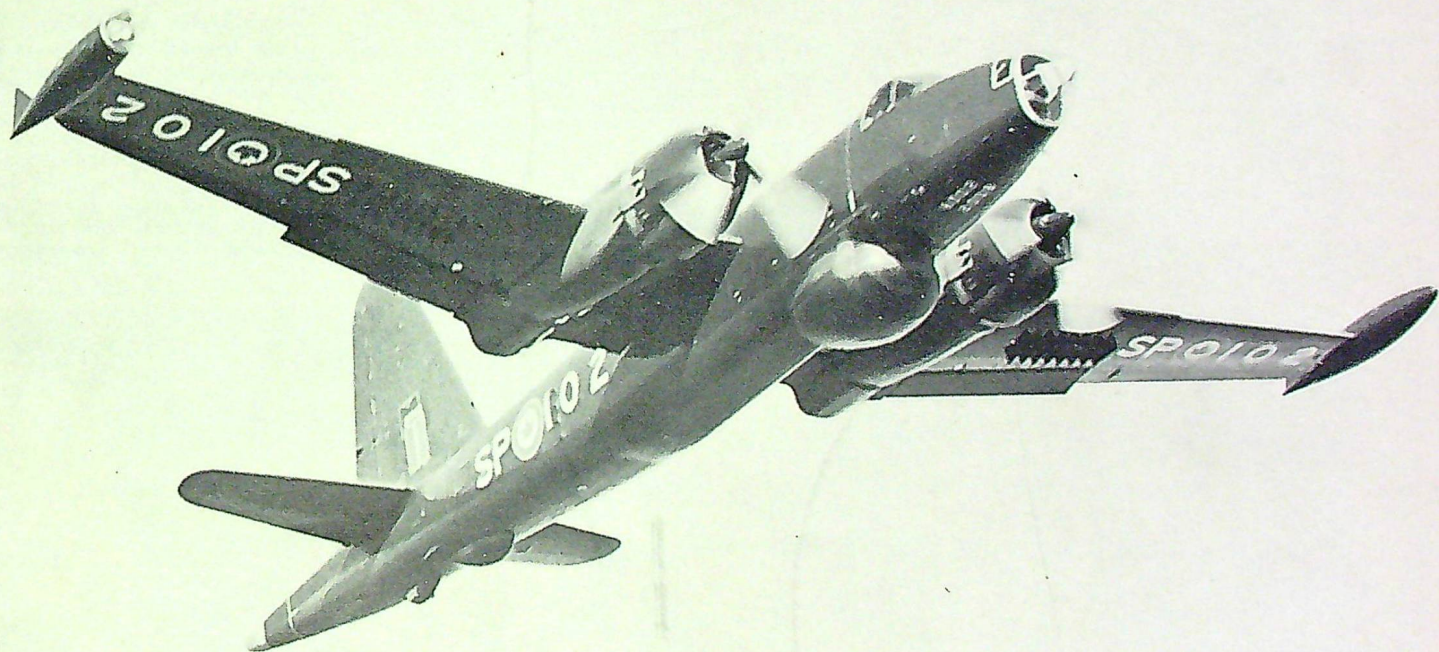


# The **CROWNDDEL**

Vol. 7, No. 4  
APRIL 1955



**ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE**



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

Vol. 7, No. 4

APRIL 1955

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**This Month's Cover**



The Lockheed Neptune, which, together with a modified version of the Bristol Britannia, is to perform the rôle hitherto carried out by the now obsolescent Lancaster in the R.C.A.F.'s maritime squadrons. Conversion of both aircrew and groundcrew to the Neptune is well under way. This type of aircraft has been in use for some time with the U.S.A.F. and the R.A.F. for anti-submarine and convoy patrols.

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

A letter from MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F. SIR WILLIAM DICKSON,  
G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., A.F.C.

Air Ministry,  
Whitehall Gardens,  
London, S.W.1,  
14th February 1955.

My Dear Air Marshal Slemon:

Now that the last squadron of your No. 1 Fighter Wing is about to go to France, I write to give you my personal thanks, and those of the Royal Air Force, for the valuable contribution the Wing has made to the air defences of the United Kingdom in the last four years.

During the three years the Wing has been equipped with Sabres, its contribution has been particularly valuable in the light of the difficulties and delays in the introduction of our own swept-wing fighters into Fighter Command.

From the time we had the pleasure of welcoming No. 421 Squadron at Odiham in 1951 the operational efficiency of No. 1 Wing has been very high indeed. The many aerobatic and other displays they have given have been widely acclaimed, and the highest standard of skill, discipline, and morale have been reflected in all their flying.

As was to be expected, co-operation between the Wing and Fighter Command has been splendid, and all your officers and airmen have made many friends who will be sad to see them go. For all these reasons we are very sorry that the Royal Canadian Air Force is leaving Fighter Command, and we wish the Wing and the Squadrons the very best of good luck in No. 4 Allied Tactical Air Force.

Yours very sincerely,

(sgd) W. F. Dickson

Air Marshal C. R. Slemon, C.B., C.B.E.,  
Office of the Chief of the Air Staff,  
Department of National Defence,  
Ottawa,  
Canada.

# SGT. SHATTERPROOF RESUMES HIS STROLL

Sir:

Few sights are more distressing to the senior N.C.O. than that of a young Flying Officer or Flight Lieutenant far gone in gloom. It fills him with a sense of failure. Every senior N.C.O. is keenly aware that his prime duty is to shield our junior officers from all the problems of Service life and so enable them to husband their intellectual vigour against the ordeal of the promotion examination. Only thus, he realizes, can Her Majesty rest assured that the glittering galaxy of her Squadron Leaders will continue to blaze undimmed and undiminished.

Yesterday evening, as usual, I left my quarters for the Mess at about five-thirty, and, since the sun was still warm, I decided to stroll by the longer route which leads past the back of the hangars. This I did partly in order to consolidate my plans for impaling W.O.1 Gallstone upon an almost forgotten Air Force Administrative Order, and partly in order to add zest to the pre-prandial that awaited me.

As I passed the gap between "A" and "B" hangars, I happened to glance out across the aerodrome. I was somewhat surprised to notice an officer standing alone on the deserted tarmac. His general attitude was one of profound dejection. His hands were plunged deep in his trouser-pockets and he appeared to be brooding over a Harvard that was parked nearby. While I paused to watch, he turned, aimed an angry kick at some imaginary object on the ground, and began to walk slowly towards me. To my amazement, I saw that he was none other than Flying Officer Fighterboy, a promising young flying instructor who has on several occasions sought my counsel in matters of Service procedure.

When he had approached to within a few feet of me, I saluted.

"One suspects, Sir," I said, "that our mood is not Athenian. The hour of the pre-prandial has long since struck, yet still we tarry disconsolate amid the scenes of the day's activities."

He looked up, startled, and returned the salute. Then, staring at me with a haunted expression:

"Sergeant," he said, "the pint has not been brewed which could ease the sickness in my soul. You are looking at a man who has drained the cup of bitterness to its dregs, a man whom the bludgeonings of chance have at last beaten to his knees."

I studied him closely.

"In a word, Sir, we are wincing in the fell clutch of circumstance?"

He nodded.

"We are. My transfer back to a squadron has been squashed. I've got to put in another year here."

"There are perhaps worse fates, Sir."

"There are, eh? In a few weeks the universities and Service colleges will be unleashing their hordes of summer students on us again. While other chaps are off on leave, lolling about on beaches with the local popsies, I shall be sweating out the only three good months of the year doing circuits and bumps in an airborne Turkish bath." A far-away look came into his eyes. "And I had something pretty special on ice for July."

"But, Sir," I pointed out, "these young men must be trained. Also, I would respectfully suggest that this pretty special something might be persuaded to remain on the ice until mid-September, when the fledgelings will all have returned to the nests of the higher learning."

He shook his head sadly. "Not this something. It would melt even an Air Vice-Marshal's heart.— But", he continued in a stronger tone, "what irks

me most of all is that I'm getting operationally rusty. Three years of instructing —"

I raised a hand in the courteous but compelling gesture that has been known to recall even a Supply Warrant Officer to a sense of proportion.

"I perceive, Sir, that you have never dabbled in Carthaginian history."

He assured me, quite emphatically, that he had not. The Current Affairs paper, he said, had been more than enough for him to handle.

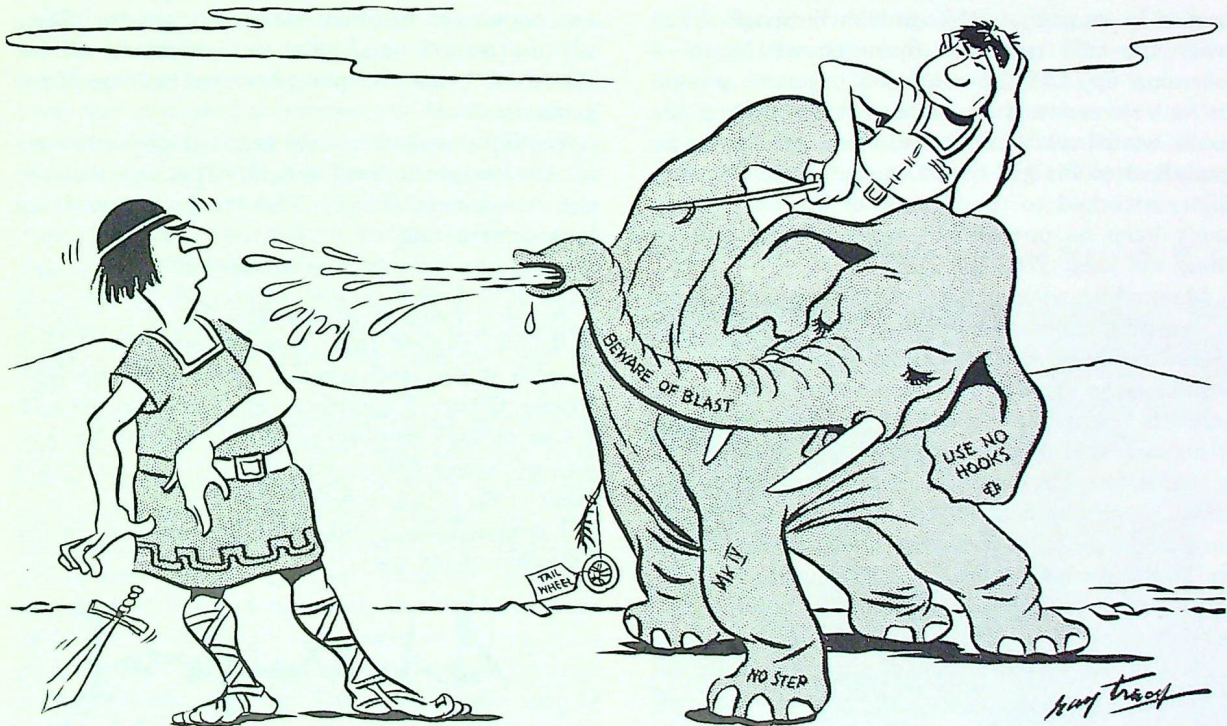
"A pity, Sir. Had you done so, you would have heard of my ancestor Moloch Shatterproof, of the Phoenician branch of the family. Although, like you, he took a rather dim view of instructing, nevertheless he eventually became chief of Hannibal's 2nd. Tactical Elephant Force and died heroically in the arena after his capture by the Romans in the Second Punic War. He was, indeed, the only man who ever succeeded in circling the Colosseum three times before the lions caught up with him."

Flying Officer Fighterboy's eyes dropped surreptitiously to his wrist-watch, and he heaved a sigh of what I interpreted as pleasurable anticipation.

\* \* \*

Young Moloch (I began) was taken off ops. in the summer of 216 B.C., after a single peace-time tour on elephants, and posted to the instructors' course at Station Sidon.

You, Sir, as a pilot, may be interested to learn that the instruction he received was not altogether unlike that given at our own Flying Instructors' Schools. Some of the patter has come down to us in the form of a Latin translation made by a captured Roman centurion . . . "And now, having inserted the goad into our elephant's right ear, we offer up a prayer to Baal and ease gently back on the shaft until we find ourselves in a rate-one turn . . . If we are travelling at speed, we apply the requisite bank by driving our second goad into the elephant's left ear, calling loudly upon Ashtoreth, and moving the shaft sharply over



to the right — at the same time taking care not to overgoad and so force our mount into a dangerous sideslip . . . ”

Similar parallels, however, can hardly be drawn between the ground-school syllabi. For example, the R.C.A.F. does not devote any appreciable time to teaching its instructors the various methods of inserting new-born babies into furnaces as a means of ensuring a minimum wash-out rate. Nor does it, I believe, attach any great importance to red-hot pincers as a training-aid for backward students.— But I digress.

My ancestor graduated at the top of his class, and for the next two years he served his country well as an instructor at the Advanced Elephant School just outside Tyre. He did not, of course, particularly enjoy his job. Naturally enough, he yearned for the camaraderie of the old herd; he longed to feel again the surge of power in the mighty operational tuskers beneath him. But he saw his duty and he did it; and several military historians have since pointed out that many of Hannibal's most ditinguished commanders were originally pupils of Moloch Shatterproof. Even when the cold war with Rome showed signs of warming up, and the reservists began to stream in for conversion from camels, he shouldered the extra work-load without undue complaint. As he explained to his girl friend (a cute little Cursing-Sister attached to the Temple of Dagon), “They can't keep us operational types at this sort of thing too long. We'd get rusty.”

Meanwhile, without his realizing it, the necessity of teaching others was forcing him to perfect his own techniques. Every time he demonstrated to a pupil how to grind a practice-slave into the earth beneath his elephant's feet, he added something to his own skill. He developed a formation exercise in which two elephants, while proceeding at full gallop along the Station roads, would seize some unsuspecting civilian employee with their trunks and pull his head off without breaking their stride. Nor was the broadening of his concepts limited to combat tactics. If one may judge from the steady decline in the wash-out rate among his pupils, he must also have become something of an authority on the correct relationship to be observed between

religion, furnace-operation, and the current birth-rate.

But, unfortunately for my ancestor's immediate hopes, it was later than he thought. On the day his two years were up, the C.O. summoned him to his office and informed him that, in view of the shortage of qualified instructors, he might as well make up his mind to settle down where he was for a while yet. The operational herds overseas, in Spain and Sicily, were screaming for drivers — “and after all,” the C.O. added with a fatherly wink, “you can console yourself with the reflection that Dagon doesn't have any temples outside this country.”

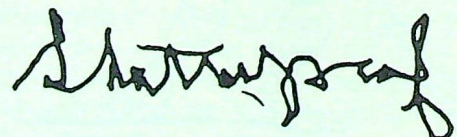
Moloch went out feeling that he had drained the cup of bitterness to the dregs. The bludgeonings of chance, he decided, had beaten him to his knees. Somehow he struggled through the day's carnage, but when it was over he lacked even the zest for the evening goblet. He lingered behind by the pens until the disposal squad had removed the last body and sluiced down the training-area; and for some time he stood there alone, brooding gloomily over an obsolescent elephant picketed close by. Then, turning on his heel, he shambled slowly off between “A” and “B” pens, his eyes bent upon the ground.

Suddenly a voice roused him out of his reverie. “One suspects, Sir,” it said, “that our mood is not Babylonian. The hour of the pre-prandial has long since struck—”

\* \* \*

At this point in my story, Sir, my copy of Q.R.(Air) slipped from beneath my arm. I bent to pick it up; and when I again stood upright, Flying Officer Fighterboy was in rapid retreat. I was pleased to observe, however, that his gait was no longer listless and that he was steering a great-circle course towards his Mess.

I resumed my stroll, more briskly now, in the direction of my own.



# No. 433 SQUADRON

## PART TWO

By Flight Lieutenant A. P. Heathcote, Air Historical Section.

Two obviously successful raids were carried out on 14 and 15 August 1954. On the former attack the Porkies made life miserable for the German forces attempting to escape from the Falaise pocket. The specific aiming-point was the village of Bons Tassily. Early crews were able to bomb visually, guided by precise marking and a calm and deliberate master bomber. Later arrivals bombed the centre of the smoke and dust as requested by him. It was a fairly safe bet that the village of Bons Tassily was, for all military intents and purposes, wiped out.

The attack on the 15th was part of a large-scale smash at airfields in the Low Countries. The Porkies interrupted the lunch-hour of Luftwaffe personnel stationed at Soesterberg, Holland, where the first crew bombed at 12:02. As visibility was excellent, this attack was another answer to the bomb-aimer's prayer. The airfield and practically everything that went with it took a fearful pounding. Among the installations hit were an ammunition dump, the control tower, S.H.Q. buildings, armament workshops, fuel dumps, and dispersal areas — plus, of course, the airfield and its runways.

Three of the squadron's operations in the next ten days were mining-trips, and one was very costly. The area being mined the night of the 16th had the innocent code name, "Forget-me-not"; but everyone knew that this meant Kiel Harbour, a hot spot on any type of operation. Thirteen aircraft took off; ten returned. One of the missing *Hallies* — "P-Peter" — was manned by a crew of veterans all of whom had completed 25 or more sorties. When over the Island of Fyen, east of Denmark, it was attacked from below and astern

by a fighter which set it afire in the port wing-root area. The fire could not be extinguished, and the aircraft, now in a steep dive, had to be abandoned. The navigator, Flying Officer C. H. Gill, and the rear gunner, Flying Officer P. E. "Phil" Marchildon (formerly a star pitcher with the Philadelphia Athletics), were in the water for about three hours before being picked up by a Danish patrol boat. They were eventually handed over to the Germans. The rest of the crew, consisting of Flying Officer J. A. W. Morgan (captain), Flt. Sgt. C. R. Stewart (w/op), Flying Officer J. R. O. Clerc (a/b), Sgt. R. F. Young, R.A.F. (f/e), and Flt. Sgt. J. W. Moffatt (mu/ag), were lost. The other two missing aircraft, "I-Ink" and "D-Dog," were also manned by experienced crews. The crew of "I-Ink" was made up of Flt. Lt. J. C. Valk, Pilot Officer J. A. Tolmie, Flying Officer J. C. Sprott, Flying

*Wing Cdr. G. A. Tambling (left) and Sqn. Ldr. W. C. Pierce.*





*Interrogation after an attack on V-1 sites. Left to right: Flt. Lt. M. Singer, Wing Cdr. A. J. Lewington, Group Capt. F. R. Miller, Flying Officer W. J. N. Burnett, Flt. Sgt. N. D. Dixon, Flying Officer T. J. Kelly, Sgt. E. T. Thompson.*

Officer G. Scott, Flt. Sgt. T. L. Baker, Sgt. R. I. Atkinson, R.A.F., and Flying Officer M. H. Fleming. The crew of "D-Dog" consisted of Flt. Sgt. J. G. M. Savard, Flying Officer H. Grimble, Warrant Officer B. Bercuson, Flying Officer J. L. Baillargeon, Sgt. A. W. J. Drennan, Sgt. G. H. Lilley, R.A.F., and Sgt. M. E. Fairall. All members of both crews were officially presumed dead. So did the remarkable mining luck of this squadron run out. These were its only losses thus far in 26 mining missions (195 sorties). Four other gardening trips, mostly in the waters near Brest, La Rochelle and St. Nazaire, were completed in August without loss.

Casualties came unexpectedly on the 31st, over the Ile de Cezembre, near St. Malo. Crews were instructed to bomb the island's heavy guns visually at heights from 2,000 to 3,000 feet. Enemy resistance was practically nil as the squadron poured stick after stick on the sitting duck of a target. It could well have been the easiest target bombed by heavies during the entire European campaign, yet one aircraft failed to return. *Halifax* "O-Oboe" suddenly went into a steep dive from which it never recovered. It plunged into the sea, killing its entire crew. The casualties were, Flying Officer K. R. Beveridge, Flt. Sgt. E. C. Harman, Pilot

Officer L. S. Guernsey, Flt. Sgt. W. L. Long, Sgt. G. W. Pharis, Sgt. C. W. Garrett, R.A.F., and Sgt. J. R. Hawkins.

Also attacked during August were two oil storage depots, marshalling yards at Connantre, heavy gun positions at Brest, and shipping in Brest harbour. On the latter raid two crews scored direct hits on the ship that was the primary target.

\* \* \*

By September, when most of the V-1 sites in northern France had been either overrun by the Allies or abandoned by the Germans, Bomber Command again turned to strategic attacks on Germany and raids in support of the Canadian Army. September began with a big bang on the 6th, as the Porkies made their first daylight raid on Germany. They joined a Command attack on Emden which was officially rated among the best of the whole bombing campaign. The Germans, again caught at meal-time, expressed annoyance with moderate-to-intense barrage and predicted flak. But the attack was pressed home, and a shower of 2,000-pounders and incendiaries went down on the centre of the city and the dock area. Large fires sprang up in the heart of the built-up

*Left to right: Flying Officer L. Rapkin, Sgt. C. R. Stewart, Flying Officer P. Marchildon.*





section, while oil burned furiously around the docks. These fires could still be seen by returning crews 100 miles away. The flak proved to be particularly rough on engines; five Hallies flew back and landed "on three".

September's strategic attacks also included an excellent raid on Kiel on the night of the 15th and a highly-scattered day thrust at Sterkrade-Holten on the 27th. (The Sterkrade affair was the only occasion of the campaign when half the Ruhr Valley was bombed in the space of a few minutes).

Tactically, the Porkies backed up the Canadian Army with raids on enemy positions at Le Havre, Boulogne, Calais (twice), Cap Gris Nez, and Domburg. Their other efforts of the month included a successful mining mission to Kiel and a day-bombing attempt on Wilhelmshaven which became completely abortive when they were recalled while over the North Sea. Despite the squadron's switch to more heavily defended targets, September was a loss-free month.

\* \* \*

Throughout October, November, and December, Bomber Command continued to concentrate on strategic bombing in Germany, but lent a tactical hand whenever needed. The Porkies' first target in October, however, was the U-boat pens at Bergen, Norway. Blessed with clear skies and perfect visibility, the squadron was ordered by the master bomber to bomb visually, and the happiness of the bomb-aimers was reflected in the accuracy of their bombing. A secondary target was shipping in the adjacent harbour. Vessels of all sizes and shapes were seen scuttling around in a maelstrom of panic, vainly trying to escape the hail of high explosive. The bomb concentration was truly murderous, as stick after stick straddled the harbour. Smoke which rose as high as 14,000 feet over the target area was visible to returning crews as far as 120 miles away. A strong escort of *Mustangs* gave excellent cover throughout the attack, and the Luftwaffe again declined to fight. The only enemy resistance was slight and inaccurate flak, both light and heavy.

The following evening ten aircraft went mining in the Heligoland area. All dropped their mines

without interference, and it looked like another milk-run until, shortly after the drop, *Halifax* "M-Mike" was attacked by a Ju.88. The fighter raked the bomber from end to end with cannon fire, instantly killing the rear gunner, Pilot Officer J. Zareikin. Because of extensive damage to the tail, empennage, and port aileron, the pilot, Flying Officer W. T. C. Watson, could not corkscrew, but could only dive straight ahead. Unable to bring his guns to bear at this moment, the mid-upper gunner, Pilot Officer J. M. Cochrane, saw his chance a few seconds later after the overconfident enemy had sneaked over to port quarter-up for another attack. Knowing full well that his aircraft was incapable of taking evasive action, Cochrane coolly watched and waited as the Ju. bored in for the kill. He continued to hold his fire until the enemy had closed to 100 yards, then blasted it at almost point-blank range, striking the starboard engine, cockpit, and starboard wing. The enemy aircraft dropped its undercarriage, flipped onto its back, and fell into a vertical dive seawards. Thus did Cochrane, an American from Michigan, avenge the death of a former countryman, Joe Zareikin, originally of California. For this action, in which he was officially credited with a "probable", Cochrane was awarded an immediate D.F.C.

On the 6th, twenty crews went to Dortmund, that eternally hot spot in the Ruhr. They found the skies over the target area just cloudy enough to hinder the searchlights. But the air was filthy with flak. A burst at 20,000 feet knocked out both port engines of "G-George", captained by Flying Officer V. G. B. Valentine, who was on his second trip with his crew. The skipper feathered the engines and applied full trim, but considerable pressure was still needed on the control column to keep the aircraft level. It began to lose height at the rate of 1,000 feet per minute, which was eventually reduced to 500 feet per minute. Being only five minutes from the target, Valentine decided to push on and bomb, then to bale out, if possible, over allied territory. After sustaining more flak damage to wings and fuselage over the target area, "G-George" bombed the target at a suicidal altitude of 7500 feet, then headed west, still



losing height. At 5,000 feet Valentine tried to level out, but the crippled kite stalled at 125 m.p.h. Recovery was made over Duisburg at 500 feet, but the aircraft kept losing height, and Valentine had a final hazy recollection of crashing into a factory building in that city. Ironically, the four crew members who, upon impact, were in crash positions, were all killed. They were Flt. Sgt. J. E. Tazuk (w/op), Warrant Officer W. M. Ritchie (mu/ag), Sgt. A. G. Dollery, R.A.F., (f/e), and Sgt. A. E. McGraw (a/g). Two of the others, who at the time were on their way to crash positions, were badly injured, but eventually recovered. One of them, Flying Officer H. R. L. English (a/b), remembers nothing of the crash. He was knocked cold, and regained consciousness in a Duisburg hospital two days later. The third survivor, Warrant Officer J. P. Lee (nav.), was hospitalized along with Valentine and English.

Two days later, another "maximum effort" was laid on. This time it was Duisburg, which, for this squadron, had never previously been a primary target. The Porkies made up for this oversight by attacking it twice within a period of seventeen hours, once by day and once by night. Theirs was part of a concerted one-two punch by Bomber Command, which punch undoubtedly constituted the most devastating air blow (with conventional high explosive) of all time. (Bomber Command delivered a total of 9,200 tons of bombs to Duisburg in slightly more than 16 hours). Most Porcupine crews found the city largely obscured by cloud. Hearing the master bomber's signal, "Freehand", they bombed either on H2S or through cloud breaks. Consequently the bombing was reported as scattered. Nevertheless, the "scattering" was done over the right places, for debriefing revealed that bombs were seen dropping on such pay-off areas as docks, factories, steel mills, marshalling-yards, and built-up districts. One pilot summed it up pretty well when he said, "Bombing was spread out but effective". A barrage of intense heavy flak, the enemy's only resistance, claimed no Porcupine aircraft.

Returning *Hallies* were immediately refueled and bombed-up, and some ten hours after the last had landed, the nocturnal marauders were taking

off. Unfortunately for Duisburg, the weather had considerably improved. The squadron's specific aiming-point, the southern section of the city, stood out like the proverbial sore thumb, bathed in the glow of fires ignited that morning in the northern section. Flames soon took hold in the southern half too, and, according to the last Porcupine crews on the target, "it looked as if the whole city was ablaze." The glow of fires could be seen from the Dutch coast. Flak was not as intense as in the morning, but was still accurate. The Luftwaffe was airborne, probably to cool off, but made no attacks on Porcupine aircraft. Again there were no casualties.

During the second half of October, the squadron pounded Wilhelmshaven, Essen, Homburg (synthetic oil) and Cologne (twice), without loss. On the first Cologne operation, two aircraft were extensively damaged by flak and another by falling bombs, but the crews were miraculously unhurt. One *Hally* was peppered in the nose and cockpit sections by a fiendishly accurate first burst of predicted flak. A big hole was punched in the left-hand corner of the windscreen, the trimming controls on each side of the pilot were shot to shreds, and shattered radar equipment was sent crashing onto the navigator's table; yet not one of the four crew members crammed into that small space was even touched.

The lone mining-mission of the 16-day period took three *Hallies* to the Oslo area. Here the enemy surprised with night-fighters, one of which attacked "Y-Yoke". Flying Officer R. J. Mountford corkscrewed, and German tracers made a harmless splash pattern on Oslo Fjord. Gunners Warrant Officer E. G. Munro and Flt. Sgt. W. H. Christie were more accurate. Taking advantage of a no-deflection shot, each raked the fighter from end to end. The German flipped on to his back and dived seawards with flames licking his fuselage. Seconds later, a distinct red glow shone through the cloud. It was scored as a "probable".

\* \* \*

The squadron lost three crews in November, one on the 4th (Bochum) and the others on the 21st (Castrop-Rauxel). On the Bochum operation it was obvious that the enemy had received some

sort of early warning. His ground-to-air defences were so active that crews swore every flak gun and searchlight in the Ruhr had been moved to Bochum for a one-night stand. His fighters were busy too, but ingored the Hallies sporting the big "BM". Despite such disconcerting elements, the bombing was of the first order. It was so accurate that one batch of ground-markers was completely snuffed out. So bright and continuous were the flashes of explosions that crews were able to discern the tall chimneys of the very factories they were attacking. Halifax "F-Fox", manned by Flying Officer R. J. Mountford and his veterans of 20-odd trips, had bombed successfully and was going all-out for home, when, in an area of no apparent activity, it was plastered with at least four flak bursts. Both starboard engines took fire immediately, and, when the fire appeared uncontrollable, the skipper gave the bale-out order. The seven crew members reached earth safely, the only "casualty" being the skipper's flying-boots, which were lost to the slip-stream during his hasty exit. All were captured. They were, in addition to the captain, Flying Officer R. M. Madill, Warrant Officer I. H. Jervis, Flying Officer H. W. Langlands, Flt. Sgt. J. H. Christie, Sgt. J. S. Bell, R.A.F., and Warrant Officer E. G. Munro. The latter, before being apprehended, took time out to engage in a little sabotage of Germany's war effort. During his westward stroll he chanced upon a railway bridge towards which was puffing a long freight train. It took only seconds for him to remove two logs from a convenient pile on the embankment and place them on the tracks. A few moments later came his reward — the satisfying sight of one derailed enemy freight train.

One other *Halifax* returned from Bochum so severely flak-ridden that it subsequently became a "write-off". But somehow or other its crew was unharmed.

On the Castrop-Rauxel operation it appeared that the enemy had been forewarned again. Two great banks of searchlights formed a veritable "great white way" from the battle-front to the target. It was unlike anything most of the crews had ever seen. Night-fighters were patrolling this avenue in very business-like fashion, and one of

the two Porcupine aircraft lost on the raid succumbed to their guns. Over the target area, flak, both barrage and predicted, was quite intense. It accounted for the other missing Hally. The aircraft shot down by fighters was "T-Tare", manned by Pilot Officer A. T. ("Tommy") Bond and crew, all of whom were at least half-way through their tours. When starting their run-up on the target, they were hit by fire from an unseen fighter which severely wounded Flt. Sgt. R. Allan (mu/ag). He died within a few minutes. "Tare" began to blaze from fuselage to port outer. Attempts to extinguish the flames failed, whereupon the crew baled out as ordered. Pilot Officer Bond, Flying Officer E. A. Watson (nav.) Sgt. K. E. Slack (a/g), and Sgt. J. Weir, R.A.F. (f/e), reached earth safely and were taken prisoners, but Flt. Sgt. A. E. Robson (w/op) and Flt. Sgt. J. R. Seymour (a/b) were officially presumed dead. When the war ended, Slack, now a flight sergeant, made his way to an Allied camp south of Magdeburg. On 9 May, he and another Canadian airman, boating in the Elbe River near Schonebeck, saw a German soldier struggling in the water. Both immediately dived to his assistance. In the rescue attempt Flt. Sgt. Slack was drowned, but a boat manned by American soldiers rescued the second airman as well as the enemy soldier for whom the flight sergeant had given his life.

*Back from a strategic daylight attack. Left to right: Pilot Officer J. J. Major, Flt. Sgt. J. Greening, Flying Officer R. N. Bower.*





The second missing Halifax, "R-Roger", was manned by Flying Officer D. F. Guy's veteran crew (21 trips). A minute or two before time-on-target, "Roger" sustained flak hits which started fires in the starboard outer and rest position. When the flames continued out of control despite every effort to extinguish them, the crew was ordered to bale out, but not before the bomb load had been jettisoned in the target area. W.O.2 J. J. Scott (mu/ag) baled out normally, but the rest of the crew had not left the aircraft before an explosion occurred. Flying Officer Guy and his bomb-aimer, Flying Officer H. A. McLennan, were knocked out, and both regained consciousness in mid-air after falling about 15,000 feet. McLennan found his 'chute already open, but Guy was still falling freely, and pulled the ripcord at an estimated 2,000 feet above the ground. Guy, McLennan, and Scott became P.O.W.s along with Pilot Officer R. D. MacLachlan (a/g). The other crew members — Flying Officer C. H. Love (nav.), Flt. Sgt. L. P. Ramey (w/op), and Sgt. T. A. S. Lockey, R.A.F. (f/e) — were presumed killed. Proof of the great number of searchlights in action that night was offered by the fact that one returning *Hally*, despite violent evasive action, was coned for almost 20 minutes.

The Porcupines pounded seven other targets in November without loss. Five of these — Oberhausen, Dusseldorf, Gelsenkirchen, Neuss, and Duisburg — lay in "The Valley". The others were Munster and Julich, the latter being bombed with outstanding success for the benefit of the U.S. 9th Army. In a mining way, successful drops were made in the Oslo and Kattegat areas.

During November two senior officers were posted from the squadron. On the 6th, its two-tour veteran and Commanding Officer, Wing Cdr. A. J. Lewington, D.F.C., left to assume command of Station Dishforth. He was replaced by Wing Cdr. C. A. Tambling. On the 22nd, Wing Cdr. F. R. Sharp, who had been attached to No. 433 for some weeks, left to become the new C.O. of No. 408 (Goose) Squadron.

\* \* \*

On 2 December, a Porcupine aircraft was shot

down by enemy fire after bombing Hagen. Killed were Flt. Lt. W. H. Cook, Flying Officer J. E. Grant, Pilot Officer J. B. Pittman, Flying Officer R. H. Shiells, Sgt. R. E. Ainsworth, R.A.F., and Sgt. J. W. Ash. The only survivor, Flt. Sgt. L. A. Mallory (a g), lost consciousness when the *Halifax* was hit. Upon fully regaining his senses, he found himself wandering around on the ground, burned about the face and hands. Seeing no trace of his parachute anywhere, he could only conclude that he had survived a crash or crash-landing. Early the next morning he was taken in and fed by a farmer, and subsequently his burns were dressed by a nun. For four days he remained at another farm house near Weiler, France, hiding in the cellar when the Germans came to search. He then contacted French troops who entered the town, and about a month later was taken to England.

New or almost forgotten names like Karlsruhe Soest, Osnabruck, St. Vith, Opladen, and Troisdorf, decorated the operations board in December, in addition to such familiar ones as Duisburg, Cologne, and Oslo. The Karlsruhe and Soest operations, except for persistent flak, were fairly routine for all crews; but not so the Osnabruck raid, on the 6th. After the bombing-run, Flt. Sgt. O. S. T. Clarke, rear gunner aboard "Q-Queen", spied an amber light which he perceived to belong to an Me.410. He gave "corkscrew starboard", then watched and waited while the enemy shadowed "Queen" through two corkscrews. As she rolled to start a third, Clarke opened fire, point blank. He poured about 200 rounds into the Messerschmitt, which exploded and dived steeply in flames. It was presently seen to crash and explode again. Clarke thereby chalked up one "destroyed", earned a D.F.C. in the process.

Flying Officer Neil Mara, captain of "F-Fox", had engine trouble nearly all the way. After bombing successfully, he was forced down by fighters to 1,000 feet, at which sticky height he flew the return trip. He landed on three engines at Woodbridge, with an unserviceable hydraulic system. This action was mentioned in the citation which accompanied Mara's D.F.C.

On the 24th, this squadron was sent a congra-

tulatory message by the A.O.C.-in-C. for being the Group's only unit to operate on Christmas Eve. (It was actually the only squadron to operate in the whole of Bomber Command). Three crews had dropped mines in the Oslo area, and returned to a diversion at Peterhead, Scotland. These septets, captained by Flt. Lt. Doug McGrath, Flying Officer S. V. McKellar, and Pilot Officer Bob Saunders, thus injected a little Canadian flavour into the R.A.F.'s Christmas pudding.

Highly resentful of Von Rundstedt's attempt to spoil their Yuletide Season by sneaking through the Ardennes, the Porkies went after St. Vith on Boxing Day in support of the Allies who were checking the move. Results compared favourably to those obtained at Julich. Despite bad weather, six more missions were completed before the year was out. Three were attacks on Opladen, Troisdorf, and Cologne, and the rest were mining operations in the Oslo Fjord, the last of which saw four crews ring in the New Year dodging flak over Fredrikstad.

\* \* \*

After the squadron's first operation of 1945, an excellent raid on Ludwigshafen on 2 January, "A"-Flight was temporarily "stood down" from operations pending conversion to *Lancasters*. Meanwhile, the squadron colours were borne into battle by "B"-Flight crews in their trusty *Hallies*. By 16 January they had added to the squadron's "Targets Visited" list the names of Hanover, Hanau, Saarbrucken, Grevenbroich, and Magdeburg (the squadron's last objective attacked by *Halifaxes*).

Throughout the last half of January the meteorological law of averages finally worked. The weather was bad-to-abominable. It failed, however, to interrupt the *Lancaster* conversion schedule, and on 29 January, when "A"-Flight was ready to operate on *Lancs*, "B"-Flight was in turn stood down for approximately three weeks.

\* \* \*

On 1 February the squadron flew on its first operation with *Lancasters*. Seven crews bombed Ludwigshafen "on Wanganui". Though the flak was only moderate, one burst managed to damage



Left to right: L.A.C.s D. B. Bradshaw, B. H. Littleford, Cpl. J. L. Bewley, L.A.C. W. W. Huzer.

*Lancaster* "A-Able", captained by Sqn. Ldr. H. K. Stinson, D.F.C., "A"-Flight Commander. Thereafter all went well with the damaged *Lanc* until it had reached a point only a few miles south of base. It went out of control at 3,000 feet while in cloud, and crashed between Dalton and Dishforth. Two crew members, Flying Officer A. W. Bellos (a/b) and Pilot Officer R. J. Thompson (a/g), bailed out safely, but the others were all killed. In addition to Sqn. Ldr. Stinson, the deceased crew members were Flying Officer D. J. McMillan (nav.), Pilot Officer J. T. McShane (w/op), Pilot Officer E. H. Thompson, R.A.F. (f/e), and Pilot Officer R. Pierson (mu/ag). Sqn. Ldr. Stinson had completed the sixth operation of his second tour, while his crewmates were all veterans of 21 or more sorties with this squadron.

After an icebound trip to Wiesbaden which was generally considered poor, the Porcupines attacked Bonn. The German defences consisted of some half-hearted flak and the odd "scarecrow". But it was not the enemy who accounted for the squadron's single loss that night. The missing aircraft, "M-Mike", captained by Flt. Lt. Neil D. Mara, D.F.C. (flying on his 21st operation), was thought to have collided with another *Lancaster* over Belgium. Killed with Mara were Flying Officer C. H. Howald (2nd pilot), Flying Officer W. L. Melbourne, Pilot Officer N. A. Hurst, Flying Officer A. J. Tyrell, Pilot Officer W. C.

Whitton, Sgt. L. J. Sims, R.A.F., and Warrant Officer B. T. Sheeran.

Those who hadn't already guessed the reason for the switch to *Lancasters* knew it on the evening of 13 February. Bomber Command had wanted more aircraft able to lug heavier loads farther. This night's operation (in support of the Russian Army) was on Dresden, the most distant target ever attacked by the Porcupines. (One navigator joked about its being on the same street-car line as Prague, Czechoslovakia.) At briefing, each crew member was given a piece of cloth containing a message in Russian identifying the bearer as an ally. Fortunately no one had to use it.

There was no mistaking this target. Great fires resulting from an earlier raid provided crews with a homing beacon visible 100 miles away. An R.A.F. master bomber skilfully dispersed the bombing over sections hitherto unscathed, and results were terribly effective. Built-up areas on both sides of the Elbe were engulfed in flames that were beyond recall, and the river itself must have been boiling. This two-stage raid ranked with the twin assault on Duisburg (14/15 October) as the most destructive of the European campaign.

The Porkies made another long journey the following night, mining in Pomeranian Bay. Then, within ten days, came four gardening jaunts to the Oslo area (they now owned that fjord by squatter's rights) and attacks on Dortmund and Duisburg. Their only daylight target of February was Mainz.

\* \* \*

The squadron's record of targets attacked during its last two months of combat read like a Bomber's Baedeker. Mannheim, Cologne, Essen, Dortmund, Hagen, Bottrop, Hanover, Hamburg (twice), Leipzig, and Kiel, were its major objectives. Less familiar, but not necessarily easier, were targets like Chemnitz, Dessau, Zweibrucken, Heide, Hildesheim, Merseburg, and Schwandorf. In addition, at least one gardening operation was completed in each of the Oslo, Heligoland, Kiel, and Kattegat areas.

Not long after the Oslo operation there occurred the only air-to-ground attack ever made on this squadron. In the early hours of 3 March, a Ju. 88

intruder began to shoot up the station. It put three cannon shells through a wall of No. 2 Hangar, slightly damaging two Porcupine aircraft. It also punched a king-size hole in the squadron's radar hut. Among station personnel, however, there were no casualties, the only real loss being precious sleep.

The Porkies' longest haul of March and April was to Chemnitz, less than 50 miles from the border of Czechoslovakia. Although the enemy's flak and fighter defences were unusually sharp along the route, the chief hazard was unforeseen severe icing encountered from almost ground-level to a point near the operational height of 15-17,000 feet. Eleven aircraft of No. 6 Group crashed in the York area either shortly after takeoff or when returning to land. The Group's total loss of 17 aircraft that night was one of its heaviest setbacks. Somehow the Porcupines came through it without casualties, but it had been touch-and-go for many of them.

The squadron's last loss while mining, which occurred on 12 March in the Kattegat area, was probably attributable to fighter activity. The missing aircraft was *Lancaster* "E-Easy", manned by Flying Officer J. P. Farrell, Flt. Sgt. J. H. Wilson, Pilot Officer C. A. Kennedy, Flying Officer A. V. Plante, Flt. Sgt. D. W. Hodge, Sgt. T. Orr, R.A.F., and Flt. Sgt. T. C. Pierson. All were presumed dead.

Homeward-bound from the Hagen operation, on the night of 15 March, *Lancaster* "Q-Queen" was attacked by an Me.410. The enemy fired wildly, but not so Pilot Officer H. D. Millson, mid-upper gunner aboard "Queen". He shot the Messerschmitt down in flames, chalked up an official "destroyed", and eventually put up a D.F.C.

A daylight raid on Hanover, a scant 17 hours later, saw flak damage done to several Porcupine aircraft. But it remained for the Hamburg "incident" on the 31st to supply the real fireworks. Airborne just before 0630 hours, the Porcupines returned shortly after midday, and judging by the obviously shaken appearance of some of them, something out of the ordinary had happened.

This impression was borne out by the story that

unfolded at interrogation. No. 6 Group's gaggles, flying at the rear of the bomber stream, arrived over the target ten minutes late. Meanwhile our fighters, which had given excellent cover to preceding waves, had quit the area, thinking the raid was over. The Germans took advantage of the situation by despatching an estimated 30 Me.262 jet fighters against the straggling gaggle, and among the aircraft singled out for special attention were seven of this squadron. With amazing speed the Me.s shot up out of nowhere; but they had to reckon with alert and well-trained crews. Two of the attackers closed simultaneously on "D-Dog" from the rear port quarter, one of them opening fire at 800 yards. The rear gunner, Warrant Officer E. J. Ash, fired back at this one while the mid-upper, Warrant Officer W. M. Ruthig, directed a short burst at the other. Then both concentrated their fire on fighter No. 1, who was hit on the wing, engines, and nose. Debris was seen to fall from the wing as the German broke away and fell earthwards, trailing smoke. It was claimed as destroyed. Then, throughout five consecutive passes, Ruthig gave his skipper, Sqn. Ldr. P. D. ("Pip") Holmes, such well-timed evasive action that the *Lancaster* emerged undamaged. Both gunners were later commissioned and gonged, this action being mentioned in their official citations. A "probable" was chalked up for Flt. Sgt. M. A. Graham, mid-upper custodian in "Y-Yoke", in a rather unusual way. Seeing a jet attack another *Lancaster* about 100 yards away on the port quarter up, he gave supporting fire with 150 rounds. The enemy aircraft went into a steep dive, giving off smoke as it disappeared into a cloud. The other *Lancaster* was destroyed, and its crew presumably lost; but at least they were partially avenged.

Altogether, out of 78 separate encounters fought by the Canadians in this raid, sixteen involved the Porcupines, yet their aircraft were not even dented. This was the first instance of airborne attack on No. 6 Group in daylight, and possibly the first daylight attack by jets on aircraft of Bomber Command. Although unsuccessful in battle with the Porcupines, the Me.262s did help to create the third precedent of the day. It was the first time in

squadron history that the engineers had taken battle stations in the front turret.

\* \* \*

The 2nd and 3rd of April were fraught with frustration. Advised that there would be no operations that day or night, eager-beaver flight commanders drew up a large air-training schedule, and several crews took off on training flights of various kinds. Then, just at noon, unpredictable Group surprised with operation orders. Crews on training flights were frantically recalled and their aircraft hastily bombed up. When the job was all done, along came a cancellation. At 1900 hours word came through that the squadron would be called for both bombing and mining, the former likely to be early. The call came. Group wanted eight crews, then nine, then seven, then eight again, within a couple of hours. Briefing was held at 0930 hrs.; the bombing was called off at 1145. Bombing crews stood by while gardening preparations continued. The bombing was on again at 1350 hrs., off again at 1930. The mining was washed out at 1920, a scant minute before take-off time. At 1940 crews learned there would be nothing further until the morning, and at 1947 they were told to expect an early morning call. This came at 0100, to be scrubbed at 0310 after briefing. Such an on-again-off-again routine, though perhaps

Left to right: Sgts. H. S. McNab, J. M. Cochrane, Pilot Officer W. T. G. Watson.





unavoidable, was more than a little telling on air-crew nerves; but it was all part of life on a heavy bomber squadron.

The squadron suffered its final loss of the war near Leipzig on 10 April, when *Lancaster* "F-Fox" was hit by predicted flak just before the bombing run. It crashed, killing the entire crew. Manning "F-Fox" were Pilot Officer R. J. Grisdale, Flying Officer I. B. Zierler, Sgt. J. M. Hiram, Flying Officer W. C. McLeod, Sgt. F. G. Seeley, Sgt. W. A. Thurston, R.A.F., and Sgt. D. W. Roberts.

On 25 April the Porcupines attacked gun positions on the island of Wangerooge. This was their last operation in the face of the enemy, who, they observed, was still full of fight, still throwing up a healthy curtain of fire for the bombers to penetrate.

\* \* \*

As the news of Germany's surrender was expected at any time, speculation became rife concerning the squadron's future. Then, rather mysteriously, navigators became unusually busy polishing up their sextants and observing heavenly bodies by day and by night. But they couldn't contain their secret for long. The squadron was to begin training for a trans-Atlantic flight, which could mean but one thing—"We're flying home".

With the announcement that Hitler's "thousand-year Reich" had died some 985 years prematurely, no end of celebrating was anticipated. But such was not to be, at least for the time being. Throughout V-E Day and the next two days the squadron was busily engaged in "Operation Exodus"—the airlift of liberated P.O.W.s from the continent to England. Crews said it was worth foregoing the main celebrations just to see the expressions of sheer joy on the faces of their long-suffering passengers, some of whom had been prisoners since 1939. This task completed, the squadron received the disheartening news that it would not be flying home after all.

Meanwhile, selected as one of two squadrons to represent No. 6 Group in Bomber Command's "Striking Force", No. 433 had as one of its main tasks the jettisoning of bombs from bases within the Group. When the bomb supply ran out early in September, the squadron took on another highly

important commitment—"Operation Dodge"—the airlift of troops from Italy. This necessitated its transfer from No. 6 to No. 1 (R.A.F.) Group.

During August and September the squadron was affected by two changes in command. On 1 August Wing Cdr. G. A. Tambling, Squadron Commander since 6 November 1944, assumed temporary command of Station Skipton, and was succeeded temporarily by Sqn. Ldr. J. E. Vallance. On 25 September, Wing Cdr. C. E. Harris, D.F.C., took over, and led the squadron until its disbandment on 15 October 1945.

\* \* \*

A summary of No. 433 Squadron's operations reveals that, during the period from 2 January 1944 to 25 April 1945, it took part in 155 bombing attacks, 54 sea mining missions, and four sea searches. The total number of sorties, bombing and mining, was 2316, of which 2098 (or 90.07%) were successful. The Porcupines' favourite bombing targets were Berlin and Duisburg, each of which they bombed five times. One of the more interesting statistics concerning this squadron is the fact that more than 25% of its operations were mining missions. Of these, fifteen were in the Oslo Fjord, six in the Kiel area, five in the Kattegat, and five in the Heligoland area. The total weight of bombs and mines delivered by it to the enemy was 7486 tons.

Thirty-eight aircraft were lost on operations (31 over enemy territory, five in crashes on English soil, and 2 in the North Sea). Operational casualties totalled 241 officers and N.C.O.s (191 R.C.A.F., 49 R.A.F., and 1 U.S.A.A.F.), made up of 32 complete crews (227 individuals) and 14 members of 8 other crews. Of this number, 152 were killed or presumed dead, 56 were prisoners of war, 7 were evaders, 2 were escapers, and 24 were R.A.F. personnel on whom no definite information was available. Non-operational casualties totalled 13 aircrew and 2 ground crew. Gunners of this squadron destroyed 6 enemy aircraft and probably destroyed 2 more.

The Porcupines won 160 decorations and honours. These consisted of 132 D.F.C.s, 2 bars to the D.F.C., 9 D.F.M.s, 1 B.E.M., 14 M.i.D.s, 1

Purple Heart (U.S.), and 1 Air Medal (U.S.).

\* \* \*

The following words, inscribed as a foreword in the squadron scrapbook, were written by Wing Cdr. Clive B. Sinton, D.F.C., the Porcupine Squadron's first Commanding Officer:

"Porky was conceived who knows where and how? Born it was at Skipton-on-Swale, November 1st, 1953, unknown and unheralded . . . a mere infant hardly knowing where to turn amongst its roaring, fighting neighbours. As the body grew, so, too, its spirit soared — until, with the blood of Canada, Britain, Australia, and America (and

Eire, too) in its veins, young Porky launched itself into the battle in January, 1944. It was inevitable that its first blow should strike at the very heart of its adversary (Berlin).

Porky's character is such that it is difficult to single out for praise any one individual. Every effort made has been made by the Porkies as a team, whole-heartedly, without restraint. It is because of this that Porky, scarred, and with new quills replacing those lost, is continuing to add to the many battle honours recorded . . .

. . . The spirit of Porky will live wherever there is freedom, and Porky will fight when, at any time or place, that freedom is challenged."




## FOR GASTRONOMERS

The accompanying photograph will bring comfort to the hearts of gastronomers on at least three of our stations. Shown examining a new type of deep fat cooker at the National Hotel, Restaurant, and Institutions Exposition, which was held in Montreal early in February, are (left to right): Sgt. J. Gulliver, R.C.A.F. Station St. Margaret's; Cpl. J. Boughen, R.C.A.F. Station Sydney; and Sgt. A. J. Frass, R.C.A.F. Station Lac St. Denis. All three are chefs. (Photograph by Studio Allard.)



# ULTRA-LIGHT SAILPLANES

(The idea of human-powered sailplanes has for many years captured the imagination of the air-minded. Unfortunately, human muscles are not capable of an output of more than about  $\frac{1}{2}$  h.p. for more than a few seconds. None the less, as the following excerpts and drawings from "Flight" demonstrate, several designers during the past 60-odd years have come fairly close to achieving the desired goal.—EDITOR.)

LILIENTHAL, in the 1890s, flew such a light glider that he was able to take off by running and jumping from his hill and to land on his feet. In the early 1920s many such "hanging gliders" soared at the Wässerkupe. As sailplanes grew larger and heavier, and as the incidence of leg fractures became greater, the human undercarriage was universally replaced by wheels, footballs, and skids sprung with tennis balls.

R. Platz, technical director of Fokker, laid down these requirements for a "utility" sailplane:

- The initial cost should not exceed that of a good pedal cycle.
- It should be able to be dismantled into very small parts, to permit transport by passenger train (as are skis and kayaks).
- It should be insensitive at all points to rough handling and shocks.
- There should be rapid and easy assembly.
- There should be simple and cheap replacement of parts.
- The sailplane should be capable of being carried by a single man.

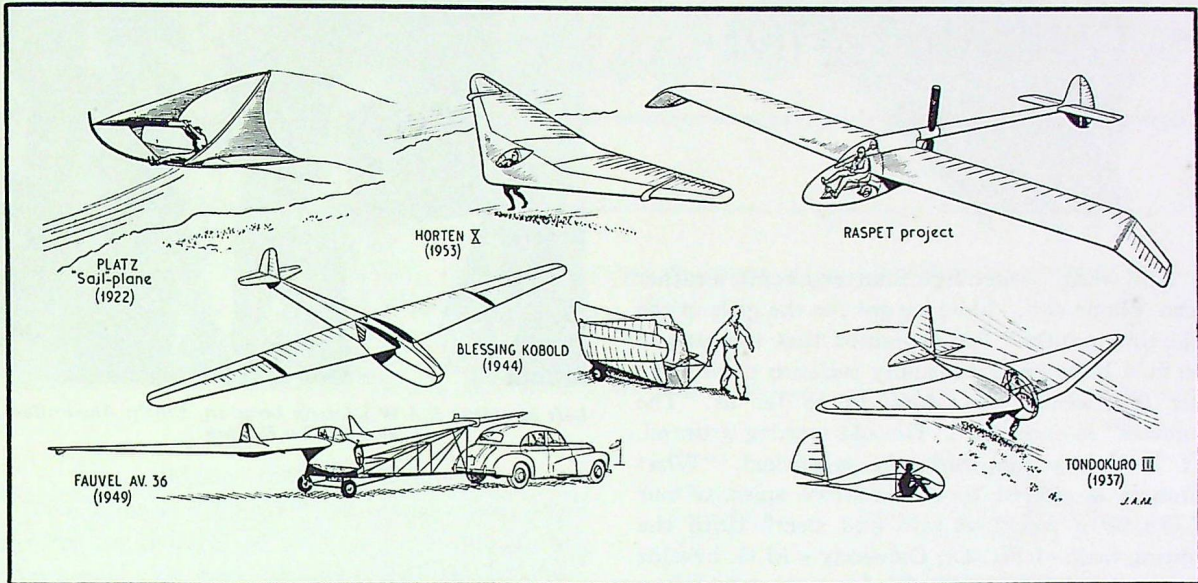
The fantastic fact is that he built, flew, and even carried such a glider. He took two mainsails and jibs, laid them flat and added a keel on which he sat; and he controlled his flight by moving the jibs with his hands (they provided elevator control when moved in unison and aileron control when moved differentially). A series of models preceded the full-scale version, and this was soared in captive flight before free flight was attempted.

In the late 1930s and early 1940s, Ing. G. Blessing correctly realized that low operating costs were far more important than the very lowest initial cost. He believed that, due to the high cost of cars, trailers, and retrieving, most pilots stopped

soaring after their first cross-country flight, and that "real" soaring began only with cross-country flying and the exploration of virgin territory. He built the *Kobold*, which probably had a performance similar to that of the *Rhon-buzzard* and looked somewhat like Sproule and Ivanoff's *Camel*. On landing, the pilot could fold the fuselage in half and the wings into four pieces; with the addition of a spare wheel the whole thing was turned into a two-wheeled wheelbarrow measuring 3 x 1 x 1.35 metres and weighing 275 lbs. He could then pull it by hand to the nearest railway station. An inflatable cover protected it from rough handling in the luggage van, and an integral tow-bar permitted it alternatively to be towed by motor cars or even motor cycles in the normal manner.

In 1949, Charles Fauvel produced the tailless *Fauvel 36* as a really cheap utility sailplane, easy to fly and simple enough for amateur construction. It does not have to be dismantled for road transport, but is carried on a rudimentary two-wheeled trailer with one wing over the towing car, and its storage requirements are very modest, as there is only one straight 40 ft. wing. To the expert's confusion, it not only turned out to be very easily flown by inexperienced pilots, but also outflown many high-performance sailplanes. Although the estimated gliding angle was only 1:20, flight tests have proved it to be 1:24. About a hundred are being constructed all over the world. Its weight is 242 lbs.

An astounding and forgotten ultra-light was the Japanese *Tondokuro III* (1937), with a span of



32.5 ft., wing loading 1.9 lb./sq. ft., empty weight 51 lbs., flying weight 182 lbs., minimum sink 2 ft./sec. at 27 m.p.h. with a gliding angle of 1:19, and maximum gliding angle of 1:21 at 35 m.p.h. with a sink of 2.4 ft./sec. Its stalling speed was 21 m.p.h., and the pilot used his legs as an undercarriage, retracting them in flight.

In the project suggested by Dr. August Raspert the propeller is driven by geared pedals operated by the pilot's feet. The propeller itself is hollow, providing suction for boundary-layer stabilization through a perforated wing surface.

Recently, Dr. Reimar Horten, together with some amateur constructors in the Argentine, produced a 24.5 ft-span delta sailplane in which the pilot's legs act as the undercarriage, being re-

tracted in flight. The pilot lies in a prone position.

\* \* \*

The pilot of an ideal midget sailplane will be able to launch himself by running over the edge of a cliff or down a slope and then retract his legs and close the "bomb doors." A light skid could be lowered and the pilot's feet placed on it as on a ski to avoid stumbling when landing in a dead calm. With a performance similar to that claimed for the Tondokuro, he would be able to launch, soar over and land on his feet in the most inhospitable terrain. He would be able to explore the wildest sea-cliffs and the most difficult alpine country. He would be able to outclimb all high-performance sailplanes in thermals and in cloud.

## DUNCES DON'T DANCE

People who go to parties and dances must be able to read and write. Illiterates should be attending night school and are barred from such festivities. (*The Mayor of Navalcan, Spain, quoted in "The New York Times"*.)

# Feminine Gen

"And what", asked Sgt. Shatterproof in a rather stern 'phone-call, "have we got for the girls in the field this month?" We explained that the girls in the field have been unusually taciturn during the past few weeks — at least, in so far as "The Roundel" is concerned. The old wardog grunted. "It is the season, Sir", he remarked. "What stimulus is offered to the creative spirit of our W.D.s by a world of rain and sleet? Until the hunting-horn of Flt. Lt. Oglebody's M.G. heralds the return of spring with its serenade outside the nursing-sisters' quarters, let us look for no flights of fancy from the Sex." Since Sgt. Shatterproof's knowledge of female psychology has never yet let us down, we are contenting ourselves by publishing a few photographs which we received last year from the West Coast. Perhaps the sap of inspiration may be induced to flow once more by these glimpses of life as it was and again will be at —

## R.C.A.F. STATION COMOX

*Left to right: L.A.W.s Lorna London, Eve La Rivière, and Emily Alexander, on the golf-course.*

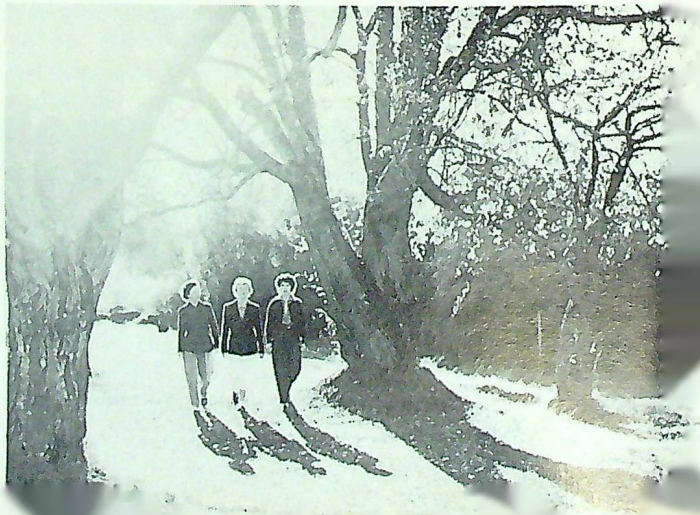


*Left to right: L.A.W.s Lorna London, Emily Alexander, and Eve La Rivière.*



*Cruise-time.*

*Left to right: L.A.W.s Emily Alexander, Lorna London and Eve La Rivière.*



# ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

# Association



THE R.C.A.F. ASSOCIATION'S NATIONAL CONVENTION WILL BE HELD IN OTTAWA  
ON MAY 26TH AND 27TH

## GROUP CONVENTIONS

The annual Group Conventions were held during the month of February. Meetings this year were marked by increased attendance. Constructive plans for the coming year were given the whole-hearted support of all delegates. A consolidated report of all Group Meetings will be mailed to members of National Executive Council and to all Wings.

The newly elected Group Executives are as follows:

### Maritime Group

President: Stan McInnis, Charlottetown.  
Secretary: Bud Larrabee, Charlottetown.  
Treasurer: Greg Mulholland, Summerside.  
Vice-Pres. (N.B.): Norm Jackson, Saint John.  
Vice-Pres. (P.E.I.): John Mungall, Summerside.  
Past President: Ed Fitzgerald, Saint John.

### Quebec Group

President: George R. Ellis, Montreal.  
Secretary: Miss M. L. Pineo, Pointe Claire.  
Treasurer: Martin Simón, Montreal.  
Vice-Pres.: L. Villeneuve, Quebec.  
Vice-Pres.: A. L. Schaefer, Drummondville.  
Past Pres.: René A. Gauthier, Montreal.

### Ontario Group

President: L. N. Baldock, Windsor.  
Secretary: George Penfold, Windsor.  
Treasurer: Allan R. Wicks, St. Thomas.  
Vice-Pres.: Don Cain, Kingston.  
Past Pres.: J. P. Frame, Ottawa.

### Man.-Northwestern Ont. Group

President: Gordon Phillips, Brandon.  
Sec'y-Treas.: R. Rosenberg, Brandon.  
1st V.P.: Harold Ogden, Port Arthur.  
2nd V.P.: Earl Carlyle, Winnipeg.  
Past Pres.: Walter A. Mildren, Winnipeg.

## Saskatchewan Group

President: E. W. Campbell, Regina.  
Sec'y-Treas.: Marjorie Smith, Moose Jaw.  
1st V.P.: D. J. Cook, Yorkton.  
2nd V.P.: A. K. Dennis, Moose Jaw.  
3rd V.P.: A. M. Eddy, Prince Albert.  
Past Pres.: C. J. Thurgood, Moose Jaw.

Lists of the Group executives for Alberta and B.C. have not yet been received.

To the retiring Group executives we extend our sincere thanks for the splendid co-operation they have given to National Headquarters during the year. We welcome the members of the 1955 Group executives and look forward with confidence to our association in the year ahead.

## WING NEWS

### No. 400 (Guelph) Wing.

On February 9th the members of No. 400 Wing listened to a very interesting talk by Ken Griffiths, who spoke about his experiences in the Royal Air Force from 1937 forward, and of the five years he spent in Germany as a prisoner of war.

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

Group Captain F. R. West was the guest speaker at a general meeting of the Wing held on February 9th. Group Captain West gave a very informative talk to the members about the operational requirements of the R.C.A.F.

### No. 434 (Welland) Wing.

Under the auspices of Branch No. 4 of the Canadian Legion, a joint meeting of the four



*Halifax Wing bon voyage party for R.C.A.F. personnel going overseas. L. to r.: Hilda M. Thompson, Mrs. Cuthill, Lt. J. Cuthill, D.S.O., Mrs. Crosson, Flying Officer C. F. Crosson, Margaret MacDonald.*

*Manitoba-Northwestern Ont. Group executive. Seated (l. to r.): G. Phillips, pres.; Miss K. McLeod, W.D. rep.; R. Rosenberg, sec'y. treas. Standing (l. to r.): E. Carlyle, 2nd. vice-pres.; R. Wilkinson, No. 502 Wing rep.; R. Close, No. 501 Wing rep.; R. Johnson, No. 500 Wing rep.; (missing from photograph — H. Ogden, 1st vice-pres.).*



service clubs in Welland was held on January 15th. Officers and members of No. 434 Wing also attended this meeting.

Air Vice-Marshal Brookes, C.B., O.B.E., National President of the R.C.A.F. Association, was the guest speaker, and he reports a very successful gathering. In his closing remarks, the National President referred to the watchword of the Legion — THEY SERVED UNTIL DEATH, WHY NOT WE? "This watchword", he said, "constitutes a challenge to all our citizens who owe so much to the men who died on service or as a result of service, and to the great body of Canadian Service veterans who still carry on."

#### **No. 500 (Winnipeg) Wing.**

An "Open House" was held by the Winnipeg Wing on January 18th. The occasion was publicized in the Winnipeg papers, and an invitation was extended to all ex-Air Force personnel to attend and to encourage the Wing in its effort to increase membership in the Association. From all reports, the gathering was very well attended.

**No. 502 (Brandon) Wing.**

Members J. Selbie, R. Rosenberg, and J. McQueen were elected as Association representatives on the Brandon Joint Council of Veterans. This Council is formed of a similar number of representatives from the Canadian Legion and the Army, Navy, and Air Force Veterans. The Council controls inter-organizational harmony and is pledged to combine forces in the interests of any veteran or his family.

**No. 602 (Saskatoon) Wing.**

On January 28th the Wing played host to No. 107 Air Cadet Squadron. The highlight of the evening was the presentation of Flying Scholarship wings to Flt. Sgt. Murray Matheson by Mr. Jim Nodder, Chairman of the local Air Cadet Committee.

**No. 600 (Prince Albert) Wing.**

The annual meeting of the Saskatchewan Group of the Association was held in the Prince Albert Wing headquarters. Guest speakers for the occasion were Mayor B. Stewart of Prince Albert, and Mr. G. A. D. Will, President of the Air Cadet League of Canada. Mr. Will gave a very interesting account of Air Cadet activities throughout the country.

*Maritime Group executive, 1955-56. L. to r.: G. Mulholland, treas.; N. Jackson, vice-pres.; S. McInnis, pres.; J. Mungall, vice-pres.; E. Fitzgerald, past-pres.; V. Carroll, group delegate; N. Larrabee, sec'y. (Smith Studio photograph.)*



*Quebec Group executive, 1955-56. Seated (l. to r.): R. A. Gauthier, past-pres.; G. R. Ellis, pres. Standing (l. to r.): L. Villeneuve, vice-pres.; M. Simon, treas.; Miss L. M. Pineo, sec'y.; A. L. Schaefer, vice-pres.*

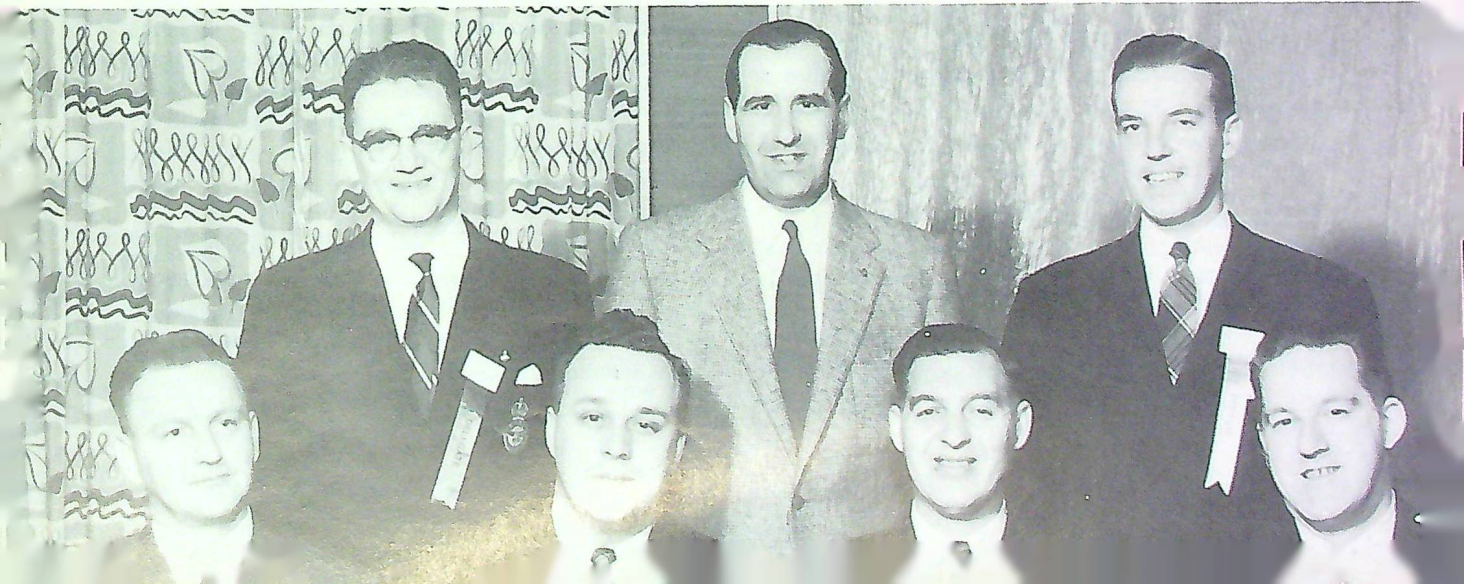
**No. 410 (Ottawa District) Wing.**

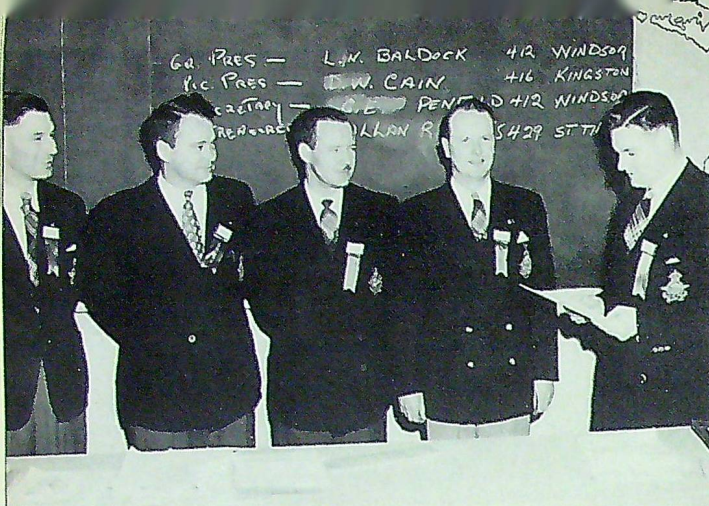
No. 410 Wing recently donated \$100 towards the procurement and repair of instruments for the Air Cadet band.

**No. 312 (La Tuque) Wing.**

No. 312 Wing held its Charter Night on February 12th, and in spite of the inclement weather this night proved to be one which will long be remembered. At the dance which followed, more than 380 persons were present.

Wing Commander L. P. J. Dupuis, D.F.C., who was to be the guest speaker, and A. L. Schaefer, representing the Quebec Group, were prevented by the snow-storm from attending. Presentation of the Charter was made by Squadron Leader N. S. Greig.





Installation of Ontario Group executive, 1955-56. L. to r.: A. R. Wicks, treas.; G. Penfold, sec'y.; D. Cain, vice-pres.; L. Baldock, pres.; P. J. Frame, past-pres.

The Central Band of the R.C.A.F. provided the music for the dance that followed, and on Sunday it gave a concert which was largely attended and thoroughly enjoyed.

Much credit is due to the energetic President of the Wing, A. W. Bishop, and his executive officers.

#### THE GUTHRIE AWARD

The most proficient air cadet squadron in Saskatchewan for the 1953-54 training season was judged to be No. 25 (Campion College) Squadron, Regina. Air Vice-Marshal K. M. Guthrie, C.B., C.B.E., National Chairman of the R.C.A.F. Association, presented the squadron with the Saskatchewan shield of the Guthrie Award. More than 100 persons attended the event, which was held in the gymnasium of the Saskatchewan Boys' School.

#### LIFE MEMBERSHIP

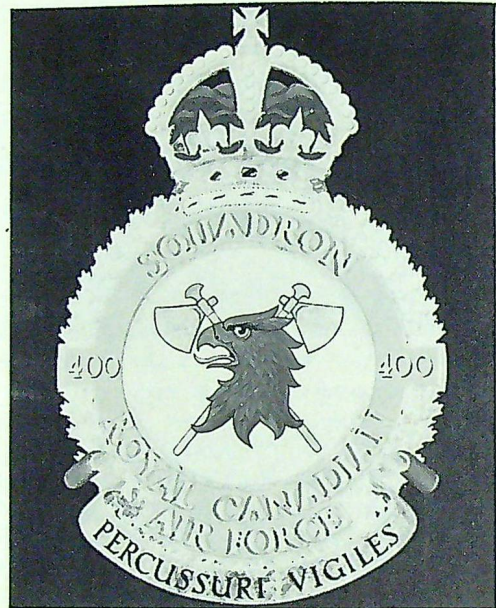
We are pleased to add the following names to our Life Membership list:

- John W. D. Helm, Kitchener, Ont.
- Irvin Edwin Erb, Kitchener, Ont.
- Harold H. Beaupré, Waterloo, Ont.
- Rufus W. H. Whitman, Annapolis Royal, N.S.
- Marcus M. Vineberg, Sherbrooke, Que.
- George R. Ellis, Verdun, Que.
- Louis G. Aldworth, Waterloo, Ont.
- Wallace R. Caughell, Waterloo, Ont.
- Karl D. Kayler, Kitchener, Ont.
- Samuel A. McMane, Milverton, Ont.
- Mildred C. Perrin, Galt, Ont.

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

The R.C.A.F. Association's recruiting for the month of January 1955 produced the following contacts and enrolments:

Wing	Contacts	Enrolments
No. 416, Kingston, Ont.	18	5
No. 703, Red Deer, Alta.	6	3
Totals	24	8



#### SQUADRON BADGES AND PLAQUES

In response to many enquiries received regarding Squadron Badges and plaques, the above is a photograph taken from a 3" x 5" coloured transparency. Any member or Wing desiring to obtain a 6" x 8" black-and-white photograph or a 16" x 10" or 7" x 10" plaque may obtain same by contacting the Secretary, R.C.A.F. Association, 424 Metcalfe Street, Ottawa, Ont.

We would again remind all Wing members that the annual dues of the Association are payable on April 1st. Continued receipt of "The Roundel" will be ensured by prompt payment.

# "SOUND BARRIER"

A Book Review by Group Captain H. R. Foottit,  
Director of Aircraft Engineering, A.F.H.Q.

IN 1970 Air Defence Command may have a requirement for a "nest" of fighter aircraft. This, to bring you up to date, is the aeroplane equivalent of the three-stage rocket. A large subsonic mother-plane takes off with another aeroplane tucked in the bomb-bay. This second aircraft also has a third aeroplane stowed away internally. At 30,000 feet the mother launches the second machine, whose pilot promptly climbs to 60,000 feet, accelerating rapidly to Mach Number 2.0, or some 1,300 miles per hour. At this altitude the pilot jettisons his co-pilot, who is now safely stowed in a light, really high-speed plane. This third aeroplane can course up to altitudes at present almost unthought of, and at speeds well over 2,000 miles per hour.

This pilot-shaking day-dream is a part of Neville Duke's book, "Sound Barrier",\* which was recently published with the help of co-author Edward Lanchbery, an ex-bomber-navigator of the last war. The prime author, Neville Duke, needs no introduction to followers of flight. He joined the R.A.F. straight from school and was soon precipitated into the Battle of Britain. During the Second World War he chalked up an enviable record of 28 enemy aircraft destroyed, and ended the war with the D.S.O., D.F.C. and two bars, the A.F.C., and the Czech Military Cross.

In 1948 he joined the Hawker Aircraft Company, and became, in April 1951, their chief test-pilot. In 1953 he held for a while the world speed-record for level flight in a special Hawker *Hunter*.

Contrary to the reader's expectations, Duke does not draw on these experiences in "Sound Barrier". Instead, he delves into simple explanations of aerodynamics, structures, engine design, materials, and a vast variety of technical subjects. In each case there is a continuous slant towards the high subsonic and supersonic speed ranges. In most cases the technology is well laced with fragments from aeronautical history, and the book is illustrated with seventeen pictures and numerous diagrams to serve as a background for the technical details.

In the first part, "Supersonic and High Altitude Flying", the authors plunge into simple explanations of such subjects as Mach Number, compression waves, expansion waves, and the characteristics of the air at altitude. Dotted here and there through the chapters are historical data on such famous aeroplanes as the *Spitfire*, the *Typhoon*, the D.H. 108 and 110, and the Lockheed *Lightning*.

Typical of the thoroughness that abounds throughout the book are the four explanations centred around "sonic bangs". The authors are well aware that this theory is still in the argument stage. They first explain that the sonic bang *may* be caused by "vacuum bubbles" that form behind the shock wave and then explode.

They then explore double bangs. One theory is that all the sound energy, both aerodynamic and mechanical, just below the speed of sound, comes together just ahead of the aeroplane. Above the speed of sound all this noise will lag behind the craft. Exactly at the speed of sound, all the energy stays just with the aeroplane. In making a supersonic pass, the aircraft will make one sonic bang as it reaches the speed of sound and stays there momentarily, and another when it again passes Mach Number 1.0 as it decelerates to subsonic speeds.

After stating two other sonic-boom theories, the second part of the book goes into the design aspects of high-speed aircraft. It is divided into three sections: (a) Engines, (b) Aircraft, and (c) Pilot. The first of these is well illustrated with diagrams of all types of jet-propulsion power plants, and ranges through to ram-jet and rocket motors. It also digs

\*"Sound Barrier", by Neville Duke and Edward Lanchbery. Published by Cassell and Company Ltd., London, England. Obtainable in Canada from the British Book Service (Canada) Ltd., Kingswood House, 1068 Broadview Ave., Toronto 6, Canada. Price: \$2.00.

into the technical aspects of fuel, water injection, and afterburners.

On the historical side, Neville Duke reveals that the first flight of a jet engine was not made in England in the Gloster E-28 jet aeroplane in May 1941. As often happens with major technological advances, Air Commodore Sir Frank Whittle's work on the first British jet engine was being paced by similar work in Germany under the sponsorship of Ernst Heinkel. Heinkel began work on an aircraft turbo-jet in 1936, and, like Whittle, received little support from the government.

However, he pressed forward on his own time and money. In August 1939 he was rewarded. His engine, the He.S2, developing 1,000 lbs. thrust and installed in a high-wing aircraft, made the world's first jet-engined flight.

The impact of Heinkel's and Whittle's work on the jet engine in developing high-speed, high-altitude aeroplanes is considered in detail. Aircraft drag is dissected and explained, and a wide variety of flaps and control schemes are considered, along with the present-day wing-plan shapes — the straight wing, delta, and crescent.

Neville Duke also hints that there is a bare possibility that the day of the biplane may return. In the U.S., the ex-German designer, Professor Busemann, has been working since the war on a straight-wing supersonic biplane. The basic idea is to arrange the razor-thin wings so that the shock waves deflect off upper and lower planes at precise angles to reduce drag. However, he goes on to say, "In Italy, wind-tunnel tests of supersonic biplane models have not been encouraging. It has been found that instead, of two shock waves attaching themselves to the two wings of the biplane, just one shock wave is formed ahead of the model."

Flying these fast aeroplanes at high altitude is going to present many problems that are keyed around the pilot. These problems include not only the effects of air pressure, high accelerations, the problem of escape, and limited pilot-vision at high altitude, but also the effects of aerodynamic heating. As the high-speed aircraft pushes through the atmosphere, the molecules of air brush against the skin and cause it to overheat. For example, at

2,600 miles per hour, at sea level, the skin temperature will slowly reach the melting-point of aluminum.

Though such speeds are still in the distant future, even further away is the question of atomic power for aeroplanes. Neville Duke considers that shielding-materials required to protect the aircrew will have to be kept to a minimum to keep the aircraft's weight within bounds. This means that the pilot and his crew will absorb a certain amount of radiation on each flight. When Duke reduces this to numbers, he comes to the conclusion that the flight team of a future war will be limited to a two-month tour, during which they should accomplish some dozen long-range missions. By this time they would have absorbed enough radiation to last them a lifetime, and they would retire for good from any form of atomic aircraft.

Coming back to the present day, "Sound Barrier" sketches out the delicate and slow process necessary to design and develop a *Vulcan*, or a *Javelin* or a *Swift*. After Duke has extended this to the civil field, with details on the design of the *Comet* and the Vickers *Viscount*, he moves into what is probably one of the most interesting, though smallest, sections of the book — "Things to Come".

Looking ahead, the authors consider the possibility of doing away with landing gears, they discuss the "nest" of aircraft that parallels proposals for interplanetary rockets, and they examine the rising thrust-weight curve that aeroplanes will achieve with ram-jet, rocket motors, and atomic engines of the future.

By dramatic illustration, Duke portrays what speed in airliners will mean: "Even the cruising-speed of the *Comet* needs only to be doubled for the passengers to take off at sunrise in London and to travel with the sun in a constant state of sunrise to New York." If the speed of the research aeroplane, the Douglas *Skyrocket*, is doubled, the pilot will beat the sun. Leaving London at sunrise, he would travel back through dawn to arrive at New York in the dark. There, three hours later, the sun would catch up with him, and he would see the same day dawn a second time!

With this last look ahead, the authors close what is undoubtedly an extremely interesting book. It is particularly aimed at those readers with a basic understanding of aeroplanes, and those who want to be brought up to date on the rapidly changing world of supersonic high-altitude flight. The explanations are simple, and the aeronautical lore and history that goes with them add to the interest.

The few that are well up on this subject from the technical side will find some of the explanations a little vague and unsatisfying — though this is probably intentional in order to maintain a broad appeal. The wealth of detailed information included

is such that even the most meticulous will find almost any aspect of high-speed flight or its technology included in a paragraph or two.

From my own viewpoint, I was somewhat disappointed that there was not more of Neville Duke's own experiences in flying supersonically. Moreover, the shape of things to come was covered in a mere 4½ pages of a 117-page book. I felt that I would like to have heard more of this experienced pilot's thoughts on the days ahead. However, pushing aside these minor criticisms, it is a book well worth reading. For it brings together, in one small volume, all that is known or has been thought of on the fascinating subject of high-speed flight.



## D-DAY MEMORIES

To commemorate the tenth anniversary of D-Day (6 June 1944) Beaverbrook Newspapers Limited have published a fine album of photographs depicting the battle of Normandy from the landings on the beaches to the fall of Caen.\* Mr. John St. John Cooper, who assembled the pictures from many sources, has also provided a narrative to explain the background of the events which they illustrate. Every phase of the invasion is covered, from the preliminary planning and the concentration of forces in the assembly areas, through the varied operations at sea, on land, and

in the air, to the final consolidation of the bridgehead with the capture of Cherbourg and Caen.

The book opens with a foreword by Viscount Montgomery of Alamein and closes with a reproduction of the Instrument of Surrender which Field Marshal Montgomery read to the German commander in his headquarters tent on Luneburg Heath on 4 May 1945. Inside the front and back covers are sketch maps showing the situation in the bridgehead on D-Day and on the eve of the Allied break-out late in July 1944. It is somewhat surprising to note that on the first of these maps the Oder river has been translated to Normandy.

To those who were there, fighting on or over the beaches, the dramatic photographs will recall many memories; to those who were not there, the book will be equally interesting as a tribute to the achievement of Allied soldiers, sailors and airmen working as a team in one of the greatest enterprises in history.

\*"Invasion! The D-Day story in pictures." The Daily Express, London, England; 1954. 120 pp. Distributed in Canada by Clarke, Irwin & Co. Ltd., 103 St. Clair Ave. West, Toronto 5, Ont. Price \$1.50.

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

## PART THREE

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

(The end of Part Two of Wing Cdr. Bocking's reminiscences left him as a pilot with No. 45 Squadron, at Helwan, near Cairo.—EDITOR.)

IN JANUARY of 1937 I was temporarily attached to No. 33 (light bomber) squadron, at Ismailia, on the Suez Canal. I hadn't been there long before I felt that I had found my niche. The C.O., Sqn. Ldr. "Hot Lips" MacReynolds (of whom more anon) was the very best type of officer — an outstanding pilot, a first-rate engineer, and a gentleman. The other officers were all of fine calibre, too, and — above all — the squadron was equipped with Hawker *Harts*. Though admittedly not a fighter, the *Hart* was an infinitely sweeter aircraft to fly than the larger and more cumbersome *Vincent*. Happy though I had been with No. 45 Squadron, I applied for — and was granted — a transfer to No. 33.

First, a word or so about the Hawker *Hart*. It was a beautiful aircraft, a small biplane with a sharp and gleaming silver nose enclosing a Rolls Royce *Kestrel* engine of 480 b.h.p. at sea level. A two-seater, it carried a pilot and an air gunner, and its armament consisted of a Vickers air-cooled .303 machine-gun mounted along the port side and fired through the propeller arc by a Constantinesco (or "C.C.") gear. It was this arrangement, which derived its name from its inventor during the First World War, that had brought aircraft out of the pistol- and rifle-duelling stage and created really lethal fighters. It was, furthermore, in continuous use from the Sopwith *Spad* of 1915 to the Gloster *Gladiator* that fought as late as 1942

in Greece. It disappeared only when guns were moved out to the wings, but it will long be remembered by the older armourers — as well as by older pilots who discovered too late that they had neglected to pull up the hydraulic reservoir handle and that their guns were silent when most needed.

Another contraption that was a very familiar sight around the squadron flight line was the "Huck starter", which consisted of the bare chassis and seat of a model-T Ford, with a steel pyramid supporting a long metal shaft that stuck out over the driver's head and the hood of the car. This shaft had an end that fitted into the hub of the aircraft propeller. The old model-T would clutch its engine to the shaft, and, with incredible bangs and stench, the whole affair would disappear in a haze of blue smoke from which emerged the curses of the driver as the propeller spun around until the engine finally caught. If someone had remembered to put chocks in front of the aircraft wheels and the Huck hadn't been chopped up, it would then back out of the smoke and repeat the operation with the next aircraft.

The Middle East Air Force had its share of characters, and not the least colourful of these was our C.O., Sqn. Ldr. "Hot Lips" MacReynolds. Now, this nickname was not bestowed on him, as one might think, because of any amatory leanings or because of any ability with the trumpet. The reason for it was purely technical in nature. It

appeared that, while a cadet at the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, he had owned an ancient but very fast motorcycle (which he probably made himself). One day, as he was proceeding around a cinder track at a very high speed, the front forks of the motor-bike broke, and he covered the last hundred yards or so on his face. Plastic surgeons, working from the chin up, were fairly successful in pushing all the necessary parts back into their proper places, and they would probably have stayed there had Hot-Lips not decided to buy a Bentley car soon after his release from hospital. Forgetting to let go of its crank-handle when it backfired, he left most of his newly repaired face on the radiator cap. Subsequent repairs were, to the browed-off medicos, in the nature of an anti-climax — hence the nickname “Hot Lips”. That, anyway, is the way the story goes, and if the Air Commodore ever reads this I’m open to correction.

Out Station Commander at Ismailia was a very senior Wing Commander of considerable First World War fame. Year after year he had consistently arranged a large promotion party in the mess, beginning at midnight Dec. 31st and gathering strength until the promotion list arrived by signal in the early hours of Jan. 1st. Just as consistently, year after year he was passed over for promotion — with the result that the party eventually became known as the “Feast of the Passover” and went on with undiminished enthusiasm.

The Wing Commander, over the years, had tried every known device to get on the promotion list. He had drunk with all the right people, he had not drunk at all, he had assembled vast displays of multi-coloured charts for the Inspector General’s visits, he had provided no charts at all. He had even eaten cocktail glasses on mess guest-nights. But all to no avail. I happened to hit a period of “More and better parades is the answer to promotion, chaps.” We drilled and paraded several times a week in preparation for the annual inspection by the A.O.C.-in-C. Middle East, Air Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, who was a very tough gentleman indeed to please.

Came the big day. The Station Commander had us out bright and early, several hours in fact

before the C.-in-C.’s Vickers *Valencia* landed. The result was the dropping-out of many heat-stricken airmen, as the sun wilted even the oldest-timers. However, the parade went off exceedingly well, with the Air Marshal actually stopping to speak to one or two limp-looking airmen. The Winco had visions of his name on the top of the next list (maybe of even a special earlier list) in view of this outstanding parade. But — it was not meant to be. The Air Marshal stopped to speak to one really brassed-off perspiring airman who was sorry he’d ever joined up. His query was a stock one in the Middle East, “How long have you been out here, son?”, but the answer was anything but a stock one: The airman looked him right in the eye and replied in a loud firm voice: “Since half past ruddy eight this morning, waiting for you, Sir!” I’m glad to say that the Station Commander did, in fact, get promoted soon after, and, as all

*Sqn. Ldr. Bocking and Spike.*





this took place nearly 20 years ago, he is probably now retired full of years and honours.

\* \* \*

In these days, when flying through a sky loud with garbled gibberish on the V.H.F., I often think back to the days of simpler communication. Our system too was "line-of-sight," and, while a little slower, it did not suffer from precipitation static or the other ills that plague wireless reception. We used a system known as "zogging". "Zogging" consisted simply of passing a message to the next aircraft in formation by putting your arm over the side of the cockpit into the slip-stream and making long downward motions for dashes and short ones for dots. Mark you, there were messages that could be sent in simpler ways than by "zogging". For instance, the raising of one's hand and elbow, followed by the wiping and the smacking of one's lips, was instantly understood by everyone in the formation as meaning "I sure could use a beer!" The vehement nodding of many heads, of course, meant: "Roger. Me too."

It was during this summer of 1937 at Ismailia that I made the most spectacular landing of my career — so far. I was told later by my native bearer that a song had been made about it in the local Arab village of Arashiya — a song that apparently eulogized the "Effendi's mighty leaps across the desert as he wrestled with the flying aerodrome." (I believe it was sung during the feast of Ramadan.) This is how it came about.

I had been sent to Aboukir, the R.A.F. Depot near Alexandria, to collect a Hawker *Hardy* and ferry it to Ismailia for No. 6 Squadron. Now, I hadn't flown this type of aircraft previously, but, since it was very like the *Hart*, I anticipated no trouble.

I must mention here that I took with me my new *topi* (or sun-helmet) which was destined to be the cause of all my trouble. The *Hardy*, like the *Hart*, had a tunnel from the rear cockpit to a position under the pilot's seat, up which the bomb-aimer would crawl on his stomach. The course-setting bomb-sight (C.S.B.S.) was mounted on a vertical shaft over a sliding trap-door in the floor of the aircraft. When not in use, the bomb-sights

were stored in the armament section, and the pilots found that the shaft was an ideal place to hang one's good *topi* in order to keep it clean and undamaged.

I was about half-way home before the trouble started. The sliding door in the floor of the aircraft suddenly slipped open and there, to my horror, I could see my new expensive *topi* hanging, out of reach, above 2,000 feet of empty space. As the aircraft rose and fell in the hot thermal currents, the *topi* would float serenely up over the shaft, hang suspended for a moment, and then drop back. It was obvious that sooner or later it was going to miss that shaft on one of the down-drops. I had to get that sliding door closed at all costs. The only possible way to reach it was to put one foot down and reach the flange of the sliding door with my toe and pull it forward to the catch. I found that by getting my right leg down under the seat, I could, by a prodigious effort, just barely reach the door with my toe; and by lowering the seat, I finally made it. The door slid closed and the lock clicked home.

All this time the aircraft was wandering about the empty sky fairly freely. My right leg was jammed under the seat, my position made it impossible to hold the control column central, and only by stretching my neck to the limit could I get a glimpse over the edge of the cockpit. This, then, was the situation when I suddenly realized that I was stuck. No amount of twisting or shin-barking seemed to be of any avail; the space through which I had put my foot and leg had grown miraculously smaller. For more than an hour I wrestled with this problem, sometimes in a bit of a panic and sometimes with an attempt at calm detachment.

Eventually I arrived over Ismailia. By keeping in a steep right bank I could see that the landing-area was clear. I made my approach in ever-decreasing right-hand circuits . . . then, three times I bounced mightily off the field, once over the hangar and once between the hangar and the duty pilot's hut. By the time I did make it down (with one mighty bounce followed by progressively smaller ones, like a spent ping-pong ball), I was soaking wet, shaken, but otherwise unhurt. While I sat there,

the fire engine roared up accompanied by the ambulance with No. 6 Squadron's C.O. standing on the running-board. As he climbed up on the wing to see what sort of madness had possessed me, I reached naturally down to the seat position lever, which I suddenly remembered I had placed in the lowest position after putting my leg down. I raised the seat, easily removed my leg and foot, climbed out of the cockpit, recovered my new topi, and walked slowly and sadly to the mess, where I prepared the barman for the large number of drinks I was going to have to buy my friends by way of bribe for their silence. In fairness to the C.O., I must say that his most caustic remark was, "They've made the flying-machine almost fool-proof, old boy, but not quite idiot-proof, you know."

\* \* \*

It was at Ismailia that I acquired my first dog. Sooner or later everyone in the Middle East either adopted, or was adopted by, some breed of dog. Timid little officers usually were accompanied by very large dogs and very large officers by very timid little dogs. I was eventually owned by a middle-sized dog, a cross between a Russian Saluki and a sheep-dog, known to the rest of the Squadron as "Wholeheart, the hairy horror". My bearer (or servant) and this animal were inseparable. I think the reason for this was that Ismail was a Sudanese and a Christian, and I'm afraid he enjoyed using him to chase the other bearers, who were all deathly afraid of dogs and whose religion expressly forbade them to touch them.

Ismail was six foot two and coal black. An ex-Sergeant in the Sudanese Police, he was intensely loyal to the Crown and very very proud of being British. He looked with complete disdain on the other bearers, and his politest name for them was "black fellows". Sometimes they affronted his dignity, and, as he was a large powerful man, the sound of bumps, blows, and Arabic curses was always the signal for me to rush to the rescue of the "black fellows".

Ismail's only fault — if it was one — was a complete disbelief in the honesty of anyone but himself. His one fear was that someone would steal my money and that I would blame him. He

had an almost pathological urge to hide valuables in the most unusual places. It was not unusual for me to end up a mess dinner night with feet badly crippled from the 50-piastre notes he had wadded into the toes of my shoes. The pathetic part about this otherwise laudable habit of Ismail's was that he forgot where he'd hidden things. I would return from my bath to find my wallet missing from the dressing-table. I'd ask Ismail for it, and he would smile his dazzling gold-toothed smile and proceed to the removable floor-board under the bed, then to the back of the water-bucket in the wash-stand, and from there to the top of the wardrobe. His smile got more strained as each well-known hiding-place failed to yield any result. He usually gave way to tears and wringing of hands, followed by an awesome rage against the "black fellows". Then, right in the middle of his tirade, he would stop short, remove his tarboosh, and there, sitting on top of his curly-wire hair, was the wallet.

Ismail was a favourite with the rest of the Squadron's officers. He was not a bad cook, and he would always be picked to come with us to our two-week desert armament camp. In the spring of 1938 a complication arose. Ismail would not proceed without Wholeheart. So, after an emergency meeting of all sections, it was decided that the tin-smiths in station workshops would build the dog a reasonably streamlined box that would hang on the bottom wing, suspended from the bomb-shackles. The box worked fine, except that it was necessary to put the dog in sideways.

Thus, one bright spring morning, the Egyptian sun gazed down upon the incredible tableau of Ismail, complete with parachute harness. standing up in an air-gunner's cockpit, his shining black face and gold teeth topped by a flaming red tarboosh held on by a green scarf tied under his chin. Frantic barking from beneath the wing added to the picture as the Huck starter frantically spun the unresponding motor in an attempt to get it started before the arrival of the Station Commander, whose car was rapidly approaching. Alas, we didn't make it; and, as the Wing Commander climbed out of the car, his eyes bulged at the apparition that beamed down at him from the gunner's cockpit. In a strangled voice he turned to us and

said, "What is it? No — never mind what it is! I wouldn't believe it, anyway. Get it out of there and off my station." Then, as muffled noises came from under the far wing, the Old Man turned a little pale and, muttering to himself something that sounded like "My God, it barks!", he hurried off in the direction of the mess.

\* \* \*

Dogs were to continue to bedevil me throughout my stay in the Middle East.

Some few years after the episode just described, I was again serving at Ismailia, under a different Station Commander. I had, in the interim, been home to Winnipeg and returned with a Canadian bride. We were living out in the local village. One was not recognized by the R.A.F. as being officially married until one was a Squadron Leader or 30 years old, and the possibility of achieving either status was still (for me) fairly remote — although the advent of a World War soon made it more likely that I would become the former than the latter. However, we lived in a very nice house that had once been the domicile of some dignitary of Imperial Russia. A large two-headed eagle was outlined in black-and-white tile on the front-room floor. Somehow or other a rumour had started that it was very bad luck to step on this eagle, and, as our friends were all very superstitious (or at least very careful), their behaviour at cocktail parties sometimes caused confusion and wonder to guests not in the know. Even more confusion was added by the servants, who reckoned that what was bad for us was undoubtedly bad for them, and drinks were passed around accompanied by mysterious hops and sidesteps to avoid the fatal eagle.

It was natural that our house should become the haven for deserted dogs, either left behind callously or brought from the station by tearful officers who had been posted back to England. At one time we had as many as seven dogs living with us. This was not only expensive, but the bed was too small for all of us and we felt that more than two dogs was a little unsanitary. The decision to cut back to two dogs was, however, more easily made than carried out. It appeared that we were the last haven. No one else wanted them. In fact, as

fast as we kicked them out of the back door, various Arabs would drag them back on long ropes to the front door, demanding baksheesh for returning such very valuable animals.

Our problem was partially solved for us in one nerve-shattering experience that my wife had with four of the dogs and our venerable Plymouth roadster. I was flying *Gladiators* in a fighter squadron at the time, and on my return from the last flight of the day I used to fly low over the house and my wife would try to win a standing bet that she could beat me to the hangar before I landed, taxied in, and switched the engine off. It was about two miles from our house to the hangar and we nearly always made it in a dead heat. This time, as she started out of the driveway, "Dopey" the Alsatian, "Rasputin" the Saluki, "Jumbo" (a sort of terrier), and one plain dog (called "Dog"), all piled into the open rumble-seat to enjoy their favorite pastime, car-riding. All was serene until the Plymouth rounded the corner of the hangar and my wife started to pump the brakes. Normally, it took seven pumps on the brake pedal before anything happened; this time, however, the brakes unexpectedly seized on about the third pump. The car came to an abrupt halt, all four dogs shot forward on to the floor of the rumble-seat, and the lid snapped shut.

This was more disastrous than it sounds, because the handle had long since been broken off and the lid could only be opened by a long square pencil-like piece of metal that we kept above the kitchen sink, where it was reposing at that very time. There was a moment of pregnant silence. Then chaos broke loose inside that Plymouth. To ask anyone to attempt to open the rear compartment would have been equivalent to asking him to remove the fuse from a fast-ticking time-bomb. However, amid shouts of encouragement from the onlookers and howls of rage, fright, and anguish from the imprisoned dogs, a couple of hardy dog-loving airmen got to work with a crowbar and hammer. Finally, after a mighty heave, the lock snapped and the rear end of the car exploded dogs. They hit the sand and departed in the general direction of Libya at an exceedingly high speed; nor did we ever see them again. Our navigation officer



estimated that they would make Benghazi before nightfall.

\* \* \*

We were dogless for a while after this adventure, and it wasn't until my squadron moved to Palestine that we acquired our next one. He was a fine Boxer which we bought from the Palestine Police kennels in Jerusalem. He had a good pedigree and, apart from a playful habit of chewing up everything in sight (including the native population), he seemed reasonably intelligent. We named him "Spike Mark I".

I was firmly resolved that this dog was going to be trained, so I bought a book. It was entitled, I think, "Dog Training — 20 Questions and Answers". I read it carefully. All the questions and answers appeared to be equally difficult, and the problem of training a dog obviously required unbounded patience and understanding. I picked a question at random: "How can I make my dog bark when someone comes to the door?" The answer to that one, apparently, was easy. One had to "Show a little excitement the moment the bell rings or the knock comes. Jump up suddenly, start hurriedly for the door, saying in an excited voice — 'Who's there? Who's there?'" This sudden stir was intended to alert the dog to a supposed threat. I found that it did indeed. The first time I tried it, it took me two hours to entice the dog out from behind the bathtub in order to carry out part two of the lesson, to wit: "Ensure him the danger is over and quiet him with a pat on the head, saying confidently 'Okay boy' and 'That's enough'." In this last sentiment we were in accord. It was evident that I too needed lessons, particularly in patience. My "pat on the head" rattled his teeth.

I was nothing if not persevering, and I thought it only fair to give this routine another try under operational conditions. Unfortunately Spike, unbeknown to me, retired promptly to his bathtub retreat at the first rap on the door, and the A.O.C.'s wife, who was paying social calls on the wives of the junior officers, was extremely startled when, in reply to her polite knock, I suddenly jumped up and rushed to the screen door, yelling excitedly to an empty room "Who's there? Who's

there?" She was quite sure that I was slightly mad, and my embarrassed explanations seemed only to convince her of the fact even further. It was very soon after this that I was posted to Iraq.

To the relief of the whole household, and of Spike in particular, I decided to forego this part of the training and press on to another question and answer. The one I chose was "How can I break my dog of chasing chickens?" This wasn't going to be easy, because, try as I might, I couldn't get Spike interested in the only chicken available, a rather moth-eaten specimen belonging to my next-door neighbor, Bishatly Bey. However, while he didn't chase chickens, he did chase sheep, shepherds, camels, donkeys, and small native boys. I reckoned the training procedure would be similar, so, using the methods prescribed, I took Spike on the end of a "suitable leash and choke-collar" into the heart of downtown Jerusalem, where all the above-listed fauna abound. My intention was to give him a "rough jerk every time he attempts the chase".

On the day of the lesson I was fortunate in that a large flock of several hundred sheep was being driven through the centre of town. Now, if Spike, who now weighed about 60 lbs. and had muscles of steel, had any special aversion, it was for sheep. With one mighty tug he broke the leash and away he went — and away went hundreds of terrified sheep, to the cheers and encouragement of the British "Tommies" who poured forth from the bars and bistros to join in the chase.

I jumped up and down in excitement, started hurriedly for the nearest door, yelling "Who's there? Who's there?", in the desperate hope that Spike would hear me and head home for the bathtub retreat. This, of course, was of no avail, and I realized too late that I should have started with Lesson I — "Can every dog be trained to obey?" (The reason I had put off that lesson was that the answer started off by stating "You must know more than the dog.") It took three days to clear the last of the sheep from the department stores and cinemas around Zion Square. There hadn't been such an uproar in Jerusalem since Biblical days. Spike arrived home just a jump ahead of several irate genuine Bedouins and joined me

behind the bathtub where we hid out until the excitement blew over.

This was a very trying period for both Spike and myself, and only the outbreak of war, which brought a stop to the "training" programme, saved us both from a nervous breakdown. War suited Spike. He loved the uncertainty and the flying, and, when I became a bomber squadron commander \* in the Western Desert, Spike graduated to the position of squadron mascot and accompanied me on many raids on enemy installations. He achieved a certain fame when his picture appeared in a Los Angeles paper, under the caption "Dog of War". His sudden rise to fame and the consequent fuss that was made over him were in a fair way to spoiling him. But always, when he became too unbearable, I could deflate his ego by jumping up suddenly, starting hurriedly for the tent door, and saying in an excited voice "Who's there? Who's there?" He nearly went crazy trying

to find a bathtub to hide behind in the middle of the Libyan desert.

When it was time for me to return to England, some seven long years after my arrival in Egypt, war-time rationing made it impossible to take Spike and I was reluctantly obliged to leave him behind. I was fortunate in that the R.A.F. Provost Marshal had taken a great liking to him and was very anxious to have him. He was a very tough fellow indeed — in fact he and Spike looked very much alike. When he said, in a firm voice that brooked no nonsense, that he was going to train Spike and had bought a good book on the subject, I caught an amused gleam in Spike's beady red-rimmed eyes.

I doubted if that Provost Marshal ever got past Lesson I.

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\*No. 11 Squadron, Mk. IV Blenheims.

*(To be continued)*



## *The Suggestion Box*

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

Cpl. D. E. Jordan, of R.C.A.F. Station Trenton, designed a tool which facilitates the removal of seats from T-33 aircraft. It eliminates the necessity of using hammer and drift.

# THE PARTY LINE

## THE CANADIAN SERVICES COLLEGES

### PART ONE

#### LE COLLEGE MILITAIRE ROYAL DE SAINT-JEAN

By Flying Officer D. E. Hamilton

*(A proportion of the officers required by the three Armed Services is obtained from the three tri-Service colleges: Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean, Royal Roads, and Royal Military College. The colleges provide a liberal education in the arts and sciences, a broad basic military education, and the opportunity — so essential in this modern age — to develop character. Cadets attending the colleges are taught the skills and qualities desired in an officer and a common understanding in the matters of national defence. In order to give our readers a small insight into the history of the Canadian Services Colleges and the training and education provided by them, members of the respective staffs have been asked to write a brief article on each institution. Flying Officer D. E. Hamilton, who has prepared the first article, served as a sergeant with the Canadian Intelligence Corps in Europe until the end of 1945. Discharged from the Army, he obtained a B.A. in modern history from the University of Toronto, and, in 1951, graduated from the Ontario College of Education. Later that year he joined the R.C.A.F. as an Education Officer. He is now engaged in teaching English to French-speaking cadets at the Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean.—EDITOR.)*

THE opening of the Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean in September 1952 was an important event in Canada's military history. The addition of a third college to those already established at Kingston and Royal Roads was important enough in itself. But the fact that the newcomer was to be a bilingual college, which would train officers for the three Services, gave the event an added and unique significance.

Today, like its two sister colleges, the Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean offers combined academic and military training. In addition, it gives young men from Canada's two largest cultural groups a chance to work and play together, to learn each other's language and ways, and so to discover that the differences which have tended to keep them apart weigh less than the common ideals which bind them together as

Canadian citizens and Servicemen. It is this close co-operation between the two ethnic groups that gives the Collège its distinctive characteristic and links it spiritually with stirring events in Canada's past.

\* \* \*

The Collège is located at St. Johns, Quebec, a thriving industrial town whose modern appearance affords little indication of the part it has played in Canadian history. The Collège itself is built on the site of one of a chain of forts erected by the French in 1666 to prevent the Iroquois from using the Richelieu River as an invasion route into Canada. Though little trace of the original fort remains, the ramparts of a second one, which the French built in 1748, are plainly visible today.

With the fall of New France, Fort St. Jean was neglected for a time, but, when the American



*Accompanied by the Commandant, Colonel M. L. Lahaie, D.S.O., and by two cadet officers, Air Vice-Marshal J. G. Kerr, C.B., A.F.C., A.O.C. Training Command, inspects the C.M.R. cadets.*

Revolution broke out in 1775, it again assumed strategic importance and was garrisoned by British troops. The most interesting point, however, is that, when the fort was attacked by a strong American force under General Montgomery, some 89 French soldiers who had settled in the area and had fought against the British 15 years before, volunteered to join with them in meeting a common enemy. Moreover, the defenders held out against overwhelming odds for 42 days, and it was undoubtedly their gallant stand which blunted and spoiled Montgomery's attack on Quebec.

Here, then, on a site once garrisoned by famous French regiments and since occupied by famous British and Canadian regiments, the unity of British regulars and French volunteers created a tradition which foreshadowed the development of a bilingual military college. The fact that cadets of today are still using buildings which were erected in 1839 is a strong material link with Canada's past; but still stronger, perhaps, is the invisible link which exists between the bilingual mission of this modern college and the events of 1775.

But, if history provided a precedent for the bilingual character of the Collège, there was none

for another new departure, namely, the introduction of a preparatory year into military college training. This means, in short, that the entrance requirements at C.M.R. are slightly lower than those at the other two Services Colleges in so far as age and academic qualifications are concerned.

Specifically, a candidate for entry into the preparatory year of the Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean must be a Canadian citizen (or a British subject normally resident in Canada) and must have reached his sixteenth but not his twentieth birthday on the first day of January preceding his admission. In addition, he must have pass-standing in algebra, chemistry, plane geometry, physics, and English or French, at the Junior Matriculation level, and enough credits in other subjects to obtain complete Junior Matriculation standing.

Young men across Canada with these qualifications may apply for admission to the Collège by writing to the Registrar for a prospectus and application forms. Serving airmen who meet the academic requirements are also eligible for entrance provided that they have had nine months' service (exclusive of leave without pay) and have completed their trade training. After careful screening of the hundreds of candidates who apply, the French-speaking and English-speaking quotas are selected to begin a course which is

equivalent to the Senior Matriculation year in provincial high schools. The course for recruits runs from September to June, and during the summer months the cadets have full-time employment with the Service of their choice. Throughout the entire training period they receive an allowance of \$55 a month, and their tuition, books, uniforms, accommodation, and food are provided free of charge.

This may look like a very rosy picture. Let it be understood, however, that a recruit's life is far from easy, since it involves a heavy programme of study in which the emphasis is placed on mathematics and science. Actually, the academic side of training accounts for only three quarters of the instructional time. One third of the remainder is devoted to military studies and drill, while the rest is given over to an extensive sports programme which is unique by virtue of the fact that each cadet must participate actively in all the thirteen sports which are played. These include, of course, the popular games such as hockey, basketball, and rugby, but in addition there are sports which are not so widely practised in Canada — for example, fencing and judo. By restricting preparatory-



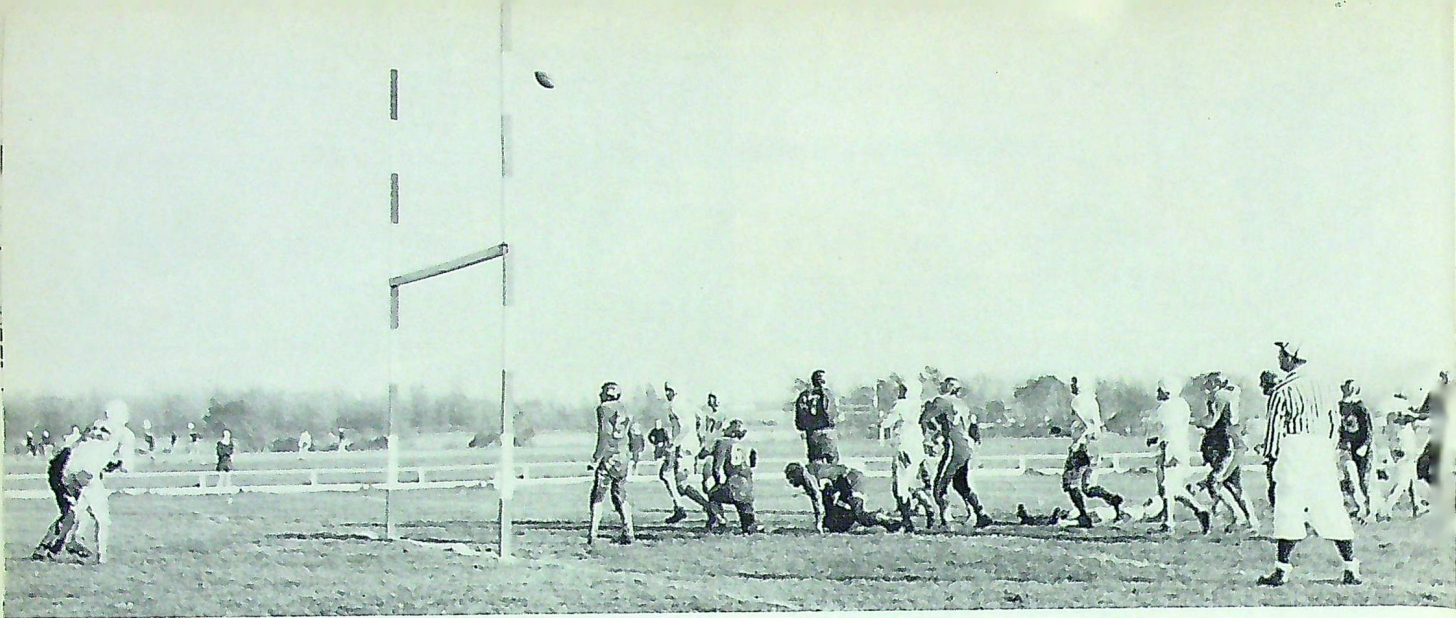
*Preparatory-year cadets make full use of the College Library.*

year cadets to intramural competition and by emphasizing the ideals of co-operation and fair play, the sports programme fulfills its true function of developing character as well as muscle.

In summing up the life of a recruit at C.M.R., one can almost say that on working-days, which include Saturday mornings, there are very few moments that he can really call his own. For five nights of the week he must put in a two and a half hours of study, during which he may get help from any of the professors who are on duty in each department. Of the time that remains before "Lights Out" at 2230 hours, some will be spent in preparing his living-quarters, clothing, and equipment to meet a rigorous inspection the following

*The clothing which each cadet receives includes these four types of dress.*





*On the C.M.R. gridiron.*

morning. On Sundays, although he may lie in bed an extra hour, he must nevertheless appear on the Commandant's parade and attend Mass or Divine Service.

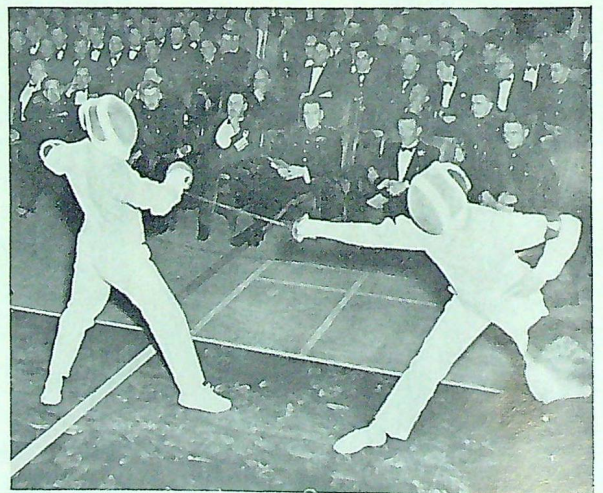
Naturally the cadets find this busy life and the strict discipline rather hard to take at first; but gradually they get used to it, and most of them soon realize that the very difficulty of their task is, in one sense, a guarantee of the value of what they are doing. The young man who is successful in attaining to the high standards of officer deportment, physical fitness, and academic achievement set at C.M.R. can feel justly proud of a job well done.

Not less impressive than the smart appearance and academic proficiency of the cadets is the rapid progress they are making in achieving the bilingual aim of the Collège. In the classrooms, French and English-speaking cadets take most of the courses in their own languages, which means that many of the professors must be bilingual. But when it comes to second-language training, both the French and English departments put great emphasis on conversation, with the result that here almost all the teaching is done in the language which the cadet is trying to learn. To ensure adequate conversational practice, the cadets are divided into groups of ten or twelve, according to their fluency in the language. With such small homogeneous classes the teacher can give each

pupil more individual attention and can make full use of the tape recorders and other speech-training aids which are available in the Language Laboratory at the Collège.

Needless to say, the process of learning a second language does not end in the classroom. On the playing-fields, in the dormitories, and in the numerous group activities, the French- and English-speaking cadets are thoroughly mixed, so that they get every opportunity of learning a new language in living situations. As a further aid, for the first three days of each week French is used in all conversations throughout the Collège, while the same applies to English for the next three days. Moreover, all orders, whether verbal or written, are

*Thrust and parry.*



given in both languages. Considering these practical situations and the emphasis on conversation in the language classes, it is not surprising that at the end of their preparatory year at C.M.R. many cadets are well on their way to becoming bilingual Canadians.

Cadets who are slow at learning languages need not worry unduly, since they normally spend a total of three years at C.M.R. before continuing their education at R.M.C. or beginning their careers as officers in the Service of their choice. In either case, the extra language will be of inestimable benefit to them.

\* \* \*

This, then, is the Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean, a bilingual academy which offers the youth of Canada the opportunity of making an



*On the parade square at C.M.R.*

early start on a programme which is designed to allow them to obtain a higher education and to serve their country at the same time.

It would seem very likely that among the younger readers of "The Roundel" there are many who are qualified and willing to take this opportunity, and it is our sincere hope that they do so.

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## CANADIAN NATIONALISM

With the vigour of youth and in the flush of achievement, we Canadians often remind others that our country is on the march to a great destiny. Even on the most sober and modest appraisal we see a very considerable future ahead — that is if any country is to have any future at all in this age of hydrogen and hate. Indeed we may occasionally appear to be a shade too assertive or sensitive or self-conscious about our nationalism — a fault which would be easier to correct if some people in this country would stop thinking of us as a colony!

— I do not believe, however, that we can be accused of following courses in our national policies which deviate substantially from those which might seem best internationally on strictly economic grounds. In the interest of our national unity, Donald Smith may have built our first trans-continental railway along rather a different route from that which Adam Smith might have recommended. Our concern with the building of a Canadian nation may from time to time again require that severely economic standards be subordinated to larger considerations. As a rule, however, I think you will find that we have not carried — as we do not wish to carry — nationalism too far. We recognize that our own interests are likely to be best served by policies which do not ignore the interests of our friends, and which are based on the freest possible relations with other countries.

*(Hon. L. B. Pearson, in an address to the University of Rochester, N.Y.)*

# Pin-Points in the Past

Seventeen years separate our two pin-points this month. They were years during which the Canadian Air Force, with its establishment of 290 officers and airmen, became the Royal Canadian Air Force and expanded to the 4,000 men who constituted the Service at the outbreak of the Second World War.

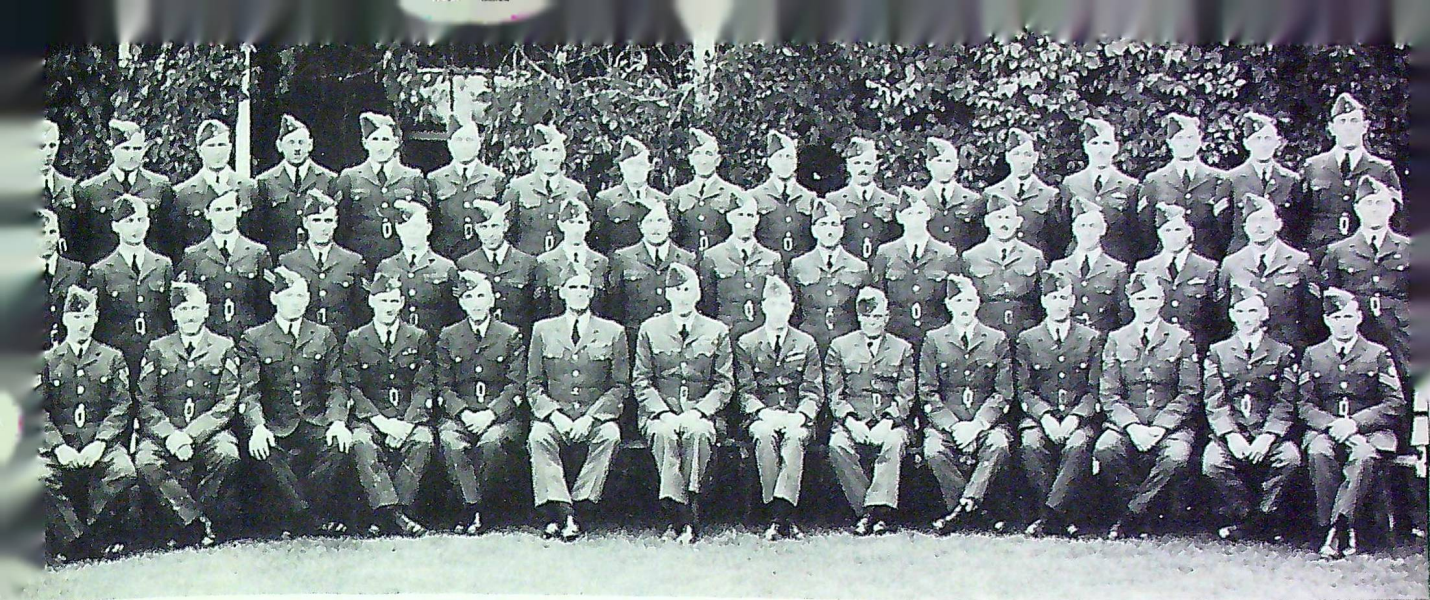
The C.A.F. was formed in February 1920 as the military branch of the Air Board, which latter, from June 1919 to December 1922, controlled all flying in this country. During that period officers and airmen worked side by side with Air Board civilians at forestry and fishery patrol, aerial photography, etc., and it frequently happened that a man was both a civil servant and also a member of the C.A.F. On 1 January 1923 the C.A.F. became a part of the newly-formed Dept. of National Defence. In February of the same year it received the title "Royal", and on 1 April 1924 became a permanent component of Canada's defence forces.



The smaller of our photographs was taken at Rockcliffe in mid-1922, when the airfield was known as "Ottawa Air Station" and belonged to the Air Board. A few months later, in November, when the C.A.F. was in the throes of its protracted evolution from non-permanent to permanent status, the station became "C.A.F. Unit, Ottawa", and many of the Air Board's civil servants enlisted or were commissioned in the C.A.F.

Shown with the old Crossley tender outside a Bessoneau hangar is a typical Air Board-cum-C.A.F. group of those days. In the front seat are (left to right): Flt. Sgt. R. G. Ford (Wing Cdr., retired), J. Davies (civilian, deceased), W. Stavely (Flt. Lt., ret.). Seated behind them are (left to right): A. Kincaid (civilian, ret.), J. H. Palmer (Flt. Lt., ret.), J. Rennie (civilian, released), L. Saddles (civilian, rel.). Standing (left to right): B. McLatchie (W.O.1, dec.) W. Winters (i/c stores: civilian, rel.). Seated on running board: Mr. Radford (details unknown). We are indebted for this photograph to Flt. Lt. W. Stavely.

Our second photograph shows the senior N.C.O.s of Camp Borden at the outbreak of the Second World War. Front row (l. to r.): Flt. Sgts. B. D. W. Beaumont (Sqn. Ldr., retired), A. E. Hopkins (Flt. Lt., ret.), W.O.2 J. D. Syme (Group Capt., M.B.E.), W.O.2 R. Marshall (Flt. Lt., ret.), W.O.1 A. C. Duggan (Flt. Lt., ret.), W.O.1 L. J. Dyte (Sqn. Ldr., ret.), Wing Cdr. L. F. Stevenson (Air Vice-Marshal, C.B., ret.), Sqn. Ldr. E. E. Middleton (Air Vice-Marshal, C.B.E., ret.), W.O.1 D. Lusk (Wing Cdr., ret.), W.O.2 D. R. Gilchrest (deceased), W.O.2 H. J. Lagrave (Sqn. Ldr., M.B.E., ret.), Flt. Sgts. R. M. Paterson (Wing Cdr., M.B.E., ret.), S. G. Barker (W.O.1, ret.), L. G. Millar (Flt. Lt., ret.). Middle row (l. to r.): Sgts. E. V. Gifford (Flying Officer, ret.), A. G. Wilson (released), M. C. Kearns (Sqn. Ldr.), J. M. McAskin (Flt. Lt., ret.), W. V. McDonald (Wing Cdr.), L. Byers (W.O.1, ret.), A. Burley (W.O.2), Flt. Sgts. M. McGuire (W.O.1, ret.), J. Abercrombie (R.A.F. flying instructor), Sgt. J. C. J. B. Mirabelli (Wing Cdr., A.F.C.), Flt. Sgt. C. D. McLean (Wing Cdr.),



Sgts. D. Reynolds (Sqn. Ldr.), B. Stuart (Sqn. Ldr.), B. G. Miller (Wing Cdr.), S. Y. Broadbent (Sqn. Ldr., dec.), M. W. Callaway (Flt. Lt., ret.). Back row (l. to r.): Sgts. D. O. Shaw (Wing Cdr.), H. W. Roberge (W.O.1), D. O. Craig (rel.), A. J. Wilcox (W.O.1, rel.), J. Borysiuk (Flt. Lt.), G. E. Grenke (W.O.1), F. A. Bourne (Flt. Lt.), Flt. Sgt.

E. Sawyer (rel.), Sgts. J. Elliott (W.O.1 ret.), R. F. E. Kempster (Wing Cdr.), S. Collins (W.O.1, dec.), R. Cushley (Sqn. Ldr.), T. A. Drake (Flt. Sgt., rel.), M. E. Ferguson (Flt. Lt.), J. O. Clarke (Sqn. Ldr., ret.), (unidentified), Sgt. W. L. Hook (Sqn. Ldr.). This photograph was kindly lent to us by Flt. Lt. F. A. Bourne.

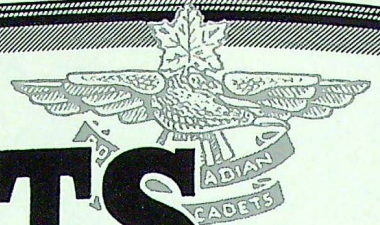


## WORLD HOCKEY REFEREE

Shown putting on his skates in the dressing-room is Flying Officer J. H. L. Le Compte, of No. 1 Air Division, who was appointed as one of the official referees at the recent World Hockey Championship Games in Germany. Flying Officer Le Compte was a member of the famous R.C.A.F. Flyers, the team which carried off the Olympic championship in 1948.



# The ROYAL CANADIAN AIR CADETS



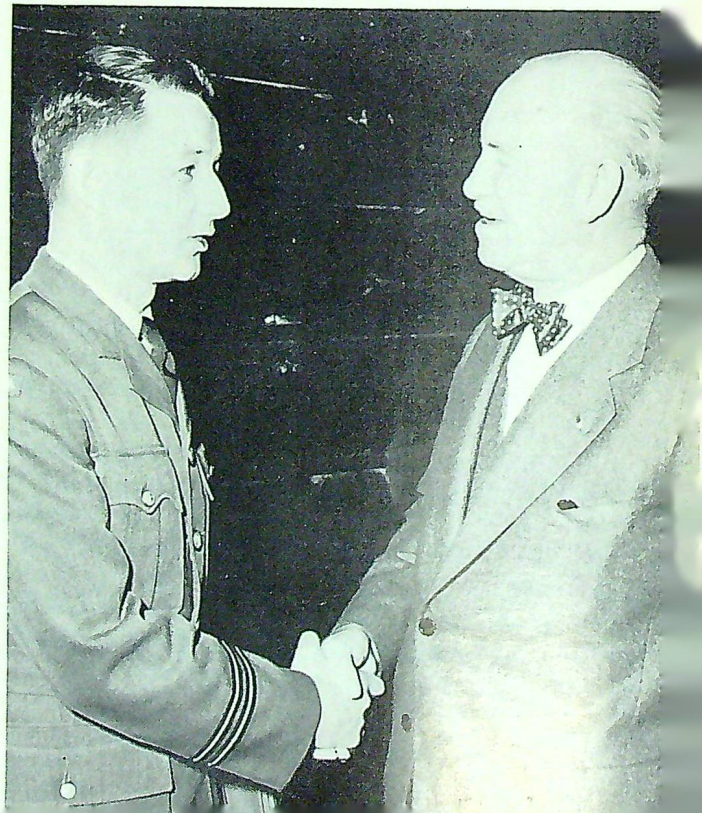
## A PICTORIAL REVIEW

By Arthur Macdonald, Air Cadet League of Canada.



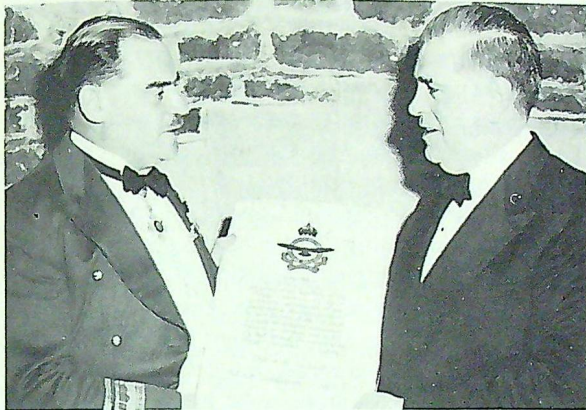
*Mr. George A. D. Will of Nanton, Alta., was elected president of the Air Cadet League of Canada at the recent Annual Meeting held at the Seigniory Club, P.Q. Mr. Will is congratulated upon his election by retiring President H. Darroch Macgillivray (right) and Air Marshal C. R. Slemon, C.B., C.B.E., Chief of the Air Staff.*

*Probably the first graduate cadet to be appointed as a full-time Air Cadet Liaison Officer by the R.C.A.F. is Flt. Lt. G. W. Fisher, of No. 14 Training Group, Winnipeg. Here, Flt. Lt. Fisher renews his acquaintance with League Past-President A. W. Carter, his former C.O., and one of the founders of a pioneer Air Cadet squadron which functioned in Vancouver even before the Air Cadet League was formed.*





The Hon. James Sinclair, Minister of Fisheries, inspects cadets of No. 103 Squadron, North Vancouver, which honoured the Minister at a recent banquet. Mr. Sinclair is accompanied by Sqn. Ldr. Derek Inman, C.O. of No. 103 Squadron.



Mr. Edward Vopni, of Winnipeg, receives a scroll from Air Vice Marshal J. L. Plant, C.B.E., A.F.C., in recognition of his selection as Air Cadet League "Man of the Year" for 1954.



This inspection of No. 155 (Sault Ste. Marie) Squadron by Sqn. Ldr. A. J. Ireland led to very high praise for the squadron. In his official report, Sqn. Ldr. Ireland described the squadron as one of the best in Ontario. The inspecting officer is accompanied in this photo by Sqn. Ldr. D. W. Murray (left), No. 155's C.O., and by Mr. H. E. Williams, chairman of the sponsoring committee.



Something entirely new on the Air Cadet scene was a formal dance sponsored recently by No. 23 (St. Catharines) Squadron. Miss Alexandra Dean, Queen of the Air Cadet Ball, and her escort, L.A.C. Roland Thompson, chatting with Group Capt. J. C. Scott, D.S.O., C.O. of R.C.A.F. Station Aylmer.

A newly designed "CANADA" badge for Air Cadets made its first official appearance at the Annual Meeting. Mr. Gregory Mulholland of Summerside, P.E.I., tries the badge out on Mr. G. Howard, also of Summerside. With them is Sqn. Ldr. W. E. Watson, Cadet Liaison Officer for Maritime Air Command. (Capital Press photograph.)



# THE ROCKCLIFFE FLYING CLUB

ON 29 January of this year, the first R.C.A.F. flying club to become a fully chartered member of the Royal Canadian Flying Clubs Association was officially opened at Carp airport, 18 miles from Ottawa.

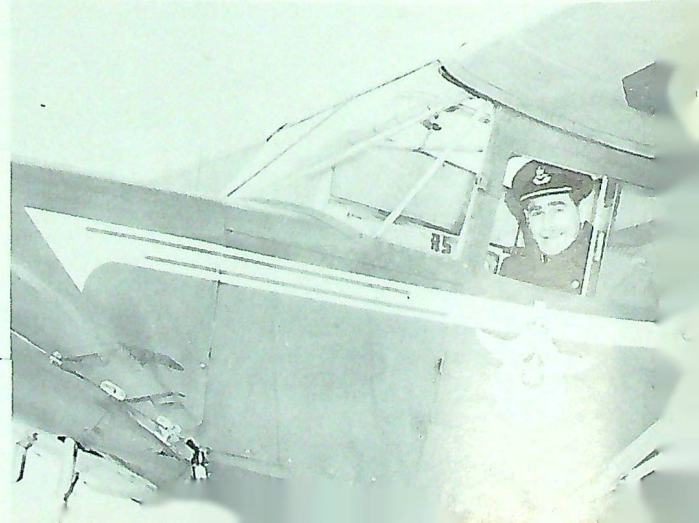
In the opening ceremony, which was attended by officials from the Department of Transport and the Royal Canadian Flying Clubs Association as well as by senior Air Force Officers and members of the press, Air Commodore R. V. Patriarche, O.B.E., representing the Chief of the Air Staff, congratulated the club on "its most interesting and pioneering effort in the field of aviation". "What you are doing", he said, "is an example to the whole Air Force, and I hope it will spread all across Canada."

Credit for the organization of the Rockcliffe Flying Club goes to Flying Officer C. I. Adam, the Ground Defence Officer of R.C.A.F. Station Rockcliffe, who was first bitten by the "flying-bug" while stationed at No. 1 (F.) Wing (then at North Luffenham), where a similar club was in existence. Then and there Flying Officer Adam conceived the idea of forming a Service flying club on his return to Canada.

*Air Vice Marshal H. B. Godwin, C.B.E., A.O.C. Air Materiel Command, presents the Club's charter to Flying Officer C. I. Adams.*

Transferred to Rockcliffe, he found that the large concentration of personnel presented an ideal opportunity to try out his plans. As preliminary talks progressed, it became evident from the enthusiasm shown that the formation of such a club was not only welcome but also long overdue. Numerous discussions were held with people whose co-operation was essential if the club was to succeed. The preliminary work completed, a letter was sent to Group Captain A. M. Jardine, A.F.C., Commanding Officer of the station, asking permission to form the Rockcliffe Flying Club. In outlining the aims of the club, the letter pointed out that, although the primary function of the R.C.A.F. is to fly aircraft, this function is performed by approximately only seven per cent of its total manpower, the remainder being occupied either directly or indirectly in keeping that seven per cent airborne. The letter added that many airmen had a keen desire to fly but that they wanted an opportunity to try their hand on light aircraft before applying to re-muster. Most of them found, however, that the rates charged at civilian flying schools and clubs were beyond their means. The formation of the proposed

*Group Capt. A. M. Jardine, A.F.C., in one of the Club's aircraft.*



Rockcliffe Club would, it was pointed out, tap a large source of potential aircrew. The club was not, however, meant to be an *ex officio* F.T.S., for recreational flying would play the major rôle in its activities, and club 'planes would be made available for week-end hunting and fishing-trips.

With the support of the Commanding Officer, a general meeting was called, and by noon of the following day more than 70 members were registered. Plans were finalized, and the club became a reality.

To start the club on a sound financial basis, each member joining the club was (and is) sold one share for \$50.00. The share, less the membership fee, is refundable on transfer or posting. Should a member wish to withdraw from the club, his or her share will be refunded. Once it is completely solvent, the club will refund all shares, retaining only the \$5.00 membership fee. The club is entitled to a \$100 subsidy from the Dominion Government for each student who receives a Private License, and another \$100 are normally paid to the student at the same time. The members of the Rockcliffe Flying Club, however, have agreed to turn their cheques over to the club in exchange for reduced flying rates. Charging \$4 an hour for flying-time on the Fleet *Canucks* and the Aeroncas, the Rockcliffe Flying Club's rates are approximately one third of those charged at civilian clubs or schools. For airmen who are long on technical know-how but short on cash, an arrangement has been worked out whereby they can exchange servicing-time on aircraft for flying-time. The Air Force, too, is helping out by providing class-room space for ground-school lectures, and by giving, free of charge, Department of Transport medicals at the station hospital.

The club which operates from Carp airport, owns seven aircraft—four *Canucks*, two Aeronca *Champions*, and a Piper *Super-Cruiser*. By permission of Mr. R. Bradley, of Bradley's Air Service, the club has club-room and snack-bar facilities as well as a portion of the hangar. In addition, members are entitled to use flying and recreational facilities at any flying club which is a member of the Royal Canadian Flying Clubs Association.



*Flying Officer E. A. Waters.*

Ground-school classes are held every Tuesday and Thursday evenings in the Trade Advancement lecture-rooms at Rockcliffe, under the supervision of the Chief Flying Instructor. The subjects covered are Air Regulations, Theory of Flight, Airmanship, Meteorology, Navigation, Radio, Aero-Engines, and Airframes. A fee of \$5.00 is charged for the ground-school instruction.

When organizing a flying club at a flying station, the problem of finding instructors is easily solved. With a wealth of material to draw from, the club executive selected Flying Officer E. A. Waters for the post of C.F.I. Flying Officer Waters, who is a pilot with the Central Experimental and Proving Establishment, in turn gathered a staff of instructors from pilots of Nos. 408 and 412 Squadrons, A.F.H.Q., A.M.C., Practice Flight, and the CF-100 squadrons based at nearby Uplands airport. One of his instructors is Flying Officer N. D. Hull, a "jet-jockey" whose regular job is flying the CF-100, but who trades his trans-sonic fighter during week-ends for a 100 m.p.h. trainer.

The organizers believed that the club would be popular, but little did they realize to what extent. On an average week-end its aircraft fly 60 hours, and this is expected to increase to 80 hours as summer approaches. The instructors are hard-pressed, with about 50 embryo fliers clamouring for flying-time from dawn on Saturday till dusk on Sunday.

Each training-trip lasts for approximately one



*Flying Officer Joan Seeley.*

hour. The periods used for refuelling between trips are brief. They have to be, for a maximum utilization of aircraft is necessary to accommodate all the "customers". While some students are flying solo, the instructors are busily briefing others. It wasn't long before some of the club's members, who were working at Rockcliffe on night shift, decided to fly during the week-days. The club hired an Air Force Reserve instructor to take care of them—and he was promptly swamped. Now, several of the club instructors have agreed to take some of their annual leave and instruct during the week. The C.F.I. estimates that at the present rate the club will log from 400 to 500 flying hours a month. As more pilots get their instructors' rating from the Department of Transport, the tempo will increase. At the time of writing there is a staff of 10 flying instructors, but the number is constantly changing as the result of posting and transfers.

The club gives a fully recognized course leading up to a Private Pilot's License. This course consists of 30 hours' flying, of which a minimum of

12 hours are dual. In order to qualify for a Private Pilot's License, the student must pass Department of Transport examinations in Navigation and Meteorology, Air Regulations and Airmanship. There is also a flying test, which will be conducted by the club's C.F.I. Later on the club hopes to be granted authority by the Department of Transport to conduct a Commercial Pilot's Course.

So far no club member has qualified for his Private License but already the club is looking forward to the day when it will hold its first "Wings Parade", as soon as ten or more students graduate. At this ceremony, silver club wings, embossed with the letters "R.F.C.", will be presented to them.

Club membership is made up of airmen from every conceivable trade. The distaff side is represented by Flying Officer Joan Seeley (the club's secretary), L.A.W. Valerie Davis, and A.W.1 Edith Leonard. The existence of the Rockcliffe Flying Club made it possible for these girls to fulfill a lifetime ambition.

The co-operative spirit which exists among the members is evidenced by the car pools which have been organized to transport members to ground-school and to the airport. In the near future, dances will be held so that members can become better acquainted. A further project is "The Glidepath", a monthly news bulletin which will be printed to keep the members informed of the activities of their club. At the end of the first two weeks of flying, ten club members had soloed and at least a dozen airmen expressed a strong desire to re-muster to aircrew. Memberships are still being accepted, and numerous enquiries about the club are received daily.

Although it is too early to make many predictions, it can safely be said that, if enthusiasm is any criterion, the Rockcliffe Flying Club has a very successful future ahead of it.

### PESSIMISM

Pessimism, when you get used to it, is just as agreeable as optimism. (Arnold Bennett.)

# WHAT'S THE SCORE?

*(Though many wise men have spoken deprecatingly of money, even Aristotle recognized that the possession of a sufficiency of it was a prerequisite for the conduct of a virtuous life. Since it would be presumptuous to suggest that any member of the R.C.A.F. needs help along the path of virtue, we do not propose to offer any hints on the subject of how to make money. Our questionnaire, which has been compiled with the kind assistance of Mr. A. P. Williams, Master of the Royal Canadian Mint, and Mr. L. S. Mundy, Secretary of the Bank of Canada, therefore limits itself to a few dispassionate facts about this unsavoury but most ennobling commodity. Correct answers appear on page 48.—EDITORS.)*

- The study of coins and currency is known as:
  - Logistics.
  - Numismatics.
  - Philately.
  - Etymology.
- Stamped metal coinage, of controlled weight and purity, was first used in the West by the:
  - Egyptians, about 2500 B.C.
  - Phoenicians, about 200 B.C.
  - Lydians (in Asia Minor), about 700 B.C.
  - Greeks, about 400 B.C.
- Asses, in Rome's earlier days, were:
  - Bronze discs or bars used as a medium of exchange.
  - Used to power the stamping-machinery.
  - Money-lenders (colloquial).
  - The pouches used by tax-collectors.
- Not the name of an ancient Roman coin is:
  - Dupondius.
  - Aureus.
  - Denarius.
  - Argentus.
- The oldest official coinage known was produced in:
  - Ur of the Chaldees.
  - China.
  - Egypt.
  - Babylonia.
- British sovereigns are made of 22 parts of gold to:
  - 2 of tungsten.
  - 2 of copper and 1 of titanium.
  - 2 of bronze and 1 of silver.
  - 2 of copper.
- The purpose of milled edges on coins is to:
  - Facilitate handling.
  - Prevent the "clipping" of metal from the edges of the coins.
  - Make counterfeiting more difficult.
  - Cut down on the weight of the coin.
- The word "coin" is derived from:
  - The German "könig" (king), in reference to the king's head stamped on coins.
  - The French "coin" ("corner", or small room in which money was once minted).
  - "Cone"—the vessel from which the molten metal was poured.
  - The Latin "cuneus" meaning "wedge", in reference to the shape of the early coin-stamps.
- Standard coinage is:
  - Coinage which is manufactured to a set standard of measurements.
  - Coinage whose value is determined by world metal-prices.
  - Coinage whose face-value equals the value of the metal of which it is made.
  - Coinage made of standard alloys.
- Bronze coinage, in which the value of the metal is less than the face value, is known as:
  - Token coinage.
  - Debased coinage.
  - Compound coinage.
  - Counterfeit coinage.
- The oldest known paper money was first issued:
  - By Ghengis Khan.
  - In Russia, during the reign of Ivan the Terrible.
  - In China, during the Ming dynasty (1368-1644 A.D.).
  - In Nepal, in the first century A.D.



12. Wampum, the medium of exchange among many Indian tribes in Canada, consisted of:
- (a) Native copper.
  - (b) Pelts of beaver.
  - (c) Certificates issued by the Hudson Bay Company.
  - (d) Beads or tubes made of shells.
13. Coinage was first minted in Canada:
- (a) In Montreal (1810)
  - (b) In the Magdalen Islands (1815) by Sir Isaac Coffin.
  - (c) In Annapolis Royal (1830).
  - (d) In Fredericton, N.B. (1812).
14. The first paper money in Canada was:
- (a) British bank-notes.
  - (b) "Playing-card" money issued in Quebec in 1685.
  - (c) Issued by the Northwest Company in 1755.
  - (d) Promissory notes used as currency between Montreal merchants.
15. Canada's bank-notes are printed by:
- (a) The Bank of Canada.
  - (b) The Government Printing Bureau.
  - (c) The Canadian Bank Note Company and the British American Bank Note Company.
  - (d) The Royal Mint, with permission from the Queen's Printer.
16. The face value of the coinage issued in Canada during 1953 totalled:
- (a) \$21,100,265.05.
  - (b) \$10,525,450.10.
  - (c) \$4,931,672.15.
  - (d) \$7,625,963.95.
17. The Bank of Canada was founded in:
- (a) 1934.
  - (b) 1765.
  - (c) 1812.
  - (d) 1920.
18. To produce a Canadian bank-note, the number of printings required is:
- (a) Six.
  - (b) Nineteen.
  - (c) Nine.
  - (d) Three.
19. The number of times a Canadian bank-note is counted and inspected (including paper inspection) before distribution, is:
- (a) 10.
  - (b) More than 30.
  - (c) 15.
  - (d) Dependent on the denomination of the note.
20. The percentage of business transactions carried out in Canada by cheque rather than by currency is:
- (a) 11%.
  - (b) 3%.
  - (c) 65%.
  - (d) 80%.

Views expressed in "The Roundel" upon controversial subjects are the views of the writers expressing them. They do not necessarily reflect the official opinions of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

### 41 YEARS AGO . . .

. . . H. G. Wells wrote in his novel of the future, "The World Set Free", that "the catastrophe of the atomic bombs which shook men out of cities and businesses and economic relations, shook them also out of their old-fashioned habits of thought, and out of the lightly held beliefs and prejudices that came down to them from the past."

## THE QUEEN'S COMMENDATION

Flt. Lt. D. E. MacLeod, of R.C.A.F. Station North Bay, was recently awarded the Queen's Commendation for Brave Conduct for his attempt to save the lives of two officers in a burning aircraft on 8 September 1954.

Flt. Lt. MacLeod, who is serving as a medical officer, first joined the R.C.A.F. in March 1943 and was trained as an air-gunner. He served as a gunnery instructor in Canada until the end of the Second World War, when he left the R.C.A.F. to attend Acadia University. After graduating with a Bachelor of Science degree in 1949, he enrolled at Dalhousie University, whence he graduated in medicine in 1953. While attending Dalhousie, he re-enrolled in the Medical Branch of the R.C.A.F. and was taken on active Air Force duty at North Bay in June 1954.

The citation for his award reads, in part, as follows:

On the night of Wednesday, 8 Sept. 1954, a CF-100 aircraft swung off the main jet runway at R.C.A.F. Station North Bay and crashed into two aircraft which were parked on a taxi-strip adjacent to one of the hangars. The crew of the



CF-100 were killed on impact and a fierce conflagration was started, involving the three aeroplanes.

Flt. Lt. MacLeod, who was the medical officer on duty at the time of the accident, was on the scene minutes after the crash occurred. The pilot and the crew member of the CF-100 were still seated in the aircraft and could be plainly seen by the light of the flames. Flt. Lt. MacLeod . . . climbed on to the fuselage of the burning aircraft to determine whether or not the occupants were still alive. The heat of the flames was so intense that he had to be continuously sprayed with water . . . He remained until he had definitely proven to his own satisfaction that the two occupants were in fact dead, and only then did he leave the aircraft. During the time that he was examining the occupants, the explosive charges in the canopy mechanism might have gone off at any instant, and . . . would have caused instant death to this officer.

His great personal bravery and the deep humanitarian instincts which prompted him to do what he did are worthy of the highest commendation and praise.

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## GREETING COURTEOUS

From "The New York Times" we learn that a father in Brisbane, Australia, who was welcomed home from work by his 9-year-old son with a shout of "Here comes Old Baldy", was judged by the court to have been quite justified in spanking the boy.

# Letters to the Editor ★ ★ ★

## NO. 21 (R.A.F.) SQN. REUNION

Dear Sir:

Further to the notice published in "Letters to the Editor" in your January issue, it is now definite that we shall meet for our next reunion at the Albert Tavern, Victoria St., London, S.W., on May 21st. If any Canadian former members of the squadron happen to be in town on that date, we shall be most pleased to welcome them, I hope that Mr. Neville Berry will be with us also.

J. G. B. Draper,  
Cross Leys,  
South Stoke,  
Reading, Berks.,  
England.

## CANADA'S AVIATION HISTORY

Dear Sir:

"Pin-Points in the Past", in your January issue, is, I'm afraid, again subject to question. Wing Cdr. W. G. Barker's fatal crash occurred on Mar. 12th, 1930, according to the obituary section of "The Canadian Annual Review, 1929-30". George Drew's book, "Canada's Fighting Airmen", also confirms the above date and adds that the aircraft was a new two-seater Fairchild aircraft.

Incidentally, I have found the "Canadian Annual Review" to be an amazing source of reference on this country's progress in aviation over the years. The final edition of this series was, as far as I have been able to check, the edition for 1938-39, published in 1940. The 1909 edition covers the activities of J. A. D. McCurdy, F. W. Baldwin, and Alexander Graham Bell, at Baddeck, N.S., and also mentions the flights carried out as military demonstrations at Petawawa Camp. The next edition to refer to aviation activities in Canada is the edition for 1915. From there on the record appears to be continuous up to the final 1938-39 edition. These volumes are probably unique in constituting the only continuous record of military and civil aviation in Canada between 1915 and 1939.

One curious point I noted in the 1928-29 edition of "The Canadian Annual Review" was that the strength of the Non-Permanent Active Air Force was 37 officers and one airman. If this was an actual fact, I wonder who the one lonely airman was.

Recently I received a selection of about 12 magazines, including copies of "Aeronautics", "The Aeroplane", and "Flight", dating from 1909 to 1916. It was interesting to note names such as Basil D. Hobbs, A. K. Tylee, L. S. Breadner, R. Collishaw, and other Canadians who served in the R.F.C. and R.A.F. in the First World War.

C. J. Toms (R.C.A.F.A.)

("The Roundel" erred. Mr. Toms is correct in stating that the date of Wing Cdr. Barker's death was 12 March 1930, not 1931.

With respect to the Non-Permanent Active Air Force, to which Mr. Toms refers in his third paragraph: when the Royal Canadian Air Force was re-organized on 1 April 1924, provision was made for an N.P.A.A.F. component as well as the Permanent Active Air Force, and an establishment of 67 officers and 130 airmen was authorized for the N.P.A.A.F. The first time that any strength was reported for the N.P.A.A.F., however, was at the end of the 1927-28 fiscal year, when there were 37 officers and 1 airman. A year later, 31 March 1929, the officer strength of the N.P.A.A.F. had risen to 46, but the lone airman had disappeared. Who he was, it is now impossible to determine without extensive re-

search in official records. Possibly some of our readers may know the answer. No action was taken to form any N.P.A.A.F. units until 5 October 1932, when an Army Co-operation Wing and three Army Co-operation Squadrons were authorized.—EDITOR.)

## STRIPED COLONEL

Dear Sir:

Have just received the January copy of "The Roundel" and am disappointed to see that "The Party Line" has usurped the spot usually reserved for Sgt. Shatterproof. In fact, his much-appreciated words are conspicuous by their absence throughout the issue.

It is that he has at last bowed to the Brass and allowed the Administration of the R.C.A.F. to take the place of his pearls of wisdom, or did some untoward pre-prandial dilute his ink to the point of invisibility?

Be that as it may, no doubt his beady eyes have noted that the caption to the picture on page 24 states that the winner of the 1954 National Rodeo was won by a "Col. Setters". It has always been our belief that this competition was not open to commissioned officers in either the R.C.A.F. or the Army. It is also noted that the "Colonel" is wearing two stripes.

Hoping that this will be the last issue without the old wardog's rumblings.

Cpl. Sandy Welland,  
Institute of Aviation Medicine.

(Since our hurried search through Records has failed to yield any indication that Cpl. E. C. Setters hails from Kentucky, we are forced to admit that our proof-reading was not all it might have been. Sgt. Shatterproof, by the way, asks us to caution Cpl. Welland how he blaspheme the loyal N.C.O.'s most sacred tradition. Provided it be modest, there is no such thing as an untoward pre-prandial.—EDITOR.)

## C.A.F. AND R.C.A.F. AIRCRAFT

Dear Sirs:

I have been very much interested in the occasional pictures of aircraft associated with the early days of the Air Force. I would like to see "The Roundel" run, as a series, a pictorial aircraft history of the C.A.F. and R.C.A.F., with a small picture of each aircraft and a brief sketch of its dimensions, performance, rôle, etc.

Flt. Lt. J. G. Christison,  
A.M.C.H.Q.

(An excellent idea of Flt. Lt. Christison's, which will certainly be acted upon. Procurement of photographs of the earliest types may, however, take a little time, so we cannot promise any definite date for the series' appearance.—EDITOR.)

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

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

## "THE WORLD'S FIGHTING PLANES"

This is an extremely handy little quick-reference book\* covering 239 types of aircraft used by 18 different countries in all phases of up-to-date military aviation.

The aircraft are classified by country of origin and design and are further subdivided alphabetically according to makers' names. In most cases each aircraft is allotted a full page, which describes its rôle, a résumé of its history, including variants and numbers produced. Performance data and military characteristics are also listed.

While military security restrictions, as well as space limitations, confine its usefulness to that of general information and aircraft recognition, it is a remarkably comprehensive publication.

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\*"The World's Fighting Planes", by William Green and Gerald Pollinger. 237 pages. Published by Thomas Nelson & Sons (Canada), 91 Wellington St. West, Toronto 1, Ont. \$3.00.

