

The ROUNDDEL

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ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE



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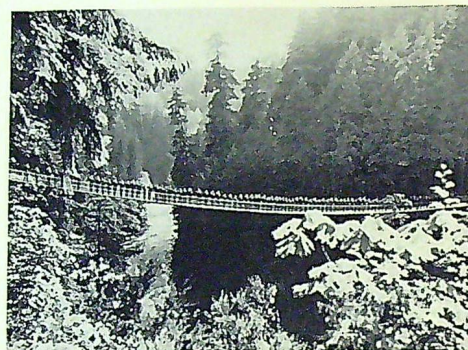
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This Month's Cover



The photograph on our cover was taken by Cpl. R. A. G. Woodward, public relations photographer at No. 12 Air Defence Group H.Q., at the same time and place as the picture which appeared in "Life" last August. The Air Cadets, all of whom were attending summer camp at R.C.A.F. Station Abbotsford, are shown standing on the Capilano suspension bridge during a routine visit to Vancouver.

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Collaboration in BERMUDA

By W.O.1 R. A. Tracy

(During the seven years that have passed since "The Roundel" made its first appearance, Warrant Officer Tracy has thrice fitted wings to his drawing board and taken off from his native shores. His first sortie was to Japan, when No. 426 Squadron was engaged in the Korean airlift; his second, to England and Europe, during the coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II; and his third to Bermuda, on the occasion of the recent anti-submarine exercise carried out by the R.N., the R.C.N., and the R.C.A.F.— EDITOR.)

PROLOGUE

The pre-prandial hour was well under way in the Senior N.C.O.s' Mess at R.C.A.F. Station Greenwood. The air vibrated with polished wit and nimble badinage. Wherever the eye looked, it encountered hooks and crowns leaning gracefully on mahogany or reclining (no less gracefully) in overstuffed chairs and chesterfields. Like chamber-music at a banquet, the tinkle of glass and the deeper notes of pewter provided a harmonious background for the feast of reason and the flow of soul.

My companion lifted his tankard with that leisurely assurance which is the hallmark of the experienced Warrant Officer.

"Mr. Tracy, your very good health!"

"To your shadow, Mr. Fresque! May it never grow less!"

That, however, proved to be one of the very few pre-prandials in my life which Fate has prevented me from enjoying. A voice, close to my ear, paralyzed my peristalsis on the second swallow.

"So, Sir," it said sternly, "not content with the flesh-pots of the Capital, we now seek virgin fields for our carousals."

As I turned to face the inevitable, I became aware that all the nearer crowns and hooks were moving away from our vicinity. Tenderly though they regard the old wardog, and uplifting though his conversation may be, his previous visit to the Station a year or two before had taught them that only the wealthy can afford to enjoy it during the financial doldrums that immediately precede pay-

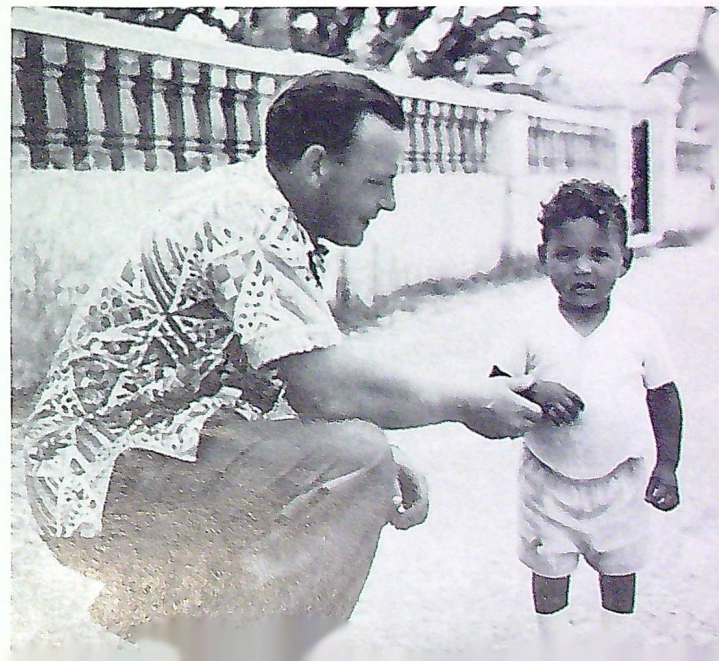
day. A foreboding of disaster robbed my greeting of warmth.

"Hello, Shatterproof. What on earth brings you to the Maritimes?"

"Your guardian angel, Sir." He turned to Warrant Officer Fresque. "The name, Sir, is Shatterproof. I failed to meet you when I was last here."

The other shot a quick glance across the room at the autographed portrait of Shatterproof which adorns one wall of the Mess, and a trapped look entered his eyes. I had no alternative, however, but to complete the introduction, after which Shatterproof stood silent as a monolith, pointedly

The author on the road of international diplomacy.





eyeing our tankards. Sighing, I made a sign to the barman . . .

"To our collaboration in Bermuda, Sir!" said Shatterproof to me, raising his glass.

"To our WHAT?" I steadied myself against the bar. "Don't tell me —"

He smiled grimly.

"I knew you'd be pleased," he said. "Having a little leave left, I came in on the Sked Run yesterday to pick up a few lobsters for our mess. I learned that you were arriving today on your way to Bermuda to witness an anti-submarine exercise. By some oversight — which I shall endeavour to cover up for you, Sir — you had omitted to request that I accompany you in my

usual advisory capacity. I hastened to repair your omission. What, Sir, are our plans?"

"OUR plans?"

He looked at me as though I was a rather thick-headed child. Then, after a short sharp tussle with the contents of a tunic-pocket, he produced a signal to which two or three "Lifesavers" and a quantity of tobacco dust had adhered. He shook it vigorously, and handed it to me.

"I picked it up for you at the Orderly Room just before quitting-time," he said.

I read it. The authority was unquestionable. When I looked up, dazed, to curse him, he was already in conversation with Warrant Officer Fresque.

"Q.R. (Air)", I heard him saying, "is a mighty weapon, Sir — but let us always use it as a rapier, never as a bludgeon."

Somehow, the old warrior had done it again.

THE EXERCISE

The basic purpose of the R.C.A.F.'s Maritime Air Command can be expressed quite simply by the old motto of the R.A.F.'s Coastal Command: "The safe passage and timely arrival of shipping." To assist in the achievement of that end in time of war, the R.C.A.F. maintains three specialized "maritime" squadrons, two on the east coast and one on the west. The squadrons are continuously on operations throughout the year and they participate frequently in national and N.A.T.O. exercises, all of which are designed to enable them readily to deploy anywhere in North America, the North Atlantic, or the United Kingdom.

Select personnel from all three squadrons are sent, after a year or so with their respective squadrons, to the Joint Tactical Course (Junior) at the R.C.N./R.C.A.F. Joint Maritime Warfare School at Halifax. This school was established, in November 1950, in order to teach, formulate, and investigate doctrines both of trade defence and of the tactics and broad strategy of anti-submarine warfare, and to co-ordinate the activities of surface and air forces towards these ends.

The school is a joint concern of the Royal Canadian Navy and the Royal Canadian Air

Force, having Directors from both Services who are responsible, jointly, to the Flag Officer Atlantic Coast, Rear Admiral R. E. S. Bidwell, C.B.E. (R.C.N.), and the Air Officer Commanding Maritime Air Command, Air Commodore M. Costello, C.B.E. (R.C.A.F.), for the training and research functions of the school. The school is staffed by officers from both Services, and often also by officers from the Royal Navy.

The course, which is attended by members of the R.C.N. as well as the R.C.A.F. personnel above mentioned, changes constantly in order to keep pace with developments in anti-submarine warfare. This year, in June, students were given a chance for the first time to put their class-room theory into practice during a week of manoeuvres off the coast of Bermuda.

The R.C.N.'s contribution to the exercise consisted of three frigates: H.M.C.S. *Prestonian*, H.M.C.S. *Toronto*, and H.M.C.S. *Lauzon*. The Royal Navy provided a submarine, H.M.S. *Ambush*, while the R.C.A.F. sent four *Lancasters*, one each from Nos. 404 and 405 Squadrons at Greenwood, one from No. 407 Squadron at Comox, B.C., and one spare. Ground crews were airlifted to the site of the exercise by Air Transport Command.

* * *

Wing. Cdr. J. E. Creeper, D.F.C.



Sqn. Ldr. G. G. Agnew.

As our *North Star* came in on its approach to Kindley Air Force Base, Bermuda, barely-submerged coral reefs gleamed below us and water of an unbelievable turquoise colour slid by beneath our wheels. Then, minutes later, we were taxiing up to the *Lancasters* that had already arrived.

The U.S.A.F. base bears eloquent witness to the ingenuity and energy that went into providing the Western powers with this air-defence outpost in the mid-Atlantic. I lost no time in finding myself quarters in one of the barrack blocks reserved for transients, a large proportion of whom is made up of air crew of the U.S.A.F.'s Military Air Transport Service. Then, shortly after I was settled in, the first briefing was held by the three officers who were in charge of R.C.A.F. participation in the exercise: Wing Cdr. J. E. Creeper, D.F.C., Sq. Ldr. G. G. Agnew, and Sq. Ldr. J. R. U. G. Rocheleau, D.F.C.

Bermuda was chosen for the A.S.W. exercise primarily because of its weather and facilities. The island's traditional good weather almost guaranteed that the time allotted for flying could be utilized to the full, and that, with the naval vessels riding at anchor a few hundred yards off-shore at Five Fathom Anchorage, little time would be lost in getting together the participating personnel for purposes of de-briefing.



Sqn. Ldr. J. R. U. G. Rocheleau, D.F.C.

The exercise was successful in every respect. Some of the lessons learned could never have been taught in a class-room. Two very minor examples of the value of the practical experience afforded by it were these: the sailors found that the sun reflecting on the canopies of the *Lancasters* made signals from the fliers' Aldis Lamps very difficult to receive, while air crews, on the other hand, had trouble with the Navy's signals as they were flashed at them through the smoke and haze of the frigate's funnels.

Sea-air co-operation was, of course, the keynote of the exercise. Naval students were taken up to witness an attack on a submarine from the air, and the aviators took turns at being sailors-for-a-day in order to observe a sub-hunt from a naval viewpoint.

Using one *Lancaster* at a time, and flying three "events" a day, air crews logged approximately 40 hours' flying-time in four days. The fifth and final day was devoted to de-briefing, when mistakes made during the exercise were brought up and discussed. The reader may be interested in a short account of a typical event of the exercise, and one in which I was fortunate enough to participate as a "sailor".

In the pre-dawn darkness, H.M.S. *Ambush* (the submarine) weighed anchor and headed out to sea. The three frigates followed later, and, later

still one of the *Lancasters*. To make the exercise practical, a definite area of the ocean was used, and within that area the submarine might be cruising along the surface anywhere it pleased. A convoy escort, represented by the three frigates, steamed through the area unaware of the submarine's exact position. The *Lancaster*, having joined the convoy and identified itself as friendly, was then sent out on patrol, and our first submarine-hunt became a reality.

As the ship we were on, H.M.C.S. *Prestonian* (Lt. Cdr. W. W. Kidd) pounded on through the blue undulating Atlantic, it became apparent that the day was going to be a long one. All the action so far seemed to be taking place in the darkness of the Operations Room or on the ship's bridge, and I, not wanting to get trampled underfoot or run through with a marlin-spike, had to content myself with clinging to a rail amidships and keeping a sharp look-out for flying-fish and mermaids. I managed to spot one of the former during the day, but the latter proved to be so elusive that I am almost tempted to doubt Hans Andersen.

It was late afternoon, and I had made my way up to the ship's bridge, when the action I had come so far to see began. The patrolling *Lancaster* had sighted the submarine, and the skirmish with the undersea craft was on. Sqn. Ldr. Agnew, who was also on the bridge, did his best to keep me informed as to what was happening, but I must admit that I was more than slightly confused. However, the pattern of such a battle as ensued, as he explained it to me, goes something like this.

H.M.C.S. "Prestonian".



When the aircraft finally sights the submarine, it roars down toward its prey while the latter, frantically trying to escape, spouts air like a stricken whale and slides beneath the surface. Reaching the spot where the submarine was seen to crash-dive, the *Lancaster* drops a marine marker and sonobuoy. The marker provides a visual reference for the sonobuoy's location by belching smoke and flame for several hours, during which period the sonobuoy (a metal float containing a radio transmitter and hydrophone) transmits to the aircraft the sounds picked up from the submarine's propellers.

The centre position thus marked, the aircraft goes into a turn and drops more sonobuoys and markers at regular intervals along a circular route. The closing of this circle marks the submarine for eventual destruction, if not by the *Lancaster* itself, then by the surface vessels which, alerted by an enemy report giving the submarine's estimated speed, position, and direction, steam at full speed toward the scene of action.

In actual operations, the *Lancaster* would press home an attack with depth charges or torpedoes and perhaps pick up the proverbial marbles then and there. Since, however, peacetime manoeuvres do not lend themselves to such drastic measures, the submarine is allowed to "pull the cork" and sink unmolested into the depths. More sonobuoys are dropped to track the sub until the surface vessels, pin-pointing its position with sonar, can close in on the quarry, thus enabling a pattern of mortar bombs fired from the frigates to write a theoretical finis to the submarine.

To the air crews, the actual patrolling back and forth across the apparently empty expanse of ocean is a tedious enough business, but the moment it sights a submarine every nerve becomes taut. The pilot must fly with unerring accuracy, responding instantly to changes in heading and making several low passes and rapid pull-ups to indicate to the co-operating ships the last-observed "on top" position of the submerged submarine. The navigator races against time as he plots the sonobuoy pattern, for each second of delay works to the advantage of the enemy.



A Neptune at Greenwood.

Of the radio operators, one is busy transmitting in order to enable a series of D F bearings to be obtained by the ships as he homes them to the scene of the contact. He is also responsible for giving Maritime Headquarters a running (morse) commentary on the action. (For the purposes of this exercise, H.Q. was set up in a hangar at the back of Kindley A.F.B.) Meanwhile, the second radio operator listens to the sonobuoys and, from the sounds received, deduces the sub's whereabouts.

Although the *Lancaster* has done yeoman service, conversion is well under way on the Lockheed P2V7 *Neptune*. The *Neptune* is a twin-engined, land-based sub-hunter which is equipped with the latest radar and A.S.W. equipment for detecting and tracing submarines and is capable of carrying torpedoes, depth-bombs, and rockets. Welcome innovations are greater space and quietness in which the crew can work and a double-bubble canopy that gives pilot and co-pilot greater range of vision. Later, the R.C.A.F. will convert to the Bristol *Britannia*, a maritime reconnaissance version of which is being built by Canadair. This aircraft will carry a crew of fifteen along with the very latest in electronic devices and anti-submarine weapons.

* * *

I should remark here that the Navy and the Air Force were not the only ones to profit from the day's work which I have just described. I too had learned my lessons. The seaman's life, I discovered, is not entirely a merry sequence of sea-chanties and tots of rum. Furthermore, his hours are

repulsive. I had been turfed out of bed at 4 a.m., and the *Prestonian's* heaving deck had soon turned the previous evening's generous libations of Bacardi into the hollowest of hollow mockeries. Nevertheless, although the situation was not conducive to humorous reflection, I did manage to extract a little comfort from my memories of Shatterproof as he had stood with me at the bar, decked out in a pair of oversized Bermuda-length shorts.

Finding himself confronted by a completely new audience, he had produced a completely new set of ancestors, not the least spectacular of whom was Captain Spanker Shatterproof. If I remember correctly, the last words of this outstanding officer, as he lay riddled with grapeshot on his poop-deck at the Battle of Trafalgar, were "Kiss me, Nelson!"

Captain Spanker was, it appears, also remarkable for his qualities as a *bon viveur*, measuring his pre-prandials by the firkin rather than by the finger. If that was the case, though, all I can say is that Captain Spanker was made of sterner stuff than his descendant. After the third night-cap (a "Beetle's Bile", prepared by the barman under the direction of a tall young draftee from the hills of West Virginia), the old wardog's sea-legs began to buckle. I did not stay to witness the end of the evening, but I am still unwilling to accept Shatterproof's explanation of the patch-work of Band-Aids that adorned his knees the next day. He claimed that he had been severely bitten by chameleons during the night.

THE STILL-VEXED BERMOUTHES

There is, of course, a great deal more that I might say about the exercise itself, but "The Roundel" is not, unfortunately, the place in which to say it; and so, for the earnest student of war-like matters, my little article logically ends right here. At the same time, I can't help feeling that some of my readers may be interested in a description of the fascinating island on whose powdery coral sands we romped away (figuratively speaking, particularly in the case of Shatterproof) our leisure hours.

The Bermudas, which actually consist of some

300 islands and islets, are nothing more than exposed portions of submarine volcanic mountains. With their population of 14,000 whites and 25,000 negroes, they are more densely inhabited than any other area in the Western Hemisphere.

To the Gulf Stream goes the credit for those mild ocean currents which provide what Shakespeare called "the still-vexed Bermoothes" with their steady and moderate year-round climate. Readings at the Government Aquarium indicated an ocean temperature of 70 degrees at the time of the exercise. Because of this mild climate, gardens and fields abound in an incredible profusion of flora. The red and pink blossoms of the hibiscus and oleander, interspersed with an occasional clump of purple bougainvillea, are to be seen everywhere along the narrow twisting roads. This primeval luxuriance, however, is marred by the ash-gray areas caused by the cedar blight which struck the islands in 1945, destroying nearly a million trees. The author of the havoc is an insect known to the back-room boys as *Carulaspis Visci*, and so thorough is the job it has done that it will be nearly two decades before Bermuda's lush foliage will be restored.

Bermuda was discovered in the early fifteen hundreds by Juan de Bermudez, who christened it the Isle of Devils, a name that I personally found to be most inappropriate. The way I have it figured is that Juan hung this scurrilous title on the place in a fit of peevishness at Columbus for having beaten him to the punch by being the

Cambridge Beaches, Somerset Island.





Moon Gate, Somerset Island.

first to pull the old world-is-round routine on Queen Isabella. On the other hand, maybe he was just sore because he wasn't getting enough mileage to the galleon. As for discovering the islands, how could he help it? He ran aground on them.

Later, in 1594, an Englishman named May reported that while he was on a French ship in the area, the ship's crew, thinking they had escaped the treacherous reefs, polished off the vessel's rum ration and promptly landed on top of them. (Doubtless it is to this incident that we owe the expression "high and dry".) After a difficult five months of forced furlough on the islands, May and his fellow toss-pots ultimately made their way to Cape Breton in a small boat, a voyage that took ten days.

It wasn't until 1609 that Sir George Somers' flagship, the *Sea Venture*, was blown off the course it had set for Virginia and wrecked on the eastern reefs. It was this wreck that really put Bermuda on the map. The crew, together with a party of Virginia colonists who were on board, landed safely and built two new ships, in which they eventually proceeded to Virginia. Sir George returned to Bermuda later in order to pick up food for the hard-pressed colonists at Jamestown, Virginia, where death — hastened by his strenuous efforts on the colonists' behalf — overtook him. His body has taken back to England, but his heart was buried in what is now Somers Garden in the historic old city of St. George's.

The islands were colonized shortly after his death, first by the Virginia Company (British) in

1612, and then by the Bermuda Company (also British) two years later.

* * *

Bermuda's chief activity in its early days was, like Virginia's, the cultivation of tobacco: today it is the cultivation of tourists. After the American Civil War, when Bermudians were trying to shake off a king-sized economic hand-over, they began to realize that visitors to the islands were quite willing to spend good hard cash for board, lodging, and entertainment. Around the turn of the present century, one New York steamship line was offering a round-trip to Bermuda for as little as \$10.00, and in those days it was no inconsiderable journey. Now that the one-way trip can be made by ship in two days and by aeroplane in three hours, it costs somewhat more.

Statistics show that the average stay of the tourist is nine days, during which period he or she visits every point of interest in the archipelago, from Fort St. Catherine in St. George's to the old British Dockyard on Ireland Island.

There are nine parishes in Bermuda. The most easterly of them is St. George's, and it is here, in the city of St. George (usually called "St. George's"), that most of the island's history is preserved. Founded in 1612, eight years before the Pilgrim Fathers hit the beaches at Plymouth, it was the capital of Bermuda until 1815. Time has not radically changed the street pattern; houses and gardens look back on centuries. Tobacco Bay, Printer's Alley, Shinbone Alley, and Featherbed Lane are but a few of the odd street names that have survived the generations. Tom ("Last Rose of Summer") Moore, the Irish poet, once lived at the head of Old Maid's Lane. As one ambles through the narrow winding streets, it is easy enough to return in spirit to the days when such worthies as Sir Henry Morgan and the pirate Blackbeard were doing their tours of ops down south in the Caribbean. At every turn one half-expects to encounter some member of the shady aristocracy of piracy's "Who's Who", cutlass a-swing and boisterous song on lips.

Hamilton parish, across the harbour from Kindley A.F.B., boasts the famous Aquarium and



Two Terrors of the Ocean pose between Flying Officer T. G. Coughlin (left) and a Bermuda fisherman.

the perfume factory near Bailey's Bay. Also in Hamilton is the "Swizzle Inn", the reputed birthplace of the Rum Swizzle.

The neighbouring parish is Smith's. Here one finds the Devil's Hole, teeming with fish whose voracity is their most impressive characteristic; and adjoining the Devil's Hole is the Angel's Grotto, one of Bermuda's centres of night-life. Here the air is raucous with Calypso songs — most of them rather more *risqué* than the versions heard on the radio.

Devonshire, with its Ocean View Golf Club, caters for the golfer, while in Pembroke, probably the busiest parish of them all, we find the capital city of Hamilton. This is the commercial centre of Bermuda, and here, in the shadow of the luxurious Bermudiana Hotel, the tourists do most of their shopping.

Roughly half-way along Bermuda's twenty-mile coast line one comes upon the primly beautiful parish of Paget, where the exclusive Elbow Beach and Surf Club rubs elbows (sorry!) with the equally exclusive Coral Beach and Tennis Club.

Passing on through Warwick, with its grey limestone cottages (oddly reminiscent of the Cotswolds, in England), and through Southampton, with its 110-year-old lighthouse, we enter Sandy's parish, notable for possessing the smallest drawbridge in the world. It is in the form of a metal

plate covering an 18-inch slot in Somerset Bridge, which links Somerset Island with the mainland. The plate is raised and lowered by hand and allows small sailboats to pass from Ely's Harbor into Great Sound, thus saving a 6-mile detour around Somerset Island.

To the north-west of Mangrove Bay lies a cottage colony of about 25 acres, called Cambridge Beaches. Here we were invited to go swimming in the turquoise waters and to invite our souls on the pink-and-white sands. Indifferent though my own efforts at water-skiing were, they were the epitome of grace compared to Shatterproof's. Falling out of his skis within seconds of becoming water-borne, he gave one of the most astonishing impersonations of a porpoise that I have ever seen, clinging frantically to the rope and submerging and surfacing with horrifying rapidity for nearly fifty yards.

* * *

The Government Aquarium and Museum, near Flatt's Bridge, have one of the finest collections of tropical fish in the world, as well as an interesting assortment of miscellaneous fauna. In the Aquarium, zebra-fish, groupers, octopuses, sharks, and a host of other denizens of the deep, eye one speculatively from their cool green tanks. For my money, however, the stars of the show were the moray eels. These repulsively fascinating monsters reach a length of well over six feet and appear to be about eight inches in diameter. They are grassy green, with small milky-blue eyes which, I am told, are very short-sighted. Although they appear too sluggish to be dangerous, they can strike with the swiftness of a rattler. They inhabit the deeps well off shore and are not known to come in beyond the coral reefs. (None the less — and the Bermuda Chamber of Commerce will probably hate me for saying this — I gathered that the eels I was looking at were taken in nets just off the coast.)

No treatise on the zoological side of Bermuda would be complete without mention of that lovable guy, the barracuda. Known variously as the "Tiger of the Sea", the "Terror of the Ocean," and the "Most Dangerous of the True Fishes" he

is a poor type. His knife-like teeth and savage attack amply justify his reputation. There are, however, some authorities who maintain that he is not the consistently cantankerous critter that legend makes him out to be, and that a wading or swimming man has little to fear from a following or loitering 'cuda. The poor fish, they say, probably hasn't anything better to do than hang around watching how people act. Shatterproof remained unconvinced. I am still chuckling over the occasion when the old juggernaut, wading knee-deep in the surf at Clearwater Beach, mistook a portion of a discarded corset for a barracuda. Hastily flinging aside the shells he had been collecting, he surged shoreward like a badly-handled landing-berge, to spend the remainder of the day nursing a can of beer and inveighing bitterly against people who weren't content with the safe and wholesome seas of Canada.

* * *

The introduction of small cars into Bermuda (once a horse-and-buggy paradise) was an epoch-making development of post-war days. They have proved to be a boon to visitors by enabling them to see many parts of the island which previously they would have missed. Strict control is maintained, though, and woe betide any and all who exceed the 20 m.p.h. speed-limit. No used car may be imported, and the maximum overall length permissible is 160 inches. The hot-rodder of this country just wouldn't be in the picture. Taxis, some of them with elaborately fringed tops such as were once used to ornament the surrey, are plentiful and cheap, and small motor-powered bicycles called "mobylettes" can be rented by the hour or the day.

I was fortunate in being able to go one better. I renewed acquaintance with two friends of my younger days in Saint John, N.B., Jim Babineau and his wife Joan. Jim, an ex-R.C.A.F. pilot, does considerable part-time flying for Hugh Watlington, another ex-R.C.A.F. veteran, who master-minds an aerial taxi-service known as Bermuda Air Tours. Jim oblingingly took us flight-seeing around the island both in the *Cessna 160* and in one of the little *Luscombes* that

constitute Hugh's fleet of float-planes. During one of these flips, Jim let me fly the *Cessna* for a short while. I shall never forget Shatterproof's expression as I took over the controls. After one appalled glance at us both, he peered out of the window as though estimating the feasibility of jumping out and taking a chance on the barracudas. Then, shuddering, he closed his eyes tight and sat rigid in his seat until we landed. The last we saw of him that day was as he stumbled blindly away in the direction of the bar at Mangrove Bay.

EPILOGUE

It was the hour of the pre-prandial in the Senior N.C.O.'s Mess. Our trip was over, and we were back in Greenwood. Like the murmuring of nectar-laden bees, the voices of the assembled hooks and crowns came soothingly to the ears of Warrant Officer Fresque and myself as we stood beside the bar.

"Mr. Tracy, your health!"

"Your eye, Mr. Fresque!"

Agreeable seconds passed. Then, sliding our tankards across the counter within easy reach of the barman, we considered each other apprecia-

" . . . his heart was buried in . . . Somers Garden . . . "



tively — two servants of Her Majesty at peace with themselves, the Service, and the world.

“Parting, Mr. Tracy, is such sweet sorrow.”

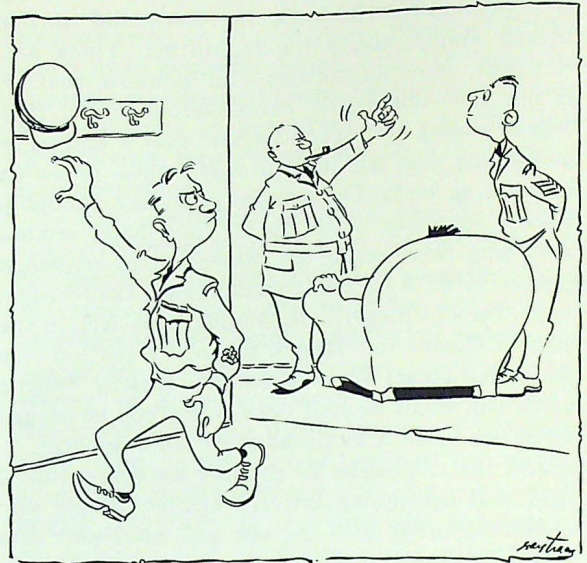
“Mr. Fresque, your words move me deeply. Your health!”

“And yours, Mr. Tracy.”

To the accompaniment of such urbane exchanges, time slipped by imperceptibly. Many knotty points of Air Force policy were settled to our mutual satisfaction, and I feel that only my unaccountable inability to recollect what we said stands between the United Nations Organization and the solution to the world’s problems. At length, however, closing-time came as it always must; and the shutters slid inexorably between us and the bar’s bright array. Sighing, we turned and made our way towards the door.

As we passed behind the easy chair in which Shatterproof still sat holding forth to a small group of survivors, I caught the last few sentences of what he was saying:

“ . . . and so, gentlemen, I think we can safely say that the exercise was a success in more senses than one. Not only did it afford me an opportunity of placing my knowledge of naval strategy at the disposal of our air crew, but it also enabled me to lead Warrant Officer Tracy yet a little further



along the road of international diplomacy. I can say with absolute sincerity that he is a young man of great promise. His steps are, of course, still somewhat faltering, but I feel convinced that a few more such trips with me . . .”

Shuddering, I stepped out into the night.

THE WORST GAMBLE

Came across an interesting comparison in connection with safety the other day. It goes like this:

If you had \$17,000,000 and I had \$1.00, would you bet your vast fortune against my lone dollar that you could toss a book into the air and catch it as it falls?

Of course you wouldn’t. The odds are all out of proportion to the risk.

Perhaps you feel no one in his right mind would

take such a chance. If so, you’re wrong. Thousands of apparently sane workers — not once, but many times each day — take chances in the face of these odds. Only they wager years against minutes.

The average adult of 35 years has 17,000,000 minutes to live. Every time he takes a chance to save one minute, he wagers all his remaining years.

“When you gamble on safety, you bet your life.”

(“*Between Ourselves*”: T.C.A.)

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

PART EIGHT

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

(Part Seven ended just as the author heard the declaration of the Second World War over the radio in the Iraq Levies' Mess at Habbaniya, Iraq, on 3 September 1939.—EDITOR.)

THE heartache and desolation of the war that descended on the world in September of 1939 left the Middle East relatively unaffected. While great struggles were taking place over the English channel and history was being made on the beaches of Dunkirk, the armed forces in the desert countries pursued the even tenor of their ways.

This was not by choice; we were, after all, professional fighting men, and it was galling indeed to be so remote from the immediate battles that were being waged by the small nucleus of the regular air force in the U.K. It was unfair too, to be labelled "the hired assassins of the East" and to be accused of "basking in the sunshine of the Nile while the auxiliary squadrons and volunteer reserves fight the air battles". (Thus we were referred to by a lady member of the House of Commons.) There was, however, just enough appropriateness in her remarks to make their taste unpleasant, and we longed for the day when we too could fly against the new and greater enemy.

That was the way we felt at the time, or at least the way we told each other we felt. All the same, we wore our hero-suits with a swagger, and we became the toast of the bars and bistros without firing a shot in anger or risking our necks in hostile skies. But although we lived for a while on the reflected glory of the few, before many months had passed we were to pay our share of the score in

full — over the desert sands of Libya, in the icy clouds over Greece, and across the deadly skies of Crete and Malta.

Looking back, I find it remarkable how we accepted certain events as inevitable. We accepted Germany's declaration of war as the greatest possible folly on Hitler's part, and I'm not at all sure that we didn't feel a little sorry for the German people, thrust into a conflict with Britain that they hadn't the remotest chance of winning. Throughout our lives we had been indoctrinated with the belief that right conquered might, that Britannia ruled the sea, and that England always won the last battle. Oddly enough, when I come to think of it, our confidence in those beliefs was never really shaken even in the darkest of the days that were to come. I can't recall a single discussion or argument that started with "If we should lose —"

* * *

I won my first personal victory of the war by getting out of my instructional job and nicely ensconced as flight commander in an operational squadron. It took me just one month to wangle my way out of No. 4 F.T.S. in Iraq, where I was O.C. the gunnery flight, and into No. 30 (Bomber) Squadron back in Ismailia, Egypt. I was very happy about this move. No. 30 Squadron looked like a good bet to get into any fight that might

start up. As events transpired, I could have made a fortune on that bet, had it ever been laid.

No. 30 Squadron flew the Mk. 1 *Blenheim*. Although she lacked armour plate and self-sealing tanks, and although only one Lewis gun of First World War vintage protected her tail, the "Short-Nose" *Blenheim* could step high and fast in the terms of 1939, and her *Bristol* engines were the finest ever built.

Month after month, No. 30 trained. Night after night we made long lonely trips over the Stygian darkness of the Sinai Desert, to arrive at dawn over the live-bombing range and there to drop our four 250-pound bombs or perhaps a load of incendiaries. By day we bombed from high and low level, and in between we carried out long patrols down the Gulf of Suez to ensure that no one was trespassing on our sea. Sqn. Ldr. Shannon, our hard-driving C.O., was justifiably confident that he had the best-trained operationally-ready bomber squadron in the middle East Air Force. On 10 June 1940, Mussolini joined Hitler by declaring war on England, and, on June 11th, Middle East H.Q., in their infinite wisdom and by a simple signal, turned No. 30 Squadron into an untrained fighter squadron.

This was done very simply by an order that removed our bomb-racks and substituted a pack of four Browning guns under the belly of the aircraft. Our disappointment at this change, and at the thought of our months of wasted training, was somewhat tempered by the fact that in those early days we were still naïve enough to believe that this was all part of a broader plan.

I was enjoying a rare evening at home in Ismailia on that June 10th in 1940. The radio was tuned to the B.B.C.; the unhurried and dulcet voice of the announcer gave no emphasis to what he was saying. It wasn't until my wife came into the room and remarked, "What was that he said about Italy?", that I paid any attention to the announcement that our war in Egypt had started. I packed a bag, gave my wife my cheque book, my .38 revolver, and a good-bye kiss. When the staff car came to take me to the station (as I knew it would), I was waiting, complete with respirator

and "tin" hat (to be placed under the *Blenheim*'s seat.)

It was to be many long months before I returned home again.

* * *

The squadron left early the next day for our first war station, Ikingi Mariut, in the desert outside Alexandria. Our first job was to carry out fighter patrols over the vital harbour areas. In addition to this duty, we had another — dreamed up by H.Q. Cairo. It was quite unbelievable then, and has remained so (to me, anyway) ever since.

It was called "shadow patrol". The idea was that the pilot would take-off and pick up the enemy bomber after it had bombed Alexandria and ascertain what type it was! Apart from the fact that he could have done this with field-glasses from the door of his tent, at that time the Italians had only one type, the 3-engined S-79. This wasn't the end of it, however. Our hero would then proceed to follow the enemy bomber to its home base, "taking the greatest precautions against being shot down", and thus find out where it came from. Meanwhile, of course, on the S-79, all the way back to its desert lair, a very puzzled Italian wireless operator would be busy pounding out the strange news that a *Blenheim*, for some inexplicable reason, seemed to be coming home with him. This ensured our hero a hearty welcome from the Italian CR-42 fighters, and usually the last view he had of the S-79 was as it disappeared into the west while he himself turned in the direction of a friendly fighter airfield in the hope of inducing a *Gladiator* or two to come up and delouse him. This whole thing was a very silly game, and it didn't last very long.

It was during these late summer months of 1940, while the Mediterranean convoys were taking such a beating from the enemy air on their Malta-Alexandria run, that No. 30 Squadron, with its relatively long-range *Blenheim* fighters, was given the additional task of convoy escort. This was the most satisfying duty of all. We shot down several S-79s that were flying out from the Dodecanese Islands secure in the belief that they

were safely out of range of our land-based fighters. We quickly disillusioned them, but not without cost. Dick Lee, making a stem attack, was caught by the rear-firing belly-guns of a 79 and bailed out just as his aircraft blossomed into flames. His gunner, either dead or caught in the flaming wreckage, rode it down to the water. Dick's 'chute opened without trouble, and soon he was in the warm water of the Mediterranean, safe in his "Mae West" and directly ahead of the convoy. But, so great was the submarine menace, and so high were the stakes, that the convoy sailed steadily by, and we, Dickie's friends, helpless in our land-'planes, learned that there were strange ways in which a pilot could be called upon to die.

* * *

There is little to be said about the aerial war over the desert that has not already been said more adequately elsewhere. I do believe, however, that history has yet recorded the fact that No. 30 Squadron was the only desert squadron that had a piggery. The pigs (two lady pigs, as I recall) were the property of our disciplinarian Flight Sergeant. He had purchased (or, more probably, won) these pigs in Alexandria one memorable evening when they were just piglets. The Flight Sergeant, who was a staunch teetotaller, a strict disciplinarian, and weighed over 250 lbs., was usually pressed into service as vehicle-driver and general looker-after of everyone on those not too frequent occasions when the squadron repaired to the beauty-spots of Alex for an evening of relaxation with the beauties. The Flight Sergeant, whose services would not be required for the first hour or two, would disappear on solitary excursions into the darkness of the blacked-out city.

It was after one of these sorties that he reappeared just in time to save two of our chaps from the wrath of some kilted soldiers who were objecting to the airmen's natural curiosity as to whether they did or did not. The Flight Sergeant, in action, was a sight to behold at any time, but on this occasion the eerie squeals and grunts that he seemed to be emitting during the fracas attracted the biggest crowd seen in Alexandria since Farouk had left for Cairo to escape the Italian

bombs. When the tumult and the shouting died away, and the casualties were loaded into the car, he triumphantly produced two small and very frightened porkers. Where or how he had acquired them we never did find out, but he loved every bristle on their miserable hides. He was eventually killed, leading a bayonet charge against German paratroopers on Onete, without ever having revealed where those mysterious pigs had come from.

Since I was a Canadian, he felt that I was probably more sympathetic to farm animals than the other pilots, and so my flight dispersal area was honoured with the piggery. Made out of old packing-cases, its only real purpose was to keep the pigs out of the props; most of the time they followed the Flight Sergeant around like pet dogs. In order to protect them from becoming P.O.W.s of envious squadrons in the vicinity, we established their status as civilians. With a brush and black paint, we gave those now-much-larger porkers civilian aircraft registration markings. One became G-PORK, and the other (in my honour), CF-PIG. It is sad to relate that both RK and IG became casualties before the squadron's next move. They attended a dinner in their honour in all three mess tents — and mighty good eating they were, even though we had had to remove the bristles with a blow-torch. As was usual in such compassionate cases, we gave the Flight Sergeant a special three-day pass, and it was unreliably reported that, abstainer though he was, he downed a small mild-and-bitter to assuage his grief.

All this talk of pigs, by the way, reminds me that H.Q. Staff Officers, both Army and Air Force, had at that time a penchant for having their uniforms tailor-made from the finest gabardine. Thus, quite naturally, they became known by the desert officers as the "gabardine swine".

* * *

In September 1940, I was ordered to take my flight to Haifa in Palestine. There I was to set up a standing fighter-patrol at 20,000 feet over the harbour to protect it from sporadic raids by the S-79s from the Dodecanese Islands. This was not too difficult except for the fact that, without



oxygen, staying alert and awake at that altitude presented a problem. It was an uneventful period, and one which would not be worth mentioning at all except for two minor happenings. First, a beach at Cyprus was front-gunned by the Italians, and some children were killed. This caused a bit of a flurry, and I took three *Blenheims* over to that very beautiful island for a four-day stay — which, unfortunately, was uneventful as far as air action was concerned. And second, a group of Free French pilots, flying *Morane* fighters and *Potez 63* light bombers, came under my command. As a result, a few years later in London, my wife and I received an invitation to meet that most unusual man, General De Gaulle.

Our pleasant task at Haifa came to an abrupt end on 5 November (Guy Fawkes Day) 1940. A peremptory signal from R.A.F. Headquarters in Jerusalem ordered us back to Egypt forthwith. Within a few hours we were packed, airborne, and *en route* to Ikingi Mariut.

We climbed westward over Mount Carmel and set course over the lush green citrus groves that stretched along the fertile coastal plain. The brilliant blue of the Mediterranean off our right wings contrasted sharply with the golden glare from the beach and the brilliant white of the piled cumulus clouds. It was a peaceful picture, and I was not surprised when my air-gunner said over the intercom, in an unusually soft voice, "Gor' blimey, skipper, it's a beautiful country!" I didn't answer, but my mind went back over the last few years and conjured up memories of some of my former friends — "Jock" Waddell, D.S.O., D.F.C., a jovial little pilot, with the burr of Scotland in his voice; tall taciturn Sergeant-Pilot Tebbs; Poynton, from New Zealand; Williams, a red-headed Welshman; and many others who, not so long ago, had found out the hard way that looks were often deceptive in this part of the world. They lay together now in the small cemetery beside the old crusaders' tower on a gentle hill overlooking the ancient village of Ramleh, above which at that very moment our small formation of *Blenheims* was flying.

These were unwontedly morbid thoughts; and, as we passed Gaza and headed into Egypt, I left

them behind in Palestine, where they belonged, and began to wonder about our immediate future. We refuelled at Ismailia, then pressed on in the gathering dusk toward Alexandria and our personal piece of desert at Ikingi.

We landed without the aid of flares, just at last light. As each of us came to a rolling stop, we waited until the ground crew arrived with special sand-filters to place over the engines' air intakes before we taxied to our dispersal area. Then we climbed stiffly out of our aircraft and slid down the wings to the ground. The sand, of about the consistency of face-powder, rose in puffs and hung almost motionless in the still desert evening, just about head-high. We breathed it in slowly. "We're home!" said my navigator.

It was strangely quiet in the mess tent; only the Intelligence Officer was there to greet us. He had two important pieces of news. First, at dawn next morning we were to take-off for Mersa Matruh, where we would open sealed orders as to our eventual destination. Second, the local A.O.C. was giving a farewell party at the Cecil Hotel in Alexandria, and we were all invited. For my personal information, my wife, who was living in Alexandria, was already at the party and expecting me.

We lost no time in heading for the big town, twenty odd miles to the north-east. We'd covered about ten miles of the trip, when the searchlights came on and pointed probing fingers into the darkness over the west harbour that sheltered the British Mediterranean Fleet. We couldn't hear the wailing of the distant sirens, but, as we doused our headlights and pressed on with undiminished speed, we did hear the Egyptian frontier guards yell at us from the roadside that the "spaghetti bombers" were coming. We did not stop. It was going to take more than "spaghetti bombers" to keep us from the party ahead. Tomorrow we were going back to war.

We hit the outskirts of Alexandria just as the bombs began to explode along the waterfront. The questing searchlights, the parachute flares, the ineffectual tracer fire that petered out thousands of feet below the high-flying bombers, all combined to give the scene a gala air. The noise inside the



double black-out doors of the Cecil Hotel successfully blocked out the crashing of high explosives outside. The party was obviously a success.

The Air Commodore met us at the bar and gave us a hearty welcome. His jovial "What ho, chaps! Have a drink. I hear you're off to Greece in the morning", could be heard all over the bar. I thought of the sealed orders, carefully labeled "Most Secret", that awaited us at Mersa Matruh, and I looked around to see how much interest this statement had aroused. My wife, noting my look of concern, told me to stop worrying; everyone had known for several days that No. 30 Squadron was moving to Greece. Well, we in "B" flight jolly well hadn't known, and I was somewhat concerned. Bob Davidson* and I retired to a comparatively quiet corner behind the "galli-galli" man, and, while we idly watched him pulling numerous baby chicks out of his far-from-clean robes, we pondered this business of moving from the Egyptian desert to a Balkan winter.

Our aircraft had desert sand-filters installed; we had no maps of Greece; our blind-flying instruments, never used in the sunny Egyptian skies but of vital concern over the cloud-topped mountains of Greece, were long since past the repairable stage. There were other problems to face, too. We had no winter flying-clothing, we shared oxygen masks, and the airmen hadn't been paid (for that matter, who had?). All the normal administrative and operational problems of a bomber flight were magnified by the move out of Africa into an unknown situation in Europe. We called for another ale and consoled ourselves with the thought that all these things must have been taken care of by Headquarters. Which showed, of course, how young we still were.

We went to Greece with high hearts and higher hopes, firm in our beliefs, and standing solidly on tradition. We were destined to leave Greece and Crete (those of us who did) with the feeling that, somehow, the script wasn't being followed. We had not been conditioned to lose; there was nothing in Kipling to cover an abject retreat. We left Egypt rich in our beliefs, we returned as

veterans with nothing but experience. The bitterness we felt, however, was tempered with the firm resolve that some day we would go back. We did, too; but it wasn't soon, and it wasn't easy.

* * *

Faced with a dawn take-off, I rounded up my "B" flight pilots (not without difficulty) and, before I had even said "hello" properly to my wife, said another "good-bye" and left her once again — very far from home, very young, and, although she tried not to show it, very frightened. The R.A.F. wives in the Middle East, in those early war years of retreat, defeat, and frustration, deserved more praise than they ever got, God bless them!

We landed at Mersa Matruh in time for lunch the next day. There, with the greatest secrecy, the local "spy" (Intelligence Officer) handed me the "most secret" letter. After signing a receipt in quadruplicate, I bet him a lunch at the Turf Club in Cairo (the next time our visits coincided) that I could tell him what was in the mysterious document before opening it. This smacked of blasphemy, and he grabbed the bet. So I told him that I had heard from the Cecil Hotel barman's sister that the "most secret" letter waiting for me at Mersa contained an order to move to Greece immediately. Unfortunately, I never collected that bet. The "spy" was shot down over "Hellfire Pass" one day when his pilot, *en route* to Tobruk, wandered slightly off course and tangled with some German flak.

We didn't see Crete on the way to our destination outside Athens. Cloud covered the whole of the area — low-lying stratus, almost a surface fog — out of which arose the tops of many small islands that increased in number as we neared the Greek coast. They looked for all the world like boats sailing on a strange milky-white sea.

We had no alternate and little fuel when we reached Athens by straight D.R. navigation. "D.R." stands for "Deduced Reckoning", more commonly known as "Dead Reckoning", and I found myself hoping that in our case it really meant what it stood for, because the biggest snow-covered mountains that I'd seen for many years

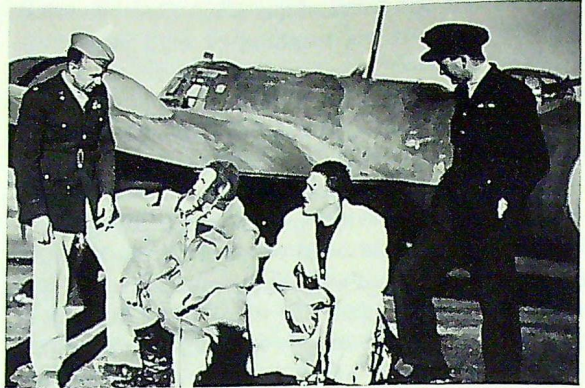
*Wing Cdr. R. T. P. Davidson, D.F.C., now in No. 1 Air Division, R.C.A.F.

lay straight ahead in a vast crescent shape. As "Bud" Richardson, our hot-shot pilot from Toronto, aggrievedly put it: "The gravy's getting mighty low!" But Dame Fortune was in a good mood that day, and she saved the lumps for later. We crossed the Corinth Canal, and there before us we saw the airfield at Eleusis (pronounced "Elefsis", maybe for the same reason the Englishman says "Beaver" when he means "Belvoir").

And so, on 6 November 1940, No. 30 Squadron, in fulfillment of Prime Minister Winston Churchill's promise to the Greek people, became the sole representative in Greece of the might of the British Empire that was going to help throw the invader back into the sea. The "Wolves of Tuscany" were going to be driven back across the Adriatic into Italy whence they'd come.— And, by God, the Greeks were already doing it! The Evzones, shorn of their fancy many-pleated skirts and turned-up slippers, and with their feet now wrapped in rags for warmth against the bitter mountain cold, were driving the pride of Mussolini's army in headlong flight towards temporary sanctuary in the Albanian hills. It was an honour to fight beside those intense little Greek soldiers, with their fierce pride and their love of country.

The gentle Etesian winds of the Greek summer had given way to the cold snow-laden Kashava gales that roared down out of Yugoslavia. Our accommodation was primitive. We were billeted in an unfinished terminal building on the airfield. Though I'd had a little experience of this kind of living before, there was a difference here. The rain was colder than the Palestine rain, and sometimes, rather disconcertingly, it turned into sleet. Athens, however, with its light and warmth, was close at hand— Athens, at that time a city drunk on victories, living in a fool's paradise, while the Germans, with whom Greece was not yet at war, sat in the restaurants and bars, fingering their swastika pins, keeping their ears open, and watching the celebrations with cynical eyes.

This German business was confusing to us. Here we were, sitting in Zonar's bar side by side with the Herrenvolk. Across the street, at the German Embassy, the Nazi flag was snapping defiantly in the breeze. But war makes strange bedfellows;



Eleusis, Greece: Nov. 1940. Left to right: Major Craw, Flying Officer Richardson, Flying Officer Davidson, and the author.

and, as long as we were here to help the Greeks fight the Italians, we had to put up with the Germans, who were still their "friends". To add to our confusion, we had an American Army officer, Major Craw, attached to us as an official observer for a still-neutral United States. He, of course, had (ostensibly) to be friendly with everyone.

Major Craw* was one of the finest officers and gentlemen it has ever been my privilege to meet. His one ambition was to get in the fight. He hated the Germans for the heartaches and bloodshed they had caused, he despised the Italians for the jackals they were, and he was firmly convinced that his country would eventually join us in our fight for freedom. We had great difficulty in keeping him out of our combat aircraft in raids over enemy territory, where, as a neutral observer, he was not supposed to be. No harm can be done now by admitting that, on one or two occasions, we did *not* keep him on the ground, and that Major Craw, of the United States Army, flew with us to watch the bombs crashing down on those who were, in reality, our common foe.

*Colonel D. Craw, born in Charlottesville, Va. Graduated from West Point in 1924. Killed during the North African landings after winning the Congressional Medal of Honour.

(To be continued)

The ROYAL CANADIAN AIR CADETS



By Pilot Officer G. W. Gawryluk

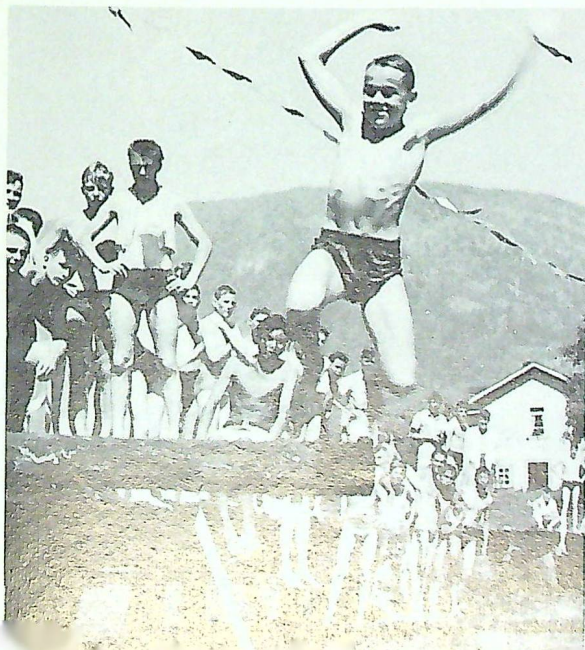
SUMMER 1955

The past summer's programme was the fullest in the history of the Royal Canadian Air Cadets. The photographs which follow depict better than words some of the highlights of the season's activities.

SUMMER CAMPS

Five thousand Air Cadets enjoyed summer-camp training and recreation at Abbotsford, B.C., Clinton, Ont., and Greenwood, N.S. During their two-week stay at summer camps, the cadets were given advanced syllabus training and familiarization flying, and engaged in organized sports.

Summer Camp.



Group Capt. J. D. Syme, M.B.E., C.O. of R.C.A.F. Station Camp Borden, introduces the Hon. R. O. Campney at the Senior Leaders' Course graduation ceremonies.

SENIOR LEADERS' COURSE

One hundred cadets attended the seven-week Senior Leaders' Course, at Camp Borden, to help prepare them for future positions of responsibility with their squadrons.

DRILL INSTRUCTORS' COURSE

One hundred cadets, chosen from squadrons across Canada, attended the seven-week Drill Instructors' Course at Abbotsford, B.C. Many graduates of this course will see future service with their squadrons as Physical Training and Drill Instructors. The purpose of the course is to raise the standard of drill in Air Cadet squadrons and to produce teams for the International and National Drill Competition.



Flt. Lt. J. Radcliffe gives a few pointers to a group of cadets attending the Drill Instructors' Course.



Civil Air Patrol cadets at Capilano Canyon, N. Vancouver.

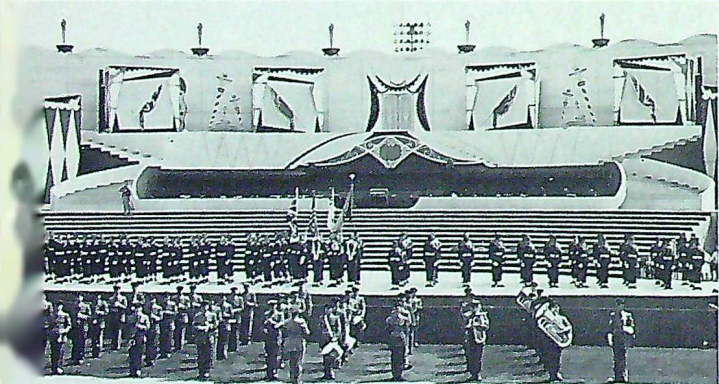
EXCHANGE VISITS

Fifty-nine cadets from Canada participated in exchange visits with the United States, Britain, Norway, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden.

INTERNATIONAL DRILL COMPETITION

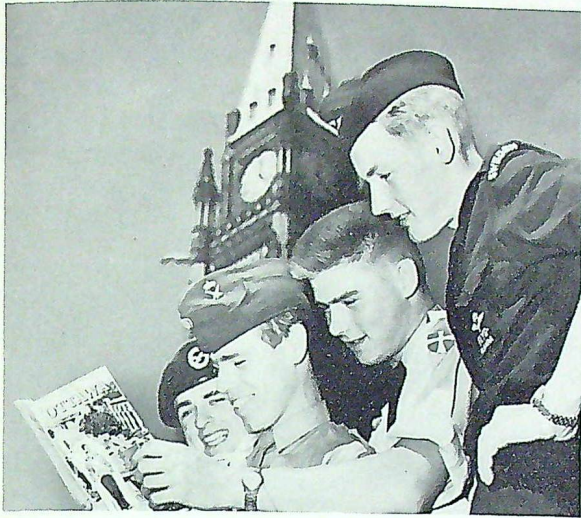
The Beau Trophy was carried away by Canada for the fifth time when the Royal Canadian Air Cadets won the eighth annual International Drill Competition between Canada and the United States at Toronto in late August.

After the Drill Competition, held at R.C.A.F. Station Downsview, two teams gave displays at the Canadian National Exhibition before 45,000 spectators.



Two Canadian cadets outside Canada House, in London





Four of the 33 cadets from overseas who visited Ottawa. Represented are (left to right): England, Norway, Denmark, and Sweden.

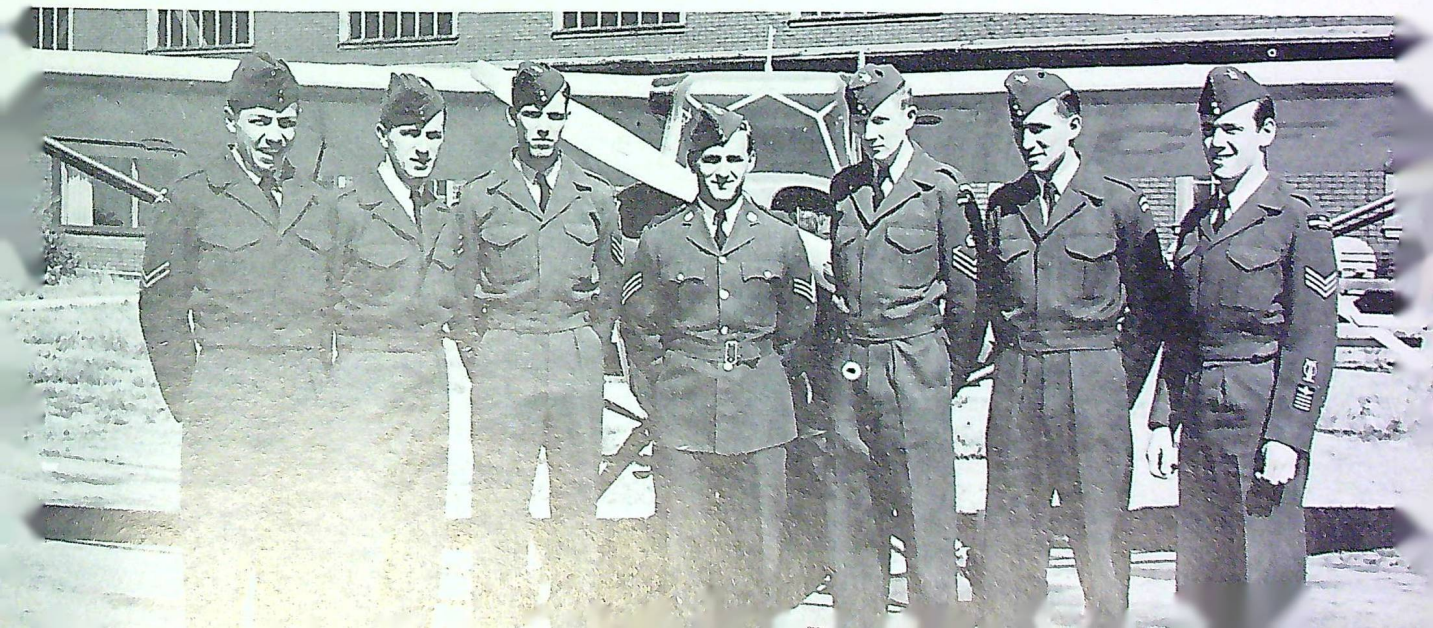
FLYING TRAINING


Well over 300 cadets took flying training at flying clubs across Canada — 250 under the R.C.A.F. scholarship plan and the remainder under special scholarships provided by the Air Cadet League. The course consisted of 30 hours' flying. On completion, cadets obtained their private pilots' licences and were awarded Air Cadet wings.



The cadets from overseas spent their first week-end in Canada at the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Douglas Taylor, near Montreal. (The dashing young man who is kissing Mrs. Taylor beneath her husband's watchful eye is not one of the cadets.)

Some of the 300 odd cadets who received flying training during the summer. (Arvaisis photograph.)





Feminine Gen

From Sgt. V. R. Dudley come yet a few more racy reflections on the world as she finds it. This time she asks herself —

I LOVE PARIS?

As a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force on overseas duty, I have been in France only four months. Already relatives and friends (probably winking slyly as they write) are hounding me to tell them of my "experiences" in Paris.

Before I am tempted to be other than honest, I must confess that my knowledge of Paris has been derived entirely from the following experiences:

- A wild autobus-ride from boat-train to a hotel on the far side of the city.
- Cautiously drawing aside a heavy *portière* and peering into the Parisian night from a hotel-room on the fourth floor. (This daring sortie was wasted, as it happened that I had an "inside" room and saw nothing but the reflection of an untidy greenish creature — me.)
- A wilder autobus-ride from hotel to railway station. We were late, and trains in France aren't.
- Shaking hands, in Metz, with the sister-in-law of a man's brother-in-law who actually lived in Paris. I count only half-score for this, as the introduction was made in French, late one Saturday night, in a crowded cafe where a jazz quartet and a guitarist, playing wild Flamenco music, vied for the attention of patrons singing "Mad-e-lon".
- Reading the book of M. Art Buchwald, a writer for the "New York Herald-Tribune" in Paris.

Possibly, I could build a decent story out of the first autobus-ride. I might tell how I saw the

Folies-Bergère, the Champs Elysées, the Maison de l'Opéra, sidewalk cafes, and seven accidents. Actually, I did see them, but they were flash impressions gained between smothered screams of fright and whipping both hands over my eyes to blot out the horrors of the gore-spattered pedestrians whom I was positive I would see, but didn't.

How drivers in Paris escape either mental institutions or manslaughter charges will never cease to amaze me. For instance, somebody in the lurching bus cried: "THERE'S THE FOLIES-BERGERE!!!" From now on, the "Folies-Bergère" will be, for me, a sudden glare of orange-pink neon, a cafe dead ahead, and people being flushed like partridges all around. (No wonder those bus-drivers get a lunch-hour from ten until two.)

From M. Buchwald I learned there are many superb sidewalk cafes along the "Champs". While I don't doubt writer Buchwald's integrity, I didn't notice one. A straining mass of cars, with suicidal motor-cyclists weaving in and out among them, held me in utter fascination. As we passed under the Arc de Triomphe (as I gathered from another passenger that we did: my own eyes were closed again), I thought of a stirring new inscription for it: UNDER THIS ARCH PASS THE BRAVEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD. Once, when our driver tried to wedge the 40-passenger bus into a solid wall of traffic, I dared a sidelong glance at a large grey building declared by a more cultured soul to be the Maison de l'Opéra. You could have fooled me. You still could, in fact.

From my taste of la Vie de Paris, I would say it's strictly for millionaires who are never called upon to do more than cross a sidewalk on foot. To the *nouveau riche* and to the rich who can still afford Paris after taxes, I'd say: "Get yourself a well-oiled, well-armoured Cadillac and an equally well-oiled and indestructible chauffeur — also a private physician in constant attendance."

My eighteen hours in Paris did make me more tolerant towards Bohemianism and the sidewalk cafe-crawling so dear to foreigners who remain alive there. From the vantage point of a sidewalk cafe one can at least dispassionately assess one's chances of survival in crossing the street, all the

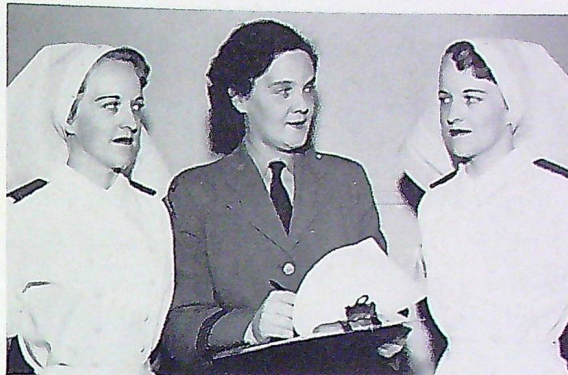
while taking on sufficient Dutch courage to attempt the feat.

Why, oh, why, do I love Paris?
Because I'm here in Metz!

DOUBLE-TAKE AT ST. JOHNS

There are ways (it is said) of telling them apart, but they're sufficiently alike to work each other's shifts should either of them have an especially important date. Nor is the situation helped by the fact that they have the same taste in most things — even ailments. Both girls came down with measles shortly after their arrival on the Station.

They are shown here with Flt. Lt. J. Edwards, one of the Station's M.O.s, in order to eliminate any possibility of future confusion. On the left is Pilot Officer Thelma (or is it Marguerite?) Lathigee, and on the right Pilot Officer Marguerite



(or is it Thelma) Lathigee. You can tell it's Thelma because she prefers raspberry-rose (or is it clear red?) lipstick. Marguerite, on the other hand, favours the latter colour (or is it the former?). After a careful study of the photograph, Sgt. Shatterproof feels that the problem opens up a fascinating field for further research.



PRESENTATION IN P.E.I.

Premier T. W. Matheson, of Prince Edward Island, is shown here receiving from the hands of Wing Cdr. R. J. Henry, D.F.C., a leather-bound history of Saskatchewan during the first half-century of its life as a province. In the background is Flt. Lt. Marion Graham, a member of No. 406 (City of Saskatoon) Squadron (Aux.), which Wing Cdr. Henry commands. The presentation took place in the Chamber of Confederation, Charlottetown, last July, when the squadron was participating in air exercises with the Army (see page 22). A similar presentation was made to the Lieutenant-Governor of the island, the Hon. T. W. L. Prowse. This year, which marks Saskatchewan's Golden Jubilee, is also witnessing Charlottetown's centennial celebrations. —



Centennial Aviation Show

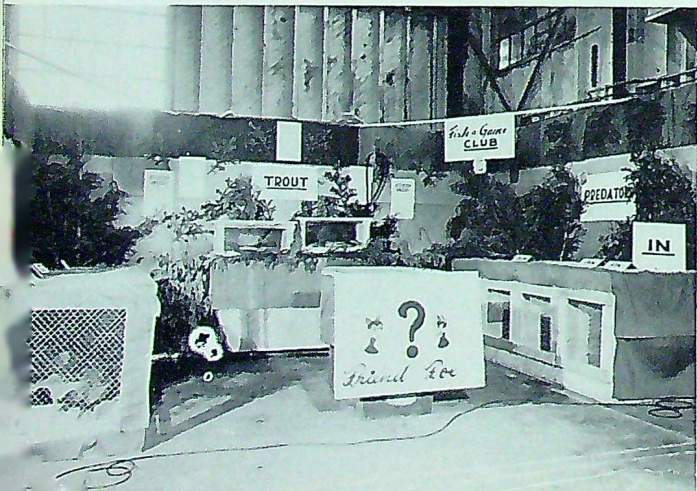
By Flying Officer J. A. McAndrew and Flight Lieutenant G. Hunn.

THE present year marks a twelve-month fiesta at Charlottetown, P.E.I., designed to celebrate the hundredth birthday of the Island Province's capital as an incorporated city.

Last winter Group Capt. W. H. Swetman, D.S.O., D.F.C., the C.O. of R.C.A.F. Station Summerside, was approached by civic officials of Charlottetown with the suggestion that his station play some part in the celebrations. Permission was granted by A.F.H.Q. to hold the usual Air Force Day festivities at Charlottetown instead of Summerside. Since, however, it was planned to stage the event a few weeks after the actual date of Air Force Day, it was decided to call it the "Centennial Aviation Show" and to enlist the assistance of civilian groups and other Service units. Co-sponsor with the R.C.A.F. was No. 201 (Charlottetown) Wing of the R.C.A.F. Association. Sqn. Ldr. G. H. Ruston was named as coordinator of the Summerside committee, and Mr. S. McInnis, president of the Maritime Group of the R.C.A.F.A., as representative for Charlottetown.

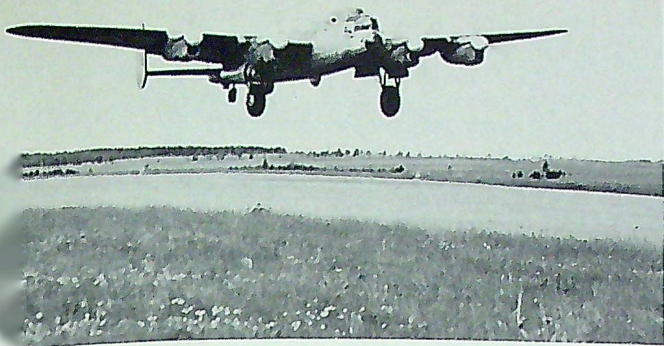
It soon became apparent that, although several projects could best be handled by the Wing, the greater share of the work would fall upon Station Summerside. The staging of a full-scale air show at Charlottetown's airport (which is fifty miles from the station, has not been very much used since 1946, and has only two hangars remaining) would involve serious problems. Every bit of the ground displays would have to be transported over roads that were far from four-lane highways. Furthermore, since the longest runway at the Charlottetown strip is only 2900 feet in length, it would be necessary to carry out most of the servicing, take-offs, and landings of the aircraft at Summerside. Manpower presented another stickler. The station would have to split its strength during the week preceding July 2nd and to halve it on the actual day. Meanwhile, training at No. 2 (Maritime) Operational Training Unit could not be interrupted. Nevertheless, with promises of full co-operation from the Department of Transport, No. 5 Supply Depot (Moncton), Air Defence Command H.Q., H.M.C.S. *Shearwater*,

The Fish and Game Club's display. (Case in centre housed a large alley-cat.)



A naval S-55 Sikorsky helicopter showing off its paces.





A Lancaster taking off from Summerside to take part in the show.



The Air Cadet precision squad of No. 60 (Charlottetown) Squadron.

and Army H.Q. in Charlottetown, plans went steadily ahead. By the morning of July 2nd, the day of the show, the unused hangar at Charlottetown, so long the silent repository of stored engines, dust, and gloom, was gay with colourful booths and echoing with shouted orders and the sounds of many feet as last-minute preparations were completed.

* * *

Some idea of the size of the ground display may be gained from the fact that motor vehicles drove more than 8,300 miles in transporting its component parts from Summerside to Charlottetown and back again. In all, twenty-eight ground displays filled the hangar. Among the civilian companies represented were Fairey Aviation, T.C.A., Cossor Ltd., Maritime Central Airways, and A. V. Roe. Throughout the afternoon, high-fidelity reproductions of classical and popular music, presented by Cossor Ltd., entertained the crowds. The most popular of the R.C.A.F.'s displays was that of the station's Fish and Game Club, which included baby skunks (undeodorized), wild fox-cubs, quail, geese, and a tankful of live trout.

Up until the last minute the weather seemed promising. The air show had been planned to last for an hour and a half, with aircraft from R.C.A.F. Stations Summerside, Greenwood, St. Hubert, Bagotville, Chatham, H.M.C.S. *Shearwater*, and the Moncton Flying Club, taking part. The morning of July 2nd, however, brought overcast skies, and the weather steadily deteriorated until, at "GO" time, a five-hundred foot ceiling and low visibility surrounded Prince Edward Island. The CF-100 and the F-86 jets were therefore kept on

the ground, and the *Neptune* formation was unable to maintain its holding-point and was forced to turn back to Summerside; but the remainder pressed on in the best show-business tradition and gave a performance that will long be remembered by the 15,000 spectators who witnessed it. Opening with aerobatics by a *Cornell* from the Moncton Flying Club, the flying continued without a break through jet-assisted take-offs, para-drops, helicopter rescues, aerobatics by *Sea Furies*, and demonstrations by the *Otter*, *Packet*, and *Lancaster*, until a *Lanc* of No. 2 O.T.U. closed the show with a direct hit on a dummy submarine.

Mr. Foster Hewitt, the well-known sports broadcaster, had been invited by Group Capt. Swetman as the guest of honour. Introduced by Mr. G. R. Howard, president of No. 401 Wing of the R.C.A.F.A., he addressed the crowd for several minutes before officially opening the show. "When Cartier," he said, "sailed his sixty-ton vessel into these waters, he never dreamed that someday aerial transportation would bridge the rough waters and unite islands and mainlands. He never visualized that the time would come when men would fly faster than the speed of sound. Yet these things have come to pass. Today on this island we are privileged to observe some of the progress that has been made in aviation and to meet great flyers whose skill and courage has matched the power and flexibility of machines."

The Lieutenant Governor of Prince Edward Island was present on the dais, as was also a representative of the Mayor of Charlottetown, together with other provincial and city officials. Air Commodore Martin Costello, C.B.E., A.O.C.

Maritime Air Command, flew over from Halifax for the afternoon and took a keen interest in all phases of the afternoon's activities. A half-hour concert was given by the Central Command Band before the opening ceremonies, and the P.E.I. Air Cadet Squadrons also made their contribution. The band of No. 53 (Summerside) Squadron opened the afternoon by playing while a precision drill team from No. 60 (Charlottetown) Squadron staged a display that reflected a great deal of credit on the League's local organization. More

than 200 officers and airmen of R.C.A.F. were on hand throughout the day.

If one word could be used to explain the success of the Centennial Aviation Show, that word is "co-operation". For it was the co-operation between R.C.A.F. Station Summerside, the people of Charlottetown, and the other Services, that made it possible to bring the Royal Canadian Air Force before the eyes of the public on a scale never before attempted by the unit.

REUNION IN WINNIPEG

In June 1947, thirty-two airmen graduated from the sixth Clerk Admin. course at No. 2 Composite Training School, Trenton, commanded by Wing Cdr. J. L. Berven, A.F.C. Today, eight years and some twenty postings later, five of them are working together again at Winnipeg, where their former O.C. is now serving as Staff Officer Air Training in No. 14 Training Group. All the airmen joined the Service in September 1946.



Wing Cdr. J. L. Berven, A.F.C. Sgt. W. A. Swenarchuk.

Sgt. J. F. Mason.



Sgt. L. E. Stewart.



Sgt. R. M. Patriquin.



Cpl. W. Hamilton.



"What I like about Canada"

(Some months ago the Bureau of Current Affairs sponsored an essay competition in which about 450 members of the armed services wrote on the subject of "What I like about Canada". The judges had a great deal of difficulty in selecting the three best essays, for there was little to choose between the top nine submissions. It was therefore decided to recognize all nine writers — three with cash awards, as promised, and six with letters of high commendation. Winner of the first prize was Chief Petty Officer Percy (R.C.N.); of the second, W.O.2 G. F. Crosby (R.C.A.F.); and of the third, Sgt. B. I. Charland, B.E.M. (Cdn. Army). The six recipients of the letters of commendation were divided equally between the Army and the Air Force. We are publishing here the essays of the three Air Force "runners-up".—EDITOR.)

L.A.C. G. P. DAY-JENNEX

Canada — the word flows from the lips like a peaceful melody. To the casual viewer, here is a nation of fertile lands, great industries, a healthy population, and, with God's grace, a seemingly bright future. More important than these, however, are those things which are woven into our institutions, those things which allow the natural functions of man to operate freely: liberty, equality, and justice.

Spencer once wrote: "Every man is free to do which he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man." In Canada this definition of freedom is carried to its fullest; here, no matter what our race or religion, there are equal opportunities for all, with the firm assurance that if our freedom is infringed upon we will receive justice. When the individual is relieved from personal fear he can act with certainty and fairness; since a democratic nation is only individuals acting collectively, this action exemplifies the nation. As world affairs show, Canada is looked upon by other members of our troubled world as a nation that does act with certainty and fairness — a tribute of which every Canadian should be proud.

From the battleground of old when the two world powers of England and France fought on the

Plains of Abraham, Canada has become a nation moulded by two major peoples with different cultures, languages, and religions. The English and French Canadians have become united in their common love and loyalty to their homeland. Side by side they have given the best from their heritages, each being conscious that, without the other, Canada, as it now is, could not be.

Although a French or British ancestry is the background of the majority of Canadians, there are also the very important smaller groups who have each added their part to the creation of this, our country. Canada has had the privilege of benefiting from the social and cultural heritages of many countries of the world. In the days to come we can expect from our new countrymen — the more than a million people who have come to Canada to start a new life since 1945 — still richer benefits.

Canada, thus, has been developed by many peoples into a nation which gives equal opportunities and freedoms not only to its major components, but to all groups no matter how small. For the future we can look with pride to the fact that our children, no matter whether English or French, black or white, Catholic, Jew, Protestant, or of some other unnamed group, will be able to carry on as loyal Canadians the work started by

our forefathers. For Canada, with God's help, there lies ahead the possibility of the greatest height to which any nation can aspire — the leadership of the world's nations in the exemplification of the truth that all men are brothers and that peace on earth is the ultimate goal. We, as Canadians of today, have the great responsibility of helping our country toward this end.

SGT. J. L. MARSH

To ask a man why he loves a country poses a question which may require considerable thought. I suppose a man loves a nation in much the same way as he does a woman, unreasonably, for her failures no less than for her accomplishments.

Until recently, Canada was "a country strangely unknown to the world and to itself". Indeed, it is only since Canada became a nation that Canadians have been discovering themselves. Canadians, because of their affiliation with the United States both geographically and politically, and as a result of close relationship with Great Britain, have developed a tradition and *mores* of their own which are neither British nor American. They are American, but not in the sense that the people of the United States use that word.

The country of Canada is physically large among the nations of the world. On the map she is seen to consist of a series of clotting and thinning population dots stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the North Pole to the United States boundary. But for all this physical bulk, coupled with the fact that Canada is a bilingual country made up of many races of varied traditions and instincts, she has remained united and is today stronger than at any time in her history. With the bond of common citizenship, the best accomplishments, traditions, and customs of these diverse races have been grafted into a Canadian culture.

The feel and texture of Canada is not easily put into words. It may be felt in the vast tundra of the north, fated in large part to be lonely always, along the rocky, serrated coastline of Newfoundland, the long-inhabited sea-swept coast of the Maritimes, or in an old-fashioned rural parish in

Quebec. It may be found in the industrial bulwark of Ontario, on the broad flat expanse of the Prairies with their little towers and elevator towns, or across the barrier of the Rockies in the rich timberland of British Columbia.

The citizens of Canada are a tolerant, independent people. Theirs is the democratic way. This means that the government exists solely as a servant of the people to guide them in time of peace as well as in war. The good citizen sees in democracy, despite its deficiencies and defects, the best system of government yet devised to enable the individual to live a full and free life. He can be depended upon to defend his country and democracy against enemies without or within.

Canada's contribution to Canadians — and indeed to all peoples — cannot be measured by mere phrases. The assistance she has given in the defence of the free world through the North Atlantic Treaty Organization has made her one of the foremost contributors to countries requiring mutual aid. As a member of the United Nations, Canada is respected as a middle power whose influence is often strongly felt. She has stood resolute on issues pertaining to freedom and the rights of individuals as members of "the Parliament of Man".

In the final analysis, what I like about Canada may be summed up in the words of the poet: "This is my own, my native land".

L.A.C. B. J. ZEBALA

As a member of one of the allied armies during the last war I had an opportunity of travelling all over the world. Being unable to return to my own country, mainly for political reasons, I have been compelled to search for a place to live.

Since I had read a lot about Canada, and mostly in superlatives, I decided that the best way to satisfy my curiosity would be to go there, and find out if it was not another case of exaggerated propaganda. What I have found here has highly exceeded my expectations. On the basis of comparison with the other countries in which I lived, I should say without any hesitation that Canada is an example of an almost ideal democratic state.

Freedom of political expression, complete lack of racial, national and religious discrimination, and an extremely high standard of living are the principal aspects of the Canadian way of life which strike any immigrant immediately on arrival. Since the above features are of the greatest importance to any free man, and since we find all three of them in this country, I shall attempt to discuss each one of them briefly.

High standard of living.— In every other country, things such as cars, electrical appliances, high quality food, etc., are only accessible to some either privileged or rich people. Here it is sometimes difficult to draw a dividing line between the upper and lower class. Everybody seems to live on a high level, and class distinction is almost non-existent.

Political freedom.— This privilege is extended so far that even communists are tolerated. Canadians vote freely and choose their leaders without pressure from any political party. The Canadian Government permits every party to have an equal share in the country's internal and external affairs. Any Canadian citizen can express

an opinion about any member of his government, including the Premier, without fear of the security police arresting him at his own home at midnight.

Lack of any discrimination.— It is difficult to realize how important this is until one loses his country, and is forced to look for a shelter somewhere else. In every other country where I lived for a while, I felt like a chased dog. I was continuously refused jobs, and some people were making nasty remarks on account of my nationality. Here in Canada people have accepted me at once, and no one seems to care about my national origin. The only distinction is, I am called a new Canadian, while others are old Canadians. I feel like I have been living in this country all my life, and I have made more friends here than I had ever made in any other country.

I now understand why I met so many Canadian soldiers during the last war, all being volunteers fighting alongside other nations. They went into the war to defend their wonderful way of life and all their freedoms which I, as a new Canadian, now can enjoy too.



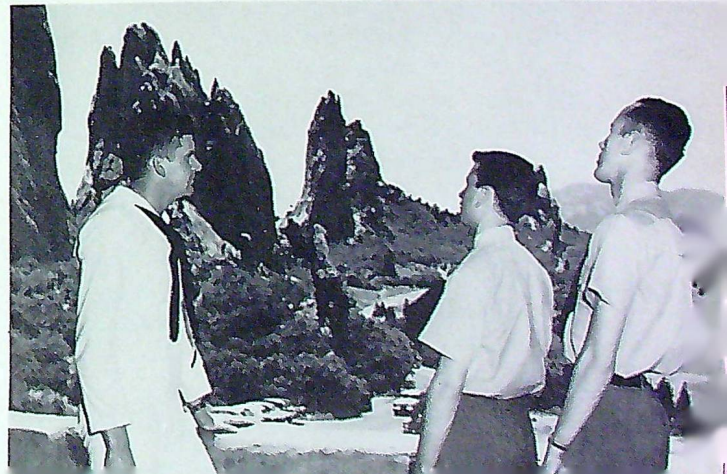
FIRST AIRMEN AT CONAD

The first R.C.A.F. airmen to be stationed at Continental Air Defence Command (CONAD) are Corporals Lloyd Le Drew and Thomas McCarthy. CONAD, located at Colorado Springs, Colo., is the headquarters of the air defense system of the North American Continent. Both airmen are now on their second term of service in the Air Force.

Members of the R.C.A.F. Planning Liaison Staff at CONAD, they work under Group Captain G. S. Austin. Unlike his airmen, Group Captain Austin is no novelty at CONAD, as there have

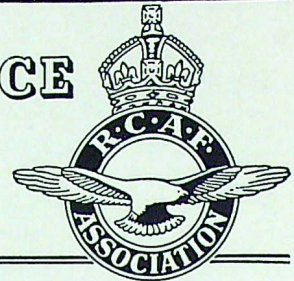
been Canadian officers there for the last four years.

Our photograph shows the two airmen during a visit to the celebrated Garden of the Gods. Left to right: U.S. Navy Machinist's Mate John Hughes, Cpl. McCarthy, and Cpl. Le Drew.



ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

Association



U.S. AIR FORCE ASSOCIATION'S 9th ANNUAL CONVENTION

The 9th Annual Convention and Reunion of the United States Air Force Association was held in San Francisco, in mid-August. The R.C.A.F. Association was represented by its National President, Air Vice-Marshal K. M. Guthrie, C.B., C.B.E.

This year's Convention was the second largest in the A.F.A.'s history. Every past-president was on hand, as well as all but one of its National officers, ninety-nine per cent of its Wing (our Group) presidents, and ninety-six per cent of its Squadron (our Wing) presidents. Top-brass civilian leaders of the U.S.A.F. and the aviation industry attended, as also did leading scientists such as Dr. Edward Teller, of H-bomb fame. The U.S.A.F. Service contingent was headed by General Twining, Chief of Air Staff, and practically every commanding-general in the Air Force was there. In all, just under 1900 members of the A.F.A. and U.S.A.F. came to the Convention, plus some 200 civilian representatives of the government, the scientific world, and the aviation and associated industries.

It was heart-warming to be greeted by our American neighbours as one of their own gang, but it was even more heart-warming to encounter quite a large number of Canadian aviation industry representatives, headed by Air Marshal Curtis. They were at the Convention to attend the special (closed) briefings staged for the industry under the moderatorship of General Jimmy Doolittle, an A.F.A. past-president.

During the past year the A.F.A. has expanded

steadily to its present membership of approximately 49,000. The increase in Active (our Regular) Members was over 3700; the number of industrial firms associated with the A.F.A. increased from 180 to 235; and there are now some 4,000 cadet members. This latter class of membership is still growing.

The specific theme of this year's Convention was "Main Street in the Hydrogen Age". The basic theme of the A.F.A.—"Air Power for National Security and World Peace"—was also stressed throughout all meetings. Again, as in previous years, frequent reference was made to one of the chief projects of the Association — to bring home the necessity of air power, with all its problems and responsibilities, to every man, woman, and child in the United States. Every speaker, both civilian and military, stressed the importance of maintaining a strong, alert, and modern Air Force, and pointed out the dangers of complacency and wishful thinking arising from the superficial change in Soviet Russia's political tactics.

* * *

The first business was a "Reserve Air Force Clinic", at which a very frank exposition of the Reserve Air Force's current situation and problems was given by the Hon. John Lerom (Deputy Ass't. Secretary, U.S.A.F.), and other senior officers concerned with all phases of the Reserve Air Force. This "clinic" disclosed the great strides forward made in the Reserve Air Forces. Enrolment has practically tripled in the past year, and the strength now stands at almost 320,000.



Membership in the Air National Guard, Air Force Reserve, and Air R.O.T.C. at colleges, has been growing at the rate of 3200 a month. A large number of the Reserve units are now equipped with the same operational equipment as the Regular units (F-86s) and participate actively in the air defence of the United States, many Reserve squadrons relieving Regular units on alert status.

At the Reserve Air Forces' luncheon, the guest speaker was Dr. Edward Teller. He told how he had stumbled upon the secret of the hydrogen bomb while conducting basic research, but his address dealt mainly with the peaceful developments arising from further studies of nuclear physics. He forecast predicted and controlled weather within the next ten years. He stressed the urgent need for more young men in scientific work, particularly basic research, and he indicated that this should be a matter of national concern.

A business session of the A.F.A. followed, which was similar in most respects to our own business sessions. In the evening there was a preview of the "Panorama of Industry", and also a reception in the giant Civic Auditorium. In the large square outside, several types of U.S.A.F. aircraft were on display. This industrial display was a tremendous affair. Several hours were necessary for visits to all the booths and exhibits.

* * *

The following morning was devoted to the A.F.A.'s Air Power Symposium, the theme of which was "Main Street in the Hydrogen Age". The symposium was in four sections, each with a different speaker:

Information (the need for an informed public and the means of informing it): Mr. Theodore Koop, Director of News, C.B.S., Washington.

Education: the Rev. John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., President Emeritus Notre Dame University.

Community Relations: Mayor George Dempster, Knoxville, Tenn.

Civil Defence: Brig.-Gen. Thomas Phillips, Military Analyst, "St. Louis Post-Despatch".

The sum and substance of the Symposium was the urgent need for reorientation of thinking and action among government and civic authorities,

as well as among ordinary citizens, created by the latest nuclear weapons and the U.S.S.R.'s possession both of them and of the means of delivering them, and also the need for a better-informed public and its complete acceptance of both the air age and the nuclear age. The danger of complacency arising from lack of information or from misinformation on the part of government, was again stressed.

It was noteworthy that, in General Phillips' view, the U.S.A.'s civil defence, which is presently organized as a State and local responsibility, is "hopelessly inadequate to fulfill any of its functions." He criticized the "let-the-civilians-handle-Civil-Defence" attitude, and stated that it must be recognized "that Civil Defence is too important to be left to the vagaries of co-ordination between States." He advocated control by the Defence Department and suggested that the first requirement for maximum civil defence was at the air bases from which both defensive and offensive air forces would operate, not at large cities. If the air bases go, the rest will collapse like rotten apples falling from a tree.

General Nathan F. Twining gave an address at the luncheon which followed the Air Power Symposium. His subject, "Air Force Responsibilities", was followed attentively by the delegates. He referred to President Eisenhower's proposal to the Soviet Union to exchange facilities for air photography — a proposal aimed squarely against surprise air attack — as one which could be a key step towards peace. He said that, if this proposal is accepted, "even the U.S.A.F. air bases, where we are now standing 24-hour vigil against a possible Soviet attack, would conceivably be made available to the Soviets for this purpose." General Twining, it should be added here, was awarded the A.F.A.'s highest award, the H. H. Arnold Trophy, as American "Aviation's Man of the Year." This is the equivalent of our McKee Trophy.

A business session ensued, at which some 71 resolutions were submitted. It was a most interesting affair, with a very wide range of subjects coming under discussion. Later, the annual "Wing-Ding", under the control of Ronald Reagan, was

staged in the city's largest hotel. With more than 2000 persons attending, it was a real "jam session".

* * *

In the morning, the second business session was highlighted by the selection of the site for the 1956 Convention. Throughout the earlier stages of the Convention there had been much good-humoured "lobbying" between the two contending cities, Miami and New Orleans. The Miami Wing had a large number of gimmicks, including a luscious red-headed Miss Miami. The New Orleans Wing merely offered a "for free" bar — morning, afternoon, and night — with its members manning the dispensary and a lovely lady as hostess. The 1956 Convention will be held in New Orleans.

The final A.F.A. banquet was a tremendous affair, occupying three large ballrooms and several smaller rooms. The various A.F.A. awards were presented on this occasion. The Hoyt Vandenberg Trophy was awarded to Maj. General Lucas V. Beau "For distinguished service to air power in the field of air-age education." General Beau is well known to those working with the Canadian Air Cadets, and he is head of the Civil Air Patrol. The speaker was Roger Lewis, Ass't. Secretary for the Air Force. He gave an interesting report on the Air Force, present and future, and stressed the important rôle and responsibilities of the A.F.A. "to continue to understand, and to make certain that all Americans understand, what must be done to keep our Air Force the best in the world." Four of the eleven U.S.A.F. airmen recently released by the Chinese Communists were special guests at the banquet.

Early on Sunday the 14th, Air Vice-Marshal Guthrie attended a V-J Memorial Service at the Golden Gate National Cemetery. It was a most impressive four-Service ceremony, with the Air Force Band and sixty-man choir in attendance. The Colour Party and the four separate Firing Parties were drawn from all four Services — Army, Navy, Marines, and Air Force — and the escort was provided by the U.S.A.F.'s famous precision-drill squad. Fleet Admiral Nimitz gave the address.

A giant "brunch", at which unfinished A.F.A. business was concluded, followed the memorial service; and an address to the delegates by Mr. Gill Robb Wilson, the new president, brought the proceedings to a close.

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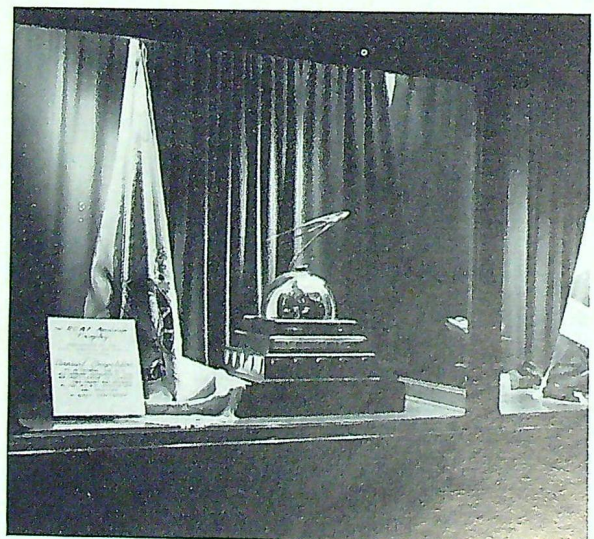
The R.C.A.F.A. is grateful to the U.S.A.F.A. for its invitation to send a representative to the 9th Annual Convention and for the opportunity to further the bonds between the two Associations.

AIR CADET TROPHY

The R.C.A.F. Association Trophy is awarded annually to the most proficient Air Cadet squadron in Canada. The winning squadron for the year 1954-55 is No. 398 (Trinity College School) Squadron, Port Hope, Ontario. The Port Hope squadron scored the remarkable total of 1988 points out of a possible 2000. This marks the first time the award has been won east of the Rockies. Last year's winner was No. 266 Squadron, Kimberley, B.C.

Air Vice-Marshal K. M. Guthrie plans to present the trophy, along with an illuminated scroll and a cash award, at a later date.

The Trophy.



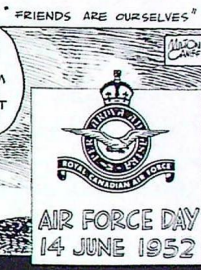
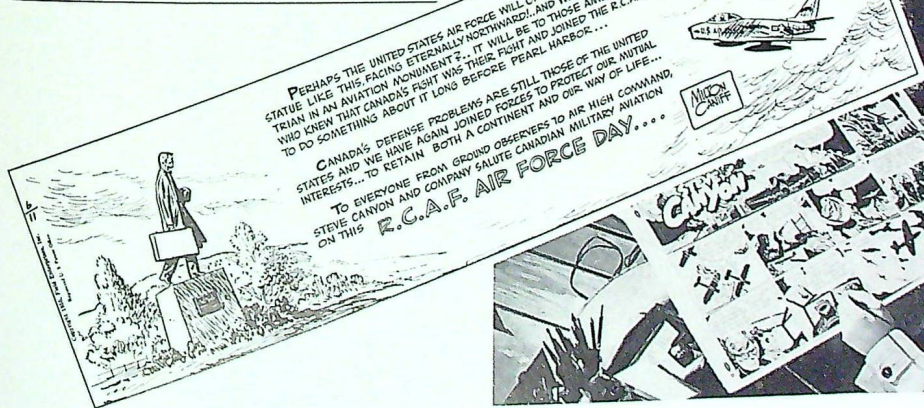
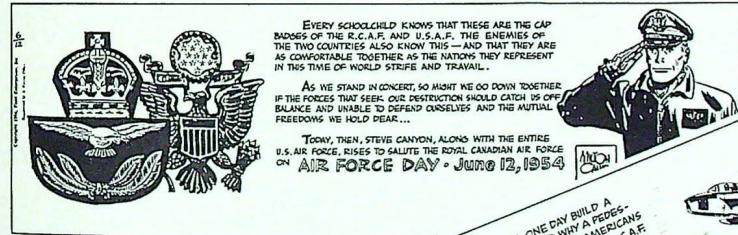
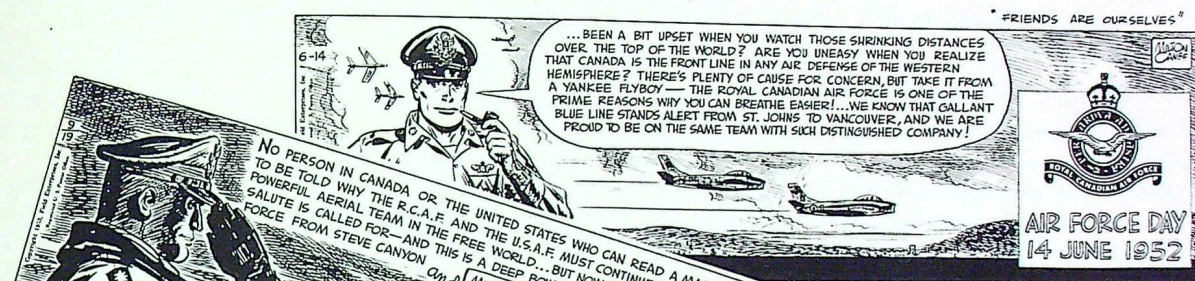
STEVE CANYON, R.C.A.F.A.

Mr. Milton Caniff, creator of the world-famous "Steve Canyon" strip, was recently made an Honorary Life Member of the R.C.A.F. Association in appreciation of his inspirational contribution to air-mindedness and of his furtherance of close and cordial relationships between the U.S.A.F., the R.C.A.F., and the Commonwealth air forces generally.

Since 1952, he has devoted one daily strip each year to paying a tribute to the R.C.A.F. on the

occasion of Air Force Day. In addition, his weekly strips have repeatedly introduced episodes in which one or other of the Commonwealth's air forces are depicted in collaboration with the U.S.A.F. It can safely be said that few individuals have worked so hard and accomplished so much towards the achievement of those ideals for which our own Association, together with the air force associations of our allies, stands.

We are reproducing here the four daily strips referred to above.



Mr. Milton Caniff.



RANDOM 14

By Flight Lieutenant J. D. Harvey, D.F.C.,

Public Relations Officer, Air Transport Command.

(The cover photograph of our January 1955 issue showed a line-up of F-86s at Bluie West I, Greenland, waiting to be flown on the third leg of their journey to Europe. The following article gives us a complete picture of one such ferry-flight.

At the moment of writing these lines, by the way, Random 17 is about half-way on its journey.—EDITOR.)

"THE WEATHER generally is good," said the U.S.A.F. meteorologist at Keflavik Air Base. He added: "The waves are only ten feet high."

Random 14 was getting the breaks on weather, for we had "double-jumped" from St. Hubert to Bluie West I in Greenland on the first day. Now we were about to take off for Iceland, which would leave only one more "water leg" before reaching Scotland.

"Random" is the name given to all overseas jet ferry flights of the R.C.A.F. This was the fourteenth such flight by No. 1 Overseas Ferry Unit, of Air Transport Command, based at St. Hubert, Quebec. This was also one of the smallest flights yet made, with only some twenty jets — spanking new Mark VI Sabres, older Marks of Sabres, and T-33 jet trainers. The older models and the T-33s were destined for Manchester, England, to be turned over to the Air Forces of Greece and Turkey, while the new Sabres were for our own Air Division.

Flying a single-engined jet across the Atlantic is now a more or less routine operation. For me, however, making the trip in the rear seat of a T-33, it was anything but routine. Although Flying Officer Bob Hollowell, sitting in front and leading the section of T-33s, was making his fifteenth such trans-Atlantic flight, it didn't make the water below any warmer. As the pilot said:

"A green ticket is nice to have, but it doesn't keep ice off the wings."

* * *

The jets cross to Europe on the "air-bridge", a great-circle route passing through Goose Bay, Greenland, Iceland, and Scotland. This route, opened by the R.C.A.F. early in the Second World War, is being kept open for a twofold purpose.

First, it is cheaper for the Canadian taxpayer if the aircraft are flown across. It avoids the costly dismantling, cocooning, and surface-shipping, as well as the subsequent re-assembly and test flying. The Random method ensures speed of delivery, and the aircraft are ready to fly when they arrive. Secondly, it gives the pilots operational training over the most difficult route in the world, a route that could be used both ways in the event of war. It also provides a ready pipeline for Canadian aircraft companies to pour their products directly into Europe.

The flight is not made any more agreeable by the thirty-five odd pounds of clothing and emergency equipment worn or strapped to your body during the crossing. The single engine of the jet is all that stands between the pilot and the sea. The elaborate safety measures include immersion-suits and emergency packs complete with dinghies and other life-preservers. The immersion-suit is a two-piece rubberized suit with hood and boots

attached and is guaranteed to keep out water (and also, say the pilots, air). They become hot and binding, but the thought of the waves below makes the discomfort worth while.

The route, once considered tricky going by twin- and four-engined pilots during the war, consists of four almost evenly spaced legs. From the R.C.A.F. base at St. Hubert, just south of Montreal, the track heads north-east 690 miles to Goose Bay in Labrador. Here, "inland" survival packs, containing axes and sleeping-bags, are exchanged for "maritime" packs and dinghies, plus the all-important immersion-suit. Goose Bay is the first over-water briefing point. Here, meteorologists and United States rescue personnel give comprehensive briefings on the first water leg leading to Bluie West I.

From Goose Bay the jets hop to the southern tip of Greenland to Narsarsuak Air Base (Bluie West I), and from there to Keflavik, Iceland. Thence they go to Kinloss, Scotland, and finally, depending on the type of aircraft which is being ferried, to Manchester (for the older models) or direct to Air Division in Germany or France.



A lonely fishing settlement beside the fiord which leads to Bluie West I.

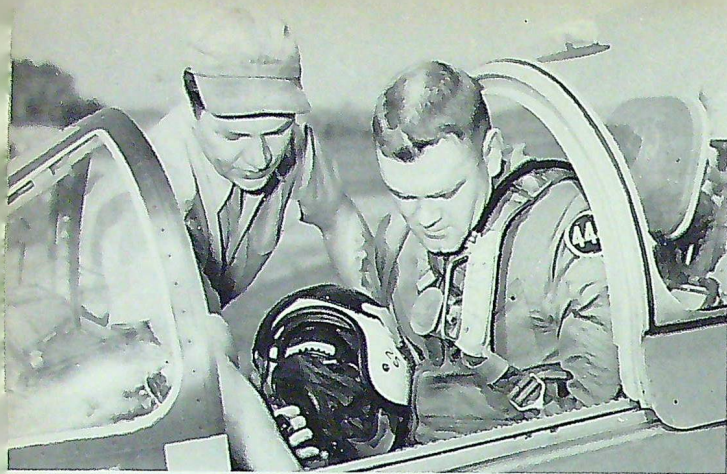
To approach the landing-strip at Bluie West I, the pilot must fly up a fifty-mile fiord which winds its tortuous way between solid rock walls. Many dead ends, with vertical cliffs rising thousands of feet, as well as huge icebergs, await the unwary pilot.

Weather is another factor. Bluie has a bad reputation for changeable weather. Fogs have a habit of blowing up within ten minutes. Furthermore, there is the problem of landing on a single strip that runs uphill. Since one end of the runway is close to the water and the other faces cliffs rising to 8,000 feet, the landing must be judged correctly. Above the base lies the permanent ice of Greenland. It is to the ice-cap that pilots are told to fly if trouble arises. At a steady rate of descent of 200 feet per minute, even though blinded by snow, fog, or cloud, the pilot should make contact with the miles of almost flat ice and stand a good chance of survival. It's that or nothing. Several U.S.A.F. pilots have already proved this possible, and for this reason helicopters stand by constantly when an operation is moving through Bluie.

Along the route over all waterlegs are aircraft called "Duckbutts", amphibious aircraft which orbit at set positions between the stationary ocean weather-ships and the land. By transmitting continuous radio signals, they enable the jets to home on to their positions. They also serve as rescue aircraft if the need should arise. (So far the R.C.A.F. has never needed them in this capacity.)

A group of R.C.A.F. ground crew outside the Operations Bldg. at Bluie West I.





Cpl. A. R. Duyvejonck (left) and Flying Officer E. S. Agar inspect a Sabre on its arrival at No. 4 (Fighter) Wing in Germany.

They are ready to formate on to a stray jet and, by use of airborne radar, guide it safely into base. If the pilot should have to leave his aircraft, they are ready to drop life-boats and emergency equipment, and either to land and give direct assistance or to circle and call for surface help.

U.S.A.F. personnel at Bluie West I and at Keflavik make sure that the R.C.A.F. receives all the assistance it needs. As a result of working so closely with them, the R.C.A.F. lads enjoy tremendous popularity with their American cousins. The U.S.A.F. calls its own ferry operations "Hi-flites", and a meeting of Random and Hi-flite pilots *en route* to Europe is always an occasion for celebration. When the Random pilots begin to arrive at Bluie or Keflavik, the U.S.A.F. boys are there to greet them with warm welcomes and free drink chits. Each pilot receives one chit which may be cashed at the Officers' Club, a custom that is highly regarded by R.C.A.F. pilots after ninety minutes over the Atlantic.

Flying in sections of three or four, the jets take off at ten-minute intervals. Usually the slower T-33 jet trainers go first and are passed near the half-way mark by the speedier *Sabres*. Although strict radio discipline is maintained, occasionally a murmur of "Slow, aren't they?" is heard as the *Sabres* skim by the T-33s.

* * *

As a passenger in the rear seat of a T-33, I found it a tremendous thrill to watch the sleek *Sabres*, which had taken off after we were out of sight, suddenly appear somewhere around the

mid-way point on each leg. As they streaked down from their 40,000-foot cruising-altitude, we watched them hurtle past and then pull up, rolling vertically out of sight and leaving huge white vapour trails streaming behind.

I found the let-downs just a trifle fast. The radar operator at Kinloss brought us down past thunderstorms and through 20,000 feet of cloud right on track. From 32,000 feet, the direct descent to 2,000 seemed to take less time than the telling. Flying Officer Hallowell, leading the section of T-33s said: "Random Dog section — dive brakes — dive brakes — go." Out came the dive brakes and we slowed noticeably, pointing our nose earthward while the section tucked in tightly on each side and began an almost vertical descent. We emerged directly over the green infield of Kinloss aerodrome.

We were half-way between Greenland and Iceland, approaching the point of no-return (that position where not enough gas remains to return to base), when a pilot reported a blast of air entering his cockpit. He suspected that a panel or two had blown off the aircraft. Flt. Lt. Frank Fowler, our leader, told the pilot to throttle back to 215 miles an hour and to press his canopy

Flt. Lt. E. G. Cameron (left), Engineering Officer with No. 1 O.F.U., and W.O.2 W. M. Webster beside one of their charges at Bluie West I.





Flying Officer Tobin (left) and Sqn. Ldr. Middlemiss check an inland seat-pack.

control. While the harassed pilot was following these instructions, a voice, full of sympathy and understanding, came clearly over the earphones: "You're going to get yours." It's humour of this sort that keeps the pilots going. They know that water temperatures of 30° to 40° will permit them to live for only five minutes if they are forced to bail out. They have only one engine, and, although the best possible maintenance keeps the engine purring like a kitten, engines *have* been known to stop.

* * *

The take-off from Bluie is made toward the water, and this time it is downhill. As soon as the wheels come up, the formation begins to turn left and climb at maximum power to clear the mountains. The clear air seems to bring the canyon walls together, an optical illusion that makes you swear that four jets could never fly through without scraping the granite walls.

Climbing steadily, the jets head out over the south-east coast of Greenland, crossing the forced-landing area where the ice-cap appears like frosting on a cake. Here another "Duckbutt" is circling, and the pilots check in with it, reporting their passage as each section passes above it and heads for the sea. Once cruising-altitude is reached, the pilots tune to the frequency of the next "Duck-

butt" or weather ship, and the formation spreads out for more relaxed flying. After half an hour the pilots become bored with flying straight and level and amuse themselves by doing rolls to pass the sixty minutes to the next base.

I found myself able to relax slightly after the second water leg, but I never got over the rather helpless feeling of being 32,000 feet above the middle of nowhere — especially during the rolls. A passenger in a jet aircraft learns eventually that by turning his head he will hear a different noise through the openings between his oxygen mask and crash helmet, but for the first few hundred times it sounds to him exactly as though the engine is quitting. The correct form for passengers is to remain sphinx-like even during the slow rolls, clutching the canopy railings and smiling back at the leering face in the pilot's rear mirror. The smile is all-important. A jet pilot is as lazy as you or I, and if he thinks you're enjoying his aerobatics, he'll realize that he's working for nothing and will soon resume level flight. The difficult thing, of course, is learning to smile with your bottom lip hanging over your knee-caps during a 5-g turn or pull-up.

* * *

Although each Random may take up to three weeks if the weather is adverse, the record of 45 hours' elapsed time is held by No. 1 Overseas Ferry Unit, which includes the six and one half hours during which the jets were actually in the air. Random pilots, however, actually log more hours than do their colleagues on overseas squa-

Cpl. E. C. Davies instals a parachute in the cockpit of a Sabre.



drons. Each new *Sabre* must be test-flown after delivery from the factory. Then, too, there are instrument ratings to be kept up, cross-country navigation exercises to be carried out, and — most important — emergency procedures to be worked out and constantly practised.

For the ground crews, the operations are just plain hard work. On Random flights they work longer hours than on practically any other R.C.A.F. job. Speed is vital, for favourable weather means that a “double-jump” may be possible.

After the jets depart, the spares and other equipment are hastily packed on board one of the *North Star* “mother ships”, which sets out after the *Sabres* and usually arrives three or four hours later. While the pilots are debriefed and plot the next flight, the ground crews must pitch in and inspect all aircraft, refuel them, correct any snags, and then bed them down for the night. Only after this is done can they look after themselves.

Despite the fact that the R.C.A.F. has now safely flown hundreds of jet fighters to Europe, this northern route still remains a challenge to a pilot. Although some of the hazards, such as small fuel reserves, have largely been overcome by better engine performance, the flying of a short-range



L.A.C. A. D. McVicar (left) and Cpl. S. A. Paninch adjust their life-jackets as they fly over the Atlantic in a North Star on the way to Kinloss.

high-speed jet over water and landing at such airstrips as Bluie West I without alternate fields, remains a man-sized job.

If everything behaves, if the weather co-operates and the aircraft stay serviceable, the journey is not too unpleasant. But if trouble occurs, if the weather erupts, then the going can be very tough indeed. Nevertheless, I doubt if there's one pilot doing the ferry work who would trade it for squadron life.

R.C.A.F. WINNERS OF MCKEE TROPHY

Wing Cdr. J. G. Wright, who five months ago was awarded the McKee Trophy for his invention of the R Theta Computer, is the fifth serving R.C.A.F. officer to receive that award. The first was Flt. Lt. E. G. Fullerton, in 1943; the second, Group Capt. Z. L. Leigh, O.B.E., in 1946; the third, Flying Officer R. B. West, D.F.C., A.F.C., in 1948; and the fourth, Sqn. Ldr. K. R. Greenaway, in 1952.

THE PARTY LINE

THE CHAPLAIN SERVICES OF THE R.C.A.F.

Prepared by the Directorate of Religious Administration.

INTRODUCTION

DURING the recent war, a high official of a telephone company was called upon to work on the communications system which would parallel the highway being built to Alaska. It took him some time to make the transition from civilian to military status, but he finally arrived at the southern terminus of the project to look over his staff. He found that in the interlude the American government had raided the telephone company repeatedly and was presenting him with most of his former staff, now rigged out in uniform. Except for the fact that the work in hand was designed to serve the military, the job was carried out exactly as it would have been by the same crew in civilian life.

This common experience comes inevitably to mind when one looks over the table of "Established Lists and Branches" published in the July-August issue of "The Roundel" last year. Of the ten lists given, only three refer specifically and exclusively to the primary work of the R.C.A.F. The main emphasis in the other groups is on skills and knowledge which would be almost as much at home in a civilian setting. One can easily imagine a competent manager of a wholesale firm being transformed without too much trouble into an excellent supply officer. A more obvious case is that of the medical officer, whose principal quality and work is precisely that of any good medical practitioner. Without underestimating the importance of the specific practices and spirit

of the R.C.A.F., it is natural to conclude that a great percentage of its personnel falls into the rôle which was so well described a few years ago as that of "the man behind the man behind the gun". It is a measure of the prestige of air crew and at the same time an indication of its responsibility, that such numerous and varied groups of personnel are required to back up its efforts.

The foregoing remarks, it is hoped, will help our readers to understand the presence of chaplains within the framework of an armed service. We now come to the question (apparently a baffling one to many!) of how the chaplain service is organized and what it does.

THE R.C.A.F. CHAPLAIN

The Chaplain List consists of officers qualified to work in the field of spiritual welfare. Their primary duties involve "the provision and administration of religious and humanitarian services."

The word "officer" in this description is not to be taken lightly. Under present conditions, in fact, the future chaplain must run the gauntlet (with everyone else) in the transition from civilian to military life which takes place during the ten-week basic course for potential officers. He may never have to manipulate a gun in the course of his duties later on, but the fact of having done so at the training-camp will help him to acquire that general view of the Service which must characterize any authentic officer. Perhaps, in bygone days of emergency recruiting, he could be excused for not knowing how to salute or (more important

still) how to "proceed through the proper channels", but the condonation which he encountered then cannot be extended to his successors today. As an officer, he must know the ropes as well as any other officer.

Thus, the chaplain is given training as an officer in order that he may more efficiently discharge his special task — the provision and administration of religious and humanitarian services. The passing of judgment on his qualifications for such a task is, however, an extremely complex job. The major part of the preparatory work takes place, of course, outside the R.C.A.F., in the usual training-courses of future clergymen. Obviously the armed forces have not reached the point where it would be expedient to set up seminaries for the exclusive use of future chaplains (although, as a matter of fact, the American government did organize during the recent war a course in basic activities for chaplains at Harvard University). Usually the church authorities themselves must be counted upon to select and orient members of the ordinary clergy who seem most apt for work in uniform. Since these recruits come from all parts of the country, the resultant corps of officers is fairly representative of regional points of view and well equipped to carry out one of their essential tasks, namely, that of bringing into military life the religious facilities to which the men were accustomed in civilian life. In this way, without any particular brand of training, the chaplains help the armed services to reflect the best in Canadian life.

* * *

In spite of this important similarity between the chaplain's qualifications in civilian and military life, it must be pointed out that of all the "professionals" who are called upon to contribute to the integral operation of the Air Force, the chaplain must make the greatest adaptation to his environment (*not* to his objective) in order to discharge competently his new duties. Photographers, doctors, social welfare workers, etc., can remain, in so far as the practice of their profession is concerned, pretty much what they were before they donned uniform. The chaplain, on the other hand,

finds himself working in a vastly different environment where new methods must be applied.

One of the major problems that faces a new chaplain is that of maintaining a high standard of religious worship in spite of the transient nature of Air Force residence. Most civilian clergymen find a nucleus of devoted and talented people who help to carry on the work of the church from year to year with little change. Choirs remain fairly stable, organists more so, ushers and trustees change infrequently. In the Air Force, even in peace-time, postings necessitate constant replacements of such assistants; as often as not, the chaplain must pinch-hit for them. And when he has all these problems well in hand, he is posted himself!

Also related to the transient circumstances of Air Force life is the unattached condition of the majority of the men, which poses many moral and emotional problems. The chaplain must help in the solution of these problems by encouraging a degree of mature self-reliance and a measure of intimacy with an omnipresent God.

Yet another adaptation is required because of the wider circle of contacts open to a chaplain as an officer and member of the Air Force. The restricted social *milieu* of people of his own convictions which he may enjoy in some city or country parish gives way to a mode of life where he meets, willy-nilly, all manner of men, including the antagonistic and the indifferent who would normally give him a wide berth. An important restriction on usual attitudes is coupled with this wider area of association. Whereas in civilian life the zealous clergyman might consecrate a good part of his time to enlarging his flock, in the military sphere he is not to take any positive steps in that direction.

The chaplain must also adjust himself to the necessity of maintaining good relationships both with his religious and his Service superiors. The former require a good dose of teamwork, and the latter a high degree of submission to purely secular leadership. All of this is summed up with disarming laconism in the official phrase, "provision and administration of religious and humanitarian

services". Being God's representative in this way is truly an exacting, if a noble, task!

* * *

One aspect of the chaplain's life which merits considerable reflection is the possibility of friction. Two matters over which friction might conceivably develop are the distinction between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic branches and the use (particularly in the latter branch) of both French and English. The superior officer, concerned with efficiency and economy, cannot help thinking that men and materials might be turned to better use if a kind of uniform religion could be worked out, acceptable to all, and requiring one establishment per station, with one man, one chapel, and one set of quarters. No one can deny that duplication means extra expense.

This kind of duplication might be avoided in either of two ways: first, by only accepting into the Air Force men and women who belong to some one predetermined faith, or, alternatively, by imposing on the two major groups a mutually acceptable code of doctrine, morals, and worship. In neither case, however, would the solution, even were it possible, be in accordance with the Canadian way of life, which is to respect diversity of beliefs and to endeavour to provide equality of opportunity for all.

Some realistic limitations have necessarily been imposed on the setting-up of distinct branches in the chaplaincy list, but it is noteworthy that where no official chaplain service is available for a *bona fide* religious need, recourse to civil facilities may be made. Nevertheless, it is patent that such a solution would be unsatisfactory where great numbers of men are concerned. Hence the establishment, in the military structure, of chaplaincies for its two largest groups of personnel — the Protestant and the Roman Catholic.

Similar arguments apply where the question of

bilingualism arises. It is simply impossible to conceive of a Canadian armed force which would overlook the twofold racial and cultural history and texture of this nation. Once that principle is understood, the necessary adaptations follow, with due regard to what is possible in the circumstances. It may be remarked here that bilingualism would certainly be an invaluable asset in every chaplain.

CONCLUSION

In concluding the present brief survey of a few aspects of the chaplaincy service, it seems timely to point out two fairly recent developments which have affected the work of this group of officers.

In the first place, Canada has received into its training-centres a goodly number of airmen from countries allied to her for purposes of mutual defence. These men come with a variety of backgrounds, both national and religious. The chaplains have been called upon rather extensively to help newcomers, either by providing a continuity in language or cult, or by pointing out the way in which Canadian customs differ from their own. The first approach does much to make the visitor feel at home; the second prevents him from making *faux pas* that might embarrass him. In both instances, the guest is exposed to a concept of natural and cordial relationships between civil and religious influences.

A more profound field of work is also devolving upon the chaplain as it becomes increasingly realized that the deeper implications of freedom demand a religious background. The chaplain works and will continue to work primarily for the due recognition of divine rights and for the harmonious unfolding of man's spiritual life; but, in so doing, he is and will continue to be by no means the least of those who keep the R.C.A.F. faithful to its high destiny.

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.

Pin-Points in the Past

This month's pin-points all go back more than twenty years, to the days when one of the R.C.A.F.'s commitments was the transportation of the annual Indian Treaty Parties to encampments (such as that depicted here) in several regions of Canada. The purpose of these trips was to pay the Indians the regular sums promised them under the terms of diverse treaties, and also to check their health and carry out various immunization procedures. Normally, a Treaty Party consisted of two aircraft and six men — the Government representative, a doctor, two pilots, and two fitters.

The fisherman is Flying Officer W. E. Bennett (now Air Commodore, Chief of Personnel for the R.C.A.F.), one of the Treaty Flight pilots in 1934. The photograph was taken at Big Trout Lake, Northern Ontario.

Our other picture, taken in 1933 at Cat Lake, N. Ont., shows Flt. Lt. A. Carter, M.M. (Wing Cdr., retired), and his fitter, Cpl. J. C. J. B. Mirabelli (Wing Cdr., A.F.C., C.O. of R.C.A.F.



Station Toronto). Flt. Lt. Carter (left), in addition to being Canada's most distinguished pioneer parachute-jumper, was also one of the country's finest boxers and a member of the R.C.A.F.'s famous "fighting Cs" at Camp Borden in the '20s — Cameron, Carter, Cobb, and Cushley.

All three photographs were taken by Sgt. R. I.





Thomas (Wing Cdr., A.F.C.; ret.), who piloted one of the two aircraft on each flight.

* * *

Since mention has been made of the "fighting Cs", the following extract from an ancient copy of Weekly Orders may be of interest. Flying Officer Guthrie, who signed for the Director, is, of course, none other than Air Vice-Marshal K. M. Guthrie, C.B., C.B.E., the present National President of the R.C.A.F. Association.

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE
WEEKLY ORDERS

May 7th, 1927

Issued by Group Captain J. S. Scott, M.C., A.F.C.,
Director, Royal Canadian Air Force.

PART I "ADMINISTRATION"

NOTICE

The Director, Royal Canadian Air Force, has the pleasure to announce that No. 662, Leading Aircraftman Cobb, H., of No. 1 Flying Training Station, R.C.A.F. Camp Borden, won the Light Heavyweight Boxing Championship of Canada, at a Tournament held in Winnipeg, Man., on May 2nd and 3rd, 1927, and that Leading Aircraftman Cobb, also won the Light Heavyweight Championship of Ontario.

(K. M. Guthrie)
Flying Officer,

for Director, Royal Canadian Air Force.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD.

From Flying Officer T. D. Nelson, Ground Defence Officer at No. 4 (F) Wing, Germany, we learn that the veil of secrecy on one of the R.C.A.F.'s latest pieces of equipment was lifted during a recent arms inspection at Baden-Soellingen.

Belonging to the station's Ground Defence Section, the massive rifle shown in the photograph is a double-size version of the Mk. 1 Garand rifle. Complete even down to cartridges and am-

munition clips, it is used for instructional purposes. Working parts are visible through cut-away portions of the body, and the whole weapon can be stripped down in exactly the same manner as the regular rifle.



WHAT'S THE SCORE?

(The R.C.A.F. Association forms the subject of this month's questionnaire. Prepared by Pilot Officer S. G. French, with the assistance of Air Vice-Marshal K. M. Guthrie and Mr. J. C. Gray, it will be a piece of cake for 55000, 24320, 16103, or 8044 of our readers. Correct answers are given on page 48.— EDITOR.)

1. Of the 350,000 Canadians eligible to join the R.C.A.F. Association there is at present a membership totalling:
 - (a) 55,000.
 - (b) 24,320.
 - (c) 16,103.
 - (d) 8,044.
2. The first Air Force association of this kind in Canada was called the Canadian Air Force Association and it was formed in:
 - (a) 1919.
 - (b) 1924.
 - (c) 1920.
 - (d) 1933.
3. In all, there are 84 local Wings in the Association. Thirty-one of these sponsor:
 - (a) Airwomen's beauty contests.
 - (b) Royal Canadian Air Cadet squadrons.
 - (c) Civil Defence activities.
 - (d) Ground Observer Corps activities.
4. No part of the Association's income comes from:
 - (a) A grant from the Government of Canada.
 - (b) Annual Membership dues.
 - (c) Benevolent Fund contributions.
 - (d) The sale of badges, insignia, and stationery.
5. The Army's various associations and the Naval Officers' Association are open to retired or reserve officer personnel. The R.C.A.F. Association is open to:
 - (a) All serving and former members of the R.C.A.F.
 - (b) Only former members of the R.C.A.F.
 - (c) Only ex-officers of the R.C.A.F.
 - (d) Any former members of Her Majesty's forces.
6. This year's R.C.A.F. President is:
 - (a) R. E. Hopkins, Esq.
 - (b) Air Vice-Marshal G. E. Brookes, C.B., O.B.E.
 - (c) Air Vice-Marshal K. M. Guthrie, C.B., C.B.E.
 - (d) A. F. Wigglesworth, Esq.
7. Not amongst the aims of the Association is:
 - (a) "To perpetuate the glorious traditions of the R.C.A.F."
 - (b) "To solicit funds for aviation medical research."
 - (c) "To support the Royal Canadian Air Cadets."
 - (d) "To co-operate with the R.C.A.F. Benevolent Fund."
8. Every week the R.C.A.F.A. sends the newspapers of 10 major Canadian cities to the R.C.A.F. messes in Europe. These papers are obtained from:
 - (a) News-dealers' surplus stocks.
 - (b) Their publishers, free of charge.
 - (c) Individual donors.
 - (d) The Houses of Parliament.
9. The 1956 National Convention will be held in:
 - (a) Montreal.
 - (b) Ottawa.
 - (c) Windsor.
 - (d) Toronto.
10. In order to become a Life Member it is necessary to have belonged to the Association for 10 years and, in addition, pay a fee of:
 - (a) \$50.00.
 - (b) \$10.00.
 - (c) \$25.00.
 - (d) \$100.00.



11. In the R.C.A.F. Association there is (officially) no such person as:
 - (a) An honorary member.
 - (b) A serving member.
 - (c) An associate member.
 - (d) A member-at-large.
12. Membership in the R.C.A.F.A. includes at no extra cost:
 - (a) The Association Crest.
 - (b) Personal receipt of "The Roundel".
 - (c) A year's supply of Association stationery.
 - (d) A subscription to "Air Mail".
13. An Association "Wing-Ding" is:
 - (a) An Annual Ball to provide assistance to Air Force personnel and their dependents when they depart for overseas.
 - (b) An air show under the Association's sponsorship.
 - (c) A social party.
 - (d) The presentation of Wings to qualified Air Cadets.
14. The R.C.A.F. bases in Europe have received from the Association:
 - (a) Electric organs for the chapels.
 - (b) Thousands of books.
 - (c) Association-crested stationery.
 - (d) A Bible for issue to every officer and airmen.
15. A recent addition to the Association's list of Honorary Life Members is:
 - (a) Hon. C. D. Howe.
 - (b) "Rocket" Richard of Les Canadiens.
 - (c) Air Vice-Marshal A. L. Morfee, C.B., C.B.E.
 - (d) Milton Caniff, creator of "Steve Canyon".
16. The first National President of the R.C.A.F. Association was:
 - (a) Air Chief Marshal L. S. Breadner, C.B., D.S.C.
 - (b) Air Marshal H. Edwards, C.B.
 - (c) Air Marshal W. A. Curtis, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.C.
 - (d) Air Marshal C. R. Stemon, C.B., C.B.E.
17. Of the 7 R.C.A.F.A. territorial Groups, the largest membership is that of the:
 - (a) Ontario Group.
 - (b) British Columbia Group.
 - (c) Maritime Group.
 - (d) Quebec Group.
18. The Association to date has collected and donated approximately \$9000.00 to:
 - (a) The Runnymede Memorial.
 - (b) The Alamein Memorial.
 - (c) A proposed Air Force memorial in Ottawa.
 - (d) The York Minster Memorial.
19. The R.C.A.F. Association has as its Patron:
 - (a) The Queen.
 - (b) The C.A.S.
 - (c) The Governor-General of Canada.
 - (d) The Duke of Edinburgh.
20. One of the many organized activities of the local Wings is:
 - (a) The sale of Christmas Cards for the Benevolent Fund.
 - (b) Recruiting for the R.C.A.F.
 - (c) The breeding and distribution of homing-pigeons for CF-100 squadrons.
 - (d) Participation in search and rescue operations after mess dinners on R.C.A.F. units.

REQUIEM

(This sonnet, which has only just come to our attention, was written ten years ago in memory of Sgt. Thomas Bennett, of the R.C.A.F., who was killed in action over England in 1943.—EDITOR.)

*These are your requiem, these happy bells
That carol out war's end, but toll for you.
Yet of your country's life their clamour tells—
The cause to which you are forever true.
And after, when the notes to silence fade,*

*That very silence will of victory ring,
Till from its solemn meaning we have made
The only laurel wreath that we can bring.*

*We, who will never deck your distant grave
To tell you of our sorrow and our pride,
Pay this as our last tribute to the brave,
The country and the cause for which you died.*

*Know, as you hear the joyous notes decrease,
You did not die in vain. Then sleep in peace.*

Sqn. Ldr. N. W. Emmott, D.F.C.

OPERATION AT GAGETOWN

An important factor in the success of the Army's recent large-scale divisional exercise, "Rising Star", at Camp Gagetown, N.B., was the tactical air support provided by R.C.A.F. components of Canada's Mobile Strike Force during the intense training period which preceded the big exercise. Operating from R.C.A.F. Station Summerside during the last two weeks of July, two squadrons of *Mitchell* light bombers, a flight of *Mustangs*, and a photo-reconnaissance *Lancaster* and *Dakota*, completed more than 130 sorties in ten days of steady aerial attacks on more than 10,000 troops preparing for the big manoeuvres.

Carried out over distances of more than 3,000 miles, the mass move by the R.C.A.F. Strike Force was its greatest test of mobility to date. Regular and Auxiliary elements of the force were commanded by Group Captain A. D. R. Lowe, D.F.C., A.F.C., of Edmonton, marking the first time that a Reserve Force officer has commanded

an Air Force element involved in such a large operation.

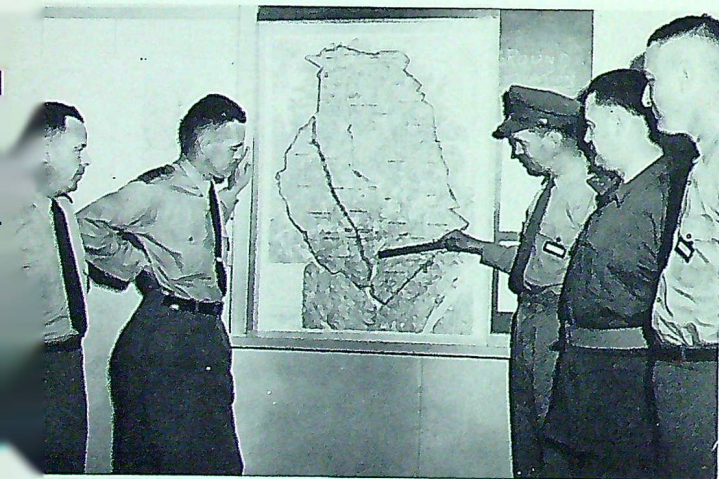
The *Mitchells*, belonging to two of the most active auxiliary squadrons in the R.C.A.F., Nos. 406 (City of Saskatoon) and 418 (City of Edmonton), were flown by air crew of whom approximately 75 per cent were "citizen flyers" undergoing their annual summer training.

The *Mustangs* were from the R.C.A.F.'s Tactical Fighter Flight located at the Canadian Joint Air Training Centre, Rivers. They were flown by regular Air Force pilots led by Flying Officer Barrett Lumley. Both the *Mitchells* and *Mustangs* belong to Tactical Air Command, under command of Air Commodore S. W. Coleman.

The photo-reconnaissance necessary for an exercise of this nature was the task of No. 408 Squadron's *Lancaster* and C.J.A.T.C.'s *Dakota*. At the conclusion of the training phase, the two recon aircraft remained at Summerside to care for Army aerial reconnaissance during the exercise itself.

The rôle of the Air Force in the ten-day operation was to supply tactical air support, in both a defensive and an offensive capacity, by simulating bombing and gunnery attacks on army installations, troops, vehicles, and tanks. The "damage" inflicted on the ground forces in the Gagetown area was reminiscent of the two auxiliary squadrons' war-time activities. Operating as night intruder squadrons out of the United Kingdom and Europe, their combined record was 241 enemy aircraft destroyed, 150 aircraft damaged, and 78½ flying bombs shot down. Claims of kills and possible damage on Gagetown sorties were assessed from cine-camera films and photographs taken by all strike aircraft on each sortie.

(Flying Officer B. C. Kilburn)



Pre-exercise briefing by Capt. C. R. Compston, ground liaison officer attached to No. 18 Wing H.Q. (Aux.). Left to right: Wing Cdr. R. J. Henry, D.F.C., O.C. No. 406 Sqn. (Aux.); Group Capt. A. D. R. Lowe, D.F.C., A.F.C., C.O. of No. 18 Wing (Aux.); Capt. Compston; Lt. A. Lumsden, ground liaison officer attached to No. 23 Wing H.Q. (Aux.); Wing Cdr. J. M. Flint, O.C. No. 418 Sqn. (Aux.).

"The Dangerous Skies"

A Book Review by
Squadron Leader N. W. Emmott, D.F.C.

FLYING looms so large in our lives today that it comes as a shock to find how primitive aviation was only twenty years ago. This point has seldom been driven home with such force as in the story of the flying life of Air Commodore A. E. Clouston, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., who did so much to develop aviation during the 1930s.*

Arthur Edward Clouston was born in New Zealand in 1908, and fell in love with flying when he walked around Kingsford-Smith's travel-stained "Southern Cross" at Christchurch airport. He was soon spending all the profits of his small garage business on flying lessons, and then, in 1931, he took a short-service commission in the R.A.F. In 1935, he became a civilian test pilot at the Royal Aeronautical Establishment at Farnborough, from which he took frequent leaves to compete in air races, setting records for such long-distance flights as London-Johannesburg, London-Sydney, and London-New Zealand.

Recalled to the R.A.F. at the outbreak of the war, he kept on with his test-pilot work until he took command of a Coastal Command *Liberator* squadron and later a Coastal Command air station. After the war he was seconded to the R.N.Z.A.F. for a time, returning to England to become the Commandant of the Empire Test Pilots' School at Boscombe Down. He is now Air Officer Commanding Singapore.

* * *

The first chapter in the book gives its real theme — the magic and the glory of test flying. From the first page, it is obvious that the author loves flying, particularly if he can do something or go somewhere new. The author then tells how he left New Zealand to join the R.A.F., and of his struggle to pass the medical examination — his blood pressure was only normal when he was flying!

He gives some hair-raising tales of his adventures as a test-pilot, when he flew into balloons to see how they would bring down aircraft, and of his work during the initial testing of the Cierva auto-gyro. The research he did into information on aircraft is well described, and accompanied by some interesting photographs. His experiences with the ultra-light "Flying Flea" make absorbing and side-splittingly funny reading.

Most of the book is devoted to accounts of his air races and record-breaking flights. Among them were his flights to Johannesburg, the first of which was a race where all the competitors, including Clouston, crashed—except, of course, the winners. On the second, his co-pilot was a woman, Mrs. Betty Kirby-Green, whom he took along for the very good reason that she provided the necessary money. On the Marseilles-Damascus-Paris race, which the Italian Air Force won, he flew literally through the Alps in solid cloud. His words are well worth quoting.

"The ailerons were frozen solid. I worried the stick like a dog with a slipper. I set my teeth, and put my shoulder against the stick, jerking it with all my strength; tugging, pushing, tugging, pushing. Suddenly it jolted over to port and stayed there. I heaved it back. For a moment the ailerons were freed a little, but almost immediately they began to freeze up again. I could leave the stick no longer than fifteen seconds before I had to whizz it frantically from side to side. My arms grew tired and numb, and as my efforts weakened, the ice hardened again on the ailerons."

His flight to Australia and New Zealand, fighting fatigue and the elements all the way, is one of the classics of aviation history. His cavalier approach to navigation, as he reports it here, speaks volumes for his methods and his luck. He never allowed for drift; if the trip were long enough,

*"The Dangerous Skies", by Air Cdre. A. E. Clouston. Cassell and Co. Ltd. 187 pp.; 24 photographs. Distributed in Canada by the British Book Service (Canada) Ltd., 1068 Broadview Ave., Toronto 6, Ont. Price: \$3.00.

he maintained, drift caused by changing winds would always cancel out.

It was just at the end of his record-setting career that he was approached by a Jewish Syndicate which offered him £1,000,000 to bomb Hitler on a ceremonial parade. He refused it.

The war, to Clouston, was not nearly so adventurous an affair as his long-distance flights had been, even when his *Liberator* was chased for fifteen minutes by five enemy fighters.

"The Dangerous Skies" is an authoritative book on flying by a master of the art. In no sense is it an autobiography. The author scarcely mentions his wife, for instance, and never refers to the fact that he was awarded a D.S.O., a D.F.C., and an A.F.C. and bar. As a first-hand account of long-distance flying when it was still a highly dangerous sport, it is enthralling, and to the student of aviation history, it is an invaluable

source book. Written strictly in layman's language, there is still much in it to intrigue the expert.

In almost every page it is evident that the author is strictly a "flyboy"; the fine art of administration obviously bored him to tears. No Command decisions, no considerations of aerial strategy or tactics, are ever mentioned.

The chief defect of the book is its rather amateurish style. The English is pedestrian and uninspired, and the book leaves one with the feeling that more could have been made out of Air Cdre. Clouston's unmatched raw material. It also could have done with a good proof-reading; a mistake of ten years occurs twice in a reference to a time-lapse.

Its virtues, however, far outweigh its shortcomings, and it is most highly recommended to all who are interested in flying.

ESSAY COMPETITION

An essay of not more than 500 words may win you \$100. The subject of the essay is —

WHY I SERVE IN THE CANADIAN ARMED FORCES

The Bureau of Current Affairs is offering cash prizes, totalling \$175, for the three best essays giving the reasons why you joined the armed forces and why you continue to serve with them.

1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
\$100	\$50	\$25

The RULES are simple.

- Only non-commissioned personnel of the three Services (Regular Force) are eligible.
- Write on one side of the paper only.
- Put your name, rank, and Service number at the top of the page.
- Manuscripts may be typewritten or written in ink, but legibility is essential.
- Write either in French or in English.
- All entries become the property of the Crown, and the judges' decision is final.

CONTEST CLOSES ON 31 JANUARY 1956
Send your essay to the CURRENT AFFAIRS ADVISER
at one of the following addresses:

Headquarters, Quebec Command,
3530 Atwater Avenue,
Montreal, P.Q.

Headquarters, Central Command,
Ortona Barracks,
Oakville, Ontario.

Headquarters, Western Command,
Kingsway Avenue,
Edmonton, Alberta.

Headquarters, B.C. area,
4050 West 4th Avenue,
Vancouver, B.C.

HMCS "Stadacona",
Halifax, N.S.

14 Group Headquarters,
R.C.A.F. Station, Winnipeg,
Stevenson Field,
Winnipeg, Man.

Headquarters,
1 Canadian Infantry Brigade,
Soest, Germany.

If you are serving outside Canada and Europe,
send your essay to:

Bureau of Current Affairs,
Department of National Defence,
Ottawa, Ont.,
Canada.

THE JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION

The "Journal of the Royal United Service Institution" is probably the leading military journal now published in English. Its value and significance for the professional officer are illustrated by the number for November 1954, which begins with "A Look Through a Window at World War III", the text of a much-discussed lecture given before the Institution in October 1954 by Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery.* Also in this number are articles on the Council of Europe, the N.A.T.O. Standing Group, Atomic Weapons and Army Training, and other matters of current military importance. There is also a number of interesting historical articles.

The institution, and therefore its "Journal", has available as lecturers and authors the most eminent British and Allied officers, active and retired. Field-Marshal Montgomery has contributed more than once, as have Lord Mountbatten, Lord Tedder, Lieut.-General W. Bedell Smith, Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John Slessor, the late

Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham, Field-Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke, General Sir Richard McCreery, General Sir Richard Gale, Admiral R. A. Spruance, U.S.N., Lieut.-General Sir Giffard Martel, and other eminent officers far too numerous to mention. The "Journal" regularly reviews current books of military interest.

Every professional officer of the Canadian Services who takes his profession seriously would be well advised to make it his business to read the "Journal" regularly; every officer of the Reserves will find it interesting and valuable. Applications for membership may be sent to the Secretary, Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, London, S.W.1, England.

Since the "Journal" is the main benefit which officers living in Canada receive from membership in the Institution, it is worth emphasizing that this magazine in itself is well worth the small annual subscription (£1.10.0) charged for membership in the Institution. All members receive the "Journal".

(Reprinted from an article by Col. C. P. Stacey in the "Canadian Army Journal".)

*Reprinted in "The Roundel", Vol. 7, No. 5.—EDITOR.

SAVOIR FAIRE

Washroom facilities at French service stations are few and far between. Thus, while she was travelling through France by car not long ago, it was at a village inn that the R.C.A.F. airwoman stopped and enquired of mine host in her uncertain French:

"Le washroom, s'il vous plait, M'sieu?"

He studied her Canadian uniform thoughtfully for a moment, clucked his tongue, then replied:

"Ah, I regret, Mademoiselle — today I have only the Pepsi-Cola!"

Letters to the Editor ★ ★ ★

R.C.A.F. SCOUTING

Dear Sir:

The Eighth World Scout Jamboree of "New Horizons" has just been completed at Niagara-on-the-Lake, where eleven thousand boys from more than fifty countries camped together in harmony and understanding. Boys of all colours, creeds, and tongues demonstrated to the world what is meant by "Scout Brotherhood".

At many R.C.A.F. units, Wolf Cub Packs, Scout Troops, and even Rover Scout Crews, have been organized by a handful of Air Force personnel who, like their civilian counterparts, are called "Scouters". Some of them volunteered to serve at the World Jamboree — as canteen, trading post, and Headquarters staff, as camp police, as programme directors, and so on. Many others, because of local circumstances, could not attend. It is to the latter that this letter has reference.

While at Niagara-on-the-Lake, the undersigned had occasion to call all R.C.A.F. Scouters together for a short conference. The following personnel attended or made themselves known: Ernie Cooper, of No. 11 S.D.; Cpl. A. Clement, Uplands; Wing Cdr. W. G. Dever, Trenton; Cpl. Ernie Dempster, Centralia; Sgt. J. F. Charles, Namao; Stan Smith, St. Johns, P.Q.; Flt. Sgt. J. L. Barrett, Greenwood; W.O.1 Ted Yaeger, Comox; and Flt. Lt. W. J. P. Robertson, Wright-Patterson A.F.B., Ohio.

We have been asked to take over publication of an R.C.A.F. Scouters' magazine which formerly was sent by Canadian Headquarters to all Scouters in Air Division (the Maple Leaf Group) and in the Canadian Army on the Continent (the Red Patch Group). The magazine is now to include all R.C.A.F. Scouters in Canada and overseas. News items from the various Groups will be included, as well as headquarters notices to keep everyone up-to-date on recent developments. The main purpose, however, is that every Scouter may have at his fingertips a complete list of all R.C.A.F. Scout groups, enabling him to pass on this information to the individual Cubs, Scouts, and Leaders who may be transferred without knowing if there is a group in operation at the new unit.

In order to organize ourselves properly, we need a complete list of all R.C.A.F. Scouters who are assisting in the operation of Packs, Troops, or Crews, either on an R.C.A.F. unit or in a civilian community. All such men or women are asked to send a short note to the undersigned, giving rank, full name, postal address, R.C.A.F. unit, and proper name of the Scout group to which they are attached.

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London, Ont.

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It would be very greatly appreciated if interested readers

would drop me a line so that I may compile data for forwarding to England.

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P.O. Box 44,
Richelieu, P.Q.

("Down in the Drink" was reviewed in our September issue. Mr. Feast, as our readers may recall, has already contributed several fine stories to "The Roundel" concerning the Italian campaign, and another sample of his work will be appearing shortly.—EDITOR.)

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"Branta Canadensis".

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- | | | | |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|
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