

talepipe

VOL. III

No. 7

JUNE, 1954



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- ★ FIGHTING THE ATOM BOMB

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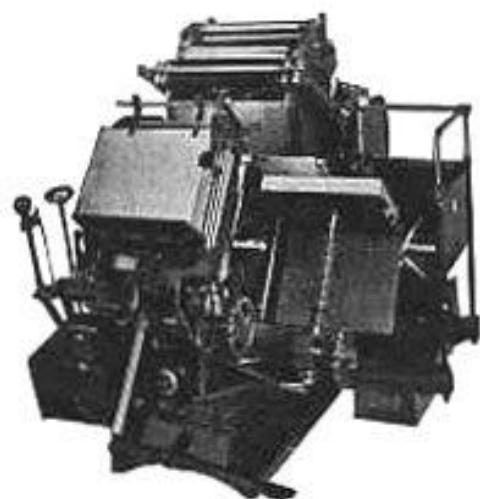
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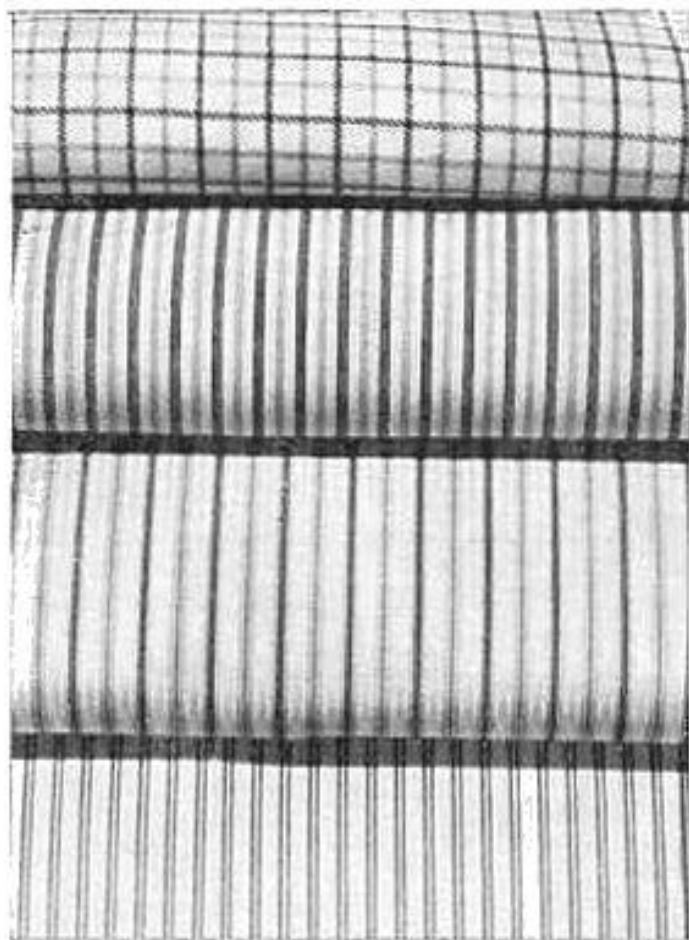
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Talepipe

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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ON THE COVER

A sight which soon may be familiar over Luffenham—the Avro Vulcan in flight, Britain's latest Atom-Age Bomber

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soapsuds seduce pride

Swirling clouds of steam shrouded in household mystery one half of the editorial kitchen. From behind this whiter than white, lathers like magic, harmless to the fairest hands symbol of the endless toil of the little woman appeared one fair hand and arm of the editorial wife. It waved through the mists like the arm of the Lady of the Lake, but instead of holding forth the Excalibur for King Arthur, clutched in its suds-shrouded fingers was the symbol of the editorial inferiority—a snow-white dishcloth.

"Come on, Genius," she said, "drop the deathless prose and dreams of literary glory. If you want any lunch, come dry up the breakfast dishes."

We were shocked. Speechless once more that this woman we had taken under our wing and brought flying with us up the dizzy paths to ultimate fame and fortune in rural England, should so lack even the thin veneer of civilisation that she should put dirty dishes before the monthly editorial message of good cheer, hope, and gentle urgings.

We stamped our foot in anger at this ultimatum. Did Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon or Keats drop the tufted quill and labour with the vacuum cleaner? We doubt it. Did Lord Byron gaily compose with flour covered hands while standing before Aunt Marilyn's Cook Book in a gingham apron? We doubt it. Did Tennyson and Longfellow scribble on the backs of laundry receipts while waiting for the Bendix to disgorge the Saturday morning washing? We doubt it.

We pointed all this out to our blue-eyed spouse, and finally she began to weaken. "So what, Schlemiel, if I do let you sit there jamming your bony fingers amongst the typewriter keys, will you tell

your panting public?" We thought we detected a faint note of sarcasm.

"Why Baby Doll, we shall tell them of many things."

"Such as?" she asked with a lip-curling sneer.

We were caught now. Pinned down once more by the artful female. A small hesitation and . . .

"Well, we could mention the wonderful reception we got at a certain Royal Air Force hospital when the patients saw the Canada flashes on our uniform."

"You mean they were pleased to see you?" asked our slightly mollified Canadian-born wife.

We blushed becomingly. "Well, not exactly. We somehow suspect it was rather what the uniform stood for. They had all either trained in Canada, been to Staff College in Canada, or had flown with Canadians. They were exceedingly friendly and most interested in any out of date news we had available."

The spousal face was now wreathed in a grin from ear to ear.

"You mean they thought highly of the Canadians, Darling?" she cooed.

We blushed even further down under our long red combinations.

"We must confess, Lotus of the herring choked shores, that soft-hearted slob that we are, we couldn't help but feel a twinge of pleasure and maybe even pride that we were wearing the uniform of the RCAF."

"Oh, you are such a sweet boy to say such nice things about us Canadians. I think you're wonderful, but," she added, "if you wanna eat, you gotta work. Pick up that dishcloth."

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.

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W/C W. F. PARKS

It was with regret that W/C W. F. Parks, DFC, CD, 34, of Regina, Saskatchewan, was reported missing presumed killed on 17 May '54 while flying out of 1 Fighter Wing North Luffenham.

Recently graduated from the RAF flying college in England, he had been posted to North Luffenham to gain experience in the operation of the F86 Sabre jet fighter prior to taking up a senior position with Canada's Air Division in Europe.

W/C Parks arrived in the UK in April, 1953, with his wife and two sons to attend the one year British course which combines advanced flying practice, Air Force administration and air tactics. He reported overseas from a post in Ottawa as Deputy Director of Personnel Manning for the RCAF.

A veteran of Bomber Command operations during the war, W/C Parks flew Hampden and Lancaster aircraft on European raids. In 1945 he attended the RAF staff college in England before taking up a position as a staff officer at Air Transport Command Headquarters. From 1948 he was for two years Commanding Officer of 435 Transport Squadron operating from Edmonton, Alberta. For wartime flying W/C Parks was awarded the DFC and Bar.

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Someone stole the wedding bells

NOW THE GIRLS LOVE CANADIANS

A SAD note is sighing from the American Forces in Britain. A blue-
lovesick sound. For the truth is that the American serving man
is losing his reputation as the great lover of mid-century Europe.

The sergeants in Cadillacs have been the catch of the season for more than a decade of seasons. But now the girls in France, Germany and, especially, in Britain are chasing the CANADIANS instead.

I went to Nottingham, where there has been such a spring song of wedding bells this year that two chapels on the Royal Canadian Air Force station at near-by Langar have now been licensed for marriages.

(Here at North Luffenham, both the R.C. and Protestant chapels were registered for marriages in April. And since April of last year, almost 100 Canadians have married English girls, mostly in the bride's home or at local churches).

The Prettiest Girls

Nottingham claims to have the prettiest girls in Britain.

I will almost come out wholeheartedly and agree with them, but even the prettiest girls will ring no bells if they are not well turned out.

This the Nottingham girls undoubtedly are.

There are plenty of jobs for the girls in local lace and pharmacy manufacturing firms, and the good money they make is largely spent on clothes, lipsticks and regular hair-do's.

So if they aren't all Lollobrigidas the Nottingham girls certainly put on a good try.

The American troops who left the area some time ago still think it's worth driving from London to dance with them at the Astoria on Saturday nights. But nowadays they are discovering what it is like to be a wallflower in a lovely English garden.

Even the famous Yankee cut-in tactics break no ice with the latest

generation of Nottingham eligibles.

The girls prefer to dance in staid old Commonwealth fashion, cheek-away-from-cheek, with the Canadians.

Clear-Cut

What is the appeal of these clear-cut types from north of the 49th parallel? Well, let's be realist for a start. The Canadian pay rates have been upped considerably since the war. Their men are now the best paid in Europe.

A married American airman first-class will collect about £73 ls. a month for overseas service. The equivalent leading aircraftman, R.C.A.F., has £90 7s. 2d.

All this, and a British passport, too!

The prospect of a transatlantic marriage definitely has a roster hue looking further north.

And, of course—and this is the thing that really counts—these Canadians are attractive men.

They are polite, they are warm-hearted, they are romantic. And, oh, how they like our English girls!

Not that you can blame them. Nor can you blame the girls for falling for these Service men—the smartest and best-groomed, incidentally, I have seen.

To see how successful these Anglo-Canadian marriages are I went out to "Little Canada," the Disney-land of bright caravans and shrill-voiced moppets in cowboy jeans which serves for married quarters at the Langor camp.

Mrs. Betty Shepherd, whose home was in Aberdeenshire, told me the story of her wartime marriage.

She was a Wren when she met Ed Shepherd, a Canadian airman. When he was demobbed they went with their two children to live in Saskatchewan. For a year he worked on a farm.

"I was so homesick I had to come home for six months," Betty Shepherd told me.

But she went back, and Ed re-enlisted in the Air Force. Eighteen months later he was posted to Britain.

As a sergeant his pay averages £133 a month. They pay £16 a month rent for the caravan, and the two girls—Patricia, aged ten, Sylvia, aged nine—go to the local primary school.

They have finished payments on the house they bought in Canada, which is now let. It has central heating, refrigerator and a washing machine.

"We live simply and put away all we can for the children's future," says Betty Shepherd. "And that will be in Canada. I would not like to come back for good now."

Red-head Pat Porterfield is 19. She married Cpl. Stewart Porterfield a year ago, and they have a month-old daughter, Jane.

"When I heard the Canadians were coming to Nottingham, I said you would not catch me going out with any of them," she told me.

"I met Stewart at a friend's house. He did not speak. He just stared and stared. I realised Canadians could be as bashful as the British—and I liked it."

Cautious

But it could not be as a whirlwind romance. R.C.A.F. authorities are cautious about overseas marriages, and usually play for a time lag. In all cases the C.O. must approve.



W/C J. D. LINDSAY

As Chief Operations Officer at North Luffenham RCAF Station, W/C J. D. Lindsay, D.F.C., earned the reputation of being a "pilot's" pilot. His departure in May for Air Division Headquarters at Metz, France, was regretted here.

An air force veteran of thirteen years, W/C Lindsay came to 1 Fighter Wing in February of last year with World War Two, peacetime and Korean experience behind him as well as having 34 aircraft types and more than 3,500 hours flying time logged. Of this, 470 hours were in operations against the enemy.

In Korea Doug Lindsay put to good use his previous air combat experience and proved that seven to eight years of peacetime flying does not detract from the ability of a natural fighter pilot. Two MIG 15s fell to his guns and three others were damaged in 50 missions.

W/C Lindsay joined the RCAF in February, 1941, as a pilot and won his wings in August of the same year. During his wartime fighting in Europe he destroyed 7½ aircraft, probably destroyed three more and damaged eight others. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for shooting down three 109s in one mission on July 3, 1944.

Early in 1951 W/C Lindsay was given the assignment of organising and commanding 413 squadron at Bagotville. The new unit was officially formed on the 1st of August, 1951, and the Wing Commander remained its O/C until he was posted to Korea in July, 1952.

RECENT

DEPARTURES

F/L P. A. TOWNLEY

An adjutant has his thumb on the nerve centre of any Air Force Station and when F/L P. A. "Pat" Townley, CD, leaves this month he will be relaxing the pressure of duties he has had since establishment of 1 Fighter Wing, North Luffenham, nearly three years ago.

And 38-year-old Pat will make yet another move, this time to Summerside, P.E.I., in his globe-trotting career in the RCAF. A native of Vancouver, BC., where his grandfather, the late Lt. Col. T. O. Townley was a former Mayor, F/L Townley enlisted in the Air Force in May, 1937, as a clerk stenographer and attained the rank of Warrant Officer before he was posted overseas four years later. He served at the RCAF's London Headquarters and at No. 3 Personnel Reception Centre, Bournemouth, until early 1943.

He was commissioned in January of that year and received his transfer to Cairo in March. Until

April, 1944, he held positions in Tunis, Palestine, Malta, Gibraltar and Italy. He organised the first RCAF records office in the Middle East at Cairo in 1943.

Returning to Canada in July, 1944, Pat served in various administrative capacities in the Dominion for the next seven years and in August, 1951, he arrived with the advance party at North Luffenham to begin his 15th year of service in the Air Force.

F/L Townley married in Montreal in 1941 and has his wife and son with him in the U.K.

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AFTER THE BOMB

By George Moore

When the sound and devastating fury of an atom bomb have passed, danger remains. Fifteen per cent. of the bomb's energy is expended in Nuclear Radiations which contaminate land or water and threaten the unwary with death or serious illness. This is where Radiac comes to the rescue. This work has little significance to the average Serviceman. But it should—and it will. This article tells you why. In short, all instruments which detect, identify or measure Radioactivity belong to the Radiac "family" which, in the event of atom war, would be indispensable military equipment.

When an Atom bomb explodes, quite a lot of things happen. There is an immediate and immense release of energy; infra red, blinding light and ultra-violet radiations are all manifestations of the output of vast quantities of thermal energy emanating from the explosion centre. The overall radiant heat effect—the "flash heat"—although it lasts only a few seconds, is a very considerable hazard since it burns any combustible material, humans included, exposed to it.

In turn, the thermal energy released gives rise to mechanical energy in the form of the so-called blast effects. The pressure of the incident blast front is much more sustained in time, and therefore in effect, than is the pressure caused by the A-bomb's microscopical relation, the orthodox High Explosive bomb. For this reason, the atom bomb's blast tends to push things over with a sustained effort, and to push them one way—outwards from the burst centre. In fact, when the reflexion effect occurs, there is often very little left to be pushed the other way, since it all fell over the first time.

All these effects add up to about 85 per cent. of the bomb's total energy release, and it might well be thought that all this is quite enough to worry about.

But there's no ignoring the remaining 15 per cent. or thereabouts—nuclear radiations or radioactivity. About four-fifths come away coincidentally with the bomb burst, their effect being over within, at most, some ten seconds in the case of an air-burst.

The remaining one-fifth of the total radiation effects persist, however, in the form of what is called residual radioactivity, which dies away comparatively slowly. This

originates mainly from unconsumed fissile bomb material, from the highly radioactive fission products, and perhaps to a lesser extent, from induced radioactivity in earth or water elements which may, under certain circumstances, have been taken up in the ascending cloud after the explosion. The radioactive cloud, often mushroom shaped, which follows an air burst, passes these finely pulverised radioactive particles into the stratosphere from where they subsequently fall back to earth, normally downwind, and contaminate the ground. This residual contamination presents a hazard to anyone using, or who may have to use, the ground in the "fall-out" area, as it is called.

Radiac to the Rescue

Which brings us to the Radiac, a word coined to describe instruments used for radioactive detection, identification, and computation. All Radiac instruments do some of this work; some do all. It is mainly a matter of requirement, size, weight and expense.

The instruments measure levels of radioactivity in terms of standard unit of ionization effect—the ROENTGEN. Now this unit has a precise definition in scientific terms, but we can better explain it for practical purposes by seeing just what it can do to us. Just look at the following table:

RADIATION LEVEL	EFFECT
50r	Start of general sickness
200r	Serious radiation sickness
400r	Will kill half the people exposed to it.
700r	Will kill ALL the people exposed to it.

Measuring Radioactivity

There are two general types of Radiac instruments. In one cate-

gory is the DOSE-RATE METER which measures the radiation intensity against a basic time-unit, the hour. The figure is read from an instrument dial graduated in ROENTGEN, MILLI-ROENTGENS (1000th part), or MICRO-ROENTGENS (106 part) per hour, according to the instrument's degree of sensitivity. All DOSE-RATE METERS are portable, self-contained units, operating on dry batteries, whose working life in some instances is as high as 400 hours running time.

The second type of instrument is that which measures the total dose of radiation absorbed by a person who, in the course of work or operations, may be exposed to radiation effects for a specific length of time. It is the DOSIMETER and looks like a fountain pen, the clip fitting enabling it to be worn securely in the pocket.

The DOSIMETER is a simple ionization chamber electrometer, the indicating element being a quartz fibre which, when the instrument is prepared for use, retains a static electrical charge so regulated that the fibre coincides with the zero mark on the graticule. The graticule can be viewed by holding the DOSIMETER up to the light and looking through the eye-piece at one end.

When the DOSIMETER is exposed to radiation influences this causes the static charge to leak away, the leakage being a function of both intensity of radiation and time of exposure. The scale is calibrated in ROENTGEN units or sub-multiples, and the discharge directly represents an exposure of the wearer to so much radiation.

The functions the two instruments are analogous to those of a car speedometer and milometer. The former indicates the speed against a time datum (the hour) and compares the concept of the DOSE-RATE METER. The trip milometer, zeroed at the start, shows the mileage covered at any time during the run and the total mileage at the end. Here the time element is the driver's own affair—he can do the total run in either slow or quick time. So it is with

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Something New**NORTH LUFFENHAM
FLYING CLUB**

A whim that became a reality—that is the essence of the formation of the latest airborne unit at North Luffenham.

If there is no longer marked distinction between air and ground crews it is because ground personnel have the opportunity of taking to the air. They thought they would like to fly and the idea was carried forward until now Luffenham has a duly registered Flying Training School (Civilian) and three aircraft that will show the Sabre a few tricks: loops at 120 knots, stalls at 39 knots. DeHavilland are proud of the Tiger Moth and so are the club members.

The club has over 70 members to date and no doubt will have many more shortly. Number six hangar is our headquarters and we are expecting huge crowds to gather on week-ends and, if the higher-ups see fit, possibly during the week. Contrary to popular belief that things have been dragging, organisation of the Club has been relatively fast for such a major undertaking. Few realise the paper work involved in such a matter, but, we are glad to say, the last ditch has been crossed. The RCAF North Luffenham Flying Club should be in full operation in two weeks time.

Non-Profit

The Club is operating on a non-profit basis; therefore flying will be approximately 30 shillings per hour, or less than half the usual rate for private flying clubs. The operating costs are low because the members of the club do all the maintenance and for that matter any work which normally costs so much for a flying club.

The present committee: President: F/L DG Cinnamon. Vice-President: Cpl RA Lundin. Secretary: Cpl LE Sawyer. Assistant Secretary: LAC KD Surman. Treasurer: LAC BH Robinson. Assistant Treasurer: LAC OH MacDonald. Operations: F/O AG McCallum. Assistant Operations: FS H. Sewell. Maintenance: LAC PC Fisher. Assistant Maintenance: LAC GW Gotro. Housing: F/O JW Madill.

There is room for more members, so come out and have fun, too.



TOP.—It was a Banner Day when the Club's first Tiger Moth arrived. Grouped in front of the machine are instructors, executive and student pilots.

BOTTOM.—Instructor Al McCallum explains the early essentials of flying to students LAW Christine Havisto and LAW Marcla Ehman.

SHOP FOR INSURANCE

By PROFESSOR WALLACE

Remember when you first contemplated investing a portion of your salary in life insurance? The fast-talking salesman with his "you might die to-morrow" line sold you the best of policies. You're still alive and your dear ones haven't collected that pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. You'll probably live to a ripe old age and, in order to pay your premiums, you have endured hardships and sacrificed luxuries—oh yes sacrificed them so that insurance company directors can operate their businesses remotely from Florida, Capri or South-Seas.

Don't let the sarcasm scare you away. Let's just discuss life insurance awhile. From the days of Adam man has striven to protect his wife and children. Although time has changed our way of living and we have become civilised the natural desire to protect our loved ones is still strongly prevalent but

existent in different forms. It therefore follows that in our highly industrialised and commercialised way of living it is only natural that a married man wishes to ensure that his family will have some financial support in case of his death. This type of protection may be generally termed as life insurance.

There are many forms of insurance in existence. You need only to suggest you are vaguely interested or let it be known you are joining the services and you will be besieged by salesmen. However, it is wise to shop around, talk about insurance to people who don't sell it. Your next door neighbour may be a fine fellow and is undoubtedly proud of his insurance policy—but remember misery likes company and maybe he was taken in by a smooth talking salesman.

In general form there are two types of insurance namely term

(straight life or protection insurance) and combination of term and investment? Take the difference payable on death while the latter type is payable on death, has a surrender value and is partially payable before death. Term insurance is available at low rates while the other type is available at high rates.

You as an average wage earner are interested in protection—to protect your loved ones—why then should you buy a policy embracing investment. Take the difference in premium and invest in government bonds or annuities and realise more profit than you would through purchasing the combination policy.

Let's quote a few figures to clarify the picture:

\$10.00 a month for 20 years will get you a \$7,000.00 term policy. You pay this while you are a wage

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INSIDE SCOTLAND

By T. R. McAXCELL

Some writers visit a country in order to get material for a very learned book. They arrive, sign in at a first class hotel, stay in their rooms for three or four weeks then sail for home, an authority on the country and its problems and with a pocketful of money for the book just written.

This, then, is not one of those stories. There are no politics, problems and the money was all outgoing, not incoming. It is merely a short account of what we saw in a very limited time.

A sign is not needed to know that you are approaching Scotland. As the border is neared you leave the gently rolling Midlands and begin the winding ascent to the highlands. At the same time the lush greenery is left for the more or less barren rocky hills. Trees are very scarce on the initial part of the journey. About the only thing that breaks the skyline are a few sheep.

Nonetheless there is a definite beauty in this type of country.

We reached Edinburgh the evening of the same day. Accommodation was easy to obtain. We merely picked a hotel from the AA book phoned them and asked for accommodation plus directions to the hotel. This formula worked every time on the first try.

Edinburgh is a city with a smog, but a nice smog. Naturally the day we wanted to see the sights it rained. However, we did see Edinburgh Castle. It has been turned into a museum with relics of bygone days displayed throughout. From the ramparts the whole city can be seen. Other than see the castle and do a bit of shopping, nothing else was accomplished in Edinburgh due to the poor weather.

We pressed on to Perth in the afternoon and decided to carry on to Inverness where we would spend the night. The latter part of the

trip was one to remember. The steep, winding roads coupled with continuous rain made it very difficult to make time. On this part of the trip timberland replaced the rocky country. The scenery was very beautiful with snow-capped mountains, green trees and low-lying cloud. We did quite a bit of instrument driving as we were in the clouds for a good part of the journey. The scenery is very like that in the Rockies and the Laurentian Hills.

The return trip was definitely the best for scenery. Immediately that we left Inverness we were driving beside a very famous loch—Loch Ness. But we saw no sea serpent. For the amateur photographer, this place is heaven. Scene after scene unfolds, each more beautiful than the last. The road follows the shoreline faithfully. Every incident and point is reproduced in the

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HOUSE-HUNTING IN STAMFORD

By DOROTHY L. KOSHUL

The exciting news of a posting to England, the feverish packing, the long leisurely voyage. Southampton, London, Stamford, and then . . .

House-hunting is the same all over the world, I expect, with only minor local variations. The weather of course is always at its worst; Stamford complied with slush and a drizzly snow, but did at least spare me the trouble of searching the Rooms for Rent columns—there were no rooms to advertise. And my task this time was further complicated by the "Business Couple Only" restriction, for in another three months we would no longer be able to claim that renting advantage.

So in an effort to forget the next day's work, I spent my first Stamford evening at the cinema, where the heating system broke down and I shivered miserably in my own winter coat and my husband's service greatcoat. (This never happened again, but I considered it a very poor introduction to British heating). Then at nine o'clock the next morning, fortified by a substantial hotel breakfast, I set out, confident of success before noon, or at the worst, by teatime. Although I didn't want to live any longer in a hotel while my husband remained at the camp, I was nevertheless determined not to forget my two house-hunting rules—choose a nice landlady and make sure the bed is comfortable. Obviously I had yet to learn Stamford's hard lesson. In a town already overflowing with Air Force couples, one merely accepts with dazed relief the first available shelter; there is no question of choosing.

Work Begins

The General Post Office was my first stop, and here I received my first set-back. Nobody on the staff knew of any vacant rooms in the town, nor could they even suggest places for me to inquire. I asked about the vicars, and warning me not to be too hopeful, they gave me directions for finding the vicarages.

Now my work really began. Following the friendly suggestions of the vicars, and searching for the addresses they and their parishioners gave me, I tramped more wet, uphill and hopeless miles than I ever care to cover again.

For those who don't know Stamford, the town is laid out roughly like a spider web, having far more radii than circles, with Red Lion Square as its centre and almost its lowest point. This irregular old plan contributes greatly to the beauty of Stamford. The Square is the hub of activity, and from the higher ground can be seen many charming views, but the desperate house-hunter can see no farther than its inconvenience. Heavy and easily tired in the sixth month of pregnancy, I dreaded the hills and the long walks into the centre of town and then out again, sometimes the only way of travelling from the top of one street to the top of the next. Furthermore I lack any bump of direction, and got hopelessly lost in the tangle of old streets and twisting lanes. Directions can never be a simple "Four blocks right and two left." Such a route will probably land you right back in Red Lion Square. Indeed that evening I searched for the restaurant where I had previously dined, and after passing through the square three times, returned to the hotel and waited for my husband to rescue me.

The next morning someone suggested the Renting Officer, and gave me directions for reaching the Municipal Offices. This seemed to be another blind alley, until a young clerk said "You could try the Red House. Mrs. Cobbold often rents to service couples."

Armed this time with a sketch map in addition to a spate of verbal directions, I set out for the northern limit of the town. It was only a half mile walk, but uphill all the way, and that morning it took me over half an hour.

Home at Last

Mrs. Cobbold answered the door. She looked formidably like Eleanor Roosevelt, and was apparently very busy at her morning tasks. My request came very timidly.

"The Renting Officer sent me here. He thought you might have rooms for myself and my husband."

The answer came as no surprise—filled up. I must have sagged, I know I felt very near collapse, and she continued kindly, "But come in for a few minutes and rest by the fire."

When she had heard about my vain search, Mrs. Cobbold said that rooms would be free in about six weeks. The rent was—

"Before you go any further," I warned. "I'd better warn you that I'm going to have a baby soon." This explanation seemed necessary, since my very slight expansion was hidden by a full coat, but she wasn't in the least disturbed.

"That's quite all right. We're used to babies in this house. But I'd better warn you, it will be a boy. We've had eight boys born here in ten years, and not one girl."

Well, I was all set. The rooms I needed, the boy I wanted! But there was a little matter of six weeks. "You can have my bed-sitting-room," offered Mrs. Cobbold with only a very small sigh. "I moved into it a short while ago when the school teacher left, so I'm not very used to it. I won't miss it for six weeks."

And so the matter was settled. I moved in after dinner, and before I could get my breath back, was invited to tea with my neighbour across the hall, the English wife of a Radio corporal.

When my trunks arrived I burrowed into them until I found the brown and rust mohair blanket, my few pieces of Oreforrs crystal and the dozen reference books I had been unable to leave behind. With these familiar treasures in the strange room, I felt quite prepared for our three year posting in England.

When my son was a month old, I went to Somerset for a fortnight's visit with my grandparents. April in Somerset! The long, flat beach, the quiet roads and lonely, wind-swept dunes, the mild spring sunlight were all a suddenly weightless and active young mother could desire, and I returned reluctantly to the Midland-town where the Air Force had chosen to post us. But as I waited in the station yard for my taxi, I looked over the meadows to Stamford, the towers and spires of its churches rising above barely green trees, the grey houses and tiled roofs marking narrow old streets, and I suddenly realised how much I had grown to love it. Historians call this an "interesting old town," cartographers know it as a very small black dot on a green map, lorry drivers consider it only a bottleneck on the Great North Road, but to me it was something far more than this—it had become home.

NOTES ON NOTES

By Terry Axcell

As I sit here in the wee hours of the morning listening to jazz a la AFN, my Tasmanian owl, Morrison, blinks at me from the corner. He is, by the way, purple with brightly shining yellow orbs. Ol' Morrison was sent to me by a frantic fan in a moment of fanaticism. Actually I think there is some bal' headed eagle mixed up in this almost gone owl. But to work, to work!

I notice in the last issue that Ziggy Martin wrote the column for me. I must agree with his sentiments on the old recordings of yester-note, specifically those of Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Charlie Parker, and the like. Boys like Charlie and Dizzie faded I believe because their music was too advanced for the commercial type listener who is, after all, the bread and butter of the trade. Perhaps later on through a slow musical revolution such as is going on now, pure jazz will be enjoyed and understood by all and its exponents will be able to concentrate on music and not food.

Guys and Dolls

For this month's disc we have the music from "Guys and Dolls" as recorded by the original New York cast. It's a 33, 12-inch on the Brunswick label.

To really appreciate the recording you should have first seen the stage show. I had the good fortune to see it on New Year's eve last. The London cast was changed slightly from the New York one. The lead roles were the same but the supporting roles had changed. Vivian Blaine and Sam Levene were in the lead with Lizbeth Webb and Edmund Hockeridge in the supports. The latter two were the alternates. The whole show was terrific and if you get the chance, see it.

Now to the music. The tunes are arranged on the record in the order that they appear in the play. The music and lyrics are by Frank Loesser.

On side 1 the first selection is a medley of Runyonland Music, Fugue



for Tinhorns and Follow the fold. Fugue is the favourite of the group being done like You'r Just in Love only with three singers. The next selection is called The Oldest Established, referring to a crap game. The next two are very well known and were on the hit parade when they first appeared... I'll Know and A Bushel and a Peck. The former is done by Robert Alda and Isabel Bigley, the latter by Vivian Blaine. The remainder on this side are Adelaide's Lament, Guys and Dolls, If I were a Bell (another hit) and My Time of Day, all with story significance, but not too much musical significance.

Side two has I've Never Been in Love Before, Take Back Your Mink, More I Cannot Wish You, Luck Be a Lady, Sue Me, Sit Down, You're Rocking the Boat, and Marry the Man Today. All these tunes are very listenable but the show stopper was Sit Down, You're Rocking the Boat, as sung by Stubby Kaye. He has a terrific stage personality which is brought out in this song.

Vivian Blaine is certainly not unknown to us. She has appeared in the films, Nob Hill, State Fair,

Doll Face, Three Little Girls in Blue, and If I'm Lucky. Guys and Dolls is her first Broadway musical and is a definite success. We hope to see more of Vivian in future productions.

Sam Levene is known to movie goers more by his appearance than by name. Sam has been in many Broadway plays as well as the films. The notable Broadway plays were Tin Pan Alley, Street Scene, and Three Men on a Horse, in which he also did the movie version. He has appeared in The Killers, Crossfire, With These Hands, and numerous other films. Sam is a very natural actor and we shall be seeing much more of him.

Lizbeth Webb who plays in the London version of G and D is primarily a singer. She has a beautiful voice with a terrific range. Lizbeth has not appeared in movies but has made a name in musicals. Her biggest hit was Bless the Bride in which she made over 800 appearances. She has done a tour of the States via radio and TV but Gs and Ds is her first American Musical.

RCAF Vet

Edmund Hockridge is a Canadian from Vancouver and is well known to Canadians. He served with the RCAF during the last war and was x-mobbed in England where he stayed and gained experience as a singer with various bands and on the BBC. Returning to Canada he produced the Edmund Hockridge Show which ran over a radio network for three years. I'm sure you've heard him on this program. He sang also in stage and radio operettas, concerts and even grand opera. His biggest hit was in the Drury Lane production of Carousel in which he played for two years. As well as appearing in Gs and Ds he makes frequent appearances on the BBC where he is a great favourite. We shall be hearing more of Edmund.

That's it for now. I've run out of gags, so if you have any which you want broken in send them along to the Ed and we will print same. Aufvidebop.

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LUFFENHAM PIPERS WIN HIGHLAND GAMES HONOUR

Fresh laurels came to 1 Fighter Wing's well-known pipe band in May when its members copped second place in the meet of the London Caledonian Society at White City Stadium, London. The fact that it was the first time any Canadian band had won a prize at the stadium was an added honour because, according to the official programme, "the standards of the London Caledonian games are as high as at any other major competition in the world."

It will be remembered that last year at the Highland Games in the White City Stadium, London, the band was placed fourth out of eleven, having been in operation for only a short time. As most old timers at the Games agreed, this was not bad for such a young band considering the majority of players were new. This year, the Pipe Major decided it should do better—so, as his word was law, it was to be so.

The following morning dawned clear, cold and grey and the whole band took off for the ordeal. Last rehearsals started. Finally, the word came through and the band marched out to do what the Caravan Site and living members had to put up with for a couple of weeks.

The set was played, judges looked wise, shut their books, and the band marched off, having sent heartfelt thanks upwards that it was all over. The massed bands opened the Games shortly afterwards and they continued all the afternoon. Towards the end of the day rumours circulated that one band had won both cup and mace, another band took second and the third place was still unannounced. This caused gloom in the ranks.

But shortly after this news was circulated, a huge grin, preceded by a drum major's mace, imparted some news to a certain bad-tempered mustachioed party, which caused the waxed ends of this tash to vibrate wildly with intense emotion, and a queer expression to appear on his face. It radiated joy and the rest of the band observing this strange phenomenon, were informed that they had received second place. Prayers of thanksgiving were rendered. Even he of the waxed tash was seen to bend creakily at the knees and snarl out a blessing on the judges, their heirs and successors.

The Pipe Major scored in the solo event gaining second prize, the first prize in this event going to the

Marching on to compete—Our boys were the only band competing to obtain full marks for the march on. This is a very precise movement and takes a lot of practice.

P/M of the winning band—which has won the cup with frequent regularity—and who was at one time the Pipe Major of the Scots Guards when P/M MacKenzie joined as a boy piper. The massed bands paraded again at the finale where the Pipe Majors of the winning bands received the awards. The Queen was played and the massed bands paraded out of the arena.

Sunday, the troops left London and returned to Luffenham tired but happy.

Prizes.—Piping (individual): 1st P/M J. B. Robertson, 2nd P/M J. T. MacKenzie, 3rd P/M J. MacI. Robertson.

Bands (competing as unit): 1st Robertson Highland Band, 2nd Pipe Band of 1 (F) Wing, 3rd Peterborough Highland Band.

Drumming (overall): 1st Peterborough Highland Band, 2nd Pipe Band of 1 (F) Wing, 3rd Robertson Highland Band.



Pipe Major Mackenzie receiving second prize for band from Lord Semple, president of Caledonian Society, at White City Stadium on May 15th.

DANCE BAND

To those of you who heard strange noises emanating from Block 57 of late, we would like to inform you that there is now in existence a Station Dance Orchestra. This aggregation is under the direction of Cpl. Terry Slater, who was leading a band in London for five years prior to his joining the R.C.A.F.

The players include: Saxes, F/O Jim Webber, Cpl "Butch" Chamberlain, LAC Sydney Leadman and Cpl Slater; Rhythm Section comprises Roger McNeil on piano, Ray Fournier on guitar, Bob Caron shaping well on bass and at the time of writing, Fern Limoges makes the right noise on drums.

The case of the brass section, always a very ticklish problem with any band that aims for precision, such as Billy May, will have to be fostered from the raw, and trumpet and trombone players taught from the very beginning. However, only a day or so ago, LAC Dick Pain came along and began to blow a fair trumpet and F/O Bergie also, although he hasn't blown for some time and wants to get his lips in shape; But a month should see them both screaming away on the Maynard Ferguson "Gear" !!

The other brass men who sit regularly and stare in blank amazement at music written on the blackboard and try to get a lip in will, unfortunately, only be up to Harry James' standard in a month! . . . However, I s'pose we must do our little best!! Sgt Doug' Parkinson on trombone, Fern LeBlanc, Cpl Lundine and Dave Cobb are these wonder-men in the throes of learning.

With regular practicing it is hoped that the resultant band will be available to play for Station Dances, Club nights, Stage presentations and perhaps broadcasting from our new C.F.N. There is unlimited uses for a good orchestra right on our doorstep, and although we do not aim at the very highest, we still can acquire the artistry and precision of Billy May or Kenton to a certain degree if the keenness already shown prevails throughout.

Latin American, a vocal choir and some comedy will also be featured, and if we manage to play stylish, melodious music and play it well, then our success as a band will be well worth while. There are openings for musicians on all instruments who care to apply to Cpl Slater, Entertainments Office.

June Wedding



LAC Don Roy (M.E. Section) and his wife, formerly Joan Stewart, are shown following their wedding, June 7, at Oakham. Reception was at George Hotel.

AIR CADETS' SUMMER SCHEME

Reserve and Regular units of the RCAF across Canada are accepting a total of 2,250 High School students and Air Cadets for summer training in aeronautical trades.

As part of the Reserve Tradesmen Training Plan, high school students and Air Cadets between the ages of 16 and 21 are enrolled as Aircraftmen 2nd class for one year and given concentrated trade training during July and August. Also eligible for training in certain trades are single girls who have reached their 18th birthday.

RCAF uniforms are provided and monthly pay is at the same rates as that received by regular Aircraftmen. Additional subsistence allowance is made for those who do not live on the unit.

Although the scheme is primarily designed to provide tradesmen for auxiliary units, graduates may enlist in the RCAF Regular as basically trained technicians.

You're welcome...

R.C.A.F. personnel and their families need go no further than the Guard Room on the R.C.A.F. Station at North Luffenham to find a special banking service at their disposal.

A Guard Room may not always have pleasant associations, but you will find there a very friendly atmosphere when you are dealing with Lloyds Bank. You may exchange foreign currency, obtain Travellers' Cheques in sterling or in dollars and transfer funds to and from Canada. And, of course, you may open a current account there and obtain a cheque book.

Also, if you need any guidance in money matters you're welcome!

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R.C.A.F. LANGAR

Personnel are invited to use the services of our branch at Old Market Square, Nottingham, where the facilities of a fully equipped Overseas Department are available.

Dear Editor,

I've been stationed at North Luffenham for 13 months and in all that time I have seen a lot of air-women come and go. Now they are a'right, but why don't they send some over here that look a little better?

I would be the first one to defend Canadian womanhood, but other air force stations can have beauty contests and have some pretty good contestants too. Do you think we could? Anyway I think ours are brainy.

Bachelor.

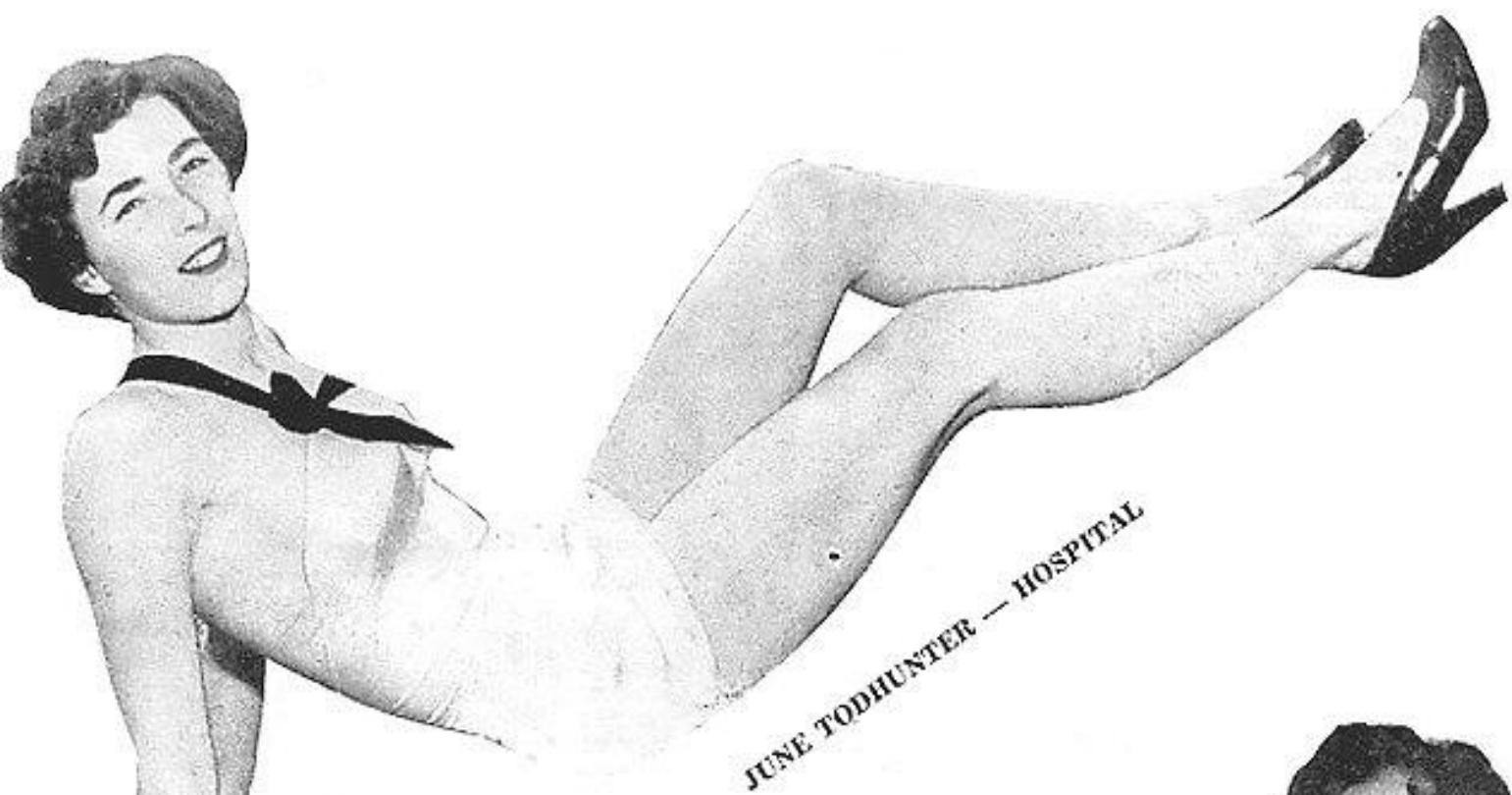


DOROTHY LOTT — SUPPLY

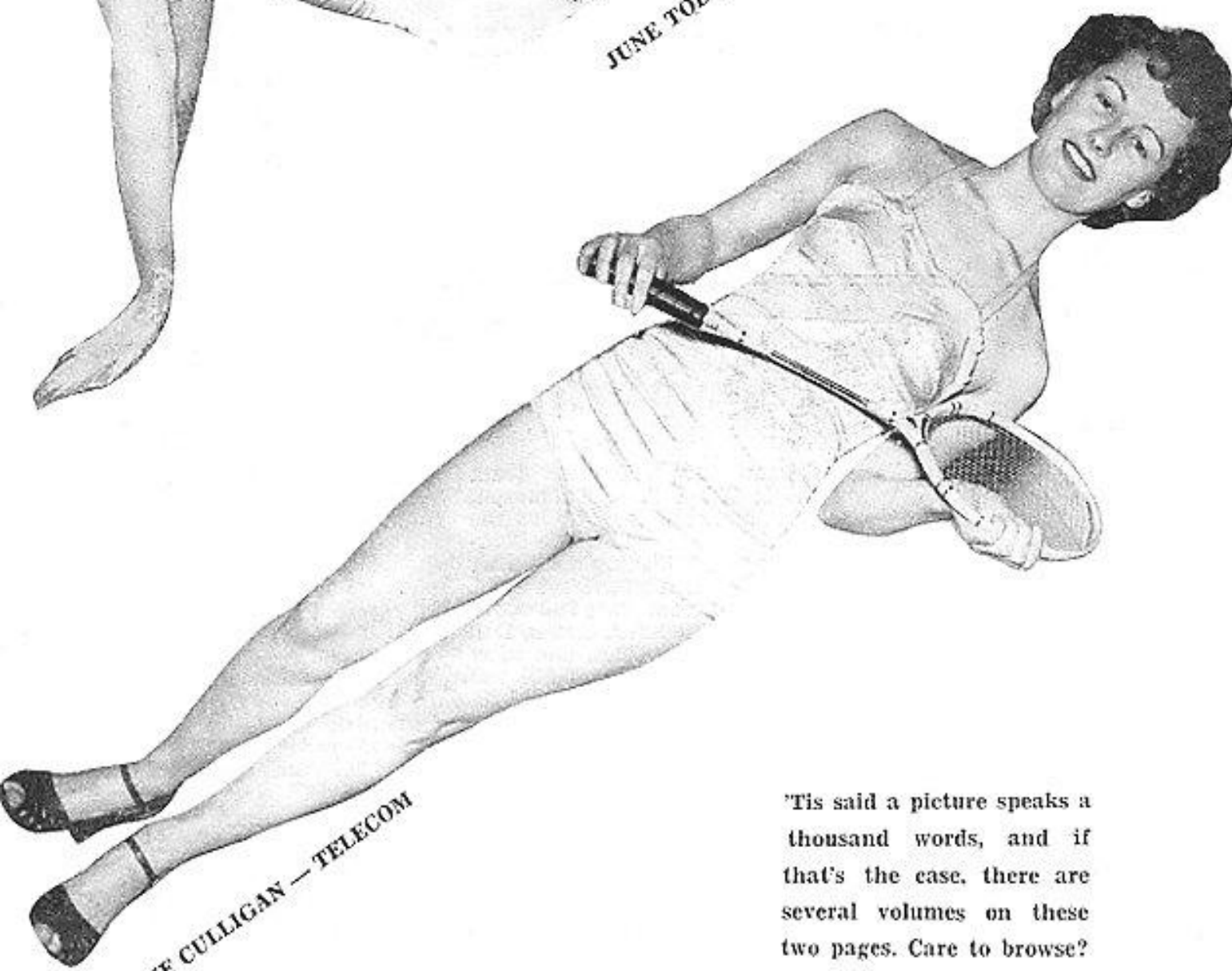
GRACE KOLESAR

Accounts, appears to have taken this letter in a spirit of magnanimity. We think it's a laugh, too!!





JUNE TODDhunter — HOSPITAL



ANNE CULLIGAN — TELECOM

'Tis said a picture speaks a thousand words, and if that's the case, there are several volumes on these two pages. Care to browse?

Airmen Commended by President of R.S.P.C. H.B.

"Commendable" was the word used by H. C. Peabody-Smith, President of the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Human Beings, in commenting upon the splendid conduct of three Canadian airmen, ACI "Spike" Delaney, ACI "Jerry" Kuhn, and LAC "Joey" Zippel. These Canadians, on seeing Mrs. Clara Pierce-Jones, an eighty-three-year-old cripple, trying to get across a busy street at its narrowest point, forcibly restrained her for two hours, until the traffic slackened off, and then carried her to safety on the side.

Mrs. Pierce-Jones explained her harrowing experience to reporters who called on her soon after her rescue: "I had determined to cross this street to get to the wet fishmonger's and having waited for twenty minutes for the cars to stop, I finally lost patience and started across the street. Just as

two Humbers and a bus were bearing down on me, I was seized by the strong hands of these three men, whom I immediately recognised as *Canadians*, despite the facts that they were conservatively dressed in dull tweeds, had normal haircuts, and were soft spoken!" Mrs. Pierce-Jones went on to say that there was a distinct smell of lemon squash on the breaths of these airmen, and they gave every indication of being clean cut, tea-totalling, non-smoking and dog-loving boys.

At a tea given in their honour by the R.S.P.C.H.B., the Mayor, Mr. Skinful, VFG, added his praise in these words:

".....We always welcome our friends from the Colonies, and especially these men from *Canada*. Our associations with the *Canadians* have been most pleasant. They are temperate

people who do not disturb our peace with riotous drinking, dope peddling, or bad language. They are always on their best conduct and, speaking personally, I do not think I have ever seen or heard of a drunken *Canadian*."

After the tea, the Canadian airmen mounted their motor-bikes, and slowly left the city for their base at North Luffenham.

(The above article, inspired by a recent report in one of the local evening papers, is the kind we never expect to see printed in those same papers. Instead, we shall continue to make the headlines with alleged low-flying, drunken driving and parking offences, which items and other similar police court news releases seem to prove the only news about Canadians that's fit to print.—Ed.)



W.O.1 Palmer Thompson aims to win the Queen's Medal for the . . .

SABRE RIFLE CLUB



Anyone who knows the difference between a rifle and a pistol will also know that to shoot at Bisley usually means the opportunity to vie, shot for shot, with the best in the Commonwealth.

But do they know that at 1 Fighter Wing there are marksmen who will be participating in the competitions at the national Rifle Association Ranges, Bisley, and have already made their presence felt? Members of the "Sabre" Rifle Club at North Luffenham will take part in many shoots at Bisley and in Germany and competition within the club is keen for the chance to visit Canada in August.

Although the club has hardly been formed two years its members are of such a calibre that they copped a second at recent Fighter Command Rifle Competitions and one of them placed 22nd out of 800 competitors.

A good example of the type of

marksman the Luffenham team boasts is WO 1 P. A. Thompson, Telecommunications, who led the Sabre shooters at the Fighter Command meet. Finishing the winter indoor shoot with an average of 98, he helped his team place 2nd out of 30 entries in the S.R.A. match, 11th out of 30 in the S.R.B. and after taking 22nd place out of 800 was included in the exclusive "Final 40" shoot-off.

Essentials

Shooting since he was "old enough to carry a gun," WO 1 Thompson shot at Bisley last year, and has sniped at competitions most of his Air Force career, generally at Ottawa and Montreal.

The main essentials for the successful marksman? Says WO 1 Thompson: "Proper coaching and practice, good equipment."

Besppectacled Palmer Thompson has his sights on the Queen's Medal

shoot, August 11, at Connaught Ranges, Ottawa. But with competition so keen within the club it will be a battle to see who is lucky enough to make the possible three berths to Canada. Participants will be required to use Service rifles without slings and will fire a total of 40 rounds. The shoot will be conducted in four phases: deliberate fire at 600 yards; fire with movement at distances ranging from 100 yards to 600 yards; rapid fire at 300 yards and snaphooting at 300 yards.

Local shoots have seen Luffenham marksmen present and during the winter the club won two trophies at the Leicester and Rutland League meet. But the club executive emphasises that personnel interested are free to visit the rifle club at any time and take part in shooting practice. "Team positions are not permanent and good shots may qualify by high score basis."

JUST FOR FUN

With the approach of summer, indoor entertainment tends to move to the unconfined fresh air, but your entertainment officer always has a choice of shows and events for you to choose from. We have, for instance, the following London productions:

Theatre	Show
Coliseum	Guys and Dolls
Drury Lane	The King and I
Prince of Wales	Pardon My French
Princes	Pal Joey
Vaudeville	The Moon is Blue

Tickets for the popular Grand Prix auto races, July 17, are available at the Entertainment Office as well as ducats for Wimbledon tennis matches.

Section parties held or planned are: Supply, June 11; Armament, June 18, and 4.10 Squadron, July 3.

Due to careful planning, these parties are always a success. The entertainment section will be happy to help with such parties. We have all the necessary equipment and contacts.

Station Drama Club is not resting on its laurels and plan to continue radio skits as well as other productions. Watch your DROs.

A recent visit to Carling's Brewery by NCOs and officers was thoroughly enjoyed, due to the excellent hospitality of the Carling representatives in the U.K. A planned visit to the Ford automobile plant at Dagenham unfortunately had to be cancelled, but we hope this trip will be made later.

If you are planning a summer holiday we have considerable travel literature which may be of help to you. Remember, just for fun, call 27.

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CANADA REPRESENTED AT MALTA

Canada and the Royal Canadian Air Force were represented in Malta early last month when Her Majesty the Queen unveiled the Commonwealth Air Force Memorial there. The Memorial was dedicated to the lives of 2,301 aircrew who, while serving in or in association with the RAF operating from Malta and other bases in the Western and Central Mediterranean area, lost their lives and have no known graves. Air Commodore Martin Costello, CBE, CD, of Alexandria, Ont., and Winnipeg, Air Member at Canadian Joint Staff, London, represented the Canadian Government and the RCAF in placing a wreath on the newly dedicated memorial.

Representing the RCAF Association was Air Vice Marshal G. E. Brookes, CB, OBE, of Toronto, National President of the Association. Wing Commander P. S. Turner, DSO, DFC, of Toronto, a veteran of the air battle in the Mediterranean, also attended.

A small party of Canadian airmen served as street-liners for the procession of the Queen when she arrived at the Memorial. The men, drawn from all RCAF stations in Europe, flew to Malta two days before the ceremony. Among the RCAF party were many who served at Malta and bases in the Mediterranean, and several whose relatives are commemorated by the Memorial.

The Memorial at Malta is situated in a small garden just south of the King's Gate entrance to the walled town of Valetta, the site having been provided by the Government of Malta. The architect, Sir Hubert Worthington, OBE, ARA, designed a column 50 feet high set on a circular base on which the names will be commemorated on bronze panels. The column which is of travertine marble incised with a light reticulated pattern, is surmounted by a bronze gilded eagle 7 ft. 9 ins. high. The sculptor of the eagle, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy's Summer Exhibition, 1953, is Mr. Charles Wheeler, RA. A bronze panel at the base of the column bears the following inscription.

"Over these and neighbouring lands and seas the airmen whose names are recorded here fell in raid or sortie and have no known grave—Malta, Gibraltar, Mediterranean, Adriatic, Tunisia, Sicily, Italy, Yugoslavia."

Austria—Proposit Insula Tenax Tenaces Viros Commemorat"

The Latin inscription may be rendered: "An island resolute of purpose remembers resolute men." On each side of this dedicatory panel and around the base of the column are other bronze panels bearing the names of 2,301 Commonwealth airmen. The total is made up as follows:

Royal Air Force (including two from Newfoundland) 1,545;
Royal Canadian Air Force, 286;
Royal Australian Air Force, 211;
Royal New Zealand Air Force, 85;
South African Air Force, 171;
British Overseas Airways Corporation, 3.

The following RCAF personnel were present at the Malta Memorial unveiling:—

Air Force Headquarters, Ottawa: A/V/M G. E. Brookes, CB, OBE (Retd), Toronto, Ont.; W/C P. S. Turner, DSO, DFC, Toronto, Ont.

RCAF Division, Canadian Joint Staff, London: A/C M. Costello, CBE, CD, Alexandria, Ont. and Winnipeg.

No. 1 Air Division RCAF Street-Lining Party: F/O R. K. Swartman, Parry Sound, Ont.; Cpl R. C. Clark, Trenton, Ont.; LAC H. Perkins, Middlesex, England; LAC B. F. Ramsay, Newcastle, N.B.; Flt.-Sgt. M. Deutsch, Verdun P.Q.; LAC J. Skelton, London, England; Warrant Officer F. E. Cooper, Maple, Ont.; FS H. H. McTaggart, Chilliwack, B.C.; Cpl A. V. Milani, Indian Head, Sask.

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IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND

By Cpl R. Jackson

The seasoned visitor to England will, while still at sea, listen to the BBC weather bulletins so that he may dress appropriately for the arrival. After 15 minutes of meteorological jargon the listener is left with the impression that he has a choice of weather, fair or foul, with odds of 4 to 1 favouring the foul.

This mythical English sense of humour is immediately apparent, even though the reaction is at times slow. A quick reply invariably catches the Englishman off balance. A typical example was noted one morning when a waitress approached a group of airmen at the breakfast table in the Regent Palace Hotel and announced "Kipper," to which an NCO replied, "No Can-

adian." The only reaction came from the next table 45 seconds later, when another diner commented, "I say that was rather good."

Contrary to popular belief that the humour is non-existent, one soon learns that it is in its highest state when subtly ridiculing things English. In fact some of its greatest exponents are those beings who speak from Broadcasting House. This is perhaps a Briton's strongest trait of character. Nevertheless an Englishman is always volubly quick to defend, with an even temper, those institutions in which he believes. One outworn excuse for most criticism is "of course the war." The visitor to England can safely criticise railroads, restaur-

ants, hotels, taxation, and the landlord who does not serve a good pint. On these subjects the visitor can make friends for life.

Local Polls

Of all the English institutions the cup of tea holds first place, but none is more revered than the local. Conservatives declare that the last election defeat of the Socialists was due to the rumoured Nationalisation of the locals. Socialists claim that it was a dirty lie started by the Conservatives. Politics aside, it is a safe bet that Smokey's, the Nag and Bag, and the Chez Moi will be in business for a long time to come, as will the custom of "time, gentlemen, please," heralding the official close of every English day. Sharp at 2200 hours the last pint is finished and the lingering figures disappear one by one, as do the lights. All that's awake in the land is the Bobby on his nightly beat. Courteous and ready to help those in need is this preserver of the Queen's Peace. Just as ready as he is to summon those who insist on breaking that which he preserves.

English hospitality soon shows itself in the form of invitations to come and stay awhile. This is more noticeable in the South, West, North and in Scotland. Mine host is invariably curious to learn of the customs of life from overseas. You don't have to start first and brag about it. Give him time and he will ask in his own way.

Somebody says "What about the women?" Just count the heads in Donnickerville. For sure, when your time overseas is up and you ask the way back to Canada someone will tell you to turn left at Liverpool, it's straight ahead. "Yea can't miss it"

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(Continued from Page 11)

SHOP FOR INSURANCE

earner and policy is good until your death. Let's see $10 \times 12 \times 20 = \2400.00 . Your beneficiary will profit by $\$7,000.00 - \$2,400.00 = \$4,600.00$. The same premium for combination policy will get you $\$2,500.00$ —a profit of $\$100.00$. See the difference. Mind you these figures are approximate and should be taken as a guide only but there is considerable difference in premium and this difference you could easily use or invest as I have mentioned before.

Where can you as a serviceman purchase a straight protection policy? Most insurance companies carry them but you have to ask for it—remember the salesman receives more commission if he sells you a policy which is more beneficial to the company. If you are in the Civil Service or have a permanent commission you may procure Civil Service insurance which is straight protection type; if you served during the war you may purchase the D.V.A. insurance which again is low-premium protection type.

I personally feel that all married personnel should be compelled to have a minimum of $\$5,000.00$ life insurance policy. It is conceivable that all service personnel regardless of rank will in time to come be compelled to take out life insurance and that this insurance will be available at low premium rates through government channels.

A few last words of advice. Don't drop your existing policy without a great deal of consideration and don't take my words for gospel truth. Find out for yourself by shopping around. Remember you may die to-morrow but you may live until you're eighty so why be poor for the next sixty years by paying through the nose when you could live better and pay only through the small hole in your pocket.

Until next month your professor bids you adieu with "Good health and good living" and may you find that pot of gold yourself some day.

(Continued from Page 11)

INSIDE SCOTLAND

road so that, though difficult to travel, not a sight is missed.

We next passed Loch Lochy and on to Loch Linnhe. Just as we approached Loch Linnhe, Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in the

British Isles, came into view. It is 4,406 feet high and really dominates the landscape.

Passing through the lake district we began to climb again. There was one hill which is sixteen miles long. Some climb! On either side of the roadway are mountain streams, tumbling down and down into a black valley on one side of the road. The only habitation we saw were sheep all with the red streak of paint on their backs which is believed to keep wolves away.

On the other side of the mountain range we hit the most famous of the lochs—Loch Lomond. Here is real outdoor beauty. Mountains on either side rising up till they turn blue in the haze. Take lots of film with you if you go.

We carried on to Glasgow where we spent the night, using the same system to obtain rooms. A very noticeable feature in Glasgow was the number of dance halls. Everywhere we looked on the main street, we found one.

Since we were practically broke by this time we pushed on next day for home, a distance of about 350 miles. We passed through Carlisle, Sheffield and over to the A1 and home.

In all we covered 1,130 miles in five days and the cost was very low. We found the people friendly, accommodation adequate and the food excellent. The only thing wrong with the trip was the short time we had.

Two weeks would be ideal for a tour of Scotland then you would be able to explore the cities and not be so rushed on the road. Before you go back to Canada, see Scotland. You won't be sorry.

(Continued from Page 7)

NOW THE GIRLS LOVE CANADIANS

Brides Joan MacNair, Phyllis Wall and war bride Joan Coe gave me their composite picture of the Canadian Husband.

He is quite a guy.

He has all the informal charm of the American, but still keeps old-world manners.

He is tolerant, home-loving and faithful.

He continues to pay compliments long after the honeymoon.

In time he can even be trained to tea-drinking.

(Reprint from "Daily Sketch")

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(Continued from Page 9)

AFTER THE BOMB

the DOSIMETER: zeroed at the start, it will indicate the amount of radiation exposure at any subsequent time, and the total dose at the end.

It is now a matter of some urgency for the fighting services to be equipped with these instruments. In the event of atomic warfare, it will be necessary to monitor ground after A-bomb bursts to assess the residual radiation and to determine how quickly troops and vehicles can move into affected areas. And the problem is no less urgent in the event of sea contamination. A high level of radiation in an area precludes entry to it until the inevitable decay of the radioactivity reduces the level to a tolerable one. This implies that certain levels would be acceptable, and such is the case. Because of the danger to health, an acceptable "tolerance dose" of radiation has to be decided so that personnel may know when to avoid further exposure to radiation. For training purposes, this is 0.1r per day or 0.5r per week, but in wartime and for operational purposes this dose would, of course, be increased.

Any weapon of military device is effective only if it is properly used. Training in the use of Radiac Instruments is now a requirement for all Services, and for this reason there are now under development instruments sensitive enough to give responses from low-strength radioactive sources which can be used in open-air training.

Sgt. Mason's

SPORTS REPORT



Tennis

Recent demand for tennis racquets from sports stores indicates that numerous personnel either play tennis or at it. Yet the response to the proposed singles station tournament was poor, with only ten entries. The idea is to find the best players available to form the nucleus of a team to represent 1 Fighter Wing in games already scheduled against RAF units.

The season is still young so everyone, especially new arrivals, give us a call or visit us. We have lots of excellent equipment and would like to see the courts worn out by fall.

LEFT.—Cavorting in the water at Aylestone Road Baths, Leicester, are some of 1 Wing's personnel who took advantage of Thursday night swim runs.

Swimming

As already published, the Thursday evening swimming runs are under way again and will continue throughout the summer. Due to the distance, the location has been changed and we now frequent the Aylestone Road baths in Leicester. Although the set-up is not quite as elaborate as the Northampton pool it is the same size and everyone seems favourably impressed.

There are one and three metre diving stages, although attention must be drawn to the fact that the water underneath the stages is only six feet deep. Those with prominent teeth are asked to take special precautions when doing a three-and-a-half somersault with a double twist from the three-metre

Airwomen are reminded that this run is just as much for their benefit as anyone else's and we are happy to see some of you turning out.

Beginners are welcome and good instructional sessions have been held. Later in the season we hope to run a swimming meet, so dig up your swim suit and use your 'phone (the number is 27) between Monday and Wednesday, to have your name entered on the list for Thursday nights. 'Bus leaves the guardroom at 1930.

WEIGHT LIFTING AND BODY BUILDING

The resounding clang of metal against metal heard in the precincts of the mess hall between 1800 and 2100 hrs on Mondays, Wednesdays and Friday, indicates that Cpl Amy Hamelin and his 'Strength Through Joy' movement is operational. The club has been functioning successfully for over a year now and gains both in poundage and muscle have been most encouraging. Timber Woods, the Cop, is one of the veterans of the game and can be seen bench pressing with perspiration pouring from his brow whenever his duties permit. Woody, like many others, weight trains just to keep in shape and woe betide any of the Smokey Joe athletes who cross his path.

Judging by some of the waistlines around the Station others would gain considerably in health and appearance by following suit.

Little do a lot of people realise how unhealthy overweight can be, and such people must feel at times the futility of being undisciplined in their eating habits and general way of living. Very little effort is required to keep in the shape required to stand up to the rigours of everyday life. After all, one doesn't have to be an athlete to be conscious of one's physical condition. The average guy walking round the Station has some really weird ideas about anything con-

nected with a barbell, and usually looks upon people who use them as muscle-bound and unfit for anything else but weight lifting. Such ideas are way behind the times.

Nowadays weight resistance plays a very important part in the field of athletics, hospital and general Keep Fit movements.

Action is Best

The most important of these of course is the remedial exercises used in orthopaedic hospitals. This field was revolutionised during the war in this country by the famous orthopaedic surgeon, Watson Jones, who organised general rehabilitation centres for the R.A.F. to be used for the hundreds of wounded aircrews. The days of lying in a bed for weeks on end, in plaster, and allowing the limb to stiffen were over. From then on it was hard work all the way for the patient. He started his exercises without delay and finished not many weeks later playing a game of volleyball in the advanced stages of his treatment. During the interim period weight resistance played a very important part in the strengthening of wasted muscles. Athletes also used weights in a modified form to strengthen the powerful muscles needed to get to the top in these days of highly competitive sport.

Such are the advantages of weight training, and we are very fortunate to have a highly organised weight training club on this unit. If you are conscious of your ever-growing waistline, or restriction in some of your movements by being overweight, be a man and

have the guts to do something about it. After all, we are all members of a fighting Service and are not to know when we shall be required to face ordeals which might require the absolute limit of physical endurance.

Don't put it off until tomorrow: Drop into Sports Stores today and have a chat, and we'll gain the utmost pleasure in putting you on the track which will put you in the position to look with contempt on the guy who just sits back and eats everything put in front of him and slowly watches his feet disappearing from view.

BASEBALL

Baseball opened its current season on May 15th. The Station team is managed this season by Cpl 'Doc' Baker and being coached, at present, by a newcomer who is a good pitcher and affectionately called 'Little Cass.'

This coach-pitcher threw a one hitter at the Notts. Dodgers team to win by 18-1. Homers in this game were by first sacker Hopkins and left fielder Addis: On the whole the team played very well together.

May 29th. The team went to Birmingham to play an all-star team and another victory was racked up 14-2. Anderson was the winning pitcher and Drake was his helper.

June 3rd. Langar was here for an exhibition game which was very close. We eked out a slim 2-1 win.

June 7th. On this day we went down to St. Neots and played one of the top American teams in the circuit and lost this one 8-1, but the Americans had a far superior team. Cass started and was relieved by Drake in the third, who did a masterful job and only allowed the Yanks two hits after that.

Future Games

19th June. Birmingham All Stars will be here for a return game which starts at 3 o'clock.

26th June. Americans will be here for a game.

Our Sunday schedule will carry on as usual.

SOFTBALL

The Inter Unit Softball League got away to a roaring start Monday, May 17, with Maintenance and 410 Officers locking horns on No. 1 diamond with the Maintenance gang coming out on the long end of a 24 to 7 score.

On No. 2 diamond the "Old Iron Men," the Sergeants' team, knocked off the "AA's" Corporals by a score of 23 to 17.

It is planned to have two games every night except Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

Teams taking part this year are as follows:

Maintenance

410 Officers
Sergeants' Mess
Corporals' Club
Transport
441 Officers
439 Officers
439 Airmen.

With this amount of talent taking part, we are looking forward to an interesting and successful softball season.

At press time, Corporals top the schedule with three out of four wins. With two out of three wins, 441 Officers are in a strong second place.

LUFFENHAM SABRES WELCOME QUEEN

Twenty-four RCAF jet pilots helped to welcome the Queen back to Britain on May 15. The pilots flying 1 (F) Wing Sabre fighters from North Luffenham, formed part of a formation of 180 jet fighters and bombers which escorted the Royal Yacht Britannia up the Thames.

The full formation, consisting of 86 Meteors, 48 Canadian-built Sabres and 36 Canberras, flew past at 345 m.p.h., at heights between one and three-thousand feet.

Half of the 48 Sabres were from 1 Fighter Wing. The other 24, part of Canada's mutual aid programme to the UK, belong to the RAF and are based at Linton-on-Ouse.

The escort flew over the Royal Yacht at Woolwich and continued up the Thames over Tower Bridge, Southwark, St. James's Park, Hyde Park and Kensington. The formation also passed over the headquarters of the Canadian Joint Staff in London.

Leading the Canadian formation was Wing Commander J. D. Lindsay, DFC, of Arnprior, Ont., former Chief Operations Officer at North Luffenham, and a veteran of many flypast operations in Canada and Britain. Two of these have been over London; the Coronation flypast last year and the Battle of Britain flypast last September.



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drink on !!'

By William Shakesbeer.

Cast yourselves into the realms
of fantasy.

Ah! the magic of music . . . the illustrious charm of melody. How well I recall standing on the parade ground of a secret Manning Depot in blinding rain and hearing the gossamer, rapturous sound of the bugle echoing with its cutting tones through the stillness of the morn: cutting everyone to the quick . . . the S.W.O. making a quick 'cut' to the mess for a 'quick' reviver of rye, and the C.O. in ceremonial dress drawing his sword and cutting up a side street !!

Ah yes, I was only mentioning to those two well-known maestros, Rimski and Kosakoff, about their last overture entitled, "Take your girl out camping, the excitement will be in tents!"

"Y'know, Rimsk," I said, pouring myself another Mickey . . . "music today is changing at a vast pace. Just imagine Guy Lombardo putting your Cantata and Fugue of the First Movement and the Schezzo of the Third Movement into bebop!"

Rimsk' looked at me from behind a bushy forest of Russian whiskers; two beady eyes pinned me to the spot. He spoke, in broad Moskovian . . . "Listen Fatso . . . I like da 'Skirtzo' . . . I like da bebop . . . but who iss dis guy Lombardo?"

Soon I was on my way to Omsk to hear the first performance of the new opera, "Bounce me Brother with a Solid Four" by Vesuvius, played by the Luffenham Girl Pipers.

I was agog with excitement . . . frantically I grabbed a morning "piper" to read about it. What a performance? . . . The critics raved about it for weeks . . . Serge Rachmaninoff personally told me, as I told me, as I handed him a Mickey, 'Ah . . . ze opera vos vonderful . . . ze musick smelled (sorry) swelled to High Heaven !!'

The Introduction and Rhondø to Solly Staksaloot's new play 'Hamlet,' written in five flats by Benny Goodman, is a wonderfully artistic piece dedicated to all cats who had the guts to become violin strings! . . . Ah yes, I see it all now . . . I swoon into rapturous delight as each verse by the massed choirs

raises to a crescendo . . . with those heartening words that take me back to the "daze" I love. . . .

I swoon.

Swoon I was on my way to the sun drenched plains of the Caribou! . . . where wee Angus McKenzie had built his first "moose" trap, playing a retreat on the bagpipes and at the same time singing "Your Tiny Hand is Frozen" from the Desert Song by Puccini !!

Here I rested to the accompaniment of Glen Miller's "Summer-ville Serenade," sipping a triple rye and the signing in of great personalities—to the Corporals' Club. A-a-a-h! 'twas lovely . . .

Suddenly, the music died away. Frantically I searched every crook and nanny, but 'twas not.

Soon I was on my way to the land of the Pranging Goat: There in Ye Olde Weak Ende Tavern I heard the music of the Passedoble Players led by Edith Western on the passedoble, Dr. Dilirium de Tremenski on bass fortuncer and our old friend Solly Staksaloot on alto catastrophone: Altogether! a motley crew. They first made their name under Dr. I. Stakupski in Nottingham. A most outstanding conductor! They played merrily, and verily, the music of their glasses was kind to the ear . . . Ah yes . . . kind to the ear, Sir.

And lo, I recover my composure as best I can, hic! . . . Soon I was on my way to the Inner Sanctum of the Shrine of Shang re La, where Madam Fifi de Gilbow danceth the dance of a thousand baseballs, to the eerie strains of the Parkinson trombone moektet in rehearsal and a magnificent vocal rendering of that age old classic by Herr Schmokey-joeski entitled "Time Gentlemen Please." (Station C.F.N.L. may honour us with a broadcast from this famous sporting centre).

It is here that the mysterious rivers Carlings and Seagrams flow in serene tranquility, attracting many visitors and pilgrims to their magic waters to be cleansed and baptised therein, thence to ascend to the land's ethereal bliss . . . O happy daze !!

Soon I was on my way, under the affluence of incohol, to my bed: My soul filled with music, wonderful music that is herein writ: . . . Ah yes, if music be the soul of love . . . Drink on my friends . . . Drink on!

Cpl T. Slater

Air Force Day

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a closer understanding and knowledge of their Air Force by the Canadian public, and to furthering Canadian air-consciousness, was held Saturday, June 12.

More than two dozen RCAF stations across Canada held "open house" on Air Force Day, to enable the public to have a first-hand look at a small portion of what their Air Force is doing.

Flying displays were a feature of the afternoon's activities. Ground exhibits were also a part of each station's programme.



The presidency of 410 Local Gun Plumbers and Crystal Ball Gazers' Union has recently changed hands. Former president F/L Flavin departed for the ivory towers of AMC, being replaced by F/O Waters. Members of the a/n union have been noticed lately with glazed eyes and looks of intense anticipation. Could it be caused by the forthcoming annual blow-out? Remembering the after-effects of last year's I shall extend my deepest sympathies while these people still look human.

The main topic of conversation in the Elect/Inst Section lately has been new cars. Honest John Embury will welcome all inquiries on the price, size, etc., of all popular and unpopular models.

Cpl Bill Galloway—much sought after best man and/or usher—wishes to inform all his friends that he will be unavailable for the month of July due to heavy squadron commitments. Do not despair as he will be able to continue these services starting the 1st of August.

The sheep stealer (LAC MacNeil) from the "Isle of Barroch" has departed 410 for the barren moors of Greenwood, there to stalk nightly in the hope of gathering his own flock as a means of supplementing his pension when that epic day arrives. Cpl Gullbeault has been heard practising hog calling lately, presumably to facilitate better communications between Barracks 59 and 55.

Cpl's Rayner and Gehring have left for a two week stay in Copenhagen. Strictly an educational trip so they claim. No comments until their return. Due to extensive flying lately I have noticed nothing unusual happening on the line so have not much to say concerning this highly efficient section of Sun Valley.

Cupid has again struck with unerring accuracy, reducing the ranks of active Donkeys by the appalling total of five. The big question these days is to be or not to be. There are still many diehards among us who maintain that the wonders or horrors of such a fate will never erase them from the ranks. Time alone will show the folly of their think-

ing. Congratulations and best wishes are extended to Sgt Ashby, LAC's Nicholson, MacDiarmid, Wylie and Graham. To my way of thinking these gentlemen deserve a medal for cool courage in the face of overwhelming odds. Remember, Donkeys, to be beaten in the never-ending battle of remaining single does not constitute a defeat but a victory.

"D. Graham"

410 MAINTENANCE

What a fellow won't do these days to get back to the Canada for awhile. Cpl Pete Pierre has left for the other side to bring back a bride. Only joking . . . I saw her picture and, brother, I can't understand why he waited so long.

Cpl Jack Logan will leave for Canada next month. Canada—that area west of Ontario, you know. He and his family will drive to Vancouver in a Morris Minor station wagon. Good luck, Jack!

Cpl Dave Beach is getting a Consul at the end of this month as well as this correspondent. Ted Arsanault will soon be driving an eye-catching Studebaker.

Sgt Stranks has left 410 flight line and is with us now. I understand he was surprised to find no muskeg up here. We have two new fellows in LACs O'Neil and Treverton. Hope you enjoy your stay, chaps.

Working conditions around the hangar have been much easier since we have been getting aircraft from the other wings with fewer hours on them. But a few from 2 Wing were so dirty you'd think they had brought half the runway with them. But a lot of elbow-grease soon had them right again.

LAC Jim Holmes

HEADLIGHTS

By LAC MacDonald, MOH

Unshaved, dirty, tired and bedraggled, that would be a very good description of the wrecks we saw coming back from exercise Rabbit Treck. We still fail to see how men could get in such a condition by just driving. However, LAC Crouch is all ready to go again, it seems he enjoys "C" rations. Then there is Joe (The Jaguar Kid) Beres.

Newcomers are LAC J. L. Labonle, who comes from Trenton, CPL Burke, and LAC Wilson, who

is an old 6RD man. LAC Nicholson has departed for Canada for good, he says, and LAC Ray and LAC Gullbeault are going to Aymer on course. We wish these men luck, may they find the course easy and have access to lots of good Canadian beer.

CIGARS—Everybody in the section is smoking cigars. Why? Well, Joe Beres had a baby. His wife had a baby; Joe is so excited he doesn't know for sure who had a baby, but for information's sake, it was a healthy boy and they were good cigars. May everybody in the section have babies, then we can smoke more cheaply than we do now. Reigate must have read this before going to press, because just before deadline he brought forth the news of fatherhood, a boy.

The boys were out for their first ball practise the other night and things look pretty good outside of some aching backs the next day. Sgt. Schoor is coaching and LAC Brown is Captain.

Long live the bachelors, but does LAC Roy take heed? No. He will be married on the 24th of May. We wish him luck.

Then there was Putman, our noble athlete, who tried to change a flat on the fifth wheel.

Again we ask you do not park on the narrow roads on the station as it creates a hazard for other drivers.



More farewells to 439 Squadron Pilots this month. Transfers just in and effective in the next few weeks cover F/L Harry Wenz and F/Os Herbie Ruecker, Laurie Hamilton and Mike Bradley. All are returning to Canada.

This latest exodus now leaves only two of the original Leapfrog I pilots still with the Squadron. They are F/Os Sherm Hannah and Ken Jennett.

Three new pilots checked in from the Chatham O.T.U. They are F/Os Syd Jones, Ken Castle and Stan Eason. Welcome acquisitions for the Tiger Outfit.

Instrument Section

We welcome to the section the following personnel:

LAC GR Burns (410)

Cpl DR Milloy (441)

LAC HR Owen (441)

LAC W Munroe (441)

Cpl ML Jones (W), who arrived from Whitehorse in mid-April.

Transferred to the squadrons recently were the following:

Cpl GW Gibson (441)

LAC GE Grant (441)

LAC RW Mable (441)

LAC Goodwin (410).

Some of the boys are sporting new cars, namely, Sgt BG Lapier (Glenn), LAC Tommy Thompson, Cpl DRC Milloy, Cpl Jack Patterson (who has one on order).

An open challenge was recently put forward by SEW to Wing Instrument Section to a golf match at Burghley Park, Stamford.

It was the type of challenge the Instrument Shop greeted in much the same fashion a lion would gaze upon his first good meal in three or four days.

A sizzling pace from the first tee was only part of the vicious onslaught which was to follow. The SEW's were a badly mauled lot at the end of the ninth. Any further play was out of the question.

Since then we haven't heard much from the parachute boys, but rumour has it there have been several survival kit candles burning around the green after dark on Luffenham Heath Golf Course.

Club '55' Reports

By LAW MM Erman

A whole year has elapsed since the arrival of the first airwoman in England, 17th May, 1953. How time flies! It seems like only yesterday that we set foot on 1 Fighter Wing after our hectic nine-day journey on the Empress of Australia. However, on looking back, we see that in this year, as in any year, a lot of things have come to pass. Some of the "first girls" have been transferred to other Wings within Air Division; some have joined the ranks of the Donikers; some promotions have been celebrated, and some of us are still plodding along.

Our minds drift back to the trips we have taken in the past year—Scotland, Eireland, France, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and, of course, England.

How many of us realize the wonderful opportunity we have to travel, being over here? Too often the little every day "gripes" make us forget. Some of us still have another year here before our tour is up—a year in which we can see a lot of country. Let's make the most of it. We might never get the chance again.

ANNIVERSARY PARTY

The "anniversary" of our first year was celebrated 14th May with a cocktail party and dinner dance in the NAAFI ballroom. Our thanks go to the Entertainment Committee and all those who helped make our anniversary party such a wonderful success. It will be an anniversary to be treasured in our memories.

WEDDING BELLS

With arrival of spring, budding trees, and blossoms, also came the "love bug," or should we call him "Dan Cupid"? Anyway, three weddings have depleted ranks of the Airwomen since last Club 55 report.

April 17th LAW Louise Gates became the bride of LAC Ed Yaniszewski at St. Joseph's Church in Oakham.

May 1st saw the wedding of LAW Tillie "Zeke" Zagrodney and LAC "Mac" McDiarmid at North Luffenham Church.

May 15th, at the Edith Weston Church, AW Kitty Sears became the wife of LAC Wally McLeod.

To all our newlyweds, congratulations, and the best of luck for future happiness.

PROMOTIONS

April was promotion time. Among the airwomen promoted were:

Cpl. Fran Haugen to Sgt.
A/Cpl. M. Jameson to Cpl.
A/Cpl. Grace Harris to Cpl.
LAW Edna McLean to Cpl.
LAW Anne Culligan to Cpl.
LAW Jean Lloyd to Cpl.
LAW Norma Holt to Cpl.
LAW Kitty Sears to Cpl.
LAW Nat Schofield to Cpl.
LAW Verna Hearty to Cpl.
LAW Joan Ratford to Cpl.

Congratulations, kids!

PERSONNEL CHANGES

A few changes of personnel in Club 55 are the arrival of LAW Phil Havis to TTop, from Whitehorse, LAW Lee Harris TTop, and the

transfer of LAW Avis Spedding TTop, to 4 Wing.

That seems to be all the news for this time. Happy Anniversary, kids. Let's hope our next year here will be a happy one. Cheers for now.

Accounts Chatter

By LAW L. V. Strobel

The time has come again to make ourselves heard. There is an old saying that runs "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." The Accounts personnel are certainly doing their best to prove the truth of this, although it should read "A young woman's fancy." The month of May has proved a very popular one for wedding bells here with three of our airwomen taking the big step. Congratulations go to Cpl Kitty Sears and LAWs Zeke Zagrodney and Joan Stewart. Maybe they will find married bliss better than single life in BB 55.

It looks as though AFHQ have decided that a few changes are necessary around here. Our genial Paymaster, F/L Wally Fink, has been notified of repatriation to Canada in August to Claresholm. Month of June will see departure of F/S Tom Ridley to his new station at Suffield. Both these men were among the first to come to North Luffenham. Our best wishes for future success in your new fields.

We welcome our new pay clerk, LAC W. C. Sauer who has just arrived from Canada, and also LAW F. L. Stanley, our clerk typist who was previously employed in the Ground Defence Section, this unit.

If you have noticed that your pay is a little lower than usual, chalk it down to either a charge of Clothing Credit Overdrawal or the increase in the Sterling Rate. The Official Conversion rate has been steadily rising over the past three months and for May is \$2.78 to the pound. Remember, the higher it goes the less pounds you get from your pay account but, if you have pounds in a Canadian backed sterling account, the higher it goes the more dollars you get when you send the pounds home.

Personnel selling cars, caravans, etc., are reminded of the new form that is required by Bank of England regulations—The Sterling Transfer Form which must be completed at the time of sale. Forms can be obtained from your local bank.

CARAVAN SITE NEWS

By Mrs. A. D. Cooper

An election of new committee took place last month with the following taking office:

Chairman—FS Kelly

Vice-Chairman—Cpl F. Hammond

Secretary—Sgt Horner

Treasurer—FS Hogan

Entertainment and Welfare — Cpl Regimbal

Lady Member—Mrs. Jo Wells.

Remember—it only takes a little co-operation to make this a better site!

Ladies of the site are forming a softball team. Any new members interested, please contact Mrs. Forsyth. Let's show the airwomen there's life left yet!

Postings — LACs Roy and Guilbeault have left for Aymer, Ontario, for a course in M.E. Mrs. Guilbeault returned home to Montreal to await the new posting. LAC Aziz left on posting to 3 Wing.

Newest members this month include: Daughter of LAC and Mrs. Chartrand — born in Stamford Hospital (5lbs. 8oz.). Son (William Gordon) of LAC and Mrs. Beres—born in Stamford Hospital. Son (Barry Alan) of FS and Mrs. E. Hogan — Stamford Hospital (11lbs.).

Visitors — F/O and Mrs. K. Mosher had Connie's mother and sister visiting from London over the Easter holidays. Visiting from Canada with Cpl and Mrs. W. Warburton is the former's mother; and with Cpl and Mrs. Van Blaricom is Mrs. Van Blaricom's father, Mr. Brown.

**LIBRARY LORE****"BOOK REVIEW"**

"Air Commando," Serge Vaculik

A remarkable story about Serge Vaculik and his comrades. After being taken prisoner at Dunkirk, and imprisoned in Germany, he escaped to France and then over the mountains to Spain, where he spent further days in prison. Eventually he came to England, and after serving a short period of screening in Pentonville, he joined

de Gaulle's forces and became a parachutist-saboteur. The story of his first drop into France is packed with thrills and tension, and tells how he miraculously escaped the SS. execution squad.

"Independent Company"

Lieut.-Col. B. J. Callinan

The exploits of the Australian 2/2 and 2/4 Independent Company in Timor.

"Tumult in the Clouds"

Andrew Cunningham

"Reach for the Sky"

Paul Brickhill

The Story of Group-Captain

Douglas Bader.

"Colonel Henri's Story"

Edited by Ian Colvin

The memoirs of the German Secret Agent, who arrested Odette and Peter Churchill.

Royal Air Force 139-45. Vol. 1.

"Fight at Odds"

by Hilary St. George Saunders and Denis Richards.

"Hitler's Eva" Ursula Bloom.

"The Alderman's Son"

Gerald Bullett.

"Those in Peril" Russell Braddon.

"The Foolish Immortals"

Paul Gallico.

"Madame de Pompadour"

Nancy Mitford.

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A natural effect, softly glowing, with creamy tones, rather than pink and white. Emphasis on the eyes and lips with rouge used to model the features as an artist uses shadows, rather than to give the appearance of definite colour. Women who have never used eye-shadow—or thought of it only for the evening, should learn to use it for day to help give that "big-eyed look." Make-up should be used but not be obvious—except for the lipstick—its purpose is to minimise imperfections, to enhance one's good features, delicately to accent the colouring of eyes and lips and to complete the colour harmony between faces, clothes and hats. Just as an artist painting a portrait harmonises colours, so it is with make-up—only you are working in living flesh.

Again the shades of lipstick and powder used depend not only on the natural colour of the skin, hair and eyes but on the dress colour. Certain colours make the skin look paler, more yellow, or cast blue shadows—make-up can offset this. With the right make-up, selected in harmony with the dress, any woman can wear any colour she likes, even those she had always thought unbecoming. Redheads can wear pink and cyclamen, grey haired women can look pretty in beige or honey tones and "mousey" types dare to choose gay bright colours.

Fashions in make-up change just as fashions in clothes—in fact they change with dress fashions for each new season shows new colours, new lines, and even though few people follow the latest styles it certainly dates you to continue wearing the same shades of make-up that you found becoming ten years ago. Some years ago orange toned make-up was almost universal—that went out of fashion in favour of a pink and white effect—that in turn has been replaced by a much softer make-up, more natural in appearance though attained with greater artifice. It is the art that conceals art.

Points to remember

The skin changes and as we grow older it usually tends to become a little darker, or in the case of the woman with very fair skin, it may take on a dead white almost papery look. Do not attempt to use the shades of foundation and powder that suited you at 20. They will not maintain that youthful look, but on the contrary, will show up the skin and have an ageing effect. Colours that on a

elizabeth arden writes on . . .

THE LOOK TO AIM AT

young skin look fresh and lovely, on an older skin appear hard and obvious. Choose the warmer tones of foundation creams or lotions—the powders blended with soft pink tones. If the skin is florid or has red veins then choose a neutral tone powder which will tone down too high a colour. Never use a white foundation always a flesh tone, or deeper than flesh.

The use of two powders helps to give a subtlety of colouring and a translucent look that cannot be obtained by one shade, for you get the effect of colour seen through colour—just as you do with a dress made of one layer of chiffon over another. Use first a powder near to your own colouring, then over it a second dusting of powder in a different shade—a pinker tone if the skin is lacking colour—a deeper shade to give a glowing look. If dark powders are used direct on the skin they tend to become darker still during the day as they are affected by the warmth of the skin. This does not happen if the dark powder is used over a paler shade for an undertone.

Foundation

The success of the make-up depends on the foundation, which must be carefully applied so that it gives smooth, even coverage. Too thickly used a foundation will give a mask-like appearance—carelessly dabbed on it becomes patchy. Choose the type of cream or liquid that suits your skin. Young complexions need only a light powder base, just enough to protect from dust and to hold powder smoothly. Dry skins require a cream with enough emollient ingredients to protect against drying winds and to blend easily on the dry surface skin. Oily skins look well with a liquid foundation or with a somewhat more closely textured creams that have no oil in them. Blemished skins require a cream or liquid with good covering proportions to conceal imperfections, though concealments should be regarded as a temporary measure and every effort made by proper care to correct the blemished condition.

Creams should be applied sparingly, patted and blended in with the finger-tips, NEVER rubbed in—great care must be taken that the cream is blended evenly or the powder will not adhere smoothly.

Liquids should be applied on a small moistened pad of cotton wool and then blended in with the finger tips. Most important to shake the bottle first.

When using the heavier type cream it is particularly important to use very little as these creams are very concentrated and only the smallest amount is necessary—just a few dots of cream rather like confetti should be dabbed on forehead, nose, cheeks and chin and then gently blended in.

Rouge

Cream rouge looks most natural, goes on easily, lasts longest. Very little is needed, hardly more than comes off on to the warmth of the finger. It should be dotted on, never put on in one blob, and then patted and blended outwards, so that there are no hard lines. Rouge should normally be kept fairly high on the cheeks and not too near the nose. It should be taken out towards the side of the face. Rouge is only placed lower on the face if it is desired to make the face appear longer and thinner.

Eyeshadow

should be applied very lightly and sparingly on the upper lid, keeping it close to the lashes so that there is no white line of skin showing. It should be blended outwards and upwards towards outer corner of the eye. It should NOT be put on the inner corner of the eye.

"Dangerous Mission" is the title of the RKO suspense drama starring Miss Piper Laurie, whom you may notice on the opposite page. Doubt if anyone would tremble at sharing danger with her.



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