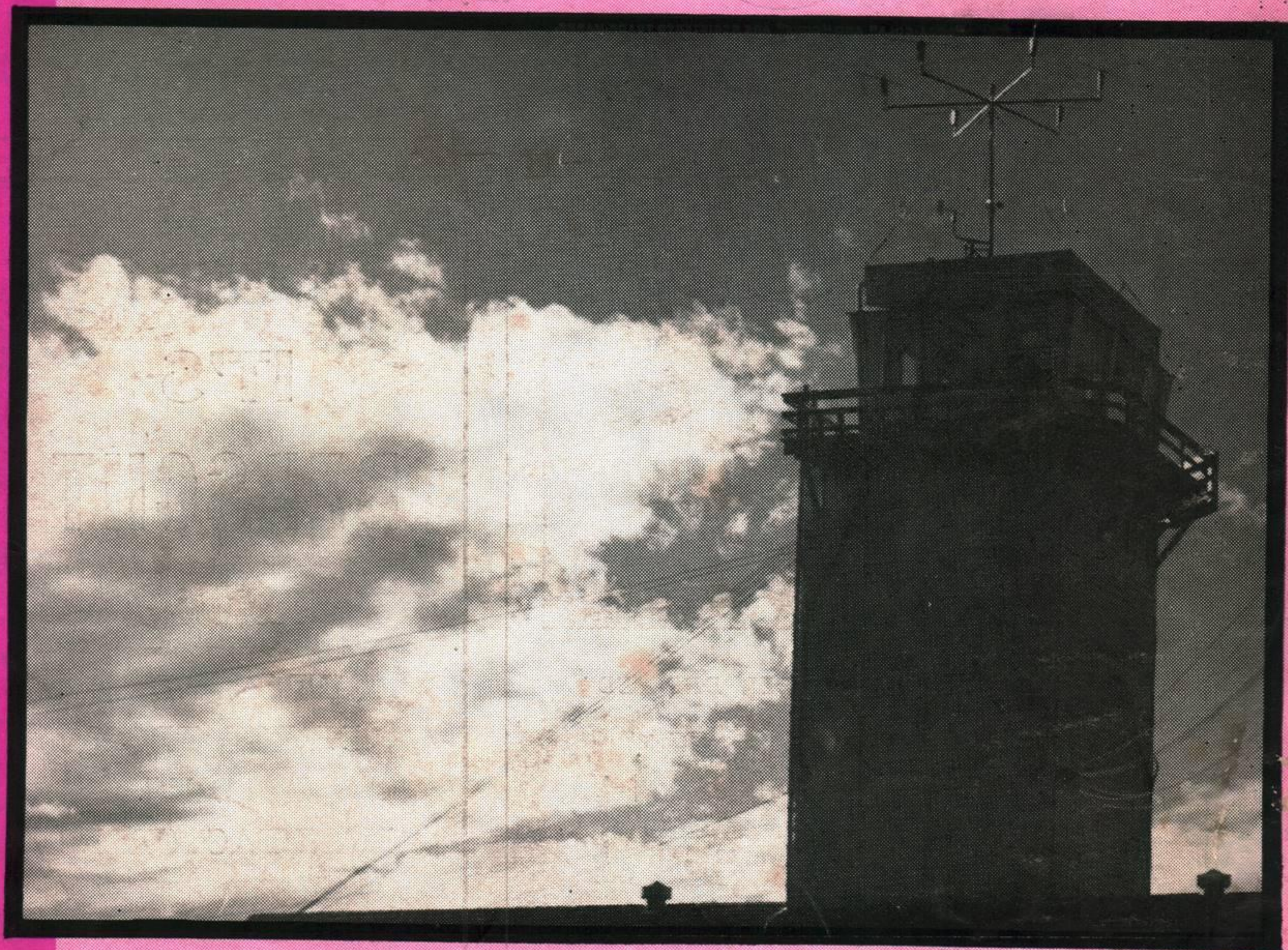


THE CENTRAL ALBERTA

Wings News



Published jointly by R. C. A. F., Penhold and No. 703 Wing, R. C. A. F. A.

January 1955



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JANUARY, 1955

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Editorial

AS we enter a new year, the Publishing Committee of the magazine look back on a year of progress. If a copy of the January 1954 issue is compared with a copy of the December 1954 issue the march forward is apparent. For Air Force Day the committee produced a souvenir programme magazine of high calibre which was well received by our visitors of that day last June.

Looking forward, the Publishing Committee have still the same aims and objectives in mind—to produce a monthly magazine that will give a faithful account of the Station's activities as they occur and, on the other hand, to keep the reading public informed about **their** Air Force, one of our major aims, as a proper understanding of the Air Force's everyday work cannot be fully appreciated unless we are able to tell John Citizen what we are doing.

We, at Penhold, are proud of our relationship with the nearby city of Red Deer—about the best in Canada—and we feel that this is a worthwhile attainment; the help that we have received from the business people of Red Deer in buying advertising space has enabled us to produce this magazine, and in return we wish to keep you informed of what we do as the days pass, through the columns of this paper.

In 1955 we hope to give you an even better line-up on Air Force matters which we feel you should know and thus help keep alive the fine relationship we have with you, the citizens of Red Deer.

Aviation Round-Up

By F/O CLAY BIRD

To those who feel in any way endeared to the British aircraft industry, because of the wonderful aircraft developed and brought into service by that industry for the decade of 1935 to 1945, it is particularly gratifying to read of the continually wider and more enthusiastic acceptance of British products by world aviation.

This feeling is enhanced by the knowledge that during the war years all civil aviation development in Great Britain came to a complete halt. Every engineer, factory and workman was dedicated to the production of war planes, whereas the development and production of transport type aircraft were left to the U.S.A. exclusively owing to the national emergency created by the absolute necessity for producing, first, Spitfires and Hurricanes in order to survive at all, and later Mosquitoes, Lancasters and Halifaxes, with which to strike back.

Thus, when the war finally came to an end, the British aircraft industry found itself very much behind the eight ball so far as civilian aircraft were concerned in comparison with the U.S.A. Not only were production lines not geared to civilian production, but development of new types also was six years behind the U.S.A. The problem was tackled with typical British energy and resourcefulness. First of all, the best heavy bomber of the war, the Lancaster, was modified to a civilian transport version termed the York. While this aircraft was no standout in its field, it helped to fill the bill while new types were being developed. As a matter of fact a number of Yorks are still flying.

Most notable among the new developments was the deHavilland Comet, the first production jet airliner. This aircraft was remarkable in many ways, and now that the cause of the two disastrous accidents near Italy have been determined, we may expect to see the improved versions, the Comet 3's, come into full service. As a matter of interest, the U.S.A. did not get a jet airliner into the air for five years following the Comet's test flight. Another extremely successful aircraft, although a military type, is

the English Canberra. Indeed, this aircraft was so successful that it was adopted by the U.S.A.F. with only minor modifications.

Vickers Viscounts are flying for Britain, France, Canada, Ireland, Australia, and now Capitol Airlines in the U.S.A. have purchased no less than sixty of them. This one purchase by an American airline has given British producers a real shot in the arm, and American producers have been shaken more than somewhat.

The latest tribute to the industry of the Old Country is that a number of British engines are being considered by American operators for installation in American airplanes. These are the Rolls Royce Dart and the Napier Eland. However, in spite of all the achievements of the past nine years, there is one field in civil aviation in which British industry has, so far, failed to catch up. That is in the commercial production of heavy carriers, in the class of the DC6 and DC7 and the Super Constellation. The new Comet III will, to a degree, overcome this deficiency and, if development continues at its present pace, it should not be too long before the British aircraft industry will be able to supply any type of aircraft desired, with competitive or superior performances.

The road in 1945 looked to be a long, uphill one, and now, in 1955, it appears that the top of the hill is in sight.

On December 17, 1903, Orville Wright made the first sustained controlled flight in a heavier-than-air machine when he flew 120 feet in 12 seconds (a fair breeze was blowing.)

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The Control Tower of Station Penhold against some interesting cloud effects.

Our thanks to Foto-Arts Studio for the excellent picture of City Park and the Courthouse shown in our section on Red Deer in the December issue of the Central Alberta Air News.

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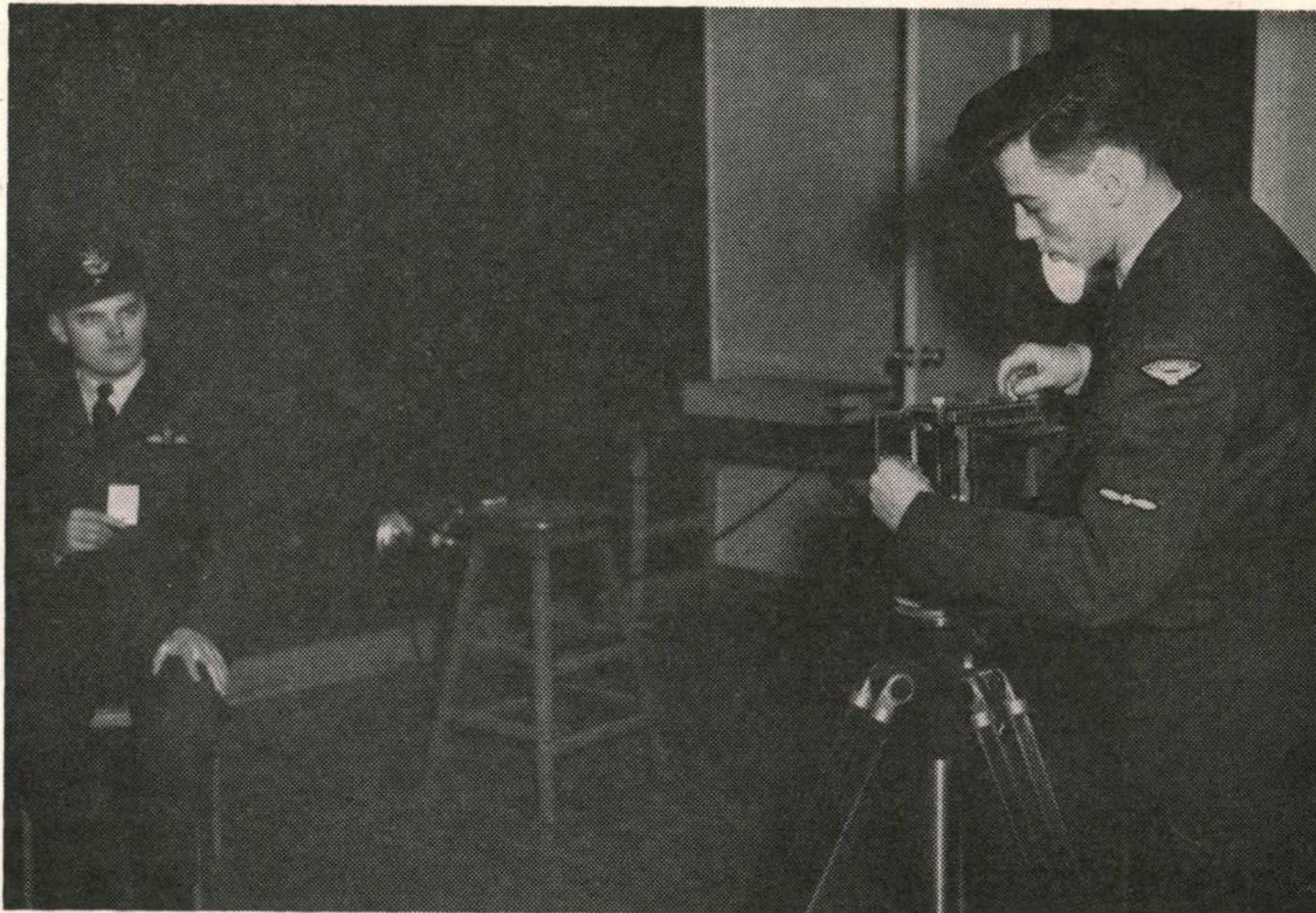
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Personality of the Month . . .

LAC A. G. SINCLAIR

LAC A. G. (Al) Sinclair, who is here depicted in the course of his daily duties, is one of the two members of the Photographic Section of Station Penhold. Al joined the R.C.A.F. in February 1952, and after lingering for a time at St. Jean, P.Q., went to Rockcliffe for several months for contact training. A course at Camp Borden followed and then a stretch, if we may use the term, at Trenton. He arrived at Penhold in July, 1953, and has been busily snapping pictures ever since. LAC Sinclair was born in Yorkton, Sask., cleverly moving to Victoria at the age of eight. He doesn't care for the prairie generally, but he likes Station Penhold, he says, and is not at all eager for a posting.



His work consists of tasks with the Station Publishing Committee, Public Relations chores, pictures of Station activities for the record, accident and unserviceability pictures and aerial shots. Al likes to use his imagination and creative talents, and for this reason he prefers Public Relations work. He made his mark last September in making the highest score in Canada in his trade

examinations and is now, we note, eligible for his corporal's hooks. Although he hopes to have a photography shop of his own eventually, he thinks he would enjoy press work as well.

In the accompanying shot, LAC Sinclair is shown making an identification picture for Station records.

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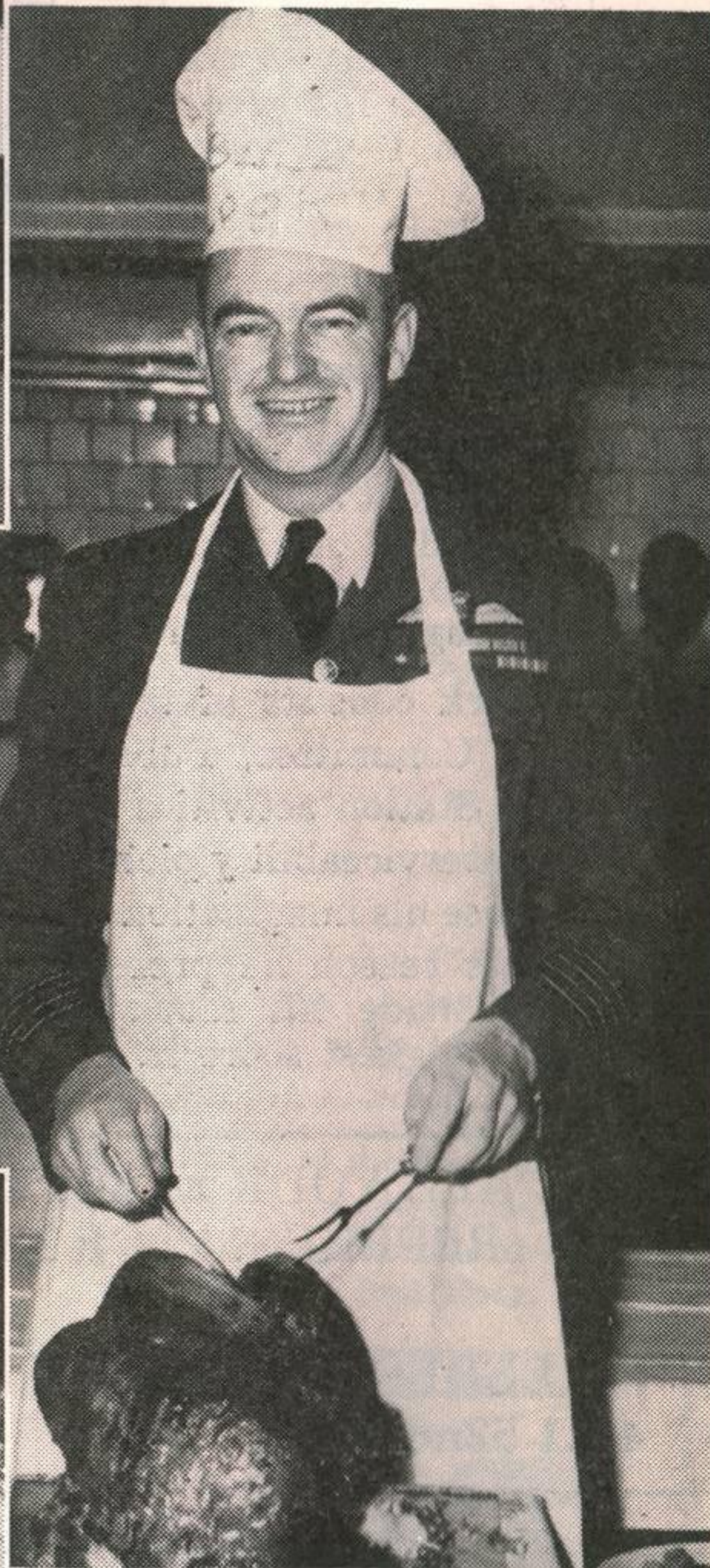
Official Station Penhold Bow Tie

The Festive Season

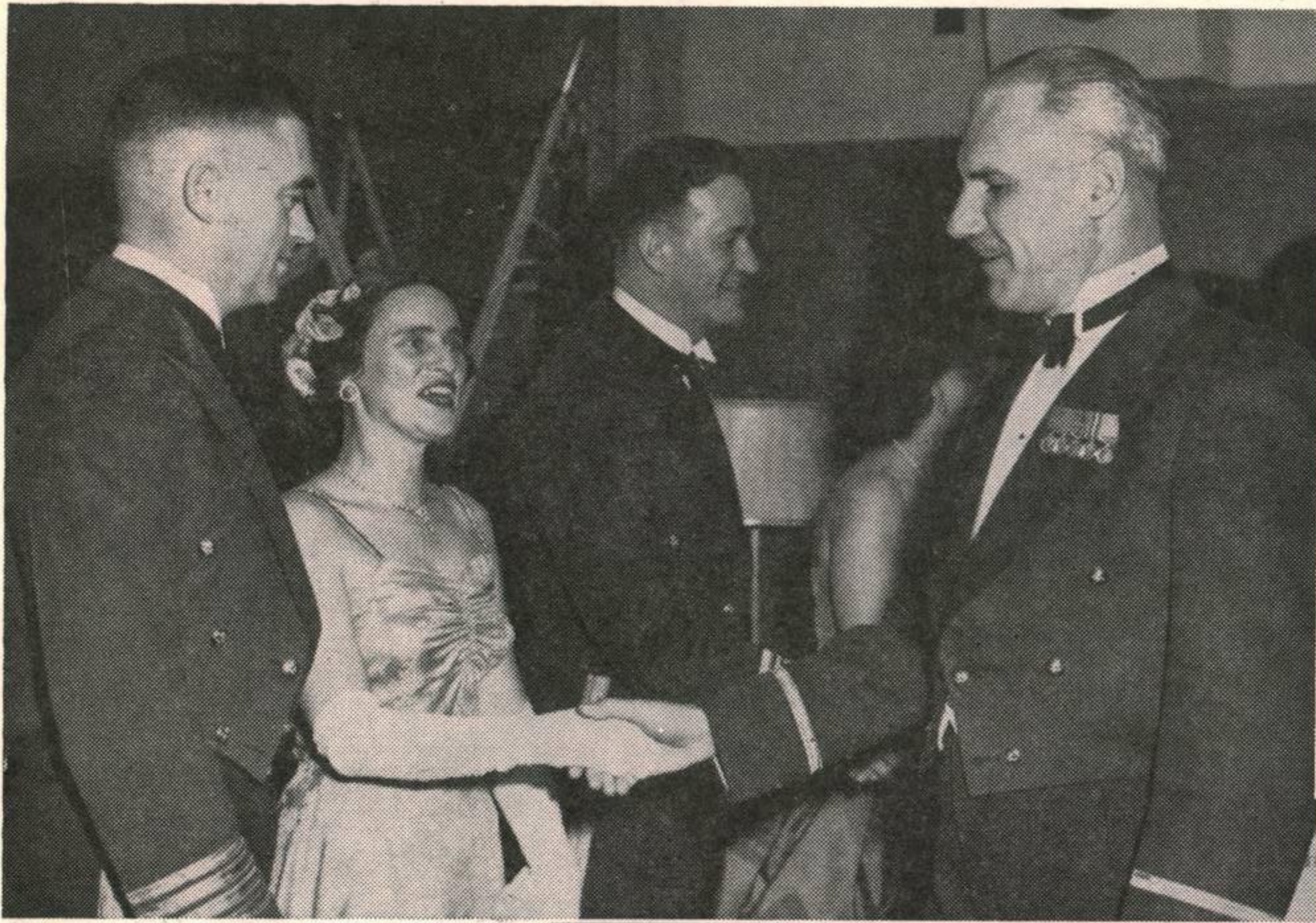


Balloon bursting time on New Year's Eve in the Corporals' Club. A good time was had by all.

Group Captain Martyn assumes the post of Chief Cook and Turkey Carver at the annual serving of Christmas dinner in the Airmen's Mess by the officers of Station Penhold.



Open house to the officers in the Sergeants' Mess on New Year's Day—a little co-operative melody.



Group Captain and Mrs. M. P. Martyn and Squadron Leader and Mrs. W. C. Christmas greet guests in the receiving line in the Officers' Mess on New Year's Eve. On the right, resplendent, is F/O F. Baily.

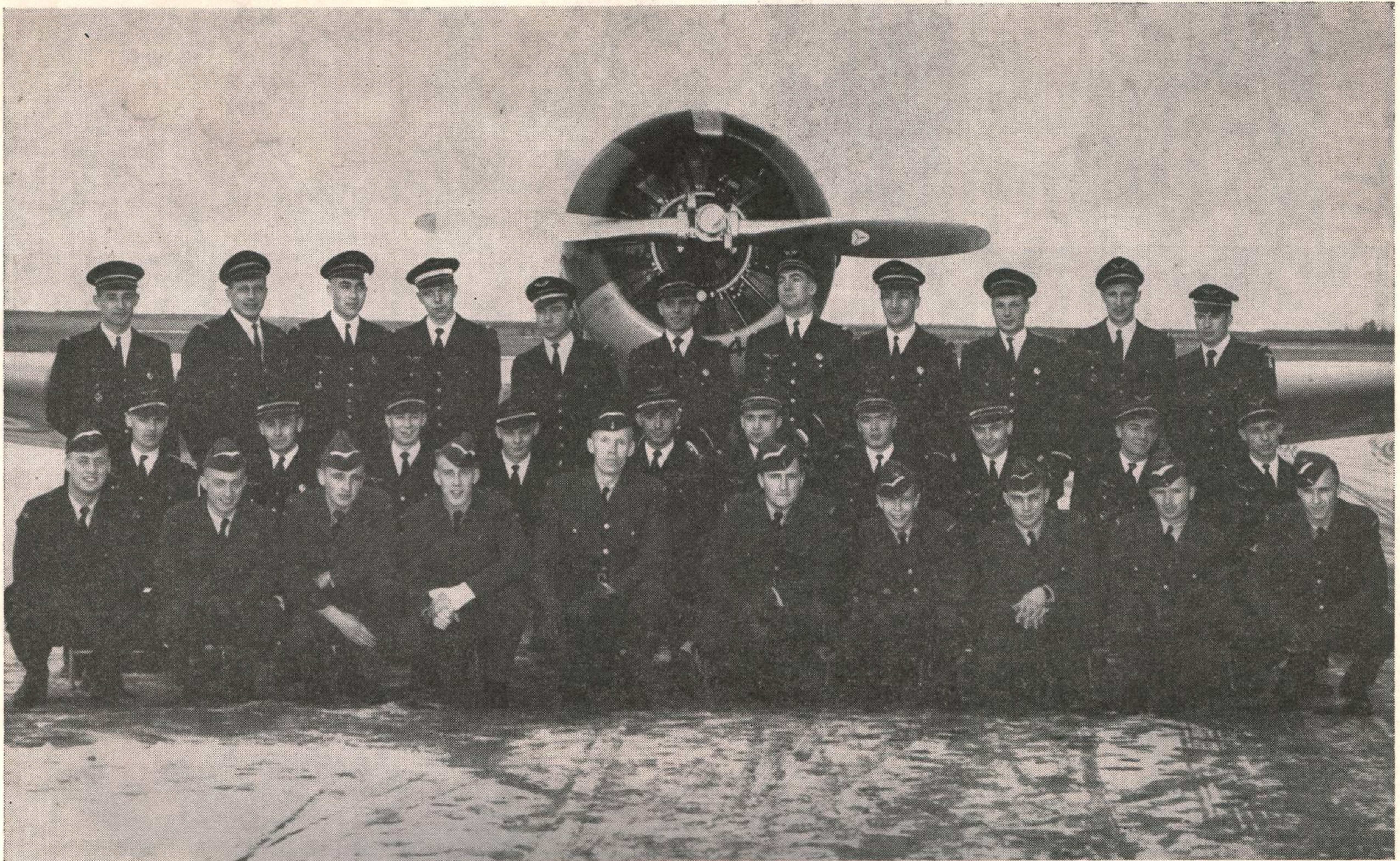
A fine bit of culinary artistry by the Officers' Mess Staff for the New Year's Eve dance.



A friendly party in the Sergeants' Mess on New Year's Eve.

GRADUATING COURSE 5405

Page Six



Back—2nd. Lt. Ploix, 2nd. Lt. Narjoux, 2nd. Lt. Lebegue, Lieut. Monnier, Sgt. Le Bouteiller, 2nd. Lt. Lesne, 2nd. Lt. Choplin, 2nd. Lt. Mermet, 2nd. Lt. Fourcault, Sgt. Planchais, Sgt. Van Wilder.

Centre—Sgt. Coiffard, 2nd. Lt. Valade, Sgt. Patrolin, Sgt. Fouyet, Sgt. Poisson, 2nd. Lt. Fleury, 2nd. Lt. Bertin, 2nd. Lt. Frapier, Sgt. Mauviel, Sgt. Landy

Front—F/C Haugland, F/C Jorgensen, F/C Moe, F/C Nygaard, F/C Tillotson, F/C Linstead, F/C Smith, F/C Bertrand, F/C Roberts, F/C Martin.

Graduating Course 5405

F.O. C. P. BLAKER (Course Director)

A native of "God's Country" is 5405's devoted and long-suffering Course Director. Originally from Belleville, Ontario, he trained on Ansons at Centralia, then on to Yarmouth, N.S., for 18 months, later flying operationally on Liberators during World War II. Taking over from F/O Goodfellow (currently 5405's Acting Flight Commander) during the Course's eighth week on the Station, he has proved himself more than capable of coping with the various problems with which he has been called upon to deal in his post as Course Director. But at least, it has not been all work and no play, and it is the course's earnest hope that F/O Blaker, with his rich and amply colourful vocabulary and his zealous sampling of fine wine, beer, cognac and various mixtures thereof, has enjoyed the parties which we have had occasion to hold during our thirty-seven weeks at Penhold as much as we have enjoyed having him. We need only add that every member of "B" Flight (Course 5405) recognizes and is genuinely appreciative of the continuing active effort which he has extended on our behalf.

F.C. P. H. LINSTEAD (R.C.A.F.)

Paul, who calls Niagara Falls home, is a veteran of more weeks at Penhold than he cares to count, through having been recoured earlier due to an unfortunate flight-room mishap that cost him a broken arm. Now completely mended, his chief wish is to be moving on to 2 A.F.S. Portage. His future aims are for a posting to a Sabre squadron overseas, plus the opportunity to sample genuine German Schapps first hand.

F.C. G. M. MARTIN (R.C.A.F.)

Garth, formerly a student at the University of Alberta, and hailing from Lacombe, is a loyal native son. He maintains that there is nothing wrong with Alberta weather that the passage of a chinook won't cure. His vowed ambition is to go on to Saskatoon and the "Heavies."

F.C. SVEIN HAUGLAND (R.Nor.A.F.)

"Curly" was rather famous around Bergen, Norway, chasing herring for a couple of years prior to joining the Air Force. He now chases Harvards, and says that's much more fun. Svein is the "heavy type" so his desire is to ride "Heavies" after graduation.

F.C. KJELL JORGENSEN (R.Nor.A.F.)

"Jorgie" is from Oslo, Norway, and in his "younger days" he sailed the seven seas. Kjell was a jet-technician until he discovered that it was more fun to fly these things than to repair them. He certainly has the spirit to be a real jet-jockey.

LT. B. A. MONNIER (F.A.F.)

As he is the only officer, or rather the only one considered as such on our course, our deep sense of duty forbids any criticism. However, though criticism would be easy, perfection is difficult, isn't it, sir? 180 hours have shown the mutual influence between Harvard and Monnier. Although not of the same colour, Monnier laughs exactly like a Harvard on Energize. Consumption of fuel is about the same, 22 gallons per hour, though one is gas and the other beer.

F.C. TOR NYGAARD (R.Nor.A.F.)

Tor, from Oslo, Norway, got his name from the ancient Norwegian god, Tor, known as "The Ruler of the Sky," and so far he hasn't brought shame on his name. Tor was also a jet-technician for two years before he decided to jockey jets instead. He is rather famous for his relations with the Royal Cat and Mouse Patrol.

SGT. P. A. Y. LeBOUTEILLER (F.A.F.)

Likes to come in with his wheels up on final on runway 16, when 11 is in use. The correct pronunciation of his name has always been aimed at but never achieved by the instructors in "B" Flight. Loves the Rockies, and had plenty of time to enjoy them during his additional days of mid-term leave.

2nd-Lt. J. A. LESNE (F.A.F.)

The most experienced night flier of our flight, "Plouck" has been honoured all along the course as official cartoonist; also was top student in ground school navigation (Oh, the irony of fate!) Disdaining danger, he even tried a flapless night landing. The rest of the story is to be continued. Came back from Tia-Juana with dubious scars on his face.

SGT. J. L. F. R. POISSON (F.A.F.)

"The Fish," whose place of birth is Nantes, former capital of Piracy, doesn't seem to know that privateering days are gone forever, otherwise he would never have tried to take twenty dollars out of a poor Limey for a junk dealer's radio set. His graceful antics on skates recently brought a little bit of fun into our lives. The ice is hard to sit on, isn't it, Sarge? Like a few others, he went through a few schools to find out that his right place is in the Air Force.

SGT. J. PATROLIN (F.A.F.)

Pat, the Sweet Kid, was born in Briarres Sur Essone, right in the centre of France. Anyway, that's what he says. This unpredictable character came back from Mexico on his mid-term leave with an incredible story of snowy trails in British Columbia to excuse his late arrival at base. Heaven help his poor room-mates who have had to listen to Charmaine a few thousand times. What about the girl next door, Pat?

SGT. M. LANDY (F.A.F.)

Another Parisian, a very nervous one at that, who was employed as a fitter before joining the Air Force. For some unknown reason, he likes to mix up right and left in the circuit. His daily early bottle of Coke has become for him an absolute necessity.

2nd-Lt. P. J. VALADE (F.A.F.)

The quietest member of the course, he certainly made lots of noise with his final ground school marks. We understand that he is passionately in favor of Franco-Swedish friendship. He loves Carmen, too, but we don't know why. A very "quiet" specialist in Meteorology, we are all well aware of the brewing storm.

SGT. M. J. COIFFARD (F.A.F.)

Born in France, he has spent over five years in Agadir, Morocco. Noted for being extremely absent-minded, he likes Hollywood, and especially the spots where he left all his money. Takes it very easy, but to date he has been unable to translate his favourite expression into English, "L'homme qui se frappe est un brute."

SGT. R. P. PLANCHAIS (F.A.F.)

"Hirondelle" (the Swallow) has now flown more than four hundred hours, not counting his time on model aircraft. Born in Paris, we do not know how or where he acquired the habit of collecting junk. We have been told that in the drawers of his closet there is enough wire, aluminum alloy, nuts, bolts and washers to build a brand new Harvard. Would like to fly jets, if possible, but is willing to fly anything able to go aloft by its own means.

2nd-Lt. R. FRAPIER (F.A.F.)

"Tantinettes," a real Parisian, loves flowers, music and perfumes, but hates to fly after Bastille Day. We won't say anything about his private life—the book isn't big enough to hold it all!

SGT. C. R. VAN WILDER (F.A.F.)

"Gros," our muscleman, got mixed up in a five-mile race between Red Deer and Penhold on Christmas night at 3:00 a.m. and twenty below, on foot and without his coat. He explained later that he had taken a lot of antifreeze, and we believe it. Went to Mexico, too, and came back wriggling Mambo like an exotic dancer. For his own reasons, he is taking a new interest in American chemistry.

(Continued on Page 8)

F.C. W. S. ROBERTS (R.C.A.F.)

Bill hails from Hamilton, Ontario, which he vehemently insists is not a suburb of Toronto. Wedding bells are in the offing for him in a few short months, following completion of training at A.F.S. After that, Bill hopes for a posting to Europe for himself and his English bride-to-be.

F.C. A. R. SMITH (R.C.A.F.)

Originally from the "Bluenose" province of Nova Scotia, Al now claims Scarborough, Ontario, as his home. "Smitty," as he is equally well known, is noted for such diverse things as his flashing wit, his expert bluffing when the occasion demands, and his unique, super-sensitive (blue) nose, with which he can smell such things as fresh celery anywhere in the neighborhood. In his more serious moments, he looks forward to the time when he may well find himself flying Sabres out of Chatham, N.B., not far from his birthplace of Amherst, N.S.

F.C. M. T. TILLOTSON (R.C.A.F.)

A former student of the University of Michigan, and more recently a fruit and vegetable grower from the southwestern Ontario town of Harrow, Merle has striven to make the conversion from Farmall to Harvard without mixing the two too much. Six feet four inches tall, sometimes answering to the name of "Shorty," his fondest hopes now centre on being able to fit himself into a T33 jet trainer at Portage.

F.C. J. R. C. BERTRAND (R.C.A.F.)

A native of Quebec and hailing from Fort Coulanges, Carl is the junior member of the course. As the holder of a private pilot's licence prior to joining up, he managed to log a full 200 hours in farmers' fields. His favourite hobby now consists of making low passes over the field. After some flirtation with the "Heavies," Carl has now returned to the fold, and hopes only for Sabres.

2nd-Lt. F. H. MERMET (F.A.F.)

F/O Goodfellow's relaxation could only be matched by his pupils. Nicknamed "la Françoise," but don't ask why. Very often exhausted, the Wing Discip. is the terror of the Junior Course. Milou and himself share their fortunes and misfortunes—car crash, for instance.

2nd-Lt. R. G. BERTIN (F.A.F.)

"Milou," the real "gnass bahut," complete teatotaler, appears everywhere with a distinguished, gracious spleen. HE DOES? Reports to the flight very early in the morning, especially when he has not been in bed the night before. When we see Mermet, we know that Bertin is not far away.

2nd-Lt. C. L. CHOPLIN (F.A.F.)

Quite "loke," (smart) extremely keen on aeronautical subjects, the hero of the Link Trainer. Has spent approximately fifteen years in the Far East, a suburb of Oxford. To date, his most profound expression of profanity has been "Diable! Diable!"

2nd-Lt. J. A. A. FLEURY (F.A.F.)

"Petit Plouck," the Tangio of 5405. Comes from generations of great seamen, and has the Jesuits' frame of mind. He is battling against Lesne to become top pilot of the P.A.F. (Plouck Air Force.) Owing to his tender age, he will never know the privileges that Canadian law gives to grown-ups.

2nd-Lt. J. J. E. FOURCAULT (F.A.F.)

Extremely proud of his tremendously broad (?) shoulders, and of his degree (very real, mind you) of graduated engineer. Head over heels in love with Doris Day, he has never hesitated to keep a whole floor of the barracks awake listening to and about her.

SGT. J. N. FOUYET (F.A.F.)

Even though born in Brest, he is still a good fellow who is firmly convinced that Brittany is not so bad. He drifted straight from school into the Air Force and is one of those calm, happy people who are unshakeable, even under outrageous abuse from an instructor. During his mid-term leave he visited Mexico, where he certainly had his fill of wine, women, and perhaps even song.

SGT. M. G. MAUVIEL (F.A.F.)

Mike, after sitting around the classrooms of a few schools, decided to join the Air Force for a change of atmosphere. This carefree character knows Edmonton better than any other student on the Station. A sweet-heart? — for sure, but which one? His apparently take-it-easy mind has its own definition and ideas of work which include "what do I have to do to keep out of trouble?"

2nd-Lt. J. J. LEBEGUE (F.A.F.)

The Wing Adjutant, whose high ambitions have been bruised by the slings and arrows of outraged Fortune. The "gnass bahuts" (conf. Bertin and Mermet) accuse his mechanical abilities of being responsible for their car crash in Spokane. Extremely gifted by Nature for heavies, nevertheless he insists on going to Portage.

F.C. H. MOE (R.Nor.A.F.)

Helge comes from Grong, Norway, where he passed the time by mixing up things in a bank. A former army enthusiast (he was drafted) but as he did not like the routine blisters of army life, he switched to the Air Force. Helge's ambition is to be a "Kerosene Cowboy."

2nd-Lt. P. F. NARJOUX (F.A.F.)

The "Biggest" comes from lePuy. Popular demand has hoisted him to the Shield of Warriors, and he was voted to the honourable position of T.O.C. The powerful "Biggest" who, incidentally, looks very much like an ancient Gaulish tribesman, has decided that on return to France he will buy the smallest car made. We would like to be there to see him get in and out of it.

2nd-Lt. D. M. E. PLOIX (F.A.F.)

This young man shows he has the soul of a reporter by carrying his camera everywhere he goes, and sometimes we think he even takes it to bed with him. Has a special love for Scottish girls in kilts. Likes to climb mountains, especially coming back down on skis, being an ardent skiing enthusiast. His motto, "Don't get excited, Ploix."

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Santa Comes To Penhold

Santa emerges from the chimney at the annual Children's Christmas Party at the Recreation Hall at Station Penhold. Great credit is due to the Station Entertainment Committee under the chairmanship of F/L Pat Higgs for a fine show.



Three very impressed little girls wait for their presents at the Children's Christmas Party. About four hundred children were given gifts at the party and helped themselves to soft drinks and ice cream.

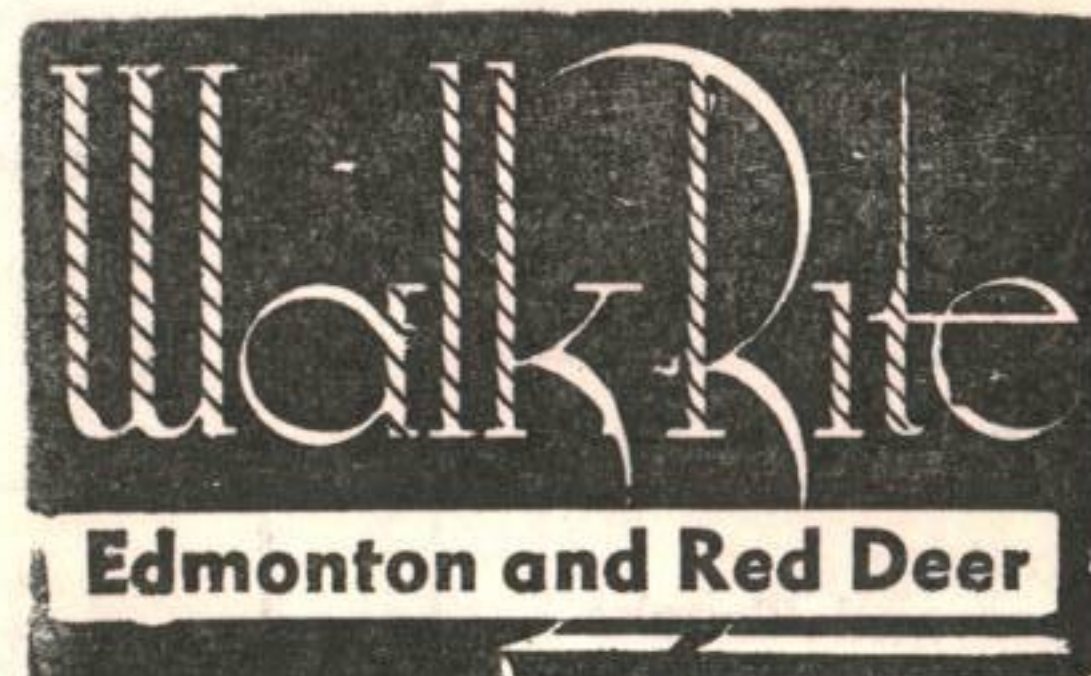


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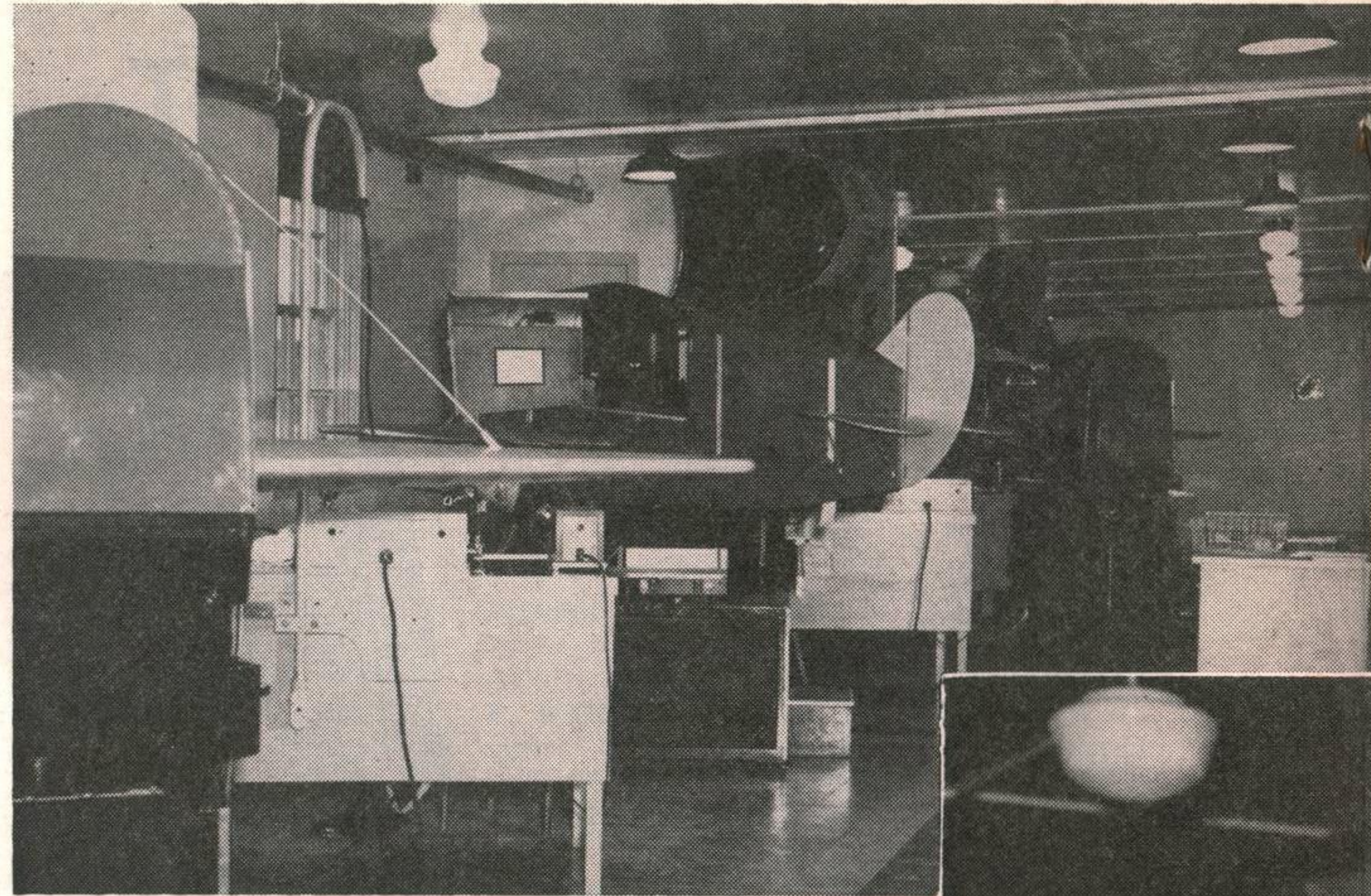
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One end of the Link Trainer Section at
Station Penhold.

The Suction Section

The Link Section at Station Penhold has undergone a sizeable face-lifting during the past three months. This has been done by a modernization of the facilities and a streamlining of the syllabus of training.

The modernization program has included re-location of the trainers in the main room to give more space in which to move around and also to help keep the room clean, an essential where Link Trainers are concerned. Our maintenance room and office have been renovated to a new dust-free space with ample cupboards for spare parts and tools.

The new syllabus of training has been designed to fit in between the Ground School phase and the actual flying practice. The scope of training has been broadened to include as many aspects of the flying training as possible. Simply by making small adjustments to the trainer we find that we can duplicate both Harvard and T33 speeds so that the student pilot can practice radio procedures at higher speeds even before he graduates to faster aircraft.

During the twenty hours a trainee spends in the Link Trainer he does exercises in Radio

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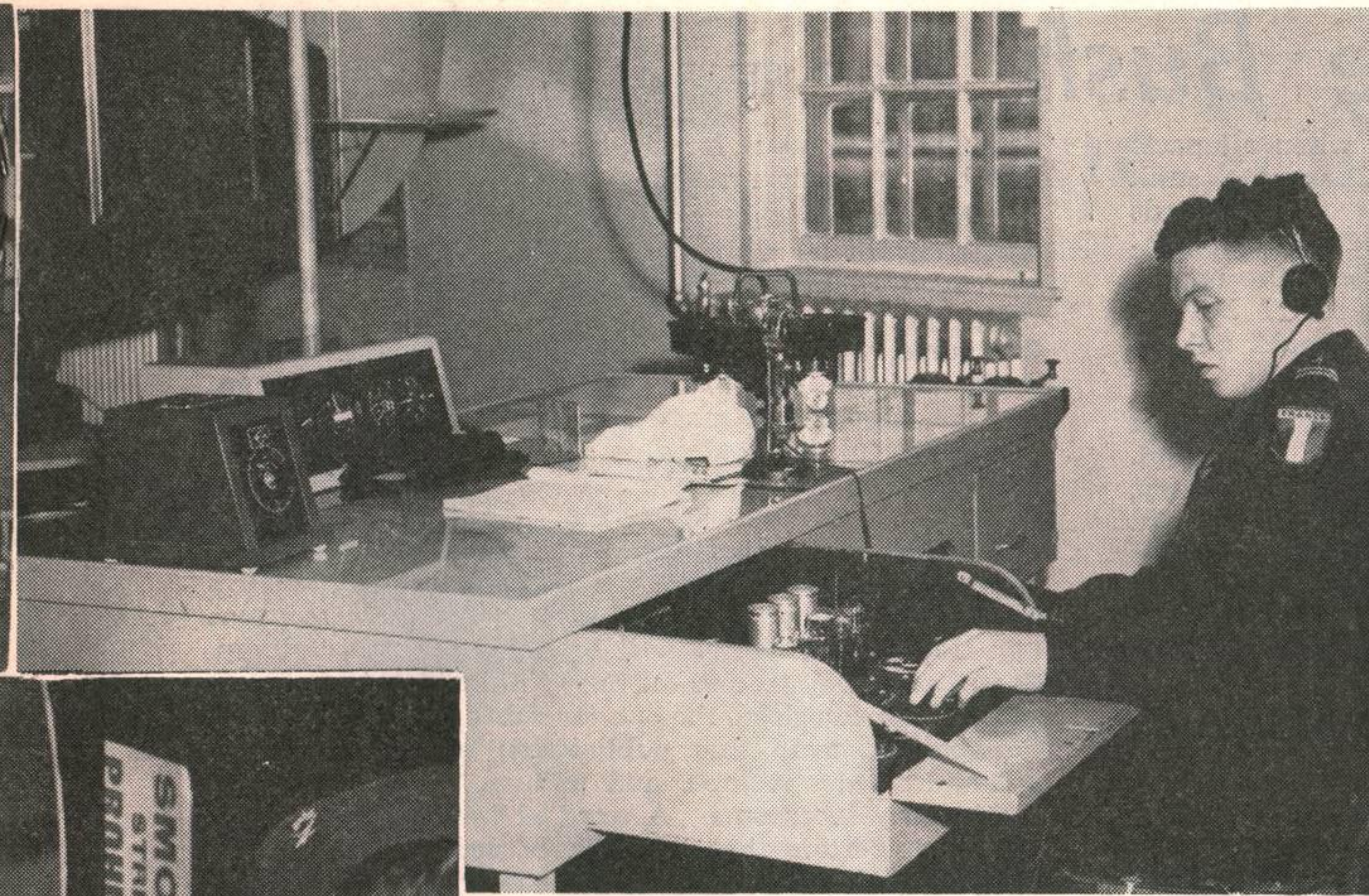
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WE DELIVER

One In The Bush

By C. A. SELFE

I think it appropriate at this time, when all parts of Canada east of the lush Pacific Coast are sunk in the depths of Arctic winter, to say a few words concerning survival in the frozen North after crash-landing or bail-out. Not everyone has had the opportunity to take a winter survival course. I haven't myself, but that is no reason why we should not all get genned up on a few little tips and pointers.

I understand that if an aircraft is in trouble a decision must be made either to jump or force-land. A landing is apparently preferable in wild country, particularly if one dislikes jumping out of aircraft. Wheels should be down in case the spot of touchdown just happens to be flat and hard. Straps should be undone so that the pilot may leave the aircraft as rapidly as possible without having to think very much about what he is doing.

Once down, and out of the aircraft, the pilot must at all costs keep warm. Compass alcohol will provide a good deal of heat and is very effective in counteracting shock. The fluid is inflammable, however, and smoking had best be delayed for a little while.

One of the next steps will be to drain the oil from the engine into some form of container. Oil has a high calorific value and will do a great deal toward delaying hunger.

If the pilot again finds himself growing chilled, a noggin of de-icer fluid is an excellent source of quick energy. A natural tendency towards singing and firing off Verey cartridges may ensue but morale will have increased tremendously.

The pilot should next consider methods of attracting attention. Jumping up and down and waving the arms is of little use unless there is an aircraft in sight and of doubtful value even then. Shouting and screaming, too, will only frighten game and is hardly worth the effort. However, the parachute, torn into strips and dyed with any convenient berries, will serve to spell out such international distress signals as "HELP" and "OUT OF GAS." If any Verey cartridges are left, they should be saved to throw into the campfire to provide fireworks to celebrate the inevitable rescue.

During the course of his exertions in the snow a pilot may become overwarm and feel the need to discard some of his clothing. Such action should be avoided as shoes and socks, for instance, are easily lost and would certainly be charged against one on return to base. Shelter is also of primary importance, particularly if it is snowing or sleeting. Serviceable shelters can be easily devised from engine cowlings or the skins of wild beasts. A parachute would really be best but this one has already been torn up for signalling. However, a very satisfactory snow hut can be made from blocks of snow cut with a knife, or a sword if the pilot luckily happens to be in ceremonial dress at the time.

Once one is snugly esconced in a tent or snow hut, food must be considered in event of exhaustion of the supply of engine oil. Nor can the compass alcohol and de-icer fluid be expected to last indefinitely, if it has not been finished off already. With the amount of tubing inside a modern aircraft no difficulty will be found in constructing a suitable machine for extracting the pungent juices from wild berries. Bottling the juices may be more of a problem but immediate consumption obviates the necessity. At this point the matter of food will seem relatively unimportant and we may as

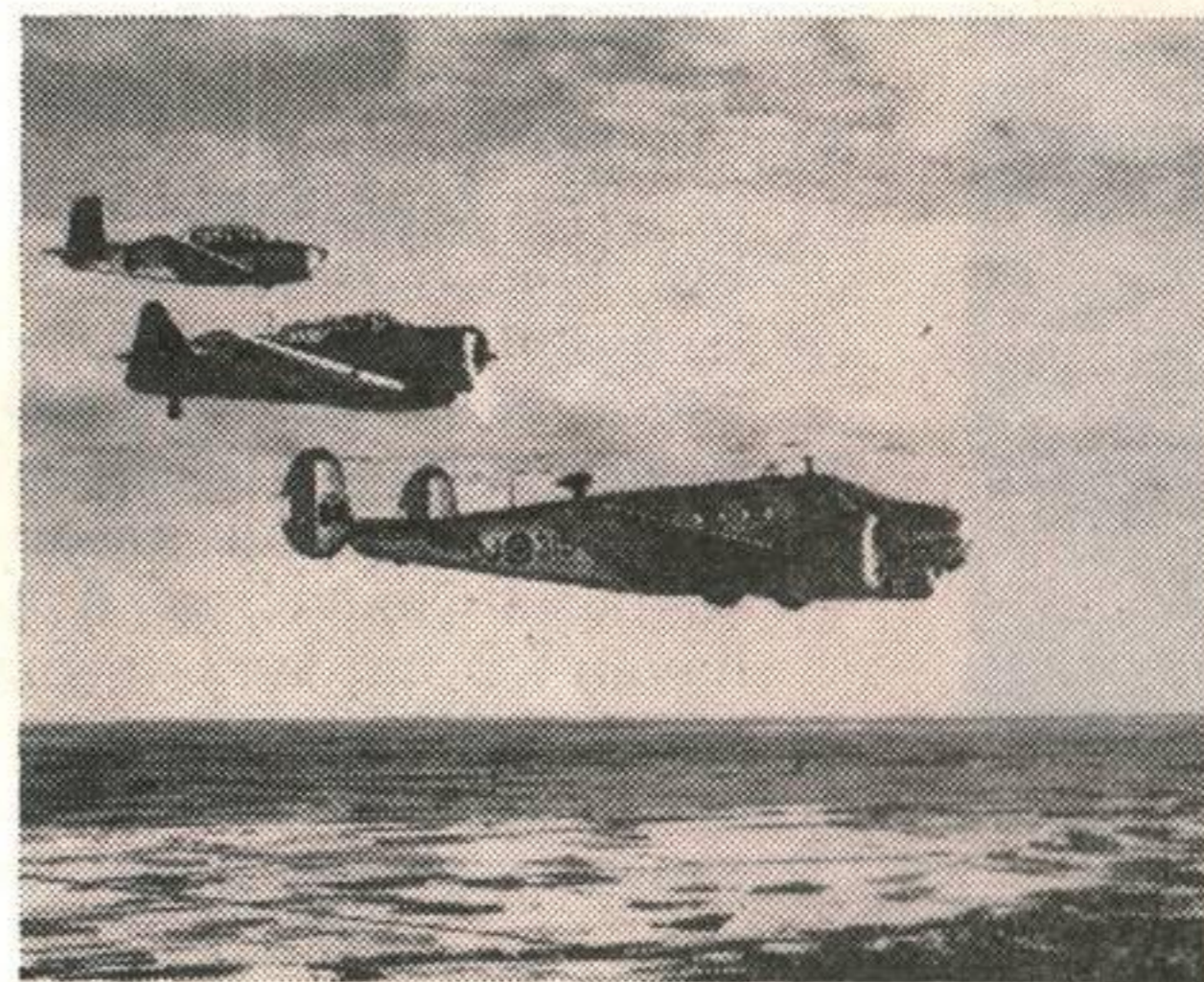
well forget about it for a while and settle down comfortably to await rescue.

We can see that crash landing in northern areas will confront us with many things to think about but we can do a little to make our lot easier by carrying the proper equipment on trips that may lead to trouble. Of course, we will have a sleeping bag, matches, fish-hooks and similar articles in our issue kit, but these are not enough. A small can of dehydrated water is always useful and it does no harm to take along a few beads and trinkets for possible trading with wandering natives. A compact hutch for storing snared rabbits will enable one to keep a supply of warm meat available and a few handfuls of dandelion leaves carried in one's pocket are a small price to pay for the certainty that any trapped herbivores will be nourishing and plump. Some suitable recipes using obtainable ingredients should be memorized, the one for cubed moose (available on application to this publication; enclosed stamped self-addressed envelope, and picture, if female) being particularly toothsome. A word of warning here. One should be certain that any moose used for this dish is completely defunct as these animals are noted for their uncertain temper.

A few spare "P" type compasses will not come amiss in an emergency and aircrew will be relieved to know they will still function passably well even without their liquid contents which, for the farsighted pilot, need not necessarily be the issue brand. A clever precaution, this, which may make a great deal of difference during a long wait. In fact, during the war, one pilot who took especial care in this respect and subsequently crash-landed was observed scurrying into the woods to avoid rescue and was only with great difficulty tracked down by the trail of shattered grid-rings he left behind him.

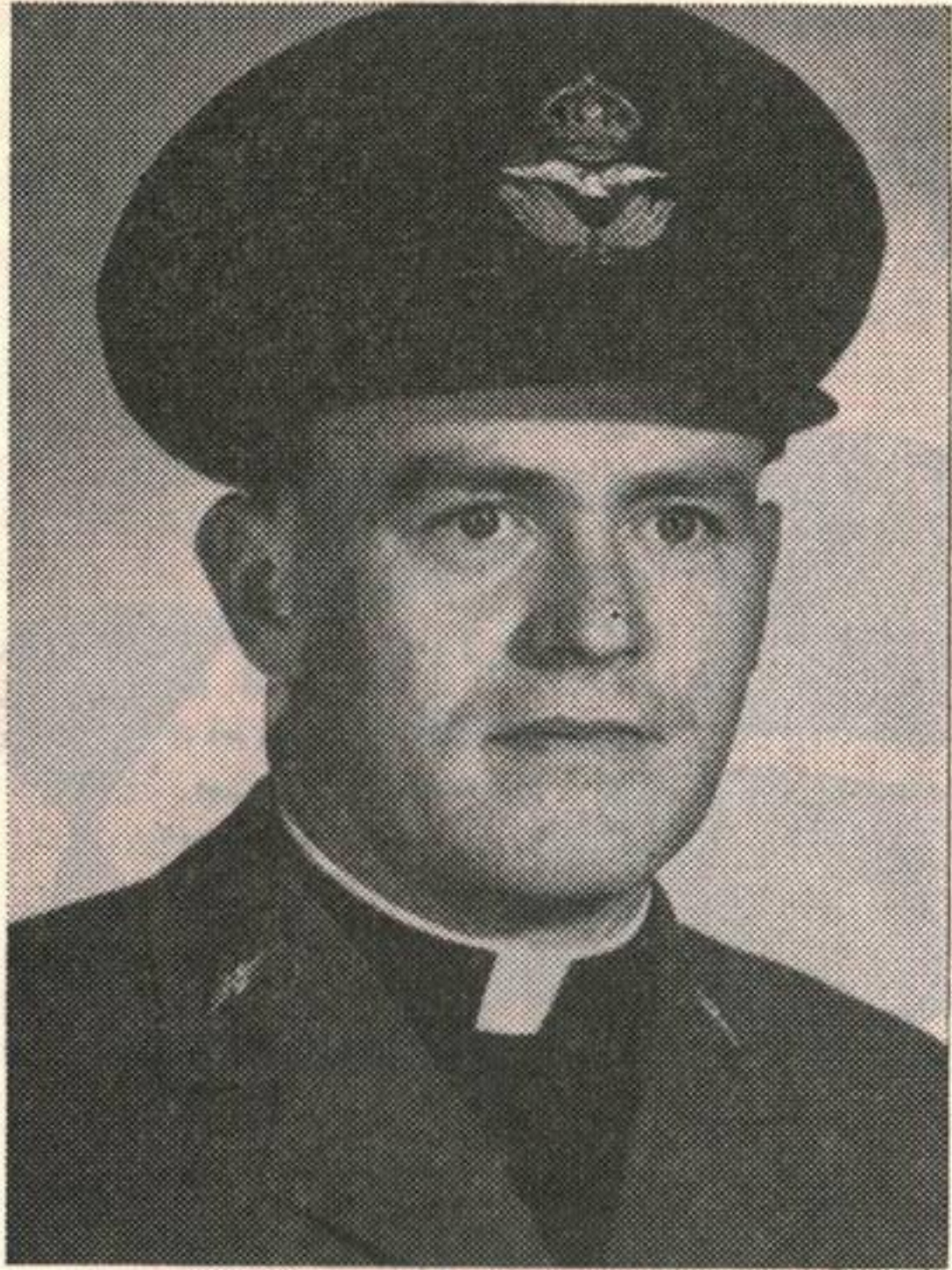
With such details attended to, a northern pilot need fear no eventuality. Truly it may be said that forewarned is forearmed.

The Back Cover Story



Three aircraft of Station Penhold in a neat formation. Left to right—a Mentor (T34), a Harvard Mark IV, and a Beechcraft Expeditor. Mentors and Harvards are used for normal flying training and the Expeditors for staff instrument flying and for communications work.

Our thanks to F/O W. Bailey (Mentor), F/O K. A. Petch (Harvard), F/L B. J. Budgeon (Expeditor) and to F/O G. Robertson and LAC A. G. Sinclair in the photographic plane.



J. C. McNEIL,
Station Chaplain (RC)

The Padre's Page



Self Discipline

THE philosophy of self-expression is so much taken for granted today that few there are who analyze its meaning. Self-expression is right when it means acting according to reason and our higher nature; it is wrong when it means acting in accordance with our instincts and lower nature. A hunter is self-expressive in the right way when he hunts animals in season; he is wrong when he goes hunting mothers-in-law, in season or out of season. Those who identify self-expression with license, or the right to do whatever they please, think that self-discipline is self-destruction, but actually it is only taming the lower for the sake of the higher. The violinist does not break the string when he tunes it to concert pitch; the sculptor does not destroy the marble when he chisels it to produce the image.

When the chastening comes from the outside, it is affliction; when it comes from the inside by an act of our own will, it is self-discipline. In either case, its purpose is the emergence of a true and better character. God never permits an affliction except for the purposes of purification. Scripture goes so far as to say "Whom the Lord loves tenderly He chasteneth." A man will go to much trouble to prove his love to the one loved. God sometimes shakes all the leaves off the trees which surround our self-existence in order that we may see the heavens.

Sometimes even the death of a child is God's way

of making parents look beyond this world to the next. The mother eagle gets her young to fly by pecking away pieces of the nest bit by bit until finally the young have to leave their temporary security. God, too, sometimes has to disturb man in his economic security lest he think that it is the only security there is.

But over and above the passive discipline from without, there is active discipline. There is no evil propensity of the heart that is so powerful that it cannot be subdued by discipline. Every man is like an onion. His superficial self has many layers of skins, and at the centre of them all is his real self. Self abnegation tears off all the outer deceptions and finally reveals our true character. One of the reasons why so few know God is because they do not know themselves. They live in a world of make-believe where nothing is real, and thus miss the ground of all reality.

If a man gives up his wealth, his time, and his energy to others, but actually does not give up himself, he has given up nothing. When Our Blessed Lord said that a man must hate himself, He did not mean those qualities which make for God-likeness, but rather those barnacles of selfishness which prevent him from becoming all that love destined for him. There has been no greater secret of inner peace ever given than in the words of John the Baptist when he saw Our Lord coming: "He must increase; I must decrease."

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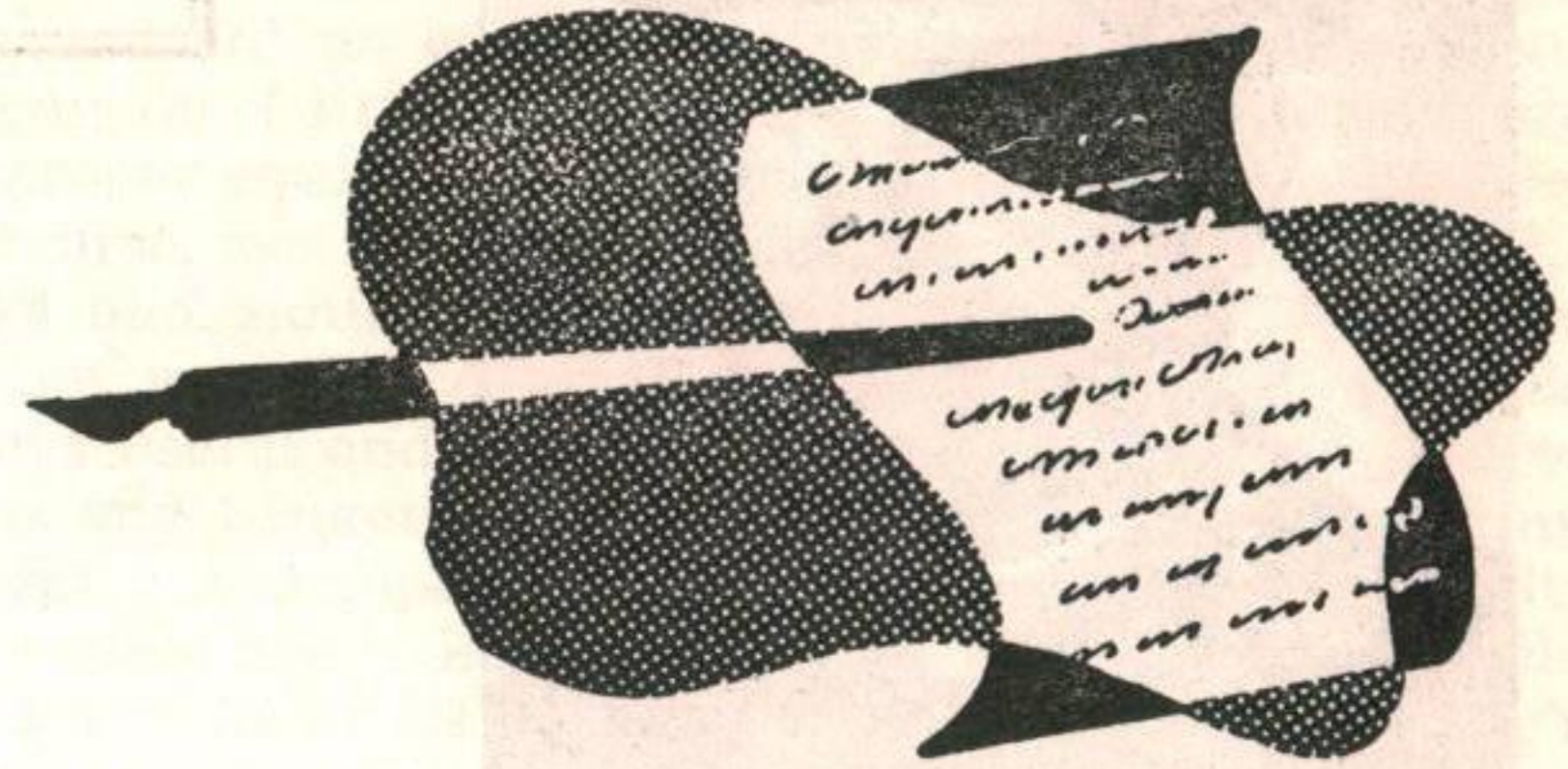
DRUGS AND BOOKS

GAETZ AVENUE



Monthly Sports Musings

by
**Jim
Brohman**



I heard on the radio recently where the once great, virtually unbeatable, Sugar Ray Robinson has started a fistic comeback at the ripe old age of thirty-four. Not really old in some fields, but well into the twilight years for the box-fight business. Good luck to him. The very mention of Robinson's name brings back stirring memories of his pugilistic feats of derring-do in the fight arenas of the world. Ray Robinson, dancing master, too, was never an amateur. He was that good. A talented, handsome, slim, underprivileged Negro lad who was born in Detroit—that was the Ray Robinson of 1940. The same skinny, eager, deceptively frail-looking youngster who was fighting ex-champions or facsimile opposition from as early as his 13th pro start. In his early days as a fighter someone said, "Boy, that kid is sure good," and someone else answered, "Yea, man—as sweet as sugar." So, it became "Sugar" Ray Robinson, who was to establish himself as the uncrowned King of the Welterweights within two years of starting a unique and fabulous career.

We remember the unpredictable and temperamental, if not unreliable Robinson, too. The occasions of suspensions and law suits over violating contracts to fight are still fresh in my memory. But he usually fought, only lost three times in his career, and never disappointed a usually full house. A controversial figure, to be sure—but a powerful personality both in and out of the squared circle.

When Robinson was an established headliner it was usually the champion of the class who suffered. The Champ would starve and the fans would come out to see "Sugar Ray" fight. The big boxing interests managed to keep Robinson from the title until 1946—after that, Robinson ran the show. There is no way of knowing how many certain champions have been deprived of a title by interests behind the scenes with the same type of "freeze." But this was Ray Robinson

they were freezing and the public would not stand for it. Ray vindicated this vote of confidence in him by toying with one Thomas Bell for fifteen rounds in 1946 and quite incidentally, was crowned king of all the welterweights after this brisk work-out.

Robinson becoming world welterweight champion had roughly the same effect on other welterweights as if a full grown male gorilla had suddenly been installed as champ. The heavier welters started eating more so they could earn their living as middleweights and the lighter ones stopped eating altogether so they could campaign in the relative safety of the lightweight division. It was a unique situation—a champ with practically nothing to champion. Just prior to this point, there was another "toughie" on the loose whom nobody wanted to fight. This was a middleweight Italian American named Jake LaMotta. For those of you who do not know, the same LaMotta was the uncrowned king of the middleweight division as early as 1942. The LaMotta who eventually won the title from a tragically courageous Marcel Cerdan was well over the hill when destiny finally beckoned. Anyway, Robinson and LaMotta were in exactly the same boat. For a couple of years they had nobody else to share a payday with except one another. This situation, though LaMotta was a solid 160 when Robinson was a light 148, was solved to the complete satisfaction of the paying customer by their being matched four times before either one was a champion. It was during one of these four tete-a-tetes that Robinson lost his first, and for a long time only, fight. The loss was by a controversial decision, as were all four of their meetings.

To get back to where Robinson found himself Welter King with no opposition, however, we note a change taking place. Robinson has never been accused of wearing half solid shoes and for a while it appeared

(Continued on Page 15)

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as if this would happen unless big paydays could be found. He solved this problem nicely. He literally tore the middleweight class apart with the wonderful skill and grace that fight fans had come to consider synonymous with the name Ray Robinson. This thrilling journey through the middleweight ranks culminated in a fifth and final errand of destruction with the aforementioned and, by this time, middleweight champion, rock-ribbed Jacob LaMotta. In a nationally televised feature, Robinson all but destroyed his old enemy and finally knocked Jake out in the 13th round. The knockout was of a technical nature and LaMotta's record of never having been knocked off his feet in a fight—and they were all fights when LaMotta went to the post—remained intact. It was left to an ex-Marine, light-heavyweight Danny Nordico of Tampa, Florida, to finally spill Jake. LaMotta retired after this, but like so many others, he fought a few times too often.

Robinson, however, was truly lord of all he surveyed by this time. He was compelled to relinquish his welterweight title and his efforts were then confined to the more lucrative practice of knocking middleweight heads. Drama and excitement dogged the career of this lad and Robinson's fate knew this. It took him on a European tour during which he soundly whipped every continental European he faced. Can we forget the spectacle of this wonderful athlete knocking German light-heavyweight Gerhard Hecht cold with a kidney punch, then taking refuge under the ring while twenty-five thousand people in the Berlin Stadium all took turns at heaving pop bottles and sundry other hard objects at him? The kidney punch is illegal at any time in European rings. Joe Louis had destroyed Max Schmelling with kidney punches more than a decade before, but would have been instantly disqualified had he done so in a European ring. Needless to say, Robinson left Berlin, but not before leaving his calling card of pugilistic greatness. Robinson's popularity knew no bounds in France. Despite the trouncings he handed France's best, I have no doubt that Sugar Ray would stand a very good chance of being elected mayor of Paris by the hero-worshipping French, should he so choose. On his way home from this safari, Robinson stopped in London's White City Stadium long enough to pick up £35,000 and lose his cherished middleweight crown! By suffering the second defeat of a brilliant career to a superbly conditioned Randy Turpin, Ray Robinson returned to these shores a challenger, not a champion. It was almost anti-climatic that he regained the crown sixty days later in New York by stopping Turpin in the tenth round. This fight, incidentally, drew a gate of three-quarters of a million dollars, and is the largest gate ever drawn by classes under the heavyweights. It was thought then that Robbie was running out of gas. Robbie thought so, too, but the standard of this boy's living was a hard taskmaster that could not permit idleness.

So the stage was set. The Ray Robinson of the fuchsia Cadillacs, extensive business interests and a

private entourage of sixteen people, could never fully relax. Kind hearted sports writers thought Robinson would have no trouble defeating Marciano if a meeting of the two could be arranged. Robinson himself may have thought the same because his very next fight was a definite, though intermediate stride, in that direction. He attempted to pry the light-heavyweight crown from the beetled brow of one Joey Maxim. Robinson did more than pry the crown loose that sweltering night in 1952. He wore the crown for 13 rounds as he clubbed the much heavier Maxim everywhere but on the roof of the mouth. But it was not to be. The great Ray Robinson collapsed in the intense heat to suffer the third defeat of his career and fall short of his bid to join immortals Bob Fitzsimmons and Henry Armstrong as having held three world titles. Ray retired then, undefeated king of the world's middleweights and literally at the peak of a fantastically successful career.

So, at thirty-four, the great Robinson will try to defy tradition—the tradition that they do not come back. The radio announcer concluded with the information that Robinson had knocked out one Joey Rindone in the sixth round at Detroit. Rhindone is no push-over but neither is he a Bobo Olson. The present champ, Olson, has already been defeated by Robinson twice, once by a knock-out—but—that was when Olson was learning. No one can deny that Olson has learned his lesson well. He is a tough, capable, worthy champion and would like nothing better than a third meeting with an older, less proficient Robinson. If this meeting takes place, I predict Robinson will be soundly trounced and, indeed, prove tradition an unbeatable champion. I say again, however, good luck to a wonderful athlete and warrior, Sugar Ray Robinson.

—o—

Human blood will boil at an altitude of about 63,000 feet.

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The Shrine Of St. Anne

NORTHWEST of the City of Edmonton—about forty-five miles—there's a beautiful lake which was once known to the natives of our province as Devil's Lake. Today they call it God Lake—but to us, and to them also, it has a more familiar name—Lake St. Anne. The lake teems with valuable whitefish, but it has an even richer spiritual interest. This is the story of the shrine and annual pilgrimage to Lake St. Anne.

One hundred and twelve years ago, in 1842, Reverend Father Jean Baptiste Thibault, a Canadian priest, left St. Boniface for the almost unknown country to the west. The few white men who had ventured beyond civilization had used the great northern waterways but this trip was made overland so that Father Thibault could meet the people of the plains. After months of travelling by Red River Cart on foot or horseback he reached the shores of Devil's Lake. This was a peaceful country, far removed from the incessant battles and forays of the Cree and Blackfoot Indians, and Father Thibault decided that a happier name should be given such a lovely prospect. Remembering the shrine of St. Anne beside the mighty St. Lawrence River, he chose the blessing of this name for the first Catholic Mission in the Northwest. The Indians were impressed with the chapel which was built by the lakeside in 1844, and also by the courage of the white man who had come so far to bring them the message of Christianity and before long the little mission had expanded into an important religious and educational centre.

Father Albert Lacombe is the next name we associate with the mission at Lake St. Anne. Coming first in 1852, he spent the greater part of eight years at Lake St. Anne, although much

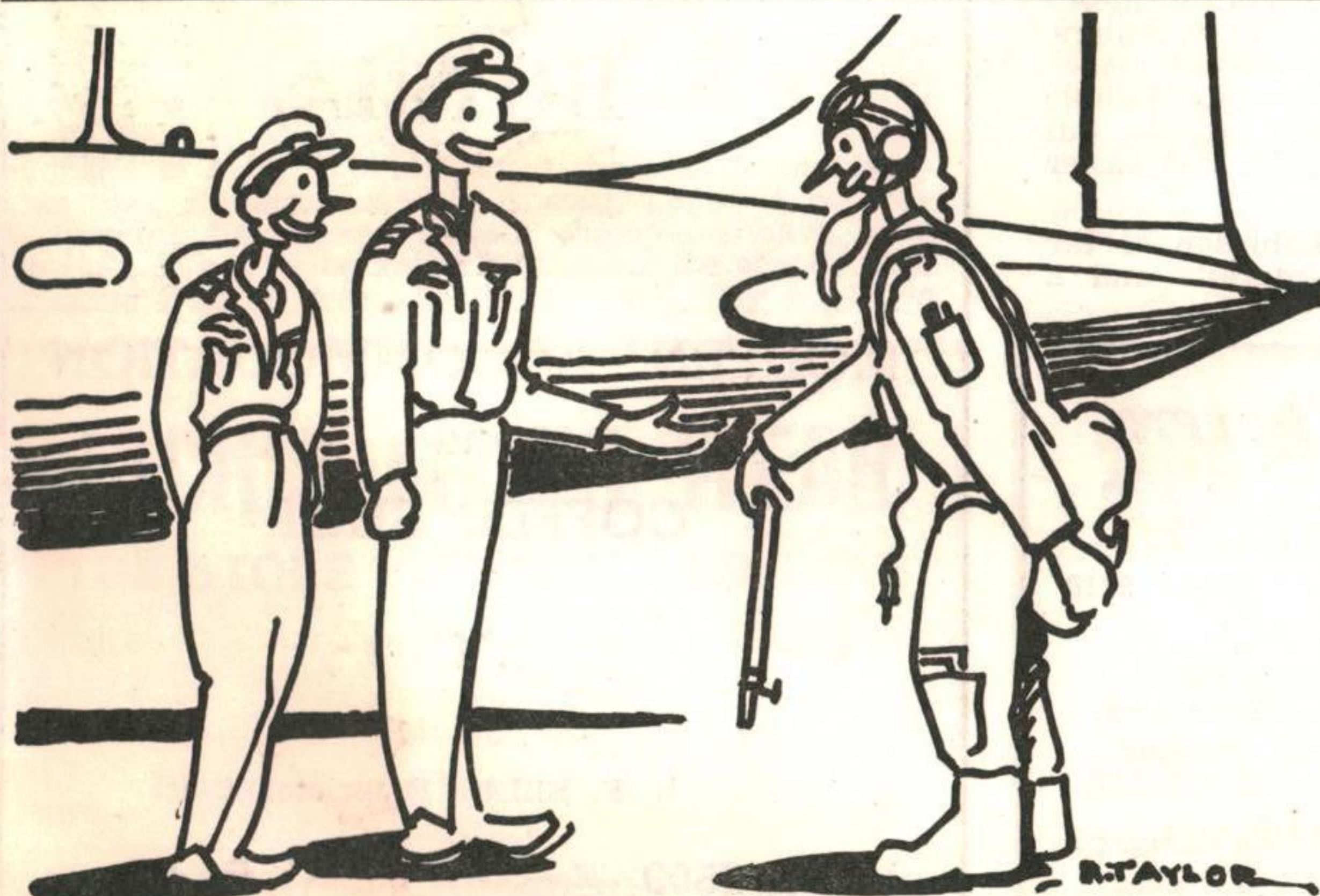
of his work included travelling over a vast territory while establishing new missions and ministering to adherents to the faith. It was Father Lestanc, Superior at St. Albert in 1889, who inspired the first pilgrimage to Lake St. Anne, where the shrine is reputed to hold a relic of St. Anne. Many people responded to his appeal and over the subsequent years have received not only renewed faith, but miraculous healing graces—associated with the older shrines of St. Anne D'Auray in France and St. Anne de Beaupre in Eastern Canada.

The feast day of St. Anne falls on the 26th of July and the nearest Wednesday is always the first day of the Alberta pilgrimage. Two days are allocated to it, the first for natives, the second for white pilgrims. Some years, nearly 4,000 people have been in attendance. Although the form of worship has remained unchanged in sixty-five years, the pilgrims are very different from those who journeyed to Lake St. Anne back in 1889. The old mission pastures which used to harbour range ponies and primitive wagons are now used for motor cars or chartered school buses. Clothing, manners and speech all show the influence of the church and modern times, but the Cree dialect, which is the oldest language of the plains, is heard on all sides. The people who converge on this sacred ground come from Montana, North Dakota and Southern Alberta—from Keg River in the north, Rocky Mountain House in the west and from Fishing Lake in the east. The mission makes preparation for their welfare and comfort and at 6:00 a.m. the church services commence, continuing throughout the day until nine in the evening. The Indians have a saying that "It is only two hills that never meet." And

our friend, William Callihoo of Gunn, Alberta, tells us he met friends during the 1954 pilgrimage who were his school mates at Dunbow Indian Industrial School more than forty years ago!

Well, Lake St. Anne is a beauty spot on the face of Alberta—it is a government statistic relating to Alberta whitefish — and it is also a shrine where Alberta people of a common heritage meet each year to strengthen the ties of friendship and renew spiritual grace. When they part, it is always with the phrase "Till we meet again, at next year's pilgrimage."

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Smoke Chasers and Aeronauts

By W. H. McCARDELL, R.C.A.F.A. Edmonton

(Ed. Note: The opinions expressed by the writer are not necessarily the opinion of the editors.)

The civilian flying clubs located throughout this Dominion are rapidly becoming a definite part of the economy and tradition of the country.

They provide an outlet for this generation to secure flying training and make the ordinary citizen of today almost as air-minded as he is car-minded.

In the air age that is now upon us the private aircraft owner is increasing in number and in an era when an increasing number of cars to the amount of 6,000 every year are being funnelled into 100-foot strips of highways, in self defence or a desperate evolution born of necessity, will mean that traffic will take to the air — to the stacked decks of air lanes, and space-ways as wide as the universe.

In the meantime, the outlet for the present generation, keen to fly, is not as great as it might be. The flying clubs give these citizens the needed flying training, but after that the trained air pilot literally "has no place to go." He may make cross-country flights and certainly, an increasing number of individuals may own their own aircraft. But to the great majority this is not possible at present. The ordinary pilot, having secured his training, is limited to keeping up his contact with his flying by a purposeless flight or circuit around or adjacent to the airport.

The Dominion subsidy flying scheme has given some impetus to the pilot with a training and no place to go. He may now graduate into the flying wing if he so desires and continue his flying. But there are a great majority of keen flying enthusiasts who cannot all be absorbed into the realm of service flying. Their interest should be kept alive and the local flying clubs should be able to give them more than "circuits and bumps."

During the war, on the American scene the civil air patrol, harnessing the flying activities of thousands

(Continued on Page 18)

Wing Bulletin Board

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Smoke Chasers and Aeronatus—Continued from Page 17

of civilian pilots, utilized their services in a number of national uses. The story of the civil air patrol shows an outstanding achievement in organizing private flyers to contribute their services for national emergencies, and the fitting in of their flying training with a thousand and one endeavours that are part of the national pattern.

It was a volunteer organization pledged primarily for the nation's defence and it utilized the services of pilots too old for the army, and the youngsters supplementing the segment in the service flying wings.

Dedicated to provide an organization to encourage and aid American citizens in the contribution of their efforts and services and resources in the development of aviation, the civil air patrol became integrated with the national life, and the set-up was incorporated in an Act of Congress.

The flying minute men, as they were called, participated in outstanding work, coastal patrols, forest air patrols, mercy missions, search and rescue, and many other emergencies.

Today, the civil air patrol is still playing a definite role in the advancement of aviation progress during the present air-minded era. It has been concerned with the promotion of gliding and flying clubs, providing pre-flight training for its members. It provided a medium for private citizens to achieve their desire for flying training and to contribute voluntarily their efforts in meeting local and national emergencies.

This is no less an objective than the work that the Dominion flying clubs are doing in advancing the cause of aviation.

But it seems that it is possible for the flying activities of the Dominion aero clubs to be extended or harnessed to useful endeavours in the national life and thus give a chance for the ordinary member who is not the owner of a private plane to use his services along some lines of endeavour that is part of the aviation need for the moment.

The Province of Alberta has an extensive area of forests whose care is under the direction of the Provincial Forest Service, which has provided the nucleus of the ground organization and radio set-up, to secure early warning of forest fires.

They have not as yet provided continuous forest air patrols, but when the emergency arises forest officials do not hesitate to mobilize the latest scientific methods to suppress these fires, and the use of aircraft has at times played a part.

Edmonton is situated adjacent to a large forest belt, and it might be possible for the aircraft of the Dominion Aero Club to supplement forest patrols by doing a certain amount of flying for the Province. That is,

on routine flights it might be possible to tie in forest patrol work and some remuneration allowed, thus usefully employing the flying hours piled up by the aero clubs.

The civil air patrol organization in the States undertook aerial forest patrols over the State forests and rendered valuable aid.

Both Dominion and Provincial authorities are engaged in extensive work in aerial photography and mapping, but it is possible that specialized local needs for aerial photography might be undertaken by aircraft of the club, systematically mapping an area say adjacent to airports and territory.

The varied terrain of the Dominion has provided young pilots with training over rugged territory and has developed some skilled flyers.

The local flying clubs centred around an airport may possibly develop an accurate knowledge of the territory around the city, but to give them training in flying over mountainous areas it might be interesting for the club to have training in mountain territory by establishing a summer training program on a mountain aerodrome—say at Jasper, Alberta.

Or they might have a permanent club house at this point to which club pilots could fly for week-end visits.

However, the Edmonton Aero Club and its associated flying clubs are alert to these extensions of training and at the present time they are planning and carrying out extensive training exercises, both ground and flight training, to take care of the pilots who are qualifying under the Dominion subsidy scheme, designed to encourage flying.

To appreciate the contribution Canada's civilian flying clubs are making towards aeronautical development, it is only necessary to review some of their achievements.

These clubs prepared emergency plans to aid in a quick build-up of military air power which is a necessary insurance for survival in the dawn of the atomic era.

At a meeting held last year by the Royal Canadian Flying Clubs Association, delegates from all parts of Canada heard a former Chief of the Air Staff, Air Marshal Leckie, outline the dangers of war looming in the world today, and stressed the importance of being prepared and ready to meet emergencies with a trained personnel.

He urged the R.C.A.F. to make use of the Club's training potential.

Association president, Gordon Henderson, stated that club facilities had already been offered to military

(Continued on Page 19)

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Smoke Chasers and Aeronauts—Continued from Page 18

and civilian defence authorities and that should a need arise, the flying clubs will play a role in both spheres.

Progress on an enlarged training plan by which 600 wartime R.C.A.F. pilots were undertaking refresher courses at fifteen clubs, was reported to the meeting. The results of the training has already provided the Air Force with trained personnel.

The Association Secretary-Manager sketched the civilian defence role of the flying clubs which, in time of emergency, would include reconnaissance of disaster areas.

On the technical side of the scene, the desire of the Air Force Association members to be well informed on the latest developments in aeronautics and thus become well trained as citizens is aptly put by Air Marshal Tedder in a foreword to a book on radar. We quote it here because of its wide implications. Courage is not enough, well trained citizens are needed, and we must appreciate the advance work of the scientist who makes it possible because of his discoveries and research to put the defence weapons into the hands of the Air Force.

"The scientist, the technician and the service user are, and must be, a united team, if our defence is to keep up to date. That is the text, and the moral of this book. Moreover, a defence that is out of date is no defence."

These are the opening words of an introduction by Air Marshal Tedder of the R.A.F., to A. P. Rowe's book, "One Story of Radar."

Rowe's book is an absorbing story of the development of radar by a team of scientists, servicemen and

the youngsters who rode the skies and applied the discoveries to a point where destiny turned the net result to victory.

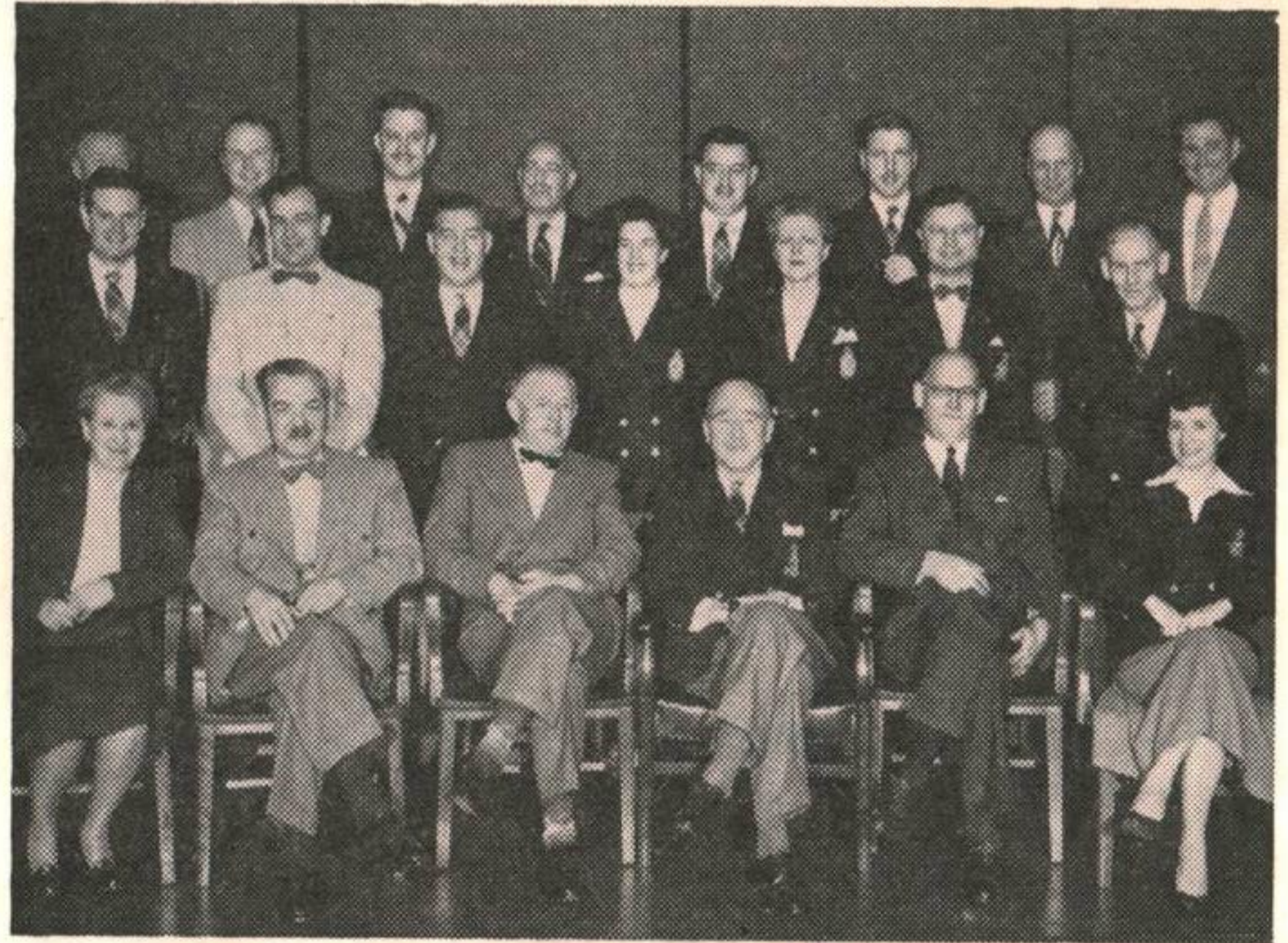
There have been many misconceptions that the military caste committed to a tradition and methods have developed a case-hardened attitude towards new innovations.

If the foreword quoted here is any indication, it proves that the "top brass" is alert to the changing world

(Continued on Page 20)



Alberta Group Executive, Lethbridge, October, 1954, before return flight to Penhold and Edmonton



National Executive—Ottawa, November, 1954

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around, to new concepts, to the understanding of the concepts, and the impact that developing fronts of science have upon the world—and from the standpoint of the militarist, the lesson of survival.

Some of the observations of the Air Marshal are worth remembering and quoting, since they give an insight as to how keenly the minds of the top executive and strategists appreciate the well integrated team of the research specialists and the technicians and the organizers, in building up a top notch fighting team that spelled survival.

He says: "There are some, nowadays, who say in this scientific age, the scientists should be the masters in defence matters. I have yet to meet a scientist with knowledge of defence problems who would subscribe to that view.

"There are others who say that the scientist should be kept in his place as a servant of the defence services.

"If the Services, in general, and the Royal Air Force in particular, had adopted that attitude from 1935 onward, the "Story of Radar" and of the war, would have been tragically different from what it was."

But don't think the boys behind those sleek glass panels who give you the gen on highways to "horizons unlimited" haven't got their troubles.

Traffic is jamming into narrow highways and in the vehicle-jammed streets of the big cities, motion sometimes drops down to a creeping pace.

A couple of revolutionary trends are developing aero-car, a combination vehicle which is capable of to meet the situation. Designers have considered the flight and can take to the roadways when necessary.

The air lines get passengers in fast time from one

city to another and lose a lot of time getting the passengers from the airport to the city. Here, the versatile helicopter is coming into the picture and is shuttling passengers from the airport to land on the rooftop of some plush hotel, and thus giving one answer to the traffic problem.

When the New York Central began to see some of its passenger traffic going via the air lines, the president of that famed railroad said: "If the air lines are going to compete against the railroads, we'll furnish the competition." And forthwith, under the direction of the air experts, it began to build its own service.

But this is only an indication of the trend of the age of air transport which, at the present time, takes in the ends of the world in terms of accessibility and is therefore becoming an important instrument in building up an international outlook.

The Association is interested in the progress of aeronautics and it seems one way to achieve this would be a close tie-up with the flying clubs in each Wing area.

Many of us in our early contacts with flying achieved it through the clubs and from there to the Air Force. It is the intermediate contact.

Probably not all wish to fly, but associated aeronautical activities have ensured a trained citizenship.

To what extent can auxiliary services be undertaken to release members of the active service forces for their trained duties.

Ultimately it means an alert, intelligent citizenship occupied with some acting in supporting roles along with their work, which will contribute to the national effort. But in our world it will be one of our own choosing, not a nameless regimentation in an inescapable orbit.

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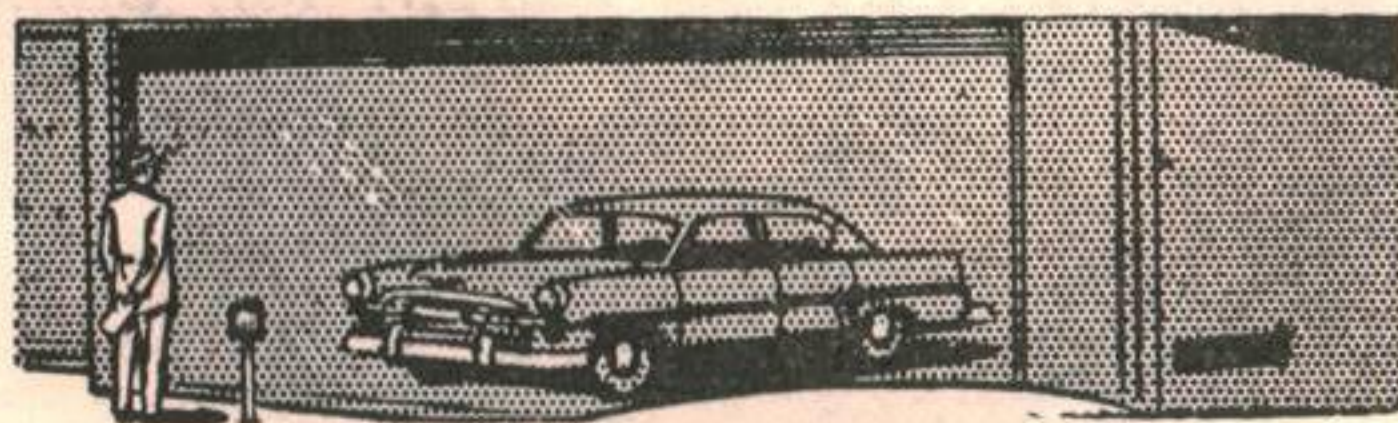


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THREE AIRCRAFT OF STATION PENHOLD
in a neat formation. Left to right: a Mentor (T34),
a Harvard Mark IV, and a Beechcraft Expeditor.
See story on Page 12.

