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This Month's Cover

An R.C.A.F. helicopter being unloaded on a rocky hill-top where one of the Mid-Canada Line's detection-stations will stand. (Photograph by Cpl. Darrel Eagles, A.T.C.H.Q.)

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No. 434 (Bluenose) Squadron

By Wing Commander F. H. Hitchins, Air Historian.

Of all the R.C.A.F. squadrons which served at home and overseas during the Second World War, few had a sterner introduction to the meaning of the word "ardua" in the motto of the Royal Air Forces than did No. 434 Squadron. It was engaged on operations with No. 6 (R.C.A.F.) Group of Bomber Command for a period of just over 20 months, from 12 August 1943 to 25 April 1945, and in that time it lost 484 officers and airmen killed or missing on sorties against the enemy.* As the squadron's average aircrew strength was about 248 men, these losses meant that No. 434 was wiped out twice during its relatively brief operational career. Most of these very heavy casualties were sustained during its first six months of operations (August 1943 to February 1944) when 43 crews, a total of 313 officers and airmen, failed to return, representing a casualty rate of 11.8% of the 364 sorties. Then, having passed "per ardua", the squadron entered upon happier days, and in the last 14 months of the campaign its casualties showed an appreciable decrease; 25 crews (171 men) were lost in the course of 2223 sorties, a ratio of only 1.1%.

No. 434 Squadron was the thirteenth heavy bomber squadron formed by the R.C.A.F. overseas during the Second World War, and it was on a thirteenth that the first member of the new unit reported for duty — a combination of thirteens that the superstitious may say "jinxed" the squadron during its early months, but which certainly did not in any way affect the morale of its personnel. The squadron's birthplace was Tholthorpe, in Yorkshire, and the date was 13 June 1943. The first commanding officer of No. 434 was Wing Cdr. C. E. Harris, a Canadian in the R.A.F., and from its Nova Scotian-born commander the squadron received the nickname ("Bluenose") by which it was known during the war. The squadron badge depicts its namesake, the famous schooner "Bluenose", the design being taken from that on the Canadian ten-cent coin. The motto "In Excelsis Vincimus" means "We Conquer in the Heights".

When No. 434 was first formed at Tholthorpe the station was still under construction, and mud lay everywhere. Although its setting beside a quaint old-world village was rather picturesque, conditions were for a time somewhat primitive and crowded. Despite these initial handicaps of an unfinished station and the inevitable lack of equipment and supplies, the unit quickly got into shape, thanks to a fine spirit of co-operation and willingness to work long and hard. On the night of 12 August 1943 — two months from its first stirring into life — No. 434 carried out its maiden operation when nine *Halifax Vs* bombed Milan in northern Italy as part of the aerial preparation for the invasion of Mussolini's homeland.

The squadron's second operation, on 17 August, was against another distant target and one which, in contrast to Milan, was very strongly defended. Peenemunde, the Nazi V.1 and V.2 experimental station on the shores of the Baltic, was extensively damaged, but night-fighters swarming over the area took a heavy toll, Wing Cdr. Harris's unit losing three of the ten crews which it sent out. After Peenemunde, the squadron made seven further raids on Germany between 22 August and 6 September, attacking some of the most heavily defended targets in the Reich — Berlin (twice), Leverkusen, Nuremberg, Menchen-Gladbach, Mannheim, and Munich, and lost six more crews, three of them on operations against the German capital. One of the missing bombers was captained by Sqn. Ldr. R. A. McLernon, one of the flight commanders, whose *Halifax* was shot down in flames by a night-fighter over the Danish coast. Taking to his parachute, McLernon landed in shallow water, waded ashore on an island and, after hiding for a time, was assisted by some Danish workmen who arranged for his transfer to Sweden. He was then flown back to Britain after an absence of just four weeks. Sqn. Ldr. McLernon was the first of fourteen "Bluenose" airmen who successfully evaded capture when shot down over enemy-held territory; two others escaped after being taken prisoner.

In the attack on Muenchen-Gladbach, Sgt. James Geddes, an R.A.F. flight engineer, won the squadron's first decoration (a D.F.M.) for exemplary conduct on his first sortie when, despite a wound in the stomach, he calmly continued with his

*There were also nine fatal casualties to aircrew and ground personnel due to training accidents, mishaps, or natural causes.

Wing Cdr. C. E. Harris, D.F.C. (C.O., June 1943 to February 1944).

duties and did not disclose that he had been injured until the aircraft was safely home.

A long spell of bad weather interrupted operations until 15 September, when No. 434 took part in two successive attacks on rail targets at Montlucon and Modane, in central and southern France, in support of the invasion of Italy. Then it returned to the strategic bombing campaign against Germany, making fifteen raids between 22 September and 3 December on targets at Hanover (three times), Mannheim, Kassel and Frankfurt (twice each), Bochum (the squadron's first target in the Ruhr), Düsseldorf, Leverkusen, Berlin, Stuttgart, and Leipzig. "Bluenose" crews also completed their first "gardening" operation to plant mines in the western Baltic and a Danish fjord. Twenty crews were lost on these missions, representing almost one crew out of every nine that took off. The heaviest blow of all was an attack on Kassel (22/23 October) when four crews, one-third of the "Bluenose" force, did not come back.

In one of the raids on Mannheim, flak sent Flt. Sgt. E. H. Ells' bomber spinning earthwards. The captain told his crew to prepare to bail out, but when the rear gunner reported that his turret was jammed, his companions elected to remain on board and attempt a forced landing in enemy territory at night. Ells put the *Halifax* down in a ploughed field and all but one of the crew survived the crash-landing. Even more remarkable were the experiences of members of another crew whose bomber was shot down by a night-fighter near Leverkusen on the night of 19/20 November. One member of the crew was killed by the fighter's bursts, but five others bailed out and were captured. Sgt. A. V. McIntosh, the flight engineer, did not remain long in enemy hands. Locked up overnight in an old prison, he managed to force the boards in the cell door, slipped out of the jail, and made his way across the frontier into Holland. There the Dutch underground took care of the Canadian airman until he was able to return to Britain in September 1944. He was the first member of No. 434 to escape from captivity.

The story of another member of the same crew is an amazing mixture of luck, persistence, and courage, beginning with a miraculous escape from death and ending with the award of the British Empire Medal. When the captain told the crew to jump, Sgt. J. L. N. Warren, the rear gunner, did not hear the order because his intercom. had been shot away. Thinking that the *Halifax* was on its way back home, Warren remained at his post for a time until, becoming uneasy, he climbed back into the fuselage, found that the rest of the crew had gone, and was shocked to see that the altimeter read only 950 feet. He hurried back to the turret for his parachute, but before he could clip it on, the *Halifax* struck the ground and burst into flames. Despite injuries, Warren got free and hobbled away from the blazing wreckage. He tried to make his way back to freedom, but was so weak and sick that he finally had to give himself up. In the spring of 1944, after one unsuccessful attempt, he escaped from prison-camp, reached Holland on a freight train, and made contact with the underground movement. For about six months he remained in hiding, dodging pursuit from one shelter to another, until a surprise search by the Germans one morning finally caught him. With several Dutch and Polish companions, he received brutal treatment at the hands of the Gestapo, who accused the Canadian airman of being a terrorist.

Early in February 1945, Warren and other prisoners were loaded into boxcars to be taken to a prison-camp in Germany, each man being given a loaf of bread as rations for the six-day journey. Still determined to escape, Warren and some of his companions pried open a small window in their car, dropped off the train and took to their heels across country under fire from the guards. The Canadian airman again got in touch with the Dutch underground, who sheltered him for several weeks. When an attempt to cross the Rhine by boat was frustrated by enemy fire, Warren again went into hiding until British troops finally reached the town in April 1945 and liberated him.

* * *

Three weeks after Warren and his crew went missing, No. 434 moved, on 11 December 1943, to a new base at Croft on the northern border of Yorkshire. Like the previous station, Croft was still under construction when the squadron moved in, and once again it had to contend with primitive conditions and oozing mud for a time. Here the "Bluenoses" remained until the end of the war in Europe. A change of location, however, did not bring a change of luck. In its first two months at Croft, No. 434 carried out seven operations and lost 16 of the 82 *Halifax*es that were sent out, a casualty rate of almost one in five. The "Battle of Berlin" was at its height at

The Schwandorf marshalling-yards after No. 6 Group's attack on 16/17 April.

Wing Cdr. C. S. Bartlett, D.F.C. (C.O., February to June 1944).

this time. The squadron had already made three attacks upon "The Big City" while at Tholthorpe, and four of the first seven operations from Croft were also directed at this strongly defended target. The first in the series was completed with the loss of one airman killed by flak, but the other three cost ten aircraft and eight crews. Half of these losses (five aircraft and four crews, including both flight commanders) were sustained in one attack on 28/29 January 1944, the most disastrous in the squadron's history, when only seven of its twelve bombers returned. The other targets, Frankfurt, Magdeburg, and Leipzig, were also well protected by flak and night-fighters, and six more crews went missing while attacking them.

The raid on Leipzig, on 19/20 February 1944, marked the end of this long series of heavy losses; a new and much more fortunate chapter now opened in the squadron's history. From the strategical bombing campaign against Germany, the "Bluenose" crews turned to shorter-range and less heavily defended targets in France and the Low Countries, as Bomber Command directed most of its great offensive power against rail centres and airfields in preparation for the launching of "Overlord", the invasion of Normandy. Four months elapsed before No. 434 again had a German target in its bomb-sights. Another feature of this new phase of the bombers' war was an intensification of the mine-laying campaign to impede the movement of U-Boats and disrupt enemy shipping activities along the European coast from Norway to the Netherlands. The scale of operations was sharply increased, the number of sorties (362) in March and April 1944 alone almost equalling the squadron's total (380) for the previous seven months. At the same time the casualty rate showed an even greater, and most comforting, decrease to just over 1% of the aircraft sent out during the last year of the war.

Early in February 1944, Wing Cdr. Harris, who had led the "Bluenoses" since their formation in June 1943, left the squadron for another post in No. 6 Group, with the tribute of a D.F.C. for the "high skill, fortitude, and devotion to duty" which he had displayed on operations against the enemy. His successor in command was Wing Cdr. C. S. Bartlett, D.F.C., another Canadian officer in the R.A.F., who had won his decoration for gallant services in the Middle East, which included a secret mission to destroy a strategic bridge on the Mosul-Aleppo railway. Under their new commander, the "Bluenose" crews devoted most of their effort through the next three months to laying mines in "garden" areas along the Frisian Islands, around Heligoland, in Kiel Bay, Flensburg Fjord, and the western Baltic. Between 25 February and 7 May the squadron sent out 154 *Halifaxes* on fifteen of these missions, losing one crew which crashed while returning to base, and, on the other hand, claiming the destruction of a Ju. 88 night-fighter which was shot down in flames. In another encounter with an enemy fighter, Sgt. Joe Petsche, one of the gunners in a *Halifax*, won the D.F.M. for gallantry in helping to extinguish a fire in the bomber despite the fact that he had been wounded and was in great pain and suffering from the loss of blood.

While the mine-laying activities were going on, "Bluenose" crews had also been busy bombing tactical targets, rail yards, and airfields in northern France and Belgium, as Bomber Command joined in the "Transportation Plan" to paralyse enemy communications in that area before the invasion began. No 434's contribution to the campaign was 17 raids in the three months before D-Day against objectives at such places as LeMans, Amiens, Laon, Trappes, Aulnoye, Vaires, Lille, Lens, Villeneuve-St. Georges, and St. Ghislain. Some of the attacks were outstanding in their results, and the Plan as a whole "proved singularly successful" and was a major contribution to the success of the invasion. Two crews were missing from these attacks, both being lost over Montzen on 27/28 April, when night-fighters were very active. The squadron claimed one Ju. 88 destroyed and another probably destroyed during these operations.

As D-Day drew nearer, the bombers turned their attention to the enemy's coastal defences. The "Bluenoses" made two attacks on gun batteries at Calais and single attacks on the defences at Boulogne, Trouville, Le Clipon, and Merville-Franceville, and they also bombed an enemy radar-jamming station at Leubringhen in the Calais area.

* * *

Activities in May had been somewhat reduced while the squadron converted

Wing Cdr. F. H. Watkins, D.F.C. (C.O., June to August 1944).

from the *Halifax V* to the more efficient Mark III. Operations on the V ended on 11/12 May, after 779 sorties had been flown on that type, and the IIIs made their first sorties on the night of Victoria Day. Some of the new aircraft were fitted with H_2S radar, while others carried a mid-under turret armed with a .50 machine-gun and had an extra gunner in the crew When D-Day came, No. 434 had been out on operations 76 times since the day of its formation. One of the original crews, captained by Flt. Lt. J. M. Snelgrove, had taken part in 38 of these missions and was the first full crew to complete a tour with the squadron.

After pounding the coastal batteries at Merville-Franceville at the mouth of the Orne on the eastern flank of the invasion area at midnight of 5/6 June, No. 434 resumed its attacks on the enemy's lines of communication for a fortnight, delivering loads of 500-lb. bombs to the rail yards and junctions at Condé-sur-Noireau, Versailles, Arras, and Cambrai. It also attacked the airfield at Le Mans and, on its first daylight mission, the harbour and E-boat pens at Boulogne. One crew was lost in the attack on Versailles, and enemy fighters were again very much in evidence over Arras on the night of 12/13 June, when three aircraft did not return. Among the missing was Wing Cdr. Chris Bartlett, whose inspiring example as "a forceful and courageous leader" had won him a Bar to the D.F.C. Four members of another crew, including Sgt. Joe Petsche, D.F.M., who were shot down that night, successfully evaded capture, thanks to the French underground, until Arras was liberated in September. In the course of many combats fought in the target area, "Bluenose" bombers accounted for two of the enemy. After a long absence of four months, No. 434 returned to Germany on 16/17 June to join in an attack on a synthetic oil plant at Sterkrade in the Ruhr. It was another tragic operation. Aided by the lack of complete darkness in the short summer night, strong concentrations of enemy fighters got into the bomber streams and took a heavy

Wing Cdr. A. P. Blackburn, D.F.C. (C.O., August 1944 to April 1945).

toll. Thirty-one aircraft, one-tenth of the attacking force, did not come back, four "Bluenose" crews being among the missing.

After Sterkrade, No. 434 Squadron, now under the command of Wing Cdr. F. H. Watkins, its first R.C.A.F. leader, embarked on a new campaign, known as "Crossbow", directed against the flying-bomb sites and depots in northern France. Between 21 June and 28 August, its crews made 19 attacks, most of them in broad daylight, against the small well-camouflaged targets in the Pas de Calais and the Somme Valley. Flak, the only opposition encountered on these attacks, shot down one *Halifax*, from which three of the crew became "evaders".

Although "Crossbow" was the major commitment of the squadron during the last two months of the Battle of Normandy, it also made a number of attacks on other targets, including three in support of Army operations in the Caen area (on 18 July, 7/8 August, and 14 August) as well as seven others against oil storage depots, freight yards and coastal batteries in France and a Luftwaffe airfield in the Netherlands. There were no losses on these varied operations, but five attacks on German ports and industrial centres in July and August cost the squadron four aircraft and three crews. A well concentrated raid on Stuttgart (25/26 July) was casualty-free, as was another on Bremen (18/19 August), where the defences were quite ineffective. As the bombers flew homeward from Hamburg, however, on 28/29 July, night-fighters caught up with the stream, inflicting some losses which inincluded two "Bluenose" *Halifaxes*. On 12/13 August, the anniversary of its first operation against Milan, No. 434 carried out its 110th mission to bomb Brunswick in central Germany, and once again the enemy intercepted the homeward-bound bombers. A twin-engined night-fighter was destroyed by one of Wing Cdr. Watkins' crews, but another *Halifax* did not return.

Wing Cdr. J. C. Mulvihill, A.F.C. (C.O., April and June 1945).

Left to Right: L.A.C.s H. Fuller, "Bud" Roenspies, Flt. Lt. M. F. Flewelling, Cpl. C. Rix, L.A.C. H. Smith, Wing Cdr. F. H. Watkins, L.A.C.s H. Winters, R. LeRoy, P. Daniel.

Over Kiel a few nights later, one bomber was so badly damaged by flak that the crew had to ditch in the North Sea. Thanks to the coolness and efficiency of Flying Officer John Wagman and Flt. Sgt. H. K. Kaufman, the captain and wireless-operator, both of whom were subsequently decorated, the whole crew was picked up by the Air-Sea Rescue Service.

* * *

August set a record in the long bomber campaign. No. 434 flew 1206 hours on 246 sorties for 19 bombing operations (plus a sea search for Wagman's crew), in the course of which they dropped 2,149,670 pounds of H.E. and incendiaries on enemy targets. Flying Officer M. Harvie and his crew also set a record by taking part in 14 of the month's attacks, while a second crew, skippered by Flt. Lt. R. B. McCullough, marked up yet another record by winning six D.F.C.s on a particularly eventful tour. Also decorated with the D.F.C. was Wing Cdr. Watkins, who completed his tour of operations late that month and was succeeded by Wing Cdr. A. P. Blackburn.

By the close of August, the Battle of Normandy had ended and the German forces were in full retreat eastward, with the allied armies following in close pursuit, driving across the Seine and the Somme towards the Rhine. As the tide of battle ebbed eastward, Nazi garrisons were cut off in several French ports, Le Havre, Boulogne, and Calais. Although the Fuehrer ordered them to hold out to the last man to deny the Allies the use of the valuable port facilities, Bomber Command helped to persuade the garrisons to surrender quickly. No. 434 took part in six of these daylight attacks in September, bombing Le Havre and Boulogne once and the defences around Calais and Cap Gris Nez four times.

Then, since the capture of the flying-bomb sites in France had ended the "Crossbow" campaign and there were, for the time being, no further tactical commitments for the Army, Bomber Command turned its whole strength once again to the strategical campaign against the industrial basis of Hitler's "Thousand-year Reich". In September, while No. 434 was pounding the Nazi hold-out garrisons, it also made five attacks on targets in Germany, added ten more in October and a further nine in November. Most of the targets (15 of the 24) were in the Ruhr valley, where the synthetic oil refineries had high priority on Bomber Command's list of objectives. Several raids were also made on coastal targets, including the U-boat pens at Bergen in Norway and the ports of Emden, Kiel, and Wilhelmshaven, as well as the great inland shipping-centre at Neuss. Although "Happy Valley" had long been renowned for its flak and fighter defences, the squadron lost only one crew missing on these operations, in addition to two men killed by flak and six more who died when their aircraft crashed shortly after taking off from base.

Outstanding among the attacks were those against Emden in the early evening of 6 September, Dortmund on 6 October, a "double-barrelled" blow at Duisburg on the morning and night of 14 October (in which 2000 bombers took part), two raids on Cologne in the last days of October, and fire-raising attacks on Düsseldorf and Bochum early in November, which turned the targets into "a seething mass of flames and smoke". During a raid on Oberhausen on 1 November, Warrant Officer Cyril Ferris' bomber was hit by flak from the Duisburg defences. Although the wireless-operator was instantly killed and several of the crew were wounded, Ferris pressed on to the target and Flt. Sgt. C. A. Barber, the air bomber, released the load of incendiaries despite serious head injuries and damaged equipment. Both men were decorated for showing courage and tenacity under such difficult and harassing circumstances. Me. 262 jets were seen with the enemy's fighters that night; one of No. 434's *Halifaxes* was counted among the missing.

One of the operations in the late autumn of 1944 was a tactical attack in support of the U.S. Army's offensive towards Cologne. When the crews came back from Julich, one of three communication centres which Bomber Command blasted on 16 November, they reported that they had left the target "an unrecognizable heap of rubble" surrounded by a churned-up sea of craters. Good results were also achieved in an attack on the marshalling-yards at Soest early in December, from which one crew did not return.

* * *

Winter weather, with its frequent fogs, naturally caused many interruptions in the

Sgt. J. Petsche, D.F.M.

Warrant Officer J. L. N. Warren, B.E.M., receives Red Cross parcel after his liberation in April 1945.

bombing campaign, and activities were further restricted for a time by conversion to a new type of aircraft, the Canadian-built *Lancaster X*. "A" Flight was the first to convert, while "B" continued operation on the *Halifax III* until late in December. On the 17th, after a long stand-down due to fog, the *Hallies* bombed Duisburg once more in a raid that was marked by bad weather, the loss of one aircraft, and numerous combats in which "Bluenose" gunners destroyed an Me. 109. The *Hallies* made the last of their 1267 sorties on the 21st, when they attacked a marshalling-yard at Cologne in an attempt to disrupt the movement of enemy troops and supplies to the Ardennes, where the Americans were engaged in the "Battle of the Bulge". Three days later, the *Lancs* made their first appearance, Wing Cdr. Blackburn leading seven crews to an airfield at Düsseldorf as part of a large-scale offensive against Luftwaffe bases in support of the Ardennes battle. (The normal bomb-load of the *Lanc X* was 12,000 pounds of explosives, which usually included one 4,000-pound "cookie".) Small forces of *Lancs* took part in further attacks on the Opladen and Kalk yards near Cologne, an oil plant at Scholven in the Ruhr, and war industries at Nuremberg, until "B" Flight completed its conversion course and the whole squadron then went out to bomb Hanover with conspicuous success on the night of 5/6 January 1945.

In December, Wing Cdr. Blackburn's crews won a trophy for the highest bombing accuracy in No. 6 Group, and the next month they carried off another award for the lowest accident rate in the Group.

Unfavourable weather in January kept activities down to 91 sorties on seven operations. Two of the attacks were on oil targets at Merseburg and Zeitz, deep in Saxony, both of which places suffered very extensive damage. Fires raging in Zeitz lit up the night sky so brightly that one crew claimed they could have read a newspaper. Despite the depth of these penetrations into Germany, the enemy was unable to offer any strong opposition. One of the relatively few night-fighters that got into the bomber stream on the Merseburg operation was shot down in flames by an alert "Bluenose" crew; on the other hand, a *Lancaster* was lost over Zeitz.

In February the bombing campaign began to quicken once more, and No. 434 was out nine times by night and twice by day. In March the tempo became even faster, with five night attacks and eight by day, and in April, when the number of available targets was shrinking daily and almost hourly, there were seven operations, three of which were in daylight. From all these attacks four crews did not return. Outstanding among the operations carried out in the last months of the war was one against Dresden on the night of 13/14 February. Planned to support the Russian advance into Germany, the attack was the longest mission ever flown by No. 434 Squadron, involving 10 to 11 hours' flying. The Saxon capital, crowded with refugees fleeing from the Red armies, was swept by great fire-storms which raged unchecked through the city; the lowest estimate put the number of casualties at 25,000. The next night Chemnitz, 35 miles southwest of Dresden, was the target for a two-pronged attack from which one "Bluenose" bomber did not return. After further attacks on Dortmund (where there were many combats with night-fighters) and Duisburg, the squadron went to Pforzheim, on the edge of the Black Forest, where the town was devastated by fire in one of Bomber Command's most successful operations.

On 27 February, No. 434 resumed daylight missions, flying in "gaggle" to bomb Mainz. Early in March two more "gaggle" efforts were directed against Mannheim and Cologne, followed by destructive night attacks on Chemnitz and Dessau. Essen was bombed by 1050 aircraft on 11 March in the largest and heaviest daylight assault yet mounted by Bomber Command. This attack, in which one "Bluenose" *Lancaster* was a victim of the flak defences, put the finishing touches to

the Ruhr industrial metropolis. The Battle of the Ruhr was now drawing to a close as Allied armies closed the circle around "Happy Valley"; before it ended, however, No. 434 made three final attacks on Dortmund, Hagen, and Mathias Stinnes. In the raid on Hagen (15/16 March), a *Lancaster* captained by Flying Officer J. O. Stewart was shot down by a night-fighter, only one of the crew surviving. Just a few days previously Stewart had won the D.F.C. for determination in completing his first operational sortie despite an unserviceable engine and intercom. system.

In support of American ground operations, the squadron attacked Zweibrücken on 14 March. Another night attack on an oil refinery near Hemmingstedt in Schleswig-Holstein, where great fires and explosions were touched off, was followed by two daylight raids on Hildesheim and Hanover on behalf of the Allied crossing of the lower Rhine at Wesel. Then, on the last day of March, the "Bluenoses" went to Hamburg. This mission was noteworthy in that it was one of the very rare occasions on which Bomber Command encountered strong enemy fighter opposition on its daylight forays during the last months of the war. As No. 6 Group's "gaggle" came in on the target, some minutes late and well behind the main bomber stream with its fighter escort, thirty or forty Me. 262 jets rocketed up from the cloud-banks to engage the bombers. No. 434's crews fought at least ten combats, in which one crew was shot down (the squadron's last war casualties), one jet probably destroyed, and two more jets were damaged.

Paul Blackburn had now completed his tour, with a D.F.C., and Wing Cdr. J. C. Mulvihill, A.F.C., led the squadron during the last few weeks of the campaign. Thick cloud and heavy icing hampered an attack on the Leuna plant at Merseburg early in April, but a night attack on Hamburg was more successful and added another Ju. 88 to the list of enemy aircraft destroyed by "Bluenose" gunners. Freight yards at Leipzig were well cratered on the 10th in a record-making deep penetration of the Reich by Bomber Command in daylight, and another rail target at Sehwandorf was obliterated by No. 6 Group's precision bombing on the night of 16/17 April. The shipyards at Kiel received some damage in another night attack. An attempt to support the Army closing in on Bremen was abortive, in so far as No. 434 was concerned, because of cloud over the aiming-point. Operations ended on 25 April with a daylight attack on coastal batteries on Wangerooge island in the Frisians. There were no more targets left for the heavy bombers in the ruins of Hitler's third Reich.

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During its tour with No. 6 Group of Bomber Command, No. 434 Squadron had flown 2597 sorties on 199 operations and had dropped 20,700,000 pounds of bombs and laid 450,000 pounds of mines. It had lost 74 aircraft and 68 crews on operations and training, the casualties in personnel totalling 493 officers and men. Of these, 358 were killed or presumed dead, 117 were prisoners of war, 14 evaded capture, 2 escaped, and 2 others were reported safe. In air combat, ten enemy aircraft were claimed as destroyed, two as probably destroyed, and thirteen as damaged. On the squadron's roll of honours and awards there were 128 names, including six Bars to the D.F.C., 108 D.F.C.s, six D.F.M.s, one B.E.M., and seven Mentions in Despatches.

After V-E Day, the squadron participated in Operation "Exodus" to fly liberated prisoners-of-war home to Britain from the continent; then it settled down to a programme of intensive training. With seven other Canadian heavy bomber squadrons, No. 434 had been selected for "Tiger Force" to take part in the "Second Phase" against Japan. On 7 June, the first crews left Croft to fly home to Canada, and the others followed three days later. On arrival in Canada, the crews were sent on leave before undergoing further training; but Japan's capitulation ended these plans, and, on 5 September 1945, No. 434 Squadron was officially disbanded at Dartmouth, N.S.

Almost seven years later, the "Bluenose" name and number were revived with the formation of a fighter squadron at Uplands, Ont., on 1 July 1952. Under the leadership of Wing Cdr. J. D. Mitchner, D.F.C. and Bar, the new No. 434 Squadron was quickly rounded into shape, and eight months from the day of its formation it was ready to "leap-frog" overseas to join No. 1 Air Division. On 5 March 1953, Nos. 413, 427, and 434 Squadrons (the three squadrons which were to form No. 3 Fighter Wing) gathered at St. Hubert for an official farewell ceremony. Two days later sixteen "Bluenose" *Sabres*, led by Flt. Lt. H. S. Tetlock, took off from Uplands en route to Goose Bay on the first leg of Leapfrog 3. When No. 434 reached its new base at Zweibrücken, it had added to its record the unique achievement of being the only squadron in No. 1 Air Division which had flown the Atlantic both ways — east to west on *Lancasters* in 1945, and west to east on *Sabres* in 1953.

The squadron's war-time badge, depicting one of the fastest and most graceful ships ever to sail the seas, is still appropriate for the unit in its new rôle of flying sleek and swift jets; and the motto "In Excelsis Vincimus" is no less appropriate for the *Sabres* than it was for the *Hallies* and *Lancs*.

Flying Officer J. Wagman, D.F.C., visits his wireless-operator, Flt. Sgt. H. K. Kaufman, D.F.M., after their ditching in the North Sea. With them is Nursing-Sister Lynn Johnston.

The Party Line

SOCIAL WELFARE IN THE R.C.A.F.

By Squadron Leader H. M. Sutherland

(The present article is, in a sense, a sequel to last month's "Recreation in the R.C.A.F."; for, as the writer herself points out, the work of the Recreation Officer can prevent the development of many of the problems with which the Social Welfare Officer must deal. Sqn. Ldr. Sutherland, a graduate of the University of British Columbia, obtained her Master's degree in Social Work at Simmons College, Boston, Mass., U.S.A. Before her appointment in 1951 as Senior Welfare Officer of the R.C.A.F., she was provincial supervisor of medical social services in the Department of Health and Welfare for British Columbia. — EDITOR.)

INTRODUCTION

SOCIAL welfare services have been a recognized part of the R.C.A.F. since August 1952, when Air Members approved the establishment of a Social Welfare Branch. The Branch consists of specialists who are concerned with the personal problems of Air Force personnel and their families.

As with any new development, many questions have been asked and many doubts expressed about the value of such a branch. Are social welfare services really needed? Won't they tend to "spoil" people, to "soften" them? One is reminded of the attacks made on Florence Nightingale when she was fighting to introduce adequate nursing and some measure of welfare services into the British Army during the Crimean War. When she suggested that the troops should be taught to read, the Military Commandant replied: "You are spoiling the brutes." The task of the social worker has not, it is true, met with misunderstanding of such magnitude as this, but it *has* encountered a certain *lack* of understanding. People aren't sure just what social workers are or what they do. What exactly is the place of social welfare services in a community? Let us glance back in history and find out.

HISTORY

Social welfare services are not a new and radical departure from tradition. Our earliest written records show that charity, in some form, has been recognized as a religious duty and a social need. There have always been people who needed help because they were ill, or old, or orphaned, or subject to other conditions that made it impossible for them to manage unaided.

In India, long before the Christian era, there were institutions which gave aid and succour to those who needed it. Some of the "staff" in these insititutions looked after the sick, but there were also others whose duty it was to amuse the patients, teach them crafts, clothe them, and provide help for them to return to their homes. These people were the forerunners of our modern medical social workers.

In the time of Caesar, the legionaries of his victorious armies were provided with help for their personal problems. These soldiers, like our Service men and women of today, were far from home, often for years at a time. Many had wives and families to worry about. Certain officers were appointed to visit their families and look after their needs, so that the legionary could be freed from worry and devote himself to his main business of "dividing all Gaul".

During the Middle Ages, the lords of the manors personally gave refuge to people in distress. During the years of great pilgrimages, however, and following wars and plagues, the need arose for institutions to care for the growing number of orphans, widows, aged, and sick. "Hospices" were established under religious patronage, and it gradually became the duty of lords, ladies, and gentlefolk to visit them and give alms to the poor. As time went on, such institutions became more specialized. Some, caring for the sick, developed into hospitals; others took care of all those who, though not ill, were yet in need. In England, in the late 15th century, Edward IV formed a body of men ("almoners") to distribute his alms to the sick and the poor. In the course of years, the almoners devoted their ministrations more and more to the sick; and in the middle of the last century women began to interest themselves in the work. The name survives to this day in the title of the social workers in English hospitals, who are known as "Lady Almoners".

In France, about 1634, St. Vincent de Paul founded the Sisters of Charity, whose task was to help the sick. The St. Vincent de Paul Society was founded in 1739, in Paris, for general charitable works. It was another forerunner of organized social work and continues at the present time all over the world as a voluntary welfare agency.

During the middle of the 16th century, the Elizabethan Poor-Law was the first step to public acceptance of responsibility for those who could not take care of themselves. Help was given on a local basis in a primarily argicultural society. Those unable to work were cared for in their own homes, and those able but "unwilling" to work came to be looked after in institutions called "work-houses".

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Until a hundred years or so ago, most western people still lived on farms or in small villages, and the vast majority of those who needed help were able to get it from friends and relatives. They did not

have to depend on the institutions or the inadequate system of "poor relief". The industrial revolution, however, changed all this. As more and more people swarmed into cities, communities became less self-sufficient. People could no longer depend on friends and relatives for help: either they themselves were far removed from home or the friends and relatives were suffering from crowded living conditions, inadequate pay, and other social pressures. No longer was a man his own boss or working for a master who knew him and his family well, and who would help him in time of trouble. He worked for a company or an individual who had no concern about him as a person, because there was always another "body" to take his place. He had no control over his employment, and he could be thrown out of work overnight and left to starve. The need for organized help became painfully evident, and it was in the atmosphere of the industrial growth of the 19th Century that modern social work really began.

DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN SOCIAL WORK

At first, help for the needy was still provided on a voluntary basis, and the work was carried on by people who were charitably minded. Their objective was to help the "worthy poor". (The "unworthy poor" probably died of starvation or stole to keep alive). More and more private agencies were set up, both in England and in the United States. At first, their main interest was in giving financial help. Gradually it was recognized that the persons who administered this help should have special skills, should be paid, and should work full time. The need was outgrowing the volunteer stage, and professional "social workers" began to appear and to be employed in the expanding and improving public welfare services.

As the profession developed, so did the training for it. The evolution of such training was a long slow process — from just doing the job, to on-the-job training, then to short courses in social work, and finally to a fully accredited two-year post-graduate course leading to a Master's Degree in Social Work. There are still many people employed in the field of social work who have not had formal training; but it is now generally recognized that, in order to deal adequately with people's needs, the social worker should have training of the best possible kind.

While the infant profession was growing to maturity, a change arose in the whole concept of "need". It was recognized that people have personal problems other than financial ones. Indeed, it was found that the need for monetary help can exist *because* of other difficulties. The discoveries of Freud, Adler, Jung, and others in the psychiatric field, threw much light on the problems of human behaviour and speeded the changing approach to social work. The term "worthy" began to lose its place as the chief criterion for help. The belief grew that people were "unworthy", not of their own free will, but because of forces they could not control.

Unfortunately, many people still feel that only those who are in financial need and who are "worthy" should be given assistance by social workers. This, of course, is not so. Anyone, whatever his financial or moral stature, can need the help of a skilled person when some stress or strain proves too much for him and he cannot carry on alone. These stresses may be internal, resulting from wrong attitudes or emotional disturbances; they may be due to environmental pressures such as poor housing, unemployment, illness, or financial worry. They may spring from the make-up of the family where there has been a failure of adjustment between two people of different cultural or religious backgrounds; or they may arise from a combination of causes. This view was confirmed during the great depression of the '30s, when many people, who had never before had to ask for assistance, were forced by circumstances to do so. Out of the ills of unemployment and poverty, many other problems emerged.

From all this has come a new recognition of the vital part that social workers have in the pattern of our modern society. A great advance in public acceptance of responsibility has been evidenced in our growing body of social welfare legislation, which aims at giving all people in our society the minimum means of subsistence. This development has taken much of the burden of financial assistance from the private social agencies, and they are therefore able to concentrate on devising methods of providing effective help in all the widely different situations that occur. This form of help, known as "case-work", is a counselling-service that assists people to solve their own difficulties. It has as its objective the maintenance of the family, the protection of children, the recognition of the right of an individual to the basic satisfactions of life, and of his right to be independent.

Popular conception of a social welfare worker.
(Courtesy of the National Film Board.)

In public as well as in private welfare there has been a growing recognition of people as individuals. Less and less are people herded into lines like cattle, to be doled out the bare minimum of food and other necessities of life, to the accompaniment of callous comments that can easily undermine all self-respect. The word "relief", with all its overtones of shame, is being replaced by terms like "social assistance", with their implication of the responsibility of the community for the conditions as well as the cure. More and more help is being afforded for the special problems of particular cases.

In industry, too, it is coming to be accepted that the happy and well-adjusted man is the best workman. Besides all the other benefits which a man now enjoys in many industries in Canada, he frequently has the service of a trained social worker or a skilled counsellor to help him with his individual problems.

WELFARE IN THE R.C.A.F.

"What," the reader may have already asked himself, "has all this to do with the R.C.A.F.?"

The answer is quite simple — a lot! Air Force personnel are, like any other people, individuals with personal problems. In 1951 the Air Member for Personnel and the other Air Members realized that there was a need in the R.C.A.F. for professionally trained social workers to do a specialized job that no other officer was properly trained to do. The Senior Welfare Officer was appointed in August of that year.

It is true that all three Services had welfare branches during the war, but after 1945 they faded from view. Moreover, the service in the R.C.A.F. had been established primarily for the W.D.s. Squadron Officer Mary Clarke, the former Senior Welfare Officer, was called back as an adviser early in 1951. As a result of her experience during the war, she recommended that any plan for a new branch should include case-work service for the airmen and their families as well as for the women personnel.

Under the plan that was eventually set up, there are Area Social Welfare Officers at each Command or Group H.Q. in Canada, at No. 1 Air Division H.Q., and at two Wings overseas. The officer at No. 1 (F.) Wing gives case-work service to No. 2 (F.) Wing, and the officer at No. 4 (F.) Wing serves No. 3 (F.) Wing. The Command and Group Social Welfare Officers work on an area, not on a Command, basis. They act as advisers on social welfare matters to Air Officers Commanding, Group Commanders, and Commanding Officers of stations. One of their duties is to be consultants to station officers who, of course, are responsible for the welfare of the personnel under them. For example, if a section head is concerned because one of his men is becoming disgruntled or disturbed so that his work is suffering, the section head may discuss the situation with the Social Welfare Officer. The latter, reviewing some of the reasons why individuals appear to change, may suggest to the section head the line to be followed in dealing with the problem, so that the section head can help the airman even though the Social Welfare Officer never sees him.

In one case, a very good airwoman, who had loved the Service life, suddenly started to make requests for her release. She seemed unhappy about doing so, but she was nevertheless determined to get out. The section head had seen many reproachful letters from the girl's parents about her being in the Service and "abandoning" them in their old age. The Social Welfare Officer explained to him the sense of guilt that many only children, who have been over-protected, feel when they break away from home, and he also pointed out that it was not at all unusual for selfish parents to make excessive demands on their children. With this understanding, the section head was able to help the airwoman to accept her real need to be independent and at the same time reassure her parents that she had not abandoned them. When her sense of guilt had thus been taken away, she stayed on happily in the life of her choice.

If the problem facing the station officer seems to be involved or very difficult to solve, he may then ask the social welfare officer to take over the case. Whether he refers the case directly to the Social Welfare Officer, or through the Padre or the Chief Administrative Officer, depends on the station commander. The Social Welfare Officers do not take any administrative action. They merely recommend to the Commanding Officer that such action be taken. For instance, they may recommend compassionate leave, or reference to the Benevolent Fund, or some other course of action.

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One of the jobs of an Area Social Welfare Officer is to effect liaison between station personnel and the local social agencies. There are two kinds of social agency — those that are publicly administered and supported, and those which are run by voluntary boards and supported by community chests or other voluntary donations. Some, like children's aid societies, may receive both public and private funds. If an airman's wife is taken ill and help in his home is needed, the Welfare Branch turns to the community for help. If there is a Visiting Homemaker's Agency in the locality, it will supply assistance in the home. If there is no such agency, a child welfare agency may place his children in a temporary foster-home, or the Victorian Order of Nurses may be called in. People with marital problems can get counselling and case-work service from a family agency. It is the responsibility of the Social Welfare Officer to know all the community resources in each area, so that when their help is needed they can be called upon immediately.

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At this point you may ask: "What of the Padre? Don't we take our troubles to him?" Of course, if you wish. The Padres, however, were among the first to recognize that there is an area of personal need that is outside the sphere of spiritual welfare. They constantly refer people to the Social Welfare Officers for the professional case-work that is their business.

Another question that is often asked is: "How does this all fit in with the R.C.A.F. Benevolent Fund?" The Social Welfare Branch works closely with the Benevolent Fund. However, it does not carry out financial investigations except in special cases. Many times a sudden emergency will cause real financial distress without creating any other social problems. These can be handled directly by the Fund's staff. However, there are many cases where financial difficulty is a symptom of an underlying social maladjustment, and such cases are referred by the Fund to the Social Welfare Officer.

An example of such a reference was that of an airman who was constantly getting hopelessly in debt, no matter how often he was helped out of it. He was a good airman and a good father, and his superiors found this apparently carefree attitude to money hard to understand. The Area Social Welfare Officer, using his case-work skills, helped the man to understand why he was so extravagant. Once he understood his own motives, he was able to change his pattern of spending. It was found that he had had a domineering father who had mistreated anyone in his family who spent a nickle foolishly. In subconscious retaliation and in defiance of his father, the airman had a compulsion to spend money wildly. Many things over which he went into debt, he hid from his wife like a pack-rat. Now, as a result of better understanding of himself and his needs, both he and his wife plan their spending together. He has, indeed, turned the family exchequer over to her as being the better manager!

Members of the R.C.A.F.'s Social Welfare Branch at the international conference of social workers held at the University of Toronto in the summer of 1954. Left to right: Flying Officers L. B. Mac Quarrie, J. J. Thompson, J. I. Morris, J. R. Eakins, Sqn. Ldr. H. M. Sutherland, Flying Officers E. Zapf, J. J. Young, D. A. Gordon, N. L. Vaness, C. R. Taylor.

It might be as well here to dispel once and for all any misconceptions about the Social Welfare Branch's concern with recreation. Recreation is a field no less skilled than that of social welfare, and the latter does not touch upon it. It does, however, work closely with Recreation Officers, as their work can prevent many problems from developing. Furthermore, their knowledge of the people with whom they are dealing can be of inestimable value to the Social Welfare Officer. Valuable co-operation is also obtained from other specialized groups, such as Medical Officers and Nursing Sisters.

CONCLUSION

Who are these Social Welfare Officers? They are, all of them, graduates of accredited schools of social work with at least two years' experience under supervision in civilian social agencies. All the men in the branch, now numbering eleven, are veterans of the Second World War who took social work training after the war because they had appreciated the fact that people need this sort of help. When the Branch was established, they came back to apply their skills for the benefit of the R.C.A.F. The two women in the Branch, though not veterans of the armed services, have had a considerable amount of experience in social work among the civilian population.

The R.C.A.F. recognizes that its personnel represent a cross-section of the Canadian people. It has also recognized that they are entitled to *all* the services available to members of a civilian community. We have schools for dependents, we have churches, we have good facilities for recreation; and the three and a half years that have passed since the establishment of the Social Welfare Branch have already given every indication that our newest service will bear ever-increasing dividends in the form of happiness, morale, and efficiency.

Ex-Air Cadets at Royal Roads

Canadian Services College, Royal Roads, Victoria, B.C. has a number of ex-Air Cadets training as Flight Cadets under the R.O.T.P. (Regular Officer Training Plan). The group shown in our photograph represents R.C.A.C. squadrons from all parts of Canada.

Back row (l. to r.): J. C. McMeekin (167 Sqn., Owen Sound), G. H. Hartt (399 Sqn., Wilkie), A. E. Cummings (29 Sqn., Sydney), W. R. Golds (102 Sqn., Barrie), T. S. Neill (85 Sqn., Port Arthur), N. R. Erickson (34 Sqn., Regina). Centre row (l. to r.): J. E. Booth (225 Sqn., Taber), G. G. Hopp (548 Sqn., Langley), M. W. Stedman (525 Sqn., West Vancouver), P. J. Dawson (513 Sqn., New Westminster), H. H. Sherwood (101 Sqn., Moncton), D. F. Demerse (288 Sqn., Kirkland Lake). Front row (l. to r.): L. Nuttall (52 Sqn., Calgary), L. P. Haenni (35 Sqn., Weyburn), L. L. Kravinchuk (395 Sqn., Edmonton) Flt. Lt. E. Simkins (62 Sqn., Toronto East), H. K. McDonald (538 Sqn., Calgary), M. D. Thom (223 Sqn., Vernon), E. M. Belovich (190 Sqn., Nipawin). Missing: J. G Safar (84 Sqn., Port Arthur).

Feminine Gen

In June 1954 we published an article entitled "Sou and the CF-100", which was reprinted in more than one commercial aviation magazine. Its author was L.A.W. (Now Pilot Officer) H. L. Soucy, who held a private pilot's licence at the time of her enlistment. The present article, she tells us, is a composite of several flights made by her while taking an Intercept Controller's Course at Tyndall Air Force Base, from which she graduated early last December.

INTERCEPT

"Doorbell Two, check starboard sixty. Over."

"Doorbell Two. Checking starboard sixty. Out."

The gyrosyn compass read 030. I put my right wing down until the artificial horizon said thirty degrees of bank, then held steady until the gyro read 090. A quick left pressure on the stick and the "T-bird" reversed her attitude and dipped her left wing till the compass again read 030.

"Doorbell Two, I have contact. Over."

"Doorbell Two. Roger. Out."

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The place was Tyndall Air Force Base, Florida — or rather, the skies over it. The occasion was a check-ride to enable a student Intercept Controller to observe the running of intercepts from the mobile end of them.

Briefing had been at 0500 hrs. That had meant getting up at 0330; but it was well worth it. Upon my arrival at "Fighter Ops", I had been fitted out with flying suit, Mae West, parachute, helmet, mask, bail-out bottle — and pilot.

The pilot with whom I was assigned to fly was typical of the ones I met among that group. His keenness for flying made him enthusiastic for even such routine missions as this. As the flight proceeded, he took time to explain as many phases of it as he could.

In the briefing-room, we were given those details of the mission which were variable. We were to be one of the "fighters", and our radio call-sign would be "Doorbell Two". Our initial heading when airborne, mission height, radio channels to use, weather conditions — all were specified.

We walked out to the flight line and located the aircraft assigned to us. Like the rest of the 'planes on this mission, it was a T-33. I followed the pilot on his pre-flight inspection while he explained why and how he was checking the various points on his mental list.

Soon, with all my gear strapped on, I was secured in the rear cockpit. The pilot checked to make sure that I knew the location of all the cockpit controls, and that I fully understood my ejection procedures; then got strapped-in himself. Just as the sun was appearing over the horizon, he started the engine, describing to me over the intercom all that he was doing and the cockpit checks that he was making. I wondered how he ever remembered them all. Meanwhile, the crew chief had removed the safety-pins from the canopy and seats; groundcrew and equipment were cleared away; and we taxied out.

Smoothly we lifted off the runway into the sunrise, then began orbiting the base as we climbed. The horizon moved back as we "gained angels", and the ground looked more and more like a painted map. The red ball of the sun turned yellow, for it was fully day above a few thousand feet. On one side stretched the dull green of the land; on the other, the bright blue-green of the sea, streaked, near the shore, by lighter patches of shallow water. As we climbed, the scattered clouds which had been above us seemed to move down until they merged with the horizon and spread out over parts of the painted map below. I could see, at first, the sharp, dark outline of cloud shadows on the land; but gradually these blended into the grey-green and brown of the airscape.

The pilot had contacted G.C.I. (the Ground Controlled Intercept unit) and was soon flying the first intercept of the flight. It was impressive to be a part of that co-operative effort. We followed the controller's directions blindly, unable to see our target, knowing its location only by the information the controller passed to us. As we came within sighting range, we searched the sky in the indicated direction — and suddenly there was the target, right where we had been told. It was like searching for an object in the darkness, with someone who knew its location giving you directions so accurately that, when the light was switched on, there was the object right under your finger-tips. At twenty thousand feet, there is a lot of sky around you; and it seemed almost incredible that these two tiny flecks of silver could be brought together so accurately in all that space.

Between intercepts, I was given the privilege of "feeling out" the aircraft. I was delighted with the sensitive response of the "T-bird" to her controls; one could really feel oneself a part of this 'plane. The pilot checked me out on the use of the electric trim, and I felt as if I were doing "push-button" flying.

After a few intercepts, my pilot's sense of humour came to the fore, and he directed me to answer the next few radio calls from the student controller on the ground. Fortunately, I had my R/T (radio-telephone) procedures down pat: in studying the terms and sequence of calls for the controller, I had naturally learned the pilot's responses too. I located the transmitter button on the throttle and awaited the next call from the controller. It came, and I answered. There was silence for a moment on the other end of the channel, while the controller digested his surprise. Then he came back: "Doorbell Two — my, but your voice has changed!"

After I had handled the controls a bit longer, I was allowed actually to fly the aircraft through an intercept. We were headed out for the target again; the controller gave us a check turn in order to determine which of the echoes on his radarscope was ours, then sent us on our way. Having given us our direction and distance from base, in case we should lose orientation and radio contact in the ensuing "battle", he turned us on to our final approach to the target.

"Doorbell two. Port three-one-zero. Over."

I put the stick left, depressed the transmitter button and repeated his words into my mike: "Doorbell Two, Port three-one-

zero. Out." When I had reached the required heading, I rolled out level again.

"Doorbell Two. Bogey forty degrees right, twenty-eight. Over."

I acknowledged the information on target location. "Doorbell Two. Roger. Out."

"Doorbell Two. Bogey crossing starboard to port, two thousand high. Punch. Over."

"Doorbell Two. Roger. Out."

"Doorbell Two. Starboard three-two-zero. Over."

I made the ten-degree correction to my heading. "Doorbell Two. Starboard three-two-zero. Out."

"Doorbell Two. Bogey forty degrees right, twenty-two. Over."

"Doorbell Two. Roger. Out."

The controller continued to give us information on our target's position and any needed corrections to our own heading, until, with the usual suddenness, we spotted the target aircraft — first a flash of silver in the blue, then a graceful streamlined shape darting forward, and finally a T-33 silhouetted against the brightness as we passed it. I radioed that we had made a "kill". G.C.I. continued to control us, by guiding us back on to patrol, and checking what state we were in after our intercept. We assured him we were still in good shape, and prepared ourselves to run another intercept.

When I tired from the unaccustomed strain of handling so precise a 'plane, the pilot took over again on the controls. At the request of the ground controller, I continued to transmit the radio messages.

Eventually, but all too soon for me, the mission was over, and we headed back to base. At my request, the pilot did a few aerobatics while we were still at height; then he lost altitude in a series of vertical banks across his course. It was an unusual feeling to see the ground swinging dizzily at right angles to me, first on my left, then on my right. The occasional hint of negative *g* added to the disoriented feeling of the descent. Ground details began to stand out clearly again as the thousands of feet slipped away above us; and the clouds lifted above the horizon again as we passed below their level.

As we approached the base, the sky seemed to become filled with 'planes, climbing, descending, crossing, paralleling our own course. We entered the traffic pattern and followed the circuit around, across the waters of the Gulf, which looked almost phosphorescent under the early morning sun.

A few moments later the tower gave us a final clearance, and we touched down as lightly as we had taken off only two brief hours earlier.

SUMMER SURVIVAL - Brrr! ★ ★ ★

Sqn. Ldr. A. M. Sharp, Commanding Officer of the R.C.A.F.'s Survival Training School, Edmonton, writes:

"Course No. 131, the last summer bush survival course, reported to the School on 7 November 1955. The early onset of winter, however, compelled this particular summer course to survive in the snow at 30° below zero. On their return from the bush, the students were told that steps had been taken to credit them with having received the winter, instead of the summer, course; but it was too late. They had already immortalized the episode in verse."

Oh Summer Survival's a ruddy good course!
Though the pack that you carry would wear out a horse,
And the trails that you follow are knee deep in snow,
It's Summer Survival — so on with the show!

They said that the grass would be lucious and green,
That fish would be jumping in water so clean —
But when we arrived, there were two feet of snow
And the summer winds murmured at thirty below.

Our leader is Bruce, and a hard man is he;
He keeps all the rations way up in a tree.
When he blows on his whistle, we know it's to be
A jelly-bean, shortbread, and weak cup of tea.

There's Slim with his ace, and there's Des with his pot,
And Dan with his stories, and Roly's the shot;
And Les gives us music and Bill gives us song,
While Jamie and Bob keep the stew bubblin' on.

The course is now over; we're home once again,
And we're back in the bar and we're feeling no pain.
May the Powers that Be grow a little bit dumber
And gives us our winter survival next summer!

Course No. 131 enjoys a stroll through the summer woods of Northern Alberta.

Partisans as a Weapon of War

By Wing Commander John Gellner, D.F.C.

(The following article, which last year won for its author the Essay Award of the Royal Military Institute, Toronto, does not represent any body of official R.C.A.F. opinion. It is published here both for its own intrinsic interest as an expression of Wing Cdr. Gellner's views and also in order to encourage other Air Force personnel in the study of military matters and in the presentation of their considered thoughts to the public through any of the accredited outlets available to them. Wing Cdr. Gellner, who was serving with No. 3 (Fighter) Wing at the time when he wrote the article, is now a member of the Directing Staff at R.C.A.F. Staff College, Toronto.— Editor.)

THE RECENT PAST

Out of the Second World War, and, after its conclusion, out of years of guerilla warfare (e.g. in Malaya, the Philippines, Korea, Indo-China, Kenya), has come enough evidence on which to build an objective estimate of the effectiveness of partisan operations under conditions of modern war. A good deal of romantic nonsense has been written — and filmed — about the "members of the Underground", the "Resistance fighters", the "Maquis", or whatever other names were given to partisans in the late conflict. In this study, we will first try to put the question of the value of partisans into the right perspective through a cursory glance at partisan operations in the Second World War. We will then proceed to examine the conditions that must be fulfilled if partisans are to be a useful weapon. For they *are* a weapon of war, and, as such, their employment is subject to the same general rules as those which apply to any other arm. We need to concern ourselves only with organized partisans, operating in a body supported and directed by a warring party. Individuals and splinter groups have occasionally been a nuisance, but have never had the slightest influence on the conduct of war. Indeed, they usually hamper the operations of organized partisan groups. There is no reason to believe that it will be otherwise in any future conflict.

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In the Second World War, the Allies used partisans on a large scale. They devoted a good deal of energy and considerable resources to their support, and, by and large, received a good return for their investment. If this statement is somewhat qualified, it is because the Western Allies, for reasons that will be discussed later, in many cases bought immediate advantages and lasting trouble. On the Soviet side, partisans were tightly controlled and cold-bloodedly used. They contributed much to the saving of Russia in 1941/42 and to the later victories of Soviet arms.

In May 1945, General Eisenhower had this to say about the help partisans gave him in his "Crusade in Europe": "I consider that the disruption of enemy rail communications, the harassing of German road moves and the continual strain placed on German war economy and internal security services throughout Occupied Europe by the organized forces of Resistance, played a very considerable part in our final victory." And Major General Sir Colin Gubbins, war-time chief of S.O.E. (Special Operations Executive): "In France, as the Allies swept over the beaches of Normandy and over the Mediterranean shores, a hundred thousand Frenchmen, armed and equipped by the Allies . . . leaped into open warfare behind the German lines . . . In the first week of the Normandy invasion, 900 successful attacks were made on the railway systems leading to Rommel's front, and road and cable communications were continuously disrupted . . . The port of Antwerp with its 600 cranes, vital to the Allies' advance, and prepared by the Germans for demolition, was saved intact by a Belgian lieutenant of Resistance . . . "

On the other side of the hill, General Kurt von Tippelskirch, German war historian and a man who, as a typical member of the old German General Staff, is very much averse to the use of superlatives, thus describes the activities of the Soviet partisans: "Moreover, there developed far behind the front line, in an area over which, early in October (1941), the battle of Bryansk had been fought . . . a large *partisans' territory* that soon extended to some 170 kilometers in breadth, and up to 70 kilometers in depth. It was the first of a number which, from now on until 1944, the Russian Command organized and maintained behind the front of the (German) Army Group 'Centre', forcing it to fight continuously behind the lines. They (the partisans) never brought the German supply services to a standstill, but caused considerable loss of material, denied wide areas to German rule, and so terrorized the peaceful population that they became a continual source of troubles and disruption."

Two examples will illustrate what strain anti-partisan operations put on Germany's resources. At times, up to 500,000 German, Italian, and Ustashi troops had to be used in Yugoslavia alone to fight Tito's partisans and keep open a few main lines of communication. When General Bor's Polish Home Army rose in Warsaw, in August 1944, it forced the German 9th Army to fight for two months a difficult and costly campaign behind its lines.

Small-scale operations of partisans also helped the Allied cause. Suffice it to mention but one of a great number of successful coups: the destruction, by a handful of British-trained and -directed Norwegians, of the Norsk Hydro's heavy-water plant at Vermork on the Hardanger plateau, on the night of 27th/28th February 1943. Heavy water (deuterium oxide) was a basic requirement in Germany's attempts to produce the atom bomb. Thus the attack on Vermork perhaps had a decisive influence on the progress of the war.

FIRST CONDITION FOR EFFECTIVE USE OF PARTISANS

Clear Political Aim

Whenever weapons are used to decide political conflicts, it is vital that those who direct the use of them should look beyond victory. This statement applies, more than for any other military field, to the employment of partisans as a weapon of war. Throughout the Second World War, the Western Allies followed in their use of Resistance movements a short-term policy of "first things first". The "first things" were victory over Germany and Japan. The result was that, in many instances, we armed people who professed their willingness to use their weapons against the German or Japanese invaders, while their real intention was to store them for an attempt at seizing power in their country after the war was over. Even worse, in some cases we supplied arms to organizations which never used them except against us. This happened mainly in South-East Asia. The Soviets, on the contrary, methodically lent support only to their ideological adherents, and went so far as to take aggressive action against non-communist partisan groups even if the latter effectively fought against the Germans. Thus, late in the war, in the Ukraine, the U.P.A. (*Ukrajinska Povstancha Ariija*), the scourge of the German rear, had to defend itself against Soviet attacks. The Polish Home Army had similar experiences.

It would be grossly unfair to blame the organizers of partisan operations in Western Europe and in South-East Asia for this apparent lack of discrimination in the use of the weapon that was entrusted to them. The Commonwealth and the United States both were forced into a war they had done their utmost to avoid. At least in the beginning, they had no other aim than to repel the aggressors and to restore the order that had existed, before, reluctantly, they had had to resort to arms. The more expeditiously and economically this distasteful and tragic business was done, the better. To finish it quickly and efficiently became the war aim — and efficiency demanded making use of anybody and anything, provided he or it expedited victory. On the other hand, for the Germans, the Japanese, and the Russians, their enemies of the Second World War were only obstacles on the long road they had mapped out for themselves. The "New Order in Europe", the "Greater Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere", "World Revolution", lay for them beyond victory. These ultimate aims provided them with a yardstick against which they measured their immediate actions. This fact explains why the Germans made no use of, but on the contrary suppressed, the anti-Soviet independence movement in the Ukraine: to have the Ukrainians as partners did not fit into their grand plan.

For the same reason, the Soviets let the Germans slaughter General Bor's Polish Home Army that had risen in Warsaw (in August 1944), alhough they could have exploited the rising for a decisive break through the German lines. They had their puppets, the "Lublin Government", in their baggage-train, and it suited them well if the Germans annihilated the supporters of the Polish Government-in-exile in London. Weighed against their ultimate aim (the establishment of a communist régime in Poland — and everywhere else), the postponement of victory, the sacrifice of some more Soviet blood, counted for nought. There is no doubt that if the Western Allies had been in the Germans' or the Russians' shoes, they would have used Ukrainians and Poles of whatever hue, regardless of what came of it after victory.

Unburdened with ideologies and guided by the single purpose of winning the war, British and (later) American officers proceeded to forge an efficient weapon from the various Resistance movements that had sprung up behind the enemy lines. Efficiency demanded that they be united. Consequently, we formed coalitions of resistance movements that duplicated the strange alliance between the Western democracies and communist Russia. For example, in France, the S.O.E. found five main resistance groups: the non-political *Ceux de la Libération* and *Ceux de la Résistance;* the essentially rightist *Organisation Civile et Militaire;* the leftist *Libération* (containing the trade-union congress, of which the *Confédération Générale du Travail* was already then communist-tinged); and the frankly communist *Front National*. The S.O.E. operatives had serious misgiving because of the unco-operative attitude of the leaders of the *Front National*, but, faithful to the general policy of uniting for common action all anti-German forces, they created a united front of the Resistance. Once this was done, all-out assistance was given to the *Franc-Tireurs et Partisans*, the para-military organization of the *Front National*. When liberation came, there were so many weapons in communist hands, that — had it not been for the fact that iron-willed General de Gaulle was at the head of the French Provisional Government and that France remained full of Allied troops — the French Communist Party might well have seized power. A similar situation arose in Italy. Many details of how the communists received Allied arms appeared some time ago in the press, in connection with the strange story of the murder of Major Hollohan, an operative of the American O.S.S.

SECOND CONDITION

Reliable Political Intelligence Service

To direct and support partisans, it is necessary to know "who is who" in their area of operations. This becomes an indispensable prerequisite if support is to be given with discrimination, that is, only to those organizations which can be expected to further our long-range political aims. It is equally important to understand the forces, political, social, and economic, that motivate the community. To obtain this information, it is not good enough to gather in time of war a multitude of experts. Political intelligence is a continuous requirement.

Political intelligence must be realistically evaluated. To achieve this, foreign operatives should only be used for the collection of information, and then only under a system of checks and double-checks. All analysis and evaluation should be done by persons who have no interest in giving particular twists to the information that has been collected: it should be done only by individuals who do not come from the country in which the information originated. This need be no handicap: intelligence information is best reviewed by purely logical, one may almost say mathematical, methods. Local knowledge, as it sidetracks the mind from its orderly road from premises to conclusion, is, if any-

thing, a hindrance. In the last war, the professional politicians forming the various governments-in-exile, although the majority of them were honest men and wholeheartedly devoted to the Allied cause, more often than not were responsible for some gross misconceptions about political trends in the occupied countries. To give but one example, it was undoubtedly false information emanating from interested (i.e. anti-Gaullist) French quarters that made the Allied leaders believe that General Giraud had any following among the French. From it came the attempt to make Giraud the leader of a French government abroad, a move that almost wrecked the effective and valuable Free French movement.

THIRD CONDITION
Unified Direction

In the last war, the Russians had in their Defence Ministry a Main Directorate of Partisan Operations, that is, a staff section of equal status with those controlling the other arms of the Red Army. It probably still exists. This Directorate laid down the policies for, and controlled the use of, all partisan forces to which the Soviet Government lent its support. It was undoubtedly thanks to this unified high command that the Soviets were able to use partisans on a grand scale and with outstanding success. The Western Allies never accorded to their equivalents of the Soviet Main Directorate of Partisan Operations a status at all comparable to that of the inspectorates of the principal arms. They staffed them with military personnel (or, to be more precise, mostly with civilians without adequate military training, who were given uniforms and ranks for convenience), but they did not even always subordinate them to a Service Ministry. The British S.O.E. (Special Operations Executive), for instance, came under the ministry of Economic Warfare. This arrangement, incidentally, was welcomed by the officers of S.O.E. (mainly because they were essentially civilians, and inclined to be impatient of military procedures), but it certainly hampered the strategic use of partisans — in particular, their employment in co-ordination with other military operations. The tendency to approach the task of direction and support of partisans as a "cloak-and-dagger" rather than as a purely military problem, sometimes led to a multiplicity of agencies often not co-ordinated with one another. Nor was there ever a combined operations staff when a number of Allied Services worked in the same area of partisan operations.

The conduct of partisan operations in France provides a typical example. Three agencies in the U.K. concerned themselves with those operations. "F" section of S.O.E., under Colonel Buckmaster, was a purely British organization not officially connected with any of the French Resistance movements, although its agents (who were French or French-speaking British), of course, had to make use of one or the other Resistance group for the accomplishment of their particular tasks. Some famous British Agents worked under "F" section — Odette Sansom and "Madeleine" (Assistant Section Officer Noor Inayat Khan), to name but two of them. Then there was "R.F." Section, S.O.E., commanded first by Colonel Hutchinson, later by Colonel Dismore. This was the agency that supported the French Resistance. It had its own agents (of whom "Shelley", with his real name of Wing Commander Yeo-Thomas, was perhaps the most successful) and it also arranged for the movements to and from France of Free French operatives. Finally, Free French headquarters in London contained the B.C.R.A. (*Bureau Central de Renseignements et d'Action*), headed by the famous Colonel Dewavrin, better known as "Passy".

The B.C.R.A.'s terms of reference were wider than those of "F" and "R.F." sections of S.O.E. Unfortunately, the often tempestous relations between General de Gaulle and his British hosts cast their shadow on the so necessary co-operation of the B.C.R.A. and S.O.E. Things were not improved by some clashes of personalities that may have been due as much to the excessive touchiness of Colonel Passy as to the occasional impatience, or possibly even tactlessness, of some of his British counterparts. By and large, the B.C.R.A. and "R.F." Section contrived to work together, albeit not without friction. "F" Section was a close-mouthed, self-contained cell that went its own ways. Occasionally, agents of "F" Section and of the B.C.E.A. "R.F." Section combine tripped over one another in France. At times, the French and the British agencies even seem to have been in competition.

This was not so everywhere. In some occupied countries — Norway was an outstanding example — a single Resistance movement was supported in masterly fashion by a single agency based in England. This, however, was not the result of superior planning, but of high morale at home (where all patriots joined in the struggle against the invaders) and abroad (where an unopposed and respected government-in-exile worked in friendly co-operation with the British).

FOURTH CONDITION
Professional, Peace-Trained Command

The natural ambition of the professional soldier is to command troops. It brings the greatest personal satisfaction — and, in time of war, the best chance of gaining recognition. Of all staff-jobs, the least attractive for a regular officer is that of a "back-room boy", of the anonymous man assigned to a specialized and secret job. No wonder that in the last war the direction of partisan operations was, at least as far as the Western Allies were concerned, almost entirely in the hands of military amateurs. Among them there were many able men who brought to their job sharp intellects and nimble and flexible minds. On the other hand, they were generally woefully short in military training and experience. This lack of military "know-how" was a serious handicap in that it made difficult the employment of partisans in co-ordination with other arms (which were controlled by professionals).

Perhaps the most serious drawback was that the amateur organizers of partisan warfare seldom seemed to be able to see their work in correct relation to the general conduct of the war. Almost without exception, they grossly over-estimated what their weapon could do. Even a man of the calibre of Wing Commander Yeo-Thomas was convinced that, if only they had been better supported, the men of the French Resistance could have achieved, more economically and with less damage to the country, all that was done by Allied bombing. He overlooked the fact that the bomber was a weapon that was almost

always to hand (especially after radar made blind bombing possible) and thus could be used where and when the commander needed it. It was what the Germans called an "operative" weapon, equally suitable for the execution of the commander's strategic and tactical intentions. Partisans generally could be used only within the framework of strategic planning; they were a weapon not always available and not always effective, although very useful in the long run. This limitation is given by the very nature of partisan operations, and is thus permanent. We have failed to find in any of the many books written by, or about, the organizers of partisan warfare as conducted by the Western Allies in the Second World War, any trace of comprehension of this basic fact. Instead, they contain a good deal of ranting about what appeared to the authors to be manifestations of the fossilized minds of the professional soldiers at the top, but were, in reality, only sober estimates of the military value of partisan operations.

Another stumbling-block was ignorance of military procedure. In particular, amateurs are inclined to despise the "drills" so dear to the professional soldier. They see in them a device invented by, and for, the limited military mind whereby a formula is substituted for thought, whereas, in fact, "drills" are designed to avoid making mistakes in time of stress. One example will suffice to illustrate what were the consequences of too much improvisation and too little "drill".

Throughout the war, the German counter-intelligence services, both the civilian S.D. and the military *Abwehr*, used with signal success captured Allied W/T transmitters in their fight against the Resistance movements. Many Allied agents have been lured to captivity and death by radio messages sent out by Germans, many partisan groups have been destroyed when they were led into ambushes by that same method. On one occasion, a brave British radio operator who had fallen into German hands, agreed to send a message for the Germans, intending secretly to warn his headquarters that his transmitter was now operated by the enemy. This he did by inserting into the message only one instead of the regulation two "security checks" (usually a wrong letter in a certain position in the text). If the message had been handled in England by someone with a "limited" military mind, he would have reacted automatically: "Insufficient identification — no action." Instead, the response came from a man accustomed to use at all times his head rather than "drills": "You have forgotten your double security check. Be more careful". The result was that the captured operator's plan came to nought. The Germans knew that he had tried to deceive them, and they made him pay for it. They learned, too, that messages they were sending must contain two "security checks".

THE FUTURE

A war between the Communist powers and the Western democracies, if it should ever come, would be particularly propitious for partisan operations because it would be a clash of ideologies. Both sides would probably have adherents in the enemy camp — we, all freedom-loving people in the Communist orbit, our opponents, all Communists in ours. Unless conditions change very much in the years to come, we would, on the European battleground, probably have to fight communist partisans in France and Italy, while the Soviets would be faced with similar military problems in the satellite countries and probably also in one or the other of the non-Russian parts of the U.S.S.R. Nuclear weapons, however, have fired the imagination of press and public, and seem to have made us discount the lessons of the Second World War and of the guerilla campaigns of the post-war years. Yet partisans, small organizations that cannot be combated with atom bombs, have put a heavy strain on the economic and military resources of great powers.

So far, our opponents in the cold war seem to be well ahead of us in the use of partisans as a weapon of war.

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The Suggestion Box

The Chief of the Air Staff has written a letter of thanks to the undermentioned N.C.O. for a suggestion which has now been adopted by all three Services.

Sgt. L. A. Ludwig, of R.C.A.F. Station Trenton, proposed a change in the envelopes used for mailing X-ray films. The change permits of the transmission of an increased number of films without risk of damage.

Sgt. L. A. Ludwig.

Pin-Points in the Past

The four fishermen shown in the first of our photographs, taken in 1934 at Big Trout Lake, N. Ont., were members of one of the annual flights which were made in those days to pay the Indians their treaty-money and to check their health. Left to right are: an unidentified Protestant minister, Flt. Lt. H. M. Carscallen (Air Cdre., D.F.C.: A.O.C. Air Transport Command), Dr. Tyrer (then Indian Agent at Moose Factory), Sgt. R. I. Thomas (Wing Cdr., A.F.C.; retired).

The other photograph shows the members and one or two guests of the original Sergeants' Mess at R.C.A.F. Station Trenton in 1932. Standing (l. to r.): Sgt. J. Nicholson (Sqn. Ldr.; ret.), Sgt. F. M. Downes (Flt. Lt.; ret.), Sgt. R. I. Thomas (Wing Cdr., A.F.C.; ret.), Sgt. V. S. Roberts (deceased); Flt. Sgt. G. T. Elliott (Wing Cdr., D.C.M.; ret.), Sgt. R. Laidlaw (Sqn. Ldr., M.B.E.; ret.), Sgt. Lovitt (R.C.A.M.C.). Seated (l. to r.): Sgt. E. W. McKeown, M.M. (released), Sgt. E. E. Murphy (Sqn. Ldr.; ret.), Flt. Sgt. R. Marshall (Flt. Lt.; ret.), Wing Cdr. L. S. Breadner (C.O. of Trenton; Air Chief Marshal, C.B., D.S.C.; dec.), Flt. Sgt. D. Ceifets (W.O.2; rel.), Sgt. P. O'Neil (Flt. Lt.; dec.), Sgt. J. R. McPartlin (Flt. Lt.; ret.).

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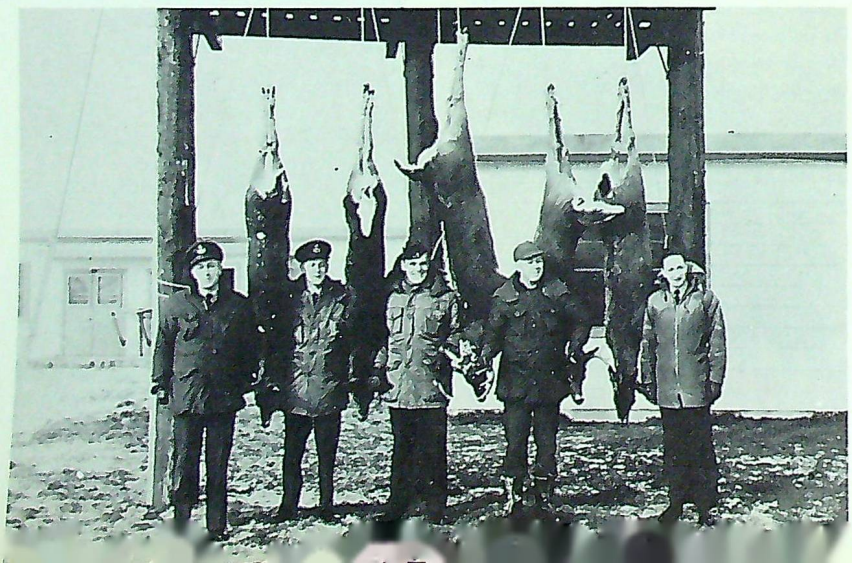


DEFLATION IN N.S.

Somewhat belatedly, we have received this photograph of five bucks which were taken out of circulation during one weekend last November by some of the sportsmen of R.C.A.F. Station Sydney. Standing in front of them are (left to right): W.O.1 P. A. Thompson, Flying Officer A. W. Beals, D.F.C., Cpl. H. L. King, Sqn. Ldr. L. J. Lomas, Flying Officer D. J. MacNeill.

VAPOUR TRAILS: 1

By Flying Officer D. G. Turner, R.C.A.F. Station Macdonald.

("None more than I", writes Sgt. Shatterproof, "has appreciated Wing Cdr. Bocking's 'Memoirs of a Canadian in the R.A.F.' I am confident, furthermore, that the Wing Commander will be highly gratified to learn that they have even received the cachet of approval from my cousin twice-removed, Cpl. Gaffer Shatterproof, dean of the literary world at R.A.F. Station Howling-on-the-Weald. As you will recall, my cousin Gaffer's book, 'Per Ardua ad—What?' received considerable attention from his A.O.C. when it was published serially in the 'News of the World' shortly after the promotion board of January 1925. Be that as it may, however, I feel that the time is now ripe for the memoirs of a Canadian in the R.C.A.F.— and, by an amazing coincidence, such a book has just come to my hand. Certain of the episodes related in it have already appeared in various Station papers, but it should not be difficult for you to weave them into one Homeric whole. The Service cannot, I feel, fail to profit from Flying Officer Turner's grave and penetrating approach to the problems which he himself has faced, surmounted, and actually lived to write about."— EDITOR.)

IN THE spring of 1951 I reached a turning-point in my career (if the word "career" can properly be applied to my convulsive leaps in search of daily bread). The turning-point was reached as I sat despondently before my typewriter in the British American Oil Company and looked in mild surprise at the book of shorthand notes I had been taking for the past two hours. Before me stretched a three-hour struggle to convert my quaint manuscript into the language of the day, and beyond that lay an endless horizon of more shorthand and more feats of memory. No, I thought to myself, the private secretary's life is not for me.

Down in the street below my office window was a row of hoardings, one of the advertisements on which displayed a protrait of a racy-looking young officer who was supposed to be gazing eagerly into the sky from under an Air Force hat. Unfortunately, the line of his vision was interrupted by the next advertisement, where a young maiden thrust her bosom at him and displayed a provokingly upholstered brassière. With heroic detachment, however, the young man continued to look her square in the bust and announce that the Royal Canadian Air Force was open to men with a purpose. And that is where the pogo stick of my mental processes hit the ground again and launched me violently into the Air Force, into a world of vapour trails, black-hearted Squadron Leaders, and the sacrament of mess dinners.

On the way to the recruiting-office I tried to adopt the same noble expression as the man in the poster. I walked through the streets gazing at the heavens with fierce concentration. Seeing my upturned face, quite a few pedestrians stopped to see what it was that I beheld. I believe this to have been the start of the Canadian flying-saucer scare.

Eventually, in an ultra-modern glass building, I found a door marked "R.C.A.F." I was about to turn the handle when a sergeant appeared from nowhere and jumped between me and the door. (I was later to learn that this trick of appearing from nowhere is a skill which all Air Force sergeants have.)

"That's the Wing Commander's office", he said in tones of superstitious awe, as if he'd got Dracula or the abominable snowman trapped in there.

"It is?" I said; then went on, rather lamely: "I've come to join the Air Force."

He looked at me with a surprised expression. "Then it's me that you want", he said. And, with that, he led me out of danger and into his own office, where he gave me an application form to complete.

The form was a masterpiece of subtlety. It asked quite bluntly if I had ever been in trouble with the police. It also demanded my name and the maiden name of my mother (presumably to discover if I was born in wedlock). Having thus insinuated itself into my mother's private life, it then proceeded to enquire with old-world courtesy if she suffered from fits, mange, or epilepsy. I was surprised that it didn't want her telephone number. After several pages of this sort of thing, it asked: "Can you read and write English?"

"Now," said the sergeant, when I had completed it, "you can see the Wing Commander."

Like an early Christian entering the arena, I stepped gingerly into the office and waited with my eyes half-closed, peering straight ahead. On the wall opposite the door I could just see a coloured portrait of a uniformed man whom I took to be one of the Directors of the Air Force, or at least the manager of the local branch. He wore a kindly expression and a garland of little golden flowers tastefully arranged around the peak of his cap. Taking comfort from his gentle appearance, I opened my eyes and looked at the Wing Commander.

"Sit down," he said in a kindly voice, and went on fanning himself with a file cover. "It's a nice day, isn't it?"

It wasn't: it was feverishly hot. But realizing from his rows of ribbons that I was dealing with a man of vast experience, I would have agreed even though Armageddon had been raging outside and blood was running down the gutters.

"Oh yes, lovely!" I replied in honied tones, giving him a slow scorch from beneath my eyelids.

He returned my roguish glances with the facinated stare of a sparrow who sits before a snake and can't remember how to take off. Suddenly he became panic-stricken. Leaping to his feet, he said in

urgent tones: "I have to go somewhere. You just go ahead with your medical and we'll finish your interview later." Then he left the room, probably to volunteer for duty as a test pilot in Darkest Africa.

The sergeant gave me a form to take to the doctor and ushered me out into the corridor. Having finally located the doctor's room by its rich aroma of ether and old football-boots, I took a seat in the waiting-room.

Presently a bright and stainless-looking lady receptionist came in. She accepted my application form and said absently, "Oh yes. Take off all your clothes." As I complied, I reflected that you can't always tell by appearances.

While, with my socks placed strategically in my lap, I awaited the next move, the door opened again and in wallowed a high-ranking nurse of heroic dimensions. As she sailed down on me, wearing an expression of you-just-dare-that's-all, I was reminded of a full-rigged schooner closing for a broadside.

"You for a medical?" she enquired tersely.

I thought the question a little unnecessary. Clad as I was, I would hardly have come to play canasta or read the gas meter. None the less, I nodded.

"Right", she said, in a clipped nautical manner; and sailed out of the door. I was timidly rearranging my socks, when I heard someone approaching. I clutched at the nearest means of concealment, which happened to be a large white bath-towel, and flung it around myself just as the door opened and the schooner billowed in again.

"The doctor will see you now."

I scuttled warily after her into the doctor's office, and there she handed me over to the care of a sister ship of less rank and tonnage and sailed majestically off to battle elsewhere.

"Right, nurse", said a young doctor who had watched my shameful entrance with surprise. "Take his blood."

He said it in the offhand way one might say "Have a cookie". I gave him a resentful look. After all, if anyone was going to start offering my blood around, then it should be me. Imagine being operated on by a doctor who is liable to say "Come on, girls — have a tonsil for the road."

The nurse took my right thumb and held it up in front of her. Then, seizing a minature harpoon, she plunged it into my defenceless digit.

I am not one of those who believe that pain should be borne in silence or carried off with a jest. When I'm hurt, I believe in announcing the fact. On the present occasion, I did so with a shrill yelp. My ministering hussy, however, didn't bat an eyelid: she merely set about squeezing the wound and milking it into a test-tube. Then she left me, taking the tube behind a screen, where she doubtless proceeded to officiate at some obscene pagan ceremony.

Meanwhile, the doctor began an examination of my ears by shining a little light into them. What he saw must have failed to satisfy him, for he produced a tuning-fork, took it to the other end of the room, and struck a note. For a moment I thought he was going to ask me to sing. I prayed that he wouldn't ask for something difficult like a selection from "Faust", since I am completely tone-deaf and have been known to stand rigidly to attention for the playing of "Good-night, Sweetheart" under the impression it was "God Save The King".

"Can you hear anything?" he asked, giving the tuning fork an even louder ring. Since I had watched him strike the note, I was able to answer with confidence: "Yes — a tuning fork".

The nurse reappeared and proceeded to measure and weigh me while the doctor entered her findings on a form.

"Height," she screamed, "— six feet!" This announcement was anti-climaxed by her next broadcast: "Weight — hundred and twenty pounds!" The doctor gave a perceptible start, probably fearing that he might be called upon any moment to perform an autopsy on what was apparently a two-dimensional human. I admit to being slim, but I felt my dignity affronted by the astonished glances that were turned on me. As a youth I dreamed of growing into a muscular Adonis, and to this end I filled myself with mixtures of raw eggs and milk and performed daily "setting-up" exercises with religious fervour. The setting-up exercises developed only one strong muscle in my body, and that was the valve that held the eggs and milk in my stomach despite a passionate desire to get rid of them.

(Why so much emphasis is placed on weight and height during a medical examination, I have never been able to discover. It is completely useless information to the Air Force, anyway, since it doesn't pay its staff by the pound or inch; and it certainly hasn't done anything about my physical statistics since the occasion just referred to. It has never tried to shrink or to fatten me — nor, I am happy to say, has it put me on exhibition for Air Force Day.)

Next, the doctor tapped me all over and listened intently at my chest. Just what function this tapping serves, I can't imagine. It isn't as though the average applicant for the Air Force is made of Sicilian marble and has to be tested for cracks in case his arms should, like those of the Venus de Milo, suddenly fall off and become lost.

When I had passed the tapping-test with flying colours, the doctor embarked on a series of hasty little tricks which probably had their origin in mediaeval China. After instructing me to lie on a table (which looked suspiciously like a sacrificial altar), he reached for a long pointed swizzlestick. Immediately my imagination ran riot. I remembered stories of doctors who went mad and did dreadful things to their patients all because they had been spurned by a dark-eyed beauty in medical school. Just when I was picturing myself transfixed on the spear and mounted on a piece of pasteboard like a rare butterfly, the doctor drew the point of his instrument sharply down the sole of my foot. The shock was so great that I let out a shriek and almost leaped out of the window. There was an embarrassing moment or two while I lay down on the table again and tried to explain that my violent reaction was only because I hadn't been expecting the sudden tickling sensation. While I was explaining, the doctor drew the instrument down the sole of my other foot, but, since I was watching him carefully, all that happened was that my toes curled up and made a fist at him. To this day there is probably a medical history sheet which asserts that I am of fairly sound mind on the left side, while on the right I am dangerously insane . . .

That evening, back in my apartment, I experienced a fit of the jitters and began to wonder if I hadn't been a little hasty in quitting my job. The sergeant had told me that the Air Force would get in touch with me "though the official channels". By the third day after my interview, having received no word from the recruiting office, I was thinking seriously of applying for a post which had been advertised for a "man under thirty, for general work" (I chose this one because it seemed to fit my talents rather well), when a letter arrived and ordered me tersely to "present myself" at R.C.A.F. Station London, Ontario, for further selection.

(To be continued.)

PROPOSED NEW FORM

L.A.C. E. R. Baynes, of R.C.A.F. Station Whitehorse, has written us to suggest that use of the following form might save a great deal of suffering for the friends of disappointed careerists.

TO.....(NAME).....(RANK).....(NUMBER)

On the occasion of the Promotion Board of.....195..... may I say that in.....years of service I have never witnessed such injustice. My heart breaks /aches / burns /bleeds for you. You *should* have got your Cpl /Sgt /FS /WO2 /WO1.

You are eminently more qualified than.....(NAME).....(RANK) .....(NUMBER), who obtained his Cpl /Sgt /FS /WO2 /WO1 probably through apple-polishing /skulduggery /political influence /luck.

Yes, I am cognizant that you have missed.....boards, that your seniority dates from.....(date) and that your Recruiting Officer /Section Commander /Senior NCO /Wife assured you that you were a cinch for this one. May I mention also that your tears are diluting my beer /rye /rum /coffee /tea?

Word has it that there will be a big/bigger/gigantic board next time.

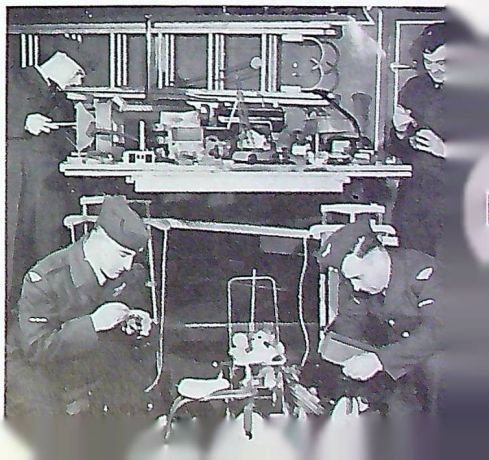
Yours, in deepest sympathy,

.....
(NAME) (RANK) (NUMBER)

LONDON'S TOY-HOSPITAL

We are not sure, but we suspect that the personnel of R.C.A.F. Station London's fire-hall are the first group of Air Force fire-fighters to join their civilian counterparts in the latter's traditional spare-time work of repairing children's toys. Why firemen should have specialized in this particular activity is one of the minor mysteries of life; but, whatever the answer, it remains one of the most worthwhile hobbies on which leisure can be employed.

Our photograph shows (left to right) L.A.C.s O. S. Aulis, R. L. Rodgers, F. E. Garragher, M. A. Rees.



What's the Score?

(This month Sgt. Shatterproof takes us on the fourth leg of his tour round the Commonwealth. "You may feel, sir," he writes, "that I have devoted too much space to India and too little to Pakistan. You may think, perhaps, that I have been influenced by the part played in India's social life by that distinguished reformer Lord Loverboy Shatterproof, who, while serving as ambassador at the court of Aurungzebe, eventually achieved the martyr's crown for his work among the harems of the Mogul Empire. Such, however, is not the case. The apparent disparity of treatment stems from the fact that it is only in very recent years indeed that the words 'India' and 'Pakistan' have come to denote two distinct nations within a subcontinent known to us from time immemorial as 'India'."— EDITOR.)

1. The early history of India is obscure, but it would appear that the tall and fair Aryan invaders from the North-West, who eventually mingled with the shorter and darker Dravidian inhabitants, lived much as the Greeks of Homer's time. They did not practise the:
   (*a*) Eating of beef.
   (*b*) Use of fermented liquor.
   (*c*) Burning of widows on their husband's funeral-pyres.
   (*d*) Caste system.

2. The first exact date in India's history is 326 B.C., when:
   (*a*) Alexander the Great invaded the country.
   (*b*) The Emperor Asoka became converted to Buddhism.
   (*c*) Shah Jehan laid the corner-stone of the Taj Mahal.
   (*d*) Gautama Buddha was born.

3. India's people are grouped by some ethnologists into eight distinct racial types. The oldest of these types is the pre-Dravidian, still exemplified today by the short flat-nostrilled people of certain less developed hill and jungle tribes. Among such tribes are the:
   (*a*) Hairy Ainus.
   (*b*) Santals and Bhils.
   (*c*) Blhu-Nozis.
   (*d*) Goanese.

4. In about 480 A.D., India was overrun by the:
   (*a*) Huns.
   (*b*) Golden Horde.
   (*c*) Turks.
   (*d*) Arabs.

5. In India, lions are:
   (*a*) Extinct.
   (*b*) Found only in the Himalayan foothills.
   (*c*) Quite plentiful.
   (*d*) All man-eaters.

6. Timur-lenk (or Tamerlane) conquered India in 1398. He was:
   (*a*) A great-great-grandson of Mohammed.
   (*b*) A direct descendent of Genghis Khan, noted for his cruelty.
   (*c*) A genial Turk, since much maligned by Christopher Marlowe.
   (*d*) An Arab chieftain.

7. The greatest of all the conquerors of India was Baber, a descendent of Genghis Khan. The empire established by him, which lasted from 1526 until 1707, is known as the:
   (*a*) Maurya Empire.
   (*b*) Gupta Empire.
   (*c*) Mahratta Empire.
   (*d*) Mogul Empire.

8. The vernacular languages of India number in the region of 220. The only truly common language, however, is:
   (*a*) Urdu.
   (*b*) High Hindi.
   (*c*) Hindustani.
   (*d*) English.

9. The first "modern" Europeans to establish settlements on the coast of India were the Portuguese, but by the end of the 16th century the Dutch had more or less superseded them. The British made their appearance in 1600, following the formation of the east India Company. The power of the Company, which developed until it was the symbol of British rule in India, did not end until:
   (*a*) 1877, when Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India.
   (*b*) 1858, when the Mutiny ended.
   (*c*) The capture of Madras by the French, in 1746.
   (*d*) The Battle of Plassey (1757), in which Clive defeated Suraj-ud-Dowlah.

10. Suraj-ud-Dowlah is chiefly memorable for:
    (*a*) His imprisonment of 146 British in the Black Hole of Calcutta.
    (*b*) His skill at cricket.
    (*c*) His poetry.
    (*d*) His co-operation with the growing power of Russia in the North-West.

11. Not among the causes which have been alleged as contributory to the Indian Mutiny was the:
    (*a*) Inability of the native mind to understand the telegraph.
    (*b*) Offense given to the ideas of caste by railway-travel.
    (*c*) Smearing of cartridges with the fat of pigs and cows.
    (*d*) Calibre of music provided at Christian missions.

12. Rabindranath Tagore was:
    (*a*) A famous cricketer.
    (*b*) One of India's most celebrated poets and authors.
    (*c*) The founder of Calcutta University.
    (*d*) The author of "The Light of Asia"

13. During the Mutiny, the sound of the bagpipes is said to have been:
    (*a*) The cause of the massacre at Cawnpore.
    (*b*) The deciding factor in its eventual suppression.
    (*c*) Referred to by the Sepoys (Indian troops) as the "voice of Kali", patron goddess of the Thugs.
    (*d*) The first indication received by the beleaguered British that Lucknow was about to be relieved.

14. Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, India's greatest social reformer for many generations, was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, in London. Later, he looked upon the profession of law as:
    (*a*) The noblest of all professions.
    (*b*) Noble only if practised without remuneration.
    (*c*) Immoral.
    (*d*) Fit only for the celibate.

15. Gandhi was given the title of "Mahatma" by his followers. "Mahatma" means:
    (*a*) Great Soul.
    (*b*) Ascetic.
    (*c*) Messiah.
    (*d*) Teacher.

16. Greece has her "Odyssey" and "Iliad", the former dealing with the wanderings of Odysseus and the latter with the Trojan War. Similarly, India has her two great epics, of which the first described the wanderings of a demi-god and the second a great battle. They are:
    (*a*) The "Elder Edda" and the "Younger Edda".
    (*b*) "Sakuntala" and "Vikramorvasi".
    (*c*) The "Tuatha de Danann" cycle and the "Red Branch" cycle.
    (*d*) The "Ramayana" and the "Mahabharata".

17. The loveliest mausoleum in the world is the Taj Mahal, at Agra. It was built in the second quarter of the 17th century as a tomb for his favourite wife Mumtaz Mahal, by the Mogul emperor:
    (*a*) Jehangir.
    (*b*) Akbar the Great.
    (*c*) Shere Khan.
    (*d*) Shah Jehan.

18. Pakistan, with a population of less than a third that of India (the country, not the subcontinent), is an independent Commonwealth nation and also the largest Muslim state in the world. It consists of two large and widely separated areas. Not one of its component provinces is:
    (*a*) Baluchistan.
    (*b*) Nepal.
    (*c*) Sind.
    (*d*) Punjab.

19. Pakistan was formed on the partition of India under the Independence of India Act of 1947. The word "Pak" means:
    (*a*) "Independent."
    (*b*) "Warlike."
    (*c*) "Pure."
    (*d*) "Mountainous."

20. The rope-trick:
    (*a*) Has been successfully duplicated by several western illusionists.
    (*b*) Has been performed by a *fakir* before the Royal Society.
    (*c*) Is explicable by the well-known phenomenon of mass-hypnosis.
    (*d*) Lacks any first-hand confirmation by reputable witnesses.

BACK COPIES FOR U.B.C.

The Librarian of the University of British Columbia is anxious to complete his files of "The Roundel", and would much appreciate any help our readers can give him. The missing copies are:

Vol. 1: Nos. 1 to 12 inclusive.
Vol. 2: Nos. 1 to 7 inclusive.
Nos 10 and 12.
Vol. 3: Nos. 1 to 5 inclusive.
Nos. 8 and 9.

Any reader who can provide any of the missing issues is asked to send a card to:

Mr. R. J. Lanning,
Head, Serials Division,
The Library,
University of British Columbia,
Vancouver 8, B.C.

PAY-OFF FOR A PAINTER

A view of the Chateau Richer near Quebec City . . . is used in the Christmas card of Prime Minister St. Laurent. The painting is one of 20 by the artist now hanging in the National Gallery of Ottawa. (*From a weekly newspaper.*)

O GRAVE, WHERE IS THY VICTORY?

Interim Allowance shall commence on the day immediately following that on which the officer or airman dies . . . and . . . shall be continued in the case of an officer or airman:

(a) who dies, for a period not exceeding two months . . .

(*Appendix to A.F.R.O. 21, 13 Jan. '56*

R.C.A.F. Association

RECEPTION IN OTTAWA

On the evening of 27 January 1956, in the Officers' Mess, Air Vice-Marshal K. M. Guthrie and members of the National Executive Council of the Association were hosts to members of the Cabinet, the Senate, and the House of Commons, who had served in the Commonwealth Air Forces during the First or Second World War. Air Marshal Slemon, the Chief of the Air Staff, also attended with several of his senior officers.

Best-known among the names of the distinguished civilians present were those of the Hon. Ralph O. Campney, Minister of National Defence, and Senator C. G. Power (affectionately referred to as "Chubby"), who was Minister of National Defence for Air during the last war.

Over the buffet supper — and after it — memories became active, and reminiscence ran high among the various groups. Since, fortunately, no tape-recorders were at hand, we are unable to give any account of the substance of those reminiscences, but physiognomists among our readers can draw their own conclusions from the accompanying photographs.

When at length the party broke up, guests and hosts alike expressed the hope that similar informal gatherings will become annual occurrences.

Among the guests attending were:

Hon. Ralph O. Campney.
Senator C. G. Power.
W. M. Benedickson, M.P. for Kenora-Rainy River.
C. E. Bennett, M.P. for Grey-North.
W. G. Dinsdale, M.P. for Brandon-Souris.
F. A. Enfield, M.P. for York-Scarborough.
R. F. L. Hanna, M.P. for Edmonton-Strathcona.
J. A. MacLean, M.P. for Queens.
P. T. Hellyer, M.P. for Davenport.
D. R. Mitchener, M.P. for St. Pauls.
F. G. Robertson, M.P. for Northumberland.
A. B. Weselak, M.P. for Springfield.
R. Jutras, M.P. for Provencher.
C. H. Castledon, M.P. for Yorkton.
F. R. Miller, Deputy Minister of National Defence.
J. A. Sharpe, Assistant Deputy Minister.
Air Marshal C. R. Slemon.
Air Vice-Marshal C. E. Dunlap, Vice-Chief of the Air Staff.
Air Vice-Marshal J. G. Kerr, Air Member for Personnel.

The Sixth Annual Convention of the Royal Canadian Air Force Association will be held in Windsor, Ont., on May 17th, 18th, and 19th.

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COUNCIL'S ANNUAL MEETING

Fifteen members of the Association were present at the National Executive Council's meeting held in Ottawa, on 27 and 28 January, under the chairmanship of Air Vice-Marshal K. M. Guthrie, C.B., C.B.E. Several important decisions were reached, among them the following:

Annual Convention. It was decided to hold the Association's sixth Annual Convention in Windsor, Ontario, on 17, 18, and 19 May 1956. This will mark the first time since the Association was formed in 1949 that the Annual Convention has been held outside Ottawa. The Convention this year will be of three days' duration, beginning on a Thursday and ending on a Saturday. The Association is most fortunate in having obtained the following guest speakers:

Hon. Paul Martin, Q.C., M.P., Minister of National Health and Welfare.
Mr. Crawford Gordon, O.B.E., President of A. V. Roe Canada Limited.
Mr. Gill Robb Wilson, President of the U.S. Air Force Association.
Air Vice-Marshal W. E. Kennedy, A.F.C., Comptroller, R.C.A.F.

Activities. Association activities were discussed, particularly the sponsorship of Air Cadet Squadrons throughout the country, and also the *Bon Voyage* programme, whereby assistance is rendered at embarkation points to R.C.A.F. personnel and their dependents proceeding to units overseas.

Membership. The full-out drive (now

Left to right: R. A. Wright, R. F. Hanna, Air Marshal C. R. Slemon, F. R. Miller, Air Vice-Marshal K. M. Guthrie.

Left to right: A. L. MacLean, W. Dinsdale, P. Hellyer, G. Phillips, G. Ellis.

Left to right: Air Vice-Marshal A. L. James, Air Vice-Marshal G. E. Brookes, E. W. Campbell, Miss M. L. Pineo, Air Vice-Marshal A. L. Morfee.

under way) for a large increase in our membership was considered, and various means of stimulating the drive were accepted.

Future Annual Conventions

The possibility of holding a joint annual convention with the U.S. Air Force Association, at which representation from the R.A.F. Association and the Australian and New Zealand Air Force Associa would be on hand, was brought to attention of the Council.

Air Pilgrimage

Another interesting subject of disc was an air pilgrimage by the membe the Association which would inv flight to the United Kingdom and there to the various Air Force memor and other points of Second World interest.

* * *

It was proposed to hold the next ing of the Council on the evening of May, in Windsor, before the Ann Convention.

PRESIDENT'S VISITS

Since Air Vice-Marshal Guthrie elected National President in May year, he has travelled the equivalent three times round the globe on Associa business. His visits during the first weeks of 1956 included:

13 Jan: Joint meeting with Nos. 306, 310, 313 Wings at Montreal.

14 Jan: Visit to No. 309 (Drummondville) W

16 Jan: Address to members of No. (Sherbrooke) Wing and personnel of R.C.A.F. Auxiliary.

19 Jan: Attendance at the official opening of clubrooms by No. 404 (K cher Waterloo) Wing. Air Vice-Marshal Brookes, Grand President, accomp the President.

20 Jan: Meeting with No. 400 (Guelph) Win

1 Feb: Attendance at February meeting of 313 (City of Montreal) Wing.

2 Feb: Jet Age Conference sponsored by American Air Force Association, Washington, D.C.

Left to right: R. Mitchener, J. A. Sharpe, Senator C. G. Power, Air Marshal C. R. Slemon, C. E. Bennett.

Left to right: G. H. Castleden, E. R. Hopkins, Hon. R. O. Campney, Air Vice-Marshal J. G. Kerr.

Left to right: V. P. Carroll, Miss E. A. Raeside, Miss M. A. MacDonald. A. F. Wigglesworth, W. Benedickson, E. B. Fitzgerald.

National Executive Council. Front row (l. to r.): N. N. Baldock, Air Vice-Marshal G. E. Brookes, Air Vice-Marshal K. M. Guthrie, A. F. Wigglesworth, E. B. Fitzgerald. Middle row (l. to r.): V. P. Carroll, Miss M. A. MacDonald, Miss M. L. Pineo, Miss E. A. Raeside, G. R. Ellis, D. L. Rumble. Back row (l. to r.): S. M. McInnis, R. A. Wright, E. W. Campbell, G. Phillips, J. Burnet.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

It is most important that we be notified of all changes of address. Issues of "The Roundel" which are missed by failure to notify us cannot always be provided at a later date. Members are asked to send us a card, immediately upon moving, stating both their old and their new addresses. Send cards to:

Secretary,
R.C.A.F. Association,
424 Metcalfe St.,
Ottawa, Ont.

NOTICE TO WING MEMBERS

May we remind all Wing members that their annual dues are payable by 1st April. So, in order to ensure continued receipt of "The Roundel", please pay your 1956 dues as soon as possible.

PACKAGE PUNISHMENT

Punishing a group to reach a few is the careless, cowardly way. It does not work and it is never justified. (*No. 1 S.S.T.S. précis.*)

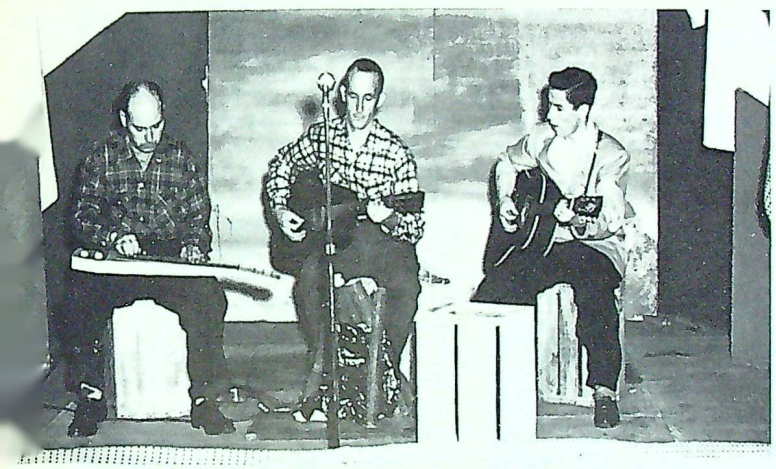
M-M-M!

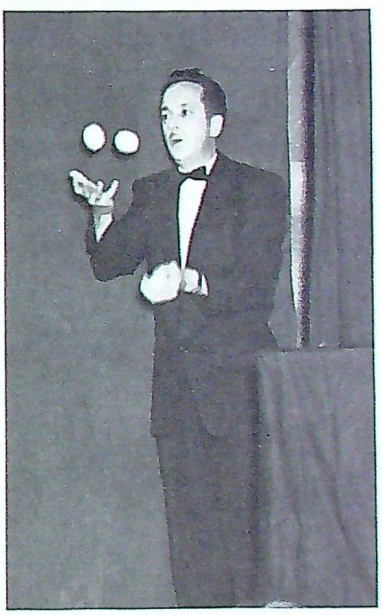
Left to right: L.A.W. B. O'Handley, A.W.s E. Embury, H. Savoie, M. Shatford, M. Hjelm, F. Adams, M. Dixon.

DURING the Christmas season, the men, women, and children of R.C.A.F. Station Beaver Bank, N.S., together with members of the Auxiliary from Halifax, staged a fast-moving variety show billed as "Magic-Mirth-Music". The show was directed by Flt. Lt. T. E. Wallis and the stage was built and the backdrop painted by Cpl. Yasinski. Curtains were made and set up by Cpl. T. Page, who happened to be on temporary duty from R.C.A.F. Station Summerside. M.C. of the show was Flt. Lt. A. Bradshaw.

We lack full details of the individual acts, but the accompanying photographs will give some idea of the varied accomplishments of the performers. The station is to be heartily congratulated on its effort, which demonstrates conclusively that even our smaller units can provide an abundance of talent if the enthusiasm is there to bring it out.

The "Rockey Mountain Rustlers." L. to r.: Sgts. Findlay and Mosher, Cpl. R. Oickle.

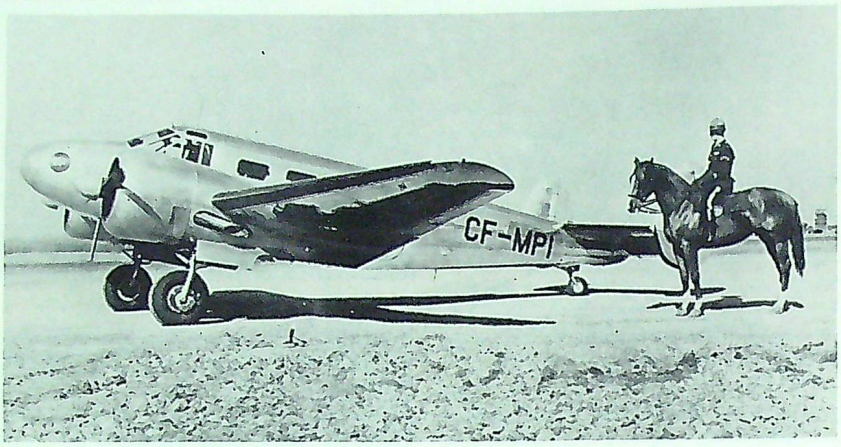




"Rialto the Magician." Cpl. J. Alaine juggling with lemons.

"The Music Notes." L. to r.: Adrianne Doucette, Dianne Wallis, Frances Burrill, and Sandy Bradshaw.

The SCARLET and GOLD Air Force



The old and the new.

FOR most people, the initials "R.C.M.P." immediately conjure up visions of scarlet-coated policemen and well-groomed steeds. Few realize that the "Mounties" are also fliers. With a fleet of eleven aircraft, they add aerial coverage to the largest police beat in the world.

The R.C.M.P. became airborne in 1937, when the Aviation Section was formed. The first task allotted to its four *Dragonfly* aircraft was that of coping with rum-runners on the East Coast, and the new section tackled its assignment with an enthusiasm that greatly dismayed the rum-runners, who suddenly found their occupation to have become extremely hazardous.

Its existence thus justified, the Aviation Section grew steadily under its first officer commanding, Inspector R. Michelson. In 1939, at the outbreak of hostilities, the R.C.M.P. disbanded its Aviation Section and turned its men and equipment over to the Air Force.

The Air Force experience had a lasting influence, and today the officer commanding the R.C.M.P.'s Air Division (as it is now called) is a former Air Force squadron leader. Inspector D. W. Dawson, A.F.C., was one of the original mounted police pilots, and after four years' wartime flying with the R.C.A.F., he returned to the R.C.M.P. in 1945. Of the fifteen pilots flying with the R.C.M.P. today, eight are former pilots in the R.C.A.F. Furthermore, all but one of the ground-crew staff are former airmen — including the Chief Aircraft Engineer, Special Constable K. W. Phillips.

An R.C.A.F. pilot receives a despatch before taking off for the North.

In addition to bringing fugitives to justice in its aerial paddy-wagons, the Air Division is also concerned with the transport of supplies and personnel, and with the conduct of searches for lost persons, escaped prisoners, wanted criminals, stricken vessels in coastal waters, and, occasionally, stolen automobiles. Its pilots have flown in pursuit of cattle-rustlers, carried out border patrols, and made aerial counts of trumpeter swans and other migratory birds.

One of their rescue missions earned for the R.C.M.P. a commendation from Air Marshal C. R. Slemon and, from the U.S.A.F., Certificates of Meritorious Achievement for the pilots concerned. On 12 February 1955, a U.S.A.F. *Strato-jet* crashed in the wilds of Northern Saskatchewan. An R.C.M.P. *Otter*, piloted by Staff-sergeant A. N. Beaumont and Corporal R. I. Fletcher, immediately took off on a search, and succeeded in rescuing two of the surviving crew-members,

whom they flew to The Pas for medical treatment. Normally, since the R.C.A.F. is responsible for all search and rescue activities in Canada, R.C.M.P. aircraft engaged in search duties come under an Air Force search-master. The Mounties, however, seem to have acquired an uncanny knack for being at the right place at the right time, and in such cases they operate on their own initiative. Numerous on-the-spot rescues have been made in this manner, without the expense attendant on the organization of an elaborate search.

One specialized type of rescue work in which the Air Division has been engaged recently is the flying of R.C.N. frogmen to the British Columbian coast in order to search for the occupants of cars which have plunged from mountain roads into the ocean or into lakes. Almost a dozen such flights were made during 1955.

Between 31 March 1953 and 31 March 1954, the R.C.M.P.'s Air Division flew 517,000 air miles, a distance equivalent to about 21 times around the world. In 1954, one of its *Otters* flew to Arctic Bay, 450 miles north of the Arctic Circle — perhaps the most northerly point to which a single-engined aircraft has ever flown. Although its aircraft log an average of 5000 hours and a million passenger-miles a year, it has not had one serious accident during the eleven years of its operations.

Any R.C.M.P. constable may apply for duty in the Air Division. To be eligible, the candidate must be between 18 and 28 years of age, in top physical condition, and he must hold a Commercial Pilot's License. The license may have been acquired before the candidate joined the Mounted Police or at his own expense while serving in the force.

Two flying policemen and their Norseman.

Having been accepted for flying duties, the policeman is first checked out on one of the six types of aircraft currently in use, then he serves for fourteen to eighteen months as a co-pilot. He must also attend three weeks of ground-school, where he studies meteorology and navigation and becomes proficient in instrument-flying by means of the Link Trainer. He is then given a course on twin-engined aircraft and a course in instrument-flying. The final tests are handled by a Department of Transport Inspector.

Instruction in flying with floats and skis is carried out as soon as possible. The Air Division has learned, however, that a check-out on floats on the docile Ottawa river and a few familiarization flights on skis off the well-maintained R.C.A.F. field at Rockcliffe leave something to be desired. In actual float operations, the R.C.M.P. pilot must be able to cope with wind, tide, sea, and ice conditions in countless environments, and with the ever-changing hazards of beaching on the shores of unfamiliar lakes in the interior. Therefore, in order to bring new pilots up to the required standards and to give them every opportunity of adapting themselves to bush flying, they are sent to various parts of Canada for a year of familiarization under the supervision of the R.C.M.P.'s veteran fliers.

The colourful era of the dog-teams is beginning to fade away as the Mounties spread their wings. The Air Division's fleet of aircraft, having proved its worth, is making a major contribution in helping its old and honoured Service to "Maintain the Right."

THE GOOD MANAGER

There is always an easier, more efficient way of doing things. A good manager never stops searching for new and better ways.
(*No. 1 S.S.T.S. précis.*)

HELICOPTER DEMONSTRATION AT ROCKCLIFFE

A DEMONSTRATION, to illustrate the capabilities of helicopters, was held for staff officers of Canada's armed forces and senior officers of N.A.T.O. countries, at R.C.A.F. Station Rockcliffe a few weeks ago. Barrels of oil, a jeep, a trailer, engine-boxes, and a load of 18 passengers, were picked up and whisked around the field for a quick circuit and safe landing.

The demonstration, put on by aircraft and personnel of No. 108 Communications Flight, R.C.A.F. Station Bagotville, opened with a fly-past of four types of helicopter currently in use in the R.C.A.F.— the Sikorsky H-34, S-55, Piasecki H-21B, and H-21A. The S-55 then gave a display of its manœuvrability — a display which caused pilots of conventional aircraft to feel a little uneasy as the large machine went through such unorthodox manœuvres as "rocking the cradle". (The cradle is rocked by standing the 'copter on its tail and then reversing its position until the tail seems to be precariously high.) The performance was carried out while the helicopter hovered about 40 feet above the ground.

The S-55, of which there are ten in service with the R.C.A.F., averaged 80 flying-hours a month with A.T.C. during the summer of 1955. At the Rockcliffe display, one of them picked up a 25-foot pole and demonstrated that the awkward load in no way affected the pilot's control. By means of a sling, the aircraft also picked up three oil-filled barrels, weighing a total of 1,300 lbs., to show how it can deliver fuel from the closest conventional airfield to remote stations without landing at either point.

The S-55.

The H-21B.

The H-34.

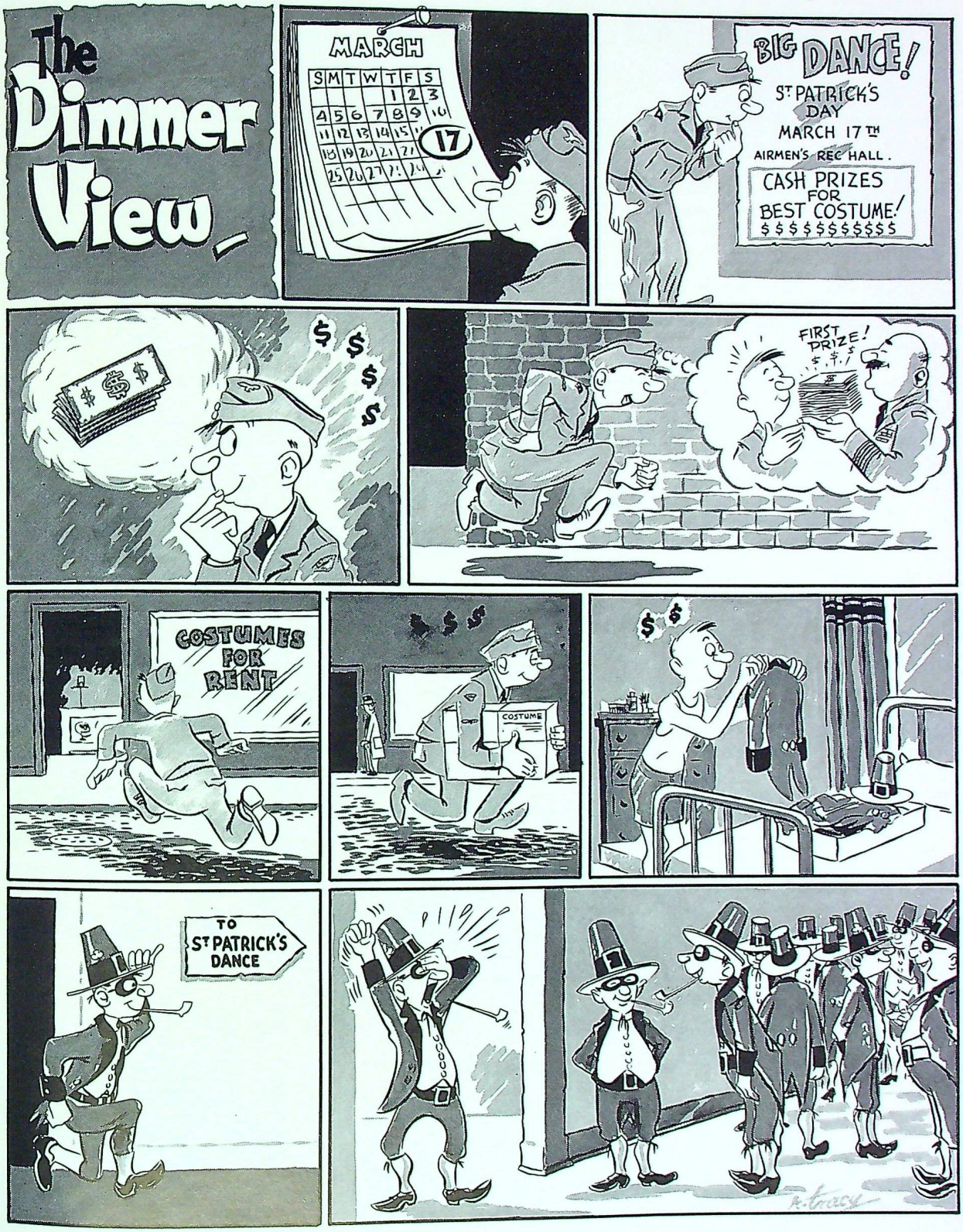
The Piasecki H-21B, which is destined for work on the Mid-Canada Line and which can carry approximately the same load as a Dakota, lifted eight barrels of oil (3,600 lbs.) in a sling, and later, 18 officers and airmen in its spacious cabin.

The H-21A helicopters have been in service across Canada, from Whitehorse to Greenwood, with the R.C.A.F.'s Search and Rescue service since 1954. For this rôle the H-21A has been equipped to carry 20 passengers or 12 litter-casualties. It was an H-21A, flown by Sqn. Ldr. R. T. Heaslip, A.F.C., which engaged in an unusual airlift in the spring of 1955. In what is believed to be the first rescue of another aircraft, the H-21A was used to airlift a *Cessna 170* which had fallen through the ice of a lake in northern Quebec. Without difficulty the helicopter lifted the *Cessna* out of the lake and flew it to the nearest airstrip.

The H-34 helicopter, which can carry more than 4500 lbs. for short-haul operations, showed how easily it could cope with large and bulky cargoes. It then gave a display of flying and manœuvrability, including a climb at 3000 ft. per minute. By way of a special demonstration, the H-34 airlifted a jeep, while another helicopter lowered the jeep's trailer to the ground, and a third lowered the jeep's driver on a winch.

THE BAD MANAGER

A manager who will not or cannot transfer to his subordinates the knowledge and skills which he possesses, is only a stumbling-block in an organization. (*No. 1 S.S.T.S. précis.*)


The Dimmer View
MARCH
17
BIG DANCE!
St PATRICK'S DAY
MARCH 17TH
AIRMEN'S REC HALL.
CASH PRIZES FOR BEST COSTUME!
$$$$$$$$$$
FIRST PRIZE!
COSTUMES FOR RENT
COSTUME
TO St PATRICK'S DANCE

Letters to the Editor ★ ★ ★

SOMETHING TO CONFESS?

Dear Sir:

In "What's the Score" of the November issue, question 7 states that "The Saxon dynasty was restored in 1042 in the person of Edward the Confessor. Twenty-four years later, his son and heir, Harold, was . . . "

G. M. Trevelyan, on p. 108 of his History of England, speaking of Edward, says: ". . . he deliberately left behind him a disputed succession by his personal adherance to the monkish ideal of chastity, in spite of the fact that he went through the idle ceremony of marriage with Earl Godwin's daughter." Harold, of course, was Godwin's son and not the son of Edward the Confessor.

R. G. Herbert,
University of British Columbia.

*(We showed Mr. Herbert's letter to the old wardog. "Shatterproof", we said sternly, "you realize, of course, that your cavalier approach to history may yet darken Canada's skies with avenging clouds of Her Majesty's V-bombers? Perhaps, when you stand amid the radioactive ruins of your native land, you will at last recognize that lèse-majesté is more than an outworn phrase." He bowed his head. "I accept the rebuke, Sir. But before I write to Mr. Eden and offer my head for the axeman's block, let us remember the saying of my distinguished ancestress Goody Shatterproof, the Hen-wife of Hartlepool. 'It is a wise child', she was wont to cackle over her love-philtres, 'who knows its own father'."—*EDITOR.)

"REPUBLIC OF MADAWASKA"

Dear Sir:

As a native citizen of the "Republic of Madawaska", I was stunned to read in the November issue of "The Roundel" that Prime Minister Nehru of India is an honorary citizen of the said Republic. I am quite sure that he isn't. If "The Roundel" wishes to have a complete list of the honorary citizens, I am in a position to provide it . . . but Prime Minister Nehru's name will not appear on it. Dr. P. C. Laporte told me how glad Air Vice-Marshal Guthrie was to receive that peculiar honour. He even boasted that he was the only officer of the R.C.A.F. to have been awarded it.

A.C.1 J. A. Robert Pichette,
R.C.A.F. Station St. Hubert.

(Dr. Laporte confirms A.C. 1 Pichette's statement, adding that Mr. Nehru will be "eligible in due course". — EDITOR.)

CRITICISM

Criticism can be a dangerous spark in the magazine of pride. Try correcting faults this way:

Cool off.
Make sure your criticism is deserved.
Criticize privately.
Talk straight.
Show how to improve.

(No. 1 S.S.T.S. précis.)

TWO-WAY GUARANTEE

Only by maintaining an endless environment of readiness can we guarantee either the longest peace or the shortest war in history. *(Gen. Curtis E. LeMay.)*

EIGHT INSTRUCTORS

A perceptive instructor in electronics at Keesler A.F.B., Miss., casts a baleful eye on eight of the most common teaching personality problems, which he classifies thusly:

- The Egoist—Builds up the importance of his own position by stressing the inferiority of the student.
- The Joker — Employs the "keep 'em laughing" philosophy to cover up his own mistakes and lack of knowledge.
- The Snow Man — Figures if he talks fast enough he can tell the unwary student anything and make him believe it.
- Everybody's Buddy — Goes to great lengths to get students on his side so he can get by with low-grade instruction.
- The Persecuted Instructor — Makes his job sound tougher than it is so that he has an alibi if he doesn't measure up.
- The Militarist — Insists on strict discipline to get the attention that he can't earn through the quality of his instruction.
- The Bookworm — So much in love with his subject that he can't bring himself down to earth long enough to get his points across to the students.
- The Scapegrace — Takes the attitude that he merely puts on the material; if the students don't learn, it isn't his fault.

("Air Force": U.S.A.F. Association.)

Answers to "What's the Score?"

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

UNITY OF COMMAND

When Unity of Command is ignored in an organization, that organization is courting disaster. The human mind has not developed to the point where loyalties can be divided, opposed aims reconciled, and several superiors kept satisfied. *(No. 1 S.S.T.S. précis.)*

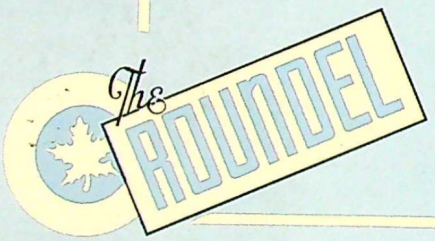
THE R.C.A.F. BENEVOLENT FUND

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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