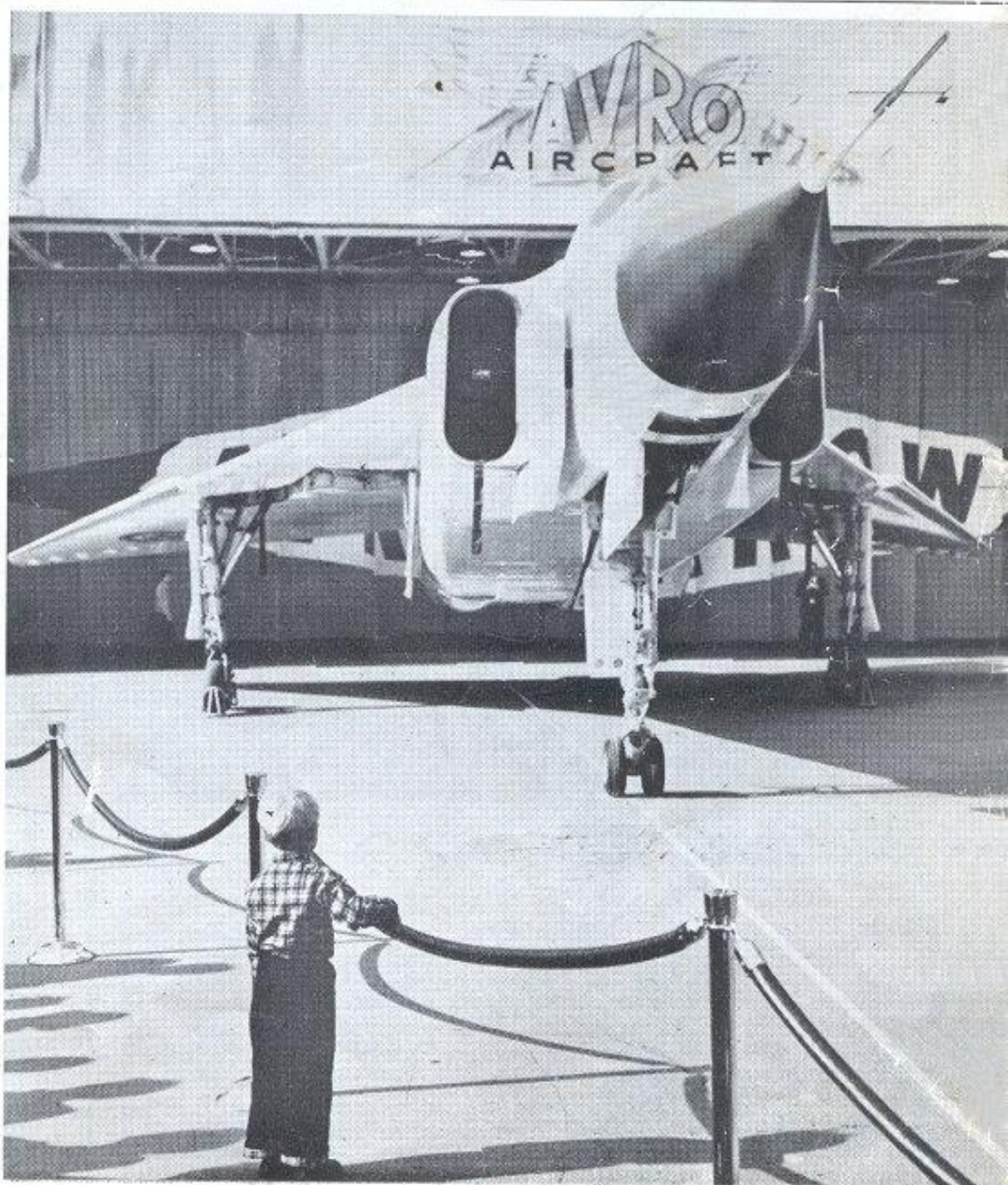


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The editor wishes to point out that the views expressed herein are those of the writers. They do not necessarily reflect RCAF opinion or policy or for that matter those of the publishing staff.

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to thank all those who have so eagerly given of their time to prepare material for this publication. The overwhelming support received is indicative of the interest of the personnel concerned and the general high morale of the unit.

EDITORIAL

A few years past, General Montgomery was paying a visit to RMC at Kingston. During a speech, the subject of which was Principles of War and their Application in Recent wars, he was asked which of the ten principles he considered the most important. He replied that generally speaking he considered all principles equally important; however, if he must decide upon one then he would say the principle, Maintenance of Morale.

Just what is Morale? It is a most intangible thing defined in the Concise Oxford as "the moral condition especially of troops as regards discipline and confidence". Let us deal first with discipline. To the average person when discipline is mentioned, there comes to mind visions of whips, prison, CC, 21 days in the digger, etc. Little thought is usually given to the other aspect "self discipline" which is much more important. To the self disciplined person, ethics and integrity are usual attributes. This combination has no fear of punitive discipline because it never concerns him and his morale is very high.

Let us now consider confidence. To what confidence does the dictionary refer? Can it be confidence in oneself? Or perhaps one's equipment, or maybe one's leaders? We think probably all must be considered. Let us review our own situation in this light. Surely, considering the training and practise one receives at Foy-mount, such a

person could have nothing else but confidence in his ability. Equipment—we at Foy-mount have the best maintained equipment, thanks to our Technical Services, of any unit in Air Defence Command. In our leaders we can have nothing else but confidence. Do we not enjoy the enviable position of the busiest and best in the business? A unit does not merely acquire such distinctions they must be won; and only the team can win. However, who ever heard of a team winning anything without a leader. We must, therefore, concede that we have outstanding leadership in which to have confidence.

If we were to be guided strictly by the dictionary meaning of morale, personnel at Foy-mount would have nothing to complain about. Every aspect of morale has been fulfilled. We are, however, not content with such laurels, so to in-

crease morale even more we at this unit have every convenience and pleasure one can think of, from mess facilities to recreation. No stone is left unturned, no opportunity is overlooked to give station personnel every recreation possible.

It's up to you now—support your leaders and organizers—they also have morale which has to be maintained. You see everything works two ways up the ladder and down. Do your part. Let no one cast dispersions on Foy-mount Morale.

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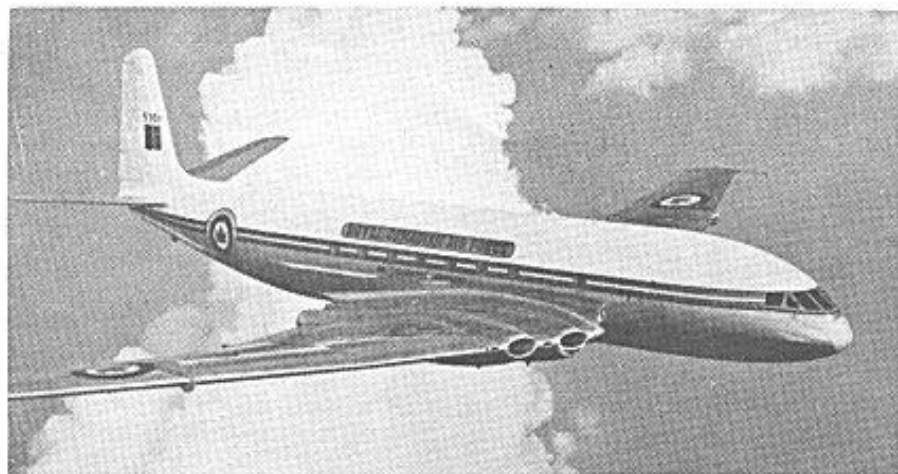
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BE A SUPPORTER

The Great Comet Mystery

By A. Leclerc & F/O J. Cathcart



The first RCAF Comet the counterpart of which exploded over the sea to touch off the greatest under-sea search in history.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

One of the red letter days in the RCAF, yes a red letter day in the annals of military aviation, was 14 March, 1953. On that day the RCAF accepted delivery of the first De Havilland Comet, to become the first military power to have jet powered transport aircraft.

Based at Uplands and flown by 412(T) Squadron, the Comet established several records. It was the first jet transport to fly the Atlantic and it also set a record for the route of 10½ hours.

Proud and profuse were the stories that went around aviation circles; of coins standing on edge in flight, of unspilled glasses of water, cigarettes balanced on table edges and many other outstanding attributes to the new queen of the skies. The praises were short lived. In 1954, the Comets stopped flying. Now, as of August, 1956, the Comets are back. What grounded these aircraft? What happened in the interim? The following story tells in detail the pride and joy, the disaster, disappointments and final victory over the seemingly insurmountable odds in the Great Comet Mystery.

* * *

At 9:31 a.m. on January 10, 1954, a British Overseas Airways Corporation Comet jetliner took off from Rome's Ciampino airport on the last leg of its intercontinental journey from Johannesburg to London, carrying twenty-nine passengers and a crew of six. The

weather report for the route was satisfactory; the air was clear and bright. Quickly, the silver-and-blue, 600-mile-an-hour craft approached its customary height of 30,000 feet

Nineteen minutes after the take-off, Luigi Liperra, operations clerk on duty at Ciampino, heard the voice of the Comet captain, Alan Gibson, coming over the radio telephone. "George Yoke Peter calling... Am over Orbetello Radio beacon. At 26,000 feet, still climbing".

Three minutes later, Captain Johnny Johnson, pilot of a BOAC Argonaut also on its way to London, called Gibson and asked him for the height of the cloud ceiling through which his lower aircraft was still travelling. There was a four-minute silence and then Gibson replied; "George How Jig from George Yoke Peter ... Did you get my ...". And then the message broke off.

More than 26,000 feet below on the choppy blue waters of the Mediterranean, Giovanni di Marco, a fisherman from Porto Azzuro on the island of Elba, was working from his dinghy. He was six miles southwest of Calamita Point. He said later, "I heard the whine of a plane above me. It was above the clouds and I could not see it. Then I heard three explosions very quickly, one after the other. For a moment all was quiet. Then, several miles away, I saw a silver thing flash out of the clouds. Smoke came from it. It hit the sea

and there was a great cloud over the water. By the time I got there all was calm again. There were some bodies in the water and I began to pick them up."

Comet Yoke Peter, the first jetliner actually carry passengers on a scheduled flight, the fastest airliner in the world and the pride of Britain's commercial air fleet, had disappeared. Among the passengers who lost their lives were several BOAC officials, ten children returning to school in Britain after the Christmas vacation, a man whose wedding was to be the next day, and Chester Wilmot, the famous Australian broadcaster and author of the best seller, *The Struggle for Europe*. Half an hour before, in Ciampino's lounge, he had been joking with a party of British journalists who urged him to travel with them in the *Argonaut*. "I'll be in London two hours before you in your slow-coach", Wilmot had said.

Yoke Peter was not the first Comet to crash. One had crashlanded in a storm near Calcutta some months before, and another had crashed on take off from Karachi. But these two crashes had been due to human failure. Yoke Peter had just fallen out of the sky, without warning, apparently without reason.

Near London on that Sunday morning, Sir Miles Thomas, the big, bluff chairman of British Overseas, was playing his usual game of golf when an attendant fetched him off the course. Still in his sports clothes, Sir Miles jumped into a car and drove to his headquarters at London airport. All he knew was that the Comet had disappeared. For nineteen hours Sir Miles went without sleep; he talked to relatives of the passengers and crew, sat for long sessions with operations experts discussing the crash and then on the afternoon of the 11th, he gave the order grounding the seven aircraft of BOAC's Comet fleet. Not only did the grounding order have effect on BOAC; the RCAF, which was the first military air force in the world to have a jet transport, was the proud owner of two of the Comets. These also were ground-

ed. Three of the BOAC Comets were at London airport, one in Calcutta, one in Tokyo, one in Singapore and the last in Johannesburg. For the Corporation, this was the end of nineteen months during which they had led the world; their Comets had flown 25,000 hours and carried over 50,000 passengers with a degree of comfort and speed yet unknown in the air world.

Back in the Mediterranean, a near blizzard lashed the seas as the fisherman, di Marco, raced back to harbor and telephoned Colonel Guiseppe Lombardi, harbor master of the island's capital, Porto Ferrario. Lombardi contacted Rome, and within two hours of the crash, British, Italian and French planes fitted with searchlights and rescue gear, circled the area. Trawler skippers went out on their own accord. One picked up a piece of Yoke Peter's undercarriage, another found a cushion and a third came upon a white wedding dress floating on the water.

Throughout the day on January 11 and the night that followed, the boats made grim sorties. On the afternoon of the 12th, numbers of British officials from London reached Porto Azzuro. They found very little to go on. In the harbor-master's office, the remnants of the Comet and its passengers were strewn around: a postbag, a radiator, a wristwatch still working after twelve hours in the water, a handbag, two lifejackets and a pocketbook containing dollar travellers' checks.

In the surgery room of Dr. Bellina, the local physician, 15 bodies were lined up. All had been stripped of their clothing. All had their lower limbs crushed. Although some of the skulls were fractured, the faces were peaceful. "Death must have come without warning", said Dr. Bellina. The next morning, some of the bodies were dispatched to Pisa University on the mainland for post mortem investigations.

Meanwhile, the first efforts at searching for the missing Comet went on. They were chaotic. Giovanni de Marco was not the accident's only eye witness. Other fishermen had seen the Comet fall into the sea, some from boats, some from shore, but all of them had been some miles away and roughly in the same direction which made a cross bearing im-

possible. Local theories began to cloud the picture. One source stated that unauthorized persons had been seen near the refueling Comet during the Ciampino stop.

A check of Yoke Peter's cargo manifest revealed that a small bag of powdered phosphorus had been taken on at the Beirut stopover. Why would the Comet, an expensive-to-run airliner, take on such potentially dangerous freight? Why was it that another airliner had recently crashed after exactly the same flight from Beirut? Immediately, Britain despatched security officers to all the lost Comet's previous ports of call.

The mystery heightened when, out of the blue, a British Ministry official contacted an expert working on the applications of underwater television and asked, "Could underwater TV locate a small object underwater?"

The expert, having read the newspapers, replied, "We can almost certainly find your Comet for you". It appeared, however, that the Ministry man was more interested in anything that might be found inside the Comet.

From Rome to London, from London to Elba and across the world, facts, hearsay, figures, irrelevant technical data threatened to write finis to the future of the world's fastest airliner. Everyone wanted to know the answer to the question, "Was there a bomb in the Comet?" And when the Pisa University pathologist, Professor Antonion Fornari, declared, "The death of the passengers and crew was due to a sudden explosion or violent displacement of air," public opinion misunderstood him.

On January 17, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, British Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, flew to Rome to investigate. Two days later, he was back, saying, "The sabotage theory is a possible interpretation of what might have happened". At 3 p.m. on January 19, Prime Minister Churchill called a Cabinet meeting to discuss the Comet — the first time one of the world's major nations had taken such a step over the loss of a single airplane. The result was a Churchillian order which no one could ignore: "Find out why the Comet crashed. Top priority." This meant action in the whole field of scientific investigation. The call went out to Sir Arnold Hall, the quiet,

pipe-smoking scientist who directs the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough in Hampshire, Britain's top research lab in air matters. He was told that he could use as many Comets as he liked providing he found the answer to the mystery. To give him something to work on, the Government called in the Royal Navy, Earl Mountbatten, then Commander-in-Chief of the British Mediterranean Fleet, sent this message to his units at Malta: "Endeavour to locate Comet".

So began the greatest, most ambitious underwater search ever carried out anywhere. Day by day, as a fleet of ships of all sizes assembled near Elba, it took on the form of a service task force, employing over 2,000 men around the clock, at the expense of well over \$300,000 a month. No one had ever before tried to recover a crashed aircraft from the deep sea and the thought of the comparative flimsiness of an aircraft structure when buffeted by currents made salvage experts shake their heads.

Through days of driving rain and sleet, the ships delineated a reasonable area of search between Elba and Monte Cristo. Two of the search vessels proceeded to make a square search—a careful running backward and forward through the entire area with their asdic, or echo-sounding equipment. In the first week alone, the asdics made over 100 blind contacts of the sea bed, and these were carefully recorded by cross bearings and marked by surface buoys.

On February 1, one underwater television camera owned by the British Admiralty was flown to Elba and installed aboard the salvage ship, Sea Salvor. Two days later, the latest cameras designed by scientists of two well known British firms, Pye and Marconi, reached the fleet and were installed aboard ship with their fantastically complicated circuits and control panels.

The Marconi camera installed aboard Sea Salvor, had the newest development in the field of underwater television. Its periscopic lens, working through complicated prisms, could theoretically look in any direction without the camera itself having to be manhandled from the surface.

Continued Page 33

Jan.—Feb. 1958



At work in Operations is shown seated left to right: LAC Spurr LAC Swift, LAC Houey — Supervisor (standing) is Cpl. A. Selsack.

OFFICERS MESS NEWS

Sadly I pen these last few impressions and notes on what was at one time the cultural centre of Air Defence Command, aye even of the Royal Canadian Air Force, the Officers' Mess Foymount.

This column shall not be appearing in forthcoming editions as the mess has been declared redundant and taken over by the Crown Assets Disposal Corporation.

The publishers ask me to announce the column shall be replaced by "Strength Thro Joy" (her number is listed in the yellow pages) and Writing Made Simple by C. S. Murchison, both these columns are syndicated in the Catholic Lamp, Watch Tower and the Upper Room.

I shall start at the beginning—the Tale of a Winter's night late in the year nineteen hundred and fifty-seven. A good number of H. M. officers standing around the bar of the mess—the soft warm lights—the tightly drawn curtains, the tinkle of crystal, the low murmur of genteel and scintillating conversation that whole aura spreading that special light, that gentle glow where the world becomes a brighter place, kindlier, happier, full of hope and promise. This sophisticated and ultimate

Foymount Breeze

F/O W. Rae, DS (Distinguished Scot)

way of life was suddenly shattered by the voice of apothecary Bruce, loudly proclaiming the evils of alcohol and something called calories

He quickly warmed to his subject and reached heights of rhetoric that spellbound the assembly. On looking back, I vividly remember the wild look in his bloodshot eyes, the trembling and rising excitement of his voice, as he unfolded his evil scheme. At the time I did not think seriously of these symptoms, passing it idly over thinking that he had not sufficiently watered the rubbing alcohol, a practise he was prone to.

Little did I realize what tragedy was to unfold on the gathering. His plan was that all the officers should cease eating and drinking as from the beginning of 1958. I shall never know what forces or set of sequences allowed everyone to agree to the diabolical diet he proposed.

From then on, until the last few seconds of the year nineteen hundred and fifty-seven, the whole atmosphere of the mess changed; a sense of urgency prevailed. Gone was serenity and good fellowship—sharp, clear elemental thinking disappeared to be replaced by

vagueness, vacuity and variable-ness. It was then the feeling of foreboding and disaster overtook me. Men took to gulping drink in such dedicated and rapid fashion, that as someone remarked at the time, "one would think alcohol was going to go out of fashion". How prophetic that latter statement was to prove in the light of subsequent events.

Weekly the members were submitted to examination, photographed, weighed and bulletins published. First week a total of 33 pounds of commissioned blubber gone, second week 45 pounds and so on every week the figure grew 50 lbs, 100 lbs, 125 lbs and the final one 6 pounds blubber, 11 pounds bone!!

Tension mounted, work all but ceased on the unit. Officers took to spying on each other. Wives took to carrying the emaciated frames of their husbands to and from work.

In the mess catastrophe had also struck. We won the Heinz "Order of the Tomato Goose" outright for our contribution to the tomatoe growers of Canada — 161,000 dozen cans of juice consumed since January 1st.

It was on the occasion of the above presentation that our dear brother "Black Jack" passed away (Florida papers please copy). The certificate said Chinese flu, but his close associates firmly assert it was shock

Dear readers I can write no more, the spectral figures stagger by me wide-eyed, muttering incoherently, stumbling over the bodies of their fallen comrades, F/O Carpenter braggart to the end, feebly keeps insisting on a large heavy water. F/L Davis hanging to a bar-stool sings in false falsetto "I go where the wild, goose goes".

I hurry towards the door of this once proud club, pausing momen-

Continued Next Page

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tarily to survey the scene of horror behind me—all is still now, except for two vultures from the sergenats' mess, Redgrave and Allen I think, swiftly darting among the bodies, unclasping the stiff fingers and removing the beautiful etched glassware.

I run crying into the cruel night.

What of the perpetrator of this dastardly deed. He was not available at SSQ for comment. Reliable sources say he is at Benny Fleisher's, Ottawa, being measured for a pup tent.

Ed. Note: For the results of the diabolical scheme referred to in this article see picture on page 27.

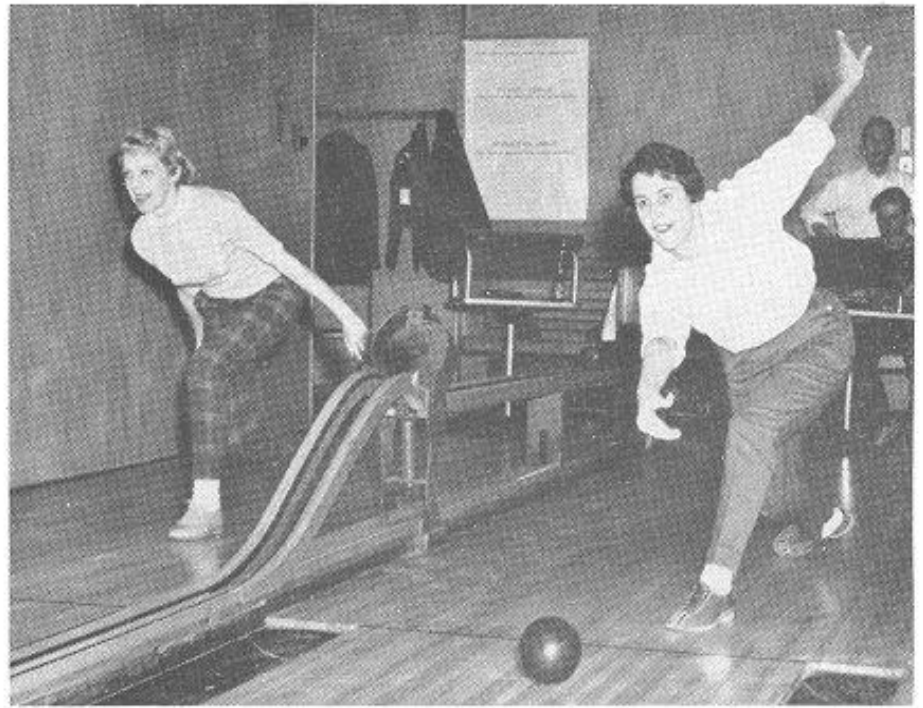
How Many Stars Are There

Ever since man appeared he has been mystified by the stars, but he has also regarded them as friendly guides and companions. What is a star? A star is a heavenly body which shines by its own light, like our sun. A star twinkles because there is disturbance in the air between the star and earth. This air bends the light from the star, which then appears to tremble.

Because the stars are so far away they seem to be fixed in their positions, but all stars are really moving rapidly in space. Some of them move in orbits about each other.

How far away are the nearest stars? Astronomers have developed a way of measuring distance when it comes to the stars. Their basis is a "lightyear". A "light-year" is the distance that light travels in one year, or about 6,000,000,000,000 miles. The two nearest stars, Proxima Centauri and Alpha Centauri, are $4\frac{1}{3}$ light-years away, which means about 25,800,000,000,000 miles away! And there are many stars that are thousands of times as far away from us as these two stars.

This should give you an idea of why there are more stars in the sky than we can possibly imagine. Of course, when we look up on a clear night it seems to us that we are looking at millions of stars. Actually only about 6,000 stars



It's not all work and no play at Foymount as we can see here when two of our school teachers, Miss Saundercook and Miss Kvasnak, show their "striking" form.

can be seen without a telescope. And only about a fourth of these are visible in North America. So that if a man started to count the stars that he could see he would probably not be able to see many more than thousand.

By using a camera attached to a telescope, astronomers are able to photograph and count many more stars than we can see with the unaided eye. It would probably be possible to photograph 1,000,000,000 stars in the whole sky. Astronomers believe that there are at least 30,000,000,000 stars in space which cannot even be photographed!

Stars are divided into "magnitudes", which means degrees of brightness. Stars of the first magnitude are the brightest and there are 22 of them. Stars fainter than the sixth magnitude cannot be seen without a telescope. Stars fainter than the 21st magnitude can't even be photographed.

The Chance Vought Aircraft Company has received a contract from the US Navy, totalling \$200 million for the production of a new version of the Crusader aircraft and continued output of the present model.

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How To Be A Good Subordinate

This article is submitted primarily as a guide to those of our number who will leave the Service at the end of their term of engagement to seek a future in civilian life. However, as each sentence unfolds and each chapter progresses, I realize that the statements made and the ideas put forth apply equally well to those of us who remain in the Service.

Aiming at a successful career, the points contained are well taken. Be your future military or civilian, heed well this article that you may categorize yourself and achieve your goal.

Most of us are subordinates of one level or another. Yet you will find little written on how to be a good subordinate.

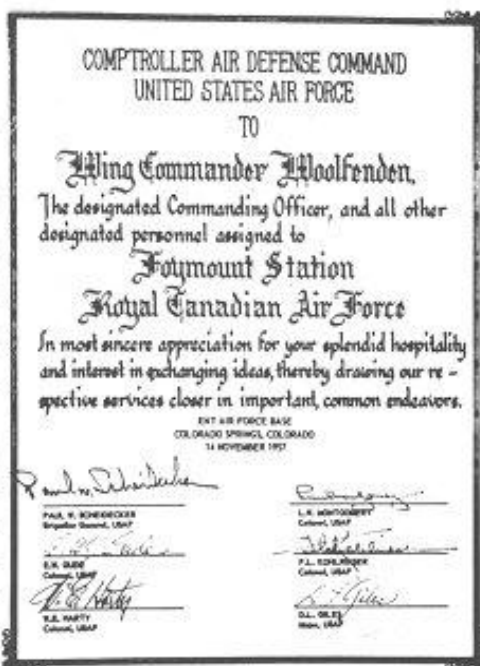
You can find a great deal of very dubious advice on how to get a job or a promotion. You can also find a good deal on work in a chosen field; metallurgy, salesmanship, bookkeeping. Each trade requires different skills, sets different standards. Yet all have subordination in common. And certainly more people fail because they do not know the requirements of being a subordinate than because they do not adequately possess the skills of their trade.

What kind of subordinate should you be? This involves four choices you alone can make.

The first question: Is "security" for you? Do you belong in a position calling primarily for faithfulness in performance of routine and promising security? Or do you belong in a job that offers a challenge to imagination and ingenuity—with the attendant penalty for failure? This decision is the one most people find easiest to make.

The difference is one of basic personality. In practically everybody there is a leaning one way or the other. And the choice is important. A man might be happy and quite successful in work for which he has little aptitude. But he can be neither happy nor successful in work for which he is temperamentally unfitted.

Inside jobs in banking or insurance normally offer great job security but not rapid promotion or large pay. The same is true of



This scroll received recently by the CO will convey to the reader the high regard in which Foymount is held by our southern neighbors and partners in defence.

most government work, and of most clerical, bookkeeping and accounting positions.

At the other extreme are such areas as buying, selling and advertising, in which the emphasis is on adaptability, imagination and a desire to do new and different things. In these, by and large, there is little security. The rewards, however, are high and come more rapidly. Major premium on imagination—though coupled with dogged persistence on details—prevails in most research and engineering work. Jobs in production, as supervisor or executive, also demand much adaptability and imagination.

Second question: Do you belong in a large or in a small organization? In a small enterprise you operate primarily through personal contacts. In the large enterprise you have established "channels" of organization and fairly rigid procedures. In a small enterprise you can see the effect of your work and decisions right away, once you are a bit above the ground floor. In a large company even the man at the top is only a cog in a big machine. In a small or middle-sized business you are exposed to all kinds of experiences, and expected to do many things without much help or guidance. In a large organization you are normally taught one thing thoroughly. In the small one the danger is of becoming a jack-of-all-trades and master of none; in a large one it is of becoming the man who knows more and more about less and less.

Third: Should you start on the lowest rung of the promotional ladder, with its safe footing but also with a long climb ahead, or should you try to start near the top?

I do not mean that you have any choice between a beginner's job and a vice-presidency at General Electric. But in every organization there are "management subordinate, modestly paid and trainees" or positions that, while usually filled with beginners, nonetheless are in view of the top. There are positions as assistant to one of the bosses, as private secretary or as liaison for various departments. Each of these gives a view of the whole rather than of only one small area. Each brings the holder into the deliber-

Continued on page 22

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Personality Spotlight

WO2 G. E. LATULIPPE CD
by F. O. F. C. Ling



The Radar Wizard of Judges Hill, contrary to current opinion was not incubated in the bowels of a Search Radar but arrived in the normal manner complete with stork, at the town of Cabano, Quebec, on the 25th of April, 1922. Here he followed the usual routine of growing up, attending Public School in Cabano and Boarding School in Victoriaville. He took advantage of the beautiful country thereabouts and became an expert swimmer, hockey and tennis player.

On graduation from boarding school, the excellence of his schooling became apparent, for despite some opposition he chose the Air Force as his career, and on the 20th of April, 1941, he signed on in Quebec. From here he went on to his initial radio course in Montreal, had a short sojourn in Halifax and Clinton and then overseas to England to become a member of Training Command. He was later transferred to Transport Command and became a member of the Telecommunications Engineering Research establishment at Malvern. Here, as a Sergeant Instructor, he indoctrinated personnel from Yatesbury and Cranwell into the mysteries of Radar.

When war was over, he returned to Lachine in September, 1945, and was discharged from the RCAF. However, following a brief as-

sociation with the St. Lawrence Power Company, he returned to the fold and in March, 1946, he was on his way to Edmonton from Trenton to take a course on Longlines. Having completed the course, and his future secure, George decided it was time to settle down and get married, so in July, 1946, he married his childhood sweetheart. At the time of writing George has a son and namesake nine years old, and a daughter Carol aged six.

As a Longlines specialist, George was posted to Fort Nelson and then to Rivers. Here, attracted by the lure of civilian employment he bought his way out for \$112.50 and took his discharge in Winnipeg.

Working for Coast Telephones and then RCAF did not, however, give George what he wanted from life, so in April, 1948, he once more joined the RCAF, this time as a Corporal. A succession of postings followed, St. Hubert, Chatham, Bagotville, and then Mont Apica where he was one of the first half dozen men on the Unit. In August, 1955, George finally came to Foymount where he has been stalwart of the Radar Section ever since.

George lives for his Section and has worked many hours over and above normal routine. This single mindedness has made him a reigning expert at his chosen trade and as such his opinions have been avidly sought not only by members of his own Section but by engineers of other Units, AMC, and the National Research Council.

He is responsible to a large extent for the excellent reputation Foymount enjoys radar wise — (You have heard the saying, Let George do it!)

What now do you say. Where or what next for George. Only the postings officer at ADC has an inkling. However, I would not be the least surprised if someday when doing a bit of PUB crawling in England, I should run into my old friend George renewing acquaintances with some of his wartime pals around Richmond.

ONE IN A MILLION

Corporal Bernard J. Lee, 27, of Glace Bay, N.S., is what an auto insurance company executive would probably call a "dream" of a driver.

An RCAF driver-mechanic, Cpl Lee has just returned to Canada after completing more than 30,000 accident-free miles of driving in the United Kingdom, or the equivalent of about seven Canadian coast-to-coast tours without a single accident.

For many Canadians, touring the British Isles would be a once-in-a-lifetime vacation, but not for Cpl. Lee. As a driver at the Canadian Joint Staff in London, Eng., his duties consisted of driving senior Air Force officers to their various places of duty in the United Kingdom.

In addition to driving in the U.K., Cpl. Lee made several trips to the European continent during annual leave periods and even took a "busman's holiday" in his own car to tour the British Isles.

Long journeys were just part of his job. On the more routine level, there was the problem of day to day driving in the traffic-congested streets of London, the world's most populated city.

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KILLALOE, ONT.

Three Canucks and a Limey Visit PERRY COMO in New York

by FS R. Chathburn

It all started three months ago when three friends and myself, all members of that Elite component of the RCAF—the Senior NCOs—decided to visit New York for the purpose of watching one game of the World Series at Yankee Stadium. On Wednesday evening, 3 October 1957, plans had been completed, the car was giving top performance and my friends and I, armed with an average of \$30.00 each, left RCAF Station "Fog-bound" for the great metropolis.

The night was clear and the stars were bright. One of our learned companions, I might add, is noted for his teaching ability and knowledge of the routes of this vast continent, volunteered for the elevated position of navigator. We accepted the offer under our friend's most plausible and convincing barrage of knowledge of astronomy. The journey continued smooth, spirits were high and the navigator was superb in his duties. However, after two hours of steady driving our confidence in the navigator was shaken to the roots. The announcement came that we were off course and on the wrong road. Rapidly mathematical calculations were made and it was decided that we were about six miles off track. The driver was ordered to press on. We passed through a town named Perth, appeared to be on a circular road and, from this point, every direction sign indicated that we were 16 miles from Perth. This condition existed until we arrived at the border crossing. Most confusing to say the least.

The U.S.A. Customs Officials, very efficient gentlemen, commenced interrogation upon arrival at the border by asking the question, "Were you all born in Canada?" Being the only Limey in the crowd, I replied, "No". My friends drowned this reply by shouting "Yes". The official quickly asked, "Is there a CHIRPER in the crowd?" Now I don't mind being called Kipper, Limey or Bloke, but CHIRPER sent a chill down my spine. Before I had time to retaliate, my friends again broke into a chorus of "No" and the situ-

ation was saved. The driver moved the car away from the border crossing and under threat of deportation, I was obliged to refrain from speaking my native tongue for about 200 miles. I was further instructed to follow the commands of my friends or take the consequences of being reported by them as an alien. The journey from this point was uneventful. We entered the famous New York thoroughway at Utica and, after paying tolls amounting to a fabulous sum, we arrived at the turn-off for Yankee Stadium.

We found New York, even at 0500 hours, to be a very busy city. We observed beautiful red lights decorating the road which, after driving through three of them, we discovered were stop signs. Our driver complained that the traffic was travelling in the wrong direction. It was the first time I had been transported along a one way street in the wrong direction and escaped unscathed.

It was shortly after 0500 hours when we arrived at Yankee Stadium. Tickets were not on sale at this time, so we decided to find a place of accommodation. We had heard of a reasonable place on Lexington Avenue. Our navigator, I use this term loosely now, astounded us all with his familiarity of New York City. He had never been there before. This is the first time I have travelled for thirty miles at 15 m.p.h. and still remaining in a radius of three city blocks from our destination. Every time

FOYMOUNT DOES IT AGAIN



LAC G. Spence of our Operations Staff obtained the highest group 2 standing in entire ADC Trade Board.

I think of this drive, I get the screaming hebe jeebies. Into my mind flashes the traffic island we nearly mounted, the transport truck which nearly ran over us and sorry I closed my eyes at this point being a broken down wreck suffering from shock and nervous tension. At about 0700 hours, we arrived finally at the 'sailors' home on Lexington Avenue and obtained accommodation for 75 cents per night. Our room was covered with signs stating 'no smoking', 'no drinking', 'no profanity'. I am afraid before we left New York we were to break all these rules, quietly of course, and without detection.

Once settled in our room we cleaned ourselves and changed clothes. We then left and returned via subway to Yankee Stadium. It was shortly before 0900 hours when my three friends and myself entered a restaurant near the Stadium and ordered a pint of beer each. This cost 40 cents per pint. Our navigator, a very hungry and relieved man by this time, was attracted by the notices advertising 'smoked meat sandwiches' one of which he ordered. When advised

Continued on page 26

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"Get more out of life
Go out to a Movie"



Another aspect of station life is the Brownie Group, lead by Mrs. Pattinson. There is activity for everyone at Foymount. Mrs. Pattinson is seen at right, at left is Mrs. Redgrave.

**For the Unenlightened—Foymount
An off-beat briefing
by WO1 P. Redgrave**

The last mile to Foymount is a long steep hill. A breathtaking view of the country northwards over Golden Lake unfolds as you climb it. Unless you come up at night in which case this doesn't happen. In any event, you are nearly there so you heave the remains of your box lunch into the bush, your eyes bulge slightly in anticipation and you go round the bend. At last you are at Foymount.

Now the first sign of life you are aware of, if you look very carefully up the hill, is the gendarme who winds the gate up and down. He is sitting there contemplating some item located three miles away towards the west, and as you are approaching from the northeast you are apt to consider the gendarme's preoccupation as highly unnecessary. Of course, when you get to know the score you will be aware that this is strictly a great hoax. All along the gendarme knows you are coming and the idea is to cheat you out of your run at the hill up through PMQ's, and as soon as he figures you have practically hit your stalling speed he will suddenly pretend to notice you and wind the gate up. The gendarmes get a great belt out of this, and especially when there is wet snow or glare-

ice on the hill. Of course, the thing to do is to look as nonchalant about the whole business as possible because the madder you look the greater the kick get out of it. However, it is not strictly correct to say that under these circumstances the gendarmes never look anywhere other than out to the west because for a while after the evening papers arrive they will be studying the raving form or any other interesting form that happens to be in the paper.

Now this gate they wind up and down, like most gates, plugs a hole in the fence and this fence skirts the lower or north side of PMQs which is sometimes called Married Patch. Each PMQ sits on its own terrace and the lots rise beside the road in a series of steps and you are apt to regard the whole set-up as very cute. Except that as time goes by, this attitude is liable to change somewhat as anyone who has tried to mow the grass on a series of steps will testify, and especially on a hot summer night. Now this fence was originally intended to keep strangers, including bears, etc., out, and it actually does this to a certain extent which is why you'll sometimes see strangers, including bears, etc., trying to enter via the guardroom gate. And about the only stranger who gets past the guardroom gate without a hard time is a brewer's agent or maybe a liquor salesman

and the chief gendarme will even personally escort these characters as far as the combined mess if he isn't too busy, which he very seldom is. Now if you are still wondering about this fence just stand by someday when the wind is blowing strong gusts from the south. These gusts get stronger and stronger until finally a monstrous affair comes whirling down and all the garbage cans in PMQs plus their lids and contents darken the sky as they take off. Now you'd think this stuff would wind up scattered through the miles of tall timber between here and Golden Lake but not so. That fence saves PMQ residents thousands of dollars yearly in garbage cans because all they have to do is to go down to the fence and find their can or maybe a better one and a lid to fit and they're in business again.

Now you may think that all this is beside the point but if you are new to Foymount you may as well learn about these things straight off because the front office neglects to brief you on these aspects and you are maybe here a year or so before you find them out for yourself. Come to think, of it, if you are worried about PMQs and garbage cans you'll have a year to find out what happens to them anyway. Unless you've got 12 years and about an equal number of offspring behind you in which case the waiting time is somewhat less.

Seeing that you are new to Foymount you will have to visit the guardroom first off. When you get inside you will see that there are two different kinds of gendarmes, dark blue ones and regular or issue blue ones and the regular or issue blue ones also have a red band on their arms. Now this red band tells you that they are gendarmes and they wear it so that you'll know this any time you can't see their feet which, of course, are like any gendarme's feet, size eleven minimum. These regular or issue blue characters are the ones to watch and this will be obvious straight off on account of the small inquisition and the ferocious scowls they give you while you are in there. They seem to give the impression they regard you as a potential source of trouble but you can't hold this against

Continued on page 18

Jan.—Feb. 1958

TRANSITION

HELLO TO

Sgt CE Spears from Holberg
AC1 J McAdam from 1 R&CS Clinton
Cpl NI Younnie from Det. Resolute Bay
LAC JP Bourassa from Moisie
AW1 SM Fortune from 1 R&CS Clinton
Sgt JG Quesnel from 3 FW
AC1 CA Booth from Tofino
Cpl GL Schwartz from 3 FW
Cpl JD Kelley from Sea Island
LAC DH Breese from Mont Apica
AC2 LV Desmarais from 1 R&CS Clinton
LAC JG Sincennes fro 4 FW
AW2 SD Wainwright from 1 R&CS Clinton
AW2 PM Sass from 1 R&CS Clinton
AW2 DR Smith from 1 TTS Aylmer
LAC PEC Deschenes from UNEF
LAC RL Pental from Winisk
AW2 S Cofell from 1 R&CS Clinton
LAC I Prokopchuk from St. Johns
AW2 SM Potts from 1 R&CS Clinton
LAC JD Blanchard from Moisie
AW1 SM Nobes from 1 R&CS Clinton
AW2 PR Ahern from 1 R&CS Clinton
AC2 KR Saylor from 1 R&CS Clinton
AW2 P Hogan from 1 TTS Aylmer
LAC JAG Roy from Mont Apica
LAC WL Roulston from Mont Apica
AW1 BE Redmond from 1 R&CS Clinton.

OFFICERS

F/O CR Bartley from Tofino
P/O DJ Smith from OS London

FOND FAREWELL

Cpl R Wells to Toronto
Cpl VR Naylor to Lachine
LAC DE Kelly to Gander
Cpl E Casselton to Holberg
LAC RJ Klyne to Ste. Sylvestre
Cpl AJ Milner to 1 FW
Sgt RL Holmgren to 3 FW
LAC PM Walker to 4 FW
LAW VJ Tomayer to St. Hubert
LAC JA Gowland to AFHQ/AU
LAW PL Gow to RU London
LAC JF Shrubbs to MCL
A/Cpl P Kyashko to MCL
FS AR Hogben to Lachine
LAC CL Brown to MCL
LAC JL Spurr to ADCHQ/COC
LAW MM Curry to Release
Sgt GR Flegal to Holberg
LAW EL Turrill to Release
LAC HG Lenton to Mont Apica
LAW EO Arseneau to Release
AW1 MT Griffin to Release
LAW TD Brooks to Release
AW1 MM Headley to Release
LAC LR Brown to Release
LAC HF McKinnon to Moisie
Cpl HL Corbett to Release
LAW KE Armstrong to 3 FW
LAW JM Horechuk to Release
LAC JJ Surette to 61 GobC Rimouski
AW1 ML Loutit to Release
LAC JE Sirois to Moisie
Cpl GW Lucas to Release
LAW J Point to Release

OFFICERS

F/O A Munkacsi to Falconbridge
F/O E Seimens to Holberg
F/O FW Myers to AMCJSW.

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RESUPPLY AT RESOLUTE

(Editor's Note:

This is the conclusion of the article by F/O "Art" Edwards which appeared in the November-December issue of the Breeze. F/O Edwards is well qualified to write this article having served throughout the Canadian Arctic as a pilot with 435 (T) Squadron.

The Editor wishes to thank F/O Edwards for his most interesting article).

We were half way back when the sun went down. The snow took on a bluish tint. Because there was no colour but white, and nothing to throw shadows, this period of twilight was a time when depth-perception was least reliable. We had arranged the trip so that we would be in the air for this period.

Twenty minutes out of Resolute, with the sun shining brightly again, we called the tower for weather and landing information. Jack Ellard, one of our pilots, was relieving the regular tower operator. He answered our call with, "Roger, 22122, this is Resolute Bay International. Change to one two seven point five and call Resolute Approach for further clearance". Knowing there was no Resolute Approach Control, we decided to go along with the gag anyway, and did as he said. Then Jack, who had also changed channels, replied to our call with, "Resolute Bay Approach Control clears 22122 from present position to the Resolute International airport for an ILS approach. Runway two five eight Grid. Wind south at five. Altimeter two nine nine zero. GCA standing by on one thirty seven seven to monitor your approach". This sounded very professional, except that Resolute had no Approach Control, no ILS, no GCA and could not, by any stretch of the imagination, be called an international airport.

We landed, diluted, and shut down. When we got to the mess hall the other crew was already eating. The aircraft would be reloaded by the time they had finished breakfast and checked the weather. They would fly one trip to Mould Bay then have a meal while the ground crew reloaded the aircraft, then fly another trip to

by F/O A. Edwards



The Author with Eskimo child at Resolute Bay

Isachsen. On their return we would be ready to take over again. In this way, the aircraft would be used around the clock with a crew always waiting to take off again as soon as it was reloaded. We were glad to see them. We had been on duty now since 8 a.m. the previous day. We now had a twelve hour break.

A few days later, we got ahead of the unloading crews at the satellites. The unloading areas at Mould and Isachsen were plugged with supplies. We used the time to clean up a small backlog of flying to Churchill, Alert and Eureka. That is why we were enroute to Alert. In the back of the aircraft, in addition to several tons of supplies and mail, we had an army dentist making his semi-annual call, Ross Gibson of the RCMP, an RCAF Public Relations officer, and photographers from Time and Life magazines.

The approach to the runway at Alert can be dangerous. Hills block the single landing strip on three sides. The fourth side faces out to sea. We would use the approach from the sea. The downwind end of the runway starts on the brink of a shallow ninety foot cliff. In that white world the cliff is not easily seen. As we started the round out just short of the button, we could look down at seven crosses marking the graves of a Lancaster crew who had hit the cliff.

We were unloaded and ready to fire up in half an hour, but our passengers weren't. They were, we

found later, getting a picture of a tooth being pulled three hundred miles from the pole. It seems there was trouble with the lighting, then the dentist though he should freshen up a bit by having a shave. We got airborne eventually, but not before relations between Time/Life magazines and the RCAF had become a little strained.

We stopped at Thule on the way back to Resolute. While the aircraft was being refueled, we did a little shopping in the PX. With cigarettes selling for \$1.00 a carton, and rye whisky selling for \$1.25 for forty ounces, who wouldn't.

The next day, we flew a trip to Eureka. This is a place to avoid when the weather is down. The landing strip is placed on the north shore of a narrow fiord surrounded by three thousand foot peaks. The let down to the strip is a descent from the south-east side of the fiord towards the beacon. To get to minimum altitude in the space available, fly inbound to the southern edge of the fiord, drop the wheels and flaps to increase the rate of descent, and pull off power. Hold two thousand feet per minute down until clear of cloud, then look for the strip. On the trip back, the clouds broke and we had a good look at the Ellsmere glacier. This glacier, although not nearly as extensive as the one covering Greenland, is very impressive.

The days passed. In the Movements shack, the figures for "Tonnage Delivered" increased steadily, and those for "Tonnage Remaining" dwindled. The day we finished the lift, the cooks put on

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Ground crews work round the clock moving cargoes from storage to sleds, from sleds to aircraft as seen here.

a real spread for us. Afterwards we watched the best movie they had, "Lives of a Bengal Lancer". Then we made it a double tropical feature by showing a training film called "Land and Live in the Tropics". While watching it, we were almost glad to be in the Arctic.

Next morning, we were off to an early start. We had enough gas on board this time to fly non-stop from Resolute to Edmonton. We crossed the snow line south of Great Slave Lake and a while later saw green grass. We knew then we were almost home. We had flown one hundred and twenty-three hours in two weeks and everyone was tired, the ground crews most of all. They had a tough job. Refueling, minor inspections, engine repairs, all were done in the open. Nobody complained. There was a job to do, and the sooner it was done the sooner we could go home.

The Arctic means many things to many people. To us, it meant hard work, long hours, poor food and cramped quarters. But there was such a feeling of real accomplishment at the end of it that every year the whole Squadron wanted to go. We used to say that flying in the Arctic is like beating your head against a wall. It feels so good when you stop. But nobody really means it. How could they? It's an adventure.

The first Japanese made jet aircraft commenced flight trials at Utsonomiya airfield, 100 miles north of Tokyo on 19th January. Manufactured by Fuji heavy industries, the aircraft is capable of 778 miles per hour.

Foymount Breeze

Foymount Sun Festival

by F/O W. A. Baxter

How ridiculous to talk of sun when walking to work each day is an Arctic survival course. How I love these old fashioned winters. But just for some light relief, let us talk about the sun and summer.

Much has been said in this publication and others before it of the many facilities available and sites for sports, active and passive, in this area. Most of us have sought out these wonders and enjoyed them to the fullest. I now pose this question. Why not enjoy them together during one fun filled week?

It is proposed that during one week of the summer, Foymount hold a summer carnival. This week would become the focal point of the summer. During carnival week, there will be dances, weiner roasts, swimming meets, ball games and many other activities some serious and others just for laughs.

There is quite a large tentative programme in existence but if there are any good ideas forthcoming, they will be considered. Any such ideas can be passed to the Entertainment Officer or Recreation Staff.

Meanwhile, the various recreational committees coordinated by the Recreation Council are active trying to make your leisure time attractive. You have probably heard of the Recreation Council. Let me tell you something about it.

The Recreation Council is a body formed to coordinate the various recreational activities and to consolidate the financial transactions of your fund, Station Fund as they pertain to recreation. It is composed of a Chairman, Vice, Secretary, Members and Ex-officio Members. The members are the Chairmen of the various committees, i.e., sports, entertainment, and the ex-officio members are the experts there to offer advice.

Some effect has already been felt of this newly formed council and much more is expected in the future. It is in the interests of every committee on the Station that is responsible for any activity to have a representative at the Recreation Council meetings.

Troglodytes arise, do something in your leisure time. Television is only another CRT.

FROM EXAMS OF THE PAST

By Past Examiners

- Horse Marine: A marine who can hardly talk.
 Closure: Nearer than you was.
 Gussett: A sudden breeze.
 Infuse: To put a fuse in.
 Torpidity: The act of shooting torpedoes.
 Homeopath: The path to your house.
 Maunder: The second day of the week.
 Unimpeachable: Any tree that won't grow peaches.
 Dormouse: A mouse that hangs around a door.
 Dew Point: The point at which you get your feet wet.
 Zinc: To go to the bottom.
 Quadrillion: A dance attended by four million people.
 Ultraviolet: A violet the size of a chrysanthemum.
 Timetable: A table you haven't paid for yet.
 Heyday: The day your hay is delivered.
 Pignut: Anybody crazy about pigs.
 Narrow Minded: Taking a size two hat.
 Waver: Somebody who makes a big thing of it when you leave.
 Modus Operandi: An Italian composer.
 Undergraduate: A student who graduates in the cellar.
 Votary: A polling place.
 Upshot: A bullet that is still rising.
 Infringement: Edging for curtains.
 Invested: Wearing a vest and nothing else.
 Scrap paper: A marriage licence.
 Forum: Twoum and twoum.
 Libel: Could happen.
 Thigh: A big bweath.
 Fatuous: Tending to be overweight.
 Small arms: Arms belonging to kids under six.
 Skylight: The sun.
 Vanguard: A man who protects trucks.
 Underpinning: The pins that hold your underwear together.
 Privy Council: A council that can hardly find any place to hold a meeting.
 High-handed: Having hands up around your shoulders.
 Iron Foundry: A place where you find iron.
 Hydraulic Jack: A famous weight lifter.
 Aspen: Used to be.



Seated at the conference table where each month views are exchanged and problems reviewed is seen the Operations Staff. Left to right: F/O Glines, F/O Muir, F/O Robinson, F/O Wouters, F/L Birch, F/O Law, F/O Cathcart, F/L Davis, F/O Meredith, S/L Pattinson, F/O Anthony, W/C Woolfenden, F/O Rae, F/O Carpenter, F/O Hay, F/O Edwards, F/O Bates, F/O Murchison, F/O Armstrong.

"C" Crew Reflections

by LAW J. Erickson

The Spirit of the Surveillance Room in RCAF Station Foymount is about to tell his story:

I am the King of Foymount. It is with the greatest of pleasure that I rule over my little domain—the Surveillance Room. I have seen so much, forgotten so little, that it would be impossible to tell you all I have experienced. The happiness intermingled with the sadness. The laughter heard after the tears. The easy anger that must be quickly subsided. The faces I have come to know and love so well. Their personalities, their characters. The dreams, the disappointments f

It is 4:55 p.m. The door has opened, "C" crew has come in.

There's Hovie! The play-boy of the crew. Quick with his smile. Gentle in his manner.

Piper, our partyman. What was that favourite drink, Ron?

Away out west, on the lone prairie, a dark gal, Kathy by name, has developed a new expression this season—"Burr". Is she really cold? Or is there another reason? Perhaps Doug, you'll tell the answer.

To our new crew members, Sally, Kay, Lucy and Szczesny (Tweety) a special welcome is extended. My only wish is that they will enjoy their stay as much as I have. Then, of course, we must

pay tribute to the old members. The vets—Charlie, our faithful one, Dobbin, drummer boy, Ron the "jiver". Ross, full of ambition.

Several members of our crew have bid us their adieus. Brownie and Jim Shrub. Though the miles do stretch between us, they cannot take away the pleasure of remembering. A farewell party was given in their honour. Just who drank who under the table is still debatable. Nevertheless, truly it was a ball!!

Speaking of parties, perhaps we can offer a word of advice to the married men — Sgt Whitehead, Tom, Mel and Bob:

"Since you cannot refrain from drinking, why not start a bar in your own home? Be the only customer and you will not have to buy a license. Give your wife \$55.00 to buy a case of whisky. There are

240 snorts in a case. Buy all your drinks from your wife at 60¢ a snort and in twelve days, when the case is gone, you will have \$89.00 to put in the bank and have \$55.00 to start in business again.

If you live ten years and continue to buy all your booze from your wife, and then die in your boots from the shakes, your widow will have \$27,085.38. Enough to bury you respectably, bring up your children, pay off the mortgage on the house, marry a decent man, and forget she ever knew you."

In the winter season, curling is a most popular sport. However, a certain Sgt is known to be a little more fortunate. He can curl in season and out of season. While he sits on the dias he can curl — his mustache that is.

What could be more beautiful than a wedding? What could spread more warmth and pleasure on a cold winter day in February? And so on the 14th of the month, Patricia Krentz and Jim Shrub were united in holy matrimony. The "Day" of days for lovers. Valentine's. The vows were exchanged in a quiet little chapel. This was their day. A day to remember — because of the joy it brings. To Jim and Pat, we toast your happiness, that your many years together will be blessed with life's good things.

You, dear reader, have had a little of "C" crew, only a little though for it is impossible for a spirit to convey what truly lurks in the hearts of these people and their leader, F/O Cathcart.

From each and every one a greeting is sent to Foymount and to all the people who make up this station.

Cheers!

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Claire L. Chennault, leader of the famed Flying Tigers of World War II, said in Taipei, Formosa, that he has lung cancer and that no operation can cure him. The 67 year old retired Major General said a malignancy occurred after he had a tumor removed in 1955.

SUPPORT

STATION

FUNCTIONS



by F/O Chorneyko

The Station Library has recently received a large shipment of Children's Books. A partial list follows:

The Secret of Skeleton Island.
The Lost City.
Silver Wings for Vicki.
Vanishing Shadow.
Cherry Ames, Student Nurse.
The Call of the Wild.
Heidi.
Polyanna.
Tomahawk.
Return of Silver Chief.
The Joe Louis Story.
Baseball's Greatest Players.
Buffalo Bill.
Florence Nightingale.

And many others. The children are invited to come and make use of the addition of the Children's portion to the Library.

The latest in reading material for the adults is as follows:
Gideon's Night—J. J. Marris.

This is a mystery suspense novel. It tells the story of a night on duty of Commander George Gideon of Scotland Yard.

Knocked for a Loop—Craig Rice.

This book is a unique merger of mirth and murder in which John J. Malone, a Chicago lawyer, is framed for murder.

End of Chapter—Nicholas Blake.

An exciting and ingenious mystery about a controversial autobiography.

Trio—John Dickson Carr.

This book contains three puzzle mysteries. First, "The Crooked Hinge", a fascinating novel based on the story of two men who were

claimants to a large estate. Secondly, "The Three Coffins" relates the incredible murder of Professor Grimaud. Thirdly, "The Case of the Constant Suicides", involves a Highland Ghost, a powerful drink, and the death by falling? or being pushed? from a sixty foot tower.
The Gentleman from Indianapolis
—Booth Tarkington.

This is a collection of 13 stories all having Indiana settings. They are all a portrayal of American life, sparkling with warm humour and deep understanding.

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.

Hew Line?

Far from Canadian centres of population, a thin advance-warning line against attack from hostile aircraft has been formed even further north than the well-known Distant Early Warning (DEW) Line.

This is a human line and consists of Eskimo, traders, RCMP and weather men who have been organized by the RCAF into the vast network of the Ground Observer Corps, the volunteer body charged with detecting and reporting unidentified aircraft.

The Arctic section comprises a first defence line behind which are the Distant Early Warning line and the Arctic mainland, the Mid-Canada line and the Pinetree line to the south.

The RCAF recently toured island outposts and Flying Officer Norman Dick of Vancouver worked out new corps recruits. His trip ranged from the weather station

at Alert, on the northern tip of Ellesmere Island and about 400 miles from the geographic North Pole, to points in the Eastern and Western Archipelago.

One of the first persons who would get a crack at warning of hostile bombers in any attack would be John Sookacheff, 26, of Calgary, who is in charge of the Canadian-U.S. weather office at Alert, which is the last bit of land between the Pole and Canadian territory.

About 1,200 miles southwest, and roughly the same distance due north of Edmonton, lies Holman Island off Victoria Island. F/O Dick worked out a new observation establishment at this Hudson's Bay Company trading post. Factor James Cumming, 23, of Winnipeg, is chief observer. His only white companion is Rev. Henri Tardy, Roman Catholic priest from France, and there is a small Eskimo settlement.

To the east lies Gjea Haven where George Washington Porter, an Eskimo Hudson's Bay factor, is a corps spotter. He's a short, smiling man who served with the United States Army during the First World War.

Other points in the archipelago where spotters are located include Mould Bay, Isachsen and Eureka—all Canadian-U.S. weather stations manned by eight-man teams—Sachs Harbor and Cambridge Bay.

Another is Resolute Bay, located 1,700 miles north of Winnipeg on Cornwallis Island. Resolute, a large weather station and RCAF base, is called the civilized centre of the Arctic, with a barber, bingo, motion pictures and rationed beer.

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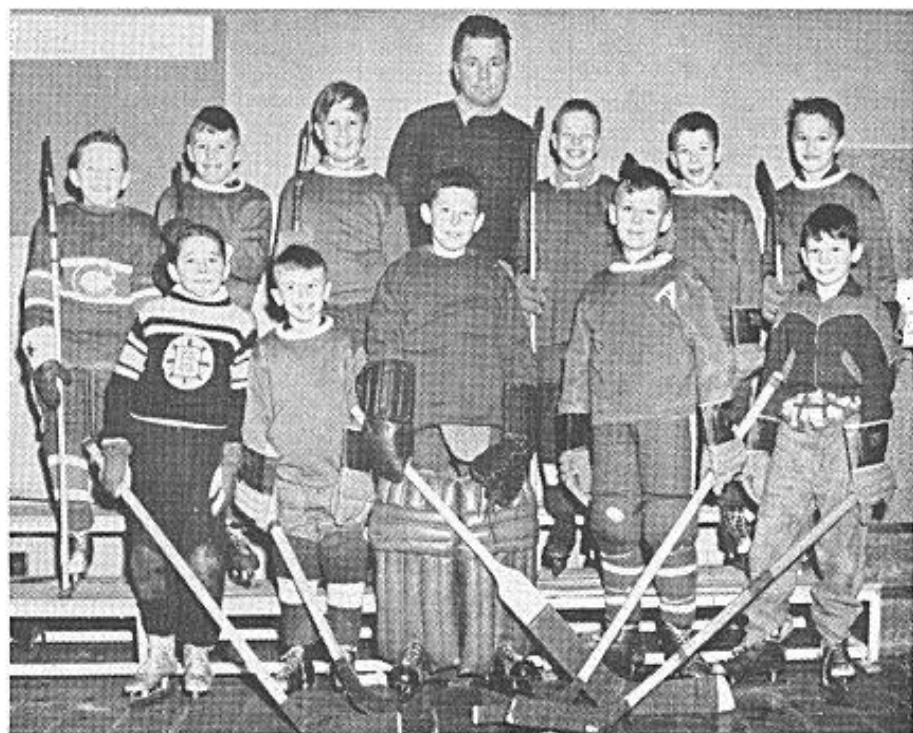
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No Job Too Small

EGANVILLE, ONT.

48 W — PHONES — 48 J



Seen here is the station Pee Wee Hockey Team coached by Cpl Wilson (centre). Emulating the greats of the hockey world they show great promise for the future.

Memoirs of Goose Bay

by Jack Curtis & Lee Garrison

A quick glance at any map of North America will show you the location of RCAF Station Goose Bay. It is about 800 miles north-east of Montreal, in Labrador. Besides being a large air base and airport, it is also a public seaport on Lake Melville, a salt water lake over 100 miles long, leading eastward to the Atlantic Ocean over 140 miles away. Our Station is located on the mouth of the Grand River just recently known as the Hamilton River. We are situated on the 53rd parallel, roughly the same latitude as Edmonton, Al-

berta.

The base itself is situated on a sand plateau 150 feet above sea level and surrounded on three sides, generally, by mountainous terrain. This Station was a war-time development and was carried on during peace time to fulfill a vital role in our National Defence Organization. It is interesting to note that the shortest distance (the great circle route) from Montreal to Reykjavik, Iceland, passes just north of Goose Bay; while the shortest route from Montreal to Preswick, Scotland, passes just south of the base.

This Station has increased in size since World War II. The base is manned not only by RCAF, but Canadian Army, US Army and the USAF, working in liaison with each other in their daily activities. The Department of Transport, Customs, RCMP and construction companies also make up a large part of the Station personnel.

Now that we have told you where the station is and who you will meet when you get there, let us assume that you have received a transfer to Goose.

Usually when this happens the panic button is pushed to the extent that all relatives in and around AFHQ are called or notified in an effort to curtail this "tragic" happening.

Speaking as two people who were stationed at Goose for a total of three years, this type of reasoning only can come from lack of knowledge of this terrific northern unit, so we will try, in our own way, to tell you what happens if you are lucky enough to get a transfer to Goose.

Goose Bay here we come! So you are on transfer to Goose Bay. If you are single, its not too tough a problem. An extra pair of socks, your razor in your pocket, an 8 inch by 10 inch technicolour snapshot of your best girl and you are ready for a year in the frozen north.

If you are married, prepare your wife and family for, possibly, their first trip in an aircraft with possibly a little wait before hand, as married quarters are in great demand, but improving each year.

How do we get to Goose? By RCAF airlift out of Dorval via North Star, C119 or Dakota. This is an experience that is not forgotten by many.

What kind of clothes will we wear at Goose Bay? There are two seasons in this neck of the woods. Summer and Winter. The summer season is short, and requires the usual toggery you would wear any place in Canada. The winters are long, snowy, windy and cold. Favourite winter wear for men, women and children includes parkas, slacks and flight boots, in fact, it is difficult in bad weather to distinguish females from males. And one must be constantly on guard to tell the right type of jokes to the right people.

A typical weather bulletin broadcast by the radio station that is

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owned and operated by the RCAF could be: "Miserable—to be followed by even worse weather — the high today will be right up there—and the low predicted is the gosh-almighty-darndest thing you ever heard tell of—the weather fore-caster say the barometer is rapidly falling—and he's no Roy Campenella. How did that get in there? The wind is blowing real cold from north west at quite a rate. The long range forecast is for rain and snow—followed by little boys on sleds—followed by high winds—followed by girls — followed by me"

What happens when you arrive at Goose Bay? You are met at the aircraft by the Orderly Officer, the Orderly Sergeant and the Orderly Corporal and the ME driver, who quickly and efficiently take you through well-organized Air Move-ments Units, then to the mess, where you are fed, regardless of the time, then to your barrack block. All this usually happens so quickly that one finds herself in bed before they have really got used to the noise of operating air-craft.

What are the Married Quarters like? Terrific is the only word for it. All houses are hot-air heated with automatically oil fired heat-ing units. The houses are all fully furnished including all heavy items of furniture and such items as lin-en and bedding. Kitchen utensils,

pots and pans, dishes and silver-ware—there's not a thing missing, except little personal items you might have of your own. Married couples can quite easily move into any of these PMQs with nothing more than their own personal cloth-ing.

The Robert Leckie School is the last word in the up-to-date modern educational system and boasts some of the best teachers in Can-ada. This school also has complete gym and playground facilities.

The Station Grocery Store and Shop Bar are quite handy to all PMQs, and prices compare favour-ably to outside competition. There is also an efficient post office and Royal Bank of Canada in the mar-ried quarters area.

The RCAF side of the base is generally not too large and would compare to a unit approximately three times the size of Foymount. It is noted for the friendliness and companionship that exists with everyone on the unit.

The recreation activities (in which, of course, we are interest-ed) are probably the finest to be found anywhere in Canada. The programme, which is over abun-dant, entails nearly 100 percent of the station personnel, both in the operating and the participating trends.

Some of the facilities include a new modern, up-to-date, well-equipped Rec Centre, with a ter-

rific swimming pool, complete with diving facilities attached. Direct-ly across from the Rec Centre is a new indoor ice and roller skating rink with a skating surface of 190 feet by 85 feet, with a seating ca-pacity of 500 people. There is also a 4 alley bowl-a-drome that is very well equipped, an indoor 25 yard rifle range, a very up-to-date li-brary, a modern theatre that has 7 changes of shows each week (35 mm), a hobby shop, that has us-able facilities for woodworking of all types, leathercraft, photo-graphy—black and white and col-oured—and all other hobby essen-tials. There is also a large social centre where frequent parties, dances and other activities are in evidence. The latest addition to the recreation facilities on this unit is a new 4 sheet indoor curl-ing rink, purchased and maintain-ed by station personnel.

The officers, sergeants, corporals and airmen have their own indi-vidual messes or clubs in which many a winter evening is spent watching TV (supplied by the US-AF station) and listening to the local radio which is manned by members of the Telecom Section.

For the outdoor enthusiast, there is hunting and good fishing in the near by area with tobogganing, skiing and snow-shoeing a plenty. The main feature of the recreation programme is winter and summer carnivals which are attended by the whole station.

While there are a few things that you will encounter if you are posted to Goose, we hope that it may enlighten you and make your stay more enjoyable.

For anyone fortunate enough to be transferred to our old unit, we would be more than glad to answer any questions pertaining to the Goose.

We hope that your stay will be as pleasant and rewarding as was ours. As we look back with regret to some of the best times we've had in the RCAF.

By the way, we both like Foy-mount, too!



FOYMOUNT HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row, L to R: LAC's Taylor, Tocher, Walker, O'Rielly, Shrubbs, Arsenault, Richert, Crawford, WO2 Allen (coach); Front Row, L to R: LAC's Sheck, Ross, Cpl Poole, LAC's Mac-Lean, Rancourt, Harden, Main.

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Foymount Breeze

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BRIEFING ON FOYMOUNT

Continued from page 12

them because if you are an average sort of joe the odds are they are quite correct. You may notice too, that one or two of these regular or issue blue characters with red bands appear to be feminine and they are around mainly to brighten up the guardroom and there is no doubt that without them the guardroom would be a very dismal place indeed. Not that they can't sometimes give you a hard time as one or two characters on this unit will testify, and especially one. It is worth taking a good look at the guardroom first off, and from then on you aim to go by it rather than inside it unless, of course, you wish to convey a message to a friend who happens to be staying there awhile, or maybe you've lost something and even then it's best to phone. And that just about covers the guardroom and the people who hang around inside it expect it should be mentioned that in winter these people look different when they are outside the guardroom. They look like a pair of size twelve flight boots and a parka, but you'll see the red band and if you peek under the hood you'll see the same old scowl. But there is no need to worry too much unless maybe you are saying good night to your girl friend inside the entrance doors to the airwomen's barracks instead of on the outside. You will find these characters to be very fussy about such things and under such circumstances, the old scowl becomes extremely ferocious.

From the guardroom you proceed up the hill until you come to an intersection. Onwards and upwards around the next bend you

will see various buildings including one called the combined mess and the reason it is called the combined mess becomes a little confusing when you see the separate eateries and the separate pool rooms and the separate bars in this building, but you get a better idea when the chefs burn the potatoes and you find that everyone in the separate eateries is howling about the same thing and that's where the word combined comes in.

Anyway, as the bars, etc., are open you decide not to go any further but before you go in, to take on sustenance of one sort or another, you take a look up the final hill and there on top against the skyline is the crux of the whole matter. If you have never seen such a thing before you will be slightly amazed at what you see and it strikes you that what you see maybe rings a bell somewhere. And two hours later after you have taken on sustenance of one sort or another, it may strike you that the time you saw something like this before was when you were looking at a picture of Moscow taken from the other side of the tracks showing the service entrance to the Kremlin. That is the place they carry the vodka and caviar in and the stiff's out. In fact, subversive characters have been known to come out of the bush, take one look at it and head right back into the bush again figuring they were too darn close to home. But it isn't really like that at all. For instance, the people who work in there never get shot although there are some on the unit who will disagree with this policy from time to time.

Anyway, these things will be ex-

plained at a later date together with what goes on at other spots such as ME and CE and Supply and the Hospital because these sections play an important role in the operation of the station, even HQ Building and the Fire Hall, although the manner in which they play it is sometimes very wierd, indeed, and difficult to see unless you happen to be briefed in the right manner which is the purpose of these articles.

The USAF has awarded North American Aviation a contract to produce an intercontinental bomber to fly at speeds over 2,000 miles per hour. It will be fueled by a new chemical now under development with Mr. Olin Mathieson doing the main work. The award for the manufacture of the supersonic craft ended a two year competition between North American and Boeing Airplane Company. The plane is understood to have the same 6,000 mile capability as the long range B-52 bomber, which has a speed of 700 miles per hour.

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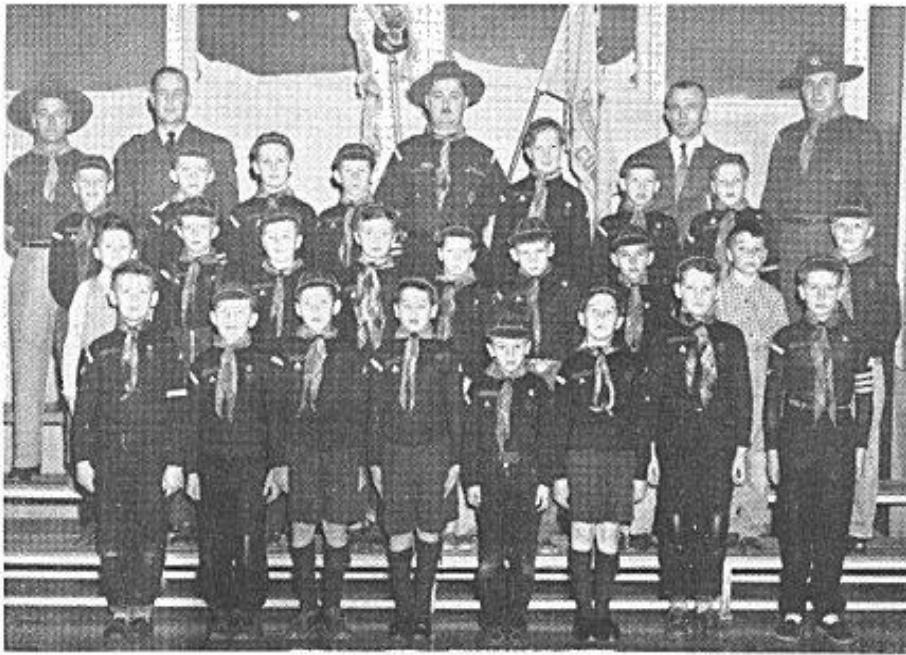
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MEN OF TOMORROW

The Foymount Cub Troop lead by F.O.F. Ling (centre) is enthusiastically supported by the unit and as can be seen here is enthusiastically attended by the members.

E & F CREW NEWS by Mike Simons

Now that the parties are over and the crews have settled down to serious work, we are looking forward to another year of cooperation and good will between crews in the usual Foymount manner.

We would first of all like to welcome back from leave, Roy (Newfie) Ercout from E Crew and Wyatt Earp Popple with his 36 second draw from F crew. As soon as he arrived back, Wyatt got the good news he was going to Trenton on the SIT Course.

Shirley Dornbusch is also back from leave and oh! the love light in her eyes. (Why so happy, Shirl?)

Time has really slipped by and another group will be getting ready for the trade board. This means some personal application on the part of those concerned. You can't expect the TA people to do it all. Let's really get down to work and get as good results as the last group. And, oh yes, congratulations to all of you who did so well on the last one. To the group threes we do hope promotions are in sight so don't lose faith, keep up the good work.

Foymount Breeze

We are expecting to lose LAC Lackey very soon to the MCL. This, of course, means well deserved promotion for him. From all of us go best wishes and safe journey.

To Sgt Dielschneider and F/L Davis who will be leaving soon we wish happy association in your new ventures. It has indeed been a pleasure working with you.

In conclusion, we would like to welcome all the newcomers to our station and to let them know that this is the best station in the system and we are proud of its achievements. May your stay here be long, successful and as happy as ours has been.

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Penning Pompus Paragraphs Precludes Patient Perusal

Notwithstanding the very excellent article on Service Writing by S/L Heide in the last issue of the Breeze, doubt very obviously still exists in the minds of certain people as to what constitutes good usage of the English language.

Let me quote from S/L Heide's article, "Probably the most common fault in Service Writing is the use of long words when short ones would be clearer and more effective". Fowlers (Modern English Language) states: Those who run to long words are mainly the unskillful and tasteless: they confuse pomposity with dignity, flaccidity with ease, and bulk with force.

To illustrate this point, I ask you to study the following examples of usage.

"After he discovered that the sulky murderer of the penniless poet and his wife had been found insane, the judge ordered him held in the psychiatric ward of the jail."

Here is tone and vocabulary that approaches the level of speech; it is generally simple and straightforward. Such writing is termed informal.

Look now at another way of reporting this same episode — one near and dear to the TA office.

"After he had been apprised that the ruthless slayer of the impecunious purveyor of metrics and his inamorante was suffering from cerebral malfunction, the legally appointed judicial official sentenced the culprit to be immured with the confines of a cell intended solely for those afflicted with mental aberration."

This bit of absurd bombast achieves a kind of schoolmaster style, unsuited either to the subject or the reader. A windy, over-written blimpish style, such writing is termed pompous.

Standard usage today leans towards informality, so whatever may be your need to write, you must recognize that a useful vocabulary is one that meets the demands of both the subject and the addressee. The broader your knowledge of words, the deeper your sense of discrimination, and the likelihood that you will need pompous language decreases.

Social and Personal

by Mrs. Mae Cathcart

Marriages

What with all these transfers to the MCL, cupid has been wielding a true and fast arrow. February seems to be the "Month of Marriages" at this unit, and I guess all the Valentines will become life-long sweethearts. Among the many marriages are the following:

LAC Richard Hamilton took as his bride LAW Annabelle Lake. They were married in Eganville on the 10th of February. The happy couple now are residing in Eganville.

LAC Frank Hayward and LAW Shirley Readman were married in Eganville on 11 December 1957. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Lute. The happy couple are now residing at Lake Clear.

LAC Jean Sirois was married in Cormac on 10th February to LAW Beryl Cottrell. Father Holly married the charming couple. After a brief honeymoon, LAC Sirois is being transferred to Station Moise. Beryl, it is understood, will be seeking her release from the service. Congratulations to the happy couple.

LAC Richard Jones has taken the big step and on 15 February, he and Miss Geraldine Sunstrum were united in the bonds of holy matrimony at Eastview, Ontario, in St. Margaret's Anglican Church. Mrs. Jones is residing in Eastview at the present time, but as soon as they find accommodation nearer the unit, Gerry will join her new husband.

LAC Andrew Jorgenson also became a member of the happy clan,

when he and Miss Helen Bankhead were married in Manotick United Church on 1st February. Helen is living in Ottawa at the time of writing, but when LAC Jorgenson finds suitable accommodation in the area, she will be moving here.

Our Chapel here at Foymount was the scene of a very lovely wedding when, on 17th December, '57, LAW Vivian Thompson became the bride of LAC Theodore Tomayer. Vivian was lovely in her street length dress of peach brocade. She wore white accessories and carried a nosegay of pink mums and white carnations. Vivian was attended by LAW Joy Point who wore a street length dress of turquoise taffeta with matching accessories. Joy carried a nosegay of yellow tea roses and white mums. LAC Norman Crawford was the best man. Miss Sheila McGrath played the organ music while LAW Shirley Phibbs rendered Ave Maria during the signing of the register. After a honeymoon trip to Ottawa, Toronto and Sarnia the couple returned to their parent units. Ted to St. Hubert and Vivian here. No fret though, Viv has her transfer to Station St. Hubert on Valentine's Day. Rather a nice way to give your husband a Valentine, Viv. The happy couple are making their home at Longueuil, P.Q. and every one here at Foymount wish them many happy years together.

The chapel was the scene of another interesting wedding on 14th of February when LAW Patricia Krentz and LAC James Shrubbs



Seen signing the register after their marriage in the station chapel is LAC Tomayer and LAW Thompson.

joined hands in holy wedlock. The bride, given away by Sgt. Gordon Lynden, was lovely in a tweed suit with mauve accessories. Patricia carried a nosegay of mauve mums. LAW Joy Point attended the bride wearing a tweed suit with yellow accessories and nosegay of yellow mums. LAC Harold Harder was best man for the groom. FS Howell played the organ music while LAW Jean Campbell sang Because while the bride and groom signed the register. Reverend H. H. Schneider performed the wedding ceremony. After a brief honeymoon in Hamilton, Jim takes off for the MCL leaving Pat here at Foymount (for the time being that is). Congratulations to the happy couple and may they have many

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years of wedded bliss.

The Lutheran Church in Eganville was the scene of a small wedding in which LAC W. G. Williams married Miss Joan Alberta Heigh-ton on 31st January. Reverend Schmeider performed the ceremony. Good luck to you both in your new endeavours from all at Foy-mount.

Engagements

F/L Alan Robb has announced his engagement to Miss Shirley Gillies of Winnipeg. Guess all those trips to the West haven't been just to see the Blue Bombers, eh Al? (We understand that Al is already vieing for a PMQ). Good luck from all our friends here at Foymount, Al.

LAC John Spence is engaged to Miss Joanne Horodyski of Winni-peg and no doubt the wedding an-nouncements will be appearing in our next issue. Good luck to you both.

LAC John O'Reilly became en-gaged to LAW Joy Point and ru-mour has it that they will be mar-ried come this time next month. The best of luck.

LAC William Buck and LAW Doris Walker became engaged and wedding bells will probably be ringing for this couple soon.

New "Arrivals"

The stork made a visiet to F/O and Mrs. Lee Roche and presented them with a lovely baby daughter, Mary Jane Elizabeth, on 25th of October at the Cottage Hospital in Pembroke. Mother and daughter are both doing well indeed. (I only hope thaet Lee and Merle will ac-cept my humble apologies for the omission of the announcement in the last issue).

Sgt. and Mrs. Steedsman were the proud parents of a baby girl on 2nd of February in Pembroke.

That makes four girls for the hap-py couple. What are you trying to do, Chuck, give Edie Cantor a run for his money?

Cpl and Mrs. Arnott were proud-ly presented with a second son, Paul Kenneth, on 12th January in Pembroke.

Sgt. and Mrs. O'Brien are happy to announce the birth of their daughter, on the 7th of February at Pembroke. A sister for the two boys. Congratulations.

LAC and Mrs. L. Dempster be-came the very proud parents of a daughter, Catherine Joan, on 26th January in the Cottage Hospital in Pembroke. Joan was detained in the hospital a little longer than usual because of a case of, all things, Mumps. But at the time of writing, mother and daughter are both doing very well and no doubt, Laurie's chest is still swollen with pride that he now has an ideal family.

Mrs. Lou Borden proudly pre-sented Lou with twin girls, Shelley Lynne and Sharon Aileen in Pem-broke. Rather out-numbered, aren't you Lou?

Mrs. Lucy Thiessen presented Cpl Thiessen with a son, Bryan Douglas on 17 February at Pem-broke. Lucy and new son are both doing well. All the best to the new addition and trust that later on he will have a few playmates.

LAC & Mrs. Stan Heffren were prouly presented with a baby boy, Douglas Richard in Pembroke on 15 February. Both Noreen and new son are doing very well. Congratu-lations to the three of you.

Mrs. Sylvia Gagnon presented Earl with a baby daughter, Susan, in the General Hospital, Pembroke, on 18 December, 1957. Both are doing very well indeed. Congratu-lations.

Homing "Pigeons"

Sgt Lynden and Sgt Seanor re-turned to the unit after attending the SSTS course at Camp Borden. How was the course, fellas?

Sgt. O'Brien returned from the course at the School of Food Serv-ices in Clinton. And not any too soon, eh Sarge? He had an acci-dent on the way home to see his family one weekend and ended up in the hospital for a couple of days. Then on returning to the unit on completion of the course, he was working in the kitchen with FS Piche when the stove blew up and both he and Sgt. O'Brien were burned about the face and requir-ed medical aid. Sure hope all the bad luck is over for the time being, Sgt. O'Brien.

Continued on page 25

A woman used to go to a doctor to see if she could have children. Now she goes to her landlord.

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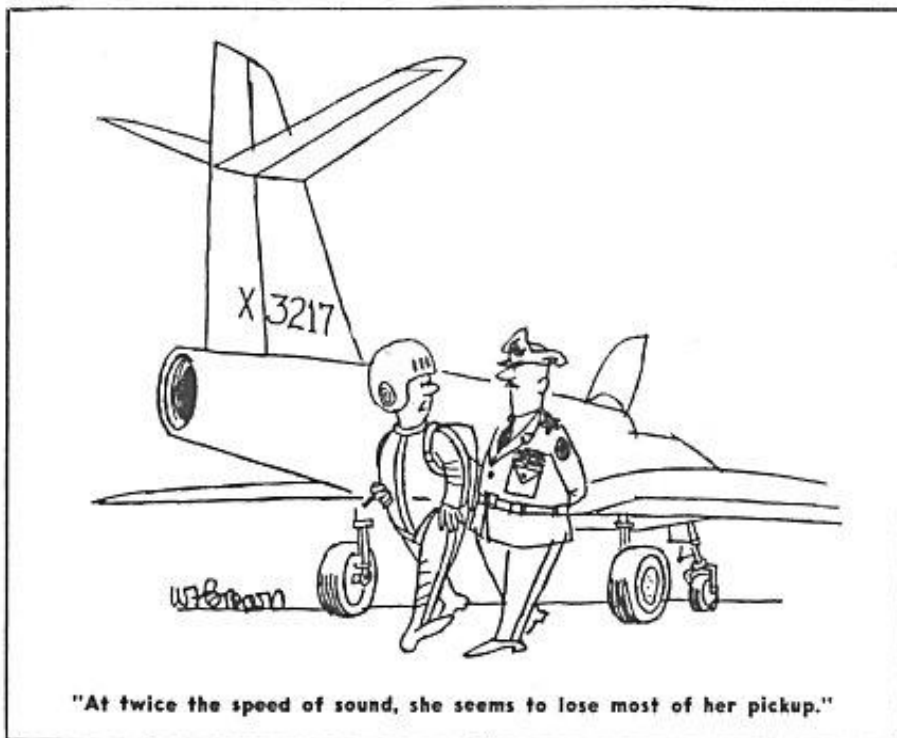
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SUBORDINATE

Continued from page 7

ations and discussions of people at the top.

In such a job you may have real power in influence. But for that reason everybody has his eye on you. You are a youngster who has been admitted to the company of his betters and is therefore expected to show unusual ability. Good performance is often the key to rapid advancement. To fall down may mean the end of all hopes of getting anywhere within the organization.

On the other hand the great majority of beginners' jobs are at the bottom, where you begin in a department or in a line of work in the lowest paid and simplest function, and where you are expected to work your way up as you acquire more skill and more judgment. Here there are few opportunities for making serious mistakes. One has to fall down in a rather spectacular fashion for it to be noticed by anyone but one's immediate superior.

Fourth: Are you going to be more effective and happy as a specialist or as a "generalist"?

There are many careers in which the emphasis is on specialization — engineering, accounting, production, statistical work, teaching. But there is an increasing demand, particularly in administrative positions, for people who

are able to take in a large area at a glance, who are capable of seeing the forest rather than the trees.

The specialist understands one field; his concern is with technique, tools, media. The generalist deals with people; his concern is with leadership, planning, direction-giving and coordination. It is your job to find out into which of these two job categories you fit, and to plan your career accordingly.

Your first job may turn out to be the right job for you—but, if so, this is pure accident. Certainly you should not change jobs constantly or people will become suspicious—rightly—of your ability to hold any job. At the same time you must not look upon the first job as the final job; it is primarily a training job, an opportunity to analyze your fitness for being an employee.

There is much to be said for being fired from the first job! It is the least painful way to learn how to take a setback. And whom the Lord loveth He teacheth how to take a setback.

Nobody has ever lived, I dare say, who has not gone through a period when everything seemed to have collapsed and when years of life and work seemed to have gone up in smoke. No one can be spared this experience, but one can be prepared for it. The man who has been through early setbacks has

learned that the world does not come to an end because he has lost his job.

Obviously you cannot contrive to get yourself fired. But you can quit. It is perhaps more important to have quit once than to be fired once. He who walks out acquires an inner independence he will never lose.

One should quit when self-analysis shows that the job is the wrong job, in the light of any of the decisions I have outlined. One should also quit if the job does not offer the training one needs. The beginner not only has a right to expect training from his first few years in a job; more, he has an obligation to get as much training as possible. But he should remember that promotion is not the essence of a job.

There is no surer way to kill a job and one's usefulness than to consider it has but one rung in the promotional ladder rather than as a job in itself that deserves serious effort.

Continued next page

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The schools teach a great many things of value to the future accountant, the future doctor or the future electrician. Do they also teach anything of value to the future employee? The answer is yes. They teach the one thing that it is perhaps most valuable for the future employee to know: the ability to organize and express ideas in writing and in speaking. Yet few students bother to learn this basic skill.

As a subordinate you work with and through other people. This means that your success will depend on your ability to communicate with people and to present your thoughts and ideas to them. The letter, the report, or memorandum, the ten-minute spoken "presentation" are basic tools of the subordinate. The further away your job is from manual labor or the larger the organization for which you work, the more important that you know how to convey your thoughts in writing or speaking.

Therefore, the most useful vocational courses in the typical college curriculum are the writing of poetry and the writing of short stories. These courses force one to organize thought. They demand of one that he give meaning to every word. They train the ear for language, its meaning, precision—and pitfalls.

The typical employer does not understand this yet, and may look with suspicion on a young graduate who has majored in short-story writing. But the same employer will complain that young men out of college can't write a simple report.

To be a subordinate it is not enough that the job be right and that you be right for the job. It is also necessary that you have a

meaningful life outside the job, a genuine interest in which you can use your capabilities and impose your own standards of performance. This can be a permanent source of self-respect and standing in the community in which you will find recognition and acceptance outside and beyond your job.

This is heretical philosophy these days in many companies which believe that the best man is the man who lives and sleeps job and company. But large companies are beginning to understand that the man who will make the great contribution to his company is the mature person—and you cannot have maturity if you have no life or interest outside the job.

Being a subordinate means working with people. Intelligence, in the last analysis, is therefore not the most important quality. What is decisive is character and integrity. If you work on your own, intelligence and ability may be sufficient. If you work with people, you are going to fail unless you have integrity.

The one quality demanded of you will be character.

A husband escorted his pregnant wife into the hospital elevator. The operator closed the door and before starting the car softly inquired, "What floor, please?"

The husband softly replied, "Ladies" ready-to-bear, please."

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Staff Colloge Essay Contest

Ottawa, Feb. 14 -- A prize of \$250 has been offered by the RCAF Staff Colloge Journal for the best article "likely to stimulate thought on military and particularly air force matters", it was announced by the RCAF.

The award is open to members and former members of the Canadian armed forces and of the civil service.

The articles, not exceed 5,000 words, may deal with strategy, operations, training, logistics, personnel administration, technical, research, production, or any other field, and will be judged by a committee appointed by the Board of Directors of the Staff Colloge Journal. In addition to the cash award, payment of 3¢ a word will be made for all entries published in the Journal.

Entries must not contain classified information, and must be delivered to the Editor, RCAF Staff Colloge Journal, Armour Heights, Toronto 12, Ont., by July 1, 1958.

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Sr. NCO Mess Members. Back row, L to R: Sgt Lynden, FS Curtis, Sgt Mundinger, Sgt Dielschnieder, Sgt Whitehead, FS Mackay, FS Chatburn, Mr. W. Dunning. Centre row, L to R: FS Smalley, Sgt Steedsman, Sgt Seanor, Sgt Armstrong, Sgt Flett, FS Jacques, Sgt McDonald, Sgt Flegel, FS Pische. Front row L to R: WO2 Vincent, WO1 Redgrave, WO2 Allen, F/L Birch, Sgt Holmgren, FS Howell, FS Hogben, WO2 Latulippe, FS Ackerman.

Latest Flying Hazard

A flying hazard unique in the annals of the RCAF has been encountered by pilots of 115 Communications Flight, stationed at the UNEF air base at El Arish, Egypt—caravans on the runways.

The airfield is situated in a desert valley three miles inland from the Mediterranean Sea and five miles from the old native village of El Arish. Through this desert area Bedouin nomads continue their traditional trekking, as they have for centuries, on their way to the market village.

Although carefully skirting the newly-planted crops of their fellow Bedouin tribes, the nomads disdainfully ignore borders, regulations, Egyptian guards and the UNEF airfield as they follow the caravan routes of their ancestors.

RCAF pilots, landing or taking off from the airstrip, frequently find themselves debating the right of way with a fully-loaded camel train and have to wait until the plodding beasts of burden clear the runway.

So far, when it has come to a showdown, the aircraft have won.

The Income Tax Department in Washington, D.C., received the following letter from a conscience stricken character:

Gentlemen:

I have been unable to sleep nights for the past two weeks so enclosed please find my check for \$500.00. If I am unable to sleep nights for the next two weeks, will send you the balance I cheated you out of.

Some winters ago, a small town in USA had a disastrous fire which could not be controlled because the hydrants were frozen. The city council met to take measures to prevent a recurrence of the catastrophe.

After hours of hot debate one man jumped to his feet and shouted: "I move that the fire hydrants be tested three days before every fire!"

In a flash another member seconded the motion and the resolution was passed.

Inner Sanctum Doings

By Sgt J. Whitehead

Deep within the confines of the Combined Mess building, once a month, can be heard dire rumblings and vague sounds. These are the sounds of an August Body of Men at work. Included in this Body are various persons whom may be called "Chiefs", for this is the Sergeants' Mess. These Chiefs are Fire Chief, Police Chief, Crew Chiefs. There are also Blood Brothers in the form of various NCO's i/c. We also have several War Dogs in the form of WOs. Each month around the council fire, the war dance is enacted in a slightly modified version of that of the Canadian native.

The present Council of War has on its membership:

PMC	FS Bob Chatburn
V/PMC	FS Ross Smalley
Secretary	FS Cliff Howell
Bar Member	FS John Kimick
Entertainment:	FS Brazeau
Entertainment:	Sgt Flett.

The following enactment evolved from the last Pow Wow and was given to the writer by the PMC.

- 31 Jan—Farewell party for FS Bert Hogben and sleigh ride.
- 7 Feb—Self-supporting Bingo in Mess.
- 15 Feb—Valentine's Dance in Mess.

- 21 Feb—Mess Meeting.
- 1 Mar—Self-supporting Bingo in Mess after sleigh rid (snow permitting).
- 7 Mar—Champions vs Officers in Inter-Mess Competition.
- 14 Mar—Bingo with prizes and possibly Jackpot.
- 21 Mar—Mess Meeting.
- 28 Mar—Bingo.
- 5 Apr—Dance.
- 11 Apr—Mess Dinner—Stag.

Some time during this period, it is expected that the war drums will sound to herald the approach of the RCHA from Petawawa whom are to pay a return raid to balance that of two of our Members to their domain on New Year's Day.

At present, the VPMC is in the Chief's position as Bob Chatburn is away on course. One might say that he is getting a trial run for the day when he becomes "Chief of The Most August Body of Men of Foymount".

It has been noticed that there are several camera fanatics in the Body and from the tom-tom messages heard, some have been quite active in the Mess. One member has coloured pictures of some functions. From this, it would appear that even the confines of the Inner Sanctum are not safe from the Roving Eye of the Camera.

The reverberations of the tom-toms have ceased and consequently so must this rambling.

See you next issue.

Fire Prevention Benefits Everyone

Fire prevention contest winners for 1957 have been announced by the National Fire Protection Association (NFPA). There were 75 Canadian DND entries and although Foymount was not the grand award winner, at least it was won by an RCAF Unit, namely Station Greenwood. In the small class which our entry was judged in, the results were as follows: first place went to St. Margarets; second, Holberg; third, Falconbridge, honorable mention Foymount.

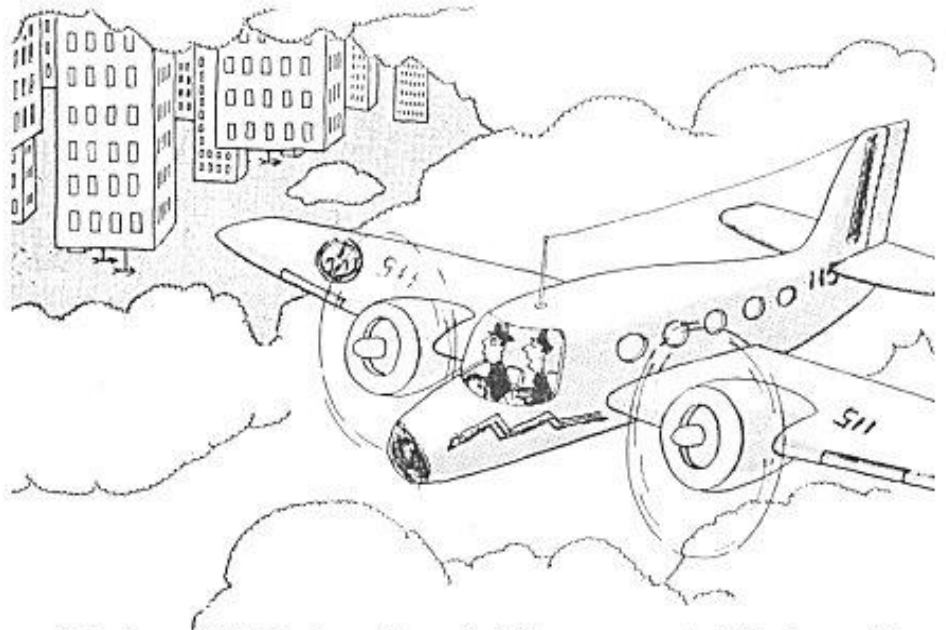
Since Foymount didn't place in the first three, at least we all can rest assured it wasn't for the lack of trying, but it would appear that the winners just worked harder and had more to offer. With this in mind and future cooperation of all personnel as shown in the past we are resolved to do better come next Fire Prevention Week 5-11 October and not only during Fire Prevention Week but every week throughout the coming year.

Now that we are talking about Fire Prevention it would only be proper to mention the fact that Fire Prevention benefits everyone. Every building saved from destruction by fire, benefits the station and keeps our National Defence strong. Preventing a fire saves valuable building material for other use, and helps keep insurance costs down.

Housekeeping is an important factor in preventing a fire. Rubbish and waste material of various kinds contribute to a large number of fires. Storage of any useless combustible material is discouraged by your fire department.

Maintaining a high standard of cleanliness and order is a basic element of prevention. With proper and regular disposal of waste paper and other combustible waste material is of utmost importance. Waste paper, etc., is to be removed and placed outside the building at the end of each day.

All combustible oils, cleaning compounds, etc., should be kept in tight metal containers. Oily rags, mops, etc., should be kept in metal or other fire resistant enclosures, or account of the danger of spontaneous ignition.



I don't care if this aircraft can find its own way to Winnipeg, Al. I still think we should go on instruments.

The best way to combat fire is to prevent them. Fire prevention must become a daily habit, everyone should make a habit of keeping things squared away and shipshape at all times.

This unit has an excellent fire record attributable directly to your awareness of the hazards that occur during this time of the year especially. Make fire prevention an important part of your work throughout the entire year; this way an excellent record can be maintained and who knows, Foymount could still place first in the forthcoming Fire Prevention competition.

"DON'T GIVE FIRE A PLACE TO START".

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

Continued from page 21

F/O and Mrs. J. McLeish and the family have returned to the big town of Eganville after attending the Controllers' Course at Tyndall. How was the sunny south, John, compared with the snowbound Eganville. No doubt they are happy to be back and trust that we shall be seeing him and his wife out at the Mess one of these nights.

Commencing Courses

FS R. Chatburn is now on posting to the AFP Supervisory Course and hope that all is going well. I am sure his "serfs" at the guard house are handling everything satisfactorily while he is away. How is the football (English) pool getting along without your excellent advice, Bob?

FS L. Ackerman is also on posting to the SSTS Course at Camp Borden. Trust that the course will go well and Lloyd will return to the unit a more learned man, if that is possible as they probably could take some hints from him.

Cpl Simon is also on course at the SFS Clinton which commenced 28th of February. Hope all is going well with you too, Cy.

Welcome

A friendly welcome is extended to Inna Searl on her arrival to the big metropolis of Eganville and to the Mess. Welcome to the Eganville clan, Inna. Hope you don't get too lonely for the bright lights of Toronto.

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proprietors
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EGANVILLE ONTARIO
"In the heart of Renfrew county"

PERRY COMO

Continued from page 9

that the price of his sandwich was 75 cents, he muttered unintelligible phrases about smoked meat sandwiches and the price of two slices of bread in Canada. The waiter was paid under protest and, after the sandwiches had been consumed, we left the restaurant. We paid admittance to the Stadium at 0930 hours, very early we agree, but at least we felt we would have the opportunity of picking the best seats in the bleachers. It was a sunny, but chilly morning. By 1300 hours the weather was very warm and the game commenced. The game was enjoyed tremendously by us all, pardon me, by three of us. Our driver fell asleep after a couple of innings and the top of his head was sunburned. I have never experienced anyone travelling 600 miles to sleep in Yankee Stadium. We told him the score at the conclusion of the game.

We returned to our room, and soon we were horizontal on the beds having a well deserved sleep. This was 33 hours we had been awake, with the exception of the driver who slept for two hours at the Yankee version of 'rounders'.

The navigator was awake and turfed us out at 2000 hours and stated we should tour the city. We travelled down famous 42nd Street, mainly because we did not know any other way, and after tramping several blocks entered the land of neon lights, BROADWAY. We visited Jack Dempsey's restaurant and obtained a 40 cent pint of beer each. The ex-champ entered the place and was immediately pounced upon by our navigator. His speech, which would have melted granite, broke the resistance of the pugilist and soon introductions were in order. This was a thrilling moment for us all.

After leaving Dempsey's place we set out in search of the famous 'Stork' Club. After several persons had been questioned, we arrived at last outside of the well known Club. I then remembered it was my wedding anniversary. My friends decided that there would be no better place to spend this event than the Stork Club. We cased the joint and studied the Modus Operandi of the many patrons who were arriving by Rolls Royce, Cadillacs and taxis. Once convinced of their M.O. we

entered. I have never had the honour of being ejected from such a place on my wedding anniversary. It was accomplished in the most friendly manner, the doorman advising that reservations had to be made.

Along the same road, however, another club loomed into view. The doorman assured us there was no cover charge. Elated at the prospect of possibly meeting great people and dignitaries in this establishment, we entered. Once our eyes were used to the dismal lighting, we discovered a small bar from which we ordered a drink. One pint of beer which we were told cost \$1.00. One of my friends stated the beer was cheap and offered one dollar for the four drinks. The bartender said one word 'EACH'. The entertainment consisted of, I believe, girls stepping on the stage fully dressed, performing some strange type of dance which I did not recognize as a tango or waltz and by the time the dance was over most of the clothing was on the stage and not on the women. I might add that our driver was awake by this time. We convinced him that it was time to retire to our room and leave this den of iniquity.

The following day developed into the most hectic I have ever encountered. Why I am not suffering from coronary thrombosis due to arterial sclerosis, I shall never know. I think this has something to do with hardening of the arteries, but don't worry about it. Our friend from the medical staff supplied cod liver oil capsules before we left the room and I believe he saved our lives. During the morning we visited the Empire State Building, the Garry Moore TV show at the studios, Macy's department store and finally arrived at our room. We had discovered from the Garry Moore show that Perry COMO was rehearsing at the Ziegfeld Theatre. A small speech from our navigator initiated the formulating of plans to get into this theatre and see COMO.

At about 1400 hours, we found ourselves outside the Ziegfeld Theatre where the COMO show was in rehearsal. The plan was to let our navigator approach the cop at the stage entrance door and attempt to blind this custodian of law with science. The cop remained impassive and explained that the theatre during rehearsal was

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likened unto Holy Ground. We were just at the point of giving up the ghost when two young gentlemen appeared from the theatre. If we had assumed that the speech we heard our navigator give Dempsey was flawless, we were in for a shock. The navigator spun such a line, the truth mind you, which resulted in the meeting of Gray Lockwood, producer of Perry's show. At first Mr. Lockwood did not seem to approve but our learned colleague was not one to be put off. At the point where everyone present was in tears, Mr. Lockwood cried out the most heart rendering words, 'Come back at 4 p.m.' We did this and the cop on the door scratched his head in utter astonishment and allowed us to enter the theatre without question. Mr. COMO was not present when we entered, so we contented ourselves with watching the rehearsal of the opening number. Our greatest thrill had commenced. A side glance at our driver indicated that he had fallen again into the land of nod. Can you imagine Perry Como rehearsal and the driver sleeping? I need not add that he was awakened quite rudely with a dig of elbows and protocol explained to him both in Canadian and Lancashire dialect. He explained something about having his eyelids closed to avoid the bright lights or something. All the staff of Como's show were quite amiable including the great Ethel Merman and Garry Moore. Perry arrived and came off stage and talked with us for about 15 minutes. Nice guy that little ex-barber. We stayed 2½ hours and then said goodbye to Perry. He extended a welcome to us at any time we so desired. It was almost unbelievable to have been watching Perry Como in person on Friday and the

same show on TV in Canada on Saturday. These folks really work hard at rehearsal. My friends and I salute them.

With regret, we left the Ziegfeld theatre and the rat race was on again. We walked to the studios and saw a radio show, visited the large Radio City and marvelled at the size of the place. We were advised that the turnover per day amounted to over \$40,000.00. I can quite believe th's. After this, we returned to our room after visiting several stores to buy souvenirs.

Once at the sailor's home, we placed a call for 0230 hours the following morning. The manager at the home questioned whether we meant p.m. but once assured but still doubting our sanity, he complied with the request.

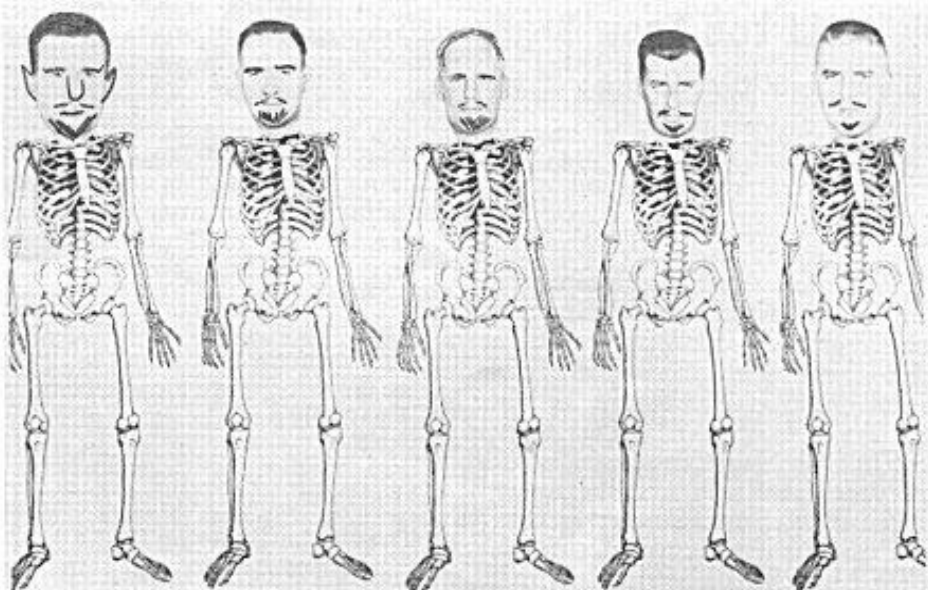
At 0400 hours Saturday we left New York city bound for our small unit. We crossed the George Washington bridge which must be 200 feet high over water. We were astonished to see a large sign which read, 'IN THE EVENT OF AIR RAID, DRIVE OFF THE BRIDGE'. A long drop, we decided we would take a chance in this event. Apart from another argument with a traffic island in the road, a near miss involving a deer and a broken tail pipe, we arrived safely back at Foymount. It was a wonderful trip, a great experience but we were glad to be home. We estimated travelling about 20 miles per day on foot during the visit but we give credit to each other for a successful trip, particularly the driver and navigator.

A LOT OF SPENDING

The United States has announced an unprecedented budget of \$74 billion. The average person is usually not capable of comprehending just how much money that really is.

To get some idea of the astronomical figure, look at it this way. If a person spent \$10.00 every minute from the moment Christ was born, he would have to date have spent only about \$10 billion dollars. Yes, \$74 billion is a lot of money.

Foymount Breeze



The end result of the diabolical scheme referred to in the Officers Mess News by F/O W. Rae - The McBagpipe of Foymount

News from "A" Crew

by Gary Holden

Foremost comment on the crew pertains to the nuptials which occurred in plenitude. Bernie Cottrel recently wedded followed by Dick Jones, Jack O'Reilly and Joy Point expect vicissitude in the near future and Doris Walker is contemplating the big step.

For some of the airmen on crew, it is not too late to heed the following warning.

As a bride-to-be enters a church, she acknowledges three objects in her constructive mind, the aisle, the altar the hymn. Thusly mingled with the wedding march, she hums "I'll alter him". If the groom survives this, he'll receive burnt offerings to alleviate the suffering.

To continue, there is a parsimonious group on our crew with a belief that "a dog wanders in a pack, but a pure-bred stands alone." But when some of these pure-breds get cold, a wedding seems inevitable.

Despite all the conjecture "A" crew wishes all the best and eternal happiness to the aforementioned.

The stork paid a visit to Earl Gagnon's place and left an off-

spring for them. Last report from the stork, Suzanne was doing well. Cpl Jarvis and cohorts were involved in an auto mishap resulting in serious damage to his car. The Killaloe boys are flying low with Cpl Creamer now. Pete Kyashko has left for the MCL and expects to save enough to get married this summer. Vince Pelow was confined to camp for fourteen days due to his fiancée having preference o'er duty—marriage is his solution also.

Marilyn Douglas still remains unattached and possibly by next issue she will have an office hereabouts to play the role of Dorothy Dix. Fred Richert is still content to remain "by George".

The thief had taken the money straight to a crap game, and the security officer was out twenty bucks.

* * *

Virgin Forest: A place where the hand of man has never set foot.
Adultery: Put water in milk.

Alleviate: Part of a vegetarian's dinner.

Zebra: For girls with monstrous bosoms.

Stripper: Nightclub dancer.

Omlette: Short sleeve in a Bostonian's shirt.

Did You Know ?

by F/O A. K. Josey

That North America is the third largest continent? Asia and Africa are first and second.

That the highest elevation in North America is Mt. McKinley in Alaska—20,300 yet it ranks as only 42nd in the world?

That the lowest temperature ever recorded in North America was in Fort Good Hope, Northwest Territories with a figure of -70 degrees Fahrenheit?

That the largest tunnel in Canada is in Connaught, British Columbia, with a length of five miles, used exclusively for rail, it ranks 13th in the world?

That the MacKenzie River is the largest river in Canada and the sixth largest in the world?

That Canada's largest island Baffin is fourth in the world standing with an area over three times the size of Great Britain?

That the largest lake in the world without an island in it is Lake Dore between the metropolis of Eganville and the town of Pembroke?

That Lake Superior is the largest body of fresh water in the world? It is not, however, the largest lake. The Caspian Sea salt holds that distinction.

That the first bridge builder was Neolithic Man around 15,000 B.C.?

That it took twelve centuries to exceed the expansion of the Roman bridges built over the Danube in Hungary in A.D. 104? It consisted of timber arches and stone piers 150 feet high and 170 feet apart.

That it took 33 years to build the historic old London Bridge? Begun in 1176 it was not completed until four years after its founder, a monk, Peter of Colechurch, died. It was the centre of London life until the new London Bridge replaced it in 1831.

That of the eight stone bridges the Romans built over the Tiber in Rome itself between 200 B.C. and A.D. 260, six are still standing?

That the first steel bridge was built in the United States in the United States in 1878?

That you are expected to vote in the next election?

That "Did You Know" is a regular feature of the Breeze?

New Transport for RCAF

The Minister of National Defence, the Honourable George R. Pearkes, announced today that the government had ordered ten medium transport craft of a new type. These aircraft considerably modernize the facilities of the RCAF Air Transport Command.

The aircraft, to be known as the Cosmopolitan, will be built by the Canadair Company of Montreal. It will be an all-Canadian version of the proven Convair liner airframe and will be fitted with new British turboprop "Eland" engines made by Napier Ltd.

The civil version of this new combination of engine and airframe is expected to have a world-wide sales appeal and the commencement of this project will allow the Canadian aircraft industry to make new bids in the world aircraft market.

The placing of this order with the large Quebec firm, now employing over ten thousand workers, is in keeping with the government's policy of maintaining an up-to-date defence force. Modern transports are an essential part of

such a force.

The Canadair Cosmopolitan, powered by the United Kingdom Napier Eland Turboprop is evidence of the government's desire to support United Kingdom purchases and at the same time to assure continuing employment for Canadian workers. Further, the combined sales efforts of Convair, Canadair, English Electric and Napier in the world markets may well result to the benefit of both Canada and the United Kingdom.

The establishment of a medium transport manufacturing line at this time to supply the requirements of the Royal Canadian Air

Force, coupled with the potential for developing world-wide sales, will do much to ensure the maintenance of an important industry with overall benefits of employment for Canadian workmen.

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Shades of Sherlock

Our ship's security officer fancied himself as a sort of sea-going Dick Tracy. So, when one of the sailors repeatedly reported money stolen from his locker, the officer set a scientific trap for the thief.

The officer took a \$20 bill of his own and dusted it with a powder that glows under ultra-violet light. The bill was "planted" in the pilfered locker.

As expected, the money disappeared and the amateur Sherlock Holmes gleefully brought out his ultra-violet lamp. When he shined it on the outstretched hands of the assembled crew, twenty-three pairs of hands glowed guiltily.

Girl to boyfriend playing piano, "What made you decide to learn to play the piano?"

He: "I couldn't balance my beer on my violin."

Air Cadet League

Plans for the forthcoming Air Cadet summer program were formulated and last year's activities reviewed by Air Cadet Liaison Officers from various commands and Air Cadet League officials at a meeting held at Air Force Headquarters.

They represented approximately 23,500 Air Cadets who make up more than 300 squadrons across Canada who receive squadron training throughout the year. A number of these cadets are selected on a competitive basis to attend summer camps, leadership courses, flying training courses and to make exchange visits abroad.

Last summer, close to 5,500 cadets took two-week summer training courses at RCAF Stations Greenwood, N.S., Clinton, Ont., and Sea Island, B.C.

An additional 200 were enrolled in the seven-week senior leaders and drill instructors courses at Camp Borden, Ont., while more than 325 were selected to take flying training and 58 others made exchange visits to other countries.

Foymount Breeze

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WORLD TOUR

"The Kingdom of Scotland"

Hon. McBagpipe of Fogboun

In the last issue of Breeze, "World Tour" was on the "West Indies Federation". What more appropriate than to write now of the country that discovered them—SCOTLAND.

Scotland is a small country in area comparable to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick with about 5,000,000 inhabitants.

Many ill-informed people imagine Scotland to be a poor and poverty stricken piece of heather clad rock. Friends, nothing could be further removed from the truth! The world cannot be blamed for believing these untruths for we know the extent of the insidious propaganda of our jealous and envious neighbours to the South, who resort at every turn to detract from the Scot—even in compiling their Dictionary of the English language, they describe the noble word Porridge as:—

PORRIDGE—Oats—a grain which is generally given to horses but in Scotland supports the people. The sinful, senile mutterings of a fangless lot like the English, don't worry us any.

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The country has prodigious productivity for its size and population, earning in exports alone the highest amount per head of population of any country in the world. Scotland's shipbuilding yards are among the largest and best anywhere. The Queen Mary and Elizabeth are products of the Clyde. The large ore and coal belts of Central Scotland make the area a vast manufacturing centre specializing in boiler making, heavy machinery, tool and die works, iron and steel mills. As prosperous and large as her heavy industry are the countless tweed and cloth mills, silk and linen mills, woolen mills and distilleries. The revenue received from the export of "Scotch" alone is just under one quarter of England's total annual exports. Adding to the wealth of the country is Scotland's fishing industry ranging from the herring fleets to whaling fleets and, apart from its industries, Scotland has contributed to the world writers,

explorers, leaders in every field in your home today. Your "Fridge", "TV" and "Phone" are all products of the Scot's inventiveness.

The country itself is wonderful to behold; its enchanting beauty, its noble mountains, its myriad colours are perpetual—beside this country, most of England looks like a heap of wet manure!

Now what of the Scot himself. He presents a parody of contradictions. By his assertion of his good fortune of birth and his determination to be a Scot, no matter where and when, it would seem difficult to reconcile this patriotic fervour with the huge numbers of them who leave Scotland. The answer to the Scot is simple and logical; he recognizes the worth and the craft of his fellow countrymen and understands that to remain he shall face the toughest competition in the world—So for fair play and fair competition, he takes off.

Continued on page 32

COMPLIMENTS OF

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WORLD TOUR

Continued from page 30

Well, he understands the lines of P.M. Barrie "There are few more impressive sights in the world as a Scotsman on the make".

While on this parody of contradictions, lets consider the high sentiment of the exiled Scot, so poignantly expressed by John Galt, a Canadian Scot, in the following lines;

"From the lone sheiling of the misty island
Mounts divide us, and the waste of seas
Yet still the blood is strong, the is highland
And we in our dreams behold the Hebrides".

The world proudly respects the Scot his patriotism. He carries his country in his heart wherever he wanders as a man should. One gets sentimental about such nobleness, only to have it shattered by another group of Scots reeling up the road roaring, "Here's tae us! Wha's like us! Damned few, and they're deid!"

Nevertheless, the world like the Englishman down the years has grown to rely on the honesty and forthrightness of the Scot, knowing there is no more generous man, no more warm-hearted friend, no more devoted to learning (except ASI's), and in general, no better citizen of the earth than a Scot, marred only by the fact that the world knows this, but the world just wishes the Scot didn't know it too!

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FOYMOUNT JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row, Left to Right: Tony Baxter, Bill Linton, Harold Chatburn, Louis Ling. Front Row, Left to Right: Stewart Todd, Ron Seanor, Pete Dunning, Serge Brazeau, John Baxter. Extreme Left is Cpl Wilson Coach.

ODE TO A CONTROLLER

"Good morning, my bright intellectual mate,
My outstanding genius in problems of state,
Your speech to the mess on the way you would run
The RCAF was magnificent fun.
You're sure to get your promotion next year,
Here's two or three aspirins, swallow them dear.
Awake my sweet songster, it's almost high noon,
And I've been waiting all morning, just hoping you'd croon
That selection from "Chloe" and the "Deep Rolling Sea"
You were singing last night to the duty S.P.

Awaken Prince Charming, but be careful, don't skid,
And ponder awhile on the things that you did.
You uprooted Bate's Flowers, you danced on the bar,
And I can't wait 'til you see the front of your car.
You insulted the Winco, you tripped on the mat
And emptied your beer in the COpsO's hat.
The P.M.C. expects you, but you should take a cheque
I think if you sign it "The Pain in the Neck"
The bank will okay it—it could only be you,
The clown who goes apers twixt twilight and dew.

So drink up your seltzer my blithering gnome,
It's said to be good for a splintering dome.
Oh my idiot infant, my dim-witted duffer,
You say you feel awful?—Well, darling—suffer!"

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

COMET MYSTERY

Continued from page 4

No search was ever more exciting. Technicians, sailors, and observers went without sleep, their eyes glued to a tiny monitor screen aboard ship. Their reward for standing fast in the biting winter wind day after day was the sight of things no man had ever seen before; rows of slender, spike-like plants rising straight from the bottom, 400 to 600 feet below the waves, a sudden glimpse of some old wartime mine, resting harmlessly on the bottom and then, one day, the archaeological curiosity of the year, a vast conglomeration of ancient stone wine jars, jettisoned by some ship, Greek or Roman, some 2,000 years before.

But it was also heart-rending work. The Mediterranean bottom shelved sharply at different spots; the surface buoys often got blown about and the contacts had to be made all over again. Yet one by one, the contacts — all of which were given code names — were eliminated.

At 3 p.m. on February 12, Ben Coleman, a Cambridge electronic engineer in charge of the Pye Camera trailing behind HMS Wakeful, was munching a sandwich while watching his monitor screen. He suddenly dropped his sandwich and shouted, "Stop everything and go back, I think we've got it!"

Slowly, with infinite care, Wakeful sailed back over its course. The screen showed a long, tangled piece of metal resting on the sea floor. Thirty-three days after the last human being had seen it, underwater television had located the Comet, or at least part of it, at a depth of 580 feet. Within an hour, Wakeful's commander sent the following message to Admiral Mountbatten: "Contact George is the Comet. Will endeavour identify components when photographs processed. Appear to be major portions of possible wing and center sections". The message made news all over the world.

Seeing the wreckage of the Comet was one thing; recovering it was another task and one of the most difficult of the whole operation. Hard work, good seamanship and the modern miracle of underwater television made it possible. At dawn on February 13, Sea Salvor, the slow-moving, equipment-packed floating workshop of

the expedition took over. By midday, it had all its six moorings laid, this number being necessary to make sure the ship would remain steady during the salvage operation.

Down the starboard side of Sea Salvor went one television camera, sliding down at 40 feet a minute, with its casing shackled to a cable weighed down by a heavy iron shot. Next, one of the Royal Navy's most experienced divers followed the shot rope to the bottom. Then from the port side the huge 4½-ton grab crashed through the surface on its way down, its massive jaws opening ten feet wide.

In the Sea Salvor's operations room, the experts watching the screen soon saw both the diver and the grab outlined against the gray-cream background to the bottom. By telephone, the commanding officer told the diver: "Show us where you want to grab," and down below, moving slowly because of the immense pressure, the diver pointed. The decks shuddered as, with great care, the massive grab was moved to the right place.

The jaws closed, inch by inch, while on top no one moved. Then the diver said, "Haul up". The camera, traveling slowly face-to-face with the grab, showed that nothing had given way. The first part of Yoke Peter was on its way up. Three minutes later, it broke surface, a huge, tangled piece of metal, its narrow jagged edges dripping with sand. Hanging across a spar was a single nylon stocking. It was the tailplane of the Comet, together with part of the rear fuselage as far as the passenger door. In the brisk morning sunshine, the metal glittered, hardly damaged by its long immersion.

This was but the first of many successes. Once the spot had been found and the pattern of scatter established, underwater television unerringly guided over a portion of the fuselage. The picture it showed was so clear that watchers could see a fold of carpet over what had been the floor of the cabin. Another time, they were able to read the letters BOAC on the side of a passenger's seat found at over a 500 foot depth. Week after week, varying and often adverse conditions, the strange cooperation of the ear of the asdic and the eye of the camera led the searchers with extraordinary pre-

cision to yet another piece of the Comet. On February 22, the pressure dome and parts of the rear fuselage were recovered. On February 28, two of the engines, almost intact and a factual proof that engine failure had not been the cause of the crash.

As each piece of wreckage broke surface, it was carefully packed and sent by plane to Britain, for now the second and vital part of the Comet operation was under way: to discover, with the factual evidence available, what had made Yoke Peter crash.

From a process of elimination, experts narrowed the possible causes of the crash down to seven: 1. control flutter caused by the control surface becoming loose and vibrating; 2. primary structural failure; 3. flying control failure; 4. failure in control circuits; 5. metal fatigue; 6. explosive decompression of chamber; 7. possibility of engine failure (two engines were still to be fished out).

Ground engineers of BOAC worked in over 100 small alterations which, in their view, would make the Comets safer. For instance, they fitted armor plating near the jet exhausts and installed new fire prevention and detection devices.

On March 22, the Air Registration Board wrote to the Minister of Transport, "We have no reason to believe that all possible precautions have not been taken. The next day, Comet services to all parts of the world were resumed and Sir Miles Thomas said, "Obviously we should not be scheduling the resumption of passenger services unless the Corporation and its advisers were and continue to be satisfied". The Comet flew again.

On March 29, another of Yoke Peter's engines reached Britain together with minor pieces salvaged by the Navy. Air experts in London believed that a line on the crash would soon be forthcoming. Then came the bombshell.

At 6:32 p.m. on April 8, Comet Yoke Yoke took off from Rome-Ciampino Airfield on its way from London to Johannesburg with twenty-one people aboard. It was one of the seven Comets which had been pressure-tested and reinforced at London Airport. At 7:05 p.m. its pilot radioed back: "Over Naples, at 26,000 feet and still climbing." It was the last mes-

sage received from Yoke Yoke. It, too, fell out of the sky without warning or apparent reason. It had plummeted into the Tyrrhenian sea and disappeared without trace. The impact of yet another Comet disaster slapped the air experts with the full force of retribution for their easy confidence, smashed their calculation and annihilated their efforts.

Immediately, all Comet aircraft were grounded for good and the Government clamped a security curtain over the whole episode. The answer had to be found—and quickly — if Britain was to keep her hard-earned superiority in commercial aviation, millions of pounds of orders and untold prestige. Where had British scientists failed? Why was the Comet unsound while so many thousands of service aircraft, also jet propelled, flew faster than the great airliner? Those were vital questions.

The ball was back at the feet of Sir Arnold Hall, a man whose name most Britons did not know, who had never made a headline and who lived in a modest house on the edge of an airfield. The main lines of his problems were only too simple, the clues frighteningly similar in both cases. Both Yoke Peter and Yoke Yoke were flying in good weather; both were at the same height, 26,000 feet; both failed to give the usual, rapid distress signal after their last radio message; both had taken off from that ill-fated airport of Ciampino and flown roughly the same time, 30 minutes, before they vanished; both had logged roughly the same flying time. Yoke Peter had flown 3,681 hours and Yoke Yoke, 2,704 hours. What was the answer?

The Farnborough trials, which occupied the whole of the spring and summer months, turned out to be one of the most remarkable pieces of scientific detection work ever carried out. The chances of success were remote but, as Sir Arnold subsequently said, "Since it was quite plain that the only alternative was the great enterprise which the Comet represents should be killed, we took it on". For months he worked thirteen hours a day; he took on an extra staff, scientists and industrial workers by the score, and blandly asked them to be prepared to work a 120-hour week if it became necessary.

By April 18, Sir Arnold Hall had decided on his main course of action. He asked for three Comets, and in 24 hours they landed on the Farnborough ground, Yoke Victor, Yoke Sugar and Yoke Uncle, three beautiful shining aircraft, ready for whatever method of ingenious destruction he could devise. He initiated four main lines of tests. He would, he told his men, reconstruct the wreckage piece by piece as it became available so that each piece could be inspected in relation to the next; he wanted flight trials with one Comet, Yoke Victor, as a sort of flying test bed, he wanted models of the Comet made, dozens of them, in such a way that they could be taken apart; and finally, he wanted to break up Yoke Uncle until it revealed the source of its weakness.

To simulate flight conditions on the ground is not always satisfactory. To submit an aircraft to the kind of pressure and battering it receives at 30,000 feet — even if feasible — is not practical since any failure would make it explode with the force of a 100-pound bomb and therefore scatter its components. Sir Arnold and his structural experts had their answer ready; they would drown Yoke Uncle and pump its cabin full of water until it burst. The water would act as a cushion. What would happen in practice was anyone's guess.

On the edge of the Farnborough airfield, near a small clump of trees, steel engineers, built a leak-proof steel tank large enough to take Yoke Uncle. In less than five weeks, often working from new principles, they erected a casing 112 feet long, 20 feet wide and 40 feet high holding about 200,000 gallons of water. Special joints were made for the places where the wings would jut out. Brand-new pumps were brought alongside and a ready supply of water organized. Every morning during those five weeks, Sir Arnold inspected the tank—his pet project—and harried the erectors.

Meanwhile, in a green canvas hangar on a corner of the field, a grim jig saw puzzle was going forward. Under E. L. Ripley, Farnborough's structural expert, dozens of men erected a wooden Comet skeleton, and then, piece by piece, pinned the Elba wreckage onto it. Day by day, Yoke Peter came to life again, a door here, a panel there, a tailplane, a window, the

main floor of the cabin and the front pressure dome. Still missing were one engine and the top of the fuselage.

Then the science detectives went to work. They examined every inch of the wreckage. Fire damage and water damage, quite distinctly visible, proved that the break-up had happened in the air before the impact with the water, and that fire had come after the break-up. Other clues told the same stories. The wings were bent downward and the fire was visible on the center section of the Comet only. An indication that the pressure cabin had broken first was the fact that certain electric circuits had snapped and the appearance of the passenger seats which had first failed in a forward direction and then backward on hitting the sea.

Pressure experts, working from the findings of the structural engineers, built a 1-10 scale model of the Comet cabin, complete with furnishings, seats and dummy passengers and came to the conclusion that the Comet had taken three minutes to fall to the sea from between 26 to 30 thousand feet. Pressurizing the model and then suddenly releasing the pressure, they photographed the sudden chaos inside. In one-third of a second, the dummy passengers were lifted out of their seats, hurled against the top of the cabin and then pushed helter skelter forward. The result of these structural tests was positive: Yoke Peter's end had been due to sudden and complete structural failure. But when, where and why?

Comet Able Victor took to the air. Its cabin, stripped of all furnishings, was filled with over 100 pieces of testing equipment and to watch this flying laboratory went a dozen Farnborough scientists.

Sir Arnold Hall said afterward, "It had occurred to none of them to refuse to take part in the test flights." Able Victor flew for fifty hours while its passengers were watched from the rear by Canberra light bomber in case of a fire they could not detect themselves. Back and forth over the English summer countryside they tested every single control in the plane time and again; tried their stress gauges in every conceivable place for any manifestation of metal fatigue which might be caused by a slowly developing metallurgical fault.

Two questions interested Sir Arnold: In what order had Yoke Peter actually fallen, and would the answer to this help to find out the reason for the crash? His aerodynamicists took over. In an old, disused balloon hangar they built 100 small wooden models of the Comet to the scale of 1-32. Each one was fired by a special cartridge from the roof of the building. As each fell, high speed photography made a record of how it fell. Then strings were attached to jerk away different parts of the models in different order. How and where each piece fell was recorded. Through weeks of painstakingly collating their information the aerodynamicists came up with an important piece of corroborative evidence. When the model was deliberately broken up in a certain sequence, fuselage top, pressure dome, tailplane, wings and the rest, the pieces fell in the same order as the Comet wreckage found at Elba. With a few pieces of wood and unequalled mathematical ingenuity, they had reproduced the crash of Yoke Peter.

This particularly interested Sir Arnold and his tests with the big tank neared a climax, for he believed that the two lines of enquiry could help each other. What remained to be done was to find out the Comet's weak link, the fault, or not overstrong component whose failure had sent the shining airliner to its end. He himself supervised the placing of Yoke Uncle into the mammoth water tank and, flicking a switch, he started the 200,000 gallons of water flooding into the tank. Yoke Uncle started off on its ghostly flight under water to find the answer.

For Sir Arnold's purpose, the Comet had to make a series of three-hour flights, endlessly, until something gave up. Half an hour of simulated climbing, two hours cruising, and half an hour of descent from 30,000 feet.

After a week, it became clear that the flight between the man and the metal might last weeks or even months. Sir Arnold could not afford to wait and time itself had to be telescoped into giving up secrets more readily. One Sunday, Sir Arnold and three colleagues locked themselves up in his office and tackled the problem. By lunchtime, they had mathematically in-

vented a five-minute flight cycle which would be equal in stress and strain to a three-hour journey. And the next morning, the great battering started.

During each five-minute flight, eight large hydraulic jacks pushed the wings of Yoke Uncle up and down to equal three hours of stress up in the high altitudes. Water pressure strained the plane's cabin. After each test, scientists, often with Sir Arnold himself in the lead, clambered over the tank to see the results of the trials. For days running into weeks nothing happened. If the metal of the Comet was being strained, so were the tempers of the men. Voices were kept low, and everyone was elaborately polite.

Then, on June 24, Yoke Uncle gave up.

The cabin burst and split, with a great tear running off from the corner of a window at the rear of the fuselage. In a flurry of excitement Sir Arnold and his scientists knew that at long last they had the answer. What had caused the disintegration of the ill-fated Comet was an unexpected strain at a point where nobody had thought of looking—the windows. Because of the corners and the necessity of riveting close to the edges of the metal where the window frames joined the fuselage, and because of the inevitable manufacturing cracks made during the construction of the plane, a point of weakness was introduced into the otherwise strong Comet body.

Sir Arnold and the scientists quickly dashed to the hangar where the remnants of Yoke Peter were still glued to the wooden frame. But there was no sign of the fatal crack anywhere near the windows that had been salvaged. "If not these windows," said Sir Arnold, "then another window—probably one on the top part of the fuselage that is still lying on the ocean floor near Elba. Let's get that missing piece."

Once again the Royal Navy went into action, and a little more than a month later the missing piece from Yoke Peter was raised from the sea and flown to England.

At Farnborough Sir Arnold finally had his hands on the answer to the mystery, for there before him was the missing fuselage top with a great crack running from the rear of a window located aft

of the long jagged piece of metal. This window, the cause of the deaths of so many people, was the Automatic Direction Finding window, a section of non-metallic material needed to avoid screening of the aerial. From the starboard rear corner of Yoke Peter's window ran the rear which eventually tore open the whole top of the Comet. At the opposite corner was a small manufacturing crack which had been plugged by the insertion of a rivet. Fracture analysis showed that all fractures in the fuselage in that area ran away from this point, none into it.

After seven months of intensive, back-breaking toil, the Great Comet Mystery was solved.

At the public inquiry held two months later, the whole story of the Comet was unfolded in hours of testimony that ran to more than 800,000 words. Sir Arnold spoke for five days of the three-week inquiry, initiating the public into the mystery of what makes an aircraft fly or crash and renewed its confidence in what men of science can do.

What the unemotional Sir Arnold left unsaid, an old man, Lord Brabazon of Tara, Britain's oldest pilot whose whole life has been steeped in aviation history, had no hesitation in stating. Addressing the Commissioner, he said:

"You, my Lord, and I, know the cause of this accident. It is due to the adventurous, pioneering spirit of our race. It has been like that in the past, is like that in the present and I hope it will be in the future. In this inquiry there is nothing to be ashamed of; much more to be proud of. I have now had fifty years connected with aviation and if I may say something about it, it is that in every step of progress we have paid for it, in blood and treasure, and God knows that in this case we have paid in full. Finally, I do hope that the threat of having to face an enquiry such as this, with all its publicity, if anything goes wrong, will not stop adventurous spirits from pioneering in the future."

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"Doctor, oh, doctor", the wife screamed into the phone. "My husband's got a mouse in stomach. What'll I do? We had a pet white mouse, and when my husband opened his mouth this morning, the mouse jumped in."

"Quick, try to lure the mouse out. Wave limberger cheese in front of your husband." The doctor said.

Later, he arrived at the house, to find the husband prostrate on the floor, his wife waving a huge herring under his nose. "Cheese—I said cheese."

"I used cheese," she answered. "The mouse peeked out. That was when the cat jumped in after it."

The drunk had celebrated wisely but too well the night before. Next morning, he found he could just barely get out of bed. "Gotta freshen myself up", he thought, and staggered to the bureau. He reached for the hand mirror, accidentally picked up the hair brush instead, and lifter it up, looking at the bristles. "Boy do I need a shave!"

Liberace McGonigle had a large bump on his elbow. He went to the doctor and showed the doc the bump. The doctor was quite puzzled. Actually, he didn't know what it was.

"Have you ever had this bump before?" asked the doc.

"Yes", said Liberace.

"Well", said the doc, "You've got it again."

"What's the difference between 'radiation' and 'contamination'?" asked the instructor in Atomic Warfare at the Great Lakes Naval Training Centre.

The young "boot" sailor from Iowa thought a moment then gave a definition-by-example that rated 100%. "Radiation", he drawled, "is when you smell manure. 'Contamination' is when you step in it."

Uncle George is a gentleman of the old school with an ample expanse of vest and a heavy gold watch chain. On the end of the chain is a huge, antique pocket watch that ticks like a time bomb.

In spite of Uncle George's claim that this watch is more trustworthy than the newfangled models, his trusty timepiece acted up and stopped cold the other day. He immediately scurried to the jeweler to find out what happened.

The jeweler carefully opened the back of the watch—under Uncle George's supervision. A dried-up insect fell out.

"No wonder it stopped!" crowed Uncle George. "The engineer's dead."

Young Man: "I've got a friend I'd like you girls to meet."

Athletic Girl: "What can he do?"

Chorus Girl: "How much has he got?"

Literary Girl: "What does he read?"

Society Girl: "Who ar ehis family?"

Religious Girl: "What church does he belong to?"

College Girl: "Where is he?"

Mrs. Hic Hic McGee was making dinner in the kitchen. Her neighbor, Mrs. Bordollo came in to the kibtiz. Over a twelve pound turkey Mrs. McGee poured on a half pint of rum, a fifth of gin, a quart of bourbon and two jiggers of scotch.

"My goodness! Doesn't that make the turkey taste funny?" asked Mrs. Bordollo.

"I don't know", said Mrs. McGee, "All I have is the gravy."

"The Sarge fell down a flight of stairs with a quart of whisky."

"Did he spill the whisky?"

"No, he kept his mouth shut."

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