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VOL. V

SEPTEMBER, 1956

No 4



★ OUR NEW COMMANDING OFFICER

★ PT II MARVILLE STORY

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# G/C D.J. WILLIAMS

DSO, DFC, CD.

## OUR NEW COMMANDING OFFICER



Group Captain Williams who took command of 1 (F) Wing on 25 July of this year, has an interesting hobby. It is the Air Force. Since October, 1940, when he joined the RCAF, his work and his interests have been identical, and they come under that one heading, the Air Force.

Prior to World War II Group Captain Williams' life was much the same as that of any young person earning a living in the depression years. After leaving school in Vancouver, where he received all his academic education, he worked at numerous jobs, but by the time World War II had started he had settled on the life of a sailor. In so doing he was following in the footsteps of his father, Captain John Williams of the British Coast Steamships. When he left sailing to enlist in the RCAF he was holding a Quartermaster's position aboard a ship and had the rank of Chief Petty Officer.

Shortly after enlisting in October, 1940, Group Captain Williams began training as a pilot at the Elementary Flying Training School at Sea Island and on completion of this phase of pilot training he went to the Service Flying Training School at Calgary where he obtained his wings on 20th August, 1941. He was transferred immediately overseas and began operations with 408 RCAF Bomber Squadron flying Hampdens in Royal Air Force 5 Group. He completed 36 operations on these aircraft — by no means an easy achievement; not only because of the aircraft itself, which is not affectionately remembered by the few remaining people who flew it on operations, but because of the then active and aggressive German Air Force — and won the DFC for shooting down a Junkers 88 with the front pilot-operated gun of the Hampden. (This gun, a Browning .303 — was mounted in the nose of the Hampden and was usually harmonized by the pilot himself, who, incidentally, was not provided with a gun sight. One annoying thing about the gun was that the ejected empty shells poured down on the navigator's head).

The casualty rate at this period of 408's operations was high, and few, if any, of Group Captain Williams' fellow pilots are still around. Nearly all perished.

From 408 Squadron Group Captain

Williams went to the RCAF Overseas Headquarters at Lincoln's Inn Field as Senior Operations Officer where he remained for only six months, leaving that position to go, as Flight Commander, to 406 Night Fighter Squadron. He completed over 100 trips with 406 Squadron and was awarded the DSO, the particular operation on which this was made being an attack on two Dornier 217s which were attacking British destroyers in the Bay of Biscay. While shooting down one Dornier Group Captain Williams was caught in the crossfire and had the starboard engine of his "Mosquito" shot out. He was able, however, to destroy the second Dornier 217 on one engine and return safely to England.

By the end of the war Group Captain Williams had attained the rank of Wing Commander, had completed over two tours of operations and had destroyed 6 enemy aircraft and numerous trains and ground targets including 1 "E" boat destroyed and 1 damaged. In 1945 he returned to Canada to become Station Commander of a B24 Operational Training Unit at Abbotsford. Between that time and 1949 when he went to Staff College, he was Camp Commandant at the old Maintenance Command Headquarters in Ottawa, a student at the Empire Test Pilots' School at Farnborough, England, and Chief Test Pilot at the RCAF Winter Experimental Establishment in Edmonton.

On "Reversion Day" in October, 1946, Group Captain Williams reverted to the rank of Squadron Leader but on 1 January, 1950, while at Staff College, was promoted to his former rank.

Following the successful completion of the Staff College Course, Group Captain Williams went to MacDill Air Force Base in Florida where he became part of the Strategic Air Command organization, firstly as Operations Officer and then as Pilot Instructor on B47s. (He has 200 hours on B47s).

Returning to Canada in June 1952 Group Captain Williams became Director of Fighter Operations at AFHQ in Ottawa, which position he left in May of this year to come to 1 (F) Wing.

"Number 1", so far as Group Captain Williams is concerned, not only stands for the number of this Wing but also for its standing within 1 Air Division. 1 (F) Wing has a reputation for being a flying Wing and a good fighting Wing. Group Captain Williams, whose log book shows more than 4,000 hours on 77 different aircraft types ranging from sail-planes to 6-engined B47s, intends to keep it that way. He does not consider himself a new broom. His background is similar to that of our former Commanding Officer, Group Captain Somerville, and their methods of commanding a station probably differ only as their personalities differ.

Group Captain Williams urges all ranks under his command to think and act aggressively, not against each other or a potential enemy but against indolence and lethargy. To overcome these undesirable characteristics it is necessary to be physically and mentally fit. Training will condition our reflexes and experience will help to develop the ability to make sound decisions. But training and experience become most effective only when put to use by mentally and physically fit people. It is not asking too much, in Group Captain Williams' opinion, to expect a serviceman to remain for 20 years in excellent condition and fighting trim. In effect, that is what he is being paid to do.

Group Captain Williams, himself, participates in most sports, including Squash, Tennis, and Badminton. He plays Golf in the low 90s and is available for Softball and Football. He keeps in good physical shape because he likes to stay that way and enjoys doing so.

Early this year Group Captain Williams married Helen Kathleen Jackson of Lindsay, Ontario, who with his two sons by a previous marriage, David 8, and Richard 7, resides in PMQs.

When asked for one parting word of advice during an interview, Group Captain Williams remarked that in his opinion "Drive" is the key to advancing in the RCAF. Only by exceptional drive, all other things being equal, will an individual bring himself out of the large mass of people with whom he is competing.

# JOURNEY THROUGH AFRICA *by Terry Slater*

## PART III

It had taken two months of constant and difficult travelling for our lone "6 x 6" GMC truck to journey overland from England to Bangassou which, located on the Northern border of the Congo, is almost the very centre of Africa. The trek through the Sahara Desert and into the tropics without rest had taken its toll on our condition and equipment. The rainy season was in full swing when we entered the Congo and progress slowed almost to a halt because of swollen rivers over which the truck had to be floated on empty gasoline drums (Risky to say the least!) and mud-choked tracks which were marked as roads on the map. Rivers and swamps — all parts of the Congo River system — were plentiful.

If you have read about the rigours of the Malayan jungle, you have some idea of how uncomfortable the Northern Congo is in the rainy season. Flies of every sort pestered us without mercy, even flying into our mouths as we ate. It was not possible to get relief by day or night and the swellings from bites became serious. One day I felt a pain in the back of my leg which got almost unbearable within 36 hours. Bob cut it open with a razor blade and inside we discovered a 3/8 inch long grub about a quarter of an inch below the skin calmly feeding one me. Another such instance was having to cut from the sole of my foot an egg sac as big as a pea, the kind of work of the jigger flea. Raw kerosene was rubbed into the hole to kill any other remaining eggs. Five or six of the party were bitten by jigger fleas and received the same treatment.

At Bondo there is a hotel. It is cool and you can have ice cold beer and antelope steaks as big as a horse. The showers are fragrantly cool and a native boy brings big white soft bath towels and scented soap; and he will massage your feet with leaves transforming them from hard tortoise-like lumps to cushions of velvet so that you walk on air in the quiet of evening. On the walls are pleasant civilized pictures. The barman, an Indian, will point to a giant purple coloured moth a full eight inches across, sitting on the wall above the big rhino head.

We talked to a missionary and sipped iced drinks while watching a river steamer with twinkling lights moored at the jetty below. A trader revealed some uncut diamonds and calmly told us about the leopard which killed the young son of his woman recently. Tropical rain with thunder and lightning as bright as day dimmed our conversation and the single cylinder engine thumped away in the shed where the hotel's electricity originated. We talked about the next day's trip; our hosts gave us messages for people we'd meet ahead; we drank up and wandered to the netted beds that rested our tired bodies. We slept to the tune of crickets and the whine of mosquitoes.

The road out of Bondo to the Equator town of Stanleyville was a dirt track. Here

jungle is very heavy, the trees reaching a height of 200 ft and so dense that the light of day can hardly penetrate. Great twisting vines six inches thick curl chokingly up the trees searching, as it were, for a different life. In addition to animals and birds up in trees, we came across a tribe who bury their dead up there. No need to elaborate on the odour created with the tropical climate and the profusion of bodies! Another tribe that we saw wear large cumbersome copper spheres around their ankles.

If you think that Cannibalism is extinct you would be wrong. Far be it for me to accuse any tribal chief of this vainglorious practice, but we talked with one of them through the medium of a native and saw human sinews being worn by the chief and his henchmen. Far be it for the native to complain either! Later our suspicions were confirmed by a French missionary.

Shooting was good sport and there was plenty of opportunity to keep the pot full. One day we were making a hazardous crossing of a fast river which called for a halt to study the situation. There was a trader in the district and the natives told us it would be best to wait and get assistance from him and his equipment. He arrived in the late afternoon so we decided to make the crossing early the following morning. There was a lull in the rain and we talked around the large fire that kept some of the insects and "croc" away. We were wakened at dawn by the look-out which we always kept posted who excitedly told us there were buffalo around. Our party stayed with trucks whilst the Belgian and his crew of five natives took a 303 and went to see how dangerous the situation was, because you don't fool around with African buffalo.

After an hour the party returned in whooping high spirits for "white man" had killed the animal most feared by the natives. That put "paid" to any river crossings that day and for the next day also because the natives threw a big feast in honour of the feat. Time doesn't matter to a native so we had to stay for the party.

Ironwood trees really live up to their name. One day our truck half crashed through a wooden bridge that wouldn't support the weight. Below, the river was slow and deep with fish like piranhas (called canabs) in their thousands just awaitin' fer stray travellers! Bob got ambitious and decided to cut down some trees. The natives giggled like natives do. Bob was big and had swung an axe many times before but I'll bet he never had one bounce back so fast as the axe he swung at the Ironwood tree!

The natives didn't worry about this chipped axe blade, they just went to work and lit a fire around the base of two or three trees and we just had to wait till the fire had burnt through enough to pull down the tree with rope. Then using the tall slender trunk as leverage we hauled and lifted the truck out of danger.

From then on the transfer box (which is a second gear box) loosened up on us and proved to be a great inconvenience. As

no spares are available in central Africa for this item our means of securing it so that it would operate were weird and wonderful. Soon after this the clutch springs broke, and since we'd used all our spare springs in the Sahara, driving became just a little difficult with our only alternative being to lock the clutch and change gears without it. This called for skilful handling under the adverse conditions.

Whether it is better to describe our fatigued circumstances or to relate life in the romantic African jungle I cannot say, but one thing is certain the 'Romance' happens only in story books as far as this part of Africa is concerned.

Stanleyville was reached ten days after Bondo. Yet it is only 300 miles distant. There we booked rooms at the Leopold Hotel and spent three days getting the truck in shape. The Stanley Falls on the Congo River can be heard from the hotel and we took time off to visit them.

Money was beginning to be a problem because the bank at Stanleyville hadn't received an amount of \$600.00 forwarded for collection and that left us in a hole. Instead of resting some of the three days we were forced to visit the local "wheels" one after another in an attempt to raise enough cash to continue through to N. Rhodesia. Barely enough cash was borrowed to see us through and resulted in strict rationing in every way. So equipped we set off after three days and left the Congo River behind.

The track ahead continued for three hundred or so miles through heavy jungle and the many tributaries of the Congo with every crossing as hazardous as the last with the rivers in flood. There was also a one hundred mile stretch of mountainous terrain with very shaky tracks to serve as roads. With the gear down to 'bottom low' the exhaust manifold would frequently glow bright red with the heat. This meant fitting a new set of valves about 150 miles after Stanleyville, in addition to doing the many other regular maintenance items after every day's travelling.

The overwork and strain on all the crew were telling and overdosing with Palludrine tablets as protection against malaria caused frequent bouts of sickness. As much food as possible was shot for the pot and each night our native boy would set animal traps. One afternoon during a stop to refix the transfer box in position we tried a spot of fishing. A tall elegant crane waded lazily in the shallows; a "hippo" swam within a hundred yards; sickly green foliage covered each bank. The river here had become wide and formed a slow moving pool and there was a native village on the far bank. Across the sandy banks in mid stream native women waded to the other side of the pool carrying large pots on their heads.

As the sun beat down and caused the wet ground to steam, and while butterflies of every colour flew in abundance, the Major landed a 35 pound fish. Suddenly the crane we were watching took a plunge underwater as a 'croc' snatched it away.

The repair finished, we set off once more. The sky cleared also as we pushed south and the jungle became thinner.

The closer one gets to Luluaborg the less jungle there is and terrain becomes Savannah grassland. In between, a swampy area covered with razor sharp Elephant grass seven feet tall had to be traversed. This was not pleasant and a 14 ft. Black Mamba snake was shot by Eric. This is the most deadly snake in Africa, possibly in the World and travels very fast. Not all the way was unpleasant as we found when we hit the dirt roads on the plains with their long sloping hills where insects were not so plentiful. Here we could see for miles plenty of game in the early mornings. Good progress was made until a large cloud of smoke appeared in the distance. Fire! This meant either skirting the area or driving through it if it was only a grass fire. We drove on but found snakes and other animals coming in all directions away from the heat which was intense. From a hill we observed that we could drive through with a bit of luck.

At Luluaborg we stayed at a beautiful Missionary Station run by Americans and earned a rest, except that Eric and I worked continuously in an attempt to repair the clutch and transfer box on the truck which had made driving difficult. In spite of the fact that we tried their every nut, bolt and spring, they had nothing to fit and so we had the disheartening job of putting back the broken parts.

Soon after Luluaborg en route for the steelworks town of Jadotville in the southern Congo, a front spring broke. Truly our truck was in bad shape and this last setback was very disheartening but as usual we just had to effect some sort of a repair or stay put where we were. Dirt roads were in such bad repair that to continue was a most discouraging business except for the one fact that northern Rhodesia was only 500 miles away.

Two days were spent in obtaining a suitable spring leaf and just 24 hours later our other front spring collapsed. The truck limped into Jadotville a week after leav-

ing Luluaborg and went straight into repair. Alas, only the front springs and the clutch could be fixed and even if it was heaven to drive with a clutch once again, it still wasn't easy with the transfer box jammed into position with a long chisel!

Now we had no money and had to sell our remaining clothes to buy gas and food. An American lady in Jadotville allowed eleven tired, hungry bums to stay one night in her house. Our only excuse for eating her out of house and home was that we spoke English!

Elizabethville was reached the next day without further mishap and again a Belgian doctor was persuaded to offer his roof to eleven dishevelled travellers and again his food stocks took a beating!

The following night at 7 pm the Northern Rhodesian border was reached and the relief was immense. The border lies amid granite rocks with richly coloured tropical flowers growing in profusion, and a bridge shining new and white crosses over a waterfall where the Kafue River cascades to complete a scene long to be remembered.

Next day came the copper mining town of Chingola; then on the N'Kana, the largest of the towns in the "Copper Belt" of N'Rhodesia with a 5,000 white population. Seeing the clean white town with modern shops was too much for us and we all decided to stay here and work. Everybody made us more than welcome and news of our arrival spread like wildfire, and better still there was money in the bank for us here.

Terry Tadman put his hand on my shoulder as we had a drink in the hotel. "Thanks a million for saving my life in the desert", he said. "Oh that's nothing", I retorted, "Just think, I made it right through Africa without a passport! Had it pinched in Algiers!! — Have another drink — on me!"

## SOMETIME

Sometime when you're feeling important,  
Sometime when your ego's in bloom,  
Sometime when you take it for granted  
You're the best qualified in the room,  
Sometime when you feel that your going  
Would leave an unfillable hole,  
Just follow this simple instruction  
And see how it humbles your soul.  
Take a bucket and fill it with water  
Put your hand in it up to your wrist,  
Pull it out, and the hole that's remaining  
Is a measure of how you'll be missed.  
You may splash all you please as you enter,  
You may stir up the water galore,  
But stop and you'll find in a minute  
That it looks just the same as before.  
The moral of this quaint example  
Is do just the best you can.  
Be proud of yourself, but remember:  
There is no indispensable man.

(Taken from Station Saskatoon Newspaper)

### NOT AIR DICTIONARY

(Reprinted from Twinaire)

Jet-Assisted Take-Off — A tail wind can do you a lot of good.

Lazy eights — One good turn deserves another.

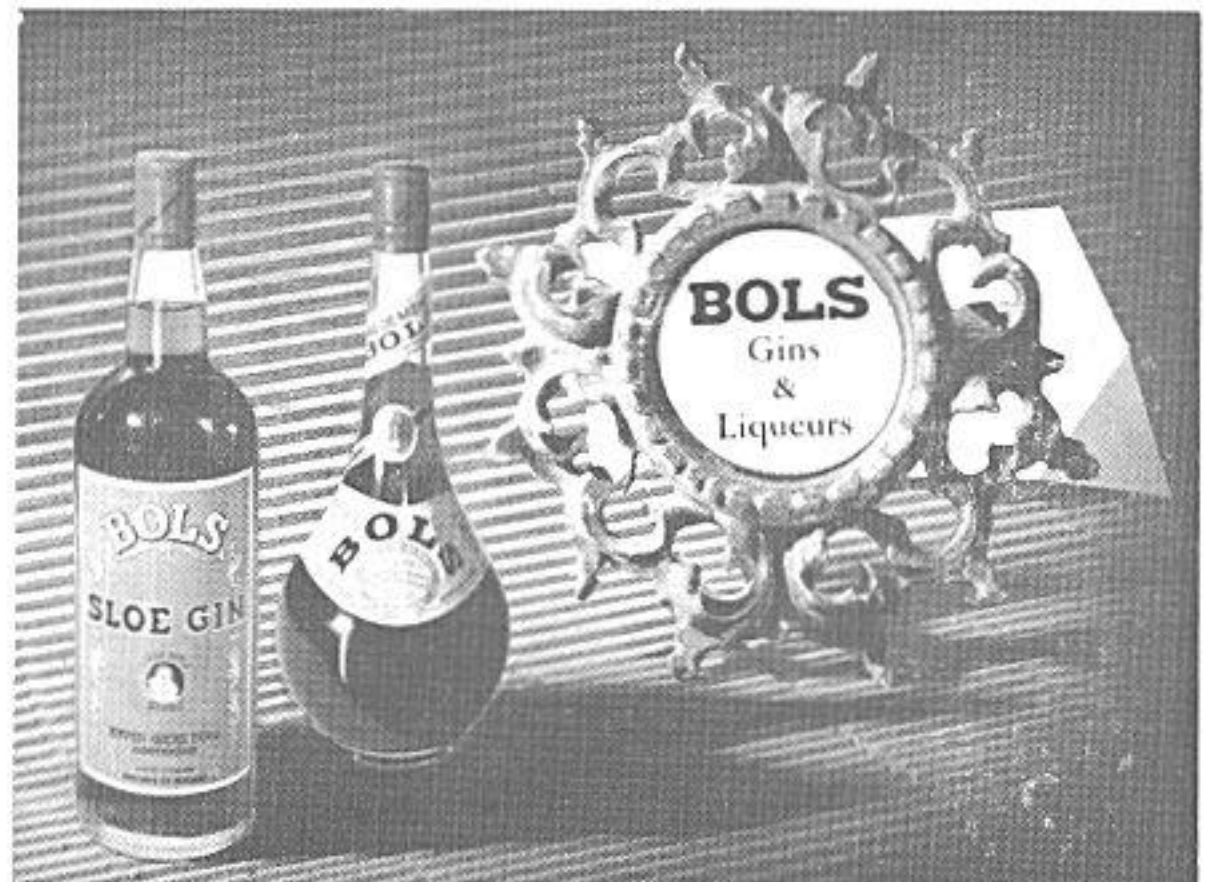
180 degree turn — The only dependable aviation safety device.

Pilot Error — Mating call of the APO.

Reversing Props — The more whoa the less woe.

Tailspin — A manoeuvre where the tail tries to surround you.

Throttle — A perfect intelligence tester; it is often pushed when it should be pulled; resembling the mouth, it is often opened when it should be closed.



# Dum-de-Dum-Dum

**MC:**

Possibly you've noticed this is an Air Base. It is big and muddy. There are several people here; in fact, more people than anything else. These people are being killed off daily in accidents. Our job? Stop 'em! So lets go behind the scenes and listen to the report of one of these accidents.

**Joe Friday:**

It was 2230 hours on the evening of April 11th. We were working the night watch out of the Airmen's canteen. The reason we were working the night watch was because our day watch was in the shop for repairs. We had been assigned to a stake out at the canteen where we had picked up an airman on a 369 (a 369 is insubordination to a superior). He was run over by an officer and insisted on being picked up by a Sergeant.

We had been there about four beers — I mean four hours — when we see this Volkswagen coming at us with both mox nix sticks out. Our time was running out so we lit another cigarette. I asked my partner how his cold was. We jumped just in time to see this V/W pass and get a good description of it. It had a white sidewall fan belt, gutted windshield wipers, ground down hub caps and a high speed radiator cap.

We decided to give chase so my partner went to where he had tied his motor scooter and away we went. Suddenly we stopped, we couldn't believe what had happened. My partner had forgotten to untie the scooter.

This V/W was travelling at a breakneck speed (which could be any speed if you hit the wrong thing). Around the curve he went and came face to face with a submarine (always expect the unexpected). He swerved off the highway, rolled

over several times, killed two cows, ruined a crop of sugar beets and came to rest against a rock wall. We hurried over to the driver and asked what had happened. He said he didn't know because he had just got there himself. He was clutching a cigarette in his right hand and my partner tore it in attempting to get it away from him. So I smoked one of my own.

We knew what we were doing so we held his head out of the blood and let him fill out the accident report. We also had him read and sign a statement showing that we had investigated the accident. We get a commission on each case we investigate, and furthermore, the chief had suspected us of goofing off. After a few thousand routine questions we made a startling discovery. This guy had passed out.

We had been there a short time (about 3 hours) when this bicycle drove up and seven gendarmes got out of it. One of the gendarmes was an interpreter but he spoke Spanish so this didn't help much since the accident wasn't in Spain. We became suspicious when we noticed this guy was bleeding alcohol. Everyone involved in any accident always says they had only one beer. The same with this guy — one beer and two pints of Canadian Club. The speed is always 20 mph in this type of accident, but in this case the ground was moving about 40 mph in the opposite direction.

We were questioning him on the way to the morgue and found out he was an LAC out of Wing Armament at Marville Air Base. We asked why he hadn't reported the accident to us before it happened. He thought like most of us that accidents happen only to other people - never us!

You know, I never did find out how my partner's cold was.

**MC:**

Ladies and Gentlemen, I have just been handed a directive from the CO, which, with your permission, I will read: Since the airman in this case failed to co-operate by passing out, all types of accidents for personnel of Marville are unauthorized until further notice. Also, some personnel are having accidents just to be smart alecks. This practice will cease immediately. If you are tried and found guilty (and you will be) of any of the above violations, you will be given 30 days in the gas chamber or be sentenced to an additional 3 years at Marville.

## FRY'S CHOCOLATE BARS



# MARVILLE

## *Its History and Its Monuments*

from a pamphlet

by Mgr. Ch. AIMOND

Translated by F/L and Mrs. M.L. BRUNTON  
with special help and advice from  
**Mrs. Adele FABRE**

Printed with the kind permission of  
**Mgr. Ch. AIMOND**

### PART II

#### MARVILLE

##### *Its History and Its Monuments*

##### Description — Saint Nicolas Church

##### History

It was begun in the 13th century to be a church both of the Priory and of the Parish, to replace the old Saint Hilaire church in the cemetery which had become too small for the population, and besides, was too far removed from where the people were. It was named Saint Nicolas but the name "Saint Hilaire" remained attached to the altar of the principal patron. The Benedictine Priory appointed the first parish priest and shared with him the tithes and the upkeep of the sanctuary.

The actual church must have been begun around the 13th century since it is mentioned in texts dated 1227 and 1262. Nevertheless, the general layout of the original construction, less the chapels, belongs to the Gothic style of the 14th century. During the second half of the 15th century rich endowments from nobles, churchmen, well-to-do businessmen, brotherhoods, and corporations, were made, and resulted in the raising along the south aisle the large chapel of the Day and the Dawn in 1472, and the Holy Cross Chapel in 1517, — these due respectively to Gauthier of Faily and to Arnold Gaujet, the priest of Petit-Faily. Along the north aisle four chapels were raised: In 1479 that of Nicolas Wadel, called Our Lady of Pelletier; then those of Saint Fine (or Saint Foy) and Holy Sepulchre (called Aux Fers), a little later; finally the last chapel called Saint George which dates from 1356. (The true chapel of Saint George is found at Choppey outside of Marville). The elegant organ loft dates from the beginning of the 16th century. It is possible, however, to count sixteen chapels founded at various periods, by referring to the different altars in the church. The revenues

of the Marville church were such that Marville was the second church of the Longuyon deanery.

The 18th century saw a vestry in plain style joined to the church (1761). In 1766, following a fire started by lightning, the roof of the church was rebuilt and a steeple in baroque style was erected. After the revolution, the excesses of which saw the church ransacked of a total of 87 religious garments of various descriptions, and a hundred altar cloths, the church was gradually changed and modernized, sometimes unfortunately. New furniture was added, and new names were given to the altars. It is at this time also that ornamental arcades originating from a church of Langres were used to decorate the upper panels of the apse.

Classed as a historic monument, but more or less devastated in the 20th century by the two invasions (destruction of the organ, stoned windows, etc.), the church at Marville has, however, received between the two wars important restorations. In particular, the pillars of the Nave, bent under the weight of the arches, and poorly buttressed at the chapels, have been repaired with underpinnings.

### EXTERIOR

#### Western Facade

THE foundation, the buttress and the window opening onto the south aisle appear to be of the original construction. The chief doorway, framed with little columns, was rebuilt at the beginning of the 15th century and its upper part — a three-point arch — is a repair of this period (and not of the 19th century) which was necessitated by the opening of the immense 16-sectioned rose window which is above the doorway. The beautiful Virgin Mary, which in the olden days decorated this door, has found a refuge in the interior of the church, and will be replaced by a work of modern art.

#### Southern Facade

At the right, towards the square, the most beautiful side of the building may be seen. Between the two plain bays of the nave, with their single mullion-ed windows and the rich architecture of the two chapels of a later date, the contrast is striking. The 16th century saw the opening at the bottom of the second bay, a little side door with a slightly curved top and with a bracketed gable. It is decorated with a frieze of foliage amongst which are mingled, as in the neighbouring chapel, figures of animals.

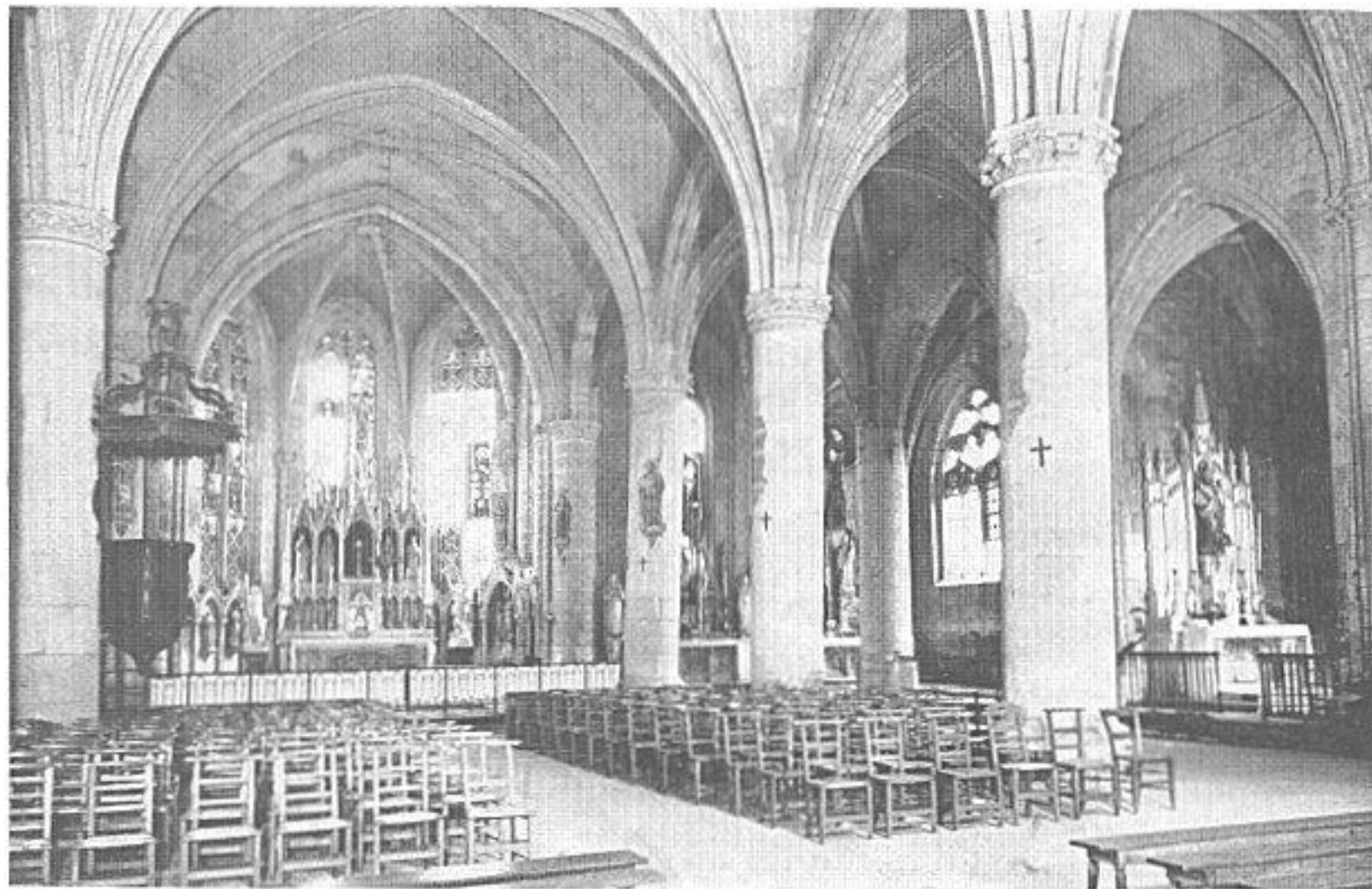
The above noted chapel, called Holy Cross (1517) differed from the great neighbouring chapel in its window structure built in 1472: The principal window is surmounted with a carved gable, which shows monsters on horse-back, and a balustrade which is capped by a cornice. On one of the posters on the same window is sculptured a frieze showing infants climbing a cord amongst showers of pomegranates. The buttresses were in olden days decorated with statues which have now disappeared.

Of a more simple type architecture the chapel known as the Day and the Dawn which is to the east, has also an upper cornice surmounted with a balustrade which overlaps a roof of the saddle-backed style, the result of rebuilding and raising in 1766.

Continuing around the church and the sacristy by the east one passes the many-sided choir portion of the church with its depressed roof and its single-mullioned windows of the 14th century. The north-east buttress of the first side chapel showed (before the first world war) a small Virgin Mary which was either broken or carried away by the enemy.

#### North Facade

Here are found the remainder of the four side chapels called Pelletiers, Saint Fine, Holy Sepulchre and Saint George — the two last-named recessed from the first two — constructed from 1479 to 1536. An exterior door gives access at ground level to the Saint Fine chapel.



Interior of Saint Nicolas Church, Marville

The suggestion has been made concerning the low and massive tower of the church that it must have had, before the fire of 1766 which gave it its present baroque top, a simple saddle-backed roof in pavilion style, similar to that on the church at Dun-sur-Meuse.

#### Interior

Spacious, it is 40 metres long and 30 metres wide. Oriented to the four cardinal points, the early part dating from the 14th century, it consists of a nave of five bays, prolonged by an apse in five sections, and flanked by aisles terminated either by other aisles or by the wall. The chapels added on the two sides after the 15th century make up for the absent transept; and with their vast windows permit double the light that would have illuminated the construction. The chapels are featured by two simple light arches separated by a pillar and surmounted by a four-leaf design.

The pointed arches of the nave (which seems lop-sided because of the three chapels on the one side and four on the other) rest on round pillars, stronger in the western bay which supports the tower. All these pillars rest on moulded octagonal bases which are crowned with crests of foliage and increase in richness in the vicinity of the choir and the tower. As for the mouldings of the arches themselves, they show in outline bevelled almonds between wands — the design is a characteristic of the 14th century. All this construction, remar-

kably strong and impressive and constructed of the best stone of the country, has become unsettled from the warping of the pillar towards the outside. For this, the openings in the walls, made necessary by the construction of the side chapels, is in part responsible. This unsettling has been partially remedied recently by the use of underpinnings.

The pointed arches which comprise the broken arcade along the side aisles rest on clusters of three small columns. The side chapels offer arches with interesting Gothic ribbing, the mouldings of which hang down to be supported by the top of the pillar. The most recent of all the chapels, the Chapel of Saint George on the north-west, shows a mixture in design of Gothic Renaissance either in its entrance arcade or in its curious arch whose keystones are decorated with medallions representing the Good Shepherd and the Twelve Apostles. The intricacy of the windows in all the chapels, consisting generally of three mullions trimmed with interesting mouldings, is emphasized.

The unusual situation of the Saint Fine Chapel (second on the north side) with its ground floor giving access to the outside and its main floor provided with a double staircase, is explained, it is thought, by its purpose as a chapel of pilgrimage to which processions of pilgrims came and still come to venerate, at the time of its display, the relic of the Saint. The crypt beneath the emblazoned arch has served as a sepulchral vault.

Above the first bay of the same north aisle the magnificent organ loft (dating from the 16th century) will be noticed. It overlaps the Chapel of the Baptismal Fonts and juts towards the nave by a forpart in three sections upheld by a richly sculptured console (the organ itself was destroyed in 1914-18.).

#### Touring the Church

Follow a path going to the right of the main door and leading by the south aisle to the southern chapels then to the choir, to the central nave, and finally by the north aisle to the four northern chapels in the order of the numbers below:

(1) *First Bay of the Nave:* To be seen here is a Holy Water basin in cast iron supported on three feet resembling those of animals. The upper fascia shows the heads of men supporting rings. Set in opposition to one another are also two large female figures (Eve after sinning?). This is a rustic work similar to that of the Roman age but generally attributed to the 16th century.

(2) *Second Bay of the South Aisle:* Under the south window is a bas-relief with a renaissance decoration on which is seen a little figure standing between two angels, one of whom holds a trumpet (could this be a fragment of a tomb?). Under the

west window the tombstone of Catherine de Housse (24 Oct 1608), second wife of N. de Manteville has been erected. The code of arms of both families are on the effigy and on the base can be read an epitaph.

(3) *In the Aisle:* Facing the side door is an infant choir boy holding a basin. A similar effigy is in the church at Arrancy.

(4) *Saint Joseph's Chapel:* (In the olden days Holy Cross). Here is to be found a perforated basin. The keystone belongs to the 16th century. Here also is a plaque to the memory of Captain Pierre-Louis of the Chapel (1717). The provisional burying place of François de la Tour known as Saint Francis is here and, in the olden days, belonged to the cemetery of Saint Hilaire.

(5) *Chapel of the Virgin Mary:* (Formerly the Chapel of the Day and the Dawn or of the Dead). Above the modern altar are three finely sculptured Gothic canopies.

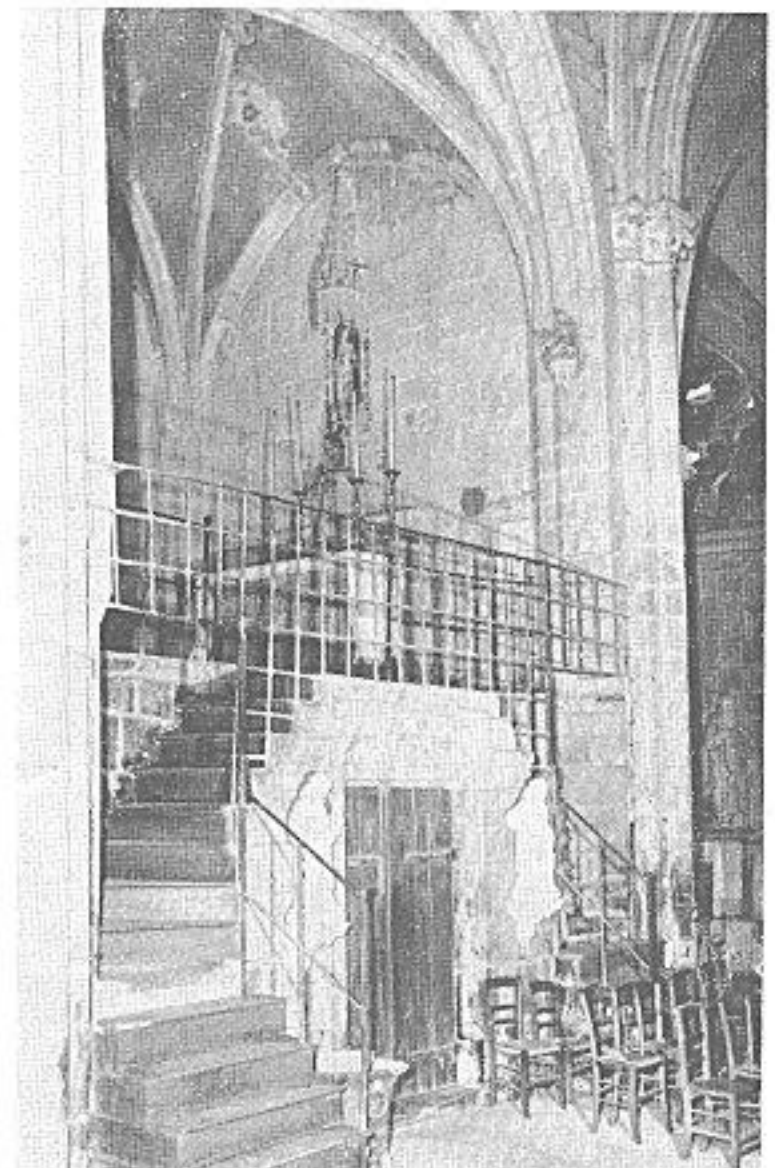
Under the first window is to be found a retable (14th century) in three parts; in the centre the Crucifixion, to the right the appearance of the risen Jesus to Saint Madeleine, to the left Saint Peter and Saint Paul. Under the second window is a piece of a retable with four empty arcades surmounted with clusters. On the rear wall the beautiful Virgin Mary, formerly at the western door of the church, has been recently placed. This work of art, in Champagne style, shows the Virgin only slightly hipped (in most paintings or carvings showing the Virgin Mary with Jesus one hip is usually quite extended to balance, it would appear, the weight of the infant). The Virgin's cloak hangs in graceful folds. The head of Jesus which the Virgin carries is not the original and is shown to the left on the wall. In the floor are epitaphs of Pierre Mangin, Mayor and Provost Lieutenant of Marville (7 Dec 1630) and of his wife Claudon Brigan (5 July 1624). On leaving the chapel notice the painting of Saint Barbe on the pillar of the nave facing the last bay of the aisle.

(6) *Sanctuary and Nave:* Behind the modern master altar is a tombstone, an epitaph of the Benedictine Prior, Louis Japin (1675). In front of the Choir, fixed on the pillar at the right (beside the left-hand side of the altar), is a small tombstone of Salentin de Gavroy (1609) represented on his knees before Christ, called the "Ecce Homo" ("Behold, the Man"), at the foot of Calvary. The inscription reports that Salentin, after having served over a period of 50 years Charles V and Philip II chose Marville for "retirement in his old years". On the pillars of the nave are the restored figures of the Apostles.

(7) *North Aisle Chapel called Our Lady of Pelletier:* Here is an old altar with small Gothic ornamental arcades. Above is a slender sculptured spire of a miniature temple. On each are remarkable statues; to the left a 15th century Saint (perhaps Madeleine proceeding to Calvary); to the right Saint Antoine the Hermit (16th century) which no doubt came from the old Commandery of Marville. The Saint, whose carving is attributed sometimes to a work shop of Saint Mihiel, carries the Greek letter "T" surmounted by a small bell and he is accompanied with the homely pig. The flames which flashed under his feet recall that his religious order took care of Le Mal des Ardents, called Saint Anthony's fire. To the left are murals.



Saint Anthony, the Hermit (Early 16th century),  
in Our Lady of Pelletier Chapel



Saint Fine Chapel

(8) and (9) *Chapel of Saint Fine*: Above the entrance of the crypt is a pelican. Along each side are modern statues of Angels. At the foot of the staircase is a Holy Water Basin similar to that mentioned above in the first bay of the nave. In the crypt is another Holy Water Basin marked with the monogram IHS which came from the Saint Hilaire Church.

In the chapel is a small ancient arcaded statue of Saint Fine holding the grill, the instrument of his torture. Facing it is a piece of retable offering a series of empty nooks surmounted with arches in clusters. On a pedestal to the right of the altar is an old, little "Pieta". Each year on the second last Sunday of September there takes place the pilgrimage of Saint Fine to ask for the grace of Baptism and for perseverance in the faith for the healing of the Deaf and the Hard of Hearing.

(10) *Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre*: Christ is shown lying down (this is in wood of the 16th century). On the interior sides of the altar are sculptured figures coming from an altar of the 15th century and from a tomb of the 16th. Also to be seen is a tomb-stone of Antoine de Failly (1588) a member of a noble family much involved with the history of Marville.

(11) *Saint Antoine Chapel*: In the olden days Saint Francis (called also Saint George). Above the altar is a retable of the 16th century. There is also an interesting renaissance arch in tracery. On the keystones are medallions of the Good Shepherd and the Twelve Apostles.

(12) *Chapel of the Baptismal Font*: It is surmounted by the organ loft which covers the first bay of the north aisle and offers from this side a richly sculptured ballustrade.

## HISTORIC HOUSES

### General

A brief walk in the streets of Marville will reveal a good number of old lodgings of the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries, precious witnesses of the prosperity of the old provost city during those centuries. In addition to the Luxembourg and Lorraine officers and officials who lived there during this period, Marville counted amongst its members from the very first a large number of noble families, well-to-do bourgeois, established chiefly near the market hall (which was given over to four fairs a year). Add to these the leaders of corporations, then particularly active especially in the manufacture of cloth and in the processing of hides, — men who have given their names to ancient streets called: Pelletier, Parmentiers, Tisserand, Maréchaux, etc.

Some fairly comfortable, artistic dwellings were built after the end of the 15th century although 50 were already in ruins in the 18th century; and in 1901 the house of "The Thirty" or the "Government House" with its fine staircase and high chimney collapsed.

In our time the Historic Monuments Department has worked effectually to save the most interesting specimens of this local

architecture. Without doubt the interest here is in domestic architecture of a style influenced regionally by Spain (as in Flanders and in Franche-Comté, other Spanish possessions) of which one finds examples in old Barrois, Bar-le-Duc, Saint-Mihiel, and Pont-a-Mousson.

This regional style, according to Maurice Dumolin "is characterized chiefly by a pleasant proportion of storeys and openings and by very conservative decorations, which emphasize the horizontal lines by large mouldings along the bottom of the windows." These are sometimes broken off sharply in their horizontal direction to be resumed again higher or lower under the windows of adjoining buildings.

The windows of the ground floor are few. In the middle of the first storey a single large window opens, divided into several lancets, and sometimes richly framed. A jutting cornice overlooks the storey.

In the framework or in the bas reliefs which decorate certain facades the use of renaissance forms remains in general rather awkward and strongly influenced by Gothic traditions. Such work seems to be of local construction which was already mentioned above concerning the Chapel of the Holy Cross.

## DISTINCTIVE BUILDINGS

THESE are about a dozen buildings that the visitor may see upon leaving the church:

*Place Saint Benoit* in front of the church: (Chinet or Dupuis House). This has a renaissance facade (1504), and the second story has mullioned windows and cornice decorated with thorny branches.

*Grand Place*: (Nivelet House). This has a renaissance facade with an interesting frieze featuring circular fluting.

*Badioli House*: is featured by a renaissance facade.

*Cailloz House*: is known as the house of the Prior, and its chief interest is in its staircase.

*Grand Place*: (Lisenfeld House). This is the old Egremont Hotel. The south side dates from the first half of the 17th century. This house is the best preserved of all. On the ground floor is another Gothic door (originating no doubt from a later construction) surmounted with an arcade of a somewhat interrupted curve. On the first floor there are large windows supported by Ionic rectangular fluted columns which are topped off by projections decorated with the heads of rams next to a strong cornice. There is an in-between floor or landing which, in the olden days, was hidden. At the side there is another Gothic door similar to that described above.

*Grand Place and Basles Street*: (Guillaume House). These premises were called "du Chevalier Michel" (the cavalier Michel's place). There is a 16th century door on the Grand Rue. The interior arrangements are preserved as they were in the olden times. At the ground floor, a beautiful sculptured fireplace features a La Taque (for which there is no equivalent English word. It seems to be the engraved metal plate which can be seen at the rear of the fire places of some homes in which 1 (F) Wing personnel

are living) bearing emblems of Charles V. A spiral staircase leads from the huge kitchen to the first floor where the rooms are joined by a corridor, which is lighted from a rear courtyard by a bay formed by two arches separated by an ornamental projection (the actual English word for this projection is pendentive). This whole bay is above a ground floor bay similarly constructed. Each bay is surmounted with the bas reliefs which, though rather awkward, are interesting. The two sculptured panels which are above the lower bay, according to a recent interpretation, represent two scenes from the "Four Sons of Aimon": at the left, the capture of the horse "Bayard" in front of the Montessor Castle; at the right the arrival of Renaud, mounted on "Bayard", before the cathedral at Koln, then under construction. The upper bay is surmounted with a medallion and with a sculptured panel which shows: in the centre, Thisby killing himself on the body of Pyramus; to the left, Diane being surprised by Acteon hunting the deer and himself being devoured by his dogs. At the ends, David and Goliath.

*Priest Street*: Genvresse House, has a 16th century door.

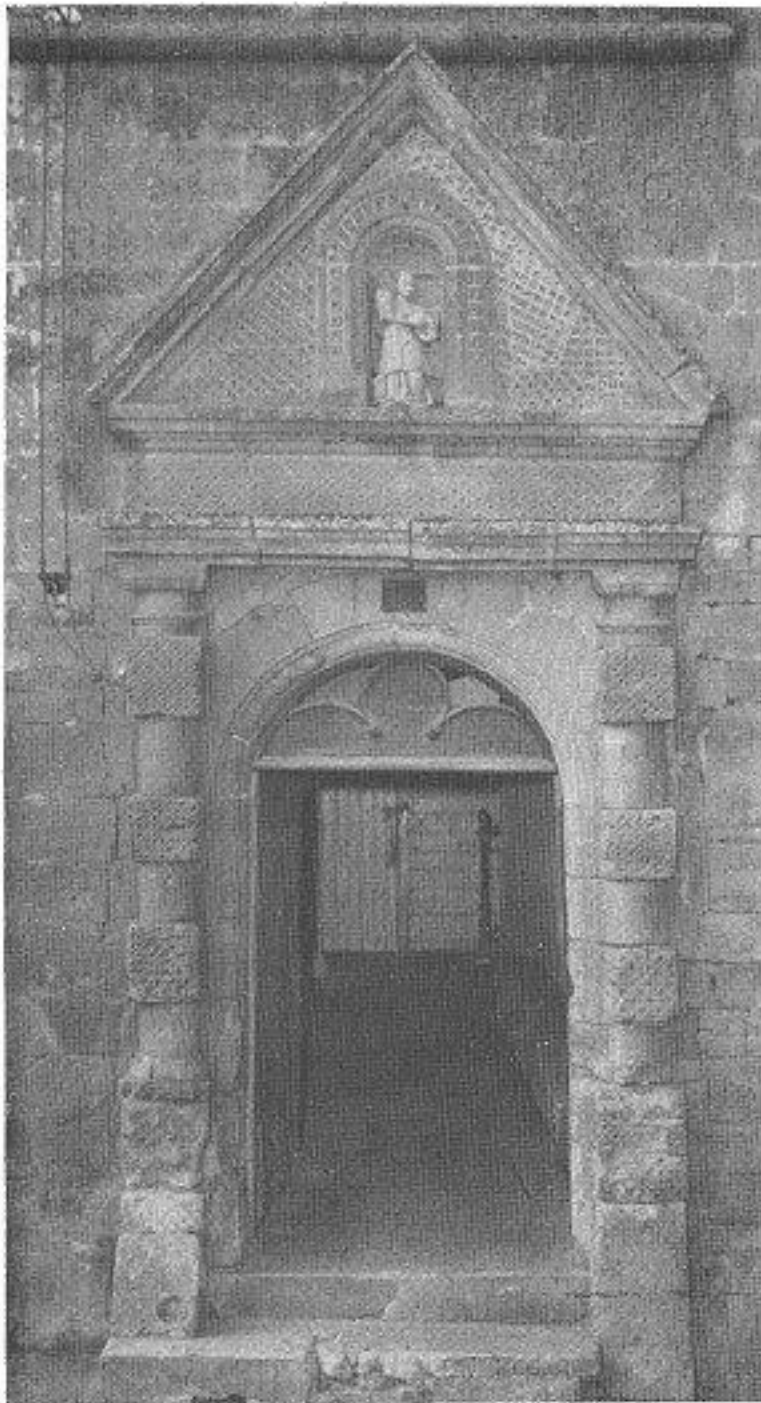
*Matthieu House*: The ground floor of this house is on Rue des Prêtres; the first floor leads on to a garden which looks over Tisserands street. Through a large room, robbed not long ago of its wainscoting by the Germans, one reaches a little chapel with pointed arches, whose mouldings come to a rest on some wrought panels. From there, a winding staircase with a spiral centre post on which is cut a moulding in the form of a hand sliding down the banister, descends to a lower floor where there is another room with pointed arches, whose mouldings penetrate into some small pillars of Angels. Above the staircase door there is the figure of a personage in a rather Rabelian pose and this figure in fact, acts as a support of one of the main beams of the first floor. This whole construction dates possibly either from the end of the 15th century or the beginning of the 16th.

*Pierrette House*: This house has a Coat of Arms and a Renaissance bay at the first floor.

*Tripots Street*: Mouton House has a distinctive Renaissance facade.

*La Casse House*: This was formerly the seat of an important drapery organization, and was used as a town hall up to about 1753. The doorway is in Spanish style and consists of an upper semi-circular structure over which is a spandrel (5) in 3-point arcade design. The doorway is framed by rectangular columns consisting of interspaced squared projections extending slightly beyond the columns to make ledges. The columns support a panel which has above it a triangular structure with a niche which encloses the statue of a draper carrying a roll of linen. The entire doorway structure is covered with pitted diamond-shaped designs. Between the triangular structure and a horizontal moulding a plaque may be seen indicating the date 1524. Beside the La Casse house is the Guillaume House which has a much altered 16th century facade.

*Henrion House*: Also on Rue des Tripots, features a niche which before 1940 enclosed a Virgin-and-the-Infant statue (15th cen-



Maison des Drapiers (Draper's House)  
showing 16th century doorway.

ture) which has today disappeared.

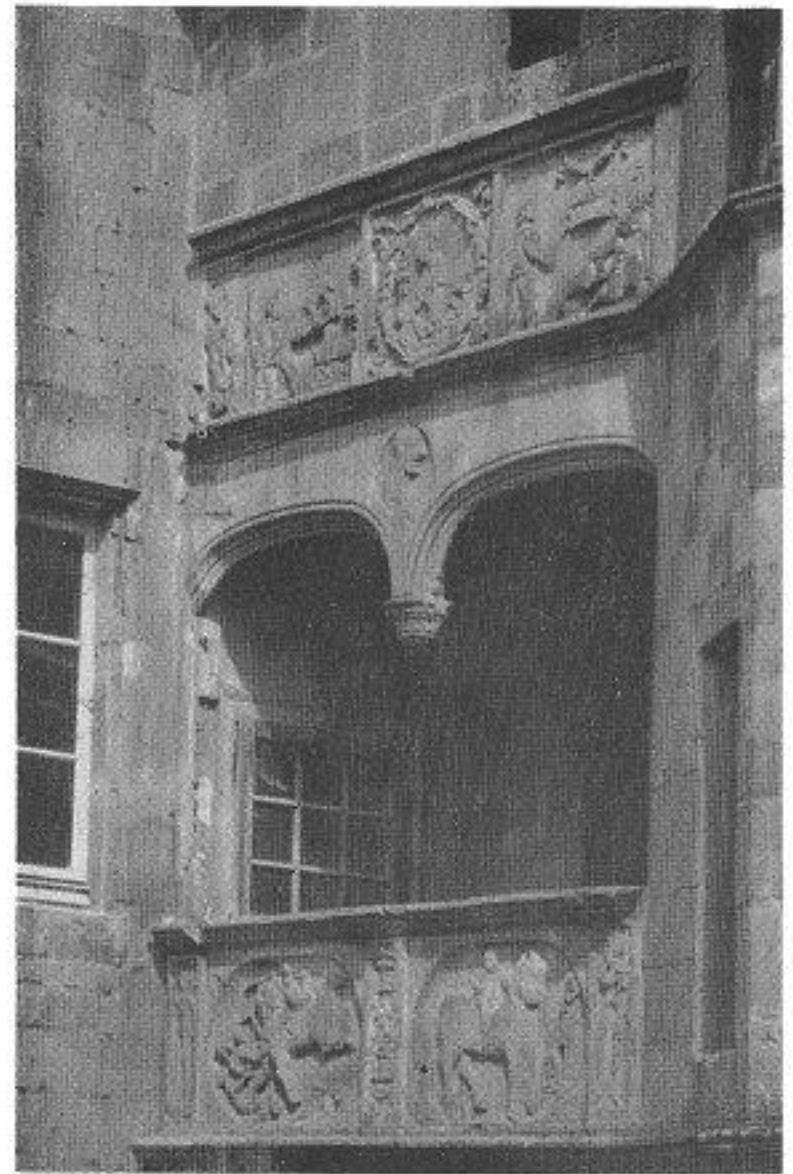
The old Benedictine convent was also once on this street. All that remains of it today, however, is a doorway, a 16th century wall, an emblazoned lintel and a cellar which features vaulted arches and a central spiral pillar. The original building, once the town hall, then a school, was ruined in the bombing of 1914.

The last edifice on the Rue des Tripots is the old Saint Antoine church. To be seen here are some Gothic remains such as windows and choir walls on the Rue des Tisserands. Of the Commandery (see May issue of Talepipe) which is now a farm, there remains the arch portion of a Renaissance window in the western wall.

#### REMAINS OF FORTIFICATIONS

**A**BOUT all that remains of the old castle or citadel is the site itself from which a magnificent view of the Othain Valley and its slopes can be seen. The remains of the wall are of little importance: a

postern gate in the direction of Saint Jean and some stones around the old market hall door. It might be noted that in 1640 (2 Nov) on the site of the moat not far from the Basles Gate, Antoine Surdet, originally from Savoy, and leader of forty Marville "bourgeois", as a result of the plague, founded a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, Saint Roch, and Saint Sebastian. This was consecrated in 1645 by the Assistant Bishop of Trier. Near this chapel is a cemetery for strangers called Du Basle where a monument consisting of a crucifix between the Virgin Mary and Saint John can be seen from the road around the cemetery. In the west of the cemetery, near the old Bourg gate, which with the other town gates was destroyed in 1884, is a Pieta which is set into the wall of a M. Hubert's house. A large Virgin Mary, dating from the 15th century and which once decorated the Bourg gate, is now preserved in the west wall of Henrion-Royer House.



The House called "Du Chevalier Michel"  
seen from "Rue de Basles".

#### SAINT HILAIRE CEMETERY

The road to it:

**T**HE Cemetery is about 600 metres distant from the nearest Marville house. At the foot of the hill to the cemetery, a monument known as "De Mouza" (16th century) can be seen. It shows Christ on the Cross between the Virgin Mary and Saint John with the donor of the monument present. The entire piece is sheltered in a gabled and pinnacled structure. To the north of the cemetery, partially hidden by trees may be found an old infirmary or hospital for lepers which is now transformed into a farm. Worth noting here is a little monument consisting of two niches of 3-pointed arcade design, one above the other. The upper niche encloses a small and touching Virgin of Piety. In the lower niche there is placed a rather damaged monument of the Virgin and the Child. At the entrance of the lane which leads to the cemetery there was erected in 1850 a large wooden crucifix, called Christ of the Lepers, originating from the Saint Nicolas church where it occupied at one time a prominent position by the entrance to the choir. On the hill, where an obscure legend states that

a temple and an altar to Mars were placed, there was erected in early times a sanctuary with cemetery dedicated to Saint Hilaire. It was the mother church of the neighbourhood and, united with the Benedictine Priory which was associated with the Abbe de Rabais, remained the Parish Church of Marville up to the 13th century.

Saint Hilaire church, rebuilt towards the end of the 12th century, continued, however, to be used as late as the 18th century for certain ceremonies of worship. It was enriched by certain endowments which resulted in the erection of various chapels. In the first half of the 14th century, the curate of Marville, one Hues, enlarged the church to the south and the west doorway was rebuilt. The south side door and a neighbouring window in broken arch style, date also from the second half of the 14th century. Around 1400 an altar to the Virgin Mary was built in the north side of the nave. Opposite it on the south side an altar to the Holy Spirit was built in 1408. The baroque choir altar dates from the 18th century. The 19th century was to ensure the restoration of the church when in 1876, under the Department of Fine Arts of the Government, the old tombs of the cemetery were brought together at the church itself. The cemetery, with the Saint-Hilaire church, the ossuary, the little house of the keeper, and the tombstones, the founts and bits of sculpture were collectively classified as a historic monument in 1931.

### SAINT HILAIRE CHURCH

**F**ACING east, it consists of a simple nave without aisles and is covered with a prominent, frame, saddle-backed roof which is terminated at the narrower square-shaped choir. Vaulted arches, whose mouldings descend either to the circular tops of the angular columns or to pendants, are the chief features of the choir's construction. In the walls of the choir and in the north wall of the nave are semi-circular windows. One such window is found intact on the south wall. This latter wall almost completely disappeared at the time of the construction in the 14th century of the large chapel of the curate Hues, and a little later by the installation of a large window in broken arch style, as well as by the opening of a side door. The 14th century also saw alterations in the western facade of the church at which time the doorway was made into Gothic style featuring a 3-pointed spandrel which was surmounted with a little four-sectioned rose window.

The whole church is surmounted with slate. Formerly a porch roof protected the western doorway.

#### Church Decorations and Appurtenances

Its funeral art stands out especially. Near the pulpit there is a funeral chapel in the wall which offers merely a mediocre

picture of Saint Madeleine (18th century) but which doubtless, in former times, enclosed a tomb. Since 1876, when the Mayor and the Curate of that time became concerned about the possible disappearance of a good number of old monuments, this recess and the two sides of the nave have been used as an assembly point for such old relics. Now in this stone museum can be counted 22 tombstones, 11 founts, 7 crosses and 7 founts designed in the form of crosses. These monuments are in memory of nobles, and businessmen of Marville, sometimes on their knees before a crucifix beneath their coats of arms.

From left to right may be seen tombstones (certain of them painted at one time) representing, on the north side: Christ on the Cross, between the Virgin and Saint Jean; the father of Pity; the placing in the Tomb; and the Immaculate Conception. On the south side the most noteworthy stones represent Saint Michael weighing souls, the Eternal Father and the Virgin in the Immaculate Conception, Saint John (from 1616 tomb of Jean Jappin), the Crowning of the Virgin, Saint Nicolas, etc...

West of the entrance to the Holy Sepulchre Chapel is placed the tombstone of Isabelle de Musset, widow of Gilles de Busleyden, Secretary Registrar of the noble estate of the Duchy of Luxembourg who died at Marville, the country of her birth, in 1506 (the date 1411 which appears on the tombstone is a result of poor repairs in 1511). Dressed in a humble, religious cos-



North side of the Saint Hilaire Church showing a 1th century enclosure and ancient tombstones.

tume, a rosary in her clasped hands, the deceased's feet are supported by two dogs. In the niches made in the supports of the dais where the effigy is mounted may be seen at the right: Saint Gilles and Saint Michel, and to the left Saint Christopher and Saint Jerome. On the upper part two shields with the coats of arms of the two families are seen: that of Busleyden "a blue field crossed with a gold bar and with a rose in natural colour"; and that of the Musset "a gold and red eagle on a sand field".

The many founts either on columns or fixed to monuments recall the custom of sprinkling the tombs with Holy water.

The side altars which frame the apse, are sheltered in pointed niches which date from the beginning of the 15th century. The one in the north, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, consists of a stone table supported by columns which surmounts a fine statue of the Virgin dating from the 14th century, originating, perhaps, from another monument. This must have been an important tomb since it seems to be one belonging to the Seigneurs of Saint Laurent. In any event, the altar has in front of it a curious Gothic canopy dating from the 14th century which is upheld by small columns of which a representative example can be seen in the church at Villers-le-Rond (Meurthe-et-Moselle). On the south side, the side altar, (today known as the Saint Nicolas altar) was, as the inscription indicates, dedicated to the Holy Spirit in the Feast of Saint-Mihiel, 29 Sep 1408. Like the altar of the Virgin Mary it must have belonged to a canopied chapel. On the three faces of the altar, the names of its donors appear as follows: Bertrand of Arrancy and his wife Hawix — both deceased (1409). In front of the altar is a tombstone on which are engraved in outline the effigies of Marguerite de Hezeque and her daughter Jeanne, deceased 1569 and 1575, respectively.

The Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, constructed in the middle of the 14th century, juts out from the same south side of the church. Almost square, with vaulted arches, it is lighted from the east by a large three-pointed window. Under this window is found an altar dating from the beginning of the 14th century which, legend has it, was a sacrificial table of an old temple to Mars. A flagstone of black marble is borne by three small columns of which the middle one is hollowed, probably for receiving relics. In the south wall are two 3-pointed niches. The smaller one serves as a basin; while the larger one, making a funeral chapel, encloses a statue of a reclining priest (14th century) which probably belonged to another location. In the inner-west side there is a large arcade which seems also to have served as a funeral chapel. Beside it is an inscription, marked up badly during the revolution, on which only the date 1408 can be seen. In the middle of the chapel there stands the remarkable funeral monument of the chapel's founder, the priest Hues, Curate of Marville and Dean of the Longuyon Deanery who died 23 March 1345 according to the inscription on the edge of the sarcophagus which is in fine stone of Mussy. On a base decorated with arcades in broken arch style, the Cure Hues is shown lying down, his hands joined, and clothed in sacerdotal vestments. The stained glass

window which lighted the chapel and dated from the 16th century disappeared in 1918. There are numerous tombstones about.

#### CEMETERY

**T**HE cemetery covers approximately 2½ acres shaped like an irregular square and, with the exception of the Saint Hilaire church and the little house of the grave digger and the ossuary, is enclosed by a wall. Here may be seen interesting monuments of important people, of artisans and their tools, and also of religious people. In the wall of the church a fine tombstone (1510) bearing the epitaph of a modern curate known as Frignet (1895) is set. There are also to be seen several fount columns or founts shaped as crosses.

Along the wall of the cemetery several remarkable monuments are placed.

In the south-west corner is a niche with a pointed arch whose inner row of decorations consists of thorny branches to which are joined the outer decorations consisting of grapes. Sheltered in the niche is Christ in prison, seated on a stone, nude — his

clothes are beside him — crowned with thorns, his arms and legs in shackles, and wearing a touchingly sad expression. It is a beautiful work of the first half of the 16th century.

More to the north facing the doorway to the church is a monument formed by two niches, one upon the other. The lower shelters a touching Pieta of the end of the 15th century. The upper shows a Christ of Sorrows seated on a throne between the Virgin Mary and Saint Jean the Baptist, preparing to judge the dead who, at his very feet, are coming back to life to the sound of angelic trumpets.

The date 1148 inscribed by the restorer on the curve of the arch, is evidently false — the real date being 1484. In front of the monument are four slabs where 11 apostles are outlined amongst 3-pointed Gothic arches. On one of these appears the date of 1531. At the left can be seen a small monument called "tombstone of the coffins", which shows two open coffins by the trunk of a tree on which is raised a cross (mutilated).

Finally, to the north of the Saint Hilaire church the remains of an important funeral



Christ as a Prisoner (16th century).

monument in two sections can be viewed. The upper section shows the scene of the Enunciation. Besides the Angel Gabriel, Mary has on one side God the Father and on the other side an infant carrying a cross. On the lower section a personage (God the Father) is seated on a bench holding a cross. Four more or less mutilated statues frame the two scenes.

#### OSSUARY (Bone Repository)

**P**LACED in the eastern corner of the cemetery, the ossuary is the principal curiosity. This sort of charnel-house, formerly numerous in this area, has become rather rare. The Marville Ossuary has gathered since the 16th century, the possible date of the present construction, the bones withdrawn from tombs which received new resting places. Their present arrangement — which dates from 1896 — and their orderly pile, about a metre in depth has been estimated to contain about 40,000 skulls of which 12,000 are visible. To explain this number there is no need to suppose that a great battle took place, such as that of Verdun for the Ossuary at Douaumont; because, it is known that Marville enjoyed the privilege of neutrality in the many wars (see May issue of Talepipe). The relatively important population of old Marville, especially the distinction of its cemetery, for more than a thousand years not only that of the parish but also of the surrounding parishes of which Saint Hilaire was the mother church, is sufficient to explain the great number of tombs and graves.

The Ossuary is a rectangular construction with a slanted roof sustained in the front by five pillars, themselves resting on a stone wall. At the reverse of the wall is encased a tomb of 1746 and on the central pillar can be seen the plaque of the Mayor Perignon (1618) whose remains are now in the church. At the centre of the Ossuary is an altar on the reverse of which is a very damaged bas-relief showing the sufferings of purgatory being mitigated by the prayers of the Virgin Mary and Saint Joseph. On the altar and on the pile of bones are little cases each enclosing a skull and showing, as a rule, the name and date of the death of the person concerned. (The dates now to be seen are from 1788 to 1859). This



Part of the Ossuary (Bone Repository).

practice is found as far away as Brittany where there are similar ossuaries.

On leaving the cemetery several interesting tombs and debris from various pieces of sculpture can be noticed on the two sides of the keeper's house. Also to be seen is a deep well.

#### CONCLUSION

**A**FTER a careful visit to the Marville monuments it is evident that this interesting locality, whose soil harbours a fine-grained calcium stone very suitable for working, possessed — especially from the end of the

middle ages to the 17th century — a local sculpture workshop. Especially skilful in decorative sculpture, rather awkward in statuary (except for some exceptional works) and in some sculpture requiring curves, this workshop was responsible for that which remains today of the sculpture and decoration of the Saint Nicolas Church: altars, retables, pinnacles, organ loft, as well as the facades, showing French, Italian and perhaps Spanish influences, of the old buildings of ancient Marville. Finally, in the Saint Hilaire cemetery, further testimony of the workshop is found in the abundant funeral sculpture concerning especially the sorrowful scenes of the Passion, the Crucifixion, "Behold the Man" (Ecce Homo) Pieta. These were portrayed with the moving realism which was dear to the hearts of the image makers of the middle ages and of the beginning of the Renaissance.

## BREAKING RECORDS

On the 2nd of September, 1956, a very excited and proud airman, 44659 LAC D. E. Hyndman, burst into the Editor's office to proclaim that his wife, Pearl, had given birth that morning at 4 a.m. to the largest baby yet to be born in 1 Air Division. It

weighed, according to LAC Hyndman who could be forgiven his excitement, 10 lbs 11ozs.

Actually the baby boy weighed 10 lbs, 13½ ozs, and so far as we know, was indeed the largest baby to be born within 1 Air Division. Mrs. Hyndman is well after the birth of the baby which is her fourth child. The other three weighed at birth 8 lbs 9 ozs, 8 lbs 12 ozs, and 9 lbs 11 ozs.

Congratulations!

## With and Wisdom

Diplomacy: The art of getting something as though you were giving it.

Untold wealth is that which does not appear on the income tax forms.

Summer evenings would be more comfortable if Noah had swatted those two flies before they left the ark.

# Radar and Meteorology

R. A. Hornstein

*Meteorologist-in-Charge,*

*Dominion Public Weather Office, Halifax*

I believe that most thinking people will admit today that the old saying to the effect that "nobody is doing anything about the weather" is becoming very rapidly outdated. I need only mention the attempts which man is making in an effort to produce rain artificially, during the last war fogs were dissipated from vital airfields by means of man-made operations. At present all manner of modern devices are being used to attack the problem of "doing something about the weather"; these range from such fantastically complex tools as electronic computers, better known as electronic "brains" to simple items such as nylon stockings which provide the means for measuring raindrop sizes.

During the last few years more than

one hundred radar stations have been put into meteorological service on this continent; most of them are in the United States, but some are functioning in Canada. They're being used to locate and follow hurricanes, tornadoes, thunderstorms and other disturbances. In addition, they are helping us to do detailed research on the anatomy and development of each type of storm.

The story of radar for studying storms is a rather familiar one and I'll review it very briefly. During World War II radar was developed into a practical instrument. When the military radar sets began using the very short wavelength region of the spectrum it was found that the screen was often cluttered up with annoying echoes. This so-called "weather clut-

ter" was a nuisance in detecting targets, but a discovery of major importance to meteorologists. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology found that radar could detect raindrops and did the pioneer work in applying radar to meteorology.

What radar detects in the atmosphere are precipitation particles of water in its various forms, such as rain, ice pellets and snow. The size of the particles that it will "see" depends, of course, on its wavelength. A radar of 10- to 25 centimeter wavelength will get echoes only from large drops; a 3-centimeter radar will see very small raindrops; a 1-centimeter radar signal will be reflected by the finest rain and by most clouds. The trouble with the very short waves, however, is that they're strongly absorbed by moisture in the air, and they're useless in most rain because too little of the radar beam's energy is reflected back to give an echo on the scope. The ideal compromise for examining storms would be a radar of five or six centimeters. The military radars that have been turned over are not especially good

The finest french beer

La Slavia

for meteorological work.

What do the echoes from precipitation in the air tell the observer? In the first place, they give the precise location and extent of a storm, since the reflected echoes tell its distance and direction from the radar transmitter. Furthermore, an experienced observer can interpret the character of the storm itself from the picture on the scope. The size of the echoes' signals; for instance, a single drop of water about 1/10th of an inch in diameter will return as strong an echo as 4,096 droplets one-fourth that size. Thus a thunderstorm, which contains many large drops, will give a much stronger return than a light rain, which is usually composed of relatively small drops. By proper adjustment of the receiver gain the observer can also locate the sections of most intense precipitation within a storm.

The echo pattern discloses not only the nature of the precipitation but the stability of the atmosphere.

Echoes returned through stable air tend to have fuzzy edges, whereas in turbulent air they tend to be sharp-edged and clearly defined.

On the radar scope an observer can watch the birth, growth and dissipation of a storm, see snowflakes melt into raindrops high in the air, follow a storm pattern as it moves across country and map air currents—all from his stationary check.

Radar is especially useful in following a hurricane. To locate exactly the "eyes" of a hurricane has always been a difficult matter. Yet it's highly important that we know just where it is if we are to determine accurately where the hurricane is going. Radar can "see" the spiral bands of rain that wind into the centre of a hurricane as far as 200 to 350 miles away. It tracks the storm's path and the speed. So far this has not been of too much help to Canada because the hurricanes are so far out at sea as they move up the Atlantic coast. But down in the Gulf of Mexico it's quite another story. There many power companies and commercial offshore operators now use radar as a standard piece of equipment to guide their operations during the hurricane season.

Tornadoes are also tracked by radar. The precipitation pattern of a tornado cannot be distinguished by radar from that of a severe thunderstorm, but when the disturbance is known to be a tornado the radar can track it and warn communities in its path.

Radar has been employed for some time to measure the velocity of the winds aloft. It tracks a kitelike target carried by a balloon drifting with the wind. As the target rises through the atmosphere its position is recorded by the radar at 30-second or 1-minute intervals. From these records simple calculations give the average wind velocity at various levels in the atmosphere. The measurements can be made day or night, regardless of visibility conditions, and to great altitudes. They're now a routine part of the observations for daily weather forecasting.

More new meteorological radar sets installed throughout the continent, will provide far more complete coverage of weather conditions than we now have. All our knowledge of weather patterns at present comes from local records taken at some 700

weather stations spread across the continent. We have to estimate the conditions in the area between the stations. With a radar network we'd be able to watch the entire atmosphere and plot fine-scale details of precipitations patterns. We'll then be able to follow each precipitation cell as it forms, develops and dissipates, and as it moves with the wind fields.

Already, where radar is installed, it's possible to forecast the weather very accurately for four to six hours ahead. By tracking a rainstorm it allows a precise prediction as to when rain will start and stop in a given locality. These short term forecasts would be especially useful to pilots approaching an airport, and to promoters of sporting events, not to mention the housewife trying to decide whether to hang out the weekly or daily wash.

A radar scope often can show the freezing level in the atmosphere. A layer of melting snowflakes just be-

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low this level shows up as a bright band on the scope. Thus an airplane pilot can be warned at what altitude he will find icing conditions in a given region. The bright band gives information about means stable air and a thicker band indicates turbulence.

It's in meteorological research, rather than in observing or forecasting, that radar has so far played its main roles. With it cloud physicists have been studying how clouds form, develop and disappear. They've also found that it can measure the total amount of rain that falls on a given area. As a result we have today a means of recording with fair accuracy the total amount of rain that falls on a watershed, and this should be of great value, among other things to forecasters in anticipating possible floods.

With radar, meteorologists today are giving intensive study to severe storms. Every hurricane approaching the United States is carefully watched by radar as long as it poses a threat to the American coast. Continuous photographs are made of the radar scopes. From these records come detailed information on the size of the cells, which go to make up a storm, as well as the height, speed and track of the storm itself. Comparison of each hurricane with its predecessors is adding little by little to our knowledge of the mechanics involved.

Similar studies of tornadoes have shown that these cyclones usually form at the intersection of two lines marking sharp changes in pressure in the atmosphere. They're likely to start in a region of active thunderstorm cells. Tracking these lines with radar promises to help detect tornadoes as soon as they form.

There's still much to learn about the common thunderstorm itself. Here, too, radar is providing new, detailed information not previously available. It was one of the chief tools used in the very thorough study of thunderstorm structures carried out in the United States seven years ago. Much of the data gathered are still in raw form, and research workers will be analyzing them for years.

A basic problem in meteorology is how a raindrop grows as it falls through the atmosphere. This is what determines whether a rainstorm develops into a light drizzle or a torren-

tial downpour. To follow the progress of falling particles, radar is pointed vertically into a storm and the intensity of the return signal is measured at intervals of one-tenth of a mile or so from the ground up through the top of the echo. The average particle size of any level can be calculated from the strength of the echo. The calculations are checked by sending up airplanes to probe the storm at various heights.

Within a few years radar has perhaps been responsible for more advance in the basic knowledge of the weather than any other instrument or device in the history of meteorology. It has placed a powerful new weapon in the hands of the weatherman, one that permits a stationary observer to consider the three-dimensional structure of an extremely large volume of the atmosphere and to study the minute changes constantly occurring in the overall pattern. In the practical realm, the infant science of radar meteorology has already made possible advance warning of severe storms, with a large saving of lives and property.

## The Radar Man

*If you should see upon the street  
a man equipped with dipole feet  
And a family of curves trailing behind,  
He's a Radar Man with a micro-mind.*

*His eyes take on a neon glow  
His ears extend to a yagi beam  
His mouth is another pulsing gate  
And his heart pumps blood at a video rate.*

*With microseconds and microwaves  
And microvolts he spends his days  
And thereby in the course of time  
He develops a micro-mind.*

*This Radar Man in the course of years,  
Attains infinite impedance between the ears  
And finally succumbs to a heavy jolt  
When he gets what he thought was a microvolt.*

(Cont'd Next Page)

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# What Is An Airman?

Airmen come in assorted sizes, weights and hat-shapes. They are found wherever there are aircraft — on top of, underneath, inside of, climbing on, swinging from, filling up, running around, jumping to, starting up, and marshalling in.

An airman has the patience of an owl, the confidence of a roadrunner, the vocabulary of a whaling skipper, the lungs of a Tarzan, and, when you want him for something, the earth opens up and swallows him. He likes long weekends, wrenches, Saturday nights, all female film stars, flying cancelled, Mickey Spillane, airwo-

men's basketball, and students who put a big "S" in the L/14.

He is not much for night shift, inspections, twenty below, fire piquet, hydraulic leaks, parades, and pilots who use the leading edge tanks.

Nobody else can move faster — or slower. Nobody else can cram into one overall pocket a three-sixteenths spanner, two used leave passes, 14 assorted nuts and bolts, January's Station Theatre program, five feet of rudder cable, a couple of tip-tanks, and an unabridged copy of "He Won't Need It Now".

He can shatter your hopes by tell-

ing you that 368 needs a wheel change, but when you're hanging around wondering if you'll ever get into the air again, he can brighten up your day with few magic words — "She's ready to go!"

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## The Radar Man

(Cont'd)

*Technician friends soon realized that he must be psycho-analyzed. The results confirmed what was underlined, Just a Micro-thought in a micro-mind.*



## talepipe



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

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DSO, DFC, CD.

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Layout and Production Manager:

Cpl H.W. Wheatley.

Circulation:

F/L M.L. Brunton.

"Talepipe" has a circulation of 1300 free copies. It is distributed in Canada and other parts of the globe. Advertising rates for display ads may be obtained on application.



## WORLD TRAVELER

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**LOST:  
100 TCS REWARD**

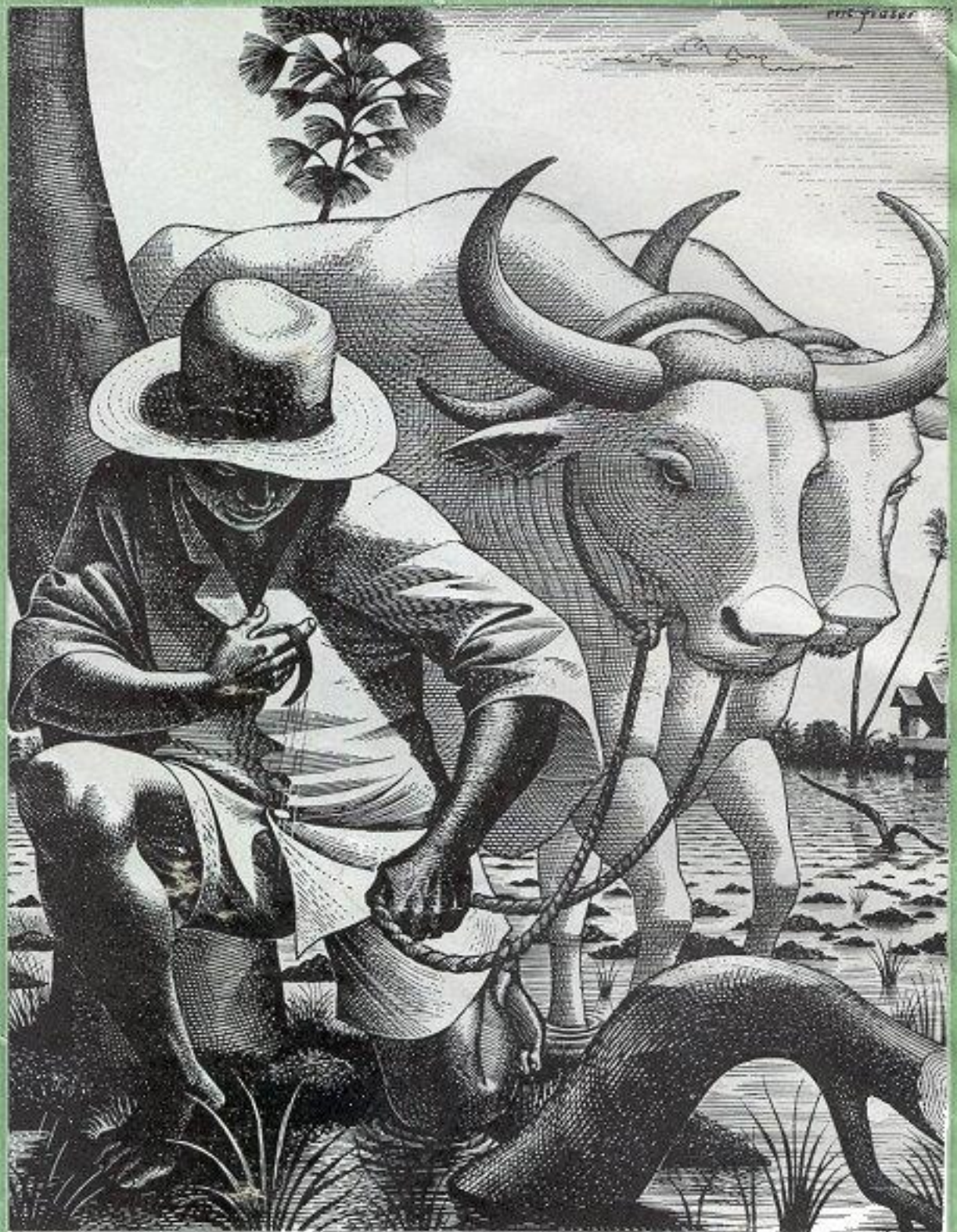
An Inspecting Officer\* in Thailand went on tour of forest and farm land. He was afraid his Rolex Oyster would get dirty, so he put it in his shirt pocket. When he reached the house of the District Chief, he found the watch was gone — fallen from his pocket.

The Officer had to continue his tour, but offered a reward of 100 TCS to anyone who found the watch. After a month he gave up hope of ever recovering it and bought another Rolex.

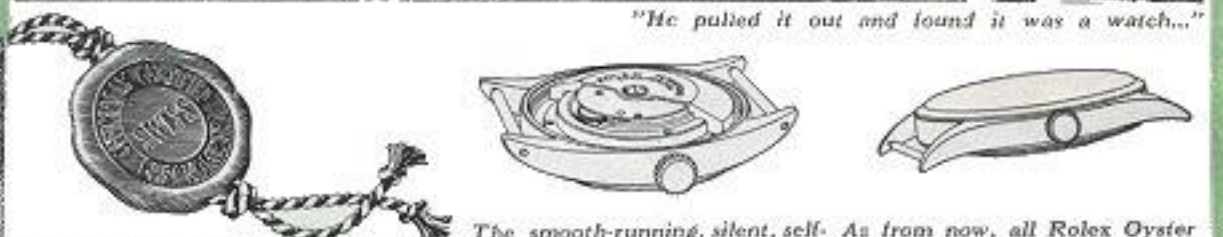
Two months and ten days later, he received a letter from the District Chief, saying that the watch was found. He was not very happy at this news as he thought he would have to give the 100 TCS reward for a watch he thought must now be useless. "I thought that, if a watch had been lying exposed to all weathers, it could never be the same again".

Nevertheless he gave the man who had found his watch the reward and heard from him how he came across it. This man was leading his buffaloes into a field when he saw a leather strap sticking out of the ground. He pulled it out and found it was a watch. It had been trodden into the mud by a buffalo. Imagine the delight of the Inspecting Officer when he found that the watch was going perfectly. And when the dirt was washed off and a new strap fitted, it was as good as ever. The Oyster case had protected it perfectly while it lay under the water and mud for over two months. Your watch may never have to undergo such hardships. But it will still be liable to attack from dust, dirt and moisture, which can ruin the movement of any watch. But if your watch is a Rolex Oyster it will be safe from all these and other harm.

\*This is a true story, based on a letter the original of which may be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company, 18, rue du Marché, Geneva, Switzerland.



"He pulled it out and found it was a watch..."



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