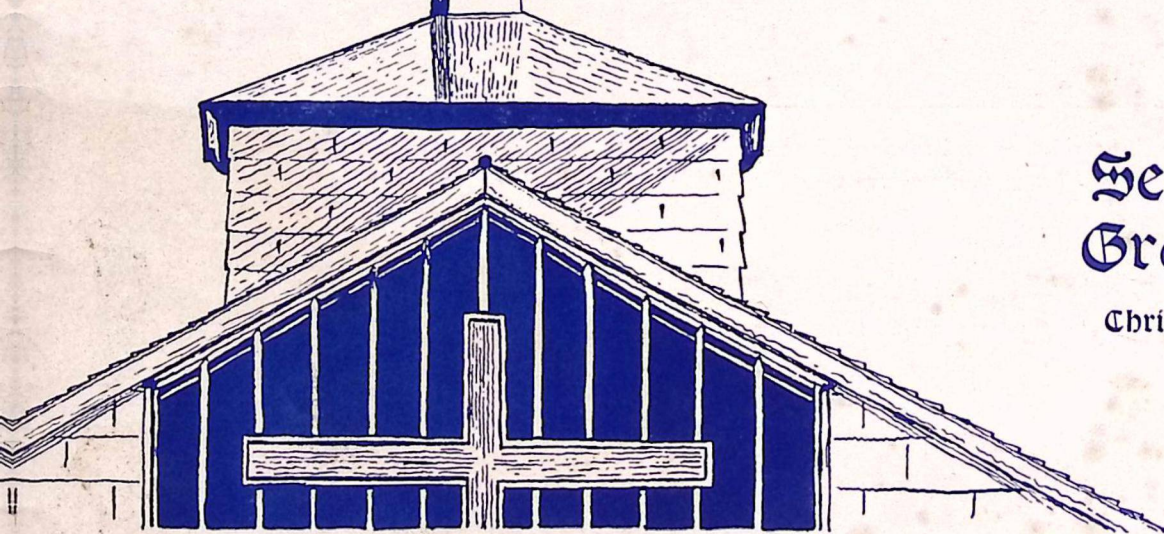


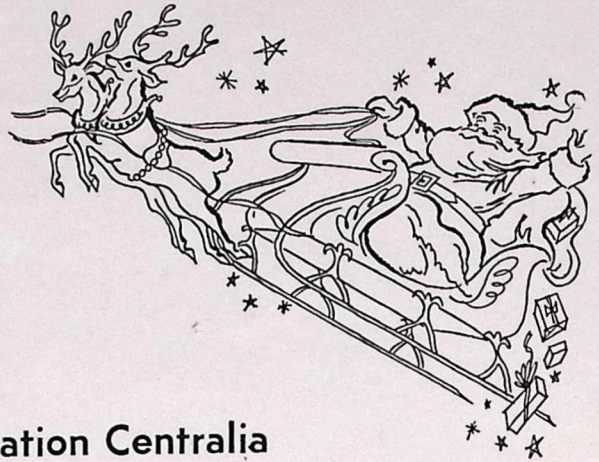
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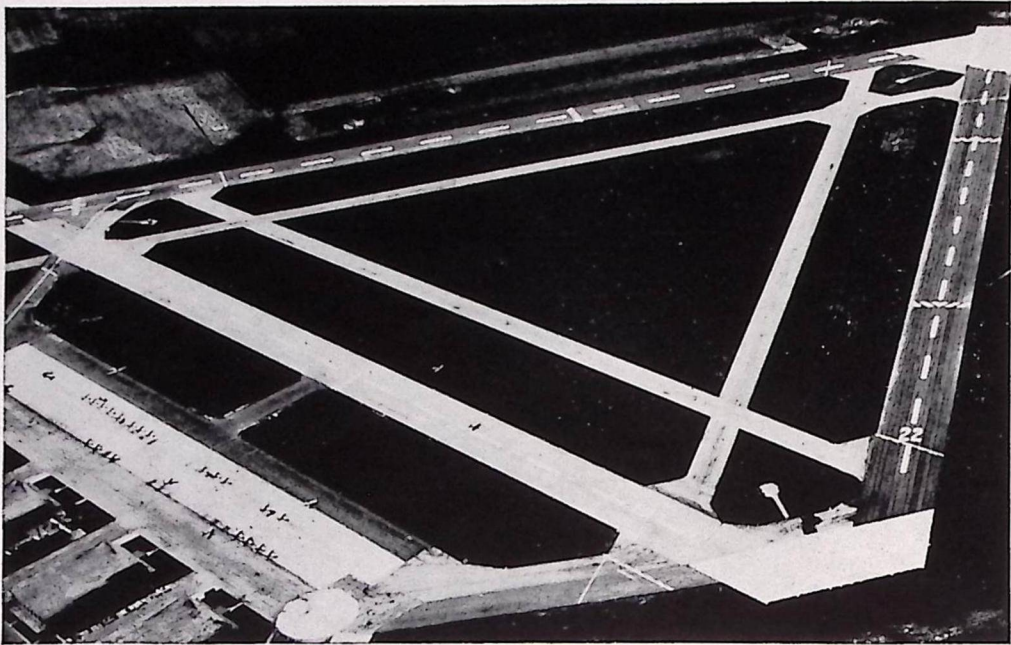
Season's
Greetings

Christmas 1957

Merry
Christmas



To all personnel at RCAF Station Centralia



We are happy to have had the opportunity of marking your runways and we hope that it has made them better and safer for you . . .

St. Thomas Metal Signs Ltd.

ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO

Commanding Officer's Christmas Message

May I take this opportunity of extending to all the members of this station and our friends, whether far or near, a Merry Christmas. I would also like to express my appreciation for the support I have received during the brief period I have held my present appointment.

I know I can count on a continuance of this support during the coming year. As you all know, recent announcements in the press indicate yet another in the series of changes in role this station has undertaken since 1945. In any dynamic organization changes must be expected to meet new conditions; in this case a change in RCAF commitments to NATO forms the present requirement for some re-organization. However, I am sure we will find that this transition will be accomplished with little more than the normal effort.

The New Year should prove to be an interesting one, and I hope that each and every one will find it both pleasant and prosperous.

December, 1957

Centralia Coronet Feature . . .

"GEORGI"

AN ORIGINAL CHRISTMAS STORY BY F/O DANNY TURNER



Far, very far away from here, farther even than the other side of the sunset, there lived a small boy, a most unhappy and lonely boy called Georgi. But that wasn't yesterday, or even the day before, but hundreds of years ago as earthly time is reckoned — yet no more than a fleeting second on the solemn clock of eternity.

Stranger by far than his hunched back and even more remarkable than his incredibly crooked legs, was Georgi's deplorable ugliness. His hair hung to his shoulders in a dusty, bedraggled heap, his face was begrimed and permanently stained with dirt and his clothes weren't really clothes at all, but a collection of ragged scraps held together with string. It could be said, and indeed justly so, that among the children who had ever lived, he was the most ill-favoured of them all.

Maybe it was planned this way (and which of us can say that it was not?) but Georgi had never seen the daylight, for he lived deep down in the merciful darkness of a coal mine, hidden from the sun and the stars, away from the song of the birds and the eyes of men. There, far below the emerald green of the mountain slopes, he toiled for his bread and soup by cleaning the stable and feeding the pit ponies when they came back to their underground stalls to rest and sleep.

For as long as he could remember, Georgi had always lived in the mine. Some of the men said he had been born down there on a moonless winter night, while others claimed he had been smuggled in with a bale of hay, but nobody really remembered, for it was almost ten years ago.

Sometimes, when the miners ate their meal and talked, Georgi would hide among the ponies and listen. And what strange things they spoke of! They talked of the great king who owned the mine and all the land around it, the meadows and the mountain peaks that reached up to the sky, higher and higher until they were lost in the clouds. They spoke of trout streams and hay fields, of moon and stars, and day and night, of rain and snow and all those things which Georgi longed to see, if only for one brief hour. He listened spellbound until the men finished their meal and went away, or finding him there, chased him back to the stable.

Georgi loved the ponies and knew them all by name. There was Otto who was blind, and Niki his brother who worked beside him in the harness and showed him the way. There was Tina their mother who was old and lame,

She had been there for over, well anyway, as long as Georgi could remember. He tried manfully to make the ponies comfortable when they came back from work, dragging their empty trolleys, clanking and rattling over the iron rails. He unhitched them, talked to them and bathed the spots where the harness had chafed, but they were too tired to stay awake a moment longer than it took to eat their hay. They muzzled Georgi gently and gratefully with their velvet noses before they fell asleep, exhausted.

Sometimes at night, when he lay in the hay close to the warmth of Tina's side, Georgi dreamed of the king, and how one day he would come in all his splendid robes, his golden crown glittering in the lamplight, to take him to the world above, to make him tall and straight and fair. He dreamed too that the king called him his son and that he dwelt high up on a mountain peak in a world of light, safe from the men who threw coal at him and jeered as he hobbled into the shadows like a frightened goblin.

He was dreaming thus one night and smiling in his sleep, when he felt Tina stir beside him. She whinnied softly so that Georgi awoke completely and crawled closer to her to see what was the matter. She raised her head and gently brushed his cheek with her soft velvet nose. He spoke to her quizzically, stroking her neck and fondling her ears, but Tina's head gradually drooped. She whinnied again, and sighed wistfully as if grieving that she must leave behind her unsightly little friend. But she could stay no longer and laying her head down in the hay, she trembled nervously for a moment and then lay still.

Georgi didn't cry for in some ways he was very wise and he knew that Tina was free now. Turning the oil lamp down low, he sat huddled in a ball and thought of tomorrow. How angry the stable master would be when he found that Tina had died! He would curse Georgi, and Tina too, for he was a cruel man unloved in the world above. But down here in the stable he was absolute master and none must escape his yoke.

As Georgi sat pondering, the oil lamp seemed to glow more brightly until it took on a penetrating radiance and Georgi saw how lowly was his home and how lonely it would be without Tina. Suddenly he knew that he must flee from here, away from the oppressive gloom of the stable, out of the world of darkness and up into the world of light. He was consumed with

desire, a burning need to find someone who would understand when he explained that all he wanted was one brief hour of freedom and then he would come back to the stable and faithfully tend the ponies again. He remembered his dream of the great king and he knew that it was him he must seek.

Out of the stable he hobbled, along the somber galleries of the mine, the way the men went when the big bell rang at the end of the day. Upwards, ever up he limped and shambled, eagerly searching for the light, tripping, stumbling and groping with his arms, until suddenly right before him there it was, the mighty cavern that was the entrance to the mine. He squeezed easily between the bars of the gate and stepped out into the frosty glitter of a winter's night. There, dwarfed by the portals of what had been his home, he stood gazing at the fiery beauty of the heavens, transfixed with wonder at the blazing, shimmering spectacle above him.

At the foot of the hill lay the town, and Georgi could hear the sounds of merry laughter and the muffled thud of horses galloping through the snow. He scooped up a handful of the strange white powder and threw it into the air, shouting for joy as it fell all around him and on his matted hair.

With a whoop of happiness he ran down the slope, flailing his arms in an ecstasy of joy, stumbling and rolling in the snow, croaking and laughing until he reached the edge of the town. Into the streets he ran, calling eagerly to the people there, asking the way to the king, stammering and jabbering in delight. At first he went unnoticed, for it was Christmas Eve and only a few hours remained in which to buy all the good things for the morrow. The people hurried on their way and Georgi danced right into the middle of the town before he caught someone's eye.

The baker's wife saw him first, and thinking a circus had come to town, tossed him a copper coin. Georgi jumped and caught it in his grimy fist, and then believing this was a game, laughed and threw it back again. The baker's wife picked up her penny and scowled at him. "They pay you well, Sir Dwarf," said she, "that you refuse my Christmas gift!" She turned her back and hurried away.

The next to see him was the portly bishop, hastening to the palace to offer his season's greeting. Georgi, mistaking His Grace for the king, because of his fine red mantle, rushed to him and bounced up and down before him

crying with happiness that he had found the one who would help him. The bishop paused and looked down his nose, over his bulging stomach, and surveyed the apparition. "Away young demon," he said, "'tis Christmas, and no time for pranks. Be off with you child, and clothe yourself more fittingly for the greatest day of the year." He pushed Georgi aside with his staff and continued on his way.

The tears continued to roll down Georgi's face as he watched the bishop's retreating figure. He had been wrong! His dream had been wrong too! The warmth of his happiness suddenly left him and he became aware that he was shivering. The chill December wind plucked at his ragged jacket and dashed a flurry of snow against his crooked legs. He shivered again and wished himself back in the warmth of the stable. Just then he staggered as something hit him a stinging blow on the back of his head. He turned and gasped as a snowball hit him in the face, then another, and another. Once more he heard the sound of jeering laughter as he ran, stumbling and limping, out of the town, away from the boys who followed him, throwing snowballs and calling out at him.

Away from the town, over the bridge and down the road he hobbled, a twisted animal thing whose breath whistled through its teeth and rose in puffs of vapour into the frozen air. Off the road and down a forest path he laboured, until suddenly, just around a bend he staggered blindly into a solitary figure bending to pick up a handful of twigs. For a second his arms flapped like wings. He stumbled, struggled to retain his balance, and tried to turn around and flee all at the same time, before he fell with a plop, a bundle of sobbing, heaving, terrified misery.

"Come, come now, my friend," a woman's voice, warm and gentle, spoke to him. "You are indeed a sorry little fellow. Where do you go in such haste, my child?" Georgi felt an arm about his shoulders and he looked up cautiously to where a woman knelt over him and gazed down with compassion-filled eyes. A sudden wave of fear swept over him and he sobbed uncontrollably and tried to hide his head inside his jacket.

"You are near to frozen, child!" said the woman's voice and Georgi felt himself wrapped gently in a woollen shawl and plucked from the ground into the woman's strong arms. He shut his eyes tightly as he felt himself carried along through the forest, listening to the crunch of the snow beneath the woman's feet. She stopped now and then to rest before reaching a humble cabin in a clearing.

Gently, she pushed the door open and Georgi opened one eye and peered out at a simple room containing little more than an iron stove and a wooden bed wherein lay a baby.

The woman placed Georgi on the bed and murmured fretfully to the baby. "Ah, my little son, your fever still mounts and I have no money for medicines. The twigs that I gather I cannot sell, for they are all wet with snow." She knelt beside the bed for a moment and clasped her hands in prayer.

Georgi turned his head and looked at the baby beside him. Its breathing was tortured and the tiny face wore a

vivid flush. The boy stirred and cried out in its sleep so that the woman rose at once and soothed it until it slumbered fitfully on.

Then she turned her attention to Georgi. "And who are you my little one, who would knock down the widow Maria at dead of night?" She smiled down at him so that the crinkles at the corners of her eyes wove themselves into soft webs of tenderness.

Georgi's enormous dark eyes looked up at the woman, but he did not speak, for indeed he knew not what to say.

"No matter, child," she said. "You are cold and hungry. I have but little here, but what there is we will share."

She went to the stove and returned with a bowl of steaming porridge. "Here, little one," she said, and gently, spoonful by spoonful, she fed Georgi until the porridge was gone. Then, briskly she set about making a place for him on the floor beside the bed. She worked rapidly, humming to herself so that for a moment she could forget her own gnawing hunger and the cold anxious fear she felt for her son. She folded her mantle into a soft pad and then opening a casket, took out a wedding dress. For a moment she hesitated, but then with a sigh, ripped off its skirt and wrapped it around Georgi.

"Goodnight, little stranger," she said, and gently laid him on her mantle.

When she had turned down the lamp, Georgi lay listening to the woman's noiseless sobbing as she lay beside her baby, soothing its struggles and praying for its life. Outside the cabin, the wind rustled in the trees and the stars seemed to gleam with an unearthly brilliance that shed a light of immortal beauty about the forest clearing.

In the morning, the widow Maria awoke with a start. Beside her on the bed, her son kicked lustily at the blanket and gurgled happily at his mother. His fever was gone and only a soft pink glow of health suffused his cheeks.

In amazement the woman picked up

her child and kissed him. His tiny hands slapped at her face and she laughed for joy and a tear of happiness trickled down her cheek.

Suddenly she remembered Georgi, and looking over the side of the bed, saw that he was gone. She swung herself to the floor and ran to the cabin

—Continued on Page 4

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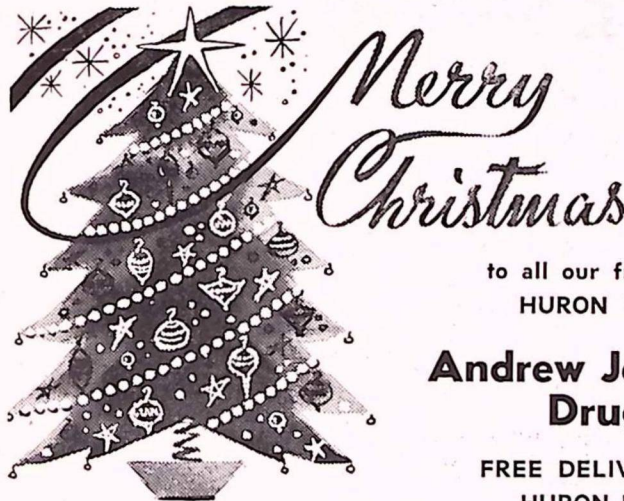
SEASON'S GREETINGS

The *Burkley*

FOR

Good Food

EXETER



to all our friends at
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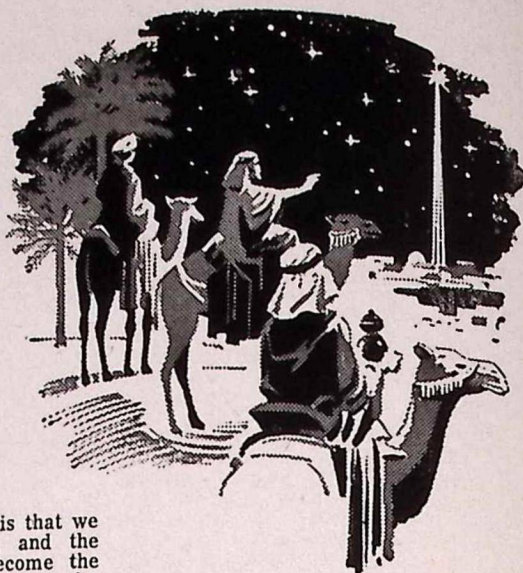
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EXETER



Christ In Christmas

By J. P. MacLEAN, F/L
Chaplain (P)

Christmas without Christ! That's an unpleasant thought, is it not? But is it not often unfortunate reality? Suppose a visitor from another planet were to arrive in Canada during the bustle of the pre-Christmas season, what inference would such a visitor make from a short visit and observation of all our activities? Would not his report back home read something like this:

"Christmas is a holiday instituted by the department stores and supported by the Chamber of Commerce. It is a time when everyone shops for everyone else, buying things that one doesn't need or doesn't want; a time when little children acquire their annual supply of toys from a make-believe Santa Claus. (Santa is imaginary, but the January bills are quite genuine.) Christmas is a time when messages of good will are purchased by the gross and the postal service becomes the bearer of good tidings. It is a time when office workers call their boss by his first name. Christmas is a time when much spirit is displayed and enormous amounts of spirits are consumed. Conclusion: Christmas is good for business and seems to help everyone over the winter slump."

Of course we are all aware of this. We hear our friends say that they wish they could enjoy Christmas like they used to enjoy it when children. Or you might hear, "Christmas is for the kiddies, anyway, let's make it a happy occasion for them even if we can't enjoy it." This sort of thinking displays the fact that we have lost the spiritual content of the meaning of the coming of the Son of God.

"For the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten

"Georgi"

—Continued from Page 3

door. There, in the freshly fallen snow were his footprints. She followed them anxiously, away from the cabin and up the side of the hill, but the prints were lighter here and harder to follow.

"Little one," she called. "Where are you little stranger?" Her voice echoed up the mountain slope, up where

—Continued on Page 16

Son of the Father." The fact is that we have not beheld His glory, and the Season of Christmas has become the great Pagan Season of selfishness, instilled in children as soon as they are able to talk.

We must remember that Christmas has retained many of the pagan characteristics of the ancient Roman saturnalia, for the actual feast they observed was so ribald that Puritan forebearers abolished Christmas and forbid its observance. We do not wish to go to that extreme, for there are many good things about Christmas that are too precious to lose.

Christmas without Christ! It is all up to you in your home and with your family whether the Holy Day becomes merely a holiday in which is displayed our faithlessness and our selfishness. Let's face the fact that millions in our day would rather be considered a little wicked than even a little pious. We will take everything else seriously in our lives; our family, our job, our social responsibilities, our politics, but Christ we do not want to take seriously. It is far easier to cultivate a mood

of careless detachment. Isn't it easier to usher in Christmas with a convivial cocktail instead of a family prayer?

In spite of the obstacles we would set in the way of His coming—Christ does come and there can be no true Christmas without Him. We may be ashamed to recognize Him, we may try to escape Him, but He comes—

There blew a horn in Bethlehem,

Christ sat on Mary's knee,

And O, she said, my child, she said,
They blow that horn for Thee.

For Thou shalt hunt the heart of man,
Thy prey from hole to hole . . .
Till at last Thy little hands

Shall close upon his soul.

In war or peace, in joy or sorrow,
God in Christ will not be denied entrance into the human situation. Christmas without Christ? Impossible! "What say ye? That He will not come to the feast?" No, He will come. But one question remains. Will you recognize Him?

Finding The Babe

By F/L F. J. PROULX
RC Padre

Someone may wonder about the big iron grasshopper on the top of the Royal Exchange Building in London, England. The reason for this rather unusual symbol is quite simple: One day a child was chasing a grasshopper along a country road. The grasshopper was jumping fast, but the little boy was faster. Across the field went the bug and hopped over a fence. Under the fence went the little boy and quickly resumed his chase. But then he stopped short, because lying near the fence he saw the clothes and then the arms and then the face of a little boy.

The boy carried the little baby home and forgot all about chasing the grasshopper. The abandoned baby was adopted with joy, grew up and became a great man—Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the British Royal Exchange. The grasshopper placed on the top of the building reminds us how God made a grasshopper guide a small boy to a little lost baby. God guides us to another Baby—the most wonderful Baby

that was ever born! Not by means of a grasshopper, but by the voice of the Angels, the twinkling of the stars, the bells, the steeple and the lights of the Church.

Let us find this divine Baby lying in his crib, and contemplate and worship with tenderness His Divine Majesty. Let us stop for a while and listen to Him. He tells us the real value of poverty, abnegation and sacrifice. He tells us that only one thing is necessary, the will of His Father: "For I have come down from Heaven, not to do my own will, but the will of Him who sent me" (John 6:38). Let us accept the Will of God on earth as it is accepted in Heaven in order to enjoy the peace on earth promised to all men of good will.

Though the goodness of this Divine Baby may I extend warmest greetings and best wishes to all for a truly Blessed Christmas.

"Infant Babe be born again,
In the hearts and souls of men.
Enter there and make of them
Thine eternal Bethlehem."

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Twins Win At CNE

Janet and Tina Butler, who recently transferred with their parents, LAC and Mrs. D. S. Butler, to Camp Borden, were the proud second prize winners of the twin class "C" contest at Toronto Exhibition last September 2.

They are 13 months old and the above picture speaks volumes that a pen cannot.

Fitness For What?

"There are the few who worship physical fitness and boast of it. But, most of us wonder, fitness for what? Exercise should be for fun. Competitive exercise is hard work, but it should be for fun, too. It is worth the tribulation only if it gives pleasure, is not a goal in itself, and does not interfere with the pursuit of serious purpose, which, after all is the only defensible aim of life . . . And it is worth remembering that the non-athletic female outlives the male, athletic, or non-athletic."

—R. W. Low

Kids

By "TIMMY"

They're full of mischief, vim and pep,
And keep you always right in step.
But what on earth could you ever do?
(The easiest thing, I guess, have
two!)

For a kid's a kid without a doubt,
With one knee in and one knee out.
A cheerful grin and a dirty face,
An important part of the human race.

They may tease and anger you all the
day,

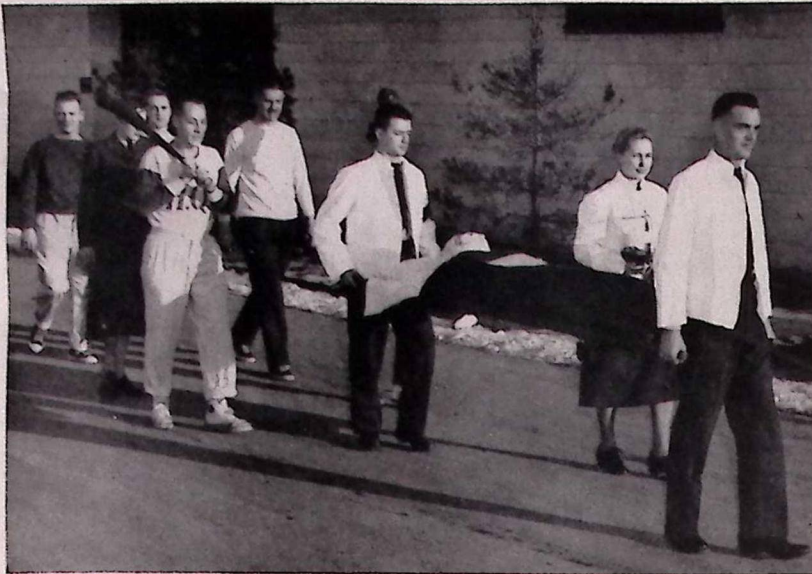
Ask endless questions while at play.
But change it? (If you think you should,
Do you really begin to think you
could?)

ART HALL

Painting Contractor — London

Wishes The Personnel And Their Families

A Happy Yuletide Season



PFS mourners conduct funeral service for CGI of PFTS.

Rec Program In Full Swing

In The Sports Field

With winter sports well on the way the major activities seem to fall to hockey, skating, curling, broomball and volleyball, with bowling still holding its own in popularity. It seems, however, that badminton and basketball are lagging considerably in interest and participation.

Curling, hockey, broomball and volleyball schedules are posted on the information board in the Recreation Centre.

In The Social Field

The advent of the winter season started the social whirl of the station with the regular Station dances. They are still greatly popular, and at this writing we see a new idea for this station is being attempted—The Platter Parade. We hope that the idea of a Hi-Fi set will appeal to those who

—Continued on Page 16

Rivalry Between PFS-PFTS Creates Fatal Atmosphere

By B. L. BEREZANSKI, AWI

The long-standing rivalry between PFS and PFTS has laid one of the great stalwarts of the PFTS sporting fraternity to rest.

The CGI of PFTS sent to the OC of PFS, a white feather due to the fact that PFS had postponed two games. PFS promptly challenged PFTS to a game of volleyball to show their indignation to the 'feather'.

On the morning of December 4, 1957, this reporter received a phone call from the CGI of PFTS (also referred to as the 'deceased') stating that PFS and PFTS would duel to the finish in volleyball that very afternoon.

During the course of this conversation the CGI laughingly mentioned that there might be a necessity for several stretchers to remove the adversary from the playing court.

This reporter's cynical mind immediately gave this statement a strange and weird twist, and relayed this tidbit to the PFS corps. It was thereupon decided that there would be a 'burial' of said CGI, and all preparations for the effigy were quickly undertaken.

Shortly before that fateful game on that historic afternoon, a march-past was held. The cortege consisted of two stretcher bearers, an attendant nurse and plasma bottle, and the PFS 'mourners', not to mention the 'deceased' bearing an epitaph reading: "May He Rest In Pieces".

The PFS 'mourners' seemed strangely jubilant at the passing of their chief tormentor.

After suitable ceremony the game itself began. During the game may I say that the 'deceased' was unseemingly active for a 'corpse'.

Final score???????

PFS	2 games
PFTS	1 game

Upon asking the captain of the PFS team a fitting ending to this tale, he complied with "Bury 'em!", to which our 'corpse' cheerfully replied, "Our humanitarian instincts give us hope that even PFS can be salvaged if they are given a little encouragement by being permitted to win the odd game. We contribute to this as to all worthwhile causes."

To all this I have only to add that it isn't the game that counts, but rather the spirit in which it is entered.

DEFEATISM:

1. The measure of a people is gauged by its determination to stand up to superior forces and to acquit itself to the utmost of its ability.
2. Three weeks ago PFS suffered a

humiliating defeat at the hands of six clean-living PFTS lads. Since then, PFS has failed to field a team on two scheduled weekly tournaments, leaving PFTS dressed and eager for battle but with no opposition.

3. It is with deep regret that PFTS is forced to enclose this symbol of your fighting spirit and to request your staff to come out of hiding and discuss surrender terms.

CGI of PFTS

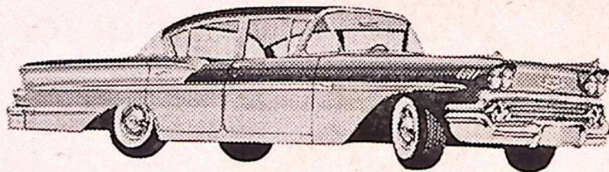
Compliments of the Season

From

Jack Doerr
PHOTOGRAPHER

PHONE 343

EXETER



Season's Greetings

from

Snell Bros. Ltd.

CHEV AND OLDS

Phone 100

Exeter

Guide, Brownie Groups Enjoy Active Programs

A peanut Drive was held recently by the Guides and Brownies. May we take this opportunity to thank all those who helped make this drive a success.

GUIDES

1st and 2nd Companies

Camping is a wonderful experience and a very important part of the Guiding programme. Fifteen Guides from the two Companies attended Camp Keewaydin this year from July 14 to 24.

Many tests were passed and the girls greatly benefited from this Camp. The girls attending were: Ann Saul, Lynn

Henwood, Ann Grayer, Carol Allen, Gayle Brown, Carole Haider, Louise McAuley, Shirley Sixtus, Melanie Dakin, Pat Tinline, Patsy Collett, Sharyn Robinson, Barbara Henwood, Peggy Tomlinson, Sharon Cotton. Miss Dewberry, the Lieutenant of the 1st Company, attended as Camp Commandant. Attending First Aid classes given by the St. John's Ambulance Association gained badges for: Merle Knoblauch, Carole Haider, Sharon Cotton, Barbara and Lynn Henwood, Ann Saul, Lynda Lowry, Barbara Sweanor and Ann Grayer. Susan and Sharon Kelly attended the First Aid classes at Ingersoll and were successful in getting their

badges. Carole Haider, Peggy Tomlinson and Pat Keller earned their Swimmer's Badge.

A social evening between the 1st and 2nd Companies earned Hostess Badges for Margaret Corless, Peggy Tomlinson, Melanie Dakin, Shirley Sixtus, Sharon Cotton, Pat Tinline, Carole Haider and Barbara Henwood. Laundress Badges were earned by Sharon Cotton and Frances North and Sharon Cotton also gained her Homemaker's Badge. Second Class Badges were gained by Barbara Henwood and Susan and Sharon Kelly.

Many Guides of these two Companies are busy passing tests and earning badges. Until the badge tests are completed and the certificates signed by the testers and returned to the Guider in charge, the badges cannot be ordered. Many service stars have been given out. These are earned by attending at least 75 percent of the meetings for the year.

BROWNIES

First Pack

Golden Bars were earned by Jean Lammie, Sharon Lightfoot and Lynda Rowe. At a recent ceremony, Faye Ananny, Marina Coughtrey, Kathleen Buxton, Brenda Boccock and Marlene Noels were enrolled.

Second Pack

A pack "Fly-Up" ceremony has been planned for Tuesday, December 10 for Jacquelynn Vallance who will soon be transferring to Camp Borden.

Third Pack

At a recent ceremony, Jo-Anne Hicks and Judy Legros were enrolled. Peggy Cocker earned her Golden Hand and Golden Bars were gained by Shirley Destobel, Lynn Dunning, Linda Perry and Donna Perry.



"May he rest in pieces."

Greetings

W. H. Hodgson

EXETER

**Glen
Robinson
Food Market**

AND STAFF

Wish All RCAF Personnel
And Their Families A Very

MERRY CHRISTMAS

and a

**HAPPY & PROSPEROUS
NEW YEAR**

New Books On Aviation

By ELLA O. MORLOCK

This month's report is of new books in the library dealing with the subject of aviation.

Richard E. Stockwell: **SOVIET AIR POWER** (225 pp, illustrated with maps, charts and photographs and bearing a supplement which contains information in chart arrangement on aircraft currently in use in the Soviet Union). Mr. Stockwell was editor of *Aviation Age* from 1949 to 1952. He has done a first-class job of reporting on how an isolated peasant-minded country has within a decade built an out-dated air arm into one of the most modern and powerful striking forces in the world.

Sir John Slessor: **THE CENTRAL BLUE** (678 pp). John Slessor joined the Royal Flying Corps in 1915 at the age of 18. Thirty-five years later he became Chief of the Air Staff. The book contains recollections and reflections by one who gave life-long devotion to the R.A.F.

JANE'S ALL THE WORLD'S AIRCRAFT (454 pp). This is the forty-seventh year of issue of the publication which illustrates aviation development and progress.

Martin Caidin: **AIR FORCE** (231 pp). The author has produced a pictorial history of American airpower, dealing with planes, aviation, and airmen. To make his choice of four hundred photographs he examined every single picture in the U.S. Air Force files in the Pentagon along with thousands more from the Institutes of Aeronautical Sciences and private and industrial collections.

Joseph B. Robetts and Paul L. Briand: **THE SOUND OF WINGS** (294 pp). Here are readings for the *Air Age*,

selections form the most famous flight-inspired literature of the world, including both prose and poetry.

Jerrard Tickell: **MOON SQUADRON** (204 pp). In 1940 a secret organization was set up in London. Its purpose was in the words of Churchill "to set Europe ablaze". The story of the squadron put at its disposal had until the preparation of Tickell's book been heavily censored. The pilots carried organizers, couriers, wireless operators, ferrying them back and forth with an audacity that made Hitler wonder if there was a quality in his enemies that he had overlooked.

Sir Basil Embry: **MISSION COMPLETED** (336 pp). Embry began his career three years after the R.A.F. was formed. He writes of his early life

as a young officer in Iraq and India, of his varied experiences of combat and command in war. After the war he was for four years Commander-in-Chief of Fighter Command. It was largely due to his persuasion that Fighter Command was not reduced to token strength but rebuilt after the Berlin air lift and during the Korean War.

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New Teenage Club Plans 1958 Dance

By RONN DODD

At a recent meeting of interested parents under the chairmanship of Mayor Bray, a committee consisting of Cpl. Taggart, Mrs. B. R. Matheson and Mrs. A. Y. Dodd, with F/S Matheson as convener, was created to supervise and assist the activities of all teenagers in Huron Park. At a later date the teenagers then elected the following council; chairman, Ron Dodd; vice-chairman, Doug Busche; secretary-treasurer, Gail Matheson; members, Ann Grayer, Jean Stevens, Merle Knoblauch, Roland Tinline, Jim King.

Through the co-operation of those responsible for Station administration, the club has been given the opportunity to participate in curling, bowling and dancing. These activities have been enthusiastically received, and mark the inception of a flourishing season for the young people of the community. The first major social function of the club will be a semi-formal dance to be held early in the new year.

Everybody Loves Bingo!

By LOIS WALKER

There was a wonderful turnout for the December meeting of the W.A. Before it started, Beth Tweedy and Helen Hardie set up a table of Christmas decorations and sold them to the ladies who had missed buying them at the Chapel Guild's bazaar.

The meeting opened and the main business centred around plans for the Christmas party for the pre-schoolers which will be organized and managed by the Auxiliary with the Council supplying the candy, cartoons, clowns and Santa Claus.

Following the meeting, Mrs. Kenyon drew the winning tickets for the W.A. raffle. The first prize, the super deluxe gun and holster set, was won by Mr. Doug Gould, Exeter. The second and third prizes, the two beautiful dolls, each with the most adorable wardrobe, were won by Miss Joan Kudiba, RCAF Centralia, and Mrs. Ivan Flint, RCAF Centralia; consolation prize, Jean Crawford.

Particular credit for the success of the raffle goes to the gifted ladies who created the wardrobes. The imaginative fashions really stimulated the sale of tickets. Proceeds totalled \$135.00.

A short program featuring some of the talent of the W.A. introduced a bit of the Christmas spirit. Grace Birkett read, and very nicely too, an editorial called "Virginia". Jan Hurchibus, ac-

companied by pianist Bob Perry, sang "White Christmas". Ruth Saigel read with just the right amount of whimsy, a fanciful story entitled "The Grinch Who Stole Christmas". Sheila Howard, accompanied by Betty Latellier, sang beautifully. "Oh Holy Night", "Ave Maria" and "Silent Night".

The highlight of the evening was a lively bingo sponsored by Hill The Mover. Mr. Frank Gravelle, the district manager, and his three gentlemen assistants ran 10 spirited bingo games. Mr. Doug Anderson, vice-president of the company, who later answered questions about moving asked by members of the audience, presented the prizes. Everyone had a grand time. Ten ladies were especially happy for they were the lucky winners: Mrs. Suffron, 3 pair silk stockings; Mrs. Suffron, 5 lbs. coffee; Marnie Scott, 3 lb. box Laura Secord chocolates; Rolanda Laurin, bottle of creme de menthe; Betty Carpenter hamper of wine; Freda Faust, doll; Nora Babineau, bottle of Canadian Club rye; Beverly Slusarchuk, towel set; Val Wilson, toy truck and lighter; Helen Southall, turkey.

We hope the ladies who won door prizes don't feel guilty about this, but the entertainment committee gave away June Likness' private collection of Christmas decorations which she generously brought to brighten the lunch table. June, like the good sport she is,

said, "Please keep them and have a merry Christmas, everyone."



We hope your Christmas is chock-full of good health and lasting happiness. And a Happy New Year to all our friends at RCAF Station Centralia.

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Silver Threads Among The Gold

Danny Looks Back Fondly On His Silent Movie Days
... When The Leading Ladies Had Bees In Their Blouses

By F/O DANNY TURNER

Yesterday I celebrated a birthday—my own. Whereas a few days ago I was just another person carrying his fair share of the work load and being quite bright about it all, today people are treating me with that ghastly tenderness one reserves for the old folks at home and elderly ladies crossing busy streets. One cruel person even sent me a "sympathy" card, as if I were already tottering towards a home for decayed gentlefolk. If then I am to be put out to pasture like a winded horse, I may as well spend a few moments of my decline reviewing the past for the benefit of the rising generation.

As a child, I lived in a rural community that time seemed determined to pass by. I visited there recently and was astonished to find that it seemed to have grown smaller instead of larger. The only change worthy of note was that they had finally let the electricity in, much against the grim forebodings of the village elders and over the dead bodies of three. The motion picture palace has finally turned to sound movies probably as a result of the new electricity. For the silent film projector they used to generate their own current with a little gasoline motor that frequently got overheated and had to have a ten minute rest, particularly if the movie ran longer than sixty minutes. It was probably one of the

last theaters in the world to convert to sound.

The youth of today will never know the delights of the old silent films where the actors gave their all for the sake of art. These days, to portray sorrow the heroine just lets a glycerine tear slide down her cheek while the cameras move in close to catch her expression of pathos. Not so in the good old days. To show her sorrow the silent movie queen rolled her eyes, sometimes in opposite directions, pull-

ed her hair out and beat her bosom. It appeared sometimes as if she were trying to put a fire out, or kill a bee that had wandered into her blouse.

Compared to the silent movies, the million dollar extravaganzas of today are insipid and have no plot worth mentioning. We liked lots of action in our films, and our local movie palace saw that we got it. I still remember the serial movies which left Theda Bara every Saturday night defending her honour with a bungstarter or head-



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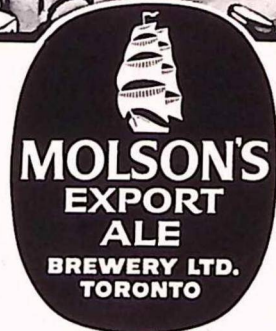
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"THEY TAKE
AWFUL CHANCES
DON'T THEY?"



ing for the sausage machine bound and gagged in a barrel of liver. Of course you knew that help was not far off and she was going to be alright (even Hollywood balked at ending the story with the hero clutching unhappily as a string of liverwurst and calling to his lost love), but you went again next week, just to make sure, only to leave again with Miss Bara being chased up a banana tree by a gorilla who desired her, although I can't imagine why.

Nowadays, you never know who's going to turn out to be the snake in the grass, although it's a pretty good bet it'll be the one you thought was the hero. Twenty years ago you recognized the villain immediately he showed up on the screen. He was dressed for the part, complete with opera cloak, twirling mustachios and plenty of black crayon around the eyes. It was more or less a uniform, and the time when I saw a man on the bus wearing an opera cloak, I went into convulsions and had to be dosed with cascara. The villain of the silent films was called Simon or Jasper and the audience went berserk hissing him and pelting him with chocolate wrappers. In case you were new to movies and didn't recognize him for what he was, a pianist in the pit crashed out a few bars of "Do not trust him Gentle Maiden," just to let you know there was something rotten in Denmark.

Providing piano music and sound effects was mandatory with the silent films. My brother and I once got jobs supplying the wind and thunder for "Tess of the Storm Country". My brother was wind and I was thunder. He provided the wind by blowing down a pipe which made moaning noises, while I made the thunder by pounding on a drum borrowed from the Salvation Army. Unfortunately I was a little young at the time and we were both fired after I forgot my cue. We were supposed to create the storm when Tess put her fingers in her ears and looked anxious, but I was so interested in the story I forgot. My brother kept shouting at me across the stage "Now, now! The thunder!" and trying to down his pipe at the same time. The result was that Tess tore about the screen in a tropical downpour accompanied by some weak and rather vulgar belching noises from back stage.

The youth of today enjoys nothing more than watching the latest queen of technicolor languishing semi clad and wiggling a pair of hips like a kangaroo—but we were made of sterner stuff. We liked our movies sad, and I can remember holding my brother's hand and howling my eyes out as Poor

Blind Nell was evicted into a snow-storm along with her crippled grandmother (sickness apparently running in the family). That they were now faced with frostbite as well, did nothing to ease my sorrow.

Largely as a result of the silent movies, my store of worldly knowledge was complete before I was eight. Our movie palace employed the services of a middle-aged spinster who gave music lessons in the afternoon and then earned extra money playing the piano for the evening performance. My music lessons consisted mainly of an explanation of the type of music she would play that night. As the spinster shut her eyes and told me what was going on when Valentino got the girl in his tent, she played a piece of music that sounded like a Borg-Warner pump in high gear. I was fascinated. At night she sat in a little pit under the piano and pounded out a sort of musical code to let the audience know what was going on up front, in case they were otherwise engaged. Mendelsohn's "Spring Song" was coupled with young girls tripping gaily through the fields of clover on their way to an assignation in the barn, and Tosti's "Goodbye" was used for death scenes, little children lost in storms, and mothers watching their sons march off to war. Her scope, you might say, was a little limited, but her piece de resistance came during love scenes.

When the villain had infiltrated into the heroine's bedroom, the spinster would start a gentle rolling of the lower octaves, gradually increasing in volume and tempo while the audience nibbled their fingers and screamed "look out!" to the heroine. All the time the cad was slithering nearer and nearer and the luckless girl backed off rolling her eyes and panting with fear, I was getting into a terrible state knowing that a climax of some sort was approaching, but unsure just what it was. The spinster would only say in hushed tones that he was going to take advantage

of her, and I was unsure whether he was going to steal her money or sell her a vacuum cleaner. Finally, when his arms were closing about her and he was fiddling with her buttons (the era of the zipper being still unborn) I was almost having a cataleptic fit from sheer suspense. It was then, just as seventh commandment was about to be broken, that a grinning, bouncing hero would spring into view and spoil it all for me. Once, after such a let-down I turned to my brother and screamed "What was he going to do?" We were

— Continued on Page 12

Merry Christmas

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O'Keefe Show Aids Park Fund

Over 700 people attended the bingo and variety show staged by Huron Park council on the station Wednesday night.

Featured entertainers were Ken Barrie, witty emcee; dancers Gloria and Jimmy Vincent who picked partners from the audience; the Florence Honey girls, acrobats; and the four MC's, who sang imitations of popular quartets. Acts were from the O'Keefe Variety Show.

In charge of the program was Wing Commander Norman Bray, assisted by S/L G. Sweeney, former mayor. Councillors Lowry, Walker, Bailey, Saxby, McKerral, Grayer and Snelgrove also helped.

Bingo winners included Jack Heywood, LAC R. Guenette, Miss Hounsome, LAC Morris, LAC D. Pinkerton, Cpl. Flint, F/O E. Robinson, Jack Essery, Mrs. B. McGowan and LAC McCoy.

A triple lens movie camera was won by LAC Harry Mitchell.

Proceeds went to the Huron Park fund, which sponsors hockey and playground activities among other things.

Silver Threads

—Continued from Page 11

both immediately evicted by a scandalized usherette who was crying.

It was after that my big brother started reading me stories about the bees and the reason one flower looks at another the way it does. It was dull, though, and I preferred Rudolph Valentino's interpretation of the question in "Son of the Sheik".

It was not long ago I learned that the spinster had passed away, glandular trouble they said, and I'm not a bit surprised.

There is still no radio station in our little town, and maybe it's a good thing too, although I doubt that the radio shows of that area are still the same as they used to be. Then, a pianist came on, played his piece, presumably bowed politely to the microphone and went home. The same with singers, actors and comedians. The job of the audience was clear cut, they sat down by their sets, twiddled the knobs and listened, leaving the job of entertaining to the people in the studio. There was none of this modern audience participation nonsense whereby you are liable to switch on and hear your poor old mother trying to sing "You ain't nothin' but a houn' dog" or relating her martial experiences for the sake of a five dollar bill and a bar of soap that promises to stop her smelling like a moose.

The modern quizz master gets his victim before the microphone and learns he is mister Stevenson, a farmer from New England. Sensation! The announcer turns and screams into the microphone "Ladies and gennlem'n — MISTER STEVENSON!" as if he were announcing a surprise visit from the Japanese emperor. So Mister Stevenson is from New England! When this intelligence is delivered, the quizz master leads the audience in a three-minute cheering session, leading one to

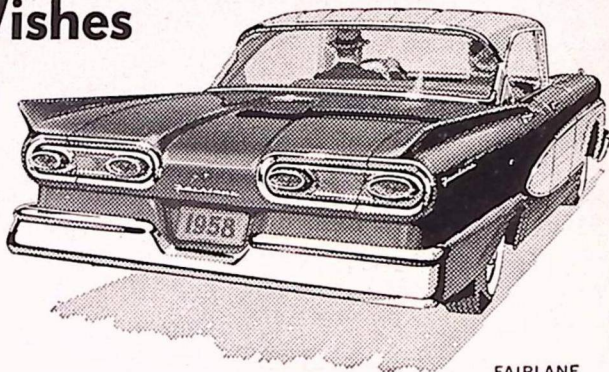
—Continued on Page 13



Centralia's Jack Leroux and Gloria Vincent

Best Wishes

For a
Merry
Christmas
and a
Happy '58!



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FORD-EISEL

Exeter

Silver Threads

—Continued from Page 12

suppose that to reach the radio station, Mr. Stevenson has had to make the journey by snowshoe and flying saucer.

Having stunned both contestants and audience with his rollicking enthusiasm, the quizz master then gets the show under way and gives two dollars away every time Mr. Stevenson is able to answer a question like "How many eyes does the president have?" Then comes the jackpot! The twenty-five dollar question! Three old gentlemen in the front row have heart attacks and two children turn bright blue from the suspense. Now comes the question—for twenty-five dollars. "Where was the Dali Lama born, and when?" When Mr. Stevenson breaks down and confesses he doesn't know, the announcer consoles him by giving him one of the

chocolate bars he is advertising, complete with peanut and bubble-gum filling.

There is the other case, of course, when the quizz show is backed by a firm with lots of money to give away. Then, 11-year-old Willie Schultz from Brooklyn is apt to find he has won himself the contents of Fort Knox and a South American Republic because he knew who was born on Christmas Day.

No! We of the last generation need no pity from you as you thrash around on your psychiatrist's couch and explain why you must go to Denmark for an operation. Give no thought to us out here in the meadows of retirement. We have our gin and our memories, and that's a pretty heady cocktail.

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O'Keefe Show stars Jim and Gloria Vincent



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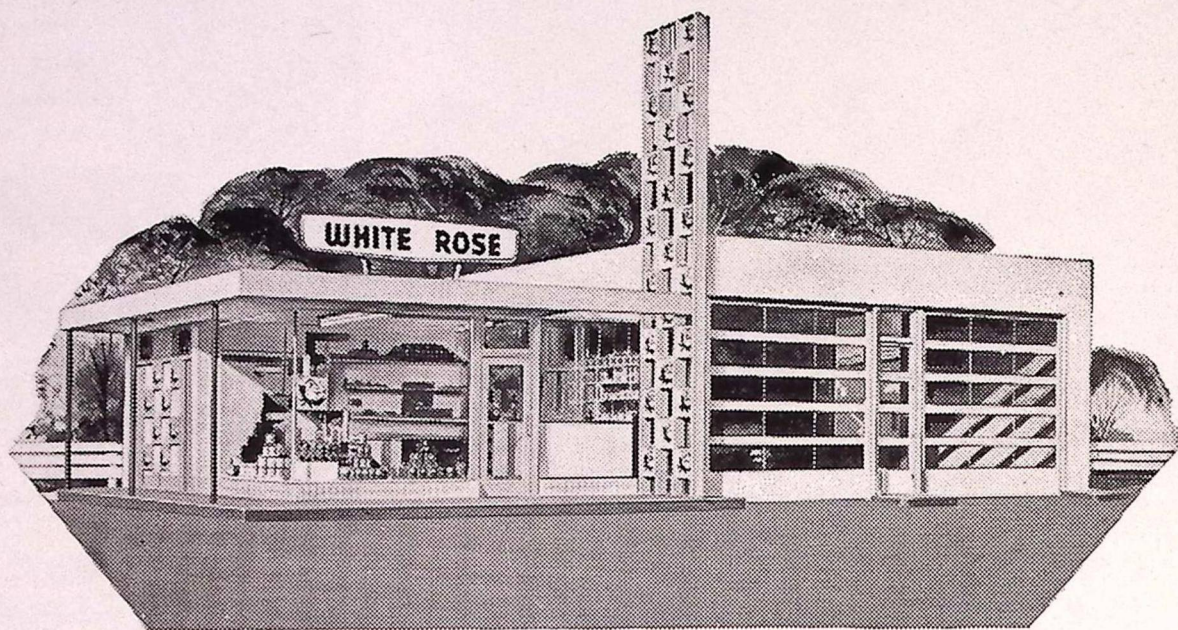
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CWL REPORT

By ANN THOMPSON

The Catholic Women's League met November 12 in the J. A. D. McCurdy school. The president, Mrs. Kuss, gave the new members a sincere welcome to their first meeting of this national organization.

Mrs. Dempster, first vice-president, explained the membership cards and pins and the subscriptions which are available to "The Canadian League". "The Canadian League" is the official publication of the CWL. It contains articles, plus news of league activities in every province.

The spiritual reading was given by Mrs. Devost. Her excellent talk reminded us that November is specially dedicated to the Holy Souls. We do not forget our loved ones' birthdays etc. when they are alive; we should not forget to pray for them when they are dead.

The president also read some of the resolutions made at the National CWL convention which was held this year in Saskatoon. The League concerns itself with many matters important to all Canadians, for example, the fight against Communism, and increased restrictions on the use of firearms.

"Georgi"

—Continued from Page 4

Georgi's footprints led, fainter and fainter, up into the mists where the mountain stretched its lofty peak. And there on that Christmas morning, hundreds of years ago, the widow Maria trembled and knelt down in the snow as a voice whispered among the trees and soared into the clouds above, a voice borne on the music of a mighty orchestra.

"Of all mankind, no child is born but that he is born of me. Though he be less fair than the mountain crags, more twisted than the thorn bush and humbler than the beasts of the field, my love is a father's love, and in mine eyes he shall wear the bloom of a rose and stand as noble as any king. Because thou hast loved my son, I spare thine, now for thee."

Season's Greetings

from

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Rec Program

—Continued from Page 6

have a yen for dancing.

Square dancing is again in full swing, with the club meeting on Wednesday evenings and the tentative appearance of guest callers on tap. New members are always welcomed.

There is a bright ray of hope that a new activity may present itself on the station, providing it can get the support and needed help to make it a success.

There are a few individuals who have already done a considerable amount of ground work in this venture.

What am I talking about???—It is of those people who would like to present a three-act play. They have done much in the way of acquiring plays and people's interest, and we would humbly like to request that those who

may be interested in being a part of the cast or production staff of just such a venture, contact AW1 Pascoe at local 327.

Casual Recreation

For those of you who like to skate there is casual skating in Exeter every Monday and Thursday evening from 1830 hours to 1930 hours.

Casual recreation has been fairly well attended at the Recreation Centre, although we of the Rec. staff would like to see more people out, for it makes our evening and weekend work pass much more quickly to see a lot of smiling faces at play.

The Recreation Centre will be open over the Christmas and New Year's holidays at the following hours:

Daily—1300 hours to 1600 hours
1800 hours to 2100 hours

The hardest season's greetings to all of you from all of us at the Recreation Centre.



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O'Keefe

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Christmas*

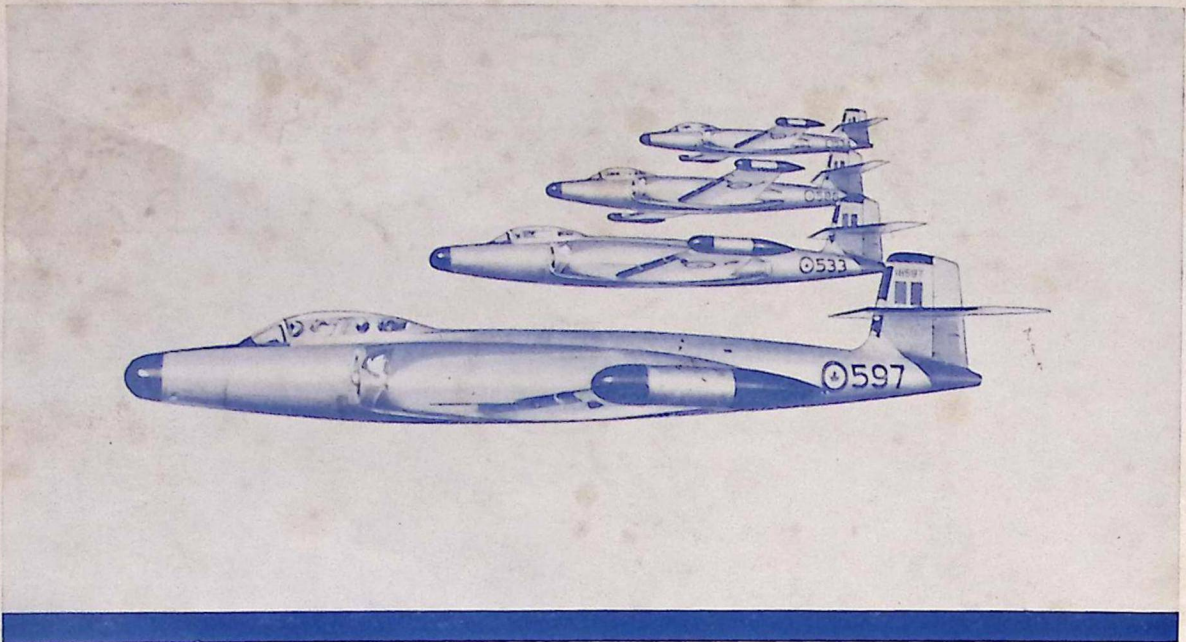
STATION THEATRE

SHOW TIMES: Daily at 8:00 P.M., Plus Saturday Matinee at 2:30 P.M.
(Saturday Matinee Same Feature As Friday Night)

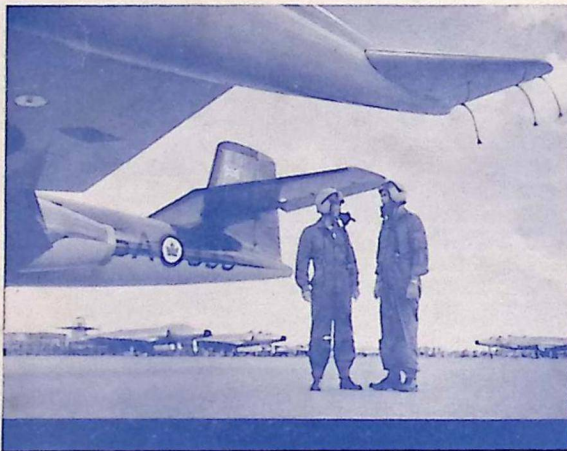
SAT., JAN. 4—"Desert Rats"
SUN., JAN. 5—"The Prince and the Show-girl"
MON., JAN. 6—"Paris Does Strange Things"
TUES., JAN. 7 &
WED., JAN. 8—"Checkpoint"
THURS., JAN. 9—"The Killers"
FRI., JAN. 10 &
SAT., JAN. 11—"Davy Crockett and the River Pirates"
SUN., JAN. 12 &
MON., JAN. 13—"Island in the Sun"
TUES., JAN. 14—"The Counterfeit Plan"
WED., JAN. 15 &
THURS., JAN. 16—"The Wayward Bus"
FRI., JAN. 17—"Silver Star"
SAT., JAN. 18—"Tiger in the Smoke"

SUN., JAN. 19—"Simon and Laura"
MON., JAN. 20 &
TUES., JAN. 21—"The Curse of Frankenstein"
WED., JAN. 22 &
THURS., JAN. 23—"Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?"
FRI., JAN. 24—"Star in the Dust"
SAT., JAN. 25—"Mr. Hulot's Holiday"
SUN., JAN. 26 &
MON., JAN. 27—"An Affair to Remember"
TUES., JAN. 28—"Thunder Over Arizona"
WED., JAN. 29—"The Eternal Sea"
THURS., JAN. 30—"A Woman's Devotion"
FRI., JAN. 31 &
SAT., FEB. 1—"The Great Locomotive Chase"





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