

# The **ROUNDDEL**

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JUNE 1955



**ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE**

# CANS ROUNDDEL

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 Royal Canadian Air Force

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*This Month's Cover*



Seen beneath the nose of a CF-100 is one of Air Transport Command's Sikorski S-55 helicopters. The photograph was taken at No. 108 Communications Flight, R.C.A.F. Station Bagotville, by Cpl. Darrell Eagles of A.T.C.H.Q.

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

# SGT. SHATTERPROOF IS AT HIS BEST

*(This month the old wardog gives us a rather hard time — not, we fear, without some justification. Immediately after his letter, we are printing, with sincere apologies to all the officers concerned, the correct names of the members of the group shown on our March cover.—*  
EDITOR.)

Sir:

The last ditch is a place in which we Shatterproofs are traditionally at our best. Nor, now that the members of the Editorial Committee wallow helpless at its bottom, shall I fail to bestride them with uplifted shield. Nevertheless, Sir, I would respectfully remind them that, should all my skill be insufficient to save them from the tar-pot and the torch, they have only themselves to thank. If and when they stand blazing on Parliament Hill, while the maddened mob feeds the flames with copies of "The Roundel", let them cast out bitterness from their hearts. Let them — with as good grace as the circumstances permit — finally recognize the fact that the boys in the field will never accept subversion as a substitute for cheesecake.

It will avail us nothing, Sir, to beat the editorial breast. In vain may the welkin ring with our protestations of loyalty. The subversive finger has written; inexorably the mighty presses have rolled. Nor can all the posses of our Air Force Police restore Air Vice-Marshal Wait and Air Commodore Orr to their rightful places on the cover of the March "Roundel".

That cover, Sir, is perhaps the greatest monument to chaos ever erected by the armed services of Christendom. Your failure to insert the names of the above-mentioned officers has resulted in the incorrect identification of all but four of the seventeen members of the group. Furthermore, the uninformed reader is necessarily forced to the conclusion that the two officers on the extreme right of the photograph are ghostly presences visible only to the eye of the camera. Since those two

officers happen to be Air Vice-Marshal Godwin and Air Commodore Kennedy, I can only trust that you have not by now received all-too-substantial evidence of their existence on a more material plane. Even if L.A.C. Bladder is right in his supposition that the whole affair was an attempt to mislead the agents of foreign powers, I cannot feel that the cover of "The Roundel" is the most fitting outlet for our counter-intelligence activities.

Wing Commander Mirabelli\* has, I believe, already written to point out two more errors in the March issue. The fourth mistake, however, seems to have escaped his attention. In the editorial foreword to "Alex" it is stated that Field Marshal Alexander was one of "Canada's most popular and respected Governor-Generals." Since he was one of Canada's most popular and respected Governors-General, I hope that his penetrating gaze will never light upon those words.

I shall merely touch upon the two departures from the truth which appear in the February issue. Air Commodore Coleman's\*\* eagle eye has detected one of them; and the other, though grave, is unlikely in itself to split asunder the structure of our Service. Wing Commander Wright, whose contribution to navigation is mentioned on page 29, does *not* head "The Instrument Development division of the Air Materiel Technical Services Branch". He could not possibly head it, because there is no such organization to head. What he *does* head is the development of navigation

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\*See "Letters to the Editor".

\*\*See "Letters to the Editor".

instruments in the Directorate of Instrument and Electrical Engineering, which comes under the Air Member for Technical Services. While fully aware that some degree of decentralization is necessary in this thermonuclear age, I suggest that we do not carry it to such an extreme that Victoria Island develops a language which defies translation by the rest of the Air Force.

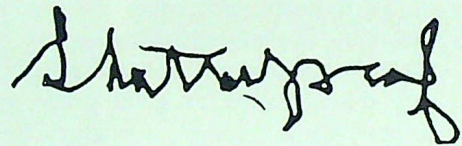
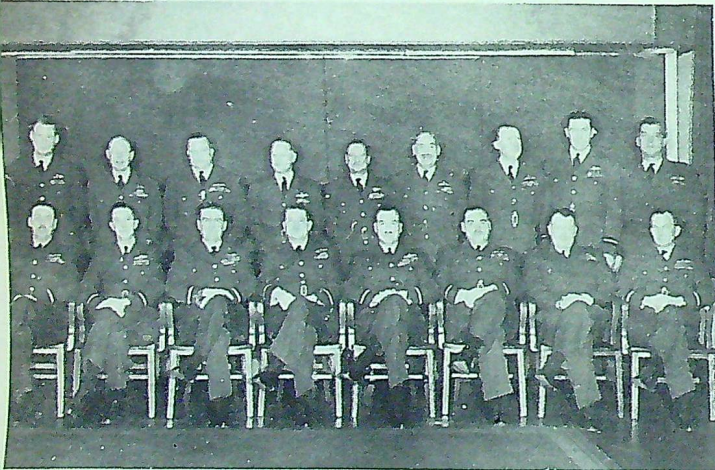
We come now, Sir, to the April issue. My first casual glance discovered three mistakes — one in the "Letters to the Editor", one in Wing Commander Bocking's memoirs, and one in the history of No. 433 Squadron. So shocking is the last that the first two shrink to insignificance beside it. On page 5 of this disastrous issue, Flight Lieutenant Heathcote states that the Porcupine Squadron made successful raids on German-occupied France on the 14th and 15th of August, 1954.

I see your expression relax. I see you dash the sweat from your forehead. I see you lean back in your chair with a sigh of relief. "Pshaw!" you say. "My dear Shatterproof, a mere typographical error! All our readers will realize that Flight Lieutenant Heathcote meant 1944."

Would, Sir, that such was indeed the case! But so great is the reputation for infallibility enjoyed

by the Air Historian's branch that many of our readers suspect the worst. "Ha!" they are saying. "We have been living in a fool's paradise. The war did *not* end in 1945. Steadily, remorselessly, screened by the hypocritical front of the United Nations' organization, year after year our bombers have been dropping their dreadful cargoes upon Europe. This being so, the recent establishment of the West German Federal Republic must also be mere propaganda. Come, let us once more to arms!" Even on our station, several of the younger pilots have begun to go operational. Flying Officer Fighterboy has been jumping on his cap and he was recently observed standing in front of the Mess wash-room mirror with the top button of his tunic undone; and more than one upper lip is darkening with the promise of a warlike growth.

I shall say no more for the moment, Sir. The time for talk is over. "To the barricades!" must be our cry. Let the Editorial Committee know, however, that I shall sell their lives dearly should the need arise.

#### A.O.C.s' CONFERENCE, JANUARY 1955

Standing (l. to r.): Air Cdre. R. A. Cameron; Air Cdre. S. W. Coleman; Air Cdre. H. M. Carscallen, D.F.C.; Air Cdre. W. A. Orr, C.B.E.; Air Vice-Marshal L. E. Wray, O.B.E., A.F.C.; Air Cdre. A. D. Ross, G. C., C.B.E.; Air Cdre. J. G. Bryans, C.B.E.; Air Cdre. M. Costello, C.B.E.; Air Cdre. W. E. Kennedy, A.F.C. Seated (l. to r.): Air Vice-Marshal J. G. Kerr, C.B.E., A.F.C.; Air Vice-Marshal F. G. Wait, C.B.E.; Air Vice-Marshal C. R. Dunlap, C.B.E.; Air Vice-Marshal H. L. Campbell, C.B.E.; Air Marshal C. R. Slemon, C.B., C.B.E.; Air Vice-Marshal J. L. Plant, C.B.E., A.F.C.; Air Vice-Marshal D. M. Smith, C.B.E.; Air Vice-Marshal H. B. Godwin, C.B.E.

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

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

*(Part Four of Wing Cdr. Bocking's memoirs left him at Lydda, in Palestine, shortly after the outbreak of the Arab Rebellion in 1938. The author was then the senior flight commander of No. 33 Squadron, flying Gladiators.—EDITOR.)*

THE Royal Air Force had much experience in desert warfare. Air power as an aid to land forces had long been employed on many Empire frontiers. India, Aden, and Iraq had become accustomed to the roar of Air Force engines over remote and rebellious tribal camps. Desert nomads no longer cowered in fear as a Vickers *Valencia*, like a fat and stately Boanerges, flew overhead and with a voice of thunder exhorted them to lay down their arms and return to their tents and flocks. The Arabs had long since discovered that the voice was that of the political officer, many times magnified and directed through loud-speakers in the belly of the aircraft; and many a verbal battle took place between the imperturbable voice from the sky and the fierce desert rebels screaming threats and invective from the backs of their wheeling steeds.

The Palestine rebellion of 1938-39 was not this type of war. Any use of air power in the traditional rôle of punitive bombing or flag-waving was doomed to failure. This rebel was not the traditional desert warrior who fought only for the greater glory of Allah, with no discipline or aim, and without modern weapons or sound leadership. On the contrary, he had a very definite aim — to eject the usurper from land he considered his own by virtue of centuries of occupancy. He had

modern weapons, good leadership, and technical skill. The last attribute was convincingly demonstrated by his ability to lay road-mines, blow up trains, and destroy bridges.

In such circumstances, the Royal Air Force was fortunate that its operations were to be directed by an A.O.C. whose breadth of vision and genius for leadership were later to win him world fame as leader of Britain's Bomber Command. Now, in 1938, he was Air Commodore Harris, A.O.C. Palestine and Transjordan. Of this period he was later to write: "In the summer of 1939 I was on my way home from Palestine where I had been A.O.C. Palestine and Transjordan during one of the worst of the periodic rebellions resulting from the Anglo-Jewish-Arab controversy. I had been there a busy year, teaching the British Army the advantages and the rebels the effectiveness of Air Power."\*

Our aim was to destroy the rebel army. Whenever information was received through Special Service officers or other intelligence sources that the rebels were meeting in a particular village, word was flashed to the appropriate army field command to prepare a column of action. At the

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\*"Bomber Offensive"; Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Arthur Harris, G.C.B., O.B.E., A.F.C.

same time the R.A.F. was warned of the impending action, and the number of fighters required was put on "stand-by". The operation was usually timed so that the army could make its preliminary movements under cover of darkness. The Air Force would dispatch its fighters before dawn with instructions to arrive over the suspected village at "first shooting-light". This presented a very nice problem in navigation, for attempting to pin-point a small village, while flying at night over mountainous and desolate country, was no easy task. It was necessary not to come too close to your village before the dawn was sufficiently advanced for shooting, otherwise you would flush the rebels and they would disappear into the hills — much to the chagrin of the army column when it arrived some hours later.

If the timing was right, the *Gladiators* would sweep low over the suspect village just at dawn, and handfuls of leaflets would be held out into the slip-stream to be torn away and flutter down gently on to the village. This operation was known as an "airpin".

The leaflets were, of course, written in the local tongue. They warned the natives to remain in their village, and explained that if they did so they would come to no harm. The other important piece of Arab literature that the pilots carried was a "blood-chit" that promised to pay the bearer a large sum of money, or "baksheesh", if a shot-down pilot was returned unharmed, or at least un mutilated, to the nearest military or Palestine Police post — and no questions asked. As the Arab in most cases couldn't read either leaflets or chits, we considered it only fair to emphasize the former with our machine-guns and try to forget the implications of the latter.

\* \* \*

The setting of "airpins" over Arab villages constituted the bulk of No. 33 Squadron's operations during the closing days of 1938. This type of flying was always a gamble with the weather, engine failure, and enemy fire — and there was always the fear of falling into the Arabs' hands. His treatment of prisoners was notorious, and he had no love for the pilots of No. 33 Squadron.

The dawn arrival over an Arab village was full of suspense and excitement. If the intelligence was bad, or the village had somehow received warning of the attack, then all was quiet. If, on the other hand, the intelligence was good, the shattering roar of 900 h.p. and the gentle rain of yellow leaflets was the signal for intense activity. Half-dressed sleepy rebels, clutching their weapons, would make a break for the hills. Sometimes there would be only one or two, sometimes many. If there were too many for the *Gladiators* to handle, one of the aircraft would climb above the surrounding hills and call base for more assistance. It was war in its simplest form. The rebel fired at the aircraft and the aircraft fired back. Sometimes the rebel died, and on occasions the aircraft would continue its dive to terminate in a fiery pyre on the side of some remote and rocky hill. The pilot had four machine-guns, but the Arab had a hundred eyes and half as many weapons.

But it was not always that simple. The rebels soon learned that an ill-planned rush to escape could end in disaster, and many were the wiles they used to ensure the escape of the leaders and — more important — the safe removal of their weapons before the arrival of the army column. Many a pilot was faced with a situation for which his military training and background had not prepared him. After he had dropped his leaflets on a village, what was he to do when a small group of Arab women, swathed in black, openly left the village, or an elderly patriarch pulled his small cart down the road to the hills? There were basic moral issues involved here, and each pilot had to solve them according to the dictates of his own conscience. His duty was clear, but each pilot, acting independently and far from the eyes of authority or the possibility of criticism, had the power of life or death under his right thumb. Different men reacted in different ways, but generally the pilot's sense of duty triumphed, and it was not long before word went around the Arab villages that a stern hand was being used to stamp out terrorism in the holy land.

\* \* \*



1938 ended in a blaze of action. A large band of rebels was operating in the Nablus area. Intelligence reports indicated that Abdul Razek had called a meeting of various tribal leaders. The village in which the meeting was to take place had been identified. The activity in this area was watched closely by the Royal Air Force Special Service officers, Army Intelligence, and the Palestine Police. When all signs pointed to the gathering's being complete, a carefully prepared joint operation was begun. A reinforced Army column, supported directly by light-bombers (Hawker *Hardys*) of No. 6 Squadron from Ramleh, headed for the suspect village. An "air-pin" was clamped down directly on the village by three *Gladiators* from No. 33 Squadron flown by the C.O. and myself from Lydda, and Sergeant-Pilot Tebbs from the detached flight at Haifa, respectively.

Almost immediately it became clear that this was to be no ordinary operation. I was following the C.O. in a low fast dive over the village, and his leaflets were still in the air, when we came under heavy fire from the ground and the whole village seemed to erupt with armed and very hostile rebels. The action was hot and fast for the first few minutes. Both Mac and I took several hits, fortunately none in a vital spot. That the rebel casualties were fairly high was evident from the number of khaki-tunic'd Arabs, unmistakably dead, who were sprawled among the rocks. Occasionally the staccato sound of rapid-fire weapons would speak with more authority than the more familiar flat crack of the rifle, and it was apparent that the Army was going to have a major skirmish on its hands when it arrived.

All too soon we were out of ammunition and short of fuel. As Tebbs had come the shorter distance from Haifa, we were forced to leave him there and return to base for fuel and ammunition and to check the damage. We had just set course for home, flying in tight formation, when we passed our relief aircraft on the way to the scene of the action. Mac quickly briefed them on the situation by radio, and three or four minutes later, when we were already far away, we heard the radio-talk of the pilots and gathered that the

Army column had arrived and that the ground situation was confused. (I gathered that there was much bobbing of red and white umbrellas). It was clear that a fairly large ground action was under way and that heavy fire was being exchanged. We were very nearly at the limit of our radio reception when we heard faintly a conversation that indicated that one of the *Gladiators* had been shot down.

Our landing at Lydda caused some excitement. Rumours of the magnitude of the action had spread, and everyone was full of curiosity. To add to the confusion, an Imperial Airways *Hannibal* airliner, en route from England to the Far East, had landed just before us, and a milling group of tea-planters, civil servants, and teachers on their sabbatical year, surrounded our aircraft, fingering the bullet holes and gashed fabric with many "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" We had great difficulty in keeping them from standing in front of the still-hot guns. Of course, I enjoyed every minute of it while pretending a nonchalant annoyance.

Inspection showed that my aircraft had a split main spar and sundry other minor damage. The C.O. decided that, in view of the activity, he would remain to direct operations while I would get another aircraft and return to the scene of action. I was very pleased with this order, as I was worried about that crashed aircraft. Two of the three relieving *Gladiators* had come from Lydda and were flown by Canadians — Flt. Lt. "Ace" Hawkins and Pilot Officer Johnny Mahoney,\* the latter of whom had recently joined my flight. It was, in fact, Sgt. Tebbs' aircraft that had crashed. He had been shot down almost immediately after Mac and I had set course for Lydda and just a few moments before the other aircraft had arrived, so no one had seen the actual crash. I lost no time in transferring my parachute to a serviceable *Gladiator* and in taking off immediately, with Flying Officer George Rumsey, the adjutant, flying as my wing-man. George, incidentally, had his big toe shot off in this action. He became reconciled to the loss of the toe, but the destruction of his shoe was another matter, and, with the true

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\*Sqn. Ldr. J. Mahoney (R.C.A.F.), Air Defence Command.

administrative fervour of a born adjutant, he entered into a bitter paper-war with Middle East H.Q. in Cairo until they capitulated and bought him a new pair.

On arrival at the scene of hostilities, we quickly located the rebels' positions on the side of a hill, the Army column at the foot of the hill, and the crashed aircraft on a fairly level plateau about half-way between the opposing forces. The Army ground-to-air signals told us that they were being fired on from the general direction of the crashed aircraft. Just as we arrived, a brilliant red flare arched into the sky from the crashed aircraft. The aircraft we were relieving advised us that this was the first sign of life that had come from the wreckage. A close look at the crash showed that the fuselage was fairly intact and that the sliding hood was either jammed three-quarters closed or the pilot was too badly hurt to open it further.

As I circled low above him, Sgt. Tebbs again fired a red signal in the same direction as the first one. This was the recognized ground-to-air Very-light signal meaning "I am being fired on from the direction indicated". The only sign of life in that direction was a large flock of sheep and several shepherds, all gazing down at the crashed aircraft with dull apathy. I routed the sheep out of there with a low fast dive and a short burst of machine-gun fire, and, as the sheep scattered in panic, several rebels who had been hiding among them ran for more adequate cover. The combined fire of eight machine-guns from our two *Gladiators* soon dealt with them — and, since one flying figure could not be discerned from another, with the shepherds as well. (Anyway, they were keeping bad company).

Knowledge that the pilot was still alive inspired a rescue operation by the Army that was in keeping with the finest traditions of gallantry. A small party of about twelve men (one white umbrella), including medical orderlies, set out to scale the heights to the wrecked aircraft. I remained, giving close cover to Sgt. Tebbs, but the other aircraft, reinforced just at that crucial moment by two more from Flt. Lt. Bolingbroke's flight at Haifa, buzzed around like angry bees desperately trying to keep the Arabs heads-down and to pro-

vide a measure of relief to the rescue party. The rebels were numerous, however, and the rock-strewn slopes of the surrounding high ground gave excellent cover to sharp-eyed snipers. It was not long before the enemy fire began to take effect, and first one and then another of the soldiers fell.

The rescue party finally reached the wreckage and began the difficult job of manoeuvring a stretcher, containing a six-foot two-hundred-pound pilot, down the precipitous slope under furious fire from the enemy. A stretcher-bearer fell, mortally hit, and Sgt. Tebbs pleaded with them to leave him and take cover. This they refused to do, and they finally won through to safety. Those of us who were watching from the comparative safety of the air offered up some heart-felt prayers of thanks to these gallant men. Our respect for the courage of our comrades on the ground, and some realization of the dangers and difficulties under which they operated with such steadfast purpose, was brought sharply home to us by the example we had before our eyes. It was a lesson from which we derived great benefit in the dark days ahead. It was too bad that more airmen and soldiers were not exposed to it at this early date. A sad footnote to this rescue was added some days later when Sergeant-Pilot Tebbs died of his injuries in a Haifa hospital.

It is interesting to note that while the R.A.F. in Palestine was operating under the future "Bomber" Harris, the army in the Haifa area was operating under a Divisional Commander who was to achieve equal lustre and to win his Field-Marshal's baton as Montgomery of El Alamein. We were fortunate indeed to serve our apprenticeship in war under two such distinguished commanders.

\* \* \*

In addition to the "airpin", our other regular operation was the village patrol, or "vilpat". This originated in a rather peculiar way. On 2 December 1938, in formation with Sgt. Slater, I was returning to base from a rather dull "airpin" on a northern village. Ours were the last aircraft over the area and the army had the situation well in hand. It

was a boring flight home, and I was looking idly around the cockpit when I noticed that I still had a handful of leaflets stuffed down the side of my flying-boot. We were just at that moment passing a rather large village called Talluza. On an impulse I called Sgt. Slater on the radio and told him to remain at our cruising height and wait for me. I peeled off into a quick dive toward the centre of the village and let go a handful of leaflets just to see what reaction I would get. I figured that, if there were any rebels there, they would believe this to be an "airpin" and make a break for the hills. There were, and they did! Before the leaflets reached the ground, a very large band of rebels was scattering in every direction. Sgt. Slater quickly joined me, and for a few hectic moments we couldn't shoot fast enough. When the first flurry of excitement died away, the rebels had lost thirteen dead (the bodies were later picked up by the Army) and I had taken an equal number of hits (by subsequent actual count) through the fuselage — four of them, I noted reflectively, through the cockpit. This, of course, was before the days of self-sealing fuel tanks or armour plating, so it was fortunate that none had been made in that most vital spot where I was sitting. Sgt. Slater had also escaped serious damage.

A quick look at the map showed that Tulkarm, where there was an Army detachment, lay just a few miles to the west, so I sent Slater to drop a message (by message-bag) informing them of the action. They had, as it transpired, heard the firing; so a motorized patrol was already on the way, and it wasn't long before it bounced into view. After recovering the weapons from the bodies of the rebels that Slater and I had shot (and for whom, I understand, they received a bounty) the soldiers got about the serious business of routing out the rest of the Arabs from the surrounding hills. We left them to their dangerous task and returned to base.

The Army claimed later that they had been watching this villageful of rebels located practically on their own doorsteps, and that my dropping of the leaflets was premature. R.A.F. operations in Jerusalem, while agreeing generally that it was a "good show, old boy", were a little disgruntled

that they hadn't thought of it first. In any case, a "vilpat" shortly afterwards became a standard operation, the idea being that the Arab, not knowing whether our aircraft were on a "vilpat" or an "airpin", would have to make the first move.

\* \* \*

A rather curious sequel to this operation took place during the following summer. The Palestine rebellion was over and indeed largely forgotten by all except the few of us who had been directly concerned. I was stationed at Abu Sueir, Egypt. The Station Commander sent for me one day and, without any preamble, said: "You have your log book?" Having been instructed to bring it, I had it clutched in my sweaty palms. "What the hell did you do on December 2nd last?" I cast my mind back quickly over my so-far-undetected crimes, but got no clue. "Look in your log book, you damn fool!" he barked. My log book showed a simple entry that read "*Gladiator* K2925 — two hours — vilpat Talluza". I read this to the C.O., who relaxed and beamed at me. "Good boy. The C.-in-C.\* is arriving tomorrow and wants to see you. The adjutant will give you further details." The adjutant, as usual, knew nothing; and I spent a very restless night.

The next morning there was a station parade and a review by the Commander-in-Chief. I went through the manoeuvres in a bit of a daze. I felt that it was a bit late to be taken to task for dropping those pamphlets on Talluza the year before. I was only dimly aware that the parade had formed a hollow square. I was in the rear of the parade and it was only the sibilant whispers from all around that brought me to the realization that my name was being called in slightly impatient tones: "Flt. Lt. Bocking — fall out!" I got under way, aided by a gentle shove from the Station Warrant Officer with an admonition to "Step lively now, Sir" that had just the right amount of deference due an acting Flight Lieutenant.

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\*Air Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore: A.O.C. in C. Middle East



That long walk to the flagstaff, in front of several hundred curious eyes, reminded me vividly of a moving picture I had seen not long before in which the hero — quite wrongly, of course, but in unpleasantly similar circumstances — had had his sword broken and his buttons stripped off. I arrived in front of the C.-in-C. and with an effort prevented myself from saying "You may break my sword, but never my spirit!" Instead, I saluted smartly. The Air Marshal said a few kind words about the Palestine operations generally, gave me a firm handshake, handed me a scroll neatly and appropriately done up in red tape, and turned away. I scuttled back to the friendly obscurity of the ranks. Later, reading the scroll to my admiring and envious friends, I was pleased, but mystified. It hangs on my office wall today and reads as follows: "Flying Officer A. L. Bocking, R.A.F. Your name has been brought to my notice for distinguished conduct in action at Talluza on Dec. 2, 1938. I congratulate you on your devotion to duty and thank you for the example you gave. I have directed that a note of your conduct should be made on your record of Service — (signed) R. H. HAINING, Lieut./General Commanding British Forces in Palestine and Transjordan." It was extremely gratifying to receive this belated pat on the back from the Army — even though nothing, as far as I know, was ever noted on my record of service, and indeed I have not been able to find out to this day just what the award represents.

A much more tangible recognition of No. 33 Squadron's operations during the rebellion was the award by His Majesty the King of the D.S.O. to Sqn. Ldr. MacGregor, and of the D.F.C. to Flt. Lt. Bolingbroke, Flying Officer Rumsey, and myself. This was a singular honour for a squadron in peacetime, and we were very proud. When we added our Palestine campaign ribbon to the distinctive stripes of the D.F.C., we were indeed early versions of what were later known in Fighter Command as "glamour boys". The squadron airmen were just as pleased as we were at this honour, which they shared, but they reserved the right to sing with more than usual gusto the old Air Force song that starts off:

*"Oh, the flight commander he flies away,  
He'll get the D.F.C. some day,  
But there's damn all gongs for the troops  
who stay  
And push around the kites in the  
morning."*

\* \* \*

Life inside the wire at Lydda was pretty grim and austere. It was not possible to leave the confines of the camp except in convoy or by armoured car. In December the winter rains had set in earnest, and the building became cold and clammy. After you had fallen asleep with some difficulty on the damp straw palliasses, it was disconcerting to be awakened by a heavy thud on the wall over your head and the sound of falling plaster, followed immediately by the characteristic "whish-whish" of the bullet as it tore across the airfield over the runways in quick pursuit. You could get used to this, and the Arab had enough sense to go to bed about 2 a.m. Not so the Duty N.C.O., however. Along about 3:30 a.m., a rough hand would shake you out of a restless dream and the hearty voice of one who had been awake for hours would say in a hoarse whisper, "Jerusalem on the 'phone, Sir. Three *Glad*s required for first shooting-light. Bags of tea in the Ops. room."

You would then struggle out into the cold and patter down the corridors in wet slippers to make sure the Flight Sergeant was routing out the poor miserable groundcrew who had to face the sudden morning without benefit of tea in order to run up the engines and get things ready to go. After a hot cup of tea we thought of other less fortunate squadrons who had no war of their own to go to this morning, and we were thankful that, if this job had to be done, we were in the right spot at the right time to do it. After all, other pilots were getting up on cold wet mornings with nothing exciting to look forward to but station parades and routine training. So we counted our blessings.

\* \* \*

The Arab made life very uncomfortable for us. He would sneak into the orange groves around the perimeter during the day and pick his window for the night's activities. Cutting two forked sticks to support his rifle, he would line up the sticks and rifle sights on the window of his choice, and then lash the whole thing down. After dark, he'd come back; and as soon as there were signs of movement in the lighted window of his choice, "bang!" would go his gun. As many Arabs as wanted to could play this game, and it made walking in front of windows at night very unpopular. Occasionally someone would forget and walk from the non-stop game of Hearts across the room to the bar. There'd be a burst of flying plaster and windows would be avoided until someone again forgot. This got to be fairly dangerous, so the Army was asked to provide some form of airfield protection, and we learned shortly that a Lieutenant was reporting to Lydda to live with us. Our problem, we thought, was solved. The Lieutenant and his merry men could sally forth at night and keep the Arabs from spoiling our plaster.

When, one evening, he finally arrived, he was taken to our mess and given an overwhelming welcome. After several of Jim Marley's special mixtures (known as "Between the Sheets", because that was where you ended after drinking them), our young Army hero told us that we would be all right now that he was there with his mortar. We sent him to the bar for more beer, and, as he crossed the line of the window, our friend the Arab, right on schedule as usual, let go with what we believed to be an elephant gun. He only fired it every other day. We figured he used the remainder of the time to accumulate the scrap-iron he must shove down the barrel. Our erstwhile warrior stood unhurt, but white and trembling, in the middle of the room, and we led him gently away and tucked him between the sheets.

Our Army support, consisting of one mortar, intrigued us. None of us had ever seen a mortar before, and this elongated pipe, mounted on a large flat base, looked like a very unlikely weapon for providing protection against snipers in orange groves. Nevertheless, we were prepared to reserve

our judgment. We tried to talk the "General" (as he soon became known) into firing the contraption so that we could see how it worked. But his ORDERS were clear: it was only to be fired against the enemy. Our Arab was apparently having trouble finding scrap-iron for his elephant gun, and for two nights all was quiet.

On the third night we sat on the flat roof around the sandbagged mortar (the sandbags had no practical purpose on the roof, but they illustrated how the thing looked when it was ready for operations). We were drinking ale and trying to talk the General, with the usual lack of success, into firing the Monster. He did concede, however, that if we were fired on he wouldn't question too closely the origin of the fire. So we tossed a coin, and Jim Marley and Poynton, our New Zealander, were picked to go out to the wire and fire a few rounds from their pistols toward the building. They disappeared down the stairs, and presently we heard them giggling like a couple of school-girls as they crossed the runway.

All was silent for a minute; then there came a lone shot from the darkness, followed by a loud yell of indignation in Poynton's unmistakable accent: "Now look what you've done, you damn fool! You've ruined my tunic!" Silence had just descended again when a mighty crash went off from right behind us. The mortar had fired! We could hear the missile tearing upward into the dark sky, the noise fading slowly and then disappearing altogether. We stood there on the flat roof, and the whole world seemed to be holding its breath. Suddenly, with an angry crack and a flash of fire the shell landed about twenty yards from one of our concrete pillboxes. There was a great cheer from the roof, the General was carried around in triumph, and the Jewish Constabulary in all the pillboxes opened fire on each other in the light of Very cartridges and starshells.

It was the most spectacular battle of the whole campaign. No one got killed and everybody was on the winning side.

*(To be continued)*

# THE PARTY LINE

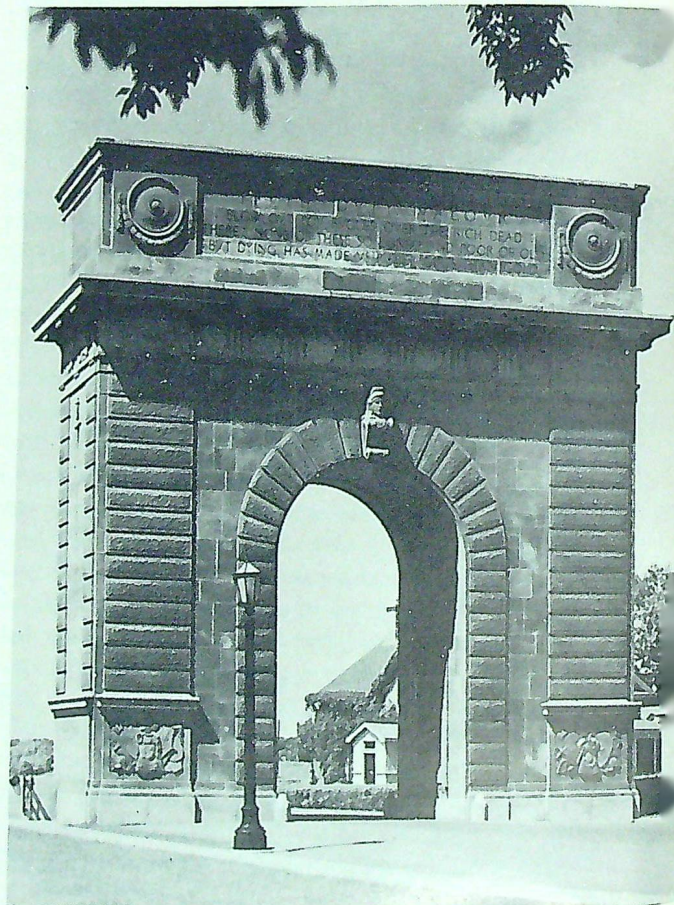
## THE CANADIAN SERVICES COLLEGES PART THREE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE

By R. A. Preston, M.A., Ph.D., F.R. Hist. S.,  
Professor of History at the Royal Military College.

**I**N September 1954, Air Commodore D. A. R. Bradshaw, D.F.C., took over command of the Royal Military College of Canada, Kingston, Ont., from Brigadier D. R. Agnew, C.B.E. It was the first time in its seventy-nine years' history that the Commandant of R.M.C. had been other than a soldier. But the change did not signify a revolution. The new Commandant is an ex-cadet. He is one of many graduates of R.M.C. who have had a distinguished career in the R.C.A.F. He was appointed in accordance with the post-war policy that the command of the Canadian Services Colleges will rotate between the three Services; but his own career is testimony that, long before the war, R.M.C. was already performing those functions which are now part of its tri-Service set-up.

The Canadian Services Colleges are at the core of Canada's officer-production schemes. Integrated with the Regular Officer Training Plan, which sends potential officers to the Services Colleges or the university, as appropriate, they give cadets a basic military training and an academic education which will fit them, when they have been matured by experience, to serve in the higher ranks of one of the three Services. It is believed that, by training together, the cadets will form lasting friendships which will cut across inter-Service barriers, and thus be able to achieve more

*The Memorial Arch.*



easily that co-operation which modern war demands.

The course at the Services Colleges lasts four years. The annual sessions are eleven months. The summer term is spent in practical training at home or overseas, as the case may be, with the Service of the cadet's choice. The fall and winter terms are primarily academic but are accompanied by basic military training which is common to all arms and which includes an important element of indoctrination. Where the Canadian Services Colleges course differs from that followed by a university student who trains in the University Canadian Officers' Training Corps, the University Naval Training Division, or the University Reserve Training Plan of the R.C.A.F., is that in the Services Colleges the cadet's life is organized on strict military lines and he always must maintain the very high standards of conduct, discipline, dress, and smartness that are traditional at all military colleges.

Graduates from the four-year course of the Services Colleges obtain the rank of Flying Officer or of its equivalent in the other Services. Academically they have had an education which, if they have specialized in engineering, will enable them to complete a degree at a university in one further year. Those who enter the Regular forces are sent on full pay and allowances to the university. The general course taken by the remainder of the cadets rates at least as high as the pass arts course at a university, since it takes one year longer and includes, in addition to military studies, more mathematical and scientific courses which are of value to the potential officer.

The first two years of the course can be taken at the Royal Military College, at Royal Roads, or at the Collège Militaire Royal de St. Jean. The academic standard required for entry is the Senior Matriculation level in the various provinces (except at the Collège Militaire Royal, where there is a preliminary year for which the standard of entry is Junior Matriculation). Successful candidates are selected from among the applicants on the basis of their academic standing, provided that they show themselves in an interview to be



*Cadets sailing off Fort Henry.*

\* \* \*

suitable "officer material", and provided they can meet the physical and medical standards imposed by the Service of their choice.

The third and fourth years of the course are taken, by all cadets, at Kingston. R.M.C. is the oldest of the three Services Colleges, having been opened in 1876 to train officers for the Canadian armed forces after the withdrawal of the British Regulars in 1870.

Delightfully situated on Point Frederick, a peninsula at the junction of Lake Ontario and the River St. Lawrence, near to the Thousand Islands, its location is one with great traditions in the history of our country. The French Governor, Count Frontenac, established a fort on the opposite side of the River Catarauqui in 1673 on a site which is now occupied by the National Defence College and the Canadian Army Staff

College. The British chose Point Frederick itself as the location of a naval dockyard, and the army built a fleet there which was operated by the Admiralty during the war of 1812. The importance of this fleet can be realized by the fact that it was responsible for maintaining the long line of communications from the Atlantic to the troops fighting in the Niagara peninsula and beyond. One of the ships built in the dockyard was bigger than Nelson's *Victory*.

On the other side of Navy Bay stands Fort Henry, built in 1813 and rebuilt in 1832-7 to defend the dockyard and the entrance to Canada's great military canal of those days, the Rideau, which enters Lake Ontario through the River Cataraqui. The Rideau connected the Great Lakes with the St. Lawrence below the international section of the river. On Point Frederick itself, and elsewhere in the Kingston area, are massive martello towers which were constructed during the Oregon Crisis in 1846 when war with the United States seemed imminent. Kingston thus has a noteworthy place in Canada's military and naval history. Fort Henry and the martello towers form a picturesque background for the Military College and are a permanent reminder to the cadets of the services rendered to Canada by great military leaders of the past.

\* \* \*

The Act of Parliament which established the College was passed by the government of the Honourable Alexander Mackenzie in 1875. It provided for "an institution for the purpose of imparting a complete education in all branches of military tactics, fortification, engineering, and general scientific knowledge in subjects connected with and necessary to a thorough knowledge of the military profession and for qualifying officers for command and staff appointments." When the Military College opened in June 1876, it was the first cadet college to be set up in the Empire outside the United Kingdom; and it was also the first engineering college organized in Canada.



*Slow march by the graduating class of '54*

At first the Stone Frigate, a naval warehouse and barracks which had been built in 1820 to house the gear from the 1812 fleet, was used for all the college's purposes; but two years later a new building was opened, one that is now known as "Mackenzie Building". In that same year, 1878, Queen Victoria honoured the new venture by authorizing the use of the prefix "Royal" in its name.

Canada's need for regular army officers was at first small. Moreover, the few permanent commissions which were granted in the following decades often went to militia officers who had not attended the college. It was alleged that the reason for appointment was usually political. R.M.C. would possibly not have survived had it not been for the fact that the British government offered four commissions yearly to its graduates. In times of emergency this number was increased. At the time of the Boer War, and on several other occasions, "special" commissions were given to R.M.C. graduates or to cadets in junior years in the college. Hence, officers who had trained at

Kingston served all over the Empire, and the college gained a great reputation. Among the most renowned of early ex-cadets was a Canadian of French extraction, Sir E. P. C. Girouard, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., who built railways in Africa for Kitchener's Nile Expedition. But he was only typical of many.

R.M.C. cadets also served Canada both as soldiers and in various civil capacities. At the time of the North-West Rebellion there had been only eighty-eight graduates of the College course, of whom twenty-four were then in British forces outside Canada. However, about thirty ex-cadets served under Wolsely against the *métis*. Many other ex-cadets were employed in surveying and engineering works connected with the opening up of the country during the latter half of the nineteenth century.

It was the war of 1914-18 which first fully revealed R.M.C.'s great value to Canada. The growing pool of ex-cadets furnished a large number of officers for the great army which Canada recruited for that war. Nearly a thousand served in the forces, and many rose to positions of high command. One hundred and forty-seven of them were killed. The leading ace of the war, "Billy" Bishop, V.C., later an honorary Air Marshal in the R.C.A.F., was an R.M.C. ex-cadet. The college itself carried on throughout the war, but with shortened courses to meet the emergency. Without it, the task of officering Canada's armies would have been extremely difficult.

In 1917, after the Halifax explosion, the Royal Canadian Naval College was transferred to Kingston and housed temporarily in the Stone Frigate. When the Naval College closed in 1922, R.M.C. was left once more as the only school for officers for all Canada's Services. Although it was primarily an army college and was run by the Army, many of its graduates obtained commissions in the R.C.N., the R.N., the R.C.A.F., and the R.A.F. Of the class of 1924, the first post-war class to resume the full four-year course, twelve cadets joined the regular forces and, of these, seven were commissioned in the R.C.A.F. This was a pointer for the future. From 1931, courses were given at R.M.C. by an R.C.A.F. staff officer for those

cadets who wished to join the air arm. For some years before the Second World War there was also a preparatory course for R.C.A.F. staff officers at the college. R.M.C.'s contribution to the R.C.A.F. may be measured by the fact that no less than thirteen of the twenty-nine Air Commodores presently in the R.C.A.F. are ex-cadets.

From 1920 to 1936, graduates of R.M.C. had entered the final year of civil engineering at Queen's, University of Toronto, and McGill. In 1937 the course was changed by the introduction of specialization into the final year to prepare a cadet to enter the final years of mechanical, electrical, and chemical engineering also. At the same time a general arts course was begun for cadets who did not wish to specialize in science and engineering. The first graduates of these courses entered the universities in 1938 and graduated the following year with distinction. But the next year's graduating class went to war instead of to the university.

*Graduation Day.*





The college was closed down in 1942 and, although the R.C.N. opened its own cadet college at Royal Roads in that same year, the Army and the R.C.A.F. followed the alternative plan of producing officers through wartime O.C.T.U.s. However, once again R.M.C.'s officer-production during the years of peace proved invaluable because it provided a large source of officers for the expanded war-time Services.

A total of 1359 ex-cadets were in the armed forces and 72 more were engaged in other special war work. Of those serving, 114 lost their lives.

In 1948, to supplement the University Training Scheme set up at the end of the war, R.M.C. was reopened and was co-ordinated with Royal Roads to train officers for all three Services. In 1952 the Collège Militaire Royal de St. Jean was established to complete the system of tri-Service colleges. The course set up in 1948 followed the lines laid down in the years immediately before the war. In charge of the academic side at R.M.C. was Colonel W. R. Sawyer, O.B.E., E.D., Ph.D., an ex-cadet and former R.M.C. professor who had worked on the new plan in the late 1930s. During the war he had been in charge of the Special Weapons Section of the Canadian Army Overseas, and from 1945 to 1948 he was Director of Weapons and Development on the General Staff.

\* \* \*

In its first two years the R.M.C. course, like that at Royal Roads and C.M.R., is almost completely identical for all cadets. It is designed to give a broad general education along with the sciences and mathematics necessary for every Service officer, and also for the background for specialized courses in the several departments of engineering. In the final two years (those taken at R.M.C. only) the cadet chooses from among a large variety of courses. He may decide to specialize in mechanical, electrical, civil, or chemical engineering; on the other hand, in the general course he can elect to major in English, French, history, economics, commerce, or the sciences. His instructors are professors with university experience; and the courses

are fully recognized by the Canadian universities.

But his life is not all work. The College Recreation Club has existed since 1877 and R.M.C. teams have won honour for the college in many different sports. In 1910, 1911, 1923, 1926 and 1930, R.M.C. won the Dominion Intermediate Rugby Championship. Since 1951 the cadets have won eleven championships in different lines of endeavour. Coached by Squadron Leader A. C. (Tony) Golab, the R.M.C. Staff Adjutant, the Rugby team is this year bent on winning the St. Lawrence Colleges Intermediate Championship. An up-to-date swimming pool, playing fields, squash courts, and gymnasiums provide ample recreational facilities for the present establishment of four hundred cadets. Sloops, dinghies, whalers, skiffs and canoes are available for water sports. When the lake freezes, there is skating and ice-boating.

Finally, there are the great social events and the ceremonial parades. Soon they will be enhanced by the re-issue of the traditional R.M.C. "pill-box" caps and red tunics. Thus R.M.C. maintains its links with its glorious past while at the same time keeping up to date with modern warfare. Its engineering shops possess an operating gas turbine engine and the latest electronic devices. Its research laboratories and its busy library are testimony to a vigorous intellectual activity. Blending old traditions with new techniques, it is designed to produce officers who will maintain that high reputation which Canada's Army, Navy, and Air Force have won in battle.

That they are likely to live up to the achievements of their predecessors is suggested by the military and academic promise which the newest graduates have already shown. In 1952 the twenty-four Regular Army cadets of the graduating class were all sent straight from their passing-out parade to the front at Korea. Four of them won the Military Cross and another the Belgian Croix de Guerre. At the university these and other recent R.M.C. graduates have gained a crop of academic distinctions. Canada can be proud of the Royal Military College and of the contributions which the college has made, and will continue to make, to the national safety and well-being.

## Wi' Besom and Stane at A.F.H.Q.

THE 'phone rang. It was Flying Officer B. C. Kilburn, of the Directorate of Public Relations.

"Do you realize," he asked, "that A.F.H.Q. personnel have just finished throwing more than one million pounds of rock?"

The editorial brain reeled.

"You mean," we faltered, "that the Brass — ? Speak, man! Did they sell their lives dearly, barricaded in the C.A.S.'s conference room? Or —"

"Nothing above a Wing Commander came through," said that solemn voice.

The bright sunshine of early April seemed to grow suddenly dark.

"You mean —"

"I mean," he continued, "that the curling season is over. The last besom has been returned to the hall closet, the last stane has rumbled into silence.— I am," added the pawky lad, "sending you over some photos."

So here they are, and with them are Flying Officer Kilburn's comments.

The five hundred tons of stone (he says) were not thrown in vain; for the twelve rinks which



*League champions: L. to r.: Wing Cdr. G. Sutherland (lead), Wing Cdr. J. H. Dempster, A.F.C. (skip), Mr. H. L. Broadbent (Seagram's representative), Sqn. Ldr. C. M. Griffin (second), Wing Cdr. D. J. Williams, D.S.O., D.F.C. (third).*

make up the A.F.H.Q. Curling Club dazzled each other with curling science as they strove to carry off the Canadair, Avro, Carling's, Seagram's, or Sergeants' Mess trophies.

Though there may be other organized curling clubs in the R.C.A.F., it can be safely said that none is more active than the one at Headquarters. Registered with the Ontario Curling Association, and thus eligible for the MacDonald Brier play-downs, the club boasts an enthusiastic membership of more than fifty addicts of the Scottish pastime.

Under the guidance of Club President Wing Cdr. Howard Norris, ably assisted by Vice-President Flt. Lt. George MacIntosh, the club has enjoyed the most successful season since it was first organized. League play began last November and ended in March, with a month-long three-event bonspiel following. All league and bonspiel games are played on Saturday mornings and Sunday evenings, on ice rented with curling-club funds from two of Ottawa's finer curling rinks.



*Runners-up to champions: A.F.H.Q. Sergeants' Mess Trophy. L. to r.: Flying Officer I. Sperling (second), Flt. Lt. G. McIntosh (skip), Wing. Cdr. H. R. Norris, A.F.C. (pres. of club), Sqn. Ldr. G. T. Johnson (third), Flt. Lt. J. G. Sarginson (lead).*

# Feminine Gen

Sgt. D. I. Shade, of No. 10 Technical Services Unit, who has contributed to "The Roundel's" pages in the past both anonymously and under his own name, has recently sent us the following interesting account of an airwoman who is likely to be remembered with affection and very real appreciation by more than a few of our Service's youngest generation. She is L.A.W. Betty Kruger —

## THE LIBRARIAN OF NAMAO

Four years have gone by (writes Sgt. Shade) since airwomen first joined the ranks of the peacetime R.C.A.F. During that time their abilities and efficiency have been proven in a variety of trades. Many of them, not content with doing a good job during working-hours, contribute much of their leisure to worth-while community activities. Some airwomen act as leaders with the Wolf Cubs and Brownies, some teach in Sunday School, others instruct in handicrafts at the well-equipped hobby shops. They have also earned the gratitude of married personnel — particularly at Stations located far from the centres of population — by providing a pool of mature baby-sitters. There seems to be no limit to the energy and enterprise of the girls in Air Force blue.

Leading Airwoman Betty Kruger, of R.C.A.F. Station Edmonton, has a hobby a little different from most. During her off-duty hours she acts as librarian at nearby Namao, where the living-quarters of the airwomen are located. Utilizing the facilities of the library to the full, she has organized and directs a very well attended Children's Hour. Every Sunday some thirty-five or more Service children may be seen listening with avid interest to the stories that Betty reads to them.

L.A.W. Kruger, who is a Clerk Accounting, was employed as a bank clerk in Toronto before

she joined the R.C.A.F. some eighteen months ago. She also attended Toronto's School of Radio Drama for four years, and appeared on many radio programmes. She remembers with particular delight her weekly appearance on the Children's Theatre of the Air over Station CKEY. On that programme her star rôle was that of the villainous "Old Witch". In addition to her regular duties at the bank and her radio work, she also found time

*L.A.W. Betty Kruger.*





*The Children's Hour.*

to pursue her favourite sport of roller-skating and to teach in a Sunday School.

Last Sunday I attended the Children's Hour at R.C.A.F. Station Namao and enjoyed myself as much if not more than the children. Miss Kruger used her dramatic talents to the full, and I thrilled with the youngsters as Prince Charming fitted the glass slipper to Cinderella's foot, and I cringed at the cruelty of her vicious step-sisters. The children had also been encouraged to memorize poems, and it was a real pleasure to watch tiny four-year-old Margaret Furnell recite her poem, "The Little Green Bird", with the aplomb and stage-craft of a veteran actress.

Jimmy Powers, whose father is a plumber in the Air Force, stammered a little as he sought for the words to explain why he liked the books in the

library so much better than comic books. Unfortunately for Jimmy, the shelves in the children's section of the library looked rather bare, and it occurred to me that perhaps some of those readers of "The Roundel" whose families are more or less grown-up may still have a few children's books collecting dust on the shelves. These books could be put to very good use by the kiddies at Namao. L.A.W. Kruger explained to me that, although funds are allotted for the purchase of books for the library, it is impossible to keep up with the demands.

Betty says that she has found no activity quite so rewarding as that of helping children to develop an interest in books, and I fancy that everyone who thinks will agree with her that a taste for reading — *real* reading — is one of the most priceless attributes a man or woman can possess.

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### A THOUGHT FOR LEG-MEN

Is there a woman whose form is more dazzling, more splendid than the two locomotives that pass over the Northern Railroad lines? (*J. K. Huysmans.*)

# First Salvage Operation by an R.C.A.F. Helicopter.

ABOUT eight weeks ago the R.C.A.F. carried out the first salvage operation it had ever attempted with one of its own helicopters.

A Cessna 180, owned by Boreal Airways, had partially sunk through the ice after landing on an unnamed lake 55 miles south-west of Chibougamau. Wild bush country prohibited rescue of the aircraft by road, and the melting ice seemed unlikely to support it for long.

No. 108 Communications Flight, at R.C.A.F. Station Bagotville, was asked for assistance, and a Piasecki H-21 twin-rotor helicopter left the Station with a rescue party early in the morning. Sqn. Ldr. R. T. Heaslip, C.O. of No. 108 Flight, landed the helicopter at St. Felicien on Lake St. John,

main base of Boreal Airways, and salvage equipment and cans of fuel were loaded into it. When it took off for the landing-strip at Opemiska, about 18 miles from the downed Cessna, it carried as passengers Mr. L. Raycroft, chief engineer of Boreal Airways, Mr. L. Morrie, the company's salvage expert, and "Chibougamau Joe" Mann, a well-known local prospector and woodsman.

After unloading the fuel, the helicopter left immediately for the salvage site, where it was unable to land because of the tall trees and the swampy nature of the terrain. Sqn. Ldr. Heaslip therefore landed four of the party on the shore-line in order to make a landing-bed of spruce trees on the marshy ground.





Once the helicopter was down, its crew climbed out on to the ice, several times falling waist-deep into the water, and rigged a sling on the partially submerged aircraft. Sqn. Ldr. Heaslip then hovered over the Cessna while Mr. Morrie hooked up the sling. Although there was quite a lot of water in the aircraft, and although its skis were caught under the ice, it was eased out and moved down

the lake to a point where the ice was stronger. Then, after the sling had been rechecked and the water drained from the Cessna, the helicopter lifted it again and flew off back to Opemiska.

Other Service personnel who participated in the operation were: Flying Officer Don McNeill (co-pilot), Cpl. A. Haight, and L.A.C. J. Begin.

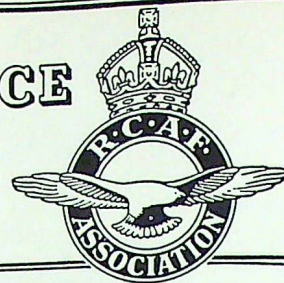
## —And a Helicopter Rescue

RATHER belatedly, we publish a photograph of Flying Officer J. C. Smith being congratulated by Mr. R. T. Riley, president of the Canadian Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Company, on his rescue of a marooned chimney-inspector from the top of a 156-foot smoke-stack at Saint John, N.B. The rescue was made with a Sikorski S-51 helicopter after the inside ladder of the chimney had given way near the top and two previous attempts at rescue had failed. The inspector, Mr. F. Eason, spent six hours on top of the chimney, and was suffering from shock and exposure when lifted off his precarious perch. At the time of the rescue, Flying Officer Smith was based at No. 103 Rescue Unit, R.C.A.F. Station Greenwood, N.S.



# ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

# Association



## MEMBERSHIP DRIVE

The Wing membership drive was concluded on 31 March 1955. At a meeting of a small executive committee composed of Air Vice-Marshal Brookes, Air Vice-Marshal Guthrie, and Mr. E. R. Hopkins, the winners of the competition were confirmed as follows:

- 1st: No. 252 (Fredericton) Wing — 3206 points
- 2nd: No. 250 (Saint John) Wing — 3074 points
- 3rd: No. 404 (Kitchener-Waterloo) Wing — 3000 points

The following Wings received honourable mention:

- No. 306 (Maple Leaf) Wing, Montreal.
- No. 105 (Cumberland) Wing, Amherst.
- No. 107 (Morfee) Wing, Annapolis Royal.
- No. 108 (Yarmouth) Wing.
- No. 110 (Stellarton) Wing.
- No. 150 (North Atlantic) Wing, St. Johns, Newfoundland.
- No. 501 (Lakehead) Wing, Fort William.

The winning Wing (Fredericton) was presented with a cheque for \$100.00 at the Fifth

Annual Convention in Ottawa, May 26th and 27th. In addition, the first three winners were permitted an additional fraternal delegate to the National Convention at National Headquarters' expense. During this drive, a total of 1500 new members were obtained.

## R.C.A.F. RECRUITING

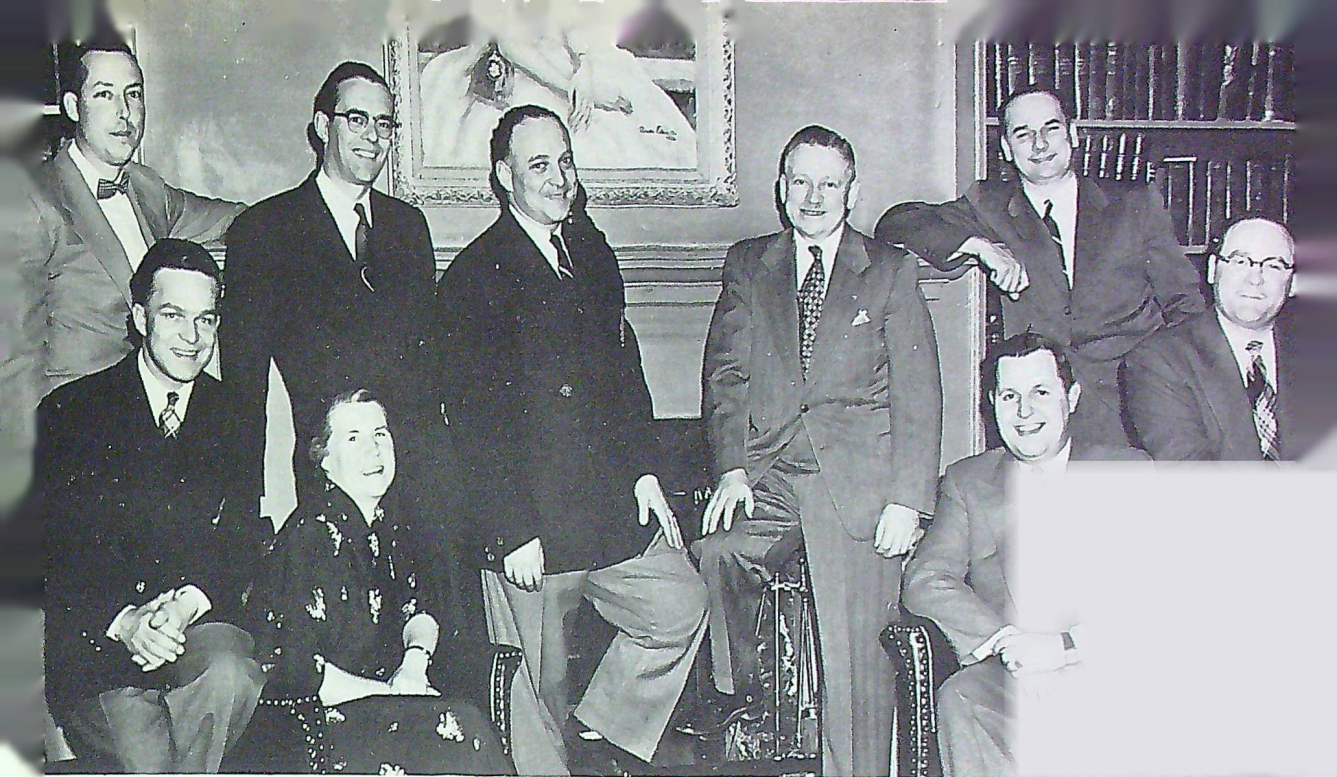
The R.C.A.F. Association recruiting for the month of March produced the following enrollments in the R.C.A.F. (Regular):

Red Deer.....	5
Kingston.....	4
Drummondville.....	1

Kingston and Red Deer are consistent leaders in this field. A one-man show in the person of F.

*No. 312 (La Tuque) Wing's Charter Night. Standing between Canon C. E. S. Bown (Protestant chaplain) and Father Piette (acting Roman Catholic chaplain) is A. W. Bishop, president of the Wing. (Rolland Lalancette photograph.)*





*No. 306 (Maple Leaf) Wing's executive council. Seated (l. to r.): F. Walsh, Miss A. Black, G. Harrison, G. McLarnon. Standing: W. Brennan, J. Ewart, S. Shernofsky, A. Clibbon, J. Carver. (Kalb photograph.)*

Hewitt is responsible for Kingston's success. Every Wednesday night from 7:00 to 9:00 he interviews those interested in joining the Service.

### WING NEWS

#### No. 250 (Saint John) Wing

No. 250 Wing held its second annual Charter Night Dinner and Dance at the Admiral Beatty Hotel on 29 April 1955. Approximately 150 members and guests attended. At the conclusion of the dinner a very interesting, witty, and informative talk was given by Air Cdre. W. E. Kennedy, A.F.C., Assistant Vice-Chief of the Air Staff.

#### No. 400 (Guelph) Wing

No. 400 Wing, under the leadership of its new executive headed by W. Slatter, has started to rebuild No. 121 Air Cadet Squadron. We wish it every success in this, its newest and most important venture. Sponsorship of Air Cadet squadrons should be a "must" with all Wings, and we are indeed happy to hear of any Wing undertaking Air Cadet work.

#### No. 600 (Regina) Wing

No. 600 Wing is in the process of completing

negotiations to affiliate with the Regina Flying Club. Application is also being made to organize in Regina a detachment of Saskatoon's No. 406 (Aux.) Squadron of the R.C.A.F. About 30 former pilots from Regina and several officers from No. 406 Squadron recently held a meeting at the Regina Flying Club. Should this proposal be ratified, R.C.A.F. Association members in Regina will have three strong links with the R.C.A.F.—the Wing, the Regina Flying Club (with the Chipmunk training plan), and the auxiliary detachment.

#### No. 410 (Ottawa) Wing

The Ottawa Wing has held many guest-nights recently to which members of the Army, Navy, Air Force, and R.C.M.P. have been invited. On many of these occasions the Wing has been fortunate in obtaining the services of the entertainment group from R.C.A.F. Station Rockcliffe. This group is composed entirely of R.C.A.F. personnel and has received considerable publicity



No. 251 (Madawaska) Wing: executive council. Seated (l. to r.): L. F. Perron (sec'y.), R. V. McCabe (Vice-pres.) R. E. Morin (pres.), W. Porter (treas.), J. A. Belanger, G. Levasseur (vice-pres.). Standing: J. M. Loudon, G. T. Matheson, W. Theriault, H. J. Martin. Missing from photograph: R. N. Landry and A. P. Stohart.

No. 700 (Edmonton) Wing: executive council. Seated (l. to r.): Mrs. Ishbel Ferris (vice-pres.), Bernice Beatty (sec'y), A. Carleton (Air Cadets), D. Wright (pres.), C. Wallace (publicity). Standing: G. Esdale (vice-pres.), Air Vice-Marshal K. M. Guthrie, C.B., C.B.E. (national chairman), W. McKay (ass't. sec'y.), D. Ferris (past-pres.), R. Wright (entertainment), F. A. Sutherland (membership).



in the Ottawa papers during the past few months.

The Ottawa Wing is fortunate in that it has a very active Ladies' League which has taken over much of the work and responsibility ordinarily handled by the men.

#### LIFE MEMBERSHIPS

We are pleased to announce the following additions to our life membership list:

W. E. Ellis:	Winnipeg.
W. R. Brooks:	Sherbrooke.
A. D. McLeod:	Brandon.
G. A. Milne:	Brandon.
P. Vernham:	Rosemere, Que.
C. H. Bulloch:	Montreal.
R. G. McLarnon:	Montreal.
Lorraine B. Currie:	Montreal.
W. D. Flatt:	Winnipeg.
J. R. Bird:	Saint John.
Charlotte A. Charlton:	Saint John.
Dorothy B. Clark:	Saint John.
E. B. Fitzgerald:	Saint John.
Marcella E. Isnor:	Saint John.
N. Jackson:	Saint John.
M. Victoria LaRose:	Saint John.
W. A. McGrath:	Saint John.
J. Mitchell:	Saint John.
E. T. K. Mooney:	Saint John.
H. J. Northrup:	Saint John.
G. Robinson:	Saint John.
F. R. Shedd:	Saint John.
W. C. Sproule:	Saint John.
C. Y. Swanton:	Saint John.
D. O. Turnbull:	Saint John.
D. F. Welsford:	Saint John.
Annie B. Wetmore:	Saint John.
N. G. Mills:	Fredericton.
R. A. Lambert:	Fredericton.
P. E. Burden:	Fredericton.



No. 400 (Guelph) Wing's executive council. Back row (l. to r.): C. Guest (treas.), W. Slatter (pres.), H. Wilkie (past pres.). Front row: T. Brown (2nd. vice-pres.), W. Tobey (sec'y), G. Stacey (1st. vice-pres.).

C. A. Ferguson:	Fredericton.
T. R. Wilby:	Fredericton.
J. B. Patterson:	Fredericton.
W. L. Barrett:	Fredericton.
H. T. Bird:	Fredericton.
E. J. Clements:	Fredericton.
L. K. Newcombe:	Fredericton.
J. Kilburn:	Fredericton.
L. S. O'Leary:	Fredericton.
J. W. Sancton:	Fredericton.
J. H. Arnold:	Fredericton.
J. G. Current:	Kitchener-Waterloo.
L. H. Cressman:	Kitchener-Waterloo.
T. E. Lester:	Kitchener-Waterloo.
S. V. Perkins:	Kitchener-Waterloo.
J. C. Snyder:	Kitchener-Waterloo.
S. M. Steip:	Kitchener-Waterloo.
F. C. Clare:	Kitchener-Waterloo.
A. F. M. Wilson:	Kitchener-Waterloo.
J. R. Cooper:	Saint John

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.

# WHAT'S THE SCORE?

(Meteorology, from the layman's viewpoint, forms the subject of this month's questionnaire. Correct answers appear on page 48.—EDITOR.)

- The sub-tropical high-pressure belts where calm winds prevail were formerly called the "horse latitudes" because:
  - When sailing-ships carrying cargoes of horses were becalmed for long periods, it was necessary to destroy the horses.
  - Sea-horses appear to be very prolific in these regions.
  - The crews of becalmed vessels had nothing to do but "horse around".
  - Lloyd's would not insure horses transported through these zones.
- Tests have demonstrated the peculiar fact that (in Europe) the tree most commonly struck by lightning is the:
  - Weeping willow.
  - Oak.
  - Gallows tree.
  - Poplar.
- Rainbows are produced by:
  - The reflection of sunlight from auriferous deposits.
  - The diffusion of sunlight through a thick layer of cloud.
  - The refraction of sunlight by raindrops.
  - Low-hanging diurnal Northern Lights.
- If, in Canada, one stands with one's back to the wind, the atmospheric pressure on one's left will be lower than that on one's right. This is explained by the fact that:
  - In the Northern Hemisphere, winds flow clockwise around low-pressure areas and counter-clockwise around high.
  - In the Northern Hemisphere, winds flow counter-clockwise around low-pressure areas and clockwise around high.
  - The earth wobbles slightly on its axis.
  - The climate on the east coast is more bracing than on the west.
- Not one of the atmospheric layers surrounding the earth is the:
  - Tropopause.
  - Stratosphere.
  - Ionosphere.
  - Bathysphere.
- The barometer, an instrument for measuring atmospheric pressure, was invented by:
  - Galileo Galilei (1607).
  - Evangelista Torricelli (1643).
  - Antoine Lavoisier (1783).
  - George Hadley (1735).
- An "air-pocket" is:
  - An area of near-vacuum created by hot air rising faster than it can be replaced by cold air.
  - A small area of extremely low pressure.
  - A down-draft.
  - A "bubble" of hot air in a mass of colder air.
- In meteorological parlance, a "jet stream" is:
  - The name given to a wind blowing between two storm-centres.
  - A narrow and rapidly-flowing stream of air which is encountered usually at altitudes of 30,000 to 40,000 feet.
  - The path of a tornado.
  - A squall line formed by pressure-changes in the atmosphere.
- During a thunderstorm, the chance of being struck by lightning would be smallest for a person:
  - Picnicking beneath a tree.
  - Sailing in an open boat.
  - Sitting on the top floor of a skyscraper.
  - Standing at a point which had previously been struck by lightning.





10. The phenomena which indicate that the atmosphere extends up to 600 miles are:
  - (a) Noctilucent clouds.
  - (b) The Northern Lights.
  - (c) Rainbows.
  - (d) Jet streams.
11. "Mother-of-pearl", or nacreous, cloud is found at an altitude of about:
  - (a) 20,000 feet.
  - (b) 40,000 feet.
  - (c) 60,000 feet.
  - (d) 80,000 feet.
12. Waterspouts, which resemble tornados but originate over water:
  - (a) Can only occur in the vicinity of thunderstorms.
  - (b) Always carry large quantities of water in suspension.
  - (c) Are seen more frequently in temperate zones than in the tropics.
  - (d) Need no particular type of weather for their production.
13. "Willy-willy" is:
  - (a) The Urdu word for "monsoon".
  - (b) The local name for a hurricane in W. Australia.
  - (c) Slang (in Kansas) for "cyclone".
  - (d) Kaffir for "lightning".
14. The average number of people in the U.S.A. who are killed each year by lightning is approximately:
  - (a) 10.
  - (b) 50.
  - (c) 400.
  - (d) 3100.
15. The largest hailstone on record was found at Potter, Nebraska. It was:
  - (a) 12 inches in circumference and weighed 1 lb.
  - (b) 15 inches in circumference and weighed 1.5 lbs.
  - (c) 3 feet in circumference and weighed 82 lbs.
  - (d) 20 inches in circumference and weighed 2.78 lbs.
16. The Fata Morgana is:
  - (a) The name of the building which houses the headquarters of Italy's meteorological service.
  - (b) A mirage seen particularly in the Straits of Messina, Italy.
  - (c) A type of hurricane named after Sir Henry Morgan, the buccaneer.
  - (d) The type of aircraft used for met. research by the Italian Air Force.
17. The Canadian city which averages the greatest number of hours (2294) of bright sunshine during the year is:
  - (a) Victoria, B.C.
  - (b) Saint John, N.B.
  - (c) Regina, Sask.
  - (d) Whitehorse, Y.T.
18. Certain countryside people can "smell rain coming." This is because:
  - (a) The reduction of atmospheric pressure permits the sensory brain-cells to expand and become keener.
  - (b) They suffer from a form of catarrh which is sensitive to moisture.
  - (c) The decrease of atmospheric pressure which precedes storms permits the malodorous gases, imprisoned in the mud of ditches and ponds, to escape to the surface.
  - (d) They are psychic.
19. Forty days of steady rain are reputed to have fallen after:
  - (a) The transfer of St. Swithin's remains from one tomb to another.
  - (b) The slaying of the Celestial Ground-hog by Hiawatha.
  - (c) Niobe had been turned to stone for her inconsolable weeping for her children.
  - (d) News of the Armada's destruction reached Spain.
20. In Canada and the U.S.A., a "tantrum" is:
  - (a) Sometimes referred to as a "sand-devil".
  - (b) A wind akin to a chinook.
  - (c) The Blackfoot word for an April shower.
  - (d) An emotional storm.

### SERVICE

If ye win through an African jungle,  
Unmentioned at home in the press,  
Heed it not; no man seeth the piston,  
But it driveth the ship none the less.  
(Ronald Arthur Hopwood.)

# Evolution or Revolution?

By Flight Cadet G. B. Landis

*(Since "The Roundel" was established in 1948, only about four articles by Flight Cadets have appeared in its pages. Therefore it is with some pleasure that we print Flight Cadet Landis' personal views on several questions which are of vital concern to all of us, but particularly to the more thoughtful of the young men of his own generation. The author is an Arts student at the University of B.C., and is majoring in geography and Russian.—EDITOR.)*

THE first half of the twentieth century has been dynamic. The life of man and the pattern of his environment have undergone immense changes. Astounding technological advances have taken place. Man has progressed in many fields — the social sciences, mass education, medicine, etc. This period has also seen two major wars involving most of the nations of the world, wars in which cities were levelled and millions of people killed, many in their own homes far from the actual battles. Nor were the years between the wars entirely peaceful. Somewhere on the face of the earth a riot, a revolution, or a local war was prolonging strife. The great depression, affecting most of the nations, was most disastrous in North America. Historians aptly call this period "The Age of Conflict."

What will the second half of the century be like? What type of civilization will the planet Earth have in 2001? How will it be attained? By evolution, or by revolution?

I do not propose to assume the rôle of a prophet. Instead, I would like to present a number of problems and their possible solutions and let my readers do their own forecasting. They, after all, are responsible for building the world of tomorrow and some of them will themselves be celebrating the arrival of the twenty-first century. Therefore, since they must inevitably reap as they have sown, they should be vitally concerned. In our present complex social structure each person is a citizen of the world as well as a citizen of a particular country. No man or woman — be his or her walk

in life howsoever humble — is a "nobody", without power to alter the direction of man's progress, to prevent his stagnation, or to withhold him from retrogression. The individual is born into an environment which shapes his whole life. He becomes, in turn, a part of the environment of others. By means of a chain reaction, the individually inconsequential members of the mass environment can transfer their influence to the members at the apex of the pyramid, whether that pyramid be military, economic, political, or social. The disciples of Jesus were ordinary men, without rank or distinction, but they established new ideals for a whole world.

The problems confronting man are many and varied. The world is shrinking in time-space terms. The media of radio, television, motion pictures, and the press are making it possible for man to have knowledge of events within seconds or hours of their occurrence, no matter where they take place. Furthermore, transportation, continually improving and expanding, has greatly facilitated man's social intercourse. Economically, too, countries have become more interdependent than ever before in history.

While the world is shrinking, its population is increasing. During the century from 1815 to 1914, when the Industrial Revolution created conditions for a rapid increase in population, Europe's population increased two and a half times while the number of Europeans outside Europe increased tenfold. Fortunately, there was a New World which gladly welcomed immigrants. Here, and on

other continents and islands, the frontiers were pushed back — at the expense of the natives — to make room for the growing white populations. During this period, the non-white population increased at about half the rate of the white. In time the rates reversed, and now the non-whites are multiplying more rapidly than the whites, with only the Soviet Union showing a high fertility rate among the white nations. Some of the non-white areas are already overpopulated. If the high rate of growth persists, many more areas will soon become congested. Expansion is impossible: there are no new lands to which to emigrate, and the lands already settled have imposed restrictions upon further immigration. The only possibility of expansion is by conquest, and this is possible only with the assistance of certain white nations which have expansionist policies. The population problems of India, Japan, China, and Indonesia, are therefore also *our* problems.

Another serious problem concerns food. Most of the land which can be utilized for agriculture is already occupied. According to a survey made by the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, only nine per cent of the world's land surface is usable or adaptable for an agriculture unrestricted by unfavourable climate, unproductive soil, or land formation. Six and a half per cent of the land is already being utilized, leaving only two and a half per cent for expansion. The creation of synthetic foods or of new food plants which can be grown in areas at present hindered by physical restrictions, or else a reduction in the growth-rate of population, is essential if famines are to be avoided; for, within a decade, the world's needs of certain foods will exceed production of those foods.

Another important aspect of the food problem is the level of subsistence. On the basis of present production, if the American (including the Canadian) standard is to be the standard for the world, 60 per cent of the present population of the world will have to be eliminated. The population, however, continues to increase at an alarming rate. Are we to stand by while famine and malnutrition decimate whole countries? This is a vital problem and must be studied not only in the light of present conditions, but also in the light of condi-

tions twenty-five and fifty years hence.

Racial discrimination is a contentious and touchy question. In 1919, one of the reasons for Japan's attendance at the Peace Conference in Paris was to obtain recognition of the equality of races by the inclusion of an article or clause in the Covenant of the League of Nations. Japan was one of the victorious powers, and she deserved recognition by acceptance on an equal basis. She was denied equality. The denial obviously could not foster amiable feelings between Japan and the white races. The hatred thus engendered became evident in her unprovoked attack at Pearl Harbour, her enforcement of a suicidal type of warfare, and her harsh treatment of prisoners of war. In South Africa the non-whites are being denied equality. Present policies indicate that the non-whites will never enjoy full citizenship. As the non-white population increases, the situation will deteriorate until it may eventually erupt in bloodshed. The pursuit of an *apartheid* policy is certainly conducive to strife, not to goodwill.

Conflicting political philosophies and ideologies always present difficulties. We have grown up in a country which has a high standard of living, which offers innumerable opportunities for advancement, and, above all, which offers maximum freedom. We are ready to defend with our lives our way of life. We know that the totalitarian governments of the Communist countries are tyrannous. Yet we either fail to understand why Asiatics are turning to Communism, or we fail to take sufficient interest and action to deter them. Most of the Asian people have never known the standards of living and the freedom that we enjoy. Theirs have been countries of corrupt governments, of exploitation, and of unpopular colonialism. To them it is not a loss to surrender their "democratic" way of life for all the advantages promised by the Communists. If educated people in our own countries fall for the Communist line, how can the uneducated masses, living on a bare subsistence level, be expected to reject it? What must be done to prevent the remaining free countries from falling into Communist hands? Perhaps what is needed is more and bigger plans such as the Colombo Plan.

In these days the topic of most concern is co-existence. Is co-existence really possible for Democracy and Communism, or is talk about it all poppycock? Needless to say, the Communists' peace overtures are intended to lull the free nations into a false security and to keep them divided and weak. One can be sure it is not because of their compassion for the poor proletarians who are called upon to arise. Benevolence is foreign to the leaders of a totalitarian state. The Communist leaders have become imbued with the ideal of power, and it is inspiring them to world conquest. Those who doubt this would do well to study the geographical realities presented by Sir Halford Mackinder, as early as 1904, in his World Island theory. The principles of his theory were adopted by the Nazis, and there is every reason to believe that they are serving also as the basis of the Soviet Union's policies.

Briefly expressed, Mackinder's theory states that whoever rules East Europe, commands the Heartland; whoever rules the Heartland, commands the World Island; and whoever rules the World Island, commands the World. Both Napoleon and Hitler failed to dominate the world because they failed to control the Heartland, or the geographical pivot area in the heart of Eurasia. The U.S.S.R. controls East Europe: it already commands the Heartland. It has vast resources and a large population which, combined, are raising it to a leading position among the world powers. The opportunity surely would be a challenge to any totalitarian regime in such a favourable position. Will the U.S.S.R. reject possibilities of world domination in favour of peaceful co-existence? Probably only if the cost of that domination is prohibitive and the risk too great.

The free nations can and must thwart imperialistic designs by presenting a solid front. The free nations must become strong individually as well as collectively. They must become strong not only militarily, but also economically, morally, and, indeed, in all aspects of the life of a nation. The nations will have to solve their labour problems, raise the standard of living, and maintain physical and mental health on a high level. Unemployment

must be reduced to a minimum to ensure a stable economy. Demands for goods and services should not be allowed to decline because of lack of purchasing power. Physical fitness and mental health programmes should be increased. With more than 50,000 patients in mental hospitals in Canada and ten per cent of the nation in need of psychiatric treatment, we must take note and get at the root of the problem. Brains and nervous systems are not being trained to understand and to withstand the strains and stresses of modern living. The enormous sums spent on treatment (about fifty million dollars per year) would be reduced if mental illness could be prevented or arrested in the early stages.

Prevention, however, is going to be difficult, if not impossible. According to psychologist Dr. Lindner ("Time", 6 Dec. 1954), mankind is succumbing to psychopathy. The mass movements and upheavals of the 20th century are responsible for loss of identity, insecurity, fears, blunders, and delusions, and these foster mass psychopathy. We are already on the threshold of an age of "mass manhood" and psychopathy. A very unpleasant thought indeed! Lewis Mumford, in his book "The Conduct of Life", gives a description of mass man. "(He is) incapable of choice, incapable of spontaneous, self-directed activities; at best patient, docile, disciplined to monotonous work to an almost pathetic degree, but increasingly irresponsible as his choices become fewer and fewer; finally, a creature governed mainly by his conditioned reflexes — the ideal type desired, if never quite achieved, by the advertising agency and the sales organizations of modern business, or by the propaganda office and the planning bureaus of totalitarian and quasi-totalitarian governments."

If we are to save mankind from mass psychopathy and prevent man from becoming an automaton, we must begin now. Our physical scientists have greatly outdistanced the social scientists and the economists. The latter will have to take enormous strides if technology is to remain our servant instead of becoming our master. Although man is awaiting the dawn of a new era of interplanetary travel, he has not learned how to live at peace with his neighbours and with himself. And although



man can destroy an entire city with one bomb, he cannot create and maintain a city free from blemishing slums and skid-rows. These are incongruities in our civilization which will have to be eliminated.

Twenty centuries ago, the Greeks had a remarkable civilization. Greece had more philosophers, scientists, militarists, and lawmakers of note than many nations have today. With the immense store of knowledge at our disposal, I believe our civilization can rise to a much higher level. But it can only do so if our educational system adopts a universal and "distant" outlook.

What freedom will the members of the future civilization enjoy? Let us hope that it will be the kind of freedom that John Ruskin, a hundred years ago, wrote about in "The Stones of Venice":

"I know not if a day is ever to come when the nature of right freedom will be understood, and when men will see that to obey another man, to labour for him, yield reverence to him or to his place, is not slavery. It is often the best kind of liberty — liberty from care. The man who says to one 'Go', and he goeth, and to another, 'Come', and he cometh, has, in most cases, more sense of restraint and difficulty than the man who obeys him. The movements of the one are hindered by the burden on his shoulder; of the other, by the bridle on his lips: there is no way by which the burden may be lightened; but we need not suffer from the bridle if we do not champ at it. To yield reverence to another, to hold ourselves and our lives at his disposal, is not slavery; often it is the noblest state in which a man can live in this world.

There is, indeed, a reverence which is servile, that is to say irrational or selfish: but there is also noble reverence, that is to say, reasonable and loving; and a man is never so noble as when he is reverent in this kind; nay, even if the feeling pass the bounds of mere reason, so that it be loving, a man is raised by it. Which had, in reality, most of the serf nature in him,— the Irish peasant who was lying in wait yesterday for his landlord, with his musket muzzle thrust through the ragged hedge; or that old mountain servant, who, 200 years ago, at Inverkeithing, gave up his own life and the lives of his seven sons for his chief? — as each fell, calling forth his brother to the death, "Another for Hector!" And therefore, in all ages and all countries, reverence has been paid and sacrifice made by men to each other, not only without complaint, but rejoicingly; and famine, and peril, and sword, and all evil, and all shame, have been borne willingly in the causes of masters and kings; for all these gifts of the heart ennobled the men who gave, not less than the men who received them, and nature prompted, and God rewarded the sacrifice."

If we are to enjoy this freedom to the maximum, we shall have to learn how to be good masters, but we shall also have to learn how to be good servants. We must serve mankind, and mankind includes all races — black, brown, yellow, red, and white.

How can all the foregoing problems be resolved? Will it be by evolution, or by revolution? I leave it for the reader to consider.

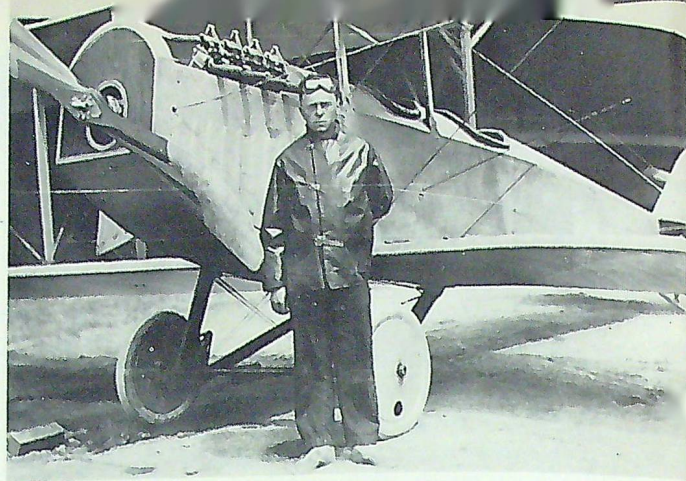
### THE MOTE AND THE BEAM

I have never for one instant seen clearly within myself; how then would you have me judge the deeds of others? (*Maeterlinck.*)

## Pin-Points in the Past

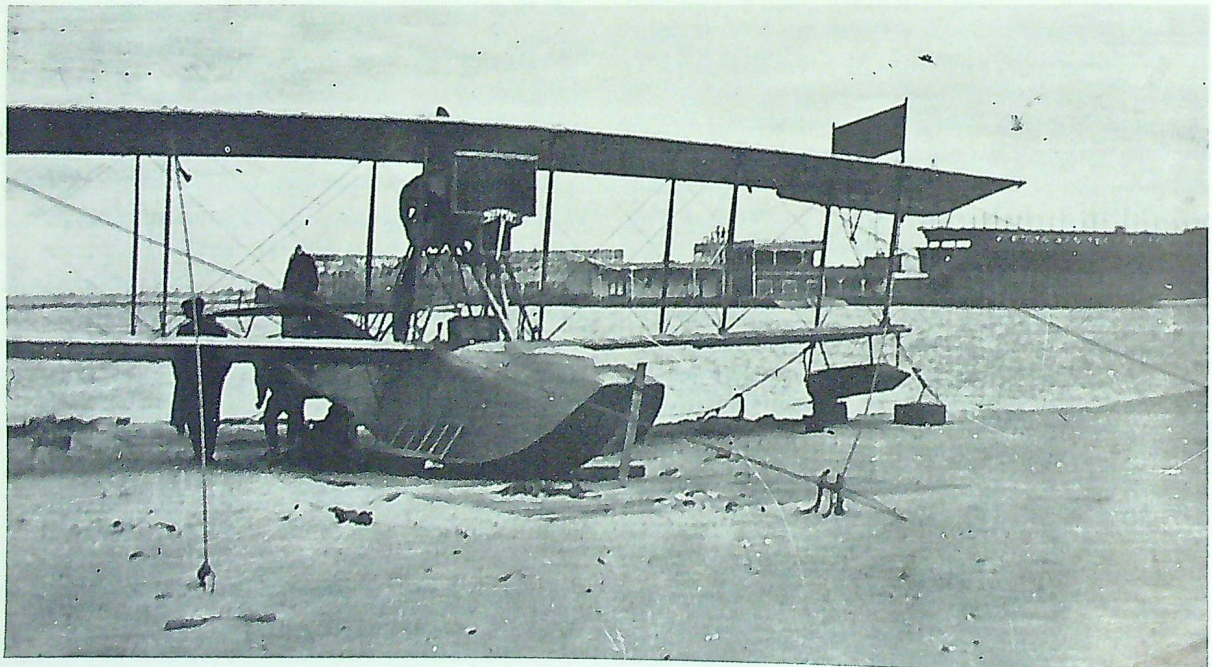
Many of the Canadians who distinguished themselves in the First World War, as well as a number who became subsequently notable personalities in the R.C.A.F. and in Canadian aviation, received their first flying instruction at the Curtiss Aviation School at Toronto in 1915 and '16.

Among the pupils enrolled in the school in 1915, when our photographs were taken, were R. Collishaw (one of the R.A.F.'s most famous First World War fighter pilots), A. T. N. Cowley (Air Vice-Marshal, C.B.E.: R.C.A.F., retired), R. Leckie (Air Marshal, C.B., D.S.O., D.S.C., D.F.C.: R.C.A.F., ret.), R. A. Logan, A. B. Shearer (Air Vice-Marshal: R.C.A.F., deceased), A. K. Tylee (Air Cdre., O.B.E.: first Director of the Canadian Air Force in 1920 and '21), and R. F. Redpath (Wing Cdr.: successor to Air Cdre. Tylee as Director).



Shown in the photographs are two of the school's aircraft — a Curtiss single-engined flying boat, on which the pupils received their first instruction at Hanlan's Point, and a Curtiss J.N.3, on which they completed their training at Long Branch. Four hundred minutes (at \$1.00 per minute) was the normal time required to qualify for a pilot's certificate.

Standing in front of the J.N.3 is R. A. Logan, later a squadron leader in the C.A.F. and a wing commander in the R.C.A.F., to whom we are indebted for these photographs.



# The ROYAL CANADIAN AIR CADETS



By Arthur Macdonald, Air Cadet League of Canada.

## THE MINISTER SPEAKS

*The following paragraphs are taken from an address delivered by the Hon. Ralph O. Campney to the Kiwanis Club of Ottawa on the occasion of the opening of National Air Cadet Week in Canada for 1955. The complete text of the Minister's speech has been produced by the League in pamphlet form and squadrons wishing to obtain copies may do so by writing to Air Cadet League Headquarters, Ottawa.*

**N**EXT week marks the 14th anniversary of the founding of the Air Cadet League of Canada, an organization which has made a brilliant and continuing contribution to the development of civil and military aviation, to the creation of an air-minded Canada, and above all to the welfare of Canadian youth.

It is a particular privilege and a pleasure, in such circumstances, to speak to the members of this air-minded Ottawa Kiwanis Club and to your guests and friends, the officers and members of No. 211 (Kiwanis) Air Cadet Squadron which you have sponsored continuously since it was organized in 1942, thirteen years ago, just one year after the Air Cadet League itself was formed.

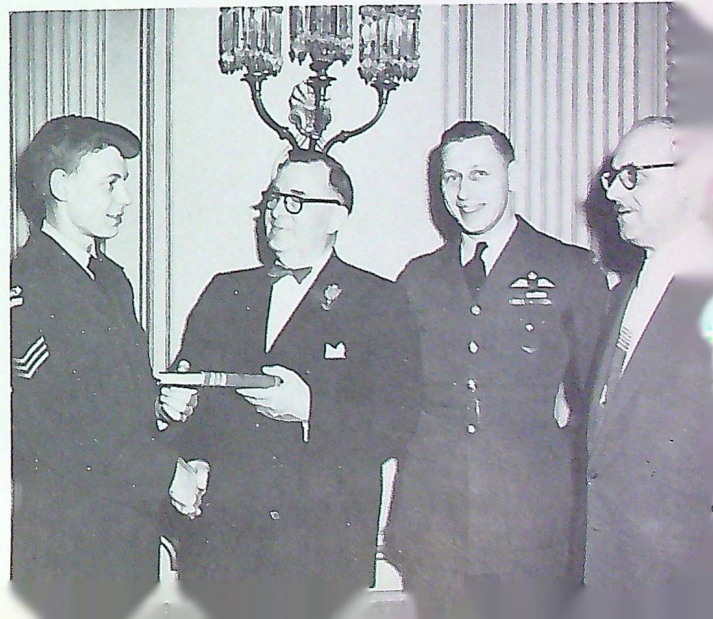
By so doing, this club has rendered an outstanding service to the promotion of aviation, to the development of the Royal Canadian Air Force, and, most important, to the training and guidance of our youth. Such action is but typical of the high-minded spirit of unselfish devotion which characterizes your club and the many service clubs and community associations across

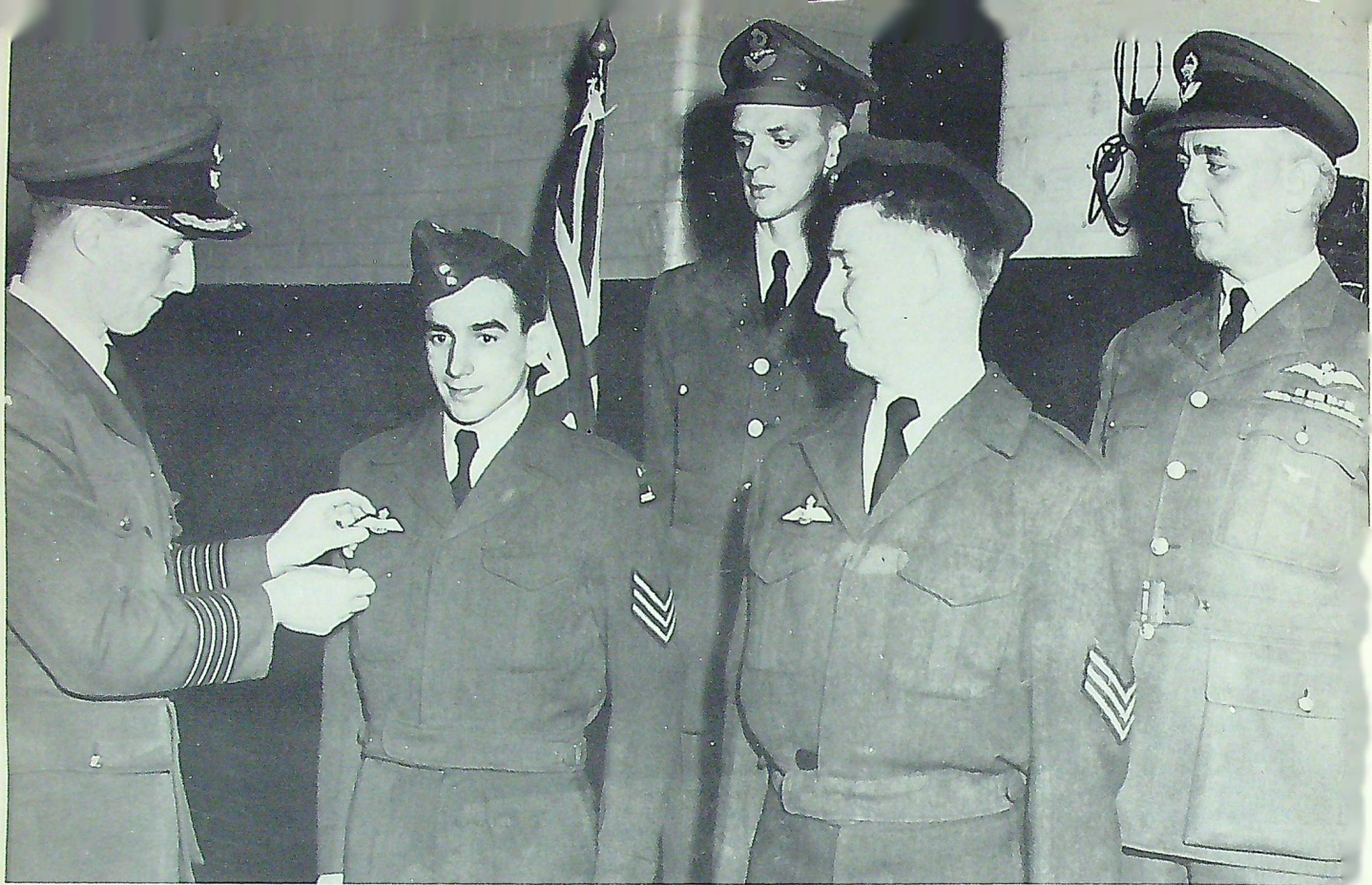
Canada. The citizens of this country owe much — much more than most of us realize — to the public-spirited members of such organizations, who put others before self, who consider service before gain, and who continually and tirelessly demonstrate a very practical brand of good citizenship to their fellow men.

The Air Cadet League of Canada, which administers the Air Cadets, aims at the promotion of good citizenship along with the promotion of a keen interest in flying. Aviation was in its infancy in the early decades of this century when service clubs were also in their infancy. Both have come a long way since then.

The history of man's dream of travel through air goes back to antiquity, and the story of inventiveness and high adventure which marked the

*The Hon. R. O. Campney, Minister of National Defence, presents a "Cadet-of-the-Week" prize to Sgt. K. Jodoin, of No. 211 (Ottawa) Squadron. Also shown are: Flt. Lt. L. E. Ullrich, C.O. of No. 211, and Mr. S. Max, president of the sponsoring Kiwanis Club of Ottawa.*





*Group Capt. C. G. Chapman, D.S.O., presents flying-badges to Cadet Sgts. W. O'Neill and R. Chambers, of No. 161 (Saint John) Squadron. In background: Sqn. Ldrs. J. A. Bardsley (left) and W. E. Watson. (L. M. Harrison photograph.)*

gradual realization of that ambition goes back for centuries. I do not propose today to give you an historical lecture on man's early attempts to emulate the birds — his models of ornithopters and his experiments with balloons and gliders, most of which seem pretty weird in the light of today. But by the middle of the nineteenth century two Englishmen, Henson and Stringfellow (a good name, I should think, for a primitive aviator), had designed and patented steam-driven aircraft. It was not, however, until 1896 that a steam-powered machine was actually flying. That was Samuel Langley's model aeroplane which covered half a mile along the Potomac River near Washington.

The development of the internal combustion engine really made successful flight possible, and it was in 1903, as every air-minded person knows, that the Wright Brothers achieved the first sus-

tained, controlled flight in a heavier-than-air flying machine. Thus was ushered in a great new era in man's long and eventful history.

Aviation has made tremendous and spectacular strides in the last half-century, but this progress was achieved only after imaginative enthusiasts, resolute, indomitable, and impervious to scorn, had overcome the major impediments imposed by the superstition or timidity of man and by the external forces of nature.

One of the greatest obstacles to any kind of progress is the conservatism which makes man cling to the familiar, resent the novel, and fear the unknown. I mentioned Henson and Stringfellow, whose steam-driven aircraft was a work of genius. Yet public ridicule killed the project as well as the company which they formed to finance a project for air transport.

During the American civil war an ingenious southerner invented a flying machine. He proposed to station one thousand of these machines five miles from an enemy army camp and send the aircraft into the air, each armed with a fifty-

pound explosive shell to be dropped on the enemy. The Confederate Congress was, however, blind to the merits of the scheme — just as blind as, of course, the inventor was to the added merits which would have attached to his scheme if thermonuclear weapons had then been known.

I am told that when, in 1907, the British Admiralty was offered the Wright airplane patents, the First Sea Lord replied to the offer in these words:

“I regret to have to tell you, after the careful consideration of my board, that the Admiralty, while thanking you for kindly bringing the proposals to their notice, are of the opinion that they would not be of any practical value to the naval service.”

If he were alive today, how red the face of that First Sea Lord would be! That kind of thinking now belongs to the dim and dusty past.

I was a pilot in the old Royal Flying Corps nearly forty years ago, and we certainly had our troubles and we certainly had our thrills. I flew *No. 562 (Cabot) Squadron on parade at Sydney Mines, N.S.*

one of the last of the 'planes with the open-work bamboo fuselage — the FE2B— strictly a museum piece now. It was a pusher 'plane — the engine and the prop were just behind your back. You never strapped in, for in a crash-landing your only hope was to be thrown clear. Otherwise you literally got the engine in the neck. We had trouble too with the wheels. They kept coming off just as you took off. When that happened, every chap on the tarmac rushed about and got a loose wheel and waved it frantically in the air in hope of catching the pilot's eye. And that wasn't as silly as it sounds. Because as you were coming in to land you always looked out to see if anyone was waving a loose wheel.

Another type of 'plane I flew had two outstanding characteristics: one was an air-cooled engine and the other faulty lubrication. This combination led to the unhappy circumstance that the front cylinder used to seize up quite frequently and blow out the cylinder-head. When this happened,





*Group Capt. J. P. McCarthy, D.F.C., speaks to No. 15 (Medicine Hat) Squadron before pinning wings on Cadets P. Morrow and P. Bottomley (in background).*

your problem was simple: you came right down. If you looped the 'plane you always came right in and landed immediately after, because all the rigging would have become very loose and wobbly and there was grave danger that the wings and the fuselage might part company, as they frequently did.

If we excelled in anything in those far-off days, it was probably in our capacity to make forced landings. Here, as elsewhere, practice made perfect. But they were great days — if one survived — and they marked a most interesting stage in aviation development.

Today, of course, the whole world is air-conscious. The aeronautical and electronic sciences are bringing us new miracles of flight, one after another. Canada is in the forefront of aviation progress and we hope to remain there, along with the

most advanced nations in the world. That is our duty for the preservation of freedom and indeed for the maintenance of civilization itself, and we intend to utilize our resources effectively to maintain ourselves in a strong position.

The early sceptics of flying, and even the most enthusiastic of the pioneer aviators, would no doubt be amazed at the tremendous intercontinental bombers and the fighter aircraft of today, which can exceed the speed of sound. On the drawing boards are remarkable new aircraft which may flash through the skies high out of sight at more than twice the speed of sound. Already developed for them are missiles which, with uncanny, unerring precision, locate and lock on to a moving target and destroy it.

The enormous and spectacular developments in military aviation have, I fear, in the minds of most of us completely overshadowed the equally great strides made in the field of commercial aviation.

Man has conquered distance by speed through air, and, within living memory, commercial aviation has so quickened the tempo of life, so shortened distances, so knit the world together, that today the world is, figuratively speaking at least, anybody's oyster.

Nothing in my lifetime has contributed so much toward bringing British Columbia, where I live, actively and effectively into the Canadian Confederation as has the airplane. It has drawn together the Atlantic and the Pacific. It has made Canada acquainted with herself. It has made every man every other man's neighbour. Its potentialities for understanding and goodwill are literally boundless.

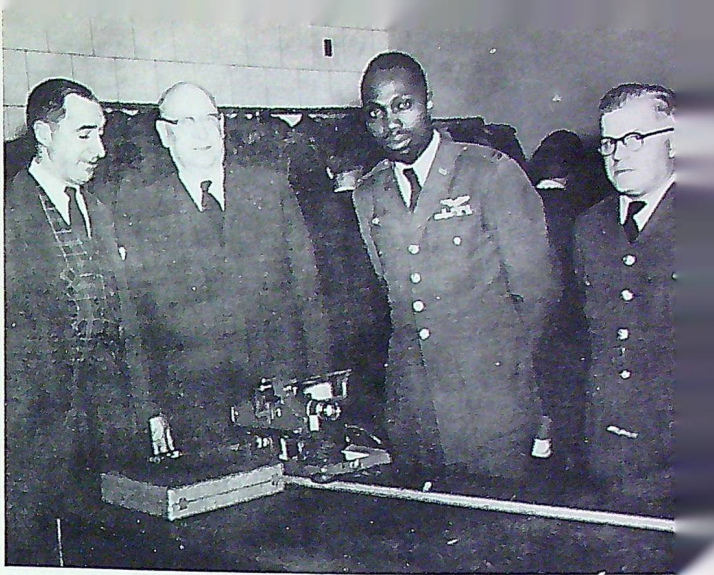
The remarkable advance of the airplane as an instrument of both the fruitful pursuits of peace and the deadly activities of war has been the result of continuous activity by many agencies, public and private. Two of these agencies in Canada deserve special mention.

One of these is the Royal Canadian Flying Clubs Association, an organization which, for more than a quarter of a century, has made a most effective contribution to aviation in this country. Canada owes a great deal to these clubs, which have taught thousands of young men to fly and which have done so much to help make Canada air-minded.

The other organization, of course, is the Air Cadet League of Canada, a national association of dedicated men who have contributed an outstanding performance of imaginative achievement in the service of Canadian youth. The Air Cadet League has made a signal contribution to Canada, and all Canadians should know something of the League's story.

In the comparatively short span of fourteen years, nearly one hundred thousand Canadian boys have derived untold benefit from real-life lessons in aviation and in good citizenship. Today there are two hundred and seventy Air Cadet squadrons in cities and towns across Canada, with some nineteen thousand boys enrolled in their busy ranks.

The Air Cadet League is a non-profit organization of generous civilians which functions through



*Capt. W. Boyd, U.S.A.F., who gave an interesting talk to No. 314 (Grand Falls) Squadron on air operations in Greenland, is shown here with (l. to r.) H. H. Foster, sec'y-treas. of civilian committee; D. G. Kitchen, chairman; and Flt. Lt. J. H. Hughes, C.O. of the squadron.*

a national board of directors and through provincial and regional committees. The success of each of the two hundred and seventy Air Cadet squadrons is the responsibility of a local body which sponsors the squadron.

The League could not have accomplished all that it has achieved without the active and generous support of service clubs, of community groups, R.C.A.F. Association Wings, school boards, chambers of commerce, and the host of individual committee members, instructors, and other service-minded persons who have voluntarily contributed so much to its many-sided programme.

From my own experience as one-time chairman of the British Columbia committee of the Air Cadet League and as a national director for several years, I know how much the League owed to the thoughtful planning, the devoted activity, and the conscientious effort of the local bodies.

We are living in a difficult and dangerous age. Every movement should be encouraged which develops in our youth the attributes of strong character, alertness, self-discipline — a sense of responsibility, devotion to duty.

The training of Air Cadets is, in effect, the nurturing and the building of better Canadians, and I would therefore urge upon every Canadian the whole-hearted support of this good-citizenship movement.

## UNITED STATES D.F.C. AWARD

Wing Cdr. J. D. Lindsay, D.F.C., has added the United States D.F.C. to the one which he received during the Second World War. General Robert M. Lee, Commanding General of the 4th Allied Tactical Air Force in Europe, presented him with the American decoration for his services in Korea, during which he destroyed two MiG-15s and damaged three others. The citation reads as follows:

Squadron Leader James D. Lindsay distinguished himself by extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flight as a flight leader of four F-86 type aircraft on a fighter sweep along the Yalu River on October 11, 1952. On that date Sq. Ldr. Lindsay's flight sighted 12 enemy MiG-15 type aircraft. He initiated an attack on one MiG-15 and decisive hits were scored. Through his skill, courage, and devotion to duty in this action and throughout his service with the Far East Command, Sq. Ldr. Lindsay reflected great credit upon himself, the Far East Command, and the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Wing Cdr. Lindsay, now serving at Air Division Headquarters in Europe, joined the Air Force in 1940. He served in Canada as a flying instructor during the Second World War before proceeding



*Wing Cdr. J. D. Lindsay, D.F.C.*

overseas in August 1943. During fighter operations in Europe, he was credited with seven enemy aircraft destroyed, three probables, and eight damaged.

Returning to Canada in late 1945, he served at Edmonton and Ottawa until appointed O.C. No. 441 (Fighter) Squadron. In July 1952 he was sent to Korea to serve with the U.S.A.F. on fighter operations. He returned to Canada in November of the same year, to serve at R.C.A.F. Station Bagotville before being appointed to his present position.

## THE C.A.S.'s COMMENDATION



Recipient of a personal letter of commendation from the Chief of the Air Staff is W.O.2 J. A. McDougall, of R.C.A.F. Station Cold Lake.

Warrant Officer McDougall was the fire-chief on duty when a CF-100 swung off the runway at R.C.A.F. Station North Bay last autumn and crashed into two parked aircraft. The crew of the CF-100 were killed immediately and all three aircraft burst into flames. Warrant Officer McDougall, himself practically in the thick of the blaze, showed great personal courage and the highest type of leadership in directing his fire-fighters in fighting the flames and in preventing other parked aircraft from catching fire.

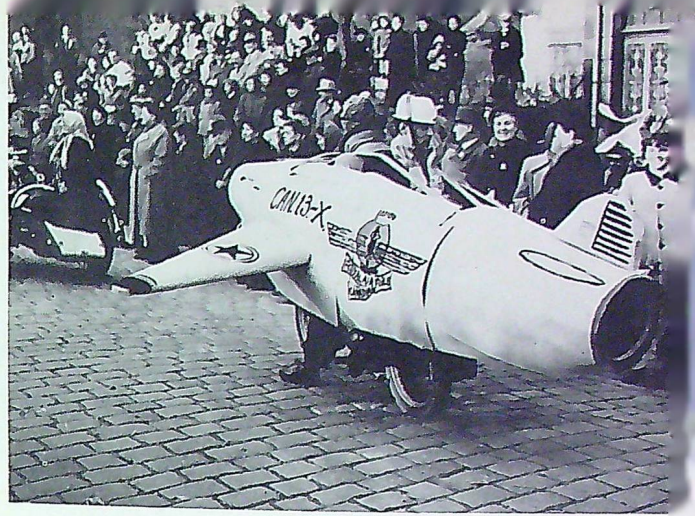
*W.O. 2 J. A. McDougall.*

## FIRST Mk. VII SABRE

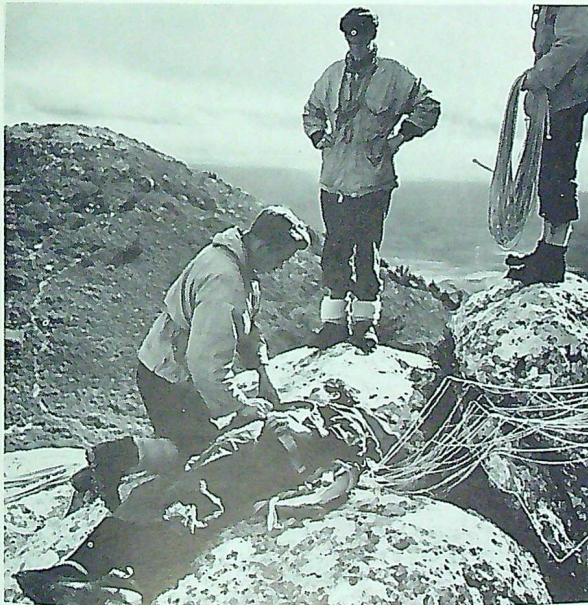
The accompanying photograph, reprinted from No. 4(F.) Wing's "Schwarzwald Flieger", shows the prototype Mk.VII Sabre. Novel features of its design, states the "Flieger's" aviation editor, are its fully retractable tailplane, tandem undercarriage, two-place cockpit, invisible canopy, and the cooling-system for its crew. Singularly unbiased in character, the aircraft's insignia combine the salient symbols of Canada, Britain, the U.S.A., Japan, and Pakistan.

The Mk.VII Sabre made its first appearance in the streets of Baden-Baden, not far from No. 4 Wing's airfield, some sixteen weeks ago. The occasion was *Fasching*, during which all Germany lets its hair down for a week of carnival parades, balls, parties, and general junketing and *bonhomie*.

The west-German word "Fasching", which probably derives from "Fastnacht" (night of



fasting), refers to the week preceding Ash Wednesday. In pre-Christian Germany the period was one devoted to the rites of spring, and was perhaps not unrelated in origin to the Roman Saturnalia. The early Church, as was its practice whenever possible, gave the pagan feast a Christian significance. In southern Germany, the festival is known as "Karnival". Fasching has, in the course of time, come to be celebrated in the eastern and northern parts of the country as well.



## R.A.F. MOUNTAIN RESCUE

The first R.A.F. Mountain Rescue team to be established overseas is now operating in Cyprus. The team consists of 25 volunteers, of various trades, from the R.A.F. Station at Nicosia, and twenty-mile exercises every week-end have familiarized them thoroughly with the island's terrain. The purpose of the team is to aid the occupants of any aircraft forced down in the mountains or in other remote areas, to help in the suppression of forest fires, to assist the authorities in the event of natural catastrophes (earthquakes, etc.), and to search for lost climbers. Our photograph shows four members of the team during an exercise.

# COASTAL COMMAND . . .

## Forty Years Ago

By Squadron Leader N. W. Emmott, D.F.C.

*(Sqn. Ldr. Emmott, who has already taken us down several of the less-trodden byways of Service history, here recalls the days when coastal aircraft swept the seas at a stately sixty knots. Air Marshal Leckie, to whom he refers in his story, shot down two Zeppelins from such an aircraft.—EDITOR.)*

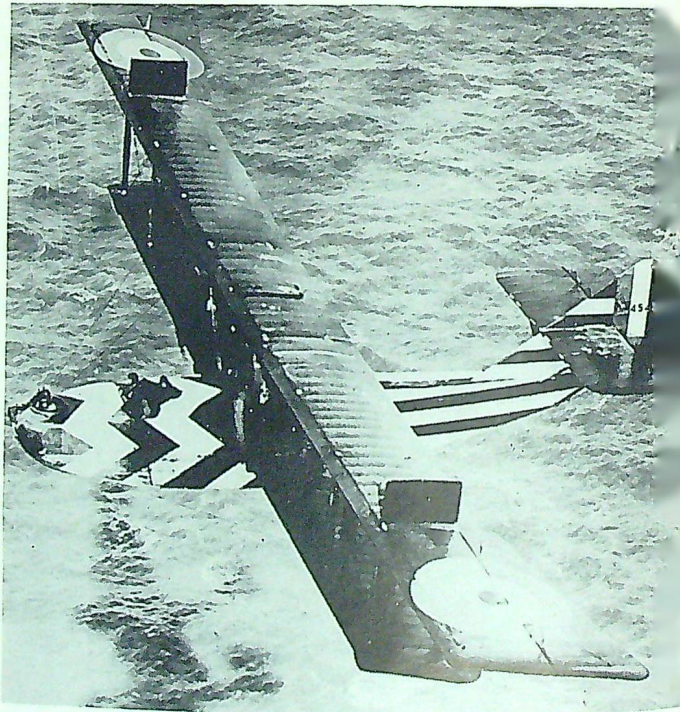
FROM the time the first shot was fired in 1939 until the Second World War ended, the men and aircraft of Coastal Command fought a long and gruelling war, sometimes desperate, often wearying, always glorious. But what the world and the Air Force too often has forgotten is that the crews of Coastal Command were following in the footsteps of pioneers who had blazed the same trails a quarter of a century before.

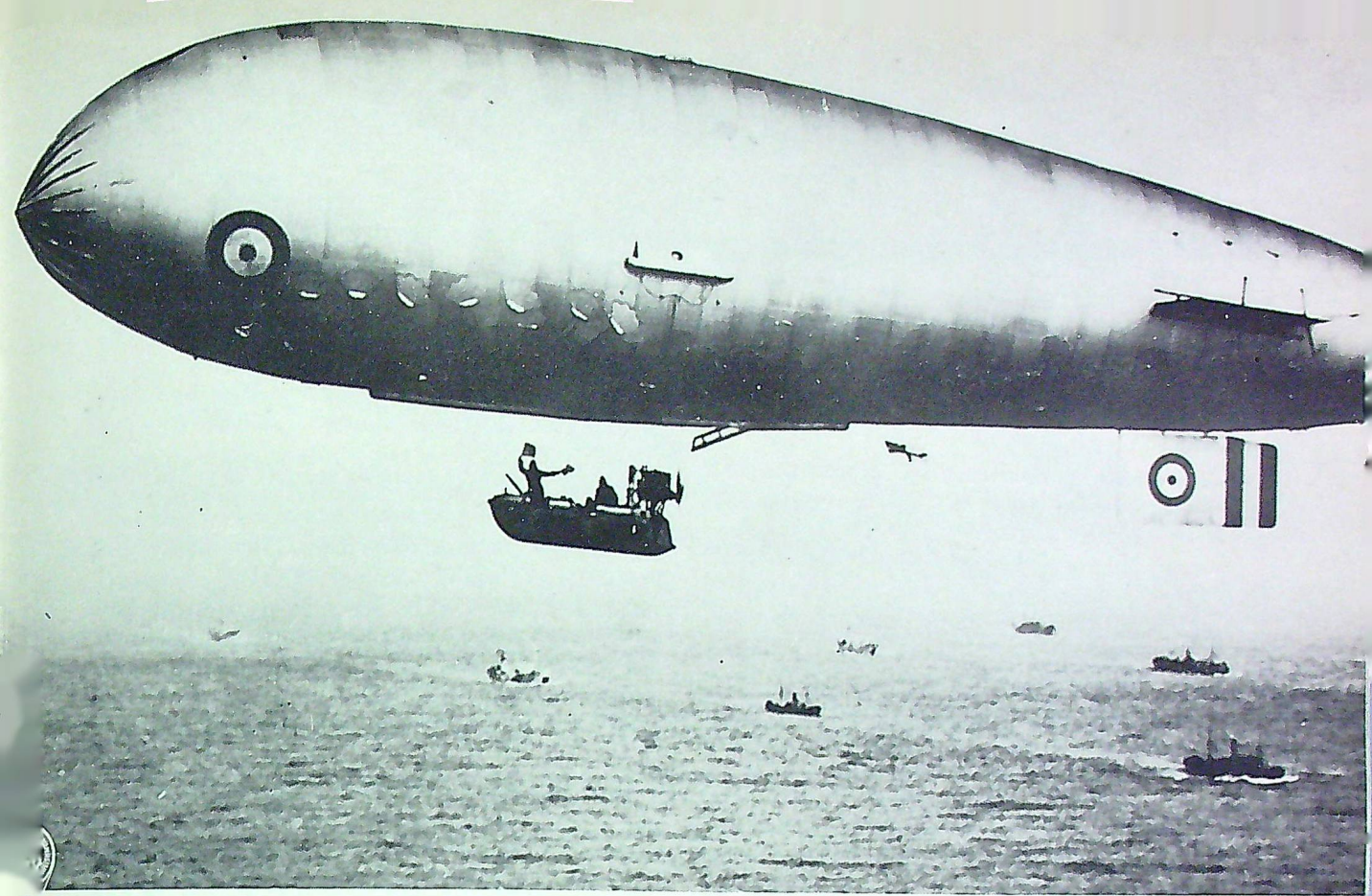
Through almost all the First World War, over-water air operations were carried out by the Royal Naval Air Service. Among the flying sailors who did the work was a surprisingly large number of Canadians. One of them, who was to become Canada's Chief of Air Staff (Jan. 1944 to Aug. 1947) was Robert Leckie, now Air Marshal R. Leckie, C.B., D.S.O., D.S.C., D.F.C. (retired).

Flight Sub-Lieutenant Leckie, R.N., flew his first patrol from Felixstowe in 1916. He was an exceptionally well-qualified pilot for those days, since he had all of 80 hours' flying, the first six hours of which he had acquired at a school on Toronto Island run by J. D. McCurdy, the first man to fly in Canada. At this school he was supposed to get ten hours' instruction, which he paid for out of his own pocket at the rate of \$1.00 per minute! The school folded up after he had done six hours' flying, however, and he finished his instruction in England. Once at Great Yarmouth, a port on the east coast of England (it is as far east as one can get in England, on the bulge of East Anglia south of the Wash), he began to fly out over the North Sea.

Despite the primitive aircraft and equipment then in use, the operations of those days were remarkably similar to the operations of today. They were carried out mostly over the North Sea and the western approaches, with the object of keeping watch on the German High Seas fleet, searching for submarines in transit from points in North Germany, and hunting Zeppelins which

*Dazzle-painted F-boat.*





*Dirigible.*

might be raiding England or reconnoitring for the German fleet. It is noteworthy that in this last rôle they achieved what is not even yet a fully realized dream — a flying-boat fighter. Much of the anti-submarine work was done off Holland between the mouth of the Thames and the mouth of the Maas (which in turn is the mouth of the Rhine), in the vicinity of the North Hinder light-vessel, which the submarines had a habit of using to fix their position.

The flying-boat station at Great Yarmouth, from which Flight Sub-Lieutenant Leckie operated, was equipped with American-built H-12 flying boats with two Rolls-Royce 250 h.p. *Eagle* engines (the "H-boats"), and with *Felixstowe* flying boats (the "F-boats"), likewise powered by two Rolls-Royce *Eagles*. One of the F-boats is now enshrined in the Smithsonian museum at Washington, D.C. The top speed of these machines was only 75 to 80 knots, and they cruised at sixty. With a good headwind, their ground speed often

dropped to 15 or 20 knots, and although patrols lasted for seven or eight hours, the farthest they got from base was the Bight of Heligoland, which is something like 300 nautical miles — and that was stretching the endurance. Most of the flights were made from Great Yarmouth, either to patrol a given line and return, or to co-operate with the fleet, usually the Harwich Light Forces.

The aircraft carried a crew of four — pilot, co-pilot, wireless operator, and engineer. On some patrols, a rear air-gunner was taken along too. On patrols the captain had to decide whether to put the co-pilot in the forward cockpit to man the front gun (in which case he would not be able to take over control of the ship if the pilot were hit by attacking fighters) or to put the wireless operator forward where he could not operate his set. In areas where danger from fighters was expected, the wireless operator usually went forward, while in normal patrol areas the front gun was manned by the co-pilot.

The aircraft carried five Lewis guns, which were primarily intended for defence and to attack Zeppelins, and two 250-pound bombs for use against submarines. Each patrol called for a decision as to whether it should be made at 1,000 to 2,000 feet, if submarines were the quarry, or at maximum height for the purpose of hunting Zeppelins.

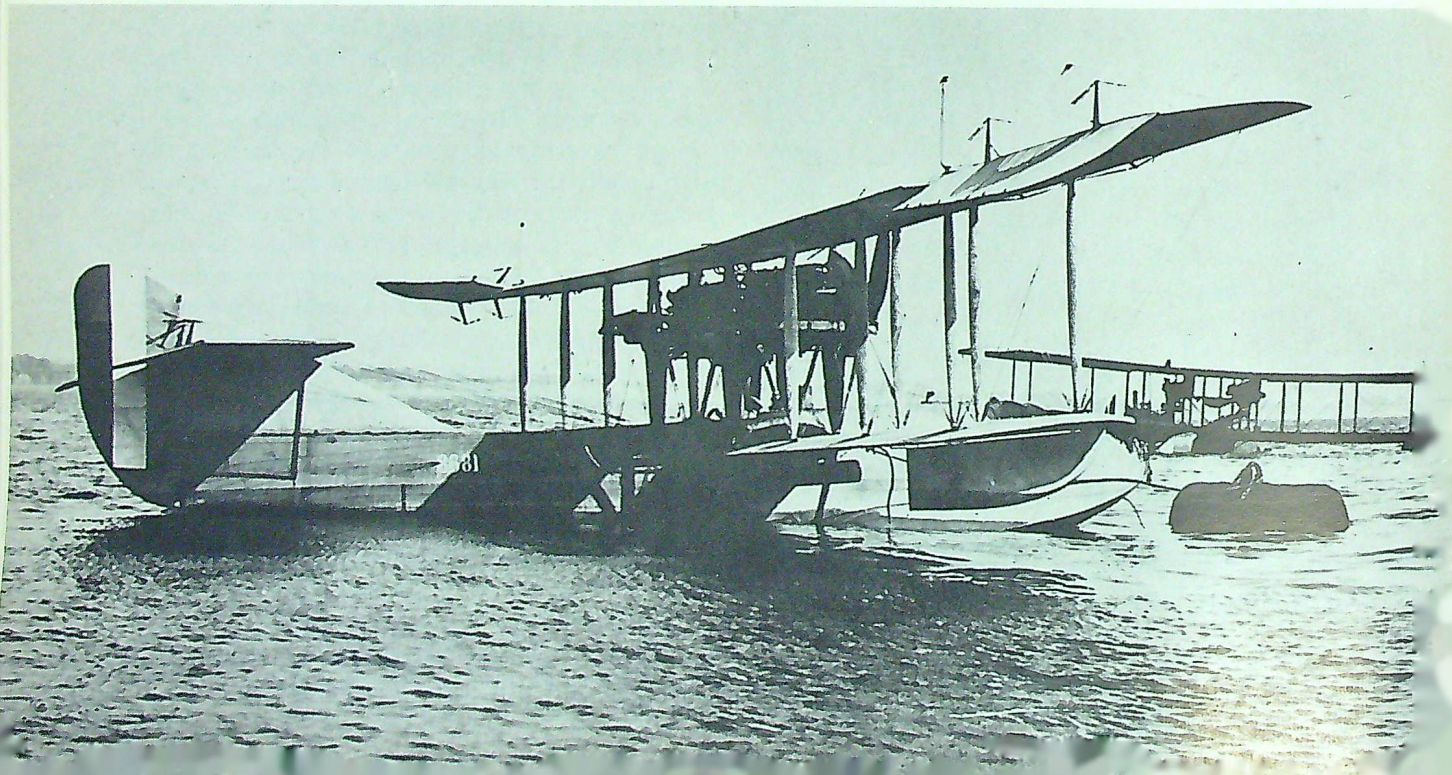
The aircraft themselves were surprisingly modern in appearance: the Stranraers which saw much service off both Canadian coasts in the early years of the Second World War were not much different to the eye, nor, for that matter, did they have much better performance. The H- and F-boats were, however, quite small, and since the F-boats had only a windscreen to shield their open cockpits, over which the spray came green during take-off, the crews were wet and cold all the time. The greatest danger lay in the unreliability of the engines, which suffered continually from broken gasoline lines. During his two and a half years of war, Leckie was forced down at sea six times because of engine failure. Since the aircraft had no trimming devices at all, they could not be kept in the air on less than an engine and a half; with less,

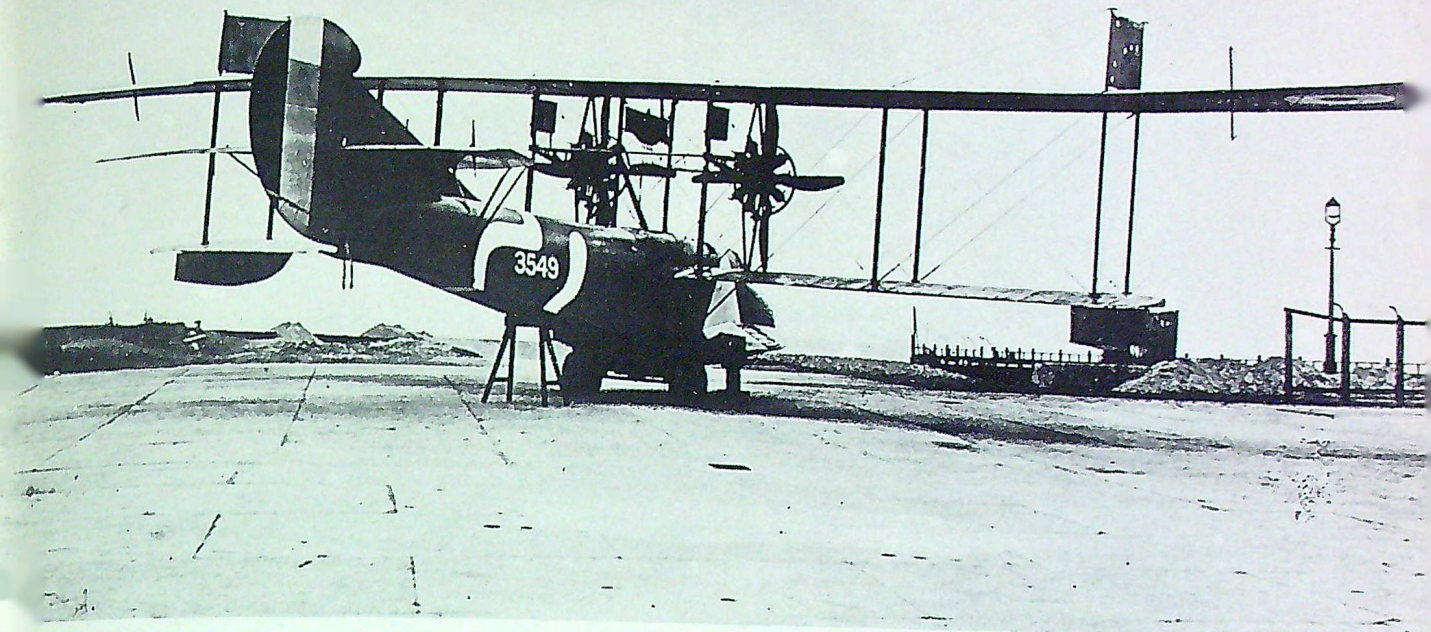
they would begin to turn and could not be straightened out.

Despite the unreliability of engines and aircraft, no safety equipment was provided. Parachutes had not come into fashion, and the only life-saving jackets available were waistcoats with rubber inserts which could be blown up by a CO<sub>2</sub> cartridge and which could be bought (at the wearer's expense) from Gieves, the tailors. They were worn under the ordinary naval jacket.

Because they could not be trimmed, and because autopilots were still far in the future, flying the boats was an exhausting business. The two control wheels were mounted on a yoke (called at the time a "cloche") just like the one on a Canso, which was moved forward or back in the same way as a control column. As fuel was burned or bombs were dropped, the trim naturally changed, and the aircraft became more and more nose-heavy. One method that was used to make things a little easier was to tie a rope to the yoke and secure it to a convenient post behind the pilot's seat by means of a tent-toggle so that it could be conveniently shortened or lengthened. A more primitive method of achieving the same result was simply to tie a

*Curtiss "Large America" flying boat.*





*Curtiss "Small America" flying boat.*

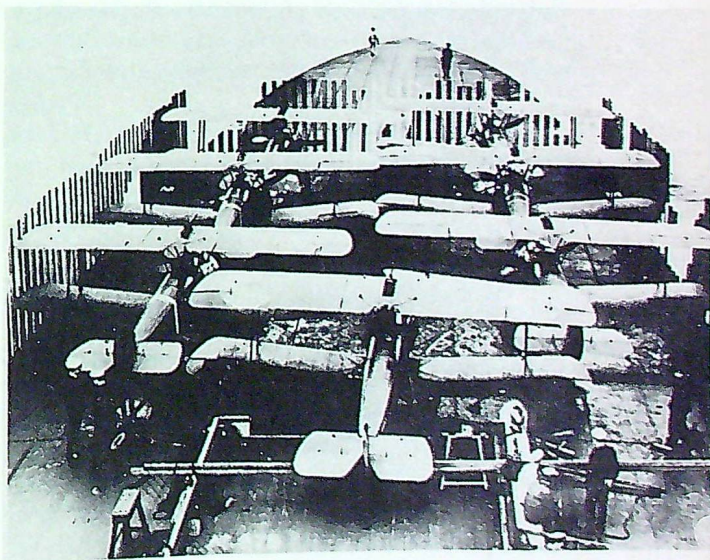
rope to the control yoke and get the co-pilot to pull on it — an exercise which he had to perform, ordinarily, over a period of seven or eight hours.

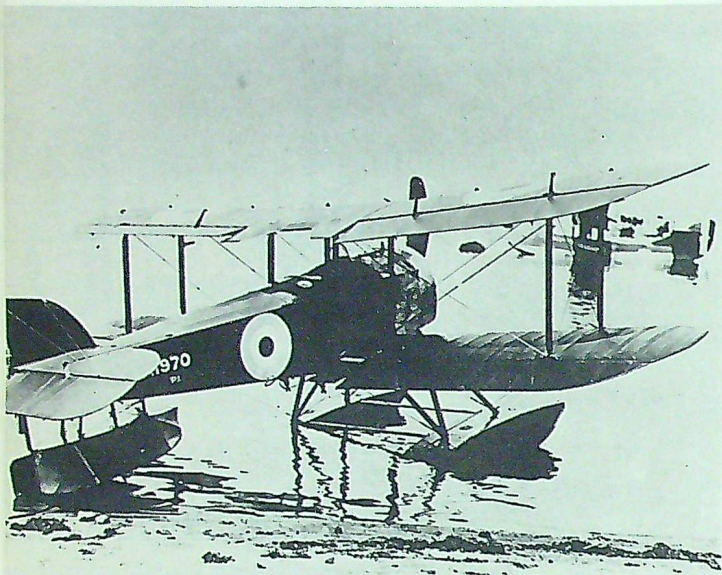
Instrument flying should have been impossible because the only instruments installed were an air-speed indicator, a cross-level attitude indicator ("put the stick where the bubble is"), an altimeter, and a compass. Gyro instruments had not yet been invented, and rate of climb was adjusted by referring to the air speed. Despite the lack of instruments and the fact that the aircraft did not have a ceiling high enough to allow it to climb out of the clouds, trips of eight hours were sometimes made without the wing-tips becoming visible and with only intermittent glimpses of the sea below.

Instrument flying was made even more difficult by the extraordinary ideas then prevalent about compasses. Before 1918 nothing was known about turning- or acceleration-errors, with the result that many pilots doubted that the compass ever told the truth. Indeed, the belief was wide-spread that the compass would spin in clouds. What was happening, of course, was that the pilot's senses became confused, but some nefarious influence at work in the clouds was given the blame. In the

circumstances, it is amazing that flights in poor visibility were possible at all; and many of them, of course, ended in disaster. In fact, the weather and easily-broken gasoline lines were much more of a menace than the enemy.

*Sopwith "Camels" on deck of H.M.S. "Furious".*

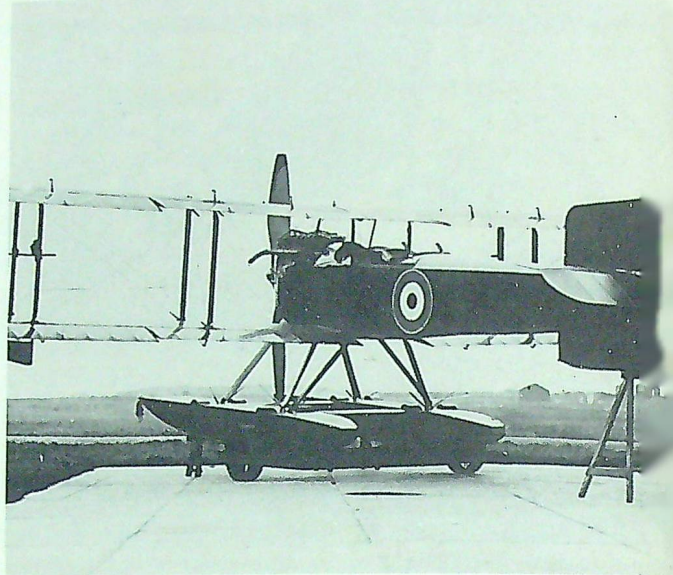




*Sopwith "Hamble Baby" seaplane.*

Navigation was understandably primitive. One of the two pilots did the navigation, keeping his plot on a "Bigsworth" board and using his knee as a navigation table. Celestial techniques were unknown, except to the very rare individual who had learned them as a surface navigator and persisted in carrying a marine sextant along. All plotting was done on Admiralty charts, which (in the best naval tradition) were always scarce, and therefore had to be carefully erased after each flight.

No drift sights were available, although in 1918 the first crude bomb-sights could be used for drift-taking. The only other method, that of looking over the side and saying "It's about five starboard", was used widely but — naturally — with varying degrees of success. Up until 1918, hand bearing-compasses were used to take bearings on terrestrial objects such as lighthouses, and proved very helpful. In 1918, however, they were withdrawn on the ground that they were subject to unpredictable deviations. They were; but since nothing was issued to replace them, their loss was keenly felt. After they were withdrawn, bearings were taken by the "seaman's eye" method of estimation.



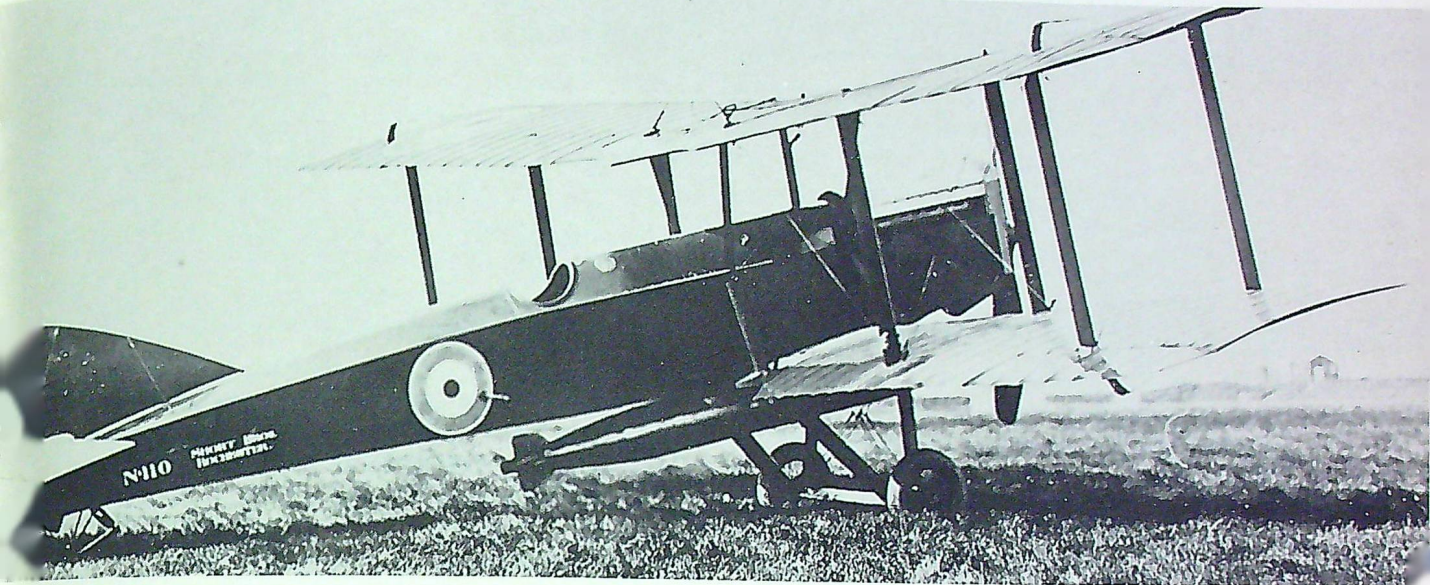
*Fairey C-3 seaplane.*

Compasses, as I have said, were in their infancy, but the flat-card compass, mounted in horsehair and reasonably "deadbeat" (i.e. it did not fluctuate too much), was quite popular. It was replaced later by a vertical-card "fish-bowl" type. That was not so popular with many pilots. Although it was simple to read, it did not allow easy visualization of the navigational situation.

Navigation computers, in the form of the course and speed calculator (familiarily called, "the futuristic pancake"), were in use from 1916 on. Dividers and parallel rule, borrowed from naval surface practice, were also generally employed.

Radio direction-finding did not appear in an airborne form until late in 1918, and then it was unsatisfactory. Bearings from ground D F stations were in use earlier, but as a rule they were rather poor and the pilots did not trust them very far. The radios of the day began as spark-gap sets having a range of only 50 miles, although in 1917 continuous-wave sets were installed that increased the range to 150 miles.

Navigation training was done by naval instructors, most of whom had never been in the air in



*Short torpedo-plane.*

their lives. They did, however, insist on their students learning all the proper navigation terms such as "rhumb lines" and "great circles", and they emphasized the fact that "an east wind blows from the east".

Despite the lack of equipment and the difficulties encountered, navigational results were surprisingly good. The flying boats were often ordered to rendezvous with the fleet off the Dogger Bank in the North Sea, and although the mean line of

advance of the pilot was never given, the ships were generally met. The patrols themselves were successful enough to hamper submarine activity considerably, and virtually to stop Zeppelin raids.

The difficulties and the dangers were great, but the men of 1914-18 overcame them just as their successors did a generation later. In doing so, they lived up completely to the motto which they were to adopt in April 1918: "Through difficulties to the stars."

### THE HIGHER TACTICS

My centre is giving way, my right is pushed back — excellent! I'll attack. (*Marshal Foch at the Battle of the Marne.*)

Simply by being compelled to keep constantly on his guard, a man may grow so weak as to be unable any longer to defend himself. (*Nietzsche.*)

# COMPLETED STAFF WORK

By H. A. Damminger,  
Office of the Secretary of Defence for Supply and Logistics, U.S.A.  
(Reprinted by courtesy of "Systems", U.S.A.)

*"The calibre of . . . work you receive is in direct ratio to the guidance you give to obtain it. It is a two-way proposition."*

**S**IMPLY stated, Completed Staff Work means doing a thorough job, exactly to the boss' specifications. The subordinate who does completed staff work relieves his superior of any necessity to question the quality of his work — gains his superior's trust and confidence.

The boss, too, has a vital part to play, for completed staff work is a two-way relationship between superior and subordinate. The subordinate does the work, but it is the superior who assigns the work to him. And it is the part played by the superior — his manner and method of assigning work — that can make completed staff work simple and useful or complex and wasteful.

Practically all of us are, during the course of a day, both superiors and subordinates. We assign jobs to our subordinates and we, ourselves, are given tasks by our superiors. It is necessary, therefore, to see both sides of the coin at all times. Heads — you assign a job and expect completed staff work; tails — you are given a job and are expected to produce completed staff work.

\* \* \*

A fine set of principles already exists to guide us in our rôle of subordinate: work out all details; study, write, restudy, rewrite; present a single coordinated proposal; advise the chief what to do. Now we need only a companion set of principles to guide us when we are cast in the rôle of superior.

● *To know the problem is the first of these principles.* Obvious? Of course, but how many times are you, as the superior officer, not too sure of just what you are looking for?

It is as simple as this — if you do not know, how can your subordinate?

Perhaps the basic problem may be merely to find out whether or not there is a problem. Then why not be frank and say so? You may really have two problems. The first is to find out whether there is a problem.

● *Make one individual responsible for the solution.* During World War II a high-ranking officer asked me to participate in one of his staff meetings. For almost an hour he discussed a most serious personnel problem that badly needed a suitable remedy.

Walking back to my office after the meeting, I heard one of his staff officers ask, "Who has the ball on this one?" Apparently everyone — and that meant, of course, that no one individual felt in any way responsible for doing the job of research and investigation required before a sound and workable solution could be reached. Completed staff work, in this case, was less than a pious hope.

● *State the problem clearly, precisely; explain reasons, background; limit the area to be studied.* Having followed steps one and two, you are ready to explain the job to be done. Of special importance is the "why" of the problem. If you know what is behind the problem, tell your

subordinate. If you do not know why there is a problem, you had better find out.

Limit the field of study as much as you can. Delving too far into a problem can be endless and a useless task; it is always possible to dig a little deeper and a little wider. So suggest a few areas to avoid. "Don't look into this or that" can sometimes be as good advice as positive suggestions.

● *Give from your knowledge and experience in the problem.* You have learned a lot about your work. Pass it on to your subordinate. Save him the time and effort of pioneering along a road you have already travelled.

Set a time limit, or request the assignee to estimate a completion date. Here is another "must". Give your subordinate the time he needs to do an adequate job. "If you want it bad, you get it bad," is a frequently-heard caution.

On the other hand, you must make certain that your subordinate realizes that you need the completed answer by a certain date. Assigning a task without a deadline for completion is like being asked by a friend "to come over to dinner some-

time". Its very indefiniteness provokes a feeling of insincerity and unimportance.

● *Assure your subordinate that you are available for discussion as work progresses.* This step provides the flexibility that any good plan needs to be workable. Despite all your efforts to explain the problem, its whys, wherefores, and limitations, you can be sure that questions which only you can answer will arise as the study progresses.

The English language is deceiving and confusing. What you said and what he understood it to mean may be along two very different lines. Being available for discussion does not mean that you are going to do your subordinate's thinking for him. But you should make him feel that if he gets stuck, you are still his guiding star. That's why you are the boss.

\* \* \*

Remember that the calibre of the completed staff work you receive is in direct ratio to the guidance you give to obtain it. It is a two-way proposition — any way you look at it.

## ZOOLOGICAL PASSENGERS

In the post-war years animal dealers, zoos and circuses were quick to anticipate the advantages of air travel for animals. But, at first, mortality and sickness were high among livestock, simply because not enough was known about the conditions under which they should travel. Alarmed, airline companies went into conference with the R.S.P.C.A. The Society agreed to build the London Airport hospice to receive animals delayed on their journeys and in need of food, lodging, exercise, first-aid, or veterinary attention.

This hospice comprises a central hangar-like building into which vehicles containing cages of animals may be driven. It is heated by thermostatically controlled tubular electric heater units, and on one flank are ranged blocks of quarantine and non-quarantine kennels and catteries with appropriate runs. On the other flank is stabling with looseboxes and stalls opening on to an enclosed paddock.

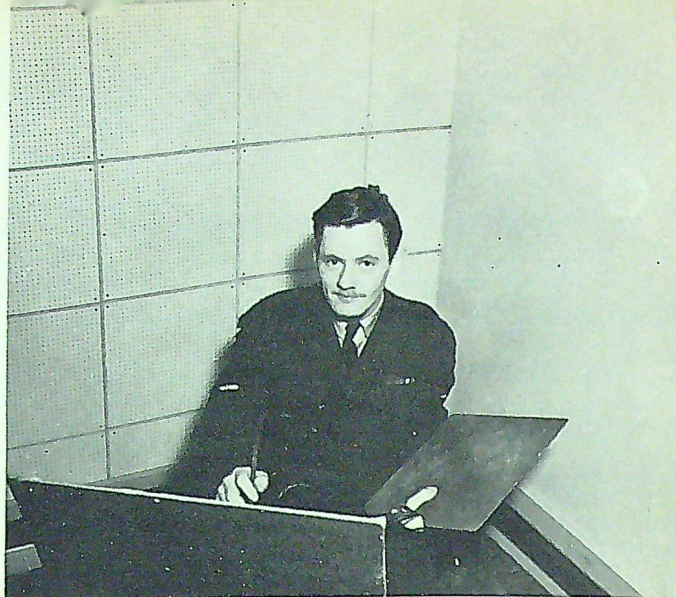
Some idea of the variety of animals carried is given by this breakdown of 37,140 creatures received at the R.S.P.C.A.'s hostel during one month:

Monkeys.....	3,289	Goslings.....	16
Mongoose.....	4	Chickens (pedigree)	1
Squirrels.....	8	Frogs.....	4
Hamsters.....	5	Pythons.....	1
Dogs.....	110	Snakes.....	1
Cats.....	11	Canaries.....	651
Bears.....	2	Budgerigars.....	17
Wolf cubs.....	3	Parrots.....	6
Lions.....	2	Myna birds.....	1,560
Tigers.....	2	Snow cocks.....	2
Crocodiles.....	1	Pheasants.....	3
Pandas.....	1	Java sparrows....	18
Storks.....	2	Waxbills.....	660
Flamingoes.....	25	Starlings.....	10
Turkeys.....	50	Parakeets.....	100
Secretarybirds.....	15	Finches.....	30,160
		Bul-buls.....	400
			<hr/>
			37,140

(From an article by John Sidney in "Flight": U.K.)

# DISTINGUISHED R.C.A.F. ARTIST

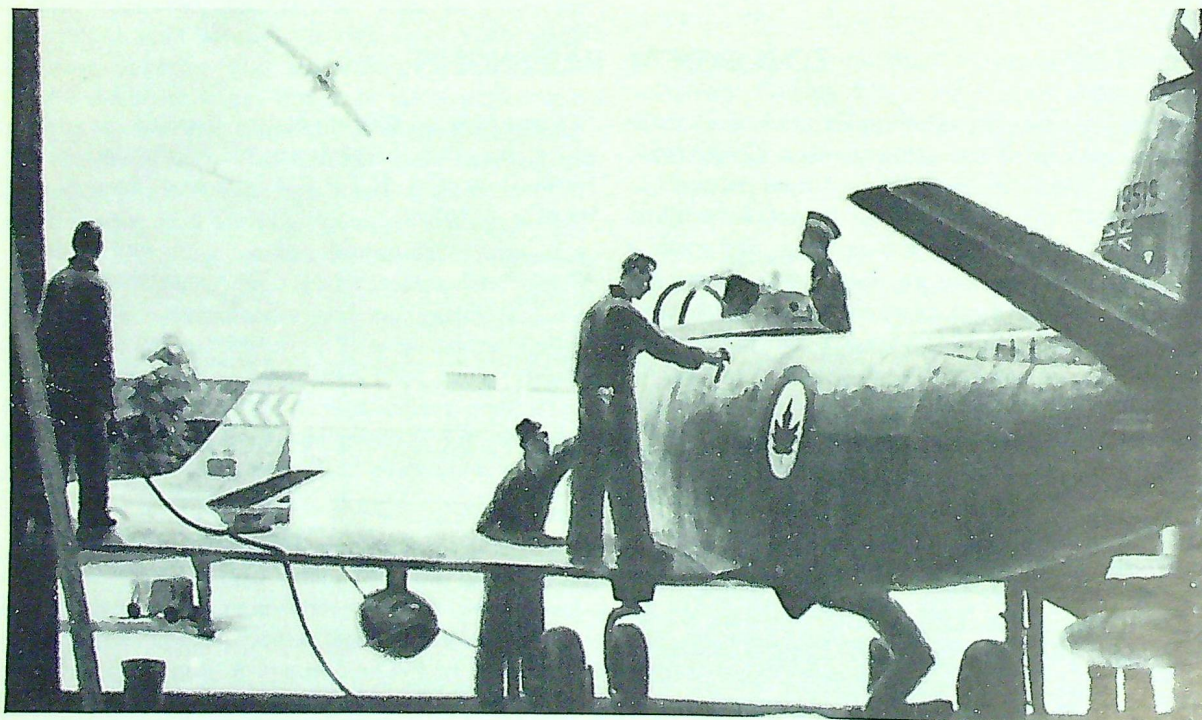
In L.A.C. Sidney Ledson, who is at present employed in the photographic section of No. 1 Air Division H.Q., the R.C.A.F. has a painter of unusual distinction. As Associate of the Ontario College of Arts, he has exhibited at the National Gallery, London, in the Paris Salon, and at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto. Among the well-known personalities whose portraits he has painted are the Hon. Brooke Claxton, former Minister of National Defence; the Hon. Lester B. Pearson, Minister of External Affairs; General J. D. B. Smith, former Chief of the Canadian Joint Staff in London; Air Vice-Marshal H. L. Campbell, A.O.C. No. 1 Air Division; and Edmund Hockridge, the singer and actor.



*L.A.C. S. Ledson.*

L.A.C. Ledson, now 29 years old, served with the R.C.A.F. during the Second World War before beginning his four years of study at the Ontario College of Arts. He rejoined the Service early in 1953.

*Scene at North Luffenham (oil painting).*





*Flt. Lt. Dean Kelly (oil painting).*



*L.A.C. C. G. Russo-Pizani (oil painting).*

### AIR-CUSHION

At a dinner given in honour of Marshal Foch in Denver, Colorado, a guest said that there was nothing but wind in French politeness. Marshal Foch retorted: "Neither is there anything but wind in a pneumatic tire, yet it eases wonderfully the jolts along life's highways."

# Letters to the Editor ★ ★ ★

## WHERE ARE YOU?

Dear Sir:

Can you assist me in ascertaining the whereabouts of L.A.C. G. W. E. Smith, who enlisted at Kirkland Lake in Nov. 1949?

Cpl. P. Chapman,  
R.C.A.F. Station Comox.

(Cpl. G. W. E. Smith is now stationed at R.C.A.F. Station Winnipeg.—EDITOR.)

## ERROR UPON ERROR

Dear Sir:

I would like to point out two errors in "Pin-Points in the Past" for March 1955.

The first is that the aircraft you refer to as a Vickers *Varuna* is, in point of fact, a Vickers *Vancouver*.

The second concerns the airman you list as "L.A.C. G. P. Bradley". The only "G. P. Bradley" of whom I know is Wing Cdr. G. P. Bradley, who is still in the Service. The Bradley of the photograph is "Taffy" Bradley. He was the pigeon-loftsman at Cormorant Lake, and among his other talents were his nice hand with dog-teams and his keen judgement as a home-brewer. I think he left the Air Force before 1939 and I last heard of him as living somewhere near The Pas.

Wing Cdr. J. C. Mirabelli, A.F.C.,  
Maritime Air Command H.Q.

Dear Sir:

In your February "Pin-Points" you identify the officer standing fourth from the left in the rear row as "Flying Officer W. Holmes (dec.)," whereas he is really Flying Officer H. L.

Woolison, who is now employed by the government of B.C. at Victoria.

Air Cdre. S. W. Coleman,  
A.O.C. Tactical Air Command.

(Air Cdre. Coleman's and Wing Cdr. Mirabelli's corrections are, we fear, not the only comments we have received about recent editorial mistakes. In much less gentle terms, several of our friends have taken us to task over at least five other errors in the February and March issues. Sgt. Shatterproof, of course, has spotted them all. His urgent signal glares up at us from the desk: THE HOUR, SIR, HAS STRUCK. THE BOYS IN THE FIELD ARE GIRDING THEIR LOINS. THE CRY IS "ON TO OTTAWA!". WILL TRY TO STEM THE RAGING FLOOD BUT WOULD ADVISE IMMEDIATE TWO-YEAR EXCHANGE POSTING TO TIBETAN AIR FORCE IF DISMEMBERMENT IS TO BE AVOIDED.—EDITOR.)

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

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



## BACK ISSUES OF "THE ROUNDEL"

A limited number of back issues of "The Roundel" for the months of April 1954 to March 1955, inclusive, are available for distribution to units or individuals already on our regular mailing list. Please address requests to:

Editor,  
"The Roundel", R.C.A.F.,  
Victoria Island,  
Ottawa, Ont.

## CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Notification of all changes of mailing-address for "The Roundel" (except in the case of members of the R.C.A.F. Association) should be sent directly to:

**Editor,  
"The Roundel", R.C.A.F.,  
Victoria Island,  
Ottawa, Ontario.**

Association members should notify:

**General Secretary,  
R.C.A.F. ASSOCIATION,  
424 Metcalfe St.,  
Ottawa, Ont.**

