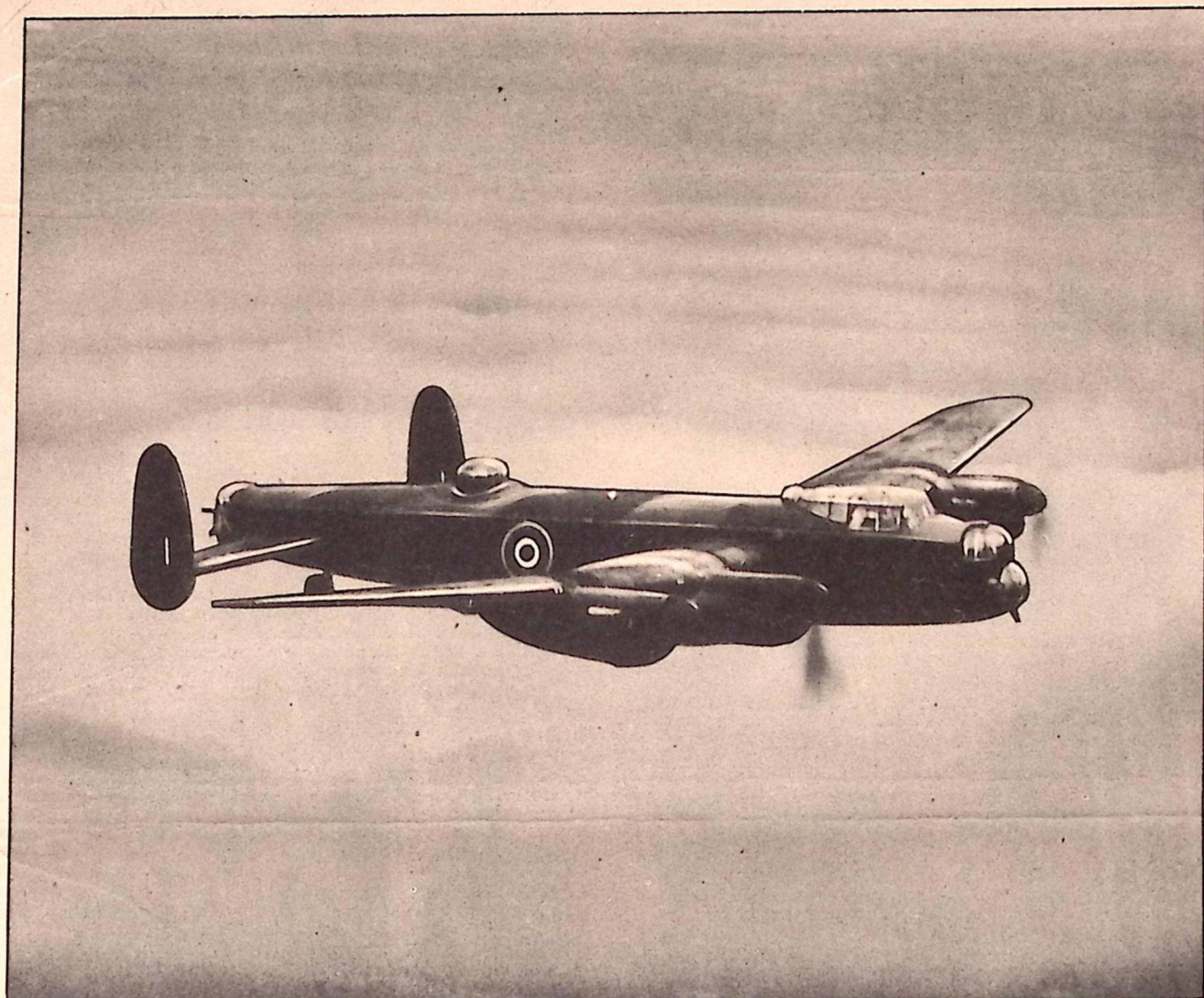


The Observer



THE AVRO LANCASTER

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THE OBSERVER

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THE ROYAL OBSERVER CORPS

The Royal Observer Corps is almost as secret as the Secret Service -- so far as the public is concerned. But the reason is less dramatic. For the 40,000 men and women of this Corps don't parade and are seldom seen about in uniform. Instead, they are perched on mountain tops, cliff tops and roof tops, scattered among fifteen hundred field posts throughout the British Isles, or bent over the plotting tables at regional centres to which minute by minute reports come in over the wires all the clock round.

The Corps has a curious job. They don't attack or defend anyone. They give information picked up by thousands of pairs of eyes and ears, aided by strange instruments, and pass it on to Fighter Command (who control the R.O.C.), Bomber Command, and the Ack-Ack. Although the sirens are not the Observers' responsibility, they provide the reports upon which the warnings and all-clears are sounded. What that information consists of may be described in a short sentence. Everything that is airborne (including a distant bird on occasion) is plotted.

By day, there are lost 'planes to be put on their way, befogged 'planes to land safely, transports and communications 'planes to be watched, crashes to be reported, pilots adrift in the sea to be told to the Air-Sea Rescue Service; and, most vital of all, enemy raiders to be tracked from the moment they cross our coasts until they escape or are brought down.

The R.O.C. remember with considerable pride the important part their organization played in the Battle of Britain.

At night, it is again the raiders who must be plotted, almost second by second, as they twist and turn over the country. The Nazis also have a habit of trying to follow our returning bombers in. The R.O.C., familiar from years of experience with their local aircraft inhabitants and the noises they make, must pick out the alien from the friendly sounds, and warn the R.A.F. that our aircraft have an enemy in their midst. But the bombers themselves are often in trouble, with radio shot away, or lost for one reason or another. It is then the job of the R.O.C. to give continuous plots of these lame birds to Bomber Command, so that they can be led safely to their aerodromes.

Centre plotters have an expert job on their hands. As the plots come through (each plotter has generally three posts on an open telephone circuit), he or she must take the staccato phrases coming over the line and instantly interpret them on the table where lettered "chessmen" symbolize friend and foe as they move across the skies. With its "senses" strewn over the countryside, and its "brains" in the regional centres, the Royal Observer Corps is the eyes and ears of Britain.

FIRST AID



FROST BITE

Frost bite is an injury due to cold. It may affect either exposed or inadequately clothed parts, and occurs more readily if the wind velocity is high. Stagnation of the circulation as occurs when aircrew sit at their respective posts for long periods of time also predisposes to frost bite. It is well known, too, that the condition occurs rapidly in the presence of wet clothing - boots, gloves etc.

The onset of freezing is usually gradual, but may be rapid if the wind velocity is high. The parts lose sensation and become waxy white in color, stiff to touch.

Do not rub a frost bitten part vigorously with snow or apply moisture in any form. Every effort should be made to reach shelter at once. In a cool room, the affected area should be slowly warmed to body heat. The foot, for example may be warmed by covering with the ungloved hand, and frozen fingers by placing next to the body, inside the clothing. This stage is usually painful, but gradually circulation is restored.

If mild swelling only occurs the affected areas may be dusted gently with boric acid powder, or talcum powder. More severe reaction, recognized by excessive blistering and purplish color should be referred to a doctor, as gangrene may be impending.

CHECK YOUR VIGILANCE

In recent months there has been an increasing tendency on the part of some Observers to relax their vigilance. When questioned about this they reply that since we are now waging an offensive, rather than a defensive war, the danger of attack is negligible. They argue that the enemy is now much too busy trying to hold his own lines of defence to be bothered attempting what could now be no more than a nuisance attack on this country. THIS IS DANGEROUS THINKING. And, it may be just the kind of an opening the Enemy is looking for. It must be remembered there is and will be plenty of sting left in the Enemy until Victory is won.

In World War I enemy submarines continued their attacks on Allied shipping until the day of the Armistice. There is no reason to believe there will be any difference in this War. It follows, of course, that the same thing holds true for attacks by enemy aircraft - possibly even more so. Thus, until Victory is ours we cannot, we must not, relax our vigilance for a moment. And, until that happy day dawns, let us never forget our motto -
Watch and Warn - **WATCH AND WARN!**

WESTERN AIR COMMAND NEWS

A.D.C. IN A SAW-MILL TOWN



A busy man with nearly fifty years of railroad experience behind him, and a large-sized sense of humour is Chief Observer Harold Squibb of Youbou, B.C., pictured here with Mrs. Squibb.

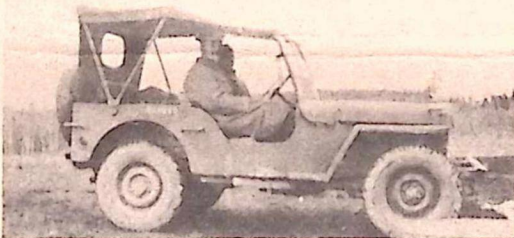
Strictly a saw-mill town, Youbou is situated at a strategic point on Lake Cowichan. Mr. Squibb is agent for the C.N. Railway there and in keeping with the close co-operation of all C.N. and C.P. Rly.

employees has organized an efficient and much depended upon A.D.C. observation post.

Mr. and Mrs. Squibb have a daughter in the Army, a nurse, and two sons in the R.C.A.F. - one a Sergeant Bombardier in England, and the other a Sergeant Pilot at an R.C.A. F. Station in Alberta. A family contribution to be proud of, indeed.

Further to Chief Observer Squibb's sense of humour, he doesn't mind telling of the humiliating experience he had on his first report to the "Aircraft Detection Corps". It appears that two aircraft appeared over his post, and suddenly one went into a nose dive and didn't pull out until fairly close to the ground. Mr. Squibb, thinking the aircraft was out of control, made a dash for the phone, and in his excitement his false teeth fell out. Result? A rather muffled report to "Aircraft Detection Corps", but still comprehensible enough to make it funny.

TRAVEL BY JEEP



A very interesting trip to the Central Interior of B.C. has just been completed by P/O W. S. Dee, A.D.C. Officer at Western Air Command. A distance of 825 miles was covered by Jeep, the vehicle and driver being furnished by the Army for the trip. Along practically the whole road the Jeep was a great source of interest, and many were the suggestions as to its usefulness as an adjunct to the farm after the war. On one particular day it was necessary to visit an Observer 24 miles north of Hazelton and the A.D.C. officer was warned that the road might be a "bit" rough, as it had never been gravelled and was being used to haul poles over. Mr. Irvine, the Government

Telegraph Agent and Chief Observer at Hazelton offered to act as guide, as he had trouble on the telegraph line and wanted to make temporary repairs, regular linemen being almost non-existent in that part of the country.

A start was made at 10 o'clock in the morning, Mr. Irvine loading his lineman's tools into the back of the Jeep. The Jeep slugged right along, through puddles that threatened to engulf it, through mud nearly to the axles, over greasy clay that side-slipped it down into the ditch at the side of the road, and up and down slippery hills that only a super car could have negotiated. What with travelling most of the way in second and low gear, and frequent stops to hoist a broken telephone pole out of the dripping brush, cut a fallen tree off the wire, and so on, it was 5 o'clock before the Jeep pulled into Observer Beirne's ranch; - and there was still the return 24 miles to travel! But the faithful little Jeep never once faltered and by 10:30 p.m. was back in Hazelton. Its occupants were unanimously cold, stiff and hungry, but full of satisfaction over the successful completion of a long strenuous trip.

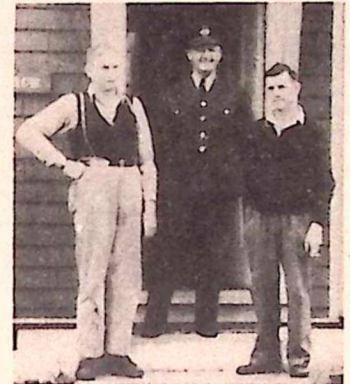
A.D.C. AND THE B.C. FORESTRY BRANCH

The British Columbia Forestry Branch as a whole has always been most willing to co-operate with the Aircraft Detection Corps. An outstanding example of this splendid co-operative spirit is Forest Ranger Stan Silke of Courtenay, B.C.

Stan was one of the original members of the Corps and for two years as an observer reported all aircraft faithfully. With the expansion of the Corps it became necessary to appoint civilian organizers to relieve A.D.C. officers of some of the load. Hence it was only logical that he was appointed Associate Regional Director to assist Regional Director H. J. Welch of Qualicum, V.I., B.C. with the organization of his territory. This is now one of the better organized areas in Western Air Command, no little credit for which goes to Stan.

Mr. Silke's Ranger Station still serves as an A.D.C. post, much of the reporting now being done by his assistants, one of whom (F. Tannock) appears at the right in the picture above with Mr. Silke at the left and F/L C. P. Chaston, A.D.C. Officer in centre.

Mr. Silke was born in Birmingham, England and at the age of six moved to B.C. He joined the Forestry Service in 1918 and has been with it ever since. A brother, F/L George P. Silke, R.C.A.F., is presently stationed at Camp Borden, Ontario.



GRAINGER CREEK GOES AIR-MINDED (FICTION)

We, of the Aircraft Detection Corps, are really quite an ambitious lot. When our individual turns for detecting come around, we detect, believe me! For humane reasons I won't tell you our post number, but it's a good one and we're proud of it. The "Aircraft Detection" at Victoria ought to know it by now. If she doesn't it's not our fault for we've all tried to report to her -- sometimes three or four of us at once.

Only two days ago Ed Peabody reported a couple of herons heading for their nest in the top of the big fir over in the North Swamp. "Two single-engined monoplanes, heading North at about three thousand feet", he wheezed into the telephone, "and what's more, Sister", he added, "they must be plumb outa gas 'cos their engines aint turnin' over none". Nine of us heard Ed report because, naturally, we were all listening in except the Misses Spuzzem who were in their barn at the time dehorning a week-old calf.

The Greeses and the Harveys aren't on speaking terms now ever since when Tom Greene was reporting a couple of planes heading South and was interrupted by Grand-pa Harvey asserting they were travelling South-east, -- "as anybody who wasn't a plain dommed fool and had ever been to school would know", Grand-pa had shrilled. The old man is very irritable as everybody knows but Tom Greene's pretty short-tempered himself and when he told Grand-pa he was a doddering old idiot, and to get off the line, the feud was on.

You mustn't think from all this that we are always quarrelling however. We are quite co-operative on the whole and do our best for each other, from the use of our phones to those observers who don't happen to have one, down to taking over each other's shifts if the necessity arises. Take the case of Bill Pritchard, for instance, when he volunteered to stand watch for Widow Hanson from twelve noon to four o'clock so's she could take young Sadie Hanson into the dentist's. Bill was doing a spot of fall plowing for the widow those days and he had his team down in the six-acres way at the back of her place. Three separate times he had to leave his horses and come tearing up a quarter of a mile of lane to the Hanson house "Never heard such a buzzin' and a roaring from overhead in all my born days", he informed me the next day. "Must've tracked a sight of dirt into the kitchen too, I guess", he added apologetically, "cause when I came into the house for supper the Widow had washed the kitchen floor and there was a broom leaning conspicuous-like, against the telephone".

Last Wednesday, however, was our most exciting day. It was the Spuzzem sisters shift from eight A.M. to noon and then the Morrises were to take over from noon till four. I was with my chickens, replenishing their water supply when six big planes came thundering out of the North directly over the old deserted Dunning place. Henrietta Spuzzem who, with her twin sister Imogene, owns the place across from my east fence, was puttering about in her kitchen garden at the time. Henrietta let out a screech and headed at her best trot for the house. A moment later she dashed out again, gazed wildly for a second or two at the tails of the war-birds retreating into the South till she spied me and came galloping over. "Oh Miss Gray", she cried desperately, "did you notice what kind they were, I mean, I clean forgot to see how many things they had?" "If by things, you mean engines, Henrietta",

I said, "they were two-motored bombers, flying at about --" but she was gone and as she went the whistle from the Mill across the Creek screamed high noon.

I, too, went in, -- to listen in. As I lifted my receiver a confused uproar saluted my ear. I recognized Henrietta's high-pitched voice and I think the hoarse roaring tones were being made by Jim Morris. There was also intermittent cackling kind of voice insisting "four of 'em were fours and two of 'em that, "four of 'em were fours like that. Below, were twos". or something like that. Below, and through all the racket I could hear indignant cries from Central, clickings from lifted receivers, and a far-away plaintive voice remarking, "Aircraft Detection Corps", in a hopeless kind of way. Somebody quite close to me said, "Oh! My God!", in a very loud voice and I hung up and I feel very virtuous about being able to say so because I really should have loved to have remained among the chorus of kibiters breathing noisily into their voice-pieces.

Going to my kitchen window, the very first thing I noticed was Bill Pritchard pounding up the Widow Hanson's lane though I can't imagine why. Habit I suppose. In the middle of the road, opposite the Harvey's front gate, Ed Peabody was squinting through the small end of an old-fashioned telescope he had dug up lately for observation purposes and Grand-pa Harvey, hopping about on the Harvey front porch, was screaming, "Don't shoot, ye danged fule, don't shoot, Them's airyplanes I tell you".

Things are a bit better now, however, and we don't get quite so excited any more since they sent an A.D.C. officer up to talk to us. Miss Perkins, though, the day-time Central, has quit her job and is taking up a riveters course. Sometimes I'm inclined to believe there's a reflection on us in that, somewhere.

OASIS IN A STORM

Chief Observer F.W. Stone pictured here is one of A.D.C.'s old-timers, having been with us since its inception. As manager of a Fish Cannery at Goose Bay, situated at a lonely spot on the B.C. Coast, Mr. Stone is a busy man. Nevertheless he has found time to make the employees of his Cannery, and Indians settled nearby, A.D.C. conscious. The Controller at the A.D.C. Centre always depends on an accurate and speedy report from Goose Bay.

In conversation with Chief Observer Stone during a recent field trip, A.D.C. Officers learned that he has been employed in the fishing business since 1916, and has managed this Cannery for 14 years. His hobby is boats. He would give a lot to be able to work on an R.C.A.F. Crash Boat or Navy M.T. Boat, but since he is in an essential industry, is unable to get away.

When asked to relate any incidents of interest which may have occurred at his post with regard to A.D.C., Mr. Stone said "We get some pretty heavy fog in this vicinity, but there appears to be an up-draft right over the Bay here, which makes a hole in the fog. R.C.A.F. aircraft running into the fog, frequently spot us through this hole and come down to a safe landing. We are always glad to welcome them, for there's accommodation and food here, and we enjoy entertaining them". A.D.C. field Officers have nothing but praise for Goose Bay's hospitality.



THE LADYSMITH CRASH

An incident which occurred on Tuesday, November 30th, is worthy of mention and will go down in the history of services rendered by Observers in the Aircraft Detection Corps.

The weather was bad this day and a heavy fog blanketed Ladysmith and the surrounding area. Three loggers of the Comox Logging Company were working in the woods when they heard an aircraft pass overhead. Shortly after, one of the loggers, Mr. Haddow, thought he heard a crash and immediately thinking of the aircraft, mentioned the fact to the other two fellows. They, not having heard anything, laughed at him and carried on with their work. However, Mr. Haddow was not satisfied and immediately made his way to a telephone approximately a mile away through the woods and phoned down to the company office where both Official Observer Holland and Chief Observer Sheasgreen worked. The "Aircraft Detection Corps" was contacted, advised of the possible crash and that a search party would be organized immediately.

Chief Observer Sheasgreen proceeded by car 12 miles into the woods on a logging road where he was met by Mr. Haddow and the other two loggers. Mr. Sheasgreen directed the party to follow up a creek bed and within five minutes they came upon the blazing aircraft. One of the party immediately headed back to the telephone to call a doctor and ambulance and then the "Aircraft Detection Corps" to advise of the discovery. Meanwhile, Mr. Sheasgreen and his two helpers pulled the two bodies clear of the burning aircraft but were unable to do anything to save the ship as it was blazing furiously.

Mr. Sheasgreen placed a guard to watch the aircraft and upon the arrival of the investigating party from an R.C.A.F. Station, he provided transportation and directed them into the scene of the accident.

Both Mr. Haddow and Chief Observer Sheasgreen are to be highly commended: Mr. Haddow for his alertness and quick reporting even though two other persons working with him chided him, and Chief Observer Sheasgreen for the excellent way in which he organized a search, and for the efficient manner in which he dealt with the whole incident.

The fact that a non-member of the A.D.C. knew enough of the activities of the Corps to contact a member is of particular interest, and should have a moral for our whole organization.

Letters of thanks were sent to these gentlemen by Air Commodore E.L. MacLeod, Air Officer Commanding, No. 2 Group Headquarters.

OUR FRONT COVER

The Avro Lancaster: Seen on the cover is the first Canadian built Lancaster Bomber, on its way Overseas. This machine is one of the deadliest bombing craft ever designed, and to date, has the largest bomb-carrying capacity of any bomber in production. Its range is such that Hitler could never move any of his factories beyond the area where the Lancaster can strike.

It is a mid-wing monoplane, with four underslung in-line engines. Twin fins and rudders and retractable landing gear.

Outline of fuselage is straight from nose to tail. No taper on center sections of wings, but moderate taper on outer edges to rounded tips; inner pair of engines only slightly farther forward than outer pair. Span: 102' 0" - length: 69' 4" - height: 20' 0".

(Performance figures cannot be disclosed.)

LT. COL. COOTE



Lieutenant Colonel A.L. Coote (retired) is an active and somewhat amazing man. He served as a Chief Observer in the Royal Observer Corps in England during the blitz in 1940 and from this experience his knowledge has proved invaluable to Aircraft Detection Corps, in which he has served as Regional Director since June, 1943. Despite the fact that he was not appointed as a Regional Director until that time, Colonel Coote has been a valued advisor

in the development of Aircraft Detection Corps on this coast for the past two years.

Lieutenant Colonel Coote admits his age to be 74, although several of his friends are inclined to believe that this statement of his age may be conservative. On the other hand, R.C.A.F. Officers knowing that his energy is that of a man of 40, wonder sometimes whether he is yet 60.

He is beloved throughout the length and breadth of the Lower Fraser Valley and there is scarcely a man, woman or child in that area, which runs for 100 miles north and south, to whom he is not personally known. He acts as liaison officer for the same area for the Pacific Coast Militia Rangers and that organization in his area, through his enthusiasm and organizing ability, is an extremely lively one. The accompanying photograph of Mrs. Coote and the Colonel shows him in Pacific Coast Militia Rangers uniform.

His suggestions, enthusiasm and constructive criticisms have been a source of inspiration to the Officers of Aircraft Detection Corps who are privileged to work with him.

AT HILLIERS B.C.

Mr. & Mrs. Cecil Kennedy are two enthusiastic and dependable Observers. Mr. Kennedy is pictured above at his post, constructed by himself, situated at Hilliers, B.C.

Many aircraft pass over the Kennedy Post each day and they are kept busy getting their reports into Headquarters. When aircraft are particularly prevalent, Mr. & Mrs. Kennedy's twin daughters chip in and pinch hit as Observers. Mr. Kennedy advises that the residents all around him are A.D.C. conscious and even though they are not Observers, often call to make sure someone at the Kennedy post has seen certain aircraft.

Mr. Kennedy is a veteran of the last war having served with the 2nd C.M.R., C.E.F. Overseas, and his two sons are presently active in the 32nd Company of the Pacific Coast Militia Rangers. Mr. Kennedy's interesting hobby is gardening and collecting rock plants from different parts of B.C.

Many thanks to the Kennedy family for the excellent work they are doing in the Aircraft Detection Corps.



AT OUR POST

Jack Hunting, Chief Observer at Pachena Point, B.C., is one of the old faithfuls to many of whom A.D.C. has become as much a part of life as food and sleep. It isn't very often that he writes to us. Actually it isn't necessary for we know from long experience that his post will not fumble the ball. A few lines from his last letter will be of interest:

"We had read with interest in the October issue of "The Observer" the account sent in by Chief Observer Mrs. I. Stokes, concerning the star "Venus", which had been reported by her post last July.

We had a similar experience here last Thursday, November 11th, and it happened as follows:

It was one of those hazy days with clear patches of sky in places and clouds in other parts when spotting is difficult. We could hear one or more planes approaching from the West. By their sound it was the two fighter planes for which we hold such an affection. These two planes go through their antics like two kids in a rough and tumble then fly off wing tip to wing tip as if their troubles are over. We always consider this act put on for our special benefit, although they can be seen for miles around and no doubt others consider it their private show too. However, to get back to our spotting, we were particularly anxious to see if it was our two planes, and picking up my glasses I proceeded to look where I thought the planes would be. Mr. Maben, the Official Observer on watch, was also doing his best to pick them up. All at once I spotted something that looked like a snowball, just as white too, and while I was trying to decide whether or not it was a very high white plane the sound of the planes I was trying to spot had shifted to the East and I realized that I had been fooled. By the time I shifted my line of vision the planes had gone into the sun and we were on the point of reporting them as "Heard" when young Ernie Unwin informed us that he had seen them and identified them, so we reported them by type. We are now wondering if the object we saw is the same Star as seen by Mrs. Stokes and her guests. This Star was quite visible with the naked eye, and I saw it well on into the afternoon also. Since then I have seen it on clear days. Several other people here saw it and all claim they have never seen anything like it before. It was 30 to 35 degrees high and bearing about South at noon on the 11th which rather makes me think it will not be the same Star as reported by Mrs. Stokes since that was four months ago, and the Star we saw would be set around the noon hour last July.

I would like to know just what this Star might be, but in any case there is a moral to it, - "Don't be fooled by the Stars", and I don't mean Hedy Lamar either."

Editor's note:- From the information available as to the sightings of Chief Observers (Mrs) I. Stokes and J. Bunting, the identity of the object cannot be definitely determined. However, one possible explanation is that it was a meteorological "Radiosonde". These are released at the same time by various weather stations and have the following characteristics:

- (a) They consist of a balloon with radio apparatus that transmits information as to atmospheric conditions
- (b) Balloons may be white, red, yellow or green in color. They range in size from six to nine feet in diameter.
- (c) They may rise to heights of 40,000 feet (over 7½ miles) where the balloon bursts and the radio container, with its small parachute, falls to earth.
- (d) "Radiosonde" apparatus found should be shipped "COLLECT" to the address on its plate.

A TRIBUTE BY QUALICUM BEACH OBSERVERS

Captain C.D.Smyth served in the last war in the Leinster Regiment and was severely wounded while in action in France, the results of which have handicapped him ever since.

When Reg. Dir. H.J. Welch appointed him to organize the A.D.C. in Qualicum Beach, he entered upon his task with the greatest enthusiasm, which has never flagged.

He worked out a schedule for each Observer and walked miles a day for the first few weeks to visit each one in order to see that everyone was satisfied with the schedule, and carried out their duties efficiently. Patience has always been an outstanding quality with him, and no query from one of us Observers is too small or too big for him to spend time in explaining and making clear the point.

When occasion has arisen where an Observer needed a relief for his tour of duty, Captain Smyth has always cheerfully stepped into the breach, in order that there be no breakdown in the Watch. He, like all other members of the Corps who are unable to be more actively engaged in the war effort, has hailed the opportunity the A.D.C. gives of becoming a component part of home defence. We pay tribute to his fine spirit.

ANOTHER BONER

The following, quoted from a letter from Regional Director V.C. Best, tells its own story.

"Are our faces red? My! My! And did we have fun? We did! And have we annoyed the R.C.A.F. with alarming reports! We did! And did anybody laugh at us? - Hush!

Fact is, an Observer reported a 'plane in trouble north of the Harbour, and called me to verify the fact. The 'plane was N.E. and my view was obstructed, so I called up two posts that get a view. To my horror the first post reported a "plane coming down in flames!" So I notified the Aircraft Detection Corps, then called out every post that was available for observation, boats, etc.

Meanwhile the second post called up to say that the reddish flare was on the water, and might be a 'plane in distress. The latter observer is used to trouble as he was a skipper of a trading vessel plying the waters of the Arctic. Eventually he came to the conclusion that it was a star - brilliant red, so brilliant that it shed a red path on the water. Others reported the same - so we hid our heads in buckets of water, till steam rose up. The R.C.A.F. were very nice about it. Their patience is a marvel.

However, our motto is "Better safe than sorry" so we are consoling ourselves with that. On the other hand, the workout showed me very clearly that our gang is much on the alert, and I was astonished at the speed with which all hands stood by for possible duty.

When the incident closed - I went to see the phenomenon, and I have never seen anything so odd. It was like a red moonbeam on the water (you know what I mean), and could easily have been a launch on fire or anything else. A slight haze rising obscured the path of the light from its source.

Salt-spring weather is always off, like the people on the island. I have been asked whether all the people here are "nuts" or do they go nutty after sojourning a year or so? My opinion is that the weather has a lot to do with it. Mind you - in these days of 26 oz. rations, it is very disturbing to see red moonbeams.

Excuse us !! "

EASTERN AIR COMMAND NEWS

CAPE FOURCHU WATCH



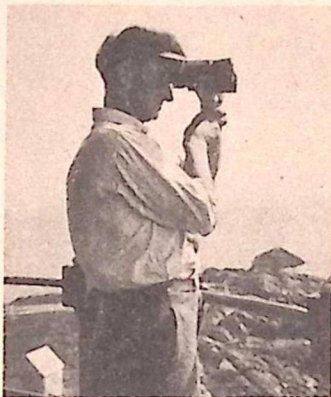
Shown here are Regional Director A.W. Horner, (left) of the Yarmouth district, Councilor for the town of Yarmouth, with Chief Observer H.L. Cunningham, lighthousekeeper at Cape Fourchu.

Regional Director Horner placed his services at the disposal of the Aircraft Detection Corps for some ten days, while visits were being made to all Chief Observers and numerous Observers. He is a veteran of World War I.

At right is Chief Observer H.L. Cunningham, who has been lighthousekeeper for 22 years at Cape Fourchu, which overlooks the entrance to Yarmouth Harbour.

Like Reg. Dir. Horner, Chief Observer Cunningham is a veteran of the last war, and is well represented in this one. One son, Cpl. John Frederick, is in the Marine Section of the R.C.A.F., while another, Sergeant Major James Herbert, is in an Anti-Tank regiment, and has been overseas for more than two years.

The lighthouse at Cape Fourchu, seen above, is 102 years old.

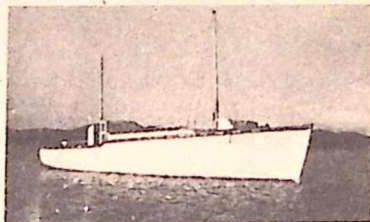


ORGANIZING THE NORTH SHORE

The owner and skipper of the boat pictured above is Mr. Daniel Lapointe, one of the Aircraft Detection Corps Associate Regional Directors.

Mr. Lapointe's boat, a familiar sight to most people on the North Shore during the Navigation season, is shown anchored in Louis Lessard Bay, near St. Augustine, Que. As Inspector for the Government Telegraph Service from Mingan, Que. to Red Bay, Labrador, Mr. Lapointe does a considerable amount of travelling, by boat, as it is the only means of transportation in this part of the Province.

F/O J. E. Comeau, A.D.C. officer who organized the North Shore for the Corps made the trip with Mr. Lapointe and thanks to him, was able to contact all inhabited places and appoint A.D.C. Observers in all of them.



CUSTOMS & IMMIGRATION OFFICE

Above are shown the staff of the Customs and Immigration Office at St. Stephen, N. B.: **Front Row:** left to right: R.S. Vanstone, Miss L.L. Lawrence, A.J. Saunders, A.R. Goucher, H.V. Lyons, G.F. Ensor, J.O. Mitchell. **Back Row:** left to right: H.F. Watkins, W.V. Grimmer, A.H. Russell, J.T. Bottonley, F.T. Dorey, and H.A. Dewar.

Thanks to the well directed efforts of Reg. Dir. Arlo Hayman, Assoc./Reg. Dir. A.R. Goucher, and Chief Observer H.F. Watkins, the Aircraft Detection Corps in St. Stephen, is second to none.

Mr. Goucher, who is Collector of Customs at St. Stephen, long ago realized the importance of reporting all planes and he gathered his Customs and Immigration officers together and talked ADC to them. They all volunteered to act as official observers and as these men are on duty twenty-four hours a day, a round the clock watch was established.

Today, not a plane flies over St. Stephen without being reported, almost automatically. The observers here not only report the planes, but they can identify them by sound.

Not only are these men, and the lady examiner attached to the Customs Office, contributing a great deal to the War effort as official observers of the Aircraft Detection Corps, several of them are veterans of the last war, and many of them have sons and daughters serving in World War II.

Mr. Goucher's jurisdiction extends over to Milltown and Upper Mills, and he made sure that these points were also organized properly. Not content to see the Aircraft Detection Corps set-up in his district limited to persons of his staff, Mr. Goucher, then Chief Observer, picked out 38 additional official observers in different sections of his forty-eight square miles of territory and co-ordinated their reporting with the already highly efficient work of his Customs and Immigration officers. The net result of all this good work is a reporting set-up of which St. Stephen, Milltown, Upper Mills and Bayview have every reason to be proud.

OUR BACK COVER

The Thunderbolt: A low wing single-seat monoplane, with radial engine, retractable landing gear, and single fin and rudder. It is employed as a long range fighter escort for Bombers. Its weight, when fully loaded, is 13,600 lbs. It has a span of 40'9", and length of 36'1".

LIVERPOOL OBSERVERS



Regional Director J.V. Nickerson, of the Liverpool District, is one of the most enthusiastic members of the "A.D.C." organization. His district is well organized and functions efficiently. Mrs. Nickerson, his wife, is an observer who reports the movement of aircraft at all hours of the day and night, while their daughter, Mrs. Lillian Eleanor Grant, is a chief observer who has

reported more than sixty aircraft in a single day. Her ears are so attuned to aircraft that she can almost identify them by the tone of their motors. Up to July 17th, she turned in 706 reports on the movement of aircraft. Mr. Nickerson, a partner, in the well-known firm of Nickerson Bros. Limited (cold storage operators and fish packers), is seen here in working garb on his wharf at Liverpool, N. S.

AT NEW GLASGOW

Associate Regional Director Frank H. McNeil (left) and Regional Director Major Warren Jollymore, both of New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, while out on a tour of their A.D.C. territory. Major Jollymore won his spurs in the last war and is presently a zone representative of the Canadian Legion.



Mr. Frank McNeil is A.R.P. Chief Warden for Pictou County and has been head of the county council for the last twenty years. One son, Captain R.R. McNeil, is with the first field regiment, R.C.A. now overseas, and another, P/O Donald S. McNeil is completing his operational training as a pilot at a training station in Canada.

R.C.M.P. CO-OPERATION



The R.C.M.P. detachment at Montague, P.E.I. gives more than moral support to the A.D.C. observers of their district. Here they are shown beside the Montague A.D.C. Lookout Tower, which is situated on the roof of the Town Hall. From left to right they are: Constable A. G. Goswell, Cpl. P.L. Keys and Constable J.P. Morrison. A short time ago Cpl. Keys received special commendation from an R.A.F. station Commanding Officer for reporting a training plane

which was in difficulty.

FORMERLY IN R.C.A.M.C.

Dr. Edgar Bourque, M.M., is originally from Moncton, N. B. He served in the last war, in the Artillery with the 3rd Siege Battery, starting as a private and finishing up as a Captain. He won the Military Medal at Vimy.

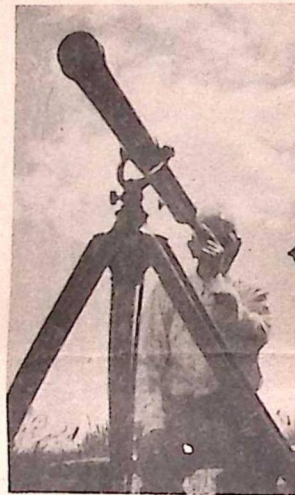
Dr. Bourque also served in this war as a Captain in the RCAMC and would still be on active service if it were not for the fact that the Dorchester Penitentiary directors exercised such pressure with Military authorities that Dr. Bourque had to come back to resume his duties as Medical Officer for the Penitentiary.

When Aircraft Detection Corps was organized recently in Dorchester, Dr. Bourque was one of the most ardent supporters of the organization and the first one to volunteer his name as an observer.

Both Dr. and Mrs. Bourque are now ADC observers. Their dog is also a keen observer and any suspicious character would do well to keep away from the vicinity of the Bourque domaine.



SPOTTER AT MERSEY RIVER



Chief Observer James A. Fralick, at Western Head, near Liverpool, N.S. This veteran of sea and land keeps a constant watch over the entrance to the Mersey River, and has been instrumental in providing the Aircraft Detection Corps with valuable information pertaining to ships and aircraft. His domestic activities on the farm still allow him time for reporting aircraft. His handsome telescope was furnished through the co-operation of the "A.D.C." in Halifax, and is a prized possession of

this fine citizen.

LITTLE MAJOR

Major G.S. Grimmer Chief Observer for the area of Dalhousie, New Brunswick. Major Grimmer is shown here with his young grandson, Alexander Davidson Beattie.



QUEBEC NEWS

MARCONI OFFICERS



It gives us pleasure to include in this issue a few interesting items on Pointe-au-Pere Regional District and to point out the generous and efficient co-operation given the Aircraft Detection Corps in this section of the Province.

The town of Pointe-au-Pere, after which the District was named, is the place of residence of the Regional Director and is the centre of the A.D.C. organization for the District. Pointe-au-Pere is situated on the south shore of the St. Lawrence River, approximately 200 miles below the City of Lewis and it is an important navigation post where all ships proceeding up or down the River have to stop in order that the River pilots may take over or hand over as the case may be. The Pointe-au-Pere lighthouse makes a fine observation post both for aircraft and, during the navigation season, for submarine spotting.

The Pointe-au-Pere district comprises 46 observation posts extending from Metis to Isle Verte, and from the shore of the St. Lawrence to some 25 miles inland. All posts have been activated and most observers in this area are consistent reporters. Any aircraft passing over this area will not travel far without being reported several times. Heading the Observers for the District is Mr. L.J.A. Chevron, of Pointe-au-Pere. Mr. Chevron is indefatigable; he is Officer in Charge of the Marconi Station, A.D.C. Regional Director and President of the lower St. Lawrence Division of the Navy League of Canada.

A capable assistant to Mr. Chevron is A.D.C. Associate Regional Director Geo. A. Raine, who is also on the staff of the Marconi Station at Pointe-au-Pere. Both Messrs. Chevron and Raine are veterans of the first World War; Mr. Chevron served as a radio telegraphist while Mr. Raine fought with the Royal Newfoundland Regiment in France. Shown above and at right are photos of Mr. Chevron and Mr. Raine, which we are very pleased to publish and we wish at this time to express to both of them our appreciation for their splendid co-operation.

The A.D.C. observers in the Pointe-au-Pere District total some 250 and include men and women from all walks of life. These observers have realized the important part A.D.C. plays in the defence of the coast of Canada, and by contributing their services voluntarily, have made the Corps possible.

ON FINDING PIGEONS

In recent weeks Aircraft Detection Corps observers have rendered valuable assistance in the return of lost R.C.A.F. carrier pigeons, and as emergencies of this kind are bound to occur, it is requested by A.D.C. Headquarters that the following instructions be carried out:

1. On finding any live bird bearing identification on its legs, the finder should notify the "Aircraft Detection Corps" and/or the nearest R.C.A.F. Station, telling the number on the leg band and the location where the bird was found. They will issue instructions on what should be done.
2. On finding a dead bird, the finder should again notify the "Aircraft Detection Corps" and/or the nearest R.C.A.F. Station, forwarding the leg bands "collect".
3. In each case notification of the finding and shipping of the bird should be made by reporting directly to the "Aircraft Detection Corps".
4. Birds or identification rings should be shipped "Collect". The R.C.A.F. will be held responsible for any expenses incurred.

MARIA CHAPDELAINÉ



Pictured at left is Miss Eva Bouchard Official Observer at Peribonka, Lake St. John, P.Q., who is curator of the museum erected in memory of the famous French romancist, Louis Hemon, author of "Maria Chap-

delainé", a novel portraying the fortitude of the early Canadian settlers through untold hardships.

It is said that he sought a good deal of his inspiration for the heroine of the story from the charming personality of the above pictured Miss Bouchard, in whose home he was given abode while in search of material for his novel.

Miss Bouchard is one of the keenest A.D.C. Observers in this district, of which the Rev. J.D. Tremblay is Chief Observer.

RESCUE AT CAP D'ESPOIR

Chief Observer Arthur Beck, along with Official Observers Arnold and Horace Trachey at Cap D'Espoir, are doing a grand job of reporting all aircraft.

An incident worthy of mention occurred early this Summer when they were watching an Anson circling over the Point. After about ten minutes they assumed -- and rightly so, that the aircraft was in trouble and intended to land on one of the farms. They proceeded to pull up fence pickets and remove the farming implements from the field. They even had a fire extinguisher ready for use. However, while manoeuvring for a forced landing the crew succeeded in clearing the engine trouble.

The crew of that aircraft and the Aircraft Detection Corps are very grateful to Arthur Beck, Arnold and Horace Trachey for their prompt action in this emergency.

NEWFOUNDLAND NEWS

ERRAND OF MERCY



Nurse and Official Observer Miss Olive Bishop, is shown aboard a typical Newfoundland schooner on her way to Pass Island. As part of her job she joins in the community life of the people and administers proper care and supervision to those who are ill. Too great praise cannot be given to these women who bring hope, comfort and cheer to many

Newfoundlanders located in areas where hospitals are unavailable.

RESCUE IN NFLD.

A short time ago, while out in his boat, a lone Newfoundland fisherman, Frank Denty, sighted a seaplane coming down in a Bay some distance from him. Thinking it an ordinary landing, for the sea was calm and the weather clear, he paid no great attention to it and made his way homeward. However, when arriving on shore the incident recurred to him, and deciding that something might have been amiss he went to a vantage point on a nearby hill and spotted an object about a mile and a half out on the water. Deciding to investigate he called his fisherman friend, Percy Collett, and off they went. After rowing about a mile and a half they came upon the object sighted and discovered to their amazement two airmen, exhausted but uninjured, in a rubber dinghy belonging to the aircraft which had come down in the Bay.

The fliers were taken ashore to the homes of their rescuers and made comfortable with the usual kindness and hospitality for which Newfoundlanders are noted. By this time Chief Observer Arthur Collett and Constable E. Warfield of Harbour Buffett, having heard of the rescue, arrived on the scene offering to give any assistance possible to the airmen. Before long the two airmen were sufficiently recovered from the effects of their forced landing, and arrangements were made for them to proceed back to their base. All ended well, thanks to the competent handling of the situation by Chief Observer Collett, Constable Warfield, Frank Denty, Percy Collett and the others who assisted.

WIRELESS OPERATOR AT FLOWER'S COVE

Miss Susie Way from Flower's Cove has been a most faithful A.D.C. Observer. Being both wireless operator and postmistress, she has on many occasions been instrumental in helping to locate aircraft, and has co-operated with the Aircraft Detection Corps in cases of emergency or alert at any hour of the day or night.



REGIONAL DIRECTOR FRANK PIKE

This month we pay tribute to Regional Director Frank Pike, of the Port Aux Basques-Channel District, Newfoundland. Mr. Pike has served the Aircraft Detection Corps well since its inception. Soon after the outbreak of hostilities he offered his services as an "Official Observer" of the Corps. Later he became "Chief Observer" of his post. More recently still, he was appointed and has accepted the position of "Regional Director" for his entire district which includes all settlements situated between Port Aux Basques, east along the South West Coast up to and including Cape La Hune and the Island of Ramea. In addition to this section of the coast his district also includes both coastal and inland settlements north east of Port Aux Basques to South Branch. Mr. Pike is engaged in setting up twenty-four hour reporting posts wherever possible. The first twenty-four hour post has been established at Channel-Head and is well equipped through local contributions. He is a keen and enthusiastic worker of the Aircraft Detection Corps.

In 1903 Mr. Pike entered the Methodist Guards Brigade as a recruit. In 1915 he established a local branch of the Legion of Frontiersmen and rose to the rank of Lieutenant Commander. This brigade was later abolished when the majority of its troops enlisted in the First World War. That he is a leader and an able organizer is evidenced by the fact that in 1931 he was appointed to the Legislative Council of Newfoundland. In later years he has been engaged in the wholesale fresh fish business at Port Aux Basques.

To Mr. Pike we offer our sincere appreciation and a hearty thank-you for his excellent contribution to the Aircraft Detection Corps, Newfoundland.

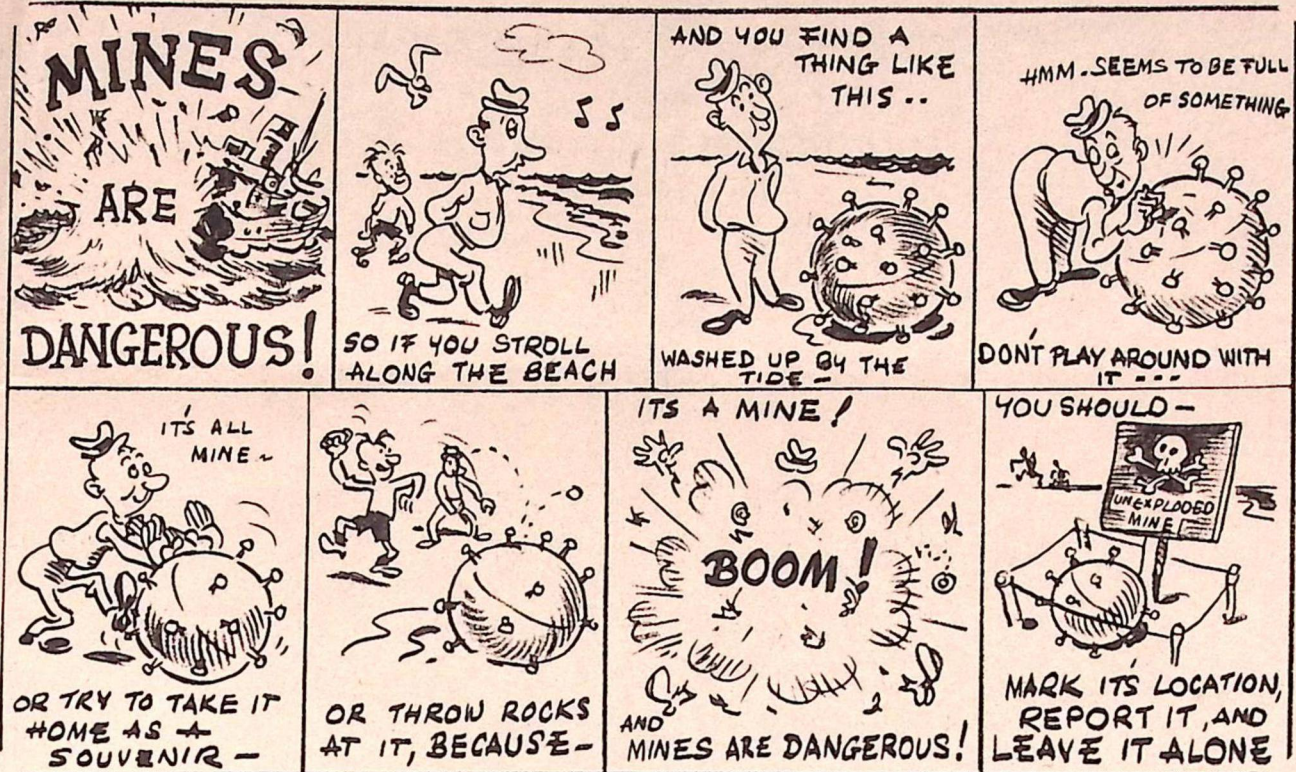


JOHN WILCOX OF ENGLEE



One of our oldest but keenest Observers is John Wilcox shown above enjoying a few minutes relaxation on a dock at Englee. Mr. Wilcox informs us that his Area has been efficiently organized for any emergency, and that the Observers are on the alert to report any suspicious activity either in the air, on land, or on the sea.

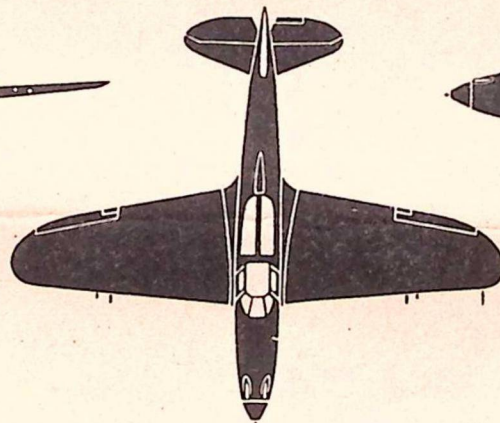
ON REPORTING MINES



THE BELL AIRACOBRA-P 39

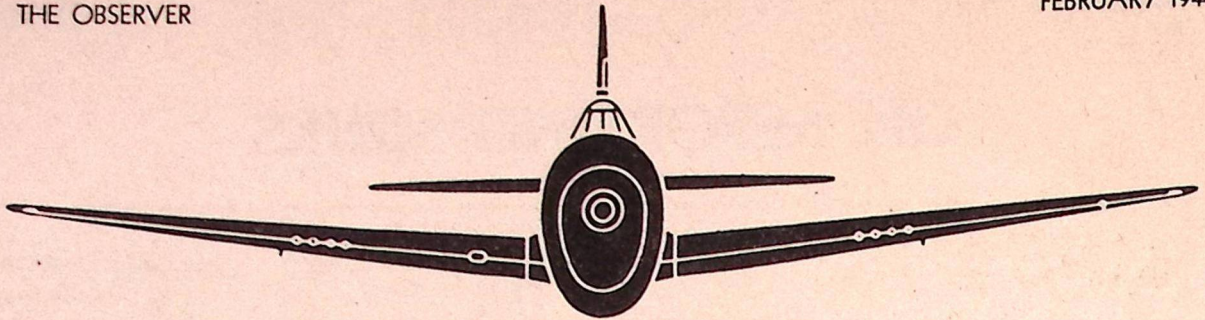


BELL P-39 (Airacobra)



Airacobra (P.39 Bell):- A low wing single engine monoplane, with single fin and rudder, and retractable tricycle undercarriage. At one time known by the R.A.F. as the "Caribou". It is a fast and very manoeuvrable aircraft. The R.A.F. like it and use it as a low ceiling fighter. The engine is set behind pilot's cockpit and is connected to the engine by a drive shaft. The engine is a single in-line liquid-cooled Allison engine.

The airacobra has a long slim pointed nose, dihedral wing with slight taper on broad curved tips. The airacobra gives a general impression of a fast flying aircraft.

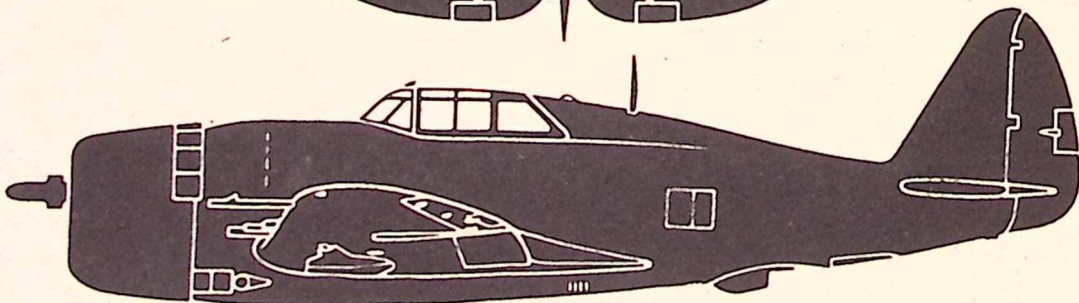
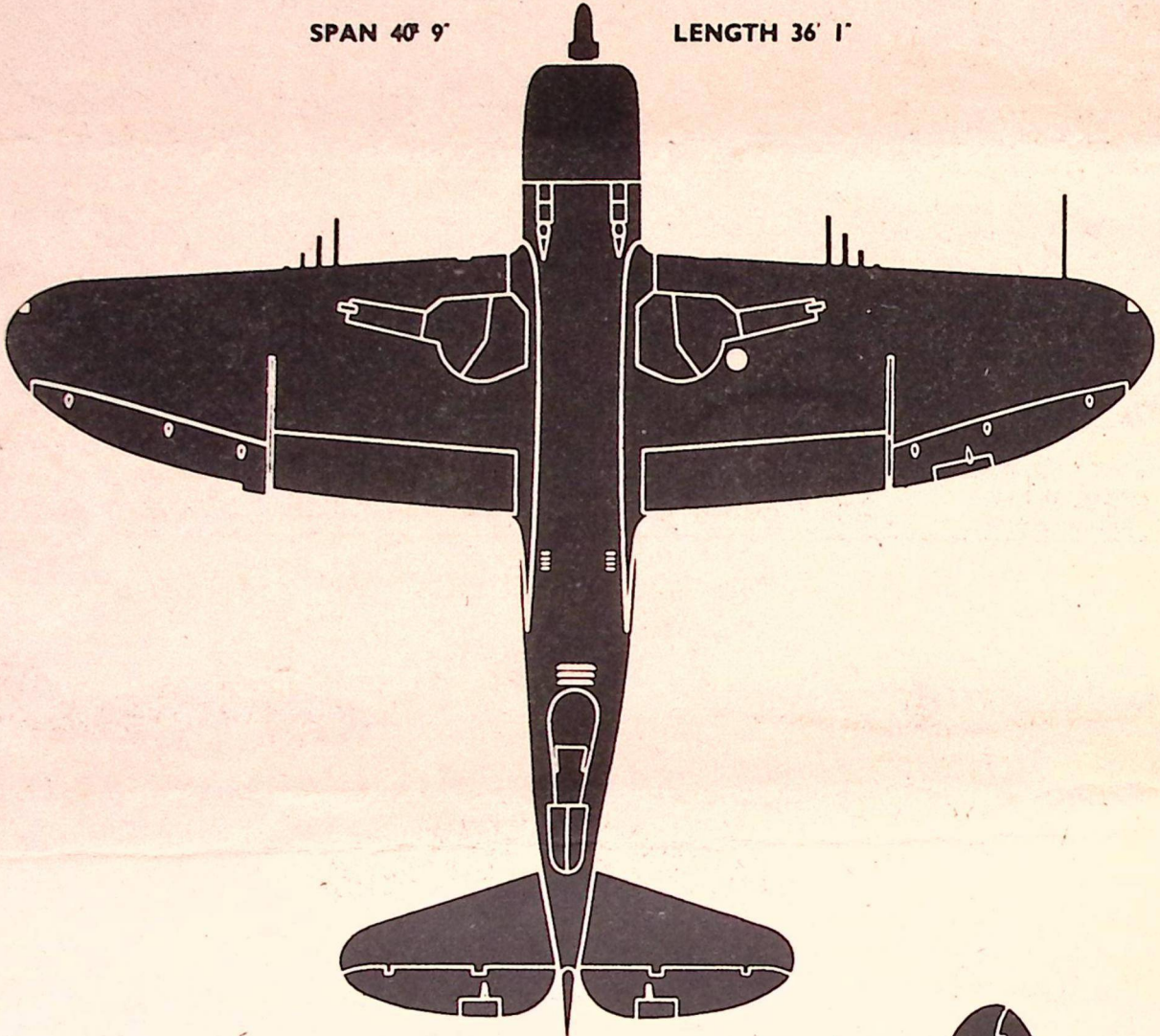


THUNDERBOLT I (Double Wasp)

Single-Seat Fighter

SPAN 40' 9"

LENGTH 36' 1"



(12)

(See Page 5 for details)

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