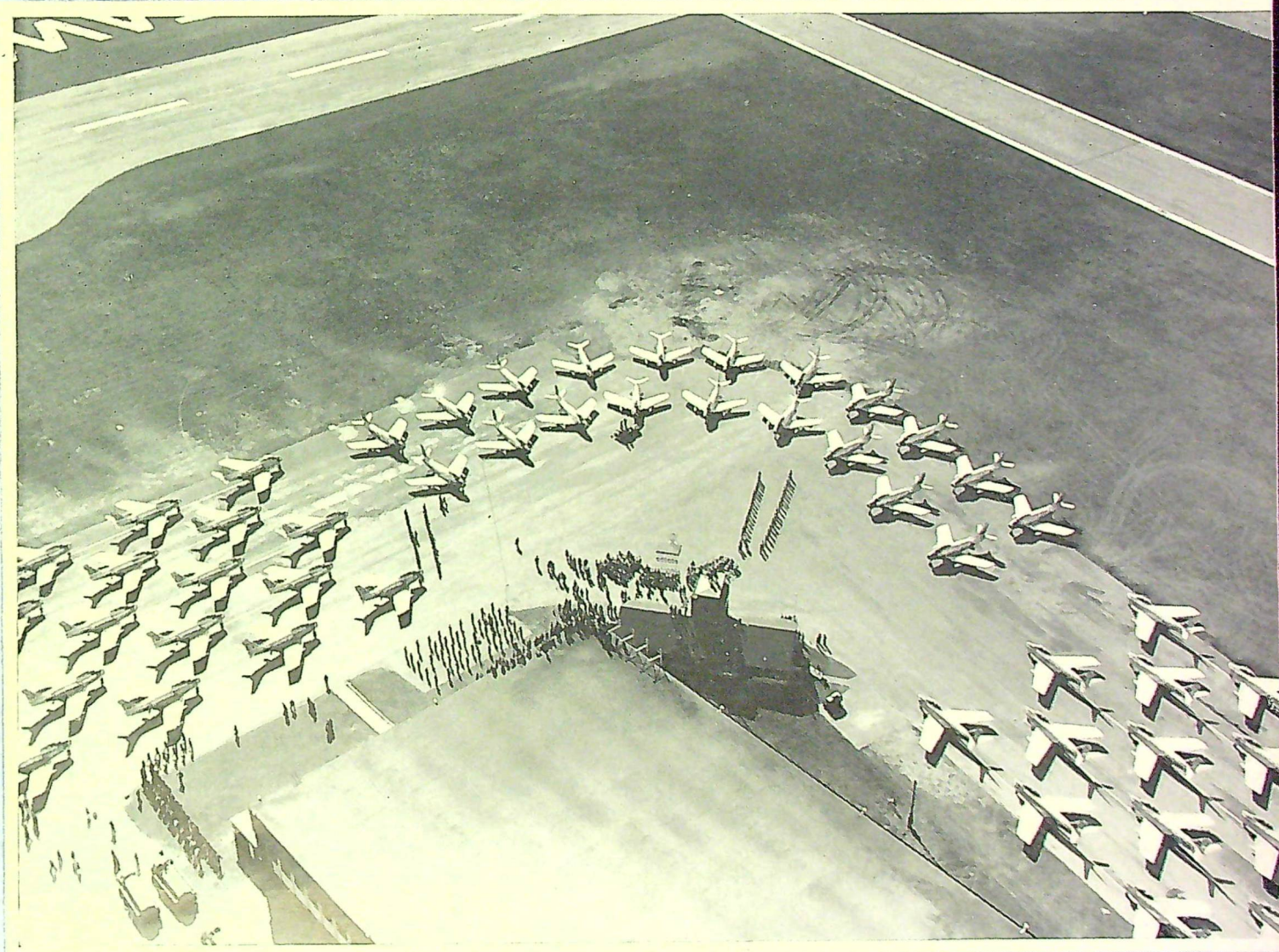


The **CROWNDDEL**

Vol. 4, No. 10
NOVEMBER 1952



ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE



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

VOL. 4, No. 10

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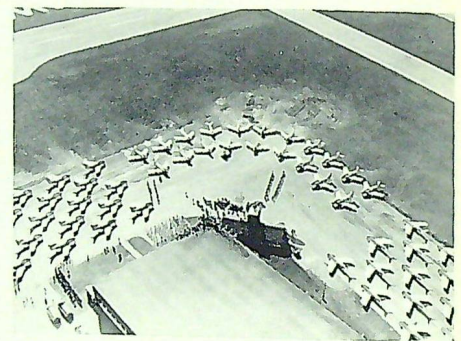
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This Month's Cover



No. 2 Fighter Wing's Sabres drawn up at R.C.A.F. Station Uplands for the ceremonies attendant on their departure overseas, September 23rd. (Photograph taken by W.O.2 D. E. E. Sankey, B.E.M.)

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

SGT. SHATTERPROOF VENTURES FORTH

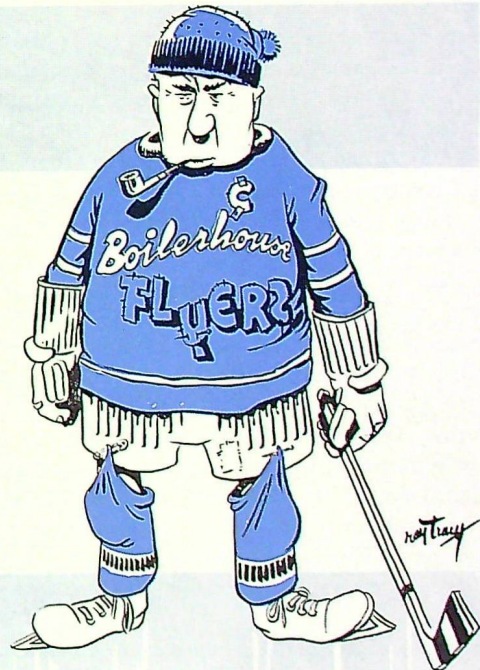
Sir:

It is Sunday afternoon. Through my window I can see a premature snow-flurry scurrying along the road outside. Presently I shall repair to the Mess for the pre-prandial pint, and then, fortified against the elements, I shall venture forth to dine with my old friend Farmer Fetlock. It will be the first time I have paid him a visit for more than a month; but, unless my calculations err, it was during this past week that Bertram, the Black Berkshire, was to take the first irrevocable step towards the Fetlock table.

This, Sir, is not a season for gaiety. No more can the ladies of the Station vie for the connoisseur's attention around the swimming-pool; no more can W.O.1 Gallstone work off his spleen on a golf-ball. The boats are long since stored away in the Station boat-house, and the hunting-horn of Flight Lieutenant Oglebody's convertible is no longer heard outside the nursing-sisters' quarters. In a word, it is the season most dreaded by the boys in the field — the season when the Brass has even more leisure than usual in which to interfere with the operation of the Service. Our only hope lies in the fact that Christmas will bring its distractions before the Air Force has once and for all been nudged into the abyss.

Amid the prevailing gloom, I alone rejoice. That, of course, may not surprise you. Perhaps you will smile to yourself, knowingly. "Ah," you will say, "the old eagle is yearning for the snowy slopes and the invitation of the ice. Already he is refurbishing his skis. Even now he grinds his skates to a razor edge. He means to set new records for our Service athletes to aim at." But, Sir, you are not entirely right. True, I have not forgotten the days when, at the age of fourteen, "Downhill" Shatterproof led his team to victory over the

slalom course behind the vinegar-works; and as for hockey — well, I need only point to the colours of the tie I wear when attending the Stanley Cup Finals, the puce and heliotrope of the Boilerhouse Flyers. Nevertheless, my welcome to the winter stems less from my athletic enthusiasm than from my resurrected ambitions in the field of gastronomy. For, as the last leaves disappear from the trees, so vanishes the barrier that for nearly five weeks has intervened between myself and the Fetlock board — the autumnal crooning of Miss Clasper.



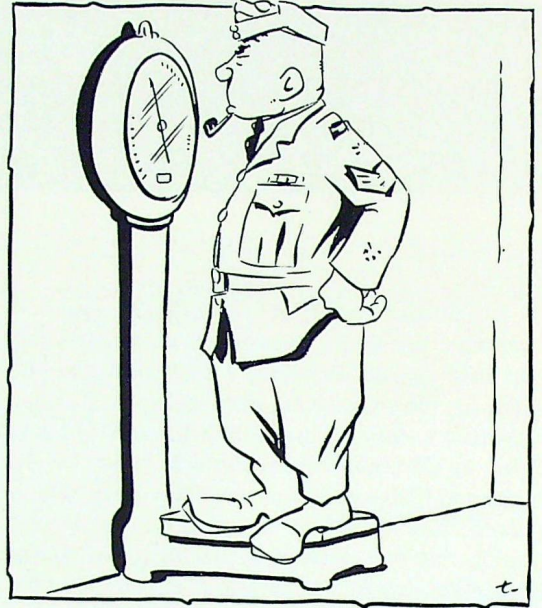
As you know, Sir, Miss Clasper is Farmer Fetlock's maiden sister-in-law. She is also one of those privileged mortals whose duty it is, I feel, to feed the human species rather than to perpetuate it. In the kitchen she is an angel — but the imagination boggles at the thought of what she might be elsewhere. In the ordinary course of events our relationship is one of the profoundest mutual respect. Miss Clasper admires my intellect, I revere her cooking — which, I might add, I succeed in maintaining at a uniformly high level by administering an occasional appreciative tweak to the cook's person. Only one factor ever tends to upset the *status quo*, and that is the arrival of the autumn. Miss Clasper has, I regret to say, reached that stage of life at which a lady begins to detect an analogy between her own maturity and the last roses of summer.

Hitherto, Miss Clasper's annual psychosis has manifested itself in ways that any man of the world can handle without much difficulty — in sighs, in simpers, in ardent glances. This September, however, she burst into song.

We Shatterproofs have ever been well represented in the arts. Not for nothing was my uncle Squeezebox Shatterproof known to his contemporaries in the musical world as "The Mendelssohn of Moose Wallow." But, Sir, there is a time and a place for everything. I submit to you that Tchaikowsky's "Autumn Leaves," urgently crooned by Miss Clasper as she leans over to pass the corned beef, would arouse little but dyspepsia even in the most generous of critics.

A man of coarser fibre might possibly have ignored such a situation. Dead to all but the cravings of the body, he might have continued to sink his mandibles in the provender before him and to gluttonize doggedly on through whole oratorios. But not a Shatterproof. One evening late in September, as I was leaving to return to the Station, I drew Farmer Fetlock aside and explained that I was about to proceed on T.D. to inspect our squadrons in Europe. Therefore, I added, I would be unable to enjoy his hospitality for the next few Sundays . . .

The price of my artistic integrity has been high. After such prolonged exposure to the Mess diet,



I am a mere 230-pound shadow of my former self. However, with the co-operation of Bertram, the Black Berkshire, I hope to restore some of that lost tissue within the next few hours. The wind has wrenched the last leaf from the tree across the road, and the snow is swirling more wildly than ever. The hour has come for my return from Europe.

Shatterproof

P.S. — LAC Bladder has drawn my attention to the words "*inter alia*" on page 11 of the September issue. No Latin dictionary, he advises me, affords any clue as to its meaning, and he suspects that this is an attempt to corrupt the boys in the field by the introduction of communist slogans into "The Roundel." Personally, I suspect pornography. But, Sir, whichever it may be,* let the Brass have a care! Though enfeebled by privation, Shatterproof still stands on guard.

*Gastronomer Shatterproof can restore his tissues with an easy mind. It is neither. It is a misprint for "*inter alia*."

R.C.A.F. Sport Panorama

Wrestling

By Flt. Lt. A. P. Heathcote

ONE OF THE most primitive yet universal of all sports is wrestling. Hundreds of scenes from wrestling matches, depicting various holds of the present day, may be seen sculptured on the walls of Egyptian tombs nearly 5,000 years old. The earliest bout recorded for posterity was that between Odysseus and Ajax, two classic Greek wrestlers who tried on each other's head-locks for size some 3,000 years ago. At that time upright wrestling was the style most widely used, and three falls out of five decided a contest.

We are particularly intrigued with a new wrestling wrinkle which was added at the eighteenth Olympiad in 704 B.C. History has it that, presumably for the sake of elusiveness, wrestlers on that occasion were liberally doused with oil; but then, says the record, to afford a better grip they were rubbed with fine sand. Why the Greeks didn't go along with the shortcut method of using neither oil nor sand is one of those ancient enigmas that will probably never be answered.

Present-day wrestling, as practised in Canada, the United States, Great Britain, Australia, and Switzerland, is a descendant of the ancient Grecian version. The modern sport, has, however, added ground struggling and other innovations, and bouts are decided on the basis of two out of three falls. But unlike the good old days of Ajax, crudities like strangling, biting, butting, and gouging, are, officially (or when the referee is looking), taboo.

Amateurs

The original exponent of wrestling in the R.C.A.F. was undoubtedly Group Capt. Stanley Greene¹, M.B.E. Although never heavier than 155 lbs. when he was in his prime, his speed, courage, and scientific approach made him more than a match for many a bigger man. So enthusiastic was he about wrestling that he was known on the slightest pretext to issue a friendly challenge, regardless of occasion or venue. In point of fact, that is precisely how he took up wrestling in the first place. Seated as a spectator in Ottawa's auditorium one wrestling evening in 1932, Flt. Sgt. Greene suddenly arose and offered to take on any wrestler in the arena. Presently at grips with some of the leading light-weight talent in the area, he won three successive bouts the same evening and was declared light-weight champion of Ottawa and district. He eventually became one of the best in Canada, amateur or professional.

Ever willing to impart wrestling knowledge to anyone interested (his repertoire of holds and counter-holds numbered over a hundred), he was equally as keen on instructing and coaching. Furthermore, he preferred to give practical demonstrations rather than mere verbal explanations. Much of his wrestling and instructing activity took place in the main hangar of Station Rockcliffe during 1932 and 1933. Equipment in

¹Footnotes appear at end of article.

those difficult days was naturally at a premium, but despite this handicap Flt. Sgt. Greene managed to instil into his pupils some of his own great enthusiasm. One rather unusual but useful wrestling prop at his disposal, however, was an overhead crane from which was suspended a 190-lb. parachute dummy.

During those peak depression years, Rockcliffe served both as an Air Force Station and a relief camp for hundreds of unemployed civilians. For these men, who could ill afford any form of entertainment on their pay of 20 cents a day, Flt. Sgt. Greene's weekly wrestling matches were a welcome break in an otherwise grim existence. Sparked by Stan's great energy and vibrant personality, they were perfect entertainment for people who were badly in need of a little cheer; and they served a more practical purpose by raising funds to provide those same people with a few of life's comforts. This fostering of good will between airmen and

Group Captain Stan Greene.



civilians had favourable repercussions a few years later, when a goodly number of the latter enlisted in the R.C.A.F.

Among the grapplers who appeared in those weekly affairs were Flt. Sgt. Freddie Ewart², Sgt. Harry Bryant³, LAC's Bobby Goss⁴ and Bill Lord⁵, and A.C.1 Harry Anderson⁶, most of whom are still active in the R.C.A.F. All were rough customers in the ring, and scarcely one of them knew his own strength, Bryant in particular. He had previously gained broad biceps and experience through wrestling in the Winnipeg area. Flt. Sgt. Greene's opponent on about half-a-dozen occasions was Goss, who was the heavier of the two by some 30 lbs.; but Bob admits to having been beaten "about six times."

Occasionally Stan would venture from the Station precincts to take part in the odd amateur bout at the scene of his first triumph. As usual, he was generally outweighed by anywhere from 30 to 40 lbs., but that was the way he liked it. His last bout was in 1936, but he nevertheless continued to be one of the R.C.A.F.'s most enthusiastic supporters of sport in any form until his untimely death last summer.

In the mid-thirties there appeared on the Canadian sports scene an athlete who seemed automatically to excel in every sport he pursued — Terry Evans⁷. Although wrestling held a special appeal for him, he became highly proficient as a paddler, sculler, sailor, swimmer, diver, table-tennis player, and, more recently, skier. It was in 1935 that the young matman began to attract attention by winning the Canadian middleweight (175 lbs.) championship, a title which he was to hold for the next five years. Still a middle-weight, he went on to take the light-heavyweight and heavy-weight crowns, often wrestling men as heavy as 240 lbs. He was all science, acrobatics, and speed, and there were few who could touch him in any weight bracket.

Possessing all the necessary mat qualities and "intangibles" that go to make champions, Evans was a natural for the Olympics. Sweeping through the Olympic trials in 1936, he earned himself a trip to Berlin. Unfortunately, an accident just before the Games partially paralysed his left arm,



Versatile Terry Evans.

and he was beaten by Poliv, of France, who eventually won the world's middle-weight championship.

Undaunted, he took to paddling in order to strengthen the injured member, then began to train as never before for the trials of the 1938 British Empire Games. Again successful in the 175-lb. trials, he took the long trip to Australia. To keep that left arm strong, he worked out regularly on board ship with Dick Raines, a 250-lb. American professional. His hard training paid him the dividend of the British Empire title.

In 1939 he again breezed through the Olympic trials. By way of interest it should be noted that he had also won all-Canadian paddling honours in 1938, thereby having qualified automatically in that sport for the scheduled Olympic Games of 1940. Those games were, of course, never played, but had they been run off he would have had to choose between paddling and wrestling, as Olympic rules forbade an individual's participation in more than one sport.

One of Terry's biggest problems throughout his wrestling career was his weight. For instance, when training for the 1936 Olympics, he had to run 7 or 8 miles before breakfast to keep extra ounces from accumulating. Then, of course, the breakfast which followed would hardly do credit

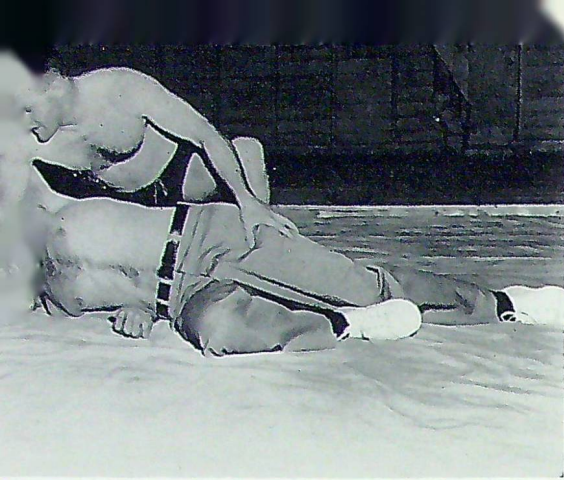
to a canary. But strict adherence to training rules was the only way to prevent his ballooning out of his division and being disqualified. On one occasion Terry saved himself from such a fate by removing an offending signet ring which had put him a dram or two over the limit. Had that failed, his very last resort would have been a shave and a haircut.

Soon after joining the R.C.A.F. in 1940, A.C.2 Evans was posted for pilot training to Station Trenton, where he was conspicuously active in aquatic sports. But to our knowledge he never wrestled seriously again.

Just as a good boxer must sharpen up his speed and reflexes by sparring occasionally with a lighter, faster man, so must a champion wrestler keep in shape by practising with a speedy, tricky light-weight grappler. Evans used this system, but he went a step further by tangling with not just one light-weight, but three or four at once. Oft-times one of the little fellows who attacked him in waves was Morgan Plumb⁸, a Toronto Y.M.C.A. club-mate of his. The Ontario light-weight title-holder in 1936, Plumb qualified for the 1938 B.E. Games, but lack of funds prevented his going to Sydney, Australia, to compete. In 1940, as LAC Plumb, R.C.A.F., he won his second Ontario title,

*Victor and vanquished at the 1950 B.E. Games.
(L. to r.) Sgt. Plumb and Dick Garrard.*





Plumb demonstrates the half-nelson on a recruit.

and the following year his third. Later wartime exhibition bouts included several on the East Coast and throughout 6 Group overseas.

Came a long lay-off after the war, during which Plumb had no really competitive matches. He kept sufficiently well in touch to win his Canadian light-weight title in 1947. His victim in the semi-final round was Cpl. "Nick" Nicholas⁹. He did qualify for the 1948 Olympics held in London, England. He won his first match there against England's representative, but lost succeeding to Swiss and Finnish wrestlers, and was eliminated.

In international games, language problems inevitably arise. Take, for example, Sgt. Plumb's experience with the man from Switzerland. In that one instance a sergeant applied a figure-four grapevine to his opponent, a hold which, depending on the geographical location, was sometimes permissible and sometimes not. It happened in this case to be illegal. Since the referee was a Filipino who could understand not a word of English, it required numerous explanations, headwags and wild gesticulations to convince the sergeant of the hold's illegality. Nevertheless, language differences did not prevent the sergeant from associating on the friendliest terms with wrestlers from many nations. He particularly admired the Turkish wrestlers for their skill and sportsmanship.

Plumb added another championship belt to his collection by winning the City of Montreal Championship in 1949. Shortly after, he qualified for the 1950 B.E. Games, and this time he did make the trip to Auckland, N.Z. There he defeated

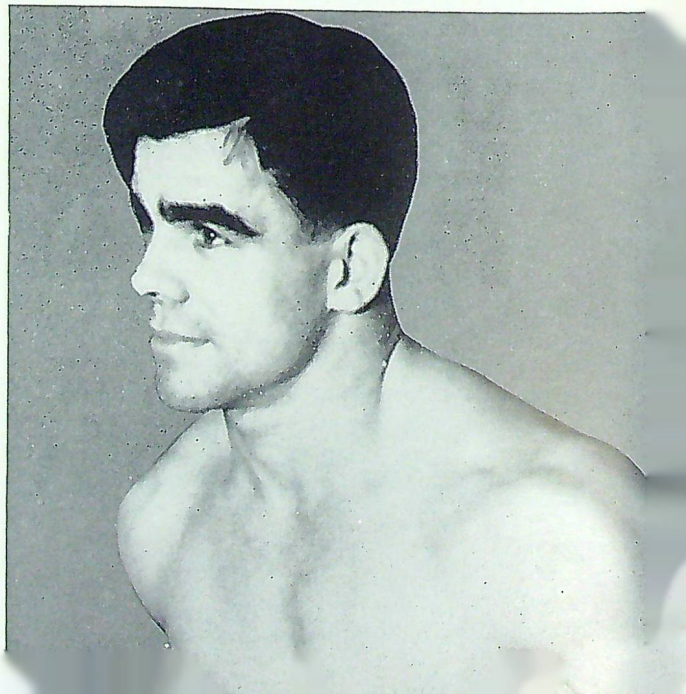
wrestlers from England and New Zealand, but lost out in the Empire final to Dick Garrard, Australian champion for 20 years.

Sgt. Plumb has wrestled but little since then, but has given considerably of his spare time to instructing in wrestling, tumbling, and gymnastics at Station St. Johns and latterly at Station Trenton.

Another of Evans' "rasslin" playmates in those Y.M.C.A. horse-play sessions was Bert Houle¹⁰. He had first been a boxer, and had won an inter-faculty championship at the University of Toronto in 1933. However, not caring to absorb any further punishment with his face, he turned to the mat game. By 1936 he was Canadian Intercollegiate welter-weight champion. Then, in 1937, he represented Toronto Central "Y" in an international tournament at Detroit.

Three times Bert went through to the Ontario finals, and three times it was Plumb who edged him out. The wing commander doesn't mind admitting that ten of the most uncomfortable minutes of his life were spent trying to break a "splits" hold being administered by nemesis Plumb. The latter, incidentally, rates Wing Cdr. Houle on a par with Garrard as the strongest man he ever wrestled.

Bert Houle.



In 1942, Service wrestling in the Halifax area was given a boost by Flt. Lt. Reg Axcell¹¹, who organized weekly bouts at the "Y" Depot. A veteran heavyweight since 1928, Reg in previous years had often practise-wrestled with Stan Greene, and therefore knew all the tricks of the trade. With a constant flow of transient personnel to draw from, he managed to line up some first-class wrestlers for his shows.

Interesting matches were run off, which sometimes turned loose two muscle-bound members of the R.C.A.F. and occasionally pitted an airman against a bruising vigilante of the Halifax Navy Shore Patrol. In the latter case usually one or the other was hung up on the rafters. These affairs were always well received, and the Depot drill hall never failed to be crowded on wrestling night. From time to time Reg matched himself in a bout, but only after ensuring that his opponent was either an ex-pro or an old-time amateur. (Such men believe neither in taking nor inflicting more punishment than is necessary to appease the paying customers.) He confesses that his drawing power lay only in the fact that the spectators, mostly airmen, would have gladly given their eye teeth to see an officer taken apart.

Among the other Simon Pure mat performers of the R.C.A.F., past and present, are: W.O.2 Harry Vernon¹², light-weight champion of the City of Winnipeg and the province of Manitoba in 1925; Flt. Lt. Alex Stark¹³, a scrappy Ontario amateur before the Second World War; and L.A.C. "Art" Arthurs¹⁴, welter-weight (160-lb.) champion of the City of Montreal and the province of Quebec.

Professionals

Anyone with biceps and a flare for dramatics should take up wrestling for a living. It is one of the few mediums in which such seemingly incompatible attributes can be effectively combined to bring in coffee and cakes. And if one can acquire the knack of emoting properly with somebody else's foot in his mouth, then so much the better. This art can be mastered either by enrolling in a recommended school of wrestling or by becoming apprenticed to a proven professional.

A few wrestlers with professional experience in the game of grunt-and-groan were wartime members of the R.C.A.F. George Richards¹⁵ invaded the heavy-weight ranks in the early 30's. In 1935, '36, and '37 he appeared in almost every ring in New York City and the State of New York. He then toured Missouri, Kansas, Michigan, Illinois, and California, opposing "name" wrestlers as often as four and five times a week. After covering the Pacific North-West, he returned home to join the R.C.A.F. shortly after the outbreak of war.

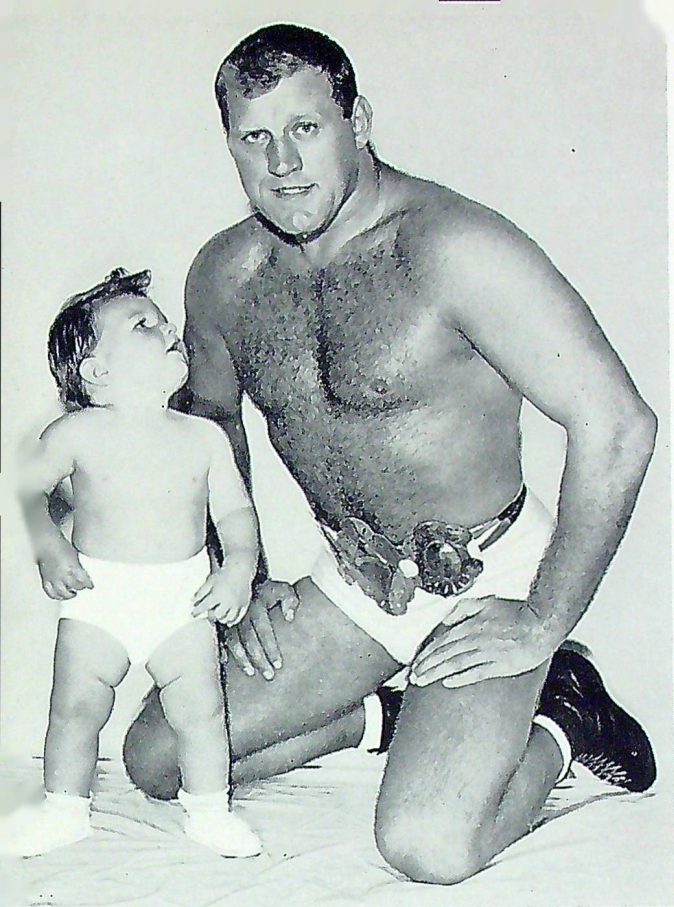
While stationed at No. 1 Manning Depot as a P.T. & D.I. in 1941 and 1942, Sgt. Richards wrestled in numerous exhibition bouts in surrounding R.C.A.F. and Army camps. Two of his better-known Canadian opponents were Earl McCready and "Whipper" Watson, 1942 and 1952 British Empire heavy-weight champions, respectively. But his most interesting match from a spectator's viewpoint was that with a former French submarine officer, Maurice Tillet, alias "The Angel." For thirty minutes the pair put on a pleasing demonstration of how to make and break holds, while several thousand embryo airmen roared their delight and forgot their homesickness. The Angel, whose prehistoric mien and obviously prodigious strength must alone discourage the staunchest of opponents, finally bear-hugged George into submission. Nevertheless the sergeant got in a few good licks with his favourite hold, the body-scissors. Incidentally, he found Monsieur Tillet to be a real sportsman when in action and a thorough gentleman out of the ring.

Late in 1942 Flt. Sgt. Richards was transferred to duty with the overseas conducting staff, whereupon he began a dizzy whirl of Atlantic crossings numbering forty-eight in all. A civilian again in 1945, he made a brief reappearance in the ring before retiring.

If you can picture a man 6 feet 7 inches tall, weighing 265 lbs., with a size 21½ neck, and with nary an ounce of superfluous flesh, then you will have conjured up a fair image of "Mike" Sharpe¹⁶. Imagine a man one inch shorter, 10 lbs. lighter, and equally well-proportioned, and you have Mike's brother, Ben¹⁷. Or, give your imagination a rest and just look at the pictures.



George Richards and Monsieur Tillet.



Mike Sharpe and Mike, Jr.

Little Ben was first introduced to wrestling through the medium of the "Y" Depot wrestling shows of 1943. Mike, however, chose to break in with a story-book flourish. In post-war Hamilton, during a visit with his brother to the dressing room of Primo Carnera, former world heavy-weight boxing champion who had now turned wrestler, he was the object of a playful half-punch-half-shove by the over-demonstrative Italian giant. Mike playfully cuffed back and all but rendered Carnera hors de combat for the evening. A local promoter was impressed, and Mike was in the wrestling business.

For the next six years the Sharpes were conspicuous, both individually and as a team, in the more important wrestling centres of Eastern Canada. Then greener fields beckoned from below the border, and they emigrated to San Francisco. Since then each of them has been headlining wrestling cards throughout the south-western United States, defeating some of the world's best

available mat talent. With their recent winning of the world's tag team wrestling championship, they are now doubtless at their peak.

Not long after arriving in California, Ben had a brief fling at Hollywood. After extensive screen tests he was seriously considered for the part of the giant slave in the movie, "Quo Vadis," only to be turned down at the last minute for fear his charms might overshadow those of leading man Robert Taylor. It was the closest Ben ever came to wrestling a bull.

Ben Sharpe.



When Terry Evans wrestled in the Olympic trials of 1936, he met and defeated a seventeen-year-old named Winnett Watson¹⁸ (not to be confused with “Whipper” Watson, who, as “Billy Potts,” was also defeated by Evans). Winnett, who started to wrestle at the age of fourteen, met Terry several times, but the best he could do against that terror of the mat was to force him into overtime in one provincial final.

Most of Watson’s wrestling has taken place since the Second World War. A wireless air gunner when released from the R.C.A.F. in 1945, he headed back to England on a pro wrestling tour. His travelling-companion was “Whipper” Billy Watson, who had dropped the “Potts” for professional reasons. A clash of names inevitably resulted, and to avoid confusion Winnett thence forward used the professional name of Pat Flanagan, which was very considerate of him, as it will make the rest of this thing a little less puzzling.

During his tour of Britain, Pat and his 220-odd pounds were matched by some sadistically-minded promoter with a human pachyderm weighing 24 stone. (I make that 336 pounds.) The fat man scored the perfect wrestling fall by body-slammng Pat and almost instantaneously landing full weight on his stomach. Pat filed an immediate protest which read “OOF!”, then quietly blacked out.

Years later, in Detroit, he was doing a few pre-bout warm-up exercises on the ropes, when, without warning, a faulty turnbuckle tore loose, and he assumed an undignified position on the ring floor. The ropes, used to being as taut as piano wires, went into a snake dance for his benefit, and he found himself being sharply scourged about the head by the turnbuckle end. Almost knocked out, he declined the crowd’s shouted requests for a repeat performance.

Still going strong, Pat recently became co-holder of the Canadian tag-team championship with his partner, “Whipper” Watson. To win this



Pat Flanagan.

title the pair had to defeat such internationally infamous mat villains as Hans Hermann and Lee Henning, Roberto Pico and Wee Willie Davis, and Lord Athol Layton and the Masked Marvel. They obviously earned it.

In all, Pat has had well over 2000 individual and tag bouts, and the latter type he considers much the tougher of the two.

¹Group Capt. Stanley A Greene, M.B.E., (deceased).

²Group Capt. Frederick J. Ewart, D.F.C., (ret.).

³Wing Cdr. Harry Bryant, (R.C.A.F. Stn. Comox).

⁴Sgt. Robert A. Goss, (R.C.A.F. Stn. Rockcliffe).

⁵Wing Cdr. William H. Lord, (A.F.H.Q.).

⁶Flt. Lt. Harry F. Anderson, (No. 6 R.D., Trenton).

⁷Wing Cdr. Terence J. Evans, (A.F.H.Q.).

⁸Sgt. Morgan Plumb, (R.C.A.F. Stn. Trenton).

⁹Sgt. Michael W. Nicholas, (R.C.A.F. Stn. Edmonton).

¹⁰Wing Cdr. Albert U. Houle, D.F.C., (C.E. & P.E., Rockcliffe).

¹¹Flt. Lt. Reginald J. Axcell, M.B.E., (released).

¹²W.O.2 Henry Vernon, (R.C.A.F. Stn. Clinton).

¹³Flt. Lt. A. Alex Stark, (released).

¹⁴LAC Alvin J. Arthurs, (R.C.A.F. Stn. Lachine).

¹⁵W.O.2 George Richards, (released).

¹⁶A.C.1 George E. Sharpe, (released).

¹⁷Cpl. Benjamin J. Sharpe, (released).

¹⁸Pilot Officer Winnet Watson, (released).

It's in the Wind

4. Lightning

By R. A. Hornstein

(Reprinted by courtesy of the Dept. of Transport)

*When from heaven the lightning flies
It blasts the hills which proudest rise.*

HORACE

IF ONLY ONE choice were permitted, there is no doubt that lightning would be named as the weather element which causes the greatest amount of fear among Canadian citizens. Yet it does not claim a large death toll; as a matter of fact it is ridiculously small compared to other accidental causes in the home and on the street.

Statistics, which have been compiled in the United States, indicate that about 400 persons are killed annually by lightning in that country. This amounts to roughly 3 out of every million of the population, and, on a similar basis of reckoning, about forty Canadians would be struck down annually by this naturally destructive force. Although Canadian figures are not readily available, it is doubtful if the Canadian lightning death toll would run that high, because thunderstorm activity is not nearly as widespread in this country as in most of the United States. However, Canadians do lose their lives in thunderstorms, in many cases needlessly, and hence it is worth while to know the simple precautions which reduce the chances of being hit.

The probability of being fatally injured by lightning is far greater in rural than in urban areas. About nine out of every ten fatalities from this

cause occur in places with 2,500 or less inhabitants, according to the American survey, and this is despite the fact that considerably less than half the total population lives on farms and in smaller communities. City dwellers are relatively safe, one reason being that the steel structures of the tall buildings act as lightning conductors. Moreover, persons in urban areas, when caught in a sudden thunderstorm, usually do not have far to go to reach a place of shelter. Rural dwellers, on the other hand, are more likely to be caught some distance from a safe shelter, and to find themselves a target for the electric discharge, particularly when they are on a broad level stretch of countryside.

Women, as a general rule, are frightened most by lightning, but men and boys are the chief victims, owing to their greater participation in outdoor activities, both with regards to work and to recreation. The number of men and boys killed by lightning is five times as great as the number of girls and women so struck down.

Many lives are lost each year because of the dangerous actions of persons caught in thunderstorms. Records of a 5-year period from 1941 to 1945 show that one-third of the victims lost their

lives when they sought shelter under a tree, and by so doing they, of course, increased the danger of being struck. Trees, and particularly isolated trees, because of their height, are more likely to be struck than persons; and, after striking the tree, the bolt may fly sideways or, after reaching the base of the tree, it may run along the ground and strike anyone in its path. Ironically enough, a number of those killed were standing under trees only a short distance from their homes. Houses, properly equipped with lightning rods, provide virtually complete safety. Similarly, the metal bodies of automobiles protect the occupants, even if the car is struck by lightning.

The practice of seeking refuge in small sheds, especially in exposed areas, is also dangerous. These structures are more likely targets than are individuals. There are instances of men being struck in small farm barns, where they were waiting for the storm to subside. In one of these cases the victim was struck while leaning against the wooden wall; a friend standing in the centre of the barn was unharmed. Another was struck while seeking shelter in a small, isolated wooden bath-house at a beach. The records show also that one person was killed while trying to keep dry in a small ticket booth at a baseball field; the bolt struck a nearby telephone pole, and then ran along the wire to the booth. One youngster, camping in a public park, was fatally struck as he held on to the pole of his small tent, trying to keep the tent from being blown down; the pole was capped with a metal fixture.

Other victims tempted fate in a variety of ways. Some, caught in sudden storms while engaged in water sports, continued to swim or to row in small boats. Persons in small boats are conspicuous targets, while swimmers are in danger not only of being struck directly, but also of being electrocuted by a charge carried by the water from a bolt striking at some distance. One golf caddie was killed as his group continued to play during a thunderstorm. Other men were struck while engaged in highway, bridge, or airport construction. A farmer was killed while walking with a metal-tined pitchfork pointing upwards over his shoulder.

From all of which it should now be abundantly clear that there is indeed considerable hazard involved in being outdoors during a lightning storm. Here, then, are a few "dos" and "don'ts" which cover many commonly-asked questions:

X — Don't worry about open windows or doors so far as their leading a lightning stroke into the house is concerned. By closing them, though, the rain is kept out!

X — Don't sit on heating-radiators. They are connected to ground through their pipes, and a lightning stroke hitting the building might well use the heating system to reach ground.

X — Don't stand in front of fireplaces. If the chimney is struck and if it is dirty it may blow apart; flying bricks are dangerous! If it is clean, the discharge may follow the chimney down to the fireplace, then jump to a nearby radiator on its way to ground; if you are not in the way you won't form part of that path!

X — Don't handle the telephone or radio receivers. Most times you won't be hurt; but if the telephone line or radio aerial is struck, it could damage you. It *has* happened to others!

X — Don't handle *any* electrical appliances for reasons similar to the above.

X — Don't take a bath or shower! If the bathroom vent pipe were struck, you might die clean, but you would still be dead!

X — Don't stand under trees, overhead wires or transmission towers.

√ — Do lie down in an open field or lawn, or better still in a ditch, if caught outdoors. You might be wet, but at least you would be alive!

√ — Do remain in an all-steel automobile . . . it is safe.

√ — Do sew or knit if you must; a knitting or sewing needle is too small to create much of a hazard.

√ — Do be comfortable! Don't hide in a stuffy closet! Don't crawl *under* the bed! The nearest approach to complete safety is to lie down and relax *in* an iron bed which has a projecting head and foot. Keep the bed away from the wall. Stay on the bed with neither arms nor legs hanging out and you'll be in a position safely to enjoy Nature's magnificent display of fireworks.

Pin-Points in the Past

Perhaps it does none of us any harm to glance back casually now and then at some of the activities and people — both everyday and exceptional — that have built up the tradition which it is our present task to foster. In this belief, "The Roundel" proposes to publish each month a few photographs taken during the Air Force's earlier days. Though they will probably be of interest chiefly to our older readers, it is hoped that they will also remind comparative newcomers to the R.C.A.F. that more than a whole generation of men has already come and gone in the Service to which they belong.

The Editor will be most appreciative of any material that may contribute to the interest of this section. Photographs will be returned to their owners after use.

Aircraft maintenance in the days of the Air Board. The winter workshop, Ottawa, 1922.

The first Equipment Officers' Course, Camp Borden' 1929. Left to right: Flying Officers R. H. Echlin, V. Stoneham, W. E. Stillman, H. L. Broadbent, D. G. K. Wilson, A. E. Game, (?) Jardine, G. R. Dewar, B. M. Aronson, J. H. Ferguson.



Refuelling an Avro 504-K at Camp Borden, 1922.



The Suggestion Box

The Chief of the Air Staff has sent letters of thanks to the undermentioned personnel for original suggestions which have been adopted by the Service.

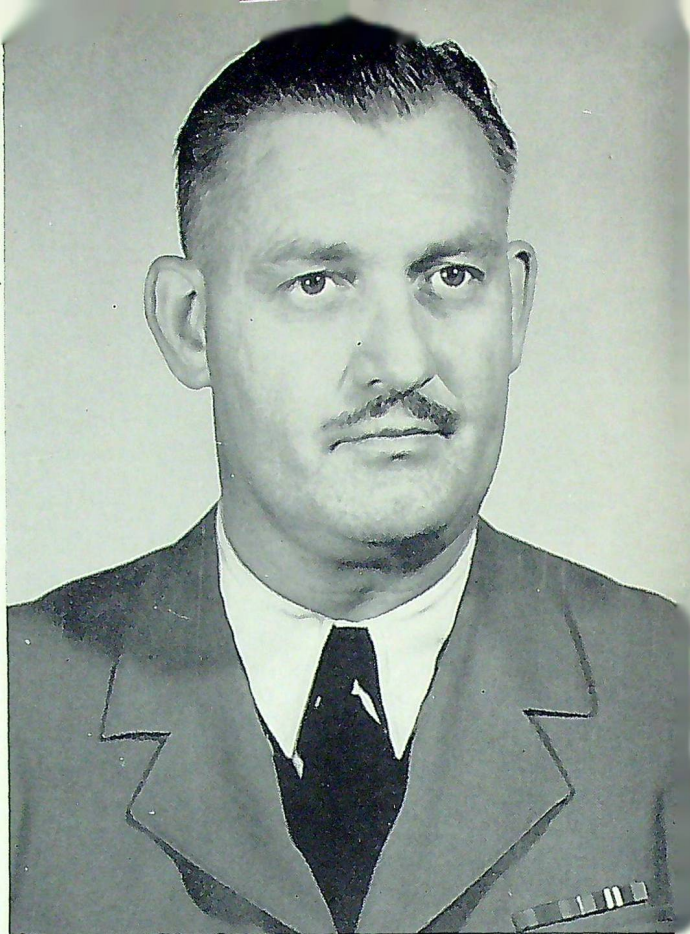
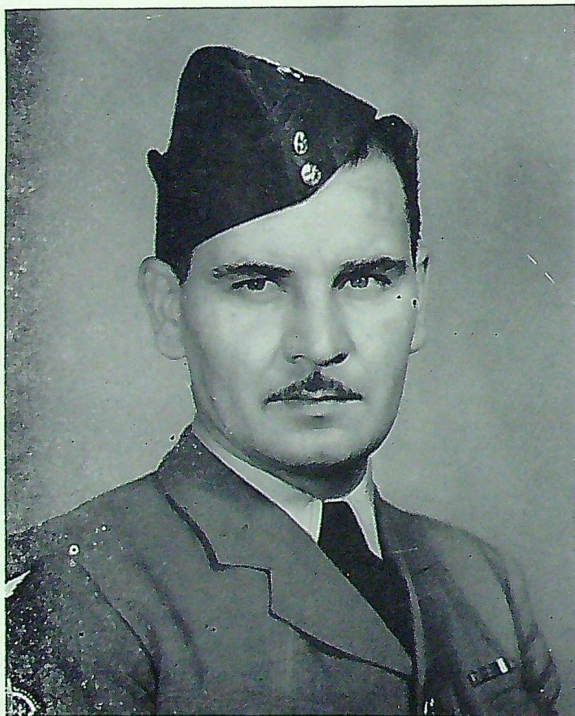
Flt. Lt. B. L. Bower, of the Canadian Armed Forces Identification Bureau, devised a new finger-printing apparatus and also a classification system for plain-arch finger-prints. Both the apparatus and the classification system are now in use by all Canada's armed services.

Flt. Sgt. A. E. Nagy, of R.C.A.F. Recruiting Unit Toronto, suggested amendments to Form M. 1 (Medical Examination on Entrance) and M. 2A (Medical Fitness for Flying) which will enable the forms to show, in addition to other information, the Service component to which a recruit belongs.

Sgt. R. J. Day, of No. 6 R.D., designed a wing cradle for use in shipping salvaged Vampires. Its use eliminates the need for crating, thus reducing the size of the total load to a point where a single truck can transport it, and renders unnecessary the escort hitherto demanded on account of the excessive overhang of the load.

Flt. Lt. B. L. Bower.

Flt. Sgt. A. E. Nagy.



Sgt. R. J. Day.



ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

Association



MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN

First returns from the drive to increase Association membership from coast to coast have been encouraging. A letter outlining progress and plans was sent out by Air Vice-Marshal A. L. Morfee, C.B., C.B.E., our National President, in conjunction with a letter from the Chief of the Air Staff to all former members of the R.C.A.F. whose addresses were known. In the following two weeks the letter produced several hundred applications for membership.

The second phase of the campaign is being conducted on a Wing level, awards being offered by National Headquarters for the most successful participation by Wings and individuals. A separate drive will then be conducted to reach potential membership-at-large, while the final phase will be the establishment of new Wings.

AIR CADET TROPHY

The R.C.A.F. Association Trophy, which embodies a modernistic symbol of flight, was completed by the silversmiths in late September and ready for presentation to the first winning Air Cadet Squadron. In order to bring it to the attention of the general public, the R.C.A.F., the Association, and the Air Cadet League shared a display window in the Ottawa store of Henry Birks & Sons Ltd., the makers of the trophy.

The trophy, which is based on designs received by the National Executive Council from many sources, is part of the R.C.A.F. Association Award to be given annually to the outstanding Air Cadet squadron in Canada. Also involved are cash prizes and certain other benefits.

FAREWELL PRESENTATION

Association representatives were on hand to bid farewell to the three R.C.A.F. Sabre jet squadrons of No. 2 Fighter Wing on the eve of their departure for Europe by air. Brief ceremonies were held at North Bay for No. 430 Squadron; at St. Hubert, Que., for No. 421 Squadron; and at Uplands, Ottawa, for No. 416 Squadron.

The three levels of Association organization participated in wishing the three squadrons happy landings. At North Bay, ceremonies were in charge of No. 406 Wing; at St. Hubert, of the Quebec Group; and at Uplands, of National Headquarters. Officials of the Air Cadet League of Canada were invited to attend on the same levels—at North Bay, the local committee; at St. Hubert, the provincial committee; and at Uplands, the National Office.

At Uplands, Sqn. Ldr. John MacKay, D.F.C., officer commanding No. 416 Squadron, was presented with a book ("Global Mission") and a bingo set, to symbolize the books, games, and other amenities which will be supplied to No. 2 Fighter Wing. An illuminated scroll was also presented as a permanent record of the occasion.

PUBLIC RELATIONS PRIZE

No. 306 (Maple Leaf) Wing became the first two-time winner of the public relations prize when they were given the monthly award for an extra issue of the Wing news letter, "Rendezvous". The small news sheet was typed in special type, and in both content and make-up was superior to anything the Association as a whole has so far produced.



The R.C.A.F. Association Trophy.

of the Association. In some localities all former members of the Air Force, whether they were members of the Association or not, were invited to participate. Where it was not practical to hold parades and church services, officers of Wings placed wreaths on the war memorials. Participation in Battle of Britain Sunday is becoming more and more a feature of Wing activities, particularly in places where there are no units of the regular R.C.A.F.

GENERAL ACTIVITIES

Wing activities are now getting back into full swing for the autumn and winter seasons, with many extensive programmes planned. Recruiting information centres manned by Association personnel also report that they are expecting renewed activity after the summer vacation period.

Officials of National Headquarters visited Kingston and Montreal. At Kingston, the Ontario Group executive and the Kingston Wing executive were joined by representatives of the Belleville Wing in a round-table discussion. Association Group and Wing affairs were discussed in some detail.

Ontario Group officers endorsed in principle a proposal first made by the Windsor Wing that the

MONTREAL WINGS' COUNCIL ORGANIZES

To further mutual efforts and understanding, the five Montreal Wings met and decided to form a Wings' Council. Officers of the Wings' Council elected were:

President:	"Nick" Mozel (305 Wing).
Secretary:	Greig Harrison (306 Wing).
Treasurer:	Martin Simon (301 Wing).

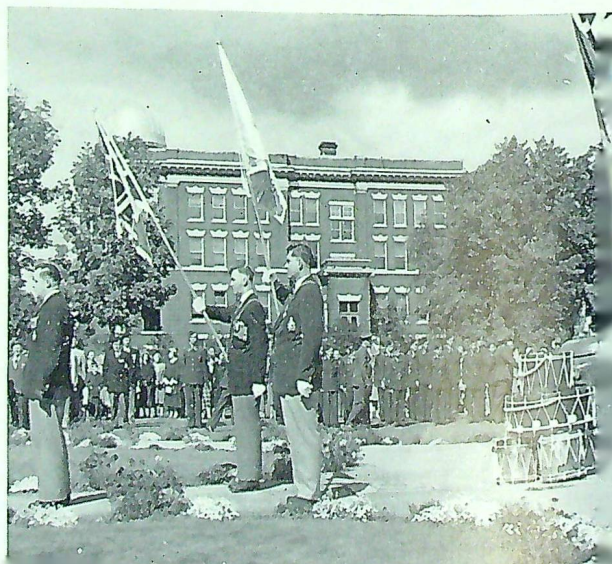
To obtain co-operation of all Montreal Wings in organizing *bon voyage* parties from the port of Montreal, a special Bon Voyage Committee, with representatives from each Wing, was appointed. Officers of the Bon Voyage Committee are:

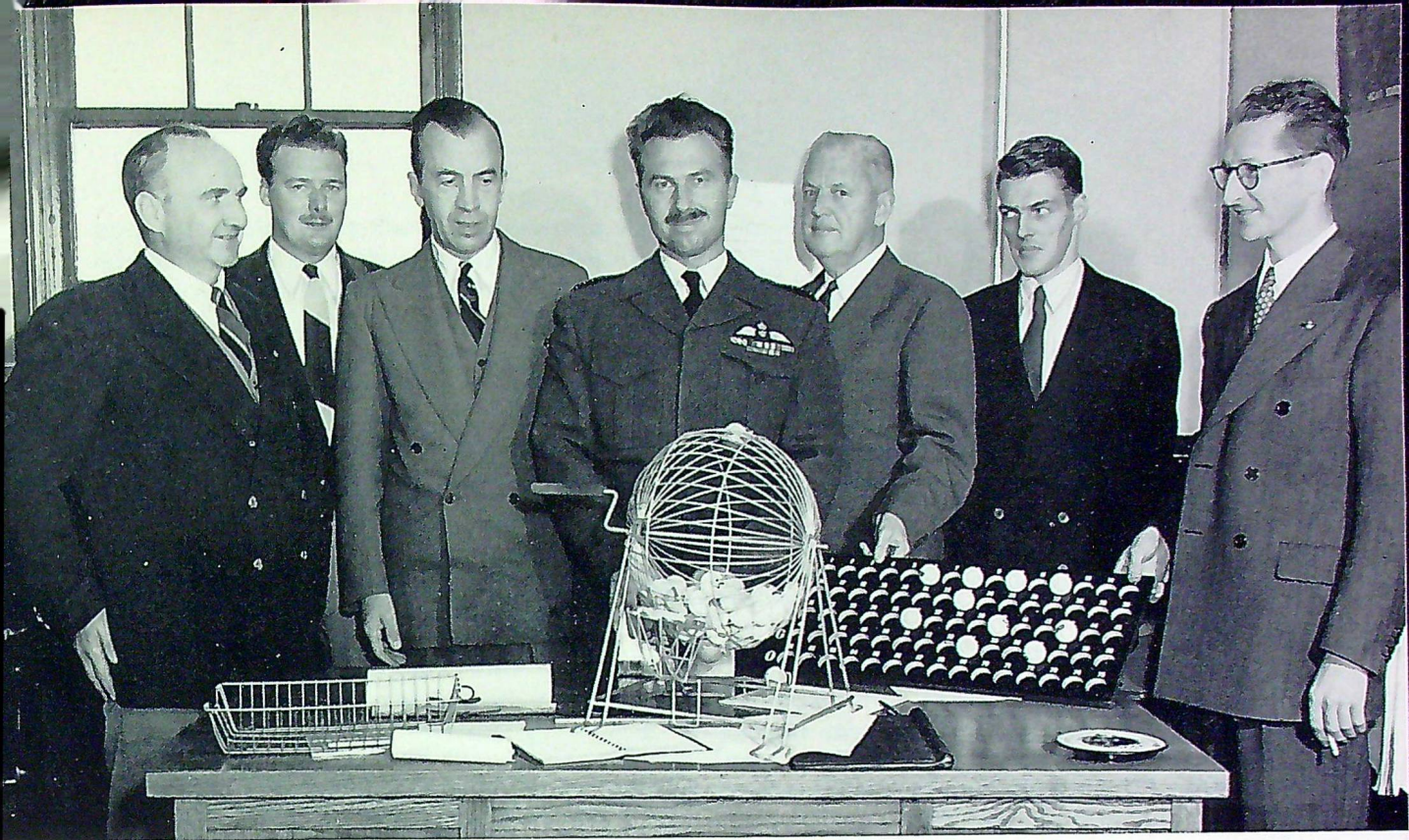
Chairman:	James Ewart (306 Wing).
Vice-Chairman:	Rudy Westerman (304 Wing).
Secretary-Treasurer:	Martin J. Simon (301 Wing)

BATTLE OF BRITAIN SUNDAY

Memorial services and parades to commemorate Battle of Britain Sunday were held by many Wings

No. 406 (North Bay) Wing's colour party at Battle of Britain Sunday ceremonies. Left to right: Allan Larden, John Douglas, Ralph Christie.





Presentation to No. 416 Squadron. Left to right: L. H. Jenkins, R.C.A.F.A. Exec. Ass't.; Wing Cdr. C. M. Black, D.F.C., Air Cadet Liaison Officer; G. Ross, Air Cadet League General Manager; Sqn. Ldr. J. McKay, D.F.C., O.C. No. 416 Sqn.; J. Gray and J. Emery, R.C.A.F.A. Ass't. Gen'l. Sec'ys.; R. S. McCartney, retiring R.C.A.F.A. Ass't. Gen'l. Sec'y.

strong Wings in any area should take the lead in promoting meetings between Wings which could conveniently gather in a central locality, engage in programmes of mutual aid, hold "beef sessions," sponsor visits to nearby R.C.A.F. Stations, and engage in any other suitable projects which might be undertaken in common.

Since this meeting, Windsor, Kingston, and Kitchener-Waterloo have been asked to take the lead in an informal sectional organization to promote mutual assistance and explore the possibilities of additional Wings in each area.

After the Kingston meeting, the National Headquarters officials visited Montreal, stopping en route to pass greetings to the Brockville and Cornwall Wings. In Montreal, they held discussions with officials of the Ground Observer Corps, and also attended a general meeting of the Quebec Group. A special committee met with them later in order to discuss in detail future plans for *bon voyage* parties.

The first major project under the arrangement whereby band tours, and requests from Association sources for the services of an R.C.A.F. band, are to be dealt with on a basis of co-operation between A.F.H.Q. and National Headquarters, was a tour of the Maritime Provinces which was made by the R.C.A.F. Central Band between 24 September and 6 October. As the result of experience gained in the planning, additional instructions and further clarification of General Bulletin No. 54, covering arrangements, were sent to all Wings.

GROUND OBSERVER CORPS

Applications are now being accepted from civilian volunteers to take part in the Ground Observer Corps, and it is hoped that many members of the Association will come forward for this work. Filter centres in charge of regular Air Force personnel have been established at Vancouver, North Bay, Barrie, London, Brockville, St. Jerome, Three Rivers, Rimouski, Truro and



The first book of tickets being sold in raffle for two-week "Coronation Tour" for two, sponsored by No. 306 (Maple Leaf) Wing.

Gander; and training of civilian volunteers at Vancouver and Truro is expected to get under way by the beginning of December, with training at other centres to follow closely.

It is proposed to train at least 500 volunteers at each centre to perform the duties of supervisors, filterers, plotters, tellers, recorders, etc. Civilians will be trained in groups of approximately 30.

Full details have gone out to Wings in a General Bulletin, and further information may be obtained from Wing Secretaries.

WING ACTIVITIES

No. 252 (Fredericton) Wing staged an air show, and, although a full report had not been received in time to include more details in this issue, the display was evidently a success and local residents had a good day at the airfield despite the fact that bad weather occasioned a day's postponement of the show.

A bit unseasonal, perhaps, but well worthy of mention is the Alberta Group golf competition held in Red Deer. The cup was won by Red Deer, and Lethbridge was the runner-up. There was keen competition all the way, and an extra hole had to be played to decide the issue.

No. 306 (Maple Leaf) Wing took over the sponsorship of No. 555 (Maple Leaf) Air Cadet Squadron, and activities got under way on schedule. Instructors and officers were provided by the Wing.

Continued success is reported from No. 250 (Saint John) Wing in its programme of Wing-sponsored flights over the city in commercial aircraft every Sunday afternoon. Great interest in flying was aroused in the area by the air show staged during the summer, and so far there has been no indication of that interest having waned. A report on the air show, given at the first meeting of the fall season, showed a net profit of \$2,805.00. The air show committee has recommended that \$1500 be turned over to get the defunct Fundy Flying Club back in operation, that \$1000 be used for the Wing building fund, and that the remainder be given to the Air Cadets.

R.C.A.F. Station Centralia was host to a number of members of No. 429 (Elgin) Wing of St. Thomas. The visitors were taken on a tour of the Station, visiting the Flying Training School, the Instrument Flying School, the control tower, and the Air Radio Observers School flight. An inspection of various types of aircraft was also part of the tour. Dinner at the officers' mess concluded the visit.

Flying Officer B. Fleming addressing No. 306 Wing.





Flying Officer Bruce Fleming, a jet pilot with Korean service, spoke to a meeting of No. 306 (Maple Leaf) Wing.

Now that the club-rooms in which the members have been so comfortable and happy have been expropriated by the city, No. 416 (Kingston) Wing is looking for new quarters.

No. 406 (North Bay) Wing obtained its own Wing colours especially for Battle of Britain ceremonies. Following the laying of a wreath at the cenotaph, Flt. Lt. J. W. Wilkinson, padre of R.C.A.F. Station North Bay, consecrated the colours at the Canadian Legion Hall, where the flag was placed in custody.

No. 426 (Brockville) Wing, elected a new slate of officers at the first fall meeting:

President: Matt Bonokoski
Vice-Pres.: Donald Bunce
Secretary: Donald Barrett
Treasurer: Douglas Flynn

BOOKS FOR OVERSEAS

While National Headquarters has sufficient books on hand to take care of the needs of No. 2 Fighter Wing, we still have the requirements of four more formations to meet in the next year or so. Impetus in gathering books for Operation Library appears to have slackened sadly. Members-at-large are urged to join in providing us with books of fiction. Hard-covered books are preferred, as pocket books, though very acceptable, quickly wear out. Donations should be addressed to the Secretary, R.C.A.F. Association, 424 Metcalfe Street, Ottawa.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Members-at-large are again reminded that we have specially-printed Association Christmas cards available. Priced at \$1.25 per dozen, they may be obtained for \$1.00 per dozen in ten dozen lots.

Coming, Sir

(This little item from "The Times Weekly Review" is reprinted here in solemn tribute to one whom many thousands of our Service and ex-Service readers will remember with deep affection and respect — the British Barmaid. — EDITOR.)

If 150 French waiters can race for three miles through the streets of Paris in this weather, carrying and not spilling or breaking the tools of their trade, a loyal Londoner is entitled to ask the barmaids of his city whether they are content to bow meekly and accept defeat. "Garçon" is a magic word across the water, but not more so than is "Miss" from Mayfair to Seven Dials. Shall it be said that the ladies who preside so pleasantly over saloon and private and public bars are less quick on their feet than these Parisians who raced

from the Bastille to the Madeleine, each with a tray bearing a full bottle of apéritif and two glasses? . . .

Deftly will they balance the foaming pint of bitter and the small port and lemon that the handicappers have fixed on as the right weight. Not a drop will be spilt nor a strand of hair dishevelled from Hyde Park Corner to Piccadilly Circus and through Leicester Square to the winning-post that, in such a race, should, beyond controversy, be in the Strand. After that, let the pick of the French waiters come over and take their chance in an international contest. They are chivalrous fellows and, in their gallantry, they might be tempted by their rivals to drink, just before the race, a pint of English beer. That might well do for the barmaids what the golden apples did to Atalanta.



THE R.C.A.F.'s FUNCTIONAL COMMAND ORGANIZATION

By Wing Commander J. H. Roberts, A.F.C.

(In this, the second article of the series dealing with the reasons behind the adoption by the R.C.A.F. of certain controversial policies, Wing Cdr. Roberts explains why the Service is now organized on a functional rather than a geographical basis. Wing Cdr. Roberts is at present in charge of the Organization Branch of the Directorate of Organization and Establishments at A.F.H.Q.—EDITOR.)

INTRODUCTION

WE IN THE R.C.A.F. generally accept the existence of our "Commands" as a matter of course. No one has very strong arguments to offer in support of a no-Command air force, but there has been and probably always will be considerable thought given both at organizational planning level and by the man in the field as to just how these Commands should be constituted. Should they be "geographical" Commands, with an Eastern or Western or Central flavour, in which all our major functions of air defence, training, anti-submarine defence, etc., are controlled by a Command Headquarters in each of those areas? Or should our air force be divided by "function," with a Command H.Q. to guide and control each major function on a centralized and specialist basis? These are the questions which are all-important when the field formations of any

military organization are being considered. An attempt has been made in the present article to outline the why's and wherefor's which had to be minutely studied before it was decided to reorganize our Service on a functional basis. This reorganization was completed last year.

FUNCTION VERSUS GEOGRAPHY

To begin with, we must have a fairly clear picture of the actual rôle of the R.C.A.F. In other words, we must know what are the functions it is expected to perform. The answer is simple, of course: the R.C.A.F.'s function is to fly aeroplanes. But the flying of aeroplanes cannot be regarded as an end in itself. The R.C.A.F. flies in order to fulfil its two major responsibilities:

- The air defence of Canada, and

- the provision and support of operational forces in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

These responsibilities are broad indeed, and they must be subdivided into more specific functions. Basically, then, it is this division of responsibilities into specific functions which has dictated the nature of our Commands.

(Before we get into the actual workings and jobs of these Commands — these *functional* Commands — brief mention must be made of the less impressive-sounding but nevertheless important duties given to the Air Force. Such items as search and rescue, operation of the North-West Staging Route, and photographic operations, cannot rightly be included in the two major functions described above, and they are therefore spread, to some extent at least, among existing Commands. They are just part of the day's work, but they represent thousands upon thousands of air miles travelled and many hundreds of flying hours.)

We haven't just tagged along with the R.A.F. and U.S.A.F. in the matter of functional Command organization, although those two older and larger air forces have operated under the system for some time. The R.C.A.F. certainly operated successfully during the Second World War while organized on a geographical Command system, but we had no air defence of Canada to bother about then, nor had we anything like our present transport system. And, in some ways even more important, we did not have an Air Division in Europe operating as an integrated operational formation.

As we grow and as our capabilities increase, both by type and consequence, our organization must be modified accordingly. And so, rather than charge certain geographical areas or Commands with a heterogeneous conglomeration of basic training, operational training, fighter and radar defence, air transport, maritime warfare, and tactical support to the Army, Command H.Q. have been formed in the most appropriate localities and made directly responsible for each of these complex functions. None of them, however,

would turn a prop or fire a gun if gasoline and ammunition and thousands of other items were not provided when and where required. Thus, what could be more logical than to centralize this supply function, this logistical support business, into one large and efficient materiel Command? This was done, and Air Materiel Command is now perhaps our best example of a truly functional Command.

Probably the most cogent argument put forth by those in favour of a geographical Command organization is the resulting ease and effectiveness of administration. Theoretically, an A.O.C. and his staff are best able to administer units and personnel within a clearly defined and reasonably confined area, no matter what the job or jobs being carried out; but modern communications systems and our own aeroplanes have expanded the perimeter of effective administrative control to a point where a Command H.Q. in Montreal can capably administer units on the West Coast. At first glance it might be supposed that a functional Command system would be prodigal of manpower. When, however, one considers that a geographical Command organization would require specialist staffs in various H.Q. to guide the several functions of air defence, air transport, maritime warfare, logistic support, etc., it is reasonable to suppose that the concentration of each specialist staff in one Command reduces the total number of personnel required. After all, it is fairly obvious that it will take less men to operate one large automobile service station serving five hundred customers than it would to operate five stations with one hundred customers each. Finally, we must be prepared, if necessary, to sacrifice some degree of administrative convenience in our search for operational efficiency.

OPERATIONS AND SUPPORT

In this atmosphere of functional goings-on we can most effectively look at the major elements of the Air Force as consisting of four operational fields and three supporting formations. The operational elements are:

1. Air defence operations (Canada).



2. Air defence of Western Europe (N.A.T.O.)
3. Maritime operations.
4. Tactical operations.

These are supported by organizations devoted entirely to:

1. Training.
2. Air transport.
3. Logistics.

Air Defence (Canada)

Only in recent years has Canada been exposed to the possibility of air attack by foreign countries, and the problem of air defence did not previously exist to any appreciable extent. Now, however, the threat is very real, and the R.C.A.F. has been required to develop an entirely new organization to deal with the complex and unique systems of aerial and radar defence. This organization must necessarily be cohesive and of a specialist nature, and one cannot fail to accept the requirement for placing control and responsibility in one, and only one, operational headquarters.

Maritime Operations

Defence against enemy submarines has little in common — operationally speaking — with defence against enemy bombers. Here again there exists a specialized field of endeavour, an all-out struggle to overcome, by the utilization of both air and surface craft, the tactical advantage inherent in undersea craft. The training of pilots and crews to fly heavy long-range aircraft to search out and attack craft on or below the surface of the ocean is a far cry from the training of jet pilots to intercept swiftly-flying enemy bombers ten miles above that ocean's surface. One H.Q. and one A.O.C. must be, and is, responsible for the defence of our shipping from submarine attack, and for co-ordination with the Royal Canadian Navy and the navies of other democratic countries.

Tactical Air Operations

Co-ordination and co-operation in this field is with the Canadian Army. Somewhere, somehow,

someone must be charged with developing operational tactics whereby surface troops may be adequately supported by air power and airborne troops may be transported when and where required. These specialized tactics require specialist attention, constant training exercises with the Army, and the general co-ordination necessary if fighter, tactical, and transport aircraft and resources are to be successfully utilized. One central functional body must hold the fort for tactical operations. It cannot be everybody's business at planning level.

Air Transport

In a modern air force none of the three operational functions mentioned above could be successfully carried out without air transport. That being so, one might argue that each operational command could well control its own transport squadrons and train them for the specific job being done. But the requirement for airlift can and does vary considerably, and the grouping of all air transport under one Command provides a more economical supporting force capable of concentrating maximum effort in any direction, according as the air defence or tactical requirement dictates.

Training

More and more the Air Force is confronted with the requirement for specialized training in ground-crew trades as well as aircrew. Ample proof was afforded by the B.C.A.T.P. during the Second World War that the training of aircrew to wings standard must be made the responsibility of a distinct and separate segment of the R.C.A.F. It is inconceivable that A.F.H.Q. should attempt to co-ordinate basic flying training at numerous F.T.S.'s, located in various Command areas across the country, at the same time that those Commands are getting on with the vital job of building air defences. The cost of training our ever-expanding air force is great, and only by centralization of experience and by concentration of all training facilities can we hope to justify the cost.



Logistics

The logistical support of armed forces can be aligned more closely with commercial or industrial practice than can the other basic functions. Therefore it is fairly evident that the centralized control of thousands of items which must be warehoused and reshipped is recommended by big business methods. We have not always had an Air Materiel Command responsible for supplying the Air Force with its multitudinous requirements and for administering a co-ordinated and complex system of repair, but experience has proved beyond a shadow of doubt that centralization at Command level is by far the most efficient and economical method of providing these very basic services.

Air Defence (Western Europe)

Discussion of this operational element has been avoided until our home commands were described briefly, for the R.C.A.F. Air Division in Europe is a new Command in every way. Here we have a not inconsiderable force of squadrons, trained and equipped in Canada, and integrated with N.A.T.O. forces for the joint defence of Western Europe. To be sure, these forces must continue operational training after they have been incorporated into the Air Division, but it is self-evident that the employment of this air power must be co-ordinated and controlled by a H.Q. quite separate from the functional Commands at home. There can be no argument in this instance, perhaps, because at the moment the overseas Command is both geographical and functional.

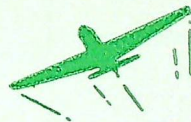
CONCLUSION

The cardinal characteristics of air power are mobility and flexibility, and these characteristics

cannot be exploited if our capabilities are split and divided among various higher field formations whose terms of reference make them Jacks of all trades and masters of none. Inherent in the functional Command organization, however, is the necessity for the delegation to Commands of a real and clear-cut authority whereby field experience, judgment, and initiative may be given adequate scope. It may be that this delegation of authority to specialist Commands tends to blur the line of demarcation between Air Force Headquarters policy and Command implementation, but these ambiguities are resolved as time goes by, and no thought can seriously be given now to the operation of the R.C.A.F. under any but a functional Command organization.

Those of us in the Air Force who not merely support the present organization, but who are also convinced of the wisdom behind it, feel that no structure built on shifting concepts of air power can be expected to remain unchanged in outline. It may be that added or changed tasks and capabilities will dictate still more reorganization in the future, but those changes will be based on requirements and experience and must again be calculated to provide the maximum efficiency that is commensurate with economy.

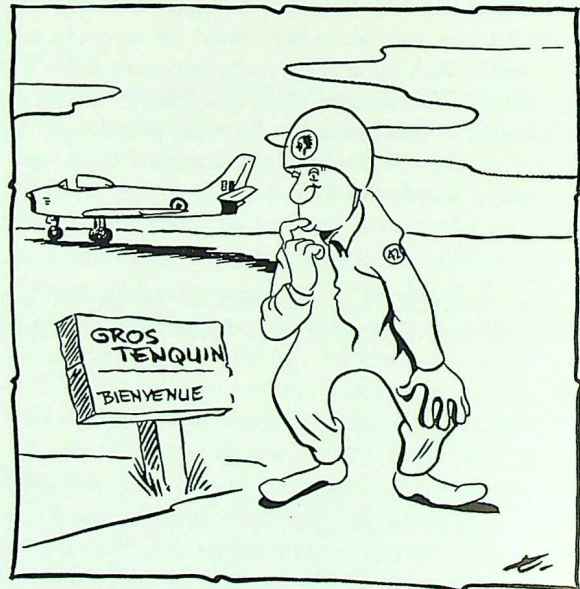
We have not discussed here the inevitable instances in which some sort of compromise has been necessary whereby certain elements, because of that very administrative convenience mentioned earlier, have been introduced into a Command charged with an entirely different function. The subject of Command organization has here been dealt with in very broad terms indeed. It is hoped, however, that it will serve to explain, to some extent, the consolidation of effort which has been achieved by the adoption of a functional system in the development of our higher field formations.



★ What's the Score?

Correct answers will be found on page 48.

- The two countries admitted to N.A.T.O. at last February's Lisbon conference were:
 - Spain and Portugal.
 - Turkey and Greece.
 - West Germany and Sweden.
 - Iceland and Finland.
- The movement of No. 2 Fighter Wing to Europe was known as:
 - Moondog Two.
 - Hop-Scotch Two.
 - Leap-Frog Two.
 - Hopalong Two.
- Now on its second post-war tour of overseas duty is:
 - No. 416 Squadron.
 - No. 421 Squadron.
 - No. 439 Squadron.
 - No. 430 Squadron.
- When the Sabres of No. 2 Fighter Wing landed at West Bluie One, they were in:
 - Iceland.
 - Scotland.
 - The Azores.
 - Greenland.
- The initials "I.T.U." stand for a U.N. Agency known as:
 - International Transport union.
 - Internal Territorial Unification.
 - Interim Technical Universities.
 - International Telecommunication Union.
- Headquarters for the R.C.A.F. Air Division in Europe will be at:
 - Metz.
 - North Luffenham.
 - Bonn.
 - Tarascon.
- Operation "Mainbrace" was a N.A.T.O. exercise carried out:
 - In the Mediterranean.
 - In Scandinavian waters.
 - Along the Atlantic seaboard of North America.
 - At the western approach to the Panama Canal.
- The R.C.A.F. Air Division in Europe will form part of:
 - The 4th Allied Tactical Air Force.
 - The 3rd Night Fighter Command.
 - The 1st Strategic Air Group.
 - The 4th Fighter Air Force.
- The R.C.A.F. airfield at Gros Tenquin is in:
 - Quebec.
 - The Yukon.
 - France.
 - Belgium.





10. The first A.O.C. of Canada's Air Division overseas will be:
- (a) Lt. Gen. Norstad.
 - (b) Air Vice-Marshal Campbell.
 - (c) Air Vice-Marshal Plant.
 - (d) Air Vice-Marshal Miller.
11. Canada has no air attaché in:
- (a) Russia.
 - (b) Yugoslavia.
 - (c) Norway.
 - (d) Sweden.
12. The only N.A.T.O. country with no armed forces is:
- (a) Denmark.
 - (b) Portugal.
 - (c) Turkey.
 - (d) Iceland.
13. The Canadian Permanent Delegate to N.A.T.O. is:
- (a) Mr. Lister Sinclair.
 - (b) Mr. Lester Pearson.
 - (c) Mr. Walter Harris.
 - (d) Mr. Arnold Heeney.
14. General Matthew B. Ridgeway is:
- (a) Supreme Allied Commander Europe.
 - (b) Commander Allied Land Forces South.
 - (c) Chief of Staff, S.H.A.P.E.
 - (d) Deputy Supreme Allied Commander, S.A.C.E.U.R.
15. Commander-in-Chief of Allied Air Forces Central Europe is:
- (a) Air Vice-Marshal Plant (Can.)
 - (b) Lt. Gen. Norstad (U.S.)
 - (c) Air Vice-Marshal Pike (U.K.).
 - (d) General Fay (France).
16. *Not* one of U.N.'s 60 members is:
- (a) Dominican Republic.
 - (b) Yemen.
 - (c) China.
 - (d) Japan.
17. Ole Bjorn Kraft is the name of:
- (a) The founder of an old established firm of cheese-manufacturers.
 - (b) The Chairman of the N.A.T.O. Council.
 - (c) A Swedish writer of fairy-tales.
 - (d) Chairman of the N.A.T.O. Defence Production Board.
18. The lake with the longest area on the Canadian side of the boundary is:
- (a) Great Bear.
 - (b) Huron.
 - (c) Superior.
 - (d) Great Slave.
19. *Not* one of the six provincial political parties now in power in Canada is:
- (a) A coalition.
 - (b) A progressive conservative.
 - (c) A progressive liberal.
 - (d) A C.C.F.
20. The initials "F.A.O." stand for a U.N. Agency known as:
- (a) Financial Aid Organization.
 - (b) Food and Agriculture Organization.
 - (c) Foreign Aviation Organization.
 - (d) First Aid Organization.

ARISTOPHANES THOUGHT SO, TOO

"A great power is in your hands. Use it and use it well. If you wanted it to happen, there would be no more war or wanton killing. The men of the world could never bring these about if faced with the united opposition of women."

(*Rabbi Polish: "The New York Times"*)

The ROYAL CANADIAN AIR CADETS



By Arthur Macdonald

CADET IN DENMARK

Air Cadet Flt. Sgt. Donald Johnston of Toronto was one of the eight top cadets selected to visit continental Europe last summer under the international Air Cadet exchange plan. Don's host country was Denmark, and his impressions of Danish customs, gathered in visits to Copenhagen, Odense, Aarhus and Aalborg, make interesting reading.

Reassuring to other cadets who might have ambitions about visiting the Continent in future years is Don's statement that he found no language problem in Denmark. English, it appears, is taught in the schools. Danish people impressed him as being happy and industrious, making wonderful hosts because "nothing was too much trouble for them." Food was both plentiful and varied, some meals consisting of 50 or 60 different foods including such delicacies as octopus, eels, caviar, etc. Exchange rates of seven to one in favour of our money made souvenir-hunting a pleasure for the Canadian cadets. Don was also impressed with the advanced social legislation in effect in Denmark, where particular emphasis is placed on health services and welfare.

A sign of the times and also an example of Danish ingenuity are the huge air raid shelters being built in the centres of large cities in such a way that they can be used as underground parking lots in peacetime.

We picked up the foregoing comments from the newspaper report of Don's homecoming. According to the reporter, Flt. Sgt. Johnston's next stop is the R.C.A.F. and, he hopes, a career as a pilot.

INTERNATIONAL DRILL COMPETITION

Since the last issue of "The Roundel" went to press, another international Air Cadet Drill Competition has been written into the records.

The 1952 version was held at Minneapolis in the presence of some 35,000 spectators during the opening-day grand-stand performance at the Minnesota State Fair. The Canadian squad, selected from squadrons in eastern Canada, thrilled the huge crowd with an expert performance of basic and precision drill. Under team-captain Donald G. Barnes of No. 27 (London) Squadron, they ran through five minutes of complex precision manoeuvres — all performed without word of command.

This year's American entry was the finest team ever to represent the U.S. Civil Air Patrol in the international contest. The hand-picked squad, selected from prize-winning cadet drill teams in several parts of the States, earned the judges' nod over the Canadians by a score of 1140 to 1104. This marked the first win for the United States. Canada has now won three times, and the U.S. and Great Britain have won once each.

The official Canadian delegation at Minneapolis was headed by League Honorary President C. Douglas Taylor, with Air Vice-Marshal A. L. James, C.B.E., representing the R.C.A.F.

FIRST TECHNICAL TRAINING COURSE

Another highlight of the past few months was the graduation parade of the first Air Cadet Technical Training Course, which was held this summer at R.C.A.F. Station Trenton. With top



General Lucas V. Beau, National Commander of U.S. Civil Air Patrol, presents the Beau Trophy to captain of the U.S. team while Air Vice-Marshall A. L. James and Cadet Warrant Officer D. Barnes look on.

R.C.A.F. and League officials in attendance, the graduates of the seven weeks' course took part in a colourful ceremonial parade in late August. The parade was commanded by Cadet Warrant Officer Stewart Smith of No. 58 Squadron, Kingston, who was rated as honour cadet of the course.

After the parade, Warrant Officer Smith received the Garner Trophy from its donor, League President H. L. Garner of Peterborough. Special awards went to second-place winner Rod Wilson, of Toronto, and Verner Kromand, of Olds, Alta., who stood third. Graduation diplomas and sports prizes were then presented to the graduates by Group Capt. J. B. Millward, D.F.C., Commanding Officer of R.C.A.F. Station Trenton.

The seven weeks' course has been rated an outstanding success, and plans are being made to continue it as a regular feature of the Air Cadet curriculum.

CADET PIPER

An interesting item from Yarmouth concerns the summer activities of Air Cadet Paul Schofield, of No. 507 (Kentville, N.S.) Squadron.

Paul took a summer job at the Lakeside Inn, a C.P.R. resort hotel near Yarmouth. When manager Lloyd Margeson found out that Paul could play the bagpipes, he introduced the custom of "piping" the guests into the Inn. The idea was so favourably received by the American tourists that Mr. Margeson decided to send the young piper to greet the S.S. "Yarmouth" which docks there three times a week. The incoming tourists were delighted

by this unique welcome and Paul soon became the most photographed young man in Nova Scotia. His fame spread even further afield when he was asked to provide background music for wharfside interviews in connection with a recording made for the Mutual Broadcasting Company.

We haven't heard about Paul's plans for next summer, but we are willing to bet that the skirl of bagpipes will again be heard as the S.S. "Yarmouth" docks at Evangeline Wharf.

FLYING AWARDS

Just before press time, League Headquarters announced the award of the Air Cadet League flying trophy to Warrant Officer Fred E. Parkinson of No. 12 (Edmonton) Squadron. The 18-year-old

Air Cadet Schofield pipes U.S. visitors into Canada.





No. 25 (Campion College) Squadron's precision drill team at annual inspection.

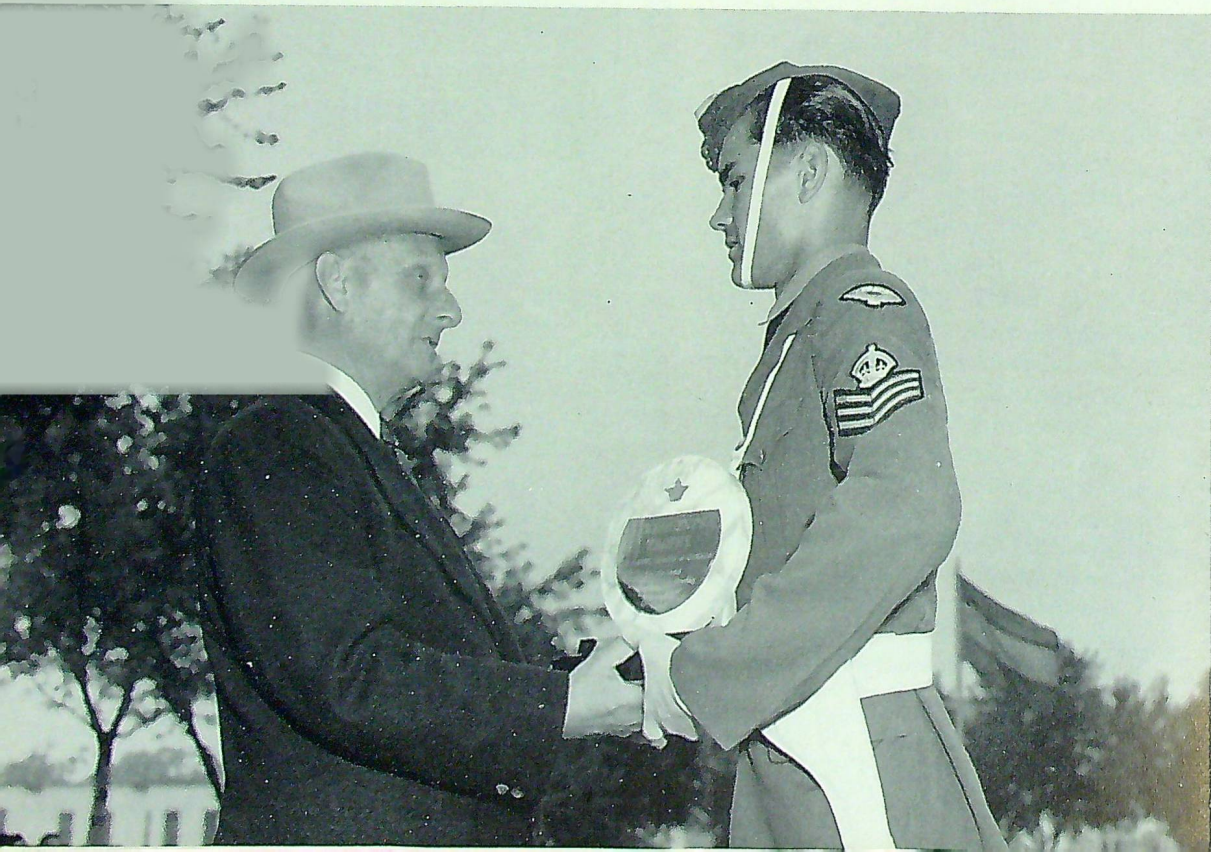
cadet scored an average of 94% on flying and written tests to rate as top man among the 246 cadets who took the four weeks' course this summer.

This marks the second year in succession that the coveted trophy has gone to Edmonton, last year's winner having been Sgt. Roger J. Neill, also of No. 12 Squadron.

Of the 246 cadets who took training in early July, 215 succeeded in passing the final tests and over 80% of the graduates have already qualified for private pilot's licenses. This brings to 1450 the number of cadets who have received R.C.A.F. scholarship flying courses since the scheme was introduced in 1946.

League Headquarters has also announced the award of the A.T.C. "Token of Friendship" trophy to the North-West Ontario, or Lakehead, Zone. This trophy goes to the area committee whose cadets obtain the highest average marks on the flying scholarship course. Lakehead air cadets, who

Mr. H. L. Garner presents the Garner Trophy to Stewart Smith of No. 58 (Kingston) Squadron, honour cadet of the Technical Training Course.





D. Bugden (left) and J. Meldrum look hopefully at an engine they have just assembled during the Air Cadet Technical Training Course at Trenton.

trained at the Thunder Bay Flying Club, rolled up an average score of 78.2% to wrest the trophy from last year's winner, Alberta. In second place this year was Newfoundland with 76.1%, while B.C. and Saskatchewan were tied for third with 74%.

AIR-MINDED FAMILIES

No. 27 (London) Squadron laid a somewhat different claim to distinction when the unit resumed parades this fall. The squadron turned out for parade with no less than four brothers on its roster, the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Barnes.

Flt. Sgt. Robert Barnes, who graduated to No. 420 (City of London) Reserve Fighter Squadron, attended his last parade on the same night that his youngest brother, fourteen-year-old Charles, attended his first. W.O.1 Donald Barnes is senior warrant officer of the squadron, while another brother, Roy, is chief instructor.

Donald Barnes, incidentally, has already been mentioned as team commander of the Canadian entry for the International Drill Competition.

* * *

News of another "family affair" has reached us from Edmonton, where the Robert Randall family is making a name for itself in flying.

It started with Robert Sr., a pilot with C.P. Airlines on trans-Pacific routes, and was followed by his twin sons, Howard and Robert Jr., first officer co-pilots with the same airline.

Mr. Randall Sr. has been flying since 1928. He started in Saskatoon and was flying for Mackenzie Air Services in 1937 when it merged with a number of small companies to form C.P.A.

The two boys started their flying careers with the Air Cadets in Edmonton before they finished high school. Both won R.C.A.F. flying scholarships, trained at the Edmonton Flying Club, and subsequently received private pilot's licenses and Air Cadet wings. They joined C.P. Airlines earlier this year.

Personnel Movements ★ ★ ★

OFFICERS: JULY

S/L N. Grant — R.O.S., Kingston, to R.C.A.F. Station Summerside.
S/L A. H. Moody — R.O.S., Kingston, to A.F.H.Q.
S/L C. R. Parker — 403 (F.B.) Sqn. (Aux.), Calgary, to R.C.A.F. Station Calgary.

OFFICERS: AUGUST

S/L J. T. Arnold — R.C.A.F. Station Greenwood to R.C.A.F. Station Clinton.
S/L D. A. Bell — A.D.C.H.Q., St. Hubert, to A.F.H.Q.
S/L G. W. Bennett, D.F.C. — C.E. & P.E., Rockcliffe, to A.M.C.H.Q., Ottawa.
S/L A. Birtwistle — 1 S.D., Weston, to 25 A.M.B., Calgary.
W/C R. F. Douglas — A.F.H.Q. to R.C.A.F. Station Lachine.
S/L L. A. Draper, D.F.C. — 1 (F.) O.T.U., Chatham, to A.F.H.Q.
W/C H. C. Forbell, A.F.C. — T.C.H.Q., Trenton, to S.H.A.P.E., Paris.
W/C M. W. Gall — R.C.A.F. Station Aylmer to R.C.A.F. Station Camp Borden.
S/L L. C. Gibson — 6 R.D., Trenton, to 2 C.M.U., Calgary.
S/L W. I. Gordon — A.D.C.H.Q., St. Hubert, to A.F.H.Q.
G/C W. P. Gouin, M.B.E. — A.F.H.Q. to A.M.C.H.Q., Ottawa.
S/L H. B. Hallett — R.C.A.F. Station Toronto to 411 (F.) Sqn. (Aux.), Toronto.
S/L L. A. Harling — R.C.A.F. Station Edmonton to R.C.A.F. Station Toronto.
S/L A. J. Ireland — A.A.S., Trenton, to T.C.H.Q., Trenton.
S/L J. Johnston — C.J.S. Washington to A.F.H.Q.
W/C J. S. Jordan — 1 Gr. H.Q. (Aux.), Toronto, to Air Div., France.
S/L J. E. A. LaFlamme, D.F.C. — 1 F.T.S., Centralia, to 2 A.F.S., Macdonald.
S/L F. S. Lemon — A.M.C.H.Q., Ottawa, to A.F.H.Q.
G/C J. K. F. MacDonald, D.F.C. — 426 (T.) Sqn., Dorval, to 2 (F.) Wing, Gros Tenquin.
S/L D. A. MacLean, D.F.M. — C.J.S. Washington to R.C.A.F. Station Clinton.
S/L W. C. MacLean — R.C.A.F. Station Whitehorse to C.J.S. London.
S/L C. C. Magee, D.F.C. — A.A.S., Trenton, to A.F.H.Q.
S/L C. H. Markham — A.D.C.H.Q., St. Hubert, to 209 R.S., Falconbridge.
S/L D. Matheson — C.J.S. London to R.C.A.F. Station Rockcliffe.
S/L J. F. McClure, D.F.C. — 1 I.F.S., Centralia, to A.M.C.H.Q., Ottawa.
S/L W. J. McIndoo — A.F.H.Q. to C.J.S. Washington.
S/L D. G. Murphy — R.C.A.F. Station Claresholm to A.D.C.H.Q., St. Hubert.
S/L T. C. Newton — R.C.A.F. Station Clinton to 2 (F.) Wing, Gros Tenquin.
S/L A. Poyntz, D.F.C. — R.U., Brandon, to 403 (F.B.) Sqn. (Aux.), Calgary.
S/L J. T. Reed, D.F.C. — T.A.G.H.Q., Edmonton, to 418 (L.B.) Sqn. (Aux.), Edmonton.
W/C J. A. Sifton — R.C.A.F. Station Rockcliffe to A.T.C.H.Q., Lachine.
S/L B. H. C. Spicer — 1 Gr. H.Q. (Aux.), Toronto, to A.F.H.Q.
S/L W. E. Stillman — C.J.S. London to A.F.H.Q.
W/C E. H. M. Walsh — R.C.A.F. Station Camp Borden to Air Div., France.

OFFICERS: SEPTEMBER

S/L E. A. Alliston, A.F.C. — A.T.C.H.Q., Lachine, to Staff Coll., Toronto.
S/L A. F. Banville — A.F.H.Q. to Staff Coll., Toronto.
S/L W. A. R. Barry, D.F.C. — 408 (P.) Sqn., Rockcliffe, to Staff Coll., Toronto.
S/L W. R. Batty — R.C.A.F. Station Edmonton to T.A.G.H.Q., Edmonton.
W/C E. L. Baudoux, D.S.O., D.F.C. — C.E. & P.E., Rockcliffe, to A.F.H.Q.
S/L A. M. Beach, D.F.C. — 14 T.G.H.Q., Winnipeg, to 2 (F.) Wing, Gros Tenquin.
S/L P. Bissky — C.J.A.T.C., Rivers, to A.F.H.Q.
S/L W. J. Bracken, D.F.C. — R.C.A.F. Station Clinton to A.D.C.H.Q., St. Hubert.
S/L A. F. Brown — A.F.H.Q. to Staff Coll., Toronto.
G/C R. A. Cameron — R.C.A.F. Station Rockcliffe to Nat. Def. Coll., Kingston.
S/L V. B. Carson — A.F.H.Q. to Staff Coll., Toronto.
S/L F. P. Clark, A.F.C. — C.E. & P.E., Rockcliffe, to Staff Coll., Toronto.
S/L J. H. Cochrane — A.F.H.Q. to Staff Coll., Toronto.
S/L J. P. Coyne, D.F.C. — 408 (P.) Sqn., Rockcliffe, to Staff Coll., Toronto.
S/L J. I. Davies — A.F.H.Q. to Staff Coll., Toronto.
W/C W. M. Diggle — 1 T.T.S., Aylmer, to Staff Coll., Toronto.
S/L T. R. N. Duff, D.F.C. — R.C.A.F. Station Clinton to Staff Coll., Toronto.
S/L W. H. Dunbar — 1 F.T.S., Centralia, to Staff Coll., Toronto.
W/C J. A. Duncan, D.F.C. — R.C.A.F. Station Claresholm to 2 M.D., St. Johns.
W/C L. P. J. Dupuis, D.F.C. — Staff Coll., Toronto, to Collège Militaire Royale de St. Jean.
W/C S. S. Farrell — R.C.A.F. Station Trenton to Staff Coll., Toronto.
W/C J. A. Gordon — A.F.H.Q. to Staff Coll., Toronto.
S/L D. P. Hall — A.F.H.Q. to Staff Coll., Toronto.
S/L P. A. Hartman, D.F.C., A.F.C. — C.E. & P.E., Rockcliffe, to Staff Coll., Toronto.
S/L P. W. Holloway, A.F.C. — C.J.S. Washington to Staff Coll., Toronto.
S/L A. B. Howell, D.F.C. — R.C.A.F. Station Uplands to 2 (F.) Wing, Gros Tenquin.
S/L W. N. Hoyer — A.M.C.H.Q., Ottawa, to Air Div., France.
W/C W. C. Kent — A.F.H.Q. to C.J.S. Washington.
S/L J. A. King, D.F.C. — R.U., Toronto, to 201 R.S., Mont Apica.
S/L R. A. Lamont, D.F.C. — 1 F.I.S., Trenton, to Staff Coll., Toronto.
S/L G. A. Lee, A.F.C. — 420 (F.) Sqn. (Aux.), London, to Staff Coll., Toronto.
S/L N. Levitin, D.F.C. — 1 A.N.S., Summerside, to C.N.S. Summerside.
S/L A. H. Macfarlane — A.F.H.Q. to Staff Coll., Toronto.
W/C H. F. Marcou, D.F.C., A.F.C. — C.J.S. London to 202 R.S., Lac St. Denis.
S/L C. C. W. Margerison, D.F.C. — Royal Rds., Victoria, to Staff Coll., Toronto.
S/L R. G. Murray, A.F.C. — 406 (Aux.) Sqn., Saskatoon, to T.A.G.H.Q., Edmonton.
W/C J. G. Mathieson, M.B.E. — A.D.C.H.Q., St. Hubert, to Staff Coll., Toronto.
S/L K. M. Oddson — A.M.C.H.Q., Ottawa, to A.F.H.Q.
S/L R. G. Orpen — 1 Gr. H. Q. (Aux.), Toronto, to Staff Coll., Toronto.



S/L S. O. Partridge, A.F.C.—1 S.D., Weston, to A.M.C.H.Q., Ottawa.
 S/L H. A. Pattinson — A.F.H.Q., to Staff Coll., Toronto.
 S/L A. H. Piroth — R.C.A.F. Station Greenwood to Staff Coll., Toronto.
 S/L E. F. Publicover, D.F.C.—A.F.H.Q. to Staff Coll., Toronto.
 W/C D. L. Ramsay — 4 A.C.W.U., Uplands, to 203 R.S., Foymount.
 S/L H. J. Reeves, D.F.C.—411 (F.) Sqn. (Aux.), Toronto, to Staff Coll., Toronto.
 G/C J. A. D. Richer, D.F.C.—Nat. Def. Coll., Kingston, to R.C.A.F. Station Gimli.
 S/L W. Rodger — A.T.C.H.Q., Lachine, to A.M.C.H.Q., Ottawa.
 S/L V. Rolfe, D.F.C.—404 (M.R.) Sqn., Greenwood, to 2 (M.) O.T.U., Greenwood.
 S/L E. G. Smith, D.F.C.—A.D.C.H.Q., St. Hubert, to C.J.S. Washington.
 S/L W. J. Smith, D.F.C.—T.C.H.Q., Trenton, to Staff Coll., Toronto.
 W/C W. H. Stapley — A.F.H.Q. to C.J.S. Washington.
 S/L A. H. Tinker, M.B.E.—A.M.C.H.Q., Ottawa, to Staff Coll., Toronto.
 S/L S. C. Tugwell, A.F.C.—T.C.H.Q., Trenton, to Staff Coll., Toronto.
 S/L K. B. Turner — 5 S.D., Moncton, to A.F.H.Q.
 W/C C. C. Underhill — 2 A.N.S., Winnipeg, to C.J.S. Washington.
 S/L J. W. Van Gorder — A.F.H.Q. to R.C.A.F. Station Winnipeg.
 S/L R. L. Walsh — R.C.A.F. Station Summerside to C.J.S. London.
 W/C K. W. Walton, M.B.E.—A.M.C.H.Q., Ottawa, to Air Div., France.
 S/L C. A. Willis, D.F.C.—2 M.D., St. Johns, to R.C.A.F. Station Bagotville.
 S/L E. Wilson — 2 F.T.S., Gimli, to Staff Coll., Toronto.
 S/L R. W. Wright, D.F.C., D.F.M.—A.A.S., Trenton, to Staff Coll., Toronto.

WARRANT OFFICERS: JULY

WO2 S. F. Bolin — 25 A.M.B., Calgary, to 1 O.S., London.
 WO2 J. L. Lachance — 2 P.S.U., London, to R.C.A.F. Stn. London.

WARRANT OFFICERS: AUGUST

WO2 C. R. Arsenaault — 2 F.T.S., Gimli, to R.C.A.F. Stn. Gimli.
 WO2 W. F. Balfour — 2 T.T.S., Camp Borden, to 1 O.S., London.
 WO1 A. E. Dallaire — R.C.A.F. Stn. Goose Bay to R.C.A.F. Stn. Lachine.
 WO2 R. A. Davidson — J.S.E.S.U., Churchill, to 426 (T.) Sqn., Dorval.
 WO2 D. S. Farmer — R.C.A.F. Stn. Goose Bay to 1 O.S., London.
 WO2 L. A. Flaherty — 10 T.S.U., Calgary, to A.M.C.H.Q., Ottawa.
 WO2 R. J. Halliburton — 2 T.T.S., Camp Borden, to 1 O.S., London.
 WO2 H. Harley — R.C.A.F. Station Whitehorse to 1 R.C.S., Clinton.
 WO1 N. E. Harvey — Prac. Flt., Rockcliffe, to A.M.C.H.Q., Ottawa.
 WO2 A. S. Jamieson — A.M.C.H.Q., Ottawa, to 1 O.S., London.

WO2 S. W. Joel — R.C.A.F. Stn. Camp Borden to 2 (F.) Wing, Gros Tenquin.
 WO2 W. E. Johnson — A.F.H.Q. to 1 O.S., London.
 WO2 D. J. Maloney — 6 R.D., Trenton, to 1 O.S., London.
 WO2 A. E. Martin — R.C.A.F. Stn. Trenton to 11 T.S.U., Montreal.
 WO2 R. H. Mitchell — T.C. C. & R. Flt., Trenton, to 1 O.S., London.
 WO2 W. F. Olson — 418 (L.B.) Sqn. (Aux.), Edmonton, to 1 O.S., London.
 WO1 J. O. Phillips — 14 T.G.H.Q., Winnipeg, to R.C.A.F. Stn. Penhold.
 WO2 J. H. Pickering — R.C.A.F. Stn. Gimli to 2 (F.) Wing, Gros Tenquin.
 WO2 J. F. Powers — A.M.C.H.Q., Ottawa, to 6 R.D., Trenton.
 WO1 J. R. Probert — 2 T.T.S., Camp Borden, to R.C.A.F. Stn. Trenton.
 WO2 A. Silverman — A.M.C.H.Q., Ottawa, to 1 Req. Unit, Dayton.
 WO2 W. J. Smith — 11 T.S.U., Montreal, to R.C.A.F. Stn. Trenton.
 WO2 J. M. Thomas — 122 (Marine) Sqn., Patricia Bay, to 2 P.S.U., London.
 WO2 B. Walters — R.C.A.F. Stn. North Bay to 1 O.S., London.
 WO2 R. H. Wilson — 426 (T.) Sqn., Dorval, to 1 O.S., London.
 WO2 W. H. Wingate — R.C.A.F. Stn. Winnipeg to 2 (F.) Wing, Gros Tenquin.

WARRANT OFFICERS: SEPTEMBER

WO2 D. R. Baker—R.C.A.F. Stn. Edmonton to T.A.G.H.Q., Edmonton.
 WO2 R. J. Bélanger — 5 S.D., Moncton, to R.C.A.F. Stn. Bagotville.
 WO1 J. H. Deans — A.M.C.H.Q., Ottawa, to 30 A.M.B., U.K.
 WO2 J. B. Ledingham — 6 R.D., Trenton, to A.M.C.H.Q., Ottawa.
 WO2 G. J. McCracken — 408 (P.) Sqn., Rockcliffe, to R.C.A.F. Stn. Trenton.
 WO2 F. W. Naish — 6 R.D., Trenton, to 1 R.C.S., Clinton.
 WO2 R. K. Robinson — R.C.A.F. Stn. Toronto to R.C.A.F. Stn. St. Hubert.
 WO1 L. G. Smith, B.E.M.—R.C.A.F. Stn. Toronto to 203 R.S., Foymount.
 WO2 J. C. Snider — R.C.A.F. Stn. Centralia to R.C.A.F. Stn. Winnipeg.
 WO1 L. F. Wentzloff — R.C.A.F. Stn. Trenton to R.C.A.F. Stn. Penhold.
 WO2 S. M. Zarbatany — 426 (T.) Sqn., Dorval, to 30 A.M.B., U.K.

KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS

A.A.S.	— Air Armament School
A.C.W.U.	— Aircraft Control & Warning Unit
A.D.C.H.Q.	— Air Defence Command Headquarters
A.F.S.	— Advanced Flying School
A.M.B.	— Air Materiel Base
A.M.C.H.Q.	— Air Materiel Command Headquarters
A.N.S.	— Air Navigation School
A.T.C.H.Q.	— Air Transport Command Headquarters
C.E. & P.E.	— Central Experimental & Proving Establishment
C.J.A.T.C.	— Canadian Joint Air Training Centre
C.J.S.	— Canadian Joint Staff
C.M.U.	— Construction & Maintenance Unit
C.N.S.	— Central Navigation School



(F.) — Fighter
(F.B.) — Fighter Bomber
F.I.S. — Flying Instructors' School
F.T.S. — Flying Training School
I.F.S. — Instrument Flying School
J.S.E.S.U. — Joint Services Experimental Station Unit
(L.B.) — Light Bomber
M.D. — Manning Depot
O.S. — Officers' School
O.T.U. — Operational Training Unit
(P.) — Photographic
P.S.U. — Personnel Selection Unit
R.C.S. — Radar & Communications School

R.D. — Repair Depot
R.O.S. — Reserve Officers' School
R.S. — Radio Station
R.U. — Recruiting Unit
S.D. — Supply Depot
S.H.A.P.E. — Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe
(T.) — Transport
T.A.G.H.Q. — Tactical Air Group Headquarters
T.C.C. & R. Flt. — Training Command Communication & Rescue Flt.
T.C.H.Q. — Training Command Headquarters
T.G.H.Q. — Training Group Headquarters
T.S.U. — Technical Service Unit
T.T.S. — Technical Training School

HOW TO LOSE WEIGHT — *in an Airplane*

ONE OF THE primary chores of to-day's aircraft engineers is to devise means of keeping down the weight of new jet fighters.

The weight-savers who labour at this task take comfort, cool as it is, from an interesting and quick solution suggested recently by William C. Schoolfield, chief of aerodynamics at Chance Vought.

Developing his theme, Schoolfield says that any pilot who is interested in reducing the weight of his jet fighter can do it by following three easy steps. First, he must fly at top speed. Let us assume that top speed is 600 knots, about 690 miles an hour. Second, he must maintain a constant altitude. Third, he must head due east. If these simple directions are followed, Schoolfield maintains, the weight of a 25,000-pound fighter will decrease approximately 135 pounds. The faster the pilot flies, the more weight his airplane will lose. If he can get his airplane up to approximately 14,600 knots, it won't weigh anything.

If the pilot wants to increase the weight of his aircraft, an improbable situation, he may do so by following the same procedure, with the exception of the third step. In this case, he must fly due west. Results will not be gratifying, Schoolfield warns, as the most the pilot can hope to gain in a jet fighter of average weight, is about 60 pounds at 600 knots. At speeds beyond 760 knots, however, the airplane will start losing weight until, at 16,100 knots, it will again weigh nothing, even going west.

In scientific parlance, his explanation shows that the reduction in weight is the result of a conflict between gravitational and centrifugal forces. At the equator, the earth is turning at a rate of 900 knots; at the latitude of Dallas the surface (rotational) speed is 760 knots. A jet fighter, flying at constant altitude (that is, in a curved path around the earth's surface) at a speed of 600 knots, is subject to a centrifugal force factor proportional to the square of 760 plus 600 knots, divided by the radius of the earth's curvature. This centrifugal force factor acts in the opposite direction to the force of gravity to reduce the airplane's weight (that is, the effect of the force of gravity on the airplane) by approximately 135 pounds.

Putting it another way, Schoolfield says, "If you tie a rock on the end of a rope and swing it in a circle, it will tend to fly off into space. In the same way, a jet fighter, traveling in the same direction that the earth turns, increases its tendency to fly off into space from the circle to which the earth's gravity holds it. Gravity has the same function as the man at the end of the rope."

All a person of experimental mind has to do to check the validity of this theory is to put a jet fighter in a railroad car moving east on level ground at 600 knots, and the airplane will show a loss of about 135 pounds.

(Keith Baker, in "The Bee-Hive":
United Aircraft Corp'n.)



AND NOW NIPPON

By Sergeant J. H. Bélanger, No. 426 (T.) Squadron

(Our world-traveller who, in his "Idyll of the South Atlantic" and "Operation X," described for us his somewhat unorthodox reactions to Europe, Africa, and the Canadian Arctic, here enters a few more marginal whimsicalities in the Bélanger atlas.—EDITOR.)

WHEN OUR SQUADRON was alerted for the Tokyo airlift in the summer of 1950, an unmarried airman, who was still uncertain of his Service status, asked on muster parade:

"Are single airmen going to be picked first for the move? I mean, are you going to consider the single guys as volunteers?"

The C.O.'s answer was unequivocal. "I consider," said he, "that every man in the Squadron is a volunteer." It followed from this brief discussion that every man in the Squadron was considered to be a volunteer. Many months were to elapse, however, before my name in the roster was reached and I had a chance to assess the Far Eastern situation for myself.

* * *

A North-Star flight across Canada, especially if it lacks even novelty, is not an exhilarating experience, although it must be admitted that the Rockies, in clear weather, never fail to offer a thrill. Thus, it was not until we reached McChord Air Base, and were awaiting clearance from M.A.T.S., that the momentous events depicted below began to unfold.

One undeniable trait of Canadians in exile is their national solidarity. Never had it been given to me to observe such unanimity of opinion as that of those friends who had, during the past year, urged me to visit the McChord P.X. and admire the good looks of the salesgirls. I have heard that men who have been together under fire develop

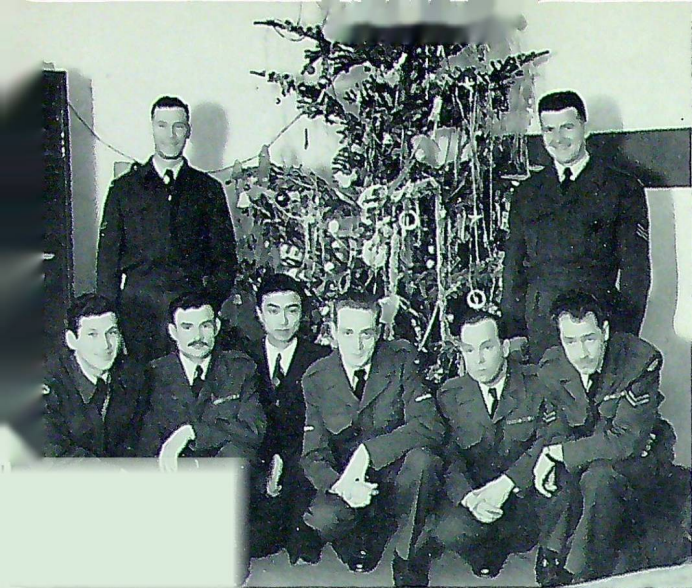
bonds of kinship that last unto death, and that such bonds often find expression in a symbol. Unfortunately, as I soon learned, the symbol is not always eternal: by the time I arrived, the young angora girl, who used to deal cigarettes out to the boys, was no longer in office.

The third day, however, brought me a measure of solace. The West-Coast fog lifted, and Mount Rainier's tremendous twin peaks were revealed to me, solemn and clean-cut against the wide expanse of the Western sky.

On the eve of our departure, Cpl. Richardson and I got by the Air Police and found ourselves cascading down Pacific Avenue in the bus to Tacoma. The avowed purpose of our escapade was window-shopping, but we were unable to stick entirely to our resolution. Not being endowed with the determination necessary to resist high-pressure salesmanship, I shortly acquired a couple of multiple-use gadgets which I had no idea until then that I could not do without.

The next phase of our Tacoma activities might be referred to as the academic phase. Having confessed to never having seen T.V., I could only assent when Ritchie amiably suggested that I should correct such backwardness forthwith. Therefore, in order to quench our thirst for knowledge, we directed our steps to an adjacent estaminet.

Before very long I had made the acquaintance of several important T.V. personalities. Indubitably, the most outstanding one is Dagmar,



Haneda detachment personnel at Ebisu. Kneeling (l. to r.): LAC's O. L. Leblanc, E. L. Gajda, Mr. Shinsuke Tominari, LAC H. Michaud, Cpls. G. Richardson, J. E. Maily. Standing (l. to r.): Cpl. T. Creteau, Sgt. L. Bergeron.

although I fear that her assets are beyond the scope of this little opus. Hopalong Cassidy, however, is one type that can be discussed with equanimity. As we watched, an old western of his was screened. The most edifying of all possible spectacles is the sight of Hopalong downing a double "sasseparilla," in the manner of Popeye putting spinach away, and then proceeding with dispatch to the introduction of law and order in a corrupt boom-town. This he does despite the traps of the town crook and the trappings of the saloon's prize hostess. That Hopalong sure is a collected customer!

Unaccountably, there was no fog on the morning we left McChord, and die-hard West-Coast boosters hailed the day as the early primitives used to hail the vernal equinox. We left heavily-laden, our potent Merlins ponderously a-purr. We flew north and west, hugging the B.C. coast and the Aleutian chain as far as possible. We flew over water, and ice, and snow. We flew over mountains. We flew across four time-zones and across the International Date-line. And then we flew some more.

It had been cool and clear in McChord at departure. It was cold in Anchorage, and damp in Shemya. I refuse to repeat the time-worn aphorism that there is a girl behind every tree in Shemya, where there are no trees. Although disgruntled

personages have been known to refer to the Isle of Shemya as performing a rather uncouth function in the physiology of the earth, for airlift purposes this airfield is admirably located. Anybody who has been up in a North Star for ten hours is apt to look upon any land as heaven — even, by the gods, if that land is Shemya!

* * *

When man takes to long-distance travel by air, the laws of relativity acquire a deep significance for him. My watch was many psychological hours slow before, after a mere twenty-four hours according to conventional horology, the 'plane landed in warm sunshine at Haneda. We piled into a bus, and a Japanese driver whisked us across town to the former submarine pens of Ebisu, where the Australian Army runs the Commonwealth Forces Camp on a solid mutton diet.

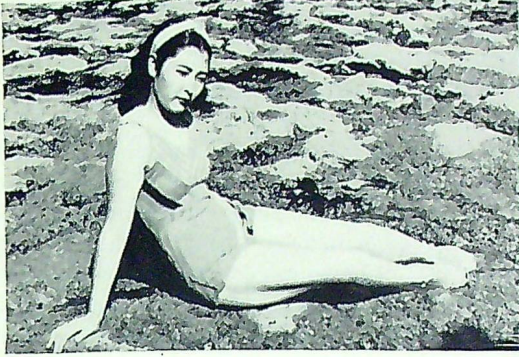
It didn't require long to take cognizance of the type of war that is being waged in the messes of Ebisu Camp. An Australian and a New Zealander started arguing over their beer, and such fragments of their conversation as were intelligible to me seemed to indicate a definite trend towards belligerence.

"Dear, dear!" I interposed in my most meddling manner. "Aren't you boys supposed to be Allies? I thought all along that New Zealand and Australia were both part of one indivisible Commonwealth."

"Bah!" said the Aussie. "Don't even start to believe that stuff. Why, we've been carrying New Zealand for years!"

"Phooey on that too!" commented the other chap. He turned to me. "See what I mean? Those guys claim credit for everything we do."

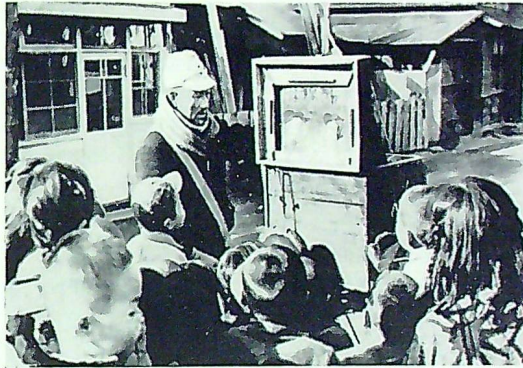
Then they both agreed that they weren't too happy about the Yanks either, who (said they) were getting more money than was good for them. Only the previous day, an Aussie had tried to carry a bag past the gates of the American Embassy, saying he wanted to blow up the place. It was all a joke, of course, but such things occasion some unrest amongst the Brass and make for light conversation at the bar.



... disturbingly attractive.

visit, certain Tokyo promoters were trying to introduce ice-hockey, and Sgt. Louis Bergeron, who was with our Haneda Detachment, assured me that the game was arousing much interest. "Around the rinks," said Louis, "every time they see a Canadian they come up and ask: 'Are you a hockey-player?' All Canadians, it seems, should be hockey-players."

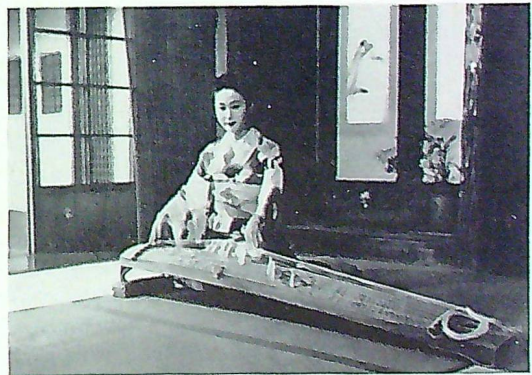
With obvious proportions kept, Sgt. Bergeron was to Japanese hockey what Joe Di Maggio was to local baseball. The Japanese, at least, had that impression. One evening, in a Tokyo rink where Louis went skating, someone who acted as though he were in charge pulled everybody off the ice, and calling Louis over, said to him: "You'll be alone



... loud sobs and guffaws.

Except for the Daughters of the American Revolution, just about all national and social groups seemed to be represented in Camp. Complexions ran through all possible hues, from palest white to blackest dark. Hindus were there, and Pakistanis, and various strains of Africans. On recuperation leave from Korea, our own R.C.R., Royal 22nd, and P.P.C.L.I. troops, were also on the spot. And lastly, there were survivors of the glorious Royal Gloucesters.

It had only been a short while since Joe Di Maggio was over in Japan to play exhibition ball, and the local fans were still enthusiastic about the event. But petulance appears to be a natural condition in Japanese sports. At the time of my



Japanese girl playing the koto.

with the puck for the next ten minutes. You do anything you want."

Louis did. He skated and twisted and stick-handled and played the boards; and he drew so much applause that for a while he thought he was Rocket Richard on Forum ice. Louis, is, of course, a pretty fair performer in his own right. His message to the boys who might follow: "Bring your skates. Out here, you can be All-Stars."

When he wasn't servicing the Sked, Sgt. Bergeron applied himself to the explanation of the problems facing East and West. If anyone had the Japanese situation sized up, it was Sgt. Bergeron. According to him, there wasn't too much bitterness amongst the people about losing the war. The women smiled a great deal and seemed very happy. "Just look at the girls," Louis urged needlessly. I suppose that, at times, even the wisest must mete out superfluous advice.

* * *

The subject of the girls must necessarily be broached because of the interest it is sure to arouse. It will be appreciated, however, that the matter must be handled with discretion. Being a family man, I cannot risk having bombs planted in my home. One opinion which can be incontrovertibly and innocuously expressed is that there is an amazing number of Japanese girls in Tokyo.

The next impression is that many of those girls are disturbingly attractive. Except in the case of congenital recalcitrants, there is absolute agreement on this point. Cpl. Charlie Mayer, of No. 426 Squadron, who has obviously devoted some time to the elucidation of such phenomena, has ably expressed the matter in mathematical terms. Charlie's Law, broadly stated, says:

"The degree of resistance to feminine appeal, in a male onlooker, is inversely proportional to the distance from home of the beholder."

It will be seen that Charlie's Theorem allows the Air Force a wide latitude. It would, of course, be difficult for me to question the soundness of the postulates involved, and I have elected to leave the task of evaluating the new law to those who are qualified to do it adequately. For the

time being, anyway, the girls of Tokyo are retaining their appeal, and most Occupation troops appear to share that conviction.

Few avenues to fraternization have been left unexplored. Humility is getting the best of sophistication. Many Aussies and Americans are picking a wife in Japan. I struck up a casual acquaintance with an American blue-jacket who admitted to having fallen in love with the ladies. He intended to get back to Japan after his discharge and settle down as a barber. For my own part, however, I found that, since very few Japanese women speak anything but Japanese, it was not easy for the casual visitor to communicate with them in the abstract.

The opinion has been expressed that, for Nipponese womanhood, the conquest of their country may have been a blessing in disguise. It seems that the Japanese world used to be predominantly a man's world. From womb to tomb, women were traditionally subjected to male

A wistful "musumé", Miss Miu Hagihara, bids us goodbye.



caprice and rule. Life in general, and home-life in particular, was characterized by unremitting austerity. There was no reason, however, for the suppression of all indulgence, and the men of Japan had the sagacity to mitigate their own discomforts by the retention of the sensible institution of the Geisha. But, with the Occupation, part of this whole set-up has been forced to change. One basic tenet of democratic civilization is that what is good for the goose is also good for the gander. And that, no doubt, is why the girls aren't mad at anybody.

A development which is not quite so happy is that many young girls are discarding their traditional dress in favour of American-style clothes. Personally, I feel it would be a great loss if the local fashions were entirely to disappear, and I am glad to be able to express the view that the danger of it is not too imminent, as eastern dress possesses undeniable advantages. For one thing, it is less misleading: it makes no attempt to prop up depleted anatomical areas. For another, it is certainly colourful.

* * *

With my main theme thus elegantly disposed of, it is now possible to proceed to other matters. One fine day, it started to rain in the Japanese capital. An obliging M.P. directed me to the Ernie Pyle Theatre where "An American in Paris" was showing. At first I felt it would not be right to spend time watching a movie that I could see just as well in Montreal. But the rain, which by then was pouring down in bucketfuls, speedily dissipated the feeling.

Movie-going is a highly legitimate pursuit, although at times it is apt to be a dull and unrewarding one. Nevertheless, in exceptional cases, it is possible for a film to live up to its ballyhoo, and I was pleased to note that the Pyle Theatre show fell into this category. The plot unfolded, and a wave of satisfaction settled over me as I recognized locales and circumstances with which it had been my privilege to develop a fleeting acquaintance. As I watched, it occurred to me that the Air Force publicity which enjoins young citizens to sign up and become world-travellers at

twenty-one had been, in my case at least, fairly well justified. Admittedly, I could never hope to see twenty-one again, and my age had now become a subject which I could no longer discuss without a measure of reticence. But then, I reflected, even a shallow knowledge of the ways of the world indicates that few people die happy who expect more of life than a partial realization of its promises. Having plunged thus briefly into the ocean of metaphysics, I emerged and settled down to enjoy the amazing Gene Kelly doing his interpretations of Toulouse-Lautrec's impressions of the great Choclat.

Being new in this city, and without a Baedeker, I found it difficult to orientate myself and get around. Fortunately, my *confrères* on detachment volunteered pertinent bits of information. "It's easy once you find your bearings," LAC Michaud thought fit to bequeath. "The main street, for instance, runs north and south, just like Broadway."

The younger generation in Tokyo would seem to have New York on its collective mind. Being groomed in the liberal atmosphere promoted by Occupation policies, students look with admiration to the American metropolis. They are also impelled by a spirit of emulation. One of them ventured to ask what I thought of Tokyo. He was pleased when I replied, quite truthfully, that I was very much surprised. Then he wanted to find out whether I knew New York. "Oh, yes," I lied, "I know New York like I know the inside of my wedge-cap." That floored him for a while, but he recovered. "How would Tokyo," he went on in his somewhat fractured English, "stack up against New York?" "Well," I reckoned, "it all depends which way you look at it. There are things to be said for both, you know." It will be appreciated that no one is likely to land in jail for making such comments. An Air Force career is wonderful training for getting around controversial issues.

Among the more remarkable features of post-war Tokyo are its portly American M.P.'s, in impeccable dress, pacing their rounds with a majestic tread. They are obviously choice personnel. They are polite, stern, and level-headed, and they carry about with them a hint of the



Tea with friends of Mr. Tominari, of the Haneda detachment. L. to r. (from six o'clock): Flying Officer G. Waddell, LAC H. Millette, hostess and host, Mr. Tominari, Sgt. L. Bergeron, LAC Sterr, Cpl. T. Creteau.

latent might of their country. They look the embodiment of military virtue. They are the Praetorian guard of the Occupation — the guys who control it and make it work.

Tokyo's own traffic cops, too, are tolerably impressive. Their chief weapon is a whistle designed to carry a high note for prolonged periods. For hours on end, they go through their mechanical chores, like robots, waving their arms at the cars, which drive on the left of the streets. I guess insular peoples must have a mysterious affinity in this liking of theirs for driving on the left.

A multiplicity of arresting phenomena and customs strikes the attention of the wayfarer in Japan's capital. Wonder has often been expressed that the Japanese should have attained the status of a world-power despite their mystical traditions and their ideographic alphabet. One outstanding instance of the spirit and dynamism which account for the country's ascent is shown in the performance of the numerous story-tellers who operate with bicycles, seeking out the children and enacting stories for them, while at the same time showing sequence drawings and emitting loud sobs and guffaws.

Another aspect of Japanese behaviour which is improperly felt to be odd, is the custom of leaving

one's shoes (or rather one's sandals, or "geta") at the door when entering a dwelling. For my own part, I think it an admirable way of keeping the house clean and preserving the beautiful straw mats that are used on the floors — though I will readily admit that a Westerner on a casual visit offers a slightly absurd spectacle as he walks around a bamboo hut in his stocking-feet. On the other hand, let it be pointed out that in no phase of their official functions are airmen at any time required to enter bamboo huts.

Still another aspect of the capital's life which struck me as picturesque was the Ginza, or market. Here, hundreds of impromptu dealers have set up stalls, beside which they carry on the eastern version of the time-honoured dialogue between trader and buyer. Leisurely Servicemen of many nations pick their way through the crowds, sampling goods:

"How much for this lighter, papa san?"

The dealer picks at his hair and looks at the sky for inspiration. Suddenly, it comes:

"Oh! Five hundred yen."

This, of course, is just by way of greeting. Introductions cannot be effected without such elementary courtesies. In any deal, no price but the last price means anything.

"Too much, papa san. I'll give you two hundred yen. How about that!"

"Never hawp'n! But wait, you Canada, to-day special price. Four hundred yen. No commish'n!"

"Too much, papa san! Tell you what I'll do. I'll give you two hundred and fifty yen. O.K.?"

"Ho-kay!"

After a few such transactions, the Ginza takes its place in your memory beside those other great avenues of the world which have developed such individual identities that they have come to stand for whole cities or even countries — Broadway, Piccadilly, the Champs-Élysées, Ste. Catherine-and-Peel, and many more . . .

* * *

"In sailing, as in other walks of life, headwinds are more prevalent than winds from astern," wrote the author of "Moby Dick." No doubt, this observation applies equally to flying. At any

rate, its accuracy was well illustrated on the return trip to Canada. The north-westerlies seemed to have seized the occasion to blow from the east for a change, with a decidedly upsetting effect upon our schedule. But Cpl. T. Thompson, our engineer, took it philosophically enough. "As long as we don't get becalmed," he assured me, "we'll make it home just the same. Those fans are the only thing I ever worry about." Becalmed airplanes do not stay aloft for any great length of time.

In the old sailing days, on long sea voyages, it is said that there always existed a risk of mutiny — especially when it became necessary to cut the rum ration. It was the captain's responsibility to secure adequate supplies of the stuff and to distribute it wisely. But the task of to-day's aircraft captain is easier. In the first place, the time element is not so considerable, and secondly, there are no rum rations issued at any time on board Service 'planes.

This does not imply that the captains are idle

folk — particularly when (as on the occasion of which I am writing) the whole B.C. coast is shrouded in thick fog. They have their hands full, keeping out of "stuffed areas." "Stuffed clouds," to quote Mr. Churchill's phrase, are clouds with mountains in them, and obviously it is commendable practice to shun such clouds. The navigators also have a fair amount of reckoning to do at such times, which is perhaps not too difficult for them, for I strongly suspect that navigators are part homing-pigeons to start with. Be that as it may, most of the aircrews who fly the Tokyo airlift are men of wide experience, and the safety record indicates it is not unwise to place your faith in them.

As our journey ended, one of the G.I. veterans of Korea whom we were bringing back to the United States summed the whole business up in two brief sentences.

"A good trip in good time," he said, "but an awful grind. You certainly have a tough job on your hands, and my hat is off to you."

NASTY MAN

There's an Air Force story about the curious old lady who had pestered a Flight Sergeant to exasperation with silly questions until he was driven to "stuffing" her.

"And why do you have the crown and three stripes?" she asked.

"Madam," said the Sergeant, "we all receive a crown when we are married and a stripe for every addition to the family."

A week later her grandson, recently promoted to sergeant, came home on leave. "What do you think of these?" he asked, proudly displaying his sleeve.

"Henry! shrieked the old lady, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

(*"Debut"*: R.C.A.F. Station St. Johns)



ENUMEROPHOBIA

(Eric Nicol, others of whose articles have been reprinted in previous issues of "The Roundel," writes a column in Vancouver's "Daily Province," from which the present study in mass psychology has been taken.—EDITOR).

The Federal Government's census figure for Vancouver (340,272) does not tally with Vancouver's own official population (397,140). City officials are reported to be angry about this, milling around and occasionally dashing out on the balcony of the City Hall to shake a fist towards the east.

This will lead to bloodshed, since the City Hall has no balcony.

* * *

The reason that the federal census shows 340,272 instead of 397,140 is that there are 56,868 people in Vancouver who do not want to be counted, and haven't been. I know, because I am one of them (No. 34,514).

We 56,868 all suffer from the remarkable enumerophobia, or fear of being counted. We will do anything to avoid being counted. I know that if anybody tries to count me I immediately run under the carpet and pretend to be dirt.

If a psychiatrist traced my enumerophobia back to my early childhood he would be wasting his time, since it began when I joined the R.C.A.F. during a recent war. A corporal would take me and a squad of fellow-goofs out on the parade square and, after bulldozing us into three ranks, bark:

"By the right, number!"

Following the short pause during which the whole squad figured out which was right, the man on the right end of the front rank cried "One!" the next man "Two!", and so on to the last man in the front rank. The corporal then could multiply

the last number by three, subtract a blank file and know automatically how many members of the squad had died from the previous day's gas drill.

As a result I was either over-eager, harmonizing on a number with the man to my right, or over-cautious, so that the man on my right thought it was his turn and sang out my number first. It was largely thanks to me that the corporal spent most of our mornings trying to count how many men he had. As a rule he was in a black rage before we had drilled a step.



This made me even more nervous about numbering. Even when I yelled out my number on cue, it was liable to come out strangely distorted from the original Arabic. "Sykes!" I cried once, in a cold sweat, and another time I got "four" and "five" fused into a shout of "Fire!" It warmed the corporal up considerably.

I tried to escape the ugly business of numbering by falling in with the rear rank, but by giving an about-turn the corporal put me right back in the front rank again with a mouth full of digits.

It was not until the last months of the war that I realized the only place safe from numbering was the middle rank. By then I was too neurotic for the discovery to help much, and I marched along mumbling numbers to myself right up to the day of my discharge.



An experience like that scars a man. I and thousands of others left the services swearing that we would never be counted again, especially from the right. . . .

Octogenarian Wing Commander

Major Richard Loney, of Moose Jaw, Sask., has been awarded the honorary rank of Wing Commander by the R.C.A.F. for his outstanding contributions to the Air Force recruiting programme. This marks the first time in R.C.A.F. history that an honorary rank has been given for such service.

Major Loney, a veteran of the Boer and First World Wars, has, since 1941, voluntarily assisted the R.C.A.F. in recruiting personnel from all over Saskatchewan. During the war, he recruited thousands of men and women for the Air Force, many of whom later achieved outstanding war records. To-day, despite the fact that he is 80 years old, he is still actively engaged in this public service. Since 1945, he has passed on more than 300 potential enlistees to the recruiting unit.

After distinguished service in South Africa in 1900 and in the First World War, Major Loney was rejected for Army duty in 1939 because of his age. He then turned his attention to recruiting.

Working long hours and using his own office, he brought thousands of recruits into the Army, Navy, and particularly the Air Force. In addition, Major Loney has actively supported the Royal Canadian Air Cadets and is now Honorary President of the Air Cadet League in Saskatchewan.



AIR POWER— The Key to Our Survival

(The following review, by Air Marshal Sir Robert Saundby, K.B.E., C.B., M.C., D.F.C., A.F.C., of Major Alexander P. de Seversky's remarkable book, "Air Power: Key to Survival," is reprinted here by courtesy of the editor of the well-known British publication, "Air Pictorial and Air Reserve Gazette." This book is published by Herbert Jenkins Ltd., price 21s.—EDITOR.)

A RUSSIAN BY BIRTH, American by naturalization, Major Alexander de Seversky is a man with a brilliant record. Losing a leg while serving with the Russian Naval Air Service in the Baltic in 1915, he continued to fly as a pilot and destroyed no fewer than thirteen German aircraft. After the Bolshevik revolution he went to the United States and rapidly achieved success as an aeronautical engineer. He founded his own aircraft company, and has been responsible for the design of several well-known fighter aircraft, including the Thunderbolt (P-47), which was extensively used as a long-range fighter in World War II.

He was twice awarded the Harmon Trophy, given to the most outstanding figure of the year in American aviation.

He has written several books, which have profoundly influenced American thought on air matters. His last book, *Air Power: Key to Survival*, was published in the United States in the summer of 1950, and has now been printed in this country, with a foreword by Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert.

Perceptive and Closely Reasoned

This is a remarkable book; perceptive, closely reasoned, and free from exaggeration. In it Major de Seversky analyses the military aspect of the present world situation, appraises the growth of air power, and indicates how it may be made to keep the peace or, if war should come, to play the dominant part in gaining the victory.

He begins by a note on the lessons of Korea. Although his words were written when that war was but a few months old, he shows a clear grasp of the military situation. He points out the danger of supposing that the struggle in Korea, a minor war modified by political restrictions, bears any resemblance to the pattern of a future world war.

He says "We are able to carry on an old-fashioned ground struggle in that area only because we are *permitted* to do so by Soviet abstention. At this time our Japanese air bases are still unmolested; our supporting sea forces are unchallenged by submarines or air action; our aircraft carriers are allowed to operate in surrounding waters. . . . In a real war against Soviet Russia, none of these conditions would prevail." And again: "Those who rush to make strategic deductions from the Korean facts, as if a Third World War would merely be a Korea magnified to Eurasian dimensions, are therefore making a serious mistake."

He goes on to size up our present situation. In a chapter entitled "How Russia got all the Marbles" he tells, in brief, the story told in more detail by Mr. Chester Wilmot in his *Struggle for Europe*.

He points out that the U.S.S.R. and China together dispose of a huge manpower, but that it is relatively uneducated and unskilled. The Communists can raise immense armies, equipped with fairly simple weapons and primitive transport. "Military preparedness," he says, "in Soviet

Russia is of necessity based on quantity. The country has no alternative. . . . The United States does have an alternative. The choice open to our country is between two fundamentally different and incompatible methods of waging war — one geared to mass, the other to skill. They are mutually exclusive methods, since the effective implementation of both is beyond the economic capacities of any nation.”

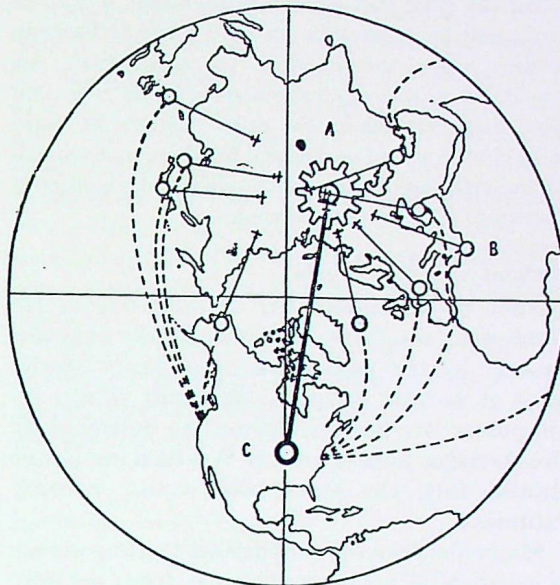
He argues that it would be dangerous folly for the North Atlantic Treaty Powers to attempt to create land forces on a scale which would match the Asiatic hordes. Even if they could do so, they would have to fight on the continents of Europe and Asia and, unlike the Communists, with long and vulnerable sea lines of communication between their industrial areas and their troops in the field.

With regard to sea power, Major de Seversky insists that, under modern conditions, it is reduced to a secondary rôle. It is no longer capable of producing a decisive effect, and its task in future will be to secure, under the “umbrella” of air power, our sea communications. “As for sea warfare,” he says, “Russia has no navy, needs no navy, and fears no navy. . . . Sea power can be no real threat to a self-contained continent unafraid of blockade and in no way dependent on overseas lines of communication.”

These facts lead him to conclude that “the Soviet rulers will not be deterred by a challenge on the surface, where mass is likely to tell the story.”

Triphibious task forces

He traces the growth of air power from its infancy in World War I, when the whole conduct of the war was two-dimensional and aircraft were merely weapons in the hands of soldiers and sailors, to World War II, when it still had not reached its full stature, because aircraft did not possess inter-continental range. World War II was therefore fought mainly by “triphibious teams”—land-sea-air task forces—conquering territory and capturing air bases to bring our relatively short-range heavy bombers near enough to the enemy’s industrial areas. The war against



Major de Seversky's map illustrates the diversion of effort involved in defending a number of overseas bases and supplying them over long sea routes under constant attack from air and submarines, as opposed to concentration of effort in direct long-range bombing from the home base. (A) is the objective, the industrial heart of the enemy nation; (B) an array of overseas bases; (C) the home base.

Japan was an excellent example of this, and air power, when it was brought within reach of the Japanese vitals, finished off the job without the need for a traditional invasion by sea-borne land forces. Major de Seversky sums up the war in the Pacific in these words: “Roughly one hundred and fifty billion dollars of American labour and materials channelled into naval force and another fifty billions into land force — for the sole purpose of bringing about twenty billion dollars’ worth of air striking-power to the enemy targets!”

Major de Seversky urges that, with inter-continental range now achieved by the B-36 and other types, there will be no need for triphibious teams to conquer forward bases, or for huge aircraft carriers to bring bombers within range of their targets. These things, he believes, belong to the past.

But he goes further and argues that it will, in any case, be impossible to hold forward bases in future, since the enemy can concentrate his whole air power against them, one by one, and wipe them out. As for the super-carriers, he maintains that it would be suicidal for them to approach within striking distance of the shores of a continent dominated by hostile air power.

"Fallacy of killing people"

Next he considers the atomic bomb. He condemns the folly of believing that wars can be won by the possession of superior stock-piles of atomic weapons. Without victorious air power the bombs cannot be delivered at the decisive points and, if Western air power should fail, the stock-pile would become valueless.

Major de Seversky emphasises the importance of accuracy in bombing, which includes not only technical accuracy in bomb aiming, but correct selection of the targets vital to the enemy's war effort. He refers to the "fallacy of killing people." He recounts a conversation with an American military man who asked "how many Russians, if war came, we should have to kill to make them quit." Asked if ten million would suffice, Major de Seversky replied: "If the industrial war-making vitals of the country were not paralysed, the death of ten million would not bring surrender. It would, therefore, be purposeless in the military sense. Worse, it would raise the mood of resistance, the will to fight." He underlines the necessity for using air power, not to kill masses of people, but to beat the weapons out of the hands of aggressive Governments. He points out that war with Russia would, for the first time since the great religious wars of the past, be "a fairly clear-cut ideological contest." Speaking as a Russian himself, he goes on to say: "The implications of this fact are deep-reaching. It means that we should not be at war with Russia as a nation nor with the Russians as a people — but with Communism as a system of power. We shall not be committed to eliminating Russia as a nation but making it into a co-operative, non-aggressive nation."

When he comes to consider America's strategic position, he argues powerfully against reliance upon the triphibious teams of the last war. He says: "Should we choose once more to conduct war simultaneously in all three elements — land, sea and air — we shall be accepting battle against the tremendous land forces of the Soviet Union. . . . This means war on the Kremlin's terms, with a terrifying risk of defeat."

He therefore believes that the time has come to recast the pattern of the armed forces of the Western Powers, and to concentrate on the building-up of overwhelming air power, able to defeat the enemy's air power and to "take command of the air ocean." Thereafter the victorious air force can do what it likes, and it remains only to finish the war in the most rapid and economical manner.

He believes that the "fear that Red armies deployed through Europe might continue in occupation after their home government is defeated — that they might have to be dislodged by bombing — is utterly unfounded. They would quickly be reduced to an impotent mass of displaced persons, eager to get home to their families and their personal interests."

Table of priorities

Finally, he believes that overwhelming air superiority and a large stock-pile of atomic weapons would enable the Atlantic Treaty Powers to keep the peace. He gives a table of priorities for the United States "in this crucial period of preparedness for peace — and for victory if war should be thrust upon us."

It would be "roughly as follows":

"*First*; Long-range American strategic air force for direct intercontinental warfare.

"*Second*; Adequate air force and other defensive means to shield the American continent.

"*Third*; Reinforcement of the British Isles as our most important (and only tenable) advance air base — and creation of necessary naval forces for that purpose.

"*Fourth*; Rearmament of Western Europe and its industrial rehabilitation to make pos-

sible the eventual emergency of independent military strength.”

Summing up, he says: “Soviet Russia, because it is condemned to channel its major potentials into invincible surface force, cannot at this stage also provide air power capable of winning an inter-hemispheric air war. Its main strength is — and must remain — on the ground. There we have neither the manpower nor the economic potentials to match it. Even if we could generate armies of the necessary size, we could not land them or transport them to the battlefields before the enemy was denuded of his air strength. But when he is thus denuded, there is no longer any need for mile-by-mile surface struggle.”

If Major de Seversky is right, there is not much time to lose. Already the North Atlantic Treaty Powers, through trying to build up balanced forces of all arms, are visibly in danger of losing the race for air superiority to the Russians. If this should happen, it is hard to believe that our armies or navies could deter the Kremlin from resorting to force. They would not enable us to win a war should it be thrust upon us, nor would our stockpile of atomic weapons, however vast, save us from defeat.

There can be no doubt that this book will have a considerable effect on public opinion in this country. Its publication, long overdue, is an event of some importance.

LIVING SYMBOL OF SECURITY

Airmen of six countries, now under instruction at R.C.A.F. Station Gimli, form the initials N.A.T.O. in front of a Harvard trainer.



No. 2 Fighter Wing Takes Off

The R.C.A.F. passed another milestone at R.C.A.F. Station Uplands on 23 September, when the Hon. Brooke Claxton, Minister of National Defence, and Air Marshal W. A. Curtis, Chief of the Air Staff, officially said good-bye to the officers and men of No. 2 Fighter Wing.

Glistening in the bright Autumn sun, sixty F-86E Sabres formed the backdrop for the farewell ceremony. Standing before the jets were the pilots who would fly them and the groundcrews who

would service them on their history-making trans-Atlantic flight, known as "Leap-Frog Two," to France. The Sabres about to make the flight were the first to set out across the Atlantic as a Wing, and, on arrival at their new base at Gros Tenquin, near Metz, they would become the first Continentally-based operational air unit supplied by Canada under the N.A.T.O. agreement.

Mr. Claxton called the parade "a great occasion, one which brings home to us everything that is

Air Marshal W. A. Curtis, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.C., E.D., and Flying Officer G. J. Tobin.

Air Vice-Marshal A. L. James, C.B.E., talks with Flt. Lt. E. G. Cameron.





The Minister of National Defence exchanges a few words with Flying Officer R. H. Aitken.

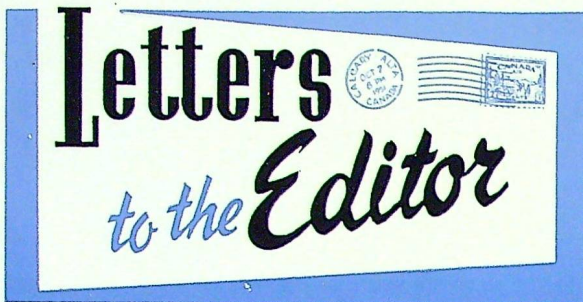


involved in Canada's playing its proper share in the United Nations and the North Atlantic Treaty Alliance."

"This is the largest parade of jet aircraft to be held in Canada in war or peace," the Defence Minister declared. "Indeed, this is the first time that three fighter squadrons, equipped, trained, and ready for action, have been brought together."

Air Marshal Curtis complimented the squadrons on their hard work and quick progress, and assured the Defence Minister, on the Wing's behalf, that they would be good ambassadors for Canada.

The C.O.'s of Nos. 416, 421, and 430 Squadrons, respectively. L. to r.: Sqn. Ldr. J. Mackay, D.F.C.; Sqn. Ldr. R. G. Middlemiss, D.F.C.; Wing Cdr. J. F. Edwards, D.F.C., D.F.M.



“THE SUGGESTION BOX”

Dear Sir:

The September issue of “The Roundel” contains another “Suggestion Box.”

It is undoubtedly a fine idea to commend thinking personnel, but possibly the flow of suggestions might be even more stimulated were the commendations accompanied by tangible expressions of appreciation.

Since cash prizes obviously cannot be given (as in industry, where rewards often reach one hundred dollars per idea), I would suggest that a leave pass, good for a period of from one to ten days and personally signed by the C.A.S., would be ample reward for each accepted idea and would tend to interest an even greater number of personnel in this very worth-while scheme. Actual suggestion boxes might well be used, too, handily situated at each unit and with the prize-list displayed alongside.

If this idea is accepted, I trust that it will be considered worthy of the maximum reward.

Ft. Lt. J. D. Harvey, D.F.C.

(Ft. Lt. Harvey's letter is herewith submitted for the consideration of the Director of Development “A,” at A.F.H.Q., one of whose functions it is to examine all original suggestions put forward by Service personnel.

—EDITOR.)

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO “THE ROUNDLE”

Dear Sir:

It has been my intention for some time to enquire as to the possibility of obtaining a subscription to our magazine, “The Roundel.” I believe that you had the same trouble quite some time ago with people begging for subscriptions. At that time it was inferred that subscriptions could not be accepted, but would be at some future date. Has that time arrived, or must I continue snatching the latest copy out of the Adjutant’s mail as the steno jiggles down the hall?

Perhaps the Editorial Committee does not realize the demand for copies. For every issue of fifty or less pages, they must barge through hundreds of pages of brilliant words from as many self-made authors. By the time it goes to press, “The Roundel” is nothing new and wonderful to them, but to the boys in the field it is a magnificent new volume, full of sparkling wit and profound knowledge, which is not retired to the shelf until a new issue takes its place.

You may have heard that the first words read in each issue are the utterings of that champion of the enlisted man, Sgt. Shatterproof. It is my ambition to obtain a complete file of all issues containing the words of this fine upstanding example of what a red-blooded Canadian airman should be. No one could be held remiss by posterity if he had the complete works of Sgt. Shatterproof to pass on to his heirs.

That young lad Tracy, with his insight into the core of the R.C.A.F.’s strength, the A.C., shows promise of becoming the hero of the barracks. Perhaps that is why we do not see quite as much of him these days!

But enough of this buttering up. May I hear about obtaining a subscription, please. It means a great deal to me, and I would even consider paying a nominal fee.

LAC G. A. Walker,
No. 6 Repair Depot.

(LAC Walker's very welcome letter brings up a matter that is under discussion at this moment, namely, the need for more copies of “The Roundel.” We hope to be able better to satisfy the demand within the next few weeks — and without instituting a system of paid subscriptions. With regards to LAC Walker's thought concerning a complete file of back issues, we regret to say that the stocks of all issues of “The Roundel” prior to 1 April 1952 are now exhausted.—EDITOR.)

A PROPHECY

We will record our conviction to-day that the coming of the Comet has changed the travelling habits of the globe as much as the coming of the Rocket sounded the knell of the long-distance, horse-drawn coach.

(“The Aeroplane”: U.K.)

Answers to “What’s the Score?”

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

R.C.A.F. STAFF COLLEGE TIE

All those who have attended the R.C.A.F. Staff College as students, or who have served there on the Directing Staff, are entitled to wear the new R.C.A.F. Staff College tie.

Related in design to the ties of the R.A.F., R.A.A.F., and S.A.A.F. Staff Colleges, it is none the less distinctively Canadian. The background colour is medium dark blue, with narrow azure blue diagonal stripes broken by small maple leaves at regular intervals and set off against wider stripes of dark blue. It is manufactured in a special English non-crease weave of finest silk.



The tie may be purchased from the Officers' Mess at the Staff College for \$2.50. In the case of mail orders, an additional 15c. are required to cover the cost of postage. Remittances should be made by money order or cheque (including exchange) payable to the Mess Secretary, R.C.A.F. Staff College Officers' Mess, Armour Heights, Toronto 12, Ont.

