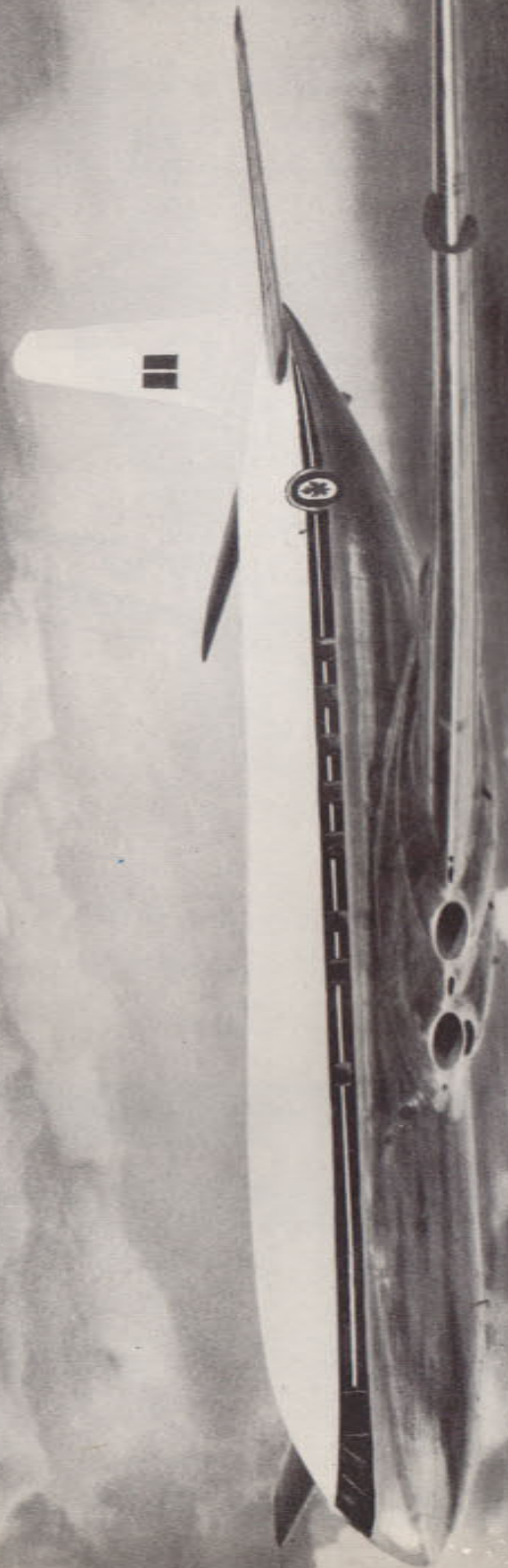


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JULY 24, 1953



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Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

## Editorial . . .

BLOOD is the only currency in the Red Cross Blood Bank: compassion is the only "Cash on hand". The Red Cross has recently presented us with some very interesting and enlightening facts and figures about their work. The blood transfusion service, according to their bulletin, is national in scope, with the exception of Newfoundland and a few outlying sections of Quebec and Ontario. Centrally located "blood banks" supply whole blood, blood plasma and transfusion equipment to hospitals in their area. The hospitals, in turn, administer the blood or plasma without charge.

The free blood transfusion service was started in Manitoba early in 1950, and in 1951 North Western Ontario came into the Manitoba region, it being more economical to supply hospitals in the Lakehead from the Winnipeg depot.

From January, 1950, when this service was first inaugurated, until December 31, 1952, the Red Cross supplied 40,960 hospital patients with 59,290 bottles of whole blood for free transfusions. Even now, the Red Cross supplies an average of 3,000 bottles of blood per month. In 1952, 25,230 bottles of blood and plasma were delivered to patients in this area.

Before the service started, a transfusion of one bottle of whole blood cost from \$25.00 to \$35.00, thus the savings to the people of the Winnipeg region is over \$2,000,000.

Whole blood can be kept for only 14 days, therefore the need for new donors is constant. At least 800

bottles of blood must be collected each week to maintain adequate reserves. To ensure that not one drop of blood will be wasted, after the 14 day period it is processed to plasma in powder form, which will keep indefinitely.

The Canadian Red Cross Society is the sole supplier of blood and plasma to the armed forces, at home and abroad.

With the use of plasma and whole blood the fatality per 1,000 wounded has decreased from 8% in World War I to 4% in World War II, to less than 1% in the present Korean conflict.

Any healthy person between the ages of 16 and 65 can be a blood donor.

Each donor contributes 13 ounces or  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a pint.

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The Need is Urgent! . . . The Need is Now!

REMEMBER . . .

The Life You Save May be your Own!



"Bastille Day" was celebrated in true Gallic fashion Tuesday, July 14, by French flight cadets stationed in Winnipeg. The French NATO trainees at No. 2 Air Navigation School began their national day with a special parade (see picture). Both air force and navy trainees lined up at a ceremony in which the French tri-color was raised with the RCAF flag on the station standard mast. Training continued throughout the day, but special parties were held in the evening in the Officers' mess and in the Flight Cadets' lounge. All night flying was cancelled for the student navigators and a dance concluded their day.

Photo Cpl. L. E. Norton

## Peg Personality

A MAN who has spent a great deal of time "up in the air" is LAC R. B. "Ron" Gienow of the Station Winnipeg Safety Equipment Section. Ron's claim to fame is his following of an unusual hobby—falling through space. LAC Gienow has safely executed 57 parachute jumps, seven of which have landed him in the drink, deliberately, and one of which ended up with Gienow hanging from his straps in a tree at his chum's wedding reception.

Ron first started his parachuting when he and four other airmen enrolled in a parachute jumping course at Oshawa while they were taking their basic RCAF training at Camp Borden. Weekend hitch-hiking trips resulted in Ron's learning to pack a chute and roll off the wing of a Tiger Moth while cruising above the airdrome.

Ron's interest in the air didn't stop at parachuting; in addition to leaping from the Tiger Moth he also learned to fly them, and eventually he and LAC Fred Knox, one of the five Camp Borden parachutists pooled their resources and purchased a Moth of their own, which they kept at Camp Borden to the envy of their fellow class members.

His half interest in the aircraft ended when, after he and Knox were luckily posted to Rockcliffe, Knox was again transferred, this time to Dorval. Ron sold his interest in the airplane to Fred's brother who was also in the Air Force and located at Montreal.

Ron's membership in the Ottawa Parachute Club ended when he found himself on his way to Montreal. While at Ottawa Gienow became president of the club and married a fellow parachutist, Joan Gibson, of Ottawa. Mrs. Gienow has jumped only the once, as Ron decided that a "woman's place is in the home", keeping an eye on their three-year-old daughter Constance. Young Miss Gienow has never seen her daddy jump from an aircraft; "Not yet, anyhow," says Ron, who is firmly convinced that parachute jumping isn't only "for the birds".

Ron has included in his repertoire, jumps from Tiger Moths, Aeroncas, CJ3 Cub, Super Cruiser Cub, Cornell, Aerocoupe and a Beaver on floats. He has jumped using a flexible back type chute, a seat type chute, a chest type and a German slow-opening type chute. He has carried out a number of delayed jumps,



Photo by  
Cpl. KEN GREGG



the longest of which was 58 seconds, from 10,000 to 1,500 feet. All of his jumps have been free fall; Ron has yet to make his first "static line" jump.

LAC Gienow has some interesting observations to make about "falling through space"; there appears to be no particular difficulty in breathing although the air rushing by howls in the ears and tears at the clothes. The beginning of a delayed opening fall results in a slow summersaulting, followed by a gentle gyration, somewhat in the order of a "flat spin" which continues until the chute is opened. At no time is there any tendency for you to black out or lose consciousness during the fall.

Ron has been continually seeking a remuster to the para-rescue trade, and, although originally enlisting as a seaman, a trade which was closed out by the time he reached Manning Depot at Portage la Prairie in 1946; he ended up training as a Vehicle Mechanic at Camp Borden.

In 1951, Ron managed to "work" a remuster to Safety Equipment Worker, a trade from which the Air Force was, at that time, drawing airmen for training in Para-Rescue work. Ron is not in the least downhearted now that Para-Rescue people are being drawn from the Medical Orderly trade. "I'm still after a remuster to Para-Rescue," he stated. "Soon they may decide to train a course of SEW's, and if they do, I'll be ready."

We wish you luck, LAC Ron Gienow.



## COVER STORY

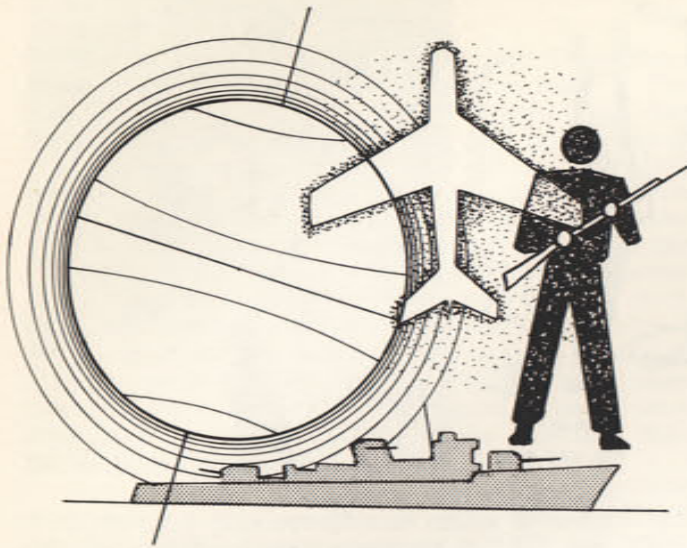
Caught by the camera of our photo editor, Corporal Ken Gregg, the RCAF Comet jet transport, even with wheels and flaps down, makes a picture of symmetry and grace. Two of these aircraft, recently purchased by the RCAF, have made stops at Winnipeg on their cross-Canada shake-down cruises.

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## NATO... An Instrument of Peace

by PILOT OFFICER KEN CRYDERMAN

TODAY, no matter where we look on Station Winnipeg, we see and hear the various members of NATO as they proceed from class to class or pass an idle hour or so in the canteen. In one corner we see Manuel, a Portuguese Sergeant, conversing in his native tongue with an Educational Officer (the young one, that is); at another table we see Hans and another Dane discussing a navigation problem. On every side Jean, Regis and Guy, and their French companions can be seen amusing the camp with their jokes and stories. Not least of all, surely, we must remember that we Canadians and English, too, are members of the NATO organization.

Seeing all of this we must begin to wonder. Do we really understand the background of NATO? What are the reasons behind this organization? And lastly, how does Canada fit into the overall purpose of this defensive system? To answer these questions, let us take a quick look into the events of the past few years.

As the Second World War drew finally to a close in the summer of 1945, peoples of the world heaved a sigh of relief. "At long last," we said to one another, "We can settle down to enjoy a well-deserved peace."

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Hirohito, Hitler, and Mussolini, "the three dictators", had been overthrown. Hitler and Mussolini both met violent deaths in 1945. Hirohito, no longer an Emperor nor yet a god, was left alone to walk the streets of Tokyo like any other man. Dictators and dictatorships seem to have lost in the struggle for survival, and democracy seemed triumphant. Fear, hatred and war, the phantoms of the past, were in retreat.

The next three years, however, were to see our shiny illusions come crashing to the ground. All of sudden, the horizons of Europe had taken on a red, or, at least, a pinkish hue. Communism, a more dangerous and subtle foe than either Fascism or Naziism faced an almost defenceless Europe. Britain and France had descended into the ranks of second-rate powers. The United States, like a young man stepping out of his adolescent's strides, suddenly saw its shoulders bowed down with new world-wide responsibilities.

Soviet Russia was the great enigma. She alone, of all the Big Five, had refused to demobilize her forces in 1945. Her 175 divisions glared menacingly upon a defenceless Germany. Berlin, her former proud capital lay, like a beleaguered little island, with Communist forces amassed on either side. From 1945 on, we had seen the little countries of Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and part of Finland permanently absorbed into the Soviet Union. Bulgaria, Poland, Roumania and Hungary, too, lay down their arms before the Russian hammer and sickle, and submissively accepted their role as satellites to the supreme Soviet.

Communist forces were actively engaged in other parts of the world as well. The British were pinned down in Burma and Malaya, the Nationalist Chinese in Tibet, and the French in Indo-China. With the Bamboo Curtain in the Orient and the Iron Curtain of the east, the allied powers saw little reason to hope or rejoice in the sombre fall of '48. We were hedged in on two fronts.

Suddenly the world awoke, but not to the resounding clash of arms, but to something much more subtle in its silent ruthlessness. The great democratic republic of Jan Masaryk and Edouard Benes had just crumbled before a Communist coup d'etat. One more democratic power, Czechoslovakia, was engulfed into the stream of Communism.

The Berlin airlift of the same year, 1948, proved more conclusively yet just how precarious was our position in Western Europe. No one can quite forget the tense strain of 1948 when war seemed so very imminent. Day by day East Germany was building up its People's Land Army. Conrad Adenauer and Alcide de Gasperi could see their newly-formed democratic governments reeling hopelessly under attack by the dogged adherents of Marx and Stalin. One great question no one could answer was: How to handle a power like Russia, who, out of one side of her mouth could gush forth platitudinous promises of peace, while from the other storming forth her threats of destruction, fear and war. This was the \$64 question.

The United Nations, apparently could not provide the answer. Throughout the early post-war years the Russian representatives at the U.N., Vichinsky and Malik, distinguished themselves only by their recurring use of the veto. The simple, two-lettered word, NO came to be a symbol of the Soviet's foreign policy. The U.N. had almost degenerated into a mere sounding board for the accusations and slanders of the Soviet

Union. Not a few of us were reminded of the League of Nations and the wide-eyed idealism of Woodrow Wilson. Was the U.N. too, to end in rubble and destruction like the ancient Tower of Babel? Whispers of a Third World War were beginning to circulate. Soviet Russia began to accuse the United States of war-mongering, and Truman almost lost an election for failing to answer the "red herring charges". The American public spoke uneasily of the horrors of atomic conflict.

Plainly, another organ had to be created to assist the U.N. Our own Prime Minister, Louis St. Laurent, early in 1948, first proposed the idea of a defensive Community of Atlantic Powers before the General Assembly. The idea met with popular approval. About 18 months later, August 24, 1949, the NATO Treaty, as we know it today, came into effect. The Brussels Treaty Powers; Britain, France, Belgium, Netherlands and Luxembourg united with seven other countries: Canada, Denmark, Iceland, Italy, Norway, Portugal and the United States to form NATO. In 1952, Greece and Turkey also signed a treaty, bringing the total membership to fourteen.

For the first time in history, free peoples of the world had joined together in self-defence without waiting for a potential aggressor to strike first. It was, in truth, a fitting answer to a weakened U.N. With Yugoslavia serving in the capacity of a silent partner in union with Greece and Turkey, NATO is much more than a mere union of the Atlantic Powers. It sets a pattern the rest of the world might well follow.

Article 5, the most important of NATO's 14 articles Treaty states: "The parties agree that an armed attack against one or more of them in Europe or North America

shall be considered an attack against all." A longer range objective was set out in Article 2, Canada's contribution to the Treaty: "The parties to the Treaty must recognize their common political, cultural and economic interests, agree to strengthen their democratic institutions, and promise to work together to promote prosperity and to remove all conflict in their national economic policies.

Mr. Herbert Morrison crystallized the supreme ideal of NATO in this way: "We should," he said, "look forward to the day when there will be a common citizenship for all the peoples in the North Atlantic Community, with all the barriers of thought, travel, trade, and understanding swept away."

This, indeed, is a remarkable ideal for peace. The U.N. and NATO stand forth pre-eminent in the post-war conflict between the ideologies of communism and democracy. We, the people of the West must learn to live the precepts that NATO sets forth. We must put aside our differences in creed and tongue. We must, together, put our shoulders to the wheel, and be prepared, if necessary, to offer, like Churchill in the dark days of the Battle of Britain, "Our blood, our sweat, and our tears".

NATO does point a way for the successful defence of Western Europe and charts a path to peace. But it is our individual responsibility, from the Commanding Officers of the Atlantic forces, down to the youngest airman, to make such an organization practical. What better place to start than at our own Station Winnipeg, where we can see on every side the proud representatives of NATO. Here is a living proof that peace is possible in the world today. Continued co-operation is the key-word!

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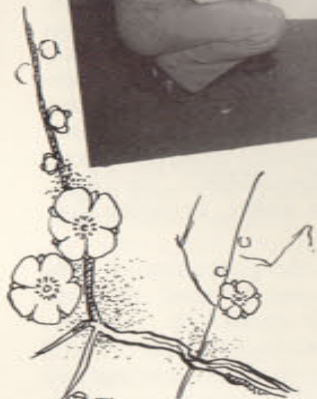
# TOKYO AND RETURN

by F. L. J. A. GAUTHIER

TO MANY PERSONNEL in the Air Force the RCAF air lift to Japan seems something very vague and far away, but to a certain 250 officers and men it holds vivid memories.

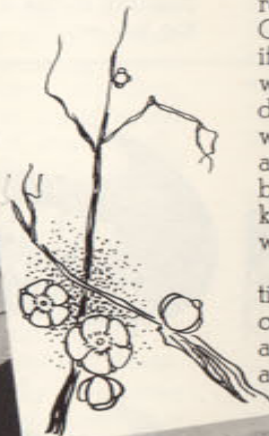
Three years ago on the 25th of July, after a two-week standby on a two hourly call, six North Star aircraft of 426 transport squadron lifted off the Dorval runways in formation. It was quite a start, as I have never seen a formation take-off of North Stars at any other time. The six aircraft paid tribute to the late Prime Minister, Mackenzie King, as they flew over Ottawa's Peace Tower, where his body lay in state. Continuing across Canada, the North Stars saluted Toronto at dusk and carried on to Winnipeg for refueling of aircraft and empty stomachs. By dawn, five aircraft had landed at Vancouver, but the sixth had been help up with engine trouble at the 'Peg and went direct to McChord field in the State of Washington which was the final destination of all six aircraft.

Our companions in flight to Japan were two squadrons of C-54's who had been rushed up from Texas for airlift work. It must be remembered that the Korean war was barely a month old and no one was quite sure how big it would get or how far it would spread.



The cargoes we carried to the war theatre can be broken down into three categories, first were fighting men, second, ammunition, and third, mail and tourists. The return trip was a steady flow of wounded. I remember when one of our chaps asked an American Operations Officer what we would do with the wounded if there was a ditching at sea. His reply was, "We won't have any crashes with wounded.", and to this day there has not been an air evac. plane go down with wounded aboard. If all aircrew were to fly an aircraft full with stretcher cases, mental cases, frost-bite, amputations, etc., I am sure they would feel as I know our boys did, and do the very best job they would be capable of.

The routes across the Pacific have changed from time to time, but the original one was a killer on aircrews, especially the navigator, who often had to be awake for twenty-four hours or more; the pilots could alternate the watching of George, and the radio officer



could sleep between PX's, but the navigator had to keep at it; the engineer had quite a tough time as well. To prove the above statement, the first trips consisted of a 7 1/2 hour leg to Anchorage, Alaska, and an eight hour sleep at that base. The following morning the crew was up two hours before take-off for breakfast and flight planning, then an eight hour trip to Shemya at the end of the Aleutian Chain, a two hour stop for food, refueling and briefing and finally a last leg of approximately twelve hours to Tokyo and a long left hand side of the street ride of an hour or two to our Tokyo hotel, an easy twenty-four hour stretch. I am sure no Jap can drive if there is not a horn in his vehicle.

The first 30 days were the hardest; probably the maintenance boys found it more so than anyone. We



did 30 return trips in 30 days, with six aircraft. It took an aircraft approximately three days non-stop to make the circuit, so a breakdown at one of the touch-down points caused many a grey hair at McChord field.

As the war drew on and 426 picked up more men and aircraft the pace was slowed down for the original detachment, also the route picked up glamour with the Honolulu and California stops; the reason for the warm weather stops was for the comfort of our wounded passengers, the northern route stops had no facilities for large groups of wounded who had to stop over for an extended period of time.

It was a good life, but a hectic one for 426 members; we learned a lot. Transport flying with the "Thunderbird Squadron" was my finest hour in the RCAF.



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# Coronation CONTINGENT

by CPT. L. L. HAGGERTY  
Special to VOXAIR

PRIOR to moving to Earls Court in London, troops stationed at Pirbright Camp were honoured to have a visit from H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh, who arrived by helicopter from Buckingham Palace. Wearing the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet, he held an informal inspection of all Commonwealth troops, shaking hands with the officers and chatting with various men in the ranks.

On our last night at Pirbright Military Camp various celebrations were staged among which a conga line was formed by the Aussies that made its way throughout the barrack blocks. In some instances troops had retired for the night, but were soon following until, eventually, there seemed to be no end. The climax came when all gathered on the Parade Square where an intricate manouever formed into a circle, and before anyone might realize what was happening a bonfire had been started. The Sergeant-Major never showed up.

Stepping off the train on Saturday afternoon, a massive sign greeted us which read: "Commonwealth Troops, Welcome to Earls Court". Here, for three days, nine thousand troops being accommodated might give you an idea of its size. Four thousand, two hundred troops had passed the steam tables in exactly forty-five minutes, having been served a meal. The

tremendous amount of organization and planning here is amazing.

Being one of the lucky few, and purely by chance, I suffered the comforts of a lower bed, for here double bunks were the order of the day. It was amusing to see Senior personnel of the forces crawling into the top beds trying to adjust the straw filled sacks that they might get the utmost semblance of the spring filled back home.

The PA system never seemed to stop blaring with continual announcements, news broadcasts, etc.

Reveille came between 4.00 and 4.30 a.m. It was practically an impossibility to even open the door to the washroom, and if, by chance, you happened to share a wash basin with someone else you were considered fortunate indeed.

Reveille on Sunday morning at Earls Court was an experience not easily forgotten. At 5.30 the front ranks of all contingents marched over the actual processional route that would be marched on June 2nd. At this hour the streets were clear for only a short time, when we had passed Nelson's monument, silhouetted against the morning sun in Trafalgar Square, the motor cars and early morning sightseers had gathered. It is now six o'clock, and the route through Piccadilly Circus and down the Mall to Buckingham Palace is literally jammed. On arrival back at Earls Court at 7.30 we had a light breakfast and then joined the remainder of the contingent for a route march at 8.30.

## The Coronation

Monday we did not parade. On Coronation morning we were up at 0630, excited and proud that this long awaited day had arrived. Decorations hang limp and wet this morning, for during Coronation Eve the rain had fallen incessantly. Ponds of water dot the streets and even now, as the rain still falls, it fails to dampen the spirit of the people who have waited along the route since Sunday to cheer and pay homage to their Queen.

The Commonwealth troops are marching in rain coats to the beginning of the processional route, each silently wishing the rain would hold. The RCMP joins us at Hyde Park. Shortly after ten o'clock we had reached our forming up point not far from the Abbey where the actual crowning is taking place. A short break here and cold lunch is served. Troops munch on a sausage roll and chocolate bars listening to the sacred ceremonies of the crowning over the PA system as it is broadcast from inside the Abbey.

One could visualize the Queen as she stood in lonely majesty amid splendour proclaimed by fanfares of

sound and colour throughout the ceremony of her coronation. Meanwhile the streets of London are crowded with her subjects, and with many who, though not her subjects, must have come to feel that they were sharing in something more than a splendid spectacle. The weather can hardly be worse, yet this misfortune is endured with gaiety on this coronation day.

The crowning ceremonies are climaxed by a gun salute while her troops stand rigidly at attention. The rain still falls, but for a brief moment when a burst of sunlight emerges from out a dove-coloured sky which seemed symbolic at this moment, truly a great occasion. The procession from the Abbey moves slowly behind the Queen as she majestically approaches her golden coach accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, followed by her Royal Household, Prime Ministers, Lords, Barons, Sultan of Zanzibar, and Royalty from many countries.

The marching contingents move, now far ahead of the Royal Coach, swinging out into the procession route, thronged by thousands of spectators cheering in roars of applause, that at times nears that of breaking the sound barrier. The procession is seven miles long and takes forty-five minutes to pass any one given point. The route is lined with servicemen from all parts of the world, and as the Royal Carriage approaches a precision movement brings them to the present arms while Her Majesty passes.

Symbolic of Canada, and leading the Canadian contingents, are the RCMP in their scarlet tunics, the RCAF follows the Mounties, while the Army and Navy march close on, other Commonwealth troops march in rear of the procession since it is the plan to have the senior services nearest the Royal Carriage bearing her Majesty.

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The marching contingents pass the thousands of cheering spectators who wave from their seats or previous few feet of standing room they had claimed many hours before to watch the greatest show on earth in the spectacular pageantry and colour of medieval times brought again to life on this day. As the contingents marched out of the spectators' view towards the next stands where roars of applause met their arrival, high from windows, bits of paper drifted downward like gulls following a ship.

The procession slowly makes its way down the Mall nearing Buckingham Palace; the applause grows greater as the carriages arrive bearing Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother, Sir Winston Churchill, and others. One charming and gracious lady, who won the hearts, not least by her refusal to close her carriage in the driving rain, was Her Majesty 'The Queen of Tonga'.

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As the Mall awaited the return of her Majesty, hardly could it have been more beautiful. Looking down from the Palace through the great golden arches with their huge crowns you can see the long perspective of blue bunting on the stands against which the scarlet tunics of the guards lining the route stretch like ribbon against a background setting of long rows of trees heavy in their summer foliage.

The procession serenely makes its way past Buckingham Palace, the marching contingents continue their return march to Earls Court. Minutes after the golden coach slowly makes its way through the iron gates of the palace, one hundred and sixty-eight RAF and RCAF crack jet pilots roar over Buckingham Palace, dipping their wings in salute to her Majesty, then disappeared in the grey mist of London.

#### Investiture at Buckingham Palace

The morning following Coronation day we paraded again at Earls Court and marched for our last time through the streets of London to Buckingham Palace where we will be presented with coronation medals. The rain somehow seemed to have little mercy on us, for it continued throughout the investiture ceremonies. The Queen appeared on the steps of Buckingham Palace accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, while her troops lined the green lawn where only a few days before the Duke had left by helicopter to visit Pirbright Training Camp. The medals were presented personally by Her Majesty the Queen to the OC's of each contingent, while the troops received theirs from the Staff Officers of the various contingents as the Queen stood by.

During the investiture, Prince Charles and Princess Ann watched from the balcony of the Palace, waving and chattering at the spectacular sight on the lawn. When their nurse got them quiet they watched in solemn dignity until near the end when Prince Charles' finger flashed past the nurse and he shouted, "There is Mummie". The investiture ended with a march past through the grounds of Buckingham Palace where the Queen received her troops, standing with her consort, Prince Phillip, on the huge steps of her Palace.

The pageantry and splendour of this coronation had closed another chapter; a young Queen had been crowned, and proclaimed as our Queen—"Long may she reign in peace".

A tribute to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, by Lord Gorell, seems fitting to end this series of articles written on the RCAF Coronation Contingent for an official publication "The Voxair".

From every quarter, near and far,  
From city, suburb, village green,  
From jungle, desert, hill and plain  
We come to give to God this day,  
Homage to our loved Queen.  
Long may she reign!  
In this, our ancient, storied fame,  
We gather now to praise and pray.  
She is the star to lighten us upon our way.

We offer all we have and are;  
She offers all her life to be.  
She is our liege: We are her own,  
To serve our land, to guard her throne.  
She is our link, a Lady's Chain  
Round many a land across the sea.  
All graciousness her youth endowers;  
In her our wealth of freedom flowers—  
We are hers and she is ours.

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# Ashdown's



GROUP CAPTAIN R. M. FRAYNE'S sudden death on June 7, 1953 came as a great shock to members of the RCAF from coast to coast and to those serving in other lands. As Director of Religious Administration (Protestant), Padre Frayne was one of the best known and best-loved men in the Air Force.

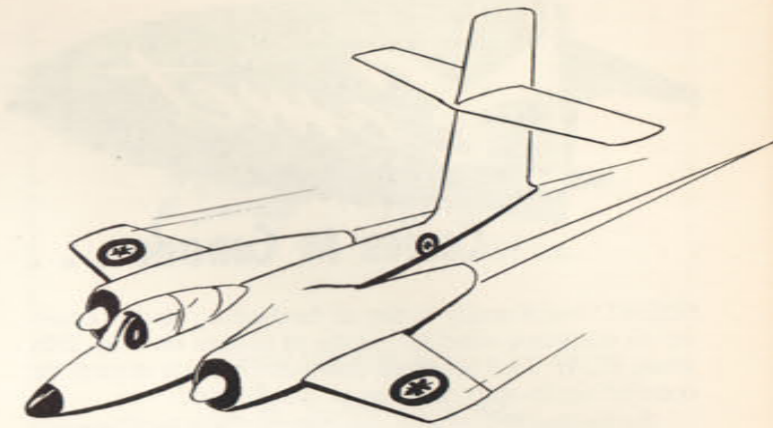
Group Captain Frayne was born and educated in Manitoba. Prior to the war he was minister of Sparling United Church, Winnipeg. From his early youth he was keenly interested in military life, beginning his career as a cadet. He was active in the C.O.T.C. at the University of Manitoba, and later joined the N.P.A.M. and from the outbreak of the last war until his appointment to the Chaplaincy of the RCAF in 1941, gave of his time and skill in the military training of Reserve Units.

He was one of the first Chaplains to serve overseas with the Air Force, and was responsible for much of the organization of the Chaplaincy Service in the United Kingdom. On his return to Canada he was Command Chaplain at No. 2 Training Command, a position he held until his appointment as Director in 1946.

Under his leadership the peacetime Chaplain Service of the RCAF came into being. He worked long and earnestly for the RCAF, travelling thousands of miles every year, lecturing, preaching, and addressing Service and civilian groups with enthusiasm and sincerity. He gave of his time and talent without stint. It was the most difficult thing in the world for him to refuse any request. This generosity of spirit and personality was undoubtedly a source of encouragement and help to many a lonely and worried heart. It was this devotion to duty and unpretentious love for his fellow man that over the years affected the health of Padre Frayne.

The week prior to his death he had returned from a strenuous five-day tour of United States Air Force bases with N.A.T.O. Air Chaplain, to immediately take the lead in organizing the Drumhead Service held in connection with the National Coronation Observance. In his last week he preached twice over the CBC in services honoring Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. He quoted the following lines to conclude his last

(Continued on page 31)



JNE

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# Comet

Comes to Canada . . .

FRIDAY, traditionally a day of foreboding and ill-omen for all mariners, shed its mantle of ill-luck on May 29th when RCAF 5301 touched down at Uplands airport on concluding its epic crossing of the Atlantic.

Friday the 29th of May saw history made by Canada's flying service. The Royal Canadian Air Force had "scooped" the world in its purchase of two of the sleek jet powered Comet transports.

The only air force in the world to own jet transports of the Comet type, the RCAF has shown that Canada recognizes the importance of jet air travel.

Defence Minister Claxton and Air Marshal Slemon, CAS, met the aircraft as it rolled to a stop near the control tower at Uplands airport.

Two veterans of the Korean air lift were at the controls of the big aircraft on its maiden flight across the Atlantic. Squadron Leader J. D. Dickson, DFC, AFC, DFM, captained the jet plane, while S/L C. S. Olsen assisted him during the 3,600 mile journey. The flight was eyed with more than casual interest on both sides of the Atlantic as it was the first trans-Atlantic flight to be completed by a jet transport. The trip,

concluded without incident, was made in three legs, with stops at Iceland and New Foundland for fueling purposes.

The second Comet, RCAF 5302, followed her sister ship to Canada in mid June and was flown from England by Squadron Leader "Rollie" Lloyd and Flight Lieutenant R. M. Edwards.

RCAF Station Winnipeg has played host to both of these magnificent aircraft, and station personnel turned out by the hundreds to view the newest additions to the Air Force's aircraft.

RCAF aircrew and groundcrew have been training for some time, in England, with both British Overseas Airways Corporation and the De Havilland Aircraft Company. Over 60 RCAF ground technicians and aircrew have completed the comprehensive course. Close liason between BOAC and De Havilland provided students with an opportunity to fly the Comet on training flights in England and overseas and enabled the ground crews to service the aircraft before and after such flights under expert supervision. Thus, the classroom instruction is backed up by practical illustration, either upon specially built demonstration equipment, available at the De Havilland Servicing School, or upon actual aircraft.

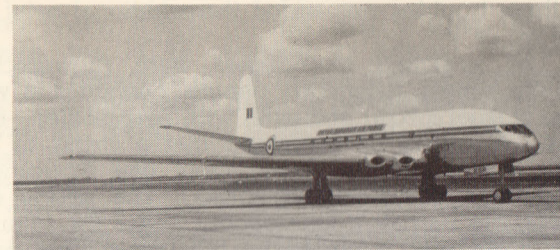
The RCAF Comets will be based at Uplands airport where they will form the Comet Detachment of 412 Squadron, under the command of Squadron Leader "Rollie" Lloyd.

The two comets will be used by the Air Force in two roles, first, to simulate enemy jet bombers in test attacks on northern air defences, and, secondly, as high speed transports for top priority personnel and freight.

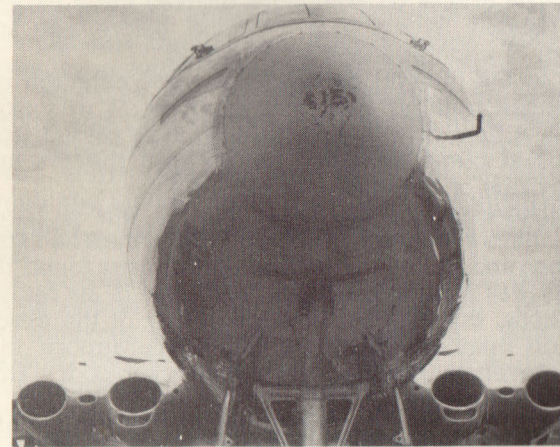


Photo by Cpl. KEN GREGG

The Red River trails off into the distance as the Comet cruises over East St. Paul. This view is looking south, with the Henderson Highway just ahead of the leading edge of the Comet's wing. Note the "boundary layer fence" out towards the tip. The lance-like projection right out at the wing tip is the pitot head which measures air speed.



The RCAF's No. 1 airplane slides smoothly over the tarmac at the Stevenson Field.



Like some prehistoric monster from another world the sleek outline of the Comet's nose and jet engine intakes spell speed against a lazily drifting cloud-draped sky.



Brilliant sunshine at 20,000 feet illuminates the cockpit of the Comet as it cruised high above the city.



Enthusiastic crowds of service men vie for the opportunity to look through the RCAF Comet aircraft at RCAF Station Winnipeg.

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# This Ground Defence

## Business

by F. O. EATON

WHEN AIRFORCES first came into being during the War of 1914-18, the principle duty of the birdman was to supply information on the doings of the enemy.

At this time it was axiomatic that airfields should be located as far as possible from any possible forms of interference so that information should flow unchecked.

Unfortunately this gentlemanly and comparatively innocuous form of warfare failed to last, before very long the airforces were taking potshots at each other in the air, aircraft armament became steadily more efficient and flying became more hazardous. It very soon dawned on the respective forces that an ideal way of interrupting the flying schedule was to shower gifts—mainly of the explosive variety—on the opposition. The first type of ground defence called for on airfields was, therefore, light anti-aircraft weapons.

This type of squabbling was not particularly important, but the aviators had in the meantime discovered the fascinating game of "chase the infantry", the unfortunate PBI who had enough troubles already in coping with the mud and the enemy, now found that

to these troubles was added the additional grief of air attack.

The wretched footsloggers were showered with bullets, bombs, incendiary pencils, flechettes (a vicious type of steel arrow) and even with beer bottles—empty, alas. It should be explained that a string of empty beer bottles dropped from about one thousand feet produce a blood-chilling shriek. The efforts of the infantry to burrow a little deeper under the stimulus of this noise was regarded by the flying types as most diverting.

The armies on both sides disliked these capers, but fortunately World War I ended before any suitable form of counter-attack was devised.

In the interval between the wars, although ground defence training itself was dormant, it was expected that in time of war airfields would be raided from the air and plans were laid for air raid shelters and the provision of a few AA machine guns.

However, the day of reckoning was at hand. In the interval between 1918 and 1939, armies had sprouted wings and in 1940 a horrified Air Ministry found that not only was it confronted with the threat of air raids on its stations, but also with the possibility of the descent of large numbers of highly trained paratroops thirsting for revenge, plunder and Air Force blood! This was very disturbing.

The RAF was directly threatened and at first attempted to cope with the problem by borrowing infantry from the army. This was not good, infantry battalions were broken up, all the evils of divided command ensued and finally it became apparent that some new scheme was needed.

The result was the formation of the RAF Regiment; a system was adopted whereby all personnel were trained to assist in the defence of the airfield with the RAF Regiment unit providing a hard core of professional troops who acted as instructors and undertook the patrol and counterattack roles if the field was attacked. Essentially the same system is used in the RAF today, although the Regiment now provides officers and NCO's for the Aden Protectorate Levies, the Iraq Levies, and the RAF Regiment (Malaya). Each of these forces is a locally raised unit.

The RCAF formed a Security Guard for its fields, however, most RCAF personnel who went overseas enjoyed a period of ground defence training on landing in the United Kingdom. Many readers will remember the joys of crawling through the mud at Sidmouth, and other spots, with bullets whistling overhead and a leather-lunged instructor roaring: "Faster! Faster!" Happy days!

After World War II, ground defence again became quiescent, the RCAF reverted to Annual Musketry. Those with memories of UK assault courses breathed a sigh of relief and settled down to peacetime routine.

However, World War II had shown one thing conclusively—there is no such thing as a front line any longer—any military installation anywhere in the world can come under attack. The increasing use of troop carrying aircraft and submarines showed us that we may expect in future wars.

The RCAF accepted the responsibility for the local defence of its own airfields in 1951 and the RCAF Ground Defence Branch was formed under DAFS in that year to provide a nucleus of instructors. The avowed intention was to train personnel to defend themselves and their stations. When this news leaked out a certain drop in morale was noticeable, strong men blanched, sturdy veterans with memories of barbed wire, mud and thunder flashes, were heard muttering in dark corners. To be frank, the idea met with a chilly reception.

Now, let us be realistic. No one is going to defend us, we've got to learn to defend ourselves. To say "that's someone else's job" is nonsense. Raiding parties don't stop to ask questions and we're all in the Queen's uniform.

There is no intention to turn all airmen into trained infantrymen. We have neither the time nor the equipment for such a thing. But—each one of us must be prepared to look after himself and assist in the defence of his unit. A chain is as strong as its weakest link, and the better trained each one of us is, the better is our collective chance of survival under attack.

Think it over—it could be **your** neck too!!!

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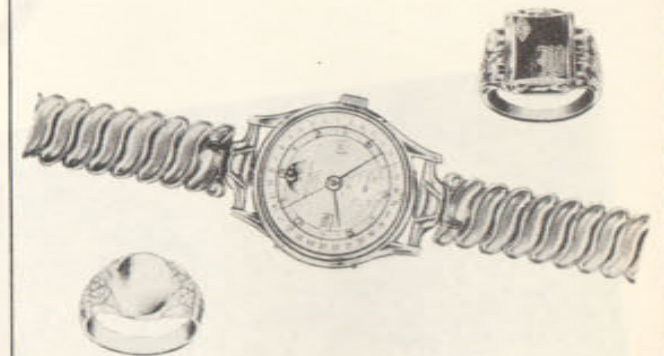
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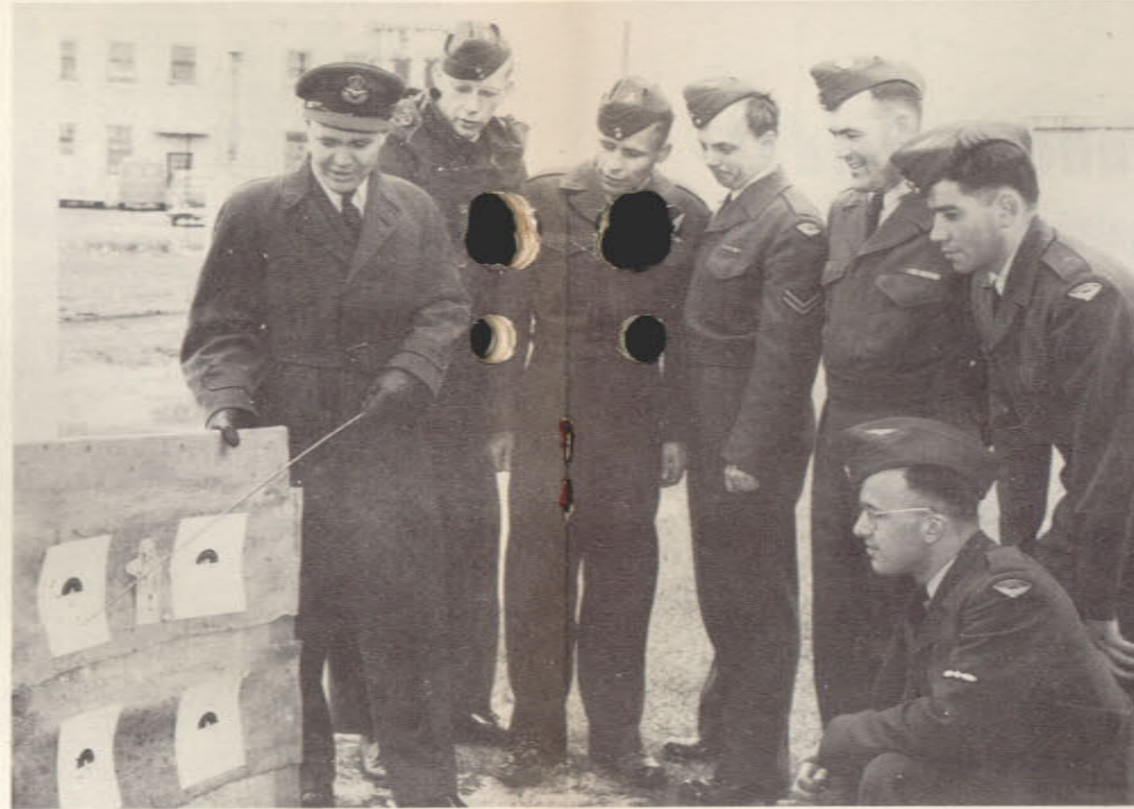
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*Shooting the Bull*  
Photo Cpl. L. E. Norton



*Clean Up*

# GROUND DEFENCE



*Chemical Warfare*



*Fire*



*Charge*

## Ground Defence

**WESTERN STYLE**—Cpl. Gardiner (NCO i/c Ground Defence) and LAC J. C. McCabe examine their six guns before advancing to the range.

**SHOOTING THE BULL** — F/O Ray Goodmanson, Ground Defence Officer, reviews the targets with marksmen from the armament section. L. to R. we see F/O Goodmanson, AC1 J. W. Mikkelson, LAC L. T. Allan, Cpl. J. F. Mellish, F/S Dyson, LAC J. C. McCabe, LAC A. Knight (kneeling).

**CLEAN UP**—Cpl. Al Herriot tells LAC Hanlon how to clean a rifle. LAC's Sonier and Weller observe closely as they will probably be doing it next.

**CHEMICAL WARFARE**—Cpl. Herriot complete with gas mask and cape, defends his area with a Bren gun.

**FIRE**—LAC's Weller and Hanlon get in a little target practise with a Sten.

**CHARGE**—LAC's Wilkie and Sonier move up. Whether or not they got through the barbed wire fence is still a mystery.



Photo by  
Cpl. KEN GREGG

RCAF Winnipeg was honored by the visits of two top ranking RAF officers during late June. Picture on right shows G/C E. M. Mitchell of 14 Training Group welcoming to Winnipeg A/V/M L. F. Sinclair, Commandant of the School of Land-Air Warfare, Old Sarum, England.

At left, A/M C. Stratford, C.B., C.B.E., D.F.C., Inspector General of the RAF, reviews a guard of honor upon his arrival at RCAF Station Winnipeg.

## Canada's Pride!



# DREWRY'S



## Ground Defence Training ...

RCAF Station, Winnipeg

THE Ground Defence Training Program commenced rather slowly at RCAF Station Winnipeg in September, 1952. After about four weeks of instruction on the .303 rifle the program had to be cancelled because of unavoidable circumstances.

In the dead of winter plans were made again to institute a GD training program. Because of the good will of 2402 Squadron, classrooms were made available for GD training purposes in the old NRC building. After considerable deliberation it was decided that continuation of instruction on the .303 rifle was in order as we had the 25 yard range modified to make it winterized. So be it.

On January 12, 1953, eight keen, rugged airmen showed up cheerfully for training on this thirty below morning (a dry cold—you don't feel it!). Station Winnipeg's GD Training Program had commenced again. After receiving excellent instruction in the morning on how to fire properly and to take care of the rifle, these eight hardy souls showed up in the afternoon at the 25 Yard Range to apply what they had just absorbed. Enthusiasm seemed to wane quickly when fingers became somewhat brittle, eyeballs watery (icy), and teeth chattered in the "winterized" building. The Ground Defence Instructor couldn't understand why his students weren't hitting the targets like he instructed them to do. With this chilly beginning,



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training of personnel on the .303 rifle continued throughout the remainder of the winter on into the spring.

On May 25, 1953, training on the Sten Machine Gun and .38 pistol commenced. Some of our sharpshooters (they thought) received a setback when they couldn't hit what they were aiming at with the Sten and pistol. With the advent of the warmer weather enthusiasm also became warmer, but also the program for Ground Defence Training had to be postponed because our erstwhile full time instructor had to congregate for the summer at Camp Borden to impart their knowledge to others.

We can look back now and see what was accomplished during the last five months (not without a great struggle to obtain students to train). Approximately 600 personnel were given instruction on the .303 rifle, and 150 received instruction on the Sten and pistol.



In addition to this we managed to give lectures on atomic warfare and tactics to about 60 officers.

We must now look forward to see what still has to be accomplished. The training program is somewhat behind at this unit. Phase I, which we are still in, was supposed to be completed by February, 1953, and Phase II by February, 1954. Phase I training consists of basic training in personnel weapons, fieldcraft, tactics and passive defence. Phase II consists of basic training in the light machine gun (Bren), advance training in fieldcraft and tactics, and refresher training in passive defence. Briefly, here are the subjects which still have to be completed in Phase I: Sten, pistol, grenade, fieldcraft, tactics, field engineering, atomic, biological and chemical warfare, first aid, fire fighting and light rescue. Officers have to receive instruction on organization for Ground Defence also.

It looks like Ground Defence Training is here to stay, although some of us try not to believe it. Some think it is just a passing "fad". All personnel concerned should realize that in time of war, if it does become necessary to defend your unit and yourself, it will have to be you people on the ground, and you alone who will do the defending.—R. W. Goodmanson, F/O.

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leave when we were happy . . . With apologies to Dante.*



**Voxair Vixen**

*Esther  
Williams*

Photo Courtesy, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



Course 39WA



JOHNNY ALLEN

A quiet boy who can always keep his dignity, even in a Beechcraft, or during a voluptuous strip dancer's routine. During her performance his only concern seemed to be for the safety of his beer. Had she been a mind reader, however, Anglo-American relations would not have been so strained.



RON BECKWITH

His main interests are soccer and 'bacca, and he can never be seen except through a haze of tobacco smoke. He would always be safe in the wilds as long as he had one of his many and varied pipes with which to send M.T.B.'s by smoke signal.

JEAN BERNAT

One of our Frenchmen, prominent by his quietness. This may be a result of his keen interest in cards. We even suspect that he plays patience in the Second Nav's seat. His main ambition when he gets home, is to spend one whole night eating French food and drinking French wine, etc.



RON (Abdul) COWAN

Ron never was one for mechanical contrivances. Perhaps the brake and gas pedal are too close together in small cars, but to anyone else it is impossible to read altitude off the Air Speed Indicator. However, his mastery of pyrotechnics is more advanced and now most people are unwilling to accept his generously offered cigarettes.



RON (I Don't Care) FORTEY

Plotting is not his forte. Wally (our Course Director, whom we all love and respect, of course) once said to him, "Gee, Forthey, I guess B & A have got more lines on this chart than you have! However, since a certain film was shown on the station, his motto is, "I don't care". Any day now we are expecting him to appear in a large feathered headdress "letting down the gangway".



JEFF (Texas) DAVIES

The Cadet Standing Orders ignite spontaneously when he flies, clad in khaki drill, parka and cowboy boots. Normally in good health, Controlled Plots usually found him ailing, and he rarely had enough strength to do more than walk to the M.I.R.



GEOFF. (Alki) HALL

He is the only man on the Course whose stomach is lined with blotting paper and filled with sponge. He went "on the wagon" for three weeks when \$30 hung on the deal. Fortunately an honourable truce was reached before irreparable damage was done.



GRAHAM (Ben) LEAR

One of the few (very few) members of the Course who can claim athletic prowess, having played as goalkeeper for the England amateur team, though he would be the last one to tell you. He is also a devotee of indoor sports, for he regularly receives two or three letters per day, which, he assures us, are from his grandmother in Highgate.

GERARD (Le Bruit) GROS

He has that desirable quality of determination. His is a determination to out-talk Wally (our Course Director, whom we all love and respect, of course) which is impossible. His querrulous, "But, Sir . . . is usually met with a crushing "Gros!"



BRIAN (Houdini) HUNTER

Brian is the Co(a/u)rse photographer, and since the acquisition of his latest instrument, a heica, he is living the life of a hermit. Nicknamed Houdini, because of his ability to get out of anything, he even survived a car smash in the States. However, he was the only one to be injured—he cut his finger. Most people will remember him for his dry humour, so dry, in fact, that it crackles.



TONY (40 More) LOFTUS

At Claresholme they thought it better that Tony studied Navigation at Winnipeg, a decision which has assisted financially, both the government and the local brewers. His favourite expression is, "Waiter! Bring 40 more." He is one of the prime movers in a scheme to order 100 beers and pay for them with 1,000 pennies.



BERNARD LUCAS

One of the pom-pom boys. He tells us that he has a moustache—he even trims it—but we are not convinced. He takes it as a personal insult when (a) the lights are put out, and (b) when they are not. His favourite expression is, "Close the (unprintable) door."



JOHN (Jock) MELLOY

Jock should have joined the guards, for he has succeeded in growing his own busby. This gives the impression that he has a receding forehead. He tells us that he doesn't like beer and only drinks to be sociable. He is a very sociable person, except during his frequent pugilistic moments.

ARTHUR (Marks) MUSHENS

If he were a German he would be continually counting his money. We are not sure whether he will first collapse from worry or late nights. Arthur will be married by the time you read this and his experience in cooking should stand him in good stead.



TED (On Track) PILKINGTON

Ted, like London, has a Green Belt, (for Judo, he says). His favourite expression is, "I was on track all the way round", but he can tell that to the Portuguese. He also speaks French, and, so he tells us, German and Italian. He hopes, soon, to learn English too.

CLIFF (The Moustache) POTTER

Cliff's moustache gives him a very dignified appearance at all times, even when swatting Wing Commanders with guitars or sitting in pools of beer on the Mess floor. The only drawback is that the moustache makes him look so old that none of the girls will dance with him.



(Continued on Page 29)

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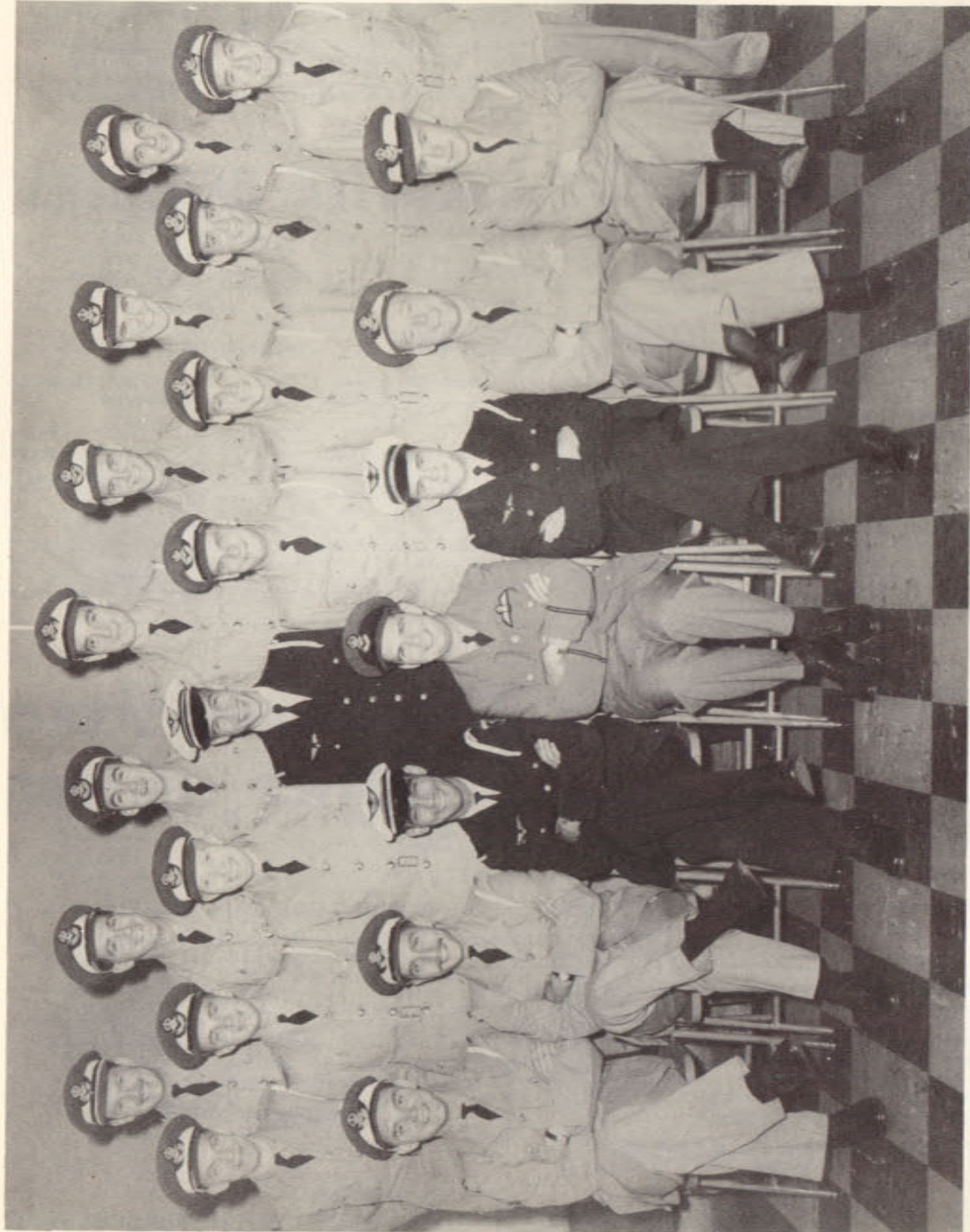
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 Middle Row—A/P/O H. F. Dand, A/P/O C. C. Hills, A/P/O R. Nicholas, F/C M. L. S. P. Boff, A/P/O R. T. Place, A/P/O L. H. Moss, A/P/O A. Saint, A/P/O R. F. A. Spooner  
 Front Row—A/P/O Brightman, F1; A/P/O L. Rosefield, F2; F/C Amoyal, F3; Course Director F/O W. A. Luchka; F/C M. R. F. Bar, F5; A/P/O A. G. J. Green, F6; A/P/O G. D. Reid, F7

39 WB

ONE DAY in the fall of last year, there arrived in Winnipeg an eager band of young men. They had travelled many thousands of miles and were to make Winnipeg their home for the next nine months. They were cordially received by all and sundry, who delighted and dismayed them with tales of what would befall them during their stay.

They were eager to sally forth and get their teeth into this apparently difficult task that lay ahead.

So arrived Navigation Officer Course No. 39WB. Their ways, at first, were ways of righteousness and keenness, but, as time went by, all but the very few fell into errors. A few of these errors and habits are presented to you in the following paragraphs:

**Amoyal, Gaston**—A Frenchman from North Africa whose use or rather misuse of the English language would turn many an English Master's hair grey. He has interests down-town, but refuses to talk about her. Pastime; learning doubtful expressions.

**Bar, Michel**—A Parisian who is continually being phoned by a girl called Margrete, who, he swears, he doesn't know, but we all understand!

**Boff, Serge**—Another Frenchman who is a native of Madagascar; his desire—to get back home and get some real sunshine.

**Boarder, Don**—A Londoner and former pilot type who tried to take off on 36" of boost. Don is one of the casualties of the Course, getting married to a young lady in London, Ontario, during mid-term leave. His favourite expression is: "I'm going to London this weekend." It is a pity we fly so much on Fridays, Don.

**Brightman, Bob**—From Luton, Bedfordshire, whose main pastime is admiring a photo of Zsa Zsa Gabor which he carries wherever he goes. He claims he would never have passed the course but for the inspiration this picture gave him.

**Bury, Brian**—A Lancastrian and one of our three musketeers; a quiet and stealthy worker who refuses to talk about what he does on Saturday evenings, but spends all day Sunday recuperating.

**Dand, Danny**—From Middlesex. Another of the Three Musketeers very similar to Brian Bury; in fact, certain members of the Course still confuse their names. Has spent twelve hours doing N.8. He seems to have taken an interest in a good looking Canadienne lately, too.

(Continued on page 30)

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## What Is The Russian Game Now?

*Russia's New Regime and the Prospects of Peace*

THERE HAVE BEEN SIGNS that the new regime in Russia wants peace. The Premier, Georgi Malenkov, touched off the Soviet "peace offensive" when he said soon after his accession to power:

"At the present time there is no dispute or unresolved question that cannot be settled peacefully by mutual agreement of the interested countries."

In a magnificent speech to the American Society of Newspaper Editors, President Eisenhower gave the United States' reply. He said:

"What is the Soviet Union ready to do? Whatever the answer, let it be plainly spoken. The hunger for peace is too great, the hour in history too late for any government to mock men's hopes with mere words and promises and gestures. There can be no persuasion but by deeds."

### Peace Offensive, 1953 Model

A flood of conciliatory words, gestures and even "deeds" has come out of the Kremlin in the little more

than 100 days since Stalin died. It is uncertain whether these are mere tactical manoeuvres or whether they represent a fundamental change of policy under Russia's new rulers.

Here is a brief summary of the new regime's peace gestures:

- (1) Malenkov's reference to the "possibility of the prolonged co-existence and peaceful competition of two different systems; capitalist and communist (Stalin also said this!)"
- (2) Expression of regret at the shooting down of a British aircraft by Russian jets, which Britain had bluntly called deliberate and cold-blooded murder.
- (3) The release by the Czechs of William Oatis, American press correspondent, imprisoned as a "spy".
- (4) Korea: Support for an armistice.
- (5) East Germany: Passing of Russian occupation control from military to civilian hands; easing of economic exactions and police state measures; hints of a genuine offer on German unification.
- (6) Austria: No peace treat, but substitution of civilian control for military control; somewhat less obnoxious behavior.
- (7) Easing of demands on Turkey in regard to the Dardanelles and Turkish territory claimed by Russia.
- (8) Exchanging ambassadors with Yugo-Slavia.
- (9) Proposals for East-West trade.
- (10) An easing of the iron grip on the Soviet people of the tyrannical Stalin regime, and a possible raising of Russian living standards.

### Terms for a True and Total Peace—Eisenhower

President Eisenhower, in the speech referred to above, formulated, in inspiring language, the terms of a true and total peace. He said the Kremlin could prove its good faith in these specific areas of struggle:

**Korea:** An honourable peace leading to free elections in a united Korea.

**Indo-China and Malaya:** An end to the direct and indirect attacks upon the security of Indo-China and Malaya.

**Germany:** A broader European community, conducive to the free movement of persons, of trade, and of ideas. This community would include a free and united Germany, with a government based upon free and secret ballot.

**Austria:** Speedy conclusion of an Austrian peace treaty to free that country from economic exploitation by foreign troops.

**Satellites:** A free (West European) community and the full independence of the East European nations could mean the end of the present unnatural division of Europe.

**Disarmament:** As world trust is strengthened by the progressive solution of these international problems, the reduction of armaments could be proceeded with. This reduction of armaments would require a practical system of inspection under the United Nations.

Savings achieved by real disarmament could be used to develop the underdeveloped areas of the world, to stimulate world trade, to assist all peoples to know the blessings of productive freedom.

**Freedom and Peace:** The lifting, from the backs and from the hearts of men, of their burden of arms and fears, so that they may find before them a golden age of freedom and of peace.

### British Policy

Prime Minister Sir Winston Churchill expressed the fear that the United States, through this far reaching statement of policy by President Dwight Eisenhower, may be demanding too much in one package. "It would," he believes, "be a mistake to assume that



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nothing can be settled with the Soviet Union unless or until everything is settled."

In a bold and eloquent speech Churchill gave Britain's own answer to the Communist peace offensive. He proposed "a conference on the highest level . . . between the leading powers, without delay." Churchill recognized that a hard and fast agreement might not be reached, but he believed that those gathered together might conclude that they might do something better than tear the human race, including themselves, into bits. "At the worst the participants would establish more intimate contacts. At the best we might have a generation of peace . . . I do not see why anyone should be frightened at having a try."

#### Russian Need of Tranquility at Home and Peace Abroad

The rulers who succeeded Stalin are unsure of themselves and wish to win support at home by easing the tyranny imposed by Stalin. Churchill thinks that the internal manifestations are most important, that there might be a profound movement of Russian opinion. There is evidence that Poland, Czechoslovakia and Eastern Germany are full of discontent and hatred of Russian rule. China feels the drain of an unsuccessful war. Also the military might of the Western powers is becoming formidable. Russia therefore needs time and a relaxing of tension to consolidate her gains. Further more, the leaders at Moscow may well be saying: "Let us ease the tension and bring on depression, division and collapse in the capitalist world." They would like to weaken the grand alliance against them and prevent the rearming of Germany. Hence the apparently conciliatory policy at home and abroad of Russia's new regime.

"Boy, Do I Need a Shave!"



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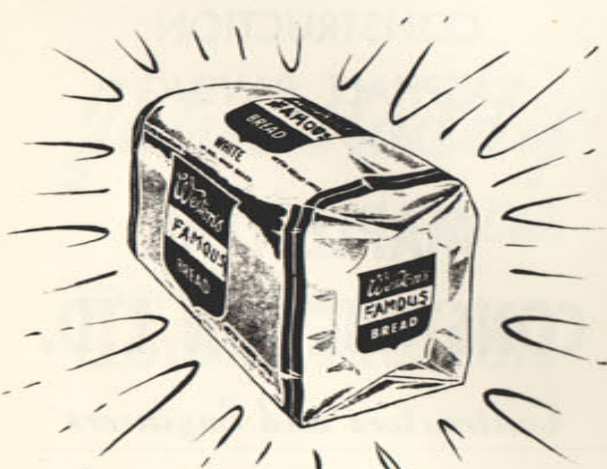
#### Eisenhower versus Churchill

Eisenhower remains disillusioned and skeptical of Russia's willingness, in the words of Ilya Ehrenburg, famous Soviet writer and propagandist, "to solve all existing conflicts by means of peaceful discussions." Churchill, whose interpretation of affairs has been remarkably accurate, is much more hopeful. It would be fatal, he says, for the free nations to relax their comradeship and their preparations, but it would be foolish not to have a try through a big-power conference at bringing a measure of peace to the world.

The late Sir Francis Drake once remarked that a people should "live peacefully with strong faith in God—and see that their powder be kept dry."

Under the menacing light of the Red Star of the Kremlin there are worse mottoes.

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(Continued from Page 23)



LOUIS ROBIN

Louis is surely deaf. His radio entertains(?) the whole barrack block. His favourite saying when he hears his marks is, "Eet is not good, but eet is enoff." Of a certain little lady in St. Boniface he probably says, "She is not good, she is wonderful." He must do, he spends enough time there.

PADDY (The Voice) ROSS

He is the chap with the sleek hair and melodious voice! His favourite expressions while plotting or playing golf are quite unprintable. On other occasions his "My dear fellow, you can't say that I drink much, I don't like the filthy stuff," is always good for laughs.



JOHNNY (The Wheel) SMITH

Our Cadet Officer Commanding. He is one of those extraordinary people who can find nothing better to do with a precis than read it. This provides food for thought, but his main thought is for food, in fact, his hobby is stealing pilot's lunches. He hopes to go home by sea because of the abundance of food on board ship.

JACK (?) SUMNER

Our Squadron House and Shower Cleaner (SH & SC). The only person on the Course who really knows the meaning of the word temperance, for he has never been seen under the influence. He has no vices and his is certainly not the reflection of a glass of O'Keefe's. However, he is very anxious that this be printed before graduation night.



RAOUL TOUSSAINT

It is believed that if Raoul had kept a log of the hours which he has spent in bed while on the Course it would read like that of an ANS pilot. His favourite pastime is bed, in fact, all his thoughts inevitably turn to one place . . . bed, and when he is in bed his favourite expression is, "Lights out! I want to sleep."

TREFOR (Admiral) WILLIAMS

He was once in the Royal Navy, but never more at sea than in the past nine months. Nevertheless, he will receive his wing on the glorious 24th, although he has already been winged by a girl named Margaret. His ambition . . . to persuade the RAF to "splice the main brace" every day.



F/O (Wally) LUCHKA

Our Course Director (whom we all love and respect, of course). He has guided us through the maze of ANS for the last nine months. He has aged considerably since we first met him, and little wonder. However, we would like to assure him that we are "getting it now". We shall never forget Wally standing on the dais, looking round the room saying "My Boys." Seriously, we would like to thank him for all he has done for us and to let him know that we do appreciate the way he has patiently put up with all our waywardness.—JRTW—BRH.

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**Down, Dick**—Hails from Devonshire. Formerly the third Musketeer, but whose evil ways have led him to partake of too much alcoholic beverage over the weekends, thus leading to expulsion from the band.

**Green, Alan**—Hails from Oxfordshire, known as the terror of B and A. He can always be seen rolling his sleeves up and arming himself with a packet of cigarettes before any analysis period. His favourite pastime is talking about aircraft armament during World Affairs lectures.

**Hansen, Eric**—Known to his flying partners as "Honk". Eric comes from near Staines, Middlesex, and has a great love for speed; that's what the St. James Police said when they fined him \$14 for speeding down Portage. He is the only man I know to hang ANT's in the astro dome just to have a clear conscience.

**Hills, Colin**—Commonly known as Colin McBoing-Boing—the noise making child. He hails from Tilbury Docks, London, and his life's ambition is to see a dock at Tilbury large enough to take the Queen Mary. His pastime—putting three-star fixes around pin points.

**Isaac, Pete**—A Bristolian, who, up to half-term, lived in the telephone box. However, he is now cured in that field and spends his time sticking transfers on his case of places he has never been. Also claims to have grown a "Tash" during the course, only nobody will believe him. He also claims to be up to letter No. 200 from his girl friend.

**McQuaker, "Jock"**—A Scot who claims to be the founder of the 4th Reich, whose main interests are German music and art, and who can always be found in the Old Vienna, drinking Schloss Johannesberger.

**Moss, Len**—Another Londoner who always manages to ask the wrong sort of question at the right time. His favourite expression: "Anyone got a smoke?"

**Nicholas, Ron**—From Chatham, Kent. The Cadet Adjutant. Spends hours arguing art and music with "Jock". Pastime; getting fantastically high marks, and spends the rest of his time making out charge reports.

**Place, Ron**—From some obscure part of Western Australia. Gets most annoyed if you start discussing the Australian deserts. He claims it is all just uncultivated sheep land. His chief interest is in the state of the mail from Australia. Favourite expression: "Listen, you blokes, in Australia we've Wallabies as big . . ."

**Reid, Gordon**—The responsibility of Hertfordshire. Often seen disappearing through the door complete with weekend case with the statement that he is going to play cricket. It's hardly cricket, old man! He spent the rest of his time writing this article. Ambition: To leave Winnipeg before this is published.

**Rosefield, Laurie**—From London, England. Commonly known as "Leadfoot" because of the tendency of his foot to go to sleep on the accelerator. Is credited with two lamp posts and several near misses of old ladies. This may be due to the fact that he started out as a pilot.

**Saint, Dixie**—Hails from Buckinghamshire. Another with interests in London, Ontario. Chief aim on the course has been to dodge being Course Leader, which he has succeeded in doing. He has spent a couple of weekends up at the beach and has the mosquito bites to prove it.

**Spooner, Ron**—A Surrey man, and our S.C.C., which makes him very popular with Junior Course. He has, in fact, been voted the man they would most like to meet in a dark alleyway. Ron also has interests downtown. It is just as well they don't have bed checks over the weekends.

**Watkins, Roy**—Hails from Kent. Known to the course as "Lofty" and known also for his extraordinary luck with the Tout at the races. Formerly the part-owner of a Card Prefect, to which he managed to cause damage to the extent of \$300 in a few short moments while on leave in the States.

In conclusion, we must mention our Course Directors. We have, up to the present date made one leave the country and sent the other to hospital. And now we are working on 39WA's C.D.

Our first was F/O Pett (Mac). After 26 weeks of hard labour he was sent to Texas to recuperate. We shall always remember him for his continual awakening of Hansen during D.R., only to receive the epic reply: "But I've done it all before at Cranwell, Sir." And his cool parrying of Amoyal's awkward questions on Average P/L's.

Number two on the casualty list was F/O Monette (dare we call him George?) who, unfortunately, was taken ill only three weeks before the end of the course. We fear that taking lectures on both Officer Qualities and D.R. was too much for one man.

That leaves us with F/O Luchka(?). It's evens that he'll finish the course at the moment. But he will need a great deal of rest in B and A afterwards.

We have learned much since our arrival. How to treat frost bite or sunburn, and how to fill beds with blankets to avoid bed-check detection.

We leave wishing our Course Directors speedy recoveries, and thanking all those people who have made our stay in Winnipeg an enjoyable and memorable one.—G.D.R.

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public address, lines which capture the purpose and desire that motivated his life—

"Where you are going, Greatheart?  
To set all burdened people free;  
To win for all God's liberty;  
To establish His sweet sovereignty.  
God goeth with you, Greatheart."

The passing of G/C Frayne is particularly felt on Station Winnipeg because it was such a short time ago that he spoke for three days in succession during the preaching Mission here. He gave a very stirring message. His sincerity was so obvious. Those who heard him were deeply impressed. Now that he has gone, the words he uttered have gained deeper force and conviction. Truly, "He being dead yet speaketh."

Those who attended the mission services will remember that he stressed the fact that man must have a pattern in life. A pattern that is moulded through belief in God as He is shown through Jesus Christ. That man, in order to enjoy and to develop life to the full, must not only live according to that pattern, but he must teach his children to live by the same rule.

He laid particular stress on the necessity for belief in God. He illustrated the need for man to live according to that faith by a number of vivid stories, drawing comparison between races who have such faith! and those who have not, and urging that it be exercised not simply as an individual effort, but as a unity and brotherhood of all Christian peoples, and that, in preserving the faith against the anti-christian cults of today, such unity is not only a strong force but a dire necessity.

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He spoke strongly on the fact of wandering away from the Living Truth, along life's pathway, of the need of returning to some former grasp of faith, and from there rebuilding life with a firmer conviction and resolve.

He has departed, but he has left behind his message. As Dr. Woodside said at the funeral service in Ottawa, "His lamp has gone out because the dawn has come". Every one who listened to him at Winnipeg will some day reach that time of departure. A belief in what he taught and believed will strengthen and fortify that hour.

G/C Frayne still lives in another sphere of life. He still lives in the words which he spoke. He still lives in a plan which he had formed but which he had not been able to complete during his lifetime. He needs the help of his many friends for this. It was his desire to establish a bursary for needy Divinity Students at his Alma Mater—United College in Winnipeg. It was unfortunate that his untimely death should have called him away before the completion of this task. To ensure that this goal of his is reached, many kind friends are assisting financially, and an invitation is extended to personnel of this Station to take part. Contributions, not necessarily large, will be received by the Station Chaplain (P). May Station Winnipeg endorse this endeavour, and respond with good will in this tribute to his memory; and may God's blessing be upon this work undertaken in His Name, so that, through the self-sacrifice of our late DRA, there may come forward through the generations to follow, men who will walk in his steps in carrying out the work of the Master.

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