

# The **ROUNDDEL**

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**ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE**



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*This Month's Cover*



Waits from No. 1 Fighter Wing carol the good tidings in rural England. Left to right, they are: Sgt. T. Ridley and Mrs. Dorothy Ridley, Mrs. Joan Price and Cpl. H. M. Price, Mrs. Frances Lundin and LAC R. A. Lundin. With them is Edward Owen, from the nearby village of Edith Weston.

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# A Message from The Minister

Christmas 1952 finds the R.C.A.F. larger than ever before in peacetime, and for the first time since the war thousands of Air Force personnel are serving abroad, far from their homes and loved ones. They are helping the forces of freedom to stop aggression in the Far East and to prevent aggression in Europe.

The men and women who wear the Air Force blue, wherever they are this Christmastide, may truly feel that they are playing their part in striving for a world dominated by the spirit of Christmas.

To all I send the heartiest greetings, and join you in the hope that during this next year we shall see an increase in that collective strength which it is necessary to build up in order to preserve our security.

*Brooke Claxton,  
Minister of National Defence*



# A Message from The C.A.S.

Five years ago I first sent you best wishes for the Christmas season as Chief of the Air Staff.

Since that time our Service family has increased more than threefold. Our strength to-day is that which we had previously planned. This is the direct result of the excellent work of all members of the R.C.A.F.

Our new methods of training have proven efficient. To-day we are capable of fulfilling operational commitments in a much shorter time than we had before thought possible. The recent successful joint operations of the

aircrew and groundcrew in Leapfrog I and II is ample proof of this training. During 1953, as we reach our manpower goal and establish new bases abroad, I know you will continue the good work.

To each of you — airwomen, airmen, officers — and to all your families, my best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a truly happy New Year.

*Air Marshal,  
Chief of the Air Staff*

# THE HI-JACKERS

A Tale of Malta

By A. M. Feast (R.C.A.F.A.)

*(In this story, ex-Flight Lieutenant Feast, who is no newcomer to the pages of "The Roundel", gives us a colourful account of one of the most amusing escapes of the Second World War. Our thanks are due, too, to Mr. J. P. Hutchinson, who, like Mr. Feast himself, was formerly a pilot on the same squadron as Strever, for having furnished us with certain additional details which have been incorporated in the story.—EDITOR.)*

THERE WAS AN old and probably quite inaccurate saying on Malta that the Islanders didn't really begin to hate until the day the Regia Aeronautica dropped a big one squarely on the baroque roof of Valetta's Opera House. The gilded ceiling collapsed, and the beloved old structure, designed by the man who built London's Covent Garden Opera House, became one with the other ruins in the ancient city.

Memory can be a tricky thing, and the passage of time does not usually improve it. Therefore I think the time has come to set down a few recollections of operations on Malta in 1942. Strangely enough, however, they still remain as clear as those sun-lit Mediterranean days, which were collectively and somewhat bitterly labelled by our fraternity as "Beaufort weather." Inevitably the subject of "Beaufort weather" leads to thoughts of that aircraft, and since Malta, Beauforts, torpedoes, Ted Strever, Mike Sharman, Winco Gibbs, and others, are all inextricably interwoven in my memory of the year 1942, I can only hope that I shall be able to preserve something like correct chronological order in the narrative that follows.

The chronicle of Ted Strever and the captured Cant is now only one of many reports in the yellowing squadron log. If it seems a bit more fulsome than usual, it can be excused on the grounds that the particulars were, to put it

mildly, somewhat different; for Strever and his crew pulled off what is probably still referred to on Malta as the celebrated hat-trick of the Mediterranean Theatre.

They departed from Malta's Luqa aerodrome on 28 July 1942, as part of a force of Bristol Beauforts attacking an Axis convoy off the Grecian island of Sapienza. Strever's machine failed to return, and the entire crew were written off as casualties. A day later they nonchalantly strolled into the Mess shepherding five sheepish Italians, whose reticence soon evaporated in the



*Strever and crew beside Beaufort.*



*Malta.*

memorable party that followed. Meanwhile, down in Kalafrana Harbour there lay anchored one battered Cant Z. 506-B, whose subsequent serviceability record made questionable the equality of the aircraft exchange which had, in effect, taken place. But that is another story.

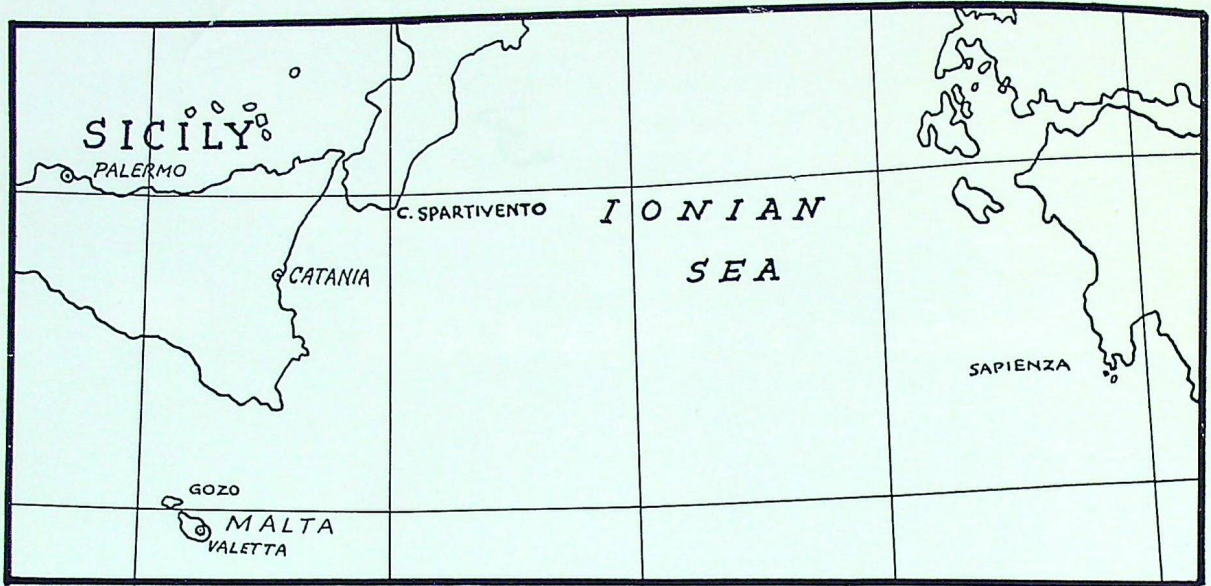
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By June 1942 Beaufort torpedo bombers had supplanted Blenheims as a day striking-force. A detachment of No. 39 Squadron Beauforts left Tobruk that month to take up station on Malta, reinforcing small elements of No. 217 and No. 86 Squadron Beauforts which had arrived earlier from England. En route, No. 39's detachment received a particularly grim foretaste of what was in store. In broad daylight nine unescorted Beauforts attacked a large Italian troop convoy which was escorted by heavy units of the Italian navy plus a Luftwaffe air cover of more than one hundred ME.109's and JU.88's. They were met by a wall of flak as they went in and by a host of fighters as they came out. In all, seven aircraft

were lost, from which there were few survivors. Of the two machines that landed in Malta, one was so badly riddled that it never flew again.

The unit was inoperative for several weeks until further detachments from Nos. 39 and 22 arrived from the Desert. After a few preliminary and costly strikes, all Beauforts on the island were welded into a main body designated as No. 39 Squadron, under the command of Wing Commander R. Gibbs, R.A.F. A veteran of the European Theatre, this officer bluntly informed all pilots that future day attacks would be flown at nought feet. He was soon to join the ranks of Malta's legendary figures. Seemingly bearing a charmed life, and leaving a trail of sunken ships, he personally led his squadron on every strike.

By late Spring of 1942, the islands were in a dire state of siege. No supply convoys had reached them since the ill-fated attempt of the previous March, when three of the merchantmen won through to Valetta's Grand Harbour. Even then all three were sunk by enemy bombs before any substantial portion of their desperately-needed



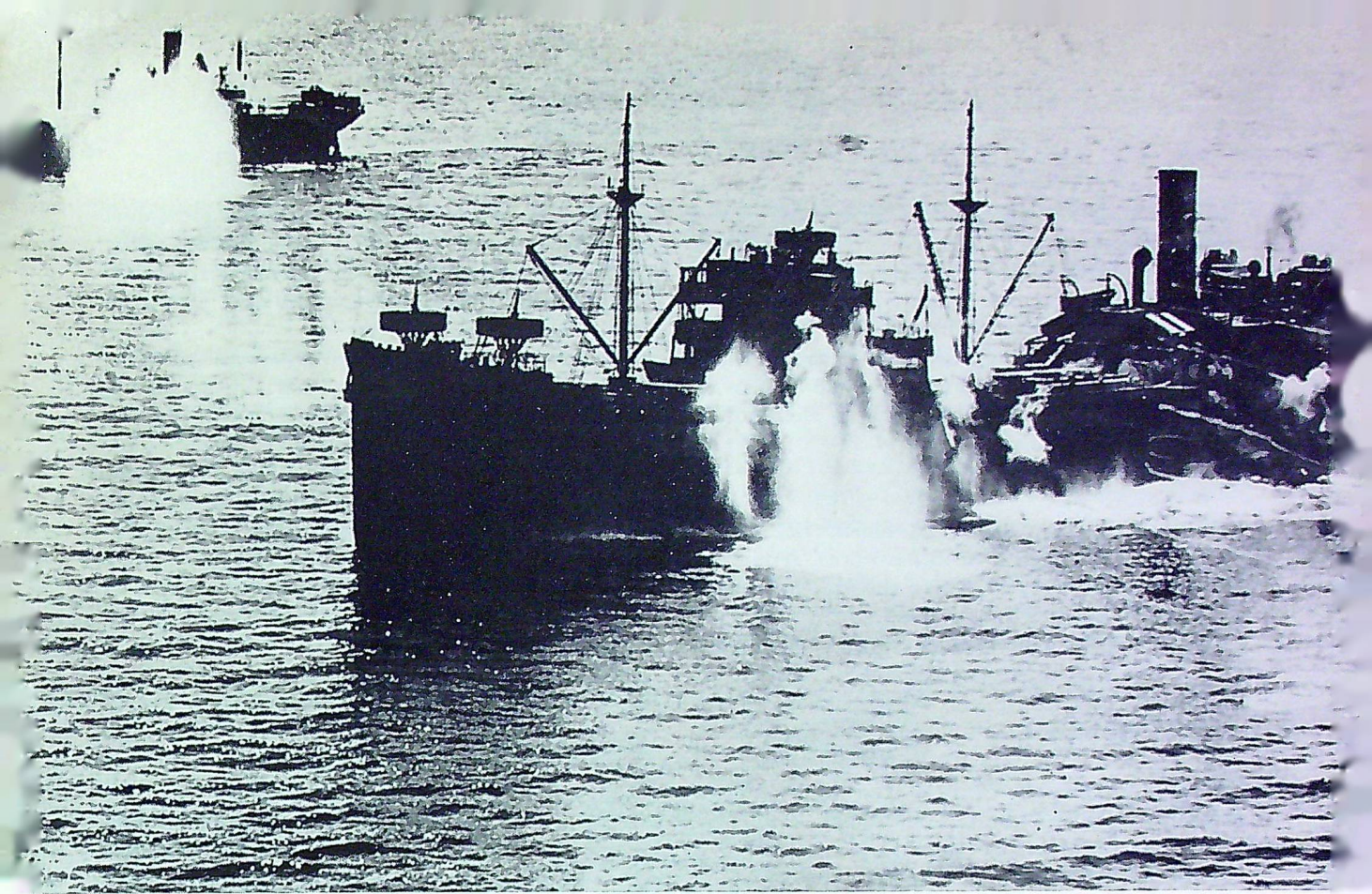
cargoes were unloaded. Prior to that, the last convoy to arrive reasonably intact anchored in the harbour in September 1941. By now, therefore, the plight of the islands' inhabitants was indeed precarious, with the spectre of starvation and disease hovering over the 143 square miles which comprise Malta and Gozo. Communal messes, termed "Victory Kitchens," endeavoured to assist with and to distribute the inadequate rations to a quarter of a million Maltese in the main centres of Valetta, Sliema, Hamrun, and Birkirkara.

The lot of Malta's Service personnel was little better. However, the spirits of both soldiers and civilians were buoyed up by evidence of Malta's increasing defensive and offensive power. A temporary setback came in July, when shortages of gasoline, ammunition, and spares rendered the struggle in the air extremely difficult to maintain. The fact that it was maintained is now history, for despite the acute shortages, Malta not only increased the ferocity of its defence but also launched a heavy air offensive against the enemy's aerodromes in Sicily, and, in particular, against his shipping lanes to the Axis forces then rolling towards El Alamein.

In further attempts to neutralize the islands

and to ensure their own convoys' uninterrupted passage to the African mainland, the Axis increased their ponderous air attacks against the main island of Malta, both by day and by night. Despite the weight of bombs on the island, the two aerodromes of Luqa and Halfar kept operating, mainly through the persistence and courage of a doughty bomb-disposal and repair squad formed from Service personnel and hired civilians. Under the command of an R.A.F. engineering officer, these men would materialize during the bombing attacks and calmly commence filling bomb craters on the runways, even as more bombs fell. The Spitfires rose by day and the Beaufighters by night, to tangle with the Luftwaffe and the Regia Aeronautica; and day and night the submarines, the Wellingtons, the Fleet Air Arm's Albacores, the Beaufighters, and the Beauforts, ranged far out to sea, attacking heavily-laden enemy shipping, hugging the coastline of Jugo-Slavia and Greece, or endeavouring to slip through the Sicilian narrows and down the Tunisian coast.

These shipping attacks were at their height when Lt. Strever arrived from England. To this newcomer, Malta's Luqa aerodrome was an incredible scene of orderly confusion. As one



*Enemy vessels in Mediterranean under fire from R.A.F. Beaufighter, 1943.*

fighter pilot phrased it, "The tempo of life here is just indescribable. The morale of everyone is magnificent, but things are certainly tough. Bombing continues at intervals all day long. One lives here only to destroy the enemy or to hold him at bay. Everything else — living conditions, sleep, food, and all the ordinary standards of life — has gone by the board."

The air reverberated to the constant thunder of motors and ack-ack guns. Overhead, a constant patrol of Spitfires circled back and forth or tangled in wild *mêlée* with attacking planes. Under a broiling sun, tired, dirty, and ever-hungry ground crews (formed of airmen, soldiers, and navy personnel) worked feverishly on the aircraft dispersed on the Safi Strip behind their bomb-blast protective pens of island stone and empty petrol tins. Under the worst possible conditions inter-Service co-operation reached a superb level

to hold the island fortress and to "keep them flying." The heavy, chalky dust of Malta's soil lay everywhere, churned into eddying clouds from every propeller blast and every vagrant breeze. Virtually every building on the field had long since been bombed out of existence. But in deep caves hollowed out of the Safi quarries the Operation Section controlled the nerve centres of all this activity, reasonably safe from everything except a direct hit.

At the eastern extremity of the east-west runway lay a particularly large quarry. Half filling this chasm was a metallic jungle of crashed and burned aircraft of every description, allied and enemy alike, victims of air combat, bombing attacks, or craters. They merged grotesquely in a wild tangle of airframes, wing sections, and engines, with Allied roundel, German swastika, and Italian fasces oddly mingled.

In the main centres of the Island, most of the streets were deep in heaped masonry. Great gashes marked the once-picturesque winding streets of Valetta and Sliema. Buildings dating back to the era of the Crusades lay in rubble. The dockyards were burned and blasted, while from the harbour projected a small forest of masts and super-structures, marking the sunken ships resting on the mud.

\* \* \*

This, then, was Malta on which Lt. E. T. Strever, of the South African Air Force, arrived in the summer of 1942 — Malta the Bastion, complete with George Cross, and a high incidence of a virulent form of dysentery called "the Malta Dog." Ted lost no time in being introduced to war in the Mediterranean. Here were no casual warm-up navigation flights prior to the first operation. Here was no further practice gunnery or bombing to be enjoyed prior to action. In an effort to conserve dwindling stocks of fuel, use of motor transport was kept to an absolute minimum, and aircraft — bombers and fighters alike — were not air-tested prior to operations. But Strever weathered his first strike, and thus, by the standards of those days, became a veteran immediately. So he was at least something in the nature of an old hand when his big day came.

July 28th started out cloudless and hot. By 9 a.m. the photographic reconnaissance Spitfire had completed its daily scan of enemy coastlines and waters, and had marked a successful sighting with its typical signature of a snap roll low over the field. Even before it touched down, the Beauforts were rolling out of their pens, each with its torpedo under the nacelle. The ground-crews watched their charges go from atop the dispersal pens, grimy thumbs extended upwards in the conventional salute. The Spitfire's sighting report had been radioed in some thirty minutes earlier, and the strike crews, already on stand-by, were quickly briefed and readied.

Airborne, the six Beauforts quickly formed up in fluid pairs and commenced letting down on a south-east heading. Behind them three Beaufighters climbed up from Halfar aerodrome and

followed. As the escorting fighters drew alongside, they commenced weaving to keep station, while the crews exchanged the usual amenities through the perspex, consisting of thumbs up — or at the end of the nose.

Shortly after leaving the coast, the aircraft flying number two to the C.O. air-tested its armament, and the water around Sharman's machine boiled as Browning and Vickers guns were tripped. Each Beaufort bristled with seven .303 machine-guns. There were twin Brownings in the power turret and a single V.G.O. projecting from either beam, while, forward, a single Browning in the wing and twin V.G.O.'s in the perspex nose were operated by the pilot and navigator respectively. Then all aircraft tested independently, while the watchers on the cliffs saw the force dwindle into the dappled Ionian sea, low on the water to evade detection, each plane trailing twin wakes in the water.

Three hours later, the convoy, consisting of one tanker and five escorting destroyers, was intercepted in the shadow of Sapienza. The escort began to put up a splash barrage at five miles as they cut bow waves heading into position off the tanker's bow quarter. Gouts of water kicked high in the air around the aircraft as it angled in for the cargo vessel. High overhead, several twin-engine fighters covering the convoy suddenly decided that this wasn't their day, and dove for the island. At a mile and a half the destroyers' small-calibre armament came into its own with a fine spray of Breda, Oerlikon, and Bofors that drifted lazily in coloured balls across the water, then suddenly whip-lashed by. The Beauforts fanned out slightly to break up the flak concentration and commenced their heavy evasive action. To reach the drop zone a thousand yards off the tanker's bow, the destroyers had to be skirted. The air formation commenced breaking up, and, as they swung wide, the three Beaufighters opened up and tore at the destroyers with cannon and machine-guns smoking. Through it all the Beauforts reared and plunged at the heart-breakingly moderate speed made necessary by the impending drop. Evasively skimming the water in air that seemed filled with tracer and flak bursts,

until that eternity of seconds when all evasive action had to cease, each Beaufort climbed to sixty feet, laid off deflection, and dropped its fish. Then full throttle and the wild caracole past the tanker — only to run into more flak from the escort vessels positioned off the other beam. Two Beaufighters zoomed high over the fray after their flak-busting attack; the third was down. The C.O. was through, and so were Sharman and the rest, jinking happily. Sharman was the gay and irrepressible Canadian, who, a few weeks later, was deliberately to ram his burning machine into the decks of a spitting destroyer as a last gesture of defiance.

Strever was well out when he skidded right into a string of Bofors that caught the port Wasp. He wound on right rudder trim frantically, while his impetus carried the machine out of the fray. Almost automatically he commenced a slow turn to starboard and base, although knowing such action to be futile. At best the good engine would last twenty minutes before overheating. Meanwhile the main body of the strike force was already slipping over the horizon after successful completion of an “easy one.”

At length Strever set her down in a freshening sea and went head-on into a trough. The Beaufort broke up fast, but they got the wing dinghy out intact, and all four were aboard it when the machine slipped beneath the surface a minute or so after ditching. When the initial shock had passed, the four took stock. The English navigator, Pilot Officer W. M. Dunsmore, barring a few superficial scratches, was unhurt, as were the wireless operator, Sgt. J. A. Wilkinson, and the air gunner, Sgt. A. R. Brown — both New Zealanders. To the east, Sapienza lay backgrounded by the larger bulk of the Peloponnesus and Messenia. A tall plume of smoke marked the demise of the target.

The four airmen were paddling briskly, but somewhat ineffectually, towards the mainland when an Italian seaplane flew overhead. The pilot spotted the dinghy, swung round, and settled down on the water. Since the dinghy was virtually uncontrollable, Strever pulled off his jacket and shoes and dived over the side. The Cant's crew

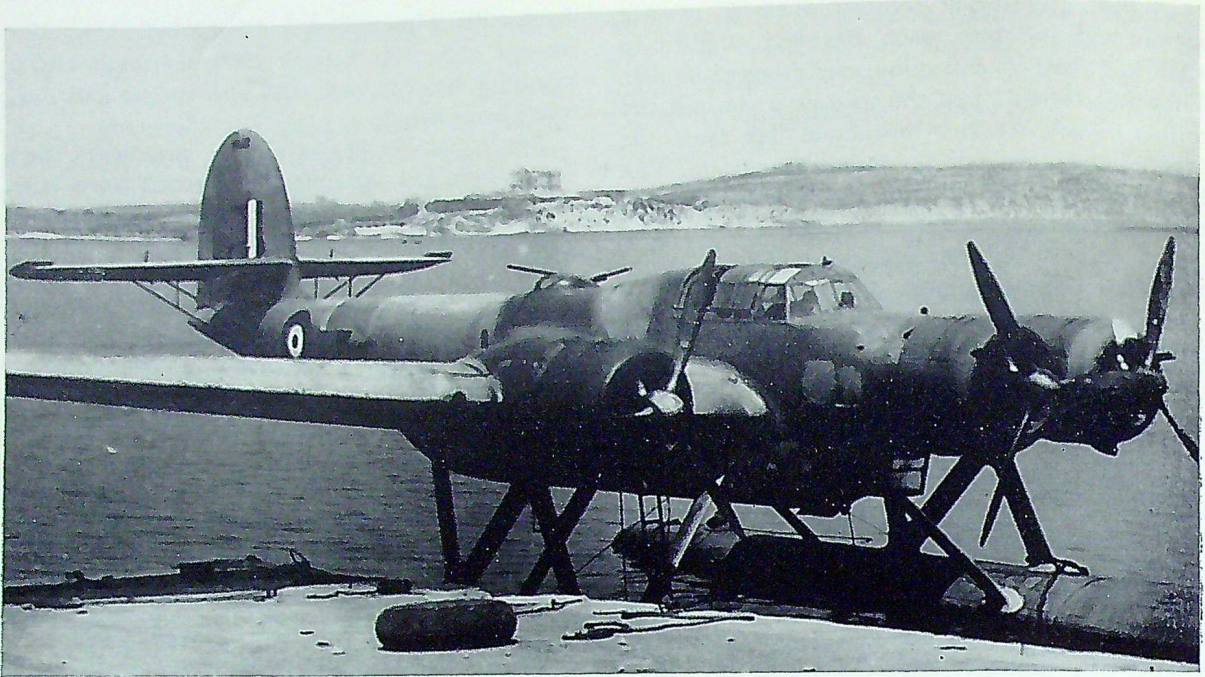
hauled the dripping South-African light-heartedly aboard, and, after a quick snort of brandy and a cigarette, he explained, with appropriate gestures, what had transpired.

The remainder of the dinghy passengers soon joined him, and the aircraft proceeded to its base on a nearby island. There, the bedraggled Beaufort boys were introduced to the local garrison officers' Mess, where they were fêted royally. They were plied with the best the bar had to offer, including food in unlimited quantity, and were generally given the run of the place. Amiable Italian officers even vacated their own beds in order to provide the captives with a comfortable night. Thus it was almost with regret that Strever and company were forced to part with their generous hosts on the morrow. Prior to boarding the aircraft, a Cant Z. 506-B, for a trip to Taranto and prison camp, the four posed for snapshot after snapshot by the garrison officers.

The tri-motored Cant had a crew of five, consisting of pilot, second pilot, engineer, a combined wireless-operator-navigator, and a corporal to guard the captives. Vibrating abominably, the 'plane lumbered through the air, sensitive to every up-current and down-draft. Before long the

*Valetta harbour.*





*The hi-jacked Cant in Kalafrana Harbour.*

corporal guard was looking considerably less happy. His sallow complexion turned progressively greener as the 'plane headed north-westwards in the direction of Italy. Obviously flying was not the corporal's forte.

It was Wilkinson who first sensed that the time was ripe. He stared out of a nearby port, feigning fascination, then half-turned and gesticulated towards the unhappy corporal. "Gad!" his whole expression said, "come and see what I see." His action distracted the air-sick groundling just enough to allow for a solid right uppercut to the corporal's jaw. As the Italian sprawled on the floor, the stockily-built New Zealander snatched the guard's automatic and tossed it to Strever, who covered the crew up front. One of the latter suddenly reached for a tommy-gun, but Sgt. Brown threw a convenient wrench almost the entire length of the fuselage, scoring a lucky hit which snuffed out the threat. Strever, covered by one of the sergeants, then stepped into the co-pilot's seat and turned on to a south-west heading.

The mopping-up party of Dunsmore and Brown secured the cabin inmates, and all four stood for a few seconds, breathing hard but triumphantly. For the next few minutes Strever endeavoured to hold the unwieldy aircraft to reasonably straight and level flight, while his eyes roved over the array of gauges and gadgets on the instrument panel and in the cockpit. Flying Officer Dunsmore crouched at his side, and Strever shouted to him, "Maps! Get the maps!" The English navigator ransacked the aircraft from stem to stern, but reported no charts or maps of any kind. Evidently the Italians were confirmed coastline crawlers. At any rate, Dunsmore, using sign language, persuaded his opposite number to co-operate with him in drawing a map from memory. Between them they produced a passable map of the coast of Italy and Sicily, from which Dunsmore was able to work out a rough course and e.t.a. for Malta. The Italian pilot insisted in broken English that they lacked sufficient fuel for the trip, but they had no choice except to carry on. Finally



Strever (with arms around two Italians) and his own and the captured crew.

Strever and Dunsmore calculated an approximate course to Sicily, agreeing that a landing off its east coast and a trust-to-luck inland dash was the wisest course of action.

Two hours later, land loomed up ahead; and after Dunsmore had identified the toe of Italy and Cape Spartivento, they had their first reasonably good fix. The Cant was swung on to a more southerly heading, and they flew on, all but clipping the wave tops. On one occasion a Ju.88 formed on them, and Strever exchanged friendly waves with the German pilot. After another hour the last headland of Sicily no longer lay on their right, and suddenly the realization struck them. They might just possibly make it.

Now, with less than 60 miles to go, events were moving to a climax. The Italian pilot, to whom Strever had returned the controls for purposes of a quick landing in case of attack by R.A.F. fighters, tapped the petrol gauges excitedly.

"*Non c'è benzina! Non c'è benzina!*" he screeched. And he wasn't kidding, either. They registered zero. He made a motion to land, but Strever gestured him on, while for the umpteenth time a pale-faced Dunsmore strained his eyes to the horizon for signs of land. The float-'plane was still almost dusting the wave crests as they sought to slip in under the island's R/D/F screen, and for a

while it looked as if they might. It was Brown's shout of joy that first registered the tip of Gozo far off the starboard quarter, but joy turned to wild alarm a second later as three Spitfires swooped out of the sun and boxed the Cant.

The next few minutes were terrifying ones. The Spits cut in from every quarter, raking the cumbersome float-'plane with cannon and machine gun fire. Brown frantically spun the rear swivel gun to and fro as a pacific gesture, while Wilkinson whipped off his white sheepskin vest and waved it wildly out of the hatch. Providentially, the fighters' aims were off that day, for, barring a hit in the starboard wing tip, the Cant came through unscathed. The explanation for the spotty deflection of the Spitfire pilots doubtless lay in their utterly unnerved state at finding a sitting duck right in their own back yard. It was plainly too much for them.

A profusely-perspiring Italian pilot bulled the Cant down to the water as the cannon crackled all around. The floats crashed into the Mediterranean and the tired old kite made one prodigious leap into the air before settling again in a smother of foam. The three fuel-starved engines coughed out, one by one, even before completion of the landing run, and the Cant began to weathercock into wind. Overhead circled the three Spitfires, their guns now silent.

In a matter of minutes an air/sea rescue launch came roaring out of Kalafra, to be greeted by the sight of Lt. Strever and crew seated on the wing of an Italian seaplane, drinking wine with five Italians. (The latter, it seems, had been granted leave passes effective upon completion of their mission, and their suitcases were stuffed with bottles of Greek wine.)

Thus Strever and his crew came home.

\* \* \*

I was glad to hear that Lt. Strever and Pilot Officer Dunsmore both received the D.F.C., while Sgts. Wilkinson and Brown were awarded the D.F.M. I also heard that the Spitfire pilots were severely ticked off by their Commanding Officer for being unable to shoot down a slow and undefended seaplane.



## Ground Defence in the R.C.A.F.

By Wing Commander A. M. Blake

*(While there is, at present, no intention of forming an R.C.A.F. Regiment, as such, intensive training of R.C.A.F. personnel for every aspect of ground defence is now well advanced. Wing Cdr. Blake, who is the senior of four R.A.F. Regiment officers presently on loan to the R.C.A.F., has been in charge of our new Ground Defence Branch during its formative period. A member of the R.A.F., he transferred to the R.A.F. Regiment on its formation in 1942.—EDITOR.)*

### Introduction

The aim of this article is to place before the reader the reasons behind the formation of the latest branch of the R.C.A.F., and also to give the reader some idea of the development of this important addition to R.C.A.F. operational training since its inception in April, 1951.

### Basic Conception of Ground Defence

Since the security of bases and installations is essential to effective air operations, airfields and ancillary units are normally located in territory held by land forces. In modern warfare, more than ever before, there is a threat of enemy infiltration into such territory. There is also a likelihood of attack by hostile partisan or guerilla forces, particularly in areas taken, or retaken, from the enemy.

As airfields and ancillary units are either static or semi-static, the enemy invariably has the initiative in ground action against these installations. In their defence, the aim is prevention, as opposed

to retribution, and this cannot be achieved by forces on call from a distance. Thus, arrangements for the defence of likely enemy objectives must exist at all times.

In deploying airfields and ancillary units to obtain tactical advantage, an air force commander

*British and Malayan trainees at the R.A.F. Regiment's training centre in Lincolnshire.*



may be limited by the necessity for protection on the ground. To minimize this limitation, ground defence forces must not only be available in strength commensurate with the initial requirement, but they must also keep pace with any subsequent increase or redeployment of installations as air operations progress.

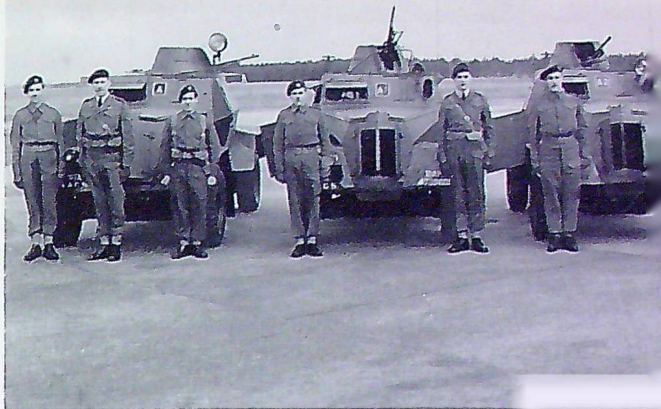
In any future war, a high proportion of the national manpower available to the Armed Forces will be allotted to the Air Force. This will inevitably limit the manpower available for the Army, which, if required to provide forces locally to protect each vulnerable air force installation, would be subject to further limitation of its capacity to fulfil its primary rôle. On the other hand, the manpower of an air force, if appropriately trained, represents a considerable ground defence potential, and, moreover, is located where it would be required in the event of an emergency.

In the protection of air force installations the problem is that of deliberate defence, in contradistinction from defence during mobile operations in the field. Deliberate defence requires the majority of the defenders to be in prepared defended localities or defended areas, and at air force installations these points should be fully manned only in emergency. It is therefore practicable for air force personnel with limited, but appropriate, training in ground combat to make a contribution to the defence of their installations without undue diversion from their primary tasks.

All personnel of the Royal Canadian Air Force, except airwomen and personnel of the medical, dental, and chaplain branches, are categorized as combatant personnel, and are available to take part in active ground defence.

#### **Organization of Forces Available for Local Ground Defence**

Combatant personnel available for active ground defence at an airfield, Station, or ancillary unit, are those whose duties centre around the primary functions of the installation or unit. In other words, additional Station personnel are not provided exclusively for ground defence. However, for purposes of ground defence training and opera-



*Personnel and armoured cars of the R.A.F. Regiment at an R.A.F. Station in Germany.*

tions, it will be necessary to adopt an organization which will generally entail temporary abandonment of the normal system of flights and squadrons.

For ground defence, all Station combatant personnel, with the exception of the minimum number required for administrative services essential to ground operations, are organized in homogeneous units. The size and number of these units depend upon local establishments and conditions, but the organization is built in multiples from the smallest indivisible tactical sub-unit (the section, which normally consists of one N.C.O. and ten aircraftmen). Where circumstances permit, three sections and a headquarters are to form a flight, and three flights and a headquarters are to form a squadron. Where larger formations are required, two or more squadrons may be grouped under a headquarters to form a wing, or, for static commitments, units may be grouped in geographical sectors under sector headquarters.

#### **The Rôles of the Forces Available for Ground Defence**

Basically, the rôle of ground defence units is to man localities prepared for deliberate defence at air force installations, and to perform duties not calling for the highest standards of proficiency in manoeuvre. Nevertheless, locally and within their capacity, they may be required to undertake duties such as counter-attack and reconnaissance.

#### **Introduction of Ground Defence to the R.C.A.F.**

Aware of the requirement for ground defence training, the R.A.F. has long held the opinion

that, unless personnel of the Air Force, excluding aircrew, were given some form of combat training, the force was, in actuality, composed of civilians in uniform. In consequence, ground defence training has been part of the normal curriculum at recruiting centres and other R.A.F. Units for many years. This policy was adopted by both the U.S.A.F. and the R.C.A.F. at meetings held under the Air Standardization Co-ordinating Committee Organization.

After a thorough investigation, it was decided that there was no one in the R.C.A.F. with the requisite experience to set about the enormous task of inaugurating a ground defence training programme. Accordingly, they asked the assistance of the Canadian Army, which was unable to release the necessary qualified personnel. In order to keep abreast with the air forces of other nations, the R.C.A.F. then decided to approach the R.A.F. and ask for the loan of four officers from the R.A.F. Regiment. The R.A.F. obliged by releasing four officers for two years to organize what is now the Ground Defence Branch of the

R.C.A.F., established under the Directorate of Air Force Security.

The Ground Defence Branch has quickly grown teeth. An establishment of officers and N.C.O.'s has been raised to provide a nucleus of instructors, whose task it is to train all R.C.A.F. personnel in the two different fields of ground defence. One field, active defence, is the local defence of air force installations against attacks by minor bodies of enemy armed forces, including airborne and parachute troops, partisan or irregular troops, and saboteurs. The other, passive defence, concerns the activities of personnel whose job it will be to mitigate the effects of atomic, biological, chemical, and high-explosive attacks. Their duties will include the following: atomic radiation monitoring; fire fighting; light rescue from damaged buildings; first aid; cleansing and decontamination of personnel, equipment, and buildings contaminated by atomic, biological, and chemical warfare; and training of Station personnel to assist in these tasks.

All officers of the branch are required to attend a course of instruction at the R.A.F. Regiment Depot in England. There they familiarize themselves with weapons of ground defence and field-craft associated with such weapons, besides receiving instruction in tactics involving the specialized subject of defence of air installations. In addition, Ground Defence officers attend the School of Chemical Warfare at Camp Borden for their passive defence training. These courses occupy a total of 15 weeks.

The N.C.O.'s are attending the R.C.A.F. Ground Defence school at Camp Borden, where they are taught the same subjects as the officers, with more emphasis on the use of weapons and the techniques of instruction.

At the beginning of 1952, there were already in the R.C.A.F. large numbers of officers and airmen who were virtually untrained in weapons of any kind. Steps had to be taken not only to train this backlog, but also to prevent their numbers from increasing. In order to achieve the latter aim, it was decided that all personnel entering the R.C.A.F., both officers and airmen, would receive a basic course in ground defence. Consequently,

*Sgt. W. C. Moody peers out at the "enemy" attacking Camp Borden.*





*Realistic training at Camp Borden.*

airmen now receive seven days of such training before leaving Manning Depot, and officers receive 44 hours of lectures and instruction before proceeding to other schools for normal trade training. In order to ensure that personnel already in the Service shall receive proper instruction, it has been decided to allocate ground defence instructors to all the larger Stations.

Great strides have been made since the introduction of ground defence training to the R.C.A.F. This advancement is due mainly to the enthusiasm of commanders in the field. There is no doubt that if, in the early stages, airmen take not too kindly to the more rigorous type of work involved, they soon become enthusiastic towards it as they accustom themselves to the handling of weapons and gain confidence in their ability to use them. Officers receiving this training are gaining great experience in the handling of men during ground defence operations, and some who are now

*Bayonet practice for R.C.A.F. ground defence trainees, North Luffenham.*





*R.C.A.F. airmen receive instruction in the use of the Bren gun at North Luffenham.*

employed at "flying a desk", or who are normally chair-borne, are proving to be particularly fine squadron and flight commanders on this type of operation.

Defence plans have been drawn up and practised at many units, and, in some instances, realism has been added to the exercise by the dropping of "enemy" paratroops. In all cases where live "enemy" have been used, R.C.A.F. defence personnel have acquitted themselves extremely well, and have been commended by both Army and R.C.A.F. observers.

We must now turn our minds to the anti-aircraft defence of our tactical air fields in Europe. Having accepted the responsibility for the defence of these airfields against low-flying enemy aircraft, the R.C.A.F. is now in the process of deciding what form this defence will take. As the rôle of anti-aircraft gunner cannot be taken on by the normal R.C.A.F. tradesman in his spare time, there may soon appear in the R.C.A.F. either a

counterpart of the R.A.F. Regiment (which is responsible for the light anti-aircraft defence of R.A.F. installations), or a security organization which would be responsible for both the light ack-ack defence and the security and ground defence of our European units. Whichever system is adopted, it will be seen that, although a great deal has already been accomplished, still greater tasks lie ahead of the Ground Defence Branch of the R.C.A.F.

#### **Conclusion**

From the foregoing it will be seen that the R.C.A.F., along with the other great air forces of the world, now accepts the principle that, unless it is ensured that an air force is adequately defended on the ground from both ground and air attack, its aircraft may never rise from the ground to carry out their intended rôles. There is no doubt, therefore, that Ground Defence has come to stay.

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# ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

# Association

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## A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

It is with great pleasure that I take this opportunity to extend the compliments of the season to you all and, at the same time, to review briefly our activities during the past year and to touch on our plans for the future.

During the latter part of the year I visited our Wings in the western provinces and was pleased to find so many of them strong and active,

*Air Vice-Marshal A. L. Morfee, C.B., C.B.E.*

particularly where they had undertaken specific local projects. Such projects, I feel, are essential not only to the health of a Wing, but also as a means of making it a genuine asset to the community.

This year, for the first time, the annual R.C.A.F. Association award to the outstanding Air Cadet squadron was presented. The trophy was won by the High River Squadron in Alberta, and continued keen competition is looked for in the years to come. Also during the year, a competition was held to choose a Canadian painting to present to our patron, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. Many entries were received from well-known artists, and a scene by Goodridge Roberts, a former R.C.A.F. war artist and now a member-at-large of the Association, was finally selected.

A good deal of fine work has been done by many of our Wings in the sponsorship of Air Cadet squadrons, awarding of scholarships, organization of air shows, and in other projects aimed at making the citizens of Canada more air-minded. Our activities have also included co-operation in civil defence and with the Ground Observer Corps, assistance with recruiting into the R.C.A.F. regular force, the provision of books and other amenities for R.C.A.F. personnel overseas, and the organization of "bon voyage" parties at points of embarkation. It is hoped that these and other projects will continue to flourish during the coming year.

One of the greatest problems facing our Wings in many centres is the lack of a permanent place in which to hold meetings. However, the situation



has considerably improved since last year, and more and more Wings are gradually finding suitable accommodation.

It was not possible to hold our National Convention in 1952, but it will be held in Ottawa this coming spring.

Of course, with our local projects, we must not lose sight of our prime objective as a nation-wide Association: to do everything we can to see that Canada has adequate air defence. This means a strong Air Force "in being" and ready for any emergency. Our task is to spread the gospel regarding a proper understanding of air power as an influence in the world to-day. Let us bear this in mind.

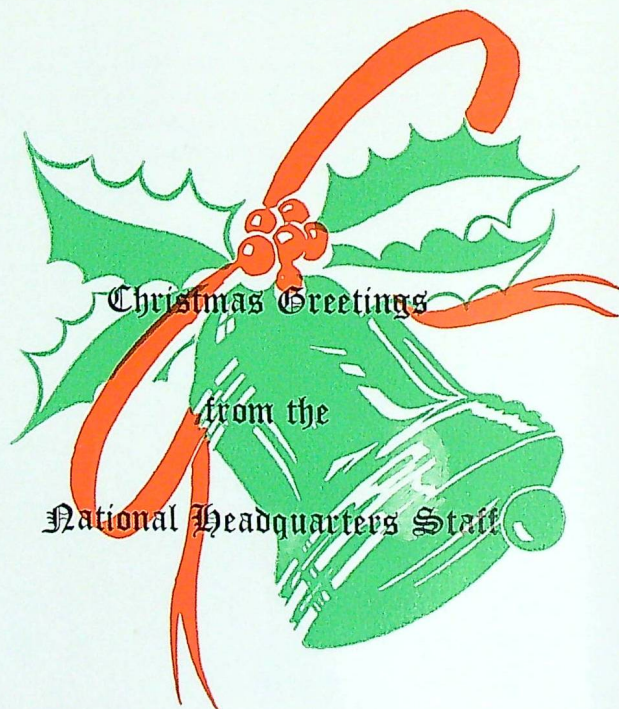
In closing this message I would like, on behalf of the Association, to express our deepest thanks to

the Chief of the Air Staff and to R.C.A.F. unit commanders from coast to coast for their co-operation and for their interest in the work of the R.C.A.F. Association.

And now I would like to express to each and every one of you my very best wishes for a happy Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year.

A. L. Morfee

Back row (l. to r.): Jack Gray, Lloyd Jenkins, Joe Emery, Jim Kossatz, Alden McColl. Front row (l. to r.): Frank Halpin, Mary McGee, Robert Dawson, Harry Bompas.



# The ROYAL CANADIAN AIR CADETS



## YEAR-END SUMMARY

As you read these lines, another eventful year in the brief history of the Royal Canadian Air Cadets is drawing to a close. It has been, in many ways, a record-breaking year, and the League can take justifiable pride in what has been accomplished.

Throughout the past year, more Canadian boys were taking Air Cadet training than at any time since the end of the war. A record number of cadets qualified for special awards during the summer months — 246 took flying training, 59 went on exchange visits tours, some 4,000 attended summer camps, 40 took part in the International Drill Competition, and there was a new and immensely successful technical training course for 48 cadets held at R.C.A.F. Station Trenton.

These accomplishments are all indicative of the League's steady growth during 1952. As the year ends, we extend our heartiest congratulations to the squadron officers, instructors, civilian committees, and to the cadets themselves, for a job well done. Bigger and better accomplishments lie ahead, but before tackling the problems of 1953, let us pause for a moment and extend to everyone connected with the Air Cadet movement our very best wishes for a happy holiday season.

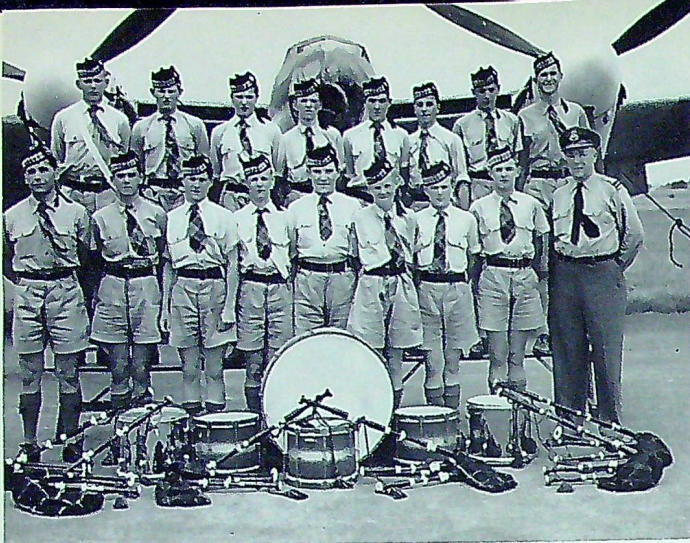
## NO. 200 SQUADRON'S PIPE BAND

In attempting to find something a bit "different" to report in this Christmas issue, we came across an interesting yarn from No. 200 (Sudbury)

Squadron. This squadron has always shown a keen sense of public relations, and its officers decided some time ago that a pipe band was just what was needed to make the people of Sudbury sit up and take notice. The first big problem — a financial one — was met in typical Air Cadet fashion. Squadron officials told their story to a

*Pipe Major Laderoute.*





No. 200 (Sudbury) Squadron's pipe band.

number of Sudbury businessmen, and sufficient support was soon forthcoming to get the band started.

Training of the band was commenced in September 1951, under the direction of Pipe Major Sam Laderoute, a member of the wartime R.C.A.F. pipe band. At this time, only one cadet had any previous knowledge of piping, but the squadron takes considerable pride in the fact that it now has ten qualified pipers and eight drummers, all of whom have attained a high standard of proficiency.

While still in training, the band undertook a three-day engagement during the Dominion Day celebrations at Chapleau, two engagements with the local Orange Lodge in July, and one with the Creighton Athletic Association. The opinion most frequently expressed after these performances was that a remarkable job had been done in bringing the band up to top form in such a short time. For this, Pipe Major Laderoute, who at times devoted no less than four days a week to the job, can take a well-earned bow.

While attending the summer camp at R.C.A.F. Station Aylmer this year, the band played for the

Commanding Officer's parade and made a very good impression upon the other squadrons — so good, in fact, that we wouldn't be surprised to hear that Air Cadet pipe bands are being formed by other squadrons in Ontario and Quebec this coming year.

We are informed by No. 200 Squadron that, because of the high cost of outfitting and equipping a band of this sort, the Sudbury unit is not yet up to full strength. However, with the continuing support of the businessmen already referred to, the squadron is confident that this final problem will be overcome in the very near future.


### R.C.A.F.A. TROPHY WINNERS

Probably the proudest squadron in Canada at the moment is No. 187 Squadron, of High River, Alta. This unit, always among the best in western Canada, was recently adjudged the finest Air Cadet unit in Canada for 1952.

In a joint announcement just before press time, the Air Cadet League and the R.C.A.F. Association named No. 187 the first winner of the R.C.A.F. Association Trophy — a newly-designed silver trophy depicting the spirit of modern flight. The award will be presented annually in future to the most proficient Air Cadet squadron in Canada.

All phases of squadron operations are taken into account in deciding the winner, including quality of cadet training, average attendance on parade, effectiveness of civilian sponsoring committees, and other factors. Squadron ratings are made by visiting officers of the R.C.A.F. at annual inspections each spring.

In winning the trophy, No. 187 scored no less than 2449½ points out of a possible 2500. In second place was No. 22 (Powell River, B.C.) Squadron, with 2436 points.



# The Symbol of Christmas

(Prepared by the Directorate of Religious Administration, A.F.H.Q.)

Many a Christmas Tree will be crowned this year with a star of tinsel or some other glittering material. But not only here is the star a symbol of the ultimate in Man's endeavour; it enters into an infinite variety of his whims and ways of life.

In our everyday speech, in the language of the poet and in the words of the ambitious, the shining glory of the heavens finds expression. Phrases like "Hitch your wagon to a star" and "Reaching for the Stars" fire man with the desire to succeed. Children lisp "Twinkle, twinkle, little star"; singers croon "Stars fell on Alabama"; American soldiers strive for the "five-star" rating; a star on a door backstage marks the dressing-room of the leading lady. Sailors of old set course by the light of a constant star, and even to-day men of the sea and the air locate themselves by "shooting" stars with a sextant. The very motto of the Royal Canadian Air Force — "Per Ardua Ad Astra"— personifies man's incessant pursuit of things lofty and seemingly unattainable.

It was also a star that set the feet of men on the road to salvation and to God. "And lo, the star, which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." In this way the three wise men found the Holy Child; and since then the Star of Bethlehem has become the brightest hope in the firmament of humanity.

In life then, the star becomes more than a symbol of achievement, more than a phrase in a song we sing, more than the insignia of a rank we desire, even more than the symbol of Christmas. It becomes the symbol of the ages. As Phillip Brooks enshrined it:

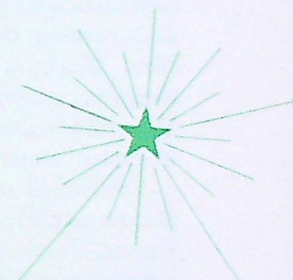
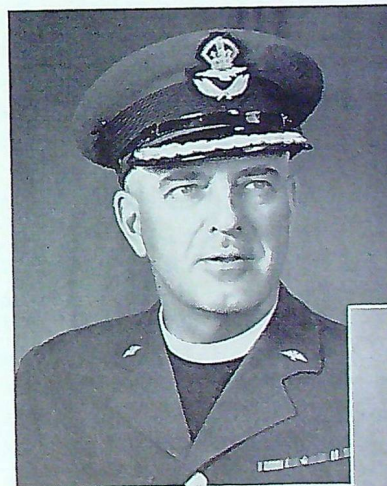
*Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting light:  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in Thee to-night.*

The world too often forgets and neglects the way of the star that leads to the Christ Child in the manger cradle, for it was there that God came and dwelt among us. It is there that we see the spirit of Christmas personified in the family circle, the fellowship of friendly hearts, the angels' song of peace to men of good will, and the wise men seeking wisdom by praise and adoration — all symbolized by the Star of God's love shining in a dark and fearful world.

It is the wish of all Chaplains that this Star will come to rest over your home this Christmas, and that it will guide, encourage, and strengthen you throughout the years ahead.

*Group Capt. R. M. Frayne, Chief Protestant Chaplain.*

*Group Capt. L. A. Costello, Chief Roman Catholic Chaplain.*





# It's in the Wind

## 5. Tornadoes

By R. A. Hornstein

(Reprinted by courtesy of the Department of Transport)

*Out of the south cometh the whirlwind.*  
JOB xxxvii, 9.

THE TORNADO is the most violent atmospheric phenomenon with which man has to contend. Its winds are vastly greater than those of the hurricane. It can be found in its most completely developed form in the southern areas of the United States, particularly in the great central lowlands of the Mississippi Valley. Tornadoes do occur elsewhere and occasionally, for example, they bring local destruction to the Prairie Provinces, south-western and eastern Ontario, southern Quebec and the New England States. However, it is in the southern and central sections of the United States that they reach their most highly developed peak of violent destruction.

Tornadoes may appear in any month and at almost any hour of the day or night. Like thunderstorms, however, they distinctly prefer the warmer months, and the hours closely following the warmest part of the day. Thus, spring and early summer, from April to July, and three to five in the afternoon, are their favourite times. They have an earlier season in the southern States and a later season in the north. As a matter of fact, in the States bordering the Gulf of Mexico they may occur even in the warmer spells of the winter months, although their real season there also does not begin until spring.

A tornado is not very large; described briefly, it is a very intense, progressive whirl, with in-flowing winds which increase tremendously in speed as they near the centre. At the centre the winds blow in a counter-clockwise direction, with the air rising upwards. From the violently agitated main cloud mass above, there usually hangs a writhing funnel-shaped cloud, swinging to and fro, rising and descending. This funnel which resembles nothing more closely than a gigantic elephant's trunk, is the unmistakable trademark of the tornado.

The whirl comes out of the west or south-west with a sound which has been described as "a roar as of 10,000 freight trains." Others have called it "the bellowing of a million mad bulls" or "like a million cannons." It nearly always advances toward the north-east at a speed of from 20 to 40 miles an hour. The average rate at which it roars across the countryside is about 25 m.p.h. Although it moves at this reasonable speed, the velocity of the winds around the centre exceeds 200 miles per hour, and may even be more than 300 miles per hour. Since very few structures can withstand such a blow, no instrument in the direct path of the more destructive tornadoes has ever survived to tell the tale of the exact speed of the winds.

The path of destruction is usually less than a quarter of a mile wide and often as little as 50 yards. The tornado's total life is usually a matter of an hour or so. In the semi-darkness caused by the thick clouds, and normally accompanied by thunder and lightning, and perhaps hail, the tornado does its terrible work. Almost in an instant all is over. The hopeless wreck of buildings, the trees wrenched full-grown from the earth, the dead and the injured, lie on the ground in a wild tangle of confusion. The tornado has passed by. It is spinning away to the north-east, perhaps to carry destruction to other peaceful towns and scattered farm buildings which lie in its path.

Tornadoes have much in common with thunderstorms. In fact, they are in reality special local developments, of greater violence, in connection with severe thunderstorms. The general conditions which produce these two phenomena are, to a large extent, identical. The essential difference comes in the formation of the cone-shaped whirl in the tornado.

In the large majority of cases they are born in the area of warm, moist southerly winds flowing northward from the Gulf of Mexico. To the west is a mass of cool, dry air which is pushing steadily eastward. Where the two air masses meet is the windshift line, with the winds abruptly changing from a southerly to a westerly direction. At this windshift line there is a sharp contrast between the air of the warm, moist, southerly and that of the cool, dry, westerly winds.

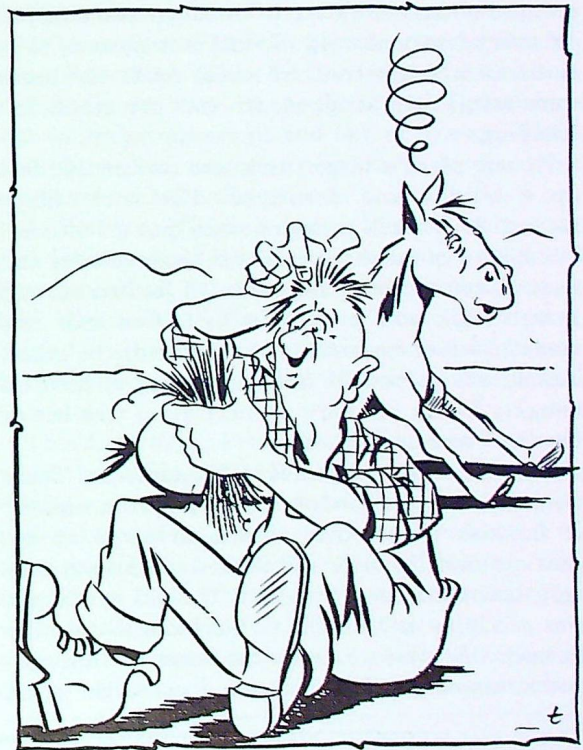
In those cases where the cool air is moving quickly enough to ride right over the warm air, an almost impossible condition develops. This is because cool air is heavier than warm air. Therefore, if cool air gets above warm air the situation is as unstable as if a 50-pound child tried to carry a 250-pound man. A balance has to be struck; equilibrium has to be regained... and in the process a tornado may be born.

Perhaps the most peculiar feature of the "twisters," (which is the nickname often given to tornadoes), is the number of freak effects which accompany these storms. For example, it is one of the most remarkable things about a tornado that a very short distance — maybe only a few

yards — from the area of complete destruction close to the centre, even the lightest objects may be wholly undisturbed. Many of these freak effects may be hard to believe, but those which are listed below have been accepted as being quite reliably reported.

There is the case of a man who was carried aloft in a tornado and who clutched at an object which was whirling along close to him. When he was dropped to the ground, in this case uninjured, his hand was full of horse hair. The explanation is that the man and the horse were travelling in the grasp of the rising currents, and as a drowning man traditionally clutches at a straw, so this man seized the nearest object, which happened to be the horse's mane or tail.

In May, 1931, a destructive tornado passed over the state of Minnesota and struck a crack passenger train. Five coaches, weighing altogether over 300 tons, were lifted from the track and the other seven coaches of the train were



pulled from the track. Despite the tremendous damage done by this tornado of gigantic power, it is remarkable that only one passenger was killed. When one car of the train with its 117 passengers was lifted from the rails and carried through the air to be laid in a ditch 80 feet away, a man was hurled through a window and crushed beneath the coach when it fell on him.

In June, 1930, a tornado hit the state of Nebraska. It twisted trees and buildings in a counter-clockwise direction. One barn was picked up, turned almost around and then dropped back on to its foundation. Windows were blown outwards, in some instances disappearing without leaving a trace. In one place there was a cement-lined cistern, sunk level with the ground and covered with a loose board top. It was 16 feet long, 8 feet wide and 8 feet deep, and before the storm had 4 feet of water in it. The centre of the storm passed over it, removed half the top and sucked out every drop of water.

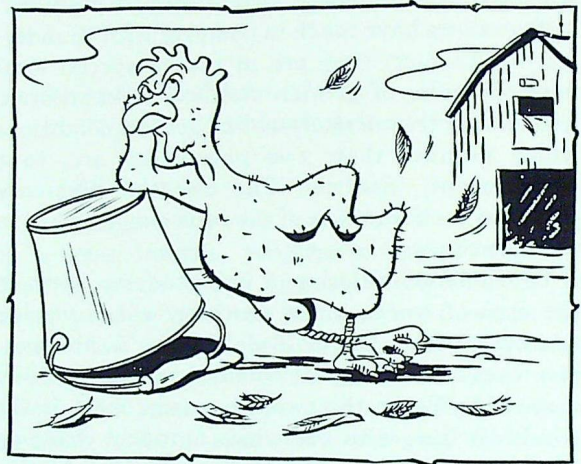
Later the centre of the storm passed over an orchard of trees not over 10 feet high and stripped off every leaf and twig but did not uproot, twist or break a single tree. In wheat fields the heads were frequently stripped off and the stems left standing.

At one place a large truck was carried 300 feet up a hillside and destroyed. The tires, which carried 80 pounds pressure, were not punctured; but blades of grass were driven between tires and rims. A cement watering tank, 16 feet across and 2 feet high, was broken in half. One half was moved 20 feet eastward and shattered; the other, intact, was moved 10 feet; but a bag of feathers hanging by an ordinary string from a tree beside the tank was untouched.

In April, 1921, the states of Arkansas and Texas were visited by tornadoes which played a number of freakish tricks. One miracle involved an 80-year old man, his wife and their son, who were the only occupants of a building. The old gentleman was a cripple and unable to aid himself. In order to keep the pressure inside the same as that outdoors, his wife held open one door to the room

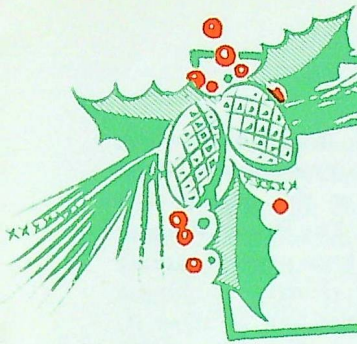
in which they were, while the son stood at another. All of the house was blown away with the exception of this room and parts of the porch. The barn close by was completely demolished and feedstuff scattered to the four winds. Several head of stock were killed. None of the three occupants of the house suffered any injuries.

Chickens are frequently denuded of their feathers and often survive this depluming process. In some cases roosters have been seen walking around, days after the tornado, crowing and without a feather on their backs. Incidentally,



someone once tried to invent a chicken-plucker based on the principle of the tornado, but without success.

Finally, it might be mentioned that when Dr. W. J. Humphreys was on the staff of the United States Weather Bureau he wrote that a man once walked into his office and asked: "What I want to know is; can the thing happen that I saw happen?" The man may be forgiven for doubting his own eyesight, for what he thought he saw was a tornado pick up a railway engine from one track and set it down, facing the other way, on a neighbouring parallel track! Dr. Humphreys commented, "What our observer saw happen could have happened."



# The White Rabbit

A Review Article by Captain Donald M. Vince,  
General Staff, Army H.Q., Ottawa

SOMERSET MAUGHAM has said that fact is a poor story-teller, and Bruce Marshall has begun his book\* on Wing Commander Yeo-Thomas, G.C., M.C., with this quotation. The implied excuse is unnecessary: Mr. Marshall has written a good story. But, factual as his book is, an air almost of unreality pervades it. There is something so inherently improbable in the transition from the splendid office of a director of Molyneux, one of the leading dress-designers of Paris, to the brutally real life of a resistance leader and spy. Furthermore, it seems impossible that any human could have made the escapes and endured the tortures of Yeo-Thomas. Mr. Marshall's story is proof that fact is stranger than fiction.

Forest Frederick Yeo-Thomas was born in 1901, of an English family which had lived in France since 1855. As a boy he was "temperamentally ungovernable," and managed to get himself expelled from no less than two schools. Though under age, he lied his way to war in 1914-19, and later fought for the Poles against the Bolsheviks. After escaping from a Red firing squad, he led a roving life until, in 1932, he entered Molyneux and became a purveyor of luxury dresses.

When war broke out in 1939 he was seized with a patriotic desire to serve his country, and after some difficulty managed to become an A.C.2 in the R.A.F. He spent the phoney war in moving between France and England, and eventually became an acting Sergeant (unpaid). He was in Paris when the collapse came in June 1940, and he escaped the strafing of the refugees as he drove through defeated France to Tours, Bordeaux,

and finally Pointe-de-Grave. From that port he embarked for England. Before he left he sent a postcard to a lifelong school-teacher friend. "Dear José," he wrote, "I know how you're feeling at present, but don't get discouraged. We will return and liberate France."

At first he had a difficult time to keep his promise; but eventually, after threatening to have the matter of his misemployment aired in Parliament, he finally came to rest (a most inappropriate word) in R.F. Section, Special Operations Executive. This Section worked in liaison with de Gaulle, flew arms to the French Resistance, and smuggled agents in and out of France. They were housed in premises previously occupied by the Bertram Mills Circus.

At first Yeo-Thomas, now a Flight Lieutenant, was given a desk job. But he was eager to go to France, and on February 26, 1943, he parachuted into Normandy. He wore plain clothes and carried a cyanide tablet in his waistcoat pocket. He never used that tablet. He wished often that he could.

This first visit to France set the pattern for those which succeeded it. He escaped arrest by the Gestapo, the Feldgendarmarie, and the French police, by various means—evasion, production of false papers, and bluff. He changed his quarters frequently. He held numerous clandestine meetings with Resistance leaders. ". . . To vary his appearance he purchased several hats of different shapes and colours, and scarves of various patterns,

\*"The White Rabbit," by Bruce Marshall. Published by Evans Brothers, 1952. 256 pp. Illustrated. \$3.50.

and changed both hats and scarves several times a day. He also learned that a sleuth is trained to recognize his prey by his walk. Sometimes, therefore, he wore shoes with steel tips, sometimes shoes without tips and occasionally he put under the heel of one foot a wedge of cardboard, thus completely changing his gait."

Finally, on April 16th, a Lysander touched down on a little field by Lyons-la-Forêt, and one hour later Yeo-Thomas, two French agents, and a rescued American pilot were landed at Tangmere. "Next evening the B.B.C. French service sent out for the first time the message: 'Le petit lapin est rentré au clapier.' The little white rabbit has returned to his hutch."

The purpose of Yeo-Thomas' visit to France had been to investigate the potentialities of the various Resistance groups. R. F. Section hoped to establish a secret army of Frenchmen on French soil. This hope was retarded when, in June 1943, the Gestapo cracked the ring and arrested the two top officers and many senior leaders. The situation rapidly deteriorated, and in April the White Rabbit volunteered to go spying again.

This time Yeo-Thomas stayed in France a month. A fresh string of apartments for refuge was ready, and the "letter-box" system of passing messages was in operation. Unfortunately, several of the flats were "blown" by the Gestapo, agents were arrested, and Yeo-Thomas was constantly in great danger. The Abwehr counter-espionage was alert, and he was several times accosted by Germans and forced to produce identity papers. He found that an especially good way of diverting attention from his faked papers was to carry a picture of a naked girl beside them in his wallet. Finally, after four weeks of intimate contact with daily, deadly peril, he was picked up by a plane near Amiens on a bitter November night.

In London he felt there was little support for the Resistance. After doing his best to publicize the movement, he grew rebellious, and at last, through the agency of General Swinton, an interview was arranged with Mr. Churchill.

"On 1st February, 1944, Yeo-Thomas was summoned to No. 10 Downing Street to meet the Prime Minister at 3 p.m. Introduced by Major

Desmond Morton into the long room where Cabinet meetings took place, Yeo-Thomas found Mr. Churchill seated alone at the middle of a long table facing the windows. The Prime Minister had his chair tilted back, one knee pressed against the table, and he was not, surprisingly, smoking a cigar. Nervous, but determined not to show it, Yeo-Thomas came to a halt and stood smartly to attention in front of the man whom he most admired in the whole world. Mr. Churchill looked at him critically.

"'I'm a busy man and I have no time to waste,' he said. 'But when I get a letter from Ole Luke Oie I know it is about something of interest. He says you know France better than any other Englishman. I doubt it. What have you got to say? I can give you five minutes.'

"It must have been rather like pleading against time for mercy with God the Father. Tommy knew that he had the proper arguments but he was terrified that in his haste he might omit the most convincing. He started in right away on the Secret Army and the Maquis. He spoke of their appalling lack of arms and equipment. He spoke of the need for aircraft to drop supplies. He told the Prime Minister about the brave men and women risking torture and death, carrying messages through the crowded, police-ridden streets of Paris and waiting for agents in the darkness in the windy wilderness of central France. Panting, breathless, he threw a potted version of the whole sad story at Mr. Churchill and hoped that his hero would understand. His hero did.

"'Sit down,' Mr. Churchill said, and, when Tommy had sat down: 'What is the organization of the Maquis like?'

"Yeo-Thomas told him in detail, not forgetting to mention the group with one rifle between thirty men.

"'They will need clothing besides arms?'

"'Yes, Sir.'

"'What sort of clothing do they need?'

"'Thick woollen socks, underwear, gloves, wind jackets, strong heavy boots.'

"'How many of each?'

“That, Sir, depends upon the number of aircraft at our disposal for dropping supplies.’

“How many aircraft are required to step up your operations effectively?’

“At least a hundred, Sir; more if possible.’

“I shall see that you get a hundred to start with.’

“Yeo-Thomas dotted his I’s and crossed his T’s.

“Thank you, Sir, but it is necessary for the hundred aircraft to be serviceable and do at least 250 sorties in every moon period.’

“I shall see to that. If the hundred aircraft do not do the requisite number of sorties, you will have to be given more machines.’

“Sure now that he was making headway, Yeo-Thomas started off again. He told the Prime Minister all he knew about the situation in France. He told him about the sabotage and the fearful martyrdom endured by ordinary humdrum folk. Perhaps in his excitement he repeated himself, for Mr. Churchill interrupted him again.

“‘Have you written reports about these things?’

“‘Yes, Sir.’

“The Prime Minister turned to Major Morton.

“‘Why have they not been passed to me, Morton?’

“‘I don’t know, Sir; I shall find out.’

“‘Yes, and see that I have them immediately.’

“Mr. Churchill turned back to Yeo-Thomas. Unerringly picking out the essentials, he asked a number of questions which Tommy describes as ‘dead on’. ‘What a mind, what versatility!’ he says. The Prime Minister, of course, was a man very much after Tommy’s own heart; and I rather think that Yeo-Thomas must have pleased Mr. Churchill, who looked at him with the hint of a smile and said:

“‘You have chosen an unorthodox way of doing things and you have short-circuited official channels; it might mean trouble for you, but I shall see that no such thing happens.’ ”

From this time the Resistance Forces received greatly augmented support. Whether this was due to Yeo-Thomas or to the imminence of invasion,

Mr. Marshall does not clearly prove. But if affairs went more prosperously for the French, they took an evil turn for the White Rabbit. He went back to France on February 24th to rescue an important agent. He was betrayed by a new agent-de-liaison, and five Gestapo men pounced on him at the Passy métro station. “Wir haben Shelley!” they shouted, and led him away.\*

From then on Mr. Marshall’s story is one of hate, torture, brutality, bestiality, filth, pus, blood, and utter human degradation. It is lightened only by the superb, even superhuman courage, optimism and tenacity of Yeo-Thomas. From Gestapo Headquarters in the rue des Saussaies he was taken to prison at Fresnes. From there, because his file had been lost, he was consigned to forced labour in Germany. When this loss was discovered, an investigation followed. His status was changed and he went to Buchenwald “Rückkehr Ungewünscht — dangerous terrorist, to be exterminated.”

Mr. Marshall’s account of Yeo-Thomas in Buchenwald is a vivid and humble study of human depravity under Adolf Hitler. Yeo-Thomas, as usual, had a miraculous escape. He convinced some of the technicians doing experiments on human guinea pigs that they would need a friendly voice at their war-crimes trials. He was injected with a bacteria which caused fever, a typhus victim was buried in his name, and he drove out of the death camp as Prisoner No. 81,642, Maurice Chouquet, consigned to the slave labour camp at Gleina.

The most ironic episode in Yeo-Thomas’ captivity occurred on Christmas Day. The Sturm Standarte (S.S.) wept as they sang the words “Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht” (“Silent Night, Holy Night”) and bade their captives good cheer. Next day the same men resumed beating prisoners to death and laughing when they jerked men out of bunks by the heels so that their skulls fractured on the stone floor. The Germans have ever been a musical race.

As a system for breaking the human spirit, Hitler’s can seldom have been equalled. After

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\*Shelley was one of Yeo-Thomas’ cover names.

Yeo-Thomas was transferred to Rehmsdorf, 7,600 prisoners passed through. Of these he could find "only forty with spirit enough left to co-operate in a plan for escape. Ten of these were Frenchmen, six Dutchmen, and twenty-four Jews."

The chance for escape came when the camp was evacuated and the goalers and their charges fled before the advancing armies of General Eisenhower. When their train halted to permit the burial of 170 bodies whose souls had passed in the night, Yeo-Thomas went up to Rapportführer Otto Möller, told him that he was a Colonel of British Intelligence, that he was going to escape, and that if Möller would misdirect the pursuit, he would have a friend at his war trial. Möller agreed. Yeo-Thomas, judging his time, "gave a quick glance round; none of the guards seemed to be looking in their direction. "Go! he shouted, and he and his nineteen companions bounded towards the woods."

Yeo-Thomas got away, although all his companions were not so lucky. He reached no-man's-land between the two armies. There he was captured again, this time by the Wehrmacht. They held him three days. Then he unfastened a window wire screen and led eleven other P.O.W.'s out of the Stalag and back towards the West.

This time he succeeded in leading his group across the skirmish line and surrendered to two American G.I.'s who threatened them with tommyguns: "'Who the hell are you?' their leader asked. It was a little difficult to be coherent in such circumstances, but Yeo-Thomas managed to get across the gist of their innocence: 'I am a British Air Force Officer, escaped from a con-

centration camp. The others are French P.O.W.'s.' 'Well, you guys are goddam lucky; you've just crossed a minefield.'" This last stroke of good fortune was followed by others. He was recognized by a French liaison officer, flown back to England, reunited to his girl and awarded the George Cross to accompany his M.C. and Bar. It was a hardly won distinction. After his father saw him he said, "'My son has returned, but he looks like an old man of seventy.'" "

Mr. Marshall, as a brilliant and distinguished novelist, has produced a spy story that should make a special appeal to Air Force readers. My criticisms of this thrilling and authentic book are two. One concerns the constant and largely undeserved slurs cast at senior R.A.F. officers. There is surely no need or reason to refer continually to Air Commodores as "braided oafs," "unimaginative," "stupid," and possessed of "unspiritual faces." This same spirit of uncritical rebellion runs throughout. Everything Yeo-Thomas did was right; everything Air Ministry did was wrong.

My second complaint concerns the number of loose ends. What happened to the members of the escape group from Rehmsdorf? Does he still look like an old man of seventy? Mr. Marshall's skill in enlisting our sympathies lays on him the duty of tidying up his minor characters' lives more carefully than he has.

To-day Wing Commander Yeo-Thomas is back in his Paris office, selling Molyneux creations to the fashionable women of the world. Mr. Marshall has ensured that his name will always be included among the gallants of the R.A.F.

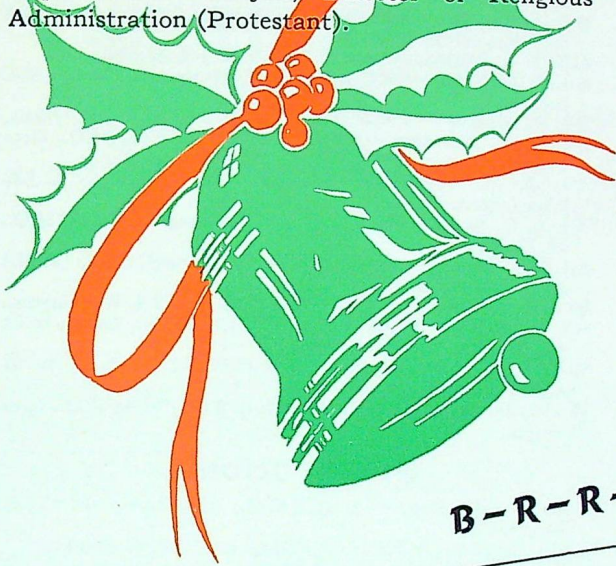
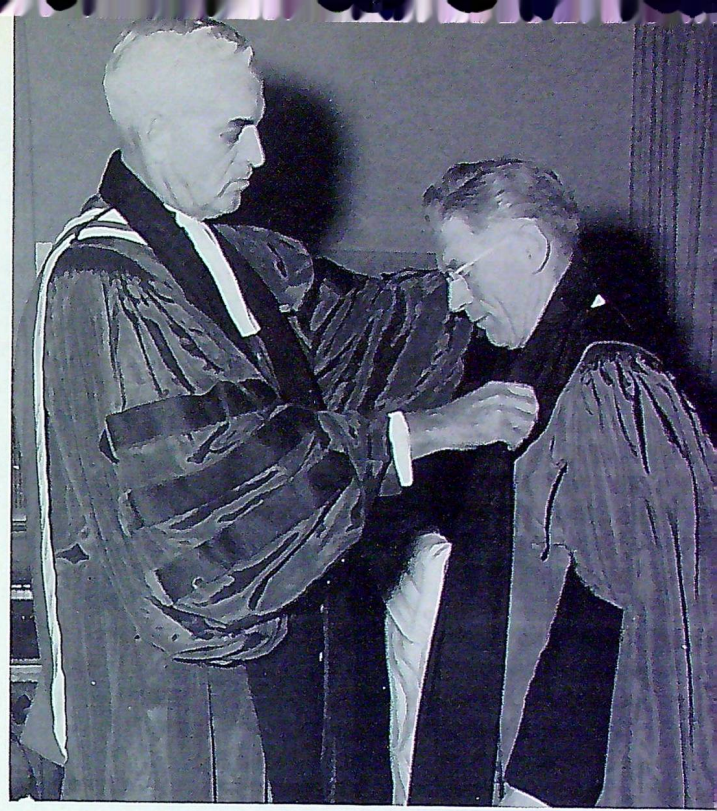
## CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY

And I *do* come home at Christmas. We all do, or we all should. We all come home, or ought to come home, for a short holiday — the longer, the better — from the great boarding-school, where we are forever working at our arithmetical slates, to take, and give, a rest.

*Charles Dickens: "A Christmas Tree".*

## Winnipeg Induction

Flt. Lt. S. R. Foreman, who was inducted into the R.C.A.F. Chaplain Service during the latter part of October, has two sons serving with the R.C.A.F. at Goose Bay and Centralia, respectively. Before joining the Air Force in September, he was minister at St. Paul's Anglican Church, Berry, Que. The photograph shows Flt. Lt. Foreman being invested with the chaplain's scarf by Group Capt. R. M. Frayne, Director of Religious Administration (Protestant).



**B-R-R-R-R!**

EDITOR, "ROUNDEL"

GRAPEVINE VIBRATES FROM COMOX TO GOOSE BAY WITH REPORT THAT CORPORAL DARRELL EAGLES IS AUTHOR OF "AN AIRWOMAN IN JAPAN", NOT "AUTHORESS" AS STATED IN OCTOBER ISSUE. CAN IT BE, SIR, THAT CONSTANT EDITORIAL IMMERSION IN FLESH-POTS HAS AT LAST TAKEN ITS TOLL? CAN IT BE THAT TOO MUCH WISHFUL BROODING OVER OUR TEA HAS LED US TO IMAGINE THE FIELD PEOPLED ONLY BY GIRLS? RECOMMEND IMMEDIATE COURSE OF VIOLENT EXERCISE, AND PLENTY OF COLD SHOWERS. WE MAY YET BE IN TIME, SIR — BUT LET US HAVE A CARE.

SHATTERPROOF

23 NOV 52

# Personnel Movements



## OFFICERS: JULY

S/L J. R. W. Wynne — R.C.A.F. Stn. Sea Island to R.C.A.F. Stn. Comox.

## OFFICERS: AUGUST

S/L E. W. S. Gilbert — R.C.A.F. Stn. Sea Island to 12 A.D.G.H.Q., Vancouver.

S/L S. D. Gillis — 1 S.D., Weston, to A.A.S., Trenton.

## OFFICERS: SEPTEMBER

G/C G. S. Austin — R.C.A.F. Stn. Lachine to R.C.A.F. Stn. Comox.

S/L A. M. Beach, D.F.C. — A.F.H.Q. to 2 (F.) Wing H.Q., Gros Tenquin.

W/C C. W. Burgess, A.F.C. — C.J.S. Washington to R.C.A.F. Stn. Portage La Prairie.

S/L W. J. Buzza — A.D.C.H.Q., St. Hubert, to R.C.A.F. Stn. St. Hubert.

G/C C. H. Cotton — A.M.C.H.Q., Ottawa, to R.C.A.F. Stn. London.

S/L R. S. Davis — 2 M.D., St. Johns, to 1 O.S., London.

W/C W. G. Dever — A.M.C.H.Q., Ottawa, to T.C.H.Q., Trenton.

S/L J. A. Diack — 1 T.T.S., Aylmer, to R.C.A.F. Stn. Claresholm.

S/L J. D. Dickson, D.F.C., D.F.M., A.F.C. — 426 (T.) Sqn., Dorval, to 412 (T.) Sqn., Rockcliffe.

W/C J. F. Edwards, D.F.C., D.F.M. — 430 (F.) Sqn. North Bay, to 430 (F.) Sqn., Gros Tenquin.

S/L N. W. Emmott, D.F.C. — 2 (M.) O.T.U., Greenwood, to 404 (M.R.) Sqn., Greenwood.

S/L R. D. Forbes-Roberts — 2 A.C.W.U., Chatham, to C.J.S. Washington.

S/L P. L. Gibbs, D.F.C., A.F.C. — 430 (F.) Sqn., North Bay, to 430 (F.) Sqn., Gros Tenquin.

S/L T. Goldring — 1 F.T.S., Centralia, to 1 F.I.S., Trenton.

S/L W. I. Gordon — A.F.H.Q. to 2 (F.) Wing H.Q., Gros Tenquin.

S/L A. B. Hammond, D.F.C. — 418 (L.B.) Sqn. (Aux.), Edmonton, to 1 F.I.S., Trenton.

W/C W. G. Harvey — T.C.H.Q., Trenton, to 2 T.T.S., Camp Borden.

S/L A. B. Howell, D.F.C. — A.F.H.Q. to 2 (F.) Wing H.Q., Gros Tenquin.

W/C J. R. Jackson — R.C.A.F. Stn. London to T.C.H.Q., Trenton.

S/L A. B. C. Johnson — 1 (F.) O.T.U., Chatham, to 12 A.D.G.H.Q., Vancouver.

S/L W. J. S. Kettles — R.C.A.F. Stn. Edmonton to C.J.S. Washington.

S/L F. S. Lemon — A.F.H.Q. to 2 (F.) Wing H.Q., Gros Tenquin.

G/C J. K. F. MacDonald, D.F.C. — A.F.H.Q. to 2 (F.) Wing H.Q., Gros Tenquin.

S/L J. MacKay, D.F.C. — 416 (F.) Sqn., Uplands, to 416 (F.) Sqn., Gros Tenquin.

G/C J. A. Mahoney — A.F.H.Q. to C.J.S. Washington.

S/L J. McElroy — R.C.A.F. Stn. Lachine to R.C.A.F. Stn. London.

S/L R. McKee — 1 A.R.O.S., Clinton, to 2 M.D., St. Johns.

S/L T. C. Newton — A.F.H.Q. to 2 (F.) Wing H.Q., Gros Tenquin.

S/L J. H. Preston — R.C.A.F. Stn. Gimli to C.J.S. Washington.

S/L L. C. Scott — 14 T.G.H.Q., Winnipeg, to A.D.C.H.Q., St. Hubert.

S/L E. J. Smith — 2 (M.) O.T.U., Greenwood, to 405 (M.R.) Sqn., Greenwood.

W/C H. R. Studer, A.F.C. — A.F.H.Q. to C.J.S. Washington.

S/L W. R. Tew, D.F.C. — 1 A.D.C.C., Lac St. Denis, to 11 A.C.W. Sqn., Lac St. Denis.

W/C H. C. Vinnicombe — 5 A.C.W.U., Scarboro, to 31 A.C.W. Sqn., Edgar.

W/C E. H. M. Walsh — A.F.H.Q. to 2 (F.) Wing H.Q., Gros Tenquin.

## OFFICERS: OCTOBER

S/L R. M. Beer — 1 A.D.C.C., Chatham, to C.J.S. Washington.

S/L T. Benson, A.F.C. — A.F.H.Q. to C.J.S. Washington.

S/L A. W. Bishop — 12 A.C.W. Sqn., Mont Apica, to C.J.S. Washington.

W/C H. E. Bishop — 2 T.T.S., Camp Borden, to R.C.A.F. Stn. Penhold.

S/L F. P. Bouchard — R.C.A.F. Stn. Macdonald to R.C.A.F. Stn. Portage La Prairie.

W/C G. D. Caldbick — C.J.S. Washington to A.F.H.Q.

S/L G. M. Ewan, D.F.C. — C.N.S., Summerside, to A.F.H.Q.

S/L L. R. Haas — A.F.H.Q. to R.C.A.F. Stn. Portage La Prairie.

W/C J. S. Jordan — A.F.H.Q. to 2 (F.) Wing H.Q., Gros Tenquin.

W/C H. F. Marcou, D.F.C., A.F.C. — A.D.C.H.Q., St. Hubert, to 1 A.D.C.C., Lac St. Denis.

W/C H. L. Taylor — C.J.S. Washington to A.M.C.H.Q., Ottawa.

S/L H. G. Williamson — T.A.G.H.Q., Edmonton, to T.C.H.Q., Trenton.

## WARRANT OFFICERS: SEPTEMBER

W.O.2 A. D. Cooper — 401 (F.) Sqn. (Aux.), St. Hubert, to 1 F.W.H.Q., U.K.

W.O.2 G. E. Engel — 25 A.M.B., Calgary, to 5 S.D., Moncton.

W.O.1 J. W. Graham — 10 T.S.U., Calgary, to 25 A.M.B., Calgary.

W.O.1 W. T. Lewington — A.F.H.Q. to 31 A.C.W. Sqn., Edgar.

W.O.1 P. J. S. McKenzie — 12 A.D.G.H.Q., Vancouver, to 1 R.C.S., Clinton.

W.O.2 S. W. Joel — A.F.H.Q. to 2 (F.) Wing H.Q., Gros Tenquin.

W.O.2 T. N. Norton — 412 (T.) Sqn., Rockcliffe, to C.J.S. London.

W.O.2 J. H. Pickering — A.F.H.Q. to 2 (F.) Wing H.Q., Gros Tenquin.

W.O.2 R. A. Round — 1 R.C.S., Clinton, to R.C.A.F. Stn. Chatham.

W.O.2 A. J. Sperling — 1 T.T.S., Aylmer, to R.C.A.F. Stn. Penhold.

W.O.1 W. H. Wingate — A.F.H.Q. to 2 (F.) Wing H.Q., Gros Tenquin.

#### WARRANT OFFICERS: OCTOBER

W.O.1 F. B. Lummis, G.M. — 430 (F.) Sqn., North Bay, to 430 (F.) Sqn., Gros Tenquin.

#### KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS

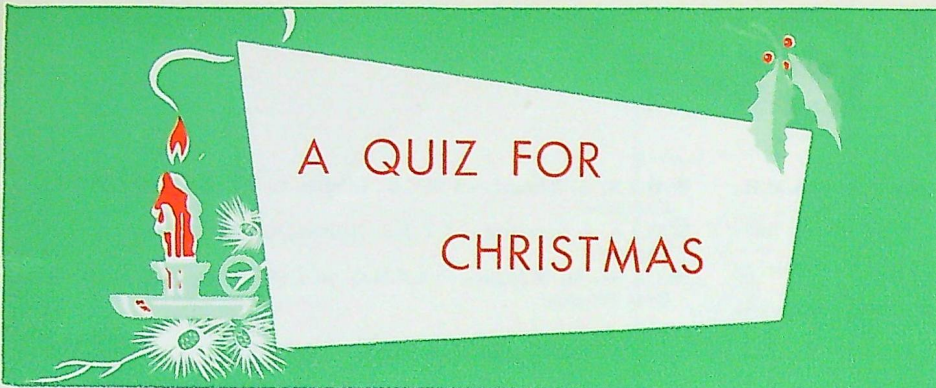
A.A.S. — Air Armament School  
 A.C.W. Sqn. — Aircraft Control & Warning Squadron  
 A.C.W.U. — Aircraft Control & Warning Unit  
 A.D.C.C. — Air Defence Control Centre  
 A.D.C.H.Q. — Air Defence Command Headquarters  
 A.D.G.H.Q. — Air Defence Group Headquarters  
 A.M.B. — Air Materiel Base  
 A.M.C.H.Q. — Air Materiel Command Headquarters  
 A.R.O.S. — Air Radio Officers' School  
 C.J.S. — Canadian Joint Staff  
 C.N.S. — Central Navigation School  
 (F.) — Fighter  
 F.I.S. — Flying Instructors' School  
 F.T.S. — Flying Training School  
 F.W.H.Q. — Fighter Wing Headquarters

(L.B.) — Light Bomber  
 (M.) — Maritime  
 M.D. — Manning Depot  
 (M.R.) — Maritime Reconnaissance  
 O.S. — Officers' School  
 O.T.U. — Operational Training Unit  
 R.C.S. — Radar & Communications School  
 S.D. — Supply Depot  
 (T.) — Transport  
 T.A.G.H.Q. — Tactical Air Group Headquarters  
 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



**R.C.A.F. SPORT PANORAMA**  
 Flt. Lt. A. P. Heathcote's series of articles, "R.C.A.F. Sport Panorama", has been temporarily held up. The following articles have already appeared: Football, Rifle-Shooting, Boxing, Baseball, Swimming, Wrestling. The remaining two (Hockey, Miscellaneous) will be published early in 1953.



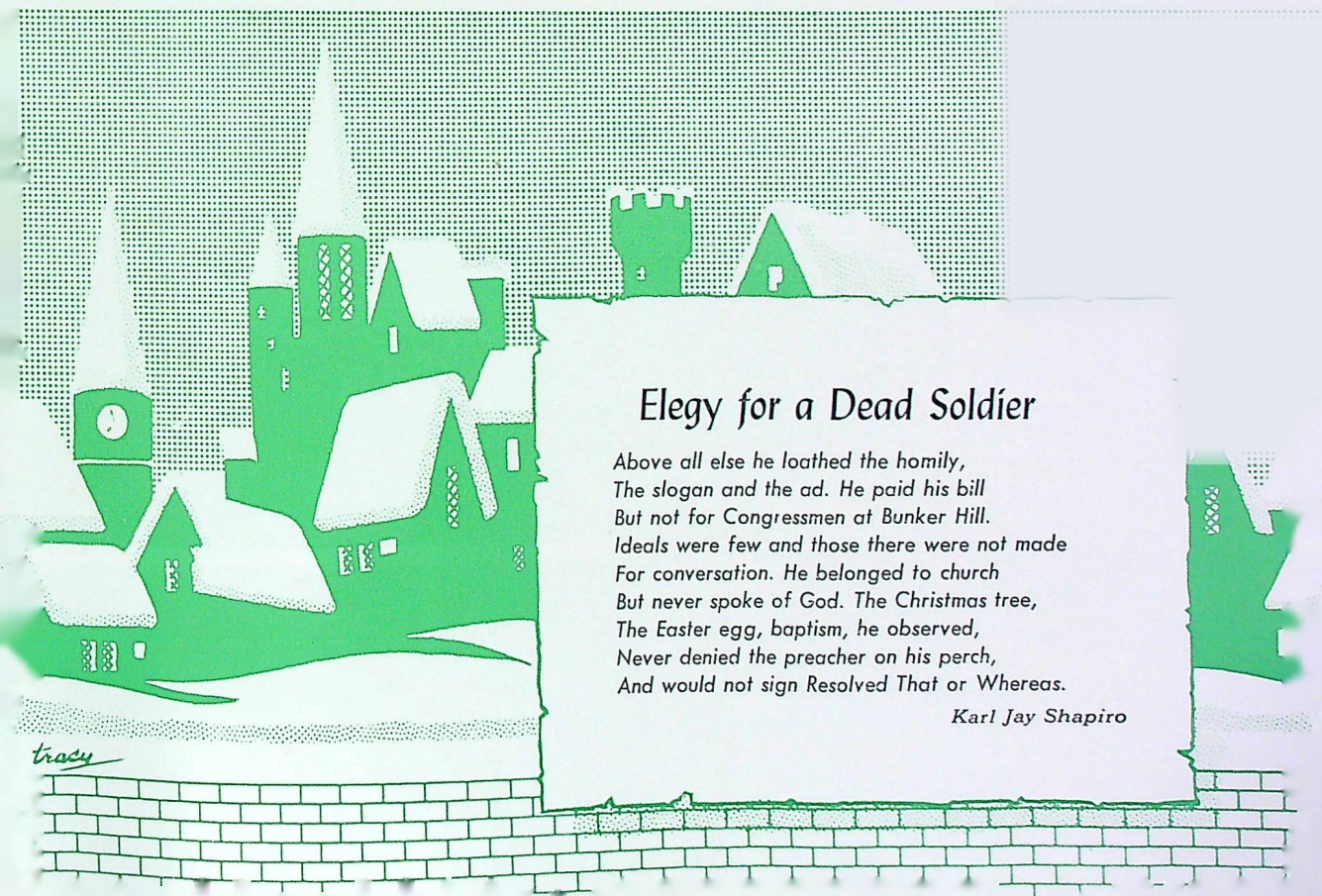


## A QUIZ FOR CHRISTMAS

*(Instead of our usual feature, "What's the Score?", this month we are offering our readers a questionnaire that is devoted chiefly to the great event in which the festival of Christmas has its origin. Correct answers will be found on page 48.)*

1. As far as we know, the first (and very incomplete) life of Christ was written by:
  - (a) St. Mark
  - (b) St. Matthew.
  - (c) St. Paul.
  - (d) St. Augustine.
2. St. Matthew mentions that, when Herod ordered the massacre of the children, the ghostly voice of Rachel was heard lamenting in:
  - (a) Bethlehem.
  - (b) Nazareth.
  - (c) Rama.
  - (d) Jerusalem.
3. Warned by an angel of the coming massacre, Joseph "took the young child and His mother by night, and departed into —":
  - (a) Galilee.
  - (b) Egypt.
  - (c) Judaea.
  - (d) Israel.
4. The "synoptic gospels" (i.e. the gospels which give similar views of Christ's life) are:
  - (a) Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.
  - (b) Matthew, Mark, and Luke.
  - (c) Mark and John.
  - (d) Mark, Luke, and John.
5. "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" was asked by:
  - (a) Herod.
  - (b) Pilate.
  - (c) The three shepherds.
  - (d) The three wise men.
6. Quoted in the first three chapters of St. Matthew's gospel as prophets of Christ's advent are:
  - (a) Ezekiel and Hosea.
  - (b) Hosea and Isaiah.
  - (c) Isaiah and Daniel.
  - (d) Daniel and Ezekiel.
7. The myrrh referred to in the gospels is:
  - (a) Sweet Cicely.
  - (b) A healing ointment of great value.
  - (c) A gum-resin used in incense.
  - (d) An extract of the fragrant plant Myrrhis Odorata.
8. *Not* attributed to the archangel Gabriel by either Jewish or Christian writers is:
  - (a) The Annunciation.
  - (b) The destruction of Sennacherib.
  - (c) The explanation to Daniel of the latter's vision.
  - (d) The expulsion of Adam and Eve from Eden.
9. In the gospels, only two incidents in Our Lord's childhood are mentioned. One concerns the occasion on which He asked the question:
  - (a) Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?
  - (b) Who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?
  - (c) Where is your faith?
  - (d) Seest thou these great buildings?
10. Legend tells us that the names of the Three Wise Men were:
  - (a) Meshach, Shadrach, and Abednego.
  - (b) Joktan, Almodad, and Sheleph.
  - (c) Balthazar, Melchior, and Caspar.
  - (d) Micah, Nahum, and Habbakuk.
11. The name of "Jesus" was given to Our Lord by:
  - (a) Joseph.
  - (b) The archangel Gabriel.
  - (c) The Virgin Mary.
  - (d) John, at His baptism.
12. There is general agreement among scholars that the Nativity occurred:
  - (a) On the calendar date assigned to the commencement of the Christian era.
  - (b) Not earlier than 4 A.D.
  - (c) In December.
  - (d) Not later than 4 B.C.

13. St. Wenzel survives in the memory of most Canadians because:
- His brother assassinated him.
  - He was the patron saint of Bohemia.
  - He looked out on December 26th.
  - He attempted a wholesale conversion of his people.
14. A special liturgical service is not used to celebrate Christmas Day in:
- The Presbyterian Church.
  - The Roman Catholic Church.
  - The Anglican Church.
  - The Protestant Episcopal Church.
15. The saint referred to in the carol, "Good King Wenceslas", was:
- One of the twelve apostles.
  - The first Christian martyr.
  - A friend of St. Paul's.
  - The first Anglo-Saxon convert to be canonized.
16. Charles Dickens was *not* the author of:
- "A Christmas Tree".
  - A Christmas Carol that has never been sung.
  - "Christmas Books".
  - "The Haunted Man".
17. Twelfth-night occurs on:
- January 6th.
  - December 12th.
  - January 12th.
  - January 5th.
18. If you found someone telling your small boy that there isn't a Santa Claus, you *might* remark facetiously:
- "General Chisholm, I presume?"
  - "General Worthington, I presume?"
  - "General Crerar, I presume?"
  - "General McNaughton, I presume?"
19. The first recorded use of Christmas Cards occurred:
- In England — about 1862.
  - In Russia — about 1748.
  - In Italy — about 1490.
  - In the U.S.A. — about 1695.
20. Santa Claus (a latter-day alias of St. Nicolas) was originally:
- A humorous version of the Devil.
  - A famous Greek caterer during the First Crusade.
  - The Bishop of Myra, later patron saint of Russia.
  - The Abbott of Thulême, later patron saint of bon viveurs.



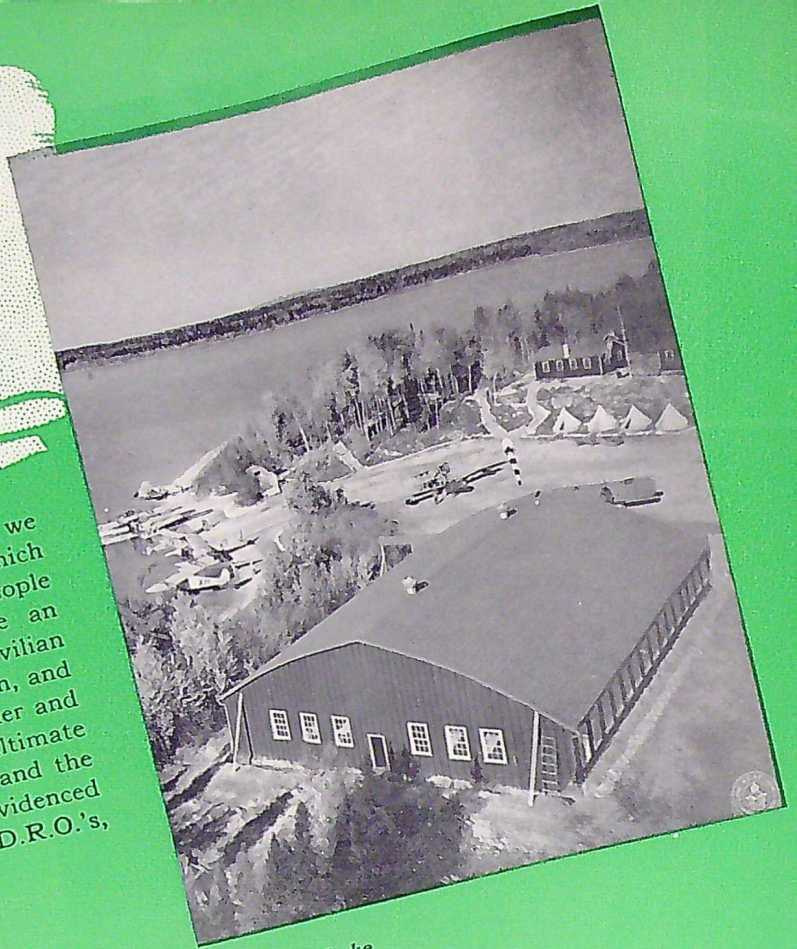
## Elegy for a Dead Soldier

Above all else he loathed the homily,  
The slogan and the ad. He paid his bill  
But not for Congressmen at Bunker Hill.  
Ideals were few and those there were not made  
For conversation. He belonged to church  
But never spoke of God. The Christmas tree,  
The Easter egg, baptism, he observed,  
Never denied the preacher on his perch,  
And would not sign Resolved That or Whereas.

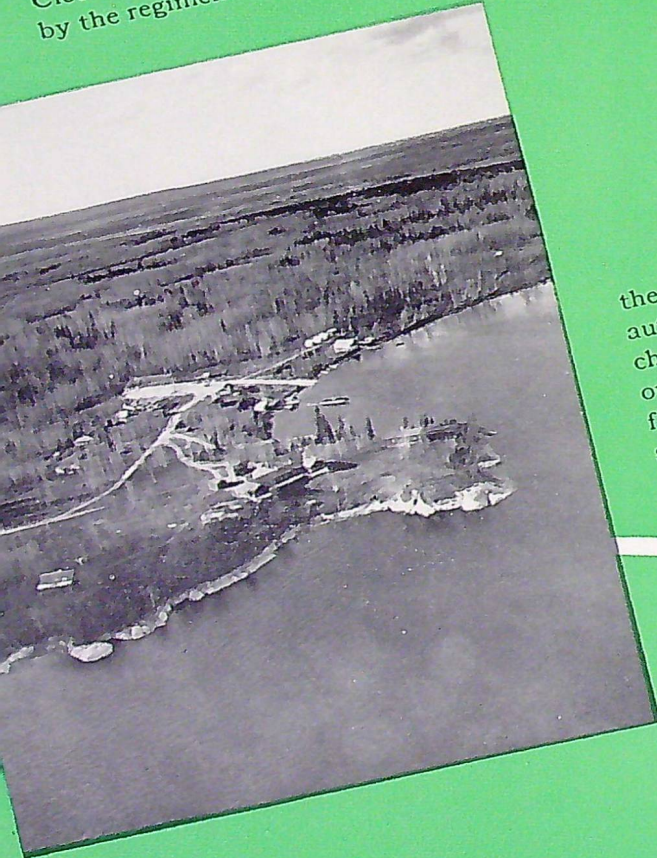
Karl Jay Shapiro

# Pin-Points in the Past

From W.O.1 R. V. Yates, in Edmonton, we have received a yellowing set of D.R.O.'s, of which the first page is reproduced here. Of the people whose names are mentioned, one became an A.V.M., two are dead, four are doing well in civilian life, one has disappeared from Air Force ken, and two are still serving — as a Wing Commander and Flight Lieutenant, respectively. (The ultimate fate of Messrs. Wilson's Grocery Store and the Cletrac Tractor are not known to us.) As evidenced by the regimental numbers shown in the D.R.O.'s,



Cormorant Lake



Lac du Bonnet

the R.C.A.F. was no vast organization in the autumn of 1931; indeed, it managed to exist chiefly by carrying out photographic survey operations, forestry and preventive patrols, etc., for other Government Departments. One base for such activities was Winnipeg Air Station, which at that time controlled four operational sub-bases — at Cormorant Lake and Lac du Bonnet in Manitoba, Ladder Lake in Saskatchewan, and Fitzgerald in Alberta.

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE  
DAILY ROUTINE ORDERS

SERIAL NO. F. 204      PAGE 1      SEPT. 3rd, 1931.  
Issued by Squadron Leader N. R. Anderson, Commanding  
Officer, Winnipeg Air Station, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

PART I "A" ADMINISTRATION

1. ROUTINE Friday, September 4th, 1931:  
Officers: 0900-1200 hrs) Routine Duties  
1400-1700 hrs)  
Other Ranks: 0800 hrs.—First Working  
Parade  
1200 hrs.—Dismiss  
1330 hrs.—Second Working  
Parade  
1700 hrs.—Dismiss

2. BOUNDS Messrs. Wilsons Grocery Store, 820 Notre  
Dame Avenue, Winnipeg, is out of bounds to  
all Ranks.

3. STATION DUTIES

0800 hours 3-9-31 to 0800 hours 7-9-31:  
Waiting Orderly Sergeant  
661 SGT. HENDERSON, J. H.  
(vice 835 SGT. DOWIE, H. R.)

0800 hours 7-9-31 to 0800 hours 14-9-31:  
Orderly Sergeant  
661 SGT. HENDERSON, J. H.

Waiting Orderly Sergeant  
835 SGT. DOWIE, H. R.  
Duty Storekeeper  
713 a/CPL. BLAND, J. B.

1230 hours 5-9-31 to 1700 hours 5-9-31:  
Duty Clerk & Duty Watch  
744 LAC. STADFELD, L.

0800 hours 6-9-31 to 1230 hours 6-9-31:  
Duty Watch. .60 Cpl. ADAMS, A. B.

1230 hours 6-9-31 to 1700 hours 6-9-31:  
Duty Watch. .448 LAC. GALE, C. M.

1230 hours 5-9-31 to 0800 hours 7-9-31:  
Duty M.T. Driver  
734 AC1 SKELDING, W.

PART I "B" TECHNICAL EQUIPMENT

1. TRACTOR Model W Cletrac      Taken on charge at  
Tractor, Serial No.      Winnipeg Air Station,  
30353, Motor No.      having been received off  
5365.      Contract Demand No.  
1197 and re-allotted to  
Buffalo Park Sub-station,  
1-9-31.

(R.W.A. Ivermee) Flying Officer,  
for Squadron Leader, Commanding,  
Winnipeg Air Station,  
Winnipeg, Manitoba.



# No. 439 Squadron

By Wing Commander F. H. Hitchins,  
Air Historian

AS PART OF CANADA'S contribution to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization for the collective defence of Western Europe, the R.C.A.F. has undertaken to provide an air division of twelve fighter squadrons. First of the twelve units to go overseas was No. 410 Squadron late in 1951, No. 441 followed a few months later, and No. 439 arrived in England last June — the third F-86 (Sabre) unit in No. 1 Fighter Wing of the R.C.A.F. air division.

*Flt. Lt. A. E. Monson, D.F.C. (Portrait by Flt. Lt. P. A. Goranson.)*



*Flt. Lt. W. D. Burton, D.F.C.*



No. 439 first came into being as the overseas successor of No. 123 (Army Co-Operation Training) Squadron which formed at Rockcliffe, Ont., in January 1942. The ancestry of the unit can be traced back to the School of Army Co-Operation which originated at Camp Borden in 1932, moved to Trenton in 1936, and early in 1939 was absorbed by No. 2 (A.C.) Squadron. When No. 2 Squadron was disbanded at Rockcliffe in December 1939, the School of Army Co-Operation was revived for a time, disbanded in April 1941, and reformed again six months later under the command of Sqn. Ldr. W. W. S. Ross. The new school was intended as an interim measure only to cover the period of organization and training. As soon as the school was ready to operate, it would become a squadron to provide close support and reconnaissance training for Army units which were preparing to go overseas.

On 15 January 1942 the transition from school to squadron was made, and a month later No. 123 began moving eastward from Rockcliffe to Debert, N.S. The rail and road parties completed the journey without incident, but the air party took almost four weeks to cover the 600 miles, thanks to persistent bad weather en route, and only four of the seven Lysanders reached their destination.

At Debert, Sqn. Ldr. Ross's unit, assisted by an Army Staff section, provided army/air co-operation training for the 4th Canadian Armoured Division, under the command of Maj. Gen. F. F. Worthington, until the division went overseas in August 1942 and was replaced by Maj. Gen. P. E. Leclerc's 7th Division. In addition to varied air activities (artillery "shoots," tactical reconnaissance exercises, mock-bombing attacks, supply-dropping, photographic missions, etc.), the squadron conducted numerous army/air support

*Sqn. Ldr. K. J. Fiset, D.F.C. (Portrait by Flt. Lt. P. A. Goranson.)*



*Flt. Lt. J. W. Saville.*

ground-courses for brigadiers and junior officers. Some air co-operation schemes were also carried out in conjunction with the Royal Canadian Navy. Although termed a squadron, No. 123 functioned as a school, training Army and R.C.A.F. personnel in the technique of air/ground co-operation. It also provided accommodation for large numbers of R.A.F. airmen from No. 31 O.T.U. at Debert. The squadron did have a taste of active operations for a period of four months (October 1942 to January 1943) when it provided a detachment of three Lysanders and crews for harbour entrance patrols at Sydney. No submarines were sighted, however.

No. 123's original aircraft, obsolete Lysanders, were in time replaced by Hurricane fighters, and the squadron also flew, for training and communications, Harvards, Bolingbrokes, and Ansons. In November 1942 some pilots were posted overseas and more followed in the next few months. When Wing Cdr. Ross, the C.O., departed in



*Groundcrews of the Typhoon Wing.*



*Flying Officer A. H. Fraser.*



*Flt. Lt. B. P. Swing*

January 1943, he was succeeded by Sqn. Ldr. L. C. Rankin, one of the original members of the unit.

The squadron's activities at Debort reached their peak in June 1943. The next few weeks were filled with speculation and rumour about the future; until finally the cloak of mystery was raised with the announcement that No. 123 would go overseas as a unit at the end of November. While preparations for departure were at their height, a fire gutted part of the administration building. Despite this set-back, the squadron got away on schedule and arrived in Britain in mid-December.

After the usual brief stay at the reception centre in Bournemouth, where No. 123 received its overseas designation "No. 439," the squadron went to Wellingore, a satellite of Digby, to complete organization. Sqn. Ldr. F. W. Kelly, D.F.C., took temporary command until Sqn. Ldr. W. M. Smith arrived on 6 January 1944. Two days later the squadron moved to Ayr, on the Firth of Clyde, where it joined No. 438 (formerly

No. 118) in the newly constituted 143 (R.C.A.F.) Wing. Some weeks later No. 440 (formerly No. 111) arrived to complete the wing. Hurricane IV's were received and the pilots began dive-bombing training for their new fighter-bomber rôle in close support of ground operations. A few Typhoons were also received, but their number was very limited for many weeks, and the three squadrons had to share the few that were available.

In Canada the squadron had been very fortunate in completing 24 months of flying without one fatality and with only two or three major accidents. The first months of training in Britain, however, took a heavy toll. Four pilots — Flt. Lt. H. K. McAvity, Flying Officer E. L. Dixon, Flying Officer R. M. MacTavish, and Flt. Lt. N. E. Pollock — lost their lives in accidents before the first operations were carried out.

By early March, No. 439 had completed its training, and Sqn. Ldr. Smith handed over his unit to Sqn. Ldr. H. H. Norsworthy. Then the wing flew down to Hurn, on the south coast of England, to begin operations against the enemy.

The first sortie over enemy-held territory, on 27 March, was a peaceful fighter sweep across the Cherbourg peninsula. Not even a flak burst marred the calm skies. After two more equally uneventful sweeps the squadron moved with the wing to Funtington, about 45 miles to the east, and on 13 April made its first dive-bombing operation against a V-1 (flying bomb) site across the Channel. Another attack on a similar target a few days later was marked by the first encounter with anti-aircraft fire — which was to play an increasingly important part in the squadron's life in months to come. Flying Officer P. J. Elfner was lost, apparently as a result of weather conditions, on one sortie in this period.

From Funtington, No. 439 returned to Hurn on 19 April and remained there until after D-Day, continuing its attacks on flying-bomb targets and playing its part in the pre-invasion preparations by striking at bridges, marshalling-yards, and radar sites. Once an enemy destroyer, which had been beached after an encounter with H.M.C.S.

*Flt. Lt. W. K. Scharff.*



“Haida,” was the target for the squadron's missiles. There was a week's break in activities while No. 439 attended a course at an Armament Practice Camp. On the eve of D-Day the squadron suffered its first casualty due to enemy action, when Flt. Lt. J. W. Saville was killed while leading an attack upon a radar post in the Channel Islands. The complete tactical surprise which was achieved on D-Day was attributed in large measure to the destruction of the enemy's radar stations by units of the Sector to which 143 Wing belonged.

The squadron's first task on 6 June was to neutralize enemy coastal batteries just before the troops touched down on the beaches; then the Tiffies went hunting for targets in the path of our forces as they fought their way inland. One large column of German vehicles was bombed and strafed. For three weeks this work continued from Hurn, with frequent attacks upon concentrations of vehicles, enemy strong-points, supply dumps, bridges, and similar objectives.

Then, on 27 June, the wing moved across the Channel to Lantheuil on the beach-head, where it remained until the end of August. Attacks upon enemy communications — bridges, road traffic, and rail lines — were varied with close support missions for the Army to knock out or weaken enemy strongholds that were holding up the troops. The Tiffie pilots could seldom assess the precise results of their bombing, but the Army repeatedly expressed its appreciation of their effective co-operation. On 9 July, for example, a formation of nine pilots, led by Flt. Lt. K. J. Fiset, bombed and strafed an enemy concentration near Tilly so effectively that a counter-attack was broken up before it could get started. The fighter-bombers' work was particularly effective in the last week of July, when their attacks were a major factor in preventing the enemy from moving his armour from the Caen sector to the west where the Americans had broken through.

In early August there were frequent attacks on enemy positions and headquarters to help the troops fighting their way down the Caen-Falaise road to meet the American troops driving up from the south. On one occasion the Polish soldiers

expressed "deepest thanks" for "a magnificent job" done by the Tiffie wing in breaking enemy resistance near Estrées-la-Campagne. Then, as the iron ring around the Nazi army drew tighter, the wing went out to destroy bridges along the escape route and strafe columns of vehicles that packed the roads in the "Falaise pocket." On 18 August, when Sqn. Ldr. Norsworthy's pilots made 65 sorties to harass the retreating enemy, they fired over 23,000 rounds of 20 mm. ammunition and counted 51 vehicles destroyed in flames, with 93 more smoking or damaged. "All one could see along the roads was a long continuous blanket of smoke." The groundcrews, reeking with sweat through the long summer day, set new records for refuelling and rearming the aircraft.

The battle then moved rapidly eastward, and by the end of August the Typhoon wing at Lantheuil was out of range of the bomb-line. Among the last attacks carried out from the Norman base were two strikes at Mailleraye-sur-Seine, where enemy troops and vehicles were queued up waiting to be ferried across the river. Diving through an intense barrage of flak, the pilots hit a petrol dump which exploded in a great sheet of flame.

The Battle of Normandy was over. In the twelve weeks since D-Day, No. 439 had flown 1065 sorties on 123 operations, in the course of which 517 tons of bombs and over 75,000 rounds of ammunition had been expended. The results of the attacks cannot be expressed statistically, but their value was repeatedly emphasized in congratulatory messages from Army units for which the Typhoons had provided close support. During these weeks the Luftwaffe had been seldom seen, and not once encountered, but the enemy flak defences had taken their toll, accounting for at least five of the squadron's seven casualties. Flying Officer J. W. Ross was taken prisoner after baling out of his flak-damaged aircraft; Flying Officers F. M. Thomas, J. Kalen, R. O. Moen, E. J. Allen, R. A. Porritt, and Flt. Lt. W. K. Scharff, were killed in action.

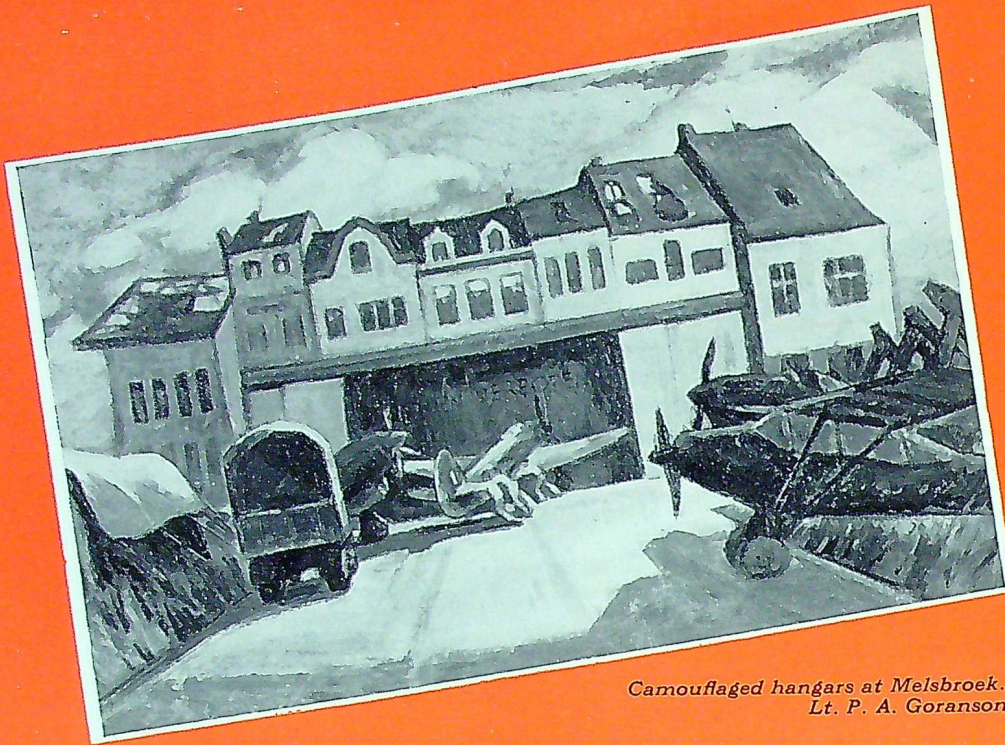
From Lantheuil the squadron moved first to St. André de l'Eure, whence only one operation was carried out (on 31 August) before it advanced



*Flt. Lt. J. E. Hogg, D.F.C.*

again to Glisy, near Amiens, on 3 September, and then to Melsbroek, in Belgium, three days later. Here at last the wing was again within range, and, on 8 September, No. 439 made the first sorties over Holland and across the Siegfried Line into Germany. Shortly after reaching the Belgian base, Sqn. Ldr. Hugh Norsworthy finished his second tour of operations, on which his able leadership had brought him the D.F.C., and he handed over command to Sqn. Ldr. Ken Fiset who also had just been awarded the purple and white ribbon.

Most of the missions from Melsbroek were armed reconnaissances over Holland in search of vehicles and barges. Seldom did the pilots return empty-handed. There were also several calls for close support of the Army, on which the squadron helped knock out gun posts and defences near Ghent, and attacked flak positions and other targets in the Arnhem-Nijmegen area in support of the great airborne operation on 17 September. Flak claimed two more victims — Flying Officer G. W. Hewson, who baled out and was taken



*Camouflaged hangars at Melsbroek. (Oil sketch by Flt. Lt. P. A. Goranson.)*

prisoner, and Flying Officer R. W. Vokey, who was killed in the crash of his aircraft.

Moving still closer to the front, the wing advanced on 25 September to Eindhoven, which was to be its home for the next six months — the longest period which the squadrons spent at one base. The airfield was pitted with bomb craters and the buildings and hangars had been so knocked about that the airmen began building wooden huts to replace their tents for the colder, damper season that was setting in.

One of the squadron's first duties after arriving at Eindhoven was to make fighter sweeps and defensive patrols over the Nijmegen area where the Germans were trying to destroy the bridges which had fallen into Allied hands. These sorties led to the first encounters with the Luftwaffe. In one engagement at dusk, Flying Officer J. H. Stitt destroyed a Ju. 88 in flames and Pilot Officer W. A. Gray damaged an F.W. 190. Gray was lost the next day when flak caused his Typhoon to crash.

Fighter sweeps, however, were the exception.

No. 439's primary function now was bombing and strafing in a great interdiction campaign to strangle all enemy movement by rail or road. By the end of October the squadron's tally of rail cuts was 58, at a minimum estimate, while its total of vehicles, locomotives, freight cars, barges and boats, had been increased by almost 170. In addition, two bridges had been destroyed and another damaged.

On one operation in October, to attack an enemy headquarters in Hertogenbosch, Flying Officer R. V. Smith's aircraft exploded in mid-air as he released his bombs. Miraculously, Smith survived the blast and was able to release his parachute. Captured by the Germans, he was put in hospital for treatment of his injuries and a few days later was liberated when the British troops captured Hertogenbosch.

The enemy's anti-aircraft defences were increasing in volume until sometimes the weather over the Typhoons' targets appeared to be 10/10ths flak. Between the first of October and the middle of December the squadron lost eight

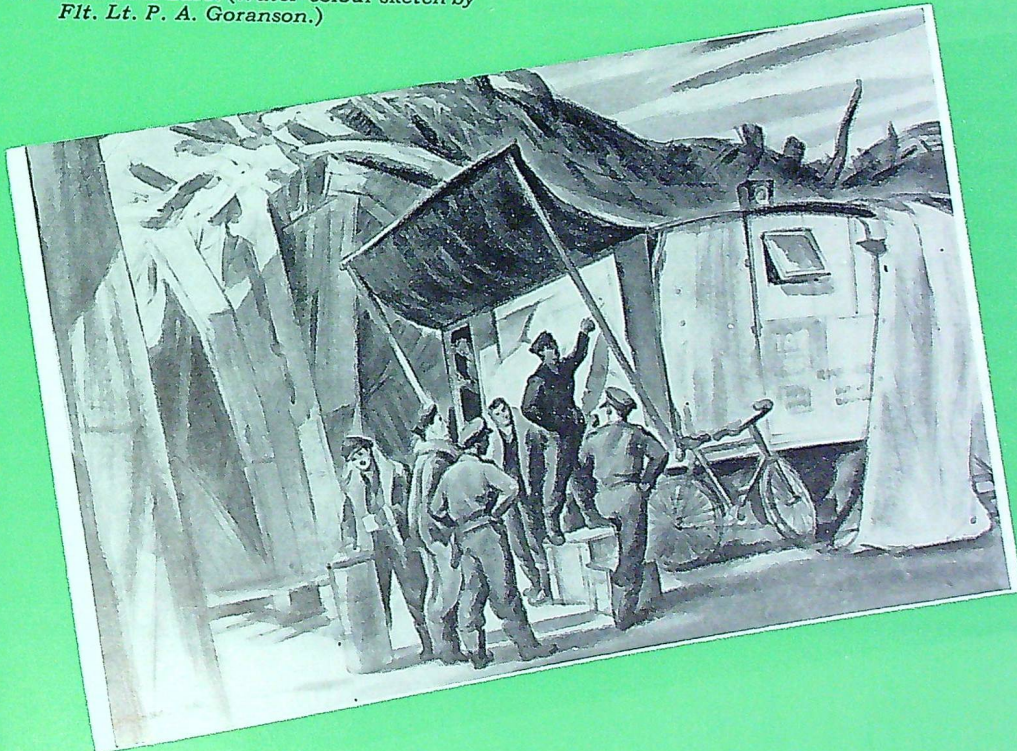
pilots. Flying Officers R. A. Johns, M. P. Laycock, J. G. Martin and R. A. Hiltz, and Flight Lieutenants W. L. Saunders and C. A. Lambert, were killed or presumed dead; Flying Officer J. A. Brown was taken prisoner when he baled out of his crippled aircraft; and Flying Officer J. G. Fraser had to forced-land in Holland, where he was sheltered by the Dutch underground until April 1945, when he was able to reach the Canadian forces. Another pilot, Flying Officer R. N. MacDonald, was killed in a flying accident.

By the beginning of December the surviving members of the original group of 31 pilots who constituted No. 439 upon its creation overseas had reached the end of their tours. Four were awarded the D.F.C.—Flight Lieutenants A. E. Monson, W. D. Burton, J. E. Hogg, and C. L. Burgess. Sqn. Ldr. Ken Fiset also became tour-expired

early in December, and Sqn. Ldr. R. G. Crosby succeeded him in command of the unit.

On 16 December the Nazi counter-attack was opened in the Ardennes sector, and for a month No. 439 Squadron was employed on armed reconnaissances over "the Bulge" to strafe enemy movements behind the battle front. Many vehicles, tanks and trains were destroyed by cannon fire, but the casualties again were heavy. In a six-day period (24 to 29 December) four pilots were reported missing, two to flak and two to air combat. Flt. Sgt. W. A. Wright and Flt. Lt. K. F. Sage were killed; Flying Officer B. E. Bell and Warrant Officer S. A. Church were taken captive. In one engagement with a group of enemy fighters. Flying Officer R. H. Laurence manoeuvred his Typhoon so skilfully that two of his opponents lost control of their aircraft and crashed into the ground.

*Briefing at St. André de L'Eure. (Water-colour sketch by Flt. Lt. P. A. Goranson.)*



Bob Laurence scored two more victories on New Year's Day, 1945, when the Luftwaffe made its last major fighter attack of the war. With three companions Laurence was returning from a weather recce over the American battle front, when the four Typhoons intercepted a large formation of German fighters returning from a strafe on Eindhoven. Laurence brought down two F.W. 190's, one of which was flown by the leader of the enemy formation, and Flying Officer A. H. Fraser destroyed two more. In the action Flying Officer S. Angelini was shot down and killed.

The Nazi attack on the airfield inflicted considerable damage on aircraft, buildings and stores, but the casualties fortunately were relatively light. No. 439 had five of its personnel wounded, one of them being Flt. Lt. H. P. V. Massey, the intelligence officer. Flak damage in the last days of December had reduced the squadron's normal complement of 18 Typhoons to only nine, two of which were temporarily unserviceable. The New Year's Day strafe wrote off two more (one on the ground, one in the air) and damaged another. Nevertheless, five hours after the Luftwaffe storm had passed, the squadron put up its four serviceable aircraft on an armed recce, and operations continued (weather permitting) until the squadron was again at full strength. Armed recces over the American front were interspersed with strafing attacks in the squadron's usual tactical area in the north around Munster. Dive-bombing activities were resumed again with an operation against a bridge in Holland. The light flak defences at the target hit Flt. Lt. J. A. Cote's aircraft and forced him to land a few miles away. For eleven weeks, with the help of the Dutch underground, Cote dodged the enemy until he could join the advancing British troops.

After "the Bulge" had been eliminated, the British Second Army opened an offensive in the north to drive the enemy back to the Roer. Although handicapped by bad weather, No. 439 made eight attacks in close support of the troops, dive-bombing supply depots and strong-points, in the course of which Flt. Lt. J. D. Sweeney and Sqn. Ldr. R. G. Crosby were brought down by flak. Sweeney was taken prisoner. At first it was



*Flying Officer R. H. Laurence, D.F.C. (Portrait by Flt. Lt. P. A. Goranson.)*

feared that the C.O. had been killed, as his Typhoon was seen to explode in the air, but "Bing" was thrown clear by the explosion and, despite a dislocated shoulder, was able to release his parachute. Landing near the village he had been bombing, Crosby spent 36 hours in hiding, in great pain from his injuries and the cold, while German soldiers worked nearby. Then he made his way safely to the British lines four miles away, Crosby received the D.F.C., as also did Flying Officer R. H. Laurence who, like his leader, had now become tour-expired. Sqn. Ldr. J. H. Beatty took command of No. 439 for the remainder of its overseas tour.

After the enemy salient west of the Roer had been wiped out, the advance to the Rhine began, the Canadian First Army and the American Ninth

driving converging pincers from north and south to meet at Geldern early in March. Then, with Montgomery's Army Group drawn up along the Rhine, the final preparations were made to cross that river and drive eastwards to the Elbe. The eight weeks from 1 February to 28 March were a period of unequalled activity for the Typhoon wing at Eindhoven. No. 439 Squadron flew 860 hours and 802 sorties on 129 operations, dropped almost 500 tons of bombs and fired 40,000 cannon rounds. Until 23 March nearly all the operations were directed against rail lines or bridges; then close support tasks for the Army predominated. The results of these weeks were: rail and road cuts — 162, locomotives — 11, freight cars — 49, vehicles and tanks — 16, V-1 sites — 3, bridges and canals — 3, gun positions — 14, enemy strong-points — 12.

On the morning of St. Valentine's day four pilots were returning from an armed recce into

*Sqn. Ldr. H. H. Norsworthy, D.F.C. (Portrait by Flt. Lt. P. A. Goranson.)*



Germany when they caught sight of a pair of Me. 262 jets. Flt. Lt. C. L. Shaver attacked one which blew up in the air, and Flying Officer Hugh Fraser crashed the other to score his third air victory. Less than three weeks later Lyal Shaver was killed by flak over the Reichswald. Another casualty of this period was Flt. Lt. B. P. Swingler, who had completed one tour with the squadron and had just returned to begin a second. He had been given command of a flight in succession to Flt. Lt. John Carr, who had ended a successful tour which won him the D.F.C.

On 23 March the squadron interrupted its rail interdiction campaign to give close support to the Army as it crossed the Rhine. In the next five days No. 439 completed 23 tasks, chiefly against flak and artillery positions. In one attack, on the early morning of the 24th, the commander of a Nazi paratroop army was caught under a wall collapsed by the Typhoons' bombs and was so severely injured that he had to relinquish his command. Later that day Flying Officer William Anderson was shot down by flak and killed while leading his section on "cab-rank" for a forward control post.

As the Army drove across the Rhine and raced eastwards towards the Elbe, the Typhoon wing moved forward to keep in touch. From Eindhoven No. 439 advanced, on 30 March, to Goch just inside the German border, thus becoming the first R.C.A.F. squadron to land on and operate from German soil. On one of the first sorties from Goch, Flt. Lt. W. G. Davis was brought down by flak while making the last trip of his tour. Three days later Flt. Lt. D. G. Cleghorn had to forced-land behind the enemy lines and was captured.

The squadron's stay at Goch was brief. On 3 April it flew back to England for a dive-bombing and air-firing course at an Armament Practice Camp. When it returned to the continent on 22 April, the wing had moved forward to Celle, north-east of Hanover. The long struggle was nearly over, but in the twelve days that remained Sqn. Ldr. Beatty's unit completed 37 operations, chiefly on rail interdiction beyond the Elbe river. More than 100 cuts were claimed, in addition to 24 locomotives, 119 freight, passenger and oil cars,



*Flt. Lt. C. L. Shaver shows his groundcrew a souvenir of the Me. 262 that he shot down.*

and 48 vehicles and tanks. Vessels were also attacked, with 16 assorted types being destroyed or damaged; and three enemy aircraft were destroyed and several others strafed on the ground. The German flak defences remained effective to the very end. Flt. Lt. John McCullough was forced down and captured; and on one of the squadron's last sorties Flying Officer G. F. Burden was killed by a direct hit. Three D.F.C.'s were awarded for the squadron's work during the final months of the campaign, the recipients being Sqn. Ldr. J. H. Beatty and Flight Lieutenants V. H. J. LeGear and S. D. Marlatt.

In all, between 27 March 1944 and 4 May, 1945 when hostilities ended on the 21st Army Group front, 86 pilots flew on operations with No. 439 Squadron. Twenty finished their tours; 36 were reported missing on operations — and in at least 29 cases the cause was flak. Of the 36 casualties, 24 were killed or presumed dead, eight were prisoners of war, three evaded capture, and one other was liberated after a few days in enemy hands. In addition to these operational casualties, five pilots were killed in training or flying accidents.

The Typhoon wing remained at Celle for three weeks after V-E Day; then it moved up to Flensburg, just below the Danish border. Flying training, sports and movies, filled in the time of "no ops, no frat, just waiting for repat." Late in June, No. 439 began to break up; old-timers departed, homeward-bound, and new personnel were posted in. Finally,

on 22 August 1945, the pilots flew their Tiffies back to England and four days later the squadron officially disbanded. "We have had a good squadron, indeed a happy one with high morale; and we hope the job we did equalled that done by other fighter-bomber squadrons."

The statistics of "the job" speak for themselves: 3999 sorties (4207 hours' flying) on 537 operations during which over 1800 tons of bombs were dropped and more than 270,000 rounds of 20 mm. ammunition were fired; 360 rail lines were cut; six bridges were knocked out; five locomotives, 65 freight cars, 237 vehicles, 17 tanks, and 10 barges were destroyed; and 92 locomotives, 396 freight cars, 321 vehicles, 13 tanks and 27 barges were damaged. Eleven enemy aircraft were also destroyed, another was probably destroyed, and nine were claimed as damaged. Twelve D.F.C.'s were awarded to members of the squadron.

Six years after the squadron disbanded overseas, No. 439 was reformed at Uplands, Ont., on 1 September 1951, under the command of Sqn.

*Flt. Lt. C. L. Burgess, D.F.C.*





*Sqn. Ldr. J. H. Beatty, D.F.C.*



*Sqn. Ldr. R. G. Crosby, D.F.C. (Portrait by Flt. Lt. P. A. Goranson.)*

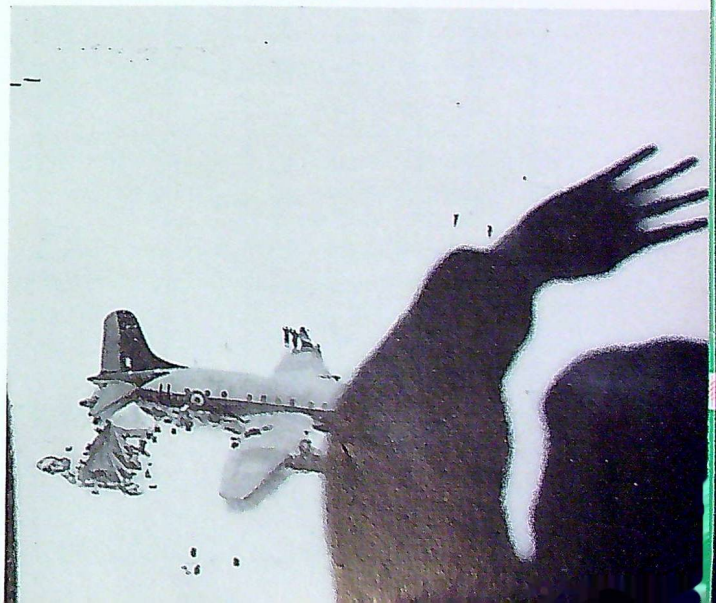
Ldr. C. D. Bricker, D.F.C. During the war Bricker had served a long tour with No. 430 (Fighter-Recce) Squadron as pilot, flight commander and commanding officer, winning his decoration for the excellent results achieved on many photographic and tactical reconnaissances. After V-E Day he remained with the British Air Forces of Occupation in Germany, as C.O. of No. 443 (Fighter) Squadron, from September 1945 to March 1946.

After returning to Canada, Sqn. Ldr. Bricker converted to jets and became the first R.C.A.F. pilot to make a jet flight across the Atlantic, a feat which he accomplished while on exchange with a U.S.A.F. squadron.

Since November 1951, when No. 439 began flying Sabre jets, the squadron has quickly rounded into shape and has developed a very high esprit de corps.

## GREENLAND RESCUE

In the accompanying photograph, crew members of an R.A.F. Hastings, which had crash-landed on the Greenland ice-cap while dropping supplies to the British North Greenland Expedition, return the cheering wave of a relief plane's crewman.



# Inooktoot Okarpit (Can you speak Eskimo?)

By Father Jean Philippe, O.M.I.

(The following article is reprinted from "Eskimo", a magazine published at Churchill, Man., by the Oblate Fathers of the Hudson Bay Vicariate. Father Philippe, who edits this valuable little publication, is a recognized authority on Eskimo languages and customs. Since many members of the R.C.A.F. will probably sooner or later be doing a tour of duty in high sub-arctic or arctic latitudes, they may be relieved to discover that the Eskimo tongue "contains no serious difficulty"!—EDITOR.)

MANY AMONG my readers have written in, asking for information as to the structural formation and vocabulary of the Eskimo language; also whether it is difficult or easy to learn. I shall therefore attempt briefly to give you a general idea of the idiom, avoiding as much as possible the use of many technical terms in my explanations.

The language is the exclusive property of the inhabitants of the arctic regions. It is basically the same from Greenland to Alaska. Of course, at

present, different dialects are in common use, but it is worthy noting that all the Eskimos understand one another from one end of the country to the other.

On hearing the Eskimos speak, one would be inclined to believe that their language is difficult to learn, the pronunciation being so harsh and guttural; but in reality it contains no serious difficulty. It is remarkably logical, for one thing; and, moreover, there are no exceptions to the different grammar rules, no plural forms of words, no irregular verbs. This general survey should brighten up the prospects for any student.

A language, no matter which, is always adapted to the mentality and character of the people using it, and faithfully reflects the degree of civilization attained. Therefore, from the knowledge we have of the life and characteristic traits of the Eskimos, we may readily infer that their language permits the expression of any feeling or ideas familiar to them. Terms related to weather conditions, geographical surroundings, direction of the wind, hunting, fishing, etc., particularly abound in the vocabulary. As for the abstract thoughts and notions, they are somewhat more difficult to express, for lack of words; but not exceedingly. I know that any young missionary studying the language, would not agree with me on that, especially when he is working on a sermon or teaching catechism. However, with patience and a few years of practice, he will eventually realize that the abstract truths of religion may be expressed in a very satisfactory way.

The most serious difficulty for anyone learning Eskimo, lies in the genius of the language, which

## ESKIMO ALPHABET

The Eskimo alphabet is phonetic: it represents sounds somewhat like stenography. The vowels are to be read vertically, the consonants, horizontally. Different combinations of both represent the various sounds in the Eskimo language.

ai	i	o	a	
▽	△	▷	◁	
∨	∧	∨	∧	P
∩	∪	∩	∪	T
⊥	⊥	⊥	⊥	K
∟	∟	∟	∟	G
┌	┌	┌	┌	M
⊥	⊥	⊥	⊥	N
└	└	└	└	S
┐	┐	┐	┐	L
⋖	⋗	⋖	⋗	Y
⋘	⋙	⋘	⋙	W

is altogether different from that of English or any other European idiom.

Now, what about the vocabulary, you may ask. Is it extensive? To this question I may truthfully answer that it is, and as truthfully that it is not.

I shall begin by saying that Eskimo is (let pass these two) synthetic and even polysynthetic. Which means, in other words, that a whole sentence of any of our European languages will in many cases be expressed by a single word in Eskimo. In that single word are contained the subject, predicate, and the complements. It goes without saying that the words are rather long.

There are a great number of root words such as, heat, cold, caribou, igloo, wind, snow, etc. There is also a variety of short particles, whose function is to render the different shades of thought.

Now that you have a comprehensive view of the different elements of the language, take a root word, string on to it a few particles (in an orderly way, of course), add on a verb which includes the subject and the complement: you have . . . a mess? No, a typical Eskimo word, which, although apparently complicated, is simple enough.

Let me illustrate. Take for example one of the first words a missionary will learn, the word Took-too (caribou). (The syllables are hyphenated to facilitate pronunciation). Took-too will serve as root-word to an indefinite number of sentences, such as:

Took-too-lor-po-goot, "We have killed some caribou."

Took-too-tor-poo-tit, "You are eating caribou meat."

Took-too-kshee-gee-tai-nar-po-goot, "We haven't seen a single caribou."

And now to test your patience try the following: Igloo-lai-gar-djong-moo-lee-an-gee-tai-nar-po-gook, (there!) which means: "neither one of us has ever gone to Chesterfield Inlet."

As appears from the foregoing examples, the Eskimo disposes of the necessary vocabulary to express his feelings and convey his thoughts. But, you may ask, how will he manage to express ideas unfamiliar to him? He will manage all right. Being a keen observer, the Eskimo will not be at a loss to invent a descriptive term. Thus, when he

## PRAYERS

\* ΔCC ΔΤJ ΔΤΤJ ΔD<  
ΔNLT UL ΔC< .  
ΔCC> P<ΓJN ΔN ΔPLFN-  
ΔCΔC ΔLΔDΤ ΔCΔC ΔLΔL  
ΔTΔCΔC ΔDΔΓ ΔJ P<Γ.  
ΔJΓ ΤΡHNT JΤ<ΔΓN ΔDΓ-  
ΤJ ΔPLF<ΤP ΔJ ΔCJ ΔCND  
ΔDΓC<Δ ΔPLF<ΤLNT ΔCΔLΔJ  
ΔNDL ΔD<NΔ ΔDΓCΓ  
UL ΔC<

*The sign of the cross followed by the "Our Father".*

saw sugar for the first time, he immediately noticed that it closely resembled the sand on the sea shore, and called it: Si-o-ra-oo-yar-tok; "That which looks like sand."

Here are a few more typical examples:

Calendar: "That which serves to count the days."

Camera: "That which serves to make pictures."

House: "A large igloo."

Before having had any contact with the white people, the Eskimos had no written form for their language. The first missionaries up North took up the task of inventing one. They succeeded in establishing a number of graphic symbols representing sounds, somewhat like stenography. They are simple and easy to learn.

At present, practically all the Eskimos except those of the older generation, who will not give in to innovations, know how to read and write in their own tongue. They have been taught by the missionary at the mission. Many who could not attend the classes have learned from their older brothers and sisters. As a matter of fact, they simply love writing to their parents, relatives and friends.

In passing, it is worthy mentioning that the Eskimo has no swear words. He simply has no use for them, because he never gets angry when things go wrong. He is naturally calm and self-possessed, and should any bad luck befall him, he simply laughs it off, he never swears.

In conclusion, let me say farewell to you in Eskimo: "Ta-wa-o-woo-tit" (You are going away) — to which you should answer "Tad-wa-o-woo-tit" (You are staying here).

# Letters to the Editor ★ ★ ★

## SCHNORCHEL

Dear Sir:

I read your July-August edition with great interest. I would like to point out, however, that question 6 of "What's the Score?" could occasion some confusion, particularly in the minds of readers who do not know German. The correct name for the thing you are referring to is "Schnorchel".

E. Wachholz

(We thank Mr. Wachholz for correcting us. The word used by us, "Schnörkel", means a "scroll" or "flourish". —EDITOR.)

## "P" FOR "PORKYPINE"

Dear Sir:

I feel that your influential publication might prove a valuable aid in convincing the Brass of the merits of the idea herein presented. Even the indomitable Shatterproof might be prevailed upon to cast his influence behind it. The word of a man who has been once a W.O.2 and twice a Flight Sergeant\* is not lightly to be ignored.

In this day of the Elephant, Silver Fox, and sundry other mammalian squadrons, might we not honour an animal far better known to the majority of airmen, and form a Pogo Squadron?

Think upon it, Sir! Tracy can easily adapt an "I Go Pogo" button for a squadron crest. Imagine hearing the soul-stirring battle cry of "I Go Pogo!" as aircraft named "Albert", "Churchy La Femme", etc., dive into combat — and, perhaps, as the groundcrew dive into the local.

And surely Shatterproof must feel a tug of kinship toward Porkypine. Even the dullest observer must see an uncanny resemblance between them — the heavy brow of the thinker, the sturdy body, bristling (in Porky's case) with quills and (in Shatterproof's) with the threads of bygone crowns. Yet



even beyond this mere physical resemblance, the discerning eye must detect in them a pair of kindred souls, motivated by the same direct, honest insight.

The Brass must realize the popularity of Pogo as reading matter in the Service. It is, I believe, second only to the gripping saga of C.A.P. 606, Scales of Issue, Dependents' Schools. If we are to expand, let us expand in the right direction!

Cpl. D. A. Fraser,  
R.C.A.F. Station Trenton.

(\*Twice a W.O.2 and three times a Flight Sergeant! —EDITOR.)

## AIR FORCE RANKS

Dear Sir:

I suggest that the time is opportune for the R.C.A.F. to take the lead in putting Air Force ranks on a more suitable and realistic basis.

The titles of many of the present ranks are misleading and, even after 34 years of use, are not understood by the general public. Some of them would seem to indicate classification of employment rather than rank.

A Pilot Officer does not necessarily know a thing about piloting aircraft. A Flying Officer may never have been airborne. Flying squadrons often are not led by Squadron Leaders, but by Wing Commanders; wing by Group Captains; groups (now sometimes called divisions) by Air Commodores or Air Vice-Marshals. Air Marshal, to the uninitiated, could mean the A.F. equivalent of Field Marshal; but, no, there is Air Chief Marshal, which, again, is not really the "chief", or highest, rank. "Marshal of the Royal Air Force" is positively an awful mouthful. ("Marshal of the Royal Canadian Air Force" would be even worse. Can you imagine reading in your newspaper an item concerning "Marshal of the Royal Canadian Air Force Jones"?) No wonder that reporters almost invariably put the rank after the name!

Perhaps the simplest change would be to adopt Army ranks, with the prefix "Air" (Air Lieut., Air Capt., Air Major, etc.). However, some more acceptable alternatives might be worked out.

If the hard-working Air Historian can find time to give you an item on the weird and wonderful suggestions put forward for Air Force ranks when the R.A.F. was formed (vide "The War in the Air"), I think many of your readers would find it both interesting and amusing.

C. H. Link (R.C.A.F.A.)

(Mr. Link, we understand, was himself much concerned with air history during the recent war. Our readers — and we — look forward to his article with great interest. —EDITOR.)

## FIGHTER CONTROL

Dear Sir:

Once again your fine magazine has clicked. Sqn. Ldr. R. McKee's enlightening article, "Heritage of the Radio Officer," made very interesting reading to a former Wireless Operator.

I am keenly interested in the new groundcrew list of Fighter Control. Here's hoping for some information soon.

In the September issue of "The Roundel" a picture of Flt. Lt. Al Marshall appeared. I wonder if other readers agree with me in seeing a distinct likeness between Flt. Lt. Marshall and the Duke of Windsor (at an earlier age)?

John L. Smardon (R.C.A.F.A.)

(We think that Mr. Smardon has in mind the trade of Fighter Control Operator, which at present contains vacancies only for females. Fighter Control officers are normally selected from aircrew or ex-aircrew personnel. —EDITOR.)

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

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

To his Friends in the Field  
and to his gallant and worthy Foemen, the Brass,  
Sgt. Shatterproof lifts high the Yuletide Hoggin.  
May their Christmas be merry and unbridled,  
and may the New Year deal with them most kindly.



*The*  
C  ROUNDEL