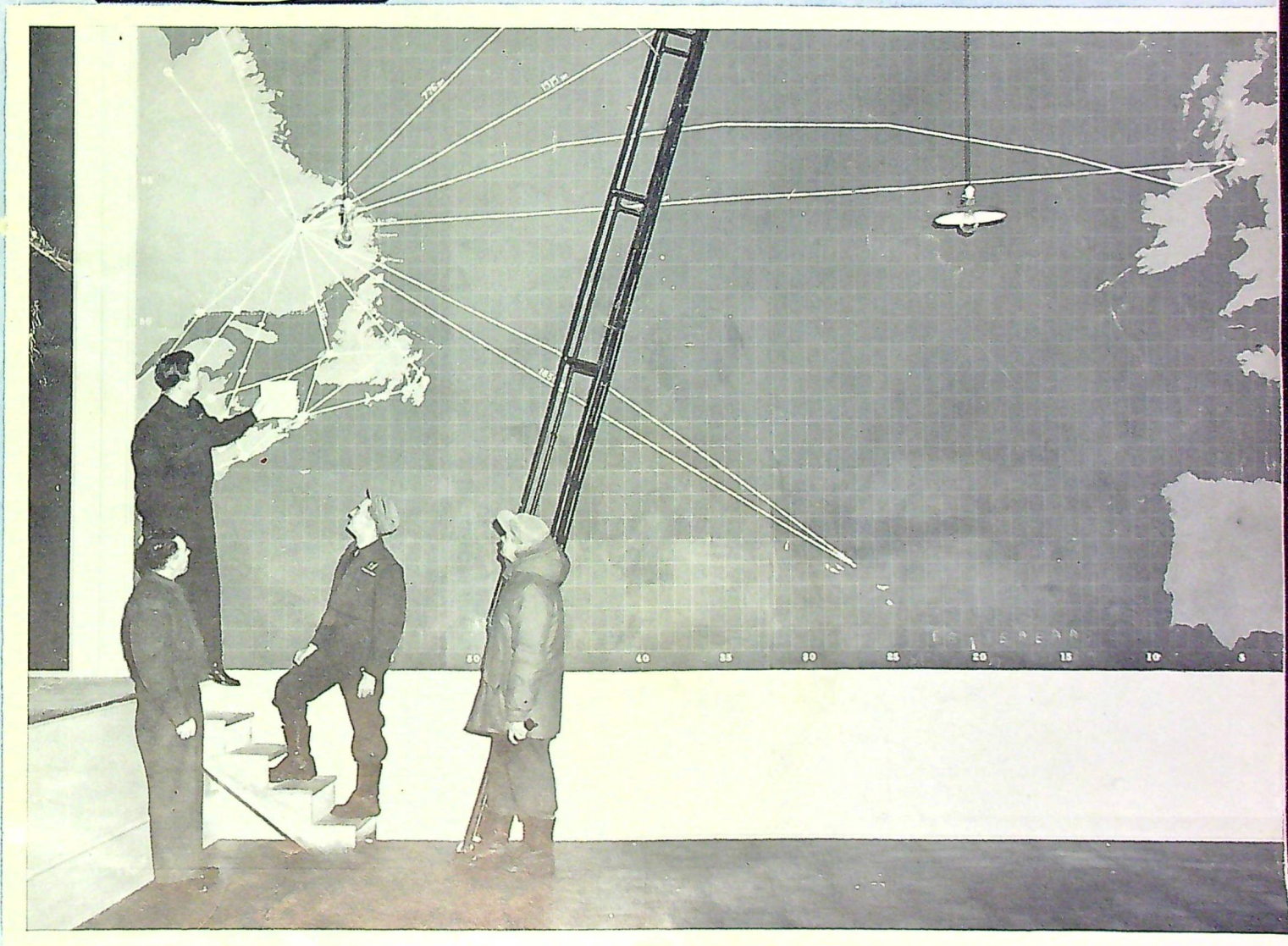


# *The* **CROWNDDEL**

VOL. 2, No. 7

MAY 1950



**ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE**



Issued on the authority of  
**THE CHIEF OF THE AIR STAFF**  
 Royal Canadian Air Force

VOL. 2, No. 7

MAY 1950

\* \* \* **CONTENTS** \* \* \*

**EDITORIAL**

	<i>page</i>
Sgt. Shatterproof is not Immune.....	1

**ARTICLES**

Stalag Luft III: Part 7.....	3
An Idyll of the South Atlantic.....	10
"The Roundel" Visits—	
R.C.A.F. Station Goose Bay.....	17
Canada's Radar Outposts.....	39
The Future of Air Bombardment.....	43

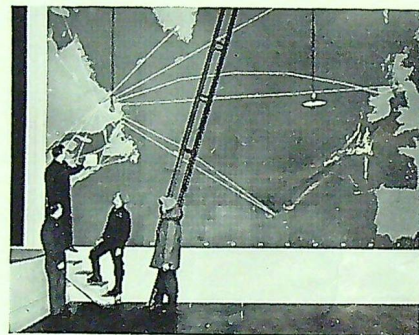
**REGULAR FEATURES**

R.C.A.F. Association.....	28
What's the Score?.....	34
Royal Canadian Air Cadets.....	36
The Dimmer View.....	47
Letters to the Editor.....	48

**MISCELLANY**

Editorial Confidences.....	2
Backward Glances.....	9
Stations are What You Make Them.....	16

**This Month's Cover**



Flt. Lt. D. R. Cuthbertson, Search & Rescue Officer at R.C.A.F. Station Goose Bay, explains route of mercy flight to Mary's Harbour to crew, (left to right) Flt. Lt. G. J. Williams, D.F.C., Flying Officer J. M. Coates, and Flying Officer S. W. Nichols.

EDITORIAL OFFICES:  
 Room 3130, D.N.D. Bldg. "B,"  
 Ottawa, Ont.

# Sgt. Shatterproof is Not Immune

Sir:

I write as one who has been dragged back from the brink of a precipice. But for the intervention of Fate (in the unlikely shape of young Cudgel Fetlock), I might at this very moment be plunging headlong into the frightful abyss of matrimony. Even Shatterproof is not immune to the menace of Spring.

As I sit here in my room silently contemplating the bust of Napoleon that stands upon my table, I reflect how apparently insignificant are the circumstances that sometimes alter the course of history. Had St. Simon de Roquefort not burnt a batch of cookies, King Alfred might never have signed the Habeas Corpus Act. If Madame Curie had not mislaid her key in a drawer full of X-ray plates, we would not have radar to-day. Similarly, but for a boyish prank of young Cudgel Fetlock, I would no longer be free to give my undivided attention to guiding the destiny of our Service. It makes one think.

Even you, Sir, must have felt the influence of this dread season. Love's magic spell is everywhere. LAC Bladder spends his noon-hours prancing to and fro inside the fence that separates the barrack blocks from the highway, uttering flute-like mating-cries at the passing village maidens. Flt. Lt. Oglebody has tuned up his M.G. convertible and may be seen almost any evening conveying young ladies at high speed about the countryside. Cpl. Aperture, of the Photographic Section, occupies most of his leisure by prowling around the Station swimming-pool with his camera, in search of what he calls "nature subjects"; and Flying Officer Backflip has resumed his annual task of teaching the C.O.'s daughter the crawl. In such an atmosphere, it is not hard to lose one's grip on reality.

I have often mentioned to you my custom of dining at least twice a week with my old friend Farmer Fetlock, who owns the property adjoining our aerodrome. I have spoken, too, of Miss Clasper, his unmarried sister-in-law, and I have touched lightly upon the esteem in which this lady holds me—an esteem, I must add, that the questionable quality of her pies has hitherto prevented me from returning.

During the past winter, however, there has been a marked improvement in Miss Clasper's cooking. So noticeable was it that even before the snow had disappeared I caught myself once or twice wondering whether she might not be closer to forty than fifty. But I quickly dismissed such tender speculation as being unworthy of a carefree bachelor. I contented myself with complimenting her on her work, and ate doggedly on.

All might have been well had not the arrival of Spring coincided with Miss Clasper's mastery of



the secret of making my favourite chocolate meringue filling.

Picture the situation to yourself, Sir. An N.C.O. in the prime of life, striding vigorously towards his dinner on a golden Spring evening . . . his soul



soothed by the song of newly-wedded birds, by the bleating of sheep, by the tinkling of cow-bells . . . dreaming of the forthcoming pleasures of the table, cares of State temporarily forgotten . . . then the welcome at the farmhouse door . . . the festive board, the noble roast . . . and finally, an admiring lady plying him with chocolate meringue pie . . .

Is it any wonder that after a few such experiences I weakened? Can you blame me if eventually I began to succumb to the combined blandishments of nature and art? Demoralized by pie, bewitched by the season, I rushed heedlessly on to my doom. Then suddenly, at the eleventh hour, Fate stepped in.

I had bitten deeply into my third piece of pie, and had actually reached the point of returning Miss Clasper's ardent glances, when something squirmed convulsively between my teeth. Abruptly I dropped the pie on to my plate, just in time to see the front half of a heavily-muscled cockroach thrashing its way into the thickest part of the filling . . .

I doubt if young Cudgel will ever know why I interceded for him as his father was leading him by the ear to the woodshed. He is only a boy. He is still too young to realize that there is no swifter antidote to love's magic spell than half a cockroach in a piece of chocolate meringue pie.

## Editorial Confidences

The Editor of the "De Havilland Gazette" admits his failure to satisfy three recent simple requests from the Press:

- "Can you provide an air-to-air photograph of the altitude-record Vampire at the top of its climb? Or could you do it again so that we could take one?"
- "Could you lend us a Dove or that blue

Consul to get some stratosphere pictures of the Comet?"

- "We want to get a photo of the coastline from 40,000 ft. Of course, we should need a window out."

He also confides that people often ask him how he puts the "Gazette" together. It is, he says, merely a matter of sizing up an item: if it's too short he just writes something and if it's a bit too long he just

# Stalag Luft III: Part 7

BY FLT. LT. JOHN E. MAHONEY

## CHAPTER NINE

### On the March

FROM THE BEGINNING of 1945, speculation ran high as to whether or not the Germans would move us from Sagan. The rapid Russian advance had finally reached a point only forty-five miles away. Many of us were hoping that we would be liberated by the Russians. Most agreed that if they advanced that far into Germany, the war would be as good as over. Everyone was in a state of suspense, and rumours ran wild. On the advice of the Senior British Officer, we began to make preparations for a march. Food prices went crazy. Chocolate bars rose from eighty to two hundred points. Clothing, except for thick socks, fetched practically nothing.

At ten o'clock on the night of January 27th, we were sitting quietly in our room when the dreaded news arrived.

"Listen!" said George suddenly. "What's going on in the corridor?"

From outside the room there came the sound of many trampling feet. People were running up and down. Doors were slamming, and above it all rose an excited chatter of voices . . .

Just then the Adjutant poked his head around the door.

"Be ready to move in one hour's time."

We began frantically to pack. In five minutes the room was a shambles. At such times it's pretty hard to know what to take and what to leave behind.

Frank looked at my suitcase (made from eight Red Cross boxes) and exclaimed: "Say, you'll never carry that load!"

"I'm going to try, anyway."

"Are you taking your log book?" George asked.

"I sure am," I replied. "That's the last thing I'd leave."

"What about your letters?"

"I'm leaving them," I said. "Just taking a few snapshots."

Then Ivan: "How many cigarettes are you taking, John?"

"About three thousand," I replied, adding gloomily: "I'll have to leave about five thousand."

"I'd like some, if you don't mind."

"Help yourself."

Ivan took about a thousand, and, after offering them around, I followed a sort of scorched earth policy by dumping the remainder in a tub of water. Ivan got to work on the food problem, making paste of oats, margarine, sugar, milk and honey. The food cupboard was raided indiscriminately — there was no time to portion it out equally. We would just have to try to stick together.

Presently word came that we had another hour's grace. We breathed more easily: this would give us time to pack our kits properly. None the less, when I had finished, I had to bend nearly double to carry my pack on my back. It must have weighed about ninety pounds. Besides food and cigarettes, I had nearly all my clothes and three blankets as well. I was pondering the matter when one of the boys came into the room very enthusiastic over a new idea. Apparently most of the fellows were making sleighs. It was a happy thought. We worked furiously for the next hour, ripping slats off the walls, breaking up the tables, beds, and anything else that would yield suitable pieces of lumber. At the end of it all we had three fine-looking sleighs, and were all ready to go.

There was another delay, of which we took advantage by resting on our bunks and enjoying a well-earned cigarette. As we relaxed on our old straw mattresses and white sheets (actually provided for us by the Germans and laundered every month), we couldn't help wondering how long it would be before we would sleep so comfortably again.

Finally we were ordered to line up outside. We stood by our sleighs on the gleaming white snow while the Germans counted us prior to going through the gate. Outside the camp we stopped at the parcels store, where each of us was given a Red Cross food parcel. The sleigh was now loaded to the brim. It must have carried over two hundred pounds.

The first part of our journey took us along a country lane, where the ground was very rough, with hidden tree stumps and holes beneath the surface of the snow. We had not gone very far when we had the misfortune to break a runner in one of the ruts, which made our sleigh doubly hard to pull.

I had started out by pushing, the pulling being done by Jim. (I shall call my partner "Jim," though that is not his real name.) Before more than ten minutes had passed, I was nearly on my knees with fatigue.

"Hell, this is going to be terrible, Jim," I said. "I'm nearly worn out already."

He looked surprised. "Are you? I'm all right. Here, you come and pull and I'll push for awhile."

Eventually we both pulled, which seemed easier than pushing. Even so, after about a mile I was completely exhausted. I couldn't understand it, as Jim seemed quite fit. Then we were given a brief rest.

We were soon off again. In no time at all the strain began to tell on me. I had a terrific pain in my side, my lungs were nearly bursting, and I was wringing wet with perspiration from head to toe.

"I can't stand this much longer." "I'm going to have to quit," I told Jim.

"Nonsense. You'll be all right. I guess you're just not in condition," Jim said. "It'll be easier after awhile."

"It's no use," I said. "I'm afraid the sleigh is too heavy. We'll have to ditch some of the stuff." I felt like a heel, as Jim didn't seem to mind the weight.

"O.K. If you feel you have to," he said reluctantly.

At the next rest period we ditched about thirty pounds of kit, which included one thousand cigarettes, a pair of skates, and a pair of flying boots.

(All along the roadside were articles thrown away by fellows who found they had more than they could carry.) The sledding seemed slightly better after this, but it was still by no means an easy task.

We had reached the main road by now, where the going improved considerably. I managed to keep moving with difficulty for about three-quarters of an hour, till I obtained my second wind. From then on it didn't seem so bad, but I still could not understand why I should be taking it so much harder than Jim. I knew he had always been a great one for exercise, but I didn't think it made all that difference. I had played quite a bit of softball myself.

"Maybe that broken runner makes it harder pulling on this side," I said to Jim. "How about changing over?"

This we did, but things seemed no better.

We kept the march up all that night, stopping for a few minutes' rest after each mile at first, then, as we grew accustomed to the effort, after each two or three miles. Each time we halted, most of the fellows just flopped on to the ground where they stood. It would have been easy to escape during the hours of darkness, but the S.B.O. (doubtless having the massacre in mind) had ordered that no attempts were to be made.

Shortly after daybreak, during one of the halts, a pal of mine walked up, looking rather dejected. He was carrying his kit on his back.

"How are you doing, Ray?" I asked.

"I'm just about all in," he answered.

"What about putting your stuff on top of our sleigh," I suggested, "and pushing while we pull?" I suggested.

"That's swell," he said. "Is it O.K. with Jim?"

Jim agreed, and Ray put his kit on our sleigh. From then on pulling was much easier. For the first time since we started I really felt that I could keep on till the end.

I began to take notice of the others around me. We certainly were a motley crowd, dressed in the oddest assortment of clothes one could imagine — greatcoats with the bottoms cut off, scarves wound round our heads, homemade hats of all descriptions . . . We trudged along mostly in groups of twos, threes, and fours, strung out along the road



*\*On the march. A halt for supper*

as far as the eye could see. The whole ten thousand of us must have stretched many miles, but we were kept in groups of about two thousand, as we were handled more or less by Compounds.

The vast assortment of sleighs was a sight to behold. They were made of anything from a frying pan to a complete bed. One bright lad had sawn the bedposts off his bed, turned it upside down, and was using the whole bed as a sleigh. It took five people to pull it, but it worked. There were boxes, tables, chairs, practically anything that could be rearranged to slide over the snow. Someone had even screwed two pairs of skates to the top of a table.

At one o'clock in the afternoon we had a four-hour rest in the town of Friewalde. This was a Godsend, as it gave us our first chance to get a decent bite of food since we had started the march eleven hours before. Up till then we had subsisted on snacks hurriedly eaten during the various few-minute halts throughout the day.

We stopped right in the centre of the town, and the whole population turned out to see us. The German civilians were, on the whole, very friendly. They dished out hot water to us, with which we

\*(The photographs published with this chapter were taken during the second march, from Tarmstedt to Trenthorst, which is described in our next issue.—Editor)

made coffee. Cigarettes were handed out lavishly by our boys in return — an ample repayment, since a good cigarette cost about thirty cents on the German black market. An amusing feature was the way each and every one of us, both single and married, eyed the pretty German girls. No doubt any woman would have seemed pretty to us then, as this was our first close-up view of the female sex for quite some time.

We moved to a village about four miles farther on where arrangements had been made for our accommodation. This turned out to be a huge country barn. About five hundred of us were packed into it like sardines. It was cold, dirty and lightless, but to us it was a haven of rest, for we had walked more than twenty miles that day, carrying our burdens or pulling our sleighs.

Here we were issued with bread and margarine. Food was eaten in a rough and ready manner, as the most we could do was to spread meat, cheese or jam on bread. In spite of the cold and our soaking feet and frozen boots, we slept soundly.

At eight o'clock in the morning, stiff and aching, we started forth once more to face another day of nightmare tugging and straining. During the first rest period, Ray drew me to one side.

"Say, John, I don't think Jim is pulling hard enough. His line is slack half the time. Take it a bit easier . . ."

We carried on till Jim had to stop to tie his shoe-lace. Ray and I kept on so that we would not drop behind. To our amazement there was no increase in the effort of pulling. We looked at each other. Our suspicions were confirmed. When Jim caught up, I said to him: "It seems just as easy with two as with three. Shall we take turns giving one man a rest?" He muttered something about "not thinking it was a good idea," and we carried on. He'd had his hint.

Many of the men who found the marching too tough — as well, I'm sure, as some malingerers — were dropping out all along the way, to be picked up later by transport. The German guards, too, found it hard. Although they did not have as much to carry as we did, they were nearly all old men long past their days of fitness for front-line service.

We arrived that evening in the city of Muskau, worn and tired, having marched nearly forty miles in two days. We were overjoyed at our new quarters — a brick-factory. There were about two hundred of us installed there. Others had been sent, respectively, to a cinema, a glass-factory, a riding-stable, and a French workers' camp. The brick-factory was heaven. Numerous ovens beneath the floor provided more than ample warmth, and excellent cooking facilities were offered by the brick-ovens. The only disadvantage was the dirt and dusty atmosphere. However, the availability of showers compensated for this.

The following day we were met by some fellows from the American Compound who were quartered in another part of the building. They had had a much worse time than we, with no accommodation whatsoever during the first night. They had to sleep in the snow in ditches, and were given practically no rest apart from this. Officers fell exhausted by the wayside and some had hands and feet frozen. Over one hundred prisoners and sixty percent of the Goon guards deserted the column. Four men died of exposure. On one occasion a stampeding horse caused some of the prisoners to jump for the ditches. The guards, thinking it was a mass break, opened fire, wounding two men.

We spent three nights and two days in the brick factory, and were sorry to leave it on the third morning. We marched only a mile or so to the riding-stable, where we joined some other members of the Compound. Here, in a large, bare, dung-smelling barn, we were told that we were to spend the night. Half the fellows who had been there when we arrived had been sick from the smell of it. Just as we were settled in (I had wangled a lovely bed of straw or a bed), we received marching orders for half-past ten that night.

The next stage of the journey was really tough. Nature decided to take a hand and deal out deuces. The weather suddenly became very mild and the snow began to melt fast. During the day I found a beautiful big smooth-running sleigh in someone's back yard, but I doubted if there would be even enough surface to carry even this. I therefore discarded much of my kit. My load now consisted

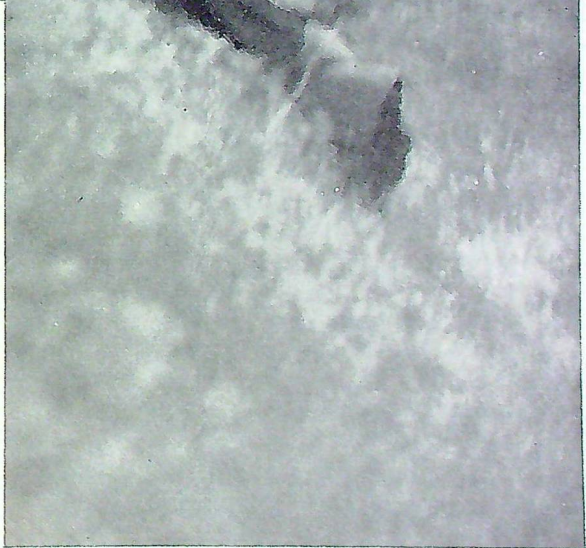


*Resting on the march*

of one shirt, one pair of trousers, one set of underwear, my log book, toilet accessories, one pair of socks (I was wearing two), two food parcels, and two thousand cigarettes.

We started off. The sledding was fairly easy at first, except in the centre of the city, where we had a long hill of half-melted ice to climb. It was an absolute back-breaker, and we would have ditched our sleigh there and then, as many others were doing, but for our hope that there would be more snow outside the city.

When we came to the outskirts, we were dismayed to find that the thaw had melted all but a thin strip along the edge of the road, barely wide enough for the runners. The little snow there was



kept melting away, and the pulling became harder and harder.

At last Louie and Bill, two members of our room who were right behind us, decided to ditch their sleigh. I suggested that they dump their kits on ours, and off we went again, pulling five kits with no more trouble than before.

During one of the halts, Bill remarked that Jim's line was slack all the time. In fact, he expressed the thought in no undecided terms.

"There's no need to pull hard," Jim said. "The sleigh's riding easily enough."

Ray flared up at this. "You'd better pull like the rest of us, damn it! You've been lying down on the job all along."

At this Jim went berserk, yanked the sleigh forward madly, broke Bill's rope, and ended up in the ditch. We managed to control our tempers, preferring silent contempt; but we had had just about enough.

We held out with our sleigh for about six more miles — much longer than most — but finally had to abandon it when we came to a long stretch of completely bare road. As we loaded our kits on to our backs, the German guards hovered around us like buzzards around carrion, hoping we would ditch something valuable. But we didn't leave much. To the sleigh we pinned a note: "Please return this sled to the owner, Herr Franz Hoffman, Muskau. Compliments of the Royal Air Force."

It was much harder carrying our kits on our backs. Before long our feet were sore and tired and our backs and shoulders were aching terribly; but we carried on, knowing that we were to have a long rest after four more miles.

Our next stop was at another ordinary barn, every inch of which had been covered with fresh straw. After a quick bite to eat we threw ourselves down on the straw and fell asleep. Four hours later we were awakened with the news that we had only five more miles to go. Our destination was Spremburg, where we were to entrain for a camp near Bremen, in north-western Germany.

This stage of the journey was real torture. We were all just about ready to drop dead while we slowly formed into single file in order to march through a narrow pathway in a soggy field. At

last we arrived at an army barracks, where we were given some hot soup and four more hours' rest before our final march to the train.

Then once more we took up our packs. The Germans made us do the remaining three miles without a halt. I still don't know how we did it. I think it was only the thought of reaching the long-looked-for train that spurred us on to a last desperate effort. We arrived completely exhausted, too tired to care that our future means of conveyance was nothing more than the old "Hommes 40 — Chevaux 8". (Yes, the cattle cars again.)

In our car we were not as lucky as some. When we were in, the guards locked both doors, leaving us with no light or ventilation except that which seeped in through the cracks of the doors. Some of the cars had doors that could be opened, as the locks were broken. However, this made no difference to the Goons. If a door had a lock, it must be locked. If it had no lock, it must be open. It was typical of the Goon mentality.

This time there was no straw provided. To make ourselves comfortable, we spread three thicknesses of blankets on the floor and everyone took off their shoes. It was pitch dark inside and we had to get organized entirely by feel and by lighting matches. We hammered nails in the walls to hang up as much of our kit as possible, then stacked the remainder all around the sides of the car. This left very little room to lie down. When we were settled for the night, we were lying tight against each other on our sides.

The journey to the train seemed to have finished Jim. He completely broke down under the stress, losing control of his temper when anyone jostled or stepped on him, and yelling like a baby each time it occurred — notwithstanding the fact that it was happening to everyone in the car. He finally became so selfish, argumentative and insulting, that we could stand it no longer, and told him that from then on he was on his own.

We were on the train two days. Our destination was a camp near Tarmstedt, about twenty miles north-east of Bremen. Up till that time it had been known as "Milag und Marlag Nord", a camp for naval and marine prisoners. We arrived there

just at dusk on the eighth day after leaving Sagan. We were then only about two thousand strong, as the other groups had been sent elsewhere.

When we arrived at the gates of our new camp, there was the inevitable search. It was a dirty night. It had been raining intermittently, and we had to stand on the wet road with our packs on our backs for two hours before they let us in. Some poor devils, whose turn was last, must have stood for at least six hours before they were admitted. And believe it or not, we were yearning with all our hearts to get inside that barbed wire.

Once inside we were taken to our rooms, where we were given straw to spread on the floor. We looked around at the bare, dingy rooms. They were in a shambles, having been practically torn apart by the previous occupants, some naval ratings, who wouldn't believe that they were being evacuated to make room for their own compatriots.

"Never mind," said the dauntless Louie, "in a week we'll have the place looking like a brand new home . . ."

(To be continued)



## Backward Glances

"Three Bleriot monoplanes were brought out to be photographed, and on lining up were joined by the Windham monoplane . . . Then, at the moment when shutters clicked, Mr. Windham was gently precipitated to the ground, the main frame of his machine snapping about midway of its length."—From "*Flight*" of October 23rd, 1909.

"It was on Saturday last that Mr. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon succeeded in fulfilling the conditions of the *Daily Mail* £1,000 prize for the first circular mile flown on a British machine, and his mount was the Short biplane with which he has been experimenting for some time at the flying ground of the Aero Club at Shellbeach . . . He understands the tuning-up and adjustment of the motor as well as any mechanician . . . he is fearless, with just that dash of recklessness that one admires while still deploring it—that touch of recklessness which alone can make a pioneer aviator."—From "*Flight*" of November 6th, 1909.

"M. Quinton, President of the Ligue Nationale, predicts a useful future for aeroplanes for the purpose of crossing desert country. He instances the journey from Timbuctoo to Colomb Beshar, the terminus of the Oran Railway. The distance is 1,000 miles and at present three months are occupied in the journey. M. Quinton maintains that with an aeroplane capable of going 40 m.p.h., three days would be sufficient . . . and suggests that a fare of £3 7s 6d should be charged."—From "*Flight*" of November 13th, 1909.

# An Idyll of the South Atlantic

by CORPORAL J. H. BÉLANGER, No. 426 (T) Squadron

*(This article, which has only recently come into our hands, describes a training flight made last summer by one of No. 426 Squadron's North Stars. The author travelled in the aircraft as a maintenance crewman, and his impressions of the trip seem to us well worth publishing here. He writes in the letter that accompanied the manuscript, "English is an acquired language with me"; but we feel that this is an advantage rather than a disadvantage, as his occasional Gallicisms add much to the colour and life of the narrative.—EDITOR)*

WE LIFT SMOOTHLY into the night air above Montreal. For several minutes the engines labour. Then the power is cut, the warning lights go out, belts are released, cigarettes are lit and nerves relaxed. We are on our way.

Inside the spacious cabin of the North Star, several litters have been put up. These, together with the standard seats, provide adequate sleeping-space, and blankets are available for padding rough edges. Even before the climb is completed, the lights are switched off and we go about our business of catching a little sleep.

This is not an easy matter. Some chaps tell you that their most refreshing naps were taken in aircraft. The catch is, of course, that the aircraft to which they refer were still in the hangar. Examples of deep slumber during flight, however, are considerably more rare. Except in the case of those few happy souls for whom noise acts as a soporific, a state of semi-somnolence is the closest approach to unconsciousness obtainable in the North Star.

After two or three hours of quiet flight, we enter the vicinity of an electric storm. Natural phenomena have never failed to impress my imagination. People who have had the good fortune to be born on a farm can recall the fascination of the thunder-storm that rends the sky on a hot summer night. But here something new is added to magic of the ordinary. Gigantic sparks light up the sky above and around, and at precipitous depths below. Awesome designs flash upon the dark screen of the night, and I am reminded of the Satanic splendours

of Dante's Inferno. Yet the roaring power-plants drown out the thunderclaps and somehow seem to dominate the storm . . .

By mid-morning we reach our destination. Simmering under the tropical sun, the rectangular island of Puerto Rico is leaping into sight on the eastern fringes of the Caribbean.

It has been a long flight, and the members of the crew are congratulating each other on "hitting" the island right on time. It is, apparently, a habit with flyers to "hit" their destination everywhere they go. In point of fact, we do not hit Puerto Rico. We make a perfect landing on the hard runways of Ramey Air Base near the westernmost tip of the island.

We are greeted by the American Base Commander, and after we have eaten, we embark in a station wagon for the town of Aguadilla, a city of some fifteen thousand souls six miles from the Base.

Although I have read somewhere that Latin Americans have notions of their own on how to drive cars, I am not prepared for the ride that follows. Without ever slowing down noticeably, the driver manages to clear the way by means of a dozen or more musical horns on which he plays entertaining little tunes. It also seems to be the custom to increase one's speed when driving through a village. Possibly the inhabitants reason that by cutting down on the time it takes to go through a village they reduce the accident hazards proportionally.

In Aguadilla, the driver lets us off at the Plaza.

Here, W.O. II Cates asks a policeman how to get downtown. This dignitary appears somewhat puzzled, and when at last he gathers our meaning, he gives us to understand that downtown is the exact spot where we are standing.

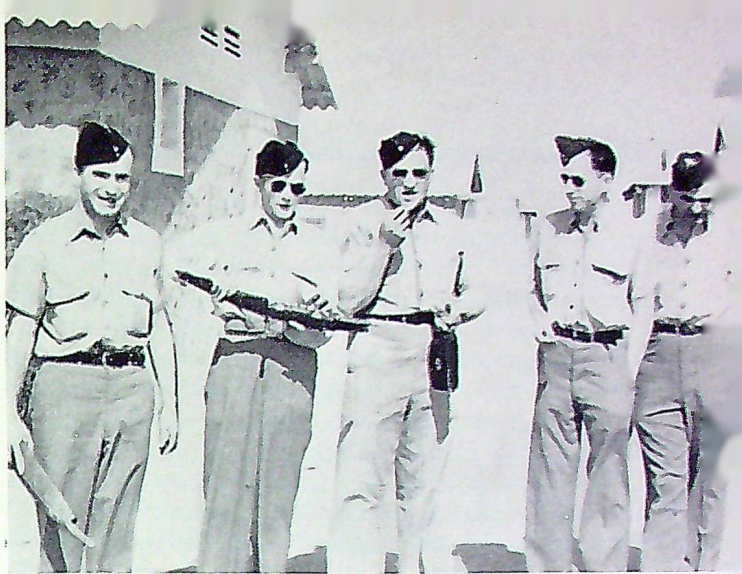
As we walk, kids keep tugging at our sleeves, asking for pennies. LAC Brown (the cheat) is giving away Canadian nickels which seem to arouse more curiosity than confidence. One gets the impression that American pennies are worth more. None the less, the children thank us with wide grins. Pointing to our shoulder badges, they ask "You Canada?" Upon being informed that it is so indeed, they break into condescending smiles. "We Americanos!" They have it all over us.

We are, naturally, somewhat at a loss to know where we should go. Luckily, our Instrument Technician has brought his pocket compass with him. The needle of it is found to be pointing straight at Tony's Bar. Though we do not, of course, wish to go to Tony's Bar, we have been so emphatically warned against drinking unchlorinated water that we are more or less compelled to.

Tony, we are pleased to find, is an ex-G.I. As can be expected, he speaks fluent English. Casual bar-room acquaintances, all very proud of their recently acquired American citizenship, talk willingly about their colourful island, and from them it is learned that there is a circus in town.

By now, our party is beginning to break up. Some wish to go dancing, arguing that a great deal of fun can be had at dances. Though not questioning the soundness of their viewpoint, I prefer to stay with the group who have elected to visit the circus.

For the benefit of the curious, let me say that a Puerto Rican circus is a great deal like a small-time circus anywhere else. It has jugglers, tight-rope dancers, trained elephants, etc. Indeed the only essential difference is that the elephants must understand Spanish instead of English. So, of course, must the audience. Consequently we feel a little left out of the many jokes — which, to judge from the general laughter and applause, are of high quality. The gusto of both audience and performers brings to my mind a quotation from Hawthorne to the effect that happiness consists in



*Dakar. Left to right: LACC. E. Brown, Cpl. E. F. Chabot, Sgt. H. E. Smith, Sgt. A. A. Drackley, Cpl. P. Zimmer.*

living "through the whole range of one's faculties and sensibilities." These people, with their small needs and within their small means probably lead just as happy lives as many of their richer and more sophisticated American fellow-citizens.

The next morning sees us up early. The camp is already alive with activity, taking advantage of the cool part of the day. By about nine o'clock we are waving good-bye to our American friends, and are once more winging our way above the opalescent Caribbean. Presently a woolly fleece materializes below, and the exotically-named islands beneath us are hidden from view. Our traffic man turns on his stove and soon passes hot soup around. A bridge game gets under way. We are alone in the sky.

Atkinson Field in British Guiana, where we land early in the afternoon, is an American Air Force Base located about twenty miles upstream from Georgetown on one of the many nondescript rivers of the Colony. After being driven to camp, tentative plans are made to visit Georgetown; but a U.S.A.F. corporal talks us out of it. It seems that there is only one dirt road going there, and that a rainstorm during the night could make the return impossible. "It's the rainy season," explains our friend, "and it rains every day — just the same as it does in the dry season." So, instead, we take in a "B" movie at the Base cinema.

Such pictures as a rule lack substance, but this film has something outstanding. It evidences a

new trend in movie-making. The hero is a gun-toting individualist with a lot of poise and personality. After many vicissitudes, he is faced with the ordeal of choosing between a bird-brained ingénue and a relatively old night-club dancer. In less enlightened days, the sweet young thing would have won hands down; but not any more. Our cowboy realizes that young girls are liable to have too many inhibitions. He therefore settles down on a ranch with the riper lady, to a life of steer-wrangling and chicken-raising.

After the show, a few of us proceed to a N.C.O.'s club where two kinds of entertainment are proffered: drinking beer and playing the slot-machines. Being Canadians of canny breed, we stick mainly to the former pastime. From our conversation with American acquaintances, we perceive that the Base personnel have a tendency to feel themselves "bushed." The dense jungle offers little relief from boredom. Georgetown, besides being difficult of access, is not very rewarding when you do get there. Besides, though the climate is not as hot as one might expect, the humidity is something pretty terrific.

\* \* \*

To-day we shall cross the Equator.

Up we go quickly to our prescribed altitude, through low rain-clouds into the realm where the sun is shining between occasional patches of cirrus. For several hours we fly along while gleaming cumuli parade past, towering high above and far below — multitudinous bundles of fluff disseminated throughout the vast expanse of space. Exhilarated, it may be, by a mild anoxia, I feel caught up in a web of romance.

It is now mid-afternoon and we are flying over the Atlantic off the mouth of the mammoth Amazon. The Equator is drawing near, and we gather that an initiation ceremony has been planned . . .

. . . and carried out! Although, owing to the circumstances, none of us has been fed to the "bears," as Navy polliwogs are, I now consider myself a full-fledged shellback and a life-member of whatever Order a cupful of cold water across the face makes one a member. King Neptune was here to administer the rite. He had his trident with

him and was in full regalia, but he did not bring his good Queen Amphitrite. Though she always shows up with him on shipboard, it probably would not have been a very good idea for her to make an appearance among twenty airmen so far from home.

\* \* \*

It was quite late when we landed at Natal last night, and all work was postponed until this morning. By mid-afternoon to-day we had completed our meticulous checking and servicing, and had made arrangements to drive into town.

In Brazil, as is well known, there are more Brazilians than in any other country in the world. At a street café near the Grand Hotel we met a pair of young Brazilians who said they were attending a college in this city. As their knowledge of English exactly matched our ignorance of Portuguese, we got along splendidly. Since President Dutra is now visiting the U.S.A., we were provided with an excellent subject for breaking the ice. Every time the name of President Dutra or President Truman was uttered we all jumped up in unison and drank a toast. At the present time the hopes of Brazilians seem to be focused upon the United States; but when I insisted that Canada is really a part of the American continent, our friends' enthusiasm knew no bounds. They said they had lots of cruzeiros, and that the next round was going to be on them . . .

We are scheduled to take off again at midnight.

\* \* \*

Leaving Natal, we headed north-east along the shortest route which bridges the Atlantic; and now at sunrise, we have covered half the distance to Dakar, the French outpost in West Africa. Once again the dripping sun rises from the ocean. For a few moments it hovers close to the horizon and it appears that we are headed straight for its flaming globe. But it quickly starts edging up, out of the way. The space around presents the appearance of a vacuum. There is not a cloud in sight anywhere, and the perfect limpidity of the atmosphere affords a deeper insight into the vastness of the universe. For several hours nothing whatever musters enough substance to catch the eye. We seem to be floating idly, half-way between the



*A Dakar belle*

sky-blue water and the sea-blue sky. We are the atom in the void.

By mid-morning, everyone goes through a series of facial distortions that would suggest to an unaffected observer that there is something very much wrong with this group of people. But it is not necessarily so. The pilot has started to descend and our facial gymnastics are meant to relieve the pressure on our ear-drums. We are in Africa.

\* \* \*

The city of Dakar is only a few degrees north of the Equator, and it gets quite warm in the daytime. It did not rain during our brief stay there, and for the first time since we entered the Tropics the night sky was free from overcast. I was allowed my first glimpse of the southern sky.

Mark Twain once remarked about the Southern Cross that "it looks more like a cross than anything else I have ever seen that does not look like a cross." Actually, he was exaggerating. Shining brightly in the clear African night, the Southern Cross can easily be made out by the least imaginative. Many familiar stars are visible, too. Arcturus still sheds his benign and yellow light, and the Big Dipper is in full view, though inverted. Polaris blinks dimly near the horizon.

The two aspects of Dakar that struck me as most noteworthy were the baobab trees and the native pedlars. Both have evolved their own methods of survival.

The Dakar climate is dry and little vegetation adorns the land. Squatting here and there about

the landscape, their limbs bare as though they were dead, grow the boababs. When the rains come, they are said to sprout leaves overnight, meanwhile storing water in their jar-shaped trunks. This reserve tides them over the next dry period, during which they shed their leaves in order to reduce evaporation to a minimum. What function these trees are fulfilling in Nature's overall design, I have been unable to discover.

The pedlars, unfortunately, have no off-season. They are always active. Since most of the shops were closed during the Saturday afternoon we spent in Dakar, we had ample opportunity of studying their business practices. At first, it is fairly difficult to make a dealer set a price to an item. He is interested in finding out whether you have any money. After he is satisfied that you have, he must make sure that it is not counterfeit. Next, he must type his customer, who may or may not belong to that class of tourist who can always afford to pay the asking-price. An enterprising fellow has to recognize his opportunities.

The client who does not have enough cash to subscribe to this principle is classified as a low-lifer who goes around chasing valuable merchandise and then has the gall to haggle over the price. (It was overwhelmingly obvious that my friends and I belonged to this category). The fact is quickly noted, and five-dollar items are liable to be priced anywhere between twenty-five and fifty dollars. It is up to those who have the moral grit to work the price down from there.

If the dealer has a lot of time on his hands (as he generally has), the bargaining is liable to be a long-drawn affair. He will start by praising you, and if that does not work, he will insult you. Should no good come from that either, he will turn conciliatory and beg you to help him carry on his trade without losing money at it. This is a pretty powerful argument — and it was only thanks to the natural endowments of Corporal Chabot and LAC Brown that we were let off as easily as we were.

\* \* \*

We are headed for Gibraltar over the westernmost fringes of the Sahara. Here and there a few

bushes can be seen amidst the ridges and the gullies, but the prevailing barrenness of the land is gloomy and forbidding. The sky is clear and the flying very smooth. After a few hours the ground below grows a bit less dreary, but we must swerve out to sea so as to skirt Spanish territory, and we catch only glimpses of such romantic places as Casablanca, Tangier, and Rabat. Presently the Rock of Ceuta is seen, squatting limply on this side of the Strait, while across the water Gibraltar stands watch. After a careful approach, we are set down smoothly on the single landing-strip of the Base, and for the first time in my life, I am setting foot upon the ancient soil of Continental Europe.

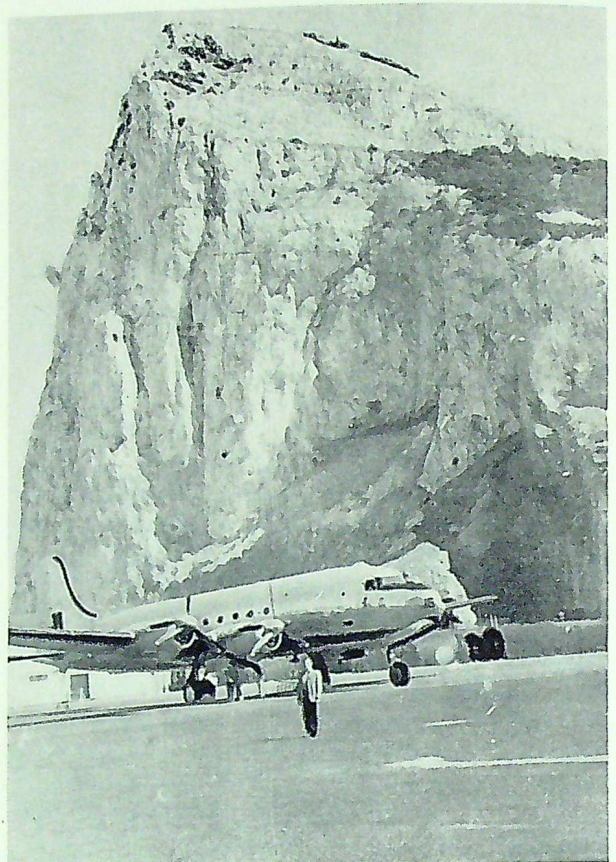
\* \* \*

The brevity of our stay did not allow us to see as much of The Rock's defences as we would have liked, but somehow the city's cosmopolitan population and the British troops garrisoning the citadel seem to have about them a consciousness of "immediacy." They like to tell anecdotes associated with the defence of the outpost. We were told, among other things, of the occasion when the gibbons which are kept on The Rock warned the guards of the approach of naval attackers.

Beneath the functional appearance of the place, normal life carries on. The shops are full of tapestries, fans, and silverware. Posters advertise a bull-fight which is to take place in the border town of La Linea. Spanish music from the many bars and cafés reaches the ears of the promenaders. Many such establishments are well equipped for the entertainment of the tourist. They have both bands and competent staffs of dusky Latin beauties who are well drilled in the art of helping clients part with their money without letting it hurt too much.

\* \* \*

Leaving Gibraltar for Great Britain, we head west after take-off so as to avoid flying over the Spanish peninsula. After a few hours' flying, I can see through the clouds a group of craggy islets which I wager with myself are the Isles of Scilly near the Cornish coast. Shortly afterwards, we let



*The Rock*

down through the low overcast and proceed at a low altitude. All the details of the British countryside come plainly into sight . . . copses and groves, castles and towns, the beautiful city of Bath. Unfolding rapidly, they drop behind as fast — reminding me somehow of an Offenbach melody.

At Lyneham we touch down for a Customs check, but we are soon up again on our way to the De Havilland airport near London. A British jet has located us by now, dips its wings in recognition, and idly escorts us to our destination.

The next morning is spent by the ground crews in servicing the aircraft — usually referred to as "the old bird" or "the old girl," or some other such endearing term — and after lunch everyone gets



Gibraltar. Left to right: Cpl. Zimmer, Sgt. Drackley, Sgt. Smith, and W.O.2 J. S. Cates.

ready to head for London, about fifteen miles away.

We are made to feel at home everywhere we go. "After seeing so many of you boys in the War," confides an expansive pub patron, "you can be sure we remember you." Several of those who have been here previously make for the nearest telephone in order to get in touch with war-time acquaintances. For the rest of us there is a great deal to do, and we have very little time.

Piccadilly, of course, comes first. Buckingham Palace, Madame Tussaud's, the galleries, and the museums, are all "musts" for tourists, but we have to omit many places of interest. Sufficient time is found to drop in at the "Windmill," however, where a pleasant array of British charm is always on parade. Another place we cannot afford to miss is the Tower of London. I find that this fabulous tower, so closely associated with the whole of British history, is not a mere tower but a large fortress on the bank of the Thames.

When you visit the Tower of London, you come out of it with a funny feeling in your stomach and pretty strong convictions about the Middle Ages. But if you reflect that the horrors related by the guides were distributed over several centuries, you realize that things were not so bad as they seemed. Our own half-century has certainly contained more

terror than any previous such period, and it is not impossible that the worst is yet to come. Bearing these facts in mind, you can come out of the Tower with a much milder opinion of the Mediaeval fellows that lived there.

I, however, am still inside, following my friend the Beef-Eater. He is now telling our party a story about the crows of the Tower, and presently we are shown a place in Rudolf Hess' jail where the latter carved his initials while a prisoner. "A detail of no historical importance whatever," we are told.

Later on, we are taken to a stone in the yard where they used to cut people's heads off. But this guide of ours is quite jolly about it all. One of the victims, he explains, was an old Queen who at the last minute refused to co-operate with the executioner. "I am no traitor," she said, "and I will not lay my head on a traitor's block." Thereupon, she ran off across the common while the sympathetic fellow with the axe ran after her and swung a couple of times, causing the head to be severed from the body and roll upon the ground. "A ghastly mess it was, you know," comments our guide in a detached sort of manner.

My stomach attempts a couple of somersaults, which I somehow manage to check. After all, one must consider a man's position. A mortician, for instance, must develop an outlook compatible with his occupation. A Beef-Eater's business being mostly with tourists, his manner must be calculated to impress; and this our guide does most capably. "These things sound shocking to-day," he continues, "but at the time they happened, people thought differently. Conspirators plotted, fully aware that their lives were at stake. If they succeeded, they liquidated their enemies, and if they failed, they expected to have their own heads chopped off. It was all part of the game, really."

\* \* \*

After so brief a stay in England, I do not propose to expound on the British character — although, of course, I formed several impressions. Like most western Europeans, the Britishers are the product of a high culture. In America, the schools produce a citizen who is pretty much like any other citizen,

just as any one nut from an American production line looks a great deal like any other nut put out by it. But the English are not so stereotyped. They are intent upon the acquisition of character and the development of individuality. Therefore they can be more interesting. Other British traits are shown in their sober ways of advertising and in their sporting spirit. Preposterous though it seems, English sportsmen actually play sports for the sake of sportsmanship.

Over and above any ties that Canadians may have with the British, I must say that I personally feel a certain kinship with these people. Their land, their ways, and their outlook, come closer to the spirit of the story-books of my childhood than anything I have seen in my own country. The English still respond to the grand old values. It would seem that ambition and self-interest have not gone so far in destroying their faith, and that cynicism has not made such deep inroads.

\* \* \*

England is now only a memory. Keflavik, in Iceland, where we refuelled both the aircraft and

ourselves, is far behind, and so is Goose Bay. Strong headwinds have prolonged our flight. It is the hour of sunset, and we are droning through the daffodil sky on our last homeward lap.

None of us is trying to sleep. For my own part, I am busy sorting out my impressions. I have probably seen as much of life and of the world as can be crowded into so short a time. It is possible that most of my hurriedly formed conclusions about countries and people may be false, but this flight has been one the landmarks of my life. Surely I shall long remember its many incidents . . . the experiences, the surprises, and the frivolities. But, of this voyage, as of any other, the finest part is the return home . . .

And now we are going down, and the lights of the metropolis shine up at us. Suddenly the drag increases, and our speed drops sharply. The landing gear is lowered, the powerful landing lights are switched on. A slight bounce, then a series of smaller ones: we are taxiing to the tarmac. Out of the chests of everyone on board rises a deep, deep sigh of satisfaction.

## Stations are What You Make Them

IT HAS BEEN my experience in the Service that a Station is very much what you are ready to make it yourself. It is so simple to sit down and criticize the efforts of others, whether the efforts be those of Ottawa, the commandant, your boss or your equal. We have all been in company with the habitual 'beefers' whom nothing can please, also of the type who is full of ideas but does nothing about putting them into action. Then, of course, there is the type who takes advantage of everything offered, says nothing, and offers nothing . . . not even a word of thanks. These types are in the minority, but so are the members of the Communist Party and look at the effect they are having in the world. Nothing is truer than the fact that it takes ten

good deeds to draw the same attention as one bad one.

If the Station lacks something that you consider would make it a better place in which to live, suggest it, push it, even if it takes months and co-operation seems to be lacking. If your idea is good and warranted you will win out in the end. Unfortunately most of us get discouraged too early in the fight and give up, hoping that someone else will do it for us. We wind up muttering something about not having sufficient authority to get such and such done and wander off feeling that no one has recognized our genius. The best things are always the most difficult to get.

(*Flt. Lt. J. D. Coupland, in "The Link"*)

# The Roundel Visits

## R.C.A.F. Station Goose Bay

BY FLT. LT. W. M. LEE

THE CORPORAL'S WIFE tugged her little girl's scarf into place and settled back into the North Star's canvas seat with a worried frown on her face. Beside her, her husband shifted their elder daughter on to his other knee and glanced at his watch. Then he gave his wife a reassuring grin. "Ten minutes more," he said into her ear. "Cheer up, darling. You're going to love it." She smiled back at him and gave a little nod which quite failed to express any conviction. The Merlins droned monotonously on.

Presently a crewman appeared and gestured with his thumbs that they were going down . . .

When the Corporal's wife, her legs uncertain from long inactivity, stood on the Goose Bay aerodrome beside the aircraft, she saw a stretch of hangars, an agglomeration of motor vehicles, and scores of parka-clad figures, some of them bustling busily about their work, others obviously come to meet friends or simply drawn by curiosity. A few minutes later she was in a large bus, the family luggage stacked around her, rumbling over the snow-covered road. Over to the right she could see a labyrinth of runways. To the left, beyond a foreground of sparse spruce trees, a range of white-capped mountains gleamed in the distance beneath scattered fluffy cumuli. While she was still gazing at this lovely sight, the bus turned off into a pretty residential area, with rows of spick and span, bright-looking houses. Outside one of them — a large two-storey affair painted white with green trimmings — the bus stopped, and the Corporal and his family disembarked and entered.

Inside, his wife flitted wide-eyed through the rooms, astonished at their size and at the com-



*Station working-buildings*

pletness and taste with which mere males had equipped the place. Everything was there, from a refrigerator to a fly-swatter, from chesterfields to sink-plungers, from chintz curtains to pot-holders. This was to be her home for the next two years. Within an hour of her arrival, her forebodings had begun to evaporate, and as the hours lengthened into days, and the days into weeks . . .

Well, let's see what she found out.

\* \* \*

The uninitiated are amazed at the popularity of this remote station of the R.C.A.F. Ninety-eight percent of married men in Maintenance Section — and a large majority of the single men too — ask to have their tour of duty extended. However, there's nothing surprising about it when one considers their reasons.



*Mrs. R. S. Clements, with Diane and Bruce in tow, stops for a chat with neighbours.*

Although the housing problem is not completely solved, it is certainly better than at most stations. No more living in one-room-with-a-hot-plate for married personnel posted to Goose. In Spruce Park, a beautiful wooded area a mile from the Station, are ninety permanent houses having two to four bedrooms, hardwood floors, inlaid linoleum, continuous hot water, modern baths, and individual oil furnaces. With the addition of 52 temporary apartments and 43 emergency dwellings (the former type comparing favourably with \$80-a-month apartments back in "civilization"), a married airman or officer can normally expect to have his family join him within a few weeks of his arrival at the Station. Kiddies are especially pleased to come to Goose. It's closer to the North Pole and their good friend Mr. Claus.

The isolation of the Station has no effect on the education of children. On the base is a school, staffed by five qualified teachers, which can take care of children from Kindergarten to Grade XII. Buses pick the children up practically at their doorsteps, deliver them to school, and return them to their homes after classes. With 112 students now enrolled and expectations of upwards of 150 for next year, the present school is to be replaced by a modern six-room school-house completely equipped down to the last laboratory test tube. The school principal will have two additional

teachers on his staff when he throws open the doors of the new Air Marshal Leckie school in Spruce Park next fall.

The recreation programme at Goose, although hampered by lack of space since the sports hangar burned down last year, still manages to fill many idle hours. A lively softball league operates during the summer and is matched by a five-team hockey league in winter.

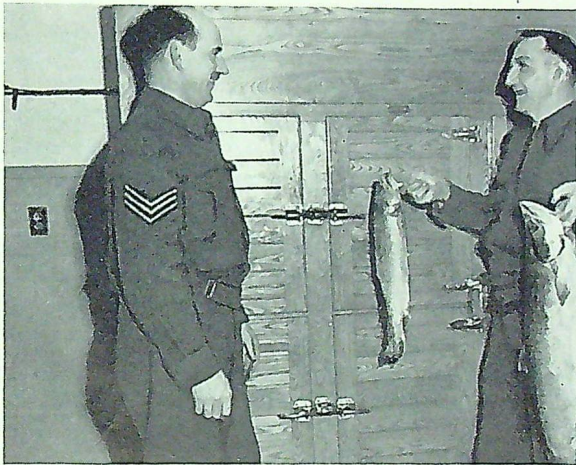


*Ft. Lt. Stibbards puts on his pads for a bout on the ice*

The recreation director, Mr. Bill Gordon, recently set up badminton courts in one of the hangars, and Ft. Sgt. Vezina of Sports Stores has a rugged body-building school in full swing. The outdoor sportsman (or sportswoman) is in his or her glory at Goose. While ski lodges in Ontario and Quebec were going bankrupt this winter for lack of snow, skiers at Goose Bay were slaloming and downhill to their heart's content. Skis are supplied by sports stores and a special beginners'

hill has been established close to the camp. A ski chalet, perched three-quarters of the way up a nearby mountain, is the focal point for experts who include in their ranks a surprising number of the Station's younger fry.

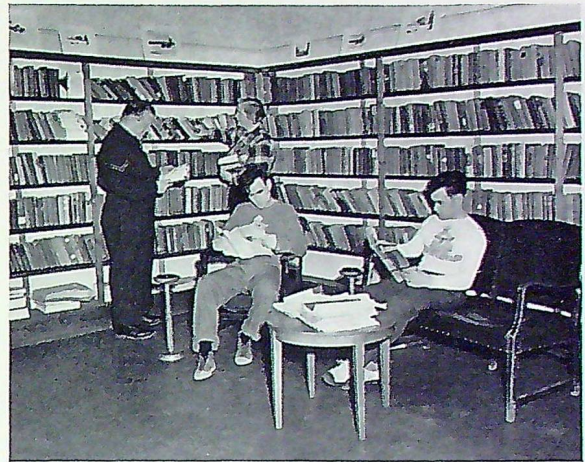
Snow-shoeing, hunting and fishing are other open-air sports rating high in popularity. Nearby woods abound in ptarmigan and arctic hare. Hunting parties, organized by various Station groups, usually return with a full bag and diminished waistlines. Lakes and rivers in the area teem with trout, salmon and rock cod. One N.C.O., Cpl. J. E. Pitre, of the Supply Section, recently spent 23 out of 26 days' leave fishing through an ice-hole in the bay in temperatures that dipped to 33° below zero and in winds of up to 40 m.p.h.



W.O.2 A. E. Dellaire displays his catch to Sgt. G. A. Noble

The Station library, although (since the big fire) it is not up to the standard that the librarian, Mrs. Margaret Hamilton, an ex-W.D., could wish for it, nevertheless contains a fair selection of books of all kinds as well as periodicals.

Goose Bay residents see the latest movies, often before they are shown generally in Canada, at reasonable prices in the "Astra Theatre" situated in the heart of the camp. The programme changes daily, with a special Saturday afternoon show for children. Cpl. W. R. Pearson, theatre manager and



The Station Library. Mrs. Margaret Hamilton, Librarian, in background.

chief projectionist, has received several offers from civilian companies but has turned them all down. "Despite the higher pay, I wouldn't think of leaving my friends and career in the Air Force," he says.

The Station boasts the normal messes, clubs and hobby-shops. But the airmen feel that in the "Copa Cannibal Club" they have the best of its kind in the Air Force. "I've been in a lot of Service clubs in Canada and overseas," proclaims LAC E. D. Wiebe of Flying Control, "but our Copa is the tops."

Fresh bread is made daily for the entire camp by a large Army Service Corps bakery. Laundry is no problem, for in addition to home washing-machines there is a large modern laundry where in an emergency you can get a shirt laundered in two hours, although 48-hour service is normal. A cleaning and pressing establishment provides three-day dry cleaning. Sgt. R. H. Backman, N.C.O. in charge of the laundry, employs 21 civilians, mostly native Newfoundlanders, and three Servicemen, turning out an average of 20,000 clothing articles per week. Sgt. Backman is one of the few people in the Air Force certain of his next posting. It must be Whitehorse, since that is the only other R.C.A.F. Station boasting a laundry. However, he and his family have been



*The Laundry*



*Station Grocery Store*

at Goose for six years and have no desire to leave.

Once a year Goose Bay families are allowed free air transportation to Montreal or the Maritimes for leave. A surprising number elect to spend their leave period right at Goose Bay or on camping expeditions in the area. "Why should we spend money in some crowded summer resort when we have this in our own backyards?" asks Sgt. R. V. Eisenhower, of the Signals Section, indicating the beautiful rolling hills in the distance.

There are no roads or railways into Goose Bay. Cut off from surface contact with the outside world at freeze-up in November, the camp depends entirely on the scheduled transport runs of No. 426 Transport Squadron, Montreal, for additional supplies and mail. Thrice weekly, residents cock their ears skyward, hear the familiar drone of the North Star, and mutter contentedly, "Ah, the Sked's in."

Just as in small towns the arrival of the 5 o'clock local promotes a gathering, so the landing of the Sked brings the non-working population of Goose down to the A.T.H.U. terminal. The North Stars carry an average of 25,000 lbs. of freight and 100 passengers into Goose Bay each week.

But most operating supplies for the Station are brought in during summer by water. Last year between May and November, 73 ships dropped anchor at the Goose Bay marine dock to unload

millions of gallons of diesel, aircraft and vehicle fuel, thousands of tons of living-necessities and building material, plus the myriad bits-and-pieces required to operate a Station of this size.

Two large root cellars have been dug to store root vegetables for winter use. Green vegetables are brought in twice monthly by the Sked run, and large refrigerators keep meat fresh for the grocery store and the various messes. About the only things that housewives lack are such delicacies as stuffed olives and imported cheese.

The general store sells everything from tooth-paste to toys and girdles. Run by Flying Officer L. E. Fallis, the Supply Officer, the store is constantly adding to its stock.

There is very little sickness at Goose Bay, colds being virtually non-existent in the crisp Labrador air. The 20-bed hospital, commanded by Wing Cdr. E. O. Campbell, houses expectant mothers more often than ailing Servicemen. The few male patients are usually victims of sports accidents, with skiing and hockey rating as top man-killers. One recent patient was the Station Warrant Officer, Flt. Sgt. W. M. Jessiman, who was pruned of a recalcitrant appendix. Patients, waiting glumly in the dental office, range from grizzled N.C.O.'s to cherubic school children.

Establishment of the hospital was a Godsend to the native Labradorians, who previously had



*Medical Assistant LAC J. K. Page takes temperature of Eskimo brought in by Search and Rescue.*



*Spruce Park housing area*

to rely on a few widely scattered mission hospitals or fend for themselves. Mobile medical and dental facilities are available for emergency cases among the native Newfoundlanders. Medical Assistants, such as LAC E. E. Foreman and LAC D. C. Foley, are periodically called upon to fly into remote areas with Medical Officers and Nursing Sisters to render aid to wounded trappers or sick Eskimo children.

\* \* \*

Situated on a sand plateau towering 80 feet above the surrounding muskeg and swamp, Goose Bay airport has been described as the gateway to the Eastern Arctic. Less than 900 miles from Montreal, the Station is slightly north of the great circle route between Montreal and Prestwick, Scotland. But possibly it is in the light of present global-war strategy that Goose Bay acquires its greatest prominence. Some experts claim that one of the most likely aerial routes for an attack from Europe on the economic heart of North America is over Greenland. This theory throws the spotlight on Goose as a potential interceptor base, employing radar and fighter planes.

The site for this giant aerodrome was discovered by Mr. Eric S. Fry, of the Department of Mines and Resources, in July 1941. Mr. Fry first heard

of the locality from Labrador inhabitants while scouring the Eastern Arctic in a Stranraer flying boat. He visited the Hamilton River area by boat, and after checking the terrain and soil carefully, lost no time in signalling Ottawa of his discovery. It had everything an airport needed — lots of room for runways, good year-round weather, sandy soil for easy excavation and drainage, and proximity to coastal waterways for supply.

Discovered by a Canadian, Goose Bay was built, developed and operated by Canadians. The story of the development of this base is one of the most fascinating in Canadian military annals, and to the men who planned and toiled to carve this great aerodrome out of the Labrador wilderness, Canada and the Allied Nations owe a debt of gratitude. The construction of Goose Bay broke all records for speed and ingenuity. The first planes landed only a few months after the site was selected, and a year later the airport was practically finished.

Virtually two camps were created, one to be occupied by Canadian military personnel and one by Americans, although both camps were, and still are, under the jurisdiction of the Canadian Government, with the R.C.A.F. acting as local landlords. During the war, bombing and reconnaissance squadrons flew out of Goose Bay on

anti-submarine and convoy patrols, and air-sea rescue service was maintained throughout the war. But the main rôle of the base was that of a giant service station for aircraft of the British, American and Canadian transport commands. The thousands of aircraft that poured through Goose later flooded the skies over Germany.

To-day Goose Bay is basically a strategically located air transit point. Two concrete runways, recently extended to more than 8,000 and 9,500 feet respectively, are long enough to accommodate the largest modern air giants. A third, of 6,000 feet, is not maintained during winter. R.C.A.F. photographic squadrons, heading for summer-long excursions into the Arctic, refuel at the Station, and civilian airliners of many nations are familiar sights at Goose Bay. Trans-Canada Airlines has a regularly scheduled stop at Goose, while the others use it as a "weather alternate". Despite its northerly location, the Station is blessed with excellent year-round weather, icing and fog conditions being much less severe than on the coast. When weather does clamp in, an efficient Ground Controlled Approach system (operated by the U.S.A.F. and tied-in with the R.C.A.F. Flying Control) effectively guides aircraft to earth. T.C.A., in conjunction with the other airlines, operates a sumptuous hotel to accommodate passengers during stop-overs.

The American base on the opposite side of the field is completely self-sustained with the exception of certain services such as flying control, runway maintenance, and laundry and bakery facilities. Relations between Canadians and Americans could not be more cordial. Exchange visits for social and athletic events are common.

The Department of Transport has established another camp to provide meteorological data and radio service.

Civil Law in the area is administered by a Newfoundland Provincial Government magistrate and two Rangers. The Rangers, who expect to be absorbed into the R.C.M.P. soon, work closely with R.C.A.F. Service Police. "Law-breaking is rare at Goose Bay," says Sgt. R. J. Jordan, head of the S.P. section, "but when it does occur, we pool our resources with the Rangers to dispose of



Left to right: Ranger Cpl. T. Morris, Sgt. R. J. Jordan, Cpl. C. A. Vickers.



Unloading the Sked

the case. There is never any friction over who has jurisdiction."

The R.C.A.F. Station itself is equipped with two aircraft, (a Dakota and a Norseman) for Search and Rescue operations. Both aircraft can be fitted with skis and the Norseman is particularly useful for getting in and out of small lakes on floats. The main purpose of the S. & R. Section, of course, is to be prepared to search for missing aircraft. A detailed search plan, worked out with the



*The higher learning at Goose Bay*



*School's out!*

Americans, can be swung into action at a moment's notice. The ground rescue organization functions like a well-drilled football team, and practices are held to keep every member of the team up to scratch.

Under Flt. Lt. D. R. Cuthbertson, captain of the joint R.C.A.F. and Mines and Resources expedition to locate the Magnetic North Pole last year, the S. & R. Section piles up an amazing number of hours, mostly on mercy flights and supply flights to detachments. As the hub of

Labrador, Goose Bay receives numerous calls from missionaries, isolated doctors and Service detachments to evacuate patients to properly equipped hospitals. Sometimes, however, the mercy flights are of a different nature. Recently Flt. Lt. Cuthbertson flew the Dakota up to Cape Dorset on Baffin Island for "Operation Horsemeat". Eskimoes in that area had reported that their dogs, starving from lack of food, were eating each other. In the Arctic, the dog is not merely man's best friend; he is an absolute necessity of life. So the Air Force picked up two tons of horsemeat, flew to Cape Dorset by way of Fort Chimo and Frobisher, and dropped it to the starving canines.

As an aid to ground search-parties engaged in locating crash victims, a number of emergency cabins have been located in the areas where crashes are most likely to occur before landings and after take-offs. The cabins are equipped with stoves, beds, first-aid kits and food so that they may serve as bases for the search parties or havens for the injured until proper medical attention arrives. One dog team and three snowmobiles facilitate travel into the bush.

Winters at Goose Bay are severe, temperatures of 20° and 30° below being the rule rather than the exception. Last year 165.4 inches of snow fell on the Station. But good clothing, high-calory food and the spirit of the men make these statistics of little account, and very few man-hours are lost to Old Man Winter. During summer it is not uncommon for the mercury to climb into the mid-eighties. Summer also brings hordes of king-sized mosquitoes and black flies buzzing up from the swampland. Station aircraft every year spray the breeding grounds, and although headway is being made, the battle is not yet won. Government experts from Ottawa will continue their investigation of the problem this summer. The size of the mosquitoes at Goose is the subject of one of the best known "chestnuts" in the Air Force. It concerns the mosquito that landed at Goose Bay one afternoon during the war and into which an airman poured 100 gallons of gas before he discovered it wasn't the aircraft variety.

The Mechanical Transport Section is even more important at this isolated station than at most



*Snowblower at work. What looks like a hillock at left is actually blown snow*

other R.C.A.F. units. There are no private automobiles at Goose Bay, and consequently the responsibility for moving the 600-odd residents of the R.C.A.F. section devolves on the M.T. Section under Flying Officer G. S. Clark. Three large buses are in continuous use carrying Servicemen, their dependents, school children, and civilian employees to their places of business. Wives have to be brought in from their homes at Spruce Park to shop at the grocery or general store, children have to be taken to and from school, and employees must get to work in all kinds of weather.

Close to a hundred miles of road criss-cross the station, and it is the job of the Tractor Section, under W.O.2 E. Ferguson, to keep them cleared. Add to this the responsibility for keeping over three miles of runway in condition to receive air traffic, and you get an idea why "Fergy" has to keep his twenty-five men on three shifts, operating caterpillars, snow ploughs, and blowers. Visitors to the Station are sometimes startled by a huge three-eyed monster clanking out of the darkness. It turns out merely to be one of W.O.2 Ferguson's giant caterpillars gobbling up a layer of new-fallen snow.

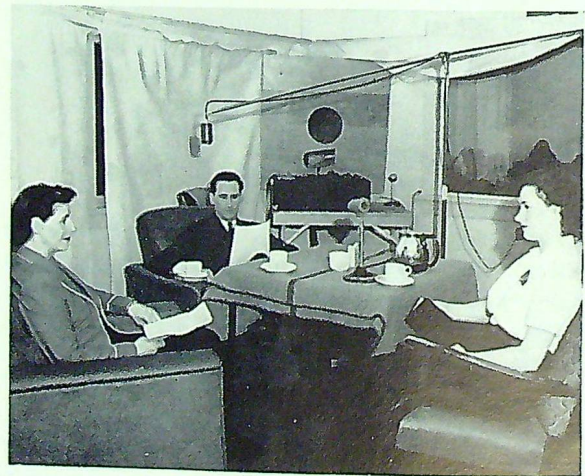
But these same visitors would be even more horrified if they dropped around to the Tractor Section the next morning around 10 o'clock. There,

they would see the members of the Section sitting around nonchalantly having coffee with a hundred-pound Labrador black bear. "Bruno", a year old, was caught by an Indian and turned over to W.O.2 Ferguson for a mascot. The bear roams around the Section, completely tame, but gets a little nasty if the boys forget to put his usual three lumps of sugar in his coffee.

Maintenance crews work around the clock, seven days a week, and are capable of making minor overhauls on almost every type of aircraft in the Service. Last year the Section, under Flt. Lt. D. T. Miller, handled close to 800 aircraft. One night in February, 22,000 gallons of gasoline were poured into the tanks of various transient aircraft.

\* \* \*

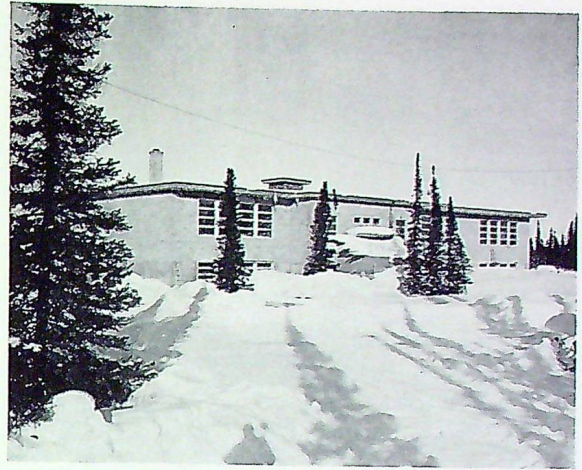
No long-distance telephone service exists at Goose Bay. Communication with "civilization" is maintained by a radio teletype link to Halifax. All Service messages are passed in this manner, and when needed, the teletype acts in lieu of the long-distance telephone. Officer commanding the Signal Section is Flt. Lt. A. C. Bowes, who is also President of the R.C.A.F. Ski Club. Working under him are 25 Servicemen and six civilians.



*"The Coffee Hour" broadcast. Mrs. Kay Stibbards discusses camp matters with Mr. William Gordon and Mrs. Fallis.*

Goose Bay residents are not ordinarily racked by indecision when tuning in their radios. For a great part of the year their kilocycling is limited entirely to CFGB, Goose Bay's own 250-watt transmitter. But do not start feeling sorry for them. The radio fare presented by CFGB is, in some respects, superior to that offered to Canadians generally. For instance, there are no plaintive queries into the state of the listener's liver, complexion, or smoking hack. De-commercialized popular programmes, such as "Fibber McGee and Molly" and "Twenty Questions", are supplied to the station in transcription form by the U.S. Armed Forces Radio Service. These are supplemented by recorded broadcasts of the better C.B.C. productions.

At present, radio performances using local talent are comparatively few, but according to Flt. Sgt. J. M. Metcalfe, Station Manager, CFGB is trying to extend this type of presentation. On Saturday mornings, teen-agers produce and announce a half-hour show of their own, and every Wednesday morning, Mrs. Fallis, wife of the Supply Officer, conducts the "Coffee-Hour," a quarter-hour interview with interesting camp personalities. Two civilian workers, Miss "Mickey" Monroe and Earl Campbell do a half-hour disc-jockey and record chatter programme on Thursday



*The new school under construction*

evenings. "Saturday Nite Juke-Box," a full hour's request programme, concentrates on western music. The CFGB studios are better equipped than some commercial stations. Thousands of recordings and transcriptions, ranging from Vaughn Monroe to Rise Stevens, cram the library. Technical operation and continuity for programmes is done by CFGB's three radio engineers, LAC's J. S. Greenwood, B. J. Lamble and R. G. Gruhl. The last-named has built up quite a following among the younger children with his reading of stories for young folk.

Last November a two-sheet, mimeographed paper made its appearance. Under Sqn. Ldr. A. G. Chalmers, editor-in-chief, this paper, named "The Gosling" in a station-wide contest, has grown into a 50-page weekly newspaper second to none in the Service. News and views of camp life, original submissions, and sports, recreation and fashion notes, fill "The Gosling's" pages.

When construction of the airport started, many natives migrated to Goose Bay, bringing their families and camping independently in the locality. To consolidate these workers into one community, the R.C.A.F. set aside an area on the Hamilton River, five miles south-east of the main Station; and building space is allotted to the workers. A settlement known as Happy Valley has sprung up, harbouring 500 men, women and children. The



*Cpl. M. B. Vail, of the Sports Stores, watches LAC L. A. Carmichael trying on skis.*



*Group Capt. Verner (seated); Flt. Lt. H. T. Giles, D.F.C. (Adjutant); and Sqn. Ldr. E. J. Greenway (C. Ad. O.).*

Air Force exercises control over the inhabitants of Happy Valley by advising on certain health and sanitary standards and allocating lots for building homes. The community has its own school, operated by the Newfoundland Provincial Government, and its own Church. Flt. Lt. B. G. Stibbards, the Air Force padre, often performs weddings and baptisms for the natives. Recently a tragedy occurred in the Valley. One of the frame shacks burned to the ground with two infant children inside. Padre Stibbards organized a relief fund among Goose Bay residents and the flood of clothing, food and money to help the stricken parents was an eloquent comment on the spirit of the community.

Ten miles of pipe carry chlorinated fresh drinking-water up to the Station from the Hamilton River. Heat is supplied to work-buildings through elevated steam pipes that hang over the station like a giant cobweb. On the Canadian side alone 80 miles of power line carry electrical power from two separate diesel-operated power plants. An efficient sewage system, an internal telephone net, and postal, customs, telegraph and banking facilities, complete this picture of a sub-arctic town.

Commanding Officer of the Station and "Mayor" of the community is Group Capt. J. A. Verner. Before coming to Labrador, he commanded repair depots at Vancouver and Saint John, N.B., and served in engineering capacities in Canada and overseas.



*LAC Ford Lawler and family, at home.*



*Ski-slope*

The Goose Bay military reserve covers 120 square miles, and control of this huge area has been vested in the R.C.A.F. commander by the Federal Government. In addition, Goose Bay acts as mother-station for detachments at Mingan on the St. Lawrence River, Fort Chimo on Ungava Bay, and has an R.C.A.F. liaison officer at Frobisher Bay.

"For the past few years," says Group Capt. Verner, "our big task has been the consolidation of the various elements of Goose Bay into a permanent, strategically located Air Force base. The married-quarters building programme is one big



*The author*

step towards this consolidation. To get the most from our men and the equipment they use, we must make their lives at Goose not only bearable but happy. The overwhelmingly pro-Goose Bay attitude among our people would indicate that we are succeeding."

\* \* \*

By now, the Corporal's wife has had an opportunity to acclimatize herself in the Goose Bay way-of-life. She should be ready with a few choice answers to those patronizing friends of hers back in "civilization" who write sympathetic letters beginning: "My, you poor dear, it must be dreadful living at that lonely Labrador outpost."

On the other hand, perhaps she has adopted the more subtle attitude of many of her Goose Bay friends. "Let them feel sorry for us," they reason. "The more people who think life is grim here, the better our chances of staying an extra year . . ."

*(The photographs used in this article were specially taken by Cpl. D. F. Lindsay of No. 1 Photographic Establishment).*

# ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

# Association



MAY IS OUR Dominion Convention month, and when you receive this issue of "The Roundel" the convention will either be in full swing or will have just finished. In any event, as a result of the convention you will have (among other things) a new Dominion Executive. Who they will be, we don't yet know; but the July issue of "The Roundel" will carry a full report.

## Group Conventions

At the time of writing, we have the reports of the Group Conventions for the Alberta and Ontario Groups. Highlights from the reports of the remaining Group Conventions will be published in the June issue.

### Alberta

No. of Wings:  
3 (located at Edmonton, Calgary, and Lethbridge).

#### New Executive Elected:

President: G. R. Howsam  
Vice-Presidents: W. D. S. Ferris (North)  
H. G. Osborne (Centre)  
T. C. Segsworth (South)  
Honorary Treasurer: W. R. H. Nash  
Legal Adviser and  
Administrative  
Chairman: R. White, K.C.

#### Resolutions:

The following Resolutions were carried:

- That a uniform constitution for all Wings be prepared by the Dominion Executive Council.
- That representation be made to the Department of National Defence urging financial or other assistance in the immediate provision of suitably located buildings to be used for training and recreational purposes by the R.C.A.F. Reserve and R.C.A.F. Association Wings in all key centres of Alberta. (Such buildings might also be used by the Regular R.C.A.F. for recruiting or other Service purposes.)
- That closer liaison be maintained between senior members of the Association and Wings, and also (by means of more frequent visits from senior R.C.A.F. officers) between the R.C.A.F. and Wings.

- That the Dominion Executive Council be asked to fix the pattern of Association badges and insignia and to expedite the provision of same; also that the Council consider the provision of a suitable banner as part of the insignia for each Wing.
- That the Dominion Council prepare immediately an advertising campaign directed towards improving the Canadian public's knowledge of the Association's aims and work.

### Ontario

No. of Wings:  
23 (located at Guelph, Sudbury, Sarnia, Kitchener-Waterloo, Timmins, Kirkland Lake, North Bay, Toronto, Ottawa, St. Catharines, Windsor, Picton, Chatham, Trenton, Cobalt, Kingston, Richmond Hill, Belleville, Oakville, Oshawa, Newmarket, Leamington, Mount Forest).

#### New Executive Elected:

President: G. E. Brookes  
Vice-President: P. Y. Davoud  
Treasurer: H. M. Cootes  
Secretary: O. N. Mends  
Northern Ontario  
Representative: K. K. Gildner

#### Resolutions:

The following Resolutions were carried:

- That a thorough and purposeful training of the R.C.A.F. Reserve Force be undertaken immediately, and that all members of the Reserve who have signified, or who shall in the future voluntarily signify, their willingness to undertake training, be given an opportunity to do so.
- That all personnel undertaking such training be trained in as many correlated positions as possible, in such a manner that they may be capable of filling various positions in the groundcrew or aircrew categories, and that a reasonable percentage be qualified to act as instructors.
- That the R.C.A.F. Benevolent Fund be asked to supply better liaison between itself and the Association.
- That the Dominion Executive Council be asked to take the necessary steps to limit the use of the name "Royal Canadian Air Force Association" to members of our Association or those groups which have been granted a Charter as Wings of the R.C.A.F.A.

### Wing News

#### No. 303 (Sherbrooke) Wing

Air Marshal Curtis, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.C., gave an address to some 250 members of the Sherbrooke Wing on the occasion of the presentation of its

Charter. His talk dealt mainly with the development and highly satisfactory first flights of the R.C.A.F.'s own fighter 'plane, the CF-100. He spoke also of the new Canadian jet engine, the Orenda, mentioning that two of these engines are being fitted for trials on a Lancaster. Another, he added, will be tested on an F-86. R.C.A.F. recruiting, he said, is "up to strength, and we are choosing only the best. From now on we are concentrating on quality all the way through".

In addition to our Dominion President, Air Chief Marshal L. S. Breadner, C.B., D.S.C., the other speakers included Air Vice-Marshal G. V. Walsh, C.B., C.B.E., 3rd Vice-President; Group Captain W. R. MacBrien, O.B.E., Group Commander of Air Defence Group; Mr. Alec Ross, representing Mayor Alphonse Trudeau; and Wing Commander K. R. Patrick, O.B.E., C.O. of No. 1 Radar and Communications (Reserve) Unit.

Mr. Eric Webster, Wing President, received the Charter from Air Marshal Curtis.

## No. 408 (Toronto) Wing

An interesting address was given at the February meeting of No. 408 (Toronto) Wing, by Wing Commander Kendall, O.B.E. Wing Cdr. Kendall, who is Vice-President of the Photographic Survey Corporation, was formerly Chief Technical Officer of the R.A.F.'s Central Photographic Interpretation Unit. He gave a brief review of the problems which were involved in the setting-up of aerial survey for the R.C.A.F., the R.A.F., and the A.A.F. in Europe from the start of the war until it reached the position of complete coverage of all phases of enemy activity. He also gave some insight into the problems which would be faced in the event of an atomic war with an enemy situated in Asia, and the tremendous amount of aerial survey which would be necessary before any land offensive could be undertaken, or before any effective air operations could be put into effect. Aerial survey is one of the oldest of the R.C.A.F.'s operations and has been given a high priority by the Air Staff.

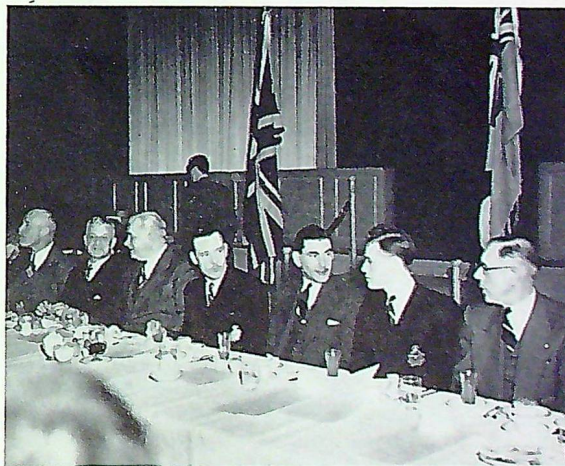
## No. 416 (Kingston) Wing

On February 22nd, Air Chief Marshal L. S. Breadner presented No. 416 (Kingston) Wing with its Charter at a dinner held in the LaSalle Hotel. In the course of his address, he observed:

"Since atomic war is with us, and since we are not bright enough to get over having wars, we must face the fact that in the next war there will be more air force than ever before."

In accepting the charter, Mr. K. J. Reid, president of the local Wing, gave a brief outline of the air force inheritance which has been bestowed upon Kingston. "Since the establishment of the first military post here in the 1770's, armed forces have been in Kingston," he said. "With this military background it is only natural that a substantial air force inheritance should follow.

"Included among the 175 ex-cadets from R.M.C. who have served in the air forces of Canada and Great Britain, are the Wait brothers, Paul Davoud, Doug Bradshaw, Doug Edwards, the Carr-Harris, and many others—the most famous being "Billy" Bishop. Of the Kingston adventurers who joined the R.A.F. prior to the last war, "Nellie" Timmerman and Ted England are perhaps the best known locally.



No. 416 Wing. Left to right: Air Cdre. W. W. Brown; Group Capt. C. C. Wyatt; Air Chief Marshal Breadner; Mr. D. Cain, Chairman; General Guy Simmonds; Mr. K. Reid; Air Vice-Marshal G. E. Brookes.

"Many of the trainees of Norman Rogers Aerodrome returned to Kingston after the war and have become its citizens. To-day, the airport is used by the local flying club and as an instruction centre for the Air Cadet Squadron of Kingston."

Mr. Reid concluded by remarking that, "unlike last year, when there was no air force identity in Kingston that could acceptably take part in the Armistice services, we hope this year to take an active part in this commemoration to our comrades who have passed on and left such a brilliant record."

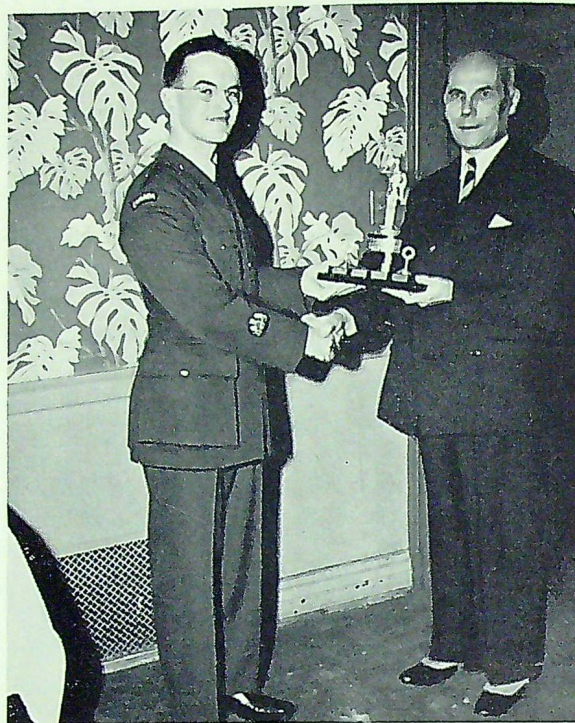
Toasts to the Navy, Army and Air Force were given by Messrs. V. Koen, Charles Pearson, and H. Beaupré respectively. Lt.-Cdr. W. G. Cunningham, executive officer of H.M.C.S. Catarauqui, replied for the Navy, Lt. Gen. Guy Simmonds, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., for the Army, and Air Vice-Marshal G. E. Brookes, C.B., O.B.E. for the Air Force.

Mayor C. A. Curtis, on behalf of the City of Kingston, officially welcomed the guests and wished the new Wing every success in the future. Chairman D. W. Cain extended the gratitude of the Wing for the aid given it in its efforts to get started. In particular he thanked Brigadier G. Walsh, C.B.E., D.S.O., for the use of the armory, Jack Belwa, president of the R.C.H.A. club, and Group Captains C. C. Wyatt, M.B.E., and H. L. Wright, M.B.E., for their unfailing efforts in making the dreams of the Wing become a reality.

Mr. W. F. Kinnear presented the George Kinnear Trophy to Cadet Warrant Officer William Stewart of the Royal Canadian Air Cadets as the senior cadet who attained the highest standing in general proficiency throughout the year. Mr. Kinnear donated the trophy in honour of his son who was killed while serving in the Air Force overseas.

Mr. W. J. Henderson, M.P., spoke to the 118 members who attended the dinner of the fellowship promoted by groups of this type. He gave credit to the present officers for the fine job they did in organizing the Wing.

Dick Dodds, one of the stars of "Dear Suzie," recent Queen's University production, gave his version of a movie production depicting a bomber mission.



No. 416 Wing. Mr. F. Kinnear presents the George Kinnear Memorial Trophy to Cadet W.O.1 W. Stewart.



No. 416 Wing. Facing camera (left to right): Sqn. Ldr. J. H. Giguère, Messrs. B. Keene, H. Beaupré, J. Marchand, V. Koen, C. Pearson, K. Whitney.

## No. 701 (Calgary) Wing

The following is an excerpt from a recent letter received from Mr. J. O. Taylor, Secretary of No. 701 (Calgary) Wing.

"An enthusiastic meeting of No. 701 (Calgary) Wing was held on February 21st. Amongst the things accomplished were the following:

"An Active Membership Committee was appointed, whose job it will be to increase our membership. With some 6,000 ex-R.C.A.F. personnel residing in Calgary, it is felt that Calgary Wing should have an active membership of hundreds, and with an Active Membership Committee having that as their goal, much should be accomplished. Now that we have assurance of a permanent meeting place, namely R.C.A.F. Urban Headquarters at 12th Avenue and 1st Street East, their job should not be so difficult. Ultimately, it is hoped we may perhaps be able to make arrangements to have a permanent Mess of our own, along the lines of the Legion's, where members can drop in any time.

"A Nominating Committee was elected, whose job will be to bring in a proposed list of officers to be voted on at our next general meeting on March 7th.

"A publicity Committee, under the Chairmanship of Mr. A. Smith, was elected, Publicity is what the organization needs, and it is felt that Art Smith will, with his Committee, make a real job of this.

"D. Austin Lane, President of the Air Force Members of the Alberta United Services Institute, was present at the meeting, and expressed a keen desire that members of his organization and ours work in close liaison by attending each others' meetings, etc.

"Art Smith outlined a proposal under which our members will visit the Auxiliary Squadron. This would serve both to increase the interest of our members and to keep them posted on what is going on, and to show personnel in the Auxiliary Squadron that others are interested in their work."

## No. 501 (Lakehead) Wings Club, Port Arthur

The following letter has been received from Mr. M. Rothschild, Secretary of the Ways and Means Committee of No. 501 Wing:

"As you may have read in the Toronto 'Globe and Mail,' our Wings Club at the head of the Lakes has sponsored a scholarship for the best Air Cadet chosen in Thunder Bay District. The winner will receive a four-year course at either R.M.C. or Royal Roads, the value of the scholarship amounting to \$2700.

"To raise the necessary wherewithal for the above, a Ways and Means Committee was formed to deal with this problem. It was decided to hold a huge draw and sell membership (associate) tickets for \$1 each. To the lucky winner goes a two-week, all-expenses-paid trip for two people to Bermuda by T.C.A., or the cash equivalent. Second and third prizes are a refrigerator and a combination radio-phonograph, so you can see that we are really offering interesting prizes to attract associate members.

"The draw is the main thing that the Ways and Means Committee is responsible for, but it is also planning quite a few large dances during the spring and summer, all the proceeds of which will go towards the draw and expenses for same. We hope to end this draw with a large display of jet planes and ancillary equipment from Winnipeg for Air Force Day, to be followed by a mammoth dance."



Front row, left to right: Messrs. H. Maine, Murray Rothschild (Sec'y), Kenneth Adams (Chairman), Robert McGregor (Treasurer), Robert Arnold (President), G. Kissick. Back row, left to right: Messrs. E. A. McQuarrie, E. G. Hawkins, A. A. Turpin, W. Clarke, A. Thompson, C. McLeod, K. Goff, Roy Lockyer, B. Lod, and I. Safr.



*Presentation of Charter to No. 300 (Granby) Wing*

### **No. 300 (Granby) Wing**

On March 14, Air-Marshall G. V. Walsh, C.B., C.B.E., made the official presentation of the Charter to No. 300 Wing at a Charter night banquet held at the Windsor Hotel, in Granby. Presentation of the Charter has been delayed for some time, as the Granby Wing (the first Wing to be formed in the Province of Quebec) came into being a little over a year ago.

The Wing turned out in full force for the occasion, and about 65 attended, including members and guests.

Shortly before the banquet, Mayor Horace Boivin was host to Air Vice-Marshall Walsh, President Rean Meyer and other Wing executives at a reception held in the Mayor's office in the City Hall.

Following the banquet at the Windsor Hotel, Mayor Boivin addressed the gathering and mentioned that a government grant of \$25,000 had been given to the city of Granby for the construction of a Municipal airport, and stated that he

hoped that No. 300 Wing would be instrumental in helping to organize this project.

Group Captain Archambault, A.F.C., followed Mayor Boivin's address by giving a brief outline of the air defence aims in this region, and explained the activities at St. Hubert Airport to-day.

Mr. Kench then gave a brief address in which he stressed the friendly relationship existing between the R.C.A.F. Association and the Canadian Legion.

Mr. Kench's remarks were heartily endorsed by Air Vice-Marshall Walsh, the next speaker, who stated that he too was a member of both organizations. The Air Vice-Marshall then went on to give a very interesting account of the R.C.A.F. from the outbreak of the War up to the present time. After his address, he officially presented the Charter to President Rean Meyer.

The audience was then addressed in French by Wing Cdr. Georges Roy, D.F.C., former Commanding Officer of the famous "Alouette" Squadron.

The evening was brought to a close with the presentation of the film "Wasp Wings", an

R.C.A.F. film taken in England during the War. Prominent in the film was a Granby boy who did not return, Flying Officer "Buddy" Bowker.

## New Wing

We take pleasure in announcing the formation of No. 423 (Chapleau) Wing, and wish them every success. Their executive consists of:

President: J. M. S. Crichton  
Vice-President: J. R. Thornton  
Secretary Treasurer: A. R. Acquine  
Additional Members J. G. A. Burns  
S. H. Thomson  
E. G. Wallace

## THE R.A.A.F. ASSOCIATION

Mr. R. S. White, who is the honorary representative in Canada of the Royal Australian Air Force Association, will be happy to assist any members of the R.C.A.F. Association to get in touch with former Service friends now resident in Australia. His address is: 62 Royal York Road N., Toronto, Ont.

Mr. White, who is a member of the R.C.A.F.A. was trained in the R.C.A.F. during the war. He has recently returned from Australia to make his permanent home in this country.

## MATERIAL FOR "THE ROUNDLE"

Wing Secretaries, Public Relations officers, and other corresponding members are asked to send their material to the General Secretary of the Association rather than directly to "The Roundle". To send it direct is apt to occasion delay, since all material must be correlated by the General Secretary before publication. His address is:

General Secretary,  
R.C.A.F. Association,  
424 Metcalfe Street,  
Ottawa, Ont.

## A LETTER FROM No. 800 WING

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is the story of how the Forbidden Plateau Glacier got its name.

We thought this might be of interest to readers of "The Roundle" who do not know of this historical region on Vancouver Island, from which No. 800 (Forbidden Plateau) Wing derives its name . . .

A witch-doctor (the Hamatsi) of the Comox tribe crouched in the smoke of his fire in the Ranncherie at the mouth of the Courtenay River. He was about to send a young man named Klalis out into the mysterious interior of Vancouver Island to assume his mantle.

After preparing for a 20-day stay, without food or weapons, in the woods where none but evil spirits dwelt, Klalis started from the delta of the Courtenay River and struck a trail along the Puntledge River. Through the tall firs he went until one day, coming out on high level ground, he found himself surrounded by tall hairy giants, who bound and blindfolded him\*.

After some time Klalis escaped and managed to climb to the top of a high cliff. Looking down, he saw many human bones and he realized he was on the cliff of sacrifice that had claimed many of his tribe who had wandered off and never been heard of again. But it was too late to escape. As he turned, he saw the giants coming towards him, and he was hurled over the cliff and left for dead.

He landed on a ledge part way down the side and there lay unconscious for a long time. When he came to, although badly hurt, he managed to crawl and limp his way back to the Puntledge River trail, and there a tribesman found him.

Many years later he told his story to a white man, describing the country of his adventure (in the language of the Coast Indians) as "Hiyu Cultus Illahe"—"The Forbidden Plateau".

(Mrs.) R. H. Blackmore,  
Secretary, No. 800 Wing

\*Oddly enough, this B.C. legend of "tall hairy giants" who live in high places still survives. We ourselves recall the slight stir that resulted, some seventeen years ago, from the reports of both a prospector and an Indian woman who claimed to have seen gigantic wild figures moving amid the mists in the mountains only sixty miles inland from Vancouver. Scotland, too, can furnish similar legends of fairly recent date—though the Scottish versions, while agreeing on the shagginess, reduce the stature to something below the Highland average. We believe that some ethnologists have even seriously considered the possibilities of freakish survivals from pre-historic times—Editor.





# WHAT'S THE SCORE

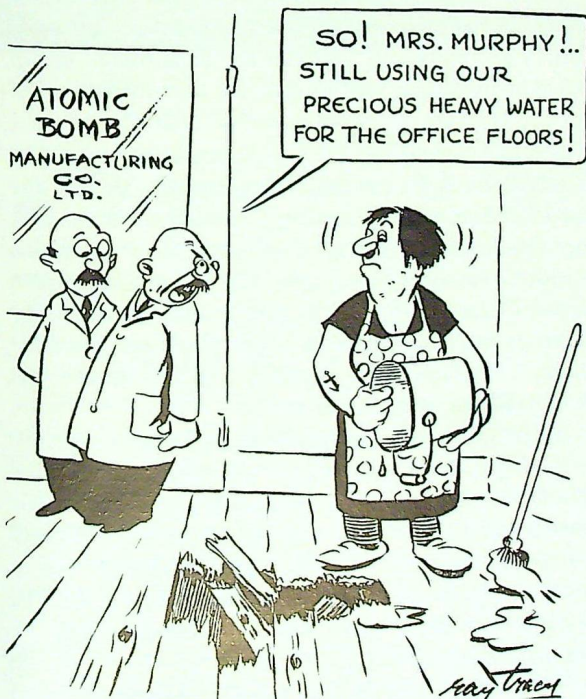
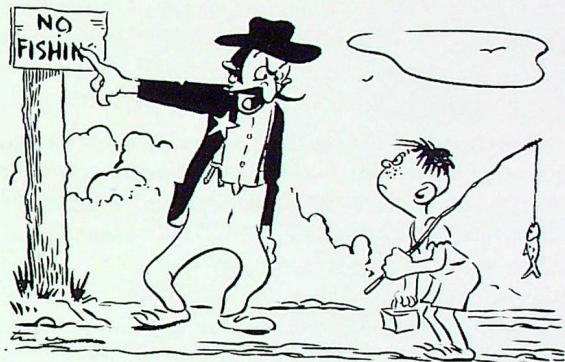
One of our oldest friends is a British Isrealite of definite convictions who feels that we, as a member of the Armed Forces, should be fully alive to the menace of the future. The latest booklet we received from her engendered a nightmare in which we were being straddled with a stick of guided positrons dropped from an outsize plutonium isotope. We awoke screaming just as we came up for the third time in a lake of heavy-water.

Realizing that such dreams could not happen to the well-informed, we immediately repaired to the library, where a little nuclear research soon revealed how little we know of the meaning of words we have been reading almost daily in newspapers, magazines, and books. *The following twenty questions are concerned solely with such words.* None the less, if you get more than 6, your score is better than the average score of the Editorial Committee of "The Roundel". Correct answers are given on page 48.—EDITOR

1. The word "atom," derived from the Greek, means:
  - (a) An egg-basket
  - (b) That which cannot be cut
  - (c) A grain of sand
  - (d) An invisible particle
2. The elements are:
  - (a) Those substances that cannot be built up of other substances
  - (b) Earth, air, fire, and water
  - (c) Certain complex radio-active substances which, under proper conditions, can be made to explode with great violence
  - (d) Ninety-two special kinds of mineral ore
3. A molecule is:
  - (a) The smallest particle of matter visible under a microscope
  - (b) An atom to which additional electrons have been added
  - (c) The name given to an atom of a chemical compound
  - (d) The smallest particle of any substance that can exhibit the properties of that substance
4. There is no such thing as an atom of:
  - (a) Iron, hydrogen, or tungsten
  - (b) Zinc, iodine, arsenic
  - (c) Coal, brass, or steel
  - (d) Carbon, oxygen, or neon
5. The "core" of an atom, around which the electrons move, is known as:
  - (a) The nucleus
  - (b) The positron
  - (c) The mesotron
  - (d) The mantissa
6. A proton is:
  - (a) The "firing-pin" of an A-bomb
  - (b) A positively charged component of the "core" of an atom
  - (c) The type of atom formed in the transmutation of hydrogen into helium
  - (d) The radio-active gas generated (in theory) by an H-bomb
7. An isotope is:
  - (a) A substance whose atomic weight has been increased without affecting its other properties
  - (b) A line on a chart indicating an area of equal radio-activity
  - (c) A substance used in A-bombs to lessen the risk of chain-reaction
  - (d) An atom from which all components have been stripped except a single electron
8. A neutron is:
  - (a) An uncharged component of an atom's "core"
  - (b) A free electron
  - (c) A type of particle first observed in cosmic rays
  - (d) A proton from which the positive charge has been artificially removed
9. Heavy-water is:
  - (a) Ordinary water with U-238 added
  - (b) Water in which the hydrogen atoms contain an added neutron
  - (c) Deadly poisonous
  - (d) Ordinary water from which the oxygen has been removed
10. The apparatus used for bombarding a nucleus with single protons, or with heavy-hydrogen or helium nuclei, is called:
  - (a) A betatron
  - (b) A spintharoscope
  - (c) An atomic pile
  - (d) A cyclotron

# The Roundel

11. The final stage is the disintegration of uranium is:
  - (a) Boron
  - (b) Radium
  - (c) Lead
  - (d) Graphite
12. Radium emits three types of radiation, which do not include:
  - (a) Alpha particles
  - (b) Gamma rays
  - (c) Beta particles
  - (d) Theta rays
13. The famous formula,  $E = mc^2$ , on which the A-bomb's development was based, was produced by:
  - (a) Vannevar Bush
  - (b) James Conant
  - (c) Albert Einstein
  - (d) Frank Jewett
14. The nuclear "piles" associated with A-bomb manufacture are assemblies of uranium and suitable controls used primarily for the purpose of making:
  - (a) U-235
  - (b) Plutonium
  - (c) Heavy water
  - (d) U-238
15. The A-bomb operates by fission. The H-bomb, however, will operate by fusion—converting hydrogen atoms into:
  - (a) Helium
  - (b) Neptunium
  - (c) Berkelium
  - (d) Heavy-water
16. The heat and pressure necessary to "fuse" the hydrogen atoms will be generated by:
  - (a) A nuclear pile
  - (b) T.N.T.
  - (c) A heavy-water explosion
  - (d) An old-style "fission" blast



17. The celebrated dictum that, if man succeeds in making the hydrogen bomb, "radioactive poisoning of the atmosphere and hence annihilation of any life on earth has been brought within the range of technical possibilities," was uttered in February by:
  - (a) Bush
  - (b) Conant
  - (c) Einstein
  - (d) Jewett
18. The simplest atom known is the atom of:
  - (a) Hydrogen
  - (b) Oxygen
  - (c) Uranium
  - (d) Carbon
19. The most complex atom known is the atom of:
  - (a) Uranium
  - (b) Lithium
  - (c) Tritium
  - (d) Curium
20. If you score less than three in this questionnaire, it will:
  - (a) Upset us greatly
  - (b) Have a serious effect on your Service career
  - (c) Qualify you for a Headquarters posting
  - (d) Not matter an atom

# The ROYAL CANADIAN AIR CADETS



## ANNUAL MEETING — 1950

By A. MACDONALD

IN A THREE-DAY CONFERENCE which attracted delegates from all parts of Canada, the national directors of the Air Cadet League met recently to chart the future of Canada's 15,000 Royal Canadian Air Cadets. Held at the Seignior Club, P.Q., the meeting was also attended by ranking officers of the R.C.A.F. and cadet officials from the United States and Britain.

Great Britain's Air Training Corps was represented by Air Marshal R. M. Foster, A.O.C.-in-C., Reserve Command, while the U.S. delegation was headed by Major-General Earl S. Hoag, Commanding General of the U.S.A.F. Reserve Forces, and Major-General Lucas V. Beau, National Commander of the Civil Air Patrol. Purpose of their participation was to lay preliminary plans for the 1950 exchange of cadets and to discuss cadet training problems in general.

Following the well-attended business sessions, the League was able to announce a number of developments designed to bolster and improve the training of Air Cadets. It was made clear that the emphasis this year will be placed on consolidation rather than on expansion and, as a result, it is expected that the Air Cadet movement in Canada will reach a new level of efficiency in the months that follow.

Always of prime interest to cadets, the international exchange visits scheme was thoroughly aired. It was agreed that twenty-five Canadian cadets would visit the United Kingdom this year while a similar number would tour the U.S.

Return parties of A.T.C. and C.A.P. cadets will, of course, be entertained by the League and R.C.A.F. in Canada. Honorary President C. Douglas Taylor and General Manager George M. Ross were authorized by the meeting to represent the League at an international conference to be held in London, England, late in April for the purpose of discussing detailed exchange plans.

Canada will again produce a precision drill team to compete for the General Beau Trophy which was won the past two years by Air Cadet teams from Quebec and Ontario. It was decided that the 1950 team should be selected from North West Air Command and that as many squadrons as possible should be given representation. The team will be trained at summer camp and will fly south late in August to compete with the top drill squadron of the Civil Air Patrol.

It was announced during the meeting that 550 cadets had written qualifying examinations for the 1950 Scholarship Flying Training Course. The top 225 candidates will be selected for four weeks of pilot training carried out by members of the Royal Canadian Flying Clubs Association. Every attempt will be made to award League scholarships to cadets who do not qualify under the R.C.A.F. quota of 225.

After considerable discussion, the meeting decided to hold the third national "Air Cadet Week" from May 14th to May 21st. During this period the activities of the League will be widely publicized and there will be fund-raising drives in most of the provinces. A second campaign, designed to aid squadron enrolments, will be carried out in the fall.

The League will again award 20 scholarships to



*Left to right: Messrs. H. L. Garner, M. Banker Bates, Urwin Finch, H. W. Aslin, and G. M. Eaton. (Capital Press photo.)*

the Canadian Services Colleges at Royal Roads, B.C., and R.M.C., Kingston. Valued at \$600, each scholarship permits one graduate Air Cadet to enter college at no expense to himself. These scholarships are raised by the League's Provincial Committees from public-spirited firms and individuals throughout Canada. The \$500 Sir James McBrien Scholarship, which covers the first year of aeronautical engineering at the University of Toronto, will also be awarded again in 1950.

One of the highlights of the meeting was the presentation of reports by representatives of each of the Provincial Committees. These reports serve to underline the fact that the Air Cadet movement in Canada is now on a sound, well-organized basis. Of particular interest was the report of Mr. H. Darroch Macgillivray who outlined the remarkable

progress made by the League in Newfoundland, where there are already 6 squadrons and over 500 cadets.

At the close of the business sessions the League elected a new slate of officers for the coming year. Mr. M. Banker Bates, Hamilton, was chosen President to succeed Mr. D. Alex Ross, Vancouver, who has headed the movement for the past two years. Mr. Bates has been active with the League since its inception in 1941. Vice-Presidents for 1950 are: G. M. Eaton, Winnipeg; H. L. Garner, Peterborough; Urwin Finch, Vancouver, and H. W. Aslin, Halifax.

Also on the national executive are Honorary President C. Douglas Taylor, Montreal; Honorary Secretary D. A. Ross; Honorary Treasurer R. Scott Misener, Port Colborne; and Director L. S.



Left to right: Messrs. A. Ross Grafton, C. Douglas Taylor, D. Alex Ross, L. S. Marsh, and Air Vice-Marshal H. L. James. (Capital Press photo.)

Marsh, Montreal. Air Marshal Robert S. Leckie will continue as special consultant to the League.

Guest speaker at the Ninth Annual Dinner of the League was Air Vice-Marshal A. L. James, acting Chief of Air Staff, who said that the League has developed into a "progressive and dynamic organization" for Canada's youth.

He further said that the R.C.A.F. considers that the Air Cadet movement fills three important functions:

- It creates among Canada's youth an enlightened group who understand the importance of air power in the healthy economic development of Canada in peacetime.
- It provides a vital link in preserving national security in the event of a future conflict.

- It inculcates into the youth of the country the meaning and responsibility of true citizenship.

Air Vice-Marshal James announced that plans are under way for an Air Cadet radio network that will be an important factor in welding the movement into a compact uniform youth training organization. Lack of an exclusive Air Cadet radio frequency has hampered development of a network in the past, he said.

"Recently we have been able to set aside exclusively for the use of the Air Cadet squadrons a suitable frequency, and it is my intention now to proceed with the organization of a training programme and schedule which we hope in time will create a direct link with even the remotest squadron."

Reviewing growth of the movement in 1949, Air Vice-Marshal James said that despite post-war reorganization involving disbandment of inactive and inefficient squadrons, the total number of active squadrons was increased by 7 to 188. About 14,800 boys were in the movement—just short of the 15,000 authorized establishment.

The dinner was under the chairmanship of retiring President D. Alex Ross, who called upon Mr. C. Douglas Taylor, Air Marshal R. M. Foster, General Lucas V. Beau, and President-Elect M. Banker Bates for brief addresses. In a brief ceremony, Vice-President H. L. Garner presented Mr. Ross with a set of the souvenir Air Cadet cuff-links which are worn by all past-Presidents of the League.

Following the Seignior Club gathering, the League officials travelled to Ottawa where they attended a mess dinner in the R.C.A.F. Officers' Mess. A feature of the dinner was the presentation by Air Vice-Marshal James of illuminated scrolls to Directors H. P. Illsley and Lawrence S. Marsh in recognition of their many contributions to the movement over the course of the past nine years.

# Canada's Radar Outposts

A Little-known Chapter in the History of the R.C.A.F. during the Second World War

by WING COMMANDER C. B. LIMBRICK

*(The author of this article is now in charge of guided missiles under the Chief of Armament and Weapons at Air Force Headquarters.—EDITOR)*

THIS BRIEF STORY of one of our Service's least-publicized war-time activities is the outcome of a recent visit to my home from an ex-R.C.A.F. radar officer whom I knew well during the troublesome days to which it refers. After we had dined, we reminisced awhile in the usual fashion, remarking among other things how singularly few people, even within the Service, have any idea of the sort of life led by those who manned our radar stations (as well as by those who built them) during the recent war . . .

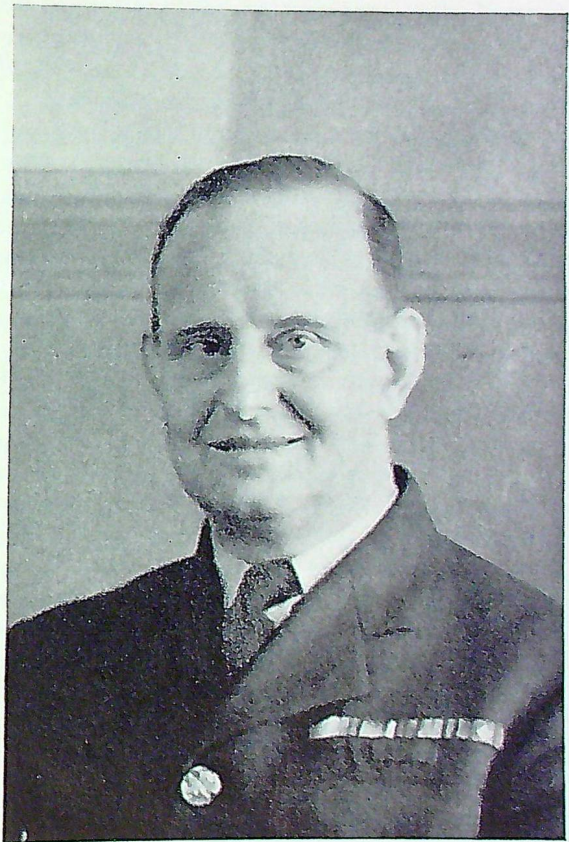
\* \* \*

Early in the war we could not foresee which way the battle would go. Perhaps the Germans would take England and Iceland, perhaps they would develop a super long-range bomber capable of striking directly at this continent. Again, they might even decide to send over bombers on one-way missions. As a precaution against any eventuality, therefore, the government decided to build a chain of early-warning stations along the eastern seaboard and at other strategic locations. Later, when the Japanese threat assumed serious proportions — and in view of the proximity of the Aleutians to our western civilization — the chain was enlarged to include the western seaboard and the approaches to Vancouver and Seattle.

Quite often during the days of the big blitz in England, I would sit in the office at my radar station, waiting for a raid, and reflect how stupendous a job it would be to install and operate an early-warning chain in Canada's remoter regions. Little did I think that before long I would be

intimately involved in that very job — and that it would prove every bit as tough as I had foreseen!

Lack of roads and communications, the eternal bush, rock, and muskeg — these things made the task immeasurably more difficult than it had been



Wing Cdr. C. B. Limbrick

in Britain. None the less, approximately fifty ground stations were established. The great majority of them were for early-warning purposes, some combined early-warning and interception control, and a few were intended for detection of submarines seeking entrance to large rivers. Quite apart from the physical difficulties of installation and maintenance, there existed the initial problem of providing equipment for the stations. England was the only source of supply, and she was hard put to it to find enough equipment for her own defence and that of other parts of the Empire.

It was decided to establish a Crown Company, known as Research Enterprises Ltd., to manufacture both ground and airborne radar from British designs modified to utilize Canadian and American components and tubes. This Company (R.E.L.), together with the National Research Council, developed and manufactured radar for Canadian, American and British requirements. All the Canadian stations, with the exception of two, were equipped with Canadian-built radar.

In the early days, radar (particularly for early-warning) was very sensitive to siting. One couldn't go out and spot a radar at a site just because the fishing looked good or the local farmer had a couple of good-looking daughters. It was necessary not only to have height of land but also to have a combination of physical conditions and station-spacing which would provide suitable coverage and safety overlapping. Thus, while some sites were in nice civilized areas, the large majority were located in isolated and almost inaccessible places. Listen to the names of a few of them: Brig Harbour, Spotted Island, Langara, Cape Bonavista, Amphitrite Point. They sound pleasant enough, even romantic; but in actual fact the only romance that ever visited them existed in the imaginations of radar or construction men when they thought of what might have been if they'd been posted elsewhere.

Many of the units were so remote and desolate that merely to get on to them from the ship meant a brief scuffle with the Grim Reaper. More than one member of the R.C.A.F. who was "lost on active service" was, in fact, claimed by the Pacific during such disembarkations. At Langara,



*Clearing site at Langara Island*



*Amphitrite Point (under construction)*

the most northern Canadian island on the west coast, the trip ashore rivalled a ride on any roller-coaster. Under the watching eyes of the peregrine falcons who nested on the sheer cliffs, the victim first had to take to a small boat in the open (and often very rough) sea. After a row of a quarter- to a half-mile, he had to manoeuvre the craft into position beneath a contraption similar to a ship's davits, and attach it to an aerial cable of which the seaward end was anchored on a small rocky island. An engine on the cliffs was then started, and the boat and its contents was hoisted up out of the

water and swung on to dry land. The alternative to this Rube Goldberg arrangement would have been to hack out and build a road right across the island to the only relatively safe harbour.

Another place where every landing ought to have brought at least a mention in despatches was Marble Island. This was a small knob of land which the Pacific Ocean was perpetually trying to swallow, "affectionately" known to its R.C.A.F. inhabitants as "Alcatraz." Here, the usual techni-

que for getting ashore involved putting on a rubber overall suit, getting into a small boat, approaching the island as near as possible without getting smashed to bits on the rocks, and then sliding over the side and walking — or, more often than not, being washed — ashore. During the building of the station, and afterwards in order to land supplies, large rafts were constructed of oil-drums and logs, on which the supplies were lashed. It was then left to Lady Luck and the Pacific to get them ashore. The immensity of the undertaking can perhaps be realized when I say that the unit finally consisted of a complete ground radar station, a cable railway to the top of the island about 500 feet above sea level, accommodation and mess rooms for more than a hundred personnel, power plants, and radar and communication equipment.

Some of the sites were so desolate that seawater had to be distilled and treated to provide fresh water for all purposes. In many places, merely stepping off the unit into the bush meant taking a good chance of being lost. At others the site was just bare rock, and the only way to get lost was to fall or get blown into the sea. The latter was a simple enough matter, as the winds at Cape Bauld and Brig Harbour sometimes reached velocities of up to 120 m.p.h.

The reader must by now be wondering what kind of supermen manned these radar units. Personnel were recruited from all over Canada; they came from every walk in life. There were teachers, clerks, engineers, students, and of course many radio amateurs or "hams." None of them received any special physical or survival training.

Although it was the policy to "rotate" personnel, it was impossible to move them to more pleasant locations as often as was desirable. Some of the boys became "bushed," and a few had to be moved for the sake of their health. All in all, however, morale remained at a high level, thanks partly to the general determination to defeat the monotony by organizing recreation, and partly to hard work. Hunting and fishing competitions were held. At a few units, panning for gold became a popular pastime. Carving driftwood and manufacture of novelties from sea-shells were favourite



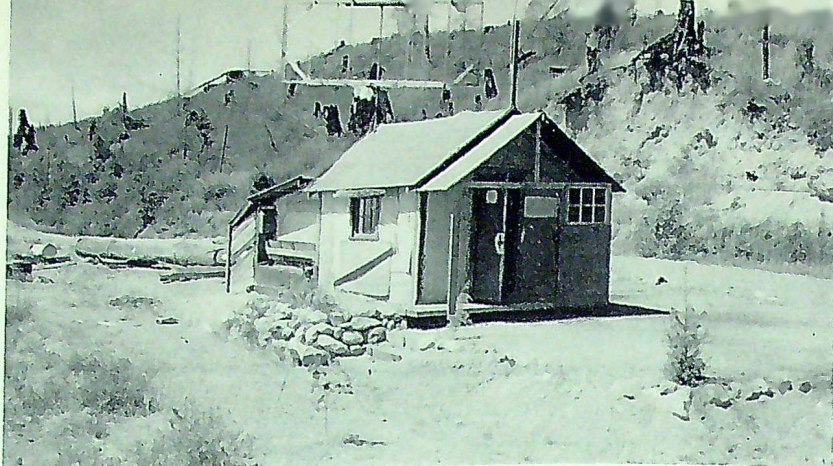
*Ferrer Point*



*Cape St. James*



*Spider Island*



*Operations Building, Jordan River. (Built in emergency out of driftwood and an airborne radar set.)*

hobbies — and of course there were, here and there, hardy souls who made heroic journeys on Saturday nights by trail, boat or dog sled, to small villages or canning factories for an evening of dancing or romance. Indeed, if the locations were not so isolated, I imagine some of the boys would be back there now.

Inevitably unit newspapers or magazines were organized, which formed a useful outlet for the literary and artistic. Laboriously put together, and printed by mimeograph or hectograph, most of the journals were given names which pointed up the remoteness of the units. For example, the magazine for Cape St. James was called "The Isolationist."

A.F.H.Q. did all that was possible to alleviate the tough conditions and to provide amenities. Extra issues of personal furniture, movie projectors and hobby equipment were supplied, but these could not take the place of regular mail or the odd forty-eight. The units were so small that padres and doctors could not be established. Therefore medical and religious services could only be supplied at comparatively infrequent intervals. I doubt if anyone, no matter how loudly the pioneer blood might pound through his veins, would have turned down a posting to a radar unit in the U.K. (with half the establishment consisting of W.A.A.F. operators, the chance of a few weekends in London, and a raid or two for excitement) for a posting to Cape Bauld or "Alcatraz" where he had nothing to feast his eyes on except the Pacific or the Atlantic. A man might have just as well joined the Navy!

Millions of dollars were spent in constructing the radar chain, in purchasing equipment, and in training personnel; and more than 3000 officers and airmen were employed to operate and maintain the units. Yet, as far as is known, there were no tracks plotted from enemy aircraft. What then, it may be asked, did Canada get out of it all?

I believe, and the records tend to prove, that the entire system was paid for in aircraft saved and experience gained. In one year on the west coast, over fifty assists were given to friendly aircraft either lost or in distress, and the number was about the same on the east coast. It is estimated that at least ten aircraft and crews probably owe their survival to the ground-based radar. If the estimate is true, this saving alone nearly paid for the chain. In addition, Canada has accumulated a great deal of data regarding radar sites, construction problems, propagation of radio waves on both coasts, manufacture of radar, and personnel training. All this experience may prove to be invaluable in the event of another emergency.

In concluding this brief tribute to the personnel who built and manned the R.C.A.F.'s war-time radar outposts, I feel it is only fair to mention the R.A.F.-operated radar school at Clinton Ont., where the vast majority of the radar men were trained. True, the members of the staff were not called upon to suffer either exposure or solitude, but they worked long and laboriously to produce more than 5,000 trained radar officers and airmen who later served wherever the searching beams helped keep the Empire's skies and waters safe from her enemies.

# The Future of Air Bombardment

BY AIR MARSHAL SIR ROBERT H. M. S. SAUNDBY,  
K.B.E., C.B., M.C., D.F.C., A.F.C.

*(Reprinted by courtesy of the "R.A.F. Quarterly")*

I THINK that I should emphasize, at the start, that the ideas and views set out in this article are my own, and are not necessarily, or even probably, those of the Air Staff today. It is perhaps legitimate to hope that, in thus setting them forth, I may do something to stimulate thought and discussion on subjects which are certain to have a profound effect on the future of our Service.

In my article in the July number of *THE ROYAL AIR FORCE QUARTERLY* we traced the development of bombing in the Allied air forces from its beginning to the dropping of the atomic bombs on the Japanese cities. This event was rightly recognized as a major landmark in the history of air power, but it marks a change not in kind but in degree. As I said, the effect is to make one aeroplane capable of the destruction caused by a successful attack by some 500 Lancasters in 1945. But the weapon is still a bomb, dropped from an aircraft of conventional type, operated by a human crew.

There were, however, two developments, initiated by Germany, which are bound to have a far-reaching effect on the future of air bombardment. When the Germans realized that the growing weight of Allied strategic bombing would spell defeat for them if they were unable to master it, they determined to convert practically the whole of their aircraft industry to the production of defensive fighters. The German generals, however, knew their business, and they must have felt very uneasy indeed at the prospect of having to abandon the offensive in the air. They could not fail to know that such a policy could only postpone defeat, not avert it.

Fortunately for them, two lines of scientific development offered a possible solution to their problem. One was the flying bomb, and the other the heavy rocket. Neither of these weapons

required high-performance aero-engines of conventional design, and neither would compete in any serious way with the resources they wished to devote to defensive aircraft. It is small wonder that they seized eagerly upon these inventions, their notorious "secret weapons," and decided to rely upon them almost completely for the conduct of an air offensive against this country.

Their plans were well laid and far-reaching. They began to build enormous structures in Belgium and the Pas de Calais, protected by reinforced concrete many metres in thickness, in which they intended to assemble and prepare the "V" weapons, and from which they meant to launch them. They planned for a huge scale of attack; some 500 flying bombs and 200 heavy rockets were to be launched daily against London and other objectives in South-East England.

Our Intelligence Service got early information of this project, and our heavy bombers, by now capable of a high degree of penetration and accuracy over enemy territory, successfully struck at the great experimental station at Peenemunde, where the development work was being carried out, at the factories where the weapons were being made, and destroyed the great concrete structures in which they were to be assembled and launched. The success of this counter-offensive caused the enemy to abandon his large-scale plans and rely on small launching sites, camouflaged in woods, etc., and to use natural caves, normally used for the excellent purpose of growing mushrooms, for the storage and assembly of the weapons. This immediately reduced the threat to about one-third of its former dimensions, while a perpetual attack on the launching sites by Bomber Command and the Tactical Air Forces, and the smashing-in of the caves by heavy bombers, still further reduced the scale of attack. In the event, it averaged no more

than about one-tenth of the planned figures, and declined from being a dangerous threat to a serious nuisance.

Nevertheless, the attack could not be entirely stopped until the advance of the Allied armies had placed the launching sites out of range of this country.

The defeat of these "V" weapons should not, however, be misunderstood. They were defeated because they were introduced, incompletely developed and in insufficient numbers, to a situation dominated, at that time, by the heavy bombers. It is as though, as a desperate measure and at the eleventh hour, a few musketeers with brand-new weapons had been introduced by the French to the field at Crecy or Agincourt, a field dominated, at the time, by the longbowmen of England. The unhappy musketeers would have been shot through with arrows before they had a chance to affect the decision; but that is not to say that the musket, in its turn, when fully developed and when its potentialities were properly understood, would not replace the longbow in battle.

There is one other significant development, of which we must take notice. That is the development of rockets carried in aircraft, or other vehicles, capable of propelling, with a high degree of velocity and accuracy, an explosive charge equal to that of a large shell. So light is the equipment that a Hurricane was able to carry eight such rockets, propelling charges with a striking force roughly equal to the broadside of a 10,000-ton 8-inch-gun cruiser.

Thus we have four quite distinct and very important lines of future development: the flying bomb, the heavy rocket, the light rocket, and the atomic bomb. I propose to consider a little more closely the probable future trend of these four weapons, and the purposes for which, as I see it, they are likely to be used.

The flying bomb, as developed by the Germans up to the end of the last war, suffered from two major defects. First, it was too slow, and so could be caught and destroyed by our fastest fighters. This defect could be remedied by using a more powerful propulsive agent, to be paid for by increased size and weight of the weapon, or by

reduced range. Secondly, it depended on a pre-set mechanism to cause it to dive to earth and explode on contact, which rendered it inaccurate at long range. In fact, less than 50 per cent could be relied on, even if not interfered with in any way, to fall within a circle of two and a half miles' radius from the desired point of impact, at a range of 120 miles. No doubt such a mechanism is susceptible of improvement, but it must always be liable to considerable error owing to the difficulty of forecasting wind speeds, etc., along the route. The magnitude of the error will, generally speaking, be proportional to the range. In this it differs in a marked way from the humanly controlled bomber, the accuracy of which in general is dependent on many factors, of which range is by no means the most important. There seem to be two possible methods of eventually overcoming this defect. The missile can be guided from radar ground stations, much as was "Oboe" bombing in the last war, or the missiles themselves can be made to "home" on to the target. The first method is likely to be accurate, but, like "Oboe," it is limited to a maximum range of some 350 to 400 miles, depending on the altitude of the missile, and only one missile at a time can be handled by a pair of ground stations. Thus, both the range and the density of the attack are sharply restricted. "Homing" presents considerable difficulties, owing to the problem of identifying the target. One factory, or one built-up area, is very like another, and I doubt whether it will be possible for a long time to produce a device which will enable a flying bomb to select and "home" on to a land target. At sea, however, circumstances seem to me to be very different, and I think that "homing" on to a ship should be comparatively easy. I can imagine a flying bomb being dispatched in the known direction of an enemy ship — a great mass of metal floating on the sea — and when arriving within, say, ten miles of its objective the "homing" apparatus would come into play. The missile would be guided towards the ship, and an auxiliary rocket motor started, so that the missile would achieve a high enough velocity to ensure penetration.

Such weapons, against which all surface ships would be almost helpless, would make it impossible

for warships or merchant ships of any size to approach within, say, 150 miles of enemy territory by day or night.

I think, therefore, that flying bombs are likely to be used for short-range attack of land objectives under "Oboe" or some similar control, or against shipping. Their effect, if a suitable "homing" device can be developed, on the exercise of sea power should be very great, and it is probable that all war vessels will have to be made submersible.

The heavy rocket of German "V" weapon type has a maximum range of about 200 miles. To achieve this it attains during its trajectory an altitude of some fifty miles above the earth's surface, and a peak velocity of some 4,000 miles an hour. The German rocket had a total weight of about 14 tons, of which 1,500 lb. was the explosive charge, and about 10 tons the weight of the fuel. This fuel, consisting of liquid oxygen and alcohol, had to be pumped through the burners in less than a minute. The accuracy of the weapon was about the same as that of the flying bomb at comparable ranges.

It would appear, therefore, that these rockets are suitable only for the attack of large targets, such as an industrial city, lying within 200 miles' range of the launching site. It will be interesting to see if the inherent disadvantages of this weapon can be overcome.

The light rocket appears to me to be a most important development, likely to have very far-reaching consequences. For aircraft, which can use them at short range, I think that they will eventually replace the gun for all purposes. As regards sea and land warfare, I am less certain; but I believe that they will prove to be a lighter, cheaper and more formidable weapon than the gun for most purposes. They are excellently suited for providing covering fire for an assault, and for laying down concentrations of fire to slow down and break up an attack. They are ideal for close-range anti-tank work, and it is possible that they will largely replace the anti-aircraft gun, especially if a rocket-driven weapon capable of "homing" on to an aircraft can be devised.

The saving, compared to a gun, in manufacturing cost, weight, ease of transportation, economy

in high-grade steels and other metals is most striking. In fact, now that we have them, they seem so simple and obvious that one feels surprise that they have been so long in arriving.

As an offensive weapon for tactical air forces the light rocket is, for many purposes, superior to the bomb. For the destruction of locomotives and rolling stock, motor transport, shipping, especially the smaller and more mobile vessels, and aircraft on the ground, the rockets are much more accurate and easier to operate than bombs, and they are fully as effective. In my view, the light rocket has enormously increased the power and effectiveness of tactical air forces.

And now we come to the atomic bomb. This is a weapon of some considerable weight but of enormous destructive power. It is probable that one bomb, detonated at the optimum altitude, could devastate an area of about one square mile. In addition, it would affect by flash-burn and by radio-active poisoning all who are exposed to it within a considerable radius from the explosion.

The bomb depends for its explosive effect on a fissionable material, produced from uranium ore. The production of this material, even when the process has been commercialized, requires a tremendous effort in terms of money and man-power though probably not much greater than that required to produce its equivalent in destructive effect in conventional bombs charged with a modern high explosive. But this certainly means that atomic bombs will be precious, that no nation will have plenty of them, and that they will be carefully used, after serious consideration, against those targets which are judged to be the most vital and suitable.

The American test at Bikini Atoll provided much valuable data as to radio-activity and blast effect, and the possibilities of decontamination. But I cannot believe that it is probable that any nation will drop atomic bombs on fleet anchorages. In fact, I will go farther and say that in an era of atomic warfare there will not be any fleet anchorages as such. The job of our Navy will be almost entirely convoy escort and anti-submarine work, requiring a large number of small ships dispersed all over the seven seas.

Important ports, vital industrial areas, and possibly centres of government and communications, will be the most probable targets for atomic bombs. The defence of such places, therefore, will be a task of the first importance. To destroy, deflect or reduce the attack would be the primary object of our active defence. For various reasons, among which is the need for great accuracy, I believe that the atomic bomb is likely to be delivered by aircraft operated by a human crew, equipped with the latest radar navigational and bombing aids.

The potential threat is so great that we must harness all available scientific knowledge and research to the task of improving our air defence. But some attacks are certain to succeed, and we must organize an effective civil defence to minimize the disaster if it should come. There is very much to be done in this direction. The appalling death roll in the Japanese cities was largely due to the fact that no air-raid precautions were in force. At Hiroshima the streets were thronged with people who supposed that the two American aircraft high overhead were engaged in photographic reconnaissance. No warning was sounded, and no one took cover. It has been calculated that protection such as London possessed by the end of the last war, and ten minutes warning, would have reduced the death roll from 70,000 to about 7,000. So it is a very serious mistake to think that, because the destructive power of the bomb is so great, no shelter and no precautions are of avail. The reverse is true. The killing power of the bomb against unprotected people in the open is tremendous, but quite a small degree of protection secures immunity from flash-burn and radio-active poisoning, except for those very close to the point directly beneath the explosion. Next to that, the provision of properly equipped rescue squads for the purpose of freeing people trapped under collapsed buildings will be a big factor in saving life.

To sum up, I believe that atomic bombs are likely to be used in a carefully worked-out plan, calculated to destroy at the outset the war potential of an enemy, and to bring about the collapse of civil administration. If the attack should fail,

the supply of atomic bombs is not likely to be sufficient to permit of its being repeated, except after a long interval measured, perhaps, in years.

What all this amounts to is that air bombardment with atom bombs, flying bombs and rockets is now capable of such far-reaching effects that an aggressor, especially against a country such as ours, is almost certain to attempt a knock-out blow from the air. London is an obvious target for such an attack, particularly if an aggressor can obtain control of the Low Countries and the Pas de Calais, enabling him to use flying bombs and rockets. Only if such an attack should fail will the safeguarding of our sea communications or overseas bases have any significance. Therefore, although navies and armies are not rendered obsolete by the developments in air bombardment, they will not come seriously into action in their own spheres until the first clash in the air is over. Indeed, land and sea forces will tend to be drawn, directly and indirectly, into the support of the air battle in every way open to them.

Once this battle is decided, the first phase will be over. If the blow has failed it will then be necessary to plan the second phase, which must culminate in victory. The plan will, of course, depend upon the circumstances, but the offensive in the air must be developed first. It is only when the enemy is beaten and thrown on to the defensive in the air that we can hope to take the offensive by land and sea.

This, then, is the future as I see it. On the Air Force and on its ancillary services will depend the defeat of the enemy's all-out air attacks, aimed at paralysing us at the outset. On it also will depend the development of a successful air offensive, which alone can open the way for the joint air, land and sea offensive that will lead to victory.

This is no small responsibility for the junior of the three fighting Services. There is, however, no escape from it, and it must be fully recognized both by those serving in the Royal Air Force and by those outside it. For thus, and thus alone, can we hope to ward off the blow if it should be struck, and bring about the conditions that will enable us to regain the offensive.

It will be "Per ardua ad astra" indeed.

# The DIMMER VIEW



by  
ray cracy



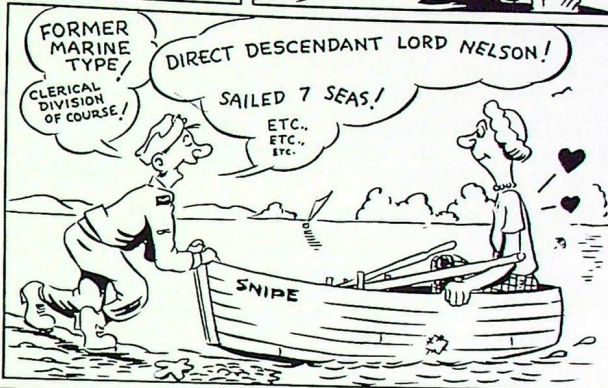
BLAT  
BLAB  
BLAB  
ETC



TWO  
BUCKS!

OLD SEA-DOG MYSELF!

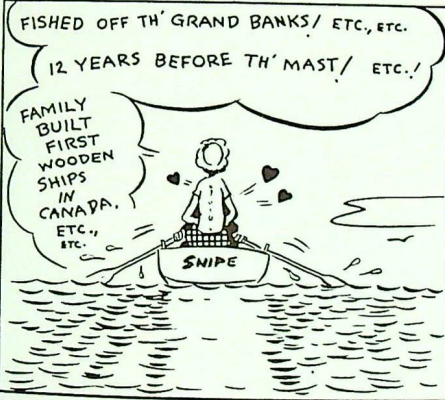
SALT WATER  
IN MY  
VEINS!  
ETC...



FORMER  
MARINE  
TYPE!  
CLERICAL  
DIVISION  
OF COURSE!

DIRECT DESCENDANT LORD NELSON!

SAILED 7 SEAS!  
ETC..  
ETC..  
ETC..



FISHED OFF TH' GRAND BANKS/ ETC., ETC.

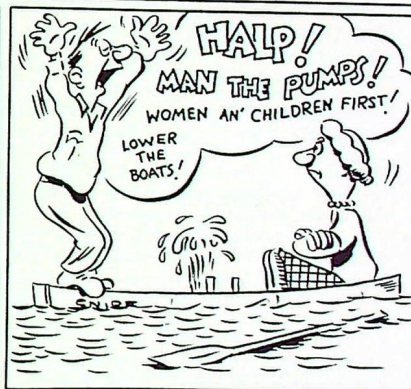
12 YEARS BEFORE TH' MAST/ ETC..!

FAMILY  
BUILT  
FIRST  
WOODEN  
SHIPS  
IN  
CANADA,  
ETC..  
ETC..



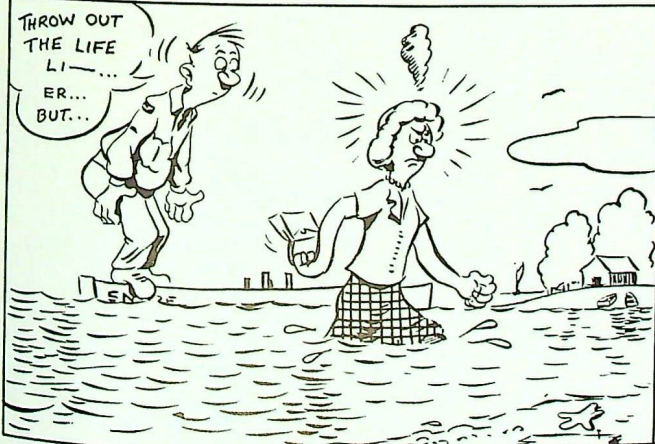
SAILED  
WEST  
COAST  
FOR  
14 YEARS...  
...ULP!

POP!



HALP!  
MAN THE PUMPS!

WOMEN AN' CHILDREN FIRST!  
LOWER  
THE  
BOATS!



THROW OUT  
THE LIFE  
LI...  
ER...  
BUT...



BUT...  
BUT...  
BUT...

SHALLOW LAKE  
2 MILES  
BOATING  
SWIMMING!  
NO DIVING!  
DEPTH 3 FEET

ray cracy 5-50

# Letters to the Editor

THOUGHTS IN FLIGHT

IN DEFENCE OF SHATTERPROOF

Over Hudson Bay

Dear Editor:

Sometimes, while on long-haul flights, I read, and sometimes it is "The Roundel" that I read. Fifty percent of the time I like it, and fifty percent of the time I don't.

To describe the articles I do like, such as "Northern Sky-trails" and "Stalag Luft III", would require a better "creeper" than I. On the other hand, though it would be more in my line, as a self-styled iconoclast, to tear into the many I don't like, I feel that there's nothing very constructive in trying to push back water that has already gone under the bridge.

My main criticism of the magazine is directed towards editorial policy. So far I have seen nothing but "clipping-bureau editing." Is the Editorial Committee aware that what seems to be eighty percent of your published material comes from magazines that every mess and airmen's lounge are loaded with? There is nothing constructive in repeating an article in "The Roundel" which appeared two months ago in "The Aeroplane".

Another point the Editor seems to have missed is the fact that the younger airmen and officers now coming in have an entirely "Canadian Outlook." Having never had the opportunity to visit England, these young fellows know nothing of the English habit of understatement in humour. Consequently, when you publish articles from British sources, the attempt of the British to combine drinking, humour, and more drinking with all Service technical articles sounds "corny" and falls quite flat with the younger readers. Apart from that these reprinted articles seem to convey the impression that no one can discuss anything until he has at least three pints down and one to go, plus another at the end of each paragraph. I may or may not be correct in the thought, but I think that personnel of tender years see enough of the "three-pint" technical experts without being confronted by them throughout Service magazines.

Some time in the future it might improve "The Roundel" to have a "ghost writer" (after some reasearch with "P" branch) interview and do thumbnail sketches on some of the more interesting personalities in the Air Force. Incidentally, this should not be a succession of biographies of officers of the rank of Winco and above. The other day I was speaking to a lad with eighteen months' service who spent the first twenty years of his life in the hinterland of China, three of them as a prisoner of the Japs.

In addition to providing interesting reading, such articles would enable the Serviceman to get to know the high caliber of some of the people we work with and for in the Service.

Flt. Lt. R. McKee,  
No. 412 (T) Squadron

*(Flt. Lt. McKee's otherwise excellent and constructive letter errs a bit in its percentages. Reprinted material takes up an average of not eighty, but eighteen, percent of our last three issues—and it is thought improbable that more than a handful of our readers has read any of it before. "The Roundel's" position in the matter of special reporting on individuals and events has already been explained in earlier issues: our entire staff consists of editor, artist, and stenographer, so that we must for the time being depend on the spontaneous inspiration and generosity of our contributors. The third point mentioned—namely, "The Roundel's" tendency to debauch its younger readers—is one that we propose to think out in solitude over a reflective beaker of denatured ale.—Editor)*

Dear Sir:

Permit me to offer a few thoughts in defence of Sgt. Shatterproof, who was so rigidly taken to task by Squadron Leader R. H. Morris in your March 1950 issue.

I suggest that most persons of Shatterproof's acquaintance find that he is sufficiently caricatured to make him a unique character and one not likely to be identified with Senior Non-Commissioned Officers in the Service.

Sgt. Shatterproof provides an excellent medium for mild self-criticism. If his place was taken by a meticulous Senior N.C.O., and the character continued to take the liberties of one so obviously fictional as our Shatterproof, then I feel there would be cause for some concern.

As for stripping him of those three stripes he has left, the defence is offered that a medium of self-criticism can hardly be relegated to one who does not have at least a plausible claim to the mantle of a critic. Surely those tell-tale threads on his lower left sleeve should be regarded as sufficient punishment to anyone in whom he has aroused personal animosity.

J. Lionel Roy (R.C.A.F.A.)

## CANADIANS IN THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN

Dear Sir:

Please settle a bitter dispute between an R.A.F. type and myself. What percentage of R.A.F. aircrew during the Battle of Britain were Canadians?

I maintained that at least 51% were Canadians and even suggested that 80% was probably not far off the mark. This figure of course includes fellows who left Canada before the war and entered the R.A.F.

In closing, I might point out that if your statistics do not support me I lose a buck and this will be deducted from next year's Association dues.

D. H. Ingram (R.C.A.F.A.)

*(The Air Historian knows of no published official figures indicating the percentage of Canadian aircrew participating in the Battle of Britain.*

*However, the chances are that Mr. Ingram has lost his bet, since total Battle of Britain aircrew casualties—in Fighter, Bomber, and Coastal Commands—included only 3% Canadians.—Editor)*

### Answers to "What's the Score?"

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

# Airmen's Information Bulletin

"The Airmen's Information Bulletin," dated January 1950, was issued to all Units during March. All who have not yet read it are strongly urged to procure and study a copy of it as soon as possible. It contains the latest information on numerous subjects of Service-wide interest, as the following list of its contents will show:

Security

Reclassification

Remustering

Marriage Regulations

Opportunities for commissioning from  
the ranks:

Aircrew List

Non-Flying List

Canadian Service Colleges

Serving Airmen Attending University  
under R.C.A.F. Auspices

Trade Advancement

Promotion

Leave

Postings and Transfers

Pay and Allowances:

Marriage Allowance

Subsistence Allowance

Risk Allowance

Assignments

*The*  
ROUNDDEL