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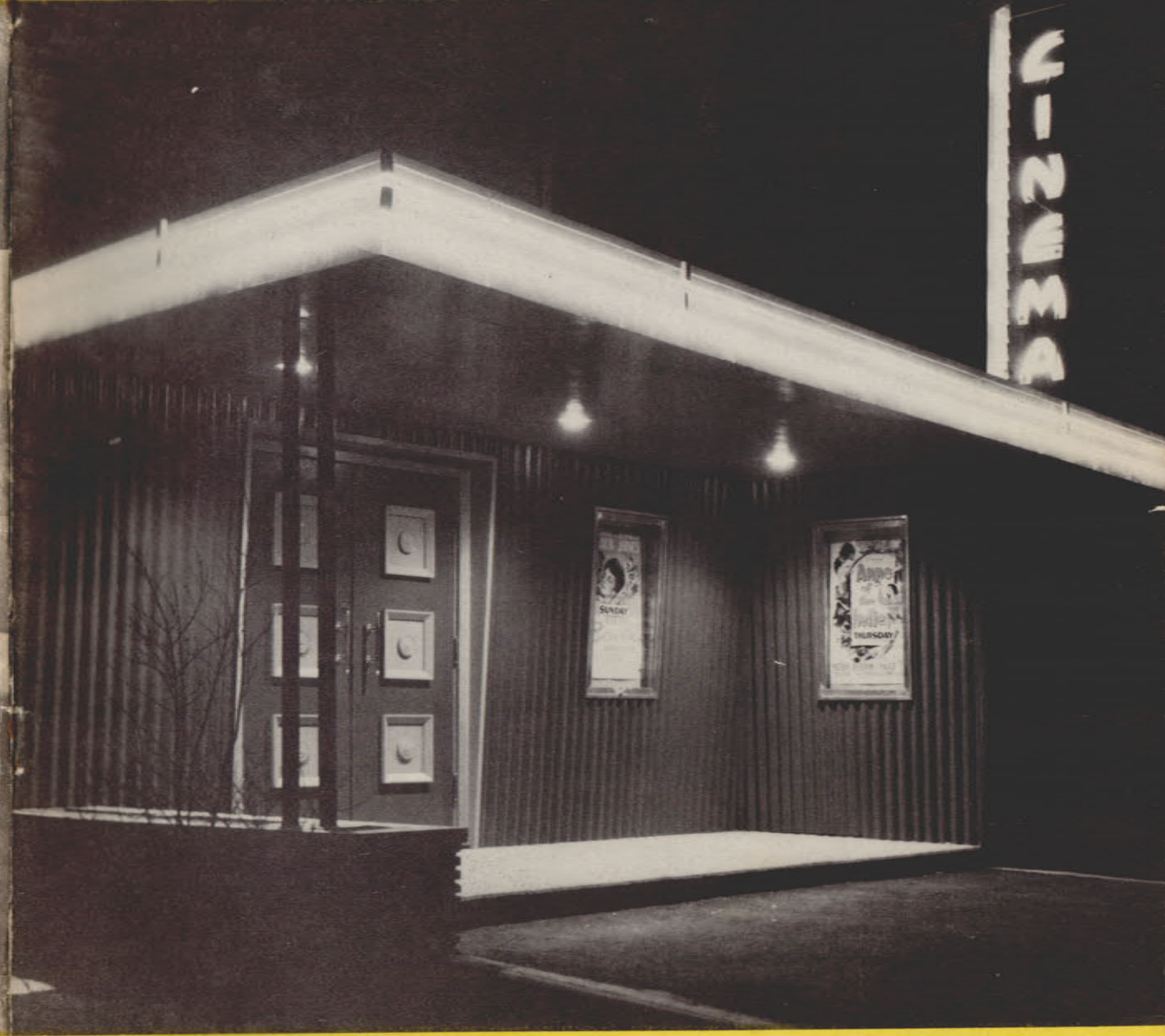
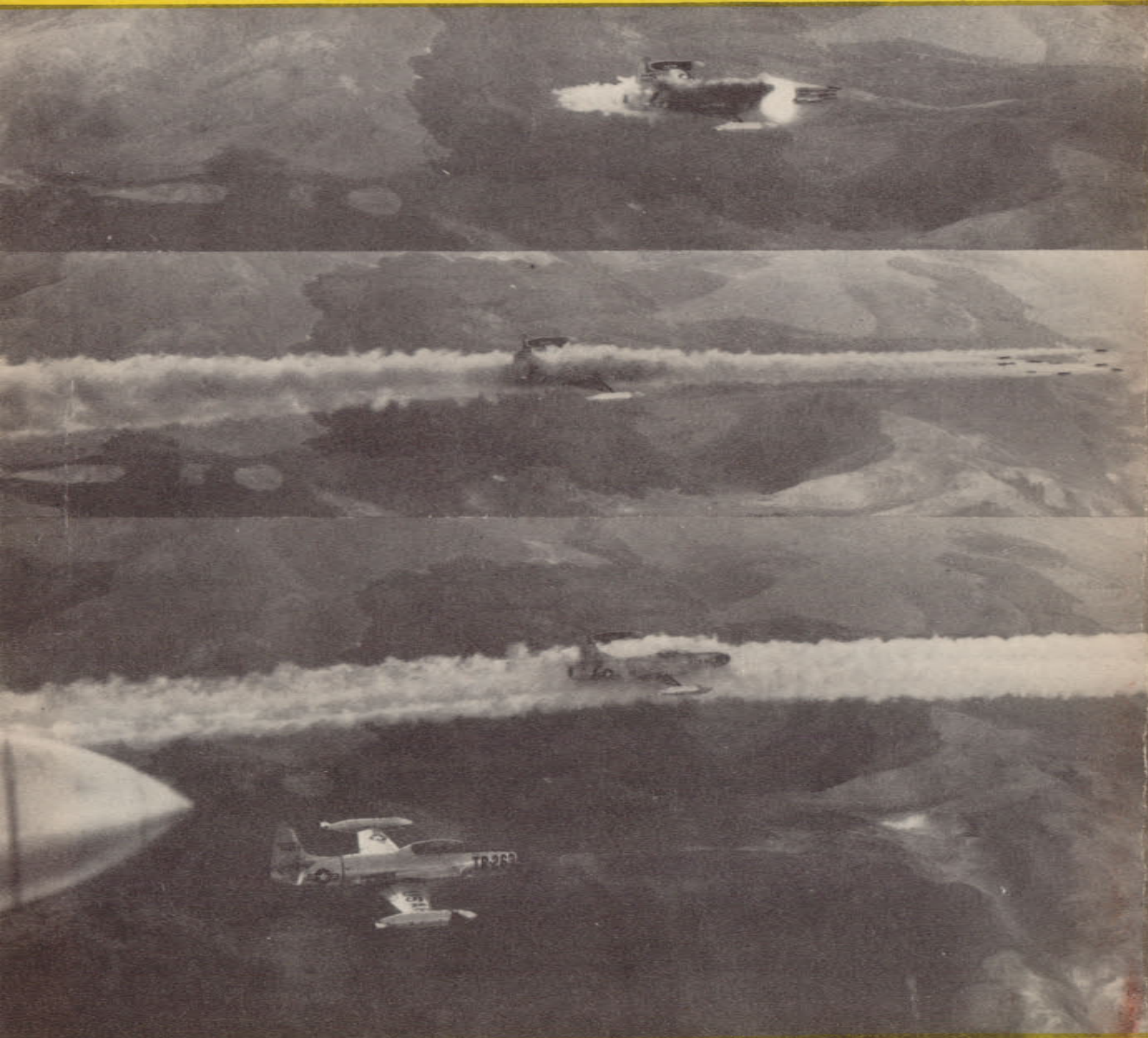
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THE VOICE
of the AIR FORCE

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



STORY ON PAGE 27

DECEMBER 1, 1952

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THE VOICE OF THE AIR FORCE

DEC. 1st, 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 Western Hotel

A Canadian traveller of an earlier day gives his impressions.

THE COUNTRY HOTEL stands on the sunny side of Main Street. It has three entrances.

There is one in front which leads into the Bar. There is one at the side called the Ladies' Entrance which leads into the Bar from the side. There is also the Main Entrance which leads into the Bar through the Rotunda.

The Rotunda is the space between the door of the bar-room and the cigar-case.

In it is a desk and a book. In the book are written down the names of the guests, together with marks indicating the direction of the wind and the height of the barometer. It is here that the newly arrived guest waits until he has time to open the door leading to the Bar.

The bar-room forms the largest part of the hotel. It constitutes the hotel proper. To it are attached a series of bedrooms on the floor above, many of which contain beds.

The walls of the bar-room are perforated in all directions with trap-doors. Through one of these drinks are passed into the back sitting-room. Through others drinks are passed into the passages. Drinks are also passed through the floor

and through the ceiling. Drinks once passed never return. The Proprietor stands in the doorway of the bar. He weighs two hundred pounds. His face is immovable as putty. He is drunk. He has been drunk for twelve years. It makes no difference to him. Behind the bar stands the Bar-tender. He wears wicker-sleeves, his hair is curled in a hook, and his name is Charlie.

Attached to the bar is a pneumatic beer-pump, by means of which the bar-tender can flood the bar with beer. Afterwards he wipes up the beer with a rag. By this means he polishes the bar. Some of the beer that is pumped up spills into glasses and has to be sold.

Behind the bar-tender is a mechanism called a cash-register, which, on being struck a powerful blow, rings a bell, sticks up a card marked No Sale, and opens a till from which the bar-tender distributes money.

There is printed a tariff of drinks and prices on the wall.

It reads thus:

Beer	5 cents
Whisky	5 cents
Whiskey and Soda	5 cents



Beer and Soda	5 cents
Whisky and Beer and Soda	5 cents
Whisky and Eggs	5 cents
Beer and Eggs	5 cents
Champagne	5 cents
Cigars	5 cents
Cigars, extra fine	5 cents

All calculations are made on this basis and are worked out to three places of decimals. Every seventh drink is on the house and is not followed by a distribution of money.

The bar-room closes at midnight provided there are enough people in it. If there is not a quorum the proprietor waits for a better chance. A careful closing of the bar will often catch as many as twenty-five people. The bar is not opened again till seven o'clock in the morning; after that the people may go home. There are also, nowadays, Local Option Hotels. These contain only one entrance, leading directly into the bar.

—By Stephen Leacock



'PEG PERSONALITY

by Mr. J. F. McISSAC

MANY OF YOU have witnessed a sinister figure in the grey hours of dawn, attired in raincoat and gloves and carrying an umbrella, gazing at the illuminated weather sign on down town Portage avenue. Our roving reporter after many hours of shadowing has finally solved the mystery and identifies the character as Frank McISSAC. No, he hasn't gone mad—he is just getting the latest information for the eight o'clock briefing!

Frank, a familiar figure around the camp, hails from the world famed paper town of Powell River in "Sunny B.C." He joined the Meteorological Division of the Department of Transport in 1948 after graduating from the University of British Columbia.

He took his training in Meteorology in Toronto with the Research & Development Branch of the Department of Transport.

On completion he was taken on strength of RCAF Station Summerside as a forecaster and instructor. The summer of 1951, when No. 2 ANS was formed at Winnipeg, Frank was transferred here.

Being a Meteorologist has its advantages, Frank can always pick the brightest and sunniest days to practice his favorite sport—golf. Winnipeg's many courses are only too well acquainted with him. His marks (misplaced divots, lost balls, and sand traps dug several inches deeper) are found on most fairways.

In spite of this he shoots a consistent game up in the seventies. A warning—don't play a dime a hole with him.

Winter finds the golf club replaced by a badminton racket. He is the president of our local badminton club whose activities are recorded regularly in this magazine. Again here, as in golf, he strives to be the best and is successful at it too. Skiing, skating and swimming are other sports activities that he enjoys.

When asked why he chose Meteorology as his work, he was stumped for an answer. However, we in the RCAF are certainly happy that he did and consider ourselves fortunate to have him here in Winnipeg.



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Sports

Spotlight

by Cpl. J. Speirs



The following history of the THORNDYCRAFT TROPHY was related to Cpl. Speirs by its donor, Mr. A. H. Thorndycraft of the Great-West Life Assurance Co.

In 1929, when the Winnipeg Air Station of the RCAF was situated at 797 Notre Dame Avenue, Flight Lieutenant Mossop, then Commanding Officer, approached A. H. Thorndycraft of the Great-West Life Assurance Company about securing a bowling trophy for which Air Force personnel would compete annually. Mr. Thorndycraft, then the only agent permitted to sell life insurance to the RCAF on a salary deduction plan, donated the trophy. Upon its receipt, F/L Mossop had it engraved to read that it was for competition on the Winnipeg Air Station and was to be retained in the city.

With the exception of a couple of years during World War II, the trophy has been presented each year, usually by Mr. Thorndycraft. Until recently, when the RCAF established a fund for sporting equipment and awards, Mr. Thorndycraft also presented individual cups to the winners on the champion team.

The cup bears shields engraved with the names of many outstanding airmen. F/L Mossop, now retired in Eastern Canada, was once on the winning team. Air Vice-Marshall K. M. Guthrie is also a former member winning in 1936 when he was a squadron leader.

This trophy was the first one established for the RCAF bowling competition and is believed to be the first cup presented for any sport in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

By mistake, it was once shipped to Edmonton. After corresponding with Mr. Thorndycraft to request that the engraving be altered to make Edmonton eligible for it, it was returned to Winnipeg. Permission denied!

The donor, under Air Force regulations which permitted participation, bowled with the Air Force groups and was on their marksmen's team. He proudly displays an individual

cup which he once was awarded by the RCAF. He is still extremely well known to the members of the RCAF in Winnipeg and corresponds frequently with former Air Force personnel who have been posted to other parts of the world, or who have retired. He says he was, "Just one of the boys in those days."

In appreciation of Mr. Thorndycraft's interest in Air Force sporting activities, and to compensate for never having his name included on a team which won his trophy, members of the RCAF once presented him with two silver spoons engraved with words of appreciation on behalf of the RCAF.

Tops in Entertainment in Winnipeg

Metropolitan Theatre



"A FAMOUS PLAYERS THEATRE"



Back row: LAC Adams; Bart Gilmour; Peter Mitchell; Wayne Finlay; Fred Garnett; Kyle Murray; Stan Draper; F/L Foreman. Centre row: Terry Gilmour; Chuck Laponsee; Grant Cunningham; George Rawsthorne. Front row: Brian Glover; Tony Craig; Gordon McPherson; Craig Smith; David Lawton.

BOYS' SPORTS CLUB

by LAC E. Adams



It is slightly more than a year since Station Winnipeg began to grow. Today, bursting at the seams, we were faced with the problem of providing activities for the children in PMQs. The subject of a boys' club was broached and with the guidance of F/O Pollock the drill hall and

sports equipment was made available for every Wednesday evening. Attendance was excellent with 25 to 30 boys turning out each evening. Under the direction of LAC Adams and LAC Dyer, basketball, softball, tumbling, etc., was taught. Demonstrations of the boys' progress have

proven how successful they have been.

The enthusiasm has not decreased. Boys come and go with their families from PMQs but all take an active interest. It is comforting to know that sportsmanship is being instilled in these young minds.

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Air Defence Science

Seen Peace Surety

The Report of a Speech given to the Winnipeg Canadian Club by Air Commodore C. L. Annis

Continuing developments in air power the world over are slowly but steadily moving mankind away from the prospects of another general war towards an era, at least physically, of peace.

"The alternative, which is the nightmare prospect of present or future airpower at war, should in itself be enough to impose peace," Air Commodore Clare L. Annis, R.C.A.F., said here on November 18th.

Under such conditions it was logical to contemplate the arena of human conflict being shifted away from the field of physical war to the realm of ideas, and of moral and mental behavior.

"It is comforting to me, a military man, to note that so many of our leaders and so large a section of our public are coming to recognize the importance and to warn of the need for our preparedness to battle in this realm," Air Commodore Annis told the Canadian Club of Winnipeg.

In an address at the Fort Garry Hotel, he made these points:

- The outstanding development in air power in the last 15 years had been strides made by the strategic air defensive towards forcing invading strategic bombers into battle.

- During the Second World War, the Germans and Japanese did an extremely poor job of conducting their air defenses.

- Radar was as dramatic in its effects on air defence as "giving sight to the blind."

Air Commodore Annis, director of the joint staffs, said the defence system laid the way open for air defence on an area basis.

"At last the bomber attack was dealing with a giant, and not a scattered group of little boys, so to speak."

The present development in anti-

aircraft was towards guided missiles, which will be electronically guided right to their targets, as well as being fitted with proximity fuses.

The future role of ground anti-aircraft defences might well be found mainly to deal with any guided missile-bomb which invading bombers succeed in launching, while future orthodox but supersonic fighters deal with the bomber, if possible before it can launch its missile-bombs.

But the flexible and versatile properties of the inhabited fighter will continue, "as far ahead as we can see clearly," to be the backbone of the air defence system."

Fixed anti-aircraft defence, even in guided missile form, would continue to be a very valuable, but junior member.

The fighter now has only a small speed margin over the bomber. This, combined with the western powers' notable strength in highly modern

strategic bombers, "a lot of atomic bombs" and a world-wide strategic offensive base system had been and would continue to be for some time a decisive deterrent against open aggression on a far greater scale than we have seen it, he said.

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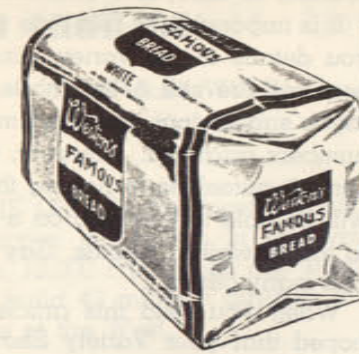
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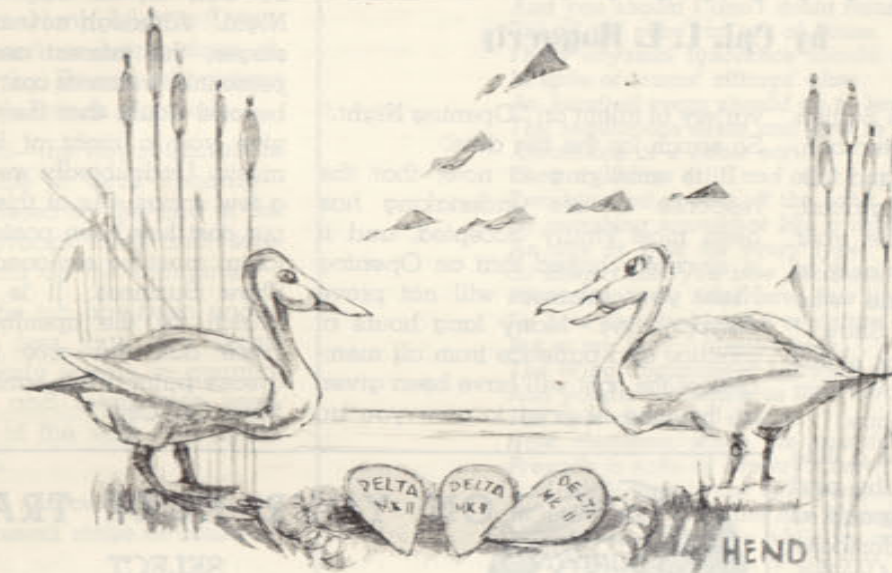
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Amateur Show

by Cpl. L. L. Haggerty

Have you walked past the Station Cinema on a Saturday afternoon, heard the tinkle of a piano, and talk and laughter in the background, with curiosity aroused made your way slowly to the side door only to be met by a burly airman who snapped, "Are you in the Show?" Before you know it the door slams shut and you are more curious than ever as to what is taking place.

Well, we will let you in on a little secret. During a period of the past couple of weeks a small group of airmen have talked Show Business. It all started over a cup of coffee, more and more became interested. Interests aroused curiosity, and before we knew it, realizations became actualities, and the first meeting was arranged. From here talent developed and presented itself to our first rehearsal, and these small groups of airmen who two weeks ago talked Show business today are endeavouring to greet you in the not too distant future with the first show of its kind to be presented at Station Winnipeg. Your reporter has been acting as talent scout and to date promises a

variety of talent on "Opening Night." So watch for the big date.

It is gratifying to note, that the response to this undertaking has been most kindly accepted, and it is sincerely hoped that on Opening Night your interests will not prove disappointing. Many long hours of practice and patience from all members of the cast will have been given at the time of print to give you an

evening of enjoyable entertainment.

It is impossible at this time to give you details of the variety since rehearsals are still being made, casting to suit various acts, and musical numbers arranged. However, we do commit ourselves in hoping that we will be able to take you on a cruise to the Hawaiian Islands, Gay Paris, and many others.

When you read this article, it is hoped that your Variety Show will be well on its way to "Opening Night." Although now in its embryo stages, the interest and calibre of personnel within its cast have proven beyond doubt that they are here to give you a night of laughter and music. Undoubtedly we will run into a few snags. As of this date one of our cast has been posted, again his talent must be replaced. But this is Show Business. It is your Show. Watch for the opening date, and come out and give the boys in grease paint a big hand. The Show Must Go On!



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RCAF Base Will Be Completed by Year's End

PARIS (AP)—In the most gigantic construction job known in post-war Europe, 10,000 Frenchmen are working to build 40 military airfields for defence of the West.

The \$500,000,000 project is being paid for by the North Atlantic Treaty allies. The work is being done almost entirely by French technicians and labor with French materials.

One airfield—the Royal Canadian Air Force base at Gros Tenquin—will be completed by the end of the year with barracks, mess and recreation halls and all the trimmings.

Although the job has been underway slightly less than two years, the work already equals, in quantity of materials and manpower used, the building of the vast and costly Maginot Line.

A qualified source gave this picture of the present stage of construction:

Of the 40 airfields, 25 will have all their runways, taxiways, drainage and electric power outlets—but no hangars, shops or barracks—by the end of the year.

Fourteen of the 40 airfields will have hangars and shops, but no barracks, by the end of this year. These fields will have barracks and other buildings by the end of 1953.

Ode to a Dim Student

With Sincere Apologies to Andrew Marvel

Had we but world enough, and time,
This dimness, student, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way,
To work, and pass our arduous day,
Thou in the Aragon Dance Hall's fug
Should'st girl friends find: I by the beard
Of Kereliuk would complain. I would
Teach you ten years before the flood,
And you should I don't doubt refuse
Till all the pubs ran out of booze.
Thine abysmal ignorance should show,
In spite of taurus' siftings' glow.
An hundred years should go to learn
Thy regulations dress and how to spurn
Attractions of a baser sort,
Than squadron drill, and indoor sport.
Two hundred to cast off the habit
Of marching somewhat like a rabbit.
An age at least for every type
Of subject that you now condemn as tripe.
For student you need have this time,
To give thy (feeble) wit a chance to shine.
But at my back I always hear,
The Wing Commander hurrying near.
And yonder all before us lie
The ever changing syllabi.
Now, therefore, while the youthful hue
Prevails in spite of Drewry's brew,
And while thy blotchy skin perspires,
At every pore with rum like Myers.
Now let us scourge us while we may
And now, like Officers of the day,
Let us leap lightly from our pits
And give the Skew Ell twenty fits
Let us roll all our pin ups and
All our pulps into one ball,
And tear across to wrest from books
The knowledge that one often cooks.
Thus, though we cannot win the scroll,
We will have snatched the digit from its hole.

by Seivadar

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Denmark and the Defense of Europe

I HAVE OFTEN heard friends in Britain, as a rule with a degree of pride in their voices, call their country "this small island." But I have never been able to find out for certain whether it is an expression of true modesty or whether it is a device to make Britain's achievements look even greater than they are.

However, we on the other side of the North Sea are quite prepared to accept the theory that the smallness of a country may be a sign of virtue. The whole population of Denmark is 4,000,000, or almost exactly half of the population of Greater London. If you remember that Denmark is the oldest kingdom in Europe, that it has been surrounded by a string of Great Powers, some of them with an excellent appetite, then you begin to believe in miracles, or possibly in the quality of smallness. It is true, of course, that Denmark was a Great Power in the Viking area, but that was 1,000 years ago, and today it is remembered only by after-dinner speakers on Anglo-English occasions. For hundreds of years the fate of Denmark has been that of a small

state. We have had some bad knocks but we have always survived. In point of fact, it was not until 1940 that Copenhagen was for the first time in history occupied by an enemy. It was the entry of men from that little island of yours that marked the liberation. Those men of Montgomery's army will not easily forget it—Danes never will. That was our nearest approach to extinction as a sovereign state.

During the centuries I believe we have survived by drinking out of two medicine bottles, like Alice in Wonderland. Sometimes we were led to drink out of the bottle which made us appear very small indeed—we wanted, in technical language, to stay neutral. During the second world war the medicine did not work. Denmark was big enough to catch Hitler's eye, but too small and weak to defend herself.

Since then we have lost belief in Wonderland. It is no longer official policy to drink out of Alice's bottles, neither the one nor the other. I promise you not to trespass on your fairy tales any more if you will allow me

to quote two lines, which have a topical ring about them:

"'Will you walk a little faster?'
said a whiting to a snail,
'There's a porpoise close behind
us, and he's treading on my tail.'"

There is a great porpoise just behind many of us.

First of all I must ask you to think of the geographical situation of Denmark. There is the mainland, Jutland, a peninsula jutting out from the North German plain. On pictorial maps, Jutland is often depicted as an old peasant turning his back to the North Sea, but in this Iron Curtain age it might equally well be drawn as a pistol. Depending on the hand which holds it, it may point its muzzle towards the heart of the European continent or towards the Scandinavian peninsula. Then there are 100 inhabited islands, half a dozen of them of considerable size. The islands control the two main outlets from the Baltic. That, I feel, gives you an idea of the strategic importance of Denmark. I am not going to deliver a lesson in geo-

graphy. But it would be appropriate to point out that the capital is forty-five minutes flying time from Russian-occupied eastern Germany; also that the Iron Curtain touches the Baltic at a point only 100 miles from the Danish land frontier with Germany. If you extended the Iron Curtain to the North it would go right through the Great Belt, cutting Denmark in two.

I have mentioned all these details because I want you to understand that we Danes, through no choice of our own, feel we are pretty near the hot spots of Europe. Even if we wanted to, we could not step aside. We do not feel that a declaration of neutrality would offer us any security. In that respect Hitler's attack on Denmark in 1940 had a lasting effect. One can argue that we had been warned before the invasion took place in so far as Hitler had proposed—and signed—a non-aggression pact with Denmark. But the conclusion we have drawn from that incident is that a non-aggression pact with an aggressive power is not worth the paper it is written on.

No Moat—and a Crocodile Running Loose

These considerations led us, as you can imagine, straight into the Atlantic Pact. Our adherence to the pact was preceded by negotiations for a military alliance with Sweden and Norway, but for various reasons

this came to nothing, and Denmark, together with Norway, signed the North Atlantic Treaty. It must be difficult for anyone living in a large country which is accustomed to dealing with problems of foreign policy, to understand the revolutionary character of such a step.

It was made possible only by the fact that the Social Democrats—our Labor Party—resolutely changed their traditional policy of disarmament and neutrality and came out in wholehearted support for a policy of rearmament and defensive alliance with like-minded nations. A great Englishman said, shortly before the invasion in 1940, that Denmark had no moat across which she could feed the crocodile. No guarantee, he said, could be given to Denmark and no demands put to her. But he added that a freedom-loving people always had the possibility to go down fighting.

That was true in 1940, it was honest but not exactly encouraging. It is no longer true in 1952. We have indeed no moat and a crocodile is still running loose in Europe. We do not think it should be fed, even through appeasement, out of other nations' cupboards. But we have now, as distinct from 1940, certain guarantees under the Atlantic Pact, and in consequence certain demands are being made on us. The demands—if you can use that term for a contribution freely agreed to—are being met. You can see them in the figures of the defence budget, which has been more than doubled over the last few years. You can ask the soldiers of our conscript army, who from now on will serve eighteen months instead of twelve previously. If you remember that we had to start from scratch after the war you can imagine some of the difficulties we have had in building up anything



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like an effective defence force. If it had not been for the assistance we have received, first from Britain and now largely from the United States, we should not have been able to move at all.

The Danish defence plans aim at a high degree of preparedness. Our goal within the next year is two reduced infantry divisions in the country itself and a battalion group in Germany under the operational control of Admiral Brind, the C-in-C., Allied Forces Northern Europe. It is significant that the Home Guard, which is recruited on a voluntary basis, has reached the strength of almost 40,000 men. Apart from the military value of this well-trained body of men with a detailed knowledge of the locality in which they are to operate, it gives an indication of a change in the temper of the nation.

In spite of all progress there are of course shortcomings. In that respect many of our problems are common to most of those of the European members of N.A.T.O. But there is one aspect which makes our situation different from that of the United States and Great Britain. The threat of an invasion in case of a European war within the next couple of years is a real one. I remember well that Britain after Dunkirk faced the same threat and prepared to meet it. But you also had the conviction that an attempt at invasion would be staved off or—if it succeeded in the first stage—eventually repelled. If we look at our situation, quite dispassionately, we must come to the conclusion that a similar conviction in my country cannot be founded on facts. It is not a question of temperament or courage, it is a matter of geography, as I have indicated before.

Preparations Against Invasion and Fifth-Column Activities

Events in other parts of Europe have shown that occupation may lead to something very near national extinction. I feel entitled to refer to the matter only because the Danish Government has made its plans and—I think wisely—taken the nation into its confidence. Preparations are made equally against military invasion and against fifth-column activities. It is, for instance, a standing order to the armed Danish forces that any attack on Danish territory or Danish units must immediately be met by force. Mobilisation is immediate and automatic, and defence must be carried out to the utmost. An order not to mobilise or to cease fire must be verified as a safeguard against fifth-column activities. It is, in short, an order for total defence, and the new thing about it is that it is made public in peace-time. None of this makes happy reading to a peaceful nation, but I am convinced that terror looses some of its worst effects if you realize its nature in advance and prepare to meet it to the best of your ability.

I would not like the conclusion to be drawn from what I have said that we in Denmark are submerged in eternal gloom. On the contrary, there is a growing feeling of confidence, but there is every reason to admit that we are travelling over a difficult part of the road. I have talked a good deal of things from a military point of view. First things must come first for you cannot halt a tank with even the greatest or purest idea. But the communist danger is as much a threat to men's minds.

Are we not resting too complacently in the belief that western civi-

lisation is superior to all others? The ideals we take for granted like the air we breathe, are being assailed by fanatics, some of whom are capable of the greatest sacrifices for an ideology which we, on our part, regard as the worst possible debasement of all human values. We are faced with centrally directed, concerted action against all the pillars of western civilisation, and intellectual dishonesty plays the same part as the fifth columnist in the military field, should necessarily limit itself to a defensive line of thinking.

I know that some efforts are being made to rally intellectual forces against the communist threat, but nothing on a scale comparable to the preparations in the purely military field. Should not the people of the west without diverting their attention from tanks and guns, turn

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themselves into missionaries for western ideals? Unless we are prepared to accept the Iron Curtain as a permanent feature, dividing the world, there must be a second stage to our efforts to make the world safe for democracy. In that stage, I feel some of the smaller nations of Europe may have a part to play. I am inclined to think that the size of a nation has no direct relation to the quality of the ideas it fosters, nor indeed to the type of democracy it practises.

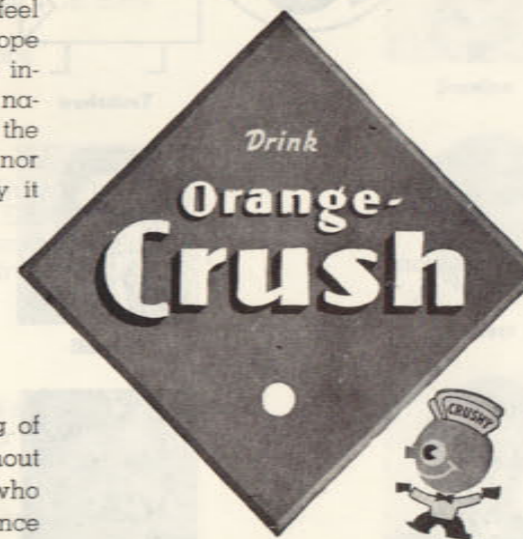
"EX-PEG" PERSONALITY

NO DESCRIPTION of the passing of NOC 28 would be complete without some mention of an individual who will be conspicuous by his absence on the graduation parade. I refer to (now) Pilot Officer Terence Ronald Beasley, a man who could claim, if anyone could, to have been not borne, but airborne.

T. R. B. seemed to live for the air and in the air, and for the four months during which he was a member of this course, he was looked upon by all as the chap to go to for cast-iron gen on practically all matters aeronautical. A friend in need but a fearsome foe in argument.

Although originally a Channel Islander, he was brought up in Borehamwood, Hertfordshire, and was an enthusiastic member of the Air Training Corps there. He was awarded an apprenticeship at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, and filled most of his spare time with the gentle pursuit of gliding. Joining the RAF as a National serviceman in October 1951, he was commissioned as a trainee navigator, and came through the usual channels to Winnipeg. Here he enlivened the course with his keenness on the job, his hatred of pomposity, and his singularly scathing but always justified shafts of wit. Ill-luck overtook him, however, in the shape of a spinal injury which sent him back to the U.K. in June of this year. He is now assistant to the Navigation

Officer of 61 Group, and, should he ever read this, here are the best wishes of NOC 28 to "T. R. B., one of the best navigators the air force ever lost."



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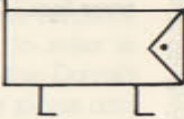
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KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS

- NN.** Nickname
- FEX.** Favorite Expression
- AMB.** Ambition
- APP.** Appearance
- HB.** Hobbies
- PD.** Probable Destination



Trubshaw

- NN.** Trubshaw
- FEX.** Wool!
- AMB.** To graduate
- APP.** Often
- HB.** 28A Mascot



Buaud

- NN.** Life Buoy
- APP.** Salty
- AMB.** To speak Antedeluvian Arabian
- PD.** Tibet



Driscoll

- NN.** Drizzle (LZ)
- FEX.** Listen! The point is
- AMB.** To hate everybody
- APP.** Carrot
- HB.** Taking MD W/V on cloud tops



Channell

- NN.** Gabby
- FEX.** I've been at the Dentists
- AMB.** To grow two tongues
- APP.** Out of work artist
- PD.** Lecturing in Siberia



Graham

- NN.** Al Shack
- FEX.** Do ya drink a tall Resolute Bay
- APP.** Worn out Astro dome
- HB.** Snooker & Bobby



Craigie

- FEX.** Got any money boy
- AMB.** To do a control plot
- APP.** About 10 o'clock
- PD.** The Dogs
- 1962** Bankruptcy Court



Hennin

- NN.** Poupee
- APP.** Don Juan Casanova type
- AMB.** Harem Keeper
- PD.** Coffin
- 1962** Wife and ten kids



DeFerme

- FEX.** Smeerlappen!
- AMB.** To bomb Winnipeg
- PD.** U.S.A.
- HB.** Eight beers in five minutes



Henry

- NN.** Henry The eighth I am
- APP.** Wolfish
- AMB.** To take the place of Golden boy
- PD.** Pigalle



DeGraeve

- NN.** DeGraveyard
- AMB.** To see Belgium again (Two years away)
- APP.** Slick Chick
- PD.** USA Radar School



Hopkins

- NN.** Hoppy
- HB.** Hauling Gyro logs in B.C.
- FEX.** These (Censored) Limeys
- AMB.** Selling hooch to the Indians



Dengel

- NN.** Ding Dong Dingle
- AMB.** To drop a honk bag on the Station Master at Dafoe
- PD.** Old Kent Road



Lace

- NN.** The Original
- AMB.** None
- APP.** World War I veteran, pipe, slippers, and Readers Digest



Moutard

- NN.** La Pipe
- APP.** Worn out steam Engine
- AMB.** To be Tarzan
- FEX.** Bernadette! Oh here I am
- PD.** St. Boniface



Nomine

- NN.** Fineck
- FEX.** Foine—Sure it is
- APP.** Walking Eiffel Tower
- AMB.** To distinguish vertical currents from horizontal raisons



North

- APP.** Benign Walrus
- FEX.** Get me a pinpoint for a fix
- AMB.** To knock a nail in with his hammer toe
- NN.** Hurstpierpoint



Pratt

- APP.** Sleepy
- FEX.** (Yawn) It's only five to eight
- AMB.** To arise at ten to eight
- PD.** The pit



Roumy

- NN.** Fat Dodo
- APP.** Tres sharp
- AMB.** Skipper of a winkle barge
- PD.** Supping in The linen store



Roves

- APP.** Laughing Cavalier
- AMB.** To sink a Beechcraft
- FEX.** Got a match old bean
- 1962** Pavement Artist
- PD.** Back seat at the Rialto



Saunders

- APP.** Never
- NN.** Lover boy
- FEX.** I must catch the twenty to seven
- PD.** The Altar
- 1962** Father of Siamese Quadruplets



Scanlan

- NN.** The abominable Scanlan
- FEX.** This is impossible
- AMB.** To D.R. and alter
- PD.** The nut house
- HB.** Moustache growing



Sharratt

- NN.** Speedy Gonzales
- FEX.** Put the lights out
- AMB.** Floating down the Amazon on a Gyro log
- PD.** Neepawa
- HB.** Dodging the serpent in the garden of Eden



Turner

- FEX.** But surely, sir
- AMB.** To get 101%
- HB.** Wolf cubs and Brownies
- APP.** Yaarkshire puddin'
- AMB.** To drink his tea out of a flying saucer



Walker

- FEX.** O.K. S'go
- APP.** Gangster like
- NN.** Rumble Pete
- HB.** Swooning to Doris Day
- AMB.** Not to let Iris see this



Watson

- APP.** Innocent babe
- FEX.** How do they expect me to know
- HB.** Chauffeur
- AMB.** To buy three more white sidewall tires



F/O McNinch

- FEX.** Honnest fellers I dunno—I never used it myself
- NN.** Uncle Mac
- AMB.** To set a DRPP in the M.I.R.
- PD.** O.D. Section
- APP.** Whenever necessary
- 1962** Attending Sroczyński's Graduation

Editors—28A with Trubshaw
 Directed by—Order
 Conglomerated by—
 M. Sharratt
 J. North

402 SQUADRON

ANNIVERSARY



Mustang aircraft in downtown Winnipeg



W/C Rathwell (left) present commanding officer, greets W/C Clements (right) first post war commanding officer.



WOI Lisoweski, present RCAF Station Winnipeg SWO, congratulates W/C Rathwell. From left to right WOI Lisoweski, A/C Bryans, F/L Banks, F/O Campbell, W/C Rathwell.



Early days with the original Winnipeg Squadron. Gypsy Moth at left, Avro 626 centre, Tiger Moth right.



The "Bear" Squadron's crest.



Mustang at summer camp.



The present fighting power of 402.



Another of the original fighters.



A group of the present and old time pilots of the squadron.



BACK Row, Left to Right: A/P/O Couché, F/C Manning, A/P/O Alban, F/C Cadiou, A/P/O Hoog, F/C Pautonnier, A/P/O Cant, F/C Dufour, F/C Blavier, F/C Jonkheere, F/C Ashmore, A/P/O Wright.
 FRONT Row: A/P/O Lewin, F/C Naets, F/C Vermeulen, F/C Thels, F/C Bonet, A/P/O Breslin, F/O Plnder, A/P/O Pemberton, F/C Gallien-Guey, F/C Soulie, F/C Parent, F/C Pouillet, A/P/O Watkins.



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THE PASSING OF 28B or So What?

Some character, years ago, decided that it would be a good thing if each course leaving the ANS submitted an article telling the world all about the members (or is it inmates?) of the course. For this classic example of short-sightedness may the aforementioned character rot.

Nonetheless, they got me for the job, so I figure I ought to have a bash at it ere my ardour cools.

There are numerous ways of writing course articles, all of them more or less unsatisfactory. For example, there is the 'all good pals' approach which seems to be the standard one, in which you go through the course alphabetically or chronologically and point out the specially charming

features of each. This is ruled out partly on grounds of space, but mainly because everybody knows too much about this course by now to believe a word of it.

Alternatively, you can attempt to divide the course up into groups, each possessed of some noteworthy characteristic. The scribe who attempts this goes in danger of his life, for he will be approached by a steely stream of complainants, each saying 'I don't mind what you wrote about me, but why did you have to put me in with that shower?'

A third method consists of trying to establish some pattern of behaviour throughout the whole course. I tried this with some initial success, but ended up convinced that no respectable periodical would publish the findings.

So there it is. The only conclusion I have come to about 28B is that there is precious little to write about it.

However, I would like to pass on 28B's sincere thanks to all those people in Winnipeg, and in fact the whole of the North American continent, whose hospitality has helped tide us over the rougher spots; and to give this final word of advice to those who follow, namely—the only safe way to make a living working with the stars is to write horoscopes.

by D. F. Loop.

How to surprise a girl: Put your arms about her, draw her close, gaze into her eyes and start to kiss her. When she says "Stop, how dare you!" . . . release her un-kissed. Note surprise on her face.

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Indoor Jumping

by Cpl. A. Roediger

(EDITOR'S NOTE—About the Author.—Cpl. Roediger, author of this article and proposer of this course, completed a four week "Jump Course" at CJATC, Rivers, Man., during this past summer. He also spent a further week in instructional techniques for ground instruction in this field of work.)

Art came from Whitewater, Man., near Brandon, to join the RCAF in 1948. He became a Safety Equipment Technician and has naturally had considerable experience with parachutes. During his recent course he made five qualifying jumps and one equipment jump carrying approximately one hundred pounds strapped to his back. In this article he touches briefly on what the course would include and stresses its advantages to flying personnel.)

The purpose of this course is to teach flying personnel the procedure of jumping. It also ensures their safety in both leaving the aircraft and reaching the ground. In a unit as large as RCAF Station Winnipeg, where flying is done so extensively, there should be considerable interest in such a course.

Personnel can be taught the proper way of jumping without even having to go near an aircraft. It requires no risk and very little of your time considering it may save you from serious injury. Most people claim they would sooner take their chances in a crash landing than in jumping from an aircraft. This statement is made from lack of knowledge and experience.

The course is simple. It requires no genius to master it. It needs drill so that in case of an emergency there


is no panic and actions become automatic.

The equipment required is as follows. There is the "Suspended Ring" commonly known to jumpers as the "Torture Rack." It is merely a large ring suspended from the ceiling to represent the parachute. Four suspension straps are attached to this representing the shroud lines. On this can be taught how to control

slips, prevent oscillating, etc. There are also the "Swings" on which the procedures of landing are taught. The final piece of equipment is known as the "Steps" on which rolling is learned.

As the safety of flying personnel is more important than any man made machine, this course will prove valuable to all concerned.

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a typical Arthur Murray Teacher.

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The

Belgian Underground by Tony Van Lis

Concluding Mr. Van Lis' experiences with the Belgian Underground, begun in our October 3rd issue.

WE BROUGHT THE two airmen home with us running a great risk in doing so as we lived in an apartment house with a lot of other tenants. My wife went so far as to take them down town to get some photos taken for their false identity cards explaining to the man that they were Dutch cousins of ours. My wife treated them as if they were her own children. For recreation, I sometimes took them to a cinema or a football game. A few weeks later one of the guides said that he would take one of them to his place. George Wedd decided that he would go. Two days later my wife phoned me saying that the canary had escaped. This meant that Franchini had gone. Immediately I rushed home to see what I could do, but he did not return. Thinking that perhaps he had been picked up by Germans, we decided to move for a few days in case he had told them where he had come from. The next day my wife was astounded to see him walk in our front door. Apparently he had gone to the cinema and had lost his way in returning. He had slept in the country and had asked a lady for food. Hearing him speak English she had given him some but had told him to get out of the area. Finally he had found his way back to our house. Hearing of this our chief was very angry and gave the boy quite a lecture on the danger

that may have fallen on us and himself. He was with us for another 15 days and then moved to the house where George Wedd had previously stayed. We were then just starting the winter of 1943.

One day my chief, Mr. Mein, and myself were assigned to pick up two British flyers who had parachuted in neighboring Holland. We met the Dutch guide at the designated rendez-vous and returned with the two men. On the way we stopped at a farm where we had left our bicycles and filled our bags with potatoes. In case we were stopped by the German patrol, we could tell them we had just picked up our rations. As we were doing fine about 4 p.m. (we were hurrying to get home before dark) a German patrol stopped us. The German in charge looked us over and I saw his gaze fall on my bike, which was new. The chief was ready to fight our way out when the German addressed me and asked where I lived. Then he confiscated my bike and told me I could walk home. We were afraid that he would question the others but that is all that he wanted. We had to get in before midnight but how was I to do it on foot? Suddenly we saw a man coming along the road on a bicycle. Pretending that we were civilian gestapo, we asked him for his papers. He was a school teacher. We told him that he didn't need a bike in his trade and confiscated it.

We were very happy to return with our mission fulfilled once more.

In the beginning of 1944, our organization received quite a blow. As I was going to work one day, I learned that the Germans had been arresting members of our group who had been hiding some of our allied soldiers. I went to see our chief who had just escaped danger himself. He had gone to where George and Franchini had been hiding and was stopped at the door by a civilian gestapo. Sensing danger he asked for a phony name and was told by the gestapo that no one by that name lived there and to be on his way. Later we learned that early that day the gestapo had raided the house in search of the American flyers. When the woman told them that she didn't know what they were talking about, they started to beat her. In the meantime the men were escaping on the roof. One of the Americans, hearing the cries of the poor woman, wanted to return and help her, but the others had held him back. The news was getting worse every day. We had been betrayed by one in our organization. Thirty-two of our members had been taken prisoner. Even our Commander, Mr. Drion, and the wife of our chief were captured. If a few members had escaped it was because they had not used their right names and had given false addresses. I happened to be one of the lucky ones. (After the liberation our

betrayed was spotted and condemned to death by our military court. He was shot near the town of Liege in 1945). We were very discouraged as we could not enter our homes in fear of being arrested. We decided to live in the woods and try to get our army growing again. We left a few at a time so that it would not look too conspicuous. Before I left, I went to see my boss in the barber shop and told him of my decision. Mr. Mean and myself left with two of our members on our bikes for the woods of Weris about 65 kilometers from town. These woods were so thick that even at mid-day it was dark. One had to know the region well in order not to get lost. Nearing a small village we left our bikes at a farm and started walking towards the woods. Our chief acted as guide as he had been there several times. After an hour's walk we were challenged by a guard. The chief gave the password and we were allowed to enter the camp. It was so well camouflaged that we could not even see the huts that were to be our homes for some time. About thirty men were living there all well armed with machine guns and rifles that had been parachuted to them by our allies.

Every man had a definite mission assigned to him. Some had to go for supplies of food and ammunition. They were either to take it by force or steal it. Others were in charge of tracking down spies and traitors. Others were in charge of sabotage, finding the movements of troops and supplies. This information was re-

layed to the allies and they did the rest. Mr. Mean went down to the village once in awhile. On one of these trips he learned that we could buy the freedom of our Commander, Mr. Drion. A high ranking German officer would arrange his escape if we could raise the money.

I knew that my elder brother was also active in the Underground with another group near Spa. He had once helped a Russian officer escape who had freed himself from a concentration camp in Germany. Apart from that he worked in a very profitable establishment where he was looked upon with great confidence. He was in charge of all the keys in the place and with opening and closing of the premises each morning and evening. I went to see him

and explained the situation. His proposal was that we should rob this place of business for the necessary funds.

My brother explained the plan to my chief and the men. We were to enter the building a little before closing time; wait for him to appear with the two cashiers which he always accompanied to the safe; take the money and lock all three in the safe. We were to cut the telephone wires before leaving. We set the date for the 1st and 2nd of February, 1944.

We left for Spa on February 1st, so as to arrive at our destination just before closing time. We were armed with revolvers and machine guns. Being February, it was dark early and we were travelling with-

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out lights so as not to arouse any German patrol. Unfortunately, we had a breakdown along the road and by the time it was repaired it was too late to continue. We advised my brother of what had happened.

We returned to camp where we stayed for another ten weeks without much excitement. Then came the invasion, the news of which we learned on the radio. It was a time for rejoicing but we had to be very careful for the patrols were all around us in the woods. A few days later a guard left his post to say that the patrol was getting near to our camp. Even so we were attacked by surprise. I saw a German's cap through the bushes and gave the alarm.

One of the men fired in the direction of the hat and suddenly the patrol was upon us. There was a barrage of bullets all around us. Of course we couldn't hold out for long as our ammunition was getting low and the Germans had probably sent for reinforcements. One of our men fell wounded. The chief ordered a few to hold the patrol off while the rest retreated. Later we all met at the farm house of one of our friends.

During the night there was a big fire in the woods. It was the Germans burning our camp. The wounded man was taken care of at the farm house.

The next day we split up to find shelter in neighboring places. I stayed with a friend, Mr. Pirlet.

My chief was promoted to Commander and I was his Adjutant. We engaged in nuisance raids such as

destroying gasoline dumps, etc. We were soon to learn that the allies had advanced in France and that Paris had been liberated. People were engaged in making little flags to welcome the allies. Meanwhile the Americans had invaded Belge territory and were advancing. One of our camps in Posent had fallen into German hands and all were killed.

The Commander decided that he would go to meet the Americans. A young nurse, the only woman in the camp, and myself were to go with him. It was a perilous journey for we had to go through the enemy lines.

Reaching a farmhouse late at night we asked for shelter. During our conversation I noticed that the

man was not at ease. I asked him his trouble and was told that he had fallen from a tree and hurt his leg. When the nurse insisted on dressing his wound he told us that he was part of the Underground. While escaping from a German patrol, he had been shot in the leg.

I was awakened about two in the morning by a noise outside. It sounded as if a group was marching. On looking out of the window, I saw a dozen German soldiers. Running out into the hall I saw the woman of the house going down the stairs. Her husband immediately joined us with a rifle.

We heard the head of the patrol ask if the woman had seen or given shelter to anyone. She told him that she had seen no one and they could

search the place if they didn't believe her. We could not escape as the soldiers had stayed outside. They searched the cellar of the house. Then they did the main floor. I will never understand why they did not come upstairs. If they had, we were ready for them.

They asked her to prepare food for them which she did. They all ate heartily while we lay quietly upstairs in fear of them finding us. Only after they had eaten and left did we breathe easier. We discovered the woman in a faint downstairs from her great ordeal. There was no more sleep for us that night.

The next morning, we continued on our way and with instructions from a friend we were able to side track the enemy patrols. We could hear shots in the distance and we knew that we were getting close to the allies. That same night we stumbled on some Americans that were stationed at Hoton. We were overjoyed and were crying like children.

Later I was assigned as a guide for the Americans that were to occupy Germany. After being with them for ten months, I was introduced to Headquarters by the Captain and was engaged as a manager of a barber shop in Liege who worked especially for the Army. After about eight months I entered civilian life once again.

This true story has proof in its certificates that have been published. My wife and I did our duty for a good cause to help the young air-men who too were doing theirs.

May God spare you in the future of all these hardships that have been endured.

Co-ed: "I'll stand on my head or bust!"

P.T. Instructor: "Just stand on your head; we don't ask too much!"

She: "What would you say to a girl who kissed every boy she met?"

He: "Pleased to meet you."

If television had come before printing, no one would know how to read.



NAVIGATORS' LESSON #1:

*PILOTS, INTREPID BIRDMEN THEY,
IN DIVERSE SHAPES APPEAR.
AT TIMES THE ONLY STRENGTH THEY LEND
VAGUELY SUGGESTS STALE BEER.*

— MURRAY

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500 Wing

R.C.A.F. Association

by H. Dempsey

The regular monthly meeting on October 29th welcomed Air Vice-Marshal A. L. Morfee, National President of the R.C.A.F.A. who gave a most interesting talk on the work of the Association and the value of its liaison with the RCAF. The development of the active force during the past three years was reviewed. It was indicated by A/V/M Morfee that Canada is concentrating on the defensive aspect of air warfare both in commitments to NATO and in the North American Defence Zone. Approval has been given for the formation of a total of 41 RCAF squadrons.

Wing Commander J. McCarthy, DFC, spoke briefly on present day training and operations in the RCAF. The members expressed their sincere appreciation in welcoming W/C McCarthy to Winnipeg where, as former Commanding Officer of the local Station, he had given 500 Wing every encouragement during its early years.

Through the courtesy of the editorial board, a supply of VOXAIR was made available for sale at the meeting. Copies were numbered and the draw, made by A/V/M Morfee, gave a one year's subscription to this publication to Mr. Len Lawrence.

A successful Hallowe'en Dance was held in Sargent Legion Hall on October 31st to open the winter social season of the Wing. A number of tickets were made available for sale to trainees at RCAF Station Winnipeg but the response was rather disappointing.

Plans are being made for a Wing dance on December 5th and all members will be advised of the final arrangements.

A monthly news letter will be issued in future containing news of Wing Affairs, social activities and items of topical interest.

Back Cover Story

Starfire Rockets

ROARING INTO RUN — With brilliant burst of flame, rockets fired from Lockheed F-94C Starfire roar into their run in this action sequence of air-to-air rocket photos taken during tests high over California desert. Photos dramatically portray all the pent-up fury and ruler-straight trajectory of 2.75-inch rockets unleashed from Starfire's nose. F-94C packs two dozen rockets in its nose, can carry more in wing pods. Photos show (1) flash of fire and smoke pouring back over Starfire at instant Aeromite rockets slash from firing tubes; (2) split second later rocket flock screams ahead of plane as smoke plumes swirl around ship; (3) in another instant self-powered missiles—any one of which could destroy largest bomber ever built—are clear out of picture as smoke wake engulfs plane. In the foreground is Lockheed two-place T-33 camera plane. Series was photographed from another T-33 by Everett Kelley, Lockheed photographer, using K-25 4x5 electric camera shooting two films per second. Starfire, carrying pilot and radar operator, flies almost wholly automatically in pursuing and attacking its target. Observers at

powerful ground radar sets "talk" pilot close enough to invading bombers for plane's radar, manned by highly trained U.S.A.F. specialist, to pick up target. Once in contact, Starfire electronically locks onto prey, tracks it, closes distance at 600 m.p.h. or more, takes aim and fires. The F-94C actually carries brain-like computers among its 1200-odd pounds of electronics. Nevertheless it is one of the fastest-climbing jet aircraft. It can fly and fight at night or in stormy weather.

STRAIGHT AS A STRING — A split second after being unleashed the rockets streak far in front of the Starfire, zeroed-in—straight as a deadly flight of arrows—on the target. Any one of the 24 rockets fired from the nose of the F-94C pack a punch capable of knocking down — and out — the largest bomber ever built.

WAKE OF SMOKE — Billowing smoke plumes swirl back and around the Starfire as it pulls up after firing rockets. Far out in front the deadly missile barrage is roaring straight and true onto target. Electronically zeroed-in and fired rocket salvos pin-point their target without plane crew even seeing it.

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Tuberculosis

Still a Health Problem

by Dr. E. L. Ross, Medical Director, Sanatorium Board of Manitoba

There is an assumption on the part of some people that tuberculosis is no longer a major health problem in Manitoba, which is not only at variance with the facts but also downright dangerous. True, there has been great progress, especially by reducing the number of deaths; but in pointing this out we may have unintentionally created a certain degree of complacency.

The gain that has been made in reducing illness and death is evidence that tuberculosis can be controlled but we are still far short of eradication which is the ultimate goal. Indeed, this year, more disquietening is the fact that for the first nine months there has been a slight increase in white deaths, 79, compared to 71 in 1951. Relapses of known cases have also increased from 70 to 92 and people developing tuberculosis have increased from 243 to 285.

In 1951 there were 333 new active cases and at any one time approximately 1,200 people are in sanatorium, 500 of whom are Indians. The average duration of treatment is over a year and with the cost of hospitalization as it is today it is obvious that the eradication of tuberculosis is not only important to save lives, but also to save money. Tuberculosis is costly, much more so to treat than to prevent.

Thousands of homes in Manitoba have recently received Christmas

Seals and your purchase of them is needed to continue and intensify tuberculosis prevention in this Province.

Reviewing figures and death rates may not be very impressive, but if you had the opportunity to appreciate the circumstances and problems created by each new case and each death you would better realize that the campaign against tuberculosis is far from completed, and any lessening of the battle cannot be excused. So let me review just a few of the tragedies caused by tuberculosis.

A man of forty-five and father of five children under twelve was recently admitted with acute generalized tuberculosis beyond hope of cure and died. Apart from the sadness of bereavement try to appreciate the problem that tuberculosis has created in this instance.

A young lady of twenty-one was discovered by routine chest x-ray three weeks after her marriage to have advanced tuberculosis. Her husband's x-ray was clear but he was carefully re-examined and within weeks was found to have the same trouble in one lung. Both are on treatment and doing well.

Another young woman of twenty-eight and a mother of six children under twelve was found to have moderately advanced disease. She has been admitted to sanatorium and, although her outlook for re-

covery is good, she will likely require two years of treatment. Public Health nurses and social workers were called in and the Children's Aid Society has taken the responsibility for placement of the children. At the best this family dislocation will have permanent undesirable effects.



How Christmas Seals help save lives

Successful methods of treatment make it more important than ever to find the thousands of unrecognized cases of tuberculosis in Canada—and to find them early.

Mass X-ray campaigns to find TB in time are part of the work your Christmas Seal dollars help support.

Remember, no one can be "cured" until treated . . . and no one can be treated until the disease is discovered.

Send in your contribution today.

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During the course of a year, with 167 deaths and over 300 new cases developing in Manitoba, you can realize that such tragedies as cited above are happening over and over again. In most there are tremendous family, economic and social complications and psychological adjustment may strain the stoutest "heart" and mind.

Tuberculosis is a treacherous disease, insidious in onset and often well entrenched before manifesting itself by symptoms or illness. Preventing tuberculosis simply means preventing people from becoming infected. To accomplish this, every source of infection must be discovered and the only sure way to find tuberculosis is by the x-ray. Yearly for years over 250,000 Manitobans have had chest x-rays. Case-finding has been intensified in communities and in racial and age groups where the incidence of disease is highest. Many people think that advancing age provides immunity but during recent years tuberculosis has been increasing among older people—that is, from fifty to seventy years.

You may be thinking of the recent sensational announcements in the press and magazines about the new "wonder" drugs for tuberculosis. These are valuable adjuncts to treatment but the first big problem is to find all cases as quickly as possible to prevent further spread of infection. Eradication is the objective. You can help attain this goal by being sure you and your family are free from tuberculosis by having chest x-rays regularly.

Christmas Seals make this life saving x-ray service possible. It is brought into all communities, towns and cities and available to everyone without charge. Early discovery means recovery and prevention of spread of tuberculosis to others. Your purchase of Christmas Seals is needed to intensify tuberculosis prevention in Manitoba.

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In every tongue beneath the sun,
At every thing and every one.
The Frenchmen in their pom poms red
Sleep every night in different beds,
While Englishmen in stiff attire
Prefer to slumber by the fire.
The Belgian is a decent type—
He sleeps all day, stays out all night,
And spends his leisure hours I hear
In Belgian Club consuming beer.
Canadians, it seems to me,
Have two aversions—work and tea.
While we've been here we've changed
a bit,
A bed's not bed, but just the 'pit',
All Canada's seen the tweedy tie
And English Navs indulge in Rye.
Still any rate it's been good fun
For twenty-eight—and everyone.

J. W. S. A.

VAGABOND TWINS

Spit Wind, with laughter, your rain and your snow,
I am as reckless, as heedless as you;
Laugh as you wander, blow as you will,
The world will forget you the moment you're still!

Ring out your challenge, roar out your chant,
Leave whispers for lying, hypocrisy, cant;
Life's for the lusty, life's for the strong;
You'll never have lived if you never do wrong!

Who cares for consequence, heed not the score,
To enter the palace you first pound the door;
The Meek will inherit the Earth so 'tis said,
They may have it and welcome, after we're dead!

So roar Wind, and bellow, holler and yell,
You laugh at Heaven, and I'll laugh at Hell;
Together we'll laugh, Wind, all through this life,
We'll chuckle at trouble and glory in strife.

O'SULLIVAN, December 8th/46

The Woof and Warp . . .

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Cover Story

"Cinema"—familiar word to many of our personnel—pierces the darkness of RCAF Station Winnipeg. It marks the entrance to the smartest theatre in the RCAF as our Cover Picture indicates.

This smart entrance is of a corrugated, fire-proof material finished in a dark green shade. The ultra-modern neon lighting consists of a band of blue and one of gold. Displayed in recessed glassed-in cases are the coming attractions and the picture playing.

On entering the lobby, one is struck by the soft shades of deep coral and blue. The box office and candy bar are finished with yellow padded leather.

The auditorium is completely re-finished to produce perfect acoustics. The dropped ceiling, tilted floor and closed off balcony are the major changes noticed here. It is equipped

with 444 modern Dunlop Pillow Cushioned theatre seats covered in cerise plush. These blend harmoniously with the deep blue and the pale blue of the ceiling and the two toned coral and wine of the walls. The unique lighting effect is achieved by floods hidden in recessed light troughs which also contain red neon tubing for lighting during the show.

The stage is equipped with the latest in foot lights and border lights. Behind the main gold curtain are a series of royal blue side drapes with wine valances. It is designed to handle any type of theatrical performance. So perfect are the acoustics that no public address system is necessary.

The projection equipment was modernized with new high intensity arcs being installed. This gives an exceptionally clear cut picture on the "Cycloramic Screen." This screen

permits seating at any angle with no distortion to the observer.

As an added feature safety lighting is installed as a protection against a complete power failure. However the most comfortable accessory is found in the new Trane Climate Changer Airconditioning System. Cool in summer—warm in winter!

One may think, "I can't afford to patronize a place like that." Don't be fooled. Prices have remained unchanged at two bits for adults and fifteen for children. A different show is held each evening Monday to Friday inclusive at 1930 hours. Sunday shows are 1830 and 2045 hours. And let's not forget to buy our ice cream bars and hot buttered popcorn before the show starts!!

This picture was taken by our photographic editor, Ken stood out in the cold for nearly two hours waiting for the lights to be turned on.

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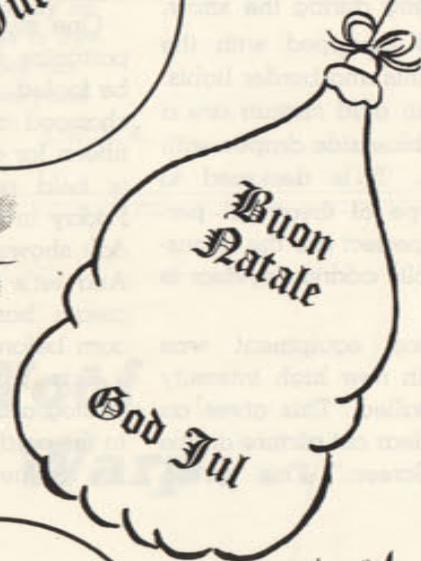
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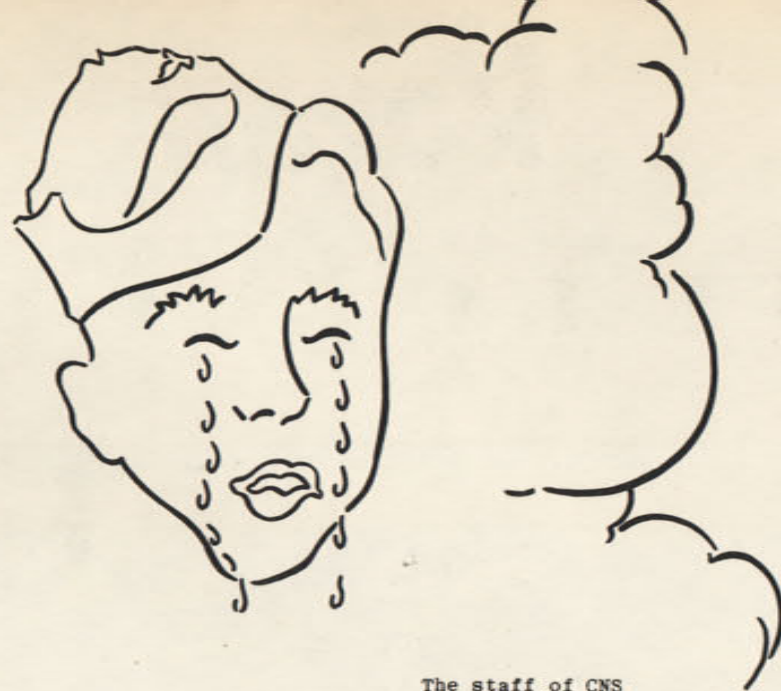
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until the kick-off whistle is blown on the
afternoon of November 29th. During the time
all ranks will wear grey armbands with the
numerals 27 on
the band, gold
rampant verdant
in a field of
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that all flying
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