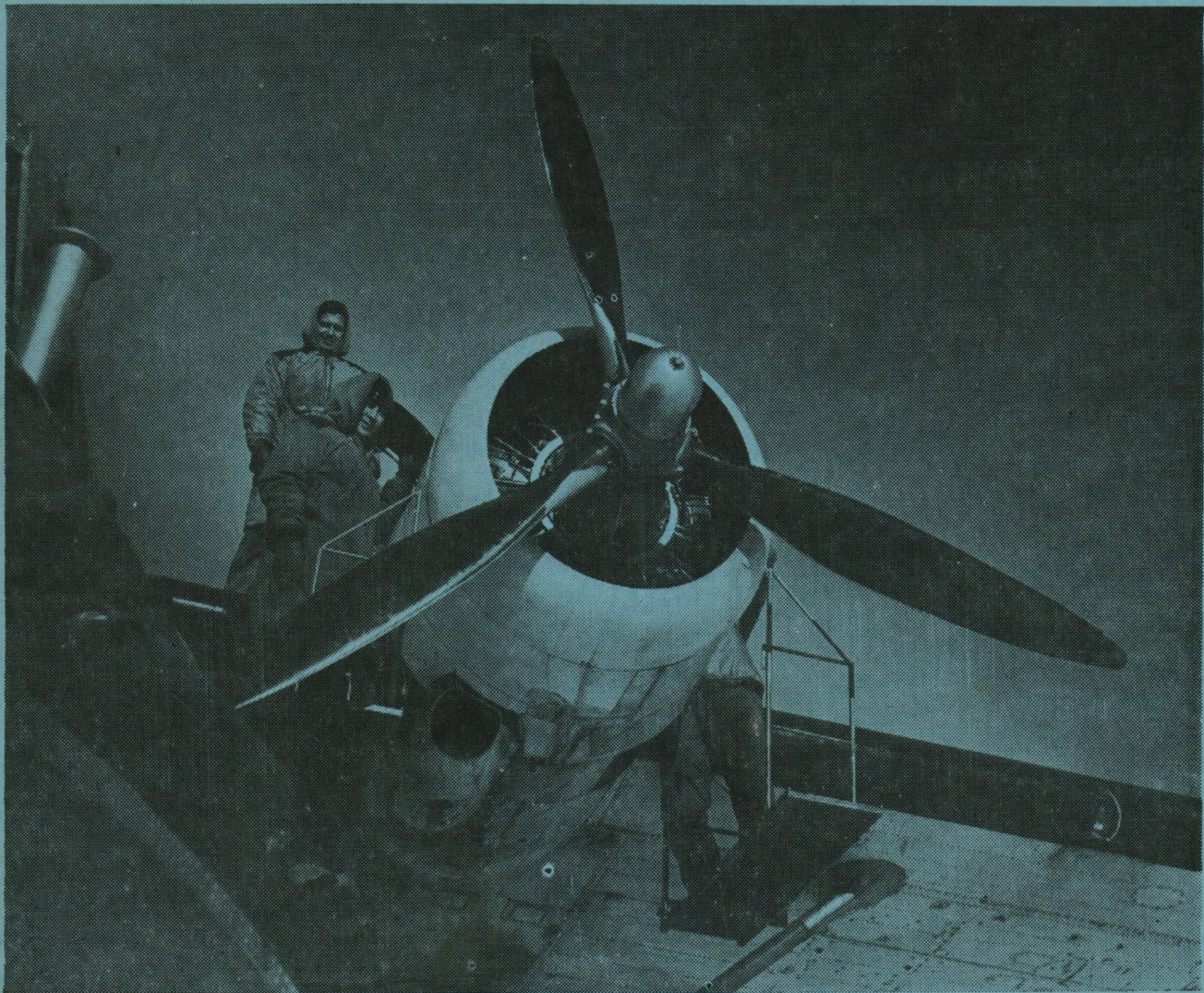


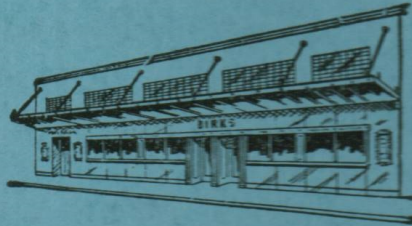
The **ROCKET**



10 CENTS

SUMMER 1949

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The **ROCKET**

Published as a quarterly review of the activities of R. C. A. F. Station, Rockcliffe, through the kind permission of the Commanding Officer.

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

Editorial

DISCIPLINE

In days of yore, travellers on the British Isles when encountering a stranger immediately held up their open right hand to show that they carried no weapon and that therefore their intentions were peaceful. Across the centuries this custom has been maintained but the intention is now to signify respect for authority. It is now known as a salute. A salute, like a coin, has two sides. It must come smartly and efficiently from the airman, and although he is saluting the King's Commission, it is well to think that the person saluted is worthy of the respect paid. Marshall Foch stated that "a good officer seldom needs to remind his men to salute". The peacetime Air Force is gradually moving towards smarter officers and airmen, for there is no doubt that in these immediate postwar years both have sinned. An organization such as the RCAF cannot afford to be slovenly. There is much to be gained both in appearance and efficiency by taking a personal interest in the over all picture of discipline.

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RCAF STATION ROCKCLIFFE

JULY ATTRACTIONS

Sunday 3rd	ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON (Tech)	Dennis Morgan, Dorothy Malone
Tuesday 5th	UNONQUERED (Tech)	Gary Cooper, Paulette Goddard
Thursday 7th	COME AND GET IT (Reissue)	Joel McCrea, Edward Arnold
Sunday 10th	FIGHTING FATHER DUNNE	Pat O'Brien
Tuesday 12th	THREE GODFATHERS (Tech)	John Wayne, Pedro Armenderiz
Thursday 14th	WE WERE STRANGERS	John Garfield, Jennifer Jones
Sunday 17th	EMPEROR WALTZ (Tech)	Bing Crosby, Joan Fontaine
Tuesday 19th	WHIPLASH	Dane Clark, Alexis Smith
Thursday 21st	COMMAND DECISION	Clark Gable, Walter Pidgeon
Sunday 24th	MELODY TIME (Tech)	Disney Feature
Tuesday 26th	ROGUE'S REGIMENT	Dick Powell, Marta Torem
Thursday 28th	MISS TATLOCK'S MILLIONS	John Lund, Wanda Hendricks

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RETROSPECT

Boils & Communism

April rolled onto the calendar and brought with it food for thought, spring and an anniversary. The anniversary was the RCAF's Silver Jubilee. Somehow it had come and gone without too much stir. People were pleased about it, but except for a dinner here, a parade there, and the odd speech and dance it passed as quietly as it had arrived. The next day the twenty sixth year began in a very normal fashion. The press and radio made brave attempts to oeat the drums . . . the former with a few well paid ads of congratulations and the latter with programs that were more reminiscent than soul stirring. The food for thought was served up at Boston by one Winston S. Churchill, who had come to be referred to as 'the Greatest Living Englishman'. Speaking at a convocation of the Massachusetts' Institute of Technology, he hammered home his message in clearcut, biting phrases. He spoke of Science as having made giant strides in this century. He said that Christianity was the highest guide of ethics that man had known, and finally he felt abject that the spectre of Bolshevism had not been throttled at its birth.

Because it was Winston Churchill with his tremendous prestige who had said it the world listened, but the same world had watched this strange thing called Communism and wondered if it was something that could be throttled. It was



Robert Thomas and Friends
"A Gargantuan Task"

like a boil that rose up from bad blood, and one did not 'throttle' boils . . . one cleaned up the blood stream. Communism, like boils, was a natural emanation of corrupt conditions. It was something that was essentially subsequent. It was in many senses similar to cancer. It presupposed disorder and of its nature was deadly to the whole organism. Such were the things that occupied the minds of most people in and out of the service in the opening days of Spring. Everything seemed to translate itself in terms of East vs. West. The Marshall plan was launched on its second year; Sam Carr was tried in Ottawa in connection with the espionage trials; the North Atlantic Pact became fact, and mild Clement Attlee raised his socialistic voice and said that the Russian Way of doing things left a lot to be desired. These were the goings on of the outside world.

On the inside of Rockcliffe however, there was the hustle and bustle of great silver birds

with red tipped wings, as they marshalled for the long trip to the detachments and the land of back of beyond.

MISSING EXPEDITOR

But their plans were brusquely interrupted when after more than eight years of perfect operations as a squadron the finger reached out and touched 412 on Thursday, April 21st, 1949. Just how the thing had happened, or even what had really happened, was still unknown. The only definite fact seemed to be that it had happened. The first inkling that something was amiss was the chill silence that trickled back to Rockcliffe on that day when the Beechcraft piloted by F/L Thomas failed to show up at Chatham, - its point of destination. Finally the official word was received that the plane was overdue and had been last heard from at 10.42 over Presqu'île, Me. The hunt was on.

Retrospect



W/C L. Olsson
"An RAF Background"

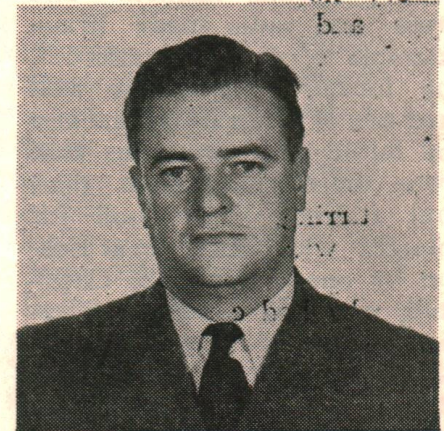
Planes from Halifax, Rockcliffe, Summerside and Trenton were marshalled and organized into areas. A rectangular box was drawn over a vast area of New Brunswick and part of Maine. Therein lay the field of probability, and therein the countryside was scoured from end to end and back again, from early morning until late at night as long as weather held. Back at Ottawa the news went out to Air Material and Air Transport Commands. Chaplains contacted every home personally and brought the news before it was released to the Press. The first few stunned hours wore into days of waiting and silence. Aerial Photography came into play and expert photo interpreters, both Army and Air Force, worked day and night checking each of thousands of prints in detail. The helicopter too was summoned and hovered at tree top heights across the search area. From the very outset those who knew the area by experience felt that the search, whatever the results, would not be easy in any phase. It

had so proven itself. The next-of-kin had shown great fortitude. From Air Material Command Mrs. B. H. Beck, Mrs. Jack Drury and Mrs. Freddie Darnell, kept in touch one with the other. Mrs. Thomas, ill in London, Ontario, heard the news from a flying visit by F/L Gilbert. Mrs. Hinde was in Montreal and Chubby Cavanaugh's father was the next-of-kin in Kinburn, Ontario. Officially the situation was "missing". Nothing more could be said either to increase or eliminate hope. Air Force wives like the wives of the men who go down to the sea in ships, were pioneering their own traditions. There was a strange similarity, for much of it would be based on silent hope and prayer.

DETACHMENT PROGRESS RESUMES.

Back at 22 Photo Wing, responsible for the northern detachment tasks was 43-year-old Liverpool born Robert Idris Thomas. The Wing Commander was an old timer on this type of work, and had been through many a varied experience since his enlistment in Vancouver 22 years prior. A tee-totalling non-smoker, he was tolerant of the indulgences of others and carried this same desire to understand the other fellow's point of view into all phases of his work. As Senior Administrative Officer at Trenton he had navigated the domestic affairs of the Station through the thorny immediate post-war years and had earned there a reputation for bene-

volence that stemmed from his (Welsh) middle name 'Idris' the Giant of Gallic mythology who held forth in the "Seat of Idris", a norther Welsh mountain, keeping a benevolent eye upon the lands beneath. The passing years and the interwoven threads of destiny had taken the five year immigrant boy of 1911 and placed him in charge of Canada's gargantuan task of bringing to light and to the map rooms, the facts and figures that now lay hidden in the uncharted wilderness of the northern hinterland.



W/C A. P. Blackburn
"Six Grouper"

This year 523 men in three squadrons were dispatched in a major effort to advance the cause of charting the north. Under Wing Commanders Blackburn (6 Group), Olsson (ex - R. A. F.), and Millar (Battle of Britain), Squadrons 413, 408 and 414, fourteen points, were selected as Field Headquarters and Detachment Focal Points. The Vertical and Tri-Camera tasks as conceived by Interdepartmental Committees on air sur-

Retrospect

vey (vertical) and air charting (Tri-Camera) were accepted by AFHQ; reviewed and digested by ATC in conjunction with top personnel from 22 Photo. Keeping in mind their resources in men and material, a commitment was then decided upon for the season 1949 which extended roughly from May 1st to September 1st. Square mileage was determined for each force that would take to the field, fuel requirement estimates were scaled out on paper, as well as oxygen requirements, and finally Motor Transport was allotted on the basis of local needs. None of the detachments this year would live under canvass. Their accommodation would vary from Air Force buildings to rehabilitated buildings and James Bay Huts flown in for the specific purpose by the men themselves. Food in general was very satisfactory and mail, after a rough beginning, began to line up with the other points in being as well as expected. Surprising fact seemed to be the comparatively small num-



W/C B. Millar
"From The Few"

ber of requests by the men to avoid doing the photo sojourn. It had become a fairly well accepted fact that sooner or later it had to be done and well over 95 percent were of the mind that the sooner the better. The strain on domestic setups was eased by the knowledge that it was for six months in the year and that three years was a fairly well accepted 'tour'.

This charting the top of the world held a certain amount of fascination for all ranks. It was big enough and important enough to be of historic value in peace time projects, and it was difficult to limit its potential value in any exigency that lay ahead.

GALLIONS AND SYMMETRY.

Masham born, dynamite serving Stephen Proulx was happy. Last summer when he watched the Quebec politicians slugging it out he called Godbout to win, this winter when Regina's green white Capitals invaded Tommy Gorman's ovula auditorium he named them to take the Senators. Those were the black days. But away back when the first hand was put on the Officers Mess to re-decorate the bar 'For Christmas' he smiled wisely and said that May the 1st would be the date it would be finished. No one believed him, but when April 30th of this year rolled around he was moving back into the bar af-

It's the refreshing thing to do



Retrospect

ter six months or so in blue-roomed exile. The next day—May 1st—he leaned over his new bar and grinned mischievously at the distraught experts who had thought he didn't know how to make a prediction stick. But his joy was not only in getting back into the old familiar bar, but also the sheer royalty of his new environs. Holland born be-spectacled sandy headed Han Hendriks, imported to the station by solemn faced "Lin" Pattie ex-bar officer, had hammered and twisted the iron into the beautiful symmetry and gallions that now graced the Mess' Fons Vitae. This was an art that Hendrik liked to call "Art Smithing". Twenty-nine year-old Hendrik had landed in Canada just one year ago with his wife Elsie Esselaar (her name translated means 'Maple Leaf') and his Bavarian Anvil. His work like himself is sure and precise. He has the stolidity of his race without the urbane effervescence of a Euro-

pean in the New World. His scale of values is the human one, and leans a little to the conservative point of view. He is therefore more at home here than in France or Belgium. On the other hand he is not overwhelmed by Canada. Like most Canadians he feels that Canada has a future, but its going to take a lot of hard work by a lot of people. His English like his point of view is sharp and at times a bit clipped. His three years in the Dutch underground has made him a realist. S/L Wm. Loynes leaves him to handle his own Department without interference.

The massive iron chandelier, the swanlike light brackets and the ornate grill before the bar are the three phases of the ensemble he has created. Unlike the new panelled walls that surround them, his work has left no diversity of opinion as to their acceptability.

THE WARRIORS AND A LADY.

Two things happened in May that 10 years ago could not have easily happened and yet they seemed not out of place in this 1949. The first thing was the visit via Rockcliffe to Canada of India's Deputy Minister of National Defence, the other was the same visit made by the Chief of Staff of the French Army. Both events had been made possible by the Airplane. Through air advancement India was closer to Canada . . . close enough for her Minister of National Defence to make the flight. Through Airpower (German) France had been smashed from a first class military nation to one of questionable strength. In 1939 no one could have easily imagined the French Chief of Staff finding time to visit Canada . . . but coincident with France's decline Canada was on the ascendent. She had something to offer. and to the Nations who were in need, it was easier to swallow a bit of pride than be engulfed. Thus did Pandit Nehru's H. M. Patel arrive from the new oriental republic, flanked by his republican Air Vice Marshall Mukerjee whose country's politics were more rapid than its uniform designers, for glistening above his wings was the British Crown to which allegiance was no longer offered. Their visit was chiefly to liase with Canada's Defence Department



H. M. Patel at Rockcliffe
"A Crown Glistened"

Retrospect

on war material and technical personnel. On invitation came General George R. Revers who had been attending West Point ceremonies on behalf of the French Republic. In Ottawa and Quebec City he inspected Army Units and before turning homewards the chunky General discussed matters concerning Article III of the Atlantic Pact (Article III . . . the parties separately and jointly will maintain and develop their individual and collective capacity to resist armed attack).

Like a breath of spring in this man's world of intrigue came Felicity Hyde-Hanbury, director of the Women's World in Clement Attlee's Royal Air Force. Accompanied by her mignonne Scottish born Flight Officer A. S. Wright, she had by her appearance sent all would-be dull receptions for staid o'dish Air Commandants into perfect confusion by her youth and the astounding fact that her wide stripe had far from eclipsed her Greta Garboish allure. Both at AFHQ where a luncheon was held in her honour, and at the Rockcliffe Mess where hard-bitten veterans fumbled cups of tea for an hour, the impression was that Britain would do well to step up the export quota of this sort of military ambassador.



*A/C Hyde-Hanbury at Station Hostital
"Export Quota"*

The Man Who Is Square

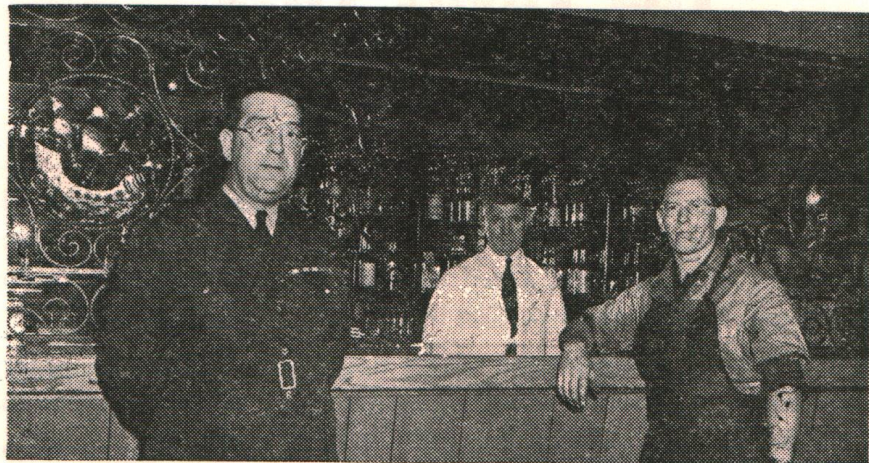
Passing the buck when you're out of luck started long ago; When Adam blamed Eve for the apple she gave, the time he stubbed his toe. Ever since then in the ranks of men, taking them high or low, the coward at heart who shirks his part has tried to dodge the blow.

The man who aims high but fails to get by, and blames the fellow below, need never aspire to climb any higher, he's

geared to travel in low. There's always a place for the man with the grace to admit it when he's to blame, who says 'It's on me but by jimminy it can never happen again!'

If you should succeed there is no better creed, than that of the man who is square; "I'll take what is mine without whimper or whine; above all else I'll be fair; so happen what may, at the close of each day I can say to my God "I've been square".

F. W. Jameson in "Forward".



*The Officers Mess Bar
"Import Gem"*

The Dead

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,
 Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.
 The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,
 And sunset, and the colours of the earth.
 These had seen movement, and heard music known
 Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;
 Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;
 Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to
 laughter
 And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
 Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
 And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
 Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance.
 A width, a shining peace, under the night.

—Rupert Brooke.

THE FRONT PAGE

“BACK OF BEYOND” — Fitters

A fact at times overlooked by aircrew is that behind every aircraft in the air there are several groundcrew. Our photographer has captured this situation with amazing accuracy and insight in our cover picture for this quarter. Pictured are three fitters, one of whom is LAC Gordon Oliphant now of No. 1 Photo Establishment, Rockcliffe, working on the port motor of a Canso.

In all sorts of weather and at all hours of the day and night these unsung heroes of the Air Force are ready and willing to do battle with and meet all the exigencies of aircraft maintenance, as well as routine inspections and repairs.

Bert White

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The Allied Air Forces supplying Berlin these last 10 months had amazed the world, confused the Russians, and disturbed their senior comrade—The Navy. It was true that during the Airlift, Berlin had suffered from lack of heat and power. It was also true that Berliners had munched dolefully day in and day out on dehydrated rations; but one great dominant fact remained. West Berlin had not gone under. Winston Churchill himself steeped in naval tradition, had, in his Boston speech (April 4th, 1949) made clear that Air Power was now of prime importance to any military power. The Naval and Land Arms must, he stated, take second role. To this ponderous obituary the Army remained quiet but the Navy was dying hard. In America the Navy dream was to construct an aircraft carrier so vast (65,000 tons) that a strategic operation could be transported to within striking distance of the enemy wherever he was. The plans were drawn up and the keel was laid for this colossus but when the price tag appeared even opulent Uncle Sam hollered.

Meanwhile, skippered by youthful Captain James Gallagher a B-50 was winging its way non-stop around the world to gently impress everyone everywhere that Aircraft based in the United States could arrange the necessary attention for any corner of the globe should attention be needed. In all countries the same story was being repeated. Canada's legislators earmarked the largest single financial estimate for the RCAF in the year 1949-50. That for the first time in history.

Last month in Ottawa, the Naval Officers' Association of HMCS Bytown gave warm welcome to the words of popular U.S. Naval Attache, Captain B. S. Custer, that, had there been a canal leading to Berlin, the Navy could have landed more supplies in the City in one day than the Air Force did in weeks. There was no Canal.

FACTUAL FIGURES FROM THE BENEVOLENT FUND.

The little office just around the corner from Ottawa's egg-shaped auditorium was trying harder than ever to get across to all and sundry just what the Benevolent Fund was all about, and how much money was on hand to do the things that could be done. It was not the perfect system. To that, even efficient manager J.

Leonard Apedaile O.B.E., C.A. would agree. But from experience with canteen funds of World War I and in comparison with the other two services of World War II, the RCAF, ex-RCAF and dependents of both could fare a lot worse than they were doing at present. Fund secretary, Alan Laine Bell, long experienced in working with the Chief, knew that the most difficult element to deal with in this sort of business was the elastic sad-happy, up and down human element. Correspondence passing through Central Claims Committee Secretary, Jack Carruthers, showed that accounts, hospitals, sicknesses and even accidents all ran to a fairly general pattern, but the human animal made all Standardization of Benevolent Fund treatment a consummation fondly to be wished. It could never become fact and therefore each individual case had to be dealt with on its own mercurial merits. Completed by claims reviewers Ken Harper and F/L Ed Leafloor the Committee's most recent financial statement placed the Fund total at \$3,097,101.26. Chief revenue for the same period had come in the form of \$7,649.31 from the RCAF messes and Station Funds. It was interesting to note that in this three month period some \$58,000 had been handed out in loans, and \$59,000 (including \$6,740.42 conversions) had

ASKANCE

been handed out in distress relieving grants. The breakdown per province ran fairly well on the population basis with Ontario (handled until now by F/L A. L. Watson) taking the lion's share (total \$41,006.75) and Prince Edward Island on the other end of the line (\$1,894.50). The original aim of the Fund has been and still was, where genuine stress existed genuine aid was given.

CEYLON'S SAVIOUR.

The oft repeated saga of Leonard Joseph Birchall, was up again in Washington, D.C., last month. Now 33 years of age and a Group Captain, the hero's exploits were officially recalled and honoured by the presentation of the DFC and OBE to him by Canadian Ambassador, Hume Wrong at Canada's Embassy in the great Capital.

The well known tale goes back to April of 1942 when Birchall on patrol in a flying boat, gasped at the sight of a

strong Nippon task force headed for Ceylon. He signalled the alarm, which unlike Pearl Harbor's 'warning red' was heeded and every ship and plane that could be mustered was brought to bear on the Sons of Heaven. In the resultant battle such mortal damage was inflicted on the would-be invader that invasion of the Island was abandoned by the board of strategy of the Rising Sun. In this single alert act he assured himself a place in the pages of history; but the real test of his personal fortitude came during the 42 months that he spent as a prisoner and senior allied officer in a military camp.

The youthful Group Captain is Assistant Air Attache to the Canadian Embassy in Washington. His memory is perpetuated in the far Eastern Dominion by a monument commemorating the single act which raised him from anonymity to the scroll of events unforgettable. Last month Canada remembered: Ceylon too would never forget.



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On the wings of the North Star aircraft standing outside of the EPE hangar, are little flat blocks of wood scarcely half an inch thick, and about four by four inches in size. These pieces of wood are watched for bounce or 'vibration'. From one end of the wing to the other, the bits of wood are moved back and forth like divining rods and as they move so is the plotting of this one flaw in the performance traced and taped.

Like an eagle looking wisely down from his eyrie, Wing Commander Duncan Alexander MacLulich sitting in his office just above and in front of the aircraft, has as his task this and three dozen other projects to bring onto paper and in terms of facts and figures the reasons why things do or do not happen. An integral part of Wing Commander "Bill" Foster's EPE section, the "Boffin" as he is generally referred to, sits quietly at the extreme end of the corridor from the Officer Commanding. His interests are varied and all explored with equal thoroughness.

Born in Toronto in 1909, he attended the University of Toronto, receiving his B.Sc. degree in Forestry in 1931 and his Ph. D. in Bacteriology in 1937. His appetite for knowledge merely whetted, courses in surveying, meteorology and statistics followed in rapid succession. The war years saw him as a Navigation Instructor at No. 1 CNS Rivers from which he went to the Empire Central Flying School in England. He graduated in April 1944 with special distinction and was put in charge of the Experimental Flying at the same school from April 1944 to

August 1945. His intellectual curiosity and passion for detail were applied to his new interest to such an extent that today he is a recognized authority on the subject of aerial navigation and navigation instruments and is at this writing, a member of three National and International Advisory Committees on the subject.

Not content with the knowledge of how aircraft get to where they are going, he felt that he must also know why they get there. This led to an intensive tour of British Aircraft firms during which he acquired such a thorough and detailed knowledge of aerodynamics and aeronautical engineering that many a brash young engineer fresh from the classical and orthodox courses of the universities and engineering schools, has left the Boffin's office with a sheepish and chastened air. And yet this does not tell the complete story of the Boffin, for thorough as his knowledge of matters scientific is, it is the amazing variety of his interests which gives rise to the Boffin 'legend'. A prominent and enthusiastic member of the Ottawa Field Naturalists Club, the early morning hours may see him exploring the fields around the district for hours before reaching his office in the EPE hangar. His knowledge of the subject was never put to better advantage than on a recent occasion when he had an opportunity to refute a scurrilous allegation that was making the rounds regarding the mental status of a woodpecker that was vainly trying to punch a hole in a tin roof night after night, to the discomfiture of the officers sleeping below. "Quite a na-

EXPERIMENTATION

tural way for him to behave", said the Boffin. "It sets up sympathetic vibrations in his head."

How wide and varied are his interests no one really knows, for like most men of the Boffin type, he is modest and retiring. But the work being done under his personal direction gives a good indication as to their scope and variety. Much of the work being done is of necessity in the restricted class, but it may vary from the installation and calibration of a new type of compass to the elaborate calcula-



W/C D. A. McLulich
"To Find a Buzz"

tions involved in the complete performance testing of a prototype aircraft; from a problem in simple aerodynamics to

something requiring an intensive knowledge of radar and electronics. Working directly under the Boffin are a qualified group of graduate engineers who tabulate, analyse and interpret the mass of data obtained in flight and ground tests by expert technicians and precision pilots.

The Aerodynamic Section headed by F/L Doug Wurtele, graduate of RMC, and B.A. Sc. in Aeronautical Engineering from University of Toronto, includes F/L Jack Neelin, B.Sc. in Science, University of Manitoba; F/L Gord Sutherland, B.A.Sc. University of Michigan and has F/O Jim Whelan, graduate of the Specialist Navigation Course in Polar Navigation and formerly with 412 K Squadron as officer in charge of navigation developments. The technicians are under the direction of S/L Miall and are experts in the exacting craftsmanship required for the intricate experimental work carried on. Pilots, graduates of the Empire Test Pilots' course at Farnborough, are F/L's Paul Hartman and Vic Carson to name only two and are headed by S/L Marcoux and W/C Foster—himself a qualified test pilot. They may be called upon to put the latest jet fighter through its paces at

high altitude or keep a Lancaster thundering across the airdrome at a constant height of 80 feet for innumerable painstaking runs.

But behind them all hovers the Boffin, the guiding hand, familiar with every detail, patient, thorough, understanding and seemingly tireless. Nor have all of his achievements been mentioned—however the limited space at our disposal prevents us from elaborating further on his own interests, a few of which include his position as Vice President of the Royal Astronomical Society, the National Research Council Biology Group, the Aeronautical Section of the Engineering Institute of Canada, his numerous services as lecturer on theory of flight, on jet propulsion, on instruments and navigation and finally his personal life. Yes, he has one—for he was married in 1942 to a girl from Edmonton and is now the proud father of two boys and a girl. Chances are that they too will some day take the name of Boffin.

As for the Boffin himself, his only fear is that someday the exigencies of the service may send him away from EPE leaving a project unfinished, a problem unsolved.

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ARCTIC SURVIVAL

By F/L McKEE
(412)

While most of us at RCAF were turning to the more leisurely forms of entertainment, F/L McKee was enjoying the rigid type up north, the details of which he gives a good account.

SURVIVAL

"There are strange things done
'neath the midnight sun
By the men who moil for gold
And the Arctic trails hold
their sweet tales
That would make your blood
run cold."

Robert W. Service wrote that at the turn of the century just after Arctic Survival Courses became popular. However, since then stranger things have been done by men who moiled at the RCAF Arctic Survival school. Putting first things first, let us start at the beginning.

The trip to Edmonton via North Star was uneventful until after we left Winnipeg. The air was rough and the inevitable happened **everyone** up to and including one Flight Lieutenant was sick. Despite our great distress we still felt sorry for an Army Major who spent the last two hours on his knees alternately praying and you know what else.

At Edmonton I got my first look at my fellow students. Some looked pretty scrawny to a robust type like myself (Editor's Note — "fat type" would be more correct) and I secretly promised myself not to help carry these weakling's packs because was it not a survival course? Little did I know these same scrawny little men would be packing me before I was through.

At Nelson F/O Reggie Goode met us and after shaking hands with him I knew immediately the 14 years he spent in the Arctic with the RCMP was

spent mainly in wrestling bears. We were introduced to Johnny the guide-cum-instructor. He shook hands solemnly but you felt he was regarding you a little like the physchiatrist who had a talk with you once when you tried to remuster to a Padre midway through a tour overseas.

After a day of lectures and getting suitably clothed we spent a "comfortable" night on double decker bunks in the hangar, getting used to rugged living by degrees I supposed. The double decker bunks, the hangar and the long hike to the "john" made everyone so homesick for Manning Depot that someone even asked "anyone here from the West?" For anyone interested the reply is still the same classic one used years ago.

Bright and early Monday morning, having been organized into separate camps, we started making up our packs for the trip to Jackfish Lake. We were given some advice about not taking too heavy a pack as the bush is pretty tough going. Most of the lads settled for 40 or 45 pounds, but not me, after all hadn't I taken weight lifting at the "Y" and besides was I not going to impress the instructor with all the extras I carry in my 65-pound pack. I was to impress them all right, but not favourably.

After about 25 miles down the Alaska highway by bus we piled out and started down the tote road. Tote road means a road along which the wolves and bears wait to tote you off when you drop from 65 pound packs, which feels so light for the first 100 yards or so. After that, you realize that all hills are up when you have too much of a load on—the other

loads you had previously carried seemed very light but they were mainly internal. It isn't long before you notice those same scrawny creatures you regarded with a jaundiced eye in Edmonton pulling slowly but surely away from one puffing, sweating "strong man". After four hours of bush and muskeg the lake is reached and your first big lesson has been learned. Never again will vanity dictate the load, necessity is the keynote of survival. you also have time while stumbling through the muskeg to ponder on the wisdom of those that know, advising you to stay with the aircraft and not to try walking through the bush.

Now that the lake is reached the real work begins. Being appointed group leader, the others wait politely for you to pick the camp site knowing you know as much about it as Padre Gallagher knows about the entrance requirements for the Orange Order. However, reason prevails and you pick a site close to the instructor. If any bears show up you want to be near someone who has **seen** one at least.

During the next week we are all to learn just how much work is required to stay alive. The K rations carried in the aircraft just give you a fighting chance. From then on its up to you. The game doesn't walk in and present you with your supper, you have to walk long energy-consuming miles to get it. They haven't heard about the "schmoos" in the Arctic. you learn that being a "sharp-shooter" around the Chateau Laurier for years doesn't mean a thing, when you draw a bead on an "Arctic chicken" and miss you go without your supper. So you promise yourself some practice on the skeet range back at Rockcliffe.

ARCTIC SURVIVAL

Learning to catch fish has a knack as everyone knows but setting a gill net from a home made raft is in the realm of art and never try walking through underbush with a net unless its wrapped up. It only requires about two hours to untangle it if you're lucky and I wasn't lucky. The fish and you get lots of them when once the net is set, are lovely big firm-fleshed cold water fish. They have an exquisite flavour for the first six or seven meals that is. After that they begin to taste like Ottawa "long time no sea" variety.

Humour is very important on 'survival'. If there was no humour it wouldn't be long before everyone would be using the axes for selfish reasons. In that respect we had our Pierre Leblanc humourist extraordinary. Pierre has heard and remembered every joke ever told, someone however, neglected to inform him from which end of a joke you begin with. However, as he said quote "When I tell the joke she gets two laughs—one when I tell her and one when the boss puts the nod on her".

Along about the fourth day you find wisdom in the instructors advice that each member of a group should do that to which he is best suited. After organization was completed, we had Pierre dropping trees with the skill he learned as a lumberjack in New Brunswick (mine dropped right across the campfire causing great confusion); we had Red Jamieson the para-rescue corporal bringing in the meals with the rifle, Irish was the net tender; everyone had their jobs to do and I found out I was fully qualified to be OC to all the dirty dishes.

When the week is up, you find out you have learned

much. For one thing that pack sack that hangs on a nearby tree no longer looks like a bear climbing up the tree as it did on the first night when you awoke on hearing some noise. you have found out that moss is not something for a tombstone but that you can boil it and make a vitamin rich repast; if not filling it is nourishing. Tea from spruce needles is better tasting and better for you than plain water. From a trapper passing through you have learned just how nice beaver meat really is and from the tail you can get sufficient fat to fry many meals of fish. Sleeping under a lean-to of cedar has become like sleeping at home. You have learned "survival" is possible.

On the trek back having learned not to trip over every twig on the trail, the going was comparatively easy though still not recommended as a stroll after dinner. There is only one more shock the north has left for you that comes from the first mirror you approach. You expected that beard but not one quite so grey. However, the moustache was left on to impress the dear ones at home.

So you arrive home expecting all the sympathy reserved for survivors and get greeted with "My you look fine". The moustache attracts a laugh and a "my it tickles". So nothing is left but clear your throat and say "There are strange things done—" but no ones blood is running cold so that ends that. Ah well! for one raised in a city and who loves the smell of cement, its good to be back. It's also good to know you'll no longer wonder how to light a fire when there aren't two Boy Scouts to rub together. Survival—it's Grand!

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MISSING—

Joseph Frank THOMAS (Pilot); Australian, Kenneth HINDE (Co-Pilot) and Crewman John Thomas Carl "Chubby" CAVANAUGH, on a routine Rockcliffe to Chatham, N.B., flight, Thursday, April 21st, 1949, from 412 Squadron.

BAPTIZED IN THE STATION CHAPEL

David James FLETCHER, son of LAC and Mrs. D. J. Fletcher, on March 27th, 1949.

Gaie Barbara KOROLYK, daughter, and William Terrence KOROLYK, son of Cpl. and Mrs. Wm. Korolyk, on March 27th, 1949.

Elaine Margaret ROBERTSON, daughter of Flying Officer and Mrs. D. F. Robertson, on April 7th, 1949.

Sharalyn Shirley Frances HUNTER, daughter of LAC and Mrs. S. E. J. Hunter, on April 24th, 1949.

Susan Jane CARR, two-year-old daughter of Flying Officer and Mrs. D. W. J. Carr, on April 24th, 1949.

Sandra Jean SUFFIDY, daughter of Cpl. and Mrs. G. J. Suffidy, on April 24th, 1949.

David Thomas MacDONALD, son of LAC and Mrs. B. D. MacDonad, on May 8th, 1949.

Elizabeth Gay STROUTS, daughter of F/L and Mrs. R. H. Strouts, on May 15th, 1949.

Barbara Marie BENJAMIN, year-old daughter of Cpl. and Mrs. G. C. Benjamin, on May 15th, 1949.

Michael James Wain NEWSON, son of W/C and Mrs. F. M. Newson, on May 15th, 1949.

Margaret Leigh MILLER, daughter, and Leslie John MILLER, son, of S/L and Mrs. W. G. S. Miller, on May 29th, 1949.

Peter Michael WATTS, son of S(L and Mrs. Jack Vincent Watts, on May 29th, 1949.

COLLINS, Linda Gail Marie, daughter of Flying Officer and Mrs. Stanley Collins, on April 3rd.

GRASTON, Patricia Lee, daughter of Major (USAAF) and Mrs. Earl Graston, on April 10th.

DE REPENTIGNY, Jean Georges Phillipe, son of Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Roland DeRepentigny, on April 10th.

DOYLE, Patrick Thomas, son of Group Captain and Mrs. Michael G. Doyle, on May 1st.

LAWLER, Kurt William Joseph, son of LAC and Mrs. Ford John Lawler, on May 16th.

MARRIED

DIDOW, Sgt. George, vitamin handling hospital chef, of Maple Creek, Sask., to Lucille Rose Alma SEGUIN (Ottawa), niece of Station Tailor Paul Savard, on Saturday, June 4, 1949, in the Station Chapel.

Cpl. John LEIPER to Margaret Yvonne LITTLE, Ottawa, on April 4th, 1949, in the Station Chapel.

LAC Wentworth Norwood "Stockie" STOCKFORD to Marie Elizabeth HERRINGTON of Ottawa on May 3rd, 1949, in the Station Chapel.

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS

The first definite fact that is encountered into an investigation into the Cubs and Guides movement at Station Rockcliffe is Norah Harvey. People who have had to do with her requests for help for her proteges know from experience that if they do not acquiesce she will be back. Short, brunette and ebullient, there is no reverse gear in her makeup. Her personality gives the immediate impression of being a division of energy and tenacity. The energy drives her forward and the tenacity hangs on to the ground gained when immediate advance is out of the question. With a lesser person at the helm the organization of children in these parts might have fared less well. On the twelfth of July 1948 ten little fellows grouped together in the then Trade Advancement Building and under the guidance of Norah Harvey, formed the Rockcliffe Cub Pack. Their ideals were high and noble but the road that lay ahead of them was stony and thorny. Parent indifference, accommodation and finances, were but a few of the obstacles that were to harass the serenity of their development. Undaunted, they carried forward and found a helping hand from the Station Administration which was encouraging. Circumstances took them from the Trade Advancement Building to the basement of Number 1 Barrack Block;

finally the movement came to rest in their present abode at the School of Photo Building.

The original Station Committee that was set up to work of the Station Commander R. C. Davis, with Squadron Leader Spear and Major Wilcox as his trusty cohorts. Flying Officer Frank Haley came into the picture subsequently in the role of liaison. Running these groups on a military station presented new problems. Children invariably reflect their background, and these children were brought together from homes that were English and French speaking, Protestant and Catholic, and officers and other ranks. They got along well, very well. There was for a short period and it was at this time that the Brownies

and Guides were brought into being under benign Mrs. Langlotz. The drill hall became the meeting place for a while and the occasional outburst that 'My daddy is an officer and yours isn't . . . but that was just the sort of thing that Cubs and Brownies and Guides were out to nail and kill. It didn't matter what anybody's daddy was or was not. Here the kids were brought together to bring out and develop their own qualities. It was also the aim of the groups to eliminate the weaknesses and one of the worst was narrowness. It was Baden Powell himself who years before had struck the note and shown the way with his two word motto for Scouts of "Be Prepared". At times the less discerning in watching



C U B S
"Your Daddy Isn't"

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS

Guides or Cubs at work might think the whole thing was a loss of time, but underlying their games and skill tests there was a deeper significance than just winning or losing or gaining a badge. The whole theme was self reliance and personal ingenuity. In scouting and guide work pattern thinking was frowned upon and each child was taught to think and think freely. At that age it were better to err a little in freedom than to be slapped Hitler style into a harness of mass hypnotism. On the other hand, discipline was not completely ignored. In developing his own personality each child was reminded that he must also be careful of the rights of others. Between the two a happy medium was sought. The finances of these groups were usually rock bottom but this usually caused not too much concern to the leaders. Guides and Cubs, like governments, were at their best when they had to strain a bit financially. Practically every one in each group who could be in uniform had acquired one. The Harveys and Mrs. Langlotz give freely of their time with no repayment other than the personal satisfaction that somebody's boy or girl is learning self assurance or how to sew . . . or maybe even just how to live and act with other people of different language or different talents. Over zealous parents at times found place to comment not too favourably on this or that which they did not like, but

whilst lending an ear to everything reasonable, the leaders plod quietly forward to the main aim of the whole business and that is of making Canadians out of the kids. This was a great work in a world where so many sought out the children to mould their minds so mould the next generation. If only the youngsters could be taught to think and think fairly, to act and act justly, then the die would be cast and no 'ism' however strong could ever conquer them for no man is in bondage as long as his soul is free. These great principles of a great movement were translated into the smallest things. Woodcraft, signals, cooking, housework, games; all were included as instruments of selling the main theme 'Be Prepared'. In a world such as today there was much to prepare for, and here was the grass roots formation. Undoubtedly these children as the men and women of tomorrow

would forget much of what they had learned here in the little room of the School of Photo. Their semiphore would get hazy and they would forget the Cub Pack Cry and the Scout Promise, - at least the wording of it, but so long as they never forgot the spirit of it, the dream of Baden Powell would not crumble and the work of the Harveys and the Langlotz' would not fail.

THE GOOD EARTH

John Patrick Pender, poker faced silent secretary of many a station committee had still another committee added to his agenda this spring. It was as strange to him as it was to the other 'pioneers' who trooped cagely into Ernest Gilbert's Chapel Office when the green light to go ahead on gardens was given by the local station authorities. Stalwarts amongst them were Hubert



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DOMESTIC AFFAIRS

Gerard "Gerry" O'Kelly of 412 (Now ATC) Squadron and David E. Whyte greying youngster from E & PE. If colour were needed, they had already supplied it. Flight Lieutenant O'Kelly was a person who came rapidly to the point when a problem presented itself. He learned this the day he joined the RCAF and had put all seven of his Christian names on the application form. The legend goes that the recruiting officer thought that two people were applying. From then on brevity was the soul of O'Kelly. Adding counsel to council was fatherly Jimmy Morrison of No. 1 Photo, and lending a very cooperative hand to a cooperative enterprise were summer employed Padre (P) assisting Stanley Parkhouse, Corporal Korolyk and Cpl. Hopkins. Padre Gilbert after cautiously having the soil analysed by the Experimental Farm, staked his claim in an area that can best be described as "off to the left



GUIDES
"Some Might Forget"

as you come in the gate". Plots (160 of them) were 21' x 24' with a maximum of two per family. By June 1st approximately 110 of them had been snaffled up by vegetable hungry Air Force families. The advantages of the scheme were multiple. Apart from the straight saving in dollars and

cents, it was healthy and progressive and last but not least, it brought to work together many who now lived in the same community together. There would be problems, that everyone knew, and if patience were necessary in solving them they had the right man at the helm.

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EXTERNAL AFFAIRS

RUSSIA AND THE ATOM

Although off the front pages of the newspapers momentarily the question of atomic energy its control or release were still very much to the fore in the International Forum of Man - - the U.N. The problem was man himself more than the atom. Still unable to control his ambitions, greeds and hatreds, he was forced in every nation to keep standing armies. The international trust of word or pen had long since been reduced to a hollow farce. Expediency was the yardstick of diplomacy and mankind holding within its grasp the secret of all power problems - the atom - dared not release it because he did not trust himself. Such was the impasse to which the world had come, and such was the background to the most recent discussions of the subject in the General Assembly of the United Nations. Since the atom hitherto has been associated almost exclusively with war, the discussion of its control is allied very closely with the committee of what is known as 'conventional armaments'. Conventional armaments include all other forms of "persuasion" - - the atom bomb excluded. All Nations were rather in favour of an overall reduction in conventional armaments. Russia spoke as though she were of this mind, but her proposal gave the lie to her professions of goodwill. She proposed that Atomic Energy and conventional armaments be lumped together under one committee and discussed as one subject. Russia

forever cagey, knew that, should her proposal be accepted, she would either learn something more about atomic energy than she knew - - or failing this, the whole issue of any kind of disarmament would become so confused and be-muddled that her large standing forces should remain intact. Twice Russia in committee made this proposal, and twice Canada's A. G. L. McNaughton took the position that this resolution would throw the whole issue into utter confusion. In the United Nations, as well as on every propoganda platform in the world, Russia worked for one aim . . confusion. If she confused the democratic average citizen when he had enough to eat and wear surely she had reason to hope for great dividends should Capitalism through its own blind greed allow her whole economic fabric to collapse into the economic morass of rags and hunger in another depression. For an already bloated Russia there was no rush, they were convinced that sooner or later the depression would arrive . . in the meantime they followed the adage, 'Sestina Lente' . . . Make Haste Slowly.

NORTH AMERICAN PACT

The Parties to this Treaty reaffirm their faith in the purposes and principles of the Charter of the United Nations . . . they are determined to safeguard the freedom . . . founded on the principles of democracy, individual liberty and the rule of law . . . are resolved to unite their efforts for collective defence . . undertake . . to settle any interna-

tional disputes in which they may be involved by peaceful means . . . refrain . . . from the threat or use of force They will seek to eliminate conflict in their international economic policies and will encourage economic collaboration between any or all of them.

In order more effectively to achieve the objectives of this Treaty, the Parties, separately and jointly, by means of continuous and effective self-help and mutual aid, will maintain and develop their individual and collective capacity to resist armed attack.

The Parties will consult together whenever, in the opinion of any of them, the territorial integrity, political independence or security of any of the Parties is threatened.

The Parties agree that an armed attack against one . . . shall be considered an attack against them all; . . . if such an armed attack occurs, each of them . . . will assist the Party or Parties so attacked by taking forthwith, . . . such action as it deems necessary, including the use of armed force.

After the Treaty has been in force for ten years, or at any time thereafter, the Parties shall, if any of them so requests, consult together for the purpose of reviewing the Treaty, having regard for the factors then affecting peace and security in the North Atlantic area, including the development of universal as well as regional arrangements under the Charter of the United Nations for the maintenance of international peace and security.

SPORTSPOURRI

BOWLING.

Congratulations are in order for several members of the bowling brotherhood who upheld the prestige of the Station and came through with flying colours in the first annual Ottawa and District RCAF Bowling Tournament held at the Bolodrome on May 7th.

Lording it over 15 other teams in the tournament Rockcliffe "Powerhouses" proved to be just that as they compiled an impressive pinfall of 3,182 to walk off with the lion's share of the prize money and the Trophy. This trophy will be held by the captain, Sergeant Richard at A/CM until next year's tournament. Other members of the team include F/S R. Leonardo, LAC G. Williams, LAC W. Earnshaw, Cpl. G. Benjamin and Cpl. R. Savaud. Felicitations fellows.

Hot on the heels of the Powerhouses, F/S Molinski's team from AMP/AFHQ took 'place money' with a pinfall of 3,146. Not so very far behind in 'show' position came F/S Waite's group from AMC with 3,114. Consolation award went to Rockcliffe Wreckers, captained by WO. 2 Norm Wallace with 2,452.

Individual orchids go to Cpl. T. Bryan of AMP/AFHQ with a high cross of 799 and WO. 2 Ernie Crisp of Rockcliffe Pho-



*G/C Doyle On The Mound
"The Season Was Under Way"*

tographers who earned the high single award with 331.

All prizes, which were presented by G/C E. A. McNab of AFHQ, were made possible by contributions of five dollars per team as an entry fee in the tournament.

CAUSTIC COMMENTS.

With the advent of the ball season discussions at the organization meetings eventually got around to the use of baseball spikes in the Station League. Two members were in favour of their being made 'optional' but several die-hards contended that it would resemble giving a 12-gauge shotgun to a ten-year-old and consequently those in favour were

let down and the spikes were disallowed for another year.

The transference of No. 2 diamond from the sports field to that space in front of the hospital was a sound idea. However, it seems that something slipped (maybe the tape measure) when the new diamond was laid out. As it is, limited space has been provided outside the base lines for base running and good fielding. The "well" at home plate is ideal but why couldn't the space around the outside of the infield be given the same treatment? Well fellows?

Number one diamond is no paradise either. The grass around the infield and base lines here is a full tow inches higher than the infield surface. We predict that some unfortu-

SPORTSPOURRI

nate will lose a few teeth or suffer other injury as a result of a normal ground ball hitting this lump of grass and taking a bad hop. A few truck loads of fill would rectify this situation.

CONTRIBUTED.

The Accounts section finally laid down their pens and got out their knuckle dusters to take a sports day. This memorable occasion was due to a challenge being received, inspired no doubt by Sgt. Bob Gibb, who was recently posted from Rockcliffe to AFHQ/-

DAF, to have a game of "touch" rugby. "Gregson's Greasy Gridders" naturally accepted and the 18th of May was set as the date.

To the uninitiated "touch rugby" sounds like a game that anyone can play if they can run at all and catch a ball. I have now been initiated and revised my opinion accordingly. The AFHQ boys were naturally a little late due to the "pressure of work", "exigencies of the Service", etc., and we organized a scrub game to get our signals in shape prior to starting the big game. From my point of view that may

have been a mistake. They placed me on the line, to get me out of the way no doubt, and put me at the mercy of all the accounts section boys that had been required to work nights over the past four months. I don't know if it is legal to push a lineman's face in the mud, climb up his back, put a half-nelson on him etc., anyway the referee wasn't too observant and S/L "Rolly" Gregson and F/L "Stan" Steene, although still walking, are nursing quite a number of aches.

The AFHQ boys finally arrived and the game got under



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way. The first quarter was uneventful except the timekeeper, Ford Lawlor, had so many watches that he didn't know what time it was. From the players point of view they were sure that all of his watches had stopped as they were ready to take time out after about the first two plays. In the second quarter by a series of precision passes the Greasy Gridders marched up the field to the AFHQ end and finally Bob Hamlin managed to get his size 12 on the ball to give Rockcliffe their first point.

The third quarter was marked by several highlights, the most interesting being a penalty that was handed out by the referee Cpl. Jeff Chalk. Sgt. Gibb made the mistake of talking back to the referee and was penalized five yards. Rockcliffe also scored a touchdown in the third quarter making the

score 6-0 for Rockcliffe. Keith McMillan had the honour of getting this touch.

The fourth quarter was uneventful, by that time the 80 degree temperature and the humidity of the afternoon had taken its toll and it is doubtful whether anyone had the energy left to run the length of the field let alone carry the ball, so Gregson's Greasy Gridders chalked up their first victory in this pre-season game. Unfortunately for Rockcliffe this is the last game in which Gregson's Greasy Gridders will participate due to the anticipated transfer of S/L Gregson to AFHQ this summer. At the moment we are not prepared to name the team we will be fielding next fall, however, the loss of our star quarterback both at touch rugby and our daily accounting duties at Rockcliffe will be felt keenly by the Rockcliffe Accounts Section.

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Religion

There was a day not too long ago when Station Trenton had only one mar on its million dollar horizon. No pains had been spared in putting up the 'mostest and the bestest' whenever a building was required. Great white hangars flanked the airfield, permanent quarters in stately array clustered around the fringes of the white stone barracks, the Administration Building was as imposing as it was enduring, and the Officers Mess with its lavish finish and lounge wide 'foyer' gave one the impression of a cross between the Royal York and a gold crusted American Funeral Home. Amongst all this there was however the poor relative. The makeshift and homeless thing called Religion. The Roman Catholics for years had been saying an uncomfortable mass in a sometimes swept cinema hall, and the Protestants revelled in the sheer luxury of sharing a temporary hut with a kindergarten. Finally in 1946 Wing Commander Robert I. Thomas, with the permission of Group Captain Rutledge, turned over to both chaplains a standard one-storey "H" building. At Easter of 1949 — three years later — the finished product was opened after 36 months of makeshift furniture or none at all. Station Chaplains William Rogers for the Protestants and Francois Benoit Halle for the RC's were at last happily in-



Station Chapel (P) Trenton
"The Theme Was Oak"

stalled. From the altar to the entry door the theme was oak. Everything was matched in beauty from the pulpits to the credence table and the pews. Chief punches in the whole effort were Command Chaplains Van Gorder and Dunphy who had taken over the respective reins from their predecessors Wing Commander Ernie McCullough and Squadron Leader Paul Dwyer.

AFHQ Navigation of the scheme was handled by Chiefs Costello and Frayne. General results were lovely furnishings and broad smiles of contentment. The same type and amount of fixtures were dispatched to Camp Borden and Edmonton. Here as elsewhere with increasing congregations, stations were moving towards the separate chapel concept, realizing that all the good will in the world could not make a single, doubly used, building fit the bill for both denominations. To the Chaplains who had spent so many war and postwar Sundays holding forth from 'tables folding', the new attitude of the service was already paying solid dividends in personnel appreciation.

QUO VADIS,

Rockcliffe Roman Catholic personnel (20 in number) decided to make a closed retreat in April. Not new to the church, the idea was somewhat new to the services. The idea was to go into voluntary isolation at the retreat house, put on the brakes, turn off the ignition key of life and its million problems, and sit back and take a good look at the answer to the age — all classic query "Quo Vadis?" (Whither Goest Thou,)

The retreat proper was conducted by the Rev. Father Kevin O.F.M. ex-RAF Padre with the Desert Air Force. He had been around, knew the language and thinking of the men in blue, and did a good effort on the answers to the why, where and when of life and its problems. Those who had attended came back to their work as quietly as they had left. No banners or speeches to bid them go or come back, but rather a personal satisfaction at having made a serious try at serious thinking.

STATION BROADCAST.

Canada's Canadian Broadcasting Corporation took sufficient cognizance of religion in the forces to carry a thirty minute broadcast from RCAF Station Rockcliffe to the Nation from sea to sea. The time was May 22nd and the locale the Station Theatre. Doctor, the Reverend (W/C) R. M. Frayne gave forth with an address that was a scholarly and noble work. Mrs. Frayne directed the Westboro United Church Choir which sang the anthem and led in the hymns. The Sunday School children of the older class recited the 23rd Psalm under F/O Stan Parkhouse. F/L E. W. S. Gilbert, Station Chaplain (P) offered the prayers. Other musical contributions were the 23rd Psalm sung by F/L D. Dunning and the RCAF Central Band playing the prelude and postlude.

SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC.

On Saturday afternoon, June 18h, 1949, there left the Rockcliffe Station Chapel two buses and a dozen private cars carrying 75 happy children escorted by 50 parents. Having arrived at Britannia Park all were soon taking part in a sports programme ably directed by Sgt. G. Florence which was designed to amuse old and young alike. After an ample picnic lunch supplied mainly by the ladies of the Sunday School, all departed tired, but nevertheless happy. The efforts of our esteemed Padre F/L Gilbert were well rewarded.

MEDICINE

PHYSICIANS' SERVICES INCORPORATED.

Of interest to Rockcliffe airmen is the scheme introduced by Wing Commander Thomas of the Station Benevolent Fund Committee at one of its recent meetings.

As a running mate to the Blue Cross, and sponsored by the Ontario Medical Association the "Physicians' Services Incorporated" set out to sell itself as a 'non-profit organization' to you and your family. The idea was to bring medical, surgical and obstetrical services to the people of the province on a "low cost monthly payment basis". There must be a group of at least 15 or more employed by a common employer and 75 per cent of the permanent or regular employees must be enrolled to form an effective group. Payments are to be payroll deductions — monthly in advance. There is no red tape. All that is needed is the desire to join. Like the Blue Cross an identification card is issued and this is presented to the participating physician who in turn sends his account directly to Physicians' Services Incorporated.

THE BENEFITS.

(1) Diagnosis of disease, injury or condition. Consultations — Surgical operations— Service of Anaesthetist—Confinements and pre-and-post-

natal care—Treatment of Fractures and dislocations including X-Ray services up to \$15.00 per year for diagnosis. (2) Inoculations — Eye Tests and Treatment for Burns and Lacerations. There are certain conditions e.g., confinement for which both parents must be enrolled for a period of 10 consecutive months. The same applies to eye tests and only one eye test per 12 months may be received.

The rates are:

Subscriber	\$1.50
Subscriber and one dependent	3.50
Subscriber and family ..	5.00

(i.e. more than one dependent)

The Subscriber has a free choice of any qualified physician whether he (the physician) is participating in the scheme or not.

S/L OAKES—A MODEL PATIENT.

Except for two weeks in March the Matron S/L Frances Oakes, A.R.R.C. has been a patient in her own hospital. To those who would like a lesson on how to be a good patient a visit would certainly be beneficial. Her courage and good spirit are a tonic to those who visit her. Another "long term" is W.O. 2 Jack Doherty popular Warrant Officer from AFHQ. After a fairly stiff ordeal Jack is doing very well.

FINANCE

The Board of Directors settled back on their seats as the financial secretary prepared to read the monthly statement. Steadily his voice droned on enumerating the various items.

Department store	
sales	\$ 8,109.00
Liquor sales ..	3,104.00
Restaurant	373.15
Gas station ...	2,292.00
Total	\$13,879.15

A good month — an enterprise grossing roughly \$170,000 a year. And yet this very undertaking camouflaged under the name of the Station Fund remains one of the least known and most misunderstood organizations on this Station.

Replace Department Store by Dry Canteen, Liquor Sales by Wet Canteen, Restaurant by Snack Bar and you have an example of the wide ramifications of the Station Fund—a corporation run and administered by station personnel with every airman as a major stockholder.

In addition to the enterprises listed above, the activities of the Station Fund include: a Craft Shop, Bowling Alley, Sports Store, Dances, Juke Box, Pin Ball Machine, Station Magazine, Library, Station Theatre, etc. The activities, expenditures and general well being of all these enterprises are directed and controlled by a Station Fund Committee representing every group on the Station. Membership on the Committee is restricted to airmen of and below the rank of corporal; a rule which brings



STATION FUND COMMITTEE — LAC D. D. MacDonald, Cpl. W. J. Dilworth, Cpl. Jeffrey Griffin Chalk, S/L Thomas Harold Spear, Cpl. Hill, LAC J. Walsh, S/L James Douglas Duncan.

home the primary purpose of the Fund—that is, to cater to the needs and wishes of the airmen first.

The Station Fund Committee is the custodian of all revenues collected from the various enterprises and any expenditure must be approved by the Committee. Over and above the general operating expenses these expenditures are in the form of grants to the various organizations on the Station. The Sports Office may submit requests for additional equipment, the Camera Club for supplies the Canteen for a potato chip machine, or the Library for a vacuum cleaner. All these requests are carefully considered and no reasonable request has ever been refused. Unlike many similar funds, it is not the purpose nor policy of the Station Fund to perpetuate itself by building up a huge surplus capital. The profits earned in any one month are generally spent in that month so that the benefits may be returned to the Station in

the shortest possible time. In some cases where large expenditures are necessary such as theatre equipment, etc., the expenditures exceed the total revenue and the capital fund absorbs the monthly deficit. The efficient administration of the Station Fund is borne out by the healthy state of its financial statement. Although it is impossible to give a complete picture in the space available, a few quotations will suffice to show its favourable condition.

The Station Fund has a capital of \$30,206.89 made up as follows:—

Station Fund	
property	\$11,405.38
Stock inventories	13,731.96
Prepaid insurance	389.70
Cash on hand ..	2,693.32
Cash in hand ..	7,296.65
Accounts receivable	6,011.31
Total	\$41,528.32

Accounts payable for the current month are \$10,667.54 and the messing liability of \$653.89 give a capital figure at the end of April of \$30,306.89 which includes a cash balance of \$5,333.74.

The Staton Fund Committee is doing a big job but like all jobs of this kind it's a thankless one if it does not get the support of the people it's working for. The Committee welcomes suggestions and constructive criticism and your Unit representative will be only too pleased to lend an attentive ear. The members of the Station Fund Committee are listed below:

LAC D. D. MacDonald
 Cpl. W. J. Dilworth
 Cpl. J. G. Chalk
 Ssd. Ldr. T. H. Speer
 Cpy. Hill
 LAC J. Walsh
 Sqd. Ldr. J. D. Duncan.

EDUCATION

Attain your high school standing while you carry on your regular employment. That sounds like a far-fetched dream, but it is what a number of young men on this station are doing. During the last three months three men have completed first year high school Mathematics; three have completed Senior Matriculation Mathematics—with an average passing mark of 95%; one completed Junior Matriculation Physics, and still another has completed the course in Automotive Engineering

D.V.A. CORRESPONDENCE COURSES.

These courses have been written by the best authorities obtainable, usually in a free and easy style which makes the direct approach so necessary in adult education. The

regular school courses are presented on three different levels, the Introductory Courses which are on the elementary school level; courses on the Secondary or High School level, and courses on the Senior Matriculation level. The secondary courses are set out as Academic (courses of general educational value), Commercial, Technical, and Vocational.

UNIVERSITY AND AIR-CREW TRAINING.

To those with the necessary ambition and stick-to-it-iveness the D. V. A. correspondence courses open up new fields of endeavour. To a man with a complete Senior Matriculation the service offers university training with all expenses paid and his regular salary, providing it does not exceed that of a sergeant standard group.

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EDUCATION

In conjunction with this, aircrew training will be taken during the summer months. For those not interested in going back to school Senior Matriculation qualifies them to compete for aircrew training as flight cadets.

PROMOTIONS EXAMINATIONS.

Another incentive to study are the promotion examinations for corporals, flight-sergeants, flying officers, and flight lieutenants. These must be passed before a man is qualified for promotion to a higher rank. Flight sergeants will be particularly interested in the exams this year as this will be their last chance to qualify for group four without taking a course. Full information on airmen's examinations will be found in AFRO 208.

STATION LIBRARY.

Many airmen will find the Station Library a good place in which to "gen-up" for trade tests or qualifying exams. Several folders containing all precis and other material available will be assembled and placed there. In addition to this there are several good reference books. Incidentally, those taking D.V.A. Correspondence Courses will be surprised to find how many high school texts can be obtained on loan. For those who seek only an evening of free, quiet, entertainment, there are almost 4,000 books of fiction from which he is sure to find one to suit his fancy.

TO MANAGE: TO SUCCEED

(Contributed)

Of possible interest to further prospective senior NCO students from RCAF Station, Rockcliffe, to the School of Service Management Course at RCAF Station, Trenton, might be a layman's view of some of the not too technical points of interest of a most interesting course, and why such glowing reports are brought back by all who are no less than fortunate to be selected to attend this course.

A very novel introduction to this course is the self-introduction of the Instructing Staff with a short and concise review of their service careers from their date of enlistment to their present status in the School. This is followed through with each student until one has a very good idea of the status and careers of their classmates. One is immediately struck with the wide range of experiences and service gathered together in one classroom. The writer's course consisting of thirteen students totalled one hundred and eighty-five years of service by no means a record in comparison with some of the officers' courses but still an amazing length of time in varied fields of experiences. In all this type of course introduction adds to the chummy atmosphere of the course and remains to the end.

A wide range of areas are covered in the posting of personnel to the course; from Sea Island, Fort Nelson to Goose Bay, giving one certainly an opportunity to find out what goes on outside one's own range of territory. The won-

derful opportunity is also evident to renew or widen the circle of friendship which is found in no more abundance than within the services.

From twenty-five to thirty courses passed out though the SS leaves little to offer in a "Course Critique", which is asked for at the conclusion of the course. The time element is possibly the only thing left to be desired. The instructing staff, timing of lectures, preparation and excellent presentation lead one to believe that the entire staff have been through the School of Service Management. (Enough said!)

Even to "die-hard" old timers the opportunity in classroom and on practical syndicates to criticize some of the wonderful examples presented of the many violations of good "service management", that have been experienced everywhere at one time or another within the service cause many a good laugh and many a good argument. Practical syndicates consist of dividing the class into three separate syndicates and then each syndicate individually solve an example of mismanagement and present their solutions to the entire class. This also supplies one with the practical experience and proof that regardless of the trade one can step into any section on any station and, applying the principles of Service Management, reorganize that section with satisfactory results.

Future candidates will no doubt find the course vastly different from any they have previously experienced, and agree to its advantage in the service today regardless of trade.

BOOKS

DIED: After a lingering illness in Sunnybrook Hospital, Toronto, on June 9, 1949, Lac. Walter Delbert Munn, beloved husband of Mary Mabel Gardiner.

Blood of the Martyrs

by: Vernon Bell

Naomi Mitchison's pen has traced a novel of history, as history has never before been told. It is a biography of the times when Nero reigned with malevolence upon the Christians of Rome. There are no dates, but hardships and blood of a people trying to bring and do good.

This is a story of these Christians and of Beric, a proud captive son of Caradoc or Caratacus King of East Briton. Since early childhood Beric has been raised in the wealthy household of Flavius Crispus, a senator and Stoic of Rome. It was in this childhood of Beric's that he fell in love with Flavia, beautiful brown-haired daughter of Crispus. In such a time as these it was only natural for Flavia to use Beric for her own pleasures and to be betrothed to another man as well.

At a party where Flavia's betrothal was announced, Beric, with a broken heart, was told of Christianity by Lalage, beautiful dark-haired dancer and freedwoman, employed for that evening's entertainment.

(The next few chapters taper off into a biography of the slaves themselves, telling of their history before and up to their present days in slavery. These chapters are hard reading, but they give a better understanding to the reader of the hardships they had to endure.)

There is the burning of Rome to be witnessed and how the Christians were blamed for its destruction. "Blood of the Martyrs" follows the Christians into the prison to witness their tortures to be sent later to the circus Maximus to be put to death—burned at the stakes, or torn by hungry lions and wolves or to be thrown into the snake-pits.

A Sword From Galway

There's but one place that could produce such a legend for such a book as "A Sword From Galway". The name Galway Tells of its origin, Ireland, and Galway Bay.

Drayton Myrand came upon this legend, of a Galway knight and an Irish wolfhound going with Columbus to America, while visiting in Ireland. Rice deCuivey is the Galway knight; Crom Dubh the Irish wolfhound.

Rice had been keeping a rendezvous with Fiona, an Irish lass of the O'Flaherty clan, ene-

mies of Galway, until he received a spear wound in his arm. It was on this same day that a merchant captain, Cristabol Colon, or Columbus, visited Rice to read over maps he held in his possession. It was on this visit that Rice was invited to sail with Columbus to the New World.

Rice left sometime after Colon for Spain, and there, escorted what he thought to be a young man, but, was in reality, a young lady, Dona Carlita, escaping from Spain.

Arriving at the island of Haiti, a fort was constructed and named La Navidad. Here Rice remained and married Dona, to protect her from the Spanish authorities. On this island, Rice and Dona had two children and here also Rice buried the three. Rice left after these occurrences and moved to Galway to start anew with Fiona and bring peace between Galway and the O'Flahertys.

This is another romantic adventure, now becoming very frequent yet it is not like the others. "A Sword From Galway" has a style and plot of its own. When you have laid this book aside you shall wonder if this is a page from the history books forgotten to be taught.

311 pp., Appleton, Century, Crofts, Inc., New York. Price, \$3.00.

SOCIAL

THE BOWLING BANQUET

The bowling banquet brought to a close an extremely successful season which started on October 11th, 1948. The banquet, a social function long looked forward to by the enthusiasts and their friends, was held on Thursday, April 28th, in the Airmen's Mess.

The Mess was arranged attractively to accommodate the 225 guests present. The menu, with turkey as the main course, was pleasing to everyone. F/L E. W. S. Gilbert, the Protestant Chaplain, said grace. F/L C. W. Briggs, president of the bowling league, proposed a toast to His Majesty the King. Sgt. G. Florence, secretary of the bowling league, was chairman of the banquet. Following the dinner Sgt. Florence introduced the Commanding Officer, Group Captain M. G. Doyle. G/C Doyle spoke to the guests and then presented the bowling prizes as follows:

Winning team — Rover, 413 Squadron — \$90. Flt. Sgt. F. Chartier (captain), trophy; Flt. Lt. J. Irvine, Flt. Sgt. L. Reynolds, Flt. Sgt. S. Powell, LAC G. McNamara, LAC E. Rodrigues, LAC J. Wilkins.

High average—Flying Officer T. R. King (218 1-2) Photo Estab No. 3, \$20.

Runner-up, high average, Sgt. R. L. Alexander (216)

Photo Estab. No. 1, \$10.

High cross—Sgt. P. Richard, Alouettes (AC) (880), \$10.

Runner-up, high cross—Sgt. G. Martain (Photo Estab No. 1 (transferred) (878), \$5.

High single—Cpl. M. Bergeron, Vampires (EPEST) (374), \$10.

Runner-up, high single—Flying Officer J. R. Morrison, Photo Estab No. 3 (366), \$5.

Runner-up team,—Commandos, Air Transport Board, \$30. Flt. Lt. A. W. Bishop (captain), Group Capt. R. F. Gibb, W/C W. P. Pleasance, Sgt. C. Perrier, Flt. Lt. S. F. Cowan, CPL A. Ceci, LAC G. V. Zubis.

Crests — Winning team — Rovers—Flt. Sgt. F. Chartier

(captain), Flt. Lt. J. Irvine, Flt. Sgt. L. Reynolds, Flt. Sgt. S. Powell, LAC G. McNamara, LAC E. Rodrigues, LAC J. Wilkins.

Top team of schedule—Pin Kings (412). LAC R. S. Arbuckle (captain), Flt. Sgt. W. M. Thompson (transferred), CPL C. L. McCarthy (trans-MacDonald, LAC E. J. Metferred), LAC J. J. E. Maurice, LAC A. A. Salmon, LAC D. D. calfe, LAC R. W. Brunskill, LAC B. L. M. Dion, LAC T. E. Rusenstrom.

Top averages — Flt. Officer T. R. King, Photo Estab No. 3, 218 1-2; Sgt. R. L. Alexander, Photo Estab. No. 1, \$216; Sgt. G. E. Florence, 'Olmsteads, 214 1-2; Flt. Officer W. Shearer, Bar Flies, 211; Sgt. P. Richard, Alouettes, 211.

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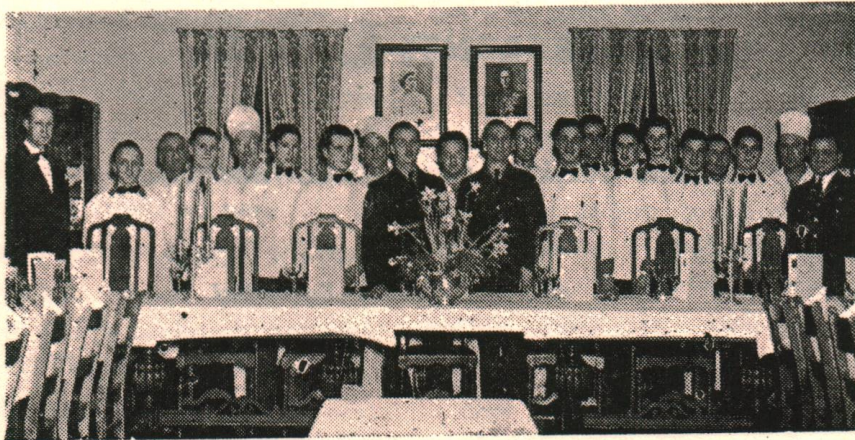
THE SPIRIT OF

To even the most casual observer it would be difficult to explain the lack of excitement which invariably precedes any entertainment in the Officers' Mess. This notable calm is consistent with all the work done by the efficiently willing staff who provide for the members of the mess and their guests with the minimum of change and the maximum service.

The kitchen staff under F/Sgt John Vaillant assisted by Fred Dallaire in all that comprises the more substantial part of a mess dinner, late supper party, tea or cocktail party—always attractively evident regardless of time or circumstance.

At the social functions, a regular meal in the mess or with a cup of coffee for those who visit the kitchen by the back door, Mr. Brunet's pastry reigns supreme.

The shining and smiling faces of the dining room staff including the familiar Aime Giroux, Jacques Patenaude and the others all familiar, led by Cpl. Beaudoin whose quiet direction is felt even during his flying visits across the border. Neale, the quiet mess secretary, and the able W.O.2 Dallaire carry their heavy responsibility of the all-important mess business with willing grace.



*Officers Mess Staff
"Executive and Pastries"*

MISCELLANY

Red Tape Language

Under consideration—means Never heard of it.

Under active consideration: Will have a shot at finding the file.

Has received careful consideration: A period of inactivity covering time lag.

Have you any remarks?: Give me some idea of what it is all about.

That project is in the air: Am completely ignorant of the subject.

You will remember: You hold the bag a while—I'm tired of it.

Concur generally: Have you not read the document and do not want to be bound by anything I say.

In conference: Gone out—don't where he is.

Kindly expedite reply: For goodness sake try and find the papers.

Passed to higher authority: Pigeonholed in more sumptuous office.

In abeyance: A state of grace for a disgraceful state.

Appropriate action: Do you know what to do with it? I don't.

Giving him the picture: Long confusing and inaccurate statement to a newcomer.

Referred to your remarks: An unscrupulous method of making a junior do all the work so the senior can sign and write "forwarded".

I approach the subject with an open mind: Am completely ignorant of the whole matter.

The concensus of opinion: Two Squadron Leaders agree.

Opinion is widely held: The Wing Commander and Group Captain agree.

This will be dealt with separately: Perhaps, but with any luck will be forgotten entirely.

This will be borne in mind: No further action will be taken unless you remind me.

Considering the wider aspects of the case: I have very narrow views on the subject myself.

You will remember: You have forgotten, if, indeed, you ever knew.

In due course: Never.

All orders issued by my predecessor are to remain in force: I haven't read them yet but shall take the first opportunity of altering them when I do.

MISCELLANY

As the Chief of the Air Staff is well aware: Good Lord! We've forgotten to inform Ottawa.

Snowed under: Only able to take one and one-half hours for lunch.

Your Frank Opinion

A lot of things have been said about the Rocket (first issue). Some were nice and some were justified criticisms. Amongst other things that were said, the most often heard was that the Station was not sufficiently covered from a news angle. That is true and there are two reasons for it being so. First of all, the Rocket is published on a quarterly basis and news, no matter how dramatic in April, must necessarily have lost most of its punch when June or July roll around. So that from an actual point of view of "this happened and that happened" we cannot hope to ride home with a scoop at any time. Now what is the alternative? The alternative is to review what has happened over the last three months and try and tie it together into some sort of sequence. On a Station of this size a great deal happens over a period of three months. It is quite a task eliminating the great bulk of news that could be put into the Rocket. Some of the things that are printed by the present staff would likely be dropped in favour of something else by another group of writers. On that point it will be impossible to please everyone. Then again the style of the magazine has received comment for and against. Here too as Franklin Roosevelt once said, "I might be right or I might be wrong, that I cannot say, but one thing I know is that I am responsible". So too, those who give

their time (all volunteers) to the writing and composing of this magazine try to the best of their ability to do what they believe to be right. They do not listen too sensitively to what other people would like to see put in or left out of the issues as they appear . . . on the other hand, no comment is ignored. The reception thus far has been very encouraging. It is hoped that we will attain and retain the very high standards that we have set for ourselves.

* * *

The clouds parted and the gods shone on June 1st calling to a greater degree of glory many of the hitherto junior officers from Rockcliffe Station. The list cut a wide swath across the Unit and extra rings fell copiously all the way from the gate (S/L Norm Thompson ATC) to the ethereal halls of the hospital, (S/L J. D. Duncan) down the hill to toilers and artisans of Works and Bricks, (S/L W. J. "Mike"

Lewis) in amongst the exchange vouchers of Stores, (S/L A. H. Tinker and F/L Eric McNeely) into the White House went the generous one, dropping "half of one" upon photo-magnate, (S/L D. H. Baker) a "whole one" upon each cuff of smiling (F/O Ted Sammon) and again a half was meted out to transport's polite Ed Snider. J. A. E. F. Jolicoeur of North Star fame awoke to find the double imprint on his sleeves, (F/L), and Flying Officers A. E. Bailey, J. J. Killarn, J. E. Ledbetter, R. M. McDonald and C. H. Haverstock joined him in the newly-acquired rank. Also moving up to Squadron Leader rank were F/L E. A. Wilson, D. K. Deyell, L. A. Hall and E. J. Greenway.

Gazing upon the list, the "Other Ranks" with one eye on September 1st could only say "If Summer comes can Fall be far behind?"

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AIR FORCE DAY



*Part of the Crowd
"All Were Thrilled"*

Batting .666 on weather for a three-year period RCAF Station, Rockcliffe, was host to the public on Air Force Day, Saturday, June 11, 1949. Though the crowd was somewhat smaller than those of previous years, it was never-

theless rewarding for those whose time and energy was so selflessly given. While their children amused themselves in special playpens under the watchful eyes of Nursing Sisters from the Station Hospital, parents were thrilled by the

spectacle of Harvards and Vampires flying in close formation and executing precision rolls, dives and climbs. Twenty thousand people were awe-struck to see a North Star zoom across the drome with two propellers feathered with apparent ease. Those who were responsible for the hangar displays which portrayed every phase of Air Force activities were not dismayed. Multitudes of people streamed through the hangars and gazed in wonder at bits of wood held together by wire which were fighting aircraft of World War I — at teletype machines beating out their messages with no apparent human aid—at photographs which tell more than any eye would ever take in and retain—at compact Jet engines which develop unbelievable pounds of thrust in comparison to their size—and at countless other flying aids and rescue equipment.

Seated on the slopes overlooking the aerodrome as though in a Roman amphitheatre the crowd was thrilled by the air show from start to finish. The slow, lumbering Dakotas dropping supplies via the parachute method and towing the Flying Wing, the Lincoln and North Star passing by in review at low levels for everyone's inspection. The Harvard rolling and tumbling about the sky at tree-top alti-

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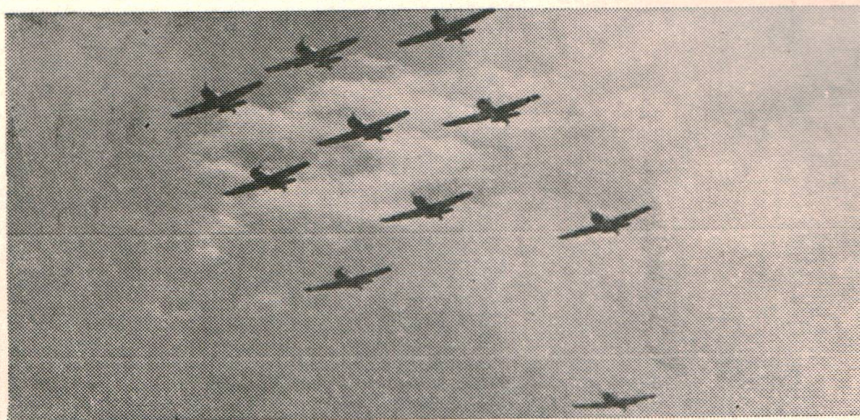
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AIR FORCE DAY



*Harvards in Formation
"High Flight"*

tude and finally the incredible performance by the Jets of 410 Squadron were all something to behold for the laity.

The background music of the Central Band under F/L E. A. Kirkwood was a welcome respite for many tired and foot-sore visitors.

In striking contrast to last year was the ease with which the traffic situation was taken care of. In the space of two hours, six thousand cars rolled out to Rockcliffe and at the conclusion of the day's activities they departed in the amazing short period of 47 minutes without any signs of a traffic tie-up. This particular bit of organization was significant of the whole day's proceedings. Co-operation and teamwork were of the essence and on display at every turn. The Station Fire Brigade was right on its toes. Many heads were turned as a fire truck with siren screaming, headed down the hill and across the

drome to extinguish the fire ignited by the accurate practise bombing.

All in all it was an excellent show and quite worth the time and effort of those who gave so unsparingly of both.

Air Force Day is Air Force Day in the Arctic too. Three photo survey Dakotas did a fly past last Saturday over Aklavik near the Arctic coast at the mouth of the Mackenzie River. The display set a "farthest north" record for Air Force Day activities before the public. The performance was repeated at other points in the North West Territories including Fort McPherson, Arctic Red River and Fort Good Hope. The Dakotas were part of a detachment from 414 Photo Survey Squadron that left Rockcliffe last spring under command of F/L Roy Wood of Rockcliffe.

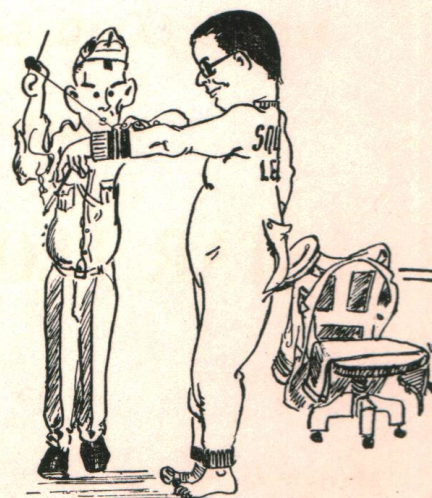
Visit From United States Army Band

The U.S. Army Band now well known in Ottawa, made a return visit to R.C.A.F. Station, Rockcliffe, for a fleeting 48 hours in the middle of May.

A quick glance at the schedule indicated a busy time for the famous musicians; the first day included a broadcast interview at the auditorium, dinner at 26 Central Ordnance Depot and ended with a highly successful evening by Rockcliffe standards, entertainment in the Sergeants Mess.

The choice items looked for the following day included a Dance Band Section and a concert at the auditorium — both performances highly commended.

Leaving a host of loyal fans in the Capital City including the RCAF they departed for Hamilton with the good wishes and hope of all for an early return.



A.B.C. - What do you think of your promotion Sir?
Sgt. OH - I am indifferent!



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