



Photo: Betsy Woodward

Kempes Trager and Gene Miller in the Schweizer all-metal 2-25 await the starter's order to take off. These two in their first International Contest finished in fourth place.



The Team Captain, Bernard L. Wiggin, at Vichy on Bastille Day. You should have seen what followed!

here was the observed fact that a Frenchman using the telephone shrieked back at the operator and sometimes beat her to the disconnect by hanging up. In some rural towns there was only one telephone which operated on an eight hour day basis.

One farmer, they call them peasants, also showed an exceptional kind of EGALITE. On July 5th the Austrian pilot Harrer (or was it Resch?) landed in an uncut field of hay. The farmer ran out spraying the air with his rich vocabulary. The Austrian would speak no French nor did he care to understand any. Whereupon the farmer pointed to his prostrate hay, kicked a hole in the sailplane's nose section, then walked away talking to himself. He was probably saying—"Even Steven."

Housing was an equalizer too. I

thought I recognized a squad tent shared in 1919 with No. 1 Squad of the old 6th Co. C.A.C. Me. NG at Ft. Williams. It seemed the French had an affair going on in North Africa and these were the only tents the Army could spare. They were adequate and quite homey when it didn't rain—which fortunately was most of the time. Lined up in company streets with flags of 25 nations flapping in the breeze they were impressive. But the most impressive feature of the encampment were brand new, modern showers that gave forth with warm water always. This is a first for glider camps for which our hosts deserve all the praise and thanks they received.

FRATERNITE was the greatest. It was everywhere after the first few days. One or two teams arrived in tight formations. Their military vehicles swept by the rest of us in clouds of dust. One such group set up apart from the main camp village. At their breakfast there was a cold back as we tried to join their cohesive group. *On ne passe pas ici!*

But they melted quickly. There was the ingenuous yet firm leadership of our hosts. Good fellowship was everywhere and included the generous admiration bestowed on our team from the opening ceremonies, where we first appeared in our new uniforms. They were spotless white coveralls with a large SSA seal of royal blue across the back, an American flag shield on the left arm and on our blue baseball caps, and our

The all-metal Czechoslovakian two-place L.13 which was promptly nick-named the "Cadillac."

Photo: Heimsortner

