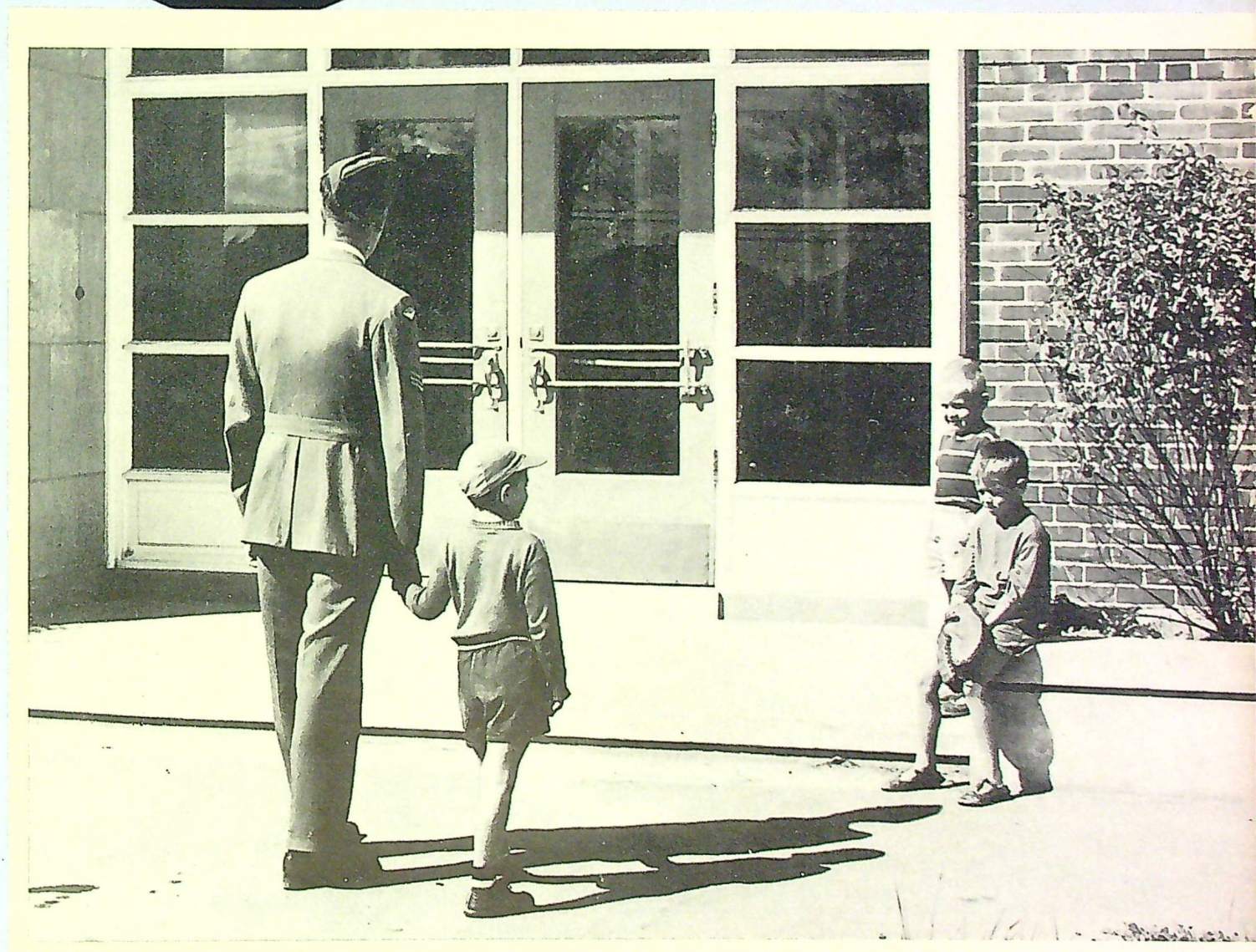


The **CROWNDDEL**

Vol. 5, No. 8
SEPTEMBER 1953



ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

The ROUNDDEL

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

Vol. 5, No. 8

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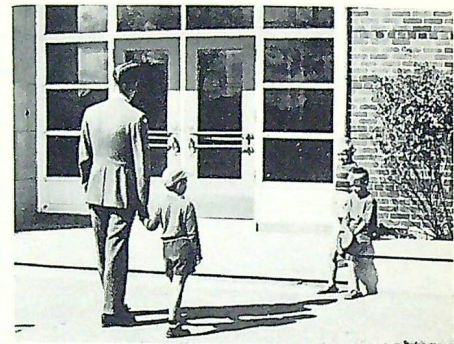
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This Month's Cover



With unfaltering steps, five-year-old Douglas Suarez moves in on the higher learning as the new term opens at R.C.A.F. Station Rockcliffe's school. Studying his approach to the matter are Roger Bombardier (left) and Doug Hymie, also of Rockcliffe.

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

SGT. SHATTERPROOF IS PLUNGED IN THOUGHT

Sir:

This has been a day of triumph. Once again the old lion has emerged from his den to roar his defiance at the universe.

From time immemorial, as you are aware, athletic prowess has been one of the hallmarks of a Shatterproof. Every student of the classics has read of my ancestor Semikonchos of Athens, who was twice crowned victor at the Olympic Games, and who would probably have repeated his performance a third time had he not been deprived of his head during a wrestling bout with the Peloponnesus Pachyderm in 640 B.C. Nor, I imagine, is it necessary for me to remind you of the record established a few centuries later by Werewolf Shatterproof, who, during a Viking raid on the Irish coast, bisected the Champion of Ulster with such speed and precision that both halves found time to exclaim "Bejabbers!", in the same key, before they fell to the ground. The footnotes to history bristle with such episodes.

We Shatterproofs, however, have never been content to live upon our past glories. The mightiest muscles soon atrophy if unused. Thus, you will not be surprised to learn that the approach of this year's Sports Day found me in strict training.

The regimen I followed was that laid down in immortal verse by Werewolf himself, only a few days before his wife, Grimhilda Strong-Girdle, pushed him down the well while he was winching up his second pre-prandial firkin from its cold storage:

*"Water want witless wights —
Mead maketh mighty men!"*

Two weeks of rigid adherence to my ancestor's precept were sufficient to tune up my 240 lbs. of bone and muscle to their full steel-and-whipcord potential. On the fifteenth day I reported to

Flying Officer Backflip, the Sports Officer, and entered my name for the egg-and-spoon race.

Perhaps, Sir, you are disappointed. "Why," you may ask, "did the old gladiator select so gruelling a contest? It smacks of exhibitionism. Why did he not choose some less sensational contest — the pole-vault, the ten-mile dash, the javelin-throw?" The answer is simple. For three consecutive years the egg-and-spoon race had been won by the C.O. The honour of the boys in the field was, I considered, at stake.

And now, Sir, let us pass on to the events of this afternoon.

The sun shone, and all the beauty and chivalry of the station, as well as the A.O.C. and many other visitors, were assembled on the sports ground. Children rushed hither and thither, screaming and howling with the sheer joy of living. Young Butcher Highball was entertaining the crowd with his usual innocent pranks, giving hotfoots to everyone up to and including his father's rank of Sergeant. Flt. Lt. Oglebody, gorgeous in crested blazer and R.C.A.F. scarf — and accompanied by Nursing Sister Bussable — hovered around the A.O.C.'s party like a colourful moth about a flame. As for me, totally unperturbed by thoughts of the ordeal to come, I circulated among the throng, pausing now and then for a few words of suave badinage with the ladies, or to give some nervous competitor the benefit of my experience. In a word, all was gaiety — save, of course, where W.O.1 Gallstone, oozing with deceptive *bon-homie*, crept to and fro like a serpent in that Air Force Eden.

The hours went by. Most of the events were over, and everything had gone smoothly. (I ignore the slightly discordant note that was



struck during the catch-the-greased-pig competition, when Sgt. Highball made a dive for my legs and yelled out "O.K., fellows! I've got him!") And then at last, over the loud-speaker, came the announcement that sent the hot blood coursing through my spoon-hand.

Moving lightly on the balls of my feet, I danced over to the starting-point, received my egg and spoon, and took my place among the other contestants. On my right, tense and white-lipped, stood Flt. Lt. Hornet, our Adjutant, and on my left the C.O. The latter smiled, coldly appraising the muscles that rippled beneath my shorts and singlet. "Hello, Sergeant," he said. "I see I've got some tough competition this year." Drawing myself up, I touched the spoon to my forehead in the egg-and-spoon racer's traditional salute. "May the best man win, Sir!" I said quietly, and turned to the front to await the signal.

"Ready on your marks! — Get set!" — and the starter's pistol shattered the breathless silence.

Off we went, eyes glued to our eggs. Five steps, and — PLOP! — Flt. Lt. Hornet was out of the race. The crowd roared. I was aware of its waving arms and many-throated voice only as noisy shadows that sought to turn me from my purpose.

But a Shatterproof is not thus easily distracted. Egg and egg, grimly the C.O. and I hurtled on down the course. About us, as the pace increased, PLOP after PLOP told us of the elimination of our rivals. And now we approached the tape. The crescendo shouting of the spectators became deafening. I glanced at the C.O. His moustache quivered, his eyes goggled at the egg which oscillated madly in its spoon. And then, Sir — to the frenzied delight of all beholders — I broke into a fast canter that took me across the finish-line ten paces ahead of my gallant foe.

The honour of the boys in the field had been upheld. Nor do I —

Later

I was interrupted at the above point by a visit from Cpl. Spyder. Having entered wordlessly, he gave me a penetrating glance and produced from his pocket a hard-boiled egg, a dessert-spoon, and a roll of Scotch tape. Carefully tearing off two small pieces of tape, he affixed them to his thumb and forefinger by the corners. Then, taking the egg between the same fingers, he placed it in the spoon in such a way that the two pieces of tape held it securely in position. This assembly he proceeded to invert in order to demonstrate its solidarity. Then, with his left hand, he removed the egg from the spoon, at the same time inconspicuously scratching off the tape.

Upon completion of this singular manoeuvre, he winked at me. "It is an old custom, Sergeant," he remarked, "that the winner of the egg-and-spoon race buys drinks all round in the airmen's mess." He winked again. "Doubtless we shall see you later?" . . .

Seated beneath my print of Macchiavelli, I am plunged in thought before a sheet of pencilled figures. I have calculated that, if I abandon Werewolf's regimen and also forego smoking for the next three weeks, I can manage it. After all, Sir, *noblesse oblige*.

R.C.A.F. Sport Panorama

Riding, Skeet, and Badminton

By Flight Lieutenant A. P. Heathcote

(This article concludes the series)

RIDING

IN THE field of horseback riding, the name of one former R.C.A.F. officer looms so large that it deserves to stand virtually alone. It is doubtful whether any other R.C.A.F. officer or airman has even approached this athlete in all-round horsemanship.

The story of Douglas Cleland, the horseman, is closely interwoven with the story of Canada's most famed riding family of all time. The four Clelands, consisting of Douglas, an elder brother, Marshal, a younger brother, Calder, and a sister, Doris, performed in most of the top riding-shows of America and Europe from 1928 to 1940, during which period they amassed some 300 trophies and 3200 ribbons. Yet it is a fact that for fully fifteen years — as long as there was a Cleland who could ride — every one of 50 horses in the Cleland stable was schooled and ridden by one of the above four. Not once did they employ a professional rider, even for the purpose of breaking or training their mounts. This was a constant source of amazement and chagrin to certain exalted rivals who, on the contrary, allocated considerable wealth to the hiring of professionals for but one purpose — pinning defeat on the Clelands in the show ring.

Douglas of the clan Cleland wore riding breeches before he wore knee pants. He began to get the feel of the saddle at the early age of four, and it wasn't too long before he was winning top honours as a child rider along with his brothers and sister at the leading horse shows of Canada and the

United States. During the late twenties and early thirties the family foursome met with marked success in junior events, particularly at Toronto's Royal Winter Fair. It was there, for example, that Calder Cleland first showed promise by winning the junior open jumping competition of 1931. Even now the Cleland name was fast becoming synonymous with everything that was worth-while in open (non-military) riding achievement.

By far the biggest attraction of the major international horse shows, however, is the competition for the military, wherein the finest army riders from all parts of the world meet in a series of dare-devil jumping contests. So it was at New York in the fall of 1937, when the Canadian Army team, led by Lieutenants Douglas and Marshal Cleland, was proclaimed tops on earth. That year, in addition, the Canadian team earned itself miles of ribbon when competing at Chicago.

In 1938, then the youngest rider in international military competition, Doug accompanied the team to Dublin. There, competing against horsemen from eight nations, he won the Minister of Defence Trophy. It was the second Dublin triumph for the Cleland family, as Marshal had won the gold medal there in 1931 for having the best individual round. The team then went on to Aachen, Germany, and despite the fact that an entirely different type of jumping was in vogue, Doug won yet another ribbon for Canada. Throughout the pre-war years, Doug and Marshal competed with horsemen representing every major European nation.

In order to convey the full significance of these



*Doug Cleland on his favourite mount, "Pennant Parade."
(Kean photograph.)*

successes, it should be pointed out that the Canadians were subject to distinct disadvantages. Each member of the Canadian team owned the horse which he rode, and paid for its upkeep and training out of his own pocket. Furthermore, being only Reserve officers, the Canadians had regular civilian jobs to attend to, and could devote only a limited amount of time to the schooling of their horses. Their opponents, on the other hand, were all permanent officers who rode government-owned horses and who did little else but compete in horse shows all year round.

Unfortunately, a serious back injury in 1938 precluded any further riding by Marshal Cleland. But, before leaving the equestrian scene, he set a lofty mark for Doug and Calder to pursue. He was voted Canada's outstanding athlete for 1937.

The scene of countless Cleland victories from around 1927 to 1938 was Toronto's Horse Palace. During the time of the annual Royal Winter Fair it was almost a second home to Douglas, Calder, and Marshal, so much of their time did they spend there. Consequently it was as no stranger that Doug found himself briefly within those same walls in November, 1939, this time as an officer at No. 1 Manning Depot, R.C.A.F. Going on from

there to become a pilot, he was, by 1944, applying his delicate touch to the reins of some 4800 horses aboard a No. 433 (Porcupine) Squadron Lancaster. Less than a year later, the younger Calder, in whom the riding experts now saw a potentially great horseman, followed Doug into the R.C.A.F., and became a wireless air gunner. Pilot Officer Calder Cleland was killed on operations over Sicily in 1943 while attached to No. 21 Squadron of the South African Air Force.

Released as a squadron leader in 1946, Douglas quickly returned to the show ring. Hardly had the din of Merlins left his ears before it was replaced by the tread of muffled hoof-beats on soft earth. He had lost none of his confidence, split-second timing, or lightness in the saddle. His restrained, yet complete, control over his mount was still a delight to see. Certainly there were few anywhere who could match his superb horsemanship in the show ring. His most notable post-war wins were scored at the Toronto Horse Show, where he won victory after victory in both open and stake competitions, adding more ribbons to an already crowded trophy room. He also rode for the Canadian Army Team, which he captained in 1947 and 1948. The team competed annually at New York, Boston, Harrisburg (Pennsylvania), and the Royal Winter Fair.

Canada lost a fine sportsman, and the sport of riding lost one of its greatest names, when Douglas Cleland died at his Toronto home in January, 1951.

SKEET

AN OFFSPRING of trapshooting, this sport originated in New England about thirty years ago. Originally called, for lack of a better term, "around-the-clock-shooting," it received its present name as the result of a nation-wide contest. One of over 10,000 names submitted, "skeet" was an old Scandinavian word for "shoot."

Although trapshooting has been a fairly common activity at R.C.A.F. stations for perhaps twenty years, its more complicated offshoot did not begin to appear generally until after the outbreak of the Second World War. Both proved of considerable value in helping to develop deflection-

conscious fighter pilots and air gunners during that conflict.

In 1946, four U.S.A.F. officers at Goose Bay, who had become so hipped on the sport that they had constructed their own skeet range, found themselves needing one more shooter to complete their five-man squad. The word reached Flying Officer Barney Hartman across the field at the Search and Rescue flight of R.C.A.F. Station Goose Bay, and the Americans had their fifth man. Barney, whose shotgun-shooting background consisted solely of duck-blasting in the roominess of Saskatchewan, stepped up there and knocked off seventeen "birds" out of twenty-five on his first attempt — a commendable performance for a beginner. One of those little birds must have told him that skeet was his hidden talent, for in his free moments thereafter he was rarely seen without a skeet gun under his arm.

Before long, Flying Officer Hartman was thoroughly convinced that Station Goose Bay needed its own skeet range. Thereupon, in his quietly determined way, he volunteered for the duties of station armament officer. By 1948 the station boasted both trap and skeet ranges.

After endless sessions of practice shooting, he was ready for a match. His chance came in 1949, while he was on leave in Halifax. The coastal city, celebrating its bicentenary at the time, was host for the Maritime skeet shoots, and Barney just happened to have his gun with him. Although this was his first exposure to the Eastern seaboard and its tricky ocean breezes, his aim was affected not a whit. Leading the saucers perfectly on all but two occasions, he won the open, his first match of any importance, with a score of 148/150. He also won the Maritime closed shoot, to sweep the day.

A year later the Quebec and Ontario championships beckoned. In the Quebec matches Flt. Lt. Hartman was runner-up for the provincial individual title and a winner in the two-man team event. At the Ontario meet he won the provincial championship and was a member of the winning two-man and five-man teams. As to the circumstances of this triple triumph, therein lies a tale. It seems that the provincial skeet association had entirely forgotten to notify his (Ottawa) club of

the meet. A chance postcard from a friend, which arrived on the morning of the day of the meet, tipped him off. By dint of hurrying, scurrying, and worrying, he managed to get off duty and aboard a sched-run to Toronto, the scene of the meet. There, after a few breathless instructions to a cab driver, he was whisked away in some vague direction and dumped off in the midst of an obscure local turkey shoot. Following his hasty re-briefing of the driver, he was taken to the right place, where, a scant ten minutes before the deadline, he submitted his entry at the firing line. Not the least bit unnerved by all the scrambling, he despatched 150 consecutive birds to become Ontario champion. Then followed his successes in the team events.

In 1951, his skeet activities took him to Sudbury, Barrie, and Oshawa, Ontario, where he was, respectively, runner-up for the Northern Ontario championship, with 98/100, runner-up for the Barrie club championship, with the same score, and winner of the class AA closed championship of Ontario.

(L. to r.) Sqn. Ldr. Hartman and Group Capt. Gilchrist, after winning the two-man-team Quebec Open, 1952.





Flt. Lt. Hartman watches Cpl. A. Santorelli, U.S.A.F., pulverize a bird at Goose Bay.

Most marksmen, like athletes, have a "big year," and Hartman was no exception. His year of skeet destiny was 1952. First came the Quebec open, wherein he was high over-all marksman, winning the .410-gauge, the class "A" 12-gauge, and the 20-gauge shoots. Then, in the all-Quebec open, he shot on the two-man and five-man winning teams.

Next, he entered the annual Ontario matches, and won the class AA event. At Barrie he was high gun in the individual, two-man team, and five-man team shoots. At Sudbury, participating in the Northern Ontario championships, he defeated his conqueror of the previous year, having to score 125 straight hits in a driving rainstorm to take the title. Again, he also shot on the winning two-man and five-man teams. Taking into account his scores at Rockcliffe prior to the Northern Ontario meet, at the Ottawa club after the meet, and during the meet itself, he annihilated a grand total of 334

(count 'em — three hundred and thirty-four) consecutive birds. That, brother, is skeet shooting, and music to the ears of the bird manufacturer.

Venturing south of the border, Barney invaded Bridgeport, Connecticut, and was runner-up in a class AA event. On that occasion he tangled in a shoot-off with Dick Shaughnessy, known as "Mr. Skeet" of the United States and reputedly the greatest skeet shot of all time. In a Service class event there, his score of 99/100 tied him with eleven others, and he was again runner-up in the shoot-off.

This year, hampered by a displaced spinal disc, his skeet shooting has been somewhat curtailed. He did, however, take part in the class "A" .410-gauge Quebec open and the Malone (New York) club meet, both of which he won.

Latterly, Barney's skeet interests have been confined more to design problems. He has, for instance, been making the transition from pump guns to semi-automatics. This has necessitated his reshaping of the rifle stocks to suit his own particular facial features. To the layman this pampering of equipment would seem to be unnecessary: to the skeet perfectionist it is all-important. Incidentally, Sqn. Ldr. Hartman now values his self-tailored rifle-and-pump-gun arsenal at close to \$2000.

Even the experts lose a bird occasionally, and when Barney misses one he makes a bold red mark on his score card and later analyzes the shot to ascertain why. He still possesses score cards for all his skeet matches since 1946; but the red marks, we notice, are few.

Sqn. Ldr. Hartman's partner in several successful team ventures last year was Group Capt. Peter Gilchrist, D.F.C. This nimrod contracted skeet fever as late as 1950, and, only a year later, won the Manitoba closed championship. In 1952 he was runner-up for the Ontario open championship and winner of the Barrie Club's class AA shoot. Teamed with Hartman, he also took two-man and five-man honours in the Quebec open and at Barrie. Although a comparative newcomer to the sport, he has progressed rapidly, and already, whenever it comes to the business of bird homicide, he is a definite threat for high gun laurels.

BADMINTON

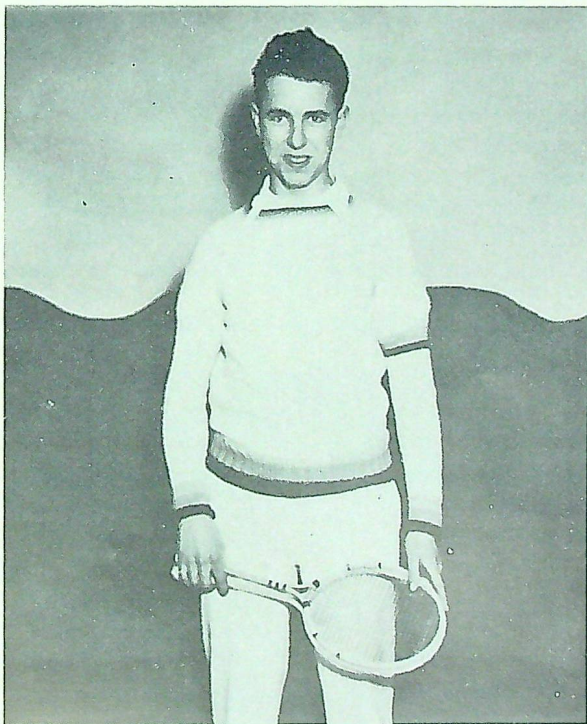
TWO OR THREE centuries ago a game called "poona" was originated in India. It seems to have been confined to that country until the late 1860's, when British army officers, who had been willing converts from cricket, took their poona paraphernalia back to England and introduced the sport there. In 1873 the Duke of Beaufort suddenly tired of foxhunting and decided to sponsor the new game. He formally introduced it to society during a house party at his estate, called "Badminton." Hence the derivation of the modern name.

Also known as "battledore and shuttlecock," the game was imported into Canada in the gay nineties, and has steadily increased in popularity. Throughout the last quarter-century, many of the world's leading exponents of badminton have, in fact, been Canadians.



Goodwin . . . budding champion . . .

. . . and airman.



The story of badminton, insofar as it concerns the stars of the R.C.A.F., begins in 1927. That year saw a versatile young athlete named Art Snell power his way up the Ontario badminton ladder, only to lose out in the provincial final. Nine years later he went all the way to the Dominion doubles titles. Flying Officer Snell, an observer attached to No. 42 Squadron, R.A.F., was lost on operations over Europe in October 1941.

In the spring of 1939, Canada's first open badminton tournament was staged at Toronto's Massey Hall, featuring the best amateurs and professionals in Canada and the United States. The struggle for the Canadian title narrowed down to a match between Billy Markham, of New York City, and George Goodwin, of Ottawa and Quebec City. A see-saw affair from the very outset, the match finally went to Goodwin by scores of 17-16, 12-15, and 15-11. Markham, who had beaten the world's professional champion, Canada's Jack Purcell, in the quarter-finals, was acknowledged as the hardest hitter in American badminton history. But this smashing style was capably



Jim Snyder.

countered by Goodwin, who relied on superlative net play and frequently showed his ace-in-the-hole — a deceptive drop-shot from the baseline. Through this victory the Canadian reached his badminton zenith — the world's championship.

Goodwin first got the feel of a badminton racquet in 1930, playing in a church basement. Already a promising tennis player, he had to choose between the two sports in order to do justice to either. Badminton won out. Inside of two years of eating, drinking, and sleeping badminton, he had developed his lobs, drops, drives, and smashes to a degree of tournament readiness.

In 1932 he became the youngest contestant (17) ever to appear in a Canadian men's singles final. On that occasion he lost to the veteran, Jack Underhill. Shortly thereafter, however, he was successful in both the men's doubles (1934) and the mixed doubles.

Assuming professional duties at the Quebec Winter Club in 1936, he steadily acquired the natural assets of increased weight and strength, and his all-round game began to realize its full potential. By 1938, possessed of all the stamina, poise, and general shot-making ability which one associates with a professional, he was ready for all comers, and issued a challenge to the perennial world champion, Purcell. A ding-dong battle ensued, wherein Goodwin blasted his way to a two-set lead, looking razor-sharp in the process. But he tired, and Purcell, who had run many a

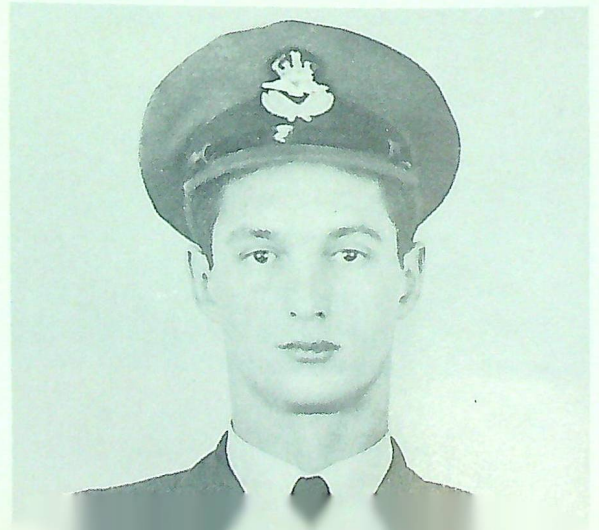
challenger into the ground over the five-set route, finally prevailed. For Goodwin, however, this was only a temporary denial of the world title. Less than a year later he scored his hard-earned victory over Markham at Toronto.

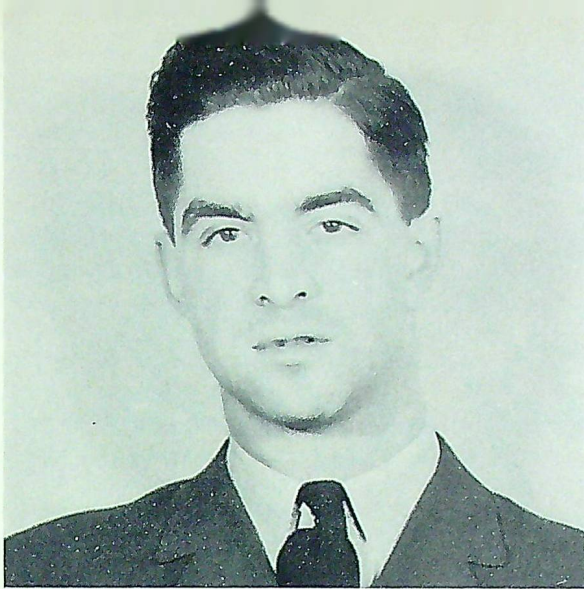
While at the peak of his career, George joined the R.C.A.F., and by the summer of 1941 was on operational duty as an air gunner in Europe. Sgt. Goodwin was killed in October, 1941, during a raid over France with No. 15 Squadron, of the R.A.F.

On the evening of the Goodwin-Markham match, another feature item on the programme was the clash for the Canadian open doubles title. Jim and Paul Snyder, of Waterloo and Toronto, opposed Toronto's Jack Purcell and two-time Canadian amateur champion Jack Sibbald. In an affair that was, surprisingly, almost no contest, the brothers subdued their vaunted opponents in straight sets, 15-7 and 15-6. Several seasons of play as a unit had given Jim and Paul such a near-perfect conception of team work, and consequentially, such a penetrative attack, that they were an overwhelming force against Purcell and Sibbald, who were renowned only as individuals.

Badminton is a sport in which a players' inherent ability can lie strangely dormant for a season or two, then suddenly erupt. This was the case with Jim Snyder. Noted as a star of the tandem game during the late '30's, he gave little notice of becoming a threat as a solo competitor until 1940. He then began to show strongly in Toronto tournaments, and climaxed his new-

Bill Pentland (later Sqn. Ldr., D.F.C.)





Bob Pentland.

found singles touch with unexpected victories over Johnny Samis, erstwhile Canadian champion, Dick Birch, a consistent winner for fifteen years, and Jim Forsythe. These successive conquests of three established stars were the most amazing ever seen in a Canadian championship series.

Flying Officer Paul Snyder was killed on operations with No. 51 Squadron, R.A.F., in June, 1941. Sqn. Ldr. James Snyder, A.F.C., was forced to discontinue his athletic career after receiving injuries in the course of his wartime piloting duties.

Two brothers, Bill and Bob Pentland, also comprised one of the top badminton teams of Western Canada. In 1938 they were Alberta doubles titlists, as well as semi-finalists in the Dominion championship series. Bob was also Dominion finalist in the mixed doubles of 1938. Both were splendid all-round athletes, and Bob will be specially remembered as a halfback with the Uplands Fliers, 1942 football champions of Eastern Canada.

Sqn. Ldr. William Pentland, D.F.C., a flight commander with No. 440 (Fighter-Bomber) Squadron, was killed in October, 1944, when he was shot down by anti-aircraft fire near Wiesel, Germany. Flt. Lt. Robert Pentland was seriously injured when his fighter crashed in England in 1943, and was unable to participate in post-war badminton activity.

Another star of the badminton world, and a future fighter pilot, was Ted Pollock, a smooth-stroking stylist of the Goodwin type. Ted won distinction in 1940 by trimming Dave Freeman, of

California, for the New England title. Rated by international experts as the greatest of all time, Freeman held six American singles and eight doubles titles, plus the all-England and Danish crowns. Pollock, incidentally, was the only player in the world during a period of ten years, to defeat the Californian. Joining the R.C.A.F. soon after his triumph, he found time during leave to win the Canadian doubles title. Shot down while on a fighter sweep with No. 183 Squadron in June 1944, Flt. Lt. Pollock became a prisoner-of-war. It is not known to the writer whether he returned to the tournament wars after repatriation, but he did play a number of exhibition games at Hart House during his years as a medical student at the University of Toronto.

Of the badminton bugs presently serving in the R.C.A.F., one of the most experienced is Flt. Lt. Dave Pudney. He has matched strokes with such luminaries as Johnny Samis, ex-Canadian Champion, and Norm Mustart, former champion of British Columbia. Barely out of the neophyte class in 1940, he won both the junior badminton and tennis championships of Vancouver Island. Interspersing badminton with rugger, field hockey, cricket, and tennis, while at the University of British Columbia, he took part in various inter-university badminton tournaments both in Canada and in the United States. His more recent matches have been played at R.C.A.F. Station Greenwood, the opposition having been supplied by personnel from R.C.A.F. Station Summerside, H.M.C.S. "Shearwater," and H.M.C.S. "Stadacona."

Ted Pollock.





THE GROUND OBSERVER CORPS

By Squadron Leader H. C. D. Upton, D.F.C.

(In this article Sqn. Ldr. Upton, who is Staff Officer Ground Observer Corps at Air Defence Command Headquarters, tells the story of the development and functions of one of the major civilian organizations which are operationally affiliated with Canada's armed services. — EDITOR.)

THE ACTION taken during the Second World War to correlate military and civilian defence resources provided many of the premises upon which the present post-war system of air surveillance is based.

It should, however, be remembered that an Observer Corps originated in Great Britain as far back as 1916, when observation posts were set up in a small area of England. In 1929, the control of these observation posts was handed over to the Air Ministry, and it can be said that the Observer Corps became a corporate body under the control of the headquarters of the air defence of Great Britain. From this time on, the Corps continued to expand until, by August 1939, the greater part of the country was covered by observation posts. The first big trial of the Corps came with the Battle of Britain. How well it did its job during this period of dire threat can be told from the fact that His late Majesty the King, on 11 April 1941, granted the Corps the title of "Royal."

The tracking of aircraft overland became the responsibility of the Corps; but scientific research

was at the same time developing methods whereby it was possible to detect the presence of aircraft over the sea. This detection, and the result in tracking, was treated as a form of early warning of the approach of hostile aircraft. The joining of the radar tracts with the tracts reported by the Royal Observer Corps gave the fighter controllers a complete picture of enemy incursions and made possible a great number of interceptions. From this time on the Royal Observer Corps never looked back, and it continued to increase its prestige as an important element of the air warning system of Great Britain.

As a result of the success of the Royal Observer Corps in Great Britain, Canada too began to look to her patriotic civilians — especially those on her eastern and western seaboard — for information on the movements of aircraft and seagoing vessels, and on the infiltration of enemy agents. The observers became part of the Aircraft Detection Corps, and, while the Canadian system was not as elaborate or as operationally capable as the British of passing progressive and continuous information

which might lead to an interception, it was nevertheless instrumental in producing information of vital importance. Especially did this apply in the sighting of enemy submarines and in the pinpointing of friendly aircraft that had been forced down by weather or engine trouble.

In the years that followed the Second World War, while the tension in Europe and Asia continued to mount, the Americans organized an operational Ground Observer Corps. Canada followed suit; and in February 1951 the task of organizing the Corps was delegated by the Chiefs of Staff to the R.C.A.F.

It was not a simple task; for, as the Second World War receded into the past and the strategical areas of attack shifted from Europe to America, the simple and long-since outmoded Aircraft Detection Corps offered no precedent upon which to base the new Ground Observer Corps. Studies were therefore made of both the British and the American Corps, and it was eventually decided to divide Canada into provincial areas and to establish filter centres wherever present lines of communication dictated. A survey of the Canadian network of communications was made by the Bell Telephone Company, and the focal points and their areas of control were established. Before, however, field organization could begin, it was necessary to determine how many, and where, observation posts should be located.

As the average line of sight of a human being searching the sky for an aircraft does not exceed five miles, the international geo-reference map (with its one-degree squares which may be divided into ten-minute squares of 8 x 8 miles) lends itself ideally for the establishment of observation posts. An overlay was therefore made for all filter areas in Canada, and it thus became possible to determine the number of observation posts required in order to provide information that would give continuity of track on the operations table in the filter centre.

* * *

The next problem was the supervision and organization of observation posts within each filter area. With only a limited Air Force staff to organize posts and to recruit observers and chief

observers to man them, and with literally thousands of square miles to be covered in each area, the problem was no small one — particularly in regions where both climate and transportation facilities presented considerable difficulties.

It was therefore decided that each filter area would be divided into a number of sub-areas consisting of several observation posts, the number being dependent upon terrain, etc. In each of these areas a capable civilian volunteer would be selected to act as regional supervisor and to assist R.C.A.F. personnel in organizing observation posts and selecting observation post personnel.

The task of touring these areas, of selecting and ultimately appointing regional supervisors and — in many cases — chief observers, was carried out by Air Force personnel. As a result of this work, a decentralized chain of command was not only

Observation post built by Mr. T. L. Dudley, of Alvinston Ont.



established from the Air Force at filter centre level to sub-areas in the field, but even extended beyond; for, as regional supervisors selected chief observers, the latter in turn selected observers to man the observation posts. Thus the circle was completed.

Though the field organization continued to gain ground and, in actuality, advanced far beyond the response anticipated before the first press and radio announcements had been made, the "heart" of the Corps — the filter centre — still remained somewhat nebulous in character.

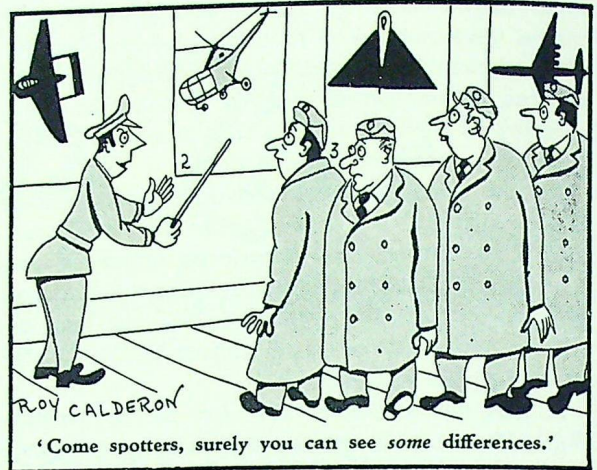
Up to this time, filter centre sites and buildings had been selected and modified as required. Modifications included provision of a sound-proof operations room with overhanging balcony and operations table, a lecture room for training civilian volunteers, a snack-bar, a lounge, and administrative offices. No effort or thought was spared in the design of these centres, as it was obvious from earlier study of the Ground Observer Corps in the United States that every consideration must be given to the comfort and welfare of the civilian volunteers who would man them.

* * *

Before we go on to discuss the manner in which the Corps will function, it should be remembered that it is not at present intended that the Corps will attempt actual interceptions. It is designed solely to gather information from all parts of the country, to correlate it, disseminate it, and pictorially to present the movements of aircraft in any one area. Finally, the information is passed to a parent Ground Control Interception unit, where appropriate action is taken.

The system of transmitting and transcribing information from the point of origin, namely the

Operations room table.



'Come spotters, surely you can see some differences.'

(*"Aeronautics": U.K.*)

observation post, to its terminating point, the G.C.I. unit, is quite simple. None the less, each operator, whether in the field or in the centre, must be efficiently trained and constantly alert.

From the time that an observer at an observation post in the field sights an aircraft or anything of a nature which may be considered of military importance, the system is progressive. The observer places an aircraft flash call to the operator of the local switchboard, who in turn treats the call on a priority basis and connects it through the communication network to the filter centre. At the filter centre the information is received, in a prescribed form, by a plotter seated at the operations room table. This information is transcribed on to a "pip" which is placed on the operations room table, pointing in the direction in which the aircraft is flying. This forms the initial plot on the sighting or hearing of an aircraft. As subsequent information is received from other observers, a track is established and a raid stand, detailing the pertinent information, is placed in the appropriate position on the operations table. This information, as well as all subsequent moves or changes of information concerning this or any other track, is immediately relayed, by the radar teller situated on the balcony of the operations room, over a direct line to the parent G.C.I.

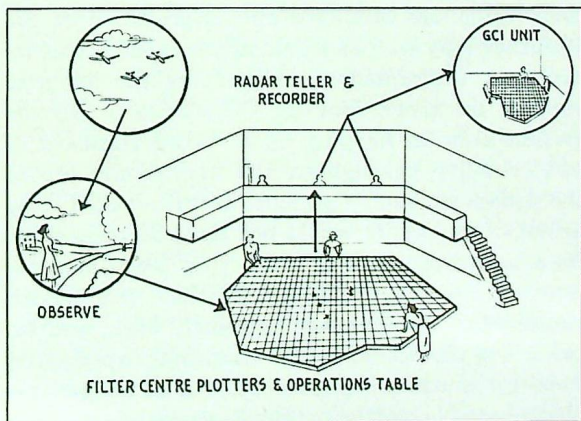
In those filter centre areas where vast and sparsely populated land masses exist, provincial

governments were approached with a view to securing fire-watchers, hydro employees, or even employees of private lumber companies, as observers. Each province has been extremely cooperative, and, as a result, personnel employed as fire-watchers now form some of the Corps' finest observers during the summer months.

To the North lies the Ground Observer Corps' Northern Division which, though a distinctly separate organization for the passing of information on the movement of multi-engined aircraft, is nevertheless an adjunct of the Ground Observer Corps and the air defence warning system of Canada. Observations in this area are made by Department of Transport officials, Hudson Bay Company traders, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and even trappers and miners who may have access to radio communication. Their information is passed to the nearest Air Defence Control Centre, where every effort is made to ascertain whether the aircraft reported was friendly or hostile. This organized reporting procedure from the northern latitudes has been in effect since October 1950, and resultant observations have more than proven their worth as a means of affording early warning of the passing aircraft.

* * *

It is gratifying to record that complete understanding exists between the Service and civilian members of the United States Ground Observer Corps and ourselves. Thanks to the close co-



Section of operations table, showing Supervisor handing special information to the balcony Supervisor.

operation and exchange of ideas that have resulted from this understanding, many of the problems and difficulties that normally beset the formative years of such large organizations have been overcome or avoided.

To appreciate fully the enormous task that has been undertaken by members of the Ground Observer Corps, one must also take into consideration the limitations of radar both from the economical and the functional standpoint, plus the fact that every mechanical contrivance is subject to failure at some time or another. Participation by volunteer members in air exercises has firmly established the Corps' worth as a very necessary element of the air warning system. As the organization progresses, and as more and more civilians respond to the ever-increasing demand for volunteers, it may not be too much to expect that, in the event of radar failure, the Corps could, with minor modifications, quite feasibly fill the gap.

The response and enthusiasm of civilian volunteers for service in the Ground Observer Corps has to date been most encouraging. No stronger evidence of this enthusiasm could be offered than by the number of volunteers who have, on their own initiative and at their own expense, built observation towers that will give the Corps vantage points of inestimable value.

Many of the 100,000 positions which need to be manned in the Corps are at present open to volunteers. Everyone who is anxious to participate in this interesting and invaluable defence work can obtain full particulars from the nearest Ground Observer Corps unit or from Air Defence Command Headquarters, R.C.A.F. Station St. Hubert, St. Hubert, P.Q.

Rough-Heewn Tradition

The Story of the Chinthe Support Services

By W.O.1 A. J. Dale

(This article to which Warrant Officer Dale's first paragraph refers was entitled "Determined to Deliver," and was written by Flying Officer David Martin. The following sequel to it offers an unusually convincing object-lesson on the subject of morale. Its author is at present employed at Air Materiel Command Headquarters, Ottawa.—EDITOR).

THE FEBRUARY issue of "The Roundel" contained an extremely interesting story regarding the part played by the Canadian Chinthe Squadron in its tactical support of the 14th Army in India and Burma. It was necessarily an operational report, written by a competent and experienced writer. It may well be, however, that readers of "The Roundel" might be interested in hearing something further about the Chinthe Squadron — specifically, about the ground organization which supported the Chinthe's operational forces.

One of the principal tenets of successful operation and function is the unshakable recognition that administration must support and work in accord with function. It is necessary that administrative personnel thoroughly understand the functions of the unit if they are to realize the part they must play in successful operation and if they are to contribute as a smoothly-working unit in the machine. A narration of the part played by the administrative services in contributing to the high standard of morale which was one of the outstanding achievements of the Chinthe Squadron may well serve to emphasize the above point. The relationships between ground crew, air crew, and administrative staffs (including mobile equipment, messing, and station services), were built up so strongly over a period of months, that they still exist today in the form of No. 435 Squadron Association, which holds annual get-togethers in Toronto. These reunions are attended by scores of Chinthe personnel from all over Canada. Such en-

during morale may be attributed in large part to the integration of the functional, operational, and administrative elements of the unit.

* * *

The Chinthe Squadron consisted of a conglomeration of more than 700 personnel — members of the R.C.A.F., R.A.F., R.A.A.F., and Indian Air Force, and enrolled followers (natives attached for housekeeping duties). Apart from the operational element (C.O. and air crew), the officer staff was meagre. It included an administrative officer, a medical officer, a dental officer, an aeronautical engineer, a radar officer, signals and intelligence officers, and an education officer.

The axiom that N.C.O.'s are the backbone of a unit was certainly epitomized in the Chinthe organization. They were the backbone, the muscles and the sinews; and the spirit of the Chinthes fed their veins. All N.C.O.'s and aircraftmen of the Chinthes may well be proud of the record achievements of the squadron in carrying the loads to support an army. But for the efforts of *all* the ground crew in keeping up a record standard of serviceability throughout the operational life of the squadron, such a gigantic contribution to the defeat of an enemy would not have been possible. As a smoothly-working team they were magnificent. It is to their credit that the health standard of the unit was extremely high, and incidence of disease was lower than that experienced even by units in Canada. Such a situation was made possible partly by the high morale and re-

sourcefulness of the men under conditions that were sometimes extremely adverse, and partly by the strong leadership shown by both officers and N.C.O.'s in recognizing problems and lending a ready ear to suggestions by the men. Of no small account was the part played by Flt. Lt. "Doc" Barnard in recognizing the dangers of tropical disease and taking strong measures to protect his charges against any outbreaks. Capt. Jamieson of the Dental Corps played his part equally well.

Flt. Lt. Dave Kerr stood out as an aeronautical engineer who was able to get the most out of his men. Thanks to the remarkable accomplishments of his ground crew, something over seven hours' flying time per day was obtained per aircraft. This is something of a serviceability record for an operational squadron in any air force, particularly when maintained throughout eight months of operational service. The proximity of the American squadrons in the operational area helped the Chinthes in maintaining their serviceability and operational record. Many urgently-needed Dakota spares were cheerfully supplied. Furthermore, functions were not stifled by the red tape of an equipment accounting system — necessary though such a system certainly is during time of peace.

Located in an isolated area, and operating alone and without administrative support units, the unit establishment none the less provided for only the basic nucleus of officers. Strong reliance had therefore to be placed on the N.C.O.s; and, as has been proven, the confidence was justified.

To cope adequately with the problems entailed in repairing leaky thatched *basha* roofs, in road maintenance, in the provision of water supply, rations, and amenities, in army support liaison, and in a host of unforeseen tasks, mobility and resourcefulness were prime requisites. Fortunately, army rolling-stock filled the requirements which an inadequate M.E. establishment could not furnish. Such liaison with local units was most beneficial to the Chinthes in numerous other ways as well.

At an isolated base where the normal amenities was not provided, it was quickly recognized that the best contribution to unit morale would be a "full house" of recreational activities. Accordingly, within a short period of time, the Chinthe

Squadron had just that. As a starter, liaison trips to Calcutta and Comilla resulted in the inclusion of the Chinthes in three film circuits totalling seven films a week. Operational requirements split the squadron into two flights that worked alternately on a day-on-day-off basis. The day-off flight was able to see the matinée, whereas the day-on flight was able to see the evening show. And before the films were returned to the circuits (by air), the army units in the Imphal Valley were also able to view them. Great care had to be taken that the circuit was not broken at any time. Thus we were assured of a continuous supply of entertainment films.

The co-operation extended to the army in the matter of films paid off many times over. A labour force of forty West Africans were supplied, and with the help of bulldozers, graders, etc., a sports field was constructed, with a quarter-mile track, a baseball stadium, a stable and race-track for horse-racing. A stable of seven riding-horses and ten army mules was procured.

The Maharajah of Manipur allowed squadron personnel to use his private lake for swimming, and some very fine swimming and diving apparatus was constructed. A leave camp was established at the lake, and included a small canteen, horses for riding, badminton, and swimming. A softball league, consisting of teams representing Ontario, Quebec, the Maritimes, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Alberta, and British Columbia, kept well over eighty members busy each evening. In addition, more than one hundred members were enrolled in the camera club, more than sixty in the riding club, while many others engaged in activities made available by a gymnasium, stamp club, unit orchestra, vaudeville, duck shooting, etc. In short, everyone, was doing something, or had some interest. A 35-mm. movie was produced which showed the squadron on operations, and at work and play. The movie is presently held by the National Film Board, Ottawa.

Each week a meeting was held in which all squadron personnel participated. Here ideas were solicited, considered by the meeting, and, if accepted, acted upon forthwith. Implementation committees were organized and volunteer working-

parties were called for. Work was always started immediately and progressed rapidly, as early results encouraged fresh ideas and inspired enthusiasm. One of the chief factors in the success of the projects was the M. E. Section, headed by W.O.1 MacRae. Transport was always available to move working-parties and equipment. In addition, Sgt. "Chuck" Hurley (Canada's lightweight boxer representative at the British Empire Games in Australia, 1936) provided supervisory control over a native working-party. "Chuck" was respected by the natives both for his leadership qualities and for his fistic prowess in representing the unit in assaults-at-arms with British and Indian Army units.

An outstanding feature of squadron spare-time activity was the production of the "Chinthe Pictorial Album." This book is perhaps the best work produced by any unit during the war, and contains many interesting illustrated articles on the peoples of India, in addition to photographs of squadron personnel. More than a hundred squadron members contributed to the success of the publication, and a staff of both air crew and ground crew sacrificed their spare time for a period of three months to the considerable work involved in the production. The Camera Club provided the many photographs required. The book was published in Vancouver and several thousand copies were sold. It is an outstanding souvenir of the squadron's life in the Far East. The driving force behind this work was the editor, Flying Officer Law.

The gratitude of the people of Manipur State to

the Chinthe Squadron was manifested on V-J Day when the Maharajah of Manipur held a huge celebration in the palace grounds, inviting all squadron personnel to attend. The day featured such highlights as the victory address of His Highness, a colourful boat race in the palace moat, the usual dancing-girls, and horse-racing. The haunting strains of the flutes and the presence of the Nagi hillmen and the citizens of the Imphal Valley provided a typical Oriental setting for the occasion. The R.C.A.F. contribution was a fly-past by Chinthe Dakotas, and a fireworks display arranged by our boss armourer, Flt. Sgt. Rynard. In addition, a huge bonfire was built in the paddy field at the Chinthe site as a means of letting off steam. Fuel for the fire was cut by a volunteer party of officers headed by Sq. Ldr. Irving, the Protestant padre. Free beer was supplied to all the airmen, and sandwiches were served, thanks to a volunteer party of officers led by Sq. Ldr. Bélanger, the R.C. padre.

* * *

High morale is not come by easily. In the course of many years, it can be built into the time-honoured traditions of a unit, as in the olden days. The battle honours and the colours of the unit provide a foundation upon which pride can well be based. But in the case of the Chinthes it had to be rough-hewn from a rocky beginning, with a sense of urgency, in months instead of years. It is, I think, well worth bearing in mind that the tool which accomplished the task was nothing more complicated than plain co-operation.

CHAIN REACTION

If there is righteousness in the heart, there will be beauty in the character. If there is beauty in the character, there will be harmony in the home. If there is harmony in the home, there will be order in the nation. When there is order in the nation, there will be peace in the world.

(A Chinese proverb, quoted in "Canadian Mail.")

Feminine Gen

In coming years L.A.W. Roslyn Alexander, of R.C.A.F. Station Lac St. Denis, Que., will have her own pencil drawings as well as snapshots of her friends to remind her of her Air Force life. An artist by vocation, Roslyn has carried her hobby over into Service life. She is, however, very modest about her talents.

"Dad is the real artist in the family," she says. "He does landscapes, seascapes, and mountain scenes. Personally, I'm more interested in live



Roslyn sketches Sgt. Edna Phillips amid the Laurentian hills.

subjects — people, birds, animals — anything that moves under its own power."

Slim, brown-haired, and attractive, Roslyn joined the Air Force on her eighteenth birthday, and now, at nineteen, is one of its youngest members.

First public recognition as an artist came for Roslyn when she won a prize at Glebe Collegiate, Ottawa, where she went to school. The picture was an oil painting of a mounted horseman riding across a desert.

Horses are a real as well as an artistic interest for Roslyn. She owns two horses — Jughead and Sabre — and keeps them at a stable in nearby Morin Heights.

"I guess my favorite hobbies are riding and sketching," she told her interviewer. She gets ample opportunity for both in her off-duty hours, in the picturesque hill and forest country surrounding the station.

One of the paintings she prizes most is her water-colour sketch of Rommel, which hangs in her parents' home in Ottawa. Rommel seems to be a favorite subject of Roslyn's. She has also modelled a plasticene bust of him.

Languages are another of her interests. She speaks and reads French, has a knowledge of basic Spanish, and has taught herself "a working knowledge of German."

To be an artist, a sportswoman, a linguist, and an airwoman well-regarded in her trade, constitutes a pretty fair record for a 19-year-old girl.

Rommel.



Wing. Cdr. D. J. G. Jackson, C.O. of R.C.A.F. Station Lac St. Denis.

Glimpses of The Half-Remembered

A Canadian Undergraduate in Europe

By Flying Officer J. E. Ruch, University of Toronto.

(Flying Officer Ruch, of the University Reserve, has already written two articles for "The Roundel." The first, "The Campus Takes Wing," appeared in the November 1951 issue, and the second, "Paramedics in Training," in February 1952. During his fourth period of summer employment with the R.C.A.F., he was stationed at No. 1 Fighter Wing, North Luffenham. The following is an account of his week-end and holiday peregrinations throughout the United Kingdom, and of a brief jaunt on the Continent. The photographs that accompany the article were all taken by the author.—EDITOR.)

MOST GREAT WORKS, I have been told, begin with a quotation. This particular work, therefore, has no chance whatsoever of achieving greatness, for I have lost my Bartlett. All I can do is to record my reactions to Europe without resorting either to Fine Writing or pseudo-realism.

Early in 1952, when I learned that a few overseas postings would be available for University Squadron cadets, I crossed my fingers. The morning before I wrote my English examination,

the eagerly-awaited postings arrived. Notification of my summer fate was given me by my roommate, at a time when I was in a bath with Jane Austen, cramming the last few chapters. We Ruchs, however, are men of stern fibre. The news that my summer employment would be with No. 1 Fighter Wing, North Luffenham, left me unmoved. I dried myself with Jane Austen and calmly studied the bath towel — though I have since learned that the knowledge to be imbibed from a Turkish towel is of little use in an examination on English.

On May 16th my final instructions arrived from the Air Force. I packed a grip, stored my books, and entrained for Ottawa. There, under the guidance of the officer who briefed me, I acquired a taste for large quantities of tea. This I later found of great assistance in my wanderings through England, and I recommend that tea-tasting be stressed at all briefings for personnel about to go to the U.K.

A week later I emplaned at Dorval.

The trip to Iceland was remarkable only in that it afforded me my first glimpse of the midnight sun, glowing just at the horizon. As it began to rise, the North Star let down through a blanket of cloud which shrouded the North Atlantic, and a great brown lump of rock lifted above the wrinkled ocean a few miles ahead.

When I stepped out of the aircraft, the sun was shining so brightly that I assumed the weather was warm, and I left my coat behind. Thus, I saw

The author — and the Eiffel Tower.





The forbidding coast of Iceland.

almost nothing of Iceland, for the bitterly cold sub-arctic wind blasted through every opening and buttonhole in my uniform; and, after signing a declaration that I was not a carrier of hoof-and-mouth disease, I remained inside the terminal.

We took off again past an array of U.S.A.F. 'planes, climbed slowly over Denmark Strait, circled the peninsula, and set course south-east. I settled down once more to read the copy of "Staggering Stories of Space" which Sgt. Shatterproof had given me in Ottawa, where I happened to meet him on his way to visit the editor of "The Roundel." Hours later, just as the hero of "Creatures of the Coal Sack" had disintegrated an oviform fungus fiend, I looked out of the window and saw that we were descending to join the traffic of London airport. I observed with delight the haphazard pattern of the meadows. Here, I felt, was a pattern into which I could not fail to fit.

* * *

I boarded a bus with the rest of the 'plane's passengers and rolled off toward the world's largest city — on the wrong side of the road. My first official act as a Londoner was to report to the Canadian Joint Staff. With a long week-end in the offing, I was given permission to remain in the City for a few days before proceeding to North Luffenham.

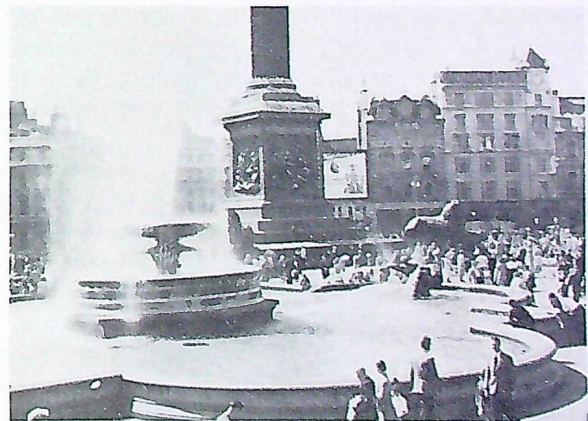
Rather than trust myself to the unknown horrors of the double-decker, I hailed a taxi, and

embarked on my first adventure in the United Kingdom. English taxis are usually ancient, but by no means obsolete. I recall with affection these chugging veterans with their secluded leather-upholstered seats. The driver is closeted in front of his passengers, inside a little cubicle with windows on all four sides, as though he is something that has been condemned by the Board of Health. From this tiny wheel-house he pilots his angular spoke-wheeled pride with terrifying speed through the narrow and bustling streets.

It was difficult to get any service that day, for it was Derby Day, and everyone who hadn't gone to the race itself was listening to the results on the "wireless." Even at tea-time there was an air of excitement everywhere — and few things can unsettle the peace of that sacred hour. Tea, as is well known, is to an Englishman what music is to a savage breast. One can never escape tea. It appears, automatically, the first thing in the morning, at each meal, between meals, and at bedtime. Even during matinées at the theatre, intermissions coincide conveniently with tea-time. Incidentally, the coffee served in most restaurants struck me as so horrible a potion that I always hesitated to order it.— But then, for that matter, how many Canadians can ever make a decent cup of tea?

While in London, I stayed at the Malcolm Club. Named after an R.A.F. wing commander who was awarded the Victoria Cross in the Second World

Trafalgar Square.





Richard Coeur de Lion, on guard before the Chapel of King Henry VII.

War, it is a five-storey building near Sloane Square, and is frequented by R.A.F. officers. I had a remarkable but unintentional game of hide-and-seek with a gentleman who was rooming with me there. He came in while I was dozing. I took a bath while he took tea. He took a bath while I took tea. I dressed for dinner while he was out shopping. He retired while I was out walking. And eventually he checked out while I was still sleeping. I never did see him face to face. It may have been a quirk of fate, but I suspect that, since we hadn't been formally introduced, he was too shy to appear while I was around.

The daylight hours afforded scarcely enough time to tour the buildings which were open to the public. Consequently, I utilized the hours of darkness for visits to those which could be seen just as advantageously in the evening. Among these were Buckingham Palace and various floodlit monuments.

At the witching hour of midnight, bathed in the weird glow of the gas-lamps, both the city and its people take on an entirely different appearance. In daylight, the faces seem monotonously alike. But at nights one has the opportunity of watching the more intriguing elements of London's population as they drift by, singly or in tiny knots. In the foreign quarters, in particular, there is a distinctly exotic flavour. People from every walk of life pass

one by — stalwart bobbies, lively tipplers, sentimental couples, and daughters of dubious delight. They loom out of the night, pass under a nearby street-lamp, and are gone, leaving one in a mellow philosophic mood of speculation.

* * *

My second day I spent in the company of a friend who is an art student at the University of London. He lives in a very "arty" section of the city — Chelsea — which is frequented by artists, actors, dancers, and musicians. There is a playful Bohemian atmosphere about it, with its countless art shops and galleries in which the hopeful craftsmen expose their work for sale.

My friend knew the city very well, and proved to be an excellent guide. We prowled the less familiar haunts and dined in his favourite restaurants. "The food is wholesome but monotonous," states a well-known travel-guide. This is especially true now that the rigidity of postwar rationing is upon England. Nevertheless, a few of the little dining-places somehow provide highly edible meals. They also manage to preserve a little of the dignity and grace of living; and the waiters, in their threadbare but spotless dress suits, at least attempt to be polite.

In the evening we sought out the company of the august old artist who dominates the scene in Chelsea, but we failed to see his dark beret or white Vandyke anywhere in the crowd. Later, when our "wanderthirst" proved stronger than our wanderlust, we stopped for a pint at a wayside

Edinburgh Castle.





The church at Edith Weston, near N. Luffenham.

public house. Inside that old half-timbered pub I found all that I had expected to find: the fireplace, the line-up of mugs, dart boards, horses' brasses on the wall, and, behind the pumps, a cheery and buxom barmaid. I thought how appropriate old Shatterproof would have looked in such a setting, leaning pontifically against the worn counter.

Since this was my first trip to London, I felt no compunction whatever about joining the mob of tourists visiting the inevitable monuments. But I had to break away from the herd to visit the art galleries, collections, and academies. Throughout the summer I went to as many plays as possible. Most of the good theatres are in the same section of the city, and it's quite a task to decide which of the many fine productions to see. To me, however, their variety and quality afforded a welcome change from the rounds of radio plays and movies to which one is subjected in Canada.

After such pleasures, I would usually stroll through Piccadilly to Trafalgar Square, there to mingle with the crowd and look at the playing fountains, the great white expanse of the National Gallery, and, further along, Admiralty Arch and Buckingham Palace, in all their floodlit grandeur. The Circus and the Square attract people in thousands until the lights are dimmed, when they belch them forth to make room for the flocks of pigeons which come to roost for the night.

* * *

Sunday was an appropriate day to visit churches. The morning I spent at St. Paul's Cathedral and

the afternoon at Westminster Abbey. All around St. Paul's, huge sections of the business district still show the effects of enemy bombing. The great cathedral itself had a remarkable escape, and the surrounding space, so ruthlessly cleared, now allows an imposing vista of it. The least important detail of the building, but at the same time one that seems to have caught the public imagination, is the "Whispering Gallery." Anyone with the vaguest knowledge of geometry, physics, or radar principles, would see nothing unusual about the prolonged echoes of any whisper uttered in it. Its acoustic peculiarities are simply an incidental by-product of the elliptical plan on which Sir Christopher Wren designed the gallery. If Wren had known that people would come to view this accident, a few hundred years later, as an example of architectural wizardry, he probably would have changed the gallery to a square.

I walked down past the Air Ministry at Aldwych and stopped for tea at the Waldorf. This was such a palatial hotel that I could scarcely afford even one "cup o' ." (For an odd cup taken at an irregular hour, the expression "cuppa," or, more properly, "cup o' ," is used.) Continuing on my way, I ambled in the general direction of Westminster, and, the next thing I knew, I was in Westminster Abbey.

Edging around the Abbey, guide-book in hand, I tried to identify the better monuments among that chaotic conglomeration. There appears to be

The Shakespeare Memorial, Stratford-on-Avon.





The Beehive, a 16th-century house in Warwick.

little rhyme or reason in the way they are jam-packed into the aisles. But then, logical arrangement is not an outstanding characteristic of graveyards, wherever they may be. The cool air inside, combined with the deathly-white stone walls, gave me a chilled feeling which was relieved only by the rich ornamentation of the high altar. I do not mean to underrate the beauty of the Gothic building itself, but the collection of busts, tablets, and statues, accumulated over seven centuries, does (for me, at least) mar the lower part of the Abbey.

The National Gallery and the Tate Gallery occupied much of my free time in London, but they were well worth the visits. I was happy and surprised to see paintings and sculptures which I had never before been able to view except in photographs that failed to do them justice, and it was a genuine thrill to happen upon a work with which I had been familiar only from a small reproduction.

I passed my last hours in London in the company of several convivial R.A.F. types, doing a "crawl" of the local clubs and friends' homes. Gay spirits were everywhere abroad, and I learned several interesting and valuable lessons that night. I also made the acquaintance of a little place called the Brevet Flying Club, where the only flying done is logged on a bar stool.

* * *

When the time came to report to No. 1 Fighter Wing, I boarded a northbound express which took

me to Manton, a quiet little station on the main line only three miles from my destination. I was now in Rutland, a small and sleepy county with two towns and about fifty villages. It is so tiny, yet so charming, that one gentleman requested in his will to be buried in Rutland, if they could find enough room. Hedges rim the fields. Clusters of a few tall trees crown nearly every hill-top, and little rivers meander through the shallow valleys north-eastward to the Wash. This rolling farmland was very prosperous during the Middle Ages. Dozens of fine stone churches dot the landscape, testifying to the former wealth of the area. They are built of the local building-stone, which is rich, creamy, golden-brown "iron-stone." The slate used for roofing, of a subdued grey-brown colour, is also quarried nearby.

R.A.F. Station North Luffenham, where No. 1 Fighter Wing has been quartered since November 1951, is situated on a hill about two miles above the whistlestop for which it is named. Close by is the ancient village of Edith Weston, which, in common with many other places, takes its name from a historical character. In this case, Edith was the wife of Edward the Confessor, and Rutland was the western part of her estate.

The dignified old parish church occupies a central position about five minutes' walk from the Station. Its foundations date from the twelfth century, and its various architectural styles show that it fell into neglect and had to be restored many times during its 800 years of life. It is a pleasant experience to hear its fifteenth-century tower bells falling into chorus with the bells of neighbouring churches. I especially liked to listen to the chimes late in the evening, while returning from the mess to my quarters across the meadow.

In this part of the Midlands are many place-names familiar to me, for they have namesakes in the Niagara Peninsula, where my home is situated. Lincoln, Welland, Willoughby, Stamford, Crowland, Wainfleet, and Grimsby, are only a few of them.

Reporting in, I found the routine little different from that of any other R.C.A.F. station. Inasmuch as my duties there were very similar to the

duties I had carried out elsewhere, I shall concentrate chiefly on my experiences during off-duty hours and on week-ends.

* * *

During the summer months I frequently found myself acting as host to visiting professors engaged in giving the regular current-events lectures. I always looked forward to these lecture-days for stimulating discussions with men of learning. Normally the lecturers came from University College, Leicester; but we occasionally had visits from Canadian professors, among whom were Dr. J. Rollit, assistant-president of the University of Manitoba, and Dr. W. Friedman, Professor of Law at the University of Toronto. Once or twice I visited the nearby towns with them.

As regards sports, North Luffenham was not without its problems. It formerly boasted the finest cricket pitch in Rutland, but this had to be sacrificed to make way for softball diamonds. Seeing, but not believing, R.A.F. personnel shook their heads sadly.

A favourite Sunday-morning pastime for the less festive members of the mess is cross-country walking. I spent a few mornings in this manner, and discovered one route which struck me as almost idyllic. It led west along the plateau and south along the tiny country lane that winds, amid fields of grain, to the village of Lyndon. At Lyndon it turns south-east to North Luffenham, dipping through the Valley of the Chater River on the way. It then follows north to the Station. The walk is rich in picturesque scenery and well calculated to smoothe even the most troubled spirit.

A glance at the crystal water of the Chater fills the traveller with thirst, and ten minutes of uphill walking makes a noggin of ale seem a thing of beauty. Rest, and a pint of "bitter," may be obtained at the sign of the *Fox and Hounds* in North Luffenham, at the end of the climb. If more relaxation is needed, the *Horse and Pannier* can supply it, only a few blocks away. Reinvigorated, one can then, at a leisurely pace, follow the winding road homeward between shaggy hedges. The entire walk may, with practice,

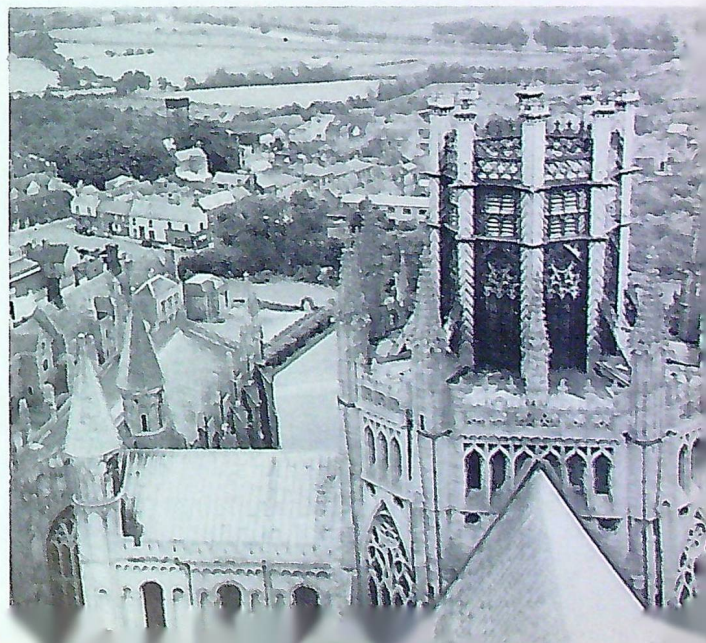
be timed so as to bring one back to Luffenham about noon, when the pubs open.

* * *

On the last week-end in June, I went to visit a friend who was to be married to an English girl whom he had met while studying at Oxford. I caught the Friday evening train to Leamington Spa, famous as the home of Randy Turpin, former world's middleweight boxing champion. On arrival, I went to a prearranged rendezvous — the *Spa Hotel*, a nineteenth-century building run by two old dears who close the doors and lock them at 11 p.m. Consequently I enjoyed no night-life there.

In the morning I had breakfast with the best man (the groom was too nervous to eat) in a dining-room where the gilt was beginning to wear and the rich rugs were begging for a retreat. After breakfast — and after much running about (because of the prevailing 5-day week for cleaners) — I succeeded in having my tired blue serge suit pressed. When I proudly displayed my fresh knife-edge creases to the groom, he was disappointed. He requested that I wear my uniform. I didn't immediately understand why but, upon reaching the scene of the wedding, I found that there were only four Canadians present, including the groom. He wanted a distinctly Canadian flavour at the wedding, and the advertising on my shoulders was the biggest contribution I could make.

The Lantern Tower (14th century), Ely Cathedral.



A celebration was held outside the bride's home, a rambling Victorian mansion on the banks of the River Avon. There, amid the rapid fire of champagne corks, we Canadians did our best to sustain our country's honour. When the crowd began to disperse, the caterer made off with the remains of the nuptial feast, while the best man and I, not to be outdone, made off with the bridesmaids and a trayful of Martinis.

* * *

I was awakened bright and early by a winsome wench bearing tea. After a spot of breakfast — and more tea — I gathered my wits and belongings together and journeyed on to Warwick, about a stone's throw from Leamington. Unfortunately, in keeping with some dread old custom, all Warwick's places of interest were closed on Sundays. Deprived of my chance to see the ancient and massive castle, I roamed the streets, examining the old buildings and historic parts of the town. While quenching the resultant thirst, I scored my first legitimate monocle, confirmed, neatly and correctly screwed into the brow of a severe-looking barman, obviously one of the impoverished nobility. He directed me to the favourite haunts of Sunday travellers.

In the Collegiate Church of St. Mary I found the beautiful Beauchamp Chapel and a memorial to Walter Savage Landor, the 19th-century poet. Even in this out-of-the-way corner, I found history inescapable. It was as ubiquitous as tea. I had the feeling that I could not turn a stone

Main gate of Trinity College, Cambridge.



which had not been turned before. I plodded from the East Gate to the West Gate, both of which had formed part of the town wall in olden times. They stand directly in the centre of the main street, and constitute an effective bottleneck for traffic. Below Castle Hill I found a delightful little park where, on Sundays and Bank Holidays, the local people all gather to relax, drink tea, play tennis, drink tea, play cricket, drink tea, eat strawberry ices, and drink tea. You-know-what was served about every fifteen minutes on the quarter-hour.

Monday, being the officially-observed Dominion Day, I passed at Stratford-upon-Avon, the old stamping-ground of William Shakespeare. I made the rounds of the local inns and taverns for the specific purpose of making a study of their colourful signboards and quaint names. It took me hours of walking up blind alleys and getting lost before I could find Ann Hathaway's Cottage in the village of Shottery. The cottage itself, sway-backed and mouldy-looking, is no different from any other of the same age, but I was able to record, for my grandmother, that the gardens looked just as pretty in real life as they did on postcards. Weary, I returned to my inn, where the very termites in the beams probably have longer family trees than the Ming dynasty.

A pleasant crowd was grouped around the fireplace of the tap-room. Over the froth on my sarsaparilla, I confided to one of the local characters that I thought Shakespeare was crazy to walk all that way out to Shottery just to see Mrs. Hathaway. This was almost blasphemy to the old barfly. He assured me that "Old Billy" has been quite sane: he had ridden a horse.

Except for the places associated with W.S., there is little to detain the visitor in Stratford. The red brick Memorial Theatre has a lovely setting close beside the Avon, which reflects its good modern construction. The floods of tourists were too much to take on such a warm day, so, early in the afternoon, I boarded a coach to return to base by way of bombed-out Coventry.

* * *

A week-end in July offered me a good opportunity to visit Canterbury, where I called upon

Mr. J. B. Bickersteth, formerly a Warden of Hart House at the University of Toronto. He is conducting research on the early records of Canterbury Cathedral, and so has a vast store of knowledge about its construction and its contents. Recalling that I had been a student of archaeology, he unlocked many ponderous doors and took me into numerous hidden corners for close examination of mediaeval work.

In August, on an occasion when I had every intention of entraining for Scotland, I was delayed when I just missed my early evening train. By chance, a commercial traveller, who was visiting North Luffenham, was about to drive north, and he invited me to ride along. I gladly accepted his offer. Since he drove like a madman, we soon arrived at Doncaster, where our paths divided. His one request in return for the lift: to mail him an Eaton's catalogue.

Four cups of tea and three sausage rolls later, I arrived at Waverley Station, Edinburgh. High above the tracks, and looking rather like grimy Greek temples, perched the Scottish National Gallery and the Academy. Higher still, on the lofty crest of the hill, stood the Castle, with its ancient grey bastions. Unfortunately, soot has blackened much of the architecture along famed Princes Street, including the prickly spire of Sir Walter Scott's monument. After shopping and sightseeing, I attended an evening performance of "The Magic Flute," given by the Hamburg State Opera Company, one of the many world-famous companies taking part in Edinburgh's three-week annual Festival.

In Glasgow, my next port of call, I dined with a classics professor from Toronto, at the home of his parents. I was in luck, for that afternoon he drove me out to visit a friend and classmate from Oxford who owned and operated a dairy farm on the shores of Loch Lomond. From his living-room we could see, through the mist, the "bonnie, bonnie banks." In the distance, the mighty Ben Lomond rose through rifts in the fog to the clouds above, and the dun-coloured hillsides were covered with blooming heather.

After a brief visit to the university, I took leave of Glasgow. Through the windows of the train I



The south side of the Limmat River, Zurich.

caught glimpses of its large industrial sections and its miles of docks and shipyards spread out along the Clyde River. Then the train plunged into thick fog, and I saw no more of Scotland.

At 6 a.m. the porter awakened me and handed me a tea-tray. When I had comfortably finished the third cupful, the wheels of the coach ground to a stop at Kettering, where I was to board a connecting train. I was horrified, for I had not even begun to dress. The exasperated conductor shook his head, which didn't help matters at all, then blew his whistle, which helped even less. As the express began to chug away, a rumpled, half-clothed Canadian, his pockets bulging with shoe-trees, necktie, camera, garters, newspapers, films, tooth brush, and razor, unceremoniously disembarked. My appearance must have been disturbing to the commuters, for I saw several normally imperturbable eyebrows raised more than somewhat. None the less, I managed to get back to North Luffenham fairly presentable, and, surprisingly enough, ten minutes early for work.

* * *

During one of those evenings of relaxation in the mess with a few gentlemen of the press, the subject of ghosts crept into the conversation. Our omniscient bartender informed us that two ghosts of repute haunted the locality. The fact that both of these spirits appeared in pubs did not detract from their reputations, and, to judge from the number of curiosity-seekers who came to gawk, they had a favourable effect on business. Of the two spirits one was a devilish character whose early counterpart had behaved in an ungentle-



Hanover.

manly way toward his lady friend and then stuffed her into a bakery oven. The other was a demure old lady who wasn't too happy about having her family home turned into a public house. The former apparently came haunting only twice a year, so it did not seem feasible to sit around waiting for him. Therefore we ventured forth to a pub in the village of Wing, about three miles from the station, hoping to catch a glimpse of ghost number two.

We sat around well after closing hours, waiting to welcome our ambassadress from the hereafter. Midnight came and went, and we had begun to grow bored, when suddenly a loud crash came echoing from behind the door through which she was supposed to enter. Our host bravely opened the door and looked inside the scullery. A few pots and kettles were swinging from their hooks on the wall, but nothing else remained to show that a supernatural creature had been there. There was no other entrance to the tiny room, and the single window was closed tight.

(I must, however, mention that one of my reporter friends had remained outside talking with some local characters. When we returned to the car we found him waiting for us, and he revealed how he had flung a stone through the open scullery window and then quickly closed it. The stone had conveniently helped his deception by rolling out of sight.)

* * *

On the opening day of the Farnborough air show, an officer from the Canadian Joint Staff drove me to the display. Although it was not the largest air show I have seen, it was certainly the finest. The

sight of the huge new jet bombers in the hands of seasoned pilots was in itself worth the journey, while the splendid showing of the latest British fighters was the frosting on the cake.

With hopes for ultimate advanced study at one of the elder universities of England, I visited each, spending a long week-end at Cambridge and a short one at Oxford.

The two university towns bear so marked a similarity to each other that their differences seem to lie only in the physical nature of the colleges themselves. In Oxford the buildings are notable for their age and their adherence to Gothic lines, while in Cambridge the colleges have a greater diversity of style. One of the finest views around Cambridge can be obtained from the river Cam, which runs past the rear of the colleges.

With regard to Oxford, unless the visitor is an antiquarian, the items of greatest interest are to be seen inside the colleges. By the far best view of Oxford is a panoramic one from a distance, when the tall and impressive college towers are sparkling in the sun. It was this view, I suspect, that inspired Winifred Mary Letts to write "The Spires of Oxford."

As to the students, I would say that, apart from their approach to scholarship (which is, in my opinion at least, notably superior to ours in North America), they are probably much the same as their transatlantic counterparts.

* * *

My last series of adventures happened during a short trip which I took to Europe. I had been hoping for a flip to Paris all summer, but it failed to materialize. With September rapidly approaching, I decided to steal away at the first opportunity . . .

Over innumerable moon-glimmering lakes and rivers the "Elizabethan" swept slowly and without effort, to deposit me at last on the mountain-rimmed airfield of Zürich. There, a portly official in a shapeless neutral-grey uniform greeted me with a sharp click of the heels, in the military tradition that seems to be ingrained even in the civilian population of Central Europe. He checked my bag with a chalk mark and passed on.

Presently, with some difficulty, a porter arranged accommodation for me. In my hotel I had communication trouble with the sleepy night-clerk. He spoke little English, I spoke less French. Finally we compromised with German.

My room was large and oddly shaped, and had no doors on the door-frames. I thought to myself that Europeans must be rather odd fellows; and, on awakening in the morning, I was more than a little shocked to find myself in the corridor on the third floor.

After a civilized breakfast of rolls and hot chocolate, I went for a walk in the brisk clean mountain air. Zürich, besides being the largest Swiss city, is a very ancient settling-place, tracing its history from the first century A.D. From the park, mountains can be seen on every side, and, to the south-east, the beautiful Lake of Zürich. The surrounding terrain is almost as precipitous as the roofs of the houses, which are steeply sloped to prevent excessive accumulation of snow. The Limmat River, which flows through the centre of the city, has been walled very neatly and regularly, so that stretches between the many bridges resemble artificial lakes. Dozens of pointed towers, bright shop-fronts, and houses, are mirrored in its blue waters.

At lunch, a stout and jolly Frenchman joined me and regaled me in broken English with stories and anecdotes. He was travelling alone, and invited me to accompany him on a tour to Salzburg and Regensburg. I was very strongly tempted, but time did not permit. My rosy-cheeked old friend could not understand why I was rushing about Europe in so frantic and American a fashion. I accompanied him as far as the city dock and saw him aboard a steamer that was about to depart on a lake cruise. It was a glorious day, and I bitterly regretted that I could not put off my return until, as the Frenchman had phrased it, "next week or next month, as time means verree little, and there eez so much to see and do een Austria."

My own means of transport proved to be a little less glamorous than the gay lake steamer on which my friend had left. I boarded a "Schnellzug" from Venice, and, after much jostling in the crowd,

managed to find a seat in a compartment occupied by friendly American soldiers. Towns went flying by as the train scurried on through the passes. We passed the town of Oerlikon, a name familiar to armourers the world over. After the smoke in the compartment became nauseating, I stepped into the corridor for a breath of fresh air and a little quiet. Suddenly the train swept around in a great curve toward the east, and for a brief while I glimpsed the flashing white spray of the Rhine Falls, one of the most beautiful views of the entire trip.

On we went, that evening, through the Black Forest hills in Württemberg. The towns appeared as clusters of white houses with red roofs, nestling about monasteries and castles, and looking like illustrations from a book of fairy tales. Soldiers, travellers, missionaries, and traders since before Caesar's time, had used this pathway along which I was travelling. They, of course, would have sailed along the Danube and then portaged to the Rhine in order to reach Germany, France, or England. Fortresses, scattered along the way, protectively overlooked the trade routes. At every turn and twist of the rails there appeared new reminders of a thousand years of war and chaos. Here stood what was once the stronghold of a warrior prince; there lay the crumbled ruins of a castle once impregnable.

The 123-mile journey took about five hours, and we rolled into Stuttgart well after dark. There I found a small hotel on a hillside not far from the centre of the city. The entrance floor, which was on the uphill side, was five storeys above the ground level on the other side. My room overlooked a city that filled the valley and flowed up and over the hills. After the climb, I paid little attention to anything but the soft feather bed.

Next morning, I noticed a legend in large red letters on the bathroom towels:

Dr. Schmidt
Sanatorium

Quickly reviewing the night before, I concluded that it was probably all a mistake; but whether I was actually in a sanatorium, or whether the

proprietor of my hotel had stolen the towels, I never found out for sure.

I had wanted to look about the city, but I became involved in a search for a bank that would change traveller's cheques. At that time, none of the banks which I visited would exchange Canadian currency, and the tellers were suspicious of me. My name is obviously of German origin, and they weren't convinced that I was a Canadian until I produced my passport.

Practically penniless, I arrived at the attractive and modern Stuttgart terminal, and proceeded to spend my few remaining Swiss francs on a Bavarian brew or two. The terminal dining-room itself was decorated with stags' heads, which reminded me that I was still in the heart of the Black Forest. Dressed as I was in a dark suit, and carrying a radical newspaper under my arm, I might have passed for a native anywhere else in Germany. But here in Bavaria, where the majority of male passengers wore leather shorts and Tyrolean hats, I felt as conspicuous as an undertaker's mute at a picnic.

I set out for Würzburg and Hanover. Again the train followed a winding route, treating me to fleeting glimpses of quaint towns and villages and generous views of the hilly hinterland. Arable soil is very scarce here; hence the land must be thoroughly utilized. I noticed that even the slopes of steep hills and the sides of railway cuttings were cultivated.

Late in the afternoon I stood wearily on the platform at Würzburg, waiting for a train. The air was abruptly shattered by a shrill voice from the loudspeaker. "Achtung! Achtung! Schnellzug nach Fulda, Göttingen, Hanover, . . ." The harsh mechanical voice somehow savoured of the military, and had I not been able to understand the language, I would certainly have left Germany with a peptic ulcer, for every little announcement sounded like an order to take cover in a bomb shelter.

The journey to Hanover was uneventful. On arrival in the city, I contacted a friend who was in the 27th Brigade, and accepted his invitation to stay in his quarters. He drove me around the city

in his Volkswagen (Germany's answer to the Austin).

An official British publication, cataloguing war losses, thus describes Hanover's scars: "The city has had a heavy battering, and no building of any importance has escaped damage." In that short sentence a committee very tersely described a vast amount of damage, for actually the central section of the city was levelled. Yet not far from the centre, in a spacious park, there still stands the large 18th-century baroque-style city hall, hardly scratched.

Night life in northern Germany is beyond imagination. Paris, supreme in so many ways, must play second fiddle to Hamburg and Hanover when entertainment of the most elemental kind is sought. I completed a tour of the "best" spots without incident, and was delivered, right-side-up, to the Brussels-Paris sleeper.

At 10 a.m. I descended from the "wagon-lit" at the Gare de l'Est, in Paris. All morning I roamed the streets, having decided that I might just as well behave like the tourist I was. In the afternoon I attempted the tremendous task of inspecting the entire collection of art works in the Louvre Museum, whose two most famous inhabitants are, I suppose, Da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" and the Greek "Venus de Milo." After having (I fear) no more than glanced at a fantastic number of masterpieces, I emerged from the three-block-long palace-museum into the Gardens of the Tuileries, and sat down to collect my senses. The Gardens, with their straight rows of trees and their orderly flower beds, were so serene and restful that I soon fell asleep.

I awoke to find a steady rain beating a tattoo all over Paris and me. I walked the few short blocks to the small hotel in which I had a tiny room of Louis the XIV style. But Louis had surely never occupied it. I doubt if he could even have got himself into it.

My plans changed by the rain, I made my way to the Folies Bergères. I found that several hundred confounded tourists had got there first, and when I asked for tickets the girl shrugged her shapely shoulders, threw up her hands, and said "C'est

impossible!" But rain or no rain, I wasn't going to waste my time in Paris, so I donned my raincoat and strode through the shiny wet streets with a small map that was not drawn to scale. I took the Métro and ended up — naturally — in the Place Pigalle. Here, thanks to my damp little map, I took the wrong turn. I climbed hundreds of stairs and came up to Sacré Coeur Church. Not being in a religious frame of mind, I retraced my steps and sidled into the "Moulin Rouge."

The Moulin Rouge has been so modernized in its interior and its entertainment that it has lost much of the character for which it became famous. Celebrities are no longer attracted by it, but tourists, unfortunately, are. Being unused to the acrid smoke of European cigarettes, I was unable to stomach the layer of smog for long, and I was forced back into the clean wet air of the street.

At 2 a.m. Paris is not quite as dead as Toronto on a Sunday afternoon. Nevertheless, a lull had occurred in my night life, and I rather fancied a cup of coffee. Scarcely had I taken the weight off my feet at a side-walk café when two happy airmen appeared from nowhere to ask if I was in need of direction or accommodation. I assured them that I was well cared for, and they pushed off in high spirits, with the self-satisfied feeling of having attempted to do a good deed. Presently, I found my way back to my hotel just in time for breakfast.

The sun was shining brightly when I set forth for my last promenade around Paris. The weather and

the natural colours of the city made it a fine subject for colour photography. I coursed along, snapping everything — from the old, narrow, winding alleys to the long board boulevards which look wider than those of western Canada. From these avenues, with their lines of trees and shrubs, Paris seems to be one vast garden. There are many buildings and monuments which are worth considerably more than a passing glance, and their beauty and significance is not overshadowed even by the regrettable but unavoidable presence of the Eiffel Tower.

* * *

I flew from Orly to London. The trip was like a bus ride; rush in, sit down, pop up, and rush out. In the air terminal a tall lean man in tweeds swept past me with a "Roger, old man, how nice to see you!" — I was back in England.

At Luffenham there was little for me to do. I packed, tidied up the cluttered desk, and left again, this time for a far-away country called Canada. I would gladly have been able to stay longer, much longer. None the less, I find, on retrospect, that my sojourn in the Old World, brief though it was, has enabled me to see my own country, its people, and myself, in a clearer and more just perspective. For I have discerned and recognized many of those traditions which we in Canada half-remember, and which we retain without knowing — and too often without caring — why.

"THE BEST IS YET TO BE . . ."

At what age are you most sensitive to pain? Here is the answer: If you hit your thumb with a hammer when you're 40, it won't hurt nearly as much as it would have if you were only 20. The noted psychiatrist William P. Chapman tested the pain reactions of 200 persons, ranging in age from

10 to 85 years. He found that for the overwhelming majority of people, sensitivity to pain decreases progressively with age. His study showed that a young man of 20 is, on the average, 22 per cent more sensitive to pain than a person of over 45. Moral: Avoid getting hurt when you're young — it feels worse then.

(*"Wingfoot Clan"*: Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co.)

REPORT ON EUROPE

(See "Letters to the Editor", p 48.)

By 130261 F/O JE Ruch, USqn, U of Toronto.

(The following soldierly version of the first few paragraphs of Flying Officer Ruch's "Glimpses of the Half-Remembered" was prepared by Sgt. Shatterproof as an endorsement of Mr. G. B. Landis' letter.—EDITOR.)

EDITOR'S FOREWORD

1. Previous reports in "Roundel" by F/O Ruch consist of:

- (a) "The Campus Takes Wing" (Nov 1951), and
- (b) "Paramedics in Training" (Feb 1952).

2. Stationed at 1 FWgHQ during his fourth summer's employment with the RCAF, he has forwarded to this office the following personal appreciation of conditions in the UK and on the Continent.

3. Photographs taken by F/O Ruch appear in App "A".

INTRODUCTION

1. Posted to 1 FWgHQ, the writer reported to Ottawa for briefing, and shortly afterwards proceeded by air to Dorval and thence to Iceland.
2. Little was observed in Iceland on account of the prevailing windchill. It may safely be stated, however, that the authorities are much interested in the prevention of foot-and-mouth disease and that the USAF is well represented on the island.
3. On arrival in London, England, the writer reported to CJS and received a few days' leave.

4. Observations made during this period may be summed up briefly as follows:

- (a) English taxis are usually old but not u/s. Their drivers:
 - (i) Are separated from the passengers by a partition, and
 - (ii) drive fast.
- (b) Tea plays an important part in English national life. It is drunk:
 - (i) on awakening in the morning,
 - (ii) at every meal,
 - (iii) between meals,
 - (iv) at bedtime,
 - (v) during matinées at the theatre.
- (c) English coffee is bad.

5. Quarters were obtained at the Malcolm Club, where the writer shared a room with a man whom he is unable to describe, as differences in their respective time-tables precluded a meeting.

6. Buildings inspected included:

- (a) Most of those open to the public,
- (b) Buckingham Palace, and
- (c) various floodlit monuments.

7. Policemen, heavy drinkers, young couples, and loose women were among the Londoners whom the writer observed passing beneath street lamps.

(etc)

U.S. VETERANS' AVERAGE AGE

The average age of the nearly 20,000,000 living veterans in civil life in the U.S. is almost 38 years. But the extremes range from 111 years for the oldest veteran down to under 18 years for the youngest.

These figures were announced on 5 March by Veterans Administration, based on the estimated age distribution of veterans in civil life as of 31 Dec. 1952.

Following is a breakdown by war, showing the number of veterans of each war and their average age:

- Since Korea, 1,483,000 veterans, average age 26.
- WW II, 15,424,000 veterans, average age 34.
- WW I, 3,345,000 veterans, average age 59.
- Spanish-American War, 95,000 veterans, average age 76.
- Indian Wars, 295 veterans, average age 87.
- Civil War, 2 Union Army veterans, one 106 and the other 111 years old.

("Army Navy Air Force Journal": U.S.A.)

The ROYAL CANADIAN AIR CADETS



By Arthur Macdonald, Air Cadet League of Canada

A BIG SUMMER

As these lines are being written, the Royal Canadian Air Cadets are in the midst of another full-scale summer programme. Here is a summary of what is happening in the Air Cadet picture during the so-called "holiday months" of July and August.

* * *

Air Cadet summer camps are in full swing at Greenwood, Aylmer, and Abbotsford. Well over 4,000 cadets are expected to attend the camps this year.

Two hundred and fifty cadets — a record figure — are taking scholarship flying training courses at the civilian flying clubs spaced across the country. Their course covers 30 hours of flying and sufficient ground-school tuition to qualify them for private pilots' licenses.

Fifty-eight top cadets are off to the United States, United Kingdom, and continental Europe, under the Air Cadet League's "get acquainted" exchange plan. A similar number of cadets from six different countries are touring Canada as guests of the League and the R.C.A.F.

One hundred cadets are attending the first Senior Leaders' Course at R.C.A.F. Station Camp Borden and are also competing for the forty places on this year's International Drill Competition team.

Plans are being made for the International Drill Competition — most impressive single event of the Air Cadet year — to be held at the Canadian National Exhibition on the evening of August 29th.

A large number of Air Cadets are training with the Reserve Squadrons under the Reserve Tradesmen Training Plan.

* * *

Further information on these diverse activities, along with pictures, will be published in a future issue of "The Roundel."

CADET TEST PILOT

An interesting story from Toronto concerns the election of W.O.2 Tony Murray, of No. 142 (Mimico) Squadron, as "test pilot for a day" at the De Havilland Aircraft of Canada Ltd. An Irish lad who has been in Canada for only four years, 18-year old Tony topped one thousand other cadets in the greater Toronto area to win the first "Test Pilot" award offered by the De Havilland company.

Tony received a special set of De Havilland

Cadet W.O.2 Tony Murray.





No. 103 (N. Vancouver) Sqn. marches to the parade ground for inspection by Air Cdre. W. A. Orr, C.B.E., A.O.C. No. 12 Defence Group.



Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Nixon, accompanied by Sqn. Ldr. A. E. Percival, C.O. of No. 51 Sqn.

wings, a cheque for \$25.00, and a table-model radio. He was also given one of the busiest days of his young life.

Early one morning, Tony went up with De Havilland test pilot Doug Givens for a flight into northern Ontario in a 4-engined Lancaster. After lunch he flew to London and back in the versatile single-engined Beaver. Then he was checked out in rapid succession on the more powerful Otter, the luxurious Dove, the Chipmunk trainer, the L-20 U.S. ambulance plane, and a 4-engined passenger aircraft, the Heron.

While all this was going on, Tony was made acquainted with the company's production methods, maintenance techniques, and flight testing procedure, even taking time out to examine balsa-wood models of airplanes. He also put in a brief session in front of the newsreel and press cameras.

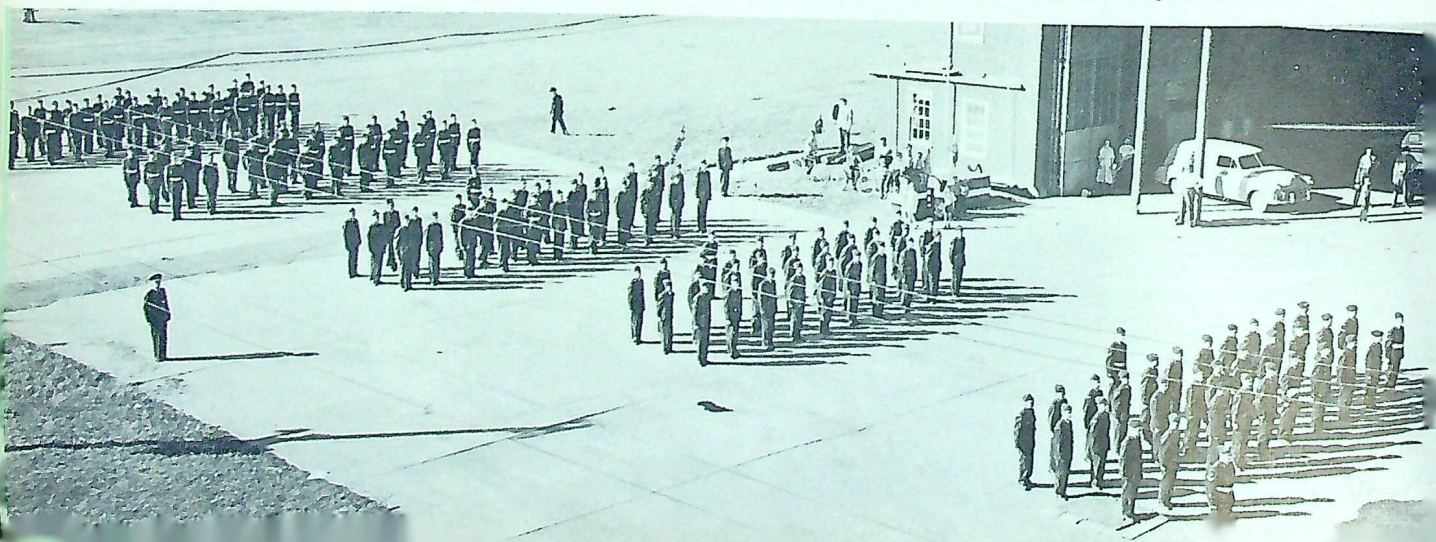
The Dublin-born air cadet logged close to 1,000 miles in no less than six different aircraft during the day. That evening he and his family were guests of the Odeon Theatre for dinner and a show.

If present plans mature, the "Test Pilot" idea will become an annual Air Cadet institution in the future. It won't be easy, though, to find another cadet who can cram as much into one day as did Tony Murray.

WASHINGTON VISIT

The Royal Canadian Air Cadets were well represented at the 1953 conference of Optimist International held recently in Washington, D.C. A forty-two-member drill squad of No. 51 (Ottawa Optimist) Squadron made a flying visit to the U.S. capital to put on several demonstrations of precision drill, serve as guards of honour for dis-

No. 25 (Campion College) Squadron lined up at Regina Airport for inspection by Wing Cdr. N. J. McCallum.





At No. 173 (Trenton) Squadron's banquet, held in the airmen's mess at R.C.A.F. Station Trenton, honours for speaking went to Cadet Warrant Officer F. Johnston and Miss Rita Bennett. Miss Bennett is C.O. of the Trenton High School girl cadet corps. Banquet was held in celebration of winning of the Strathcona Trophy, awarded annually to best school in Ontario.



No. 333 (Fredericton) Squadron, together with No. 252 Wing of the R.C.A.F. Association, plays host to more than 300 cadets from Nos. 161 (Saint John), 527 (Simonds High School), and 101 (Moncton) Squadrons. A trophy for winning the basketball and rifle-shooting tournament was presented to No. 527 Squadron; and the day ended, after a community supper, with a dance at the University.

tinguished guests at the convention, and also to meet U.S. Vice-President Richard S. Nixon.

In addition, Air Cadet Camille Parent, of No. 51 Squadron, was selected to participate in the famous Optimist International oratorical contest. The fourteen-year-old cadet won the trip by placing first in a preliminary contest held in Sherbrooke, P.Q. While he failed to carry off one of the major awards in Washington, his performance was good enough to rate him as a very strong contender for next year's honours.

This marked the first time that a Canadian cadet group had been represented at the international convention.

SAFETY VALVE

Two groups of powers whom we loosely call "Western democratic" and "Communist dictatorial" face each other in fear and hostility across a widening chasm of suspicion and ill-will, a situation which, if it persists, is likely to have only one ending — and it won't be a happy one.

The United Nations with all its weaknesses — which are the weaknesses of its members — remains the best mechanism by which this situa-

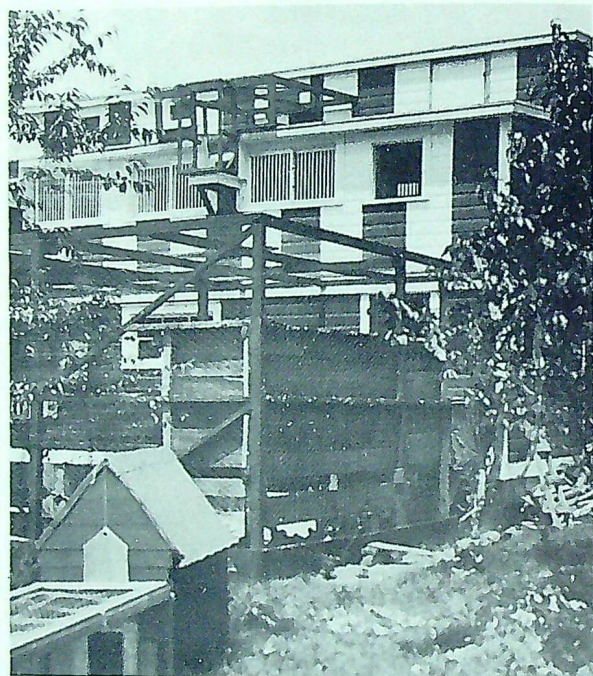
tion can be changed. We are, after all, still talking to each other there — in language which, I admit, is frank, at times to the point of ferocity as words become ammunition in the cold war. But would it not be far worse if we stopped talking and if this last tie between the two worlds was broken? That indeed would be an acknowledgement of the inevitability of catastrophe.

(From a speech by the Hon. L. B. Pearson)

Pin-Points in the Past

Pigeons were used by the Canadian Air Force as early as 1922 as a means of communications during bush and far-northern operations (forestry patrols, photographic surveys, etc.) By 1929 there were 15 pigeon-loftmen employed by the R.C.A.F. at 9 lofts. The outbreak of the Second World War brought an immediate recommendation for expansion of the pigeon service, and by March 1944 its strength had been increased to 30 lofts (16 on the east coast and 14 on the west), one officer, and 102 airmen. The service was disbanded in May 1946.

During the war, two birds, contained in separate waterproof cases, were carried in each aircraft operating over the sea. In case of an emergency forcing the aircraft down at sea or in a barren area, a radio S.O.S. was sent, if possible, while still in the air. If the radio was unserviceable and time permitted, one bird was to be released carrying a message giving all pertinent information. Crews were carefully trained in the proper method of releasing pigeons from aircraft in flight. If a radio



S.O.S. was despatched, the crew, in case of a descent at sea, would take both birds with them into the dinghy and then release them to direct rescuers to the scene.

In the accompanying photographs are shown, respectively, the pigeon-loft at Rockcliffe in 1929, Billie No. 1 (a distinguished resident), and a pigeon being released from one of No. 407 Squadron's Hudsons during operations in September 1941.

DON'T USE THE FLOOR— THIS DANCE IS ON ME!

By Eric Nichol

(Reprinted from "Torch".)

According to unofficial statistics issued during the war, there were seven women in Ottawa for every man. Unfortunately, owing to some clerical error in the government's Department of Supply, I did not receive delivery of my seven, and only a naturally sunny disposition restrained me from suspecting that some rat was running around with fourteen.

It was to correct this situation that, along with two male companions, I let out my long ears one Saturday night and set out on a promenade about the city, pausing from time to time to howl at the moon and anything else that looked pretty full.

Suddenly, without provocation, unwhistled and unwinked, two large women set upon us in a dark street before we could reach a telephone pole. We outnumbered them, but they were bigger than we were, so we quickly decided discretion would be the better part of valour, particularly as they had their feet on our necks anyway.

"Are you going to the St. Hyacinth Church Servicemen's Dance?" one of them growled.

Anticipating instinctively that a negative reply would earn me a brisk cuff in the molars, I babbled:

"Why, yes! Oh my, yes. We were just on our way over. Never miss a Saturday night at St. Hyacinth's, do we fellas, ha ha ha?"

The fellas nodded their heads vigorously and the ladies let us up. Nothing would do then but that these young women should direct us personally to St. Hyacinth's Church Servicemen's Dance, overcoming our bashful hesitation with prods in the back with what felt like the barrel of a Sten gun.

We entered the church to find a grim induction committee waiting for us in the lobby, four inflexible hostesses grouped around a card table:

"Good evening boys," smiled one of them hungrily. "There are some lovely girls upstairs—"

the hostess stepped aside a moment to make room for a stretcher-party of ladies carrying out an airman who was moaning softly to himself, "— and we're sure you'll have a grand time dancing with them."

With that, the committee took down in a register our names and the address of our next of kin, pinned a card on our tunics stating that we were men, and pointed sternly up the stairs to the dance floor.

Our feet dragged and the breath sobbed in our throats as we climbed towards the front line. Already we could see women, all of them looking like runners-up in the casting of "Frankenstein's Mate," leaning over the bannister, staring at us. Blinded in the right eye by a drop of drool, I stumbled to the top, where the three of us silently shook hands. As a desperate last-minute stratagem we agreed to pretend we had come up not to dance but to search for Cousin Wilmer, who was drunk. We would stand gazing around anxiously for a moment, then say in a loud voice, "No, I guess Cousin Wilmer who is drunk didn't come in here!" and all troop out.

We never had a chance to put the plan into action. Before I could open my mouth, my friends were swept away in a tide of human flesh. A small oil-slick and a few chunks of debris rose to mark



the spot where they went down; I never saw them again. Instead, I discovered a huge babe docked beside me, her stern vibrating either from a broken shaft or a desire to dance. My mind was soon cleared of alternatives.

"D'ya wanna dance, Air Force?" she boomed, blinking her big blue Aldis lamps in my face.

I gave a hoarse shout and dove for the stairs, only to be brought up short by a hostess.

"Not leaving so soon, I hope?" she cooed, chucking me under the chin with a heavy Luger.

"No, no," I laughed slightly hysterically. "I just wanted to pop home for a moment and get my blood."

The hostess flashed a smile that revealed a beautiful set of matched cavities, and I tactically followed the barrel of the Luger back to the dance floor. Faintly I heard a voice hollering for a person named "Paul Jones," and the next thing I knew I was sucked into a vortex of strangling males entirely surrounded by an Indian circle of women. Abruptly the music stopped and the women charged. I started digging a slit trench but it was too late. I looked up to see a bosomy B-29 gazing down at me with an expression that braided the hair on the back of my calves.

"Well, ha, ha," I mumbled, straightening up. "What do you think of the election results in New Brunswick? I see where . . ."

The B-29 grabbed me by the waist and I was wrestling for my life, to the tune of "Milkman, Keep Those Bottles Quiet!" My senses reeled under the impact of her chewing gum and I pawed blindly at the air for an escape hatch.

"I don't think it's entirely irrelevant," I shouted, "to tell you that I don't know how to dance!"

"Oh, that's all right!" she blared cheerfully, "You just follow my lead. Fellas say I'm as light as a zephyr."

"Really?" I croaked. "Lincoln or Lockheed?"

The B-29 won the first dance with three straight falls and a body scissors. I had just started to crawl towards the ropes when the band pounded into dance number two, and she was hammering away at me again.

"If you don't mind," I wheezed, "I think I'll



toddle up to the altar for a minute. I have something I'd like to talk over with God . . ."

"Don't be silly! This is a rumba. Don't you love the rhythm of the maracas?"

I nodded dumbly, too weak to point out that what she probably mistook for maracas were my toes rattling around loosely in my shoes. As a result of my partner's misjudging a few steps, I was wearing open-toed shoes.

"Let's get hot!" she cried. "I'll teach you how to jitterbug!"

"No thanks," I murmured wearily. "I'm not wearing my dog-tags this evening."

I glanced up to see that she had flung herself back arm's length from me, pawing at the floor and doing something with her centre of gravity, as though she were trying to get rid of it. Horrified I realized that she was preparing to jitterbug, and I was standing right in the middle of the runway. I was still standing there transfixed when she catapulted towards me, and I felt strangely happy that it was going to be all over at last . . ."

As they carried me through the lobby on a stretcher. I caught a glimpse of the white, taut faces of other males freshly spilled from the nets. The hostess was saying, "there are some lovely girls upstairs, boys . . ." I moaned softly to myself.

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

Association



NATIONAL PRESIDENT TO VISIT MARITIME WINGS

Air Vice-Marshal G. E. Brookes, C.B., O.B.E., has arranged to visit several Maritime Wings during the month of September. The tour, which begins at Halifax, will end at Chatham, N.B., on Battle of Britain Sunday.

The R.C.A.F. Central Band will be playing in this area during the period of Air Vice-Marshal Brookes' visit, and a number of joint functions are planned.

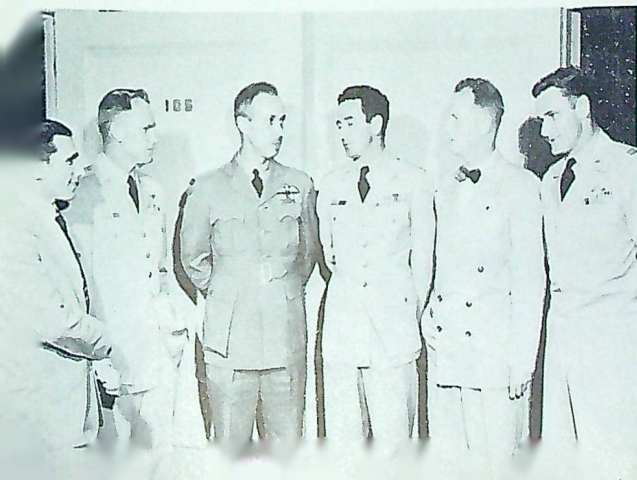
"I am looking forward with great interest" said Air Vice-Marshal Brookes, "to renewing acquaintance with my old friends and making many new friends in the Maritimes."

Air Vice-Marshal Brookes will be accompanied by Flt. Lt. A. MacKell of R.C.A.F.A. National Headquarters.

U.S.A.F. KOREAN PILOTS IN WINDSOR

Several jet-fighter aces of the U.S. Air Force arrived in Windsor recently, where they met local dignitaries, lunched, and then took a motor tour of the City.

Left to right: 1. Kempner, Pres. No. 1 Sqn., U.S. Air Force Ass'n.; Major F. C. Blesse; Group Capt. W. W. Bean, C.O. of R.C.A.F. Station Centralia; Captain J. McConnell; L. N. Baldock, Pres. Air Force Club of Windsor; Captain R. D. Gibson.



Members of No. 412 Wing, as well as representatives of the War Birds Association, the Essex Scottish Regiment, and the Royal Canadian Navy, were on hand to greet them as they arrived.

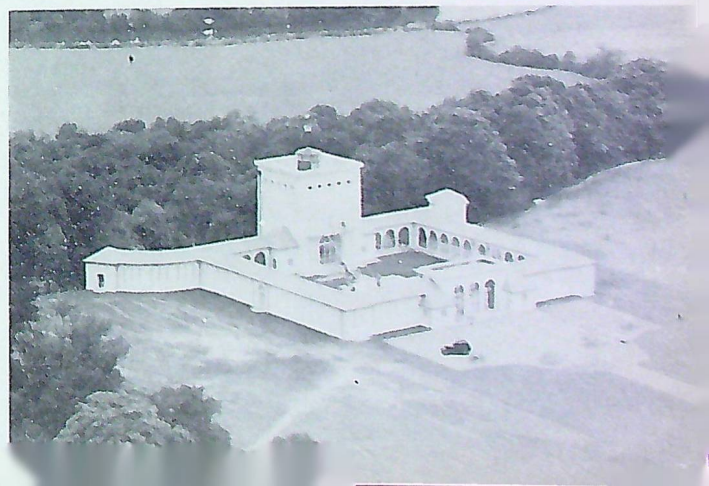
Group Captain W. W. Bean, O.B.E., C.O. of R.C.A.F. Station Centralia, represented the Royal Canadian Air Force at the reception. Len Baldock, President of No. 412 Wing, was chairman of the luncheon, and Controller Hugh Simpson (a member of the Wing) represented the Mayor of Windsor.

The seven pilots, with 72½ MIG-15's to their combined credit, were led by Captain Joseph McConnell. With him were Captain Fernandez, Colonel Baker, Major Blesse, Lt. Low, Lt.-Col. Creighton, and Captain Gibson.

RUNNYMEDE MEMORIAL

The accompanying photograph depicts the peaceful setting of the Memorial which has been erected to honour the memory of those Allied airmen who lost their lives over Europe in the Second World War and who have no known graves.

Our National President, Air Vice-Marshal Brookes, who has been invited to attend the unveiling of this Memorial by Her Majesty the Queen on October 17th, was the original A.O.C. of No. 6 Group, R.C.A.F.





Mr. E. R. Hopkins.

R.C.A.F.A.'S NEW LEGAL ADVISER

At the National Convention of the Association held in May, E. R. Hopkins accepted the position of Legal Adviser, replacing Graham Morrow, who had held this position since the Association's inception.

Mr. Hopkins, who is now Secretary and Director-General of the Board of Transport Commissioners for Canada, spent one year as lecturer in law at the University of Toronto, and five years as professor of law at the University of Saskatchewan, before joining the Legal Branch of the R.C.A.F. in 1941. Released as a Wing Commander in 1945, he became legal adviser to the Dept. of External Affairs, then Deputy Clerk of the House of Commons, before being appointed to his present position.

WING ACTIVITIES

No. 302: Bon Voyage Party

A colourful going-away party for a large draft of R.C.A.F. female personnel was given on board the S.S. "Atlantic" by members of No. 302 (Quebec City) Wing.

The main lounge of the ship was made available for the occasion. Each member of the party received a gift, and refreshments were served. Guests in attendance included the Captain of the ship and his wife; Brig.-Gen. Fleury, O.C. Quebec Army Command; Charles Link, Past-President of the Quebec Group; Flt. Lt. Curtis and Flying Officer MacAgey, R.C.A.F.

That these farewell parties are appreciated is evidenced by the following extract from a letter received from an officer's wife, now residing in Germany: "Presenting these gifts to R.C.A.F. families is a most thoughtful gesture. It gives us the feeling that someone thought of us — and most kindly, too. We really appreciated your kindness."

No. 403: Ground Observer Corps

Art Thomas, President of No. 403 (Sarnia) Wing, reports that members of the Wing, aided by No. 44 (Sarnia) Air Cadet Squadron, have supplied the staff required to man the observation posts in that area.

The peace-time rôle of the Ground Observer Corps will be one of training and preparedness





No. 403 Wing. Seated (l. to r.): H. Keam, A. Thomas. Standing (l. to r.): A. Elliot, E. Fader, W. J. Miller (Regional Supervisor).

achieved largely by exercises in which information will be transmitted by telephone or other means to the Filter Centre which controls the area.

Saskatchewan Wings: Air Cadet Squadrons

Stan Malach, Saskatchewan Group President, reports that all five Wings in Saskatchewan are actively engaged in the Air Cadet movement in that province.

In Regina, No. 600 Wing offers a flying scholarship. Officers of the Air Cadet Squadrons are also members of the Association.

No. 601 (Moose Jaw) Wing takes a keen interest in the local squadron, and, through liaison with R.C.A.F. Station Moose Jaw, provides cadets with opportunities to see regular station activities.

Saskatoon Wing, under the able leadership of Marion Graham, sponsors the local Air Cadet Squadron.

Wings at Prince Albert and Yorkton are also taking a keen interest in the local Air Cadet Squadrons, and hope to increase their assistance next year.

Vancouver Group Party

A very enjoyable Association party took place recently at Stanley Park, Vancouver.

Possible New Wings in B.C.

President Quinn, B.C. Group, reports possibility of forming new Wings in Prince Rupert and Penticton areas.

Prisoners of War Wing

The Prisoners of War Wing, Vancouver, had the privilege of enjoying a preview of the recent movie "Stalag Seventeen."

In conjunction with the B.C. Group, the Prisoners of War Wing is arranging a full-scale Battle of Britain banquet in the Hotel Vancouver, under the chairmanship of Air Commodore A. D. Bell-Irving, O.B.E., M.C.

No. 253: Charter Night Anniversary

No. 253 (Moncton) Wing recently observed its Charter Night Anniversary. Air Vice-Marshal A. L. Morfee, C.B., C.B.E., Grand President of the Association, was the guest speaker.

Over 150 guests attended the banquet, which was followed by dancing at the Wing quarters.

H.Q. STAFF CHANGES

Flt. Lt. A. F. J. MacKell is the new Executive Assistant, replacing L. H. Jenkins. The latter is now on the staff of the Ford Motor Company of Canada, as editor of the company newspaper "The Graphic."

Joe Emery has rejoined the R.C.A.F. and is now Flying Officer J. A. Emery. He is presently employed on the staff of "The Roundel."

Vancouver Group party. Seated (l. to r.): Mrs. C. A. Maddin, Mrs. I. B. Quinn, Mrs. A. Wise, Mrs. C. Hall. Standing (l. to r.): I. B. Quinn, S. Piper, Mrs. W. Turnbull, B. Campbell, Mrs. W. McKinley, C. A. Maddin, Mrs. B. Campbell, W. McKinley, Mrs. D. Clarke, A. Wise, W. Turnbull, D. Clarke, Mrs. J. Stewart, J. Stewart.



NO. 900 (ARdua) WING

The Secretary, 30 August 1953.
R.C.A.F.A. Headquarters.

Dear Sir:

As we of No. 900 (Ardua) Wing have always believed in the closest possible liaison with the R.C.A.F., an invitation was issued to have an Air Force officer attend our last meeting as guest speaker.

In due course we were advised that Wing Cdr. Bludgeon was to be our man. His visit was looked forward to with the greatest expectation, as we are quite far removed from any Air Force base.

On the big day, the Wing Commander arrived in town just as the sun was going over the yard-arm. He was met at the bus depot by the Chairman and all the members of the Refreshment Committee; so, immediately after a hearty round of handshakes, everyone headed for the hotel, where we had a room and quantity of ice cubes and whatnot reserved.

We had a wonderful turnout that night to hear the Wing Commander. The place was pretty well jammed to the rafters, and enthusiasm was running at a high level.

The subject of his talk was to be "The History of the R.C.A.F." Wing Cdr. Bludgeon certainly had the appearance of an orator, and you could have heard a pin drop as he came on stage. He strode out to the speaker's table, and banged it so hard with his fist that the water jug nearly jumped to the floor. Then he said:

"The R.C.A.F. officially came into being on April 1st. —"

Apparently he knew everything but the year. He tried several between 1921 and '27, and we all felt sure he would come out with the right one eventually, but he went to pieces more and more with each stab.

One of the basic principles of warfare, as every student of military tactics knows, is to always have an alternate plan. Well, the Wing Commander was certainly up on his military science and was not stuck for long.

He pulled himself together.

"I'll look it up the first thing when I get back,"

he said, "and write and let you know. In the meantime, allow me to do a few card tricks."

Now I, personally, have always been most intrigued by this form of entertainment. I have seen pasteboard-handlers from coast to coast, and even beyond the seas, but I have never seen anything to equal the skill of the Wing Commander. He was absolutely superb, and held the audience spellbound for well over an hour. There was only one minor hitch. In one of the tricks, in which the cards are slung out individually to members of the audience, he hit the Past President in the eye with the corner of the Queen of Hearts.

The whole exhibition was thrilling. In the history of the Wing, there has never been such an ovation accorded to any guest.

After a very pleasant social evening at the meeting-hall, a few of us went back to the hotel with the Wing Commander and stayed for many hours talking over this and that.

Many Ardua Wing members were down to see Wing Commander Bludgeon off. As the bus disappeared in the dust to the West, we silently pledged our loyalty once more to the Service in which we had all done time.

Yours, with Air Power,



Corresponding-Secretary.

The mailing list for "THE ROUNDel" is being corrected to date. Those members who have not paid their 1953-54 dues will, of necessity, be suspended from the list. Please forward your dues and avoid missing the magazine.

Personnel Movements ★ ★ ★

OFFICERS: MARCH

S/L M. Kazakoff, DFC — ATCHQ, Lachine, to 1 Air Div HQ, France.
S/L A. A. Proctor, AFC — AMCHQ, Ottawa, to 129 AFF, Trenton.

OFFICERS: APRIL

S/L L. P. S. Bing, DFC — 3 (AW) OTU, North Bay, to 445 (AW) Sqn, North Bay.
W/C J. W. Griffith — 1 Air Div HQ, France, to AFHQ.
W/C J. H. C. Lewis — 3 FWgHQ, Germany, to 4 FWgHQ, Germany.
A/C W. R. MacBrien, OBE — ADCHQ, St. Hubert, to 1 Air Div HQ, France.
W/C D. G. Malloy, DFC — 3 FWgHQ, Germany, to 4 FWgHQ, Germany.
S/L V. C. Stevens — 3 FWgHQ, Germany, to 4 FWgHQ, Germany.

OFFICERS: MAY

W/C J. N. Brough — AFHQ to 1 SD, Weston.
S/L V. B. Carson — SC, Toronto, to 1 AFS, MacDonald.
S/L F. P. Clark, AFC — SC, Toronto, to TCHQ, Trenton.
S/L J. H. Cochrane — SC, Toronto, to ADCHQ, St. Hubert.
S/L L. H. Croft — RCAF Stn. Greenwood to MAC, Halifax.
S/L W. B. Fee, DFC — 123 "R" Unit, Sea Island, to 121 C&R Flt, Sea Island.
S/L J. W. Fiander — 3 FWgHQ, Germany, to 434 (F) Sqn, Germany.
S/L W. W. Fox — RCAF Stn Chatham to RCAF Special Force, Korea.
W/C J. A. Gordon — SC, Toronto, to TCHQ, Trenton.
W/C R. J. Gordon — 1 PRC, Lachine, to ADCHQ, St. Hubert.
S/L J. C. Hall, DFC — 405 (MR) Sqn, Greenwood, to RCAF Stn Greenwood.
S/L R. J. Hamilton — CJS Washington to RCAF Stn Gimli.
S/L J. B. Hardie — IAM, Toronto, to AFHQ.
S/L P. W. Holloway, AFC — SC, Toronto, to AFHQ.
W/C W. C. Klassen, DFC — AFHQ to 408 (Ph) Sqn, Rockcliffe.
S/L G. A. Lee, AFC — SC, Toronto, to AFHQ.
W/C E. C. Miller — AMCHQ, Ottawa, to AFHQ.
W/C G. T. Moreton — 1 Air Div HQ, France, to CJS Washington.
S/L J. T. Mullen — CJS Washington to RCAF Stn Portage la Prairie.
W/C R. G. Orpen — SC, Toronto, to AFHQ.
G/C M. E. Pollard, DSO, DFC — 2 FWgHQ, Germany, to 1 Air Div HQ, France.
W/C G. M. D. Shiles — 11 SD, Calgary, to AMCHQ, Ottawa.
W/C N. Thorp, DFC — SC, Toronto, to AFHQ.
W/C C. C. Underhill — 11 TSU, Montreal, to 14 ACW Sqn, Parent.
S/L J. A. White, DFC — CNS, Summerside, to 1 ANS, Summerside.
S/L E. Wilson — SC, Toronto, to TCHQ, Trenton.
S/L E. P. Wood, DFC — 3 (AW) OTU, North Bay, to 1 (F) OTU, Chatham.

OFFICERS: JUNE

S/L C. D. Barnett, DFC — 1 AFS, MacDonald, to 1 PWS, MacDonald.
S/L A. C. W. Barrett — MAC, Halifax, to CJS London.
S/L F. H. Battison — 21 ACW Sqn, Chatham, to 2 ADCC, Edgar.
S/L V. B. Carson — 1 AFS, MacDonald, to 1 PWS, MacDonald.
W/C G. J. H. Cartwright, MBE — AMCHQ, Ottawa, to 1 PD, Rockcliffe.
S/L J. P. Coyne, DFC — SC, Toronto, to AFHQ.
S/L T. R. N. Duff, DFC — SC, Toronto, to AFHQ.
W/C F. F. Foster — AMCHQ, Ottawa, to 11 SD, Calgary.
W/C J. R. Jackson — TCHQ, Trenton, to ADCHQ, St. Hubert.
S/L J. Lasek, DFC — 2400 ACW Sqn (Aux), Toronto, to 1 FTS, Centralia.
W/C R. J. Lawlor, DFC — 3 (AW) OTU, North Bay, to 423 (AW) Sqn, St. Hubert.
S/L A. G. Lawrence, DFC, AFC — 3 (AW) OTU, North Bay, to 423 (AW) Sqn, St. Hubert.
S/L J. B. Lawrence — TCHQ, Trenton, to RCAF Stn Camp Borden.
S/L H. H. Lee — AMCHQ, Ottawa, to 11 SD, Calgary.
S/L J. A. O. Levesque — 412 (F) Sqn, Germany, to 1 Air Div HQ, France.
S/L E. R. Long, DFM — CJS London to AFHQ.
S/L C. C. W. Margerison, DFC — SC, Toronto, to AFHQ.
S/L A. Morrison — 30 AMB, UK, to 1 FWgHQ, UK.
S/L C. D. Noble, MBE, DFC — TCHQ, Trenton, to ADCHQ, St. Hubert.
W/C W. L. Orr — RCAF Stn Winnipeg to RCAF Stn Rockcliffe.
W/C H. Pearce, MBE — MAC, Halifax, to AFHQ.
W/C W. P. Pleasance, DFC — CJS Washington to RCAF Stn Torbay.
W/C W. J. Smith, DFC — SC, Toronto, to 1 (F) OTU, Chatham.
S/L C. H. A. Thompson — AMCHQ, Ottawa, to RCAF Stn Sea Island.
G/C R. S. Turnbull, DFC, AFC, DFM — RCAF Stn Saskatoon to 4 FWgHQ, Germany.
S/L A. W. C. Tustin — 405 (MR) Sqn, Greenwood, to RCAF Stn Greenwood.
S/L E. Wilson — TCHQ, Trenton, to RCAF Stn Aylmer.
S/L H. N. Winter — RCAF Stn Gimli to RCAF Stn Portage la Prairie.

OFFICERS: JULY

S/L L. D. Allatt — AFHQ to RCAF Stn Chatham.
S/L M. J. H. M. Belleau — 1 (F) OTU, Chatham, to 439 (F) Sqn, UK.
S/L L. P. S. Bing, DFC — 445 (AW) Sqn, North Bay, to 423 (AW) Sqn, St. Hubert.
S/L J. W. Borden, DFC — CJS London to AFHQ.
S/L J. F. Brennagh — AFHQ to 1 Air Div HQ, France.
S/L H. E. Bridges, DFC — AFHQ to AAFCE HQ.
S/L D. K. Burke — 2 FTS, Gimli, to 1 AFS, MacDonald.
W/C E. O. F. Campbell — AFHQ to RCAF Stn Rockcliffe.



G/C F. C. Carling-Kelly, AFC — AAFCE HQ to 1 GpHQ (Res), Montreal.

G/C I. Cornblat — AFHQ to AAFCE HQ.

S/L T. L. Doolittle — AFHQ to AMCHQ, Ottawa.

S/L R. G. Elliott — RCAF Stn Greenwood to AFHQ.

W/C H. C. Forbell, AFC — SHAPE HQ to Air Training Advisory Group.

S/L G. T. Giles — 5 SD, Moncton, to RCAF Stn Greenwood.

S/L E. J. Grosz — AFHQ to AAFCE HQ.

S/L H. K. Hollingsworth — AFHQ to CJS Washington.

S/L J. R. F. Johnson, DFC, AFC — 1 PWS, MacDonald, to 1 AFS, Macdonald.

W/C E. R. Johnston, AFC — TCHQ, Trenton, to RCAF Stn Lachine.

S/L W. W. Kennedy, DFC — 21 ACW Sqn, Chatham, to CJS London.

W/C R. H. Lowry, AFC — IAM, Toronto, to CJS Washington.

W/C D. C. S. MacDonald, DFC — AFHQ to RCAF Stn Sea Island.

S/L A. G. MacKeen — AFHQ to 1 TAC, Edmonton.

W/C J. C. McCarthy, DSO, DFC — RCAF Stn Chatham to 2 FWgHQ, France.

W/C W. M. Mills — 1 TAC, Edmonton, to AFHQ.

W/C J. F. Mitchell, DFC, AFC — AFHQ to SHAPE HQ.

S/L H. E. Murphy — AMCHQ, Ottawa, to 1 Air Div HQ, France.

G/C G. H. Newsome, AFC — NATO Defence College to 1 Air Div HQ, France.

S/L H. G. O'Kelly — RCAF Stn Sea Island to 4 FWgHQ, Germany.

S/L P. Patrick — AMCHQ, Ottawa, to 3 FWgHQ, Germany.

S/L C. A. Rhude, DFC — 5003 IU (Aux), Vancouver, to 1 TAC, Edmonton.

W/C J. A. Sifton — RCAF Stn Rockcliffe to RCAF Stn London.

W/C W. Skelding — CJS London to RCAF Stn Trenton.

W/C M. C. Smith, DFC — CJS London to AFHQ.

S/L E. J. P. Sourisseau — RU, Montreal, to 1 AFS, MacDonald.

W/C J. A. Stephens — SHAPE HQ to AAFCE HQ.

W/C G. Sutherland — 4 FTS, Calgary, to RCAF Stn Penhold.

S/L L. P. Valiquet — NATO Defence College to 1 Air Div HQ, France.

S/L D. Warren, DFC — 410 (F) Sqn, UK, to RCAF Special Force, Korea.

W/C F. H. Watkins, DFC — CFS, Trenton, to TCHQ, Trenton.

S/L G. B. Waterman — RCAF Stn Uplands to ADCHQ, St. Hubert.

S/L C. E. Waugh — CJS London to SC, Toronto.

S/L C. C. Willis — AFHQ to AAFCE HQ.

S/L W. J. Willis — RCAF Stn Clinton to TCHQ, Trenton.

W/C W. J. Young, DSO, MBE — IAM, Toronto, to 12 ADGpHQ, Vancouver.

OFFICERS: AUGUST

G/C N. S. A. Anderson, AFC — RCAF Stn Greenwood to MAC, Halifax.

W/C A. H. Hill — C&R Flt, Namao, to 1 Air Div HQ, France.

S/L V. N. Peterson — AFHQ to MAC, Halifax.

S/L K. T. Wallace, DFC — ATCHQ, Lachine, to CJS London.

WARRANT OFFICERS: MARCH

WO2 D. Thomson — CEPE, Rockcliffe, to 1 Air Div HQ, France.

WARRANT OFFICERS: MAY

WO2 R. A. Barry — RCAF Stn Goose Bay to RCAF Stn Trenton.

WO1 G. K. Bradley — 6 RD, Trenton, to 14 ACW Sqn, Parent.

WO2 D. B. Burnett — AMCHQ, Ottawa, to 11 TSU, Montreal.

WO2 K. C. Carter — 3 FWgHQ, Germany, to 4 FWgHQ, Germany.

WO2 G. F. Crosby — ATCHQ, Lachine, to RCAF Stn Lachine.

WO2 G. J. Friend — 3 FWgHQ, Germany, to 4 FWgHQ, Germany.

WO2 R. G. Gillis — 5 SD, Moncton, to AMCHQ, Ottawa.

WO1 D. J. Ing — 2 CMU, Calgary, to 25 AMB, Calgary.

WO2 G. H. R. LaLonde — RCAF Stn St. Johns to RCAF Stn. Goose Bay.

WO2 K. E. Maxfield — 2 CMU, Calgary, to 25 AMB, Calgary.

WO1 C. W. Pye — RCAF Stn Gimli to RCAF Stn Moose Jaw.

WO2 J. E. Robinson — 1 FWgHQ, UK, to 312 SD, UK.

WO1 J. A. Smith — 3 FWgHQ, Germany, to 4 FWgHQ, Germany.

WO2 R. H. J. Steele — 1 R&CS, Clinton, to 14 ACW Sqn, Parent.

WO1 W. D. Walker — TCHQ, Trenton, to 1 OS, London.

WO2 E. B. Ziegler — RCAF Stn Clinton to 3 FWgHQ, Germany.

WARRANT OFFICERS: JUNE

WO1 R. G. Abbott — RCAF Stn Winnipeg to RCAF Stn Portage la Prairie.

WO2 F. H. Baker — ATCHQ, Lachine, to RCAF Stn Rockcliffe.

WO2 E. B. Bilinski — RCAF Stn Chatham to 21 ACW Sqn, Chatham.

WO1 G. A. B. Brown — RCAF Stn Clinton to 1 R&CS, Clinton.

WO1 A. J. Dale — 12 TSU, Weston, to AMCHQ, Ottawa.

WO2 G. B. Davis — AMCHQ, Ottawa, to 6 RD, Trenton.

WO2 J. Y. Fleming — RCAF Stn St. Hubert to ADCHQ, St. Hubert.

WO1 C. L. Grover — 2 CMU, Calgary, to 16 "X" D, Debart.

WO2 H. D. Harragin — RCAF Stn Trenton to 1 R&CS, Clinton.

WO2 L. S. Hilchey — RCAF Stn Greenwood to RCAF Stn Edmonton.

WO1 J. G. Jones — RCAF Stn Chatham to 2 CMU, Calgary.

WO1 W. C. Kavanaugh — 1 SD, Weston, to 1 "R" Unit, Dayton.

WO2 H. R. Macaulay — 32 ACW Sqn, Foymount, to 34 ACW Sqn, Senneterre.

WO2 J. A. McCaffrey — 12 TSU, Weston, to 6 RD, Trenton.

WO2 L. J. McMahon — AFHQ Practice Flt, to 436 (T) Sqn, Dorval.

WO1 J. M. Morrison — 10 TSU, Calgary, to 418 (LB) Sqn (Aux), Edmonton.

WO2 J. G. Parker — 2 TTS, Camp Borden, to 423 (AW) Sqn, St. Hubert.

WO2 J. E. J. Richard — RCAF Stn Clinton to 1 R&CS, Clinton.

WO1 W. M. Rose — 1 "R" Unit, Dayton, to 1 SD, Weston.

WO2 E. C. Turner — AMCHQ, Ottawa, to 1 PD, Rockcliffe.

WO2 D. Wagner — 1 TTS, Aylmer, to RCAF Stn London.

WO2 G. M. Wilson — RCAF Stn Goose Bay to RCAF Stn Lachine.



WARRANT OFFICERS: JULY

- WO2 W. Baird — ADCHQ, St. Hubert, to 221 ACW Sqn, Sydney.
 WO2 A. R. Beeby — RCAF Stn Gimli to 12 TSU, Weston.
 WO1 H. Brennan — RCAF Stn Summerside to 1 R&CS, Clinton.
 WO2 P. Burke — RCAF Stn Rockcliffe to 4 FWgHQ, Germany.
 WO2 J. Dick — 6 RD, Trenton, to AMCHQ, Ottawa.
 WO1 J. C. Harbun — 2 SD, Vancouver, to 4 FWgHQ, Germany.
 WO2 C. J. Larouche, DFC — AMCHQ, Ottawa, to 6 RD, Trenton.
 WO1 D. A. Lefebvre — 1 TTS, Aylmer, to RCAF Stn Trenton.
 WO2 R. E. McFarlane — AMCHQ, Ottawa, to 4 FWgHQ, Germany.
 WO2 W. H. Pelton — RCAF Stn Sea Island to 30 AMB, UK.
 WO2 S. W. Poole — R&CS, Clinton, to RCAF Stn Gimli.
 WO1 W. H. Refausse — 1 R&CS, Clinton, to RCAF Stn Trenton.
 WO1 R. B. Robinson — ADCHQ, St. Hubert, to 32 ACW Sqn, Foymount.
 WO2 J. S. Scott — AMCHQ, Ottawa, to 25 AMB, Calgary.
 WO2 D. M. Tyler — 30 AMB, UK, to RCAF Stn Sea Island.
 WO2 D. H. Waitt — AMCHQ, Ottawa, to 12 ADGpHQ, Vancouver.
 WO2 J. W. Wilkes — 422 (F) Sqn, Uplands, to RCAF Stn Uplands.
 WO2 L. S. Williams — 1 FWgHQ, UK, to 2 KTS, Aylmer.

KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS

AAFCE	— Allied Air Forces Central Europe	IU	— Intelligence Unit
ACW	— Aircraft Control and Warning	(LB)	— Light Bomber
ADCC	— Air Defence Control Centre	MAC	— Maritime Air Command
ADCHQ	— Air Defence Control Headquarters	(MR)	— Maritime Reconnaissance
ADGpHQ	— Air Defence Group Headquarters	NATO	— North Atlantic Treaty Organization
AFB	— Acceptance and Ferry Flight	OS	— Officers' School
AFS	— Advanced Flying School	OTU	— Operational Training Unit
Air Div	— Air Division	(Ph)	— Photographic
AMB	— Air Materiel Base	PD	— Publications Depot
AMCHQ	— Air Materiel Command Headquarters	PRC	— Personnel Reception Centre
ANS	— Air Navigation School	PWS	— Pilot Weapons School
ATCHQ	— Air Transport Command Headquarters	"R" Unit	— Rescue Unit
(Aux)	— Auxiliary	R & CS	— Radar and Communications School
(AW)	— All Weather	(Res)	— Reserve
CEPE	— Central Experimental and Proving Establishment	RD	— Repair Depot
CFS	— Central Flying School	RU	— Recruiting Unit
CJS	— Canadian Joint Staff	SC	— RCAF Staff College
CMU	— Construction and Maintenance Unit	SD	— Supply Depot
CNS	— Central Navigation School	SHAPE	— Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe
C & R Flt	— Communications and Rescue Flight	(T)	— Transport
(F)	— Fighter	TAC	— Tactical Air Command
FTS	— Flying Training School	TCHQ	— Training Command Headquarters
FWgHQ	— Fighter Wing Headquarters	TSU	— Technical Services Unit
IAM	— Institute of Aviation Medicine	TTS	— Technical Training School
		"X" D	— X Depot

Thus Spake the Fuehrer!

In July 1944, in the course of an interview with some prominent German fighter pilots who were advocating the use of jet fighters, Hitler delivered this gem of dictatorial omniscience: "Jet fighters keep running through your heads all the time. The jet is not a fighter aircraft; you couldn't engage in combat with it. My doctor tells me that, in carrying out the violent movements necessary in combat, certain parts of the brain would cease to

function. This aircraft is not yet fully developed, and when it is, it will not be the fighters who will get it. For you I have other aircraft constructed in a different way conforming to proven technical experience. Say no more to me about this 'turbo' fighter. It is useless . . . I know better than you the use of aircraft."

(From a recent lecture in Buenos Aires, by Gen. Adolf Galland, former General of the German Fighter Command, quoted in "Forces Aériennes Françaises.")

★ What's the Score?

"The recent election," writes Sgt. Shatterproof in a footnote to his monthly report, "has reminded me that 1953 is the septcentenary of the death of my feudal ancestor, Sir Hellebore Shatterproof. Remembered nowadays only by the more specialized type of historian, Sir Hellebore was nevertheless chief aide to Sir Simon de Roquefort at the coercion of King John at Runnymede. Such was the force of the man's personality that, although he was suffering from an acute attack of ostracism brought on by a surfeit of garlic, his mere approach had more effect on the king than all the eloquence of the assembled barons. Before my ancestor could get within ten feet of him, the reluctant monarch had grabbed a pen, signed the fateful document, and plunged into the Thames in the wake of a passing lamprey. Since, like most noblemen of his day, Sir Hellebore was unable to read, his familiarity with the contents of Magna Carta was probably not extensive; and it can only add to his renown that this fact did not influence his actions. Witting or unwitting, he cast the die, thereby setting an example that seven centuries of democratic thinking have followed and sanctified."

Witting or unwitting, the members of the Editorial Committee averaged a score of 14 for this month's questionnaire. Correct answers appear on page 48.

1. The racial structure of Canada's electorate is approximately:
 - (a) 52% British stock, 28% French, 20% miscellaneous.
 - (b) 61% British stock, 32% French, 7% miscellaneous.
 - (c) 49% British stock, 30% French, 21% miscellaneous.
 - (d) 40% British stock, 47% French, 13% miscellaneous.
2. Before the formation of the Dominion in 1867, "Canada" consisted of five colonies. These were:
 - (a) New France, Upper Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Canada West.
 - (b) Lower Canada, Upper Canada, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick.
 - (c) Upper Canada, Lower Canada, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia.
 - (d) Quebec, Lower Canada, Upper Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia.
3. Each of the foregoing five colonies was:
 - (a) Under the rule of a governor from England, with an appointed council, and an assembly elected more or less on the basis of property.
 - (b) Governed by its own elected parliament, whose head was the British governor.
 - (c) Self-governing (by means of its own elected assembly) except in matters of taxation, foreign relationships, and natural resources.
 - (d) Under the arbitrary control of the British governor and his appointed council.
4. "The Kingdom of Canada" was the name originally suggested for the Dominion by:
 - (a) Lord Durham.
 - (b) George Brown.
 - (c) Alexander Galt.
 - (d) Sir John A. Macdonald.
5. Saskatchewan and Alberta were not included in the Dominion until:
 - (a) 1871.
 - (b) 1905.
 - (c) 1873.
 - (d) 1880.
6. The first Dominion Government was a coalition, which soon became generally known as "Conservative." The Liberals first came into power in:
 - (a) 1872.
 - (b) 1900.
 - (c) 1874.
 - (d) 1895.
7. In 1921, two Labour members were elected to the Dominion Parliament. No form of socialist party, however, existed on a national basis

- until 1932, with the foundation of the:
- (a) Co-operative Commonwealth Federation.
 - (b) Social Credit Party.
 - (c) Labour Progressive Party.
 - (d) Union Nationale.
8. In Canada, the public can participate directly in government in two main ways. One is by electing their rulers ("representative government"), while the other ("direct democracy") consists in:
- (a) Marching on Ottawa.
 - (b) Use of the advisory or permissive plebiscite.
 - (c) Appeal to the Supreme Court.
 - (d) Appeal to the Governor-General.
9. "Direct democracy" has been resorted to in Canada only twice: in 1942 and in 1898. On the earlier occasion the electors were consulted respecting:
- (a) Women's suffrage.
 - (b) Canadian participation in the Boer War.
 - (c) Liquor prohibition.
 - (d) Compulsory military service.
10. In 1871, for the first time in Canada, education in free public schools was made compulsory in the province of:
- (a) Ontario.
 - (b) Quebec.
 - (c) British Columbia.
 - (d) Prince Edward Island.
11. Adult male suffrage, irrespective of property qualifications, was first introduced by the Manitoba provincial government in 1888. The prairie provinces were the first to grant women the vote (1916), and the last was (1940):
- (a) British Columbia.
 - (b) New Brunswick.
 - (c) Prince Edward Island.
 - (d) Quebec.
12. Allowed to vote in Federal elections are:
- (a) Non-veteran B.C. Doukhobors, their wives or descendants.
 - (b) Judges appointed by the Governor-in-Council.
 - (c) Inmates of penal institutions.
 - (d) Bankrupts who have served a term for grand larceny.
13. Women were granted the right to vote in Federal elections in:
- (a) 1914.
 - (b) 1921.
 - (c) 1917.
 - (d) 1931.
14. Any Canadian citizen who is twenty-one years of age or over may be nominated for Parliament, provided that twenty-five voters will sign his nomination papers and that he can make a deposit of \$200.00. Should he fail to poll at least one-half as many votes as the successful candidate, his \$200.00:
- (a) Is forfeited to the government.
 - (b) Goes to the winning party's campaign chest.
 - (c) Is given to any charity of his choice.
 - (d) Is distributed among his twenty-five sponsors.
15. The speaker of the House of Commons is elected by the members at the opening of Parliament. His function is that of an impartial arbiter of the proceedings, and he can vote only:
- (a) In support of the opposition.
 - (b) If called upon to do so by the Prime Minister.
 - (c) In the event of an uproar.
 - (d) In case of a tie.
16. Before the members of the House of Commons proceed to consider, and draft a reply to, the Governor-General's throne speech, a "dummy bill" is presented to them. This presentation is made in order to:
- (a) Give the members a little preliminary practice.
 - (b) Indicate the power of the House of Commons to act entirely on its own authority and without waiting for the address from the throne.
 - (c) Show the members how much they are costing the taxpayers.
 - (d) Familiarize new members with Parliamentary procedure.
17. Appointments to the civil service of Canada were, at first, decidedly political. Attempts (which began in 1868) to reform this situation culminated with the appointment of two impartial examining Commissioners in:
- (a) 1890.
 - (b) 1918.
 - (c) 1908.
 - (d) 1876.
18. The Canadian constitution is:
- (a) Contained in the British North America Act of 1867.
 - (b) Based on the British North America Act and upon conventions and usages inherited from the United Kingdom.
 - (c) Stated in the Constitutional Act of 1791.
 - (d) Embodied in the Statute of Westminster of 1931.

19. Until 29 Dec. 1949, the highest court to which a Canadian could appeal was:

- (a) The Supreme Court of Canada.
- (b) The Surrogate Court.
- (c) The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.
- (d) The Exchequer Court of Canada.

20. A private bill, in the House of Commons, is:

- (a) A bill that affects only an individual or small group of individuals.
- (b) An expense account presented by each member to the Clerk of the Court at the end of a session.
- (c) A bill dealing with delicate subjects that must be discussed *in camera*.
- (d) A bill for room-rental in the Parliament Buildings, presented by the Clerk of the Court to each member at the end of a session.

The Suggestion Box

The Chief of the Air Staff has sent a letter of thanks to the undermentioned N.C.O. for an original suggestion which has been officially adopted by the R.C.A.F.

Sgt. R. Boyd, of No. 11 T.S.U., drew up revisions to the Repairable Equipment Request form, which will obviate both waste of time and needless transportation costs occasioned by incorrect identification of equipment.



FOREVER AND EVEREST

A geologist employed by the Indian Government reported his discovery that Mount Everest

is steadily growing taller at the mean rate of one half inch a week.

(*"The New York Times."*)

Letters to the Editor ★ ★ ★

"LET'S HAVE IT!"

Dear Sir:

If I am not too late, I should like to add my two cents' worth to your collection of "Let's Have it!" howls.

For one thing, a great deal of "Roundel" space seems to be wasted each month on fancy article-headings, too-large photographs (especially of senior officers), and what the advertising men call "white space." Tighten up on these things and you'll have more room for reading-matter.

Secondly, "The Roundel" always strikes me as a rather aloof journal, devoted to the activities of the "top brass" and memories of yesteryear. It should try to maintain a closer touch with the lower ranks (who, when all is said, are the backbone of the Air Force) and give an up-to-date picture of current developments throughout the Service.

The lack of an adequate supply of good material might be remedied by offering *payment* for articles. (Correct me if I'm wrong, but aren't all submissions made gratis?) If "The Roundel" has no cash to cover such payment, what's wrong with a little advertising revenue?

A word of praise at the end. I like Shatterproof, Ray Tracy (are these one and the same?), "Letters to the Editor," and most of the non-historical articles that do appear. The cover-pictures are usually well done, and the layout (with the exceptions noted above) shows a consistently high standard.

L.A.C. Frank Kenley
No. 3 Fighter Wing, Germany.

(L.A.C. Kenley's very constructive letter is only the fourth we have received in answer to our request for criticism in the May issue. Surely "The Roundel" isn't that good!

Touching upon the question in L.A.C. Kenley's final paragraph, the old wardog, having drawn strongly upon his pre-prandial, was heard to remark: "As my ancestress Goody Shatterproof, the wise old Hen-Wife of Hartlepool, replied when questioned by the squire concerning the identity of a girl he'd met by moonlight behind the refreshment tent at the village fair:

*'To wonder 'oo a maiden is,
In silken gown or tatters,
Don't profit none; so 'ave your fun —
It's wot's inside that matters!'*" — EDITOR.)

AN APOLOGY

Dear Sir:

In "The Roundel" for May 1953 I notice my name among overseas postings for March. I am curious to know where the information for this section is obtained, since, far from being a W.O.2, I am only an L.A.C. I appreciate the promotion on your part, but until now have not been paid for it.

LAC C. S. O'Leary,
No. 3 Fighter Wing H.Q.
Germany.

(We apologize to L.A.C. O'Leary for the error — but express the sincere hope that it may prove to be prophetic.—EDITOR.)

VICTORIA BEACH, 1924

Dear Sir:

I cannot let this opportunity pass without correcting my old friends Wing Cdr. Ray Kempster and Sqn. Ldr. M. P. Biggs in their comments on the photograph of Sports Day at Victoria Beach which appeared in your January issue. There were two errors in ranks and names, which is easily understood in view of the lapse of time.

I was the unknown person standing slightly behind Flt. Lt. (Gus) Edwards and was at that time a sergeant. Dave Gilchrist was an A.M.2 and his initials were D. R. (David Robb). Poor Gilly died in 1944 while serving as W.O.1 at No. 8 Repair Depot. The civilian was Mr. Martin, an old soldier who always wore his medals when the station was visited by prominent officers. T. Couper was a Scotch lad who purchased his discharge and disappeared from Air Force life.

We had a good station, and many of the personnel made the grade to high ranks, namely Air Marshal Harold Edwards, Air Cdre. N. F. Mossop, Wing Cdr. Pat Aronson, Wing Cdr. Cairns, Wing Cdr. "Chesty" Livingston, Wing Cdr. Stan McConnell, and others too numerous to mention. It would be very interesting to see a group picture of the old Vic. Beach gang. Perhaps Bill Gorham, whose hobby was photography, may have a picture around.

I look forward to receiving my "Roundel" every month. It brings back very fond memories, and I still feel as though there is a tie that binds us all together.

Wing Cdr. T. F. (Tommy) Cooper, O.B.E., (ret.)

(The photograph to which Wing Cdr. Cooper refers, and which is reprinted here, appeared in our January "Pin-Points in the Past" and was the subject of letters from Wing Cdr. R. F. E. Kempster and Sqn. Ldr. M. P. Biggs in the March and June issues, respectively.—EDITOR.)





SERVICE WRITING

Dear Sir:

Down, but not out! Perhaps my point on standardization was not strong enough to convince the editor that one form — correct RCAF abbreviations — be used in service publications so that service personnel may be well acquainted with these correct abbreviations. It is quite likely that very few personnel other than those in administrative trades have studied CAP 460. It is also quite likely that most of them do read *The Roundel*, which uses civilian abbreviations. Consequently, the way is open for errors in service abbreviations. Such a problem would not exist if service writing were employed in all official and unofficial service publications.

Now let us consider the Oxford Concise Dictionary as an authority. Does a lexicographer devise new words and meanings? No, he merely records words and definitions that have sprung up in various fields and which have been accepted through use. Definitions change. It is not the lexicographers who initiate the changes, but those who constantly use or misuse the words.

Air Force terms have been created by Air Force people for use in the Air Force. If the public has to use these terms, it should do so without making changes. When the RCAF (to be more exact) decides that alterations are necessary, the public should be expected to accept the changes as well.

In the case of abbreviations, it is quite probable that neither the public nor the lexicographers have been informed of the changes. Therefore, the Oxford Concise Dictionary cannot be considered correct because of its incompleteness.

I have pride in the RCAF. Despite the fact that there is room for improvement, I believe it is a fine organization. I believe that service writing has its merits. The public should be given the opportunity to come into contact with service writing. The best course of action is to stop the dual usage — restricting Air Force terms to service usage and resorting to civilian or military (army) terms externally — and to use official RCAF language only, if it is possible, in both service and civilian matters.

G. B. Landis

"It is indeed heartening," writes Sgt. Shatterproof, to whom we forwarded the foregoing letter, "to realize that I no longer stand alone in my fight for a higher standard of orthography in 'The Roundel' — and it is even more heartening to find that there are stern spirits who will not be satisfied with the evasive replies so commonly given to 'Letters to the Editor.' I refer, of course, to your reply to Mr. Landis' previous letter, written before his release from the Service and published in the May issue. The cold war is over, Sir: the boys in the field are aroused. Even I cannot much longer hold their outraged sensibilities in check. I am, however, making one last effort to convince you — and the Brass — that the whole approach of 'The Roundel' is wrong. Attached you will find the opening paragraphs of Flying Officer Ruch's article, 'Glimpses of the Half-Remembered,' rephrased and punctuated in a manner befitting a Service publication, and with all irrelevencies omitted. Study it well, Sir. And should it fail in its purpose — may God defend the right!"

Sgt. Shatterproof's rewrite appears on page 30. May God defend the right! — EDITOR.

434-431 SQUADRONS ASSOCIATION

Dear Sir:

Once again on behalf of 434-431 Squadrons Association, I am writing you to ask if you would publish notice of our Fall Dance which is scheduled for Saturday, September 26th, 1953, at the "Club Top Hat" in Toronto. Time: 8.15 p.m. Admission: \$1.50 per person.

Our Spring dance was highly successful. The turnout was good and our correspondence has increased — thanks in no small measure to your publishing my letter in the April issue of "The Roundel."

N. W. Macdonald,
Sec'y, 434-431 Squadrons Association

(We regret that we did not receive Mr. Macdonald's letter in time for the July-August issue.—EDITOR.)

R.N.Z.A.F. CORRESPONDENT

Dear Sir:

Having read a number of issues of your magazine, I thought I'd write and say how much I enjoyed them. I'm wondering what the outcome of the proposed Women's Page will be! I'm looking forward to the results.

I know that you're not a branch of a pen pal's organization, but I'm the Chairman of our local Corporal's Club. Small, but reasonably organized, we like to keep in contact with other air force types. I was wondering if it is possible for you to put me in contact with, say, three units of the R.C.A.F., and for me to correspond with corporals on such units. Also would you please send me the R.C.A.F. Association's address? While in England I did meet one or two R.C.A.F. men, but I've lost touch with them.

Life here is very pleasant. Our quarters are right by the sea, and swimming, boating, and sunbathing are popular. However, right now we're in the middle of winter — nothing at all like the Canadian winter as I imagine it to be.

Cpl. Basil Nunn,
Room 445,
Air Department, Private Bag,
Wellington,
New Zealand.

(General Secretary, R.C.A.F. Association, 424 Metcalfe St., Ottawa, Ont.— We hope that Cpl. Nunn's invitation to correspond will meet with a welcome from some of his Canadian fellow airmen.—EDITOR.)

Answers to "What's The Score?"

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

Dogs bark, but the caravan goes on. (Turkish proverb.)

Biography

THE trips that made your tour you filed concisely
In dog-eared log, and, as became a chap
Who battled, you took the honours rather nicely
And wore them in the angle of your cap,
Less than a thought. And less than thought to you
Were all the lines John Keats or Shelley said;
No skylark, roared your bomber in the blue;
No belle dame sans merci sang in your head.

Mendicant never, you paid your way in full,
Laughed in your ale and sought no man's light praises.
Twenty trips out, where deadly beautiful
The bombing run left little time for phrases,
You prang'd the target, cursed the English showers,
And down the road, beyond the "Lion's Head"
Shared with a Waaf two moonlit haystack hours
'Till turning props dispersed the words you said.

What did you say, who watched the red moon rise
And flares hang in the sky above Berlin?
I'll give you this — you were too big for lies
When you spun in.

Tom Farley

(Courtesy of The Ryerson Press)



The
ROUND