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THE VOICE
of the AIR FORCE
in Winnipeg

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

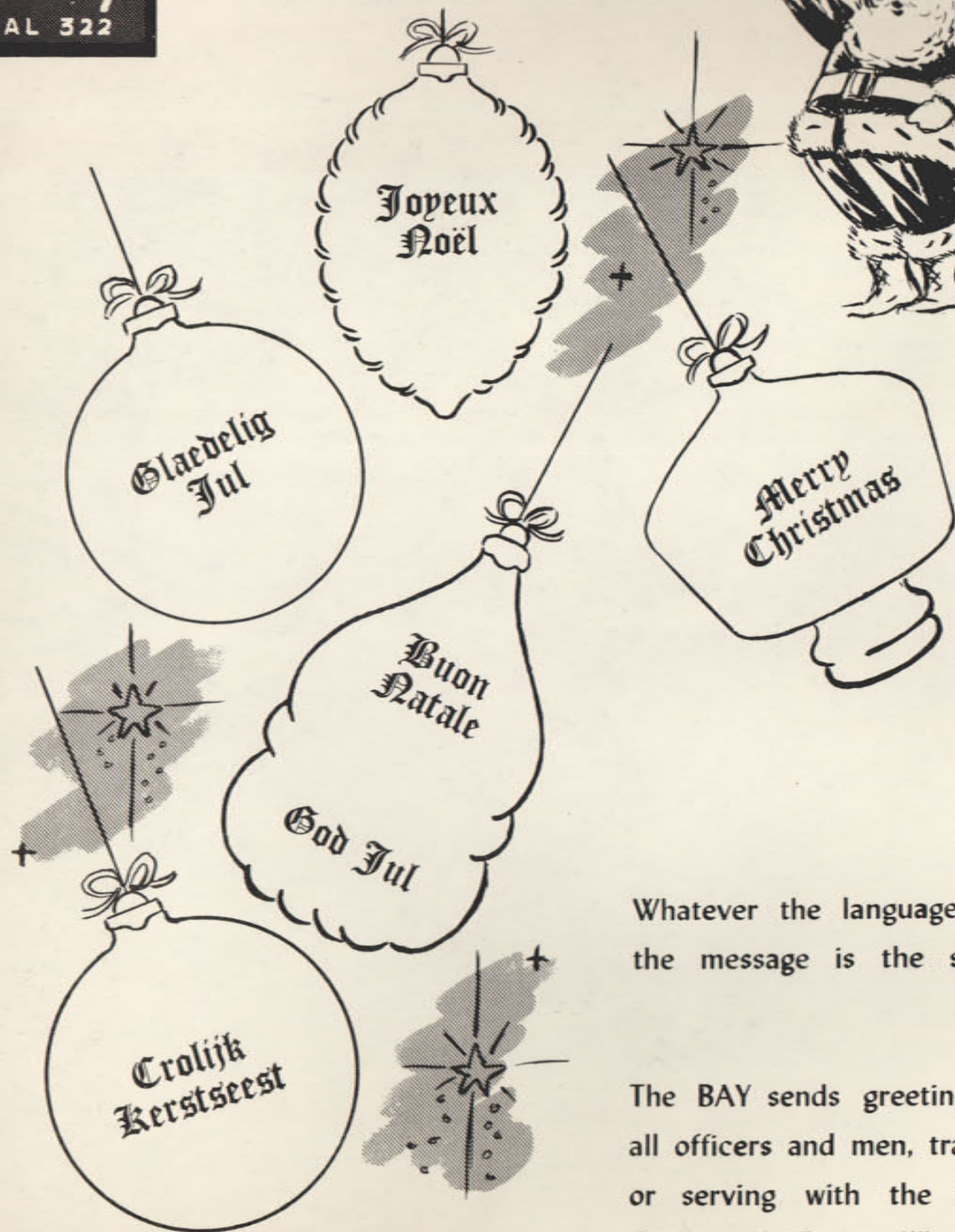


DECEMBER 22, 1952

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VOXAIR



THE VOICE OF THE AIR FORCE

DEC. 22, 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 Radiance of the Stable

by S/L Leo Lafreniere

BY A QUEER COINCIDENCE the season of Christmas coincides with a Jewish religious festival time, that of the Lights, and with the old pagan rituals which welcomed the return of the sun from the shadow of its winter eclipse. The scoffer would prefer to believe that the sacred aspects of this festive time were, in fact, mere derivatives of the more carnal rejoicings. It is more historically probable and also more comforting to think that this blending of various motives for happiness was attended to by a benevolent Providence, to extend Christmas joy far and wide.

The main emphasis in our culture falls naturally on the event which gives this season its Christian tone, that of the birth of Christ. In the course of time a hundred other shades of meaning have clustered around this central theme, the very word "Christmas" conjures up thoughts of extraordinary gatherings for worship, favorite hymns, family reunions around a festive board and a gift-laden tree, annual visitations of relatives, a general glow of good-heartedness and kindness toward fellow humans.

So strongly have these traditions implanted themselves in fact that there is evidence to show their con-

tinuity in regions where Christianity and all its appurtenances have been long vilified as unscientific. Communist publications, for example, chided the United States for trying to purge "Santa Claus" when that nation voiced objection to importation of toys made in countries under Communist rule. "Santa Claus" with his good nature and gift-bearing labors must still be well known in those lands if their publications can indulge in such witticism. He is part of the picture now too, a mean caricature of the original Bishop (in violet and ermine) Nicholas, but a symbol of something good, to this day.

One of the dangers of this accumulation of tradition and custom lies in the possibility that the central fact may be overlooked or played down. Commercialism and sentimentality may be unavoidable within certain limits, but they must not obscure that event they have found root in: Christ's birthday. We may well ask ourselves if our observances have not drifted so far from their original object, Christ, that a more convenient time and other historical pressures could easily cause us to transfer the celebrations to some other event.

If we are unable to regenerate the


original convictions on this point in a positive way, why not take a moment or two this Christmas to settle the problem for ourselves in a negative way. Why not ask ourselves, if it were not better to celebrate Stalin's birthday in lieu of Christ's? Perhaps the shock would help us to realize that there is a deep spiritual basis for our Christmas merriment, that fundamentally we are happy because we know the birthday we mark to have been and to be a guarantee of God's presence in the world, a testimony to the supreme power of truth and love, as against the powers of darkness and of hatred.

With a little prayer and a little more withdrawal from the hurly-burly of daily preoccupations we might grasp as in our childhood and as in the childhood of Christianity the simple faith and the soaring hope of shepherds who came and saw and worshipped at Bethlehem. Much better this direct approach than to have our thoughtless joy cut from us and to be beaten to our knees by the enemies of Christ.

Whatever the route we take, we may be sure that once safely restored to the circle of the Christ Child's radiance, our joy will be real, deep and lasting. We shall indeed be profoundly Merry.



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 a gift in the famous Birks Blue Box

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'PEG PERSONALITY

F/L K. O. Moore, DSO

F/L K. O. Moore, DSO, commonly known as K.O. or Commander Moore, is a well known figure around Station Winnipeg. In fact he has been here so long that when the station had its recent "face lifting" job done to meet the requirements of the expansion programme, K.O. was almost repainted too. However, even that would not change Ken's magnetic personality or leadership qualities.

Born, in his own words, "at an early age," in Rockhaven, Sask., K.O. completed his education at North Battleford Collegiate Institute. He joined the RCAF in 1941 graduating as a pilot at SPTS Saskatoon the following year. His aeronautical

sense was recognized when he was chosen for the G.R. (General Reconnaissance) course then held at Summerside, P.E.I.

Graduating from this he proceeded to Nassau in the Bahamas and then to Great Britain to join Coastal Command. Flying Liberators Ken proved his ability on a strenuous tour by sinking two enemy submarines in a space of twenty two minutes.

Returning to Canada in 1945 he instructed at #5 O.T.U. preparing crews for the Pacific Theatre. He was transferred to Rivers for three years before coming to #111 Communication and Rescue Flight in Sept. 1950.

The reputation of 111 C & R is

upheld by such as K.O. He has taken part in several interesting northern missions both mercy flights, searches and rescues. He has acted as deputy officer commanding of the flight for some time where his fellow officers in the flight found the name "Commander."

Ken excels in such sports as badminton curling and bowling. We dare not give any percentage, averages, etc., for fear of reprisals as he wishes to keep these secret. However, be careful how you bet when competing against him.

F/L Moore expects to leave us soon. We wish him luck wherever he goes. His loss will be felt both in his flight and on Station Winnipeg.

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"HOMeward BOUND"

From start to finish—missing out the 33 weeks of trudging daily over to G.I.S.—it's been a wonderful nine months.

It's not our intention to make you envious when we say that we arrived in the heat of last April, spent the best two weeks of August on leave, and now depart before life around here is as pleasant as room and board in a refrigerator. No one will ever convince the English that there is a replacement to a glowing coal fire. It's a comfort that the heat exhausted occupants of Block 13 do not know, lulled to sleep as they are by the noise of alley cats playing football with a thousand tin-cans. (Apologies to the plumber.)

Re the course. We worked hard at it, though perhaps not as hard as we should have done—consequently everybody is below class average. We did DRPP's until men cried out in their sleep and dreamt that they had used the RAS for plotting. Now discarded are topos bearing coffee stains from a bumpy trip to "Least Popular" and "Lost" Horizon. We've lost count of the times we've been on the bus ride to Dafoe, calling for tea at Bulyea. (Funny the weather is always better out that way!)

Mid-term leave saw the abandonment of the course and a well-earned rest for F/L Lawson and F/O Renton, who have had the misfortune to be stuck with us lot. We immediately took any transport available and headed for the four corners of the continent. (Anyone travel by Red River oxcart?) Ambitions for a two weeks' sojourn in Hawaii were dashed when the Americans would not take him along. Poor Romers!

Whilst speaking of leave I must introduce Dave Sleeman, the only man to have logged more hours in Greyhound buses than in Beechcraft. He is expected to graduate wearing a greyhound emblem with diamond cluster—presented by the President of the Company. Then there are Belgian friends, Marcel (tres fatigue) Lurkin, Bouche, and Candries, who left Winnipeg in great style and journeyed "de broken axle" to the Deep South. They very nearly wintered there while the buggy was repaired!

I cannot speak of course 29 without mention of our two Canadians. —Well I could I suppose? Anyway Wilf Mcleod and Jim Gregson (both from an obscure Indian reservation) have become used to us, and we used to them. Jim, who has never

been seen to eat anything more nourishing than bread toasted both sides (why he wastes energy walking to the mess I'll never know!) and Wilf are both popular guys. I could mention all the course by name but why give the police a lead? Let's say we all get on well together.

Like past courses we have had our entrants for the matrimonial stakes and to them we offer our deepest condolences. Sadie Hawkins Day enlightened us to the romantic interlude in the lives of other of our members who were seen slinking down Portage looking as if someone in Covent Garden Market had accidentally tipped the contents of fruit boxes over them.

There are some of us who can boast that we have never needed ANTs of latitude less than 49 deg. N, and still fewer who have never made greater use of honk bags than to pop in charts and MTBs and so save themselves falling foul of B & A, and losing five much needed marks.

Naturally we are all keen to see the folks back home, and two of our French friends, Cotrez and Damour return to their wives and first sight of their babies—a girl and a boy respectively.

Tops in Entertainment in Winnipeg

Metropolitan Theatre



"A FAMOUS PLAYERS THEATRE"



Aside from the course no greater activity has ever been witnessed than on Sunday afternoons when "pit rest" is called. We forget the rigours of the week and try also to forget the extra work awaiting us over the classroom—by kind permission of our Course Directors! Morgan curls up like a contented Persian cat and remains impervious to the noise of Hill and Walker endeavouring to throw each other out of the top bunk—a happening to which we have become accustomed with succeeding weeks.

Well, now it is time for us to go and although we may have treated this little article in a light hearted vein there is, I can assure you, nothing frivolous in our thanks to the people of Winnipeg, who have made their homes our homes, nor to the kindness and consideration of the C.V.B. members. We will never forget warm hearted Winnipeg.

We leave to last our tribute to the instructors who have guided us and the many people about this station whom we do not know by name but who ensured that we flew and looked after our welfare. We say goodbye to F/L Lawson and F/O Renton, our Course Directors, and thank them for their patience and helping hand at all times.

We say farewell to Canada now, but sincerely hope that fate will decree we may come again and renew our many friendships, which despite the years, will never break.

To you all we say "Merry Christmas and the best of good fortune in the New Year."

Mid-term Leave

Advice to all contemplating going on mid-term leave:

DO

1. Save some money if you want to go anywhere (most essential!).
2. Forget all about Navigation—it will still be here when you return.
3. Book your seat on the sked run well in advance. (It doesn't mean you'll get a place but it's very comforting—and FREE!)

DON'T

1. Cross the border without permission. (American jails are very cosy but it's frightfully bad form!)
2. Accept free outings from nice old ladies in Vancouver (unless you wish to build a house).
3. Be surprised at the amount of money you spend.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"to shoot our parting line of . . ."

Pilots

One reported, "It was overcast below nearly all the way round."

Then another who, when told the B.3 was U/S replied, "You won't get any astro, it's overcast anyway!"

One pilot disliked the grid trip because it necessitated flying "all over the — sky!"

Given an alteration to a Leading Line one astonished pilot replied, "This won't take us to Balmoral!"

Still, captains with your driving and the Balmoral radio beacon you always got us home, for which we say, "Thank you!"

Instructors

It took one of our instructors only a matter of minutes to realise that "16 out of 100" is "approximately 15 per cent."

The considerate soul who used to creep to the door, open it quietly and disappear without even waking us up!

The Boys of . . .

We students are expected to make mistakes too—and do we ever!

A wonderful trip was had by one of us who managed to go round plotting his radio frequencies!

Then there was the Frenchman who wanted to know the bands of probability for a pin point. (B. & A. are still deciding, I hear.)

Another bright lad, after a lengthy discussion on a radius of action problem, concluded, "But surely sir, in this case the LCB is the Line of Constant Bearing!"

Who was it who insisted that the simplest form of interception was to a fixed base?

Prize log of the year: "Lost near Bulyea. Pilot using radio compass. Exercise finished. Lights Out!!"

But the biggest boob of all was made by our prize optimist who has made a date with a girl in England for December 23rd, 1952!

On this note I will close wishing you "Happy Landings" from Course 29.

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Sports Spotlight

by Cpl. J. Speirs

BOWLING

The station bowling league once again got under way for the 1952-53 season with the league composed of 24 teams. The league itself is broken into three sections "A", "B" and "C" with each section having eight teams.

This has proven quite successful and the competition has been exceptionally keen.

Comes play-off time and our Thorndyraft trophy goes on the line for the twenty-third consecutive year, it will find the two top teams in each section battling it out for the honours.

Below is a short run down of how they stand at the time of writing.

"A" Section Points

Instrument section	7
Supply	7
402 Maint #1	4
ANS Staff	4
ANS #4 Flt	4
Accounts	4
ME Section	3
Airmen's Mess	1

"B" Section Points

Safety Equip.	7
402 Maint #2	5
ANS #3 Flt	5
SOR #2	5
111 C & R	5
Comm #1	3
Workshops	1
Comm #2	1

"C" Section Points

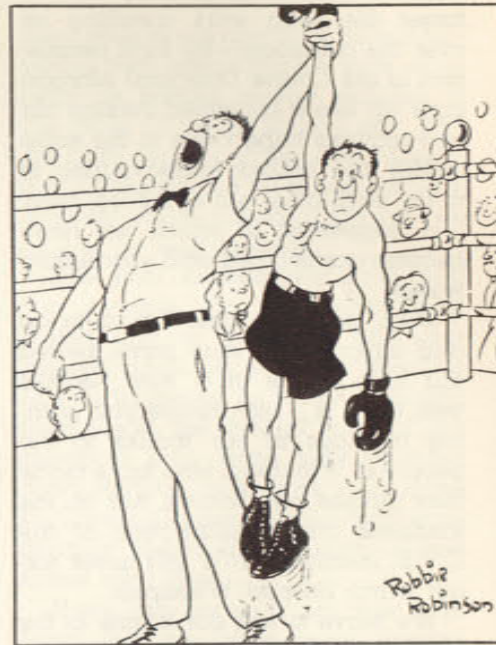
Pilots	6
SOR #1	5
CE Section	5

Maint. #1	4
Maint #3	4
ANS #2 Flt	3
Electrical	3
Maint #2	2


BASKETBALL

The Flight Cadet team opened the current basketball season with a good start at the expense of Station Gimli quintet to the tune of 70-54 score. The game itself was a very listless effort for the first half as the Winnipeg crew practically scored at will. The second half was a different story as the Gimli pilots began to find the range and made things a little uneasy for the Winnipeg high flying navigators.

Winnipeg high scoring honours went to Cummins with 20 points followed closely by Portelance, Montfort and Wison with 10 each, Wood 8, Ford 4 and rounding out the score was Lowe with 2.



The winner-r-r-r and new champion . . . !



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220 RED RIVER SQUADRON AIR CADETS



Sgt. Geo. James of 220 Squadron receives Proficiency Award for 1951-52 from Mr. W. D. Flatt of 500 Wing R.C.A.F.A. Air Cadet Committee as Flight Lieutenant W. A. Mildren looks on.

As a major program, 500 Wing (Winnipeg) of the RCAFA sponsors 220 Squadron Air Cadets. It is planned to provide a monthly report of the activities of the squadron through VOXAIR.

A very successful Parents Night was held by the squadron on October 27th at Air Cadet Headquarters. A total of 55 parents were present to witness the first presentation of the annual Squadron Proficiency Award. Sgt. George James won the Award this year in recognition of the high degree of efficiency which he had maintained throughout the season.

A further feature of the evening was the opportunity given the parents to observe the cadets at drill, rifle practise, navigation, etc. An informal reception closed the evening during which the parents met with the officers and instructors of the squadron. The many expressions of appreciation from the parents on the value of the Air Cadet movement generally and 220 Squadron particularly was most inspiring.

(Continued on Page 10)

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CF-100 VISITS WINNIPEG

An RCAF CF-100, on the strength of Central Experimental and Proving Establishment, Rockcliffe, flown by F/L Doug Biden, of Moncton, arrived at RCAF Station Winnipeg Sunday, December 7th.

The 1,100 mile flight was made in two hours and forty nine minutes.

Accompanying F/L Biden as observer was Cpl. D. L. Barkley, of Spencerville, Ont., who is also attached to the staff of CE&PE.

This was the first time that one of the new fighters has been seen in Western Canada.

The CF-100 remained in Winnipeg until Tuesday, December 9th, and was then flown to the RCAF Climatic Detachment at Namao, near Edmonton. The distance of 750 miles was made in 94 minutes, averaging 500 miles per hour.

The CF-100, one of the long-range, anti-weather jet fighters being built for the RCAF by A. V. Roe, Canada, will be given routine cold weather

tests at Namao throughout the winter. All new types of aircraft going into service with the RCAF are put through these cold weather tests at Namao as part of the routine testing program by CE & PE.

F/L Biden, flying the first jet mili-



The Pilot of CF-100
F/L Doug. Biden

tary aircraft to be designed and built in this country, encountered an outside temperature of 56 degrees (Centigrade) below zero.

On this trip, the CF-100 did not carry wing drop tanks which boost the aircraft's range up to 2,000 miles.

Normally the plane is intended to carry a pilot and radio operator or radio navigator.

Cpl. Barkley came along to refuel and service the plane because, "No one here really knows the aircraft yet," said F/L Biden.

Coming west the plane bucked head winds up to 150 knots. Solid overcast for two thirds of the distance between Ottawa and Winnipeg made it a mystery flight for the crew of two.

"Coming in from Kenora to Winnipeg was the only time we could see the ground," said the pilot.

Following delivery of the plane to Namao, F/L Biden and Cpl. Barkley returned to Rockcliffe.

THE NIGHT BEFORE INSTRUMENTS FINAL

OR

Steps in Finding Altitude and Azimuth of a Heavenly Body by Radio Compass and Dalton Computer.

1. Warn Pilot.
2. Check Gyrosyn and Radio Compass variation zero.
3. Set the apertive disc so that the winking lamp in the B3 produces a steady light.
4. By aligning the graticule of the artificial horizon with objects passing above the aircraft, drift can be obtained and must be applied to the A.S.I. to produce a constant acceleration error in all directions on the levelling screws.

5. Form a bubble in the D.G.I. by turning the N-S counters in a clockwise direction. N.B. Do Not On Any Account Touch The E-W Indicators As This Will Cause A Greater Precession Rate In The Fluxgate Gyro, And Hence An Inaccurate Reading From The MK II.

6. By turning the "CW-VOICE" switch to "VOICE" and the manual loop to 29.92 inches, true altitude in kilocycles or megacycles can be read off against the damping wires of the panel compass.

7. Unless extreme care is exercised in aligning the astro compass sight—normally with a line drawn at right angles to the fore and aft axis of a piece of chalk held by an assistant—excess pressure will be

built up in the fan chamber of the MK IX, a sextant, causing the secant mechanism to feed longitude to the aircraft thermometer. This, however, can be overcome by the insertion of a corrector key into the caging device, and is of double value, for when the key is turned, air mileage in kilometres and corrected for quadrantal error, is fed to the sensitive altimeter and the met correction can be read off from the sub-scale.

8. Pick up the Dalton Computer in the left hand and with the right hand adjust the fine setting knob to compensate for Coeff A of the Moon's P in A and its allied HSI, while holding the computer in front of the K25 camera. The absence of the buzzing noise and the fact that the shutters are removed from the line of sight, indicates that a reading may now be taken.

9. Observe True Azimuth against the True Index Lubber line on the azimuth scale.

10. Altitude and density error can be computed and eliminated by applying negative Mach number to the reading so obtained, at the same time considering the fact that turning onto a north-easterly heading in the southern hemisphere, causes the averaging device to give a higher

manifold pressure rating. Care should also be taken in ensuring that wind speed—when the aircraft is facing directly into the wind—does not exceed TAS, in which case the aircraft will fly backwards and deceleration errors will be found in all instruments.

11. Secure and tighten safety harness.

12. Warn pilot.

If you absolutely cannot refrain from drinking, start a saloon in your own home. Be your only customer and you will not have to buy a licence. Give your wife \$12.00 to buy a gallon of whisky. There are 128 snorts in a gallon. Buy all your drinks from your wife at forty cents a shot. In four days, when the gallon is gone, your wife will have \$39.20 to put in the bank and will have \$12.00 to start up in business again.

If you live ten years and continue to buy all your booze in this fashion and then die from alcohol poisoning, your wife will have \$35,750.40 on deposit. This is enough to give you a decent burial, bring up your children, buy a lot and house and let your wife marry a decent man and forget that she ever knew you.

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STRANGE BUT TRUE?

Sipping a thoughtful noggin of nutty brown ale in my favorite banking house the other day, I was drawn into conversation with a somewhat lugubrious looking bloke who told me after I had oiled his tonsils with a couple of pink gins, that he was the oldest Flight Lieutenant in the Air Force. Further enquiries and another shot of laughing mixture brought forth the following story which may or may not interest you. Frankly I couldn't care less either way.

It seems that he had been on fighters in the far east, and had disliked the idea of sitting in his aircraft cockpit for hours at a stretch, waiting for an enemy who seemed rather loath to attack the airfield.

Being a man of initiative he trained a large monkey to wear his flying kit and to sit in his aircraft; an arrangement which worked well until one day the order to scramble was given.

The Flight Lieutenant nobly ran out onto the dispersal and was somewhat astounded to see the whole Squadron take off in perfect formation.

The first person he saw when he had fully recovered was the CO

who very kindly saw to it that old droopy-drawers lost a lot of seniority.

When he had finished his tale, I slapped him on the back, gave him the old one about having a sense of humour before you join, and replenished his glass with a little more Mothers Ruin.

He gave me pitying looks and then said, "Sense of humour my foot. That far eastern monkey is now my Squadron Commander!"

PRE-FLIGHT PANIC

At last I've got the flight plan done
And radio stations plotted on.
Hey, Bob, what did you make the track?

George, have you got the distance back?

Pilots answer for their crews.

Damned computer — loosened screws!

It's coming up to half past two
(We've got a button pusher too).

Check that the time is good.

Quickly, get the food!

Tony, come on, let us go;

Whew! I think I'm ready now.

By Herman Candries,
Belgium Air Force.

202 SQDN. AIR CADETS

(Continued from Page 7)

During November, WO2 Stephanson was lost to the Squadron but the blow was softened through the knowledge that he was joining the RCAF Regular Force. The entire Squadron wishes "Mag" Stephanson every success in his chosen career in aircrew. An identification bracelet was presented to him by the officers of the Squadron and members of the Local Committee as a token of respect for an outstanding Air Cadet.

Several promotions were made during November and there are still vacancies on the establishment for enterprising cadets. F/Sgt. Malcolm Munro was promoted to Acting WO2 pending confirmation. Sgt. James was promoted to F/Sgt. while Cpls. Popowich and Soles were promoted to Sgts. LAC's Derkazy, Soley, Sims, Dupont, Martin, Ramsey and Gussie were raised to Acting Corporal. The squadron strength stands at 102 at present and more NCO's are required in the increased establishment.

The squadron Christmas Party is planned for Monday, December 29, and everyone is anticipating a good time. More about that in our next report. F/L W. A. Mildren, C.O.

WE BID FAREWELL TO OUR COMMANDING OFFICER and C. AD. O.



1. Group Captain L. H. Randall, DFC, CD, bids farewell to RCAF Station Winnipeg at a recent NATO graduation. G/C Randall is leaving shortly to take up his new duties in Paris.

2. Wing Commander W. L. Gillespie says au revoir to the RCAF in Winnipeg as he leaves to join the staff at AFHQ as the Executive Assistant to the Chief of the Air Staff.



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DONALD at GRAHAM

Man is not Lost

Man is not lost
Till mathematics fails to solve sight,
The tri-vectorial calculation
Encountered in the Navigation
Of ships at sea and aeroplanes in flight.

Man is not lost
Till every planet, star and satellite
Resists the force of gravitation
(Rejecting regular rotation)
And resolution sends the Infinite.

Man is not lost
Till God, enraged by human sins, shall
smite
The rebel rabble of Creation
And, in His Holy indignation,
Refuse the erring Earth His guiding light.

Lament of a Student Nav.

Once more into the Beech, poor saps,
once more,
As if our feet were filled with lead.
For in the air,
There nothing so frustrates a nav, as
under-overcast. Luck, futility!
But when B & A provokes your tears
Indicate the errors of the maker,
Dust off his mildew,
Stir up his blood,
Expose unfair deductions with
Hard featured rage—

We're the boys who measure breezes,
Work out astro MPPses,
Then forget our MTBses,
Navigators all!
Trust in our DR procedure,
Captains, back home we will lead yet.
And from time to time we'll feed yet,
When we hear you call.
When the flight's completed,
We are not defeated.
We're away to B & A
To try and stop ourselves from being
cheated,
But, as we listen, our hopes dwindle.
Still, our future hopes we kindle,
Navigators all!

A TIP TO A NEIGHBOUR

A wind blew over the city
As they lay in their white covered
beds,
You could hear the hum of the
engines
Of the planes like birds overhead.

The snow was falling from heaven
Making a blanket of scenes,
When they looked from their hospital
windows,
It was a shut-in's dream.

Somewhere great old veterans,
Of World War 1 and 2
Some expectant mothers
Or maybe an invalid too.

They probably dream of the future,
Or heartaches of the past,
As they lie with a nurse at their
bedside
Or maybe a limb in a cast.

We give a salute to the doctors
To white caped nurses too,
But for a Merry Christmas,
It's up to people like you.

So remember all dear neighbours,
On this coming Christmas day,
Just visit some poor shut-in
As you drift along your way.

—L.A.C. H. L. EMERY.

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"GENTLEMEN - THE QUEEN!"

HOW OFTEN have we heard that toast and how little have we thought of its origin, development and variations. In fact, why do we drink a toast at all, and in doing so what significance has it? Let us then attempt to briefly trace its origin, development and variations through the years.

It was the custom in Ancient Greece and Rome to drink libations to the gods and later when mortals qualified for the honour a toast "This to thee" was proposed and the cup handed to the person so honoured. This is probably the origin of our custom of raising the wine glass when drinking a toast. "Health drinking" was a great and favoured pleasure of the Saxons and later when the habit was turned, by monks, into more or less of a religious custom, the wassail bowl became known as the *poculum caritatis* or loving cup. In some parts of England, and particularly Scotland, it is still known as the "grace cup". This term was given to a bowl of wine passed around by the hostess to induce guests to remain seated until grace was said after the meal.

In the 17th Century when loyalty to the Sovereign was somewhat divided, officers were ordered to drink the King's health as a sign and token of their devotion. To save their consciences, the Jacobites and their sympathizers used to place their glasses over their finger bowls and so drink "To the King over the water", meaning, of course, the exiled House of Stewart. To avoid this insult, and up until the reign of

Edward VII, finger bowls were not permitted in Officers' Messes. It might be interesting to add at this point that George IV, when he was Prince Regent, introduced the Regent's allowance to assist poorer


officers in meeting their wine and liquor bills. This custom held good until 1919 when the Pay and Allowance Regulations for the British Army were revised.

(Continued on page 15)

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 BACK Row: A/P/O Hill, A/P/O Vaughan, A/P/O Hudson, F/C Staup, A/P/O Lewis, A/P/O Morgan, A/P/O Bate.

"Gentlemen - The Queen!"

(Continued from page 13)

There are many ways in which the Queen's health is, and may be, drunk. Once they were drunk on bended knee, and, in Scotland, with one foot on the table and one on the chair. In some messes this may still be seen, particularly Highland messes, and the custom is referred to as Highland honours. The usual procedure, however, is to have the wine passed around the table to the right and the last glass to be filled is that of the Commanding Officer. This is done so that he will know that every officer has got his glass filled and is ready for the toast. The Commanding Officer then gives the signal and the Mess President rises, saying, "Mr. Vice—The queen".

The "vice", who is generally the most junior officer in the Mess and who is seated at the foot of the table, rises and seconds the toast, saying "Gentlemen—The Queen". All officers then stand, raise their glasses, and respond. The toast is drunk, and after a slight pause, taking the time from the President, the officers sit down. If the Regimental band is in attendance, the officers stand while the first six bars of the National Anthem are played, holding their glasses in the meantime. The toast is then drunk after the band has finished playing.

It is at this point that I would like to point out the variations and customs that have crept into the toast. In some Regiments all officers respond to the toast by saying: "The Queen, God bless her"; in others only field officers may respond, and in a few the officers remain silent. In some messes the custom is to drink "no heel taps," that is, a bumper glass (brim full) drained at one swallow. The expression "heel tap" came from the reference to one thickness of leather making up the heel of the old boots.

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Some regiments do not drink the toast at all and others drink it only on special occasions; some—and indeed most—Regiments stand for the toast, some remain seated, only the President and Vice-President standing, and others remain seated throughout. I will, a little later on, give examples of these various deviations from the normal and quote, if possible, the incident that gave rise to the custom. However, before doing so I would like to state that as far as the Canadian Army is concerned any deviation from the normal method of toasting the sovereign is a result of affiliation with a British Army unit that observes some custom. How-

(Continued on page 19)



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 CENTRE: P/O Manley, A/P/O Popplewell, Sgt. Senegas, A/P/O Reid, A/P/O Allen, Cpl. Cantoucnel, A/P/O Hauxwell, Sgt. Cotrez.
 BACK Row: A/P/O Field, Sgt. Leonelli, A/P/O Copsey, A/P/O Porter, F/C Trony, A/P/O Winstanley, A/P/O Gloves, Cpl. Roubion, A/P/O Oakley.
 BACK Row: A/P/O Hill, A/P/O Vaughan, A/P/O Hudson, F/C Staup, A/P/O Lewis, A/P/O Morgan, A/P/O Bate.

"Gentlemen - The Queen!"

(Continued from page 15)

ever, many Canadian Regiments observe special days of remembrances and it is possible that some custom has been carried on that as a result of usage has become a tradition of the Regiment.

The following are some examples of the deviations by Regiments of the British Army, together with the reason for the custom which has now become tradition.

The Royal Navy and Royal Marine Regiments remain seated during the toast while they are afloat. This custom arose from the fact that years ago wardroom ceilings were so low that it became quite a game to avoid hitting the beams and to avoid a loss of dignity inherent with the dodging and darting, officers were permitted to remain seated.

Some line Regiments of the British Army have during their period of existence served as Marine regiments and to commemorate the occasion remain seated during the toast. The Rifle Brigade remain seated because their loyalty has never been questioned. The King's Own Shropshire Light Infantry do not drink the toast and this arose from an incident in Brighton in 1821. During the course of a Regimental dinner, at which King George IV was a guest, he de-

(Continued on page 21)

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"THE LITTLE WOMEN"

Who said that "Variety is the Spice of Life".
No doubt 'twas first said by an airman's wife,
For the poor girl knows not where she's at;
Her home is wherever HE hangs his hat.

She moves each two years into new sets of quarters,
During which time she bears sons and daughters,
She packs up to move—Fort Churchill's their station.
Then Orders are changed — they've a new
destination.

She may live in a hut with no room for expansion,
Or maybe a tent or perhaps it's a mansion.
Then she uncrates the furniture in snow or rain
And lays the linoleum yet still remains sane.

She scrounges saw horses and builds all the beds
Makes curtains of hessian she last used for spreads.
And during each move—now isn't it strange?
The kids catch diphtheria, measles, or mangle!!!

She no more than gets settled when she must dress
up pretty
Go to a party; be charming and witty.
She must know contract rules, mah jong, and chess.
And whether a straight or a flush is the best.

On every subject she must know how to discourse,
She must swim, ski, and golf and ride any old horse.
She must know the traditions of his famous Force,
And she fast learns the ways in which they won
the Wars.

She jitterbugs with P/O's who always are
glamorous—
Then waltzes with CO's who are usually amorous.

She must drink all concoctions; gin, whiskey, or
beer—
But in moderation or she'll wreck HIS career.

He insists on economy, questions every cheque stub,
Yet her house must be run like a hotel or a club.
For she entertains at all hours, both early and late,
For any number of guests either eighty or eight.

The first of each month there is plenty of cash,
So she serves turkey and ham—but the last week
it's hash.

She juggles the budget for a tropical worsted,
Though the seams on her own best outfit have
burst.

Then she gets the uniform payments arranged
When the jacket's no good — Regulations have
changed.

One year she has servants and lives like a lady,
The next she does housework and has a new baby.

That there'll be a bank balance she has no
assurance—
It all goes for likker or some darned insurance!
At an age to retire, HE is still hale and hearty,
Fit as a fiddle, the life of the party.

While she's old and haggard, cranky and nervous
Really a wreck after HIS term of service.
But even at that, when all's said and done
She goes on believing that the Air Force is FUN.

She has loved every minute—and the reason why—
She'd have been bored with the average guy!
Then HE gets for HIS service the OBE,
But in actual fact it should have been SHE.

"Gentlemen - The Queen!"

(Continued from page 19)

clared that, as a result of the actions
of the officers in dispersing some
rioters who threatened him while he
was attending the theatre in Brighton
"Such loyal gentlemen as these need
never drink the King's health or stand
while the anthem is being played."

During the reign of Victoria the
Scots Guards remained seated dur-
ing the toast, except for the President
and Mr. Vice. Those seated drank
the toast in silence. In the Royal
Tank Regiment the toast is drunk in
the normal manner however, the
words "God bless her" are optional
to everyone. On guest nights the
Gordon Highlanders drink the toast

in silence. Unless a member of the
Royal family is present the 17/21st
Lancers do not drink the toast, and
in the Oxford and Buckinghamshire
Light Infantry it was the sentiment
that "it was wrong and unregimental
to parade loyalty; a thing to be taken
for granted." Consequently the toast
is not drunk.

The list is almost endless and it is
safe to say that no two regiments do
the honours in precisely the same
manner. Like life, where variety is
the spice, so tradition and custom
make mess life unusual and interest-
ing. What a grasp tradition and cus-
tom have, how rigid and persistent.



"I feel bad too when I think of all the guys
you might have married."



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LeBaladeur's Limey Meets Midnight Lunch

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THERE IS A humorous quip used in the Old Country — it has even been seen in print — which goes as follows — "So I sat down and uncorked my supper."

Now many a truth is spoken in jest and I am afraid there is more than a grain of truth in that quip. If folk had their choice between food and beer, quite a number would choose beer. Anyway, I am told that good beer, made only of malt and sugar and flavoured with hops, is a food in itself.

Well, one night at a party, soon after I arrived in Canada, I was drinking beer. I was enjoying myself. I had found someone to talk to who was prepared to discuss the abstract in art. We were having a whale of a time. A band played dance music somewhere in a nearby room. It gave the necessary background. That is what it was there for, anyway.

My wife was somewhere else, talking to someone else. She told me afterwards that she had been discussing the incongruity of being able to stand at a party from ten o'clock until three or so in the morning without flinching, whereas to do the same in the kitchen for five hours during the day without a break would be almost impossible.

It was my turn to get some drinks. I waited until our conversation had reached a point where a break would not destroy the continuity and wended my way to the bar.

(Continued on page 23)

Merry Christmas from PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICE



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I was being served when a stentorian voice boomed out above the noise of the revellers—

"Lunch is served!"

Now a long while ago, in a London club, a mouse would come out from its hole and sit in the fireplace each evening around midnight. There it would preen itself. A venerable gentleman of some seventy years used to occupy permanently a chair by the fireside and there he consumed port. He would behave quite normally until his eyes caught sight of that mouse. Then, with measured actions, he would deliberately put down his half finished glass of port, he would stopper the decanter standing at his side and he would then totter off to bed, muttering to himself.

And when I heard that voice say "Lunch is served," I knew just how that old boy had felt when he saw the mouse. For this was terrible. I was all out of phase with the rest of the world. Lunch!

I looked at my watch — nearly one in the morning. I put my wrist to my ear — yes, the watch was still working. But lunch! Something was wrong somewhere.

I picked up my drinks and hurried out to the party. But the party had gone. Where, before, there had been perhaps some two hundred souls pledged to gaiety, now there was an empty room. My conversationalist had gone. Even my wife had gone. I was alone.

I sat down in a chair and steadily worked through the round of drinks I had carried from the bar. I felt better. I was still slightly unhinged but I felt better. Then I went back to the bar, which seemed the best thing to do and I stayed there for some time.

(Continued on page 24)

Merry Christmas

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LeBaladeur's Limey Meets Midnight Lunch

(Continued from page 23)

Until the steward informed me that he was about to close up. So I left suitably armed with my "supper."

Then, all of a sudden, the party came back. They all came back. Even my conversationalist and also my wife who seemed to be organized elsewhere. The two hundred souls revolved around me once again.

My erstwhile colleague of the spoken word said —

"You missed the lunch!"

"Excuse me" I muttered and I went to my wife.

"What the devil happened," I said to her. "I was getting some drinks and everybody . . ."

"I know," she said. "They all went for 'lunch'. It's like supper. No it isn't. It's a huge meal and everybody sits down and eats colossal platefuls and everybody SITS DOWN and gosh, I am full, please take me home. No, don't do that — get me a drink."

"I can't, honey. The bar's closed."

And that was the first time in our lives that we learned about the midnight lunch.

But it wasn't the last. Not by any means. We have been eating midnight lunches now for a long time. We know now that they can vary from the soup-cold turkey plate-salad, plate-cheese and coffee variety to the sandwich-cream meringue cake kind.

Despite the variety, however, which can be diverse, there is one thing you can be sure of — the lunch. It always comes. It usually comes around midnight.

Just as things are getting interest-

ing, just as the beer is taking on a really excellent flavour or the bouquet of the whisky can definitely be discerned in all its richness . . . in comes lunch.

It is a generous farewell proffered in every home, offered at every party. It is a meal eaten with conviviality. It is a happy meal, a filling meal.

And life is a funny thing. Life is amusing and life is very much just what one's surroundings are and nothing more. It is therefore not odd to say that I now enjoy midnight lunch. I really do.

When I am out visiting now or when I am at a large function — I WANT my lunch. The only worry I have is — what is going to happen when I go back to Europe and ask my host, around midnight — "When are you going to bring on the lunch. I'm hungry."

—Le Baladeur



"You'll soon learn the difference between carrots and radishes."

Old Loopy says: "Better go round the cloud than half way through it!"

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LAMENT OF AN AIRMAN

Now don't get me wrong, fellas, I ain't the beefing kind. I can take as much guff as the next guy, an' if the weather ain't bad, maybe a little more. When the weather is bad my rheumatics start to prod me see. That's why I'm using a lower bunk ever since I joined this outfit.

That's how I come to know there are two classes of guys in this set-up . . . upper bunkers and lower bunkers . . . and that is where I figure I got a beef comin'. Exceptin' its safer if it rains and the roof leaks, a guy in a lower has no livin' status along side an upper bunker.

I got it on pretty good authority, too, that a guy what sleeps in a upper bunk has a much better chance to get his commission on account of he's so used to climbin' over other guys.

Now take this guy who is usin' the top storey of my Parkhill, he's just the average upper-bunker. The Tarzan type. An' he scares the livin' daylights out of me every time he makes a leap for his top perch. Someday he's goin' to miss and root up lots of floorboards with his snoot.

I call him Joe when I'm polite. So I will tell you a little about Joe, so it will be the same as tellin' all about the upper-bunkers you will ever meet.

I am sittin' on the edge of my slumber pit last night, readin' in the paper how the Maple Leafs is a cinch for the flag, when the bunk takes a lurch to port, and I'm sittin' on the floor with the paper wrapped around my neck like a little Lord Fauntleroy collar. That's Joe doin' his crash dive. I get settled back once more readin' the news of the bombin' of Berlin when . . . Wham! something whooshes through my paper, takin' out the last three paragraphs I'm readin'. It is just a service boot that Joe is lettin' down for the night. I swing over to the other side of my bunk to miss the second one and land there just in time to get it right on the noggin and if you thinks those boots is heavy on your feet, you wanna' get one of them on the bean sometime.

I am just gettin' settled again, readin' some recipes on the women's page, which is about all that is left on the paper, when I smell something. It's like a mixture of rags burnin' and the cold slaw we get in some mess halls (not Pop's of course). But I know it ain't because what's stickin' in my eye ain't exactly a bunch of raw carrots. It's Joe's feet danglin'.

So I figger mebbe I'd better climb in bed and if I can tergit where I am, mebbe I can go to sleep. I close the old peepers and start countin' sergeants jumpin' over a cliff, when I feel somethin' settlin' on my face and I feel like I wanna sneeze. I realize it's just Joe bangin' the ashes of his cigarette. So I pull the sack-in' over my head and hope for the best.

Joe suddenly decides that he has to go somewhere in a hurry, and he hops

down, usin' my bunk for a steppin' stone, plantin' his big fat foot right in my face, and rippin' the pillow with his toe nail.

And that is only a start. Other little things he includes in his boudoir reparation are trompin' on my clean linen with dirty boots on his way up, hangin' his socks on the underside of the top spring an' tossin' orange peels down my neck. One thing I gotta give him credit for is being a clean guy though. He always tests his socks every morning to see if they need washin'. He tosses 'em up to the ceiling, and if they come down they're O.K. for another day, but if they stick there, they need washin'.

But do I get mad? Naw, like I said before, I ain't the guy to beef an' besides that, he just weighs 185 lbs. to my 140. But if they find that lug fit for a casualty list some mornin', you'll also find I was on the postin' list the night before.



There we sat under the moon and the darn fool was making . . . wishes!

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CANTEEN ANNIVERSARY



1. A/C J. G. Bryans cuts the birthday cake at the Snack Bar's anniversary party.

2. Guests of the Snack Bar on the occasion of their birthday luncheon are from left to right. F/O F. G. Bolan, Mr. Bert Heaton, F/O S. D. Collin, F/L D. Allison, G/C L. H. Randall, A/C J. G. Bryans, W/C W. L. Gillespie, F/L H. Vincent, F/L L. M. McGuire, F/O R. Pollock, Mr. N. Lockshin, S/L W. Kay.

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As long as anyone can remember, people have been saying that the pace of life is getting too fast—that the human body wasn't built to stand the pressure of modern business, or the speed of modern traffic, or the intensity of mechanized farming or industry.

Well, one of the busiest men in the United States has come out with a key to a longer life under present conditions. He is Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor, author, traveller, advisor and lecturer, who always has a half-dozen projects going at one time.

And he says the answer is "imperturbability," which means calmness. How do we develop imperturbability? Dr. Fishbein gives this advice, and it seems to make sense.

"Avoid raising your voice. Don't get angry and shout. All you do is raise your own blood pressure, not the other fellow's.

"Don't get crowded. Take things one at a time. Accept disturbances and annoyances as they are. Don't tear yourself apart because you are not succeeding in some given effort.

"Don't avoid trouble—but meet it with equanimity.

"Don't argue with stupidity. Walk away from arguments over futile or trivial matters."

And Dr. Fishbein lists "five lows" for health and longer life in these trying times.

1. Low blood pressure; 2. Low pulse rate; 3. Low basal metabolism, or rate of bodily processes; 4. Low diet, low in total calories; 5. Low threshold for humor—"Be able to laugh easily and recognize the

humorous aspects of what humans take too seriously.

He says he doesn't mean everyone should slow his life to the speed of a turtle.

"I'm never happier than when I'm extremely active," he says. "But you can accomplish far more if you have equanimity and imperturbability.

"It's the guy who gets excited who raises his blood pressure," says the doctor. As for lowering the pulse rate, he has his suggestion:

"Reading is wonderful for those who want to cultivate calmness. Read before going to bed, and on awakening. Not dull books; read something interesting. In 15 minutes to an hour, you can be ready to sleep and go to sleep in a minute, relaxed."—Winkler, Man. "Progress."

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Youth - Not a Time of Life but a State of Mind

It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigour of the emotions; it is a freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite of adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than in a boy of twenty.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair, these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

Whether seventy or sixteen, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and the starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing childlike appetite for what next, and the joy and the game of life.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central place of your heart there is a wireless station; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, courage, grandeur and power from the earth, from men and from the Infinite, so long are you young.

When the wires are all down and

the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then you are grown old indeed, and may God have mercy on your soul.—Author unknown.

TIME, PLEASE!

Come, fill up your glasses with good honest beer
And drink to the health of everyone here
An especially the lad with an "N" on his chest
For you will agree that he's one of the best.
Navigator is he
And he's always at ease.
You'll never find him worried,
Hurried or flurried
Except at the bar when it's "last orders, please."

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CANADA

TEN POINTS

1. You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift.
2. You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong.
3. You cannot help small men by tearing down big men.
4. You cannot help the poor by destroying the rich.
5. You cannot lift the wage earner by pulling down the wage payer.
6. You cannot keep out of trouble by spending more than your income.
7. You cannot further the brotherhood of men by inciting class hatred.
8. You cannot establish sound security on borrowed money.
9. You cannot build character and courage by taking away a man's initiative and independence.
10. You cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves.

—"The Co-Operator."

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE

We see it every morning,
It happens every day,
A double row of lovely ladies
Meander on their way.

They march straight down the aisle
They mount a flight of stairs
Where the powder room awaits them
And they always go in pairs.

Perhaps the trip is long enough
Or the stairs are dark and lonely,
But two by two they always go,
To the room marked "Ladies Only."

The supervisors tear their hair,
And the boss is torn with grief,
The day's production goes to hell
Whilst the girls go to relief.

At three o'clock each afternoon
The parade begins once more,
What goes on in that little room
That cannot wait 'till four?

The only solution I can find
That is fair to every man:
Is to move the whole headquarters
Into the ladies' can.

STEAK HOUSE

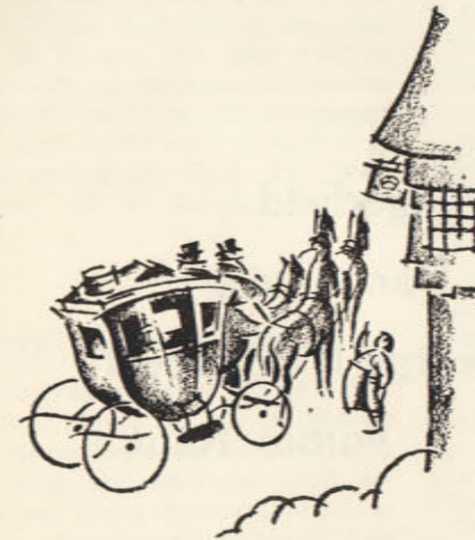
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"Christmas is a kind, forgiving time. A time when men and women seem by one consent to open their hearts freely and to think of other people as if they were fellow passengers to the grave."

DICKENS



The management and staff of Stovel-Advocate Press Limited, printers of Voxair, wish all airmen everywhere a right happy Christmas, and good luck in 1953.

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The Man Who is Square

"Passing the buck" when you're out of luck, started long ago, when Adam blamed Eve for the apple she gave the time he "stubbed his toe." Ever since then, in the ranks of men, taking them high or low, the coward at heart, who shirks his part, has tried to dodge the blow.

The man who aims high but fails to get by, and blames the fellow below, need never aspire to climb any higher—he's geared to travel "in low." There's always a place for the man with the grace to admit it when he is to blame; who says, "It's on me but, by Jiminy, it never can happen again!"

If you would succeed there is no better creed, than that of the man who is Square: "I'll take what is mine, without whimper or whine; above all else I'll be fair; so happen what may, at the close of each day, I can say to my God, 'I've been Square'."—F. W. Jameson in "Forward."

Worry? Kick it Out!

If you can do what this little guy is doing, you'll get rid of most of your health problems. So say health authorities and we agree—from experience. Worry can upset the whole system. It causes sleeplessness, loss

of appetite, indigestion and these three can result in a complete nervous breakdown.

Don't ask us how to stop worrying. That's your problem. Each individual case is different but no doubt the most effective way to banish worry is to remove the cause. And in the process of removing it we doubtless would have no time to worry.

The dictionary says worry is "to feel or express great care or anxiety; to fret." Briefly, then, there isn't any point in "fretting" about things you can do nothing about and if you CAN do something, DO it and the cause is gone.

Now, having read this simple solution of your troubles, don't you feel better? We do. A warm glow of benevolence suffused our whole being at having thus solved the worries of our readers.

Sign on Scottish golf course: "Members will kindly refrain from picking up lost balls until they have stopped rolling."

Alongside a lonesome roadway down South, this sign was nailed to a tree: "Hearken! No Parkin', Larkin' or Sparkin'—and NO Foolin'!"

Old Man (to reporter): "Young man, you can put it in your paper that my secret of health and long life is to eat some garlic every day."

Reporter: "Why do you refer to it as a secret?"

Then there was the alcoholic that once drank a bottle of shellac to get a shine on. He had a glorious finish.

Mr. Jones: What was the motive in that composition of Zychinosky that I just played?

Voice: Sounded like revenge.

A woman phoned her bank about the disposal of a bond. "Is it for redemption or conversion?" asked the clerk.

After a pause the woman asked: "Am I talking to the 1st National Bank or the First Baptist Church?"

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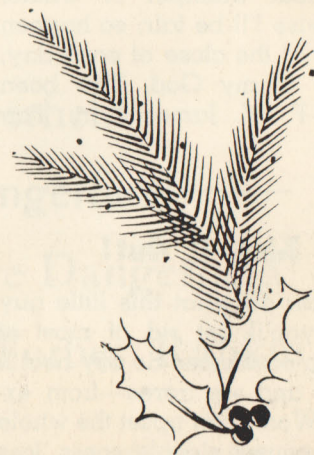
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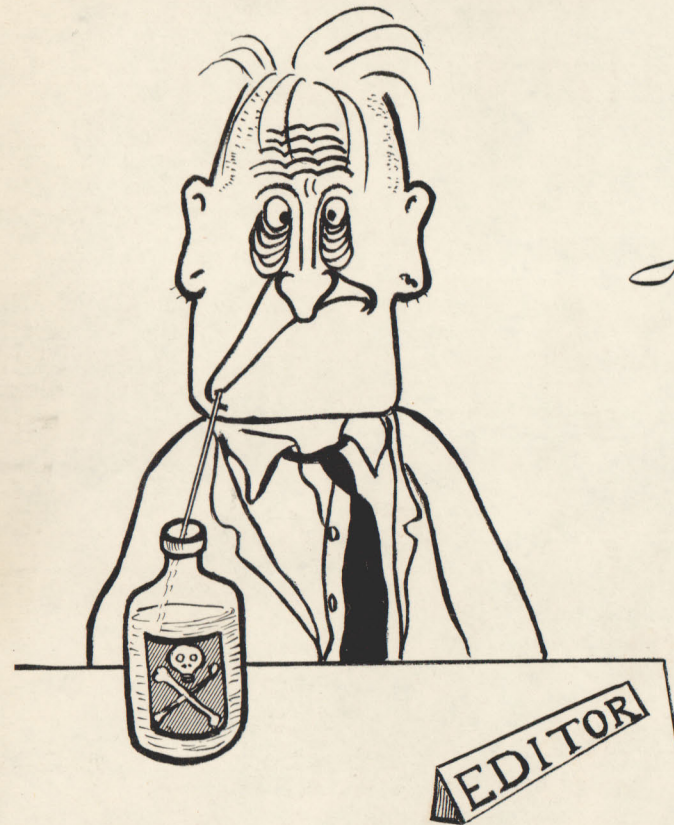
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