

The **ROUNDDEL**

Vol. 8, No. 1
JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1956



ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE



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Vol. 8, No. 1

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This Month's Cover



In our December issue we printed a short account of No. 2 (Fighter) Wing's "Sky Lancers", the aerobatic team which represented the R.C.A.F. at numerous air shows in Europe last year. The exceptionally fine photograph on our cover, showing the "Sky Lancers" flying in close formation, was taken by L.A.C. J. Scrimger, of the Wing's Photography Section.

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

SGT. SHATTERPROOF THUNDERS ON

FEW festive occasions are without their darker side.

At Easter, horror stalks the streets upon the heads of the Sex. On St. Andrew's Day, Bobbie Burns and the bagpipes add their quota to life's burden; and throughout the third week of March the ether shudders beneath the onslaught of the Irish tenor and Mother Machree. By some special dispensation of providence, St. George's Day does not seem to be universally celebrated; but if it was, I feel sure that deep-chested contraltos would everywhere be giving tongue to "There'll Always Be An England". Christmas, of course, brings the dreadful "Ho ho!" of the dollar-an-hour Santa Claus as he goads ordinarily sane human beings into buying each other tons of rubbish that they neither want nor can afford. But, for sheer soul-shaking nausea, give me New Year's Eve, with its hand-pumping and its "Auld Lang Syne"—and its warmed-over jollity on New Year's Day.

Scarcely Athenian thoughts, the Tolerant Reader will say; not at all the sort of attitude that is likely to beget a light-hearted approach to the future. I agree. None the less, they were the thoughts which, despite four aspirins, pounded like sledge-hammers on the cortex of the editorial brain on the morning of January 2nd. Though the day was an official holiday, I had dropped into the office in an attempt to pick up a trailing deadline.

Before me on the desk lay an article by my old friend Padre Airlift. It was entitled "1956"—And All's Well!" I re-read the opening lines:

"Nineteen fifty-six! Quite a ring to the words, isn't there, chaps? Sort of roll off the tongue, don't they? Kind of give you confidence in yourself and in mankind. Throw out your chest and shout them aloud! NINETEEN FIFTY-SIX!"

I threw out my chest. Possibly I failed to throw it far enough, for the words did not roll off the tongue. They made their

way past the epiglottis with a noticeable lack of what one might call "zip". The utterance was, in short, far from crisp; and only a hovering vulture could have derived any confidence from the death-rattle which broke from my lips.

I laid the head on the arms, closed the eyes and groaned . . .

* * *

"So Sir, sloth has triumphed! No longer content with the conventional forty winks, we now snooze at the helm in twenty-year stretches."

I sat up abruptly.

"Mere eyestrain, my dear Shatterproof," I said. "Intense application to—"
There I stopped. I stared, shook my head, and stared again.

The man who stood in front of my desk, watching me with chill displeasure, was not the old wardog to whom I was accustomed. No familiar "wedgie" graced his head; instead, he wore a skull-cap surmounted by a small contra-rotating propellers. His uniform, albeit of the usual Air Force blue, reminded me of nothing so much as an acrobat's tights; and above his shoulders I could discern the tops of what appeared to be twin J.A.T.O. units. Upon his chest was blazoned an enormous R.C.A.F. badge. The rank-braid of an Air Commodore encircled the biceps of each arm, and two bars had been added to the C.D. on his left breast. Save for the pipe and the copy of Q.R. (Air), he might have stepped straight from the cover of a science-fiction magazine.

"Shatterproof," I said at last, "I must congratulate you on your costume. But this is hardly the place for it. New Year's Eve ended some thirty-six hours ago."

He gave a rather sinister smile.

"The New Year's Eve of which you are speaking, Sir, ended twenty years and thirty-six hours ago. Though you do not yet realize it, you have been dozing peacefully for more than two decades. You have, in fact, pulled a Rip Van Winkle on us."

"I've pulled a WHAT on you?"

As I heaved myself up in protest, my glance happened to all on Padre Airlift's manuscript—and I paused in mid-sentence. Surely those were not the sheets I had been reading? Dry and yellow they lay there, the type faded to a dull grey. Beside them was a file on which I had been working. Despite the URGENT tag attached to it, its bleached cover lent further weight to Shatterproof's statement.

His voice came to me:

"The M.O. diagnosed it as suspended animation, Sir. If you recall, you had been slowing down for some time. On January 2nd, 1956, you came to a dead stop. Such incidents were not uncommon in those days. We move a little faster now."

As he spoke, I heard the *whoosh* of a jet outside the window. I turned my head just in time to see a human figure, dressed like my companion, zoom gracefully up over the roof of the neighbouring building.

"That, Sir, is Air Commodore Highball. He accompanied me down from the Vehicle. I am Orderly Officer today, and one of my duties is to see that the numerous officers in your situation have been properly dusted and shaved."



I sank back in my chair. "Did I understand you to say Air Commodore Highball? I thought he was a Sergeant."

"Oh no, Sir. We have moved with the times. Nowadays we are all Air Commodores. Career-planning, you know."

"You mean I'm an Air Commodore?"

"Your promotion has, I believe, continued uninterrupted. It was not considered by the board that your contribution to the Service had been appreciably lessened by your immobilization."

I passed a hand across my forehead.

"Tea!" I croaked, reaching for the buzzer. "I must have tea!" As I pressed it, an agonizing thought struck me. "Tell me, Shatterproof! Is the soothing cup still with us?"

He drew himself up and saluted.

"Two things, Sir, are eternal—the mid-morning brew and the pre-prandial."

Hardly had he uttered these solemn words, when the door opened, and there undulated towards us a girl who defies description by any art known to man. She also defied convention—to such an extent, indeed, that these chaste pages would burst into flame were I to attempt to indicate even the least salient of her charms. The fact that she had three legs served only to heighten her appeal. I wished she had four.

A tactful cough summoned me from my daze.

"Before we permit ourselves to be carried away, Sir, I should explain that this—er—young lady is not human. She is a Venusian Skurt. Like the Bhrords of Uranus, the Skurts have only one sex."

I swallowed. "With the Skurts." I remarked, "one should be enough."

"Appearances, Sir" he said with a sigh, "can be most deceptive . . ."

Presently, over our tea, I began to question him about the world into which I had awakened. He had lit his pipe and was seated opposite me—that is to say, he had activated an anti-gravity unit in the seat of his costume and was relaxing on thin air. Apart from his slightly *outré* posture and an occasional impatient swoop past the window by Air Commodore Highball, I found it hard to believe that twenty years had gone by since the day indicated on my desk-calendar.

"And what of 'The Roundel'?" I asked.

"Have no fear, Sir. It continues to be published. But it is now the responsibility of the Public and Private Relations Branch. I have a copy with me."

From somewhere about his person he produced a magazine and laid it before me. Sure enough, there was the old cover, unchanged in format. I looked for the date: "December 1975". Then I glanced at the picture—and remained studying it for several minutes, spell-bound, before turning to the inside of the cover for an explanation.

"Our photograph", I read, "shows pert Bagotrix, one of the R.C.A.F.'s most attractive little monsters, busily engaged in building up our boys' morale by the bonnie banks of New Loch Ness. Her shapely third hand, it will be noted, symbolically interposes a Christmas wreath between the two masses of a nuclear bomb, thus preventing them from becoming unseasonably critical. The lucky recipient of this charming Bhrord's more obvious attentions is Air Commodore Bladder, an outstanding fighter pilot now serving with No. 5 (F.) Wing at R.C.A.F. Station New Moose Pelvis, in the Canadian sector of Mars. The Air Commodore, it may be recalled, was recently awarded the A.F.C. for having pressed the button which sent Canada-vro's new missile, the Cadaver, on its

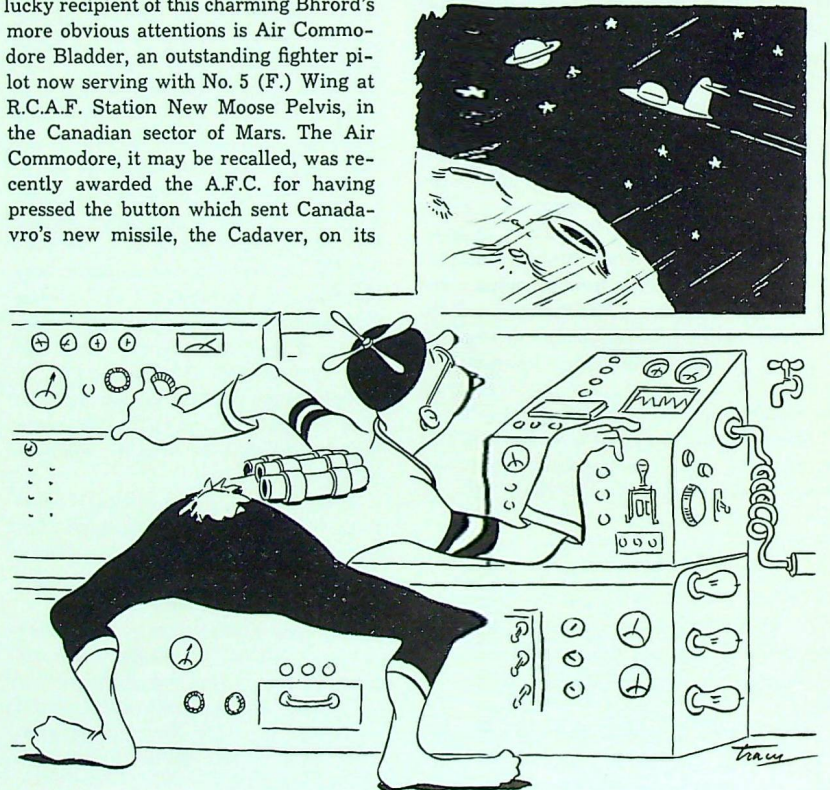
record-breaking slalom run through the asteroid belt."

"Far be it from me," I said at last, "to criticize the work of another editor, but it seems to me that one can have too much of a good thing. Doesn't 'The Roundel' now print anything but cheesecake?—if", I added, blushing, "so moderate a word is appropriate."

Shatterproof seemed puzzled.

"Cheesecake, Sir? But you forget: they aren't human. The Brass, I fear, is no less adamant in its stand against cheesecake than it was in your day. These—er—young ladies" (he gestured towards the magazine) "come under the heading of Recreation and Welfare. Our real shortage just now is baseball bats."

I tried to follow his chain of thought. "I gather, then, that the chief concern of the Air Force, in this age of automatics, is the maintenance of morale?"





"Precisely, Sir. On the whole, we are making good headway. Industry, however, has recently given us some rather tough competition by the introduction of Jhayns into its operations." His eyes became dreamy. "Very fetching, Jhayns are. They come from Jupiter, you know. Our recruiting has suffered already."

"Indeed? And what," I asked, leaning forward, "have the Jhayns got that can't be found on the other planets?"

"That, Sir," he answered coldly, "is neither here nor there."

I changed the subject.

"Now that our Airmen are all Air Commodores, what's happened to the Brass as I remember it? What rank does my former Air Vice-Marshal—"

Hurriedly Shatterproof placed a finger to his lips and glanced about him with a furtive air.

"Sh!" he breathed. "The very walls have ears, Sir. We do not speak of the Brass except in general terms. Our former senior officers have long since soared above all normal ken. A mere Air Commodore dares not even conjecture to what giddy heights the ladder reaches above the rank of Air Chief Marshal."

"Pardon me," I said, "I did not realize. But tell me: while we've been busy con-

quering space, what's happened here on earth? A few changes, I suppose?"

He tapped out his pipe into my ash-tray, and shook with silent amusement.

"A few Sir. Earth, except for the odd exhibit like yourself, is more or less uninhabited—unless you include us bomber-boys from the Satellite Vehicles. If you look out the window, you'll see a few of the Vehicles orbiting a hundred or so miles above you. You can tell Canada's by the maple leaf painted on its hull. In the circumstances, the general public is a bit hesitant about living on the planet. After all, you never know when one of us chaps might—well blow a fusion."

The thought was a disagreeable one. I rang for more tea.

The door had scarcely opened to admit the Skurt when a brilliant flash of light illuminated the office. In an instant all was confusion. With a wild stab at his umbilical region, Shatterproof de-activated his seat-unit and sprang towards me. He seized me by the shoulder. "Come, Sir!" he cried. "This, I suspect, is it!" As I jumped to my feet, the last thing I saw was a trio of perfect limbs moving harmoniously towards me across the linoleum . . .

* * *

"Come, come, Sir! Let us not start the New Year by sleeping at the helm. There are bones to be picked.

Beside me, his hand just dropping from my shoulder, stood the old wardog. He was accoutred as usual, even to the paper-clip which secured the top button of his tunic. I stared at him, wide-eyed; then glared frantically about me.

"Where is she?" I shouted. "The Skurt! Three legs—"

Shatterproof's gaze hardened.

"Skirt, Sir? Three legs? What prudence is this that beclouds our waking thoughts? Better by far were we to think of those three meagre columns that now make each page of "The Roundel" an abomination in the eyes of all Christendom! Better by far . . ."

My eyes dropped to Padre Airlift's manuscript. Against the white paper, the title once more stood out clear and black:

"1956—And All's Well!"

Slowly I reorientated myself to the present. After all, who wanted to be an Air Chief Marshal?—and, anyway, they weren't human.

Above my head, like Peter the Hermit whipping up a Crusade, Sgt. Shatterproof thundered on.

READERS PLEASE NOTE

7 JAN 56

EDITOR, "ROUNDEL".
UNDERSTAND POST OFFICE RESENTS TOO-FREQUENT RETURN OF
"ROUNDELS" ADDRESSED TO READERS WHO HAVE NOT NOTIFIED
EDITOR OF ADDRESS CHANGES. HAVE A CARE, SIR, LEST THE MAIL-
CARRIERS OF CANADA CONVERGE UPON VICTORIA ISLAND AND SILENCE
US FOREVER BENEATH A MOUNTAIN OF UNDELIVERED PRINT.
SHATTERPROOF.

The Party Line

RECREATION IN THE R.C.A.F.

By Wing Commander J. K. Tett, D.F.C.

(The writer of this article left the Auxiliary Services of the Y.M.C.A. in 1940 to join the R.C.A.F. After graduation as a pilot in 1941, he completed a tour of operations overseas on Wellingtons, then returned to Canada in 1943 to establish what was known as the Aircrew Leadership Training Programme, the principles of which are still followed in the leadership training programmes of the Air Cadets. Having been prominent in sports and recreation before his enlistment, Wing Cdr. Tett left the Service in 1945 in order to take a position as Director of Recreation for the Province of Ontario. He rejoined the R.C.A.F. in 1953 as head of the Recreation Branch, where his easy approach to his subject is coupled with an unusually deep understanding of the vital part played by it in a healthy and expanding community.

— Editor)

INTRODUCTION

ONLY deference to the solemn character of "The Party Line" has prevented us from entitling this article "Tiddlywinks in the R.C.A.F." Not a day goes by without some wit putting his head round the office door and asking "How's bird-watching?", or "Who's for tennis?", or some other equally flippant question. The most frequent enquiry of all is "What's new in tiddlywinks?"

In such circumstances, it isn't difficult for us to keep in mind the fact that recreation has a slightly different meaning for each individual. On the other hand, everyone agrees upon certain connotations that the word "recreation" very definitely should possess.

- It should be enjoyable
- It should be of one's own choosing.
- It should be constructive — i.e. it should bring a sense of achievement or creation.
- It should assist in the development of total personality.

Thus, recreation includes such groups of activities as sports, arts, crafts, music, drama, social activities, study of the natural sciences, and hobbies of all kinds. While various of the above may be work for some people, for most people they constitute recreation. We might note here, by the way, that it is from his leisure-hour pursuits that the average per-

son receives much of his education, most of his physical development, and by far the greatest growth of his personality. This last consideration is particularly important; for it is now well established that anything which contributes to the shaping of a better all-round personality contributes also to the making of a more efficient worker.

Because the R.C.A.F. is striving to provide a wide range of recreation opportunities for all the interests of its members (and their dependents), irrespective of sex or age, it may seem, in view of what we have just said, that the R.C.A.F. has a selfish motive. To some extent, this may be true — and, indeed, why shouldn't it be? At the same time, its motives go considerably beyond any such considerations. Not only is the R.C.A.F. aware of its responsibility to develop and maintain a fighting force that is fit both physically and mentally, but it also recognizes its responsibility to develop and maintain its personnel and their dependents as first-class Canadian citizens who can contribute to their country's growth and culture.

It has been said by some that the average Canadian is recreationally illiterate, that he or she knows only how to bowl, dance, drive cars, gaze at movies or television, or watch others engage in sports. While disagreeing with so sweeping a

statement, we are none the less prepared to admit that a certain lack of education for recreation does exist. There are still far too many Canadians who have never been taught the skills that will enable them to experience the added richness of life that can be obtained from participation in any of the activities listed earlier. Although the opportunities to learn the skills and to "have a go" at these activities are steadily increasing both in Service and civilian life, the development is not rapid enough to prevent large numbers of persons from growing old and lonely at that period of their lives when they have earned the right to leisure, but lack the necessary skills and knowledge to make it meaningful.

Cpl. Jane Dohneny weaving in an R.C.A.F. crafts-shop.





Ju-jitsu is popular on the sports programme at No. 2 (F.) Wing, at Grostenquin.

RECREATION FOR THE R.C.A.F. COMMUNITY

The R.C.A.F. Recreation Branch was established, not to provide recreation, but rather to assist serving personnel and their dependents to develop for themselves those programmes of recreational activities which will enable them to live fuller and richer "off-duty" lives of their own making. Some of the major aspects of a Station programme, in which the varied desires and aspirations of personnel are reflected, are shown below. They are *not* definitions; they are goals which the Recreation Branch is anxious to help Stations to achieve.

Sport

An active programme of sports of sufficient variety, first and always, to provide opportunity for every person to enjoy regularly at least two forms of sport, played with others at a common skill level; and to provide further opportunities for many to develop greater skill and to compete favourably with first-rate civilian community teams and in national and international competition. *It is our feeling that the armed services could, and should, be a stronghold of Canadian amateur sports both as regards sportsmanship and calibre of competition.*

Crafts

Craft programmes which are not confined to woodwork and leatherwork, but which include such crafts as metal-jewellery, pottery, fly-tying, lapidary work, weaving, lino-block printing, wood-carving, and many others. *Nearly all the foregoing crafts can be arranged for and practised for less than the initial outlay needed to set up a power-tool-equipped woodwork-shop, and in the same space.*

Music

In addition to bands—glee clubs, choirs, amateur orchestras, music-appreciation groups (both jazz and "long-hair"), on every station.

Drama

Dramatic clubs (competing in local and provincial festivals), regular amateur live-entertainment shows, and active puppetry groups on every station. *R.C.A.F. drama groups have competed with distinction in Provincial festivals. Amateur nights and live-talent shows are becoming increasingly popular, and it is reported that there are at least ten puppetry groups in the R.C.A.F. at the present time.*

Art

An oil-painting class or group, a water-colour group, and a poster group, on every station. *An R.C.A.F. art-and-crafts exhibition or show would be an interesting development.*

Social Recreation

A year-round social recreation programme which is lively and diversified, and which includes opportunities to enjoy well-organized parties, round dances, square dances, picnics, tours, bridge tournaments, and the like.

Physical Fitness

A physical fitness programme which will not overlook its relationship to mental fitness, and which, in addition to offering a challenge, will be interesting and enjoyable. *It should promote and secure a lasting desire on the part of all personnel to attain and maintain a self-measurable high standard of physical fitness; and it should be successful because of these factors.*

Organization

The Station recreation programme so organized that it truly reflects the many and diverse interests of the personnel and their families and secures their support and leadership. *Recreation councils, representing all activity- and interest-groups, can plan, coordinate, and maintain balanced programmes. In addition, the council and its groups can provide some of the few opportunities actively to practice democracy in a military environment.*

Leadership

Recreation programmes developed by station personnel for station personnel, involving the fullest use of the volunteer leadership which is available on (or off) the station. *Good leaders are almost always available if you look for them, ask them, and thank them. The Recreation Officer and/or his staff of Recreation Specialists is there to assist you to develop and maintain your recreation programmes.*

It may be of interest to quote here an extract from the Air Force Administrative Order which defines and sets forth

the objectives of recreation in the R.C.A.F.

AIR FORCE ADMINISTRATIVE ORDER
50.00/01

RECREATION

Sports, Arts and Crafts, Cultural Activities, Social Activities, Entertainment
"To promote and maintain a high level of physical and mental health and emotional stability in the R.C.A.F., the recreation programme should provide a wide and balanced pattern of wholesome and creative activity based on the physical, mental, and social needs of all personnel. It should take into account the varying levels of interests, skills, and prowess of individuals. The recreational needs of R.C.A.F. personnel are diverse. The programme should be designed to meet these needs."

No other military order, perhaps, can match the above for describing the genuine interest of the Service in its personnel.

DOLLARS AND SENSE

Dollars

Where, it may be asked, does all the cash come from?

Now, let's get down to brass tacks. Recreation is more valuable to the consumer than to anyone else. Generally speaking, recreation costs money. However, the true value of an activity is not necessarily reflected in its cost. For

instance, a prominent government geologist said to the writer only last week: "Your boys should have geology classes. It's a fascinating hobby. If I were in the R.C.A.F. — I don't care at what age — I'd ask for a transfer to the Mid-Canada Line, enjoy my stay, and come back rich in satisfaction — and perhaps also in pocket." There is an analogy to be drawn here. Although a front-row seat for the Grey Cup Canadian football final may be well worth \$7.50 to the purchaser, he or she should not ignore the opportunities to develop a life-time hobby because the cost is insignificant in comparison.

Let us now compare our opportunities for recreation with those of Canadian citizens living in civilian communities. Though we may be less fortunate in some cases, we are considerably better off in others. The chief difference is that, in the Service, we have to accept a certain degree of regimentation. Everyone recognizes the necessity of this. To some extent, we lack the civilian's opportunities for democratic experience through democratic action; and we change our place of living far more frequently. Taking all this into account, we can still

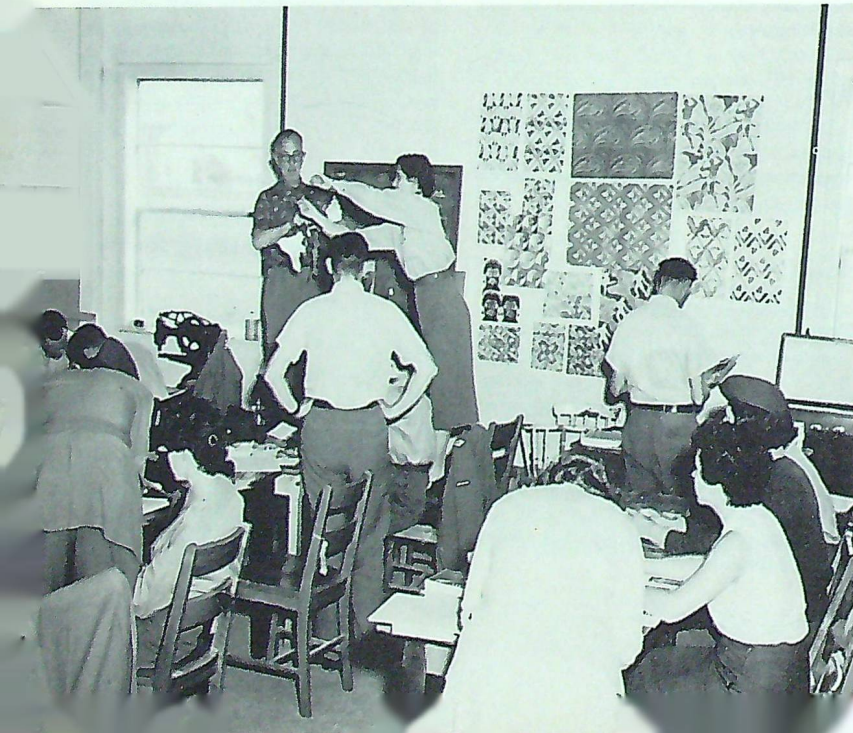
safely say that a cross-section of the recreation opportunities which exist within the Service compares very favourably indeed with a cross-section of those to be found outside it. Let us not deceive ourselves, however: both in and out of the Air Force there's plenty of room for improvement.

It is generally recognized that the government (whether federal, provincial, or local — or some combination of the three) should provide out of taxes — as indeed it is providing — for the skeleton of the civilian community's recreation programme. By "skeleton" is meant the basic facilities and a core of professional



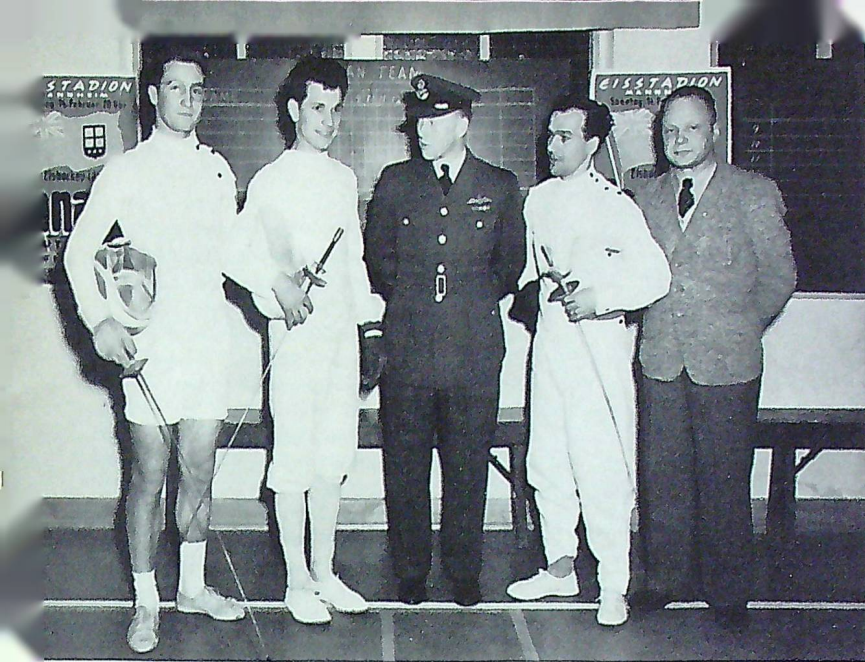
L.A.C. K. D. Williamson (Rockliffe), Cpl. A. M. Harding (Downsview), and Flying Officer T. L. Kennedy (Edmonton), attend volunteer leaders' puppetry course.

Volunteer leaders' course in metal-craft, R.C.A.F. Station Centralia. Instructors were lent by the Ontario Government Recreation Service.



leadership. It is the responsibility of the community itself to dress it up and give it life. Recreation for the individual, as we have already stressed, is of his own choice and enjoyed in his own earned time. Community recreation is merely the recreation of the individual grouped with that of his friends and neighbours. The wise community will accept assistance from the government, but it will refuse to let that assistance become so great that the individual's leisure is virtually controlled and directed by the government.

Similarly, in the R.C.A.F., we should cherish the right to share with the government the responsibility for our recreation programme, both financially and



A fencing-team from No. 3 (F.) Wing, Zweibrücken, won second place in a contest between French, German, and Canadian teams. The German team came first. L. to r.: Sgt. Dureux, captain of the French team; Elmar Kleir, the German captain; Flying Officer B. F. Lynch, coordinator of the meet; Cpl. J. J. G. Despatie, the Canadian captain; and Herr M. Patri, the civilian judge.

in operation. As in civilian communities, there are, of course, inequalities between R.C.A.F. stations with respect to the availability of non-public funds; but there should be no inequalities in the opportunities to budget for and design programmes based on the expressed wishes of the R.C.A.F. community and within the framework of existing resources—physical, financial, and leadership.

It happens sometimes that a small R.C.A.F. station uses almost all its non-public funds for the support of one or two championship teams, thus providing for the recreation of a few and the "watching-pleasure" of many. If that is the general wish of the station, well and good; but it is hard to believe that there is very much solid interest in recreation if little other action takes place to develop the many worth-while activities which do not require financial support or which can be self-sustaining.

The Department of National Defence is aware of the needs of Service personnel as expressed by them, and it is striving to provide its fair share of service without evolving a government programme in lieu of that community programme which is absolutely necessary for success. To this end the Government

supports a policy of providing the basic professional leadership services, and also (where justified, and within its financial ability) a wide range of recreation facilities which can cater for the activities already referred to. With such help, R.C.A.F. personnel and their families can, through community action, develop a leisure-life that is exciting, challenging, creative—and at the same time a lot of wholesome and healthy fun.

Sense

Leisure belongs to the consumer. In order to understand the purpose of the Recreation Branch, it is necessary to grasp the point that leisure belongs to the personnel. The Branch's orders, policy statements, and publications are based on the principle that leisure-time activities spring from the wishes and aspirations of the people who engage in them. Recreation is not something that is handed down by benevolent seniors: it is built on the declared interest of the personnel.

The control and administration of recreation Rests with the Consumers. The control of recreation is in the hands of the recreation council, which is democratically conceived and which is representative of the various groups concern-

ed. Its function is the execution of A.F.A.O. 50.00/01, and specific terms of reference are contained in a constitution.

Its existence does not imply that station administration has no responsibility for recreation. It is the responsibility of the C.O. to ensure that there is a council, that it is officially constituted, and to guide and assist it in functioning according to its constitution in meeting the intentions of the above-mentioned A.F.A.O. Thus, the station administration does not lay on a programme "cafeteria-style"; rather it assists the personnel in initiating and developing their own programmes, within wide general limitations. The relationship is, in fact, similar to that which exists between a municipal recreation committee or council and the municipal council itself.

Volunteers are the key factor in any recreation programme. In circumstances where leisure and leisure-time recreation do in fact belong to the personnel, and where they themselves are responsible for the achievement of the goals which they have agreed upon as desirable, plenty of volunteers will be forthcoming to undertake the necessary responsibilities. They will feel that they are working for themselves, and they will not count the hours devoted to furthering their pet activities. Programmes that are "laid on" do not draw forth such response. Whoever lays it on goes around begging for workers or pays for uninspired work. The Recreation Officer and Recreation Specialists do not run programmes; they assist the personnel in organizing and conducting their own programmes. Their first task is to find out what the personnel want, and they do this by means of "interest surveys", "hearings"; etc. Their second task is to help the personnel to get what they want. The Recreation Staff's chief concern is to stimulate, foster, and sustain a recreation movement on the unit. Though this approach is not new in the organization of recreation services, it is new to most R.C.A.F. stations, and it will require some time for it to become fully understood and established. Considerable headway, however, has been made during the past few years.



The volunteer leadership training programme has resulted in an active puppetry group at R.C.A.F. Station Senneterre. The production of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" was an outstanding success, and further shows are in great demand.

HISTORY OF RECREATION IN THE R.C.A.F.

The history of Service recreation goes back at least to the Roman era, when commanders of armies, in order to keep their men in camp, provided entertainment for them in the form of wine and women. As time went on, however, it gradually became recognized that a programme of sports could develop esprit de corps, morale, and a physical fitness which would enable an army to tire out its opponents, whether in chasing or being chased,—important factors in winning battles, then as it is today.

The First World War saw an advance in recreation, especially among the English-speaking forces. Sports were organized and widespread, and entertainment programmes were enjoyed with some regularity both in base camps and at the front. In the Second World War, recreation for the armed services took up where it had left off in 1918.

During the period prior to the Second World War, the R.C.A.F. was tiny indeed. Sports were generally popular, and some official recognition was given to their promotion. Social life was interesting, and officers and men showed a high degree of initiative in providing for themselves and their families a variety of recreational activities. Although certain officers were given extra duties as supervisors of sports and entertainment,

the R.C.A.F. did not employ professional recreation workers as such.

The need for organized recreation became speedily apparent with the tremendous build-up during the Second World War. The necessary programme could not possibly be operated on the basis of "extra duties": officers were required full-time-plus in their own trades, and the voluntary services of private agencies (including the Y.M.C.A., Salvation Army, Canadian Legion, and the Knights of Columbus) were welcomed as a means of providing much-needed amenities and recreational outlets. In addition, Sports Officers were established to organize sports programmes and to build and maintain a high standard of physical fitness and morale.

Although the auxiliary service organizations, operating independently and using different approaches for each of our three Services, may not always have constituted a smooth-working team with the Service personnel employed in these fields, they certainly performed a most valuable function for our fighting men, and they decisively proved the value of a wide range of constructive recreation activities.

At the end of the war, the auxiliary service organizations withdrew their workers, and the R.C.A.F. cut down drastically on all its personnel, including those then working in the fields of sports

and recreation. True, it retained Sports Officers, but drill and discipline were now among their duties, and until recently we had an officers' branch and an airmen's trade responsible for drill, discipline, and sports. They served their purpose, but their success was limited. Few of the men could switch over completely from the drill-sergeant's approach to the type of leadership required of recreation leaders. As a result, they tended to drift toward the work-interest of their choice, and the broad field of recreation became somewhat neglected. Although, in most instances, R.C.A.F. stations were reasonably well off for recreation facilities, the facilities were not used to the best advantage and there was a lack of balance in programming.

As the Service expanded with the development of the "cold war", the R.C.A.F. began to devote careful thought and considerable planning to the reorganization of its recreation programme. The important factor leading to this change was the realization that:

- recreation and the use of leisure was vital in building an efficient fighting force;
- the R.C.A.F. was a force of career personnel who, as well as giving efficient service to the Air Force, must lead positive and constructive lives together with their dependents;
- the R.C.A.F. now employed women personnel, whose recreation needs must be given no less attention than those of the men;
- in addition to its prime mission, the R.C.A.F. was also responsible for developing its personnel and their dependents as first-class Canadian citizens; and
- the peace-time R.C.A.F. was no longer "pint-sized", and that its way of life was important and must be in keeping with the best traditions of Canadian culture.

REORGANIZATION AND TRAINING

In the initial reorganization of the R.C.A.F. recreation programme, although facilities were by no means ignored, leadership services received the most attention. Drill and discipline were separated from sports, and we now have the two Branches and their corresponding trades—"Drill and Discipline", and "Recreation". The next step was to set up at R.C.A.F. Station Aylmer a recreation course for the N.C.O.s, airmen, and airwomen. For this purpose the R.C.A.F. enlisted the aid of Mr. John Pearson, who was then Director of Recreation for Brantford, Ontario, and who



is well known in North America as a top recreation worker. One hundred and fifty-four Recreation Specialist tradesmen and tradeswomen have graduated from the ten courses given in the past two years.

The Recreation Officers, already trained and experienced, were then given a further intensive six-week training course in order to orientate them to the reorganized recreation programme and services.

Since volunteer workers have a major rôle in all phases of the recreation programme, special courses of training have been provided for them. Training-sessions have been held in arts and crafts, group leadership, puppetry, social recreation, and sports. During the past summer, for instance, five courses were conducted for volunteer basketball coaches, training 80 graduates. These coaches are now conducting basketball schools on their respective stations, teaching the game to beginners, and developing inter-section leagues. Further courses are being planned which will cover major phases of sports and recreation. The R.C.A.F. hopes to maintain several thousand well-trained volunteer leaders in an ever-increasing variety of activities.

PUBLICATIONS

Seven basic publications have been prepared and circulated for the guidance of recreation specialists, volunteer workers, and administration staffs. These include:

"A Guide to the Organization of Station Recreation."

A basic document which indicates in broad terms how a station should organize its activities in meeting the objectives set out in A.F.A.O. 50.00/01.

"A Guide to the Organization of a Recreation Survey."

This publication is made up of seven schedules designed to assist the station in evaluating and extending its recreation facilities, programmes, and services.

"A Guide to the Organization of Married Quarters Community Councils."

Describes the steps involved in the establishment of station Married Quarters councils, and explains how these councils can function on a democratic basis in meeting the community needs of the families living in the Married Quarters areas.

"A Guide to the Organization and Administration of a Station Physical Recreation Programme."

Explains how a broad pattern of sports activities can be organized on a station to provide opportunities for all personnel to participate, regardless of their level of skill, thus helping to correct the situation where programmes are designed largely for "stars" and potential "stars".

"A Guide to Social Recreation."

This manual develops a philosophy of social recreation and shows how it relates to the general recreation programme. It provides concrete suggestions on how to organize a wide variety of social clubs, games, and seasonal events.

"A Guide to the Organization and Conduct of an Interest and Talent Survey."

Outlines in practical terms how a station-wide interest and talent survey can be conducted, and discusses the action that can and should be taken to put into effect the activities suggested by the findings as being most appropriate.

There are now fourteen additional publications in the process of being written, and it is expected that most of them will be ready for distribution within the next 18 months.

FACILITIES

The requirement for facilities to make possible a desirable programme of recreation in the R.C.A.F. has always been recognized, and standard plans for certain facilities have been in use for some time. There was, however, a considerable amount of confusion as to the range of facilities which, in certain circumstances, were required. After an intensive three-year study, the range of facilities which could be provided (where justified) was approved by our Defence Council for all three Services. These facilities include gymnasiums, sports fields, games rooms, reading- and writing-rooms, skating-

rinks both indoor (artificial) and outdoor (natural), theatres, tennis courts, children's playgrounds, bowling alleys, hobby shops, and skeet ranges. Appropriate scales of equipment have also been developed.

This does not mean that a station can ask for and expect to receive all of these facilities. They must be fully justified as to their need on an individual project basis. Moreover, the policy does not provide for the purchase of all facilities and equipment through public funds, but indicates the sharing of financial responsibility through public and non-public funds. For instance, if a station can justify the need for bowling alleys, the public will provide the accommodation and fixed equipment. Pins, balls, and expendable items, together with caretaker services and pin-boys, must be provided out of local station non-public funds. On the other hand, if a station wishes to have a golf club and there is ample land available, the station may request and receive permission to develop the golf course by the use of its non-public funds, and it must maintain the course in the same manner.

We feel that the Department of National Defence has realized, in a realistic manner, the broad programme of recreation which is required to develop a way of life in the Service which will pay off in morale, efficiency, and citizenship, and that it has accepted a fair and reasonable share of responsibility in this respect.

CONCLUSION

The personnel of the R.C.A.F., and their families, are fairly evenly spaced on stations across Canada. They are also stationed in England, France, and Germany. We feel that the former group, by the best utilization of their leisure-time, can not only assist in developing a still more efficient Air Force, but can, through good leisure-time relationships and associations with civilian communities at home, contribute in a positive fashion to Canada's growing culture. Similarly, those serving in other countries can help to establish sound foreign relationships at the important rock-bottom level. Much still remains to be done



Fishing through the ice near Goose Bay are (l. to r.): Cpl. L. Thibault, an Indian guide, Flt. Sgt. E. Dale, and Flt. Sgt. E. K. Giles.

- secondly, is not afraid to express that need,
- thirdly, is prepared to accept the responsibility for doing something about it, and
- fourthly, does something.

(Note to the Reader. The article you have just read — or which I hope you have read — is at best a compromise. Editors being the impossible people they are, I have been constrained to forego the several appendices I had intended to add in elaboration of the general statements made above. Sgt. Shatterproof, whose name was once a rallying-cry among the Little Leagues of some forty years ago, would have certainly come to my support had he been present in the editorial office. As it was, however, I was forced to fight for every inch of what few paragraphs I have been able to preserve. If you have ever discussed a manuscript with a tea-soaked Editor of uncertain age, whose principal contribution to the conversation is a frequent "I'm afraid that won't quite do, old boy" — you'll know what I mean. Nevertheless, if the response from the boys and girls in the field indicates a wish for more articles on the subject of the importance and constructive use of leisure, I shall be delighted to return to the fray.—The Author.)

before all the objectives of recreation are attained. Meanwhile, we cannot too strongly stress the fact that by far the most important factor in any sound recreation programme (or for that matter

in any programme of endeavour) is LEADERSHIP at all levels.

The leader is one who:

- firstly, recognizes a common need,

WHITEHORSE CURLING CLUB

Our photograph shows the rink of the R.C.A.F. Curling Club of Station Whitehorse. Its location, high up in the Yukon mountains, guarantees the club's members one of the longest curling seasons in Canada. Organizers of the club were Sqn.Ldr. J. C. Bruner, Flt.Lt. J. C. Dolan, W.O.2 B. C. Becheta, and Flt.Sgt. R. V. Smith.



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

PART ELEVEN

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

(In the autumn of 1941, shortly after the end of the Persian campaign, No. XI Squadron was ordered back from Iraq to the Western Desert. The author now tells of his last few months in Egypt, then ends his reminiscences upon a note of reflection.—Editor.)

"Three suppers—and one for the C.O." The order was shouted across the mess tent by the Duty Airman-cum-Waiter. The cook, in white canvas trousers and sweat-soiled undershirt, straightened up for a moment from whatever ritual he was carrying out over his hot shrine. He peered across the shoulder-high canvas partition that separated us from his domain. "Righto", he said agreeably. "Three ruddy suppers and a special for the old man."

This bit of levity brought no response from the row of tired aircrew perched at the packing-case bar on bomb-tail-casing bar-stools. They sipped their rice beer ("Made by the Scandinavian Brewing Co. of Shanghai") in silence. It brought little more response from myself and my three flight-commanders. We were tired and dirty. We had been tired and dirty for a long time, and the jokes had grown stale. The cook was old enough to be my father, and the four tin plates he was preparing would contain identical pieces of bully beef baked in a batter that had the consistency of blotting paper.

The Western Desert, in that autumn of 1941, had only two things that the *Blenheim* crews could depend upon: Me. 109s over the target and bully beef in the mess tent — bully beef without sauce for breakfast, and with sauce for lunch and supper. The sauce was brought from

England in barrels and bottled in Alexandria in "Tooth's" Australian beer bottles. The label on the bottle, of a bright yellow and simple in the extreme, read "Ally Sloper Sauce". Beneath a caricature of a little man with an enormous head and a top hat, the eager gastronome might spell out: "Directions for use — use plenty of this with everything." We did, too; but the only way it was really palatable was in an "Ally Sloper" cocktail — two ounces of sauce, two ounces of rum, and a jigger of gin.

* * *

No XI Squadron had arrived from Iraq in mid-September. We were to operate under No. 3 South African Air Force Wing, commanded by Colonel Wilmot, S.A.A.F. The Wing came under the operational control of Advanced Air Headquarters (A.A.H.Q.) at Maaten Bagush, generally known as "Martin Bagwash". Those of us who had been in the desert in the earlier days found things vastly changed. The enemy had cleared all Cyrenaica except where Tobruk, a lonely island of resistance deep in Axis territory, still held out, stubbornly and with great gallantry. Facing the British Eighth Army was Rommel's *Panzergruppe Afrika*, composed of the 15th and 21st Panzer Divisions.

Air Commodore Collishaw, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., D.F.C., had departed. With him went the last of the biplanes,



No. 45 Squadron's bar at Fuka, in the Western Desert, 1941.

the *Gladiators*, the *Vincents*, and the *Valencias*. Their departure marked an end, not only of a phase in the desert air-war, but the end of a whole era of air warfare. The name Collishaw is a nostalgic one to those who grew up between the wars. Every Canadian schoolboy whose dreams of the future lay in the sky (were there really more of them then than now?) was familiar with the gallant band of men who had fought in the European skies in their flimsy (but oh so beautiful!) aircraft of wooden longerons and doped fabric. High on our list of heroes stood Billy Bishop (72 victories), Collishaw (68), and Barker (52). That they were Canadians made us doubly proud. The names of Mannock (73 victories and top British ace — but only by one!), Richthofen (80), and René Fonk (75), were known to every boy who ever stopped to watch a silver or blue aeroplane drone across the lonely prairie skies. For these were all men who spoke with authority when they were behind the joystick of their *Spads*.

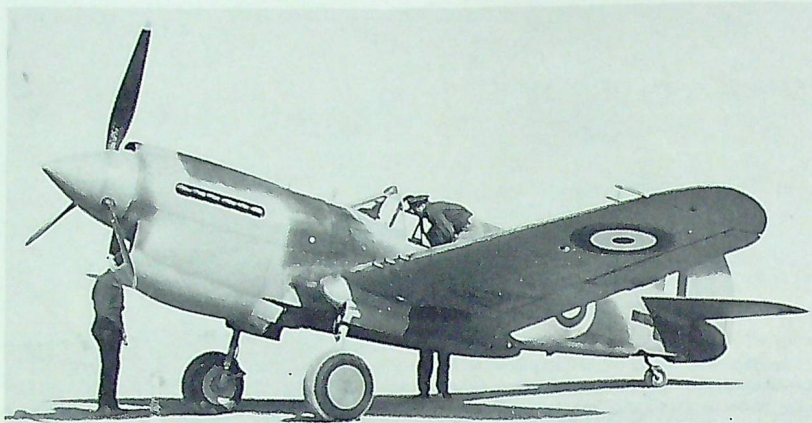
their *Camels*, or their *Fokker D-VIIs*.

Yes, the desert seemed strange without Air Commodore Collishaw. For five years he had helped shape the air defences of the Middle East, and his tenure of office as Air Officer Commanding the desert squadrons had been a constant and successful juggle, in which the old master's quickness of hand had deceived Italian eyes while the *Gladiators* and "short-nosed" *Blenheims* had battled against fantastic odds. Collishaw wasn't an easy man to replace in the affections of the old-time desert aircrews. We found, however, that the Commonwealth had its full quota of gallant airmen. From the other side of the world came Air Vice-Marshal Conningham, born in Australia and brought up in New Zealand. His nickname was "Mary", a corruption of the word "Maori", and on his chest he wore the ribbons of the D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., and A.F.C.

* * *

My squadron had settled in nicely at L.G. (Landing Ground) 09. We had a nice flat stretch of real estate half-way between Sidi Barrani and Buq-Buq. Our tents had wall-to-wall floors of sand, and the scorpions were of the light sand-coloured variety that are harder to see but less fatal than the black ones. Very few members of No XI Squadron were old desert hands, and the rather soft accommodation of Palestine and Iraq had spoiled them. There was a certain amount of grumbling about my order to dig slit-trenches before retiring on the first night at our new location. About 9 o'clock I finished my personal trench, helped by some "volunteers", and under a full moon I made an inspection of the camp area. As I suspected, the airmen had scratched shallow apologies for slit-trenches and the officers and N.C.O.s had done little better. At every site where a really useful trench was dug, it invariably turned out to belong to an old desert hand.

In the mess tent, as the double black-out flaps closed behind me, I was blinded by the brilliant glare of the pressure-lamps. Presently, however, through the blue haze of cigarette smoke ("Spitfires" — Service issue), I could see that the



The author and a Kittyhawk, 1941.

most important object, the bar, had been knocked together. To the melancholy accompaniment of "O'Riley's Daughter", I was invited to roll the poker-dice for a round of drinks. The desert hadn't changed so much, after all!

O'Riley had just arrived upstairs ("with two pistols in each hand"), when a sudden hush fell on the tent — and, indeed, on the whole area. Everyone held their breath as aircraft motors drummed overhead. Suddenly a voice said: "Wimpys — on the way to Tobruk. I'd know those engines anywhere." There were a few nervous laughs, then the rattle of the poker-dice continued — to stop again as Sqn. Ldr. Darbishire, my senior flight commander, and I moved quickly towards the exit with a terse order to douse the lights. Those "Wimpys" were Ju. 88s!

I never made my fancy slit-trench, I slid quickly under the Humber station-wagon standing outside the mess tent. I was joined there by the Hooper brothers, pilots from South Africa, and my boxer, Spike Mk.I. We watched a stick of bombs walk towards us, coming straight for the car. The first fell several hundred yards away, but the others, in rapid succession, burst progressively closer. I counted them aloud — "four — five — six." The next one would be *too* close. Then silence. Six in the stick, and we were unharmed! Our only casualty

was the equipment trailer, a few holes in tent walls, and some very badly shaken nerves. None the less, it was excellent bombing, really. It pointed up a quick lesson in desert survival. For the rest of that night pick-axes struck sparks from desert rock, and shovels flew, as slit trenches grew from mere shallows to formidable depths which were to cause many barked shins and hearty curses as people stumbled into them in the Stygian darkness of a desert night.

Our daily chore was the daylight bombing of *Luftwaffe* and *Regia Aeronautica* bases at El Adem, Tmimi, Martuba, Gazala, and Derna — names that will bring back memories to many desert pilots. The Italians had about 500 operational aircraft in the desert at this time, including the Macchi 202 with the Daimler-Benz engine. The *Luftwaffe* had about half that number, but among their aircraft was that most formidable fighter, the Me.109F. (I had already flown an Me.110, captured in Iraq, and I was later to fly an Me.109F. I never did get to fly a *Spitfire*!) Life in a *Blenheim* squadron was now hazardous indeed. In the old days of the short-nosed *Blenheims* versus the Italian C.R.42, one could always run north, out to sea and low over the water, with the certainty that the Italian would pick in a desultory fashion at the rear aircraft or a straggler for only a

very short time before turning for the receding shore-line. Not so the German pilot. A squadron raid on Gazala gave me the fright of my life. I was leading nine *Blenheims*. We ran out of cloud cover and luck at the same time, just after leaving the target. Several Me.109s jumped us. We headed north out to sea in tight formation. In those days our airspeed was measured in miles per hour, but, as my navigator said later, "Were we low over the water! Hell, we were so low our airspeed registered in knots!"

As we headed out to sea, the Me.109s flew by at twice our speed and about 1,000 feet above us, heading north on a parallel course. When they had pulled a few miles ahead, they went slowly into echelon starboard. It was only then that my puzzlement gave way to a frightening certainty. They peeled off one by one, and, descending to sea-level, came at us nose-on. Nine bombers in tight formation, with all defensive armament to the rear, and no room to manoeuvre! As the guns on the first Me.109 winked red, the glass nose of the *Blenheims* seemed to leave us very naked and exposed. That was the day, the hour, and the minute that I started to get older. We were badly shot up. I subsequently led No XI Squadron on other raids, but they were all a bit anti-climactic. After that day, 17 October 1941, I felt that I was destined to live to a ripe old age. This belief was never really seriously shaken until 15 May 1952, when I made my thirteenth parachute jump with the Canadian Army at Rivers, Manitoba. Notwithstanding the fact that they assured me their 'chutes *always* worked, I managed to get one that didn't, and between the time I realized it and got my reserve 'chute open, I entertained some serious doubts about that ripe old age.

* * *

Every man who has ever lived and fought in the desert will, when he thinks back, be able to conjure up some one scene, some passing moments of beauty or tragedy, that remains in his memory forever. There were many scenes of unforgettable splendour and abysmal lone-

liness. A desert dawn, unbelievably quiet and cool; a lonely cross, marked incongruously by a swastika; a sign, pointing crookedly towards the west, roughly lettered with the words "To the War". All these flash through my mind in quick succession; but the scene that returns most often is that of a lonely hill in the cold pre-dawn blueness, as rolling sand-dunes crawled reluctantly out of the shadows and became golden-crowned by a sun still lingering reluctantly below the horizon . . .

In my memory, I am again standing at the open tent door, wrapped in a Palestinian shepherd's goat-skin coat against the chill of a long night's vigil. Behind me on a stretcher lies a young man whose name I don't know, whose rank I don't know, whose very nationality I don't know. He is dying. He has, in fact, been doing so for several hours; and now, just as the sun touches the top of the tent and lights the small white flag and the red cross of mercy, he is about to die and leave me there alone. The rest of the camp area is out of sight behind a rise in the ground. Only the desperate breathing of my companion

breaks the stillness. The silence between breaths seems to get longer. I become terrified, as the weight of that great emptiness of desert seems to press in on us. I have a most peculiar feeling that we two are alone in the world. I turn quickly and hold his hand. It has grown colder to the touch. I hear a quick step outside the tent, and the doctor, who has only been absent a very few minutes, stoops to enter. "How's he doing?" he says; then, without waiting for an answer, "The surgical team is on the way, but I think they're going to be too late. I'm afraid this lad's had it." He shoots me a quick look. "You'd better grab some sleep. You look rough." I leave quickly, without looking back.

An hour later my batman awoke me with a tin mug of boiling tea and the news that the injured man had died. As I warmed my hands gratefully on the hot cup, I thought: "I must find out his name. I must write his parents and tell them I held his hand and prayed for him." But, war being war, I never did. I never even knew his name.

He wasn't from our squadron. The night before, the *Wellingtons* had started

Bahariya Oasis, 1941. The aircrew are (left to right): the author. Sgt. Archer. Sgt. Gair.



to arrive on our landing ground at dusk, heavy with bombs but light on fuel. They came from their base on the Suez Canal, intending to refuel here and await the darkness before venturing into enemy skies over nearby Tobruk or to visit the more distant Cathedral Mole and the Axis shipping clustered at Benghazi.

Later, as I buried my head under the blankets to escape the bitter cold of the desert midnight, I heard them take off one by one and head into the west. There was a rhythm in the sound as they taxied past my tent, stopped, ran up their engines, then moved to the flare path for take-off. An unexpected break in this rhythm probably saved my life. One of the last of the *Wimpys* taxied over towards the underground operations room and sat there not far from my tent, with its engines ticking over slowly. The pilot, it appeared later, had forgotten a cushion he usually sat on during the long "milk run" to Benghazi. He told his crew to wait one minute while he nipped out and got it. Thoroughly awake, I decided to walk down to the dispersal area and make a check of the guards.

As these events were taking place, fate in the shape of a delayed-action bomb in the belly of the *Wimpy*, was inexorably ticking off the seconds. Somewhere, somehow, in one of those inexplicable and tragic blunders that do occur, the bomb had been inadvertently fuzed. How long it had been ticking off the hours, the minutes, and the seconds, no one will ever know — but, as the pilot descended below ground in quest of his cushion, and as I stepped out of my tent and walked over the brow of the hill and down the other side, the bomb exploded. Hundreds of gallons of high-octane fuel were blasted high into the air, in both liquid and vapour form, and instantaneously burst into flame. The desert was lit up for miles around, and most of the other bombs joined the first bomb in a mighty blast that ripped the aircraft to pieces, along with the tents and other parked aircraft in the immediate area. I say "most of the other bombs", because some of them didn't explode: they lay, hot and dead, in the midst of the inferno. And, incredible

though it may seem, lying on the ground and still alive was one of the crew.

As I reached the top of the hill, I was just in time to see the doctor, who had fortunately been in the underground operations room, rush into the scattered wreckage and half-drag, half-carry the man to safety through the scattered fire and past the unexploded bombs. How he still lived, it is impossible to imagine. Sitting on top of the bomb load, he had been dropped into the heart of the explosion. Shattered but unconscious, he was the sole survivor. All night we watched over him — first the doctor and the adjutant and I, then only the doctor and I, and finally, as dawn broke, I alone held his hand while the doctor sent urgent messages for the despatch of the surgical team from A.A.H.Q. to help him in his fight for this life. In the end, just as a new and clean desert day dawned, the injured man died.

Such stories are all part of war. Some of them humorous, some are tragic — and some are both humorous and tragic.

* * *

There is little more to tell. The old-timers in the Middle East slowly disappeared from the scene. Some filled lonely unmarked graves in the mountains of Greece, in the depths of the Mediterranean, or in the sandy wastes of the Western Desert. The luckier ones, war-weary, were taken off operations and, despite their vigorous protests, given staff jobs or sent home to England. Early in 1942, I joined this latter group. Sadly and reluctantly I left No. XI Squadron and the Western Desert, and, in April, my wife and I boarded the troopship *Volendam* at Suez and started our journey to England. It was a journey that was to take us around the Cape of Good Hope and twice across the Equator before, three months later, it brought us into war-torn Liverpool.

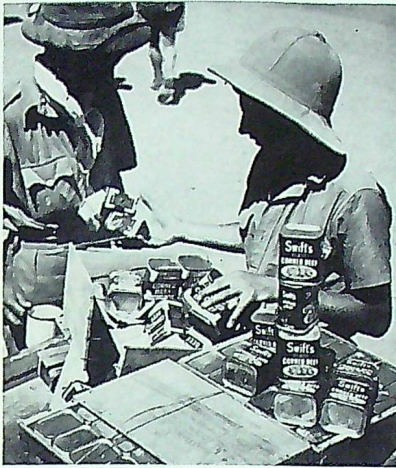
I had been in Egypt just over six years, and the return to England was like leaving home and going abroad. As we left Suez, my wife had tears in her eyes, and my attempted imitation of a then popular travelogue commentator ("And so, as the ship sinks slowly in the west, we

leave Egypt, land of the Pharaohs and the Nile") brought no answering smile to her lips.

* * *

It was 1955. The winter sky was a vivid blue. A low layer of brilliant white stratus cloud lay more than 30,000 feet below me — a soft carpet that covered the earth from horizon to horizon. In the cockpit, the temperature was a comfortable 70°F. It was not easy to believe that, outside the plexiglass hood, the thin biting cold wind rushed by at nearly 500 m.p.h., and that, aided by the torrent of the jet stream wind which rushed ever eastward, I was streaking across the face of the planet close to the speed of sound. The whirling turbines of the engine imparted a feeling of vibrant power to the whole aircraft; it was vital and alive. The quietness was broken only by the sound of oxygen being forced into my lungs under pressure and expelled noisily through the outlet valve of the face-mask. This sleek and beautiful 'plane was a far cry from the Bristol *Bulldog* and the *Gladiator*. It represented not just a different make of aircraft, but a whole new concept of flying.

My mind went back over the twenty-five years I had made flying my work and my pleasure. Had a quarter of a century really passed since the R-100 airship drifted into Montreal, on that hot August 1st in 1930, after completing the first direct flight from England to Canada? Could it be that long since a young man, C. W. A. Scott, thrilled the world with his skill and endurance by flying his *D.H. Moth* half around the world from England to Australia in 9 days, 4 hours, and 11 minutes? Had all those years really slipped by since the names of Bert Hinkler, Kingsford-Smith, and Jim Mollison covered the front pages of the world's newspapers? Did anyone still remember that incredible band of women in the late 'twenties and early 'thirties who blazed air trails across oceans and continents in feats of stamina and navigational wizardry that ranked with the great voyages of the Elizabethan captains? — Lady Heath, who in 1928 flew her *Avro Avian* solo from Cape-



Issuing bully beef in the Western Desert, 1941.

town, up the length of Africa, and across the Mediterranean and the mountains of Europe, to England — and, four months later, Lady Bailey and her *Moth*, and their 10,000-mile flight from Cape Town to England — and the elderly duchess of Bedford, who flew her *Fokker* from Eng-

land to Cape Town between April 10th and 19th of 1930:

There were many others: Amy Johnson, Amelia Earhart, and Jean Batten. Those were truly days to stir the imagination. Jimmy Doolittle, flying a *Gee Bee*, brought the land-plane speed record to the U.S.A. with a sizzling 473.82 k.p.h. The year before, the seaplane record had been won for England by George Stainforth in his *Supermarine S-6* at 655 k.p.h. In 1932, Cyril Unwin, in a *Vickers Vespa*, established the world's height record of 13,404 metres, and in the same year Bossoutrot and Rossi, of France, had pushed their *Bleriot* 10,601 km. without refuelling. Those were the happy days of flying, when a pilot was truly master of his own destiny and the triangle of velocities was the latest thing in navigation.

The fact that an unseen umbilical cord ties today's pilot to the ubiquitous eye of the radarscope was brought to my attention as a quiet and competent voice spoke clearly in my ears: "Flat-top seven. Your course to steer is now 090° magnetic. Your distance to Ottawa is 65

miles. Over." I left my cruising-altitude of 35,000 feet and slanted down towards the clouds far below. Changing over to tower frequency, I spoke briefly to the operator, and minutes later the miracle of radio beacons and the watchful eye of the G.C.A. brought me quickly and competently over the end of the 8,000-foot runway. As the eight tons of aircraft came smoothly to a stop, I realized that the "good old days" of flying were not really over: they had just begun again. We were pioneers in a jet age.

I thought of my eleven-year-old son, today struggling over his school books, his head bent in concentration. I thought of all the other young brush-cut heads in all the schools of Canada. What opportunity lay before them! An opportunity to place their feet on the bottom rung of a ladder that could lead to the threshold of space itself, and even further. And when that day comes I don't think Canadian pilots will be lacking.

End

SMALLEST JET 'PLANE

Shown in our photograph is the SK-1, a new British jet-propelled light aircraft. Its total wing area is only 65 sq. ft., but it is claimed that it can fly at 332 m.p.h. and it has a cruising speed of 300 m.p.h. Its ceiling is said to be 25,000 ft. Manufacturers are Somers Kendall Aircraft Ltd.



The ROYAL CANADIAN AIR CADETS



By Arthur Macdonald,
Air Cadet League of Canada.

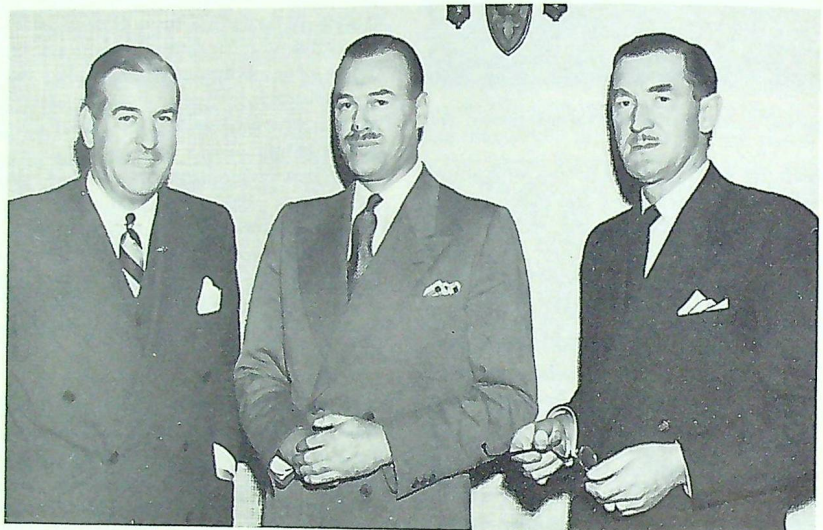
REPORT ON THE PAST YEAR

As reported in a previous issue, League President George A. D. Will brought the year 1955 to a close by completing a cross-Canada tour during which he attended annual meetings of all the League's provincial committees. This brought him into contact with squadron and committee representatives from all parts of Canada and gave him an unparalleled opportunity to size up the field organization and observe at first hand the progress being made by the movement.

The president's assessment: "During 1955, the Air Cadet movement in Canada enjoyed the most successful year in its history."

Mr. Will's opinion is supported by fairly solid evidence that the League did reach a new high during the past year. Items:

- The number of squadrons increased to 276, as compared with 269 at the same time last year.
- Air Cadet strength passed the 20,000 mark for the first time since the League launched its post-war programme in 1946.
- Average attendance figures at squadron parades are showing heartening increases in all parts of the country.
- The number of senior cadets remaining on for third- and fourth-year training is steadily climbing.
- More cadets attended summer camps, flying training courses, and specialist training courses in 1955 than in any previous year. In fact, more than 5,500 cadets took



At a national executive committee meeting held recently in Ottawa: (l. to r.) Hon. President C. Douglas Taylor, Air Marshal C. R. Slemon, C.B., C.B.E., President George A. D. Will.

special training of some kind during the past summer.

- The great majority of squadrons and committees are now functioning on a sound, well-established basis with adequate finances and enthusiastic adult personnel.

The following paragraphs will serve to summarize the state of the League in various areas and to introduce some of the people who will be responsible for directing Air Cadet activities at provincial and local levels during the coming year.

Atlantic Provinces

With some 4,000 cadets currently on strength, the four Atlantic provinces

now boast the highest per capita enrolment of Air Cadets of any region in Canada. If the same level of enrolment applied right across the country, Air Cadet strength would be in excess of 35,000 — a fact which conveys just about all that needs to be said about the state of the movement in the east.

In all four maritime provinces, the provincial committees re-elected their 1955 chairmen to carry on for next year. New Brunswick will continue to enjoy the experienced leadership of Walter Birchard, of Edmundston; Gregory Mulholland will again be chairman in P.E.I., as will Air Vice-Marshal A. L. Morfee in Nova Scotia; and Brian Higgins, active with the League since it first started in



Allan Mackenzie, of No 101 (Moncton) Sqn., is congratulated by Air Vice-Marshal K. M. Guthrie, C.B., C.B.E., upon completing the flying training scholarship awarded him by No. 253 Wing of the R.C.A.F. Association.

Newfoundland, will continue to direct the affairs of the Newfoundland Provincial Committee.

One of the prime reasons for the success of the operation in the Maritimes is the close and effective support rendered by the R.C.A.F. both at Command and parent unit level.

Central Canada

Notable gains were registered by the League both in Ontario and Quebec during 1955. In Quebec, Provincial Chairman J. G. LeDroit carries on for another year in order to continue his successful campaign to establish Air Cadet squadrons in some of the larger French-language schools. Air Cadet strength in Quebec is now approaching the 3,500 mark, and indications are that another substantial boost can be expected in the very near future. The Quebec Committee also supervises the eastern portion of Ontario, including the Ottawa area, where all squadrons are reported to be in a sound condition.

For reasons of ill health, Ontario Chairman J. F. Scruton was forced to relinquish active direction of the Ontario Committee early in 1955. Vice-Chairman J. B. Smith, of St. Catharines, acted on Mr. Scruton's behalf for the remainder of the year and was subsequently elected as chairman for 1956. Mr. Scruton's many friends are pleased to know that he is back on his feet again and playing his usual effective rôle as vice-president of the national body. He turns over to the new Ontario chairman an organization of 52 squadrons, all operating with a de-

gree of efficiency remarkable for a voluntary organization. Largely responsible for this high standard of training in Ontario was the former A.C.L.O., Sqn.Ldr. A. J. Ireland, who was posted to the R.C.A.F. Staff College late in the year and replaced at Trenton by Sqn.Ldr. L. Pattie. With a well-organized and care-

well over 5,500. In Manitoba, the provincial committee re-elected chairman Ed Vopni, of Winnipeg, for an unprecedented eighth term. Mr. Vopni, named as the Air Cadet League's "Man of the Year" for 1954, also serves as a member of the national executive committee.

In Saskatchewan, C. C. Davis, of North



The "sponsors v. cadets" rifle-shooting competition held regularly by No. 518 (Rosemount) Squadron. Top (l. to r.): A. Coleman, J. Henry, M. Slobodesky. Bottom (l. to r.): J. Bunce, ex R.N.; J. May (ex R.A.F.); Miss Joan Gower-Rees (ex R.C.A.F.). Last three are all members of No. 313 Wing, R.C.A.F.A.

fully controlled training programme now in operation, Chairman Smith is looking forward to a banner year for Air Cadets in Ontario during 1956.

Western Canada

In the three prairie provinces, where the essential character of the Air Cadet League is perhaps most apparent, the League continued to consolidate its position during the past year. Manitoba now has 18 squadrons on the books, Saskatchewan has 36, and Alberta boasts the remarkably high figure of 47. Total cadet enrolments in the three provinces are



First inspection of No. 607 (Drummondville) Sqn. Front row (l. to r.): Flt. Lt. N. Graham, C.O.; Sqn. Ldr. N. S. Greig, R.C.A.F. Stn. St. Hubert. Second row (l. to r.): Pilot Officer B. Messier, Adjutant; Flying Officer J. C. Bergeron, St. Hubert. Behind Pilot Officer Messier is Flying Officer A. Schaefer, chairman of sponsoring committee, No. 309 Wing, R.C.A.F.A.



Raymond Boucher, "mascot" of No. 547 (North Bay) Sqn., plays trumpet solo at R.C.A.F. Central Band concert sponsored by No. 406 Wing, R.C.A.F.A.

Battleford, was elected chairman to succeed James deRosenroll, of Moose Jaw, who has rendered outstanding services in this capacity during the past two years. Arthur Smith, of Calgary, continues as Alberta chairman for a second term, and his vigorous approach to the job augurs well for the future of the League in the foothills province.

A change in leadership has also taken place in British Columbia, where Derek Inman succeeds Capt. F. L. Clarke as chairman of the provincial committee. The new chairman, who possesses an enviable record as commanding officer of No. 103 (North Vancouver) Squadron, takes over an organization of 31 squadrons and some 2,000 cadets—an organ-

W. Sava, president of No. 406 Wing of the R.C.A.F.A., presents Cadet Warrant Officer J. Goodhand, of No. 547 (North Bay) Sqn., R.C.A.C., with travelling-bag. W. O. Goodhand led the Canadian team to victory in the 1955 International Drill Competition. To right of photograph are his parents.



ization which is growing and improving steadily. Under Mr. Inman, B.C. expects to continue its winning ways in the field of national trophies and other special awards.

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE MEETS

Near the close of the year, a full-scale meeting of the national executive committee was held in Ottawa, where League officers were joined by Air Marshal C. R. Slemon, Air Vice-Marshal C.R. Dunlap, Air Vice-Marshal J. G. Kerr, and other senior officers. With President George Will in the chair, the executive committee tackled a number of the problems arising from the various provincial committee meetings and set their sights on new League goals for the future. While not all of the conclusions reached by the executive can be reported at this time, some mention should be made here of the following developments:

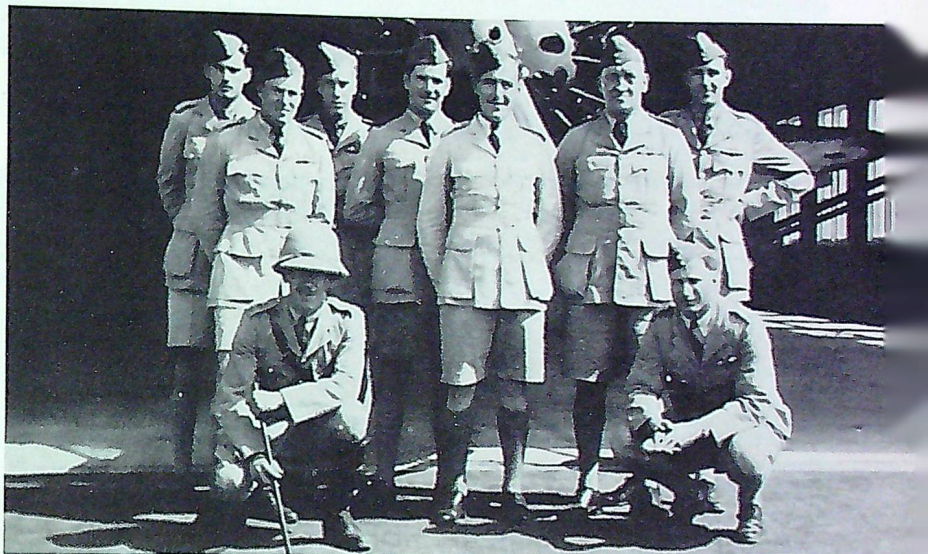
- Tentative plans were laid for a campaign to provide 150 additional flying scholarships for 1956. A special committee, under Past-president M. Banker Bates was set up to raise the funds once the required negotiations with the Royal Canadian Flying Clubs Association have been completed. The plan is designed to supplement the R.C.A.F. Flying Scholarship scheme, and it may mean that more than 400 cadets will learn to fly this year, as compared to the previous record of 306 lads in 1955.
- It was decided to investigate the possibility of expanding the Exchange Visits scheme to include West Germany and France, either by means of a direct exchange with these two countries or through a special visit of the overseas cadets to R.C.A.F. bases on the continent. Honorary President C. Douglas Taylor, director in charge of external relationships, was authorized to make the necessary arrangements.

More specific announcements regarding the above proposals may be expected in the near future.

Pin-Points in the Past

The group wearing Gosport tubes represents the third N.C.O. pilots' course at Camp Borden, in 1928 or '29. They are (l. to r.): L.A.C. G. Rayner (released), L.A.C. J. Ready (Flt.Lt., retired), Cpl. L. Poulin (Flt.Lt.; ret.), Sgt. H. Cobb (Wing Cdr.; ret.), and L.A.C. R. I. Thomas (Wing Cdr., A.F.C.; ret.). The aircraft is an Avro 504N. (Photograph lent by Wing Cdr. R. I. Thomas.)

Our other photograph shows an R.C.A.F. army co-operation course during a visit to Petawawa in 1938. Standing (l. to r.): Flying Officers A. B. Searle (Group Capt., A.F.C.), D. M. Smith (Air Vice-Marshal, C.B.E.), N. S. A. Anderson (Group Capt., A.F.C.), E. H. Evans (Group Capt.), F. M. Gobeil (instructor: Wing Cdr., A.F.C.), Flt.Lt. W. D. Van Vleit (Group Capt.; deceased), Flying Officer R. F. Douglas (Wing Cdr.; ret.). In front: Capt. F. LeP. T. Clifford (Brigadier, O.B.E.), Flying Officer F. R. West (Group Capt.). We are indebted to Wing Cdr. Gobeil for this photograph.



WHEN GIVING ORDERS

Remember that:

- Compliance with orders should be both reasonable and possible.
- They should proceed down the chain of command.
- They should be complete and descriptive. They should answer the question: WHAT, WHEN, WHERE, HOW, WHY, and WHO.
- There must be an inflexible rule that orders are either obeyed or cancelled.
- Petty orders are to be avoided. People should think for themselves whenever possible.

(No. 1 S.S.T.S. précis.)

GOLF TROPHY FOR No. 6 R.D.

(The following item was received just too late for inclusion in our December issue. — Editor.)

This year, for the first time since the A.O.C.'s Golf Trophy was put up for competition between golfing teams from No. 6 Repair Depot, Training Command Headquarters, and R.C.A.F. Station Trenton, No. 6 R.D. walked off with it. The trophy was first put up for competition in 1950, and for five years No. 6 Repair Depot always ended up on the bottom of the heap. On the sixth try, however, the Depot managed to take it by the slim margin of half a point. It was presented at the annual smoker held at Station Trenton's Social Centre.

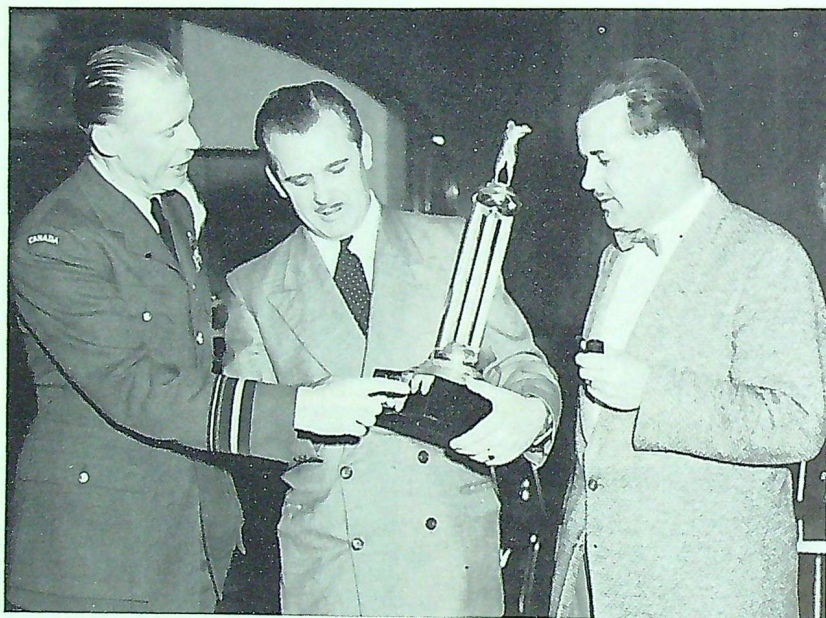
Air Force golfers in the Trenton district are a very keen bunch of fellows, and the sportsmanship that exists between the three above-mentioned teams has always been apparent. In the most recent tournament, No. 6 R.D. lacked one player to make up its 8-man team, so Training Command Headquarters promptly lent it one. Although No. 6 R.D. is part of another Command, it is none the less considered very much a part of Training Command and R.C.A.F. Station Trenton in all matters of sport. It is sincerely hoped that, in the not too distant future, the A.O.C.'s Golf Trophy will be played for by all units in the Command.

Today (November 18th) a few hardy souls are still belting the little pills around the course — preparing, we hope, for further triumphs next year.

*Sgt. F. J. Blair,
Sec'y., Golf Club Committee.*



The winners. Left to right: Flying Officer E. J. H. Baker, Flt. Lt. D. C. Mahoney, W.O. I G. B. Kennedy, Flying Officer A. Crew (Captain), Flying Officer W. H. Holmes, Group Capt. T. A. Spruston, Mr. G. M. Turney, Sqn. Ldr. M. W. Dempsey, Flt. Lt. J. Wood.



Left to right: Air Vice Marshal J. G. Bryans, C.B.E., A.O.C. Training Command; Group Capt. T. A. Spruston, M.B.E., C.O. of No. 6 R.D.; and Group Capt. G. G. Diamond, A.F.C., C.O. of Station Trenton.

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.

Feminine Gen

Sgt. Shatterproof picked up the file marked "Fem. Gen" from my desk and scrutinized its scanty contents. His eyes narrowed.

"Misogyny, Sir," he declared, "will get us nowhere."

"Misogyny?" I stared at him, shocked. "You blaspheme, Shatterproof. In this office the Sex is paramount."

Undismayed, he continued:

"Well may we seek to hide our guilt behind a façade of simulated indignation! Is it not enough, Sir, that for seven long years no seasoning of cheesecake has added zest to the unpalatable fare offered by 'The Roundel'? Must we carry our puritanical frenzy even further and squeeze our airwomen out of the few pages which are rightly theirs?"

"Squeeze our airwomen — ?" I began. "I —"

He raised his hand.

"Enough, Sir! Though we may be unable to discipline our thoughts, let us at least control our tongue. I refer to this file. Where is that wealth of material our airwomen have been sending you? To what editorial morgue have we consigned their innocent prattlings and the pictures of their happy little faces? For shame, Sir! For very shame!"

I waved him to a chair.

"Calm yourself," I soothed him. "The blame lies not with us. For nearly eight weeks, only one prattle has charmed our ears, only four little feminine faces have beamed happily forth from that file. The Sex, alas, is silent!"

I was interrupted at this point by sounds of discord from the passage outside. One of the disputants was evidently Claudette, our messenger-girl, in whom the face and form of a young goddess are united with the melodious voice of a cement-mixer.

"Wotcha think ya doin'? If ya don't watch out, you'll be upsettin' the boss's



Left to right: Group Capt. G. F. Jacobsen, Miss M. McMillan, Cpl. June Batters, Flying Officer Elaine Yeomans, Cpl. Jean Snider.

cuppertea. An' wot's more, I'll tell me boy-friend. You sure gotta nerve, you have! One more crack outa you, and I'll bust ya in the snoot."

Not otherwise than Rex Tyrannosaurus must once have surged up from the primordial swamps at the cry of Regina Tyrannosaura, so then stood to his feet the knightly Shatterproof. But before his avenging hand could reach out to the handle of the door, the latter flew open to admit Claudette and the afternoon tea. Her blouse, I observed, had slipped a little from one shoulder, and her cheeks were flushed as from wholesome exercise. A mischievous smile lent her countenance an even more than usually provocative appeal, while over one eyebrow an errant curl trembled engagingly.

Seeing Shatterproof, she stopped. She batted her eyes.

"Hi there, Muscle-bound," she greeted him. Then: "Gee, did I tell that guy off! You oughter a heard me."

"I did". Sgt. Shatterproof's tones were dangerously calm. "A local debauchee, I take it?"

Claudette looked at him sharply.

"Aw," she said, "don't be that way! He's a swell guy, a reel gentleman. He's taking me to the hockey game tonight."

While the old wardog gazed at her, utterly baffled, she set the tea down on

my desk and tripped off again about her business — pausing only to suggest to him, in a hoarse whisper, that she might be seeing him later in the canteen.

When she had vanished, Sgt. Shatterproof resumed his seat and fingered the "Fem. Gen" file in a dazed sort of way. After perhaps a minute, he seemed to rally himself.

"Well," he sighed, "bless it, anyway!"

"Bless what?"

"The Sex, Sir."

And so we sat there, brooding upon the ways of women, while the early winter twilight came creeping in through the office windows.

* * *

What follows represents the entire contents of the file whose slenderness aroused Sgt. Shatterproof's chivalrous instincts in the manner just described. It was received from L.A.W. M.L. Essex, of R.C.A.F. Station Winnipeg, and it describes briefly that station's first —

AIRWOMEN'S MESS DINNER

All was excitement in Barrack Block No. 9, at R.C.A.F. Station Winnipeg, on the evening of Friday, October 14th, 1955. The hour was drawing near. Clad in our interim mess dress, we were about to attend our very first Mess Dinner and to meet our new C.O., Group Captain Jacobsen.



Cocktails were served at 7 o'clock in the Airwomen's Lounge, and we went in to dinner at 7.30. We were honoured to have as guests Group Capt. G. F. Jacobsen, D.F.C.; Wing Cdr. F. Gaffney, Chief Administrative Officer; and numerous others of the station's senior personnel. The guest speaker of the evening was Miss M. McMillan, president of the Winnipeg Business and Professional Women's Club.

Candlelight was reflected from the bouquets of pompons which were centred on each table, and piano-music was provided throughout the dinner by Sgt. Bruce Pringle, of the Armament Section. L.A.W. Anne Jorgensen, the P.M.C., supervised the evening's events.

Miss M. McMillan gave a most interesting talk. She spoke about women personnel in the R.C.A.F., and the value

of friendship and co-operation within the Service. She also told of her travels by air — to Hawaii, Barbados, Bermuda, New York, and Niagara Falls.

After dinner, everyone adjourned to the Airwomen's Lounge for a sing-song round the piano. It was, we all felt, a highly successful evening, and we are looking forward to holding another Mess Dinner in the near future.

RUNWAY BARRIER FOR JETS ★ ★ ★

The runway barrier, designed to bring jet aircraft to a speedy stop if they are in trouble, recently underwent tests by the R.C.A.F.'s Central Experimental and Proving Establishment.

The idea of using a barrier was first conceived by the U.S.A.F. in Korea, where jet fighters were operating out of short fields, and where they were constantly faced with the hazards of landing crippled aircraft after operations, or of taking off with full operational load in varying weather and runway conditions. Considerable experimental work has been done by the U.S.A.F., using the T-33, F-86, and F-84; but the CF-100, weighing more than 17 tons, is the heaviest aircraft yet used in barrier tests.

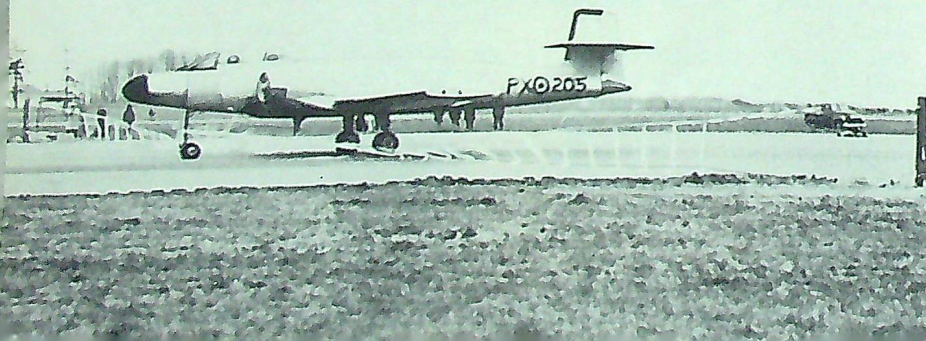
Interest was aroused in the R.C.A.F. as a result of the problems encountered by Air Defence Command during its winter operations of all-weather fighters, when it was necessary to land aircraft on ice or snow-covered runways.

The barrier, which is an accident-prevention device, is situated near the end of a runway and is designed to stop an aircraft should its brakes fail on landing, or should it overshoot the runway after a flame-out, or suffer power-failure on take-off. It consists of three main components: a trigger mechanism actuated by the aircraft's nose oleo-leg, an arresting-gear which engages with the main oleo legs, and a manual control to raise or lower the barrier. Later versions of

the crash-barrier will incorporate a remote control to enable the control tower to raise the barrier within six seconds of receiving the pilot's request.

The triggering is effected by a barrier of nylon webbing stretched between two stanchions, one on each side of the runway, at the beginning of the 1000-foot gravel overshoot-area (see photograph). When the aircraft's nose oleo contacts the barrier, it runs over an arresting-cable attached to the bottom of the webbing's vertical risers. The cable is lifted off the runway surface *behind* the nose wheel, and, travelling upwards to strike the underside of the fuselage, eventually bears against the main legs. When the load on the cable reaches 6000 lbs., the cable picks up two heavy chains which are attached to it, one at each end, and drags them along the runway. The friction of the chain eventually stops the aircraft well within the confines of the overshoot area.

In the tests conducted at R.C.A.F. Station Uplands, 50 tons of chain were used to bring the CF-100 to a stop, without material damage to the aircraft. The latter, without tip tanks, was taxied into the barrier at speeds of up to 90 m.p.h., but it is expected that development will result in bringing a fully-loaded CF-100 to a stop while travelling at take-off speed. If the barrier lives up to expectations, as it gives every indication of doing, all CF-100 stations will be equipped with runway barriers.



POTENT BREW

Notes on Operation "Tea-Pot"

By Sergeant I. Hargreaves

(Most of our readers will remember having read of the A-bomb tests at the Nevada proving-grounds some nine months ago. Among the eleven members of the R.C.A.F. observers' team were Wing Cdr. A. L. Bocking, author of "Memoirs of a Canadian in the R.A.F." and Director of Ground Defence, and Sgt. I. Hargreaves, now stationed as a Ground Defence instructor at No. 4 (Fighter) Wing, Germany. Last September we received from Sgt. Hargreaves the following interesting notes on his experiences during the tests. Although space limitations have precluded our publishing them until now, they have lost none of their interest by the delay. The writer, who served with the Canadian Army from 1939 to 1945, and who was with the 1st Canadian Corps in Italy, France, Belgium and Holland, joined the R.C.A.F. in 1951.—Editor.)

THE coffee spilled over from my tin mug as I shivered in the cold pre-dawn darkness of the Nevada desert. When I had gulped it down, I began to grope my way through the gloom over the sage towards the trenches a hundred yards away. It was 3.30 a.m. and, as I stumbled along to my position in the trench, I contemplated the chances of snatching a hasty forty winks. But the biting cold wind, combined with the tension in the air, soon removed any such thoughts from my mind.

Together with sixty other Canadians, I was a member of a tri-Service team (11 R.C.N., 11 R.C.A.F., 40 Army) attending the "Tea-Pot" series of atomic tests at the Nevada proving-grounds. The first such Canadian unit to witness an A-bomb explosion, we had arrived from Kingston, Ontario, two weeks before, having previously received special training at No. 1 Radiation Detection Unit of the Royal Canadian Engineers. The tests had already been postponed on several occasions because of unfavourable weather conditions, and the betting was high as to whether "Apple Two" (our bomb) would be triggered this time or not.

It was the morning of 5 May 1955, and we had left our tented camp at Desert Rock three hours earlier, travelling by U.S. Army bus the forty miles to the test site, where the red light on top of the 500-foot steel tower indicated that the A-bomb was already in position. Dressed in bush uniforms, steel helmets, plastic boots, and respirators, we looked like visitors from another planet.

Our trenches were located exactly two miles from the test tower—a distance which I personally considered to be as close as comfort would reasonably allow. Propped up on a small mound 1,500 yards in front of me, was a small pine-wood board, to which a stencilled outline of my name had been tacked. My trench was about four feet deep, and I couldn't make up my mind whether I'd have preferred it still deeper (to give greater protection) or shallower (to avoid the possibility of being buried alive). We were all silent and a little nervous. Fifteen minutes before the count-down started, we remembered a number of small rocks a few yards in front of us. There was a hurried scramble for a few moments while we hastily removed them to the other side of the

trench in order to lessen the chances of having them blown on to our heads by the blast.

At H-hour minus five we put on our respirators, took up a kneeling position at the bottom of the trench, and placed our hands over our eyepieces. As the voice over the loud speaker started its monotonous "Fifteen . . . fourteen . . . thirteen . . ." there was a deathly quiet.

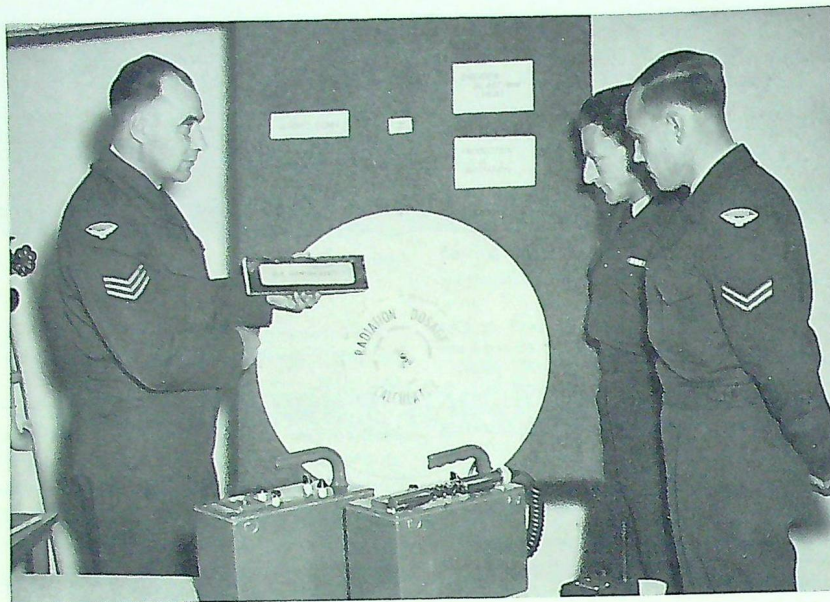
The tension mounted.

Finally, the controller reached the final "three . . . two . . . one . . . NOW!"

I braced myself for the shock . . . but nothing happened. No loud bang, no blinding flash. The thought hit me: "It hasn't gone off!" Could an A-bomb mis-fire?

Even as these thoughts raced through my mind, everything suddenly turned bright pink. I realized that, even though my eyes were tightly closed and I had my hands covering the eyepieces of the respirator. I was actually seeing the flash of the explosion through my eyelids and through the flesh of my hands. The bones in my fingers stood out as in an X-ray photograph. I knew that, had I been facing this light with my eyes unprotected, I would have been blinded.

The flash seemed to last about four minutes (in actual fact it was only four seconds). Then there came a reverberating CRACK! followed by a long rolling roar, and the ground shook as if a violent earthquake was taking place. I wondered if the sides of the trench would collapse on me as I huddled at the bottom. A few pebbles and some dirt did fall in on us, but I felt no blast or heat wave. About this stage I wondered how many gamma rays were passing through me, but I wasn't curious enough to check the hair-line on my pocket dosimeter to see



Sgt Hargreaves displays his souvenir of "Apple Two".

if it had already registered a fatal dose.

At this point we raised our heads cautiously to view the spectacle for which we had been waiting for four months. A few moments later we received the order to remove our respirators, and other heads started to bob up from neighbouring trenches. Very soon all 2,000 of the odd troops and civilians taking part in the test had climbed out and were congregated in front of their trenches. The Canadians had been among the closest to the burst; the only people between us and the bomb were four American colonels who were located some distance in front of the main body of troops.

The glow was just dying in the centre of a huge mushroom-shaped column of black smoke. It was almost daylight, and I could make out numerous Joshua trees burning, and the clothing smouldering

on a number of dummy figures immediately in front of our trenches. I knew then that the flash heat must have passed over our heads, and I wondered what had happened to my pine-wood board which had been half way between the bomb and my own position. When I recovered it later, I found that the letters of my name had been scorched into the surface of the wood as a permanent souvenir of "Apple Two".

Through the smoke and dust I could just see the test buildings off to our left flank, and even from that distance I could discern the signs of damage. Everyone was exchanging comments and comparing their reactions during those few momentous seconds which had just passed. Our Canadian reconnaissance vehicles came forward some minutes later, and we left the area to set up our

decontamination centre. Our previous training was now about to be put to the test; we were actually going to monitor an A-bombed area. Meanwhile, the scientists, photographers, and civil defence officials went forward to inspect the damage to "Doom Town" — a collection of structures of different types which had been erected for experimental purposes.

During the next few days we practised various monitoring procedures and tested different types of equipment, all the time wearing our respirators and protective clothing. Overhead, U.A.S.F. helicopters, from Indian Springs and other nearby airfields, buzzed around, carrying other monitoring equipment and picking up dust samples from the air for analysis. One day was spent at Indian Springs air base, watching crews decontaminating aircraft which had been used to follow the progress of the radioactive cloud as it drifted slowly northward towards the Canadian border.

After a further week at the Desert Rock camp, the Canadian personnel started to pack up and prepare for the return to Kingston, but, before leaving, we visited the fabulous city of Las Vegas, sixty miles away, where we found the gaming-tables a much greater hazard than atomic radiation.

Back at the Radiation Detection Unit in Kingston, the tri-Service team spent two days in reviewing the experiences of the past two weeks and in summarizing the lessons learned, before returning to their respective units.

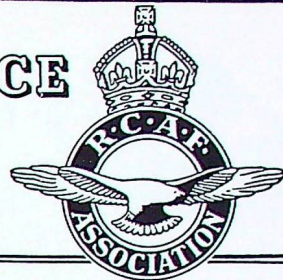
Ever since the first atomic explosions took place in 1945, films and magazines have given graphic accounts of this terrifying weapon. Until, however, one actually witnesses the awesome spectacle for oneself, it is impossible to gain any real conception of the tremendous power of the atom.

DON'T PUSH

A leader shows the way and inspires others to follow. People cannot be led from the rear. (No. 1 S.S.T.S. précis.)

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

Association



THE YORK MINSTER MEMORIAL

On All Saints Day, 1 November 1955, and in the presence of a notable gathering of the next-of-kin of fallen airmen, as well as representatives of Commonwealth governments and Her Majesty's air forces, H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh unveiled the shrine erected in a chantry of the north transept of York Minster as a memorial to the fallen of Nos. 4 (Bomber), 6 (R.C.A.F. Bomber), and 7 (Operational Training) Groups of Bomber Command, Nos. 16 and 18 Groups of Coastal Command, and units of Fighter Command — including Nos. 607, 608, 609, and 616 Auxiliary Squadrons, Royal Air Force.

Canada, the Royal Canadian Air Force, and the R.C.A.F. Association were represented by the Hon. Norman Robertson, High Commissioner for Canada to the United Kingdom; Air Commodore A. D. Ross, G.C., C.B.E., Air Member, Canadian Joint Staff, London; and Air Vice-Marshal K. M. Guthrie, C.B., C.B.E., National President, R.C.A.F. Association.

The Canadian representation was made particularly noteworthy by the attendance, by special invitation, of Air Vice-Marshal G. E. Brookes, C.B., O.B.E., Grand President of the Association, and Air Vice-Marshal C. M. McEwen, C.B., M.C., D.F.C. a prominent member of the Association. The former was the first A.O.C., of No. 6 Group; the latter, its second and last.

Between 4000 and 5000 persons took part in the service, at the conclusion of which a wreath of remembrance was laid at the memorial by the National President of the Association.

The National President wishes to pay tribute on behalf of all members of the R.C.A.F. Association to Air Vice-Marshal Brookes and his York Minster

Memorial Fund Committee for the excellent work they did in the collection of funds in Canada for the memorial, and to express also the warm thanks and appreciation of the National Executive Council and the Memorial Fund Committee to all who contributed and supported the appeal for these funds.

In 1954, when the appeal for funds for the York Minster Memorial was first raised in Canada, a pamphlet, outlining the purpose of the Memorial and giving a general description of its proposed form, was circulated among all Wings and Groups of the Association. No description, however, can properly convey an idea of its beauty as it now stands completed in the ancient Minster — a symbol to those airmen of many lands who gathered in Great Britain to fight for freedom. In the words of one of the inscriptions on the Memorial:

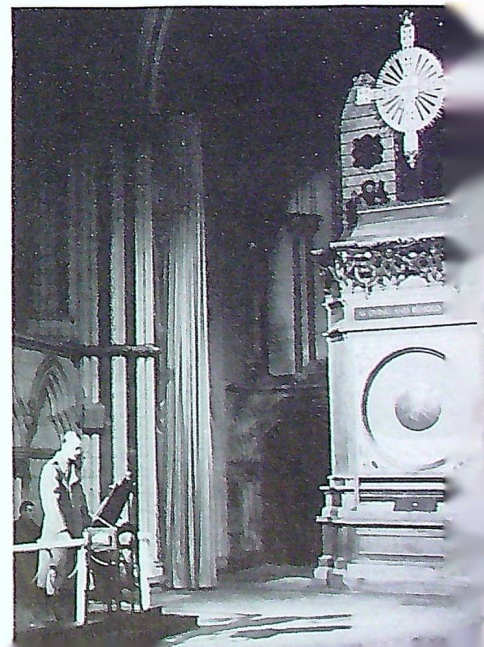
"They went through the air and space without fear, and the shining stars marked their shining deeds."

The Memorial takes the form of an astronomical clock, under which stands the Lectern with the Book of Honour upon it. The Minster's own architect, Professor A. E. Richardson, has produced a memorial which does not merely enclose or frame the dials of the clock and support the Lectern and the Book of Honour: the monumental framework, fashioned of walnut exquisitely proportioned to the chantry in which it stands, rises to a cenotaph surrounded by a frieze of winged figures cast in bronze. These figures, representing Courage, Skill, Sacrifice, and Victory, are symbolic of angels bearing the fallen airmen upward to the flaming gold cross and crown of Christ which surmount the whole structure.

Essentially, the Book of Honour is the heart of the York Minster Memorial. The names of the fallen are written in one long list, in alphabetical order, and are grouped in blocks under the initial letter or surnames. They are *not* grouped by commands, formations, or units. This makes for ease of reference — e.g. "DOE, John Allan — R.C.A.F., No. 4 — Sqdn." The names of 3,537 members of the Royal Canadian Air Force are written into the Book of Honour.

Also shown in the book are exact drawings of the different types of aircraft actually flown by the airmen named. Famous types in their day, most of these aircraft are already all but forgotten — at least, as regards design and appearance — except by those who once flew them. Here is the list of them: *Aunson, Beaufort, Whitley, Wellington, Stirling, Warwick, Sunderland, Hurricane,*

H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh unveils the Memorial.





Shown arriving at York Minster Cathedral are (l. to r.): Mrs. Ross, Air Vice-Marshal Guthrie, Air Cdre. Ross, Mrs. H. B. Hay, and Air Vice-Marshal Brookes.

Battle, Typhoon, Mosquito, Spitfire, Walrus, Blenheim, Beaufighter, Lancaster, Tempest, Master, Meteor, Halifax, Tiger Moth, Lysander, Mustang, Catalina.

The central feature of the memorial itself is the astronomical clock, which is said to be without parallel in the world. It was designed by Dr. R. d'E. Atkinson, of the Royal Astronomical Observatory. He has written, in part, concerning it:

"We have aimed to represent the actual positions of celestial objects as the navigator himself would observe them in his sky . . . The clock has two main dials. The astral on the east side and the zodiacal one on the west . . . The sun itself is in the proper places at all times of the day. It crosses the S.E. wire when the true sun is S.E. in the sky, and the S. wire at local apparent noon when the true sun is due South, and so on; it also goes high in the sky in the summer and low in the winter . . . The astral dial on the other side of the clock shows those northern stars which never rise or set, but appear to circulate daily round the celestial pole . . . The clock shows their positions by day, as well as by night. The Great Bear and Cassiopea should be easily recognized, and the two very bright stars near the edge are Capella and Deneb . . . Sidereal (or star) time is shown by the pointer at the top of the dial; it is also shown on the zodi-

acal side by the three small dials on the left, where it has been converted from hours to degrees, since navigators now use it in this form."

Those members of our Association who were privileged to attend the ceremony are most grateful to the R.A.F. Association for the invitation to do so, to the Chief of the Air Staff, R.C.A.F., for having made air transportation available, and to their fellow members in Canada for their support.

INTERNATIONAL AIR FORCE BONSPIEL

The only international Air Force bonspiel ever attempted in Canada was organized in 1954 by No. 702 (Lethbridge) Wing. In March 1955, the Second International Air Force Bonspiel was held in Lethbridge. Teams from all across Canada entered, to a total of forty-four.

No. 702 proposes to hold the Third International Air Force Bonspiel in Lethbridge on Friday and Saturday, 23 and 24 March 1956. The entry fee is \$20.00 per rink, and four games are guaranteed.

The chief trophy offered for competition is the Flying Officer Del Martin Memorial Trophy, won last year by an entry from Greenwood, N.S. The second trophy is the Tip-Top Tailors Trophy, won last year by the Al Trotter rink from Lachene, Que.

The games are played on artificial ice,

and brooms and rocks are supplied. The bonspiel is open to all Wings of the Association in Canada, to the R.C.A.F., the U.S.A.F. and the U.S.A.F. Association.

No. 702 Wing is to be congratulated on this undertaking, and all enquiries should be addressed to Mr. T. C. Segsworth, 8 Tudor Manor, Lethbridge, Alta.

WING NEWS

No. 105 (Amherst) Wing.

No. 154 (Amherst) Squadron of the Royal Canadian Air Cadets was given a helpful boost when the sponsoring body, No. 105 Wing, made a donation of four new sets of bagpipes to the squadron band. The Commanding Officer of the squadron, Sqn. Ldr. R. W. Andres, explained that the cadet band had been training for the past six months with practice-chanters, and that about four of the cadets were ready to graduate to the regular bagpipes. Drummers are also in training, and expectations are that the band will be ready for its first appearance in May.

No. 200 (Summerside) Wing.

On what is said to be the second such occasion in the local history of any of the armed services, the colours of the R.C.A.F. Association were consecrated

E. Russell Hopkins, legal adviser to the Association, who has recently been appointed Law Clerk and Parliamentary Counsel to the Senate.



in a brief but impressive ceremony held in No. 200 Wing's quarters recently in the presence of members of the organization, their wives and guests.

The colours, consisting of the Union Jack and the R.C.A.F. Association banner, beautifully executed and mounted on suitable standards, were presented by the official standard-bearers, Eric Farquharson and Ray Hughes.

No. 250 (Saint John) Wing.

The members of No. 250 Wing are to be congratulated on completion of the outright purchase of the building shown in the accompanying photograph. Their accomplishment should serve as an incentive to other Wings who are still without quarters.

Built of limestone and freestone found near Saint John, the 75-year-old turreted castle makes the new home of No. 250 Wing about the most lavish club-rooms in Canada. The building was originally erected for a man named Simeon Jones. The contract was let in 1880, but labour-trouble delayed completion of the house until 1884. The building has trimmings of red and gray polished granite, and a grandson of the original owner says that, in forty years of occupancy by the family, no repairs were needed except for damage done by one slight chimney-fire. After the First World War, the building served as headquarters for Military District No. 7. Later, it was used as the Public Health Centre by Saint John City, and still later it was taken over by the Navy League of Canada. No. 250 Wing now occupies it for the second time. On the previous occasion the Wing was a tenant of the Navy League.

No. 410 (Ottawa) Wing.

No. 410 Wing was well represented in the Remembrance Day Parade. William Hawkins, Wing president, arranged for the Ladies' Auxiliary to serve breakfast in the club-rooms at 9 a.m. Appreciation of the ladies' endeavours was confirmed when all members on parade returned for a second breakfast.

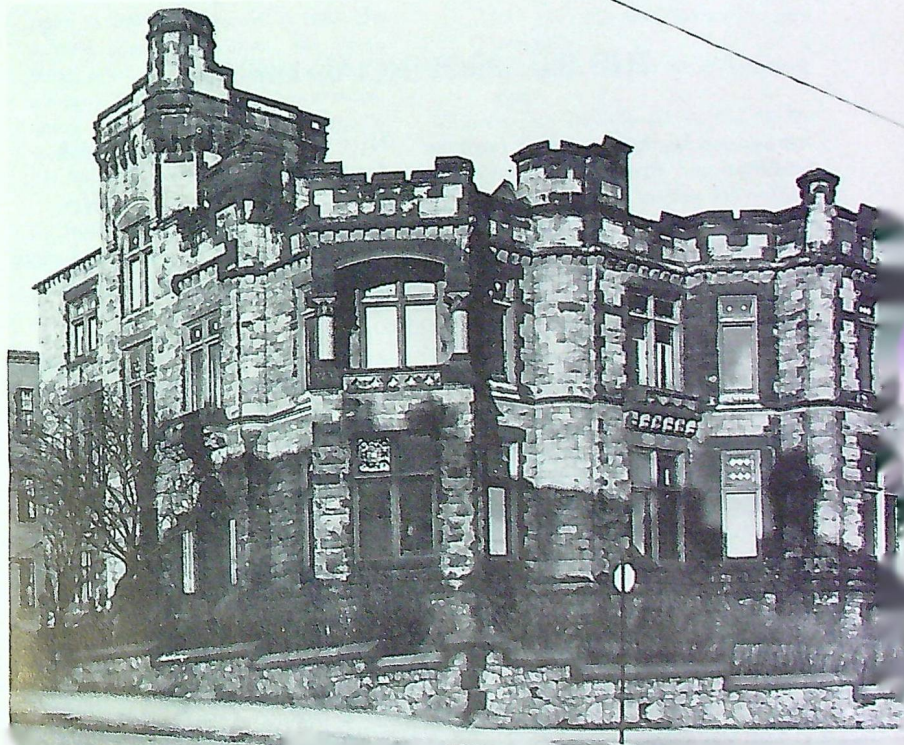
No. 600 (Regina) Wing.

Periodically, Wings from different parts of the country appear to reach



No. 510 (Wilno) Wing, Montreal. Hosts and guests at last November's annual Blue Ball. Seated (l. to r.): Mrs. B. J. Kwiecinski, Mrs. M. Pronaszko, Air Vice-Marshal K. M. Guthrie, Mrs. J. A. D. Baxter Richer, Mrs. A. R. MacKenzie. Standing (l. to r.): Mr. M. Pronaszko (Wing president), Group Capt. J. A. D. Baxter Richer, Sqn. Ldr. A. R. MacKenzie, Mr. B. J. Kwiecinski.

No. 250 Wing's new home.





No. 410 Wing. P. G. Baskerville (Group Capt., retired), followed by members of the Wing in the Remembrance Day parade.

maturity and to provide many worthwhile undertakings. This statement is very true of No. 600. The Wing now sponsors three Air Cadet squadrons, which means organizing many fundraising events. At present it is also exploring the possibility of forming an Air Cadet band.

We might add that No. 600 is giving top priority to the current Wing membership drive.

No. 700 (Edmonton) Wing.

Congratulations are in order for No. 700 Wing on the acquisition of its new

quarters at R.C.A.F. Station Edmonton, and we are looking forward to the official opening in the near future.

George Esdale, the Wing Secretary, has set a splendid example by remitting renewal dues for more than 100 members within a period of one month.

WING MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN

The 1955-56 Wing Membership Campaign is under the direction of a Membership Committee appointed by National Executive Council. Mr. E. B. Fitzgerald, of Saint John, N.B., is committee chairman.

The campaign period is from 1 No-

vember 1955 to 31 March 1956. Its objective is to double our present membership, and the slogan of the campaign is "Member—Get a Member!" Quotas have been set both for Groups and Wings.

Prizes will be awarded to:

- The Group obtaining the highest number of points.
- The Wing obtaining the highest number of points.
- The Wing obtaining the largest increase in regular membership.
- The Wing obtaining the greatest increase in serving members.

To create additional interest, and also to provide genuine competition, a membership drive among the members-at-large has been organized. Each member-at-large has received an application blank with his name and address stamped on the reverse side, and has been requested to obtain one new member—or, if possible, more. It is hoped that members-at-large will give their full support to the drive.

When the final tally is made, who knows but that they may not come out on top?

Watch for the monthly score.



THE B.C. PROVINCIAL LIBRARY

A request has been received from the Librarian and Archivist of British Columbia for certain back copies of "The Roundel" in order to complete the Library's files. We have been able to provide only a small number of the issues required, and the Library still lacks the following:

Mar.	1952	1953
Apr.	Jan.	Jan.
May	Jun.	Mar.
Jun.	Jul.-Aug.	Jun.
Jul.-Aug.	Oct.	Jul.-Aug.
Sep.	Nov.	
Nov	Dec.	

It will be greatly appreciated if any of our readers can assist in supplying the missing copies. They are asked to send a card, stating which issues they have available, to:

Mr. Willard E. Ireland,
Provincial Librarian & Archivist,
Victoria, B.C.

EINSTEIN ON WEALTH

I am absolutely convinced that no wealth in the world can help humanity forward, even in the hands of the most devoted worker in this cause. The example of great and pure individuals is the only thing that can lead us to noble thought and deeds. Money only appeals to selfishness and irresistibly invites abuse. Can anyone imagine Moses, Jesus, or Gandhi armed with the money-bags of Carnegie?

IT SURE IS!

R.C.A.F. pilots who daily stitch French and German skies with vapour trails are slow to talk about their jobs. It's difficult to tkckslahupnaioqlfwm4.00 0. (From a weekly newspaper.)

1949	1950	Sep.
Mar.	Jan.	Oct.
May	Mar.	Nov.
Jun.	Apr.	Dec.
Oct.	May	1951
Nov.	Jun.	Jan.
Dec.	Jul.-Aug.	Feb.

WHAT'S THE SCORE?

(This is the third in Sgt. Shatterproof's series of questionnaires on the Commonwealth of Nations. The series began last November, it may be recalled, after he had caught us one afternoon brooding over the prophecies of Mr. Pulsifer Droop, the well-known radio commentator and news-analyst. In the letter with which the following questions were enclosed, the old wardog writes: "This month, Sir, I am cleaning up in the Pacific and setting course in the general direction of India." Correct answers are given on page 31. — Editor.)

1. The only territory in the Commonwealth that is under the joint trusteeship of three countries (Australia, New Zealand, and the United Kingdom) is the island of:
 - (a) New Ireland (3,000 sq. miles).
 - (b) New Britain (10,000 sq. miles).
 - (c) Nauru (8½ sq. miles).
 - (d) New Hebrides (5,700 sq. miles).
2. Samoa, an archipelago of volcanic origin, is divided into Eastern Samoa (American) and Western Samoa (under the trusteeship of New Zealand). Western Samoa, which is by far the larger (population 87,200) includes the island of Upolu, famous as the one-time home of:
 - (a) The author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde".
 - (b) The authors of "The Mutiny on the *Bounty*".
 - (c) "Pago-Pago" Shatterproof, author of "Beaches I Have Combated".
 - (d) Robinson Crusoe, author of "My Man Friday".
3. Possessions of New Zealand in the Pacific include the Union Islands (pop. 1,400), the Kermadec Islands (uninhabited), the Chatham Islands (pop. 700), and the Cook Islands (pop. 10,000). An uninhabited island of the last group is:
 - (a) Rarotonga.
 - (b) Bermuda.
 - (c) Tobago.
 - (d) Nassau.
4. Owned by Australia, Norfolk Island (13½ sq. miles) is distinguished as being the home of a gigantic tree, the Norfolk pine. Discovered by Capt. Cook in 1774, it was first established as a penal settlement. Eighty-two years later.
 - (a) The 192 descendants of the *Bounty's* mutineers were transferred to it from Pitcairn Island.
 - (b) Robert Louis Stevenson was born there.
 - (c) It was depopulated by the eruption of Mt. Pitt.
 - (d) It was used as a station during the laying of the first trans-Pacific cable.
5. The Fiji Islands (population 307,000) are a British colony in which the natives retain a large share of self-government. Tasman was the first European to sight the islands, in 1643; the second was Capt. Bligh, 144 years later, after he had been set adrift in an open boat by the *Bounty's* mutineers. The natives were formerly well-known for:
 - (a) Their friendly reception of Christian missionaries.
 - (b) Their cannibalistic tendencies.
 - (c) The beauty of their women.
 - (d) Their practice of strangling their parents when the latter reached the age of forty.
6. Borneo is an island about five times as large as England. The larger part of it belongs to the Netherlands. The remainder consists of North Borneo, a British colony with a population of 355,000; Brunei (pop. 53,000), a protected state; and Sarawak (pop. 592,000), ceded to the Crown in 1946. For more than 100 years before that date, Sarawak had been governed by a succession of rajahs, all belonging to the same family. The first was:
 - (a) Suraj-ud-Dowlah.
 - (b) Major Tiffin Shatterproof, seconded from the Bengal Lancers.
 - (c) Suleiman the Magnificent.
 - (d) Sir James Brooke, an ex-officer of the East India Army.
7. Brunei, which is a Muslim sultanate, was first described by one of the men who accompanied Magellan on his voyage round the world. It is noted for its:
 - (a) Silversmiths.
 - (b) Head-hunters.
 - (c) Uranium deposits.
 - (d) Toothless tigers, supposed to be mutations caused by (c).
8. The Federation of Malaya, with a population of nearly 6,000,000, includes nine protected states and two settlements, among them the island of Penang. A Penang lawyer:
 - (a) Must be of Malay birth.
 - (b) Is a walking-stick.
 - (c) Is the Royal Navy's equivalent for the phrase "barrack-room lawyer".
 - (d) Is the local name for a variety of shark.
9. Commonly considered as the traditional tool of the Malay when he runs amok is the:
 - (a) Tulwar.
 - (b) Kukri.
 - (c) Kris.
 - (d) Malaise.
10. Sir Stamford Raffles was:
 - (a) The founder, in 1819, of a settlement at Singapore.
 - (b) A celebrated piper who relieved Lucknow with the help of Flora MacDonald.
 - (c) A famous educator who founded Singapore's Raffles College.
 - (d) The buccaneer who is supposed to have buried a vast treasure on Cocos Island.

11. The British colony of Singapore (population 1,165,000) has two dependencies: the Cocos Islands and Christmas Island. The combined area of these dependencies is about 67 sq. miles. Like Sarawak, the Cocos Islands have been ruled for more than 100 years by members of a single family, the Clurries-Ross. A famous German ship destroyed off the Cocos Islands was the:

- (a) Von Spee.
- (b) Scharnhorst.
- (c) Emden.
- (d) Tirpitz.

12. The island of Mauritius (a British colony with a population of more than half a million) was discovered in 1505 by a Portuguese, Don Pedro Mascarenhas. Since then it has passed, successively, into Dutch, French, and British hands (1810), but it still remains largely French in character. A French naval base during the Napoleonic wars, it was then known as:

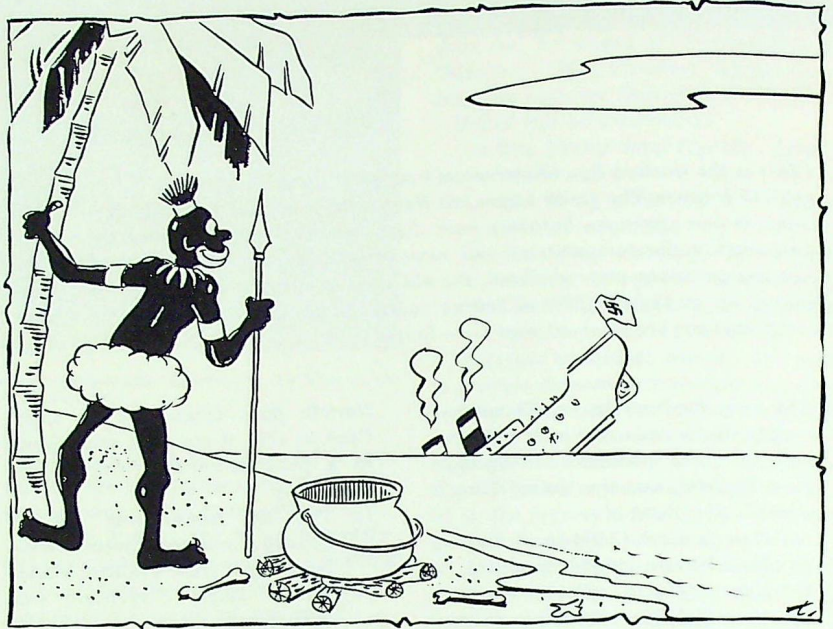
- (a) Réunion.
- (b) Ile-de-France.
- (c) Ile du Diable.
- (d) St. Maurice.

13. The Oil Islands, Danger Islands, Three Brothers Island, Egmont Island, and Eagle Island are the names of some of the coral reefs and islets which make up the dependency of Mauritius known as the:

- (a) Andaman Islands.
- (b) Chagos Archipelago.
- (c) Laccadive Islands.
- (d) Nicobar Islands.

14. The archipelago of the Seychelles has a total population of 37,000. Taken by the French in 1743, and named after the Vicomte de Séchelles, it was ceded to Britain under the Treaty of Paris in 1814. The colony was used as the place of deportation of:

- (a) Lobengula, king of the Matabele (1894).
- (b) "Legs" Shatterproof, after his attempt to introduce prohibition into the U.K. (1925).
- (c) Capt. Alfred Dreyfus (1894).
- (d) The leaders of the Arab Rebellion (1937).



15. Ceylon, an independent Commonwealth Country since 1948, has a population of about 8,100,000 and an area of 25,332 sq. miles. It has no lakes, and among its native animals is the:

- (a) Duck-billed platypus.
- (b) Springbok.
- (c) Tuskless elephant.
- (d) Rhinoceros.

16. The dominant race of Ceylon is descended from colonists from the Ganges valley (6th cent. B.C.). Its members are Buddhists. They are known as the:

- (a) Sinhalese.
- (b) Jains.
- (c) Celanese.
- (d) Sepoys.

17. Christians in Ceylon number approximately:

- (a) 1,450,000.
- (b) 900,000.
- (c) 300.
- (d) 300,000

18. The Portuguese established trading-settlements in Ceylon in 1505, and were driven out by the Dutch in 1656. The island was ceded to Britain under the Treaty of Amiens in 1802, and its chief naval base during the

Second World War was at:

- (a) Tralee.
- (b) Trincomalee.
- (c) Trichinopoly.
- (d) Trepassey.

19. India, occupying an area less than one third that of Canada, has a population of 376,750,000 (more than 24 times larger than Canada's). To all intents and purposes its history begins with the invasion of the Aryans several thousand years B.C. The oldest known literature of the Aryans was written in language from which all the Indo-European tongues (including, of course, English) are derived. This language is called:

- (a) Sanskrit.
- (b) Urdu.
- (c) Erse.
- (d) Dravidian.

20. Our earliest information about the Aryans in India is derived from four very ancient collections of hymns, known as the:

- (a) Puranas.
- (b) Tipitaka.
- (c) Vedas.
- (d) Mahabharata.

Говорите -ли Вы по Русски ?

THE Tri-Service Russian Language School, in Ottawa, is an outgrowth of the R.C.A.F.'s Russian Language School which has been in existence since 1951. Before that date, Army and Air Force personnel were sent to learn Russian at the U.S. Army Foreign Language School, Monterey, California, and Navy personnel to London University, England. On 2 June 1955, however, at a meeting of the Vice-Chiefs of Staff Committee, it was decided to activate the Tri-Service Russian Language School.

The school has the task of bringing the student's knowledge of Russian to such a level that he will be able to make practical use of everyday Russian, both oral and written, and to translate texts of a general nature from Russian to English and English to Russian. It also aims at giving the students a thorough knowledge of Russian grammar as a basis for future individual study.

Students receive 1440 hours of lectures and are required to do an additional 600 hours of homework. In order to teach what both staff and students agree is "a difficult language", many training aids are used. A tape recorder is issued to each student. Tapes are made of the instructor's voice pronouncing the Russian phonetics. Between each letter there is a pause which the student fills with his own pronunciation of the letter. When the tape is completed and played back, the student can hear the correct pronunciation and compare it with his own. After some practice, he is able to imitate exactly the correct sounds.

In class the students use conversational cartoon guides, which are large transparencies projected on to a screen. These transparencies show a series of pictures illustrating events that occur in a typical day. The students look at the pictures and describe, in their newly acquired vocabulary, the action depicted. There are also charts, photos, maps, and Russian movies to be seen and studied.

When speaking or reading, the students attempt to think in Russian so that they will be able to translate without the medium of English. By develop-

ing such a mental process, Russian words, whether written or spoken, produce an automatic and spontaneous response. At the end of the course the students should be able, with their vocabulary of 3000 to 3500 words, to carry on the same sort of conversation in Russian that they normally would in English. The final examinations, both written and oral, are usually given by a member of the Translation Branch of the Department of External Affairs.

There are thirteen students on the present (and first) tri-Service course. Since facilities are limited and the students come from the three Services, quotas must be set. This is done by the three Service representatives of the Inter-Service Committee on Joint Training.

The students are all volunteers, and any member of the armed forces may apply for the course, regardless of his present trade. Application is made by memorandum to the individual's commanding officer. Students are selected according to their qualifications, which are based on formal education, results of trade tests, or any other factor which would indicate a high mental capability.

The school is staffed by two instructors, a detachment commander, and a typist. One of the instructors, Professor Stephen Sznuk, was formerly a pilot in the Polish Air Force, with the rank of



L.A.C.s M. P. Charbonneau and J. M. Lemonnier study phonetics.

Group Captain. Professor Nicolai Levitsky, a White Russian, speaks English, French, and German, as well as his native language. The officer commanding the unit is Flt. Lt. D. A. Dolan, a graduate of the U. S. Army Foreign Language School and a former high-school teacher. The typist, Cpl. M. A. Gustafson, is qualified to type examinations and all other necessary papers in Russian.

The school has attracted the attention of at least one other government department. The Department of External Affairs has asked permission to send two of its members to take the course, and provision has been made to accept, in addition to these two, four other civilian students on the next course, which will begin on 1 September 1956.

By that time, it is hoped, there will be thirteen more readers of "The Roundel" who can answer our title-question with an emphatic —

ДА!

Answers to "What's the Score?"

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

Letters to the Editor ★ ★

EMERGENCY-EMERGENCY- COMPASS

Dear Sir:

Though the gyrosyn compass at present used in *Sabre VI* aircraft is generally considered reliable, the drivers of the Overseas Ferry Unit feel that provision should be made for emergencies with which the emergency compass might not be able to cope.

During one of the frequent discussions held in Goose Bay, the combined genius of the "stable" produced a solution. It is submitted here as an entry for the customary award.

The device consists of a homing-pigeon in a cage mounted in the right-hand corner of the cockpit, and, facing it, a free-swinging electric fan capable of generating flying-speed for the bird. If the pilot is unsure of his geographical location, he has merely to start fan. The bird will then begin to fly for home, and all the pilot has to do is line-up on the pigeon.

Station passage will be indicated either by:

- (a) bird reversing direction so quickly that fan cannot follow (a circumstance that will cause an unexpected tail-wind and consequent loss of flying speed, depositing bird in corner) or by
- (b) bird braining itself on floor of cage as it attempts to execute pull-through.

Should weather be I.F.R., pilot has option of three recommended courses of action:

1. Call G.C.A., requesting full-stop pigeon-compass G.C.A.
2. Call Operations for emergency-pigeon no-sweat briefing.
3. Come over field at 500 feet, roll over, and pull through into wind sock.

Additional Precautions

Pigeon-hutch should be located at end of runway.

All pigeons must be checked for security, pass annual B2 medicals as well as winter and summer bush-survival courses, and be given an F.I.S. category-ride once a year. All pigeons should also be duly registered with reputable Temperance Union. Cases involving unreliability occasioned by drunk pigeons have already been reported.

Flying Officer R. J. Childerhose,
Overseas Ferry Unit.

R.C.A.F. FAMILIES

Dear Sir:

What, I wonder, is the record for the highest number of members of the same family with service in the R.C.A.F.?

In my family, we are five: André (Flt. Lt.), Guy (Flt. Lt.), Raymond

(Flt. Lt.), René (released), and myself.
Flying Officer J.L.E.B. Jacques,
No. 4014 Medical Unit (Aux.).

NO. 168 SQN. AT BIGGIN HILL

Dear Sir:

I am at present compiling a comprehensive history of R.A.F. Station Biggin Hill, at the instigation of the Officer Commanding and with the full concurrence of the Air Ministry's Historical Branch.

Station records show that a detachment of No. 168 (Heavy Transport) Squadron of the R.C.A.F. was located at Biggin Hill for over a year towards the end of the Second World War. This is, to the best of my knowledge, the only time Biggin Hill was used as a transport base, and I would like to devote part of a chapter to the work of this squadron.

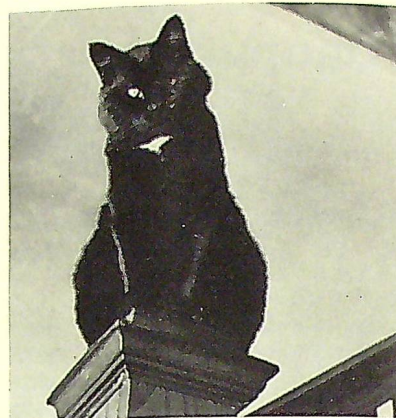
I should be extremely grateful to hear from any former members of the squadron who can give their impressions as Canadians at one of the more famous fighter stations, or who can provide photographs. Anything I may receive in the way of photographs, diaries, etc., will be most carefully looked after and faithfully returned to the owners.

Graham Wallace,
54 British Grove,
Chiswick,
London, W. 4, England.

TIBERIUS JONES

From Miss Mary Mark we have received another photograph of ex-A. C. 2 Jones, who was born beneath the Air-men's Mess at No. 4 Reserve Equipment Maintenance Unit, Brantford, at the end of the war. This prominent member of the R.C.A.F. Association (who has now, according to the accepted comparative time-scale, achieved the normal human span) seems to be carrying his years with dignity. Miss Mark writes:

I am enclosing his latest portrait, which I have entitled "Tiberius Jones" in recollection of Matthew Arnold's lines. The old boy is a reformed character these days. No more does he walk by his wild lone, but he still waves his tail as



"So Tiberius might have sat,
Had Tiberius been a cat."

imperiously as ever. Incidentally, he took some slight exception to your footnote to his letter in the issue of July-August 1955.

W. P. OR W. D.?

Dear Sir:

Whereas the article by Flying Officer C. F. Page on the airwomen and female officers of R.C.A.F. Station Claresholm, along with the accompanying pictures, is very interesting, three conclusions come to mind after reading it:

- The article was written during the Second World War.
- The proofreading by the editorial staff of "The Roundel" needs more supervision.
- Flying Officer Page is unaware of the current composition of the R.C.A.F. The Women's Division of the R.C.A.F. was disbanded several years ago, and female members of the R.C.A.F. are an integral part of the Service.

In short, somebody boomed — although the term "W.D." is still used throughout the R.C.A.F. (I have even seen it appear in D.R.O.s) and in the civilian press.

Unless the R.C.A.F.'s official publications set the pattern laid down by Air Staff, how can the Air Staff expect the rank and file to follow?

Flt. Lt. D. H. Webb,
No. 2416 A.C.&W.S. (Aux.)

We appreciate Flt. Lt. Webb's criticism regarding use of the initials "W.D." — and we stand corrected. However, as regards the desirability of "The Roundel's" invariable conformity with the rules of Service writing as laid down in C.A.P. 460, our readers are referred to "Letters to the Editor" in the May and September issues for 1953. Flt. Lt. Webb's first conclusion has us a little puzzled. As far as we know, Flying Officer Page's article was written in 1955.—Editor.)

THE R.C.A.F. BENEVOLENT FUND

The Royal Canadian Air Force Benevolent Fund was established in order to assist serving and former members of the R.C.A.F. and their dependents in time of financial distress.

SERVING PERSONNEL can obtain full information from their units' Orderly Rooms.
FORMER MEMBERS can obtain it from:

- The local Benevolent Fund Committee.*
- Any Wing of the R.C.A.F. Association.*
- Any District Office of D.V.A.
- Royal Canadian Air Force Benevolent Fund (Inc.), 424 Metcalfe St., Ottawa, Ont.

*This address is obtainable from any of the other three sources.

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