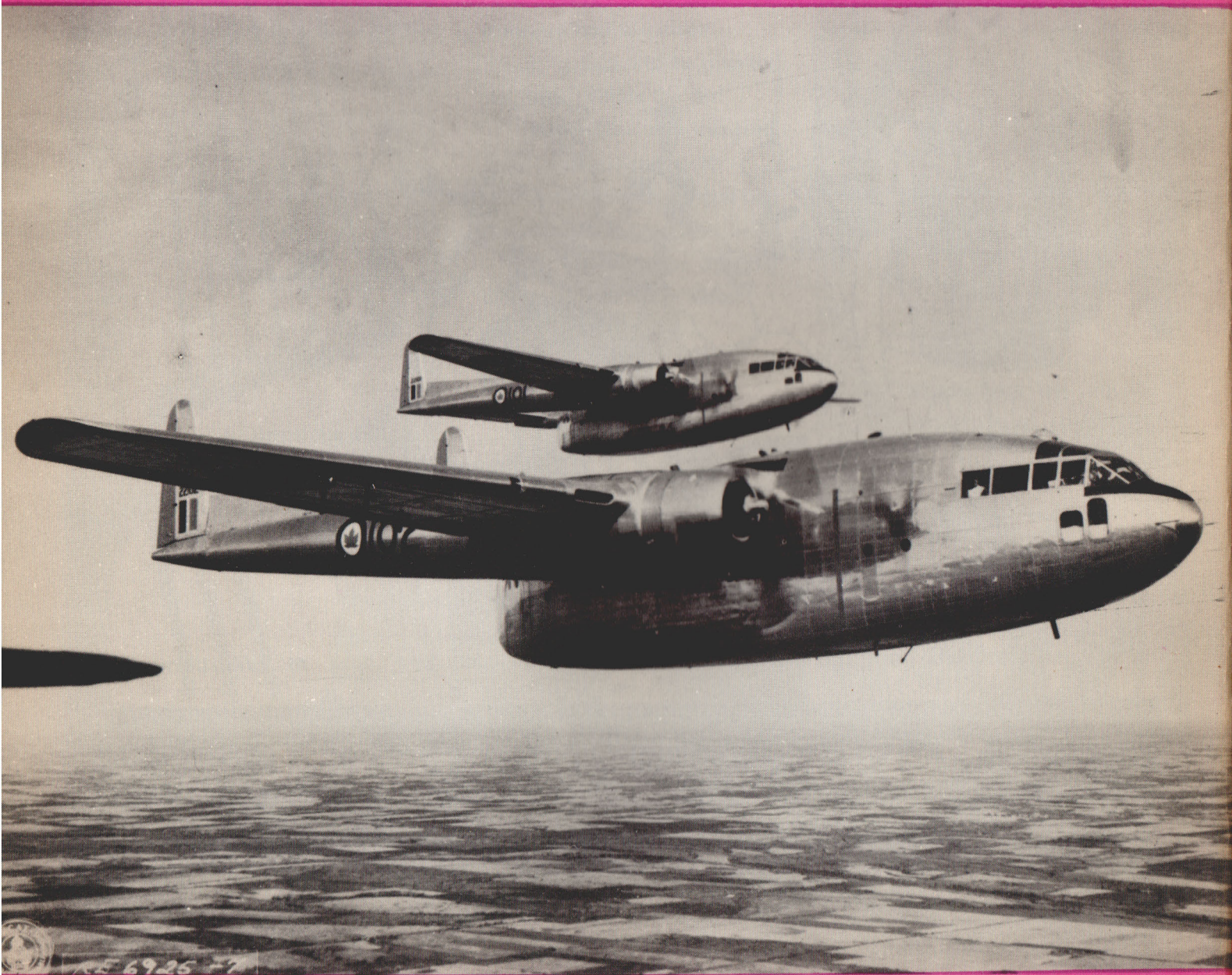


Voxair

PHOTO ALBUM



STORY ON PAGE 19

VOXAIR



THE VOICE
of the AIR FORCE
in Winnipeg

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE R.C.A.F. IN WINNIPEG



APRIL 8, 1953

Price 10 cents



ACTIVITIES OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE IN WINNIPEG



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INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.



Editorial

I AM A STATION MAGAZINE. My name is "Voxair". Today I have reached my maturity. On this day I am one year old—or is it fifteen? I feel as the unfortunate child must have felt who was born on the 29th of February and who had to endure sixteen years of life for four birthday presents.

Today I celebrate my first birthday, yet I am old in knowledge and experience, as I have, like the Phoenix, risen from my own ashes fifteen times since I was first born.

During my first year I have grown from a slim, size 26, to a more robust 32, and even now my figure is beginning to bulge. It is quite possible that I shall have to increase my size to a more matronly 36.

For a long time my address was unknown—I lived in a dismembered state in brief cases and in desk drawers here, there and everywhere around the station. Then one day one of my earliest boy friends found a corner for me in the Station Rec Hall. It wasn't much, but at least it was a place that I could call "home".

I hung out my shingle and prepared to receive callers. None came.

Only the steadfastness of my original admirers gave me the strength to

carry on. Their faithful courtship helped me keep my self-esteem. But now and again the awful thought strikes me that perhaps they, like Pygmalion, are only in love with their own handiwork.

I was happy, though cramped in my small abode until one day vile rumour had it that I was to be dispossessed! My worried entourage scurried about attempting to find some spot for me to huddle out of the cold and the storm.

Suddenly things began to look up. I was presented with the nicest present any young mug could ask for

—spacious accommodation, tastefully furnished, where I can entertain with pride and work with efficiency. I have materials and equipment that I have needed, oh, so badly ever since I was first conceived here at Station Winnipeg. My friends are increasing in number and those really close to me, those who feed and nurture me, are finding that this association grows daily more pleasant. Why? Because their work is getting lighter, not because it is getting less, far from it, but because there are more hands to share the load.

This is truly a wonderful birthday!



Photo by Sgt. Sid Boudoin and Cpl. Ken Gregg

Cover Story

Our cover this issue shows a lone candle casting a flickering light over the front covers of all our previous issues. Fourteen in all, they represent a good many man-hours of endeavour. The writing, photography, layout, distribution, and, of course, the long hours spent in selling advertising to pay for the production of the magazine represent not a few spoilt weekends and ruined evenings. However, as long as we can continue to please you, our readers, it will be considered as time "well spent".



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DONALD at GRAHAM



Air Chief Marshal
Sir John Baker, K.C.B., M.C., D.F.C.
Vice Chief of Staff, Royal Air Force

Our Distinguished Visitor

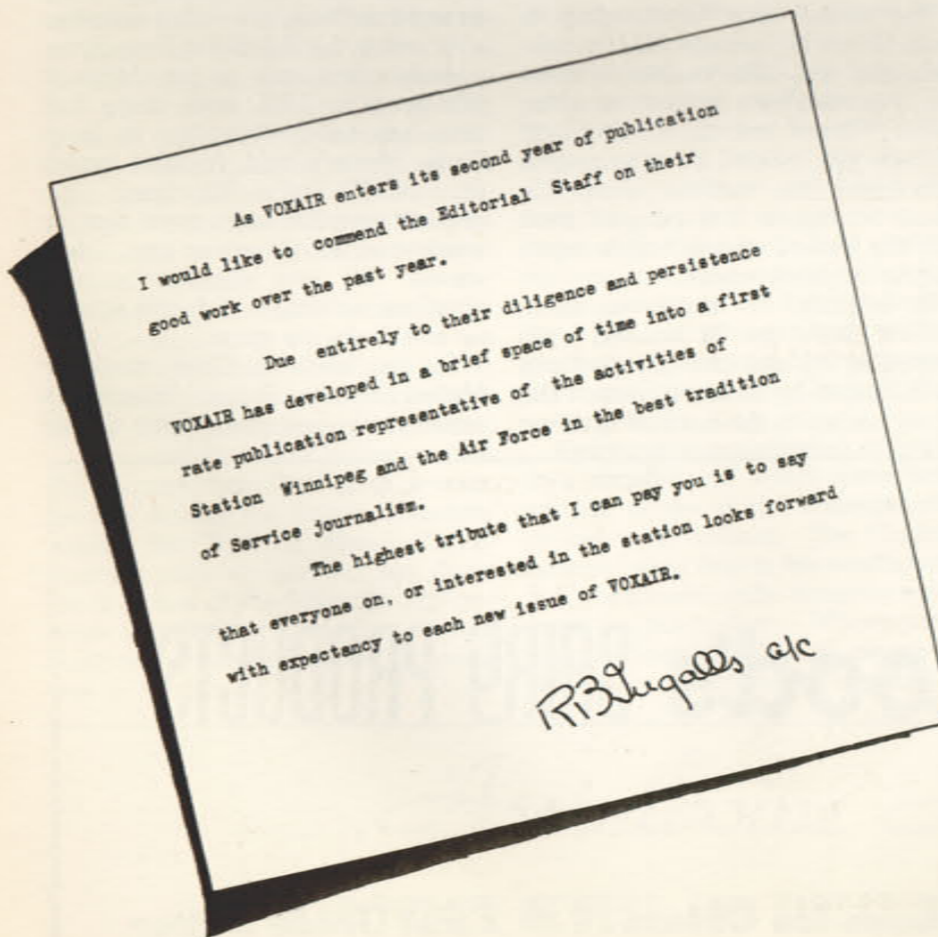
Air Chief Marshal Sir John Baker has been Vice-Chief of the Air Staff since November 1, 1952, and was previously Deputy-Chief of the Air Staff from March of the same year. Formerly, he was Commander-in-Chief Middle East Air Force, to which he went in January, 1950 after having been Air Officer Commander-in-Chief Coastal Command from November, 1948.

At the outbreak of the war he joined the Operational Planning Staff at the Air Ministry where he was at first Deputy Director of Plans, and afterwards Director of Bomber Operations.

Early in 1943 he went to India as Senior Air Staff Officer at Air Headquarters, and later in that year, was appointed to a similar post at "H" Air Command South East Asia. After returning to England at the end of

1944, he commanded No. 12 Group Fighter Command for 18 months before becoming Director General of Personnel at the Air Ministry, a post he held from June, 1946 until he went to Coastal Command.

Born in Winnipeg, in 1897, son of Rt. Rev. F. V. Baker (Rector of All Saints Church, Winnipeg, until the turn of the century) Air Chief Marshal Baker was educated at Eastbourne College and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, from which he was commissioned into the Royal Garrison Artillery in December, 1916. He was seconded to the Royal Flying Corps in the following year and was among the first to be given a permanent commission in the RAF in 1919. His Military Cross was won in the first World War and his DFC in the North West Frontier of India in 1926.



As VOXAIR enters its second year of publication I would like to commend the Editorial Staff on their good work over the past year.

Due entirely to their diligence and persistence VOXAIR has developed in a brief space of time into a first rate publication representative of the activities of Station Winnipeg and the Air Force in the best tradition of Service journalism.

The highest tribute that I can pay you is to say that everyone on, or interested in the station looks forward with expectancy to each new issue of VOXAIR.

R. B. Ingalls etc

G/C R. B. Ingalls, D.S.O., D.F.C., C.D.



Photo by J. R. Pattison

THE HEATS ON!



The next time you journey downstairs in the cold chill of a April morning, to throw another log on the fire, give a thought to the heating problems of the heating engineers at RCAF Station, Winnipeg.

Keeping the winter's cold out of the many buildings at Winnipeg is a big job. Seven boilers manufacture the steam that is piped to the 2,000 radiators heating the barrack rooms, offices and hangars. More than seven miles of underground steam piping, varying in size from 1½ to 10 inches in diameter, convey the steam from boilers to buildings. Here, another twelve miles of steam pipe channel the steam from room to room within the buildings.

Each year 190 carloads of coal, totalling 9,500 tons of Saskatchewan lignite, turns into ash as it delivers up 133,000,000,000 BTU'S of heat to keep hangars and offices, messes and classrooms at a comfortable temperature.

Three of the seven boilers provide the steam to heat the four aircraft hangars. Steam for the hangars is piped through large "racks" or

radiators in each hangar. Cold air is drawn from the floor level by large electrically driven fans. This air becomes heated as it passes through the steam pipe racks. When heated, it is discharged into large ducts which convey it to the lean-tos and into the hangar proper.

Opening the hangar doors trips a switch which shuts off the fans. However, the fans resume their work as soon as the doors are closed, and, as a result, any unnecessary opening of doors or windows throws an additional load on the heating plant.

Ashes from this mountain of coal present no problem. After they are withdrawn from the ash pits they are dumped into large receptacles located near each boiler. From here the ashes are drawn by suction into large hoppers and from the hoppers are carried to dumps by trucks which drive under the hoppers. Drivers can fill their three-ton dump trucks in a matter of seconds by tripping a lever.

The steam, after discharging its heat, is led by gravity feed to condensation pits. The location of these pits is marked by a pillar of escaping steam. There are, in all, about 20 of these pits located at various spots throughout the station. After the steam condenses it is pumped back into the boilers where it once again begins its merry chase.

In addition to the seven main boilers, there are 85 housing units heated by oil and four Quonset huts each heated by three oil units. The 85 oil heaters in the married quarters

drink up about 4,000 gallons of oil each month, while the twelve heaters in the Quonset huts require around 1,400 gallons per month. The heating units in the married quarters are designed to be readily converted to coal in the event of a shortage of heating oil.

Over at the "new station" there will eventually be a conglomerate of the latest heating equipment available, including four high pressure boilers of 410 horsepower each.

All of this important work is carried on under the watchful eye of the chief heating engineer, Mr. Archie Mullen; a dour Scot with much of the "burr" still in evidence. Mr. Mullen has a wealth of engineering experience behind him.

A native of Greenock-on-Clyde, Archie served with the Merchant Marine as a marine engineer during World War I and as an Engineer Lieutenant Commander with the RCN(R) in World War II.

Mr. Mullen's shore duty with the RCN included a tour at the U.S. Naval Base at Galveston, Texas, where he served on the engineering acceptance team, inspecting corvettes after refit at the U.S. Naval Base there.

Archie first took up his duties at Winnipeg in 1946, and since that time has been attempting to keep Dame Winter's cold shoulder turned from RCAF Station Winnipeg. His greatest aversion is an open door or window on a cold winter day. "Heat waves," he says sourly, "pouring out of me buildings send cold shivers up and down me spine."

So be kind to Chief Engineer Mullen and to Station Winnipeg's heating bill—keep those doors closed!

'PEG PERSONALITIES

Cpl. R. S. Cowley

WE ALL KNOW of people who work with us and who, when they notice something that could be improved upon by using some ingenuity, plus a bit of "scrounged" material, go ahead and do it. The Link Section at RCAF Station Winnipeg is fortunate in having such a man in the person of Corporal R. S. Cowley, Maintenance Man Extraordinary, Improvisor Superlative, Innovator par excellence. The adjectives may seem slightly Hollywoodian, but nothing is too good for the good Corporal. In addition, they are needed to flesh out the short biography that he volunteered upon request: born in Ottawa in 1920;

joined the RCAF in 1946. That was all. Not much to go on, but with the application of additional inquisition he revealed that he had been educated at Ottawa Tech. That his trade is Electrical Technician (Air). That he used his natural talents to increase his pay and allowance by getting married, and that the investment increased his capital by a son, who is now three years old. We also discovered, from secret sources, that the Corporal is now in his second year at Station Winnipeg.

When Cpl. Cowley first came to the Link Section about all it had was the name. The Links were mounted in the more or less unused study-room of the Telecommunications Sections.

Like most other Link trainers across the country, these had done yeoman service during the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. Battle-scarred and work-weary the three black boxes of the Vacuum Airlines were installed by Canadian Pacific Airlines technicians and the Corporal was on his own.



—Photo by Cpl. K. Gregg

After getting the Link Section into operation as per the proper RCAF publications, the good Corporal began to notice that the pilot instructors who operated the Link trainer were prone to Link desk fatigue, which led to error and oversight on their part, with consequent confusion and irritability on the part of the pilot undergoing torment inside the trainer. When the maximum point of frustration was reached by the latter, the hood of the Link would be violently thrown open and a blast of hot blue air loosed upon the hapless instructor. The desire to save wear and tear on both trainer and instructor soon prompted one of Cpl. Cowley's innovations on the Link.

Reducing a complicated operation to a simpler one, which gives better results, is one of the characteristics of industrial genius. The Corporal accomplished this in his modification to the automatic radio compass equipment on the trainer. Where previously the instructor had to operate the equipment continuously, he can now

concentrate solely on observing the efforts of the pilot flying the Link. The instructor is therefore better able to give the student more accurate and efficient aid and assessment.

Four months of completely satisfactory operation have proved this modification to be an excellent and completely practical invention. Ask any pilot who has operated the old type equipment.

The atmosphere of calm pedagogy which settled over the Link section during a session with the modified Link so impressed the Corporal that he is now busily engaged in perfecting an automatic radio range for the Link trainer.

In addition to invention and innovation, which are just spare time activities, the Corporal's duties range from those that require the use of such tools as the mop to those that require the use of a galvanometer. To all of his duties, no matter how mundane, Corporal Cowley puts forward the same high standard of endeavour and accomplishment.

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Civilian Staff at Group Headquarters



STEP UP

Up them stairs come your comely misses to start the day right at 14 Training Group. Leading the way is Jean Bodnarchuck with Vivian Dutton, Lillian Petrew and Marvis West hard on her heels.

THAT BEVY OF BEAUTIES (ahum) that makes its way to the canteen for lunch every day and loads the trays with fudge sundaes smothered with nuts, and chocolate milk shakes topped with calories (their diets start tomorrow—always tomorrow) are the bulk of the Civilian Personnel of 14 Training Group. In case you're wondering what they're really like behind that facade of food, suppose we take a little walk through 14 Group and try catching them between mouthfuls.

Entering at the back door (as usual) we come first to the Admin. Unit Orderly Room which contains two comely newcomers, Helen Leger and Joyce Cooper. Audrey Cameron, whose sparkling eyes were a centre of attraction, left the OR for a job at a broadcasting company. Audrey is the mother of a small daughter, Myrene, also with sparkling eyes.

Moving next door to the Central Registry, we are greeted by Marge Hooker's fetching grin, and settle our elbows on the half-door to wait for her usual quip or joke. A real good sport and efficient worker, Marge keeps the CR on their toes, and hails from Pickle Crow, Ontario, where she spends her time riding a bicycle off the end of the pier.

We are drawn from the CR by gay chatter issuing from Muriel Robertson's lair, a private office, no less! Muriel enlightens the unenlightened concerning anything they wish to be enlightened on, and is a very

smartly dressed mother besides, having a small daughter, Pamela—and a husband.

Farther down the hall yawns the inner sanctum from which opens an inner inner sanctum. In the outer inner sanctum, we find Irene Botink, the Group Commander's secretary, a very chic, tiny, but perfectly proportioned young lady who ushers in the damned or doomed with the same friendly smile that she bestows upon visiting VIP'S, and puts about-to-be-interviewed personnel immediately at ease.

Up the stairs we go to the SASO Orderly Room, and after getting past the ack-ack curtain of flying missiles in the doorway, we find three more girls manning typewriters.

Betty Day, the dark-haired pixie in the corner, sports an impish grin and a constant flow of hilarity. She keeps in trim by hurling anything not nailed down, and doing a ritual fire-dance over the hot-plate. Her favorite occupation is insulting people.

And in the other corner we have — our willowy, dark-haired beauty, Jeanne Hassett, who can't say nay to a horse. Under Jeanne's calm, placid exterior is a touch of the Gypsy it seems, and a love of travel. It is rumored that some of her ancestors were driven out of Ireland by St. Patrick.

Beside Betty sits Clare Storwick, whose quiet, subdued exterior doesn't mislead us at all, as she has been the instigator of many SASO Orderly Room



HIGHER LEARNING

Sheila Catt left points out an interesting cover of a famous Manitoba magazine while Helen Leger, Joyce Cooper and Fern Duncton ply the pages of other issues of the same magazine.

escapades. Clare has more travel folders than a travel bureau and some day hopes to explore the depths of India. She is an Art student and has displayed great talent in this line.

Across the building lies the STSO Orderly Room, a whirlpool of activity and wisecracks, where Elaine Smith, Shiela Catt and Fern Duncton lend a humorous element to maintenance and construction.

Elaine, a slim, pert, twinkle-eyed girl, is engaged (and lovely). An ardent cat-lover, she takes hers to bed for warmth. Elaine has a quick-silver personality (either up or down), possibly an indication of her artistic temperament, for she's a very competent pianist.

Shiela Catt is the tall, poodle-topped accomplice to Elaine's escapades, who's dry wit convulses the coffee-room. She owns one-third of a car and some day hopes to make off with the other two-thirds and head for the Yukon. Shiela looks striking in the uniform of the Reserve Army and tries to re-recruit RCAF men on the Q.T.

Fern, a relative newcomer, and the owner of a pair of captivating braids, is engaged to be married in April.

Also a stenographer here was Wynn Regan, with the naturally curly wind-blown look and wholesome smile. Wynn came from Pat Bay, Victoria, and is a patron of the Arts and a bit of a poet. She left recently to work for W/C Hale at RCAF Station MacDonald.

The SPSO section lies in the building across the road. We come upon Vivien Dutton, at home in the Air Force atmosphere. Vivien saw overseas service in the Air Force during the war, and her husband is



PINK TEA

Four of the civilian staff at 14 Training Group Headquarters gather in a cozy corner to chat while they munch on their lunch. From left to right we have Betty Day, Jean Hassett, Clare Storwick, Jean Ominski



CHECKING OUT

Lining up for a smack at "dat ole debbil" the time clock are left to right: Marge Hooker, Muriel Robertson, Elaine Smith and Irene Botink.

furthering his studies in Great Britain. She is the mother of a little Dutton with a mind of his own, whom she subdues with strong-arm tactics.

Mavis West's infectious giggle draws us like a magnet, and her strong accent (for she comes from Leeds, Yorkshire) is fascinating. When Mavis laughs, everybody laughs. Mavis has two children, and keeps the Station Library in business.

Jean Bodnarchuk, cozy little bundle of femininity and the baby of 14 Group stenographers, occupies a desk in the Security Police section. Any boy holding hands with Jeannie may be disillusioned to find her studying his fingerprints. Jean comes from Tyndall, Manitoba.

An expert at devilment and repartee, is dark, bubbling Lillian Petriw, who works for the Medical Officer, and is willing to offer her cool hand to hot feverish (male) foreheads any time. Lillian is everybody's choice for a bridesmaid, and makes a very fetching one.

Then, not least, comes Jean Ominski with the lovely eyes, whose wise, kind attitude wins everyone's confidence. She's everybody's friend, and is available for the best of advice on request. A sense of humour is not lacking by any means, and her favorite beginning is, "I know I've got a broken back and fallen arches, but . . . !" Jean will work for the Civilian Personnel Officer when things become organized.

That's the lot, and a very nice bunch of girls they are

—Photos by Cpl. K. Gregg

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Handel Society		

GREEN TICKET . . . *By Norm McMillan*

Next to becoming an Air Marshal on the next promotion day, every pilot's ambition is to have a Green Ticket. With a Green Ticket the sun always shines, the clouds dissipate and there is no such thing as stormy weather (except maybe when Lena Horne sings it). So, after weeks or even months of coaxing, cajoling, buying the OC Flying the odd beer or case of White Horse, just because he's a good friend, natch!, you are told you will be on the next Green Ticket course. Your joy knows no end. You give your wife part of your pay, you smile and chat with your mother-in-law. The world is a wonderful place.

Since you are going on Temporary Duty you don't have to get as many clearances as you would if you were transferred—only nine pages. After spending a couple of days getting as many signatures as Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood and maybe adding a few here and there yourself when you can't find anyone else, you are finally on your way.

When you arrive at the new station you are amazed to find some old war-time pals and since the bar is still open, rounds of cokes are bought. Everyone toasts everyone and everyone's friends and everyone's friends' friends. The evening flies by like the CF-100 in a power dive. After the last coke is downed, you wander out into the balmy, 30-below, early morning fog and wend your way toward the barracks. Just as you are happily sinking your head down into the soft, inviting pillow the batman knocks on the door telling you it is time to get up.

With a cold shower and a clean shirt you are as good as new. After the preliminaries are over—preliminaries—that's a speech by the CO, Ocf, CGI, ADJ., each Ground School Instructor, the Met man, the Padre, the officer in charge of the M.E. Section and the Corporal in charge of the bowling alleys, you start the course.

The first day you take ground school instruction in meteorology, geneology, anthropology, as well as radio, radar, raid-the-bar, X-ray, and how to survive under the hood. The first day is easy. The next day you are introduced to your flying instructor. As he is warmly shaking your hand, he quickly clamps a pair of dark blue glasses over your eyes and tells you not to take them off until you have had your Green Ticket ride eight weeks from now. From then on things are grim. Since it is too cold for seeing-eye dogs, you soon learn to smell out the different buildings; hangars, fuel, Mess hall-hash, bar-rum and so on. You get used to it. You have to if you want that Green Ticket.

What with stumbling around in the dark, taking down notes on the inside of your hat, but always praising this wonderful course, the weeks drag by. To make sure you know your flying procedures, they make you fly from the right hand side.

At last the great day for your Green Ticket ride dawns. You know it dawns because the Met man describes the ray-by-ray rising of the sun to you. You rush frantically about, dressing, eating, flight planning, checking wind speed, wind direction and wind velocity. Then you shakily slide out over the beautifully smooth tarmac ice to the waiting aircraft. Today your flying is superb. All these weeks of intense studying and precision flying pay off as you zoom into the sky and fly like a robot. When it's all over you take off your goggles and look at the check pilot expectantly. Returning your look with a blank stare, he says he'll let you know tomorrow. You spend a peaceful night staring at a 500 watt bulb, since you haven't seen light for two months.

The next day the check pilot explains, "Well, it was a pretty good trip, but I can't recommend you for a Green Ticket. You forgot to dilute oil on the down-wind leg. You'll have to do it all over again. Nice try."

PHOTO CONTEST

VOXAIR is pleased to announce the opening of its first Photo Contest. We are sure there is plenty of photo talent on this station, now here's your chance to expose yourself. So out with your Leicas and Jiffy Kodaks and let's get clicking.

CONTEST RULES

(1) The contest is open to all air force personnel stationed in Winnipeg, including airmen of the NATO countries and members of Air Cadet Squadrons in this city. The staff of "Voxair" or members of air force Photo Sections are not eligible.

(2) There will be three separate classes of pictures. You may enter all classes and submit as many pictures as you wish. Each class shall be judged separately.

- 1st Class SPRING SCENES
- 2nd Class CHARACTER STUDY
- 3rd Class ANIMALS OR BIRDS

(3) Each print entered must be accompanied by the negative and a completed entry blank as shown here or a reasonable facsimile thereof. There are no restrictions as to the size or type of paper of the prints, although 5x7 inch prints are preferred. All prints and negatives will be returned. They may be picked up at the office of "Voxair" after contest winners have been announced. If they are to be returned by mail a self addressed and stamped envelope is to

be included with the entry. Entrants name must be printed clearly on the back of each print entered in the contest.

(4) The decision of the judges will be final. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

(5) All entries must be received by the "Voxair" office in the Station Drill Hall on or before 0800 hours June 1, 1953.

(6) Prize winners will be announced in the June edition of "Voxair"

(7) Prizes will be awarded in each class as follows:

First Prize—Three \$5.00 Gift Certificates good at local camera supply houses.

Second Prize—Three double passes to the Station theatre.

Third Prize—Two double pass to the Station theatre.

(8) All winning pictures will be published in the June edition of "Voxair"

USE THIS ENTRY (Please Print)

Photo Contest,
"Voxair" Magazine,
RCAF Station Winnipeg,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Please enter the enclosed pictures in the Spring Photo Contest of "Voxair" Magazine.

Name.....
Address or Section.....
Telephone..... Picture Title.....
Where Taken..... Which Event.....
Type of Film Used..... Exposure Used.....

Navigator's Lament

There's no battery in the sextant,
And the coffee's all gone cold.
The pilot's getting cheesed off,
And the astro dome has froze.
There's no lid upon the flare chute,

And it's swallowed by E6B.
The gyrosyn's precessing and the
language flowing free.
Who's got to get us out this mess?
Oh, No! Oh, No! It's ME!!!

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SPORTS SPOTLIGHT



Hockey

On the weekend of March 27th the station hockey team travelled to Keewatin, Ont. to play against the strong Ontario aggregation and went down in defeat to the lopsided count of 16-3. This was one of the bad days for them and they were outplayed all the way by a far better team. However, the Keewatin team used the service of one of the New York Rangers young and coming rookies, namely, Mr. Neil Strain, and from all reports showed the boys in blue just what you have to have to crash the big time by potting a few goals and assisting in a few others. As you will notice, the true count on this one man machine was not given because, truthfully, our boys said they just lost count. The RCAF team were by no stretch of the imagination as bad as the score may indicate and they fought hard throughout and never once quit skating both ways; all in all they were beaten by a better team and they made no bones about telling anyone. One thing for sure is, they learned a lesson in hockey and may be able to put to use some of the knowledge next year; in any case, it was a good show on behalf of our boys, and they played good clean hockey and were invited back next year—sometimes it pays to lose.

Basketball

Although being kept fairly idle the past three or four weeks, the station

basketball team have been playing fairly consistent ball and have gone down to defeat at the hands of our arch rivals, the Gimli Royals. Twice these teams have met, and twice Gimli have worn the smiles, but not the usual broad beaming kind, as the scores will indicate. First game, Gimli were the winners, 55-54, then the return game, played at Gimli, proved just as exciting as the one in Winnipeg, and again Gimli emerged

the victor, this time 53-51; how close can two teams be matched? Incidentally, Winnipeg led both these games until the final whistle, but that's all it takes to win close games of this variety; hope the boys can keep up that pace in the league, as win, lose or draw, it makes for good watching, and, above all, good clean basketball and a referees paradise. (Oh yeah).

Fastball

To some people it may be a little early for playing or even thinking of playing ball, but we promised ourselves after last year that this department wouldn't go according to the calendar this year and get caught about a month behind time again, so, with this, the station held a meeting for the coming year's football

(Continued on page 13)



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CHAPLAIN'S PAGE . . . Postscript to a Study of "Human Relations"

ONE OF CANADA'S largest organizations recently called in twenty of its regional "key men" for a three-day intensive course. These important executives were absent from their offices for almost a week. They used hundreds of dollars worth of transportation and they spent much invaluable brain power in the absorption of lessons on a subject of which they were already no mean masters.

Why all the fuss and trouble and expense?

In order to acquire more knowledge and more skill in "Human Relations."

No man could usually reach the posts held by these belated "students" without having an above-average grasp of this very subject, of such importance in an organization at the service of the public. Yet, the top management obviously felt that there was room for much improvement and that a great effort to promote such betterment had to be made. Experts were brought in. The experienced, successful regional managers found themselves going to school and delving more deeply into this subject on which many of them must have felt quite competent already. Their studies gave certitude to what they already knew, demolished erroneous opinions, and, especially, opened up new horizons.

The subject on which this large organization decided to concentrate

attention in so dramatic a way is one which concerns a great many thoughtful men in fields of endeavor other than that of commerce. The United Nations, for example, might be described as an epochal experiment in human relations. In one case success means profits, in the other, it means peace. The high value placed on these objectives by those who seek them spur the seekers on to most intensive research, to ever greater competence.

Now, one of the most certain and

puzzling reflections to be made on this feverish activity is that the managers and diplomats, so intensely preoccupied with the study and the practice of human relations, would pull up short with a blank look if they were asked how their concern over human relations compares with their anxiety over their relationship with God. The salesman for religion, which, in fact, means relationship between man and God, would show himself more wise in human relations if he were to suggest that the science

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of man's dealings with his fellow man must of necessity, include a chapter on man's dealings with God. After all, some of the potential customers and some of the potential peace-makers do regulate their conduct by divine standards, a good opening gambit in approaching them! It would be profitable then to have God on our side.

Would the salesman of religion, having thus managed to prevent his audience from turning the page, dare go on to suggest that there is as much advantage to be gained from a more intensive and competent study of man's relationship to God as from a similar emphasis on "How to win friends and influence people"? Perhaps if more of the people—and they are numerous—who are puzzling over their contacts with friends, neighbors, children, in-laws, bosses, sweethearts, commanding officers, crewmen, creditors and Hottentots would spend a little more time ironing out their attitude towards God, they would discover that this is the central problem whose solution enlightens and moderates all the others. The Brotherhood of Man takes on real meaning only when men see themselves as creatures of God.

But we must go a step further. Religion is not important merely because it makes men love one another more thoroughly or because it provides a common ground upon which men may meet to transact the business of profits or of peace, or even because it discourages juvenile delinquency. Religion is important because it deals with the most essential of all things—God. That is why religious study, deep and continuous, deserves top priority in human life.

Such a statement is bound to stir up a turmoil of objections. To the man who is so wrapped up in other

thoughts that he can't see why so much fuss is made about God, the only answer is: if you don't believe the water is fine when we tell you so, at least stick in a toe. An employee of a public service corporation who would express doubts about the importance of human relations would be simply cashiered. God is much

more patient. He is the shrewd executive who invites the recalcitrant clerk to examine himself on this and that point, to see if there is room for improvement. The clerk who follows the advice catches a glimpse of a hitherto unknown world to arouse his curiosity and stimulate his ambition. He goes on. (Cont'd on page 13)

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• (Continued from page 12)

St. Benedict, the founder of monasteries, could think of no better motto for the monks who came to live under his guidance than the words of the psalm: seek out God, seek His face unceasingly. The wise old builder of Monte Cassino knew that if his disciples would only start looking, they would be well on their way towards God. His advice has not lost any of its salt today when so-called Christians still believe that God exists but care little where He is, who He is, and what should be done about Him.

At this point a second objector raises his hand with the bland statement that he is not to be classified with the religiously illiterates—he has given the matter some thought, has worked out a cozy little system and is quite comfortable within it, thank you. If this cozy person ever became ruler of a country, he would set up a Ministry of Religion, as one of the departments of the state, to take care of one of the elements which enter into the mentality of the people who keep the factories going. He could never understand Norman Peale's answer to the G. I. who had asked the brilliant minister what could be known about God. "Not much," said Mr. Peale, with a smile, "but enough to have changed my entire life." Peale could have answered with Thomas Aquinas "that a little knowledge about an important thing is more precious than much knowledge about less important matters." The Bible is more precious than the New York Metropolitan telephone directory. That "little" knowledge is indeed so precious that a lifetime of study would merely scratch the surface of its wealth.

From the foregoing rambling thoughts the suggestion may emerge that the twenty regional managers
(Continued on page 30)

Sports Spotlight . . .

(Continued from page 10)

team and laid the groundwork. The turnout was not good, but with people finishing up their annual leaves and what have you, we hope to have another team out there that can hold onto the Mitchell Copp Trophy which was won last year by Station Winnipeg.

Before closing, it should be brought to the attention of all personnel that the new floor is almost completed, and within a very short time it will be

ready for use. This floor is without a doubt the best in the country and has taken a lot of hard work for those concerned to give us the best; let's have a little co-operation on keeping it that way—it's not half as hard a job to keep off it as it was to put it in. There will be a laid-down procedure as to what exits will be in use for you which will appear in DRO's; also there will be signs over all the exits to the drill hall. Get familiar with them, it may save you a lot of grief, thanks again for your co-operation.

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Capt. F. J. Stevenson,
D.F.C., Croix de Guerre

If Fred "Stevie" Stevenson was to fly into Winnipeg today it is almost a certainty that he would never recognize the airfield that bears his name. Where there was only pasture before, there are now acres of aircraft plants and the city has all but spread completely around the airport.

Frederick Joseph Stevenson was born in Parry Sound, Ontario in 1895 and his family moved west just after the turn of the century. He attended school at Aberdeen, Saskatchewan and later studied "pre-med" at Wesley College in Winnipeg. Had it not been for the outbreak of World War I which led him to follow up a secret interest in aviation, he might well have been practicing medicine in Winnipeg at the moment.

STEVENSON

Fred went overseas with the University Battalion and served with the Signal Corps. Later, when volunteers were accepted for service with the RFC he transferred and here distinguished himself in short order, winning the D.F.C. and receiving the Croix de Guerre from France.

In 1919 Captain Stevenson returned to Canada and decided that flying was to be his life's work. The new method of transportation had caught the public's imagination but was not enjoying a corresponding measure of public confidence or support. For some years following the war, attempting to earn a living in aviation must have seemed something akin to beating a road to the poorhouse. However, Fred hung on and in the 1920's made a new name for himself, in the role of "bush pilot".

Backed by the James Richardson organization, Western Canada Airways was formed in Winnipeg and the two pilots chosen to captain the proud sister ships "City of Winnipeg" and "City of Toronto" were Fred Stevenson and another aviation great, Bernt Balchen. In the period that followed Fred flew many tons of freight into Sherritt-Gordon and other developments and in one 28-day period moved 23 tons of freight with one aircraft, an unheard of feat.

These accomplishments, which had escaped the notice of many, did not fail to register with the mining men of Canada who began to see the aeroplane in a totally new light as it brought into production areas formerly inaccessible.

At the Pas, on January 5th, 1928, Fred took off on a routine check flight in his Fokker, one of the work

horses of the period. Check flights were the order of the day prior to long trips and two passengers waited on the ground as the aircraft made a circuit of the town. Then in full view of his passengers and many friends tragedy struck. No one will ever know exactly what happened, but certain it was that the pilot, in securing the safety of others deprived himself of all possibility of a landing having any measure of control. Having weathered the aerial combat of the war and survived hundreds of weird and wonderful take-offs and landings, Fred was killed at the age of 32 doing a routine check at an airport he knew like the back of his hand.

His combat record and his Northern operations, particularly in connection with the movement of mining equipment had won the admiration

Continued on page 29



Stevenson at The Pas, 1927-28
Photo Courtesy, Roy Brown



Latest Fad



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NEWS IN PICTURES

... See Page 18 For Description

Photos by Cpl. L. E. Norton



EYES FRONT!



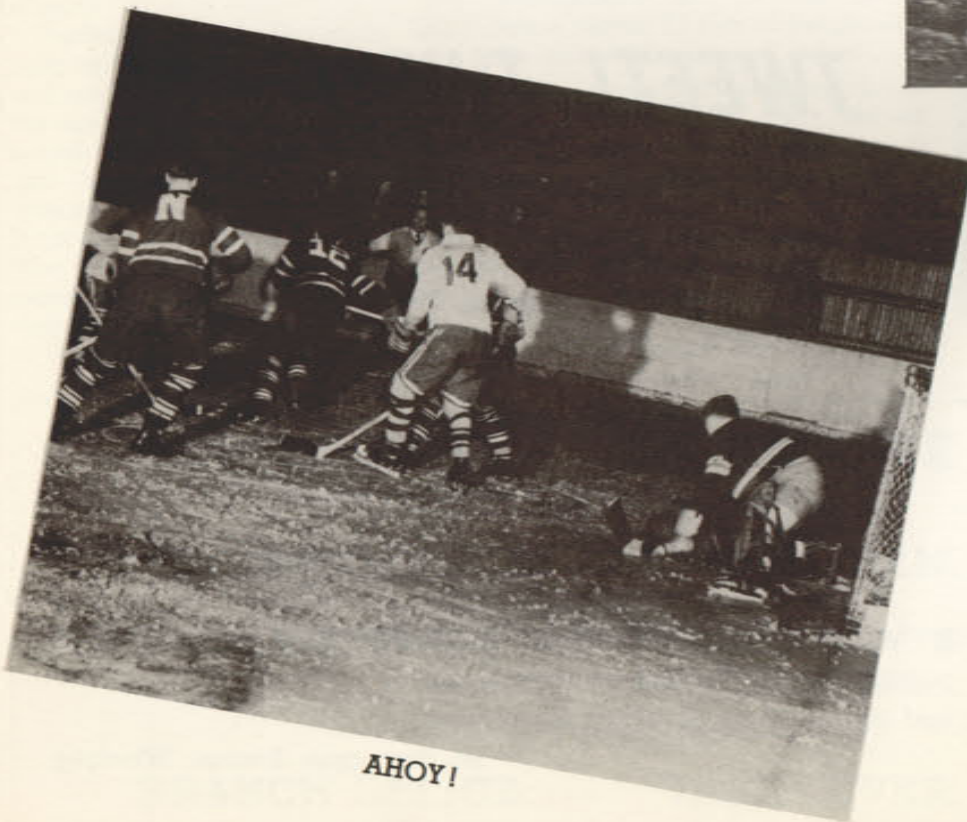
SCRAMBLE!



STATION HOCKEY TEAM

Front Row left to right: L.A.C. Laterneau, Centre, 2nd Line; L.A.C. Vallancourt, Left Wing, 2nd Line; Flight C. Fabbro, Right Wing, 3rd Line; L.A.C. Mann, Goal; L.A.C. Kelley, Right Wing, 1st Line; L.A.C. Grand, Centre, 1st Line; L.A.C. Wallace, Centre, 3rd Line.
Back Row left to right: Cpl. Campbell, Coach; F/O Lowe, Left Wing, 1st Line; L.A.C. Ulmer, Left Wing, 3rd Line; L.A.C. Davis, Defence; L.A.C. Ritchie, Defence; F/O Gagnon, Right Wing, 2nd Line; L.A.C. Groux, Defence; L.A.C. Gault, Spare Goal Keeper. Missing on picture—Manager F/L Deke.

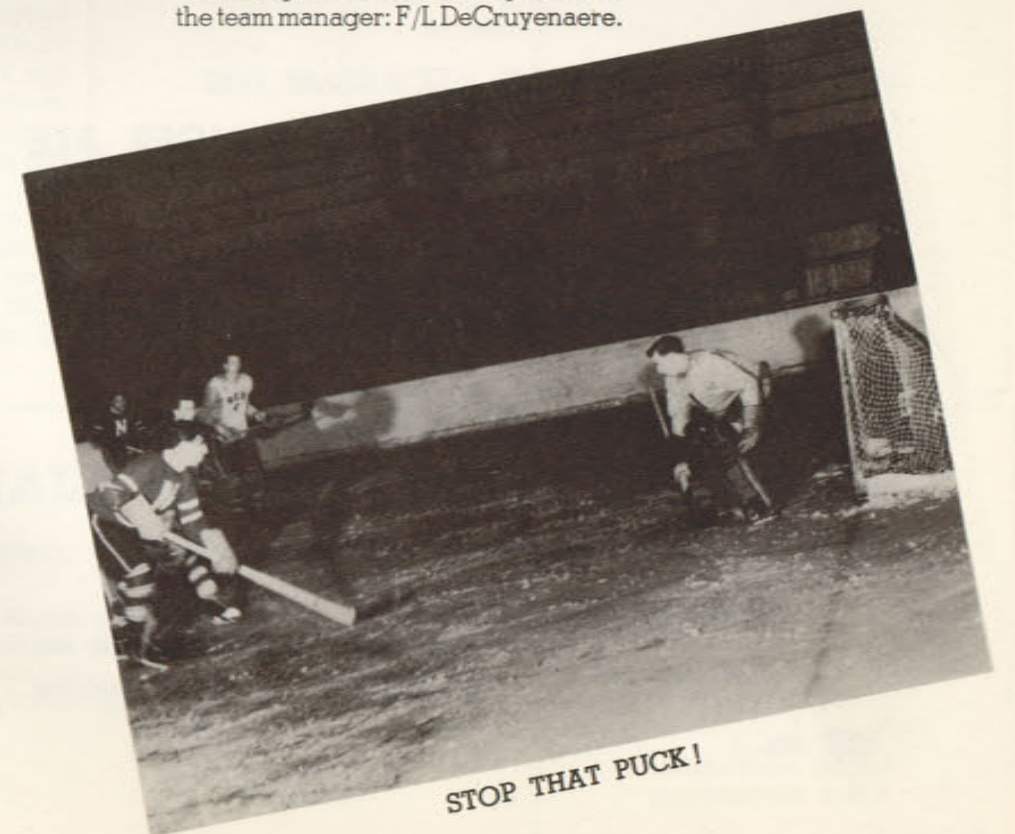
Missing from the above picture is the team manager: F/L DeCruyenaere.



AHOY!



DRIVE!



STOP THAT PUCK!

NEWS IN PICTURES

Eyes Front!

Defencemen Ritchie, left, and Davis keep their eyes glued to the puck as they cover neatly for goalkeeper Mann.

Scramble!

Figures blur as Winnipeg right wing man Kelly (No. 14) pushes up to the goalmouth in a brilliant one-man drive.

Ahoy!

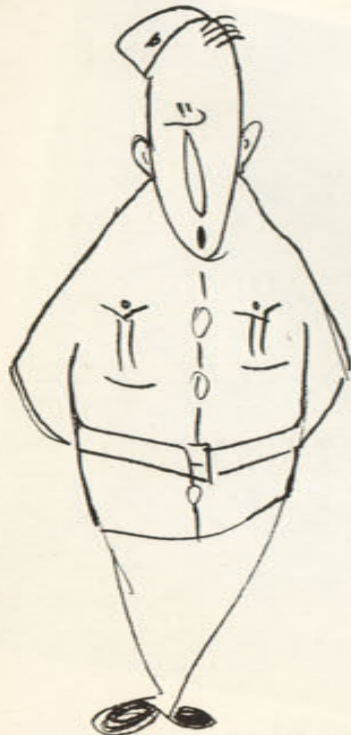
The Navy men up anchor and drive down the ice toward the Winnipeg end of the rink. Winnipeg center LAC Grand can be seen diving into the fray from the left, while rightwinger Kelly checks his man.

Drive!

LAC Grand, Winnipeg center, covers for F/O Lowe, left wing, as Lowe drives one in on the Navy net. Navy net-minder foils Winnipeg's attempt to score with a brilliant save.

Stop That Puck!

Winnipeg goaltender LAC Mann gets set to stop a rocket shot from the stick of a Navy wing man, while LAC Ritchie, in back, prepares to take over Mann's throw out.



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PLANE FACTS

NEW RCAF TRANSPORT SQDN

Increased transport requirements of the RCAF necessitate establishment of a fourth transport squadron, to be stationed at Dorval, P.Q., Air Force Headquarters have announced. The squadron will officially come into being this month.

Squadron Leader K. C. M. Dobbin, of Lindsay and Toronto, Ont., flight commander of 435 Transport Squadron, based at Edmonton, Alta., has been named officer commanding the new unit.

The squadron, to be known as 436 Transport Squadron, will be equipped with the Fairchild C119. It will provide transport support for the Canadian Army as needed besides supplying air transport for the RCAF and other airlift requirements.

The squadron will be the second in the Air Force to be flying the Fairchild C119. Plans to purchase the aircraft from the United States were made late in 1951 and delivery of the first aircraft was made to the RCAF early last summer.

Since then, 435 Transport Squadron at Edmonton has been equipped with the new planes. They can be used for general transport work and for paratroop training and operations.

The Fairchild C119 is a two-engine, high-wing, twin-boom monoplane, and at 10,000 feet, cruises at 172 mph. Normal crew consists of two pilots, a radio officer, a navigator and a crewman. It has a range of about 1,500 miles with a payload of 8,000 pounds and can carry more than 60 fully-equipped paratroops.



PACKETS PACK PUNCH

Fairchild Packets of the Royal Canadian Air Force fly a neat "stepped down" formation as they cruise over the Canadian countryside. Two RCAF squadrons will eventually be equipped with these heavy-duty transport aircraft, 435 squadron, based in Edmonton, has recently converted to the new type and 436 a newly formed transport squadron will also fly the Packet.

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Some Rules for Living

1. Keep skid chains on your tongue. Always say less than you think.
2. Make promises sparingly and keep them faithfully no matter what it costs you.
3. Never let an opportunity pass to say a kind and encouraging thing to or about somebody. Praise good work done regardless of who did it.
4. Be interested in others—interested in their pursuits, their welfare, their home, and their families. Make merry with those who rejoice, and mourn with those who weep. Let everyone you meet, however humble, feel that you regard him as a person of importance.
5. Be cheerful. Keep the corners of your mouth turned up. Hide your pains, worries and disappointments under a pleasant smile.
6. Preserve an open mind on all debatable questions. Discuss but don't argue. It is the mark of a superior mind to disagree and yet be friendly.
7. Let your virtues, if you have any, speak for themselves and refuse to talk of another's vices. Discourage gossip. Make it a rule to say nothing of another unless it is something good.
8. Be careful of other's feelings. Wit and humor at the other fellow's expense are rarely worth the effort and may hurt where least expected.
9. Pay no attention to ill-natured remarks about you; simply live so that nobody will believe them.
10. Don't be too anxious about getting your just dues. Do your work, be patient, keep your disposition sweet, forget self, and you will be respected and rewarded.

They aren't easy . . . but they are worth trying! — By Dr. Willard E. Givens, The Educational Review of New Brunswick.



—Cartoon by Ken White
Punishment for bad behavior is less effective than reward for good.

Appreciation for the the Other Man

Perhaps he sometimes slipped a bit,
Well, so have you.
Perhaps he sometimes ought to quit;
Well, so should you.
Perhaps he may have faltered—why?
Why, all men do, and so have I.
You must admit, unless you lie,
That, so have you.
Perhaps if we should stop and think,
Both you and I,
When painting someone black as ink,
As some folks do.

Perhaps if we should recollect
Perfection we could not expect,
But just like man, halfway correct,
Like me and you.
I've done some things I never should;
And so have you.
I'm just a man who's fairly good,
I'm just like you.
But thank the Lord I've sense to see
The rest of men with charity:
They're good enough, if good as me,
And men like you.

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by Cpl. L. L. Haggerty

The airman who is proud of his Service is proud of his uniform, and is conscious of this fact 24 hours a day. The attitude you adopt toward the Service can be either good or bad; don't be fooled or led by the herd. Some airmen have not made a good reputation for themselves; don't follow their line of behaviour because they have been in the Service longer than you.

Your appearance as judged by many outside of the Service is of paramount importance, for if we stop and consider, we must admit that a very small number of civilians see us at our actual line of work.

The AE Tech., Clk. Typist, or General Duties are as all other trades, essential in the smooth operation of any unit in the Service, but their responsibilities should not cease with the completion of the day's work, for it is during our off duty hours that we become part of the crowd. It is here that much criticism could be avoided if we were to watch our general appearance, behaviour and deportment a little more closely.

Let's take an imaginary trip from RCAF Station Winnipeg to the Corner of Portage and Main. We have just noticed LAC HO Cares boarding the bus. (We will refer to him as Cares from hereon).

On the Bus . . .

Greatcoat opened, wearing flight boots, and not enough change for fare. By the time the bus has proceeded to St. James, Cares is sprawled across two seats while other occupants are standing.

On the Streetcar . . .

Loud talking, lights a cigarette, greatcoat still sloppily hanging. All occupants of the street car are looking at each other, whispering (we wonder what).

On Portage Avenue . . .

Off at Hudson Bay, LAC HO Cares, attempts to fasten greatcoat, adjusts headdress, and proceeds down the street, the wind is cold, up goes collar, lights another cigarette.

Hotel . . .

We next run into Cares at one of the local hotels, he is really talking now, greatcoat on floor, tunic open, and smoking a cigar. The usual and most familiar sound, "Time, Gentlemen, please." is heard from the manager. Cares is not in a hurry; an argument starts. Who wins? I'll let you guess. To end this brief jaunt, Cares awakes next morning. Results—big head, scruffy uniform, 14 days CC and loss of pay for 10 days. Ask yourself, is it worth it?

Our airman LAC HO Cares has not only hurt himself, but his fellow airmen, and the unit to which he belongs. A good impression left by a hundred well behaved airmen can be ruined by one. Respect your uniform, the Service to which it belongs, and avoid the road to trouble.

The First Nav's Nightmare

Who is it always sleeping
When the radio you'd use?
Who is it always busy
When you want to hear his views?
Who never brings the AN T's
Or the Dafoe-Bulyea Topo's?
And instead of taking sun shots
Sits back and writes his 'oppos?
He never does a stroke of work
Which will help you on your way,
He just gets his 35 an hour
And "To heck with you," he'll say.
He's drinking all the coffee,
And the juice is long since gone.
He's never where you want him,
He can make the whole trip wrong.
Who is this awkward person?
You've guessed it—
The Second Nav.

—A/P/O D. G. Watkins 34 WB

Hay is something we must make between the time we get out of it and the time we hit it.

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Back Row, left to right: F/C Roussic, A/P/O Cooper, F/C Pincult, A/P/O Brooker, F/C Saurat, A/P/O's Kemp, Rhodes, Hayday, F/C Fredrix, A/P/O Fuller, F/C Gullhem, A/P/O's Mills, Golder.
Front Row, left to right: F/C Peyroulet, A/P/O Davies, F/C Chabert, F/C Agostini, F/O Cassella, F/C's Jussecume, Cornelis, A/P/O Grimsell, F/C Gueguen.

About Course 34

Well, it's over, and, as our hosts would say, "Are we ever glad." Not that we disliked being here, but when you've worked (?) for so long and finally got through there's nothing left but to be glad it's over.

Some of us need no introduction; we can picture your glowering over the course photo and saying: "That's the — who charged me three times in the same day." Then there are the girls down town who will look and say: "So that's what his name was. All I want now is his address," or, in an awed whisper, "Is that Tich Golder?"

As to the course, I think we all enjoyed it when we were off duty. Looking back on it we can see how our ideas changed since last July. First, on arrival, with our spirits bolstered by C.N.B. girls, cigarettes and coffee, only to become "Junior Course". The first few days when everyone's eyes seemed to be upon us and everything we said and did was wrong and out of place. Then the joy and pride when 35 Course came in and we were no longer Junior Course. After that the Course seemed to get really started. For those of us to whom it was new there was the thrill of flying, then the panic of navigation; the ever present battle against requirements. "What, two pin points an hour! But that's impossible, if they want the drifts as well." Then there were a few exams and things and almost before we realized, it was time to go on leave.

Everybody was full of the joys of life, loaded with money(?) and bragging that they would go further than anybody else. Almost all, anyway.

Some thought the snooker tables provided less expensive recreation, and bed until 10 o'clock was a greater attraction.

Headline sensation of the leave period was the "boxcar" crash at Billings, Montana, involving our CO Dudley (Davenport) Mills and Johnny Downs, who has since decided our ways are in error and has joined the ranks of the "penguins". Heading the list of travellers was the late Johnny Ellis—Vancouver, San Bernardino and points AWOL. He was run a close second by Pete Brooker and Colin (Too time—at least that) Grimsell—Kansas City, San Francisco, Vancouver and back. However, they were only five days late. Cornelis, different, as usual, went to Florida, and to everyone's surprise and dismay, came back. Colin Hayday had a busman's holiday, navigating a Cessna Bobcat from Seattle to San Francisco, through an ADIZ without (Izzing). Our Course Director, F/O Cassels, decided that there was a surplus of meat walking around in the Canadian forests. Accordingly, he took Gueguen, Pey-

roulet, Guilheim and Daméme with him and I understand they had a good bag. "Red" Rhodes went to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, ostensibly to revive old memories. However, before he came back he had to find the now well known corner with the pawnshop. Jim Fuller, Jack Kemp, Tich Golder and Jack (don't let the rank worry you) Davies spent a quiet weekend in Minneapolis, where Fuller acquired a longing for American culture and has constantly returned on every flight.

After mid-term we finally decided we were "it" and were somewhat disconcerted to find we were alone in our opinions. Undaunted, we pressed on, complaining, of course, about everything and everyone that crossed us. Now and again someone regretfully bade farewell. To them we wish all the best, whatever they are doing. It is rumoured that Jim (wild colonial boy) Scotman has the job of sending out Balmoral's identification signal. This is in grave doubt however, as a "dit" sounded much the same as a "dah" to Jim.

(Continued on page 25)

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"THE HOUSE OF FLOWERS"





Back Row, left to right: F/C Latiquel, Soffray, A/P/O Robinson, Lewis, Watkins, Goodeve, F/C Michel, A/P/O Martin, Nield, Clarke, F/C Girard, Point, A/P/O Longstaff.
Front Row, left to right: A/P/O Wright, F/C Jacquemin, A/P/O King, F/C Anet, Depryck, F/O Guilbault, F/C Meerschaut, F/C Fabbro, A/P/O Neads, S/Lt Dellier, A/P/O Churchill.

We must tell you about our enemy number one—the Cosecant mechanism man; the man who works out cosecants in the API. He destroyed MTB'S passed compass readings to the pilot, when we were using the API, changed the routes and destroyed all notices informing us of CO's parades.

It's easy to see the trouble he caused, but we stopped him by sending him to the North Pole where cosecant mechanism men, you know, cannot work in the extreme cold.

Anyway, it happened, we were there; finished; and nothing left to do but collect. So now we bid a reluctant farewell to this tropical extravaganza set in the heart of this

FAMOUS SAYINGS

F/C Peyroulet: "They call us frogmen, but I never before saw a frog like the Beechcraft."

F/C Cornelis: "Don't worry if you're sextant is U/S. Pinpoints combined with ANT's give accurate fixes."

And then there was Kemp who was docked five marks Log and Chart for putting S.W.A.L.K. on the back of his envelope after the trip.

THE MAGIC BOX

I fly through the air with the greatest of ease,

And turn VSC through one hundred degrees.

The counters turn East as we're flying West,

But I will be docked if I put it U/S.
—J.R.F. Soap A.P.I

The Parable of the Prodigal Navigator, or It's in the Book

1. A certain officer had 50 students, and one of them said to the officer: "Sir, give me the portion of maps that falleth to me." And he divided unto him his logo and charts.
2. And not many hours after the student gathered all together and took his Beechcraft towards a far country and wasted mercators with riotous navigation.
3. And when he had used all, there arose a paper famine in that plane, and he began to be in want.
4. And he went and presented himself to the pilot of that aircraft; and he sent him to the rear to calculate their endurance.
5. And he would fain have plotted his course on the logo from which the pilot did eat, and no man gave unto him.
6. And when he came to himself, he said: "How many hired airmen of the officer have paper enough and to spare and I plot an air MTB.
7. I will arise and go to the officer, and will say unto him: "Sir, I have sinned against B & A, and before thee.
8. And am no more worthy to be called a navigator; make me as one of thy hired airmen."
9. And he made good a reciprocal track and returned to the officer. But when he was yet by the hangars, the officer saw him and brought compulsion with him; and ran, and

- fell upon his charge card, and signed it.
10. And the student said unto him: "Sir, I have sinned against B & A and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called a navigator."
11. But the officer said to his SP's: "Bring forth the straightest jacket and put it on him, and put a rope on his hands and chains on his feet.
12. And bring hither the padded cell and lock it, and let us eat and be merry.
13. For this my student was gone, and is come back again; he was lost and is found. And they took to marking his trip and made merry.

Thanks!

We thank you, Canuck ladies,
Of Winnipeg renown,
Who made our weekends bearable
And helped us paint the town.
We took you to the nightclubs,
To the dances, and the shows,
You took us home and kissed us;
Boy, how the money goes.
On Saturdays we bring you
With pride, up to our mess.
On Sundays when we total up,
Our bank balance is less.
Yes, on you we spend our money,
And though we may complain
To ourselves, we never tell you,
And we love you just the same.

—A/P/O Brooker

Tops in Entertainment in Winnipeg

Metropolitan Theatre

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G/C R. M. Frayne



—Photos by Cpl. K. Gregg

Left to Right—Mr. George E. Kent, G/C R. M. Frayne,
S/L R. M. MacIver, F/L. S. R. Foreman.

Protestant Mission

Winnipeg, Mar. 17—The RCAF Annual Protestant Preaching Mission has been organized, and is scheduled to get under way this morning at 11.00 a.m.

The mission, which will reach every person serving in the RCAF, calls for a three-day mid-week service at all RCAF Stations, including special services at North Luffenham and Langar, England; Grostenquin, France; and Zweibrucken, Germany.

The object of the Mission as outlined by Group Captain R. M. Frayne, Director of Protestant Religious

Administration, is "to reaffirm that christian principles and doctrines are the very basis of our democratic way of life, and to appeal to Canada's airmen and airwomen for a renewal of loyalty to these principles and doctrines". RCAF Chaplains, former Chaplains and outstanding church leaders across the nation will carry out the mission, and interest in the venture is being stimulated by teams of workers visiting RCAF married quarters.

The theme of this year's Air-Force-wide Mission is "Creative Living" which has the support and whole-hearted approval of Air Marshall C. Roy Slemon, chief of the air staff, and top RCAF officials.

G/C. R. M. Frayne will be the Mission's preacher at RCAF Station Winnipeg.

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		1	2	3	4	
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

VIRGINIA MAYO

Photo Courtesy, Warner Brothers

Question: If this is Virginia Mayo what does the "C.D." stand for? Civil Defence maybe?



• (Continued from page 14)

of airmen in many lands and in 1928 he was post-humously awarded the Harmon Trophy by the Ligue Internationale des Aviateurs.

Notification that the award had gone to Stevenson was made first to Col. Charles Kerwood, head of the American Section of the Ligue, and there followed a strange delay of eight years before its presentation to Stevenson's parents.

Finally, through the good work of Dr. E. Guthrie Perry, Major Moore, of Winnipeg, and Ralph Maybank, M.P., arrangements were made for a suitable presentation. In October, 1936, the ceremony took place with Stevenson's father, Joseph Stevenson, accepting the award on behalf of his son from the hands of Lieut. Governor W. J. Tupper. Today Stevensons

medals are in the hands of the Winnipeg civic authorities awaiting the completion of a permanent administration building wherein, presumably, they will be suitably displayed.

Much has been written concerning our pioneer airmen, for their part in securing Canada's position as a foremost air power cannot be over-

estimated. Certainly a recounting of Stevenson's exploits would fill a volume.

Possibly the inscription on the simple monument in Brookside Cemetery where Stevenson is buried best tells the story of his dedication to his own bright dream of Canadian aviation—it reads:

"Faithful Unto Death"

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FLICK FACTS

- April 9 **The Smoke Jumpers**
Rich'd Widmark, Constance Smith
- April 10 **Invitation**
Van Johnson, Dorothy McGuire
- April 12 **American in Paris**
Gene Kelly, Oscar Levant
- April 13 **Payment on Demand**
Bette Davis, Barrie Sullivan
- April 14 **Bugles in the Afternoon**
Ray Miland, Helena Carter
- April 15 **Mad Wednesday**
Harold Lloyd, Jim Conlin
- April 16 **What Price Glory**
James Cagney, Dan Dailey
- April 17 **Lone Star**
Clark Gable, Ava Gardner
- April 19 **Love is Better than Ever**
Elizabeth Taylor, Larry Parks
- April 20 **The Wild North**
Stewart Granger, Wendall Cory
- April 21 **On Dangerous Ground**
Ida Lupino, Robert Ryan
- April 22 **Hunchback of Notre Dame**
Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara
- April 23 **Best of the Bad Men**
Claire Trevor, Robert Ryan
- April 24 **Jack and the Beanstalk**
Abbot and Costello
- April 26 **Bloodhounds of Broadway**
Mitzi Gaynor, Scott Brady
- April 27 **Les Miserable**
Michel Rennie, Deborah Paget
- April 28 **Carbine Williams**
James Stewart, Wendell Cory
- April 29 **Macao**
Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell
- April 30 **Wait Till the Sun Shines Nelly**
Jean Peters, David Wayne

• (Continued from page 13)

who have studied so intensively the gentle art of extracting dollars more pleasantly and efficiently from their fellowman, may well remind the observant public of the pleasure and

profit, and perhaps the personal peace, which God gives to those who take the trouble to interest themselves in Him and to make of their relationships with Him the principal study of their lives.

Did You Say Brush Cut, Sir?



STATION BARBER SHOP

Lou Cancilla, Prop.

Favorite Expressions Brief

- "Alpine" F/O Guilbant—D.R.P.P. by Monday.
- "Jackson" Churchill—Tough, I've got four aces.
- "Birdseed" Clarke—Anyone coming to choir practice.
- "Lover-boy" Dillier—Now listen, boy, it's like this . . .
- "Ermine" De Payck—Mammy, I can't go to mass, I'm too ill.
- "Rodent" Fabbro—Going sick with boils, sir!
- "Gyro" Girard—Ah, but eet ees easy.
- "Feets" King—Isabelle wouldn't like that.
- "The Goal" Lewis—Why wash!
- "The Sportsman" Longstaff—But it's in the Prices.
- "Dean" Martin—Who's the best looking guy in the school. Thanks!
- "Whitey" Mierschant—Only 6 mickeys between 2 1/2!
- "Dan Dare" Michel—Let's hear the other side of the story.
- "Pinochio" Needs—Just a minute chaps!
- "Eiffel Tower" Nield—How is it, boy.
- "Charley" Paint—Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq, six, sept, violette.
- "Jack-O'Lantern" Robinson—I'm catching the 6.40 bus.
- "Ding-Dong" Goodeve—This love is pure!
- "Soof" Saffray—Yes, SIR!
- "Bernie" Stange—Well, out in North Bay we did this.
- "Dad" Watkin—Didn't get in till 5.30 this morning.
- "Riggit" Waight—Anybody wanna buy a shotgun.
- "Laughing Boy" Amet—What's a Charge Card?
- "Le Matilot" Laiquil—Ah! Paris women; lovely.
- "Jack" Jaquemin—But I do not understand.
—A/P/O Martin

It's Tragic

WITH APOLOGIES TO DORIS DAY

I'm late, and I still have no chart.
The pilot says it's time to start.
It's tragic.
The plane is in a mess.
The astro compass is U/S.
It's tragic.
Why do I tell myself
That navigation is easy to do,
When in my heart I know
I simply haven't got a clue.

—A/P/O Brooker

One morning a clerk in a hotel said to one of the guests, "I see two cocktails carried to your room each morning as though you had someone to drink with."
"Yes, indeed," responded the guest. "One cocktail makes me feel like another man, and I must treat him too."

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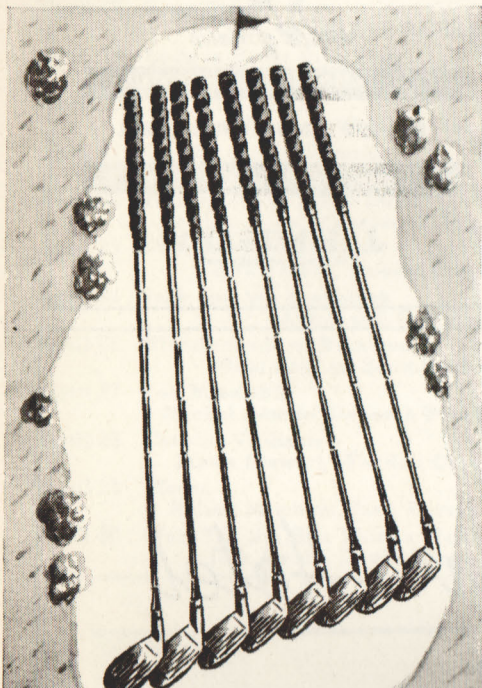
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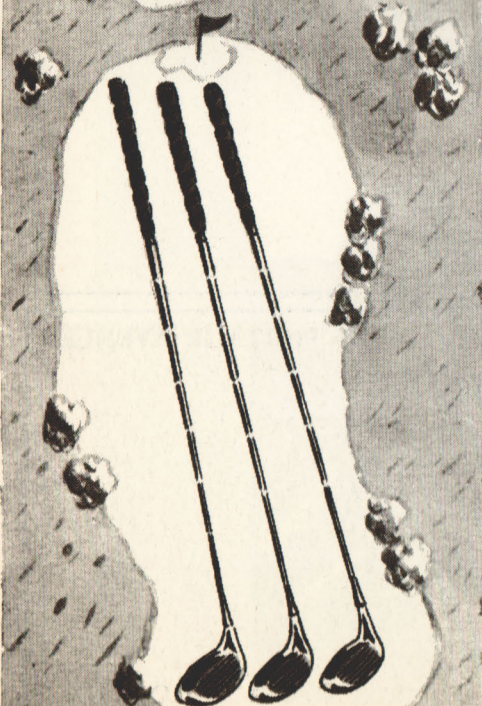
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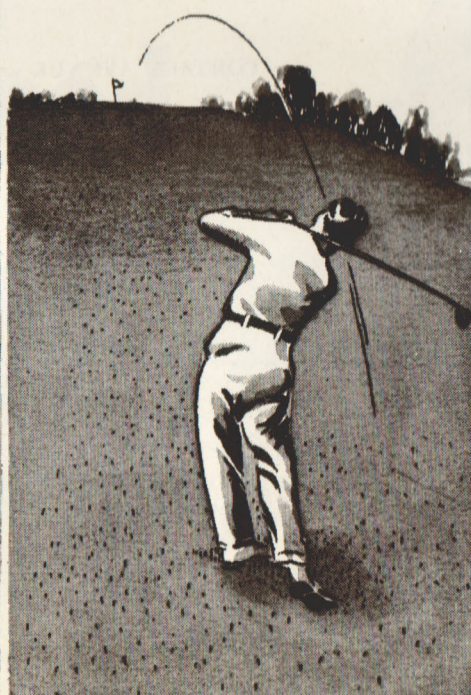
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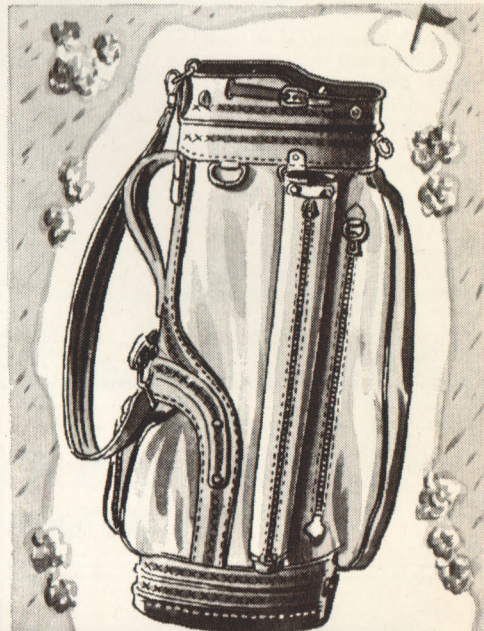
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