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AN AIRFORCE NEWSMAGAZINE

VOLUME 7, No. 12

DECEMBER, 1958

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VOXAIR is published on the 15th of every month with the kind permission of The Commanding Officer, Royal Canadian Air Force Station Winnipeg, Stevenson Field, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

ARTICLES may be reprinted by other publications providing credit is given to VOXAIR.

VOXAIR is distributed to every R.C.A.F. Mess, Lounge, Reading Room and Library in the world. Subscriptions are priced at 1 year (12 issues) \$1.20; 3 years (36 issues) \$3.50; 5 years (60 issues) \$5.50. Postpaid anywhere in the world. Address all subscription correspondence to: Subscription Department, Voxair, R.C.A.F. Station Winnipeg, Stevenson Field, Winnipeg, Manitoba. Applications from overseas should be accompanied by an international money order for the necessary amount. Canadian subscribers should make their cheques payable to: R. C. A. F. Station, Winnipeg Station Fund.

EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES: R.C.A.F. Station Winnipeg, Stevenson Field, Winnipeg, Manitoba. Telephone VE 2-1311. Local 216. Printed by The Wallingford Press Ltd., 303 Kennedy Street, Winnipeg 2, Manitoba. Authorized second class matter by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Ontario.

The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Royal Canadian Air Force or the staff of VOXAIR.



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EDITORIAL CORNER

What Xmas Is and Isn't

Christmas isn't Santa Claus and reindeer and presents underneath a tree. It isn't red and silver wrapping paper, or the gleam of coloured bulbs in branches, or carol singers in the night. It isn't sleigh bells, or turkey dinner or the section party on the 24th.

For if the sum of these things alone meant Christmas, Christmas would not add up to very much. A pleasant time perhaps, — a vivid interlude of bright sights and tinkling sounds to break the year's routine, — like a carnival or Sadie Hawkins Day. And Christmas, we know, is very much more than that. There is a special quality to it which we sense at an early age, a magic which lingers as the years go by.

This is the feast of the birth of Christ. At this season more than at any other time, Christians seem to be touched more keenly by their faith. It is here, we think, that the "magic" of Christmas lies.

"Peace on Earth — Goodwill to men" was not another snappy slogan, coined like many since, to decorate the season. It was the original triumphant announcement of something of supreme importance which had happened in a stable at Bethlehem. It was the meaning and the "magic" of the first Christmas, and every Christmas since.

The Star that night was a celestial magnet, drawing together the rich and the poor, the shepherd and the potentate, the native and the foreigner until they were united in the presence of Christ. This drawing together of mankind, this release from the shell of selfishness, this ideal of brotherly love, has been the message of Christianity for nineteen hundred and fifty-eight years.

The message has been neglected. By us and by our ancestors before us. And yet, in every age, with the approach of Christmas, there seems to be a revival among Christians of understanding. Goodwill, unselfishness, brotherhood, — all these become too briefly, more than words. And we call it Christmas spirit. Something to remember — something to look forward to.

The tree and the tinsel are parts of Christmas but only parts. They add to the colour and the atmosphere of Yuletide but they do not rank in significance with the spiritual values of the season. It was something much stronger than carols and Christmas pudding which moved two warring armies to lay down their arms and meet as brothers during the first World War.

Those who say that it wouldn't be Christmas without snow, or carols, or trees, are mistaken. Christmas will cease to be Christmas, only when Christ is left out of it. Christmas is a thing which happens in the heart.

COVER STORY

"... and lo, the star which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

(Painting by Ernie Carrier)

(Mark, Chap. 2)

WE DELIVER

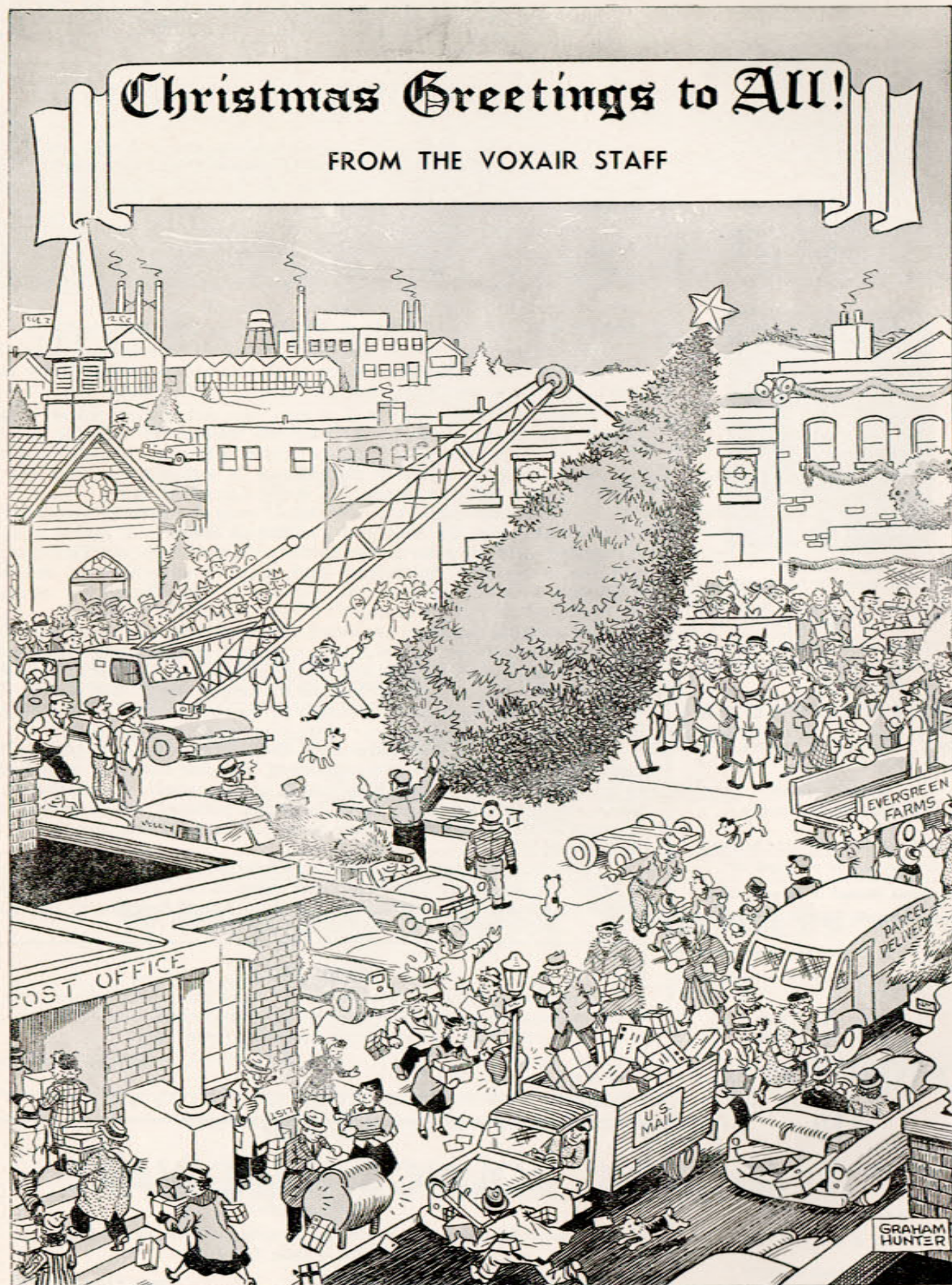
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Christmas Greetings to All!

FROM THE VOXAIR STAFF

Christmas Messages

... from the

COMMANDING OFFICER

This is my first opportunity as Commanding Officer to extend cordial greetings at this festive season of the year. 1958 has been a momentous year for RCAF Station Winnipeg. It saw the completion of the tremendous NATO training programme culminated by one of the finest ceremonies that the Air Force has ever seen, in the NATO Graduation ceremony at Winnipeg. All ranks can be justly proud of the combined efforts of everyone that resulted in such a memorable, heart warming occasion.

We little know what the future holds for us but of one thing we can be sure; that RCAF Station Winnipeg and everyone connected with it will continue to perform in a manner that will add to the proud and enviable reputation of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

To all service and civilian personnel and their dependents I extend my warmest greetings for a happy and contented Christmas, and a cheery and prosperous New Year.



... from the

EDITOR

With the arrival of the Festive Season, I wish to take this opportunity to extend the heartiest Season's Greetings to the Voxair staff, readers, contributors and advertisers. The past year has been one of great growth for Voxair, not only in term of popularity and circulation, but especially in the maintenance of a high standard of magazine quality.

With the continued enthusiastic support of all station personnel, I am sure that Voxair will again provide the best in recreational reading during the coming year. To all those who read, contribute to, help publish, and advertise in Voxair, I wish a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

J Mitchell

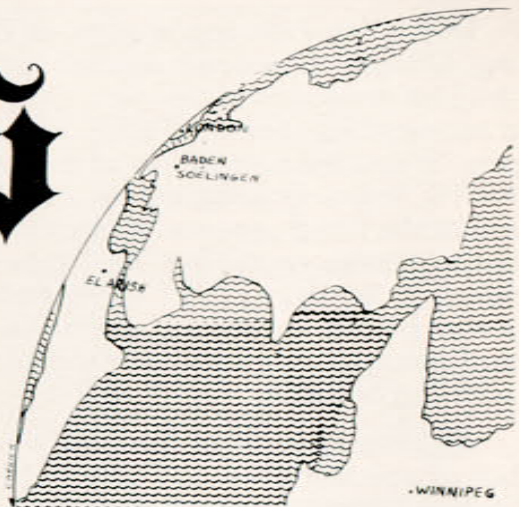


R Sotolow

AIR FORCE

Xmas

near and far



By RON BAYNE

and correspondents as By-Lined

VOXAIR
EXCLUSIVE !!

The RCAF will greet Christmas 1958 in many widely scattered locations—from Comox to Torbay, from Whitehorse to Colorado Springs, from Langar to El Arish, Egypt. Conditions and circumstances vary vastly in many of these, but one thing will be common to them all—the spirit of Christmas.

In an effort to portray this universal spirit, throughout the far-flung outposts of the Service, "VOXAIR" asked some widely-separated units to tell us of their plans for the season. Because of their kind cooperation we are able to present,—as proof that the Christmas spirit thrives far from home,—a picture of Christmas 1958 throughout the RCAF. Here it is:

LONDON

Courtesy; Public Relations Office. CJS London.

The young and old of the RCAF community in London, England, feel the pangs of home-sickness more at Christmas than at any other time of the year. They miss the snow and the sleigh-bells that are so much a part of every Canadian's life.

Somehow the setting of the Christmas tree requires a backdrop of white snow and clear skies. This combination is seldom seen in this, the largest city in the world.

There has developed over the past generations, a traditional Canadian Christmas that differs from that seen in London.

The rented homes of RCAF personnel in London are turned into show-places of excitement and colour to compensate for these differences. To the Canadian, Christmas is a family occasion and this situation is strictly adhered to by the Canadian families living here in London. Big Christmas trees are hard to come by in London, but somehow the 76 RCAF families all manage to get one. Many families brought with them, their cherished collections of Christmas baubles and proudly display them each year.

Unlike Canadian homes, nearly every home in England has an open fireplace, thus assisting in the creation of the traditional post-card setting for the festive season.

The biggest Christmas tree in England is erected each year in the heart of London. This great tree, sent as a gift from the people of Norway, is placed amid the fountains of Trafalgar Square, and each father is duty-bound to take his family to see it.

There are over 200 children of RCAF personnel in London, and a party is held for them. Here, Santa Claus distributes gifts to each child, and it always proves to be a gala occasion.

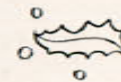
The Canadian children find Carol Singing a profitable business during Christmas. They join in with their schoolfriends and tour the neighbourhood, singing for pennies to augment their Christmas budget. This practice is much more prevalent in England than in Canada.

The Christmas Pantomime is a must for most CAF families — blocks of tickets are booked well in advance for this annual show, held in the London Palladium each year.

Although there are many differences in the traditional ways of celebrating Christmas, the results seem to be the same. The stores overflow with presents, and decorations in London's great shopping centres show a Christmasy aspect that is second to none.

Long before the sun's up on Christmas morning, the children slip downstairs to find well-filled stockings hung over the fireplace. Somehow, Father Christmas manages to find his way through the maze of chimney-pots to fill the stockings, just like he always did at home in Canada.

When, later on, Dad and Mother sit around with their family, opening presents, they realize that home is what you make it, no matter where you are — and for that matter, so is Christmas.



GERMANY

By CPL. RON COULSON, Associate Editor

"Schwarzwald Flieger"
4 Fighter Wing, Germany

For personnel at this unit, one of the most popular of the many seasonal activities is the traditional German celebration called "Fasching." Beginning in our district on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, and carrying on until the Lenten season, it is a series of open house nights at most of the local Gast Houses, during which fun and beer reign supreme. It is a time for merriment during the most joyous months of Christianity, and provides more than adequate opportunity for personnel to gather with their friends and cement relations with the delicious German Beer.

In preparation for Xmas, the local shops are as gaily decorated as any in Canada, but lack the driving commercial spirit which we know so well. Gifts are abundant at very reasonable prices, and in such a wide scope that it is difficult to decide on the best selections. This, coupled with the November 19th mailing date, makes Xmas shopping rather a different thing in Europe, — but the spirit is still there.

For the German children, St. Nicholas comes a little earlier than in most other countries. On December 6th, he appears to all children as a mitred old bishop with a book of names listing them as good and bad. He is accompanied by an ominous looking servant who carries a huge sack to put the bad children in. But the festive spirit prevails and every child receives from kindly old St. Nicholas some small gift, just for being young.



"Plenty of the white stuff in Winnipeg."

On the Wing here, the PMQ council sponsors a gala Christmas party for all the dependent children, complete with movies and our own Santa Claus. Each individual Squadron sponsors an orphanage in the district, and gives them a real party at which all are treated to a Canadian Christmas feast and a highly prized gift.

The distance between us and our relatives in Canada is hard felt at this time, but Christmas is a time of joy, and we save our regrets for another time.

To all the many friends and relatives we have at home — we wish a Merry Christmas, or as we say in Deutschland . . . "Frohe Weihnachten!"



CHRISTMAS IN LANGAR

ONCE again the bells ring out, from the mighty Cathedral towers across the roof tops of great cities, from the steeples of village churches, to echo out over the fields of England, bringing their message of the birth of Jesus, with peace and goodwill to all men.

The dawn of another Christmas Day, with thoughts of the festivities to come. The spirit of Christmas is abroad, the snow scenes on the cards, yule logs on the hearth, holly and mistletoe, sparkling lights with gifts on the tree.

Christmas, a happy day throughout the Christian world, with peace and comfort of home, a family time, with the happy shining eyes of children eagerly opening their parcels, for above all it is the children's day.

It is the time when families gather to exchange gifts, and to celebrate together. For many however it must be a Christmas away from home, with many miles of sea between them, their homeland, and their families. Among these are the members of the Royal Canadian Air Force serving here at 30 Air Materiel Base, Langar, England.

How will the Canadians at Langar spend Christmas? For most of them, preparations will start quite early in December, shopping at the large stores in the City of Nottingham, searching for gifts to send home. Many will have spent a Christmas or two in England, but for others it will be a new experience.

They will possibly make their way to the Old Market Square, where about the 18th December, the

(Continued on page 40)



Longfellow The Snake

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By NORMAN EMMOTT
Author of "Salvador"

ONCE upon a time there was a bull-snake called Longfellow. Longfellow spent his time creeping about and coiling and hissing at other snakes, and he was quite happy until one day, as he was sunning himself, he saw a small dog.

The dog was jumping and prancing about the feet of a strange two-legged animal, who was throwing sticks for the dog to fetch. Longfellow waited until the dog came near him and said, "Is that what you do for a living — jump up and bark and chase sticks?"

"Yes," said the dog, "I don't know that I should talk to a snake in the grass, but that's what I do for a living. I'm a pet."

Longfellow had never heard of a pet before. "What's a pet?" he asked.

"See that creature over there?" replied the dog. "That's a boy. Boys are all kinds of fun to be with. If you're a pet, you have to play with a boy all day, and then the boy will feed you."

Longfellow's eyes brightened. "That sounds like a wonderful job," he said. "How do you get to be a pet?"

"It's not easy," said the dog. "The first thing you have to do is to wag your tail."

Longfellow said "I'll start practising right away." A moment later, however, he said, "This is harder than it looks. My tail starts just behind my head. Couldn't I wag my head instead?"

"You can if you want," said the dog, "but I don't think that will qualify you as a pet. You might try pricking up your ears though. All the best pets prick up their ears."

"But I have no ears," said Longfellow.

"You're pretty badly off," said the dog. "Maybe if you had some hair to be stroked, now . . ."

"I have no hair either."

"I guess you just have no qualifications at all," said the dog, "Isn't there *anything* you can do?"

"I can swallow rats," said Longfellow.

"Pets don't have to bother about such things," said the dog. "I'm sorry but you have failed the physical examination. Good-day to you."

Longfellow was very depressed. He lay in the

grass, feeling very sorry for himself, when along came a cat.

"Hello," said Longfellow, "What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a pet," said the cat.

"Do you wag your tail?" said Longfellow.

"Don't be silly," said the cat, "Only dogs wag their tails. Dogs are very inferior pets. Dogs belong to people, whereas people belong to cats. When a person loses a cat, that is a catastrophe, but when a cat loses a person, it is not a personatrophe. The cat just looks for somebody else."

"What do you have to do to be a pet?"

"I sit in front of the fire, tuck my legs underneath me, curl my tail around my nose and go to sleep. Now and then I allow people to stroke my fur."

"I'll do that right away," said Longfellow. Then his face fell.

"I have no legs and I have no fur," he said sadly.

"Too bad," said the cat. "Isn't there *anything* you can do?"

"I can catch rats," said Longfellow.

"Pets don't even have to bother to catch mice," said the cat, "sorry, but you've failed the physical. Good-day to you."

Longfellow was feeling even more sorry for himself when along came a parrot.

"What do you do for a living?" asked Longfellow.

"I'm a pet," said the parrot.

"What do you have to do to be a pet?" asked Longfellow.

"It's not easy," said the parrot. "You have to put your head underneath your feathers and say 'Polly wants a cracker'."

Longfellow said "I have no feathers and I can't learn to say 'Polly wants a cracker' in parrot-like tones."

"Too bad," said the parrot, "Isn't there *anything* you can do?"

"I can catch rats," said Longfellow.

"Pets don't have to catch rats," said the parrot. "Sorry, but you have failed the physical. Good-day to you."

Longfellow was very sad indeed. Large tears flowed out of his eyes and crept down his cheeks. Once as he was crawling across the road he saw a little boy leading a dog on a chain and the sight of this made him feel so sad that he stopped and a car ran over the tip of his tail. He scurried over to the side of the road but the pain in his tail was not nearly as bad as the pain in his heart because he thought that he would never be able to be a pet.

One day as he was crawling along he saw a sad sight. A little girl, who was very wan and white was sitting in a wheel-chair on her lawn. Her mother stood beside her.

"What do you want for Christmas, Betty?" said the mother.

"I would like to have a pet," said the little girl.

"But you know you can't have a pet," said the mother, "because any creature with hair or fur or feathers gives you asthma so badly that you almost die."

"I don't care," said the little girl. "Life isn't worth living anyway without a pet. I have nothing to do

all day but play with my doll, whom I call Henry."

"I'm sorry," said the mother. "You just can't have a pet."

"Not even for Christmas?" asked the little girl.

"Not even for Christmas." The mother went inside the house, leaving the little girl all wrapped up in a blanket. Longfellow crept up to the window and listened to the little girl's mother talking to the father.

"I wish we could get Betty to take some interest in something," said the mother. "Ever since she was so badly injured in the automobile accident she hasn't wanted to do anything. The doctor says that if she does not begin to take some interest in life she may die," and the mother wiped away a tear.

Just then Longfellow heard the little girl cough. He looked back, and there, standing on her blanket, was an old enemy of Longfellow's, Rascally Richard the Rat. Longfellow knew that Rascally Richard made a practice of biting children. He opened his mouth to bite Betty, when Longfellow turned and slithered over to him. Longfellow opened his jaws until they just fitted Rascally Richard. He shot his head forward, and with one gulp he swallowed Rascally Richard the Rat right down. Then he lay on the ground beside the little girl's wheel-chair. First there was his head, which was sleek and snake-like because he had no ears, and then there came the front of his body which was sleek and snake-like because he had no feet, and then there came a big bump which was Rascally Richard the Rat, and then there came the rest of Longfellow, which was sleek and snake-like, because he had no fur.

Out rushed the father and the mother of Betty. The father raised a stick to hit Longfellow, when Betty said,

"Don't hit my friend. He saved me from being bitten by Rascally Richard the Rat."

"He might be poisonous," said the father.

"Oh, no he isn't," said the little girl, "only brightly-coloured, handsome snakes are poisonous. As you can see, Longfellow is as dull as a mud fence. Besides I want him for a pet."

"But you can't have pets," said the mother. "Anything with fur or hair or feathers gives you asthma."

Longfellow preened himself. It was immediately obvious that he had no hair, no fur and no feathers.

"Well, I guess that's right," said the father. "We can promote Longfellow from snake-in-the-grass to snake-on-the-rug and you can have him for a pet. Besides he is just the right shape to fit into a Christmas stocking."

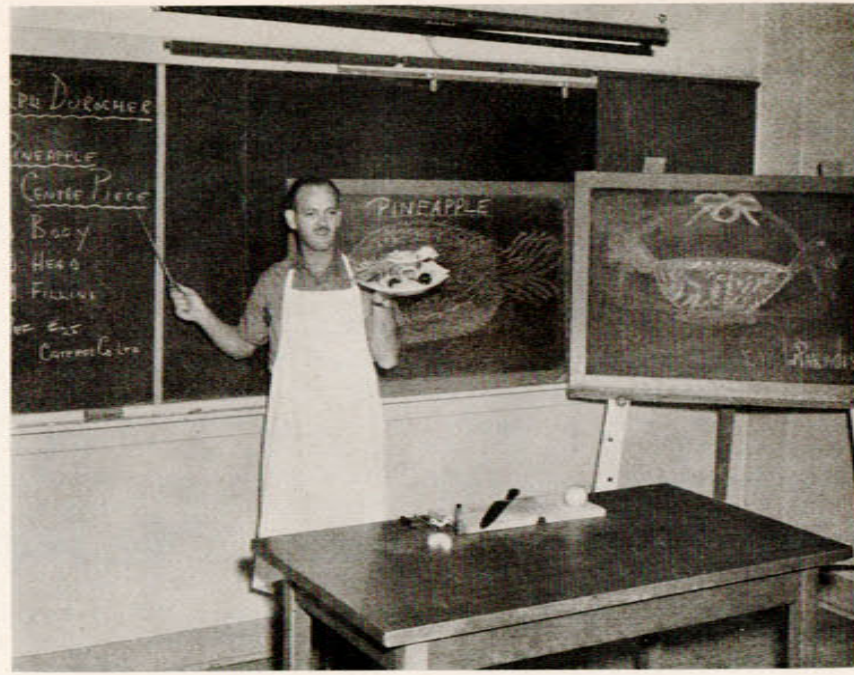
"What do you intend to call him?" said the mother.

"His name already is Longfellow," said Betty, "but I intend to christen him Wadsworth Longfellow after the great poet."

"Shouldn't you call him Henry Wadsworth Longfellow?" said the mother.

"I can't do that," said the little girl. "I already have a doll called Henry. It would never do to have two."

Longfellow lived happily ever after, even though he never learned to wag his tail or to tuck his feet under him in front of the fire or to say 'Polly wants a cracker,' and played with Betty, who soon recovered because at last she had a pet.



Teaching the Teachers

By RON BAYNES

"THIS is one course you'll enjoy," said the instructor and forty-eight airmen and civilians looked politely skeptical. We were seated in Room One of the School of Instructional Technique, down near the lake shore at Trenton, Ont., and this was our first day on Course. We had come here from units in all parts of Canada to learn how to teach. It was not a subject that seemed to lend itself to entertainment. Courses could be educational, and frequently interesting. But hardly ever enjoyable.

Two weeks later we knew that we were wrong. The man had given us the straight goods. SIT had taken a Pedagogy course and transformed it into something that was not just palatable, but appetizing. One graduate put it this way over a beer, between trains in Toronto. "I wish all courses were handled that well," he said wistfully. "You know something," said another, "That was painless. I got a kick out of it."

What does SIT have that can evoke such sentiments in the hearts of course-hardened airmen, even after two weeks of intensive training? Most of the

answer can be found in two words, "Good Instruction." The Staff of SIT, dedicated to spreading the gospel of good Instructional Technique, are not content to leave it at that. They practice what they preach. And one of the keystones of their doctrine is that before a trainee can be taught, he must WANT to learn. If he doesn't want to learn, it is up to the instructor to light the fires of enthusiasm and to bring him, if possible, to a state of drooling, uncontrollable impatience for knowledge. A tall objective, but one which SIT regards as most important. Trainees, arriving at SIT for the course are a good example of the point. Many of them are possessed of an irrational and inherent antagonism towards the prospect of becoming instructors. SIT tackles the obstacle immediately and the success of the operation is demonstrated by the satisfaction of graduates and the obvious enthusiasm which builds up on course.

The sure hand of SIT is evident as soon as the student reaches Trenton. Most of us are familiar with the difficulties of the first few hours on a new



BEFORE

unit. Accommodation must be found, Orderly Corporals located, bedding procured and by trial and error, the newcomer must find out where such essential sites as the Mess Hall, the Canteen (dry) and the Canteen (wet) are located. He must moreover find out the hours of operation and ground rules of each. The incoming SIT student soon finds that this time it's different. They actually seem to be expecting him. The Orderly Corporal has a list with his name on it,—a room is labelled with his name and lo and behold, even a specific bed in that room bears his John Henry. A pamphlet addressed to him, reposes upon his bunk and turns out to be a welcome to the unit, containing such valuable information as how to get to the Post Office, how long it takes the local laundry to deliver. The SIT student quickly senses that he is dealing with a well organized outfit.

This atmosphere of careful planning follows the student through his course. The period of training is nine and one half days, with the final half day allotted to exams and review. Every hour is utilized to best advantage. There are portraits of 5,000 SIT trainees, who have passed through the mill since 1950, in the corridors of the school, and evidently the experience gained with each course and each year, has been applied to the course as it stands, for nothing seems to have been overlooked.

The course itself can be roughly divided into two concurrent phases,—the practical and the theoretical. To the SIT student, practical means actual practice teaching. Theoretical means such subjects as Lesson Planning and Construction, an introduction to psychology, student problems and counselling, and the setting up and administration of examinations. Sepa-

rate from the course but conducted on the premises is an intensive course in the operation of Movie Projector equipment.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

As SIT is chiefly interested in turning out good instructors, and only indirectly in producing good theoreticians, the Course emphasizes Practical training, and the majority of marks are allotted to this phase.

Most of us viewed the prospect of addressing a room full of fellow students for even two minutes with considerable dismay. This we were assured by the Staff, while regrettable, was quite natural. On our first day of training each of us rose to address our fellow-sufferers on a subject near and dear to our individual hearts—ourselves. This was a happy choice of topic for many reasons, as it also served to get the course members acquainted with each other. Like taking the plunge into a cold lake it was a lot more unpleasant to contemplate than to perform. Once on our feet, we were on the way to overcoming any difficulties we might have had with public speaking.

Next practical hurdle was a four-minute talk on any subject. This, they told us, was to develop the poise and delivery of the student and to increase his self confidence. "I never talked about anything for more than a minute in my life," mourned one pessimist around this time. "I'm a born listener, ask my wife. How the hell am I going to fill up five minutes?" But to his own shock and gratification, he did—when the chips were down.

(Concluded on next page)



AFTER

"Listening," says an old SIT saying, "isn't learning. Talking isn't teaching." We had proved we could talk. But could we teach? In three practice lessons, of 5, 12 and 35 minute durations we got down to it. The principles which SIT had been industriously pounding into our heads were applied, and gradually we began to see that this Teaching business involved a lot more than yakking without interruption at a room-full of bored types for a given period of time. All the senses, decree SIT, shall be used in giving the Student the Word. Sight, sound, touch, and in the case of Cooking, smell and taste too. This meant training aids,—mock-ups, charts, diagrams, blackboard work, and much exercise for rusty imaginations in dreaming up effective devices.

SIT Barracks was now the scene of some strange behaviour and a transient wandering into them might have been excused for questioning the mental stability of the occupants.



The four hundred and sixty seventh SIT course faces the camera at the start of their training. The corridors of SIT are lined with hundreds of similar pictures, souvenirs of over five thousand instructors trained since 1950. Front row centre: F/L Birbeck, (STAFF).

Worried looking characters, expounded eloquently to each other and themselves, yanked energetically at non-existent blackboard blinds and asked searching questions of phantom audiences. Talk ran heatedly to such subjects as Aims, Motivations, Outlines and Links and words like Primacy, Belonging, Regression and Projection hung heavy in the air like a thick psycho-pedagogic fog. At least one student spent the night, intoning variations on the phrase, "Good morning, gentlemen."—e.g. "GOOD morning, gentlemen." "Good MORNING, gentlemen," and so on. Uneasy rested the head, crammed with the morrow's practice lesson.

By now we had become familiar with the perils and peculiarities of public speaking. We knew about the desert dryness of throat which no amount of water seemed to moisten,—and the visual acrobatics of the eyeball nervously rotated to maintain "eye contact" with fourteen pairs of goggling eyes, zeroing in from all angles. Startling developments took place. The pessimist who couldn't talk for five min-

utes, now could not shut up for two, and he worried now about going over the time limit. Voices grew resonant, deliveries more fluent and phrasing more colourful. When the final, 35-minute lesson was reached, we had got it beat. On our course, No. 467, (the total entry is divided into three such courses), the development of the art was interesting to watch. It is interesting to speculate on how many domestic verbal balances of power must have been upset when the qualified graduates returned home, bursting with eloquence and good teaching habits. Many of our course returned on the same train and as one graduate noted, though the jokes in the smoker were as corny as ever, the delivery was up 100 percent.

Quite apart from the heady delight of haranguing a captive audience in physical safety, the practice lessons were entertaining in other ways. Each speaker chose a subject about which he knew something—and such topics as Curling, Supply procedures, Microwave in Europe, and the protection of automobiles from theft, were interesting and informative. One legend of SIT, fully authenticated, is that of the student who chose diaper changing as his topic, and climaxed his demonstration with the diapering of his infant son. SIT recalls that the youngster is probably the only infant in history to have been diapered sixteen times in sixteen minutes by sixteen members of the Regular Force.

TACKLING THEORY

On the academic side, SIT's own teaching techniques aim at keeping the student on the edge of his seat, crying for more, and SIT's staff does not stop at anything to attain this end. Perhaps the secret of their success is simply that these lessons do not bore. One instructor, reaching the midway point in an involved discussion, whipped out a cap pistol and fired a volley into the air. "Ground" in the strange jargon of pedagogy, became "Figure." Or in English: Everyone woke up,—galvanized, electrified and alert. Discussing the problems of teaching students with a language problem, another instructor wandered idly to the classroom door and opened it. "Meet F/O Karam," he said, and an officer in flying suit and helmet, allegedly a NATO trainee, stalked in. He was noisily followed by a bellicose and inconsiderate F/L Flameout, who proceeded to show the class all the wrong ways to tackle the problem. By such devices, carefully planned beforehand, interest is held high. Jokes are used frequently, always to illustrate the point under discussion. And everything that SIT recommends in the way of teaching techniques,—the intelligent use of blackboards, training films and other training aids,—the building of a desire to learn, and the linking up of the training with past and future experience, is used in the academic training. The result is good Teaching.

The general verdict among the graduates is, that any system which can teach so much, so thoroughly in so short a time, MUST have something on the ball, and is worthy of faithful application in the Field. And they feel a certain gratitude to the staff for keeping it as interesting as they did.

If you are selected for a SIT Course, do not despair. You too will enjoy it. Don't believe us?—wait and see.

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HOW TO TAKE BETTER PICTURES!

Secrets of Better Flash Photography

AMONG all the techniques used by professional and advanced amateur photographers working to produce better pictures, flash photography is unquestionably one of the most useful. With the first snapshot you take with flash equipment, new horizons in picture taking will open for you.

For instance you may be surprised to discover that flash is really easy. With flash, you can do many



Flash photography is the wonderfully simple way to get good indoor pictures. It's the key to picture-taking all around the clock. Without special lighting to set-up, it's easy indeed to take lots of pictures of the children, such as this one, on the spur-of-the-moment.

things that you have never done before — for instance, you can take pictures outdoors after the sun goes down or take snapshots indoors on rainy days. You will even be able to snap faster action shots because flash equipment lets you have light just where you want it and exactly when you want it.

In outdoor photography, flash cannot be equalled. Before flash equipment was developed for amateur use, snapping people outdoors resulted in squints and frowns in the finished prints because the models had to face the sun so that their faces would be lighted.

But with flash, you can turn them with their backs to the sun and still see every eyelash or freckle clearly in the finished print — that is how successful outdoor photography with flash is. You will even be able to snap in deep shade where they are naturally relaxed and composed.

But why is flash equipment easy and successful for the amateur photographer to use? The answer to that question is found in research and advancement in cameras, flash equipment, and film.

Cameras are lightweight with focus and aperture settings easy to judge. Modern cameras have good lenses that record scenes sharply and without distortion.

Flash equipment is compact, safe, and automatic. Many of the amateur cameras of today have synchronized flash equipment already attached to them.

Film has been developed and improved until it is high-speed for the best flash action pictures possible, fine-grained for good enlargements, and panchromatic to reproduce the color spectrum in true black-and-white relationship. One of these new films for better flash photography is Kodak Verichrome Pan roll film for pictures that are sharper, clearer, more realistic and natural in appearance, and better enlargement material.

All photos in this series courtesy the Baker Advertising Agency Toronto

But the best camera, flash equipment, and film available will not produce excellent pictures by themselves. They need you, the photographer, to use them correctly. Perhaps the easiest way to learn the secrets of flash photography is to study common mistakes made by amateurs with flash equipment.

Underexposure and overexposure are two of the most common errors, but they are easy to recognize and correct. Overexposed pictures are dark and indicate that the camera lens was opened too wide or for too long a time for the existing light conditions. Underexposed pictures appear pale, resulting from too short an exposure time or a lens that did not open far enough. For most average subjects, with film like Verichrome Pan in the camera, the correct standard setting would be 1/50 of a second at a lens open-

ing of about f/12.5. If you have any doubt that this setting would not be correct for your own pictures or for unusual subject material or lighting, either ask your photographic dealer for advice or consult an exposure guide.

Other errors that cause poor results with a flash-equipped camera include reflections, double images, shadows of the subject on the background and too much "fill-in" light, to mention a few.

Reflections can ruin a perfectly good picture of your family or friends. Before taking a picture, look for mirrors in the background, shiny objects in the picture area, or eyeglasses or sparkling jewelry on your models. If you detect some of these reflections before you press the shutter button, you can slant the flash reflector differently, re-pose the subject of your picture, or remove the reflecting material from the scene.

Double images can be caused by one of two things: forgetting to wind the film or by a shutter that is not in synchronization with the flash bulb. The best time to wind the film in your camera is immediately after taking a picture. Then you are certain that double exposures will not ruin your pictures. However, if the shutter and the flash bulb do not "go off" at identically the same time, your picture will have one exposure made by the light of the flash bulb and one fainter image made by existing light. To correct this last situation, you need professional help from your camera dealer.

Shadows of the subject on the background are easy to remove. Ask your model to move away from the background a few steps. If space is limited and it is not possible to move him or her away from the background, use a second flash lamp synchronized with the first and aim it so that it "fills-in" the shadows behind the model. Place this second flash lamp high and to one side of the camera and aim it down.

The last common error made with flash by amateurs — too much "fill-in," is rather specialized. After



Flash photography has its uses outdoors, too. It is an easy way to fill in the shadows on subjects being pictured in the shade.

working with flash equipment, you will find that there will be certain picture situations where there are still shadows in vital areas of the picture. This is because in that particular situation you need light from two sources to "fill-in" deep shadows — perhaps another flash lamp or a cardboard to reflect the light from your one flash will suffice. But it is necessary to plot this "fill-in" illumination carefully. If you use too much light, your pictures will be pale, and lacking in important details. But if you are using Kodak Verichrome Pan roll film in your flash-equipped camera, you will not need as much "fill-in" light as with other type films. Verichrome Pan gives better results in shade, shadows, and even on rainy days than you ever expected would be possible.

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WINNIPEG PERSONALITIES

**F/L "JACK"
BINDER**

F/L JACK BINDER was born in the shadow of the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa, on the 2nd of April, 1925. He was educated at Ottawa Tech.

His first military experience came when he joined the Army Reserves in 1940. He remained in the Reserves until 1942, but a year later, mad at the world, ran away from home to join the Army. A little simple arithmetic shows that Jack was under age. He was soon discovered and was returned home. During his absence he had missed his school examinations, a fact which may have had something to do with his impulsive decision. However he rejoined the Army in the following year, this time with his parents' consent. Unable to go overseas, due to his age, he spent this period shooting down high-flying sea gulls on McNab's Island.

In January 1944, he reported to the Manning Depot at Toronto, where he was selected for training as a Wireless Air Gunner. He proceeded to a pre-Aircrew course at the University of Toronto. Next came six months of ground school and one of flying at No. 3 Wireless School at Tuxedo, Man., now the Manitoba Teachers' College. After a gunnery course at Paulson, Man., he graduated as a WAG, receiving his wings in January 1945. There were too many WAGS in this phase of the war, and Jack was given a month's leave, with a view to demobilization at Rockcliffe. However the development of the Pacific war theatre brought about a renewed need for WAGS. Jack went to Deseronto, Ont. to wait for an OTU course. While he was at Deseronto, the Big Bomb was dropped, Japan surrendered and Jack was demobilized.

After the war, he returned to Carleton College where he took a Honours Course in Maths and Physics, graduating in May 1951 with a B.Sc.

He rejoined the RCAF in 1950 and in the following year was sent to the Reserve Officers' School at Kingston, Ont. He had been considering Telecom or Armaments Systems as a career, but found himself in the Supply branch. He is very happy in Supply and does not regret his change of plan.

Jack married Esther Kelman in August 1949 and they have "one of each," a son, David, and a daughter, Marni.

His ambition?—to break 100 at golf.

Jack arrived in Winnipeg in 1954, and has been with us ever since, a well-known and popular personality throughout the unit.



**SGT. "HERB"
HENRY**

THE last time Herb Henry saw Paris, and other European landmarks, was in 1946, when he was private in the Canadian Army overseas. Herb was in the enviable position of a man who liked to travel, and who was attached to a unit with 32 vehicles and only 22 men to ride in them. By motor bike, jeep and truck, he toured much of the Continent, spurred on by the fairly certain conviction that he would never have the chance again. Next month, however, he will be returning to his old stamping grounds, this time as a Sergeant in the RCAF on transfer from Winnipeg, Manitoba to Metz, France.

Herb first saw the light of day in the town of Kennedy, Saskatchewan, in 1925. He obtained his first experience in survival training, tramping to primary school through weather conditions about

which he still speaks in a hushed voice. Completing his education at Kennedy High School in 1943, he made his first acquaintance with the Armed Forces, joining the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals. At Vimy Barracks in Kingston, Ont., the Army introduced him to the world of wireless, and it was here that he began a long-standing association with such peculiarities of the Radio Operator's trade, as dots, dashes, key-bashing and static. This association has lasted ever since.

He left Canada on the "Aquitania" early in 1944, and five days later arrived in England where he commenced his training in the Aldershot area. His next move was to the Isle of Man, in the Irish Sea, a place which he recalls with some nostalgia as one of the most fascinating he has visited. Resembling in topography the hilly country of

British Columbia, the isle was lent an atmosphere all its own, by such landmarks as the Round Tower at Peel and an abundance of ancient forest and castles. Herb bid farewell to the Manx scene in 1945 and flew to Ghent in Belgium. VE Day found him attached to the 7th Recce Company, with its many vehicles, at that time located at Leer, Germany. Herb and his buddies ranged far and wide through Holland, France, Germany and Belgium. In 1946 he returned to Canada on the "Ile de France" and returned for two years to Kennedy. In 1948, the Service beckoned once again and Herb decided upon the RCAF. As a former Signals Corps type he was a natural for the Communications Operator Trade, and after Manning at Trenton, began his trade training at Clinton, Ont.

His first transfer after training (Concluded on page 48)

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what's the beef?

By F/O W. A. GRYBA

I HATE this place! Any place is better than here. Why don't they transfer me somewhere nearer to home?

How many times have we heard this statement from someone we know? Or from ourselves? Many many times I'm sure. And no doubt there has been some reason for the statement. *But — has it really been a good reason?* — or has it been a temporary thing — a minor frustration which disappeared even before we'd finished our complaining?

As an interested observer, and sometimes participant in this very common Service pastime, a considerable number of questions have occurred to me. Although I claim no professional experience in the field of human analysis, and have not the benefit of expert opinion, I cannot help but comment on this very common occupation of complaining about almost everything on earth.

Why do people complain? Even in the most perfect Shangri-la, one would probably find some individual who was not satisfied with "the set-up" or "the management," or something else. This is an inevitable thing. If someone wasn't around to complain, there would be no progress, no gain, made in any field. Reasonable complaint has a major role in life, and, as the saying goes, "people who complain are happy — it's when they stop complaining that one has to be careful." This is true, but as I see it, this sort of complaining has nothing to do with a large number of other people who, no matter what effort is made on their behalf, still manage to beef continually while side-stepping any opportunity to help correct or change the cause of their beef with life.

"Cue-Ball" isn't aware that these people are interested in him and what he does, and that they are willing to be friendly and helpful if given a chance. Perhaps if he were aware of these possibilities, Ball Joint would seem less miserable, and maybe even likeable!

OCCUPATION — PREOCCUPATION

Another common and chronic type is the "Too many jobs" type. This one is an interesting case. He is invariably seen inbound or outbound from the coffee shop, folded paper in hand, rushing to meet his destiny. He greets you with "I haven't a minute to spare, but — did you hear about my latest job?". Twenty-five minutes later, after enumerating all his various jobs and problems, he blasts off to meet someone or other for a few shots of skeet or curling.

On closer analysis, one usually finds that our over-worked friend has deftly distributed his primary duty among the lesser peons in the section. He, however, is the secretary of the "Tiddly Winks Protective Association," whose membership consists of himself, his wife and son, with the dog as umpire. He may also be "Chief Cornball" of the local Fraternal Order of Corn Cobbers, with an obscure and dubious constitution which our friend is presently modernizing.

Several other monumental tasks of equal calibre also face this lad. The question is — in spite of his complaining and advertising of the terrible load he's under, is he really doing anything worth-while? Is

(Concluded on page 42)

CUE-BALL I HEAR YOU CALLING

A case in point is the Serviceman who, no matter where he is stationed, manages to find the place unsatisfactory, uncomfortable, or un-something. Usually this is an individual who, having been born and raised in Cue-Ball Labrador, suddenly finds himself stationed at Ball-Joint Alberta, and, because he is three thousand miles from home, living in a slightly different environment, seems to find life unbearable, and advertises the fact loudly and frequently. He hangs over the watercooler or the bar, bemoaning his fate, the ignorance of the local people, etc., etc., etc.

Naturally this person hasn't even thought of getting out and really getting to know his surroundings, and the people who inhabit them. It hasn't occurred to him that perhaps just outside the gate there are fellow Canadians, working, playing, living just about like "the folks back home." It hasn't occurred to the "Cue-Ball-Kid" that by nature most people are friendly, and that by simply going out and talking to the "Ball-Jointers," he would no doubt find an interesting, informative and refreshing attitude among them.



"Daughter's got a Hula-Hoop."



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THE HARRAGINS
Marg, Don, Pat

A HUSBAND and wife team with a happy common interest in Scouting, manage and lead the Cub packs at RCAF Station Winnipeg. WO1 Don Harragin was a Scout in his younger days, and became a leader in 1949. Although his wife, Marg, had no previous connection with the movement, Don converted her by the interest he showed in Scouting and when the call went out for help with RCAF Station Clinton's Brownie packs, she registered as a Brown Owl. She quickly picked up the tricks of the trade, acting as Tawny Owl, and assistant Lieutenant with the Brownies. She began managing Cubs in 1955.

The work involved in the smooth running of a Cub pack is considerable. Don and Marg spend three evenings a week on the work. The Cub programme is essentially a training programme, and the Harragins have had to familiarize themselves with most of the twelve courses which pack leaders may attend.

The skills must then be passed on to the cubs in regular meetings of the packs.

The Harragins are enthusiastic about their work and about the cubs. The boys, coming from Service families, are particularly apt in their activities. They seem to have a better than average understanding of group functioning and a distinct pride in their showing, both in skills and deportment. They are, in short, the answer to a Cub leader's prayers, and the Harragins are happy with them.

The objectives of the Harragins, and cub leaders everywhere, are worthy ones. Their goal is to build character, and their activities revolve around this aim. The Cub oath stresses this objective in terms of courtesy, honesty, unselfishness and patriotism. In a somewhat materialistic age, an emphasis on such qualities is an excellent contribution to the building of Canada's future citizens.

With such worthwhile aims and with such excellent material there should be no shortage of leaders for Station Winnipeg's Cubs. But there is. The Harragins feel that many people who would make excellent leaders are not volunteering because they have been misinformed about the qualities necessary for leading a pack. They stress that previous experience is not essential. Enthusiasm about the aims of the movement is the sole requirement. The rest can be learned on the job.

There are enough ready and willing youngsters at RCAF Station Winnipeg to man two new packs. Lack of leaders is depriving them of this worthwhile training. People, genuinely interested in the development of character in the younger generation, would be well advised to consider Cub leading as an effective way of doing their bit.



Don Harragin
presents
Lonnie Bertrand
with a
proficiency
badge.



The Way to Keep Christ In Christmas

By F/L J. M. A. SABOURIN,
R.C. Chaplain

You start in your own home, of course, by reminding the children that Christmas is the Birthday of Jesus Christ. Everything else is secondary. Children should be happy at Christmas-time. It's their day, and if decorated trees, lights, good food and gifts make them happier, that's all right. The spirit of giving is certainly appropriate to this feast—when Christ first gave us so much.

We were meant to be happy on Christmas. Outside of Easter, it's the happiest feast in our calendar. The only note of warning we would issue is to remind you of the danger that commercialism sometimes makes us forget all about Christ. You can see what we mean by looking at the Christmas cards on sale in every store. There's no excuse for any family sending out a non-religious card. You needn't be embarrassed, or feel that people will think you are trying to be "Holy." Public agencies which have put Christ back into Christmas always have a wonderful reception every year.

Do something about Christmas yourself. Let your children exchange gifts, sure, but make sure they have something for the poor. Tell them about Santa Claus, but tell them about the Babe at Bethlehem, too. Decorate a big tree in your living room, but have a Nativity Scene under it — and an angel on the tallest branch.

To us, it has always seemed that there might be two sides to Christmas. There is the special magic of Christmas Eve., when children go to bed starry-eyed, when Santa comes down the chimney with gifts and a tree. But there is also Christmas morning, when the whole family goes to Mass and Holy Communion together—taking to God the gift of their own purity and doing it happily, with overflowing joy. Midnight Mass is a fine custom: at the first Christmas, the Holy Family was together—make it that way on your Christmas, too.

You can't avoid excitement as Christmas approaches. There will be thoughts of gifts and cards. That's all right; it's part of Christmas. But don't let it drive out the real meaning of Christmas. Take time out to dwell on the events of that wondrous first Christmas Day.

Go to bed on Christmas Eve. with your last thoughts on Mary and Joseph. Think of them as friends and neighbors, who are expecting a child. Look out of your window on that cold, clear air; stare up at the stars and think of the wonder that is going to happen.

Then—when you wake up on Christmas morning, think first to yourself, "Mary had a Baby last night. Happy Birthday, Jesus. I wonder what you would like for a Christmas Present . . ."

May the Christ-Child Bless You and Yours at Christmas and throughout the Coming Year.

The Greatest Gift

By F/L E. H. CHRISTMAS
Protestant Chaplain

CHRISTMAS!—that means Christmas presents. With every medium of advertising joining in the mounting crescendo of warnings about how few shopping days are left, we are not likely to forget them. It will be a pity if, amidst the hysteria and frustrations of Christmas shopping, we lose sight of the true significance of the gifts we are exchanging.

These should not be what you want to give, but what your friend would like to get. A boy does not want the prose of a new pair of socks; he wants the poetry of an electric train, the magic of an adventure book, or the challenge of a model construction set. A girl does not want a dictionary; she wants something colourful, pretty, Christmassy. A husband doesn't want a new mower for next summer's lawn; he wants a pipe, a fountain pen, or a pair of cuff-links for himself. A wife doesn't want a set of breakfast dishes for the kitchen, no matter how colourful; she deserves perfume, powder, or her favourite flowers, for herself. A good Christmas present should be a personal gift, something the recipient can have for his or her very own. What is everybody's, is nobody's,—and they know it.

Now if that be true of our gifts to our friends—good gifts, mind you—then "How much more shall your Heavenly Father give . . ." (St. Matthew 7:11)

"Love came down at Christmas
Love, all lovely, Love Divine."

This Christmas gift is for everybody, but it is also for somebody, personally. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son . . ." (St. John 3:16) for everybody; and yet St. Paul can say of this Gift, "Who loved me and gave Himself for ME!" (Galatians 2:20).

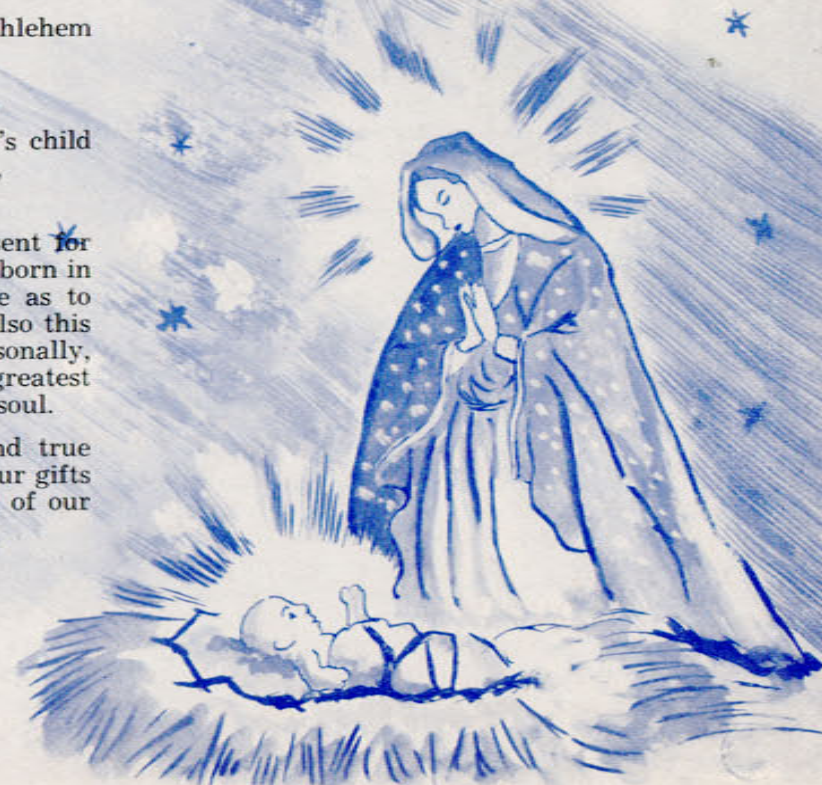
The Christmas Holy Communion is for everybody, a social meal for all of the fellowship of the Sacrament, and yet, there is a real sense in which the secret understanding between the Christ of Christmas Day and you is not shared with anyone else. The invitation is "Come unto Me all that are weary and I will give you rest," (St. Matthew 11:28), but the refreshment is a personal gift to you: "Feed on Him in THY heart."

"I know not how that Bethlehem
Babe

Can God of Godhead be,
And yet I know that Mary's child
Is the gift of God to me."

Here is a Christmas Present for everybody,—a joyous Child born in in circumstances so humble as to win everyone's heart. But also this is God's Gift for you personally, chosen to answer your greatest need, the salvation of your soul.

May each one of you find true and lasting enjoyment in your gifts as we celebrate the festival of our Saviour's Birth together.



Q TV TALK

Edited by ERNIE CARRIER

Four Years With The PLOUFFES

For the fourth consecutive year, the CBC's Plouffe family is coming into Canadian homes, across the country, and bringing with them a glimpse of life in an average French Canadian family.

The author of this most popular bilingual program, divides his time between lumbering and literary work. Writing the script for

Despite her many occupations, Amanda found time to raise four children. One of her sons belongs to a religious teaching order in Montreal, while the other is an engineer for CGAC in Montreal. Her daughter Pierrette has an international reputation as an operatic soprano and her other daughter is also a singer. During summer she enjoys a complete rest from theatrical work and takes cruises on the St. Lawrence.

PAPA PLOUFFE (Paul Guevremont) is probably the only actor in existence who is also a member of a plumber's union. Guevremont, a plumber by profession was given an honorary membership in a Montreal plumber's union. Paul is a veteran of more than 35 years in showbusiness and has performed on stage, radio, television and in films. He has been married for 24 years, has two teen-age sons in college, neither of them bent on a theatrical career.

NAPOLEON PLOUFFE (Emile Genest) is not only an actor. He is also a good sport commentator, businessman, public relations executive and hockey referee. During the hockey season he is a between-periods commentator for the Quebec Hockey League telecast over CBFT, Montreal, and has his own sports show over the French-language television network. Emile also holds down a job with a leading public relations company which takes him on speaking tours all over the Province of Quebec.

He owns a men's clothing store in Granby, Quebec, which he proudly claims is the most modern store of its kind in the province. It has one feature which is probably unique—a water fountain built right in the centre of it. Emile's favorite hobby is hockey, of course. When his working schedule permits he follows the Montreal Canadians of the NHL.

GUILLIAUME PLOUFFE (Pierre Valcour) is the idol of 'teen-agers in his role in the Plouffe Family. His first choice in life was a career in agriculture.

He landed a part in a production of the Oberammergau Passion play while attending Oka College, near Montreal and this first taste of life behind the footlights was so fascinating that he decided to make a career of it. In addition to his work on TV, he has two disk-jockey shows on radio station CJMS and private radio stations. As a "sideline" he runs his own advertising company that specializes in preparing commercial ads for radio, television and newspapers. His main hobbies are golfing, fishing and hunting. He is married and has two sons, aged two and three.

OVIDE (Jean Louis Roux) a very popular French Canadian artist, has been with the program

(Concluded on page 44)

"Onesime" Plouffe — Roland Bedard



Mama, Papa, Guillaume, Ovide and Napoleon Plouffe.

a weekly drama series, is a full time job in itself. Nevertheless, Roger finds time to be president of an important lumber company with a working force of 300 men. Their customers are found in Canada, Scotland, the USA, India and other countries.

MAMAN PLOUFFE (Amanda Alarie) has more than 50 years in showbusiness to her credit. Amanda spends up to 40 hours preparing for the French Canadian version of the Plouffe family on Wednesday night, and as soon as the show is over, she starts memorizing the lines for the English version.



arctic performance

Men of the RCAF—aircrew and groundcrew alike—have learned to work with the demanding elements of the Arctic. Their resourcefulness and courage are our greatest assets in maintaining our wide-ranging defence system.



AVRO AIRCRAFT LIMITED MALTON • CANADA

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Music

with MAUREEN



I think Christmas is the most wonderful time of the year, don't you? It's a time for happiness and beautiful music.

A very nice long play for the children is the story of "THE LITTLEST ANGEL." On Decca, the story is narrated by Loretta Young. It's a story the children will enjoy and always remember. Another story which has passed down through the generations is Charles Dickens' "A CHRISTMAS CAROL." On Decca also, Ronald Coleman is Scrooge, and the other side of the record is "MR. PICKWICKS' CHRISTMAS," as told by Charles Laughton.

On Columbia is "SONGS OF CHRISTMAS," with the Norman Luboff choir. This album has twenty two hymns and carols including... "JOY TO THE WORLD, THE FIRST NOWELL, O HOLY NIGHT, THE HOLLY AND THE IVY, I SAW THREE SHIPS, AND THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS"... Bing Crosby's

"A CHRISTMAS SING WITH BING" was taken from his C.B.S. radio program. This album contains nineteen songs from around the world... An inspiration to the listener are the songs on "THE ORGAN AND CHIMES" by Owen Bradley. This album, in my opinion is the nicest Christmas Long Play on the market... Of course we can't forget that fabulous Frank Sinatra's Christmas Long Play, with Billy May's Orchestra... Something out of the ordinary in Christmas music is "RING! CHRISTMAS BELLS," with A. L. Bigelow, bell-master and Marjorie MacComb organist. This Long Play has carillon bells, hand bells and sleigh bells, accompanied by the organ... "A CHRISTMAS SING WITH MITCH," is just perfect for the family. The music is beautiful, but what interested me is that inside the album is a booklet of words for the hymns and carols on the record. These pages can be passed

around so everyone can sing along with Mitch and the chorus... "CHRISTMAS," with the Trapp Family Singers, has eighteen Yuletide songs. These are from different lands and are sung in the original language... "AN OLD FASHIONED CHRISTMAS" with Richard Ellasser is super with the harmonium and celeste...

If you like novelty tunes, here's one that's really different... "SANTA AND THE PURPLE PEOPLEATER" by Shep Wooley. And for those who like Lawrence Welk, his Little Band does "ALL AROUND THE MERRY CHRISTMAS TREE" and "OUTER SPACE SANTA." Something really unusual is Stan Freberg's "GREEN CHRISTMAS." It's a satire on how Christmas has been commercialized.

Well that's all for this month except to wish you have a very happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

MAUREEN HARPER

the book shelf

By
ROBERTA MAUNDERS

THE MEMOIRS OF FIELD MARSHAL THE VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN KG. —COLLINS

"... To hunt this animal is a dangerous undertaking. It runs strongly and hard, straight at you, and never falters. . . ."

Thus did the magazine of a school in London describe the football tactics of one Bernard Montgomery, in its issue of November, 1906. Later at such places as El Alamein and Falaise, this tenacity of spirit and skill in attack attracted much wider renown.

The Memoirs of Field Marshal the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, recently acquired by the Station Library, traces the life and career of one of the greatest soldiers of the century, and the vitality, initiative and forthrightness which distinguished the author's career, enliven the work.

"Memoirs" traces "Monty's" life and career from his boyhood in London and Tasmania to the day in September 1958 when he retired from the Army after fifty-two years of uninterrupted service. This period, one of the bloodiest in recent history, encompassed two world wars and saw the rise of Montgomery from subaltern to Chief of the Imperial General Staff and Deputy Supreme Commander of the NATO forces in Europe.

The battle which brought Montgomery fame, and his country victory, are history and names such as Alam Hafa, Mareth, Pachino and Caen have joined Blenheim and Hastings and Waterloo in the

British saga. This book retells the stories of these battles and fills in much information that of necessity was forced to await the retirement of the Commander involved.

Montgomery, as he himself puts it, is a man for whom "the approval of others nor of the world" has not been the criterion of his actions. "I have never been afraid," he asserts, "to say what I believed to be right and to stand firm in that belief." He holds fast to these principles in his book and his beliefs are stated here, bluntly and fearlessly. The commentaries and opinions expressed on personalities, events, and conceptions are perhaps the most fascinating feature of the work, coming as they do from one of the free world's foremost military minds. Never an exponent of the "All's well" school of thought, Montgomery clearly and bluntly labels what he considers to have been mistakes as such. His book has been described in some quarters as controversial because of this forthright exposition of opinion, but one senses throughout it, that it was these qualities — dedication, determination and courage of conviction which carried him to the heights he scaled.

Various aspects of the Montgomery character come to light in this book,—a ready sense of humour, a dedication to the mastery of his profession and a certain individuality of approach. We learn for instance that the only order he ever issued on dress, while in command of 8th Army read, "Top hats will not be worn in the Eighth Army." We learn of the early in-

fluences of his parents and later his wife, and can trace the development of the greatest military mind since Marlborough.

Montgomery in the final stages of the book is revealed as that phenomenon of the twentieth century—the international soldier, and he expresses very definite views about the handling or mishandling of military alliances. Yet it is typical of the man that in the closing passages he returns to pay tribute to the instrument of his greatness—the British soldier—in his words "staunch and tenacious in adversity, kind and gentle in victory,—the man to whom the nation has again and again, in the hour of adversity, owed its safety and its honour."

—R. BAYNES

* * *

One of Canada's most distinguished men of letters recently observed that the most terrifying thing in the modern world is the urgent need for knowledge — the really vital kind of knowledge of men and their motives, which can be obtained from books.

Now there is another heartfelt need—for happiness and laughter, especially the wholesome family variety. We sincerely hope that there will be happiness in your home this Christmas Season, so "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all our Readers."

Please Note Winter Library Hours

Mon., Wed., Fri. 0830-1300 hrs.
1400-1700 hrs.
Tues. and Thur. 1130-1300 hrs.
1400-2000 hrs.
Sat. and Sun. Closed all day

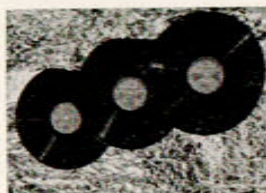
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WINNIPEG



A REVIEW OF TRENDS AND DEVELOPMENTS



By PETER McLOUGHLIN

THE 1959 CARS

Even at this early date, as Detroit continues to unveil the automotive Gods of 1959, one thing is obvious — Ford and Chrysler are going to take a shel-lacking from General Motors in the next twelve months. Stylewise, G.M. is so many miles ahead I hate to think of competitors' pocketbooks. For once they have made a complete break with the past, right through their range of cars, and regardless of the technical merits concerned, the Chevs', Pontiacs, Buicks, Oldsmobiles, and Cadillacs show the results of artistic designing. Compare the sweep of their lines with Ford's box, and Chrysler's 1956 fins. Chrome trim, amazingly enough, even shows signs of restraint and is a vast improvement over the heady madness of 1957-58; gone are the massive bumpers, reminiscent of the caveman's club, together with the yards of hideous junk on the rear fenders of the '58 Oldsmobile. I cannot but think that the public will greatly prefer these products to rival offerings.

Despite the above paragraph I must admit to still feeling that all of these offerings are excessively big, monstrously heavy, and ruinously expensive to either buy or run. Let us fervently hope that the success G.M. are likely to have with these 1959 models will not go to their head and stop the appearance of the very promising 'small' Chevrolet and Ford promised for 1960. And, while we are still on predictions, I would like to add that I feel American Motors will continue to grab an even larger slice of the pie with their practical and attractive cars. Studebaker? The Lark is just out, but I have yet to study it and so will refrain from comment until next month. However, if it should prove a flop, I think we can say, exit Studebaker.

As was mentioned a few months earlier in these columns, all G.M. cars would use the same basic body design, thus enabling the firm to change each car every year. I think I mentioned that this sameness would be obvious if the cars were compared in side views. Here now is the proof of the pudding.

PRICE CHANGES

Just to fox the unwary customer all of the large Detroit companies have



TOP — The New Buick.

BOTTOM — 1959 Oldsmobile.

adopted the strategy first used by Chrysler a few years ago to 'hide' the price hikes. The prices are up between \$100 and \$200 per model — how else could you pay for an additional 150 lbs. of weight? The technique is known as the, "subtle shuffle." Here it is in theory. A manufacturer has three models, A, B, and C, selling at \$2,800, \$2,950, and \$3,100 respectively. To ob-

scure the new price hike the new model A is called B and the customer is charged \$2,950; B becomes C and the price tag rises to \$3,100. C then gets a new name and an even higher price. How about the old man A? I'm afraid he is discarded into the abyss of oblivion. To take a practical example let's discuss Chevrolet. Last year the model range was Delray, Biscayne, Be-

lair, and a special job the Impala, which could only be had in one or two expensive body styles. This year it's to be Biscayne, Belair, and Impala. The Delray is out the window. I might add that the Impala is now available in virtually any guise desired by the customer.

TECHNICAL CHANGES

Most engines show increases in power, but no advertisement is made of this fact. Torques are up considerably. A definite effort has been made at last to build some fuel economy into our engines, by giving them better breathing and split choke systems. Power steering require even less effort to move than before. Brakes are improved by better air cooling and Buick has aluminum fins. 'Air bags' are only showing up as optional on rear springs now — I doubt they'll sell any better this year than in '58. Portable transistor radios are a feature of the Oldsmobile. Self-dipping anti-dazzle mirrors and swiveling seats are featured with Chrysler. Engines are lighter and have even smaller oil capacities. Heating control systems now automatically adjust themselves to outside air conditions to ensure maximum comfort for the occupants. Limited slip differentials look like being universal equipment this year.

NEW FROM EUROPE

ROLLS-ROYCE & BENTLEY continue for 1959. Allard seem to be dropping out of the picture, but an effort being made to struggle along.

JAGUAR are only changed in detail; but have added a Mark IX to their big car range. Basically, this is a Mark VIII with disc brakes and a slightly bigger engine, the 3.8 litre, developing 225 b.h.p.

SINGER: Unchanged.

TRIUMPH: Unchanged.

STANDARD VANGUARD shows first effects of the designing touch of Vignale of Italy. Other than detail body and trim changes, the car is the same as in 1958.

VAUXHALL — no change. Best imported seller in Canada for August, 1958.



The Austin A-40 for '59.

VOLVO, just getting going here, announce a PV544 which is slightly changed for this year's 444. The Amazon will not be available here until the Fall.

PORSCHE — no change.

SIMCA — no apparent change. Now tied in with Chrysler, an excellent move as this car is as good as the Volkswagen.

BRISTOL — Bring out the two door 406 at \$11,000. No further comment necessary, except that it is a beautiful car.

CITROEN — Detail changes and additional models for the ID-19 which will include a stationwagon.

AUSTIN A40 — Drastically changed model, with helping hand by Pinan Farina, to compete in Morris Minor price class between \$1,500 — \$1,600. The basic idea is to combine the stationwagon effect with the normal sedan and to try and give you the advantages of both. To a certain extent they have succeeded, for it is an exceptionally roomy little bus. The little 948cc engine develops 34 b.h.p., which gives a top speed of 72 m.p.h. and a fuel consumption of 36-51 m.p.g. Considerable thought has gone into servicing and repair details, so that overseas customers will be happier. I predict a good future here for this little car.



The standard Vanguard for 1959.

LAUGH OF THE SEASON

For years Detroit has been offering power packs for all of their cars, and this year they have done an about face and are offering an 'economy pack'! This is done by smaller carbs', 'cooler' cams, etc.

The aluminum engine was brought a step closer the other day when a plating process was announced by a Michigan inventor, Carl Cooper. He can electroplate a zinc-titanium coating on an aluminum cylinder bore that will give wear characteristics similar to cast iron. The process appears both practical and economical.

"Viyella" SPORT SHIRTS

BY

Gerhard Kennedy

THE FINEST SPORT SHIRTS
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Manufactured by

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AT THE HOME OF THE GREY CUP

by DOUG WILLIAMS

STATION ACTIVITIES

The Judo Club and the Model Aircraft Club are welcomed as new additions to the growing list of Recreational groups at Station Winnipeg. The Judo Club under F/O Takahashi meets every Sunday afternoon in the Recreation Centre and membership is open to all service personnel and dependents. F/O Ryan at local 245 is primarily responsible for the formation of the Model Aircraft club—meetings are scheduled for Sunday afternoon in the Drill Hall. Contact the Recreation Centre for further information.

Do you know that Station Winnipeg takes top honors among Stations of 14 Training Group having placed first in 303 Rifle, Flag Football, Archery, and Horseshoes, as well as placing second in Golf, Baseball, and Softball. Station Portage tied with Moose Jaw for second place. Portage has first spot in Golf and seconds in .303 Rifle, Track and Field, Archery and Horseshoes; Moose Jaw placed first in Softball and Baseball with second places in Soccer and Flag Football to gain equal points on the basis of two for a first and one for a second. Gimli won first place in Skeet and Soccer while Penhold's sole win was in Track and Field. Macdonald was the only other Station to hit the scoreboard as they picked up a second in Skeet.

Not bad for the Summer and Fall activities. The congratulations of all go out to the numerous competitors who once again proved Winnipeg can stand up to the best.

Getting back to more recent activities a welcome should also be extended to the Saturday Morning Children's Fitness classes under the direction of Cpl. Dunn and to Water Polo which has been added to the programme this winter. At

present Water Polo games are played each Wednesday at 2100 hrs. Contact Cpl. Carlson at the Rec Centre for further information.

Indoor Soccer is under way with 24 teams competing in an "A" and "B" division. Games are played each Monday evening and Saturday afternoon in the Drill Hall.



HOCKEY

W/C Vinnicombe will again coach the Station Hockey team. By the time this is printed, the first practices will have been held and the team should be shaping up to defend the Training Command Championship which Station Winnipeg won last year.

Intersection Hockey got under way on 3 Nov. with the Honorary President W/C Vinnicombe officiating at the opening face-off. Dak

Repair defeated the Pilots' team in the first game and Combines downed AOS Cadets in the second. The fifth team in the league, Armament Systems, played their first game on 5 Nov. when they defeated Dak Repair 6-0.

Standings in the league as at the end of November show Armament in the lead with four wins and no losses while Combines have the same number of wins but have lost one game to the Armament crew. AOS Cadets come next with 2 wins and three losses while Dak Repair have a single win over fifth place Pilots who have had four starts without a win.

Games are played at the Winnipeg Arena on alternate nights each week. Contact the Recreation Centre or any of the teams for information on specific game times.

The Girls' Basketball team has been defeated twice in two starts each time going against the University of Manitoba Bisonettes. In



W/C H. C. Vinnicombe, C Ad O drops the puck for the first practice game of the Hockey Season at the Winnipeg Arena.



The CO, G/C JF Mitchell, throws the first rock of the 1958 curling season.

The opening league game the RCAF lost 28-16 and the second they were on the short end of a 24-22 score. Coach Terry Burns refuses to commit himself on future prospects of the team but regular practices and future games should show marks in the win column.

The Mens' Basketball team hold second place in their league having lost one game to the undefeated USAF team. Third spot is held by St. Andrews with one win while the cellar-dwelling Gimli team is without a win in three starts.

The following schedule of activities includes most of the regularly held groups. For any who don't find details regarding their particular interest, we invite a call to the Recreation Centre at local 511.

RCAF STATION WINNIPEG WINTER RECREATION SCHEDULE

- ARCHERY**—Tues. and Thurs. evening—Drill Hall.
- JUNIOR ARCHERY**—1900 hrs. Tues. evening—Drill Hall.
- AUTO SHOP**—Evenings Mon., Fri. and Sat. 1000 hrs.-1800 hrs.
- BADMINTON**—Tues. and Thurs. evening—Rec. Centre.
- BASKETBALL**—Mens' games every Thursday—Rec. Centre 2000 hrs. Girls' games as scheduled—various locations.

BINGO—Wednesday evening—Drill Hall.

BOWLING—Leagues Sun.-Fri. evening and Sunday afternoon—Rec. Centre. Limited open Bowling Friday evenings.

BOXING—Evenings—Drill Hall.

CURLING—evenings and some afternoons—Curling Rink.

DRAMA CLUB—meets as required in Old Site Theatre. Contact Capt. Evans L597.

HOBBY SHOP—Evenings in Hobby Shop Old Site.

HOCKEY—games as scheduled at Winnipeg Arena.

INDOOR SOCCER—Monday evening and Saturday afternoon—Drill Hall.

JUDO CLUB—Sunday Afternoons—Rec. Centre.

MODEL AIRCRAFT CLUB—Sunday Drill Hall. Contact F/O Ryan 245.

RIFLE CLUB—Evenings Rec. Centre. F/L Smith 565.

SQUARE DANCE CLUB—Saturday evenings—Community Centre Building.

STAMP CLUB—Monday Evening — Contact S/L Hebert L221 or Sgt. Molleni L511.

SWIMMING—Classes Monday Evening open swimming other evenings — Contact Rec. Centre L511 for detailed times and classes.

VOLLEYBALL — Wednesday afternoon — Rec. Centre.

WATER POLO — Wednesday evenings—2100 hrs.—Swim Pool.

WEIGHT TRAINING — Tues. and Thurs. evening—Drill Hall.



FLAG FOOTBALL

Station Winnipeg, represented by the Flight Cadets' Team, and four players from other station teams, recently accepted Station Clinton's challenge and travelled to Clinton on 15 November, last.

The football field was drenched with rain and the game was played during a constant downpour. There was no score during the first two quarters of the game. However as soon as the Winnipeg team had adapted themselves to the conditions, they scored, going on to win 12-0.

Had conditions been better, an excellent ball game would have resulted as Clinton's team was one of the strongest that the local Cadets have encountered.

Our congratulations should go to the team on their success, as they showed themselves to be probably the best Air Force team of the current year.

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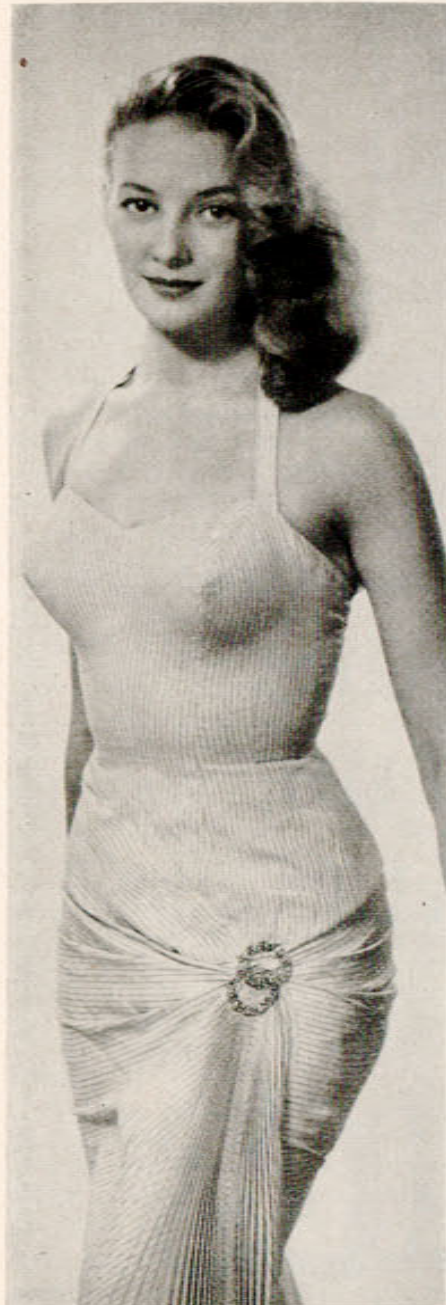
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NEWS

Edited by
GORD ROWE

C
BEAUTY
C



Sallie Dorey is one of 10 girls selected for the "kick" line in the new series of Here's Duffy show. The girls were auditioned by Andy Body, choreographer for this CBC television series. Applicants for the line had to be over five feet, six inches in height. Sallie is a shapely five-foot-seven. And she can dance, too! CEC Photo

CORPORALS' WIVES ADD LIFE TO CLUB

The Corporals' Wives' Club has come through with flying colours again. Through the courtesy and cooperation of the Corporals, they presented a "Sadie Hawkins" party in the Corporals' Mess on Friday November 7th.

The Corporals must be popular fellows with their wives for the Mess was packed to capacity. The merry couples danced to the music of the "Hit Hats" and the evening was highlighted by a medley of dark songs presented by the "Merry Minstrels" group, (Cpls. Al Psyhtocky, Rick Kelow, John Richards and Mr. George Fukumura). The boys put on a terrific show with Mr. Fukumura doing a marvellous imitation of Louis Armstrong. The show went over big and the boys deserve a big hand.



MERRY MINSTRELS

Mr. George Fukumura, and Cpls John Richards, Al Psyhtocky, and Rick Kellow make with the music.

The girls served delicious buns, stuffed fat with turkey and coffee.

Next gathering of the Ladies' Club will be an executive meeting. Plans will be made to assist the Corporals with their Christmas party for little orphans. We hope to see all the wives attend this meeting on Tuesday December 9th.



ROYAL CHAUFFEUR ELECTED MAYOR



Sergeant CJ (Chuck) Hancock of Redvers, Saskatchewan, who chauffeured Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth in Ottawa in 1957, and Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret in Toronto in 1958, has been elected Mayor of the RCAF's married quarters development at RCAF Station, Winnipeg, Man.

He replaces Wing Commander WF Davy, of Toronto, Ont. who is shown (left) signing the office over to Sgt. Hancock.

Sgt. Hancock is the son of Mrs. J. Hancock of Redvers, Saskatchewan, and, joined the RCAF in July 1942. During the war years he served in England, France, Holland and Belgium, and is at present in charge of the Mobile Heavy Equipment section at RCAF Station Winnipeg Manitoba.

RCAF PHOTO



A FISHBOAT RESCUED AN AEROPLANE

It all started when a Canso aircraft from 121 Communications and Rescue Flight at St. Sea Island was practicing water landings at Active Pass near Vancouver Island.

The pilot shut down the engines, which was part of the exercise and when he tried to start them again one refused to go.

He radioed Patricia Bay control tower and explained his problem. The tower passed the message to the Rescue Co-ordination Center in Vancouver.

A nearby fishboat, the "Curlew" (Concluded on page 37)

Seasons' Greetings to Station Winnipeg



As neighbours of Station Winnipeg, in St. James it has been our good fortune in 1958, as in previous years to be of service to many RCAF personnel.

To all our Air Force customers, we wish a neighbourly "Merry Xmas and a prosperous 1959."

The BANK of NOVA SCOTIA

PORTAGE & ROSEBERRY BRANCH, ST. JAMES, MANITOBA

A. J. HENDERSON, Manager

They call it legal tender,
That green and lovely stuff.
It's tender when you have it,
But when you don't—it's tough.

To our many friends
throughout the R.C.A.F.

Merry Christmas
and
Best Wishes
for 1959

Station Barber Shop

L. CANCELLA





The +
Night before
Christmas +

At this joyous season, may I take the opportunity of extending to all my friends and clients best wishes for a very merry Christmas, and a happy and prosperous New Year.



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Phones:
WHitehall 3-5538
WHitehall 3-5539
WHitehall 3-5530

NEWS

(Concluded from page 34)

M," was contacted and asked to go to the assistance of the Canso. For more than three hours the fishboat towed the disabled aircraft which was finally anchored in the harbour near Patricia Bay Airport. "This is the end," exclaimed the pilot when a second aircraft picked up the crew, "when the rescuers have to be rescued."



Activities at the Protestant Chapel Ladies Guild Bazaar held recently.



AC1 George D. Rodrigue and his bride, the former Lydia Mettoli, smile happily for the camera at their wedding in Marville, France. George's home town is St. Boniface, Man. Lydia's Slenay Meuse, France. The lucky groom is stationed at Marville with 1 Fighting Wing.

CHRISTMAS

Merry Christmas! Millions and millions of times this month, these words will echo around the world. Gifts, cards and greetings of every

sort will fly, as people everywhere join in the festive spirit.

But how about the man in Deer Lodge Hospital who hasn't seen a Christmas since that cold, shell-torn day in December 1944, when his gift was a grenade, courtesy of Herr Hitler?

How about the guy down the street who hasn't had a job since he fell off the scaffolding in July?

How about the kid with the curly hair and nice smile that lost his parents in the big car crash last year?

Have they a Christmas to look forward to? Will the Vet wish he were dead this Christmas?

Will the mother of five children weep as she doles out the tiny gifts she managed to get out of unemployment leftovers? Will she be broken-hearted as she sees the ragged little stockings hung up so expectantly?

And how about the orphan boy? Will he cry hot baby tears as he remembers last Christmas, when Mom and Dad were there too?

Hey buddy—got a spare dime for THEM?

WALDO



G/C JF Mitchell, CO, RCAF Station Winnipeg presents the American Jewellers' Award to LAC Don Cawood for his outstanding performance in "Visit to a Small Planet."

Rehearsals for the Drama Club's next presentation, "Teahouse of the August Moon" start on January 5th. Set in Okinawa, the play was a brilliant success on Broadway. The film was a box-office hit and the Drama Club has good reason to expect their most outstanding success yet.

CHANGES IN HOCKEY
TELECAST SCHEDULE

The following changes have been made in the schedule of NHL hockey games being telecast on the CBC-TV network:

- Dec. 13—Detroit at Montreal
- Dec. 20—Boston at Toronto
- Jan. 10—Chicago at Montreal
- Jan. 17—Detroit at Toronto
- Feb. 21—New York at Toronto
- Feb. 28—New York at Montreal
- Mar. 7—Boston at Toronto
- Mar. 14—Chicago at Montreal



The Altar of St. Clement Dones Church in London England, recently declared Church of the Royal Air Force by Queen Elizabeth II. Heavily damaged during the second World War, the church has been rebuilt to a cost of £190,000. Contributions of money and gifts from other countries and air forces, including the USAF, the RAAF and the Royal Netherlands and Norwegian Air Forces, helped in the restoration of the famous church, located in the Strand.

Courtesy of the British Information Bureau.

When you want to save on Foods

ALL YOU NEED TO REMEMBER IS

SAFeway

Your St. James Safeway is located at Portage Ave. and Ferry Road



"Whose bright idea was it to use the kind that when one goes out they all go out?"



The sailor, fresh from boot training, came aboard ship for the first time. An admiral standing nearby heard him remark that he had to go "downstairs."

"Downstairs!" roared the admiral. "Never say that aboard ship. Say 'below deck.' If I ever hear you say 'downstairs' again, I'll have you thrown out that little round window over there."



"We both started here at the same time. I had a diploma from a leading university, he had a nagging wife."

A PARODY (with apologies to Good King Wenceslas)

By MAURICE HARDMAN and JOHN ROGALSKY

Good old Met. and Staff looked out
On the field of Stevens,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even.
Harshly blew the wind that night,
And the frost was cruel,
When a pilot came in sight,
Gathering Met. and fuel.

"Hither Met. come stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder snowflakes, whence came they,
Where and what their heading?"
"Sire, they moved a few leagues hence,
Inside a quarter hour,
Right thick they are and so dense
They've had to light the tower."

"Good Sir Met.," the Pilot said,
"Those words I like to hear."
Away with Met.—the way he led,
For a glass of beer.
Met. and Pilot forth they went,
Through the blizzard hairy,
With flying scrubbed, then, they were
bent,
On keeping Christmas merry.

crisis at bear-claw

By RON BAYNES

The blizzard had lasted for a week, and by New Year's Eve, RCAF Detachment Bear-claw, North West Territories was cut off from the outside world. All morning the twelve members of the detachment had sat huddled in the Operations Building, huddled around the stove, staring with lifeless eyes at nothing, in a silence broken only by an occasional hackneyed remark about stiff upper lips from the Detachment Warrant Officer.

At about eleven, the OC walked in. F/O Plurton was facing the greatest crisis of his career and so far he had kept control of himself admirably. But now, you could see the strain beginning to show as he stood in front of the icicle-encrusted windows, staring at the swirling snow and gnawing absently at the frosted spikes of his military moustache. Sighing, he strode to his office.

"W/O Jemmett," he said hoarsely. "A word with you alone, if you please."

Jemmett shuffled into the office. His eyes were red-rimmed with lack of sleep, but his jaw still protruded determinedly. He saluted.

"How are those poor devils mak-

ing out?" asked Plurton, jerking a thumb at the next room.

Jemmett shrugged. "I don't know," he said grimly. "How much can we expect them to take, Sir?"

A penetrating groan echoed from next door and Plurton winced.

"That's young Figley," sighed Jemmett. "The youngest of the lot."

"It's my fault," murmured Plurton. "I am responsible."

Jemmett shook his head. "No one blames you, Sir," he said. "It's this infernal weather. If it would lift long enough to get a plane in—"

"If, if, if," said Plurton slamming his hand down on QR Air. "What chance is there of getting a plane in through this." He stared at the blizzard. "Curse you," he muttered approximately, "Curse you."

"Courage, Sir," muttered Jemmett. "Remember the saying, 'This is the Law of the Yukon—that only the fit shall thrive.'" He had recently returned from a public speaking course at SSTS and his voice was impressive.

"Spare me your quotations," said Plurton edgily. "We have enough to face as it is. Besides we aren't in the Yukon."

"A technical difference, Sir,"

Jemmett reminded him. "As Shakespeare so appropriately put it—'All the world's a stage . . .'"

There was a hoarse scream from the next room, and a wild-eyed LAC burst into the office. "Say we'll get a plane in her, Sir," he said frantically. "Say there's a chance."

"Easy, lad," said W/O Jemmett. "If you can keep your head when all about you—are losing theirs—"

"That will be enough, Jemmett," said Plurton tensely. "I'll address the men. He stalked into the next room."

"Well, lads," he said. "Here's the situation. If the blizzard doesn't lift, there's no way we can replenish our supplies. In that event I want you to remember your obligation to face whatever comes with staunch courage and steadfastness. And without whimpering." Figley whimpered and Jemmett glared at him.

"Sir," said a voice from the back of the room, tense with excitement. "The blizzard's lifting." A stampede of desperate men flocked to the door. It was true. As suddenly as it had come, the blizzard had

(Concluded on page 44)

Enjoy Coca-Cola right now!



Plenty here for Mom and Dad too.

FS BOB FINDLAY with Xmas cheer for Junior Misses.

Mr. Harvey Stephenson, Armament — Western and Military.

The Christmas Gift Shop

XMAS NEAR AND FAR

(Continued from page 7)

ceremony of lighting the giant Christmas Tree will take place.

Every year since the war a giant pine tree has been erected in the Square, and a few days before Christmas a ceremony takes place when the Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Sherrif of Nottingham, and Civic dignitaries, presses a switch and the tree gleams with hundreds of coloured lights. Various choirs sing around the tree, and the citizens of Nottingham play Santa Claus by bringing gifts and handing them in. These are distributed on Christmas Eve, to the Children's Homes, and Hospitals in the City.

The Canadians with their families over here will no doubt take the children along to the stores, where they can visit the Enchanted Forest, or the Magic Croft. Here they will meet Santa Claus, and tell him their wants for Christmas.

At the Base, Christmas parties will be held by various Sections, and these will be attended by service and civilian personnel. One of the big events will be the Children's Christmas Party, and by the time this takes place a vast amount of planning will have been done, and a great deal of hard work put in by the personnel arranging it.

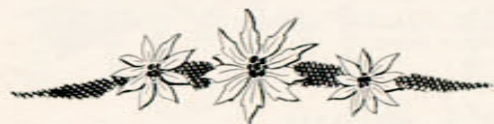
The first Children's Party at Langar took place in 1952, when the Base was still something of a mud bath, and an array of half completed buildings. The event has gone from strength to strength, and each year seems to have brought more children, but when the day of the party arrives and the Recreation Hall is filled with laughing, happy children, everyone agrees that the event is well worth the effort. I am told that this year they will be catering for about six hundred children—these will include some from local Children's Homes, as well as those of service and civilian personnel.

Some of the personnel on leave at Christmas will be travelling in various directions—London, Paris, and Rome are three of the destinations mentioned.

Most of the married personnel will possibly be found having their own family celebrations in P.M.Q.'s at Radcliffe-on-Trent. Some of the single officers and airmen will join them in their homes, while others visit their English friends.

Some will be on duty, and others staying on Camp—they too will have their own celebration including a traditional Christmas Dinner, with the airmen and airwomen being waited upon by the Commanding Officer, and Officers.

These then are some of the ways in which the Canadian in England will spend the holiday, but wherever they are, they will I feel sure, want to join in sending their best wishes for a happy Christmas, and a bright and prosperous New Year, to all readers of *Voxair* from 30 Air Materiel Base, in England.



FRANCE

A LEGEND OF LORRAINE

Retold by

K. Gravelle, 2(f) Wing, Gros Tenquin
Moselle, France

In the Moselle Valley of France, RCAF personnel and their families will greet the season at their base in Gros Tenquin, or in P.M.Q.'s in the outskirts of nearby St. Avold. This is the area which was once known as Lorraine, and Christmas here is different from that in the rest of France. Gifts are distributed on the 5th and 6th of December, and St. Nicholas, in the robes of a Bishop, officiates.

Here is the legend which gives this special flavour to Christmas in the Moselle:

On December 6th, the little boys and the little girls of Lorraine honour St. Nicholas, who on that day falls in with their wishes by distributing abundantly toys, gifts and sweets of all kind.

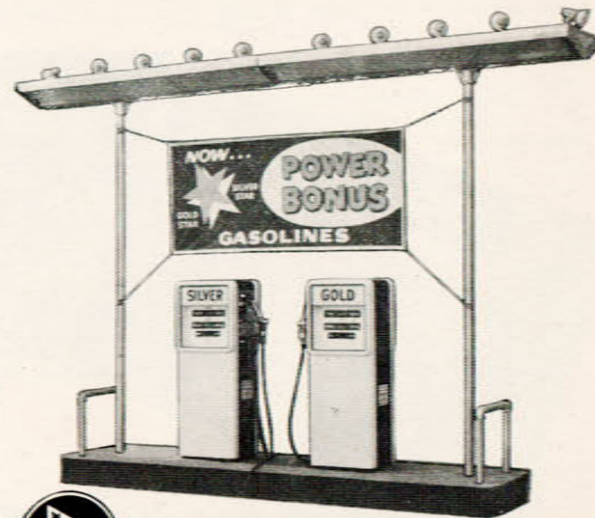
Now, a long time ago in an old Lorraine province, three little children went and gleaned in the fields. Their parents were very poor and they had to gather ears of corn after the harvest so that they could bake bread in Winter.

But one day the children went far away from the village and in the evening they realized that they were lost. They saw that they were alone in the country and they started to cry. As they were not

(Concluded on page 45)

Christmas Greetings

from the management, staff,
dealers, and agents of this
Canadian-owned oil company.



NORTH STAR OIL LIMITED



YULE
TIME and TIDE
WAIT FOR NO MAN
make sure you have enough
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THE HOLIDAYS

DREWRY'S
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T'was the Night before Christmas

(AIRFORCE VERSION)

"T'was the Night before Christmas and all through the house
Were empties and butts left around by some louse,
And the best quart I hid by the chimney with care
Had been swiped by some bum who had found it down there.

My guests had long since been poured in their beds,
To wake in the morning with some God awful heads.
My wife, too, was cold with her chin on her lap,
And me, I was dying for one more nightcap.

When out on the lawn there came such a yell,
I sprang to my feet to see "what the hell."
Away to the window I tore like a flash,
Fell over the table, broke a chair with a crash.
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow,
Made me think of coal bills and all I did owe.
And what my wondering eyes did show up
But eight bloated reindeer hitched to a beer truck.

With a little old driver who looked like a hick,
But I saw it was Santa, as tight as a tick.
Like General Grant Tanks, those reindeer they came,
And he hiccupped and belched as he called them by name.
"On Schenley, On Seagram, we ain't got all night.
You too, Haig and Haig, and You, Black and White,
Scram up on the roof—get the hell off this wall,



WHAT'S THE BEEF

(Concluded from page 19)

this man contributing anything to the Service? Not on your life — but try and tell HIM that!

SHORT CUT TO THE MUD

A classic case is the man whose complaint inevitably is: "I try to do a good job, but everything I touch turns to mud." This same man usually has as his motto the theory "My mind is already made up, don't try to confuse me with the facts!" True — this type usually does have his mind made up. He has his ideas on how the job is to be done, and no amount of facts, figures, directions or qualified opinion can change his decision. His theory is "To hell with the book — I've got a short-cut." And then, with his eyes firmly focused on infinity, our poor friend cannot understand why his efforts eventually turn "to mud." Initiative and imagination are great assets, but they cannot and will not replace sound judgment, reason, acceptance of proven facts, and a willingness

Get going "Mule Train," we got a long haul."
So up on the roof went reindeer and truck,
But a tree branch hit Santa before he could duck.
And then in a twinkle I heard from above
A heck of a noise that was no cooing dove.

Then I pulled in my head and cocked a sharp ear,
Down the chimney he came right flat on his rear.
He was dressed in furs with cuffs on his pants,
And the way the guy squirmed I guess he had ants.
His droll little mouth made him look a bit wacky,
And the beard on his chin was stained with tobacoy.
He had pints and quarts in the sack on his back,
And a breath that would blow a train off the track.

He was chubby and plump and he tried to stand right,
But he didn't fool me, he was high as a kite.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And missed half the stockings, the plastered old jerk.
Then putting five fingers to the end of his nose,
He gave me the bird and up the chimney he rose.
He sprang for his truck and slid on his face,
But finally managed to flop into place.

But I heard him burp back, ere he passed out of sight,
"MERRY CHRISTMAS," you rum-dums, now really get tight!"



to listen to the other point of view. Perhaps use of "the book" would help the "mud" problem!

These have been only a few of the many varieties of complainers in the Service today. I do not say that they are all wrong. In any organization there is bound to be something to complain about — there will always be a source of displeasure for someone. But — on the other hand, let's not lose sight of the fact that WE are the organization. WE all have shortcomings, and so, necessarily, the organization will have shortcomings.

Fortunately, we are a voluntary service. We are here because we want to be here. As voluntary Airmen, and clear thinking individuals, we are privileged and obligated to carry out our duties to the best of our ability. This can be done by honest effort and constructive thinking. Let us use the privilege of being able to think and act by making positive, constructive suggestions while shouldering our full share of responsibility. This is OUR Service. It is a good service — let's not debate it with petty, peevish small time bickering. **THINK BIG.**

VOXAIR CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Banter
2. Fake
3. Measure out
4. Proportion
15. Feeble, as an excuse
16. Spoken
17. In the past
18. Russian range
19. Author of "How the Other Half Lives"
20. Spilling no beans
21. Imitate
23. Maker of solemn pronouncement
25. Harry
27. Clothes horse
29. Any appliance
31. Matured
35. Scheme
38. Comfort
40. Attention
41. Fasten with metal
43. Trawler equipment
44. Flaccid
46. Impersonal pronoun
47. Haphazard
50. Afresh
51. Scent
53. Iron oxide
55. Oak seed
57. Plot
1. Speed up
2. Maple genus
3. Get out of town (slang)
67. Death notice
68. Plucky
70. Let up
72. Stubborn character
73. Cast off
74. Dwindle
75. School cap
76. Biblical weed
77. Shabby

DOWN

1. Swimmer's trouble
2. Dutch capital
2. Fissionable material
4. Fish propeller
5. Enemies
6. Neglected area
7. Female retinue
8. Wine cup
9. Tuneful
10. Mental state of soldiers
11. Norse explorer
12. To shadow
13. Otherwise
22. Part of the eye
24. Fling back
26. Adjust a piano
28. Disclaimer
30. A ship, according to weight
32. Gas used in signs
33. Simplicity

34. Sketched
35. Added support
36. Rope
37. Affirm
39. Headed
42. Cessation of fighting
45. Solemn avowal
48. Amidst
49. Ponder
52. Batten
54. Leftovers
56. Title giver
58. Overjoy
59. Wedded
60. Polishing abrasive
61. Where the heart is
62. Touch upon
63. Fodder storage structure
65. Grant
69. Stage laugh
71. Spelling contest

1	2	3	4	5		6	7	8	9		10	11	12	13	
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67						68	69				70	71			
72						73					74				
75						76					77				

For solution to Puzzle see page 44.

TOASTMASTER

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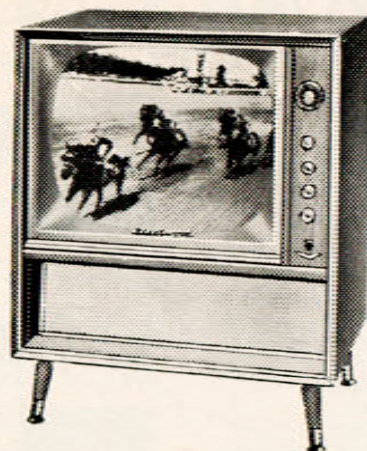
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\$50.00

of FREE Gasoline on the Purchase of a Guaranteed Car.

CARTER MOTORS LIMITED

"WINNIPEG'S FAVOURITE GM DEALER"

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 43

ACROSS		DOWN	
1. Chaff	41. Rivet	1. Cramp	34. Drew
6. Sham	43. Net	2. Hague	35. Prop
10. Mete	44. Loose	3. Atoms	36. Line
14. Ratio	46. One	4. Fin	37. Aver
15. Lame	47. Random	5. Foemen	39. Led
16. Oral	50. Anew	6. Slum	42. Truce
17. Agone	51. Perfume	7. Harem	45. Oath
18. Ural	53. Rust	8. Ama	48. Amongst
19. Riis	55. Acorn	9. Melodic	49. Muse
20. Mum	57. Scheme	10. Morale	52. Fatten
21. Mime	61. Hasten	11. Eric	54. Scraps
23. Oracle	64. Acer	12. Tail	56. Namer
25. Pester	66. Lam	13. Else	58. Elate
27. Model	67. Obit	22. Iris	59. Mated
29. Tune	68. Game	24. Repel	60. Emery
31. Ripened	70. Abate	26. Tune	61. Home
35. Plan	72. Mule	28. Orator	62. Abut
38. Solace	73. Shed	30. Tonner	63. Silo
40. Ear	74. Peter	32. Neon	65. Cede
	75. Eton	33. Ease	69. Aha
	76. Tare		71. Bee
	77. Seedy		

TV PAGE

(Concluded from page 26)

since it's start as a radio series. Jean Louis is heard and seen frequently on French TV, starring in many good plays. Roux was seen on the English speaking network on Sunday November 23rd of "Fighting Words." He is married

Other supporting actors are "Onclé Gedeon" (Doris Lussier), "Onesime" (Roland Bedard), "Stan Labrie" (Jean Duceppe), "Mrs. Napoleon Plouffe" (Therese Cadorette), "Uncle Gedeon's Daughters" (Clemence Desrochers and Ginette Letondal), "Alain" (Guy Godin).

The Plouffe Family Program, according to a recent survey, has the highest rating of any Canadian television program.



CRISIS AT BEAR CLAW

(Concluded from page 39)

gone. Plurton stood staring at the bleak sunshine unbelievably. He was still motionless when the Detachment teletypist rushed in with a signal. Plurton scanned it quickly and he drew himself up. "Gather round, lads," he said. "This is great news." A hush descended on the group.

"From the parent unit," said Plurton dramatically. "Re canteen shortage at Detachment Bear-claw period Station Flight will deliver fifty cases beer at Detachment period ETA thirteen hundred."

In the distance, the low growl of a C-119 broke the silence. "We're saved," someone shouted. "It won't be a dry New Year."

"The darkest hour," intoned W/O Jemmett raising one finger skyward, "oft comes before the dawn."

And then, and only then, F/O Plurton let fall a tear of simple gratitude.

XMAS

(Concluded from page 40)

discouraged they proceeded hoping that they would find again their way home. In the middle of the night they reached a village which they did not know.

There was still a light shining at the window of a house. The children knocked at the door; the sign was that of a butcher.

"Butcher, would you accommodate us?"
"Come in, come in, little children, there is room indeed."

After a frugal meal the children lay down on the straw and fell soundly asleep. It was then that the butcher came with his big knife, killed them and cut them into small pieces in order to put them in a vat for the purpose of making pickled pork.

And for three years no one ever heard anything about the little wretches.

Then one day St. Nicholas happened to come to Lorraine. He decided that he would stay at the butcher's for a rest. "Butcher, would you accommodate me."

"Come in, come in, St. Nicholas, there is room indeed."

As the butcher intended to serve supper to St. Nicholas, he asked the latter whether he had any preference and St. Nicholas answered: "serve me pickled pork." But the butcher wanted to serve him pickled pork from another vat. St. Nicholas then said: "I would like the one which you made three years ago which you hid away." Then the butcher started to tremble. But St. Nicholas went towards the salting-tub where the children had been sleeping for three years in a vat. He made a large sign of the cross over them after having lifted the lid of the vat and the children got up at once. The first one said: "I slept tight;" the second one said "So did I," and the third one said "I thought I was in heaven." The great St. Nicholas took them by the hand and helped them out of the vat.

It is in memory of this miracle that the little children of Lorraine adopted St. Nicholas for the patron saint. Every year in the night of the 5th to the 6th December St. Nicholas leaves heaven in order to come to earth and load his little children with gifts, sweets and toys.

Sometimes he requests the company of the Bogy Man whose basket is full of rods. Then, the children who disobey better look out, instead of gifts the Bogy Man brings them some rods.

EGYPT

By F/O B. J. LEBANS
115 ATU, El Arish, Egypt

This being a small and isolated unit we can contribute very little in the way of unusual or noteworthy examples of Christmas cheer, but I have listed some of the notable things about Xmas at El Arish, Egypt:

The weather here promises to be warm and sunny, with a day-time average temperature of around 70° F. (still warm enough for swimming). The United Nations has made arrangements to have Xmas trees shipped to all units in UNEF. Add to these, a few decorations, the odd record of Christmas music and indoors at least, it will still look like Christmas.

One of the most notable arrangements made for UNEF personnel is a trip to the Holy Land. These trips are arranged by the welfare representatives at Gaza, and for a very reasonable price, members of UNEF may proceed to Jerusalem for a four-day conducted tour of the birth place of Christ. There is no doubt that many personnel will take advantage of this opportunity during the festive season.

A number of personnel who arrived at 115 ATU during mid-summer are now due for UNEF Special Leave, and a few of these plan to spend three weeks touring Europe and the UK, visiting Air Force friends stationed throughout the Canadian bases there.

There will be the normal inter-mess invitations that typify a military establishment during the festive season and of course we will visit back and forth between the different contingents of UNEF.

Santa Claus amid the London chimney pots, "Fasching" in the Black Forest, St. Nicholas in the Moselle, and Christmas trees in the desert. In Winnipeg, a promise of the whitest Christmas yet, for the snow came early and hard and kept coming. Hordes of last minute shoppers throng the gaily-lit sidewalks of Portage and Santa is at Eaton's and the Bay. Outside the Station, the chapels, deep in the snow are ready for Christmas services, and Christmas trees gleam from PMQ windows on Whitewold and Sharpe. Here, as in El Arish, Langar, London, Gros Tenquin and the Black Forest, it is Christmas. It comes in different colours in all these places. But as our correspondent in London reminds us, Christmas like home, "is what you make it, no matter where you are."

Silverwood's DAIRY PRODUCTS

• Safe Milk • DeLuxe Ice Cream • First Grade Butter

SECTION NEWS

ELECTRONICS-AIR-MAWDESLEY HALL

It is now apparent that the Hydrogen Bomb hasn't affected the Manitoba weather, this fact being brought forcibly home during the mid November storm. In view of this blanket of white, we in the Electronic Air Section, take this opportunity of wishing everyone, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

During the past month the electronic section has been preparing for an increase in trainee personnel for the Argus programme, and, are anticipating changes in the basic and applied courses to meet this requirement.

Course 57-13, Radio and Nav, completed a long range trip to Greenwood during November, with F/L TOMMY BANGS, F/L PAUL LAVOIE, F/L DICK HAENNI and F/O ERIC BOYD going along as "screens." Over two hours of this tour were spent in and around the Argus—in fact you could wear yourself out just walking up and down the aisle. The aircraft is approximately the same size inside as a railway car, with crew comfort, never before surpassed.

The bright spot in November was the Edmonton triumph over Regina, and the darkest spot was the loss that Edmonton suffered in the first playoff game with Winnipeg. (Or at least that's my opinion).

F/L DAVE HACHE has completed the station bond drive with a total of two hundred and sixty eight thousand, eight hundred dollars, from a total of 966 applications, so it is evident that a saving bug has hit the personnel of RCAF Winnipeg.

Inter-school transfers have taken F/L TOMMY BANGS to the Chief Air Instructors office, F/L HACHE and F/O BOYD to ground school, with F/L HAENNI coming to Air from the Ground side.

F/O TED TEIMAN has drawn up a syllabus for the Maritime portion of the course offered to Radio Officers coming through the school on refresher training. Officers at present on refresher training include, F/L JIM PALMER, F/O JERRY LEBRECHE, F/O BUCK ROGERS, F/O IRISH WRIGHT, F/O MURRY WOOD.

Upon completion of their course these officers are all transferred to 2 (M) OTU, RCAF Station Summerside, P.E.I.

Our bossman F/L BILL KENDALL reports that all is quiet in other departments, so we'll close this month by wishing F/O JOHNNIE BOULET and his new bride many years of happiness.



111 COMMUNICATION & RESCUE FLT.

Hi Everybody! Snow, Snow everywhere and everyone is armed with a shovel. Best shovelling record of the month is CPL. McORMOND who shovelled out his Bomb four times in two hours and that was before the snow storm. Like I keep telling you Mick, if you'd buy a new car . . .

Main interest around the hangar this month was the search for and rescue of the pilot of a Piper Cub missing in the Sioux Lookout area. The search was carried out by two Dakotas and an Otter. After a strenuous three day search the plane was spotted by EAGLE EYE BANKS and the Otter landed on the frozen pond near Cutt River to rescue the pilot. The Otter transported the man to Kenora where he was checked and found to be in good condition. This was yet another example of the team work which must exist on the ground and in the air to make a Search and Rescue operations successful.

Our
Best Wishes

to all military and
civilian personnel of

R.C.A.F. Station
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WINNIPEG



OLD FACES NEW PLACES—LAC Jake Wiebe recently received his long awaited transfer to 1 Fighter Wing — France. Here's hoping you learn how to *parlez-vous* Jake.

Latest additions to 111's football team of 1975 are babies "Archer and Fitch." Proud Poppas are passing out cigars and bragging about the amazing strength and weight of junior already. Congrats fellas.

The I & E Christmas party is to be held on the 6th of December. Speaking of parties — have you bought your tickets to the 111 C & R Fall Dance??? If not better get them right away as this is going to be THE event of the season and I wouldn't want you to miss out on the fun . . .

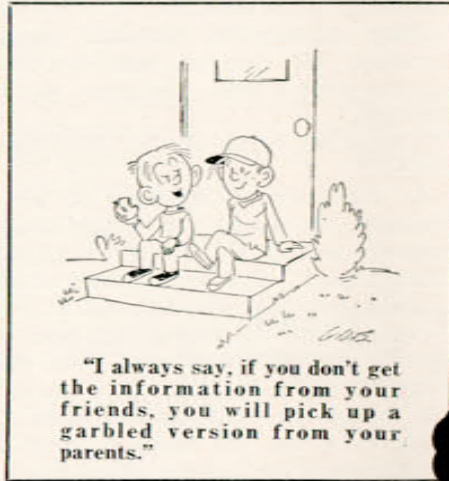
From the yells and groans of the volleyball team at practice I would say they're going to be a pretty hard bunch to beat. The section challenges all comers to accept if you dare, but believe me these boys are good.

CPL. GARDINER who is now relaxing on his long overdue holiday has left us with the job of breaking in the new Orderly Room Cpl. Never mind CPL. McORMOND you'll get used to it.

This is a plea from your reporter for more news, please fellas don't whisper about it, tell me, I'll spread it around.

Till next month, keep smiling everyone.

DOT



FOUR HANGAR

The boys in Four Hangar keep their movements and operations pretty secret, but some information is bound to leak out ("The walls have ears"). Here are some bits and pieces . . .

SGT. JACK SIFORD, says he's ready for any parades now, since he broke in his special new shoes and SGT. JIM PRESTON feels quite happy about it.

Four Hangar had their party after a couple of unavoidable delays. Talking about unavoidable, everyone seemed to be well "voided up" on Vodka. Three spot dances were won by WO. and MRS. HARRAGIN, CPL. and MRS. BROWN, and LAC and MRS. REX KITCHING. Music was supplied by SAM GAULT'S "Musical Selkirk St. Rabbis." The party was a howling success.

The boys are still assisting the world's population race with two new male additions. LAC & Mrs. HOULE, and LAC & MRS. FOX being the proud Poppas & Mommas.

A few ardent deer hunters went to leave at the start of the season and we hope that they'll be dug out by the time "VOXAIR" goes to press.

SGT. AL PETRAITES has been transferred from Station Winnipeg. The big move takes him to 3052 TTU — (Station Winnipeg).

Well we must clam up now. Even the walls have ears.

ANONYMOUS

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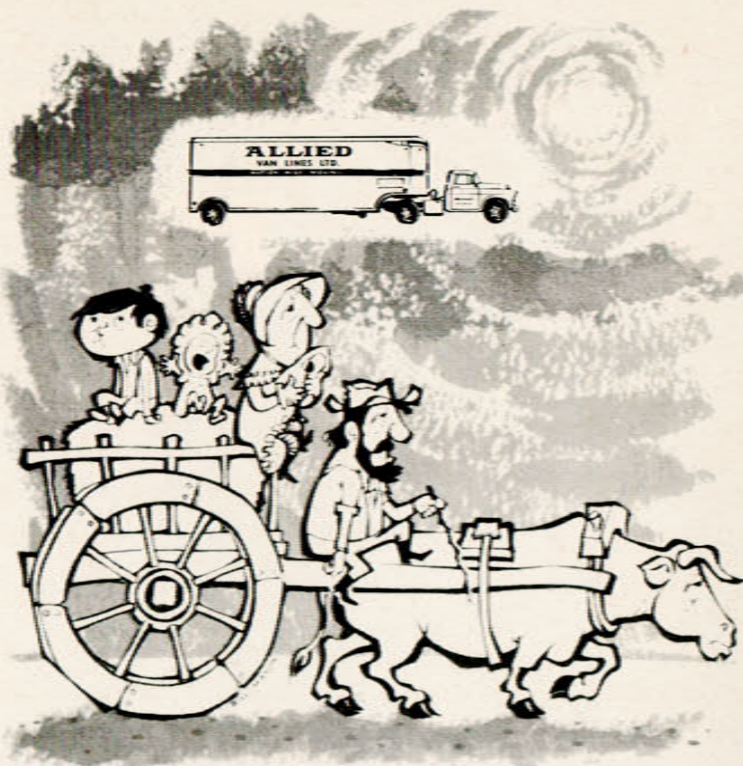
(Concluded from page 17)

was to 408 Squadron, then engaged on Shoran and Photo operations in the great Canadian Northland. This work involved duty in many out-of-the-way points, such as Coral Harbour, Resolute Bay and Churchill. Herb spent three years with 408 and was then transferred to Whitehorse in the Yukon Territory.

A fervent outdoors type, who is crazy about fishing, hunting, camping and sports, he took to the Yukon like a duck to water. Whitehorse offers many attractions in the outdoor department and Herb made the most of them in the five years he spent there. He evidently found time for other interests too, for it was here that he deserted the ancient order of bachelors, and in January 1954 married Kay Roberts of Esquimault, B.C., an Airwoman Radio Operator, stationed at the same unit. In 1955, Kay and Herb took on strength a son, David, and in 1956 they bade the Yukon farewell on transfer to Winnipeg.

Herb was promoted to Sergeant in the following April and is at present NCO i/c of Radio Operators at 2 AOS. Return to a metropolitan area has not changed his tastes and much of his summer spare time is spent in golf, fishing and camping. An ardent curler, he was secretary of the Station's Curling Association during the last season. His cheery disposition and gregarious nature have made him a well-known and well-liked personality on the Winnipeg scene.

Next month, he moves on again to Air Division HQ in Metz. Although he won't have 32 vehicles to choose from this time, he is looking forward to seeing Europe again. We wish the Henrys "Bon voyage," "Auf Wiedersehen" and good camping and hunting across the water.



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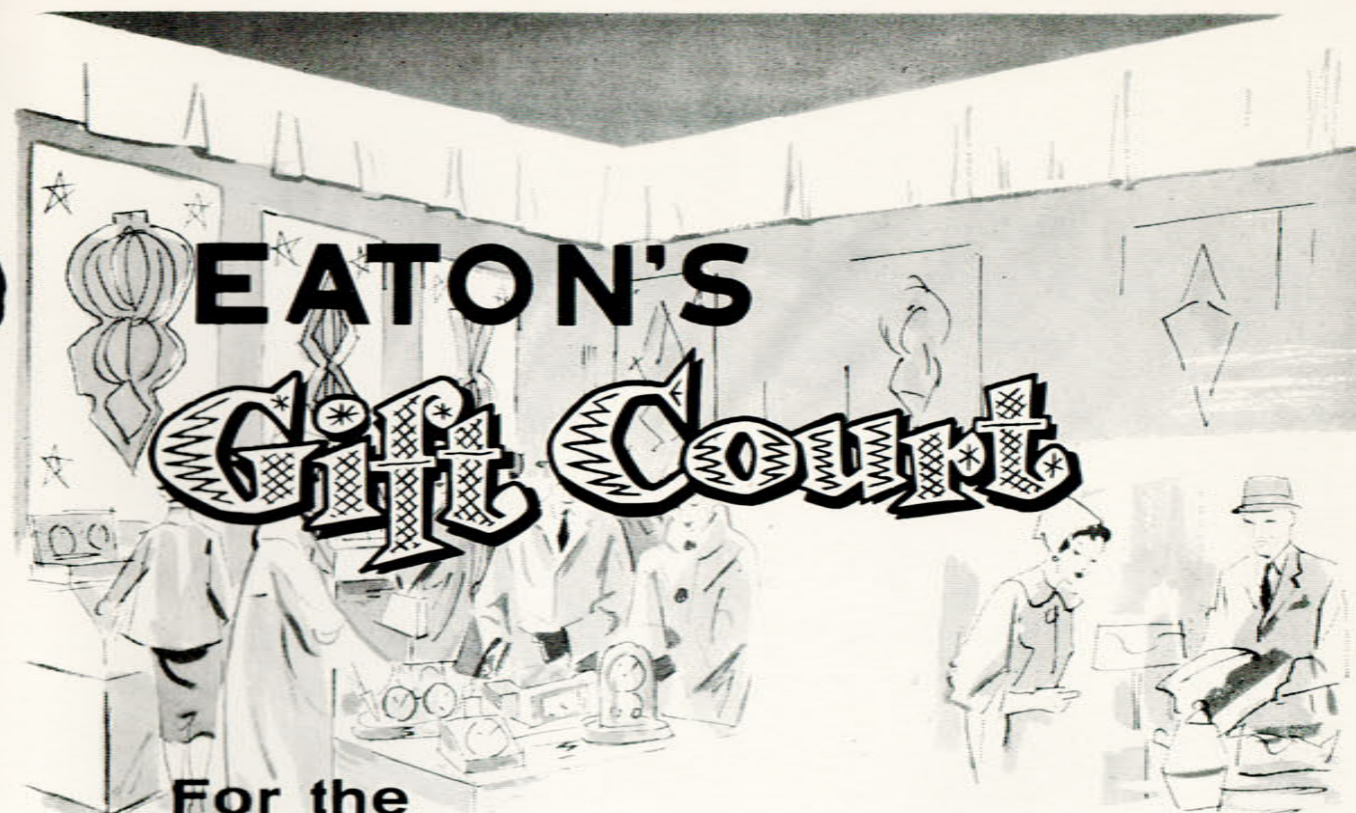
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