

The **C**ROWNDDEL

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ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

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This Month's Cover



Flt. Lt. D. C. Laubman, D.F.C., returning from a scramble after an air raid warning during Exercise Sweetbriar. With him are shown (left) Cpl. W. E. Gregory and (right) LAC R. Yaxley. Flt. Lt. Laubman is wearing the new nylon pile aircrew suit which has proved so successful on operations in the Arctic and Sub-Arctic.

Sgt. Shatterproof Aims High

Sir:

It was with (I think, pardonable) pride that I recently received an invitation from Mr. Macdonald, of the Air Cadet League, to deliver a short inspirational address to the Cadets. Though I do not know Mr. Macdonald personally, I deduce that he must be a gentleman of some discernment. It is not everyone who perceives that deep within my 240 lbs. of bone and muscle there lies hidden the direct and simple nature of a young idealist—though, oddly enough, Flt. Lt. Hornet not long ago made a rather significant remark. He informed me that my approach to a certain problem was that of a sixteen-year-old boy rather than an adult man. Without realizing it, he placed his finger on that very quality which has put me where I am to-day.

Thus, it was as a young man about to commune with young men that I repaired with my pint to a corner of the Mess to consider what I should say. For a while I contemplated telling the Cadets of my early high-school days, when I first began to formulate my theories of leadership while acting as hatchet-man for the Boilerhouse Thugs, a prominent youth organization in my home town. But ultimately I abandoned this line of thought as not being wholly compatible with Air Cadet ideals.

Anyway, you yourself shall be the judge of my eventual success. Mr. Macdonald assures me that he has no objection to your reprinting my address in "The Roundel"—with, of course, the usual acknowledgements.

* * *

Mr. President, League Officers, and Air Cadets:

I have been asked to address a few words to you in the pages of the Air Cadet Annual on behalf of the R.C.A.F.

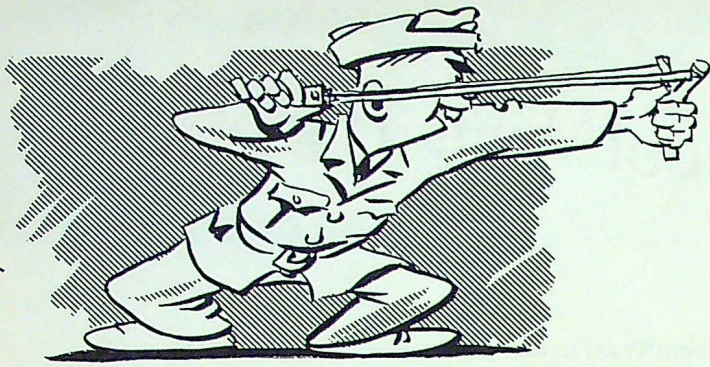
This I am very happy to do. A request of such a nature is one that no Shatterproof worthy of the name ever hears in vain. Readiness to speak on any subject is, indeed, one of our most cherished family traditions—a tradition that was notably exemplified by my forbear Beau Shatterproof the Highwayman, the scourge of the Old Kent Road in England during the first quarter of the 18th century. When at last he stood beneath the gallows on Tyburn Hill, he was asked if he had any final words to utter. Pride of race stirred in the Beau's breast: he would not let his public down. He shot his lace ruffles, took a pinch of snuff, and spoke for upwards of three hours on the subject of clean living, confusing the executioner to such an extent that the unfortunate man ended up by hanging himself instead of my ancestor.

Although I feel that I know rather more about the Royal Canadian Air Cadets than Beau Shatterproof did about clean living, I still do not

know all I would like to. Despite rumour to the contrary, there are limits to my capabilities. Both my hands are kept so busy at the helm of my own Service, that were I to concern myself with Cadet policies as well, all I could do would be (if you will pardon the jest) to put my foot in it. Nevertheless, I have observed enough of the Air Cadets' work to convince me that we have here the most remarkable youth organization of our time. With my own eyes I have seen them achieve the impossible. I have seen them make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

You wince, gentlemen. "This", you are saying to yourselves, "is no sort of language for our Annual! The old warrior is getting out of hand. He is becoming coarse." But hold, gentlemen!—do not judge me too hastily. You did not know young Cudgel Fetlock.

Young Cudgel is the son of my old friend Farmer Fetlock, whose property adjoins our aerodrome. Although no kinder man than Fetlock ever pole-axed a bullock or slaughtered a pig, young Cudgel inherited none of his father's gentler qualities. In fact, his only interest in life, until a year ago,



appeared to consist in annoying his elders. He would, for example, lie in wait behind the silo for LAC Bladder and myself, on those frequent occasions when we went to dine with Farmer Fetlock. Then, springing out as we passed, he would execute a flank attack with his slingshot, emitting jubilant cries of "Giddap, Fatso!", "On the double, Chisel-tooth!", and the like. Possibly the boy meant no harm, but he lacked all discipline.

Last summer, to everyone's relief, young Cudgel joined the local Air Cadet squadron, the "Muskrats." For a time, no change in his behaviour was apparent. In fact, Bladder and I had almost decided to try to live on the Service diet—when suddenly a contingent of Cadets arrived on the Station for their two weeks of Summer Camp. Among them was young Cudgel Fetlock.

I will not pretend that thoughts of retribution did not occur to LAC Bladder and myself. They did. But such action proved unnecessary; for during his second day on the Station, Cudgel (who had been apprehended in the act of placing a horned toad in his Corporal's soup) made the acquaintance of W.O.1 Gallstone.

It was at this point that the value of his Cadet training first became apparent. He took his punishment like a man; and when it was over, far from feeling any resentment, he set his hand to the task of educating W.O.1 Gallstone in the principles of citizenship and self-control. Nor did he forget what he had learned about the value of self-sacrifice and teamwork. For the rest of his

stay on the Station that splendid young man forewent all the pleasures of study and devoted himself exclusively to the improvement of W.O.1 Gallstone. With a humility new in him, he sought the advice of older and more experienced airmen. And once he had planned an educational manoeuvre, he executed it with a truly Napoleonic skill. Thanks to the opportunities afforded him by the Air Cadets, he had at last found a worthy outlet for his energy.

I will not enter into a detailed description of the instruction given to W.O.1 Gallstone. Space is not available here to explain how it happened that his braces snapped on the C.O.'s parade, that a grass-snake poked its head from his breast pocket and hissed in the face of the A.O.C., or that he was taken into custody as an escaped lunatic upon returning from town in civvies late one night. Suffice it to say that this fortunate Warrant Officer seemed to age appreciably during the two weeks—and, as we all know, wisdom comes only with advancing years.

In brief, gentlemen, young Cudgel Fetlock had graduated in a few short months from a hooligan to a public-spirited citizen of Canada. He had learned that service to his fellow men stands higher than all mere personal considerations. He saw his duty, and he did it. Nor can we hold any ill-feeling against the Orderly Officer who captured him on his last night, as he was proceeding towards the married quarters, dressed only in a sheet, on his way to help W.O.1 Gallstone overcome his superstitious tendencies. The Orderly Officer too, was only doing his duty as he saw it—and young Cudgel is not the first, nor will he be the last, to suffer in a noble cause.

We, the progressive thinkers of this Station, salute Cudgel Fetlock as a scholar and a gentleman—and, above all, as an ex-Cadet!

* * *

Whether or not you agree with my approach to the subject, Sir, I think you will at least admit that it sets a high mark for the boys to aim at.

Sincerely yours,

The CF-100



First flight of the CF-100.

THE SUCCESSFUL FIRST FLIGHT of the Avro CF-100 on 19 January 1950 was one of the most notable events in R.C.A.F. history to date. It represented the fulfilment of plans originally formed in 1945 for the production of an exceptionally powerful fighter aircraft designed expressly to operate under all of Canada's varied climatic conditions. Experience during the Second World War, when all R.C.A.F.-operated aircraft (with the exception of a few trainers) were of American or English origin, showed conclusively that there was an urgent requirement for modern aircraft designed specifically for use in Canada

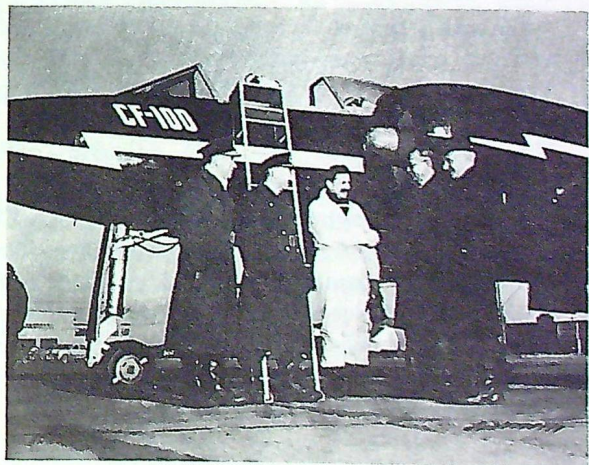
After much discussion and planning, a specification was evolved embodying R.C.A.F. requirements for a high-performance jet aircraft, capable of finding and destroying any enemy aircraft which could be envisaged as being contemporaneous with it, under the worst conditions of visibility and weather.

The belief that Canada should be at least partially self-supporting in the matter of design, development and manufacture of operational aircraft, together with the desire to encourage the formation of a competent aeronautical design staff, led to the recommendation that this aircraft should be designed and built in Canada.

A. V. Roe Canada Limited was chosen as the contractor, and design work started in 1946. Throughout the period of design and development, the engineering and operations staffs of the R.C.A.F. have maintained close liaison with the

contractor, advising on and approving each phase of the work as it was completed.

"The test," says the Hon. Brooke Claxton, Minister of National Defence, "was made with Rolls-Royce Avon Engines . . . and we hope that this fine performance will be equalled and even exceeded when our own Avro Orenda engines are fitted.



Left to right: Air Vice-Marshal A. L. James, C.B.E.; Air Marshal W. A. Curtis, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., E.D.; Mr. W. A. Waterton, A.F.C.; Hon. Brooke Claxton, Minister of National Defence; Mr. Walter N. Deisher, Vice-President and General Manager of Avro Canada.

"The CF-100 is 52½ feet long, with a wingspan of 52 feet, and its height from the top of its cabin to the ground is 10 feet 7 inches. The two jets are mounted close to the aircraft's fuselage, and the plane is fitted with a tricycle undercarriage. It carries a pilot and radio-navigator.

"The new aircraft will complement the F-86 single-engine jet fighter, which is being built for the R.C.A.F. by Canadair Limited of Montreal. The two aircraft will have separate tasks. Whereas the F-86 is intended to perform as a single-seater day fighter, with corresponding characteristics of

high speed and rate of climb, the CF-100 has been produced primarily for interception at long distances from base and in adverse weather conditions.

"The development of an aircraft such as the CF-100 and the Orenda engine together marks a big stride forward in Canadian aviation history."

After the flight, Mr. W. A. Waterton, A.F.C. (a Canadian who served as a squadron leader in the R.A.F.), stated that the aircraft handled extremely well. It must be remembered, however, that this is a prototype. There is still much to do before planes of this type are coming off the production line.

TRACERS

Arthur Dundas, of Francis, Sask., would appreciate hearing from George Cruikshank (ex-radar mechanic) and Ellis Haun (believed to be still in the Service).

Claude Ouellet, formerly of Limoilou, P.Q., is asked to contact (a) Brother Joseph, De La Salle Academy, St. Peter St., Three Rivers, P.Q., or (b) AC Menard, 17636, No. 2 Construction & Maintenance Unit, R.C.A.F., Currie Field, Calgary, Alta.

John M. Hughes (R.C.A.F.A.), of Lac La Hache, B.C., would greatly appreciate hearing from an Association member who could give him information and advice concerning how to set about learning the business of commercial and portrait photography. His health requires him to give up his present type of work.



Stalag Luft III: Part 5

by FLT. LT. JOHN E. MAHONEY

CHAPTER SIX

Sidelights

Tommy

Tommy was Irish, with the traditional Irish temper and knack of getting into trouble. He had been in the "cooler" twice, once for attempted escape, the second time for replying "Nuts to you!" to a German officer who told him to take his hands out of his pockets.

His latest offence, for which he had been sentenced to thirteen months' imprisonment, was based on three charges: blaspheming Hitler, assaulting a German soldier, and slander against the Reich.

It seems that one day, while indulging in the pastime of "Goon-baiting", he voiced the opinion that Hitler ought to be crucified. This was more than the baited Goon could stand, and he raised his rifle. Tommy grabbed hold of it and struggled with him.

Needless to say, he was marched off to jail. When he arrived there he kicked up quite a fuss, claiming that he had been brought to the wrong place, as this was not the jail he had been in before. Sure enough, before long a guard entered, saying: "Come, this is the wrong jail."

"I told you so," said Tommy triumphantly.

The guard, however, was in some difficulty. There was no adequate transport available. But Tommy noticed a staff car nearby.

"Let's take this car here," he urged.

"That is impossible," said the guard. "It may be wanted at any time."

"Oh, come on. Let's take a chance." Tommy had a winning personality and a very persuasive manner.

The guard finally gave in, and they drove off through the main streets of the city, returning the salutes of all the ardent Nazis whom they encountered.

On arrival at the jail, Tommy was very pleased to meet one of his old wardens, whom he persuaded to get hold of a dozen apples and some good food. This was, of course, strictly against the regulations.

Finally, after Tommy had been tried (by civil court), the old judge, having just sentenced him to thirteen months, came down from his bench, face beaming and hand outstretched.

"We are glad to have you back with us," he said.

"I was afraid they were going to put me in another jail," said Tommy. "I always get good treatment here."

Out in the streets again (his sentence was not effective immediately), he managed to persuade his guard to take him to a nearby beer parlour. The first one they shied clear of—far too many Germans—and entered another which was not so crowded. There, quite unnoticed by the other customers, they enjoyed a long and merry session.

Finally, they returned to the camp about midnight, in the middle of an air-raid alarm. Even then Tommy was able to persuade the guard, who at first wanted to put him into the "cooler" for the night, to get him into the camp. To cap it all, he arrived back with his pockets stuffed with apples—a rare treat for a kriegie.

Broken Romances

Tales of broken romances between kriegies and the girls they left behind were legion. I can't vouch for the truth of all of them—but in many of them there was a substance of cold and often bitter fact.

Often the break was straight-forward, as in the case of the girl who, engaged to a kriegie, wrote to him after two years' imprisonment, "I have found another. I'm afraid I prefer a 1943 hero to a 1940 has-been."

But sometimes the gambit was more subtle—or pitiful, according to one's degree of cynicism. One wife actually wrote: "Someone shoved a set of twins into my arms in the blackout, and they are such darlings I've come to love them. Can I keep them?"

The sorriest tragedies, however, probably lay in those unhappy coincidences which might never have occurred but for unkind chance.

One such case was that of an officer who was boasting to a fellow kriegie about "one luscious wench I saw a lot of when I was in London. Look, here's her picture." With this he produced a photo of a very pretty woman—his pal's girl-friend.

Then there were the two kriegies who, after speaking of their respective wives, produced photographs and found that they were both married to the same woman. Having heard no news of her first husband after he went "missing", she had presumed him dead and married again.

Countless such tales were circulated among us. Amusing though many were, however, on the whole they did more harm than good. They made some people think too much.

The Trader

If you want to get rich quick, just go and see Mac. Wherever he may now be, I'm sure he's doing well.

Mac was a genial American, a past master in the art of trading. A born salesman and business man, Mac lost no time in putting his talents to work. Before he had been with us six months, he was fully equipped with clothing, owned four blankets and about twenty pounds of chocolate, which latter was the basic currency for private deals. The chocolate itself could be sold for twenty dollars per pound, though this was "black market" activity, forbidden by our Senior British Officer.

Mac would come into a room with a big grin on his face.

"Anybody want to buy an American tunic?" he would ask. "You there, Bill—it's just about your size. Only eight chocolate bars."

Seeing Bill hesitate, he'd go on: "I'll take your own in part payment. Now there's a deal. Your own tunic and two chocolate bars."

If even this didn't succeed, he would ask, "Is there anything you fellows want to sell or buy? If there is, just let me know and I'll handle it for you."



Suppose I told him I wanted a pair of swimming trunks, and was prepared to offer ten chocolate bars, Mac would hunt all over the camp till he found someone who had a pair of trunks and was willing to sell them for eight or nine bars. He would pocket the difference, and everyone was happy. In all our dealings with Mac, I never heard of a dissatisfied customer.

Of course, a person could put his articles into "Foodacco" to be sold, but he was not credited with the points till they sold the article for him, which might take weeks. Mac, on the other hand, brought quick action. He was a great organizer of raffles, too.

"Anyone want a ticket on a watch? Genuine 'Rolex'. Here, have a look." There was the watch right on hand for inspection. "One bar per ticket. Only forty tickets in the kitty."

Generally one or two of the boys would take a ticket. And off Mac would go, with a cheery good-bye and a hint of a forthcoming deal of some sort.

"'Night, fellows! Save your bars for a raffle of a brand new gramophone next week."

It took all kinds to make our world.

Auction Sale

In prison camp, money meant nothing to some chaps. They had nowhere to spend it, and were conscious of a growing bank balance each week. The relative value of articles went completely haywire. The old laws of supply and demand were truly illustrated in this place where money was plentiful and clothing was scarce—especially underwear, an item which, for some reason or other, most relatives omitted to send in parcels.

An official auction sale of the personal effects of the fifty officers who were shot in the mass escape of March '44 was held soon after their decease. Some idea of their value to a prisoner may be obtained from the prices paid for these articles. They ran as follows:

1 Schick razor	\$ 45	4 pr. old jockey shorts . . .	\$65
1 sleeping bag	120	3 pr. new jockey shorts . . .	90
1 pr. skates and boots	50	1 pr. running shoes	65
1 pr. pyjamas	55	1 khaki shirt	35
1 pr. swimming trunks	50	1 sweat-shirt	50
1 Service tunic	90	6 handkerchiefs	25
1 dressing-gown	160	1 sweater	30
2 lbs. chocolate	55		

Search

You wandered off morning appelle back to your block, and there you were chagrined to find yourself locked out. Armed German guards patrolled the hut, ensuring that none entered. Your hut was being searched. With a muttered curse, you ambled along to kill time for three hours or so—unless of course, it was your room's turn to keep a watch on the Germans leaving the hut and report any articles being taken from the rooms.

The Goons were always looking for tunnels and the tools used in their construction, as well as possible aids to escape, such as maps of the local district, ladders, and so on. Another thing which interested them very much was the whereabouts of our radio, as they were well aware that we were getting our news from somewhere. Probably they had overheard scraps of our conversation. I am pleased to say that they never found it.

They used to choose huts at random, doing two or three a week, so that we never knew which one would be next. However, sometimes we would get tipped off by one of the guards who was susceptible to our bribery.

Twice during my confinement we had a very thorough search of the whole camp by the Gestapo, particularly during the grand shake-up after the big escape of March '44. This meant that we had to stand out on the appelle ground while they searched all our clothing and went thro' all the huts. These searches lasted about six hours.

On return to the hut we would find our rooms in chaos—mattresses overturned, clothes and books thrown about, and our cupboards disarranged. It took us about an hour to put things straight again. Occasionally we found odd articles missing, such as a bar of chocolate or a pack of cigarettes; but one could hardly blame the searchers, to whom such things were great luxuries.

The Things People Wrote

Each week there was a paper pinned up on our bulletin board giving news of camp and home life. This news was largely gleaned from letters received, and one special feature was devoted to publication of amusing excerpts from those letters. I give here a few of the best ones:

"Did you have a turkey for Christmas?"

"It must be wonderful for you to be able to get away to holiday camps, enjoy cinemas and those lovely long walks we read so much about in the papers."

"I'm getting married in two months' time. I'll be thinking of you on our wedding-night."

"I hear the prisoner's greatest fear is that he will join the ranks of the forgotten men."

"It won't be long now." (Received by everybody from everybody even as long as three years before the war ended.)

"Do you attend the lectures for your B.Sc. at a German university?"

"I hope you will not return home, passion dead."

"It's the same dull routine these days—work in the morning, come home and go to a dance or cinema. It's so monotonous. Still, I suppose there are a few things you have to do without too."

"I hope you're not carrying on with the chorus girls in your shows. They can't be that good."

"How are mother and father? I've not seen them lately."

"It would be a pity to come back without having seen Germany. Be sure to visit the Art Gallery in Dresden."

"I'm glad you got shot down before flying became dangerous."

From a wife nursing in a mental home: "I'm keeping your bed ready for you."

"I bought a most marvelous nightie—but I don't suppose you are interested in such things now."

"Darling, you simply must stop writing to John. He's been dead two years."

"I am doing voluntary work now. Last night three of us

attended to the wants of three hundred Servicemen."

"We've just heard the good news that Bill, who was a P.O.W. in Italy, is now a P.O.W. in Germany."

"I read in a P.O.W. magazine that we must expect to find our men rather blunt and impolite after their long confinement."

"He's only been a P.O.W. eighteen months and you can see his deterioration already in the quality of his letters."

"Your letters are like a Texas steer—a point here, a point there, and bags of bull in between."

"There's no need to be downhearted. We're all right over here."

From an elderly aunt bemoaning the loss of a pet kitten: "I do miss an animal around the house. I hope you'll be home soon."

Escaping Escapades

When the average kriegie is put behind barbed wire, his first thoughts are: "How can I escape?" Soon, however, he begins to realize that it isn't so easy. He hears of various ingenious schemes which have failed. He learns of others who have escaped and been returned to their camp. He is told nightmare tales of days and nights of wandering through forests, footsore and hungry, always fearful of being caught. A great many tried and failed. Many were successful in leaving the bounds of the camp, but in the whole of the war I do not believe more than a dozen air force officers managed to escape from prison camps and get back to England.

The most popular method of escape was the "wire job". There were three ways of doing a wire job—over, through, or under. Going over meant manufacturing a ladder of some kind. Going through meant cutting the barbed wire with pincers. Going under meant digging. The last method had to be abandoned eventually, as the Germans installed an electric wire under the ground which registered any disturbance in its immediate vicinity.

Night was the most popular time for escaping, in spite of the fact that the Germans took adequate precautions. The searchlights on the sentry boxes threw forth strong penetrating beams. Guards were constantly patrolling outside the wire. Other guards, accompanied by inquisitive German police dogs, were on constant patrol within the camp.

Often a decoy of some form was used. On one occasion, two of the fellows staged a "rough and tumble" near a Goon-box to detract attention, while their pal went through the wire a short

distance away. Another time, at night, white ladders were erected and a commotion caused to attract the attention to a certain portion of the fence, while on an entirely different portion, excited kriegies were madly scrambling over black ladders.

Hiding in vehicles which came into the camp was another oft-tried method of escape—under the refuse wagon or under the ration cart. It seldom worked, however, for the guards at the gate always thoroughly examined the vehicles inside and out before they left the camp.

Other attempts were made to pass through the gate in disguise. Dressed as a foreign worker or wearing the overalls of a "ferret", the daring prisoner would present himself at the gate and try his luck with a forged pass. Sometimes they were successful and sometimes they were not.

Whenever anyone wished to attempt to escape, he had to prepare his own plan and submit it for approval to the "Escape Committee", a body of experienced kriegies. If the Committee considered the plan feasible, all possible help was given.

But the most popular method of all for mass escapes was tunnelling. Tunnels were constantly being dug, in every camp in Germany. Ours was honeycombed with them. Much more often than not they would be discovered by the "ferrets", who were always crawling around beneath the huts looking for them. The holes were always carefully hidden by camouflage, and there was always the chance that the Goons would miss them, so the boys kept trying. On one occasion they were almost ready to make the break when an unfortunate incident occurred. A horse and wagon passed overhead, and the tunnel collapsed.

The tragic details of the final tunnel at Stalag Luft III will be told later on.

Christmas

As Christmas 1943 approached, everyone's spirits rose. All were looking forward to celebrating in grand style. Food was being saved for bountiful meals, all the "stills" in the camp were running to capacity, and the choir was hard at work practicing its hymns.

The only alcohol provided by the Germans was one pint of weak, tasteless ale, but the boys made sure they were going to have plenty. Although it was forbidden to make our own, the Germans closed their eyes. There were several "stills" in the camp. About two weeks before Christmas, those interested used to canvas the rooms for sugar and raisins, which they agreed to distill for a small percentage. The raisin and sugar solution was left to ferment in a huge container for about ten days, after which the resulting wine was strained out. Distilling was then undertaken, if desired, by weird and wonderful contrivances made from tin cans and connected to the stove. The resultant liquor was quite tasty and potent.

About two days before Christmas, the S.B.O. called all senior officers to the theatre for a short talk. "I have just been to a conference with the German Commandant," he said. "He asks that you do not cause any disturbances this year. I know you have a lot of spirits on the camp (cheers), but I must ask you to confine your celebrations to your barracks. Kindly refrain from breaking or burning down any part of the buildings, for it will only be your loss. They cannot be replaced.

"I believe, as I'm sure most of us do, that this will be our last Christmas in captivity (more cheers), and I hope that this will be the last time in Germany that I shall wish you a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—one which will see victory for the Allies and a safe passage home for us all."

On Christmas day we sat down to a marvelous dinner. First, a cocktail aperitif; then a plate of salmon with sauce; after this came the main course, consisting of a huge helping of omelette, sausages, liver, bacon, pork and vegetables. Finally, we each finished off with a generous helping of Christmas pudding and cream. This magnificent meal was made possible by the special Christmas food parcels sent by the Red Cross.

In the evening the fellows began to get merry. As the alcohol began to take effect, cries and singing went echoing through the huts. One of the senior officers, a certain Wing Commander, was having the time of his life. A man with a

glowing personality, he went sailing merrily from one hut to another at the head of a band of musicians. All singing lustily, they besieged one mess after another, dragging the occupants forth to join their happy throng. They finally finished up in one of the lecture rooms with just about the whole orchestra, winding up in a grand finale of drinking, dancing(!), and singing.

As the evening progressed the news went round that a hole had appeared in the wire between the American compound and ours, and that several chaps were going back and forth between the two. Now and then a shot rang out, as the Goons discovered someone beyond the bounds of the wire.

The next morning we heard that no less than thirty-five had been put in the "cooler" for indiscretions committed the night before. Most of them were American and British officers who had stayed the night in each other's compound, thinking they would be allowed to return unpunished in the morning. The laugh was on them.

On the whole, "a good time was had by all."

Christmas 1944 was a sad festival by comparison. Firstly, alcohol was forbidden, because the Germans had found one of the "ferrets" intoxicated after the previous year's celebrations; secondly, we were short of food; and thirdly, the slow progress of the war was getting on everyone's nerves. None the less, we managed to have one pretty good dinner, and the celebrations included a "Fun Fair", organized by Foodacco, and a performance (ironically enough) of "The Drunkard". On Christmas Day a special ice-hockey game marked the opening of the season. The "Senior North American Officers" played the "Senior Officers of the Rest of the World". The game was promoted for its mirth-provoking possibilities rather than as a test of skill—and needless to say, the S.N.A.O.'s won easily.

(To be continued)

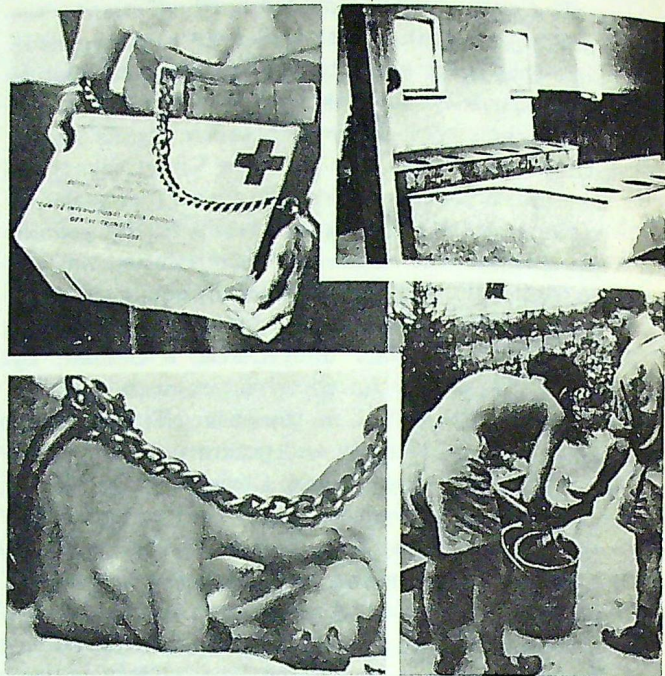


Stalag VIII B (Stalag 344)

OF THE NUMEROUS LETTERS occasioned by Flt. Lt. Mahoney's "Stalag Luft III", one of the most interesting contained the negatives from which the following photographs were made. In his accompanying letter, Mr. H. F. Spratt, who is a member of the R.C.A.F. Association, remarks:

"Mr. Mahoney says that the Luftwaffe took care of air force prisoners. While that was true in most cases, I was one of about a thousand air force prisoners who spent the best part of three years in a German army camp and were then marched for three months across Germany, to be released eventually by the American army.

"Please make use of the enclosed negatives, if they are of any interest to you. There are two pictures showing the chains we were forced to wear for the best part of a year."



GOOD WORK AT GIMLI

The following letter was received in January by the C.O. of R.C.A.F. Station, Gimli, Man.

Sir:

It is with a feeling of sincere appreciation that I send this communication at this time.

Yesterday evening one of the larger stores in our town caught fire, and, as our fire equipment is very limited, we called on the R.C.A.F. Station at Gimli to help combat the flames. The call was answered in such a prompt and efficient way by Sgt. B. L. Smyth and Sgt. R. E. MacFarlane that in a few minutes the fire was not only under control but completely extinguished. I am sure, Sir, that had you seen the cool and orderly way that the above named officers, along with the help of Cpl. J. F. Robertson and LAC M. Woroby, handled the

situation, there would have been aroused in you, as there was in us, a feeling of admiration and pride for their organized action. Generous acts such as this show in a real way the spirit that is prevalent between the officials of the Station here and the citizens of our town.

It is a pleasure for me, both on behalf of the Town of Gimli and also personally, to offer you our sincere congratulations on having men like these in your force. Please accept our thanks for their very valuable service.

Yours very truly,

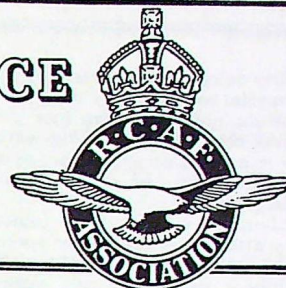
B. Egilson,

Mayor of the Town of Gimli

(Sgt. Smyth and Cpl. Robertson are stationed at Winnipeg and Sgt. MacFarlane and LAC Woroby at No. 10 R.D., Calgary.—Editor)

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

Association



FIRST NATIONAL CONVENTION: MAY, 1950

ALTHOUGH A NATIONAL CONVENTION was referred to briefly in the February issue, full details were not then available. They are given here. Although Group Conventions will be over by the time this present issue appears, information relevant to them is included in smaller type for the benefit of members at large.

Your provisional Dominion Executive Council met in Ottawa on December 1st, and you may have read in your local press that they decided to call the first National Convention of the Association on Friday and Saturday, May 12th and 13th, in Ottawa.

Ottawa (as the seat of government and the location of the Department of National Defence) was considered to be the most advantageous place for the first convention. Consequently we hope to be favoured with the presence of the Minister of National Defence and the Chief of the Air Staff, to address the delegates and to answer any resolutions which may be put forward.

Purpose of Convention

The primary purpose of the convention will be:

- to hold elections for the officers of the Dominion Executive Council (present Executive is only provisional),
- to put forward resolutions national in scope,
- to define a national policy for the Association for the ensuing year, and
- to amend or ratify the By-Laws of the Association.

Cost of National Convention

Your Dominion Executive has authorized that all costs for the first National Convention, including all expense allowances for the Wing delegates, will be borne by National Headquarters. Every out-of-town delegate accredited by a Wing of the Association will be provided with transportation to and from the convention and will be allowed to claim \$10.00 per day expenses.

Group Conventions

Before the National Convention, Group Conventions will be held for the purpose of:

- (a) electing Group Executive Councils and the Group representatives on the Dominion Executive Council,
- (b) formulating Group Policy, and
- (c) preparing Group Resolutions for the National Convention.

These will be held between February 15th and March 15th. Reports and recommendations will reach Dominion Headquarters by March 25th, and will be followed by financial statements as at 31st March.

Cost of Group Conventions

The Group Conventions will probably all be one-day meetings. Since little travelling-time will be involved (in comparison with the National Convention), out-of-town delegates will not be faced with the same expenses. The Dominion Executive Council ruled that the expenses of Wing delegates to Group Conventions should be borne by the Wings. Other convention costs will be paid by Groups from convention funds.

Representation at National and Group Conventions

Despite the importance of the Group Conventions and the bearing they will have on every subsequent decision of the National Convention, they will not be very large affairs.

Our present By-Laws provide that:
Each Wing within a Group shall be entitled to send to a Regular or Special Meeting, as representing its members, one delegate and an additional delegate for every fifty regular members or major fraction thereof in excess of the first fifty regular members.

Any delegate accredited by his Wing and attending a regular or special meeting may carry, in addition to his her own credentials, not more than four proxy credentials from his/her or any other Wing or Wings within his her own Group which has or have selected him her as a representative. Such proxies must be registered at the opening of the regular or special Group meeting.

Members who have not joined a Wing of the Association may attend any regular or special Group meeting if residing within the area of the Group. When so in attendance, such members may elect one voting representative for every twenty-five such members at large or fraction thereof in attendance at the Regular or Special Group Meeting.

Based on present strengths, the numbers of Wing delegates at the Group Convention in addition to the provisional Executives of the Group, would be:

British Columbia	7
Alberta	7
Saskatchewan	5
Manitoba	8
Ontario	32
Quebec	5
New Brunswick	5
Nova Scotia	4

(These figures will undoubtedly be increased before the Convention takes place.)

For the National Convention, our By-Laws provide that:

Each Wing of the Association shall be entitled to send to a regular or special general meeting of the Association, as representing its members, one delegate, and an additional delegate for every one hundred regular members or fraction thereof in excess of the first one hundred regular members.

Calculated on the basis of present strengths, the number of delegates from Wings would be:

British Columbia	4
Alberta	4
Saskatchewan	4
Manitoba	5
Ontario	21
Quebec	4
New Brunswick	3
Nova Scotia	3
—	—
	48

In addition to the above, there will be nine Dominion members of the Executive and nine Group representatives, bringing the total to 66. This figure might be increased to, say, 100 with the formation of new Wings.

Election of Officers

This will be a most important item of business at the National Convention, and one to which all



The 1950 Executive of No. 401 Wing, Kirkland Lake, Ont. Front row (left to right): M. Gurevitch, Treasurer; R. Young, Vice-President; S. Johnston, President; F. Nubel, Secretary; E. Ford, Director; W. Scott, Director.

Groups and Wings should give serious thought. As you know, all appointments made to both the Dominion and Group Executive Councils were originally provisional. While anyone having a provisional appointment at the present time is of course eligible for nomination, these first elections will represent the choice of our membership. It is particularly important, therefore, that delegates come prepared to nominate individuals whom they know to be in a position to accept nomination and to devote some time to the affairs of the Association.

The appointments to be made at the Dominion Convention are:

Grand President	Chairman
President	Vice-Chairman
First Vice-President	Honorary Treasurer
Second Vice-President	Women's Division Representative
Third Vice-President	Legal Advisor

The appointments to be made at the Group Convention are—

- Group President
- Group Vice-President
- Group Honorary Treasurer
- Such other officers as the Group Convention may determine
- The Dominion Executive Council member or members (two for Ontario and two for Quebec.)

The Dominion Executive Council suggests that the Group Representatives on the Dominion Executive Council should normally be the Presidents of the various Groups.

Resolutions

Resolutions of the National Convention will fall into two categories—those of national import under the aims and objects of the Association, and those dealing with the By-Laws of the Association.

Group Captain Graham Morrow, O.B.E., our Legal Adviser, has been appointed Chairman of the Resolutions Committee for the First National Convention. Resolutions prepared by Wings and tabled at the Group Conventions, should come to the Resolutions Committee as consolidated Group resolutions, subject, of course, to the possibility that additional resolutions may be forwarded through Group Presidents following the Group Conventions.

Convention Arrangements

Wings will be advised of the arrangements being made for the National Convention and instructions in respect to transportation and the submission of expense claims. In the meantime, Dominion Headquarters would be pleased to receive any suggestions of a general nature in respect to the convention.



No. 400 (Guelph) Wing reports that its 1949 end-of-the-year "stag" was a howling success. They sent us the above picture, expressing a hope that "it would bring back fond memories to our many readers".

Action by Wings

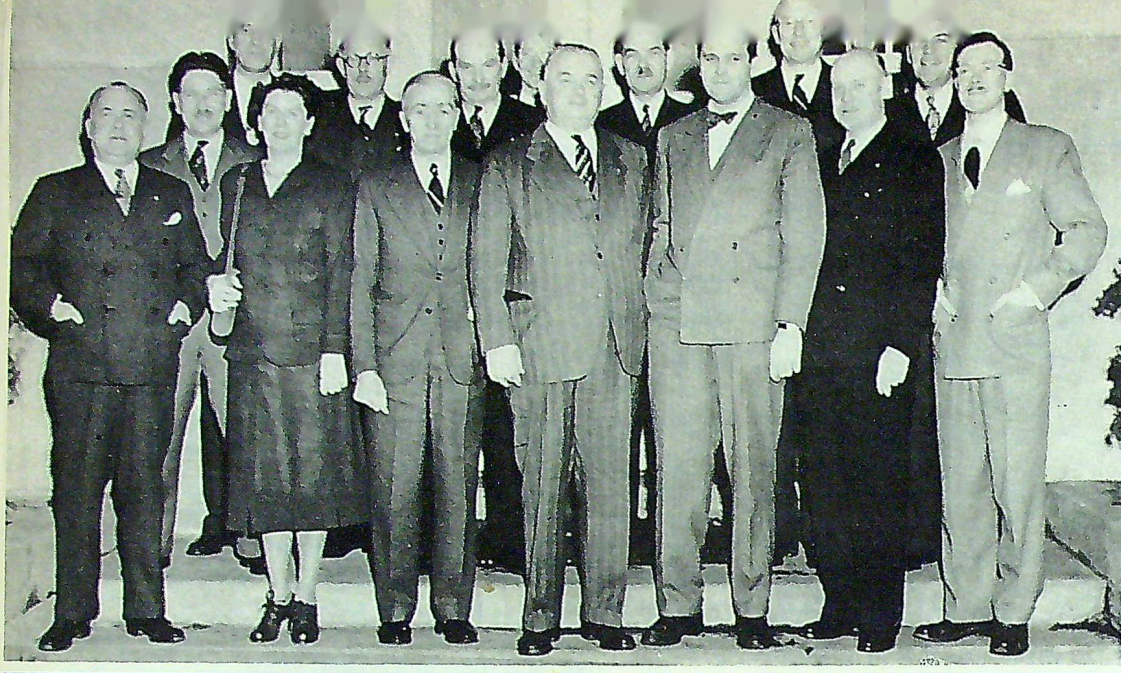
- Draft and submit to Group and Dominion Command, resolutions for the Conventions, including any suggested amendments to the By-Laws.
- Consider members eligible for nomination at the Group and National Conventions for posts on the Group Executive Council and Dominion Executive Council as detailed above.
- Appoint members who are in a position to travel to the Group and National Conventions as your Wing delegates, or arrange proxy representation as provided for in the By-Laws.

No. 603 (City of Yorkton) Wing

The following report from Mr. C. L. Vokes, the Wing's Secretary, covering the Wing's activities for the last months of 1949-50 is most interesting. We publish part of it here because we feel that it may be of assistance to other Wings with regard to sponsoring the formation of Model Plane Clubs:

"Our project in support of Aim No. 6 of the Association is now well under way. We are encouraging aeronautics in the following manner:

"As you may or may not know, an International Model Plane Competition is held in Detroit every year under the auspices of the Academy of Model Aeronautics and the sponsorship of the Plymouth Motor Corporation. The competition is open to any person under the age of 26 years. The contestants chosen to fly their models in Detroit are sent under the sponsorship of various Chrysler and Plymouth Car Distributors throughout the Dominion, U.S.A., Alaska, and the Hawaiian Islands. As you may remember from our conversation in Regina, I am accountant and office manager for a Chrysler Distributor, namely Evergreen Motors. Mr. W. E. (Bill) Fichtner, "the big wheel", is very interested in youth activities, and between the two of us we came to the following understanding: if the Yorkton Wing will undertake the organization of a local competition, Bill Fichtner will bear all expenses. So far we have met as a committee with Mr. Fichtner and ironed out several points, and I have before me the result of



Provisional Dominion Executive Council. Front row (left to right): Group Capt. J. C. Malone, Regina; Wing Officer K. Walker, Ottawa; Air Vice-Marshal A. Raymond, Montreal; Air Chief Marshal L. S. Breadner, Ottawa; Wing Cdr. G. Roy, Montreal; Air Vice-Marshal G. V. Walsh, Ottawa, Wing Cdr. D. Roblin, Winnipeg, Back row (left to right): Sqn. Ldr. J. H. Giguere, Ottawa; Wing Cdr. H. W. Aslin, Halifax; Air Vice-Marshal G. E. Brookes, Toronto; Wing Cdr. D. Birch, Vancouver; Flt. Lt. R. S. McCartney, Ottawa; Air Vice-Marshal A. L. Morfee, Granville Ferry, N.S.; Wing Cdr. C. H. Link, Montreal; Group Capt. G. G. Morrow, Toronto.

a meeting between the local school authorities and our committee—a list of approximately fifty girls and boys from the local schools who wish to participate. We expect to gather in another twenty or so youths from stores, offices, etc., and we have high hopes of holding a big competition in the summer. In the meantime, all those interested will meet regularly to discuss model aeronautics, build their models, hear lectures from various older modellers that we have contacted, and, in short, form a model plane club. All this is financially possible through the kindness of Mr. Fichtner.

“The winners of the various events open at the local competition will be sponsored by Mr. Fichtner to a trip to Regina to compete in the Provincial competition. From there the winners are chosen to compete in the Detroit competition, and I might say that Mr. Fichtner is hoping to see at least two of our local competitors head for Detroit. We feel that we shall be doing a service both to our local youth and to aviation generally—and if other Wings approach their local Chrysler and Plymouth car dealers and distributors with aim of organizing Model Plane Competitions, I am sure that they will meet with every encouragement.”

Well done, ladies!

We would like to congratulate No. 100 (Blue-nose) Wing (W.D.) on its chatty little paper, “The Squadronaire”. A very fine effort indeed.

Twelve Ways to Kill an Association

1. Don't come to the meetings.
2. If you come, come late.
3. Never accept an office—it is easier to criticize than to do things.
4. If asked by the chairman to give your opinion regarding some important matter, tell him you have nothing to say.
5. Do no more than is absolutely necessary, but when other members roll up their sleeves and willingly use their abilities to help things along, howl that the Association is being run by a clique.
6. Hold back your subscription as long as possible.
7. If you don't receive a bill for your subscription, don't pay.
8. If you receive a bill for your subscription after you have paid, resign from the Association.
9. If you receive service without joining, don't think of joining.
10. When you attend a meeting, vote to do something, and then go home and do the opposite.
11. Agree to everything said at the meeting and disagree with it outside.
12. When asked for information, don't give it.

(Courtesy of “Air Mail”)

The Trails of '98: Part I

by W. D. MACBRIDE

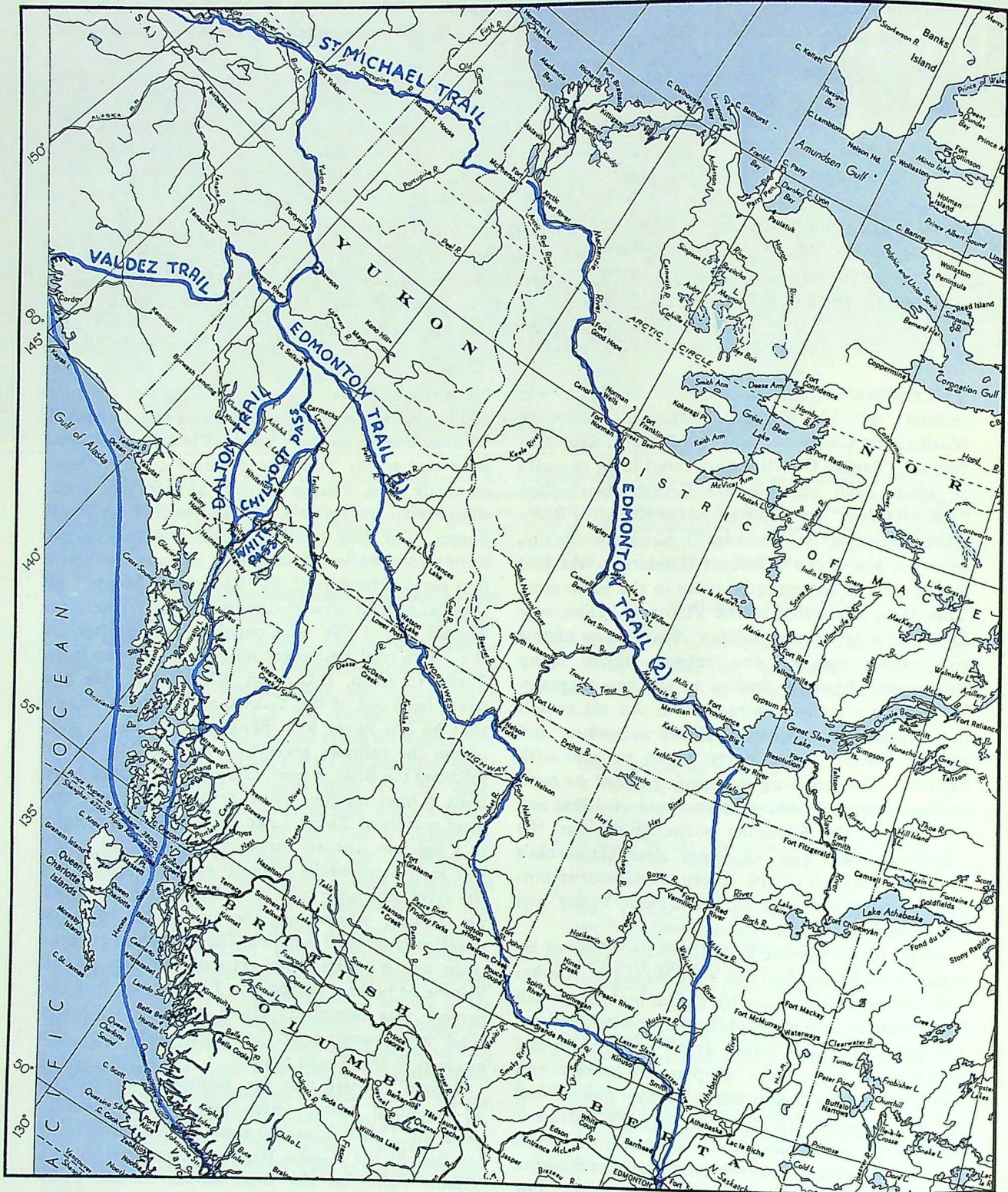
(Wing Cdr. G. A. Folkins, A.F.C., former C.O. of R.C.A.F. Station Whitehorse, was so impressed by Mr. MacBride's "Brief History of the White Pass and Yukon Route and the Trails of '98" that he had copies of it mimeographed and distributed among his Station's personnel. In view of the R.C.A.F.'s ever-increasing activity in Canada's Far North, we feel that it now deserves a considerably larger audience.—EDITOR)

THE PROBLEM of transportation to the Yukon was created on 17 August 1896, when George Washington Carmacks and two Indians, Skookum Jim and Tagish Charlie, discovered large deposits of placer gold on Bonanza Creek (then called "Rabbit Creek"), a tributary of the Klondike River (then known as the "Trondeg"). Credit for the discovery is also given to Robert Henderson, who had found gold in paying quantities in the same area. This date, celebrated in the Yukon as "Discovery Day", is a territorial holiday. When news of this rich strike reached the outside world, many thousands of people flocked to the new diggings. There was a frenzied scramble to put old vessels in commission and to construct new ones, and all the Pacific Coast ports began to hum with activity. The resulting stampede reached its peak in the winter of 1897 and the year of 1898, and the trail to the Klondike is therefore called the "Trail of '98", just 49 years after California's famous gold rush of '49. Every possible or impossible way of entrance to the Yukon Valley was attempted.

First, there was the Stikine Route. This led by ocean from Coast ports to Fort Wrangell, Alaska, and up the Stikine river by poling-boat and small river steamer to Telegraph Creek, thence overland 150 miles to Teslin Lake, where small boats and scows were built from whip-sawed lumber and taken down the Teslin River to the Yukon, and on to Dawson. In the fall of 1897, steamer machinery and a sawmill were hauled to Teslin Lake from Telegraph Creek; and there the Steamer "Anglian" was constructed of native lumber. The

"Anglian" arrived in Dawson City on 28 July 1898, with about forty members of the Canadian Militia, known as the "Yukon Field Force", who were sent to the Yukon to preserve order. A herd of cattle was brought in over the Stikine trail, slaughtered at Teslin Lake, and loaded on small barges. The lake became rough and the barges were swamped, and the Teslin Indians had their first taste of fresh beef, or "Cheechaco Moose", as they called it. A present-day resident of Whitehorse district, Mr. Chas. McConnell, was a packer on the Teslin trail, and eventually made his way from Teslin to Atlin, B.C., and Whitehorse. He has never been out of the Yukon, and proudly boasts that he has never seen Skagway and never will, unless the railroad gives him a pass. My father followed the Stikine trail, and in the spring of 1898 built a boat on the White Swan River near the head-waters of Teslin Lake. The boat was caught in a log jam, turned turtle, and the entire outfit was lost. Some sacks of flour were salvaged from the river and later sold in Dawson City for \$1.00 per pound, which was the prevailing rate for practically all food supplies. The Canadian government sent a construction crew of 400 men up the Stikine to build a railroad to Teslin Lake, but the project was cancelled. Many miles of corduroy road were constructed by these men over the swamps of the Teslin trail.

Secondly, there was the Edmonton Trail, the all-Canadian route, which was the toughest of them all. This followed to some extent the present location of the Alaska Highway, but entered the Yukon Valley at the head-waters of the Pelly





Splendours of yesterday (A.S.N. photo, courtesy Can. Geograph. Soc'y)

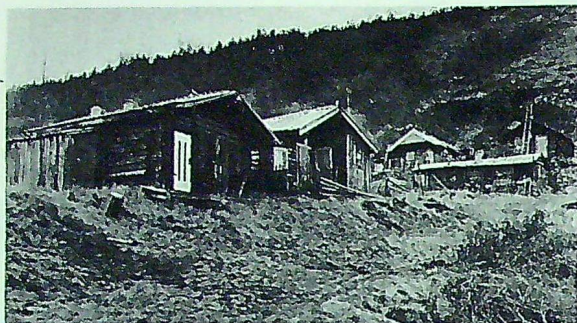
River, where years later U.S. Army Engineers surveyed a possible route for a railway from Dawson Creek to Fairbanks. It took about two years to reach Dawson City via this route. Many stampedees turned back, and many were buried along the trail. One party left Wyoming with seventy-five horses and arrived in Dawson with three, some two years later. Some of the Edmonton Trail stampedees followed the Mackenzie River north to the Rat River, up the Rat, and over a portage to headwaters of the Porcupine River, down the Porcupine to Ft. Yukon, and by river steamer to Dawson City. They reached that point ahead of their companions who came down the Pelly River, some of whom lost their outfits in the treacherous Hoole Canyon.

The third was the Valdez Trail—by ocean to Valdez, up the Copper River Valley, and across the Scolai Pass to the White River by dog-team, hand-sled, and pack-horse. At the White River, boats and scows were thrown together and the stampedees reached Dawson by the White and Yukon Rivers.

The fourth (the all-water route) led from coast ports to St. Michael near the mouth of the Yukon River, thence 1600 miles upstream to Dawson City by river steamer. This route was the most luxurious for the traveller, but took six weeks or more for the trip. The bulk of supplies for the Klondike area moved via St. Michael until the completion of the White Pass Railway.

Fifthly, there was the Dalton Trail, cut through the wilderness by Jack Dalton, along the route now followed by the Haines Highway. The old trail crossed the present Alaska Highway at Champagne, proceeding thence to Hutshi Lake, and down the Nordenskiöld river to its confluence with the Yukon below Five Finger Rapids. This was a "toll road", and all travellers with horses had to pay toll to Jack Dalton. Foot-travellers were not assessed. A herd of cattle was driven over this trail, and the few survivors sold in Dawson City for \$1.00 a pound on the hoof. Jack Dalton died recently in San Francisco, at the age of 89 years.

A sixth route lay over the Chilkoot Pass from Dyea, adjacent to Skagway, where thousands



*Old sourdoughs' cabins at mouth of Klondike River
(A.S.N. photo, courtesy Can. Geograph. Soc'y)*

toiled to the summit, hauling sleds or with packs on their backs, to reach Lake Lindeman which is connected by water with Lake Bennett. Perhaps the saddest accident in the Klondike stampede occurred when an avalanche, on the approach to Chilkoot's summit, struck a long line of Klondikers, burying between fifty and sixty men. Some of the bodies were not found until the following summer when the snow had melted away. An aerial tram was operated over the summit of the Chilkoot in 1898 and freight shipments were handled from Dyea to Lake Bennett for 13c. per lb.

Finally, there was the White Pass, named for Sir Thomas White, Canadian Minister of the Interior. Traffic for the White Pass was dumped ashore by ocean steamers at Skagway. The trail wound up the Skagway River through a canyon (later to be called "Deadhorse Gulch") where, in after years, the glistening bones of hundreds of packhorses might be seen from the parlour car of a railway train. To-day a monument stands here, erected by an Alaska packer in memory of the horses who died on the White Pass. When the summit was passed, the trail continued through swamps to the head of Lake Bennett, where it converged with the Chilkoot Trail. The bulk of foot travel followed the Chilkoot Pass, as the route was considered easier. Approximately 25,000 people came over the Chilkoot in 1898. At Lake Bennett, boats, scows and rafts were constructed of rough boards whip-sawed from native trees by man-power. A navigable waterway lay before them all the way to Dawson City, approximately 550 miles. Many a story is told of partners who

quarrelled and separated, meticulously dividing their outfits in half, including their rudely constructed boats. As many as 5,000 were camped at the head of Lake Bennett at times, and there were tent stores, restaurants, saloons and bunk-tents. A church erected by the stampedeers still stands at Bennett. The coloured glass windows from this church building are now installed in the Air Base Chapel at the Whitehorse Airport.

Various transportation companies were started in connection with the Skagway route during the winter of 1897 and the spring of 1898. A large portion of supplies was taken over the Brackett Road from Skagway to White Pass City, a distance of 13 miles. The toll for driving your own team over the road was \$20.00 per ton. Packhorses and dog-teams were also used, and many gold-seekers relayed their outfits to the summits on their own backs.

In the spring of 1898 numbers of small steamers were constructed at the head of Lake Bennett. These steamers operated from Bennett to Canyon City, a point about one and one-half miles above the present Canyon Bridge—which incidentally, is the only bridge across the main Yukon River. The construction of two tramways, with wooden rails and wooden cars with flanged metal wheels, was completed in the spring of 1898. The tram cars were hauled by horses and mules in tandem. The remains of the wooden rails may still be seen, and one of the tram cars is still at Canyon City. The tramway on the east side of the river was called the "Whitehorse Rapids Tramway Co." The tramway tariff was three cents per pound for the five-mile distance. The two tram lines had the right of way through the river valley, and the White Pass and Yukon Railway had to pay a steep price to the tram owners. Early in 1898 some of the small steamers were taken through the canyon and rapids, and operated on the Whitehorse-Dawson run. Soon afterwards additional steamers arrived from the lower Yukon.

The tent encampment below Whitehorse Rapids at the northern terminus of the Rapids Tramway Company was located on the east bank of the river near the present ferry landing, and the old log building that may be seen there to-day was



Many trails ended in '98 (A.S.N. photo, courtesy Can. Geographn. Soc'y)

the first living-quarters (and the first edifice of any kind) of the Government Telegraph Service of Canada. Shortly after the construction of the railway commenced, this settlement came to be known as "Closeleigh", after the owners of the railway.

The town of Whitehorse, named from the white-caps or "white-horses" of the rapids, was born when the railroad came through, and some of the buildings from Closeleigh were moved across the river. The lower portion of the Masonic Hall in Whitehorse was the Savoy Hotel of Closeleigh.

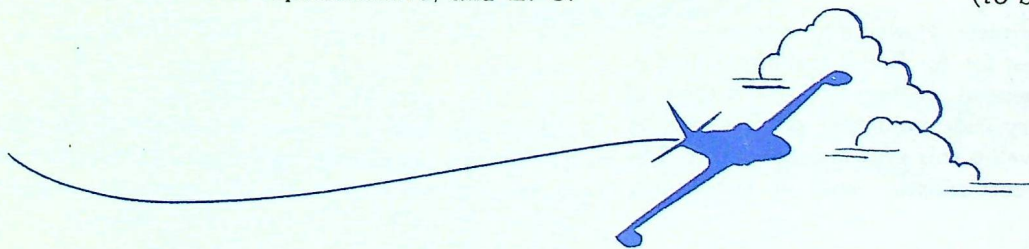
In the early spring of 1898, Michael J. Heney, a young Irish Canadian of much experience in railroad construction, had perceived the necessity of a railroad from the Pacific Ocean to the Yukon River. Alone and unaided, he had made a cursory survey of the terrain from Skagway to Lake Bennett. It was indeed fortuitous that, in the St. James Hotel at Skagway, Heney attracted the attention of three men who were in Skagway on a similar mission—on which they had practically decided to make an adverse report. These men were: Sir Thomas Tancrece, an engineer representing Close Bros. of London, England; Samuel H. Graves, their U.S. representative; and E. C.

Hawkins, an American engineer. Heney had the vision, the faith, and the enthusiasm, and the other three men could and did produce the money, so the White Pass and Yukon Railway was brought into being—with Graves as the first president of the new company, Heney as the contractor, and Hawkins as chief construction engineer. Mr. V. I. Hahn, present Superintendent of the railway, was on the engineering staff. On 27 May 1898, men, horses, and material were landed at Skagway, and the following morning the ribbons of steel were pointed north through the White Pass. On 21 July the first trains were put in use and operated for a distance of 4 miles out of Skagway. This was quite an historic event, as it was the first railroad train ever to carry passengers either in Alaska or anywhere else on the American continent in that latitude. The railroad reached the summit of White Pass on 18 February 1899, and the head of Lake Bennett on 6 July 1899.

In August 1899 my mother and I came to Skagway on the S.S. City of Topeka, accompanying my father who was again en route to Dawson City. We stayed at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in Skagway, which is still standing but not in use, and made the trip over the road to the summit, with an uncle, Murray B. Miles, who was the first conductor on the new railroad. Since I was rather young at that time, my memories of this trip are somewhat vague and confined to small incidents. I particularly recall that near a camp at the summit there was an evergreen tree literally covered with chunks of bread and hot-cakes which had been cached by the pine squirrels to keep their hoard safe from the ground squirrels.

The construction of the railroad between Caribou Crossing (now known as Carcross) and Whitehorse was completed on 8 June 1900, and the Bennett to Carcross section received the golden spike on 29 July 1900.

(to be continued)



The ROYAL CANADIAN AIR CADETS



LOOKING BACK

From a speech by Mr. C. Douglas Taylor, Honorary President of the Air Cadet League, given at the R.C.A.F. Staff College on 30 January, 1950.

The Birth of the Air Cadet League

TO UNDERSTAND WHY the Air Cadet League of Canada was formed we must go back to the dark days of 1940 when the German army stood on the shores of the English Channel and British cities were being smashed by large fleets of Heinkel and Dornier bombers.

These were days when the world was learning that the so-called "visionaries" of the thirties were right in their claims that air power would ultimately provide the key to victory. The cry was for planes and more planes—and for trained young men to fly them into combat against the enemy.

Against this background there grew in Canada and elsewhere the idea of a select corps of teen-aged youths who would devote some of their spare time to preparing for the day when they too would take to the air in defence of freedom. The idea was not long in taking hold in this country. Even before the League started there were individual Air Cadet groups in Vancouver, Montreal, Windsor, Penhold, and undoubtedly in other centres.

In 1940 Air Minister Power, who was very much aware of the need for Air Cadet training, called in a group of influential civilians and asked them to set up a country-wide volunteer organization to sponsor and develop this growing movement. The response was enthusiastic, and in subsequent

meetings the terms of a unique partnership between the Royal Canadian Air Force and the civilian "League" were agreed upon.

On 19 November 1940, Order-in-Council P.C. 6647 was passed. This order authorized the formation of the Air Cadet League of Canada, and set forth the responsibilities of the civilian body and the Service. Broadly speaking, the R.C.A.F. was made responsible for training the cadets and supplying the necessary training equipment. The League was asked to provide quarters, purchase uniforms, supply officers and instructors—and also raise funds to cover administration and operating costs. It might be added here that certain of these functions, such as the commissioning of officers and supply of uniforms, were later taken over by the R.C.A.F., but for several years they were an important part of the League's duties.

On 9 April 1941 the Air Cadet League of Canada was granted a Dominion Charter, authorizing it to operate as a non-profit corporation. Due largely to the efforts of Messrs. George B. Foster and Arthur L. Melling, a working headquarters was established in Ottawa, and the stage was set for a concentrated appeal throughout the provinces.

Air Cadets in War

It is not possible to give due credit to all those who contributed in the early days, but the League is particularly proud of the splendid support

given by so many distinguished Air Force veterans of the First Great War. Names like "Nick" Carter of Vancouver; Illsley, Merrill and Foster of Montreal; MacLaren of Winnipeg—these and others should be gratefully remembered by Canada for the foresight they showed in pioneering the Air Cadet movement.

In the early part of 1941 a national board of key men was chosen, and it met for the first time on June 2nd of that year at Ottawa. One of the first acts of the national directors was to appoint an outstanding chairman in each of the nine provinces. The provincial chairmen, in turn, set up their own committees, and these men travelled widely, talking to public-minded citizens and recruiting local sponsorship for the squadrons.

The organizing of squadrons proceeded through the fall months of 1941 and by the end of the year there were 79 squadrons affiliated across the country. By May 1942 there were 135 squadrons and 10,000 cadets, and one year later 315 with 23,000 cadets.

It must be remembered that the primary purpose of the Air Cadet League at this time was a military one: to produce a pool of pretrained recruits for Canada's fighting Air Force. But its promoters were also thinking of long-range benefits of Air Cadet training. They realized that, through voluntary study, the Cadets would improve their knowledge and increase their value to the community. And in supervised squadron activities they would find an opportunity to develop qualities which would later pay great dividends from the standpoint of good citizenship.

It was this aspect of Air Cadet training which appealed most strongly to the youth leaders of Canada. Service clubs, educators, boards of trade and other groups offered their services to the infant League, not only as a contribution to the war effort but also because they saw in the League an opportunity to do something worthwhile and lasting for the youth of this country.

In September 1944 the League reached a peak strength of 379 squadrons and over 29,000 cadets. On strength as well there were almost 2,000 officers, 650 civilian instructors, and another 2,000 civilians who, independently and as members of

Service clubs and other organizations, provided financial support and took a keen interest in the Air Cadets without actually serving on committees.

It is hardly necessary to dwell on the war-time accomplishments of the Air Cadets. They were quite considerable. During one brief period when accurate records were kept, more than 3,000 Air Cadets graduated into the R.C.A.F. and more than a score of them were subsequently decorated for gallantry. This alone is a proud record and one which provides tangible proof of the value of Air Cadet training. But the movement has been the source of many other benefits, perhaps not quite so easily assessed, but which many believe will be even more important in the long run.

Air Cadets in Peace

The peace-time story of the Air Cadet movement is, in many respects, even more inspiring than its war-time history. It is perhaps typical that the League planned and carried out its conversion to a peace-time agency with the same vigour that it tackled its military job in the early days of the war. It was agreed at the outset, however, that the strength ceiling should be set at 15,000 cadets, and this figure was later approved by the Minister of National Defence.

Probably the most pressing problem was to provide an incentive which would rival in its appeal the war-time goal of graduation into the R.C.A.F. The answer was found in a variety of rewards for outstanding proficiency and loyalty to the squadrons. In 1946, for instance, the R.C.A.F. introduced scholarship flying training courses for senior cadets, a development which gave new life to the movement.

During the past three years no less than 753 cadets have completed R.C.A.F. Scholarship courses. In addition, close to 500 cadets have learned to fly under special scholarships granted by civilian committees of the League. Most of this training is carried out by the flying clubs, and it is contributing in no small measure to their support. Last year, for instance, Air Cadet flying accounted for one-twelfth of the hours flown at all the clubs across Canada.



The first summer camps were held in 1942. A group of London, Ont., cadets are here shown boarding buses, which will take them to camp. The high-collared tunics have now been replaced by the open-neck type.



Cadets going up for their familiarization flight in the summer of 1944.

The summer of 1947 brought the first exchange visits between cadets of Canada and the United Kingdom. The inspiring project was widely acclaimed by the press throughout Canada and served further to arouse and hold the interest of the cadets, 146 of whom have now enjoyed trips to the United Kingdom or United States.



Cadet Pilot Officer J. W. Chafe receives the colours of the No. 191 (Gordon Bell) Squadron, Winnipeg, from Mr. H. E. Sellers in 1941.

Another event of international importance is the General Beau International Drill Competition* between Canada and the United States.

Since the Canadian Services College re-opened after the war, the League has concentrated on providing scholarships to enable outstanding graduate Air Cadets to lay the foundation for future careers either in the Service or in civil life. Last year no less than twenty such scholarships (valued at a total of \$12,000) were awarded to former Air Cadets, and no difficulty is anticipated in raising this allotment annually in future.

Other important developments in League planning have taken place only recently. In 1949, the first exploratory medical survey, covering a cross-section of the cadet strength, was launched

*This has been described in earlier issues of "The Roundel".



This Mk. IX bombsight was the latest thing in 1942.

under the direction of the League's medical consultant. It was also during the past year that the movement spread to Newfoundland, where it has met with a most enthusiastic response.

Since the war's end, the League has emphasized to the public that the Air Cadet movement is primarily interested in citizenship training. Its peace-time slogan is "Better Citizens Through Air Cadet Training." Yet it is obvious that the trained Air Cadet represents the ideal type of recruit for the peace-time Air Force. Although no pressure is exerted whatsoever, outstanding cadets do decide upon a Service career. Their records in the training schools and at active R.C.A.F. units

form adequate proof, if any is required, of the value of their preparatory training.

Perhaps even more important, the Air Cadet squadrons represent an excellent avenue of approach to the Reserve Air Force. It is expected that, within the near future, large numbers of graduate cadets will continue to pursue their interest in aviation by joining the Reserve Squadrons of the R.C.A.F.

But these facts, encouraging though they are, do not tell the whole story. There are too many intangibles in Air Cadet training, too many values which cannot be measured or put down on paper. Over the past nine years some 55,000 Canadian boys have worn the Air Cadet uniform. What have they received, in addition to training opportunities and special rewards?

They have been given a finer appreciation of the responsibilities of citizenship. They have developed a better-balanced outlook on life, self-discipline, tolerance and respect of established institutions. And at the same time, they have had plenty of good clean fun—and that is important, too.

No better testimony could be had than that of the boys themselves. Here is a quotation from a message sent to the President recently by a graduate cadet:

"The people that I owe most to in life are my parents and the Air Cadet League of Canada."

It would hardly be possible to improve upon this brief, sincere endorsement of Canada's Air Cadet movement.

No. 1 R. and C. U.

FROM A "NEWS LETTER" of No. 1 Radar and Communications Unit of the R.C.A.F. Reserve, Montreal, we gather that during the last four months of 1949 new members were joining up at the rate of six per week. This is a pretty impressive enlistment rate, and it reflects the greatest credit on the enthusiasm both of the Recruiting Staff and

of every individual in the Unit. As the "News Letter" remarks, "the Unit is a technical one, but technical knowledge is not a prerequisite for joining". On the Staff are some of the best radio and electronic men in Canada—and they are there to teach all who are wise enough to want to learn.

“Good-bye Chaps!”



(While fumbling through a pile of old magazines in the Editorial Office, we recently came upon a small grey-covered publication that brought to life a host of dormant memories. It was the last issue of that famous vehicle which bore Pilot Officer Prune to his place among the immortals. We don't propose to analyse our feelings as we read through its pages, but we have an idea that they would have been shared by almost everyone who served with any Allied Air Force during the recent War. Anyway, with the kind permission of the R.A.F., we're going to reprint a few extracts and let you find out for yourselves.—EDITOR)

“TEE EMM'S” GRAND NEW SERIAL STORY

We have much pleasure in announcing that, in order to celebrate our final issue, we are starting a grand new serial. It has an Air Force setting and has been specially written for TEE EMM by Miss Betty Blue, who has a most extensive knowledge of the R.A.F., having at different times been “engaged” (her own words) to seven Air Force officers, two sergeants, and once an S.W.O. by mistake.

Happiest Landings

A tale of War, Romance and a Pure Girl's Love. Spiced with Thrills, Danger and Drama. Throbbing with Passion and Pilot's Notes.

by BETTY BLUE

New Readers Begin Here. (It's the beginning anyway.)

People in the Story

Derek Maltravers, Flight Lieutenant, D.S.O. (3) D.F.C. (4), A.F.C. (5), handsome, tall, virile, most popular pilot on Dungbury Parva R.A.F. Station. At Dungbury Parva, ever the main target for German bombing raids, men live dan-

gerously indeed; for it is well known in the Wilhelmstrasse that if the famed Dungbury Parva airfield can but be put out of action, the war will be as good as won. Derek's war career has been one of exceptional brilliance and daring, for he has pursued and shot down, with his boyish laugh, twenty-five enemy aircraft. (Considering he is a bomber pilot, this is indeed somewhat exceptional.) He is in love with

Myrtle Biddable, slim, blonde, glamorous, nineteen-year-old daughter of the Station Commander. She is the darling of the Station and her madcap boyish pranks of daring are the talk of the Mess and of the bars of the local inns where the air crews foregather in the evening. Even the Americans on their airfield seven miles away know her as "Moitle" and actually treat her with respect. Her father,

Group Captain N. B. Biddable, D.S.O., is the most famous Station Commander in all England. His judgment is sought in high places indeed. Many a vital secret, confided by the Air Council to him alone, lies locked behind that blue tunic. Much would the Germans give to have him in their grip. One of them even has a plan for doing this, no less a one than

Hauptmann Kurt von Stensch, hardbitten ace-flyer of the Reich. He has ruthlessly fought his way up to his present position of trusted lone-wolf of the Luftwaffe by skill and brutality. He wants Myrtle in his power, having fallen in love with her photograph, taken by and from a prisoner. Were they to know this, the intrepid birdmen of Dungbury Parva would be up in arms at such presumption, even

Pilot Officer Banana, the butt of the Mess, and

Flying Officer Smith, slow-witted, honest, bosom friend and ardent worshipper of the gay, brave and debonair Derek Maltravers.

You may now read on.

Chapter I

The night was dark, for the evenings were drawing in; or as the rustics of Dungbury Parva would say "evenings be drawing in". Indeed many of them did say it, as they sat huddled together in one small corner of the bar of "The Cad and Camisole", the rest of the bar being entirely filled, as usual, with R.A.F. officers. The rustics could, of course, have gone to "The Bawdy Ostrich", further down the village street, except that the bar there would be entirely filled, as usual, with R.A.F. warrant officers.



Centre of a merry group in the first of the three hostelries just referred to, was the handsome, tall, virile figure of Derek Maltravers, his ever-present admirer Flying Officer Smith at his side, laughing heartily at his idol's quips and cracks, whether he understood them or not. The air was thick with beer fumes, cigarette smoke, and highly technical R.A.F. jargon. "Wizard!" a babyfaced young man, who for all his nineteen summers yet wore on his breast the ribbon of the D.F.C., would say. "Good show!" would reply his companion gravely with all the camaraderie of shared knowledge. And through it all there constantly rang out among the rafters, Pilot Officer Banana's high-pitched laugh, causing the old rustics in their corner to stir uneasily, cross their fingers and order another quart apiece.

Chapter II

Some way away from this carefree gathering a scene of a very different nature was being enacted. High up in the darkling sky over England was flying a lone German aircraft. German it was indeed, but a veritable wolf in sheep's clothing, for it bore the British roundelays on its wings and the pilot was none other than Kurt von Stensch. His aircraft was further fitted with a special device

which prevented the British radiogram stations apprehending its approach; a very necessary precaution, for von Stensch was engaged on a mission more daring than ever before.

Straight for Dungbury Parva he flew; and, arrived over the airfield, in perfect English he requested permission to land. This was readily granted, by the L.A.C. on duty, to one whom in his simplicity he took to be "an officer returning from one of these here joy-rides". Nor were his suspicions in any way aroused when the "officer" stepped from the aircraft; for Kurt wore a British bomber pilot's uniform, complete with the usual D.F.C.

Having given instructions for refuelling, von Stensch drew a secret map, skilfully limned on a cigarette, from his pocket and soon ascertained where Group Captain Biddable's quarters were.

In a few minutes he was seated in the latter's drawing-room, invited in in all good faith; for the Station Commander merely took him for one of his many officers whom he did not as yet actually know by sight. Indeed a skilful reference by Kurt to TEE EMM merely served to convince the older man of the other's bona fides.

"Why, Daddie, whom have we here?" interrupted a girlish voice, as none other than Myrtle entered the room.

"Just one of my officers," replied her father; but for a moment a shadow passed across the girl's slim features, for certainly she knew very intimately nearly every officer on the Station; yet this one she did not recognise.

"A recently joined one," interposed von Stensch calmly, though the blood was coursing through his veins at actual sight of the glamorous girl whose photograph had roused his evil passion.

"It's a lovely night, is not it?" vouchsafed Myrtle, setting him at once at his ease.

"Yes, indeed, and even lovelier in the air. With your father's permission, would you like me to take you for a 'flip' in my Sheffield?"

Good-humouredly the elder man gave his consent; for he liked to see his only daughter enjoying herself and at the same time giving pleasure to others.



Whereat the young couple left. Kurt was masking a gleam of triumph. "Next stop, Germany," he was thinking to himself; "and then we shall see how deeply the English Group-Schwein values his country's secrets when set in the scale against the safety-nay, even honour—of his daughter. For perhaps, I and she . . . she and I . . ." As they stepped out into the night, the calm darkness hid the vile anticipations of a diseased mind that showed nakedly in his cruel eyes.

Chapter III

Left alone, the Group Captain pondered. After a while he grew uneasy. His keen intuition had begun to tell him that something was wrong somewhere, and it was not long before his quick brain had leapt upon the one mistake von Stensch had all unwittingly made.

"My Sheffield" he had said. Did, Biddable asked himself, his Station have any Sheffields? They had Lancasters and Halifaxes and Stirlings, and they'd once had Manchesters, but no other towns . . .

"Curse it!" he suddenly swore roughly, leaping from his seat. There was no such aircraft, any more than there was a Fulham West fighter or a Tooting Bomber.

In a bare minute he had covered the two paces to the door. But even as he reached it, the roar of an aircraft taking off smote his ears . . .

He bowed his head; then straightened it. One man alone could help him, could, in fact save not only his daughter, but Britain. Derek Maltravers!

Chapter IV

The scenes of merriment at "The Cad and Camisole", "The Bawdy Ostrich" and "The Bug and Strumpet" were abruptly hushed, as loud-speakers, installed there because so few officers were ever up at the mess, blared forth: "Calling all bars! Calling all bars! Flight Lieutenant Derek Maltravers, D.S.O.(3), D.F.C.(4), A.F.C.(5), to report to the Station Commander immediately. Urgent, urgent. Geelford, Geelford, this is Feelford. The treyne now standing at Pletform Faive is for . . .

But vaulting lightly over chairs and villagers alike, Derek had gone . . .

Chapter V

With set, stern face Group Captain Biddable told the handsome virile young man all. "If you can catch the imposter before he gets to Germany, Britain is saved. But if not . . ." He bit his lip in emotion and was silent for a moment.

"I understand, sir. You may rely in me. Not only my country calls me, but—" he looked the other straight in the eyes—"my heart."

"Good show" muttered Biddable hoarsely, mo-

mentarily overcome by his feelings. Then pulling himself together: "I can tell you this, Maltravers; if you are successful, I shall award you—" his heels came to attention—"the Victoria Cross."

"And, sir?" the other queried urgently. "And?"

Group Captain N. B. Biddable in a flash grasped his meaning. "And," he added, "I shall be proud to welcome you as a son-in-law . . ." He turned away and brushed his hand across his eyes.

"Wizard!" vouchsafed our Derek simply.

Chapter VI

The big Lancaster roared through the night air. Two hundred, three hundred, four and then five crept up on the speedometer. At this rate von Stensch's overtaking could not be long delayed. Derek, daring and unconventional that he was, was alone in the monster aircraft. He had not bothered to wait for a crew, but had leaped into the first machine he saw. "If one man cannot do this job alone then 'tis not worth doing," he had muttered with a merry laugh.

The Lancaster sped on . . .

Stay! What was that? Ahead he saw a small speck of light. Was it? Yes! A German aircraft. Slowly, inexorably he crept up, while Kurt muttered curses, and Myrtle, her slim figure bound rigidly in the navigator's seat, breathed prayers through her gag, the while her woman's heart called for her lover to save her.

Closer and closer crept the huge Lancaster. At last Derek was alongside. Setting the controls to the same speed and direction as the other, with a merry laugh of daring he crept out along the wing.

(To be continued)

Famous R.A.F. Character Honoured

Pilot Officer Prune at Investiture

We are privileged to announce that, coincident with the closing down of TEE EMM, one of Pilot Officer Prune's last appearances before disappearing into the pin-stripe world was to attend an Investiture.

At this glittering function our gallant friend received the due reward for his years of service in

the cause of better and bigger crashes and bigger and better boobs, in the shape of the insignia of the Most Highly Derogatory Order of the Irremovable Finger.

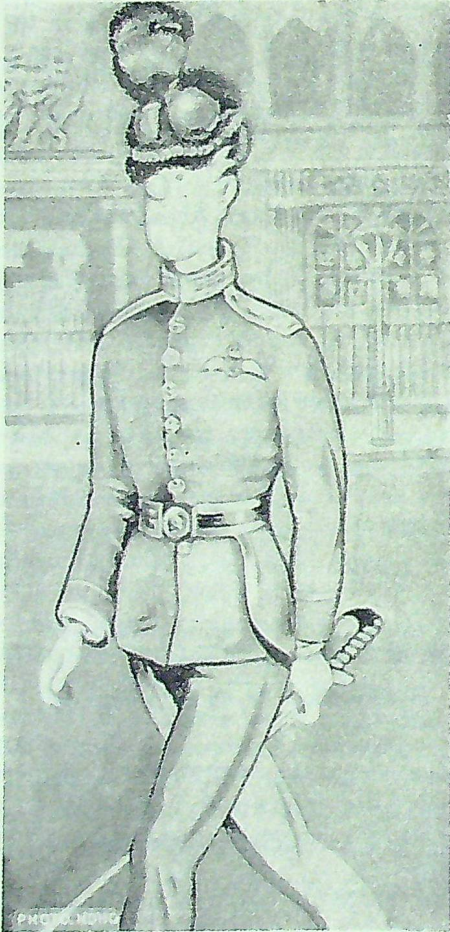
As is well known, it is some years ago since the M.H.D.O.I.F. was earned by him and he first put up a black ribbon, but only now has it been possible for him to receive the actual Order in person. On four previous occasions arrangements were made, but on the first Prune mistook the day, turning up a week late; on the second he mistook the place, turning up at Windsor instead of Buckingham Palace; on the third he was in hospital owing to landing at a strange airfield; and

on the fourth he "completely forgot all about it, old boy, poor show!"

However, the photo here shows him in all his glory going along to receive the much coveted Order with its dark black ribbon and light black stripe.

Another photo was taken just after this one, but we are unable to publish it for certain reasons which a close study of this one will reveal to those who know Prune.

Anyway, good old Percy! He deserves it. He is, by the way, again in hospital, after a recent unexpected fall.



"Whitehalsee"

Mr. Perusal and Miss Personnel, and Flight Lieutenant Hyebrown for that matter, are firmly under the impression that whenever they take up



their pens they must employ the longest words and the most unnecessary circumlocutions which they can invent. The result is that kind of queer jargon in which most official correspondence appears to be conducted, and which we ourselves have long called "Whitehalsee".

Avoid it like the plague is our advice.

Mark you, good writing, that is, clear and concise writing, is not as easy as it sounds. Why? Because it means a little thought, a little effort,

and a certain amount of practice. Prolix, turgid and diffuse writing in which the meaning is completely obscured is, on the other hand, as easy as pie. It needs no thought or effort. Just let it pour out. Even verbose writing which still retains its meaning is fairly easy. As witness the following, which we ourselves dashed off without much difficulty the Christmas before last—being still under the influence of “perusing” some particularly obese minutes in a file:

- (1) In view of the recent request from higher authority circulated to all Directorates and Branches of this Department of the Air Ministry, that, consequential upon the present paper shortage and the necessity for conserving existing supplies, units of the Royal Air Force should not exchange between themselves the customary greetings during the Christmas season in the form of Christmas cards, the Editor and all the staff of TEE EMM wish, nevertheless, to offer herewith this Branch’s usual seasonable good wishes to all the other Branches of the Directorate of Operational Training in the undermentioned more economical form, which will not, it is hoped, militate to any appreciable extent against a successful conclusion of the war by drawing too heavily upon the country’s already heavily depleted stocks of paper.
- (2) Merry Xmas.

A hundred and twenty-eight words in one sentence, my masters, and we consider our meaning is still apparent. But *think* what we could have done if we hadn’t bothered about getting our meaning across.

We’re afraid we can’t teach you just *how* to write clearly and concisely. It is a thing you must learn for yourself. Think out beforehand what you want to say and what is the shortest and most logical way of saying it. When written, ask yourself if it could have been put better or more shortly. Then criticise it from the point of view of the person who’s going to read it. And practice will do the rest. You see, we can’t do it for you: you must do it yourself.

What we can do here, however, is to show you some genuine examples of what you should avoid. They come from our private collection of “Whitehallee” culled by us with awe and delight during our sojourn in the Air Ministry. And, we repeat, they are *not* made up: each is taken from some official file, letter or memo which we have seen with our own eyes. For your guidance we have preceded each “Whitehallee” phrase with the

English translation, or rather with what the fellow meant to say, and should have said, as distinct from the way he actually put it:

What he meant: “Approved by . . .”

What he said: “Received the concurrence of . . .”

What he meant: “Please finish this quickly!”

What he said: “May action be taken to accelerate completion of this work please!”

What he meant: “This duty will end . . .”

What he said: “Date of commencement of cessation of this duty will be . . .”

What he meant: “Agreed.”

What he said: “The foregoing comments also represent my views.”

What he meant: “These things often happen.”

What he said: “The following phenomena will be found to occur with some frequency.”

What he meant: “Properly ended.”

What he said: “Brought to a suitable finality.”

What he meant: “Should this syllabus be amended, and can it be done in the time?”

What he said: “It is desired to consider this syllabus in detail with a view to suggesting amendments, and to ascertain whether there are likely to be any difficulties in completing it in the time suggested.

What he meant: “It would be better with some pictures.”

What he said: “It is recommended that the memorandum be made increasingly attractive by incorporating a large number of pictorial representations.”

What he meant: “For instance.”

What he said: “When the following points are borne in mind, the truth of the above statement will be appreciated.”

You see what can be done! Incredible, isn’t it? And here, to conclude, are a few further examples. This time we have put the “Whitehallee” first, so that you can try to dig out the English translation before we tell you:

What he said: “Consequent upon the introduction of the above modified syllabus, the following instructions regarding the administrative arrangements necessary in connection with flying training are issued for the guidance of and compliance by all concerned.”

What he meant: “Re the above syllabus, all concerned should note the following instructions.”

What he said: “While no unanimity of opinion exists on the advisability of releasing the pigeon under adverse weather conditions, various units have expressed the view that if these conditions prevail the pigeon should not be released if an S.O.S. message has been sent out and acknowledged.”

What he meant: "Some units think the pigeon should not be released in bad weather if an S.O.S. has been acknowledged, but many do not agree."

What he said: "In an endeavour to overcome the lethargy reported as a result of the material in existing films being of a dull nature, we have put up this proposal:—
"Brightening up the film in its production stage and emphasising that humour is required in the film as a contrast."

What he meant: "We suggest making dull films funnier."

What he said: "Frequent changes in material and consequential amendments to tactical methods necessitated by operational experience make it impracticable to revise the book fully and keep it up to date."

What he meant: Probably "Changes in tactics make it hard to keep the book up to date." But your guess is as good as ours!

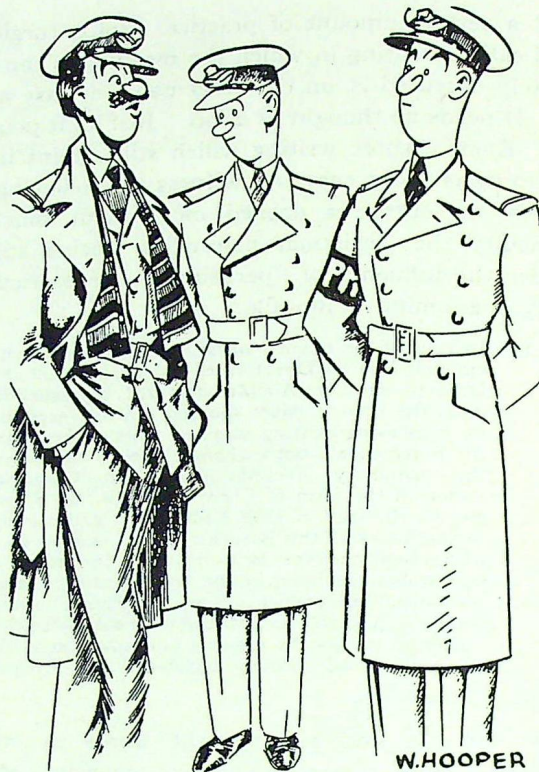
What he said: "It may therefore be of value briefly to discuss below the factors which can affect the results."

What he meant: "Here's an article about it." But as the article follows, why bother to say anything?

What he said: "In our efforts against the enemy there is a very real improvement in results by our fighter forces and while the reverse might be the case with the Hun during the period under review, the steady rise in the success of the enemy fighter effort as disclosed by the figures is not materially changed when due allowance is made for this possibility."

What he meant: God knows!

Well, that's all for today. To sum up. Don't try to *write*. Put down what you want to say. Put it down *clearly*, because then your meaning will be clear: if it is not, you are inefficient. And put it down *concisely*, because then you are saving time: if you waste unnecessary time, you are again



"But you fellows don't understand. I'm air crew."

inefficient. Do not let "what you said" be something twice as long and twice as hard to understand as it ought to be, because then it will rarely turn out to be the same as "what you meant." Respect the King's English and let plain good writing be good enough for you.



No. 402 (Fighter) Squadron

by WING CDR. F. H. HITCHINS, Air Historian

THE STORY OF No. 402 (City of Winnipeg) Squadron had its beginning in 1932, when it first came into being as No. 12 Army Co-operation Squadron, a unit of the Non-Permanent Active Air Force. The squadron was located at Winnipeg, and the first commanding officer was Sqn. Ldr. J. A. Sully, A.F.C., who later became an Air Vice-Marshal and Air Member for Personnel. In 1937, when the numbering of the Non-Permanent Squadrons was changed, the Winnipeg unit became No. 112 (AC) Squadron. A year later, in December 1938, there was another change in name when the Non-Permanent Force was re-designated the Auxiliary Active Air Force.

At the outbreak of war in September 1939, No. 112 Squadron, along with Nos. 2 and 110, was chosen as a Canadian Active Service Force unit and moved to Ottawa for training with the School of Army Co-operation prior to being posted overseas. No. 112 arrived in the United Kingdom in June 1940, under command of Sqn. Ldr. W. F. Hanna, expecting to go into action on its Westland Lysanders in support of the Canadian Army. The fall of France, however, deferred these hopes for four years. During the summer and autumn of 1940, while the Battle of Britain raged over southern England, No. 112 continued training for army co-operation work. In December of that year, when fighter squadrons were in great demand, the unit exchanged its Lysanders for Hurricanes and was re-designated No. 2 (Fighter)

Squadron, R.C.A.F. Sqn. Ldr. G. R. McGregor (later Group Capt. McGregor, O.B.E., D.F.C.), noted for his outstanding work in the Battle of Britain, was the first commanding officer of the new fighter unit. The final change in numerical designation was made on 1 March 1941, when the squadron became No. 402 (Fighter) and at the same time was officially declared operational.

During the next three years the Winnipeg Bears (as the squadron was nicknamed) did valuable work in Fighter Command's campaign against the Luftwaffe in North-Western Europe. Their many operations included escorts to bombers, fighter sweeps, shipping reconnaissances, air sea rescue missions, convoy patrols, etc., in the course of which they ranged over the European coast from Rotterdam to Cherbourg. Their major hunting-ground was the sector of North-Eastern France between LeHavre, Amiens, and Dunkirk. In the latter part of 1941 a new phase of operations was introduced when the squadron was equipped with Hurri-Bombers and undertook low-level attacks against bridges, gun posts, rail junctions, vehicles, ammunition dumps and shipping.

In March 1942 the Bears relinquished their Hurricanes and were re-equipped with Spitfires. One of the first actions on the new aircraft won the squadron personal congratulations from Air Marshal Harold Edwards, C.B., the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, R.C.A.F. Overseas. While on an air sea rescue sortie one day in July, 402's aircraft were attacked by 15 to 20 Focke-Wulf 190's. A defensive circle was formed over the rescue boats and, although the enemy aircraft repeatedly dived on the Spits. for 25 minutes, they were unable to break through the tight defence. One Focke-Wulf was destroyed and two were damaged in the engagement. In August 1942 the squadron participated in the Dieppe raid. Special mention was made of the work of the groundcrew, who remained on continuous duty at the dispersal point from dawn till well after sunset, to enable their pilots to make the maximum number of sorties.

In the spring of 1944 the squadron shared in the air campaign which preceded the invasion and then helped to provide fighter cover for the beach-



Pilot Officer G. B. Lawson climbing into his Spitfire for take-off.



Waiting in the crew room. Left to right: Pilot Officer J. I. Barnes (Intelligence Officer), Flt. Lt. W. S. Harvey, and W.O. I C. H. Davis.



Flying Officer R. R. Richards, Flying Officer E. L. Moreland, Flt. Lt. J. B. Lawrence, and Flying Officer G. B. Lawson, comparing notes after returning from their first patrol over Holland.

heads. For a short time in August the pilots were engaged on "buzz-bomb" patrols during which they brought down five of the "doodles".

The long-awaited move to Europe took place in September 1944, when the squadron flew to Belgium and became part of 125 (R.A.F.) Wing. In December of that year the Bears were transferred to 126 (R.C.A.F.) Wing in No. 83 Group of 2nd Tactical Air Force. Through the winter and early spring they operated from a base in Holland, carrying out fighter sweeps, strafing trains and motor vehicles, and dive-bombing rail lines, bridges and other targets. In March 1945 the squadron provided fighter cover for the streams of gliders in the great air-borne crossing of the Rhine at Wesel.

From Holland the Bears, in April 1945, moved forward into Germany, to Wunstorf west of Hanover. This advance deep into the Reich brought the squadron one of the most successful periods of hunting in its long career. In a fortnight

its Spitfires shot down in the air, or destroyed on the ground, 18 enemy aircraft and damaged 16 more. In addition they took a heavy toll of the Nazis' transport.

On 4 May 1945 hostilities ceased and on the 15th of that month the squadron reverted to a peacetime routine of training exercises. Early in July, No. 402 was transferred to 127 (R.C.A.F.) Wing and a few days later returned to the United Kingdom. It disbanded at Dunsfold on 24 July 1945.

The Roundel

While overseas, No. 402 served under some of the most famous fighter pilots in the R.C.A.F. Its commanding officers included (in addition to Sqn. Ldrs. Hanna and McGregor) V. B. Corbett, R. B. Morrow, N. H. Bretz, D. G. Malloy, L. V. Chadburn, G. Northcott, W. G. Dodd, J. B. Lawrence, L. A. Moore, D. C. Laubman, and D. O. Gordon. The record book of the Winnipeg Bears shows over 50 enemy aircraft destroyed and about 90 probably destroyed or damaged, in addition to scores of locomotives, vehicles, vessels, and many other targets battered by cannon shell, bullet and bomb.

In the spring of 1946, when the R.C.A.F. was organizing its peace-time Regular and Auxiliary components, No. 402 was reconstituted at Stevenson Field, Winnipeg, as one of the Auxiliary units which would form "a first-line reserve of fully organized, manned and equipped squadrons which can be mobilized on short notice". Readers who believe that history repeats itself may be interested to note that the beginning of the squadron's "second tour" was again marked by frequent changes in designation such as had characterized the early pre-war days. Originally it was to be a fighter reconnaissance unit; within a



Wing Cdr. L. V. Chadburn, D.S.O., D.F.C., with pipe and friends. Seated beside him are Flt. Lt. R. A. Morrison and Flt. Lt. M. W. Quinnie. Standing are Flt. Sgt. K. A. Heggie, and Pilot Officer A. E. Bernard.



Sqn. Ldr. G. E. W. Northcott, D.F.C., sits on the wing of his Spitfire, talking to Wing Cdr. L. V. Chadburn, D.S.O., D.F.C.



Flying Officer J. H. Fisher and Flt. Sgt. H. F. Flowers.

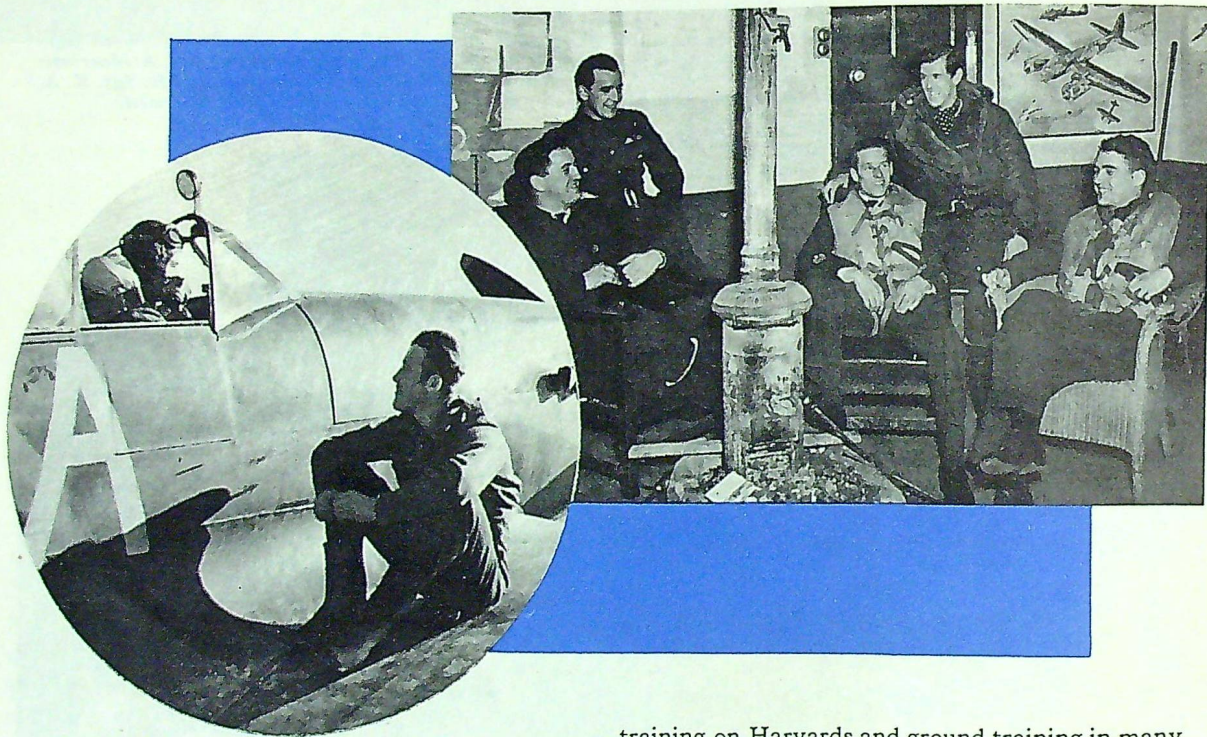
month this was amended to fighter bomber; in March 1947 the squadron's rôle was converted to that of a straight fighter unit; and finally, on 1 April 1949, it was changed again, back to a fighter bomber's. At the same time the title "Auxiliary" was replaced by the new designation "Reserve". While these alterations were being made, No. 402 passed from No. 2 Air Command to 11 Group of North West Air Command and thence to Tactical Group of N.W.A.C., its present parent.

The official date of the squadron's re-birth was 15 April 1946. With the assistance of its Regular

squadron back in 1937 when it was known as No. 112; he had accompanied it overseas; had subsequently served in Canada at training schools, headquarters and on operations on the West Coast; and had then become a flight commander in No. 435 (R.C.A.F.) Squadron in Burma, where he won his decoration.

For two years No. 402, parading two or three nights a week and on week-ends, carried out air

Left to right: Flying Officer J. A. de Niverville, Pilot Officer J. Q. W. Lalonde, W. O. I K. V. Colinson, Sgt. F. A. Wilson, and Flt. Sgt. J. A. McLeod.



LAC J. H. Preston chats with Flt. Lt. A. R. Speare.

support unit, 9402 R.C.A.F. Detachment, it began to recruit personnel, collect equipment, and set up both air and ground training programmes. In July 1946 Wing Cdr. R. J. Clement, D.F.C. was named as commanding officer. It was a happy appointment, for Clement had first joined the

training on Harvards and ground training in many subjects which included lectures on jet aircraft and engines. Then the long-awaited day arrived and, on 19 April 1948, the first Vampire was delivered to the Winnipeg squadron, to be welcomed by a large and enthusiastic turn-out.

The arrival of the jet, followed by three more late in June, gave a great stimulus to both air and ground training. In the next few weeks the squadron took part in air shows at Brandon,

Yorkton, and Winnipeg. It also carried out a number of interception exercises, making use of a radar convoy, and engaged in co-operation exercises with the Army.

For a fortnight in July 1948 the Winnipeg squadron was in summer camp at Gimli, during which it rolled up a total of 327 hours' flying, averaging almost 21 hours a day. When the squadron went to camp, three of its pilots had been checked out on the Vampire; at Gimli about ten more joined the "untouchables", as the jet pilots were nicknamed.

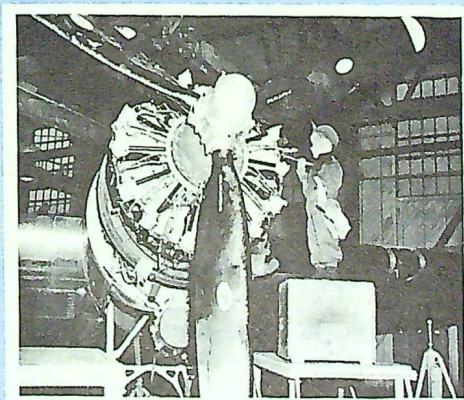
More air shows followed, including the week-long Minnesota State Fair at which four Winnipeg Vampires put on a demonstration of aerobatics and formation flying. In the spring of 1949 the squadron again showed its skill in displays at Regina, Moose Jaw, and Wilcox. Tactical training, using both Harvards and Vampires, was furthered by several exercises in co-operation with the Army.

October 1948 was marked by two events. On the 1st, an R.C.A.F. (Auxiliary) University Flight was formed in the squadron, to use No. 402's accommodation and training facilities until suitable quarters were available on the University of

Manitoba campus. At the end of the month there was an investiture at which four of the squadron's members received decorations. Two of the awards were Military Crosses conferred upon Sqn. Ldr. R. G. Johnson and Flying Officer V. J. Bastable. As only five M.C.'s were awarded to R.C.A.F. personnel during the war, No. 402 was proud that two of the five recipients should be on its rolls. Flying Officer Bastable was killed in a flying accident in a Vampire in March 1949.

At the end of 1948, Wing Cdr. Clement handed over his command to Wing Cdr. L. M. Cameron, D.F.C., who jumped up three ranks on appointment. Like his predecessor, Lorne Cameron was a former 402 pilot, having served with the Winnipeg Bears overseas early in 1943. He later was transferred to No. 401 (Ram) Squadron and rose to the command of his unit before being shot down by flak in July 1944. In air combat he had destroyed six enemy aircraft and damaged several more.

In April of this year No. 402 (F.B.) Squadron (Reserve) will celebrate the fourth birthday of its second tour. It has a tradition of high achievement in war and in peace, in which all present and former members can take great pride.



THE FINISHING TOUCH

Master Bobby Patriquinn feels that Daddy is O.K. on airframes but that engines need his own more experienced touch. Bobby is the son of LAC G. G. Patriquinn, an Airframe Technician in No. 414 Photo Squadron, Rockcliffe.

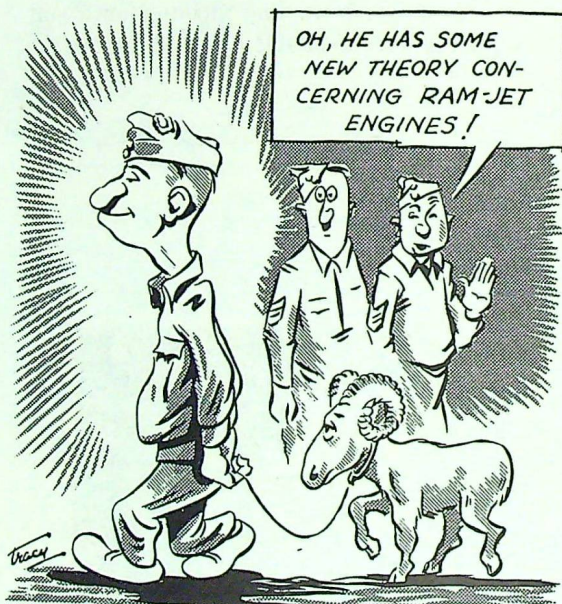
What's the Scoop?



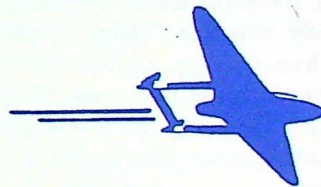
(Nowadays we read everywhere of jets and rockets. Frenzied by half-understood terms and apparently conflicting statements, we went along to clarify our mind a little by bothering Sq. Ldr. E. P. Bridgland of the Technical Branch, who is by way of being a bit of a pundit of such matters. Of the twenty questions that follow, we knew the answers to 9 (without guessing). Anyone who is not an editor will probably get about 14. A.E. Techs., Pilots and Aeronautical Engineers will of course get the lot. Answers appear on page 48.

—EDITOR).

1. The first recorded jet engine was built by:
 - (a) Archaeopteryx the Jurassic
 - (b) Daedalus the Cretan
 - (c) Archimedes the Syracusan
 - (d) Hero the Alexandrine
2. The fuel used in a Goblin engine is:
 - (a) Ether
 - (b) Kerosene
 - (c) Liquid oxygen
 - (d) U 233
3. The definition of a gas-turbine engine is any engine which:
 - (a) Uses the products of combustion to turn a turbine
 - (b) Speeds up the flow of air by a gas-operated turbine
 - (c) Uses a turbine to build up pressure required to ignite fuel-air mixture
 - (d) Depends on a turbine for its operation as soon as the aircraft has left the ground
4. The power of a jet engine is rated in terms of:
 - (a) Horse-power
 - (b) Lbs. of thrust
 - (c) Foot-lbs.
 - (d) Hypertension
5. A turbo-jet engine is a gas-turbine:
 - (a) In which propulsion is effected directly by the exhaust gases
 - (b) That requires rocket-assistance for take-off
 - (c) In which the entire jet pipe revolves with the turbine, thus imparting an additional rotary movement to the exhaust gases and assisting in maintaining directional stability.
 - (d) In which the jet is located forward of the turbine
6. The turbine in a de Havilland Ghost engine operates most efficiently at about:
 - (a) 5,000 r.p.m.
 - (b) 500 revs. per sec.
 - (c) 7,500 r.p.m.
 - (d) 10,000 r.p.m.
7. In a ram-jet engine:
 - (a) The turbine is turned by a piston-operated mechanism
 - (b) There is no turbine, continuous combustion occurs, and the air compression is produced by the forward speed
 - (c) The ram effect is obtained by a succession of rapid explosions against the turbine blades
 - (d) There is no turbine, but air is sucked into the intake by a piston-and-valve mechanism which also rams it out through a relatively small jet
8. The most powerful jet engine in use to-day is:
 - (a) The Rolls Royce Avon
 - (b) The Avro Orenda
 - (c) The de Havilland Ghost
 - (d) The Pratt & Whitney turbo-Wasp



9. A pulse-jet engine:
- (a) Operates by continuous combustion but incorporates a turbine which only operates now and then
 - (b) Lacks a turbine, operates by intermittent combustion, and requires assistance for take-off
 - (c) Uses a turbine to build up exhaust pressure which is released intermittently
 - (d) Lacks a turbine, operates by intermittent combustion, but can take off without rocket-assistance
10. The metal in a jet turbine must be able to withstand temperatures up to:
- (a) 2000° C.
 - (b) 212° F.
 - (c) 850° C.
 - (d) 500° C.
11. A turbo-prop engine is a gas-turbine:
- (a) In which the turbine is used to turn an aircraft's propeller
 - (b) In which an auxiliary propeller gearing is used to turn the turbine
 - (c) With a small propeller used to assist in sucking in air
 - (d) In which the turbine ceases to operate as soon as the aircraft is airborne
12. The term "Mach number":
- (a) Is used to describe the ratio of an aircraft's speed to the speed of sound, with 1 representing the point at which they coincide
 - (b) Refers to the indications on the rev. counter (invented by Dr. Mach), in which 1 denotes 5000 r.p.m.
 - (c) Is derived from a jet efficiency-formula evolved by the Italian aviation firm of Macchi
 - (d) Applies to the ground-speed of the aircraft as related to the engine's brake thrust (or lbs. of horsepower), with 1 representing the speed of sound
13. The basic difference between a rocket and a jet-engine lies in the fact that:
- (a) A rocket cannot carry enough fuel to take it more than a few hundred miles (within the earth's atmosphere)
 - (b) A rocket needs no turbine or piston
 - (c) A rocket can never be trusted
 - (d) A rocket needs no external supply of air
14. The German V-1, of Second World War fame, was powered by:
- (a) Compressed air
 - (b) A ram-jet engine
 - (c) A turbo-jet
 - (d) A pulse-jet
15. A JATO unit is:
- (a) A rocket used to assist aircraft in taking off
 - (b) A small jet-engine used for the above purpose
 - (c) A device for jettisoning all tactical overload
 - (d) A regional office of the Jet Air Transport Organization
16. The nickname "flame-can":
- (a) Was used to describe an early jet engine that emitted a fifty-foot flame
 - (b) Is applied to the combustion chambers of any jet-engine
 - (c) Is sometimes used in modern Air Forces to describe a red-faced senior officer
 - (d) Refers to a container used to trap jet exhaust for purposes of analysis
17. The only type of jet or rocket yet used on a helicopter is:
- (a) A pulse-jet
 - (b) A turbo-jet
 - (c) A WAC Corporal
 - (d) A ram-jet
18. The first military jet-aircraft used operationally in the Second World War was:
- (a) The Gloster
 - (b) The Avro 504K
 - (c) The Shooting Star
 - (d) The Messerschmidt 262
19. The largest jet-propelled aircraft in the world to-day is:
- (a) The Jetliner
 - (b) The Convair
 - (c) The Comet
 - (d) The Brabazon II
20. The first patent on a gas turbine engine was taken out in:
- (a) 1939
 - (b) 1791
 - (c) 1873
 - (d) 1926



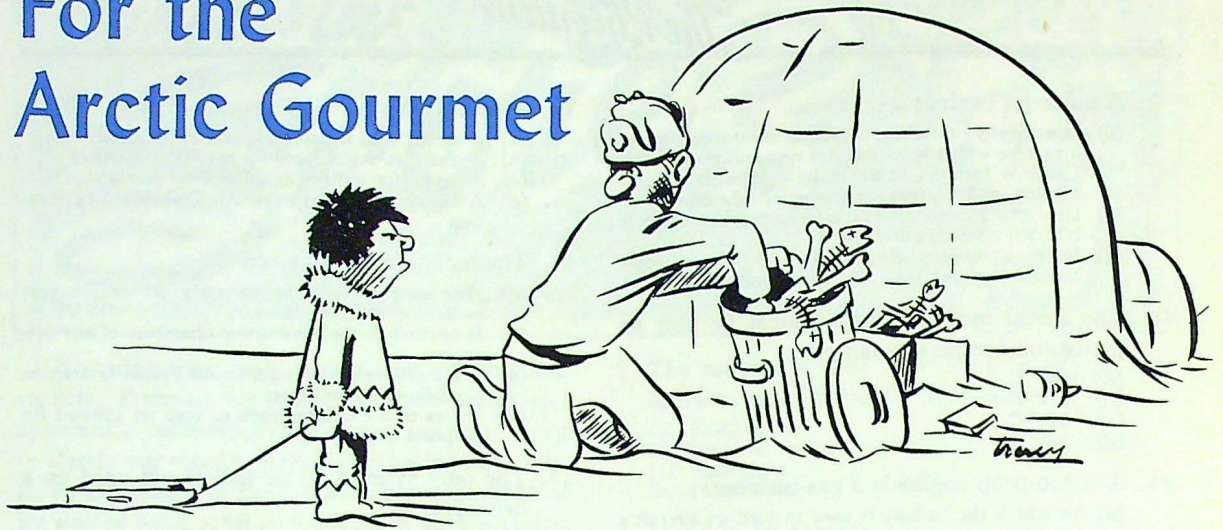
The Engineer

(As seen by the Accounts Officer)

THE TYPICAL ENGINEER is a full-blooded enthusiast, a cigar-smoker, with hair on his chest and a Y.M.C.A. Secretary's smile. He talks in astronomical figures and abhors details. His limit of accuracy is plus or minus \$5000.00 and he brags if he stays within these limits. He is the despair of Auditors, only exceeded in this respect by social workers.

("The Westonian")

For the Arctic Gourmet



By R. V. DODDS
Director of Public Relations, R.C.A.F.

WHAT IS PERHAPS the world's most unusual cookbook has recently been prepared by the R.C.A.F.

The book is not too concerned with the tickling of fastidious palates. It's main purpose is to tell you how to cater for the inner man if you are forced down in the far north. Few Canadian housewives are likely to become enthused about serving a dish of lousewort for their husband's suppers—in fact, even an advertising genius would have a tough time making Canadians lousewort-conscious. Nevertheless, as the manual points out, the “woolly lousewort, found in the tundra and growing five to eight inches tall, with pink or purple flowers, is the most tasty food plant in the north, the root being the edible portion.” That piece of information alone might someday save a flyer's life.

The following quotation gives an idea of the author's approach:

“All animals in the north are safe to eat—bats, lizards, newts, frogs, and even snakes, which taste like the white meat of chicken. Grubs found in the ground or in rotten wood make good food. So do grasshoppers, toasted on a stick. Pick off legs and wings before cooking. Do not eat cater-

pillars; some are poisonous. Meat is meat when you are hungry.”

The book covers about thirty edible forms of plant life found in the arctic and sub-arctic, giving a description of the plant as well as recommended ways of cooking. More than fifty different animals, birds and fish are also dealt with, and many hints are given on how to catch your northern dinner before you prepare it. Poisonous plants are described in detail, as well as those animals and items of sea-food which are (or may be in certain seasons) dangerous to eat.

The flyer is reminded that the north, despite all rumour to the contrary, is not and never was a land of plenty insofar as wild forms of food are concerned. Food is often hidden; and must be sought out. The man who has the “know-how,” however, need not feel discouraged.

The following are among the items covered by the new manual.

Seaweeds

Seaweeds should be on your menu whenever possible. Sea lettuce is a pale lettuce-green and has the appearance of a piece of crumpled tissue paper. Another species is purple. Both varieties are black and shiny when dry, and they can be used in the same way. It should be thoroughly washed and may be eaten raw, boiled with a little water to make a thick soup, or used as a thickening for soups and stews of meat or fish. When cool, it forms a jelly.

Dulse can be gathered along the shore between tide marks. It is a large red seaweed, shaped somewhat like a hand, with a palm and long fingerlike fronds. It should be washed, boiled, and used to thicken soups or dried and eaten raw.

Carrageen moss clings to stones and rocks under water. It has flat forked stems about two to twelve inches long, of a greenish purple-brown or reddish brown colour. Wash and dry in the sun. Can be used to thicken soup or steeped in boiling water to make a jelly.

Lichens

Lichens are low plants of various shape and colour. Found throughout northern Canada and the arctic, they are all edible. They grow either on rocks or in the soil, and are best collected after rain. Reindeer Moss, which is very plentiful, grows in colonies on sandy soil, and is greyish in colour and profusely branched. It can sometimes be gathered from under the snow.

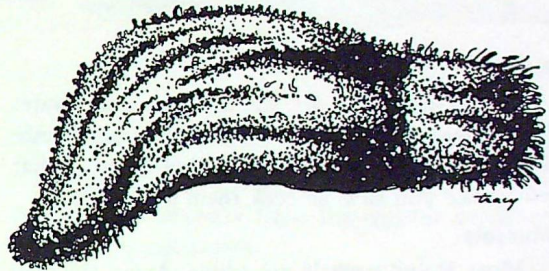
None of the lichens occurring in the north is poisonous, but most varieties contain an acid that is bitter and sometimes nauseous and may cause severe internal irritation if not first extracted by boiling or soaking in water. When the lichen is cooked, dry it until brittle, then powder by rubbing between the palm of the hands or by pounding with a stone. If the powdered lichen is soaked overnight it can be boiled to a jelly-like consistency and added to soup or stew.

Dandelion

The dandelion, which is a pest in the south, is a potential lifesaver in the polar regions. Both leaves and roots may be eaten raw, and the leaves make fine greens if cooked like spinach.

Sea Cucumbers

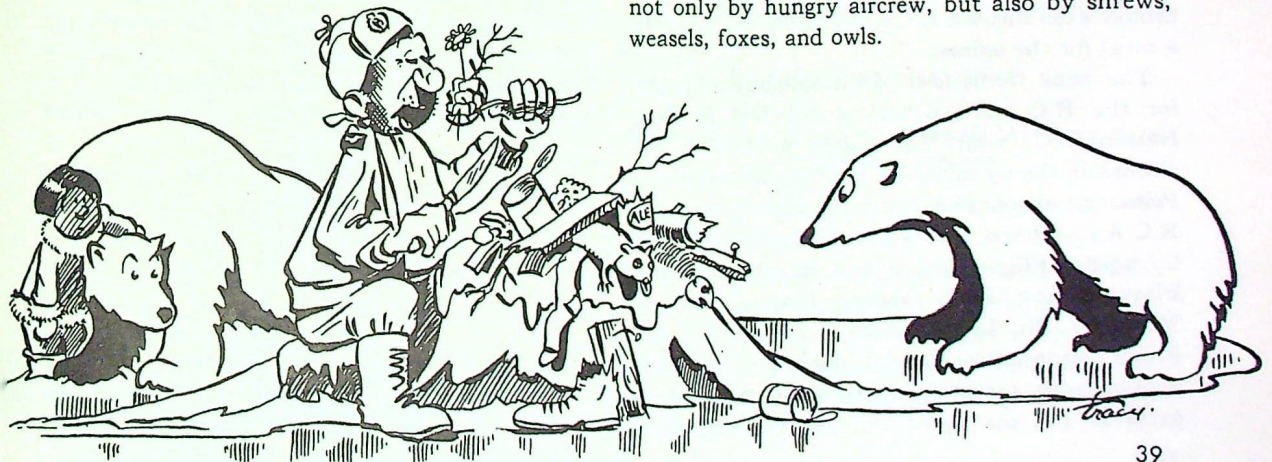
These queer looking animals have the shape of cucumbers. Throw away the insides and scrape away the slimy outer skin. Cut them up and cook in a stew or else fry.

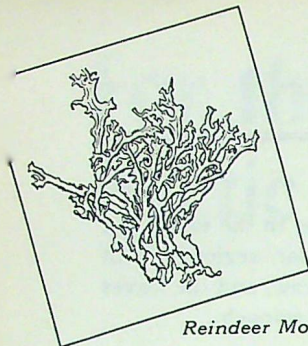


Sea Cucumber

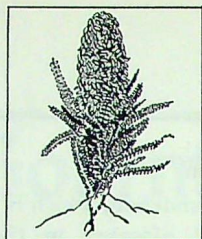
Lemming

Lemming are stub-tailed mice that range throughout the arctic. In winter they nest on or near the ground, deep in snow drifts, and you have to dig for them. In summer, you can find them by overturning flat rocks. You can get them also by hitting them, as they scuttle along their runways or by setting snares of very fine wire along the runways. Lemming are preyed upon, not only by hungry aircrew, but also by shrews, weasels, foxes, and owls.

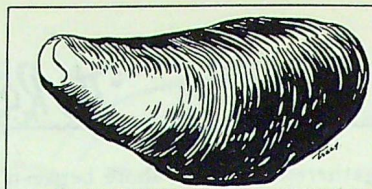




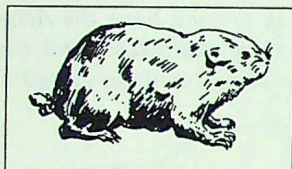
Reindeer Moss



Woolly Lousewort



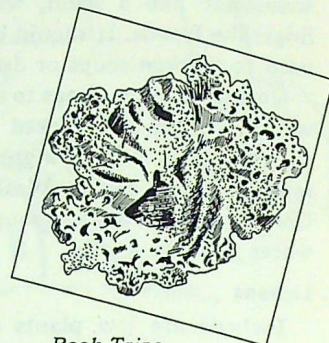
Mussel



Lemming



Dandelion



Rock Tripe

Fish

All northern fish are edible, and all salt-water fish—except the shark—may be eaten raw. Fresh-water fish in the north may contain parasites that will make you sick, so cook them if possible.

Mussels

Most Polar mussels are edible. Avoid any that don't shut up tight when you touch them: They are either sick or dead and unfit for food. Avoid also the black mussel, about 2 inches long, that is attached to rocks by tough threads. This mussel sometimes becomes deadly poisonous in summer time and cooking does not destroy the poison.

* * *

These are but a very few of the items covered. The book ranges from arctic mice to polar bears and walrus, and, in the case of larger game, provides detailed advice on how to avoid becoming a meal for the animal.

The book forms part of the syllabus prepared for the R.C.A.F.'s School of Survival at Fort Nelson, B.C., which has trained more than 200 aircrew in the techniques of beating the northland. Primarily responsible for its contents are two R.C.A.F. officers with years of experience in the far north—Flight Lieutenant S. E. Alexander and Flying Officer R. J. Goodey. Both are former Mounties. Flt. Lt. Alexander is presently at Air Force Headquarters, Ottawa, doing the desk-work necessary in preparing instructional material in survival, but manages to get out now and again

to keep his hand in. Flying Officer Goodey is in charge of the School itself.

Nothing in the manual is theoretical: it is all based on actual experience. Neither of the officers mentioned may be any great shakes when it comes to whipping up a chocolate cake, but when it is a matter of finding food in the far north, they are probably among Canada's best providers and cooks. Arctic authorities say that the cookery portion of the manual alone could have saved many lives in the Arctic during the last 100 years. It was—to quote only one case in point—mainly lack of knowledge of northern food sources that brought about the destruction of the Franklin Expedition nearly a hundred years ago.

A condensed version of the manual is included in the R.C.A.F.'s Directory of Hinterland Air-dromes, several volumes of which have been completed, and which is available from the King's Printer to all northern flyers.



Beam Tuning for the Amateur



By WING CDR. D. H. GWINN, M.B.E.
(VE31X Manotick, Ont.)

THE AMATEUR'S INTEREST in beam tuning details is made very evident by the numerous articles on antennae which appear in magazines devoted to amateur radio. These articles, however, seem to stress the necessity of constructing and tuning antennae primarily for transmitting purposes, and they do not indicate that such antennae are of *equal importance* when used for receiving purposes. The writer is not concerned here with arguing the pros and cons of the various methods that can be used for tuning the popular beam antennae now in use on the 14 and 28 MCS and higher frequency bands. He does, however, wish to indicate that there is another method of tuning that is more economical of equipment, personnel, and time.

Reciprocal relations exist with a given antenna, whether it be used for transmitting or receiving, and the directional patterns and impedance of the antenna are the same in both cases. In other words, an antenna that is adjusted for receiving purposes will perform equally well for transmitting, and vice versa; therefore the following procedures here outlined are for the adjustment of this type of antenna as a receiving antenna.

Before proceeding, let us consider advantages and disadvantages of adjusting the antenna as a receiver or transmitter, respectively:

Advantages of Adjusting as a Receiving Antenna

1. The antenna can be immersed in a field of constant RF intensity from the regular or other transmitting equipment.
2. Adjustments to the antenna are to be made, and can be made without disturbing the loading of the transmitter energizing the dipole and other elements of the beam antenna. No transmitter adjustments are therefore required, and the transmitter can transmit continuously throughout the entire adjustment procedure.
3. The RF voltages induced in the beam antenna elements are of such low magnitude that the tuning stubs and antenna elements can be touched without danger of RF burns.
4. A simple RF meter can be used for adjusting the elements.
5. One-man adjustment is possible.

Disadvantages of Adjusting Beam Antenna as a Transmitting Antenna

1. The transmitter output must remain constant throughout the adjustment procedure.
2. Every adjustment made on the antenna alters the antenna impedance, resulting in a change in the load impedance presented to the transmitter tank circuit. The transmitter coupling and load circuits have to be readjusted to give the same transmitter output.

3. The RF potentials on the elements are of sufficient magnitude to shock or burn the operator if touched when the transmitter is on. HV potentials may also be present if caution is not observed in the coupling of the transmission line to the final plate tank circuit. Communication facilities are generally necessary between the person adjusting the antenna and the person operating the transmitter.

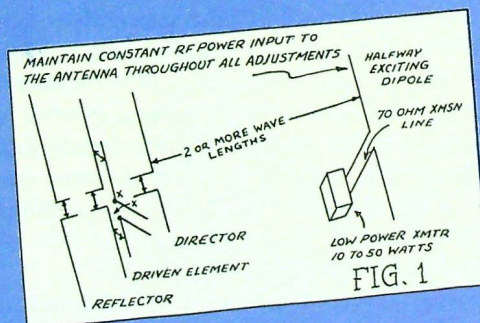
4. This type of adjustment requires more personnel and time.

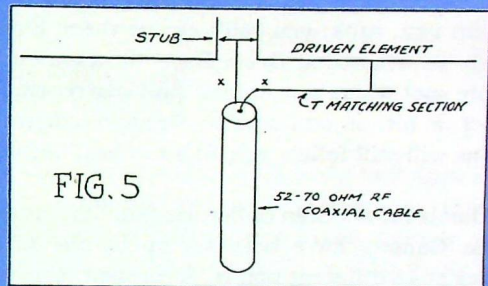
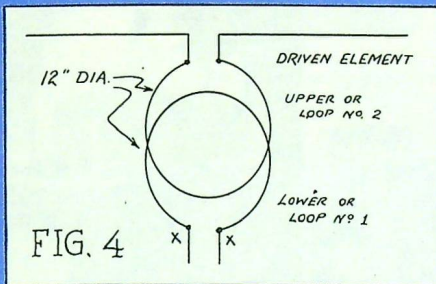
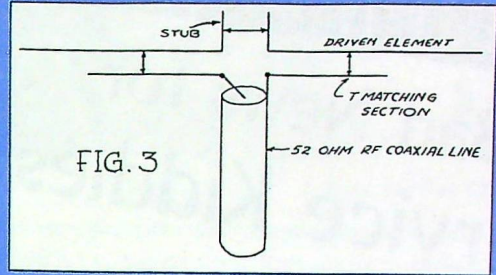
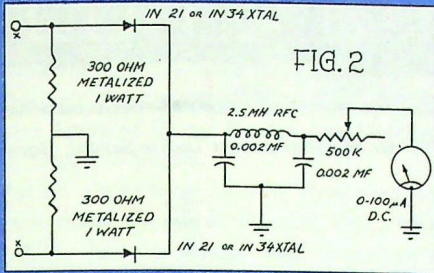
If the above statements are acceptable, and you are dissatisfied with your present beam or about to tune up a new one, proceed as follows:

- Construct the RF indicator in a shielded box as shown in Fig. 2. Substitute resistors to match the transmission line impedance you are going to use. The circuit shown is for a 600 ohm line.
- Set up your beam antenna as high off ground as possible and in relative positions indicated (Fig. 1).
- Attach the RF indicator to points XX, (Fig. 3, 4, 5), which are the points where the transmission line is attached to the dipole or driven element.
- Turn on the transmitter tuned to the frequency desired, adjust RF indicator for $\frac{1}{2}$ scale reading. You are now ready to proceed with actual adjustments.
- Adjust T match, delta match, etc., for maximum indication. If loop coupling is used, this first adjustment is not required.
- Adjust driven element lengths for maximum indication and repeat last-mentioned adjustments.
- Adjust director lengths for maximum indication.
- Adjust reflector lengths for maximum indication.
- Repeat all above adjustments. (It pays)
- If you want maximum front-to-back ratio (which is ideal for receiving purposes), rotate antenna so that reflector faces transmitting antennae.



- Adjust reflector for minimum indication. Your maximum forward gain has dropped a db or so, but this is not serious.
- If you wish to be super-critical, repeat all above adjustments in operating position. (Approximate time: $\frac{1}{2}$ hour).
- Hang on your feeders at points XX, load your transmitter, and operate.





Generally speaking, there will be no standing waves so long as you have a good transmission line and you know its impedance. Well-known details, such as type of transmission line, type of matching, etc., must be decided by yourself. Suggested systems are indicated for your consideration. The

writer has adjusted four beams, with different feeds, without help. Average time per beam: Saturday afternoon. Use this type of antenna for receiving and note the gain of received signals and the discrimination of all others off the ends and rear.

Army Comradeship

THE SOLDIER'S FIELD of activity is man, who controls science, techniques and material. The army is a combination of many men with the same serious aim. This gives the soldier's profession a quite peculiar bond of unity, a corporate sense which we call comradeship. The term is extremely comprehensive. If we start out from the notion of responsibility we find that "comradeship" means "one for all," for each man bears, in his own way and in his own place, a share of the responsibility for the

welfare, the ability, the achievements, and the life of others. For the senior, the leader, the superior, this means the duty of correcting, of training, and of supervising others; for the junior, the novice, the subordinate, it means the duty of conscious, voluntary subordination. Love and confidence are the two great components of comradeship—*General von Seek*.

(*Canadian Army Journal*)



The Air Marshal Robert Leckie School, Goose Bay.

Bad News for Service Kiddies

IT'S NO USE, KIDS: you can't escape them. Even if Daddy's stationed at Goose Bay—or in some other remote spot where any normal child can reasonably expect a bit of educational freedom—those old lessons will still follow you. It's too bad, but there it is.

Schools for children of Service families stationed across Canada have been set up by the Armed Forces at 16 different points. At present more than 2000 children are learning their A.B.C.'s in them.

These schools have been started in order to reduce the family separations once regarded as inevitable in Service life. Married quarters are being provided as rapidly as possible, but educational facilities were still needed, in many cases, for families with children of school age. In some



Toughing it out at Goose Bay.



Young Indian-fighters study tactics at Clinton.

instances, as at the Army camp at Barriefield, Ont., or at R.C.A.F. Station Goose Bay, Labrador, no public schools existed at all. In other areas, the nearest schools could not take care of extra children from Service camps and stations in the vicinity.

In most cases the Service schools occupy converted quarters, but many of these temporary schools are to be replaced by new permanent quarters. Teachers are fully qualified, and the schools are operated in accordance with the regulations of the Province in which they are located.

All three Services operate schools. The Navy has one at Dartmouth, and plans another at H.M.C.S. Cornwallis, the new-entry training

establishment near Digby, N.S. Army schools have been set up at Shilo, Fort Churchill, and other points, while Air Force schools exist at such points as Greenwood, N.S., and Fort Nelson, B.C. In some cases the schools have almost grown out of the country school category. The one operated by the Army at Camp Borden has 15 rooms and more than 375 pupils.

Not all are as large as this. Typical of many of the schools is the one at Clinton, Ont., where the R.C.A.F. has its radar and communications training centre. As at other points, it was found that existing public school facilities could not handle children of Service families, and the former



Life is hard at Clinton.

photographic laboratory and a lecture room were turned into classrooms. Twenty-one children are attending school here, and their lessons are given in strict accordance with regulations of the Province of Ontario.

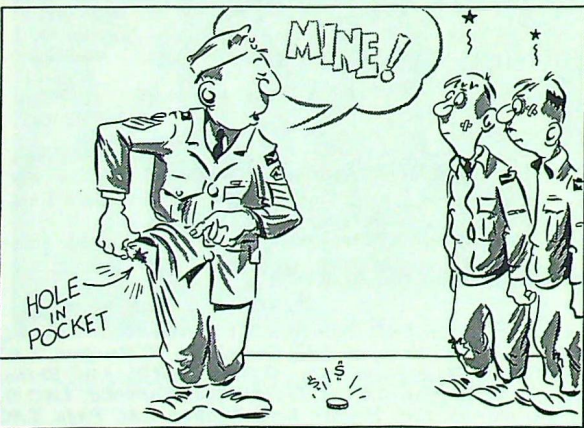
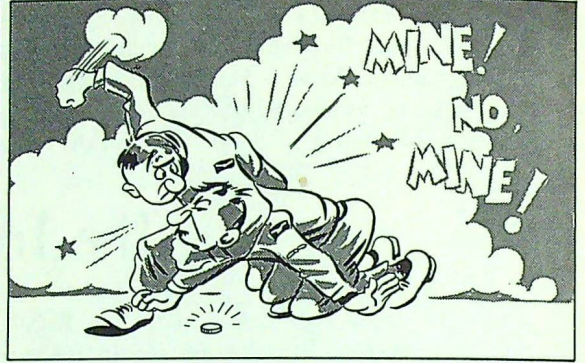
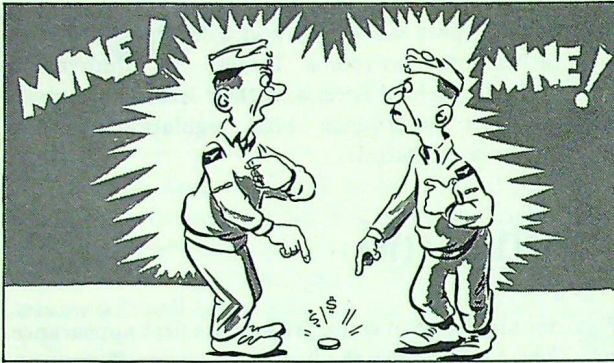
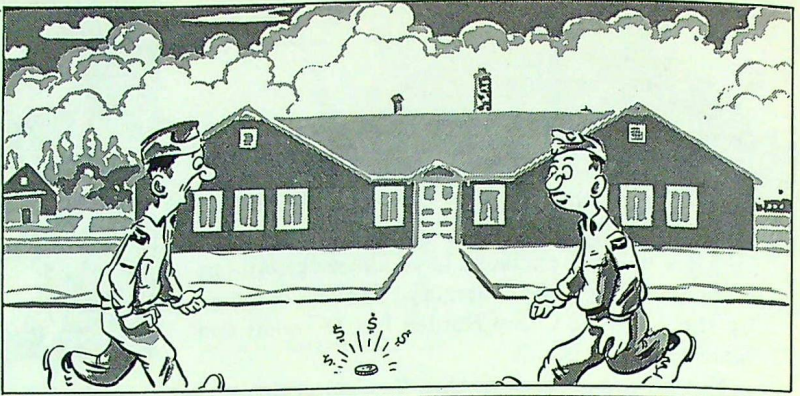
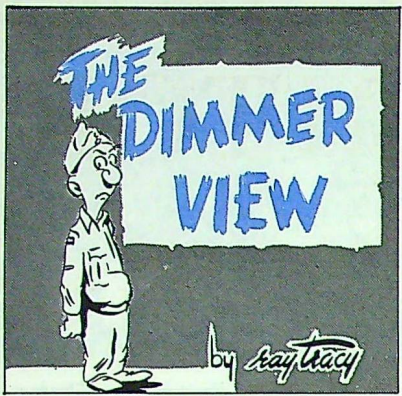
The Trenton Band

THE TRUMPET AND DRUM BAND at R.C.A.F. Station, Trenton, was first formed in 1947 from airmen of various trades, and since that time it has been steadily serving the civilian communities in the district as well as the Service. Last summer the band entered the Waterloo Music Festival, in which it was tied for second place—a very creditable feat in a competition where it is most unusual

for any band to win a prize on its first appearance. Later in the year the band was sent to Toronto to participate in the Warrior's Day parade at the Canadian National Exhibition. The band again came out in front, winning second prize. Forty-five bands, from all over the country, competed in this parade. The Trenton Band is at present rated among the top three bands in the Dominion.



Front row (left to right): Cpl. Wilkinson (lead drum), LAC St. Louis, LAC Guinard, Sgt. Potter, Cpl. Stewart, LAC Kushner (6 RD), Sgt. Botting, LAC Storie, Sgt. Rearden, LAC Williamson, LAC Costello, LAC Burgess, LAC Saunders. Centre row (left to right): Cpl. "Hap" Day (6 RD), LAC Christianson, Cpl. O'Brien (6 RD), LAC Shine, LAC Popovich, LAC Chambers, LAC Hutton, LAC Croghan, LAC Wright, LAC L. Taylor, Cpl. Harwood, LAC G. Taylor. Back row (left to right): Flt. Sgt. McCracken (drum major), LAC Hector, LAC Youker, LAC Page, LAC Poudrier (lead trumpet), Sgt. Mitchell (6 RD), LAC Fell (6 RD), Flt. Lt. G. B. Randall (conductor).



Ray Tracy
3-50

LETTERS to the EDITOR

A DIMMER VIEW

Dear Sir:

I am not a frequent writer of "letters to the Editor" but it has long been in my mind to protest, on behalf of those members of the R.C.A.F. with some considerable service, the picture represented by "Sgt. Shatterproof" of Senior Non-Commissioned Officers in the Service.

I have, I think, a better-than-average sense of humour, but to make a joke of inefficiency, stupidity, untidiness (to the point of filthiness) and general unsuitability on the part of any of our N.C.O.'s is *not funny*. It is, in fact, an insult to Senior N.C.O.'s in general and to those with considerable service in particular.

If there are any "Shatterproofs" in our Service (and this I doubt) it is unthinkable that they should attain, much less retain, N.C.O. rank. On the other hand, the escapades of junior members of the Service are understandable, do happen, and may with effect be made the subject of humorous articles, with actual benefit to the morale of the Service [e.g. Old Bill (Bruce Bairnsfather) and Pte. Hargrove]. Having served some time in the "other ranks" myself, I can guarantee that this type of article is appreciated by all. On the other hand, the feature in question serves, in my opinion, no good purpose and is doing considerable harm to discipline in the R.C.A.F.

My protest is, as I have said, based on a well-formed opinion of the feature, but was precipitated by the appearance of a cartoon on page 2 of the January 1950 "Roundel" which depicted an individual, obviously an officer, cringing abjectly



in front of our "hero", who apparently has entered this officer's office smoking a pipe and looking as "scruffy" as ever.

In an organisation as large as the R.C.A.F., there may be officers who are lacking in the qualities of leadership as your cartoon indicates. There may even be N.C.O.'s who possess some of the un-airmanlike characteristics of Sgt. Shatterproof. If so, this is extremely regrettable and should be a cause for serious concern. For my part, if and when I meet any such people, I shall do everything in my power to arrange that their services terminate as soon as possible. There is no place in the R.C.A.F. for such people. Your magazine not only states that they exist, but, in a good-humoured way, condones and encourages their faults.

Can you give me any reason why this feature should not be discontinued in the interests of the R.C.A.F.?

Sincerely yours,

R. H. Morris, Squadron Leader

1ST J.A.T.P. WINGS PARADE

I notice in a recent issue an article by Sqn. Ldr. Gellner on the first course of the J.A.T.P. In the issue, there was a picture of the first Wings Parade held at Trenton in October 1940. It is quite true that the observers in our course completed their training first, but their Wings Parade was not the first one held. I think you will find that the first parade was held at Borden on Sept. 30th, when the pilots of what was called No. 1 J.A.T.P. completed their Intermediate Training. The balance of the pilots in the first course received their Wings at Uplands some weeks later. I believe their course was called No. 2, although they were part of the original 169 pupils who formed the first course. Lloyd Chadburn and Norm Bretz were two of the better known graduates of the Uplands group.

I enjoyed Sqn. Ldr. Gellner's article very much, as it brought to mind many of the boys who wrote an important chapter in the training plan.

Sincerely,

T. Burke

(Mr. Burke has touched upon one of the minor mysteries of the R.C.A.F.'s history. His letter was forwarded to the Air Historian, who had already been confronted by the same puzzle. Mr. Burke is quite right: under the date of 30 Sept. 1940, the diary of the Advanced Training Squadron of No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden, records that "No. 1 A.T.P. course, consisting of 39 pupils, were presented with their wings at 1530 hours." No names are given, and the official records of the B.C.A.T.P. show no pilot graduates prior to Nov. 1940. We would very much like to hear from anyone who knows the names of some or all of those "39 pupils". It might help towards the solution of the problem.—

EDITOR)

"MAWDY"

Dear Sir:

In reading your very commendable effort, "The Roundel", it has struck me that if you could possibly find some way of producing an article on Wing Commander Mawdesley, I think you would go a long way to increasing its traditional background.

I know of no man who has served in the Air Force of whom there are more wild and woolly stories, real and imaginary, than there are of Mawdesley.

Your source of information should be any of the old-timers who were active in the Service between '25 and '35. His escapades in the North Country and on the West Coast I am sure would fill a book.

Offered for your consideration, with best wishes for your continued success.

Yours truly,

Norman S. MacGregor

(Mr. MacGregor's thought is a very fine one, and will unquestionably be acted upon. To correlate the data on such a man as Group Capt. Mawdesley, however, is an undertaking somewhat more formidable than the preparation of a biography of Paul Bunyan.—EDITOR)

SKELETON IN TRACY'S CUPBOARD

Dear Sir:

I would like to add my praise to that which you have no doubt already received for the excellent job being done in the publication of "The Roundel". It has been consistently interesting and the presentation is unusually attractive.

It is nice to see that Flt. Sgt. Ray Tracy has remained in the Service to grace its publications with his peculiar wit and humour. As a victim of the problems of trade classification that occurred during the war, he may recall that I had a small part in converting his union with the Service into a legitimate marriage. While it took almost the duration of the war to do it, it was finally achieved by establishing a position for a "miscellaneous artist" on the staff of the Organization Branch at Western Air Command. Up till that time I think he filled a position such as carpenter or clerk general, which was always disappearing in Air Staff.

Yours truly,

William F. Duthie

(Flt. Sgt. Tracy remembers with gratitude Wing Cdr. Duthie's battles on his behalf—but, on being cross-questioned, refuses to admit that he was either a carpenter or clerk general. He claims that he was originally an AEM.—EDITOR)

EX-RADAR MECH.

Dear Sir:

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed the article "You're on the Glide Path—I Think" which certainly took me back to my days as a mech. attached to the R.A.F. I would like to see a series of articles based on the lives and troubles of radar mechs. overseas.

I joined the R.C.A.F. Association in Regina hoping to find some fellow-mechs., but I never found one. I have often wished there was a reserve force of mechs. so that interested people like myself could keep up with the latest gear.

In closing, I again want to say how much I appreciate and enjoy "The Roundel"—especially the "Dimmer View".

Sincerely,

Arthur Dundas

(We appreciate your problem, Mr. Dundas. As a matter of fact, Reserve Squadrons all have radar sections, but we're afraid that your nearest Squadron is at Saskatoon—which is quite a way from Francis. The only Reserve Unit devoted entirely to your subject of interest is No. 1 R. & C. S. Montreal.—EDITOR)

SLICK OR PULP?

Dear Sir:

Belated congratulations on your excellent magazine. Memories, all too soon forgotten, have a happy knack of again coming to light with each issue of "The Roundel," and it is hoped that the very apparent success of your endeavours will merit this publication being continued for many years to come.

My only disappointment came with the last issue, Vol. 2, No. 3, when I noticed you had reverted to the inferior stock used in your earlier numbers. This does anything but enhance your magazine. A decided improvement was evident a few months ago when you started printing on a high-grade coated paper. Why the change? Paper is not and never was a major expense and the difference saved in using an offset stock serves only to depreciate the fine effort put forth by you and your staff.

Sincerely,

J. F. Seli

(Many thanks for the encouraging remarks and for the criticism, Mr. Seli. What you say regarding the relative merits of coated and offset paper meets with fairly general agreement, we gather. In point of fact, we originally changed to letterpress and coated stock on account of temporary difficulties in photo-offsetting occasioned by a strike. Now that the strike is over, we must revert to our original method of reproduction until such time as our supply of offset paper is used up.—EDITOR)

Answers to "What's the Score?"

- | | | | |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1: (d) | 2: (b) | 3: (a) | 4: (b) |
| 5: (a) | 6: (d) | 7: (b) | 8: (a) |
| 9: (b) | 10: (c) | 11: (a) | 12: (a) |
| 13: (d) | 14: (d) | 15: (a) | 16: (b) |
| 17: (d) | 18: (d) | 19: (c) | 20: (b) |



BACK FROM PRAGUE

Cpl. Vanier (left) and Sgt. R. Danko, on their arrival at Rockcliffe from Czechoslovakia. With Sgt. Danko are his wife and two children, Ralph and Bryan, who were with him in Prague.


“OPERATION METROPOLIS”

“We don’t want to go backtracking unnecessarily, but on this occasion we believe we have good reason to do just that. While every American and Canadian newspaper, as well as a great majority of Canadian radio stations, gave considerable publicity to that large-scale defence scheme, our own Service’s official paper declined to even mention the event. No siree! Not even a mention. And even after the official publication of the R.C.N.V.R., “The Crow’s Nest”, reported on “Operation Metropolis”, our own publication, “The Roundel”, failed to give us a line of publicity. Publicity is what we want. Publicity is what we are told to get. So how about it, Mr. Editor?”

“The Jet Journal”

No. 438 (Reserve) Squadron

(We would still be glad to publish a story on “Operation Metropolis” with an analysis of the lessons to be learned from it, if anyone cares to write it for us. A study of any good achievement does not become “stale” for quite a while. Since, however, the entire staff of “The Roundel” consists of the editor, the artist, and a stenographer, we are unable to send special reporters into the field. The American and Canadian newspapers above referred to obtained their stories from the R.C.A.F. Public Relations Branch, whose business it is to take care of “hot” news and immediately essential publicity. “The Roundel” and the Public Relations Branch try to supplement, not to overlap, each other’s functions.—Editor)

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