

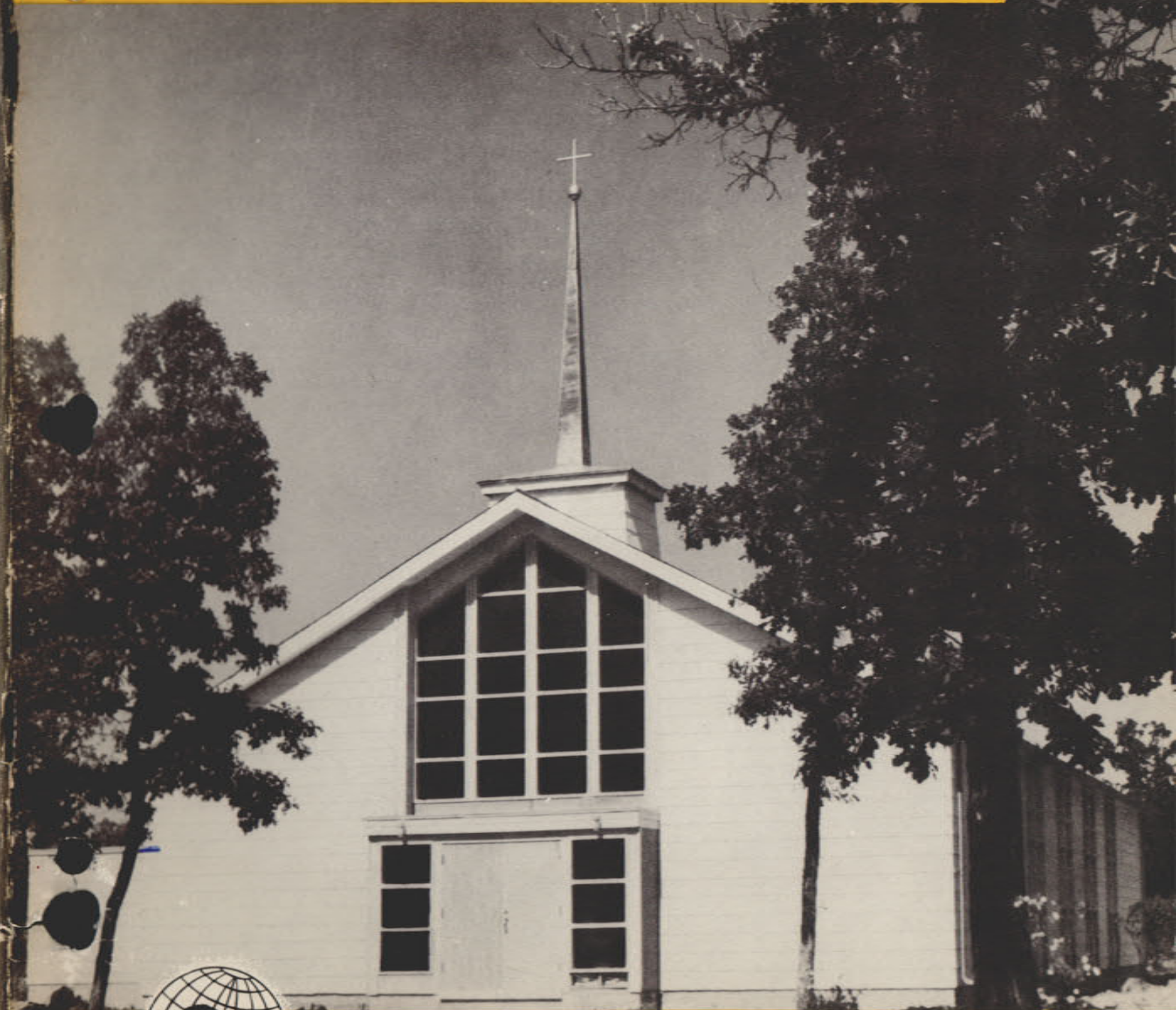
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The views expressed by individuals in any article herein are not necessarily those of the RCAF or the staff of VOXAIR

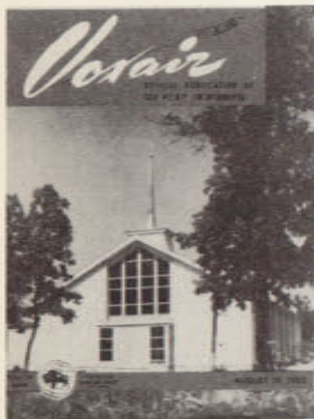
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Editorial . . .

YOU HAVE in your hand a magazine which has its goal among other things the capture and presentation of that transcendent and evanescent thing, the mood and spirit of RCAF Station, Winnipeg. The existence in itself of this spirit is not enough to ensure its reflection here. A humorous and exultant camaraderie speaks a language which does not flow onto the printed page of its own accord. It requires translators.

A memorandum has already been sent out to the various sections of the Station requesting the names of anyone who would like to contribute something in the way of an article or so to Voxair. So far the results have been most encouraging. This publication is designed to meet the needs of Station Winnipeg, as well as the other stations across Canada. This does place a double burden on the editorial staff. Not only does it have to meet the needs of a national reading public, but it must at the time make the personnel on the station feel that the magazine is designed primarily for them.

True, we don't really expect to find a Shakespeare or a John Milton wandering around the streets of Winnipeg in a pair of coveralls but there certainly must be a lot of talent in a centre the size of Winnipeg. If you feel that you have something of interest to the rest of us, by all means communicate with us at either the Voxair or Education Office. Some have already volunteered. We well appreciate your active support as well. Drop a line or two to the Editor or to one of the Staff.



COVER STORY

Pictured on the cover is the new Protestant chapel, designed to meet the spiritual needs of all the Protestant personnel of RCAF Station, Winnipeg.

Photo by Cpl. Ken Gregg

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WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Russ Bowdery



WITH THIS ISSUE OF VOXAIR we say "farewell" to our Editor-in-Chief, F/L Russ Bowdery. Possibly it would be more correct to say that Russ is trying to say "farewell" to us. (We wonder if he realizes that he hasn't arranged to have nearly enough distance between the VOXAIR office and his own.)

F/L Bowdery came to VOXAIR at the beginning of the year, bringing with him the experience we needed badly and the personality to tie together the many well-meaning and sometimes mis-directed spare-time efforts of us all.

Our best wishes go with Russ to his new position in "Flights," but it certainly seems a little empty here in our own little den despite the familiar odor of midnite oil and the friendly clatter of the word machine.

It's awfully good to know that No. 4 Hangar is almost within shouting distance and we can count on Russ for some counsel and possibly even a page or two now and then.

You are listening, aren't you, Russ? . . .



Photo by
LAC
Lou Gratton

A Graduation Milestone

ON FRIDAY, 14th AUGUST, Station Winnipeg had the great honour of graduating its thousandth cadet, Lucien Andre Revelle of Paris, France. The school itself was officially opened about two years ago. Since that time the cadets from France, UK, Denmark, Belgium and Canada have earned their wings at Station Winnipeg. In addition Italy and Portugal have sent over a number of their cadets for training. The staff at 2 ANS are proud to have been able to contribute to the NATO programme in this way, and look forward to graduating many more cadets of the same calibre as those who have already passed through its classrooms.

It was most appropriate that the Most Reverend Maurice Roy, Archbishop of Quebec, should have been invited to present the wings to this graduating class. A man of extraordinarily broad sympathies, The Most Reverend Roy, OBE, was chief RC chaplain of the Army overseas during World War II. Besides the OBE, he has also been awarded the French Legion of Honour and a high Dutch decoration.

Peg Personality

WE HAVE CHOSEN to discuss today a man exceptionally well known at RCAF Station, Winnipeg, both for his personality and great work among the other ranks. Whenever an airman or an airwoman has a problem in his trade or desires a remuster, usually the first one, they go to see immediately after the section leader is Ron Shipley.

Born at the outbreak of the First World War, Flight very early in his life became interested in flying. Circumstances did not permit, however, Ron to pursue his ambitions along this line at the time. Little did he dream in those early years that thousands of airplanes were going to be flying in routine runs over his home town, Balmoral, nor that he, himself, would be stationed in what was referred then as the muskeg-country to the west of Winnipeg. Ron spent the early part of his youth performing the usual routine jobs of a lad on the farm. Many were the times that he got up at five in the morning to start fall haying or to milk the cows. Even now he tends from time to time to look back upon these days as the most carefree in his life. Once his high school days were completed, Flight worked for a short time in a local garage at Stonewall, Manitoba.

Just before the outbreak of war, May 12, 1939, to be exact, we see the enthusiastic young Ron first making his first entry into the Air Force, enticed, no doubt by the prospects of adventure and travel held out by the recruiting posters. His dreams of adventure were brought to a sudden end, however. The very first morning of training, in fact, he was roughly ordered on to the tarmac, and without further ado, handed a rifle and drilled back and forth across the burning cement. This was still in the days when every drill was done in fours. Left wheels, right wheels, right turns and left turns, form flight; these commands kept spinning around in the young recruit's mind. Won't the corporal ever stop yelling, thought the fresh recruit. He was still suffering under the wishful illusion that even drill instructors, hard though they be, might at times take pity on a poor unfortunate. But to no avail. On and on they went, circling around that same monotonous grey slab. By the end of the day Flight was just about ready to go to the CO and ask for his discharge. Now that he has had all his experience with this matter of discharges, Flight realizes that it takes more than a

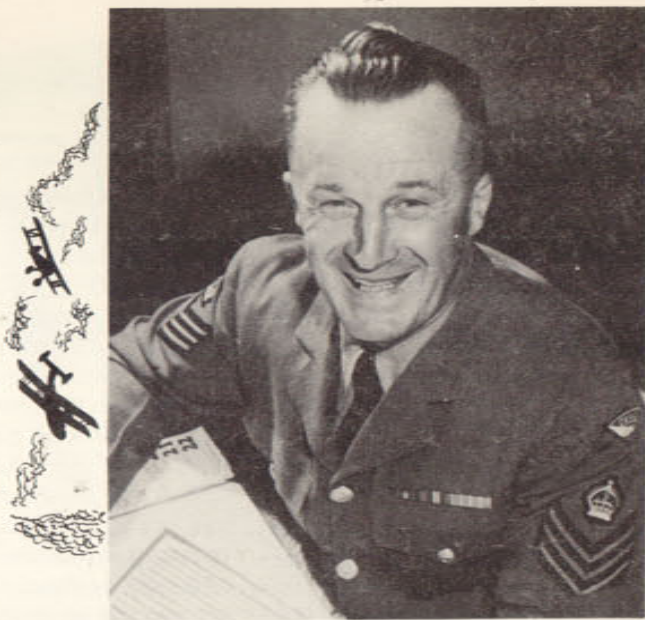


Photo by Cpl. KEN GREGG

moment's decision on the part of an LAC to get out of the Air Force. As we know, Ron did stay on, and stuck at drill, at least long enough to act as part of an honour guard for the King and Queen when they came to Winnipeg in the same month, May 1939.

Shortly afterwards, Flight was transferred to No. 4 Squadron at Jericho Beach, Vancouver. While at this station, Ron managed to put in considerable flying time on Vedettes, Vancouvers, Sharks, and Stranraers. Early in 1940, the squadron was moved to the west coast of Vancouver Island and there carried out overseas patrols. During the period of 1940-41 the accommodations for servicemen were poor all across Canada, but in this base they seemed to reach rock bottom. Many of the airmen and their wives had to live at this time in what Flight refers to as Tent Row, a collection of 10 to 20 tents, fully equipped with board floors, a reasonably modern cook stove, and, of course, a bed. Many a night was spent, literally, in simply holding house and home together. The winds were particularly strong at the end of November; they would whip and lash

Continued on page 18 •

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Arctic Flying Weather

Wind Velocities

The prevailing wind at flight altitudes over the western part of the North American arctic and polar regions is generally from the west and north and occasionally from the southwest when the arctic front lies north of the mainland. In the eastern Canadian arctic winds are generally from the north and northwest and occasionally east while the northwestern section of the Archipelago and the Arctic Ocean to the north often have winds from the north and northeast.

Throughout the winter with very few exceptions, all winds I have experienced have been from the west, northwest or north. On two occasions a southwest wind was observed at 10,000 feet and on one flight over the northern part of the Archipelago a northeast wind was measured. Between 6,000 and 12,000 feet the wind speed ranged from 18 to 55 kts. On one flight at 22,000 feet a 65 kt wind was recorded. The strongest wind encountered was in February, and had a speed of 118 kts blowing from the NNE at 12,000 feet about 40 miles off the north coast of Borden Island. At the time light to moderate turbulence was encountered and a layer of cloud extended up to flight level. Wind velocities measured at half hour intervals on either side of this

by S/L KEITH GREENAWAY

Continued from previous Issue

wind were not greater than 45 kts. This exceptionally strong wind has many of the characteristics of a jet stream and may be due to similar causes. At the time there was an extensive low over the eastern part of the archipelago and as far as I can judge from the available data, the arctic front was probably fairly far north. We may have here an indication of a jet stream associated with the arctic front and the absence of previous evidence of this phenomenon may be simply due to the meagre air records in high altitudes.

During spring the wind is from the west, northwest and north over the Beaufort Sea and the western section of the archipelago, while farther east and north, northeast and east winds are frequently encountered between 8,000 and 12,000 feet. At 20,000 feet west and northwest winds were always predominant over the Arctic Ocean, Beaufort Sea and the most western islands, but over Axel Heiberg and as far west as Melville Island east and northeast winds were noted. In the lower altitudes wind speeds were seldom over 35 kts while between 12,000 and 20,000 feet they generally ranged from 25 and 45 kts.

In summer the prevailing wind is westerly but with more southwest winds encountered than at any other time of the year. North of about 75 deg. however they generally veer to the west and northwest. The wind speeds, with the odd exception, are far less in summer than at any other

time of the year. The highest recorded was a southwest wind of 50 kts but at all altitudes between 6 and 20,000 feet wind speeds are generally between 10 and 25 kts. On one flight over the archipelago at 20,000 feet, an east wind of 40-46 kts prevailed from the Beaufort Sea to the west coast of Greenland.

During fall many south and east winds are measured in the southern sections of the archipelago. Over the northern part of the Beaufort Sea and in higher latitudes they are generally westerly. Wind speeds are much greater than in summer and between 9,000 and 20,000 feet they usually range from 20 to 35 kts.

Fog

Fogs occur in the north at any time of the year, although in general they are more common in summer and early fall.

Coastal fog is common in the arctic. During summer, the snow-free islands are warmed by the sun and warm air from them causes fog when it moves over the cold sea. This is particularly noticeable in such ice-bound areas as Borden, Mackenzie King and Prince Patrick where it lies as a band along the leeward side of the islands. In autumn the sea is warmer than the snow-covered land and warm, moist air from the sea causes fog along the windward coasts. The interior of a large island such as Banks is generally free of fog, or in a high rugged area such as Bylot Island the peaks show above the fog.

Sea fogs are common in Davis Strait, Baffin Bay and the entrance to Hudson Strait during the summer

Cardinal Leger's Visit

By F/L PAUL GORIEU, R.C. Chaplain

RCAF STATION, WINNIPEG, played host to one of Canada's top spiritual leaders when His Eminence Paul-Emile Cardinal Leger was guest of honour at the Officers' Mess on Sunday, August 9th. He was accompanied by the Most Reverend Maurice Roy, Roman Catholic bishop of the Canadian Armed Forces, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries.

Spiritual head of the largest Roman Catholic diocese in the Commonwealth—the see of Montreal counts well over a million Catholics—Cardinal Leger's meteoric rise to a post of immense spiritual responsibility reads like fiction.

Born in Valleyfield, PQ on April 26, 1904, the son of a local grocer, Cardinal Leger pursued his philosophical and theological studies in Montreal and was ordained in the same city in 1929. Immediately after ordination he left for France to continue his studies. Shortly thereafter he headed for Japan, where he was to meet with a considerable success as head of a missionary foundation. On his recall in 1939 he was made vicar-general of his native diocese and rector of its cathedral parish. Seven years later he sailed from Canada to fill the post as rector of the Pontifical Canadian College in Rome.

Early in 1950 he was consecrated archbishop of Montreal. He left for home almost immediately, and soon took over his new functions as successor to Archbishop Joseph Charbonneau. Finally, as a culmination perhaps of his career, he was named a cardinal, Prince of the Church.

A man of profound religious convictions and deep theological knowledge, Cardinal Leger has repeatedly given expression to his unassailable belief that under God, and under God alone, loved and honoured by His creation, man, can humanity solve its disquieting problems. He promotes with indefatigable energy the spiritual interests of his flock, by no means neglecting the old image that a man with a hungry stomach and an aching back finds it sometimes difficult to pray. He cares for the material interests of his children no less than the spiritual. The social and economic factors of life, he knows only too well, profoundly influence Christian living. In this regard he has promoted co-operative projects for cheaper housing, the primary



idea being that every working man should if at all possible own his own home. Vocational and technical training for young people entering the highly competitive field of specialized industry, too, have been among the things he has most consistently advocated. He has long been a firm advocate of education.

In Montreal, Cardinal Leger is perhaps best known as the beloved prelate who, each day, takes time off from his busy schedule to lead his immense spiritual family to prayer in a daily recitation of the Rosary. In this radio-cast he enjoins one and all, regardless of race, creed or colour, to pray for peace and the triumph of love and justice in the world. The response has been most encouraging.

An example of his tireless energy is the recent National Congress of French Language Educators, which he attended recently in St. Boniface. From the moment he landed at Stevenson Field until his departure four days later he attended conferences and receptions, held audiences spellbound under the charm of his eloquence at a number of gatherings, visited the Fort Alexander Indian Reservation 100 miles away, assisted at no less than four full evening programmes in the Winnipeg auditorium, sang a Pontifical High Mass and presided at the unveiling of a monument to the pioneer Bishop of Red River, Bishop Provencher. Through it all he ever kept his warm, kindly smile and sprightly gait.

Not merely a segment of Canada's population, not merely the French or even those of Catholic persuasion, need alone be proud of this great personage. Greatness such as that exemplified in Cardinal Leger far transcends the restricting bonds of faith, race or creed. He is, indeed, a man in whom we all can have a justifiable pride. Station Winnipeg was most happy to be able to welcome such a great personage into its midst.

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CIGARETTE

A Spanish Author and His Work . . .

CONCERNING the life of the author, Perez Galdos, surprisingly little is known. Galdos, from all accounts, spent the greater part of his life in scholarly retirement. Born of wealthy parents, he was able in his younger years, to associate freely with the best aristocracy of his day. A point which should be noted is that he received his early education at an English school in Las Palmas, a fact which was to have a great bearing on his literary tastes. In 1864, his family sent him to Madrid to study law. For him, "Humanity had never produced anything more contrary to human nature, nor more repressing of human passion, nor destructive to the imaginative faculties of the poet than this horrible subject of law. To him law was the eternal Sancho Panza."

Galdos was never at any time an overly-ambitious student. In fact academic activities of any kind, including attendance at class, would seem to have played a very small part in Galdos' life as an undergraduate. As he was to write later: "Every Spaniard is a dramatist before he is anything else." The eternal turmoil, vast variety, and general rough-and-tumble existence passed among boarding-houses, theatres and cafes during the formative years of his youth as a student were to provide him with a great fund of insight and understanding of human nature. A very few years later, in fact, we find him committing his recollections to paper.

Another point of biographical interest in Galdos' life is the great interest he showed even in these early years in Republican ideals. This particular interest along with the other vital aspects of the naturalistic school was to pervade his writings no less than it had done in the works of his contemporaries Flaubert and Zola in France. In his work, "The Disinherited," we might notice with what realism Galdos treats his subject. Far be it from him to follow the usual method of his contemporaries. No, he wanted to portray life as it really existed, not as it existed in the fecund imagination of the romantic author. First of all he chooses his subject from the lowest class of Madrid society. Freely does he exhibit the fetid dark corners of this ancient city, with stark realism does he portray, does he show his characters immersed in filth and squalor with barely enough raiment to cover their bodies. With great dexterity Galdos shows to us the full misery of the poor unfortunates of Madrid, not hesitating to show us where the misery strikes with the greatest vengeance—the children. Galdos is very careful not to interject his own feelings into his work. It is his characters, in fact, that live in the work, not the author. It is through their eyes that we see and feel the tragic action of the drama unfold.

Galdos was not unlike the great Voltaire. Like the French philosopher, Galdos always felt a strong sympathy for the victims of bigotry, persecution, and injustice, whether in church or in state. Galdos' motives, however, were profoundly Christian, whereas Voltaire's were not. Neither Protestant nor Catholic in faith, Galdos had a deep belief in the ultimate perfectibility of the whole human race, not as the Bolshevik does by a series of revolutions and prescriptions, but through the inner self of man. Only in this way could change worthy of the name be effected. He set forth to "eradicate forever from the thoughts of mankind narrow provincialism, ignorance, superstition, and parasitic bigotry. Neither a god incarnate nor yet a devil—and he has been called both—Galdos was a writer with few equals in modern literature.

With this biographical material as background we are now prepared to understand more fully the work under discussion. First of all, let it be said that the exterior action is very slight. It is but the relation of a young student's futile attempts to become a successful dramatist, and the persevering devotion of the young friend, Felipe Centeno, who unflinchingly serves his master, gives encouragement when needed, and until the very end sacrifices his time and labour so that the dramatist's ultimate goal might be achieved.

It is more in the shrewd, psychological analysis of character, the recurring portraits of contemporary Spanish society as they appeared to Galdos at the IX time, and the moral that Galdos expounds that the main interest of the novel lies. A secondary motif in the work is the attack that Galdos makes upon that type of person in society, who, believing himself to be sort of self-appointed messiah, remains forever the impractical idealist, contributes very little, if anything to society, but rather assures the continuance of his country as a fourth-rate one. Until the Quixotic idealism of these false prophets is tempered by the practical common sense and positive action of a Sancho Panza, Spain, Galdos argues, cannot hope to progress and become a great country.

From the very first description of El Doctor Centeno, it is very easy for us to see why Galdos should be referred to as the Charles Dickens of Spanish literature. "He is a young man of, oh about thirteen or fourteen years, upon whose face misery and health, abstinence and appetite, sorrow and sadness have combined in such a way that the young child hardly knew to which of these conditions he really belonged. The nose was of the kind that might be called Socratic, his mouth was not exactly small, and his eyes were large and black.—An ostentatious jacket upon his back, ventilated in a thousand places, his shoes out at the toes, and an old dilapidated hat slouched nonchalantly on the back of his head, Centeno felt that at this advanced age of fourteen, he truly presented the picture of prosperity." A poor waif, indeed, he meets up with a group of students who finally after a long discussion take him to the home of Don Pedro Poloy Cortes, a dissolute cleric and schoolmaster. "Surely," Centeno sighs, "I'm not worthy of pity as our Lord there on the Cross." With this observation Galdos punctuates his favourite theme—that if the world is to improve, we must each and everyone of us lay aside our penitential sack-cloth and what he chose to regard as sterile religious maxims and revert to the original of charity as practised by Christ. Let us put aside our empty slogans, and put on the raiment of Christ, the carpenter of Galilee. There is much work to be done. The world has a great need for the fisherman, but not the theologian—this is the gist of Galdos' message to the world.

In the second volume of the book Felipe has a new master, the very indulgent but romantic law-student,

Alejandro Miquis. One by one as the student's fortune dwindles so, too, do his friends depart. "El Doctor" and master slip further and further from this time forward into despair and poverty. Ultimately the two are forced to leave their comfortable rooming-house and to take a small, damp room in one of the worst districts of Madrid. Their one hope now is that Alejandro's play will be accepted. Meanwhile their mutual debts continue to mount without cease. The final outcome can, of course, be seen long before the end. But let us not deride the work and pass it off as a fossilized nineteenth century version of our contemporary soap opera. The work excels in its portrayal of a friendship and human feeling rarely captured in a work of art and almost never at all in real life.

The chief merit of the work, as I have already indicated lies principally in its clear, true-to-life delineation of character. These people live, not because the author has infused life into them, but because, once the novel has started on its course the author has deftly, very subtly withdrawn from the work. From this time onward it is they who dictate the action. It is they who live independently of the author. He has become in a very real sense their captive. So must it be in every great work of art; once the author has set his characters in motion it is for them to carry on the ball from that time onward.

First we have the descriptions of Felipe, "El Doctor," in whom we see depicted the full tragedy of the young child pitted against the world, absolutely incapable of fending for himself, yet strangely confident that his is the responsibility of caring for the earth's ne'er-dowells and impractical idealists. Secondly, we have the artist, Alejandro Miquis, the young man with more than an abundant faith in his fellow man. Even at the end of the novel, Alejandro, and while suffering on his death-bed, has full confidence that his play is still going to meet with a great success at the hands of the public. Never, even momentarily, does he lose his faith. Don Jose Ido, that apostle unto the people, that bearer of immortality, the saint, the evangelist of civilizations, the lamp-light of society, the fisherman of men," is perhaps the most interesting, if not the most ridiculous of all the characters in the book.

Continued on Page 10 •

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The work ends, as it inevitably must, with the death of the poet. We are left with Galdos' final warning that it is not so much an idealistic faith, no matter how commendable that is required in the hard-headed world of today so much as it is a realistic and practical approach to life. The untimely death of the poet, and the almost ludicrous and contradictory nonsense the religious idealist spouts forth help to under-score is central theme. Above all else, however, it is the unflagging loyalty and devotion so beautifully illustrated in the young Centeno that gives this work its claim to greatness among the world's literatures. True it is that we require the realist in this scientific world in which we live. But more do we need the idealist and the dreamer. Works of man may crumble and fall away. Architectural structures in time must give way to the decay of time, but not so an ideal or a dream. They can remain imperishable, untouched and untainted by the blasts of time. This, too, Galdos is saying in his work.

DAY TO DAY IN ACCOUNTS
By LAC P. D. Matte

THE MOST sought-after picture in the world is that of the late King George VI, which is printed on the beautiful ten-dollar bill. How well does the account section realize the truth of that statement.
RCAF Station Winnipeg's Account Section is by no means different from that of any other station. We have our prescribed number of shop-worn types, whose hair turns more grey by the hour, and all over that popular stuff called money, so easy to spend, and so hard to account for.

As in every other section of the RCAF, every day it holds its share of surprises for us as well. The bell rings sharply at eight and everyone dives into stacks of money bags, so large that they would overcome a packer in a paper factory. The hard and fast scratching of pens on the glistening white paper informs the SAO that everyone has his pen to the grindstone.

Everything proceeds as normal until about ten o'clock. A noise as loud as thunder is then heard from a thousand (slightly exaggerated) pair of marching feet, with twenty or more following behind, as the airmen prepare to storm our financial citadel. The doors burst open to reveal a lot of lean and hungry men. Hungry? Yes, you guessed it, and for only one thing, their pay.

Clerk accountants jump smartly to their feet and rush with gleaming Pepsodent smiles to meet the coming mass. Finally our merciful task is done, our treasury is diminished. One by one the customers file out of our ever-popular section, in keen anticipation of the week-end leave. It is enough to warm the heart of any man to know, that so much can be done for so many, by so few.

Four pens and eight hours later comes time to close the books, the windows are closed, and with fantastic enthusiasm the welcome mats, and sidewalks are drawn, then the doors are barred for the night. It isn't of course that we want to be unsociable, but even money-bags have to eat. That little golden stuff is hard on the teeth, even for us hard-working souls.

Our motto at this hour might read:

- 1) Do not pay attention to the pounding on the door.
- 2) Do not heed the sobs and stories of the bitterly disappointed mobs.
- 3) Do not take bribes for late entry.

And in our last exasperated gasp, we cry, "Hey fella; how the hell did you get in here?"

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by PILOT OFFICER KEN CRYDERMAN

PEACE WOULD SEEM to be the one thing that the human heart seeks above all else. It might be interpreted by the head of a family as the security for his wife and children, by the labourer as a certainty that his job will be waiting for him tomorrow. The list could be multiplied endlessly. Both out of consideration to the reader, and because space simply does not permit, we will cut it short. However, a man might express his needs. All can be summed up in one simple word—security. It seems to hold a peculiar fascination for the people of today. And no less so on the international scene. Against the background of Beria's dismissal and the revolt in East Germany, the various nationalities in Europe are attempting to co-operate in plans of a mutual defence. Largely through the fear of Russian aggression, real or imagined, France, Italy, West Germany and the Benelux are uniting to build a common economic, political and military front against aggression. Like a bolt from the blue the very power against the nations were allying comes forth with offers of peace. To say that the West is dumfounded is an understatement. How are we to regard these gestures? This is the question that every statesman is asking himself today.

On one side at least, these peace moves would seem to offer an enticement for the European powers to let down their defences. This, however, presents a peculiar danger to one power in particular. Adenaur quite recently expressed his very real concern that the proposed Churchill-Eisenhower talks with the Russians

would seriously impair, if not wreck all prospects for a European Army. Without doubt, the Communists must have this partly in mind. "It is not what the Russians will say at the conference," Adenaur stated, "but the effect that the prospect of the conference would have on Europe. A slowdown of Western unity, that is the Soviet objective. Adenaur has staked his political figure on the policy of Western unification, even to the extent at times of sacrificing purely German views. It is not altogether unnatural therefore that he should feel that any suggestion of a settlement at this time would spell the end of everything for which he has worked since 1948.

Yet need we take this pessimistic view? Is there not perhaps some ground on which Communism and Democracy can meet to settle our outstanding differences? Is it not possible that two ideologies can co-exist in the same world? This is the solution to which we must come. The only possible way to effect this is to understand the Soviet, while never for a moment letting down our defences. Dr. Smith, president of the University of Toronto, writes, "We in the West must be prepared in the name of Christian decency to go half way in meeting the overture of friendship. We live in the same world as the Soviet Union and we must, even though it be the hard way at times, try to establish a policy whereby we can live together in harmony. Russia is possibly pointing the way to a possible solution. It is up to us to do our part and at least give Russia a chance to prove her words by her deeds."

To write on this question with fairness to both sides, it is well to examine the credit and debit columns of the Soviet ledger with equal impartiality. Not only shall we touch lightly on Russia's recent history and the highlights that show what the Communists have done for Russia, but to give some sort of validity to the statements we make, we shall take certain excerpts from writings of Lenin and Stalin. Hitler revealed the main outline of his European policy in his work "Mein Kamph." So, too, have the chief Communist theorists made clear ideal of world domination in their works. But let us present facts, not mere emotionalism.

Russia has always presented a sort of enigma to the Western world a deep mystery, a strange fusion of the Oriental and Western, a curious mixture of barbaric heavily overlaid with a Western veneer. Too long had her people remained in a state of serfdom under the Romanov czars. A democratic government, such as we have in the West, never really had a chance to get under way in Russia. True it is that Peter the Great tried to Westernize the land and to bring some sort of

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unity to the vast sprawling mass that is Russia. But these attempts were sporadic and of little lasting effect. Russia remained in a relatively backward state until the great revolution of 1917.

Russia had emerged from the First World War very materially weakened by the long ordeal. Not only had she lost valuable territories, but she saw the birth of new nations, Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia. She saw Finland rise from the debris of the war, not a broken nation, but a young and vigorous land, a potential enemy on her western front. Germany was not the only aggrieved party to the Treaty of Versailles. Soviet Russia, too, felt that she had been given a very raw deal. Like her German counterpart, she soon came to regard herself as "different from other states." Attacked and distrusted by the other powers of the West the new Soviet regime decided that as so many centuries had shown Russia's greatest safety lay in the prudent from all purely European matters. She was to become for the next decade a truly isolationist state. Thus did she retire to the steppes and tundra of her vast, formidable terrain. When she did reappear on the international scene at the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War, it was as a greatly changed nation. No longer a weak power, she presumed to feel that she was indeed a unique nation, an apostle unto the world. Clearly the revolutionary origins and claims of her government put her in a special category among the powers. Was she not the first among the nations to execute a full scale revolution after the pattern of "Marx and Engles?" Was it not she, Russia, so long held to be the most backward country in all Europe, that was now destined by the infallible laws of history into the perfect Communist state.

The pet theories of Marx, Lenin, and Stalin all were to find their way naturally into the first Soviet constitution, of July 6, 1923. From this time onwards the Communist experiment was on its way. Until 1917 Russia despite her vast size, extensive population, and vast resources, had remained a poor and undeveloped second- or even third-rate power. Russia's principal minerals, forest and soil resources had, under the hands of the czars, remained dormant and unexplored, and the people remained essentially in the same state of serfdom as had their ancestors of the sixteenth century. The full light of the twentieth century had not yet dawned upon the vast forbidding steppes of Russia.

The Czarist Empire had collapsed in March of 1917. The radical Bolshevik revolutionary faction took over the government in November of the same year. Matters did not all go smoothly at first for the new regime, but eventually some measure of calm was assured the people.

The first step taken by the Communists now was to eliminate the capitalistic system and to establish government control or ownership over all the means of production. The Bolsheviks had first to re-construct the national economy and set up a series of vast plans based on five year schedules, the first of which was initiated in 1928, the second in 1933, and the third in 1938. One does not have to be a Communist to recognize that Soviet industry has made tremendous strides within the last twenty years. To convert the decadent czarist industry into the formidable Russian industrial machine of today is of no little credit to the Communist worker. It was made possible in the first analysis by the very fact that Russia is one of the world's wealthiest areas. Oil is found in the Caucaus and Gorgia; coal, copper manganese, and iron, in fact all the vital minerals of war are

found in the east; while the Moscow region itself boasts of potash, iron and coal. Truly from 1917 onwards Russia has indeed produced an industrial and agricultural potential second to none, except possibly the United States.

No phase of the country's social, economic life was left untouched. Rural electrification, light and heavy industry, transportation, mail, communication consumer's co-operatives, adults' education, scientific research, socialized state medicine, housing and finance—these are but a few examples of what Communism has done on the positive side for the Russian people.

In agricultural development Russia was well behind the rest of Europe at the turn of the century. But since 1917 collective and co-operative farms have quadrupled Russia's output. No precise statistics are available. If we were to judge the beaming faces portrayed in Pravda and other official Communist publications, we might conclude that the Communist experiments in the industrial and agricultural fields have been an unqualified success. But recent reports from East Germany and Czechoslovakia give the lie to this sort of propaganda and indicate that Soviet Russia is far from prepared to launch a Third World War. Notwithstanding the fact that in her youth are among the most air conscious of all Europe, and that Russia does have 175 fully equipped divisions on the eastern confines of Europe. Russia has first of all to mend her own fences. She still has a long way to go before she would be prepared to gamble her present gains on a war without profit to herself. She does not feel in an experimental mood so far as international politics are concerned at the present moment.

Now to examine the Communist theories themselves. Here I'm afraid that we might not want to believe what we read. In his book the "Problems of Lennism," Stalin wrote:

"Since the time of the formation of the Soviet Republic, the states of the world have divided into two camps—the camp of Capitalism and the camp of Socialism.

"There is in the camp of Capitalism—national enmity and inequality, colonial slavery and chauvinism, national oppression and poverty, imperialistic brutalities and war.

"Here in the camp of Socialism—mutual confidence and peace and brotherly collaboration of peoples.

"The Soviet Power," Stalin continues, "is the most internationalistic of all the state organizations since it facilitates the amalgamation of the labouring masses of various nationalities into a single state union." Nor must we note in this world order under the dictation of Soviet Russia to come about of its own. Far be it for the Communist to sit back and wait. Rather he must use every means at his disposal to uncover and sharpen differences between the capitalistic powers. This particular activity of the Communist, Stalin defines as "one capable of setting in motion broad masses of people and mobilizing them into a great army—prepared to smash the reactionary forces and to clear the way for the advanced forces of Society Communism leaves absolutely to chance." Already, the Communist argues, the Capitalistic world has prepared its doom. The Capitalistic powers must inevitably destroy each other, so says the Communist. The First World War destroyed the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The Second brought England, which was long the financial and commercial mistress of the world, to a level dangerously close to

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that of a second-rate power. Today the United States stands forth as one of the strong Capitalistic states. If through internal strife and international divisions among the allied powers, the United States could be isolated, then the Communists have but to bide their time and choose the hour.

All is to be accomplished by the process of a cold and calculated reason. If Communist theory dictates war, then neither Malenkov nor any other single personality can forestall it. Communism plans to dictate the time, the hour, and the place.

The struggle will be in Stalin's words, but part of the series of "frightful collisions between the USSR and the outside world, stretching over a period of perhaps many years." The decisive battle he concludes, "may be deemed to have fully matured when all the classes sufficiently hostile to us have become entangled, are sufficiently at loggerheads with each other, have sufficiently weakened themselves in struggle which is beyond their strength. At this moment when the practical bankruptcy of the western bourgeois is exposed there will arise among the proletariat a mass sentiment in favour of supporting the most determined, supremely bold, and revolutionary action against the bourgeois. Then if we have chosen the moment rightly and correctly, and correctly gauged the circumstances, our victory is assured."

There are several factors, however, which must certainly forestall the communist world plans for a few years yet. First, the problem of geography. The USSR is by far the largest single nation of the world, occupying more than 1/6th of all the earth's surface, an area

of more than eight and a quarter million square miles. While the great land mass constitutes a formidable barrier to foreign invasion, it presents an even greater problem to the Soviet leader. To wield this great area into a single nation was one of Stalin's greatest problems. To hold it together will continue to be a problem for Malenkov. Transportation over this vast terrain is not nearly adequate. Over these millions of square miles some sort of economic unity must be maintained. Throughout this land-mass too has to be engendered permanent and national consciousness. These are problems that would stagger the minds of even the greatest general. In all of the satellite countries and to a lesser extent in Russia proper, there still exists the remnant of an urban middle class, consisting mainly of small traders, craftsmen, and small independent professionals. In the words of the Communists therefore, "The building of socialism has not yet been completed." The Communist regime is still engaged in a protracted struggle to destroy these groups who do not live by the State. To the simple economic and geographic problems there is thus added a political one. The recent outbursts in Eastern Germany show that perhaps this peculiar problem is far more than we believed. Judging by her present position therefore in Europe today, peace would certainly seem to be in the best interests of Russia. We can, with reasonable assurance, feel that Russia is sincere at the present moment. But let us not forget that peace with capitalism can be but a transitory condition, according to the teachings of the great Marxist theorists, Lenin and Stalin.

Warrant Officer La Pensee preparing to cast his ballot.

Left to right: F/C "Bib" Moore, P/O K. R. Cryderman (Deputy Returning Officer), F/L Dobson (RCAF Recruiting Unit, Winnipeg)—F/C Moore is receiving his ballot from the DRO.



Photos by Cpl. Larry Norton

Elections at RCAF Station, Winnipeg

IN CASE MANY of you were wondering what the little cubicle on the east side of the Drill Hall was for we have it on good authority that it was an official part of the voting mechanism for Station Winnipeg. It was, in fact, the polling booth, curtained off as at a regular civilian polling unit to ensure the full secrecy of the ballot.

Out of a possible 1085 registered on the nominal roll as qualified to vote on the station 452 actually turned out to exercise their franchise.



Photo by Sgt. S. Beaudoin

AI Kites Arrive . . .

Two wheels of the 2 ANS Flying Wing, Squadron Leader W. T. "Mike" Lewis, DFC, CD, OC Flying, left, and Flight Lieutenant K. "Ken" Norman, flight commander of the newly formed Aircraft Interception Flight, gleefully check the pile of paper that accompanied the first of the Mitchell aircraft to arrive at RCAF Station, Winnipeg in late August.

AI training of 2 ANS cadets is a new addition to the syllabus and active air instruction in this phase of navigator training is expected to begin by the middle of September.

GIS instructors and Mitchell pilots recently returned from an enjoyable stay in southern Texas, where they reviewed the USAF methods of this type of interception training.

The AI training will be given to the advanced students only and will be conducted in specially equipped Mitchell aircraft as shown in the above photo.

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Today In Sports . . .

ANOTHER SOFTBALL SEASON has come and gone, and the players of Station Winnipeg have hung up their cleats. All in all we had a lot of fun, to the victors go the spoils . . . but there is next year.

It is a truth in sport, that a team, regardless of the quality of its players, still needs support. We have a few dyed-in-the-wool fans who faithfully attend all our games, but what has happened to the majority?

We in the sports corner are not going to alibi for anyone, but a team has to have the support of the personnel of the station. A good cheering section helps as nothing else to put spirit into a game, and many a game has been won because the players knew that they had this support. Without this support a team tends to develop a couldn't-care-less attitude. So, come on gang, root for the home team, and then you will really see what they can do.

There is nothing like sports to keep the morale of a station on a good healthy level. We need your support to make the programme a success.

Congratulations must go out to Cpl. Campbell and his boys for the great showing they made this past season.

Line-Up:

Manager—	Coach—
LAW M. Dawson	Cpl. W. S. M. Campbell
Players—	
F/L J. Leach	F/O W. MacAlpine
F/O W. M. Palidwar	F/O B. Carss
F/C W. M. Kinloch	Cpl. "Bo" Beauchamp
Cpl. B. Croteau	LAC W. M. Balance
LAC H. Christensen	LAC Landsberg
LAC K. LaPointe	LAC "Mac" Mann
LAC D. McKiel	LAC M. Ulmer
AC2 "Junior" Alexander	Mr. B. Rebenak



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Photos by Cpl. Larry Norton
LAC Lou Gratton



LAC Harv Christensen,
centre field.



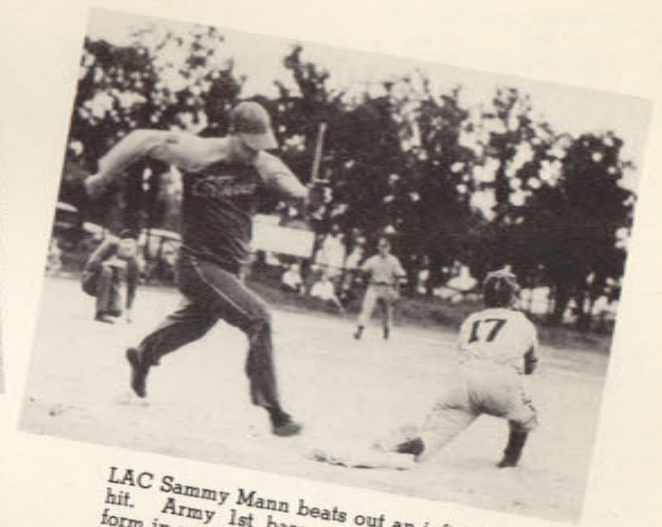
Cpl. Bruce Croteau
right field.



LAC Mel Ulmer,
1st base.



Umpire Mazur—Army batter is Tommy Ross getting a hit to right field—RCAF catcher is F/C Bill Kinloch.



LAC Sammy Mann beats out an infield hit. Army 1st baseman shows great form in reaching for the ball.



LAC John Landsberg,
2nd base.



F/O Bill Palidwar,
pitcher and centre field.



Brian Rebenak,
pitcher.



LAC Ken La Pointe,
pitcher.



F/C Bill Kinloch,
catcher.



LAC Sammy Mann covers home base and waits for throw from the RCAF catcher as an Army runner comes home.



AC1 J. Alexander,
left field.



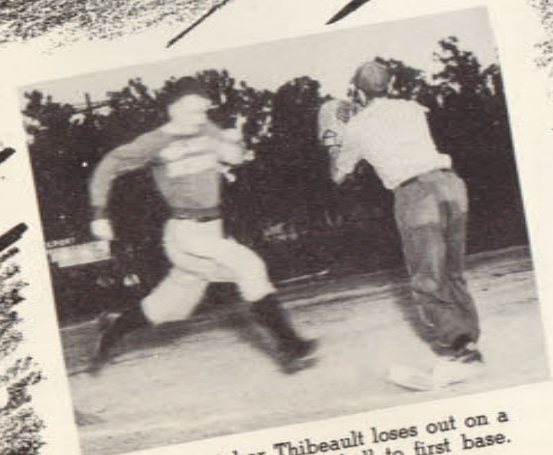
F/L Jack Leach,
short stop.



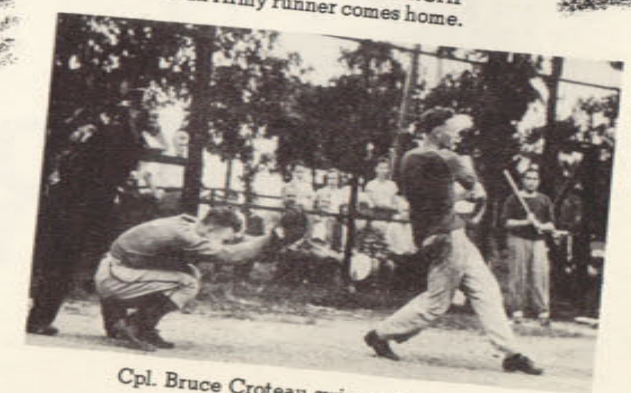
Cpl. Bill Campbell
(coach).



LAC Sammy Mann,
3rd base.



Army catcher Thibeault loses out on a close race with the ball to first base. 1st baseman LAC Mel Ulmer.



Cpl. Bruce Croteau swings at a pitch.

Peg Personality . . .

• Continued from Page 3

viciously around the tent flaps. Flight assures us that he does love nature, but in reasonable proportions.

Ron's Air Force diary reads almost like a geography text of Canada. Ottawa, Pat Bay, Sea Island, Vancouver, Winnipeg, are but a few of the places that Flight has seen while shunting from one station to another. Following a tour of duties overseas, including short periods at St. Athons, Wales, and at Hellington, Glasgow, Ron was finally returned to Canada in July 1945. In February 1946 he was put on an instructor's course at Aylmer and in one way or another managed to convince a board of officers that the Air Force would be advised to forego his services as an instructor.

Instead of serving as an instructor Flight was chosen for a transfer to Edmonton, there to act as a crewman on the AOC's aircraft. He kept very busy during this two and a half year period, escorting three successive AOC's to various parts of Canada, the Yukon, the North-West Territories, Alaska, and the USA. The highlight of all his experiences came with the Governor-General's visit to Western Canada. The AOC's plane was used, with Shipley along as crewman, to taxi Earl Alexander and party throughout western and northern areas of Canada. This was in the summer and fall of 1947-48. Finally, after a short period as a cadet instructor at Gimli, he was transferred to Trenton. While there he served with a demonstration detachment at the CNE, Toronto and Morgan's, Montreal. Ron was ultimately transferred to RCAF Station, Winnipeg.

Flight was first employed at 2 ANS with No. 4, No. 2 and No. 0 flights successively, and in April 1952 was sent over to the Trade Advancement Section, where he is at the present time. As any airman can tell you, whenever the time for the inevitable trade examination comes around Flight is indeed a friend. For anyone and everyone he has the same cheery smile. Much of his career success Ron attributes to his wife and children, who have always accompanied him on all his postings. Let us hope that he will have many more years of service to give to the Air Force. It certainly can do with a lot more of his calibre and personality.

Canada's Pride!



DREWRY'S



Photo by Cpl. Ken Gregg

A Farewell to Flight Lieutenant Vincent

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT VINCENT, the friend and personal counsellor to many at RCAF Station, Winnipeg, has recently left his post as Station Adjutant to take over a three-fold job in Ottawa as the Secretary of Current Planning, of the Budget Advisory, and of the Air Staff Committees. It certainly sounds as if Harry Vincent will be extremely busy at our nation's capital. In fact, Flying Officer Hope assures us that already Vincent is right into the thick of things. We can be sure, judging by the way that Vincent worked at Station Winnipeg, that he will never allow the grass to burn under his feet. He has an energy and a drive possessed by all too few. May we of the Voxair Staff, on the part of RCAF Station, Winnipeg, wish you and your family God-speed.



SEPTEMBER 1st will mark the transfer of one of our valued members from Station Winnipeg, F/L Sydney Foreman, Chaplain (Prot.), who will shortly be moving to RCAF Station, Gimli.

Coming to us from his parish in Quebec on October 1, 1952, the Padre has made a distinct contribution to the life of the station, and many who have made his acquaintance, in that period, will hear with regret of his transfer. Our best wishes go with F/L Foreman and his family to his new unit, and we hope he will find it possible to visit us from time to time.

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Photo by Cpl. Ken Gregg

WD's Report

By LAW Zawadiuk

FROM EAST AND WEST, North and South, 34 women from various parts of Canada have descended upon RCAF Station, Winnipeg. To us, it is our home. It has been six months since the first airwoman came to Winnipeg. From time to time during this period, it was suggested that we should attempt a column of our own. With the co-operation of everyone it should now be a success.

Under the careful tutelage and guidance of F/O Foote the girls have managed to start up one or two new activities. The thing that we are most proud of is the new women's canteen which we have had built

right in our living quarters. It makes a good place of relaxation for the girls and a change, at least, for the boys on Friday nights.

There were several items of recreation on the agenda for Spring and Summer. However, due to the inclement weather, many of these had to be cancelled. The girls' softball team managed to get in several good games during the season. Maybe if the weather-man will arrange for a couple of weeks of sunshine we will be able to go on that wiener roast we planned last June. (LAW Sawadiuk was correct when she said that it would probably be about 90 in the shade when her article was ready to go to press.)

Unless for some unforeseen circumstance RCAF Station, Winnipeg will be a busy place this fall and winter. I understand that we have been invited to join a skating class in downtown Winnipeg. Whether it is figure skating or plain skating you are interested in—this is our big chance. If you happen to be a basketball or badminton enthusiast, there will be plenty of opportunities as well. Remember, girls—that's one way to keep trim.

At present there is a glee club being organized on the station. Plans are getting under way as well for a dramatic club. Regardless of whether you can sing or act, come out anyway and give us your support.

For those who are more culturally minded, there will be civilian instructors sent out from the University of Manitoba or some other place close by to teach French and German. Are you hoping for that overseas' posting? Well, here is your opportunity to learn how to say "Gusundheit" and "Comment ca va," and at Air Force expense.

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1st Row—F/C Senecal, APO Hilton, APO Batchelor, F/C Thomas, APO Maekrey, F/L Abercrombie, APO Bliss, F/C Meyer, APO Davies, APO Brown.
2nd Row, Standing—APO Rowe, F/C Gross, F/C Huguenard, APO Brennan, APO Rundle, F/C Lamour, F/C Dom, F/C St. Paul, APO Ward, APO Webb, F/C Madec, F/C Banner, APO Cleverly.

- G. BANNER**
His behaviour will fool you,
It's so peculiar;
We call it (for simplicity)
Excentricity.
- J. C. BATCHELOR (BATCH)**
He longed to be a fighter ace,
But started at too hot a pace;
He bagged two Harvards in two hops,
He couldn't wait to get on Ops.
- G. BLISS (GEORGE)**
Where ignorance is bliss,
It's folly to be wise—
But his vitality is inversely to his size.
- A. BROWN (TONY)**
Jazz will make this fellow move,
If it's strictly in the groove;
He's fond of bop and Venvor, too,
Nothing's good unless it's blue.
- A. J. CLEVERLY (CLEB)**
He staggered back; he slumped against the door,
B and A had dropped his score;
His average had dropped, what's more,
To a mediocre 94.
- P. DONN (PAUL)**
He's quite the tallest fellow here,
He breathes the higher atmosphere;
Beyond the pillow lies his head,
His feet project beyond the bed.
- E. P. DAVIS (PETE)**
Pete's our worthy COC,
A great man with authority;
But he survived the acid test,
And drank his beer cup with the rest.
- R. G. GROSS (ROGER)**
Between you and me,
We know that he
Had a girl in
Calgary.
- B. HILTON (BRIAN)**
He springs from the bed, and in a shake
He's washed and back and wide awake;
In two shakes more he's through the door—
He's tied his shoes the night before.
Through tired eyes we see him go;
He's quite the lad, we know.
- C. HUGUENARD (CHRISTIAN)**
In all the course the quietest guy,
We often used to wonder why;
He seems to be very shy,
Perhaps there's more than meets the eye.
- G. LAMON (GUY)**
In an after-dinner battle,
This giant, broad and tall,
This fair and friendly Frenchman
Fell through the class-room wall.

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2nd Row, Standing—APO Ward, F/C Molicard, F/C Serin, APO Wright, F/C Lucas, APO Waddle, F/C Jacquet, APO Kimmons, F/C Aubanel, APO Carpenter, F/C Faure, APO Coutts, F/C Girardin, F/C Anglade, APO Codling.

ROGER ANGLADE

A cheerful chap with a beaming smile,
He never saddens for more than a while;
But a thirst for some fun,
Has led him a run,
Round the gym for mile after mile.

CLAUDE AUBANEL

His epistles are many, his ardour great,
But he's made if replies are late;
Music at night is a great delight,
Do Ravel and Dizie really mix right?

MALCOLM BEARD (BUD)

Except that his only interest in dames,
Was perusing the pictures in Look.
Bud, though known by various names,
Has the nearest we've known to Farouk.

JAMES CARPENTER (JIM)

Born in the West with an adventurous turn,
His eyes don't allow him a woman to spurn;
They stick out on poles and follow the course
Of a damsel in progress, her better and worse.

ANDRE CLARET (ADMIRAL)

John Player's, main source of income,
Export and Cap's too;
To the Officers' Mess he'll give you a welcome,
And teach your own language to you.

JOHN CODLING (HOLLY)

Born too late to participate,
It's a Bevin boy at the pithead gate;
This lord of the pit has buried his head—
No coal, alas, to find, but rest instead.

DONALD COUTTS (DON)

Some say he's stagnant; that we couldn't prevent—
But we hear he'll be home for the blessed event.

MARCEL FAURE (COLLEQUE)

His vocal chords vie with his zither,
He and his dumbbells are always together;
In English, as in French, his accents are a beaut,
And some of his phrases exceptionally cute.

JACQUES GIRARDIN (TOTE)

Is he not a fine healthy fellow?
Though his voice is not weak it does not bellow.
Recently taken to a quiet weekend,
We suspect that a girl has started a trend.

CHARLES HILL (CHAS)

Does Alf Kinsey mention
A fellow like Chas is?
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Still after the lasses.

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Stalin and Malenkov

MALENKOV has succeeded to the mantle of power, but can he ever truly take the place of Stalin, who was in truth a sort of god incarnate to his people? We will see part of the reason for this if we examine for a moment a few facts of his history.

Rising from the ranks of the Georgian peasantry, from the son of a most Christian mother, Stalin was first intended for the priesthood of the Russian Orthodox Church. Caught up in several of the revolutionary movements sweeping across the Russian universities at the time, the young Stalin began to feel that it was destiny, not to lead men to god, but rather to wrest the destiny and control of Russia from the csars and their oppression.

Very early in his career Stalin became a disciple of Lenin. From that time on his success as a leader of the Russian people was assured. In the field of foreign policy alone the Russian people recognize in Stalin the greatest statesman of all times. Not only did he win back for them all that the csars had ever possessed, but won as well those territories ceded to Finland in 1905. Estonia, Lithuania and Latvia were recovered in 1918. All the five Russias, including the most coveted Ukraine, were ultimately added to the vast Russian domain. For the first time in history all the Eastern Slavs were at last united under a single man.

A perhaps even greater field in which Stalin was to distinguish himself was in the military. Actually before he could pursue this field he had first of all to secure for himself a complete and absolute power over the government. He had already purged the major contenders for power. Now he was to complete the job. In March 6, 1946 the world received the surprising news that Stalin had personally taken over the presidency of Council of the Peoples Commisars. He had, by this single stroke become the supreme and, in fact the only director of all Russian policy. For twenty long years he had been a communist theorist, a student and disciple of Lenin, the author of Russia's five-year plans. Like the great master Lenin, he had been found worthy in the eyes of all Russians, both high and low, to take over the undisputed control of all Russia. It was but a question of time before he was made supreme commander of all the armed forces of the Soviet Union.

Stalin's masterful defence of Leningrad is now legend. This had become the battlefield on which, Stalin and the Russians chose to believe, the outcome of the war was really decided. For the Russian people this victory marked the beginning of Hitler's defeat. From that moment Stalin and the people of the Soviet were convinced that the Soviet Union alone had conquered the strongest enemy in all history. The great third Reich lay crumbling at his feet. Russian foreign policy changed from that moment on.

As a reward for his brilliant military successes Stalin received an honour from the Russian people previously held by one other man—Suvorov. This great man, the greatest military commander and hero of Russian history, had been invested with the title of Generalissimo. With due solemnity that title was now bestowed upon Stalin in the name of the Soviet people. His deification was but a short way off. Neither Malenkov nor any other man could possibly succeed to the affec-

• Continued on Inside Back Cover

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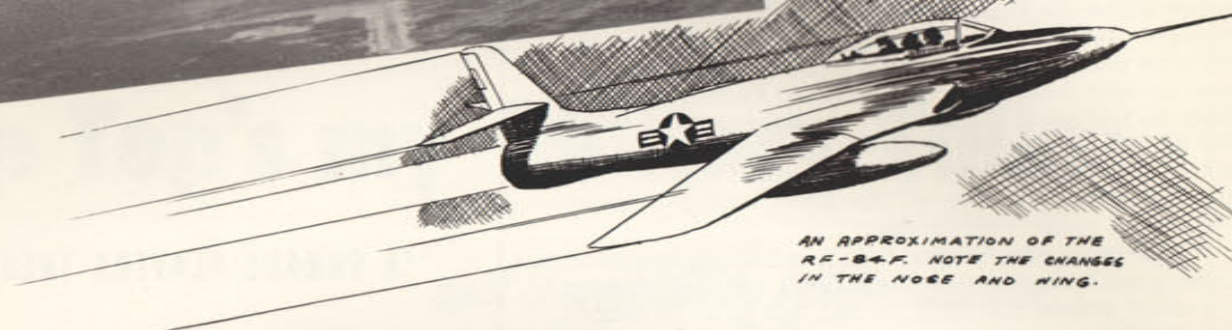
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General Information on the Thunderstreak (F-84F)
 Type—Single-seat fighter/fighter-bomber.
 Span—33 feet, 6 inches.
 Length—43 feet, 4 inches.
 Height—14 feet, 4 inches (at rudder tip).
 Speed—600 miles an hour plus.
 Combat Radius—Not disclosed, but exceeds F-84G, which with external tanks is more than 1,000 miles.
 Service Ceiling—45,000 feet plus.
 Armament—Six .50 caliber machine guns, plus externally mounted rockets, bombs and napalm.
 Power—Wright Sapphire J-65 turbojet engine developing 7200 pounds of thrust.

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This sleek new fighter's performance far exceeds that of the Thunderjet, which is known for its toughness and its ability to carry out a wide range of low-level missions and still rise to intercept enemy fighters.

Although much of the F-84F's performance data is classified, it is listed as a plane of more maneuverability and higher speed than the Thunderjet. Its primary mission is as a fighter-bomber, but its high performance and versatility make it a highly desirable plane for interception and escort missions.

Military security makes it impossible to describe the Thunderstreak's speed except by saying that it is much faster than the 600-mile-an-hour-class Thunderjet.

The same is true for range—the F-84F far exceeds the 1,000-mile combat radius of the Thunderjet.

In addition to its normal armament of six .50 caliber machine guns and ammunition, the "F" can carry a greater external armament and fuel load than the Thunderjet. Four machine guns are mounted in the nose of the fuselage and one in each wing root.

The "F" is also equipped with in-flight refueling equipment and will be capable of operations similar to the ocean-hopping performances of its predecessor model, the F-84G.

The first test model of the "F"—then called the YF-86A—was equipped with a 5200-pound-thrust Allison engine. It was designed and financed by Republic under a stringent government economy program in which US Air Force development funds were extremely limited. It first flew in June 1950. With the Korean conflict, more adequate funds for development and procurement, and the need for even higher performing fighters, prompted USAF to authorize Republic to convert the design to take a new, more powerful engine which had been designed by the English firm, Armstrong Siddeley, Ltd. It was then in production in England.

This new power plant, named the Sapphire and designated J-65 by the Air Force, produces 7200 pounds thrust and is being manufactured by Wright Aeronautical and the Buick Division of General Motors Corporation. It is one of the most powerful jet engines entering operational service today.

The first Sapphire-powered F-84F prototype was flown at Edwards AFB in the spring of 1951.

The Thunderstreak has notably clean, sleek lines. It is a mid-wing type of aircraft with wings and tail swept back at an angle of 40 degrees. A new feature in the "F" is its flared-back canopy, designed to blend into the rear half of the fuselage. The canopy provides better pilot visibility and adds more streamlining for speed.

The plane has a fully pressurized cockpit and automatic air conditioning. It is flush riveted, specially treated for skin smoothness, and all radio and armament are internally concealed so that external surfaces are completely free from protusions except, of course, when bombs, rockets, and napalm are slung under the wings. The plane has under-the-wing tanks for extra fuel load and has a jettisonable canopy and a pilot ejection seat to provide emergency exit at high speeds.

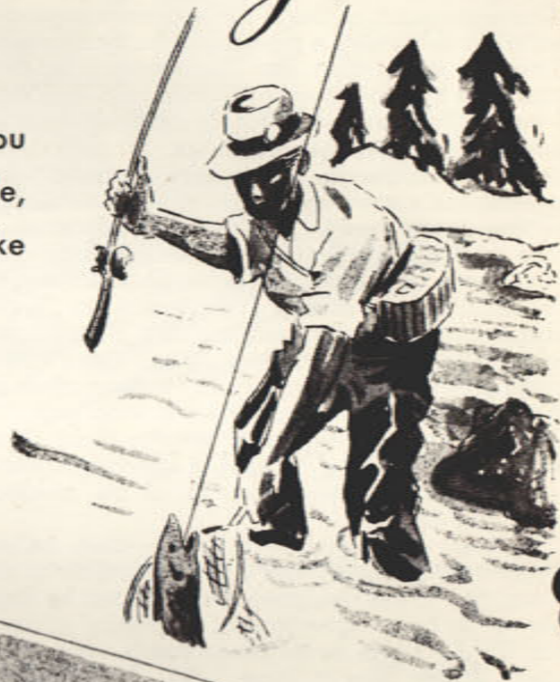
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• Continued from page 29

tion and worship reserved for Stalin alone in the hearts of the Russian people. "It might be said," as Time magazine has so aptly phrased it, "that the new rulers have inherited with the empire created by Stalin all the strains and stresses of the giant structure. They did not and could not inherit the cement of Stalin's myth."

At the time of Stalin's death, Communist leaders throughout the world hesitated even to think of Malenkov or any other single individual as Stalin's true successor. Not a voice was heard to shout: "Stalin is dead, long live Malenkov!" Molotov did not even so much as mention Malenkov's name. Beria, in his single reference to Malenkov identified him as only the talented pupil of Lenin and the faithful comrade-in-arms of Stalin. Even this meagre tribute was an exaggeration of the facts. Far from having been a pupil of Lenin's, 51-year-old Georgi Malenkov had taken no part in Lenin's 1917 revolution or the bloody civil war that followed. According to the official Soviet account, Malenkov joined the party at the age of 18 but in fact had prudently sat on the side lines for two years, 1918-1920, and took no active part in the struggle even though the Red Army occupied his home town at Orensburg of Urals.

Nor is the Soviet press doing anything to glorify Malenkov's past. As a further indication of Malenkov's weak position today in the Soviet, Malenkov was not once named in the series of May Day slogans, which in the past have been such a powerful instrument in the glorification of a Soviet leader. Finally Malenkov has relinquished the key position as General Secretary of the Communist Party in the U.S.S.R. Beria, until one month ago, posed a very serious threat to Malenkov's

rule in Russia. But Laventi took one step too far, if we interpret Pravda correctly. Probably upon Malenkov's dictation Pravda encribed the following epitaph: "The incontrovertible facts show that Beria lost the character of a Communist. That he had become transformed into a bourgeois degenerate, that he became in fact an agent of international imperialism."

Malenkov thus has solved one of his problems. But he has one very great hurdle to surmount if he is ever to be recognized as the leader of the world-wide Communist Party. This is Mao-Tse Tung, the leader of China's millions. The only man since Stalin himself to achieve a world revolution, sincere Mao now ranks ideologically as the world's No. 1 red. Mao is an extremely ambitious Communist leader, with not a little scorn for the hot-house variety of Communist, for as such does he regard Malenkov. As long as Malenkov heads the Kremlin Mao will almost assuredly put Chinese interests before those of Russia.

It would have been interesting to see what Stalin would have done in the present circumstances. With Malenkov at the helm, however, it is not very likely that Russia will pursue a very aggressive foreign policy. Stalin was, as we have seen, not only a great theorist in the direct line of the Communist greats, Marx and Lenin, nor yet the greatest general of Russian history, but something very little less than a god incarnate in whom the proletariat could put their unqualified trust. Malenkov has neither the myth or the mystique of his predecessor Stalin. Time alone will tell whether Malenkov can ever win even a fraction of the esteem of the Russian people that seemed to be reserved for Stalin alone.

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