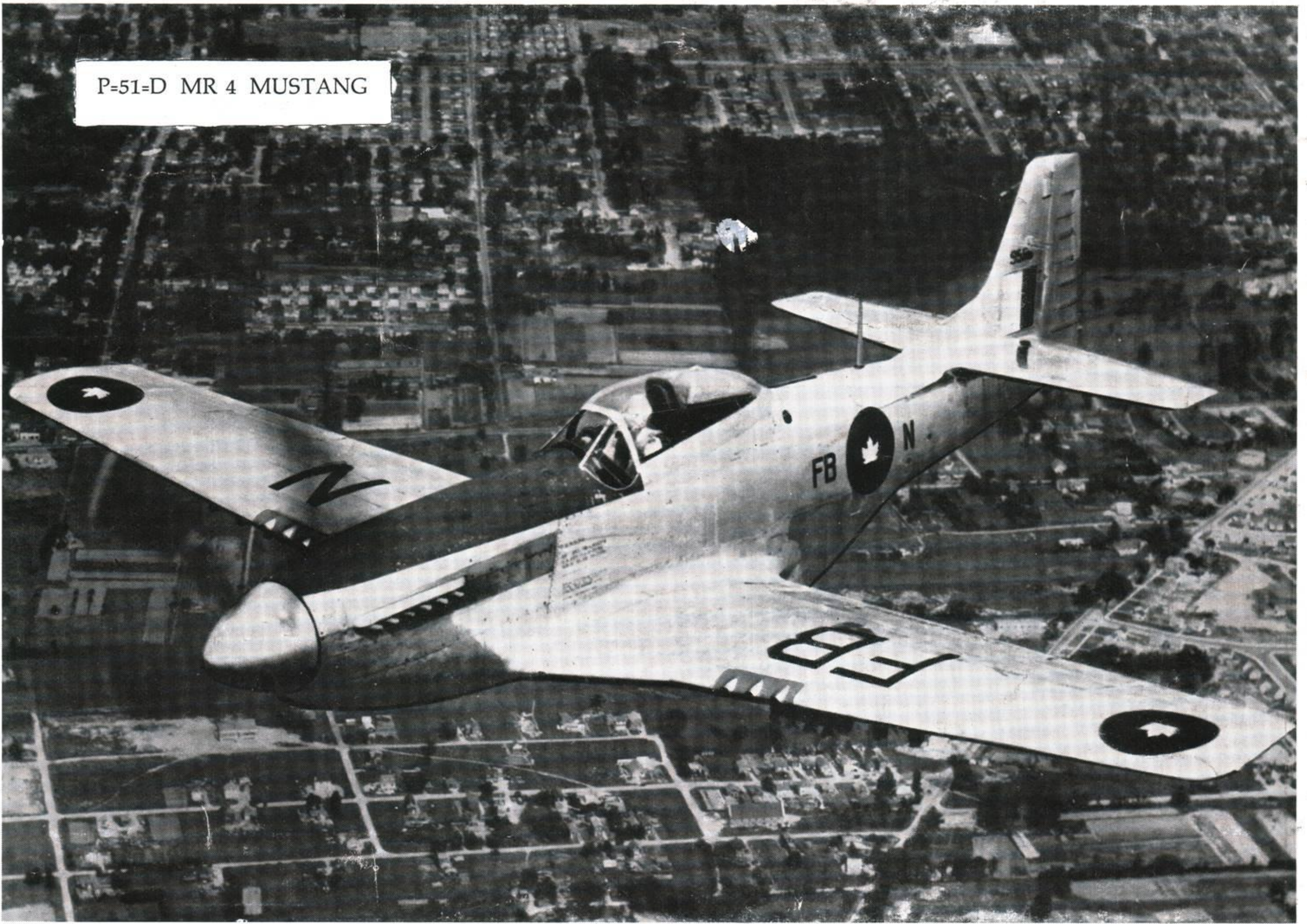


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P-51-D MR 4 MUSTANG



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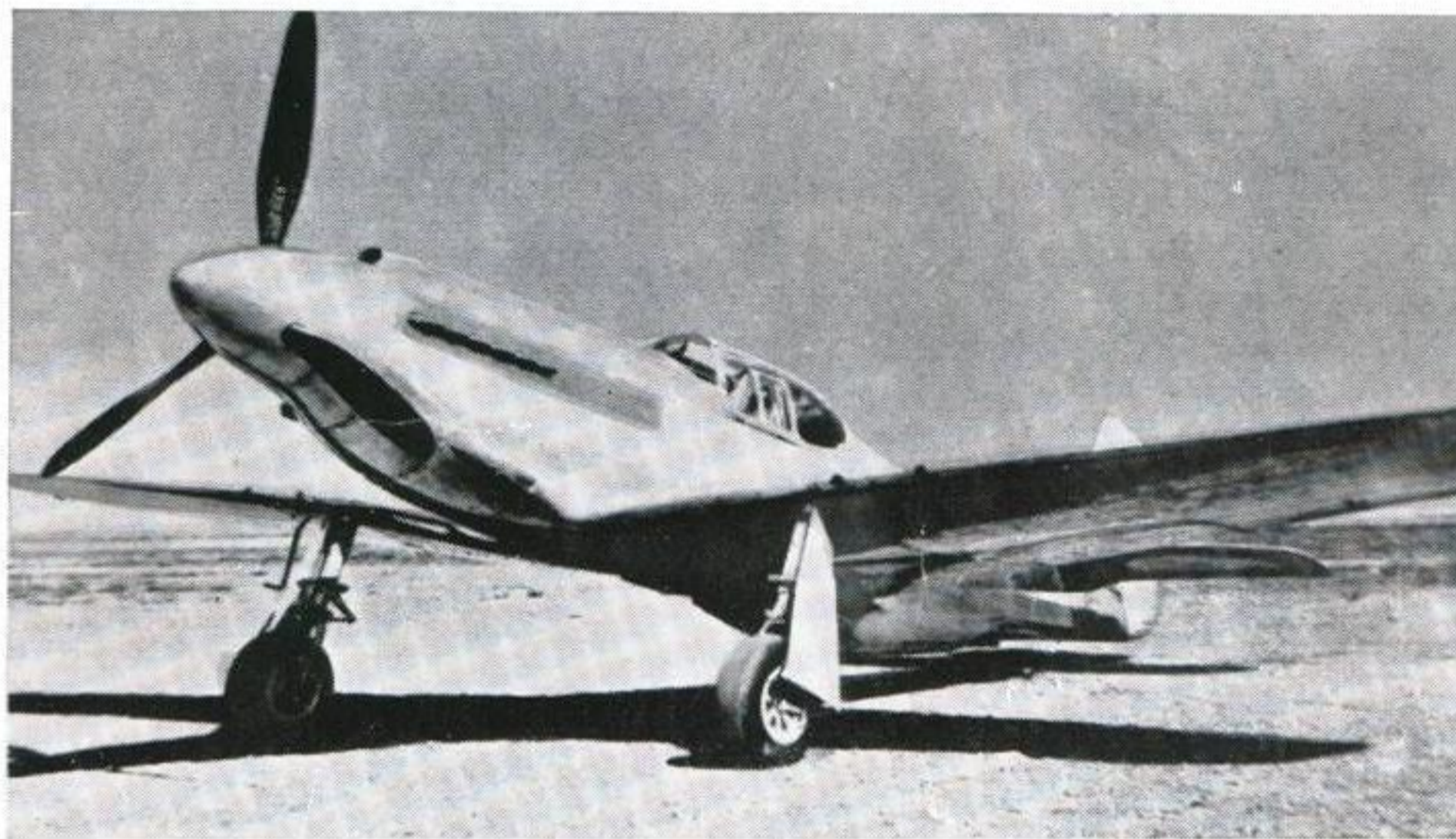
ENGLISH SPOKEN! ON PARLE FRANCAIS!

# THE MIGHTY MUSTANG

by WO2 Tate

The "Mustang" like the "Spitfire" is one of the immortals in the annals of "Fighter Aircraft". It was classed as one of the best all-round fighters of WWII as it could be used equally well for ground strafing or high altitude. The Mustang could not be considered as strictly American as it was built to British requirements. Also, one of the designing engineers, Edgar Schmued had worked for both Fokker (Holland) and Messerschmitt (Germany).

How did North American decide to build this aircraft? It appears that the British were impressed by the general robust



NA 73 Proto Apache

construction of the Harvard, its ease of maintenance and requested North American Aviation to build the 10-gun Curtiss P-46 for them. The president of North American refused to do such a thing and stated he would build an original fighter to their required specification. The British gave them 120 days to complete the prototype NA-73X. In 117 days the proto was pushed out but they had to borrow "Harvard" wheels to do it. The only other problem there was no Allison engine available. Within a few weeks an engine was installed, taxi tests carried out and by the fall of 1940 it was flying. The NA-73 Apache was classed as a very clean aeroplane with angular wing and tail with a resemblance to the ME-109E. The RAF immediately ordered 620 of them. These were used for Army Co-operation Purposes and known as the Mustang I. The next 150 machines ordered were MK-1As and had four 20 MM cannons and still the Allison V-1710 V-12 liquid cooled engine. The one detrimental thing of the Mustang was its poor rearward view on the early models. This was eliminated in the P-51D or MK-4 when a bubble canopy was added. At this time a dorsal fin was added to increase keel surface and the Packard-built Rolls Royce Merlin engine became standard equipment. This is the stage at which the Mustang really began to shine as an all-around superb fighting aircraft.

The MK-4 Mustang was superior in climb, speed and manoeuvrability to any of the Luftwaffe fighters above

20,000 feet. It had a range of 2000 miles and therefore could be used to escort bombers all the way to "Berlin" and back if necessary. The top speed was 437 MPH at 25,000 feet. The early model Mustang, RAF, were called Apache but was soon changed to Mustang. This aircraft was larger than a Spitfire but small in comparison to the 25,000 lbs. all-up weight of the massive "Thunderbolt". The Mustang like the Spitfire, was loved by all that flew it.

The Americans were very slow to even consider the Mustang. As with all aircraft contracts in the USA, one or two aircraft of the experimental models had to be sent to Wright field for testing. In the fall of 1940, the 4th and 10th Mustang, KP-51 serial 41-38 and serial 41-39, were taken off the production line and sent to Curtiss Wright Field for evaluation. These aircraft immediately found favour with the test pilots but the USA Air Material Command placed no orders. The Americans started using them in 1942 and put them in the roll as a fighter bomber. The model, P-51As had air brakes and when they were extended in a dive, lateral control was all but nil. It was decided all the dive brakes should be wired closed. Real American interest was not revived until the "British" modified four Mustangs to fit "Merlin" engines. The performance of the aircraft then became so magnificent



MR 4 Fighter Flight CJATC Rivers 1956

that it could be no longer ignored and the USAF ordered a large batch on top priority and allocated Packard Merlin engines to North American Company to fill these and future contracts.

The "Mustang" was flown in all American theatres of war and superior to any American piston engine fighter in production at that time. It had more speed, better rate of climb, high ceiling, longer range and good fire power. A point worthy of note is in regard to the "Eagle" Squadron (American) in England, 1944. They had been flying Spitfires and were re-equipped with Thunderbolts. The Commanding Officer of the Squadron had flown the P-51 and was so sold on its

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characteristics that he bugged the 8th Fighter Command to give them Mustangs. He was given the Mustangs on condition he would have the Squadron operational in 24 hours after delivery. The "Eagle" Squadron was delighted with the Mustang because it had so many qualities they had liked in the Spitfire. This Squadron soon accumulated a good score of victories.

The Mustang carried on as a fighter into the Korean War and was used extensively all over the world. In Canada we had about 100 P-51Ds or MK-4s. The RCAF has a Mustang in storage as a museum piece as one of the immortals. Many Mustangs are still flying as executive two-seaters.



*P-51=H Mustang*

**Information: Mustangs**

Prototype — NA-73 or XP-41, Apache (1940)  
 Engine — Allison V-1710, 1150 HP  
 Max. Speed — 382 MPH

**MK-1 Mustang** or P-51: Used by RAF as Army Co-operation, Photo, etc.  
 Engine — Allison, 4 Cannon



*P-51=As*

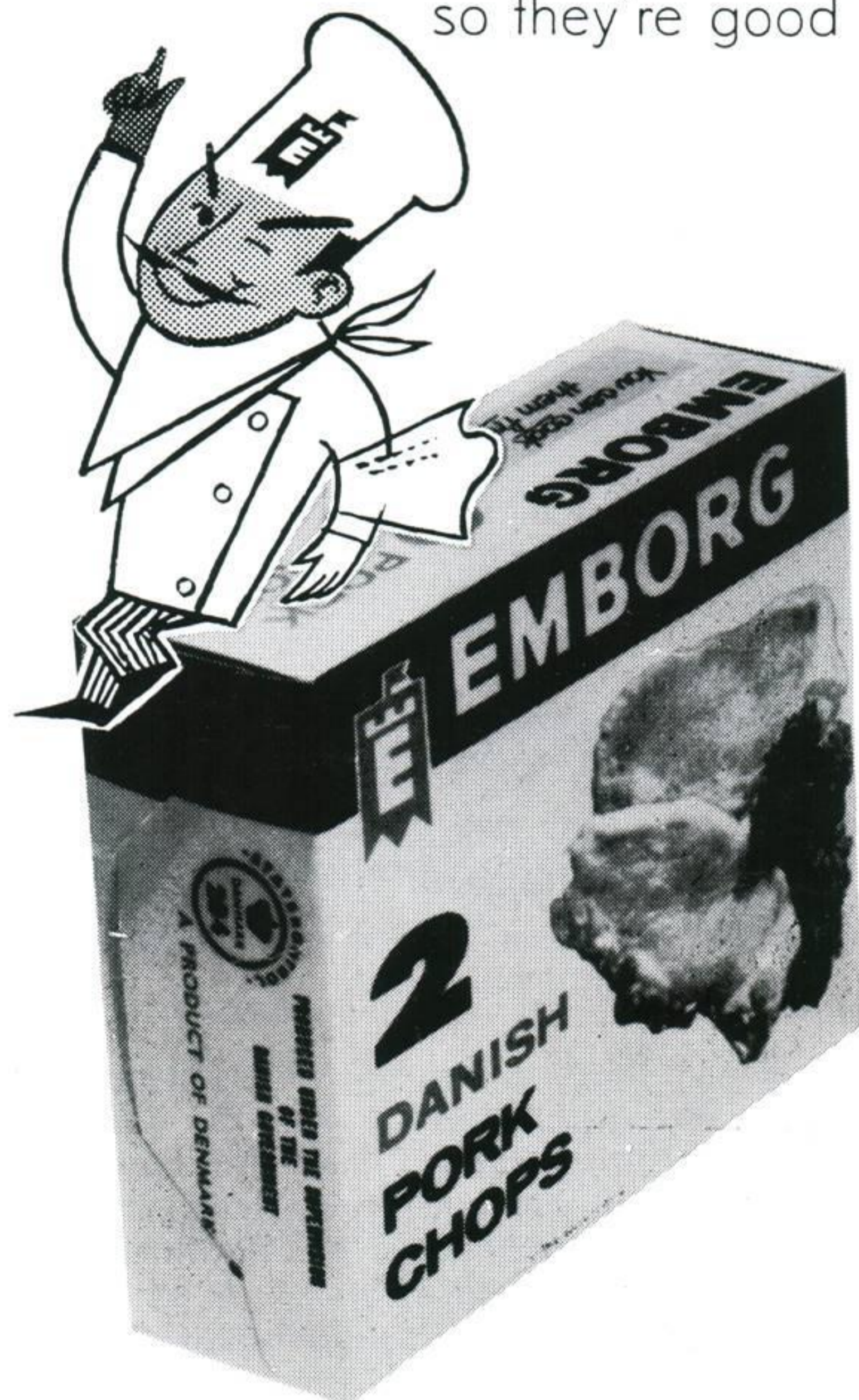
**MK-2 Mustang:** USAF P-51A, Four 50 Cal. Machine Guns.  
 Engine — Allison  
 Max. Speed — 390 MPH

**MK-3 Mustang** or USAF P-51B 1-NA  
 Engine — Packard Merlin V-1650  
 Max.Speed — 436 MPH  
 Armed with six 50 calibre guns. Range 2,050 miles.

**MK-4 or P-51D, USAF**  
 This machine had a Buffle canopy.  
 Speed — 437 MPH  
 Engine — Merlin, 1490 HP  
 Weight — 11,000 lbs.  
 There were 7,956 D's built. The RCAF had 100 P-51Ds.  
 The above models were flown by the RAF.  
 The last model of Mustang was the P-51M (1 only). Its speed was 460 MPH, Span: 37 ft. Length: 33' 4".

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# HVALA JUGOSLAVIJA

by C. R. (BILL) BAILEY



*Adriatic coast town of Split.*



INDEED, "thank you Jugo Slavia."

Yes, thanks for allowing foreigners to enjoy some of the beauties of your country, and for letting them see a little of your way of life in various sections of the land; the land of the Croats, Serbs, Slovenes, Montenegrins and Hercegovinians.

Leaving Nottingham on Friday, 28th July, 1961, the happy band of pilgrims (the writer, his cousin and wife, and their two sons of 15 and 16 years respectively) set forth to a land unknown to them. With a burst of speed on the UK's main highway, the M1, a very quick pass through London, the south coast was soon at hand with Dover as the embarkation port. Here an hour or two of waiting prior to boarding the ferry, when, following the stowing of the car, a comfortable seat was located in the lounge.

After a mill pond crossing of about an hour-and-a half. Boulogne witnessed yet another Armada of cars of all types and ages, motor cycle, mopeds, complete with light-hearted drivers and passengers all tingling with anticipated pleasure. Some destined to France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Luxembourg, Spain, Portugal, but very few for Jugo Slavia. The customs procedure was of the shortest time possible, and well within a half-hour of docking the wheels were rolling.

Setting course for Munich, the familiar French treelined roads, and those so Continental small towns, were passed at speed, but nevertheless they still held a certain attraction. At 0500 hours when passing through one village there were some 50 workers of both sexes waiting for the bus, and this is a sight not seen in the UK let alone across the Herring Pond. After having covered some 200 miles on French soil, the inner man, and of course the inner woman, started hollering loud and clear for sustenance, and so in the atmosphere of a fine, crisp morning the sizzling bacon and eggs gave off an odour more appetizing than the most expensive meal one could expect from a leading cuisine.

Saarbrücken represented the crossing point from France into Germany, and as travellers may have noticed many times, the architecture of one country soon changes into that of

another. Continuing the journey to Annweiler, camp was pitched for the first night, and it was during this necessary manoeuvre the rains came, still, the tents were duly erected. As this was only a transient site and as the weather was a little inclement, the cooking gear was left undisturbed, and the five of us wandered down the hill to this small town's centre and enjoyed a local meal. After a walk around town, tracks were made for the site and the welcome sleeping bags.

The following morning, under the early sun, breakfast was cooked and devoured (devoured being the operative word) with all the gusto a bunch of healthy, happy humans could muster.

One press of the starter button and off a few kilometres when the car filtered into the Autobahn traffic and the wheels really rolled. Over the Rhine, by-passing Karlsruhe and Stuttgart. It was when the latter town was on the port beam that the magnificent Television Tower was seen. This structure of 869 feet in height in no way resembles the masts of this country for it appears to be constructed of solid material, not of lattice steelwork. Near the top is a restaurant and observation platform, and the whole reflects very marked contemporary activity. It is certainly a unique and attractive construction.

Passing Dachau, a grim reminder of the days of butchery, Munich was reached, and it was here that during the pull-up to change Travellers' Cheques, the car was inadvertently left at a point "Strengstens verboten". Fortunately the arm of the law was understanding and considerate. It would have been very enjoyable to have paused at Munich and visit some of the many historical and interesting buildings, not to mention the two lovely lakes lying south of the city, but Jugo Slavia was the destination.

Late on Sunday afternoon the mountains gradually formed a frame to the road and its environs, and shortly afterwards the Autobahn was left for the lesser mountain road along which the travellers passed into Austria. So at Werfen, a small mountain village not far over the border, camp was pitched in a field for another transient night. It was here, miles and miles from any large concentration of civilisation, that the grand-daughter of the family who owned the field, having

been learning English for only 12 months, held a sound and well-pronounced conversation with the writer — her age? Ten years — kind of makes one think.

Reveille was slightly later the next morning when the travellers rolled along for yet another day, but what a day! Over the Alp via the Wurzen Pass with its gradient of 1 in 4 and the beautiful panoramic view, weather 100 per cent. good, the car travelled via Mauterndorf and Villach (the latter town having a Vauxhall Agency, a retaining bolt missing from the generator was purchased from and fitted by these people, and although the transaction was small, the service was excellent and the charge reasonable). From here, the snow caps of the high peaks, and the multi hues of the wooded lower heights were indeed the causes of many a "click" of the camera shutters.

At 1900 hours the car and the valuable load of humanity arrived at another frontier, the border of Jugo Slavia. Again the usual formalities, but here the form to be completed looked really formidable, but proved less difficult than at first anticipated. The authorities do, however, require considerable detail in respect to material objects, etc., being taken into the country, and in duplicate — or was it triplicate?

The country of destination at hand, what better idea than to find a suitable location at which to relax and camp for a few days, for this is Slovenija. Right then, a few miles further on to Bled, where the tents were pitched at the side of a lake of the same name, under the hills. Being in the north of the country and near to the snow-capped Julijske Alps, the temperature was still far from tropical although by UK standards warm and quite comfortable for swimming in Lake Bled. Incidentally, Marshal Tito has a country retreat here — a very wise choice.

Now the fun began, for supplies had to be bought, and although the vocabulary from a pre-purchased phrase book gave us the opportunity of pointing to something and saying "koliko"? our ears were far from trained to understand any reply such as "dvanaest dinar" or "cetiri stotine dinar", still with the usual adaptability of any seasoned traveller, other means were investigated, and it was found that a little knowledge of German or French was helpful, although the good old sign language came in very useful on many occasions. English is as yet not spoken to the extent of other languages.

The first night over in Jugo Slavia and day broke (quietly) with the sun really shining, so breakfast, a stroll then S-W-I-S-H into the water. One of our lake buddies was a giant toad, boy how he could swim, and hide too. In the evening a national dish termed Cevapcici was experienced and enjoyed.

After a day or two here which included wandering over the countryside, the time came to move further south. It was when passing through a small village called Bohinj that primitive farming methods were observed for the first time. The women-folk were cutting the corn with sickles, the men thrashing it by means of a horse tethered to a pole by a long rope and walking round and round first one way then the other. As to separating, they used the age-old system of throwing a shovelful of the mixture into the air, when the wind blew the light

chaff away and allowed the heavier grain to fall. It was noticeable from here onwards in this country that the houses made use of brown paper as drapes for the windows, or better to say as sun blinds, materials furnishings were rarely seen.

After passing through Ljubljana, a very fine city with much of interest to be seen, the main Zagreb road was taken, but even on this, there was very little traffic and literally mile after mile without a sign of a house. The enjoyment of smooth running on a good road was short lived when the car was swung on to what is locally termed "da sta dobar put" (fairly good road). May the saints preserve us, but never in the whole of the writer's motoring experience has so rough, so dusty, so winding, so climbing a road been traversed. (Loose rocks simply pressed down by the scanty traffic, with a road worker every so many kilometres filling up the holes made by the vehicles.) Within a very short space of time, after bumping up and down like an india rubber ball, and travelling at the high speed of 20 to 25 m.p.h., the car and occupants were as dusty as the road. Never for the whole of a day could the driver see out of the back window, and when, on the odd occasion some truck passed in the opposite direction, well FIDO of World War II, or GCA would have been welcome, for it was a complete blackout.

On and on, then through such places as Nanja and Jezero. Oh yes, it was at Jezero when, as the car approached the village, the main or maybe the only street became crowded by a reception committee. As bread was required, it was decided to try Dame Fortune and make an effort to purchase the staff of life, so a stop was made outside a row of what might have been anything in the way of shops, for they were nearly all dark rooms with an open door (probably like this in view of the very high temperature and blazing sun). Immediately, each car window was blacked out with faces, which, at the open windows penetrated inside. Well, a flip as to who should make the aforementioned purchase — old Bill lost — nuff said. Out into the hard, hard world crept the writer, but fortunately a young girl was found who spoke German, so again, by means of a little "Wo ist die Bäckerei?" augmented by mine, the bread shop was located and entered. Lo and behold, many of the villagers followed and blocked up the doorway, obviously interested in this queer being which mumbled unintelligible sounds and which had suddenly been let loose in their village. This shop consisted of a very dark room along the walls of which were several rough hewn timber shelves carrying the weight of lumps of backed dough called bread. One of these great pieces of possibly indigestible diet was purchased and taken back to the rest of the safari. Incidentally, although it looked grim it tasted very good indeed. During all this time, cousin Arthur was being hard pressed by an elderly gentleman who was expounding upon some theory or other, and getting really excited, unfortunately cousin Arthur could not understand a word of the deliberation, and the gentleman was likewise placed in relation to all the counter expostulations. The outside temperature appeared to be still rising and the perspiration of the travellers was certainly increasing in its flow, added to which the linguistic blank wall yielded nothing, so "on James and don't spare the horse."



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More holes being made in the road by the car, and still more men filling them up, kind of perpetual motion, mile after mile. It was on the way to Banja Luka that (now keep this a secret) a stork was seen flying in a north-easterly direction; has it arrived at Radcliffe yet? Through Zaluzai to Banja Luka where signs of Moslem influence were prevalent. There are several parts of Jugo Slavia still retaining a very strong eastern flavour with minarets rising high above the houses, and the womenfolk still wearing the veil, obviously caused by the Turkish domination in years long past. It is said in the history books that the Turkish tyranny of bygone days was responsible for the slow progress of the country.

Evening came and it was decided to camp on the side of another lake near Jajce trange, for whilst pitching two or three local men stood around motionless and silent and quite apart from each other, just staring, making no facial movement whatsoever — mummified. Perhaps they, too, regarded us as something strange, still it took more than silent men to prevent us from getting rigged up ready for the night. Sleep, deep sleep then came, and in the morning a slightly misty day introduced itself but this was the foreunner of another very hot period. There are times when habits are enjoyable, for instance, cooking and eating breakfast, oh! how that meal was relished.

The lake and the subject of water brings to mind a remark or two after our return to the UK. It was suggested that personal hygiene must have been given second place on such a trip, well let such remarks or doubts in readers' minds be immediately countered by the truth. Practically every day our bodies were in the water, and nearly every day was wash day for body linen and woollens. Does that sound like the neglect of personal hygiene?

Gracanica with its hanging foot bridge and reservoir gave just another of those interminable flashes of quaintness of the past and interest in the future. So to Mostar a Moslem Town with many minarets and other indications of that faith. It was here that the mountain scenery changed from the beautiful foliated to the bare rocky type with sparse vegetation. After travelling many miles through this type of country to find some shelter, a copse along the side appeared, and so, feeling very, very dusty, thirsty and hungry, a break was made. It was here that a hoard of giant grasshopper-type insects was introduced, at least if not visually, orally. These dainty little souls were, it was understood, about 3in. to 4in. long and hid themselves up in the trees. Well, they gave the most irritating concentrated concert ever heard. The sound never reduced in volume and never broke off — hearing is believing they say. And talking of wild life, the flies in these parts, and they have the appearance of the ordinary house fly BUT ARE NOT, just hang on to the flesh and bite, and there is never any doubt when one does carry out this gesture of attachment, for the recipient literally jumps. The scampering creatures which would be expected to frighten say, the ladies, were the lizards, but these were so timid they just shot out of sight.

Well, hour after hour, mile after mile at a very reduced speed and for about eight hours or even more, the car bumped and turned and threw up clouds of dust but even where the mountains were really barren, the lowland approaches had

some vegetation, and a lonely shepherd, maybe with his son, was seen on several occasions miles from even the smallest habitation, tending his meagre flock. Some of the shepherds would be playing what might be termed "snake charmer music", others were just sitting and looking, but all carried the mark of time and a blazing sun — wrinkled and bronzed.

Then came the end of the southerly journey for here was Dubrovnik, for a thousand years the pride of Jugo Slavia. A town steeped in history and with grey stone buildings to match. Historical buildings that are not just ornaments but which are used in the everyday life of the community. Even the old city wall has inhabited houses adjoining it. Having been forwarned of the great interest lying within this town, it was a must that camp should be pitched as near as possible so, at Mini, a small place a few kilometres distant, the blue and yellow of the equipment was again in the sunlight.



*Delightful Dubrovnik.*

Guide books are much better than a casual visitor's explanation of the town, and they have more space available however, a little must be included. Dubrovnik, as previously stated, is a walled city, and by paying a few dinar one can wander around and look down on the city. The view of the Adriatic

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and the islands for which this country is world famous, makes a perfect setting on a clear day, but due to the heat, a haze often lies between them and the mainland.

Strange how these mad tourists will act contrary to the well proven customs of the natives insofar as wandering about and perspiring during the heat of the day. Around 5 a.m. along the approach roads to the town, the country women can be seen leading one or two donkeys or even small ponies laden with country produce, to market. At 6 a.m. the town is alive and the sound of the murmuring crowd in the market place as they barter, trails along the narrow streets leading to this centre of activity. On the eastern side of the main square the streets are simply flights of stone steps with the houses on either side. It must be hard on the women with babies, but on second thoughts, these women are tough and it is not unusual to see a man help to lift a very heavy load on to a woman's head. After market, these same country folk return to their homesteads, usually on the backs of their hard, tough little animals.



*The donkey always comes into his own when there is a heavy load to carry.*

Every inch of the ancient town of Dubrovnik has, to the really observant travellers, something of interest, even if it is only the meat pie maker, who with the art of a magician converts a lump of "dough" about the size of a man's palm, into a wafer-thin sheet some two feet six inches square, and without rolling or beating it, simply by swinging the concoction through the air and letting the weight stretch it. Let it be said here and now that the texture of the dough is not the same as that used in our respective countries. Into the centre of the sheet he tips as measured quantity of minced meat, then simply folds over the corners and, plonk! into a tin, then the oven.

The local people eat this meat pie for breakfast (so did we on an occasion, and enjoyed it) . . . but seeing that dough being swished through the air will always be a memory.

The harbour with its innumerable boats of all sizes, and the grey stone line of the waterfront fortifications, are just as the guide books depict them. Water, water everywhere but not a drop to drink. That could be slightly altered to read — water, water, everywhere but not a drop of distilled water anywhere. The town was searched from one end to the other. Bus companies contacted, but not one could help us in obtaining some distilled water for topping up the car battery. At the finish it was a case of do as the Jugo Slavs do — use boiled water.

Although in some parts of the country birds were rarely seen or heard, in the Dubrovnik area there was an abundance of many varieties, and the ubiquitous pigeon was of course included. The main square, like all other such places, is the tourist "must" for little junior to be pictured feeding the pigeons. In addition, our little friends the swallows and martins were seen dashing about in the air, and of course, being on the coast, there was the usual quota of raucous-voiced seagulls.

With the purchase of some beautiful and delicate lacelike jewellery, dolls, natives stringed instruments and embroidery, the time came for another move, and so to Dubrovnik it was "Zbogom".

Following the coast road with the still magnificent scenery, the town of Split was reached. On entering, the writer felt he might have been at any one of many Mediterranean resorts for there was the long palm tree-lined boulevard alongside the waterfront, and the shops, then the large cafes with the many thirsty sightseers settling the dust with maybe a "pivo" or "sljivovica". Throughout the tour of the Adriatic side of Jugo Slavia, be it in the lowlands or up in the mountains, Marshal Tito's photograph was in every shop, office and establishment in which we had cause to enter. A Split on the northern slopes was the name TITO in white, for all who entered the town via water or road, to see. This town, founded within the walls of the Palace of Diocletian of the Roman Emperor, who in his declining years longed for rest and the warm Mediterranean climate way back in the 4th century, still preserves much of the link with that past.

Like other towns of this country, many of the streets are narrow and more or less resemble alleyways, down which the busy shoppers and visitors push past each other in their effort to make some destination in time to purchase, or to get their purchases home safely. It was here a youth was seen expertly carrying, like so many others do, a large melon on his hand resting on his shoulder, and pushing his way through the crowd of shoppers with the fruit securely balanced. Here, too, a little girl was seen taking home the bread ringlets threaded on a long string slung over her shoulder, and a pitiful sight of an aged woman weighed down by a 5ft. roll of paper on her back.

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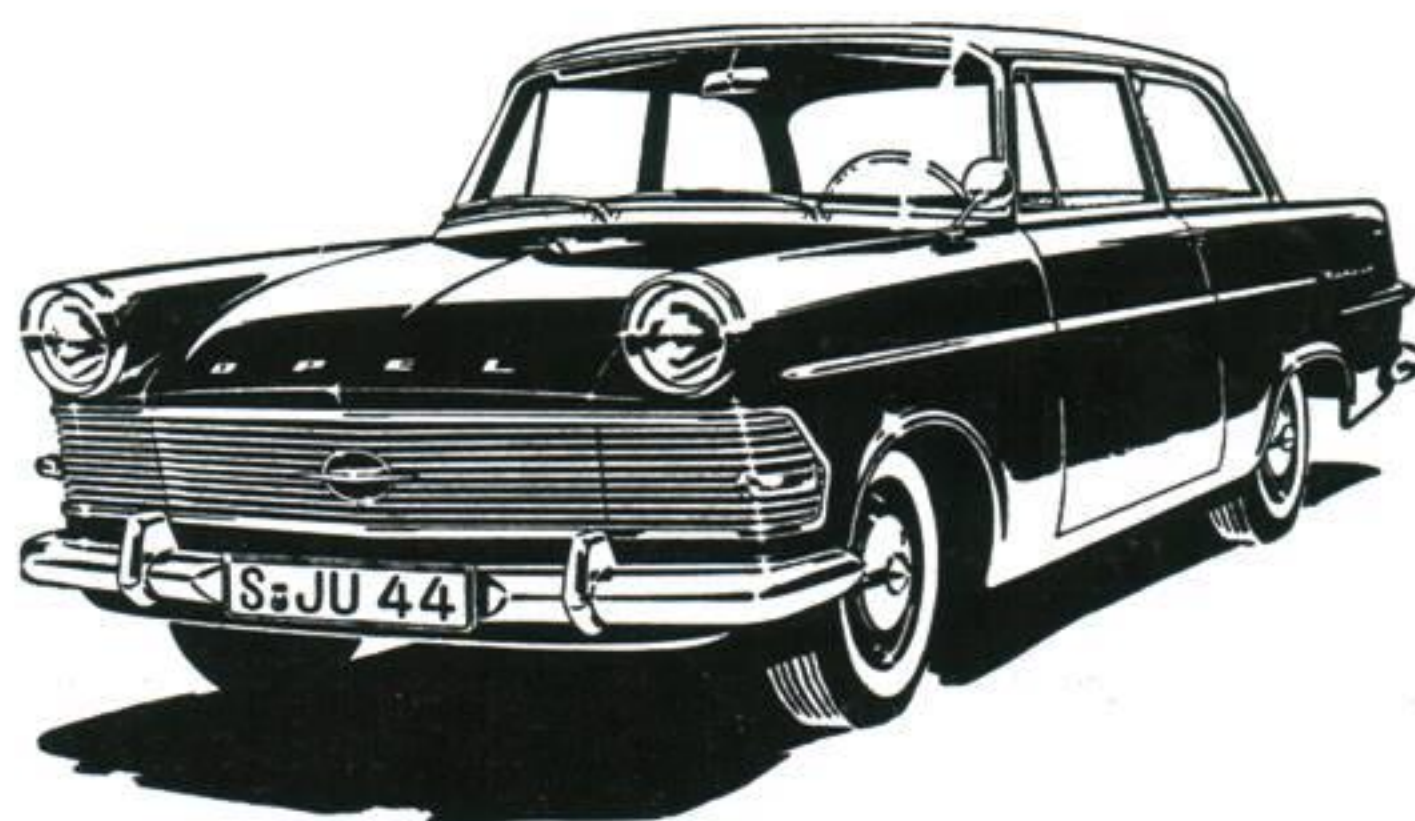
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Split to Sinj, along another of those bad mountain roads via Knin, a small township, but one carrying signs of modern progress, for here are block after block of 10-storey flats springing up like mushrooms.

Stopping at Otuca for an excellent meal, the prospects of the next major attraction was the highlight of the conversation — Plitvicka and the National Park with its 16 grand lakes all interconnected with waterfalls, cascades and every other form caused by the law of gravity in relation to water. Even the shape of these falls changes very gradually due to the particular type of "living stone" called travertine. Five hundred acres of water and 33,000 acres of woodlands are there to be enjoyed. On arriving at Plitvicka, camp was pitched (contrary to the accepted rules) under the trees and at the bottom of a slope. However, the circumstances and the climate permitted this. What a picture — hills and mountains all around, beautiful lakes and enchanting cascades of water, caves, miles of forest — could one wish for more?

Time marches on and there were still many kilometres to cover, so camp was struck, the gear packed and stowed and away via Senj and Bakar to Postojna and another miracle of nature.

There are caves in most countries of the world but never has such a spectacular and breath-taking exhibition of nature been seen like the Caves of Postojna. Oh yes, there are stalactites and stalagmites, as in other caves, but the thousands of different formations, the colouring, the vast areas are just unbelievable. These caves are, it is stated, some 14 miles long, but the public travel from the entrance in an electric train for 1½ miles, then walk for another 2½ miles. Curtains of wafer thickness sedimental draperies, sparkling stalagmites, formations resembling objects and animals too numerous to mention and very true to form, ceilings with thousands of hanging droplets, and so on, and all these wonders carefully illuminated so that the beauty was enhanced. The opportunity could not be missed of referring to two musical formations, on one of which a simple tune could be played sounding like a Glockenspiel. The others when tapped giving the resonant tone of organ pedal notes.

With wonderful memories the journey had to be continued, and the needs of the body satisfied so at Sezanna "grub. marvellous grub" was enjoyed. With the inner being fortified, Trieste was reached and it was here that a new tyre had to be purchased. Luck was out insofar as tyres were concerned, for although they were of the tubeless type, the rough wear and tear managed to break down the walls of one. By the way, the score on one tyre alone was one 4in. nail and two 2in. nails, plus cuts and carve-ups. Little time was spent here, other than that required to effect the tyre change, as the place is typical of so many other coastal towns.

Opicina — customs. The Jugo Slav border authorities cleared us in very short time BUT although being permitted to bring 1700 dinars into the country, it was not permissible to take any out, all money had to be spent at the stores conveniently set up at this point. A few yards, or should one keep to metres, further on, the Italian authorities took us over, but here again everybody was considerate and speedy — it would appear the letters "GB" still mean something on the Continent!

Aquilea saw us pitching camp for a one-night stand only, and then by 0700 hours the dusty, but trusty, car rolled on to Venice.



*Picturesque National dress in Yugo-Slavia.*

Oh Venice! why did you disappoint us so? Following an approach via the steel works, chemical works over the quite attractive causeway, the visitors found a conglomeration of other would-be visitors trying to find a vacant spot in the parking lot. Having been lucky in this respect, the Italian ice cream vendors stampeded and thrust forward samples of ice cream, then came the souvenir pedlars. From all this, the sightseers walked (as no cars are allowed on the island) to that colourful city of Venice (or so the movies, calendars, post card depict). After passing down many a grimy street with at times an accompanying affluvia, over some mangy backwater alongside of which are the dreary grey homes of the populace, the world renowned sights came to view. The Grand Canal with large passenger steamers ploughing up and down, and gondolas — but where were those gaily-decorated gondolas and costumed singing gondoliers? Where were all the colours of the flowers; in fact, where was the colour of the Venice visualised by so many millions? Speaking plainly — it just wasn't there. Even the Palace in St. Mark's Square is disfigured by four massive flag poles, so preventing anyone from taking a really respectable shot of this beautiful building and its creditable workmanship. Sorry Venice, but you've had it.

When down in the mouth have a swim, so off to Lake Garda and another two nights under canvas. Here we enjoyed swimming and canoeing and medieval castle sight seeing. Then once again up into the mountains to Aosta, site of the next pitch. This interesting little town is termed the Rome of the Alps, and archaeologically, it is very interesting, dating back to 24 B.C. Surrounded by snow-capped mountains the tents and tents looked diminutive, and small indeed was the feeling, when, after enquiring from a native if the nearby river (at the moment unseen) was suitable for swimming, and being told "certainly" to approach the waters and find they were nothing less than rapids, a foot deep — we certainly felt diminutive. So much for the swim. Being one of the centres for Alpine Troops, many soldiers were seen in their fascinating Alpine uniforms.

By now the old calendar was catching up, so with a big lump of mountain still to be crossed, the Great St. Bernard Pass was selected, and what a pass? A snow torm, skidding

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bus, car in the ditch, frozen hands after carrying grit to throw under the bus wheels, timidity of some of the travellers at the little drop on the one side, the delay in crossing, etc. . . . the situation could well be termed eventful. Even with the discomforts stated, there was a little sympathy extended to the frontier officials who in all kinds of weather have to be outside walking from car to car, trying to understand and be understood by many nationalities and many temperaments. Yes, theirs is a hard job.

Switzerland was passed through with only a short stop for refreshment but this did not prevent many an admiring glance at the world famous countryside.

Malbuisson on Lac St Point was next when, for nearly the last time the camping kit was unloaded and rigged. Here too, boating and castle viewing was on the Agenda, in addition to eating.


More kilometres and then the last site was at hand — Arras, that town of World War I fame, which suffered from bitter and bloody battle during 1914–1918 when so many good lives were lost and to the memory of which a memorial was erected. This attractive edifice was badly scarred by the enemy during the Second World War, but the people of the town decided, very wisely, to leave the scars as a memorial to the fallen of 1939–45. After a stroll through the quiet streets thinking of all that had passed during those last three weeks we wandered back to our sleeping bags for the last time this trip, and nearing the end of a 3,500-mile journey.

The following day found the appreciative band of travellers back again at Boulogne waiting for the boat home. On board as the "Maid of Kent" slipped away from the quay-side there may have been a silent "au revoir" to France, but deep down the thoughts were really of Jugo Slavia and the memories of a tough and determined country with scenery second to none in Europe, so again "Zbogom Jugoslavija I Hvala".

Courtesy: The Langar Log.



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## Editorial

One subject that will shortly be receiving a great deal of attention here at 4 (F) Wing is Trade Advancement. This is a topic that springs to life every April, and then lies dormant until the following October.

We do not mean to imply that everybody forgets the TA programme until the time comes to write the exam. Indeed not. A TA co-ordinator is appointed, lecturers are designated, classes are arranged, and a great deal of effort is expended to ensure that all tradesmen will be given every opportunity to pass their trade-board.

These preparations always start well in advance of the actual board. The amazing thing about all this work is that it is all done by people who have nothing to gain from it.

What about those that do stand to gain? When do their preparations start? Many tradesmen take a very professional attitude toward their trade exams, and begin their studies five and six months in advance. They can be found poring over books, badgering their NCO's for information, and generally doing all they can to absorb as much knowledge as possible concerning their trade. These people look upon the TA program as a chance for review, an opportunity to ensure that their study programme has been thorough. These people generally have no trouble passing their exams.

And what of the rest of the candidates? Their program is not quite so thorough. The books they pore over are called "Captain Marvel"; when they badger their NOC's, it is for time off; and they go out of their way to avoid doing anything that might increase their paltry store of knowledge. These people look upon the TA programme as a waste of time, but attend anyway, to catch up on their sleep. These people have no trouble failing their exams.

When the results are released, these dullards are easily identifiable by their shocked and indignant expressions. "What, me, failed? What a lousy TA programme we got on this station. What a rigged exam. I figger I deserved 90, easy." How many times have you heard this?

These people have never learned that success in Trade Boards is directly proportional to the effort spent in preparing for them. They do not realize that they must study if they hope to merit the pay increase that goes with the successful completion of their exams. They do not realize that an advance in Trade grouping depends not on the SGTO, not on the TA co-ordinator, not on the lecturers, but on themselves.

It is hoped that most of the tradesmen will have learned from the last trade board that success in these exams does not come easily, and that their mark depends entirely upon the study that they do in their spare time. A trade board failure means that the unsuccessful candidate lacks the self discipline necessary to conduct an effective study programme.

If you will be writing a Trade Board in April, why don't you start working now, so that you can be sure of passing in April. A little effort on your part can make a big difference in your paycheck.

Or don't you need the money?

Courtesy:

**THE BAGOTVILLE BEACON**

Any residents of PMQ's who wish to have articles published in the Flieger should submit them to PMQ 24/9; if possible typed double-spaced.

The dead-line for article to be submitted in time for the next issue of the Flieger is Friday, Mar 30.

# THE STEERING COLUMN



## Alcohol doesn't cause accidents

Alcoholic drinks do not cause accidents — unless someone drinks them and then tries to drive.

A drinking driver is involved in about 30 per cent of all fatal accidents.

Drinking driver accidents are high during hours of darkness. One study found that less than 50 per cent of all accidents occur during the 12 hours following 6 p.m.; however, 75 per cent of the drinking accidents occur during this period.

Unfortunately we become confused in our thinking concerning "drinking drivers" as contrasted with "drunken drivers."

There are few "drunken drivers" (by legal definition), on the highways. They'd likely have trouble staying on the highways. But there are many "drinking drivers," and they present the real problem.

A Michigan study on 17,000 accidents showed drivers who "had been drinking" caused about three times as many accidents as those who were "driving under the influence." Another study found 30 drivers who "had been drinking" for each one who could be called "drunken."

So let's devote our attention to the "drinking driver," that well-intending person who may limit himself to a "couple of beers" (or shots) while driving.

Scientists have determined that two drinks (bottle of beer, highball, or cocktail) can play hob with our driving abilities long before we are aware of it.

Even a slight amount of alcohol "caused a deterioration of between 25 and 30 per cent in the driving performance of expert drivers."

Many motorists claim they drive better after a couple of drinks. This is utter nonsense. The motorist merely feels that he drives better because the alcohol makes him less able to critically evaluate himself.

You have heard of these motor vehicle insurance companies which offer coverage at reduced rates solely to non-drinking drivers? One such firm, in business 18 years, reported losses per vehicle 38 per cent less than the average for other companies!

A public opinion poll conducted by the National Committee for Traffic Safety disclosed that most persons regard "driving under the influence of intoxicating liquor" to be the primary accident cause.

Trouble is, we don't always agree on when we are "under the influence."

Other countries — Sweden, Denmark, New Zealand, Canada — have done significant research on this problem, and some have enacted laws on drinking-driving that would keep a lot of us off the road!

The New Zealand Road Code states that the average man after one large whisky:

1. Will take about 15 per cent longer than usual to depress his brake or swing his wheel in an emergency.
2. Will drive worse and believe he is driving better.

A Swedish researcher, Dr. Goldberg, found that moderate drinking caused a 32 per cent deterioration in vision, with somewhat the same effect as sunglasses in twilight. Most men, after having a few drinks, find that women appear more beautiful. This is because the drinker can't see quite so well. It may be okay where there are dim lights and soft music, but befuddled vision on the highway is a different matter!

It adds up to this — alcohol does not stimulate mental processes. It is a depressant. When absorbed into the blood it is carried throughout the body. It dulls sight, hearing, touch and reason.

Those of you who doubt this should try the following experiment (which is most effective if tried before a meal when the stomach is not full of food).

When you are cold sober, get a deck of cards, shuffle them, and hold them in your hand, face down. Have someone keep time, in seconds, while you try to sort the cards (one-by-one) into four piles — hearts, spades, clubs and diamonds — as fast as possible. When you're done note the total seconds required.

Then your time keeper should check each pile for error, and if any exist you must correct these with the additional time required counted against you. Repeat this several times until you know your average time.

Most sober men can sort these cards in about as many seconds as the number of years they have lived. A 50-year-old man should average about 50 seconds. A 25-year-old man will accomplish it in less than a half minute, because young folk generally move more quickly than older folk.

Then have a couple of drinks. Beer, wine, whiskey, it matters little, since each drink has about  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounce alcohol plus the other stuff which gives it body and flavor.

Wait a half-hour! Why? In a half-hour most of the alcohol will be absorbed into the blood.

Then repeat the test several times.

Like all others who try this, your total time after the two drinks will increase — the average is 15 per cent longer! Your mistakes will increase. But you will feel faster.

This test will convince you that you are affected, even by a couple of beers.

Consider what that 15 per cent slow-down from two drinks means to your driving! At 50 m.p.h. you are moving along at about 75 feet per second. If you are cold sober your foot reaction time (gas-to-brake) is likely about six-tenths of a second. In other words at best you'd go 45 feet ( $\frac{6}{10} \times 75$  feet) before you could hit the brakes or cut the wheel in an emergency. But two drinks adds 15 per cent to your reaction time. That's nearly seven feet! I'll leave it to you to decide whether seven feet could not be the difference between a near miss and a bad accident!

Alcohol doesn't cause accidents — that is, until some one drinks it and tries to drive in the usual manner.



A canine comedy melodrama set in middle nineteenth century Edinburgh. It concerns a Skye terrier, made homeless by an old shepherd's sudden death, who has a cookshop proprietor, a cemetery keeper and a bunch of jolly, though poverty-stricken, kids competing for his affections. (U)

## ✻ MARCH ATTRACTIONS ✻

**Thur. 15th "ONE EYED JACKS"** starring Marlon Brando, Karl Malden and Pina Pellicer is a powerful outdoor melodrama finely photographed in VistaVision and Technicolor vividly describing a battle of brawn and wits between forthright gunman and his vicious, unctuous and two-timing ex partner. (A)

**Fri. 16th "MASTER OF THE WORLD"** starring Vincent Price, Charles Bronson and Mary Webster is a mellow and intriguing Technicolor science-fiction melodrama, based on two of Jules Verne adventure stories. (U)

**Sat. 17th Children's Matinee "RED STALLION IN THE ROCKIES"** starring Arthur Franz plus "THE MAD HATTER" (musical short).

**Sat. 17th "LI'L ABNER"** starring Peter Palmer, Leslie Parrish and Howard St. John is a jolly completely uninhibited VistaVision and Technicolor hillbilly musical, based on the popular American cartoon strip, telling how locals prevent their "home town" from being used for atomic tests. (U)

**Sun. 18th & Mon. 19th "INVASION QUARTET"** starring Bill Travers, Spike Milligan and Gregoire Aslan. A World War II comedy or rather parody on "The Guns of Navarone". It concerns disabled Allied officers who refuse to accept their MO's ruling that they're unfit for further duty and prove their point by crossing the channel and spiking an enemy long-range gun. (U)

**Tues. 20th & Wed. 21st "FROM THE TERRACE"** starring Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward and Ina Balin. A glossy CinemaScope and De Luxe Color romantic melodrama, suggested by John O'Hara's book about an ambitious youth who, following an unhappy marriage, sacrifices his career for real love. (X) Adults Only.

**Thur. 22nd "VICTIM"** starring Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms and Dennis Price. A highly provocative crime melodrama set in London. It centres on a brilliant young barrister, secretly a homosexual, who sacrifices his career and jeopardises his marriage to bust up a sinister blackmailing ring. (X) Adults Only.

**Fri. 23rd & Sat. 24th "GREYFRIARS BOBBY"** starring Donald

Crisp, Laurence Naismith and Kay Walsh is our featured film of the month. (U)

**Sat. 24th Children's Matinee "TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT"** starring Gordon Scott, Anthony Quayle and Sara Shane.

**Sun. 25th & Mon. 26th "TRAPEZE"** starring Burt Lancaster, Gina Lollobrigida and Tony Curtis is a CinemaScope-De Luxe Color big top romantic melodrama unfolded in Paris and tells of an aerialists' love for the leading lady. (U)

**Tues. 27th "THE APARTMENT"** starring Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine and Fred MacMurray is a Panavision comedy drama about a New York insurance clerk who allows his immediate bosses to use his flat as a love nest with near tragic results. (A)

**Wed. 28th "OUR MAN IN HAVANA"** starring Alec Guinness, Maureen O'Hara and Noel Coward is a CinemaScope satirical comedy based on Graham Greene's best-seller. The story concerns an Englishman who becomes a British Secret Service agent in Havana. (A)

**Thur. 29th & Fri. 30th "ON THE DOUBLE"** starring Danny Kaye, Dana Wynter and Wilfrid Hyde White. A Panavision-Technicolor World War II comedy concerning an American GI who poses as a British General and hoodwinks the Nazis on the eve of D-Day. (A)

**Sat. 31st Children's Matinee "TEXAS MASQUERADE"** starring William (hoppy) Boyd plus "MAIL GOES THRU" (cartoon).

**Sat. 31st "WHO WAS THAT LADY"** starring Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh and Dean Martin. A haywire romantic comedy concerning a handsome professor who gets in a pickle when he poses as an FBI agent to hoodwink his suspicious wife. (U)

**SPECIAL NOTICE.** Patrons are requested to note that week commencing Sunday 1st April that showtimes will be as follows.

Sunday at Friday at 6.00 and 8.30

Monday to Thursday (incl.) and Saturday at 8.30

Children's Matinee on Saturdays at 2.00

These times are subject to alteration depending in length of show.

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# Touring our Flugplatz



419



SQN

Friends of S/L FG Tupling will be pleased to learn that he did arrive safely at 419 Squadron despite the fact that he and several other officers from No. 102 OTU Course were not acknowledged by this column. Belated greetings to S/L Tupling, Chop 91 and his navigator F/O AR Haskell, Chop 91<sup>1/2</sup> RG Tucker, Chop 110 and F/L JW Smallwood, Chop 110<sup>1/2</sup>, his navigator.



F/O R. Tucker



F/L J. Smallwood

AC & W Sqn Edgar, Ontario and Site Fox on the Dew Line. "Artic Al" has three children, Ronald, Romona and Janet. His wife, Christa speaks excellent German and has already been of assistance to several Moose families.

F/O "Bob" Tucker is a native of Ottawa and enrolled in October 1959 at Centralia Ontario. He is a pipe-line pilot and came directly to 419 Sqn after completing the Cold Lake OTU.

F/L Joe Smallwood (a distant relative lives in Newfoundland) graduated from RMC, flew with 426 in Montreal, AOS and 402 (Regular Support) in Winnipeg. His wife Phyllis and two children, Joey and Janice live in Rastatt.



S/L F. G. Tupling



F/L A. R. Haskell

S/L Tupling had flown with the RCAF for two years during WW II and re-enlisted in 1948 at Toronto. Before hitting the all-weather trail he served with 413, 414 and 408 Squadrons at Rockcliffe, Search and Rescue Flight, Goose Bay, recruiting at Toronto and North Bay and No. 2 FTS Moose Jaw. S/L Tupling brought his wife Gene, three children, Daniel, Ronald and Wendy, and an incurable square dancing urge to sunny 4 Wing.

F/O AR Haskell is an old timer in the AI business. His previous experience includes 432, 413 Squadrons Bagotville, 31



F/O Gerry Firk is congratulated by S/L DG Selby on topping the 1000 mark in the mighty CF 100.



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Bill Colbert: — "Before I started judo classes I was a 140 lb. weakling. Now I'm a 140 lb. cripple."

**Round Robin At Memmingen**

German F-84 pilot: "I would like to have a good navigator to help me."

Joe Smallwood: "So would my pilot."

**Flying**

S/L Tupling: — "Wow!" "That attack was close!"

Al Haskell: — "You should have seen it from back here — I'm four feet closer."



F/L (then F/O) Harry Smith and F/L Jim Howard look on as F/Os Bill Colbert and Cliff Beck put the CF 100 simulator through its 3000th hour. Congratulations to all the simulator boys (and congratulations to you, H. B.).

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444



SQN

by F/O H.R. Kuszmaniuk

Another month and another opportunity for us at the home of the Snake to bid you greetings. As you notice the responsibility for doing so has passed from the able hands of F/O Glen to myself. Here I will take the opportunity of extending to him a vote of thanks for a job well done.

Most of the highlights for the Snakes for the past month have been of a social nature. So thinking, our minds immediately turn to hockey, the squadron party, the mess dinner and permiating everything there was an even more intense feeling of urgency as the date for Deci drew near.

In hockey the Union of Schoolies, Headquarters wives and 444 wives proved to be an unbeatable combination. The quality of play, as judged by the spectators, was said to be excellent. However, there was question among the players, as to some of the penalties. This event was so well received by everyone that this writer feels it should not be forgotten and should be tried again.

On the sixteenth of February, the SMU honorary members and wives and 444 officers and wives assembled at the Weden Feltsen to bid a fond farewell to the Randalls, Ron Jenkins, the Toners and the Joyces. Of the people leaving, Ron is the only one to be shortly returning to Canada while the others will be among us for some time to come, filling various positions at 4 Wing.

At this party many thought that the table service was somewhat slow, however I investigated this and find it was so planned to promote wine sales. (Certainly hope Paunch doesn't decide to take home a new car, for people might talk!!) Should a similar decision be made in the future I would suggest that the SMU be warned; they could then take the proper precautions to ensure proper sleeping facilities. I understand that such a party may be very fatiguing and people do tend to rest their eyes in some of the most peculiar places.

The following evening found all the Snakes at the mixed mess dinner with the Chief Snake presiding. Dinner music was provided by that world renowned combo Jenkins and Dargent who gave a very unique rendition of chop sticks using wine glasses as their instruments. Though a number of wine glasses met a dire fate most enjoyed the fanfare they also supplied to punctuate the speeches. To round out the evening, Headquarters supplied some excellent entertainment which everyone enjoyed very much.

Finally Wednesday morning the twenty-first came and found all in readiness to depart for Deci. To help the Snakes along, both 422 and 419 came to the home of the Snake with their good wishes and farewells.

One may note here that the coming return from Deci will spare a large number of Brown Baggers one of the traditional homecoming fears. It seems there has been an epidemic which some claim has a connection with walking bare foot on cold tile bathroom floors. This I might add is mostly a feminine affliction. Mind you it is only a rumour and being a single man I would'nt know.

Before bidding adieu for this month a warning is in order for the unwary or foolhardy who think they may invade the home of the SMU and not bring upon themselves retaliation. (Schoolies take note.)

See you all next month with a full account of Life at Deci.

# MAINTENANCE NOTEBOOK

By Cpl. Taylor, LAC Wesley & LAC Casey

Safety Equipment boys say that if you happen to see an aircraft soaring about Rastatt or Karlsruhe minus an engine, don't run, don't shout, it may be LAC George Young taking glider lessons. George states that it requires one hundred hours of ground maintenance training before taking to the air. This may become quite a family affair as his wife, Em may also join the Karlsruhe Flying Club.

We haven't heard or seen any flying saucers lately, but if you want to hear about a slippery disc in the spinal column, just ask Cpl. Bert Brown. Yes he joined the Grunt and Groan Club at 3 Wing Hospital for a week. After a bumpy trip back to home base, the hospital staff led him to the bed with (he figures) a rough plank for a mattress. He's out and on the run now but you might find he emits the odd groan to show he still belongs to the club.

And now a word from the GHE Section. As we leave the office door we run smack into the Energizer section, and there in the middle of it all stand the stars of the W/M hockey team in the persons of Vic "Crazy Legs" Barr and Keith "Duke" Chambers or is it Chalmers? To them we say "tough luck" for a job well done.

A funny thing happened in this section last week. I was knee deep in the repair of what I considered to be an "on its last legs" energizer when, suddenly, a thought came to me that something was drastically wrong. Turning around I find a handsome, specks on nose, gent becoming redder by the minute and, upon further investigation I find he only brought the "Opel" around for a wash.

Moving along we don hip boots and slosh into the hydraulic shop with Captain Bill at the helm and his two mates, Dick Grosvenor and "Andy" Morin swabbing the decks. There is quite a discussion going on as to where a Valiant is to end up. Andy wants to take it home and Dick requires it for his business interests in Buehl.

Crossing the floor we come upon the pneumatic section to find Jacks Relf and McWhirter. Rumour has it that Relf is the chief, having the most hot air. Question - How many hot dogs to paint one Ford?

From here we must take a quick jump back to the Energizer section to bid LAC Windsor a safe trip back from Decci. Upon his return he has promised to become "Athlete of the Year for 62."

Making an about turn, we fall under a Brute only to find Keith "Crabby" Lively choking on a sandwich prepared by his thoughtful wife. Made up yet Keith? In command of this section is Cpl Wenzel who, I am to understand, has resorted to the use of leave passes for time-off. Then comes Marcel for whom we have this word; if you hold both jacks and still lose, don't worry, we all must do this at some time.

On return to the office we find that Bob Stringer has returned from LPO and will now fulfill his job as section laundryman and return our coveralls for cleaning.

With the departure of 444 Squadron to Sardinia the station has been pretty quiet with maintenance getting its share of the peace. Quite a few of the boys are away on leave or at Sardinia, which leaves yours truly a little short on gossip. For many the land of the round doorknobs looks pretty close, after these years past it will be somewhat like returning to a foreign country.

Sgt. Myles, Cpl. Klinkner, LACs Rowley, Bottoms Hawkes and Griffith are attempting to keep the Snakes sober uprighteous and straight shooting reptiles; here's hoping they have lots of success and bring home multi laurels.

Cpl. Lodge comes to snag crew from Portage and a recent

course in Cold Lake. Understand Cpl. Pharand may possible be taking his place in Portage on his return to his homeland. The boys in snag crew tell us things are going to be pretty quiet with Sgt. Chaplin on leave; wonder which way they mean that.

Our stalwart fighting hockey team did not come through the series without adding to their laurels. With much spirit and lots of hard skating they came through the season with the league championship in their possession, but try as they did they didn't prove quite as successful in the play-offs. The team deserves full credit for a hard fought series and special mention to Cpl. Webley whose influence in the coaching field has lent great strength to the team in the latter of the hockey season.

## SPARKS AND BARBS

from

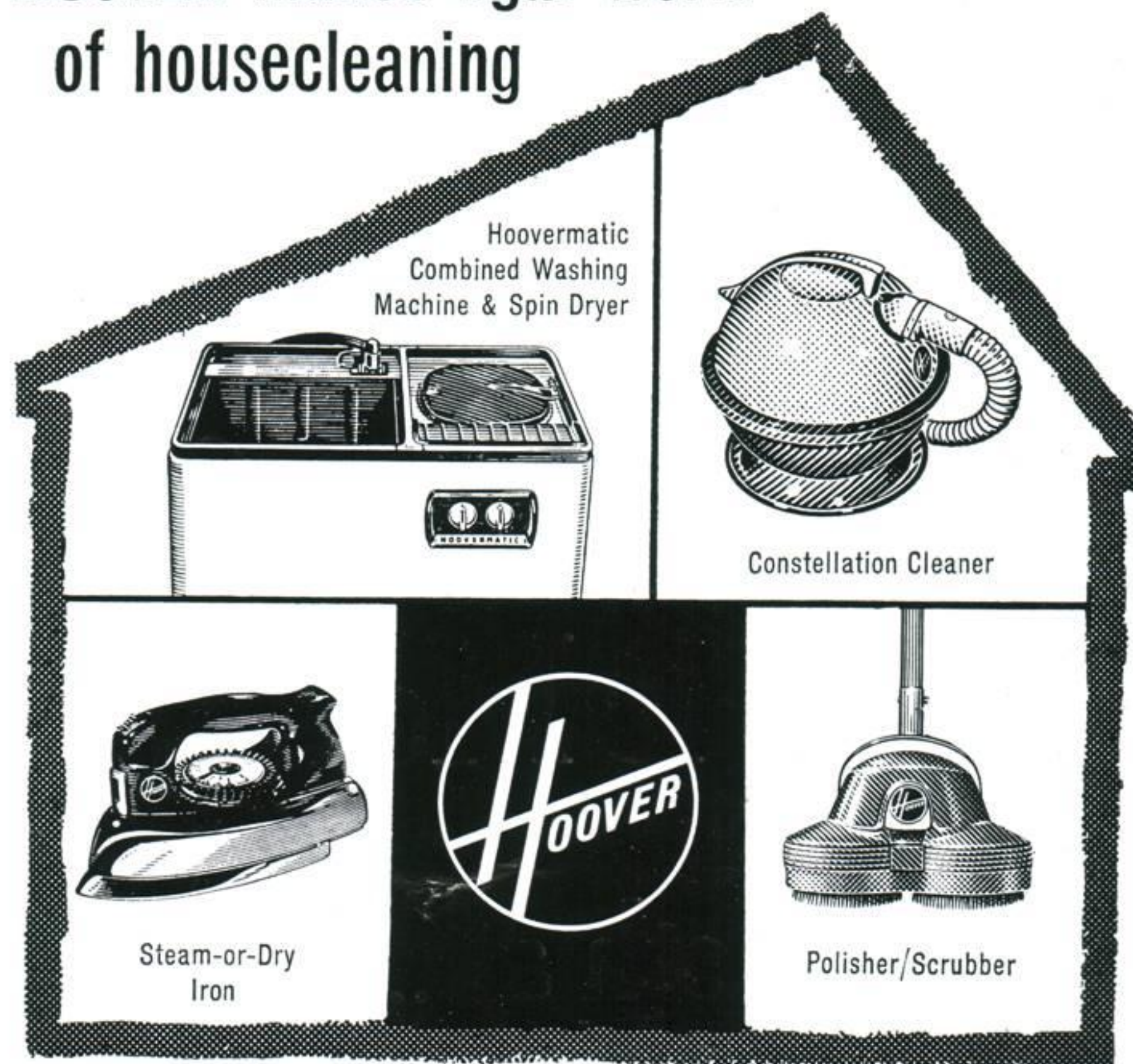
WING INSTRUMENT - ELECTRICAL SECTIONS

by Dick Faraway

Since last months article we have really come into our own and become associated with two of the younger and less experienced allied trades, namely Telecom and Arm't Systems. We are now referred to as Avionics. Our new Chief in this field is F/O Simpson, lately of 422 Sqn and recently from Wing Arm't Section. Welcome aboard Sir.

LAC (Not-So-Fat) Perry must have known this big change was coming because for the last two months he has been getting in shape. Don - through strictly adhering to his own diet has lost twenty pounds. He will give his secret away to any one who cares to lend an ear, but basically it represents an addiction to rabbit food.

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THERE'S A HOOVER APPLIANCE FOR EVERY NEED

When this article comes to press our beloved FS will have been on course in the land of the igloo for over two weeks. The course is in Canada's frozen north at a station called Frigid Lake. The Flight was really happy to be able to go there at this time of the year and was even more pleased that they gave him so much time to get ready to go. What was it — a day or a half a days notice they gave you? What ever you do Flight watch out you don't catch a head cold.

LAC (Where-Have-You-Been) Jones finally reported into the section. If you remember, LAC Fixter left here and went to 444 Sqn to replace LAC Jones over a month ago. It seems every time he went to tell Flight Beattie he was leaving for Maintenance the Flight would remind him of his duties in the Sqn. It wasn't until the last Bristol load had left for Decci that Jones finally appeared in the Maintenance hangar.

Again, dear readers, two of our members have made good. LAC MacIntyre an LAC (Big Cheese) Stevenson, as equipment manager and manager of the airmens' hockey team respectively, led that body of fine, intelligent, sports minded gentlemen to victory in the inter-mess hockey league. This, for Steve, was not an easy task. I understand that at one time he was barred from the dressing room, but Steve, in his shy and quiet way, didn't let this interfere with his responsibilities as Manager. And so, because of his and Mac's tireless efforts the team was able to go on to victory. We in the section take off our hats to you and say, "With such leadership, how did they ever do it".

## ARMAMENT ANTICS

by Tony

Well, that time of the month has called around again and, as promised, I am back with all the news from Wing Armament. Before going any further I wish to thank FS Gunnell and Sgt. Hardy for passing along all the information concerning our internal Switches, transfers, postings and so on. I would also like to remind all Wing Armament personnel having items of interest to be sure and pass them along. Let's not have these other sections outdoing us. After all, we are Armament.

Something (could it be lack of T.V.?) seems to be keeping MR. STORK rather busy over here in Germany as two more bundles were dropped off at our section recently. Passing around cigars were Cpl. McKercher and Lac Rippin, who are now the proud owners of brand new girls. This makes 2 for Cpl. McKercher (a sister for Tracy) and was the first for Lac Rippin. Congratulations to you both from all.

In our Internal Switch Department I see Sgt. Kennedy and Sgt. Evans have traded positions with the former coming from and the latter going to 444 Squadron. Also up from Cecil is Lac Quinlan (of Raider fame) who will be joining them again on their return from Sunny Sardinia.

Lac Coyne (our swingin' Square Dancer) left us this month to join the ranks of the happy Moosemen.

Good luck to you all in your new assignments.

Back with us again from three weeks T.D. in Bertrix is Lac Wieler and family. Welcome back and I understand you really go for that trailer life. Also that lovely Belgium weather.

Rumors have it that Lac Ladriere will soon be gaining a brother-in-law. Time will tell. How about a few comments, Vic?

Well, that about winds up our antics for another month and so, until next time, I bid you,

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

## PANDORAS BOX

Hello once more all you readers. The time has come around again to set pen to paper and let you in on the deep dark secrets of the Airwomen. I'll waste no more words for introductions but get right down to brass.

On the 3rd February, Esther Annell, June Christie, Marg Paterson and company spent a weekend skiing at Feldberg. They all seemed to have had a good time, if their smiling, content-looking faces on the following Monday, were anything to go by.

It has reached my ears that Vikki Zwicker and Tom Bruce were married on the 23rd of February. Good Luck and all the best to Mr. & Mrs. Bruce. Happy Honeymoon!!!

Jan Ellis, who has only been with us for a short time, is already intending to leave us in March, as she prefers a certain blond young Englishman. Yes, you guessed it — she is also getting married. The wedding is to take place on the 4th of April in London, England, so if you're around please do drop in at the reception. It is kind of odd to have a wedding on a Wednesday, as I think that is the middle of the week, but you know the English — they can be pretty Scotch when it comes to getting a reduction in their income tax, but who can blame them.

I have often wondered why Lorna Anderson plays the lone wolf, but what I didn't know was that she has her mate picked out back in Canada, already wrapped, sealed and ready for delivery. Lorna is going to re-join her young man shortly and they plan to be married sometime in May. Well there goes a girl that is 100% "true blue".

Holidays are here again!!! Yes, but only for a few. Amongst those fortunate few are June Christie, Marg Paterson and Esther Annell. Their main aim was skiing at Berchtesgaden. I do hope that you all had a jolly good time up there and maybe sometime in the future my chance will come, but I hope not on a pair of skis.

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The 2 Wing girls basketball team was visiting on the 10 and 11th of February. The first game played on the 10th was won by the 4 Wing Raiderettes by a score of 41-29. However, the game played on the 11th, was won by 2 Wing, by sheer luck of course, with the score of 30-24. It was, nevertheless, a very exciting game and both teams put forth a good show. 2 Wing departed early Sunday evening by the firm insistence of the bus driver, and the PMQ Gasthaus and 4 Wing have settled back to normal routine.

On the 19th of February the 4 Wing girls returned a visit to 2 Wing but lost the game by a few points (score 41-25). Too bad girls - maybe next time you'll have better luck.

I was happy to see that the Valentines Dance, held on the 9th of February turned out to be such a success. Of course that was nothing compared to the Fasching Dance on the 23rd Feb. However, it was good to see such a nice, happy crowd there. The Fasching Dance was exceptionally good as most persons attending were in costume. The costumes were rich in colour, very original and several quite comical. The band members, later in the evening, assisted the PMC in judging the costumes and Diane Wilkes was the lucky winner.

Esther Annell's new car arrived on the 21st Feb - a fire-engine red Triumph Herald convertible. When can I have a trial run, Esther?

Within the next six months I believe we'll be losing many of our girls and the cause can only be blamed on marriage. However, if there weren't so many of them my news would be small, so keep up the good work girls.

By the way, Doreen Bacon and Pat G. changed their date of tying the knot from July to the 16th of June; and Annette Tang and Tom Hebert set theirs for the 2nd of June. There is only one thing that affects me in this matter (also many more) and that is my wallet - I'm sure there won't be much left after June and I'll have to rob my "Sparschwein" (Piggy Bank).

#### CALLING ALL Men

I hope I didn't ruffle your ego too much with my hint on "Chivalry", but if I did why not do something about it. For those that didn't get ruffled, I'll give something to think about this month.

#### Do's & Don'ts - In the Matter of Dress

When you have that special date, with that certain someone; for heavens sake fellows, don't turn up in that red shirt, brown trousers (or blue jeans) and that gorgeous yellow tie that Aunt Sophie sent you for Christmas, and above all, don't wear those running shoes, or service issue, especially with purple or baby blue socks, - remember Fasching lasts for only part of the year, not ALL of it. If you're not sure of correct dress procedure then consult your tailor - sound rather like an advert, but you must admit you don't see us girls out in service issue shoes. Motto for the month: "LET YOUR TASTE BE IN YOUR MODE OF DRESS, NOT JUST IN YOUR MOUTH!"

See you next month . . . . .

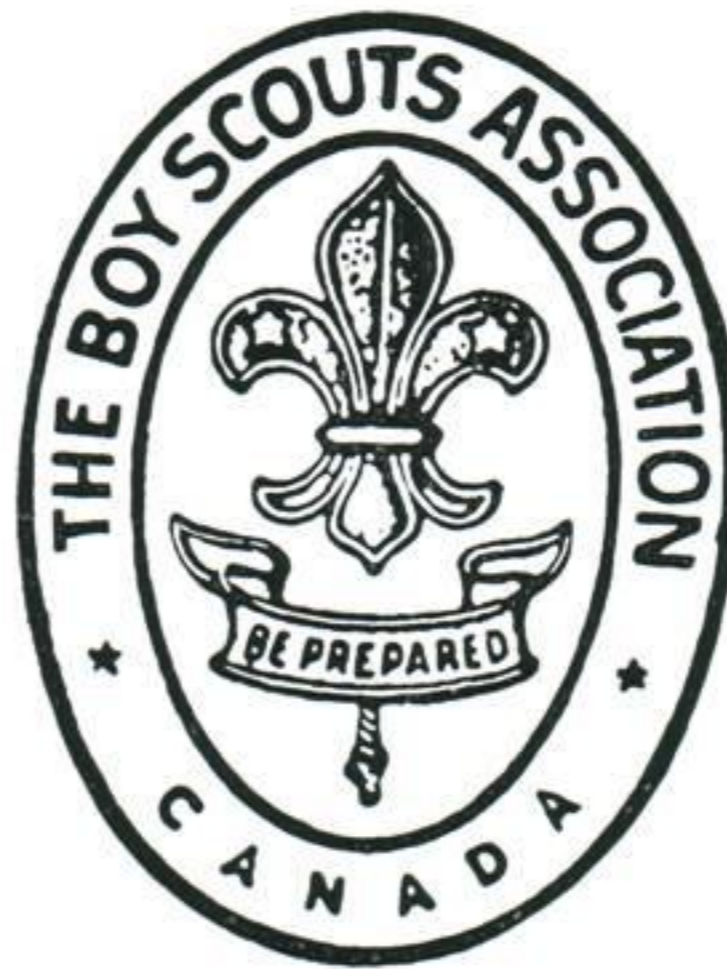
PAN

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# Boy Scouts

4th BLACK FOREST

DISTRICT

The month of February was very active for the Scouts and Cubs on the station. The Scouts "Father and Son" banquet was held on the 7 Feb and the Cubs "Father and Son" banquet was held on the 13 Feb. On Saturday 24 Feb a combined Scout and Cup display was held in the Recreation Centre, and many people saw the projects which were designed and built by the boys. A combined church parade was held on the 25 February with Scouts, Cubs, Guides and Brownies participating.

#### 2nd Black Forest Troop

A couple of months have passed since the last article and much has happened in the interval. Scouts have been passing tests, going on hikes, participating in Boy Scout Week and preparing for the coming spring with its favourable camping weather.



Beaver Pack with new Totem Pole

On 27 Jan we had a very successful hike to the Rhine. Leaving PMQ's about 10 o'clock we followed trail signs through Huegelsheim and on to the Rhine. Here we built our fire and cooked our tinfoil lunches, topping it off with samples of Merv Sabey's tinfoil bread and Ken Sabey's Twist, and a marshmallow roast. On the way back two deer were sighted and the Scouts got a closeup view of their tracks. The weather held out through-out the hike and it proved to be a most enjoyable day.

Moose patrol has been disbanded and a new patrol, called Night Hawk Patrol, has been formed under the leadership of PL Victor Dubois. Two new members of this patrol are Roy Jarvis who transferred from No. 1 Troop and Bruce Arnott who came up from Black Forest Pack and who has already been invested as a Tenderfoot Scout.

A Marksman course was held recently and Merv Sabey, Gill Ross and Mike McElroy completed the tests. Another Marksman course is slated for 5 Mar and other Scouts will be attending.

An Ambulance course has also been just completed. Those who passed this course are Merv Sabey, Ken Sabey, Gill Ross, Brian Hayes, Mike McElroy and Victor Dubois. In case many

of you do not realize what this test entails, here are the requirements:

- (a) Repass 1st class Health and Safety Rules.
- (b) Know how to deal with choking, burns, poison, foreign body in the eyes, sprains and bruises.
- (c) Know how to improvise splints and diagnose and treat fractures.
- (d) Know how to diagnose and treat fits, fainting and insensibility, drag an insensible person with ropes and improvise a stretcher.
- (e) Know the Shafer and Holger-Nielsen methods of artificial respiration.
- (f) Know the causes of and how to treat constipation, diarrhoea, indigestion, chills and colds, headaches, rashes and sore throat.

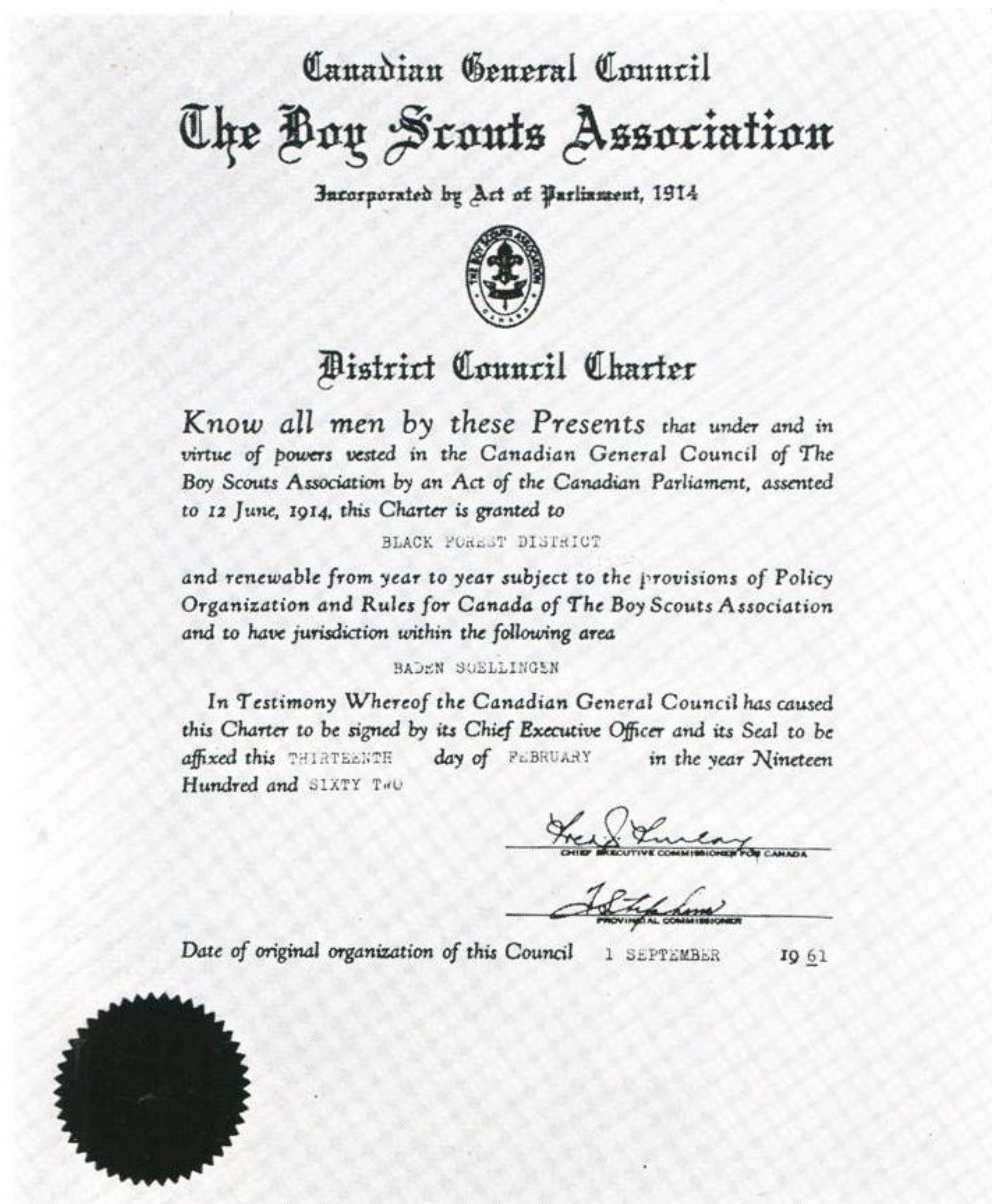
The Scouts who passed this course are to be congratulated on completing one of the more difficult tests.

On the weekend of the 17th Feb Merv Sabey and Ben Dennis, along with Rick Jones from No. 3 Troop to the Golden Arbow Course. All three are presently completing qualifications for Queen's Scout awards and should be eligible fairly soon.

Merv Sabey has received his Religion and Life Award and Ken Sabey has completed his 2nd Class and has started work on his 1st Class Tests. Bob Talbot was invested as a Tenderfoot Scout on the 15th Feb and has completed 4 of his 2nd Class Tests.

In the past month we have visits from American Scouts from Karlsruhe and a German Scout from Buhl. Arrangements have been made for a joint overnight camp on the 17th and 18th of March with the American Troop from Karlsruhe.

This camp along with other hikes and week-end camps point toward a very active and interesting spring where the scouts can put to use some of the knowledge gained in meetings and courses throughout the winter.



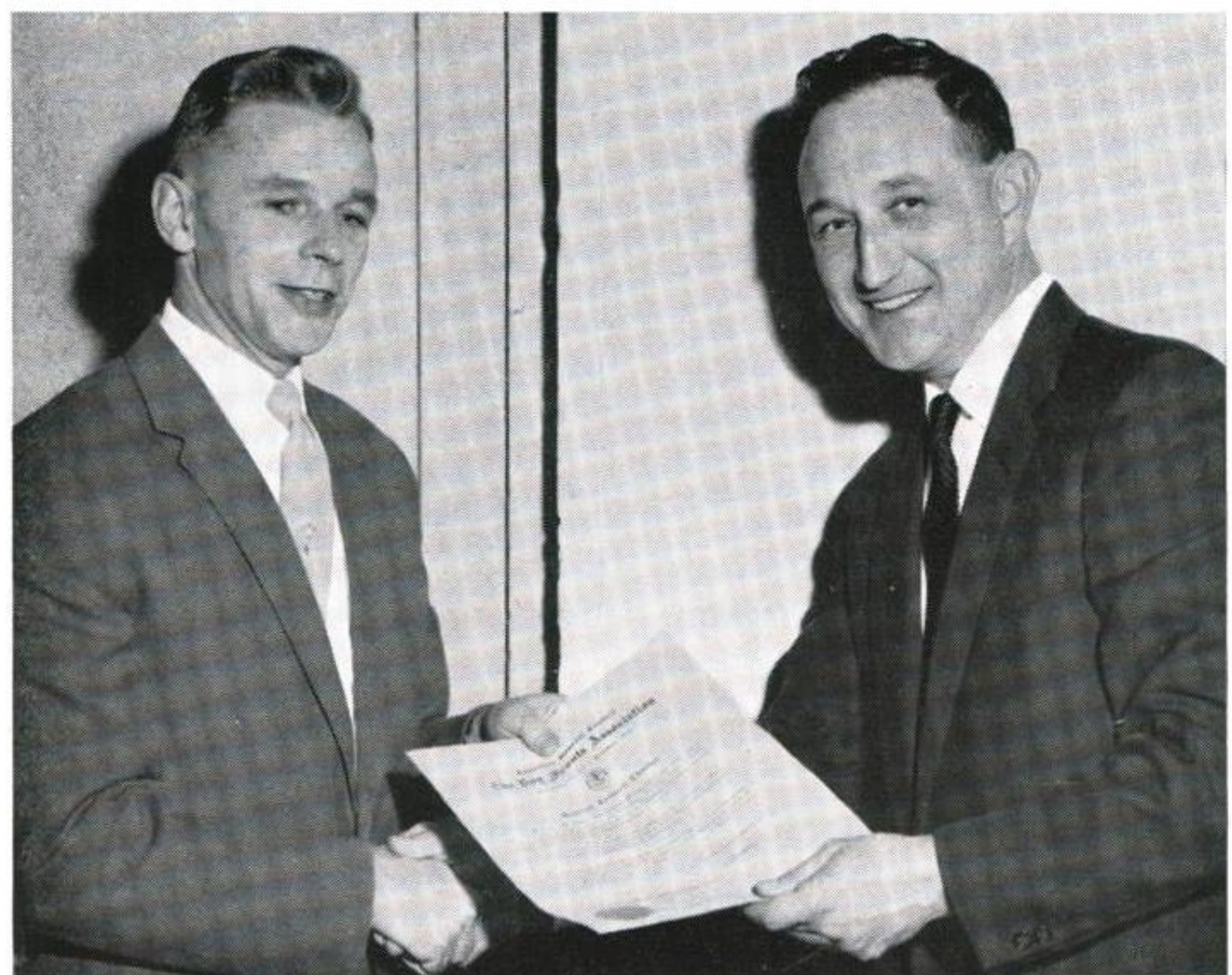
To the Children of the:  
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& Scouts of the Black Forest District  
in Baden-Soellingen, Germany.  
Dear Friends of UNICEF:

We wish to extend our very deep appreciation to all for your generous gift to UNICEF. Your outstanding gift indicates a well organized program where all have co-operated to make the lives of needy children happier. As a result of this genuine concern for others and your willingness to share, your Hallo-we'en celebrations will echo around the world in the happy laughter of children who will be able to look forward to a life free from disease and malnutrition.

At present UNICEF is giving aid to over 400 projects in the under-developed areas of the world. This means that 56,000,000 children and mothers have been given the chance to lead healthy, productive lives through the support of the United Nations Children's Fund. Contributions such as yours enable UNICEF to carry on this work from year to year and to reach thousands of children who require care.

We are enclosing some information which will explain in further detail the aims and operations of UNICEF. Also included is certificates of appreciation which we hope will indicate to each person or child who participated in this endeavour the gratitude felt by us and by the many youngsters abroad who will benefit from your gift.

Yours sincerely,  
Jane Robertson,  
Assistant Executive Director



Charter is presented to S/L Manion, Chairman of the Group Committee, by S/L Hewer.

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**PROTESTANT LADIES CHAPEL GUILD**

We are enjoying another year in our Protestant Ladies Guild with the Fall Bazaar and our future cook book taking the limelight in activities. Our membership has increased and the faithful members and hard workers have done an excellent job to make our projects a success. Mrs. Ilien Coffey was Bazaar convenor and under her leadership we've had the best one yet. Nearly \$500 has been raised showing clearly the effort put into the undertaking. Our funds go toward chapel requirements such as new vases, kneeling pads, junior choir gowns, literature for guild meetings, slides and books for the Sunday School, and our annual donation to the Vellore-Ludhiana Mission. This year we sent \$250 to them and sincerely hope that it will help them in their great mission of mercy.

At Christmas this year we had a very nice social evening with the Catholic Chapel Guild, and are looking forward to their return invitation on March the 20th. Every member is urged to take note of this date and join with us in the fellowship that our Lord wishes us to have with our fellow man. Any new members wishing to attend our get-togethers should contact the Padre or a regular member. Our meetings are held on the first Tuesday of every month unless otherwise stated.

On March the 9th is this year's Women's World Day of Prayer. The Metz Chapel Guild has very kindly invited the other Wings to join with them in their service. At our own station there will be a service in the chapel, and a baby-sitting room has been reserved in the Nursery School. We hope that all our ladies will realize the need for prayer and fellowship to further World Peace and Goodwill.

Another date to watch is April the 3rd. Jot that one down NOW! The Rev. Mr. Herb Jantzen and Mrs. Jantzen from Baden will be our guests at the Easter meeting. I know that this evening will be every bit as enjoyable as last year's evening with them, and we are sure to find inspiration for stewardship when we realize the work they are doing in Europe. This is a Canadian couple who are over here with their family and who are continually proving their sincerity and love of God by their work with those less fortunate than ourselves. Mrs. Jantzen is our devotional leader this year, and is a valuable member to our committee. In remembering the message behind the Easter story I'm sure we can gain in strength by joining together with the Jantzens for an evening which promises to be not only interesting but inspiring.

Future activities are confined to the production of a cook-book under the capable leadership of Mrs. Coffey again, and a bake sale to be held in conjunction with the release of the book once it's published. We hope this will be in May. Our book will include European recipes, and some of them will make your mouth water!

Our thanks goes out most heartily to Padre and Mrs. Mould who never fail to give us their utmost help and support. Mrs. Mould has been our guest speaker on a number of occasions in the past two years and has made our evenings at guild most enjoyable with her humorous approach to her subjects. The Padre's interest in our meetings and projects is greatly appreciated and his advice is not only sought, but taken, with thanks.

Here is the Executive for this year.

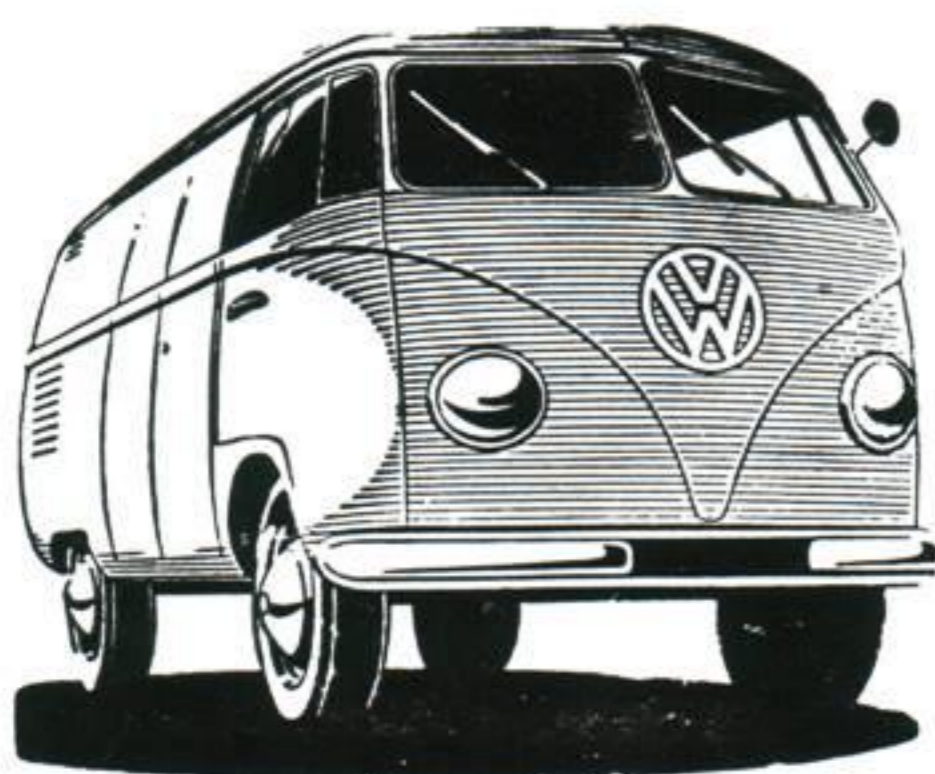
- President: Mrs. Joan Gummesson
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- Secretary: Mrs. Marion Lucy
- Treasurer: Mrs. Margaret Perry
- Devotional Leader: Mrs. Carol Jantzen
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- Cards: Mrs. Elizabeth Mayo, Mrs. Dorothy Slauenwhite, Mrs. Jane Robertson
- Hospital Cards: Mrs. W. J. Everett
- Advertising: Mrs. Marilyn Abthorpe
- Bazaar & Cookbook: Mrs. Ilien Coffey
- Flowers: Mrs. Paula Bakaluk, Mrs. Joan Busche
- Librarian: Mrs. Marion Mould
- Pianist: Mrs. Janette Last
- Social Convenor: Miss Rachael Woodburn

Our thanks goes to all those who visited new-comers to 4 Wing. Anyone who did not receive a visit and would like some information or a friendly chat, phone the Padre, or call on any of the above.

**OFFICER'S WIVES CLUB**

On the evening of the 14th of February the Officer's Wives Club met in the ladies lounge of the Officer's Mess. The lounge was gaily decorated in a Valentine motif, the work of our entertainment committee. After a short business session, the main event of the evening was forthcoming — a fashion show of clothing from our **very own** Tailor Shop and PX. Our charming commentator, Doris Tuelle provided a running commentary as each model displayed the costumes ranging from sports-wear to evening coat. Alice Hawkins very kindly supplied suitable background music on the piano. Working behind the scenes to help the models were Joyce Steede and Barbara Stead. Our lovely models were Sybil McNabb, Dorothy Patching, Nora McQuiggan, June Carle' and Joan Gummesson who presented the costumes in such a delightful manner that many of us were ready to scurry off "schnell" to the PX. Mrs. Moore from the PX who gave valuable assistance in preparing the show, advised the ladies to please ask and they would do their best to supply us with the requested items.

A pleasant evening was concluded over coffee and a delicious lunch, complete with a giant valentine cake provided by the ladies of 419 Squadron.

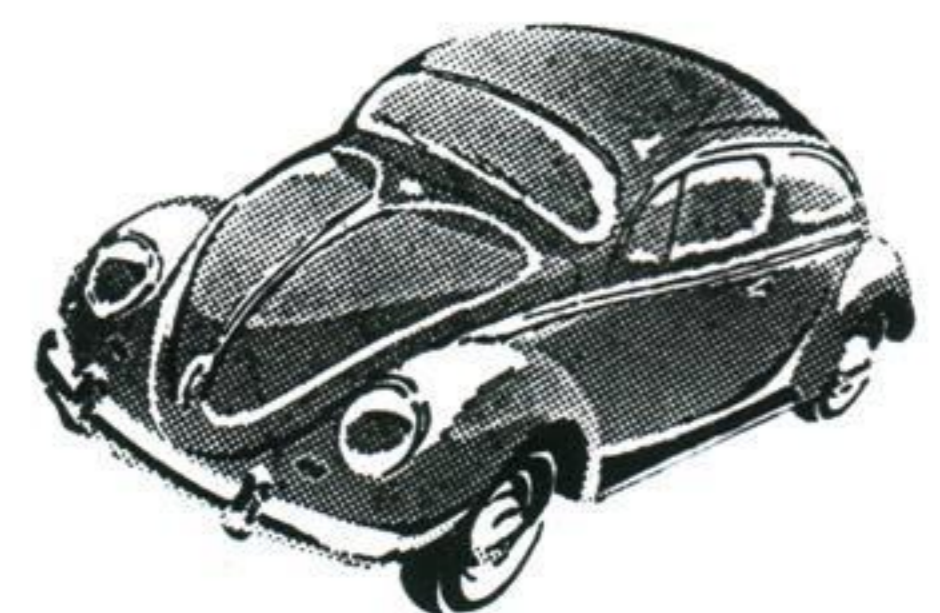


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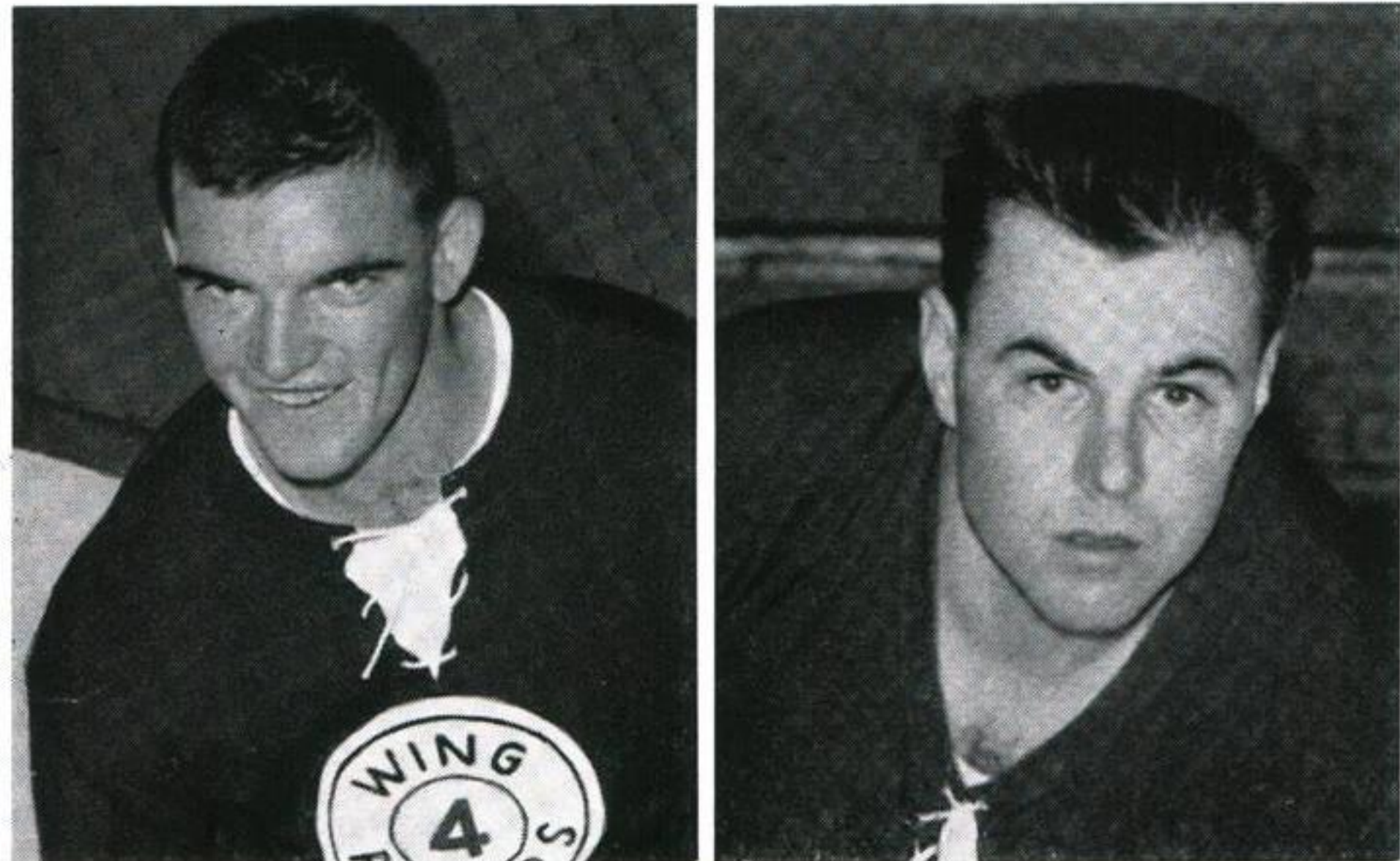
# Sports and RECREATION

## MEET THE RAIDERS

by Chuck Thornhill

The Raiders, after defeating both 2 and 3 Wing in the wind-up of the Air Division League, have capitalized and cinched the top spot. By the time this month's Flieger is in circulation, the Raiders will have played one game in the home and home series with the winner of the semi-finals of the Air Division League. The following dates indicate home games for the Raiders with the Air Division semi-finalists; March 13, 21, 27; Mar 17 and 24 will be away games. At this time of writing, we know that there will be additional games for the Raiders, but as yet the dates are not available.

The Raiders, in the season, have had some well played hockey both at home and away. Sure they lost some games and won some against teams that were not of the calibre of the Raiders. I believe that the Raiders have given us here at 4 Wing and the people at away games, some exciting and thrilling hockey. I know that after speaking with many of the fans, we are behind this club all the way and we will continue to support them through the Air Division Championship.



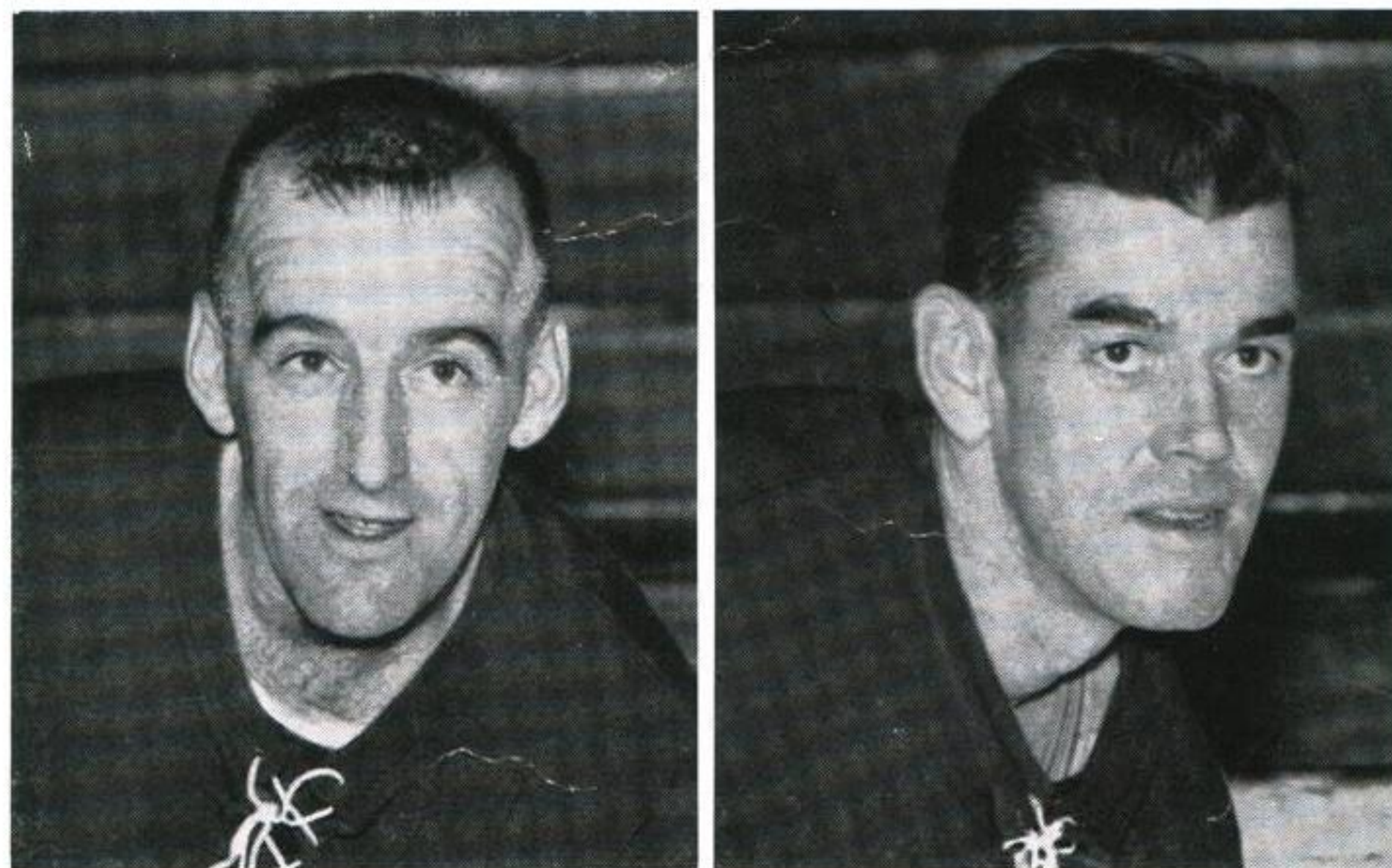
F/O MERV WREN comes from Renfrew, Ontario, where he played intermediate "A" hockey with the Renfrew Royals. Although this is his first year with the Raiders, one can expect to see him on the line next year as he is a capable right winger. Merv played some hockey at RCAF Portage and Penhold. A Hatchetman, married, and at present a resident of Baden-Baden.

Cpl. BRIAN MULLEN, a Hull Quebec product who has enjoyed hockey from the high school level to Intermediate "C" in Ottawa. Brian played Junior "B" for the Hull-Vollant, the 5 S.D. Flyers at Moncton, N.B. and in the 54-55 season he was on the team that played in the finals for Maritime Air Command Championships. Brian has been a Raider now for four years and has always displayed that determination of getting that puck up forward and scoring.

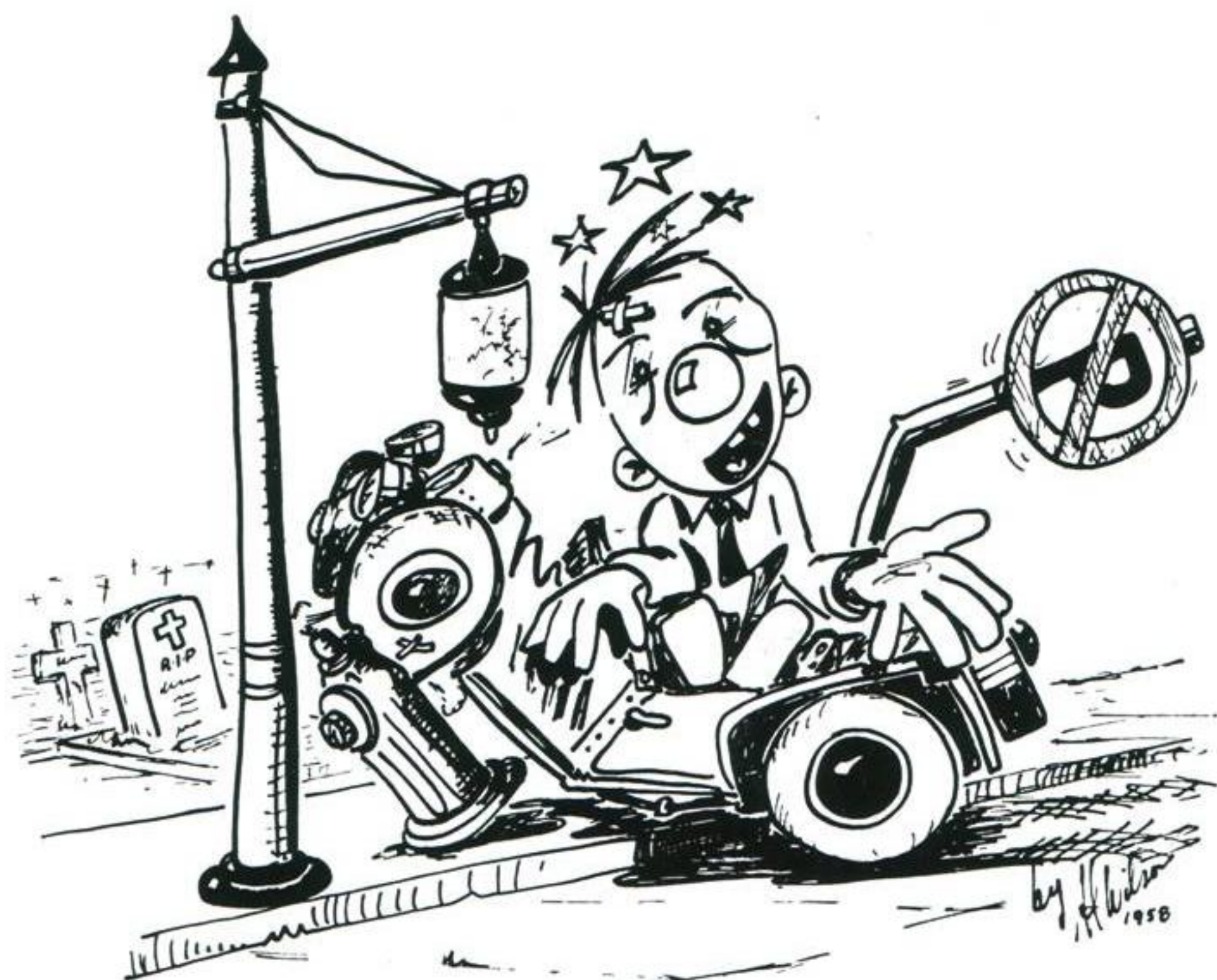
LAC BOB MUISE is one of our outstanding defencemen of the Raiders where his abilities as a defenceman has helped

the Raiders out of a rut when so deemed. During his time of hockey he has played for such teams as the Sydney Jr. "A" Millioners. In his 8 years as an airman Bob played for RCAF Cold Lake (55-59), HQ (Inter-section) here at 4 Wing (59-60). A Raider for the period (60-62). One of his high lights of hockey was when he played inter-section hockey here for HQ and beat the Combines 3 straight in the semi-finals.

NOTE: I understand that some of the present Raiders played for the Combines during that season (59-60).



SGT. GEORGE MCCABE, finesse, ability and sportsmanship seems to be the titles of which George is characterized by. The oldest man on skates for the Raiders and yet one of the main performers. During his 20 years of hockey he played for the RCAF Trenton Flyers (47-48), St. Thomas University (New Brunswick 50-51), RCAF North Bay (52-55), RCAF Cold Lake (55-59) and the 4 Wing Raiders 59-62. While playing for St. Thomas University they proved to be the Provincial Champions. As a note, most of George's hockey has been of the Intermediate "A" Calibre.



"... BUT I WAS TOO DRUNK TO WALK!"

**INTER  
SECTION  
LEAGUE  
CHAMPIONS  
1961-62**



Back row, left to right: S. Manderville (Equip manager), LAC W. Kilpatrick, G. Metevier, Cpl A. Blackett, LAC C. Flynn, LAC R. Clackson, Cpl K. E. Robarts. Front row: T. Hudson, W. Turdian, Sgt A. Gervais (Manager), W. Kane, LAC R. Muise (Coach), LAC C. St Pierre. Missing: F/L K. Pardy, Cpl R. Wiggins.

The Headquarters team, after losing the first game of the play-offs to Wing Maintenance, went ahead to take the championships by winning the next three games straight. The final game on 18 February was won when the one and only goal of the game was scored by Clackson from Hudson.

Throughout the series one could feel the anxiety, the build-up for fine sportsman-like hockey. Both teams had fought hard throughout the series thus giving the fans a very good series from their viewpoint.

With a word on the Inter-section League, one could sum up by saying "The esprit de corps of the league, the management and the coaching were the main factors in making this league the success it was this year.

Once again, to coach Bob Muise and his Headquarters team, congratulations on winning the Wing's Inter-section Hockey Championship 1961-62.

**R. C. A. F.**



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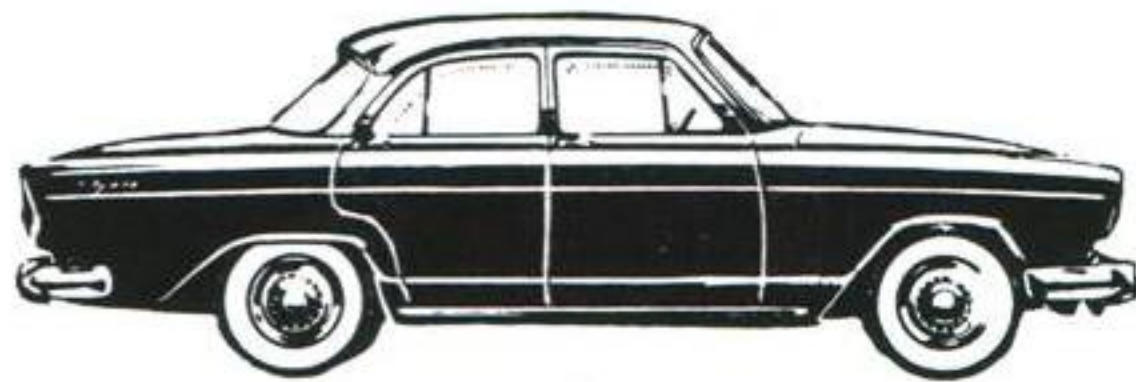
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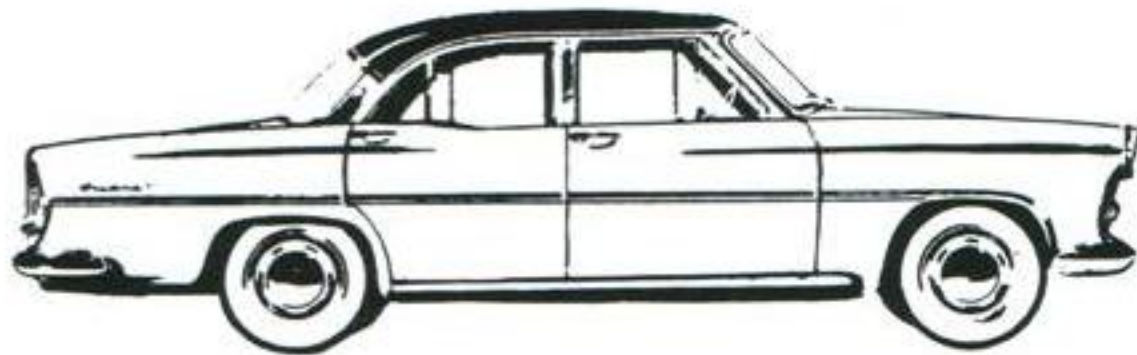
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