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VOL. III

DECEMBER, 1953

No. 2



★ AC2 TO GROUP CAPTAIN

★ CANADIANS ABROAD—LESLIE ROBERTS



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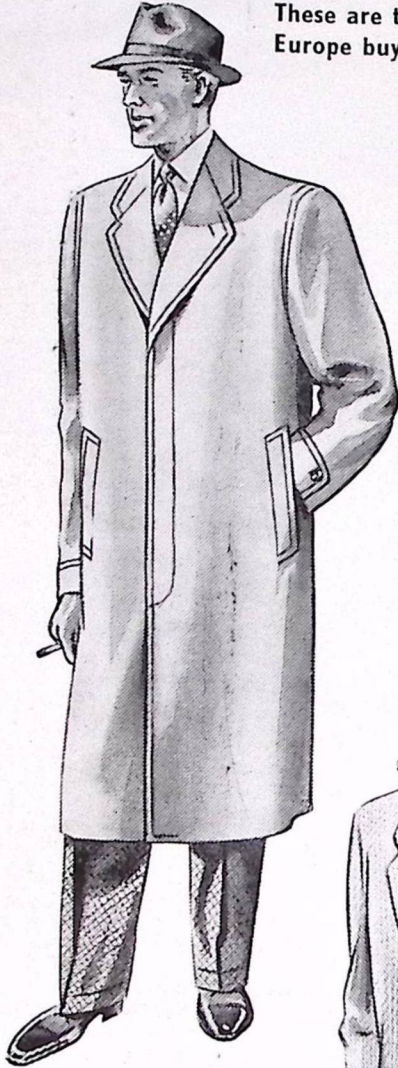
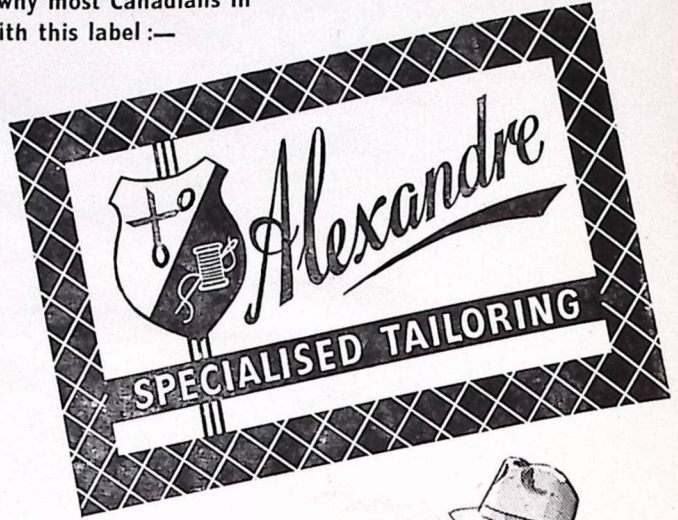


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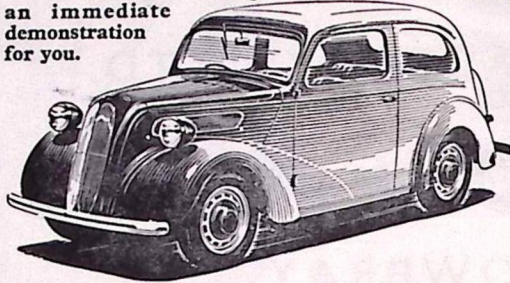
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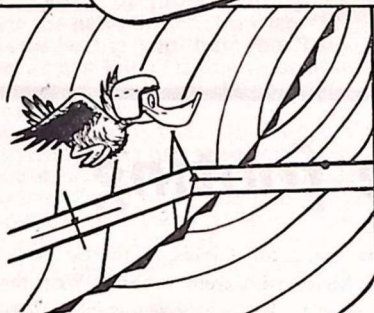
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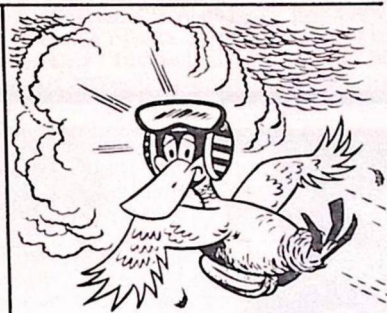
This bird took off from Texas
With many miles to go
'Twas lousy weather along the route
Altimeter — twenty nine-six-0



Five thousand was assigned him
And cold fronts forecast, too,
But he forgot 'bout pressure change—
Kept boring right on thru . . .



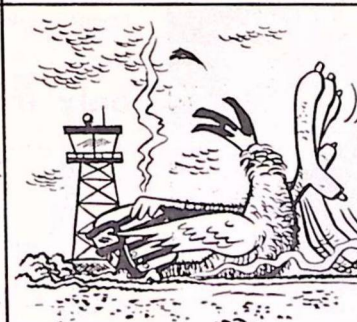
Another bird was westbound
Six thousand was assigned
Altimeter set for thirty-six
And here now comes the bind



They both held altitude right well
According to their clocks,
Forgetting that in frontal passage
Pressure climbs or drops



Both failed to call for settings
While stations sizzled by
They both homed in on one last range—
They met there, in the sky



One spun down into the ground
The other got away
Though ripped and torn and really shook
He'll fly again some day



Had both these birds checked pressure
Along the right of way
'Tis plain to see that two—not one
Would be with us today.

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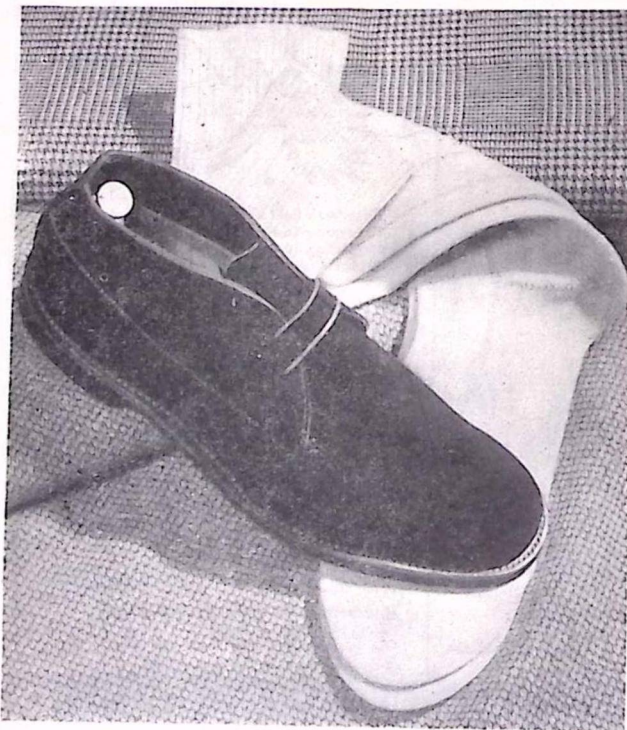
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DO YOU OR DON'T YOU WANT A STATION MAGAZINE?

From a quick perusal of other RCAF station papers and periodicals it is apparent that they are having difficulty obtaining news. For a while we thought that we were alone in having a station that did not particularly care whether it had a station magazine. We were wrong.

To use the rather hackneyed expression obtaining news or articles from this Wing is often like pulling teeth. Our deadline is the 15th of each month; and a few days before the deadline our circulation manager calls her various contacts about the station. This should not be a very difficult job, but it has become an ordeal. With the exception of a few people who are very faithful correspondents, and to whom this article is not directed, the usual reaction is one of "can't be bothered," "you didn't publish what we sent you the last time," or "there is nothing to write about." Sometimes it is possible to sense downright hostility. The point has been reached where we feel obliged to preface every request for news or articles with "We hate to bother you but the Talepipe, as you know, is due to be published and can't we have something, please?"

We will admit that in the past everything that has been sent to us has not been published for various reasons: Some of it was not fit to be published; some of it was not the sort of thing that we like to publish; and after taking account for advertising we have found sometimes that a large amount of print had to be deleted. Most of the material that was deleted was section news, and because such news is dated it could not be published in a later issue. We make no apologies for omitting material because the purpose of an editor is to edit (look it up in the dictionary) and revise and to make up generally what he considers a suitable publication.

As one example of our difficulties there is the women's page, which is published as an effort on the part of our magazine to appeal to all groups. But if getting general information is like pulling teeth, getting news for the women's section is like a major jaw operation. So much so that, believe it or not, in the last two editions a man wrote the women's page.

While we are in a binding mood, we would like to add that nothing annoys us more than to receive a strictly plagiarized article. We

EDITORIAL

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

The material reconstruction of Germany from the rubble of the second World War and her political and economic recovery to the point where she is now a desirable western ally are miracles of the post war world. In 1945 the normal functions of her government had been abandoned nearly to the point of anarchy; her cities were in ruins; and her transportation and distributing system had been all but stalled by allied bombs. Today Germany has the strongest government in Europe; her cities have cleared their rubble and are being quickly rebuilt; and her railway and water systems are loaded with the products of mines, factories and farms.

How did she do it? How did this Germany, whose defeat in World War II was so complete, recover to the extent that by 1952 she had surpassed in prosperity some of her former enemies?

These questions must have occurred to others as they have to us. We think we have found the answer. In a report not long ago we read that the Germans went to work with "teutonic fury." We started to think about this teutonic fury, and the more we thought the more we became convinced that in itself it is a good thing. Translated into more universal terms, it is "furious zeal," an inner force which impels an individual to perform to his utmost, to surpass even his own expectations of himself.

To us this force connotes a hatred of sloth, a love of work, and a sense of purpose. It makes its subjects work because unconsciously they are obligated to somebody or something—maybe themselves. People who have this "furious zeal" work with no regard to time or their conditions of work. They do not stretch rest periods into hour long debates or find fictitious excuses to leave their tasks. They feel that cheating at work—by passing the buck to somebody else—is an insult to the soul and a cancer to their conscience. They accept their position as a responsible position, one that is necessary not because of their personal betterment but because of the community. They act in concert under the influence of this "furious zeal." It is as though each man has his eye on something beyond himself—the fulfilment of a great idea or ideal, the completion of a great destiny, or the collective atonement for a common sin.

What has all this to do with us and the New Year? We would do well to absorb some of this "teutonic fury," or "furious zeal," or "inner force," whatever you want to call it. As Canadians we have before us unlimited and rich opportunities for service. Canada is a country destined for great things and we in the RCAF are part of that destiny. All that is required of us are work and imagination, but of these work is the more important. Let us resolve then that in the future, beginning with this New Year, we will render to our Country each and every day, an honest day's work.

Continued from previous column

marvel at the nerve of people who lift material word for word from a copyrighted publication, make no effort to re-write it, and send it to us with the plaintive utterance "Will this be all right?" If you are going to submit something that you have taken from another magazine either write away to the publication from which you took it for permission to use it or rewrite it so it will never be recognised. Whatever you do, don't leave it up to the editorial staff to do all that for you.

The question now is: Do you or do you not want a station magazine? If you want it then show a little bit more interest in it. If you do not want a station magazine then let us know and we shall recommend to the Commanding Officer that publication be stopped.

In Memoriam

The sympathy of all personnel of 1 Fighter Wing is extended to the next of kin of 50170 F/O D. G. Tracey, who was killed in a flying accident on 17 December, '53. F/O Tracey, who was known as Gordon to his friends, was born on 13 June, 1933, at Victoria, B.C. He was educated in Vancouver, B.C., where he attended Britannia High School. He came into the Air Force from school, but had served as an airman for eighteen months in 422 Reserve Squadron.

"The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and no torment shall touch them."

WISDOM iii 5

AC2 TO GROUP CAPTAIN

1 AIR DIVISION'S G/C T. A. SPRUSTON, MBE, CD, WAS ONCE QUITE DISCOURAGED
BECAUSE HE HAD BEEN AN AC2 FOR THREE YEARS!

On 5 January, '54, 1 (F) Wing's recently promoted C/TechO, G/C T. A. Spruston, MBE, CD, will take up duties at 1 Air Division, RCAF, as Senior Technical Staff Officer. In this position, he will help make policies on technological problems within 1 Air Division; he will be responsible for seeing that technical difficulties at 1 Air Division units are resolved; and he will by his policies direct the activities of hundreds of technical tradesmen and technical list officers, many of them university graduates. All this in itself is not remarkable; policy formulation and direction are the task of all senior staff officers. What is remarkable, however is that in these days of fantastic scientific development, in this age of the nuclear, the electronics, and the chemo-physicists—in short the day of university scientific graduates—a man who is not a university graduate has risen through the ranks to a position of influence and great responsibility in the most technical of all the services, the Air Force. In his promotion, G/C Spruston joins a select group of officers who have attained that rank by coming through all the ranks of the regular force. G/C Syme of Camp Borden and the late G/C Stan Green are two officers who did the same. Other officers, like G/C Somerville, DSO, DFC, came through the ranks in the reserve air force and then came into the regular. Still others enlisted as airmen in the regular force and after serving for a number of years obtained leave of absence to take a university degree. They then came back into the regular force as officers. All in all, the number of officers who came through the ranks in one way or another to become G/C or above, is small; and the number who came through the ranks of the regular force is smaller still.

G/C Spruston enlisted in the RCAF in September, 1930. At that time all RCAF recruits after completing a three months' basic course, were selected to begin training in one of the various trades. AC2 Spruston, who had come to the air force with a junior matriculation and with journeyman papers as a machinist, was selected for training as an airframe technician.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune," said Shakespeare. For the next three years, AC2 Spruston must have felt that he had caught the ebb tide in his affairs. During those three years he not only remained an AC2 but with the setting in of the world depression, was in danger of losing his job. The Canadian Government, like other governments of the day, was searching for ways to economize and the economy wave struck the services in the spring of 1932. The air force lost one-fifth of its regular strength, 78 officers and 100 airmen being released. By 1933, AC2 Spruston was discouraged and notwithstanding the facts of the world depression and scarcity of jobs, he seriously considered asking for his release.

In 1934, however, AC2 Spruston's fortune took a turn for the better and in the space of a year he went from AC2 to LAC. He remained at that rank until 1935 when he became acting unpaid corporal. The acting and unpaid description of his rank continued until 1937 when the magic word, "substantive," removed any uncertainty about A/Cpl Spruston's immediate future and increased the amount of his monthly pay.

Looking back on those early 1930's, G/C Spruston sees little difference between the services then and the services now. Nowadays there is possibly a little more accent on getting the job done simply because there is more and better equipment available. There were fewer trades in pre-war days and for that reason a greater variety of work was performed by any one airman. One of the duties that airmen of yesteryear performed more than airmen of today was parading. G/C Spruston's description of a typical early morning parade, with a warrant officer forming up the squadron and the orderly officer taking over from him, sounds like an excerpt from CAP 90, Manual of Drill. From the parade the airmen marched to their place of work and were dismissed to their duties.

Another slight difference between airmen's work then and now is in the relationship to flying. The

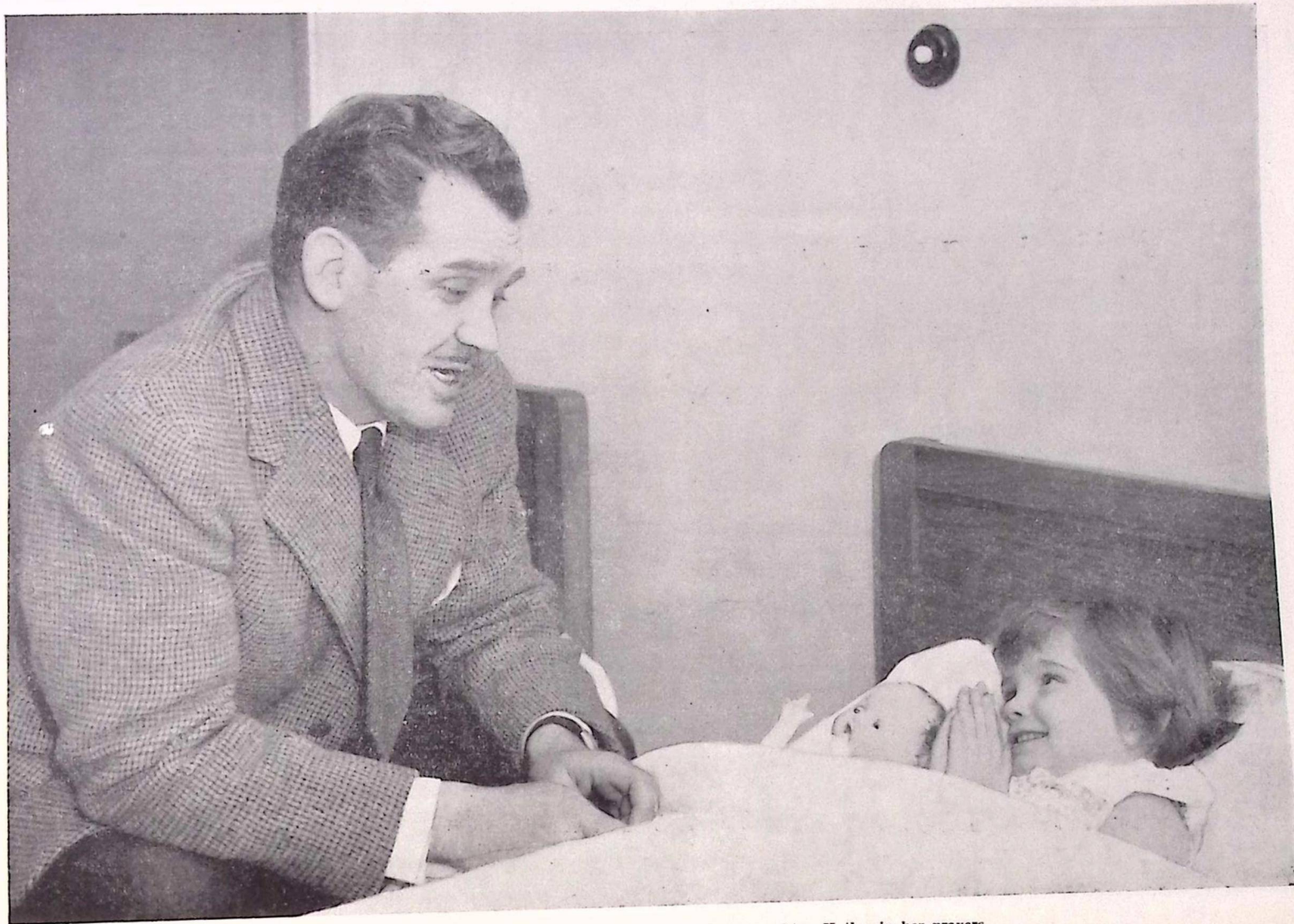
groundcrews had a more personal interest in the aircraft, possibly because they actually participated in the flight test. Rigging was air tested, as was engine performance, by the tradesmen affected. Sometimes this gave rise to humorous stories such as the one about the pilot who invariably after his first flight in the morning, requested "his" groundcrew to remedy a low flying left wing. After doing nothing about it the crewmen would go to the flight commander's office, report that the aircraft was now fit for testing, and await the pilot's report. The pilot's usual comment after landing was that the aircraft flew splendidly.

There was at that time a limited opportunity for ground tradesmen to obtain wings as Sergeant Pilots. Not very many men qualified in this endeavour. Even fewer airmen were commissioned from the ranks. In comparison with the airmen of the 1930's, today's airmen have infinitely greater opportunities to become commissioned and from the point of view of becoming a pilot, educational requirements are much lower than the minimum two year's university education required in pre-war days. In commenting on these aspects of the serviceman's life today, G/C Spruston pointed out that there is a definite policy of commissioning from the ranks a certain percentage of all officer requirements, whereas in all the years of his service prior to the war he recalls only one airman who was so commissioned.

The airman of pre-World War II years had to be something of an individualist with an inquiring mind. If he wished to progress he had to demonstrate in some way that he was deserving of recognition and of advanced grouping. There were oral trade tests in those days and no trade advancement schemes such as are in effect today. The airman obtained most of his training on the job from his NCO and lifted what knowledge could from text books or training manuals which he begged, borrowed or stole. It was a system which in every respect obeyed the law of the survival of the fittest. Advancement was slow and only the best came to the fore. It was



G/C and Mrs. T. A. Spruston with their family. Standing: Thomas and Donald; on G/C Spruston's knee, Katherine; and sitting on the floor, Richard



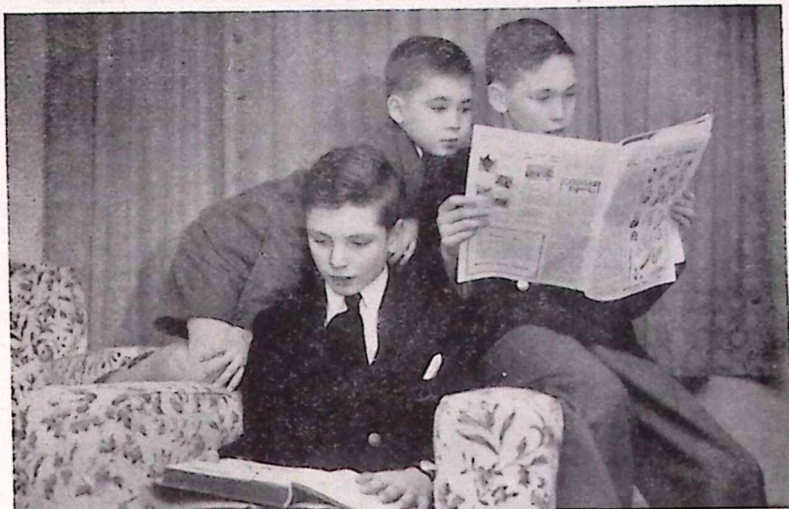
A charming study of G/C Spruston accompanying his daughter, Kathy, in her prayers.

possibly G/C Spruston's remembrance of those days that has guided him in his relationship with airmen who have not yet obtained their maximum outright grouping. As CTechO at various units he has interceded forcibly on behalf of airmen who failed their trade tests three times or more and to all appearances should have received dire treatment. His experiences over his 23 years of service life have shown that airmen who to all outward appearances were failures, often turned out first-rate men. "Every man is worth salvaging if at all possible," G/C Spruston said recently. "I think the man who is slow in learning things often turns out to be a very good man because the knowledge he has obtained is solidified in his mind and he does not lose it quickly."

At the beginning of World War II, G/C Spruston had reached the rank of Sgt, having successfully completed his Cpl's qualifying examinations. (Yes, they had them in those days too. FS's were lucky; there were no qualifying examinations for them). Between 1939 and 1941, G/C Spruston progressed from Sgt to WO1 and in 1941 he was commissioned and went to Camp Borden as engineering officer, becoming OC Repair. In 1942, he went to Fingal as CTechO. By 1944, he had reached the rank of W/C, held various CTechO positions and had occupied a position in the Organization and Establishment Branch at AFHQ. He was awarded the MBE for his contributions to the setting up of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan and after his period at AFHQ went to Training Command as senior air engineering staff officer.

On "reversion day," 1 October, '46, he reverted to the rank of S/L but by July '47 was back, this time to the substantive rank of W/C. He was active in closing down many war time air force stations and moved to 11 different stations between 1946 and the end of 1947. In 1950, he went to 1ORD Calgary as CTechO and when that unit was taken over by Canadian Pacific Railways in 1951, G/C Spruston stayed on briefly as senior RCAF representative. In October '51 he came to England to 1 (F) Wing HQ.

In 1938 as Cpl, G/C Spruston married Esther Moncrieff, of Belleville, Ont. They have four children: Thomas, 13; Donald, 11; Richard, 7; and Katherine, 3. Like all married service people, the Spruston's sometimes worry about the education of their children.



The three sons of G/C Spruston in an informal study

G/C Spruston feels that academically the education of children of service people suffers because of the dislocation and disturbances of moving. What they lose academically, however, he is certain they more than gain in the broadened outlook, in the social experiences and in the general first-hand observations that travel brings. Initially, the children may suffer because of the different systems of education in the places their parents have taken them, but in the latter years they have a distinct advantage in possessing a more mature and enlightened outlook.

In a general review of service life G/C Spruston, as a non-university man, has made the comment that regardless of education the traits for advancement are in the man himself. If there is one quality, however, that every serviceman should have if he wishes to progress it is *persistence*. Coupled with this must be the realization that an individual is never too old to learn and that he must if he wishes to get anywhere, keep studying. This outlook, G/C Spruston maintains, stood him in good stead when he was once at Technical Training School, Camp Borden as an instructor. As a Cpl he was giving lectures to commissioned pilots; this involved much night studying in order to keep not one but two steps ahead of the people he was lecturing. How does G/C Spruston feel

about the university graduate in comparison with the graduate of the school of hard service experience? How do engineering officers of these two sources compare? G/C Spruston is firmly of the opinion that both are necessary. Without the hard experience of the man who has come through the ranks to balance off his theoretical knowledge a university graduate is often lost. Conversely, without the thorough knowledge of theories, stresses, mathematics, physics—all in the realm of higher learning which has been denied to the practical man—the officer who has come up through the ranks cannot sometimes cope with certain complex technical problems. Where one individual has both university training and a great deal of practical experience he is the most competent of all.

G/C Spruston's contribution to 1 (F) Wing have been considerable, involving chiefly the setting up of a centralized wing maintenance system. His vast experience has aided greatly the establishment of 1 (F) Wing in the United Kingdom. For these reasons his departure will be regretted and socially the departure of Mrs. Spruston and their four children will be a loss to the 1 (F) Wing married community. The personnel of 1 Fighter Wing wish them continued social and professional blessings in their new establishment.

CANADIANS ABROAD

FROM

CBC BROADCAST BY LESLIE ROBERTS

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us..."

BURNS

During the past two years we in England and Europe have been seen by many. We do not know what the several people think of us but we do know the thoughts of some of our own people. Such well known correspondents as William Boss, Lionel Shapiro, Ross Munro and others of less national fame but of equal local renown have come to report on us. Their reports have been varied despite the fact that if reporting is truly objective the results of their reporting should be alike. For our part we regard such reports much the same way as we regard tea cup reading. If the report is bad we do not believe it; if it is good we are ardent believers.

Recently Leslie Roberts, a famous Canadian radio commentator, visited Europe and on his return broadcast his findings over the Trans-Canada network of the CBC on Thursday, 5 November, '53 at 10.15 p.m. It is reproduced in part below:

"I want to tell you about our Canadian lads in Europe, how they are getting along, how they are doing their job, and the reasons you and I have to be proud of them and of our country. I'm here to talk constructive things; to set the record straight.

"Pride in Canada can be reflected in one terse sentence—We are the one NATO country which has fulfilled its commitments 100 per cent. Mark that down to remember when you read the inventions of the scandalmongers and the muckrakers. Now let me add two points, one about the Air Force; and the other about the Army.

"Until a few weeks ago Canada's Air Division was the only Tactical flying outfit—meaning fighters—in Western Europe which could mount a complete force capable of tangling with the MIGs, if the occasion should arise. This is the hottest flying outfit west of the Iron Curtain, make no mistake about it.

"Recently the whole NATO force in northwestern Europe went out on major manoeuvres. The 27th Canadian Brigade was the first outfit to gain its objective, nipping off an important strategic bridge-

head and making possible the success of the whole scheme. I didn't get that from any brass hat. I got it from the military correspondents of the London Times and the Manchester Guardian, two of Britain's outstanding newspapers, each renowned for accurate reporting. I'll buy that rather than the weasling criticisms of Canadians, who have called the 27th a bust and suggested that its ranks, at least until recently, were loaded with moral lepers. I'll buy it, too, because I went to see for myself—and what I saw was a fine, soldierly outfit.

"Don't misunderstand me. I go for constructive criticism, but there is such a thing as decent pride of family. Yankee ebullience often annoys me. But I sure wouldn't try to sell the Saturday Evening Post a piece arguing that the moral standards of the U.S. Army come strictly from the gutter. Or do the British get the printed horrors about the morals of the Coldstreams or the Argylls? Yet every Navy, Army and Air Force has its defaulters, its deserters, its VD problems. What do the O-my-goodness guys think this is; Sunday School?

"And now a quick look at the Air Force, 390 miles away on the border of Alsace-Lorraine and Germany. We man three huge fields with Sabres, two in Germany, one on French soil at Gros Tenquin. At Gros Tenquin the lads and the lasses of the Air Force went through plain hell. It isn't over yet. The French contractors who built the camp and laid the runway botched the job and were months behind schedule. They forgot, or neglected, to leave chinks in the runway concrete to allow for contraction and expansion and the strip had to be shut down, to be sliced by bulldozer knives and put right before the frost came. Until recently, barrack, mess and general social conditions were deplorable, and when I was there things were just beginning to get untangled. Whose fault? The Air Force? The Government? No sir, the contractors. One part of this NATO deal is that civilian work on these stations must be

given to companies or individual nationals of the country in which it has to be done—a deal we are powerless to change. That is part of the business, the unpleasant part, of having allies. But we had a commitment. So we moved in and kept it. And out of all the discomfort and muck came the greatest show of team play and team spirit I have ever seen in my countrymen—Young Canadian wives tending their youngsters in two-by-four trailer camps—including the wife and kids of the C.O., Group Captain Wiser, and everybody having the time of his or her life. Now that the take-off strip is operational again, families gather nearby to watch daddy take his sound-barrier-busting Sabre off into the air. The school is running. The library shelves are filling up. The sergeants and officers don't have to eat and drink together any more. There aren't as many muddy ditches to fall into in the dark. But the great thing at Gros Tenquin is that sense of Canadian family-ness, that team spirit. I doubt you could get it under any terms but those of hardship, shared.

"Then I crossed the border into Germany and to a field the Germans built for us at Zweibrücken. Bless me, you could have eaten off the roadways. It was like being in another world. Once across the border you could feel that German drive and industriousness, that can rebuild a town, or build an aerodrome on time, while the French, a few miles away, are still thinking about it. I doff my hat to it—then I scratch my bare head and begin to fret, because this is the same old German temperament that you and I can never fathom, but which hasn't changed one iota.

"This is a grand job, done in the grand manner. It has its rough spots. It has had its problems, but one by one, they have been and are being resolved. Greatest problem of all, socially, is the language barrier, coupled to the fact that the Army is soldiering in the land of a defeated people, and under the skin they resent us, no matter the high flown speeches Mr. Adenauer makes. We are working, in short, under circumstances not merely new to us, doing something we have never done before, which we have to learn the hard way, but under circumstances not natural to the free and easy young Canadian democrat. But we have done it, done it well and on time. The watch we keep on the Rhine is one of the finest jobs Canadians in uniform have ever done."

CRIPPLED CHILDREN ENTERTAINED BY PIPE BAND

On Tuesday, 15 December, 1953, the pipe band from 1 (F) Wing under F/O J. Oliver and Pipe Major J. T. MacKenzie entertained 42 crippled children at Barleythorpe Crippled Children's Home (formerly called Rob Roy, once a private estate—a coincidence arising from the fact that the band only recently figured prominently in a film preview of that name) to a Christmas party, complete with turkey dinner and trimmings very ably prepared by FS Trevor Thomas and LAC John Cutting. The band arrived at the hostel at 1500 hours unknown to the children. After a short speech by F/O Oliver, in marched the band in full dress. After marching around the tables where the children were seated, the band formed a semi-circle and gave out with a few tunes much to the delight of everyone. Then on came the turkey dinner, served by the band members. It kept everyone busy serving "seconds" as the children really tied into the grub. Christmas pudding was certainly in demand as there were 6d.'s cooked into it. After eating, Cpl Ablett did a grand job of entertaining with his tape recorder and the songs. This went over in a big way with the kids. It was very touching to see these poor little girls laughing and happy even though most of them are so badly crippled that they have not much to look forward to in life. Makes you realize how lucky we are to have our health, and yet we moan and groan about small things in life. The sight of these poor unfortunate children brought tears to the eyes of even the hardest characters among us. Even "Smiling Jake" was caught furtively wiping away a tear. Mountains of dishes accumulated in the kitchen, but were soon disposed of by Mrs. Langston, Mrs. MacKenzie and Mrs. Oliver, who between them, gave the nurses on the staff a stand down from the chores of the kitchen.

After the singing, etc., two films were shown by Cpl Mervin Watters. "Johnny at the Fair" and "Angotee" — the story of an Eskimo boy, both Canadian films. John Croxford and LAC Carrington gave a display of highland dancing accompanied by our P/M. Then, in came Santa Claus (yes, they do have a Santa in Scotland—I saw him) marching ?? behind Sgt Jake Langston, who surprised everyone by playing Jingle Bells on the pipes. Santa McNeil temporarily

exchanged his big skin for the red flannel nightie of the jovial gent and beaming benignly, handed out presents to the girls, who enjoyed it all immensely. When presents were given out and all were settled down, a little girl expressed the thanks and appreciation of them all in a little speech. Afterwards, the band formed up and marched out of the building to the 'bus and home.

By ...
Don (Scorched Sporrans)
McSimpson.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

BY FS YATERNICK

On Wednesday the 16th of December approximately 275 children accompanied by their parents attended the station annual Christmas Party held in the airmen's dining hall and sponsored by the Station Entertainment Committee under the capable direction of F/L W. R. Palmer, the Entertainment Officer.

The dining hall was decorated in the true spirit of Christmas with a large Christmas tree and all the trimmings in red and green. The festivities got under way at approximately 1.30 with the appearance of six clowns who were Cpl's Platt, Harkness, Haglund, St. Pierre, Jeffrion and one LAC. Then came Doc the Puppet, who after amusing them, led the children in a sing-song.

A puppet show followed which was enjoyed by young and old alike. The climax of the afternoon's enjoyment came with the appearance of Santa Claus, whose delegation presented the children with candy and gifts—a pleasant end for a very pleasant afternoon.

STATION BINGO

BY FS YATERNICK

This season's Station Bingo came to a climax on Wednesday, 16th of December, when W/C Spear, CAdO, presented a Ford Popular Car to S/L Brighton from Air Div. The small jackpot (£57 7s. 6d.—not too small) was divided by LAC A. Wood and Mrs. Pettigrew and many other worthy and useful prizes were taken home by an assortment of lucky people.

The Station Entertainment Committee wishes to inform its Bingo patrons that Bingo will start again in the New Year and that another new car is waiting for someone to drive it away. So, Bingo Fans, here's for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy (and lucky) New Year.

TALEPIPE COMMITTEE'S CHRISTMAS EFFORT

On 27 November '53 the CAdO informed the *Talepipe* Committee, Chairman that last year the *Talepipe* Committee had undertaken to pick up old toys for distribution to certain places and would the Committee do the same this year? Because the CAdO makes out the chairman's R211 and because the chairman did not want to appear like Scrooge, he accepted the threat on behalf of the whole committee!

At a meeting on 2 December '53 the committee members bought the suggestion lock-stock-and-barrel after it was rammed down their throats. A committee was formed with Cpl R. Haglund as head and arrangements were made to advertise during the week of 7-11 December the pick-up of toys from married quarters on Monday, 14 December, '53. Also collection boxes were placed throughout the station showing a photograph of the type of child who might benefit. This collection was made as scheduled during a pouring rain by Cpl R. Haglund, Cpl F. A. Ashby, Cpl R. T. Moyes and F/L Brunton. The large number of toys collected was most gratifying and while some of the contributions had to be discarded as unsuitable, most were in satisfactory condition.

During the week of 14-18 December no work on the toys was done because the time just was not available and there were also no lights where the toys were deposited. The question also arose: Where are all these things to go? This was answered on Friday, 18 December, when a list of five places was received.

On December 21 at 1800 hrs a working party consisting of Cpl Haglund, LAC M. J. G. Labrecque and F/L Brunton gathered at the NAAFI building with paint and paint brushes. LAC J. G. R. Parker opened up workshops and some kiddy cars and other toys were repaired. They were then painted. F/L Brunton left early when the 24-hour 'flu bug hit him where his lunch was.

On December 22 after work F/L Brunton sorted out the toys, placed them in four boxes and addressed them for delivery the following morning. Cpl Haglund came in and put a few more touches of paint to some scuffed toys.

On Wednesday, December 23, the toys were piled into a panel vehicle and with the money from the collection boxes, £20 17s. 11d. converted to money orders, F/L Brun-

Continued on page 16.



The Pipe Band with Pipe Major MacKenzie leading enters the dining room during Christmas dinner given for children at the Oakham School for Crippled Children, Barleythorpe Hall, Oakham.

TALE PICS



Mrs. Belleau, wife of S/L M. Belleau, O.C. 439 Squadron, receives a bouquet from Mrs. Bryan, one of the residents at the Oakham Old People's Home. The occasion was the banquet and entertainment given by 439 Squadron for the old people at Stud House, Oakham.



A group photograph of the old people at Stud House during the dinner given by members of 439 Squadron.



Clowns at the Children's Christmas Party on Wednesday, 16 December, '53. Do you recognize any of them?



S/L D. Warren, recently returned from Korea, resumes command of 410 Squadron.



The Honourable Brooke Claxton, Minister of National Defence, during his visit to the station on 10 December, '53, invested several officers and airmen with the Coronation Medal. In this photograph he is investing LAC Phil Robinson, Talepipe's accounts correspondent.



Would you believe it? A Supply Officer, S/L C. T. Brighton, of 1 Air Division won the Ford Popular at the Bingo games on Wednesday, 16 December, '53. W/C Spear is shown here presenting him with the keys.

ton headed out on a triangular trip.

Delivery of the toys would have been easy if all the addresses had been accurate, but at Nottingham and Leicester confusion was rife. At Nottingham the lady who was responsible for a certain charitable institution last year had severed the connection with it and trying to find her successor was harrasing.

At Leicester the address of the charity was wrong and the address of the lady in charge of another organization was mixed up with still another separate institution.

However, the toys reached where they were intended and here are the statistics :

Amount of money collected	£	s.	d.
20	17	11	
Money distributed as follows :			
Tixover Grange School ...	5	10	0
Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Nottingham	3	15	0
St. George's Boys' Home, Stamford	3	15	0
Church of England Children's Soc., Leicester	3	15	0
Leicester Society for Children	£3	15	6
Cost of Money Orders ...		3	4
Cost of distributing handbills		4	0

To each of the last four places above a box of toys was also delivered.

Cpl Haglund and all who assisted him deserve a great deal of credit for their selfless work. That includes the Chairman of the Talepipe Committee who is writing this article ¹

FIRE ISN'T FUNNY

The following is an extract from the Langar Log for June '53.

BY THE FIRE CHIEF
(FS T. C. Kelly)

Ever since that day in the dawn of history when man discovered the phenomenon of fire, and burned himself badly in the process, man and his succeeding generations have enjoyed and suffered the wonders and dangers inherent in the chemical processes of combustion. In this enlightened age, the miracle of fire has been developed to a degree not dreamt of by our ancestors, and yet, because of the inherent undiscipline of the human race, we are still being burnt as painfully and permanently as that first fire-making savage. Oceans of ink and acres of paper are used annually to spread the warning but still wisdom and common sense are ignored. Thousands of lives and untold wealth are sac-

rificed each year to the appetite of uncontrolled fire, and we in the RCAF, add our quota to the ever growing toll.

It should be obvious that every week should be fire prevention week. It should be equally obvious that no opportunity should be lost to pound home the grim truth that uncontrolled fire is dangerous; that unremitting care the only solution.

SAFETY IN THE AIR BEGINS WITH SAFETY ON THE GROUND—HOW ABOUT YOU?

1. A class of Grade VII students was writing exams and one of the questions was : "Name three main causes of Fire." The answer given by one of the children was "Men, women and children." Well, isn't that true ?

2. We are living in a very complicated and dangerous age, and every day we read in our daily papers of death and injuries by Fire.

3. Fire, under control, is man's greatest friend, but fire out of control is man's greatest enemy. Therefore, we must be watchful of our actions when we are working among dangerous liquids, gases, vapours, spray painting, dust, etc., which, when they explode, are usually referred to as flash fires.

4. Did you ever stop to think of the tremendous power of gasoline, which, when in an aircraft, lifts and flies through the air tons of weight at great speeds; of the numerous automobiles driven along our streets and highways, each with its tank of gasoline; the jet planes which use ordinary kerosene or crude oil and can exceed the speed of sound; and let's not forget the lumbering tractors and caterpillars capable of exerting great power.

5. This power is actually controlled fire, for if we consider just for a moment what is taking place in the power plants of these machines, we find, where gasoline is the fuel, it is drawn into the cylinder as a vapour, with a proper amount of air. Then at the top of the compression stroke, a spark is applied which sets fire to this mixture. The burning gases expand, creating the power to drive the engine. In engines which use crude oil or kerosene, air is compressed which causes great heat. Then at the proper time, a squirt of vaporised fuel is shot into the cylinder and the compressed heated air sets it on fire to give the power to put the engine in motion.

6. Other forms of controlled heat are the heating, cooking, and

labour saving appliances in the house, or at the plants where we work. In fact there are many ways in which fire under control is used for the benefit of mankind.

7. What I am trying to point out is the great power developed from controlled fire. On the other hand, this same amount of fuel, which when permitted to go on fire out of control, can bring disaster, death or injury, all because of careless act or thoughtlessness on the part of those who are using or working among these dangerous liquids or vapours.

8. I have responded to fire alarms which have turned out to be explosions in basements, with or without a following fire, the cause being an open container of gasoline, sometimes not more than a pint, in an upstairs room and the vapours or fumes from the gasoline being heavier than air, roll along the floor, descend into the basement where they build up into explosive mixtures, and the flame to explode this is sometimes the flame of the natural gas hot water heater; or it could be a lighted match or spark. Sometimes the fire will follow the trail of vapours back to its source, thereby increasing the area of damage.

9. Now what can be done to prevent starting fires, which may develop into uncontrolled fires. I am offering a few necessary precautions, which I trust will be heeded by all.

10. IN AIRCRAFT HANGARS AND WORKSHOPS :

(a) See that ground wires are attached.

(b) See that drip pans are used as required.

(c) Dispose of waste or dirty gasoline, Varsol, etc., into drums provided.

(d) Take care that pails of volatile liquids, dope, etc., are not left on the floors where someone may trip over or upset them.

(e) Immediately wipe up spills of gasoline, Varsol, dope, etc., and dispose of the cleaning rags in a safe place, preferably outside.

(f) When draining gasoline from aircraft, take care that none is drained on to the concrete, either inside or outside the hangars. Unpainted concrete can absorb these volatile liquids which evaporate at a speed, dependent on the temperature.

(g) Make sure your vapour-proof globes, extension wires, plugs and sockets are in good order.

(h) Gasoline used to fill blow torches and other such implements must be kept in a self closing container of one or two gallons' cap-

"The Talepipe"

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acity, and be painted red. In starting up blow torches set them on concrete or metal top benches and away from burnable material.

11. They say Christopher Columbus took a chance, BUT THERE WAS NO GASOLINE IN HIS DAY.

12. ONE GALLON OF GASOLINE IS EQUAL TO 85 POUNDS OF DYNAMITE IN DESTRUCTIVE FORCE.



LIBRARY LORE

BY M. A. BALL

Those of you who enjoyed reading "I Flew for the Fuhrer" will enjoy its follower, "Heaven Next Stop," by Gunther Bloemertz.

It reveals the personal experiences of a fighter pilot in the German Air Force in North-West France and Belgium from 1940 to 1945. Against the background of a Germany at first victorious and gradually becoming conscious of defeat, Gunther Bloemertz tells the story of 'ten little nigger boys' one by one removed by death.

The author's amazing powers of re-creating the tense and violent excitement of air combat and the horrors of its consequences have produced a picture which no reader is likely to forget.

"The Escapers" — by Eric Williams (author of 'The Wooden Horse').

A chronicle of escape in many wars. Into this 'tapestry,' rich in humour and fortitude, he has woven—

John Gerard's escape from the Tower of London in 1597 and Casanova's scramble across the roof-tops of Venice in 1756 to make a thrilling prelude to three escapes in Napoleonic Wars; a yankee soldier describes the primitive tunnel engineered by Colonel Rose in the American Civil War; Sir Winston Churchill's inimitable prose of how he escaped from the Boers over fifty years ago; and some of the most persistent escapers of the two World Wars relive their hopes and fears and high achievement against a scene which shifts from Germany to Libya, France to Malaya, Greece and Italy.

CARAVAN SITE NEWS

BY MARY MCKENZIE

During a recent trip to Oxford, I was telling my sixteen-year-old cousin about our Site. The next morning one of her school chums called with a poem made up about it. Here it is:

THE CARAVAN SITE

BY PIP

There are three rows of caravans,
A, B and C,
Of different shapes and colours, all
As homely as can be,
But there is one peculiarity, common to them all,
And that is, that they ooze in mud,
You can hear a mother bawl,
"Come out of it Alfie, look at your clean suit,
If you don't be more tidy, you will feel my boot."
There are barracks for the men, to go and have a shave;
That, is if they don't grow a beard, to make the missus rave,
For mother has a hectic time, especially with the kids,
And the obstinate salesman, worrying with his bids;
He sticks there on the caravan step, urging her to buy
His polish or his wonder cream, which she has no desire to try.
And then, just to rid of him, she buys a little tin,
Which after one use, is usually found in the rubbish bin.
Then there are the ironing boards, these are four in all,
To be shared by seventy women, you can hear them squall,
"Mrs. P, it's my turn, I came here before you,"
"Oh, Mrs. D, I've only got to iron my nightie through."
The drying room has only got, two dozen lines for everyone,
And every time you enter it, you will be sure of fun,
"My husband's shirt is wet,"—poor Mrs. B won't rest,
"It must be dried, he cannot go to work in only a vest."
Astonished Mrs. Smith exclaimed—
"Has he only got one?"
To which frustrated Mrs. B says—
"Well, it's better than none.
You see I keep eight kids as well, that's why we have a fence
Around our caravan, to stop them out from thence."
The Commissary is the place, where a crowd is always found,
When men and women push and shove, you ought to hear the sound,
When a fresh load of food arrives, and many clothes as well,
The jumble and the tussle, is very hard to tell.

Continued on next page column 1.



HOUSEKEEPING ON PARADE

Sgt. H. HART

Sgt. Hart has left us, but prepared the following before he departed.—Ed.

THERE are many housewives today who, although quite confident about making fruit cakes, still think making sandwich cakes, sponges and Swiss rolls (which we know as jelly rolls) is something rather difficult. This, however, is not true, and if any of my readers would like to produce really professional Sandwich cakes and Sponges, then carry out the following instructions most carefully, and I don't think you will be disappointed.

Sandwich or Sponge!—What is the Difference?

A Sandwich contains fat! and is also known as a Victoria Sponge, Victoria Sandwich, or Sandwich Cake.

A Sponge is fatless! and is also known as a Sponge Sandwich or Sponge Cake.

Difference in Ingredients

Because most cakes contain fat, a Sandwich could be called a "normal" rich cake; the fat works with the other ingredients to help the cake rise and "set" satisfactorily. In fact the ingredients do some of the work for you.

A Sponge rises without fat. Its rising depends chiefly upon the amount of air beaten or whisked into the mixture. That's why it's

THE CARAVAN SITE (continued).

There are two females quarrelling, over a flashy jumper,

One of them looks furious, and the other is going to "thumper,"

But then they are separated by a muddy child,

Who crashes his way through them completely undefiled.

This little brat was out of sight, taking the jumper with him,

And the two females were left looking completely dim.

There are noisy parties that take place,

And dances for the older race.

But this is heaven to the wife,
Who loves this humdrum kind of life!

considered difficult to make a good Sponge,—YOU have a lot of work to do.

Difference in Method

In a Sandwich, the fat and sugar are creamed. That is, they are beaten together until they are light and creamy. Then the Eggs are Beaten in one at a time.

In a Sponge, air is beaten into the eggs and sugar for about 15 or 20 minutes. The rising of the Sponge and the lightness of its texture, depend mainly upon this.

Difference in Finishing

A Sandwich is often covered with a soft icing, and decorated with nuts or crystallised fruits.

A Sponge should not be iced, and is only sprinkled with castor or icing sugar.

Difference in Keeping Time

A Sandwich may be kept up to a week without becoming stale; the fat in it helps to keep it moist.

A Sponge, being fatless, stales fairly quickly. To be enjoyed at its best it should be eaten within a day or two.

NOW!—TO MAKE YOUR SANDWICH CAKE YOU'LL NEED —

4 ozs. fat (I use Margarine).

4 ozs. (4 rounded tablespoons) castor Sugar.

2 eggs.

4 ozs. (4 Heaped tablespoons) self-raising flour.

Turn your oven on at least 15 minutes before the cake is put in, and set to MODERATE 360 Degrees. O.K.?

Your Sandwich tin should measure eight inches across, put the tin on a sheet of greaseproof paper, and with the point of a knife, mark the exact size of the tin, then remove the tin and cut out. Brush the inside of the tin with melted fat, put your cut-out paper on top, smooth, then brush lightly over the paper, and round the sides of the tin with melted fat.

The 4 ozs. fat should be put into a mixing bowl, then broken with a wooden spoon and beaten till soft.

The 4 ozs. sugar is then added to the fat, and beaten until light and creamy.

The 2 eggs should be broken into a cup one-at-a-time. Add each one to the mixture and beat thoroughly before adding the next.

Each egg should be well beaten in until the mixture becomes light and nunny and no vestige of white or yolk is to be seen.

The 4 ozs. flour should now be sieved directly on top of the creamed mixture. It should be gently folded in with a metal spoon.

AND FINALLY put the mixture into the prepared tin, smooth the top and bake in the middle shelf at 360 F. for about 35 minutes. When done allow to remain in the tin for 2—3 minutes, then turn out, remove the paper and cool on a wire tray. Cut open, spread with jam or cream as desired, and decorate as you wish.

NEXT COMES YOUR SPONGE —
You'll need

2 eggs.

3 ozs. (3 rounded tablespoons) castor sugar.

3 ozs. (3 Heaped tablespoons) self-raising flour.

Just under 2 tablespoons lukewarm water.

Turn your oven on to the same temperature as you did for the foregoing recipe—360 F.

Use the same sized Sandwich Tin.

THE MIXING BOWL should be of medium size. Put it on top of a smaller-sized pan half filled with hot water, but not actually touching the water. It should rest over the steam from the hot water. Place the saucepan on the table, and NOT over heat.

THE EGGS should be broken, one by one, into a cup, then poured into the bowl. Next they should be beaten with a Whisk.

THE SUGAR is added to the beaten eggs, and the mixture is beaten briskly for 10 to 15 minutes. Scrape it down from the sides of the bowl with the whisk, once or twice. After ten to fifteen minutes whisking, when the mixture is thick, and the colour and consistency of salad cream, remove the bowl on to the table and whisk like blazes for ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES.

SOME OF THE LUKEWARM WATER should now be added.

First scrape the mixture once more from the sides of the bowl, add one table-spoon of lukewarm water and fold it in by cutting through and turning over the mixture with a wooden spoon.

THE FLOUR should now be sieved on top of the mixture, and quickly folded in with a metal spoon in the same way as the water.

JUST UNDER A TABLESPOON

OF LUKEWARM WATER should now be added, and folded in just long enough for it to be mixed with the other ingredients.

INALLY, after the flour and water have been folded in, the Sponge should be poured into the prepared Sandwich tin. Spread evenly, put into the oven as quickly as possible, and bake on the third shelf from the top of your moderate oven (360 F.). Bake for 35 minutes.

When your sponge is baked, remove from the oven and allow it to cool for five minutes in the tin before turning it out.

Then run a knife round between the Sponge and the sides of the tin, shake the tin gently, turn out and finish cooling on a wire tray. Cut the 8 inch size in half, spread with jam and sandwich together, and—if you've followed these instructions carefully, you should have a perfect Sponge! And all the family will love you for it. . . .

NOTE: A Sponge is baked when it shrinks slightly away from the sides of the tin.

'Bye for now,—and DO try this Sponge recipe

AULD LANG SYNE

On New Year's Eve at midnight many of you joined hands and sang, or tried to sing Auld Lang Syne, but if you are like most people you either never knew or had forgotten the words. After the second wailing of "For Auld Lang Syne" you likely sang something like "We'll flip un mumph or highness ett FOR AULD LANG SYNE." It was not your fault; you simply did not know the words. You sing "I Love You Truly" in much the same way.

"I love you truly, truly dear.
I fits its, boro
I fits its beer"
etc.

This past New Year we decided to be familiar with words of Auld Lang Syne and went straight to the original by Robert Burns. It is shown below on the left with our translation, God help us, on the right.

AULD LANG SYNE

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

Should auld acquaintance be
forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be
forgot
And auld lang syne?

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

We two hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine,
But we've wandered monie a weary
fit
Sin' auld lang syne.

We two hae paid'd in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid have
roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.

I there's a hand, my trusty
fiere
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie
waught
For auld lang syne.
Chorus

OLD TIMES

Chorus

For the old times, my dear,
For the old times,
We'll take another drink of kind-
ness

For the old times!
Should old acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should old acquaintance be forgot
And the old times.

And surely you'll be good for your
three-pint measure,
And surely I'll be good for mine;
And we'll take another drink of
kindness
For the old times.

We two have run about the hill-
sides,
And pulled the daisies fine;
But we've wandered many a weary
foot
Since the old times.

We two have paddled in the brook
From morning sun till dinner
time,
But seas between us broad have
roared,
Since the old times.

And here's my hand, my trusty
friend,
And give your hand to me;
And we'll take a hearty good-will
draught,
For the old times!
Chorus

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One for the book - BADMINTON

Bird's Eye says: *Rule 14*

"It is a fault:—

(a) If in serving, the shuttle at the instant of being struck be higher than the server's waist, or if any part of the head of the racket, at the instant of striking the shuttle, be higher than any part of the server's hand holding the racket."

SPORTS

NET RESULTS

BY CPL D. MCMURCHIE

The badminton season is well under way. The club has participated in several friendly matches. Playing against Oakham the team put up a remarkably fine display, losing the odd set to some of the best players in the league. In the return match at Manton our side was trounced but fought gamely to the last feather. It was lack of experienced court coaching which was the deciding factor.

The ladies have been playing an exceptionally high standard of badminton, winning the ladies' doubles match at Manton. The men also won their doubles against Manton. Nice going!

Out of the shuffle of the men's knockout finally emerged six or seven players. Unfortunately some of our stronger players could not participate owing to duty, ill health and what have you. However, we believe, in our selection, we have most of the better players to represent us in the knockout tournament, and they are Mike Ryan, Doug Snow, Chuck Horne, Gordy Phillips, Howie Gehring, Jim Goodwin, Thad LePas and Gordie Joy. We wish every success to the participants but by the time these results appear, our fate in the tournament will have been decided.

Our schedule is now complete for the rest of the season, averaging matches two nights a week, so let's have a good turnout to keep the club going.

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410 SERVICING

This is the first appearance of 410 servicing for some time.

The most notable thing around here is the change in personnel. After bidding adieu a couple of months ago to Kent, Terrio, McCaffrey and Fontaine, we finally got some replacements to fill in the gap, so we welcome ACs Rawding, Selminci, Rogers and Houghton.

We also welcome back our OC, S/L Warren, who has done a tour in Korea, plus the new batch of pilots we just received. It's like an OTU down here, now.

Our thanks go to Sgt Daltroy and the instrument section for the lovely job done on our canteen, it's livable now, and all we need is a party to get it into shape. With Christmas around the corner, this should be taken care of.

We'll sign off for now, but wish all of you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, especially to our friends who have gone back home, and may read this and still have a soft spot for Luffenham.

410 INSTRUMENT ELECTRICAL

Surprise!! Yep, when the door opened, and in walked a new electrician, Sgt Deven's only words were, "No, it can't be true!" — but managed to accept it as such after the shock had worn off.

We all extend a big welcome to LAC Giberson on his transfer to the squadron.

We have lost a lot of familiar faces lately—the last few being Cpl Kashul to Wing, LAC Bouchard who left us to make his new home at Bagotville, and last but not least Cpl (Ginger) Leming who has taken a position with 427 squadron at 3 Wing. We are all hoping that from now on we will be getting new personnel instead of losing the old ones—even if the old saying is "a change is as good as a rest," with us, the change is a decrease in number, and the rest when the fog comes in.

The month for big parties is well on its way. It will have little effect on some who as a rule suffer at least one hangover a week, but, re-

gardless, the song "Big Head" will most likely be the theme song of the section for a few weeks to come.

This section extends to one and all best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

410 ARMAMENT SYSTEMS

Since this is the first word from this end of Sun Valley, I suppose a welcome, even if it is rather late, is in order for a few new bods, namely LACs Robbie Roberts, Doug Harris, Dick Pane, Fred Viney, and a more recent arrival from Canada, John Ings.

Now, for a bit of gossip! I understand there are a few romances going on in the section as well as the old ones. Judging by the letters and motor cycle trips, etc., that is. Also word has it that three of the loyal donkeys are deserting the cause. Oh well, as the saying goes—"If you can't fight them, join them!"

Everyone here seems to be making big plans for the coming Xmas and New Year, and I've heard the name of a fair city up north mentioned a few times. Newcastle is quite a town, eh, Larry and Mac?

Well, as there is no more news I'll sign off with a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all!

410 TELECOM

Going, going, gone! That seems to be the theme of this section right now. We, in the telecom are losing men left and right! First it was Cpl Lovejoy, then a few months later Cpl Beaton, and now Sgt Stasiuk and LAC Armstrong are on their way home! Next month we lose F/S Vietch. Just what is going to happen to this section no one knows! There will be only three men left LAC MacDairmid, LAC Haley and LAC Dowd. It was just like one big happy family a few months ago, and now it's dwindled down to almost nothing! Let's hope we have some replacements soon.

Here it is Christmas already! My how time does fly! It seems just like yesterday that we arrived here. With the Christmas spirit in the air, and all, it sure makes a homey feeling around the section. Everyone talking about the party they are going to have or attend. I guess there will be quite a number of "big-heads" around here after Christmas and New Year's. I just received a comment from LAC Dowd about the last statement. He

said, and I quote, "There's no doubt about that" unquote.—Referring to the "big heads," that is ! Things sure have been lax around here, and as far as that goes, all around the station since this fog has hit us. Oh, but just wait until it lifts, and watch the fun start. Operations from dawn to dusk the whole week through. We in Telecom certainly won't complain that there's no work to be done around the section when that happens. So, let her come !

There isn't very much to talk about right now, but I am sure by the time the next *Talepipe* comes out, there will be some interesting news—seeing the Trade Board is almost upon us. How many of us are writing from this section ? Oh yes, two, isn't there—LAC Haley and LAC MacDairmid. Wish you luck on the 17th December, boys !



Talking this month of course, of J Squadron's Christmas present to the Old Folks in Oakham, on December 18.

Squadron members, well into the Christmas spirit, contributed heavily for a Christmas party for the Oakham Old People at the Stud House.

Party highlight was the Christmas dinner, with distribution of gifts and a sing-song later in the evening. Mrs. Marcel Belleau, wife of the Squadron OC played her usual excellent piano for the singing.

Party committee, who should be congratulated for a really excellent job, comprised F/O M. Bradley and Sgts D. Draney, G. Meyers, and C. Whyte.

Pictures elsewhere in this issue.

Our Tiger is talking too, although in rather muted whispers, of the recent 439 delegation to Copenhagen. Would seem that a two-day over-the-border exercise can, with a little co-operation from the winter weather, be extended into nine-day cultural tour of the Danish Capital.

Reports from Messrs. Bliss, Wingate, etc., fully uphold the high reputation of Copenhagen's museums, libraries, and art galleries.

Hear some fine examples of Danish art are now in Wing Intelli-

gence, courtesy tourist MacGillies, of course.

And finally, a welcome extended this month to four new 439 pilots ex the Chatham OTU : F/O T. G. Nilsen, F/O C. E. Roberts, F/O J. P. Conlon and F/O L. T. Elphick.

439 SQUADRON

Hello Gang !

Well, here we are at the start of another year, and I would like to take the opportunity of wishing all the Squadron a very prosperous New Year.

There have been a lot of changes in the last year with a lot of the original squadron boys posted back to "God's Country" and a lot of new arrivals taking their places—but, regardless of all changes, the squadron carries on as usual with seemingly the same harmony and efficiency.

Congratulations to Cpl Chuck Empey and Mrs. Empey on the arrival of an addition to the family. You've proved yourself a man twice now Chuck—we believe you ! !

Sgt Frank Bunstone had an unusual distinction placed upon him when he became probably the first Canadian airman to receive an honorary mayorship. The locals at the "Gate" Bisbrooke presented Frank with the chains of office, and, in the ensuing party, a good time was had by all. Let's hope when Frank returns home, the mayor of Niagara Falls will welcome him back with all civic formality.

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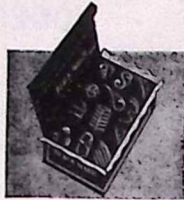
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A touch of sadness unfortunately has to creep in now, and that is the death of F/O Tracey. On behalf of the squadron we would like to convey our deepest and sincerest sympathy to all his relatives.

Well, that's about it for this month; but, in finishing off, as squadron editor, it gives me great pleasure in introducing a New Year message from Sqn Ldr "Mars" Belleau.

Yours fraternally,
LAC "AL" WOOD.

I take this opportunity to wish all personnel of 439 (F) Squadron a very merry Christmas and a Happy, Prosperous, New Year. I thank them for the co-operation they have given me on my first posting as Officer Commanding of a Squadron. I feel that, with this continued help and co-operation 1954 can be a happy and successful year to the benefit of our Squadron and the Wing itself.



December being a busy month, I'll try and give you some of the highlights of happenings around 441 Squadron.

Postings, leave and pay raise were the main topics in smoke room banter.

LAC Blaid left us to go to No. 1 Air Div., Metz. Best of luck Nick. Prenez garde les femmes? LAC Hay left on short notice to 6RD Trenton; also going to 6RD in the near future is Sgt George Lay. Don't know what servicing control room will do without you Geo. F/S May will soon be leaving for St Hubert, F/S Hoyer, Cpls Migneault, Zabielski, Coursey, Pineau, Jefferson, LAC's Gallant, Hill and Leece have all been patiently waiting for their postings and should have them by the time this is in print.

On the other side of the ledger 441 welcomes Cpl Rochon, our new Clerk Typist, who came to us from No. 1 Air Div. The Instrument Section profits by gaining AC's Mable and Grant, while the Electrical Section welcomes LAC Larrett and the Armament Systems acquired LAC Spence. Welcome fellows, hope your tour will be a pleasant one.

Bill Hill and Tony Zabielski made it over to Ireland for a week-

end. Irish Gillen also spent some leave on the Emerald Isle, but detoured by the way of Norwich on the way over. Red Elmes spent some leave close to camp. Can it be he heard of some parades coming up?

We have some real sharpshooters in 441 according to all reports on the Turkey Shoot with F/S Malowsky, Sgt Wells, Cpl Warburton and LAC's R. I. C. King and Buker all taking the turkeys home.

First couple of weeks in December being pretty foggy was pretty easy to keep the Rainbow Charts, eh, Warby and Knobby? - Anyway never saw so many of our aircraft so shiny.

Sgt Wells and family have really been in the limelight having their pictures in many of the papers and also being on TV Christmas. You can sit back now George, for Hollywood will be beating a path to your doorstep.

I heard by the Grapevine that LAC's Wattier and Faulkner are planning on taking the big step towards the altar in the near future. Congrats.

LAC Stan Leece has been having quite a sojourn in the Station Hospital. Notts. will be getting lonely for you Stan. Sgt Harley spent a couple of weeks in the hospital after a mishap on his motorcycle and is now back after some sick leave.

Mrs. J. E. Harley presented Jack with a bouncing baby boy. Another \$400 income tax exemption.

Welcome to Mrs. K. MacDermid who arrived on the 16th of December.

Hope you all have a good time over the Holiday Season and that you all have a Happy and Prosperous '54.

OFFICERS 441 SQUADRON

BY F/O BRANCH

It would seem that much water and/or beer has flowed since an article from the "Silver Fox" appeared in these columns, so forthwith a brief resume of what has gone on during the past few weeks. First off, we notice a somewhat large change among the drivers airframe; can't tell the players without a program. Gone but not forgotten from the fold are such well known characters as F/L Turner to 1 (F) OTU Chatham, F/L Walker, F/L Simmons, F/L Ecker, F/L Benson, F/O McIlraith, F/O Gaudry to the new Ferry Flight based at St. Hubert, F/O Annis to 3 (F) Wing as an in-

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structor on the Instrument Flight, F/O Neilson to 4 (F) Wing as Intelligence Officer, F/O Williamson to FIS Trenton. Best of luck fellas on all your new jobs. Also missing from the ranks, at least those of the single "bods," are F/O's Paquette and Fine. Guess those meals at the mess finally got the boys, anyway we certainly enjoyed ourselves in London while attending both these functions. Here's to many long years of happily married life Rock and Len. Wonder who will be the next ??? Any ideas from the "Smiling Irishman" or Stook.

And now a word of welcome to all our new drivers. F/O's Mills, Heron, McGregor, Marsters, Johnson, Bergie (the little fat one), Klein, Raine, Eburn, and Fikowski, better known as Fik. Glad to have you aboard chaps and hope your stay with 441 here in England is a pleasant one.

Congratulations seem also in order, even though a little belated, to F/L Steve Atherton. Another daughter—Beverley Ann. Okay Dean and Neil your move. And to F/O Norm Ronasen a daughter—the first—Lisa Jane. All the best to you Norm and Jean; how about little brother?

And so now CHEERS and a very Happy and Prosperous (??) New Year. Be sure and get your stocks of BROMO early.

MAINTENANCE

It is too bad that three and four Wing have to take our gen men, to bring up their serviceabilities.

Good luck fellows.

We sure will miss you! Let's hope the new fellows can do as good a job as you have done.

Serviceability was never better, and that's for sure.

SPARKS FROM ELECTRICAL SECTION

Outside of the now customary postings home there has been few changes since the last time we have appeared in *Talepipe*. Sgt Timlick has been transferred to Sea Island and Cpl Forrest has gone home on discharge. Our credit side shows an increase in the per-centage of LAC Hodson.

Wing Maintenance is still quivering from the onslaught of posting to the Wings on the Continent. Our section came off quite lightly, one Sgt to Germany, but you should hear the yelps of terror from the riggers and fitters.

Sgt Ford is chewing his nails as he is the only one in the section who can fill the rigorous qualification that this posting entails, and him what's taking the fatal plunge in a couple of week's time.

Here's hoping you all had a Merry Christmas and the boys of the Electrical Section join me in wishing everyone the best in the coming New Year

SUPPLY SECTION

(We try to Supply)

Being new on the Station and asked to write in *Talepipe* for the Section, is quite an honor, but what news is there with only five men in the section. But seeing that it's Christmas and we're starting a New Year, we'll see what cooks. Our i/c none other than WO2 Macauley is leaving for Canada and heading for Hog Town. Sgt (Dusty) Turnbull is busy looking at new cars, playing the pools, and hoping to stay in England for ever. Cpl Tupper, our capable Tool Crib boy is on leave and the job is being done by Taffy (the boxer) Williams, don't drop the tools boys or Taffy will think that it's the 3rd round and come out fighting.

The office has taken on a new look with the gang busy painting the floor. Knudsen is still busy putting his bike together, let's hope that he gets all in one piece.

That, for this month, is all the news that we have here, and REMEMBER we have the TOOLS, if you can do the job. So in signing off, here's a warning to all who will be celebrating the Season's Festivities:

There you lie upon your bed
Throat so dry and throbbing head,
Bloodshot eye and body sore . . .
The morning after the night
before.

Can't eat nothing, got no pep,
Lost your money, lost your pep,
Can't get up, you feel so bad;
Boy! What a wonderful time I
had.

Never felt so bad before,
Even your darn old tongue is sore,
When you sneeze you still taste gin
Gosh! What a party it must'uv
been.

Can't remember where you went,
Don't know where your time was
spent,
A wow of a party is must'uv been,
For look at the helluva shape
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ACCOUNTS CHATTER

BY LAC PHIL ROBINSON

The Accounts Staff at Air Division Headquarters Accounts Unit has been augmented by Sgt Ken MacDonald and LAC Charlie Stuart who left us in December. The best of everything to them at Metz. Away from the section at present is Sgt Bud Garrett, now in Ely Hospital getting an internal overhaul. We wish him a speedy recovery and an early return to the Office.

S/L J. A. Brown's residence was the scene of a lively section party one Thursday evening lately. Sgt Tom Ridley has been on leave and Cpl Bud Dann recently underwent his turn at Ground Defence training. LAC "Chuck" Cleary, who was transferred to 4 (F) Wing last summer, has visited us on his way to Canada on compassionate leave.

The big news of the month was, of course, the raise in pay effective December 1st. This time allowances were not affected and the single personnel benefited as much as their married colleagues. The accounting instructions arrived in good time and work soon began on the DRO After Order promulgated the increases. In this task we were assisted by LAW Dorothy Lott from the Wing Orderly Room. Processing and posting of the After Order was promptly attended to and those of you who receive your pay in cash will have had the extra for that last-minute Christmas shopping. We seem to remember that an inquirer telephoned us, very early in December, to ask if he could have an immediate advance on the first month's increase . . . so unfortunate that we were unable to reward this glowing example of patience!

Down went the departmental rate of exchange this month, to \$2.75 to the Pound Sterling.

For the information of newcomers to the Wing and others who may be similarly concerned, we remind you that banking facilities are available at the Guard House on the following days :—

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Finally, as this year of 1953 draws to a close, we of the Accounts Section wish to convey the Greetings of the Festive Season to all.

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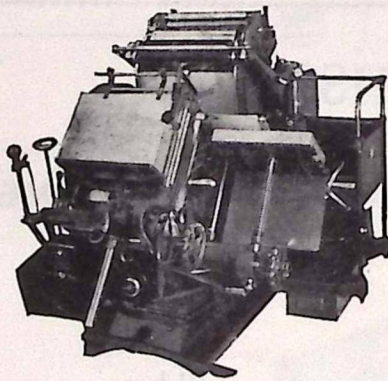
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