

FOYMOUNT

NOV. - DEC. 1957



CHIEF OF AIR STAFF A/M HUGH CAMPBELL CBE CD INSPECTS
FOYMOUNT GUARD OF HONOUR — Story Page 3

NEXT ISSUE

THE FULL STORY OF
THE COMETS

A
L
S
O

THREE CANUCKS AND A LIMEX
VISIT
PERRY COMO IN NEW YORK



Wing Commander Woolfenden
Commanding Officer

A MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER

On the occasion of the publishing of the Christmas edition of the Breeze, I would like to express my thanks to all personnel associated with its production.

The compilation and editing of material calls for a contribution, not only of special talents, but also of that valuable commodity—time. I am sure that the Station will take pride in, and derive pleasure from, their endeavours to produce this record of activities at Foy-mount. Our sincere appreciation is their reward.

At this time also, I would like to offer all; Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

EDITORIAL

All truly great organizations, be they military or civil, have their distinctive mark by which they are known. The famous and the infamous throughout history have been identified by their heraldry; symbolic of their role.

The ancient healers had as their symbol, the caduceus, which has been handed down through the ages until today it is synonymous with the medical profession.

The pirates of old had their mark; the skull and crossbones. At the sight of this, any eight year old can expound on its meaning and significance.

The practise of symbolising the function of a person or organization by means of a talisman or crest, while originating in antiquity, has become a contemporary custom. As a flag is to a country, so a crest is to those who are represented by it.

During the war, each squadron and unit created their own crest from ideas by the personnel therein. Once decided upon, the crest was submitted to the Crown and when approved was recorded for posterity in the Hall of Heraldry.

Since the War, many new units have been formed and following tradition have submitted unit crests for approval as the official crest of the organization. We as a relatively young formation, have as yet submitted no application for a unit crest. Why? Well, up until now we have had but four or five submitted for consideration. Ap-

proximately a year ago, to create interest in a unit crest competition, a prize of \$25.00 was offered for the best idea. As was previously mentioned, there were but four or five entries. Surely there are more than that number interested either financially or from the prestige point of view. Just think: if your entry is selected, your crest, in company with all the great crests of World War II units, will be forever recorded in the Hall of Heraldry.

We are once again attempting to adopt an official crest. So please, each and everyone, submit your ideas. If you are unable to draw put your ideas into words and we shall have it drawn up for you.

Let us be among the first AC&W squadrons to have an official crest.

The Breeze is published as a non profit enterprise, through the kind permission of W/C J. Woolfenden, CD, Commanding Officer, RCAF Station Foy-mount.

The editor wishes to point out that the views expressed herein are those of the writers. They do not necessarily reflect RCAF opinion or policy or for that matter those of the publishing staff.

Editor — F/O J. Cathcart

Advertising — F/O J. Wouters

Photography — Cpl. W. F. Hersey

Articles — The editor wishes to thank those who have submitted material for this publication. The overwhelming support received is indicative of the interest of the personnel concerned and the general morale of the unit.

SUPPORT
YOUR
STATION FUNCTIONS

ONLY

THROUGH

YOUR SUPPORT

can these functions be a
SUCCESS

And
only through their
continued success
can be assured of their
CONTINUANCE

BE A SUPPORTER

When You

PATRONIZE

OUR

ADVERTIZERS

please mention

FOYMOUNT BREEZE

The CAS Visits Foymount



W/C Woolfenden presents the CAS with a memento of his visit to the unit.

Saturday, 21st September, broke dark and dismal over the unit. By 0800 hours, fog was everywhere and rain threatened. By 0830 the dull look of the sky was reflected in every face on the unit. From operations came the word that flying this day was definitely out. With this information, all hope was abandoned for our much heralded big day. This was the day everyone was looking forward to. Every individual on the unit had been polishing, pressing, cleaning, etc., for the past week. An honour guard had drilled until they were like a series of puppets on a single string. This day of days was to be most awaited visit to our unit by Air Marshal H. Campbell, C.B.E., C.D., the new Chief of the Air Staff.

Had we known the type of man we were expecting, we would have had no need for apprehension. Not to be deterred in his intention to visit the unit he decided that, bad weather or not, he would be here;

Foymount Breeze

and very soon word was received that our distinguished visitor would arrive by motor vehicle.

The visiting members consisting of Air Marshal Campbell, G/C Gillespie, Aide-de-Camp, G/C Gwinn and F/L M. Wright, PSO to CAS, arrived at 1030 hours and were met at the car amidst flashing photo bulbs by W/C Woolfenden, the Station CO. After offering an official welcome, the CAS was invited to inspect the guard of honour of fifty of our finest drawn up for the occasion. During the inspection, the amiability of the Air Marshal was evident in his little chats and pleasantries with the various members of the guard.

When the General Salute was sounded, it drew attention and glances of admiration to the trumpeter on loan for the occasion from the First Canadian Guards by kind permission of Lt. Colonel Price, Commanding Officer of that unit. Pte. Clinansmith, the trumpeter, was resplendent in red tunic with



AM Campbell is seen talking with Pte. Clinansmith — Canadian Guards. Centre is F/O W. Baxter, Honour Guard Commander.

gold accoutrements, blue trousers and the uniform topped off with large fur busby.

At the completion of the welcoming ceremony and parade, the Air Marshal was taken on a tour of the station, commencing with operations. Our guest showed an unusual interest and enthusiasm in our operation as was evident from the number of discussions he held with the various personnel on duty. During his tour of operations could once again be seen the friendliness and amiability of the man. He constantly had a friendly word or jest with the various personnel with whom he had contact; a manner about him which has revered him to all station personnel.

Upon leaving operations, he visited all other sections and the PMQ area, and from there was taken to the Officers' Mess where a buffet luncheon prepared by FSPiche and his staff. It was truly a work of art; a credit to the culinary ability of him and his personnel.

Prior to the commencement of the luncheon, the Air Marshal indicated a desire to see how the other ranks fared on the unit. He then inspected the other institutes on the station. He was most pleased with the comforts available to all.

STATION FOYMOUNT IN SEARCH "HAFFEY"

by F/O J. L. Bates

At the conclusion of the sumptuous repast served by the kitchen staff, Air Marshal Campbell was presented as a memento of his visit, a framed picture of his arrival at the unit but a few hours previous. On this occasion, the Air Marshal said, "I am sure the expedience with which this picture has been produced is indicative of the manner in which everything is done on the unit". With these kind words was brought to a close a memorable occasion for Station Foymount; an occasion which will be remembered by all participating as a truly happy occasion when such a distinguished and high ranking officer was felt to be one of us.

Upon his return to Ottawa, Air Marshal Campbell sent a letter of thanks to the unit in which he said, "I am very much impressed with the station, and especially I sense its high morale". This commendation from so exalted an impersonage was most humbly received by all personnel. We shall all look with the greatest of interest on the future career of this great man who in his first official visit to our unit made us one and all feel so at ease and who, in his most amiable and disarming manner, was felt to be one of us.

We at Station Foymount wish him a most happy and progressive tour as Chief of the Air Staff.

HOW TO LEARN

Once upon a time a young man went to Socrates and asked him, "How can I gain knowledge?" Socrates said, "Follow me."

The youth followed him to a body of water where Socrates waded in up to his waist. He turned, grasped the lad by arm and head and thrust his head under the water. When the youth was gasping desperately for air, Socrates dragged him to the shore.

"My boy," said he, "when your head was under water, what did you most desire?" The youth replied, "Air."

Socrates said, "Go your way. When you want knowledge as much as you wanted air when you were under the water, you will get it."

Your Editor has asked me to write an article on Search "Haffey" and, while I do not feel that I am the most qualified to do so, I will endeavour to give you the events as I saw them for our three day tour.

F/O Edwards and myself volunteered to spend our three days off attempting the accomplishment of two ends. (1) To aid in the search of a once fellow controller. (2) To get in some flying time.

The trip began at the early hour of 0630, and after a rather hectic and hazardous ride in the "Idiot Seat" of the '57 Fairlane madly piloted by F/O Edwards, we arrived at Bonnechere strip with 35 minutes already applied towards the required time for quarterly Risk Allowance. (All auto insurance companies please note). The Dak from Trenton awaited us somewhat impatiently for apparently some discrepancy existed between the pickup time given to us and that given to the pilot, F/O Tony Trawchuk of 102 C&R. However, he was kind enough to shut the meter off and we arrived at Val d'Or for the usual fare to find the Search HQs a beehive of activity.

For the benefit of those who have not had the opportunity to see the VO airport, let me describe it briefly. It consists of a 6,000' by 200' runway, paved and lighted, with additional overrun footage, 2 radio beacons (VO and VD), a control tower, tarmac parking space, a TCA office, a mess hall, a main Admin building, the usual airport maintenance buildings, and oh! yes, a long, dusty road to town.

Search HQs was located in the Admin Building as well as an Orderly Room, telecom room, spotters room, aircraft maintenance room, flight office, aircrew room and rooms with sleeping bags on the floor with buzz saw noises issuing forth from every fold, also a commissionaires office, whose main job seemed to be making change for the coke machine patrons.

The Searchmaster was S/L Lemieux, ably assisted by F/L Wes Bailey. Aircraft used on search were both service and civil, Dakotas, Lancasters, Cansos, Otters, Ansons. Two sorties per day were

flown at approximately 8 hours per flight per aircraft.

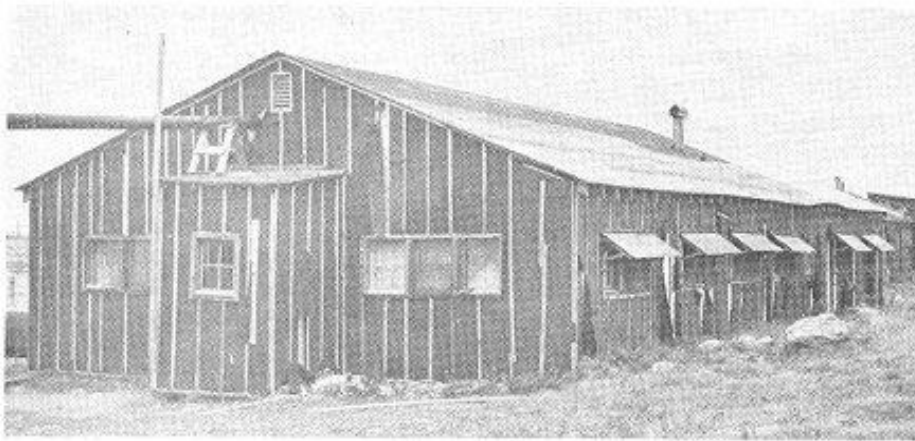
Crews consisted of 2 pilots, 1 navigator, 1 radio officer, 1 crewman if available, complete with hotcup and at least four spotters.

One crew arose at 3 a.m. and after briefing and breakfast at the airport, were airborne at first light usually returning around 1300 hours. The other crew by this time had lunch and briefing and took off around 1330 to return any time up till midnight, depending on area to be searched and fuel. Aircraft maintenance was done after the aircraft returned at night and before 0400 hours. The groundcrew from 102 C&R Trenton did a wonderful job and u/s's were few (I believe the aforementioned sleeping bags contained these bodies during the day). Nearly all the rest of the crews lived off camp and hotel accommodation in Val d'Or was at a premium.

Since they were very short of crews, and so far we hadn't been teamed up with anyone, our first job soon after arrival was to ferry a time-expired Dakota to Trenton for a double engine change and returned by Expeditor and thus ended the first day.

I might mention here that the search was now well into its fifth week and most areas had been covered at least twice. The missing aircraft was a converted Hudson bomber owned by Kenting Aviation with four people aboard (one an RCAF Warrant Officer), which had taken off from Great Whale River on a flight to Val d'Or. It had six hours fuel and a cruising speed of about 180; it also had a full complement of survival equipment including tents, sleeping bags, a canoe, was equipped with SARAH (Search and Rescue and Homing) and enough food for four people for two months. The Great Whale weather was marginal at time of take-off and meteorological forecast heavy icing and numerous embedded thunderclouds on his route. The pilot reported 1,000' on top at 7,000', two minutes after take-off and was never heard again.

Therefore, the plan adopted by the searchmaster was to track



Our Interdenominational Chapel — A humble beginning



From a humble beginning to a classic finish through the unrelenting efforts of station personnel on their time off — Our Chapel.

crawl up the east side of the missing aircraft's assumed track to the assigned search area, then fly 500' above terrain scanning one and a quarter miles on either side of the aircraft to the extremity of the search square and then move over one-half mile and fly a reciprocal heading back to the other end, until by threading back and forth (like darning a sock), the square was covered. On the way back to base, the west side of the assumed track was searched.

The second day found us at the airport early but didn't get crewed up until the afternoon flights, which gave us plenty of time to get genned up on the station, have lunch in the mess hall and renew acquaintances with a lot of old friends.

Continued

Page 7

Column 2

Foymount Breeze

Women's Auxiliary

by Mrs. E. Harris

The Women's Auxiliary of Foymount resumed its activities in September with a large number of the ladies present. The following ladies were elected to office for the coming year:

President — Mary Beveridge
 Vice-President — Pat Lynden
 Secretary — Edna Harris
 Treasurer — Elsie Buttle
 Social Convenors—Hazel Howell and Toni Baxter.

The October meeting, a bingo, was planned and held in the Recreation Hall on 4 Nov. This bingo was a wonderful success. The winners were:

Carving Set — Mrs. Jarvis
 Lace Tablecloth (Donated by T. Eaton Co., Toronto) — Mrs. Heffern

TV Lamp (Donated by Renfrew TV Centre) — Cpl Matthews

Silver Cake Plate (Donated by Simpson-Sears, Toronto) — FS Howell

Cold Wave Permanent (Donated by Millie's Beauty Salon, Eganville) — Mrs. Dunning.

Ladies Compact (Donated by Doran's Ladies Wear, Pembroke) — Mrs. Bruce.

Lazy Susan — Mrs. Kincade.
 G.E. Alarm Clock — Mrs. Harris.
 Man's Plaid Shirt — LAC Koerner.

Bathroom Scales — Mrs. Foran
 Jackpot Price — 1 pr. blankets — Mrs. Dionne.

This bingo was carried out for the benefit of the children's organization. Fifty dollars of the extended to the following ladies on the arrival of their new additions. Mrs. Ducharme, Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Gourley, Mrs. Hicks, Mrs. Harding and Mrs. Renaud.

The W. A. will round out the year with a Christmas Party to be held in the Community Centre December 10th.

When YOU
 — PATRONIZE —
 OUR ADVERTIZERS
 Please Mention
 FOYMOUNT BREEZE

WHERE ARE WE

F/O E. L. Anthony

Geologically, we are situated on the southern edge of the great area of land that is called the Canadian Shield. This is, of course, a poor pinpoint as it could place us anywhere in a wide arc from Lake-of-the-Woods to the south coast of Labrador. However, it does point out one thing: we are in a land that has been scourged, groved and pock-marked by vast rivers of ice during the ice age. Many of these marks have been filled with sparkling water leaving us a landscape of rolling hills, steep bared rock, rock infested soil and hundreds of lakes of every description.

This may appear unimportant on the surface, but consider the possibilities of such countryside. Too rocky for large scale farming—too rugged for large scale industry—you have a region spattered with small farms, dotted with small villages; villages that dream of bygone logging days when they were busy centres of a vast lumbering district. Here and there a new community may be seen. A community born on the wave of necessity to mine the minerals to promote Atomic energy for man's betterment or destruction.

So we have the present mingling with the past in a country little changed from the way it was found 400 years ago. A country of beautiful scenery giving the best of hunting and fishing to the ardent sportsman. A land unspoiled by the woodman's axe and the miner's pick, still too forboding for industry's big shovel.

Foymount, situated on the highest peak of Opeongo ridge, overlooks the Bonnechere Valley through which ambles, from one lake to another, the beautiful Bonnechere River.

Let me digress for a moment on the name of this river. It is believed to be a conglomeration of French and Indian, meaning "good surface" or "good skin", referring either to the fact that the surface of the water was smooth enough to be navigable by canoe (only five chutes or rapids from the head water to the Ottawa River) or possibly to the abundance of beaver along its banks.

The top of the tower here at Foymount provides a vantage point

from which one gets a panoramic view of Renfrew Country. Golden Lake, Round Lake, First Lake, Lake Clear and Lake Dore are but a few of the "sprinkles of silver" visible to the naked eye. It is a breathtaking sight to even the old timer.

Geographically, we are about one hundred miles from Ottawa and forty from Pembroke. Our nearest villages are Eganville and Killaloe, equidistant in opposite directions.

Eganville is the rail head for this camp, served daily by CNR and tri-weekly by the CPR. The CN station is two miles south of town. The CP station is in town. In fact, the rails pass right down the main street. A unique idea! Unique enough to make a Windsorite from Nova Scotia home-sick!

Eganville, boasting a population of fifteen hundred, was founded in the early eighteen hundreds. Born as a supply post when the Bonnechere was a river of logs during the lumbering era, the town today supports only four industries; lumbering, Lisk's Bakery, Reinke's Hardware and Builders Supplies and the Eganville Creamery.

Due to the lack of a water and sewage system, no major industries have chosen Eganville as a site. The hope of getting sewage and water is slight; the cost is prohibitive, the federal Government refuses its support; and the towns people in a position to really fight for it, have their own private systems. So—the want ads run: "To rent, four rooms and a Path".

A picturesque place, Eganville is situated on the steep stepped banks of the Bonnechere which slices the town right down the middle. It is interesting to note the town is also divided from an electoral standpoint, because the Bonnechere plits Renfrew County into North and South Constituencies.

Fire completely destroyed the north end of town in July, 1911; a disaster much talked of to this day. The healed scars of this conflagration are covered by buildings more evenly spaced and perhaps a bit more elaborate than those of the south end, where several old log houses are still visible. A nice town of very friendly people who

speak proudly of their Irish and German heredity.

If you have a drop of sportsman's blood in your veins or are even remotely interested in the great out of doors, this area will soon become your home away from home. Speckled trout flash in the clear flowing brooks, while the Rainbow and Kamloops ripple the shimmering lakes. The large lake trout lurk in the cool depths while the vicious thin-nosed pike glides quietly through the reeds stalking the unwary frog. Pickerel and Perch feed along the sandy shores. In deeper water, down among the rocks, schools of Bass are waiting for a lure. Ah, yes! A fisherman's paradise.

The "coarse" fish are available to even the novice but for the most part the trout calls for an experienced hand and the patience and perseverance of a weather beaten veteran.

Pick your favourite gear, for all types of fishing can be enjoyed here; from bait fly or spin casting to still fishing from a boat or through the ice. If quantity rather than size and fight is required, don waders and ply your dipnets for the succulent white fish. Seasons on all species vary throughout the year and a close survey of the provincial calendar will show that some type of fishing can be enjoyed the year around.

A word of warning to those of loose morals. Many of these local lakes and streams are stocked by the Government and are, therefore, jealously guarded by District Lands and Forests officers. Check your calendar and obey the fishing regulations.

The hunter's lot is as good as the fisherman's. Deer are plentiful, the proximity of Algonquin Park continues to supply the stock to replenish large takes from this area each year. Though a few moose grace Renfrew County, it is considered wise to hunt further north for this Majestic Canadian animal.

The Killaloe and Brudenell area boasts a fair population of bears as well as as fox and rabbits.

Partridge, Quail, Pheasant, etc., are by no means plentiful, but are available to those with the pa-

tience, know-how and fortitude. Well permeated with lakes, this area is a natural for ducks and geese. However, from reports of the "beaters" this past season, the birds not only recognize a gun a mile off but can expound on its calibre and make!

So dig out the ol' twelve bore, oil up the spinning gear and un-pack your flies. Be glad of your posting to Foymount and answer the clear, clear call of the wild. Renfrew County, I love you!

Did You Know ?

The age of the earth is estimated at 2 billion years?

The earth rotates at the equator at a speed of approximately 1,000 miles per hour?

The weight of the earth is 6 sextillion, 600 quintillion tons? That's 66 plus 20 zeroes.

The total area of the earth is 196,940,400 square miles?

The highest point on earth is Mount Everest in Tibet, 29,028 feet?

The lowest point on earth is Dead Sea in Palestine 1,286 feet below sea level?

The deepest point in any ocean is Challenger Deep south of the Island of Guam in the Pacific Ocean 35,640 feet?

The highest temperature ever recorded on earth at Azizia, Libya, 136° F in September, 1922?

The lowest temperature ever recorded at Verkh-Oyansk, Siberia -90° F in February, 1892?

The record for 24 hour rainfall was at Baguio, Luzon, in the Philippines 46 inches July, 1911?

The record concentrated rainfall was at Cherrapunji, India, 366 inches in one month July, 1861?

Foymount Breeze

Continued from Page 4

The weather was to be clear in the search area, but marginal VFR on the way up. About an hour after take-off we encountered moderate rain showers, low stratus cloud and poor visibility and at times found it difficult to maintain VFR let alone search. Maps of this area are poor with little detail, therefore, if you lose contact with the ground or try to go on top, it is very doubtful whether one could pinpoint again after becoming visual and thereby not arrive in the assigned search square so we dodged around rain showers, went through holes in the cloud, got wet from leaky wind screens and about two and one-half hours later finally arrived in our square which the Met man said would be clear and wonder of wonders, he was right, it was. We carried out our assigned search in an area of stunted pine, muskeg, rocks, rivers and lakes with not so much as seeing a living thing, and returned the long way home with eyes burning from looking so intently to find nothing. To avoid this form of eye strain, the spotters are kept on for only thirty minutes, then a break and then—just to keep it from becoming monotonous, they look out the other side.

Next day we were split up. F/O Edwards went co-joe in the Lancaster, while I appreciating when I was well off, sayed with the Dacotas and was crewed up with a smiling Irishman by the name of O'Hara, our navigator's name was LaRush, we had a Polish Radio Officer, one of the spotters was Jew-

ish and three from Ground Observer Corp. (How many countries can you get in one aeroplane?) This time we drew the banana belt and saw numerous moose and bear but no aeroplane. In the area just north of Val d'Or in the midst of nowhere, there are numerous signs left by Indians in days gone by, such as fish drying racks, stripped Tepees, some made with mud and sticks and even the odd small abandoned tepee village built beside the big water, but not a living human soul.

Next day the search was to end and we had to return to work so a Dakota was laid on to transport the spotters from the Windsor and Ottawa Auxiliary Squadrons, who had been on the search under the direction of F/O "Kiwi" Scott, plus ourselves home to good old "Fog-bound".

However, just as we left, the aircraft was found by a Search and Rescue Dakota with all occupants killed, about 40 miles south-east of Rupert House on the east side of James Bay. To illustrate how hard it is to find one small piece of man-made machinery in our vast northland wilderness, consider these facts.

The area where the aircraft was found was covered by experienced Search and Rescue crews at least three times and an area equivalent to a ten mile strip around the earth was searched before the northland divulged the hiding place of the silver Hudson with the bright red wing tips.

After lunch we were on our way to Bonnechere and arrived without incident to find the Station bus waiting o take us back to the operations hub of ADC to once more become chairborne in the other half of the air force.

SEASONS GREETINGS

FROM

PERCY'S Auto Supply

NEW & USED PARTS, ACCESSORIES, TIRES & BATTERIES
REMANUFACTURED GENERATORS, STARTERS,
TRANSMISSIONS

FUEL PUMPS and CARBURETORS

QUALITY ALWAYS HIGHER THAN PRICE

EGANVILLE, ONT.

PHONE 9

Personality Spotlight

S/L H. A. Pattinson CD



Foymount recently welcomed as our new COpsO S/L H. A. Pattinson. At the present time, "Patt", as he is known to his friends, is spending a few weeks in the sunny south on an RCAF sponsorship.

Born in Hamilton, Ontario, in 1917, he is the youngest of four children.

He received his formal education in his home town and was fraternally associated with the IOOF of that city. In his earlier years he belonged to the Boy Scouts and Cadets.

By 1937 he heard the call of the Service which was destined to be his career. In that year, he joined at its inaugural meeting, the 119th "B" Squadron. With an eye to the future and his mind in the air, "Patt" decided the future was in flying, so he joined the Hamilton Aero Club and soon won his private license. To finance these ventures, he was employed by the Hallida Company of Burlington.

As war clouds gathered over Europe in 1939 he, still with thoughts to the future, enlisted as an Aero Engine Mechanic.

Shortly after acceptance into the Air Force, he "volunteered" (in

his words, knocked down the door) for pilot training. At that stage, the wheels were turning slowly so it was December of 1940 before his pleas were answered and S/L Pattinson was launched on his career.

By May 1941, the Air Force had on its rosters one more P/O Pilot. From this point onward, he served in many theatres of war as a fighter pilot. He is one of the few officers to have the distinction of serving with three Air Forces. RAF, RCAF and RIAF (Royal Indian Air Force). During his tour of 185 sorties he saw service in Canada, Newfoundland, England, India, Burma. Volunteering for the Pacific theatre, he found while enroute to Canada that the world had been blown into peace by the Atomic Bomb.

While in Toronto on his disembarkation leave, he found himself under the influence of music and moonlight and was soon married. His wife, the former Lynne MeLeod and he were married in Toronto early in 1945.

As a member of the interim Air Force, he was accepted in 1950 as a F/L in the Regular Air Force and was promoted to S/L in January, 1951. Although having the normal heavy burden of administration and staff work, S/L Pattinson has found time to remain current on Harvard, T33 and Sabre aircraft and holds a valid instrument rating.

S/L Pattinson is expected back at the unit in mid-December and shall take over his new duties, in which capacity we wish him every success and offer him every assistance and cooperation.

THE METEOROLOGIST

A meteorologist is a person who passes as an expert on the basis of being able to turn out with prolific fortitude an infinite number of incomprehensive reports calculated with micrometric precision from vague assumptions based on debatable figures taken from inconclusive experiments carried out with instruments of problematic accuracy by persons of dubious reliability and questionable mentality for the avowed purpose of annoying and confounding a chimerical group of exotic fanatics referred all too frequently as practical earographers or meteorologists.

A man should never be ashamed to admit he has been wrong. This is an other way of saying that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.

Though often sorely tempted to
A husband should not choke

The wife who stops him halfway
through

And finishes his joke

But well deserved is such a fate
And logic's laws compels it

For wives who start out to relate
A story, fails to get it straight

Then hands the fragments to their
mate

With "Dear you'd better tell it".

SEASONS GREETINGS

FROM

H. ARTHUR BIMM & STAFF

WATCHMAKER — JEWELLER and OPTICIAN

Radios — Giftwares — China — Household Appliances

EGANVILLE

PHONE 45 W



PMQ COMMUNITY COUNCIL

Left to Right—Mr. L. Linnen, Cpl. A. Selensak, Sgt. "Doc" Holmgren, WO1 Redgrave (Mayor), Sgt. Hogben, Sgt. J. Hicks, Cpl. Stevens.

REC. CENTRE

by Lea Garrison and Jack Curtis

In the small time and space allotted to us, we will try to broaden your scope of knowledge of the recreation program at Stn Foymount.

Your first questions would probably be—What facilities are open for use and when are they open? We will endeavour to cover these two questions in one answer.

The Recreation Centre is open the following hours:

Monday, Tuesday and Thursday,
0830 - 1200 — 1300 - 1700
1900 - 2300

Wednesday and Friday
0830 - 1200 — 1300 - 1700
1600 - 2200

Saturday
0830 - 1200 — 1400 - 1630

Sunday
1400 - 1600 — 1800 - 2200

W. L. WILKIE

GROCERIES

FRUIT — VEGETABLES

FLOUR AND FEED

Phone 17 Killaloe, Ont.

Equipment is available for Badminton, Table Tennis, Volleyball, Basketball, Floor Hockey, Tumbling, Weight Training and quiet games, to mention only a few.

The rifle range is open Wednesday and Friday evenings from 1900 to 2200 hours and Sundays afternoons from 1400 to 1600 hours. Fees are 50¢ for the season and targets cost 5¢ each. Ammunition—FREE.

The Bowl-O-Drome is open for casual bowling on Saturday and Sunday afternoons and Sunday evenings. Fees are 15¢ a string. The other evenings are taken up in league bowling.

The Station Theatre has been closed for some time and as yet no definite date for re-opening has been set.

There is also no definite date set for the opening of the new swimming pool.

Now, suppose you are interested in active sports. You will want to know just what you can do.

We have two Basketball teams—Men's and Ladies'. The men are winless after two games, and the ladies won their first and only game to date. Any new personnel who may be interested in getting on one of these teams may contact either FS Jack Curtis, the men's coach, or LAC Lou Borden, the Ladies' coach.

The Station hockey team is now in full swing with practises. As yet, no games. WO2 Cliff Allen is their coach.

League bowling is also in full swing. Cpl Milt Matthews is the one to contact on this matter.

The Badminton club meets each Monday evening from 2030 to 2200 hours. F/O Mary Lou Van Tassel is helping us out with this club.

That just about covers the organized sports here at Foymount, but we would like to remind you that we are always open for suggestions from anyone.

Now to get a little gen down on the social end of our programme. Each Wednesday evening at 2030 hours, we have a Station Bingo for cash prizes, and a jack pot of \$350.00 with an ever increasing chance of having a winner.

Station dances take place once a month. The next one in view seems to point at either Christmas or New Year's.

The com monoro is open for quiet games, music or any group activities.

Well, that is just a brief coverage of "Recreation at Foymount", but we hope it has enlightened you.

As a closing word we'd like to disrupt a familiar quotation and say "A station that plays together, stays together".

CONFUCIUS SAYS

Tzu Chang asked Confucius the meaning of virtue, to which the sage replied: To be able everywhere one goes to carry five things into practice constitutes virtue. They are courtesy, magnanimity, sincerity, earnestness and kindness. With courtesy you avoid insult, with magnanimity you will win all, with sincerity men will trust you, with earnestness you will have success, and with kindness you will be fitted to command others.

Season's Greetings

From

GEO. F. STROUD
SUPERTEST PRODUCTS

TAXI SERVICE 24 HRS

Phone 159W

TRANSITION

HELLO TO

Cpl DR Walker from Tofino
LAC RJ Swift from St. Sylvestre
LAC JRY Rancourt from St. Sylvestre
LAC RP Gagnon from Edgar
AC1 LD Tocher from Clinton
AW1 MM Headley from Clinton
LAC JR Landry from Aylmer
Cpl FJ Orman from North Bay
Sgt RC Seanor from St. Margarets
AC1 GN Horvath from Clinton
Cpl R Wells from 4 FWHQ
LAC RG Renneberg from Chatham
AC1 JE Cresdal from Clinton
AC1 DF Cobet from Clinton
CplJRN Arcand from SU Metz
LAC KM Steele from Mont Apica
LAC DP Latender from Moisie
LAC VL Popple from Moisie
LAC W Sarazin from Moisie
Cpl FW Hersey from North Bay
AW1 LM Garrison from Goose Bay
FS JT Curtis from Goose Bay
LAC DW Black from Parent
Cpl JJ Seguin from 1 FWHQ
LAC JM Brown from Moisie
Cpl JA Poole from 2416 Uplands
AW1 AE Lake from Clinton
AC1 RW Ross from Clinton
AW1 VA Epps from Aylmer
LAW I Davidson from Goose Bay
LAW MF MacAskill from Bagotville
AW1 CA Jordan from Clinton
AW1 MA Henley from Clinton
LAC JA Myles from 2416 Uplands
AC1 WV Hagen from Clinton
AW1 MJ Taylor from Clinton
AC1 WG MacLean from Aylmer
AC1 RA Davis from St. Johns

OFFICERS

F/O DD Law from Mont Apica
F/O FW Meyers from Falconbridge
F/O ML Van Tassell from Vancouver

FOND FAREWELL TO

LAC EM Kant to St Margarets
Cpl AR Cousins to 1 FWHQ
LAW MCB Lacelle to St. Sylvestre
LAW PM Morell to Mont Apica
LAC LA McFarlane to St. Sylvestre
LAW MA St. Louis to Metz
Cpl CM Benjamin to 2416 Sqn Uplands
Cpl JJJ Bellevance to Parent
LAC RB Gourley to Mont Apica
LAW BK Grantmyre to Beaverbank
LAC AR Rasmure to Moisie
Cpl GA Foran to Fort Churchill
LAC LG McAndrew to Beaverbank
Sgt CR O'Brien to Clinton
LAC SR Alexander to Moisie
LAC WL Watson to Moisie
LAW LE Ford to St. Hubert
LAC RA Grouette to Moisie
Cpl W Hoare to Goose Bay
LAW KF Bengé to St. Sylvestre
LAC TS Avery to 53 GOBC Brockville
LAC SBS Given to Parent
AC1 EE Danz to St. Sylvestre
LAC JL Spur to Moisie
LAC L Favreau to St. Hubert
LAC R Maklin to Mont Apica
LAC DF Helmkey to Aylmer
LAC RJ Klyne to St. Sylvestre
LAC CT Ellis to 4 CU Rockcliffe
LAC TGH Gaudette to Chatham
LAW BY Christensen (Released)
LAW TD Brooks (Released)
LAC RR Thurston (Released)
Cpl L Proulx (Released)
Cpl BMT Martin (Released)
LAW LF Thiessen (Released)
Sgt A Assim (Released)
Cpl CW Mayo (Released)

OFFICERS

F/O RC Bate (Released)
F/O TM Anderson to Mont Apica
F/O IM Butler to Beaverbank
F/O LS Wilson to Stn Lachine

COMPLIMENTS OF

**Renfrew Bottling Works
Limited**

**RENFREW & PEMBROKE
ONTARIO**

RESUPPLY AT RESOLUTE

by F/O A. Edwards

We headed east after the take-off from Thule, Greenland, climbing for altitude. When the altimeter read 3,000, we swung north and climbed up over the edge of the plateau. By the time we had reached cruising altitude we had spread below us the most impressive sight in the Arctic, the Greenland ice cap. Greenland can best be visualized as an inverted saucer. In the center the ice cap is a mile thick, gradually decreasing in thickness toward the edges. Because of the enormous pressure, flow lines are clearly visible where rivers of ice flow towards the sea. This ice, when it reaches the cliffs, flows over the edge to break off and fall into Baffin Bay or Kane Basis. On this particular trip, the whole body of water between northern Greenland and Ellsmere was so full of icebergs that it would have been difficult to land and aircraft on the sea-ice between the bergs.

Edmonton, Alberta, which we left a week ago, was as far away as Vancouver is from Halifax. It was hard to believe that the territorial limits of Canada still stretched far to the north. We were past the 80th parallel now, and while our C119 droned north, my thoughts drifted back a week envisaging the hustle and bustle at our base at Edmonton.

For a week we had known the crews and aircraft that were to take part in spring resupply from days, the CO, Senior Engineering Resolute Bay. During the last few Officer, aircrews and NCOs spend much time planning the logistics of the operation, the navigators boned up on gyro-grid navigation techniques, and the aircraft sat out the ground waiting for The Day.

Our Squadron Number 435 of World War II fame, was to supply two C119 aircraft, 4 crews, groundcrews and spare parts, 436 Squadron, then based at Dorval, was to supply one aircraft and two crews.

Late in the previous summer a freighter had made its way up the east coast of Canada and Labrador, through Davis Strait, Baffin Bay and Lancaster Sound. It

had finally anchored in Barrow Strait off the south shore of Cornwallis Island. There, working around the clock, the cargo had been unloaded. Whalers and helicopters kept up a steady shuttle service throughout the long daylight hours until hundreds of tons of supplies were piled on the beach to be later sorted and stored. The perishable food stuffs had been inspected and stored in refrigerated rooms, awaiting the April airlift to the weather sites. For the RCAF detachment and for the DOT personnel at Resolute, this was the highlight of the summer. Life would settle to a steady monotonous routine throughout the long Arctic night. In October the sun would edge above the southern horizon for the last time that year, hardly dimming the stars. Then the long wait for its next appearance would begin. When the sun began appearing again in February, the days would rapidly become longer until the 20th of April. From that day the tip of the sun would still be visible at midnight, and the C119 crews could operate in daylight around the clock, supplying the weather stations with enough food and supplies to last until the next year.

Three hundreds miles west of Resolute, on Prince Patrick most westerly of the Arctic Islands, is a tiny weather station called Mould Bay. Three hundred miles north of Resolute on Ellef Ringes is another, Isachsen. Ellsmere Island has two stations Eureka hidden in a fiord west of the ice cap, and Alert on the north tip. Each Department of Transport or weather station is manned by a dozen D. O.T. of US Weather Service personnel, all volunteers, are carefully selected to minimize the unavoidable conflict of personalities arising out of boredom and monotony.

Preparations for take-off that April morning, were somewhat different to the preparations for a normal Transport Command trip. The first article to be donned is a string vest, knitted from butchers cord. This vest holds other clothing away from the body and prevents clothing becoming soaked

with perspiration. Next comes a pair of flannel pajamas, followed by a pair of heavy wool socks. Trousers are "wind pants" with nylon pile liner and nylon outers. Over the wool socks goes a pair of double thickness duffle socks, followed by knee length nylon and rubber mukluks, then top off the whole ensemble with a nylon parka, ski cap and a pair of "nose wiper" mitts.

Our first stop on the way north is at Yellowknife, where we help ourselves to a thousand gallons of 115/145 gas at the storage tanks, check the weather sequences at the wireless shack and fire up again. Because of a leaking fuel hose, we have been stopped for two hours, one of the longest suit-downs the engines will have for two weeks. SAE 50 engine oil becomes as solid as tar at 30 below and, although the oil is diluted with gasoline, the props don't want to turn. Forty passengers and crew breathe a sigh of relief when the second engine finally fires.

The take-off run is long for two reasons. We are saving the water injection for emergency use only, and we have 2000 pounds more gas in the tanks than the load manifest shows. We call it "insurance for the wife and kids". At the end of the runway, we fly over the first of many wrecked aircraft dotting the Arctic. From here on we will be relying on gyro-grid navigation, so the turn onto north after take-off is gentle. The less the directional gyros precess now, the easier and more accurate will be the navigation. The auto-pilot will not be

Compliments of the season

Meet & Greet Your Friends

at the

Bo PEEP INN

MRS. GLADYS KRUGER, Prop.

Eganville, Ontario

used again until we are south of the Yellowknife - Churchill line, and the gyro-compasses will stay de-slaved. Maps are not entirely reliable from here, and since the flat tundra below is covered with a deep blanket of snow and ice, map reading is difficult. We will rely upon two navigators, a gyro sextant for taking sunshots, and a directional gyro. Pin-points from the country below us will be infrequent.

Time passed. We saw a long line of piled up shore ice below us and knew we had reached the Arctic Ocean. A check of fuel consumption showed we had enough gas to overfly Cambridge Bay, continue on to Resolute and return to Cambridge again if Resolute socked in. The Radio Officer, now in direct communication with the forecaster at Resolute, had bad news. The wind had picked up to 20 knots and snow was blowing, reducing visibility to 2 miles. If the wind picked up a little more, visibility would be further reduced. That's what happened. We arrived over Resolute with visibility down to $\frac{3}{8}$ of a mile, and made "an arrival" after two unsuccessful passes.

The OC of the unit picked us up at the dispersal point in a half-track snowmobile, and gave us a ride over the snowdrifts to the mess. His driving made the low level hunt for the airfield seem rather tame. He then gave us the same talk that his predecessor had delivered 12 months before. The water was in short supply. No more than one shower a week. Don't shave if you don't want to. Wear something that shows your Air Force rank. We were then treated to an inspection of our quarters. These were normally single rooms with one bed in each, but with the annual influx of airmen, four double iron bunks of World War II vintage were crammed into each room.

After a quick wash in a minimum amount of water, we trooped into the mess hall and tried to pretend that the food was T-bone steaks and French fries. It was nice to have a meal with Cpl. Ross Gibson of the R.C.M.P. again. Ross is quite an institution there. He has been in Resolute almost as long as the RCAF has had a field there. Ron persuaded seven Eskimo families to move north and settle in the bay near the field. The settlement has been a marked suc-

cess. Ron has insisted that the Eskimos remain away from the whites, stay as independent of white civilization as possible. He would like to think that should the RCAF close down the field, his proteges would stay on. He does not, however, hold much hope for this.

The Eskimo is a fine person. He has no envy of the white. The average white person in the Arctic is, to him, an object almost of pity. This is what he sees. A person swathed in clothes weighing twice as much as caribou skins, for half the warmth. This person drives a vehicle which must be kept running 24 hours a day or it will freeze up. He has to fly fuel thousands of miles to keep this vehicle running even when it isn't doing anything. The white man's teeth and stomach are so weak that he has to cook the goodness out of his meat before he can eat it. And since he turns up his nose at raw frozen fish, he has to rely on imported green stuff for minerals and vitamins. The Eskimo will tell you that the only thing the whites have that makes them superior is metal. The Eskimo can learn to drive and repair our vehicles in less time than it takes to train a good mechanic. So don't pity the poor Eskimo. He's a smart fellow. And he is the friendliest person you will ever meet.

By the time we had finished eating, the aircraft was loaded with supplies and refueled with enough gas to take it to Isaksen, return to Resolute Bay and then go to Thule, Greenland. This was standard practice. If we couldn't get in to Resolute there was always enough gas on board to take us to Thule, plus a few extra gallons "for the wife and kids".

On the first trip out of Resolute, we watched for the herd of muskox and saw it near the tip of Cornwallis. This animal is now almost extinct and even the Eskimos are forbidden to shoot them except under the supervision of the R.C.M.P., and then only in the interests of conservation. The only defensive tactic used by the muskox is to go into a protective circle, keeping the calves in the centre. This tactic, although an admirable one against wolves, is a suicidal one against a man with a rifle.

Our first trip was timed to put us into Isaksen before dark and back at Resolute before sun-up.

Our Radio Officer tuned in Isaksen's frequency when we were 45 minutes out, to ensure that the bulldozer plus the unloading crew would be waiting for us. We also got a report on the local wind and weather. The runway consisted of 3,000 feet of sea ice scraped off with a 'dozer' blade to the width of a C119's wing. There was very little margin for error. The wheels had to be well planted on the first thousand feet, then the propellers put into full reverse. Without reversible pitch propellers, a pilot's life would not have been a happy one.

We circled the strip once for a look. The strip was well plowed, there was even a strip down the centre made with yellow sea-marker die. This wouldn't last long, but for the first few trips it was quite effective. Later on, due to the pounding of 70,000 pounds of aircraft touching down and the drifts being scraped by a bulldozer blade, the surface would get very rough but for this first trip everything went well. The bulk of our first load was 35 drums of fuel oil. As soon as the clamshell doors were opened, the ramps were put in place and everyone helped unload. Seven minutes after shutting down, the fans were turning again and we were on our way. On the return trip we would memorize landmarks again. After another trip or two we would be able to pinpoint our position from memory by points of land, bays, even cracks in the sea ice, but now everybody was map reading. It was 2300 hours local time and the sun was setting in the north. It would drop about ten degrees below the horizon, travelling at an oblique angle, and reappear 90 minutes later a few degrees east of north. Three days later, it would not drop below the horizon at all. We were looking forward to a 2 a.m. breakfast, then a trip to Mould Bay and then, we hoped, about 12 hours uninterrupted sleep.

To be continued . . .

D. BURKE JEWELLER

Killaloe, Ont.

Lowest Prices

On Shockproof Watches

Buy Your Diamond Rings

from US & SAVE

NO REPAIRS OVER \$2.50

34 Years Watch Repairing



OUR MOST RECENT DISTINGUISHED VISITOR — General P. W. Schiedecker, USAF, and his party. The general is seen above with GC Gerow and W/C Woolfenden, the Commanding Officer.

FOYMOUNT often has the opportunity to show off, one of the nicest stations in Air Defence Command, with most of the "Top Brass" of the RCAF, (CAS, AOCs, AMTS, CAOps, heads of accounts, engineering, etc). It seemed only natural that, when high ranking members of the USAF visit Canada, that a visit to Foymount be on the itinerary.

General Paul W. Schiedecker, on completion of his tour, said, quote "The high morale and efficiency displayed here today, must make you all very proud indeed." The General was accompanied by four heads of Divisions within his command, and were escorted by G/C EL Gerow from AFHQ.

The Commanding Officer and all members of his staff and station are the people who make these visits possible and also make it possible or each and every one of us to be proud to be a member of the RCAF and RCAF Station Foymount.

DOWN ON THE FARMS

by WO2 C. N. Vincent

For the uninitiated, it might come as a surprise to know that there are three farms connected intimately with the life of the station. What crops do we raise? Well last season, we raised ground planes and folded dipoles but next year we are planning on a larger

crop of squirrel cages with maybe a few miscellaneous TV types as there seems to be market for such things. You will have realized by now, I hope, that the farms are "antenna farms" and that the three of them represent the far-flung outposts of the Telecom Empire—the Radio Communications.

We like to pride ourselves as being one of the more important links in the control system. After all, the ranges with smudge pots and blankets would hardly be enough, and with communications, the boys in the "Wild Blue Yonder" would be a pretty lonesome crowd.

What is life like "down on the farms". Well, for you people living in suburban bliss in Eganville, it would make you feel right at home. We have the latest in primitive sanitation and much the same drinking water problems—ours arrives in a truck instead of a bucket. It does have its compensations though, as compared to that of our confederates up thar on the hill!

Season's Greetings

From

THE STYLE SHOP

Everything in Ladies Wear

MRS. ALMA BROSE

Phone 209

Eganville, Ontario

Fresh air, sunshine, a beautiful view, peace and quietness and just to keep us humble, wasps and hornets. For the latter onslaught though there has been developed the "Buffington Approach". The big question now is though "Who empties them from the vacuum cleaner, or do we just let them die of starvation". A very interesting point. A scientific treatise on the "life and habits of the humble hornet" is expected to be forthcoming as soon as the embryo author recovers.

Personnel-wise, the best that can be said of this section is that it is in a state of flux—and not the resin cored type this time. Postings and transfers and the like have changed the array of faces so often that it is difficult to keep track of them. We are hoping, however, that the turmoil of motion is over for a while so that we can rebuild our shattered organization. Between the transfers, the lacerating of hands and the passionate and compassionate leaves, the array of faces around the farms has been getting smaller and smaller. It was, however, raised by one when the "small white father" (not to be confused with larger white fathers on the hill!) got booted into exile and set up his abode in the Receiver Site. Incidentally, reports that this was a put-up job so he could get in on their coffee swindle (the most honest on the station) are completely unfounded.

Equipment-wise, the section is in a complete state of organized confusion trying to figure out methods of keeping the equipment in out of the weather and, at the same time, leave room enough for the technicians. If you notice some ultra slim comm techs these days, it's not the rations it's the squeezing between the racks that does it!

So next time you pass one of these farms, tread softly and doff your hat in silent tribute—after all who else keeps the radios and TV sets of the area in repair and they have to sleep sometime!

The greatest mistake you can make is to fear making one.

PATRONIZE
OUR ADVERTISERS



The station Library, located in the new high school just next to the Post Office, is opened Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights from seven to nine.

Staffed by volunteers, it contains a record library, (with a new record player expected shortly) the latest magazines and an increasing number of books. The books are divided into two large sections-fiction and non-fiction and a number of sub-sections such as historical, western, war, detective, adventure, autobiographies and biographies, science fiction, classical, and children. There is also a pocket-book pool for all interested.

The latest in reading material—from the Book of the Month Club:

Below The Salt — historical novel — This is the latest book by Thomas B. Costain the author of *The Tontaine*, *The Silver Chalice*, *The Moneyman*, *The Magnificent Century* and *The White and The Gold*.

Operation Sea Lion — Peter Fleming

A vivid, detailed account of the "greatest fiasco of World War II", this book examines German plans for the invasion of England in 1940 and British countermeasures.

By Love Possessed — James Gould Cozzens

A tense, fascinating novel packed with story, with characters, with ideas, giving expression to Mr Cozzens' cool, grave, ironic vision of our contemporary life, from the mystery club: —

The Hollywood Murders — Ellery Queen

This is an omnibus of the three Ellery Queen mysteries *The Devil to Play*, *The our of Hearts* and *The Origin of Evil*.

Unseen Enemy — Christopher Landon—a Crime Club Selection.

The Megstone Plot — Andrew Garve — a Harper novel of suspense for the younger set:

Captain Courageous — Rudyard Kipling

Recommended Reading

The Quick and The Dead — Wm Waterton

Reading this book is a must for the air-minded. A comprehensive coverage of the life and work of the jet test pilot. The various stages of testing are covered most interesting and hold the reader's rapt attention.

The author, Bill Waterton, a Canadian, served as a fighter pilot in the RAF during the war and for some years there after. At conclusion of his tour of service, he accepted employment with the A V Roe company as a test pilot and was soon promoted to chief test pilot. He was selected to come to Canada to test the prototype of the CF100. He is loud in his praise of this aircraft, the success of which is due in part to suggestions he offered.

A man called his doctor and in a frantic voice said, "Come quick doc, my wife has appendicitis."

The doctor answered calmly, "Don't be silly, I took your wife's appendix out three years ago. I have never heard yet of anyone having a second appendix." "Did you ever hear of anyone having a second wife?" was the reply.



The CO presents first prize in the Unit Truck Rodeo to LAC Dionne. In left background is FS Smalley VMEO. Also in background waiting to congratulate LAC Dionne is S/L E. G. Baxter, CTSO.

Happy Motorist

Daddy bought a little car,
He fed it gasoline.
And everywhere that Daddy went
He walked. Our son's eighteen.

It seems that a ship, on which were persons of many nationalities, became shipwrecked on a Polynesian island. Before long the place was a beehive of activity. The Germans were drilling the natives into an army. The Americans opened a general store and car agency. The Australians started a race track; the French a restaurant. Two Scots were financing the entire show and a couple of Englishmen were still standing around waiting to be introduced.

Season's Greetings

From Your

XMAS GIFT STORE

WESTERN
TIRE & AUTO SUPPLY
LTD.

Eganville, Ontario

Associate Dealer

L.S. (LARRY) McCANN

Phone 190

SEASONS GREETINGS

FROM

R. G. REINKE SONS LIMITED
HARDWARE

BUILDING SUPPLIES — FLOOR COVERINGS

No Job Too Big

No Job Too Small

EGANVILLE, ONT.

48 W — PHONES — 48 J

DECEMBER SKIES

Now, in its yearly path around the sun, the northern hemisphere of our planet leans farther into the darkness of space. Each night, until December 22, Night gains. It gains in length, in the clarity of its cold air, and in the splendor of its stars. This is the month for exploring heaven. At no other season are such mighty constellations in the evening skies, or so many individually lovely stars.

Like flower fields, the skies have their seasons, and the constellations that "bloom" in June are not the same as those that shine down on our winters. And like flowers the stars have their own colors. At your first upward glance all gleam white as frost crystals, but single out this one and that for observation, and you will find a subtle spectrum in the stars.

The quality of their lights is determined by their temperatures. Those intensely hot glow white, like the filament of an electric bulb; when "cool" they are red, like that filament just after you have switched off the current. Intermediate temperatures give a yellow light, like that of our closest star, the sun. Thus in the December sky you will see Aldebaran as pale rose, Rigel bluish white, Betelgeuse orange to topaz yellow. Some of the brightest "stars" in the December skies are not stars at all but are planets traveling about our own sun as does the earth itself. Venus is seen only in the evening or toward sunrise because she is closer to the sun than we are; she shines with a limpid and pale-

gold light. Mighty Jupiter blazes with a yellowish light and Mars glares redly.

By mastering a few key points in the glittering infinity overhead, you can quickly learn to find your way among those brilliant immortals named ages ago by Arab shepherd-astronomers and the wise old Creeks.

So take your stand in the open where there is a minimum of ground light to blind you.

Look north; you'll see the familiar Dipper. Halfway down the northern stees of the sky you'll see scrawled a great 'W'—say it stands for "Woman", for Cassiopeia, for whom the Creeks named this constellation. Just a little to the east of the zenith there rides a brilliant white star, Capella, the She-Goat. She stands close to a tiny, elongated triangle of small, bright stars called the Kids.

Look just to the west of the zenith and you'll see Algol. I can't tell you how bright it will be, because it keeps changing in intensity. The Arabs named it al gol, "the ghoul", because of its ghostly habit of fading from a second-magnitude to a fourth-magnitude star. Modern telescopes have revealed that when Algol is dim it is being eclipsed by a dark companion which rolls around with it in a macabre dance—one of those dead suns burned out to a celestial clinker.

Look just south of overhead. That blur of light is the Pleiades, the seven sisters of heaven. They cling close together and send forth a soft sweet radiance. If you can discern all seven, instead of the

six most people see, your eyesight is above average.

Face next to the southeast, and you'll see Orion, the biggest of the winter constellations. Early in December, at nightfall, he is just swinging his leg above the horizon. Other figurations in the slowly turning sky, he rises a little earlier each night, so that at the end of the month he is riding in the early evening.

In all lands, all ages, Orion has appeared as a man, a hunter usually with a glittering belt, a bold stride, one arm uplifted as with a weapon, the other protectively before his breast as he meets the onslaught of the Bull, known by its V-shaped steer's head, the reddish star Aldebaran glaring in its eye. To the Jews, Orion was known as Nimrod, the great hunter of the Old Testament. To the Eskimos he is the Great Eskimo, out for polar bear. In Arabic he is the Gian; to ancient Egyptians he was Osiris, god of the dead.

In his belt Orion wears a matched trio of gems, Alnitak, Alnilam and Mintaka. Down in the gigantic hunter's knee blazes bluish-white Rigel, a sun 540 light-years distant, yet one of the most gorgeous jewels in the sky. It shines with more than 10,000 times the intrinsic brightness of our own sun.

Betelgeuse glows as moody as an opal in what the ancients took to be the pit of Orion's unpraised arm. More than 3,000 times brighter than our sun, it flickers sometimes, like a coal going out, yet it will flare up too, as it did a hundred years ago when it outshone all other stars north of the equator.

At Orion's heels trots a faithful dog—Canis Major. Easily you can make out his feet, one paw uplifted; his tail is raised in the excitement of the chase, while in his jaws glitters the white fang of the great star Sirius. The splendor of Sirius is due in part to its nearness to the earth, only 8½ light-years, or a little matter of 51 trillion miles away, which astronomically speaking is just across the street.

FLOYD HERSEY

25 ALGONQUIN CRES.

R.C.A.F. FOYMOUNT

PHOTOGRAPHY

WEDDINGS

PORTRAITS

PARTIES

ENLARGING

To ancient Egyptians, Sirius was pregnant with meaning. In summer it rises just before the sun, just at the season when the Nile rises, bringing new fertility to time-worn fields. Discovery has been made of seven Egyptian temples so built that Sirius, in rising, throws its beam directly on the altars. Scholars believe that it was this star which God called Mazzaroth when He spoke to Job out of the whirlwind: Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? Or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?

Thus, in blazing poetry that sends its beams across 3,000 years, does the Bible remind us of the puniness of man as he gazes up at the greatness of God's handiwork. If you would know a little more of it than meets the eye, raise ordinary binoculars to the Milky Way, and you will see it turn from a vague cloud into myriads of stars. For the Milky Way is a galaxy, or what is called an island universe, and this earth and our sun are a part of that community of stars which has far more celestial inhabitants than there are humans in all the earth. If we

could take a look from some other part of this star-city, our sun would appear as a mere street lamp in the suburbs.

And if we could probe telescopically into space, we should find yet other galaxies, other islands of light in the universe of bitter darkness. But to fill the soul it is enough to fill the naked eyes with the sight of God's heaven on a December night. There we can see His firmament on its slow revolution into mystery, and come face to face with the fact that this earth of ours is bound forever to that remote and glittering wheel.

Yet for this journey into unknown darkness, Christians have a guiding light — that which blazed suddenly in the skies almost 2,000 years ago. What it was that the Wise Men saw when they said, "We have seen His star in the east," astronomers will never know, since the Bible does not hint in what month Christ was born, and the very year is not certainly fixed in sacred history. But to believers the Christmas Star is no mere astronomical coincidence. It was a miracle, as spirit shining forth is always miraculous, whether it radiates from a light in the sky or the loving heart of a child.

FROM EXAMS OF THE PAST By Past Examiners

- ahem: the bottom of your dress turned up.
- alms: the upper limbs of a Bostonian.
- beechnut: a swim and sun addict.
- bustard: a bus driver who doesn't stop for you.
- busybody: a cooch dancer.
- circularize: Eddie Cantor.
- cobra: a brassiere for Siamese twins.
- complain: don't dress.
- correspond: a swimming pool for dancing girls.
- cuirass: a strange kind of donkey.
- dilapidate: to get a girl off your lap when you hear her father coming.
- dogmatic: a kind of revolver carried by police dogs.
- extinct: deodorized.
- finery: a magistrate's court.
- flighty: a flimsy nightie.
- fortitude: just had your 42nd birthday.
- freshet: just finished a meal.
- gambit: bitten in the leg.
- ghoulish: a cannibal stew.
- gnome: opposite of yes'm.
- guise: wot goes with dolls.
- gumdrop: a receptacle for used chewing gum.
- hoot owl: His? or Hers?
- inspired: having sat on a steeple.
- inundated: all alone by the telephone.
- liquidate: a cocktail party.
- Octopus: a cat with only eight lives left.
- outlying: gone to court.
- potholder: a corset.
- rescind: went and did it again.
- rockbottom: a rocking chair.
- schnapps: tries to bite you.
- senile: a year when everything seems sidewise.
- shambles: bulls that are really cows.
- spinster: a woman who goes around and around looking for a man.
- strumpet: a combined brass and string instrument.
- tanget: a dark-complexioned man.
- tea cup: an unusually large brassiere.
- tension: a military command.
- Teutonic: not enough gin.
- yawl: second person plural in Dixie.



Among our many visitors was a group of officers from Camp Petawawa. — Explaining our operation to them is F/O Cathcart, centre. F/O (now F/L) Machen is shown at right.

SCOUTING AT FOYMOUNT

This fall saw a small change in the leadership of the 1st Foy-mount RCAF Scout Troop. Mr. Stan Johnson resigned as Scoutmaster to accept a position as Assistant Scoutmaster. Sgt Jim Whitehead resigned as Assistant Scoutmaster to take over as Scoutmaster.

Among the cheery faces from last years Scouts we saw:

Peter Dunning, Tony Baxter, Michael Hoare, Serge Brazeau, Bill Linton, Denis Favreau and Gary Anderson. Added to these were transfers from other troops: Lewis Ling from Clinton and Bob Hugg from St Hubert. These were swelled by the addition of three boys from Cubs, who were received in a simple but impressive ceremony of "Going - Up" on 16 September 1957. They were: John Baxter, Norman Jacques and Stewart Todd. To top it all off a recruit in the form of Gordon MacKay was added.

To all the new Scouts the Leaders wish all the best in the Road of Scouting, to the older members, a reminder that they are older and wiser in the ways of Scouting and that they should help the Tenderfoot along on his way to the Road of Scouting.

On 07 Oct 57, in a colorful ceremony, the following Scouts were promoted:

Lewis Ling to Patrol Leader
Peter Dunning to Patrol Leader
Serge Brazeau to Patrol Second
Tony Baxter to Patrol Second

Also at the same ceremony, Patrol Leader Ling was presented with his All Round Cord Class "A".

Even though this is winter, occasionally can be heard talk of

summer camp for 1958. With all the tests to be passed before camp it appears that there is still time to talk about mosquitoes, black flies, and skunks. Along the lines of camping, the troop hopes to raise enough funds to purchase three tents for the 1958 season.

At this time the Assistant Scoutmaster joins in wishing to all the Scouts a Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year and join us in wishing the same to all at Foymount.

ROYAL VISIT 1957

The following is a composite report compiled from reports of various Scouts of what happened on 14 Oct 57.

Rideau Hall Ottawa, Ont., 14 Oct 57, 1215 hours.

All are in position, all are waiting, because today is the day for which they have been waiting. Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II is due to drive in front of them, on her way to open Parliament, as they line the drive from Rideau Hall to the Government House Gates.

Who are they? They are eight thousand jubilant, excited, chattering Brownies, Girl Guides, Sea Rangers, Wolf Cubs, Boy Scouts, Sea Scouts and Rover Scouts from Ottawa District and vicinity, plus a contingent from New York State.

Among the eight thousand were eight Scouts from Foymount along with their Scoutmaster. They were:

Patrol Leader Lewis Ling
Patrol Leader Peter Dunning
Second Tony Baxter
Scout John Baxter
Scout Michael Hoare
Scout Denis Favreau
Scout Robert Hugg
Scout Gary Anderson
Scoutmaster Jim Whitehead

Suddenly all was quiet, all was still, and then from a distance came the shrill cheers down from Rideau Hall to the Gates. Her Majesty had started her journey.

Slowly she came, drawn in the State Landeau and escorted by forty-eight of Canada's Finest, the RCMP. Slowly she arrived in her Coronation Gown and accompanied by her husband, His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh resplendant in his Field Marshall's uniform; slowly she came so that all might see their Queen.

As she passed the shrill cheers gave way to re-echoing jet-pitched screams and shouts of happy boys and girls.

All the boys from Foymount were well pleased with the day's events, and this was quite gratifying to the leaders, considering the difficulties in arranging transport for the future men of Canada. However, with the blessing of the SMO, the trip went ahead in spite of the flu. Many thanks are due to F/O Munkacs and FS Smalley who offered the use of their cars to aid in the transportation problem.

Season's Greetings

From

FLEURIE BROS.

HARDWARE STORE

"Where Your Dollars Buy More"

Phone 14

Eganville, Ontario

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

FROM

CENTRAL HOTEL

FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATION

FOR THE COMMERCIAL TRADE

EGANVILLE, ONT.

Mrs. TERESA FOY, Prop.

Season's Greetings

From

LEN'S CLOTHING STORE

Men's, Ladie's & Children's

Ready-To-Wear

DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES

Phone 60

Eganville, Ontario



W/C J. Woolfenden, F/O J. Bates and F/O A. Edwards are seen with a group of Canadian Legion members of Eganville, on 11 November at the War Memorial.

REMEMBRANCE DAY PARADE

by F/O J. L. Bates

The Remembrance Day Parade in Eganville was attended by some 40 Officers, Airwomen and Airmen from this Unit. The Parade consisted of the Eganville Canadian Legion Branch as #1 Flight, RC AF #2 Flight and the Eganville Army Cadets #3 Flight. W/C Woolfenden was parade commander, with Mr. Ross Stuart and Mr. Eldon Bates as Standard Bearers.

The morning was fair and crisp as the parade fell in by the CPR station and marched to the Town Hall for services. The military component formed hollow square within the hall, the Cenotaph in the front centre, while the balcony and remainder were taken up by the Ladies' Auxiliary and others who came to pay their respects to our fallen comrades of two wars.

Many wreaths were placed on the Cenotaph and the traditional two minute silence observed for those who paid the supreme sacrifice. The Reverend Geach from Ottawa conducted the ceremony. After the playing of the Last Post and Reveille and the dropping of the poppies on the wreaths, the Reverend Geach spoke to those present on the meaning and thoughts behind Remembrance Day, directing his remarks mainly to the boys and girls in attendance.

After the services, the RCAF were guests of the Eganville Legion at the Legion Hall and all

were invited to attend a Turkey Banquet to be held that evening. This kind invitation had to be declined on nearly everyone's part because of work at 1620 hours. The bus returned to Foymount at 1400 hours and disembarked a flight of personnel who were proud to have had the opportunity of honoring the fallen soldiers of two wars with the Canadian Legion.



The CO escorted by F/O Bates and F/O Edwards pays tribute to fallen comrades on behalf of station personnel as he places a wreath at the Eganville War Memorial.

Guess When

You might think the following items came from current newspapers. Actually the events took place long ago. Can you say when? **Pope condemns use of new "Horror" weapons**

Vatican City — Prompted by widespread fears that new weapons of mass destruction might wipe out Western civilization, the Pope today issued a bill forbidding their use by any Christian state against another, whatever the provocation.

(Answer: Pope Innocent II in 1139; the weapon was neither germ warfare nor the hydrogen bomb, but the newly invented crossbow.)

Moral Rot Endangers Land, Warns General

Boston— The head of the country's armed forces declared here today that if he had known the depth of America's moral decay he would never have accepted his command. "Such a dearth of public spirit", he asserted, "and want of virtue, and fertility in all the low arts to obtain advantages of one kind or another, I never saw before and hope I may never be witness to again."
(Answer: George Washington, in 1775.)

"Unite Or Die"

U.S. Statesman warns Europeans

Philadelphia— Only by uniting immediately into one great state can Europe end the wars and trade struggles that are destroying her, the grand old man of American politics declared here today. The sole solution, he declared, is for Europe to call at once a constitutional convention which would "combine all her different states and kingdoms into one federal union."

(Answer: Benjamin Franklin, who urged a union of Europe on the American model in 1787.)

Famous Words: The only war I ever approved of was the Trojan war; it was fought over a woman and the men knew what they were fighting for.

SERVICE WRITING

by S/L Heide, DFC, CD

Editor's Note

Perusal of an old service publication disclosed this very timely article by S/L Heide. Timely it is because within a few weeks of this publication many aspirants for higher rank will be sitting down to grapple with the inevitable Qualifying Examinations. A moment spent in the reading of this article may well pay dividends.

This is a plea for clear and simple writing. Everyone in the service has to write to a greater or lesser degree; letters, reports, papers, assessments to give but a few examples. The further one's career goes the more writing is demanded. Now someone has to read what you have written, and you have, generally speaking, either to tell your reader about something you have done or seen, or to persuade him to your point of view. You can do neither if he has to spend all his time trying to decide just what you mean, or if you succeed in irritating and frustrating him with your choice of words and the way they are put together.

Probably the most common fault in service writing is the use of long words when short ones would be clearer and more effective. Fowler (Modern English Language) states: "Those who run to long words are mainly the unskilful and tasteless; they confuse pomposity with dignity, flaccidity with ease, and bulk with force". This is not wholly true with Service writing because we use many technical terms which are long, and cannot be replaced with any other word of the same meaning. However it is generally true that short words are easier to use and are far more vigorous.

Finding an illustration of this sort was not difficult. I picked up the nearest file and opened it at random. I quote; "These developments are the development of techniques which enable discrete identification of establishment requirements and individual qualifications whether they be broad or narrow". I don't know what

that means. Agreed — It is quoted out of context. After reading the entire paper, the meaning is still not clear. I therefore suspect it is not clear in the mind of the writer either.

I suggest that if you read any services report you will find long words that are used unnecessarily. Try it. You'll almost certainly find "there is a requirement". Why not "there is a need"?

Another common fault is the arrangement of words into sentences—this is called syntax. A startling example of poor syntax crossed my desk recently; fortunately the file had only travelled as far as the next office, and I retrieved it for the purpose of this article. I quote, "Celestial navigation under conditions of actual flight is what the (trainer) allows the navigator to practise on the ground." The whole paper was written in much the same way. Now this may be the best trainer in the world; it may be a marvel of accuracy and efficiency selling at a price that is a pure gift—but I don't like it.

Allow me to quote a few more examples "... the items contained in your para 2 which is required..." "It is therefore contended that... the following scale of issue be established..." "there is some doubt in the field with respect to whether..."

I did not move from my desk to find the examples quoted above and it took exactly four minutes to find and type them.

In some cases it is just one word which is wrongly used that spoils

the entire sentence. Consider: "The Radio Officer cannot get near the equipment in the air without disrupting the navigator." This is somewhat hard on the poor navigator, since the dictionary definition of disruption is "rendering asunder, violent severance."

At other times the offending word is not incorrect, but just awkward. For example, "... no curtailment of career opportunity." What a hideous word — the picture it brings to mind could not be published in such a sedate Service journal.

Finally let us avoid such "Hackneyed Service Phrases"; to name a few, "... with respect to"; "pertaining to"; "It is considered that"; "build up of"; "it is felt that"; "in the light of"; "insofar as"; "it is intended that". In nearly every case these can be replaced with one word or omitted entirely, and the sentence will be stronger and fresher.

I wish to emphasize that all the examples quoted, are taken from service correspondence, and that I didn't have to search for them. I simply opened the nearest files and they flew out and hit me in the face.

How can you avoid these writing faults? I suggest by reading military or semi-military works by authors who have the ability to write in this clear and simple manner. Winston Churchill is of course, the most outstanding,— and by thinking about these things when you are writing.

SEASONS GREETINGS

FROM

PLOTZ MOTORS LTD.
IMPERIAL ESSO DEALER

PONTIAC — BUICK — GMC TRUCKS

Genuine PARTS & ACCESSORIES

EGANVILLE, ONT

Phone 97 W

NEWS FROM "D" CREW

A special Hello to RCAF Station Foymount springs from the heard of "D" Crew.

Step by step. Little by little. Bit-by-bit. And the King-of-Day's death-bed awaits him in the west. A new sun shall rise tomorrow, foretelling us the brightness life can bring. 1958—to thee we drink.

In Air Force life, we are constantly saying hello or good-bye. To our Crew, we welcome Cobet and Co. A point of interest—they talk most who have the least to say.

Good-byes to Tam, Marion, Babs, Rodger and Jim. We cannot fully express the deepness to which they will be missed. However, we can say that each individual personality has left a certain "special" something that shall forever be remembered. They have become as a part of us. Tam with her quick way of speaking. Marion's deep sincerity. Bab's delicious sense of humour. Rodger's natural musical ability. And Jim—Ooh! La! La!!

Much talent is distributed throughout our handsome crew — Dick specializing in the Officers' Bar, Sports-inclined Bud, Len; and to "Solly" we lift our glasses. Buck, the playboy of the Big Three (Red-heads) Rix—King of the Totes. And as for Jean Campbell, can words really describe her beautiful harmonious voice of creation? There is something marvellous in her singing, it is a sort of spirit that never dies. It is, in itself, a marvel. Orchids to you, Miss Campbell.

Of course, we have our comic-strip characters. Don, a typical Jerry Lewis. Adding greatly are Cec, Joe and Mac. Cpl Beveridge, as his name implies, induces much of the gaiety. As in all true-to-life scenes, we need contrast—provided

by Dan Black.

It has been said that love and a cough cannot be hidden. Who knows what danger lurked in Rockcliffe? A mysterious glow was noted in the eyes of Jim Spurr. Could it concern a "Lady with the Lamp"? Men are April when they woo; December when they wed. (So do be careful, Jim.)

Bells! Bells! Bells! Certainly they signify something other than insanity. Church Bells. Christmas Bells. And yes, Wedding Bells, ringing for two popular members of our Crew. "Frankie and Shirley were lovers". How well their names go together. Best wishes for their happiness.

In dedication to Station Foymount we, the members of "D" Crew:

Are wishing you many joys
And happiness today;
Here's hoping that each tomorrow brings
More happiness your way,
and then

May the years ahead be filled
With fun and friends and
laughter,

So you will live, as the story
books say—
Happily, Ever After".

ML with help from "C" JE

A conservative gentleman at a horse show was commenting about the way today's young people dress. "Just look at that kid over there with the duck-tail haircut, the cigarette and blue jeans", he said to his neighbour. "Is it a boy or a girl?"

It's a girl was the reply. "She's my daughter."

"Oh, forgive me, Sir", said the conservative gentleman, "I didn't know you were her father."

"I'm not", snapped the neighbour, "I'm her mother."

FOYMOUNT DOES IT AGAIN

Flying Officer "Lee" Roche, Foymount's entry in the Annual Rocket Meet competition was successful in attaining first place and winning the McBrien Trophy which is awarded to the aircrew attaining the highest number of points.

"Lee" in his modest manner, however, gives all the credit to the winning aircrew of 410 Squadron—F/L "Moe" Aller and his navigator F/O "Lorne" Jokinen. In any case, we all know it takes the entire team to come out on top and we at Foymount know we have that team spirit among ourselves and the boys at 410 and 428 Squadrons.

Everyone here is proud of Lee for a job well done, showing once again that Foymount leads the way.

Compliments of the season

From

**WILCOX LUNCH BAR
AND BARBER SHOP**

Gifts and Magazines

Eganville, Ontario

Merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year

From

**M.J. MCCRATH'S
GARAGE
SHELL PRODUCTS**

"ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE"

Phone 115W

Eganville, Ontario

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

FROM

Hotel Eganville

FINE FOODS SERVED DAILY
ROOMS WITH FAMILY RATES

15 — PHONES — 19
EGANVILLE, ONTARIO

LOCATED IN THE CENTRE OF ONTARIO'S FINEST HUNTING AND FISHING



A group of officers from 412(T) Squadron visited the unit recently. They are seen here getting a quick "Check out" on our operations.

CopsO Reports

It is pleasing to see the Breeze has again come to press representing one more step of accomplishment which the Station has achieved. As the year draws to a close, I cannot help but feel proud that I have served all of it at Foymount. We have enjoyed a year of success and productiveness made possible only by the high spirit, co-operation and unity of everyone working together and recognizing we are all striving toward the same end.

Every effort must be made to preserve this spirit as without a doubt the following year will be more difficult and I am sure that you, as well as I, wish to maintain the enviable reputation which Foymount enjoys.

SOCIAL & PERSONAL

New "Arrivals"

A daughter, Donna Claire, "reported in" to F/O and Mrs. McLeish at Ottawa on 22 September 1957. Donna was the first child to be christened in the newly erected Station Chapel. Good luck to the new 'arrival', her brother and her parents on their tour of the south. Also loads of luck to John on the course at Tyndall.

Mrs. Carpenter presented Craig with another son in Pembroke on 22 August 1957. Mother and Thomas Jeffrey doing very well. Especially Norah. She looks her shapely self again. Are you trying to raise a ball team for Station Foymount, Craig?

F/L and Mrs. Davis became the proud parents for the third time by the birth of their son Gregory Leslie in Pembroke on 4 October 1957. Both are doing well indeed. Welcome back to the fold, Rose.

Sgt. and Mrs. Hicks were proudly presented with a baby daughter, Penelope Jean at Pembroke on 6 November 1957. The baby, from all reports, is a 'howling' success. How are the late nights and early mornings going, Jim?

MARRIAGES

The Station Chapel was the scene of very lovely wedding on 28 September 1957 when Reverend Henry Schneider united Miss Elizabeth Hildebrand and LAC A. P. Williams in holy matrimony. This was the first wedding in our new chapel. Good luck to the newlyweds and hope that they have many happy years together.

Leave and Courses

F/O and Mrs. Rae and children returned to the big metropolis of Eganville after attending the course at Tyndall only to be faced with the problem of house-hunting. However, they have finally found a cute "wee hoose" and should be settled by the time this goes to print. Sure hope you don't have to move again for at least a month or so, Joan. Welcome home! (Incidentally, Joan and Bill have moved at least 13 times in one year. Poor Joan!

F/O Baxter has returned to his "home" unit from the course at Cold Lake. What sort of misemployment were you on for the extra week, BB? The Baxters also enjoyed a holiday at Port Arthur, where Joy and the children stayed while BB was in the West.

Sgt. MacDonald has returned to the unit a much learned man upon completion of the SSTS Course at Camp Borden.

Sgt. Harris, at the time of writing, is still on the SST Course. The course was extended for a further two weeks to take the Administration side of the course. I guess they figure the technical personnel could do with a bit of administration. You will probably be glad to see good old "Fogbound", eh Wilf?

People will believe anything you say -if you whisper it.

Season's Greetings

From

**O'REILLY'S FURNITURE
& FUNERAL SERVICE**

Eganville, Ontario

Season's Greetings

From

JOHN F. FORAN & SON

ESSO SERVICE STATION

Westinghouse Appliances

Phone 181W

Eganville, Ontario

**PATRONIZE
OUR ADVERTISERS**

Nov.—Dec. 1957

PADRE'S CORNER

A Christmas Message

by Father F. A. Flynn

Nearly two thousand years ago, in an obscure province of the Roman Empire, a little Baby was born. His birth was no ordinary event although the greater part of the world knew it not. His birthplace was a poor stable, His crib a manger of hay, yet Angels from Heaven announced the good news of His coming. The world paid no heed—it wasn't interested—yet the birth of this Baby changed the face of the world. The passing of time dims the importance of events of distant years and even erases them from the mind. But with this event, just the opposite was true, for, as time passed, the birthday of this Baby was celebrated by the whole world. Now, nineteen centuries later, millions of people in all parts of the world rejoice because He was born. We even measure our time in terms of so many years after His birth. Why does this Babe's birth mean so much to us? The answer is simple: that Baby was God. On the first Christmas night, over 1900 years ago God stooped down to earth and clothed Himself in our lowly human nature and Christ, Our Saviour, was born. That is the meaning of Christmas.

By its very nature then, Christmas is a happy time, because God in His great love for us became our brother. May true joy fill the hearts of all at this blessed time. May the peace of Our Saviour reign in your hearts and in your homes at Christmas and continue throughout the coming year. This is my sincere wish; this is my humble prayer.

Yuletide Message

by Rev. H. H. Schneider

The whole spirit of the Christmas festival is one of giving—let us never forget that.

To a world confused and torn with sin God gave His only begotten son.

Into a manger Mary placed her first born son and gave this little infant to all men that might have a saviour.

Angels gave songs of praise on a Judean hillside and filled the hearts of awestruck shepherds with the desire to go and see.

Shepherds came with haste to the manger bed to give glory to God for what they had seen and heard.

Wise men from the east brought the wonders of Araby to lay at the infant's feet — they gave of their gold, frankincense and myrrh, gifts fit for a king.

That first Christmas long ago was the great festival of giving in which both God and man gave of themselves, their love and their treasures, in unselfish devotion to inspire a selfish world.

By contrast, too many today look upon Christmas not as a season for giving but as a time for getting. How many are the children today who are mainly concerned with what they are going to get for Christmas; their lists are long and complicated and in childish selfishness they think only of themselves. Perhaps in children there is some reason for excuse but in adults such inordinate concern for self is deadening and soul-destroying for it brings to nought the precious blessings of this season.

In our self-indulgent concern for the physical we think of Christmas as but an excuse to fatten ourselves on the good food which this season provides and stupify ourselves through overindulgence in alcohol and then boast about how terrible we felt after this or that Christmas party. If that is all that Christmas means to us today, then for us Christ's coming was in vain.

The example of unselfish love which was set for us by God in the gift of Christmas should constitute a pattern for us to follow. The whole emphasis in our celebration should therefore be on giving and not on getting. Giving of our worship for the wonderful gift of the Christ child; giving of our love to our families and setting in our lives a pattern that others may emulate; sharpening of our generosity with those about us and striving in every way at our disposal to be kind and considerate. In that way we will show that the love of God which shone so brightly from Bethlehem's town two thousand years ago has ignited a similar flame in our hearts too.

HOW TO ENJOY

the Happiest Day of Your Life

We can do anything for one day. So, just for today, let us be unafraid of life, unafraid of death which is the shadow of life; unafraid to be happy, to enjoy the beautiful, to believe the best.

Just for today let us live one day only, forgetting yesterday and tomorrow, and not trying to solve the whole problem of life at once. It is said that a man is just as happy as he makes up his mind to be. Suppose we make up our mind to be happy just for today, to adjust ourselves to what is — our family, our duties, our luck. To try to make the world over to suit us is a large order. If we cannot have what we like, maybe we can like what we have.

So, just for today, let us be agreeable, responsive, cheerful, charitable; be our best, dress our best, walk softly, praise people for what they do, not criticize them for what they cannot do. And if we find fault, let us forgive it and forget.

SEASONS GREETINGS

FROM

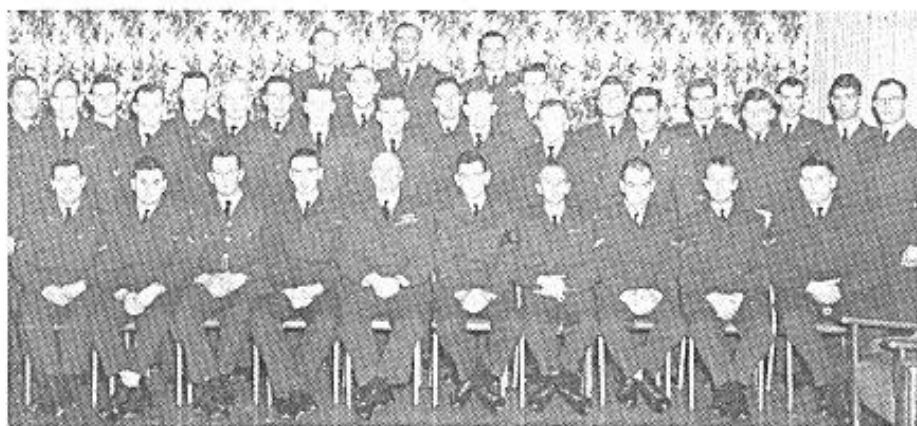
KITTS GENERAL STORE

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL

ESSO GAS & OIL

CORMAC

ONTARIO



CORPORALS' CLUB

CORPORALS' CLUB NEWS

At this time, the members of the Club wish to extend to all their sincere Xmas greetings and Best Wishes for the New Year. Special greetings are extended to past members now serving at other units.

Considering the limited membership at a unit of this size, it is considered a privilege to enjoy the facilities of a Club such as is available. The premises have recently been painted (pink with blue borders), the bar padded and an ac-

tive winter session is anticipated.

Entertainment-wise, the Entertainment Committee has excelled itself over recent months in providing entertainment for the Club. At present, all concerned are looking forward to the festive season and the gay social whirl thus entailed.

In the sports realm, the sportsmen of the Club recently carried off top honours in the combined sports inter-mess competition for the third year in succession. The Labatt's Trophy is now a permanent fixture. A salute is given to

the few who participated in the slugging, punching, kicking, biting and twisting to bring such glory to the many.

In closing, the appreciation of the members is given to all those personnel who have contributed their time and efforts in making the varied activities the successes they have been. Special mention is given to the members of the present Club Committees—Cpl's "Bill" Vaudrey, "Bill" Milner, "Lou" Aubry, "Cy" Simon, "Jim" Mitchell, "Joe" Cahill, "Bill" MacGregor and "Scotty" Bell. Thanks are also extended to the ex-honorary PMC F/O "Jim" Cathcart for his guidance and interest and a welcome given to the new Honorary PMC F/L "Terry" Marshall.

Have you ever wondered where the colloquialism "two bits" originated? It seems the term came from the Spanish Peso Duro (hard dollar); more commonly referred to as pieces of eight. These coins became standard money in the USA and remained in circulation until 1857. To make small change in early colonial days these Spanish Dollars were often cut into fractional parts.

*Holiday
Festival
of Gala Dresses*

**A GLITTER WITH STARDUST -
BIMM'S** ARE FEATURING
THE MOST ROMANTIC
HOLIDAY COLLECTION
EVER SHOWN

EMBROIDERED SATIN — BROCADE

GRACEFULLY FLOATING CHIFFON — NYLON NET

THESE DRESSES ARE FIT FOR A FAIRY PRINCESS —

AT BIMM'S DOWN TO EARTH PRICES

E. E. BIMM

**DEPARTMENT STORE
EGANVILLE**



RADAR MAINTENANCE by Sgt. Geo. Flegel

Radar Maintenance, which is the largest part of the Telecom Section, is headed by WO2 Latulippe. We may allow each other to admit that he has a minor quirk or two but heaven help the outsider who dares to cast the least doubt on his genius. The Major's side-kick is FS Lloyd Ackerman, whose personality is quite deceiving at times. As a rule, he is soft spoken, genial and easy to get along with, but speaking from experience there are times when his temper has been something less than controlled. Lloyd has the very trying job of controlling four crews whose personnel are the most individualistic in capacity. Each crew tries to excel over the others in little things, e.g. one morning a tech came to work to find his tool box resembling a speckled trout; the next morning another tech came in to find his tool box welded shut.

Although these things do keep us on our toes, the real nemesis of a Radar Tech is an F.C.O. He is our cross in life and, although we do not always smile, we know we have to bear it. The operator is the guy on whom we blame most of our equipment faults, for leaving elevator doors open and for almost all the mistakes we make but don't like to admit. However, I do not know if I was being complimented or insulted when I was told that a Radar Tech is an F.C.O. with a tool box; and this was from a Comm Tech.

To finish off, we person would like to state that the only being capable of giving a better snow job than a Radar Tech is God himself.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN ARRIVES AT UPLANDS

Those who were not fortunate enough to visit RCAF Station Uplands or those who relied on TV to view Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth's arrival were denied a spectacular reminiscent of the Cecile B. DeMille premieres.

To set the stage, so to speak, for the production it is necessary for me to describe the set.

Imagine if you will that you are sitting in a large amphitheatre. On three sides, others, like yourself are sitting tier upon tier amidst dignitaries from every branch of the Government, many nations

Foymount Breeze



A group of officers from 2451 Squadron (Aux) Windsor in company with W/C Woolfenden enroute by air for a period of training at Foymount.

of the world and all walks of life. The large new hangar which through tremendous effort on the part of the station personnel has been turned into this amphitheatre for the most important day in the history of the Station and of Canada.

Forty-five minutes prior, to the scheduled arrival of the Royal Aircraft, the Training Command Band, directed by F/L Clifford Hunt, presented concert music for the pleasure of all present. The announcing of the various numbers and periodic bulletins was done by F/L Ross Wickware of 428 Squadron.

From the moment the band started to play, the entire programme took on an air of a Hollywood production. All movements of personnel were in step with the music and timed to the second. At the conclusion of the band's final number, two airmen marched onto the rostrum area and as the final note sounded, they bent down in unison and picked up the bandmaster's podium and marched with it out of the hangar. Simultaneous with their marching out, two other airmen marched into the hangar bearing the velvet covered podium that Her Majesty would grace in but a few moments time.

Once the Training Command Band had been clear of the area, attention was drawn to the hangar opposite the one in which the vi-

sitors sat. Here the doors commenced opening from the centre to each side. Formed up in a line across the hangar was the Guard of Honour with the RCAF Central Band behind it. As the doors reached the extent of their opening, the sound of their stopping was coincident with the first note of the band playing the Air Force March Past which brought the Honour Guard onto the area immediately in front of the visitor's hangar. Once again, timing was fastidious for here the last beat of the march past halted the Guard in the exact position required for marching on the colours. Although TV viewers saw the show from this point on, for the benefit of those who did not see it, I shall describe the day further.

Season's Greetings

From

E. C. DREFKE

LIFE & GENERAL INSURANCE

FISHING TACKLES
SPORTING GOODS

Phone 93

Eganville, Ontario

Continued from previous page

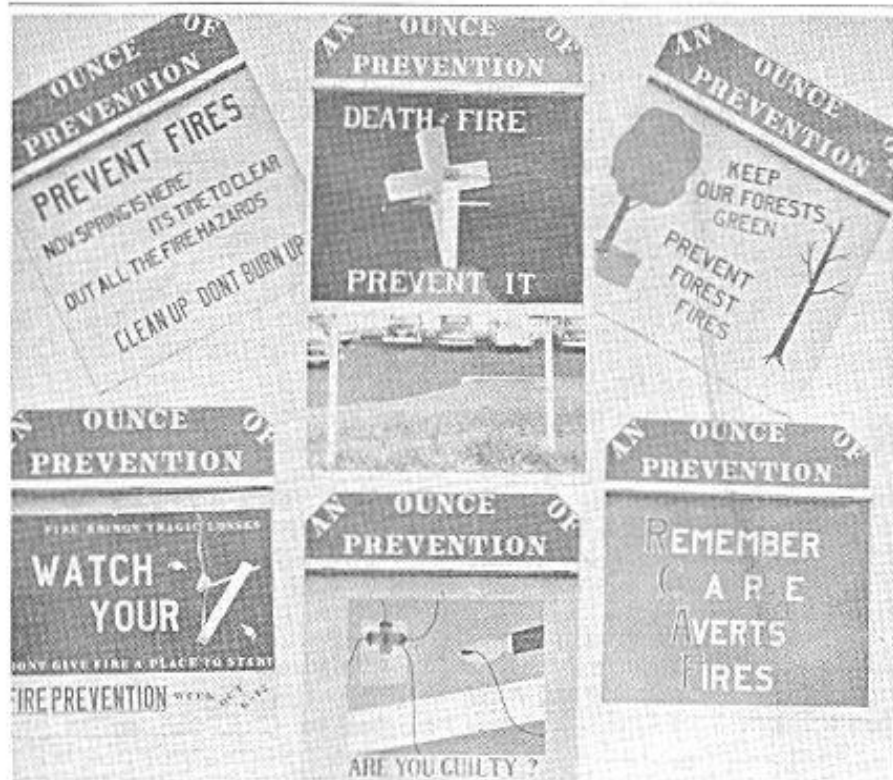
After the Guard had been halted and dressed, the band proceeded to play God Save The Queen and the Colour Party marched into position. Having played the theme twice through, the Colour Party halted on the final note of the Queen. For those who were not there, it is hard to describe the feeling one experienced at this pageantry. Many a handkerchief could be seen in the hands of the ladies and I am sure there was many a man who had a lump in his throat. On this day, there were few I am sure who would not have been proud to boast of being a member of the RCAF.

To go on with the parade. Once the Colour Party was in position they, along with the Honour Guard, marched onto their parade area inside the visitor's hangar where they once again were dressed and stood at ease to await the anxious moment.

As the Royal Aircraft made its final approach, the Royal Standard was broken from the flagstaff atop the hangar by members of the Royal Canadian Navy. The Royal Canadian Artillery then commenced a 21-Gun Salute which was timed to fire the last round as the Queen stepped through the door of the aircraft onto the ramp. Even the marshalling of the aircraft was carried out as a drill. Almost like a ballet routine with the prima ballerina robed in white coveralls and blue headdress. By the time the aircraft had stopped, two airmen had rolled out the red carpet from the podium to the ramp. The Queen, encircled in brilliance from large Kleig lights high in the rafters, descended the ramp amidst a fanfare from the Triumphal Coronation Trumpets

of Central Band. Here Her Majesty was met by Her Canadian representative, Governor-General Vincent Massey who escorted her to the podium where she received the Royal Salute. Following this, the Queen reviewed the Royal Guard commanded by F/L John Radcliffe. At this point I shall conclude as I am sure all else was suitably covered in all newspapers. This was indeed an occasion that will not soon be forgotten by those of us fortunate enough to see the pomp and pageantry of the official visit of Her Majesty. It goes without saying that this also will be a red letter day in the history of the RCAF. Never was a parade of such magnitude and complexity more beautifully carried out.

Season's Compliments
From
**REINERT'S ELECTRIC
APPLIANCES**
GENERAL ELECTRIC AND
NORTHERN ELECTRIC
APPLIANCES
Electrical Contracting
136 W — Phones — 136 J
Eganville, Ontario



These posters designed and constructed by Fire Department personnel posted throughout the unit was a highlight of Fire Prevention Week.

IGNES PROHIBETE

by FS J. F. Kimick

There are still people who worship fire, and fire has always symbolized for mankind, cleanliness, purity and power; but we today look upon fire as something not so much divine, as dangerous. The best brains of the world are constantly trying to find new means for its prevention as the majority of fires occur through ignorance, carelessness or accidents.

The fire fighters at Foymount are doing their best to prevent any

outbreak of fire, by lectures to personnel throughout the year, fire prevention posters, which are continuously being displayed, buildings are inspected regularly for fire hazard and fire drills held where station personnel actually learn how to use the fire extinguishers. In addition, the Annual Fire Prevention Week which, is sponsored by the National Fire Protection Association, is held annually. During this week, school children participate in colouring contests, posters,

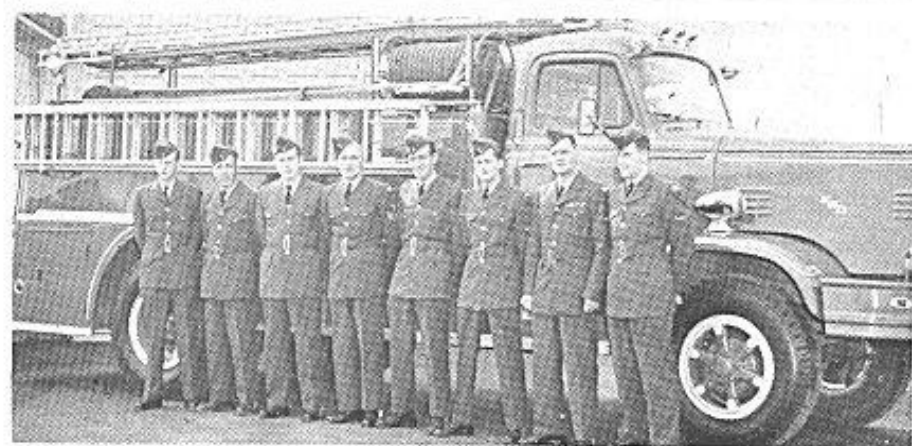
school fire drills and they are taught to practise good fire prevention habits.

The highlight of the last Fire Prevention Week was the Fireman's Ball held in the Recreation Centre and, of course, the crowning of "Miss Fire Prevention" Queen, which was so aptly won by LAW Erickson.

Now from the standpoint of fire, this has been a great year for Foymount—far better than 1956. Foymount's fire loss in 1956 was \$8.50



Fire Queen and runners up. Left to right—LAW K. Buchanan, LAW P. Krentz, LAW J. Erickson (Queen), LAW B. Krake, LAW T. Ford.



Fire Department, left to right—LAC Wessels, LAC Gaudette, LAC Murray, FS Kimick (Chief), Cpl. Clarke, LAC Hustins, LAC Jensen, LAC Williams.

and in 1957 there was no loss. Actually there were more fire calls this year than last— 12 as against 6. These figures show that greater vigilance must be exercised by everyone.

Now what about Christmas? Normally, Christmas is a red letter day. Every year from a few days before Christmas to the week following New Year's, a plague of fires rage up and down the country. Many of these fires are the result of hazards which exist only during holiday season; of carelessness that would not be tolerated at any other time. These tragedies are all so needless if only these simple safety rules are followed.

Pretty though it is, as your Christmas tree dries out it becomes more of a prime target for fire every hour it is in the house. Therefore, bring the tree in as short a time before Christmas as possible and get it outside as soon afterwards as you can. The larger

the tree, the greater the hazard.

While the tree is in the house, you can reduce its flammability by setting it in water. Cut off the base of the tree at an angle, at least one inch above the original cut, and place it in water. This reduces the flammability as effectively as fireproofing chemicals.

Your tree should be well supported, away from sources of heat (fire places, television sets, etc.) and so placed that, standing or fallen, it cannot block exits in case of fire.

Candle flames invite fire, electric lights are just as attractive and a lot safer, although they are by no means foolproof.

Use only lighting sets that bear UL (Underwriter's Laboratories) label. Check lighting sets before using, for frayed wires, loose connections, broken sockets. Make certain that all lighting is turned off before retiring or leaving the house.



S/L Baxter crowns Fire Queen. At right is F/O Siemens, chairman of Station Entertainment Committee.

Your fireplace should be guarded against flying sparks with a substantial screen and don't use the fireplace to burn Christmas wrappings and decorations.

Don't buy celluloid dolls, toys or non-flameproofed cowboy suits, etc. Toys requiring alcohol, kerosene or gasoline to generate power are especially dangerous — they must upset and set fire to childrens' clothing or to the house itself. No electrical toy should be purchased unless it bears the UL label. Power toys should be operated only under adult supervision. It's dangerous to set up electric trains or spirit-fueled toys under the christmas tree.

Fire is an abnormal experience, as we are too confident that it is always going to hit the other person, never us. Well, it could be us! Everyone should agitate and work to make our home, our community fire safe. Now is the time to resolve to practise fire prevention daily, thus ensuring a Christmas and the New Year full of happiness and free from fire.

When You

PATRONIZE

OUR

ADVERTIZERS

please mention

FOYMOUNT BREEZE

COMPLIMENTS OF:

Fox Cartage and Storage

LIMITED

AGENTS FOR ALLIED VAN LINES

HEAD OFFICE—TRENTON, ONT.

BRANCHES—PEMBROKE, ONT.
NORTH BAY, ONT.

OFFERING :

- HEATED INDIVIDUAL PALET VAULT STORAGE
- LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE MOVING ON MODERN VANS
- KLEEN-PAK METHOD OF PACKING
- WAREHOUSE HANDLING BY EXPERTS

“We Set The Pace In Moving Service”

Our NEW Pembroke Warehouse and Office
is located ½ West of Pembroke On Highway 17

PH. REGENT 2-9977

ACCOUNTS CHATTER

During the past year much has happened to the Accounts Section, generally speaking, that is.

Firstly, we were pleasantly informed that at long last the powers that be had found fit to move the section to the new admin building where it would once more be possible to see the blue sky, hear the birds singing, and to enjoy at first hand the beauties of nature that abound in this neck of the woods.

Secondly, it would now be possible to walk to work and really enjoy it, instead of slowly trudging up the extra high hill that leads eventually to the ivory tower where the majority of the personnel of this unit toil both by day and by night.

Thirdly, it has been our misfortune to lose some of the members of our staff who have contributed in many ways to make Foymount what it is. Early in the spring one of our female members, namely Lucy McKay, decided that this business of working for a living was not all that it was cracked up to be, so picked herself a hus-

band and is now living the life of a happy housewife in the thriving metropolis of Eganville. “Johnny” as he was known to most everyone hereabouts was the next member to depart from our confines to join the ranks of the SOAF staff at St. Hubert. He will long be remembered for his patience, cooperation, and goodwill to all and sundry who confronted him with their many and varied problems. Good luck, Johnny Lapointe, wherever you go our thoughts will be with you. Tony Licari, bowler, hockey player and all-around sportsman, and

his charming wife Mary, have since departed and now perform their daily tasks at Station Toronto and 1 SD at Downsview. Casey Armstrong, one of the NPF wizards, will shortly be joining the ranks of the fortunate few who are doing their bit overseas, and her good natured personality will be missed by all of us. Bob Gourley, more commonly known as “The Gook” has departed for Mont Apica where he hopes to find someone who is not aware of his two-headed coin especially at coffee break. And last but not least, it is our lot to lose

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

FROM

FREITAG'S SHOE STORE

DACKS AND SLATER SHOES

SHOE REPAIRING

EGANVILLE

ONTARIO

the erstwhile Bar Steward Paul Walker who realized that his talents accounts-wise were going to waste, so remustered and will soon be joining Casey Armstrong overseas (the lucky stiff). Ted (Tomatoes) Tomayer, hardball catcher extraordinary, genius of the pay section, and still hopeful of getting a sight balance of the ledgers, once a big wheel hereabouts, has departed for Station St. Hubert. However, the accounts bods miss his cheerful chatter muchly.

Fourthly, we have added to our ranks F/L Marshall, "Terry" for short, Tony Dupuis, Cpls Frank Orman and Tommy (Slim) Thompson and AW Irene Holmes who, we hope, will enjoy their stay at Foy-mount and are a very welcome addition to our ranks.

Fifthly, it seems that there are very few of the so-called old timers left now and I have a hunch that our esteemed Commanding Officer, W/C Woolfenden, S/L Baxter and yours truly will shortly end up by being on inventory charge or words to that effect.

Enough of this idle chatter good people, many thanks for your patience, and so back to watching CBOT "Channel 4" which we have the good fortune to enjoy, especially on the cold wintry nights that lie ahead.

Yours, correspondingly,
"Shorty" Howell.

STATION MOVIES

STARTING

SOON

WATCH FOR

OPENING

DATE

Support Station
Functions

BE A SUPPORTER

COMPLIMENTS OF

Established 1908

TENNANT'S TRANSFER & STORAGE

AGENTS FOR ALLIED VAN LINES

Heated Storage for Your Furniture
and Effects in Pembroke . . .

30,000 Square Feet

Furniture and rugs wrapped, slip-covers supplied for your chesterfield and upholstered furniture, mattresses stored in heavy paper mattress bags. We are quite proud of our warehouse and would be pleased to have anyone inspect it by appointment.

CAREFUL COURTEOUS SERVICE

FULLY INSURED VANS

LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE MOVING
A SPECIALTY

PHONE: PEMBROKE RE2-3681

E. J. TENNANT

JOHN W. TENNANT



WORLD TOUR

The West Indies Federation
by F/O P. O. Searl

For the second time in history, the birth of a British Commonwealth Confederation is occurring in the Western hemisphere. The British Colonies in the Caribbean have decided to federate and by March, 1958 will have its first Government and elected Legislature.

It has long been realized that the political and economic independence of the British West Indies could be best achieved by a federation under which the position of each individual colony would be more assured. Since 1922, sporadic attempts have been made to unite Britain's scattered Caribbean colonies, but each time the idea was rejected because of local opposition.

It was the second World War that broke down the isolationist attitude of the British West Indians and paved the way to Federation. During World War II, Britain leased to the United States a number of military bases and naval stations and, as a result, communications were improved and the economy of the islands boomed. The end of the war brought a recession and also some of the nationalistic feeling that was sweeping the world. It was an ideal time to at-

tempt Federation again — so encouraged by the United Kingdom, delegates from the islands gathered and after ten years of discussions finally on February 23rd, 1956, an agreement was signed linking the destinies of the islands.

The islands in the agreement are:

The leeward islands of Antigua, Montserrat, St. Christopher and Nevis,

The windward islands of Dominica, St. Lucia, St. Vincent and Grenada, Barbado, Jamaica, Trinidad and Tabago, with provision made in the agreement for the entry of British Guiana and British Honduras (both mainland colonies) at a later date if they wish.

The climate of the West Indies is tropical and the islands are noted for hot summers and warm sunny winters. The vegetation, as can be expected, is luxuriant and prolific, and many types of plants, fruits and trees transplanted from other parts of the world, thrive in the tropical setting.

The proposed Federation has a

total land mass about half the size of New Brunswick and a population of just under 3,000,000 people, the majority of which are descendants of African slaves. Other races represented with fairly large groups are English, Spanish, Portuguese, Chinese, French and East Indians.

The islanders, despite the low standard of living and a problem of over population on many of the smaller islands, are a proud and fun-loving people with a healthy independent outlook and a growing respect for each other.

It is sincerely hoped that the Federation will help solve some of the big problems facing these people and that, in the not too distant future, this new nation will take its place as a full-fledged member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, fulfilling its responsibilities not only as a member of that organization but as a nation dedicated to Freedom and to the right of the individual to choose his destiny.

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

FROM

WILCOX PHARMACY

DRUGS — PATENT MEDICINES — COSMETICS

GIFTS — SCHOOL SUPPLIES — FILMS

EGANVILLE, ONT.

PHONE 61 W

COMPLIMENTS OF

MEN'S and BOY'S WEAR

FRASER'S CLOTHES SHOP

GIFT SPECIALISTS — FREE GIFT BOXES

SLATER SHOES — ARROW SHIRTS

RCAF BLAZERS and CRESTS

EGANVILLE, ONTARIO

PHONE 171 W

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

FROM

Eganville Creamery Ltd.

COLD STORAGE LOCKERS FOR RENT

■ MILK

■ CREAM

■ BUTTER

EGANVILLE, ONTARIO

PHONE 88

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

FROM

P. R. DOBSON MOTORS LTD. YOUR FORD-EDSEL DEALER

Specializing in

TUNE-UPS — BODY REPAIRS and PAINTING

EGANVILLE, ONT.

PHONE 200

SEASONS GREETINGS

FROM

O'GRADY BROS. GARAGE

Mc COLL FRONTENAC
PRODUCTS

SEIBERLING
TIRES and BATTERIES

Specializing in

WHEEL ALIGNMENT - TUNE-UP - GENERAL REPAIRS

HIGHWAY 41 — EGANVILLE, ONT. — PHONE 222 W

SUMMER CAMP

by F/O C. S. Murchison

The mention of summer camp bestirs, in most, nostalgic memories of a carefree youth.

Not so, however, at Foymount! To the people on the hill, this connotes a great deal more. The care-free attitude and time for play are still evident, but much more so is the serious effort made by all to prepare a part time group for positions which, some day, may be vital to Canada's defence.

The annual peregrination of the Ottawa and Windsor throngs to "a Station in the Ottawa Valley" is, to mountain folk, the true harbinger of summer. Only then does the old metabolism quicken as one takes up the accompanying challenge of the increased work load and, of course, play load.

The work is the important thing, but unfortunately it is mostly classified in nature and cannot be detailed on these pages. Suffice it is to say that the brunt of the load is borne by the NCOs in the Trade Advancement Office and; that the advanced qualifications of the officers and the higher trade groupings of the airmen evidence the ef-

SUMMER CAMP—Continued

fort expended.

It is in this summer camp season that one may be bemused by the sight of a grown man bobbing about on a spring loaded stick, or the sound of nocturnal voices raised sentimentally from the shores of Ramsay Lake.

Outstanding features of the annual visits are the presentation nights. The one group's offering was a Pogo stick and this, though guaranteed timeless by the manufacturers, proved ephemeral due, probably, to the bulk of the hulks who rode it. The other group showed great imagination in presenting a finely groomed goat as Station Mascot. This lovable beast delighted all personnel, was promptly made a member of the Sergeants' Mess, but was the particular joy of our council as he playfully gamballed over the terraces.

Surpluses to inventory are the rule rather than the exception after these visitations and this year as evidence, we have the rest station at half-way there. Here the weary airmen may take a breather as he meanders mournfully mountainward.

Summer camp is a happy time indeed but, alas, happiness is a fleeting thing. This season's sorrowful sequel concerns our lovable little goat. One day he gambled a little too much on the beautiful mountain green and was stalked by a near-sighted Nimrod. Mistaken for a spikehorn, he was You guessed it.

Pax requiem goat.

Have You anything to

Sell — Swap — Rent — Give-away?

Do You want to

Buy — Rent — Borrow?

IF SO —

you may put an advertisement in the Breeze. In this way you will reach the most people.

Address all ads to Editor of Breeze

SHOPPING

IN

KILLALOE?

F. G. Callaghan Druggist Jeweller

Bluebird Diamonds

Guaranteed and Inspected
for 1 YEAR

Bulova Watches

See our full line
Fully GUARANTEED

KODAK SETS
MOVIE CAMERAS
PROJECTORS

RCA RADIOS
6 Tubes Electric Radio
\$49.95

CREDIT TERMS ARRANGED

PHONE 20

KILLALOE, ONTARIO

C CREW REFLECTIONS

by Jean Erickson

Greetings — At this festive season, we, the members of "C" crew take this golden opportunity to wish each and everyone at Foy-mount the Merriest Christmas ever.

A new year is about to dawn. The old year's sun is sinking quickly. However in our minds the memories and dreams of '57 are still vividly alive. We recall with pleasure the parties we had, our nights in the canteen, our smiles our joys, our frowns, our disappointments. To each and everyone they signify something different and special. Now as 1958 approaches we look forward with great optimism to a bright and successful future.

Best regards are extended to our new crew members. Joyce Taylor our only new airwoman will be a definite asset. She could without a doubt brighten any place.

We were very sorry to bid our adieu to Keith Kyer and Lynn St. Louis. Lynn, one of the few lucky people got an overseas posting. The closest most of us are likely to come to overseas is getting Asiatic Flu.

Best regards to "Monty Curry who shall be leaving us for "Civvy street" very soon. We hope a "Sonny" future awaits her.

Since the trade board has finished things have settled down to the old routine, except no more midnight TA classes—(for a few nites anyway, Ed.) which is highly appreciated. With fingers crossed we patiently await the results.

We are very fortunate in having such athletes on our crew as "Charlie was a boxer". Are you still Charlie? Our friend Swift—speaks for himself. Cpl. "Poole" contrary to his name shows a tendency to bowling. And for a certain Jim, . . . he seems to have a sport of his very own.

"If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put foundations under them." Would this not be an appropriate New Year's Resolution?

All the best to all our associates for the coming year.

PATRONIZE

OUR ADVERTISERS

Nov.—Dec. 1957

COMPLIMENTS

OF THE

SEASON

2451 Squadron, Windsor

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year



COMPLIMENTS

E. A. LISK & SONS LTD.

SEASONS GREETINGS

FROM

EGANVILLE 5¢ to \$1.00 STORE

H. J. LORTIE, Proprietor

GIFTS — TOYS — SUNDRIES

EGANVILLE

ONTARIO





SAFETY TIP:  SAFE SIDE  SUICIDE 