

# The **CROWNDDEL**

Vol. 7, No. 2  
FEBRUARY 1955



**ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE**



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

Vol. 7, No. 2

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*This Month's Cover*



Cpl. R. A. Mattern, of the staff at Resolute Bay, with two husky puppies at the nearby Eskimo village. The photograph was taken by Cpl. D. Eagles, of Air Transport Command, Lachine, during Operation "Santa Claus". (See page 16.)

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

# SGT. SHATTERPROOF IS ENCOURAGED

Sir:

We Shatterproofs have ever championed the truth, no matter in what strange guise she appears. Nor do we turn too hastily even from the bizarre until we are assured that in it there does not lurk some faint vestige of underlying fact. I would ask, Sir, that you bear my words in mind while you read the story that follows.

It is a tale of the R.C.A.F.'s early days, and I heard it from the lips of a white-haired Sergeant who appeared in our Mess one evening shortly after the New Year. On his breast he wore pilot's wings of an outmoded pattern. His name, he informed us, was Sgt. Longbow, and he had arrived in an aircraft that was making an overnight stop at our station. I would have liked to question him further, but the aircraft must have left before breakfast the next morning — oddly enough, without either its arrival or departure having been recorded at the control tower.

It was the hour of the pre-prandial, and the talk had turned to the subject of flying saucers. Flt. Sgt. Figment, for whom few corners of the Cosmos seem to hold any secrets, assured us that we would not have to wait long now before **THEY** came and took over. W.O. 1 Gallstone, who has been experiencing some difficulty with his arteries of late, attributed the whole business to the effects of the modern North American woman's cooking on the human liver, and to the resultant high incidence of spots in front of people's eyes. Others, again, felt that mankind was merely being held in benign surveillance by a superior race of fresh-water crustaceans from the canals of Mars; still others, that Russia would bear watching.

During a lull in the conversation, Sgt. Longbow, who had not yet spoken, said quietly:

"Gentlemen, all of you are wrong. Flying saucers are neither the products of mass-hallucination nor

do they originate beyond the borders of our own country. There is, in fact, only one of them, and its pilot is a member of the R.C.A.F."

After a moment of stunned silence, a clamour of voices and uncertain guffaws broke out around him. He raised a restraining hand, showing his strong white teeth in a patient smile.

"Evidently none of you have heard of the incident at Cold Lake. The electronic brain, which does the thinking for the Air Armament Evaluation Detachment, recently took leave of its senses and refused to say anything except "Aunt Jemima" when addressed. Its breakdown occurred shortly after it had been asked to compute the course and speed of a disc-like object that had hurtled low above the station in what appeared to be all directions at once. To add to the mystery, the whole area was at the same time subjected to a shower of particles which bore a strong resemblance to extremely stale bread-crumbs. I think, gentlemen, that Cpl. Upthrow may already have brought his strange craft down. Let us drink to the success of his landing."

When, with the courtly grace of an N.C.O. of long experience, he had led us in the toast, he leaned back against the bar. Then:

"If you care to hear it, gentlemen", he said, "I'll tell you the whole story . . ."

## THE CURSE OF BLUBBAGUT THE SHAMAN

My story (began Sgt. Longbow) concerns those far-off days when the mighty Vedette was queen of Canada's skies. They were the days when the cameras of the R.C.A.F. were beginning to strip the veils of mystery from our virgin northland, when the Brass which now treads Olympian heights still moved among mankind. But — most important of all, gentlemen — they were also the

days which launched the flying saucer on its long and aerodynamically unsound career.

It was in the summer of 1927 that it happened. I was stationed at one of our northern bases as N.C.O. in charge of maintenance for the three detachments which were working within a radius of some four hundred miles.

One day we failed to make radio contact with No. 2 Detachment. At first, our C.O. was not alarmed: the weather in that whole area had been consistently fine, and radios were not what they are now. When, however, three days had gone by without bringing any word from it, he bade me get ready to accompany him on a flight of investigation. Within an hour "P for Palsy" (the C.O.'s personal 'plane) was heading north over the thinning bush and out across the barrens.

The personnel of No. 2 Detachment consisted of three men instead of the usual four — Flying Officer Pantseat, the pilot; a civilian surveyor named Mr. Transit, who was doubling as photographer; and Cpl. Uphrow, who was carrying out the functions of a cook in addition to his regular duties as mechanic and radio operator. It had, unfortunately, been discovered by a budget-conscious A.F.H.Q. that Cpl. Uphrow had once worked as a short-order cook at an establishment known as Bellitesta's Lunch Counter.



Five hours' flying brought us to our destination. As we circled the little lake at whose edge the Detachment's camp was pitched, fear clutched at our hearts. Flying Officer Pantseat's Vedette lay idly at her mooring. No figures rushed from the tents to welcome us. As far as the eye could reach across the tundra, all was solitude and stillness.

Hurriedly the C.O. brought our aircraft down and beached her. Shouting, we scrambled up the steep shore towards the camp.

(Here Sgt. Longbow heaved a deep sigh and appeared to become lost in silent contemplation of the past, absent-mindedly inverting his empty tankard on the counter. Gently the barman disengaged it from his grasp and refilled it. Sgt. Longbow returned hastily to the present, and, after duly solacing himself, resumed his story.)

We found them in one of the tents. Or rather, gentlemen, we found two of them. Flying Officer Pantseat sat dead in a chair, with a Theory of Flight Manual clutched in his rigid right hand and his mouth agape in horrified disbelief. On a camp-bed in the corner lay Mr. Transit, muttering ceaselessly and grinning to himself in idiotic ecstasy.

As we stared at him, aghast, he slowly raised his head.

"Think of it!" he giggled. "Forty tons of cold pancake — and not an ounce of butter or a drop of syrup!" He burst into a paroxysm of hideous mirth; then his head fell back, and the next moment he was snoring heavily.

The C.O. and I transported Flying Officer Pantseat's body down to our aircraft and packed it in the ice which was always carried against just such emergencies. After that, we returned to the camp and sat guard over Mr. Transit.

He awoke at about eleven the next morning. Though he was still raving slightly, we succeeded in soothing him by frequent applications of medicinal brandy. By noon he was able to talk, if not coherently, at least consecutively.

Now, gentlemen, I do not demand that you believe what you are about to hear. You are at liberty to dismiss it as the fantasy of a brain that was even then cracking; or you may remind yourselves, with Hamlet, that there are quite a lot of

things in heaven and earth that even a Promotion Board doesn't know.

According to Mr. Transit, the first shadow of impending doom had appeared at lunch-time, shortly after the party pitched camp. Cpl. Upthrow served pancakes. Had they been good pancakes, our skies would have remained saucerless. But they were not good pancakes. They were the worst pancakes that Flying Officer Pantseat and Mr. Transit had ever tasted. How, they asked Cpl. Upthrow, could a former professional cook offer for human consumption a partially-warmed mixture of unsifted flour and water which even the invincible chemistry of a pig would have been unable to convert into pork?

Piqued, Cpl. Upthrow explained that, during his entire career as a chef, he had been required to prepare only one sort of dish: pancakes. Furthermore, since Signor Bellitesta's clientele had consisted almost exclusively of transients on their way to or from freight-trains in the neighbouring railway-yards, the cry was for pancakes of the kind that stay with a man. And, finally, he had not signed on in the R.C.A.F. as a cook.

It would, of course, having been flying in the face of protocol had either Flying Officer Pantseat or Mr. Transit taken over the kitchen. Nor, since they knew nothing of cooking, would matters have been much improved. They were therefore forced to make the best of a rather bad job.

The imagination boggles at the thought of what those three men must have gone through during the next few days. Once, indeed, Cpl. Upthrow did attempt to lighten their lot by the use of baking-powder, but the entire party was immediately prostrated with a painful complaint known in dairying circles, I believe, as "the bloats". Thereafter he stayed faithfully with his original formula — and, gentlemen, every pancake they ate stayed with them. None the less, such was their stamina and their devotion to duty that they might well have survived the ordeal had not Fate, in the shape of a short fat Eskimo, come waddling into their camp a little before sunset on the eleventh day.

Flying Officer Pantseat, who was making out his reports at the door of his tent, staggered up,

pouchy-eyed, to greet him. Courteously he enquired:

"Ug-ug-glugalug?" (which, as you gentlemen probably know, means: "You seem tired, my brother. Have you eaten?")

"Uglimug," replied his visitor, eyeing him steadily. "Ug-ug-glug. Alug-ugli-mug-ug." ("May the Great Sky Spirit deal gently with my white brother. I have not eaten since yesterday's dawn, when I left my tribe to follow a stray caribou heading westward towards the Big Sea Water.") "Blubbagut, ugglu-galug-ugli-mug," he added, tapping his chest. ("My name is Blubbagut, and, though I am a shaman of more than average ability, I do a little hunting on the side.")

Flying Officer Pantseat smiled, and (gagging slightly) called to Cpl. Upthrow to whomp up another batch of pancakes. Cpl. Upthrow lumbered to his feet with a groan and doubled over — that is, tottered in a doubled-over attitude — to the cook-tent. Presently he emerged with a plateful of pancakes, which he set down before their guest.

"Ug-ug!" exclaimed the Eskimo; and seizing the top one with both hands, he crammed it into his mouth and swallowed it in a single gulp. His hosts averted their eyes.

It was not until only one pancake remained that Blubbagut paused. "Glug," he said, reflectively; then, leaping suddenly to his feet, he dashed out of sight behind one of the tents. When, after a quarter of an hour, he returned, he was a changed man. Gone was the friendly smile, gone the teddy-bear waddle. He moved uncertainly and with great care, and the mahogany of his skin had turned to green. Approaching Cpl. Upthrow, he stood staring at him for a full minute before he croaked out, with a malevolence which would have stopped even Mr. Dale Carnegie in his tracks:

"Alugug-limugu-gug! Glugalug-guglimu-gug! Ug Blubbagut!"

This said, he turned and shuffled wearily away into the gathering dusk.

Cpl. Upthrow turned a white face to his officer. "What did he say, Sir?"

Flying Officer Pantseat looked troubled.

"He cursed you, Corporal, I'm afraid. His actual words were: 'I, Blubbagut the ancient wizard, now



in my hour of death, doom the white poisoner to wander the skies until he has consumed the last bitter mouthful of his own abomination. Not till then shall he again set his foot upon his native soil! ”

“Sounds like I’m going aircrew, Sir, doesn’t it?” said Cpl. Upthrow with a dreadful attempt at jocularity. “Blessed if I don’t think the old boy —”

But what Cpl. Upthrow thought about the old boy was not revealed, for at that moment Mr. Transit gave a yell and pointed, gibbering, at the plate from which Blubbagut had been eating.

The remaining pancake was swelling before their eyes. Even as they stared, it engulfed the plate, overturned an adjacent stool, and continued to expand with ever-increasing rapidity until it reached Mr. Transit’s feet. With a cry he leaped backwards, dragging Flying Officer Pantseat with him.

Cpl. Upthrow, on the other hand, seemed unable to move. In a sort of daze, he watched the soggy monstrosity approach him. Helplessly he stood there as it knocked his feet from under him and caught him on its back, where he sat as if paralyzed while it continued to grow larger and larger beneath him.

“Jump, man!” cried Flying Officer Pantseat. “In the name of the Service we both love—jump!”

But Cpl. Upthrow was deaf to all appeals. Loyalty no longer meant anything to him; he was beyond the reach of discipline. Nor did he show any sign of emotion when the pancake quivered and began to slither easily over the ground. Quickly it gathered flying-speed, until at last, with a sickening “swoosh”, it became airborne and disappeared rapidly into the star-scattered darkness of the eastern sky.

Cpl. Upthrow had got his wings.

(Sgt. Longbow heaved another sigh, even deeper than before, and drained his tankard with an air of finality.)

Well, gentlemen, there’s little more to tell. When Mr. Transit had finished his tale, he glanced furtively about him and placed a knowing finger against the side of his nose. “But you can’t fool a Dominion Land Surveyor,” he whispered, winking at us. “I’ve learned my lesson. It’s waffles for me from now on.” It was in a strait-jacket that we flew him back to the base that evening.

As I have said, gentlemen, I ask no one to believe the poor fellow’s story. Nevertheless, I would remind you that Cpl. Upthrow disappeared without leaving any trace — and I would also draw your attention to the erratic behaviour of flying saucers. It is exactly how one would expect an aerofoil to behave when its area and shape are being subjected to constant change by a hungry man who is learning about aerodynamics the hard way. Nor is it unreasonable to suppose that Cpl. Upthrow has by this time consumed at least twenty of Mr. Transit’s estimated forty tons. If he has, his wing-loading has certainly increased beyond the limits of flight. We can merely pray that he has used his incisors with discretion.

\* \* \*

And that, Sir is the story as I heard it from Sgt. Longbow. You can withhold it or pass it on to a frightened world, as you see fit. Should Hamlet prove to have been right, however, it is encouraging to reflect that Cpl. Upthrow must by now be almost due for his third hook.

## EDUCATION

We do not know what education could do for us, because we have never tried it.  
(Robert Maynard Hutchins.)

# THE PARTY LINE

## AVIATION MEDICINE

By Wing Commander J. C. Wickett, A.F.C.

*(The science of aviation medicine embraces many activities in addition to normal clinical practice. In this article, Wing Cdr. Wickett explains with unusual clarity the duties of the medical officer who specializes in the physiological and psychological problems attendant on high-speed and high-altitude flight. The author joined the R.C.A.F. in 1938, and, after serving in various capacities — including that of instructor at Central Flying School — he went overseas and flew Mosquitoes with No. 418 Squadron until shot down and taken prisoner. After VE-Day, he was posted to C.F.S. as officer commanding. Released from the Service later in 1945, he enrolled at the University of Western Ontario, where he added the degrees of M.Sc. and M.D. to the B.Sc. which he had obtained at the University of Alberta before originally joining the R.C.A.F. Since coming back into the Service, he has worked entirely with the Institute of Aviation Medicine and as a Group Head in the Defence Research Medical Laboratories at Downsview, Ont. — EDITOR.)*

### HISTORY

AVIATION medicine can best be defined as "that branch of medicine which is concerned with and related to the biology of flying." In this case the term "biology" is used in its broadest sense, for it includes such diverse fields as human engineering, clothing design and personnel selection, as well as the more obviously related fields of physiology, nutrition, medicine, and ophthalmology. In the United States, aviation medicine has recently been elevated to the status of a certified speciality, along with other medical specialities such as surgery, psychiatry, and neurology. The R.C.A.F. welcomes this recognition, for we have long been concerned about the need for the specially trained and orientated aviation medical doctor and his associated scientists.

From the earliest days of aviation the medical man had taken an interest in flying, but it was not until the First World War that this interest became professional. A survey of the Royal Flying

Corps at the end of the first year of that war demonstrated that 65% of flying personnel were unfit for duty. Such a staggering rate of non-effectiveness called for immediate action, and certain medical men were detailed to provide a solution. The problems of those days were the old familiar ones of operational fatigue, noise, cold, and changing pressures. These problems are still not completely solved, but it is significant that when the study of them was first begun, and when action was taken, the rate for non-effectiveness among flying personnel dropped to 20% in one year. Those early workers became the first flying personnel medical officers (F.P.M.O.s), or flight surgeons, and they demonstrated that the medical problems of the aviator were unique and that they required special study and investigation.

In the post-war period, aviation medicine maintained its identity, and, as flying became commonplace and the problems of aircraft increased, more and more medical men joined the ranks of the specialists. The increasing complexity of the



machine multiplied the difficulties of maintaining the efficiency and life of the aviator, and constituted an absorbing challenge to the physician who had a particular interest in physiology.

With the advent of the Second World War, there was no hesitation about establishing large numbers of F.P.M.O.s, or flight surgeons. Their responsibility was to care for flying personnel, to carry out research in aviation physiology, and to develop means of protecting aircrew against the many hazards associated with flying. Since a solution to many of the problems depended on aircraft design, the physician was forced into the field of physics and aerodynamics. Similarly, the aviation medical doctor found himself involved in the science of heat-exchange in order to solve problems of cold; in psychiatry, to deal with operational fatigue; and in psychology, to select candidates who would make successful aircrew or to assist him in advising on aircraft instrumentation and control.

All these developments have resulted in the need for two kinds of air force medical officers — one to care for the ill, and the other (the F.P.M.O.) to devote himself to the maintenance of the healthy aviator. Thus, the F.P.M.O. finds himself becoming divorced from the hospital and attached to the flight line or the laboratory.

#### THE PRESENT DAY

From a military point of view, aviation medicine is almost a speciality within a speciality, for Service requirements differ somewhat in both type and degree from civilian aviation requirements. In an air force, the emphasis is, of course, on the man-aeroplane combination as a weapon system; and, by concerning himself with this combination, the F.P.M.O. is tending towards a change in his philosophy. No longer does the aviation medical specialist feel that his sole aim is "to conserve the fighting strength"; he is now also obligated to "defeat the enemy at the least cost." This change in orientation has resulted in a direct association with the aviator, and consequently the F.P.M.O. feels as close a kinship with the chief operations officer as he does with the medical officer in the station hospital. If the pilot or navigator becomes ill, the F.P.M.O. must, naturally, call upon his

medical knowledge and experience to ensure that the best possible care is made available.

Ideally, then, in an air force the F.P.M.O. is a mixture of physician, engineer, scientist, teacher, and airman.

1. *As a physician, he is responsible for the medical examination of aircrew.* This responsibility includes initial selection, because aircrew are required to have certain physical attributes not necessary in other air force trades. The standards are continually being reviewed and validated. Is it necessary to have 20-20 vision? Should people who are colour-defective-unsafe be allowed to fly? When is a man too old to fly jet-powered aircraft? In order to give reasonable advice on these awkward questions, the F.P.M.O. must have not only a good grounding in general medicine but also a thorough knowledge of the performance required of aircrew. As a physician, the F.P.M.O. is also responsible for the physical and mental health of the aviators. It has been said that "the F.P.M.O. knows the pilots better than the commanding officer and knows the commanding officer better than he knows himself." Family difficulties, housing problems, and alcoholism — these are only a few of the factors which may reduce the effectiveness of the fighting airman; and, as the specialist responsible for the human side of the air force weapon, the F.P.M.O. must contend with or ameliorate these factors when they arise.

2. *As an engineer, the F.P.M.O. advises on the development of aircraft and even upon certain aspects of their armament.* The questions he faces are numerous. Where should the controls be placed? Where should the instruments be placed and how should they be lighted? How much actual aircraft management can be left to the pilot? Other questions include problems of air conditioning, oxygen systems, ejection seats, anti-g valves, and pressurization schedules. In the majority of these cases the final solution rests with the designer, but his construction must be made on the basis of man's physiological and mental potential. It is the aviation medical specialist who advises on these limitations and abilities. By liaison with engineering officers concerned with aircraft development, and through them with the

aircraft companies, he contributes to the production of aeroplanes which can be flown safely and effectively.

3. *The F.P.M.O. is also a scientist.* Although he may not always be working in the laboratory, he is constantly searching for better ways to protect the man in the air and increase his effectiveness. Such investigation requires a wide range of knowledge, for it ultimately includes all the basic sciences. For example, the aeroplane is a physical system; man is a complex of physiology, biochemistry, and psychology; warfare may be atomic, chemical, or bacterial. In order to assist the F.P.M.O. with his investigations, the Air Force has enrolled specialists from the various scientific fields. These specialists are known as medical associates. With their aid, the F.P.M.O. carries out research and developmental work on flying clothing, pressure suits, oxygen systems, survival equipment, and on all the other accoutrements required to keep an aviator alive, efficient, and (preferably) happy in the air.

4. *It is of vital importance that the F.P.M.O. be also a teacher.* The accoutrements required by aircrew to maintain life and efficiency are as important a part of modern aircraft as the power plant or aerofoil. For example, the misuse of the oxygen system is as serious as an engine failure and may as easily end in disaster. Just as the pilot must be taught airmanship in order to perfect his flying skill, so he must be taught the principles of aeromedicine in order to understand the operation of the protective equipment provided because of his physiological limitations. The F.P.M.O., as a teacher, is responsible for this training, and in the training scheme he must deliver lectures on oxygen, visual acuity, survival, mental health, and other pertinent subjects. Even after aircrew have graduated, they remain in continual need of indoctrination and training on new equipment and practices. Therefore, even the F.P.M.O. who is not within the training scheme must, on occasion, become an instructor in aerophysiology.

5. *The close association of the aviation medical doctor and the fighting airman has often led to the physician becoming a member of aircrew.* Even if he is not qualified to

"wings" standard, he is at least an intimate part of the fighting team. He is present at briefing and de-briefing; he rejoices in the victories and belittles the defeats. In many cases he may be the oldest member of the wing or squadron and, as such, gives that sense of continuity and *esprit de corps* which is so important. Sometimes, to solve a problem or to satisfy some personal question, he may go along as "supercargo," or, on occasions, he may complete an operational tour even as a fighter pilot. As an aviator-type of doctor, the F.P.M.O. has the usual number of unpleasant tasks to perform. Investigation of fatal accidents, assessment for "lack of moral fibre," wastage rates in aircrew training, and the grounding of his aircrew friends for medical reasons, are all part of his duty. Ideally, the F.P.M.O. is a member of aircrew; but this is by no means mandatory. Even if he is a "flying doctor," his usefulness is measured by his knowledge and ability as a flight surgeon rather than his ability as an airman.

#### TRAINING THE F.P.M.O.

It may well be asked where F.P.M.O.s are to be found and how many can be obtained. The answer is, of course, that they are not *found*: they are *trained*. In the first instance, the F.P.M.O. must have obtained a medical degree and be sufficiently interested in aviation to join an air force. Once he has committed himself, the candidate is exposed to the problems of the aviator, and if, as a physician, he is willing to forego the clinical practice of medicine and devote himself to aviation medicine, he undergoes a long and arduous course of training. In North America, a doctor requires five years of special training and experience, *after obtaining his medical degree*, before he may be classed as a specialist.

In the R.C.A.F., the present need for aviation medical specialists is so great that doctors are employed as F.P.M.O.s after a minimum of training. Although neither training-time nor experience can be reduced, the R.C.A.F. has many potentially great aviation medical specialists who are working hard to achieve the goal of ideal aeromedical support for our fighting Air Force.

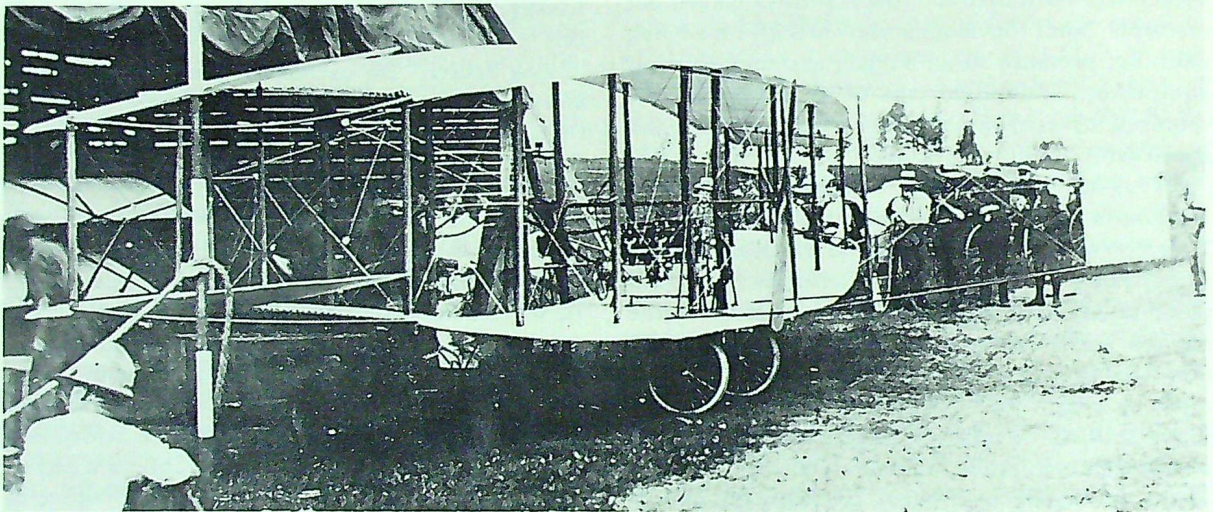
# Pin-Points in the Past



Our photographs this month show, respectively, one of the first two aeroplanes used in Canada to demonstrate the military potentialities of aircraft, and the members of the flying-boat and seaplane conversion course held at Jericho Beach, Vancouver, in 1931.

The "Baddeck No. 1", successor to the "Silver Dart" which had been wrecked a few days earlier while carrying out similar tests, was flown by J. A. D. McCurdy and F. W. Baldwin at Petawawa before members of the Militia Council on 11 and 12 August 1909. It crashed and was badly damaged on Friday 13th.

Shown in the back row of the group are (left to right): Flt. Sgt. W. Wells (W.O., released), Flying Officer R. C. Hawtrey (Group Capt.), Flying Officer Jenkins (deceased), Flying Officer W. Holmes (dec.), Flt. Lt. F. V. Beamish (R.A.F.: Group Capt., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., dec.), Sgt. A. Fleming (Sqn. Ldr., A.F.C., retired), Sgt. S. Volk (Wing Cdr., ret), Flying Officer Barker (Stores Officer). Front row (left to right): Flying Officer W. E. Bennett (Air Cdre.), Flying Officer P. G. Lewis (rel.), Sgt. A. Anderson (dec.), Sgt. B. I. Barton (Sqn. Ldr., ret.), Flying Officer F. M. Gobeil (Wing Cdr., A.F.C.). We are indebted to Wing Cdr. Gobeil for this photograph.



# Memoirs of a Canadian in the R.A.F.

## PART ONE

By Wing Commander A. L. Bocking, D.F.C.

*(Wing Commander Bocking has enjoyed quite a varied Service career during the years that have followed the events described in this first instalment of his narrative. After graduation from Flying Training School, he served with the R.A.F. in the Middle East. On operations he completed one tour on fighters and another tour as a bomber squadron commander in Greece and the Western Desert. He came back to Canada as an R.A.F. exchange officer in 1943, and was at A.F.H.Q. for a time until sent to No. 34 Operational Training Unit (R.A.F.), Pennfield Ridge, N.B., as Chief Instructor. In 1944 he transferred to the R.C.A.F. Since graduating from Staff College he has served successively as C.O. at Watson Lake, Y.T., Senior Air Staff Officer at North-West Air Command, Chief Staff Officer at No. 11 Group, Winnipeg, Director of Air Staff Services at A.F.H.Q., and O.C. Air Training Wing at the Canadian Joint Air Training Centre. He is now a Director on the staff of the Chief of Air Operations.—EDITOR.)*

IT WAS 1933, and I was proud holder of a brand-new "Commercial Air Pilot's Certificate — Flying Machines," duly signed by Sqn. Ldr. A. T. Cowley\* for the Controller of Civil Aviation. I was all set to fly anything, anywhere, at any time, for "hire or reward" or just for the hell of it.

Disillusionment came fast. I was 18 years old and no one appeared especially interested in hiring a 'teen-ager to fly anything, anywhere, at any time. There followed a period of "see-your-town-for-a-dollar" flights and various barn-storming air tours through the prairie provinces. Those were, however, happy days, and many pilots of my own vintage will recall with nostalgia the early summer mornings when one awoke from beneath the bottom main-plane of a Cirrus Moth or an Avro Avion, to the sound of cows licking the dope off the aircraft. They will recall Charlie Collins, the parachute jumper ("See his death-defying leap into

space! — Silver Collection.") stuffing his parachute, of unknown make or vintage, into a kit-bag, preparatory to tying it along the wing-root in readiness for the next jump. And the Chinese boy who took 43 hours' dual at 25c. a minute, but still persevered until the great day at Stevenson Field when he went solo with strict instructions to stay below the low winter overcast — and inevitably climbed into it and spun slowly out into the middle of the field to disappear with the debris into a mighty snowdrift — and then astounded the horrified onlookers by poking a beaming face through the wreckage, smiling blandly, and coming up with the understatement of the year: "Holy Cliste, all bloke!"

They were wonderful days in the flying world of the early 30's. Lindbergh had sparked the world's awareness of aviation just a few years before. Frank Hawks and his Texaco Special were able to keep a large number of Winnipeg citizens up all night to watch his dawn arrival — including the

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\*Air Vice-Marshal A. T. N. Cowley, C.B.E. (ret.).



*The author, aged 14, after his first solo at the Winnipeg Flying Club in 1931. The aircraft is a Cirrus Moth.*

early-morning golfers on that part of the field that now constitutes the vast complex of R.C.A.F. hangars and buildings on the west side.

But alas! that good life was not conducive to the earning of a reasonable living or to the improving of one's professional flying ability. Thus it was inevitable that one should look to the Air Force as a possible means of combining the things one loved best — flying and eating, in that order.

The R.C.A.F., while obviously the first line of attack by which to achieve the desired aim, at that time already had too many keen and hungry pilots on its hands. Indeed, it had recently released

a number of fine officers and pilots who had much more to offer than we had. However, the kind fate that especially looks after enthusiastic but indigent aviators stepped in just then with a small notice in the back of "The Aeroplane". The Royal Air Force, it seemed, was prepared to offer Short Service (5-year) commissions to young Canadian pilots who were under 22 years of age, unmarried, and held commercial pilots' licences. My friend John Kent\* and I quickly added up our qualifications and decided that this was the very thing for us.

But it was not quite as easy as the notice made it appear. (It never is.) There were many formalities and several snags. Not the least of the latter was that, while the R.A.F. might be glad to see us in order to decide whether we were suitable material, it was not prepared to waste any money on us. We must, in other words, find our own way to England. In 1933, England was much more remote in every respect than it appears to be now. A trip to the U.K. was high adventure, and the spice of danger was added when you had a one-way ticket, a limited supply of money, and a Royal Air Force Selection and Medical Board to convince.

A sort of practice run at the Selection Board was provided by an Air Ministry request for us to appear before the O. C. Military District in Winnipeg for an interview. I well remember that interview, but unfortunately forget the O.C.'s name. He asked me why I wished to join the R.A.F and I replied that I wanted to fly. That brought the formal interview to an end — I *think*, although, even after all these years of pondering on it, I cannot make up my mind if the next question was part of the interview or not. He asked if I shot ducks! I replied that I had once clobbered one with a .22 while sitting on the water. He looked at me a little strangely and bade me adieu. I wish I could recall his name, if only to write to him and straighten out that last answer, because even now it doesn't look right.

In October of 1934, during the first snowfall of the winter (the last snow, incidently, that I was to see for nearly ten years) and a week before my

\*Group Capt. John Kent, D.F.C., A.F.C. (R.A.F.).

nineteenth birthday, I left for England with parental blessings — and money — on a C.P.R. boat. The sea was rough, the future unknown, and, although I would have died rather than admit it, I was probably suffering from a bad case of homesickness. That voyage was one of the less pleasant of the many that I have subsequently made.

\* \* \*

London was big, cold, damp, and depressing. However, with the adaptability of youth, I soon settled into a reasonable round of activity at the London Y.M.C.A., where the lonely ones from the Dominions, Colonies, and Protectorates, all seemed to gather.

The Air Ministry, at "Adastral House," was a large rabbit-warren of a building, impersonal as only an English H.Q. can be in the stolid days of peace. But, like most things British, it proved to be impersonal merely in the collective sense. Individually, its denizens were warm and helpful, willing to go to any inconvenience to give assistance to a stranger. I therefore eventually arrived, at the right time and date, in the outer ante-room of the Selection Board.

The Selection Board consisted of a Group Captain chairman and (I believe, although I was far too terrified to count them) four Wing Commanders. Somehow, with the years and a world war between, the composition of this Board does not now seem quite so terrifying, but, looking back and picturing my trembling presence in front of this exalted group (and in 1934, it was pretty exalted), I still shudder and go weak at the knees. I was surprised a year or two later, when the chairman, Group Captain Nutting, became my C.O., to discover that he was really a charming gentleman, with a wife and children, and that he loved dogs.

The interview itself has become a somewhat hazy memory, but I do recall that the first question was "A Canadian, eh? What cattle-boat did you come over on?" This was not as rude as it may sound, because at that time the cattle-boat appeared to be the accepted means of transportation to the U.K. for Canadian hockey-players and R.A.F. aspirants. I explained that I had arrived via

the C.P.R.'s "Duchess of Bedford." I must have made this statement with a slightly supercilious air, for they found it necessary to put me smartly in my place by expressing the hope that I had a return ticket, so that I wouldn't become a charge on the public if I didn't satisfy their required high standard — and it was obvious that, at this point, I did not! Fortunately, the remainder of the interview progressed more to the liking of the Board, and they rather dubiously agreed that one more Canadian couldn't do the R.A.F. too much harm — and I was probably young enough to whip into shape. So, subject to a further medical board, I was in!

The medical examination was a horror. I stripped and stood around like a plucked chicken in a deep freeze. I had goose pimples on goose pimples, and every time the Medical Officer placed his stethoscope on my bare back or chest I jumped six inches, causing him to mutter through his handle-bar moustache something about an extreme nervous condition. None the less, it was finally, if reluctantly, conceded that I would probably live long enough to complete a five-year commission.

All I now awaited was an order to report somewhere. Again came disillusionment. The R.A.F., like everyone else, was running on a shoe-string economy. Only three Flying Training Schools were operating — one at Sealand, near Liverpool; one at Abu Suweir, Egypt; and one at Grantham, Lincolnshire. They took in new classes only twice a year, and the next intake would be on April 1st, 1935. Would I be so kind as to report to the R.A.F. Depot at Uxbridge on the Ides of March, 1935? I would indeed, but, since this was only October 1934, I had five whole months to wait!

Just at this time John Kent arrived, like me, on a C.P.R. boat. I suggested to him that he might do better with the Selection Board if he told them he came over steerage or on a cattle boat. Whether or not he took my advice, I don't know; but he managed to convince the Boards that, if they had taken me, they'd take anything, and we settled down together to wait. The story of our next five months is best forgotten. Suffice it to say that at one time we were down to sharing a large and hard



double-bed in a small room for which we paid ten shillings a week.

\* \* \*

Finally, on March 15th, 1935, we arrived at Uxbridge railway station, in company with a large number of other "young gentlemen" clad for the most part in bowler-hats and clutching tightly-rolled umbrellas. We were quickly divided into bewildered groups and herded into Air Force buses for transportation to R.A.F. Depot Uxbridge. With a clash of gears, our Air Force careers were launched!

It was a typical English spring morning when a group of some sixty dejected and miserable Acting Pilot Officers on Probation gathered on the drenching wet parade square, the water running down off their bowler-hats and mingling with the water from their running noses. In the case of John and myself, the water ran down off our snap-brim "George Raft" fedoras and mingled with the water from our running noses.

John became "that tall thin one in the back", and I was "you with that hat". We were given a short sharp talk on just how lowly our status was in the R.A.F., and we soon discovered that our rank was to be that of Acting Pilot Officers on Probation under Suspicion as long as we were at the Depot.

We were quickly indoctrinated with mess etiquette and behaviour, and speedily learned whom and what to salute — rather, to whom and to what we were expected to doff our civilian tiffers (hats) or pull our forelock. (Whatever has happened to that forelock?) We ran into saluting-trouble only once. About the end of our second and final week at Uxbridge, we were wearing our uniforms (Gieves, of course) for the first time. As I recall, we wore breeches, puttees, and stiff collars, among other things. John and I, together with a new-found friend from Kamloops, B.C., John ("Moose") Fulton,\* were marching down the road, very conscious of our vast superiority over ordinary mortals, when a frightening figure appeared on the horizon, resplendent in a bemedalled uniform, and

\*Wing Cdr., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., one of the most famous of bomber squadron commanders, eventually killed in action.

with a swagger and military bearing that could only belong to a Very Important Person. Here was our chance to give the very first salute of our careers! So, with a swish and a flourish that must have been as terrifying to behold as it was dangerous to bystanders, we smartly saluted in unison.

The recipient of this compliment stopped as if he had been shot. Then, in a voice that could be heard half a mile away, he bellowed in the general direction of John:

"Come here, Sonny."

John, who was already very upset at not yet having been given an aeroplane to fly and who wasn't at all sure if he was in the right business, was ripe for trouble. So, when we were told that the ornate arrangement of lions and unicorns on the sleeve denoted a Warrant Officer and didn't rate a salute from Acting Pilot Officers, even if they were on probation and under suspicion, John looked him right in the eye and told him that "maybe that was so, but, by God, he was good enough to practise on while we were there!" With that, we marched off in high dudgeon, leaving Mr. Nightingirl, the Senior Warrant Officer of the R.A.F., speechless for the first time in a thirty-year-military career.

There were many pitfalls for the unwary Canadian. For myself, I ran into religious trouble. The first direct question I was asked in the R.A.F. was, "R.C.— C. of E.?" I pondered this a moment, and then decided it must mean "Royal Canadian Corps of Engineers"; so I said, "No. R.A.F." He looked at me sadly and marked C. of E. beside my name. So Church of England I became and have remained so officially ever since.

The next morning I again became involved in a religious controversy. We were standing on parade, in the rain, in dull misery and apathy. My mind was as far from Uxbridge as imagination and the dream of a Bristol Bulldog fighter could take it. We were waiting for the Padre to conduct morning prayers, when I heard the sharp order: "Fall out the Roman Catholics and Jews. Three paces forward — march!" My legs acted automatically and I found myself out front as the sole dissenter. The sergeant looked at me in disgust and said, very quietly: "You with the hat, what religion

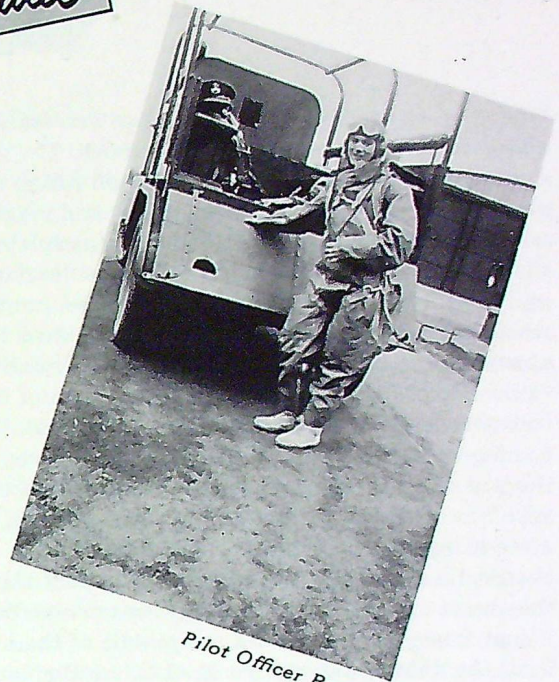
are you this morning?" After toying briefly with the idea of telling him that I had been converted overnight, I thought better of it and scuttled back into line.

\* \* \*

Well, like everything else, the agony at Uxbridge came to an end. Properly booted and spurred by courtesy of Gieves, Alkits, or Moss Bros., and properly saddled with tailors' bills, we were ready to proceed to our Flying Training Schools, and to set about what we considered to be the serious business of the R.A.F. We were split into two groups of approximately 30 each, one group for No. 5 F.T.S., Sealand, and the other for No. 3 F.T.S., Grantham. There were some sad partings between new-found friends — and, in my case, from an old and close friend, for John Kent went to Sealand and I to Grantham. And such are the vagaries of Service life that, although our paths have nearly crossed on many occasions, we have not met face to face since that long-gone April Fools' Day in 1935.

Our arrival at Grantham railway station carried no presage of the eventual warm feelings we would have in later years for that lovely old English town. The day was wet and cold, and the future looked as bleak as our first glimpse (from the Air Force bus that picked us up) of the penitentiary-like red brick Air Force buildings standing on the wind-swept and dripping skyline. However, the efficiency of our reception and numerous cups of hot tea soon restored our spirits. We were pleased to find that we each had a single room complete with what appeared to be an open fireplace. "Moose" Fulton and I were soon to find out that one year was not sufficient length of time to get checked out on English fireplaces. One had to be brought up with them. Ours had no respect for Canadians and refused to respond to any touch except that of our very ancient batman, Reynolds.

The first morning set the pattern for the junior-term pupils, and a grim awakening it turned out to be. We were rudely and unceremoniously aroused at 0545 hrs. The dress of the moment was knee-length English shorts, and, thus attired, out we pranced into the morning fog for physical



*Pilot Officer Bocking at Grantham.*

training — and woe betide the pupil who was late! After this refined torture came a cold shower and breakfast, and so the day began.

At F.T.S. there were two courses (or terms) of pupils running concurrently: the senior and the junior. Normally, one remained six months on the junior term and six months on the senior term before graduation and posting to a squadron. If there ever existed a lower form of life than an acting P.O.P. on the junior term, I have never heard of it. Our lords and masters were not, as might be supposed, the instructors, but rather the pimply-faced adolescent monsters in the senior term. (It was really quite astounding how that point of view changed after the first six months.)

The junior-term period consisted of air training on the Avro Tutor — a wonderful, simple, and almost fool-proof (but, as we proved on a number of occasions, not idiot-proof) aircraft. The course usually flew during one half of the day and attended lectures during the other half. Two incidents of our flying training have lingered in my memory over the years.

The first occurred when a pupil, who had been flying solo, came in for a landing, levelled off beau-

tifully at eight feet, and, when the aircraft was about to stall, kicked on full left rudder. The aircraft, of course, turned sharply left and fell to the ground in a mess of collapsed wings and rigging wires. The student, properly outraged, explained that he thought he had made a "wizard landing" and was "just turning to taxi in to the hangar when damned if the whole aeroplane didn't fall apart with a bang!" The other episode involved rather more aircraft and bigger brass. Two of the instructors were practising formation, and, on coming in to land, the lead aircraft nosed over at the end of its landing-run and stood with the tail sticking rudely up in the air. The other aircraft, in attempting to avoid him, followed suit. This so horrified a pupil who was coming in behind them that he too nosed up on landing, thus completing a neat triangular pattern in the middle of the airfield. At that moment, the A.O.C. of the local training Group — just one short step below the Almighty — appeared on the tarmac. He got regally out of his Morris-Oxford staff touring-car, stared across the airfield in sheer disbelief, then remarked: "The ruddy field looks like a dart-board!" With which utterance he climbed back in his car and drove off in high indignation.

There was plenty for us to learn — particularly in the field of mess etiquette, R.A.F. tradition, and social behaviour (English style). Mess dinners were the rule, three times a week, with all the pre-war pomp and ceremony. They were usually dull affairs except for minor bun-throwing after the toast to the King. However, once a month the presence of a guest might enliven the atmosphere, and, no matter what his rank or status, this was usually the occasion for an outburst of high spirits on the part of the pupils — and of some of the instructors as well. Much sherry (the only drink permissible before dinner) was downed by most of us, and the continued circuit of the wine-steward around the table throughout the long, long meal did nothing to augment the decorum. Only the firm hand of the President kept things under control until after the port had been passed and the health of His Majesty (and usually the heads of state represented by the guests) had been drunk.

Sometimes even the experience of the President

and the cold eagle-eye of the commanding officer failed to keep things on an even keel. I remember one evening on which the Vice-president imbibed freely, if not too wisely, throughout the dinner. By sheer determination he managed to keep in mind his responsibility to respond to the solemn toast to His Majesty, and he managed it successfully, glassy-eyed, but in a clear ringing tone. He then collapsed in relief and turned to call for a refreshing Scotch and soda to restore him after his ordeal. At that moment, he saw the President rise to his feet, raise his glass and solemnly pronounce something that to his befuddled brain must have sounded like "Mr. Vice — the Nizam of Rumblebellypore." Thereupon Mr. Vice rose shakily to his feet, looked owlshly down the table, and in a hurt tone said: "Who?"

\* \* \*

Our lack of knowledge of things military, despite our two weeks at Uxbridge, was a wondrous thing. Shortly after our arrival at Grantham, one of the senior officers expressed a desire to see me in his office. Now this was a very frightening experience, and on entering his office I hastily divested myself of my hat (uniform), tucked it under my arm, gave a little bow and sat down. He kindly ignored this peculiar behaviour, and after a very pleasant talk about duck-shooting in Canada (I made a mental note to read up on the matter) he asked me if I had ever been in the Navy. Since I had actually been a Sea Cadet in Winnipeg (though I didn't even make the boat crew on the Red River), I proudly admitted to having been in the Canadian Navy. This appeared to impress him, and he observed that that no doubt accounted for my tucking my hat under my arm. He understood these things, he explained, having spent many years with the R.N. and R.N.A.S. After we two old tars had chatted a while about things nautical, the conversation took a sudden turn for the worse. It appeared that the Group Captain had a daughter. This in itself was not bad, but it also appeared that there was the question of providing her with an escort for the annual mess dance. Escorts, it seemed, were detailed by Papa, and this year, regardless of any plans I might have made, the honour had been bestowed on me. (Anyway, as a



Canadian, I could not be expected to have any other young lady in mind who would be socially acceptable.) I would therefore be free to attend his home for cocktails (one) and escort his daughter to the ball in company with Mother and Father.

I bowed my way out of his office in a bit of a daze and repaired quickly to the private bar of the "White Horse," where, with my cronies, I attempted to find a way out of this awful dilemma. Needless to say, our plans, becoming more complicated and clever as the pints flowed, ended in nothing, and on the evening of the dance I presented myself at the C.O.'s home. I feel free now to admit publicly that I had a wonderful evening. The Group Captain and his lady were charming hosts, and his daughter was a delightful companion, very adept at making young acting pilot officers feel important and at drawing forth tales of derring-do that she must have heard a thousand times before. The evening ended on a perfect note, with the C.O. inviting me to his den for a quick nightcap and a man-to-man talk about the success of the dance and a few stories about Zeppelin-hunting in Spads. I feel very indebted to this officer for launching me into the social world of the pre-war R.A.F., and also for the kind thought behind the fact that he always chose pupils from the Dominions or Colonies to honour on these occasions.

The flying training was, naturally, the most interesting part of the course to most of us, and in the elementary stages it followed the time-honoured pattern. I had the good luck to win the forced-landing competition for 1935 — S-turns over a dummy hedge, with a "dead stick." This was particularly gratifying to me, as Ben Widdowson, from Winnipeg, had won it the previous year, and John Kent, also from Winnipeg, had won it only the week before at No. 5 F.T.S.

Near the end of the junior term, the efforts of most of the students were directed to getting into the fighter flight. The senior term was divided into two flights, Army co-op. and fighter. The 'planes in the Army co-op. flight were the big slow Atlases used primarily in Army co-op. squadrons, while the fighter flight was equipped with Bristol Bulldogs, the front-line fighters of the Air Defence of Great Britain (A.D.G.B.). The Bulldog was even then in the process of being replaced by new "super" fighters, the Hawker Fury and the Gloster Gauntlet, and the fighter flight was naturally the aim of all the more adventurous types among us — about 98% of the class. I was lucky enough to be posted to the Bulldog flight and thus became an embryonic fighter pilot complete with black overalls and redolent with the pungent odour of the castor oil used in its engine. The old Bulldog had such a personality that even to this day a whiff of castor oil affects me with acute nostalgia.

\* \* \*

And so my apprenticeship continued — albeit a little less humbly now that I was a member of the senior term. They were fascinating days, and they were grand chaps with whom I worked. At that time no R.A.F. pupil pilot or fighter pilot could get life insurance or car insurance at any price, and we lived almost entirely for flying. Among my companions were men who later fought the Luftwaffe over the Channel, the Italians over Albania, and the Japanese above the jungles of Burma. Among them were some of the men who were to lead and direct the Battle of Britain, and very few of them are alive today.

*(To be continued)*

### HEROISM

Heroism, the Caucasian mountaineers say, is endurance for one moment more.  
(George Kennan.)

# OPERATION "SANTA CLAUS"

By Flight Lieutenant J. D. Harvey, D.F.C.,  
Public Relations Officer, A.T.C.H.Q.

AIR Transport Command carries out many interesting and arduous flights throughout the year. One flight, however, which receives extra support and interest from everyone in A.T.C. is the annual Christmas air-drop to arctic outposts.

This year, for the second time, the air-drops were planned on a large scale. More than 19,000 lbs. of mail, parcels, Christmas trees, decorations, fresh fruit and meat, together with the odd emergency piece of equipment, plummeted from the rear doors of the two North Stars. The large number of detachments to be visited, nineteen in all, necessitated dividing the operation into two areas: the Central (or High) Arctic and the Eastern Arctic. This report covers only the Central flight.

As in the past, the operation was geared to the moon period in order to obtain enough light to pin-point the tiny detachments in the arctic night. This year the moon appeared in December from approximately the 3rd to the 13th, with the brightest period occurring at about the 9th. No one seemed to mind that Santa was visiting a trifle early.

Two significant firsts marked the flight to the Central Arctic: the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation sent along a television crew, and the North Star was landed at Isachsen, on Ellef Ringnes Island, 700 miles from the North Pole.

Taking pictures (even "still" pictures) is difficult in the arctic winter. Sensitive cameras dislike the cold. Furthermore, the necessity of packing, unpacking, and transporting 1100 lbs. of lighting and

L.A.C. Currie emerging from a snow-bound hut at Resolute.





*Waiting for the signal to hurl a pannier into the arctic night. Left to right: L.A.C.s J. L. Durocher, T. Currie, C. J. Thistle, and Flying Officer E. Heikkila.*

audio equipment presents an additional handicap to the movie-maker. This was the first time any television work had been done so far north, and the four Eskimo families who at present make their homes near Resolute Bay have become the first televised Eskimos in Canada — and perhaps in the world. They loved every minute of it.

In order to solve, partly at least, the lighting problems, Constable Ross Gibson of the R.C.M.P., who guides the destinies of the natives, gave permission for the entire village to visit the base. The

cameras were set up in a large room normally used as a recreation centre and canteen. A large freshly painted sign, reading "R.C.A.F. Station Resolute Bay", was used as a back-drop, and in front of it stood the mothers, fathers, daughters, sons, and Old Nellie, an eighty-year-old wonder of the tundra who has never married. A great chewing-tobacco fan, she forebore from chewing throughout the performance — though, since she does not expectorate (claiming that the juice "warms my stomach"), it was hard to determine why.

The youngest member of the families, just a few months old, was also on hand, neatly wrapped and wearing a cute hand-knit bonnet. Incidentally, it was fed, by Nature's own method, several times

throughout the performance. After the recent controversy regarding the *décolleté* of some TV performers, it was hotly debated whether this scene would remain intact or end on the cutting room floor.

The Eskimos' performance included carol-singing, mouth-organ music, and solos played on hand-made violins carved from packing-cases. The *pièce de résistance*, however, was the Dance of Passion.

Two young women, facing each other and holding each other's arms near the elbows, began to sway to and fro sideways, to the accompaniment of a rhythmic tapping of their feet. As they danced, they chanted and grunted in unison, making weird guttural sounds through their noses. Constable Gibson explained the dance was usually performed by two eligible maidens in front of the entire bachelor establishment of an Eskimo village. Somehow they were inspired by it to pick out life-long partners.

*Two little Eskimos eat strange fruit.*



*L.A.C. W. Leonhard, the Medical Assistant at Resolute, examines young Jimmy's hand.*

The landing at Isachsen — the first ever attempted during the dark period — was necessary in order to deliver a mechanic to the hard-pressed U.S.-Canadian weather detachment. As well as being the most unusual episode of the operation, it also proved to be the most alarming. Landing on a very short snow strip, illuminated only by oil-filled soup-tins, called for flying skill of a high order.

Approaching over high hills (which also had several soup-tins stuck on their highest points), Flying Officer Bob Cook and his co-pilot, Flt. Lt. Stan Jenkins, had to bring in their aircraft with power off and "everything down" in order to make certain of landing on the very edge of the runway. Since the runway is hump-backed and you cannot see the other end once you touch down, they had several pairs of eyes, arms, and legs working in harmony on imaginary controls throughout the aircraft. Whether or not this helped the pilots, I can't say, but the landing could not have been a better one.

The C.B.C. also filmed sequences at Isachsen, interviewing the C.O. of the post (a New Zealand-



*Party at Resolute. Crew members shown are (l. to r.): Flying Officers M. H. Innes, R. Cook, E. Heikkila, Flt. Lt. S. H. Jenkins, Flying Officers R. T. Barnett, R. Cunningham.*

er) and "shooting" the men as they received and opened their mail. Heavily bearded in true arctic style, the eight men, although displaying no emotion, were obviously pleased to have visitors. Said the C.O.: "You've given our morale a hundred-percent lift and we'll have something to talk about until spring comes."

The man airlifted into Isachsen, Bill Morgan of Oklahoma, had already spent four and a half years in various arctic stations. He carries the nickname "Blow-Torch Bill" because of his habit of carrying a blow-torch everywhere he goes. Some even claimed that he had a special holster to carry the instrument. Morgan had opened Alert and Thule, as well as completing tours in Alaska and Mould Bay. In fact, he was at Mould Bay during last year's Operation "Santa Claus," and, when questioned about the excitement of the detach-

ment personnel during the drops, he remarked: "You'd be excited too if you knew a bundle was coming down with all your mail for the past six months and perhaps a drop of something special."

At Resolute Bay, the R.C.A.F. personnel gave every assistance to the visitors. Flying Officer Ron Klye, now serving as O.C., worked around the clock with his men to ensure that every facility was available and the operation could keep rolling. When we lost an engine over Mould Bay and had to return to Resolute, groundcrew worked with the engineer and maintenance men for long hours to repair it. Then, after it was decided that a spare aircraft was needed, No. 426 Squadron sent another North Star to Resolute the next day, and away we went to complete the other drops. Meanwhile, the new crew attempted to take off on three engines in order to do the necessary engine-change at Churchill. When another engine conked out, there was nothing left but to fly in extra personnel and change the two engines at Resolute.



*Flying Officer Cook hands out mail at Isachsen to John Campbell (left) and Gerald O'Donnell.*

*The youngest and the oldest guests at the party. The baby is 2 months old, Nellie 84 years.*



Under the command of W.O.1 W. G. Jackson, the bitterly cold and frustrating task of changing engines in the darkness, without hangar facilities, and with the only crane buried under eight feet of snow, was a triumph of initiative and guts. It became perfectly clear that, at 35° below zero, no mitten or glove yet devised can allow the mechanic to handle a screwdriver comfortably or to thread nuts. None the less, without fuss or fanfare, the unsung groundcrew gave yet another of their sterling performances.

There is an incomparable thrill about dropping Christmas mail and parcels, watching the bundles parachute to the burning oil-barrels below, and knowing that you are bringing traditional Christmas cheer to lonely people. In this instance it was good to know, too, that Christmas trees and non-breakable decorations were also being delivered as a personal gift from the officers and men of Air Transport Command Headquarters.

As we set course from Alert, the radio operator spoke for his entire detachment:

"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

# The Suggestion Box



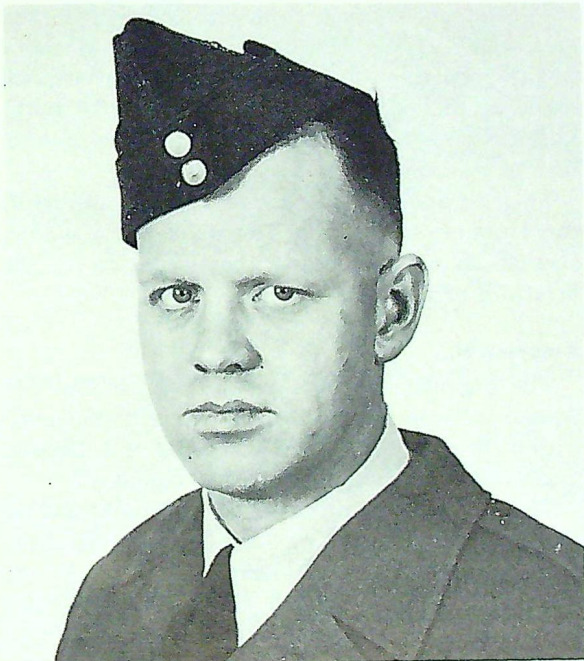
The Chief of the Air Staff has written letters of thanks to the undermentioned N.C.O.'s for original suggestions which have been officially adopted by the R.C.A.F.

Sgt. C. D. Dove, of No. 4 (F.) Wing, designed a modification for the Machine Injector Spray (Ref. 2T/318) which prevents overheating and the danger of flash fire.

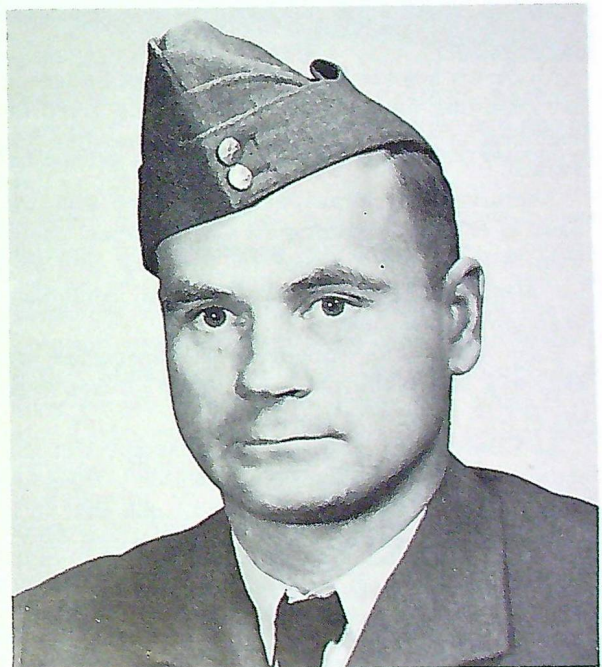
Sgt. R. B. Tait, of R.C.A.F. Station Chatham, and Cpl. F. L. C. Batten, of R.C.A.F. Station Rockcliffe, designed a special wrench which facilitates the removal and replacement of fuel-line elbows on Packard Merlin engines. Sgt. Tait also put forward a suggestion for appropriate annotation of the Aeroplane Maintenance Form (L.14) when the travelling copy of the form (L.14T) is in use while the aircraft is away from its base. This will help to eliminate the possibility of failure to transcribe on to the L.14 any entries that may have been made on the L.14T.



*Sgt. C. D. Dove.*

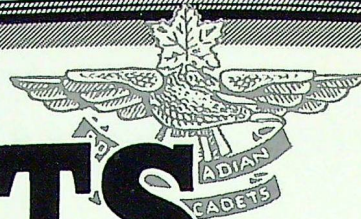


*Sgt. R. B. Tait.*



*Cpl. F. L. C. Batten.*

# The ROYAL CANADIAN AIR CADETS



By Arthur Macdonald, Air Cadet League of Canada.

## SPOT NEWS ITEMS

It has been our custom from time to time to publish in this section of "The Roundel" a collection of "spot news" items from the various parts of the country, culled mainly from the large volume of press clippings received at Air Cadet League Headquarters. These items are selected, not because of any individual significance they may have, but because they often illustrate how the Air Cadet movement functions at squadron level, and also because they contain ideas that are useful to other squadrons.

### Goderich, Ont.

Goderich boys in Maitland Air Cadet Squadron are receiving four special lectures being given by members of the Goderich Jaycees at parades this month.

Lecturing on municipal government and the basis of effective speaking are Cec Hoffman, chairman of leadership training for the local club and for Region Five of Jaycees, and Bill Anderson, president of the club.

Last week, the squadron was inspected by Mayor J. E. Huckins and by liaison officers from the R.C.A.F. Station at Clinton.

At Clinton last Thursday four members of the squadron, Ross Pennington, "Butch" Bigelow, Roy Reinhart, and Bill Robinson, took part in a boxing tournament and won bronze medals.

### Stratford, Ont.

Operation "Bandstand" could describe the activities of members of No. 19 Squadron,

R.C.A.C., Stratford, when they held their regular weekly training parade in Stratford armoury Wednesday night.

After roll-call, the unsuspecting cadets were asked if they wanted to hear a concert given by the R.C.A.F. Training Command Band, under Flying Officer O. C. Thomas, at Tavistock.

A total of 26 officers and men supported the idea, and a collection was taken from the cadets to pay admission. Sufficient money was received, with the help of the officers, and soon the party was on the road to Tavistock, using the officers' cars as transport.

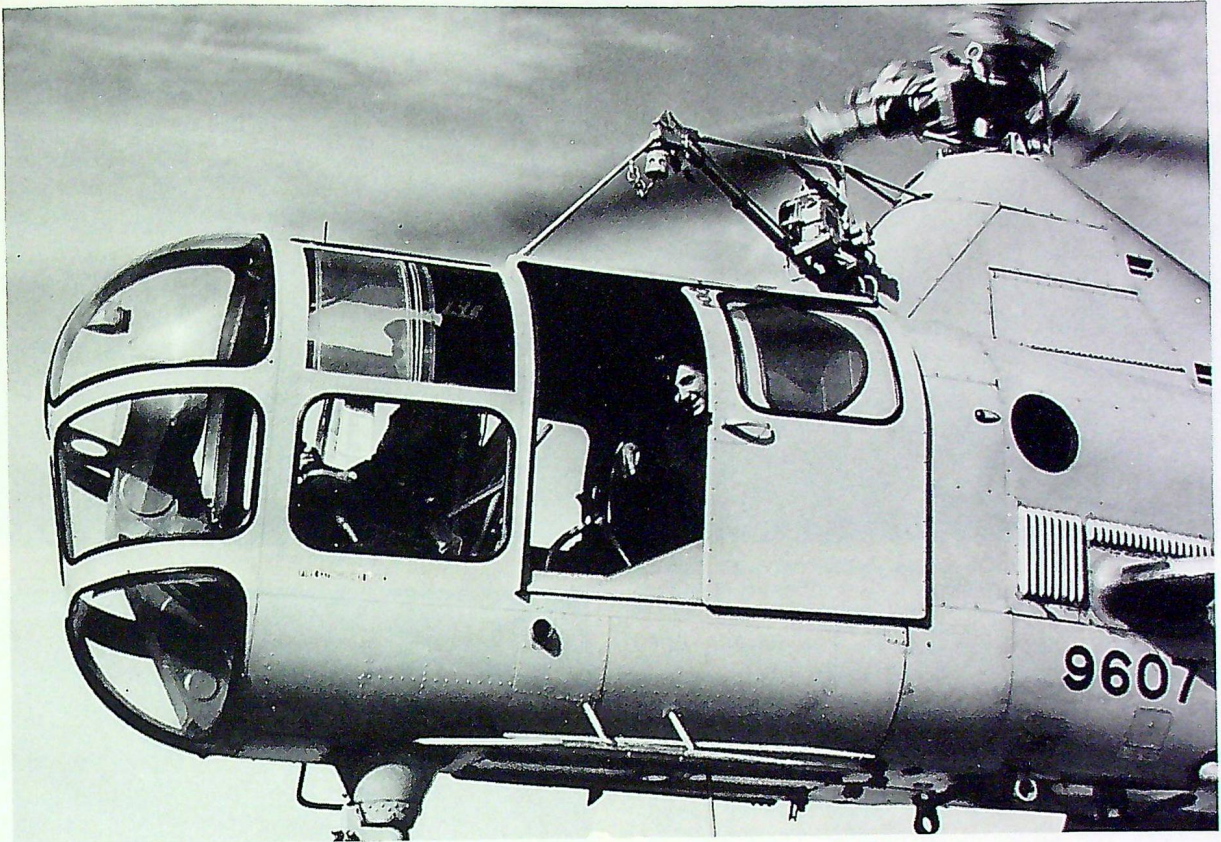
They enjoyed the concert very much, and while there met ten cadets from Tavistock, one of whom, Cpl. E. Boyd, had made the invitation to the Stratford group to come out.

### Amherst, N.S.

The organization of a pipe band for No. 154 Squadron, Amherst Air Cadets, will be commenced within the next two weeks, according to a decision made last night by officials of the squadron.

The pipers and drummers for the band will be selected from the 140 members of the squadron. The majority of the bandsmen will be from the 14- and 15-year-old group, due to the length of time required to instruct the pipers.

Pipe-Sergeant Duncan MacIntyre, one of the outstanding pipers in eastern Canada, will act as instructor. Well experienced in teaching, Sgt. MacIntyre estimates that it will take eighteen months of regular instruction and practice before the band will be ready for street parades, and for



*L.A.C. Ted Georgison, of No. 82 (Brandon) Sqn., looks down from a hovering R.C.A.F. helicopter during a visit to the Canadian Joint Air Training Centre, Rivers, Man.*

that reason the younger members of the squadron will be selected.

The initial outlay for equipment, which will include practice chanters and drum fibre-boards, will come from squadron funds, but a special fund will be needed when the time comes for the purchase of bagpipe sets. The youngsters will use the practice chanters for a considerable period before pipes will be required.

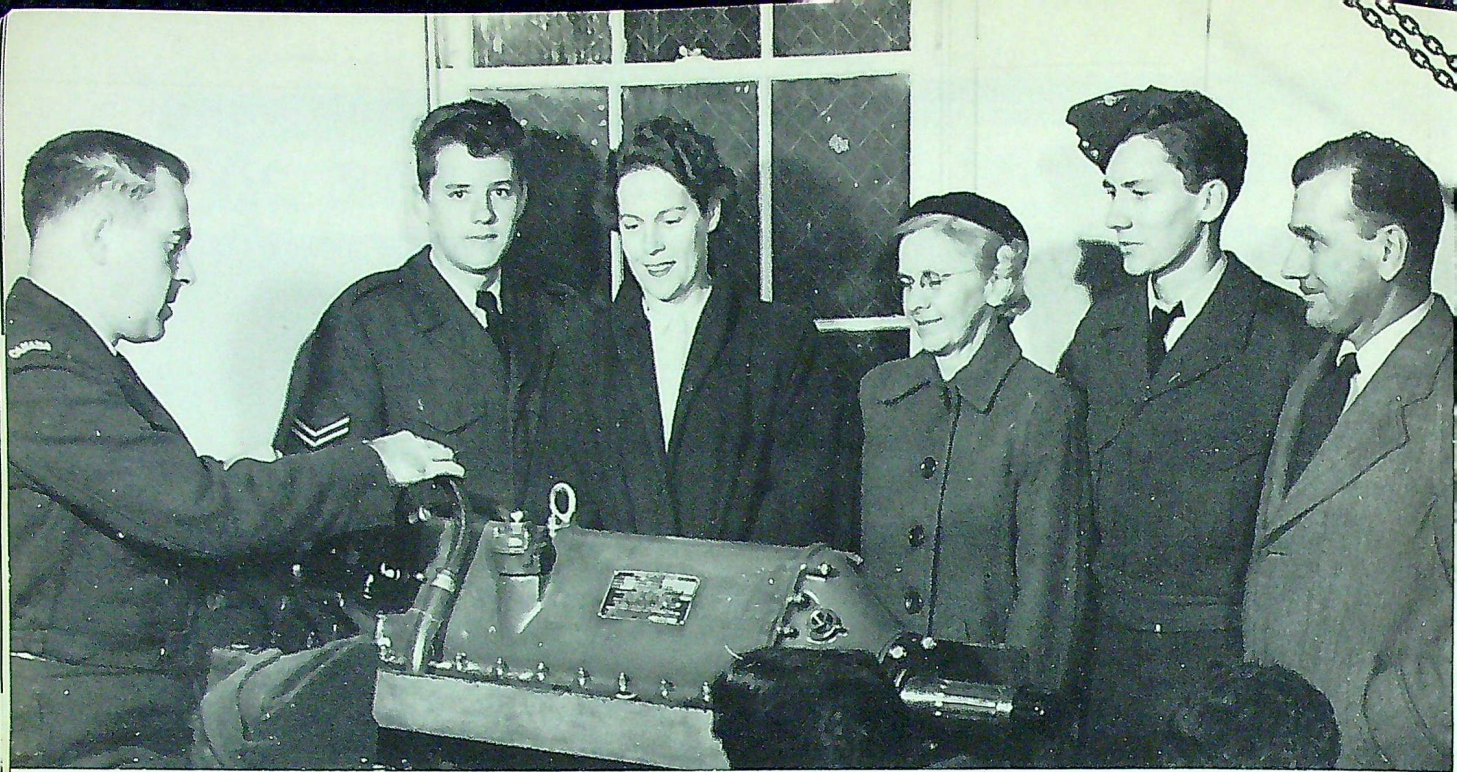
#### **Taber, Alta.**

The sixth annual father-and-son banquet of Taber Squadron, R.C.A.C., was held Tuesday evening in the Canadian Legion hall, where 110 cadets and their fathers (some adopted for the

occasion) were fêted to a turkey supper. As in the past six years, the supper was prepared and served at no cost to the squadron by the Taber Women of the Moose.

Prior to the supper, a guard of honour was formed for inspection by Sqn. Ldr. Douglas Archer, of Claresholm R.C.A.F. Station, and his assistants and by local cadet officers. A special occasion was the presentation of wings to W.O. 1 Ralph Maier and Sgt. Gary Gray, who obtained their private pilots' licenses this past summer at the Lethbridge Flying Club under scholarships obtained through the Air Cadet League.

Following the supper, entertainment was conducted by Arthur Park of Taber. The party then moved to the Air Cadet hall, where the remainder of the evening was spent in darts, target-shooting, and movies. Refreshments were served to close the day's events.



*Instructor T. L. Cribb, of No. 547 (N.Bay) Squadron, demonstrates an engine to Cpl. Wayne Hustins, L.A.C. David Harper, and their parents, at a squadron "Parents' Night".*

#### **Lloydminster, Sask.**

Several members of the rapidly growing Lloydminster Air Cadet corps received their first airplane ride recently when a 'plane was flown from Saskatoon. It is hoped the 'plane will return on some future week-end to take those boys who were unable to get a "flip" the first time.

The Lloydminster cadet corps now has 40 members, highest enrolment in the local squadron in several years. It is expected the strength will reach 50 before the present training year is completed.

The increased interest and activity is directly attributed to the better quarters which the squadron now possesses. While the new quarters have not been completed, the walls have been insulated around their base and the exterior of the building has been painted.

The quarters have been partitioned off into a main lecture room, a vestibule, and an office. A large opening has been made in the ceiling and a ladder built from the floor to the attic to make the large attic accessible for storage.

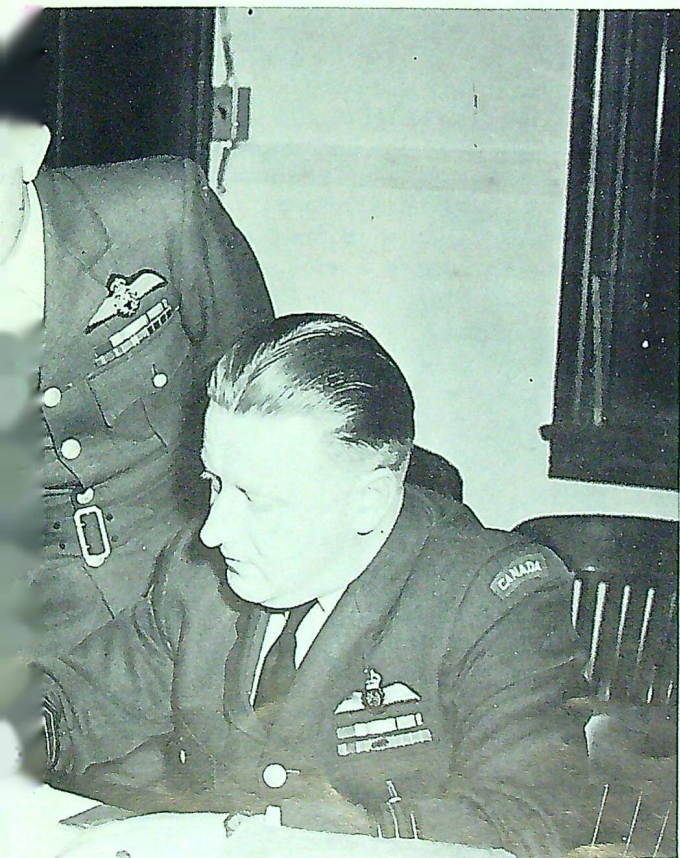


### Sydney, N.S.

An Air Cadet conference was held Saturday and Sunday at Station Summerside, P.E.I., which is the parent unit of the Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island squadrons, with officers from Dunlop Squadron, civilian instructors, and members of the sponsoring committee, in attendance.

The purpose of the conference was to discuss unit problems with the Station Command and the Air Cadet liaison staff. The problems which confront the operation of Air Cadet squadrons was a common bond of interest to all those who attended.

*Left to right: Sqn. Ldr. W. E. Watson (A.C.L.O., Maritime Air Command), Flt. Lt. J. A. Robertson (Air Cadet Training Officer, Training Command), and Sqn. Ldr. A. J. Ireland (A.C.L.O., Training Command), at a recent meeting held in Ottawa to discuss Air Cadet summer training and special activities.*



The hospitality shown to the visiting delegates was of the highest, and too much cannot be said of the wonderful treatment received from the station commander, Group Capt. W. H. Swetman, and his staff.

### Ottawa, Ont.

The George Wilde Memorial Trophy was presented Tuesday on the occasion of the 13th birthday of the 51st Air Cadet Squadron.

The trophy is in memory of the late George Wilde, who was a cadet and later an officer in training with this cadet corps. In tribute to his leadership and enthusiasm, the trophy will be awarded annually to the outstanding Air Cadet of the squadron.

Mr. Wm. Hodgins, president of the Ottawa Optimist Club, which sponsors No. 51 Squadron, made the presentation.

### St. Laurent, P.Q.

The Lakeshore boys who have joined the Ville St. Laurent Air Cadet Squadron now have regular Monday night bus transportation. A Provincial Transport Co. bus has been chartered for them for four weeks and each boy pays his share of the charter cost. Pick-up points have been established for each boy, starting at Ste. Anne de Bellevue at 6.30 p.m.

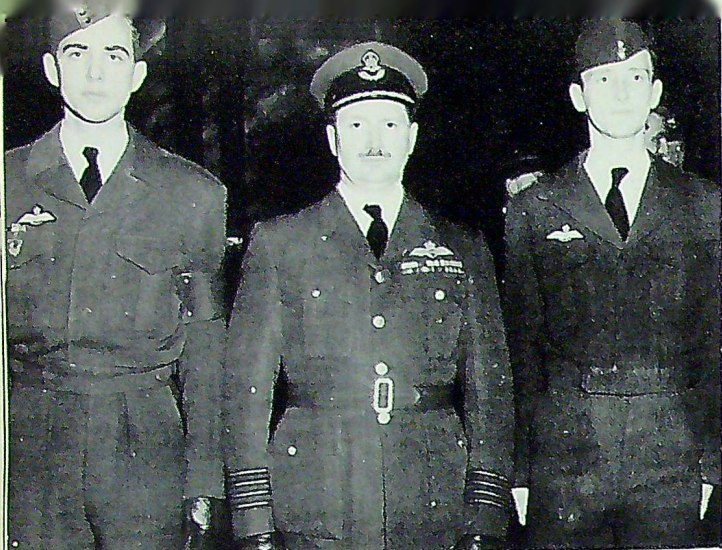
Monday was the first night of a four-week period for which each boy paid four dollars. The very satisfactory turn-out of Lakeshore boys to the Air Cadets indicates that the next four-week period, the cost will be only \$2.50. As the number of boys increases, this cost will be reduced proportionately.

### Barrhead, Alta.

Air Cadets of Barrhead recently were officially presented with their ensign, and several hundred residents of town and district attended the event.

The presentation was made by Wallace Collie, past chairman of the Alberta Provincial Committee, Air Cadet League of Canada, assisted by D. V. A. Browne, of the Barrhead squadron.

After the presentation the ensign was paraded past the ranks of the hollow square, followed by a march-past.



Group Captain H. C. Ledoux, D.F.C., and W.O.2 R. H. Hutson (left) and Flt. Sgt. A. W. Parlee, of No. 547 Squadron, who received flying badges during the first Air Cadet wings parade held in North Bay. (Star Mulcahy photo.)

During the evening other visiting officers, Wing Cdr. W. Leslie of No. 9 Edmonton Wing, and Flt. Lt. L. C. Morrison, A.C.L.O., presented awards and promotions to the cadets.

#### St. Catharines, Ont.

Disaster struck at the Optimist Boys' Centre on Saturday. But it was planned disaster, controlled and organized from 10 in the morning until 5 p.m.

The Optimist Boys' Centre was used as a main control headquarters for a practical training aid in an emergency test for the Boys Scouts, Air Cadets, and members of the boys' club, on first aid and casualty faking, supervised and instructed by members of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade, McKinnon and city Nursing Division.

Action originated from four outpost or disaster scenes, manned by members of the Air Cadet squadron, a radio communications group supported by the St. Catharines Collegiate Army Cadet Radio Communications, and the Amateur Radio

Club of St. Catharines, under Howard Cowling. Scouts from other troops in the district also participated in communications and first aid.

The purpose of conducting an emergency test is to give useful and practical training in the work which has been given in theory throughout all the boys' programmes which have been carried on each week over the past several years.

#### Vancouver, B.C.

One of the more interesting visitors to Vancouver in recent months was John Cecil Behague, 34-year-old newspaperman who was on six months' leave of absence from the editorship of the "Sunday Times" in Singapore.

After visiting Italy, France, the United Kingdom, and the United States, he came to Vancouver to make it his base for a flying trip around B.C. with the Royal Canadian Air Force.

He visited Air Cadet squadrons and inspected several in his capacity as a wing commander in the Singapore counterpart of the Air Cadet movement — the Malayan Air Training Corps. Mr. Behague, whose opinions were widely quoted by the press throughout Canada, lauded the Air Cadet movement in all countries as one of the finest training grounds for good citizenship.

## CO-OPERATION — NOT CO-EXISTENCE

As I see it, the answer to the question whether co-existence with communism is possible, lies basically in recognition of the simple fact that we have to share a planet, not with abstractions, but with fellow human beings who have now learned the secret of destroying life itself on that planet. The real question, in fact, is not whether we can "co-exist", but whether we can prevent the un-

speakable catastrophe of an atomic war, and ultimately find ways not merely of co-existing, but of co-operating with the peoples of Russia and China; without at the same time betraying our own principles, weakening our values, or sacrificing our security. (Hon. L. B. Pearson, in an address to the Canadian Federation of Mayors and Municipalities.)

# Feminine Gen

From L.A.W. R. Hetu and Cpl. M. Given we have received the following notes and snapshots of a few of the activities which brighten life for the girls of R.C.A.F. Station Parent.

\* \* \*

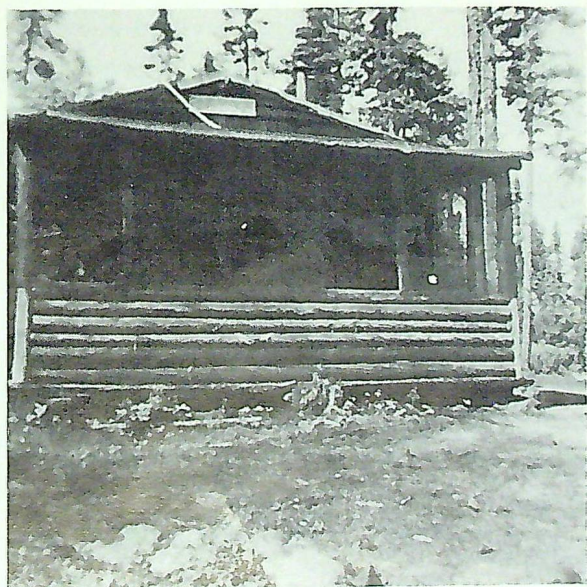
A couple of years ago Mother Air Force gave birth to another station situated in the middle of the Laurentian Plateau, and it was named PARENT, after the nearby town. The town itself is no metropolis, but the station more than makes up for it.

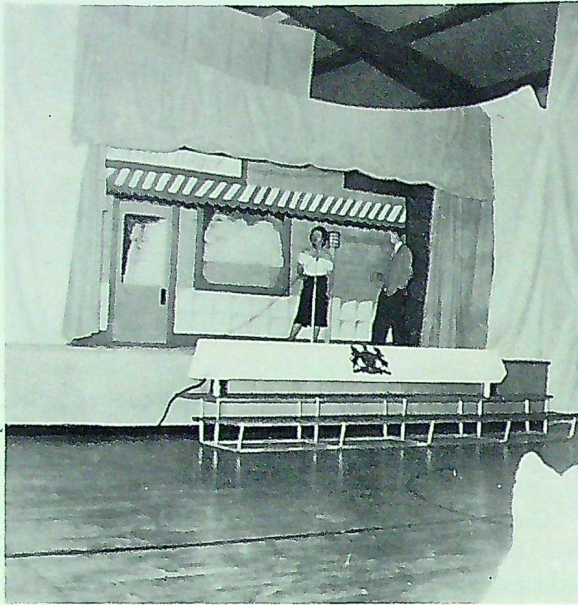
Station Parent is built around a small lake called "Lower Lake", which is used in the summer for swimming, water-skiing, and fishing. The name of the mountain at whose foot the station is built is "Weym-Ta-Chu-Ig", and it means "High mountain from which one sees afar." It was used centuries ago by the native tribes as a lookout for marauding Iroquois.

Airwomen first arrived in Parent in August 1953. Since, as has already been implied, the environment was not distinguished for its department stores, neon lights, night clubs, or theatres, we had to find some form of recreation and entertainment to make up for the lack of hustle and bustle. Our first effort was to purchase a combination radio-record-player for the airwomen's lounge. Everybody — officers, airmen, airwomen, and even the P.M.Q. people — gladly gave their support and co-operation, and a variety show was staged to raise the necessary funds.

One of the duties of our station is to carry out search and rescue by land for any 'planes which may be forced down in our area. This is left strictly to the men; but the airwomen, after seeing the men trek out to the bush on week-end training jaunts, decided that it looked like fun and that they were hale and hearty enough to undertake

*The cabin where the girls camped in summer — and interior of same with (l. to r.) Flying Officer Westwood, Cpl. Given, A. W. Motomura, L.A.W. Jardine, Flying Officer McKinney.*





*The Variety Show. Lyn Muir and D. Simington.*



*A halt on the trail. Left to right: L.A.W. Geddes, Flying Officer Westwood, Cpl. Given, A.W. Motomura.*

the same training. With the keen co-operation of the search and rescue department, mess hall staff, and other personnel, we were able to make three trips during the course of the winter.

A party would start out at about eight in the morning and snowshoe approximately two miles to a lean-to already erected by another bush party. There the packs were unloaded, wood was chopped, and a fire started. The rest of the day was spent in exploring the surrounding bush, practising shooting, and generally learning the essential points of bush survival.

With the coming of spring, everyone's thoughts turned to fishing and camping, and the airwomen were no exception. One Friday night a party of six girls started out to spend a week-end at a cabin some three miles from the station. The weather was with us, and fishing and tans were the order for the week-end. The fact that the fishing was quite unproductive did nothing to dampen our ardour.

The next party of girls to camp out decided that life in a cabin was too luxurious. Therefore they really roughed it by sleeping in a tent for the week-

*There could be worse fates than rescue by these bush-wackers. Left to right: L.A.W.s Paul, Williams, Buzila, Cpl. Smith, L.A.W.s Barton, Rutledge.*



end. The fish were biting this time, and we were able to catch eight, all of a nice size. On Sunday night we fried them over the camp fire — and they were especially delicious and welcome since we had by that time run out of food.

There was another experience which we found unusually enjoyable. One afternoon a party of officers, airmen, and airwomen, climbed aboard 6' x 6' cargo-carriers and bounced over 32 miles of primitive roads into the bush to witness the first

log-flow of the season. On our arrival at the lumber camp, our attention was immediately captured by logs hurtling wildly down the chutes into the churning river, but the sight that impressed us most of all was one of the lumberjacks dancing nimbly from log to log, breaking up the jams. The afternoon ended with a trip to the cookhouse for homemade bread and doughnuts.

There are, we feel, many worse lives than those of the airwomen at R.C.A.F. Station Parent.



## CONTRIBUTION TO NAVIGATION

An ingenious automatic navigation instrument for use in high-speed aircraft has been invented by Wing Commander J. G. Wright, D.F.C., and adopted for use by the R.C.A.F.

The new instrument, known as the R Theta Computer, indicates to the pilot the direction in which he must steer and the distance he has to go in order to arrive at any position he sets into the device. It is independent of radio transmission for its operation, making it entirely immune from "jamming" or radio interference. Additional outstanding features are its small size and lightness — desirable qualities for equipment in modern jet aircraft.

Wing Cdr. Wright has been engaged in test and development work in the field of aerial navigation since 1945, when he joined the test and development wing of the Empire Air Navigation School at Shawbury, in England. He entered the R.C.A.F. in 1940 and served as a navigator in England and India, completing two tours of operations on flying boats. He now heads the Instrument Development division of the Air Materiel Technical Services Branch.

*Wing Cdr. J. G. Wright, D.F.C.*



# WHAT'S THE SCORE?

*("Religion?" Sgt. Shatterproof's face grew bleak as he echoed the word. "You could find no more explosive a subject for a questionnaire were you to comb all the arsenals of Christendom, Jewry, and Islam. A mere word, reverently meant but wrongly taken, might well divide the Sergeants' Mess against itself; a mere misquotation from sacred writ could easily turn an Air Members' Meeting into a raging holocaust. Teetering though our Service may already be upon its foundations, let us not sink it forever in the unplumbed quagmires of religious controversy! I bid you good-day, Sir. I trust that our next meeting will not be amid the red ruins of what was once a promising civilization." With that, he gave us an "ave-atque-vale" sort of salute, and left us to our delicate task. Despite his forebodings, we made our way to the Directorate of Religious Administration. The results of the visit appear below. The questions were prepared by Sqn. Ldr. E. S. Light, with the assistance of his fellow chaplains, and it is the Directorate's hope that they will prove both interesting and informative to all members of the R.C.A.F. Answers on page 47.—EDITOR.)*

1. There are nine religious groups to which, severally, the large majority of R.C.A.F. personnel belongs. *Not* among these nine groups are the:
  - (a) Roman Catholic, Christian Scientist, Presbyterian.
  - (b) Greek Orthodox, Baptist, Lutheran.
  - (c) Mormon, Adventist, Quaker.
  - (d) Jewish, United Church, Anglican.
2. First made famous by nailing his ninety-five Propositions to a church door was:
  - (a) Martin Luther.
  - (b) Charles Wesley.
  - (c) Ignatius de Loyola.
  - (d) Joseph Smith.
3. From the practice of meeting together at fixed times to acquire regular habits of religious study and prayer, originated the name of the:
  - (a) Adventists.
  - (b) Methodists.
  - (c) Covenanters.
  - (d) Quakers.
4. The founder of the Christian Science Church was:
  - (a) Joseph Smith.
  - (b) Dr. Buchman.
  - (c) Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy.
  - (d) General William Booth.
5. The feast of the Passover:
  - (a) Commemorates the crossing of the Red Sea by the Israelites.
  - (b) Is alternatively known as the Day of Atonement.
  - (c) Originated as a period of mourning for the fall of Jerusalem in 70 A.D.
  - (d) Recalls the night when the Angel of Death passed over the homes of the Israelites and smote only the first-born of the sons of Egypt.
6. The area supervised by a bishop is known as a:
  - (a) Province.
  - (b) Diocese.
  - (c) Parish.
  - (d) Glebe.
7. The number of Christian denominations and sects in N. America is approximately:
  - (a) 10.
  - (b) 150.
  - (c) 500.
  - (d) 250.
8. The Salvation Army had its origin in:
  - (a) Canada.
  - (b) Wales.
  - (c) Boston, Mass.
  - (d) England.
9. That baptism should be administered only to believers, and therefore only to those who have come to years of discretion, is maintained by:



- (a) Lutherans.  
(b) Roman Catholics.  
(c) Baptists.  
(d) Anglicans.
10. The first religious order of the Roman Catholics to begin work in Canada was the:  
(a) Jesuit.  
(b) Oblate.  
(c) Dominican.  
(d) Franciscan.
11. The Bishop of Rome is:  
(a) Cardinal Spellman.  
(b) Pius XII.  
(c) Cardinal Griffin.  
(d) Cardinal Montini.
12. The Church of England is:  
(a) A congregational church.  
(b) A non-conformist church.  
(c) An episcopal church.  
(d) An evangelical church.
13. Purgatory, in the Roman Catholic faith, is:  
(a) The abode of the damned.  
(b) The temporary abode of the souls of people who have died in grace but, at the moment of death, not fully expiated their sins.  
(c) A place in which those who have forsworn their faith must wait until redeemed by the prayers of the living.  
(d) A region of Hell.
14. Presbyterianism is a form of church government:  
(a) Established by John Knox.  
(b) Which derives its name from the presbytery, or that part of the choir in which the high altar is placed.  
(c) So called because of the leading part played by its elders.  
(d) Drawn up by John Craig at the command of James James VI of Scotland.
15. The United Church of Canada was formed, in 1925, by the union of:  
(a) The Lutheran, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches.  
(b) The Methodist, Congregational, and certain Presbyterian Churches.  
(c) The Methodist and Presbyterian Churches.  
(d) The Congregational, Episcopalian, and Methodist Churches.
16. The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin was decreed a doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church in the year:  
(a) 1870.  
(b) 1925.  
(c) 1533.  
(d) 1953.
17. Methodism owes its origin to:  
(a) John Wesley.  
(b) John Calvin.  
(c) Hugh Latimer.  
(d) John Wycliffe.
18. Although the Hebrew Bible is the Holy Scripture of the Jews (as well as of the Christians and the Muslims), the dominating factor in the development and preservation of the Jewish religion has been:  
(a) The Torah (the Pentateuch).  
(b) The Talmud (the explanation and interpretation of the Torah).  
(c) The Mishnah (a collection of some 4,000 rules).  
(d) The Gemara (which complements the Mishnah).
19. The word "kirk" is traditionally associated with the:  
(a) United Church.  
(b) Methodist.  
(c) Quaker.  
(d) Presbyterian.
20. Another name for the Quakers is:  
(a) The Oxford Group.  
(b) The Society of Friends.  
(c) The We Frees.  
(d) The Hutterites.

## SUCCESS

The secret of success in life is known only to those who have not succeeded  
(John Churton Collins.)

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# ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

# Association

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FIFTH ANNUAL CONVENTION — ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE  
ASSOCIATION — MAY 26TH AND 27TH, 1955 — OTTAWA.

## NATIONAL PRESIDENT IN W. ONTARIO

During the first half of December the National President visited all Wings in Western Ontario. Starting from Windsor, the tour took in Leamington, Chatham, Sarnia, and Goderich, during the first week. The second week included visits to London, St. Thomas, Welland, Hamilton, Kitchener, and Guelph.

Air Vice-Marshal Brookes was extremely well pleased with the meetings of all Wings. Attendance was good, and much enthusiasm was shown by Wing members. The National President, however, was quite frank in stating that he was not at all happy about the condition of our membership as a whole. "We have," he said, "approximately eight thousand members out of a possible two hundred thousand veterans who were members of the R.C.A.F. during the Second World War. We must have a weakness somewhere."

He urged all Wings to renew their efforts in support of our current membership drive, which has been extended to the end of the fiscal year, 31 March 1955.

At Goderich, where reorganization of No. 425 (Huron) Wing is in progress, the National President reports that, under the direction of Air Vice-Marshal J. A. Sully, C.B., A.F.C. (ret.), a strong and active Wing is assured.

## ROYAL FLYING CORPS: 1917-1918

In the spring of 1917, shortly after the United States entered the war against Germany, an agree-

ment was made between Canada and the United States whereby American squadrons were to be trained in Canada by the Royal Flying Corps in the summer and autumn of 1917. In return, facilities were to be provided in Texas for R.F.C. training during the winter. The move south by the R.F.C. was made in October 1917, and training continued from airfields around Fort Worth until the middle of April 1918.

During the months the Royal Flying Corps was carrying out training in Texas, thirty-nine officers and men were killed or died. In memory of their comrades, officers and men of the R.F.C. provided funds to erect a monument on which the names of the thirty-nine who lost their lives were inscribed, and for markers for the graves of the eleven who are buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Fort Worth. (The Imperial War Graves Commission has since assumed administrative control of this plot.) Each year since, the World War I Flyers Club of Fort Worth, Texas, have held a memorial service in honour of these men on Armistice Day, November 11th.

Last summer, Mr. H. B. Ransom, Chairman of the Memorial Committee at Fort Worth, contacted the National President and invited the R.C.A.F. Association to participate in these annual services. At the service on 11 November 1954, a wreath was laid on our behalf by a member of the World War I Flyers Club.

We of the Association are deeply grateful to Mr. Ransom and the members of his committee



*The memorial in Greenwood Cemetery. (W. D. Smith photo.)*

for the kind interest they have taken in this matter.

### WING NEWS

#### No. 700 (Edmonton) Wing

No. 700 Wing, Edmonton, held a banquet on Armistice Day attended by approximately ninety members and friends. At the banquet, the Alberta Air Cadet League Shield (which is awarded annually to the sponsoring committee making the greatest contribution to the Air Cadet movement in Alberta) was presented to No. 700 Wing for its work in connection with No. 570 Squadron of the Air Cadets.

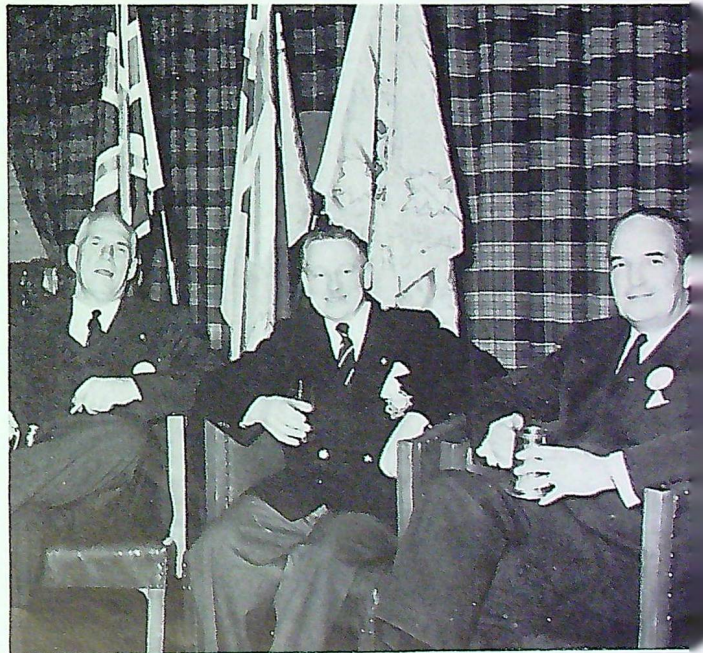
#### No. 306 (Maple Leaf) Wing

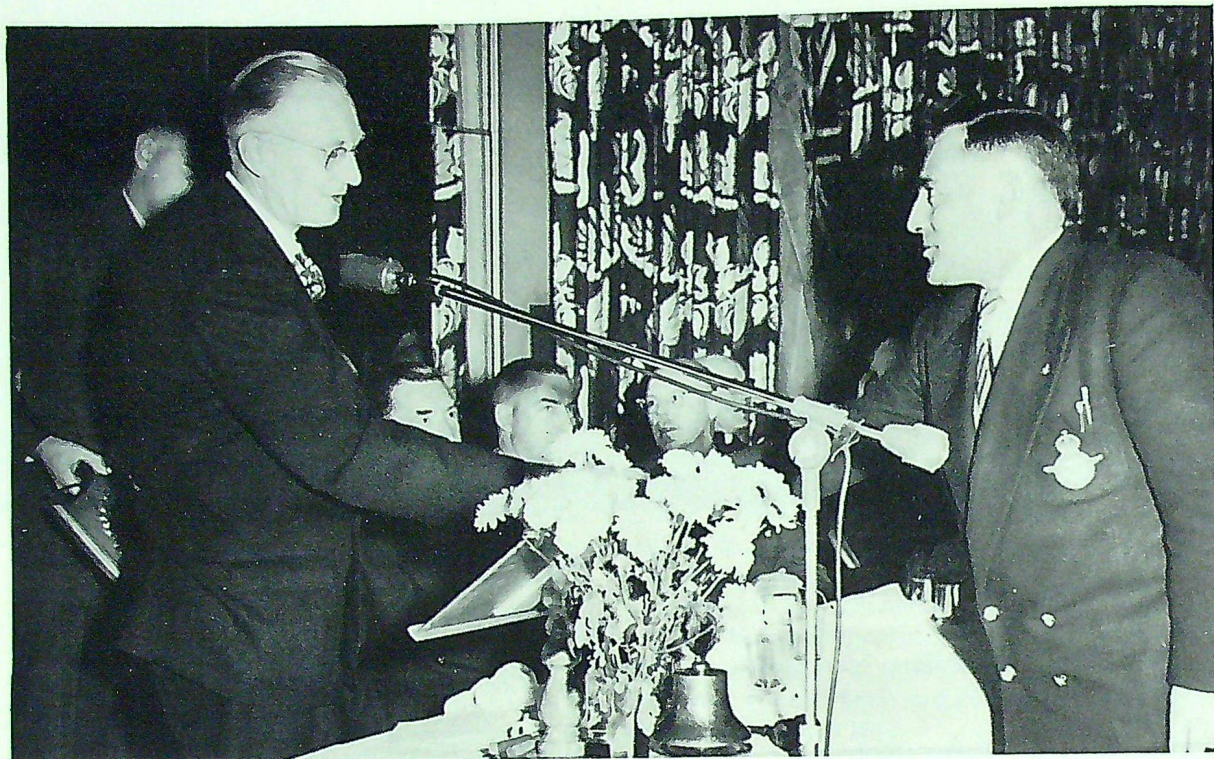
December 8th was "Airpower Night" for No. 306 Wing, when Mr. J. G. Notman, O.B.E., President of Canadair Limited, was guest speaker. He was introduced to the gathering of more than one hundred members and their friends by Mr. Hugh Greene, and was thanked for his address by Mr. Greig Harrison.

Mr. Gordon R. McGregor, President of Trans-Canada Air Lines, was also a guest, and spoke briefly. Mr. McGregor, who is Honorary President

of the Wing, announced that Mr. Notman was being made an honorary member. Other guests included Air Vice-Marshal F. S. McGill, C.B. (ret.), Wing Commander H. J. Everard, D.F.C., and Wing Commander P. S. Delaney, D.F.C.

*"Air Power Night" at No. 306. Left to right: J. G. Notman, A. Clibbon (Wing Pres.), and G. R. McGregor.*





No. 700 Wing. Mr. F. G. Winspear (left), of the Air Cadet League, and Mr. D. Wright, of No. 700. (Photo by Oliver Studios.)

No. 306 also held an Air Force Dinner on November 12th, at which the guest speaker was Air Commodore C. L. Annis, O.B.E., of Air Defence Command. His subject, "Air Strategy", was much appreciated by the large gathering.

#### No. 410 (Ottawa) Wing

On December 18th, No. 410 Wing held a Christmas party for the children of members, under the auspices of the recently formed "Ladies' Social League". About fifty children were present and each received a present from Santa (Vice-President) F. Dingwall.

#### No. 702 (Lethbridge) Wing

A "Meet-the-C.O. Party" was held by No. 702 on December 3rd, to enable members to meet the new Commanding Officer of R.C.A.F. Station

Claresholm. Group Captain and Mrs. J. P. McCartney and Squadron Leader and Mrs. C. L. Burgess were honour guests at a dinner dance under Wing auspices.

#### CURLING

Mr. T. C. Segsworth, of the Alberta Group of the Association, has requested that readers be reminded again of the Annual International Curling Bonspiel to be held at Lethbridge on March 18th and 19th. Any interested curler may obtain full information from: T. C. Segsworth, 8 Tudor Manor, Lethbridge, Alberta.

#### ENTERTAINMENT OF N.A.T.O. TRAINEES

Again during the festive season the Alberta Group of the Association, under the chairmanship of T. C. Segsworth, arranged for N.A.T.O. trainees from R.C.A.F. Stations Penhold, Claresholm, and Red Deer, to have a Christmas holiday south of the border. Quarters were provided by the American Air Force Base, and the boys were royally



Group at the "Blue Ball" sponsored by No. 310 (Wilno) Wing, Montreal.

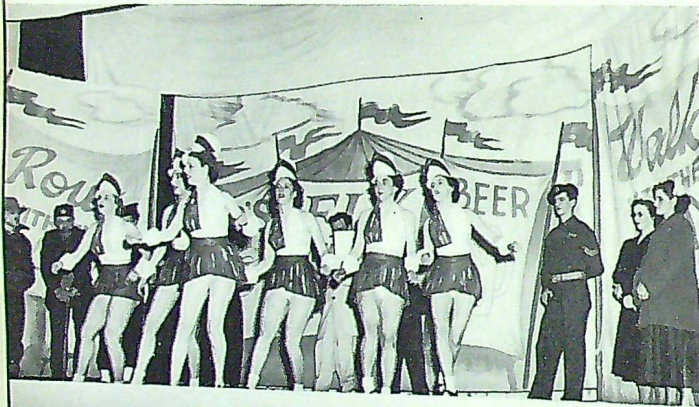
No. 254 (Miramichi Wing) Executive at Anniversary Charter Night. Left to right: S. Lifshes, F. Trevors, D. MacLean, Dr. C. H. Jarvis, W. Gorman, K. Williston, I. Jones, and V. Mitchell.



Joe, it appears, hails from the town of Halivan, in Saskatoba, and he has left home in order to join one of the armed services. We are then given a short sketch of his character, and the prologue ends:

*But back to our story. What will he be —  
A soldier, a sailor, or such as we?  
To other entreaties proving deaf,  
Will he join with us in the R.C.A.F.?  
Let's see for ourselves. Now on with the  
show!  
Curtain! Music! Come, gang — let's go!*

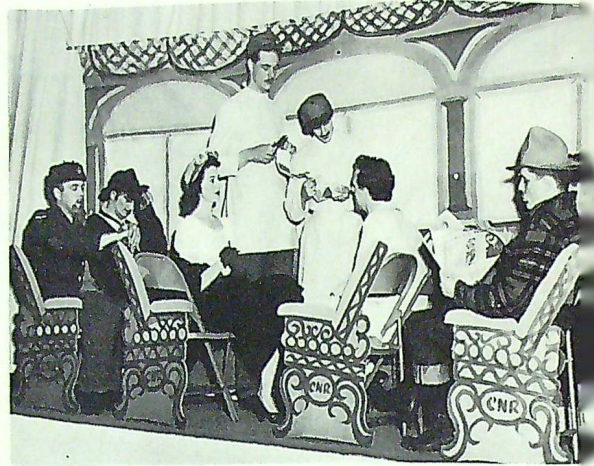
The first scene shows Joe at a fair, listening to the seductive bellowings of the barkers, who are dressed as Army, Navy, and Air Force recruiting officers, respectively. In the end he succumbs to the Air Force, partly because of its dancing-girls and the barker's guarantee of six months' leave



*"Hey Joe, Joe! Forget the rest:  
The Air Force deal's by far the best.  
Our W.D.s are the pride o' the West —  
And this is the way they're always dressed!"*

twice a year, but chiefly because he is hit on the head with a rubber hammer and dragged into the tent.

Presently he finds himself on a train bound for Sagtown, an R.C.A.F. station situated in the bush. During the journey he meets Jill, who has been similarly trapped. The two of them get into conversation with a Pensioned Airman, who tells



*En route to Sagtown. Left to right: Pensioned Airman, Drunk, Jill, two Conductors, Joe, Farmer, and Security Policeman (in civvies).*

them his life-story in a series of verses, the final one of which is:

*My pension's twenty bucks a year —  
I was a careless airman —  
I spent the rest in buyin' beer —  
I was a careless airman —  
And now I'm near three score and ten,  
But I'll tell you how I'll beat them men:  
I'M GOING BACK TO JOIN AGAIN!  
— You'll never cure an airman.*

*In the Orderly Room. Left to right: Jill, Joe, Security Policeman, a Comely Visitor, the C.O., Farmer, Irate Hag, and Adjutant.*





*"Yes, Sir, that's right. We've lots of Janes . . ."*

As the Pensioned Airman finishes, a Security Policeman rises from his seat, reveals his identity, and hustles Joe and Jill from the train under arrest.

We are now introduced to the Orderly Room, where an irate hag is complaining to the Adjutant of having been leered at by young airmen, and where a French farmer is pointing out that his minks' love-lives (and therefore his own business) are being ruined by the noise of the station's jets. Presently, after some spirited exchanges, Joe is led off to the "pokey" while Jill is taken into the C.O.'s office to be taught "the things she ought to know."

The next scene is the Supply Section, where the Senior Supply Officer, Melancholycoff, sits amid 'phones, chains, padlocks, and cob-webs. The only time he ever says "yes" is in reply to a call from his A.O.C.:

*"Yes, Sir, that's right. We've lots of Janes,  
But no spare parts for aeroplanes.  
Yes, all that flying was absurd:  
Such stuff is strictly for a bird!"*

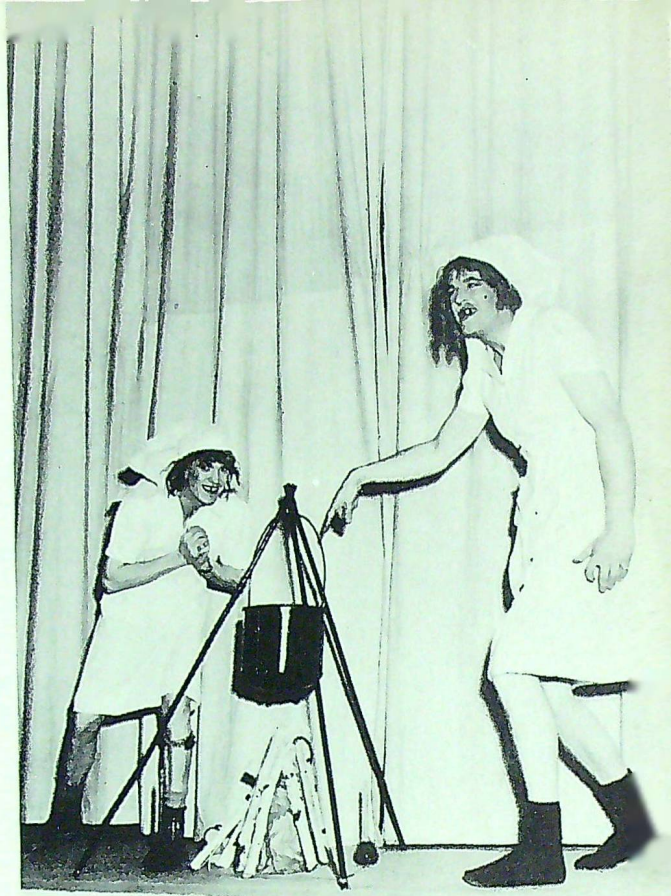
The scene is enlivened by a dance performed by two W.D.'s in ill-fitting uniforms and by a song, "No, boys, no!", sung to the tune of "The Volga Boatmen" by the S.S.O. and his two Supply Technicians.

*The S.S.O. checks the fit of two girls' uniforms.*



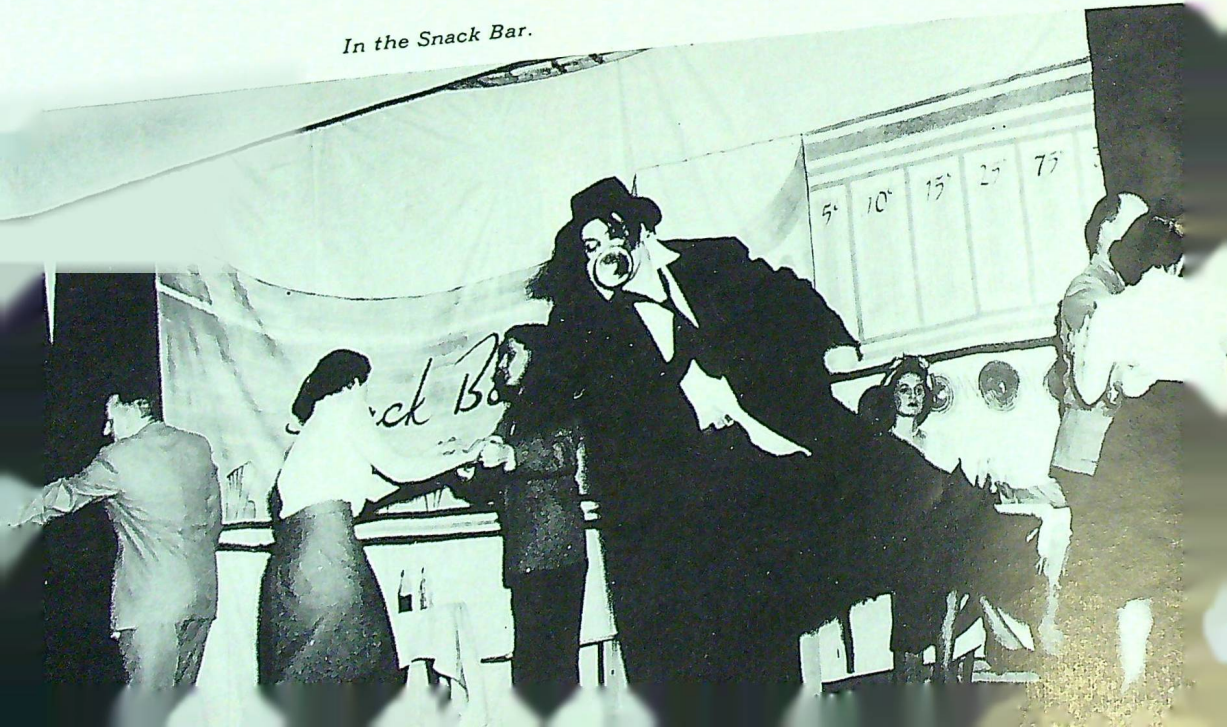


*the S.S.O. watch a dancer (and who wouldn't?).*



*"Round about the cauldron go!  
In the poisoned entrails throw  
Spleen of Sergeant, blood of "Flight",  
Airman's gall to give it bite,  
F/O's gut and Wingco's juice —  
Stir it up like the very deuce!"*

*In the Snack Bar.*



We are then taken to "The Sign of the Red Cross," where, in a weird light, two ghouls dressed in nursing sisters' uniforms drool over a cauldron while they rhyme unpleasantly about their diet, their ancestors, and their ambitions. A sample of their thinking is given in one of Witzie's verses:

*We're itching for Lawrence, the one who  
is boss;  
His brains in our cauldron with glee  
we shall toss.  
When we feast upon him it will surely  
be heaven —  
Though it's gonna play hell with our  
R211!*

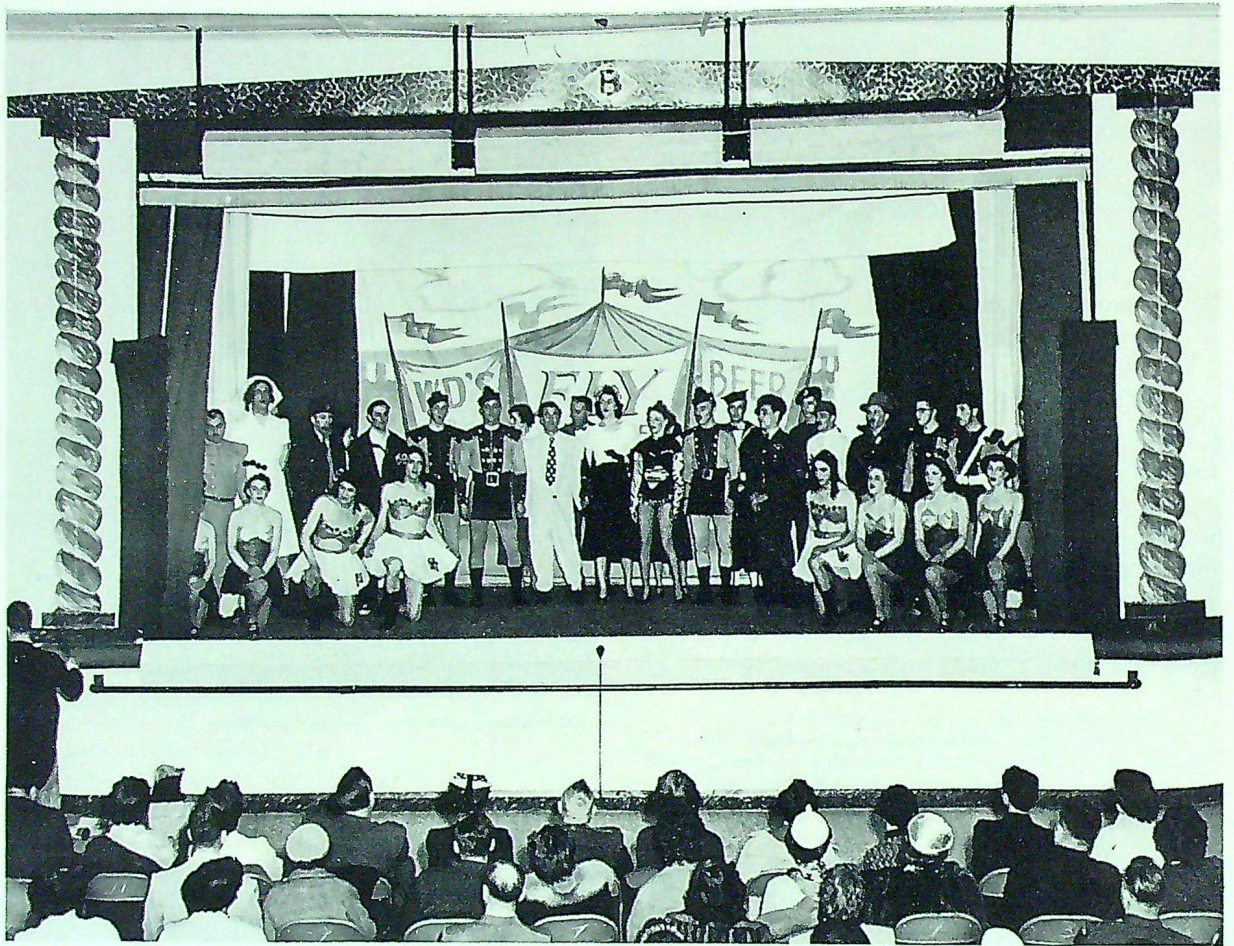
The farce rollicks on — through the Snack-bar, the Airmen's Barracks (to which Jill has somehow found her way), the Admin. Building during the dark hours when the charladies reign supreme, and into the Control Tower, where utter chaos prevails and where eventually an airman "brings down" the C.O.'s 'plane with a shot-gun.



*"One little maid in a barrack block —  
How could I cause such an awful shock  
Simply because I forgot to knock?  
Why be afraid of me?"*

*In the Admin. Building.*





*The Finale.*

*The Senior Flying Control Officer and his trusty crew.*



The Epilogue is brief and to the point. We are back at the fair, and the barkers are still hard at it. Two girls haul Joe out of the tent. He is rubbing his eyes, and the back of his head is covered with sticking-plaster. In a single quatrain, he tells the R.C.A.F. barker that he can keep his Air Force. Then, catching sight of Jill, he rushes over to her and suggests that they get back together to the bees and the flowers (concerning which they had a discussion shortly after they met on the train to Sagtown).

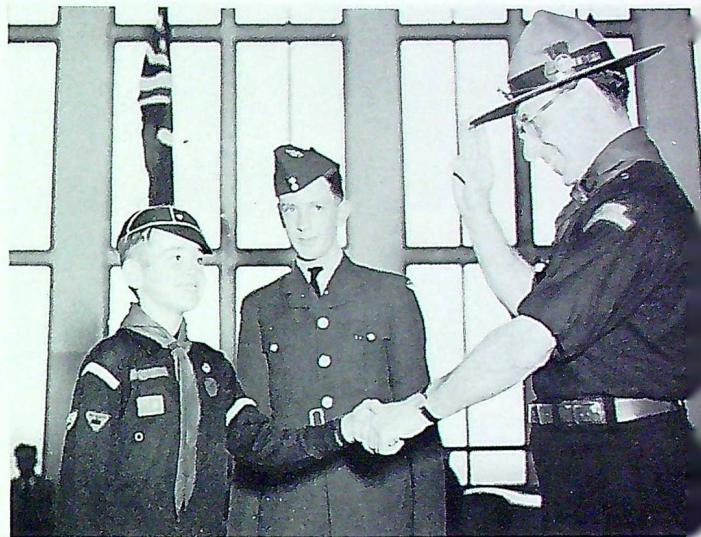
\* \* \*

Oddly enough, the R.C.A.F. is still getting plenty of recruits.

# Scouting in No. 1 Air Division

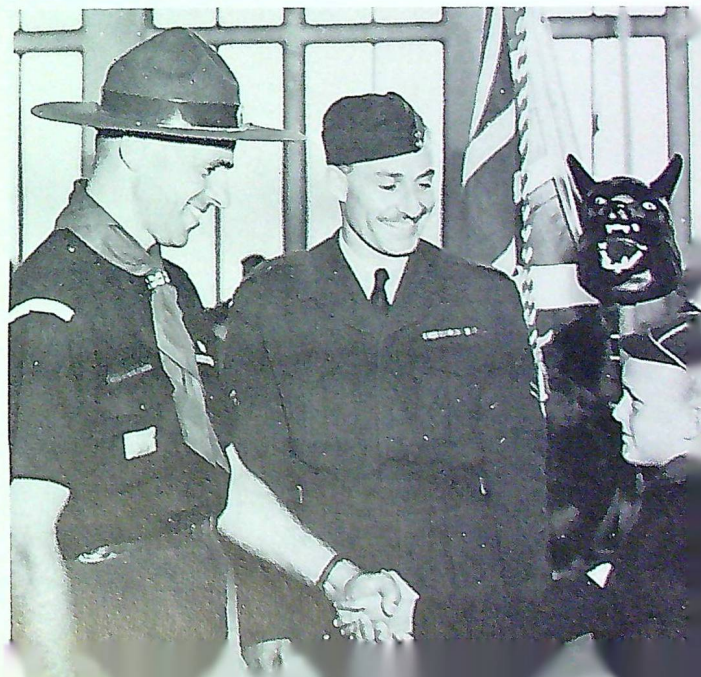
When an air force settles down in a foreign country in time of peace, it takes with it far more than its aircraft and the men and equipment needed to keep them flying. It takes the families of those men and the patterns of their everyday way of life. Thus, it is not surprising that scouts, guides, cubs, and brownies were not long in making their appearance on the R.C.A.F.'s bases in France and Germany.

*Sqn. Ldr. W. N. Hoyer with his son Ronald and his daughter Heather.*



*Mr. F. J. Finlay, Chief Executive Commissioner for the Canadian General Council of the Boy Scout Association, congratulates Bob Clayton on winning the first silver star for his cap. With them is A.C.I.D. Jarvis, one of the cubs' instructors.*

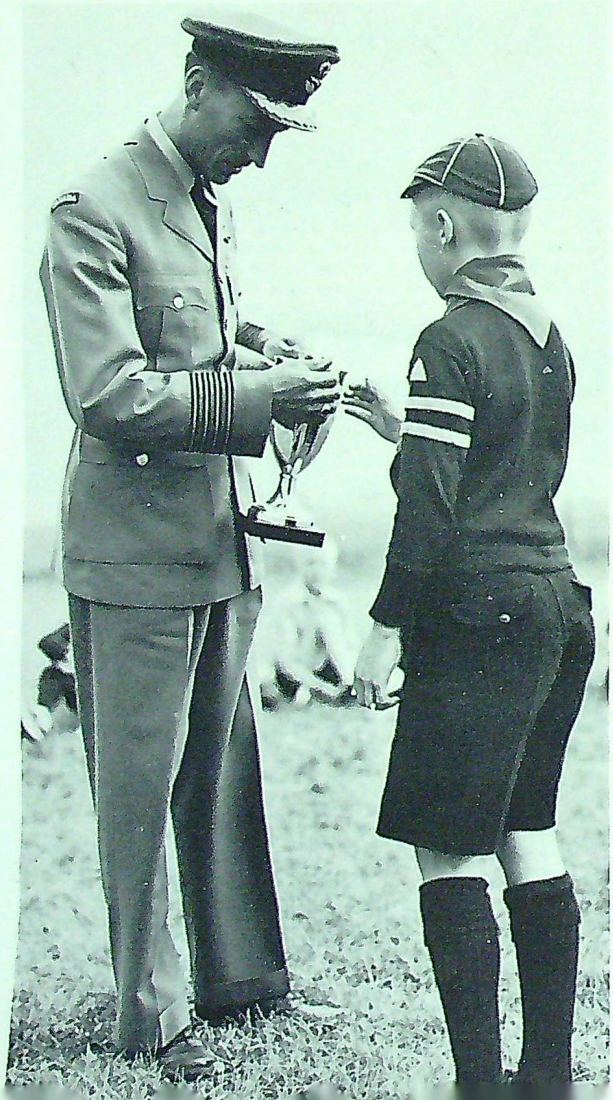
*Cpl. P. Hunter watches his son being congratulated by Scoutmaster Cpl. Melvin Pound for cub achievements in general scout rally.*





*Sons of No. 1 Air Division H.Q. personnel join in song in honour of Mr. P. M. O. Evans, the Executive Commissioner for Training, Canadian Boy Scout Association.*

At first, they were all registered with the British Scouts of Western Europe; but about two years ago a Canadian charter was obtained, and the Canadian Maple Leaf Scout Group (Europe) was formed. It has now become a very flourishing organization, consisting of four component groups. The first is in Metz (Air Division H.Q.), the second at Gros Tenquin (No. 2 Wing), the third at Zweibrücken (No. 3 Wing), and the fourth at



*John Bracher competing in the Book-balancing Relay Race.*



*Group Captain W. Weiser, M.B.E., D.F.C., C.O. of No. 2(F) Wing presents cup to Phillip Barber of No. 3 Maple Leaf Pack.*

Baden-Soellingen (No. 4 Wing). The total strength of all four groups is 52 scouts, 64 guides, 101 cubs, and 116 brownies.

The accompanying photographs will give, better than any words, some idea of the activities of the Canadian contribution to the Scout Movement in Europe.

\* \* \*

The following brief notes have been prepared for the benefit of those of our readers who may not be too familiar with the history and aims of scouting.

Most people have heard of the man who started the Scout Movement — Lord Baden-Powell, usually known simply as "B.P.". During the Boer War, Baden-Powell, then a Major-General, was responsible for the epic defence of Mafeking when

*Larry Carter hands down freshly-cut mistletoe to Jim Crate. With them is Scoutmaster J. Worrall.*



*Cubs Richard Roberts (left) and John Bracher selling apples to Sgt. J. A. Trepanier, of the Service police, and Chief Gendarme Lipp.*

*Group Capt. E. H. Sharpe, M.B.E., visits the Canadian-French scout camp in the Vosges Mountains, where his son Garry spent a three-week holiday. On left is L.A.C. Maurice Belanger; on right, Scoutmaster Cpl. J. Worrall. The seated lads are all French scouts from the Metz district.*



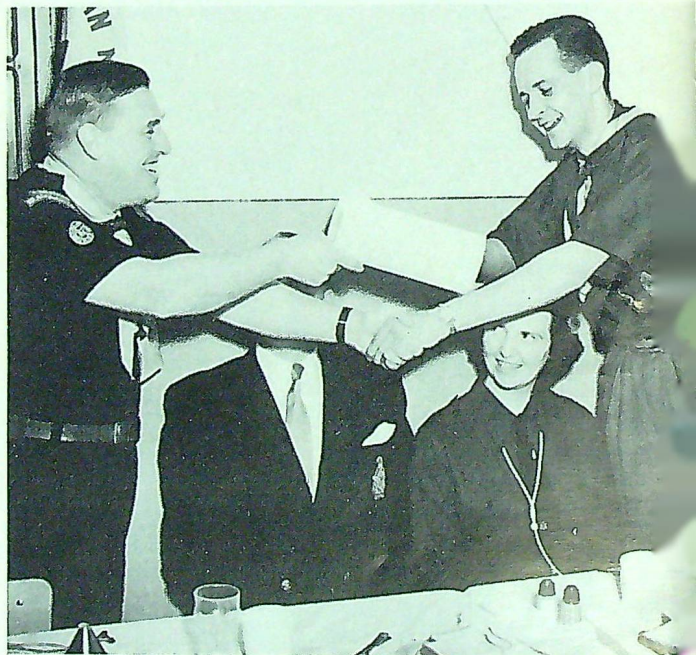


*The Dance of Kaa performed by No. 2 Maple Leaf Pack at the 1954 Cuboree.*

it was besieged by a large force of Boers. At the height of the siege, he made considerable use of the town's boys as messengers, first-aid helpers, etc., etc.; and as a result of his experience he wrote a book entitled "Aids to Scouting," which was later used in the training of soldiers.

So successful was the book that he proceeded to work out a programme of activities which he called "Scouting for Boys" and which was aimed primarily at helping boys of about twelve years of age and upwards to develop their self-reliance and sense of responsibility. In 1907 he tested his ideas by organizing a large camp — now recognized as the first Boy Scout camp in history. All over England groups of boys began to get together, calling themselves "Boy Scouts" and running their meetings along the lines suggested in Baden-Powell's book. Eventually, King Edward VII, who was himself very interested in youth movements, asked B.P. to give up his Army career and devote all his time to scouting. This he did, and the result of his work is now a household word in every corner of the globe.

*Sgt. D. Dawe (right) receiving Scouting Warrant from Mr. P. M. O. Evans during the latter's visit to Metz a year ago in order to present the First Canadian Maple Leaf Boy Scout Group with its official charter.*





No. 3 Pack performing the Dance of Bagheera.

*Flt. Lt. E. D. Herbertson chats with his sons Donald and Robert during a visit to the camp in the Vosges Mountains. With them is the French scout leader, Claude Godart.*



“Wolf Cubs” appeared on the scene as a result of the large attendance at Scout meetings by boys who were too young to share in the older boys’ activities. Baden-Powell therefore devised a separate programme of activities for them, basing it on Kipling’s “Jungle Book” stories. Later, with the help of Lady Baden-Powell, he extended the Scout Movement to include “Girl Guides” and “Brownies.”

★ ★ ★

Answers to “What’s the Score?”

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

# Letters to the Editor ★ ★ ★

## CATERPILLAR GEN NEEDED

Dear Sir:

I am writing a book for a London publisher about the Caterpillar Club and would be glad to hear from any of your readers with other-than-routine emergency bale-out stories to tell.

Especially would I be glad to receive details of life-saving jumps made from very great heights or from very low down, of descents made with badly damaged canopies, of any occasion when two persons shared the same parachute, of leaps precipitated by out-of-the-ordinary circumstances, or of those which had unusual sequels on the ground.

I am also interested in getting descriptions of emergency ejections—particularly where they were made from low level or through the hood.

The Caterpillar Club was formed in 1920: I could use reports of bale-outs made at any time since then.

I. D. Mackersey,  
"The Circle",  
Meadowbrook,  
Old Oxted,  
Surrey, England.

## WHERE ARE YOU?

Dear Sir:

I would appreciate hearing from or learning the present whereabouts of the undermentioned friends of war-time days in the R.C.A.F.:

Frank Morrison (was at St. Jean Manning Depot).

Robert Inglis (also at St. Jean).

E. C. A. Espenhaine (of R.C.A.F. Station Gimli).

Charles Spatari (R.C.A.F.A.)  
Box 325,  
Rossland, B.C.

## AFFAIR OF HONOUR

Dear Sir:

With reference to "The Suggestion Box" in your November issue, wherein you speak of "Sgt. L. E. Thompson, of R.C.A.F. Station Saskatoon"—we wish to advise you that Sgt. L. E. Thompson is a member of the regular support section of No. 406 (L.B.) Sqn. (Aux.), Saskatoon.

Wing Cdr. A. A. Myers, C.O., No. 406 Sqn.  
Flt. Lt. J. E. A. Hermanson, No. 406 Sqn.  
Flt. Lt. M. M. Graham, No. 406 Sqn.

*(Our apologies for the error.—And lest we be guilty of yet another, let us add that Wing Cdr. Myers has been promoted to Group Captain since he drew the foregoing matter to our attention.—EDITOR)*

## ONE UP FOR SHATTERPROOF

Sir:

In the introduction to November's "What's the Score?" you mention that Sgt. Shatterproof, when discussing the questionnaire with you, emitted "peculiar rumbling noises" which you interpreted as laughter at his own jest. Having read the questions that followed, I am forced to conclude that the *real* occasion for his laughter completely escaped you . . .

Kindly refer to question 7. You imply that unvulcanized rubber is used in the manufacture of surgical adhesive tape, but *not* of cellulose tape or self-sealing envelopes. In actual fact, rubber latex is used for all three.

Again, in question 16, you state that synthetic rubber may safely be used in contact with fluids of mineral base, but *not* of vegetable, water, or alcohol base. The truth is that Neoprene and Buna N (and probably other) types of synthetic rubber can be used with any of the fluids mentioned. Natural rubber and synthetic rubber of the GR-S type cannot, of course, be used with mineral oil base fluids.

Please congratulate Sgt. Shatterproof on his perspicacity.

J. M. Macoun (R.C.A.F.A.)

*(We know better than to argue with Mr. Macoun—who, it may be recalled, in May and June of last year prepared for us two questionnaires, one on alcohol and the other on petroleum. We have forwarded his letter to the R.C.A.F.'s chemical pundits, and the joust is now in their hands.—EDITOR.)*

## A CHALLENGE

*(The following letter, though not sent to "The Roundel", merits publication here because it presents a challenge to the young manhood of our Service as a whole. It was forwarded to us by Sqn. Ldr. S. E. Alexander, Officer Commanding the R.C.A.F. Survival School at Edmonton, to whom it was addressed.—EDITOR.)*

Dear Sir:

We read your recent article in "The Reader's Digest" on your work in the Arctic. We were very much interested, as we have been studying the area you speak of. Urged by our teacher, we decided to write to you and ask for pen-friends. Could you please get us two?

We are both seventeen years of age; and our hobbies include reading, music, sports, hiking, writing letters, and dancing.

Helen Bowes and Fay Liddy,  
11 Ethel St.,  
Forestville, S. Australia,  
Australia.

## TRADE EXAMINATION SCORES

Dear Sir:

The congratulations extended to No. 6 Repair Depot on page 23 of the October issue are certainly well deserved—but no one bettered No. 435 (Transport) Squadron's 100% and Air Transport Command's 78% in the March exams!

W.O.1 A. T. Sunderland,  
A.T.C.H.Q.

## HISTORY OF NO. 404 SQUADRON

Dear Sir:

No. 404 (M.R.) Squadron of the Royal Canadian Air Force is compiling a complete history of the Squadron. The information gathered is to be contained in a "Scrap Book", and it is hoped that it will consist of photographs and stories concerning all aspects of the squadron's activities both during and after the Second World War.

We would appreciate it if a request could be made through the columns of your magazine for any information and or photographs which some of your readers may have acquired during their association with this squadron.

Anyone with information to offer, should contact the Officer Commanding No. 404 (M.R.) Squadron, R.C.A.F. Station, Greenwood, Nova Scotia, Canada. We shall be most grateful for any help received.

Wing Cdr. B. H. Moffit, D.F.C., A.F.C.,  
O.C. No. 404 (M.R.) Squadron.

## BACK ISSUES WANTED

We have received from the Provincial Library of Manitoba a request for several early issues of "The Roundel" which we no longer have in stock. They are required in order to complete the Library's files before binding.

Any readers who have copies of "The Roundel" prior to 1953, and who have no further use for them, would be contributing to a very worth-while purpose by sending a post-card to the Librarian, advising him of the dates of the copies available. Cards should be addressed to:

The Librarian,  
Provincial Library of Manitoba,  
Winnipeg, Man.

