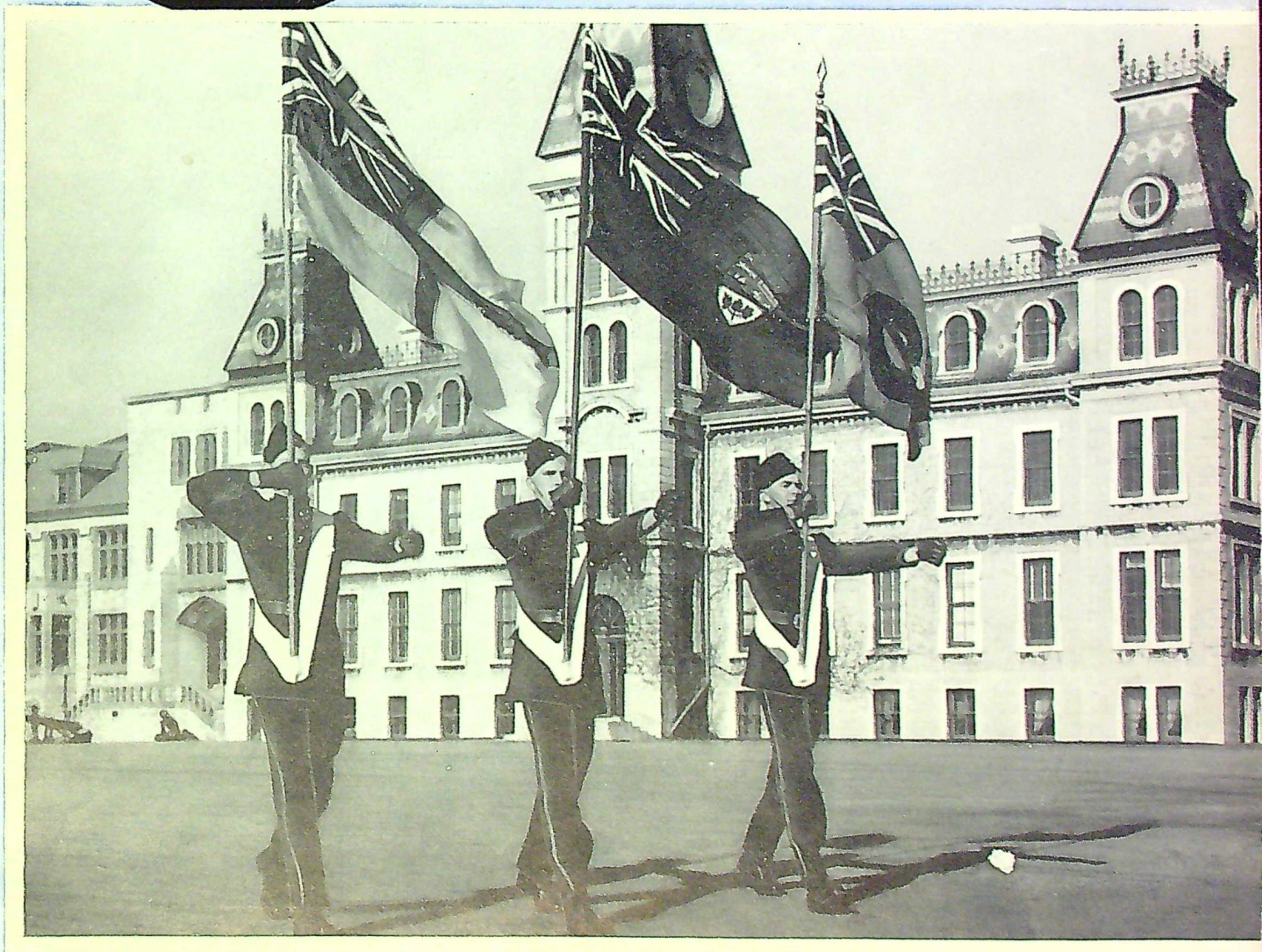


# The **ROUNDDEL**

Vol. 3, No. 9  
SEPTEMBER 1951



**ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE**

VOLUME 3, NO. 9



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

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

**EDITORIAL**

	<i>page</i>
Sgt. Shatterproof Salutes the Sex.....	1

**ARTICLES**

R.M.C.....	4
Miss Mark Remembers.....	15
A.M.E.S. 894: Part 4.....	28

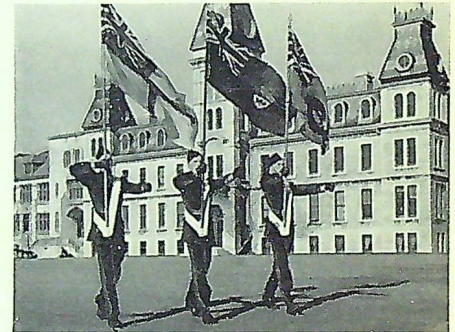
**REGULAR FEATURES**

What's the Score?.....	24
May & June Transfers.....	26
R.C.A.F. Association.....	36
Royal Canadian Air Cadets.....	45
Letters to the Editor.....	48

**MISCELLANY**

"Per Ardua Ad Astra".....	3
God Helps Those.....	14
Cosy.....	27
First Canadian-built Car.....	35

*This Month's Cover*



Symbolizing Canada's experiment in tri-Service training, the ensigns of the Navy, Army and Air Force are borne across the College's parade-square by three R.M.C. Cadets.

EDITORIAL OFFICES:  
R.C.A.F., Victoria Island,  
Ottawa, Ont.

# Sgt. Shatterproof Salutes the Sex

"And how do you feel about women in the Air Force, Sergeant?"

The old wardog's eyes speculated briefly upon the stimulating structure of Claudette, who had just brought in a letter from the Orderly Room. When she had twinkled out through the doorway, he said:

"Like a prancing mustang, Sir."

"Claudette," I told him, "is not in the Air Force. I was speaking of our female recruits."

"You mean the W.D.'s?"

"No, Shatterproof, I do not mean the W.D.'s. There is no longer a Women's Division. The W.D.'s were appendages, so to speak — albeit essential and frequently rather decorative ones. Now, however, the girls are an integral part of the Regular Service, not a separate branch of it. In the eyes of the powers that be, they are no different from the men."

A dead silence followed my words. A bright maroon tint slowly came and went upon Sgt. Shatterproof's face. Presently, in the voice of a schoolmaster who has just surprised a copy of "La Vie Parisienne" under his favourite pupil's Latin primer, he said:

"Come, come, Sir! What the ladies wear is not a fitting subject for discussion, no matter how decorative it may be. As for your last statement, I can only hope we are thinking at cross-purposes. But if by any chance we are not, it merely confirms my suspicion that the Brass is not entirely human."

I made a grab for the only remark I could follow.

"Shatterproof," I warned him with some sternness, "have a care! The Brass *is* human."

He smiled grimly.

"Then we *were* thinking at cross-purposes. I am sorry to hear it, Sir. Not even the most

jealous of my detractors would call Shatterproof a puritan, but I cannot help feeling that the first attribute of the editor of 'The Roundel' should be a wholesome mind. Whatever criticisms may have been levelled against the magazine, the charge of pornography has not yet been among them. Let us pull ourselves together, Sir. Desperate for readers though we may be, let us at least preserve the decencies."

Having delivered himself of this plea, he began to refill his pipe, shaking his head as he did so. By the time I had fought clear of the fog that seemed to have wrapped itself around my brain, he was puffing away and regarding me with a look of the deepest disillusionment.

"Shatterproof," I said at last, choosing each word with the utmost care, "somewhere along the way we appear to have lost the thread of our conversation. I was not discussing the anthropological status of the Brass. I have no interest whatsoever in our airwomen's underwear. Nor is anyone planning to debauch the boys in the field with licentious literature. I am simply asking you what you think about women in the Service."



# The Roundel

He removed the pipe from his mouth and his gaze sought the Elvgren girl who graces the calendar on my wall. Then, with ponderous dignity, he came to attention and saluted her.

I watched him, bewildered.

“What on earth are you doing?”

“Saluting the Sex, Sir, whether it be in the Service or out of it. She—” he gestured at the unhibited lass on the calendar—“is a symbol of it.”

“She’s that all right,” I agreed, “but—”

“Gallantry towards the Sex,” he continued, “has always been a watchword of the Shatterproofs. Did you never hear of Three-Paddle Shatterproof, the Cavalier of the Creeks?”

“No,” I said hurriedly, “but—”

“Three-Paddle Shatterproof,” he went on, “was one of the first of my family to settle in this country. He followed the profession of a voyageur, and he did extremely well in it on account of the superhuman skill which enabled him to use two paddles at once while steering with a third. Curiously enough, though, it is not for this accomplishment that he is chiefly remembered today. It is for his unfailing attentiveness to the ladies. Whatever their colour or creed, to Three-Paddle they were all the same. Whereas Sir Walter Raleigh used to spread his cloak for them, Three-Paddle Shatterproof spread himself. Whenever he was in town, no matter how foul the weather might be, he could be found almost any morning lying in the mud or snow, waiting for the ladies to walk over him. So great, indeed, was the courtesy of the man that he seldom voiced

a protest even when trampled upon by the caulked boots of the sterner Sex.”

Here Sgt. Shatterproof paused to touch a match to his pipe. I attempted to seize opportunity by the forelock.

“Amazing,” I said, “but—”

“It was this very selflessness of my ancestor’s,” proceeded Sgt. Shatterproof, “that brought about his untimely death. Hurrying one day through a swampy region of the bush in order pay his respects to the daughter of an Ojibway chief, he saw from a distance the maiden’s father, who was advancing purposefully along the trail in his direction. Being unwilling to distract the warrior’s attention from his evidently urgent business, Three-Paddle left the trail to conceal himself among the trees. Unfortunately, he did not look where he was stepping — and he vanished almost instantly in one of the bottomless quagmires that abound in that section of the country.”

“Truly,” I said, as he fell silent, “a man of rare polish. But to return to the twentieth century, Sergeant: what about these girls in the R.C.A.F.?”

He considered the matter for a few moments.

“Well, Sir,” he said at length, “first of all they need a name. Think of the problem facing a newspaper when it has to report, say, the opening of a new Station . . . ‘At 10 o’clock this morning the first echelon of Air Force personnel arrived at No. 86 F.T.S. for the Station’s official opening. Ten male and four female officers of the R.C.A.F., sixteen male and thirty female N.C.O.’s, and two hundred airmen and sixty-nine airwomen, dressed



in well-creased trousers and well-pressed skirts respectively, marched through the Guard-Gate to their respective male and female quarters, etc.' One slip of the reporter's pencil might easily precipitate a scandal that would shatter the whole moral structure of the nation. How much simpler — and safer — if he could merely say 'two hundred and twenty-six officers and airmen and a hundred and three L.O.A.V.E.S. of all ranks. How—'

"A hundred and three WHAT?"

"L.O.A.V.E.S., Sir. It came to me while I was talking. The plural of L.O.A.F.—'Lady of the Air Force'."

I thought about it, then shook my head.

"Not a bad idea, but it won't do. People would start calling them 'dough-girls.' No, we need something that will be completely descriptive and yet not convey any wrong impression that the girls are merely auxiliary to the Regular Service."

"Then I suggest that we hold a competition — for readers of 'The Roundel', if it still has any."

"Excellent! And the prize?"

He hesitated, a singular expression on his craggy countenance. "A photograph, perhaps . . ."

"Good," I said. "Of whom? The C.A.S.? The Minister? A pretty airwoman?"

It was evident that none of my suggestions appealed to him. He stood shifting restlessly from foot to foot, avoiding my eye. Suddenly I tumbled to it.

"What about a framed and autographed portrait of yourself?"

He gave a start of surprise that would not have deceived even a Little Theatre audience.

"Of me, Sir? Well, if you really think . . ."

\* \* \*

So there it is. Readers are asked to send in their suggestions to Sgt. Shatterproof, c/o "The Roundel", R.C.A.F., Victoria Island, Ottawa, Ont. All the brighter entries will be published, and the sender of the name finally selected as the best will receive a framed and autographed portrait of Sgt. Shatterproof. The deadline for receipt of entries will be October 20th, 1951.

## "Per Ardua Ad Astra"

The motto of the Royal Canadian Air Force is "Per Ardua Ad Astra." It was originally suggested for the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service, in England, by Mr. Harold Baker, at that time a former Financial Secretary to the War Office. General Sir John Cowans of the Army Council approved it. When the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service were merged into the Royal Air Force the motto was carried on, and it was later adopted by the Royal Canadian Air Force.

The Latin phrase "Per Ardua Ad Astra" has, of course, been variously translated; and I do

not know that any one translation is officially sanctioned. "No easy way to the stars" — "No pleasant paths to renown" — "By rough ways to the stars" — "Through suffering to fame" — these are some of the renderings. In addition there is the facetious expression: "We do it the hard way." The most popular turning, however, is "Through difficulties to the stars." And that, in Latin or in English, makes a good motto; and the R.C.A.F. flies proudly with it.

(From a broadcast by Wing Cdr.  
J. Dunn, Command Chaplain (P),  
N.W.A.C.)

# R. M. C.

By Professor R. A. Preston, Ph.D., m.i.d.

*(Professor R. A. Preston, Ph.D., m.i.d., is Professor of History at the Royal Military College of Canada, Kingston, Ontario, and was formerly a professor at the University of Toronto. He served in the Royal Air Force in England and Gibraltar from 1940-45 — and was, incidentally captain of the R.A.F. water-polo team that won the Mediterranean Area championship.*

— EDITOR)

## AN EXPERIMENT IN TRAINING

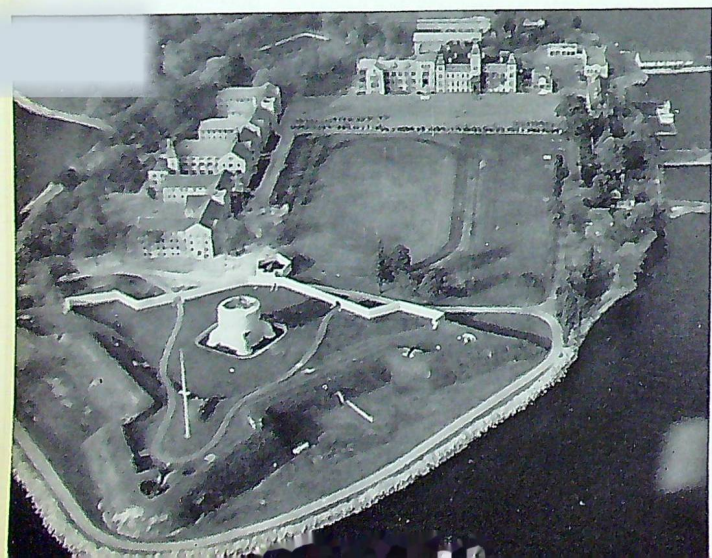
Canada is making an experiment unique in the history of military education. She is training some of the potential officers for all three Services — the Royal Canadian Navy, the Canadian Army, and the Royal Canadian Air Force — in tri-Service colleges. Canada believes that one of the chief lessons of the fighting in the recent war was the importance of co-operation between the three Services, and, like other nations, she is endeavouring to encourage co-operation at all levels. She believes, however, that integration at the top — at the Chiefs of Staff and Headquarters level — will not by itself achieve the desired harmony in action. While preserving the differences inevitable to their differing functions, she hopes that all

ranks in all Services will learn to understand the work of the other Services and that, by increased knowledge and contact between the Services, petty irritations and jealousies will be wiped out, with a resulting growth in efficiency. In particular she believes that if the young men who enter the Services to be trained as officers are brought together in one college at the beginning of their Service life, they will form college friendships which will cut across Service barriers and which will endure throughout their Service careers. Also, through a common basic training, they will be grounded in the fundamental traditions, tasks, and organization of the other Services, and thus come to possess the knowledge without which full co-operation later on is impossible.

*The Royal Military College, with Fort Frederick in foreground.*

## HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

The Canadian Services Colleges in which this experiment is taking place are the Royal Military College at Kingston, Ontario, and Royal Roads, near Victoria, British Columbia. Both places have traditions and histories which have already associated them with more than a single fighting Service. Royal Roads was opened on Trafalgar Day, 1942, to train officers for the Royal Canadian Navy. In 1947 it became a joint training college for the Navy and the Air Force. In 1948, when the tri-Service training scheme was instituted, cadets for the Army were admitted to the College for a course which was parallel to the one instituted in





*Cadets on parade.*

that year at the Royal Military College, or R.M.C., as it is familiarly known throughout Canada.

The traditions of the Royal Military College go much further back. Even its site has historic association with more than one Service. It is situated on Point Frederick, which was a British naval dockyard for the Great Lakes area. A quarter of a mile away, across Navy Bay, is Fort Henry, built in 1832-6 to protect the rear of the dockyard against an American land attack and now a popular tourist attraction for thousands of American visitors every year. Under the water of Dead Man's Bay, on the other side of Fort Henry, can still be seen, if the lake is calm, war vessels scrapped in 1832 following the Rush-Bagot Agreement of 1817, whereby Britain and the United States contracted not to build new warships or to keep large fleets on the Great Lakes. One of these vessels, the 102-gun three-decker, H.M.S. "St. Lawrence," which commanded Lake

Ontario during the last weeks of 1814, was built on "St. Lawrence Pier," where R.M.C. cadets now tie up their sloops.

The two oldest buildings in the College are the Commandant's Residence, which was built as a naval hospital in the late eighteenth century, and a dormitory known as "The Stone Frigate." A peculiar legend grew up to explain the name of this building. It was said that Britain sent money for a frigate and that the officers on the spot used it for a building but gave the structure three masts and a bowsprit. Actually the Stone Frigate was built after the War of 1812 to house the gear from the ships dismantled in accordance with the agreement with the United States. It was probably used at times as a barracks for seamen of the naval establishment. Since 1876 it has been a dormitory for R.M.C. cadets.

At the end of Point Frederick, in the College grounds, is Fort Frederick, one of a series of

"Martello Towers" built to protect Kingston during the Oregon crisis. Between R.M.C. and the City of Kingston the Cataraqui River flows into Lake Ontario. This was the southern exit for the Rideau canal system, completed at great expense in 1832 to enable military stores and reinforcements to be brought to the Great Lakes from the lower St. Lawrence without running the gauntlet of the international section of the River St. Lawrence. The site of the College thus has many associations with both the Navy and the Army.

After Canada had obtained complete control of her own armed forces by virtue of her new status as an autonomous dominion in 1867, the Royal Military College was founded in 1876 to train army officers. Its cadets, however, did not find their way on graduation into a single Service. At all times, but more especially after the First World War, it supplied officers for other Services. The Canadian Regular Army was small; but many R.M.C. ex-cadets had distinguished careers in the British Army. Others joined the Royal Navy; and, as Canada had a naval officers' training college only for a short period around the time of the First World War, the Royal Canadian Navy came to depend on R.M.C. for many of its officers. After the Royal Canadian Air Force was founded it also took in many R.M.C. graduates; courses for Air Force officers were given at the College; and an R.C.A.F. staff officer was attached. Other ex-cadets went into the Royal Air Force, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and into Imperial Forces like the Indian Army and British Colonial regiments. R.M.C.'s traditions have always been multi-Service. The tri-Service experiment inaugurated in 1949 thus has its roots deep in the past.

## TO-MORROW'S OFFICERS

The two Canadian Services Colleges will provide only a part of the commissioned officers needed for Canada's greatly expanded fighting Services. The chief sources of potential officers are the officer-cadet training units run by the three Services in the Canadian universities. Since the

War the University Canadian Officers' Training Corps, the University Naval Training Divisions, and the R.C.A.F. (Reserve) University Flights have been greatly expanded and thoroughly overhauled. From them will come the majority of officers for Canada's regular and reserve forces. The university cadet units have been made most attractive to suitable candidates. During the summer months, when the cadets receive most of their Army, Navy, or Air Force training, they receive the pay and allowances of a second lieutenant in the Regular Army or its equivalent in the other Services. As a result, applications are greater than establishment, and a fine type of enthusiastic young man can be selected.

The universities will thus provide most of the officers needed for Canada's forces through this university training scheme. Non-university men may obtain reserve commissions in the Army through recommendation from reserve units and short-service commissions in the R.C.A.F. (Regular) by direct application. The university scheme, however, is the chief source of potential officers, and one of its features is that it imposes no obligation on the cadet to join either the regular or reserve force after his university career; but it is expected that a large proportion will join one or the other.

The university officer-training scheme will be adequate for most of Canada's requirements. Her

*Tri-Service cadets examine R.M.C. pre-war dress.*





*The College swimming-pool. Left to right: Cadets R. Peacock, D. Patterson, E. Day, R. Knowles, M. W. Scott, A. Wallace.*

regular forces are much greater than before the Second World War, but because of her comparatively small and scattered population, her main reliance must inevitably be on reserve units maintained at a high standard of efficiency. There is need, therefore, for a larger number of officers for the Reserve, or Militia, than for the Regular Army. The same situation prevails in the other Services.

When compared to that of the university officer-

training units, the Canadian Service output of potential officers will be The total establishment of both Services five hundred and sixty. The annual officers will probably be between one hundred and forty. The significance of the Colleges is that their ex-cadets are appointed to service (if offered commissions) in either regular or reserve units. Moreover, it is expected that



*R.M.C. aims at bilingualism. Each week, one night is set aside for speaking French. Brigadier D. R. Agnew, C.B.E., Commandant of the Collège, is shown at the weekly French Club dinner. Seated with him are (left) Cadet C. J. Crowe and (right) Cadet C. E. Bandy.*

experience of Service life in the Service Colleges many will elect to take permanent commissions. Between 1924 and 1939 an average of 41 per cent of those graduating from R.M.C. obtained commissions in the permanent forces of Canada or Britain. Furthermore, these Services Colleges will produce a nucleus of technical officers whose academic training has been carried through with a slant towards the scientific and technical needs of the Services.

### TRI-SERVICE TRAINING

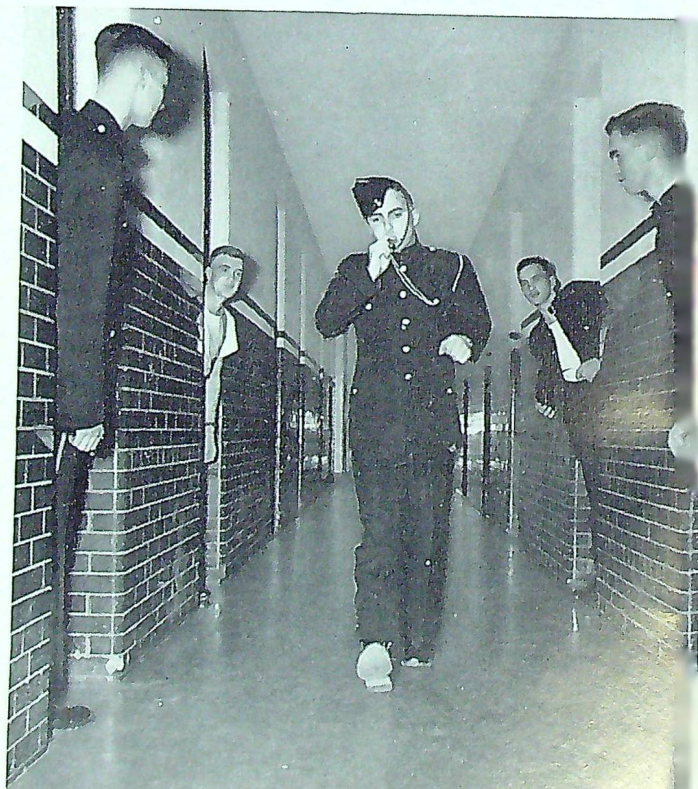
The foregoing account of the officer-production problem of Canada is necessary to explain some of the peculiar features of the Canadian Services Colleges. When compared to Annapolis, Canada's colleges are small. Secondly, as they produce graduates who may elect to join reserve units, the Canadian Colleges must give an education which will fit ex-cadets for civilian as well as military occupations. Despite a Service bias, the curriculum is, by and large, the equivalent of the curriculum of a university. Only 15 per cent of the cadet's time in courses is taken up with military studies, Service drill, and physical training. The remaining eighty-five per cent of his time during the academic year from late September to the end of April is occupied in academic studies. He

gets most of his Army, Navy, or Air Force training along with the cadets from the universities during the summer months, when he serves as a cadet-officer with the Service which he has selected. Academic standards at the Services Colleges, therefore, must correlate with the high standards of Canadian universities. As at Annapolis, scholastic attainment is emphasized.

What is more, as is the case also at the United States Naval Academy, greater stress is placed on a general education than is the case in many engineering faculties in the universities. It is strongly believed that the officer of the future must, of necessity, be a man with an all-round education and with a well-trained mind. So, each of the first two years for all cadets includes, in addition to natural and applied sciences, courses in French, English, History, and Economics. For the third and fourth year a cadet may elect to specialize in Engineering; alternatively he may take a general Arts course in science and the humanities with options in special subjects, which is very similar to the Arts course of a university.

The college at Royal Roads gives a two-year

*The Bo'sun's call.*



*"Kingston from Fort Henry," painted by J. Gray in 1828. Point Frederick, site of present R.M.C., appears in middle-distance. The British ships moored along its shore are laid up in accordance with the Rush-Bagot Convention of 1817. (Courtesy of the Archivist, Public Archives of Canada.)*

course which parallels the first two years at the Royal Military College. The third and fourth year of the Canadian Services Colleges course is given at R.M.C. only and is taken by all cadets except those who have elected for commissions in the Engineering Branch of the Navy. The remainder of the Naval cadets and all Army and Air Force cadets continue with their tri-Service training at R.M.C. and are not commissioned until they have completed the four years' course.

Fifty per cent of the places in the tri-Service colleges are open to all Canadian young men between the ages of seventeen and twenty on a competitive basis. The competition is based on a written examination in mathematics and in either English or French, a personal interview and an intelligence test, and the academic record of the candidate in the Upper School Examinations. The remaining fifty per cent of the places, allocated on a similar competitive basis, are distributed among the ten Canadian provinces proportionately to their population. All candidates must be physically fit according to the standards of the

particular Service and branch which they elect; and they must show a real interest in, and a fitness for, a Service education and career.

At the time of their application cadets are asked to state their preference between the Army, Navy and Air Force, and also to indicate the college which they would prefer to attend. Entries are allocated among the three Services according to their need for officers. The present ratio is forty per cent for the Army, thirty-five per cent for the Air Force, and twenty-five per cent for the Navy. Despite this pre-selection, a firm choice of Service, and of branch within the Service, is not made by the cadet until the middle of the first year, when he has been introduced in his course in "Military Studies" to some of the basic features of all three Services.

In addition to entrants from the high schools, the Colleges take in suitable men from the ranks in all three Services who possess the required academic qualifications and who can gain a place in academic competition. These men receive the pay and allowances of a sergeant, or of the

equivalent rank in the other Services, during the time of their cadetship.

About eighty scholarships are also available for civilian entrants; consequently about half of the entry class is aided financially. Unlike the midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy, Canadian cadets are not taken on pay during the academic winter terms; but during the summer training term they receive the pay and allowances of a second lieutenant in the Army or the equivalent rank in the other Services. This summer pay is sufficient to finance the subsequent winter terms at the tri-Service colleges. Cadets have their fare paid once each way between their homes and either Kingston, Ontario, or Victoria, British Columbia, as the case may be, in each academic year, less \$25 for each journey. They also receive medical care.

The Colleges are both under the Department of National Defence, the position of College Commandant being on a rotating basis among the three Services. For example, Royal Roads was first commanded by a Naval officer and is now under the command of an officer of the R.C.A.F. At R.M.C. the staff for academic subjects is almost completely civilian, while the Military Studies Department is tri-Service. The head of the latter department is also appointed on a rotational basis; consequently one may find an Army Major, a Navy Lieutenant Commander, or an Air Force Squadron Leader acting in this capacity. The Military Studies Course is common to all Services for the most part, with special lectures on the functions of particular Services and units. Foot-drill and arms-drill is a blend of the practices of all Services and is given by non-commissioned instructors from the three Services. The College is organized into "squadrons" and "flights," an innovation from the Royal Canadian Air Force. Cadet-officer ranks are also given Air Force titles, "Cadet Wing-Commander," and so on.

Traditionally, R.M.C. cadets wore, for parade and walking out, scarlet tunics and blue trousers with a red stripe. They had a white helmet for full-dress and a pill-box cap for undress uniform. To the sorrow of many tradition-conscious Canadians, the scarlet tunic has now been replaced

by the old blue undress uniform, and the pill-box has given way to a blue "wedge" cap. The reason for the change is that scarlet is the historic colour of the British and Canadian Armies and has no association with the Navy and the Air Force. The uniform of the "tri-Service cadet" is thus an attempt at neutrality. During their summer training, however, the cadets wear the uniform of the Service to which they belong with cadet-officer rank badges, thus following the accepted principle of the scheme, namely "tri-Service education", during the academic year and service with the separate forces during the summer training term.

On their summer course the cadets from the tri-Service College are intermingled on a basis of complete parity with the cadets from the University Officer Training Corps, Naval Divisions, and R.C.A.F. (Reserve) University Flights. They wear exactly the same uniforms and are addressed the same way. The old R.M.C. term "gentlemen-cadets" has been dropped in order to conform with the title "cadets" used by the university training units. Army cadets go to special training depots of the corps or unit in which they hope to be commissioned, for instance, signallers to the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals, Engineers to the Royal Canadian Engineers or Royal Canadian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, gunners to the Royal Canadian Artillery, and so on. Naval cadets go to Royal Roads for an initial naval course and then for a summer cruise on which they learn the function of their particular branch of the Service afloat. Similarly Air Force cadets are sent to aircrew training or technical courses. The cadets on summer training have "officer-privileges" and wear a uniform similar to that of an officer, but are trained to Service routine by normal Service procedure. The cadet-training courses are an important part of the training schemes of all three Services. The summer courses are staffed by specially selected officers, and the work is intensive and specialized as befits university students who have had a basic military training during the academic year. In the course of three summers and four academic years, university and tri-Service college cadets alike

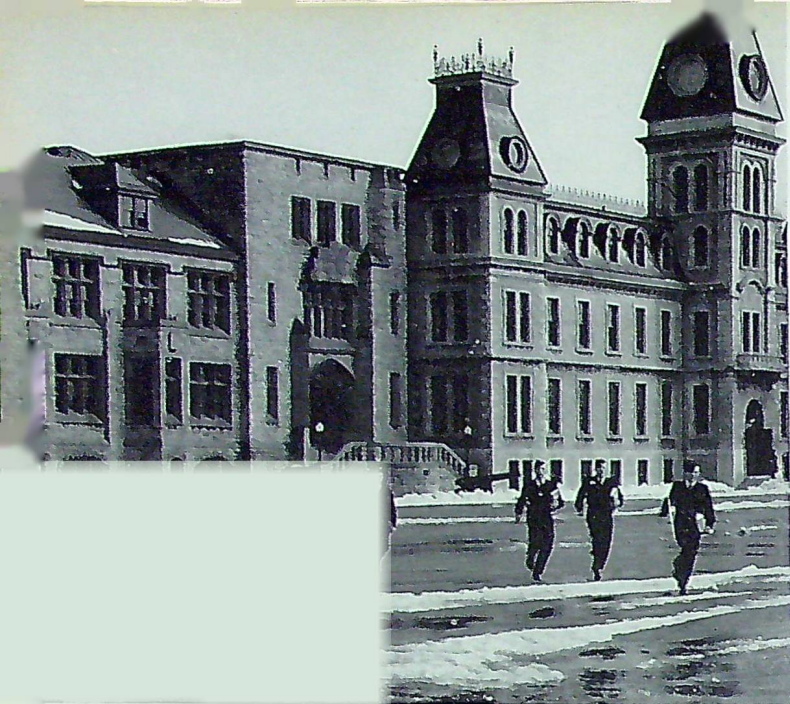


*Regimental Sergeant-Major J. E. Coggins inspects a parade.*

acquire the training necessary for commissioned rank. Those cadets who go into the Regular Army take a fourth summer "common-to-all-arms" at R.M.C. immediately after being commissioned.

Within the Colleges during the academic term there is no means of distinguishing a cadet designed for one Service from one who has signed up for another. All wear the same uniform and are mixed up completely in classes and in their wings, squadrons, and flights. As there are at present three squadrons at the Royal Military College, it has been considered appropriate to associate one with each of the three Services. Thus Number One Squadron (Frontenac Squadron) is commanded by a Naval officer, its colour being the traditional navy blue. Number Two Squadron (LaSalle Squadron) is commanded by an Army officer, its colour being scarlet. Number Three

Squadron (Hudson Squadron) is commanded by an Air Force officer, and its colour is the light "sky blue" of the Royal Canadian Air Force. During term time, to preserve the neutrality principle between the Services, the College flies the ensign of the Service association with the duty squadron at its masthead and the Union Jack on the waterfront masthead. The old R.M.C. "burgee", a red, white, and red flag with the R.M.C. crest, is now flown while the tri-Service cadets are in college. The official colours of the Colleges have been adopted to meet the new tri-Service outlook. The traditional scarlet and white of the old R.M.C., which decorated the lances of the mounted units in pre-war days, is still used in sports by R.M.C. for Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union competitions. However, the official colours of the Canadian Services Colleges are now



*Four recruits double smartly across parade square while two seniors march around the edge.*

scarlet for the Army, navy blue for the Navy, and light blue for the Air Force. In every way the College attempts to emphasize its tri-Service nature.

Just as the organization and ranks of the R.C.A.F. were introduced into R.M.C. in 1948 in order to bring a flavour of one of the other Services to what had previously been an Army College, so a peculiarly naval tradition was introduced at the same time. Parade calls, previously made vocally or by bugle, are now piped with the Boatswain's Call which is carried by the duty cadet.

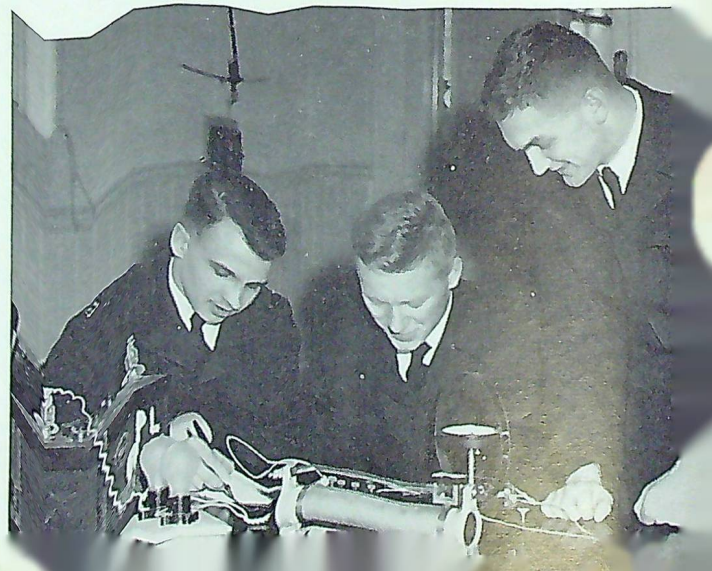
Within each squadron the cadets from the various Services are intermingled. Thus Army, Navy, and Air Force cadets in Number Three Squadron, commanded by an R.C.A.F. officer, play games wearing the traditional light blue of the Air Force, and, when theirs is "duty squadron," the Air Force ensign is flown. Inter-squadron competition cuts right across the Services to which the cadets are designated, helping to reduce inter-Service rivalry which might otherwise develop. It is noted that recruit cadets are entirely unable to comprehend that there is any difficulty arising out of inter-Service rivalries. Whether this will change in time as the tri-Service cadets become exposed to their own Services remains to be seen.

Naturally, strong emphasis is placed at R.M.C. on athletics and sport. All cadets take part in intramural sport and competition; and all recruits are expected to box in a tournament in their first year. Every cadet must learn to swim in order to enjoy the privilege of using the College boats. The Royal Military College, because of its fine situation at the junction of the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, has a long tradition of sailing. The Army cadets of the old days were encouraged to take to the water because of the lessons of self-reliance, quickness, and quiet efficiency which small-boat sailing teaches. The College has a number of sailing dinghies, canoes, war-canoes, skiffs, and naval whalers, as well as two larger sloops and two power boats. These provide, during recreation hours, training in the handling of small craft.

The academic year in September opens with an annual Regatta and Aquatic Sports fought out on a competitive basis between the squadrons. In addition to sailing and swimming in summer, the cadets skate and ice-boat on Lake Ontario in winter. Skiing is also increasingly popular. Other organized games include Canadian rugby, soccer, basketball, tennis, squash, swimming, and, of course, the Canadian national game, hockey.

The annual hockey game between R.M.C. and West Point is the summit of the R.M.C. athletic year. It is held alternatively on West Point and

*Cadets B. A. Bowen, M. O. G. Thomson, and J. M. Sinclair work out an experiment in the Physics Laboratory.*



Kingston ice, and until recent years was won regularly by R.M.C. The last two games of the old R.M.C. were played in 1939 and 1942, and were won by West Point. When the series was renewed in 1949, West Point won another hard-earned victory over a young R.M.C. team. The return at Kingston in 1950 was won through the great determination of the Canadians. A tradition of the West Point-R.M.C. hockey series is that no player has ever been sent off the ice for foul play. The games are played in a great spirit of sportsmanship and international rivalry, attracting much public attention on that account.

Unfortunately there is no comparative competition with the United States Naval Academy. However a new annual "assault-at-arms" competition has begun between R.M.C. and Royal Roads to include drill, physical training, gymnastics, basketball, volleyball, and rifle shooting. In addition, there are, at R.M.C., the usual extra-curricular activities — photography, radio, chess, debates, etc. Between his work and his play and keeping himself smart enough to pass the eagle-eye of the sergeant-major on inspection, the R.M.C. cadet leads a very busy life.

## R.M.C. TRADITION

Like other Service colleges, R.M.C. has many traditions and traditional events. An interesting link with the past was forged when the College was reopened in September 1948. Among the guests was General A. B. Perry, Number 13 and the only surviving member of the eighteen members of the first class enrolled in the College (in 1876), who have been known ever since as the "Old Eighteen." General Perry's presence symbolized the determination of the "New Hundred" (as the first class since the commencement of the tri-Service scheme has been called) to carry on the great traditions of the "Old Eighteen." For instance, it was a tradition originally imposed on themselves voluntarily by the "Old Eighteen" that recruits must run whenever crossing the Square. Recruits were released from this bondage at midnight on the night of the June Ball, the great social event of the year. Since members of the class which entered in

1948 had no seniors, they were told that they would be expected to impose on future classes only such regulations as they voluntarily followed themselves during their recruit year. It was hoped that by this means the less desirable traditions would be eliminated and that those which had real merit would be preserved. Accordingly, during that first year recruits ran across the Square.



*The life of a cadet has its gentler moments.*

Even the traditional ending of their recruit inferiority was observed. Just as generations before them used to walk their dance-partners in the fine June night across the Square at midnight in order to enjoy their new freedom, so in 1949 the post-war cadets took their partners out in the midnight cold of a Canadian April (the term having been shortened since the old days) and strolled nonchalantly across the Square. It is not recorded how many girls caught chills as a result. Thus, despite the interval from 1942 to 1948 when the College was closed, one of the traditional customs of a former generation has been carried on in this way. The June Ball itself will come back when the

first of the new classes graduates in 1952, for the fourth academic year will run on into June. Perhaps one day even the red tunic and the pill-box of old will be seen again in Kingston, if those who long for its return get their way.

It is hoped that the great traditions symbolized in the College motto ("Truth, Duty, Valour") will be similarly carried on by the new tri-Service cadets. The war record of R.M.C. ex-cadets is a proud one. Two Victoria Crosses and one George Cross have been won, and although the average class from 1876 to 1942 was only about forty or fifty, one hundred and forty-seven ex-cadets gave their lives in the First World War and one hundred and fourteen in the Second. Their photographs are honoured in two memorial stairways in the College. They have created a tradition and an inspiration for thousands of young Canadians who will follow their footsteps in the new tri-Service colleges.

## THE FUTURE

One last thing, and perhaps the most important of all, remains to be said about the Royal Military College. Since it reopened in 1949, in addition to the introduction of the tri-Service scheme which in fact developed out of the practices of the old R.M.C., another striking change has been made. Greater stress is laid on research than in the old days. In the belief that military prowess, like success in other fields of activity, can be achieved most effectively by men whose minds have been broadened and developed by intellectual activity in an intellectual atmosphere, the academic members of the teaching staff of the College are

encouraged to press on with their own research enterprise. The conditions of employment of the staff make research a specific part of their duties and every possible facility is given them to carry it on. Thus the R.M.C. cadets live and work in contact with professors actively engaged in scientific enquiry, in research in the humanities, and in literary effort. R.M.C. is like a university in that the dissemination of knowledge is undertaken in connection with the advancement of learning and is nurtured by it. In an atmosphere of enquiry the cadets are intellectually stimulated by men who are engaged in the pursuit of truth for its own sake, and their environment thus blends the university and the military college. This emphasis on "academic" research is as important an innovation in the Royal Military College as is the tri-Service scheme itself.

The ultimate success or failure of Canada's experiment in tri-Service education will not be seen for some time, perhaps not for a generation. Only with the passage of time can the effect of this mingling of potential officers for the various Services begin to bear its full fruit. Lieutenant-General C. Foulkes, who was then Chief of the Canadian Army General Staff, told the cadets in 1949 at the closing exercises of the first year of the tri-Service course, that unless the result of the experiment was a greater understanding between the Service, it would have failed. All connected with the College are convinced that it will succeed. Officers trained in the separate traditions of the various Services are enthusiastically certain, after seeing tri-Service education put into operation, that it will pay dividends in the future in the form of greater efficiency in Canada's defence forces.



## GOD HELPS THOSE . . .

"The winds and the waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators."

# Miss Mark Remembers...

By Mary Mark (R.C.A.F.A.)

*(Miss Mary Mark, who — as cat-lovers among our readers may recall — sent us the portrait of A.C.2 Jones that appeared in last November's issue of "The Roundel," has very kindly acceded to our request for a few reminiscences of her W.D. days. Since her Secretarial Service in Woodstock, Ontario, keeps her pretty busy, we felt rather guilty about asking her; but we are now convinced that our importunacy was more than justified.—EDITOR)*

**E**VEN AFTER FOUR YEARS of Civvy Street the sight of an R.C.A.F. vehicle can still hand me a nostalgic wallop. If I come upon one of those once-familiar blue wagons parked briefly on its way through town, my pace slows and I find it difficult to pass by without at least a small pat of recognition. I wonder how the driver would react if I obeyed my homing instincts, opened the door, and said firmly: "O.K., lad, move over. I'll take 'er back to the Section."

I would have to drive back nine years, though, to reach the M.T. Section and the gang I knew in those March days of '42 when we gals were green in the Service but grim in our determination to "serve that men might fly." It is quite true that male drivers had a different concept of our zeal. They were convinced that we served (on the coveted light vehicles) in order that they might fly tractors, crash and refuelling tenders, and dump-trucks for the duration. Perhaps we added more impetus to their clamourings for remuster to aircrew.

Our squadron arrived, one hundred and thirty strong, at No. 14 Service Flying Training School in south-western Ontario to give the Station its first taste of women in the war effort. Fresh from the gruelling round of basic training and eager to put precept into practice, we six M.T.'s were incorporated promptly into Section routine. The W.O. in charge had the reputation for maintaining a keen organization, and he was obviously not going to have any nonsense about our place in his

scheme of things. With a nice eye he assigned Val, the good-looker, to assist the despatcher for the first week, thus ensuring her presence in the office. Smart, efficient little Rosie drew the staff car: hers the honour of driving the Commanding Officer. The rest of us were distributed carelessly among the station-wagons, pick-up and panel-trucks.



We were soon familiar with the wash-rack: it was a muddy March, and the vehicles needed endless attention with hose and bucket. In later days, the M.T. girls were issued with practical battle dress, but at that time we attacked any and all tasks quite properly and uncomfortably dressed in uniform and hat, with a pair of coveralls to supplement the ensemble. The wash-rack, however, was the one place where we did not cringe at wearing our buckled glamour-boots. It seemed rather a fitting spot for them. Naturally it did not improve their appearance for parade, but as M.T.'s were never much in favour of parades, that did not disconcert us unduly.

We took our turns at various duties — the early mail-run into town, driving the pick-up truck at everybody's beck and call, the ration-run, despatching, standing by on the ambulance — and in our spare moments we washed windows, painted odd corners, and sewed on buttons for the boys. We were a clannish bunch, we M.T.'s, going about our assignments with the maximum of banter and argument. The waiting-room where we checked in and out, ostensibly to report to the despatcher, was rather a social centre, a place in which to exchange news and views with other drivers. A favourite pastime was to listen to the tall tales recounted tirelessly by one of the tractor-drivers, Red by name, whose personal adventures were told in endless serial form. He would be talking as he entered the door, get an instant audience, and

still be talking when he left on another mission.

Ordinarily assigned to one vehicle for a whole week, we were responsible for its appearance and serviceability while it was in our tender care. Now, the panel-truck was an innocent-enough-looking vehicle. One had to drive it awhile to become aware of its inherent meanness, and then contrive ways and means to circumvent its idiosyncrasies. The right front door wouldn't stay shut, and the rear door wouldn't open without great persuasion; the steering wheel almost shimmied out of one's grip at 40 mp.h.; and there was a tremendous body-creak away aft somewhere. The ultimate in treachery, however, was the left rear tire, which had a slow leak. The Section accepted this as inevitable, and all one had to do was keep shoving air in whenever one happened to think of it. I made a business of thinking of it regularly, as there was no spare tire.

My week with this contraption turned out to be educative. Student pilots chose that week to set their Yales or Harvards down in strategic swamps, or in inaccessible fields of some unexplored county. Then security guards and maintenance crews had to be rushed to the scene — and, since the panel held a goodly number of bodies, it was naturally the chosen form of transport.

It was a bleak March day when word came through from up-country that a Yale had force-landed in some field back of beyond . . . pilot safe, 'plane right side up but bogged down. It was my





... a paradox.

duty to drive a maintenance gang to the spot. I got them into a farmer's barnyard by noon, complete with equipment, but they had to slog through the fields afoot and heavy-laden, as no truck could navigate the course with the frost nicely oozing from the ground. I awaited them in the farmer's kitchen, and towards dusk brewed a monstrous pot of tea for the cold and weary men. It had been raining for an hour by that time, and the sergeant in charge called a halt for the day. We drove back eighty-odd miles to the Station in a downpour, not daring to have the window open even a crack for fear a draught would strike the soaked crew huddled together in the back.

Next morning came another call from Maintenance. The panel was required for a return engagement, and I reported to the sergeant in Maintenance hangar promptly at 0830 hours. By 0900 the crew began to trickle out and climb aboard. The sergeant, however, spent a lot of time inside the hangar, consulting a W.O.1. By 1000 hours it was revealed that we were waiting for a supply of duckboard to park under the bogged aircraft. A stake-truck arrived to transport it, but there was

some doubt as to where this mythical duckboard was. At 1030 all the crew got out of the truck and ambled away. At 1100 they were back in place, the sergeant stood in the doorway having a few last words with the W.O.1 . . . and I started the engine.

The sergeant got in beside me at 11.15, looking grim. Then came a curt word from the W.O.: the trip was washed out for that day. I snapped off the ignition in utter exasperation while the crew battled with the rear door and dispersed, dragging their gear in stolid unconcern. A cheerful little corporal paused beside my window and lit a cigarette.

"That's the way we do things in the Air Force," he explained, in kindly condescension to my inexperience.

The sergeant climbed out, and banged the door three times before it stuck. Then he grinned and advised me that I might as well relax. "If you weren't doing this, you know, you'd be doing



something equally stupid. See you to-morrow, no doubt."

As I checked back into the Section in time to rush out to the mess for dinner, I gave his words some thought. In subsequent years, I might add, I have given them considerably more.

The days leaped quickly by. Mid-April came and went. Then, toward the end of my seventh week on the unit, the blow fell.

"You're posted!" accused the Major one morning, as if I had engineered a personal affront against his Section. I remember that I stared at him blankly. Surely not so soon? Where to? The Admin. Course! This meant remustering, giving up M.T. work for good and all. My heart was heavy as I packed my two grey blankets.

The night before I left, the old gang gathered in the M.T. yard and allowed me to try out the fire-engine as a token of their affection. (The Major was off the Station). I swore I'd remember the honour for the rest of my life, but Red dismissed me with finality, "What are you talking about? The rest of your life's over now."

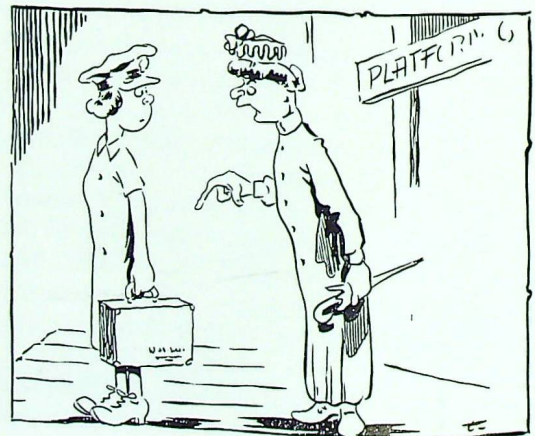
I concurred as soon as I found myself back in the mad pressure of training. An intensive month of drill, précis and publications . . . and behold! a fresh batch of corporals spilled forth from the portals into far corners. Those shiny new hooks on the arm were a real achievement, and we were very conscious of our new prestige. Postings again. Anxious moments as we awaited announcements. We had been requested courteously to set down a preference as to locality desired. I remember stating trustfully that I would like to stay in No. 1 Training Command. And I also remember being slightly surprised and hurt when they posted me to No. 3.

Two of us arrived at Uplands, No. 2 S.F.T.S., one fine May day, to the consternation of the two corporals already occupying the corporals' cubicle in the barracks. Four made a tight squeeze, but we triumphed—even though our worldly possessions bulged the walls outward slightly. Presently one corporal became a sergeant, moved to the sergeant's room, and the pressure was eased to some degree.

It was good to get back to a flying Station again,

back where the voice of the Harvard was heard o'er the land day and night. The W. D. barracks were strategically located next to the boundary fence. In the adjoining field and down a hill was a plant where they tested aircraft engines—also day and night. We worked and slept with our ears full of engines. Whenever there occurred one of the rare breaks in testing, the sudden impact of silence hit with a force that could wake one out of sleep. I marvelled at the success of parades carried out against the eternal voice of the motors aloft and alow. Commands could rarely be heard at any distance, and just to ensure this, the S.W.O.'s privileged Alsatian always raced around the sacred parade square barking loudly. Yet Uplands was the "paradingest" Station I was ever on, and, despite such vocal handicaps, was (in the S.W.O.'s own words) "the top Station of them all."

Heat struck early in June that year and we sweltered in our blues. Then came the long-awaited summer uniforms, which turned out to be short-sleeved, blue cotton dresses (with the inevitable brass buttons). As soon as all airwomen were kitted with these, the weather got cold and remained cold, and we shivered on parade, looking as blue as the dresses. There was the usual divergence of opinion on the new outfit. It made a comfortable, washable frock, but it did not look particularly warlike. Memorable is the time one of the airwomen returned from a week-end trip reporting with intense indignation her experience of meeting a kindly old lady on the station plat-



## The Roundel

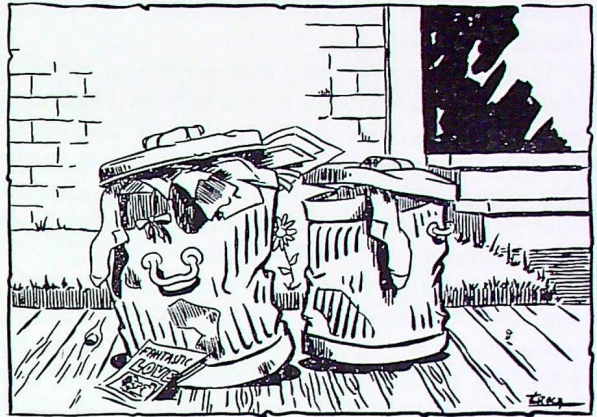
form who smiled and asked patronisingly: "And what might your little blue dress stand for, dear?"

Ah, but those were the early days. Came another summer and we stepped forth in elegant summer tropical khaki (which the airmen promptly and bitterly insisted was *their* material — which, heaven knows, it probably was), and the little blue dresses were relegated to Station wear only, optional at that.

My spell as barrack corporal was not all joy. Every morning after work parade I'd be back at the quarters looking for my two airwomen who were detailed to clean up. Somehow, they never attacked their job with any noticeable enthusiasm, and I constantly trailed them, cajoling and coaxing them into lugging pails, iron, galvanized, complete with the ever-dismal mops, string, to strategic spots of action. I was always much more exhausted than they, because I had a deadline of 1000 hours to meet. At that time I would don my hat and await the inspecting officer at the entrance. I accompanied her on the long tour when she unerringly found the unswept bed space, the pair of non-issue shoes under a bunk, and a hair in a basin in the ablutions.

The plague of my life, however, was the ever-present garbage can, which through some quaint Service tradition, always graced the *front* of every barracks. Wherever one went, these ugly receptacles affronted the eye, lurching lopsidedly hither and yon, with warped lid always on the ground no matter how often it was set atop. That we should have projects to beautify barracks with flower beds and ornamental trees, and then flaunt the cans, garbage, right out in front of it all, constituted a complete paradox. But, of course, it was Air Force and therefore right.

In my ignorant zeal, I sought to work out a solution. The drivers of the dump-trucks, naturally, must be favoured in their rounds of collection, but as a road ran past the side door of 20A, I had the cans moved behind the side porch where they would not show from the front yet still be accessible to the trucks. I, personally, showed the driver the new location, and exulted at having won a notable victory. All was fine for several weeks. Then came a sudden inspection by the Command



Staff Officer, and all hands were C.B.'d aforesaid to ensure the essence of spit and polish. At the vital hour when the inspection party arrived, there were the two cans back at the front, leering their triumph, and completely obscuring our only cosmos that boasted a bloom. Just when or how they got there was not determined, but I gave up my campaign on the spot. I could see I was beat. I knew the M.T. breed. The driver of the dump truck preferred the cans at the *front* of the building and that was that.

With the arrival of a third hook came increasing responsibilities and privileges, and the doubtful glory of being the only woman in the Sergeants' Mess at the moment. Memories come crowding of the fun and comradeship of the Mess as measured against all the added dignities and duties that attended those three hooks. And I have always wondered why it was such a satisfaction to come into possession of a reveille pass when I so seldom got around to using it.

Winter was rugged that year. My most persistent recollection seems to be that of the bleak morning work parades in the drill hall, where we fell in before it was light. The S.W.O. was usually in a testy mood, roaring maledictions at the hapless flight that had not come up to his high standard at inspection. But, as the parade prepared to brave the elements, he would soften and suggest; "Button up your collars, boys. It's mighty cold outside." He never included the

women in this paternal solicitude. We could freeze if we liked.

However, in that march through the morning dusk to our varied destinations, dull duty and care would be forgotten suddenly in that breathless, beautiful moment when the first Harvard of the day slipped earth's "surlly bonds" with a frosty roar and stencilled itself blackly against a rosy eastern sky.

Ceremonial parades were ever-recurrent at this, the Cock o' the Walk, Station. V.I.P.'s never, never came to Ottawa without being dutifully eased out to Uplands. For royalty, diplomats and military figures alike there was the perpetual Guard of Honour, the imposing parade, and the speeches hurled into the very teeth of those aircraft engines down the hill. Just when a lull occurred, there would be the regular Wings Parade to add colour to the scene and keep us marching. To this day, whenever I hear the stirring Air Force March Past, I am back again on the tarmac. There, for me, will ever be the gleam of the yellow Harvards drawn up in their precise formation against the hard blue background of the sky; the rows of seated guests, faces a-blur; the splendour of the Rockcliffe Band which always graced the occasion; the keen young lads in that straight blue line, freshly adorned with silver wings.

I remember it all so clearly, no doubt, because I saw it so often, and from a fine vantage point at the rear of the W. D. flight where I kept a watchful eye out for airwomen to keel over. When that happened, I would give the nod to another nearby N.C.O. and we'd rush (or assist) the victim into the hangar, throw water on her, call an ambulance, or merely watch her revive.



"They do it on purpose," we would vow, resentfully. Yet, we never could be sure. A Wings Parade would have been incomplete if there was not at least one swooning sister to minister unto.

Posted again. Another wrench — leaving my happy home and my pals of long duration, parting forever with the two grey blankets which I had trained into such obedient folds, embarking on the seething seas of O.T.C. It seemed a desecration to rip those three hooks off my sleeve and substitute the white band of the officer cadet. This time the skirmish with K.R. (Air), M.A.F.L., and the array of C.A.P.'s was both exacting and exhausting.

So in due course I became a trusty and well-beloved, with a very narrow ring around my new sleeve and a very sibilant and lengthy rank to stutter over. Faced with the familiar request to "state preference as to posting," I wrote doggedly "No. 1 Training Command." There was no use thinking up anything new at this stage of the battle. So I arrived at No. 3 Command H.Q. in Montreal one fine 30-below-zero day, and reported for re-posting.

I came to St. Hubert (No. 13 S.F.T.S.) at the time when it was being converted from a flying school to a composite training unit. In the confusion of these months, while the preponderance of the personnel were transported en masse to North Battleford, Sask., I received three postings myself to the same destination, and three cancellations, the third of which was final. I steadied my shaken nerves and settled in.

There came a fresh influx of personnel, including W.D.'s (who were now mine to cherish and match wits with), and a new Commanding Officer. Rumours began to sift about that NOW we were through with the nice easy war. The Station was to be purified and disciplined. For once, rumours were right. There was an increasing pressure of parades, a gush of memos, and a noticeable brilliance in buttons.

The Commanding Officer's weekly inspection of barracks and Sections was preceded by hours of toil. His first official visit to the W.D. barracks is still engraved upon my memory. The barrack corporal and I awaited the inspection party at the



entrance one half-hour ahead of the appointed time, both of us pretty confident that everything was ship-shape, for the airwomen had done a wonderful job, and I was proud of them.

An imposing party it was as it marched up the duckboard past the garbage cans — C.O., S.Ad.O. Adjutant, Orderly Officer and Sergeant, S.W.O. and his corporal. Meekly we two women fell in and began the march around, poking into corners behind brooms, corn, and pans, dust. We didn't miss a thing. Swiftly we paced the length of the barracks between the immaculate (I hoped) bunks. We neared the end of the last wing, the C.O.'s eyes darting port and starboard in a formidable manner. Then he stopped abruptly, nearly telescoping the whole party, at LAW Dobson's bed-space. Well, here he could find no fault, I felt certain. Always a model of neatness, to-day Dobson had excelled herself. The sheets were exquisitely taut, the blankets folded with a grey nicety, the pillow was pure and devoid of lipstick. I thought he had stopped to admire.

Unfortunately the C.O. did not see the model bed. His eye was fixed with stunned intensity upon an easel partially hidden behind the head thereof. LAW Dobson dabbled in oils, and her latest landscape, possibly a masterpiece, had certain lurid qualities. When his eyes finally came unstuck, they swept back over the wall, then lit on me.

"There are too many pictures," was his curt decision. "See that they are removed."

"Yes, sir," I agreed, feeling a traitor to my airwomen, and wondering just how I would pry them loose from their prized and personal photographs.

But the real shaker came when we reached the door. Something was bothering the C.O., and I eyed him uneasily as he glanced back in a rather dazed fashion over the rows of double-deckers. All of a sudden I realized what was on his mind. On each bed, of course, perched a large and ludicrous mascot, in accordance with a sacred custom long observed by all self-respecting airwomen. A quick survey indicated that the number of these toys in our barracks was quite up to establishment, with even a supernumerary here and there.

"If these — er — creatures become much larger," murmured the C.O. reflectively, "where will the airwomen sleep?"

Everyone looked expectantly at me, but I hadn't the answer handy. I think I smiled feebly. A terrible panic gripped me at that moment. What if he issued an order? Banish those beady-eyed bedfellows, and we'd have mutiny. He might not suspect it, but I knew for sure. Pictures, perhaps, but beasts, no.

The stately procession moved away from the W.D. barracks, and the corporal went joyfully on her way; but I stared after them through the nearest window. He had not made it an order . . . yet. But that implied threat could cause hell to pop.

As I watched, the inspection party drew near the airmen's mess, which was its next port of call. And to meet it, out sallied one of the mess cats, as if detailed to the job. Now, a mess cat, owing to the exigencies of the life it leads, is never much on looks. Many people, particularly Messing Officers, have described them, unkindly, as

"scruffy". This cat was in that category. I felt that Fate, in selecting it as receptionist, had been either unwise or somewhat malicious.

But, as he strode toward the door, the C.O. bent gracefully and patted the feline head. He even rubbed the fur beneath the feline chin, while the attendants waited respectfully. Pleased, the little cat immediately attached itself to the party, the C.O. allowed it precedence into the mess, and the whole resplendent entourage was lost to my sight.

He may have incurred the animosity of the messing Officer by that incident, but I felt strangely heartened. His relentless disciplinary drive apparently did not include animals! I scanned the beasts on the beds, hoping to discover a decent cat or two to push into prominence. But they were all overstuffed bears, dogs, Bugs Bunnies, and the like, which might well make no appeal to a connoisseur of cats. My first hunch, however, turned out to be correct. The bunk-mates were not abolished.

In late summer of '44 a posting arrived tagged with my name, and away I flew to No. 10 Bombing and Gunnery School in the wilds of Prince Edward Island. Here I was to do straight R.C.A.F. Admin., as there were no airwomen on the benighted station. Actually, I never did find out whether I was Assistant Adjutant or Assistant S.Ad.O.: both departments kept me busy — and, among other things, I fell heir to Investigations, Inventories, and the Station Defence Course. My most exacting task was the maintenance of rosters for Orderly and Senior Duty Officers. The latter accepted their chore with commendable fortitude and resignation and went through with it. But Orderly Officers were a stouter breed. They never gave up searching for the possible loophole of escape. A précis could be compiled on reasons why a junior officer should *not* be joed for orderly officer duty. Most reasons advanced were old stuff, even to me, but a few were eye-openers, and almost ingenious enough to rate exemption. Almost, but not quite. Eventually most of them were convinced they were working far too hard trying to evade a duty, which, after all, caught up with them only once in eight weeks.

Rain fell steadily all that fall, and the winter

that followed was one of deep snows, when flying was washed out day after day and the wicked old "Bolys" were idle in the hangars and the boys idle in their quarters. We were isolated for several weeks at a time, when even the snow-ploughs could not get through to us, and communication with Summerside was maintained by air. As most of the personnel lived on the Station, Mess life was a very real and going concern, and high spirits and jinks prevailed in the anteroom, no matter how the elements chose to act outside.

When I finally got my posting to what had been No. 1 Training Command, I had long ceased to want it. No. 3 had been my home for too long. But the powers had spoken, so I reluctantly gave my beautiful black cat, Cumulo-nimbus, to his favourite waitress in the Mess, and prepared to take off. It required vast research by all hands in the orderly room, however, to figure out what I was going to. Then it was revealed that my destination, No. 4 Reserve Equipment Maintenance Unit in south-western Ontario, was merely old No. 5 S.F.T.S. which, like many other flying schools, had been closed down.

There I landed just before V.E. Day. I found myself Adjutant, organizer of the current Victory Loan, and "ma'am" again to a number of airwomen. The strength of the unit had been cut. Many buildings were closed, including the W.D. barracks and the "hen-house." So we women lived grandly in the former Officers' Annex and revelled in the luxury of a room apiece. At least, the airwomen each had a separate room. I had to share mine with a small black cat named Jones, who made it his H.Q. We promptly planted flowers out front, moved the garbage cans to the REAR, and were quite happy about the set-up.

V.J. Day came along. The war was over, but our work went on just the same. However, it began to sift into our heads that we would not be staying in the R.C.A.F. forever. Already the thoughts of many airwomen were turning toward Civvy Street. Unrest hit the airmen also, and during that fall and winter, releases were effected progressively, rated on priority. Regretfully we kept saying farewell to yet another comrade. There still remained the ones that wanted to stay,

and there was a tidy number reluctant to cut loose from the dear old Service. Rather we would wait until the Service chose to cut loose from us.

No. 4 R.E.M.U. closed in the spring of 1946. A holding-party was all that was left, and the dozen or so remaining airwomen were posted away to widely scattered destinations. After waving a disconsolate good-bye to the last of them, I got out from under all my inventories and set forth myself on my final posting, with Jones under my arm. Strangely enough, he was not on any inventory, so I inherited him. He went only half-way, however, as he chose to take his release at that time himself and retired to civilian life.

Back I came to my starting-point, the one-time S.F.T.S. where I had M.T.'d so long ago, and which in over four years had undergone several transitions and was now a Technical Training School. One of my first treks was a hesitant visit to the M.T. Section. I only went once. Every face was strange. I investigated the wash-rack, half-expectantly, but met no familiar ghost. My feet would have led me automatically along the street to the W.D. barracks, but this time I directed them to the hen-house, which I remembered looking upon in the old days with the same veneration one would accord the domicile of a duchess. Now it was merely a hen-house, though I must say it had the most elegant cans, garbage, that I had yet met up with. These two (large and small) gleamed brightly in their offensive newness and nearly shoved me off the duckboard as I passed.

It was at this period that I ran smack into one of the most heated controversies of the War. There was actually one of the early type ice-pack hats being worn around the Station by a W.D. officer. Now this hat was a sight indeed, as the poor old thing had been outlawed long since and had been thankfully forgotten by most of us. The wearer had been requested, then beseeched, then ordered to wear the authorized headgear, and had been a source of deep concern and unhappiness to the administration. The powers seemed to get nowhere, and the old hat still perched, with a certain rakishness, on the head of the offender.

"I like it," was her simple answer to all protests,

and even at such a late date I found myself wondering if, after all, there had been something about the old bannock that we had overlooked.

I shall always remember the summer of 1946 as Release Summer, probably because I was the Release Officer for the unit, and a harassed one at that. It seemed that everybody wanted OUT of the Service — except the women. The Recruiting Officer for the district had his office just down the hall from mine in the Admin. building, but I did a much greater business than he. In fact, I was sure I got some of his customers as soon as he had finished swearing them in. The occasional airwoman took her release that summer or fall, but for the most part, the staunch group on the unit chose to stick with the ship.

Then came the dictum: all airwomen were to be progressively released and out of the Service by December 31st. It was tough to allot these compulsory dates for reporting to Release Centre, for none wanted to be the first to go. We had the usual round of gatherings, when the fellers said their informal good-byes to the gals. The Station honoured us at a banquet, where the Commanding Officer gallantly expressed the R.C.A.F.'s official farewell. Then we trekked to Trenton to be presented with our final R.C.A.F. form — R.15 (Revised).

\* \* \*

Reviewing those last days in the Service, five years ago, I begin to realize that we had no business being so final about that farewell stuff. What we *should* have said, it appears, is something like this:

"Well, boys, au revoir. We're giving you a breathing-spell. But in our absence, please don't mess up the dear old Air Force any more than you can help, because — WE'LL BE BACK."



# ★ What's the Score?

Bearing in mind the fact that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, we offer this month's questionnaire as a contribution to Canada's 1951 defence programme. The Editorial Committee's average score was 8, which (according to Sgt. Shatterproof) bodes ill for our nation's security. For our own part, we take a brighter view of things. The street-car on which we ride to work each morning is literally packed with athletes scanning the sporting-pages of the local journals. Correct answers will be found, as usual, on page 48.

1. A type of pitch which has been expressly declared illegal in the rules of baseball is:
  - (a) A knuckleball.
  - (b) A spitball.
  - (c) A high inside pitch.
  - (d) A screwball.
2. "Bunting" correctly refers to:
  - (a) The performance of an illegal aerobatic manoeuvre.
  - (b) The execution of a strategic play (very seldom used) in baseball.
  - (c) A thin cotton material.
  - (d) None of the above.



3. The greatest known speed attained by a pitched baseball is:
  - (a) 63.5 m.p.h.
  - (b) 94 m.p.h.
  - (c) 127 m.p.h.
  - (d) Mach .2
4. A leading golfer who has never won the Canadian Open is:
  - (a) Bobby Locke.
  - (b) Byron Nelson.
  - (c) "Dutch" Harrison.
  - (d) Ben Hogan.
5. At Wimbledon recently, Jaroslav Drobný of world tennis renown represented:
  - (a) Russia.
  - (b) Czechoslovakia.
  - (c) Egypt.
  - (d) Yugoslavia.
6. Recent winner of the world's tennis championship in the men's division at Wimbledon was:
  - (a) Dick Savitt.
  - (b) Jack Kramer.
  - (c) Jack Bromwich.
  - (d) Jaroslav Drobný.
7. The main ring asset of Joe Walcott, heavy-weight boxing champion, is:
  - (a) Scientific boxing and nimble footwork.
  - (b) A terrific left hook.
  - (c) The ability to counter-punch strongly.
  - (d) Unusual recuperative powers.
8. Current welter-weight boxing champion of the world is:
  - (a) Kid Gavilan of Cuba.
  - (b) Ray Robinson of the United States.
  - (c) Dick Turpin of England.
  - (d) Randolph Turpin of England.
9. The game of rugby football had its North American debut in:
  - (a) 1874, the occasion being a "soccer-football" match between McGill and Harvard.
  - (b) 1880, when a team from Rugby, England, toured the New England States.
  - (c) The eighteenth century, when it was played by the American Indians.
  - (d) 1897, when McGill and Toronto universities began their great football rivalry.

10. Authority has it that the first organized game of ice-hockey was played at:

- (a) Kingston, Ontario.
- (b) Ottawa, Ontario.
- (c) Halifax, Nova Scotia.
- (d) Montreal, Quebec.

11. Owner of the title, "the world's fastest human," and a competitor in the 1948 Olympic games was:

- (a) Mel Pell.
- (b) Harrison Dillard.
- (c) Tommy Manville.
- (d) Melvin E. Patton.

12. The time of four minutes flat has thus far eluded all runners whose specialty is:

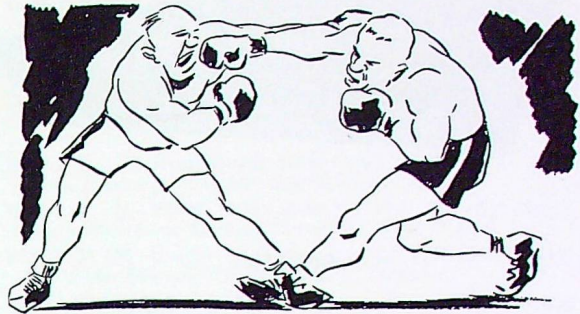
- (a) 1609.35 metres.
- (b) 320 rods.
- (c) Eight furlongs.
- (d) One Mile.

13. The expression "playing the game behind the glass" is usually associated with:

- (a) Water polo.
- (b) Rifle-shooting.
- (c) Curling.
- (d) Golf's "19th".

14. A "sclaff" is:

- (a) A dubbed stroke in tennis.
- (b) A duffer stroke in golf.
- (c) A faulty stroke in rowing.
- (d) A defensive stroke in fencing.



15. "Besom an' stane" are used in:

- (a) Curling.
- (b) Throwing the hammer.
- (c) Putting the shot.
- (d) Tossing the caber.

16. The world's record for ski-jumping is

- (a) 156 ft.
- (b) 221 ft.
- (c) 294 ft. 6 in.
- (d) 351 ft.

17. In addition to catching fish, the object of fly-casting is:

- (a) Distance.
- (b) Accuracy.
- (c) A maximum of casts and reel-ins in a minimum of time.
- (d) A combination of (a) and (c).

18. Badminton originated in:

- (a) Japan, during a period when there was a shortage of tennis balls.
- (b) England, where it was introduced by British Army officers.
- (c) India, as a game (very similar to the modern one) called "poona".
- (d) North Africa, where it achieved great popularity among Egyptian Royalty.

19. The world's record for long-distance skiing at highest possible speed, was made in 1935 by a group of Russians, who travelled:

- (a) 5590 miles in six months.
- (b) 3000 miles in six months.
- (c) 1500 miles in 10 weeks.
- (d) 550 miles in 10 days.

20. Any type of tackle is legal when:

- (a) Playing rugby.
- (b) Playing Canadian football.
- (c) Fishing.
- (d) Playing American football.



# May and June Transfers

## OFFICERS

- S/L T. G. Anderson, A.F.C. (F.C.) — A.F.H.Q. to Cdn. Joint Staff, Washington.
- S/L W. L. Baynton (G.L.) — R.C.A.F. Stn. Lachine to No. 1 Air Radio Officers' School, Clinton.
- W/C R. D. F. Blagrove (G.L.) — North-West Air Command H.Q., Edmonton, to R.C.A.F. Stn. Macdonald.
- S/L A. C. Border (C.E.) — No. 2 Construction and Maintenance Unit, Calgary, to No. 25 Air Materiel Base, Calgary.
- S/L W. J. Bracken, D.F.C. (C.E.) — R.C.A.F. Stn. Clinton to R.C.A.F. Stn. Centralia.
- S/L G. L. Burness (Sup.) — Cdn. Joint Staff, Washington, to Air Defence Command H.Q., St. Hubert.
- S/L G. C. Campbell, D.F.C. (G.L.) — R.C.A.F. Stn. Lachine to Cdn. Joint Staff, Washington.
- S/L W. K. Carr, D.F.C. (G.L.) — Experimental and Proving Est., Rockcliffe, to Air Transport Command H.Q., Rockcliffe.
- A/C M. Costello, C.B.E. (G.L.) — Tactical Group, Winnipeg, to Cdn. Joint Staff, London.
- W/C G. G. Diamond, A.F.C. (G.L.) — Cdn. Joint Staff, Washington, to Air Materiel Command, Ottawa.
- S/L J. D. Dickson, D.F.C., D.F.M. (G.L.) — No. 426 Squadron, Tacoma, to R.C.A.F. Stn. Lachine.
- S/L W. M. Diggle (A.E.) — No. 2 Tech. Trng. School, Camp Borden, to No. 1 Tech. Trng. School, Aylmer.
- A/V/M C. R. Dunlap, C.B.E. (G.L.) — North-West Air Command H.Q., Edmonton, to Air Defence Command H.Q., St. Hubert.
- S/L J. F. Edwards, D.F.C., D.F.M. (G.L.) — North-West Air Command H.Q., Edmonton, to R.C.A.F. Stn. St. Hubert.
- W/C G. H. Elms (G.L.) — Cdn. Joint Staff, Washington, to A.F.H.Q.
- S/L D. C. Evans, D.F.C. (G.L.) — North-West Air Command H.Q., Edmonton, to A.F.H.Q.
- S/L G. M. Ewan, D.F.C. (G.L.) — Experimental and Proving Est., Rockcliffe, to Air Navigation School, Summerside.
- S/L J. F. Flemming (Sup.) — No. 5 Supply Depot, Moncton, to Cdn. Joint Staff, Washington.
- S/L H. A. Forbes, D.F.C. (G.L.) — No. 426 Squadron, Lachine, to Air Navigation School, Summerside.
- S/L J. R. Fraser (A.E.) — Training Command H.Q., Trenton, to No. 1 Tech. Trng. School, Aylmer.
- S/L K. R. Grimley (A.E.) — No. 12 Tech. Serv. Unit, Weston, to Air Materiel Command H.Q., Ottawa.
- S/L P. M. Hale, A.F.C. (G.L.) — Cdn. Joint Staff, London, to Pilot Gunnery School, Macdonald.
- S/L C. E. L. Hare, D.F.C. (G.L.) — Cdn. Joint Staff, London, to Air Transport Command H.Q., Rockcliffe.
- S/L F. Henry (Prov.) — Recruiting Unit, Vancouver, to Training Command H.Q., Trenton.
- W/C A. H. Hill (T.L.) — Tactical Group, Winnipeg, to North-West Air Command H.Q., Edmonton.
- S/L J. C. Hovey, D.F.C. (G.L.) — R.C.A.F. Staff College, Toronto, to A.F.H.Q.
- S/L E. Hurry (C.E.) — Cdn. Joint Air Trng. Centre, Rivers, to North-West Air Command H.Q., Edmonton.
- S/L H. D. Irwin (Sup.) — R.C.A.F. Stn. Chatham, to R.C.A.F. Stn. Lachine.
- W/C J. J. Jordan, A.F.C. (G.L.) — Training Command H.Q., Trenton, to Cdn. Joint Staff, Washington.
- S/L J. D. Lindsay, D.F.C. (G.L.) — A.F.H.Q. to No. 441 Squadron, St. Hubert.
- S/L E. R. Long, D.F.M. (Tel.) — Air Materiel Command H.Q., Ottawa, to Cdn. Joint Staff, London.
- S/L J. M. MacArthur (Acc.) — No. 11 Supply Depot, Calgary, to U.K. Fighter Wing.
- S/L B. H. R. Mack (M.O.) — R.C.A.F. Stn. Goose Bay to R.C.A.F. Stn. Centralia.
- W/C D. A. MacLulich (T.L.) — R.C.A.F. Staff College, Toronto, to A.F.H.Q.
- S/L J. O. Maitland (G.L.) — North-West Air Command H.Q., Edmonton, to Comm. and Rescue Flight, Edmonton.
- S/L H. J. Massiah (A.E.) — Air Materiel Command H.Q., Ottawa, to Air Defence Command H.Q., St. Hubert.
- S/L G. S. Middleton (Armt.) — No. 10 Repair Depot, Calgary, to No. 1 Supply Depot, Weston.
- S/L E. C. Miller (Sup.) — A.F.H.Q. to Air Materiel Command H.Q., Ottawa.
- S/L A. E. Mitchell (A.E.) — Training Command H.Q., Trenton, to Cdn. Joint Staff, London.
- W/C J. F. Mitchell, D.F.C. (G.L.) — Comm. and Rescue Flight, Edmonton, to Cdn. Joint Staff, London.
- S/L A. Morrison (Sup.) — Air Transport Command H.Q., Rockcliffe, to R.C.A.F. Stn. Claresholm.
- W/C C. H. Mussells, D.S.O., D.F.C. (G.L.) — No. 426 Squadron, Lachine, to Air Transport Command H.Q., Rockcliffe.
- S/L T. W. O'Brien (Adm.) — A.F.H.Q. to R.C.A.F. Stn. Claresholm.
- S/L A. M. Ogilvie, D.F.C. (G.L.) — No. 412 Squadron, Rockcliffe, to R.C.A.F. Stn. Winnipeg.
- S/L E. S. Perkins (A.E.) — No. 10 Repair Depot, Calgary, to Cdn. Joint Staff, Washington.
- S/L R. M. Porter (G.L.) — Cdn. Joint Staff, Washington, to A.F.H.Q.
- S/L S. R. Radcliff (Tel.) — Cdn. Joint Staff, London, to Air Materiel Command H.Q., Ottawa.
- W/C K. J. Regan (T.L.) — A.F.H.Q. to Air Materiel Command H.Q., Ottawa.

W/C A. R. Sinclair (Acc.) — North-West Air Command H.Q., Edmonton, to Cdn. Joint Staff, London.  
 S/L W. Skelding (A.E.) — Air Defence Command H.Q., St. Hubert, to Cdn. Joint Staff, London.  
 S/L M. C. Smith D.F.C. (G.L.) — Training Command H.Q., Trenton, to Cdn. Joint Staff, London.  
 S/L B. Stuart (Photo.) — Cdn. Joint Staff, London, to No. 1 Photo. Est., Rockcliffe.  
 G/C C. L. Trecarten, O.B.E. (G.L.) — North-West Air Command H.Q., Edmonton, to R.C.A.F. Stn. Aylmer.  
 S/L H. C. Upton, D.F.C. (G.L.) — No. 10 Repair Depot, Calgary, to Air Defence Command H.Q., St. Hubert.  
 S/L J. H. Watts (G.L.) — North-West Air Command H.Q., Edmonton, to A.F.H.Q.  
 S/L R. C. Wilson (G.L.) — Res. Operational Wing, Montreal, to No. 1 Reserve Grp. H.Q., Montreal.  
 S/L F. G. Winters (Tel.) — North-West Air Command H.Q., Edmonton, to Tactical Group, Winnipeg.  
 S/L J. A. Wiseman, A.F.C. (G.L.) — Air Transport Command H.Q., Rockcliffe, to A.F.H.Q.  
 S/L G. G. Wright, A.F.C. (G.L.) — A.F.H.Q. to R.C.A.F. Stn. Macdonald.

## WARRANT OFFICERS

W.O.2 C. J. Baldwin (M.M.E. Tech.) — No. 10 Repair Depot, Calgary, to A.F.H.Q.  
 W.O.2 K. D. Bateman (M.A. Tech.) — R.C.A.F. Stn. Lachine, to No. 426 Squadron, Tacoma.  
 W.O.2 F. D. D. Doyle (M. Cook) — R.C.A.F. Stn. Trenton to R.C.A.F. Stn. Gimli.  
 W.O. 1 E. Edey (M.A. Tech.) — No. 426 Squadron, Tacoma, to R.C.A.F. Stn. Lachine.

W.O.2 R. R. Fumerton (Clk. Adm.) — R.C.A.F. Stn. Uplands to A.F.H.Q.  
 W.O.2 S. W. Joel (Clk. Adm.) — Air Materiel Command H.Q., Ottawa, to R.C.A.F. Station Camp Borden.  
 W.O.2 D. J. Moyles (M.A. Tech.) — No. 2 Technical Trng. School, Camp Borden, to No. 1 Technical Trng. School, Aylmer.  
 W.O.1 R. L. Rombough (Clk. Adm.) — R.C.A.F. Stn. Camp Borden to R.C.A.F. Staff College, Toronto.  
 W.O.2 J. S. Scott (Clk. Adm.) — No. 408 Squadron, Rockcliffe, to Air Materiel Command H.Q., Ottawa.  
 W.O.2 O. M. Smith (P.P. Sup.) — R.C.A.F. Stn. Goose Bay to Air Materiel Command H.Q., Ottawa.  
 W.O.2 P. R. Spurgeon (Sup. Tech.) — No. 426 Squadron, Tacoma, to R.C.A.F. Stn. Edmonton.  
 W.O.1 R. E. Sweeney (M. Photo.) — A.F.H.Q. to Air Defence Command H.Q., St. Hubert.

## KEY TO TRADE DESIGNATIONS

Acc.	— Accounts
Adm.	— Administrative
A.E.	— Aeronautical Engineering
Armt.	— Armament
C.E.	— Construction Engineering
Clk. Adm.	— Clerk Administrative
F.C.	— Flying Control
G.L.	— General List
M.A. Tech.	— Master Aircraft Technician
M. Cook	— Master Cook
M.M.E. Tech.	— Master Mobile Equipment Technician
M.O.	— Medical Officer
M. Photo.	— Master Photographer
P.P. Sup.	— Power Plant Supervisor
Prov.	— Provost
Sup.	— Supply
Sup. Tech.	— Supply Technician
Tel.	— Telecommunications
T.L.	— Technical List



“I was very intrigued with my first flight but felt cheated at not having seen, face to face, either the pilot or the co-pilot of the plane. One way to remedy this, I think, would be to move the cockpit back into the centre of the aircraft. In this way passengers could circle the glass cage, make suggestions in sign language and in general construct a close bond between themselves and the men in uniform. It would also relieve the loneliness and monotony which these men must feel, flying through space all by themselves.”

(A passenger's letter: “Between Ourselves”: T.C.A.)

# A.M.E.S. 894: Part 4

## The Story of a Mobile Radar Unit in North Africa

By Marshall S. Killen

### "OPERATION PUSSY"

THE LAST FEW DAYS of 1943 were comparatively uneventful. Two or three episodes, however, may be worth recording.

On December 29th field and composite rations were discontinued. In their place the rations which we received included potatoes, flour, and fresh vegetables. (Soon afterwards, a military bakery started up in Bône, so that henceforth we were able to enjoy pure white bread.) On the same day our first large consignment of mail reached us, which raised the already high morale of the unit even higher.

On December 30th, Flt. Sgt. Maxim again succeeded in distinguishing himself. He, LAC Stinson, and I had gone over to see a Heinkel that had been shot down a few miles away without suffering very much damage. All the radio equipment was practically intact; but, since we had brought with us no tools suitable for dismantling it, I drove back to the unit to collect some — and also to pick up LAC Glading, who was an expert at salvaging equipment from wrecked planes. When we returned we found two rather white-faced airmen awaiting us. It appeared that two German fighters had come over while we were away and decided to destroy the Heinkel completely, with the result that Maxim and Stinson, who were inside the fuselage of the plane, suddenly found themselves in the middle of a hail of bullets. Flt. Sgt. Maxim hopefully started firing at the Germans with his Colt pistol, much to LAC Stinson's annoyance. Fortunately for them, after two runs at the Heinkel, the Germans turned their

attention to two damaged Spitfires which were lying close by. The latter were still burning when Glading and I arrived on the scene, but the German aircraft had been pounced upon by Allied day-fighters and were beating a hasty retreat. When I asked Maxim what was the idea of firing his pea-shooter at a plane travelling at more than three hundred miles per hour, he replied: "Paddy Finucane was shot down that way, so I thought I might be able to do the same."

On closing out our accounts on December 31st, we found that our score for twenty-eight days' operation was twenty-nine bombers destroyed at night and two damaged, while during the daytime four had been destroyed and eleven damaged or probably destroyed. The following extract from a letter received later from Headquarters North-West Africa Air Forces gave us all a feeling of considerable pride — particularly as radar crews seldom received recognition for work well done:

"From Washington, U.S.A., a publication has been issued, describing radar, for distribution to all U.S. theatres of war. In the introduction the following paragraph has been included: 'In North Africa one radar Station, working with a squadron and a half of radar-equipped night-fighters, shot down twenty-nine enemy bombers and damaged two others in one month's operations.' As yours is the Station referred to, you and your men will no doubt be interested to hear of your world-wide renown."

\* \* \*

New Year's Day was notable for its intense air activity. The Spitfire V's had a hard time of it

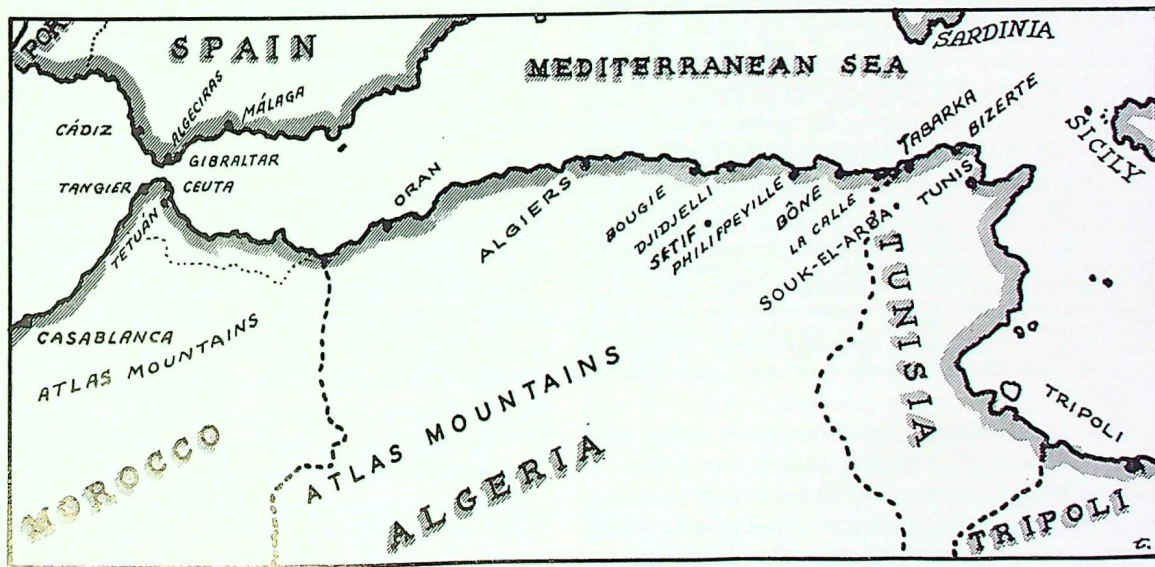
when they tangled with F.W. 190's, and it was not until some Spitfire IX's arrived at a later date that the situation in the Sector was really eased. Incidentally, it was on the evening of New Year's Day that Flying Officer Large, the author of "The Diary of a Canadian Fighter Pilot," was scrambled for the interception from which he failed to return.

Three days later we succeeded in recapturing our Humber staff car from the Chief Signals Officer. Sqn. Ldr. Brown had heard that it was at Ain Seynour, a village up in the pine woods about eighty miles to the south, where the Headquarters of No. 242 Group were located. Cpl. Hirst and LAC Connor were immediately sent to enquire if the C.S.O. had finished using the car. Late the same evening they returned with it, reporting that they had been unable to find a senior officer and had therefore proceeded to the Motor Transport Section where the car was kept. Leaving a receipt for it with an N.C.O., they climbed in and drove off. I may or may not have felt that they did not look terribly hard for the C.S.O. — but I now had an imposing-looking car whose mere appearance usually sufficed to get me in anywhere. A guard would take one look at it and instantly assume that it could belong to nobody less than a general.

It was not until nine months later that fate finally caught up with us and we had to be content with a lowly 5 h.p. Hillman.

At midnight of the same day, the alarm sounded. An urgent message had been received from Ops. Room at Sector, advising that enemy gliders or paratroops had landed at the river's mouth a few miles north. The whole camp was alerted, the army guard called up, and patrols were sent out. After a miserable night spent lying in ditches, we received a signal that the report was unfounded and had been caused by an excitable Frenchman whose French had been wrongly interpreted over the telephone by one of our Naval officers.

On January 6th, just as the sun had gone down behind the western mountains, three JU-88's came into our sector and gave us a thorough going-over. They did a certain amount of damage, but nobody was hurt. I was standing outside the workshop tender, talking to Sqn. Ldr. Justice, our new padre who had just arrived. We both dived under the vehicle just as the fourth bomb fell. Sqn. Ldr. Justice yelled above the noise: "I don't mind being killed, but I do object to being written off without my tin hat." The JU-88 was so low that, even though it was almost dark, the black crosses were plainly discernible on its wings.





*A.M.E.S. 894 crew, March 1943.*

Unfortunately, A.M.E.S. units were not allowed to open fire against hostile aircraft until a bomb had actually landed in the Technical Compound. The reason for this order was, of course, that the tracers would immediately pinpoint the site.

That evening was the first time I had met Sq. Ldr. Justice. He had recently arrived from England to take over the duties of padre for all the R.A.F. units in the locality. Our men adored him, and I believe that he was one of the finest padres ever to come overseas. He practically lived with us when he was not touring the outlying units. For a bed he used the Italian dinghy in my tent, which he inflated before going to sleep. Unfortunately it leaked so that every morning at about two o'clock he would find himself on the hard floor and would have to rise and blow up his bed again. He well deserved his name of "the Flying Padre," as he had been on the first thousand-bomber raid to Cologne and, while he was with us, he was always going out on operational flights. He was later mentioned in dispatches for bravery when the bomber he was in was attacked by a night-fighter near La Spezia. The R.A.F. never supplied him with transport while in North Africa, but they allowed to requisition civilian cars. The average life a French car with him was one month, which was not remarkable, since he was in the habit of colliding with Churchill tanks and other similar heavy objects.

The weather had turned very wet again after the first week of January, and it was a difficult task to keep the camp dry. Three trucks were kept busy carting road-mending material from a nearby dump, and gradually we succeeded in raising the

roads and paths around both sides above the flood level. A few loads of steel runway planking were obtained, with which we covered both the path and the floors of the main tents. All in all, we managed to keep pretty cheerful. Two of our radar operators were concert pianists, and we managed to buy a radio set in Bône for \$120. It was worth about \$25, but our radar mechanics tore it to pieces and made a pretty good set out of it.

On January 15th I went up to Tabarka, about seventy miles east of Morris. Tabarka, a seaside resort, was being blitzed daily by Me. 109's. Combined operations were in charge of British Naval Commandos — a splendid bunch of lads. Most of them had been in all the big raids such as Dieppe, but they were very modest about their experiences. When in the vicinity of Tabarka, we always made a point of stopping off for an hour or two to have a chat and beg a meal, for navy rations to us in those days were something to dream about. On this particular day, one of the sailors gave me a lovely little boar-hound pup which we named Randy and which became one of the Unit's mascots. The others were Bandy, an



*Friendly Arabs near the Unit.*

Arab dog, and Cuthbert the donkey. In addition to them, the Unit also cherished three sucking pigs which had been given to Cpl. Hirst by a French family near Morris. Our pets caused me a lot of trouble, what with Cuthbert entering my tent and stealing cheese and biscuits, the pigs eating my soap, and the tortoise nibbling the green canvas of my camp kit.

On January 30th, A.M.E.S. 8011 arrived at Bône from England. The technical Officer of this Unit was Flying Officer W. J. Houlgrave, of Toronto. On the night following their arrival, a lone enemy bomber sneaked in and cannon-shelled the tents. The C.O., Flt. Lt. Eaves, was struck by a shell and died next day in hospital. He was the first of a number of fatal casualties among our Radar Officers during the succeeding six months.

\* \* \*

During the month of December, 1942, constant streams of Ju. 52 Transports, crossing back and forth at night between Sicily and Bizerte, had been plotted on the screens of the Radar Stations in the Bône sector. The big troop transports were being used to keep Von Arnim's Tunisian army supplied with reinforcements and supplies, since

the British Navy was making the sea-crossing increasingly hazardous. In view of the fact that the narrows were outside the interception range of the Bône sector (although well within the radar range), it was felt that it would prove highly advantageous to establish a couple of G.C.I.-type radar stations as close as possible to the front line. As the policy at that time was not to operate heavy mobile units such as ours in areas where a sudden enemy advance would not allow adequate time to dismantle and retreat, it was not possible to move any of the existing units forward.

Group Capt. Atcherley, the C.O. of No. 32 Night-Fighter Wing, which was responsible for night fighter operations in North Africa, flew with Sqdn. Ldr. Brown to Casablanca and apparently obtained an interview with Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt, who were holding the second of their conferences. At that rate, permission was obtained to take two brand new mobile radar units (of a type which was an improvement on A.M.E.S. 894) up to Cap Serenus less than forty miles from Bizerte harbour and only a few miles from the front line. Most of us thought that this was taking a great risk: once

convoys were in operation, it would take days to get them out again owing to the nature of the country.

The plan, known as "Operation Pussy," was put into effect towards the end of January, when A.M.E.S. 8009 and 8010 arrived from England and immediately proceeded to Cap Serrat via Tabarka, Tamara, and Sedjenane, along the coast road and over the mountains. Between Tabarka and Sedjenane the road was known as "Messerschmitt Alley," because it was patrolled all day long by enemy fighters. This fact made it necessary for the convoys to move up by night without lights along the narrow road, packed with transport of all kinds. Thus, we were not surprised when we heard that the Crossley tender carrying No. 8010's transmitter had gone over a cliff and was so badly smashed that it could not be repaired without being sent back to base workshops.

Sedjenane at this time was the village closest to the front line and only a few miles west of the famous Green Hill which proved such an obstacle to the advance of the First Army. The Unit had not yet reached Cap Serrat when the dirt track leading in from the main road became impassable, partly on account of the heavy rains and partly because the Germans had started to shell part of it. A squadron of the R.A.F. Regiment, armed with 20 mm. Hispano cannons mounted on armoured cars, was supplied for the defence of the two units. This squadron moved up at dusk and, while stuck in the mud near the Cape, was attacked by a German fighter. All the cars opened fire at once and just about blew it out of the sky.

The technical vehicles of A.M.E.S. 8009, with the exception of the aerial trailer, were placed inside the courtyard of the Cape lighthouse and the wheels removed. The aerial trailer was kept close in behind a wall during the day and moved out in front as soon as darkness fell. The radio-telephone and telegraph equipment which served both units were located in the lighthouse tower, with the aerials just peeping above the top. A.M.E.S. 8009 was to plot the movement of enemy ships and low-flying aircraft across the narrow straits between Sicily and Tunisia, and to carry out interceptions in conjunction with



Some of our crew on way out from Cap Serrat after its capture.

A.M.E.S. 8010. The latter unit was located in a valley two miles distant, right under the nose of an Italian observation post on the next hill and actually within range of the Italian guns. Its aim was to intercept high-flying aircraft. As its technical vehicles were out in the open, great care had to be taken with camouflage, and just before each dawn all hands used to turn over and cover the vehicles with green branches, which had to be changed every day as they faded very quickly. No one was allowed to move in the open anywhere near the vehicles during the day.

It was not long until the Germans knew that something was happening at the lighthouse, though they did not spot the activity in the valley until much later. Practically every day enemy fighters and bombers came over and blitzed the lighthouse. However, since the walls were more than two feet thick, the men inside were fairly safe from everything except a direct hit.

A.M.E.S. 894 was being used as a link with Base and Operations Room at Bône, and our job was to handle all plots received by radio and pass them on to Bône. In addition, we had to maintain road and radio communication with Cap Serrat continually, the latter proving no easy task on account of enemy jamming. The radio equipment and the operators at Cap Serrat belonged to our unit in charge of Sgt. Valeriotte. These men had a hard trying time, but they had to remain inside

lighthouse throughout the heaviest bombing. Each two weeks they were relieved by others, but there was no lack of volunteers at any time. Heavy supplies, such as diesel oil and gasoline, were moved in by sea in small assault craft from Tabarka. Rations and radar equipment spares were brought in over the desert from a small outpost twelve miles away, which was reached from Tamara. Camel and mule trains were used for this work, and personnel on relief from other duties moved in and out with the trains as far as possible, for it was easy to get lost in the sand-dunes, and enemy patrols were constantly infiltrating into the area. Also, the French commando patrols were extremely trigger-happy; they believed in shooting first and asking questions afterwards.

The Controllers at Cap Serrat were Sq. Ldr.



*Near Tabarka.*



*Stork's nest beside the Bône-Tabarka road.*

Brown, Flt. Lt. Pratley, and Sgt. Holt. The last-named was the Operations N.C.O. from A.M.E.S. 894, who was training to become a Controller. Group Capt. Atcherley was kept very busy, as he was in command of the whole venture and had to maintain constant liaison with the British Army and Navy at Tabarka. On one occasion he walked more than thirty miles across the desert — no mean feat on soft sand. As much as possible, of course, he made use of our famous Humber car.

On January 27th he had to get to Cap Serrat in a hurry, so I lent him the car, rather against my will and with a feeling of presentiment — especially as he was going to drive himself. Marvellous fighter pilot though he was, in a car he behaved as though he was still flying a Spitfire. He liked to drive with the accelerator down to the floorboards and used to scare the life out of oncoming drivers. On this particular evening he left Morris after supper. Two hours later, when he was tearing up Messerschmidt Alley, an Me. 109 came down behind the car and gave it the works. The Group Captain had the usual ten seconds' warning, which enabled him to jam on the brakes and tear off across the field as fast as his legs could carry him. Luckily, the car was just on a bend of the road near a Bailey bridge, so the German pilot could only get it in his sights for a second. One cannon shell hit the rim of the spare wheel and ricocheted off, while another went in through the



Sqn. Ldr. Roebuck in Italian dinghy.

engine hood and, after passing through the generator, lodged in the radiator. The German went away probably thinking that he had at least knocked out a couple of Allied Generals.

The car was later towed to the nearest workshop, at Tamara, and there I picked it up a few weeks later. But it was never the same again. When it had been repaired, only half of the radiator could be used. (I should add that, five days afterwards, when Group Capt. Atcherley arrived back in Morris, he was most apologetic. Both he and Sqn. Ldr. Brown were punctilious about borrowing any vehicle and always asked permission; but they would generally be half way down the road in it before one could say either yes or no. Therefore, after the poor old Humber had eventually returned to us, one of our drivers would jump in it and drive away at the first sign of a senior officer coming near the camp.)

On February 14th, I was ordered to report to Headquarters, No. 242 Group, to give an account of what was happening at Cap Serrat. A lot of points were not very clear, so I was told to proceed to Cap Serrat again to obtain further information. Sqn. Ldr. Axon and Flt. Lt. Dennis, the Radar Officers at Group Headquarters, were not happy about the venture, since both radar units had the latest in radar equipment and it would have been rather serious if any of it fell into enemy hands. I left for the Cape at dawn on the 16th

with Flt. Sgt. Maxim, Cpl. First, an R.A.F. Regiment gunner, and two relief W/T operators. On reaching Sidi Mecherig, the outpost which was guarded by the R.A.F. regiment and where all the rations and stores for Cap Serrat were stored, we hid the car in the bushes and proceeded across the twelve miles of desert on foot.

Sqn. Ldr. Brown, Flying Officer Nixon, and Flying Officer Adams (the last two being the Technical Officers of A.M.E.S. 8009 and A.M.E.S. 8010, respectively) seemed to be quite happy despite the daily blitzes to which they were being subjected. While I was with them on this occasion, a better site was chosen for the Technical Convoy of A.M.E.S. 8010. The new site proved much more effective than the old one, and two enemy aircraft were destroyed from it. It was, however, more in the open, so that it was a ticklish task getting convoys moved to it without being spotted by the Germans. The base of the headland was covered with small trees and bushes, which afforded plenty of cover for the crews to move around in during the day without being seen from the air. As usual, any movement in the open was strictly forbidden, and a huge marine bell was used to give warning when hostile aircraft were heard.

At 1800 hours we set out on the return journey to Morris. It was a rather grim trip — what with reports of German patrols operating in the vicinity, our general weariness, the problem of finding our way across the desert in the darkness, and our difficulty in convincing French commandos that we were not Germans. Eventually we arrived home just as dawn was breaking, utterly exhausted, and faced with the prospect of a day's hard work instead of being able to go to bed.

February 26th marked the beginning by the enemy of what was to prove his last advance in North Africa. At first it was very successful. On the northern sector he moved ahead rapidly and captured Sedjenane and Tamara before being stopped. The capture of these two villages resulted in the cutting off of Cap Serrat, and on March 2nd it too was overrun and taken.

We at A.M.E.S. 894 were in the middle of our weekly whist drive when the attack began, and the

W/T operator on duty interrupted my game with the information that Sgt. Valeriotte at the Cape had an urgent message which he wanted me to copy personally. It proved to be from Sqdn. Ldr. Brown, giving particulars of the attack and requesting assistance. After severe fighting all day, the French were being driven back, and the British to the south were too hard pressed themselves to be able to send reinforcements. Therefore there was nothing to do in the circumstances but to withdraw as much equipment as possible, to destroy the rest, and to try to get the crews out by road. The Navy rushed two motor torpedo boats from Bône to the Cape, and all secret equipment which had already been carried down to the beach was brought back to A.M.E.S. 894 by sea. When it was checked, only two items were missing, and these, according to one of the sailors, had been dropped by him in the sea when the boat was struck by a heavy wave. The A.M.E.S. 894 wireless operators blew up their equipment and destroyed all secret codes just before leaving. From the time the attack started until the area was abandoned, the Cape's only link with the outside world was the wireless circuit to Morris; and towards the end all messages were coming through in plain language, since the code books had been burned.

As soon as I received the first message, I sent off two trucks to bring out the crews as they arrived on the main road west of Tamara. During the entire operation, Flying Officer Nixon was the

only officer to be wounded, and his wound was not very serious. Twenty R.A.F. Regiment men were wounded, but none fatally. On March 5th, both crews were all accounted for, and our trucks transported them from Tabarka to Setif to await the arrival of our new barrack equipment and to be rekkitted.

The Germans salvaged most of the abandoned technical vehicles at Cap Serrat, though some of them were recovered later practically undamaged when the First Army advanced in April. The Diesel tenders did not reappear until Tunis had been captured in May. The Germans had made good use of them and had kept them in excellent condition. Nine months later, when I took A.M.E.S. 8005 over to Sardinia, the transmitter tender with the unit turned out to be one of those which had been salvaged from Cap Serrat.

And so "Operation Pussy" came to an end. Although the venture could not be called a success, the experience which all of us gained from it stood us in good stead later on in Sicily, Italy, and elsewhere. Flt. Lt. Nixon was mentioned in dispatches for his good work in the lighthouse during the month of February, and shortly afterwards Sqdn. Ldr. Brown was promoted to the rank of Wing Commander. Later he took part in the Sicilian landings, where he had the most exciting time of his life. Our last news of him was that he had been promoted to Group Captain and had gone with a light mobile radar unit on a Dakota transport to control the radar operations at Arnhem. The Dakota was seen to crash, and apparently there were no survivors.

*(To be continued.)*

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## First Canadian-Built Car

The first horseless carriage to be constructed in Canada was built by a Dr. Good in Berlin (Kitchener) some time around the year 1900.

The first appearance of the "Devil's Machine" in the town of Berlin was on a fair-day in August, 1898. It was driven from Toronto to Berlin at the amazing rate of 14 miles per hour. A report of the

time states that the vehicle might have even attained a more amazing speed had the highways been in better condition.

The automobile was driven by one E. J. Philip who was accompanied by his mother. What an adventurous woman she must have been!

*(“News at B.F. Goderich”)*

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# ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

# Association



## "HELP" IS THE WATCHWORD

The theme of this month's report may be epitomized in a single word — "Help".

In more than one sense, the Association is a "service" organization. We strive to assist the R.C.A.F., our own members, and the Canadian public in community betterment and the advancement of air affairs.

To carry this out to the full, we need the help of all Air Force veterans. To improve service which may be given by a Wing, and to enhance the strength of the organization as a whole, the support of each member of the Association is essential.

Some Wings have shown initiative in finding ways to help their community; others have sought direction; but all appear to be anxious for more specific activities of social value. Recently the call to assist R.C.A.F. recruiting and to aid in the formation of a civilian volunteer Ground Observer Corps has come to appease this demand.

From the outset the Association was interested in promoting the Air Cadet movement and supporting the R.C.A.F. Benevolent Fund. Activities along these lines have lately been extended, and even more future activity is planned. In addition, many Wings have adopted worth-while community projects on their own.

## HELP IMPROVE PUBLIC RELATIONS

Silence, in public relations, is not golden, and the Association, far from being noted for its silver tongue, has generally been about as vocal as a Trappist monk.

As publicity is vital to the furtherance of aims and objects of the R.C.A.F.A., the National Headquarters has been contemplating ways and means of making the Association more articulate. While the best type of publicity comes from Wings identifying themselves with projects for local improvement, reformation — like charity — should begin at home; so the National Office has taken the following action:

### "Wings At Home"

A news magazine called "Wings At Home" is now being issued. It is not intended to compete with, but rather to supplement, the Association section in "The Roundel". As it has limited distribution to Wings only, not normally being read by members-at-large, a certain amount of duplication is unavoidable.

"Wings at Home" is designed to relieve "The Roundel" of details; to provide news of the Wings to those primarily interested, the Wings themselves; to cover air activities of general interest but not pertaining directly to the Association affairs (and thus not within the province of a "Roundel" section dealing strictly with our own affairs); and to give the R.C.A.F.A. an opportunity of being up-to-date with news.

Present plans are to issue it in relation to the volume or urgency of the news, though probably it will settle into regular monthly publication. While the first issues were mimeographed, arrangements are being made to have the copy printed, and it is possible that the text may be well.

Somewhere, either in "The Roundel" or "Wings At Home", we should like to introduce a number of regular features, such as, "Letters to the Editor", requests for present address of "missing" members, etc., etc.

What "Wings At Home" eventually becomes depends considerably on expense involved and the reception accorded it by Wings.

## Members-At-Large Bulletins

As members-at-large do not have access to "Wings At Home", thought has been given to issuing a special bulletin for them. Not as detailed as "Wings", it would contain information on policy matters and other news. At present, sending even a general form letter puts a strain on the physical resources of the Headquarters orderly room staff, and until suitable arrangements may be made to handle the volume of work entailed, members-at-large will continue to be informed through "The Roundel".

## "The Roundel"

Previously news of the Association was mainly grouped under individual Wing headings. As delay between submission of material and publication precludes newsworthiness in many events, and as "Wings At Home" is designed to cover details, reporting for "The Roundel" will in future be more in the nature of a general summary. It is our hope, however, to devote more space to discussions of policy matters and facts relevant to the R.C.A.F.A.'s participation in air development.

## Enter Joseph K. Browndoff

Quite a few persons have quite a variety of ideas on just what should and should not be written up. Just the other day a character came into the office who had some very definite opinions on the subject. He said his name was (if we heard him correctly) Joseph K. Browndoff, R.C.A.F.A., M.A.L.

According to this estimable member, so far we had not been providing for "The Roundel" any items which would interest even his dyspeptic

Uncle Burp Browndoff, who paid rapt attention to anything remotely connected with air.

While we tried to reassure him, he apparently went away dissatisfied, mumbling something about seeing Sergeant Shatterproof on the subject. So you see, anything — simply ANYTHING — may be anticipated!

## Wing Publicity Committee

A General Bulletin (No. 26) was sent to all Wings requesting immediate formation of publicity committees. This was necessary not only to cultivate local publicity media but also to procure much-needed persons to cover activities for both "Wings At Home" and "The Roundel".

It was suggested that the publicity committee be integrated with all other committees of the Wing and that one of the additional responsibilities would be the publication of a regular Wing bulletin.

## Speakers on Air Force Subjects

Through the Directorate of Public Relations of the R.C.A.F., arrangements are being made to have more Air Force personnel available for public speaking. D.P.R. will advise National Headquarters of temporary-duty movements of R.C.A.F. officers of Air Commodore rank and above. This is not intended as a slight to the eloquence of lower-ranking officers, but has been decided on the basis of practicability. In this way it will be possible to inform Wings of the proposed visit of senior officers, with the anticipation that Wings may arrange for them to speak at a Wing meeting or some other public gathering.

Requests for experts on technical subjects or for speakers of rank lower than Air Commodore will be channelled through D.P.R. at the nearest Command, as will requests from outside organizations.

Wings are also being encouraged to stimulate more speaking on Air Force subjects and to wider audiences. This opens up a more extensive field of potential speakers than that of purely R.C.A.F. representatives. Members themselves have a missionary job to do in explaining the Association to the public.

Wings are being asked to form speakers' panels, to be composed of their own members or of persons qualified to speak on air matters, and to seek opportunities for such personnel, as well as those from the R.C.A.F., to orate on particular aspects of aviation before service clubs, church and fraternal organizations, etc. A General Bulletin is being issued on the subject.

## Press, Radio and Magazine Coverage

Relations with the press and radio are principally a matter for local determination, but Wings are being pressed to extend publicity coverage by assiduously cultivating whatever information outlets are available to them. Particularly, they should see that regular activities and special events are effectively publicized, as well as adopt concrete projects which should create better public relations. This is a "grass roots" proposition which takes time, thought, and effort.

National Headquarters has been holding conversations with members of press and radio staffs in Ottawa, seeking improvement of relations generally. As the Association becomes better-known, publicity becomes progressively easier.

The magazine is a more limited, yet more difficult, field to approach. While conversations have taken place with representatives of magazines, what may be accomplished in stimulating more articles on air subjects is still being explored.

## HELP R.C.A.F. RECRUITING

General Bulletin No. 23, outlining Association assistance to R.C.A.F. recruiting, was followed up by a personal letter from the National President to all Wings, soliciting whole-hearted support. This effort has become popularly known as "Operation Recruiting".

The following Wings have reported that a Recruiting Counsellors Committee is operating:

Newmarket	Yarmouth
Oakville	Kingston
Courtenay	Chatham, Ont.
Red Deer	Timmins
Madawaska (Edmundston)	Remembrance (Granby, Que.)
Fredericton	Winnipeg
Cornwall	Sydney
Belleville	Windsor

Oshawa  
Kitchener-Waterloo  
North Bay  
Kirkland Lake  
Huron (Goderich)

Sudbury  
Cumberland  
Privateer (Liverpool)  
Brockville  
Saint John

We know that this list is not complete as far as action is concerned — that some Wings have had R.C.A.F. Recruiting Officers advise them on how to co-operate. But such Wings have not informed Headquarters that a Counsellors Committee has been formed.

Although "Operation Recruiting" was regarded as being of most value in those centres where no recruiting unit was established, Association assistance can be forthcoming and of considerable use in all centres.

Consideration is now being given to establishing quotas for Wings and to ways in which efforts of members-at-large may be utilized. It is felt that members-at-large, who should cover areas largely unrecruited, should be particularly valuable; and material would have to be prepared and distributed to qualify them to be "recruiting-officers-at-large".

Whether it has been a deterrent or not, some Wings have a strong opinion that the volunteer system of recruiting is not the proper answer to manpower problems. This was reflected in a resolution passed by the National Convention favouring compulsory selective service for the armed forces, industry, and agriculture. Assistance in a recruiting campaign, however, is by no means inconsistent with the spirit of this resolution.

On the other hand, many Wings enthusiastically welcomed this opportunity of doing something useful. No. 703 (Red Deer) Wing, for instance, has been running a regular sub-recruiting office full blast. So successful was No. 401 (Kirkland Lake) Wing's campaign that two of the executive and four other members promptly rejoined the R.C.A.F. Chatham, Ontario, quickly obtained special accommodation for the purpose, and quite a number of Wings have a roster of members on regular duty. The Windsor, Ontario, Wing is conducting a recruiting information depot. And so on.

Headquarters, however, is not as fully in the picture of activities as it should be, as only two Wings have troubled to return Appendix "A", which was to be used in reporting results. It is hoped that before the next issue of "The Roundel"

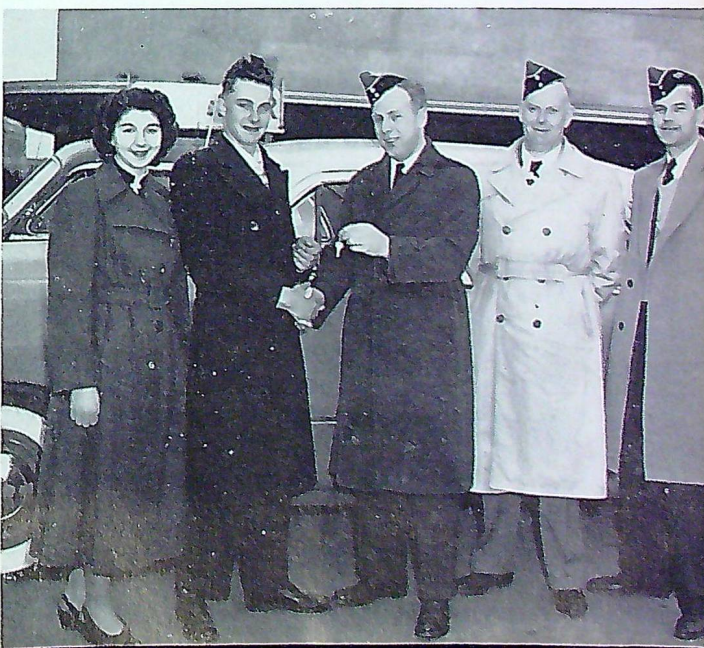
No. 103 (Cabot) Wing entertains members and friends at the Curling Club, Sydney, N.S. Left to right: Alex Calder; George Campbell, Sec'y; C. N. Earle, President; Miss Joy Coombes, Ass't. Sec'y; Frank Theuerkauf; Colin Crane, Treasurer; C. Roy MacDonald, Past President; Wilfred Smith.



No. 250 (Saint John) Wing Executive: Front row (l. to r.) C. Y. Swanton, Past President; M. Green, Miss Millie Estabrooks; Miss Emma Wilson; E. B. Fitzgerald, President; P. F. Connell; J. E. Rolston. Back row (l. to r.) N. Jackson; Dr. A. N. Whiteside; W. A. C. Gilbert, Sec'y.; J. A. Bardsley; B. B. Stead; B. Carter; M. S. Brooks, Treasurer. (M. S. Earle not present).



President J. Rowand of No. 700 (City of Edmonton) Wing presents keys to winner of automobile raffle conducted by the Wing. Left to right: Miss L. Mauriel (the winner) Lucien Corbière, J. Rowand, G. Burnett, H. O. Lee.



sufficient information will be forthcoming to give a fuller report.

## HELP THE GROUND OBSERVER CORPS

The R.C.A.F. has formally sought the Association's assistance in the formation of a Ground Observer Corps. About 150,000 unpaid civilian volunteers will have to be recruited.

The Corps is to be similar to the "Aircraft Detection Corps" of the Second World War, and, as such, will function as a supplement to the radar warning system.

The portion of each province south of latitude 55° N. is to be divided into several regions. Each region will be sub-divided into areas in which one or two observation posts are to be established for reporting aircraft movements to the Regional Filter Centre. These centres will pass the information to the appropriate Air Defence Aircraft Control and Warning Centre.

Regional Filter Centres are required in towns and cities that are the best locations for receiving telephone calls from the observation posts of an area with the least possible delay in the termination of the message. Co-operation of municipal authorities and local civic organizations is to be sought in providing space for the formation of a Filter Centre. A room is required large enough to permit installation of a standard plotting board. On this board is painted the air defence grid for the particular filter area and dots to indicate the location of observation posts in the area.

Civilian volunteers — men, women or youths — are required to act as plotters, filterers, and tellers under the direction of a chief filterer and filter supervisor. The R.C.A.F. will provide all necessary plotting equipment and will be responsible for training the filter supervisor and chief filterers in plotting techniques and their assigned tasks.

The intention is that the Corps be formed of unpaid\* civilian volunteers, who will carry out their duties in addition to their normal work. Civilian Regional Supervisors will be appointed

\*Within definite limits, remuneration is to be provided for telephone calls and transportation costs incurred by Regional Supervisors, Technical Supervisors, and Chief Observers in the organization of their area and posts.

to assist R.C.A.F. field parties in selecting Chief Observers and establishing observation posts in each region. Also, civilian Technical Supervisors are to be appointed to act in an advisory capacity on communications.

While the implementation stage was processed by A.F.H.Q., functional and organizational control of the Corps has now passed to Air Defence Command.

Air Vice-Marshal A. L. Morfee, C.B., C.B.E., (ret'd), the National President, informed the Chief of the Air Staff that the Association welcomed the opportunity of being of service in helping to form the Ground Observer Corps.

As soon as the R.C.A.F. is in a position to indicate locations of Filter Centres, as well as regions for which Regional Supervisors (to whom volunteers should send their names) will be required, a General Bulletin will be issued outlining the specific action required from all members.

It is hoped that Association members will volunteer for the more responsible positions, but until the R.C.A.F. is able to provide specific details, Wings have been requested simply to alert members.

## HELP CIVIL DEFENCE

Assistance in the formation of the Ground Observer Corps provides a natural avenue of approach to the whole question of local civil defence.

Following an address to the R.C.A.F.A. National Convention by Major General F. F. Worthington, M.C., M.M. (ret'd), Civil Defence Co-ordinator, Wing representatives expressed the opinion that insufficient steps for civil defence were being taken in their own locality. They thought that the Wing should have been taking an active part, but were at a loss to know exactly how to proceed. In a later address, General Worthington made it clear that the Federal Government had agreed with the provinces not to interfere at the municipal level, and that his office intended to live up to that agreement.

No. 410 (Ottawa and District) Wing, however, had taken action which may provide a lead for

other municipalities. Under its sponsorship, the Wing decided to call a meeting of representatives of all veterans' organizations of the City to discuss possible action. Representation was later broadened to include delegates from the service clubs, the Board of Trade, St. John's Ambulance Corps, and the Canadian Red Cross. In addressing this meeting, General Worthington explained the purpose of civil defence, outlined the consequences of the fall of an atom bomb on an unprepared and unorganized city, and mentioned what certain other municipalities were accomplishing.

Following the address of the Civil Defence Co-ordinator, the meeting decided to form a smaller committee for the study of all plans for civil defence. Thereby it would be in a position to recommend a specific plan to be adopted in Ottawa and to urge action on the City Council. Ottawa appeared to be facing a particularly difficult problem, as seemingly a stalemate has been reached. The Mayor had stated publicly that the Capital would do nothing about civil defence until federal government assistance was assured. The organizations represented at the meeting enthusiastically welcomed the lead given by the Ottawa Wing as a concrete method of approach to the whole problem of civil defence.

As civil defence is basically a municipal responsibility, the best method of co-operation is being left to individual Wing determination.

### HELP THE R.C.A.F. BENEVOLENT FUND

At the National Convention, greater co-operation with the Benevolent Fund was discussed. Since that time national officials of the Fund and the R.C.A.F.A. have reviewed ways to make such co-operation effective, and a letter issued jointly is contemplated in time for resumption of activity in the fall. It was generally agreed that each Wing should have at least one representative on the local Benevolent Fund Committee.

### HELP THE AIR CADETS

The Association has instituted an award for squadrons of the Air Cadet League of Canada.

The competition will be on a national basis, with about 40% of marks for general proficiency, 40% for attendance and 20% for competence in miscellaneous activities.

To be known as "The R.C.A.F. Association Award", the honour brings four separate benefits to the winning squadron:

- A perpetual trophy to be held from September to September.
- Prize money, the exact amount to be determined from year to year by the National Executive Council of the Association, to be given the squadron as a whole.
- A special badge designed by the Air Cadet League which may be used by all air cadets, and to which will be awarded a bar to be worn by members of the winning squadron only.
- A hand-illuminated parchment, framed, as a permanent record of achievement.

The trophy design is yet to be finally approved, but will be ready for presentation this month, as it is anticipated that the first winner will be announced following National Executive meetings of the Air Cadet League and the R.C.A.F.A. this fall. The award will be based on the 1950-51 training year.

Although cadets have competed for drill and rifle shooting on a Dominion-wide basis, this is the first all-Canada award for general proficiency.

Active interest on the part of the sponsoring committee has been emphasized recently. The special committee felt that if there were a good sponsoring committee there would be a good squadron. Attendance was also given more weight than had been customary for awards in the past.

The assessment will be made by the R.C.A.F. training officer during his annual inspection visit, in consultation with the provincial cadet committee for marking of certain categories.

At present the Air Cadets have 205 active squadrons who will be eligible for the first award, with a membership of 17,000. Other squadrons have been authorized and a number of R.C.A.F. Wings have indicated their intention of reactivating or organizing additional units.

Air Vice-Marshal G. E. Brookes, C.B., O.B.E., (ret'd), of Toronto was chairman of the special committee which met in Ottawa during July to consider details. The West was represented by

Air Vice-Marshal K. M. Guthrie, C.B., C.B.E., (ret'd), of Edmonton, and the East by A. F. Wigglesworth of Liverpool, N.S., while Air Vice-Marshal E. E. Middleton, C.B.E., (ret'd), represented the Air Cadet League.

Wings which are now sponsoring Air Cadet squadrons are:

No. 400, Guelph	No. 405, Timmins
No. 301, Montreal	No. 802, Vancouver
No. 800, Courtenay	No. 700, Calgary
No. 602, Saskatoon	No. 500, Winnipeg
No. 101, Halifax	No. 250, Saint John
No. 200, Summerside	

Wings where sponsorship appears definite by fall are:

No. 201, Charlottetown	No. 428, Peterborough
No. 406, North Bay	No. 424, Goderich

No. 422, Leamington, is to sponsor a squadron jointly with the local High School Board. No. 414, Cobalt, New Liskeard and District, is contemplating a District Wing. No. 147, Richmond Hill, No. 300, Granby, No. 402, Sudbury, all have the formation of a squadron in mind. It is also possible that sponsorship of at least one of the two Windsor, Ontario, squadrons may pass to No. 412 Wing.

### CHARTER PRESENTATIONS

Since activities of Wings were last reported, five have been presented with their charters:

No. 108, Yarmouth, N.S.	No. 252, Moncton, N.B.
No. 252, Fredericton, N.B.	No. 109 (Bundy) Wing, Dartmouth, N.S.
No. 429 (Elgin) Wing, St. Thomas, Ont.	

On each occasion, Air Vice-Marshal A. L. Morfee was guest speaker.

At Yarmouth, Air Vice-Marshal Morfee presented the charter, which was accepted by E. W. Rhuda, the President. At Moncton, the Air Vice-Marshal made the presentation to President Jack Lutes at a charter night dinner.

At Fredericton, the charter was presented by Air Commodore F. G. Wait, C.B.E., of A.F.H.Q. and accepted by President Paul Burden. Brig. the Hon. Milton F. Gregg, Federal Minister of



No. 406 (North Bay) Wing: Seated (l. to r.): A. Larden, Vice-President; Air Vice-Marshal Middleton; J. Douglas, President. Standing (l. to r.): D. Rumble, R. Loney, J. Murphy, Rita Kersey, L. Guenette, R. Joy, and Flt. Lt. William Christmas.

Labour, was made an honorary member. A dance followed the presentation dinner.

St. Thomas held a stag banquet, the charter being presented by Air Vice-Marshal Brookes, President of the Ontario Group. F. E. Green, the President, accepted. Officers from National Headquarters were in attendance, as well as the National President as featured speaker.

At Dartmouth, Air Vice-Marshal Morfee was also the guest speaker and presented the charter to President George Daine. Other guests included Air Commodore R. C. Gordon, C.B.E., Officer Commanding the Maritime Group; the Hon. Geoffrey Stevens; and Mayor C. H. Morris of Dartmouth.

St. John's, Newfoundland, has an application for charter still pending. Application is being delayed because the Wing has expressed the wish to incorporate with the name "Newfoundland", whereas indications are that other Wings in the province may be formed shortly.

### EXECUTIVE CHANGES

Recent executive changes reported to Headquarters are as follows:

#### No. 406 (North Bay) Wing:

Past President and National Executive Council Representative:	Ralph Christie
President:	John Douglas
First Vice-President:	Allan Larden
Second Vice-President:	Ray Joy

Secretary:  
Members:

Miss Rita Kersey  
Don Rumble  
Bob Loney  
Britt Jessup  
Frank Sider

**No. 250 (Saint John) Wing:**

President:  
First Vice-President:  
Second Vice-President:  
Secretary:  
Treasurer:  
Members:

E. B. Fitzgerald  
P. E. Connell  
Miss Emma Wilson  
W. A. Gilbert  
M. S. Brooks  
Miss M. E. Estabrooks  
B. Carter  
B. B. Stead  
N. Jackson  
C. Y. Swanton  
M. S. Earle  
Maurice Green  
John A. Bardsley  
John Rolston  
Dr. A. E. Whiteside

**No. 304 (Beaver) Wing, Montreal**

President:  
First Vice-President:  
Second Vice-President:  
Secretary-Treasurer:  
Extra Members:

R. C. Westermann  
W. G. Phillips  
R. E. C. Binns  
Miss M. T. Jamieson  
Miss M. McInnes  
L. W. Elliott

Committee Chairmen:  
Entertainment:  
Publicity:  
Ways and Means:  
Membership:  
Past President:

E. G. Blatherwick  
A. Grant  
M. C. Janega  
J. Lyons  
R. J. Kearns

**No. 403 (City of Sarnia) Wing:**

President:  
First Vice-President:  
Second Vice-President:  
Secretary:  
Treasurer:  
Directors:

Arthur Thomas  
Howard Hurst  
Lloyd Hicks  
Fred Jewett  
Fred Miller  
Shelby McAllister  
D. P. Jamieson  
J. P. James  
L. C. Phippen  
David Harding  
Douglas Macklin

Honorary President:  
Past President:

**No. 702 (Lethbridge) Wing:**

President:  
First Vice-President:  
Second Vice-President:  
Secretary-Treasurer:  
Members:

F. Sutherland  
W. Duveau  
E. Moffatt  
T. Hunt  
D. Shackleford  
D. Ashley  
J. Lawrence  
A. Batty  
T. C. Segsworth

Ex-officio:

**No. 424 (Cornwall District) Wing:**

President:  
First Vice-President:  
Second Vice-President:  
Recording Secretary:  
Corresponding Secretary:  
Treasurer:  
Committee:

V. Webster  
E. T. Robertson  
G. MacMillan  
G. Hill  
H. E. Airey  
C. Donihec  
D. McAlear  
Mrs. B. Webster  
Mrs. G. Johnson

Recording Secretary:  
Executive Council:

B. T. Lod  
T. C. Anderson  
Miss E. B. Halliday  
G. T. Holland  
W. E. Kelso  
R. R. Lawrence  
J. G. Stinson  
A. Pettitt  
J. E. Swingler

**No. 501 (Lakehead) Wing, Port Arthur:**

President:  
First Vice-President:  
Second Vice-President:  
Treasurer:  
Corresponding Secretary:

J. F. Oliver  
C. J. Gough  
M. J. Rothschild  
C. H. Moss  
J. W. Friday

**No. 704 (Cypress) Wing, Medicine Hat:**

President:  
First Vice-President:  
Second Vice-President:  
Secretary:  
Members:

Alex Stewart  
Cecil W. Hannah  
Miss E. F. Taylor  
Harry Loggin  
F. T. Anderson  
J. E. Milroy



*Charter Night Banquet of No. 108 (Yarmouth) Wing. Air Vice-Marshal Morfee and President E. W. Rhuda surrounded by some of the members.*



*Charter Night at No. 253 (Moncton) Wing. President J. Lutes receives Charter from the National President.*

No. 428 (Peterborough) Wing:

President: Al. Adams  
 First Vice-President: Gordon Farquharson  
 Second Vice-President: Bob Baker  
 Secretary: D. MacTavish  
 Treasurer: Miss Esther Might  
 Board of Directors: Miss Grace Simpson  
 Frank Montgomery  
 Rod Armstrong  
 Jerry Ireland  
 Tom Casey

No. 703 (Central Alberta Wing), Red Deer:

President: W. J. Dowler  
 Secretary-Treasurer: B. E. Crane  
 Executive Members: M. Holender  
 A. Smith  
 G. Macdonald  
 L. Pollock  
 Chairman of Recruiting Panel:

No. 401 (Kirkland Lake) Wing:

President: Jack Gibson  
 Vice-President: Bill Patterson  
 Directors: Dolph McFadden  
 Frank Tripp  
 Douglas Scanlon  
 John A. T. Simpson  
 Secretary: L. Laut  
 Treasurer:

No. 416 (Kingston) Wing:

President: Jack Stansbury  
 First Vice-President: Bert Beaupré  
 Second Vice-President: King Whitney  
 Secretary: Fraser MacDonald  
 Treasurer: Bill Picton  
 Recording Secretary: Basil Keane  
 Directors: Alice McGowan  
 Bob Baines  
 Bud Dubenofsky  
 Jack Otten  
 Gordon MacDonald  
 Graham Torney  
 Vic Foley  
 Don Cain  
 Past President:

No. 422 (Leamington) Wing:

President: Arthur Cullen  
 First Vice-President: G. B. Wigle  
 Second Vice-President: M. Brown  
 Secretary: R. S. Down  
 Treasurer: R. Ross  
 Directors: Jack Greswell  
 Roy Armes  
 L. Waern  
 G. Dobbins  
 David E. Law  
 Past President:

No. 419 (Oakville and District) Wing:

President: LeRoy Morden  
 Vice-President: Harold Kelly  
 Recording Secretary: Ken Chambers  
 Corresponding Secretary: Lois J. Davis  
 Additional Members: Russell Green  
 Warren Hitchcox  
 Alex Mutch

No. 101 (Atlantic Wing, Halifax)

President: H. B. Jewett  
 First Vice-President: A. Edgar  
 Second Vice-President: W. Wiswell  
 Secretary: A. A. Tyler  
 Treasurer: D. Naugler  
 Members: W. Garnett  
 F. Sturmy  
 W. Phillips



No. 304 (Beaver) Wing, Montreal. Front row (l. to r.): Miss M. McInnes, R. C. Westermann, Miss M. T. Jamieson. Back row (l. to r.): R. J. Kearns, L. W. Elliott, W. G. Phillips, M. C. Jarnega, A. Grant, J. Lyons. Absent: R. E. C. Binns, E. G. Blatherwick.

No. 251 (Madawaska) Wing, Edmundston:

President: J. Z. Clavette  
 First Vice-President: J. P. Oates  
 Second Vice-President: J. A. R. Castonguay  
 Treasurer: J. W. A. Paradis  
 Secretary: Miss R. W. Richards  
 Members: J. M. Loudon  
 W. K. Scott  
 J. H. Cyr  
 E. K. Morin  
 D. E. Levesque  
 J. H. Bourgoin

No. 425 (Huron) Wing, Goderich:

President: F. M. Wood  
 Vice-President: H. Bosnell  
 Treasurer: L. B. Graham  
 Secretary: W. G. Farndale

No. 419 Wing. L. to r.: R. Green, W. Hitchcox, A. Mutch, Miss Lois Davis, L. Morden, W. Tyre, H. Kelly. (K. Chambers absent).



# The ROYAL CANADIAN AIR CADETS



By Arthur Macdonald, Air Cadet League of Canada

## THE ELEVENTH YEAR BEGINS

**T**HIS MONTH MARKS the opening of the eleventh training year in Air Cadet history. It will be an important year — a year of new squadrons and greatly increased cadet enrolments in all parts of the country. The 50% expansion campaign launched last year made good progress. The job at hand is to ensure that the target figure of 22,500 cadets is reached early in 1952.

To assist squadrons with the fall enrolment campaign, Air Cadet League Headquarters has supplied quantities of posters, pamphlets and other printed materials. Although these will add a touch of colour to the recruiting drives, it must be remembered that the finest possible stimulus to enrolment is a well turned-out Air Cadet and an efficiently operated squadron.

An excellent foundation for the recruiting drive has been provided by the 1951 summer programme, which is in full swing at the time of preparing this report. Complete details cannot be given at the present time, but here are a few highlights of the League's summer schedule to date.

## THE 1951 SUMMER PROGRAMME

### Flying Training

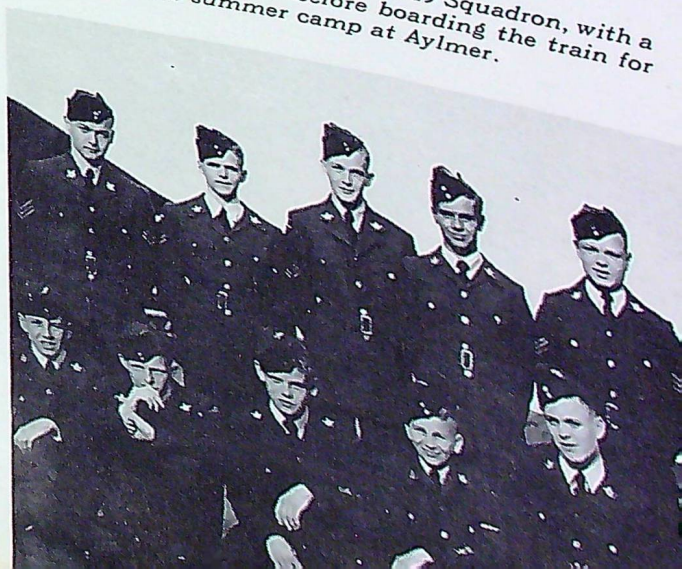
Due to the accelerated Air Cadet training programme and numerical expansion of most units, special authority was granted this year by the R.C.A.F. to increase the maximum number of flying scholarships from 225 to 250.

As a result of the qualifying written examinations held in March, 301 cadets were declared eligible and authorized to take flying medicals. The medical assessments were completed in June, and 237 cadets subsequently reported to the Flying Clubs for training. Although final figures are not available, it is understood that the majority have already qualified for private pilots' licences.

### Summer Camps

Over 4,000 cadets attended the three summer camps held at Greenwood, Aylmer and Abbotsford. The unanimous opinion of squadron officers and senior cadets is that, from the standpoints of

*Ft. Lt. W. G. Wreford, C.O. of No. 19 Squadron, with a group of his cadets just before boarding the train for the summer camp at Aylmer.*



organization and training, the 1951 summer camps were the best yet.

## Exchange Visits

As we write (early in August), 51 Canadian Air Cadets are making external tours under the International Air Cadet "get acquainted" programme. The U.S. group has spent three days in Washington and is heading south for eleven days of sightseeing and entertainment in Texas. They'll spend a further three days in New York City before returning to Canada on August 16.

The overseas party, meanwhile, is taking in the sights of England, Scotland and Wales. The high point of this visit will be reached on August 19th, when the Canadian cadets are received by the King and Queen at Balmoral Castle in Scotland. Later the lads will participate in a monster Commonwealth Air Cadet Rally at White Waltham, during which they will put on a ten-minute display of precision drill before top-

ranking members of the Royal Air Force and Air Ministry.

In a special class is W.O. 1 Roy Swanson of Port Arthur who was selected to tour Sweden as an exchange guest of the Royal Swedish Air Force. His holiday in Sweden will include a day in Stockholm, a boat-trip round the archipelago, a visit to a summer course at Gothenburg, and visits to Alleberg, Gotland, Visby, Sundsvall, Upsala and Nörrköping.

While the Canadian cadets are off to see the world, no less than 54 lads from other countries will be flown to Canada. In addition to 25 U.S. cadets and a like number of British A.T.C. cadets, the League and the R.C.A.F. are entertaining four special guests representing the air-minded youth of Norway, Sweden, Holland and Denmark. These young men will travel with the British party and be given an opportunity of studying Canada's Air Cadet movement in action for the information of air authorities in their own countries.

*Graduation luncheon at the Lethbridge Flying Club, after ten cadets had received their Private Pilot's Licences. Four of the boys are from No. 225 (Taber) Squadron, and six from No. 11 (Lethbridge) Squadron. Seated at top table are (l. to r.): Sqn. Ldr. E. G. Smith, D.F.C., representing the A.O.C. N.W.A.C.; Bill English, Vice-Pres. of T.C.A.; Mrs. Vera Watts; Ernie McFarland, Pres. Lethbridge Flying Club; Mrs. Marion Eastwood, of London, Eng.; John Fisher, guest speaker; R. E. Watts, Instructor Mgr. of Lethbridge Flying Club; and Inspector Macdonell of the R.C.M.P.*





President H. L. Garner receives scroll making an honorary life-member of the U.S. Civil Air Patrol. The scroll was presented by General Carl Spaatz at the Annual Meeting of the C.A.P. at Colorado Springs. President C. Douglas Taylor received a similar scroll.

under the direction of Flt. Lt. E. D. Herbertson, R.C.A.F. The U.S. team, hailing from the State of New York, won the U.S. national championships after a series of zone and regional competitions.

Large numbers of Air Cadets in uniform (who will be admitted to the grounds and grandstand free) are expected to witness the show.

\* \* \*

In the next issue of "The Roundel", we will publish a series of pictures covering 1951 summer activities.

### SQUADRON REPORT

From time to time we shall be publishing in this department brief background stories covering the year-round activities of specific squadrons. This month the spotlight is on:—

#### No. 19 (Stratford) Squadron

No. 19 Squadron, of Stratford, Ont. is another of those units which has overcome accommodation problems and other difficulties through hard work and enthusiasm on the part of officers, sponsors and cadets alike. With funds raised through tag days, lucky draws and other activities, the Squadron was able to transform the basement of the Army, Navy and Air Force Veterans' Building into a first-class training headquarters.

The new training centre was officially opened during Air Cadet Week by Mayor A. David Simpson in the presence of some 300 guests. Before cutting the ribbon and declaring the new quarters officially open, the Mayor spoke proudly of the outstanding achievements of this squadron over the past ten years.

The Air Cadets were organized in Stratford in September, 1941. Albert Manktelow was the first C.O., Edward Matz, Adjutant, and Dr. David Gemmell, Medical Officer. The Squadron was later reorganized, with John Crawford as C.O., and the bugle band under the leadership of Sgt. A. Murray was formed and is still a credit to the Squadron.

The Canadian programme will be centred this year in Ontario and Quebec, with R.C.A.F. Station, Aylmer, as home base. Both cadet groups will visit Niagara Falls, and spend a few days camping in Algonquin Park. They'll also sit around the conference table at R.C.A.F. Station, Aylmer, for a two-day Air Cadet Training Forum. Later will come brief visits to Ottawa and a few days in Montreal, from which point they will depart for their home countries.

### International Drill Competition

Scheduled for August 28 at the Canadian National Exhibition, the International Drill Competition will be the most colourful single event of the Air Cadet year. In the presence of an anticipated audience of 20,000, precision drill teams of Royal Canadian Air Cadets and U.S. Civil Air Patrol cadets will renew their four-year-old rivalry for the General Beau Trophy. Additional competition will be provided this year by an A.T.C. drill team from Scotland. Toggled out in kilts, the combined Scottish drill team and pipe band is expected to be the hit of the show.

The R.C.A.F. Central Band and the famous band of the U.S. Air Force will also participate in the ceremonies.

The 40-man Canadian team, selected from squadrons in the four Atlantic provinces, has undergone special training at Greenwood, N.S.,

During the war, 50 members of the Squadron joined the active forces and two of them gave up their lives. In 1947, Flt. Sgt. Jack Prout brought honour to the Squadron with Air Cadet exchange. Later in the year, No. 19 Squadron came under the sponsorship of Unit 261 of the Army, Navy and Air Force Veterans.

Another cadet of whom the Squadron is proud is former W.O.2 Robert Greenfield, who is presently attending the University of Western Ontario. He is a member of the Reserve University Flight and has been selected to attend summer training at R.M.C. in Kingston this year.

Squadron officers are extremely grateful for the part played by Dr. Gemmell in the long history of the Squadron. He has been of considerable assistance to the cadets in their practical training and has also generously loaned his own private plane for flying instruction and demonstrations.

No. 19 Squadron approaches its eleventh training year with new quarters, good sponsorship and enthusiastic officers. There can be little doubt that it will be right up with the leaders in 1952.

## Letters to the Editor



### SLEMON LAKE

Dear Sir:

I just came across a copy of the February 1949 issue of your magazine and was very interested in the various articles, for I was once an R.C.A.F. navigator employed on photographic work. We flew about in old Vickers Vikings, open cockpit and all.

In an article called "Northern Sky Trails," however, you erred in the statement that Air Vice-Marshal C. R. Slemon established a gasoline cache on Slemon Lake in 1927. It couldn't have been that year, for it was then that I was attached to the photographic flight that went from Cormorant Lake to Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabaska. From there we flew on photo operations over the southern part of Wood Buffalo Park. In September we returned to Ladder Lake, near Big River. Leo Charron was in command of the flight, and Roy, my pilot, was second in command. Roy had to leave us at Big River to return to university at Winnipeg.

We returned to the field the following summer, with Roy Slemon in charge of the flight. This time we photographed the northeast corner of Alberta. Therefore I can't see how the year could have been 1928, either.

If you look at a map of the Northwest Territories, you'll see that a Russell Lake adjoins Slemon Lake. It was named after me, a kind gift from my old chief, G. H. Blanchet. I discovered it in 1923.

John Russell,  
Parrsboro, Nova Scotia.

*(We regret to confess that we were guilty of carelessness. Air Vice-Marshal Slemon, at the time "Northern Skytrails" was published, merely mentioned that it was "somewhere around 1927." Since both he and the Air Historian are at present away, we are unable to check the matter further now.—EDITOR.)*

### TRADE DESIGNATIONS

Dear Sir:

I read your items with interest in each issue of "The Roundel." However, I wish to point out a small error in your June issue of this year.

Under "Key to Trade Designations," on page 46, the trade of "M.A. Tech." is shown as "Master Armament Technician." This abbreviation also covers "Master Aircraft Technician," unless it is to be assumed that these are now classed as "Aircraft Maintenance Superintendents" as per C.A.P. 471. In this case the personnel as shown in "The Roundel" covering the above mentioned trades should read "A.M.S." instead of "M.A.T."

W.O.2 N. E. Harvey.

*("The Roundel" thanks Warrant Officer Harvey for pointing out the above error. The official designation for "Master Armament Technician" is now "M. Armt. Tech.," not "M.A. Tech." Also, the latter abbreviation will continue to be applied to "Master Aircraft Technician" until Oct. 1st, 1951, at which time the trade name will be dropped in favour of "Aircraft Maintenance Superintendent" to be abbreviated as "A.M.S."—EDITOR)*

### Answers to What's the Score?

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

# The Lesson of the Crate

(These verses are reprinted from "The 11 Supply Depot Round-Up." The Editor of the "Round-Up" has informed us that they were composed by an instructor on the course in "Preservation and Packaging of Equipment," held at Rossford Ordnance Depot, Toledo, Ohio.—EDITOR)

*It seemed an unimportant task, too trifling for a chief to ask,  
A little thing, nor could he see the need to do it thoroughly.  
He fancied none could ever tell whether he did it very well  
Or slighted it; yet, truth to say, on him depended much that day.*

*He was to nail a wooden crate. No chance in that for glory great,  
No chance to prove his gifts or skill: a thankless post was his to fill.  
Well nailed or not, t'would be the same; the world would never know his name.  
And yet that wooden crate was filled with what had taken months to build.*

*He did not see or understand just what was passing 'neath his hand —  
That, as the wooden crate was nailed, a plan succeeded or it failed;  
That miles away men stood in wait, depending on that simple crate,  
For not a wheel could turn or drive until its cargo should arrive.*

*He drove his nails, and let it go, thinking that none would ever know  
Whose hand had held the hammer there, or, knowing it, would ever care.  
Yet in a few brief days there came the news that burned his cheeks with shame —  
"Broken in transit." There it lay, facing another month's delay.*

*Vain is the skill of workmen great. Unless the boy who makes the crate  
Shall give his best to driving nails, the work of all the others fails.  
There is no unimportant task. Whatever duty life may ask,  
On it depends the greater plan.— There is no unimportant man!*

