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Spring 1950



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The ROCKET

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Where everyone thinks alike - - - - No one thinks very much - - - -

Editorial

OUR ADVERTISERS

Firms who advertise in The Rocket come in on a straight business basis. It is their hope that in keeping their names before our readers they will be more readily thought of when you come to expending dollars in the maintenance of your selves and your homes. As you thumb through our pages make a mental note of them. If you choose to do business there it will help them. If in doing so you mention to them that you saw their advertisement in The Rocket, it will help us when next January we round up our annual supporters.

FURTHER SUPPORT

We note with quiet inward joy that the number of names contributing to our pages is on the increase. Every person whose name is by-lined in this issue volunteered to help. That is a long cry from issue Number one when one or two people did all the writing themselves. This is primarily an airman's publication. We need more articles about airmen written by airmen. The criticism is, too, that it is too serious in tone. No one agrees more than the Editor. We need more laughs. We who labor in bringing forth each issue take it and ourselves too seriously. Apart from Bob McKee's well worded barbs of laughter we are a sad crew. Surely amongst the airmen there lives one whom you know has a quick eye to the funny side of life. The Rocket is just a thing. It will be as bad, indifferent, good, funny or sad as you make it. Up at this end all we do is put it together.

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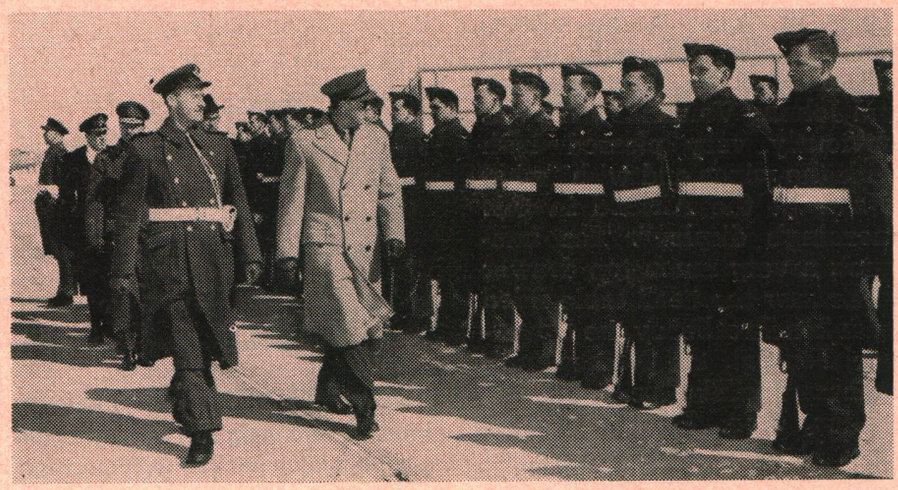
RETROSPECT

The Housing Situation

The main problem of the station housing committee was not so much the system that would be followed but, was really the fact that there were more people wanting houses than there were houses to go around. Even the Section Commanders who had assembled in the C Ad O's office knew that. it was like starting to play a "game bid" in Bridge when you knew that you had only a two bid in your hand. So the only thing to do was to make the best of what cards were held. Someone once said that "You always have to start from a fact"—and the fact was that there were three applicants for every house. The system of "Rank and seniority" was decided upon at Command, shipped down to the Station Commander who in turn had a directive made up which went out to all sections. It came back signed and with a minimum of stir. But the day the list of people was published who had been allotted houses, a fairly healthy rumble came rolling up from the various units, and the chief complaint seemed to be that more consideration should be given to the individual stress of the people who had applied for housing. Wiry, morale conscious, Wing Commander Pearce spearheaded the attack. There were certain rumours that he wanted either nailed or explained. "Was it true that people who already owned houses in the City had been allotted a house?" Actually one person had been by virtue of the fact that the Committee had not been aware of this, but before they could withdraw his name from the list, a posting had quite by coincidence solved the situation. Then the question of Seniority hit the carpet. There were different notions on the word. Wing Commander Jackson stolid 413 O.C. wanted it defined. It had been defined by a letter from Command, and stated expressly that seniority within a rank dated from the date of the last promotion. "What about these people who have been in, out and back into the service? asked someone. They would lose that time during which they had been out of the RCAF. W/C Pearce was up again asking what about time spent in the RAF... did that count? The ruling was that seniority dated from the date of the last promotion and since any LAC brought in from that service was first accepted as an AC2 and then raised to an LAC his seniority would necessarily date from the second day of RCAF service. It was evident that the system of "Rank and seniority" as laid down by Command had been administered correctly to the last detail by the station housing committee. What the individual units thought of the system was something which the Station Committee could give a hearing but as far as altering it was concerned, or as far as introducing the RAF "point system" was concerned, that was a matter that would have to be dealt with through "proper channels". One thing that both Chaplains knew was, that any system based on individual investigations could not be considered as a 'part time' welfare task. To be done properly it would take a full time welfare officer, a full time filing clerk and unlimited access to serviceable Motor transport.



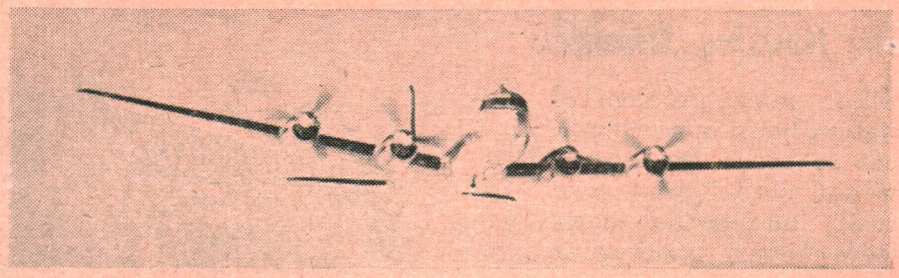
F/L Appleby and H. R. H. Prince Bernhard
"The impression was pleasing"

JETS AND ROYALTY

German born, Berlin educated, 39 year old Prince Bernhard was placed on the list headed by Sweden's Air Chief Lt.-Gen. B. Nordenkiold when at the Officers Mess on Saturday March the 11th, he received a set of RCAF wings from AVM James acting on behalf of the Chief of the Air Staff.

Retrospect

The Prince of the Netherlands, guest of honor at an official banquet, that did credit to the efficiency of the Mess manager and Johnny Vaillant's staff, was obviously very pleased both with the wings and with "what I saw at the Airfield in this morning's display". The banquet, a very much top drawer affair saw the head table filled with His Excellency the Governor General, the Netherland's ambassador His Exc. J. M. Van Boijen, Hon. L. B. Pearson, Hon. Douglas Abbott, Hon. H. Lapointe. Mayor Bourque of Ottawa, represented the City. Acting as ADC to the Governor General was G/C Ernie MacNabb.



412 Squadron's North Star In Flight

Operation "MIKE"

By VINCE BISSONNETTE.

It made headlines around the world. In the week ending 28th January, a United States Air Force C-54 transport plane with 44 people aboard was missing on a flight from Anchorage, Alaska, to Great Falls, Montana. The pilot had last reported over Snag, YT, and now the giant aircraft was presumed down somewhere in 300,000 sq. miles of jagged mountain country.

Almost immediately RCAF planes were sent to the search area. From Rockcliffe on the 28th January, went four Dakotas from 414 Sqn., one from 413 Sqn., one from 412 Sqn. and three Lancasters from 408 Sqn.

Over 7,000 men and 50 planes participated in Operation "Mike" (named after Lt. McMichael, pilot of the missing kite). Twenty-seven planes operated out of Whitehorse alone. These included C-54's, Lancasters, Dakotas, Helicopters and light aircraft. Crews were briefed at 6.30 a.m. In the intense Arctic cold, heaters had to be used to warm up the aircraft engines before starting, Each plane usually had two blocks of 30 x 30 miles to cover per day and carried six "scanners" (Army men) who kept constant watch out the rear windows. Pilots flew down along river valleys and around snowy mountain peaks. Radio officers constantly monitored the distress frequencies in order to pick up any distress signals that might be sent.

Around The World

By GEORGE VROOMAN

Around the world in 35 days is not a record we'll admit, but it's a record flight for theRCAF being the first of its kind.

Few unusual events were recorded until the aircraft landed at Tagen Azores, and there our first language difficulties were encountered, when well-meaning (but highly unintelligible) airport officials greeted us with a mixture of English and Portuguese. The food was slightly (?) on the Portuguese style and not exactly suited to the good Old Canadian tastes. The money problem had been solved beforehand with a travel advance in U. S. funds. Thank heaven! It might



Three Members of the Crew looking over Proposed Route

Retrospect

be noted here that good old U.S. dollars ere accepted every place we landed but Canadian notes were as welcome as counterfeit Confederate bills.

The complete grandeur of the Rock of Gibraltar can never be captured by photo and description here is almost useless.

The coast of Spain is not too impressive, but I guess we expected to see the Spanish Armada sailing along the coast. It greatly resembles parts of Canada's coast (not quite so good in fact) And the Sahara, well, there's a lot of sand out there and looks ike our own prairie, whoops! for the benefit of Westerners, I retract that!

Say, who said the war was over? Well, after the briefing of we don't believe it. Fly over Palestine or Saudi Arabia and get shot down, that's it! But our troubles are only beginning; Pakistan brings more: Customs, health certificates and don't forget to get a good DDTing. Food? Aha! have you tried Indian Curry? Well, we can assure you it's the original "Devils Brew" no one else could possibly get anything that hot, and we have scorched ulcers to prove it. Speaking of heat, well Ceylon is, and humidity high which of course made all the crew suffer for 12 days, ah me. From here on you are completely spoiled by your "bearers", of course, there are a must and everyone wanted to bring their's back.

The Taj Mahal is beyond description, of white marble inlaid with moonstones, rubies, emeralds and jade, and set in the midst of fabulous poverty. The living quarters of most of the native population is squalid, unbelievably so, and it can hardly be accounted for with so much wealth within reach. The native markets are squalling, bawling writhing, seething humanity, raw and unadulterated, crude and a thousand years removed from Western civilization

Every spot visited on our tour we found something of wonder and it would seem our mouths were open most of the time i.e., at Rangoon Airport we could see, about forty miles away the smoke rising from a wooded hillside wher Burmese troops were engaged in a battle with Red Burmese guerillas and a curfew imposed on our activities. Again at Singapore we encountered difficulties in combating extreme heat and humidity and found the only satisfactory cure was swimming and sipping long cool ones under the fans. Hong Kong will be a long remembered spot for most and Tokyo added much



412 Squadron's Crew Who Manned The Globe Circling North Star
(Missing From Above Photo is 426's S/L H. Morrison)

Retrospect

with Fuyoma in the background, and the less we say of Wake Island the better—total area ten and a half acres of coral rock. But you can't brush Honolulu off so easily—it's Oahalla that's what! Weather? no problem; food? no problem; amusement? no problem; entertainment? no problem; women? Wow!! We are loathe to leave but only the thought we'll be home soon has managed to cheer us for the last few days. Ah, those marvellous winter sports, cold mornings and colder nights, the beautiful ice formations on the roads, shovelling snow and coal, they soon will be ours again, and on the flight board is a trip to Cambridge Bay, goody! goody! you guessed who is getting it!—Phooey—.

Winter Tragedy

It was just an ordinary Thursday afternoon in January. The next day was Friday the thirteenth and that made it kind of special—at least to the superstitious, but the day before, Thursday the twelfth was just a dull afternoon both at Rockcliffe Air Station and in Ottawa. Photo Wing were waiting for their annual commitments to come through, E and P.E. had sent a couple of officers out to Edmonton on a routine test job and down at 412—apart from the odd trip here and there, Johnny Haimes and the boys were talking mostly about their North Star which had settled in at Colombo in Ceylon for the Commonwealth Conference. Then grim black tragedy came hurtling in like a thunderbolt from Edmonton. There had been an air crash in a residential street. The small plane, an Auster (the third in 12 months) had apparently gone 'straight in'. Both men in it were killed instantly. They were S/L Alex Doherty and S/L Eric Bythell both from Rockcliffe. Other than that there were no immediate details exept the intimation to the Station Adjutant that the press might have already been informed of their names and word must be brought immediately to the next-of-kin. There was a sad parallel in the cases when later the two chaplains compared notes for both men left a wife and two small children. Both wives had gone out for a few minutes to do some shopping and had returned each to her own home to be greeted with the tragic information, and in the first few moments of their shock the older child of each home had arrived from school and had asked the same question; received the same answer.

In Air Force terms both men were comparatively recent arrivals at the station having arrived six months before. In the short time they had made a host of friends both amongst the officers and the other ranks. "Doc" Doherty who had replaced SZL "Howie" Marcoux as OC flying had a record as a pilot second to none and equalled by few. He was one of those individuals who "wears well". He was usually around awhile before you noticed him. But in his work he invariably established himself through the high calibre results that he brought forth. Eric Bythell, was younger in years and had been Acting OC of the Unit while Wing Commander Frizzle was up at Station Headquarters replacing Group Captain Doyle away on posting. His career as a pilot, like that of Doherty had seen over 3,000 flying hours logged. He was also an apt handler of men. Of the ready smile and communicative personality he had been a wartime Flying Instructor well remembered by many, many students who through him had gained their wings. Together with Alex Doherty he formed a good combination. In both men the Air Force had that type of person that makes the rest of us feel good to belong to the outfit.

Their tragic deaths are a payment and a loss. A loss to the service and to their families. In the broader sense, a payment that fate extracts in return for scientific knowledge. Knowledge which through the efforts and the sacrifices of these men and others has been garnered for our Air Force and for our country and which some day may well be used in defence of that which is more precious than life itself . . . the refence of that which is more precious than life itself . . our freedom.

Retrospect



Little Johnny Whoops No More

The BARRE Case

By VINCE BISSONNETTE.

Prior to the plane ride little Jean Claude was losing weight, didn't eat much and had stomach disturbances. His father had consulted many doctors and he (Jean Claude) had been given many medicines—to no avail.

Then Jean Claude was taken for a plane ride to 10,000 feet. The very next day his stomach trouble stopped. He could now eat and keep his food down. Three days later his whooping cough disappeared. He still had traces of a common cold but these disappeared in due time. No medicine was given to the child after the plane ride.

Today Jean Claude Barre is a normal, healthy and robust child. He plays outside with the other children and enjoys himself like any growing boy should.

Cpl. and Mrs. Barre feel that a miracle certainly happened. Whether it can be entirely attributed to the plane ride is yet to be definitely decided but all indications are that it was a huge contributing factor to recovery. The Barre's today are a very happy and thankful family.

See Hollywood And . . .

By D. Curran

They call it the busiest and noisiest intersection in the world—Hollywood and Vine—but despite that we stayed at the Plaza Hotel. Awakened by the warm sun, I ambled onto what I thought was one of the quietest and dullest intersections I have ever seen. Turning the corner I beheld the "Street of dreams" or Hollywood Boulevard to you — a street with too many cheap novelty stores and business geniuses selling out to the four walls. So along the warm pavement where glamour girls were conspicuous only by their absence and my shoulders remained unrubbed by the myriads of film stars that were not.

Beyond the monotony of small stores lies Sid Gruman's Chinese Theatre. It would make a nice "garbage" joint if people refrained from slapping their hands and feet in wet concrete for the sake of posterity.

That evening we were guests at the Bob Hope show and on the stage were made feel very welcome by all concerned, especially by the "man himself". In him we saw a first class entertainer whose humor appears ingeniously spontaneous and at times definitely was. Doris Day would be a refreshing stimulus to any tired airman with a perfectly clean mind.

Darkness had now fallen so it was time to see the Sunset "Strip"—not an act of nature but an expensive nightclub section of the same Boulevard. We trooped into a small restaurant and arrived at an even smaller bar—the famous Ciros Sgt. Alexander ordered a round of drinks and we had to comfort him by promising to cover

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Retrospect



Crew of the DC3 at Movie Studio
"Heaven Was Easier"

his hotel expenses and grocery bills for the next few weeks, on return. It was clearly time to investigate the more rational joints, so onward, regardless.

We were in the Flamingo, being served by waitresses wearing shirts and slacks, complete with appropriate haircut when I noticed Sgt. Stoker drooling at my side. Following his gaze I too got some wonderful ideas as there before us stood a lone celestial blonde. As a one man band started to perform so did she and before our shocked eyes, stripped. Suddenly the roof fell in and Stoker burst into tears—that beautiful creature was a female impersonator, as were more to follow. From that on nothing was taken for granted. but I assure you, in the rest of our wanderings round clubs we saw the genuine articles!

Next to Heaven, a Hollywood studio must be about the most difficult place to enter, especially with a lecherous RCAF crew. Thanks to the "drag" of our Captain we found ourselves inside the sacred walls of Paramount. The old story "it's not how much you know but who you . . . . " There we watched Barry Fitzgerald picking up a telephone, on and off, for half an hour surrounded by glaring lights and marionette-like extras. Just realize that one whole day's "taking" occupies approximately four minutes on the screen and imagine the rest.

We toured numerous inactive sets where we saw streets of plaster, a water tank for ocean scenes and great painted backdrops depicting anything your little heart desires. Imagine a poor frustrated horse running on a treadmill whilst superimposed scenery flashes past . . . well that's Hopalong Cassidy in the Bad Lands to you.

At no stage did we see the reputed Jane Russell so we must just go on thinking of those far away hills. Talking of women, my messbills will be paid hereafter by certain members of the crew if I continue to keep my big mouth shut.

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ASKANCE

The Stalin Myth

The Communist party of Russia is completing the age-old cycle of all dictatorships — the transformation of a man into a myth. Like Alexander in an Egyptian temple, like the later emperors of Rome, like Hitler on his Viking pyre, Stalin is becoming a god.

But since Communism denies all gods and rejects the supernatural, this latest repetition of an historical necessity poses some difficulties. Communism is creating its great myth but cannot decide precisely what it wishes to create. Is the apotheosis of Stalin to be a social revolutionary, a soldier, an economist or, in mere imitation of the czars, the kindly father of his people? On his 70th birthday the myth is still blurred.

In the Fashion of the Czars

For the moment Stalin is represented as a combination of all the virtues, violent and peaceful. He is the supreme revolutionary who brought Lenin to power and outdid the master in building the classless society. He is the supreme soldier who won the second World War, with minor help from the tottering capitalist powers. He is the supreme economist who, single-handed, solved the social riddle of the ages (providing a standard of living lower than that of any major capitalist country). And, in his later years he has become the Little Father — simple, domesticated, overbrimming with the milk of human kindness — in the fashion of every czar before him.

No single man can carry such a diverse load of myth. In the end the god must take on a clearer outline to serve his purpose, which is to establish the legitimacy and permanence of the Communist system.

There can be no such clarity on this birthday because there is no clarity in Stalins' own lic policy. It is a confusion compounded of aggression and gestures of peace, of Communism based on the most privileged class of modern times, of studied terror with interruptions of geniality, of outright materialism mixed with the ancient superstition of Holy

While this confusion is deliberately maintained in public



"Mortality denies him an answer"

to baffle and undermine the outside world, a blurred myth must serve temporarily to disguise the true historical figure who, in fact, is the reincarnation of countless conquerors moving out of the east against the west.

As gunmen of the revolution, as political manipulator who succeeded Lenin against Lenin's will, as liquidator of Trotsky, as manager of the largest military operations in history, as caucus boss of the Politburo, as the devious intertional negotiator of Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam, as author of the cold war, Stalin has lived seventy years and crammed into them as much, perhaps, as any man in history— a figure who will be remembered so long as history is written.

Yet in all this time he has maintained an inner mystery beside which his most recent counterparts, Napoleon and Hitler, are open books, legible in all languages. In making himself all things to all men he has no rival.

Remains the Great Enigma.

Trotsky saw in him a primitive peasant who fled from the high councils of the revolution to smoke his pipe in the Kremlin kitchens. Harry Hopkins found him as a congenial bourgeois politician under Communist trimmings. To the younger Churchill he was a bloody tyrant, to the Churchill of the war years a mighty general and to the aged Churchill a second Terrible Ivan, more dangerous than the first. And Roosevelt, who had charmed and tamed the politicians of the democratic world, imagined at Yalta that he could melt the steel of Stalin into the agreeable wax figure of Uncle Joe.

Stalin fooled all foreigners with his quick changes of disguise. He seems to have fooled his intimates as well and those who could not be fooled were liquidated. To the ordinary Russian he remains as he wills it, the great enigma.

Though he has duplicated, with unique success, the methods of all the larger dictatorships and made himself supreme by the art of mystery, Stalin cannot live to see the final success or failure of his

work . Like all revolutionary dictators he has substituted a person for the institutions of the state.

The test of his revolution is not Stalin alive but Stalin dead. Hence the historical necessity of the Stalin myth—a body of ideas, aspirations and passions — strong enough in themselves to support Stalin's successors when the magic of his physical presence has been lost.

Dilemma of All Dictatorships

On the rock of this dilemma all the great dictatorships have invariably foundered in the end. A durable society can be built only on institutions, laws and folkways. It cannot be based on personalities because their life is too short. Alexander could proclaim himself a god in the desert but his empire fell to pieces instantly at his death. The peaceful age of Augustus ended with his master. The hordes of Genghis Khan were sucked back to Asia in disorder when the leader died. Hitler's Germany dissolved in chaos when its single unifying force, the Fuehrer, shot himself in his bunker and ordered his body burned as the final act of the heroic myth. Can Stalin's system survive such perils?

Stalin is interesting enough as the most powerful single man of this century. He is more interesting as the centre of the latest experiment in dictatorship and mythology. Amid the well-organized hysteria of this birthday celebration the real Stalin, the man behind the grey mask, must be asking himself if the experiment will succeed. Mortality denies him an answer.

JUST PEOPLE

Baptized in Station Chapel.

Diana Lynn STEELS, daughter of Cpl. and Mrs. Jack Steels, on December 4th, 1949.

Judith Constance SPEAR, daughter of S/L and Mrs. T. H. Spear, on December 18th, 1949.

Lawrence Raymond NORTHORP, son of F/O and Mrs. Ray Northorp, on December 23, 1949.

Wendy and Carrol DeAnn MORELAND, daughters of LAC and Mrs. Arthur Moreland, on February 5th, 1950.

Brian Richard HAMBLETON, son of Cpl. and Mrs. Albert Norman Hambleton, on February 12th, 1950.

Margaret Lorraine THOMPSON, daughter of F/O and Mrs. Robert Thompson, on February 12th, 1950.

Lynn Suzanne AUSTIN, daughter of W/C and Mrs. George Austin, on February 12th, 1950.

Joanne Mary EASY, daughter of Cpl. and Mrs. Horace Easy, on December 11th, 1949.

Michael John Robert RENNICK, son of LAC and Mrs. Mike Rennick, on December 11th, 1949.

Ronald Cameron SMITH, son of F/O and Mrs. Ed Smith, on December 18th, 1949.

Leonard CECI, son of LAC and Mrs. Michael Ceci, on January 1st, 1950.

Glenn Walter DOUGLAS, son of Sgt. and Mrs. George Douglas, on January 15th, 1950.

MARRIED

Toronto born LAC "Johnny" Wallace of 414 Squadron to Pembroke's Margaret Marie Pankie on Christmas Eve, December 24th, 1949.

Maritimer LAC Carl Smith to Georgettte Nellie Susan Wilson of Prince George, B.C., on December 15th, 1949.

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NORTH STAR IN THE EAST



by BOB McKEE

Now a world flight presents more than technical problems as already has been proven. Given a set of wings, four motors and F/L Curly Smith, man can fly around the globe with very minor disturbances to the airframe or engines. But what of "MAN"?

First of all we have the preliminaries which consisted of proving to someone staying behind that we wouldn't really enjoy the trip at all,—all in the line of duty,—glad if someone else would take my place, etc. . . Hula Hula girls? Never heard of them!

Then there is the business of innoculation—everyone going around on this jaunt received one hundred and twenty one needles of various sizes and in various places. Why so many needles? Well listen to the accent of our M.O.'s—a more clever group of frustrated dart players (i.e. fugitives from an English Pub). Canada has never imported. What better substitute for a dart board than a brawny Canadian arm and what better dart player than our beloved O'Brien. Such a likeable chap he even cut his junior officers in on the sport. However, reports have it he lost five quid on double or nothing he could hit a certain part of a certain fat man's anatomy with an eleven-inch needle at twelve paces. Blindfolded!

So the evening of departure arrived and the weather was bad, very bad! Did you read the papers? Well no one knows why such an experienced pilot as our Captain would take off in weather described by various met men and reported from "crazy to attempt it" to "ridiculous to consider it"! Well chaps, here is the story behind the story.

Our hero and Captain had in the past month, become a father for the second time and during his thirty days leave acquired the exalted position of O.C. Diapers and Dishpan. Now the papers described it as "the intrepid airman F/L Smith squinted at the sky, weighed the chances and said, "We take off in an hour". What really happened was he looked at the sky, squinted as he counted twenty-four diapers per day ad infinitum winced, at the thought of Sunlight soap and dishpan hands and said, "I can't go back, Hawaii calls me!" Which from a distance you must admit could be mistaken for "We take off in an hour".

Well at take off just to make us feel tops were a few of the more senior of the powers-that-be up the hill with their faces wreathed in smiles. There was something in the smiles that said "do a good job chaps, and we'll give you another shot at something nice perhaps". There was also something in the smiles that said "don't do a good job chaps and we'll give you another shot" (Editors Note:—Another kind of **shot!**).

Oh yes, there was a piper piping us off with "Will Ye No Come Back?" Now it wasn't the most comforting thing to hear a broad Scotch voice amongst the crowd saying, "My goodness, they're playing the Highland lament — "Will Ye No Get Back!" And so off to the East.

Mediterranean.

Nothing much occurred on the trans-Atlantic leg except perhaps at lunch in the Azores. After being practically ordered by the airport officials to patronize the airport restaurant, we sat down to our first foreign meal. The food was edible providing you had the table training of Manning Pool, Toronto Era 1940. No one however, was prepared for the Mussolini-like individual at the next table who between gulps of greasy goat stew alternately mixed and drank a concoction of heavy syrupy Portugese musat wine mixed with (of all things) pink cream soda. Now you eat the greasy goat stew!

Gibraltar was such a quickee of a stop that no one had time for any endeavours that might make good reading.

At Malta however, a trip through the downtown streets convinced us we were approaching the East but odoriferously! Nothing would have it but a walk down the famed or notorious (depending on moral standards) street known as "The Gut". This busy narrow street is filled with so-called restaurants, bistros, jewellery shops and a new institution to me called in Malta a "Music Hall". Now always having had a liking for music I was curious and so must

North Star In The East

enter the 'Egyptian Queen Music Hall' in search of Bach or whoever was in there.

Well! What a greeting! Girls, girls, girls, all clambering around a small town boy. Always knew I had it,— just had to find the right country. Suddenly I remembered the last minute instructions not contained in A.T.C. Operational Orders either. And so a sad-about face. Who knows, I might have had to buy those "Egyptian Queens" a drink or something.

Pakistan Customs.

Now before you go East learn the customs of the customs, to coin a phrase.

You go in well prepared with three dozen manifests — two passports per person and of course those precious little yellow books that have to be made out a different way for each different country. The problem however, is to find the head man. Everyone you speak to says very ponderously, "I am in charge, what can I do for you?"

So you deliver up the manifests of which he takes three or four copies, looks carefully at all the passports and disappears never to be seen or heard of again. After this happens four times in succession a big fierce looking be-turbanned fat man approaches and asks for the ship's log. Here I have been thinking for ten years I was in the Air Force,— not the Navy. "What log?" say I.

"The Ship's log!" is mumbled back.

"Yeah the ship's log" very weakly, but gaining strength.

"You mean the ship's log!" thinking fast.

"Yes, the ship's log for inspection please."

So cunningly from out the brief case comes the travelling L 14 which is carefully examined by four different officials duly stamped and on we go customs cleared.

Religion in Ceylon.

Now on to Ceylon, a land of handsome men, beautiful women and vegetarians. Now a vegetarian will not take life for that is a religious taboo. He will not wear shoes that would mean killing a cow for leather. However, there is an average of two murders a day on the island so perhaps when the rules were written some one left Homo Sapiens name out of the K. R. Air.

Truthfully speaking the religious harmony and tolerance present in Ceylon is an example to the rest of Asia. Here we have tamils, Hindus, buddpeacefully side by side. Not only that, there are even Methodists and R.C.'s in abundane around the area of Colombo, and the area is only par in the hitting over the head that occurs daily.

Political Control in Delhi.

While in Delhi on the eve of Independence Day it was interesting to meet a Doctor of Yogi and master of the occult.

Now not being easily taken in (please George, no mention of the precious stones I bought) I asked for a demonstration of muscular control and was treated to the sight of a man ninety-one years of age dislocating his right ear and big toe at the same time. After this I was convinced. The old gentleman went on to tell me that he had achieved spiritual control over most of the eminent statesmen of today. He was in Delhi he said, at the request of the great Pandit Nehru to help him guide India into their first day as a Republic. All by mental telepathy of course! He continued on with his story of how he has guided Winston Churchill through many crisis past and present.

On seeing Canada badges up he to my great surprise, said, Canada's destiny had been surely in his hands. For many years past he had been guiding our own Mackenzie King in all decisions. "Are you still doing so?" I asked.

"Still doing so" he replied with a knowing smile. I hesitated to tell him that he has been off frequency for the past year and his great guidance wasted.

(Continued Next Issue)



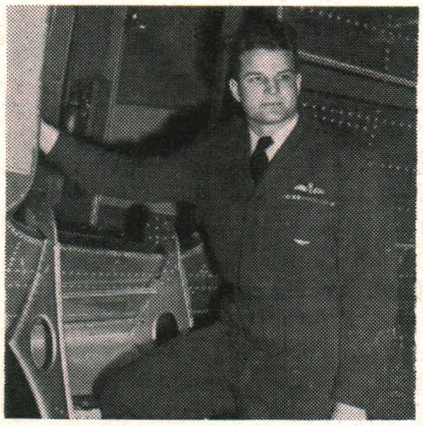
Uncle Zeke, the patriarch of a southern plantation, was inspecting an obstreperous young mule that was proving more troub'esome than useful. Turning to his grandchildren who had joined him to watch the fractious animal, he said:

"Chillun, dat jackass should be a warnin' to you 'gainst de habit ob kickin'."

"What yo' mean, grandpop?" said the oldest of the group.

"Why", said Uncle Zeke, "de better he does it, de more unpopular he gits to be."

GOLDEN MEMORIES



by "TONY" GOLAB

Yea Argos—Dirty Ottawa!

Michigan and Cornell were all ready for their Annual Football tussle. Neither would agree to play on the other's home ground, so that a neutral site was agreed upon, Cleveland.

On hearing this, Cornell's learned president roared defiantly, "I will not permit thirty men to travel 400 miles merely to agitate a bag of wind".

Football has come a long way since then, that was in 1873. The Canadian game has changed a great deal since I first started to agitate a bag of wind back in my home town, Windsor.

How well do I remember the sand-lot brawls that we had on Saturday mornings. They were really only excuses for gang fights. Where else but on a football field could you perform justifiable homicide. I don't remember ever having finished a full game, it generally ended up at mid-field with both sides slugging it out.

Yea Argos—Dirty Ottawa!

I suppose that I must consider that my basic or elementary training in football. It must have been good sound training because in later years I had to call upon a few tactics that were first presented to me on such a field. It must have been good training because many a Canadian football Great was produced on that same sand-lot, it was the breeding ground of some great football talent.

I remember well when a gangling kid amazed us with his long spirals. He was 10 then. The ball was too large for him to start passing as he did when he tossed dear old Argos to a few Dominion championships years later. Of course you recognize him, that was Joe Krol.

Other graduates of that playground form an astounding array of football stars. How well do you remember them? Remember when Mike Hedgewick's scintillating dashes featured the mighty Imperial and Tiger offensives in pre-war days? Remember when the Mustangs of Western won their first intercollegiate for many a year in 1939? The king-pins of that mighty team were Alf Hurley, their great quarterback, Jimmy Farmer who later starred for the Argos, and the former S-Ldr. Brian Casey, who later lost his life flying Liberators out of Gander.

Also in those days most of the great Imperial teams were manned by these sand-lot graduates, Bernie Moroz, now with the University of Texas, Nick Perdue now with Toronto Varsity, and of course Mike Hedgewick, and last but not least Bernard "Trip" Trepanier, the Mighty Atom of the



"I decided to run over them"

Golden Memories

Imps. He, at 167 pounds was the terror of the front wall.

Others were Al Lovelock, the current holder of the world's wrestling championship of Ottawa and vicinity, who played for Assumption College and later for Queens. Al Lenard the former passing flash ot Hamilton, who is currently tossing the pigskin for Queens. There are many others who made the grade here in Canada or at other American colleges, but are too numerous to mention.

After my basic training on that sand-lot, I decided to try my luck with the collegiate team. At my first attempt to attend the practice I was promptly escorted to the gate and informed that when my avoirdupois was over 100 pounds soaking wet I could report back. Me of all people who has trouble keeping down to a svelte 225. It's difficult to believe that I weighed a scant 90 pounds in my first year in high school and that I was all of 5' 1" at the time. The next year, now weighing 115 pounds I amazed everyone and most of all my last year's expeller by making the regular team as an outside wing. Do you know who was playing the other end? That ubiquitious character, Joe Krol.

We spent some very happy years of football at KCI. We succeeded in winning a few championships for the collegiate and then the rush started. Most of the non-athletic subsidizing colleges laid out the red carpets of free tuitions. Other "amateur" clubs throughout the country guaranteed us memberships to various social clubs such as the Bank of Nova Scotia, etc., just to display our football wares at their local bazaars.

I found myself drilling for oil in the City of Sarnia, the home of the famed Imperials. The first practice I had with the team I had the pleasure of tackling big Orm Beach. He weighed 240 and I by this time 167. That was the shortest practice that I've ever attended.

I remember on one occasion during a Tiger game Tommy Manorek, that Hamilton policeman, unfortunately tried to stop big Orm. When Manorek came to, his first words were, "Did you get the truck's number? Charge him with hit and run".

That was my first year in big time football. I learned more in that one year than any other since.

My first bit of much desired advice came from an official. I was muttering my objections through swollen lips, a busted nose, and a few loosened teeth. I advanced the suggestion that someone on the Tiger team wasn't playing the game according to Jeff Russell and was using a pair of solidly taped fists on my face much to my displeasure.

"Listen" he said, "I've been watching you all afternoon and I've seen nothing off colour except your eye". Just my luck, he'd been watching the wrong man all afternoon. That started a new era in my football playing tactics. From that time on, I decided it would be much easier on my torso to run over my would-be tacklers instead of around them.

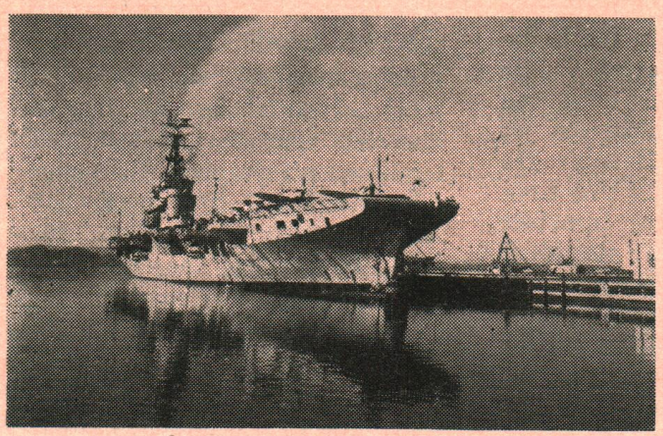
(Continued in Next Issue)



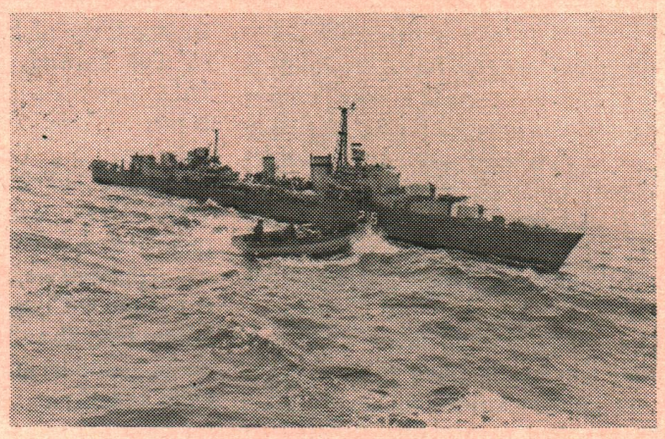
"Where else is homicide justifiable?"

LIFE IN THE NAVY

by JOHNNY WALLACE
(414 Sqdn)



"The Maggie Left Halifax Nov. 14th"



"Like a Cork in the Swirl"

Rockcliffe Airmen Cruise Tropics

One day last November H.M.C.S. "Haida" a few days out from Halifax signalled the Canadian Aircraft Carrier "Magnificent" that the American airmen which the destroyer had rescued from the cold Atlantic were in need of doctor's care. At that moment the fury of the waves was smashing and breaking over the deck of the destroyer. Despite such conditions a Naval Doctor made the hazardous trip from the "Maggie" to the "Haida" in a whale boat. Hundreds aboard the two vessels watched anxiously as the tiny craft bobbed around in the swirl like a cork and amongst the hundreds who watched were two airmen from Station Rockcliffe. LAC Johnny Wallace and LAC Lyn Dawson.

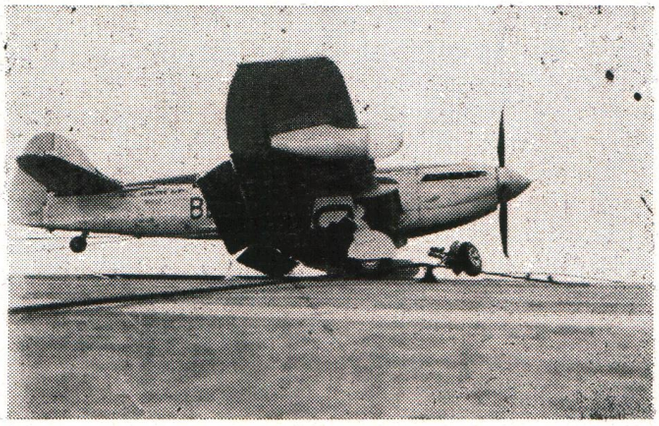
. They had been chosen with 12 others from the RCAF to make this cruise on the Navy's only flat top. Both of them saw the Navy, watched how they worked and played, what the food and billets were like and in general how the matelots' life compares with that of the average airman. They found that the Navy was good—very good in fact, but they came back convinced that the RCAF is second to none as far as the services are concerned.

This trip was one that you or I would have to pay many shekels to make; but to those 14 Air Force laddies it was presented giving them at the same time a first class opportunity of learning a thing or two about what flying at sea is all about. They saw a runway that kept heaving up and down from end to end The planes and their pilots had to manoeuvre into position and bring themselves in onto the Flat Top that was seldom still. The boys were witnesses to more than one crash but to the Navy that was all in a day's work. The cruise after leaving Halifax Harbour

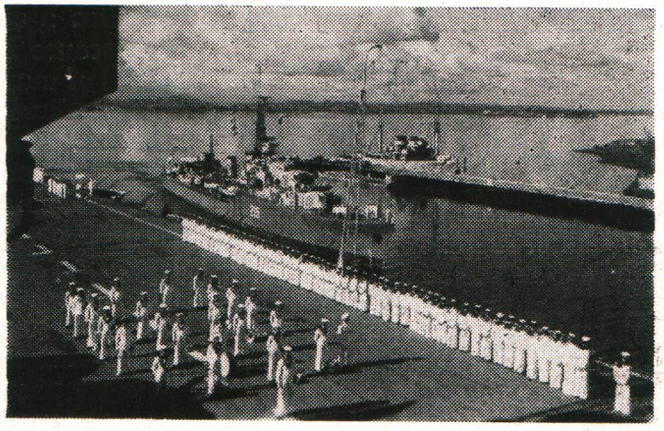


"Johnny Wallace (front row extreme right) and Air Force Companions"

Life In The Navy



"There Was More Than One Crash"



"A Salute—Then Northward Ho"

on November 14th, swept south to the Tropics with Charleston South Carolina scheduled as their first port of call. This was changed by the lost B-29 which sent them speeding to the rescue and sent them with the survivors on the Haida to Hamilton, Bermuda. By this time the "penguins" as the RCAF lads were called were getting used to such things and terms as "grogs", "micks" "The Heads"—"Shore Leave" and had got in some time sun tanning and shark fishing. Next came Cuba where they met up with tropical conditions and entertainment ashore. They noticed how liquor could be purchased and consumed freely, cheaply, anywhere and at any time. Twenty ozs. of rum sold for 50c. The people seemed divided into the very rich and the very poor. There seemed to be no in-between. In Puerto Rico a few days later the same conditions were encountered with this strange tropical Latin population. Food was cheap and highly spiced to keep it from quick spoilage. Spanish was the tongue though English was common and in every port of call the "Canada" badge on their shoulder was the object of much friendly curiosity. Then the bow pointed north and it was "Homeward Bound" as they pulled into Halifax returning from the torrid tropics they saw the ground covered with a strange white substance. It was snow! Somehow it looked good after the strange hot December they had just experienced and after a month in the Navy which they enjoyed, they thought that Rockcliffe was a pretty good place.

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The doctor had for a patient a stubborn, self-opiniated man who disregarded most of his advice and diet rules. After the third visit, with no improvement in the man's condition, the doctor blew up. "I have done all that I could for you, but you refuse to follow my directions," he said. "I suggest that in the future you consult Dr. X down the street."

"Why, that man is a veterinary!" the stubborn one exclaimed.

"I am well aware of the fact," the doctor replied, "Good-day sir!"

FUNNY FINDINGS

MEMO to WORKS & BRICKS FROM ONE OF LOCAL OC's

MEMORANDUM

16 Jan., 50.

Painting—

1. So many contractors are calling to measure this building for a new coat of paint that we are thinking of posting a notice regarding visiting hours. If it could be made worthwhile we might even serve coffee and sandwiches.

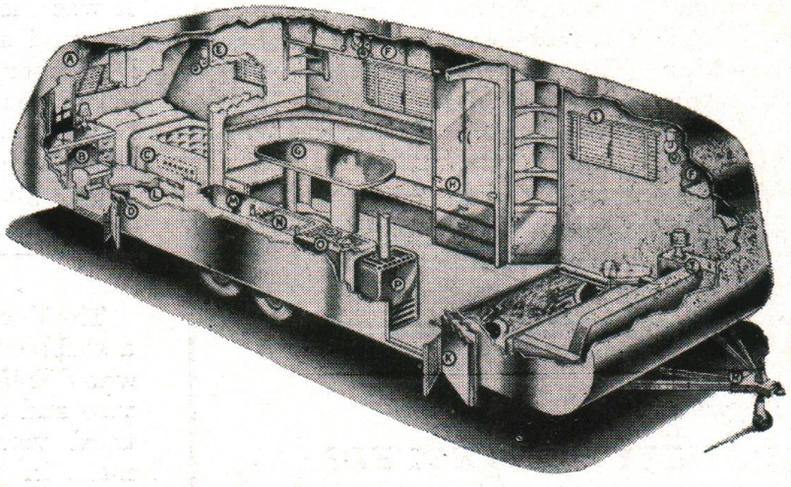
2. Each potential contractor has at least two assistants. One usually holds the tpe while the other stretches it out. Sometimes we are honoured with three. In this case the third has a black book in which he marks things down. Sometimes the book is green and very badly worn. I take it that this indicates a successful contractor because his book seems to be full of marks peculiar to the concrete business.

3. The steady influx of such visitors of course relieves some of the monotony. It is a bit of a nuisance when they want lights on in a darkroom in order to read the tape. When the tape turns out to be the bosses suuspender, which was inadvertently used in the dark, the process is somewhat delayed.

4. All this leads me to ask if there is any chance of having the contract delayed until the height of our busy season next summer? It would, for instance, be foolish to start on the film processing room at the present time when they are idle. The paint would achieve the most beneficial results by being splashed about while film was going through. The map people like to have mysterious spots all over the prints. In fact they call us up to tell us about it at times. Anything you can do therefore to ensure that the painters arrive here at a time when we are most musy and confusion will be appreciated.



Banquets — could use more more cold turkey and less baloney.



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SPORTPOURRI



by
DICK WILSON

Under the capable management of F/L Orval Brown and Coach Tom Deacon, the Station Hockey Team has all but completed its activities at this writing. Playing a series of exhibition games in lieu of entering league competition, the team has played a total of eighteen games combined of six wins, ten losses and two ties. Although sporting a below par average on the ice, the team rose to great heights in promoting public relations.

To the knowledge of the writer, no other team or organization has brought more credit to Station Rockcliffe since the end of the war than has this year's hockey team From the Northern points of Kapuskasing and Kirkland Lake to Clinton and Lake Placid, below the border, the team has impressed fans and officials alike with its style of play and conduct off the ice. Apart from all this, hometowners in many cases were treated to exciting hockey and were often glad to be able to relax at the end of the game.

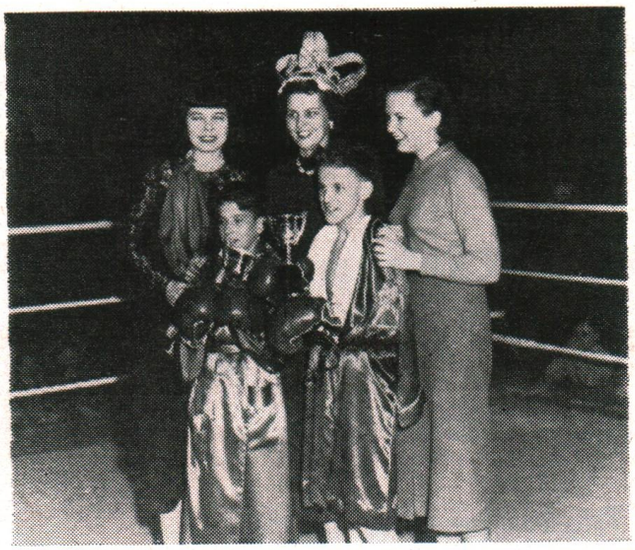
Looking at the player's scoring record, we find Lou Bergeron on top of the list with a total of twelve goals and thirteen assists for twenty-five points. Close behind is George Wilson, a player who by his stickhandling and dipseydoodle style earned plaudits from the fans on many occasions. Wilson scored twelve goals and earned ten assists for twenty-two points.

Diminutive "Tweet" Leblanc, holds 3rd place with eight goals and nine assists for seventeen points. Maurice Cloutier with six, seven and thirteen is in fourth place with Andy Gilpin, the team's star defenceman, next in line with five goals, six assists and eleven points. Completing the list are the following: Al Metson—9 points, Ron. Babineau—9, Irving Taylor—7, Fred Hector—6, Jack Seymour—5, Tom Deacon—5, Gordie Crowder—4 and Kenny Brown—1.

Following are the various teams which Rockcliffe played through the season: Station Centralia, AFHQ, Lake Placid, Carleton Place, Smith's Falls Army, Kapuskasing, Cobalt, Kirkland Lake, Rouyn, Clinton, N.Y., and Alexandria.

It is agreed by all that the Armed Services Boxing Show which took place in the Drill Hall on February 28th was a huge success. In the words of S/L Harry Cobb, one of the judges, "It was the best show I've seen in a good many years".

Fifteen bouts however proved to be a little more than the fans could take comfortably but on the whole, the matches left little to be desired. The semi-final and main bouts didn't provide the action of some of the others but this can be explained in the fact that a fighter who has trained for a five-round bout doesn't get warmed up till





(Left) Civil Service Beauty Queen, Theresa Nugent and Princesses, Margaret Skuce and Janice Watters smile prettily at the presentation of trophies to Jimmy Paquette (left) and Gale Kerwin. The two young fighters were presented with the trophies following their exbition bout at the Armed Services Boxing Show. (Right) Sgt. Jack Varaleau receives Ottawa's Civic Crest from Mayor Bourque as G/C Doyle looks on.

Sportpourri

about the third round. Due to the time element, these two bouts were cut from five to three rounds which didn't particularly please the fighters concerned and didn't help them any either.

F/L Ted Sammon deserves a great deal of credit for his part in promoting the match. Referees Leo Fisher and Tommy Sullivan added class to the officiating while Joey Sandulo and Geo. McCormack both did a good job. The announcing was well handled by S/L Joe MacKinnon.

Adding a bit of colourful glamour to the proceedings, Civil Service Beauty Queen Theresa Nugent and her two "Princesses" Margaret Skuce and Janice Watters officiated at the presentation of trophies to two of the younger battlers. Their presence was clearly appreciated if one is to judge by the whistles that were heard when these fair damsels made their appearance. The Central Band provided pleasing interludes of popular music that was well received on all sides.

A list of credits to those who made the show the success it was would reach from here to your shoe tops but space does not permit. In general, those personnel that worked on the ring, set up the chairs, acted as officials and so on into the night, can feel proud of a job well done.

* * *

The first Annual Swimming Meet of squadrons and units of Station Rockcliffe was held at Champagne Bath on January 28th. The team from 412 Sqdn took top honors with a total of thirteen points while No. 1 Photo Est. placed second with six points.

Individual honors went to AC1 Doug. Williams of 412 Sqdn. who took first place in the Free Style and Breast Stroke events and second in the Back Stroke. Williams was also a member of the Medley Relay Team which took that event.

The Diving Competition was a close affair between LAC. Alfie Marks of 413 and F/L T. J. Evans of 408. At the conclusion of the five dives, two compulsory and three optional, Marks and Evans were tied for first place. To break the tie, these two contestants had to complete two more dives before Marks was declared the winner by one point.

F/L Evans is a former member of Canada's Olympic Wrestling team and former Canadian Champion in his class. Prior to his posting to Rockcliffe, he was Officer i/c of the Sports Coach Course at Trenton.

F/S Geo. Lipkin reports that a total of one hundred and twenty-five non-swimming personnel of Rockcliffe are attending weekly instruction classes. Early in April these swimmers will be tested by Red Cross officials. Early in March, eight men from the station completed a special instructor's course given by the Red Cross and are now fully qualified. Instructors for this course were Red Cross representatives Frank McGee and Don Purdy.

Following the success of the Swim Meet, a Station Swim



AC1 Doug. Williams receives the Annual Swimming Trophy, on behalf of 412's Swim team which took first place at the January meet. W/C Harold Pearce, Referee of the meet, makes the presentation while F/O Simmons left and Lac. Fox look on. Williams also won the high aggregate award.



DINGHY DRILL

A group of detachment personnel is shown busily engaged in helping "crewmates" into a Dinghy. This is only one phase of the Dinghy Drill Course in which the "crews" gain practical experience in "ditching" and self-preservation.

Sportpourri



After a wait of several months, Lac. George Wilson receives his trophy, for the best batting average (.486) during last Softball season, from S/L J. G. Begg, Chairman of the Station Sports Committee. Trophies were also presented to AC1 K. R. Coverdale for the most home runs (6), Sgt. Dave Gilmour — best strike-out average (2.5) and Lac. Kane — best pitching record (7.1).

Team has been formed. This team will compete with other R.C.A.F. teams as well as enter civilian meets in the Ottawa area.

* * *

Following a long trip home by air from "down under" Sgt. Jack Varaleau, Canada's B.E.G. Champion Light-heavy Weightlifter, was tendered a reception by Station Rockcliffe shortly after his arrival here on March 8th.

Completely overwhelmed by the presence of high-ranking R.C.A.F. officers and Civic officials, who turned out to pay him honor, he was nonetheless disappointed at the conspicuous absence of his weightlifting friends from Rockcliffe.

Greeting him as he stepped down from the North Star were AVM J. L. Plant, acting Chief of Air Staff; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Varaleau; G/C M. G. Doyle and many others.

At the reception, which was held at the Drill Hall, Mayor E. A. Bourque of Ottawa presented him with a Civic Crest. On his own behalf, Mayor Bourque presented Jack with a cigarette lighter bearing the Ottawa Crest. In view of the big fuss made over Barbara Ann Scott upon her victory at the Olympics, the dinners in her honor, the famous convertible and all the publicity attached to it, it seems that the City of Ottawa could have done better by this champion.

It came as a distinct anti-limax to the writer when the Crest was presented by Mayor Bourque and further, two of the Aldermen displayed complete ignorance of the background of the occasion by heartily congratulating him on "his success in Europe".

In congratulating Sgt. Varaleau, G/C Doyle stated, "by his achievements, Sgt. Varaleau has brought fame and honour to the R.C.A.F. and Rockcliffe."

Enthusiastic in his praise of New Zealand, Sgt. Varaleau said, "The people of New Zealand treated us wonderfully, in fact, they almost "killed" us with kindness. We had to wear plain clothes if we wanted to have a few moments to ourselves."

With his successful defence of the B.E.G. title, Jack feels that he has gone as far as he can go and plans to retire although he still intends to keep his hand in.

Among others who were on hand to welcome and congratulate him were Controllers McCann, Pickering, Tardif and Aldermen Roger and Newman. Others in the reception party were Air Commodore D. E.



ROCKCLIFFE HOCKEY CLUB

Front Row: "Tweet" Leblanc, Gordon Crowder, Len Wellstead, Harry Bennett, Johnny Brouillard, George Snider, Wyatt Reid,
Back Row: Gordon Rombough (Ass't. Bus. Mgr.), Bart Bartlett (Trainer), Ron Babineau, Fred Hector, Maurice Cloutier, Al. Metson, George Wilson, George Theriault (Bus. Mgr.), Orville Brown (Pres.), Tom Deacon (Coach).
Inserts: Lou Bergeron, Andy Gilpin, Bob Hamlin, Missing: Oscar Sheuneman (Sec'y), Dick Wilson (Pub. Dir.).

Sportpourri

Mackell, G/C R. F. Gibb, Ernie Lee, physical director of the Y.M.C.A., Emile Savard, coach of the Hull Weightlifting Club and Yvon Charron, president and instructor of the club.

* * *

Sporting brand new uniforms the Station Volleyball team vaulted into first place in Section 2 of the Ottawa and District Volleyball Association on March 7th. After trailing the pack in Section 1 of the league during the first half of the schedule, the Station team met with a great deal of success in its new surroundings.

The League is made up of three sections. At the end of the first half of the schedule, a winner is declared in each section and those teams that feel they are not in the same class as their opposition have the opportunity to move to a different section for the second half. Such was the case when the Station Team dropped from Section 1 to Section 2 for the balance of the season.

With the declaration of three winners for the second half of the schedule, the six winners will play off in the Drill Hall to decide the City Champion in a Round Robin Tournament.

In the standing Vehicle Proving Grounds trail Rockcliffe by one point, with 17 while Army No. 2 holds third place with 11 points. Carleton College follows with 8, then R.C.M.P. with 5 and Hull Reg't. trails in last place with 4 points.

The Station League seems to be a toss up between three teams who have been leading the way all season. At this writing, 413 Sqdn., last year's champions, are on top with 17 points with ATC close behind with 16. Headquarters is third with 15 points. No. 1 Photo has eleven points in fourth place while rounding out the standing are 414 Sqdn. with 8 and 408 with 2.

E. & P. Est. was forced to drop out of the league due to lack of players which meant a revision of the schedule. With the loss of 412 Sqdn. for similar reasons, an emergency meeting of the league was held on March 10th to decide future plans for the league. It was decided to cancel the remainder of the schedule and hold a Round Robin Tournament on March 21st. to decide the Station Champion.

Player's Please always



THEY'RE Double-Fresh!

REMEMBER — PLAYER'S "MILD" WITH "WETPROOF" PAPER DO NOT STICK TO YOUR LIPS

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS



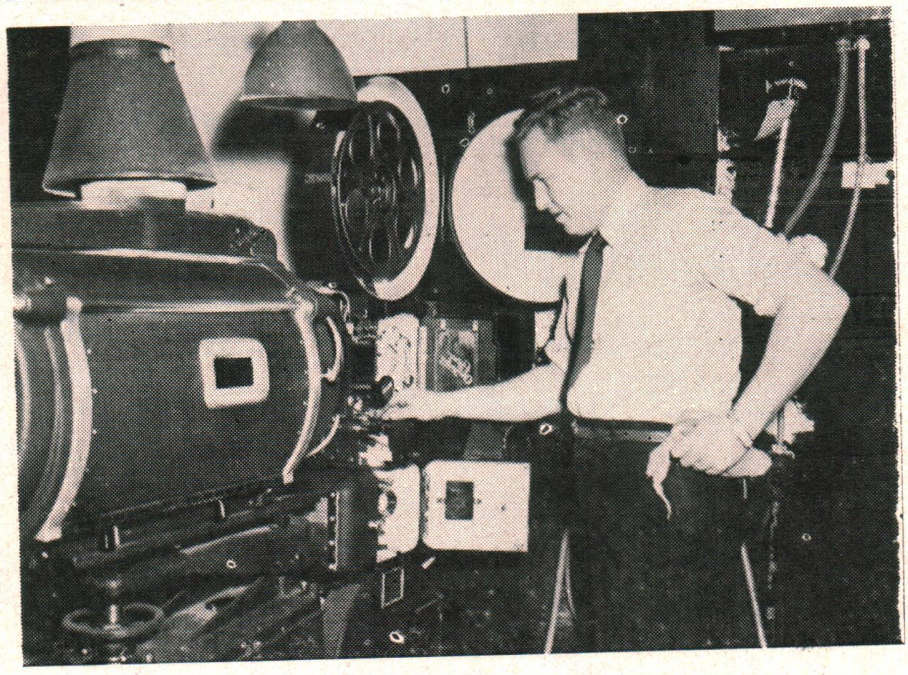
"The Old Look—Is Now New"

Soft Seats And Sloping Floor

From a general assembly hall to its present status of a permanent movie house is the story of the Station Theatre. It was built in conjunction with the present No. 1 Photo Establishment in 1935-36 as an "unemployed Relief" project. Between the years 1936 and 1939 it was the largest hall on the station and consequently was utilized for New Year's parties, station dances, badminton, pay parades and large gatherings as well as a theatre.

The general expansion of all existing stations at the outset of World War II changed much of its functions and the theatre became the scene of Canadian Legion stage shows and the ever-lovin' movies. Pay parades in the theatre ceased to exist only in recent years.

Early equipment consisted of two 35 mm. simplex projectors but wartime restrictions necessitated the addition of two Bell and Howell theatre projectors to take the only available 16 mm. films. However, following the cessation of hostilities 35 mm. films appeared on the market again and the smaller films were dispensed with. Eighteen months ago the Theatre Committee (S/L Spear, Cpl Chalk and Projectionist Cpl. Falle) began planning ways to



Cpl. Frank Falle *"The Man Behind the Picture"*

Domestic Affairs

improve operating facilities and audience comfort. First on the list of changes was to abolish the two relic projectors. These machines were the sum total of a combination of three broken-down ones and some of the parts were twenty-five years old. As a result, projection wasn't up to par and caused many a headache to the Projectionist and discomfort to his audience.

An outlay of some $6,000 was required to purchase two new Super-Simple projectors — the type used in 75% of Canadian theatres. These were installed, complete with sound equipment in the fall of 1948. For greater audience comfort, 350 new seats were purchased in Jan. of this year at a cost of $2,000. The sloping of the floor was another improvement over the old arrangement and it is expected that the seating capacity will be increased to 400 at a later date. Finally, plans are in the offing to install a new Walker perforated screen to replace the present one which has seen better days. This will improve the screen image and alleviate eye strain.

With all these changes, the Station Theatre is on a par with many of the downtown theatres and it is the fondest hope of the committee that larger crowds will mean running each show for two days. Should this happen, better pictures will result and the cost will no longer be prohibitive. The committee is open to suggestions at all times for it is by constructive criticism that they can plan further improvements. After all, IT IS YOUR THEATRE.

BABIES . . . BABIES . . .

The Chief Administrative Officer recently picked a letter out of his "in" basket, perused it then with a wry smile passed it over to his effervescing assistant F/O George McCormack. It was from some of the Station mothers who wondered about the feasibility of a Baby Clinic. Ex-construction man McCormack whose last 'Joe' job on the Station had been to supervise some of the construction of the Bar in the Officer's Mess, turned to his new task with his usual verve and in short order there as a considerable amount of chatter between a Mrs. McConnel VON and himself over the telephone. Interested by what he had to say Mrs. O'Connel came out and looked the situation over herself. Then things began to happen. The news got around, and very soon Mr. McCormack looked like a politician on election day. He was knee-deep in babies. The purpose of the new clinic which holds forth every second Monday afternoon in the drill hall is to keep a preventive eye on latent diseases with the kiddies, and under the guiding eye of Erin's Brian O'Brien, one (sometimes two) VON disperses information to the good ladies which is of invaluable service both in the knowledge they garner and in the convenience it affords. This in no way affects any visit which they make to their own family doctor. In fact it aids them in knowing when they should go. Talks are given and literature is handed out free from the Department of National Health and Welfare in both French and English.

Questioned as to how things were going, builder McCormack remarked that more volunteers were necessary to help Mrs. Warren Middleton and Mrs. Wm. Reeves. He pointed out that it was not necessary to be a nurse. Something over one hundred kiddies are now documented, and the general reaction is very favourable amongst all the mothers. Most of the children are under six years of age that attend. In concluding he stated that it is hoped that information classes will soon be started in pre-natal care.



Baby Clinic in Drill Hall
"The Community Was Vigorous"

MEDICINE

Physiotherapy or . . .

Tall, dark with an attractively natural personality, hailing from Port Colborne and trained at the University of Toronto, Dorothy Ethel Finch is now in charge of the department of physiotherapy at Rockcliffe's Tri-service hospital.

This is her second tour of the Ottawa area, having worked here in 1946 at the Rideau Health and Occupation centre with DVA prior to moving out for a two year sojourn at Deer Lodge Winnipeg, from which point she joined the Royal Canadian Air Force. When one sees the activity that goes on in this Physio-Room one wonders how they got along so long without it before now. The chief answer is that most patients were shipped off to where Physiotherapy was available. But now with our own department on the station, one more phase is added to the already full life of the hospital.

Miss Finch is 'down to earth' on her approach. She has every ailment to treat from broken backs convalescing, to finger ailments with the "in betweens" including discs, arms, shoulders, cartileges. These ailments are no respecters of rank for her clientele has run the gamut from AC2 "standard" to the rank of Air Commodore. Starting out with four patients she has run as high as thirty-five which with the space available is a bit on the "too much" side for one person to handle. She gets them all in somehow. Questioned about her equipment she said that everything she had was of the best, her Lamps, Shortwave machine for deep heat, infra-red for surface, as also her whirlpool bath that has an inlet and outlet through which the hot water flows constantly while the patient is immersed. Then there is the queer "Wax Bath" into which limbs are thrust. It seems that a human can stand wax hotter than he can stand water and in some cases the more heat the better the treatment. Miss Finch feels that her department stays pretty close to "aiding Nature do the healing". Her chief weapon without a doubt is exercise . . . and what is more natural? . . . and her second weapon is the warmth of lamps, and baths that soothe and help healing.

Although she receives patients from all wards she feels that probably the nature of her work leans towards surgical cases. All in all, her's is quite a study which takes three years at university, during which time she picks up knowledge of nursing in general by visiting the various hospitals. But her specialty is Physiotherapy and to the many who have tired bones and rasped nerves she is although seemingly a tyrant . . . nevertheless a worker of mercy.



Dorothy Finch
One Wonders How We Got Along



"That Room—The Heat's On"

Medicine

Belsen Revived?

With the closing of Belsen and the hanging of Josef Kramer and his female cohort Irma Gries, the Allies wiped out a place of torture and liquidated forever two of its most infamous characters. To a free world "man's inhumanity to man" was stopped and humans being tortured by humans became a thing of the past. Where before suffering had reigned, now all was peace. Where before the night had been pierced with screams of agony now all was quiet, where before men wondered if the dark ages were about to return—now a confidence spread, springing up in the hearts of men as hope eternal that the way of progress was surely forward and upward rather than the unbelievably barbaric slump of the Nazi murder camps. Thus did the final chapter of World War II end, and with its passing, men tried to forget. But fate has decreed otherwise. From time eternal there has lurked in the hearts of men a love of persecution. It has been stamped out, and forbidden, but always it finds new homes and new disciples seeping through the veneer of civilization in new forms. Too often it is only recognized when it is too late. More often than not it cloaks itself in the familiar garb of 'in the interest of general welfare' . . . or again 'for the common good'.

Of late, even the most sincere can no longer ignore the ominous groans the bone crunches and tearing of flesh and muscles that despite all precautions can be heard emanating from 'that room' in the Station Hospital. Nurses and attendants keep tight-lipped silence and go pale and seek to change the subject if anyone makes so bold—or so imprudent as to talk of it. "Pop" Richer, generally so meticulous with his floor polishing will give no explanation as to why he hurries past the hall way leading to the kitchen past 'that room'. If cornered he lights up a White Owl and takes evasive action behind a smoke screen. Always known as a champion of the rights of the "Little Man" Shep Sheppard red - topped assistant 'Angel of Mercy' goes about bearing in his heart the smouldering embers of repressed democracy. Named as the king-pin and the new man of mystery in the 'that room mystery' is fiery eyed Dublin-born, British trained Daniel Curran and the underground of the forces for freedom have linked Dorothy Ethel Finch—Toronto trained tall brunette hailing from Port Colborne, as his Chief Assistant and actual perpetrator of many of the preliminary tortures. To the outside world fretting over the Marshall Plan and Long Service Commissions — the situation goes unnoticed and is referred to as Physiotherapy. But anyone with normal eyesight need only station themselves near the MIR and watch the faces as they reappear from their interview with the doctor. At present most are spared, but amongst the happy smiles it is becoming more prevalent to spot the wan, distraught look and the panicky eyes of the one to whom it has been 'suggested' that he report to 'that room'.—It is heart rending to see these same people pleading with the Personnel authorities to post them anywhere—Fro-

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bisher, Chimo, Sawmill — anywhere at all. But as in the past, when such situations arise a conspiracy of silence spreads to all other departments. Everyone denies knowledge of 'that room' and again can be heard the mocking echo of the question that echoes down through the halls of time "Am I my Brother's keeper?" Thus does the 'patient' find all doors closed to him . . all but one. Finally as others before him, heavy at heart he turns and walks the last mile. He is expected. The door opens and the quiet smile greets him. He enters and the door closes behind him. The breathless still that has prevailed througout the long corridors is stirred by the appearance of the various personnel who resume their duties fastidiously. Other than that, nothing out of the ordinary happens. Pop Richer breaks cloud and starts in polishing again—attendants move about but to the lightning eye of "Shep" the arrival of another truckload of plaster at the back door does not go unnoticed. It is jotted down in his memory and that night in some catacomb of liberty it is entered as "Item X" in the great tome that one day shall add another volume to the long tale when once again the hour of the Forces of Freedom strikes.

HOWLERS

"A lady-in-waiting is the nine of bachelor".

"Ultimate is a screen star's latest husband".

"Matriculation means murdering your mother".

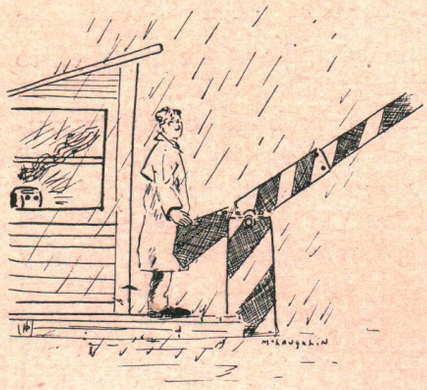
"Chink is an expression signifying Chinese money".

"Nota Bene means without any money".

"An oboe is an American tramp who plays in a B.B.C. Dance Band".

At The Main Gate

By DAVIES



Those of you, who never get the opportunity to do a "TOUR OF DUTY" on the main Barrier, may be interested to hear of some of the thoughts that pass thru one's mind while fulfilling this detail.

The paramount thought, is that of personal comfort. This can be greatly improved by the supplying of warm air in the winter and cool air in the summer. An air conditioning unit could be supplied at a modest cost. Also, some sort of an affair could be rigged up to dispense with Rockcliffe's abounding samples of rain, snow, sleet, hail, frost and fog. Most of these are whipped into your face by none too gentle breezes howling down from the Gatineau Hills. (I do have in mind, a project that would combat this weather problem . . . but it is a bit "Rube Goldbergish" and I doubt if Workshops or even a Civilian outfit could follow my plans, for the type of shelter I deem to be the ultimate in adequate protect on for our weather beaten airmen).

A permanent point of consternation at the Barrier, is how to quickly spot an officer's car approaching. I strongly advocate that all officers "stickers" be impregnated with a spot or two of Uranium. Then at each approach . . . at a distance of about 100 yards, I would erect a concealed "Geiger" counter. Said counter being wired to a signal box in the Barrier Sentry Box. As an officer drives by one of my "Geigers", the uranium (secreted in the officers "sticker") sets the affair going . . . it in turn sends an impulse to the electronic box in the sentry box, which in turn sets off a "Klaxon" . . . a record starts playing "Captains of the Clouds" . . . so being alerted. you rush out and "salute". The "Geiger" will also sound the alarm when any foreign agents try to enter the station . . . with Atom Bombs.

Saluting takes up 99 percent. of your time at the Barrier. And does it ever lower your morale at ten below . . . when a salute is not returned. For officers who do not acknowledge a salute, I have dreamed up the following treatment.

A little machine (self aiming) shoots a small rocket at the officer's right arm. The rocket is tipped with a hypodermic needle, the needle is filled with a secret type of Bacteria I have evolved after years of experiments. These Bacteria live for 3 hours and at five minute intervals they attack the arm muscles. These attacks are so co-ordinated as to pull the muscles into position to form a perfect salute.

This would be a bit of a "bind" for officers going up the hill and proceeding down the Montreal road. But when they get home, think of the help they will be around the house. The arm action (while standing side ways) could be used for washing walls . . . it is perfect for shaking cocktails . . . altho' slightly jolting, it will be a change for the baby to be rocked in this manner. With a little

At The Main Gate

By DAVIES

imagination you will see that there are many uses for the arm, while the officer is going thru his punishment.

The most ghastly results of this punishment, would be inflicted upon office personnell. Suppose an officer forgets to return the salute at 0830 hours . . . from then until 1130 hours he is going to salute at 5 minute intervals. His subordinates will be going out of their minds trying to "return the compliment".

The "slack" moments at the Barrier could also be eased. This could be done with the help of a Television set . . . Telephone . . . Coffee Urn . . . and mostly by the aid of a small boy, to run out and lift the Barrier for the Eastview buses.

All in all . . . a week at the Barrier, is a change from the daily routine. It gives a good picture of the great amount of vehicles, that daily come and go thru the station on numerous types of business.

Please do not think that everyone of these columns will be filled with material from my own night-marish mind. We want stories from "YOU" and especially from "YOU". Needless to say, all incidents must be authentic. You can get in touch with me at local 265. Ask for DAVIES.

To the personnel at Baker Lake, 50 below zero on Jan. 12 was just another of those cold days. But to the crew of 413's "Dakota" on the "Sked" run, the frigid atmosphere was to bring on a "Routine" incident that they will recall for some time.

As there was a considerable amount of loading and unloading to do . . . the port engine was cut off, to ease the blasts of searing cold air. The engine was thus off for about half an hour. On attempting to start the engine normally, the sluggishness within put too great a strain on the starter and the starter burned out. This in turn "seized" the hand crank. Crewmen Cpl. Potekal and Cpl. Brain, now had the job of trying to get the engine going, by "Swinging" it. This at the temperature of 50 below zero.

With a rope attached to him —handled by Brain, to pull him clear on each swing—Potekal proceeded to swing the prop by hand. Finally, after a half hour of this exhausting work, the engine started and the "Sked" went on to Churchill.

Continued Page 36, Col. 2

'Say It With Flowers"

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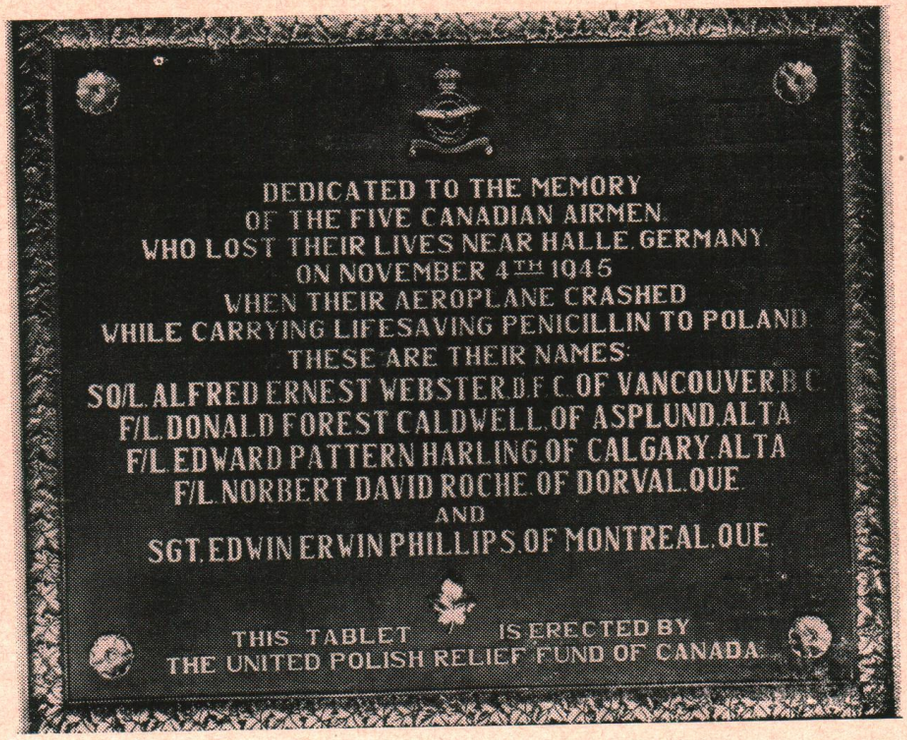
RELIGION

FILE 41 - 1

Few people entering the Station Chapel know that the bronze memorial tablet on the wall commemorating the death of five gallant Canadians who were ferrying penicillin to Poland, has its counterpart on the wall of a Military Hospital in the centre of City of Warsaw These men were killed when their plane crashed in late 1945. The Warsaw Tablet (identical to the local one) was erected in their honour in 1946 and finally the Station Tablet was erected in 1947 (May). It was a solemn if brief affair. The Minister of National Defence represented Canada and although the tablet itself was erected by the "United Polish Relief Fund of Canada", Poland was officially present in the person of her Ambassador to Canada. The actual installation of the Tablet and lighting was supervised by Major Dave Price, and at the ceremony which was broadcast by the CBC, No. 9 Transport Group was represented by the then AOC Air Commodore Larry Wray. He was accompanied by Group Captain Gibb who was Station Commander at Rockcliffe.

A brief simply written letter describes the Warsaw ceremony. It is on file at ATC (41-1) dated December 18th, 1946, it relates that in the absence of any Canadian Diplomatic Body the Tablet in Warsaw was received by the British Ambassador. The Deputy Governor of Warsaw was present and delivered a shore speech. There was also a sermon by a Polish Chaplain of the Polish Army. Placing of wreaths completed the affair.

At the Rockcliffe ceremony, the wives and parents of the dead men were in attendance.



"In The Station Chapel a Lasting Reminder"

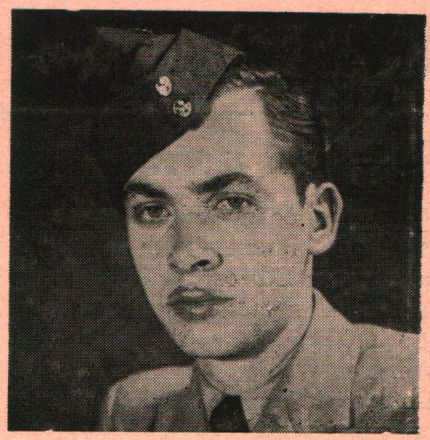
The most impressive of the speeches was that of the Polish Ambassador. He was a short quiet man, rather like Mayor Bourque of Ottawa in build and stance. He spoke with feeling that seemed sincere. It was possible momentarily to forget that he represented a Communist Government. Above all he referred to the bond of friendship between the "peoples of our two countries". But even as early as 1947, people were beginning to realize that the Polish Government did not represent too well the Polish people. Nevertheless the people of Canada, and the people of Poland live on, each loving liberty. We are fortunate enough to live in a country where that liberty exists but in Poland the word is no longer known. Russia dominates its government to the point of even putting a Russian Marshal in as the Polish Minister of National Defence. But as in the past, perhaps the Polish Nation will defy all attempts to be assimilated and wiped out ethnically. The Russian attempt is more subtle this time than in the past, but the answer lies in the future. In the meanwhile the bronze plate remains a lasting reminder of an act of supreme bravery and kindness from Canada to the real Poland . . . the people of Poland.

* * *

Principal Chaplains Promoted

The Rocket send its congratulations to the two newly appointed Grup Captains at RCAF Headquarters. The Principal Chaplain (RC) Group Captain L. A. Costello, and the Principal Chaplain (P) Group Captain Robert Frayne wer so named last month.

BOOK REVIEWS



By VERNON BELL

"The Freeholder".

The first fifty pages of this book describe the hero's ife as a waif in a Children's Home, then of a teen-aged boy making his own way in the world as an apprentice to a retired sailor in the rope-making business. This man Samuel Tompkins, whose rope-making business was in Yarmouth, England was a rough and ready character extremely cruel.

Our hero, Horatio Tench has grown into a tall broad-shouldered, red-headed youth, whose character is too big to be held slave to the demands of his tormentor. He sets sail from England on his one and only sea-voyage and here the scene of the story changes to Charleston, America.

As an overseer on a cotton plantation "Boss Tench" proves his true worth gaining his independence after five years servitude to General Jackson, owner of the estate at Fair Haven. He then begins to realize his ever constant ambition to own his own home and raise a family. With the help of Ada Mitchell he does just that, and the trials they endure constitute an exciting and well-told tale. This book is a must on your literary itinerary of fashion.

Brief Gaudy Hour.

This is a story of Anne Boleyn the colourful wife of Henry the Eighth surrounded by the pomp and ceremony of court life. During her brief lifetime with Henry she visited the French Court where she set new fashions. Her happiness was all too brief as she fell in love with a Northumberland Knight who was immediately banished. Anne was very bewitching and many men were in love with her, but alas she was chosen by Henry the Eighth and as he grew tired of her she joined the ranks of his other wifes to be. She was beheaded at his command and many of her friends died with her.

This is a romantic and colourful story of Anne and her brief life hours.

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Hobbies

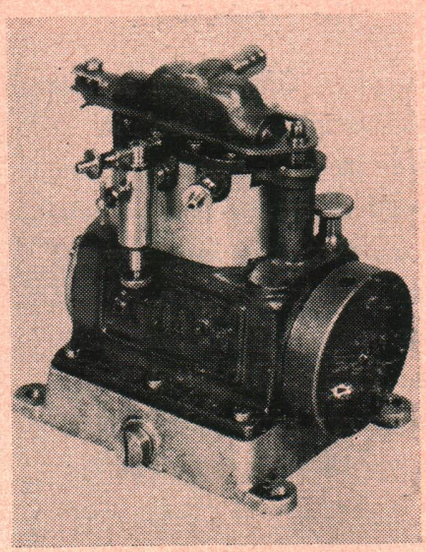
by HAROLD PEARCE

Idleness vs. Morale

Having once criticized some of the matter contained in the Rocket your Editor invited me, or should I say challenged me, to do better. I take up my pen therefore with some serious doubts as to the ultimate outcome; for who can challenge with impunity, the wisdom of the Editorial chair?

I have chosen as my "Essay" a subject which receives some attention at Rockcliffe. It does not however play the part in the life of the average officer or airman which it might. I refer to the pursuit of a hobby as a means of mental relaxation in spare moments and a stimulation for the tasks of the following day. At the risk of transgressing into the preserves of our worthy Senior Medical Officer — yes even into the bounds usually administered by the Padre — may I postulate that the man who has a hobby is better fitted, both mentally and physically, to face his daily duties than is he who has little interest in other things and who on an encampment is hard pressed to fill in his evenings with profit.

To amplify my contention I would like to refer to experiences during a recent two year tour of duty in Britain. I say, without fear of contradiction, that one of the reasons so many people are able to withstand the continued austerity—yes hardship—that is their lot is due to the overwhelming national interest in hobbies. I found this knowledge of inestimable value to me in my effort to obtain information for the RCAF. It is not difficult to find out if a man has a hobby — if he has and you take the trouble to read up on it you have a friend for life and your task of exchanging official information with him is put on a basis of friendship and trust.



Engine Miniature 1/3 *H.P.*
Constructed by H. Pearce

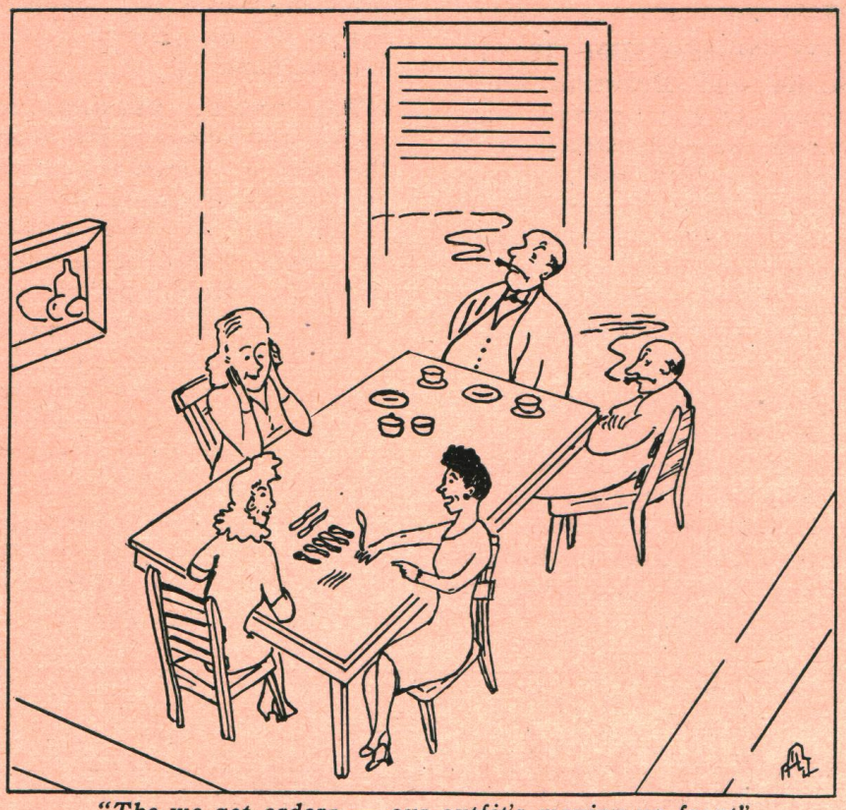


"A Brown Thrush" *Photo by ACI. Mulcahy*

Let me quote from experiences. To the average person on Rockcliffe "bird watching" might be considered a pastime beneath one's dignity. During one period of the war I was called upon to have some dealings with a branch of Air Ministry. My task was greatly eased by a chance noon hour encounter in St. James Park hard by. I found that the officer with whom I was dealing was a "bird watcher" and no small authority on bird life. He knew intimately the considerable wild life in the park—I learned much from him — as a result our official dealings were put on a most friendly plane and my task eased.

Continued Next Issue

VARIA



"The we get orders — our outfit's moving up front"

The Cover Picture

The ROCKET offered a prize for the best Cover Picture submitted to the Station Camera Club. AC 1 J. Mulcahy submitted the one we used.

This caption is —

"IN THE SPRING
A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY
TURNS TO - - - -"

or

"MAN
WITH A PURPOSE"

Professor (to freshman entering class late): "When were you born?"

Freshman: "On April 2."

Professor: "Being a little late must be a habit with you."

A Magistrate was discussing beverages with a friend.

"Have you ever tried gin and ginger beer?" asked the friend.

"No", replied the magistrate, "but I've tried a lot of folks who have."

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Brownies & Guides

COMPANY (RCAF)

54TH OTTAWA GIRL GUIDE

During the latter part of November the Parents Committee of the 54th Guide Company met to elect new officers for the Guide and Brownie Companies.

Those elected were:

Mrs. A. W. Bishop, Captain of the Company; Mrs. G. Reed, Lieutenant.

On Monday, Nov. 21st a meeting was held with G-C Doyle, S-L Spear, WO 1 Wilcox and officers of the Girl Guides and Brownies to discuss Guide and Brownie activities for the coming year. Approval by the Commanding Officer of the newly elected officers was given.

On Monday, Dec. 19, the Guides and Brownies entertained their parents and friends at a Christmas party held in the Drill Hall. A combined concert was given by the two companies, followed by refreshments served by the Guides and their officers. A very enjoyable time was had by all.

Following the gay Christmas season the Guides once again settled down to knots and tests. Among those trying their second class test are: Joan Aldridge, Joan Carson, Barbara Reid, Frances Manning and Judith Wilson.

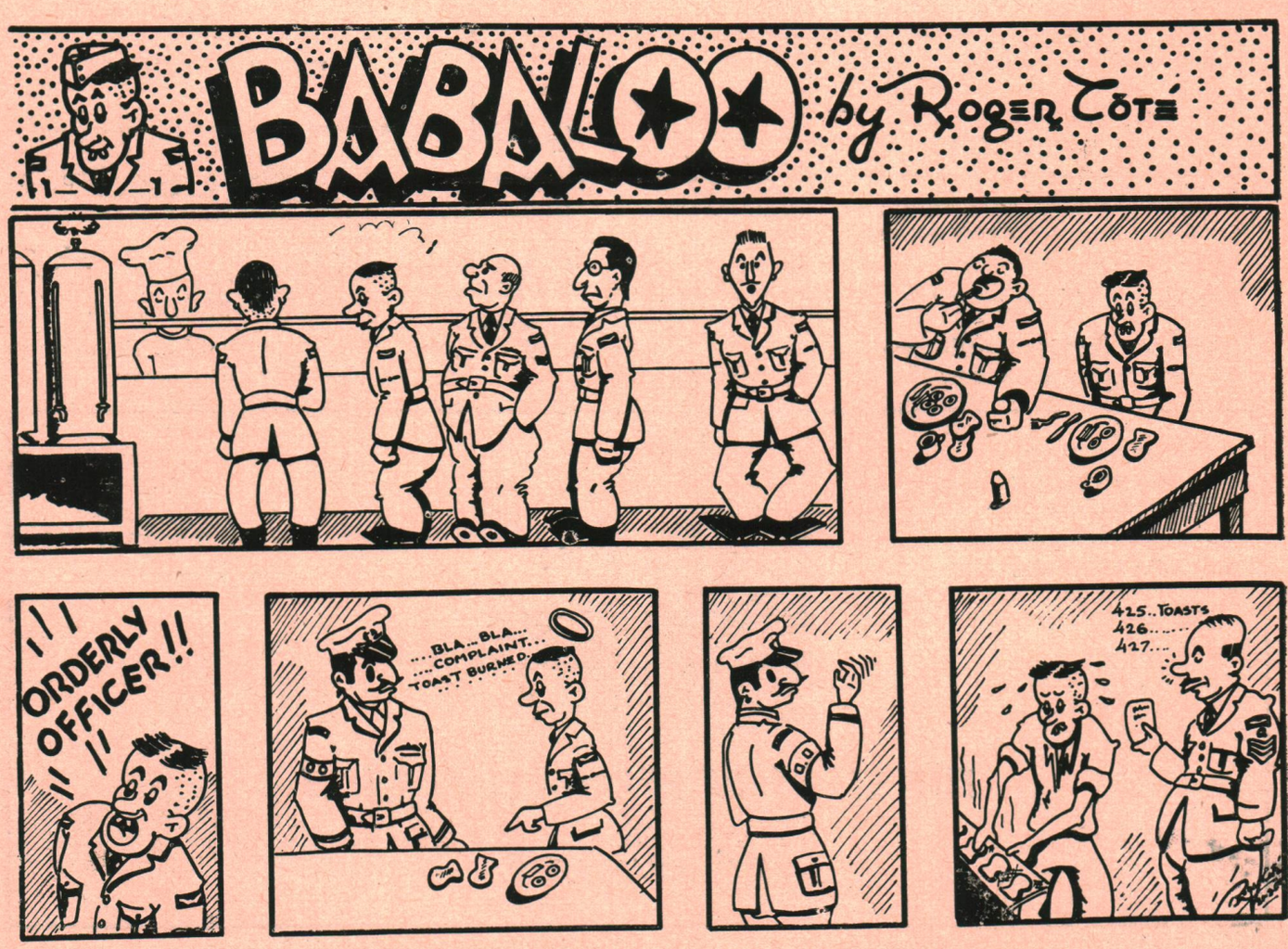
The tenderfoot tests will be tried in March by, Claudette Sauve, Carol Barkley and Valorie Crisp.

The weekly meetings are held in the School of Photo and the two hour period is taken up with games, test work, drill and handicraft. At the present time shell work is being taught during the Hobby period.

Unfortunately the Company is rather small at present, but it is hoped that as married accommodation on the station becomes available the company will grow proportionately.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank all Officers, NCO's and Airmen for

Continued on Page 36



MISCELLANY

Unfortunately the only time many of us notice anything is when something is wrong. Our correction here may be wrong but The Roundel in its January issue quizz gave as the answer to one of its questions that Air Commodore D. MacKell was retired in 1949. Station Adjutant Chauncey Briggs tells us that the Air Commodore did not arrive in Rockcliffe for release until the early days of 1950.

The new station barber Mr. Lauzon now living in Cumberland with his wife and three kiddies seems to be fitting in nicely to the service atmosphere. This comes as second nature to him however as he went overseas in 1940 with the Cameron Highlanders. Discharged in 1944 medically, he profited from the DVA opportunity to learn a trade and came up with a barber's certificate. He has been in the Lord Elgin and later had his own shop. He is 'on tap' every morning at 0900—in case you don't like those noon-day line-ups.

The new sloping floor in the station theatre is something that has long been desired and orchids we say to them what did it. That and the new seats make us have faith in the old saying that 'Life can be beautiful.'

And so can the station. With spring upon us it is hoped that the usual ardor for beautifying the various sections will be as evident as it has been in years gone by . . and the Married Quarters now make this a potential paradise as far as flower plots are concerned . . . some made a marvellous start last year.

The other day at a station benevolent fund meeting, it was remarked that some airmen still persist in going to the loan companies for financial assistance. Very often their financial situation piles up on them and they find themselves forced to come to the Benevolent Fund that they were sure would not help them in the first place. It is true that the Benevolent Fund is not a charitable organization but it would be worth anyone's while to investigate before they go off half-cocked in criticism.

The one thing the Benevolent Fund seeks to do however is to help people. Unfortunately there are those who become chronic. Actually the best thing for any family is to avoid borrowing at any time but there are times when this cannot be avoided and it is chiefly for such moments of stress that loans are made. Some people cannot understand when a loan is refused them. They keep insisting that "I only want to BORROW the money". That's true enough but the Benevolent Fund isn't interested so much in whether you want a grant or a loan as they are in the fact that helping you will help you to help yourself. If they think that you are getting that Benevolent Fund mentality yourself then they are inclined to clamp down—and rightly so. This fund is present to be used. Every member of the force should make it his duty never to abuse it.

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Miscellany

BROWNIES & GUIDES (Cont.)

their generous contributions to the Guide and Brownie Drawing which will enable us to carry out our program during the coming year.

The Brownies of the 54th RCAF Pack are still meeting regularly on Monday evenings in the School of Photography. The average attendance at meetings is about twenty which is good, as many of the Brownies are small and often the weather has been cold or stormy. The Pack is now under the leadership of Mrs. W. M. Middleton, Brown Owl, and she is assisted by a Tawny Owl, Mrs. Fortin. Other assistants are Mrs. Capuano, Mrs. Chartier and Mrs. Reeves.

This year the Brownies have been very busy learning many useful things. Before a Brownie receives her Golden Bar Badge she must be able to sew on buttons and darn a sock, set a table, keep her room and clothes tidy, tie three knots, know the traffic rules of her district, be able to skip and throw and catch a ball and understand why she brushes her teeth and keeps herself clean. There are several Brownies who have passed most of these tests and will soon receive their badges.

At Christmastime a party was held in the Drill Hall to which the children brought their parents and friends. Some of the Brownies and Guides provided entertainment and carols were sung by all.

The Brownies of the 54th Pack are — Roselyn Capuano, Monique Chartier, Louise Fortin, Judith Greening, Patsy Harvey, Glennis Hermanson, Diane Hodgson, Sharron Hunter, Collette Lalande, Margaret McNamara, Yvonne Wood, Joan Manning, Mary Olson, Angela Olsson, Carol Lillian Richard, Phyllis Sadler, Marilyn O'Brien, Sandra Welstead, Lynn Shier, Patsy Vallent, Edith Mair, Carol Berg.

AT THE MAIN GATE (Cont'd)

All the way to Churchill, the crew were concerned with their doubts as to what was going to happen if they had to cut the motors again. The worst of their doubts came true, as there was a stretcher case to come aboard.

Once more the engine was "cut" . . . for half an hour. But the weather was now not so cold (just a mere 40 below) and ten minutes swinging did the trick.

On the way to Winnipeg they would be able to leave the aircraft in a hangar overnight. And there were chances of obtaining a serviceable starter at Winnipeg.

A change in starters was not feasible in Winnipeg and as luck would have it the warmth of the hangar made it possible to start the engine. Priming . . . ignition and one swing thru d.d the trick.

If the aircraft had been "bogged" down at Baker Lake, it would have meant a delay of 2 or 3 days. (A new starter . . . Herman Nelson's . . .Tents, etc. would have to be flown in to accomplish the change). At Churchill, there was no question of a layover due to the urgency of getting the stretcher case to Winnipeg. And then at Winnipeg there could be no layover, because we all like to get home for the week-end.

The will to "get going" and to get their aircraft into the air, especially under the conditions encountered . . . is a fine example of what our airmen can do, and DO when the occasion arises.

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