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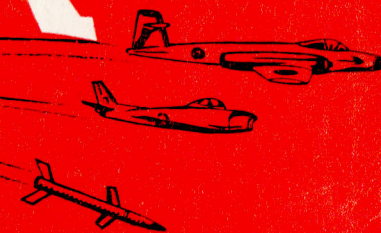
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Volume 8 No. 5

VOYAIR



An Airforce Newsmagazine





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AN AIRFORCE NEWSMAGAZINE

VOLUME 8, No. 5

MAY, 1959

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VOXAIR is published on the 15th of every month with the kind permission of The Commanding Officer, Royal Canadian Air Force Station Winnipeg, Stevenson Field, Winnipeg, Manitoba. ARTICLES may be reprinted by other publications providing credit is given to VOXAIR. VOXAIR is distributed to every R.C.A.F. Mess, Lounge, Reading Room and Library in the world. Subscriptions are priced at 1 year (12 issues) \$1.20; 3 years (36 issues) \$3.50; 5 years (60 issues) \$5.50. Postpaid anywhere in the world. Address all subscription correspondence to: Subscription Department, Voxair, R.C.A.F. Station Winnipeg, Stevenson

Field, Winnipeg, Manitoba. Applications from overseas should be accompanied by an international money order for the necessary amount. Canadian subscribers should make their cheques payable to: R. C. A. F. Station, Winnipeg Station Fund.

EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES: R.C.A.F. Station Winnipeg, Westwin, Manitoba. Telephone VE 2-1311, Local 216. Printed by The Wallingford Press Ltd., 303 Kennedy Street, Winnipeg 2, Manitoba. Authorized second class matter by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Ontario.

The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Royal Canadian Air Force or the staff of VOXAIR.



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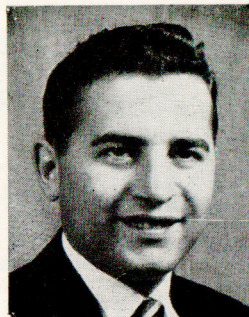
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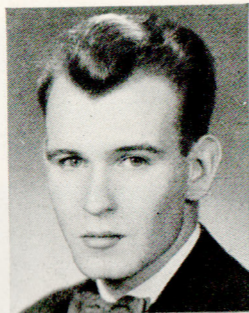
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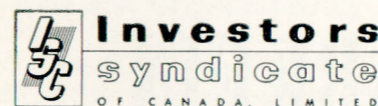
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EDITORIAL CORNER

Among Our Souvenirs

WANT a glimpse of the dear dead old days?—Want to indulge your nostalgia a little?—Get yourself an old magazine.

One of our readers found one—"The Saturday Evening Post" for February 17th, 1940. He passed it to us with the comment that times have changed. In some respects, yes.

An ad for a popular radio urges readers to share the "Radio joys of 1940." "The unsightly aerial and ground wires that clutter up your room" had been eliminated. An airline stressed the potent selling fact that its pilots were paid whether they flew or not. Every plane had a reserve of power and fuel in excess of requirements.

A lengthy article speculated on Jugoslavia's chances of staying out of World War Two.

Other problems had a familiar tinge.

"Look Mommy—Daddy's hair is wearing out."

And the smiling confident youth, future assured by regular use of the correct tooth paste ("His gums are firm—his teeth sparkling"). The Failure, doomed to obscurity by use of the wrong one ("Bad breath keeps success away").

And the cars:

The Chev: \$659.00.

De Soto: \$845.00 for the coupe. (The sedan: \$905.00.)

The Pontiac: \$783.00.

Or for the extravagantly-minded—The La Salle at \$1,240.00.

The Dodge ("Just a few dollars more than small cars" is the apologetic foot-note): \$815.00.

Prices subject to change without notice.

Twenty-five cents bought a quart of Texaco Motor Oil.

"It's a big quarter," says the ad.

It was, wasn't it?

COVER STORY

An H-34 Sikorsky Helicopter hovers about nine feet off a frozen Manitoba lake during the filming of "Samaritans of the Sky." The show, which dealt with 111's Search and Rescue work, is covered in the story on page 5.

(Photo: by Cpl. G. Noseworthy, Photographer, SOPR 14 Tr. Gp.)

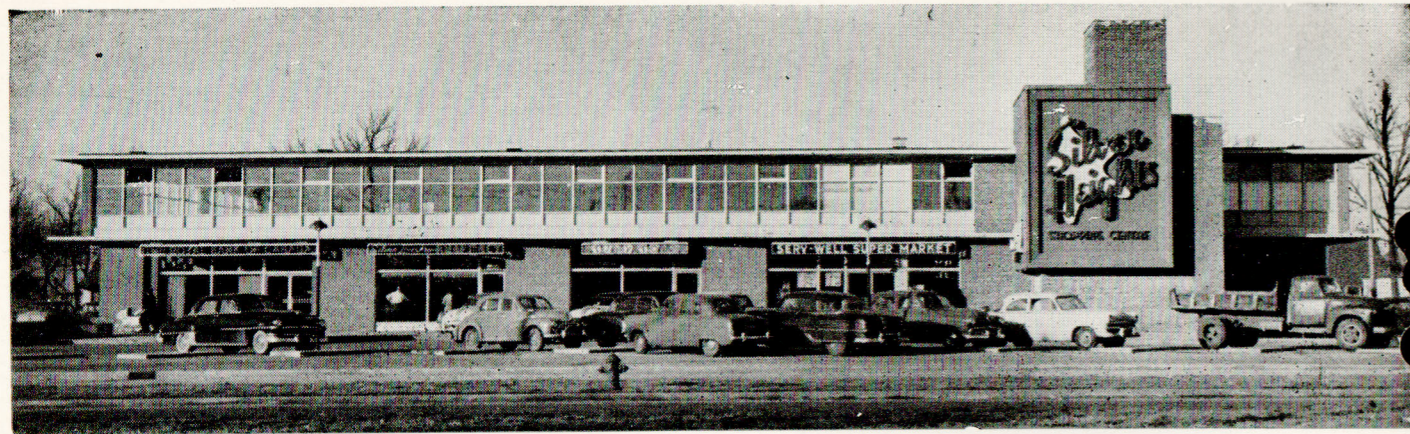
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111
ON
TV



Photos by CPL. G. NOSEWORTHY

In "Samaritans of the Sky," an hour long network show featured May 2nd, CBC-TV will investigate the lifesaving work of the Search and Rescue Section of the RCAF. "Samaritans of the Sky" will be seen nationally at 3 p.m. CDT.

Night and day, weathering temperatures of 40° below or 100° above, the men of the 111 Communications and Rescue Flight in Winnipeg are on the alert to provide service in their rescue area—the largest in the world. Members of the Search and Rescue crew under the command of Squadron Leader H. J. Galen protect an area of 2¼ million square miles encompassing part of northern Ontario and all of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, the North-West Territories and the Yukon. All operations are co-ordinated at the RCAF station in Winnipeg.

"Samaritans of the Sky" used live coverage and films to show how the crews locate any military or civilian aircraft that may stray from its flight path, crash or force land, and how they render aid to the aircraft's occupants. Viewers went along on an actual search with the para-rescue jumpers and medical team.

The filmed segments of the program were photographed at the location of a wrecked aircraft on the southeast side of Lake Winnipeg. The live portion of the program took the form of a visit to Para-Rescue Headquarters in Winnipeg and the Rescue Co-ordination Centre. In addition viewers were given a visual description of the various aircraft used in search and rescue operations.

Program arranger of "Samaritans of the Sky" was

Regional Outside Broadcasts producer Ron Hunka, who also appeared on camera as the program's commentator. Dave Cruickshank, also a CBC Winnipeg Outside Broadcasts producer, interviewed Squadron Leader Galen.

"Samaritans of the Sky" was produced by Len Weinstein.

One especially interested tele-viewer to the CBC production was Mrs. Denise Bourdon of St. James, Man., whose husband, Cpl. J. F. (Ted) Bourdon, a member of 111's para-rescue team, made a parachute descent from 1,200 feet for the filming of the live sequence. Ted did not see the televised version of "Samaritans" as he was on duty at the section on the night of the show. He did however take part in the live sequence, shot at the section. Bourdon's televised descent was his one hundred and twentieth. He has made several since.

Other members of the Pararescue section who made parachute descents for the "Samaritan" production were Cpl. B. Hunt and Cpl. B. Trippe.

After the jumps the men remained in the area where the filming was in progress, until picked up by a helicopter from 111 and returned to Winnipeg. No particular problems were experienced in the filming of the show as far as they were concerned.

This was not the first time that 111's Para Rescue section has participated in a CBC Television production. Pararescue figured in a Joe McCulley production during that show's run a few seasons ago. On that occasion, WO2 Jameson and Sgt. Steve Trent took part in the action.



Backstage with the committee of the . . .

CORPORAL'S CLUB

Photos by CPL. R. CLYNICK

By CPL. BUD MCINTYRE
Housing Member

AN Institute, as defined by the Concise Oxford Dictionary, is a "Society or an organization."

It can easily be seen that Winnipeg's Corporals' Institute qualifies for its title, under these terms of reference. Our club is in a sense a society, and it is without any doubt an organization. It is strange to note however, that many members of this organization are completely unaware of what goes on behind the scenes.

The hard work, the disappointments and the challenges accepted and handled by the elected committee of the Institute are carefully hidden from view and the outward picture is one of tranquility and harmony. Not everyone can know this story first-hand unless he has had the good fortune of being elected to the committee. Many readers probably smile at the mention of "good fortune" in connection with being elected to the committee. Yet, despite the disappointments, there is nothing tragic about serving on the committee. Hard work is gratifying and few of us would refuse to accept a challenge. But the story of the Corporals' Institute does not necessarily lie within the committee. It lies within the organization, and the club membership as a whole of which the committee itself is only a part.

The Cpls. Institute at Winnipeg has come a long way since it was inaugurated in 1953. Prior to that year, all Corporals and airmen were members of one "Airmens' Club," better known to one and all as "The Wets." Late in 1953, a separate Corporals' Institute was opened in Building 61, West Site.

Later, in 1954, the club moved again, to its present location. There was much hard work associated with the move and all members plunged into the job of setting up an Institute that would be a model of its kind and a social centre to be admired by future members for years to come. It was not overnight job, but slowly and surely the Club took shape. One landmark was the installation of TV which immediately attained and kept its status of a favourite pastime of the living-in Corporals. A Stag area was built in the form of a Planter and was sectioned-off from the main lounge, and here the stag or unaccompanied members could talk and read in private. Windows were bedecked with colourful draw drapes which remain to this day. Entertainment was studied closely and the Entertainment Committee of the time brought in orchestras, dance acts, comedians and a great variety of other entertainers. For musical entertainment throughout the week, a hi-fi record player was purchased, a happy investment which is still paying off for present members. Music from the Hi Fi is piped into every nook and corner of the institute. Sports attract attention, and a Snooker table, ping pong table, and dart boards were procured. As the Institute grew it was realized that bar facilities were inadequate and negotiations were commenced regarding the enlargement and modernization of the bar. As a result, the renovations were carried out and club now boasts a long modern bar that has attracted favourable comment. Next extensive renovation was removal of a wall separating the TV room from

the main lounge. This job was done by the members themselves.

Today the Club boasts a smooth-running organization that has dedicated itself to the improvement and betterment not only of the building itself but of the members also. We have a committee elected by the members and charged with the implementation of the members' wishes. Yet a committee by itself can not make or break a project of this kind. Success or failure lies with the members, and as members, we must be prepared to make some personal effort to build the best institute of its kind. We can do this by participating actively in the Institute's activities, and by making our views and our ideas for improvements known.

Committees are elected to serve the members of an institute, not to govern them. To discharge their responsibilities they need the support of members, not only by vote but by deed. Conversely, the committee's success, (or failure) will reflect on the members, all of them, past, present and future.

Let us make the reflection one we can be proud of. Let us support our Institute.



Another meeting ends: Cpls. Crockett, McIntyre, Shultz, Carlson, McOrmand, Pshytocky, Weber, Coverdale.

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MAN

in Space

By JACK ANDERSON

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Illustrations
ERNIE CARRIER

In the months ahead, a few daring, lonely men will embark on the greatest adventure since Columbus sailed the uncharted Atlantic. Just as Columbus in 1492 was drawn to the western horizon, so have explorers in 1959 been beckoned to the brink of space.

Our first space pioneers, making careful preparations while the Soviet cosmic rocket whirls in space, will begin their explorations with 20-minute dashes into the vast void of darkness and silence beyond the earth's atmosphere. Then they will circle the earth at 18,000 miles an hour in satellites. Foot soldiers may also travel by missile, hurdling oceans in seven-league strides, touching space briefly during the trajectory.

"Space exploration is no longer phantasy," says Brig. Gen. Homer Boushey the Air Force's space chief. "Limited flights are now within the reach of both men and machines." Cabins have been designed that will sustain life in outer space; missile hardware is available that can shoot them into orbit; even the pilot has been picked for the first space hop. Four projects are in the works:

X-15—This stubby winged rocket plane will be carried to 50,000 feet by a B 52 jet bomber, then turned loose to soar under its own power into space. Although the first flight tests are scheduled this month, the X-15 won't start blazing space trails until autumn, with Capt. Robert White at the controls.

Project Mercury—A volunteer, identity yet unknown, will crawl into the nose of an Atlas missile late next year or early 1961 and ride it into orbit. After two sweeps around the earth, he will bring it down near the take-off point at Cape Canaveral, Fla.

Project Dyna-Soar—R "flying triangle" will be fitted like an arrowhead on a giant missile and shot around the world. More advanced than the X-15 or Atlas satellite, this could be a forerunner of future spaceships. It should be ready for testing by the end of 1961.

Project Adam—This is a less ambitious Army plan to send a man looping through space in a Jupiter nose cone. Purpose: to test the feasibility of transporting soldiers and supplies by missile.

What will space travel be like? What will the first explorers see? How will they feel as the hurtle through the unknown? Can they return safely to earth? To find the answers, PARADE studied the proposals for manned space flight, talked to volunteers who have participated in space experiments and examined the scientific results. From all this material, much of it exclusive, it is now possible to present an accurate picture of the great adventure ahead.

Since the Air Force began serious research on space flight in 1948, balloons, planes, rockets and now satellites have been sent aloft to probe the upper reaches. Living organisms from snapdragon seeds to grasshopper eggs were exposed to the mysterious rays beyond the atmosphere. Ten mice and monkeys were hurled to dizzying heights.

When the call went out for human volunteers, many dedicated men responded. They rose gently to the fringes of space in balloons, soared and dived

in jet planes, rode rocket sleds at eyeball-bursting speeds, spent hours in heat chambers and wind tunnels.

OUTWARD BOUND

At 100,000 feet, the balloonists exposed themselves to cosmic, ultraviolet rays unfiltered by the atmosphere. Others subjected their bodies to the awful stresses of powered space travel; the contrast between acceleration, which will make a man weigh half a ton, and space cruising, which will leave him completely weightless. (Maj. Herbert Stalling, veteran of more than 40 weightless hours, says it feels "like swimming without getting wet"). Other volunteers reported on the effects of confinement, the horrors of claustrophobia, the anguish of loneliness.

This painstaking, perilous work has shown that man can survive physically and psychologically in space—at least for short periods.

Three X-15 models soon will be ready to soar out of the atmosphere. The first man at the controls will be North American's test pilot Scott Crossfield. But his job is only to make sure the craft will fly three times the speed of sound above 100,000 feet.

The first 20-minute hurdles into space will be made by Captain White, now training for his historic mission at Edwards Air Force Base, Calif. He has gone through grueling tests to prove he has the courage, alertness, emotional stability and physical stamina to crash the space barrier.

THE SUN AND THE STARS

During his first runs, White will get the feel of the plane. He will kick it into supersonic flight above Wendover, Utah, whistle over Nevada and California, then land dead-stick at Edwards 20 minutes later.

As White gains experience and confidence, he will point the X-15 spaceward, shooting higher and higher each flight. Peering through the narrow observation slits of his stainless steel cockpit, he will get his first glimpse of space. At 60 miles high, the atmosphere is too thin to reflect sunlight or cause the stars to twinkle. The sun will appear as a great white disk (which could blind him permanently if he stared at it) and the stars unblinking dots of blue, red and white.

At 70 miles, White may encounter hurtling meteorites, which burn out when they plow into the atmosphere. At 80 miles, the roar of his rocket engines will fade out. Here, where the atmosphere is too thin to carry sound, he will meet the awful silence of space.

At 100 miles, he will free from friction and begin to experience the strange sensation of weightlessness. His wings and rudders, useless without atmosphere, can no longer maneuver the X-15. He must switch to ballistic control, squirting jets of hydrogen peroxide from rockets in the wing tips and nose to point the plane downward again. Then he will plunge back into the dense air over California.

Officially the X-15 isn't supposed to go higher than 100 miles, though the experts won't be surprised if it reaches double or triple that altitude. But its maximum 4,500 mile-an-hour speed isn't fast enough to slam it into orbit. This would take

16,000 to 18,000 miles an hour, which would melt the plane's metal hide.

North American has designed an X-15B with a tougher skin able to withstand orbiting temperatures up to 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit. The original idea was to boost it into orbit from the back of a Navajo missile. A later proposal would combine the tremendous power of two great Atlas missiles and a second-stage Thor missile to fling the X-15B into orbit.

But the Air Force is more interested in the "flying triangle" conception, which has grown out of Project Dyna-Soar. This will be a rocket plane of highly swept delta outline, which can slice through the atmosphere like a meat cleaver. Its blunt nose and rounded edges, of special metal alloys, can withstand extreme heat.

Three major companies are working on the design. Boeing would like to mount the "flying triangle" like an arrowhead on a giant missile, made up of no fewer than nine propellant rockets; five in the first stage, three in the second, one in the third. The Bell and Martin companies, cooperating, would fit the "flying triangle" on the tip of a two stage Titan, the great intercontinental missile to supplement the Atlas.

Aside from the contrast in launching methods, the rival triangles would be built with different metals and contain different technical ideas.

A modified but unsliced Atlas nose cone has been selected to carry the First American into orbit. This is Project Mercury, which should be ready a year before Project Dyna-Soar. The pilot who will make this historic flight hasn't been chosen, but PARADE can reveal the kind of ride he will experience.

As he awaits the dramatic count-down that will send him on his way into the unknown, he will be taped brutally tight across his chest, back and abdomen. Then he will be fitted into a skin-tight, aluminized pressure suit with a plastic helmet. His feet will be tightly laced into high-top boots.

Just before zero hour, he will be hoisted into the nose cone. He will bolt the hatch from the inside, then strap himself firmly into a contoured, comfortable seat with his knees high. He will be lying on his back in the upright missile, looking into the heavens.

Manipulating finger tip controls, he will pressurize his cabin with nitrogen, oxygen and helium. He must be careful to get the right combination of gases. (In one balloon test the pilot gave himself too much helium, with the result that his voice went up nearly half an octave, from bass to tenor).

Through earphones in his helmet, the space pioneer will listen to the final count-down. Now he must tense for a possible misfire. If a voice barks "Eject" he will punch a button, triggering a forward escape rocket that will pull the cone clear of the Atlas and high enough for a parachute to blos-

som and let him down gently on suddenly-inflated rubber pads.

Assuming all goes smoothly, the Atlas will take off with a roar. As it screams upward, gravity will push the explorer back in his seat with a flattening impact. But as he careens into orbit at 18,000 miles an hour, the pressure will ease until he enters the realm of weightlessness, silence and darkness that is space.

He now is on his way eastward around the world, a journey that will take him from day into night then back into day again, in 90 minutes. The first burst of dawn probably will appear like a greenish flash. Above, the white disk of the sun and the unblinking stars will glare like Christmas tree lights. His orders will call for two swings around the world, then the delicate descent back to earth. After the first orbit, he will cautiously press a button and release a spurt of hydrogen peroxide from the belly rocket. This will tilt the nose cone until it is pointing toward the stars and hurtling broadside through space.

BACKWARD THROUGH SPACE

Now at a carefully calculated time, comes the second move. Another spurt from the belly rocket will tip the cone again, this time so it is travelling backward through space. Roll jets will rotate him until he is sitting upright. Then he fires the retro-rockets behind him. This will slow him from orbiting speed and start him falling back to earth.

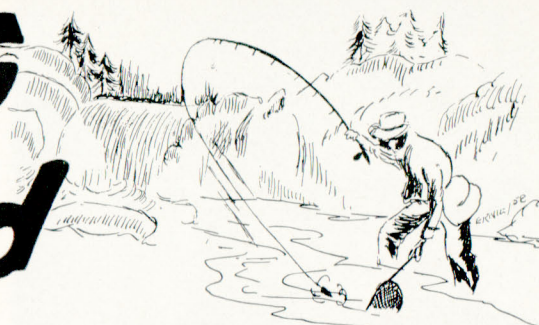
As he plunges into the denser air, he will bounce like a pebble swimming over a pool. His cone will glow from the friction as he drops deeper into the atmosphere, but a heavy metal shield protects him. Now he must watch the speedometer. When he slows to the speed of sound, he will release a drogue parachute (he has two in case one fails) and eject the heat shield to lighten the cone. If his timing is precise, he should land in the sea off Cape Canaveral, where a ship will be standing by to pick him up. His capsule, of course, is buoyant. But if he should be carried over land, the inflatable rubber cushions will break the impact. The cone, which will weigh around 2,400 pounds, will be equipped so a man can survive in it for 40 hours.

Will this daring American finish his perilous trip ahead of the first Russian? The best intelligence reports estimate that the Russians—first to get their space dog, Laika, into orbit—are ahead. The Soviets are known to have sent other dogs into space, some nearly 300 miles, and brought them back safely to earth. The first Russian may be launched into space perhaps into orbit, any time.

But initial spurt, no matter how dazzling, won't decide the space race. The course reaches out to the Moon, to Mars, to infinity.

The X-15, Project Mercury and Project Dyna-Soar will be the Nina, Pinta and Santa Maria of America's space explorers. Like Columbus's tiny vessels, they will be followed by other expeditions, profiting by their experience, until the day when space holds neither terror nor mystery.

HUNTING and FISHING



... with Joby

THE life of a fisherman is indeed one of hardships and woes. Not only do we fight wives, mothers-in-law, flies, mosquitoes, rain, sleet and snow, but this year we have to contend with ice as well.

Things looked good when the new regulations came out. All species of trout could be caught April 15th in designated trout waters, which are numerous. However, old man Sol stayed behind the clouds and the ice stayed on the lakes.

Like many others we ventured out opening weekend to make a tour of the fishing spots. We saw a lot of fellows trying but we did not see a single fish caught by another party. I say another party because we did catch a few.

Don't ask me why, but somehow we found spots along the shore that nobody else found, where there was a steep drop off or a hole. As the ice is out only some two or three feet from shore you are just out of luck unless you stumble onto such a spot.

At any rate we did a lot of shivering, shaking and dunking but we did not come home skunked. A nice string of rainbows came with us with one beauty measuring 13 inches and tipping the scales at a pound.

Of course there is the probability that if I figured out just how much each fish cost us in dollars and cents as my wife suggested, I would give up fishing and take up some quiet sport like knitting.

Unless you are extremely lucky the fishing is at a complete standstill at this writing. By the time this appears in print the ice should be out however and the general season also will be open.

Although ice fishing ended some time ago and the regulations definitely state that you cannot fish through the ice after March 31, we saw chaps last week-end with holes cut and lines out after trout.

We stayed around fishing for some time but never had the expected opportunity of watching a game warden appear on the scene. The ice fishing season ran throughout the winter and was most liberal. If

individuals are not sportsmen enough to fish by the regulations then they do not deserve to be able to fish at all.

ICE EVERYWHERE

While checking on designated lakes in the Whiteshell area, we found that they are all still ice bound. Camp, which has wonderful rainbow fishing, has a couple of feet of ice. West Hawk, Lyons, William, George and Moosenose Pit lakes are all the same.

Incidentally a note here for you fishermen of Moosenose Pit. There are still some nice size trout in there. Several adults have also been planted. The bullheads are as thick as ever, but the Fisheries Branch are reluctant to remove them and rightly so. The only successful way this could be done would be by poisoning the pit and that would kill everything, with the result that the restocking program would have to be started all over again. Six of one and half a dozen of the other.

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS

It is to be hoped that this year when the lakes break up the fishermen can get at them. Last year some trouble was experienced because of forest fires. We had to put off a trip for two weeks that we had been planning for lake trout. When we finally got into our spot the fishing had slackened off and resort owners told us that we had missed it by one week. As I said, the life of a fisherman is indeed full of trials and tribulations.

While the fisherman has to wait for his excitement for a few days yet, the scattergunner can be out enjoying himself any time now. There are lots of crows back and as usual they prove to be most elusive targets.

We went out for some a couple of weeks ago but did not get a shot. Not having enough time to go to our favorite grounds south of St. Anne, we went east towards the Whiteshell. There were lots of

(Continued on page 32)



RCAF photo

WINNIPEG PERSONALITIES

**LAC
"DAVE" SPEARING**

his first roll of film developed and printed Dave was a hypo-addict, which is not a narcotic but a photographic addiction. He joined the Photo Club, threw himself wholeheartedly into the cult and by the time he left school was a gen man in the work of shooting, developing, printing and enlarging. He worked free-lance for a while and remembers several interesting assignments for the Hamilton "Spectator."

Dave joined the RCAF in August 1956 in his home town's recruiting depot and was accepted for the Photographer Trade. At TTS in Camp Borden where Photographers received their RCAF training, Dave was a runaway first on his course with 88.6 percent, the highest marks scored on the photo course.

Dave arrived in Winnipeg after his course in August 1957. He took Winnipeg in his stride and since then has become an active member of the Station Band (E Flat Sax)—a valuable member of his section (Xmas Mess-Hall dinners, Wings' Parades, Portraits), an energetic contributor to VOX-AIR (everything under the sun), and a married man (cute, Nova Scotia red head), and a bowler (high triple score on the station).

Dave's wife was LAW Freda Delaney, photographer, before they were married, worked in Winnipeg's Station Photo Section. She knows Photography too. But she still raises an eyebrow at Dave's practice of keeping the refrigerator loaded with film for safe storage. Freda, says Dave, without regret, abandoned photography when they were married.

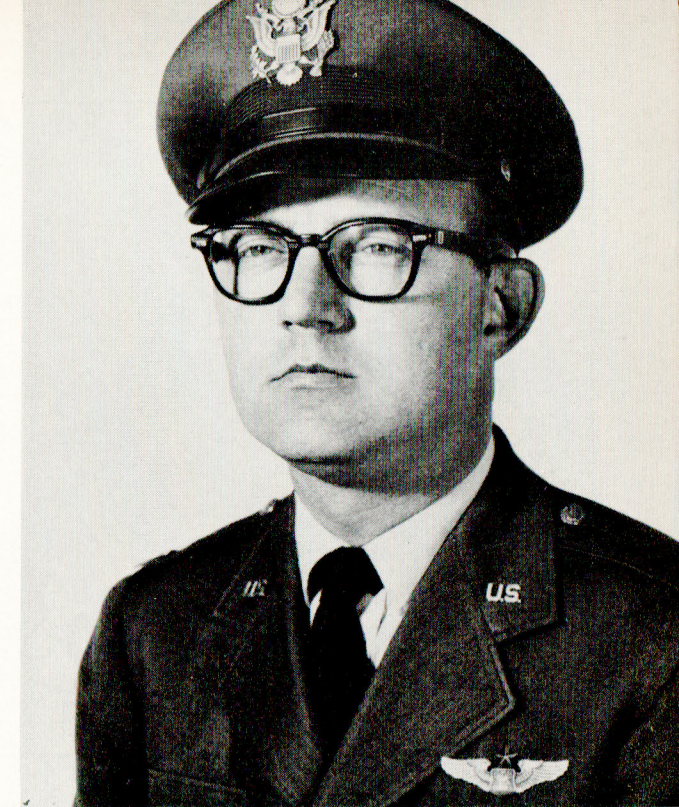
Dave's ambitions include an eventual return to his home province, and a long and successful career in the Service.

**CAPT. "CHUCK"
EVANS U.S.A.F.**

WAY back in 1939, young Chuck Evans, a fourteen-year-old from Shreveport, Louisiana, was in Washington after a school tour of the New York World's Fair. Part of the Washington jaunt, was a trip to the Airport to meet a transient Hollywood starlet, who was supposed to have a wonderful future, but who was still widely unknown. Chuck got the lovely redhead's autograph. He has it still and it has grown in value through the years for the girl was Susan Hayward.

Chuck, now a Captain in the USAF, and the energetic manager of Station Winnipeg's uniquely successful Drama Club, thinks that this early experience may have had something to do with his abiding interest in the Theatre. Whatever the cause, local drama enthusiasts, civilian as well as Service, can be thankful for it. For under the guidance of Chuck Evans, the Club and its versatile members have built up an enviable reputation. The critics have taken note of their productions and all of Winnipeg knows about the Drama Club. This is a substantial accomplishment for an amateur group in Canada's fourth largest city.

The man behind the Drama Club was born in Miami in June 1925 and might have stayed there out for the famous hurricane of 1926 which prejudiced the Evans family against the place. They moved to Shreveport, later famous as the cradle of the Elvis Presley legend, and it was here that Chuck grew up. Chuck recalls that another Red River runs through Shreveport, and Winnipeg's rambunctious edition of the same name makes him feel right at home. Chuck was active in a Grade VIII drama group in Shreveport and on a memorable occasion, wrote, directed, produced and performed in a parody of the Charlie McCarthy Show, singing among other



Dave Spearing

things—"Do you remember that September . . . ?" He also worked on a teen-age radio news show. World War Two had broken out, and after college at Arkadelphia, Arkansas, Chuck entered the U.S. Army Air Corps, predecessor of the USAF, in 1943. Chuck was transferred to the 8th Air Force and served on B-17's until VE Day. With the war's end, he went back to Shreveport and enrolled in Centenary College. In 1948, he was recalled to the USAF and was transferred to the South West Pacific. After a stint at Clark Field in the Phillipines, he moved down to New Guinea, visiting among other points, Rabaul and Guadalcanal. Despite the realism of his Winnipeg production of "Teahouse of the August Moon," Chuck never reached Okinawa or Japan. He says he liked the Pacific, particularly Australia which he visited later.

Chuck returned to the States in 1952, assigned to Travis AFB near Vallejo, California. In 1957, he came to Winnipeg as an exchange officer where he is on the Staff of CNS as a Radar Nav instructor.

The Evans family, Chuck, Jean and Cydney, their little girl, settled down easily in Winnipeg, and have been happy here. Chuck says that Canadian and American outlooks are "about the same." They have travelled extensively in Canada and they are sorry to leave. Chuck is particularly impressed with the local schools and would have liked six-year-old Cydney to start her education here.

(Continued on page 32)



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VOXAIR VIXEN

Canadian beauty Sandra O'Neill takes time off from her dancing to grace our "Vixen" page. Sandra is an Actress-Dancer with the CBC. The significance of the clock? Something to do with the change to Daylight time. Anyway who cares?



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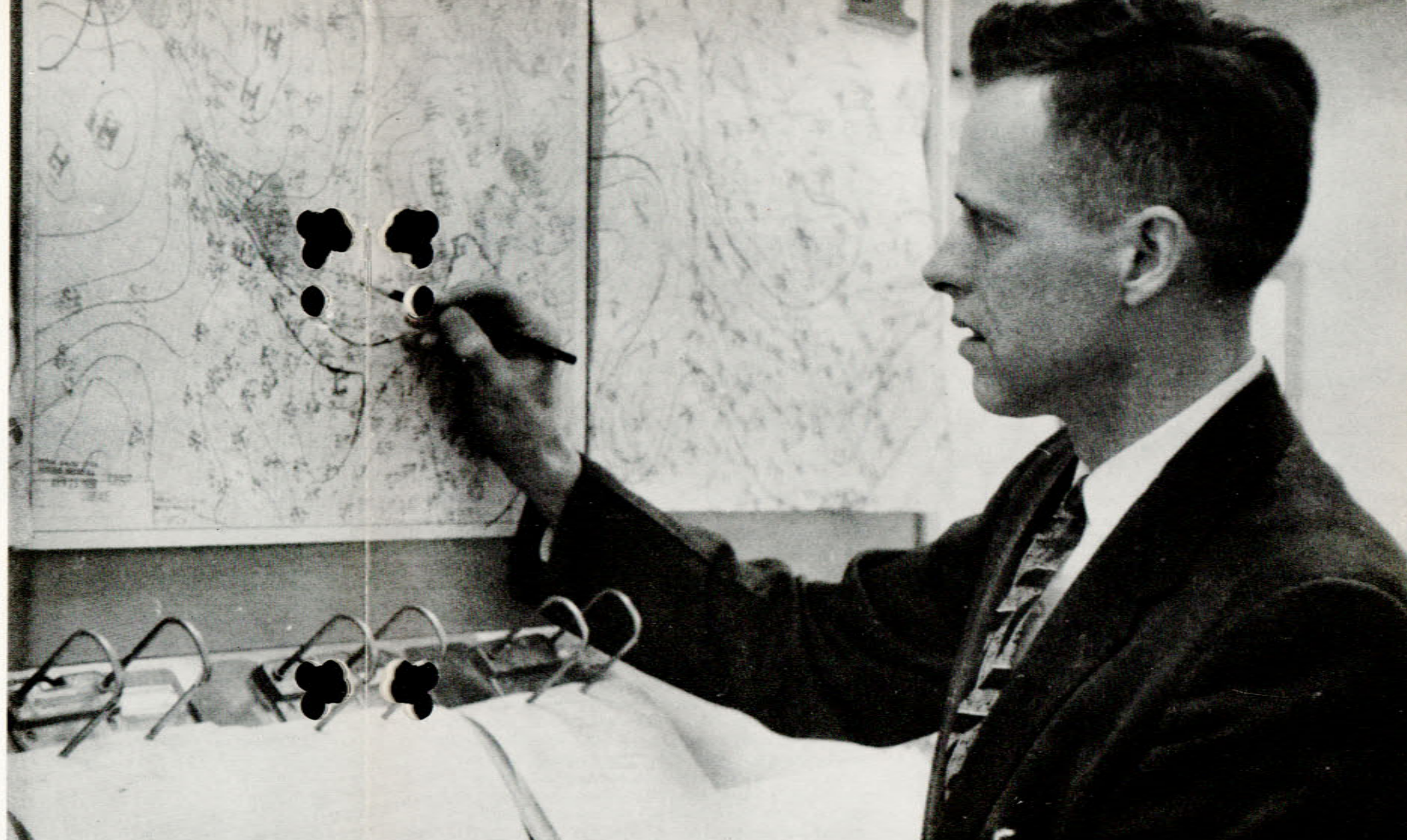
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 "FABULOUS FOUR"



WEATHER WISE

By RON BAYNES

Photos: SGT. D. ASKETT



Meteorology and
Aviation owe much to each
other. Winnipeg's Met
Section proves it.

AT REGULAR intervals, night and day, someone in the Weather Analysis Office in Montreal, slips a completed weather map of Canada into a machine and throws a switch. And right across the country, from Newfoundland to the Yukon, the map begins to roll off receiving machines, into the welcoming arms of Met personnel, waiting to apply this big picture of the nation's weather to their own particular areas.

The map which rolls off in Winnipeg too—at the station Met Section in 3 Hangar—is only one example of Science's contribution to the age-old quest of Man to "do something" about the weather. Today's meteorologists, though not claiming to be able to change the beast, do the next best thing. They predict its behaviour—by world-wide observation and by a carefully developed Science, largely developed within the last fifty years. They have attained about 25% accuracy and are pressing on to even better things.

The local Met Section is unusual in that it has a double edged assignment. It not only provides weather briefings for itinerant and local RCAF aircraft, but provides Met Instruction to the aircrew trainees of 2AOS.

To do these jobs, the Section is manned by a staff of Observers and Forecasters. The Observers, airmen all, provide the forecasters, who are civilians, with assistance in their work and aid by plotting surface and upper air observations on forecast charts. At most RCAF units Observers make the regular weather observations and code them, but at Winnipeg this is done by a civil Met Office across the field. The Met Observers, headed by FS Gord Barne, include airwomen and are graduates of the School of Meteorology in Trenton, Ont.

There they study Met Theory, weather report coding and other facets of their trade. On the job contact training supplements the course. Besides FS Barne, there are four Met Observers in the



Winnipeg section. Work is on a shift basis, twenty-four hours a day. Though Forecasting is done entirely by DOT employees, Met Observers may progress to Commissions in the Flying Control Branch.

FORECASTING

The forecasting section of the staff is the largest of the two, numbering eight forecasters, headed by the S Met O, Mr. Art Lamont. The forecasters are also shift workers, and their task is to apply the large masses of data pouring on to their desks to the local weather picture. The Forecaster works with information. Information comes every hour from stations across Canada, all of which report regularly on their local weather. This data is funnelled into Winnipeg's Met section, (as into all the others), by teletype, another important aid to meteorology. The facsimile-transmitted maps are studied and analyzed by the duty forecaster, who proceeds to work out a more localized map of his own district,—defining in more precise terms the prospects for his area. The Montreal office is the strategy making level in the weather war. The forecaster at station level is the tactical commander—working out the local development of his sector, after considering the larger picture that is the background.

Back in the old days, Art Lamont recalls, a forecaster did all he does now—and in addition was Met Observer too. But with World War Two and particularly with the coming of the Commonwealth Air Training Plan, all this changed. Meteorology mushroomed. New stations opened; reporting points tripled and tripled again. Clearly it was necessary to split the function of observation and forecasting and the weather observer, as such, appeared. Today the forecaster, freed from the tasks of coding, decoding and observation, is able to concentrate on the business of forecasting. At an Air Force flying station such as Winnipeg, it is a complicated and urgent business.

With Search and Rescue missions frequently in progress, with flying training a year-round operation, and with many different aircraft types in the air, the need for local weather analysis is pressing. What is passable weather for one aircraft type may be dangerous for another. The areas flown into by 111 KU differ from the schedule runs of commercial carriers. With all these factors in mind, the Forecaster at Station Winnipeg must work out the local modifications to the larger picture of the continental weather. One of their tasks is the preparation of small-area maps, showing modifications not apparent on the big map from Montreal, which are used for pilot briefing and other purposes.

A pilot planning a flight, calls the Met Section in advance. He tells them where he's going, the type of aircraft he will fly, and when he wants to leave. Forewarned and forearmed the duty forecaster prepares an analysis of the weather en route, and is ready for the pilot when he shows up for the Word, shortly before take-off. The pilot is given the facts and the recommendations, is shown the relevant maps, and then picks his route and altitude. With

good Met advice, and if he pays heed to it, he can usually avoid bad weather.

Aviation forecasting is tricky and the jet aircraft's appearance in the early 1940's didn't help matters. A jet, after descending, guzzles fuel at an unbelievably high rate and there is little scope for second guessing. With quickly changing weather conditions, and the responsibility for calling the shot for a safe landing, the weather man is on the spot.

Yet it would be fair to say that if Aviation owes much to the Science of Meteorology, Meteorology has its own debt to the aeroplane. Until the aircraft, Meteorology progressed at a slower rate, and was largely concerned with the problems of marine forecasting. The speed of the aeroplane, and the critical weather factors involved in flight, made the need more urgent and Meteorology bloomed. The two sciences have been entwined ever since.

With this in mind, it is logical that the RCAF requires all aircrew to be trained in Meteorological procedures to a degree which enables them to understand and apply Met information to the problems of flight planning. The local Met section supplies two trained forecasters for instruction in Meteorology to the flight cadets of AOS.

The forecaster of today, as represented locally, must have a degree in Physics, B.A. or B.Sc. The Government, evidently realizing the need for trained Meteorologists, will finance education of an honours degree graduate to M.A. level in preparation of a Meteorological career. The forecasters of this Station, headed by Art Lamont, a graduate of Brandon College, are directed at Group level by the Staff Officer Meteorology, and at AFHQ by the Met Adviser to the RCAF, both civilians.

THE FUTURE

When Art Lamont and Gord Barne entered the field in the early forties, a windsock was quite often used for wind direction and sometimes for wind-speed. Maps didn't come ready-made from Montreal,—they were drawn by hand. There were fewer reporting posts, and weather balloons quit at 25,000 feet. Today electronic devices have taken over most



of the time-eating chores, and balloons not only make 100,000 but are crammed with radio-sonde equipment. Weather observation by Radar is just beginning to roll, and electronic computers are being built which will make plotting automatic. Even satellites have a place on the Meteorological horizon.

A rocket, fired a few years ago, in the early days of missile development, was armed with a camera which took a picture of the earth from a hundred-odd miles up. Printing the recovered film, scientists were intrigued to spot a menacing doughnut of cloud over the Gulf of Mexico—a hurricane headed for the Southern United States. The noteworthy fact is that, when the picture was taken, the storm was as yet un-reported. But there it was on a picture, large as life, twice as ugly, and coming fast. This, meteorologists feel, is a portent of how forecasting of the future may be simplified and improved.

But there will be more work for the human element, not less. "I have reason to estimate that there'll be a continual expansion during the next ten years," says Art Lamont. "Meteorology is only just getting started."



TOP: LAC Gene Bosier, Met Observer plotting the weather. CENTRE: FS Gord Barne, NCO i/c Met Observer, removes a copy of the forecast map from the duplicator. BOTTOM: Gerry Zindler, Forecaster, at work.

TOP RIGHT: Mr. Art Lamont, S Met O, briefs an air crew.



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Bon Voyage

By RON BAYNE

Well you guys, you asked for it. You asked me to say a few words. That's real nice of you. I mean, getting posted like I am, even after only 6 weeks, a guy likes to say goodbye. Specially after all them kind words. Them farewell speeches. That was nice. That was real nice Sir—specially about how its a small air force and how we'll all meet again and all. And how sorry you are to see me go. Never knew you felt that way Sir—or you Flight—And that bit about how I'd be such an asset to my new unit. Its nice. Its true too.

"Course you know me. I'm always thinking—always using my head. Already I got some ideas about how to improve things up there. But we don't want to talk shop, do we???"

Well—we've had our differences. Yes we have. Me, and the Corporal, and the Sergeant, and the Flight there, and the WO and the OC, and Harry and Jim, and Jack, and you Red, and you Don, and Mr. Prizawski the cleaner. Sure—we've had our differences. Dosen't mean a thing. Everyone has differences. Everyone makes mistakes. And you guys are big enough to admit it. eh (heh heh heh).

Mind you, I didn't always see eye to eye with everybody while I was here—Not even with you Sir—No, not even with you. And I told you so. I mean that's what you would want, isn't it?—Any-

way you done your best,—you tried. You and the WO and the Flight, and the Sergeant, and the Corporal, and Harry and Jim and Jack and you Red and you Don and Mr. Prizawski the cleaner. You try. No one can ever take that away from you. You are coming along nicely. Might have a good little section here someday. Pity I had to leave so soon though, just when things were getting ship-shape. But you'll manage without me—with luck.

Yeah, we had our differences. But I want you to know something. I been happy at this section. I want you to know I LOVE this section. In spite of everything. Those guys said I didn't like it here, are nuts. Those guys who say I had it in for Mervin—they're nuts, nuts. Me!! on account of that little difference we had at the Promotion party. That's ridiculous. Mervin's a good guy. The best. Very junior of course but what the heck men? —that's what I say—what the heck men?—I never had nothing against Mervin. Guys who say that are nuts. I never meant to hit you with the book-case that night. Someone panicked and they grabbed me. Heck we all have our differences. Eh Marv' (Heh heh).

And the OC. Wanna say a few words about the OC. He's a big man, our OC. Remember that little difference we had? — Last AOC's inspection? —

When the AOC asked me how I liked the section? — Remember how upset the OC was?—But he dont hold a grudge. And remember that time with my cigarette butt and how the sirens didn't work? — You'd think he'd hold a grudge. But not him. No sir.

Let you in on a secret. (You dont mind sir?) I didn't want to volunteer for this posting!—Didn't know nothing about RCAF Detachment Catastrophe Bay. But the OC,—show you what a big man he is—he opened my eyes. He called me in, polite as could be, and told me to have a seat, right here by his desk. Even gave me a cigarette, and lit it for me. And know what he said?— "Gus" he said, "You were meant for this place. Gus," he said, "This place is Heaven on Earth. They call it the Paradise of the Arctic. I been longing all my life to get a posting there." And you know fellas, his voice actually trembled when he said it. The Sergeant there. He's big too. He's been praying for a posting up there for thirteen years. Him and the Warrant too. And yet you know something—none of them were envious—none of them grudged it?—"Gus," the Warrant said,—you shoulda seen the look

of charity fellas. "Gus this is your chance." And he told me how the guys that go up there, they must all like it because none ever seem to come back. Even drove me to Headquarters to speed things up. That's nobility fellas. No favouritism, no envy. Just the best man for the job.

And you guys—you been wonderful too. You took it fine, even though you must have wished it was you. You especially Marvin,—I mean knowing how good promotion is up there, and you doing what you did. No, don't hide Marvin—I got to tell them— Know what he did—Marvin came in off leave specially—just so I could leave two days early. That's the spirit which made this country great. That's the spirit I want to remember you by. Whatever they say, you got spirit . . .

And fellas—like the OC said. And the WO and the Sgt. and the Corporals, and you Harry and you Jim and you Jack and you Red—and Mr. Prizawski the cleaner. It's a small air force.

Bon voyage.

See you in Catastrophe Bay.

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NEWS



SERVICING

Bouquet from Ottawa

It was all in the day's work for Servicing and other personnel on duty last Easter weekend, when an itinerant Dakota dropped into Winnipeg on a routine training flight. The needs of the transient aircraft were attended to and servicing and other facilities provided. How well the Easter weekend workers did their job, and the good impression they created is evidenced by the following letter which arrived here shortly afterwards from AFHQ:

Ottawa, Ontario
8 Apr. 1959

Commanding Officer,
RCAF Station Winnipeg,
Winnipeg, MPO 400,
Man.
Operations
AFHQ Training Flight

1 During a long range training flight over Easter week-end, the crew and passengers of Dakota 423 of AFHQ Training Flight, stopped overnight at Winnipeg on 25 Mar. and 29 Mar. The friendly co-operation of Stn. Winnipeg personnel in providing all the necessary facilities and services was much appreciated by all concerned. Aircraft servicing in particular was excellent.

2 Please convey to those responsible the appreciation of the undersigned on behalf of the crew and passenger of Dakota 423.

(A. D. Pearce) S/L
for CAS

W/C Evans, C. Tech. Services Officer, supplied this footnote in a minute to the letter: "... Stn. Winnipeg will have an excellent reputation at this rate. . . . My compliments to you and your crews."

LOCAL NCO's RETIRE

Sgt. Don Ankers of Station Winnipeg's Maint. Section, and WO2 S. B. Noseworthy of 14 Training Group HQ, were honoured recently by a Dinner at the Senior NCO's Mess. The occasion was the retirement by the two NCO's from the RCAF. Gold mugs were presented by W/C H. Vinnicombe, C Ad O,



Sgt. Don Ankers, W/C H. C. Vinnicombe, WO2 S. B. Noseworthy, Cpl. George Noseworthy.

along with other mementos bestowed as tokens of esteem by members of the Mess.

Sgt. Ankers plans to settle in London, Ontario, while WO2 Noseworthy will go to Kenora, Ont., where he will enter the boat-building business. WO2 Noseworthy's son George (see cut) is a photographer with the Public Relations Office at 14 Group HQ.

PETER McLAUGHLIN RETIRES

On May 14, 1954, "VOXAIR" magazine, then an up-and-coming two year old Station Magazine, carried an article on the Hillman for 1954. With this article, F/O Peter McLoughlin made his debut as the magazine's Automobile Editor. In the five years that have elapsed, neither staff change, nor Pete's posting to Ottawa, have interfered with the continuity of the Automobile column. The articles

have maintained a steady position in the top rank of reader popularity, and have attracted widespread response from "VOXAIR" readers. Peter McLoughlin's articles were objective reviews of modern trends and development, including praise and criticism of specific types. At "VOXAIR" office, Peter's punctuality in getting material in from Uplands, and the

uniformly high quality of his column, were a boon to a series of beleaguered deadline-racing editors and their staffs.

Peter's qualifications for the automobile column included membership to the Royal Automobile Club, the St. Lawrence Automobile Club and association with the Canadian Automobile Sports Committee. His family had been driving sports and racing cars around Europe since 1910. Peter himself was a pilot with the RCAF, and a graduate of Royal Roads and RMC.

Now having left the RCAF for a position in Scarborough, Ont. Peter McLoughlin has advised "VOXAIR" that his column will be missing for a couple of months. But he hopes to resume publication some time in May, if pressure of business permits. "VOXAIR" sincerely hopes that it will.

ANNIVERSARY DANCE BIG SUCCESS

About four hundred couples attended the RCAF 35th anniversary ball at the Station Drill Hall last April 1st. The ball was a festive affair, featuring a many-sided entertainment schedule — CBC-TV's popular "Saddle Songs" group — the Sons of the Saddle, who provided modern and old-time music. Cpl. Roy Deveau's versatile Hi Hat group contributed Modern and Latin tempos, and a pantomiming pair—Berks and Arlene Baker—almost literally brought the drill-hall roof down with their frenzied antics synchronized with various popular recordings. The menu featured Southern fried chicken.

An energetic group of workers laboured mightily for two days before the dance to decorate the drill hall for the occasion. Thousands of streamers were strung across the roof and the facelifting was a success. Boy Scouts and Girl Guides assisted at the busy hat-check counters. All present agreed that the festivities were worthy of the occasion.



The Sons of the Saddle at the drill hall.



GOOD SHOW CADETS!

Mr. R. L. Bailey, Chairman of the Manitoba Heart Fund and Assistant Manager of the Winnipeg Branch of the Bank of Montreal accepts a cheque for \$164.00 from F/C T. F. Connolly. The cheque, represented the Flight Cadets contribution, an outstanding contribution which exceeded that of all other station groups combined.

CADETS SHOW HEART

Flight Cadets on this unit distinguished themselves in the Heart Fund campaign which was conducted on the unit recently. They contributed \$164.00 to the Fund, substantially more than other canvassed groups combined. Total contributions made by the Station totalled \$283.00. In addition, The Manitoba Heart Fund canvassed directly in the Married Quarters areas and the amount collected there is not included in the Station total. 3CU was especially cited by Capt. Chuck Evens, who co-ordinated the Heart Fund campaign on the Station, for an outstanding effort.

The Manitoba Heart Fund is perhaps the most active branch of the organization in Canada. Its receipts per capita exceed those of any other province. Money raised goes to hospitals and towards research work on heart diseases.



17 WING HANDOVER

Prominent military and civilian personalities were among the spectators at RCAF Station Winnipeg recently when more than 400 members of 17 Auxiliary Wing paraded for the official handing-over of the Wing to its new commanding officer, Group Captain G. S. Varnam.

Formed in 1950 as administrative headquarters for Winnipeg's "weekend warriors," the Wing comprises three units—402 (City of Winnipeg) Squadron, an emergency and rescue unit, 4003 Medical Unit and 3052 Technical Training Unit.

The new commander is a graduate of the University of Manitoba medical school and a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. He had previously held the appointment of Staff Officer for Medical Services of 17 Wing, and formerly commanded 4003 Medical Unit. As a pilot of glider-towing aircraft, he took part in the D-Day invasion of Normandy and other historic airborne operations of the War in Europe.

Group Captain Varnam takes over from Group Captain H. N. Scott, who retired on April 1 at the expiration of his tour of duty. He is Winnipeg Branch Manager of the Prudential Assurance Company of London, England.

In the handing-over ceremony, the inspection of the ranks by G/C Scott and march-past in review by G/C Varnam were followed by the signing of the Wing's handing-over book by old and new commanders. The Wing's colorful Highland Pipe Band, under the direction of Flying Officer John Reay, played for the occasion.

A reception was afterwards held in the Officers' Mess.

Life is great in the fiftieth state:— and Sandra Edwards (Warner Bros. beauty) demonstrates.

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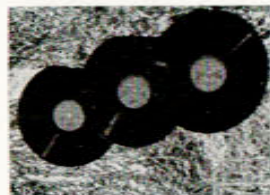
Among the guests were Ald. A. E. Bennett, representing Mayor S. Juba; Asst. Commissioner S. Bullard, RCMP; Mr. R. D. Turner, Transair president, and Mr. G. H. Sellers, both onetime commanders of 17 Wing; Captain L. B. M. Ilhagga, RCN, commanding HMC Chippawa; Col. H. C. Maxwell, Mr. Chris Wilkes and Mr. Andrew Currie, Civil Defence Co-ordinators.

Cpl. Doug Williams, who has been editing Sports for "VOXAIR" for the last eighteen months, is leaving Winnipeg for Clinton, Ont. Cpl. Jack Dunn is taking over the Sports Page on Doug's departure.

In connection with his departure, Doug is selling a House Trailer—and interested parties can contact him either at Local 511 or at VE 2-4579. The House Trailer is a 45-foot by 10 Hallmark which has been used for only two years. Financing can be arranged.

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TRADE BOARD

198 Candidates

One hundred and ninety-eight ambitious tradesmen trooped into the Station's Drill Hall last April 14th and sat with various degrees of confidence and apprehension as papers were handed out for the bi-annual Trade Examinations. Nearly forty different types of papers (allowing for differences in trade and grouping) were handed out by the eight members of the Education Section who officiated at the exams.

Three hours later the examinations ended for another six months and candidates sat back to await the results, which will probably be returned from Training Command within six weeks. Nearly every trade on the Station was represented in the examinations which culminated an intense period of trade advancement training conducted both at section level and by the Education Section which allotted six instructors to technical training in the classrooms at 16 Hangar.

The examination's administration, a detailed and complex task, was handled by the Education Section. F/L A. F. Wilson was presiding officer, assisted by F/L Ralph Sotolov and FS G. R. Logan. The setting and labelling of nearly a hundred tables and the maintenance of correct examination procedures throughout was also the task of the Education Section staff.

Next job facing the Education Section is preparation for the next group of tradesmen who will be writing in October, which entails printing exam papers and precisely preparing new study material for the next batch of hopefuls.

Education personnel commented favourably on the self-possession of candidates writing this time, mentioning that only one case of a candidate too nervous to hold the pencil was observed.



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SECTION NEWS

ARMAMENT SYSTEMS

Another year of hockey is over and (unlike the Maple Leafs) it was a successful one for the armament team 15 wins, 7 shutouts—no losses). Undoubtedly this would not have been achieved without the whole-hearted cooperation and hard work of all concerned. The difficulties encountered, funds for practice ice, hockey sticks, paying of referees, plus transportation, at times seemed practically insurmountable, but were gradually overcome. We are grateful to those members of the team who hail from other sections than armament but who lent us their support. Good team spirit prevailed throughout the season and was probably the main contributing factor in the perfect showing achieved.

Spring is pretty well upon us and it won't be long til all available diamonds will be resounding to cries of "play ball!" May the best team win.

Systems Section has had another invasion of graduates from Camp Borden. Among the most recent arrivals are LAC's COSS, CUNNINGHAM, DELONG, DREW, FISHER, GUTZ, KYLLO, MCREADY, SNEATH, STOPANI-THOMPSON, and TROY. Welcome to the unit and here's hoping there's some good ball and hockey talent among you.

Weddings continue to be a quite frequent occurrence among Systems section personnel. Since December 1958 we have had Cpls. COLLINS and BALKWILL and LAC'S KELLY and BRUCE take the big step. We understand that at least three more of the boys are measuring their stride toward the happy event in the near future. We'll name these victims at a later date.

We had a few lucky people take a step up the ladder on 1st April. LAC'S BALKWILL, COLLINS, and McKIM to Cpl. and Cpls. PHILLIPS and FORKE to Sgt. Don't spend it all in one place fellows.

THE CROWBAR HOTEL

The 1st April—THE day, Promotion Day—is now behind us, to the delight of some and disgust of others. Ah well—that's the way the cookie crumbles!

Here at the 'Hotel' we had our fair share of promotions; LAC'S 'BERT' BETTS, 'RON' CAWOOD and 'REG' BOREHAM were all 'made' corporal, whilst three acting ranks were promoted to the same substantive rank, viz., 'RON' OSBORNE, 'TED' WHITE and yours truly. At the other side of the field, in the S.I.D., Acting Corporal GILLESPIE was also 'made' substantive.

Incidentally, talking of 'RON' CAWOOD, readers will doubtless recall that some time ago I poked fun at him limping around the guard house.



15 WINS — 7 SHUTOUTS — NO LOSSES

Front Row (LTR): LAC's Holland, Quinlan, Mackenzie, Mr. Ian Judge, LAC Jones. Back Row (LTR): Sgt. Tims, LAC Charlebois, Cpl. McKim, LAC's Macdonald, Nesbitt, Maclean, Bowman, Smith, Martin, Schmidt. Missing: LAC's Meyer, Kelly, Archambault, and Luchtar.

(I even suggested that if he did have corns they wouldn't be on his feet!) Well, it seems I misjudged the poor lad, for he has just to-day started work after having been in Deer Lodge Hospital to have a toe amputated. 'Ron' was full of praise for the staff at Deer Lodge.

A new arrival is awaited here at the guard house in the person of Sgt. 'ROD' SARTY, from station MacDonald. He is not entirely a stranger to us here, he having been a member of MacDonald's pistol team, who, for the most part, trounced us and most other teams in 14 Training Group. Now that he is 'on our side,' perhaps we will show in a more favourable light in future competitions.

April 15th and 16th here at Winnipeg brought back memories to many of us—memories of the early war years when armed guards and sentries were the order of the day.

Similar conditions prevailed here on those two days when armed personnel were seen at the barriers and other vulnerable parts of the station.

It was all part of an evacuation exercise being held on the station, and the complete lack of apathy on the part of those taking part was pleasing to see. Everyone cooperated wholeheartedly in the operation, and surprisingly few grouses were heard—except, of course, on the part of the Umpires, for there were the inevitable 'teething troubles.'

In Spring a young man's fancy turns to -?-.?-.?-. Whatever it is to which a young man's fancy turns, we know that the VERY young men — and women, the Toddlers, couldn't care less. All they're concerned with is getting out and about after being in a state of semi-hibernation for nearly six months. If my three 'villains' are anything to go by, then I am sure that the Mums and Dads—especially the Mums—are equally glad to see them outside and out from under their feet!

That being so, it is perhaps understandable that the children, especially the very young, have little or no thought or regard for highway safety. Consequently, it is up to the rest of us to be especially careful when driving, particularly thru' PMQ and Rental Unit areas.

After all, each one of the little dears—or demons—represents 10 points towards a PMQ or Rental Unit, so it is to be expected that rather more children will be in evidence in such districts than in comparable civilian districts.

So drivers—please be extra careful in such places, and restrict your speed. This is especially necessary when you DON'T see any children on or near the roadway, for that is just the time they will choose to run from behind some convenient house on to the roadway, and perhaps in the path of your car.

—Cpl. T. H. DARLING

The Stanley Cup has been won Oh well, let's not be bitter but return our thoughts to the news at hand. The latest transfers have been, (as usual), for dear old XY (Whitehorse). Names submitted are: Cpl. JACK RYLAND, Cpl. DAN KOZAK. After the family

Yours truly (VE4GC) has not received his dates.

Due to Summer training, the Morse section is re-organizing and calling back some of the men on loan.

We now come to the highlights of the section news. LAC JOHN WHITCHER whose photograph appears here has been with AOS for a considerable time. John is a native Winnipegger (St. James), good natured and one of the king-pins of our section. He too is transferred to WHITEHORE and we wish him a good trip up the Alaska Highway and onward (TALLY HO!!!) to Whitehorse. See you in the summer John.

Letters to the Editor

545 Seymour Street,
Vancouver 2, B.C.
5 May 1959

Editor,
Voxair,
RCAF Station Winnipeg
Westwin,
Manitoba.

Dear Sir:

The personnel of this Unit enjoy reading the "Voxair."

Your article on RCAF Detachment Chater was of particular interest to the "Retreads" of this Unit. There was much reminiscing of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

The bottom left picture on page 6, however, is actually a "Norseman," not an "Otter" as quoted. The "Otter" is a post-war development of the Canadian bush aircraft.

D. G. SHERIDAN,
Squadron Leader,
Commanding Officer,
RCAF Recruiting Unit.

395 Vimy Road,
Kirkfield Park,
Manitoba, Can.
May 5, 1959

Editorial Office, R.C.A.F.
Station Winnipeg,
Westwin,
Manitoba.

Dear Sir:

In your April edition of "Voxair," page six, I believe the light aircraft you call an Otter is a Norseman.

Enclosed are two photographs, one of an Otter and one of a Norseman. Compare my picture of the Norseman with your picture in "Voxair."

I am very satisfied with my subscription to Voxair."

Keep up the good work.
Thank you very much.

Yours truly,
ALLAN ZIELKE.

ED'S NOTE: It's a Norseman alright. We goofed.



SGT. BILL LONIE
Posting cancelled.

trees have been investigated, these Home Brew artists will be shipped directly to Whitehorse. Sgt. BILL LONIE has received the sad news that his transfer overseas is cancelled.



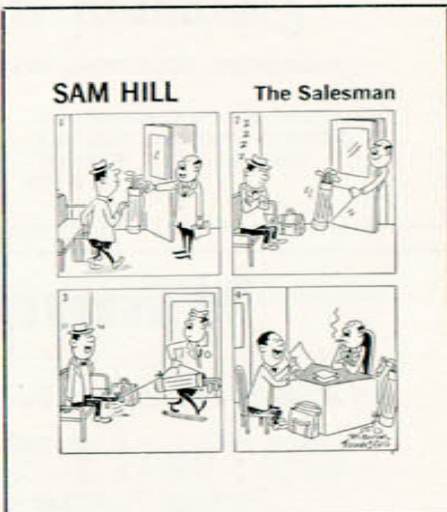
LAC JOHN WHITCHER
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BOOK SHELF

THE GREY SEAS UNDER

by Farley Mowat

(McLelland & Stewart)

Those of us who have had some experience of the Atlantic seaboard of this country will be well aware that the North Atlantic is a hungry ocean. From September to June a perpetual sequence of gales whips its waters into tempestuous furies, spurred on by the hurricanes which drive north from the Caribbean. At the same time huge masses of ice drift down from the polar regions on the Greenland current, and blockade the ports and harbours of its coastline. The cold, dank sea fog lies across the surface of the ocean like an omniscient grey shroud.

This then is the scene which is present through almost every enthralling moment of Farley Mowat's book, "The Grey Seas Under." It tells the story of a small, ocean-going salvage tug, "Foundation Franklin," and her epic struggle over a period of almost fifteen years to succour men and ships, sorely battered and distressed by these cruel waters.

As HMS Frisky, she was launched in 1918 in Dundee, and for that era and the type of ship that she was, she was the pride of her builders. But the fortune, good or bad, which governs these things led her under a different name and a different owner to a rusting, rotting berth in the Hamburg docks, in the time when a good many stout-hearted ships died, the 1930's.

When her owners, the Foundation Maritime Company of Canada, found her, she didn't look like much. Scrofulous rust lay all around, and the stench of long de-

cay issued from her broken ports. She was only 156 feet long, she had iron plates and mahogany decks, and a steam engine that consumed coal fed by hand.

When she took to sea though, she became a living marvel. Engulfed by the giant seas that towered above her, dwarfed by the ships that she towed, driven and blasted by the winds of gale force that struck her, and frozen by bitter squalls of snow and rain, still she romped home to port. Despite her antiquated appearance, and her hard lying accommodation designed for the crews of Royal Navy ships of the early portion of the century, she saved literally hundreds of ships and thousands of lives, both from the open ocean and along the treacherous, rock-strewn coasts of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The story of this indomitable little ship is also the story of her crew. Mostly they were Newfoundlanders, born to the sea, and there were none who could beat them at their perilous trade. Indeed it is doubtful, one would imagine, that such a ship would be allowed to be manned with a crew today, however willing, under regulations which govern the present day manning of ocean-going vessels. But in those days there were men like the wild and eccentric Featherstone, who worked his crew like a savage and irritated buffalo. There was the diver, Tom Nolan who spent half of his working life under water, in the dark and dangerous hulls of flooded and sinking ships, and there was Captain Brushett, the skipper, who perhaps above all, was really equal to the challenge of the "Franklin," and who above all, loved her as no

By F/O ED TIEMAN

other man could. These were some of the men who believed in the "Franklin," loved her and drove her, as possibly no other ship could or would be driven. But underlying them all, is the "Franklin" herself, for without her, they have no place.

The story of FRANKLIN's struggle against her ancient enemy, the sea, is told by Mr. Mowat with an intensity and a knowledge that reminds the reader of the styles of Joseph Conrad or John Mansfield. His account of the rigors of the war years, when the FRANKLIN went out unprotected, and unaccompanied, to rescue ships stricken by torpedo or convey collisions, in U-boat infested waters, adds extra spice to this enthralling story of raw courage and adventure.

Alas, the FRANKLIN does not sail today. After her last and possibly greatest struggle in 1948, she passed into the hands of the ship breakers, but did not pass into oblivion. For they took her bell, and hung it in a room overlooking the harbour and the berth that she occupied for many years. It hangs there now, and on bright afternoons, the odd rays of sunlight kindles a fire in the yellow brass and if one looks hard the incision in the metal stands out

H.M.S. FRISKY
DUNDEE — 1918

The bell does not ring the watches out, but sleeps quietly and somnolently, on these warm days, but there are other days when the Western ocean takes up its ancient feud against all ships, when the storm clouds gather and menacing, and voices of ships fill the air, then it is that the bell breaks its long sleep, and echoes over the harbour, and men pause and turn towards the FRANKLIN's berth, where now her successor lies, preparing to head into the grey misted wastes of an angry sea. It is the voice of the gallant little ship sounding the call to action.

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AUTHORIZED AGENT

(Concluded from page 13)

Chuck, characteristically, disclaims credit for the success of the Drama Club. "All I did was find it and keep the thing working," he says, "and I had lots of volunteers and support." But his colleagues on the Club credit Chuck's personal drive and dynamic approach to the problems of direction, casting and production, to say nothing of publicity, with the Club's success. Publicity, it may be noted, is particularly well-conceived and ambitious. The Drama Club's productions find space in both local newspapers, in advertisements and as news stories and the Burma-Shave-type billboards and colourful poster advertising get the news of an impending play across to the Station. CBWT thought the Club newsworthy enough to interview Chuck on the popular "Spotlight" show. All this indicates that Chuck is well cast in his secondary USAF duty, that of Information Services Officer—equivalent to an RCAF PRO.

Chuck returns to the USAF in June—to Beale AFB at Marysville, Calif.—three hours out of San Francisco, where he will be on flying duty with a B-52 outfit. It goes without saying that he will probably be soon involved in what Beale has to offer in the way of drama or related fields. At pre-

vious USAF units, he has participated not only in Theatre work, but on unit newspapers and radio stations.

Chuck says of the Drama Club that "the talent was here before I arrived and it'll be here after I've left. The Drama Club has not yet reached its peak." Chuck feels that the future of the Club will surpass the past. Whatever happens, the Club, Winnipeg theatre-goers and the Station in general will be sorry to say goodbye to Capt. Evans, and his family. Winnipeg's loss is Marysville California's gain.

HUNTING AND FISHING

(Concluded from page 11)

crows to be seen but something always seemed to happen at the last minute.

Either they flew or a car came along when it wasn't supposed to, or cattle were in the way, or they landed in trees within 50 yards of some farm buildings. Our hunting is usually done after the nesting season starts so we weren't too bothered when we didn't get any shooting.

Gophers are out in force now and we have had some good shoots. They supply excellent sport for the .22 fan and if you can find a few dens in a group you are sure to have some fun. A drive in any direction from the city will produce gophers.

For the spin fisherman, take a look at the new Stren line that is out this year. Appears to be smaller in diameter than most and lacking some of the stretch that a lot of them have. Has received quite a buildup in most outdoor magazines this spring. If it stands up to its publicity a 10-pound test should cast like a 6 has in the past.

To close on a bright picture. It has been announced that the deer herds of Manitoba have pulled through the winter surprisingly well. The heavy snows have not played havoc with them as was at first feared and the largest concentrations in the south-west part of the province seem to be in very good shape.

Indeed a great bit of news for next fall's hunting season.

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