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OCT. 3rd, 1952

ACTIVITIES OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE IN WINNIPEG

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The views expressed by individuals in any article herein are not necessarily those of the RCAF or the staff of VOXAIR

The Case for Ground Defence Training

"In a future war give me 200 men, and no Monarch, Statesman or leader of troops will sleep sound in his bed no matter where he may be."

COL. OTTO SKORZENY
May, 1952

WHY have Ground Defence Training at all? Isn't Ground Fighting the job of the Canadian Army?

What reasons have we for thinking that our Aerodrome will ever be attacked by Ground Troops? These questions invariably arise when Ground Defence training in the RCAF is mentioned.

Let us take question 2 first—what reasons? During the last war both sides used small commando-type raiding parties to attack each other's bases. Most people remember the raid carried out by British paratroops and an RAF F/S Radar Technician on the German Air Force Radar station at Bruneval, France, in which valuable technical information was obtained by the RAF. More spectacular, perhaps, were the exploits of the Long Range Desert Groups and Popski's Private Army (the famous PPA), in the Western Desert Campaigns. In one attack by the PPA, at Barce Airfield in Tripoli, thirty-six grounded aircraft were destroyed in fifteen minutes. The official report states, "Three jeeps of PPA drove in through the main gate of the airfield and fired several bursts of machine gun fire into airfield buildings. During the subsequent confusion the jeeps drove around the perimeter planting sticky-bombs on each aircraft and withdrew under cover of their own MG fire. The total force was twelve men, casualties, two wounded."

During the German offensive in the Spring of 1940 paratroops were used extensively to seize vital installations and airfields. Again at Crete paratroops were the deciding factor. The exploits of Col. Otto Skorzeny in rescuing Mussolini and later during the Battle of the Bulge in the Ardenne are well known.

Partisan and Commando Groups were used by the U.S.S.R. forces for attacks on German installations, deep in German held territory.

Finally—the work of the OSS and independent Ranger Battalions of the U.S. Army is too well-known to need recapitulation here.

Thus there is in modern war no such thing as a front line. Any military installation, no matter what its geographical location, is liable to attack. In Canada itself our Northern RCAF stations are within easy troop carrier range of foreign bases. This statement applies with even more force to the bases to be used by the RCAF Air Division, Europe.

Therefore any, or all, of our bases are liable to attack.

What types of attack may we look for? Roughly five kinds.

1. Paratroop (including airborne troops)
2. Sea-borne commando raids
3. Aerial Bombardments
4. Civil Disturbance, Partisan Raids (in overseas locations)

Now let us take question 1. "Isn't ground fighting an Army job?" The answer of course is "Yes," but the Army job is to meet and defeat enemy ground forces and it cannot hope to do this if continually weakened by the necessity of detaching fully-

trained troops whose primary job is to fight, to guard the numerous rear installations and airfields that a field army requires.

No country can afford to waste several thousand able-bodied men guarding several thousand more able-bodied men who could and should be quite capable of guarding themselves.

The question of self-preservation also arises. Raiding parties do not stop to ask if the personnel they see on an installation are combatant or not. To save our own skins, each of us must be proficient enough in Ground Combat to be able to look after ourselves.

Personnel who cannot take care of themselves in Ground Combat are not merely useless in the defence of an installation but are a positive menace since they hamper the combatant personnel who have to be detached to look after them when they might be better employed elsewhere.

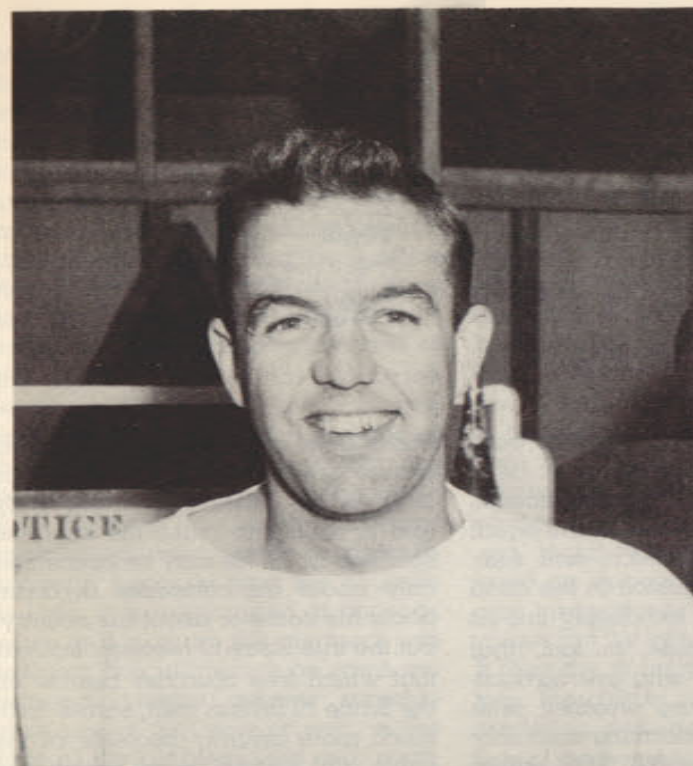
It is argued, "Yes, all very well, but I'm a pilot, Air Tech, Arm Tech, Clerk—my job is to maintain aircraft, etc."

This is quite true of course. Nevertheless we cannot carry on with that primary occupation when we are under attack on the ground. Then, without knowledge of ground combat, —no matter how good tradesmen we are—we are sitting ducks, lambs for the slaughter.

It's not a pleasant thought.

Therefore we can answer question 1. Yes—there is a case for Ground Defence Training.

That training is now being provided. Taking advantage of it, may save **your** life, your comrades' lives, and your station.



'PEG PERSONALITY

CORPORAL JOHN SPEIRS

CORPORAL "JAWN" SPEIRS is the ball of fire seen twirling around the Drill Hall but generally gyrating in a quick coming and going motion at the Sports Office corner.

Despite the fact that he comes from Calgary, John is quite an accomplished athlete—even to being on a championship team. He was pitcher, manager, i/c Umpire Baiters Section and OC Anti-Opposition Demonstrators' Society for the station fastball team this past summer, which defeated Army in four straight final games—mainly due to the support of the Snack Bar waitresses, of course. Mr. Muscles, medium-size, Mk2A ref 649-3A/7, did some stand-out hurling chores in bringing the Inter-Service Championship to RCAF Winnipeg.

Probably one of the surest and quickest ways of getting a stir out of him was to ask him on the morning after a game: "Well, John, how many runs did you lose by last night?" What followed was an interpretation of an explosion in a pyrotechnics plant—complete with vereys, star shells and photo flares. On behalf of his ball club and through his own high standard of loyalty, John was highly indignant, and rightly so, at the support offered by station personnel during the recent fast ball campaign. It was primarily due to his contagious enthusiasm that we really had a hot ball club that finally awoke interest and induced people

to get out to the ball games.

But now the glories of the ball season's all over—and the rewarding steak dinner given by the Snack Bar staff devoured—Johnny Speirs' attentions are focussed on the current season's sports of basketball and hockey. The assistance that he will offer has not yet been clearly defined, but it is anticipated that he will be coaching the station's basketball team and wracking his genius

for physical torture on those who have designs on being able to classify themselves as hockey players.

When you have a man with as much determination, enthusiasm and fierce loyalty to his job as Cpl. John Speirs, then you have truly a valuable asset. It is not all the overtime work that he puts in that makes him a valued man to have around—but it is the quality with which he does the complete job.

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Two Kinds of "WOXOF"

by S/L Leo Lafreniere

Group Chaplain (RC) 14 Training Group



THE WORD "WOXOF" as been recently made public property by a member of the staff of "VOXAIR." The article, entitled "Met Types . . . by Geostrophic Joe, The Winnipeg Rain-Maker," explained to the amateurs that when a forecaster finds himself facing an "Indefinite cloud base with sky totally obscured, visibility nil and fog," he shrieks "WOXOF." No explanation of a normal nature is given for the origin of this term. It may be a condensed version of "Woof" which means "I feel like a dog" and "Oxygen" which means "Give me air." It also may originate in the accentuation of the first and last words in his shriek, something like "Woe is me. Out-foxed."

Geostrophic Joe, however, has given no such humiliating sense to the expression. A cartoon, which accompanied his article, merely laid the blame for indefiniteness, obscurity, invisibility, fog and general unpredictability, at the door of that unprotesting gentleman, the devil. The cartoon showed a leering demon, with pointed ears, presenting in one clawed hand, against a background of complicated mathematics, a goblet upon which WOXOF was inscribed. It is thus insinuated that the poor forecaster cannot be blamed for some vagueness at times, because all the scientific instruments in the world avail nothing when his satanic majesty decides to concoct a diabolical mixture of weather.

If this explanation provides the weather makers with a very welcome alibi, it suggests at the same time a thought upon which every member of the defense forces may meditate profitably. For, if the physical elements occasionally get themselves wound up into a WOXOF con-

coction upon which forecasters gaze with despair, could there not be a confusing mixture of moral elements, which like a goblet containing equal parts of rye, gin, scotch, and rum, could produce confusion in the mind of anyone looking too deeply into its bowl? Is it possible, in fact, that some of the boys who are navigating in perfect flying weather, with all instruments performing smoothly and not a whiff or WOXOF within miles, may be operating in an impenetrable chaos of moral and spiritual WOXOF?

Let us look at that thought for a moment.

In the autumn of every year for some time now, a demonstration take place in Commonwealth countries in honor of the heroes of the Battle of Britain. On such occasions they receive praise such as that which history has reserved for the brave handful who at Thermopolis turned back the barbarians of their time. It is recognized that any man who fights on out of personal conviction

against great odds, attains heroic stature regardless of his cause as long as he believes in it sincerely and is willing to make the supreme sacrifice for it. He may be concerned only about his comrades in arms, about his home or about his country. But the true lustre of heroism, such as that which free countries bestow on the Battle of Britain men, shines forth much more brightly because of the noble and lasting cause which elevates their personal heroism to a plane of values where rightness and wrongness matter above all other things.

These thoughts on the Battle of Britain were somewhat ignored in the first rush of realization after the war that a still more fearful enemy had established himself within reach of democratic and Christian security. The first impulse was to match gun for gun, bomb for bomb, aircraft for aircraft. The free world did not begin to breathe normally again until technical superiority was within its grasp and its military units were on the way to training in warfare.



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Today it is gradually being understood that much more must be done. In barbaric, in feudal and in Victorian times it was enough for a fighting man to be loyal to his chieftain, to his seigneur or to his king. But the trend of democracy with its accent on personal dignity and responsibility has made it necessary to assure deeper bases for military morale than in those past ages. Today each man must have been firmly convinced of the spiritual and moral principles which are involved in his call to arms and in his assumption of the role of a soldier. That is of particular importance even where comradeship and devotion to home life have maintained their power to provoke bravery, because now the struggle is long, it is mechanized, it depends more and more on the alertness and self-sacrifice with which on one hand personal interest assures superhuman use of the tools of war, in the face of the alertness and self-sacrifice which a diabolical social force has succeeded in instilling into its mass of docile robots.

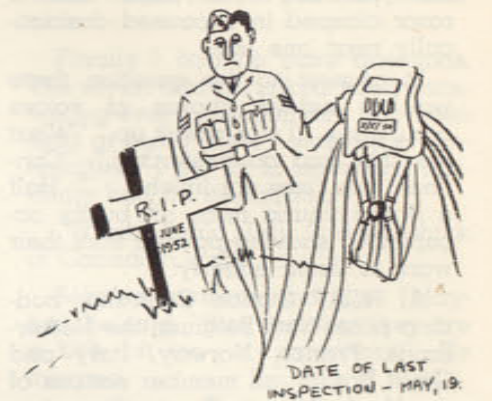
In Canada, more and more attention is being paid to this aspect of

world conflict. It is realized that a fighting man in the army of a free country must bring personal convictions to his task, if the long-range struggle is to be won.

But here a danger must be pointed out. In other parts of the world the morality which sustains effort is pounded into men until they are molded into willing servants of the imperialistic or materialistic power which possesses them. Morality is a tool in such a system, a department of the state. In our nation, the very goal which is sought, should dictate another approach. We are in the service of a moral cause. Spiritual and moral values are thus recognized as superior even to national and international objectives. These values are the standards of judgment. If they are to inspire our effort therefore, the official job must consist of rendering possible the communication of their message, providing specialists, stimulating the discussion among men which leads to conviction and heroism. Any interference into that process whereby religious beliefs are made known and accept-

ed could easily turn indoctrination into WOXOF.

The chaplains stand ready to assure that such will never be the case in Canada.



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Not All the Problems are Flying!

by Flight Cadet Gary Smith

A WELL-LATHERED FACE peered intently over the top of the mirror. "Guess," it said, "what happened to me yesterday?" A hand with a razor clasped in it paused dramatically near one ear.

In answer to the question there was a sudden chorus of voices around me. "I say, speak up," "What ees this you do yesterday," "Continue, you 'ave not finish . . ." Half a dozen young men, all busily occupied in shaving paused from their work to listen eagerly.

At RCAF Station Centralia, budding pilots from Belgium, the Netherlands, France, Norway, Italy and Great Britain, all member nations of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization are eagerly engrossed in learning how to fly. All are receiving pilot training that will eventually qualify them to wear the coveted RCAF Wings.

This writer spent several days in Centralia recently talking with keen-eyed young men wearing unfamiliar uniforms and speaking with foreign-accented words.

Acting Pilot Officer Len Cutler of Barking, Essex, England, is typical of the young Royal Air Force officers receiving training at Centralia. A tall blue-eyed youth with a disarming smile and an obvious eagerness in his manner, he has completed five months of the 36 week flying course.

With him was 22 year old Alberto Sekules of Milan, Italy, a second year student in Aeronautical Engineering at the University of Milan, who after studying English for two months in his homeland before coming to Canada speaks and understands our language with an easy familiarity.

Alberto explained, in answer to my question concerning the fluency with which he spoke English, that the two months training in English he had received in Italy before coming to Canada had helped him greatly in mastering the language. Italian youths who are sent to this country under the NATO agreement for Air Crew instruction are given this short course, to help them adjust themselves to their Canadian environment.

Apparently however, according to Flying Officer O. J. Brigden, of North Bay, Ont., such was not always the case. F/O Brigden, an experienced

Flying Control Officer, tells about the time that an Italian student became lost somewhere near Centralia in pretty bad flying weather.

"This chap," relates Brigden, "must have panicked when he found himself alone in the air in such a ruckus. I heard him calling to us in a worried tone that he couldn't see anything I tried repeatedly but without success to make him understand what we wanted him to do."

"We finally had to bring another Italian student into the tower to translate for us."

"With somebody speaking to him in his native Italian," remembers Brigden, "the boy had no difficulty getting himself out of trouble." The curious thing about that case in the minds of many of the training staff at Centralia, is not that the incident happened but rather that it did not happen more often. Canada's first class of NATO trainees arrived here with a very noticeable lack of familiarity with English. The training difficulties subsequently encountered can be readily imagined.

Once the language problem became apparent, RCAF training officials cautioned the NATO countries who contemplated sending trainees to Canada to make certain that the

prospective air crew members were familiar with English before arrival.

The opportunities that I had to talk with Italian and Belgian student pilots at Centralia proved how much more successful the Air Crew course has been with just a small amount of pre-training instruction in English.

The greatest difficulty now is the lack of mastery of English shown by the French Trainees.

A French Air Force Lieutenant named Galibert, liaison officer at Centralia, explained why the language difficulty remained for many of the French youths.

Apparently among the French there remains the misconception that all Canadians are bilingual. With this in mind, French airmen have come to Canada expecting to find the French language in ready use across the country. Most of the French could find little reason for making a serious study of the English language when they believed French to be so widely used here.

"In the future," said Lieutenant Galibert, "our students will come to Canada better prepared to take English instruction."

We also learned that RCAF officers had made early attempts to give some instruction in French. F/O G.

R. Ayres of Toronto, Ont., who is a French linguist himself, and who had a hand in the earlier training, explained that the system didn't work well because of the many necessary changes in personnel and the lack of bilingual instructors.

The Trainees' Mess at Centralia is a rather disconcerting place during the evenings. One is never quite sure how to address anybody, except, perhaps for the RCAF Flight Cadets and the Royal Air Force Acting Pilot Officers, both of whom wear the familiar Air Force Blue.

The French student pilot wears a dark blue service wedge that is reminiscent of the Royal Military College dress cap. The Italian youths sport handsome peaked caps of a gray blue that look entirely too small until one gets used to looking at them.

Some of the NATO countries, the Norwegians for example, wear uniforms of a material that is decidedly similar in colour and cut to the RCAF's winter 5A Blues. During the summer months, however, khaki predominates almost completely among all trainees and only the head wear and rank insignia are different.

Only a few months before I arrived at Centralia an Italian Lieutenant named Verna Leone had innocently set the RCAF Centralia female set rather agog when someone discovered that he was a bona fide Italian count. Verna Leone, as it came out, was a tall quiet youth with a pleasant and retiring manner who, to the utter consternation of the gals, departed as he had arrived—a bachelor. Another young Italian officer, a Lieutenant Brazzola who had graduated from Centralia with Verna Leone, was the son of a ranking Italian general.

Apparently only the Italians had been represented by nobility. None of the French or Belgian youths I

subsequently questioned could remember any French barons. Pilot Officer Len Cutler smiled politely, said, "No, he didn't think he could remember meeting any dukes in the RAF NATO Ranks."

Both Canadian food and the weather came in for discussion when I asked for comments on the Dominion's eating habits.

Sergeant Lamberto Tamburinelli of Rome, an Economics student at an Italian University, smiled wryly when I mentioned spaghetti. The Canadian dish apparently shouldn't be mentioned in the same breath with the real Italian product. A French airman named Degeilh who was standing by, nodded his head vehemently in approval of what Tamburinelli had said about Canadian cuisine.

Acting Pilot Officer R.G. Bowie, who hails from the northern part of Scotland liked Canadian weather. "It's wonderful," he told me, "not to be bothered by those fogs we have at home." The wide variety of Canadian weather, cold in winter and heat in summer, appealed to many of the NATO students, but a few of the Italian youths looked a bit uncomfortable when I mentioned snow.

I spent a whole evening talking to seven young men in the pleasant lounge of the Trainees' Mess. The seven trainees had been at Centralia for at least two months and all were comfortably at ease. The feeling of comradeship among the seven, two Italians, two RAF Pilot Officers, a French airman and a couple of Canadian Flight Cadets was very noticeable.

Finally I had no more questions. The seven had all talked freely, answering every question that had been fired at them. Now I was out of ammunition. I got up to leave and suddenly had an inspiration.

"What," I said slyly, "do you think of Canadian girls?"

Sekules answered that one. "Maybe," he said, "they feel that they are a little bit too . . . important." He frowned.

Then he brightened. "But they are very . . . how do you say it?"

"They have . . . ooomph," suggested Tamburinelli.

Even the Canadian boys smiled.

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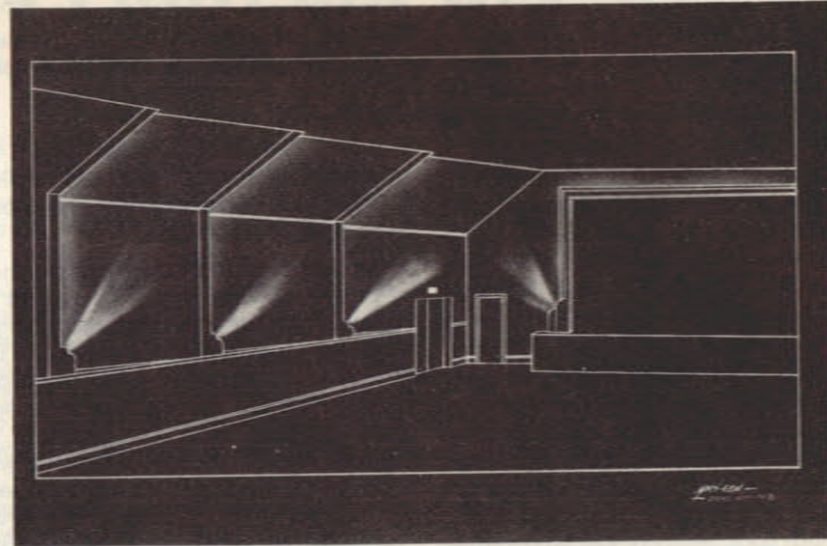
IN MID-JUNE, our theatre was closed for alterations.

Many expected the usual summer clean-up—picking up peanut shells, trimming cobwebs, repairing the ventilation system, gathering Junior's slightly used six-shooter caps and all the activities that are carried on throughout service theatres during the summer period. However, few will readily accept the fact that such widespread renovations are now in progress and they will truly get the surprise of their passive existence when comes opening night. So, to rob them of a very pleasant surprise, on this page appears two reproductions of the lighting plan.

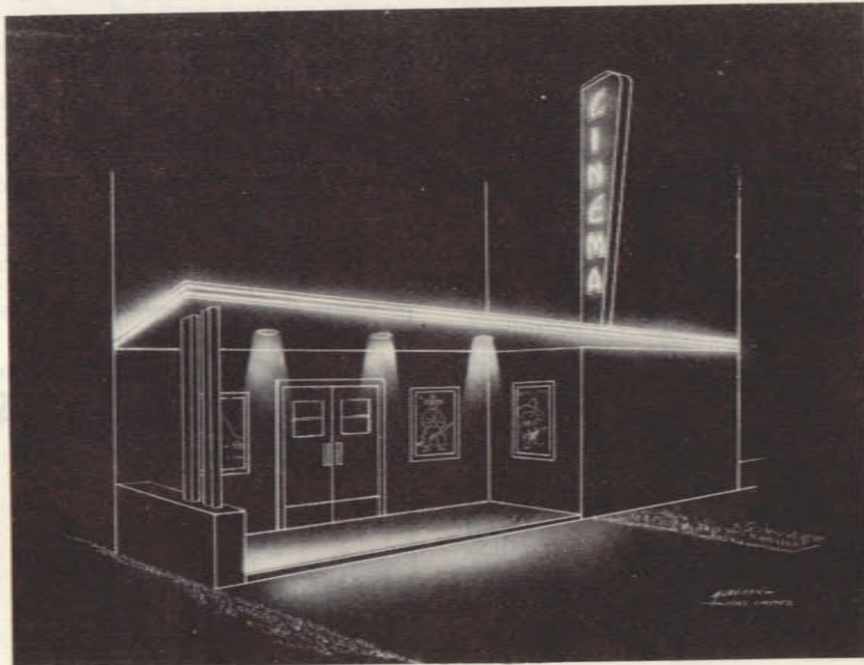
Now, we do lose something in the translation. Unfortunately, it is difficult to imagine subtle blues, yellows and reds in a black and white photograph—but that much surprise is still in store for you.

The interior of the Cinema will have a seating capacity of 450 with prime considerations being given to comfort, safety and convenience. Under the heading of convenience, naturally, comes the best films available at rock bottom admission prices.

All being well, the new "palais de flick" will have its grand re-opening in mid-October.



Subdued lighting sets the tone in the foyer, where movie-goers accustom their eyes to the darkness within.



Quite a change, isn't it? The exterior of the Cinema introduces neon display lighting to Stevenson Field.

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#3 Wing

Royal Canadian Air Cadets

By W/C T. F. COOPER, O.B.E.

ON SEPTEMBER 1, 1947, No. 3 Wing of the Royal Canadian Air Cadets was organized, but was not authorized to operate until April 1, 1948. Like all newly organized units, Standing Orders had to be promulgated, and then a working system organized.

The wing consists of six squadrons, consisting of 6 Jim Whitecross; 170 St. James, sponsored by the St. James Kiwanis; 176, sponsored by the Optimist Club; 177, sponsored by Trans Canada Air Lines employees; and 220, under the sponsorship of the RCAF Association, Manitoba Branch.

The strength of the wing at present is close to 500, including all ranks.

The wing staff consists of the Commanding Officer, who is Wing Commander Tommy Cooper; the Adjutant's duties are handled by F/L Stan. Denning; and the Supply Officer of the Wing is F/L Art Jowett, C.D. Also attached to the wing is a flight lieutenant Radio Officer, whose position is at present vacant. Each squadron has its own CO, Adjutant, Supply Officer and Instructors according to squadron strength.

All training is the responsibility of the Wing Commander, who in turn places the training responsibilities upon the squadron CO's. The training Syllabus is laid down by RCAF Training Command, but the program is the responsibility of the Wing Commander.

Subjects useful both to the boys and the Service are taught. Great emphasis is placed upon teaching the lads, first of all, to become good citizens. The indoctrination into service life seems to follow automatically.

The boys are keen and very smart. They are proud of the uniforms they wear. Benefits to the boys are numerous—scholarships to Royal Roads are available and training courses are given at the different flying clubs. There are visits to England, and to the United States, and technical courses with the Royal Canadian Air Force as well.

The winter activities have just commenced, and the program, as laid down, calls for sports, shooting and many technical subjects.

The wing has many good marksmen who have walked away with

some good prizes in the M.R.R.A. and the D.C.R.A. These boys can show the old timers a thing or two on the range. No attempt will be made to brag about the squadrons, but they will do it themselves in future articles.

Come over and see the boys in action any Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday evening at 7.30 at the old No. 5 Release Center. It will do you and them a lot of good.



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The Belgian Underground

by Tony Van Lis



MY INTENTIONS were to help my country like my father had done in 1914 working for the "Intelligent Service," for which he later paid with his life. Groups were organizing themselves for sabotage and the Germans immediately posted some of their men as civil agents who spoke French fluently. These were called the "White Army." My vivid desire was to join one of these groups, but I was afraid to approach anyone, thinking he might be one of those agents or a traitor who would have betrayed me in favor of the enemy.

After waiting one year I finally had the chance of realizing my desire. I was taking professional coiffeur courses at night from a Mr. Meau, who inspired me with great confidence in my work. I tried finding out things about him, and it was many months later that I realized that he was a patriot. One day I decided to ask the help of my professor in helping out some of my friends in some financial difficulties, but it was three weeks before he gave me the 1,000 francs for my friend. I knew he had been asking around about me, but it was only a month later that he asked me if I would accept the risks of helping them. I told him that I had waited a year for this opportunity. So this was how I joined the "Resistance."

I would like to explain a little of how the "Resistance" functioned: We consisted of three groups. First group consisted of sabotage against the potentiality of the enemy, such as railroads, telecommunications, factories, etc. Second group was called "Les troupes de choc," who specialized in collecting all the money and stamps in any way possible. They organized armed attacks in factories and administrative buildings. Third group, who were unarmed, were in charge of distributing the money, ration stamps, etc., and also false identity cards to the various individuals of the resistance and others who helped them. They were also assigned to help allied soldiers who were caught in the enemy lines.

My part at the beginning was to deliver the sums of money and ration stamps to a list of names my chief had given me. I had to make them sign for it before I could give it to them. One night I had a new name on my list. I was a little suspicious when I got there because of the manner I was received. The man seemed quite surprised to see me. I felt something was wrong, so I listened and when I heard somebody speaking German in the other room I escaped by the window leading through the garden. A few days later we learned that my chief had given me a wrong address,

so it was lucky for me I had escaped along with those persons' names I had on the list.

A few months later I was assigned to work for a man named Mr. Belfosse. His job was to make false identity

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cards to those especially wanted by the enemy. The Germans became more demanding toward the population, more and more men were taken and forced to work in factories in Germany. There were some who refused to go; it became very difficult for us to help them. Even I was called to report to the "Werbeustal"-office of the designation of work in Germany. Immediately, I reported to the doctor of our organization and he gave me a false certificate saying I had some blood disease; but that wouldn't have worked if we hadn't had a nurse working in the German hospital as one of our agents. A few days later I was told I wasn't capable of doing the work and was allowed to go home.

The sabotage group was doing very well—organizing train wrecks and stealing gas from the enemy. Of course, the police was being more severe; showplaces and cinemas were closed down, people were detained and shot for the slightest reason, all circulation was stopped from 6 o'clock at night to 6 o'clock in the morning. But we were not at a standstill, some of our men dressed as German soldiers stole ammunitions and rations. It was always distributed later to some of our men and to those in need. In July 1942 I was recalled by the Germans to go to work in Germany; again I got a false certificate from our Doctor Pirson, but this time the nurse who had helped us before had been betrayed by a traitor and shot. Paying no attention to my certificate they gave me a medical examination and told me I was medically fit to work. They gave me my papers to report for work in Bochum, Germany, but my chief superior, Mr. Drion, ordered me to take a rest in the country and he gave me a false identity card just in case for protection.

I went north, where some friends helped me when I explained the situation to them, telling them I needed a rest. A month later I had a letter from my wife saying that the Germans had questioned her as to my whereabouts, but she told them I had left for Germany on the 10th of July and hadn't seen me since. Fearing for the safety of my wife I decided to pay a visit to my chief, explaining the case to him. It was decided that I was to work in my boss' salon until I could contact this secret service agent, who helped me get a work permit saying that my wife was sick and that I had to attend to her continually. He also got me some rations stamps. Finally I was able to return to my activities in our service.

Continued on next page.

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Le présent diplôme est décerné à

Monsieur *Henri Van Lis* - Liège
pour son attitude courageuse pendant l'occupation et pour avoir, au péril de sa vie, hébergé ou escorté des aviateurs alliés, leur permettant de reprendre le combat et d'assurer ainsi le triomphe du Droit et de la Liberté.

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One day I helped with a mission in broad daylight. We stole a German truck loaded with money and stamps. In all, we had 6,000 francs, which we distributed later to those in need. A few days later we were suspicious that our HQs where we kept our guns and ammunitions was being watched, and the chief decided to hold a funeral for one of the persons who had been killed that day. So we loaded our guns in the coffin and were parading in the city with the German soldiers all around. Little did they know that there were guns and not a body in our coffin. It was really funny to see them taking off their hats or saluting the coffin.

There was also the grim side of things—for instance, when some of our men were caught and tortured to try and make them reveal the names of their comrades, one of them threw himself to his death from one of the windows in a Gestapo office rather than talk. Others, sold by the traitors, killed themselves rather than be tortured by Germans. Of course, when we caught some of these traitors we took them in the woods and shot them, then we attached a sign stating, "He paid the price of Treason."

Later I was assigned by our chief, Mr. Drion, to act as a guide because I could speak English to help our allied soldiers. We were called "Ailes Brisees," meaning "Broken Wings." I was to help those whose planes had been shot down by our enemies. Later I was given an honorary diploma for service rendered in the organization. I was to help Americans, Canadians and British men find shelter in some of our farms until we could smuggle them out of the country to France, Spain and Portugal. They were all supplied with false identity cards and rations. I had to provide them with fake names, and after a briefing I turned them over to another guide who would make the journey with them. There were times I had to question these airmen as to their trades (pilots, navigators, radio, etc.); on one of these occasions, fearing we were dealing with traitors, I asked these two airmen for their "dog tags." They turned out to be Lt. George Wedd of Pennsylvania and St. Franchine Depew from New York. Our organizations were always in contact as to the identity of these airmen.

To be continued in a future edition

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This certificate is awarded to

Antoine Van Lis

as a token of gratitude for and appreciation of the help given to the Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen of the British Commonwealth of Nations, which enabled them to escape from, or evade capture by the enemy.

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By CPL. L. L. HAGGERTY

PUBLIC RELATIONS is the medium through which the Armed Services are presented to the public. Through this medium the relation can be good or bad, depending upon the personnel in the Service and their attitude with the public in general.

It is the policy that one or more persons be appointed PROs (Public Relations Officers), and through these the RCAF is introduced to the public, acquainting them with certain phases of training and other pertinent details that is of general interest to them. This is usually accomplished by liaison with representatives of the press, radio, and now, with the inauguration of television in many parts of Canada, the RCAF will, from time to time, make its appearance in relations with the public on television.

Public relations, however, does not stop here. Every member of the RCAF is a PRO and should strive to always attain and keep a good relationship with the public. This can be accomplished in many ways: a few are deportment, courtesy, paying of compliments, politeness and numerous other small but very important factors which are essential and expected from members of the RCAF. By attaining these qualities, you as an individual, and the units to which you belong become better respected by the public.

Have you ever stood by, and watched a parade? Possibly somewhere in the audience you have heard the remark, "That is certainly a smart parade!"—or possibly the

remark has not been quite so polite. What is your reaction? I venture to say that if you are in uniform, and hear the first remark you will probably feel quite proud. But if the latter remark is passed, you quietly make an exit, feeling a little embarrassed. Did you ever ask yourself "Why"? Public opinion has expressed itself, and whenever the Service is in the public eye, that expression is always there. The impression that you leave with the public as an individual or a group is either good or bad. There is no half-way mark.

Here again your relationship with the public must be closely guarded at all times to reflect favorable impressions with the RCAF. Although a small majority of the RCAF are officially designated to represent us in relations with the public, all of us can contribute to better understandings and harmony by representing the RCAF in a high standard.

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SPORT SPOTLIGHT

By Cpl. J. Speirs

FASTBALL

ON AUGUST 27th at Fort Osborne Barracks, the final curtain fell on the Inter-Service Fastball League. With the RCAF WINNIPEG nine taking the championship in four straight games by scores of 14-1, 9-5, 11-4, and 14-11. The final game was by far the most interesting, in this upset series, both from a spectator's viewpoint and player participation as the never-say-die Army team gave an all-out exhibition and literally had the Airforce at their mercy with a commanding 11-4 lead in eight innings of play. But as the old story goes, the game is never over until the last batter is out, which was proven once again, as the Airforce proceeded to pummel the Army pitching into submission and score 10 runs in their half of the eighth to go ahead to victory and the Inter-Service championship in four straight games.

It has been a very successful season for the RCAF team who played

hard, clean ball throughout the entire season and certainly earned the title of champions. A word of thanks to all the loyal and staunch fans who gave their team that added drive in the tight spots and never gave up no matter how dark the picture looked. Once again congratulations RCAF Station Winnipeg on your hard earned championship.

CRICKET

The RCAF station Winnipeg cricket team added yet another laurel to the station by way of winning the Fort Garry Trophy, emblematic of Manitoba cricket supremacy by downing the RCAF from Gimli by seven wickets.

Both teams were comprised of RAF personnel and produced the type of cricket only the English are capable of. Congratulations on your well deserved victory.

BASKETBALL

With the fall and winter sports now being organized, there should be some very interesting nights of entertainment ahead for the basketball fans. A station team will be formed to compete in the Inter-Service League, also a flight cadet team will be formed and will meet similar opposition from Gimli, McDonald and possibly Portage la Prairie.

BOWLING

Bowling teams are now in the process of organization for both mixed and Inter-station leagues. Keep your eyes on DRO's for the official opening of the league.

HOCKEY

The hockey team should be well into its training programme by the time the next edition of VOXAIR hits the newsstand, but remember if you are a new member of the station "It's never too late to get in shape." New blood is always welcome. We hope to have a winner in the Inter-Service League this year.



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Barbers Left to Right: Peter Panchuk, Reg Plant, Tony Van Lis, and genial proprietor Lou Cancilla, who has been dealing with assorted heads since 1930 in such centres as Portland, Vancouver, and now Winnipeg.

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BADMINTON

The station Badminton league has already swung into high gear, anyone wishing to become a member please contact Mr. McISAAC at the station Met Section. Incidentally, the badminton club made a clean sweep of the Inter-Service tournament last season. Best wishes for another successful season.

The soldier was reading a letter from his wife and didn't seem too pleased about it.

"What's the matter?" asked his chum. "Is there trouble at home?"

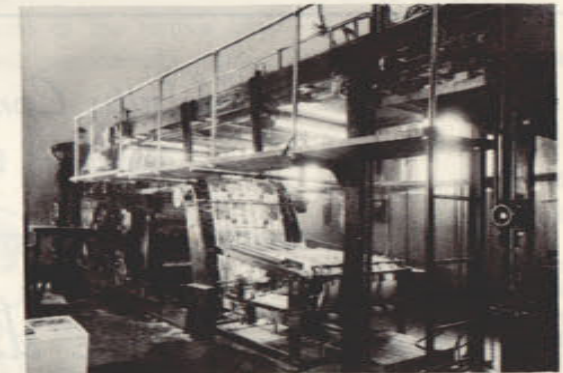
"Well, not exactly," replied the soldier, "but we've got a freak in the family. It says here, 'You won't know Willie when you come back, he's grown another foot.'"

Overheard in the cold war: The Soviet government points with pride to the fact that Russian women do a man's work and get a man's pay.

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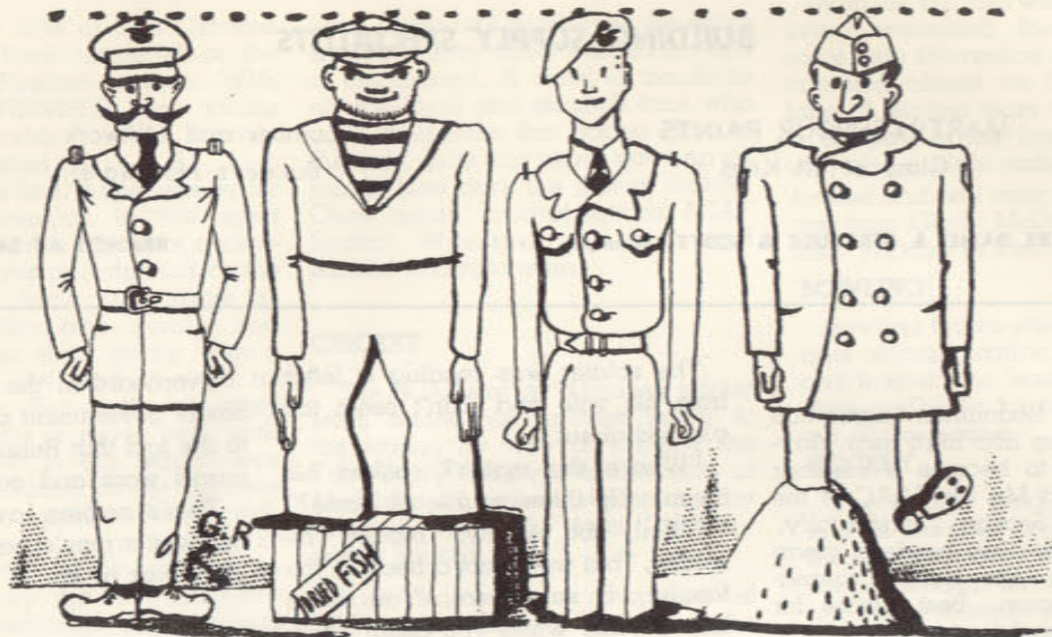
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2 ANS GRADUATING CLASS

COURSE 25 sprang to life at the end of January 1952, and has gradually grown from the sapling to the adult plant, and with subsequent pruning has blossomed as per ANS catalog.

It appears that we once had notions of independence and a yen for fame which was, unfortunately, manifested as notoriety. This phase has long passed in firm but timely reform, and we (as a course, let it be said) have become respectable.

The course has about equal representation of French, Canadian and British students, and though we do say it ourselves, we have lived not only in peace but in very amiable comradeship for these past nine months.

If as a course, we are not entirely original or individualistic, it is not for the lack of effort on the part of certain members. Although the primary aim has been to attain proficiency in navigation, we have not passed up creative opportunities and with commendable application, have attempted some reform here and there in spite

of the reactionary attitude of "B and A." We are all well acquainted with the navigation "Gremlins," all Mks., and many of us have obtained remarkably fine fixes from grease spots, proving without doubt that we were right in the centre of the astro dome. There are those among us who may have thought that "the six little men of planning" prepare the weekly program, and possibly the cadet who wrote "Pilots" when compiling a list of navigation aids, has since been forgiven.

As is usual with such a group, the course contains its own individualistic elements, which may be generally categorized as the bridge fiends (fluctuates in number, according to the financial state), the "gay life" types (likewise) and those who thought they would "stay-at-home-and-save-money-and-get-some-work-done" (almost invariably give in about 8 p.m., whatever the financial state, and gad about).

The admixture of the native dialects, if they will pardon this expres-

sion, of various course members of London, Manchester, Vancouver, Cape Breton, Paris and the Landes, has produced much humorous confusion, not to mention reducing the billets to a fair imitation of the Tower of Babel on occasions.

It is impossible to make mention of each individual course member, and we choose to remain to the end of the course. As a course then, we should like to thank everyone who has been concerned with the well nigh heart-breaking task of guiding us to graduation, and we would dedicate a more than dutiful word of thanks to the ground crew and the whole administrative staff whose efforts continue to assist the steady stream of would-be navigators to the culmination of their training.

Our sincerely intended, if poorly expressed, wish in parting is that every course that follows us may have such a happy and fruitful stay as we of Course 25.

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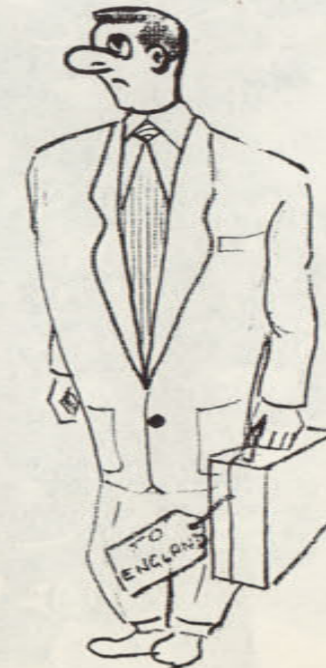
AIR FEVER

By P/O E. W. COULES

I must go up in the air again,
To the CB clouds and the sky.
And all I ask is a Beechcraft
And the sun to steer her by;
With asco checks and drifts to take
And a worried pilot swearing;
And a second nav who's far too sick
To take a radio bearing.

I must go on a five hour trip
To The Pas or Hudsons Bay;
Hoping we won't cross the border
Into the U.S.A.
And all I ask is that B and A
Have mercy on my soul
And give me over sixty marks,
To help me reach my goal.

I must go up in the air again,
For the call of a astro flight
Is a wild call and a clear call
Continuing all the night.
And all I ask is that the faults
And errors that I have made,
Will not prevent me from appearing
On the wings parade.



2 ANS GRADUATING CLASS COURSE 25 W.A.



Back row left to right: F/C's MOULINON, SIMINOSKI, SHERRIFF, HOMAN, HERVE, McCORMICK, JAMES, PIETR, SCOTT, LAURENS.
Front row: F/C's MALLARDEAU, MORRIS, RICHARDSON, ALLEN, F/L HAINES, F/C's CHEATER, WILKINSON, BENTLEY, WOLFF, ROLLAND.

2 ANS GRADUATING CLASS COURSE 25 W.B.



Back row: F/C's MAZY, LABARCHIDE, BENTLEY, SHEFFIELD, WHITE, ROBINSON, SCHMIDT, BOLTON, ROUQUIE, RAINA.
Front row: F/C's GARNETT, COUTURIER, PERCIVAL, GILIS, F/O TAYLOR, F/C's BUZARE, WHITMAN, DUYCK, GILES.

Battle of Britain



IN THE EARLY SUMMER of 1940 the eyes of the world were focussed upon the narrow strip of water separating Great Britain from the continent of Europe. To all men who believed in democracy, in freedom, truth, justice and human decency, that narrow channel represented the last barrier against the forces of a new power of darkness that was threatening Christian civilization. Poland had been crushed; Norway and Denmark had fallen; the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg and France had been overwhelmed by Hitler's Nazis. Mussolini's Italy had snatched at the opportunity to enter the war in hope of securing some of the victor's spoils. From North Cape to the Pyrenees the victorious might of Nazidom was arrayed, facing westward toward the only opponent remaining in the lists — Britain, the Dominions and the Empire. The next few weeks would witness a trial of strength upon which the cause of human freedom depended. What was freedom's order of Battle? The Royal Navy—which would operate at a decided disadvantage in such restricted waters; the British Army—now sadly handicapped by the loss of much of its equipment; the Royal Air Force—outnumbered by the great air fleets of the Luftwaffe; and the innate qualities of the British people, epitomized in one of the greatest leaders in the long history of that people.

Control of the air was the essential prerequisite to success in the Battle of Britain. If the Luftwaffe could win and retain control over the Strait and Channel long enough to permit the invasion fleets to cross and gain a beach-head, Britain might well follow in the list of Nazi conquests. It was upon the Royal Air Force then, and

particularly upon Fighter Command, that the heavy responsibility rested of being Britain's first line of defence against invasion. Were the fifty squadrons of Hurricanes and Spitfires equal to the task? Could David again overthrow Goliath? There was one hopeful indication, although its full significance was little appreciated at the time. Over Dunkirk the fighters of the RAF had come to grips with the Luftwaffe and had taken a heavy toll. Without the fighter cover, the story of the Dunkirk beaches could have been much more tragic. But could our squadrons, exhausted by the great demands made upon them in the Battle of France, meet this new challenge?

France fell on June 17th; the next day Prime Minister Churchill warned the House of Commons that the Battle of Britain was about to begin. It is difficult to assign precise dates for the Battle. It did not begin with a thundering barrage at H-hour on D-day, nor did it end at any specific hour or day. In one sense the Battle started with the fall of France and continued well into 1941. Air Ministry, however, had accepted the dates July 10th and October 31st, 1940, as being the most convenient to mark the opening and termination of the Battle. Although the selection has, of necessity, been somewhat arbitrary, the period between these dates does cover the major Luftwaffe activity against Britain.

Before the Battle began there was an interval of several weeks, a breathing spell during which the Luftwaffe rested from its arduous six-weeks blitzkrieg, moved forward to new bases in the Low Countries and Northern France, collected replacements of aircraft and personnel, organized

lines of communication and gathered all the varied supplies of bombs, ammunition, fuel, spares and equipment necessary for the best campaign. The Wehrmacht too was making preparations, moving up troops and supplies and collecting barges for the invasion fleet. The Luftwaffe's preparations required six or seven weeks for completion; but before the full-scale assault could be launched there was some preliminary skirmishing over the Channel in which small forces bombed Portland and coastal convoys. On July 10th a sudden quickening was evident in these activities: two formations of 150 aircraft, the largest force yet used, attacked a convoy off Dover. The Battle of Britain had begun.

The contest that followed can be divided into three phases. The first covering approximately forty days (July 10th to August 18th), was the period during which Goering sought to overwhelm Britain's fighter defences by heavy attacks on coastal shipping, harbors, airfields, radio location stations and aircraft factories. This period reached its climax in the ten days August 8th to 18th, when the German Air Force, its preparations now completed, launched a series of mass attacks on a wide front in a supreme effort to eliminate our fighter squadrons and open the way for invasion. Fighter Command was called upon for intensive efforts on a scale greater than at any other time in the Battle. But Goering's effort failed. Air supremacy over the Channel and Strait was not achieved. Far from exhausting our fighter forces the Luftwaffe itself suffered crippling losses and had to change its tactics.

(Continued next page)

After a five days' respite (August 19th to 23rd), the second phase began, with London the chief objective for great formations of bombers escorted by swarms of fighters. This was the climax of the air battle and was probably intended by the Nazis to be the prelude to the actual invasion. Their preparations for the land battle appeared to be complete and Hitler issued his solemn warning, "We shall come." For five weeks (August 24th to September 27th) the ordeal of London continued, rising to a peak on September 15th when the Luftwaffe suffered a major defeat. Great damage was inflicted on the capital, but once again the Luftwaffe failed to attain its objective. The heart of the Empire was not paralyzed, nor was the spirit of its people broken. "We can take it!" was their defiant reply. German bomber losses became so great that a continuation of this phase was impossible. Once again there was a change in tactics. September 15th had marked a definite turn in the course of the Battle; it was the beginning of the end.

On September 28th the third and final phase opened, a "battle of attrition," which continued until the end of October. Forced to abandon the use of his bombers for mass daylight attack, Goering now resorted to fighter sweeps by squadrons of high-flying Messerschmitt fighters and fighter-bombers. This attempt to wear down our fighter defences was in itself an admission of defeat, and like the others it failed. By the end of October the pressure on Fighter Command had definitely eased; waves still beat upon the defences, the night assault was still raging, but the menace of invasion for that year had passed. The Battle had been won.

This brief summary of the air assault upon southeast England is not a complete picture of the Battle of Britain. The Battle was not fought solely in the air, nor was the responsibility of guarding Britain from invasion the exclusive prerogative of Fighter Command. It was fought on the ground and with the Nazi fortress.

The ground crews who serviced the Hurricanes and Spitfires, the men and women who manned the operations rooms, and operated the signals and communication services, the intelligence and equipment staffs, the administrative personnel and all those who kept units, airfields and headquarters operating efficiently, they too had their share in the victory.

Special mention must be made of the radio location (or radar) stations dotted along the English coast. The early warning which they gave of the approach of raiders made it possible

for our fighter squadrons to take off in time to intercept the enemy. Fighter Command was able to conserve its strength until needed and then, forewarned by radar, deliver the maximum effort at the right place and time. Without radar the Battle of Britain might well have had a different ending. Supplementing the chain of radar stations was the network of Observer Corps posts which plotted enemy formations as they penetrated inland. Together radar and Observer Corps constituted a vital factor in the air defence of Britain and contributed immeasurably to the victory of the RAF.

Anti-aircraft Command and Balloon Command had their share too in defending the island's vital targets and

in bringing about the defeat of the Luftwaffe. Nor should it be forgotten that the worker in the factory, the clerk in his office, the housewife in her kitchen, all the humble men and women who endured the storm of bomb and fire, they too "stood in the breach" and helped keep "the way open to man's vast future."

The spectacular victories won by Fighter Command have tended to overshadow the fact that the other commands of the Royal Air Force were still engaged in the Battle. While Fighter Command was defending Britain, Bomber and Coastal Commands were carrying the battle to the enemy and by their assault on Nazi-held

(Continued on page 31)

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Current Affairs . . .

by F/O S. W. G. Nutter

KOREA

1 As at September 19th, there had been no talks at Panmunjom since July 26th. The deadlock over forced versus voluntary repatriation of prisoners was still the only truce issue in dispute. Brief weekly meetings have been held simply to declare another recess. As a result, it is believed to be the conviction of US officials that the likelihood of a settlement at Panmunjom is exceedingly remote. Mr. Acheson told a press conference that the US is preparing for a full-dress debate on Korea when the UN General Assembly convenes in its new quarters on October 14th. The US has opposed previous moves to discuss the Korean stalemate in the UN.

EGYPT

2 General Naguib' plan to break up the great landholdings and re-distribute the wealth of Egypt more equitably among the people is meeting little criticism from neutral observers. It is being pointed out however, that such a policy in itself does not touch the basic cause of Egyptian poverty. If Egypt's total national income for 1950 were divided equally

each would receive the equivalent of only \$103. Further, the population is increasing at the rate of about 300,000 annually, while total available wealth remains virtually the same. The excessive number of very small holdings is a major cause of low productivity in Egyptian agriculture—and it is feared that the land reform program, though commendable from a social point of view, may accentuate this condition further. It is felt that if a way is not found either to increase the resources quickly and far beyond anything now in sight, or radically to limit the population, starvation will stalk some of the richest soil in the world.

STRASBOURG

3 Jean Monnet, French economic expert, the framer of the Schumann Plan and France's leading exponent of European unity, set the theme of the new Assembly of the European Coal and Steel Community. He said in part: "This union cannot be based solely on good will. The tragic events through which we have lived . . . have perhaps rendered us much wiser. But men pass and others will take their places. What we can leave them are institutions. The life

of institutions is much longer than that of men and the institutions can thus, if they are well built, accumulate and transmit wisdom to successive generations. The great revolution of our times . . . commences in these days in which are constituted the first supranational institutions of Europe. . . . With these institutions now created, that which we can leave as a heritage to our children commences to be a living reality." M. Monnet spoke about the next session of the assembly in January when the whole picture of the High Authority will be given to the representatives, and when a sort of first European budget will be presented, carrying with it the demand for corresponding revenue, and thus constituting the first European tax. He referred to both British and American recognition of the community and spoke of the expected co-operation with the British. Chancellor Konrad Adenauer of the West German Federal Republic supported M. Monnet on every point.

EAST GERMANY

4 The Communist Republic of East Germany has opened the Leipzig trade fair, aimed at increasing

trade ties between East Germany and the Soviet system generally, on the one side, and the nations of the West on the other. Business men from the West were shown acres of exhibits from East Germany, the Soviet Union, China, and the East European satellites; and regaled with tales of good bargains and easy profits.

At the same time East German Communists were asking for permission for a delegation from their parliament to visit West Germany and talk to members of the Bundestag about unity. The delegation was admitted towards the end of September. It was unlikely that it would make much progress, though the idea of "unity" is a watchword capable of raising a strong emotional response anywhere in Germany.

Experienced observers have noted that these Communist tactics contrast sharply with Soviet policy for East Germany, and with the program which the East German government under Russian supervision is carrying out. There is ample evidence that as far as planning is concerned much progress has been made towards the satellization of East Germany. The military units of the People's Police have increased since May from 60,000 to 100,000 men; and have been reorganized into 24 cadres, each cap-

able of expansion into a division. There are 400,000 People's Police divisions in East Germany. The majority of the schools, all the machinery of rural and urban government, the bureaucracy and the police are under Communist control. Attacks against Evangelical and Catholic churches, the two chief rallying points for anti-Communist activity, began a month ago. The political parties which are recognized in addition to the Communist party offer no overt opposition to the Russians. They are believed tolerated in the hope that their existence will persuade West Germans that East Germany is a practicing democracy, whose union with the West would be swift and easy.

It is believed the Communists will wait for the ratification of the European Defense Community Treaty in the West, because they believe there remains some faint hope of uniting Germany on their terms. Once this decisive action has been taken by the West, the process of establishing a "People's Democracy" in the East should be quick and sure.

INDIA

5 The recent arrival of the steamship "Versilia" in Bombay harbor completed delivery of 2,000,000

tons of grain lent to India under the India Emergency Food Loan Act passed by the US Congress last year. The delivery of this quantity of food stuff halfway round the world in just over 12 months by 243 cargo vessels is being hailed in India as a marvel of modern transportation. The 2,000,000 tons are payable for over a period of 35 years. Together with \$15,000,000 worth of wheat from Canada (under a special agreement within the Colombo Plan) it was successful in achieving its object. There has been no famine, and hunger has been widely relieved.

A temperature of approximately 39 deg. F. prevails throughout most of the waters of the deep sea.

"A lie travels around the world while Truth is putting on her boots."

—C. H. Spurgeon

"I would define true courage to be a perfect sensibility to danger, and a mental willingness to endure it."

—General W. T. Sherman



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ERIC NICOL ON DRILL

Reprinted from The Winnipeg Tribune

ONE HIGHLIGHT of the war that Eisenhower and Montgomery forgot to mention in their memoirs was compulsory drill.

Every spring, at our unit, somebody would see an airman moving slowly through an attention area on all fours, thoughtfully lipping the unlit butt of a cigarette. Whereupon the general order went out for a period of compulsory drill to smarten up all personnel.

All personnel took to this idea as a duck takes to buckshot. It was surprising yet true that even after six years of war compulsory drill had not captured the imagination as a substitute for liquor or women.

No Volunteers

When our bunch assembled on the parade square for compulsory drill they demonstrated that the gentleman who wrote the drill manual was something of a visionary, the Woodrow Wilson of the Standard Pause.

There occurred, for instance, the delightful one-act farce known as "Calling out the Marker." Contrary to the expectations of the author of the drill manual, there was rarely

any clamor of volunteering to be marker, with airmen whistling shrilly at the sergeant major and pointing to themselves, or any exhibitionism of the sort.

On the contrary, when it became apparent that the sergeant major was about to call out a marker, a mass self-effacement took place on the edge of the parade square in which everybody tried to look like a blade of grass. Everybody tried to stand behind everybody else. A minute's work with pencil and paper proves that this movement is a physical impossibility, but it remained popular with servicemen.

Pure Fiction

A second purely fictional chapter in that drill manual was its account "Falling in on the Marker." This never happened in real life. Because of the unpopularity of the positions in the front rank a flight would as soon fall in on a leper. Actually the popular place for falling in was wherever anybody thought the middle of the center rank would be.

Some of the dirtiest fighting of the war took place in that area,

and it was always a stirring sight to watch a couple of P. O. veterans contesting the position—the clever footwork, the elbows flashing in and out, the crunch of leather on bunions and the muttered curse of the vanquished.

The rear rank would become swollen with the overflow from the center, while the front rank was mustered with difficulty, composed of the lame and the halt, the mentally infirm and a smattering of individuals who believed in promotion.

Size Dilemma

After we had fallen in, we came to one of the most grisly chapters in the book, the one where the flight commander sized the flight. In cold blood. The order for that terrible havoc was, I believe, "Tallest on the right, shortest on the left, in three ranks size!" My own reaction to this order was to sit right down on the parade square and bawl. I never knew whether I was tall or short and nobody ever told me.

Then, after the front rank had numbered, I could never recall whether my file was even or odd. On one occasion I whispered to the man next to me: "Am I odd?"

"'Queer' is the word I would choose," he replied drily, and I sensed that he was trying to evade the question.

Mutual Drill

But by far the worst part of compulsory drill was "Mutual Instruction." This was when the sergeant handed the squad over to you. It didn't matter that you didn't want it, couldn't use it, or already had one.

Standard procedure when handed a squad to drill was (1) smirk dismally at the squad in a futile attempt to win its sympathy; (2) clear the throat noisily; (3) screech the order to quick march from a position of standing easy, quickly establishing yourself as expendable cannon fodder.

This sort of thing was supposed to give us confidence in handling men. In my own case I learned to cower at the sight of men, especially those I had obliged to march through a large puddle eight times in line, five times in threes, and once in the unusual formation that results from giving the order, "At the halt, on the left, incline your wheel, fellas!"

The drill manual was interesting reading, I suppose, but give me good old Tom Swift and His Giant Magnet every time.



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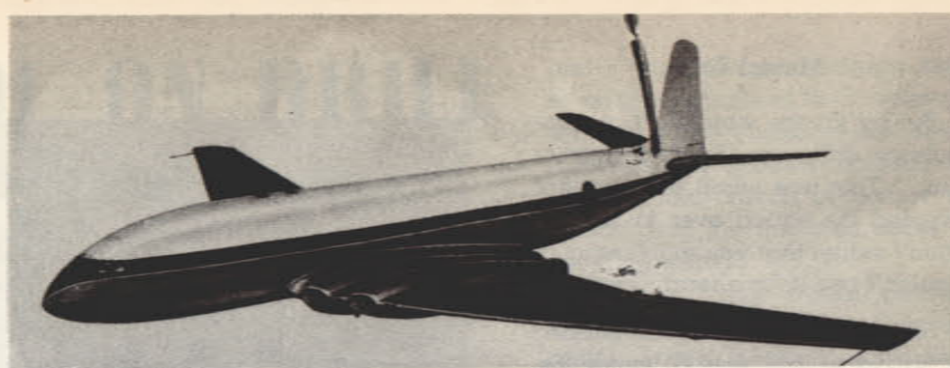
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We're Taking a Drubbing



An American Comment on British Aircraft

by WAYNE W. PARRISH

Whether we like it or not, the British are giving the U.S. a drubbing in jet transport. We've done our best to ignore their inroads on the prized world market, we've smugly acknowledged their valiant pioneering efforts, and we've thought up every sound, logical reason why we aren't preparing to have jet transports flying until 1958.

But the bald truth is that the British are forcing the U.S. to take up the challenge—or lose both air traffic on important world routes and sales in important world markets. It is no longer a matter of rationalizing a decision for the future—the issue is already joined. The British haven't waited for us to make up our minds.

The U.S. attitude toward the development of the British jet Comet transport is very much like the attitude of the farmer whose land has been flooded frequently, but the water has never come close to his house and barns. A new flood came and the farmer sat on his front porch with full confidence, but the water kept coming closer and closer to the porch. Even as the water lapped at the front steps the farmer still insisted that it just couldn't be so because it had never happened before.

The British drive for leadership of the vital world transport market is not yet conclusive. It still isn't absolutely certain. But it's moving up

most awfully close. The latest sale of Comets to LAV, the Venezuelan national airline, is a major victory and will put the Comet on a route straight through the western hemisphere from New York to Buenos Aires in territory which the U.S. considers to be its own.

The U.S. is caught short for the very simple reason that the British have been very un-British in developing and producing and selling the jet Comet. The U.S. reckoned without the De Havilland Aircraft Co., which is an anomaly in the British aircraft industry. By all past experience the British should have started the Comet project with a great roll of drums and tooting of trumpets, then fiddled and fussed around, made vast promises which couldn't be fulfilled, and then permit the U.S. industry to walk in and capture the market with volume sales and output. The trouble with this idea is that de Havilland is a first rate outfit which evidently forgot to read the rules of the British Guide for Muddling.

While the U.S. talks vaguely of producing jet transports sometime between 1958 and 1960, the British have been building, flying and taking orders. Somebody forgot to tell de Havilland to wait until we're ready. It is now clear that we can't just push a button and produce a lot of jet transports and catch up in a few years.

The lead time has become serious for the future of the U.S. jet market.

When Comet I appeared, the American designers and operators were dutifully critical. Comet I is not an economical airplane to operate. It has plenty of bugs. If de Havilland had operated in British tradition it would have fussed over Comet I for so long that it would have missed the world market. But de Havilland continued to build Comet I's and has sold the lot. Now it is building Comet II, which will also have imperfections, but it is selling this lot, too. Next will be Comet III. And then, by the time we are just testing our first models, de Havilland expects to be producing Comet IV, which will be a tried and tested production airplane combining all of the lessons and development of the earlier models.

The U.S. is on a spot. Its aircraft manufacturers are waiting for the domestic airlines to place orders sufficiently firm to warrant an outlay of a great deal of money for prototypes and tooling. The domestic operators have had sound reasons for wanting to wait. But the U.S. international airlines are going to have to compete in all parts of the world against British Comets—over the Atlantic, over the Pacific, in Europe, South America, Africa, and Asia. Our domestic airlines are not much concerned, yet—but the U.S. should be.

But it isn't just the competition for traffic that is so vital at this point. It's the inroads the British have made on sales in the world market. In these days when a new transport costs \$2,000,000 and more, sales to strategically located airlines are vitally important. The market is not too big at best and profit margins are not only slim but are based on grabbing a big percentage of the market. The U.S. is losing some important sales. The Comet has penetrated to Japan, France, South America and other places. If we had the product for sale, the U.S. would have no worries. But 1958 is a long way off.

Why have the British been so successful? One important reason is that the British government, which works closely with its manufacturing industry, made it a policy at the end of World War II to concentrate on jet transport. This policy has become almost a holy crusade—a desperate, consecrated effort to capture world leadership. Another reason is that de Havilland is tops by a wide margin in the British industry. Still another reason is that Britain has lent every diplomatic aid possible to help push Comet sales. A British ambassador is an airplane salesman. Selling British jets is a national crusade. It has cost the British a lot of money—but the gamble has another six or eight years to pay off.

Why are we lagging so far behind? There are a number of reasons. The biggest customers of U.S. manufacturers, domestic airlines, have set forth sound rational reasons why they don't want to rush into jet. Engines aren't ready for easy maintenance. Present jet operating costs are high. Traffic control and airports aren't ready. No new financing of equipment can be undertaken until present new fleets are depreciated. Manufacturers can't spend money until orders are in sight. There is no national policy to encourage or help either operators or manufacturers. The military services have frowned on jet transport. We have no Ministry of Civil Aviation. A U.S. ambassador would as soon be caught dead as aid a U.S. airplane sale.

So here we are, with blueprints by the thousands, with all of the reasons in the world for not rushing into jet transport, while the Comet is doing the impossible. The Comet should not be flying in scheduled service today. The Comet should not be sold to Venezuela or Japan or Canadian Pacific or Air France. It can't be produced in quantity. But the Comet is all of these things. And the Comet

carried the Queen of England on an afternoon's tour of Europe as a demonstration to the world of British faith in their own product and as an official stamp of approval.

The blitz is not yet over by any means. The British would move heaven and earth to sell Comets to a U.S. carrier. This would be worth the loss of an empire; it would be just compensation for losing the American colonies. Such a sale is not impossible, for de Havilland has cunningly forced the issue with sales to competitive routes and U.S. jets are six years away. British jet transport leadership is no longer a remote possibility. It's coming up too close for comfort.

The solution for the U.S. is not easy. Even if we began "all out" today, we'd have a difficult time shortening the British lead. We have no government policy of assistance, although prototype bills have been discussed and then dropped in Congress. We have three or four manufacturers with plans for building jet transports, but a \$30 to \$40 million venture without firm orders is a risk no company is able to undertake. Yet the British challenge is no longer academic. It is very real.

There are 2,240 steps in the Empire State Building in New York City from the pavement to the 103rd floor. In 1937, some character had enough energy to climb these steps in 36 minutes and 22 seconds. What some people won't do for a laugh!

BOAC and the Comet

THAT BOAC ordered the Comet in fair quantity "from the drawing board" is well known. But it may not be so well known that, in fact, the Corporation sponsored the pure-jet transport formula from the early Brabazon Committee days of 1943 and, more important still, pressed its demands with the various Ministries during the period in which the type might otherwise have been considered to be almost too revolutionary. Without the enthusiasm of the technical team and its support by Lord Knollys, who was then chairman of BOAC, there might have been no Comet today.

It was clear that an aircraft with the expected cruising speed of the Comet would have to have its navigational equipment very carefully planned, and BOAC was already, in the Summer of 1946, studying the radio needs so that any necessary development work could be started in good time. The report of the radio committee a year later gave prominent place to "cloud collision" radar, and distance-measuring equipment. —From "The Aeroplane," May 2, 1952.

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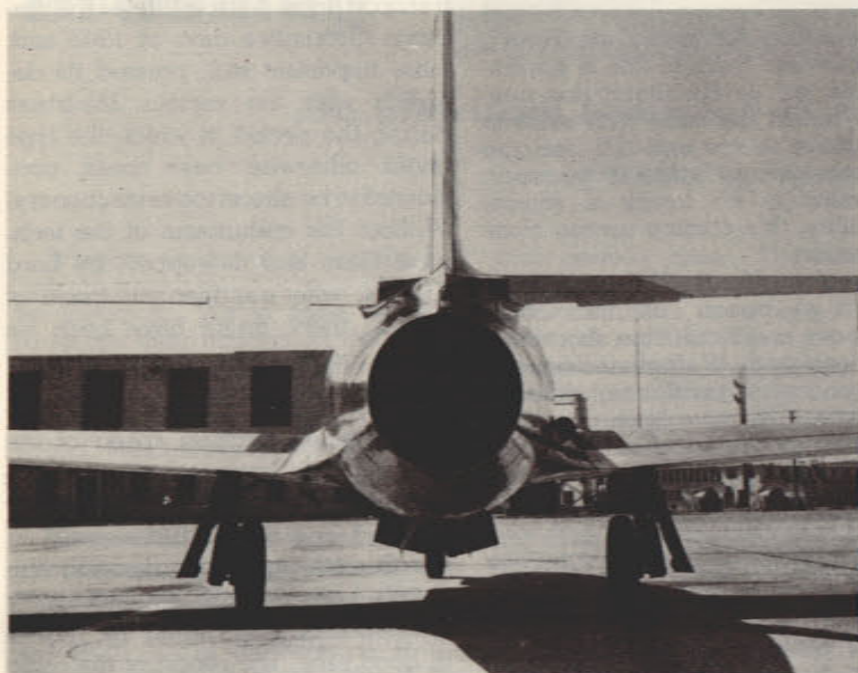
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ESPIONAGE

From time immemorial military leaders have sought information of their opponents plans. Joshua is reported to have sent spies into the land of Canaan. Walsingham was reported by one irate ambassador to the court of Elizabeth I to have "a multitude of spies in every tower in Europe."

Modern military espionage however dates from the Eighteenth century and the work of Frederick the Great. During the Napoleonic wars Pitt on one side and Fouche on the other maintained extremely active spy networks.

According to the novelists the gaining of military secrets is basically a simple matter. A heroic young lady worms her way into the confidence, and the bed, of the enemy general and then extracts his secrets—either from the general under the influence of his uncontrollable passion, or from his safe (or table or maps) while he sleeps.

The theory is excellent, but unfortunately there are several flaws in it. First of all the modern general is usually a highly suspicious man—especially of young ladies who suddenly conceive a deathless passion for him. Moreover he is usually surrounded by Security Officers who are even more suspicious, and being misogynists to a man, don't even believe in love.

Thus, this form of espionage which was constantly and profitably practised in the good old days—if we can believe the novelists—has unfortunately departed from us. Sometimes it seems rather a pity.

Continued on page 31

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Espionage from page 29

Espionage now-a-days is a much less glamorous business. It has been found in recent years that the ordinary soldier, sailor or airman is a most valuable source of information. Little bits of information, each one valueless in itself, are fitted together into a mosaic until the full picture becomes clear. These little tit-bits of information come from all over the place, newspapers, magazines, personal observation by air attaches, etc., and most of all from a few words dropped here and there by us ordinary Joes.

How can we beat espionage? It's very difficult, really. People talk from pride of service or because they're genuinely interested in something and want to discuss it with an interested comrade. A few people talk because they want to appear "big shots."

It's the little things that count, so it's up to each one of us to keep what we know to ourselves. Remember that only people who have a genuine "need to know" should be given classified information. Rank is quite immaterial. Make a point of looking over CAP 425 sometime. You'll be interested and probably surprised.

Finally—if you run across a breach of security, report it to the Unit Security Officer and leave it to him to do the rest. If nothing is wrong than no harm is done. If there has been a breach, the sooner it is repaired the better for us all.



Battle of Britain

continued from page 21

ports and harbors, on aircraft factories and other war industries helped to defeat Hitler's plan of invasion.

One final comment. It has been called the Battle of Britain. More accurately it was a Battle for Britain (and freedom) in which the people of that island were assisted by the other parts of the Commonwealth and Empire and by contingents from conquered lands of Europe. In the ranks of the Royal Air Force were to be found fighter pilots from Canada and South Africa, coastal crews from Australia, bomber crews from New Zealand, and men from many other branches of Britain's great family. From Czechoslovakia and Poland, from Norway and the Netherlands, from Belgium and France came more trained aircrew to don the blue of the RAF and take their part in the Battle. They too were numbered among the few.

No. 1 (Fighter) Squadron, RCAF

Canada was represented in the Battle of Britain by several hundred officers and airmen who served as aircrew and ground crew in Fighter,

Bomber and Coastal Commands. The names of forty-seven are inscribed on the honor roll in the memorial chapel in Westminster Abbey. The great majority of these Canadians who fought in the Battle of Britain were young men who had crossed the Atlantic in pre-war days to enrol in the RAF and serve in units of that force. There were, however, two fighter squadrons which bore the name Canadian. One was No. 242 (Canadian) Squadron of the RAF, composed of Canadian fighter pilots in the RAF, the other was No. 1 (Fighter) Squadron of the RCAF (later designated No. 401), which had arrived in Britain on the eve of the Battle. Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh C. T. Dowding, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., C.M.G., who was Air Officer Commanding-in-chief of Fighter Command during the Battle of Britain, in his despatch paid tribute to the two Canadian squadrons. No. 242, he wrote, "became one of the foremost fighting squadrons in the Command. . . . No. 1 (Canadian) Squadron also came into the line and acquitted itself with great distinction."

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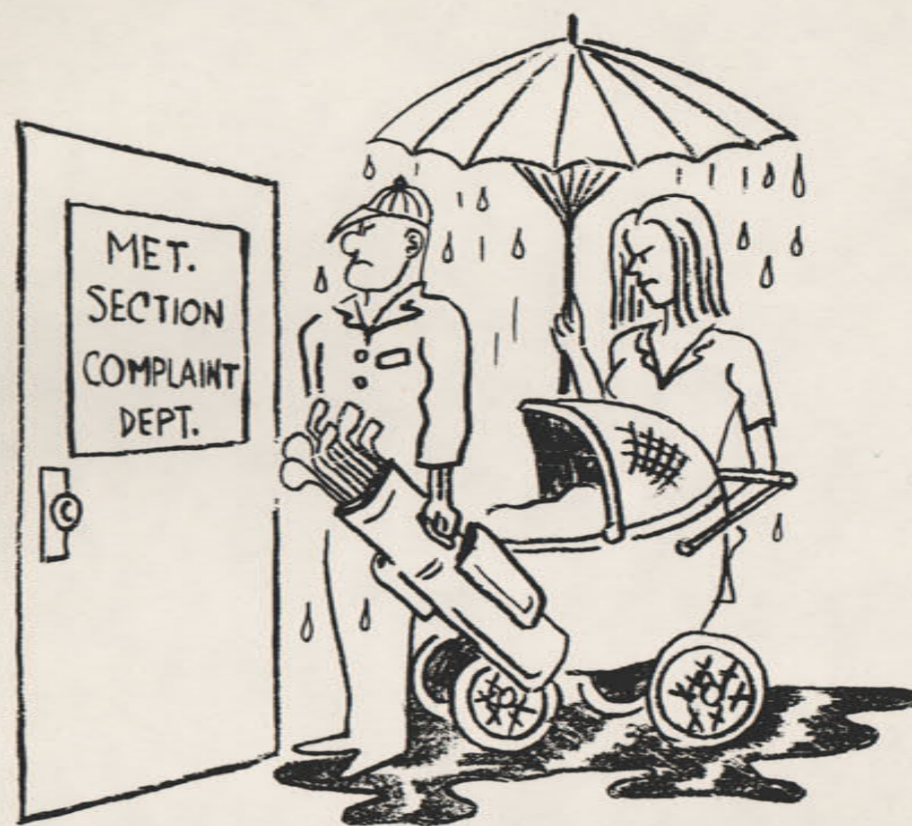
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