

talepipe

VOL. IV

JULY, 1955

No. 1



- ★ INVASION ROUTE
- ★ RABAT



News of the death of F/O A.G. McCallum, June 25, was received with deep regret and sorrow by members of 1 (F) Wing, Morville.

A member of 410 (F) Squadron since his arrival in UK, 6 Jan 54, F/O McCallum was a prominent and active member of most station activities, particularly the Flying Club which he helped organize. He was killed in a flying accident, close to the airfield, while engaged in simulated combat during the air exercise "Carte Blanche".

Born 27 Mar 1929, F/O McCallum's home town was Burlington, Ont. He attended Burlington High School. After joining the RCAF in March 1952, he trained at Centralia FTS where he earned flying honors.

F/O McCallum was interred at Toul Cemetery, France. He is survived by his wife, Edna Lorain and a baby daughter.

talepipe



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

Honorary Editor-in-Chief:
G/C J. D. Somerville,
DSO, DFC, CD.

Editor-in-Chief:
P/O V. L. Shilliday

News Editor:
LAC W. Warbick.

Sports Editor:
Sgt Mason.

Photo Editor:
LAC Jim Nielson.

Business Manager:
F/O S. C. Strang.

Advertising Manager:

Circulation:
F/L M. L. Brunton.

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

l e t t e r s

Editor:

Everywhere you turn on an Air Force Station these days you are met with signs giving the hours of the various sections' business. This in itself is bad but what makes things worse are the changes in hours. And what confounds the system of hours even more are coffee breaks. And to top all this and reduce the ordered confusion to utter chaos is the fact that sections themselves do not abide by the hours they so officiously place in DBOs, information pamphlets, or signs.

Before commenting on this cancer which is known by the educated word, bureaucracy, and the persons who perpetuate and build on the system are known as bureaucrats, it might be worth while considering what first things are in the Air Force. Right now, get out of your head that the object of the Air Force is to fly. Just because there are a few dozen Sabres on this Wing is no reason to think that Marville exists to get them into the air against some hostile invader. No, the object of the Air Force is to be self accounting and aircraft and pilots, and groundcrews are mere incidentals that somehow got into the act. Almost everything you do requires some form of accounting action by an accounts section. Whether AC1 Sadstock wants a pencil or G/C Fierco wants a Sabre, Accounts set in on the act. Do you want ice cream three times a week? See Accounts. You don't like your clothes? Accounts should be able to help you. (This brings up the point that the base of an accounts section's existence are SSOs and Administrative Officer — all of whom, in Accounts estimation, have two left feet.) Accounts people have more controls over more aspects of a station's activities than any other section on the station. It is a mystery to everybody why an Accounts man has not yet become the Chief of the Air Staff. Certainly Accounts people should be COs of stations.

The Accounts Sections are all frightfully understaffed to do the work which they have brought on themselves. At every station you see lights burning late at night in the Accounts Section. To help them out of their difficulties Accounts have devised a system of hours during which you may do certain things — get paid, receive claims, get advances, etc. These hours are designed to smother things out in the section but they do not work. Have you ever seen a casual pay parade due to start at 1030 hours actually start at 1030 hours or — heaven crink us — before.

If we have an Accounts man for CO we shall certainly have to have an A par with him the SMO. Together they will enjoy joint control. Why the SMO? Because the Station Hospital is at least on a par with Accounts in its complete authority over all personnel on the station and its complete disregard for all other aspects of station functions. Sick parades are at a certain hour and that's that. Clinics are at a certain hour and that's that. These dictates are themselves alright but have you ever seen a sick parade start on time? No? I haven't either. Have you ever seen a clinic start on time? If you did, your watch was slow. The Hospital's man-power position is somewhat different from that of the Accounts Section. Whereas Accounts are terribly short staffed (always have been and always will be because there are only 2 billion people in the world) the Hospital — despite the screams to the contrary — is fat with staff. The corridors of the hospital are studios of people wandering to and fro and in and out not carrying things and not even in a hurry until — Coffee Time.

There is a story of an MO who was taking a coat off a patient's hand and the task was 90% complete when he purely by chance looked at his watch — "Sam Hill!" he exclaimed on seeing it was 0955 hours "It's almost coffee time". Up he got and left the patient for about 20 minutes. Just try to do something around the hospital at coffee time. Just try.

The hospital has the same problem as Accounts with their scheduled hours. The well baby clinic is scheduled for 1200 hours on Tuesdays. (This is also a good example of the utter disregard by Hospitals and Staffs for the people they tend to over. What a hell of a time for a well baby clinic at a place like Marville with its babies scattered all over a circle with radius of 20 miles! Sometimes the clinic starts at 1210, at other times at 1220, and even as late as 1240. But, don't take a chance and come at 1240 because you might be unlucky and arrive on one of those days when it started at 1210 and is finished by 1230. Furthermore, unless you have no objection to getting a reking over the coats from an irate Matron, Nurse, Orderly, or Clerk, don't under any circumstances bring to the hospital outside normal hours — or worse still, just inside normal hours, say, 1645, — your child who has suddenly become sick. It is a far, far better thing you do to worry yourself sick all night and maybe risk the little thing's health and life than to disturb the takers at the oath of Hippocrates.

If ever there was an argument against socialized medicine it is a Service hospital. To put it briefly, in the Service you get of the MO's convenience; in a free society he is at yours.

Many other sections are catching or have caught on to these bureaucratic ways. Supply has its established hours. The Laundry is closed a couple of mornings a week. The Wing Orderly Room pulls its shutters at certain times of each day. Flying Control not so long ago put an article in Talepipe stating that Pilots were not to have accidents between certain hours! (I know it was written in the same vein as this.)

So, let us all get into the act. Let us so organize our days that it will be impossible to complete clearance in anything under a week. Let us make this bureaucracy of ours so big and beautiful that, like cancer, it will consume and destroy us. And in so doing let us ignore those organisms that walk around a station, dressed pretty much alike, who eat and sleep and communicate with one another, but who are silly damned nuisances whose sole function is to impair the efficiency of the bureaucracy. Let us do away with these human beings altogether.

(Name withheld).

(We advise the writer to deliver future letters to Talepipe offices between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. We, too, are guilty of a "system of hours." — Ed.)

On The Cover

FIFTEEN DIFFERENT KINDS OF MONEY don't seem to bother Leading Airwoman Joyce Warrington, of Beaverville, B.C., now on duty with the RCAF's Air Division in Europe. Like other Air Division personnel, LAW Warrington is familiar with most of the types of currencies she is displaying. The bundle she is holding represents some of the many monetary mediums used by Canadian armed forces members in Europe during their every-day duty and leave travel. Included are US Travellers' Cheques, French francs, Belgian francs, Luxembourg francs, British Armed Forces Strip, Austrian schillings, German Deutschmarks, Italian lire, US dollars, Greek drachmas, Netherlands guilders, British pounds, US Military Payment certificates, Canadian dollars, and Spanish pesetas.



In This Issue

Letters	Page	3
Editorial	Page	4
Invasion Route	Page	5
Rabat	Page	7
Don't Sit There	Page	10
Eighteen Months	Page	12
Sports	Pages	14-15
Section News	Pages	16-17
«...??»	Page	21

ON ALERT



EDITORIAL



Above you see the official badge of 1 (F) Wing, recently approved by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. It perhaps implies more than many other badges of this type because the flint spearhead depicted represents the important role 1 (F) Wing played in being the first active group of RCAF personnel to be stationed in Europe, with NATO. Now that this Wing is finally integrated with 1 Air Division it will continue to play a salient role in defence of Western freedom.

It is also hoped that, with resumption of publication of Talepipe, this magazine will be able to command the attention and interest of Wing personnel. Of course much depends on personnel themselves and voluntary co-operation will help.

Advertising foisted on the public has always been tiring but you will notice the absence of it in this issue. However the editors feel Magazine advertising has a definite contribution to the make-up of a magazine. It helps financially too. Next time, we hope to see the hucksters at work.

With four operational wings on the Continent, Canada shares with the United States and France the responsibility of patrolling one of the sectors of West European skies, ever on the alert for a surprise attack from an aggressor nation.

"For a country with a small population, I feel that Canada has done a remarkable job in supplying twelve sabre-equipped fighter squadrons, completely operational, in such a short time," stated the Air Officer Commanding the RCAF's No. 1 Air Division, Air Vice Marshal Campbell.

The 12 RCAF Sabre jet fighter squadrons, together with an Air Division Headquarters and an Air Material Base now are firmly established overseas. Three of the squadrons are grouped at 2 Fighter Wing, Grostenquin, France. Another such Wing is based at Zweibrücken, in Western Germany, and still another Wing is at Baden-Soellingen, in the same area. A fourth Wing, actually the first to establish itself overseas, at North Luffenham, England, is now under operational control of the Air Division. Logistic support for the Air Division is provided by 30 Air Material Base at Langar, in England, not far from North Luffenham. Although situated in the UK, Langar, forms part of the Air Division, being controlled from the Metz headquarters.

The post-war movement of RCAF fighter squadrons overseas began in January, 1951, when 421 Squadron, equipped with Vampire jets, left its St. Hubert, Quebec base near Montreal and shifted to the United Kingdom, where it began intensive operational training with the RAF. It left its own aircraft at home and was re-equipped during its overseas stay with RAF Vampires being stationed at Odiham in the south of England. While not considered part of the planned NATO contribution, 421's overseas stay represented the first overseas tour of duty for any RCAF squadron during peace-time. The squadron returned to Canada late 1951.

At about the same time, the RCAF's

first peacetime overseas base was opened, at North Luffenham, in England. The base, a permanent RAF establishment, was made available to the RCAF, and No. 1 RCAF Fighter Wing was formed there. The first squadron to arrive was 410, in November, 1951, bringing with it its own Canadian-built F86 Sabre jet aircraft. This squadron crossed the Atlantic by sea aboard the Canadian aircraft carrier HMCS Magnificent.

Several months later the second Sabre squadron arrived at North Luffenham. This was 441, also from St. Hubert, and whose Sabre jets had been taken over by the HMCS Magnificent with those of 410 Squadron.

In June, 1952, the third squadron arrived at North Luffenham, to complete the complement of the Wing there. This was 439 Squadron, from Uplands, near Ottawa, and its method of going over made Canadian aviation history.

In what was known as Operation Leap Frog One the squadron flew its Sabre jets across from its Canadian home base. Shortly before leaving the squadron was inspected by Defence Minister Brooke Claxton, and then took off for RCAF Station Bagotville, Quebec, pushing on from there to RCAF Station, Goose Bay, and then over by crossing the first ever made by Canadian jets, was carried out without way of Greenland and Iceland. This mishap.

Meanwhile, work was underway on preparation of the first RCAF fighter bases on the Continent. An RCAF Planning team had gone to the Continent early in the year to form the nucleus of the Air Division Headquarters, and to liaise with the French and with NATO authorities in setting up these air bases. At the same time the RCAF's Air Material Base at Langar, not far from Nottingham, came into being. Duty of this base is to provide logistic support to the RCAF's fighter bases

We sit on the classic . . .

Invasion Route



By F/O G. Moore

1 (F) Wing RCAF has its base in the midst of one of the most historical areas of France. This beautiful province lies on the invasion route which has been perhaps the most used of any of the classic military axis of advance.

Romans

The Romans came here before the birth of Christ. A very strong camp dominated the area from a hill to the South West which is to this day called "Camp of the Romans". Our ammunition dump is being built in a woods just to the north of the base. The access road will be laid atop the excellent foundation provided by a Roman road running from the Roman camp 8 miles away. The original paving blocks may be still seen. These provide a surface at least the equal of many contemporary French roads nearby. In this case the proof of the pudding is in a 4 x 4!

Spaniards

Spaniards came to Meuse centuries after the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. And here they stayed. This area was regarded by them as a buffer between their rich lowland possessions and the truculent Franks. Louis XIV found sufficient military force and sufficient provocation during a squabble with his Royal contemporary, to attack the Spaniard and drive him from the has ever since been a focal point in local Meuse. Louis then built the citadel military activities. During the Spanish war, after a great battle near Marville (part of which took place on the Eastern edge of the aerodrome) an im-

pressive bone yard was established a few hundred yards from the village. This village is reputed to be the second oldest in France. The Ossuaire de St Hilaire remains, its 40,000 Spanish and French skulls piled neatly within a tastefully designed barricade of sunbleached thigh and arm bones.

World War I

The Meuse took its worst pummeling during the First World War. The opening scenes of that struggle were played all through these valleys. Each village witnessed destruction. The famous battles of the Meuse are portrayed in detail in military histories. The camp of the Romans played an important part in the struggles that took place right here after the US troops joined battle. A monument on the very tip of the Roman hill immortalizes the American 7th (Red Diamond) Division that after terrible losses took that point. Enemy forces less than 1/3 their number enjoyed such a strength of position that literally thousands of men had to be committed to carry home the attack. The woods south and west of Vittarville, Dombas, Jametz, Remoiville and Louppy have grown up over an area that is still pitted and scarred beyond imagining. Trenches, dugouts and wire entanglements may still be found. Sight-seeing in these woods is not recom-



mended though - unexploded missiles and mines still occasionally prove to be just as deadly as the day they were used. - The struggles for Verdun took place just south of our area - (the PAO can bear witness to the devastation that to this day borders the route he must follow when arranging for our pay-rolls. Shell torn carpets stretching for miles may be seen from the air between here and Paris.)

Maginot Line

Maginot came to power, and poured his dream in concrete and steel.

The Belgian border lies 6 km north of our perimeter. The northern line of strong points, underground casernes and anti-tank nests march from the German border to a point near Margut. Here they stop. Belgium refused to allow the continuance of this insult to her friendship and sovereignty. When war began again, Guderian won his point and swept down through the Ardennes in his famous end-run. In his entourage was a pupil, Rommel, who later proved he'd learned his lesson well. The Maginot line, outflanked, France and the Channel ports lay open to his panzers. Contrary to popular North American belief, the Maginot was engaged in battle - at least this extremity was. Guderian sent his Pz Corps across the Meuse with 10th Pz Div on his left. 10 Pz boundaries were Sedan-Bazeilles. This latter village lies just north of our base. Maginot nests

Please turn to page 22

RCAF RAIDERS REMEMBERED

A unique memorial ceremony, an annual event since Nazi occupation forces were driven out of France, in the town of Maisons-Lafitte, 15 miles from Paris, was held recently by citizens of the town commemorating five Canadian airmen who lost their lives in the Second World War during a raid on nearby wartime targets.

On April 29, 1942, an RCAF squadron was assigned the difficult task of destroying two large, heavily defended bridges near Maisons-Lafitte. The Canadian bomber force was successful in blowing out the bridges, but with the loss of three aircraft which were hit by intense anti-aircraft fire and

exploded in mid-air.

The local French inhabitants searched the wreckage, then hid the remains of it and later held burial services for five unknown RCAF airmen whose bodies they recovered. Each night following the burial services, the people of Maisons-Lafitte placed flowers on the five Canadian graves. Each morning floral tributes were removed by German occupation troops, with warnings to the town populace of heavy penalties for any repetition of such acts. Despite the strong warnings and resulting penalties, flowers continued to appear daily on the graves.

In 1946, with Nazi occupation troops driven out of France, a memorial was erected to commemorate the five unknown Canadian airmen, from funds raised by voluntary contributions from the citizens of this small French town.

Directly in front of the memorial stand two machine guns and the hub of an aircraft wheel, the only remaining wreckage from the three RCAF planes shot down on that April night in 1942. It is the same wreckage that the kind inhabitants of Maisons-Lafitte concealed from the enemy for four long years.



radio reception

RCAF airmen stationed in Europe, many of whom had trouble raising two radio stations on their home receivers back in Canada, are running a parallel to the woman who lived in a shoe, ..."they have so many stations they don't know what to do".

With just a standard mantel radio, Canadians based in France and Germany can, without difficulty, pick up a galaxy of stations in Germany, Switzerland, England, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Spain, Italy, and late at night Russia, which broadcasts in English.

A very popular station with the Armed Forces is Radio Luxembourg which, after six, broadcasts in English. The programs are light and entertaining with emphasis on popular musical shows. To add variety

"canned" English shows are aired.

The American Armed Forces Network, with stations in Germany, provides a touch of home for Americans and Canadians alike. An exact copy of the programming at home, the only thing missing is the commercials. All of the popular American shows can be heard on AFN on the same day they are heard at home, only a week later.

For other than plays or discussions, language is no problem. The Canadian Forces are finding at first hand that the old phrase, "music is universal," is no lie. Whatever your taste in music and whatever the time of day, it is possible to find a programme to suit your taste somewhere on the band.

Carte Blanche

One of the largest air exercises ever held by Allied Air Forces Central Europe, known as "Carte Blanche" and consisting of simulated combat by aircraft of NATO nations, was held June 20 to 28, under Air Chief Marshal Sir Basil Embry, Commander of Allied Air Forces Central Europe (COMAIRCENT).

"Carte Blanche", also included simulated atomic capabilities. The overall aim of the exercise was to practice and test allied air forces in AIRCENT and other NATO air and ground units in operational procedures under simulated war conditions.

The impact of this exercise on civil aviation in Central Europe has been studied by the Committee on European Air Space (CEAC), recently set up by NATO. This aimed promote safety and economy in flying to while giving maximum freedom for the training of NATO air force. The committee is made up of high ranking civil and military aviation experts from NATO countries and of representatives from the International Civil Aviation Organization (ICAO).

For the period of the exercise CEAC agreed to a number of rules which were complied with by both civil and military aircraft in the exercise area. These minimized the risk of accidents.

RABAT

Rendervous

Shortly after 10, the morning of March 16, we finished a chocolate milkshake in the snack bar at 4 (F) Wing and then strode to the Oak-tree surrounded dispersals where our Sabres stood. Soon four sections of 410 Squadron aircraft were airborne and heading South

By F/O V.L. Shilliday

At 10 p.m., the same day, several of us lounged at tables in the open-air terrace of the Balima Hotel, sipped beer and gazed at the unusual spectacle of robed Arabs, veiled women and the palm trees and modern buildings which graced the European section of Rabat, one of the principal cities of French Morocco, North Africa.

As members of the Royal Canadian Air Force, 410 Squadron's personnel were ready to take advantage of an opportunity handed to few other Canadians—to see first hand the people and customs of a civilization which has remained much the same as it was centuries before the influence of Western culture was thrust upon it.

Of course, for the three weeks spent in Africa, this opportunity was just the cake-frosting which came with the main job at hand—air gunnery. Duff weather had necessitated a tight schedule for many previous squadrons. This was underlined when F/L Ray Oldfin, temporary O/C, landed at Rabat. He was still strapped in the cockpit when it was suggested firing on the flag begin immediately. But with fine weather (the rainy season was just over) and good organization much time was afforded for sight-seeing and pleasure.

Perhaps the most notable and characteristic trait of the natives was their joy in haggling, a necessary exchange of broken English ("You think I crazy Joe? ...Last price, how much you speak?") and outrageous prices until one of the party is beaten. When 410 Squadron left Africa many thousands of Moroccan francs had been left behind but luggage was much heavier with tapestries, hassocks, wallets and other goods. Some persons were carried away



This is the type of building in which officers and airmen of 410 Sqn lived during their three-week stay at Rabat, French Morocco.

in their pursuit of souvenirs: one pilot was forced to open his canopy on the return trip and jettison some of the cacti from the cockpit which had been pricking him at various vulnerable points.

The trip to Rabat, flight-planned for 1,200 miles, was routine but enjoyable. A stop for re-fuelling was made at Istres (Marseille) and the pilots ate ham sandwiches (for want of a better name) which consisted of ham inserted somewhere deep in a half loaf of French bread. Any energy derived was consumed in the eating. From Istres the Sabres flew out over a Mediterranean Sea which is really blue, passed West of

Majorca, skirted the Eastern shore of Spain (at height the Pyrenees, Spain and Africa are all visible at the same time) then flew Southwest until the Atlas Mountains had passed underneath and Rabat appeared, just inland from the Atlantic. From the air the Moroccan terrain inland was ragged and of a grey-brown color which denoted a hot, arid climate. In the many hill rivers only dust and rock flowed in the heat waves. But as the ground sank towards the ocean green appeared and the Sabres passed through small rain clouds as they approached Sale airport for a landing.

But visions of vast sandy wastes or

Please turn to page 19



A silver-banded wine cask was the unique gift presented to 1 (F) Wing by officers of 12 Group, RAF, at a farewell dinner. Left to right are: S/L A. Fisher, S/L Cuthbertson, A/Y/M Crisham, Sector Cmdr., A/C A. Ross, G/C Varrol and S/L D. Warren. Part of the sector Commander's speech appears below.

Some three years ago Number One Fighter Wing came to this country as a part of Canada's contribution to the forces of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, and it was our good fortune to have them in Eastern Sector. The Wing has created a reputation second to none, and an abiding place in our affections.

During their stay the Wing's activities have ranged over the widest field and included such impressive items as: Their own flying club, their own radio station (THE VOICE OF THE CANADIAN FORCES, NORTH LUFFENHAM), a lively and extensive monthly journal, all forms of sport, and a famous Pipe Band - complete with kilts.

On the operational side the Wing has been seen in many important fly-pasts, taken part in four major exercises with Fighter Command, and provided a polished acrobatic team at many flying displays.

They also had a very splendid GOAT, but I will leave you to ask Group Captain Somerville about him.

Having recovered from the first shock of meeting English weather, the Wing was soon operational and took its place with our own squadrons. From selves as part of the Sector, and never the first they clearly regarded themselves as part of the Sector, and never allowed any considerations of personal comfort or convenience to affect their contribution to it. Being equipped with the most modern and effective aircraft in the Sector they soon made their presence felt, AND HEARD and one could hardly exaggerate the importance of the part they played in exercises, and in operations generally.

But we particularly remember them for their whole-hearted co-operation, and their keenness to provide every service asked of them.

It is unfortunate that there was not more opportunity for the Canadians to meet their opposite numbers on the other stations in the Sector. But that is a situation common to us all, and is due to the way stations are dispersed over the country. However, at social functions, conferences, and when aircraft were diverted, many friendships were made which will not be forgotten.

Some will even remember spending a little time in gaol together, during RABBIT TREK.

Because we had come to rely upon them it was a great blow when we learned that the Wing was to leave.

Development. — Canada is developing a new aero-engine combination of a big delta-wing Mach 2 interceptor coupled with a pair of jet engines each with a thrust of 18,000-20,000 lb. without afterburner.

(Aviation Week)

British. — Britain has broken into the U.S. air line equipment market with the sale of three Vickers-Armstrong's turboprop Viscounts and options for 37 more to Capital Airlines. These are the first turboprop transport planes purchased by an American airline.

(Aviation Week)

**F
O
N
D**

**F
A
R
E
W
E
L
L**

TRADE TIPS

On Thursday, 16 June 55, 198 airmen and airwomen sweated out a 3-hour trade examination which, if they are successful, will mean extra dollars for them in three months time or thereabouts.

Post statistics seem to indicate that three out of every five of these will pass.

For those who failed, preparation for the next trade board should begin now as it should for all other eligible candidates. This is not to say that your sections should start immediately to give an exhaustive syllabus of study to organized classes. Such instruction should merely help the tradesman over the rough spots. Your section head and his NCO's should not be expected to spoon-feed you.

For example, if you are a technical tradesman much of your work is covered by Engineering Orders. If you can read — and you would not be in the Air Force if you could not — the engineering orders are worthwhile reading matter which will make you a more knowledgeable and richer airman. If you are an administrative tradesman a large part of your work will be covered by Air Force Administrative Orders and Instructions to which most of you have easy access. There has been no case recorded in the RCAF where a senior NCO or officer shot dead or put on charge an airman who, to improve himself, requested publications or assistance.

The point to all this is that there is much you can do to help yourself. Avoid being the type who thinks the Education Officer and the Trade Advancement Co-ordinator are failing in their duties because they are unable to abbreviate all the data of all the trades into neat 3-page digests which can be memorized two hours before the examination. Get cracking, start reading and studying now. Do not wait for precis. These are most useful only if and when you have studied the original publications for which the precis are compiled.

An old hackneyed adage seems most appropriate here: "Genius consist of one tenth inspiration and nine-tenths perspiration."

Qualifying Examinations - Officers

Fifty-nine of 1 (F) Wing's flying officers wrote the 1955 qualifying examinations at 1 (F) Wing, 3 (F) Wing or 4 (F) Wing. Of these 32 (54%) passed them all, 17 (30%) failed one which they must pass at their next opportunity to write, and 10 or 16% failed two or more papers and must therefore write all the examinations again. No officer (this includes the F/L's) who wrote a supplemental paper only, failed it.

The results, considering those who passed all examinations and those who failed one only, are commendable, the percentage successful being 84. No comparative figures for the entire air force are available at present.

Qualifying Examinations - Airmen

No news about the 1955 Airmen's Qualifying Examinations has been published but keep your eyes on DRO's

for a reproduction of an AFRO which should detail everything.

Station Library

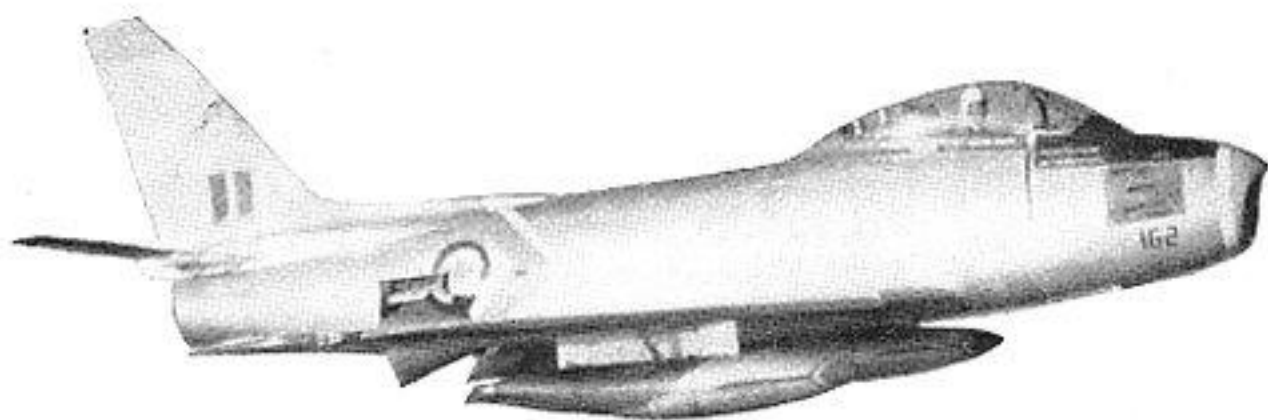
As soon as space is available 1 (F) Wing's Station Library will be put into operation. In the meantime, the space allotted to it is being used for storage.

Language Classes

It is planned to have language classes in French for all personnel who are interested beginning some time in September. As with the library, so with the language classes: There is no space to operate. A competent language instructor will be hired and 1 (F) Wing, like the other wings and Air Division Headquarters, expects to be able to allow interested personnel a specified number of hours a week to attend language classes.



RCAF SIKORSKI S-55s — The first of ten Sikorski S-55s recently purchased by the Air Force is shown above landing at RCAF Station Sea Island, B. C. The new aircraft is a utility type of helicopter and will be used in search and rescue operations. Twenty-four pilots are to receive training on the new aircraft, eight of whom are currently under training with the Okanagan Helicopter Company in British Columbia.



Don't
Just **SIT** *There!*

"The ejection itself was no sweat. Remembering a friend who had been conked on the head, I ducked mine, jettisoned the canopy and then with head back, arms on the armrests and feet in the stirrups, I pulled the seat trigger.

"The next thing I knew I was tumbling in the breeze. After that the sensation was one of floating pleasantly through the air. About that time I figured I'd better get the chute open so gave a long pull on the "D" ring. For the first time I felt I'd really had it. The canopy didn't blossom, and I thought I'd been saddled with a blooper! Then I looked down and saw the seat was still with me. The strange part was that the seat seemed weightless — as if it weren't attached to me. As I unfastened the lap belt, the seat seemed to fly off, but I still kicked it away to be sure we separated.

"A sudden jolt — not too bad — and I looked up to see the canopy

blossom out. Believe me, after all I'd thought of during the few previous moments — that was mighty beautiful nylon.

"The chute oscillated some, but nothing to worry about. Everything was very quiet on the way down, and the descent was almost fun. The landing wasn't exactly like the best of General Gavin's, but I made a fairly creditable showing and came out of it with nothing more than a bruised knee and elbow."

This pilot committed a serious error which fortunately did not result in injury. He has numerous comrades who have had very similar experiences. In fact, many pilots seem to have a strong urge to pull the ripcord first. This plus fact that many men do not sense that the seat is still attached to them have caused about 11 per cent of ejectees' pulling the ripcord before opening the lap belt and separating from the seat!

The unfortunate fact is that many of our friend's compatriots have not had as much altitude and thus have had insufficient time to figure out what was wrong, release the seat and get the chute open before ground contact. At low altitudes the hazard of trying to open the chute before releasing the seat is considerable. Another hazard is that of having the chute becoming fouled on the seat after the seat is released. Such fouling has occasionally resulted in very rapid descents and subsequent injury. In one case after the seat caught in the shroud lines it rotated in the breeze, causing the canopy size to become progressively smaller. Had the pilot not had a knife which enabled him to cut the entangled shroud lines and finally release the seat, a successful landing would have been doubtful.

True, there have been a few whose chutes actually opened while they were still strapped in the seat, and

Aviation Clippings

Flying Boat. — First details of the Convair R3Y-2 a low-loader version of the Navy's R3Y water-based turboprop transport, have just been released by the manufacturers. The range is 2,000 miles with a speed approaching 400 m.p.h. Weighing 80 tons, the R3Y-2 can climb faster than World War II fighters and can carry 24 tons of cargo.

(Aviation Week)

Ordered. — The Vickers 1000 which will be the first British military transport aircraft to be powered by gas turbines, the prototype of which is now being built at Weybridge, Surrey, has been ordered by the Government to meet the special needs of military transportation. The Vickers 1000 is a long-range, high-speed jet aircraft capable of carrying 120 troops with their arms and equipment for distances up to 2,500 miles.

(Times)

Endurance — The latest jet-propelled photographic reconnaissance aircraft in the R.A.F.—a Canberra P.R.7—has completed 300 hours flying in 25 days. Engaged on intensive flying trials, the Canberra covered a distance of some 156,000 miles equivalent to more than half-way to the Moon.

(A.M. News Letter).

Record. — A new record for the amount of supplies dropped by parachute in 24 hours to security ground forces operating in Malaya against the terrorist gangs, has been established by Valetta aircrew of No. 52 Squadron of the Far East Transport Wing and No. 55 Air Despatch Company. The new record drop of 54,690 lbs. exceeded the previous best by 8,682 lbs.

(A.M. News Letter)

Missile. — The Chance Vought Regulus surface-to-surface bombard-

ment missile, recently displayed to the public at Miami Beach, has a span of 21 ft., length of 32 ft., and a take-off gross weight of 14,522 lbs. The Regulus is to be carried as part of the armament for the atomic-powered submarine, Nautilus.

(Aviation Week)

Scheme. — A proposed scheme for training pilots for civil aviation has been submitted to the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation by a number of aviation bodies, including the two State corporations, the Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators of the British Empire and the Air League of the British Empire. The scheme which suggests recruitment at the age of 16 to 18 years, would exempt trainees from National Service. The cost would be about £250,000 a year and 70 to 120 pilots would be required annually.

(Manchester Guardian)

three men have landed successfully still strapped in the seat. But you can only push your luck so far!

Of course the automatic lap belt is designed to preclude incidents of this type. When the belt is used with a properly timed (two seconds) automatic parachute, the chances of successful escape from aircraft are greatly enhanced, particularly at low altitudes. Then, too, during ejections below 2000 feet, T. O.'s instruct that when proper body position can be maintained, and the lap belt is not automatic, the belt should be released prior to ejection. Following this procedure would also eliminate the problem of manually releasing the seat at low altitudes.

Unfortunately, until all ejection seats are equipped with automatic lap belts, manual opening of the lap belt will be required during ejection escape. Experience shows that many men either forget to or cannot release

the lap belt when ejection occurs below 2000 feet.

Unless training emphasizes unfastening the lap belt before pulling the "D" ring, the figure of 11 per cent who followed the wrong procedure is not likely to lower significantly.

Make a habit of going through your emergency escape procedures frequently, particularly if you fly more than one type aircraft. But don't stop in your training when you've pulled the seat trigger—go ahead and simulate separating the lap belt and subsequent pulling of the parachute "D" ring.

A true story behind one of the lowest successful ejections ever made best illustrates our point. This happened so quickly and the pilot popped out of his plane so low that there was not even a splinter of a second to waste. With swift and perfect sequence he left his seat and deployed his chute. Many congratulated him on his luck,

.....
Many Sabres from 1(F) Wing have been flown to Hooton Park, England, for a new paint-job. They have aroused much interest there but the best remark so far comes from one of two members of the Royal Observer Corps: "You look in the front end and see damn all—you look in the back and see damn all, but there must be something in between, the way they go."

However, the members of his squadron were not in the least surprised by his success. They rather expected it. As his squadron leader explained, "He practiced a lot. More than anyone here, I guess. He always said if he ever had to use the seat he wasn't going to make a mistake."

FLIGHT SAFETY

EIGHTEEN MONTHS OLD

In March, 1954, there was nothing here but a few construction shacks and part of a runway. On that bleak March day when Flying Officer J. M. Lepage, of Quebec City, arrived at the Marville site he muttered to himself, "This is an airport?"

Now, however, he is proud to have been in on the ground floor of this new station which he says will be "at least as good as any other in Europe".

F/O Lepage was sent to Marville from the RCAF's Air Division Headquarters to act as liaison officer between the French contractors and the Air Force in addition to organizing his own Construction Engineering section.

In the third week of March, one week after he arrived, construction of buildings began. Marville is important to the RCAF and to NATO for in the Spring the three Sabre-jet squadrons of No. 1 Fighter Wing touched down on its runways and made Marville their new home. For three years No. 1 Fighter Wing was based at North Luffenham, England, under the operational control of RAF Fighter Command. With Marville in

operation, all 12 Canadian squadrons assigned to NATO are based on the continent and will fly under the NATO banner.

The snack-bar, hospital, supply buildings, laundry, firehall, mobile equipment section, heating plants, barrack blocks, an indoor swimming pool and a cinemascope theatre are completed.

For any new station housing is always a problem. The married personnel, are living within a 25-mile radius of the station. Some are living in Florenville in Belgium, while others have found lodgings in Stenay, Montmedy, Carignan, all in France, and Virton in Belgium.

For the bulk of the Wing personnel, advance arrangements were made by a two-man housing team, Squadron Leader J.R. Tache and Warrant Officer J.J.A. St Laurent, both of

Quebec City. Both bilingual, the two have presented their problem to local area landlords and have met with encouraging success.

In addition to local housing, an 80-100 unit trailer camp was planned until the permanent married quarters, located outside the town of Longueyan, France, are ready for occupancy.

There is a tremendous amount of work involved in moving a Fighter Wing from one country to another but as F/O Lepage, the first Canadian at RCAF Station, Marville, reflected "we are over the hump and the high-pitched whine of RCAF Sabres is part of the every-day life of Marville."



TOP — These shots show Part of the large Grocery section of the commissary and the huge recreation hall - a real pride to the station.

LEFT — It is hard to beat the meals served from this kitchen to hungry airmen in their mess.



Room
For
Me
?



*
Marvile's new pool is always full—
but is that question necessary coming
from Anne Boxter?
*

SGT. MASON
REPORTS ON

SPORTS

■ First Swim Pool Opens

■ New Royals Cop Openers

Baseball fans looked around with gloom in their eyes when the main body of 1, Fighter Wing moved into Marville a few short months ago, and very few thought we would even have a makeshift diamond this season. However thanks to a fine effort by all concerned and particularly the members of the team a diamond was soon erected on the field which will eventually be the station athletic track and soccer field.

The new look team to be known in the future as Marville Royals made their debut against strong opposition from 3, Fighter Wing on the Zweibrücken diamond. This was looked upon by both teams as a warm up in preparation for the Air Division games ahead and proved to be very encour-

aging for the local boys who came away winners by 4 to 3. Player coach Cassaboom excelled in this game, pitching and batting like a seasoned veteran. Cass has been with us quite some time now, and without baseball life for him just wouldn't be worth living. Player manager Bob Barlow

seems to have inflicted a new spirit into the team and great things are expected of them in this our first year in the Air Division league. Our first game in this league was against friends and neighbours 2, Wing on their diamond, and once again Royals crashed home to a resounding 9 to 2 victory. Two weeks later we entertained them here at Marville and thrashed them mercilessly to the tune of 18 to 2. Second sacker Marshall was the star of this game hitting the ball at a four for five clip. Catcher Bugden also put in some solid play behind the plate.

SWIMMING



By the time we go to press the swimming pool should at last be open, with the usual shouts of joy emanating from its four walls.

This will be the first time 1, Fighter Wing has had a pool to call its own, and over in England we had to travel all the way to Leicester for our weekly complaints and we always seemed to have a full bus, and if this is anything

to go by we are going to be kept pretty busy here with the pool just around the corner from the barracks.

The weekly programme will be divided into periods with the emphasis of course on mixed bathing. The children will be taken care of Wed evenings and Saturday mornings when it is hoped most of the little monsters who are keen enough to attend regularly will be taught to swim. Consideration has also been given to adults who wish to learn and for this purpose two periods have been set aside for men and women. Later on it is hoped to run a water polo course with the intention of forming our own station league. Water polo is a grand tough game calling for top notch physical condition although for some unknown reason isn't popular in Canada as it is also a very fine spectator sport. Most small towns in Britain have their polo team just as the smallest town in

Canada has its hockey team.

Personnel using the pool for the first time, particularly those with not too much confidence are asked to be cautious of the steep decline from shallow to deep end. One could quite easily get out of depth in a matter of a few strokes, and extreme care must be taken by personnel concerned.

Non swimmers are going to be particularly encouraged and are requested to get in touch with your columnist without delay or hand in namestap the Rec office for entry in the beginners register. This is an excellent opportunity for non swimmers and also for swimmers and drivers to improve. The commissary have been approached to get in a good supply of costumes so its just left up to you to get off that sack, tuck your towel under your arm and head for that pool. After all it couldnt be any closer could it?

ROYALS ROSTER



FS 'Leity' Bob Barlow playing manager of the Marville Royals Baseball Club. Broke into organized baseball in northern Saskatchewan at the age of 15 years as a left handed catcher.

Played tournament baseball in that province and received coaching from former NHL Stars, Bill & Bun Cook of the New York Rangers who were members of the same team. Two years later Bob played senior baseball in Southern Manitoba and at 18 years attended 'The Roy L. Doan Baseball School' at hot Springs Arkansas. On joining the RCAF Bob played regular outfield for the 'Pat Day Flyers' of the Victoria BC Baseball Association during the seasons 1943 to 1945. During the seasons 1946-47 played regular first base with Victoria Navy of the Victoria City league batting 390. Moved to Edmonton in late 1947 where he was playing coach for the RCAF Flyers of the Edmonton City league & during the seasons 1947-48 & 49 batted 397.

During the seasons 1950-51 was playing coach for the summerside Royals in P.E.I. The team won the tri service championship and were in the provincial playoffs.

Bob was chosen for the provincial all star team which was in the finals for the maritime championship.

In 1953 he attended the springs training camp with the Saskatoon Gems of the Western Baseball League and in 1954 was a member of the Fighter Wing Baseball Club at North Luffenham England. Bob's biggest

thrills in baseball were pitching one hit game in a tournament at Alberta Beach Alberta in 1948 & in hitting a 500 foot grand slam homer in a game against the USAF Baseball Club at Harmon Field Newfoundland in 1951. Likes to play ball but is also Keen on Moulding a Hustling young club for future seasons here in France.



Luc (Cass) Cassaboom playing coach of Marville Royals Baseball Club.

21-year-old Cass needs no introduction to the North Luffenham and Marville Baseball Fans as the versatile young fellow has pitched and batted his team into no less than three Challenge Cups in the United Kingdom and is playing no small part in the season 1955 here at Marville France.

Cass is a 6 Foot 168 Pounder who graduated from American Legion Baseball in his home town of Boston Mass, USA, and has played Two-Light League and High School League commencing at the age of 12.

Last year Cass was playing coach for the North Luffenham Royals in England and compiled a very impressive batting average of .497 in addition he had a pitching record of ten wins against one loss.

Cass says his Biggest Thrill in baseball was a running catch of a hard hit fly ball that looked like a sure homer during a sudden death American Legion playoff game in Boston, Mass in which his team won the game. All in all a very valuable team man for any club.

The first half of the game found the boys in blue paying a brand of soccer which wouldnt have disgraced a first class team and it was inevitable on this standard of play that after twenty minutes and after some brilliant midfield play the ball found itself firmly lodged in the back of the French army net. As usual though, and due chiefly to bad shooting numerous opportunities were missed and instead of being well ahead at the intermission the Frenchmen had held us to a 2 all tie. The second half of the game found eleven leg weary airmen struggling to keep out eleven superbly fit soldiers who were gaining confidence with every kick of the ball, and in the short space of ten minutes the ball had been retrieved from the back of the Marville net three times.

At this stage Chuck Putmen and Art Hodden were playing a gruelling defence game and goalkeeper Harvey after some brilliant saves was beginning to find life in the Marville goal a frustrating experience. It was a great relief to the exhausted airmen when the final whistle blew.

The game was played in a friendly robust atmosphere and the fact that we were beaten by seven goals to two will make us all the more determined to make us respected both as soccer players and sportsmen in the season ahead. In the meantime all personnel interested in playing or learning to play soccer are asked to get in touch with Sgt Mason as conditioning training is expected to commence in the near future.

GIRLS LOSE

Our local girl athletes accompanied the mens team on the weekend trip to 3 & 4 Wings and once again the story is one of defeat, in fact massacre. As in the mens team the chief weakness was pitching and a great deal of hard work will have to be put in by the team, and manager McDonald to come up to the standard of the other wings. First sacker Jean Lloyd showd promise, and Johnnie Walker behind the plate worked hard under hard pressure from the opposition. Shirley McMichael acted as substitute pitcher and also put in some good play in the left field. The score in the 3 Wing game was 21 to 7 against, and 4 Wing continued the slaughter to he tune of 39 to 10.



SOCCER

By the time the wing had settled down at Marville the close season was upon us and despite numerous requests from local teams in the area we decided to play one game against the French army based in Montmedy strictly for the purpose of getting the old Luffenham crowd together again and give any new arrivals on the unit a trial in readiness for the expected big programme ahead of us next season.

The team entered the game with no false illusions about fitness as we all

realised that we had long ago lost that first class condition which is attained by continuous league play. Also we had lost three of our old stalwarts who had returned to Canada, and the skillful play of Pipey Mackenzie and Bill Wardlaw and the Sherman tank tactics of John Fox will be sadly missed over here. Bill O'Connell of workshops proved to be a very capable substitute and his sound intelligent play proved that the Kippers on the unit aren't the only ones who can play soccer.

SECTION NEWS

Engine Bay

(4 Hgr Maint)

After the trials and tribulations of the Big Move we are at last getting into operation again. It isn't quite "Service with a smile" as yet, but it will not be too long before we have the situation best sufficiently to handle all new or slightly used trade-ins.

If anyone noticed an object similar in appearance to a guided missile leaving the rear of the Test House last Sunday afternoon, don't rush to the M. O. about your eyes, there was the tailpipe of an Orenda overanxious to go places.

There are plans afoot to reroute the perimeter road around the Engine Test House, just in case! Fortunately it was Sunday, and at that early hour not too many airmen were astir, so this story ends happily.

This covers a bit of the activity around the new Engine Bay at Marville, perhaps next time we'll have a bit more. Cheerio for now.

Cpl Dickson.

ABOUT AIRWOMEN

By LAW Alexander

Station Marville (until recently, often called Mudville) has a future! This paradox occurred to me while I was taking a cat nap on a midnight shift, and the thought woke me with a jolt. Stupendous, I thought. Ought to tell the world about it...

First, we have GRASS! We should never overlook the importance of grass. It has a wonderful effect on morale. Where a couple of months ago we were gazing out our windows onto an endless expanse of dull brown stickiness, there are now millions of little green things poking up, which, put together, form lawns. There are still a few odd lots not yet seeded, but in view of the major miracle of greenness over most of the area, we regard these odd places as being *really* odd.

What is more, we have flowers - a whole bed of them around the front of the H.Q. building.

Attention all ye Unbelievers. Mudville is no more.

Another item of less fantastic nature is our stage group, an indication that Marville is really here to stay. The most remarkable thing about it is that it is the only variety-show group formed by any members of any wing. It is totally composed of service people working in their spare time. It is a little company in itself and relies entirely on itself for everything... The performers, directors, stagehands, set designers, lighting experts, sound experts, coaches and curtain-pullers are airmen and airwomen who decided that live entertainment was more fun than celluloid, and then did something about it. So take heed, all you people at Air Div and the Wings. Watch out for the youngest Wing of all. We'll be sending these people around to see you one of these fine days.

Now a word about the Airwomen. We think that we have come up with a pretty good idea; and credit for it goes to our senior officer, F/L Strang. It all started with that amazing little pamphlet, "You in Uniform", which was distributed to all Airwomen not long ago. F/L Strang decided that the importance of this pamphlet could not be too strongly emphasized, and she sug-

gested that we might like to investigate it further by way of question and answer periods with some of our specialized officers, the padres and the SMO.

Accordingly, she extended our invitation to those gentlemen and a few evenings ago our SMO, Dr. Coons, came to our lounge to talk to us.

His first words were, "I'm sorry, but I have nothing prepared by way of speeches. As a matter of fact, I'm not even sure of what I was supposed to speak to you about..." There followed a lively two and a half hours of questions pretty well covering a wide field of medical information. Dr. Coons answered our questions in a simple layman's language on subjects ranging from cancer to bedbugs, from gonorrhoea to lice, explaining cause, effect, treatment and prevention. He laid stress on prevention. We all came away with the feeling that nothing can beat this sort of group discussion headed by a true, reasonable authority of the subject at hand. We look forward to the visits of our padres.

Before I close this month's note I should mention the lounge in the Airwomen's barracks. It is THE thing. Following the policy we held in North Luff, we have started organization of the lounge as a supplementary canteen. We have a bar with all kinds of electrical appliances... toasters, milk-shakers, coffee percolators, hot plates... and not one single electrical outlet! (They'll be serviceable sometime soon) We do have a refrigerator that works, however, and it is well stocked with Loewenbrau and soft drinks, sold at popular canteen prices. The DAW of the day acts as stewardess. The bar is open two hours each evening. The best feature, of course, is open house every Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Here is ideal place to have the favourite boyfriend in for a quiet beer, a quiet gabfest, and a quiet dance to the tune of the record player in the corner. The fellows are only admitted by individual invitation, and everybody gives a little more attention to dress than if they were running over to the station canteen. All in all, it's a little touch of the living-room at home.

Wing Maintenance Instrument

By LAC D.A. Munro

Well, well folks and a great hello from the Wing Instrument Section on your first issue of "Talepipe" to be published on our new station, Marville.

Much water and for those who went to Germany many gallons of good old Park Brau beer, has flowed under the bridge since we left Luffenham, England. Speaking of beer, station Marville seemed to be holding its own when different sections and squadrons met once again. Every one clasped the hands of kinsmen and drank a toast to our success on a new station.

There have been many changes since we left Luffenham, some of them too numerous to mention in this article. However, some of the main ones are the fact that Sgt Sullivan has taken over command of the Wing Instrument Section from Sgt Lapier. Under his guidance and keen planning we accomplished the move to Marville.

Also under him there has been set up a Wing Instrument Section which I believe without a word of a doubt will be the envy of all Instruments Sections in No. 1 Air Div. I think here a word may be said for the men who so willingly acted and so skillfully accomplished such a laborious job.

Sgt Lapier left for RCAF Station Toronto before the move. We wish him happy days there and miss him very much.

Sgt Jones is now in Wing Maintenance orderly room. Good luck Jonesie and don't forget to mark me in if I'm late on roll call.

Corporal Griffiths is now in charge of the floor and is meeting his money problems with thought and success.

We will be losing Corporal Bob Crowell who is leaving for station Dartmouth. We hate to see you go Bob but we are certain you will make your stay on your new station as great a success as that of 1 (F) Wing, with elegance and grace which is such a formidable part of your character. Best of luck Bob.

We are also losing Corporal Patterson. "Jock" is leaving for CEPE Uplands. He was with Wing Instrument for over a year and now with 410 Squadron. We are going to miss "Jock". He carried out a wonderful job during his term over here. Bye "Jock" and best of luck.

Last but not least we are losing Johnny Rintoul. "Smiling John" as we call him, is leaving for CEPE Namao, Alberta. Best of luck Johnny.

Those who left Wing Instrument Section during the move and since last issue of "Talepipe" are listed below:

LAC Herb Owen.....discharge

LAC B. Maxwell.....>

LAC Don Ramsay.... posting to Station Toronto (400 Squadron).

At this point we wish to extend the warmest welcome to all newcomers. We wish your stay here will be pleasant, profitable and successful. The newcomers to Wing Instrument Section are:

Cpl Gouette

Cpl Charbonneau

LAC Chase

LAC MacPherson

LAC Colbourne

LAC Goundry

LAC Grenier.

We are sorry we cannot list all postings to and from the different squadrons. During the move we were unable to keep track of all of them.

The news for our section is Corporal Gouette passed out cigars for a baby boy. Congratulations Bill.

On the last promotion board, Instrument Sections for 1 (F) Wing had 5 William Galloway to SGT; Bob Crowell to Corporal; Bob Burns to Corporal; A. White to Corporal who is now running the oxygen manufacturing plant at 3 (F) Wing.

This winds up all news from the Wing Instrument Section. All suggestions will be greatly appreciated and all complaints tactfully considered. So until next issue I bid all good bye, Wishing you a snag.

Station Workshops

Good luck from all the boys in the shop to Cpl. Red Hodgson who is returning to Canada this month after spending leave in England. And congratulations to Sgt. McLeod on his recent promotion. Rumour would have it that Mac attained his third for fixing the washing machines in BB 18.

We have two new members to the "Renault Brigade", Cpl. Chambers and LAC Mooney. On the addition list this month we have LAC Mike and Mrs. Gagan: a son. Thanks for the cigars, Mike.

"Buck Shee" is somewhat slack in the shop these days after the "F" plate demand of a few weeks ago.

WING ORDERLY ROOM

This month we say "Hello" to P/O MW McKay who has joined the Admin Staff for a period of Summer Employment. P/O McKay arrived from the University of British Columbia and is at present occupying F/L Strang's chair during her absence on a well-earned leave.

Another valuable addition to the Staff, this one on a permanent (?) basis is F/O JR Hughes who has been TOS from 4 (F) Wing. F/O Hughes' official title is Assistant Wing Personnel Officer.

A welcome is extended to our new staff and it is hoped that their stay will be a happy one.

There have been no departures during the month, however, the WOR has operated with a reduced staff due to Temporary Duty. WO2 Hartling proceeded to 4 (F) Wing for two weeks, Cpl Heppner to Trier for 10 days and Cpls Sharp and Rattford to the Operations during "Carte Blanche". It will be some time before things return to normal as "Annual Leave" will soon be the Order Of the Day.

While we must admit this is a short article, the pressure of Movements, Records, Mail, and that wonderful invention the Field Telephone dictates we must sign off for now and carry on with our primary duties.

Four Hangar Wheelhouse

To start off, let's take a look at the organization, staff and personalities.

First we have our Aircraft Maintenance Officer, F/L Cox, who has been with us for a long time and whom we are sorry to lose to a jammy transfer to Station Lachine. Our only hope is that his replacement smokes a better brand of cigars and perhaps passes them out more freely.

Second in line is his new deputy, WO 1 J.S. Sangster of whom we know very little but are fast finding out. Things are changing and, we sometimes believe, for the better.

In the Control Room we have FS Simpson, a Florenville doniker type who spends most of his time trying to beat the telephone into submission.

On the Squadron Desks we have Cpl. Tremblay, 441, the kind of person who thinks you should speak french because we use french telephones.

Cpl. Sid Deegan is the 410 representative who spends half his time pulling his hair trying to figure what 410 Squadron does with its aircraft.

LAC Reysik, 439, always is wondering what log books to bring up to date for the next 439 prang.

LAC Tremere, the clot that smokes F/L Cox's cigars looks after T-33 flight. He's the kind who wants to spend every afternoon at Ire le Sec drinking wine. This writer doesn't blame him.

Cpl. Cal Shermerson is supposed to do all the statistical work in replacement of Jim McKee who went to Sea Island for the cure. From what we've heard of B.C. all he'll get there is a cold, wet feet and Fog blindness.

We have a kind of Discip in the crowd now, a Cpl. Gosselin who hangs around checking roll call ten times a day. No worry, though, we'll have him kicked into shape in no time.

Doris Thibeau, our little typist, is the one flower that sheds brightness in our dim set of offices. She makes us feel like idiots when we occasionally slip a cuss word.

Last and most likely least we have Yours Truly, a hard-working lad that no one seems to understand. My job is Mod shop and Tech Library.

All in all we have a domesticated section that works in unity with all

the other maintenance sections. Too bad they don't realize it.

Maintenance Control is, of course, the most important section in Maintenance and therefore we must have the ultimate of intelligence and output.

This requirement no doubt will be filled at the next complete personnel change.

Publications Office

To start things off from the supply corner in the first issue of the Marville Talepipe, we extend a hearty welcome to our new S.S.O. F/L L.E.A. Fallis.

F/L Fallis has arrived fresh from AMC HQ where he was in charge of the Authorization's staff. Previous to this he was at Dartmouth, N.S. and Goose Bay, Labrador, the garden spot of the North Country.

We were also happy to have P/O Sheila Berry with us for a short period, but she is now getting experience in her chosen profession in the Station Hospital, e.g. looking for microbes in the station water supply. Sheila hails from the Stampede city of Calgary, Alberta, and is a graduate from the University of Alberta with a Bachelor of Science Degree (or should it be spinster?).

Our plans for a Supply Section party on Sat June 18th at Lac Vert fell through due to the more pressing demands of "Carte Blanche". We are happy to report that no major problems arose during the exercise although we understand that the O.C. of 439 Sqdn. objected to the sharp edges on the water pails. Could it be a case of improper identification?

Birthday congratulations to L.A.W. Elsie Brymer, who celebrated her (?) birthday on June 17th. As a special gift Cpl. Sam (L.P.O.) Millar popped the big marriage proposal, and the "lucky" girl accepted. We now understand that the S.S.O. has banned any future romances in the Supply Section, as it upsets annual leave rosters.

We are happy to congratulate Sgt. Park and Cpl. Walker who received their promotions recently.

Personnel come and go. While saying good-bye to Cpl. Schofield and Sgt. Berube on transfer to Greenwood and Chatham respectively we welcome AW1 "Fran" Allard from St. Hubert.

"See you next edition".

Wing Infirmary

The Wing Infirmary wishes to welcome to its staff F/O Freeman and Cpl Moan. P/Os Bran'Amour, Siefried, and Eaton have also joined us for the summer and we trust that they will enjoy their stay here. F/L Fitzgerald left us last month for a short course at IAM and is expected to return to the continent upon it's completion.

Cpl Cassel was also away on the Service Management course being conducted at 2 (F) Wing and Returned to us in the form of what is commonly referred to as "a gen type".

There was a small gathering of the infirmary staff on the 10 Jun to bid farewell to Cpl Bill Atkinson who is leaving for Lac St Denis, and LAC Al Bull whose destination is St Jean, P. Q. The highlight of the evening was the traditional mug presentation — the contents of which were well received by the guests of honour.

Telecom Maint

A small 'stag' was held in Telecom Maint smoke room on Friday 17 June to say farewell to the old faces in 1 (F) Wing's Telecom, namely Sgt Bill Stewart, Cpl's Murray Storm and Ross Fulton who with their families sailed for Canada on 1 July. This also served a dual purpose by letting those who just finished cramming for the Trade Board to blow off a bit of steam.

A new addition to Telecom Air is Lac Peattie from Stn Chatham, hope you like your stay and we are all glad to see you.

It seems that the big grin on one F/S Ricks' face has sort of dwindled away since word has gotten around that the SP's Licensing Bureau has closed shop until after Carte Blanche. Tough eh?

Cpl Ken Parkinson has just returned from #3 Wing where he got all genned up at the FTTU.

RABAT

Continued from page 7

jungles of lush green were dispelled when the pilots left their aircraft. There were no elephants along the taxi strip, not even a camel. There was a turtle though. But it didn't restore the idea of wild life; on its back was painted "416 Sqn."

The area which Canadian squadrons fly over is fertile and similar to that found in parts of Ontario; the difference is in the types of vegetation. Streets at the French Air Force base at Sale are flanked by Balsa trees which are found also in groves in the interior. During a drive to Fez, the religious capital of Morocco, we encountered orange and olive groves and fields of grape vines which stretched to the horizon.

It was during the drive to Fez we saw our first Camel. It was hobbled and when we stopped to take pictures several Arabs ran to get in the act and perhaps receive something from the infidels. Their gift? Camel cigarettes. The only other beasts we saw were the amazing burros; spindly-legged and hardly more than three feet tall they looked ready to collapse under their loads which consisted of two huge baskets on either side loaded with such delicacies as dripping cow hides or manure—topped with a six-foot hillman.

The natives of Morocco are very superstitious and believe in the existence of the Evil Eye, a scourge they are sure is particularly latent in a camera. For that reason we were warned about taking photographs of native women or mosques. However, in Fez, because that city is predominantly inhabited by Berbers, the hill people who are pro-European, we snapped left and right, at the urging of our native guide, while touring the Medina or native section. While my friends shopped in a leather-goods store I loitered outside. A burro and rider approached and I snapped the camera. When the Arab was abreast of me he stopped. All was quiet. He stared. I thought he was giving the burro a rest. Then a low murmur began to free itself from his brown throat, became more audible as his eyes dilated then, terrifyingly, became a shout, a qualification that, although in an unknown language, was obviously foul invective. He was staring in my direction. I looked behind me to see who deserved such abuse. Nobody was

there. He was yelling at me. People gathered. I smiled pacifyingly (my mouth twitched, anyway) gave the Thumbs Up and said, "C'est bon".

After the shopkeeper intervened we went on but it was some time before I could refrain from glancing behind me. I had been scolded and cursed and half expected to find myself leaving the



These narrow alleys in Rabat's Medina have been the scene of recent murders and riots.

Medina in the form of a lizzard or, at best, a burro.

The Medina, whether in Fez, Rabat or Casablanca, is beyond worthy description. Here you find the true comparison of the old way of life and the new, the separation being provided by a high and thick stone wall, very old, pierced by narrow gateways. Coming from the European section you pass from tidy, sunlit streets to narrow alleys perhaps better darkened by the sun's absence because of the refuse, vermin and dead rats which lie everywhere. The hub-hub and babble (there are 360,000 persons in the relatively small area of Fez' Medina) erupts from a humanity used to living for the moment and getting while the gettings good. Alleys are thronged with beasts of burden, bare-foot children, Arabs clothed in robes ranging from black to yellow and green (a non-committal stare for foreigners) veiled Fatimas (their accentuated eyes, if they look your way, seem to convey either utter contempt or a

suggestion of exotic pleasures) and a sprinkling of tourists. They walk between shops lining the alleys from end to end, separated by thin walls and not as big as a small newstand in Canada. In one shop there are piles of spices, herbs and roots and in another hunks of meat lie on a stone within easy reach of customer, flies or dust. Then there is a small forge with a boy foot-peddaling the bellows while his employers fashion wrought-iron gates and fencing. The proprietors of shops which cater to the immediate needs of the natives sit cross-legged and mute. But the curio stores where leather and metal goods are available contain (when they aren't darting out the door after you) the more aggressive keepers and once you show interest, the haggle is on.

The veteran haggler-buyer can invariably get a fair price for what he seeks but the merchant will take advantage if he can. One tapestry merchant we knew as "Joe" quoted us 3,500 francs for a rug for which we refused to pay more than 2,000 francs. Soon after, an American approached and the merchant demanded 7,000 francs. After the usual argument the serviceman agreed on 5,000 then discovered he had only 4,500. The merchant dismissed this charitably and the American left happily with the rug which we could have bought for 1,000 francs less.

However, if we were cheated in any of these business transactions we left French Morocco feeling richer for the experiences we had during our visit.

Wing Maint Riggers

So far as the Airframe types are concerned not much has happened since the last issue of Talepipe at N. Luffenham. We have lost some good friends in transfers to Canada and there have been "beaucoup" replacements in the last while. We welcome the new boys to the fold.

Bob Russell, Pat Patrick, Keith Allinson and Guindon arrived back from leave safely. Seems they all had a good restful holiday. 'Samatta Keith, no nerve?

Congratulations to Cpl. Gignac on his addition to the family.

Hope to be seeing some additional 3(O) tradesmen amongst us soon. Phew! Trade exams tout finis.

ON ALERT

Continued from page 4

overseas. Not performing a spectacular job, its existence is not as well known to the Canadian public as is that of the Sabre fighter bases. Without it though, the Air Division could not do its job. In the eyes of the RCAF, Langar is doing a job equally important to that of any of the fighter bases and is maintaining an equally high standard.

Grostenquin was the first of the RCAF's Continental NATO bases to be activated, and No. 2 Wing moved in there in October, 1952. Following the pattern set in Leap Frog One, the wing flew its own Sabres across the Atlantic. The mass movement, involving three squadrons, was made safely.

Shortly before Leap Frog Two, announcement was made that Air Vice Marshal Hugh Campbell had been named to head the Air Division. Temporary headquarters had been set up in Paris, pending readiness of the building just outside Metz, in northeast France, which is now its permanent home.

Second of the RCAF's Continental bases to open was at Zweibrucken, in Western Germany. The RCAF's No. 3 Fighter Wing, comprising three more Sabre squadrons whistled in over the skies of Europe in March, 1953, following a successful trans-Atlantic mass flight.

No. 4 Wing, comprised of three more Sabre squadrons, arrived at their Baden-Soellingen base, also in Western Germany, in September, 1953, to bring up to the planned 12 squadron figure the overseas fighter squadron contribution of the RCAF to NATO.

The final move to consolidate the Air Division began. The monumental task of moving a complete station from one country to another, England to France, North Luffenham to Marville, began early in January, 1955.

Number 410 Squadron was again the first to move. Setting up, temporarily, at 4 Fighter Wing, the move was almost entirely by air with transport being supplied by 426 Transport Squadron who moved 410, families and equipment, bag and baggage, direct from their old to their new location.

Next to move was 441 Squadron who settled into 3 Fighter Wing pending completion of Marville. Number 425 Squadron were again instrumental in the move. But 439 Sqn. moved directly to Marville.

Heavy equipment was flown into Marville. This time, aid was given by C-119 Boxcars from 436 Transport Squadron based in Dorval, Quebec, and from 435 Transport Squadron based in Edmonton, Alberta.

By April, the shattering roar of sabre jets was an every-day occurrence in the peaceful Marville area.

Operationally the RCAF Sabre squadrons have been extremely active since arriving overseas, and have taken part in many exercises with the NATO air Forces, to train pilots in the interception of jet aircraft.

Canada is responsible for financing the construction of living quarters, messes, canteens, and recreational facilities at the four airfields. Telecommunication equipment had to be procured and installed to link the airfields with the Division Headquarters in Metz. Similarly, navigation aids such as beacons and Ground Control Approach facilities had to be provided by Canada.

Fastball Défeat For 1 Wing, 29-2

After a victorious visit to Etain where we plastered the Americans 9 to 3 great things were expected of the boys in red when the long trip to 3 & 4 Wings was made on the weekend of June 11 & 12th. This was 1 Wings debut in the Air Div fastball league and as in all debuts it was hoped a favourable first impression would be made. The opening game of this trip was against 3, Wing although ominous looking clouds which had been hanging around for several days threatened to stop play. This was particularly unfortunate for our friends at Zweibrucken as being Air Force day they had gone to a great deal of trouble to prepare a programme for the German public. A big blow to the local team was the last minute withdrawal of pitchers Ed Schoor and Cliff Amor, Ed Being away on duty and Cliff suffering an injured hand. Rob Robinson was selected to deputise for them but after a long lay off found life at Zweibrucken as opposing pitcher anything but a pleasant experience.

“Allo Darling” were the first words spoken to me in Paris and I thought what a wonderful friendly people the French are.

On my way to Meribel les Allues for two weeks of skiing in the French Alps, I had arrived in the French city on Saturday evening and was to stay at the Rochester Hotel near the Champs Elysées, until train departure the next evening. I had taken three steps from the front entrance of the hotel when a screaming red coat passed me and borne lightly on the breeze of perfume was the salutation, “Allo Darling”.

I replied “Good Evening”, and, buoyed by the friendly atmosphere, proceeded to Champs Elysees. The broad thoroughfare was flanked by trees and promenading people and I joined them. I didn't know it then but I was moving towards the Arc de Triomphe. As I passed glass-enclosed side-walk restaurants and chic shops several other friendly young ladies greeted me and, not to appear high-hat, I replied, “Hi!”

The Arc, with its eternally burning torch-tribute to the Unknown Soldier impressed me but because it was late I decided to return to the hotel. On the way back another girl called to me and suddenly it hit me, because I'm pretty shrewd. I replied, “No, thank you.” Very politely though.

After spending the next day in an extensive tour of the city I left for the Alps, arriving early Monday morning at Moutiers, low down amongst the towering mountains. I can only describe the bus-ride up as exhilarating. At some points the road seemed as wide as six feet except where a small landslide had occurred. I had complete confidence in the driver because I'm sure he knew the route for its every crook and twist and his thick bi-focals did not denote bad eyesight because he wore them on his forehead. After the short time of one

• • • • • **?? "**

By F. C. V. L. Shilliday

hour and ten minutes we finished the journey of 20 kilometers and arrived at our home for the next two weeks—Pas du Lac. It was nestled on the mountain side like stilt-houses are on the bank of a river at low tide. A deep blue sky silhouetted the mountain ridges and the snow, very deep, was made blinding by the sun. The climate (for the entire 14 days) was hotter than anything met all year at North Luffenham. The skiers looked almost uncomfortably warm as they spent the noon hour lounging on deck chairs placed on the veranda.

I had just taken my place on one of the chairs and decided to spend the next two weeks there when the dinner bell sounded. Casually I arose and made it to the table in possibly four seconds. After sitting down I was informed that the French General would probably not wish to change his seat. I moved to another table along with "Crock" Alexander, "Abe" McLead and Jerry King — all of 3 (F) Wing, and Will Morrison of 439 Squadron.

Then came the food. After bread and flasks of red wine had been placed upon the table, we were served anchovies, salami and long, green olives. I was disappointed, not having eaten since the previous evening. It didn't seem like much to feed hungry skiers. Anyway, I had eaten three or four helpings when they cleared away the plates and brought the second course—roast beef, mashed potatoes, salad and more bread and wine.

But I was too hungry to be embarrassed and ate my fill. My fill was followed by more red wine, cheese (the French call it fromage — a word which works just as well when one poses for snap-shot) and then thick, black coffee and bananas. My grimy fingers were busily peeling a banana when I noticed several Frenchmen looking at me. A hiccup from too much wine helped the line impression

I was making.

After a rest we went to pick up our ski togs. The boots were a perfect fit with three pairs of socks on my feet. The jacket sleeves extended to just below my elbows and there was no belt for the pants. But I think I looked pretty good. Anyway, everybody stared at me when I passed by.

Then we met our instructors, all members of the French Air Force. The name of my instructor was Jean and he was really checked out in English. At the top of the first slope he cautioned us: "Doucement, doucement. If you not stop, you keep going." That pretty well set the pace for the rest of my time at Meribel. Oh, I could stop all right but after I lost the derriere from my third pair of pants the Frenchmen became impatient with me. At the end of our first day on the lower slopes Jean told me: "I think you are a mistake". I believe he meant by that I should have been in a more advanced class because when I came down the hills he generally exclaimed, O-la-la." And that means something good in French. When he hit me on the legs with his ski poles he meant I should bend my knees more. Once I thought he was snarling, but on reflection decided it must have been heavy breathing from physical exertion.

After about four days we became pretty cocky. At the end of the day's skiing we generally stopped at the Doron Chalet for a healthy drink of orange juice. At one of these stops four pretty, young French girls hung around long enough that we decided we had better speak to them. Just to be polite, you know. Well, as the conversation evolved they learned (from us) that we all held Golden Chamois in Canada and that "Crock" and I were instructors in the Laurentians. We were also above the average in hockey and other sports.

Next day I proceeded down the hill

in my usual manner, looking much like Ichabod and old Quixote combined. I met the snowbank at the bottom squarely. With just a little assistance from the rest of the class I was soon on my feet. Then I put my skis back on. It was then that the folly of bragging hit me. When I turned around the prettiest young thing that had learned of my "Golden Chamois" was staring at me. I guess incredulous would be a good description of her facial expression. Yes, incredulous.

"Whazis eet you do?" she gasped.

I shrugged heroically, pushed off in my most professional style, and slid the next 50 feet headfirst.

I didn't drink orange juice at Doron that evening.

All too soon our time was up at Meribel les Allues. As I left, my instructor was grinning broadly and shaking his head. As I said before, those Frenchmen sure are friendly. He hated to see me go.

Before leaving, though, I paid my debts to all the French sergeants whom I had taught to play dice. Then the train to Paris.

Arriving at Gare de Lyon, I transferred by luggage to a taxi and moved on to Gare de l'Est. Who said Paris drivers are mad? They are murderous. All along Boulevard Beaumarchais other taxis, cars and trucks took dirty darts at us. But I'm sure our vehicle was somehow flexible. It dodged the others like a professional matador. The driver whistled the whole while and pointed out sights to me. I don't remember what they were. But I remember high-footing it into Gare de l'Est like a rabbit into its hole.

The taxi ride from Gare Baden Oos was dull. But at home in bed I dreamed, in safety, of schuss, chasse neige, slalom—and Paris taxis.

Marville Pipers Busy in France

By F/S J.A. Langston

Now that the station has emerged from the goo and groan stage, various hold-overs from Luff are beginning to make their presence felt, or in this case heard. The pigskin piano players are on the march again. Since February P/M Howie and his Saki Sippers have expended a considerable amount of time and effort to re-form the pipe band, and already is seeing something for his efforts. The M.T.M. seriously depleted the original band due to postings to Canada and within the next month the band will have lost two more pipers. Music lovers will deplore this lamentable state of affairs and it is hoped that there are some finer souls in the outfit who appreciate this finer and delicate form of music, and will rush to the aid of the music starved amsses. By doing so you will improve Franco-Canadian relations by appearing and performing in public (Not to be confused with the gin mills of Ire le Sec) and give the station the distinction of having the RCAF's only band in Continental Europe. As well as getting around and seeing a lot of country. The first public engagement since the band has been re-formed was in the town of Montmedy, five miles from camp. The occasion was the anniversary of VE Day and it went well. The Guard of Honour was on hand and contrasted favourably with the French Military. The band marched the Guard on to the parade ground in front of the Palais de Justice and a Frenchman was presented with the Medale Militaire. After this ceremony, the units marched off preceded by the band which carried on up through the town to the station (railway), much to the delight of scores of kids, females, who eyed the petit jupes of the band with speculative interest and no doubt wondered if everything they had heard of men with kilts was true, and of course, several members of the canine tribe who fled the scene with ear drums tingling.

The band was on hand to greet the CAS on his visit to 1 (F) Wing and also for the visit of General Lee who was suitably impressed when he came here. On the 26th of June the band

went to Verdun, where a ceremony commemorating that famous battle of the 1914-18 war was held. The services of the band were requested by M. Schleiter, retired Minister, Senator Mayor of Verdun. This marks an important date in the band's history also. From the bands of many countries participating in this memorable occasion, the Air Force had the distinguished honour of being chosen to greet the President of the Republic of France on his arrival at the Sous Prefecture in Verdun, prior to his visit to the monument.

At the moment we have been requested to play at no less than six different towns or cities in France and Belgium. Some of these engagements were scheduled for the same day and regretfully had to be declined. However, the following was the month's itinerary of the band:

- 10 Jul 55 - Florenville, Belgium
- 14 Jul 55 - Longwy-Haut, France
- 17 Jul 55 - Virton, Belgium
- 21 Jul 55 - St. Mard, Belgium

These engagements entail a great amount of work on the part of the band members, both on and off duty time.

A Stag was held on the 17th of June to say goodbye to old boys and welcome new ones. F/L Oliver, Col Hodgson, LAC Brown and the writer were presented with beer mugs suitably inscribed, which were treated in the traditional manner.

A new Drum Major is in the making in the person of Sgt Eric Mason, your muscle and embrocation dispenser. Col Doc Baker was after the job but it was discovered that, in order to fit, the leopard skin would have to be shortened to cub size, which would involve considerable expense, and contrast strangely with the head. Of the leopard skin of course. Anyway, the Blackpool wonder will do a fine job if he remembers a dropped mace on a parade will cost him beers for the band. Best of luck to you Eric and to all the new boys in the band. It is hoped that the future holds many good band engagements in store for pipers and drummers and that they enjoy their stay with the band as much as we departing members have.

Invasion Route

Continued from page 5

from Velosnes to Margut were given close attention from Hy Arty, 88 mm Flak and Stukas.

The last position of the Maginot is at La Ferte. As such, it took the full weight of a carefully prepared assault. Lacking external infantry and artillery support, at the crucial moment the Lieutenant in Command found that the guns of his nearest neighbour at Thonnelle did not have sufficient range to help him. Shells fell 6-800 metres short. Observing this, enemy troops were able to close on his embrasures. One of his turrets was silenced. La Ferte refused to surrender, and according to a man who was taken prisoner there, was only taken after the attackers had fractured a turret ring and pumped in an asphyxiant. One hundred and twenty-five men died at La Ferte after resisting greatly superior forces for 5 days. A monument stands atop this fortress in commemoration.

The large underground nest at Velosnes was engaged for 3 days but never assaulted. It suffered some damage from Armour piercing but fought until ordered to surrender. Its troops partially destroyed it before pulling out. This position was later stripped of miles of cable and conduit and tons of steel by the Todt Organization for use in the construction of the Atlantic Wall. In 1942 Ouvrage Velosnes also served as a location for the shooting of a film called the "Taking of the Maginot Line". This film was later used as a propeganda medium. This bunker is now utilized by this Wing as a Wing Defence centre and emergency dispersal point.

Battle of the Bulge

During WW 11, one of the first of the German military commander's orders read to the effect that the years accumulation of dung would be removed within 24 hours. It was removed. When the German occupation ceased, village air was again sweetened by stable-sweepings - within 24 hours.



Ça va ?...

