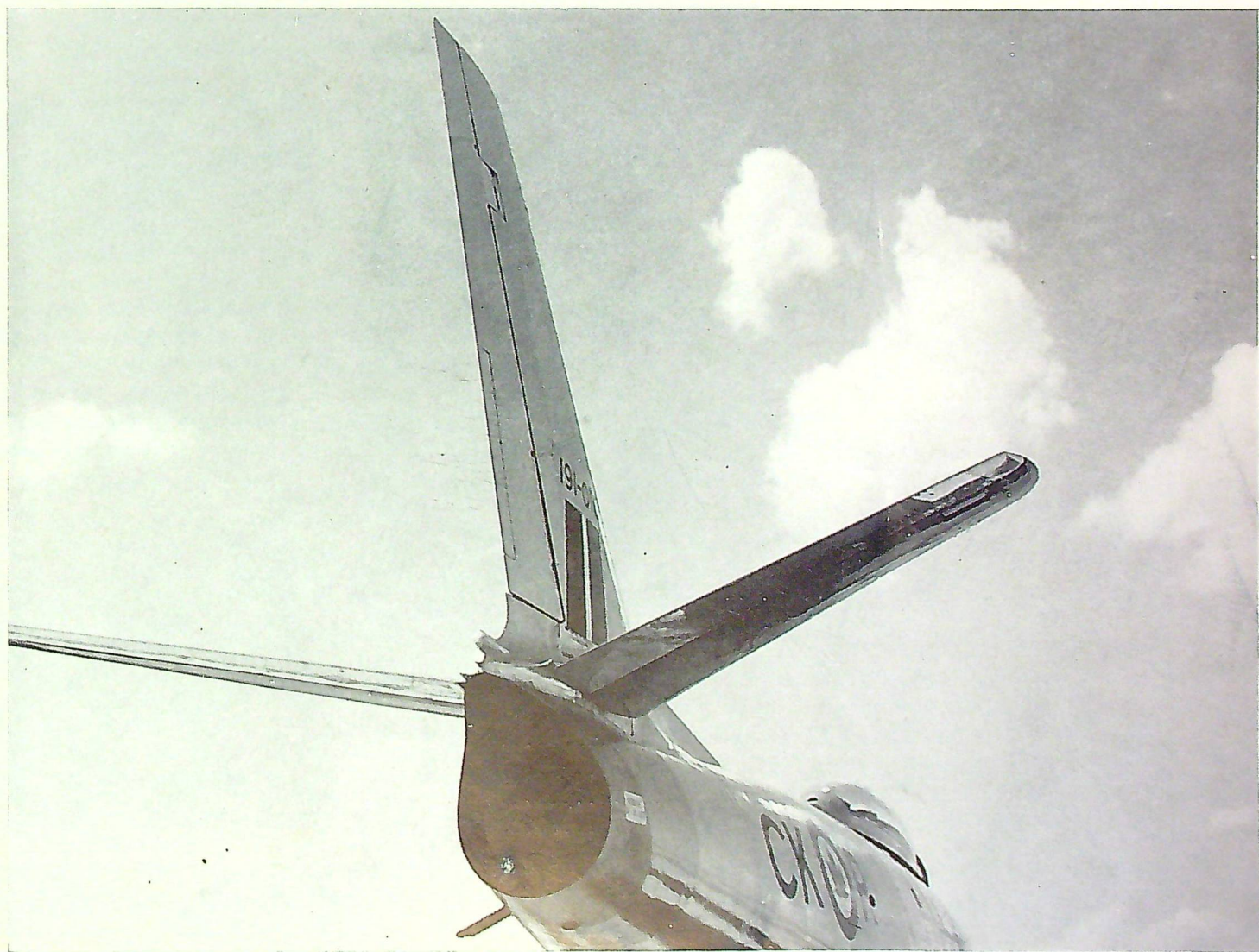


The **CROWNDDEL**

VOL. 2, No. 10
SEPTEMBER 1950



ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

The ROUNDDEL

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

VOL. 2, No. 10

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This Month's Cover



Empennage and tail pipe of the first of the R.C.A.F.'s new F-86 fighters to come off the assembly line at Canadair Ltd., Montreal. This aircraft was on display at the C.N. Exhibition in Toronto last month. Another view of it appears below.



EDITORIAL OFFICES:
 Room 2738, D.N.D. Bldg. "A,"
 Ottawa, Ont.

Sgt. Shatterproof Demands More Dignity

THE CLAMMY SUNSHINE of Ottawa beat against the lowered blinds of the editorial office. Within, the editorial head drooped listlessly above a manuscript. It was a gay little piece by dear old Group Captain Heavywater, entitled "Electronics for Service Kiddies," but I had bogged down after the first sentence . . . "As every good child knows, $N=N_0e^{-\lambda t}$; and whether you're a Corporal's little boy or an Air Vice-Marshal's little girl, you've probably been told what happens to a baby atom when poor Daddy Nucleus gets knocked to bits and the Mummy Electrons all become dissipated." When an editor fails to be lured on by by fascinating stuff like that, you can bet there's something pretty wrong with him.

There was. There was something very wrong. My leave — my lovely leave — was over, and all I could see in the future was twelve issues of "The Roundel" marching towards me with their empty pages threateningly a-flutter. As I sat there, debating whether the cause of the United Nations would be less imperilled by my resignation than by my suicide, a Presence suddenly appeared in the doorway.

To say that it was a Shining Presence would be to mislead the reader. In the first place, I do not seem to be the sort of fellow upon whom Shining Presences habitually drop in for a spot of revelation and general uplift; and secondly, all the brass and shoe-polish in the world could not make Sgt. Shatterproof exactly shine. None the less, they had done wonders. Even his eyes gleamed with a new lustre. Instead of the usual worn copy of K.R. (Air), he carried a briefcase. Only the pipe remained unchanged — the pipe and, of course, the outline of the vanished crown upon his sleeve.

He strode into the office and saluted. Then, before I could utter a word, he stepped back a pace and stood stiffly at attention.

"This, Sir," he said, "is a formal visit. Let us pause before we exchange the grip of friendship. I come, not as Shatterproof the Kindly Counsellor, but as Shatterproof the Censor. And I must warn you, Sir, I come armed." He tapped the briefcase. "I have here not only K.R. (Air), but also" — and I could have sworn to an almost imperceptible inclination of his head — "the Manual of Air Force Law."

Having thus delivered himself, he ignored my gesture towards a chair and remained staring at me fixedly, breathing hard.

"This sounds serious," I said at length. "What's the Brass doing now, Sergeant?"

"To the best of my knowledge, Sir, nothing. This time, however, it is not the Brass whom I must chastise." He waited a moment to let the remark sink in. Then, with ominous solicitude: "I trust you enjoyed your leave?"

"Thanks, Shatterproof, I did. Had a marvellous time. I went —"



He lifted a hand.

"Pardon me, Sir. The grapevine has already put me in possession of all details concerning your activities."

"The grapevine!" I had a hideous vision of Shatterproof in his B.V.D.'s, sacrificing a black cock behind the hangars at midnight, listening to the throb of distant signal drums. "The grapevine! About *my* activities?"

He nodded.

"The grapevine's tendrils twist their way everywhere. Even into the private lives of editors who stray too far from Service channels. Permit me to reconstruct . . ."

Here Sgt. Shatterproof relit his pipe. This done, he produced from his pocket a rather dirty-looking paper, which he unfolded and glanced at briefly. His eyes narrowed, then transfixed me with deadly intent. Before me stood Shatterproof the Censor, inexorable, poised to strike.

"Leaving Rockcliffe by North Star," he began, "at 2010 hours on June 9th 1950, you arrived in Dorval at 2042 hours. Thence you made your way by Service transport to the Officers' Mess at Lachine, where you spent a social hour or so with some of the officers of No. 426 Squadron. That evening, Sir, you struck at the very foundations upon which the prestige of 'The Roundel' is built!"

While I sat staring at him, bug-eyed in amazement, he proceeded:

"Doubtless you are thinking that these are strong words. They are. Yet reflect, Sir: laughable though it may seem to us of the inner circle, such readers as 'The Roundel' has still labour under the impression that an editor must possess considerable intellectual qualifications. What, then, must have passed through those officers' minds when you related the story of —" his eyes flickered to the paper in his hand "— Little Red Riding Hood and the Wicked Wing Commander? 'What!' they must have said, 'Can *this* be the man whose red pencil shapes the character of our official magazine? Is *this* —'"

"As a matter of fact, Shatterproof, all they said was 'What about a nightcap? We've got to be up at six.'"

"At which point, Sir, it might have been prudent to remind them that you only had one head."

"To be exact, I had two."

"A not uncommon illusion after a social evening, Sir."

"I mean two nightcaps, dammit!"

"For one head, Sir?" He smiled grimly. "But we will let that pass. From Dorval you flew next day to R.C.A.F. Station Chatham. It was Air Force Day, and there was a party that night in the Officers' Mess, at which the Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick was to be present. And what did we do, Sir?"

"Went to the party, of course. The C.O.'s an old friend of mine. It was quite a . . ."

But Shatterproof was not listening. He was gazing past me into space. There was a hint of moisture in his eyes, and he was murmuring, more to himself than to me . . .

". . . and there, crouching in the darkness outside, I see the boys in the field, cheerless, dispirited, eyeing the bright lights and listening to the gaiety. I hear them saying to themselves, 'He has let us down once more. There he stands, the editor of our magazine, fraternizing with the great, unmindful of us out here in the night. Where are the talks we longed to hear? — the encouraging words on next winter's greatcoats, the thrilling story of projected procurement policy, the soul-stirring saga of servicing procedures for the F-86? He is silent. He has sold out to the Brass.' I see them stealing off to their barracks — still loyal, still uncomplaining, but unenlightened and with their last hope gone . . ."

He pulled himself together with a visible effort.

"And so, trampling all beneath your feet, you went on your way. By noon next day you were in Saint John. And what was your first action, Sir? To visit the club-room of No. 250 Wing of the R.C.A.F. Association!"

I recovered myself enough to chuckle reminiscently. "And how!" I said. "My second action, too. A most affable bunch of characters, Sergeant."

His eyes flashed. The menace in his voice deepened.

"And how did you reward their hospitality, Sir? Did you strain every nerve and sinew in strengthening their bonds with the Service? No! Instead, you attempted to seduce them from their allegiance. You sought their help in matters that should concern no right-thinking officer of the R.C.A.F., whether on leave or on duty. Through the misguided aid of one of them (who shall be nameless) you procured a boat, and after two weeks of carousal with a distinguished artist (who shall also be nameless) you put to sea with unseemly cries of 'Yo ho ho!' and the like."

"Good heavens, Shatterproof! Can't a man go sailing on his leave?"

"Some men can, Sir, and some men can't. You, apparently, belong to the latter class. Three nights later, you were back in the club-room. Your boat, full of water, was twenty miles down the coast." A momentary softness mitigated the severity of his countenance. "But your soul was saved."

"My WHAT was WHAT?"

"Your soul was saved. You do not, by any chance, suppose that your true motive in going sailing escaped me? Caught up on a wave of ambition, you had hoped to enlist the admiration of our honest Canadian tars and so secure control of the Navy's 'Crowsnest' in addition to 'The Roundel'."

"Ye Gods —"

"Touché, Sir, I think! Touché!" He lifted his hand once more as I attempted to struggle to my feet.

"But the tale of your lust for power is not yet told. Let us be men and face ourselves, Sir. Vanquished by the sea, you turned your covetous eyes towards the 'Canadian Army Journal'. 'I shall,' you said to yourself, 'make myself the idol of the infantry. I shall woo the Queen of Battle. I shall walk back to Ottawa'."

"A mere harmless walking-tour, Shatterproof!"

"It is easy to deceive ourselves, Sir, once we become a prey to ambition. For the next ten days the inhabitants of northern New Brunswick and Quebec saw the editor of 'The Roundel' trudging

like any hobo along the highways. Sometimes farm labourers, going to their honest toil at the first crack of dawn, would stumble across you curled up in a corner of a field. 'Look,' they would say to each other, 'there lies the editor of the R.C.A.F. magazine. What degradation! What horror! What hope is there for our country when the leaders of Air Force thought lie around sleeping in ditches?'"

"In Edmundston," he continued, "you pranced like a thirsting mustang into the Legion, which is also the meeting-place of the Association's Mada-waska Wing. There you telephoned the Wing President. Open-hearted and unsuspecting, he invited you to his house. How did you show your appreciation, Sir? I ask you, how?"

"Well — I —" By now I was getting a little punch-drunk.

"By arriving in shorts and a shirt — neither of them immaculate!"

"Should I have gone naked?" I fought back.

"Let us not confuse the issue with obscenity, Sir. Let us rather review our leave in the light of reason. Let us face the facts. In Lachine we jeopardized 'The Roundel's' very existence, in Chatham we broke who knows how many noble hearts, and in New Brunswick — but for the staunch fibre of the Maritime nature — we would have already undermined two Wings of the Association!"



Silence filled the office. As through a fog, I was aware of the reproachful glances directed at me by Tracy over the top of his drawing-board, of the horrified stillness of Margaret's typewriter. Then Shatterproof heaved a great sigh, and I heard him saying:

"I trust, Sir, that what I have said will not interfere with our friendship. Let us start life afresh. Let us forget our designs on 'The Crowsnest' and the 'Army Journal'. Let us put our shoulder to our own wheel and resolve, when next we go on leave, to preserve not only our loyalty, but also our dignity."

So saying, he saluted, turned on his heel, and vanished.

At that moment the 'phone rang. Groggily I lifted the receiver.

"'Crowsnest' here," I said.

"'What!' came back an astonished voice. "'This is 'The Crowsnest'?"

"'Sorry,'" I said. "I meant the 'Army Journal'."

"'Oh, I beg your pardon. I wanted 'The Roundel'."

"'You'll get it at 3413.'"

"'3413? but that's the number I'm —"

Very gently, Margaret took the instrument from my hand . . .

THE STAFF OFFICER

(The identity of the individual originally responsible for this penetrating analysis of the Staff Officer's duties is long since lost. Quite probably his native tongue was Latin. Truth, however, outlives Empires.—EDITOR)

STAFF OFFICERS are generally considered to be a lucky lot. As everyone else in the Service knows, a Staff Officer never actually *does* anything, except, of course —

1. To decide what is to be done.
2. (a) To tell somebody to do it.
(b) To listen to the various reasons why—
 - (i) it should be done by somebody else,
 - (ii) it should be done differently,
 - (iii) it should not be done at all.
- (c) To override these objections by convincing and conclusive arguments.
3. (a) To follow up and see if the thing has been done.
(b) To discover that it has not been done.
(c) To enquire why it has not been done.

- (d) To listen to the usual excuses.
- (e) To prepare arguments to overcome these excuses.
4. (a) To follow up again to see if the thing has been done.
(b) To discover that it has been done — incorrectly.
(c) To explain how it should have been done.
(d) To conclude that, as long as it has been done at all, it might as well be left as it is.
5. To reflect that he could have done the job correctly himself in twenty minutes, except for the risk of demoralizing everyone else in the Service, who knows that a Staff Officer never actually *does* anything.

No. 438 Squadron



Prepared by the Air Historical Section

THE HISTORY of No. 438 Squadron dates back to 1 September 1934, when the formation of No. 18 Bomber (Non-Permanent) Squadron at Montreal was authorised. It was not until the spring of 1936, however, that the unit was actually formed at St. Hubert under Sqn. Ldr. W. Dubuc, and arrangements were made to recruit and train personnel. Late in 1937 the squadron was re-numbered 118, and two years later, after war had broken out, it moved to Halifax for training and operation as a Coast Artillery Co-Operation unit, using Atlas and Lysander aircraft. In August 1940, No. 118 was re-designated a fighter squadron but the actual transition did not occur until 1st December, when "A" Flight formed at Rockcliffe with Goblin two-seater fighters. In July 1941 this flight flew to Dartmouth as the nucleus of the new 118. Before the year ended the Goblins had been replaced by single-seater Kittyhawks. The highlight of the squadron's operations on the East Coast came on 16 January 1942, when two pilots on patrol outside Halifax Harbour sighted and attacked a submarine. The guns of one Kittyhawk refused to fire, but the other made a number of hits on the conning tower.

In June 1942, No. 118 was transferred to Annette Island (Alaska) on the Pacific Coast. The flying personnel made the 4,000 mile trip by air — the first unit to fly from coast to coast. Here, amid primitive conditions, it carried out routine patrols, submarine searches and various

other tasks. After a year of operations from this isolated Station, the squadron moved to Sea Island in August 1943, whence it carried out dawn and dusk patrols and scrambles for two months. Then, in October, it returned to Nova Scotia, embarked at Halifax, and sailed for a new theatre of operations.

No. 118's first base in England was Digby, where it was re-numbered 438, re-equipped with Hurricanes, and began training for a new rôle as a fighter-bomber squadron. Several moves followed in quick succession, until it settled down, in March 1944, at Hurn, Hampshire, where it formed No. 143 Airfield together with Nos. 439 and 440 Squadrons. These three units were now equipped with Typhoon fighter-bombers, and, on March 20th, No. 438 had the honour of carrying out the Airfield's first operation — a fighter sweep by four pilots over the Cherbourg Peninsula. After two more "familiarization" sweeps, the squadron, on April 9th, embarked on its new rôle as a fighter-bomber unit with a successful dive-bombing attack on a V-1 site at Gorenflos. This was the first of a long series of such operations during the next two months. In addition to flying-bomb installations, the Typhoons dive-bombed bridges, gun posts, marshalling-yards, road and rail junctions, airfields and radar stations, as their contribution to the tactical preparation for D-Day. The usual bomb load on these missions was two 500-lb. bombs, but sometimes the Tiffies toted two 1,000-pounders each. On 24th April, the first occasion on which half-ton bombs were used operationally by Typhoons, No. 438 made direct hits on a bridge at St. Sauveur.

After D-Day the squadron worked in close support of the Army as it fought to establish the beach-heads and drive inland. The Typhoons bombed enemy strong-points, headquarters buildings, bridges, tank and troop concentrations; they scoured the roads behind the battle-lines, machine-gunning and bombing any enemy transport or armoured fighting vehicles that ventured abroad in daylight. Time and again the Tiffies were "whistled up" to blast a Nazi stronghold and open the way for the troops on the ground — services



Wing Cdr. F. G. Grant, D.S.O., D.F.C.

for which the squadrons in No. 143 Wing repeatedly won the thanks of the Army.

On 27th June the squadron moved to France to an airstrip at Lantheuil. It shared in the heavy fighting around Caen, in the Nazi holocaust at Falaise, and in the pursuit of the Wehrmacht across northern France into Belgium and the Netherlands. After two months at Lantheuil, No. 438 began a series of rapid moves forward which brought it, at the end of September, to Eindhoven in the Netherlands. Here the squadron remained until March 1945, when it returned to England for a fortnight, rejoining the Wing early in April at an airfield within the German border. V-E Day found No. 438 at Celle, north-east of Hanover. It remained in Germany until 26 August 1945, when it was disbanded at Flensburg.

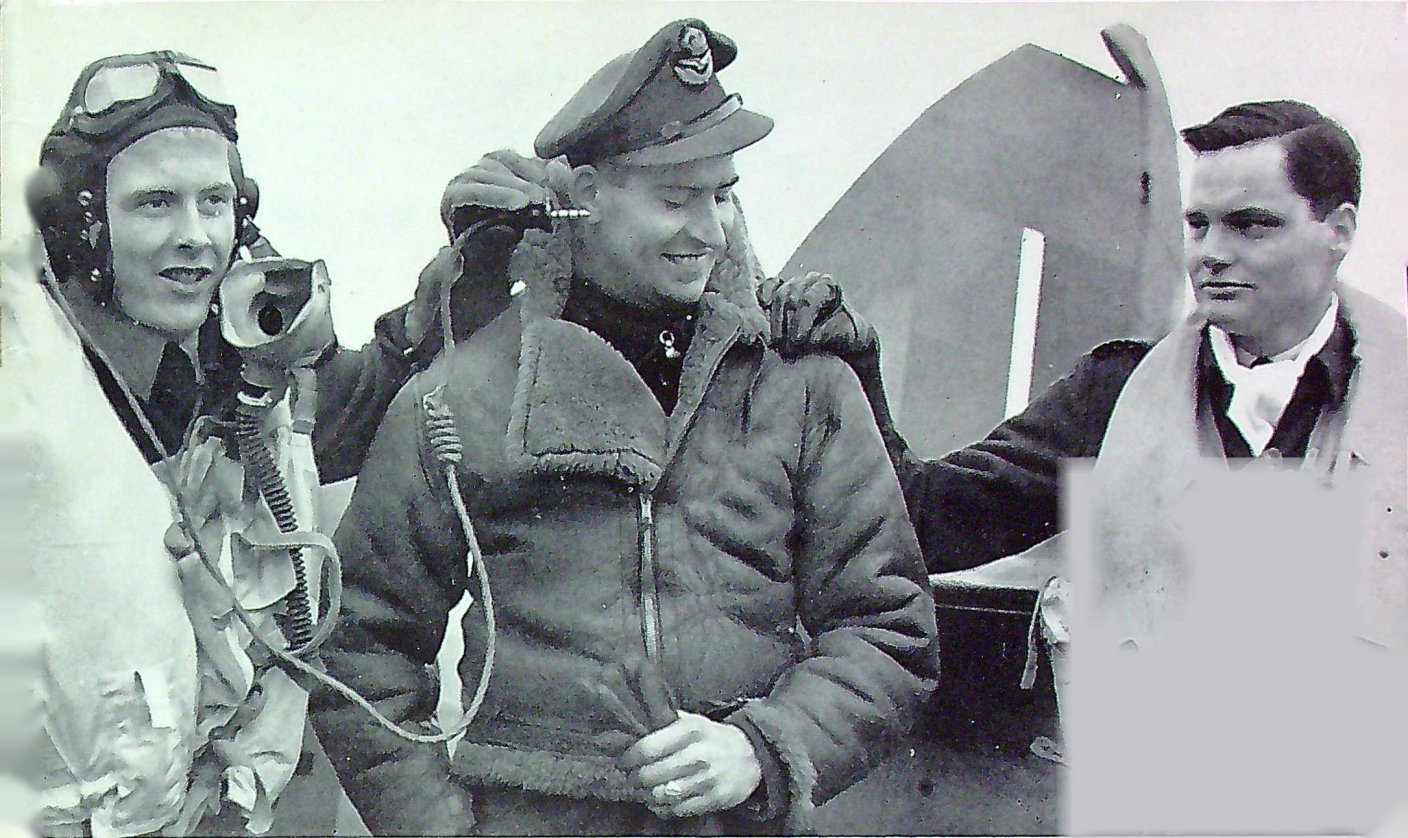
In its ten years' career No. 438 had thirteen commanding officers. In Canada (1936 to 1943) they were Sqn. Ldr. M. C. Dubuc, Sqn. Ldr. A. Raymond, Flt. Lt. G. Vadboncoeur, Flt. Lt. E. W. Beardmore, Wing Cdr. E. A. McNab,

D.F.C., Sqn. Ldr. H. de M. Melson, Sqn. Ldr. A. M. Yuile and Sqn. Ldr. F. G. Grant, who took the unit overseas. (Ranks and decorations are those held at the time of command.) In Britain and on the Continent the Wildcats served under Sqn. Ldr.'s F. G. Grant, J. R. Beirnes, R. F. Reid, P. Wilson, J. E. Hogg and P. Bissky. Sqn. Ldr. Wilson was killed in the Luftwaffe strafe of the squadron's airfield on New Year's Day 1945; and Sqn. Ldr. Hogg and Beirnes lost their lives in flying accidents. The last-named officer had completed one tour with the squadron and had returned to No. 438 to serve again as commanding officer. In addition to the three officers named, four pilots were killed in accidents in Canada and another overseas, and 29 were killed or missing on operations over Europe. A number of those reported missing were subsequently listed as safe or prisoners of war.

Among the personnel decorated for their services with the Wildcats were Sqn. Ldrs. Grant, Beirnes and Hogg, Flt. Lts. D. W. Banting, R. E. Coffey and R. E. Spooner, and Flying Officer

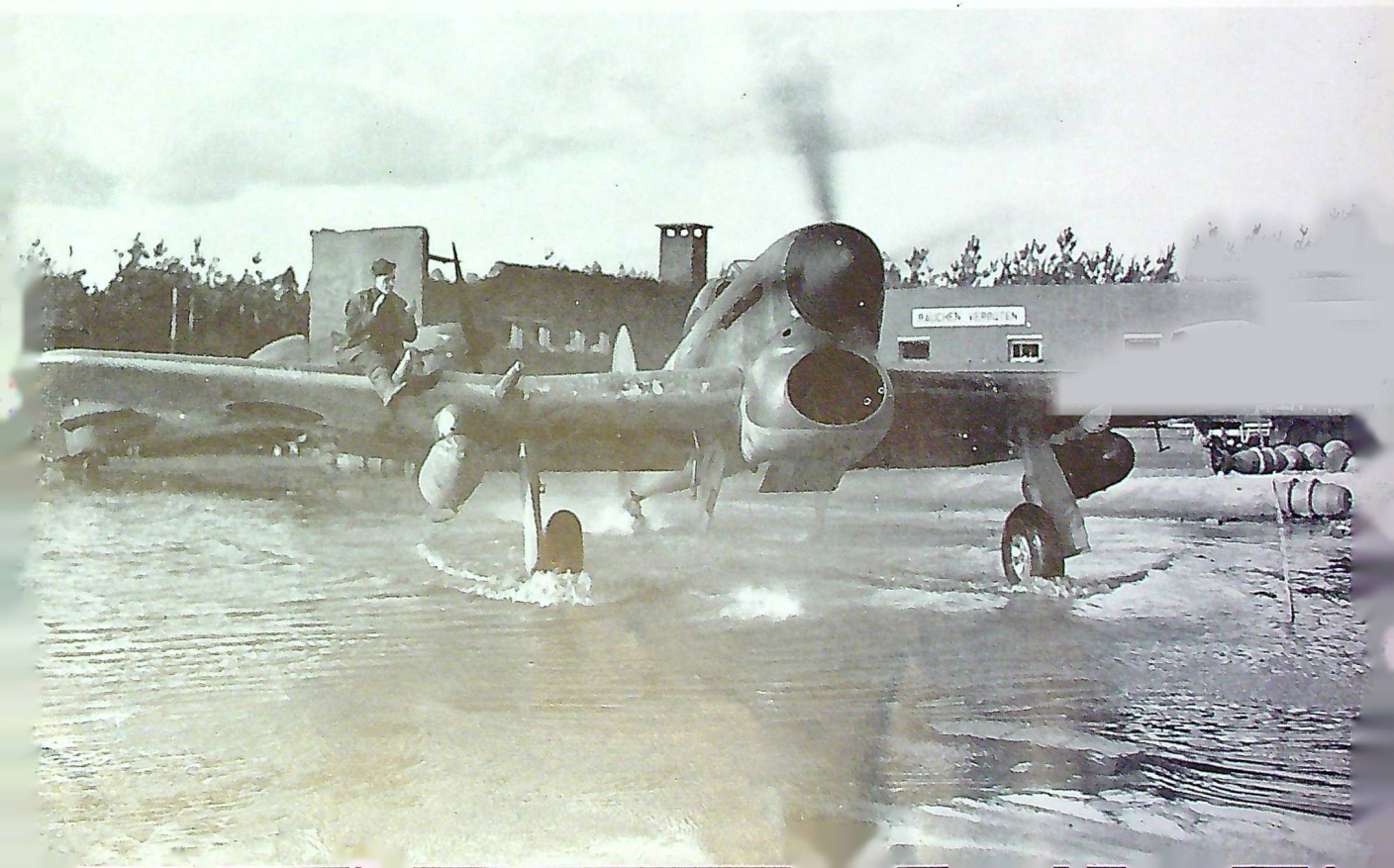
Sqn. Ldr. J. R. Beirnes, D.F.C.





*Flying Officers V. E. McMann, W. S. Hutchison, and
Sqn. Ldr. F. Wilson*

No. 438 Typhoon in Germany





Sqdn. Ldr. J. E. Hogg, D.F.C.

N. E. Dawber, all of whom received the D.F.C.; Beirnes also gained a Bar to his Cross. Grant later won the D.S.O. as wing commander leading the Typhoon Wing.

No complete tally can be made of the number of bridges, rocket sites, radar stations, rail lines, tanks and vehicles, trains, barges, ships, buildings, flak posts and enemy strong-points destroyed or battered by the Wildcat dive-bombers; but the list is a long and impressive one. It includes also one Me. 109 destroyed and another damaged in air combat, and an F.W. 190 shot down by two armourers who manned a Bren gun during the Luftwaffe attack on the airfield at Eindhoven on 1 January 1945. The squadron logged over 4,000 operational sorties and almost 4,000 hours' operational flying.

No. 438's badge depicts the head of a Wildcat, in recognition of its war-time nickname. The motto, "Going Down," is derived from the final instruc-

tion of the formation leader as he went into his bombing dive.

Within eight months of its disbandment in Germany, No. 438 Squadron was reformed as a fighter-bomber unit of the Auxiliary, based in its home city, Montreal. The effective date was 15 April 1946, ten years almost to the day from the date of its first formation. Once again, as in 1936, the squadron's flying operations were carried out from St. Hubert aerodrome. A year later it was re-organized as a fighter unit and subsequently received Vampire jet aircraft. Originally under the functional and administrative control of Training Command, No. 438 was transferred to the Air Defence Group in November 1949.

On May 1st of this year the war-time adoption of the squadron by the City of Montreal was made official, and it was designated No. 438 City of Montreal (F) Squadron (Reserve), joining Nos. 400 (City of Toronto) and 402 (City of Winnipeg) in enjoying this civic distinction.

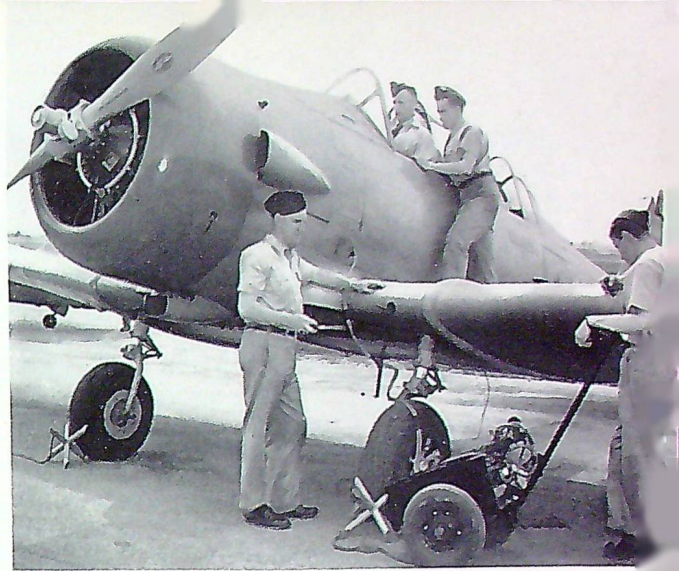
Sqn. Ldr. R. E. Coffey, D.F.C.





No. 438 (Reserve). Left to right: Flt. Lt. Charles Hurtubise; Wing Cdr. André Morrisette, A.F.C.; Wing Cdr. Claude Hebert, D.F.C.

Wing Cdr. Hebert puts in a word with Santa Claus for a small friend at the Christmas Party of No. 438 (Reserve) Squadron.



No. 438 (Reserve) groundcrew round one of the Squadron's Harvards.



No. 438 (Reserve). In the Mess on St. Joseph Blvd., Montreal

Wing Cdr. Claude Hebert, D.F.C., war-time flight commander in the famed "Alouette" bomber squadron, was the first officer commanding of the post-war No. 438. He was succeeded recently by Wing Cdr. André Morrisette, A.F.C.

TROUBLE AT DOWNDRAFT

by

R. V. Dodds, Director of Public Relations,
R.C.A.F.

R.C.A.F. STATION DOWNDRAFT is a happy place, or at least it was up until last month. What happened there might happen almost anywhere, and it is felt to be in the best interests of the Service to relate the affair in detail. Only thus can we dispel rumours which have exaggerated various aspects of the incident. The whole episode ably demonstrates the power of the Press, and it just goes to show you.

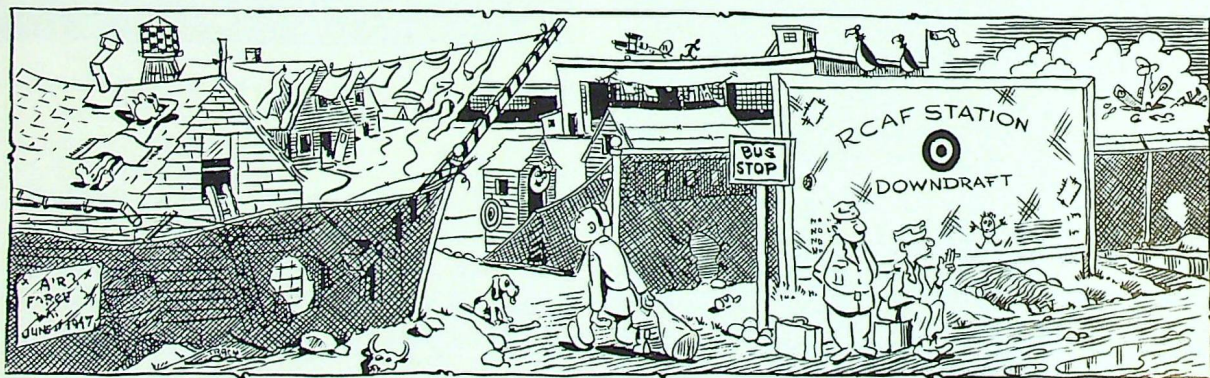
Downdraft, if you haven't been there, is one of those places that just rambles along, with everything peaceful-like. Somehow, it escaped the chop after the war, and a compassionate hand at A.F.H.Q. spared it from being involved in "big things" in the postwar plans. As Downdraft's benign C.O., Wing Cdr. Propwash, has remarked on numerous occasions, "It may be no showplace, but you could do wuss."

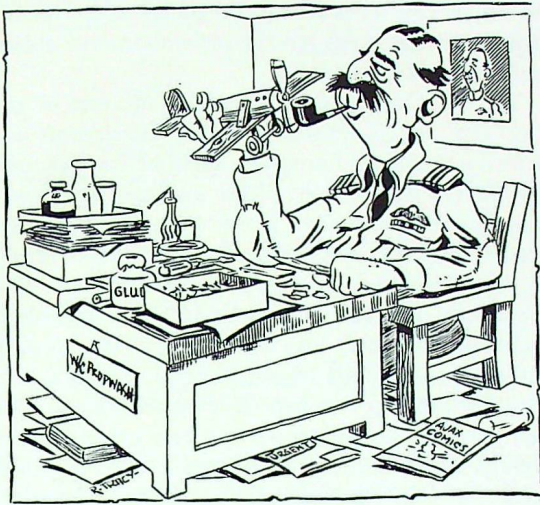
The trouble actually started when Flt. Lt. Scratchpad, the adjutant, got the fateful signal from Command, informing Station Downdraft that a "Press representative will arrive Downdraft to-morrow 1400 hrs. accompanied by P.R.O."

As Flt. Lt. Scratchpad entered Wing Cdr. Propwash's office, bearing the signal, he found him busily working on his aircraft model, a task that normally occupied him during the morning hours. Putting down what everyone at Downdraft understood to be a replica of a Hampden II, Wing Cdr. Propwash enquired testily what was up.

The C.O. studied the signal for some moments and then asked Flt. Lt. Scratchpad what the devil it meant, and what connection was there between a provost officer and a dry-cleaning establishment. Flt. Lt. Scratchpad, who had been at K.T.S. and was fairly well up on these things, explained that "press" referred to a newspaper or radio reporter, and that "P.R.O." must stand for "Public Relations Officer."

Wing Cdr. Propwash received this news glumly and asked Flt. Lt. Scratchpad what Command meant by sending these types to muck about his Station, and that he personally took a dim view of the whole thing. Flt. Lt. Scratchpad said he didn't know for sure, but he guessed the guy wanted to write a story about Downdraft, probably pointing out all sorts of things that were wrong, and that he, too, took a dim view. Flt. Lt. Scratchpad went on to explain that he'd met a P.R.O. type once, who borrowed five bucks from him to buy some Press guys a drink. He'd never met up with either since.





Then he told a harrowing tale he'd heard during the war about a visit by the Press to a war-time station his brother was on. The C.O., in a moment of confidence, had shown the newsboy the private still rigged up by his Engineering Officer and the M.O., paid for strictly out of Mess funds, and the whole thing had come out in the papers. Poor guy got an immediate posting to Mossbank, said Flt. Lt. Scratchpad, and the last he'd heard of him he was up at Kitty — had been there for several years, in fact.

Wing Cdr. Propwash started gnawing on his moustache (a habit of his when undergoing extreme mental stress) and told Flt. Lt. Scratchpad he'd better get Warrant Officer Shinypants in, this being somewhat of an emergency.

W. O. Shinypants was sent for, and suggested that A.F.A.O.'s perhaps covered such situations. Wing Cdr. Propwash remembered just in time not to ask for it, since he himself had suggested using the recent three-volume set as bases in the annual officer-other ranks softball game last Fall.

Instead, he asked W. O. Shinypants for his views.

W. O. Shinypants suggested that the main thing was to show the guy around, make sure there weren't any clots about who might say the wrong thing to him, keep off politics, make sure he had

enough to drink in the Mess, and then watch for the news story to show up in the paper.

Wing Cdr. Propwash brightened up considerably on perceiving that W. O. Shinypants adopted a casual attitude over the whole thing. When, presently, he learned that W. O. Shinypants knew of one C.O. whose picture had actually appeared in the paper after a similar do, he began to develop actual enthusiasm.

He began to see possibilities in the visit. Who knows, the C.O. of Downdraft asked himself, the Press man might be the means whereby Command, or even A.F.H.Q., would discover the efficiency and smartness with which things were run at Downdraft? After all these years, the true worth of Wing Cdr. Propwash might become evident to all, revealed by the dazzling spotlight of the Press.

Wing Cdr. Propwash announced that there would be a meeting of all officers after lunch, and telephoned his wife to have his other uniform pressed — the one without the leather at the sleeves and elbows.

At the meeting, Wing Cdr. Propwash announced that the eyes of the nation, perhaps of the world, were about to be focussed on Downdraft, and things had ruddy well better be smartened up by to-morrow. Flt. Lt. Gasket, the Engineering Officer, was informed that the chicken coop behind the hangar had to go, and the Sergeants'



The Roundel



Mess would ruddy well have to pay for their eggs like anyone else.

Flt. Lt. Flatspin, the Mess Secretary, completely blew his chances of promotion by timidly opining that the Mess looked pretty bare, at which Wing Cdr. Propwash glared fiercely, but stated that he had already arranged to have the furniture, including the frigidaire and radio, returned from his quarters for the occasion.

Flt. Lt. Scalpel, the M.O., recalled that he had once seen "The Front Page" in the movies and offered his services as technical adviser, volunteering that a small prang, suitably controlled, would lend colour to the occasion and give news value. Wing Cdr. Propwash informed Flt. Lt. Scalpel that he was a damn fool, and glared violently at Flt. Lt. Cathcart (known affectionately as "Crashcart" since his last four mistakes), stating that if certain types got in the air the newsboy would probably see a prang anyway, with damn all control about it.

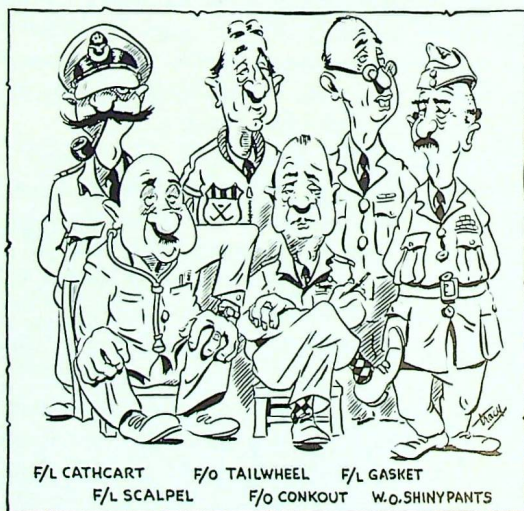
Wing Cdr. Propwash further stated that he hoped the officer personnel at least would be suitably dressed for the occasion. Here he stared at Flying Officer Tailwheel, whose dress, except on purely ceremonial occasions, consisted of a pair of patched and dirty battledress trousers, surmounted by a red and white windbreaker with a large hockey crest on the back, reading "Turtle Junction Terriers, 1945-46 Champs." Flying Officer Tailwheel tried hard to appear unconcerned, and stared in turn at Flying Officer Conkout,

whose Service dress was impeccable except for his usual pair of green and purple diamond socks, knitted by his girl-friend.

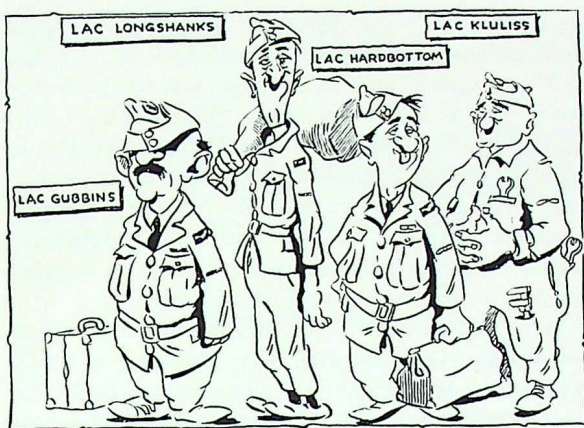
The meeting dispersed, and for the rest of the day and the following morning Downdraft assumed a changed character. Long before the time set for the Press visit, litter and garbage accumulated since the last visit of the A.O.C., just before VE-Day, had been carefully stowed away in No. 2 Hangar and the doors locked. The remains of Flt. Lt. Cathcart's last two mistakes, including the one on the edge of the parade square, were pushed into a large pile, with a sign reading "Salvage" on top. The barrack block that had partially burned down and two other equally disreputable buildings were regarded as hopeless until W. O. Shinypants suggested painting "ARMY PROPERTY" on them in large letters, a thought that was immediately put into effect.

Approximately a dozen of the more presentable airmen were paraded before Wing Cdr. Propwash, informed of the grave responsibility placed upon them, and instructed to be in as many places as possible, suitably scrubbed and shining, and to appear both cheerful and busy.

One unfortunate soul queried the possibility of the last requirement and received a scathing blast from the C.O., who informed the group that the future of Downdraft (to say nothing of his own)



The Roundel



lay in the laps of the Gods, and that he personally would tie to a propeller anyone who pulled even a minor boob.

Several airmen, about whom Wing Cdr. Propwash decided nothing could be done, were given forty-eights and told to be off the Station within the hour. Included was LAC Longshanks, whose six-foot-seven, hundred-and-forty-eight-pound frame made him the star of the basketball team but reflected unfavourably on Service feeding. Also to be absent was LAC Gubbins, the one with the ears, and LAC Hardbottom, the one that stuttered.

By the time that the visitors were due, Wing Cdr. Propwash had worked himself into a state of mind such as he had not achieved since his overseas days when the 8th Army man arrived home unexpectedly. Just as he was starting on his last fingernail, the staff car from Command rolled up in front of H.Q. and Wing Cdr. Propwash dashed out to greet the Press, giving the signal for the Station band (made up of an accordion, two bass drums and a clarinet) to blare out a salute.

A rosy-cheeked Flying Officer announced himself to be Deadline, P.R.O. from Command, and introduced the Press. The Press consisted of one Boggs, from the "Daily Struggle," a middle-aged gentleman who viewed Wing Cdr. Propwash with a suspicious eye and who gave the impression of having seen everything and disapproved of it, and a cadaverous individual strung with boxes, who served as Mr. Boggs' photographer and who

apparently answered only to the name of "Porky."

Exuding the joviality of a pre-war automobile salesman, Wing Cdr. Propwash led the way, and for the next ninety minutes Messrs. Boggs and Porky received an enthusiastic flow of misinformation about Downdraft.

Mr. Boggs made inconclusive grunts at odd moments, and annoyed Wing Cdr. Propwash somewhat by constantly referring to him as "Bub," which Wing Cdr. Propwash thought bad for discipline. Mr. Porky said nothing at all but unlimbered his equipment at odd moments and, on Mr. Boggs' directions, preserved for the "Daily Struggle" and posterity glimpses of life at Downdraft.

By the time the group reached the Mess, most of the personnel of Downdraft had been recorded on Mr. Porky's film, and Wing Cdr. Propwash had managed to appear in rather more than half of the pictures taken. Mr. Boggs had scribbled on the backs of innumerable dirty old envelopes facts and figures about Downdraft and the officers and men who kept things going, presumably including the life history of Wing Cdr. Propwash, recounted no less than seven times during the tour, with suitable embellishments.

Leading the way into the Mess, Wing Cdr. Propwash gave the orders to commence operations.



Mr. Boggs announced that triple Scotches would do for him, and Mr. Porky announced a preference for rum, calmly reaching over the bar and retiring with a bottle, stating that it would hold him for the time being . . .

Hours later, when the bar stock had been reduced to three cokes and a packet of aspirins, the Press announced that it was time to scram, and thanks for the do.

Downdraft once again sank into its pleasant stupor, and Wing Cdr. Propwash considered the affair a good show on every count. If a purely casual report to Command were to include several copies of the glowing story which would infallibly appear in print next day, who could tell what might result? Even the D.P.C. people at Ottawa could hardly overlook it. Wing Cdr. Propwash considered himself a Groupie already, and was even seen by Flt. Lt. Scratchpad holding his bright blue garter around his cuff, observing the effect of a wide stripe.

The following day all Downdraft awaited the arrival of the M.T. sent into town with instructions to rush back, operational immediate, with two hundred copies of the "Daily Struggle." Hope ran high in every breast, for while it was assumed that Wing Cdr. Propwash would get the lion's share of what was coming, each officer had managed to pass to Mr. Boggs a full story of his own importance at Downdraft, and even the most recent AC2 had his private hopes.

It was Wing Cdr. Propwash himself who tore from the hands of the M.T. driver the bundle of "Daily Struggles" and who flung open a copy to the page on Downdraft. He stared at the story

for a few moments. Then, his face a horrid mask, he began to utter queer whimpers.

There, spread over half a page, was the promised story on R.C.A.F. Station Downdraft. The headline read: "Former 'Daily Struggle' Employee Holds Key Job at Downdraft." The story continued, in great detail, to describe one LAC Kluliss, a minor member of the Station's fire-fighting section, who had given up his "Daily Struggle" delivery route to don Air Force blue.

Wing Cdr. Propwash read the fateful words to his stunned brother officers. Without actually saying so, the story gave the impression that LAC Kluliss pretty well ran things at Downdraft, doing as well as could be expected in the face of reactionary opposition on the part of those holding the rank. Spread across four columns was a picture of LAC Kluliss "inspecting fire fighting equipment," which Wing Cdr. Propwash recognized as one of the pictures taken by Mr. Porky, but with himself — Wing Cdr. Propwash — cropped out. For several hundreds of words the tale ran on, building up LAC Kluliss until the casual reader might be excused for thinking that even the C.A.S.'s job was good for just as long as it took Kluliss to find out what the pay was . . .

This all happened a month ago. It is understood at the time of printing that, although A.F.H.Q. medical heads considered it touch and go for some time, Wing Cdr. Propwash now is on the road towards the recovery of complete (that is, relatively complete) mental health.

LAC Kluliss was posted to A.F.H.Q. a week after the events related, and made a Flying Officer the next day. He is now a P.R.O., and says that he finds the work intriguing.

TRACERS

Will Douglas S. Unwin, formerly of 863 Hector Ave., Winnipeg, please get in touch with R. J. Macaulay, Oakland, Brant County, Ontario.

LAC J. Poaps, of No. 12 Technical Services Unit, R.C.A.F., Weston, Ontario, would like to hear from or of Flt. Sgt. L. H. Long, whom he last heard of as being stationed at Torbay, Newfoundland, in 1943.

Mr. L. E. Bachelder, of 30 Woodill St., Sydney, N.S., would appreciate a line from any Canadian who served with Nos. 51, 142, or 156 Squadrons (R.A.F.) between 1943 and 1945.

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

Association



MAN THE DIKES!

FROM MR. JACK THORNTON, of No. 500 Wing, we recently received the following brisk little account of the Wing's activities in last Spring's disastrous flood at Winnipeg.

"What did you do in the big flood daddy?"

"I built a dike, son!"

The flood of the Red River proved that ex-Air Force personnel are ready to serve in peace as well as war — and on short notice. For the record, we'd like to tell you how the Winnipeg Wing served in the crisis.

When the water level became menacing on May 1st, President Duff Roblin and Past-President Ernie Hall contacted R.C.A.F. Station Winnipeg, and offered the services of the Wing in the event of need. By May 9th two other reservists, Perry Killick and Jack Bovard, were in Air Commodore Costello's office at Group Headquarters, urging that Class E people be called out.

With our previous offer in mind, the Wing Commander called Duff, and, at a meeting in the Winco's office, decided there was a definite place for us alongside the Permanent Force. Duff immediately turned over his offices on Main Street as headquarters. By 10 p.m., Duff, Perry and Jack had covered the radio stations, appealing for ex-R.C.A.F. volunteers to work on the dikes.

Within two minutes of the appeal going out on the air, the telephones began ringing. It quickly became apparent that ex-Air Force personnel were only awaiting the call to go to work, because more than 350 volunteered their services. Such magnificent response meant that we could offer the central flood control authority a large body of men.

Flood control asked if we thought we could take over a mile-long sector of the dike protecting St. Boniface between Norwood and Provencher Bridges. We took it, and turned out our first shift at 2 a.m. on the morning of May 10th. This was strictly while the heat was on, and it meant filling, carrying and placing sandbags.

To make a long story short, we manned our position for five days until May 15th. After that the job was routine maintenance and we were no longer required in large numbers. Even at that the army officer in charge of the area was so impressed with the manner in which our group stayed on the job that he asked if he might have three dozen men for traffic control at the Norwood bridge, which, of course, was being used for emergency flood-fighting traffic only.

The organization behind our contribution was necessarily put together in a hurry, but it worked, and worked well. Russ Cooper, Ralph Masterman and Buck Buchanan o/c'ed an eight-hour shift each. Walter Morris was a tower of strength in Duff's office in the rôle of adjutant, with Ernie Hall, Oscar Olson, Bill Runner and Ed Turner backing up Duff and Walter to man the phones and supply transportation

to and from the dike. When the boys were through their shift we didn't dump them off in town but took them back to their homes. Joe Contin, particularly, was tireless in operating his truck all night long from the end of Norwood Bridge. If he slept at all in five days, it was a miracle.

Transportation in the city was so disrupted that the boys were taken across the river to their position by army ducks. On one occasion, when the duck was missing, we appealed to the C.N.R. superintendent, who took us over by special train. High spot of the effort came on Sunday, May 14th, when the Governor-General visited our sector and offered his congratulations on the show put up. The following day the C.A.S., accompanied by Air Commodore Costello, came over to see us.

Well, there it is, fellows — the old spirit in action. More than once we turned out 80 men to a shift. Scores more were at work in their own communities on their own dikes. Wherever we were — in our combined effort or as individuals — we proved that the Air Force blue can handle a khaki sandbag with the best of them.



Flood view: the University of Manitoba

WING NEWS

No. 100 (Bluenose) Wing, Halifax, Nova Scotia

Formation of a W. D. Reserve for the whole of Canada was urged by Air Vice-Marshals A. L. Morfee, C.B., C.B.E., Dominion President of the Association when he spoke in Halifax toward the end of May to former W.D.'s from the Maritime Provinces, at a reunion sponsored by No. 100 (Bluenose) Wing. More than 80 women ex-members of the R.C.A.F. attended the gathering.

"Perhaps through resolutions, etc., the Association will be the means of having the nucleus of a Women's Division in the Air Force at the present time," the Air Vice-Marshal said. "Or, if this were not acceptable, I suggest there might be a reserve of the Women's Division, so that in time of need the women of Canada would again be ready 'to serve that men might fly'."

At the meeting on July 18th it was resolved "That the Women's Division again be accepted as a part of the Permanent and Reserve Forces of the R.C.A.F., to include veterans of World War II who might wish to re-enlist, as well as new recruits."

Miss Ruth Vogler, W.D. representative on the Dominion Executive, would very much like to see an expression of opinion from other Wings, reflecting particularly the views of ex-W.D. members. Meanwhile, the resolution has been passed to A.F.H.Q. and it is hoped that the official point of view will be forthcoming in due course.

No. 251 (Madawaska) Wing, Edmundston, New Brunswick

At the first annual meeting of the Madawaska Wing, held on June 1st, the following were elected to office for the coming year:

President:	Rupert V. McCabe
1st Vice-President:	J. L. Adrien Pelletier
2nd Vice-President:	J. Hilaire Cyr
Treasurer:	Peter A. Charest
Secretary:	Roberta W. Richards
Executive Members at Large:	J. Melvin Loudon
	Ronald A. H. Dube
	Roger P. Bourgoin
	J. Zoel E. Clavette
	J. A. Robert Castonguay
	George T. Matheson

Immediate Past-President:	W. Keith Scott
Director, Maritime Group	
Executive:	W. Keith Scott
Committee Chairmen appointed:	
Membership:	J. A. Robert Castonguay
Ways and Means:	J. L. Adrien Pelletier
Entertainment:	J. Hilaire Cyr
Building:	J. Melvin Loudon
Special Events:	W. Keith Scott
Public Relations:	Rupert V. McCabe

The Membership Committee reported that the Wing membership has risen to 60, including 3 honorary members, and the Building Committee reported that a building suitable for Wing club rooms had not yet been found but that prospects were very good. Mr. McCabe then gave his official report on the First National Convention of the R.C.A.F. Association, to which he was the delegate.

On the eve of Air Force Day a Social Evening was held for the Cadets of No. 313 Squadron, R.C.A.F. This was a joint effort by the sponsoring committee of the Edmundston Rotary Club and the members of the Madawaska Wing. The social was held in the Canadian Legion Memorial Hall.

No. 104 (Privateer) Wing, Liverpool, Nova Scotia

Air Vice-Marshal A. L. Morfee presented the Charter to members of No. 104 (Privateer) Wing at a Charter Night banquet held at the Mersey Hotel and attended by 75 members, their wives and guests.

The Charter was accepted on behalf of the Wing by the President, A. F. Wigglesworth.

Head table guests, introduced by Mr. Don Blackadar, included Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. Morfee, Mayor and Mrs. E. J. Wright, Major and Mrs. H. J. L. Dyer, Mr. and Mrs. Don Blackadar, and Mrs. and Mrs. A. F. Wigglesworth.

Group Captain Maynard Colp, O.B.E., introduced the speaker, Air Vice-Marshal Morfee; and Mayor Wright extended the greetings of the town to the guests and paid tribute to Earl Feener, a member of the Wing, who was recently graduated from Dalhousie University with a remarkable record.



No. 400 Wing, Guelph, Ontario

With more than 50 couples in attendance, No. 400 Wing held a very successful Ladies' Night before adjourning for the summer months. The admission fee of two dollars per couple covered the cost of flowers, prizes, and buffet luncheon.

At the conclusion of the luncheon, the retiring executive handed over the reins of office to their successors. Mr. Steven Nessner presented the mallet of office to the President Elect.

No. 406 Wing, North Bay, Ontario

No. 406 Wing recently elected the following executive for the 1950-51 season:

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------|
| President: | Ralph Christie |
| 1st Vice-President: | Allan Larden |
| 2nd Vice-President: | Bill Roynon |
| Secretary: | Gerry Labreche |
| Treasurer: | Gerry Saya |
| Executive Committee: | Reg Lehman |
| | Audrey Alkins |
| | Paul Bedard |
| | John Douglas |
| | Jack Halliday |
| | Ray Joy |

Back row (left to right): Messrs. Ed. Higgins, Earl Cunningham, Lorne Smith, Jack Spence, Ken Jeans, Tom Washington. Front row: Mrs. Higgins, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Spence, Mrs. Jeans, Mrs. Washington.



Standing (left to right): Messrs. G. J. Saya, Paul Bedard, Miss Audrey Alkins, Messrs. Jack Halliday, J. G. Labreche, Reg Lehman. Seated: Messrs. Allan Larden, Ralph Christie, William Roynon.



Left to right: *Flt. Lt. Gibson, Mr. Joe Mencil, Wing Cdr. the Rev. M. C. Davies, Mr. W. R. Waterman.*

Plans for the coming year were outlined at the business meeting held on June 2nd. Allan Larden reported on the National Convention at Ottawa.

"All Air Force Types are cordially invited to attend our meetings any time they are in the Gateway City," No. 406 Wing informs "The Roundel." "We meet on the first and third Fridays of each month in the Canadian Legion Hall, First Avenue West."

No. 412 (Air Force Club of Windsor) Wing, Ontario

A drive for selection of Windsor as the home of a new R.C.A.F. Reserve squadron is being jointly supported by No. 412 (Air Force Club of Windsor) Wing and Branch No. 364 of the Canadian Legion.

Members of both organizations, which have favoured the move since 1948, strongly expressed their views at a crowded meeting held late in May at the Air Force branch of the Canadian Legion B.E.S.L., and attended by members of the Ontario Legislature.

Addressing the gathering of former R.C.A.F. and Army personnel, Wing Commander the Rev. M. C. Davies, Speaker of the Provincial Legislature, asked: "Why should Windsor, which provided more air and ground crew personnel per capita than any other Canadian city not be listed among the first for such an establishment?"

Controller Gordon B. Ellis, M.P.P. for Essex North, indicated Windsor's strategic location and

industrial standing as adequate reasons for setting up the new Reserve squadron within its boundaries. An additional argument, he said, was the proximity of two United States air bases.

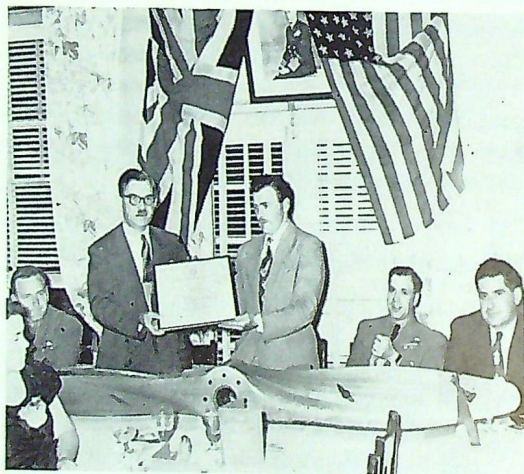
It was moved unanimously that support should be sought from branches of the armed forces, Wings of the R.C.A.F. Association, and other organizations in Windsor and Essex County.

No. 414 (North Star) Wing, Cobalt, Haileybury, and New Liskeard, Ontario

Air Vice-Marshall Morfee and Group Capt. R. S. Turnbull, D.F.C., A.F.C., D.F.M., arrived by seaplane at Haileybury on June 9th to present No. 414 Wing with its Charter.

The Wing President, Mr. Gordon Hellens, accepted the Charter from the hands of Air Vice-Marshall Morfee, who was presented in turn with a novel paperweight made of native silver from one of the famous Cobalt silver mines.

The North Star Wing was organized in October 1949 for the benefit of former airmen and W.D.'s living in Haileybury, Cobalt, New Liskeard and the surrounding area. Its strength at the time of the Charter presentation stood at 43 paid-up



Charter presentation, No. 414 Wing. Left to right: *Flt. Lt. J. King, D.F.C., Air Vice-Marshall Morfee, C.B., C.B.E., Mr. Gordon Hellens, Group Capt. R. S. Turnbull, D.F.C., A.F.C., D.F.M., Wing Cdr. Ralph Christie, D.S.O.—("Daily Nugget" photo.)*

members, and it had a mailing list of 90. It holds its meetings in the Officers' Mess of the local armouries.

Assisting President Hellens, the Charter Executive consists of:

Fred Chatwin	Phyllis Sullivan
John B. Sullivan	Bill Scott
Allan Wright	Tracy Swartman
Gurney Smith	

Money-raising projects have included bingo, a raffle and a stag, all of which were reasonably successful. No plans have been made for the summer months, but resumption of activity is scheduled for September. Under the direction of Tracy Swartman, former squadron adjutant at Parry Sound, an Air Cadet squadron is in process of formation.

This Wing has forcefully backed the proposals made at the Provincial and Dominion Conferences to press for more and better Reserve training.

No. 418 Wing, Belleville, Ontario

No. 418 Wing has a membership of well over 135, including a dozen former W.D.'s.

At its first annual meeting, held on May 18th, the officers elected for the ensuing year were:

President:	John Godwin
1st Vice-President	Bill Stovin
2nd. Vice-President:	Mrs. Douglas Chant
Secretary:	John Trumpour
Treasurer:	Herb Middleton
Executive Committee:	Ralph Knowlton
	Harry Gibson
	Wilbur Countryman
	Bud Gill
	Jack Hunter
Immediate Past President:	Les Digby

No. 501 (Lakehead) Wing, Fort William-Port Arthur, Ontario

A new Executive, headed by President W. K. McGregor, was placed in office at the annual installation ceremony held on April 14th. Some 125 members attended, many with their wives.

Also on the 1950-51 Executive are:

Past President	R. Arnold
1st Vice-President:	C. G. Gough
2nd Vice-President:	K. G. Adams
Treasurer:	W. A. McDevitt
Secretary:	G. P. Brophy



Front row (left to right): Messrs. G. P. Brophy, C. J. Gough, W. K. McGregor, R. Arnold, K. G. Adams. Back row: Messrs. M. J. Rothschild, H. C. Maine, R. Lockyer, J. W. Friday, T. G. Kissick, W. A. McDevitt.

Executive Councillors:

C. H. Moss
M. J. Rothschild
J. W. Friday
T. C. Anderson
Mrs. D. M. Chambers
C. Wong
T. G. Kissick
H. C. Maine
R. Lockyer

Installing officer was Flying Officer R. C. Race, G.M., formerly with the Search and Rescue Group at Winnipeg and now stationed at Fort William. In handing over the gavel of office to the

No. 410 Wing, Ottawa



No. 410 Wing's bar at Rockcliffe on Air Force Day

new President, he congratulated the Wing on the successes of the past year, especially on its sponsorship of a university scholarship for a university cadet.

No. 700 Wing, Edmonton, Alberta

In our June issue we mentioned that the Car Draw organized by No. 700 Wing was won by a young paper-carrier, Virtin Conrad. He is shown here with Mr. J. G. Rowand (left), Wing Secretary, and Mr. Walter Howard, Chairman of the Ways



and Means Committee. The car was later sold and the proceeds used to further young Virtin's education.

THE PRESIDENT'S NEWFOUNDLAND DAY MESSAGE

For the benefit of all those members who have not read it, we reprint here Air Vice-Marshal Morfee's Newfoundland Day message of June 24th.

On the occasion of Newfoundland Day, I take great pleasure in extending the best wishes of the Royal Canadian Air Force Association.

We, like Newfoundland, are comparatively new to the national aspects with which we are confronted. However, young as we are, we are proud of our heritage, the Royal Canadian Air Force, which, though the junior Service, is now ranked as our first line of defence, and we feel that Newfoundland, the oldest colony, yet youngest province with similarly great traditions, will also go forward to much greater things.

By virtue of Newfoundland joining the Dominion of Canada, Canada's whole perspective has been changed and we can now properly say that Canada's motto "A Mare usque ad Mare" has been implemented.

So also has the perspective of the Royal Canadian Air Force Association. At the moment, we have no Wings organized in Newfoundland, and very few members. This we understand, as most of Newfoundland's gallant sons and daughters who served in the air branch of the Service, did so with the Royal Air Force.

I take this opportunity of inviting you now to join the Royal Canadian Air Force Association, so that our Association can also proudly say that we truly extend from sea to sea.

A GREETING TO EX-W.D.'s

from Miss Ruth Vogler,

W.D. representative on the Dominion Executive Council

Hello, all ex-W.D.'s!

I am very happy indeed to have the pleasure of addressing each of you through "The Roundel." Since the formation of the R.C.A.F. Association, ex-W.D.'s have been cogs in its machinery. In fact, No. 100 (Bluenose) Wing, Halifax, consisting solely of ex-W.D.'s, was the second Wing to be chartered, and until recently the W.D.'s were represented on the Dominion Executive Council



by that capable lady whom many will remember as the officer commanding the W.D.'s Overseas, Wing Officer Kay Walker.

At the First Annual Convention of the Association at Ottawa in May of this year, I was elected to represent the W.D.'s on the Executive for this year, and I assure you that I am indeed very aware of the honour bestowed on me. The Convention has been well covered in the July-August issue of "The Roundel," and the only thing I could add would be to say that I have never seen more enthusiasm and fervour displayed toward a united cause.

Our motto during the war years was, "We serve that men may fly"; and that could well be our motto to-day. For, as members of the Royal Canadian Air Force Association, or as ex-airwomen, we cannot do better than serve as public relations officers for the Royal Canadian Air Force, promoting its ideals, progress, aims and traditions. We owe the Air Force much — much more than we realize. Not only do we owe it our gratitude for a job well done in the service of Canada, but because it was instrumental in giving us that bond of comradeship which is so common to-day whenever ex-W.D.'s are gathered together.

Wherever you are and whatever you are doing, on behalf of the Royal Canadian Air Force Association I wish you every success. We rest secure in the knowledge that, should the services of airwomen be required again, you will step forward, if your position in life permits, anxious to "serve that men may fly," and that you will be followed by many new recruits whose enthusiasm has been inspired by YOUR commendations of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Ruth E. M. Vogler

AN ENQUIRY FROM NO. 252

Mr. C. P. Wright, of No. 252 (Fredericton) Wing, writes:

"The point that was made in Flt. Lt. McKee's

letter (May, 1950) is of some interest to me. It may be that messes and airmen's lounges are loaded with air periodicals, from some of which you draw a proportion of your material; but there must be a good many members of the R.C.A.F. Reserve who have little or no chance of seeing them. Your republication of Sir Robert Saundby's article, 'The Future of Air Bombardment', was of special interest to me, both in itself and because it came from 'The R.A.F. Quarterly'.

"It may be that I have not been reading previous issues of 'The Roundel' with sufficient attention, but I must confess that this was the first occasion on which I had noted the existence of 'The R.A.F. Quarterly', and the thought at once occurred to me (even before I had read Flt. Lt. McKee's letter) that it might be of interest to many readers of 'The Roundel' to be told of the various Service periodicals from which you think it worth while to select material.

"Our own Wing of the R.C.A.F. Association has very recently opened a clubroom, and it would add to the room's amenities to have copies of such periodicals available there. I would indeed further suggest that your list should extend to some at least of the Service periodicals of the other armed forces."

The following is a list of various Service and other official publications which "The Roundel" receives regularly. Where required, indication of the character of the publication is given in brackets after the title.

"Air Clues", (R.A.F., Restricted)
Air Ministry,
Richmond Terrace,
Whitehall, London, S.W.1, England

"Air Mail", (R.A.F. Association)
83 Portland Place,
London, W. 1, England

"Air Force", (Air Force Ass'n.)
901 Sixteenth St. N.W.,
Washington 6, D.C., U.S.A.

"Canadian Army Journal",
Room 4431,
D.N.D. Bldg. "A",
Ottawa, Ont.

"Crow'snest", (R.C.N.)
Room 1137,
D.N.D. Bldg. "B",
Ottawa, Ont.

"Flying Safety", (U.S.A.F., Restricted)
Norton Air Force Base,
San Bernardino, California, U.S.A.

"Lowry Airmen", (Base magazine)
Public Information Officer,
Lowry Air Force Base,
Denver, Colorado, U.S.A.

"ICAO Bulletin",
International Aviation Bldg.,
1080 University Ave.,
Montreal, P.Q.

"National Guardsman",
Stewart Bldg.,
400 — 6 Street N.W.,
Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

"New Zealand Flying", (R.N.Z.A.F.)
Dilworth Bldg.,
Auckland, N.Z.

"R.A.F. Quarterly",
Messrs. Gale & Polden Ltd.,
The Wellington Press,
Aldershot, Hants., England

"South African Air Force Journal",
General Headquarters,
Pretoria,
South Africa

"Wings", (R.A.A.F.)
34 Jamieson Street,
Sydney, New South Wales,
Australia

"Air Pictorial & Air Reserve Gazette",
Londonderry House,
19 Park Lane,
London, W.1, England

"Forces Aériennes Françaises", (French Air Force)
35 Rue Saint-Didier,
Paris (XVL^e), France

"Inter-Services Aircraft Recognition Journal",
Air Ministry,
Whitehall,
London, S.W.1, England

"N.R.C. Quarterly Bulletin", (National Research Council)
Mechanical Engineering Division,
National Research Council,
Montreal Road,
Ottawa, Ontario

It will be noted that two of the foregoing publications are "RESTRICTED", and it is therefore doubtful if Association Wings will be able to obtain them. However, full particulars regarding availability, subscriptions, etc. may be obtained by writing to the addresses shown.

'408'

"How comes it," asks Shatterproof in a stiff letter to the Editorial Office, "that I have only just received my first copy of '408'? Can it be, Sir, that you have been activated by motives of jealousy in withholding it from me? Not that you haven't some reason to be jealous. '408' is an organ of which the Association must indeed be proud, and I extend the hand of literary fellowship to its Editor, Mr. Peter Derksen. I am, too, not a little interested in the 'tall, good-looking ex-W.D. who signs herself 'Ann Somerville.' Indeed, I — but be still, my heart! This is no time or place for tender thoughts."

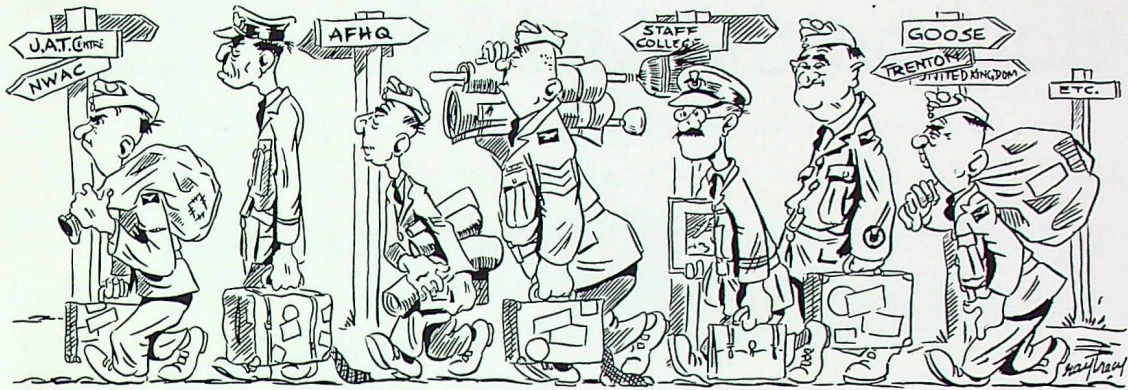
No. 424 SQUADRON

THE accompanying photograph shows some of the 6000 guests (residents of Hamilton and district) of No. 424 Fighter Squadron of the R.C.A.F. Reserve, last Air Force Day at Mount Hope airport. (Next year we would like to have photographs and notes of the Air Force Day activities of all the Reserve Squadrons.)

In welcoming the visitors, Wing Cdr. D. B. Annan, D.F.C., A.F.C., commanding officer of the squadron, said (we quote the "Hamilton Spectator"): "The exhibits that you will see, and the equipment, also the aircraft that in a few minutes will fly overhead, even the band that you will hear later in the afternoon — all show the efforts of men from Hamilton and district who devote a considerable amount of their time each week in

order that, in event of an emergency, a compact operational air force may be immediately available . . ."





SEPTEMBER TRANSFERS

OFFICERS

S/L E. R. Austin (G.L.)—T.C. Headquarters, Trenton, to R.C.A.F. Staff Coll., Toronto

W/C H. J. Bright (Med.)—N.W.A.C. Headquarters, Edmonton, to R.C.A.F. Stn. Toronto

S/L N. Burden (G.L.)—R.C.A.F. Stn. Centralia to R.C.A.F. Staff Coll.

S/L W. F. Cameron, M.B.E. (G.L.)—N.W.A.C. Headquarters to R.C.A.F. Staff Coll.

S/L J. E. Creeper, D.F.C. (G.L.)—A.F.H.Q., Ottawa, to R.C.A.F. Staff Coll.

G/C C. W. Crossland (T.L.)—A.F.H.Q. to R.C.A.F. Stn. Trenton

S/L D. P. M. Cunningham (A.E.)—R.C.A.F. Stn. Toronto to R.C.A.F. Staff Coll.

S/L J. A. Duncan, D.F.C. (G.L.)—N.R.C., Arnprior, to R.C.A.F. Staff Coll.

S/L W. E. Duncan (Sig.)—Tact. Grp. Headquarters, Winnipeg, to 12 Grp. Headquarters, Vancouver

S/L H. J. Galen (G.L.)—A.T.C. Headquarters, Rockcliffe, to R.C.A.F. Staff Coll.

S/L W. A. Godall (A.E.)—A.F.H.Q. to C.J.S. London

W/C R. A. Gordon, D.S.O., D.F.C. (G.L.)—A.F.H.Q. to R.C.A.F. Staff Coll.

S/L R. T. Hamilton (A.E.)—2 T.T.S., Camp Borden, to W.E.E., Edmonton

W/C A. H. Hill (T.L.)—A.F.H.Q. to Tact. Grp. Headquarters

S/L J. C. Hovey, D.F.C. (G.L.)—R. & C.S. Flt., Centralia, to R.C.A.F. Staff Coll.

S/L G. W. Kusiar, D.F.C. (G.L.)—A.F.H.Q. to R.C.A.F. Staff Coll.

W/C J. H. L. Lecomte, D.F.C. (G.L.)—R.C.A.F. Stn. Camp Borden to R.C.A.F. Stn. Trenton

W/C F. W. H. MacDonnell (G.L.)—C.F.S., Trenton, to F.T.S., Centralia

S/L A. J. Mackie (G.L.)—435 (T) Sqn., Edmonton, to R.C.A.F. Staff Coll.

S/L W. C. MacLean (Sig.)—12 Grp. Headquarters to R.C.A.F. Stn. Whitehorse

W/C D. A. MacLulich (T.L.)—E. & P.E., Rockcliffe, to R.C.A.F. Staff Coll.

W/C J. P. McCarthy, D.F.C. (G.L.)—R.C.A.F. Stn. Winnipeg to R.C.A.F. Stn. Trenton

S/L W. M. Middleton, D.F.C. (G.L.)—A.T.C. Headquarters to R.C.A.F. Staff Coll.

G/C E. M. Mitchell, D.F.C. (G.L.)—A.F.H.Q. to R.C.A.F. Stn. Trenton

G/C D. G. Price (G.L.)—A.F.H.Q. to R.C.A.F. Stn. Trenton

S/L W. S. Quint (G.L.)—W.E.E. to R.C.A.F. Staff Coll.

S/L M. A. Rosenthal (Sup.)—A.M.C. Headquarters, Ottawa, to R.C.A.F. Staff Coll.

W/C N. W. Timmerman, D.S.O., D.F.C. (G.L.)—N.W.A.C. Headquarters to R.C.A.F. Stn. Trenton

S/L P. V. Tripe, D.F.C. (G.L.)—A.F.H.Q. to R.C.A.F. Staff Coll.

S/L G. R. Truemner, A.F.C. (G.L.)—S.S.M., Trenton, to R.C.A.F. Staff Coll.

S/L A. W. C. Tustin (G.L.)—A.F.H.Q. to R.C.A.F. Staff Coll.

S/L J. C. Wade, D.F.C. (G.L.)—A.F.H.Q. to R.C.A.F. Staff Coll.

S/L A. W. Watts (G.L.)—A.F.H.Q. to A.N.S., Summerside

S/L D. B. Wurtele (A.E.)—E. & P.E., Rockcliffe, to C.J.S., London

WARRANT OFFICERS

W.O. 1 A. R. Bjorndahl (E.W.T.)—122 Marine Sqn., Patricia Bay, to 102 Marine Sqn., Dartmouth

W.O. 2 W. E. Burnham (M. Arm. Tech.)—A.A.S., Trenton, to R.C.A.F. Stn. Trenton

W.O. 2 A. R. Gregory (Clk. Adm.)—C.J.S. Washington to R.C.A.F. Stn. Greenwood

W.O. 2 W. H. Hamilton (P.R.T.I.)—T.C. Headquarters to R.C.A.F. Stn. Aylmer

W.O. 2 R. G. Stevens (P.R.T.I.)—R.C.A.F. Stn. Aylmer to T.C. Headquarters

KEY TO TRADE DESIGNATIONS

A.E.	:	Aeronautical Engineer
Clk. Adm.	:	Clerk Administrative
E.W.T.	:	Engineer Water Transport
G.L.	:	General List
M. Arm. Tech.	:	Master Armament Technician
Med.	:	Medical
P.R.T.I.	:	Physical Recreation Training Instructor
Sig.	:	Signals
Sup.	:	Supply
T.L.	:	Technical List

Pilots on the Mat



by

Flt. Lt. E. W. Smith, D.S.O.

Directorate of Air Operations, A.F.H.Q.

THE FINDINGS of the investigation of a flying accident not very long ago in which a four-engine aircraft, flown by an experienced pilot, was totally lost and one member of the crew killed, illustrate in a convincing manner the results of poor aircrew training, poor captaincy, and poor crew drill.

Assuming that the findings as to the cause of the failure of the port engine are correct, it is apparent this accident would have been averted—

IF some effort had been made on the part of the pilot or flight engineer to determine the contents of the various tanks at any stage of the flight.

IF the pilot had had sufficient knowledge of engine principles. He admitted that he did not realize that on multi-engine aircraft fitted with constant speed propellers and automatic boost control, an engine which has lost power would indicate approximately the same boost and r.p.m. as those engines under power.

IF similar knowledge had been possessed by the flight engineer!

IF the crew had been warned that the aircraft was being landed, that an emergency existed, or that the aircraft was being ditched. Failure to do any of these things contributed to the death of one crewman.

What Are YOUR Chances of Having an Accident like the Above ?

During the last war 60% of our aircraft losses were due to flying accidents. The remaining 40% were lost in combat.

What (Or Who) Usually Causes Such Accidents ?

The pilot — because pilots figure in most accidents. 30% of all accidents are 100% pilot accidents. 40% are those in which pilots are a factor, and the remaining 30% are non-pilot accidents.

In What Phases of Flight do Accidents Usually Happen ?

More accidents take place during landings than during any other phase of flying. 46% occur during landings, 30% in flight, 13% in taxiing, 8% during take-off, and 3% at other times.

The Things We've Done — Or Not Done

Accident studies extending over a long period reveal that pilots did the following things, each of which contributed to accidents:

- Violated regulations. One of every three violations reported results in an accident.
- Mistreated power plant or airframe.
- Misused or failed to use cockpit controls.
- Prepared inadequately for flight.
- Failed to see other aeroplanes or obstacles in flight or on the ground.
- Used poor flying technique.
- Failed to use or misused checklists.
- Misread or failed to read instruments, gauges, or indicators.
- Used poor methods of navigation or weather technique.
- Had poor crew co-ordination, etc.
- Lacked knowledge and use of air traffic control procedures.

What Can We Do To Avoid Having Accidents?

To Start With, We Can Ask Ourselves These Questions —

- ? Do we know our responsibilities as pilots?
- ? Do we know and understand perfectly the regulations governing air traffic and clearance of aircraft?
- ? Do we know and understand our power plant well enough to avoid engine failures caused by mistreatment of it?
- ? Can we plan every detail of a flight according to the most efficient procedures?

- ? Have we a thorough working knowledge of the radio equipment in our aircraft?
- ? Can we put to good use all the facilities in the weather station?
- ? Do we know how to use all personal equipment which may be issued to us? Have we studied carefully how to use oxygen equipment, electrically-heated flying suits, first-aid kits, etc.?
- ? Do we know the accepted procedures for bailing out? Do we know just how to make a parachute landing in water, on land, or into trees? Do we know how to get out of the harness when landing in water?
- ? Can we use all methods of pilot navigation with confidence?
- ? Do we know all cockpit procedures as outlined in Pilots' Handling Notes for our aircraft?
- ? Do we keep up-to-date with general flying tips by studying accident reports?
- ? Do we know all cockpit controls, gadgets, instruments, equipment well enough to pass a blindfold test at any time with a perfect score?
- ? Do we know the stalling speeds of our aircraft under all conditions — power off, power on, gear up, gear down, flaps up, flaps down, one engine out, in steep turns, and with various loadings?
- ? Have we learned all the aircraft's other flying characteristics, such as flight with engine failure, speeds at which directional control becomes difficult with one or more engines out and with different power settings?
- ? Have we practiced all emergency procedures — emergency gear and flap procedures, fire-fighting procedures, runaway-propeller procedure, procedure in case of engine failure — until they have become automatic?

- ? Are we familiar with the weight and balance characteristics of our aircraft? Do we know how to load it?
- ? Do we know the accepted procedures for ditching our aircraft?
- ? Do we practice instrument flying on all possible occasions?
- ? Do we work with each member of our crew to develop better co-ordination? Does each man know his duties clearly?

THE MAN WHO CAN TRUTHFULLY ANSWER "YES" TO ALL THE ABOVE QUESTIONS IS PROBABLY A CAPABLE PILOT.

A SINGLE "NO", HOWEVER, MEANS A FAIR CHANCE OF AN ACCIDENT.

*What you Don't Know about Flying won't Hurt You—
It'll Kill You!*

Weapon Training

IT IS A WELL-KNOWN FACT that the English Armies fighting in Europe in the late medieval ages won their battles because of the superlative performance by their archers with the long bow, which was achieved by them through arduous training from childhood, entailing exercises like keeping the hands extended for hours at a stretch.

It was not for nothing that great emphasis was laid on sword and knife play, archery, horsemanship, lance and mace fighting. The ancient warlords well realized that one of the main decisive factors towards victory was "Skill at Arms."

No attempt is being made to belittle the importance of strategy and tactics, but stress is definitely laid on the fact that weapon training is

a factor second to none in importance in the winning of wars.

No one can deny this elementary fact that a soldier, no matter what his arm of service is, must be proficient in the use of the weapons he is equipped with. This is specially true of the infantryman with his multitude of weapons.

It is probable that very few have realized the fact that faulty weapon training cannot be eradicated once battle has been joined, whereas the strategist and the tactician can improve upon situations and mistakes by experience. Weapon training is one aspect of military training which has to be made sound and foolproof in peacetime.

("Canadian Army Journal")

PILE THE DRUMS!



by

Sgt. J. E. S. Robinson, R.C.A.F. Station Aylmer

(Sgt. Robinson here undertakes the difficult job of interpreting for our readers the retrospective impressions of the 192 recruits who took part in the ceremonies on June 5th, when His Excellency Viscount Alexander, Governor-General of Canada, presented our Service with the King's Colour and the Colour of the R.C.A.F. He asks us to express here his appreciation for the help he received from Flt. Sgt. J. S. Cooper, Cpl. J. R. Pollock, and LAC M. W. Cole.—
EDITOR)

ACEREMONIAL PARADE!—and what a ceremonial parade!

We were, naturally, somewhat shaken. Rookies with only five weeks' service can't adopt a very casual attitude to that sort of thing. Still, what had to be, had to be. No. 2 Manning Depot began the task of whipping us into shape.

The training was intense. Six hours a day of rifle drill and two hours' physical training (two-mile runs around the tarmac). We got back to our barracks each evening with feet swollen and shoulder muscles aching. There we flaked out on our beds and waited for the blessed oblivion of sleep.

We thought we were being ridden pretty hard. But we didn't realize that we were, in actual fact, regarded as horses until, standing half-dazed in the sun, we were offered two lumps of sugar. Since, however, it was instilled into us that death was the only alternative to making a supreme effort for this "do," no one commented on the incident. While we were on parade, a slight raising of the eyebrows was permitted if someone put up a particularly poor show, but anything more emphatic than this brought a double whammy from the two glinting orbs of the O.C. of training, Flt. Lt. R. S. ("Tiny") Davis.

We were kept in the dark as to what, when, where and how, until one day a new face appeared among the Gestapo staff. Soon, circles and flags appeared on the taxi strip in front of the control tower. This curious layout, which came to be known as "the stage," was a facsimile of the parade ground we were to use on Parliament Hill.

Finally, we were divided into flights — sized to one thousandth of an inch — and we paraded in a snakelike procession to take up our position on our make-believe Parliament Hill. Now came the practice runs of the "Feu-de-joie," in which we stood at the "Firing Present" for ten minutes, just to see who would be the first to drop dead. (And, brother, try holding an 11-lb. rifle over your head for ten minutes and see how close you come to wishing you *could* drop dead!) Fortunately, this movement was deemed to be too difficult for us to perform satisfactorily, and the "Feu-de-joie" was carried out from the normal "Present."

According to the theory of the "Feu-de-joie," the front righthand man of No. 1 Flight begins the firing and it is carried out in succession through the Flight. That is the theory. In our case, however, several variations occurred. Shells were dropped, and only the spoken word "bang" indicated that a shot was fired; or, again, some of the more enthusiastic members would press their triggers before the command — and rifles and instructors blew their tops simultaneously. The exercise completed, we were allowed to stand at attention for ten or fifteen minutes — presumably for a rest — which gave the bugs and flies a chance to hold their own parades on our noses, faces and necks.

One of the more heartening aspects of our day's toil was the fact that many stout senior N.C.O's from the Station's staff, resplendent in ribbons and rusty in drill, had to suffer along with us. But, much to our chagrin, the order was passed out that these types were to be allowed to carry



His Excellency the Governor-General, Viscount Alexander of Tunis, accompanied by Wing Cdr. R. M. Cox, D.F.C., A.F.C., inspects the Escort Squadron.

side arms — evidently they were losing so much weight that it was feared they wouldn't last out.

One morning a new group of crowned and chevroned wonders appeared in our midst, some of them carrying grey blankets hung on rough poles. This, it appeared, was the "Colour Party." It was made up of senior N.C.O.'s and warrant officers from various other Stations, and the blanket-banners represented the colours which were to be presented. The Band arrived to the tune of "Swampfire," and our officers carried swords. Pilots with swords seemed a bit strange to us—and it soon became evident that it seemed just as strange to them! The Station C.O., Wing Cdr. Webber, conducted classes in sword drill far into the evening. These classes provided much-needed after-duty entertainment for us.

Finally came the dummy run of the entire show. We turned out, shined and pressed, wearing our 5A Blues and webbing, and carrying our rifles and bayonets. It was a nerve-racking performance, with families and the remainder of the Station staff looking on.

The next morning, after getting up at 5.30, we entrained for Ottawa. Aboard the stuffy train, we luxuriated in visions of accommodation at the Chateau Laurier and special meals befitting a party chosen to receive the King's Colour and the Colour of the R.C.A.F. But a rude awakening awaited us. On arrival at Rockcliffe, we were given 110 double-deckers in the Sports Hangar, some way from the nearest showers or wash-

basins. Six o'clock the next morning found us on Parliament Hill, drenched by rain, carrying out our only rehearsal in Ottawa prior to the actual ceremony.

On June 5th, shortly after ten a.m., the colour party, escort squadron and massed band moved into position on the lawn in front of the Peace Tower. As we stood there in the blazing sun, moving our eyes from side to side, sizing up the throngs lining the Hill and the activity around the dais, our responsibility suddenly became very real and urgent to us. The clock on the Peace Tower boomed 10.30, and the blue standard of the Governor-General was unfurled from the top. The trumpets sounded the "Still," then the "Alert," and His Excellency the Governor-General appeared on the dais.

From the moment His Excellency moved down to inspect the escort squadron until the staccato firing of the "Feu-de-joie" and the march-off, our every effort was concentrated on moving like automata in obedience to the commands of the parade C.O., Wing Cdr. R. M. Cox. Then finally, with arms swinging shoulder-high, we paraded through the streets of Ottawa, to deposit the Colours in the Officers' Mess; and the momentous event was over.

Those three weeks will be long remembered by all of us. We will remember our buddies, the training, the accommodation, the nights in Ottawa, and, perhaps above all, the diversity of characters with whom we came in contact . . .

Ditching the F-86

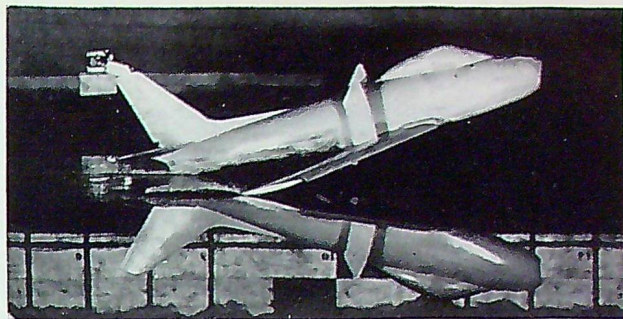
(Reprinted by courtesy of "Flying Safety")

TO STUDY its behavior when ditched, a one-tenth scale model of a North American F-86 was landed in calm water of the NACA tank at Langley. Various landing attitudes, speeds and conditions of damage were simulated.

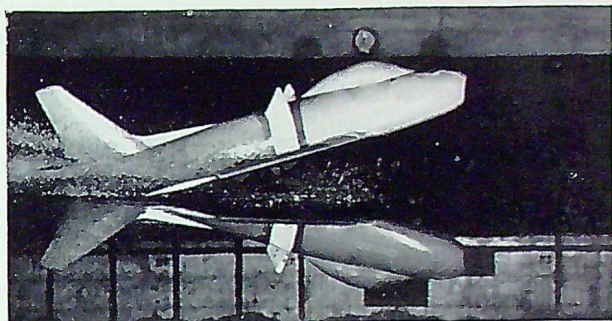
The model was launched by catapulting it from the NACA tank monorail. Control surfaces were set so that the plane did not yaw or change attitude appreciably in flight. It was concluded that the airplane should be ditched at the nose-high, 14-degree attitude to avoid the violent dive which occurs at the four-degree attitude. Flaps and leading edge slots should be fully extended for lowest possible landing speed. Wing tanks should be jettisoned to avoid undesirable behavior. In a calm-water ditching under these conditions the airplane will run smoothly for about 600 feet, with deceleration of about 3 G.

Later, 2nd Lt. James E. Towle of Otis AFB was forced to ditch his F-86 jet fighter in the bay near Langley AFB because of loss of power. He said the plane's deceleration upon touching down was a definite lurch, about like applying brakes in an automobile, but then the plane skipped or slid along the top of the water and came to an easy stop.

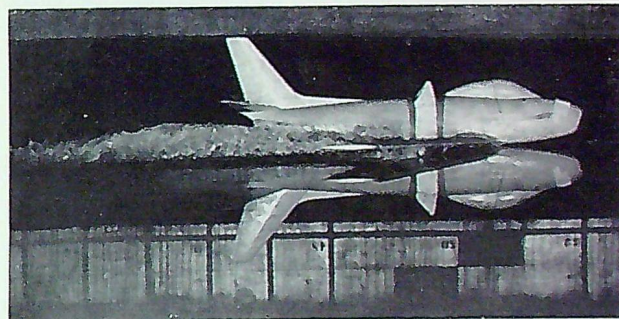
He used full flaps, but no dive brakes, and set it down in a normal landing attitude, as recommended by the NACA tests. He was picked up immediately, without any injuries, by the Langley crash rescue boat.



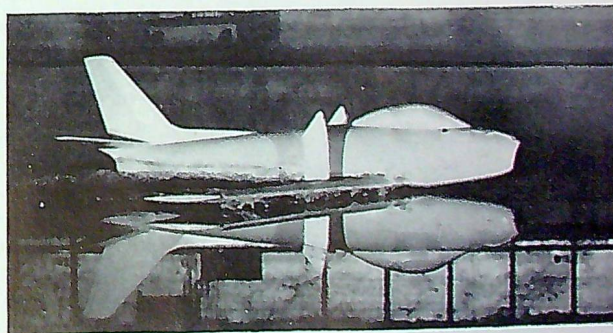
Landing attitude, 14 degrees; landing speed 98 knots.



170 feet



400 feet



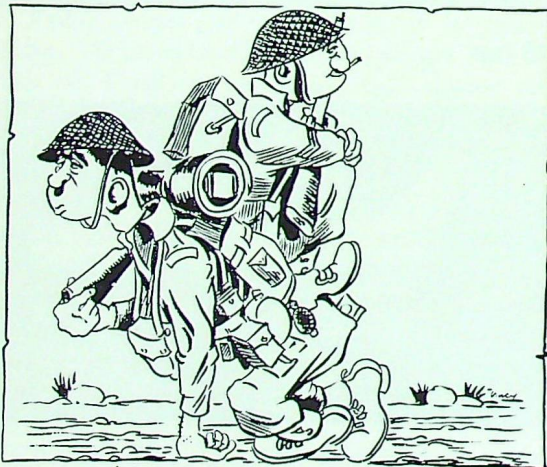
520 feet



WHAT'S THE SCORE

WE WON'T ENDEAVOUR to speak for the whole R.C.A.F., but certainly the members of the Editorial Committee are no walking encyclopaedias of Army lore. If you answer ten of the following questions correctly, you aren't doing at all badly. Turn to page 48 to check your efforts.

1. Apart from the Services Colleges, the senior unit of the Canadian Army is:
 - (a) The Governor General's Horse Guards
 - (b) The Royal Canadian Horse Artillery
 - (c) Les Voltigeurs de Québec
 - (d) Canadian Officers' Training Corps
2. The largest army component with a fixed organization is:
 - (a) A corps
 - (b) A division
 - (c) An armoured brigade
 - (d) A field engineer regiment
3. Medium tanks can usually average, per gallon of gasoline:
 - (a) Eight miles
 - (b) One quarter mile
 - (c) Fifteen miles
 - (d) One mile
4. An infantryman, in full marching order with a rifle, is carrying (including his clothes) about:
 - (a) Fourteen pounds
 - (b) Seventy-five pounds
 - (c) Thirty pounds
 - (d) One hundred and twenty pounds
5. A barrage is:
 - (a) A damming operation
 - (b) A concentration of artillery fire
 - (c) An intimate item of wearing apparel for C.W.A.C.'s
 - (d) A line of troops forming a barrier against enemy advance
6. The percentages of our own bombers which were damaged by enemy aircraft and enemy anti-aircraft artillery, respectively, in June, July, and August 1944 were:
 - (a) 50% — 50%
 - (b) 2% — 98%
 - (c) 40% — 60%
 - (d) 70% — 30%
7. One A.G.R.A. (Army Group Royal Artillery) of five medium regiments can accurately deliver the following weight of ammunition in one hour on an enemy target (on a foggy night!)
 - (a) 3 tons
 - (b) 960 tons
 - (c) 4,250 tons
 - (d) 52,370 tons



8. Who is referred to as the "Queen of Battle"?
 - (a) Joan of Arc
 - (b) Florence Nightingale
 - (c) The Infantry
 - (d) The Artillery
9. Canada had a number of divisions in the field in N.W. Europe and Italy during the Second World War. They totalled:
 - (a) Four
 - (b) Nine
 - (c) Five
 - (d) Three

10. The following Canadian general accepted the final surrender of all German troops in Holland:
 - (a) General H. D. G. Crerar
 - (b) Lieutenant-General Charles Foulkes
 - (c) Lieutenant-General G. G. Symonds
 - (d) Lieutenant-General E. L. M. Burns
 11. The following task was specifically allotted to the First Canadian Army:
 - (a) Capture of Caen
 - (b) Capture of Rome
 - (c) Closing of the Falaise Gap
 - (d) Opening up of the Channel ports
 12. The war establishment strength of an infantry battalion is approximately:
 - (a) 250
 - (b) 500
 - (c) 950
 - (d) 1500
 13. A "Moaning Minnie" is the slang name for:
 - (a) A wounded female refugee
 - (b) A dive bomber
 - (c) A multi-barrelled mortar
 - (d) A soldier who complains continually
 14. A P.I.A.T. is:
 - (a) Paratroop Infantry Air Transport
 - (b) A branch of the A.T.S.
 - (c) A weapon for use against tanks
 - (d) An infantry air team
 15. An air force unit which conducts joint operations in the field with an army such as the First Canadian Army is called:
 - (a) A fighter-bomber group
 - (b) A tactical group
 - (c) A rocket projectile wing
 - (d) A circus
 16. In the standard U.S.A.F. transport aircraft, the C119B, the number of parachutists that can be carried is:
 - (a) 13 — 16
 - (b) 17 — 22
 - (c) 32 — 34
 - (d) 42 — 44
 17. The dropping zones (i.e. the ground area required) for 4000 parachutists is normally about:
 - (a) 100 yds. x 100 yds.
 - (b) 1000 yds. x 1000 yds.
 - (c) 1 mile x 2 miles
 - (d) 10 — 12 square miles
 18. Offensive air support, when applied in the front lines to help the army, is normally co-ordinated on the ground by:
 - (a) An air force officer alone
 - (b) Sheer luck
 - (c) An army officer alone
 - (d) A team composed of both army and air force officers
 19. The number of 10,000-ton ships required to carry the equipment of an infantry division is:
 - (a) 1
 - (b) 3
 - (c) 7
 - (d) 12
 20. A well-trained infantryman, wearing full equipment, is expected to cover:
 - (a) 2½ miles per hour for 4 hours
 - (b) 10 miles in 2 hours
 - (c) 7 miles in 3 hours
 - (d) His feet with blisters
- (Contributed by Major H. Appleton, of Army Headquarters)

A NOTE FROM THE AIR HISTORIAN

IN THE NOTE which accompanies one of the historical sketches prepared by his Section, the Air Historian writes:

"No. — Squadron has apparently been too busy during the past four years to record its history, which therefore remains a complete blank since the diary closed at — , in 1945. I would appreciate it if you would remind all units, both Regular and Reserve, of the importance of submitting their historical records twice yearly, as required by AFAO A4/1, dated 30 June 1948. Anyone who feels that careful compilation of such records is just another unnecessary bureaucratic activity would do well to remember that without accurate records of the past there would be no hope of any constructively planned future."

The ROYAL CANADIAN AIR CADETS



By Arthur Macdonald

Director of Publicity, Air Cadet League of Canada

AS WE WRITE this report, towards the end of July, the Air Cadet summer programme for 1950 is moving into high gear. At Summerside, Aylmer and Gimli, several thousand cadets are enjoying their annual taste of Air Force life; another 200 lads are well advanced on pilots' courses at the flying clubs; and the 1950 International Drill Competition team is rounding into shape at Gimli.

Probably the luckiest cadets of all are the fifty-one lads selected from across Canada for exchange trips to the United Kingdom and United States. By the time this appears in print, 25 cadets will have completed a thrilling trans-Atlantic flight and a tour of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Highlight of this trip will be an official reception by Their Majesties the King and Queen at Balmoral Castle in Scotland. The remaining 26 cadets will fly south to California and visit Arizona and Texas before returning to Canada on August 15th.

More complete reports on the summer activities will appear in future issues of "The Roundel." Meanwhile, we would like to offer a few "spot news" reports from some of Canada's 200 active Air Cadet Squadrons. The following brief items were selected at random from the press clipping service subscribed to by League Headquarters.

Ottawa, Ontario

"Upwards of 400 members of the Optimist Club of Ottawa and two of the Club's main boys' work projects, the Swimming-Club and the Air Cadet squadron, attended the Ottawa Nationals-Kingston

Ponies baseball game at Lansdowne Park last night. It was Optimist night at the park, through the courtesy of Frank Gorman of the Ottawa Nationals' management. Prior to the baseball game, the 51 Optimist Air Cadet Squadron, which recently won awards in a Montreal competition, put on a crowd-pleasing display of precision drill. The squadron has about 150 members. About 225 boys, all members of the Optimist Swimming Club, were in the stand together with club members to watch the display and enjoy the game.

"So that the Nationals would not be out of the fun, the Optimists then made presentations to the Ottawa players. The presentations were made by John B. Brown in charge of boys' work for the Club, assisted by other club officers."

"Ottawa Citizen"

Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan

"A cheque for \$210.96 was presented yesterday by the Moose Jaw Air Cadet League to the Manitoba Flood Relief Fund.

"The donation was presented by Cadet Flt. Sgt. Campbell Evans to G. A. Ferguson, provincial vice-president of the Flood Relief organization, at a ceremony in the studios of radio station CHAB.

"Flt. Lt. George Wilkinson, commanding officer, and other members of the Air Cadet League and the Flood Relief committee were present.

"The money turned over represents half of the proceeds of the Air Cadet Tag Day held recently."

"Moose Jaw Times Herald"



Cadets of No. 117 (Toronto) Squadron check list of players before baseball game at Aylmer.

St. John's Newfoundland

A highlight of the Newfoundland Day celebration at Torbay Airport was an impressive ceremony featuring the four Royal Canadian Air Cadet Squadrons in St. John's. The squadrons were presented with official colours supplied by Air Cadet League Headquarters, Ottawa. The presentations to the four squadron commanding officers were made by Premier Joseph Smallwood.

Canadian Press

Cornwall, Ontario

"Cornwall Air Cadets and several Canadian air dignitaries attended an air field day at Malone, N.Y., last Sunday. The field day was planned by the North County Squadron, Group 3, Civil Air Patrol and was held at Malone — Dufort Airport.

"The events were patterned after the usual air show and were designed to promote the activities of Civil Air Patrol and put aviation before the public. Honoured guest was Major-General Lucas V. Beau, National Commander of the Civil Air Patrol.

"The programme included a review of the North County Squadron, an outstanding drill demonstration by the Cornwall Air Cadets, model plane flights and excursions by air.

"Attending with the Cornwall Air Cadets were Dr. M. O. Good, representing Cornwall Kiwanis Squadron; Donald E. Black M.P.; John E.

Rennie, M.P.; Flt. Lt. J. E. Dagenais of Ottawa; and Sqn. Ldr. H. G. Williams."

"Daily Standard-Freeholder"

Peace River, Alberta

"Air Cadet squadrons of the Peace River country had their biggest day on Saturday when they underwent annual inspection at Grande Prairie Airport. Making the occasion one of the biggest air shows ever staged in the Peace River country, squadrons from Manning, Peace River, Berwyn, Fairview, Sexsmith and Dawson Creek paraded before their inspecting officers.

"Through the kind permission of Air Vice-Marshal C. R. Dunlap, Air Officer Commanding North West Air Command, an exciting air show was staged for the benefit of the very large crowd in attendance. Helicopter, Harvard, Mitchell, Lancaster, Mustang, Expeditor, Dakota, and Norseman aircraft were part of the display. Paratroopers gave examples of daring sky jumps.

"Elaborate parking arrangements had to be made to cope with the huge crowd of interested

Flt. Sgt. C. Clark explains Browning .303 to Cadet Aircraftman A. Barnes (handling gun), Cpl. D. Barnes and LAC D. Jerrard, all of No. 27 (London) Squadron.





Cadet LAC J. Lawrence and Cpl. R. Wade watch LAC R. Percy help Cpl. R. Pull into his parachute before taking to the air during summer camp at Aylmer. The boys belong to No. 13 (Windsor) Squadron.

spectators. Guides gave each visitor's car a blocked parking space and special R.C.M.P. constables were on duty to direct the crowds.

"The programme finished with a monster dance at the hangar in the evening."

"Grande Prairie Herald Tribune"

West Vancouver, British Columbia

"Lions Club vice-president Norman Scott and local businessman Dave Brown, both ex-R.C.A.F., have started wheels turning that may soon result in the formation of an Air Cadet squadron for West Vancouver boys.

"Assurances have been given that the plan is entirely feasible if the necessary sponsorship can be arranged, and the West Van Lions Club have promised to have the scheme studied by the directors and brought up for budget consideration in the fall.

"Greg Weeks, Secretary-Manager of the B.C. Provincial Committee, outlined details to the Club's regular meeting last week. He explained that West Vancouver's air-minded youth of 14 to 18 years would start as a flight of the North Vancouver squadron but would step out on its own when the minimum of 50 cadets was reached."

"The Lions Gate Times," West Vancouver

Guelph, Ontario

"Thirty-six bugle, four brass and two pipe bands participated in a spectacular military

tattoo staged by the 11th Field Regiment, R.C.A. band of Guelph here yesterday.

"The fancy drill prize went to the famous band of the 180th (Mosquito) Air Cadet Squadron of Toronto.

"In a bugle and drum competition, Trenton R.C.A.F. band scored highest in the senior group, while in the junior class the Preston Scout House Band took first place. Hanover girls and Parkdale Lions girls' bands tied for the first place with 76 points in their division."

"Globe and Mail"

Penticton, British Columbia

"A brighter accommodation picture was painted for the local Air Cadet squadron recently when it was announced by Pacific Command that it has authorized an addition to the Armoury here for the use of the Penticton Squadron. Commanding Officer W. H. Whomster says this will solve the acute housing problem faced by his cadets for many months.

"The armoury provides training accommodation but there has been no allotment of storage facilities

"The addition will be started as soon as final approval has been given by government authorities in Ottawa."

"Penticton Herald"

Cadet Aircraftmen A. Muckelbauer, R. Labadie, and Peter Duclos, of No. 98 (Montreal) Squadron, help erect boxing-ring at Aylmer.



Rivers, Manitoba

"Yesterday was a red-letter day for the air cadets of Rivers as they were taken for a two-hour flight from the Air Training School here. LAC E. Haine was awarded the special flight for the best dress and demeanour. Cadet J. Creasley and H. MacKinnon were given the opportunity of navigating the aircraft under the direction of Air Force officers."

"Winnipeg Free Press"

Tilbury, Ontario

"At a recent reorganization meeting of the civilian committee for No. 537 Air Cadet Squadron, Tilbury, Mr. Fred L. Moore was elected chairman.

"The Committee will now be jointly favoured by the Tilbury and Kent-Essex Lions Club in addition to the Rotary Club. The Legion branches of Comber and Tilbury are being requested to

name representatives who will also serve with the new committee."

"Comber Herald"

Niagara Falls, Ontario

"The local Air Cadet band of 126 (Optimist) Squadron took second place in the junior trumpet and bugle band class at the band festival held recently in Waterloo. Bands from all parts of Ontario competed in the Festival and it is the first time that the local group, under direction of James Hopkin, has taken part in a ceremony of this kind.

"The complete Air Cadet squadron will assemble on the Simcoe Street school grounds to-morrow to take part in the dedication parade at the Memorial Arena."

"Evening Review," Niagara Falls

New Canadian Decoration

SHOWN HERE is the new Canadian Forces Decoration, approved by the King and soon to be available to all qualifying Servicemen. It will be awarded for 12 years' service in either the Permanent or Reserve Forces and is the first purely Canadian decoration for service of this nature.

The decoration will supersede long service and good conduct awards hitherto given to members of the Armed Forces, and which have no distinct Canadian connection.

Permanent Force officers and men of the three Services will qualify by 12 years' full-time paid service in any of the Armed Forces of the Commonwealth, provided they were serving on or after 1 October 1946 in one of the Permanent Forces.

Reserve officers and men must have the same period of service in one of Canada's Reserve Forces. They must have joined the Reserve or must have been serving on or after 1 January 1946.

Personnel now serving with the Permanent or Reserve Forces will be awarded the decoration



through routine Service channels. Retired personnel qualified by service after 1 January 1946 should apply through their nearest Regular or Reserve unit or division or to their respective Service headquarters in Ottawa. In the case of retired personnel, service on or after the 1946 dates is essential for qualification. It is not available to former members of the Armed Forces who retired before 1946.

COMMAND AND LEADERSHIP

by Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor,
G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., Chief of the Air Staff

(Reprinted by courtesy of "The Royal Air Force Quarterly")



(The art of command and leadership is a subject upon which a great deal has been written, both in and out of the Armed Services. To all who have been over-exposed to such literature, Sir John Slessor's article will come as a most refreshing and enlightening experience. — Editor)

A GOOD many years ago, when I was at the Army Staff College at Camberley, one of my colleagues on the Directing Staff was one Lieutenant-Colonel Slim, of the Indian Army. But the fact that he is an old friend is not the only reason that prompts me to borrow unblushingly from the Field-Marshal's lectures on this subject of leadership. Not only has he vast experience of command and leadership in war but I am sure anyone who has heard him lecture or broadcast will agree that he has a genius for dealing practically, wisely and humanly with those rather abstract subjects, like morale and leadership. So, much of what is written in this article is drawn from that source, though I will try also to give you the benefit of my own experience in this line.

All of us, I suppose, were brought up on the deathless tale of the charge of the Light Cavalry Brigade at Balaclava in the Crimean War. "Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do or die," and so, if you remember, "into the Valley of Death, rode the six hundred." "C'était magnifique, mais ce n'était pas la Guerre" — or, anyway, it wasn't how modern war should be waged. Let's face it: it was a gallant but rather stupid show for which a commander in these days would rightly lose his job.

Do not imagine for one moment that I decry the value — the literally vital importance — of obedience to orders, obedience even to the death. On the contrary, I have thought sometimes that we do not always nowadays attach enough importance, for instance, to the old principle that if you

are ordered to defend a position that means the last man and the last round. No. What I do suggest is that in modern war blind, unquestioning unintelligent adherence to an order, in circumstances which have obviously changed since the order was given, or which were clearly unknown to the commander who gave the order, may be a serious menace. I hesitate to cast doubt upon another of the legends of our youth, but, if my memory serves me right, the boy who stood on the burning deck whence all but he had fled did so because he had been told to — not because he could do the slightest good to anyone by standing there and getting blown up. A brave lad, no doubt, but he seems to me to be in an entirely different category from those officers and men of the Oxfords who fell in and stood as steady as rocks on the deck of their sinking troopship, the *Birkenhead*, while the women and children were saved.

They used to have a very good habit in the German Army. In some of their big war games and other exercises, the directing staff used to introduce a situation deliberately designed to see whether a subordinate commander had the training, the common sense and the initiative to disobey or depart from his orders when it became obvious that the situation had changed or that his orders had been given him in ignorance of the real situation. If the chap concerned stuck slavishly to his orders, then he got a black mark.

Now, this is obviously a pretty tricky business. It manifestly involves the risk of the chap who is not very determined or very steadfast saying, "Oh, well, the circumstances have quite clearly changed since the group captain gave me that order; I must now use my own initiative and not push home this attack or defend this position to the last man and the last round, because it would obviously be silly to do anything of the sort in the circumstances as I now see them." But I think that risk has got to be accepted. I don't believe it is a very serious risk. And I stress this point because I think it is a pointer to what I believe is the essence of command in these days — and indeed in any day, for that matter. Old Oliver Cromwell, 300 years ago, asked for the plain, russet-coated captain "who knows what he fights for and loves what he knows." In other words, this business of "theirs not to reason why" does not make sense. The captain of aircraft, the company commander, or whoever he is, must be told what the situation is, what he has got to do and why he has got to do it. And tell him as much as you think will help him, or is essential to co-ordinate his action with others, of *how* he is to do the job. But, for heaven's sake, don't tell him too much of that. Stick as closely as you can to the principle of giving your man a job to do and leaving him to do it in his own way. And if he does it well, don't forget to give him a pat on the back; if he does it badly — well, you mustn't let him make a habit of that and remain in a position of responsibility. I'll come back to that later on.

Incidentally, I think it is significant in this connection how that word "briefing" has crept into use since the beginning of the late war. I believe it has spread from the R.A.F. to the other Services, and it does seem to me to be very descriptive of the methods by which the modern commander on the lower levels makes known his wishes and intentions to his subordinates.

I think it must be obvious to us all that this type of command in these days does call for very special qualities of leadership on the part of the commander. Sir William Slim has defined leadership as the projection of the personality of the commander. And, in these days of wars of vast

areas and huge numbers, it is far more difficult for the commander to get his personality across to his men. After all, in the Peninsula or at Waterloo the old Duke rode along the Thin Red Line and doffed his cocked hat and said: "Up, Guards, and at 'em," or "Let battle commence," and Sam Small and his fellows said: "Ba-gum, there's t'oad so-and-so hisself," and took heart of grace. That sort of thing used to happen even in my lifetime — I was reading the other day a personal account of the Battle of Omdurman (1898) in which the writer described how, when a dervish charge had been broken but the men were still excitedly blazing away, the "familiar voice," as he put it, of the Commander-in-Chief, Kitchener, behind him was heard saying: "Cease fire, please, cease fire; this is a terrible waste of ammunition!" I am sure many senior commanders in both the last two world wars must have envied the old boys of those days their opportunities of direct contact with the men they commanded — I know I did. Last time it was not nearly so easy — anyway, in the Army and Air Force. Different commanders had different methods. Some went in for eccentricities of raiment; some made great use of the agents of publicity — and do not underrate the importance of these things; to some extent these registrations of personality, or their photographs in the paper, replace the personal sight of the commander-in-chief on his horse with his cocked hat and sword. But all the best generals were those who took every opportunity of going up forward and talking to and being seen by the officers and men in the fighting units: Slim, with his "forgotten army" in the jungles of Burma; Montgomery, turning a defeated, dispirited force into a victorious army in a few weeks before Alamein, by sheer force of personality.

In the Air Force — apart from the fact that we have those two broad subdivisions into the men who fly and fight and the men who work on the ground, which I shall come back to later — I think it is more difficult even than in the Army for a senior commander to maintain the necessary contact with those under his command. There were occasions, of course, when it was relatively easy — Keith Park constantly flying round his

stations in No. 11 Group during the Battle of Britain; Roderick Hill as Commander-in-Chief, Fighter Command, flying his own fighter in the battle against the VI; Coningham in his caravan with the Desert Air Force. When that was practicable it always reaped rich dividends. In Coastal Command we had the devil of a problem. The squadrons were scattered not only all over England, Scotland and Northern Ireland but also in Iceland, The Faeroes, Gibraltar and the Azores; no commander-in-chief can possibly get round a command of that kind nearly enough. I used to supplement my all-too-rare tours by periodical personal letters to all squadron commanders and by writing in the *Coastal Command Review* — a monthly review which nearly all aircrews read. I believe that both these things paid dividends, and I commend them to the attention of future commanders who may find themselves in similar circumstances. But, of course, they are not the equivalent of frequent personal visits.

You get the occasional freak. Harris, for instance, of Bomber Command. Though the actual area in which his squadrons were based was not big, he practically never visited a station, and I suppose hardly one in a thousand of his chaps ever saw him. Yet he somehow succeeded in getting his personality across, and maintained the morale of his command for over three years in the face of casualties on a terrific scale. I frankly don't know how it was done. I can only think that somehow the passionate sincerity of his own belief in the supreme importance of Bomber Command to the issue of the war permeated down and communicated itself to his men. Anyway, no one who took part in the first Bomber Command Reunion at the Albert Hall this year could doubt that Bert Harris had qualities of leadership of a very special kind.

The Navy, of course, are the lucky ones. It is quite impossible to exaggerate the value, in this sphere of leadership and morale, of the fact that every man-jack, from the admiral to the latest-joined cook's mate, goes to sea and has his own job to do in the same battle and is liable to get blown sky-high if he's unlucky. Naval officers

certainly take splendid advantage of their opportunities, but there is no doubt that they have a much easier job in this respect than we in the R.A.F. or in the Army.

Before we leave this question of personal contact, just a few more words about it on a rather lower plane, for, after all, we don't all of us become commanders-in-chief, and good leadership is just as important in the rather less exalted ranks. First, remember always that you are dealing with ordinary human beings like yourself, with the same sort of feelings, the same qualities and failings, the same hopes and fears. Never talk down to men. And don't overdo it — the occasional heart-to-heart with non-commissioned officers or men (at which their officers should also be present) is good; if repeated too often it becomes a bore and loses its effect — becomes, indeed, a menace. You won't overdo it if you remember Sir William Slim's advice to talk to them only when you have something worth hearing to say to them, to know what you are talking about and yourself really to believe what you are saying. Absolute sincerity, of course, is a *sine qua non*; troops are quick to spot the flat catcher, and any taint of the bogus is nearly always detected and distrusted. And remember it isn't only what I may call the first-fighters that you should take into your confidence and put in the picture, but also the less glamorous chaps — not only the aircrews or the tank crews or the commandos who do the actual fighting and get the medals (and, of course, the casualties), but the clerk, the storeman, the R.E.M.E. fitter or the R.A.S.C. driver. Every man in the unit, from the commanding officer to the humblest aircraftman or seaman, is an essential cog in the machine — if he isn't he's got no business to be there. And you'll get better value out of your squadrons if you sometimes have a talk to, for instance, the cooks who have to get up at 3 a.m. to prepare meals for the crews on the dawn show, and tell them what it's all about. This is particularly important in the Air Force, where we have these two main divisions: those who fight in the air and those who work on the ground. There is no getting away from it, that does complicate leadership in an air

force. But not insuperably so, and the good commander will always weld the two lots together as a team and have his ground personnel taking an intense personal interest and pride in the efficiency of the unit and the deeds of the aircrews.

Just one word about humour. A very dangerous subject! You may remember Slim's story of the enthusiastic little sergeant who, at the end of a talk about an impending offensive, warmly assured the general that when the day came they would be behind him to a man; and Slim's reply: "Don't you believe it, sergeant; when the day comes you'll be the hell of a long way in front of me." That sort of spontaneous, salty humour is worth a guinea a minute. But there is nothing worse, nothing more embarrassing, than forced humour. I think the only advice here is: never try to be funny; if you are made that way the opportunities will come to you; if you are not, no one will think the worse of you. But, anyway, try always to look cheerful, or, at least, not to look miserable. Remember that, especially when times are bad, your men will be watching you and catching the mood from you. God knows I do not mean to suggest that you should always be frightfully hearty — war is quite bad enough without that! Someone — I think Disraeli — once said that no one should look anxious except those who have no reason whatever for anxiety, and I think that just about sums it up.

And don't sentimentalize about your men. You are responsible for their efficiency and well-being and that must be the concern of an officer before his own comfort. It is obviously unnecessary to-day to say that men must not be treated like cattle, as they were in the bad old days. But I think there is discernible sometimes nowadays a tendency to go too far the other way, to sentimentalize over them, tell them what marvellous chaps they are, pamper them and pack them off in a bus to Mother every week-end. It isn't good for them and they don't like it — not if they are the right sort of men in the right sort of unit.

I have stressed this problem of personal contact between commanders and their subordinates because I believe it is the most important factor in the subject of this paper. I want now to examine

the main elements that go to make up this quality of leadership, or power of command. The C.I.G.S. — to quote him again — has categorized them as Will-power, Courage, Knowledge, Judgment, and Integrity.

Will-power, the capacity to make up his mind, to take a decision and stick to it, is perhaps almost too obvious a quality — no one can be a good commander without it. Of course, I have known commanders who have confused strength of will with obstinacy, who stuck to a decision just because they had made it, regardless of how silly it may have been or have become with changing circumstances. That is not strength of character — actually it is the reverse, and is usually the sign of the stupid man who is afraid of admitting himself wrong. Someone — I think, Colonel J. F. C. Fuller at the Staff College many years ago — said: "If a man can't change his mind it probably means he hasn't got a mind to change."

A commander can and should be flexible-minded without being vacillating — without raising those three fatal bogies Order, Counter-order, Disorder. But any man in any position of really responsible authority is constantly having to make decisions which, if things go wrong, may have very unpleasant results — a lot of unnecessary widows during a war for the soldier, or a lot of unpleasant publicity and perhaps the hell of a row in the House for the policeman in peace. But these possible consequences have got to be faced; you have got to back your judgment, make your decision and have the strength of will to see that it is enforced and obeyed right down through the echelons of command to the pilot in his cockpit or the rifleman in his foxhole or the policeman on his beat. Don't fall into the mistake of imagining that because you, as a high commander, have made a decision and given an order, it will necessarily be carried out in the way you intend when it gets right down to the bottom of the chain of command. No doubt it ought to happen that way, but my experience is that it very often does not do so unwatched and unaided.

And it is extraordinary how quickly any faltering of decision, any weakness of will at the top, filters down in some mysterious way to the bottom

— and the converse. Look, for instance, at the effect on the Eighth Army of Montgomery's decision to cancel all preparations for the defence of the Delta; look at the extraordinary way in which Bert Harris's iron determination to destroy Germany communicated itself right down to the crews in the air and the maintenance men at work at their cold and wet dispersal points.

So a good commander must have the strength of will to make a decision and pursue an unflinching course, *and* to change that course instantly if the situation so requires, as we had to do in the Battle of the Atlantic when, in 1943, the U-boats suddenly dropped the pack attacks on the convoys and we had to find some other way of killing them. And one of the hardest trials of his will-power is to persist what he knows is the right course in spite of heavy casualties — to sit back perhaps in a comfortable office while his men are being killed. But he is no good if he can't face that, and he must remember that five hundred casualties this week may save fifty thousand in months to come. That is a thing some commanders sometimes forgot in the late war.

Now for *Courage*. We needn't waste much time on physical courage; nearly all men have that — not all, but nearly all. And I think one can usually assume that a commander will not have become a commander — he certainly will not remain one for long — unless he has his fair ration of physical guts. Perhaps in this connection I might say a word about fitness, or perhaps, to be more accurate, endurance. I have never been one of those who believe that a commander should always run a couple of miles before breakfast and never drink or smoke. But it isn't only fear that a commander has to resist: it is also fatigue. He has got to be prepared when necessary to be up all night — perhaps several nights running — and yet keep his mind clear and be capable of making a decision. That he can't do unless he keeps himself reasonably fit and gets as much sleep as he can when he can. For a really senior commander, a commander-in-chief, it should very rarely be necessary and never desirable to sit up all night. The decisions he may have to make in

the day time may be so momentous that he should always be as fresh as humanly possible.

The other form of courage, a great deal rarer than physical courage but every bit as important in a commander, is moral courage. A leader of men has got to be prepared to do what he believes to be the right thing, regardless of how unpopular it may be or of the consequences to himself. I know it is easy enough to say these rather high-sounding things, but I do think it is necessary to say that a commander should never in any circumstances allow the thought "How is this going to affect me?" to dwell for one moment in his mind.

In particular, may I urge you to have the moral courage — and, let's face it, it does require some guts, especially if you like the chap — to report adversely on a subordinate if he really deserves it? As an ex-Air Member for Personnel I can assure you that it is often extremely difficult to get an honest adverse report when one knows for a definite fact that the officer concerned deserves one and, what's more, that his commander knows he deserves one. That sort of thing is usually based partly on a mistaken idea of kindness, I remember long ago a senior officer saying cynically "Gentlemen, the Army is a club, and in a club one does not brawl." The Services are not clubs; they are desperately serious professions which should never harbour inefficients. And if you take the line "Oh, well, old Bill's a nice old thing; true he's not much use, but he's not doing much harm and, anyway, it would be bad luck on his wife and children to have him broke," you are letting down not only old Bill's brother-officers but the men who have to serve under him and the country that old Bill is paid to defend.

Turning now to *Knowledge*. We need not dwell much on that. It must be self-evident that a man cannot be a really good commander unless he really knows his job — and a great deal about the jobs of the officers and men under him. Obviously this does not mean detailed technical knowledge. Only the most junior commander can and should have a sound working knowledge of the technical job of each man under him; if more senior officers, commanding large units and formations, try to know all about every man's job they will never see

the wood for the trees and will be a public nuisance, not to say danger. This, of course, applies more strongly the higher one goes in the hierarchy of command. A corps commander can't be expected to be able to fight a tank or build a Bailey bridge, any more than an air marshal can be an expert operational pilot or know all about the guts of a radar set. They must have been able to do this sort of thing in their day, but if they try to do it now they will merely be wasting time which they should be spending on the proper exercise of their command — and, anyway, they'll probably break their necks. Please do not take this to mean that I don't think air marshals should fly — on the contrary, I think it essential that they should. What I do mean is that if they are always doing what flight lieutenants are paid to do it can only be at the expense of what they are paid to do — command.

There is clearly a pretty narrow dividing line between this and the next quality in Sir William Slim's list — *Judgment*. Indeed, judgment must be based on knowledge. Beware of the chap who thinks he can do the right thing instinctively, which usually means he can't be bothered to get down to it and really study his job, but hopes it will be "all right on the night." Judgment is largely a question of balance — but not too much balance; the chap who has in excess what someone once called "the lawyer's terrible capacity for seeing both sides of a question" is liable to find himself unable to make a decision. Nor is knowledge in itself a guarantee of judgment. Several of the cleverest men I know have no judgment at all. Lord Swinton tells in his book of Stanley Baldwin's comment on someone who had committed some particularly outrageous error of judgment: "He could never have done that, Philip; it takes a really clever man to be such a bloody fool." No; judgment can be cultivated to some extent and certainly grows with experience — that is one of the arguments against too rapid promotion. There are few things more perilous than the chap with no judgment but with guts and determination — he is almost as dangerous as old Moltke's third category of officer. You may remember he said something to the effect that there were officers who

are clever and hard-working — they make good staff officers; then there are some who are clever and idle — they should be marked down for high command; but the chaps who are stupid and hard-working — they are a danger to the Service and should be got rid of immediately.

Finally, *Integrity*. I have already said that in talking to men absolute sincerity is an essential. Actually that is true of all dealings with men. A commander is no good unless he can inspire loyalty in his men. But, remember, loyalty is not a one-way street; if your men are to be loyal to you, you must be loyal to them, put their welfare before your own and never call on them to do anything that you have not done, or been ready to do, yourself. I don't think it would be possible to sum up this quality of integrity better than in a splendid sentence which is engraved on the Winchester War Memorial:

"Thou therefore, for whom they died, seek not thine own, but serve as they served and, whether in peace or in war, bear thyself ever as Christ's soldier, gentle in all things, valiant in action, steadfast in adversity."

I think I will end by giving you another quotation which seems to me to sum up magnificently the whole art of leadership. It is taken from John Buchan's book on Montrose, and here it is:

"First, there will be fortitude, the power of enduring when hope has gone, the power of taking upon oneself a desperate responsibility and daring all. There must be self-forgetfulness, a willingness to let worldly interests and even reputation and honour perish if only the task be accomplished. The man who is concerned with his own repute will never move mountains. There must be patience, supreme patience, under misunderstandings and setbacks and the muddles and interferences of others. There must be resilience in defeat, a manly optimism which looks at all the facts in all their bleakness and yet dares to hope. There must be a sense of the eternal continuity of a great cause, so that failure will not seem the end and a man sees himself as only a part in a predestined purpose. . . . Leadership, then, depends primarily upon moral endowments."

The Man With The Wrench

by

W. B. F. Mackay, B.Sc. (E.E.), B. Met. E., M.S.

(This is the second article by ex-Wing Cdr. Mackay, now of the Institute of Technology at the University of Minnesota, which we have been privileged to publish. It is very strongly recommended to all technical personnel in the R.C.A.F.—EDITOR).

THE FAILURE of highly stressed bolts and studs is due principally to the improper torquing of nuts. The responsibility for this can generally be laid to the individual handling the wrench. Nuts and bolts comprise one of the most simple and commonplace types of fastening devices which we possess. Everyone from the Adjutant to the oldest A.E.M. on the station has had occasion to use them, at least to some extent. To tell a person he doesn't know how to tighten up a nut generally tempts the accused to use the most convenient tool at hand as a weapon. This attitude is understandable, for practically everybody feels he knows all there is to this elementary operation. About the only individual who is not completely satisfied is the fellow who designed it. The best assurance the designer has that his bolt or stud will be loaded correctly is to rely on an experienced mechanic with a good sense of wrench "feel." First class mechanics of this sort are all too scarce. Fortunately, the majority of bolts which we encounter in various pieces of equipment are not all such vital components as are certain highly stressed and dynamically loaded bolts and studs in aircraft. It is the cylinder hold-down studs, connecting-rod bolts, etc. that give the designer some cause for concern.

The relative responsibility for bolt failures is indicated in Fig. 1. This bar chart was taken from the SAE War Engineering Board Report entitled "Torquing of Nuts in Aircraft Engines" and results from a very comprehensive investigation of the problem by twelve of the largest aircraft engine and automotive manufacturers in the U.S.A. J. O. Almen of General Motors Corporation, Chairman of the above mentioned Board,

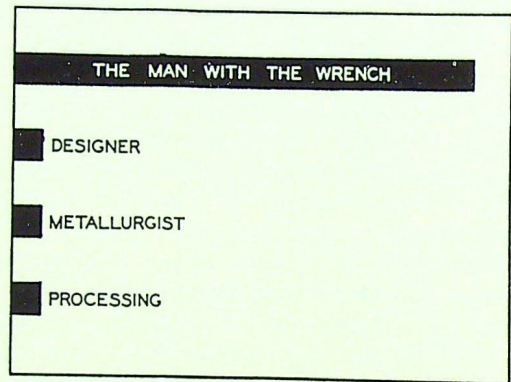


Fig. 1. Relative responsibility for fatigue durability of bolts. (Courtesy of Society of Automotive Engineers, Inc.)

states: "In highly loaded bolts and studs, we rarely find the design so bad, the fabrication practice so poor, or the material so weak, as to cause failure in service provided the nut is properly tightened against reasonably rigid members."

These secondary causes of failure (namely, design, production and metallurgical) should not, however, be entirely ignored. The original bolt design has a direct bearing on its life, particularly with respect to its fatigue resistance, which is the cause of failure in practically all cases. Every precaution to reduce stress raisers should be taken, such as the generous filleting of all changes in section. It has been found that by increasing the bolt length whenever possible to provide an additional increment of elasticity, and by ensuring that the bolt assembly is as rigid as possible, less slacking will occur. Lack of rigidity in the assembly may be high enough to cause eventual fatigue failure regardless of the initial bolt load.

The shank diameter adjacent to the threads must never be greater than the diameter at the base of the thread grooves if we are to avoid increasing the stress at this latter point. The metallurgical factors involved are principally concerned with specifying a suitable material, obtaining a proper and uniform heat treatment, and ensuring that the structure is devoid of foreign inclusion stringers, etc. Processing techniques that affect bolt life are largely a matter of the thread-forming practices involved. Generally, rolled threads (after heat treatment) are superior to those cut, while the cut threads in turn are superior to ground threads. In all cases the fatigue resistance can be at least doubled by employing a superficial rolling operation after forming and heat treating. This operation ensures that the thread roots are compressively stressed, a situation that holds down the wedge-like action of fatigue cracks. The condition existing at the roots of the thread is the "Achilles' Heel" of the entire situation. It is here that fatigue failures invariably set in, whether caused by poor design, manufacture, structure, or torquing. It has long been known that the fatigue resistance of the rounded Whitworth thread groove was superior to the sharp V-bottom of the U.S. Std. It is interesting to note in this connection that the new Unified Screw Thread Standards (Gt. Brit., U.S.A., Can.) retains the rounded Whitworth type root.

Let us now examine the greatest cause of bolt failure — incorrect bolt tension. This phase of the problem affects the man in the field directly. Despite Service posters emphasizing the importance of the correct tool for the job, and despite other warnings, far too many bolts and studs are needlessly broken. Defect reports are rare on this type of failure mainly because over 85 per cent of the cases come under the heading of faulty maintenance, and they are unfortunately considered part of general wear and tear. This situation tends to bury statistical information on the subject.

The question now arises as to what is the correct bolt tension. A properly tightened nut is one that applies a tension load to the bolt that is equal to or slightly greater than the external load that is to be

supported in service. Under these conditions, and when tightened against reasonably rigid bolted assemblies, the bolt will not fail statically as it has been designed to carry the operating load, and it should not fail by fatigue as it undergoes practically no change in stress regardless of any stress reversals produced by the operating load. Obviously one of two situations may arise if the tension is not correct — overtightening or, on the other hand, undertightening.

The overtightening of nuts is fairly well understood by most mechanics. We have all seen examples of this, especially when a large adjustable spanner which possesses too much leverage is incorrectly used on a relatively small nut. In extreme cases, ham-handed individuals can twist the bolt apart in a combined torsion and axial tension manner. In other cases, the bolt is so elongated that subsequent failure in service follows very shortly. A typical $\frac{1}{4}$ in. steel bolt with an ultimate tensile strength of 60,000 psi can be broken by torquing to 87 inch-pounds. The average mechanic can with ease apply 200 inch-pounds pull with a 4 in. wrench. In the hands of an experienced mechanic, a crescent wrench is a most useful and convenient tool. However, in the hands of a careless tradesman, the 10 in. adjustable spanner, for example, is one of the worst forms of legalized sabotage with which the Service has to contend.

The effect of undertightening on fatigue resistance is often not fully appreciated. Fatigue tests have shown that the fatigue strength of metal decreases as the stress change to which the metal is subjected is increased. When the stress change approaches zero, the dynamic load that can be supported approaches the tensile strength of the material. To illustrate this point, consider the case of a connecting rod bolt. Assume that the nut has been tightened with the fingers so as just to make contact with the bearing cap. This bolt in service will then be subjected to a load varying from zero (the initial finger tightness) to a maximum inertia load of the piston and connecting rod. This large change in stress leads to early failure because it has been established experimentally that the fatigue strength under these

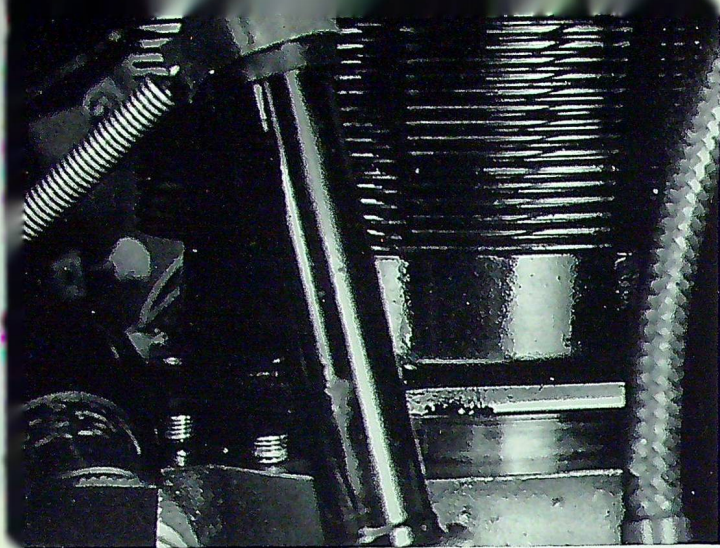


Fig. 2. Failure of cylinder hold-down studs on a radial aircraft engine due to improper torquing of nuts.

conditions is less than $1/5$ that of the tensile strength. Tightening up on this bolt to $1/2$ of the inertia tension load, the stress change will be only $1/2$ as great, and its operating strength may be $1/3$ to $1/2$ its static tensile strength. Continuing this procedure further by tightening the nut to where the initial bolt tension is equal to the working tensile load, there will be practically (there is always some elongation of the bolt and compression of the assembly) no stress change and the fatigue strength will be approximately equal to its tensile strength. For example, a number of aircraft bolts were tested under conditions where the operating load varied from 0 to 9215 lbs. An initial bolt tension of 1420 lbs. gave an average life of 5960 cycles of stress while an initial tension of 8420 (still less than the optimum amount) produced an average life of more than 5,000,000 cycles. The general objective is, therefore, to have sufficient initial bolt tension so that the external working load is prevented from producing an appreciable stress cycle which allows fatigue to set in.

The above discussion may be all well and good insofar as the background of nut torquing is concerned, but the mechanic is still quite justified in saying "All right, but how do I obtain the correct bolt tension?" This is an embarrassing question to designers, who will own up to it. The truth is there is no easy or universally applicable method of guaranteeing correct bolt tension. The skilled mechanic is the best assurance we have. Unfortunately, engineers have failed to

appreciate the vital importance of this situation and the inadequacy of available means of measuring bolt tension.

The common means of specifying nut tightness is by the use of torque wrenches. In this method all similar sized nuts, when tightened to a given torque, are presumed to give identical bolt tension. This is not the case, and tests have shown that a mechanic with good wrench "feel" is much more reliable than the torque wrench. The reason for this is not that the torque wrench fails to indicate the true nut torque, but that friction between the threads and between the nut and its abutment is ignored. Thus, two similar nuts may be torqued to the same number of foot-lbs. but their respective bolts may be under widely different tensile loads due to the friction variable. This variation in friction is greatly affected by such factors as the type of plating on the bolt and nut, or whether the bolt and nut are dry or lubricated. Even under what would normally be called similar conditions, the variation in bolt tension for identical torquing may run in the neighborhood of a 2:1 ratio. However, do not assume from the foregoing that we can dispense with the torque wrench. It is still the best practical means of approaching the correct bolt tension, and it does prevent over-tightening.

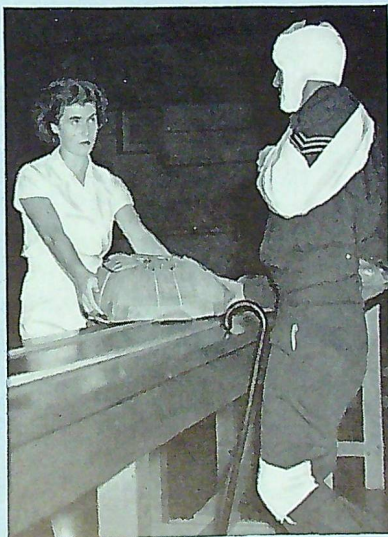
Several recent techniques have been tried to a limited extent in an effort to maintain correct bolt tensions. The use of Aero-Thread inserts, especially for U.S. Standard V-bottom threads, is an attempt to achieve a smooth and standard finish and thus overcome some of the friction variations that restrict the use of torque wrenches. Another method is that of using the nut as a crude micrometer. The assembly is first tightened sufficiently to ensure proper seating, then the nut is slackened off and re-tightened to finger tightness. This is considered as the "zero" setting. From zero, the nut is then tightened through a specified angle to produce the desired bolt tension in the particular case. The great disadvantage of this is the number of variables such as size, type, number of threads per inch, etc. which must be taken into consideration for each specific case. It is practically a necessity that a small handbook of data

be carried around. One of the most promising methods tried is that of using a spring member under the nut. These spring members are relatively stiff tempered steel washers that have a diameter about double that of the nut. They are shaped like a saucer and, when assembled, have their convex side facing up under the nut. Correct tension may be roughly judged by noting the deflection of this saucer-shaped spring. The only accurate method so far devised, and one that is actually used by certain manufacturers in assembly work, is that of measuring the bolt elongation. This may be done by using a micrometer or a suitable dial testing indicator to ensure that for a given sized bolt and load you have the desired tension.

All of the above-mentioned bolt tensioning methods work with varying degrees of success. In a laboratory or plant, under ideal working conditions, a method such as the measuring of bolt elongation has proven fairly satisfactory. However, it must be admitted that the man in the field, operating often under trying conditions, has not been presented with a foolproof or even reasonably satisfactory method.

It is to be hoped that eventually some progress will be made in this direction. In the meantime, the fact remains that the experienced mechanic, using the correct tool and fully comprehending what he is doing, is the most satisfactory method we have devised to date. Too many people in this mechanized age fail to realize that in engineering there still remains a great deal of art.

It Didn't . . .



Mr. N. Hendricks (R.C.A.F.A.), who sends us the above photograph, tells us that it originally appeared in 1943 in "The Drift Recorder" of No. 5 Air Observers' School as a gentle rebuke to outworn Parachute Section humour ("If this one doesn't work, bring it back").

People

THE HUMAN BEING is the most important part of this world. The opinion of him is now in jeopardy. Perhaps it is a hangover from war years that leads so many to consider that men and women are the most expendable items on earth — or perhaps it is the pressure of a fearful age that prompts man to think of himself as expendable. But the vital need of today is not a faster airplane or a more potent atomic bomb. Today's most important need is a renewed perspective of the importance of people.

* * *

If a person is to have a sense of importance, he must be willing to let others feel important too.

* * *

I like to think of the matter in terms of a piano. A piano has 88 different keys. No two of them are the same in tone. They each make a sound different from the others. Those who play with skill and produce harmonious music are the ones who know how to handle the different keys so that their tones blend.

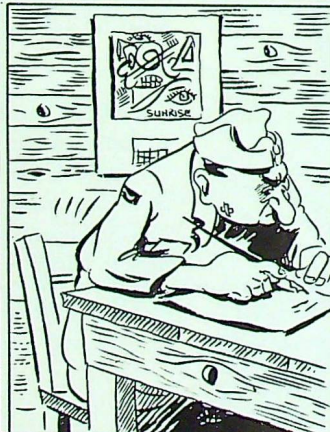
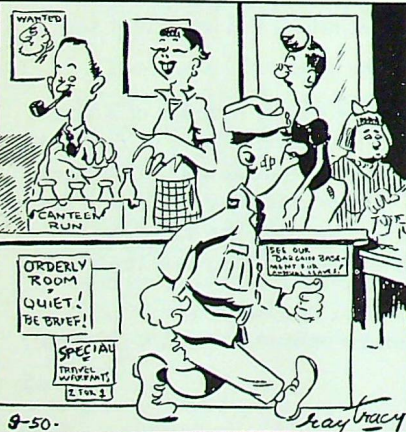
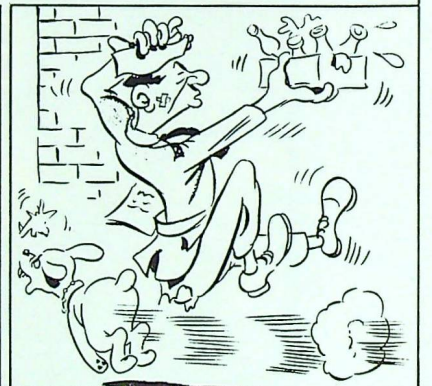
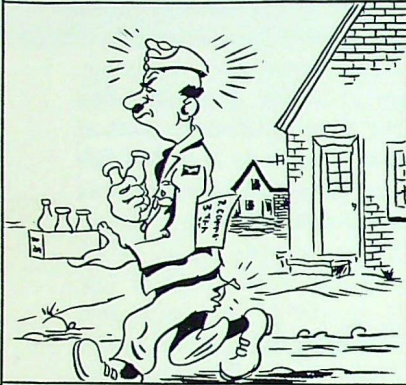
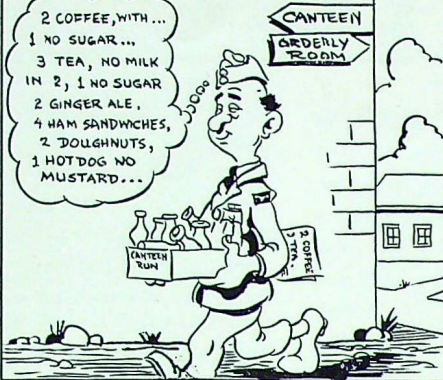
(G. A. Bowie, in the "S.A.E. Journal")

The DIMMER VIEW

by raytracy



2 COFFEE, WITH ...
1 NO SUGAR ...
3 TEA, NO MILK
IN 2, 1 NO SUGAR
2 GINGER ALE.
4 HAM SANDWICHES,
2 DOUGHNUTS,
1 HOTDOG NO
MUSTARD ...



raytracy

Letters to the Editor

★ ★ ★

GROUP CAPTAIN F. J. MAWDESLEY

EX-P.O.W.

(In our June issue we published a request for reminiscences, anecdotes, or photographs relating to Group Captain F. J. Mawdesley, with a view to compiling a Service biography of this widely known officer. To date we have received contributions on the subject from the underlisted:

Air Vice-Marshal G. Walsh
Flt. Lt. A. B. Simpson
Flt. Lt. A. M. Feast
Flt. Sgt. H. H. Sutherland
Mr. John Wilson
Flt. Sgt. W. A. Brown

We need lots more yet, however, and all oldtimers of the R.C.A.F., whether Air Marshals or AC2's, are earnestly asked to help us to fill in the detail of "Mawdy's" portrait.—EDITOR)

FIGHTER AIR FORCE

Dear Sir:

It might be interesting to run a feature on the present occupations of some ex-R.C.A.F. men and women who made a name for themselves during the war.

Also, what about an article on last Spring's change in policy, which provided for a predominantly fighter Air Force ready to go into action with an overall strength of 18,000 instead of the earlier nucleus force of 25,000 men and squadrons of all types.

Flying Officer Dalton R. Buckingham, D.F.C.,
(R.C.A.F.A.)

(Flying Officer Buckingham's first suggestion is a good one, and we hope to follow it at some future date. As regards his second thought, however, there is little that can be said in addition to what has already been generally announced.—EDITOR)

ARE THEY REALLY?

Dear Sir:

Since my association with North Star aircraft has largely been through a regular perusal of "Hansard," with its many charges and countercharges, I find myself reading any article on the North Star with the thought in the back of my mind — "Are they really?"

After reading the text of "Round the World by North Star," I am impressed by the fact that they probably are.

On a single page I note the following phrases, simply filled with dread forebodings.

"On a cold, wet night . . . the last notes died away . . . 'Will ye no come back again?' . . . the dark Atlantic . . . rain and windswept . . . crawling wearily . . . on the Rock . . . diverted . . . beer at a dollar a bottle . . . back through the clouds . . . two tire blowouts . . . one engine packed in . . . about 100 miles from shore . . . lame sister . . . eventually returned safe and sound . . ."

Across the page, we see Mr. Pearson "taking a last look at Ottawa before leaving."

No wonder !!!

Sqn. Ldr. G. O. Godson,
Air Armament School, Trenton.

Dear Sir:

I have always appreciated your publication and regard it as a superb bit of journalism. One of the features that I have found most readable is Flt. Lt. Mahoney's story of P.O.W. life. However, I would like to say that Flt. Lt. Mahoney's description of life in a prison camp, although undoubtedly true in his case, falls short of painting an overall picture of kriegie life.

At Stalag 13D, near Nurnberg, we had no Red Cross parcels for one and a half months, and when they did arrive it was far from one per man per week. They came just in the nick of time. One lad, with a weaker than usual stomach, was almost starved to death when they arrived, and the rest of us were so weak that we could hardly move outside the hut. I am sure that many of the lads who were at this camp around February 1945 will be able to verify this. We had no beds at either of the camps I was in, and certainly no barrack equipment. As for clothes closets, we had no need for them: we merely had the clothes on our backs. One might mention, too, the sand fleas at 13D. These fleas, coupled with our inadequate washing facilities and the lack of beds, were far from being assets. I feel that it is only fair to many ex-P.O.W.'s that the situation be clarified.

I wonder if Flt. Lt. Mahoney remembers his diet while at Dulagluft in Frankfurt.

LAC K. D. Reid,
Sawmill Bay, N.W.T.

(Flt. Lt. Mahoney, as he states in his letter which appeared in our June issue, realizes that things were much worse at Stalag Luft III prior to August 1943, when he was taken prisoner, and that even after that date many other camps were pretty grim places by comparison. He only describes what he personally experienced during his imprisonment in the one particular camp.—EDITOR)

NO. 6 GROUP PINS

Dear Sir:

Herewith additional information regarding the 6 Group pins mentioned in earlier letters to the Editor.

The badges are made by Henry Birks & Sons (Montreal) Ltd., 1240 Philips Square, Montreal. There are two types available: lapel button or pin. The button costs \$1.00 and the pin \$1.20. They can be obtained by ordering them direct from Birks in Montreal, who will mail them out without charge, or by advising any Birks store that their Montreal branch carries them and asking them to secure them.

The badge is sterling with a blue enamel background, with a raised silver York rose and red maple leaf bearing a figure six with a bomb thrust through the loop, and "Canada" printed underneath.

Birks advise me that they have been sending these badges all over Canada and to England and other countries where ex-6 Groupers are now residing.

Miss A. M. ("Nan") Groundwater,
Quebec Group, R.C.A.F.A.

Letters to the Editor (Cont'd.) * * *

A BOUQUET FROM THE LEGION

Dear Sir:

Our members have enjoyed your magazine from the very first issue, and as we ex-R.C.A.F. men are in the majority here, "The Roundel" is naturally our favourite Service magazine. Keep up the good work. We would also like to *subscribe* to "The Roundel", as so far we have been getting complimentary copies. What are the fees, and to whom are they paid?

We all favour Sgt. Shatterproof and hope that he continues to "rule the roost". We hope that you print more stories etc. on No. 6 Group Headquarters and the heavy bomber squadrons. How about good old "408 Goose Squadron"?

Donald Vogt,
Secretary-Treasurer,
No. 108 (Lougheed) Branch,
Canadian Legion, B.E.S.L.
Lougheed, Alta.

(We much appreciate Mr. Vogt's remarks and his wish to assist financially in the production of "The Roundel". The magazine is not for sale, however, and all copies sent to Legion Branches and other veterans' organizations — including veterans' hospitals — are complimentary.—EDITOR)

AN ORTHOGRAPHER OBJECTS

Dear Sir:

In reading the R.C.A.F. Association section of the April edition of "The Roundel," I noticed that there was a mistake in your item about No. 103 (Cabot) Wing, Sydney, N.S. To you it may look like a small mistake, but to me or to anybody that comes from Sydney it is a very big mistake indeed for an Editor to make.

The name is spelt SYDNEY, not SIDNEY. Of course you may be able to spell it Sidney — though, after spending twenty years in the city, I have yet to see it spelt with an "I". Furthermore, the "Y" seems to be preferred by all maps and geography books.

AC1 R. C. Steele,
Survival Training School,
Fort Nelson, B.C.

(Aircraftman Steel and the cartographers win.—EDITOR)

RADAR W.D.

Dear Sir:

Permit me to express my appreciation of the fine article, "Canada's Radar Outposts". It certainly gave me an idea, indeed of the complete isolation of the people who manned them, and my hat is off to them. Being a former radar operator and, previously, a plotter at Fighter Command, I can now say that, compared with them, we on the South Coast of England were not too badly off except, of course, for the ever-frequent blitzing.

I would like to see an article on Fighter Squadrons in England, if possible, similar to the one on No. 405 in your April issue. We vets like to re-live the good old days.

Doris Seddon, (R.C.A.F.A.)
Beaverton, Ontario.

THE FIRST WINGS

Dear Sir:

I have noticed in recent issues of our Service magazine several letters written by classmates of mine. Tommy Burke, Roulston (whose first name slips my memory), and Tommy Mears were all at the old Hunt Club (No. 1 I.T.S.) with me.

It is pleasant just to see their names in print and to recall those days when we were all sprogs together. Realizing that our training then was but a prelude to some rough "do's" to come later for all of us, I think that we were perhaps the most clannish class to pass through the old Empire Air Training Scheme, as it was then called.

It is only natural that friendly argument should arise as to which of us were first winged. At the risk of alienating the affections of all Course 1 Observers, I, who am now an alleged driver, airframe, do hereby state that the first people to receive wings of any description were the pilots who graduated at No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden, on the 30th September 1940, much to the chagrin of those who were struggling away at Uplands.

From time to time I run across the odd lad in the strangest places, and I only wish that it were possible for us all to get together again somewhere to lift the odd pint to the memory of those of us who failed to return to base.

Ten years is a long time . . .

Flt. Lt. W. H. Cleaver,
No. 414 Photo. Squadron.

PERICLES

Dear Sir:

The "Canadian Army Journal" for March 1950 quotes Pericles on democracy. It is a fine statement and deserves to be reprinted in all service magazines.

Stalin and Co. lose no opportunity of sounding forth the praises of communism. We could not do better than have Pericles say a few words on behalf of democracy.

Sqn. Ldr. L. A. Glinz,
Command Education Officer,
Air Materiel Command

(Thanks for the suggestion, Sqn. Ldr. Glinz. As you will see in this issue, we have followed it.—EDITOR)

★

Answers to "What's the Score?"

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

Pericles on Democracy

“OUR constitution is named a democracy because it is in the hands not of the few but of the many . . . The gates of our city are flung open to the world. We practice no periodical deportations, nor do we prevent our visitors from observing or discovering what an enemy might usefully apply to his own purpose. For our trust is not in devices of material equipment, but in our own good spirits for battle. So too with education. They toil from early boyhood in a laborious pursuit after courage, whilst we, free to live and wander as we please, march out none the less to face the self-same dangers . . . We are lovers of beauty without extravagance, and lovers of wisdom without unmanliness.

“A State which gives equal chances to all citizens irrespective of birth or wealth, and honours excellence wherever found; of which the characteristic is not that it does much for its citizens but that they have and take the opportunity to do much for it; a State which leaves the individual to lead his own private life in his own way . . . whose members respect its laws and give it due service of their own free will and unimpelled.”

— Pericles, 490-429 B.C.

(“CANADIAN ARMY JOURNAL”)

