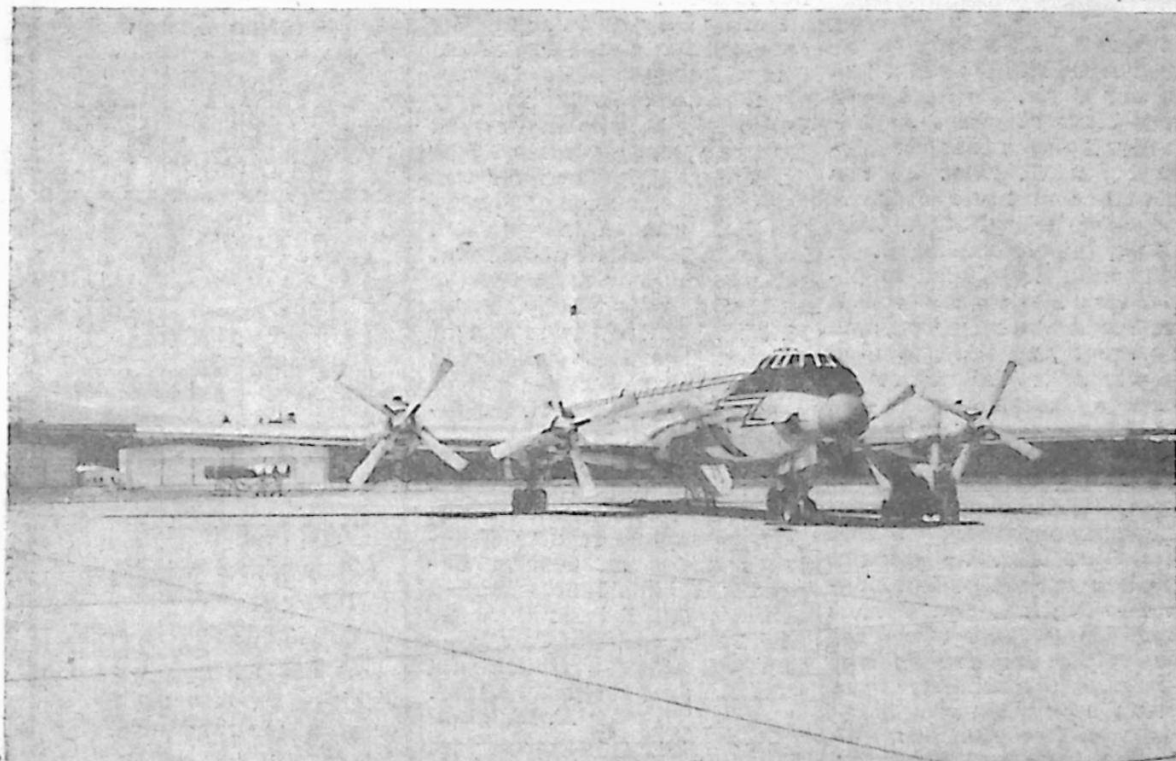




Vol. 2 — No. 16

Thursday, August 31, 1961

TRANSPORT COMMAND'S PASSENGER AIRCRAFT OF THE FUTURE. CC-106 (YUKON)



The Shape of Things to Come

Powered by four Rolls-Royce Tyne 12 engines, the CC-106 (Yukon), the largest aircraft ever built in Canada, made its first appearance at RCAF Station Comox last Sunday afternoon.

Captained by S/L Lloyd of Trenton this CC106 had just completed the outward stretch of a journey which was to be part of a feasibility trial to ascertain the degree of servicing capability afforded by

the major airforce bases between Trenton and Comox.

WO Graham, in charge of a maintenance crew of 18 which came with the aircraft, had little to report in the way of serious difficulties encountered. Some 90 passengers who arrived with the flight all agreed that the eight-hour trip from Trenton had been most comfortable.

On board also were two of the first women flight attendants, Cpl. Mary McFarland (formerly of Comox) and Cpl. Reese, who were most enthusiastic about their job and were looking forward to an overseas trip next month.

It is hoped that early next year the CC106 will be placed on scheduled flights from Trenton to Comox to carry both cargo and passengers.

Voodooos at Uplands

Like it or not, the residents of Ottawa had better brace themselves for a sonic boom or two. For the air force was frank to admit some days ago that despite every precaution it may take — It was doing everything in the book — its new 1,200 mile-an-hour Voodooos were bound "occasionally" to crack the sound barrier over Uplands and perhaps even the Capital itself. Air Force headquarters reported that to minimize the hazard and possible damage of sonic booms, jet pilots at Uplands were under orders to: (1) Take off in a southerly direction, away from the city's built-up areas and out over the open country of Carleton and Russell counties; (2) Climb steeply; (3) Not approach the speed of sound at low altitudes. If the sound barrier is cracked, the airforce intends that it be done at high altitudes where the ground impact will be less and the risk of structural damage greatly reduced or eliminated.

The SWO Says . . .

Effective date for the wearing of No. 5 and No. 5As is 25th September. So take your winter uniforms out of the mothballs this week and make certain they are in good shape.

Scouting Conference Held

Last weekend the district commissioners and staff of Upper Vancouver Island met at Station Comox Scout Hall to discuss scout training, leadership and the scouting programme for the coming year. Field Commissioner Dave Pattie, Nanaimo, who chaired the conference said that the aim of the meeting was to promote better scouting on Vancouver Island. The scouters, who came from as far north as Campbell River and as far south as Chemainus camped at the Scout Hall for the weekend and held a leaders' campfire on Saturday night.

Down to the Sea in Ships

It would seem that 1588 had nothing on 1961 when a flotilla of some 11 sailing boats set out to sea from Comox Harbour last Friday afternoon. By kind permission of HMCS Quadra these stalwart vessels were lent, and if nothing was proven, the theory that anything the Navy can do the Airforce could do better, was confounded.

The tide was suspect, the crews were doubtful, the cargo carried was more so. The combination formed an alchemy of such a Mephistophelian quality that it was surprising many of the participants did not become acquainted with Davy Jones' Locker.

Notwithstanding the blessings of the zephyrs and the good graces of Neptune himself, it was very soon evident

that the principles of air navigation could not be applied so easily to things nautical. Valiant and cunning attempts were made to counteract tide and prevailing wind but all came to nought and the maxim: "Time and tide wait for no man" began to indicate a degree of sagacity hitherto uncomprehended.

All efforts at scientific seafaring were gradually abandoned and the more scurrious crews resorted to other diversions of the sea, namely piracy, sabotage and downright cheating.

For those marinated mariners who abandoned ship and squelched their way home (?) on foot in sodden clothes, we say: There's no lubber like a landlubber, and better luck next year!

New OC 409 Arrives

Welcome aboard to Wing-Commander Ireland. Last week he assumed command of 409 Squadron, replacing Wing-Commander H. E. Bridges who left for St. Hubert, earlier this month. This is the third time he has been in command of a CF-100 all-weather squadron. His re-assignment and the simultaneous announcement of conversion to CF-101 B's is no co-incidence since there are few as qualified and capable as he is in this field of operations.

Wing-Commander Ireland was born in Riverview, Ont., in January 1921, and was educated at Shebourne High School and Harbord College, in Toronto.

He joined the RCAF in May 1941, and was trained as a pilot, serving on instructional duties in Canada until late 1943. He was then sent overseas to 411 Squadron. For his outstanding service with this squadron as a fighter and fighter-bomber pilot in the European campaign, W/C Ireland was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, and in addition, was awarded the Netherlands Flying Cross.

He returned to Canada in 1945 (and served as an instructor at Camp Borden, Ont., and at the Central Flying School, Trenton, Ont. He was Officer Commanding No. 1 Operational Training Unit at St. Hubert, Que., and later at Chatham, N.B., when the unit moved to that location in 1951.

He served three years as a staff officer at Air Defence Command Headquarters, St. Hubert, then returned to active flying duties in January 1955, when he was named Officer Commanding the newly reformed 419 (CF-100) Squadron



W/C Elgin G. Ireland, DFC, CD

based at North Bay, Ont.

Late in 1956, he was named Officer Commanding 445 (Canuck) Squadron and moved overseas with that unit when it was relocated to No. 1 Fighter Wing, Marville, France in October 1956. In July 1958, W/C Ireland was named Senior Officer of Operations at No. 1 Air Division Headquarters, Metz, France, returning to Canada to attend the Staff College at Toronto in July 1960.

W/C Ireland is the son of Mr. and Mrs. I. J. A. Ireland of 112 Caladonia Road, Toronto. His wife is the former Nonie Stockton of Kamloops, daughter of Mrs. Robert Stockton of 670 Columbia Street, Kamloops.

W/C and Mrs. Ireland, their three daughters and two sons have taken up residence in Wallace Gardens at Station Comox.

Comox Flying Club Host Fly-in

In conjunction with the Aero Club of B.C. the Comox Flying Club hosted a fly-in at Station Comox on Sunday, August 27. This fly-in replaced the now famous Tofino beach fly-in that was cancelled this year due to unsettled weather on the west coast of the Island.

A total of 39 aircraft of various sizes and shapes from points all over B.C., as diversified as 100 Mile House, Alberni, Chilliwack, Victoria, Dawson Creek, Nanaimo and Vancouver commenced arriving by 10 a.m.

The Comox Flying Club has 65 members, 49 of whom have earned their private pilot's licence — 15 have just received their wings under the supervision of President Hugh Price.

All members were transported from the runway to Kye Bay where the club had

set up a regular mecca for tired travellers, where guests and visitors alike could obtain fresh boiled crab especially flown in from Tofino, Indian style smoked barbecued salmon carefully cooked under the watchful eye of chief chef Roy Perry, freshly roasted corn, coffee and hot dogs.

Looking Back

16 September, 1914 — Formation of the first Canadian military air unit was approved by Col. Sam Hughes, the Minister of Militia and Defence. The Canadian Aviation Corps consisted of two officers and one aeroplane, a Burgess-Dunne bi-plane which had been purchased in the USA for \$5,000. The CAC accompanied the First Canadian Contingent overseas, but saw no service there.

FISHY BUSINESS AT THE FLY-IN



Sheila Price, daughter of the President of Comox Flying Club, gingerly inspects an Indian style smoked barbecued salmon.



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Editorials

Back to School...

More than four centuries ago Shakespeare painted his graphic little portrait of the 16th century youngster "with his satchel, and shining morning face, creeping like snail, unwillingly to school."

For this child, who enjoyed the rare privilege of education, there were probably very good reasons why he should have been so loath to go. His psyche was not studied, his classroom was undecorated, his equipment basic, but serviceable. There were no short cuts, no easy ways out, no bright pictures or illustrated kindergarten literature. He was there to learn and learn he would — by rod or reason.

Happily for us, our children spend their school days in conditions as close to ideal as society can make them. There is a welter of literature on education — kindergarten, elementary and secondary, on learning patterns, learning curves, child physiology, child psychology and everything from trauma to trigonometry. Schools are provided with brightly bound books, clear illustrations, understanding teachers and a wealth of training aids.

We live in an era in which education is a right and not a privilege and in a society which leaves the selection of an appropriate school to the parents. Let us be thankful for this but let us not forget that the primary objective of schooling is to learn.

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Father Frederic Bourque
Assistant Chaplain:
F/C John Adamyk, Seminarian.
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Adults' Choir: Organist Mrs. Sheard.

Junior Choir: Assistant Organist Bob Sheard.

Choir Director: F/C John Adamyk.

Assistant Directress: Della Sheard.

are those who show up at all the rehearsals week after week that make for a successful and excellent choir. Choir rehearsals resume in September every week—welcome to all.

the Station Theatre. The production date will be the second week of November, and the play will be directed by Lee Ramsdale (Phone Courtenay 1616-R2). If you are interested in any aspect of amateur dramatics, why not turn up at the Station Theatre on Wednesday?



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Education in Soviet Russia Since 1917

by "G"

November, 1917! In this fateful month Nicolai Lenin and his tiny group of conspirators seized control of the government machinery of a backward and autocratic empire. It remained for these "Communists" to translate their theories into practice.

Forty years have passed since that fateful November—forty years in which a largely agricultural state has been transformed into a complex industrial society. The moulding force of this new society has been education—public education on a universal scale unmatched in the history of civilization. It is this force used as the "weapon of revolution" which has put Sputnik into space and shattered our almost blind faith in the superiority of western technology.

The Communists inherited a tradition of respect for education, a school system reserved for the fortunate few, high standards of education, autocratic discipline and a scientific bent. This system they destroyed but only temporarily.

A decree of 1918 abolished the old system and replaced it with the "unified labor school" of nine grades designed to fulfill Marx's pronouncement that schooling (for adolescence) should consist of academic work and productive work at factories and farms. Education was to be free, compulsory and co-educational. For fourteen years attempts were made to implement this educational dogma. The results were chaotic.

The schools were unable to produce adequately trained personnel to run an industrial society.

In 1952 the desperate rulers of Russia turned to the only alternative they knew and restored the old conception of education. Once again the subject matter curriculum reigned supreme. Systematic exposition of each subject in lessons arranged and planned by the teacher in accordance with a strictly defined schedule replaced the group solution of "complex problems" relating to Marxian economic theories and their application. Education remained "unified" (as opposed to the old Czarist dual schools for noble and peasant children) and universal but Czarist in ideals and methods. After 1932 the systematic process of moulding society to the Soviet pattern really began.

By the early 1950's the new educational pattern had transformed and fixed Russian society into the shape it exhibits today. In the two decades that have passed since the restoration of the traditional school a vast educational edifice has been reared. This structure provides for learning and political indoctrination from infancy to old age.

The base of the system is the nursery school and the kindergarten. As Russia is a land of working mothers, both these organizations are enormous, embracing millions of children. They also begin the orientation of the individual to his place in a monolithic society—here the first lessons

in conformity to the will of the state are taught.

Public and secondary schooling through the medium of the regular, auxiliary and night schools, schools run by factories and industrial ministries, and educational programs for adults have made remarkable progress towards complete literacy. The ten-year primary-secondary school and its intensive grounding in scientific subjects forms the core of the system. It is the course of study in this school which received such wide attention in the American press.

It is characterized by rigid discipline (a six-day school week is universal in Russia), an utter lack of the "options" which so often lure many of our students away from the more difficult subjects, an emphasis on high marks and scientific learning and a thorough indoctrination in conformity to the wishes of the state combined with an almost fanatic nationalism. The graduate of this institution (since 1955) will have completed five years of physics, four years of chemistry, six years of a foreign language, and five years of mathematics above the level of arithmetic at the end of his ten years of schooling.

About 30% of the graduates of this school are absorbed by the universities, the remainder by higher technical schools (Technicums) or other vocational training. Schools offering vocation courses are also provided for students leaving the ten-year schools in the early grades. A great emphasis is placed on "on-the-job training" as this enables the government to utilize the labor force while improving its quality.

In the universities, most students are subsidized, entrance is largely based on merit, and training programs are allowed to flow or be choked off at the will of the state. The graduate emerges highly but narrowly trained in his specialty.

Since 1932 the masters of the Kremlin have fully utilized the value of education to translate their interpretation of the economic theories of an obscure German philosopher into a social pattern adhered to by two hundred million people. While they have restored the traditional Russian respect for learning, they have also restored the aristocratic Czarist conception of education as a means of maintaining a totalitarian society. Conformity rather than freedom is the watchword of Soviet education — tremendous effort has widened the Russian's knowledge of the world of science but kept his powers of judgment and thought restricted to the narrow limits imposed by Communist doctrine. Soviet Russia like "Holy" Czarist Russia, remains as it has since the days of Peter the Great, a vast

Food and Drug Act Guards Consumers

In 1877 Canada's worst suspicions about some of the food crossing its store counters were confirmed. Certain low-priced teas, it was revealed, owed their dubious tastiness to dried leaves faced with Prussian blue — not to mention chalk, starch, sand and floor sweepings. Some coffee turned out to be less than pure Brazilian. The roasted wheat, peas, beans and bread crumbs found in it had obviously been added closer to home. As for spices...

These and other unappetizing discoveries came as the result of a new piece of federal legislation. The "Act to Impose Licence Duties on the Compounders of Spirits and to Prevent the Adulteration of Food, Drink and Drugs" had been passed in 1874 but it was three years later before the four analysts appointed to implement it turned in their first annual report. Of the 180 samples of varied food that had been examined 93 turned out to be adulterated.

Eighty years later the Food and Drug Directorate of the Dept. of National Health and Welfare, developing from those modest beginnings, was examining 30,000 samples annually. Where each of the original analysts, working on a fee basis (not to exceed \$2,000 a year) had been allowed up to \$300 for equipment, millions of dollars had been invested in modern laboratories. There was a large central group in Ottawa and five regional units strategically located across the country.

Adulteration was still a problem but its frequency had been reduced to a point where, even among suspected samples, the frequency was 5% as against the original figure of 52%. Moreover, the modern analyst was working against a set of standards where the early examinations had had no starting point other than

nation governed from above with its soul in thrall to totalitarianism. Education has made the giant more formidable and riveted his chains tighter than before.

whether a product carried a threat to health or to life itself.

It was obvious, of course, advertising, controls the sale of remedies for certain diseases from the kinds of adulteration discovered in the early days, that a standard was not imperative to its detection at that time. Today's adulteration is something else again. A pound of butter may be delicious in flavor and present no danger to health but, if it has been diluted with cheaper vegetable fats, Food and Drug Directorate is interested. Butter must contain only milk fat. It is the Directorate's task to see that the consumer gets what he is led to believe he is buying.

To do this it is assisted by the fruits of modern science. In the Food Chemistry Section of the Ottawa laboratories is a spectograph which can detect adulteration in very small quantities. In many instances if only an ounce of adulterant existed in 30 tons of an otherwise pure commodity, the spectograph would catch it. Adulteration in lesser quantities would scarcely be profitable.

Today's Food and Drug Act covers a field as broad and intricate as modern living. It establishes standards, regulates packaging, labelling and nated diseases, specifies drugs to be sold only on prescription.

Its work is directly connected with the protection of the individual Canadian's health. "In a very real sense," Hon. J. Waldo Monteith pointed out recently, "The Food and Drugs Administration reaches into the kitchen cupboard and medicine chest of every home in Canada."

While Food and Drug inspectors, located from coast to coast, are the vigilant watchmen of the Act, its ever-increasing effectiveness has been rooted in the cooperation of the Canadian producer and consumer alike. Each has recognized it as an instrument conceived for mutual benefit.

SECTION NEWS ON DEADLINE WILL ENSURE PUBLICATION

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TRAIL TREASURES

With ILES

Many sport fishermen feel that fishing has been getting progressively worse over the past three or four years. This opinion is not substantiated by the newspaper editorials which have appeared recently. For example the following, clipped from the Vancouver Province of 24th August, "B.C. fishermen broke all records for July when they landed a \$13 million catch which was made up mostly of salmon." Maybe the fish are just getting smarter—or could it be that we are losing our touch?

FAREWELL TO A SPORTSMAN

One of our most ardent

sports fishermen, Sergeant Moorecroft, has been transferred from Station Comox. Sgt. Moorecroft is a true sportsman in every sense of the word, one who didn't base his enjoyment of a day on a stream on the number of fish he caught. He enjoys fishing for what it is — a chance to get outdoors and match his wits against the wily steelhead. I will miss his exciting stories of how that huge steelhead got away. May he have many hours of good fishing at his new unit. It is a pleasure to have known a true sportsman.

SALMON STEAK BY STARS

Sockeye salmon steers by the stars. So scientists of the Fisheries Research Board of Canada have discovered.

Experimental studies have shown the sockeye pursuing a consistent direction only when the sky is clear, otherwise it heads at random. Moonlight, sunset afterglow and city lights interfere to some extent, but by and large the sockeye overcomes these obstacles and, when the stars are clear and bright, swims by their guidance.

WASH YOUR BOAT'S BOTTOM

An occasional wash job on the bottom of your boat will keep it from losing speed and performance. Growth accumulates on boat bottoms from both salt and fresh water and this interferes with performance. The salt water nuisances of barnacles and other marine life are well known but tests have proven that loss in speed is also caused from fresh water fouling.



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FREE DIVING

by CAL SMITH

LIKE SILVER OCEAN WRAITHS 'HARMLESS' DOGFISH CIRCLED

The common dogfish is regarded as harmless by everyone I know. No one stays away from the beach simply because a school of them is in the area, the mention of them fails to bring shudders to even the most timid swimmer. Why then, did I have this terrible feeling of apprehension as the pack circled overhead?

I looked at my diving buddy, Joe Forkolab, and was reassured by the uneasiness on his face—reassured, because I wouldn't be losing face if I retreated to the surface—I knew he'd be right behind me.

We had been searching for a D7 cat that was said to have tipped off a barge near Seal Island, when I noticed a large flounder lying motionless on the bottom. I stopped to pet it while my companion lay nearby watching.

Suddenly, Joe rushed towards me, motioning into the grey twilight of the surrounding water. I could see nothing for a moment, but then I made out the silvery shape of a large dogfish swimming toward us. SLOWLY NEARER

It looked like a miniature man-eater as it came slowly nearer, its large eyes staring obscenely. Its mouth placed ominously on the underside of its head. Why the fact that its mouth was underneath its head bothered me, I don't know—but it certainly did!

Then, when only a few feet away, it swerved abruptly from its collision course and faded

INDIAN SUMMER

The maple trees are shedding their leaves, ducks are beginning to make their appearance, the mornings are more brisk, the evenings are becoming shorter.

We're approaching my favorite season when there is that certain something in the air which breathes of far away places, of adventure, of cold, crisp mornings.

During the fall season and in fact during any season of the year the very early morning is perhaps the most beautiful time of day. Don a warm, comfortable sweater and stroll along the beach some early morning. Watch the early sun rise above the snow-capped peaks on the Mainland, the hundreds of ducks feeding along the shoreline, the soaring sea-gulls dipping and diving on the early morning breeze, the many strange ships heading for distant northern ports or merely watch and listen to the waves washing against the shore. You will come away feeling the better for it. Life will seem not quite so serious that day and everyone will seem just a bit more friendly.

ODD ODE

There was a young Armament O,
Who insisted all women were slow.

He thought it his station
To cut conversations
At wickets, apropos-Photo O.

Thus it was that this Armament O
Received a reprisal you know.
From a girl with persuasions
In many locations—
For details—contact S Servo O.

And so to this Canadian
The hard day of Reckoning began,
Because to inspire
In a Kipper, great ire,
Is playing with fire,
My dear man!

away into the fog-like curtain of water. But now there were others approaching from all sides. These too, veered sharply at the last minute and joined their fellows in the gloom.

LAY UNMOVING

We lay unmoving on the bottom, watching the endless procession circling around us, and knowing that although they have never been known to attack, nothing is a certainty with the creatures of this alien world.

Of course, one dogfish, even an exceptionally mean and vicious one, could do little to harm an alert diver armed, as we were, with knives. But the smallest amount of blood in the water, his or ours, could drive the rest of the pack into a blood-crazed frenzy and they could tear us apart.

ALL AROUND US

They were all around us, like silver torpedoes, appearing much larger than they actually were because of the magnification of our masks. But the realization that they might be smaller than they looked was scant reassurance, for the most deadly fish of all is less than 18 inches long, yet a school of piranhas can reduce a full grown man to bones in minutes.

Then, as suddenly as they came, they were gone and we were alone again, as if it had all been a dream. The tension of the past moments left us giddy and once in the safety of our boat, the water rang with half-hysterical laughter as we wondered what we'd have done if the creatures had been full-fledged man-eaters. —Originally Printed in The Daily Colonist.

Officers' Wives Club

The Officers' Wives' Club will hold their Autumn meeting on Wednesday evening, 13 September at 8:30 p.m. Following the bingo which will be held, members both old and new will have an opportunity to meet the group and extend a welcome to those most recently arrived.

LOST-STOLEN OR STRAYED!

A SAFETY BELT which would be ideal for diving equipment, has been reported missing from 407 Squadron aircraft 113. Anyone knowing its whereabouts should report it to F/O Parker at Loc. 240 as this reflects on all station divers.



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DEMON DOIN'S

By GOSH, Mk II

It seems this week all our big news comes from workshops. LAC Polvi pulled off the scoop of the year by winning the boat and motor in the Rotary draw. Maybe he'll take FS Savill (who caught a 41 pounder last week) out for a few lessons. Two LAC's, we won't say who, but their wives are vacationing in HALIFAX, decided to do a fast check on the better halves and took off on leave to find out what was going on. The caper backfired when one of the wives phoned long distance for hubby and was told he was on his way to HALIFAX. I'm informed that LAC Downey's boat building has come to a dead stop. Being a fairly new hand at wedded bliss perhaps he has a new hobby which keeps him closer to home?

Sgt. Orioux, rhymes with sorry, is a new member of 407 replacing Jimmy Doyon. He is from North Bay, but thinks he might like Comox. He has got a choice. They tell me that the wood and metal smashers are getting tired of the Mad Scientist and his assistants in 407 Armament. Now they have to invent tools to cope with the original (?) ideas which they are asked to prototype. The lost people in the Engine Bay report that Cpl. Runyon (fictitious) has to see a skin specialist about his sore finger. When asked which one, the answer was finger trouble? Telecom section had better watch their step. They are competing with big business when they try to outbreed B.C. Distilleries. How's the product? For a man with a satisfied look see LAC Forkolab. He got his chair the day after publication of the last issue. COM people haven't been troubled with smoke or smell since a certain corporal (who keeps getting his wires crossed) went on leave. A new twist on surprise parties; the people who are leaving arrange their own. Sgt. Grandage is taking over Planned Periodic Inspections. This involves considerable reverse T.A. as, since F C Jackson left with all his secrets, LAC Ferguson has been looking after the stores. Lapeers to me you missed some points 15, 6 and 8 are 14, not 12. A successful Hawaiian night was held recently in the officers mess. F L Irish Wright's costume was rather unique(!) but somewhat square. Cute enough though. Panic in the Armament section getting equipment ready for the bombing competition at Greenwood. F/O "Deadly" Rozon has been chosen to uphold the squadron's honor and show 404 and 405 squadrons just how bombing should be done. Sgt. Broderick and Cpl. McMullen are going along to provide technical armament advice and excuses for malfunctions. All great men make mistakes, even armourers. Do you suppose somebody forgot something when two torpedoes were dropped recently and failed to operate? Sgt. Wiener of Photo was bitten by the fishing bug and managed to catch a starfish, this was the first starfish known to be caught on herring strip off the end of the dock. Big Daddy has returned after a flying visit to New York due to illness in the family. He brought some cheerful words with him. On or about the 9th of Sept. there will be a visit to the

"Per Ardua Ad Astral"

For three years the "Astral Players" have endeavoured to provide entertainment for the Station in the form of live theatre. It has been the policy of the club to present as varied a selection of plays as possible and these have ranged from heavy drama to suspense, farce and comedy.

If laughter is the measure by which happiness is gauged then the members have truly enjoyed presenting these plays, but along with the laughter have been races against time, panic and worry.

It takes more than a handful of keen amateurs prancing around on stage to make a company. Firstly, the greatest worry comes when the elected director must choose a play. "French's" catalogue alone contains nearly 3,000 suitable for Sunday Schools, high schools, colleges, amateur societies and advanced amateurs. What will the audience like? If the last play was a drama and was well received should the director risk another or strike out into fantasy or comedy?

The decision is finally made, the books are ordered and the cast chosen. Now they must go home, study their part and decide the best interpretation of it. If this interpretation clashes with the director's, a solution must be reached — one must give way.

Next follows rehearsals, during which the stage manager and his crew must design, scale and manufacture the set or sets. The stage manager is an unbelievable magician who can produce, at a week's notice, a paper mache castle as solid looking as tourists find at the Tower of London. Likewise

squadron of the SASO MACHQ —G/C Burgess accompanied by Commodore, Chief of Staff Mar Lant HQ. No parade as yet, but watch those coveralls. Four crews are on their way to Victoria for some training at the Joint Maritime Weapons School. A final word from the CO. Thanksgiving will be celebrated and if time allows due to operational commitments, so get ready to put in some overtime. All the new faces in the squadron really aren't spies so when someone you don't know asks where the washroom is, please tell him, it may be urgent. Over and Out...

THEORY OF RELATIVITY?

If A equals success, then the formula is: A = X + Y + Z
X — Work
Y — Play
Z — Keep your mouth shut
Einstein

gardens, railway stations or even foreign countries are a product of his versatile hand. After the set is built, but whilst still in its crude, undecorated form, the lighting manager is wandering around trying to find out what colour the flats (canvas-covered framework joined together to form wall, etc.) are eventually going to be painted. The whole of his lighting effects depend on the final overall colour. Straight white light is far too harsh for most scenes and "Mr. Lighting" tries to obtain outdoor or interior light as near normal as possible by the use of blue, white, red, orange and yellow with occasionally a touch of green.

A moonlight scene, for example, is generally a mixture of white and strong dark blue to produce a very cold, bluish light which whitens skins and casts strong shadows. Make-up is wholly dependent on the lighting and here again one decision rests on yet another. If the action takes place on a bright, sunny day the make-up is clear and strong. Introduce, say, extra "reds" and the actor's lips and eyes turn a purple shade as the eyeshadow and lipstick mix with the red lighting. Even small points like this must be watched constantly to ensure the normal at all times.

A laugh from the audience because someone in the cast has failed to change make-up and appears to have a green face can ruin a scene immediately and however hard afterwards the actors try they can never re-create the mood.

Several things have still not been mentioned such as wardrobe, sound effects, curtains, advertising, production, people who lend furniture or supply special effects, nor is there space to cover all these aspects. At this point we would like to say that however wonderful these people sound, they are all amateurs, most of them with no previous experience. They have, by try and error, discovered methods of improving the productions we bring you. However, the drama club cannot continue without new blood. If anyone between sixteen and sixty reading this has any interest in helping, we do not ask that they act if they don't wish to, but we would like to see them out at the Station Theatre on Wednesday, 6th September, at 8 p.m. for the new fall production "Monique". This play is a combination of mystery, terrifying suspense and a touch of the supernatural; a study in the deterioration of human character under the devious attack of the basest, but unquarable passions. "Monique" promises to be one of our best plays. Please support us.



The "Astral Players" in a scene from the "Two Gentlemen from Soho."

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FLIGHTLINE MUSINGS

Apparently, after one has once appeared in print, it is hard to retire gracefully or otherwise. So, after a lapse of six months or so, yours truly dangles a timid toe in the literary pool.

However, I wish to make it quite clear that this is no voluntary effort. This prose flight is the result of answering a phone at the wrong time and succumbing to feminine wiles. Incidentally, up to the moment of writing this I haven't had the pleasure of meeting the lady—but I intend to rectify that omission by the time the deadline arrives, and see if there's any truth in voice impressions.

As this is the first effort since I deserted accounts and swore allegiance to 409 Service, and as the lady gave me 24 hours to turn in my copy, I'm not going to attempt to pass on any Section gossip. As a matter of fact, I doubt very much if I ever will. After all, by the time the babel of conversation is all sorted out and then expurgated, there's not much left to print.

Down here at the Flight Line I have a worm's eye view of the Squadron activities, which, on occasion can be amusing. If you have a mental bent for that sort of thing. And, before anyone beats me to it, I'll admit that my mentality is not only bent but badly warped. It must be, because I can actually make some sense out of Cpl. MacAulay's abstracts.

Come to think of it, that's quite an achievement and probably explains why I find it comparatively easy to comprehend F.O. Brace's technical charts. Between them, he

and FS Godin turn out some dillies.

If the rest of the Station want to find out how the other half lives, just take a prow around our grassy area and cast your envious optics on the brilliant array of lawn-chairs lately manufactured and immediately put in service by our energetic section. They are really comfortable! Try one—if you can find a vacancy. All the latest refinements including ash-trays in the arms—but bring your own "smokes."

Needless to say, the rumour factory is in full swing. We are—we're not. We will—we won't. If it ever was, it's now cancelled. First it's the F101 and then the runway extension to accommodate it. Wonder what it'll be like to work on? Can't be as bad as those old CF's. I dunno—probably got more junk stowed in the nose cone. Oh, well! It'll be mostly Armament's headache anyway. Hopeful, huh?

And then, statistics. Those dear little expurgated stats! After they're all made up, what's the chain reaction? Who reads 'em? And when they're read, who understands 'em? Aw, dry up! This can go on indefinitely, like "the house that Jack built. In the passing it sure taxes Jack to build a house these days!"

As I intimated at the beginning, this is not a news column. I won't even welcome our new OC, W/C Ireland. It's just a maudlin meandering to fill space and, if it doesn't convey much sense, I won't excuse it as it isn't intended to.

And so to bed and "Bon Soir" to all, especially 409 Aircrew listening on the wrong channel.

The Painter's Eye The Creative Process

by IVY CHAPMAN

This column will be directed to the Amateur Artists and their allied creative pastimes. In the news is the RCAF Art Exhibit and Contest 1961. This exhibition is open to the following: Amateurs: RCAF Personnel - Canadian Civil Service employees attached to the RCAF - Allied Service Personnel attached to the RCAF and dependents of the above over the age of 16 years on January 1st, 1961. The following types of work may be submitted: paintings—oil and water colour. Drawings—pencil, crayon, chalk, pen and ink etc. Exhibitors may enter two works in any or all of the above classifications. Oil paintings should be submitted on canvas boards or other rigid panels to eliminate the possibility of damage, and should be unframed. Watercolour paintings, drawings and prints should be mounted on mounting boards.

It is suggested on this form that drawings in pencil and pastel should be "fixed" to prevent smudging. It should be noted that "fixing" darkens pastels and in the opinion of most artists does not prevent smudging and spoils the freshness of the pastel. A better way would be to cover the entire board with plastic in the same way that members of the B.C. Society of Artists do with their watercolours sent out on exhibition.

There is an entry fee of \$1.00 which covers all works submitted by the exhibitor regardless of number. The subject classification is (a) Depicting any aspect of RCAF life. (b) Artists' choice—landscape, portrait, still life, figure subjects etc. Entry fee: all work must be submitted to AMP/DPA/PAG, RCAF HQ, Ottawa between 1st September and 30th September 1961. For full information on the above please contact the SRecO.

While on the subject of competitions I might mention that the Vancouver Art Gallery's 30th Annual Exhibition Wednesday, October 11th to Sunday, October 29th, 1961, is open to any artist residing in British Columbia. If you are a member of the gallery there is no charge, if you are not a

REASON ENOUGH

If I thought that service life was all right and was it my (f I I thought that service life was all right a dnwas it my chosen career?

How long had I been in the forces, he wasn't meaning to pry About my financial resources, but he finally asked me, why? Why had I stayed in the service? Why was I still playing the game?

Was it glamour or travel or purpose or the hope of fortune and fame?

Oh, I've read all the reasons for staying, of Duty and Honour and Queen,

Of how much the forces are paying or things to be done or be seen,

But I couldn't say those were my reasons that I'm in the service today

That I've lasted for so many seasons, and, if you don't mind here I'll stay.

For I finally figured it out, and here's why I'll stay to the end: I'm prepared, as you see, like a Boy Scout I've never been without a friend.

No particular airman or station, but each unit I have been on You can find them with no hesitation they can all be depended upon,

To help when you need it with money, or muscle when you need a lift

Or a joke when you need something funny and their friendship you get as a gift.

There's never a need to be lonely—look around and you'll find someone there;

To enjoy life you'll find you need only a friend and some fun two can share

It's a pity to be a civilian, the way those poor people exist, And I'd not trade my job for a million—it's my round, have a beer, I insist.

member the charge is \$1.00 for the submission of two works of art that must have been completed during the year October 60-61.

If you are interested why not write to the Vancouver Art Gallery for entry blanks which have to be returned to them by the 21st September. The works have to reach the gallery by the 22nd September.

For those of you who have difficulty defining modern art the following extract may be interesting: "Modern art may be a picture of a bison scratch-

ed twenty thousand years ago on a wall of the Lascaux Caves in Southern France. Or it may be a picture painted by Picasso only this morning. The dictionary defines "modern" as being "of the present" or "just now". But the term "modern art" both expands and contracts that definition. It expands it to include the cave-man artist lost in the mists of time, but it sharply contracts it to exclude the artist of today who paints pictures his grandfather might have liked sixty years ago.

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FLYCON FLASHES

by EFFGEE

Section news coming in clear but not too loud—rather I should say not too much. Oh well here goes!

Just had word that Flycon is to be highly complimented on a job well done on Airforce Day.

As usual we have a few people transferred. This time it is F/S Jim Kerwin off to the land of plenty at 1 (F) Wing. This good news came about when Jim was on leave up in Campbell's Creek working for a Mr. Bennett. Cpl. Pete Morin is turning in his scope and grease pencil and heading for Goose Bay. I believe the signal said something about working in a place called Rapcon. Jett-ing his way down to the approach course in Canada is F/L Jack Turner, who hopes to see black top on the autobahn when he returns.

Intersection wise we see F/L Hal Helgason taking over the reins of "B" Crew with LAC Frank Gavin joining his ranks and LAC Steve Wallis going to "C" crew. Speaking of changes—it seems that Steve has changed his parking space from behind the barrack block to behind the alert hangers. Its been rumoured that the CPR ferry, Nanaimo, charged one of our boys double to cross to the mainland when "A" crews' F/L Dale Steward went on leave last week. He had half his belongings plus five packed into his small type station wagon.

F/S Duke Schiller finally had his revenge on the salmon last week having hooked a 19 lb. spring at Duncan. I don't really know if it was worth 19 cigars which he passed around to commemorate the occasion though!

Say, did any one think to bring any mix for F/L Bob Lay-in's console cleaner?
See you at the party!



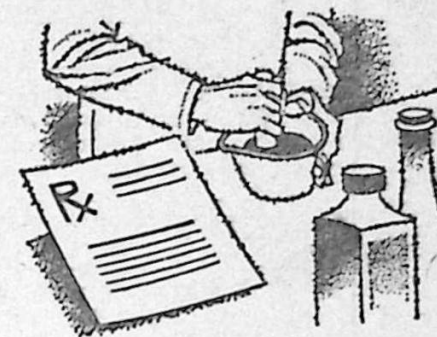
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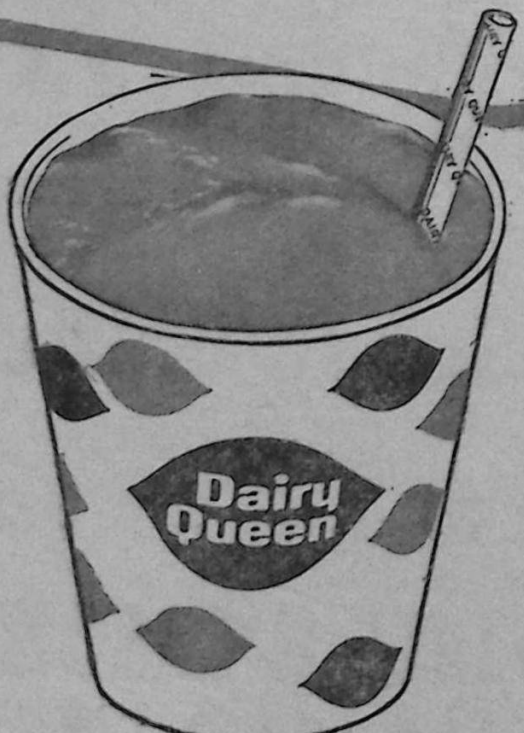
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Terry Thomas

TUESDAY, SEPT. 5

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Anton Diffring
Hazel Court

THURSDAY, SEPT. 7

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Bing Crosby

SATURDAY, SEPT. 9

SURPRISE PACKAGE

Yul Brunner
Mitzi Gaynor

SUNDAY, SEPT. 10



AN ALLIED ARTISTS PICTURE

TUESDAY, SEPT. 12

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