The name Goenneranlage ("anlage" means "garden or park") seemed particularly appropriate, and was chosen.

Other parks worth a visit are the historical park of the "Neue Schloss", the Mariahalden Park (as you proceed towards Lichtental turn right at the Alleehaus and follow the Yburg Strasse to its end), and the Krupp Park (follow the road between the Kurhaus and the Theatre. At its end is the Krupp Park).

The Zaehringer Hof Park (just off the Sonnenplatz and behind the "Ewige Lampe") is Baden-Baden's oldest park. It is over three hundred years old.

▼ The Bellevue Park



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The Folk-Lore Festival at Quimper, Brittany

BRITTANY

by F/L F. Christie

When you read about Brittany in the guide books, the word "appealing" is frequently used, — and once you've been there you realize what an apt description it is. First of all there's the province itself, — a combination of rural and maritime beauty spots and a great lack of tourists other than French holiday makers; there's the fascination of seeing Breton women doing their washing or shopping attired in native costumes topped off with intricate lace caps and wooden shoes; there's the appeal of the gorgeous sea food meals; and then there are lots of hotels on sparkling white beaches where you can settle down for a few days of relaxation and more good food.

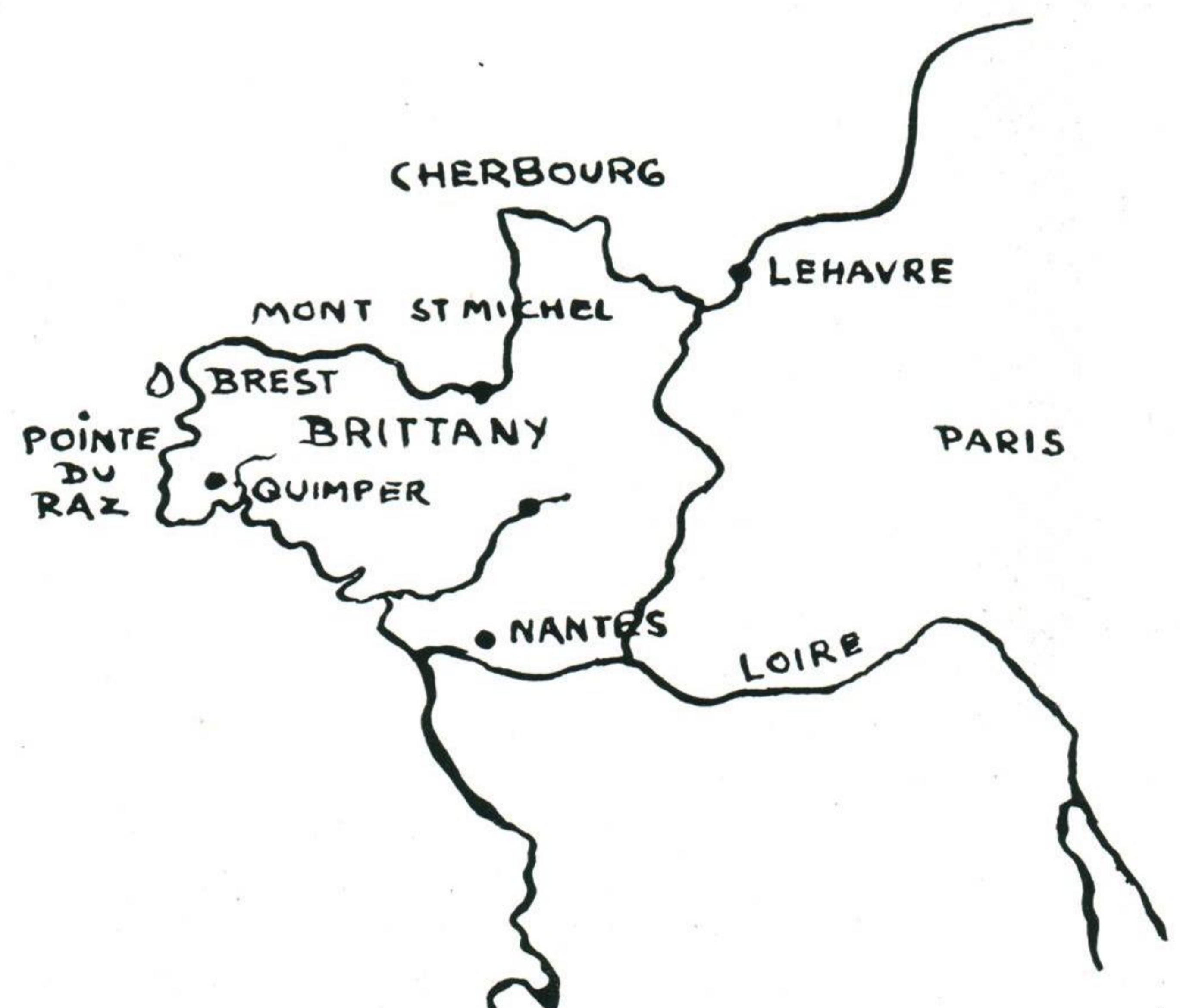
A good route to Brittany is through the Loire valley where you can have a look at the chateau country. You meet some during the first day's ride. There is an old decrepit chateau, surrounded by a moat at Sully and there is another at Amboise, where the town clusters around the chateau. This chateau is illuminated at night and if you plod up the winding ramp which leads to the courtyards on the top and rear of the building, you will hear on a loud speaker the chateau's history and the story of the people who lived there. This is all in French mind you — but if you can't understand French, it's a wonderful opportunity to let your imagination run rampant and in such a setting it's not hard to visualize exciting parties and sinister intrigues. Amboise has a goodly share of murders and intrigues in its story.

Another excellent chateau, which you reach on your second day's drive, is at Chenonceau. It is a very photogenic chateau with inviting gardens and surrounding walks. The connoisseur can buy a bottle of the local wine at the gate house.

Old world Brittany has a lot to offer and one of the most delightful experiences you can have whilst there is to attend a Brittany festival. One which you will not forget for a long time after is the Pardon at St. Anne d'Auray. A Pardon is a religious festival and this one commemorates a miracle performed by St. Anne. One thing to remember — the Pardon is a big function so hotel rooms are scarce; therefore book well beforehand or take a room at a nearby town such as Vannes or camp at the little village of Sainte Anne d'Auray. Those who camp will be best off as next morning they can watch the arrival of all the local people. While you are eating

your breakfast, the cars will start pouring in to the nearby parking lot. You'll find the cars are usually very shiny, very obviously tenderly cared for, and very old and square. It is interesting to watch the families emerge; there are usually three generations; — father and mother in the front, father in a business suit, and mother sometimes in a summer cotton dress, but often both she and grandmother are dressed in very full velvet skirts and jackets and stiffly starched lace hats. There is great primping at the car windows, while the men carefully examine the tires and look under the hoods of the vehicles, then off they all troop to the cathedral square. Here there is a parade which includes twenty bishops. While waiting for the parade you should stroll around the square and main street, soak in the old world atmosphere, and look at the stalls which sell food and souvenirs.

Another item of interest in Brittany is the folk lore festival at Quimper. To get there, go through Pont-Aven where Paul Gauguin did so much of his early painting. Painting still seems to flourish here. If you can, stop at the Post Hotel; in all the rooms, including the bedrooms, the walls are covered with oil paintings and you get the



impression that probably the proprietress is the friend of the local artists and that a good many bills are paid for with paintings. Pont-Aven has a good place for dinner — the Moulin Rasmadec, which is a reconstructed old mill. It is loaded with atmosphere and as the guide book says "first class, expensive and well worth a visit". If there are only a few guests, Mme Corband may make your meal even more pleasant by serving you herself. She is a charming Parisian and welcomes Canadians. She told us that her daughter had been managing a hotel in Brussels during the war and that a Canadian army captain came along one day to commandeer the hotel for the Canadians, and that later he commandeered her daughter! They are still in Brussels, at the Hotel du Rhin and she may present you with an introductory card — in case you should be in Brussels some time.

The festival at Quimper gives you the chance to see all the various types of Breton costumes, listen to more pipe bands than you'll ever hear again and watch some delightful folk dances.



Breton Costume

Between Pont-Aven and Quimper there is a small hotel called the Blanc Sables at Concarneau Beach. This is a good place to stop for a few days; you can have a double room and full pension for \$5.00 a day each. The hotel is very plain, but the beds are comfortable and clean, the beach is at the front door and the food is plentiful. Most meals are a succession of various kinds of seafood with rich sauces; — and of course every dinner starts with a huge tureen of wonderful French soup! For lunch, the starter is usually a soup bowl piled high with tiny shrimps which one dips in a garlicky sauce, or an equally full bowl of mussels served with sauce au poivre. This is an excellent hotel but recommended for adults only as Canadian children would probably not enjoy the menus. Nearby, incidentally there two large camping places though they are often crowded with trailers and tents.

While here you should drive out to Pointe du Raz which is the rocky tip of France jutting farthest into the Atlantic. Be careful however, for everything printed about this spot warns the tourist against scrambling too far out on ledges over the huge waves which dash on the reefs, 300 feet below.



Pointe du Raz

Another highlight of your trip should be a visit to Mont Saint Michel. There is something unbelievable and fairy-like about it and from the distance it really seems like your very own "castle in the air". Try to be there at the time the tide comes in, it rushes in at the rate of 210 feet per minute. If you're in good condition climb the 900 steps which take you to the gallery at the top of the church — this is a distance the height of the 31 story RKO Building in Rockefeller centre. The view is worth all the effort that you expended in climbing the steps. Later, down below in the Grand Rue which is completely lined with restaurants and curio shops, you should spend a delightful few minutes at the Mere Poulard restaurant. Here a girl prepares an omelet in a frying pan with a five foot handle, in a huge open fireplace. This is a specialty of the restaurant and it turned out to be an astonishingly puffy omelet about six inches high!

All these attractions cost very little to see, and with the inexpensive hotels and meals Brittany can provide

(continued overleaf)



Mont St. Michel

The Agfa Ambi Silette

by Guy Dubrule

The new Ambi Silette is a top-quality 35 mm camera designed expressly for the person who wants a fast-working, high-precision miniature with all the features associated with the most expensive top-bracket models. Its outstanding features include: — An extremely sharp 4 element standard 50 mm Agfa Color-Solinar F/2.8 lens. — Lens interchangeability. — A rapid fire lever which advances the film and sets the shutter in one quick stroke. — A combined built-in coupled range and view finder system which is the equal of some found in cameras costing three times as much. — A ten-speed between-the-lens shutter with speeds from 1 second to 1/500 and MXV synchronization which can handle any flash assignment. — Numerous other features, including a delayed action self timer, film type indicator and a frame counter. — A reasonable price tag which should appeal to those who look upon the cost of a top-quality, inter-changeable-lens miniature as being on par with a yacht.

Working with this newest Agfa Ambi Silette over a period of weeks, I was greatly impressed by flawless ease of operation and well thought-out design features. Film loading is extremely easy. The back hinges on the right side and opens to expose the loading and take-up chambers. The cassette is dropped into the left hand chamber, the leader fed across the filmgate and threaded into the fixed take-up spool. After the back is closed a very clever locking latch secures the back and locks the cassette in place so that it cannot wobble as film is pulled from it.

Shutter speeds and lens apertures appear on two very legible scales, both scales have click-stops for positive positioning. The universal range and viewfinder is protected by a cover which is opened by pressing it in the direction of the arrow. On looking into the brilliant viewfinder of the Ambi Silette the fields of view for the three focal lengths, 35, 50 and 90 mm, will be seen indicated by reflected frames. These frames can be selected by means of a small slide on top of the camera. Under some conditions, when the light was very dim and flat, as well as when I shot directly into a light, parts of the frame-lines tended to disappear. However, inasmuch as

the same phenomenon is noted in some cameras costing approximately three times as much as the Ambi Silette, this can not really be considered a black mark against it.

The rangefinder is automatically coupled to whichever lens is in position. Range-finding is an extremely simple operation. There is a brighter circular patch in the middle of the field of view, this central image is the part used for range-finding; it consists of two overlapping identical images. By moving the focusing ring the overlapping images will approach one another and at one position will completely coincide. At this point the camera lens is automatically focused on the subject irrespective of focal length of the lens used. I found this rangefinder capable of passing the standard rangefinder contrast and brightness test: being able to focus in a darkroom lighted only by the amber printing safelights.

The three interchangeable lenses are: Agfa Color-Telinear F/4 90 mm telephoto. Agfa Color-Solinar F/2.8 50 mm standard. Agfa Color-Ambion F/4 35 mm wide angle. These lenses are all very crisp at full aperture. All three focus smoothly by means of the milled focusing ring. On this ring are found two scales, one in feet = green figures, one in metres = black figures. Lens are removed by pressing a small locking catch and giving the lens a turn to the left. To insert we have the familiar procedure of aligning two red dots and turning the lens to the right until locked. The shutter release button is conventionally placed on the top right-hand side of the camera and is extremely smooth and gives a crisp release which helps hold the camera steady when very slow exposures are given.

The camera handles easily and well. Its high quality and many valuable features should make it a favorite of those to whom lens interchangeability is an important consideration. Studying, testing, and working with the Ambi Silette gave this reporter the feeling that its designers had worked very hard to produce a high-quality instrument that withstands comparison with any other camera produced today. Inside and out, they've succeeded magnificently. —

Brittany (continued from previous page)

you with an excellent but cheap holiday. A few tips; first; as far as purchases go the main attractions are the various types of pottery, for which Brittany is famous. Secondly, QM stations are not so frequent as in other parts of France, (there are some by the way in Vannes, Quimper and St-Brieuc), so take along more than one jerry can.

This winter, when you're planning what to do on your next summer's vacation, you may decide you want a relaxing holiday, with lots of sun, atmosphere and wonderful sea food. Then plan for Brittany in July. As it says in all the books — "it appeals".

Thinking of buying:

- A Borgward station wagon
- A Mercedes-Benz car
- A Pfaff or Necchi sewing machine
- A Grundig Radio?

If so, why not spend a few minutes in the Wing Library and check what "Consumer's Report" says about them?

"Consumer's Report" is received every month and the 1958 annual buying guide has just arrived. Consult them before you buy anything and ensure you get the best value for your money.



WEST OF NORTH-EAST

Last light faded. Night closed about the camp. An autumn chill pervaded the air.

About the camp-fire, flames licked idly at the half burned logs. Shadows danced furtively across the nylon tent. The phantoms of night were abroad. Jeff prodded the fire listlessly. A shower of sparks rose gaily and intermingled with the smoke that spiralled lazily through the overhanging boughs. The night pressed closer. I shivered and drew my woollen mackinaw tighter about my shoulders. Jeff lit his pipe. Solitude fell upon us as we gazed into the glowing embers. The intangibles of companionship were in our midst.

It was midnight. We rose from our crude log seats, stretched and retreated to the canvas which had been our home so often. We were weary from the long day.

From our sleeping bags we watched the embers blacken. Darkness prevailed. I fell asleep and drifted to a dream.

Again I knew the romance of the north. Jeff and I were there. Again we saw the myriad spruce, dark and brooding, sentinels of the unconquered wastes. We saw again their wedge-shaped tips reaching for the distant sky.

Before us lay the lake, deep and crystal-clear. To our left, spruce covered the undulating ground as it stretched northward to the barrens. To our right, rearing their magnificent snow covered peaks to the tumbling clouds, were the forbidding Melees, the home of the caribou. Out there lay new horizons.

The sun settled gently behind the hills. Twilight fell. The hues of evening deepened. Stars lit the heavens and compassed those who trekked the lonely north. Water lapped wistfully at the stern of the canoe. Borealis stretched its darting coloured fingers to the south as it danced in merriment about the darkened sky. Across the lake a wolf howled mournfully. The call of the wild struck a tenor we knew. The fire burned cheerfully. We were content under the stars. Peace reigned. We slept.

Daylight stole slowly across the eastern sky. Labrador was awakening from its sleep. A trout leaped carelessly about the lake. Close by a squirrel chattered. A raven swept its wings in salutation to the new day as it glided with the currents of the air.

Aware now of the new day we broke our rest. We kindled anew the fire. Smoke drifted through the trees. We busied ourselves with breakfast. The aroma of frying bacon reached our nostrils and whetted our appetites. Fat

spit viciously out of the pan as we turned the half-fried eggs. On a log near by, a whiskey-jack brazenly helped himself to a slice of bread. The sun rose slowly above the eastern hills. Our camp which nestled under the spruce, hard by the lake, was brightened by the sun's first shafts of light. It was good to be alive. As I looked about I gathered the splendour of the wilderness. My thoughts turned back to school days. Someone before me had captured my thought in verse. It was all here.

A white tent pitched by a glassy lake
Well under a shady tree
Or by rippling rills from the grave old hills
Was the summer home for me.

The trout rose again. Subconsciously I fitted a fly to a line. I strode to the water's edge and casually threw a cast. The line cleaved the water lightly as it uncurled. The fly lay dormant. I twitched it sharply. The trout struck. I set the hook. Madly he fought to free himself, but all too late. He leaped and tore wrecklessly about the lake until exhausted and spent he yielded to the reel. I drew him to the shore. He trembled and lay still. There on the pebbly beach fresh from the Atlantic lay a two pound deep sea beauty.

We felt the warmth of the sun. It was time to go. Deftly we packed the cargo canoe as it rocked quietly at its mooring. We slid the canoe further into the water. Jeff boarded it, I held steady by the stern. In deeper water I eased myself carefully into the stern seat. Eagerly we set course for the river we knew abounded with salmon. The paddles flashed in the sunlight. Beads of water glistened as they fell from the blades. A flock of ducks arose complaining, from their hiding. They milled and spiralled in an orbit as they winged anxiously about. At last, in pattern, they scurried overhead. Soon they were lost to sight.

We guided the canoe through the narrows. In deeper water we shipped our paddles, locked the outboard in position and jerked the starting cord. The motor burst into life. Gaily we scurried along. Mile after mile the canoe leaped through the water as it cleaved the chopping white caps. The shore moved by. Lazily the distant view pirouetted. The contour of the mountains changed. The sun rose high. The wind freshened. We pitched

slightly. Forward the bow, a seal, black and sleek, plunged in desperation to escape this unknown thing. All day we rode along. The whole world was entrancing.

Daylight was fading as Eskimo Point came into view. We changed our course and steered for Bear River. Sheer cliffs towered above us now. The river narrowed. The water quickened as it broke through the choking gorge. Rock outcroppings appeared beyond. We gunned the motor and knifed into the tumbling current. Anxiously we read the water ahead for signs of hidden danger. The sound of cascading water filled our ears. Suddenly there it was, in all its magnificence, churning and eddying as it swung into whirlpools from the cliffs above. Furiously it raced amongst a thousand rocks.

We quartered into a back water. Jeff jumped ashore as I held steady with a paddle. We "secured" then offloaded the gear. We fell to making camp. Mosquitos plagued us. A wind gusted and the water rippled. It was dusk. A full moon, bleak and cold, arced above the jagged hilltop above the falls. The moon-light shimmered on the river. The spruce stood silhouetted against the darkening sky. A salmon leaped, then all was silent save the gurgling water. In these waters lay our quest. We had journeyed far into the wilderness to challenge the supremacy of the salmon. Tomorrow we would test their mettle. We turned in early.

We were about before the eastern sky greyed. The fire drove back the tentacles of frost that had invaded the camp circle during the night. Breakfast seemed tastier than usual. On a rock stood our waders. We pulled them on and caught up our rods. We hastened to the water's edge. Steam rose quietly from the river. Spray formed transparent clouds about the jagged falls.

Occasionally a salmon stirred. As daylight grew the salmon quickened. Soon the river was alive with leaping fish. Our pulses pounded wildly.

Into the eddying water we waded. Jeff slipped, lurched forward, and caught a rock outcropping. The current swept him off his feet. He recovered, but not before the roaring water closed about his shoulders. He was drenched. We edged ourselves to midstream and climbed a towering rock. Below us swirled the salmon pools. We looked into the dark water and caught the movement of salmon as they drifted back and forth in unison. We moved quietly from the rock's edge and discussed our tactics and flies. There wasn't room for two to cast. Jeff won the draw. He cast slowly. The fly floated unnoticed through the pools. Jeff tried another cast. A salmon swirled the water in its path. The cast fell short. His next cast curled to position as it drifted through the eddies. A salmon rose and nudged the offering lightly. With trembling hands Jeff cast again. In anticipation we watched the fly float through the dancing water. The salmon rose slowly and gently sucked the fly onto his tongue. Jeff set the hook. Hell broke loose. The salmon leaped skyward and shook himself violently. Jeff held the slack. The salmon returned to the river and plunged wildly for the bottom in a savage attempt to tear from this invisible foe. Jeff aimed the tip of his rod in the direction of the raging fish as he tore about the river. The reel sang as the salmon charged blindly downstream. Jeff let him run. Finally he turned and paused. Jeff vibrated the line and reeled in lightly. The salmon swam slowly upstream. Back in the pool Jeff goaded the fish to action. The salmon responded immediately and made a series of magnificent leaps. Jeff played him cautiously. I checked my watch. He'd been fighting for twenty minutes. The salmon was tiring. Jeff tried to lead him into quiet water. The salmon set his tail into the current and refused to move. Jeff moved to a position where he could turn the salmon's head downstream. He drew the fish across the current

into quiet water. The salmon surged spasmodically about the calm water. His rushes became progressively weaker but he still refused to come to gaff. Finally in utter exhaustion he weakened. He turned his silvery belly upwards. We gaffed him. He jerked his tail as we hauled him out. He was magnificent. This was the moment for which we had lived. We wrapped his sleek twenty-seven pounds in moss. He was beautiful.

Similar events occurred repeatedly throughout the day. This was paradise! We took ten salmon. Each one put on a grandstand performance. The day was done. We left the river, tired, wet, mosquito and black-fly bitten, but happy.

Bone weary and wet we rolled into bed. We slept an untroubled sleep. We slept deeply until from out of the mist of unconsciousness we heard the thunder of a passing train. I sat upright, I was bewildered. And then I realized this was not the wilds of Labrador — with Bear River running down to the sea through spruce-covered gorges. This was the campingplatz in Rastatt, Germany through which the Murg passes on its way to the Rhine.

I checked my pocket calendar. Just two years, six months, and four days left of my tour (no extension), then home and the fabulous north. A. R. R.

UP TO DATE WITH TELECOM

The Electronic Future of Automation

by Sgt. E. Kinzel

With the ever increasing new fields of automation via electronics many people wonder where it will all lead to. How soon before most of us are unemployed? However, careful study has found that we can expect the contrary. Automation is creating more jobs than it is displacing. Machines are in effect replacing man in the performance of tedious tasks, manual tasks which are difficult and unpleasant to perform. But technical, interesting jobs have been created. The manufacture and maintenance of electronic machines and by-products of these machines have indeed created unlimited opportunities in the field of electronics.

Progress will not be halted.

From the day the ancient Greeks rubbed amber with silk and freed the electron, man has made life easier and found interest in electronics. Through the filament lamp, cigar lighters, radio, electronic computers to Sputnik, the use of electricity has been fostered by an insistent demand for progress. Automation via electronics may well be the answer to the secrets within Canada's vast tracts of undeveloped land. Well-designed auto-robot devices will operate 100% efficiently in sub-zero temperatures, will build our homes there, and work to provide a living for us.

Kitimat is an example — a hitherto hinterland wilderness, it is now a thriving town. And what is the purpose of Kitimat? — To produce electric power. Undoubtedly we are on the threshold of the Electronic-Automation Age, — nay, we are in it now.

DEAR FOLKS

I guess I should have written to you sooner than this, but I just didn't seem to find time until now. Besides, I have to wait until the middle of the month to get paid, so I'm staying in the barracks to-night.

Well, things here at 4 Wing aren't nearly as dead as they were at Comox. I had a real good trip coming over. The boat we came on was one of these Cunard Liners, and they sure are wonderful. Pop would sure be surprised if he could just make a trip across now. Remember how he said that if I asked, they might take me down into the hold and show me where they keep all the chickens and stuff they have for meat? Well, I guess they have changed things since he came over from England in the twenties, because I asked one of the stewards, and he said that they sure didn't do it that way any more, and then all the rest of the way all the stewards laughed every time they saw me coming. One guy told me that the deep freeze they had on the boat was bigger than the ones they have in most of Loblaw's meat departments.

Well, I didn't get to see too much of the boat, but I sure liked the bar they had. There were pictures from all over the world on the walls behind the bar, and the front of it was finished off in that stuff pop wants to use on the rumpus room he is going to put in, in my room in the cellar. You know what I mean, all leather with tacks in it every so often to make it look plush. And the stools were finished off the same way, and were they ever high. Once when the boat was rocking, I fell off one, and couldn't get up again.

They even had a dance hall on the ship. It was really big too, and it had a real orchestra. One night we got lost when we came out of the bar, and we found it by mistake when we could hear the music. They were serving drinks in there too, so we stayed, and watched some of the girls.

Well, when we got to Lehaveer, it was pretty dark, and the bars were all closed up, so we didn't see much of that place. We just went to the hotels they had for us there. There were two of us in the same room up on the third floor and you could still see bullet holes around the windows. outside. There was no heat in the room, and on the bed they just had sheets, and a great big pillow case with feathers and stuff inside it for a blanket. It didn't look too hot, but I sure slept good under it after I found where the bathroom was. The toilet in the hotel was sure some tricky. I saw this chain hanging down from the ceiling and it had a handle on it, so I pulled it just to see what it was, and boy, I came out of there like I came out of the woodshed that day when I fired the 303 shell off with a rock. I'm sure learning fast about things over here.

We were waiting for breakfast next morning, and noticed there was a dish of great huge pretzel things that weren't on the table when we turned in, so we decided we'd give them a whirl. Boy, you could hardly break them even, so we threw them out the window, and some guy riding a bike hollered up at us in French or something.

Just then a dame came to the door with some stuff that smelled like burnt coffee, and she asked us something in French. Before I could get out my "Conversational French for the Canadian Armed Forces", she gave us a silly grin, and disappeared for good. A while later, they jammed us into some French buses, and from what we heard the others saying, those pretzels were our breakfast. I'm sure glad I'm not stationed in France.

We spent the next night in Paris. Boy, all I can say about that place is WOW. Everything uncle Marty said about it is true. I almost went AWOL there like he did during the war, only I spent all my Francs in the Pigalle before I was really looped enough. I guess it is lucky I did, because I'm going to save on my loot and spend my next year's leave there. I met a girl there, and told her that, and she says for me to write and tell her when I am coming. I hope she doesn't forget me.

Here it is almost midnight folks, so I guess I'd better get some shut-eye. I'll probably have more news next time I write, because some of the guys I knew at Comox are here, and they said they would show me some big places around here. I can't remember the names very well, but I think they called one of them something like Rootchie. I guess that is German or something.

Bye-bye for now, and give my regards to the old gang if you see any of them. Love to all from your son and heir.

Elmer.

RC CHAPEL

Chaplain — G.E. Grant F/L
Tel: Local 276

- 1 **Masses**
Sunday 9:00 AM and 11:00 AM
Tuesday to Friday 5:10 PM
Saturday 9:00 AM
First Friday of the month 4:15 PM and 9:00 PM
- 2 **Confessions**
Saturday 7:00 PM to 9:00 PM
Before all Masses
During 11:00 O'clock Mass on Sunday
Any other time by appointment
- 3 **Baptisms**
Sunday at 2:00 PM. And any other time by appointment.
- 4 **Religious Instruction**
For School children Tuesday and Thursday 3:00 PM to 3:30 PM
For High School Students Thursday 4:00 PM to 5:00 PM
- 5 **Choir Practice**
Monday 7:00 PM

From Communist to Soviet Spy

A Study in the Motivation of Some Soviet Agents

By a member of the RCMP Special Branch

The germ of modern communist treason may be found in the Communist Manifesto, published over a century ago. There Marx and Engels tell us the "The working men have no country". Patriotism of the conventional sort is described as a device of the bourgeoisie, designed and fostered to keep the proletariat divided against itself and powerless against the exploiters. The worker cannot owe allegiance to his country as presently constituted because the state which governs his country, is controlled by the bourgeois exploiters, and "The executive of the modern state is but a committee for managing the common affairs of the whole bourgeoisie".

Marx and Engels provided a solution for the victims. Just as the bourgeois exploiter, while paying lip service to a national loyalty, finds his interests advanced by co-operation with his peers in other countries, so the worker can advance his own interests by co-operation with his fellow workers in other nations. The simple and obvious way in which the proletariat can overthrow their oppressors is by united action on an international scale. This involves a repudiation of bourgeois patriotism and a recognition of the common interests of all workers of all nations. Carried to its logical conclusion, it involves treason. But, Marx and Engels would argue, treason is a crime to a bourgeois state, which to the communist is not disloyalty at all, on the contrary, it represents the highest form of loyalty to what really counts, the triumph of the proletariat and the end of bourgeois exploitation.

This line of reasoning is, of course, anathema to the overwhelming majority of the people in western nations who have been shocked at the espionage revelations of the past decade, and amazed that the traitors' consciences could permit them to act as they did. But then the majority of people in the western nations have grown up in thought patterns which have been rejected by the communists. To the communists their fellow countrymen are the benighted victims of bourgeois propaganda.

The possibility of espionage is always present once one becomes a communist, or even a fellow traveller. One fact which strikes anyone who examines the case histories of the men and women who have betrayed their countries in the past ten years is that the actual decision to indulge in espionage, while painful to make, does not seem to have been as painful as the earlier one of accepting communism. Ernest Anderson, the Swedish spy, when asked about his decision to start spying said merely 'I would not like to say that I made a decision, but rather I have found no reasons not to act as I have done'. Whittaker Chambers makes the point even more strikingly in his book Witness: (Communists) regard any government that is not communist, including their own, merely as the political machine of a class whose power they have organized expressly to overthrow by all means, including violence. Therefore, ultimately the problem of espionage never presents itself to them as a problem of conscience, but as a problem of operations — for the Communists, the problem of conscience has been settled long before, at the moment when they accepted the programme and

discipline of the Communist party. For the fellow travellers, it has been settled at the moment when they decided to co-operate with the Communist Party . . . The question of conscience can only arise when, for one reason or another, a Communist questions his faith . . . then it rises terribly indeed.

Yet when all this is said, patriotism of the conventional bourgeois variety is not easily thrown off, even by communists who burn with the shortcomings of western civilization. Hence also the necessity in many cases for a long and subtly regulated period of indoctrination before they can be relied upon. The Soviet Union and the communist parties in western countries recognize this need and take measures accordingly. (to be continued)

CLIMATOLOGICAL SUMMARY FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER 1957

Temperatures:	1957	1956
Mean max	41.2	41.4
Mean min	28.2	32.0
Monthly mean	34.7	36.7
Highest	53.4	56.5
Lowest	18.8	14.6
Precipitation:		
Rainfall	1.47	.64
Snowfall	.03	.26
No of days with measurable Precipitation	8	11
Greatest amount for one day	.41 (13 Dec 58)	Missing

Manager — **ASTRA** — Local 66
E. Burnside

CINEMA

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

TIMES OF PERFORMANCES

MONDAY TO FRIDAY — 18.15 and 20.45 hrs

SUNDAY — 14.00 and 18.15 hrs

CHILDRENS MATINEE — ALTERNATE SATURDAYS
at 14.00 hrs.

(These times and days are subject to alteration if length of show or alternate entertainment make it necessary.)

PRICES OF ADMISSION

(except special children's matinee)

ADULTS30 cent CHILDREN15 cent

Avro's Chief Experimental Pilot

Jan Zurakowski

One of the most popular civilian jet pilots in Canada today is Jan Zurakowski. This unassuming, self-effacing dynamo of Polish extraction, who has hit the headlines of the world during the past few years, is the Chief Experimental Pilot at Avro Aircraft Limited at Malton, Ontario.

Though decidedly not publicity-conscious, Zurakowski literally cartwheeled to fame when he calculated and performed the first completely new aerobatic manoeuvre in 20 years. The now-famous Zurabatic Cartwheel was first demonstrated at the 1951 SBAC Show at Farnborough, England, to settle a discussion among some participating pilots.

Zurakowski first became interested in aviation as a youth, and the building of model airplanes was his prime spare-time occupation. He was fifteen when he won first prize in a national competition in Poland in 1929. The prize was his first ride in an airplane. A Lublin LKL 5.

Poland's Military Officers School was the source of his education, and he began his flying career in 1935.

When World War II broke out and Poland was invaded, Jan Zurakowski joined the RAF. He was flying on operations in time to participate in the Battle of Britain, after which he joined the Polish Air Force Squadron of the RAF. Altogether he served with four squadrons, and became a Squadron Leader in 1942. Six enemy aircraft fell before Zurakowski's blazing guns, and twice he had to bail out of a burning fighter. A distinguished fighter pilot, he was decorated with the Polish "Virtuti Militari" for gallantry in action.

In 1944 he was posted to the Empire Test Pilot's School. Upon graduation he began test flying for the Aircraft and Armament Experimental Establishment at Boscombe Down. When he retired from the RAF in 1947 to join Gloster Aircraft, (a member of the Hawker Siddeley Group) he had test flown nearly every British and American fighter flying at the time.

Growth of Avro and production of its CF-100 all-weather jet interceptor offered intriguing prospects for a man of Zurakowski's capabilities. By arrangement with Glosters in 1952, Avro was able to obtain the services of the man that Hawker Aircraft's famous Neville Duke has called "the best test pilot in the world".

Occasional breaks from his "routine" job of flight-testing the latest CF-100 developments come when he is called on to demonstrate the manoeuvrability of the big interceptor. His colorful, but precise aerobatics have been a feature of National Air Shows in Toronto.

In 1955 Mr. Zurakowski made a tremendous impression at the SBAC Show at Farnborough, this time attracting great international interest to the Canadian CF-100 by a brilliant display of the manoeuvring capabilities of this heavily-armed, all-weather fighter. His outstanding aero-

batic display was in sharp contrast to the type expected from such high performance and long range aircraft and did much to advance Canada's reputation in the field of aircraft design and manufacture.

Mr. Zurakowski, in continuing his constant effort to further the development of Canadian aviation, is currently working with engineering and design groups preparing for the initial flight and continued testing of Avro Aircraft's supersonic fighter, the Arrow.

Mr. Zurakowski lives with his wife and two children, who came to Canada with him, in his home in Etobicoke — a suburb of Toronto. They came here to "enjoy the great freedom and opportunities of this land". If the picturesque home on a wooded ravine represents freedom, and the respect for Zura that is felt by the Canadian people represents opportunities, the Zurakowskis are certainly enjoying what they came to enjoy.

SCRUB FLOORS FOR PHYSICAL FITNESS

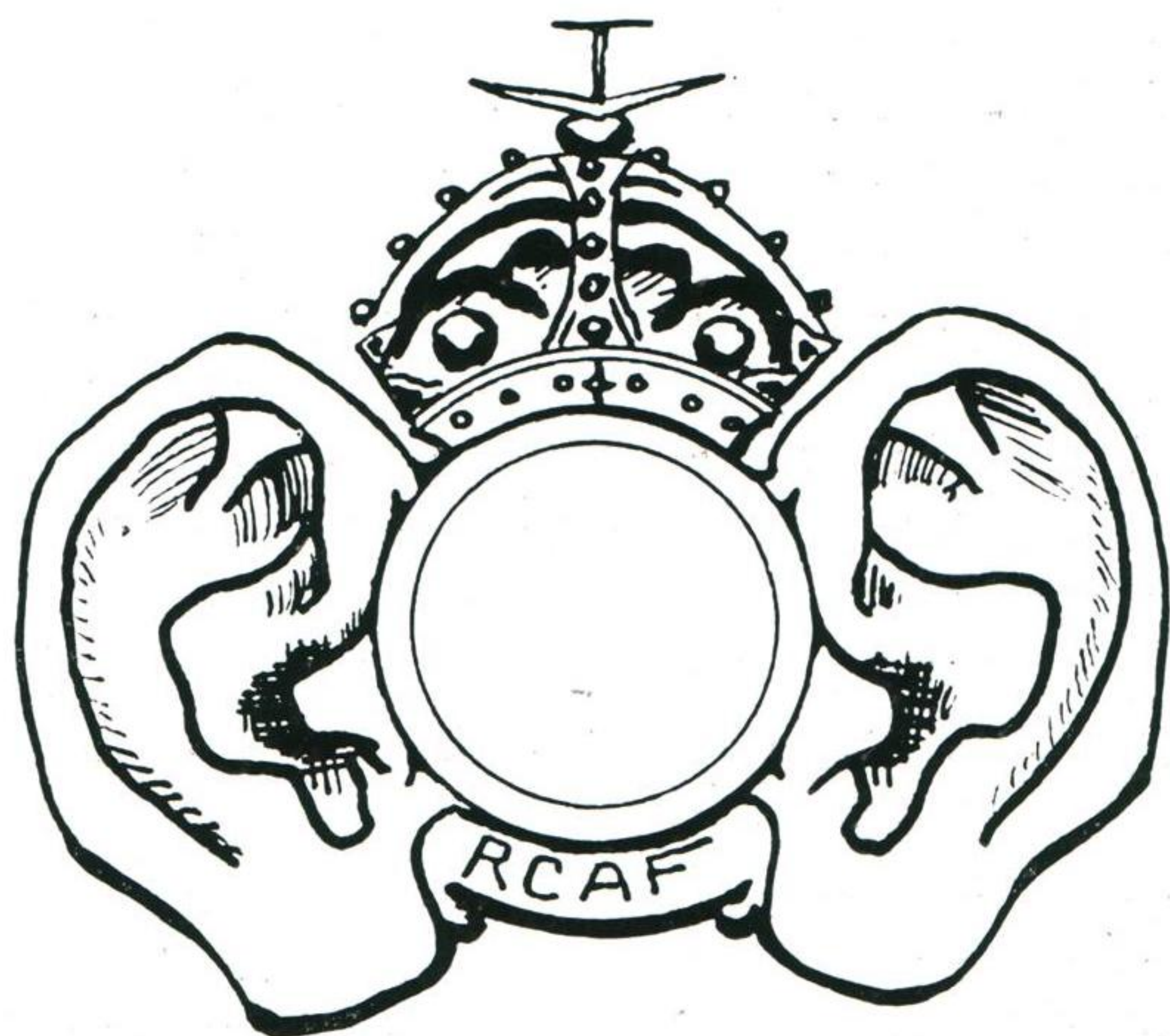
A Fitness Expert has this advice for housewives who aim at top physical condition. Get down on hands and knees, and scrub the kitchen floor.

This advice comes from Dr. Doris Plewes, fitness consultant for the Federal Health and Welfare department. She is disappointed that more adults, particularly women don't take fitness tests.

Many women who take the exercise courses in clinics could achieve the same results by doing their own housework.

"Some of the best exercises for women are done on the hands and knees and utilize floor-scrubbing motions", she says.

Physical fitness is the basis of charm, Dr. Plewes stresses.



In the past aircrew trades have had distinctive wings portraying some aspect of their trade. This has never been the case with the pilot. A very appropriate suggestion was a pair of ears surmounting an empty space.

This looks pretty good too. (See above).



Canadian Current Affairs



MR. PEARSON — The Nobel peace prize was presented 10 Dec 57 to Lester Pearson, the former Minister of External Affairs. The ceremony took place at the university in Oslo, Norway, and among those present to honour him was King Olaf of Norway. Mr. Pearson was guest of honor at a dinner given by the Nobel Committee.

MR. PEARKES — The Minister of Defence Mr. Pearkes, has announced in the House of Commons that this year, Canadian naval scientists will begin studies on ways to power Canadian warships by nuclear energy. The studies will be undertaken in conjunction with the Royal Navy. Canadian scientists and naval officers will go to England next year to pursue the matter. Earlier this year, the deputy Chief of Naval Technical Services, Commodore H. G. Burchell, had suggested that the navy would have to convert to nuclear power within the next ten years. The only alternative, Commodore Burchell said, was more efficient generators, and larger ships. But the demands were increasing all the time, and nuclear power was the ultimate answer. So far only the Russians have launched an atomic-powered surface ship, the ice-breaker "Lenin", The Americans however, have been using atomic energy to power some of their submarines for some time. Later, Mr. Pearkes discussed the more technical aspects of going to war. He said that if Canada repelled an air attacker, the action in itself would not constitute a declaration of war. Mr. Pearkes was discussing the formation of the joint Canada-United States air defence command. By flying over Canadian territory without permission, an act of aggression would have been committed against this country. And aggression, Mr. Pearkes said, could be met legally by force. It would, however, be an act of self-defence and not of war.

SECRET CODE — Canada's Minister of External Affairs, Sidney Smith, has been questioned about reports that security police in Venezuela have broken Canada's secret code for diplomatic messages. He said that Canada's ambassadors in Venezuela and Chile have not yet answered government queries on this subject. The CCF party member for Winnipeg North Centre, Stanley Knowles, had asked in the House of Commons whether there was any truth to press reports that the secret code had been compromised by such deciphering. Venezuela last Friday expelled the attache at Chile's embassy in Caracas, and in consequence Chile severed diplomatic relations with Venezuela. The Chilean attache, Senor Jorge Basulto, later alleged that information he had given the Canadian ambassador, Richard P. Bower, about the likelihood of a revolution breaking out in Venezuela had been cabled to Ottawa in code. Senor Basulto alleged that his troubles began when Venezuela security police decoded the cable message. External Affairs Minister Smith said his department had taken other steps to get to the bottom of the matter. He added, however, that he preferred not to disclose them.

MR. MARTIN — Paul Martin has given indications that he plans to be a candidate for the national leadership of the Liberal party. The former Minister of Health in the previous Liberal government has been on a speaking tour in the prairie provinces and in Edmonton he told reporters

that he hadn't come west for a pleasure trip. The former Minister of External Affairs, Lester Pearson, announced last Wednesday that he would be a candidate to succeed Mr. St. Laurent, the former prime minister. To choose their new leader, the Liberals will meet in Ottawa this month.

NEWF — Newfoundland's new lieutenant-governor, Campbell MacPherson, took the oath of office today in St. John's. It was administered by the Chief Justice of the Newfoundland Supreme Court, Sir Albert Walsh. Mr. MacPherson succeeds Sir Leonard Outerbridge who resigned for private reasons. He is Newfoundland's second lieutenant-governor since confederation in 1949.

HUNGARIANS — Hungarian immigrants can expect help from the federal government for a little longer than they are entitled to, as immigrants. In Ottawa, the Minister of Immigration, Mr. Fulton, said that help would be extended through this winter to the Hungarian refugees, even though they have been in Canada for a year. Hungarians, Mr. Fulton said, constitute a special problem in this respect and they are not going to be cut off. The government provides housing accommodation, food and clothing whenever needed by the newcomers. Officials of the department of immigration said that of the 37 thousand Hungarians who came to Canada, no more than 8 thousand had been receiving such aid at any time.

MISSION — Britain will send a trade mission to Canada next spring. In making this known, the chairman of the British Dollar Exports Council, Sir William Rootes, said that the British mission would be a follow-up to promotional activities suggested by the current Canadian mission to the United Kingdom. They include a large-scale "Buy British" advertising campaign in Canada, and they are to go into effect as soon as possible. Priority for the shipping of British goods to Canada is another suggestion made by the Canadian mission. This, too, said Sir William, will be put into effect as quickly as possible. The suggestions were made by the leader of the Canadian mission, Gordon Churchill, the Minister of Trade. Mr. Churchill issued a report after talks with Sir William and officials of the Dollar Exports Council in London. The Canadian trade delegation has completed its assignment in Britain and has returned home. Mr. Churchill said that large British firms were not having any difficulty getting into the Canadian market, but smaller ones were and the Canadians felt that they were the ones that needed help and attention. Sir William agreed with this, and said that leaders would be selected from among the smaller British exporters, and the manufacturers around them, to get them to concentrate on the Canadian market.

JETS — Canada will deliver to the Belgian Air Force this month the first of fifty-three all-weather jet interceptor planes. The CF 100 fighters are being provided under the mutual aid arrangements of the North Atlantic Alliance. They will be flown across the Atlantic by the RCAF over the northern circle route by way of Labrador, Iceland, Britain and France. Belgian air force personnel are being taught plane maintenance at the Canadian air base at Zweibruecken Germany and five Belgian crews are now

being trained in Canada. They will return to Belgium to train others to operate the CF 100's. Canada has supplied many million dollars' worth of planes, ships and a number of vehicles to most of her NATO partners. The latest NATO arrangement will give Turkey a number of re-fitted warships which the Canadian navy used in the last war. In Sydney, Nova Scotia the Minister of Defence, Mr. Pearkes, said that Turkey would get four modern coastal minesweepers besides 10 escort ships of the Bangor Class. Mr. Pearkes spoke at a ceremony at which five of these 10 ships were formally handed over to Turkish representatives. The escorts saw duty in the Atlantic in wartime, but the minesweepers were all built after the war.

POLIO — The incidence of Polio in Canada was cut in half during the past year. This was reported by the Bureau of Statistics, which said that the crippling disease had affected only 262 people across the country during 1957. Last year, the figure was 559 cases. Deaths resulting from polio were down, too. Last year, 34 persons died as a result of the disease, while only 16 succumbed this year. And while the decrease could be attributed in part to the use of Salk vaccine, the bureau pointed out that polio came and went in cycles. Because of this, it was possible that the rate might rise in the future. However, health officials across the country were unanimous in praising the effect Salk vaccine had on cutting down polio cases. Great inroads had been made, although it would be many years before the disease was entirely stamped out.

MAJ-GEN BURNS — A promotion for Major-General E.L.M. Burns, commander of the United Nations Emergency Force, was announced today in Ottawa. Beginning the first of the year, his new rank will be that of Lieutenant-general. The Minister of Defence, G.R. Pearkes also announced that General Burns will continue to command the United Nations international force now stationed in the Middle East. General Burns is on loan from the Canadian army to the Department of External Affairs for duty with the U.N. His promotion was in recognition of the outstanding work he had done, and the leadership he had given as chief of staff of the UN truce supervisory organization and as commander of the UN. Emergency Force.

SHIP-BUILDING — In the hope of cutting winter unemployment, the federal government has decided to start as soon as possible a 10 million dollar ship building program. The Minister of Transport, Mr. Hees, has told the House of Commons that six new vessels have to be built for the government. Contracts for these would be placed with regard to promptness with which they could boost winter employment. Tenders would be called early in January for five different kinds of vessels. One would be a supply and buoy vessel, fitted for search and rescue work on the Pacific coast. Another would be a supply and buoy vessel, also designated for ice breaking, to be used on the Atlantic coast, the Gulf of St. Lawrence and northern waters.

CHEAPER AIRLINE FARES — Canadian Pacific Airlines says it plans to introduce the lowest regular year-round fare ever available between North America and Europe. A reduced fare of 351 dollars would be set for the flight from Vancouver to London, this being made possible by high density seating, simple meals, and removal of all frills. The CPA vice president, HB Renwick, said that in April a new polar route service would begin between Vancouver and London. The proposed fare would be 38 dollars lower than the present tourist rate. Canadian Paci-

fic Airlines also plans to introduce reduced experimental fares on its route linking Toronto and Montreal with Portugal and Spain. For example, the new fare from Toronto to Madrid would be 290 dollars.

TAX REDUCTIONS — The government has announced some tax reductions. Personal income tax has been reduced in amounts ranging up to 30 dollars a year for everyone, and more for Canadians with children and other dependents. Certain small corporations will benefit from a paring down of the corporation tax. And the government's excise tax on new automobiles has been decreased from ten per cent to seven and a half per cent.

FARM PRICES — The federal government plans to investigate the price difference between the amount of money paid to farm producers and the amount paid by consumers for the farm products. The Minister of Works Howard Green, told the House of Commons that the government hoped to establish a Royal Commission to check on the situation at a very early date. The creation of the commission was forecast by the government several weeks ago.

STAR INCREASE — Residents of Toronto who subscribe to the daily newspaper — the Toronto Daily Star will have to pay ten cents for their copy, starting next Monday. The newspaper in announcing an increase from five to ten cents also said that the rate for home delivery would be increased at the same time from thirty-five to fifty-five cents a week. It added that it was forced to increase prices as a result of the steadily mounting costs of production. And according to the Star, other newspapers in most metropolitan centres in Canada may take a similar action. It said that a ten cent price was now the generally accepted belief in the Canadian newspaper industry.

WATERS — Canada has given notice that she plans to claim a 12 mile territorial limit off her coastal waters. Canada's claim will be made at an international convention on the law of the sea to open in Geneva next February. The limit is now considered to be three miles. Some countries, however, have claimed jurisdiction as far as 200 miles off their coasts. Canadian fishermen, especially those in Atlantic waters, have complained that the Canadian limit isn't far enough to protect them against competition from foreign fishermen.



Towards the end of last year the Airwomen opened their new lounge. Our picture shows the Commanding Officer, G/C McNair, DSO, DFC, CD, performing the opening ceremony.

Sports and RECREATION

CURLING

The mid season bonspiel was held during the two weeks before Christmas. Most of the games were hard fought right down to the last stone with some of the "novice curlers" upsetting the "Old Vets". Prize winners had no complaints and to the less fortunate we wish you better luck next time.

The first event was won by the CE quartet skipped by Cpl Mooney, second LAC McCart's rink from ME, third FS Campbell and the "Security Four", fourth Sgt Miller and his "Smoke Eaters". The second event was won by Sgt Browning's Wing Instrument rink, Telecom's WO Austin second, 422 Squadron's Cpl Wriggett third with Cpl Webster's quartet of moose taking fourth. The consolation event went to Training Flight's four skipped by LAC Vicklund, Cpl Hanson from accounts took second and WO Melanson's able bodied battlers won the third place jewelry. There will be a new schedule starting in the New Year and the final bonspiel in March should show quite a different crew of prize winners and some top notch curling.

BASKETBALL

The 4 Wing Raiders have made quite a name for themselves in the 1957 half of the Air Division League. To date they have played their first five games winning three

and losing two. Both losses were to 2 Wing, one by default and the other by a score of 66—54. Besides playing in the Air Div League they have entered the US Army League in Karlsruhe and handed the Yanks their first loss when they played the 31st Detachment here at 4 Wing on the 14th Dec. Nice work team ... Just keep up the good work in the New Year.

The Raiderettes have finally got underway and have played their first three league games plus an exhibition game against the French Army gals in Strasbourg. That makes a total of four games, four losses and no wins. Scores??? Ask the gals that played!!! Practices will resume again every Mon Wed and Fri at 1600 hrs. Anyone, repeat, Anyone with any basketball know how will be a definite asset to the team and can be assured of a hearty welcome.

INTERSECTION HOCKEY STANDINGS

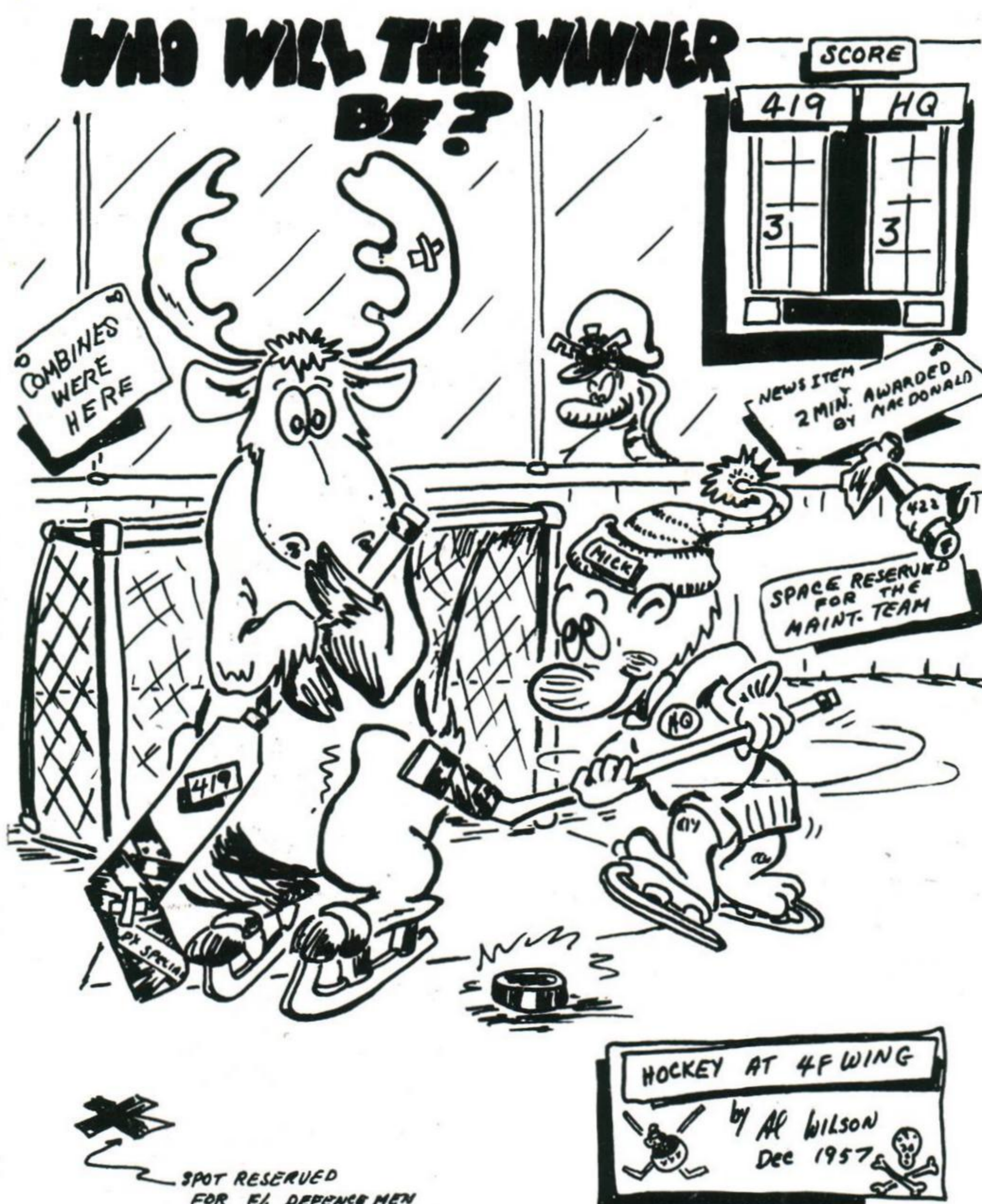
	WON	LOST	TIED	PTS
419 Sqn	10	4	1	21
422 Sqn	9	2	2	20
W/Maint	6	6	1	13
HQ	4	7	1	9
Comb	3	10	0	6
444 Sqn	2	5	1	5

SCORING

	GOALS	ASST's	PTS
Tanner — Comb	16	11	27
LaPierre — 419	14	9	23
Holland — 419	14	8	22
McNight — HQ	11	10	21
Chemelyk — 419	11	10	21
Swinamer — W/M	12	8	20
Lalonde — W/M	9	10	19
Banfield — 419	3	12	15
Bourdon — W/M	9	6	15
Chaluk — W/M	5	9	14
McEwan — Comb	7	7	14

INTERMESS STANDINGS

	WON	LOST	TIED	PTS
Snr NCO's	4	0	0	8
CPL's	3	1	0	6
Airmen B	2	2	0	4
Airmen A	1	3	0	2
HI-School	1	3	0	2
Officers	1	3	0	2





Touring our Flugplatz



419



SQ N

by F/O Bill Graham

Due to the fact that this article is going in the 20 Dec most of the monthly happenings are yet to come. However our congratulations to F/L Sid Quickfall and wife Pat who now have a new bouncing baby named Geoffrey. Also there is another congratulatory message to the Jim McLachlans who just adopted a two month old baby lad. While we're in this mood we would like to thank F/O Ed Francis who has done such a fine job arranging our own squadron party and the one yet to come for our orphanage at Buhl. There was a lot of work involved.

My cohort in crime, Cpl McGovern has covered our party quite thoroughly so I shall pass that over, except to say it was very good and it was nice to meet personally all the new ground crew.

Our hockey team lately, after missing a couple of steps, is back in winning form, witness that 13—2 victory. All of our injured players are getting back and into shape so be smart 422, and concede defeat as the ultimate victory will go to "Bruce".

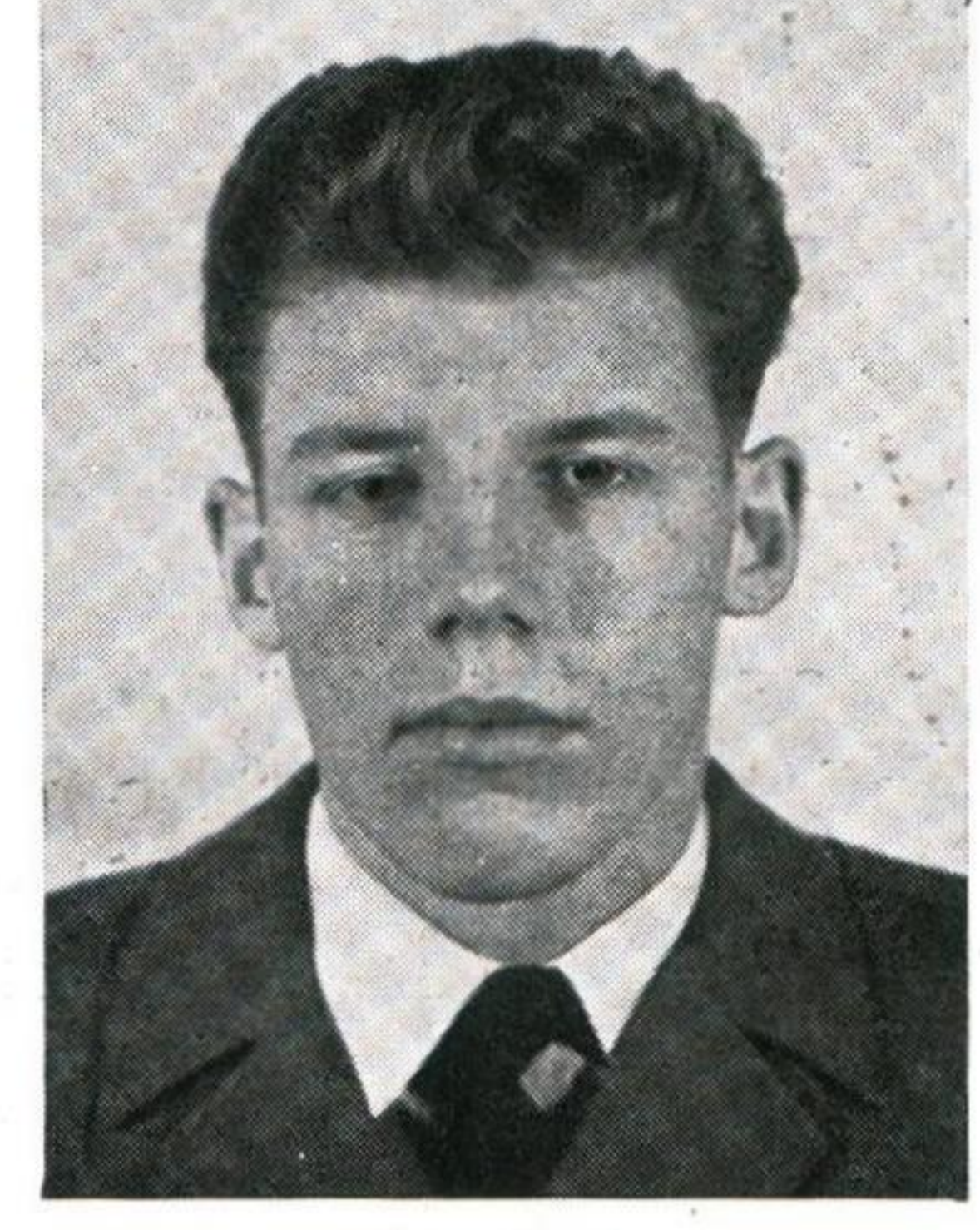
This month we include only our personalities. We still have a voluminous library of songs and poems but feel

Chopstick 7

F/O "Harry" Kelly, one of our hottest pilots is a B.C. chop from Castlegar and was educated in Trail, Nelson and the afore-mentioned RCMP post. Before joining the Air Force he spent some time with a tug company decking and driving trucks. During a very cold winter he decided there must be an easier way to make a living and so joined the Force, this in January of 54. He came to the squadron via the normal pipeline, i. e. London, 4 FTS Penhold, 2 AFS Portage la Prairie, 1 PWS MacDonald and 3 AW (F) OTU Cold Lake. He is likely to know more people here as in the last while he has been checked out on Sabres and now spends his off time bumping the barrier. He is single, good-looking (except for a bit of excess weight) and looking for a nice girl.



F/O Kelly



F/O Dale

Chopstick 7 1/2

F/O "Jim" Dale, sometimes known as "Uncle Fred" is a Hogg-town chap, being born and raised in Mimico. After finishing high school in 55 he wasted no time and enrolled

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(Note by RCAF.info)



ESTABLISHED 1842

BRAUEREI

FRANZ

RASTATT



ESTABLISHED 1842

BREWERS OF THE FAMOUS "FAVORIT BEER"

Chopstick 8

F/O "Hal" Cockerill, chopstick 8 was raised near Toronto in a hamlet named Bolton and joined the RCAF in June of 53. He took pilot training at Centralia and Gimli and gunnery at MacDonald Man. Next he went to North Bay as assistant Ops Officer, this in February of 55, before being posted to Cold Lake on the CF OTU. There he was held up for a few months recuperating from the loss of a couple of finger tips on a canopy, but finally, in Dec of 55, joined the mighty "Bruce". He married in Nov 55 in Gimli, and is living in Baden-Baden.



F/O Cockerill



F/O Graham

Chopstick 8 1/2

F/O "Bill" Graham, your friendly Flieger reporter was born on the flats on the Prairies, in Winnipeg, 1932, and never saw a hill until joining the Air Force in January of 52. He spent a few months in the East at London and then spent a year of navigation training at, of all places, Winnipeg. After graduation he went to the Long Range OTU and then had a two year tour with 426 Sqn, where he finally did some travelling. In March of 55 he moved to Winnipeg again where he took the Airborne interception course. After finishing this course and while waiting for the OTU he took on the illustrious position of the Assistant to the Assistant to the Assistant Personnel Officer. Fortunately this lasted only a short time and then, after finishing at Cold Lake, was transferred to North Bay and 419 Sqn. He married in June of last year, a lovely Bayite, and makes his residence in Baden-Oos. He has no children and is expecting none.



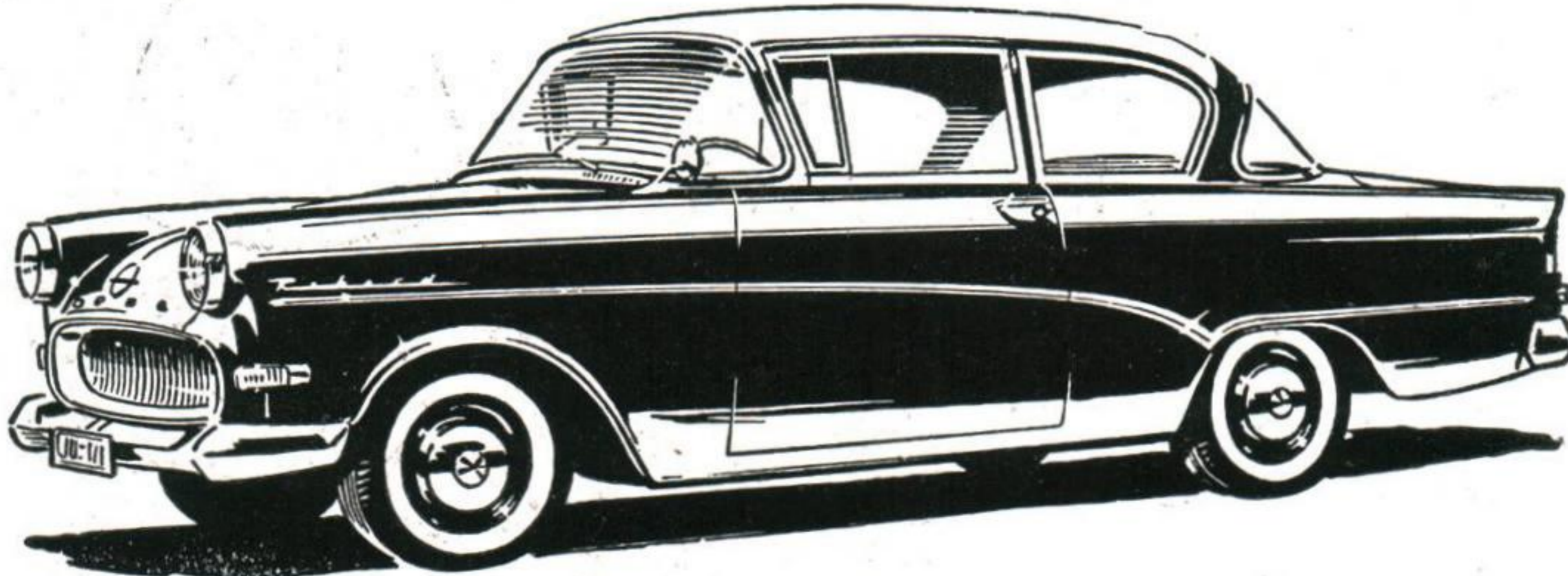
DISPERSAL DIGEST

by Cpl Jim McGovern

Once again the festive season has come and gone with carols and turkey dinners, and the big heads which always seem to follow the strains of Auld Lang Syne. There's many a stein lifted throughout the year, but during the Yuletide, when Good Will Towards Men is the Order of the day, the tendency to drink to your health is much greater.

We, the men of the Mighty Moose are no exception. Our Xmas Stag, howling success that it was, heralded in the season quite gloriously, and a reasonably wet time was had by all. Festivities got under way at eight in the evening at the mixed lounge, and ended approximately six the next morning somewhere near Karlsruhe. During this period, many weird and wonderful things happened. The evening was highlighted by a very moving address by our "Skipper", W/C McBride, followed by the harmonious chanting of Bruce's Anthem, "Moosa Aswayita" by a large chorus of blended male voices, with S/L Bou-

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VW Convertible	"	5990.00	"
GHIA-Karman Coupé on VW chassis	"	7500.00	"
VW Micro-Bus	"	6975.00	"
PORSCHE Speedster	"	2450.00	Dollars



The Col's position was disastrous, as you other drivers know-

Never turn with a Sabre or let your speed get low.
For as the afterburners lit, the Tomahawks were caught in a puff,
But it really didn't matter — "CAUSE THEY WERE 400 FEET UP HIS CHUFF.

There's no use continuing this story
As we've led you yon and hither
You've let us Tomahawks come here,
And we've put you in a dither . . .

JMT.

(Apologies are due the author of this poem, as for this publication we felt some alterations were necessary — and in doing so we have dampened some of the impact prevalent at its initial reading).

The remainder of the evening proved to be an outstanding success though at times the guests of honour (departing 422 members) were forgotten altogether.

The return trip took place the next (ill) day with a few lucky ones managing to fly back in the Expeditor while the rest of us logged another 6 or 7 hours bus time. All in all it was a fine party and we hope that the return visit is in the very near future.

Hockeywise the team is doing quite well and at the time of this writing we have 8 wins, 2 losses and one tie for 17 points.

Also during the month we welcomed a new pilot to the Squadron — F/O CB (Thunderhead) Lang who came via Chatham and may be seen in the company of our stalwart single men. Welcome aboard CB and we hope your stay here is a long and happy one.

And finally as we take time out for Christmas and New Year's, a word for Bruce:

COULD THIS BE YOU?

(or Where are our best Jockeys Today)

We are a happy squadron
They call us four one nine
We do our work at night and day
From our base near the river Rhine.

But lately we've been troubled
For our best drivers just "blew"
But we know where we can find them
They're down at four two two.

Now we've had some of their "jocks"
Down here driving our "crate"
But they'll only do just one trip
Cause they say she flies like a freight. (slow one at that).

But when it comes to Ike and Harry
Who "live" in four two two's jets
I guess they've just seen the light down there
Cause they're doing flick rolls yet.

H.J.



by F/O BC Bell

By this time almost everybody around the Fighting 444th has recovered from the New Year festivities, and things are slowly getting back to normal. There's nothing like a little Zulu on New Years Day to get the year off to a flying start.

During Dec another Sqn pilot, F/O Bob Longhouse, achieved one of the Sabre pilot's goals by reaching 1000 hours on type. Bob thus becomes the seventh triple four pilot to accomplish this feat, and we offer congratulations and best of luck on the next thousand.

A few inter-wing transfers took place in the past month involving F/O's Ron Clarkson and Sam Allingham who replaced F/O's BK Doyle and Jake Newlove at Training Flight after their tours down there. Fighting his fate to the bitter end is F/O Bob Porter who upon leaving the Sqn to take over as UICP at WTF, took to the ice to referee a peewee hockey contest. This afforded him the chance to get a legitimate alibi and his kneecap volunteered. Seriously though, Bob had to spend Xmas in hospital at 3 (F) Wing because of the accident and will



by
H. Wilson
DEC 1957

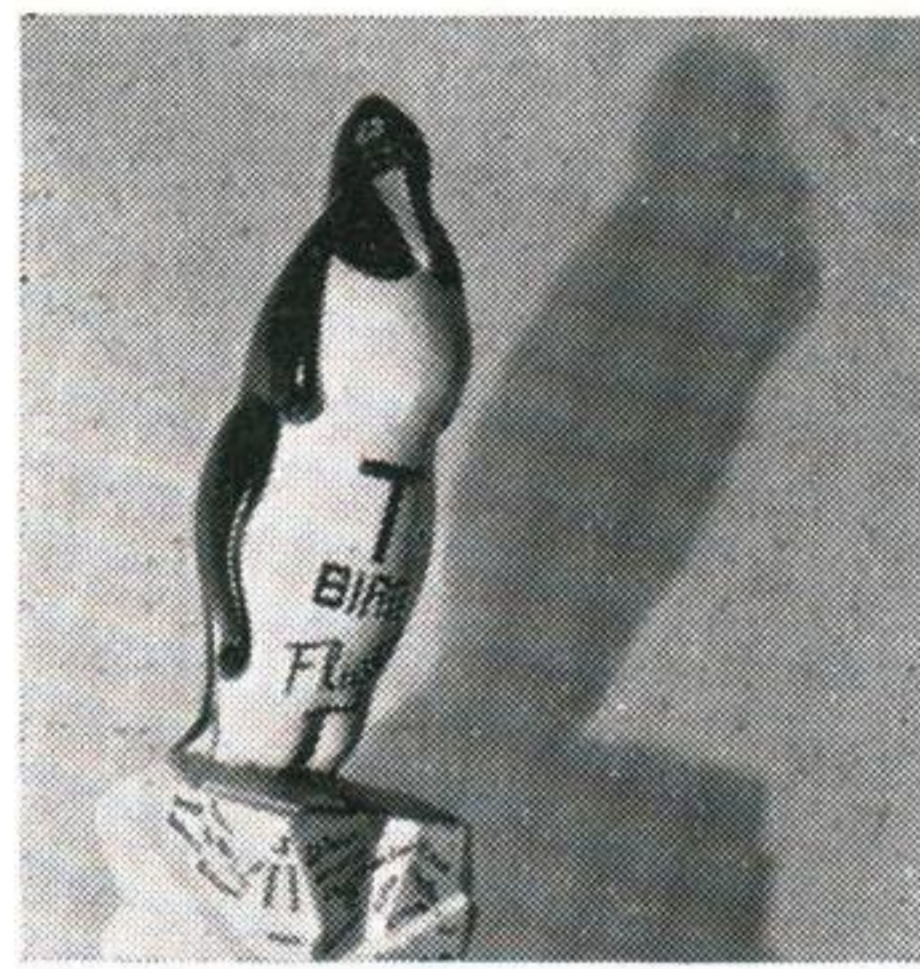
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be lost to Training Flight for several months. We wish him a speedy recovery and better luck in 1958.

Several other Happy New Year presents were received in the form of Permanent Commissions by two Sqn pilots. F/O's Al Brown and Bob Longhouse celebrated the occasion which allows their families to eat for a while longer. But what happened to the promotions for the pilots and F/L's?

Meanwhile, in late Dec F/O Paul McLaren took off for a course in the Garmisch hills and a little winter sport. And we'd like to welcome back F/L Bob Frith who spent almost four months in Canada on the Day Fighter Leaders' Course getting the latest word on operational flying from the boys at Chatham.

Turning to a rather sore spot around the Sqn, we see as of the end of 57, the 444 hockey team in LAST place in the league. However one of the first New Year's resolutions they made will be demonstrated on the 5th of Jan when the first game of the new year is played against 422. So we'd like to ask all loyal fighting 444 fans to stick around and help put the team back up toward its accustomed position at the top. See you all at the hockey games.



Wing Training Flight

Ground Crew by Cpl Kreutz

This past year has seen a lot of changes, and we hope that with so many people making new resolutions, 1958 will be a happy year for everyone.

To be able to write anything for our article this month, we have to go back to 1957, and start with our mixed party, which was held on the 19th Dec. in the mixed lounge. There was a good show of support, and a well arranged supper and party, and we would like to thank Cpl. Pineau for his arranging. Everyone seemed to have a very good time, at least our (Gout) Cpl. McKinnon seemed to be having quite a time, also his dancing surprised everyone. Never mind "Mac", at least you helped to shine the floor. Oh yes, and our Bartender; now fellows, this is one fellow we do have to thank. A job well done "Stead" and I think very few could have done as well. Before the end of the evening we also had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Dunford cording the piano, so the boys could have a sing song; I guess we never



know who has the talent. Next came the party for exchanging gifts, which was held on the 23rd Dec. which all of T-Bird flight participated in. Everyone seemed to have the Christmas spirit, and a couple of the boys must have been firemen at one time or another, because there was an awful stream of water being fired around, and as everyone found out, they were very accurate.

While we are on the subject of parties, I would like to mention the children's party, which was held on the 20th Dec, and I am sure that every Father and Mother, who took their children had as good a time as the children did, just standing around and watching the expressions as Santa came in. I think everyone will join me in thanking those, who put so much time and patience into the Party. There is one thing, that I couldn't understand. The next week all we seemed to hear was whistles.

Now that holiday season is over, and everyone is getting back to normal, we start hearing about sports, but I think we had better leave that up to people who know more about it.

CPL'S CLUB

by Cpl Bob Atkins

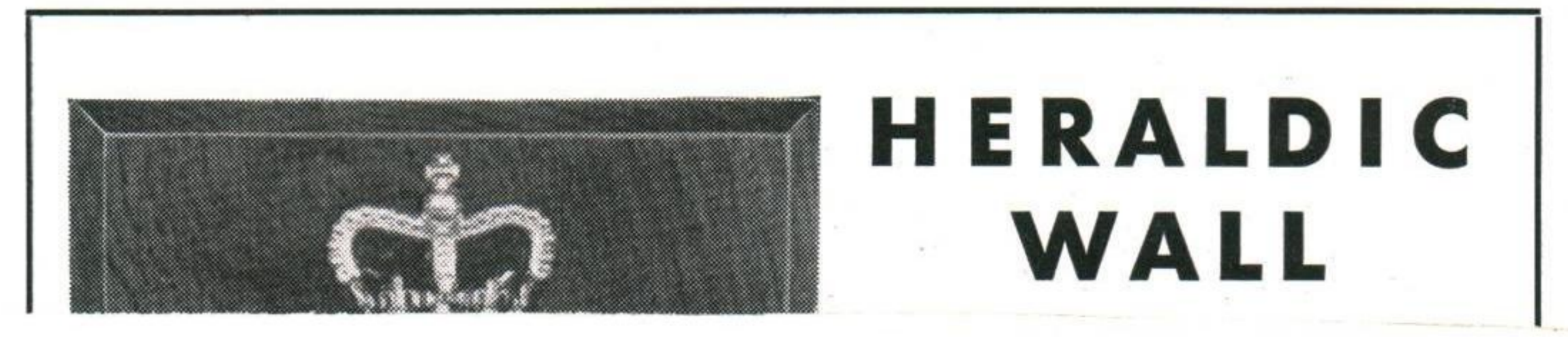
December has been a busy one in the Club as far as entertainment goes. On Saturday, Dec 7th, a Hard Times dance took place with a good turnout showing up to enjoy the fun. In fact with the Southern Fried Chicken that Cpl Ted Price and his Messing Staff whipped up it's a wonder that most of the Married Men haven't applied for Living-in. On Saturday, the 14th we held our Christmas Bingo. Friday the 13th proved to be a lucky one for Cpl Johnnie May who won the Dart Tournament and Cpl P.J. MacNamara who won the Cribbage Tournament. Old Man River himself, Cpl John LaPlante sang "White Christmas" just about every night but apparently the Weather Man didn't hear him. Cpl Ray Haight is back from Sardinia. "What, no tan, Ray?" Some of the old "faithfuls" are due to leave soon. Cpl Johnnie "The Penguin" Martin and Cpl John Pineau are leaving for Chatham and Oldenberg respectively. A new arrival is Cpl Don "Smitty" Smith who has struck up a friendship with Cpl Paul Morneau and thus was initiated early.

Thanks to Cpl Doug Perrier who liberated our "Rear-Enders" Trophy from the Cpl's Club in 3 Wing. Overheard at the Bar one evening between Cpl "Doc" Gordon and Cpl Harry Ennis:

Doc: You know everytime that I have one beer I feel one-quarter to the wind."

Harry: "No sweat Daddy-o. Have three more, I'd like to see you winded."

Well that's show-business for you.

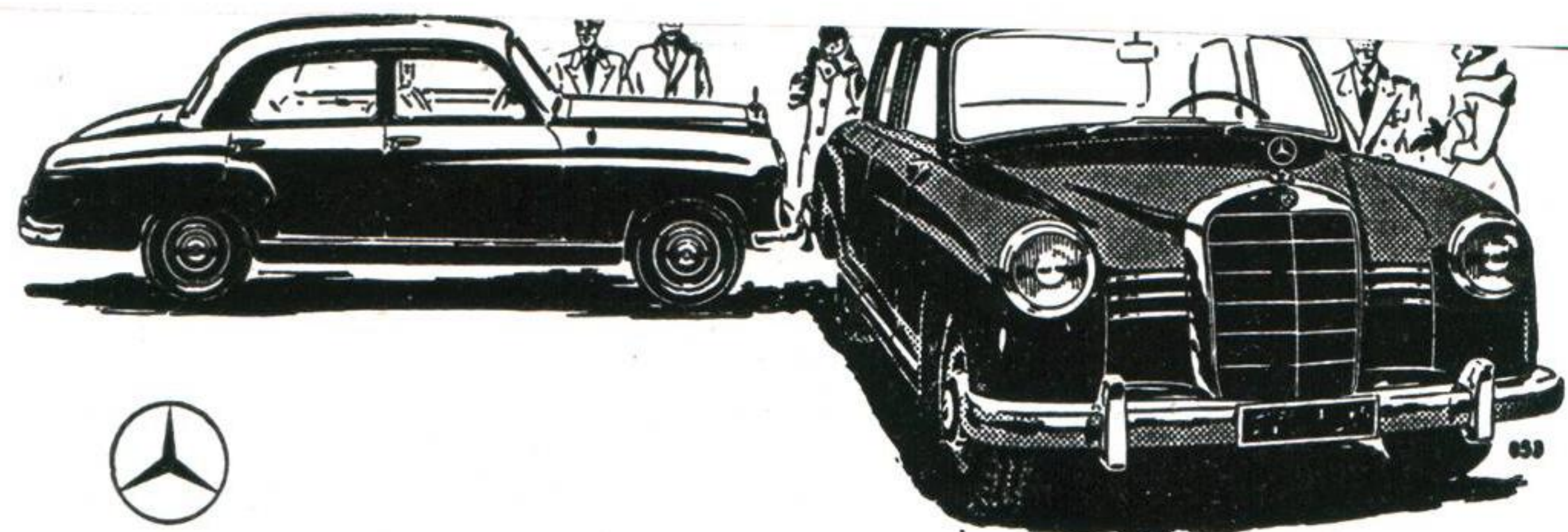


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MERCEDES-BENZ

Notes from W/M

by LAC Peebles

Well here we are with Xmas and New Year's behind us. We trust that everyone spent their holiday as sober as we did.

We take this opportunity to wish everyone in W/M a prosperous New Year.

Last month's issue was published without the support of W/M. We do not know how it survived but it did. Well, here we are around to baby time, with three AC 2s reporting into this world. One to an inconspicuous lad and his wife Pat, a 6 lb 8 oz boy on 30 Oct at the Wing Hospital, John Allan Morache. LAC Peebles and wife Lou (that's us), a boy 8 lbs 4 oz, Mark Stevan on 22 Nov at the Wing Hospital.

A later arrival on the 28 Dec to LAC Cote and wife Ann, a boy 7 lb 12 oz also at the Wing Hospital. More hockey players for Maint.

We would like to take this opportunity to welcome all the new personnel to Wing Maint especially those who play hockey. We sure need your help.

The hockey team had a very good party on the Friday night before Christmas, the fog did not keep any of the people away. So a good time was had by all.

Sgt Browning's rink took first prize second event in the mid season Bonspiel held in Dec at 4 Wing.

The "Flight" just mentioned that he wants everyone to sign the orders the correct way.

This is all for this month, we hope we can get more for the rest of the year. But we sure need help from the rest of you Maint Types ...

Armament News

by Allus Sundry

Our apologies for missing the last issue, but a shortage of news forced a cancellation of our space.

This issue it is a different matter, and to start the ball rolling we would first like to extend our congratulations to LAC Martin and LAC McCormik who have both joined the floorwalker's league. The cigars we enjoyed are proof of their pride, each in the birth of a son.

Still in a congratulatory mood, we note that FS Waller has at long last taken delivery of his new Taunus, complete with shoe horn for larger passengers. It is a lovely addition to the Wing parking lot. While on the subject of Autos, we note that our 'Duke' has purchased a blue bomb of Opel heritage and 1950 vintage. LAC Ram is still awaiting delivery of his.

FLASH GEN FROM THE DIAPER LINE — Cpl Richardson announces the birth of a daughter.

Welcomed into the armament ranks are three very capable men. First, our WO i/c Systems, and an old hand in the Air Force, WO2 'Bill' Hoad takes over the reins dropped by WO Rootes on his return home; secondly, we have LAC Boldt and LAC Edwards, two much-required men to take the place of some of the many who have gone home.

Back in the fold again, complete with webbed feet, are LAC Dukeshire and LAC Peterson.

Cpl Vogler, after his recent trip to Belgium, has condemned the French roads but is quite happy about his vacation.

Brief notes are; 'Get Well' wishes to LAC Madiuk, who was out of the Hospital for a few days, but has returned for further treatment; welcome back to Sgt Thompson, who has returned to Wing Arm.; and best wishes to LAC Vic Cheatly who is returning to Civvy Street after long consideration.

Hockey wise, the Combines are out of the cellar, and with Rocket Tanner at the controls, they may yet present formidable opposition.

This is it for this time, but before we close, we would like to extend to all a belated "Best wishes" for 1958.

Telecom Gen

by Cpl E. Sherwood

Resolutions ha!

Cpl Chapman needs an Opel wheel so he goes on the wagon. (Lloyd Larson would consider a sale). Ledru resolves to be a civvy, farewell Denis and the best of luck sweeping those roads. F/L Copley promises to stay full time at the next Xmas party, guess he had to rush home to try out his new desk decoration . . . er . . . pipe. Sgt Murray resolves to get 80% when (if) we ever get group 5 papers; congrats on the 4 Bud, how's the new Volks?, as noisy and uncomfortable as all the others I suppose. That's about all for resolutions, — well my wife resolves to try a few drops of SAE20 on long hauls! ("how did I know it needed oil? you said it was a gasoline engine . . .").

Welcome, welcome, welcome to Cpl McGillivray (Teletype) and family: Bob Lamoureux to the Radio Room: Cpl Polley, LAC Schmid, LAC Moss and family to Air Section: Donahue, Gosselin and Tighe and family to Ground. May you all enjoy 4 Wing and environs; I understand that Schmid and Donahue are already clued-up on the environs. Is Doug back at work yet? He should have been in the Curling Team and won himself an alarm clock.

Can't seem to keep our Switchboard ops long, when shall we lose Irma?. Better ask Bill Love, (man, what an apt name). 419 Sqdn gets everything now. Sgt Niessner rates a para this month by buying Major Austen's sales talk on Traffic Board Rep. advantages, . . . "get to know the wheels, I'm telling you, how d'you think I got my WO2?" . . . (crafty Joe crafty, . . . henceforth thy name shall be cheese).

Well well, have you seen Caird's Cottage? some shack. Now let's keep that dish turning, . . . you can still sleep Wednesday mornings in the Hardstand though.

No Telecom babies or weddings at press-time!?! . . . Tut-tut Telecom . . . oh . . . moment bitte, . . did we say hello to Karen Rushmer? Pardon the almost — omission, . . . hello Karen and congratulations Pat and Norm.

When is the wedding Jerry Loehr? . . . and a happy New Year to my reader.

Late greetings have just been received from F/L Scott and Marie Vergowen.

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FENDER BENDERS



by NEWF

"Hey Mac, ya wanna buy a ticket ..." This was the greeting most commonly used in the M.E. Section for the past three months. Now maybe we will be able to get back to "Good Morning Meathead" or some other proper form of salutation.

The big push for the M.E. Section during the Christmas season is the Party for the kids at the Stulz-Schrieversche Orphanage in Lichtental/Baden. From early in October until the middle of December the idea is to raise money for this purpose. The methods which we use are simple but effective and we always manage to beg, borrow or steal enough money to give the kids a good show.

This year the party was held on the 19 Dec 57. Bright and early in the morning, LAC (Moose, not to be confused with 419) Breitkreutz and his handy little spud peelers were down at the Orphanage getting all the vegetables ready.

At approximately 1315 hours in the afternoon the kids were taken out to 4 (F) Wing to the theatre. A special German speaking film for children plus candy bars was the order of the day. When all the kids from the Orphanage sponsored by the M.E. Section were settled in the theatre, up pulled another bus with about sixty girls from an Orphanage in Schwarzach. Had to dig into the fund again to get candy bars for these kids. To this day we don't know what person or persons were sponsoring the girls. At any rate we were happy to have them as it filled a lot of empty seats and it was good entertainment for them.

When the movie was over our kids boarded the buses and were taken to 419 Sqdn. dispersal. (with W/C McBride's permission). The kids were shown around the Moose Park by one of the 419 Game Wardens and via interpreter were given some gen on Bruce and his Space Chariots. (information given cleared thru W Sec O). From the Moose reservation the kids were taken to the M.E. Section and shown the backbone of the RCAF...?

During the time the kids were at 4 (F) Wing, Tony Hodges and his Interior Decorators were at the Orphanage changing the scenery with tinsel and colored paper.

At approximately 1715 hours the kids returned to the Orphanage. When they entered the dining hall you could see the look of amazement and pleasure on every one of the eighty seven faces. When all the necessary speeches

had been made a choral group of the kids sang Christmas Carols.

When the singing was finished and the kids were seated, airmen and wives of the M.E. Section served the kids a typical Canadian Christmas dinner c/w multi trimmings. Belts were loosened and the trousers had the top button open and you could almost see the stomachs grow. When all the kids had been filled to the top (and I mean FILLED) presents were distributed to each youngster.

Just lucky I can write with this arm because as the kids left the dining room for bed we had to shake hands with each one.

Once again most of us in the M.E. Section have proven (to ourselves at least) that it is a lot more fun to give than to receive.

We wish to thank W/C McBride, OC 419 Sqdn., for his permission to take the kids on a tour of his Game Reservation; also Mr. Burnside for the use of the Theatre and its facilities. (Projector operators thrown in as a necessary evil).

May we of the M.E. Section take this opportunity to wish all Sections and personnel a HAPPY and SAFE DRIVING NEW YEAR. Be around next year — REMEMBER ... ANY FOOL CAN DRIVE FAST ...

Accounts Section

by LAC V.C. Brenton

Looking around our office you can still hear a few people groan as fond memories of the Christmas party (and not sugar plums) dance through their heads. Our congrats to the combined committee of the Orderly Room and Accounts for the terrific party you organized, but who ever heard of Santa Claus being on a diet? Christmas was celebrated by most of our staff right in their own front rooms, but for the two Freds and Len it was spent touring the Bavarian Mountains and having a "white Christmas". December saw the repatriation of LAC Nick Sincennes to Foymount, we wish him all the best at his new unit. For leaves we had Bob Noyle off to Canada but he will be back in time for Fasching. Cpl Steele was mentioned in despatches. Good work, gal. Better mention our new floor, it's a real addition to the place, and speaking of additions, we have added Cpl Pete Sitter from Summerside and LAC Paul Walker from Foymount to our staff. Our curling team came off with a prize in the bonspiel, but our bowling team — well ... we have a lot of fun anyway. Our thanks to the HQ hockey team for the Xmas present of a 2—0 victory, never fear, we knew you would make it sooner or later. For hockey around our place we have only ardent fans; scars of battle on Sgt Lee and Lena telling us about last year. 1957 has been a good year for mostly all of us and our wish for everybody at this time is that 1958 will be a happy and prosperous New Year.

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CUSTOM TAILORED TO MEASURE

R. C. A. F. SERVICE UNIFORM AND MESS DRESS
REPAIRS AND ALTERATIONS

OPEN ALL DAY
8.30 a.m. - 5.30 p.m.