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Talepipe



THE HOTTEST THING EAST OF THE ATLANTIC

VOL. II

OCTOBER, 1953

No. 12



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- ★ SECOND ANNIVERSARY 1 FIGHTER WING



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EDITORIAL

The opinion has been expressed that once an airman becomes officially involved with one or more of the many station social or recreational activities his section loses interest in him. Because he is so often absent from his job for varied periods of time his share of the section's work must be borne by others. Gradually the section becomes accustomed to functioning without him and cares little whether he turns up for work or is attending a meeting. The man is passed over in the promotion lists and his services to the station personnel go unrewarded except for a possible vote of thanks "to the outgoing committee." In the minds of many individuals there is formed the idea that to serve on a station committee or to participate in any station activity is tantamount to ending a promising career.

Unfortunately there is sufficient truth in such an idea to warrant comment. Familiar to all of us is the personable serviceman who has given generously of his time, skill, and experience to recognised station committees or organisations, but who has remained at the same rank for a discouragingly long time. (By "long" we mean nine years or more). On being queried his section head usually comments that so far as he is concerned the

man is a dead loss to the section because he is so rarely there; and it is in the section only that he, the section head, assesses the man's performance—not in the committees, or sports teams, or the band. Harrassed himself by the administrative and technical details of his work and possibly by the demands upon him of an executive post on some committee, he is not happy to lose an individual from his section no matter how official and authorised the person's excuse may be.

There are many committees on an RCAF station and to protect the interests of everybody representation is usually spread to cover all groups. All individuals, therefore, should be willing to serve. Indeed, they are expected to serve. But it is worthwhile remembering that the practise of his trade is the important thing to a serviceman. For this reason he should see that his committee work interferes as little as possible with his section work. The suggestion is also offered that he belong to only one of the committees which normally meet during working hours. Activities not vital to station functions should be participated in only after working hours.

It is worthwhile noting that it is the degree to which a person is willing to sacrifice his own time, not the service's, which will win him recognition.

"The Talepipe"

This magazine is published monthly by the personnel of RCAF 1 Fighter Wing, North Luffenham, England, with the kind permission of G/C J. D. Somerville, DSO, DFC, CD.

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The "Talepipe" has a circulation of 1,300 free copies. It is distributed in Canada and other parts of the globe. Advertising rates for display ads may be obtained on application.

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NOTTINGHAM LEAGUE CHAMPIONS

For the second consecutive year the station baseball team have won the Harvey Trophy, which is emblematic of the Nottingham League Championship. With the addition of RCAF Langar to the league and the English team playing a better brand of ball, the competition was keener this year.

Under the English rules there are no playoffs. The team finishing in first place is champion. The championship this season was not decided until the last game, when the local team nosed out RCAF Langar for first place.

Players with 25 Times at Bat or More

	At Bat	Hits	Average
Adams	86	45	522
Kendall	65	33	508
Knapick	56	25	446
Lermoges	25	11	440
Newberry ...	37	16	433
Mason	68	27	398
Weston	53	20	378
Terrio	33	12	364
Guilbault ...	69	24	348
Ursich	29	10	345
Biernes	30	6	200

Catching Staff

Don Boehmer—Don developed a good curve at the beginning of the season and had no trouble winning 5 games with no losses.

Fern Limoges—won six in a row, then retired to Skegness to recuperate from an appendicitis operation.

Larry Rombough—a young pitcher who shows a lot of promise.

Bud Mercier—pitched most of the tough ones with good control and lots of speed.

Al Laing—did all the relief pitching and helped coach the team.

Tomato Dawe—(on loan from 426 Squadron), by far the best pitcher in the league.

Infielders

Red Biernes—a good receiver, who showed lots of fight and determination to win.

'New' Newberry—another catcher, who did a good job behind the plate.

Norm Weston—a young first baseman who improved with every game, and should be top player in a year or two.

Al Knapick—captain of the team while playing second base. Al had a good season both at bat and in the infield.

Frank Adams—topped the league with his hitting, average of 522 and had a terrific season.



Top Photo — Outfielders
Middle " — Infielders
Bottom " — Pitchers

Frank Ursick—we had to raise the age limit so Frank could play. He played short stop—was as good as any short stop in the league.

Outfielders

Bill Kendall—played right field and was by far the best clutch hitter in the league. Bill finished the season hitting 507.

Guilbault—a top centre fielder and the fastest man on the team.

Terrio—a versatile player with plenty of style and speed.

E. C. Mason—a utility player with plenty of know how.

Dough Linsay—who had a good start with the team, but had to quit because of his many commitments.

Fergy Ferguson—who suffered a back injury and could only play a few games, but made his mark.

Fred King—was another good ball player, who started with the team but had to return to his unit (426 Squadron) after playing three games.

Zeke Zagrodney—secretary and score keeper for the team. Needless to say that she also added all the glamour to the team.

Supporters—last but not least there were the supporters, who gave all the encouragement necessary for the team to finish on top.

A word also for **Ed Yaternick** and the other umpires, who gave their time and ability so freely for the baseball team.

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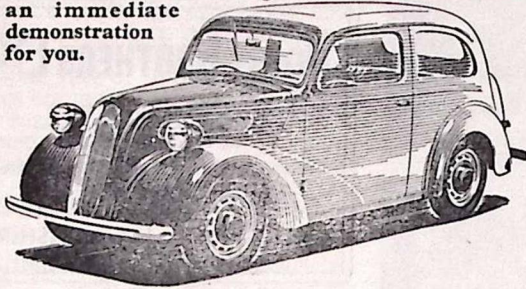
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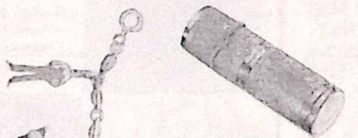
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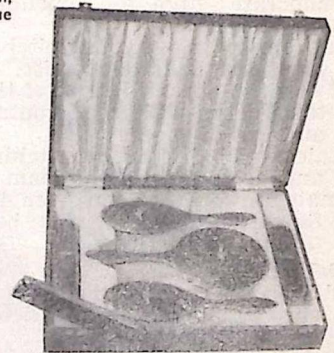
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SHARP SHOOTERS WIN HONOURS

As there has not been any news of the rifle club in the past few issues we would like to bring you up to date with our activities.

With the completion of the County's Winter Leagues we found our Sabre "A" team receiving a cup for winning Division V in the "Leicester and Rutland League." Congratulations go out to members of this team which did not lose a match in that league. Sabre "A" team also placed second in the Rutland Miniature League—Division II.

Congratulations also to the members of Sabre "B" team who won the shield for Division III, in the Rutland Miniature League. This team also placed second in Division VI of the Leicestershire and Rutland small bore league.

Sabre "C" team also made good attempts but were only able to place second in one of the leagues.

Our winter small bore session was highly successful in that club members were able to shoot manyoulder-to-shoulder matches both our own range and away. A few of these matches were shot against such names as Lincolnshire Constabulary, Oakham Home Guard, Blackstone Engineering of Stamford and others.

The Century Club within the Sabre Rifle Club was formed. Membership is restricted to club members who shoot a 100 target in a match or practice. Such members will receive a "Century"



Sabre Rifle Club Annual Dinner, with Club President S/L DT Bain (centre) receiving Trophy

Photo Cpl Hill

medal. It is planned that a wind up will be held in the near future and trophies and medals will be presented.

The Club began full bore shooting in the spring. Practices were run at Grapham Range and club members practised exercises conforming to the Britannia Shield Competition regulations and the RAF small arms competition rules.

In June, nine members from No. 1 Fighter Wing and F/O Gregory from Langar attended the RAF championship meet at Bisley. F/O Gregory tied for top in the non-tyro event and won three pounds. Other competitors from this sta-

tion did fairly well with FS Sewell winning 15 shillings in the sweep-stake, shooting 34 out of 35 at 200 yards, and Cpl Hodgins winning 10 shillings with 33 out of 35 at 200 yards. A great deal of experience was gained by all members who attended this meet.

On the last day of the meet the Triangular Competition was held. This shoot consisted of firing at 200 500 and 600 yard ranges and taking part were the RAF, Civil Service, and for the first time a Commonwealth team. The Commonwealth team was composed of Canadians from 1 Fighter Wing and New Zealanders. The RAF's twenty best shots competed for the 12 places on their team. The Commonwealth team could only rake up fourteen competitors and therefore could only choose the best twelve scores out of fourteen.

After the match, tea was served in the Officers' Mess. The following scores were given: Civil Service won the match with a score of 1,650; RAF was second with 1,597 and the Commonwealth team third with 1,578. F/O Gregory received a silver tankard from the RAF and Civil Service teams for shooting the highest score on the Commonwealth team.

Some of the club members also belong to the Rutland County Full Bore League. This club held a shoot on 26 July for the Donegall badge which is presented by the National Rifle Association. The badge was won by Cpl A. W. Hodgins of the Sabre Rifle Club. He



Cpl Hodgins instructing LAC Hatton at the Sabre Rifle Club

Photo Cpl Roberts

also won a jewelled dagger for highest score at 200 yards with 48 out of a possible 50.

The members of the Sabre Rifle Club are now looking forward to competing for the Britannia shield in early November. This will be the first time that Canada has taken part in this competition. Other countries taking part in the shoot will be the United States, Great Britain, Sweden, France and others.

The Sabre Rifle Club has had their annual meeting and the results are as follows:

- Honorary Chairman—S/L Bain.
 Chairman—F/O Moore.
 Secretary—Cpl Hodgins.
 Statistics—LAC Tupper.
 Match Arrangement—
 Sgt Cunningham.
 Entertainment Chairman—
 WO Edey.
 Members—LAC Villiers
 LAC Buker.
 Publicity—LAC Hatton.

The range will be open on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings starting at 1900 hrs. The membership is now 90 with room for more.

All personnel welcome.

Here is a chance to learn to shoot, which is, from a service point of view, a very useful skill. Qualified instructors are ready to help you at any time.

Until the next issue—good shooting!

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GOUGH'S CAVE

By Cpl K. I. GIBSON

For the traveller interested in Britain's ancient monuments there is one that stands alone. Though neither a castle nor an ancient abbey, it dates well back beyond the time of civilised man, for this is Gough's Cave situated in Cheddar Gorge in Somerset.

The Gorge itself is very beautiful, being best appreciated when approached from the upper plain in travelling down the gorge towards the sea. Down a rugged cleft in between high towering walls of granite, the road winds for some seven miles and near the lower end of the gorge is the entrance to Gough's Cave.

The cave is the bed of an ancient river which flowed underground countless centuries ago to empty into Cheddar Gorge.

So far, men have followed this old river bed underground for a distance of some three miles but as yet no one knows the source. Even to-day geologists have found evidence that the river now flows on an even lower strata.

Of the cave open to the public, one is able to penetrate for a distance of a little over a quarter of a mile. Every bend of the ancient stream bed brings a new and panoramic view to sight.

Stalactites hanging from the roof reach down to contact the stalagmites rearing their colourful fingers from the floor; many through the centuries have joined to become solid pillars of coloured stone.

It is estimated that the growth of the stalactites and stalagmites both is about one inch per thousand years, so this evidence alone bears out the theory that countless thousands of years have elapsed since the river changed its course.

Many of the almost transparent formations have been lit by small electric light bulbs placed cunningly behind the rocks. Although no coloured bulbs are used the scenes are breathtaking in beauty as coloured minerals, which have been delicately painted by nature blend into the various formations.

Turning one of the many corners, you are instructed to concentrate your gaze on a still dark pool of water, which is then floodlighted. One is awestruck by the picture of the reflected ceiling; for here in the water is a beautiful picture of what is justly called the Swiss Village.

Other scenes such as Aladdin's Garden, King Solomon's Temple and the frozen river are sights long to be remembered as they blaze forth in their many colours.

From a botanical view point, the mystery of life is here portrayed. In many places where light bulbs are placed in the ceiling one will find plant life growing out of nearby crevices, small plants and ferns that have been nurtured by the heat and light of an electric bulb. Seeds that must have been carried by the river centuries ago and deposited in the many cracks and crevices, have finally germinated in the age of electricity.

Nature certainly has given us a glimpse of her most artistic side.

At the entrance to the cave a museum has been founded and houses a rich collection of relics uncovered during excavating and alterations near the mouth of the cave.

Many of these are in the form of bones and skulls of many different types of beasts and even of a number of prehistoric man which is proof that the cave has been occupied by man for many centuries.

For those whose interest lies more with the architecture of nature than that of man this cave is truly a work of art which should not be missed.

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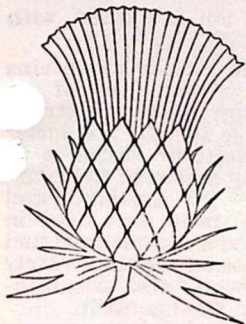
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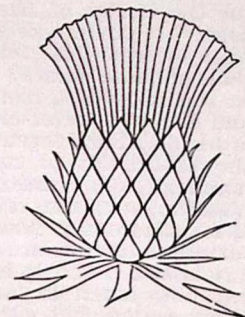
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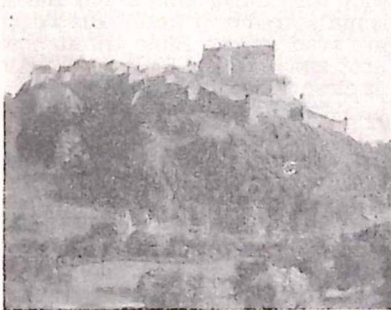
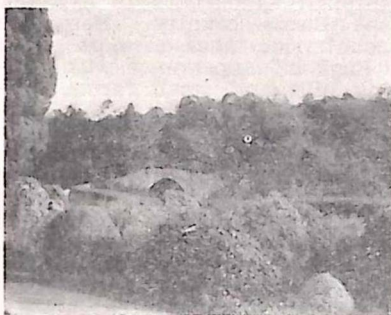
By Cpl. Grace Harris



Scotland may often be considered only as the "top half" of England, easily covered in a week. We found after two weeks midst the heather and bracken that Scotland is a country with a character of its own. It has limitless points of natural beauty and historic interest which would take months to explore properly.

Edinburgh, our first stop, is one of the most popular cities in Great Britain. Famed Princes Street offers a wealth of attractive shops and during our stay was never free from the congestion of tourists from all over the world. Crouching in the background is the famous Edinburgh Castle still creating the atmosphere of protectiveness for which it was, as a fort, originally built. On touring the city, an inner glimpse of the castle was one of the highlights of the Royal Mile. The interior of the castle, though seething with many historical tragedies and victories, did not impress us as greatly as another large building situated on Calton Hill—the Scottish War Memorial. It was the finest memorial of its kind we had ever seen and, no doubt, one of the best known in Great Britain.

From Edinburgh our steps were directed to the ancient burgh of Stirling which, similar to Edinburgh, has a castle situated on a bluff overlooking the city and from which a magnificent view can be obtained. We felt ourselves particularly at home in this small, quiet city and from thence we took one of our most unforgettable tours to the Trossachs. The Trossachs are the Highlands in miniature and seem to have a little of everything. Although the mountains of Scotland can in no way compare to the Rockies, they are beautiful in their own special way, some heavily wooded with evergreens, others rugged and rocky, covered with heather and bracken. From Stirling our 'bus made its way through Doune, Callender and Kilmahog to Loch Katrine in the Trossachs. Our driver supplied us with information and, through his eyes, the legendary figure of Rob Roy could be seen lurking in the forests of this territory which had once been his. At Loch Katrine we were able to enjoy a two-hour cruise down the Loch, past Ellen's Isle where it is said Sir Walter Scott wrote his memorable Lady-of-the-Lake. It



Top Photo — Ellen's Isle
 Middle " — Brig o' Doon
 Bottom " — Edinburgh Castle

Photos by Cpl Grace Harris

was a beautiful day and the water so clear and smooth that the reflection of the mountains was as realistic as an image in a mirror. After the cruise we returned to the city via Aberfoyle, Port of Menteith and Thornhill. The 'bus driver,

discerning our excitement over the heather, stopped in an especially suited spot and our day was complete as we clutched our first bunch of heather.

Perth was but a night's stop over and we saw only enough of the city to say that it lives up to its surname of "the Fair City," charmingly situated between its green "Inches" on the right bank of the Tay.

From Perth we travelled by 'bus to Aberdeen at the mouth of the Dee River. Aptly named the "granite city," Aberdeen is extremely prosperous and bustling, with most of its buildings constructed of granite. We noticed immediately that the dialect spoken here was much more difficult to understand and carried out with a rolling of the r's and clacking of the tongue to be barely discernible as English at times. (To that I expect a Scotsman would reply that it "wasna' English mon, but Scotch!") From here we took a tour up the wooded valley of the Dee into the Grampian Mountains and were rewarded with some of the finest scenery in Scotland. Our route as described in the pamphlet was as follows: "This tour take its way westward by Garlogie, Torphins. At Craskins a wonderful panorama of the Dee Valley unfolds with the Grampian Mountains in the background. The River Dee is first glimpsed at Cambus O'May, and we follow the north bank of the Tullich, thence by the rugged Pass of Ballater, Bridge of Gairn, thence Glen Gairn, Gairnshiel and General Wade's Road to Balmoral, then via Clachanturn, Abergeldie Castle, Dalraddie, Strathgirnock to Ballater. The homeward road is by Pannanich, Tomdarroch, Dee Castle, Glentanner, Brig O'Ess, Birsmore, Torquhandallochy, Potarch, Coulnacraig, Shooting Greens to Feughside, Strachan, Brig O'Feugh, where the water cascades over the rocks and forms a noted salmon leap, and thence by

the Old Bridge of Dee into Aberdeen." It would take a true Scotsman to wind his tongue around some of those names! Our driver on this trip was a real highlander and seemed a never-ending source of historical and legendary facts—the battlefields of many of the highland clans, castles and their histories, etc., were revealed to us. It is humorous to note that many historical legends are preceded by "It is said" and it is difficult to tell how much is fact and how much fiction, but either way the stories are charming and colourful. As noted, our tour led us to Balmoral castle, but with the Royal Family in residence we were only able to view it from a distance. In appearance it is much the same as the many other castles seen in Scotland, but is saved by its beautifully kept gardens and lawns. It is situated in a particularly isolated but scenic spot, surrounded by mountains.

We had wondered often, as you may have, if in the vast selection of mountainous country Scotland has to offer, there is ever enough snowfall for skiing. We found that this sport is popular in that part of the central highlands at Aviemore and there are probably many other spots.

We again travelled by 'bus from Aberdeen to Inverness, known as the capital of the Highlands. Inverness is a clean, modern-looking town at the mouth of the River Ness. Nearby is Loch Ness in which, supposedly, lurks the mysterious monster. Here we found an amazing change in speech and, although the finest BBC English in the world is reported to be spoken, we detected the faint semblance of the Scottish burr nevertheless. Because of its situation Inverness is very popular with tourists and was crowded to capacity at the time of our visit. From the city we took the longest tour of our trip, to John O'Groats. This tour is very popular with visitors to Scotland as John O'Groats is the northernmost point of the Scottish mainland. We were carried along the eastern coast through picturesque highland mountains and forests but gradually as we travelled further north, the trees dwindled out until finally the country was nothing but dark rolling moors dotted with heather. The appearance was rather grim but at the same time majestic. The climax of our journey, John O'Groats consisted mainly of a tourist inn. The day was especially gloomy making the atmosphere

even more appropriate for such an out-of-the-way spot. The coastline is jagged and rocky and through the mist the faint line of the islands of Orkney were visible. On the return journey the sky began to clear and clouds of Scotch mist hovering over the moors and dark mountains created an unforgettable impression.

Not daring to venture further west because of the tourist season and scarcity of accommodation, we went direct from Inverness by train to Glasgow. Glasgow is the industrial centre of Scotland and the second city for population in Great Britain. It is not unlike a city you would expect to find at home—dirty, noisy and bustling with activity. It was here we expected to do most of our shopping but were rather discouraged by the high prices. However, we had a marvellous time spending our remaining few pounds and exploring the shops on Sauchiehall Street.

We remained in Glasgow four nights and from there took two 'bus tours. The first took us south through Kilmarnock to Ayr and the Burns country. Here the countryside takes on more of an "English" appearance with rolling hills and small farms. We visited in Alloway the cottage built by Robert Burns' father in which some of the original furniture remains. Nearby on the banks of the Doon stands one of the many Burns monuments in the midst of a colourful garden. There also is the bridge made famous by Burns' Brig O'Doon. Although this part of Ayrshire is scattered far and wide with Burnsiana, Robby Burns is not sacred only here. His works are read as the Bible throughout Scotland and he will always remain as close to a patron saint as such a lady-lover could be!

Our next tour was perhaps a little more striking scenically and took us north of Glasgow through Balloch along the shores of Loch Lomond. One of the most magnificent lochs in Scotland, it is broad, dotted with islands, its shores heavily wooded, and rising placidly above the Loch is Ben Lomond. From Arrochar at the end of Loch Long we travelled through more highland scenery of mountain and glen to Stachur, from thence to the Kyles of Bute and back along the peaceful shores of Loch Eck. At this point the 'bus developed a flat tire and we had an ideal opportunity to gather more heather and walk on the rocky shores of the Loch. Our return route was slightly deviated, yet nowhere were

we anything but delighted with what we saw.

Through the various mountains on our tours we saw a few of the Highland shaggy cattle and, stranger still, orange sheep. The latter remained a constant puzzle to us until we finally mustered the courage to declare our ignorance and were told the sheep were dyed in order to keep off a certain specimen of flea. Another animal rarely seen was the white deer, occasionally spotted in the far north.

On the whole we found the Scottish people very quiet and reserved but with an underlying sense of humour and sparkle in the eye. Their various dialects are fascinating and the musical rhythm of the speech holds you spellbound until you find yourself lilting your voice in tune and it is difficult to say "yes" when everyone says "Aye." (We never did find out how they say "no"!))

It is a proud and historic country with a wealth of scenery for every taste. As one Scottish lady said when departing from an exceptionally beautiful tour, "I canna' understand why people want to go abroad, when Scotland is so bonnie."

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HOLIDAY FOR JAZZMAN

I know what some people will be thinking when they hear that the writer has been to London, but, contrary to popular opinion, the Chez-Moi is only a small part of the city.

Last week I spent a very quiet and enjoyable leave without even going near the aforementioned pub. Will power? . . . No, I still owe for a round of drinks. My first step in preparing for the holiday was the booking of theatre tickets through our Entertainment Officer. Having packed all my necessary equipment (tooth brush, etc.), I caught the train for London from North Luffenham station. As soon as I arrived in London I headed for the Chevrons Club and booked my room for the week and proceeded to look over the famous "Lights of London." (No, no, fellahs—electric lights).

One of my reasons for going to London, besides the blonde, was to hear some good, unadulterated jazz. After convincing the girl friend that it would be more fun listening to jazz than sitting alone home and watching the television, we headed for Oxford Circus via the tube. We reached Humphrey Lyttleton's Jazz Club about 20 minutes later and proceeded to circulate among the moldy figs (Dixie fans). After struggling through the crowd and being stomped on by the dancers several times, we finally found a seat and naturally sat down. We had a place about ten feet away from the bandstand, but as the smoke was "rawthu" thick, the only way of knowing where the band was located was by the sound. Humph and his boys were very good, and kept the joint jumping steadily. The fans kept up a steady clamour and the music was alternately 'jumpy' or 'bluesy.' One of the old standbys, "St. Louis Blues," was exceptionally nice. The clarinet man used an alto sax on this tune, and although the alto isn't usually used in a Dixieland combination, it went over very well. All in all, it was a very enjoyable evening. We then called it a night and I took the girl friend home. As the television finished at 10.30, I hurried straight back to the hotel so I could get some real healthful sleep !!!

The shows proved very entertaining. "Guys and Dolls" was highly amusing. Anyone is sure to get a bang out of Damon Runyon's colourful style. The plot

of the show revolves around various Broadway characters such as "Harry the Horse," etc., who are interrupted in the crap playing at various times by the police, dolls, and to top it all off, by a beautiful girl salvationist, who eventually succeeds in getting them all at a mission meeting by collecting an I.O.U. for 12 'genuine' sinners. Vivian Blaine plays the lead "Doll," and is very . . . well, shall we just say very. "Paint Your Wagon," another musical, was also very amusing and colourful, being based on a story of the gold-rush days in California. The story is very fast-moving and at times racy, the main complaint of the miners being the lack of women. This complaint is tactfully put by one of the men as he explains to the only girl in town, "It's one thing missing what you ain't got, but its another thing seeing what you ain't got." When the dancing girls finally do hit town the result is quite an uproar. Between the girl friend trying to tear the opera glasses away from me and watching the show, it was a very lively evening.

The final theatrical outing was at "The Moon is Blue." It is one of the best pieces of stage comedy I've ever seen. It's a new play and probably some of you read about it in a recent issue of "Life" magazine. My only comment to its being condemned by the decency league in New York is "How decent can you get?" Dianna Lyn is perfectly cast in the role of the naive young model, as is Biff McGuire in the part of the honourable young bachelor whose "etchings" she is invited up to see. Robert Flemyng plays an admirable drunkard. In fact the only time he let go of his glass during the whole play was to lift the whiskey decanter. We staggered away from the theatre and caught a bus home, still laughing at the funnier parts of the play.

As a last fling on Friday, we made our way up to Leicester Square and from there, after much wandering around, finally found "Club 51," where the cool music is played. This particular evening they had a very groovy quartette playing and an extra tenor sax man, who came along to "sit in." Between numbers by the quartette, they played records by Woody Herman, Stan Kenton, Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, etc., which kept everyone hopping, or should I say, bopping. This club was much more modern in appearance than Lyttleton's, the



smoke being only half as thick. We floundered through the crowd and reached the small bandstand, where we could get a bird's-eye view of the musicians in action. The music was a real treat to my sound-starved ears; in fact it was the first modern "live" session I'd heard since leaving Canada. All five of the musicians on the stand were very good, each one of them in turn offering up an excellent solo. The group was led by Tony Kinsey. With a surname like his, I was tempted to advise him to expand his group to a SEXTette (sorry, but I just couldn't pass up the chance).

Sunday afternoon I left the "Big Smoke" and headed back to Luffenham. It's surprising how much this city life takes out of a person, in fact it took about thirty quid out of me. The railroad station at Luffenham was a welcome sight to my eyes, but I'm looking forward to my next trip to London. Maybe by that time television will be commercialized and the programmes will be more interesting.

Yours truly,
THE TOURIST.

Historic Site

The Spanish explorer Menendez founded a settlement at St. Augustine, Fla., in 1565.

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Runnymede Memorial



Mr. C. G. Power
Wartime Air Minister

A memorial to missing Canadian and other Commonwealth airmen who lost their lives in the Second World War was unveiled at Runnymede by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth on Saturday, October 17.

Representing 1 Fighter Wing was a Detachment of 32 airmen under the command of F/L Palmer. A/V/M Hugh Campbell, AOC of 1 Air Division, represented the Cas, and A/C Martin Costello also attended the unveiling.

The shrine was built at a cost of more than 420,000 dollars in memory of more than 20,000 Commonwealth airmen—of which more than 3,000 were Canadians—who lost their lives in the European theatre of war. All those commemorated have no known graves.

Built of stone, the memorial contains 52 chapels, each with the badge of the various wartime Air Force Squadrons inscribed on the coppered ceiling.

Norman Robertson, Canadian High Commissioner to the United Kingdom, placed a wreath at the

dedication ceremony on behalf of the Canadian Government.

Veterans Affairs Minister Hugues Lapointe, in his capacity as Officer Agent in Canada of the Imperial War Graves Commission, Builder of the Monument, and C.G. Power, Wartime Air Minister, represented the Canadian Government at the Ceremony.

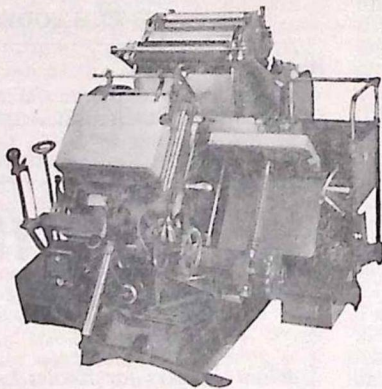
The unveiling ceremony was broadcast by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in Canada at 2.30 p.m. EST, on October 17.

French Regime

Early French explorers called the lower Mississippi area Louisiana after Louis XIV.

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THE GIPSY LIFE

or
WHY WE STAYED THREE WEEKS AT WHIPSNADÉ ZOO

BY CPL H. DYRDA

Touring with a caravan can produce some peculiar circumstances and ours were no exception. I therefore offer our first experiences for the benefit of other beginners like myself—and for the amusement of the old hands.

For months we had made plans for touring England, Scotland and Wales by car and caravan. Because we owned a caravan we had visions of an inexpensive vacation, stopovers and meals at our convenience; a hotel on wheels.

The only major outlay was a car powerful enough to tow three tons of laden van and with room enough to enjoy the trip in comfort. When an eight passenger 1938 Packard with a 34 h.p. engine was brought to our door and offered for a very reasonable price we took the plunge without hesitation; here was the answer to the maiden's prayers. With room to spare and power to burn our good neighbourly instinct prompted us to are our facilities with Sgt Ed Hogan and family. All that remained was to stock up on Commissary food and to map out a route; here the Automobile Association obliged with a detailed itinerary covering approximately 3,000 miles.

Arrangements all completed, we hitched on the caravan, loaded in all the passengers (10 of us); and on a bright sunny 4th of August we left the caravan site heading for the South of England with bulging pocket books and high spirits.

Towing a 22-foot van with an 18-foot car on winding narrow roads struck a chill at first, but having got used to the tail wriggles and the effect of a giant hand pushing one along occasionally against one's will, we found the going to be remarkably uneventful provided speeds were kept down. I don't know whether I appeared scared or dangerous at the wheel, but I was struck by the apparent courtesy of the other road users, with the exception of cyclists who were plodding along in the same direction as myself. I think we managed to pass all of them without mishap, but they were the only people who afforded me any misgivings. Buses, cars, trucks and other heavy traffic politely pulled into the near side of the road to allow me to pass—probably due to the look on my face.

Our first voluntary stop was a mile this side of Corby to view the world's biggest dragline in operation. We tried at this time to persuade the children to take advantage of this halt, but as we found later, they just could not synchronize their needs to our satisfaction.

It was not until we had left the town of Kettering on the road to Wellingborough that we first began to realise we were in for some towing difficulties. Three quarters of the way up a long steep hill we ran out of lower gears to shift into and the car and van started rolling back down the hill. With no previous experience in backing I soon had the van hopelessly jack-knifed across the road. After numerous attempts to straighten ourselves parallel with the road we detected the sickening odour of a burning clutch (it's a very distinct smell which leaves a very lasting impression on your smelling faculties!). This was accompanied with a shower of pouring steam from our radiator. Everything was getting hotter by the minute including our tempers. Then at life's darkest moment to the rescue of the situation and the humbling of our pride came a kind gentleman with a small Austin panel van. He soon had us moving uphill, car, caravan and passengers all in one tow; our car running erratically with overheated engine and slipping clutch was probably impeding the task rather than assisting. After thanking the gentleman from the bottom of our hearts, because he would not accept financial remuneration, we let things cool down to normal and started on our merry way. From then on this overheating and hill climbing was a constant source of anxiety.

The next incident occurred about ten miles out of Wellingborough. We came to one of those famous English "around a sharp corner—a steep hill ahead" type of situations, and as luck would have it two cyclists struggling abreast in front of us and a car coming down hill. Our speed once again dropped to the minus level this time about half way up the hill. Needless to relate, similar difficulties prevailed and once again a happy ending, only the towing was performed with a large truck and an equally large rope.

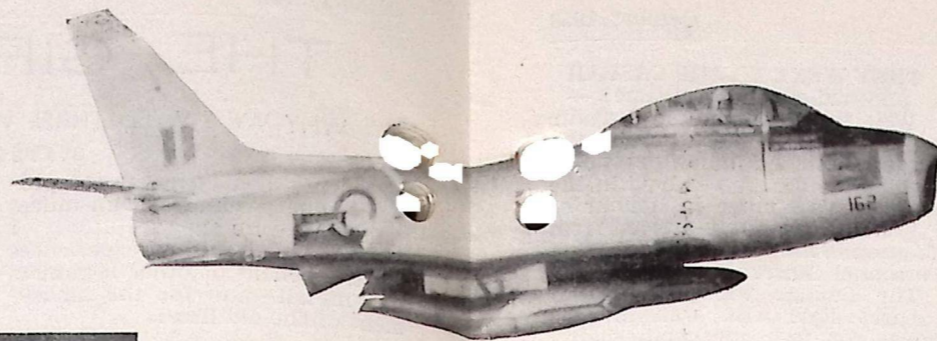
That night we parked in a lay-by and had very little sleep because of the continual roar of heavy traffic passing up and down hill within a few yards of us. Just like trying to sleep in a trailer parked on the corner of Peel and St. Catherines' in Montreal on a busy day! I have never heard so many vehicles shifting so many gears so many times!

The following morning we passed the glider field at Dunstable and a short time later arrived at Whipnade. A sign on the side of the road advertising a "licensed" Caravan Site prompted us to park and rest up for two or three days. The site proved to be quite nice but facilities were lacking. In our handbook it was listed as having sanitary facilities and running water. We found later that these consisted of an outside privy, running water that "ran" dry on two occasions, garbage collection once every two weeks. The fee was 2/6 per night. NO hot water, no place to wash clothes! Oh, how we missed our own Caravan Site! (Caravan Site residents please note before you complain next time!!).

After Brighton it was back to Whipnade and our caravan. At this time the clutch was slipping so badly that the car could not pull its own weight, and it was decided to take the car into London. Here the experts gave an estimate of £43 to get the car into running condition. The car was driven back to Whipnade and with Ed Hogan's assistance we did the job for £18. It took a few days of sweating and hard work, 5 skinned knuckles, 2 broken wrenches and the use of many non-dictionary words, but we managed to end up with no bolts, nuts or washers left over, in fact we were a few short after losing them in the grass!

At this stage we decided to call it quits and started for home. On the way we stopped briefly at Beaconsfield to see the miniature village, and as our friends had predicted it was worth seeing.

It was with a sigh of relief and satisfaction that we pulled into the Caravan Site at North Luffenham and uncoupled the van from the car. The nightmares of caravan towing were ended and we were home in one piece, full of experience in replacing springs, clutches, etc., and many memories of our drives through the beautiful English countryside. We covered 800 miles on 66 gallons of gas in three weeks and all our leave pay; what price adventure!



441 Sqn. embarking on H.M.C.S. Magnificent

This month marks the
Second Anniversary of
1 Fighter Wing in
England.

The pictures on this
page tell the story of
how we got here.



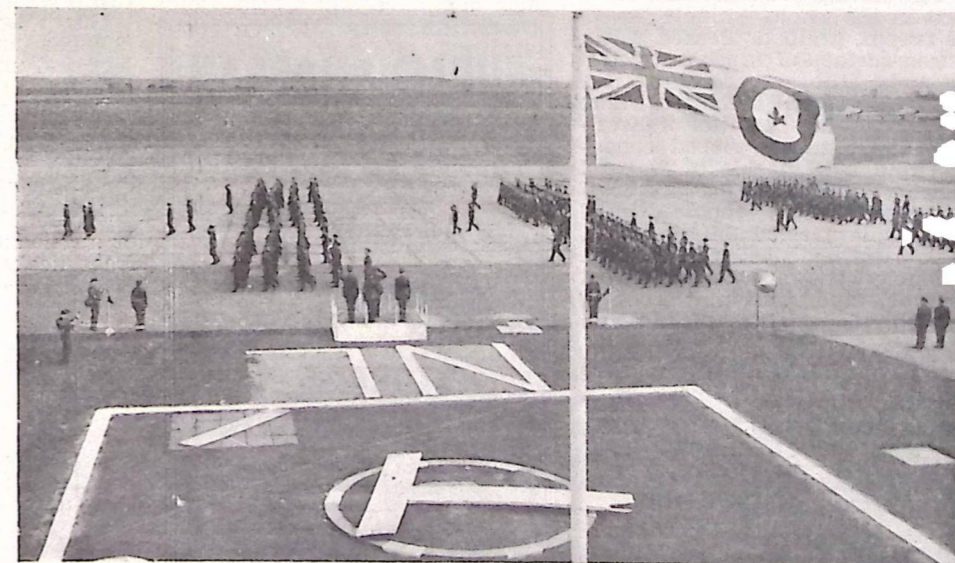
Something New Among English Lanes



Bag and Baggage



We're Here



1 Fighter Wing on Parade

WOMEN'S PAGE

THE CONTEMPORARY LOOK

Fashion, always considered a centrifugal force proceeding from Paris and disseminated all over the world, is gradually changing into a centripetal force, blended of many flavours, collecting inspiration from designers everywhere, yet still revolving around the magnetic pole of Paris. The half-dozen countries showing autumn collections contribute, with a difference here, a similarity there, to the overall picture of the contemporary look.

The look is easy, natural: suits fitting but never constricting, the waist a statement without emphasis (in London, New York), or semi-fitting, barely hinting at the body beneath (Paris). Coats are enveloping or barrel-shaped, too big like a child's, or wrap-arounds revived from the 'twenties. Yet the look everywhere is womanly.

The line, in dresses, is predominantly princess. Sheaths mould the body, belts are few. Skirts may have back fullness, an immense sculptured hem, or no fullness at all. Here and there you see pleats — at Dior, springing below the hipbone on straight schoolgirl dresses, but Italy is the only place where full bell skirts outnumber straight ones.

The length. Dior pits his short hem (not so short, either, as it was made out to be) against all the rest. However, the majority still prefer the well-covered knee!

The texture plays a constructive part in the whole—shingly weave of tweeds, grain or flecked wools, raised surface of broches. Velvet abounds still and corduroy is a noticeable casual favourite. There is a froth of lace, a glitter of metal-threaded organza; ribbed bengaline and a high tide of watered moire. Winter prints seem almost part of the texture—jungle-printed wool and marbled silk at Fath, dark-patterned zibeline in London. Givenchy shows a woven wool brocade, and Christian Dior a smooth new mixture of silk and wool.

In colour black in every country—black with white, black with brown and dark bronze; cognac brown, apricot, beige and cream and a growth of green and rose reds. In Italy, a brilliant Madonna blue is often used with black.

Hats are for the most part small and head-hugging. The Chinese influence is noted in a "pagoda" effect . . . an enchanting little hat

that could be the basis of your party wardrobe. In Paris Balenciaga's hats were utterly simple . . . mere saucers of rose leaves, pill-boxes with sprigs of lily of the valley, black penny-bun hats with a pink rose at the back.

In hairdressing there is no longer an arbitrary length or set pattern. Provided that the head is kept small, the hair thinned out to show the shape of the head, and the curve at the back of the neck is left exposed in the contemporary manner, the arrangement is something between you and your hairdresser.

The beauty of to-day is as different from the beauty of yesterday as the Ernest Race chair is from the well-stuffed chair of the Victorians with its elaboration of fringe and antimacassar. And it isn't only a matter of clothes; it is a look—the contemporary look. To be a beauty to-day one must be of to-day. The natural attributes of the beauty of to-day are the large eyes, short nose and heart-shaped face, and the slim, small-boned figure. Few have all, or even some of these but most women can develop that sensitive appreciation of, and quick adaptability to, the current trend in face and figure. It is the way you make up your face, wear your hair, control or develop your figure. To quote Dior — "There is no such thing as an ugly woman—there are only the ones who do not know how to make themselves attractive."

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CHAMBERLAIN

THEY WENT TO THE CASBAH

and had a wonderful time! —

Well, the airwomen did it again, only this time more so, in the biggest, bestest, funniest party event to hit Club 55. It was held in the Airwomen's Lounge in honour of F/O Nell Ross, newly-arrived from Trenton to fill the position of Wing Personnel Officer.

The Lounge was decorated in cabaret style with wall murals, tables for four and candle-lighting. The floor show opened with a bang at 9.30; the bang being Jack Fortin and his trumpet, followed by a humorous intermission consisting of Toddy (need I say more?). At this point in came the star attraction of the evening, four lovely Luehuwana Ladies—"Zeke" Zagrodny, Grace Harris, Ann Culligan and Ann McPherson, under the very able direction of "Mac" McDiarmid. Pat Glover and Lou Gates gave out with their version of "Life can be Beautiful." "Twinke Toes" Verna Belanger brought the show to a smashing finale with a very well done tap dance to piano accompaniment.

The dance was interrupted for a tasty interval while a lunch was served mingled with vocal contributions by Don Boehmer, F. Strang and chorus.

Many thanks to our orchestra—Jack Fortin and his trumpet, Don Boehmer with the drums and Larry Rombough on the piano. Thanks also to Toddy and Jamie for decorations, Newfie for food, our floor show cast and all those who in any way helped to make the evening the most successful yet.

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TRAINING COMMAND BAND VISIT

By LAC F. T. Clarke

This month the Training Command Band from Trenton visited North Luffenham for three days, and played a one-hour concert in the NAAFI Ballroom. After their hour was up, six members of the Band were good enough to descend to the Airmen's Canteen, where they played for the airmen a non-stop concert till closing time.

The complete Band is made up of forty-six pieces, and is one of the outstanding brass bands in Canada today. For its various engagements, the Band splits up into two different components, one of which is a fifteen piece dance band, and the other a seven piece orchestra. They can play everything from "Bop" to Bach, and suit anybody's taste. One of their favourite tricks is to play through one of Mozart's compositions, and then with a straight face break into "Celery Stalks at Midnight," or some other such classic.

The six musicians who so kindly ayed for the airmen in the canteen were Sgt "Ace" Howard, on the drums, who was playing for the boys in Korea in 1951, on the piano was Sgt Ed. Sullivan from St. Stephen, New Brunswick. In the full Band he plays the oboe, but doubled on the piano for the night. Before joining up, 'Ed' played for Mart Kenney. Sgt John Melnick from Hamilton played tenor sax. Johnny's brother played for Gene Krupa for some time. The red hot trombone was played by WO2 Ted Robbins. Robby hails from Toronto, and really plays a smooth horn. Slapping the 'bass' was Sgt Dave Drew of Guelph. Star of the evening was Sgt Tommy Cronin and his trumpet. Tommy's been playing trumpet for twelve years now, and there's not much about blowing a horn he doesn't know. Tommy also lives in Toronto, and he, too, was in Korea playing for the troops.

The TC Band is on tour all year long and covers all of Canada and many parts of the States. This was their first trip to Europe, but we hope not their last. On the Continent they played in Paris, Metz, and the Three Wings in Germany and France. After their time here, they went on to Langar, where they played for the opening of the Drill Hall, and then down to London, where they did some pro-

grammes for the B.B.C., and cut some discs. They also gave some noon-hour concerts in the parks. On their return to Canada they start a tour which will take them from Toronto to Vancouver.

While talking to some of the boys in the Band we were able to get a musician's point of view on some of the controversies that are taking place in the musical world today, especially the problem child of modern music, Be-Pop. Sgt Ed Sullivan said he was a devotee of Be-Pop, and thought it was here to stay. However, in his opinion, Be-Pop is music for musicians, and will not, probably, be as popular as some of the more familiar types of modern music. Some of the work of the advanced "Boppers" such as Dave Brubeck and Guy Milligan, seems to be moving toward an atonal form of expression, and also definitely classical style in the genre of the rigidly controlled inventions of Bach and Hayden. This statement will probably curdle a lot of rabid "Boppers," but is true nevertheless.

After the concert of the Band, and their departure, your reporter heard many irate comments from personnel on the station who were quite hot under the collar about the extremely poor reception given the Band at this Wing. We also were embarrassed that 1 Fighter Wing should almost completely ignore such a fine Band, who had travelled a great distance primarily to give the Airmen some first rate, top entertainment. After listening to many impassioned music lovers on the Station vent their ire on assorted people and committees about the reception of the Band and throwing blame about indiscriminately, we thought an investigation into the arrangements made for the Band would be in order, and this is what we found out. Three weeks before the arrival of the Band at North Luffenham, memos were sent to each of the Messes and the Entertainment Committees on the Station asking them to submit requests for the use of the Band, or any of its components. Not one of these memos sent out was replied to, or even acknowledged. Not one of the Messes bothered to have the courtesy to even say no to the Band. As a result, the Band was made available to the civilian population in the district, who

were only too glad to reply and invite the Band to perform for them. The members of the Band were only too happy to play for as many affairs as we wanted, but because of the apathy and uninterest of the personnel of this Station, out of, a three-day visit they officially played one one-hour concert. The blame lies not with any particular person or committee, but with every member of 1 Fighter Wing. If we all took an interest, and did a little work for improving entertainment and sport on the Station, we could have one of the best Stations in the RCAF. Instead of this, we sit back and bemoan the fact that nobody does anything for us. The old adage still holds good, "God helps those who help themselves." Let's see to it that a comparable fiasco doesn't happen again at 1 Fighter Wing.

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RIDING

A number of airwomen have been venturing forth to Tuckett's Riding Academy at Ketton for the past few months striving to become accomplished equestrians (sounds good). Anyway, to date they have all acquired the art of posting (the bump!), even though some are still hanging on to the saddle with one hand. Believe it or not, there IS something to hang on to on an English saddle; ask Grace Harris what happens when "Flash" decides to take off on a wild gallop! The day Doris MacMurchie and "Beauty" decided to go separate ways would have been an opportune time to have a camera. At any rate, Doris flew through the air, appeared to pick out a nice clump of grass and landed safely. We can't figure out whether or not "Toddy" wants some extra patients in the Hospital. She likes to gallop so much that she gives the other horses the same inspiration, and off we all go hoping and praying that we can hang on until the horse slows down. Honestly, it is as much as your life is worth to go riding with "the fearless one," June Todhunter. "Little" Norma Colwell on "Little Gamble," have had several differences of opinion. Guess horses have minds of their own, eh, Norma? Edna MacLean, Marcia Ehman, Norma Holt and Betty Anderson are all having more comfortable rides now. Wonder what will happen if and when they learn to canter! So far haven't noticed any terrific groans when sitting down, nor have any of these promising horsewomen appeared with cushions or moved their typewriters to the tops of filing cabinets so they can stand instead of sit. As a matter of fact, they all seem to find pleasure in riding, and who knows, once they know the principles of riding, the whys and hows and the right way to ride, you may be seeing them at gymkhanas and shows and in the hunting field.

NET RESULTS

By Cpl R. Tollerton

The BADMINTON season was opened when the club held their first meeting at Manton Village Hall on Tuesday, 13 October. A new committee was elected after a vote of thanks had been given to the outgoing members. Members elected are:—

President — FS M. R. Brown,
Wing Maint.

Vice-President — F/L J. G. Joy.
Secretary-Treasurer — Cpl Doris
McMurchie.

Match Secretary — Cpl R. Tollerton.

Entertainment Committee —
Mrs. Lundin and Mrs. Horne.

A team of men's doubles has been entered in the Lincolnshire Knock-out Tournament and has been drawn to play Boston at home in the near future. A series of friendly matches are in the process of being arranged with clubs in the district. As a result, a very attractive season lies ahead. (After looking around at the lady members, it is very attractive).

Playing nights at the moment are Tuesday and Sunday evenings from 1900 to 2200 hrs; everybody welcomed. Unfortunately there is only one court, but everyone is sure of a game, no matter if professional or amateur. Card playing takes up the time between games.

FS Brown or any of the committee will be only too glad to be of any help to those requiring further information. A fee of 1s. per night is all that is required for a good evening's entertainment.

SOFTBALL

The station intersection softball league has seen some stormy weather in the past few weeks as the teams were fighting up the home stretch for play-off positions. When the dust settled and the cries

of the disappointed died down the sergeants' mess team were perched safely on top of the heap with 17 wins and only four losses and a winners of the softball shield for league play. The 439 officers' team, last year's champions, had to be satisfied with second position. Third spot was sewed up by Tech Wing "B" team. However the fourth position in the play-offs ended in a three way tie between HQ Tech "A" and 410 squadron. In a fast elimination series which featured pie hitting deluge the HQ team eliminated 410 sqn by a score of 14-10 and in turn were ousted by Tech "A" by a score of 12-4—both of these games produced some sparkling softball by both teams with Tech "A" producing some real fielding gems.

In the first round of the play-offs the old iron men, the sergeants' mess, appeared rusty from their week's lay-off and bowed to a fighting band of ballhawks, Tech "B" coached by Sgt Robinson, who it is rumoured sleeps with that rule book under his pillow. The score for the game was 12-7.

In the second of the play-offs between the same teams the Tech boys came through again with sparkling performance and the sergeants were eliminated from further play by a score of 8-6. Both of these games were extremely close and exciting from a spectator's point of view.

In the other half of the semi-final 439 officers (1952 champs) tangled with Tech "A" and emerged the winners by a score of 11-9. The pitching of Gildner here was probably the deciding factor. The big port sider really had his jato assist working and the Tech boys, though undaunted, were mumbling about someone throwing aspirin tablets.

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4 FIGHTER WING GUESTS AT LUFFENHAM

Once again 1 Fighter Wing welcomes a detachment from one of our continental stations. This time we had with us a composite detachment from 4 Fighter Wing at Baden-Soellingen, Germany.

The detachment was made up of all three squadrons which are based at 4 Fighter Wing, 422 The Tomahawk Squadron, 414 The Imperials, and 444 Squadron, a newly formed squadron in the RCAF. The detachment commander is S/L "Johnny" Buzza, who is also OC 422 Squadron.

These three squadrons have been travelling fast in the past while. On September the fourth, they arrived from Canada on Leapfrog Four, and on the seventh of October they left their new home in Germany to come to Luffenham.

Each squadron brought six aircraft and eleven officers, and a skeleton ground crew. The Four Fighter Wing boys have the same cry as everybody else newly come over from Canada—"Luffenham's too cold." However, they lost no time getting down to London, which they think is terrific. We veterans of overseas duty can look back and remember our first experience of Piccadilly.

The Baden-Soellingen station, according to Cpl Farmer of 414 Squadron, is something just this side of heaven. Already they are calling it home. They say that it is the best station in the RCAF to-day. We must go and have a look at this prodigy some day. Wonder if we can get TD. Cpl Farmer has also gone on record with the statement that German beer is the best beer in the world. These Four Fighter Wing boys are really connoisseurs.

F/O Adams of 422 Squadron told us that flying conditions over here are quite different, and the flight types have a lot of opposition from the more experienced pilots. He says, however, that they are learning fast. With Four Fighter Wing is F/L Ernie Glover the only Canadian DFC winner in peace time. He received this award for his record in Korea.

Sports and entertainment at our Fighter Wing are really rolling says Cpl Johnny Johnson of 422 Squadron. Facilities for every sport are available or are being built, such as a new swimming pool and tennis courts. As for entertainment, in the one month

they were at their new home they had American movies, the Training Command band for the handing over ceremony, and a big dance. The nearby town of Baden-Baden has an excellent golf course, and many other entertainment facilities being a resort town, not the least of these being the Spielbanke Kurehaus, gambling casino to you. Must be quite a place on pay day.

All in all Four Fighter Wing seems to be quite the place. Nevertheless, we'll take good old Luffenham, and stay here to make a home for our continental comrades when they can't stand in it any more.

Tribal Delicacy

Tribesmen of New Guinea, the large island north of Australia, value the flesh of the python as food.

Jute Source

The Dominion of Pakistan normally produces about 80 per cent of the world's jute supply.

HOLIDAY SCHEME AT EHRWALD IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL

The object of the RAF Winter Sports Holiday Scheme for 1953-1954 at EHRWALD in the AUSTRIAN TYROL is to provide the cheapest possible all-inclusive winter sports holiday for members and ex-members of the three services and their families (this includes RCAF).

Ehrwald possesses all the charm of a truly Tyrolean village while the slopes of the Zugspitz behind the village offer attractive skiing to both beginners and experts. A special attraction is the nearby famous Zugspitz Cable Car Railway up to the top of the mountain some 10,000 feet high. Ski runs, some of them over 20 miles long, may be made from various points on the cable railway. Bus or train excursions can be taken to different places of interest, perhaps the most popular being to Garmisch Partenkirchen, in Germany, where floodlit ice shows and hockey matches are held.

The all-inclusive cost for 14 days, if you travel from the UK, will be £35 of which approximately £20 will be payable in Austrian currency. The inclusive cost covers everything necessary for an enjoyable holiday:

- (a) Reserved rail travel between London—Ehrwald and return.
- (b) Full "en pension" and baths in comfortable hotel.
- (c) Skis, ski sticks and boots.
- (d) Unlimited use of ski lift.
- (e) 6-day (4 hours a day) official Ski School course. Members will be graded according to their ability. Lessons need not be taken consecutively.
- (f) All taxes and gratuities throughout the scheme.

There will be special rates for children under 10 years of age.

Owing to the proximity of the ski slopes to the hotels, members will be able to have full lunch at the hotel, or if they prefer, they can take lunch boxes on to the ski slopes. There is also an excellent outdoor ice rink at Ehrwald and in the evenings typical Tyrolean parties take place in the hotels with dancers and musicians in national costumes.

Booking and travel arrangements are in the hands of:

RAF Holiday Scheme Office,
Powell Duffryn (Air) Limited,
59, St. Mary Axe,
London, EC3

Telephone: AVENUE 1803.

Membership costs 5s. for which sum you obtain a membership card and a blue and gold badge.

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MAIL CALL

By SGT CESSFORD

Christmas will soon be upon us again and the mailing of parcels home will be in the thoughts of most of us this month. In order that these parcels arrive home in time for Christmas, it is important that they are posted soon. The deadline mailing dates are as follows :

Western Canada November 20th
 Eastern Canada November 25th
 Surface letters November 25th
 Prepaid airmail December 16th

There are a few other details necessary to ensure that these parcels reach their destination in time and in good shape. Firstly, they should be packed even more securely than usual, using substantial boxes, stout paper, strong cord and be clearly addressed. The amount of mail at Christmas is very heavy and a fragile package stands very little chance of going through the mails undamaged.

The maximum weight that can be mailed is 10 pounds and the cost is 15 cents per pound or fraction. Each parcel must bear a Customs Declaration Form, which can be obtained at the Post Office. On this Form it is necessary to declare the contents of the parcel, which may contain gifts declared as such not over the value of \$28. Any further enquiries can be made at the Post Office.

It has been observed that some personnel are using Forces Letter Forms as magazine wrappers. This is contrary to regulations and material presented for mailing in this fashion cannot be accepted.

Critical Period

Among those children who are susceptible, cross-eyes usually develop between the ages of two and four.

Pleasant Climate

Average temperatures in Tasmania, Australia, range between 45 and 63 degrees.



By appointment Tea and Coffee
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 George VI.

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By

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441 SQDN. AEROBATIC TEAM ON A PRACTICE FLIGHT

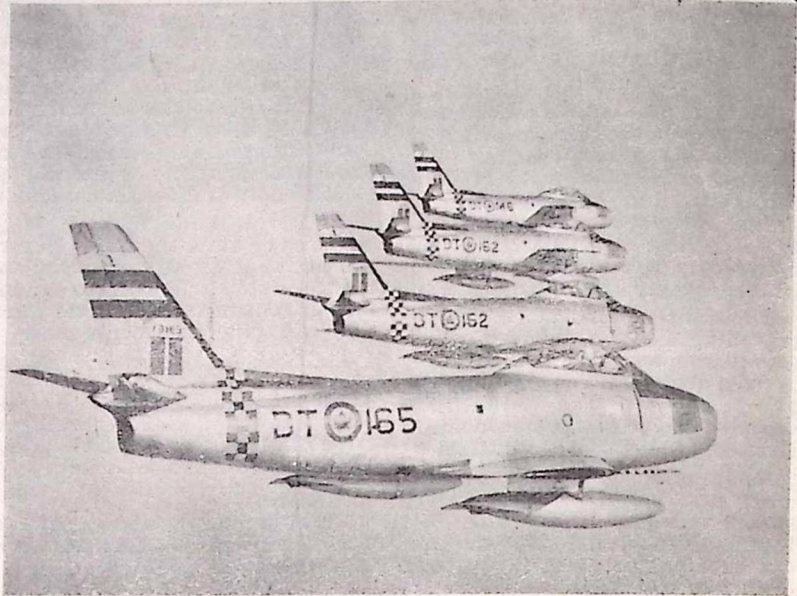


Photo by F/L Atherton

Historic Route

The Cabot Trail in Newfoundland winds from Bonavista, where John Cabot landed in 1497, to St. John's.

Welsh Castle

Hawarden Castle, Lord Gladstone's seat in Flintshire, North Wales, dates from 1572.

Quieter Now

Formerly warriors and hunters, the Matabeles, South African Zulus, now are agriculturists.

Lengthy Wait

King Edward VII was 60 years of age when he succeeded Queen Victoria in 1901.

Visitors' Day

At our Stamford branch (46-49 Broad Street) you can obtain all the services of a world-wide banking organisation, and the Manager, Mr. F. W. C. Allen, will be glad to help you with any special problems you may have. However, it may not always be convenient for you to come into town, and we have therefore made arrangements to attend in the Guard Room on your Station twice a week. Meet us on Wednesdays from 12 noon to 2 p.m. and on Friday mornings from 9.15 to 10.30. We shall look forward to seeing you.

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

CARAVAN SITE NEWS

By Mary McKenzie

Biggest news this month is that we cleared out some of our accumulated funds by throwing a party October 16th. Despite the fact the piano player failed to show up to complete the orchestra a lively and enjoyable time was had by nearly all dancing to records. Special thanks to the committee and to the mess hall staff for the delicious chicken lunch.

Congratulations on two counts to LAC and Mrs. L. C. Potts, who are soon going back to Canada, and taking their newly-born son, Lawrence Darryl, who weighed in at 8 lbs., at 4.05 p.m., September 23rd in the Stamford Hospital.

Cpl and Mrs. L. C. Sawyer accompanied WO1 and Mrs. Oldham on a Continental tour, and again the obvious attractions of the French Riviera proved too great, so they had to curtail the remainder of their trip.

LAC and Mrs. G. T. MacLean have returned from a trip to Scotland, which is her home.

With cooler weather, there are any signs of winter, including a rush to the trunk room, to get out the winter clothes and pack away the summer ones. I know, because, I know the combination of the new lock, neighbours.

Overheard on the boardwalk, "It must have been something I ate!"

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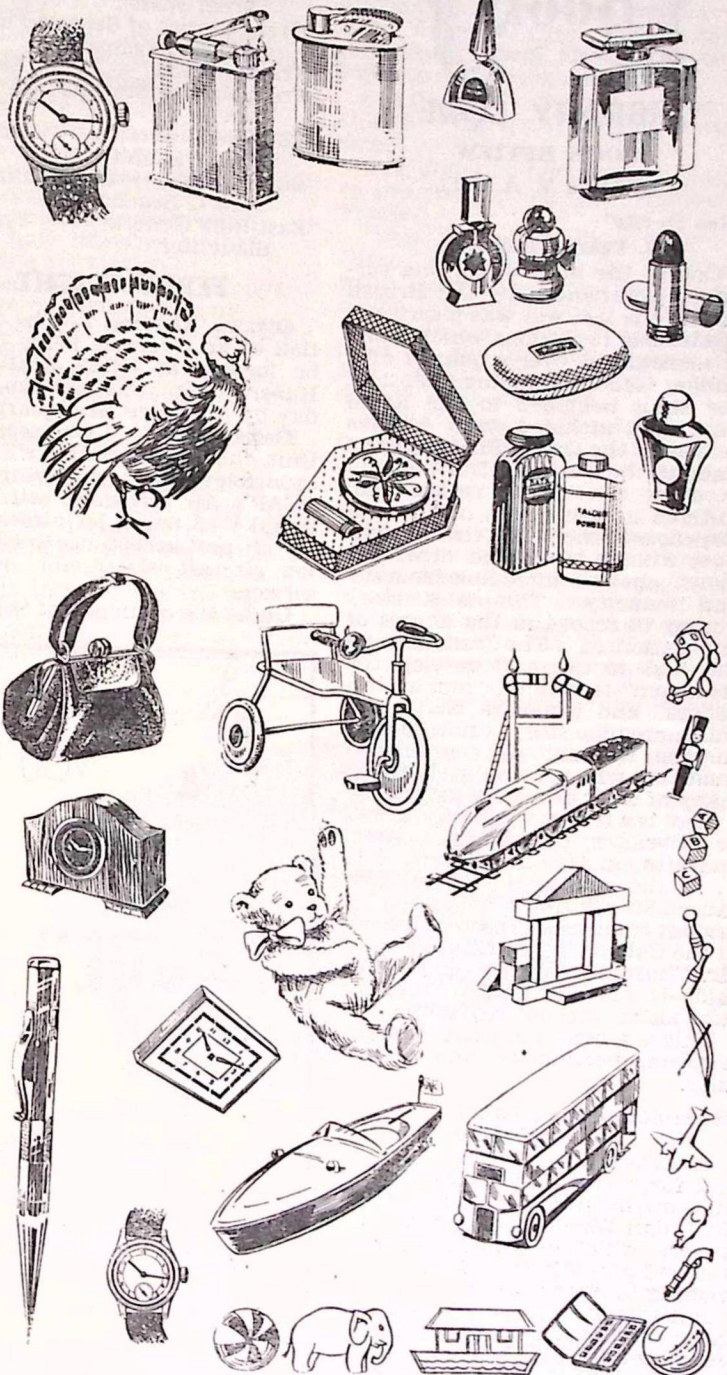
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Station Xmas Shop

**OPENS NOVEMBER 2, in
the OLD NAAFI SHOP**



LIBRARY LORE

BOOK REVIEW

BY MISS M. A. BALL

"Sea Devils"

J. Valerio Borghese

One of the most disturbing surprises experienced by the British during the last war was a series of mysterious explosions which sank, or neutralized, over a quarter of a million tons of shipping. Most of the ships belonged to the Royal Navy, and included such famous vessels as the Queen Elizabeth, the Valiant, the York, the Durham . . . in every case these vessels had suffered at the hands of "human torpedoes"—men of the Italian Navy who, in these and other exploits, showed incredible courage and tenacity. This is a story worthy of record in the annals of any nation . . . The Italians were the first to use and develop the "frogmen" technique, "human torpedoes" and explosive boats, and this incredible story is now told by the man who not only commanded them, but who personally shared in many of their desperate exploits.

Here is a true story of the attacks on Gibraltar, on Algeiras, Alexandria, on Algiers, on Alexandria . . . the success of these men caused Mr. Churchill to express his gravest concern at a secret meeting of the Cabinet (in April, 1942), and Mr. Churchill—it need hardly be said—is not the kind of man to take alarm without real cause.

This is a record of extraordinary heroism, pertinacity and endurance.

"Summer at the Castle"

James Wellard

A castle is a symbol of refuge. It is a fortress within whose walls a man might, perhaps, be forgotten. So Julian Ward hoped, for he had a secret which he wanted to forget and he himself had good reason for wishing to be forgotten.

But soon he was to discover that those who lived in the castle had their own secrets, too, and within its walls, time did not stand still. Summer passed; and when it was gone, his pursuers stood waiting for him beneath the castle walls.

- What was Julian Ward's secret?
Other new books:
"The Tirpitz"—David Woodward.
"Locusts and Wild Honey"—Joyce Collin-Smith
"The Highland Hawk"—Leslie Turner White.
"Great Stories of Science Fiction"—Murray Leinster.
"The Diplomat"—James Aldridge.
"From Here to Eternity"—James Jones.
"The Red Beret"—Hilary St. George Saunders.
"Submarine"—Commander Edward L. Beach.
"East Side General"—Frank G. Slaughter.

FERRY FLIGHT

Ottawa, October 1—The formation of an Overseas Ferry Unit to be located at RCAF Station St. Hubert, P.Q., was announced today by Air Force Headquarters.

Designated No. 1 Overseas Ferry Unit, the new formation will be responsible for supplying the RCAF's Air Division with additional F-86 Sabre jet aircraft and for all post-acceptance testing for jet aircraft slated for overseas service.

Under the command of Squadron

Leader G. L. Middlemiss, DFC, 33, of Montreal, the unit will set up detachments at four points along the overseas ferrying route. Goose Bay in Labrador, Bluie West I in Greenland, Keflavik in Iceland and Kinloss in Scotland. This is the same route followed by the four Leap Frog operations undertaken by F-86 squadrons when proceeding overseas.

Flying the Atlantic became common place during the Second World War, when Ferry Command delivered thousands of aircraft to the operational areas of Europe. However, jet crossings were developed only after cautious trials a few years after the war's end. With the RCAF's Leap Frog operations proving so successful it was considered feasible to set up the Overseas Ferry Unit as the most economical method of delivering jet aircraft to the Air Division.

Squadron Leader Middlemiss is the former OC of 441 fighter squadron now serving at North Luffenham, England. He is a veteran fighter pilot of the Second World War in which he was credited with destroying five enemy aircraft and probably destroying five others.
1 October, 1953.



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Poets' Page

THE MAKING OF FRIENDS

By D.R.H.

If nobody smiled and nobody cheered and nobody helped us along,

If each every minute looked after himself and good things all went to the strong.

If nobody cared just a little for you, and nobody thought about me, And we stood all alone to the battle of life, what a dreary old world it would be!

If there were no such a thing as a flag in the sky as a symbol of comradeship here,

If we lived as the animals live in the woods, with nothing held sacred or dear,

And selfishness ruled us from birth to the end, and never a neighbour had we,

And never we gave to another in need, what a dreary old world it would be!

Oh, if we were rich as the richest on earth and strong as the strongest that lives,

Yet never we knew the delight and the charm of the smile which the other man gives,

If kindness were never a part of ourselves, though we owned all the land we could see,

And friendship meant nothing at all to us here, what a dreary old world it would be!

Life is sweet just because of the friends we have made and the things which in common we share;

We want to live on not because of ourselves, but because of the people who care,

It's giving and doing for somebody else—on that all life's splendor depends

And the joy of this world, when you've summed it all up, is found in the making of friends.

THESE GRAPES ARE NOT SOUR

A FABLE BY "REYNARD"

These grapes are not all sour, You chaps from a Fighter Wing Dream of your accomplishments,

All praise the Pressmen sing. Stand slack and count your medals For just a moment or two, Count far-flung air and ground displays,

The "Ops" you've worked or flew. You may have missed large week-ends,

Worked many an overtime hour, But; for anyone other than Squadron men, Those grapes were not all sour.

You single men, you family men, With sweetheart, chick or chillun, May well have missed some choice leave time,

But say not you weren't willin'. You all have laboured mightily, Advancing reputation, Outlasted many change of pays, And shrewd administration. Now when you're based at home again,

And questions make you glower, Tell those replacements 'ere they go,

Not all the grapes are sour.

H.Q. SIGNALS SECTION

Here we are "The Bust This Kids," after a long period, taking a few minutes from the Battle of The Keys. We will take this opportunity to introduce the staff in this small Section. First we have:

F/L Williams—Never a cross word and always a smile for his

staff.

WO2 Reid—Away to Germany at present. Did you get that long awaited camera, Major?

Sgt Cunnington—One of the prominent members of the Rifle Club. Making many Bulls-eyes, Sarge?

Cpl Ablett — Often takes a few minutes off from blowing on the Pipes to come back and visit us.

Cpl Dugdale — Want to buy anything? "I can get it for you wholesale."

LAC Jones — Left us for a week to practise up on his "Numbers Please."

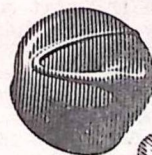
"The Wrong Number Kid" — Gives Operations the Barber when they ask for Bawburgh. Know anything about it, Murph?

LAC Judson — Down kid, you'll burn up the machine typing so fast. After all the Fire Dept. doesn't want any work.

LAW Culligan — Read any good books lately, Anne?

LAW Spedding — Was cut out for knitting instead of teletype anyway.

Included with these people, of course, are the rest of the Telecom Types who are busily employed elsewhere. Right now we hear the clatter of a Teletype machine in the background, so best we clear the circuit until next month.



Eleven delicious centres thickly covered with Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate

NEWS FROM THE SECTIONS

M.E. NEWS AND VIEWS

By LAC "Oakie" O'Connor

The big event of the month for the M.E., was a section smash held October 2nd at Edith Weston village hall. The M.E. was well represented at this do, and a truly enjoyable time was had by all. After all heads had returned to their normal size and shape the general thought seemed to be "Let's do it again—real soon!"

Two years of 1 Fighter Wing life have now passed and the machinery has begun to whirl and grind and spew forth postings to the land of all night restaurants and thirty-three cent cigarettes. Several of our erstwhile lads have already touched their tootsies on that sacred soil, being namely—Cpls "Scotty" Scott, Al Dunning and "Pat" Paton, LAC's "Vic" La-Victoire, "Pic" Piquette and "Willie" Wittaker. Due to follow in such famous footsteps within the next month are LAC's Lou Morin, "Howzie" Haussauer, Dave Green, "Pussyfoot" Cox, "Kid" Kidson and your M.E. Scribe "Oakie" O'Connor.

However, all postings are not Canadawards, F/S Bill Durrell has parted these shores for the mud of Gros Tenquin and F/S Ron Walden should now be gracing the beauty of Baden Solingen. New faces are making their appearance around the M.E., those newly arrived being LAC's Ouellet, Baird, Rene-de-Cotret, Gray and Wilkings.

We must make it known here that "Debbie" Debison, being one of the fortunate few, may now be found sporting twin hooks on his tunic. Congrats Debbie, and should that remuster to aircrew come through, maybe you can will them to one of us.

We can't let this issue of Talepipe slip by without a final word about the "M.E. Brotherhood of Bachelors." Popular opinion seems to be that such is now a lost cause. Since it's formation in '51 there have been no less than ten confirmed members pass over to the other side and are now members of the Doniker guild. Such action has so decimated the Brotherhood's ranks that this once "flower of society" now resembles a drooping geranium. Perhaps new blood from Canada will save the Brotherhood from this fate and serve to boost it to the zenith it once occupied. Little hope is held for the survival of those stout-hearts who have remained at the

helm, dauntless, with only an eye to the survival of the brotherhood. From their fast faltering hands they throw the torch to those young stalwarts now fast-arriving from that distant shore called Canada.

Just one more item for the record book. During the quarter ending 30th September, '53, the M.E. piled on a total of 142,517 miles. This brings the total miles operated by this section to date up to 898,158 approximately, equal to 150 round trips from here to Montreal. So now you see that when an M.E. type says "Oh, we get around," he isn't talking about women or such.

FIRE SECTION

By FS T. C. Kelly

We would like to take this opportunity to welcome two more Fire Fighters to the unit,

Cpl D. E. Stevenson reported from 6R.D. Trenton, Ontario;

LAC D. T. Gardner reported from Station Trenton, Ontario.

Some welcome news is that we may have a new Canadian 800 G.P.M. Fire Pumper plus a 1,000 lb. Dry Chemical Crash Truck in the near future. Needless to say, they will be a very welcome addition to the equipment that we already have.

We have been asked by quite a number of people—why the Siren blowing at noon? There are two reasons, each day at 1200 hrs. we test an alarm box, and they have to be tested once a month. This is to satisfy ourselves that all alarm boxes on the unit are working. Secondly, to let you all know when it is lunch hour.

We would welcome from anybody and everybody, any reports of Fire Hazards, unserviceable or expended Fire Extinguishers, etc., at any time. Within the next couple of months, every extinguisher on the unit will be taken to the Fire Section, recharged, tagged and cleaned and put back in your section. Fire extinguishers are not to be moved, except in case of a Fire or emergency, without permission from the Fire Section.

All personnel are requested not to smoke in or near areas where your common sense should tell you a hazard exists, until such time as notices, etc., are posted.

Thank you for your co-operation.

ACCOUNTS CHATTER

BY LAC PHIL ROBINSON

Homegoing Preparations

The summer being now well and truly over, our staff have returned from their leave travels and wanderings over the U.K. and the Continent. LAC Vic Bent came back from touring several countries. Sgt "Bud" Garratt managed to get away for a few days and headed for London. LAC Sid Frechette has enjoyed a well-earned rest, during which we hope he was able to banish Moving Expense Claims from his mind.

Here is something of interest and advice to those returning to Canada or going on short duty trips to Continental Europe. As you know, United Kingdom restrictions allow us to take out of this country an amount in Sterling currency not exceeding five pounds, and not more than ten pounds in any other currency. Amounts in excess of these figures must be carried in the form of travellers' cheques or drafts.

At many points along the route to Canada, only U.S. dollars will be accepted in payment for meals. We can issue you up to \$25.00 in U.S. currency. For the remainder of your entitlement for the period of travel and/or leave, the purchase of American dollar travellers' cheques can be arranged by having your pay and allowances deposited in a Canadian-backed Sterling account at a local bank, by means of Receiver General cheques. These have to be requisitioned from the Overseas Treasury Office in London.

This is an urgent reason for you to give the Accounts Section as much notice as possible, during normal enquiry hours; in fact not less than ten days before leaving here. In cases of extreme emergency only, authority can be requested for banks to accept sterling cash for deposit in Canadian accounts.

If you have no account at an English bank, your travel and leave advances and entitlements, less your requirements in U.S. cash, may be issued by Receiver General, providing you give us the same notice as above. Such cheques do not individually exceed \$150.00 so you may receive more than one.

Entitlements on returning to Canada are as detailed in AFRO 475/53.

Banking facilities are available on the Station on the following days:

Lloyds Bank Ltd. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 1200 to 1400 hours.



Five officer transfers were effected since the last publication of Talepipe. Four of these officers, F/Os "Sunny" Haran, "Tommy" Thompson, John DenOuden and Ron Poole, were transferred to Ferry Unit, St. Hubert, PQ. Here to join the ranks of the Cougars is F/O Marvel Vaesen who has come to us direct from OTU at Chatham.

A huge going-away party was extended these officers by their friends at F/O Cinnamon's house. There were fun, refreshments and firecrackers galore. A beautiful silver tray was presented to F/O and Mrs. DenOuden on the occasion on their recent wedding. At the same time, silver mugs were given to Sunny, Tommy, John and Ron.

Congratulations to F/O Ron Potter. "Potts" successfully completed the Instrument Rating Course at Zweibrücken. F/O Knox is the next one in line for this course and the boys wish him good luck. In addition to "Pete," F/O Ralph Biggar will be away for one week. Ralph is attending the Air-Ground Warfare Course at Salisbury.

THREE GREENS AND OFF.

410 SERVICING

We're sorry to see some of the old timers leaving for Canada—Terrio—Ouellet—McCaffrey—Fontaine—Desrosiers. We hear they are flying home; it will be a change from working their way over—(Maggie). The tall wheel, Sgt Stranks, from all accounts, enjoyed his leave in Liverpool and London. Cpl (woo the French girls) St. Pierre has left for Paris on leave. He should get along nicely since he knows the lingo. Now that the firecracker and thunderflash ban is on, we are having a little peace around here (Pilots please note). The coming month will see a few new faces around. That's all from Mud Alley.

Moslem Calendar

Basic date of the Moslem Calendar is the Hejira of Mohammed, from Mecca to Medina, in AD 622.

Defence Group

Since April, 1952, the Council of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization has been established at Paris.

410 TELECOMMUNICATIONS

Hello! Hello! Hello! Here we are once again at the Wireless Section of 410 Squadron doing our daily chores and I mean doing them.

There has been some changes around our section in the last month and by that I mean "PROMOTIONS." Although there was only one promotion, it proved to be quite a do. We congratulate Sgt Stasiuk in getting his third. I guess there will be another Cpl promoted in the near future (we hope), so we can have another one of these long awaited parties. Enough for promotion for the time being.

Right now, there is an argument going on: Who is getting Christmas leave and who is getting New Year's leave. Seems to me everyone wants New Year's. Sorry fellows, you will just have to wait and see.

Well, it looks like we are going to lose a couple of the boys very shortly. Cpl Beaton leaves us sometime in December and Cpl Binnie leaves in November. We sure hate to lose two good men such as these.

The section is wondering how our LAC Haley is enjoying his leave. We hear he is resting peacefully in his abode back at barracks. That lucky fellow, LAC Armstrong, seems to be running a lucky streak right now. He is going back to Canada for his leave. Have fun "Red."

Oh well, MacDiarmid and Dowd, your turns are coming shortly

(don't we wish). Sometime in the near future, that is. Say around January or February? Sorry fellows, but that's the best we can do for you at the present.

I'm afraid that's about it for now boys, but we in the Telecom Section will be with you again in next month's issue.

So until then, "Pip Pip."

INSTRUMENT SECTION

BY LAC PALMER

Congratulations to "Olie" Oleson on his wedding on 25 July. We all wish you a successful family life and may all your troubles be little ones. Another name is added to the ranks of the "Donickers." It seems that they had made plans to tour some of the countries of Europe on their honeymoon, but we found out that they were content to motor around England.

As for Cpl Lewis, the lucky egg he is leaving for home, "CANADA"—better still, North Bay.

Our boss, FS Brown is spending two weeks touring the Continent, leaving Sgt Lapier in charge.

Welcome Cpl Griffiths from 439 Servicing who was a little reluctant in joining us. Why is it that everyone prefers Servicing?

Fox Farmers

There were 37,800 fox pups born on Canadian fur farms in 1951, about 27 per cent. fewer than in 1950.

Jupiter's Moons

The four principal satellites of Jupiter were the first celestial objects discovered by telescope—by Galileo.

Milk
or plain



MADE BY CALEY OF NORWICH

TI



HELLO GANG

A few words this month from the ground crew department. It's been a few months since we have had any chit-chat about the boys, but let's hope we can get into the news regularly.

Firstly, congratulations to all the new junior and senior "wheels" in the squadron, and hard luck to those who expected and never received, better luck next time.

While we are in a congratulation mood, let's not forget LAC Jennings of Servicing, who on November 5th will be tying the matrimonial knot, and will be joining Donikerville. Congrats to you and the future Mrs. Jennings. Also a welcome back to "Zag," who has been in the hospital 5 months. While we are on about hospitals, I am wondering what the attraction is. At present LAC Newbury is reclining with a broken knee, Cpl Neff a broken leg and LAC Petreny, who has just had a broken toe fixed, is back with an injured shoulder. I wonder if Marilyn Monroe is working as a nurse; if she is, let's all go to the hospital.

What three boys on motorbikes were playing follow the leader on their way back to camp and all three wound up in the ditch? Fortunately it wasn't the Lachine Canal!!

We hear Cpl Platt is off to the Continent on holiday. Hope he doesn't get detoured on the way and get London mixed up with Paris. Well, gang, in finishing, lots of luck to WO Cook on the selection board. We hope you made the grade "Geordie." There is a squadron party coming up, so look out for a staggering time.

That's all for now gang, so until next month, when we will find more gossip and more news, this is your scribe signing off.

Yours fraternally,
LAC 'AL' WOOD.

439 ARMAMENT SYSTEMS NEWS

Since our last edition of Armament news, 439 has lost two well-known men in armament who came to the Squadron when it was first formed back at Uplands. Sgt Vic Billedeau, NCO i/c Arms Systems, who has been posted to 4 Wing Ger-

many, and WO2 Matthews, NCO i/c of M&W, who has gone back to Canada on a systems course. Replacing them are Sgt Tommy Hughes (our golf champ) in Systems, and Sgt Chalky Whyte in M&W. Two other men, Cpl Jim McMinn and LAC Doug Hohn, have recently left for Denver, Colorado, where they will undergo a new systems course. Replacing them are Cpl Ray Seguin, a former 441 type, but we don't hold it against him, and LAC's Howell and King from Chatham.

If you are ever in 1 Hangar and happen to see an obstruction with a blue canvas covering and four legs, don't be alarmed. It's just the new systems device for sight alignment designed by 439 Systems, fellows, so don't go putting pennies in any slots expecting to see a Can Can dance or the story of Rin Tin Tin.

We also have a long slim fellow in our section. No, it isn't a new device; it really walks and talks. Anyway, he went up the Braemar Gathering in Scotland to play the pipes—he hasn't come back yet—I thought he was pretty good on the pipes myself. You don't think???? One of the men in the section, I won't mention any names but his initials are Frank Morton, has bought a murder cycle on which the insurance was more than the actual cost. The old thing can keep up with the newest bikes on the station, though. My, how those ears of his must flap at around 75 miles per hour.

I see it's time to be closing the hangar doors so, until next issue, when there will be more in store, au revoir.

WING MAINTENANCE SAFETY EQUIPMENT

BY LAC LAURIAULT

News from the tea drinkers in the banana belt. With all the hard labour going on around the section such as trade board studies, and chaps deserting the ranks to become "Donickers," we have failed to submit any gossip for the last couple of editions.

While we are on the subject of "Donickers," Needles Paul Aziz took the fatal jump into matrimony August 29. Congratulations Paul, and don't forget the single boys on pay day. Cpl Hay is also impatiently awaiting a similar fate this fall.

Welcome back Sgt Christie and Cpl Thomas, who have just returned from two weeks' leave tour-

ing England. Next time I hear they will go by "Mule Train," as some of the hills were a little hard on the shoes.

LAC Tardiff has heard that Spain they say Si Si, so he has gone over to see if this is true.

Anyone interested in buying a new Zephyr (CHEAP) contact Cpl "L" Plate Cancade. What is the matter now Joe?

Now comes the big news, the optimists from Wing Instrument Section have challenged us to a golf tournament. With Cpl (Ben Hogan) Turner breaking the hundred every time he is playing alone we should have a fair chance. Of course, we never see the score card. Other enthusiastic golfers are: Cpl (If I had my own clubs) Thomas, complete with latest in head wear from St. Ives, Sgt Christie, Cpls Hay and Cancade, LAC Hind and myself, so look out Instrument bashers.

LAC Rafuse has gone up to Horsham St. Faith with 441 Sqn to renew flood time acquaintances. Look out Ray, don't get washed overboard.

Rumour has it that the Skidlid Kid (LAC Hind) is busy these days visiting the fair town of Hinkley. We wonder if a certain "red beautiful" red head is the reason for these nocturnal jaunts. Well folks, this is all for this Edition, so until next time, don't pull any rip-cords.

MAINTENANCE REPAIR

BY CPL WATT

There have been a few changes in Wing since our last issue, but on the average everything is going about the same as usual.

Cpl Charlie Wiseman has gone back to Canada after completing close to two years' service at this Wing.

Cpl Gordie Hunt has been released from duty at the tech library (after all these months?) to join us in the Engine Bay.

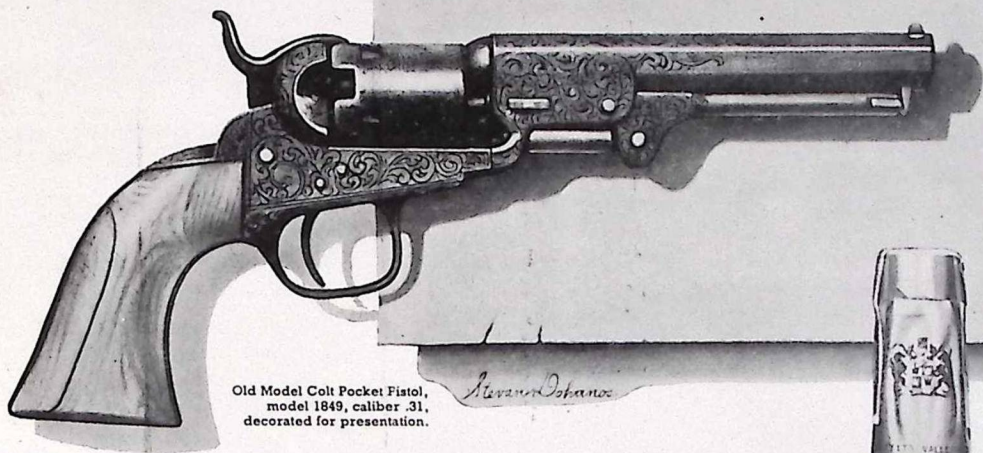
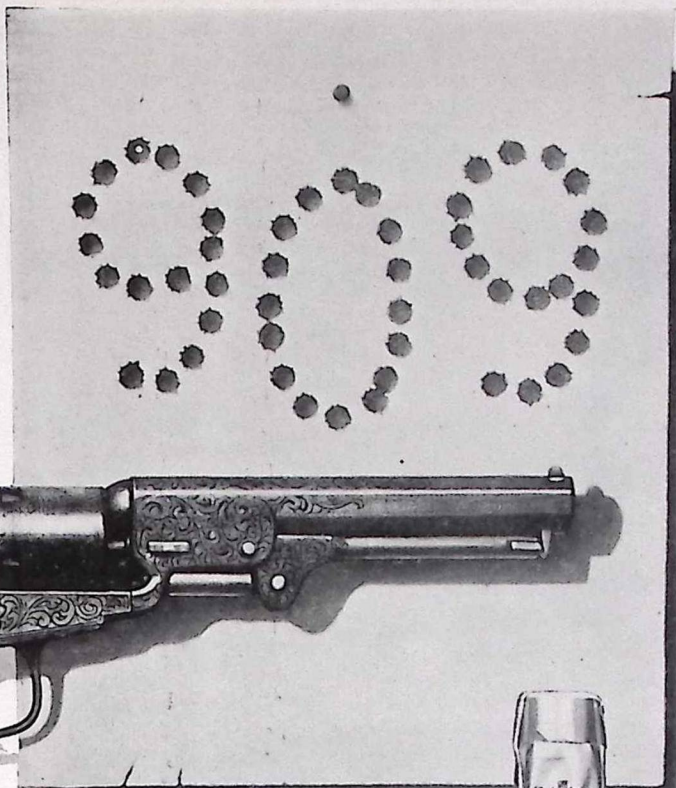
Sgt Harder has been called back to serve with his own Squadron after nearly a year of good service at Wing Maintenance.

It is rumoured that Windy Miller is taking up flying by the looks of his "G" Suit. They may be in overalls as he is filling them out better.

We believe Wing Maint hit the top again, this time with the accident rate. A couple of the boys got severe gravel rash. We all wish FS Stewart a speedy recovery at Ely Hospital and would like to see him back in 2 Hangar.

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