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The Netheronian



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61 HANDICRAFT SCHOOL

Our roving reporter recently paid a short visit to The Regimental Handicraft School which was started in August in conjunction with the Educational Program of the Rehabilitation of Canadian Soldiers while awaiting repatriation to Canada.

The school is situated on Zuidend Straat, Sneek, the building being a residence which was condemned for use as living quarters, with considerable work and many repairs and several cans of A. L. 63 it is now a comfortable work shop. The roof was repaired so it will be water proof to comply with the Netherland climate, new floor was put in and it was necessary to use the attic for more floor space. It consists of four rooms, two on the main floor and two in the attic. Rough work is carried on down stairs while finishing, painting and recreation is carried on in the attic. Owing to the dull weather and the days becoming somewhat shorter it was found necessary to find lighting facilities which now consists of artificial gas lamps as well as the odd gas lamp. The repairing and installing of lights was done by members of the class as part of their training.

This visit revealed several things, first, that the soldiers who are taking advantage of the hobbies attached to this school will find them useful to them in civilian life and secondly, it intends to kill the rumour which is so prevalent among other soldiers who are not attending this school "all soldiers attending these classes do so for the sole purpose of being excused of all Regimental Duties". This it not so, as the boys not only attend the classes during parade hours, but carry on in the afternoons as well as Sundays when there is no compulsory church parade. Some of the members of the class refuse to take their Privilege leaves because they are taking such an interest in this line of work. It is not a place for anyone who does not like work and joined for the purpose of escaping same, as one man can prove, after taking his daily rest found himself recuperating in hospital with a severe case of "Hot Foot".

Under the supervision of Major Fisher and Lieut Fryer, the Educational Officers of The Regiment, and Pte Mahood who is the class instructor as well as the disciplinarian, the class consists of Cpl Pastorius, Ptes Antonow, Ashburn, Bailey, Bain, Bombardier, Drier, Fife, Furniss, Craff,

Chadwick, Hamilton, Judd, Jones Marucio, Lumley, Miller, Inman, Krueger, Palmer, Powell, O'Connor, Thomas, Thornton, Stabler, Winter and several boys from our neighbouring Regiment at Bolsward, The Cape Breton Highlanders.

There are classes in designing and carving of wood, leather and plastic work, (when material is available) carpentry, painting as well as the odd lesson in the art of making "brew" and cooking. One of the members of the class has even gone so far as making a pair of "Klompens" for his Dutch "Meisje". Be careful, mister, as this is running competition to the Dutch Shoe Maker and means one sale less for him. In addition to this school, the Sneek Technical School is available to several boys at a time, but only on certain days and specified hours. Under the supervision of a civilian teacher, lathe work is carried on, however, these classes cannot be attended as regularly as should be owing to Regimental Duties taking preference.

There are many hardships which cannot be overcome. Material is very scarce and tools are not issued by the Army in quantities large enough to have the boys occupied all the time thus necessitating them to buy their own. The material consists of scrap lumber obtained from the Army Service Corps dump at Assen, old tea and coffee crates being the only plywood which is available to them. Leather is obtained from the local shops, but consists of a very cheap grade and is only available at certain times. Tools which are bought by members of the class with great difficulty. The Dutch "Winkel" keeper is not anxious to sell his tools to the "Canadese Soldaten" for "Guldens", however when they flash a cigarette in sight of him, they soon come to an agreement of some kind.

There are many articles which took extreme patience to turn out on display at the school, while many more have already been handed out among the civilian population of Sneek as a remembrance of the "Canadese Soldaten", we hope they were given to your land lady.

The school is open for inspection any time during parade hours and anyone who is interested in some kind of souvenir may voice their idea on any pattern and have the same made very reasonable by getting in contact with Pte Mahood or any member of the class.

EDITORIAL MILITARY MEDAL

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THE PERTHONIAN is a weekly newspaper compiled and published by members of The Perth Regiment C. A. O. through the kind permission of the Commanding Officer, Lt. Col. M. W. Andrew, D.S.O.

OFF THE RECORD

"C" COY:— After some long months of tug and toll, and as time draws near for partia, there is one among us, though we figure Canada as the promised land, who says that Canada promised him nothing.

Well Danny whats' the matter? Can't you hold your Frouwki and YOUR JOB at the Avon at the same time. Exit AVON.

Who is the soldier that is always willing to lend a helping hand? Any time you cannot fulfill your DATE he will meet the LADY and let her know the circumstances. Never mind Shaw you are a good man to have around.

Say Man, Can't Capt. Cree keep you doing something in the line of work? Or is he afraid that you will start packing again.

The sweet and gentle singing that you hear in the kitchen in the early mornings, is composed by none other than our master of the spoons Gordie Woods. Why not give the cooking job-up for a Radio Career.

At the Hallowee'n dance, we all agreed that Wilson (The Blimp) did deserve the first prize. But everyone would like to know why Pte (Leeuwarden) Dinsmore was overlooked? He was all decked out, including the mask.

IN THIS CORNER

Coming into the fold of the beloved Corps last weekend was one Hon Capt. Alex Rapson the Unit's new Padre replacing the Hon Capt. E. C. Knowles.

Capt. Rapson was raised in Watford Ontario, Lambton County. Graduated from the University of Western Ontario with Bachelor of Arts in 1933, graduated from Emmanuel Col-

Private George Francis COTE THE PERTH REGIMENT

On the afternoon of 26 April 1945 Private COTE was with a Platoon of THE PERTH REGIMENT holding a position in the area of LIITIENDE north of the town of HOLWIERDE.

The Company was preparing to advance and attack enemy positions approximately 1300 yards away. Some of the houses between the PERTH positions and the main enemy positions were occupied by the enemy. Information concerning the enemy in these houses was vital to the success of the attack. Private COTE volunteered and in company with another soldier carried out a detailed reconnaissance of the houses and ground to within 300 yards of the main enemy positions.

All of the ground travelled by Private COTE and his companion was flat, offered little cover from view and was constantly swept by mortar and small arms fire. Private COTE returned with a detailed report on previously unknown mine fields, enemy positions and strengths. With this information the Company Commander was enabled to plan and carry out a most successful advance during which the enemy outposts were over run and 37 prisoners taken.

On the night of 27 April while the attack on the main enemy positions was in progress one of the leading platoons was counter attacked and their ammunition supply exhausted. Private COTE, then with a reserve platoon, volunteered to carry ammunition to the besieged platoon. This hazardous journey was made by Private COTE, burdened by the load of ammunition; across nearly 1000 yards of ground in full view of the enemy. The whole area was under heavy shell fire as well as machine gun and other small arms fire, but, undaunted by this hazard, Private COTE reached the forward Platoon with the ammunition and thereby enabled the Platoon to beat off the counter attack and inflict heavy casualties on the enemy.

Throughout the entire action the courage and initiative of Private COTE was an inspiration to all ranks and his actions were in a large measure responsible for the successful attack by the Company.

lege, University of Toronto, 1936. He served three years in Lambton Presbytery United Church of Canada at Rutherford. He came to Perth Presbytery in 1939 at Kirkton. Still a member of The Perth Presbytery, he came into the Army in January 1943.

Capt. Rapson Served with The Pacific Command till after the big threat to our fair shores by the little Island Monkey Man had passed. He came Overseas in May 1944 spending the summer with No. 1 C.I.R.U. He then went to Italy in December 1944, immediately going up to the 48th Highlanders. He remained with the 48th until they left for Canada. During the interval between the 48th and The Perth Regiment, he sojourned with the 10 mile snipers of 4th Div.

LOWE'EN PARTY

Loween with the Perth was ushered in great style. At the Perth Plaze, short cakes fluffy orange and black cream made their appearance.

The dance hall for the evening's party was decorated with paper cats, pumpkins, and witches. Paper and Black paper was acquired after great industry and a couple of weeks hard digging, the windows two large pumpkins were posted to drive away the usual evil spirits. Privates and Viscantie worked all Tuesday afternoon making cats, pumpkins and witches, while "Y" staff decorated the hall on Wednesday noon.

Costumes and masks made their appearance at 6 o'clock on Wednesday. There were soldiers and civilians galore, sailors, beautiful women never busted (eh Phillips); Klu Klux Klan's ghosts, skeletons, Mickey Mouse, Dutch official dresses, Spaniards and more fellows than appear at a High School graduation. One had to be discreet and choosy in picking a partner, because more men dressed as a woman.

Disguised by a mask passed for the most minute end well shaped type of girl. But in respect women as well planted booby traps which showed up noticeably during the musical games and broom dances.

The first prize for the evening was taken by Peter Wilson, who dressed in a Saint Nicholas costume, and acted the jocular part of the joyful old gift giver very well. His runner up was the Stabler dressed as a hooded ghost, more on the style of the hooded men of the Hi O Silveries. His costume was made from a straw tick. The lady's prize was topped by Betty de Jong dressed in native Friesian costume with the gold head dress. Her runner up was Miss de Boer, who was garbed in a dress made from paper shippings.

Col Andrew and Major Inelgrove were the judges for the evening. The winning prizes were a 26 oz bottle of real English Gin for the man, and a pair of socks, 50 cigarettes, chocolate bars and gum for the lady. All prizes were presented to the winners by Col. Andrew.

GOING STRANG?



Or staying?

BOOZE' PALS

SO WHAT !! EVEN IF YA DO KNOW MY WIFE, DONT YA THINK THIS'S GOING A LITTLE BIT TOO FAR??

***YA LITTLE BLACKMAILER ***
WHAT A BATMAN!



Pinky

WESLEY W. WOOD



SOCCKER:— Tuesday, 1st Nov. '45 saw our team come out on top with the first game of the Div. finals to their credit when they defeated the G.G.H.G's with a score of 2-1, after a very hard fought game. The Perth boys kept their good fighting spirit which seems to be so common to all Perth Teams which has been shown during the past season in all sports.

The first goal was scored by Pte Cowan and the second and last goal for The Perth by Pte Flood. Sgt Willis, Ptes Lang, White, Bell, Derbyshire, MacDonald, Jacobs, Tullock and Couture played exceptionally well with some very nice passes, Our goalie, Pte Birrell doing a first rate job of keeping the ball out of our goal although several attempts were made, coming to nought at his reliable and dependable hands which have helped bring us where we are today, not forgetting the support of the other players of the team and Mr. Smit who is doing his best in training and keeping the boys in shape to play. We say thanks very much Mr Smit we do appreciate your efforts.

All future games will be posted on Orders, come and give them all the support possible. Past games were not attended as well as could be so we plead with you again to give them your support they are not playing for their health but for the Regiment and You and are not getting anything for it in return.

"A" COY:— Well we have started on the right foot in the hockey sport coming through with a well deserved win last week. "A" Coy representatives being right in there with the goals.

VERBAL BOQUET

We say Orchids to our adjutant Capt. D.L. Thompson on his noble effort with the 5 Div. Mustangs Football Team against Capt. Orve Burkes "Atoms" in Utrecht last Wednesday. Although Capt. Thompson only appeared on the field for a few brief minutes he made his presence known by his courageous tackle of Orve Burke on the Mustangs no yard line. Said tackle was the result of a disclosed shoulder for our adjutant and although it did not stop Burke from making a major score it never the less made him sit up and take notice of the type of material playing on the 5 Div. Team.

"CLUB 61" CALLING

Dere Maw:

I am now writin stories for the soap operjus like the wons you always lissened to on the crisstal set wen I was back home. I am full of good ideas for such plays and my ferst won wich will likely be broadcast nex week is a continooashun from a play another fool was writin before me. It's called "Esmerelda's Dillemma" It goes sompn like this: "Announcer: Wen we left pure, simpul little Esmerelda Swampturtle yestiday, her pore achin hart was torn between love for her father and our heero, Herkimer J. Hercules. We repeat the question - Will Esmerelda tern her pappy out into the crool cold world, all alone in his old age, or will she spern the efferts of Herkimer Hercules to rid them of her aged father's objekshunable presence?

Sene 1: Oh my darlin Herkimer, please do not make me do this thing wich will be a blite on my pure conshunse for the rest of my nacherl life. Have you no hart in yore manly chest?

Esmeralda, this is not a question of mersy. Yore pappy is unbareable and you mus chooze between us. Him or me is got to go. I can not have a father-in-law in our home who does not dip his undies in Bert Burp's Bubble Blossom Soap, which comes in three handy sizes. (Note how clever I bring in the commershul, Maw). Besides, there is only won bed and their is not room for the three of us - maybe four soon (embarrassed chuckle). Esmerelda: But dearest, pappy can sleep with the hawgs - any place, so long as he don't stay with us.

Herk: I'm sorry as goshallgetout, Esmerelda, but them hawgs is preshus and yore father mite contaminate them. NO! I mus be ferm. Yore father will be okay - it is ony forty below zero and I will sacrifice my gray spats with the gold braid trimmings on them for him".

Well Maw, that is just a sampul of what you can expeck. It scares me to think of the nervous suspence it will cause from day to day, but I must put personel feelins aside and make sum money so I can start up my post war bizzness of raisin pure-bred, ferst-class, manoor-fed erthworms for the toorist trade nex year. I get fifty sents a week for the story and keep the rites to sell it to magazeens, which will all no dout want to buy it.

The same, ony more prosperus,
Joseph.

POP A QUESTION

This week's question was "WHAT WOULD BE YOUR ROUTINE IF YOU WERE COY COMMANDER FOR A DAY".

The answers were obtained from various members of The Regiment.

Pte Kreschuk, J. who is single and a member of "C" Coy hailing from Arborg, Manitoba, says: If I were Coy Commander for a day I would run it the way it is being at present except that I would do away with these Battalion guards, it is just a pain in the neck. I don't get it, our acting Sergeant Major has a habit of keeping the same old guard list for every guard that there is to mount. I would make him do away with that old nominal roll. Why not let Headquarters Company have a go at it, for I reckon the majority of us lads have done quite a share of guards in the Rifle Companies (especially Charlie Coy).

L/Cpl Wilson, E. W. "B" Coy of Lachute Quebec, says: I would do away with all parades except pay parade, also he would push breakfast back half an hour or an hour as he sees no reason for an early breakfast also he would find a way so that guard duty would not come around so often.

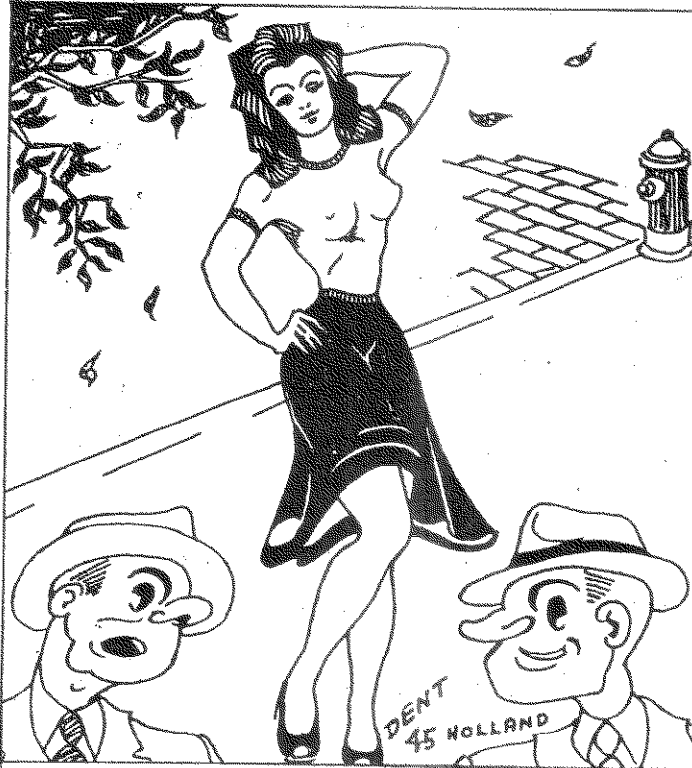
Pte Edwards, H. J. of Crediton, Ontario, a member of "A" Coy, says: After being transferred from "D" Coy to "A" Coy I find quite a difference, if I was Coy Commander I would try to run this Coy on the same line as "D" Coy was run. I would certainly not have the boys do any squad drill in the morning but if I found squad drill really necessary I would be there to give it myself. I would also try to concentrate the men in the Coy Area more, as some of them are living in different parts of town making it necessary for them to walk quite a ways. (You need your bit of exercise in the line of route marches don't you think?)

Pte Bernard Jacques, H.Q. Coy, from Tecumseh, Ontario, says: If I was Coy Commander I would send the 2 1/c to the Office in the morning to sign any documents or passes that are necessary, and see that none of the boys fell in the canals during the night. I would then have my Jeep driver drive me to some

place of relaxation where I could spend the day resting and sipping away at delicious beverages I would then have him take me to call on some charming Dutch Meisje. On the way home I would ask the 2 1/c if everything was O.K. at the Coy and then I would retire knowing that I had done my duty for the day.

Finally while roaming the less populated streets to find another lad to give me his version of being a Coy Commander I came upon that character "Jean Baptiste" who was very glad to give me his version; "Jean says": Me I would have the get up time at 6.30 with P.T. to seven o'clock for the hofseeceers and EN CEE O's. Then I would line him up for the hinspecshun and if she is not hokay I would say no egg for breakfast today. Also I will be ver severe on the Hofseeceers and En Cee O's, have kerfew at ten clock all days. The boys in the Compane I would let be. I think I be good Hofseeceer and the boys like me O.K. Thats me Jean Baptiste P.D.Q. (Your recommendation has been forwarded for approval).

SPORT GUFF BY DUFF



"She may look like a sure hit but you can't get to first base with her".

CHIT AND CHATTER THE PERTH PLAZA

"B" COY:— Last weeks Halloween dance, from all reports was a huge success. Many more costumes were in evidence than was expected and all pretty good. The judges had a difficult time picking the winning costumes and the prizes were worth while. One more successful party can be chalked up by the Auxiliary Services and "congrats" are in order.

The Fifth vs Fourth Div. rugby game of last week had disastrous results for the Fifth Div team. Too bad, fellers! Possibly a larger number of supporters would help next time. We hope to see Capt. Thompson up and around very soon.

"B" Coys CSM is getting more popular every day. A local Sneek maiden was seen making the CSM smile for the birdie while she snapped him working at his desk. A few minutes later he was asked to pose for another snap and was very sorry to refuse due to the fact he had no tunic on. Best get them "CROWNS" tattooed on your arm "MEAT" then you will be ready for any emergency.

Whats the reason for all these trips to Amsterdam, Sheff. Could it be a member of the opposite sex or that ever swelling wallet of yours. Me thinks you'll be a good one to tag along with in England.

UP AND DOWN STATION STREET

"A" COY:— Congratulations to a certain young fellow in this neighbourhood in getting his young "Metsje" to finally say Yes. Hoping the big day will be before we leave this town, Billie.

That sure was some so called American Red Cross Officer that a certain batman was gags about on the recent trip to Germany. Too bad she couldn't speak English. eh Smltty.

Wonder why that certain jitterbug has such a long face these days. Could it be that you live in the wrong dictrect Timmie.

My what these girls must have here when a young man walks home from Leeuwarden as long as he can see his sweetie. Too bad you can't get a bus at that hour Georgie.

By the amount of more men walking the streets with their Angels I guess they must be taking their last fling with the loveables in this country. What about it Davis.

Well I guess there isn't any doubt who was the best Coy in the recent Bond Drive. "A" Coy higher ups wish to take this way of saying thanks to the men for coming through in such a swell way.

Wonder why a certain Lance Jack was pacing up and down before the station the other day. Were you afraid that she wasn't going to show up Westlake?

Well I guess we will have to start packing for this big tour we are going on soon. so until next week, Dank you Well.

SPECIAL.— You may now send telegrams home, as well as flower bulbs for a reasonable amount of "Gliders".
Telegrams (25 words) (Eastern Canada - 4.65
Flower Bulbs (175) - 12.00

"THE AVON".— We are happy to announce that we now have two projectors which allow us to present "professional type" shows. Our operators, Pte Wunder, and Pte Mitchell are really doing a great job, and we know you fellows appreciate their efforts.

PING-PONG.— The Dutch-Canadian tournament turned out very well, even though one of our Dutch friends beat our Pte Woods in the final game 21—28.

The novice ping pong tournament had more entries, this week which is a good sign. Pte Thomas of "C" Coy was the winner defeating Pte Drynowski of "A" Coy in finals.

XMAS CARDS.— Everyone should have their orders placed with their Company representative by this time. Cost is about 25 Dutch cents per card. Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!

SUGGESTION BOX.— Any of you chaps having a brain wave you think may be a good idea for The Plaza, place it in our box on the piano.

ME JEAN BAPTISTE

This is me Baptiste again somemore. I'm telling you dis time about when I play de baseball for de St. Philomene Grand Pere. All de year I pick de sliver from the bench, but on de playhoff de manager she awake up and put me Baptiste hin de Hout-Field. De score she was tie in the nine inning. De big crowd (225 people) she was all excite and me Baptiste is to de bat. I wave de crowd smartly and pick up the sand. I spit in the hand, de pitcher, she spit on the ball; de catcher, she spit on de glove; de humpire, she say "play ball". "Strrruck one". De crowd she roar, I wave some mpre again, pick up the sand, spit in de hand, de pitcher, she again on the ball; de catcher she spit on de glove; de humpire, she say again "play ball" (she say dat all de time, dat guy). "Strrruck two". De crowd, she is now calling Baptiste some name, but I'm not worry, so once more I pick up de sand and spit in de hand, de pitcher she spit on de ball, de catcher, she spit on de glove, de humpire, she say "play ball" an I hit de ball, de crowd she roar, I run de one base: de right field, de leff field, and de middle field she all look for de ball, I run like hell, de crowd she say "come on Baptiste", now every one she is looking for dat ball so I go like hell for de Turd base and make a nose dive for home plate, all de time de crowd she holler like hell so I very proud fellow. At home plate, dat fellow de humpire is waiting for me and he holler so loud all de people can hear "FOUL BALL".

What happen after dat? It's not your business, but next year I no play de baseball somemore.

A SCROUNGING TRIP TO VIENNA

Stratford, Hontario,
November 5, 1945.

It was a gloomy morning on Oct. 18 in weather but not in the hearts of eight good men who had decided to take a trip to Vienna. As you know by the title it was a scrounging trip and believe me when I say that word scrounging I mean scrounging. After being told that it was almost an impossibility to get through into the Russian Territory we were more determined to see Vienna than ever. The first leg of our journey was at a place in Austria called Linz, with no place to sleep and nothing to eat. But by putting on the good old Canadian personality and an extra bit of gab, we soon liberated some American Hospital out of grub and a good bed for the night.

A Captain, who was in charge of the hospital gave us a good talking to about the girls in Linz, however, being eight good Canadian Soldiers conducted ourselves in a soldierly manner. We had coffee and doughnuts and took in a good show.

The following morning after enjoying a good breakfast we had to scrounge Petrol and Oil and were very successful. We then hit the road for our last lap, we all held our breath and kept our fingers crossed as we had to have a talk with the Vienna Control to secure a passport for the vehicle and men. Looking so clean and wholesome we had no trouble with the American police, they took one look at us and within five minutes we were on our way into Vienna. Our pilot at the wheel, Sgt. L. C. Smith made a remark, "Boy, will we show these Russians something". The table was turned when we ran into a convoy of Russian tanks, not being able to talk the language we used signs but our plans went unheard. After forty-five minutes of swerving we finally got past them and proceeded on our way. It was coming near chow time and we had no rations but being good stout hearted Canadians we again set out on the scrounge. We then stopped in a city called St. Polten and again had to look to the Americans for assistance. Two of the men volunteered to do the talking at the American kitchen, so they proceeded to talk. The Sergeant Cook remarked that all he had left was some old Pork Chops kicking around the place, so not being particular, we ate them. After going on the scrounge for Petrol and Oil again we were on our way to the big place of Vienna. Arriving there at noon in a burst of speed, everything flying, even the truck was mad with joy.

We again had to turn to the Americans for some place to sleep and the odd bit of grub. Being good at talking it was accomplished with very little trouble for our men.

We brought our Beer with us from Germany, so being thirsty we tapped the barrel right on the back of "Old Betsy" the truck. We proceeded to indulge in the fine art of drinking the "White Collar" and got to be rather "Topsy". We invited some American Soldiers to have a drink but it turned out to be very bad for a couple of our men.

Hello to Jean Baptiste:

I don't think you remember me but I was live on the old Bondee farm nex' to your father shack on the river Canard. I las' week read of your trouble in the Armee since that sad day when that Poltceemen fellow with the red coat was catch up to you hiding behind tree back of my place on the River Canard back in 1943 and constrict you in the War for Oversea. That Perth Regiment you write about mus' be some outfit for worry you so. I'm think you better have a talk with them Officer fellow maybe. You think also the poor civil has no trouble in Hontario, no? Then let me enlighten you to the few fact! That salesmen fellow who was with my daughter Rosine sell to me one threshing machine and windmill from that firm of Cock-shutt McDeering. One night three weeks later she's dark like one black cat and the wind is howl and and blow like hurricane and land that whole damn machine right over into Saskatchewan. So Im 'm think "This damn place she's no more for me", so I go up to Stratford for I think that one good place for run my trap line. After one week there, a farmer from St Mary's run off with my wife Estelle, who never knew enough to drain water out of my long hip rubber boot with hole in the toe and direction printed on the heel. The CNR run over my best hunt dog. A return soldier marry my daughter Rosine. If that not hard luck, you write an' tell me. I am now so broke that if turkey's were one cent each, I couldn't buy a shingle from the Woolworth Building here. Hoping this finds you the same

I am As ever

Yours in haste
PIERRE.

P.S. I think I now join the Armee of Occupy for trap line is no good here no more. Last summer, fourteen muskrat was kill my father.

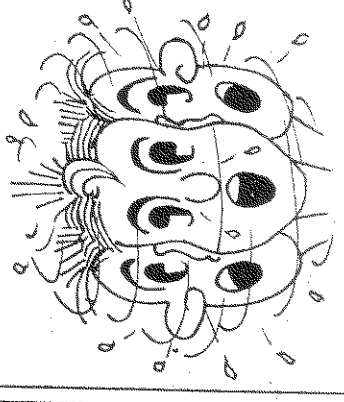
"P"

We had a very enjoyable stay in Vienna for a day and a half and were ready to proceed to our Camp in Neremberg, Germany. Vienna is really a beautiful place and the people seem to be a very good race. They are full of fun, love to drink and dance and are very generous with what they own.

This concludes our trip to Vienna, the eight soldiers do not regret one bit of their trip and are willing to go through it once again.



DOLL DILEMMA



Our hero seems to be just a little confused as to which one of the lovelies he should choose for his own.

Offset-printing Flach, Sneek