

# Canadair C-5

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## C-5 INTERIOR

Photo by Cpl. KEN GIBB



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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF  
THE RCAF IN WINNIPEG

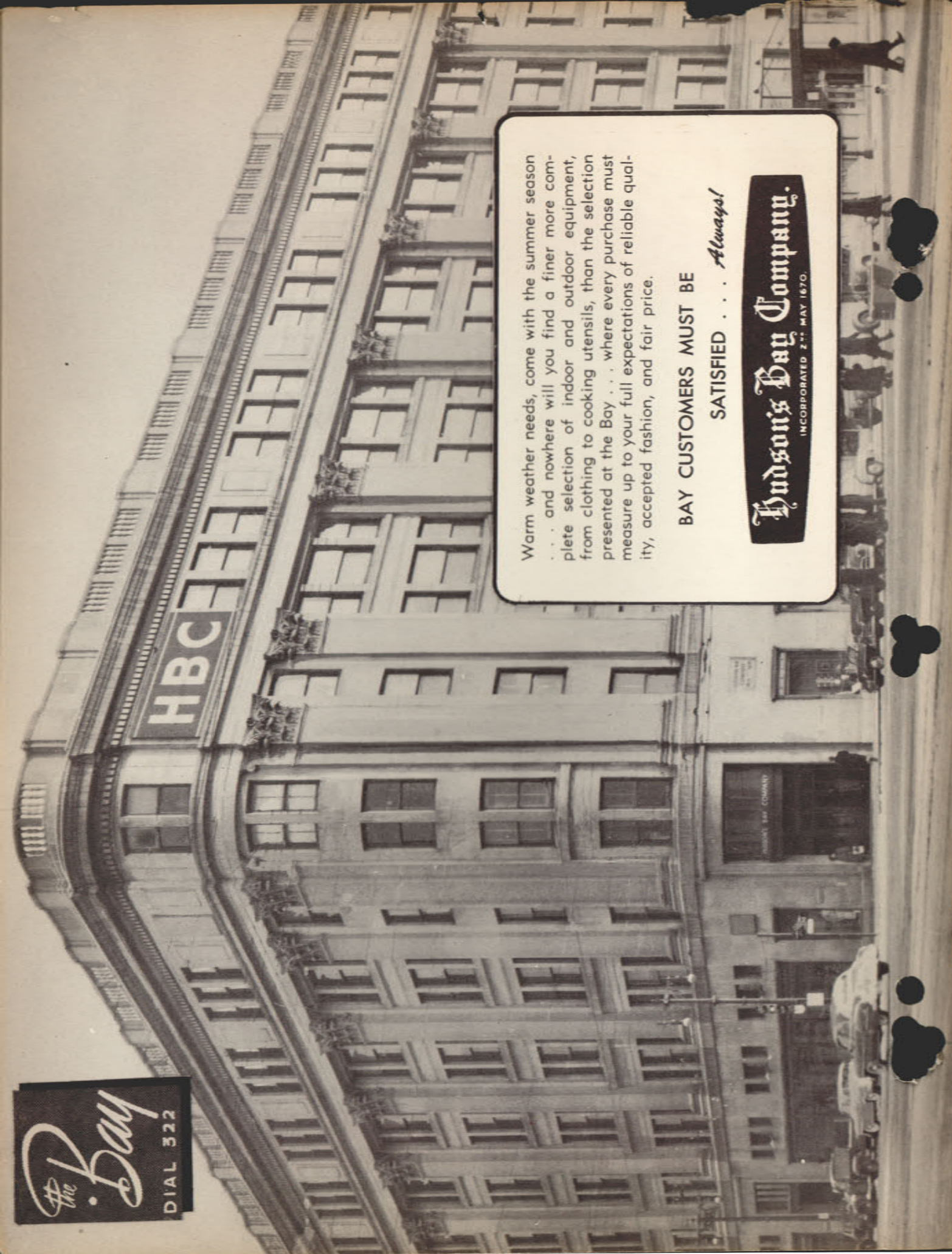


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# Voxair



JULY 3, 1953

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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

## Editorial

EVERY YEAR about this time the streets of Winnipeg, and just about every other city and hamlet across the country, echoes to the thump of marching feet. Here in Winnipeg parades were going apace. On Saturday there was an Air Cadet Parade. The following Tuesday saw regular, reserve, cadet and veterans out in full force to commemorate the Coronation, then followed, on Sunday, the Decoration Day Parade.

The military in Canada, as in other democratic countries, is viewed by the people as a sort of necessary evil, to which the minimum amount of attention is paid lest they "get too big for their britches." The average Canadian citizen is woefully, to our minds, ignorant of the ranks, the uniform and the duties of members of the various armed forces. This is repeatedly brought forcibly to mind when old ladies approach and stagger the military mind with gentle questions as to the location of the ladies' wash room or what time does "your bus leave?" Perhaps there would be less ground for complaint if the ladies in question were not so timid nor so

old; but there it is and it is quite a problem.

Not so on parade days, however.

When the armed forces are on parade every eye levelled at them is as critical as a sergeant-major of the guards. The citizen feels that his navy, his army and his air force is just as efficient as their parading shows them to be. If the long line of strutting airmen begins to wiggle and assume the proportions of a freshman snake-dance, the citizen shakes his head and wonders, and when the step deteriorates from a smart 120 to the minute to an individual soft shoe shuffle, the citizen becomes a taxpayer and loudly bemoans his lot as a solvent supporter of such a service.

The RCAF's participation in recent parades has been creditable. Certainly we wouldn't have made a guardsman sit up and take notice, but neither would that same guardsman roll over in his grave.

There is only one way to have a contingent of men, and women, put pride in a parade. They must, each and every one, realize their responsibilities. The parade is part of service life. It is an important part of service life. It should be treated as such.

Be proud of your service and know it!

Be proud on parade—and show it! For members of the Air Force, "square-bashing" is not as much a part of service life as it is, say, in the army. Nevertheless it is an inherent part of our military career—and as the old saw has it—"a job worth doing is worth doing well."

So next time you are fortunate enough to be given the opportunity to represent your service on parade, remember:

The Air Force is a great outfit—you know it!

So be proud on parade—and show it!



### COVER STORY

Our cover this issue introduces a new format. The "Voxair" has been streamlined so as to catch the eye. We have Mr. Wally Batter, of the Stovel Advocate Press art Staff, to thank for the new cover design.

The man emblazoned on our cover this issue is the drum-major for the Station Band, Corporal Campbell of the sports section. Our Photo Editor, Ken Gregg, has outdone himself with this picture, catching the glint of the sun's rays from the corporals buttons and his baton.

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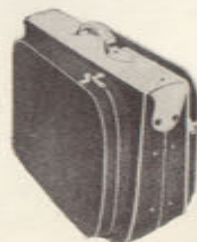
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## Peg Personality

OUR PEG PERSONALITY this issue features a very well known young lady who graces the administration staff of our station, F/O Claire Josephine Foote. F/O Foote's given name is Josephine, but she answers a bit more kindly to just plain "Jo."

This is the first time in the life of our magazine that we have presented the distaff side of station personnel on our personality page. We feel that F/O "Jo" Foote is equal to the honor. She was the first of the post-war women's personnel to come to Station Winnipeg and prepared the way for the present staff of thirty-six girls who are now numbered among the headquarters, hospital telecommunications GIS, operations room, supply, accounts, etc., staffs.

F/O Foote is an import from that green jewel of a province British Columbia. Not having had the good fortune to be born in Vancouver, she settled for the next best thing and first saw the light of day in the General Hospital in New Westminster. "Jo" was raised, along with two sisters and a brother, in New Westminster and after graduating from Ste. Anne's Academy there she went to Toronto to continue her musical studies with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Concluding her post-graduate work she was awarded the musical degree ATCM.

Miss Foote's family are all musically minded and Jo herself cut her first teeth on an ivory piano key. Throughout her childhood and early youth she and her two sisters toured B.C. presenting piano recitals under the original billing of "The Foote Sisters."

F/O Foote remained in Toronto for

"a couple of years" and then succumbed to homesickness for the "sight of a mountain with snow on it," and returned to Vancouver. Here she wrote finis to her musical career and worked in a Vancouver law office firm until she joined the Air Force in August, 1951. From Vancouver she journeyed to the Officers' School at London where she trained for six weeks and then carried on east, to Summerside, where she remained on staff until her transfer to RCAF Station Winnipeg in August, 1952.

Travelling from coast to coast as a member of the flying service has not dimmed "Jos" affection for "the hills of home." "No," she said reflectively, "I guess nothing will ever change that."

Nothing daunted, your reporter then queried if anyone was having any success in getting her to change her name. All we received in exchange for that one was a sparkling smile and a laughing "No comment!"

Of her work here at Station Winnipeg, F/O Foote stated enthusiastically "It's a tremendous job—really keeps you hopping but it is certainly satisfying work and the girls are so cooperative. I like it more every day!"

Jo, by the way, in addition to her daily administrative chores and her nightly shepherding of thirty-six chicks, is also manager of the stations all-girl baseball team and is giving serious thought to forming a drama club this fall.

Her music? Well, to quote the mercurial Miss Foote, "Piano?—why it's so long since I've played that I can hardly tell the black keys from the white."



Photo by Cpl. KEN GREGG



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Photo by Cpl. L. E. NORTON

FOR WEEKS during late April and most of May the step of station personnel noticeably quickened as they journeyed past the Station Drill Hall. The step had to quicken, because for a distance of 300 paces upwind and 740 paces downwind breathing was anything but a pleasant occupation around the Drill Hall. It appears that in the process of laying the new floor the sub flooring and joists all had to be liberally plastered with a creosote composition to combat the danger of dry rot. Not only did the stuff combat dry rot, it also drove out three families of field mice who were peaceably carrying out light-housekeeping under the five-pin spot on number three alley, asphyxiated birds flying at less than 500 feet indicated directly overhead and cut down the sales in the snack bar by 99 44/100 percent.

All this is now nothing but a dim and distantly recalled memory. The Drill Hall opened with a jump and jive session some weeks ago, on May 14 to be exact, and since then the regular station bingos and dances have been scheduled and attended with great gusto. For all we know maybe the field mice have moved back in.

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The Station Commander, Group Captain Ingalls, assumes a nonchalant pose as he tells the throng to "relax and enjoy themselves."

Over seven hundred people attended the opening dance, and door and spot prizes were awarded lucky winners.

JUNE was most decidedly a month of parades. Pictured here are photographs of the highlights of the many parades that were held in that month.

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Pictured above is camera-shy LAC Wilson of the Film Library and his dancing partner, Miss Mary Bishop, smilingly accepting spot dance prizes from the president of the Station Entertainment Committee, F/L Lloyd George.



Door prize winner is shown above with F/L Harry Wilson, Station Adjutant, pressing his hand and pressing the prize, a pressing iron, upon the lucky fellow, whose identity is unknown to us.

Photo by Cpl. L. E. NORTON

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# Mark Time!

SERVICE LIFE has always seemed to me to be fraught with ever-recurring tests. First, there is your "classification" test when you report, full of confidence, to the recruiting officer—oops! pardon me—personnel counsellor. Well, here we are, then, in the place of the anointed, where many come but few are chosen. The first hurdle is the gaze of the fish-eyed Flight Sergeant who raspingly requests such personal information from you as: "Any warts, scars or other identifiable marks?" "What view do you take of the opposite sex?"—this last with a leer.

After this ordeal you are ushered into the office of the counsellor cum recruiting officer. He counsels you to sit down. A strong light is directed into your eyes and you can barely make out his shadowy face peering at you over a solemn steeple of finger tips pressed closely together. He offers you a cigarette, which you refuse for fear he will think that you have bad habits.

You notice him surreptitiously turning to page 23 of his Career Counsellor Guide or "How to Land 'em Once Hooked". He looks you full in the face and continues with the third degree initially started by the front counter F/S. You hear him, foggily, ask a great many questions, which you answer in a sort of mental blackout. The F/S miraculously appears at the touch of a button, like a genie out of a bottle and he leads you by the hand into a nearby telephone booth.

Here he carefully explains that "the following test is merely to give us an indication of your intelligence quotient." He then, even more carefully, explains that you must indicate by means of a pencil mark how, "this is to that as that is to this". After both of you have wrestled with this strange phenomenon for a good fifteen minutes, without either one of you giving an inch, he bursts his way out of the cubicle and leaves you to your own devices. "You get twenty-five minutes for this test," he warns darkly as he pulls his head out of the door and shuts it with a bang.

Now, in this supposedly sound-proof room you can hear the steno in the outer office giggle and you can hear the bluff F/S give out with a stentorian chuckle; but can you hear any coaching from the audience? Can you, h - - !!

After twenty-five minutes of sorting out squares with dots, circles with blots and rectangles with spots you turn the page and the F/S nips in and whips the booklet from under your nose, just as you had decided which way the last gear would turn. He then retires to his desk and after peering about cautiously, he extracts the KEY and places it carefully over your masterpiece.

He zips madly down the pages, striking ferociously hither and yon with his red pencil. At last he is finished. Ah! Now we will soon know our fate, as well as our intelligence quotient. But, no! First he slides the KEY back into the drawer and locks it away, then thrusting the key to the KEY drawer down his shirt-front he picks up his coffee and marches briskly into the career counsellor's office. Much muttering and stamping now takes place in the holy of holies, and if I had been alone I'd have probably put my ear to the keyhole, but tittering Tessie, the blonde stenog kept peeping at me from behind her copy of "Mad Romances" and had me so unnerved that the F/S had bellowed my name three times before I remembered who I was.

This time his honour the recruit-uh career counsellor, viewed me with a kindly air and again proffered me a cigarette. My nerves were so raw by this time that I had forgotten the good impression I was attempting to create and took it. After lighting the cork



tip and sitting there, surrounded by a halo of sparks and flying bits of charcoal I put out the fire in the rug, regained my composure and tuned in on a recital which ended up with "and single beds, two men to a room, thirty days leave with pay, magnificent pension after twenty years . . . I should live so long!

On leaving, I looked at my benefactor through tear-filled eyes (he must have rolled his own cigarettes—probably out of back issues of Western Magazine) staggered past the blonde steno, who was attempting to extract her chewing gum from between two pieces of carbon paper, and fell down the stairs to the street. Here, strangely enough, no one remarked on my changed status. I was now a member of that fighting fraternity, The Royal Canadian Air Force. I gazed down at the piece of paper, in triplicate, that I held in my hot little fist. "You are to report to the RCAF Manning Depot . . ."

I thought to myself, "Well, thank goodness that testing business is all over," as the rhythmic clackety-clack of the wheels over the track lulled me off to sleep. I was just in the middle of a lovely dream in which I had nailed up the F/S in his own telephone booth, locked up the career counsellor and thrown away the KEY and was just about to drag the blonde steno out from behind her copy of "Mad Romances" when the train gave a shrieking toot and I had arrived.

Down in the station rotunda RCAF Corporal popped out from behind a nearby pillar, cried, "those reporting to the Manning Depot follow me!" and started off at a trot. I fell in behind about thirty other fellows, feeling somewhat like a disciple of the Pied Piper, eventually ending up in the back seat of a blue

bus. The view was none too good as my seat partner used the bridge of my nose as a resting place for his over-size elbow. By the time we had arrived at the gate this elbow, belonging to one "Big Mr. Dickinson," I later found out, had worn all the skin off my nose, cut my upper lip, broken off one upper bi-cuspid and blacked both of my eyes. Hardships!

"H—m troublemaker, huh?" muttered our Course "leader", a burly sergeant with one tooth missing, as he looked me up and down. "No, thir," I lisped. "Thith ith merely the rethult . . ."

"Don't call me sir," grated the sergeant.

"Thorry, tharge, I only wanted to thay . . ."

"Don't you ever call me sarge" bellowed the infuriated NCO. "I'm Sergeant Harthstone, and don't you ever forget it!"

Actually there was small danger of that as our little group was henceforth to be known as the "Death Squad" in honour of our immortal sergeant.

We were aptly named, as the sergeant himself many times pointed out to us. "You'll be the death of me yet," he'd cry as our "hay foot, straw foot" showed no visible signs of improving after weeks of steady square bashing. Early in our association, as we stood outside in the balmy 10 below breezes, clad in dungarees, the sergeant let us in on a little secret. He was hard of hearing. Or at least so he said. "I'm not to shout at you lads" he says one day. "I'm not to use abusive language". He took a deep breath, "Only trouble is I'm hard of hearing—Quiet you in the back row, second

from the end."—pause. "I'm so hard of hearing I sometimes have to shout to hear what I'm saying. You'll forgive me, I know."

No, he never used to shout at us, but the spells of deafness he'd get every now and then!

He also informed us that he obeyed implicitly the "no abusive language" rule. He did, too. His favourite expression was, "God bless your two little left feet!"

He could certainly get a lot of feeling in that remark.

Old Hoggard Harthstone was a great one for playing games though. Every morning, bright and early, there he'd be out on the drill square limbering up with a brisk 120 to the minute, back and forth in front of the flagstaff, waiting for his quaking charges to appear. When we were all assembled he'd eye us morosely and the game was on!

"Hangs leep," he'd say, quickly followed by, "Aken soop!" "Inka like poop, peep!"

By this time various members of the group had interpreted these machinations in their own way. Five men in the centre row had prostrated themselves and were bowing in the general direction of Mecca, while occupants of the rear rank were busily sizing by numbers. I found myself staring at the second button from the top on Big Mo's tunic, and before I could reverse direction, everything went black as he mowed me down with his size fourteens.

Another of our particular enjoyments was—clothing parade! Once every Michaelmas Monday, when Jupiter was in ascendance, with

Mars the Supply Officer opened up the creaking door to the clothing stores. Here gnome-like wraiths, their faces pale from lack of sunlight, would come forth from behind rows of cobweb-covered shelves. It had been so long since they had conversed with their fellow man that they had developed a language all their own. With heads together they'd join hands in a lodge brother salute and mutter things like, "Boots, black ankle"—and, by George, you had to have a black ankle before they'd issue them to you.

I happen to be extremely lucky. I have no trouble at all getting fitted with boots at the clothing stores. You see I happen to have two left feet, one size eight and the other, size eleven, so you see, just about any pair of boots I get thrown at me will fit.

Supply types eyes give out on them at an early age, too. A result of their sheltered environment no doubt. They nearly all get refraction of the inner reticule from reading the fine print on the backs of shipping labels. This causes them to get telescopic vision. If you're small, they give you the large size; if you're large you'll inherit the small size. If you're medium you're just out of luck, they won't ever have your size brother.

For three winters I wore the bottoms of my issue underwear, and at that I had to cut eye holes in the front to see where I was going or else wear them back to front and keep my flaps down. The other half! Oh, that! Well I wore the tops as a nightshirt and never had cold feet once.



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# Coronation Parade



Photo by Cpl. KEN GREGG

The military services' participation in the Coronation Day Parade on Tuesday, June 2, was highlighted by a six-plane fly past by pilots of the City of Winnipeg Auxiliary Squadron in Mustang aircraft. They are pictured above just as they swept by the "Golden Boy" atop the Legislative Buildings.



Photo by Cpl. KEN GREGG

The RCAF Station Winnipeg Colour Party on the march on Decoration Day.



Photo by Cpl. KEN GREGG

The Station Band, led by drum-major Corporal Campbell, puts a little extra "oomph" into its playing as it marches past the saluting base.

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Photo by Cpl. KEN GREGG

The Commanding Officer and his wife, Group Captain and Mrs. R. B. Ingalls, discuss the plans for the Coronation Ball on the newly constructed Officers' Mess patio with the President of the Mess Committee and his wife, Squadron Leader and Mrs. A. M. Ogilvie.



Photo by Cpl. KEN GREGG

The female component of Station Winnipeg gives out with a smart "eyes right" as the girls swing by the saluting base at the Legislative Buildings.



Photo by Cpl. KEN GREGG

The Air Cadet Colour Party snaps smartly to the salute on passing the saluting base during the Decoration Day Parade in downtown Winnipeg.

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# Coronation CONTINGENT

by CPL. L. L. HAGGERTY  
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"Arrival in the UK and Stay at Pirbright Camp"

AFTER 9 DAYS on the water, land looked good as the SS Columbia brought us nearer Southampton. Leaving Cherbourg, France, at 1000 hrs. on the 8th of May, we proceeded slowly across the English Channel arriving in Southampton at 1630 hrs. in the afternoon.

Curious and anxious airmen lined the decks waving to newsmen, photographers, and representatives of the armed forces as the ocean liner slowly tugged its way to berth. As it touched the docks, tumultuous roars of applause rang throughout the ship mingling with the brass section of the ship's orchestra as it blared forth martial music, while men, women and children waved miniature flags from the dock. Our first train ride throughout the unbelievably green countryside came to an end too quickly as we found ourselves at Pirbright Military Camp after two hours ride from Southampton to Brookwood, Surrey. At Brookwood station we were met by the Gurkha's pipe band that marked the beginning of pageantry and color that greeted our arrival at this camp, and from here on, ceremonial was the word of emphasis.

In every hamlet, port and parish we passed, crests and banners were going up, there are torches of gold in the air, the streets are sparked with color, and even the somber fronts of humdrum buildings have taken strange fire with garlands.

The amenities of Service life in Canada and here differ, but what we find lacking in some ways are more than made up for in others, for example, imagine going to bed by the glow of a fireplace in the barrack room. We heat our water for washing and shaving (when we don't forget) using a jacket heater, our wash or bath house is about 100 yards from the nearest barrack block, and immediately following parades one would think they were on the board walk of Palm Beach, servicemen running to and from the most popular place on the camp with towels around their necks, attired in slacks, sport shirts, and blue jeans. Our rations, although somewhat different from Canadian style, are eagerly awaited after a route march or a few hours on the parade square. One thing that seems peculiar to many is carrying their own cups and eating utensils for each meal. Tea is, of course, the national drink and tea we get morning, noon and evening. Our lunch is variety personified, fried lamb chops, cold shoulder of lamb, and brown lamb stew.

Representatives from every country in the Commonwealth of Nations can be found on the various parade squares at Pirbright Camp, New Zealand, Australia, Pakistan, India, Ceylon, South Africa, etc., etc. It is worthy of mention that it is here the world-famed Guards of Buckingham Palace go through their paces. Recently, on passing one of the Parade Squares, they were seen strutting their stuff at 180 paces a minute in precision movements. For the first time since our arrival we

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drilled today under the supervision of the Senior Regimental Sgt./Major of the Cold Stream Guards, a gentleman who stands well over six feet and weighs, I am sure, 250, who can stand at one end of the Parade Square and make you shiver at the other. "Swing those arms," "Don't swing out on the wheels," "Heads up," etc. The foot powder is being used extensively tonight, and airmen are crawling into bed, for the Parade Square comes early.

All service personnel are drilling in different formation than what they are normally accustomed, marching in sections of 12 abreast, practising 90 degree wheels for on the final day we will be splitting into three marching groups to pass through arches then melting together into a compact marching unit. The airwomen are parading every morning with the airmen, and will be joining us shortly in route marches.

The weatherman has not disappointed us in the matter of traditional rains, but training still goes on. The Parade Square is always waiting, and we have seldom disappointed it. Standing next to an airmen and on the command of "Stand at Ease" during one of the London's drizzles, a splash of water usually follows the foot much to the utter disgust of the next in line which ends in a muffled splatter of word and iron looks. However, despite all of these little annoyances, there is always the lighter side, and week-ends to look forward to. The varied and unusual stories that supposedly happens to everyone that visits London on the week-ends would fill Ripley's "Believe It or Not" repertoire for many years.

Aside from the constant and extensive training at Pirbright Camp, The Canadian Joint Staff at London, in co-operation with other armed forces staffs, have made our stay here a pleasant one in all aspects of entertainment, in arranging conducted tours in and around London, visiting the various places of interest. These tours have taken place during normal training hours when a number of personnel were taken from the contingent and allowed to attend. Places attended to date include The Royal Naval Academy, Windsor Castle, Brighton, as well as participating in Television Shows from the BBC London.

A touch of color added to the monotony of drill and route marches today when we had our first dress rehearsal. The Coldstream Guards lined the Parade Square with other Commonwealth troops dressed in their brilliant red and gold tunics with fur busbies, while the marching contingent paraded to the martial music of the Van Doos and Coldstream military bands. Standing rigidly at attention, the sun glittering on polished medals, the vividly coloured uniforms gave an idea of the pageantry and color that will fill Trafalgar Square and the Mall on the 2nd of June, a date anxious troops await with anticipation.

Tomorrow the Coronation Contingent moves to Earls Court in London. After brief last minute instructions during our 4 days stay in London, the big day will have arrived, and we will join the hundreds of Commonwealth troops to march in the Coronation procession.

### Westward at Twilight

*While gliding through this cool, grey night,  
My thoughts have roamed to many distant lands,  
As though my distant view from that great height,  
Holds all. While through the glimmer hands,  
Outstretched, forever lead me on  
To seek Titania and her Oberon.*

*O'er crystal lake and marsh beach  
I speed toward the quickly fading day  
With crimson sunset fleeing from my reach  
'Till all is lost within the Milky Way;  
And all at once the earth is hid from sight  
'Neath veils that glow with Heavenly light.*

*God made this night—so cool, so still;  
God made this night that he might thrill  
The breast of man—and by so doing set his heart  
To beat a little faster. That man might start.  
To build a better world—not for today but for tomorrow  
In which his sons might feel no sorrow.  
Yet will I live to see another day  
More bright, another day more gay  
Than this, that was, and now is yesterday.*

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# Letters to the Editor

One rainy day in late June we slipped and slithered around the corner of the Drill Hall and after walking on our hands across the D.H. floor (courtesy of F/O Pollock's sign "Keep your feet off the floor!") we found a small bedraggled little bird awaiting us at the office door. "Well, and whose little bird are you?" we queried. "I'm not your pigeon, anyhow," answered our little feathered friend, hoarsely coughing into his left wing feathers. Then we noticed that he carried a banner with a strange device, marked "Pigeon Packed Parcels Excel-sir."

"Are you the editor of this magazine?" Somewhat taken aback we said, "Yes," upon which Percival Pigeon opened the cask slung around his neck, took out two envelopes, dropped them at our feet and departed in a whirr of wings and dust from the drill hall floor.

The envelopes gradually settled back to the floor after the mail-birds violent take-off and were opened and read with interest. They are printed herewith—verbatim.



Dear Editor-in-Chief Sir:

I am writing you this open letter. It will be an open letter, because I haven't got an envelope, so I will just fold it and stick it together with the stamp.

As you remember, I was on the Green Ticket course in February and didn't quite get it. I would have received my green ticket except for a couple technicalities. I failed all my Ground School exams and all my flying tests. Otherwise I was OK. Since I just missed that course, they decided to send me on some more courses. So they sent me on the School of Instructional Techniques Course or SIT course. This is a very fine course. The instructors instruct you on how to instruct. During the course you instruct the instructor on how you will instruct when you become an instructor. It's very simple. Everyone passed but me. I'll be remembered though. I'm the first person who ever failed this course.

After my near success on the SIT course, they decided that while I was down here in Canada: Canada, that's the area between the Quebec and Manitoba borders: at least to us Canadians from Toronto it is. Anyhow, they decided to send me on the OTIC course. OTIC has no relation to ticks or bugs of any kind hardly. On this course they teach you how to be a good officer. The preliminaries weren't quite so long here. They only lasted a day and a half. Their favorite sport is called rainy inspection. They wait, sometimes for weeks, until a real windy rainy day shows up. This year the weather was on their side. It rained daily. When the wind is howling and the rain is at its wettest, they take you out, route march you around the perimeter of the aerodrome, up and down the live runway and back to the parade square where the corporal in charge of dry cleaning holds an inspection. It is amazing how poor a crease, how dull a shoe shine and how many Orderly Officers they find this way.

I would have passed this course editor sir, but the morning we were leaving I mistook the CO for the milkman and offered him a small smash from my favorite bottle. As soon as my seven days are up I'll be on my way home with all this wonderful knowledge, ready and willing to help you run VOXAIR to the best of your ability.

Your trying friend,  
Norman.

Dear Dorothy Dix:

It is obvious why I was shot down during 1941. The Germans could no longer allow me to continue winning the war single handed by dropping 41,000 pounders (up the USAF and Hiroshima). It will be noted that after I was gathered to the fold of Kreigesgefangennenschaft, Bert Harris found it necessary to begin the 1,000 bomber raids.

I feel that a retraction is necessary as, during the past week I have received recruiting posters from the Welsh, Irish and Scottish Nationalists. Also I understand I am a marked man behind the "Iron Curtain".

Yours with a BANG

W. J. Lewis, S/L.

London, Ont.,  
May, 1953.

We are touched by the shy retiring tone of the S/L's letter, and as a result we are only too willing to state that somehow or other, the 41,000 pound bomb of which he speaks was originally a 4,000 pounder.—Editor.

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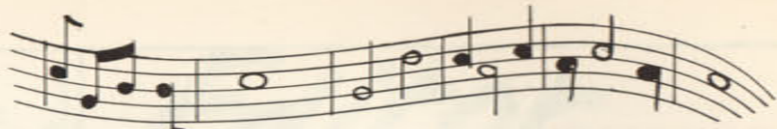
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## RCAF Winnipeg Drum and Trumpet Band



THE STATION BAND was organized during the early part of February of the present year and started practicing approximately March 1. The band is entirely voluntary and is the result of a few station personnel who through their efforts finally managed to get it organized.

Most of the personnel that volunteered to play in the station band were beginners and a few fell by the wayside. The few with previous band experience had the dubious honor of instructing the beginners to play the various instruments, read music, and band organization in general as there is no organization in the Air Force which operates exactly alike. Due to this fact the various bands have been made very interesting.

The band consists of 30 persons of which there are at present four girls, three of which are future drummers, and one who needs no introduction on the bell lyre.

The band is divided into two sections. The percussion section which consists of six snare drums, two tenor drums, one bass drum, a pair of cymbals, and two bell lyres. The trumpet section consists of eight soprano trumpets, four tenor, three baritone and two french horns. These are the type of instruments that are now on issue to authorized trumpet and drum bands in the RCAF.

In a way of explanation this type of band is new to this district. In this band it is possible to play a greater range of notes starting with the low notes produced by the baritone trumpet to the higher ranges played by the soprano trumpet.

These instruments have a single valve by which the player is able to produce the notes originally produced by the crooks attached to the ordinary straight trumpet. By this means the band is able to play in various types of harmony which was impractical and sometimes impossible with the older types of instrument. The french horn is the most versatile, being able to produce the low notes of the baritone to the higher notes of the soprano when played by a skilled musician.

The bell lyres are used for solos, harmony, melodies and two-part pieces. At present they are mainly used for harmony but in the future it is expected to use them to a greater advantage. There are various types of bells ranging from the simple ones of about eight notes to the ones used in the Station Band which are the chromatic two octave Bell Lyre. This type has the sharps which correspond with the black keys on the piano.

The drums in use are the double tension type which is a great improvement over the rope tensioned drum. These instruments provide the tempo for the music. This is harder than the average person thinks. If you are in doubt, just drop into the station theatre some day during the noon hour and take a look at the music written for the drummers. Don't think they are cursing in Latin (I don't imagine any of the drummers know any) when they are talking about flams, drags, rolls or paradiddles, etc. There are thirteen basic rudiments for drummers and they are used constantly in the course of a piece of music. Even the bass drummer and cymbal player have music to follow. The tenor drummers are very important to the band. (They provide support to the bass drummer when he misses.) At the present time the tenor drummers are mainly interested in the music and in the near future it is expected that they will be able to put on a show of their own by swinging the sticks.

The Drum Major has been chosen for his height, appearance and his ability to undertake the drill and discipline necessary for the smooth operation of the band.

The band-master is responsible for the proper co-ordination between the various sections of the band and ensures that the band is practicing the proper pieces for the various parades such as CO's parade, Wings parades, funerals, etc.

At the time of writing the band is on the verge of losing most of its personnel due to the large amount of postings and will be undergoing a complete revision,

so if you are musically inclined and would like to learn how to play an instrument, drop around to the station theatre at 12.30 to 13.30 hours, Monday to Friday, and signify your intentions to the band-master who will be glad to help you out and assign you to an instructor that will teach you to play an instrument.

In closing I would like to thank the members of the station band for their outstanding support in making the station band one to be proud of in such a short period. It took a lot of hard work and much of your spare time and I feel sure that the personnel of Station Winnipeg appreciated this fact as was indicated by a message from the Commanding Officer congratulating the members of the Station Band for their fine performance on the Coronation Day parade. To the few members of the band that will be staying on at this unit I would like to add, keep up the good work and give your new band-master the loyal support which you have shown to me and I am sure you will be rewarded for your efforts in the near future. In the meantime I would like to take this opportunity to say goodbye and good luck to all of you in your future engagements with the Station Band.

Cpl. R. Handel



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*Master Mind*

# Station Band



*Tenor Horns*



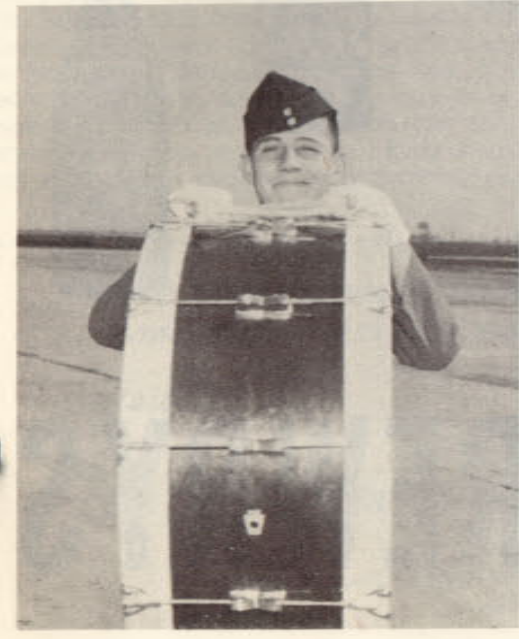
*Snare Trio*



*Baritone Horns*



*Bell Lyre*



*Bass Drum*



*Suared!*

## Station Band . . .

**Bell Lyre**—The young lady with her hammer at the ready is LAW Trowsdale. To the more musically minded of our readers, yes, the Bell Lyre is also disguised under the more tongue twisting name of Glochin Speil.

**Baritone Horns**—Baritone Horns are being tootled in this picture by, left to right, LAC's Bambrick, Marshal and Bird.

**Tenor Horns**—Trumpet men LAC's Osborne, Lewis and Risk put the Tenor Horns through their paces for the benefit of the camera man.

**Master-mind**—Bandmaster and musical director of the Station Band, Corporal R. Handel.

**Bass Drum**—Man with the heavy hand is LAC Goglin, the big noise in the band.

**Snare Trio**—Snare Drum artists LAC's Borbath, Villiers and Storie rest for a moment before they roll out a beat for the marching men on a regular Wednesday morning CO's parade at Station Winnipeg.

**Snared**—More Snare Drum men, LAC's Heyes, Kostel'nick and Knight await the whistle of Bandmaster Handel to start them beating their way around the square.

### Station Band—

Standing, L to R—Cpl. Chambers, LAC's Chabot, Ball, Weatherby, Risk, Vailancourt, Tuff, Lewis, Cook, Cote, Cpl. Campbell, Cpl. Handel, LAC's Girard, Bambrick, Miller, Bird, Osborne, Browning, Denomie, Cpl. Mellish, LAC Marshal and LAW Trowsdale.

Seated—LAC Heyes, LAW Horning, LAW Kurmey, LAC's Knight, Borbath and Goglin, Cpl. Storie, LAC's Kostilnick, Mann, D. C. and Villiers, LAW Kilbride.

**Drum Major**—Drum Major Corporal Campbell stands at the ready as the band prepares to step out at the head of the parade.

## Tower Topics

by Les & Hank

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## Fishing Hints . . .

by F/O DENNY GAMBLE

"Is it really worth it? Why don't you get some rest on the week-ends, instead of travelling all over, losing sleep, and spending money."

Every fishing season a married man must listen to this lament from his wife. She gradually resigns herself to the inevitable as her husband continues on his week-end expeditions.

In Manitoba, this universal sport is within the grasp of every car owner. Netley, Lockport, Kenora, Whitehell are all within striking distance.

It is easy to motor to Netley; take McPhillip's Road to Petersfield, turn right just past the bridge, right again at the Red and White sign and continue to the river. You will find two small resorts there, about a mile apart, where boats are rented for \$1.00 a day. From here there is access to the Red River where bass and pickerel are found and a fisherman can tie into some big northern pike. The Netley River, which flows into the Red River, is also noted for its well stocked fishing holes.

For the man who wants some good bass fishing close to home, he should go to Lockport. The bass start running around the middle of June and are caught there in large numbers for about four weeks.

This spring the elusive trout are biting greedily in most lakes while pike and pickerel are waiting for warmer weather. Come along with me and my fishing companion, Mac, on a typical trout trip to the Kenora area. With a canoe and a will to sacrifice sleep, a man obtains in return the thrills of hooking a fighting lake out.

Mac and I usually depart late on Friday evening, arriving at the lake in readiness for the early morning catch. We provide ourselves with a packed lunch and also take a frying pan and lard to cook some freshly caught fish. Our flight plan for Gibi Lake is 4 hours after departure. With our canoe on the car we take off. Gibi Lake, small in comparison to Lake of the Woods, is relatively unknown. Fishing opportunities, however, are unlimited. Minnows are the best bait and are easily obtained in Kenora. We buy ours at Rudy's house. Turn left at his sign, on the main highway between Keewatin and Kenora. Rudy welcomes business at all hours and the early morning angler is re-

ceived with a smile and helpful fishing hints. Large chubs sell for 75c a dozen, large shiners for 50c a doz., and Rudy usually throws in a couple extra for good luck. I place the minnows in a homemade ice box, where they will stay alive and fresh as long as the ice lasts. Fresh bait is one essential for the wary Lake Trout, although big spoons will attract them when they are biting hard.

From Rudy's we head for the cut-off to Fort Francis, turning right and driving 15 to 20 miles on a newly paved highway. Keeping our eyes open for a small sign 4 miles past Rushing River Park we turn right again and take a small gravel road in to the lake.

The technique Mac and I use is a strip on for our minnows, with a 3-foot nylon leader, and two 3-oz. weights. Trolling is best along the north bank but the best sport is in front of the second point down the lake. The average fish caught is 4 pounds, with some up to 6¾ pounds.

Twenty-pounders are landed at Daniels Lake, one of the many other fishing paradises in the Kenora area. This lake is located 20 miles east of Kenora on Highway 17, due north of Linkletter Lake. The sportsman won't mind the portage into this lake when he feels the thrill of a big one grabbing his line and heading for the lake bottom.

Trout are the only fish biting until late June, after which time you can catch your limit of bass and pickerel at the other places previously mentioned.



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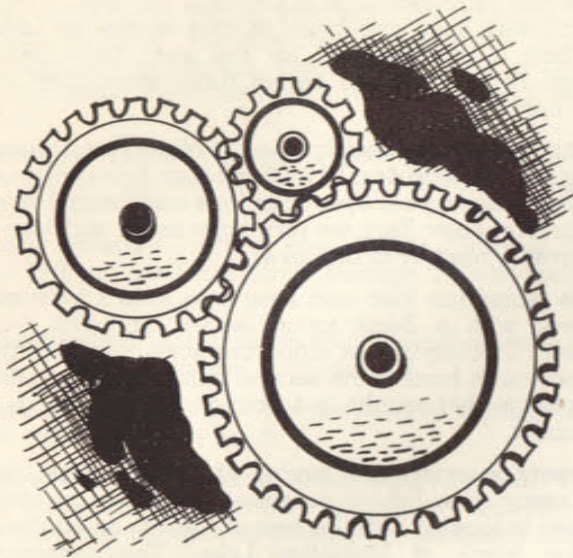
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Back Row—L.R.: A/P/O J. C. Clark, A/P/O A. H. Findlay, A/P/O F. Webb, A/P/O D. C. Roper,  
A/P/O R. J. Steed, A/P/O D. Harper, A/P/O M. D. Talbot.

Centre Row—L.R.: A/P/O R. Sharwood, Sgt. A. Y. Blanchard, F/O W. A. Thurston, Sgt. R. Couquet,  
A/P/O B. K. Gammage.

Front Row—L.R.: A/P/O D. H. R. Carter, A/P/O B. Waring, A/P/O K. F. Overton, F/C G. Poll,  
A/P/O N. S. Pearce, A/P/O S. J. Pearce.

### 38 WA The Los Angeles Wanderer or The Hollywood Hobo

HAVING gamely struggled through their mid-term exams AP/O's Overton, Waring, Webb, Learce and Gammage (Ken, Brian, Frank, Geft and Bert to those who choose to know them well) decided that a holiday was needed and what better time for a holiday than mid-term leave.

Perhaps the U.S. authorities were asleep or maybe they were taken by surprise, but, whatever the reason, they made their biggest mistake since Pearl Harbour—they allowed the Terrible Quintet in Blue to pass into their beloved land. Having successfully foxed the immigration authorities, these ambassadors of good will decided to split and carry out their own independent rampages. Fate took pity on the U.S. authorities, and as a result of her decision not to split their defences, all five of "The Wanderers" found themselves in a Mitchell on their way to Los Angeles. Renowned for doing things in style, the aforementioned Officers chose as their "drivers" a one-star General and a Colonel. The stop-over in Ogden, Utah, was uneventful except for Bert's brave attempt to drown himself in steaming hot coffee. Luckily, RAF blue stands up well to such assaults and AP/O Gammage was soon his usual smart (?) self again.

Santa Monica must have had wind of the arrival of the latest test of Anglo-American relations, for our five friends were driven to their hotel by a Major, after a brief tour of Beverly Hills. The "Hollywood Plaza" having had experience in handling all kinds of menaces decided to offer its hospitality to the five bedraggled, travel and coffee stained individuals. This palace of luxury was their home for a few days during which time Frank and Ken managed to latch on to a very generous native who took them down the Sunset "Strip". They had a wonderful time, but unfortunately, after that last drink with Donald O'Connor in Cyro's, they couldn't remember a thing clearly, and their only proof of having visited many places was a large collection of table napkins, matches, lipstick stains and black eyes.

After the fourth day the cost of living caused our gallant friends to seek lodgings elsewhere. Three of

(Continued on Page 27)

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Centre Row—L.R.: F/C A. R. A. Fabre, A/P/O C. N. Bridge, F/C B. W. Appleby, F/C L. M. L. Clause, F/O G. A. Hutchinson, F/C M. Tilly, F/C R. J. Pearce, A/P/O H. H. Reynard, A/P/O H. E. E. Watson.

Front Row—L.R.: F/C P. E. Naylies, A/P/O W. P. Donaghy, F/C R. J. Pearce, A/P/O E. A. H. Jones, F/C J. M. Bordet, F/C J. D. Jones, A/P/O J. Robins, F/C Y. F. M. LeBayon.

### 38 WB Under the Microscope

THERE ARE twenty-four of us. Way back last October we were thrown together, supposedly to study the art of Air Navigation and eventually to gain the "coveted Navigator's Badge." That was all thirty-six weeks ago. For the interval we have studied Winnipeg's cinemas, beer parlors, night clubs, dance halls, the young ladies of Winnipeg, oh yes! And navigation!

It was in the early weeks that we gained a healthy contempt for the senior course, which lasted until we became senior course. Then the healthy contempt was for all junior courses. We suffered disappointment here, for in our half of the course we have only four big wheels (of the cadet organization). This was a smirch on our dignity, so we went right ahead and obtained for ourselves the biggest wheel of all! (Ask O.D.!) The idea of the wheel germinated in the mind of our C.O.C., Tiffy Rhodes, who hopes that the wheel will be passed from the graduating course to the next senior course in "B" School. Apart from decorating the wheel, Tiffy, who comes from Vancouver, spends his time trying to get money out of the Canadian Navy. Good luck to you, Tiffy!

Another one who helped to "obtain" the wheel was Donane Tyerman. His opening gambit for conversation is usually, "Well, lookit—" or "In the San Fernando Valley—etc." (Where does D.T. come from anyway? sometimes he claims Vancouver, and other times California is his home!) D.T. came to Winnipeg from pilot school and brought with him "Taffy" Jones who hails from Carmarthen in Wales (as if you couldn't guess!) Taffy's never far from the bar, unless he has "disappeared" on a week-end again. What happens at these week-ends Taffy won't say—

Completing the horrible trio we have Mike Donaghy, more often known as "Superbo." Mike is from Londonderry in Northern Ireland. At one time Mike was seriously studying for a pilot's license. I think he has seen the error of his ways now. Mike has a countryman in "Paddy" O'Shea whose home is Dublin, Eire. Paddy has for some time been P.M.C., and claims that he's never had a free drink on the mess card. Not long after we returned from leave Paddy worked out that the course should have ended a week before—but Progress and Planning didn't take any notice.

A typical day with 38B ran this way: 8.00 a.m., report sick. This clears the morning, because it's hardly worth doing half a morning's work, so the rest of the morning can be spent playing snooker. In the after-

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noon there would be a D.R. lecture, ("Anyone want me to run over the A.P.I. again?—") which is always good for a laugh, then sports or drill or something which nobody ever bothers with.

Some lectures, however, are attended, but you usually get some peace there. Not always though, as Dick Pearce found out. Dick, who comes from Vancouver, was told to "Go to the toilet, Pearce, and wash your face! You're asleep again!" Or like Mike Hobbs, who, on being asked, "Is this a special Monday morning feeling, Hobbs, or just your usual hangover?" answered, "Yes!" Mike comes from Brighton in Sussex. Then there's Boyd Bauerfind, whose home is in Cold Lake, Alberta, who commented when asked if he wanted any help, "No thank you, Sir, I don't think you'd be much help!"

It is in the air that 38B really shine. There's Norrie Bridge's famous log entry, "Coming home on Radio Compass and an empty stomach!" Norrie comes from Roby, near Liverpool in England, was observed shaving before one night trip. His reason was that if he was forced down anywhere there might be a dance on! Don Jones, from Vancouver, can be heard after a flight (any flight) exclaiming "Hell, I got a pinpoint that put me fully a mile off track—!" And Maurice Reynard, the Shepherd, who successfully lost and found himself 120 miles north of track. Maurice is from Bradford, Yorkshire. It doesn't matter to Tom Reynolds, from Ipswich, Suffolk, whether he's flying or on the ground—he'll sleep anywhere. He claims that the eyepiece of a B-3 is a first class pillow.

Yann Lebayon is from Bretagne, France, and his main comments on a lecturer's instruction are unprintable. Andre Fabre, from Avignon, France, very much

prefers l'amour to navigation. He's got something there! Lucien Clause is who astounded everyone with a 100% for an air trip. Lucien is from Longwy, M.M., France. Jean Bordet, a Parisien, will mutter to himself during an exercise before he finally exclaims, "Bordel!" With Lucien Ruty, who is from Toulon, France, one must duck to avoid a flying computer. Pierre Naylies, a dapper little Frenchman, often wants to know, "But why are we obliged to— etc., etc.!" And last, but not least of the Frenchman is Max Till, another Parisien, who has been in Canada for some time and is still wondering when he will be promoted sergeant!

We have our specialists in 38B. There is Jack Robins, an ex Radar man, who will confound F/O Turniga with a statement like, "But I always understood that the frequency times the cube of the amplitude divided by the speed of light to the minus four—" and so on. Jack is from Plymouth, England. And we must not forget Harry Watson. Harry doesn't really know what to specialize on, but don't worry, he'll find something. Harry is from Liverpool and was in the Merchant Navy. He claims they used astro all the time on the Birkenhead Ferry!

And finally there's B. W. Appleby, alias Byron Honk Peukleby. Byron is from Newcastle, New Brunswick, and has the reputation of being a Honky Tonk navigator.

This article would not be complete without mention of our course director, F/O Hutchinson. It is remarkable that he has tolerated us so long without anything more serious than ulcers happening to him. He still claims that he can make a flight plan in five minutes, although he has given up "running over the A.P.I."

Seriously, though, Hutch has been more than a course director for us, and whatever he does in the future he has our sincere best wishes.

We'll be sorry in many ways to leave Winnipeg, but the course is over and we're glad to be going home. Those of us from the U.K. and France will take many happy memories of Canada with us, and those from the rest of Canada will remember good times in Winnipeg. To all the students we leave behind we wish "Good Luck" and "Happy Landings!"—D.M.W.

### 38 WA (Continued from Page 23)

them were offered the hospitality of a real grand Geordie lass and spent the rest of their leave in the comfort of a private home. The other two sought refuge in a less expensive guesthouse.

The rest of the leave was just one long run of club-crawls, studio visits and the like. It was not long however before the TV studios got wind of the presence of these brave aviators and between them your representatives managed to clock up five TV appearances. As a token of their appreciation the studios supplied their five guests with a plentiful supply of "King Size, Custom Built" Dunhill cigarettes, and from then on a ten-minute break for a smoke had to be extended to twenty minutes.

At last the time came for our gallants to turn reluctant thoughts to means of returning. They thought that two small groups stood a better chance of foiling the border patrols than one large one and, as a result, split up. Frank and Ken managed to hitch a ride on an Admiral's Dakota and were finally conveyed to Minneapolis in the ever present Expeditor.

The other three managed to return to Minneapolis on a Mitchell to Dayton; a Cadillac which took it easy at a mere 95, and a bus from Chicago.

Now we come to the bitter bit. After taking into consideration the fact that our five travellers had extended their strenuous vacation by 36 hours, the Group Captain decided that they would benefit by spending the next fourteen days in camp to rest up for a while. Of course he gave it the official name of "14 Days CC", but it's the thought behind the action that counts.

Despite the odd infringement of the law our five friends managed to stay out of jail which is more than can be said for some of their course mates.

(Continued on Page 28)

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**Clark (Angle McDangle)**

Favourite Exp.: For-r-ward; Pu-u-sh.  
Ambition: Bernice.  
Pastime: Bernice.  
Sport: Bernice.

**Blanchard (Bubbles)**

Pastime: T.O. 1900 to 0700.  
Favourite Exp.: ?-!-?-!-???

**Hobby (Library liason)**

**Carter (Low Boy)**

Favourite Exp.: Any phone calls?  
Pastime: Phone hanging.  
Interest: Being different.  
Ambition: CCDC (Chief Cadet Duty Cassanova).

**Couquet (Roger)**

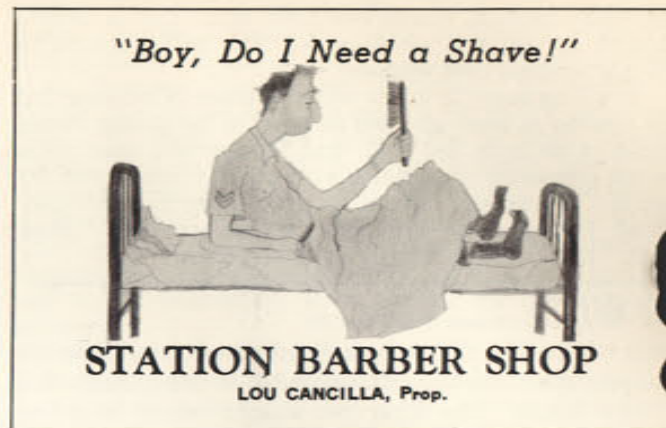
Favourite Exp.: Nuzzing to do, nuzzing to eat,  
nuzzing to smoke!  
Interests: Vine, Vimmen and Zing.

**Findlay (Wagstaff)**

Favourite Exp.: It's mines.  
Pastime: Secretary General of Scottish Nationalist  
Movement in Canada.  
Ambition: To blow up station mail box.

**Ford (Fearless)**

Favourite Exp.: Nursing scoubbed.  
Hobby: Nursing.  
Ambition: To avoid getting married.



**Gammage (Mohammed El)**

Favourite Exp.: Close that -!-!-!- door.  
Interest: Spring loaded doors.  
Ambition: To move to centre of billet.

**Harper (Don)**

Favourite Exp.: Fair play, it's absolutely ridiculous!  
Ambition: Fo fire the cooks.  
Pastime: Binding.

**Overton (Overdone)**

Favourite Exp.: But I had it cut yesterday, Sir!  
Ambition: To get his dirty socks to stick to the  
ceiling.  
Interest: Being in bed at 0755 and in class at 0800.

**Peace (MPP—Most probably Pearce)**

Favourite Exp.: My oppo says!  
Ambition: To take a Charles Atlas course.  
Pastime: Returning after shadowing.  
Sport: Apathetics.

**Poll (Polaris)**

Favorite Exp.: Pip, pip and all that!  
Pastime: Defending Canada in vain.  
Ambition: B. & A.

**per (Dave)**

Favourite Exp.: By jove!  
Interest: Growing moustache.  
Ambition: To be an ex-navigator.

**Sharwood (Bob)**

Favourite Exp.: What's this, I didn't hear!  
Ambition: Wot! Not another Rye!  
Sport: Drilling defaulters.

**Steed (Sludge guts)**

Favourite Exp.: Weekends are rather precious  
these days.  
Ambition: To go to "C".  
Interest: Betty, Joan & Co.

**Sterling (Nobly)**

Favourite Exp.: When I was in Fayed.  
Sport: Egyptian P.T.  
Ambition: To work in a bed factory.  
Pastime: Speaking proper like.

**lot (Mich)**

Favourite Exp.: Ee, it's daft!  
Hobby: Assistant S.H. & S.C.  
Ambition: S.H. & S.C.

**Waring (Brian)**

Favourite Exp.: I've left my cigarettes behind.  
Pastime: Running short of cigarettes.  
Hobby: Curator of 38A museum.

**Webb (Unprintable)**

Interests: Unthinkable.  
Ambition: Undesirable.  
Hobby: Talking.

**F/O Thurston (Thur)**

Favourite Exp.: "The plot thickens"—"It says here  
in small print."  
Ambition: To wish 38 Course goodbye.  
Interest: Counting days to the above.  
Hobby: Baby sitting.

refuse to commit themselves further as the PTL's are  
not yet complete.



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These included flying the Right Honorable Louis St. Laurent, Prime Minister of Canada, to London, Paris and Bermuda, the Honorable Brooke Claxton, Minister of National Defence, to Brussels in December, 1950, and the Right Honorable Clement Atlee, United Kingdom Prime Minister, to New York when he visited Canada also in December, 1950.

Similar in appearance but slightly larger than the North Star, it is equipped with Pratt and Whitney radial engines with reversible pitch propellers. (The North Star is equipped with Marlin in-line liquid-cooled engines). Using the reversible pitch propellers, it is possible to land the C-5 on runways shorter than those required for the North Star.

Cruising speed of the C-5 is over 280 miles per hour flying at 20,000 feet. The pressurized cabin system reduces the altitude effect from 20,000 to 8,500 feet. Range of the aircraft with normal load is 3,000 miles.

The passenger portion of the aircraft is divided into two main compartments. The rear portion, with room for 13 passengers, is the one reserved for the most

important persons aboard. It is equipped with two divans, a semi-circular lounge, an executive desk with a swivel chair, a filing cabinet and a telephone to talk to the pilot. The chesterfields may be made into three-quarter size beds. There is a private cloakroom and washroom, the latter supplied with hot and cold running water.

Between this portion and the main compartment is the cook's galley equipped with a modern oven, which cooks by infra-red rays. There is another washroom and cloakroom for the other passengers.

The main section has seating space for 24 passengers which is easily converted to sleeping accommodation consisting of six double beds, each with the same privacy as that enjoyed on a railway sleeping car. Thick carpets and well insulated walls reduce the sounds of flight.

The crew compartment has space for four of the crew to rest on long arduous flights. A lock-up is provided for valuables.

The C-5 provides the RCAF with a pressurized cabin plane capable of transporting passengers over long distances with a greater degree of comfort than that normally available in service aircraft and at the same time giving the RCAF an aircraft for long range high altitude crew training. (North Star aircraft in service with the RCAF are not pressurized).

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