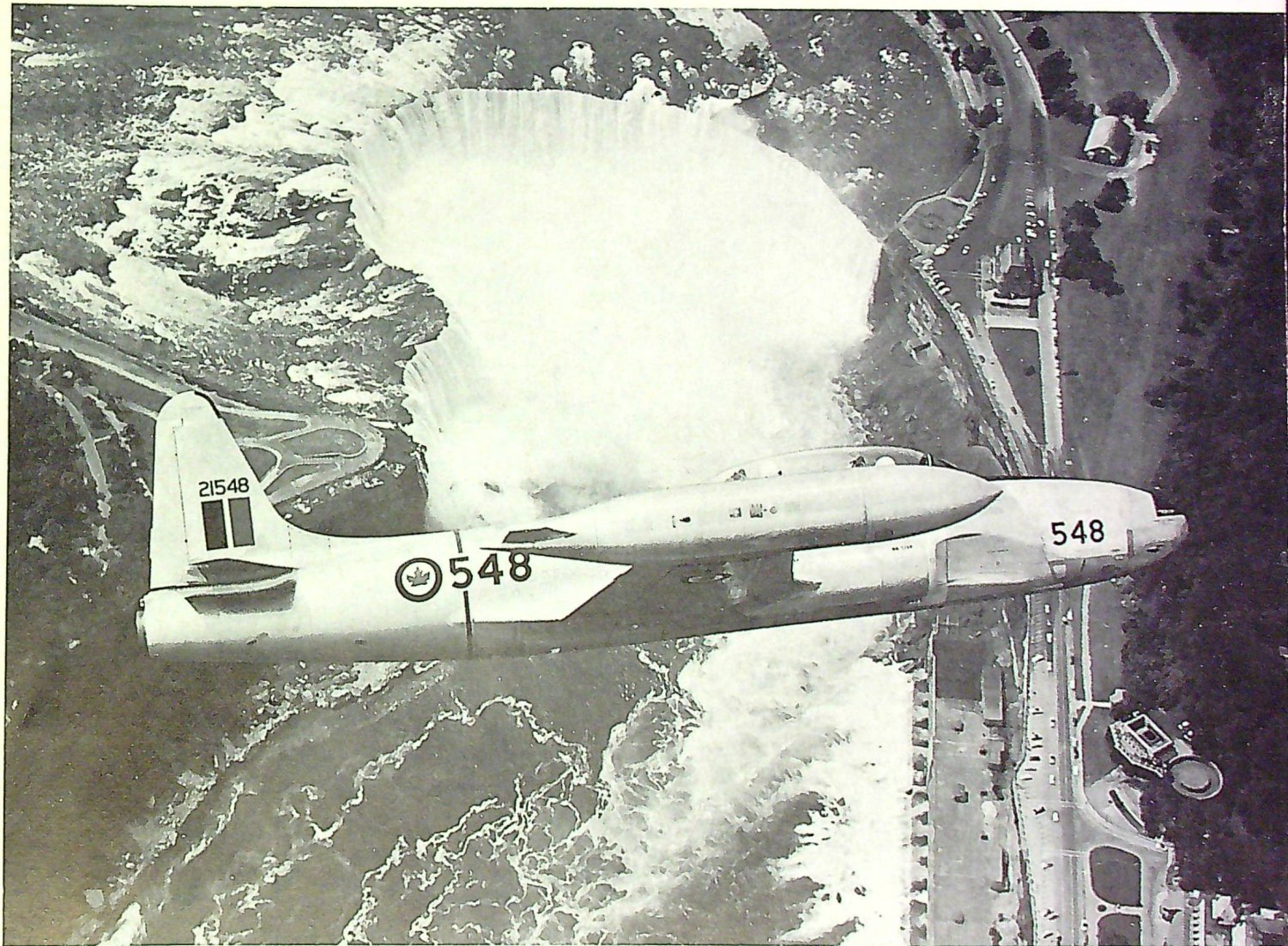


The **ROUNDDEL**

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ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

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This Month's Cover



Taken by Cpl. J.B. Herron, Public Relations photographer at Training Command Headquarters, our photograph shows a Silver Star (T-33) jet trainer circling at 3,000 feet above Niagara Falls.

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

SUPPLY DEPOTS IN THE R.C.A.F.

BY GROUP CAPTAIN G. G. W. LEWIS,
Commanding Officer, No. 7 Supply Depot.

INTRODUCTION

SINCE the R.C.A.F. is a flying Service, it is not to be wondered that attention is centred on its aircraft and the men who fly them. The fulfilment of its primary purpose, however, is made possible only by the support provided by a number of non-flying activities which, while all are essential, vary considerably in the magnitude of their operations. The supply system, of course, falls into a major category in that respect; and, in this system, the organization of the Supply Depot and the manner in which it functions play a most important rôle. Since the Depot, in the minds of many, is a place of some mystery, the writer will feel that he has performed a useful service if the present article helps to lift the veil.

The formations and operations of the R.C.A.F., both in Canada and overseas, are supported by seven Supply Depots and three Explosive Depots. Some of the Depots are housed in modern all-under-one-roof storage buildings, such as No. 1 S.D., Downsview, and No. 7 S.D., Namao, others in "temporary" buildings of the type erected during the Second World War. In addition — on account of space limitations, size and nature of the materiel, etc. — outside storage must be employed. Regardless, however, of structure, size, or location, control must be maintained and the basic standardized principles of receipts,

issues, and warehousing, must be followed.

Some idea of the magnitude of the depot system may be gained from the fact that well over 100,000 demands are received and actioned monthly from R.C.A.F. units. Upwards of 400,000 different items are stocked, and, to maintain this varied inventory, some 9,000 shipments monthly are received from hundreds of supply sources in Canada, the U.S., and the U.K. This requires a covered storage area of more than 2.7 million square feet. An interesting point is that each month more than 10,000 issues are

made on a preferred handling basis to satisfy urgent requirements. It has been estimated that, for a 12-month period, there took place in the depot system some 2,109,000 transactions involving materiel. To carry out this enormous task there are assigned less than 2,000 Service and civilian personnel. This figure, of course, does not include those whose duties are unconnected with the primary task.

It will be appreciated, from what has been said, that the Depots carry out a man-sized job. Now for a closer look at the system.

Issues Section line.





Receipts Section. Materiel waiting to be checked.

LOCATIONS OF DEPOTS

The oldest of the Depots, No. 1 S.D., perpetuates the former No. 1 Aircraft Depot which was established at Victoria Island, Ottawa, in 1924. Today, after several changes of location, No. 1 S.D. has two sites, the technical depot in the modern warehouse at Downsview, near Toronto, and the non-technical depot at nearby Weston, supplying R.C.A.F. units in Ontario and Quebec.

In Eastern Canada, No. 5 S.D., Moncton, N.B., supplies its customer units from four sites: the main depot in downtown Moncton, and the detachments at Berry Mills, Scoudouc, and Lakeburn.

No. 312 S.D., at Langar, England, supplies the needs of the R.C.A.F. overseas — primarily of No. 1 Air Division and the F-86 mutual aid programme in Greece and Turkey.

A group of three Depots supports the R.C.A.F. in Western Canada. No. 7 S.D., in its new warehouse at Namao, Alta., is the sister depot to the Downsview portion of No. 1 S.D.,

and supplies the technical range of equipment. No. 2 S.D., at Vancouver, issues clothing and anti-gas equipment; and No. 11 S.D., at Calgary, carries barrack and safety equipment. Both No. 2 and No. 11 S.D.s operate as detachments of No. 7.

Publications for the R.C.A.F. as a whole are provided from Rockcliffe by No. 3 S.D.

Explosive stocks for the R.C.A.F. are supplied from No. 13 "X" Depot, at Angus, Ont., No. 16 "X" Depot, at Debert, N.S., and the "X" Group of No. 7 S.D. at Namao.

FUNCTIONS

The functions of an S.D. (or "X" D.) are threefold:

1. to receive materiel (including new equipment off contract, repaired equipment from repair and overhaul facilities, and serviceable surplus equipment) from the customer units,
2. to warehouse materiel, using methods of storage and preservation appropriate to each type of equipment, and
3. to issue materiel as and when required by the customer units.

In their operations, S.D.s are controlled by the Air Materiel Command. Provisioning of S.D.s is carried out, not by the Depots themselves, but by A.M.C. Headquarters. Hence, they have no control over the quantities of stock they receive. That is a responsibility of the logistics staffs at A.M.C.

For geographical reasons or because of the accommodation available, none of the S.D.s are identical with one another, although they are organized along similar lines and use similar procedures. Since, however, No. 7 is one of the major S.D.s in the R.C.A.F., an examination into its organization will give an insight into the operation of Supply Depots in general.

ORGANIZATION OF NO. 7 S.D.

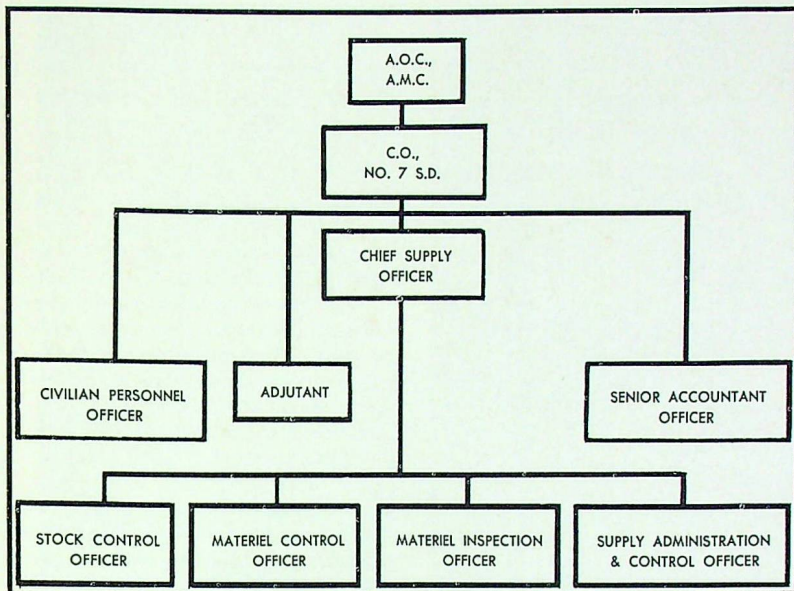
Under the C.O., the officer directly responsible for the functioning of the Depot is the Chief Supply Officer. In turn, he is supported by four branch heads: the Stock Control Officer, Materiel Control Officer, Materiel Inspection Officer, and Supply Administration and Control Officer.

In any supply organization, there is of necessity a large volume of data-processing, and, in an S.D., this is the responsibility of the Stock Control Officer. His duties are:

- maintenance of stock records, both machine and manual,
- local procurement of materiel and services,
- control of distribution of materiel, and
- provision of Depot stock balances and consumption records to A.M.C.

The Materiel Control Officer is concerned with the physical side of the Depot's work, including:

- physical receipt and documentation of all materiel received,
- storage of all stocks, including their proper preservation and packaging,
- physical issue and documentation of all materiel issued,
- liaison with transportation organizations and customs authorities in respect of incoming and outgoing shipments,



- maintenance of repairable stock and subsequent disposal thereof, and
- maintenance of modification stock and records.

The inspection function of No. 7 S.D., under the Materiel Inspection Officer, includes:

- identification, inspection, and conditioning of materiel,
- quality control of materiel held in storage,
- control of condemnation of materiel,
- operation of limited repair and photographic facilities, and
- maintenance of a technical reference library.

The Supply Administration and Control Officer, who serves as assistant to the Chief Supply Officer, is charged with:

- co-ordination of all routine matters within the C.S.O. branch,
- preparation of Depot supply procedures and instructions,
- control of all aspects of stock inventory, including stock-taking,
- collection and interpretation of operational statistics for overall management,
- development of supply policies and plans,
- control of the employment and career development of all supply personnel in the Depot,
- control of the receipt, storage, warehousing, and issue of classified materiel,
- provision of the secretariat to the C.S.O., and

- monitoring the submission of routine reports to A.M.C. Headquarters.

OPERATIONS

Stock records of the S.D. are maintained by the Stock Control Section, which is the heart and nerve centre of Depot operations.

Units submit demands which bear varying priority as follows:

Group 1.

- (a) AOG, URR and UOA.
- (b) QU—Immediate requirement demands.

Group 2.

- (a) "A" code demands — a specific requirement with a definite target date.
- (b) "B" code demands — a provisioning demand based on a previous period's consumption.

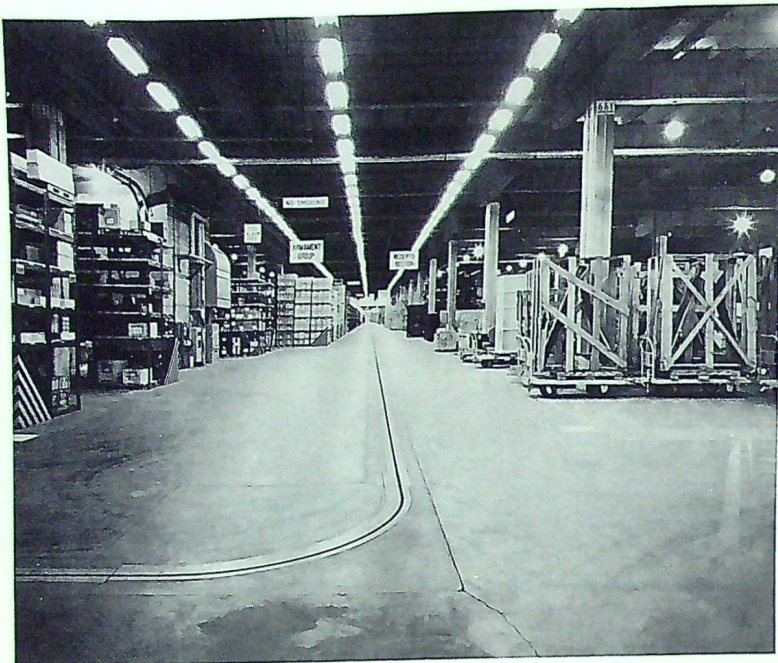
The above demands are treated in accordance with their priority. The first two types are monitored by a special project group until dispatched into the hands of the carrier; and the second group, A and B code demands, are processed in a routine manner in consideration of their target date, within the limits allowed by supply instructions.

A unit demand is checked by the stock control clerk with stock records to ascertain whether the items are available. If they are, the demand is passed via the conveyor belt to a central registration point. Here all demands are processed through an I.B.M. Insto-Time stamp, which registers it and indicates the time and date of action. The demand is then split and the copies are distributed to the consignee, the I.B.M. machine room, and document file registration, while the materiel selection tag is sent to the warehouse. If the items are not available, the demand is forwarded to A.M.C. for selection of a Depot where stock is available, or, failing this, for special action.

Receipt vouchers, representing equipment received from contractors and R.C.A.F. units, are posted to stock-record cards as additions and passed to central registration point.

All receipt vouchers, after stock-record posting and the issue of machine-room copy of demands, are passed to the machine-room for transcription to mechanical accounting-card forms. Through the medium of key punches, verifiers, sorters, collators, and accounting machines, vouchers are printed, registers created, a daily summary run of all receipt and issue action is produced, and new balance cards are made both for the Depot's and A.M.C.'s central stock-record files. The daily summary run is transferred to stock-record cards to provide a running history of each item. The various verifications and the reconciliations of machine and manual postings serve as an audit. The stock balances of all items in which there has been recorded a change are forwarded daily to A.M.C.H.Q., where a current records exists of all items available for supply in the R.C.A.F. depot system.

The Stock Control Section, through its special project group,



Main travel aisle which runs the quarter-mile length of warehouse.

The incoming proforma, accompanied by the consignor's shipping ticket or R.C.A.F. unit issue voucher, is removed from the number one case, and passed to the Receipts Office to initiate documentation. The Receipts Office raises an inspection receipt voucher for new materiel and allots a receipt number for materiel returned from repair contractors or user units.

The materiel is then ready for detailed checking through "checking lines". Separate lines are operated for new and used materiel. Checking consists of identifying the materiel with that ordered on the contract and/or as listed in the supply catalogue, C.A.P. 10. A percentage check is carried out on new materiel, and a 100% check on used or repaired materiel, both as to condition and quantity. New items which do not meet R.C.A.F. standards are quarantined. Used items which do not meet standards are

monitors special project issues and priority issues, i.e. A.O.G., U.R.R., U.O.A., and Q.U. demands, as already referred to. It also maintains stock records for repairable and disposal holdings accumulated from unit receipts and deterioration in stock.

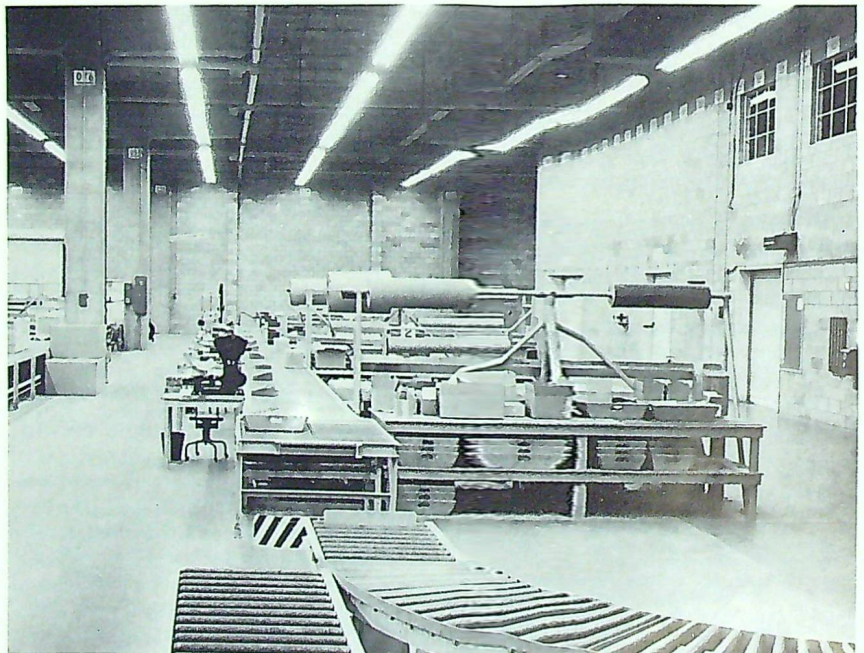
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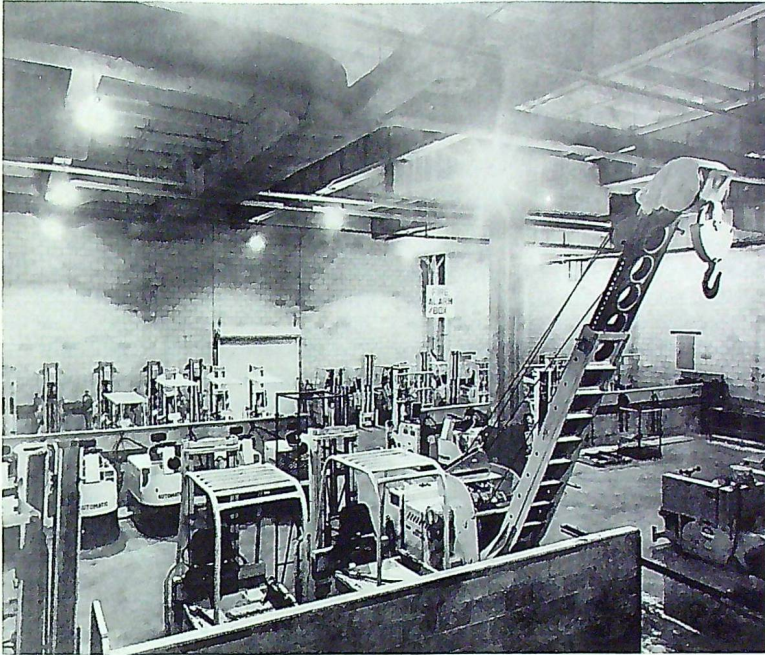
So much for the recording in the Stock Control Section. Now let us consider the physical aspects of the operation of the S.D.

Materiel arrives at the S.D. from the carriers in packages, cases, or crates, and enters at the receiving area. The receiving area acknowledges receipt of these items only as to the number of packages, etc. The shipment is assigned an incoming shipment number.

The packages are removed from the receiving area and located in a marshalling area, in a location indicated on the incoming shipment proforma.

Pre-packaging line where small items are packaged for ease of storage and future issue.





Room where fork-lifts and crane are re-charged each night. No gasoline-operated vehicles are used inside the building.

channelled through the repairable group for repairable action. Discrepancies in quantities are taken up with consignors.

Materiel which has been checked is delivered to storage groups on drag-line trailers. The drag-line itself is an endless power-driven chain recessed into the floor of the warehouse. It services that half of the warehouse which carries items small enough to be stored in bins or racks, and the receipts and issues areas. The remainder of the building is serviced by electric fork-lift trucks and electric tractor-trains, and in this area are stored large components such as wings,

aircraft propellers, wing tanks, etc.

The technique of storing materiel does not consist merely of putting an item away on a shelf. It must be so placed that it can be located and issued with a minimum of delay; and the warehouse staff are expected to know the most efficient method of handling the item to and from the shelf, the protection needed in handling, and the degree of preservation required both while in storage and at time of issue. This entails a constant scrutiny of materiel received, warehoused, and issued.

* * *

CONCLUSION

Such, very briefly, is the way in which a Supply Depot is organized and operated. Efficient though it is, however, it is not permitted to become static. Techniques of handling, storage, packaging, shipping, and accounting, are forever being examined with an eye to improvement, and constant effort is made to streamline procedures even further in order to serve the requirements of a modern Air Force.



GENIUS

Good sense travels on the well-worn paths; genius, never. And that is why the crowd, not altogether without reason, is so ready to treat great men as lunatics. (Lombroso.)

VAPOUR TRAILS: 6

BY FLYING OFFICER D. G. TURNER

THE signal which posted me to Chatham, N.B., for jet training instructed me to present myself there in August of 1952. Trying hard to look like a present, I did so; and there I viewed for the first time a panorama of jet 'planes and the pilots who flew them.

I was disappointed to find nothing at Chatham reminiscent of the memoirs of Colonel Canyon and Captain Lee. While the good Colonel and the Captain have mastered the art of reducing young ladies to blushing confusion — and their older sisters to ardent acquiescence — by the arching of an eyebrow, their Canadian counterparts at Chatham are forced to spend much time and effort in planning subtle ways of coming to grips with the local lovelies without frightening them and stampeding the herd.

Nor did anything at Chatham approach the heady good looks of Colonel Canyon in flying clothing. Certainly I didn't. I do not have the square-shouldered, barrel-chested physique of the Colonel; my general outline is more along the lines of a coke-bottle. When dressed for jet flying, I was positively frightening, especially if you came upon me suddenly. In fact, no Serviceman had offered so alarming a spectacle since military circles abandoned the use of woad.

The basic garment of the ensemble was an anti-gravity suit (*g*-suit), a skin-tight affair having the appearance of a corset and a pair of gaiters. At about waist-level, it was fitted with a rubber schnörkel, which, hanging down by the wearer's side, gave him the ap-

pearance of losing an intestine.

When I first put the suit on and connected the hose to the plug in the cockpit floor, I half-expected to become weightless and float about like some grotesque fairy. It was explained to me, however, that the inflation of the suit would prevent the blood, during violent manoeuvres, from draining out through my feet. Its extreme snugness did nothing for my scrawny figure. While it would be uncharitable to say you couldn't see me sideways, it made things a lot easier if you squinted. The only thing that brought me clearly into view was the white crash-helmet, a plastic globe which covered my entire head with the exception of a small portion of the forehead and eyes. My nose and mouth were already hidden behind a flat rubber oxygen-mask built along the lines of a snout. The combined effect was that of a lean pig wearing a cloche hat and ballet tights. The outfit was completed by boots and gloves, and since my eyes were the only part of me open to the light of day, the sensation was one of having been mummified.

The oxygen mask and microphone were strapped tightly over my mouth, not so much, I suspect, to aid me in breathing as to muffle my cries for help. They caused me to speak with a curious lisp — and, as you may imagine, lispng among jet pilots is a serious business and should be avoided.

History records many battles won by fire and sword, and the Air Force has continued the trend by combining both in the form of a jet

aircraft called the *Sabre*. The Chatham *Sabres* were impressive. They had no propellers, but more of everything that other aircraft have. They were armed to the teeth with guns, an ejection seat, and other automatic weapons. In addition, the judo tricks picked up by the pilots at the local dance hall made the *Sabre* and its pilot a formidable combination.

Student jet pilots were given ten hours of dual instruction in T-33 aircraft before having a *Sabre* strapped to their posteriors with the instruction to "put some air under it". At the conclusion of my tenth hour, the instructor reined back our T-33, sighed heavily, and said: "Okay — away you go!" He sounded somewhat disgruntled over my impending solo, but then, I reflected, after an hour of flying with me, none of my instructors had ever seemed quite grunted.

Together with the other four pilots who were to fly the *Sabre* that afternoon, I waited in the flight room for a few last words from the Chief Flying Instructor. The C.F.I. at Chatham was something of a celebrity. He had just returned from a tour of duty in Korea, and he was one of the "chin-up-never-say-die" school.

"Well, boys", he yodelled, "get out there, get her up in the air, and show her who's boss!" All *Sabre* pilots, it seems, refer to their machines as "her", although there are no structural details to support the implication.

My instructor came with me to my aircraft to help me do the external inspection. He looked down

the hole in the front while I examined the one in the rear. When our eyes didn't meet, we knew the engine was safely aboard. We shouted "Hello" into the holes, and, receiving no reply, felt it safe to assume there wasn't an airman in there trimming the wick. We examined the guns, checked the touch-holes for fluff, and kicked the nose-wheel as we passed (it hadn't done anything, but we kicked it anyway).

Then I climbed aboard and fastened the safety harness over my chest. I tucked my legs under the instrument panel, which resembled nothing so much as the inside of an alarm clock, and hooked up the hose of my *g*-suit. Then, starting up the engine and feeling like a witch who has traded in her broom for a vacuum cleaner, I switched on the radio to ask for taxi clearance. As the tower gradually came on the air, the frenzied babble of the controller's voice assaulted my ears. It sounded as if he were selling his tower by auction. Shouting him down and obtaining his indulgence to taxi, I aimed my *Sabre* for the runway. There, after making a final check of the controls, I opened the throttle to its maximum setting for the take-off.

Half-way down the runway and travelling at a furious pace, I became aware of something curious. While a brilliant August sun shone outside, in the cockpit a violent snowstorm was raging, and in less than ten seconds there was enough to build an igloo. Tracing the source of the blizzard to the ventilation system, I turned it off. Immediately it gave tongue to an almost human groan, and I all but fainted away. Recovering quickly, I realized that the *Sabre* had used up nearly all the runway and that I should do something about getting it into the air. I pulled back on the control column (or "stick", as it is known in the trade) and then said "Oooof" as my *g*-suit sud-

denly inflated.

It was then that I perceived that the *Sabre* had me nicely under control. It had left the runway and was carrying me straight up to heaven with the apparent intention of delivering me unannounced at the judgement-seat. But it changed its mind. When, gingerly, I pushed the stick forward in an attempt to level the machine, it did a hasty U-turn and doubled back towards the domain of the Evil One. Engine shrieking, down it dived for the airfield. It was aiming deliberately for the roof of its kennel, where the C.F.I. had his office in a semi-detached outhouse.

I closed the throttle and opened the dive brakes. Simultaneously, the *g*-suit I was inhabiting inflated to its maximum and tried to squeeze me out entirely, while in my earphones a bugle started to play. Replacing my eyeballs and swallowing my liver, I listened for a moment to the bugle, wondering if the Control Tower had come on the air with a trumpet voluntary or if Gabriel was calling me home. With great relief I realized it was the warning horn telling me not to land because the wheels weren't down.

In level flight once again, I decided to complete the exercise as soon as possible, before sanity should leave me completely. Searching for "Lesson Plan One" and finally locating it in the map case, I read carefully what I was supposed to do. The first thing, it seemed, was to fly the *Sabre* "at speed in excess of Mach one" — or, in others words, faster than sound.

I closed the dive-brake switch and opened the throttle. With the dive-brakes going into action, my *Sabre* seemed to hunch its back for a moment, as if it were laying back

its ears before leaping forward with a wild howl at something it saw on the other side of the sound barrier. Smoke poured from the exhaust, vapour streamed from the canopy roof, and the machine bumped along at ever-increasing speed. In all, my *Sabre* was behaving very like a runaway Stanley Steamer. With mounting horror, I watched the speed indicator climb towards the sonic barrier. What would happen? Were all those rumours really true? Would I hear a loud bang, and suddenly discover I had changed my sex? No. None of these things happened. With a gentle shudder the *Sabre* approached the barrier, paused there a moment, and then leaped over it to supersonic speed.

In order to confirm that I really had achieved supersonic flight, I studied the instruments for a moment. The proud smile faded abruptly from my face when I looked up again and found I had lost some height and was practically flying through a fine stand of New Brunswick pine.

When I recovered altitude, I glanced again at the instruments. Seeing that my fuel was nearly gone, I turned the aircraft around rapidly and headed for home. Three miles from the airfield I called the controller and asked permission to enter the circuit and land.

"Report your fuel state", he snapped.

I did.

"Cleared to land", he sneered.

His tone implied that he considered me pretty unsporting, and now I know I was. Only an utter cad would land when he had enough fuel to make it once more around the field.

(To be concluded)

SUCCESS
Nothing ever succeeds which
exuberant spirits have not helped
to produce. (Nietzsche.)

R.C.A.F. Association

In our last issue we mentioned that photographs of Group representatives at the 6th Annual Convention, as well as the talk given by Air Vice-Marshal W. E. Kennedy, would be published in September. We are not giving the latter in its entirety, but we have selected from it those portions which we believe will be of particular interest to Association members.

"I cannot help but recall the days that followed the last great war, some ten years ago. The Royal Canadian Air Force had gone from a little outfit of approximately 3,000 men, equipped with antiquated aeroplanes, to a tremendous organization of 220,000 men and women equipped with the then most modern aircraft and weapons available. At the time to which I refer we were retracing, as fast as possible, the path along which we had come and also trying to determine what the future held for the R.C.A.F. I can assure you the crystal balls were many but none of them shone with a very clear light.

"The picture was further confused by the anguished cries of people who were still in the Service but wished to get out, plus the need to select, from among those who were willing to stay in the Service, the ones that could best make an effective contribution to the peacetime force as it was envisaged. The fact that an efficient and reasonably well-balanced force did come out of this confusion is indicative once again of the human being's ability to untangle almost any tangle he can contrive.

"It is always difficult to foresee the future; and as we struggled, first with the concept of a force of perhaps 12,000, then 16,000, then 18,000 — and even as high as 20,000 — I don't believe that anyone even dreamed of an R.C.A.F. as it stands today with the equipment it has. However, events caught up with our planning. We had the U.N., N.A.T.O., and the Korean War. Almost overnight the whole character

of our defence organization was changed. Some of the plans, such as the development of the CF-100, which had been started so timidly a few years previously, blossomed into tremendous projects, and new ones were added with the addition of the F-86 *Sabre*, modern weapons, and ground radar to go with them. Today Canada has an Air Force equipped with the most modern and effective day-fighter that is in operational squadrons — and here I speak of the *Sabre Mark VI*, which certainly has no equal at the present time. Again, it is a tremendous credit to the men who conceived the CF-100, with which our all-weather squadrons are equipped, that this aircraft is, in its present configuration, the most effective all-weather fighter in the world in that category. We now, as you all know, have under development a successor to the CF-100, the CF-105.

"It is always very easy to criticize, and at times our progress seems to have been dishearteningly slow. But, when we look backwards and see the progress we have made, it is possible to realize that decisions of the magnitude involved in defence efforts these days cannot be taken quickly. It is not only a question of the money, men, and materials involved, but it is the harsh reality that what is modern today and meets our needs is being overtaken on the drafting-table and perhaps in the development of equipment already in existence. Hence every decision is a calculated risk and one in which the stakes are so high that it is absolutely imperative that every possibility be

weighed and reweighed before a decision is reached.

"This brings me inevitably to the question: where does the R.C.A.F. Association fit into this requirement of long-range planning? Let me say first of all that I do feel that the R.C.A.F. Association can and does play a very important part in the continuing progress of the Regular Air Force. The very fact of the growth of your organization from an idea to a national group with representation from coast to coast, and of its continued existence over these years, is proof in itself that you serve a very real purpose. Without such a justification it would have withered and died before this.

"I think one of the most important reasons for the continued success of the R.C.A.F. Association is the very real virtue of its national status. I do believe it would have been fatal had you permitted your organization to fall into the trap of local pressure-groups, even of the size of provinces.

"It may seem that the *bon voyage* parties, the collection of books and magazines for Service personnel overseas, the sponsorship of Air Cadet squadrons, and the recruiting of personnel for the Air Force, are not projects of the scope and magnitude that you would like to see undertaken by the Association. I cannot recommend too strongly to you, however, that you continue these various projects. You are all too familiar with the sad and true fact that in war-time every man in uniform is a hero, but that, after the shooting has ended, the situation is much different. It is therefore extremely important to the welfare of our people that they know there is a group outside the R.C.A.F. who are interested in their welfare, who think that Servicemen are good types doing a worth-while



Alberta.



Saskatchewan.



Manitoba and Northwestern Ontario.



Quebec.



Ontario (1).



Ontario (2).

Maritimes (1).



Maritimes (2).



job, and who have a common understanding of, and therefore sympathy with, the fact that life in any military force is not all cakes and ale.

"It is of tremendous value to us to have, in communities all across our land, established groups of private citizens who are familiar with our Air Force, men and women who know it is not made up entirely of the well-known brass, but that rather it is a highly trained and technical organization in which the vast majority are only Indians and there are very few Chiefs. Canada is traditionally unaccustomed to supporting a peace-time military force of any magnitude, and it is irksome to the average citizen to pay what he considers heavy taxes to maintain a defence against a threat he cannot see. The military man who tries to explain these requirements to a civilian population is always suspected of having an axe to grind, and I think this is quite understandable. Members of the R.C.A.F. Association, however, have no personal axe to grind. Thus, they can do a great service for the R.C.A.F. by interpreting to the rest of the population the concept of modern air warfare and the part that Canada must play in this field if it is to maintain its integrity and stature as a nation.

"At past conventions, the Association has made recommendations both to the Chief of the Air Staff and also to the Minister of National Defence. I think it is right and proper that you should do this, because you, with your understanding of the Air Force and your contact with the civilian population

(which contact is denied to us), are in a position to bring to our attention matters which combine both your interest in Air Force matters and your knowledge of civilian affairs. However, like many other things which are free, advice is a commodity that should be given sparingly if it is to be appreciated. I would not suggest that you consciously limit the proposals you make either to the Chief of the Air Staff or to the Minister, but I would recommend most strongly that you examine them most critically — not only from the point of view of cost, but also from your knowledge of the organization of the R.C.A.F., in order to ensure that you are not suggesting actions which have inter-Service or political implications of such magnitude that they would create problems far greater than the one they are intended to resolve.

"I would further urge you not to be disappointed if only a low percentage of your recommendations appear to be accepted, because there will be many factors, of which you cannot be aware, that may have a direct effect on their acceptance or rejection. You may also find that the chicken which is hatched may not have too much resemblance to the egg which was laid, but the mere existence of your recommendations frequently develops new lines of thought that lead to good results even though by different routes.

"I would like to tell you what our future plans are for the Air Force, to speak of the new equipments that are either under development or procurement, and so give you the feeling that you are party to

our thinking and work throughout the next year. I know, however, that you all appreciate that this would not be possible unless I were to speak in vague generalities which, though they might sound important, upon examination would mean very little. Nevertheless, I do want to assure you that you are associated with an Air Force which, for its size, need take off its hat to no other in effectiveness and efficiency.

"We are fortunate in our relations with the other Services and even more so in having a government which, within the limits of the national economy and its interpretation of the international situation, has given us the tools that we deem necessary for the job. I do not mean that we have everything we would like to have, and I don't think it would be right and proper that we should, because then we would become less critical of our own needs and less efficient in our use of what we do have. I do believe, however, that Canada is backing up her stature in the world today with an Air Force that is commensurate with her population and economy, and that, as our needs grow, so will the force we are given to cope with them. I believe, too, that the Royal Canadian Air Force Association is a valuable adjunct to all our plans and activities. I hope for your continued success and progress, not only for your own sakes, but also for the sake of the moral support you will give to us, the improvement you can bring in our public relations, and the constructive criticism which we need — and which, I am sure, you will not let us avoid!"

UNDERSTANDING

The way to be understood is to be understanding. (Norman G. Shidle: U.S.A.)

EXCHANGE POSTING

BY FLIGHT LIEUTENANT S. P. GULYAS

(This article relates the experiences of an R.C.A.F. pilot during a three-year exchange posting to the R.A.F. Shortly after his arrival in the United Kingdom, the first Canberras began to come into squadron use, and it was in these remarkable aircraft that he flew until his overseas tour ended last year. Flt.Lt. Gulyas, who joined the R.C.A.F. early in 1949, served as a pilot with No. 408 (Photographic) Squadron for two and a half years before going to England. He is now in the Directorate of Air Operations at A.F.H.Q.—Editor.)

THE COMING OF THE CANBERRA

AFTER a nine-day Mosquito conversion course at No. 231 Operational Convention Unit, Basingstourn, I reported to No. 540 (Photo-Reconnaissance) Squadron, R.A.F. Station Benson, in Oxfordshire. There were three photographic reconnaissance squadrons at Benson: Nos. 58 and 540 Squadrons (*Mosquitoes*) and No. 82 Squadron (*Lancasters*).

Shortly after my arrival, I learned that No. 540 was to be re-equipped with *Canberra* aircraft. My enthusiasm was slightly dampened by one of the squadron members: "Quit smiling, chum. We've been expecting these space-ships for two years." My interview with the squadron C.O., however, reassured me. The first *Canberra* was expected within a few weeks.

One day soon after this, Flt.Lt. Johnny Walker, Assistant Flight Commander, who sported a huge red handle-bar moustache, took me for a familiarization ride in a *Mosquito* trainer. He was famous for being able to find his way around in murky weather, and he certainly justified his reputation on this occasion. The visibility was almost 1,000 yards in smoke-haze, but to my amazement, Johnny not only found every town and aerodrome in the local area, but he also landed with-

out the assistance of an approach aid. The next day the Flight Commander, Flt.Lt. Frank Garside, checked me out in a *Mosquito* 34. After two local trips with my navigator, Flt.Lt. "Chuck" Taylor, I was considered to be "operational".

Between training trips in the *Mosquito*, the Squadron Commander, Sqn.Ldr. W. N. Kenyon, gave me instruction in the squadron's *Meteor* 7. Twenty hours in this aircraft were required before check-out in the *Canberra* was considered. The simple let-down procedures which the R.A.F. had in use impressed me most during jet training. On a let-down, which the R.A.F. terms QGH, the pilot is simply required to follow instructions issued by the control tower. The aircraft is homed overhead at its cruising altitude, turned into the safety lane, instructed to descend to a turning height, and given an inbound heading to the airfield. When within a safe distance, the pilot is instructed to let down to minimum airfield altitude on a heading which lines him up with the runway.

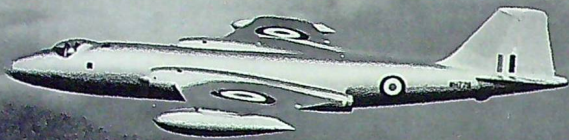
The inadequacy of the one V.H.F. set in our *Meteor* was made evident by the experience of one of the pilots. He was airborne in rapidly deteriorating weather conditions and decided to return to base. Unfortunately, the radio failed before

he obtained a QGH. To add to his trouble, he was uncertain of his position and was just about to bail out, when he spotted an aircraft. He identified it as one of No. 82 Squadron's *Lancasters*, and conveyed his predicament to the *Lanc*'s pilot by drawing his finger across his throat and banging his ear-phones. The *Lancaster* quickly took up a course on the "Babs" signal of the runway in use at Benson, and the *Meteor* pilot flew in formation. We watched this strange procession from the ground with some concern, especially when we saw the *Meteor* make a dirty dart at the runway, going about 30 or 40 knots faster than usual. The aircraft finally touched down and came to a grinding halt, inches from the end of the runway. There was just sufficient fuel in the *Meteor*'s tanks to taxi back to the hangar. The pilot climbed out, a somewhat shaken Irishman, expressing himself in language which cannot be printed here.

Luckily, my conversion to *Meteors* was completed without incident. After allowing me to go solo, the C.O. advised me to utilize the aircraft as much as possible: the arrival of the *Canberra* was imminent!

Two days later, the first *Canberra* arrived, and what a beautiful aircraft it was! The whole squadron turned out to inspect the long-awaited "space-ship". Four months, however, were to elapse before I flew it.

Meanwhile there were *Mosquitoes* to fly and photographs to be taken, and the squadron was kept well occupied. After our first photographic sortie, Chuck and I had to divert to Manston because of fog. It was



The Canberra

one of those English "smogs", and four days passed before we were able to return to Benson. We took off from Manston under a 200-ft. cloud base and in visibility of a quarter of a mile, set course to Benson, and climbed to 12,000 ft.

The heading took us over London. The whole city was blanketed with a thick yellowish mass; only the odd church steeple jutted through the murk. The Thames could be easily spotted by the extremely heavy bank of fog that lay over it. After London was passed, the fog became patchy, and, to my relief, there was Benson in a clear area. We had not been on the ground long before the fog rolled in again, and it was a whole week before it became clear enough to fly.

During the East Coast flood disaster in February 1953, more than 123 sorties were flown by the photographic reconnaissance squadrons at Benson. Continual photo cover was used to help in assessing damage and detecting new breaks in sea-walls. It was agreed by all Ministries concerned with the flood that the information which had been obtained from air photographs was of great value. Unfortunately, I had the only accident which occurred during the whole

operation. A leak in the hydraulic system bled all the fluid into the atmosphere and the main undercarriage could not be lowered. As a result, I was compelled to carry out a crash-landing which completely wrote off the aircraft.

Soon after the flood disaster, the P.R. units began their move to Wyton.

CONVERSION

Before the *Canberras* were delivered, it had been decided to investigate the advantages and disadvantages of converting crews to them at squadron level. Since No. 540 was the first squadron to be re-equipped with *Canberras*, it was given this task. A mock-up of the *Canberra* cockpit had been provided several months before the new aircraft arrived. Pilots and navigators were made familiar with it, and considerable accent was placed on emergency drills. Comprehensive technical notes on the aircraft had been made available to all crews, and technical lectures were given daily. By the time crews came up for conversion, they had a fair knowledge of the P.R. 3 *Canberra*, but, after the conversion of all No. 540's crews, it was decided that conversion at squadron level

was impractical. Too much time was spent on training, and the return of the squadron to operational standards took too long. As a result, the crews of Nos. 58 and 82 (P.R.) Squadrons were to be converted at the Operational Conversion Unit, Bassingbourn.

The delivery of *Canberras* slowly continued, and, by April 1955, No. 540 was equipped with five P.R. 3 *Canberras* and three *Mosquitoes*. At last, in early April, my turn for check-out arrived. After one hour and thirty five minutes' dual instruction by the squadron check-out pilot, Flt.Lt. "Monty" Burton, I was sent solo.

The *Canberra* is an extremely pleasant and simple aircraft to fly. Take-off best illustrates the power of the *Avon* jet engines. At first, the aircraft accelerates slowly, then, as it picks up speed, it suddenly surges forward, forcing one back against the seat. Climbing speed is quickly attained.

During the first ten hours of our training, single-engined overshoots and landings, controlled descents, and simulated instrument-flying, kept us in the local area. When the check pilot was satisfied with our progress, he authorized us for cruise-climb cross-countries, which took us over much of north-west Europe.

OPERATION PONY EXPRESS

In May, Sqn.Ldr. Kenyon informed us that No. 540 Squadron had been given the task of transporting the Coronation films to Canada. The operation, nicknamed "Pony Express", was organized at the request of the C.B.C., which was anxious to scoop the United States television networks in the showing of the Coronation films of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. To expedite the transportation of the Coronation films, three trans-Atlantic crossings from London airport to Goose Bay were planned. Three crews, plus a re-



serve crew, were required. Needless to say, those of us who were selected felt honoured to have the opportunity of participating in the Coronation. Less than two weeks remained until Coronation Day, so training began immediately. Because of the short time available, only three cross-countries were completed, and the average *Canberra* time of the crews who participated was therefore only 22 hours.

At the briefing, all aspects of the operation were reviewed. In the event of strong head-winds, we were to refuel at Aldergrove, Ireland. In the event of weather closing in at Goose Bay, we were to divert to Knob Lake or Seven Islands. In order to increase range as much as possible, the wing tanks were to be jettisoned. This order aroused considerable interest, because up to this time no one on the squadron had jettisoned wing tanks from a *Canberra*.

The four aircraft were flown to London airport on the day before the Coronation. Next morning, as we made our way to the met. office in the rain, I told the boys to cheer up because they would soon be in the land of sunshine — an assurance that I was to regret later! At the met. briefing we were informed that light head-winds *en route* and fair weather at Goose Bay were forecast. Later, much to our surprise, we were told by an A.T.C. official that a Venezuelan *Canberra*, which had been hired by U.S. television companies, was standing by at Black Bush Airport and had flight-planned to take off at approximately the same time as our first aircraft.

At 1150 G.M.T., the helicopter arrived from Buckingham Palace with the films of the royal procession to the Abbey. With the films stowed in the flare-bay of his *Canberra*, Sqn.Ldr. Kenyon was airborne very shortly after. We were disappointed to hear that the Venezuelan *Canberra* had taken off from Black

Bush Aerodrome a few minutes before. At 1530 G.M.T., Flt.Lt. Frank Garside took off with the films of the Coronation service. Shortly after this, London A.T.C. informed us that the Venezuelan aircraft had had to turn back because of fuel trouble. Although we sympathized with the pilot, the news was received with a great deal of enthusiasm.

However, the Venezuelan was not the only 'plane to encounter bad luck. Frank was compelled to return an hour later with radio trouble; but the groundcrews lost little time in transferring the film load into the reserve aircraft, and he was airborne again within fifteen minutes. Since the films which covered the last part of the Coronation, including the procession back to Buckingham Palace, were expected in less than 30 minutes, Ron and I strapped ourselves into our aircraft. The Station Commander, Group Captain L. J. Stickley, a Canadian in the R.A.F., told us that Sqn.Ldr. Kenyon had landed safely in Goose Bay. He then wished us good luck, and in a few minutes the helicopter arrived.

We were airborne at 1800 hrs. G.M.T. After we had passed the West Coast of Ireland, the cloud broke up and, apart from low strato-cumulus, the sky was clear. A fix was received from Ocean Station "Jig", and shortly afterwards I jettisoned the wing tanks. They left the aircraft with a large "bang", but no damage was done and the aircraft handled normally for the remainder of the trip. Our next contact was with Ocean Ship "India". However, because of disturbance, we were unable to obtain a fix or a bearing.

By this time, we had been airborne for four hours and our altitude was 48,000 feet when we received signals from Cape Christian, Greenland, more than 300 miles away. Flt.Lt. Ron Hiller, my navigator, did an excellent job of navi-

gating: we crossed the Labrador Coast no more than 15 miles off track, and landed at Goose Bay five hours and fifteen minutes after taking off from London Airport. After transferring our film to one of the other *Canberras*, we refuelled and took off for St. Hubert, arriving there one hour and thirty-five minutes later, very tired and very hungry.

Two days before our return to the U.K., it began to rain continuously, and my English friends did not forget the quip I had made in London about the "land of sunshine". We took off from St. Hubert under a 600-foot cloud-base and in visibility of one mile, and we didn't clear cloud until we had reached 40,000 feet. Fortunately the sky cleared before we arrived at Goose Bay, but I heard about nothing but "good bloody Canadian weather" for a long time thereafter.

THE NEW ZEALAND AIR RACE

While we were away, the New Zealand Air Race Flight was formed at Wyton. The task of the Flight was to train four crews for the New Zealand Air Race which was to take place on 8 October 1953. The route was:

	Naut. Miles
London to Shaibah (Iraq):	2300
Shaibah to Negombo (Ceylon):	2300
Negombo to Perth (via Cocos Islands):	3250
Perth to Christchurch.	2500

The aim was to cover this distance in less than 24 hours. Although the original list of entries contained names from the Royal Danish Air Force and U.S.A.F., all the entries except the three R.A.F. *Canberras* and two Royal Australian Air Force *Canberras* were withdrawn. No. 540 Squadron transferred five P.R.3s to the Flight, along with one of our crews, Flt.Lts. Monty Burton and Don Gannon.

The Flight carried out intensive training. One training sortie consisted of a flight from the U.K. to Negombo and return on the same



The men who flew the Coronation colour recordings across the Atlantic, 2 June 1953. Left to right: Sqn.Ldr. W. N. Kenyon, Flt.Lt. H. J. Shield, Flt.Lt. F. Garstide, Flt.Lt. N. E. Metcalfe, Flt.Lt. S. P. Gulyas, Flt.Lt. R. F. Hiller, Flying Officer J. W. Crompton, Flying Officer R. G. Reeve.

day. The crews flew in almost all conditions of weather, and by the time October 8th rolled around, it was a highly trained Flight.

During the race, various technical snags developed. After completing the first leg, one R.A.F. 'plane, which eventually won the race, burst a tire on landing; and another developed a hydraulic leak. After completing the second leg, one of the Australian aircraft burst a nose-tire while the other developed trouble in its electrical system. But the servicing crews which were staged at each point quickly rectified all the unserviceabilities, and not one of the *Canberras* was compelled to remain on the ground for more than 45 minutes. The last leg from Perth, Australia, to Christchurch, New Zealand, was a close race between the aircraft flown by Flt.Lt. Burton, R.A.F., and Wing Cdr. Cummings, R.A.A.F. Monty came in first, covering over 10,000 nautical miles in the total elapsed time of 23 hours and 58 minutes.

TOUR OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

In December, the P.R.3 *Canberras* were returned to the squadron and normal operations were resumed.

Chuck Taylor and I carried out an interesting navigational train-

ing trip to Gibraltar, Cyprus, and Malta. We took off from Wyton at first light and arrived at Gibraltar shortly before noon. At first glance, after Wyton's 9,000-foot runway, the Gibraltar airstrip looked like the deck of an aircraft carrier. That afternoon, before we made our way across to La Linea for a sight-seeing tour, we were warned to beware of pick-pockets. None the less, we found the Spanish town very interesting.

Our stay in Cyprus was most enjoyable. Wherever we went, the people seemed happy and friendly. At that time there were no signs of strife.

Before landing at Malta, we circled the island to have a look at the scenery. The local yellow stone, which is used for construction of buildings as well as field fences, and the vivid green of the vegetation, make the island extremely colourful. Every square foot of Malta seems to be cultivated and inhabited, but many signs of bomb damage are still visible.

The weather on the whole route had been perfect, and it seemed all too soon when the time came for us to return into the low-pressure systems. Over the French Alps we encountered extensive cumulo-nim-

bus, and from central France onward we flew over nimbo-stratus. Cloud from 900 ft. to 35,000 ft. was forecast over Wyton. There was no mistake about it: we were back in England.

VISIT TO AUSTRALIA

After the New Year, the P.R. squadrons at Wyton were to participate in an operation which was to be carried out in Australia. At this time, Chuck Taylor was transferred to the Officers' Training School and my new navigator was Flt.Lt. Bob Mullineaux. Bob and I, who were one of the first crews from Wyton to fly to Australia, were instructed to flight-plan to Darwin via Idris (Castel Benito, Libya), Habbanyia, Mauripur, Negombo, and Changi.

Our first leg from Wyton to Idris was routine. The second leg, from Idris to Habbanyia, was interesting because of strong westerly winds at 40,000 feet: we covered the 1616 nautical miles in three hours and twenty minutes. The next morning, at the crack of dawn, we took off for Mauripur, near Karachi, Pakistan, flying over a terrain which, as Bob remarked, resembled the surface of the moon. After quickly refuelling at Mauripur, we took off for Negombo. Previously we had encountered no cloud at 40,000 ft., but now we found cirro-stratus at this height. After our let-down at Negombo, the radical change in temperature caused the cockpit to mist up and we were compelled to circle for ten or fifteen minutes until it cleared. By the time we landed and taxied to the apron, the temperature inside the cockpit had reached 120°F. This was our first experience with real tropical climates.

Negombo aerodrome is located in a coco-nut grove, one mile from a lagoon. During the drive from the airstrip to the mess we were able to have a good look round. The local



inhabitants were unusually small, and the enormous baskets which most of them carried on their heads seemed out of proportion to their size. Further on we were amused by the signs on the coco-nut trees: "Beware of Falling Coco-nuts." Later, while taking a shower, I was fascinated by the small lizards clinging to the wall. These creatures have long spearlike tongues which dart out to snatch flies and insects from mid-air.

Next morning we took off for Changi, Singapore. It was necessary to circumnavigate the frequent cumulo-nimbus, which rose to above 40,000 ft. The forecaster at Negombo warned us that before noon the west coast of Malaya was usually covered by cumim., while the east coast remained relatively clear. Fortunately Changi was on the East Coast, and we descended without trouble.

In February the inter-tropical front lies to the south of Singapore and extends eastward to Darwin. The met. people at Changi told us that, owing to the lack of met. reporting-stations, accurate information on the activity of the I.T.F. was not available. Therefore, to top as much cloud as possible and increase our range, we decided to carry out a cruise climb. As we crossed the south coast of Borneo we spotted enormous cumim., some without anvil tops, towering to about 40-45,000 feet. The fully developed clouds appeared to extend to 55,000 to 60,000 ft. After passing the south-east coast of Java, we entered cirro-stratus and Bob noted that the outside temperature was -88°C.

About 40 minutes from Darwin, one generator suddenly failed. Electric loads were immediately reduced, but eight minutes later the second generator failed. This was serious, because flight instruments, compasses, gauges, and fuel pumps, all depended on power produced by the generators. As we were in cloud

and not sure of our position, I descended and transmitted a "Pan-Pan" (emergency) call to Darwin requesting homing; but Darwin replied that their homer was un-serviceable. On the let-down, we broke cloud at 10,000 feet. By this time the electricity was so low that our fuel gauges read zero, but Bob estimated that at this height we had 45 minutes' fuel remaining in our tanks. Ten minutes later we sighted land, and Bob soon found our position, which was approximately 35 miles to the N.E. of Darwin. Fortunately, there was just enough electric current to operate the undercarriage-selector. We landed at Darwin with very little fuel left.

The R.A.A.F. was extremely hospitable and we really enjoyed our six weeks in Australia. Apart from the stop-over at Calcutta, the return to the U.K. was uneventful.

During our absence, Sqn.Ldr. J. C. Blair, who had just completed a tour with a P.R. squadron in the U.S.A.F.'s Strategic Air Command, had assumed command of No. 540. Immediately after this there was a complete change of the squadron's personnel, and I was given a new navigator, Flying Officer Ray Ramsdale.

OPERATION LONE RANGER

In the summer of 1954, the P.R. squadrons were given overseas photographic tasks. The aim of this operation, which was nicknamed "Lone Ranger", was to provide long-range strategic photographic reconnaissance training for the P.R. crews. Some of the overseas bases used were Gibraltar, Cyprus, Idris, Malta, El Adem, Fayid, Abu Sueir, Habbanyia, Aden, and Nairobi. Lone Ranger missions were popular because they provided an interesting diversion from routine tasks.

One of the most interesting Lone Ranger sorties that Ray and I carried out was to Aden, in Saudi Arabia. The leg from Idris to Aden

took us over hundreds of miles of desert. Because of the lack of pin-points, we decided to fly over El Adem and set course to Port Sudan on the Red Sea. Between El Adem and Port Sudan, there is one radio aid available, at Wadi Haifa. Ray was unable to pin-point himself over the Nile, and, to make matters worse, radio contact could not be established with Wadi Haifa. As a result, Ray had to navigate about 1,000 miles solely by dead reckoning. He did an excellent job and brought us to within three miles of our last turning-point, Perim Island, in the Gulf of Aden.

We found Aden a fascinating city. The oldest section of the city, which is called "Crater Town", is located inside an extinct volcano. High precipitous walls completely surround this section, and the only entrance is through a natural passage in the east side of the volcano. After considering these natural fortifications, it is obvious why Crater Town is the oldest part of the city.

Since Aden is a free port, the shops are filled with many attractive items from all over the world. They include beautifully carved ivories from China, fine Indian brassware, Sudanese carved figures, and even American cameras and watches. The most experienced shoppers offer half the asking-price and begin their haggling with the merchant from there. Whether or not the buyer gets a reasonable bargain depends entirely on his patience and persistence.

CONCLUSION

I thoroughly enjoyed my exchange tour with No. 540 (P.R.) Squadron, nor shall I soon forget my many interesting experiences. Although I looked forward to my return to Canada, I felt sorry to leave England. I had come to admire the English people, and I had learned to respect the officers, men, and aircraft of the Royal Air Force.

Feminine Gen

AIRWOMEN BRIDES OVERSEAS

BY SERGEANT V. R. DUDLEY

At least one in every ten airwomen serving with Canada's N.A.T.O. Air Division in Europe becomes a bride during her overseas tour.

While, in most cases, the girls marry Canadian airmen, we no longer see the austere Service weddings of war-time, when an airwoman bride wore her best uniform and perhaps a corsage and a pair of sheer stockings. Now that airwomen can wear civilian clothes during off-duty hours, in Europe they usually choose traditional "white" weddings. But, whether an airwoman and her fiancé are simply married before two witnesses or with 75 guests in attendance, it is seldom that either her or his parents can make the long and expensive trip to be on hand for the occasion. Friends, however, who help with everything from giving the bride away to baking the cake, ensure that her wedding closely approximates what it would have been had it taken place back home.

An excellent example of an Air Force "co-operative" wedding was that of L.A.W. Yolande Cogan and L.A.C. Bill Bird, two telecommunication operators stationed at the Air Division's Headquarters in Metz, France. The tiny dark-haired "Cogie" began having the odd date with "Birdie" about eighteen months ago, and they became engaged on March 2nd.

Naturally, Yolande's first thought concerned a trousseau. Assembling a trousseau in Europe — with the dollar value always in mind — means extensive shopping and takes a lot of time. Since time was the

thing L.A.W. Cogan lacked, her friend and room-mate, Cpl. Isabelle Paterson, did most of the buying for her, including the size-10 wedding-gown.

"Pat took some leave," explained Yolande, "and went shopping in London. Before she left we discussed what I needed and the styles and colors I like. She has wonderful style sense and I knew she would choose the right clothes for me." Cogie and Bill then concentrated on other wedding details. In keeping with French law, they both underwent medical examinations and had X-rays taken. Then, armed with health certificates and a letter from Air Division officials, they saw the Mayor of Metz, who is responsible for publishing the banns. Three days before the wedding they visited the Mayor again and produced a slip certified by the R.C.A.F.'s Legal Branch and guaranteeing that the marriage would take place.

Between trips to the Mayor's office, Yolande and Bill began making their church wedding arrangements. The R. C. Padre at Headquarters, Flt.Lt. P. A. M. Forgues, obtained permission for them to be married in the 300-year-old chapel that was originally the family shrine of Château-les-Mercy, which latter now serves as the main administration building for Headquarters. Theirs was the first Air Force wedding to be held in it.

Yolande then asked a friend of hers and her fiancé's, Cpl. Edward Renaud (who happened to be the fiancé of the maid of honour, Cpl.

Paterson), to give her way.

"Back in Canada", she said, "I would have asked my favourite uncle. Cpl. Renaud reminded me so much of him that he was a natural for the job."

Best man was Cpl. Orvil Menard, who is married to a headquarters airwoman. L.A.C. Frank McPhail, an Irish tenor soloist and former radio artist in Dublin, gladly consented to sing at their wedding.

With a guest-list of only 25, the couple decided to hold the reception in their new apartment. The cake and catering, which might have posed problems, were taken care of by the Airmen's Mess for a nominal charge. Another friend of theirs, Cpl. Vi Britton, supervised the decorating and the setting-up of the bride's table at the apartment.

The church ceremony was held on April 7th, the day after the civil ceremony which took place in the Mayor's office. At the latter, only the couple and their witnesses were present, and although this ceremony often seems cold to Canadians, French-speaking Yolande found it most interesting. Decked out in his First Citizen's regalia, the Mayor gave the couple a short talk on their marital responsibilities before they pronounced the "Oui's" which made them man and wife legally.

The following day, in the richly ornamented little chapel, the traditional Wedding Mass could not have been more intimate or moving. Since it was the first wedding there in more than 50 years, a photographer was allowed to take a few pictures.

L.A.W. Cogan made a truly lovely bride in a full-length gown of white Nottingham lace. A short chapel veil was held in place by a tiny cap of applied lace flowers.

Although neither the bride nor groom had had much time to find out how things were arranged at the apartment, they found it tastefully decorated and the bride's

table and buffet in exquisite order.

Because the wedding had taken place in the morning and the reception ended in the afternoon, the best man and his wife invited the newlyweds to dine with them before leaving on their honeymoon motor-trip through Luxembourg, Belgium, and Holland.

Like most Air Force brides, L.A.W. Bird wasn't the least hesitant in discussing the financial details of her marriage. Including her trousseau, the \$175-honeymoon, catering and food, the whole thing totalled less than \$500.

Yolande recently re-engaged in the R.C.A.F. for a further two-year term, after having already served five years. Although she is a shift-worker, known as one of the most efficient telephone operators at Headquarters, and her husband

works "straight days", they don't consider their situation unusual or inconvenient. Neither have they been too busy to forget what friends did for them. Just one month after their marriage, they lent their apartment for the wedding reception of another R.C.A.F. couple.

* * *

Another interesting wedding was that of Cpl. Theresa (Terry) Windich and L.A.C. Ray Stone.

Terry, an attractive brown-eyed brunette, who occasionally models in local fashion-shows, is a clerk-stenographer at Air Division Headquarters. She met Ray, a Public Relations photographer, about a year before the wedding, and it didn't take long for him to get seriously interested in the photogenic airwoman—even if she *was* a corporal. They were "unofficially"

engaged last October and a handsome diamond ring made it official on Christmas Day.

Shortly after the new year, the young couple began making definite plans. They settled the date—April 14th — and held a series of lunch-hour and evening conferences, making out seemingly unending lists.

Like the Birds, Terry and Ray went through the medicals and the meetings with the Mayor of Metz. They saw the Protestant Chaplain, Flt.Lt. Norman Watson, who made arrangements for them to be married in Temple Neuf, an old and impressive Protestant church in Metz where many couples from Headquarters had already been united.

For Terry, the matter of a trousseau didn't cause a problem. Always "clothes-conscious", she had brought a fairly substantial wardrobe overseas and supplemented it with a few highly fashionable but practical costumes. Her wedding gown, a frothy creation of white lace and net, as well as her veil, was ordered by catalogue from a Canadian store. Because of her model-like measurements, only very slight alterations were necessary.

Terry's boss, Wing Cdr. J. A. Gordon, gave Terry in marriage, and Monsieur Bufenais, the immaculate young Frenchman who manages the Officers' Mess, assisted with reception arrangements.

The wives of two Warrant Officers at the unit gave a homey touch by volunteering to make the wedding cake. They were Mrs. Doris Cousins and Mrs. Kit Gillespie. When their masterpiece had "aged" to the ladies' satisfaction, a Metz confectioner did a fabulous frosting job for 700 francs — about \$2 in Canadian money.

L.A.C. and Mrs. Eric Cargill, the best man and matron of honour, relieved Terry and Ray of many small last-minute chores and were with them to witness the civil

L.A.W. Doreen Collins and fiancé Don Burgess watch craftsmen at Zweibrücken cutting and polishing the diamond of their choice.





L.A.W. Yolande Cogan and L.A.C. Bill Bird.

ceremony on the morning of April 19th. According to the custom at the Air Division Headquarters, the use of the Airmen's Lounge was given free of charge, and, on the morning of the wedding, friends decorated the place and set up the head table.

Without Terry's trousseau, but including a \$200-honeymoon spent in Luxembourg and Germany, the wedding expenses were below the \$500 mark. For the bounteous reception buffet, the Airmen's Mess presented a bill of only \$45, while another \$80 took care of liquid refreshments, including the finest French champagne served from delicate glasses which were rented for less than two cents each. Incidentals such as flowers, bouquets, gifts to members of the wedding party, invitations, and token rental of the church, cost less than \$100.

Before the wedding, both Terry and Ray — an extremely popular couple — were entertained by Air Force friends much as they would have been fêted by relatives and friends in Canada. One of their ushers, Sgt. Arnold McDougall, and his wife (another former airwoman, now a full-time housewife and mother) were on transfer back to Canada. They arranged with their French landlords for the Stones to

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take the apartment, and, because there still remained a few weeks before their departure, invited the newlyweds to stay with them until they left.

* * *
Yolande Bird and Terry Stone are only two of the R.C.A.F.'s many overseas brides. They admit they felt a bit lonely in not having their families present for their weddings, but both agree that the kindness of their friends was a revelation to them. Like these two recent brides, well over a hundred airwomen from all units forming Canada's N.A.T.O. Air Division can cherish memories of very wonderful weddings in Europe.

GREENWOOD PRINCESS

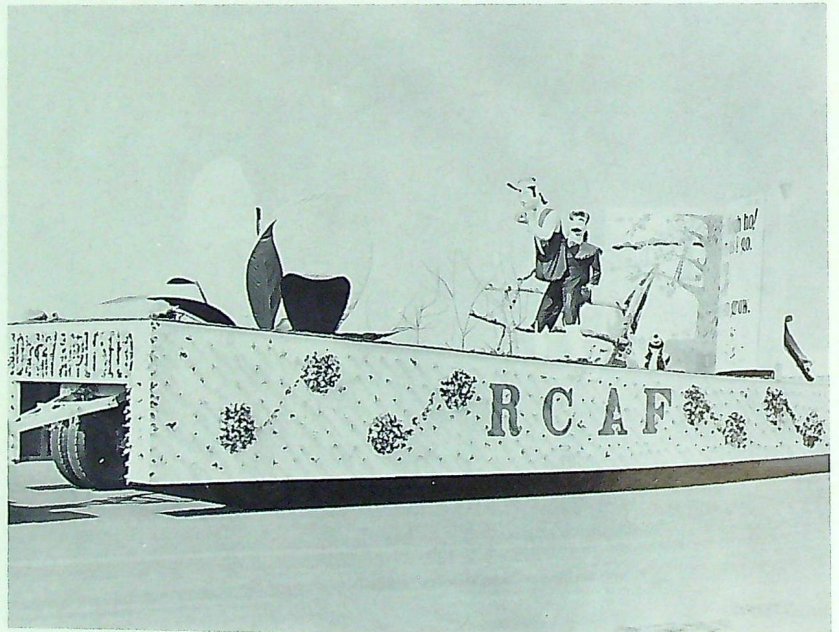
Our only excuse for printing Princess Lucille Rozière's photograph four months after it was taken is that we didn't get it in time for our combined midsummer issue. A.W.1 Rozière, who is a



A.W.1 Lucille Rozière.

Medical Assistant at R.C.A.F. Station Greenwood, was chosen to represent the station in the Annapolis Valley's 24th Apple Blossom festival last May. Our second photograph shows the Greenwood float, "Johnny Appleseed", which was awarded first prize at the Festival.

"Johnny Appleseed".



M.A.T.P. NOTABLE

A few weeks ago a reception was held at R.C.A.F. Station Toronto for Wing Cdr. Winifred M. Taylor, M.B.E., to welcome her back to her third annual two-week period of service with the Air Force under the Mobilization Air Training Plan. She is shown in our photograph with the two trays and the mug presented to her on this occasion.

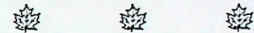
Wing Cdr. Taylor, who in civilian life is an Inspector with the Customs and Excise Division of the Dept. of National Revenue, spent her two weeks this year at the Toronto Recruiting Unit, dealing with procedures for the enrolment and selection of women in today's Air



Wing Cdr. W. M. Taylor, M.B.E.

Force. In addition, she addressed women's organizations in the Toronto area.

Wing Cdr. Taylor was one of the first group of 150 women recruits accepted for training in the Women's Division in August 1941. Commissioned as an Assistant Section Officer upon graduation from her course, she was appointed as C.O. of No. 6 Manning Depot, Toronto, and promoted to the rank of Squadron Officer in November 1942. Later made O.C. of No. 7 Manning Depot, Rockcliffe, she finally became senior officer of the W.D.s in the autumn of 1944, holding that position until disbandment of the Division at the end of 1946.



DIPLOMATIC COUP

Kneeling at the feet of some of the nicest girls in Germany are fifteen of No. 422 (F.) Squadron's pilots, whom Petra Schürmann ("Miss Köln") regards as "the nicest men of the whole world".

The occasion was a visit to the airfield of No. 4 (F.) Wing, at Baden-Soellingen, by the contestants for the 1956 "Miss Germany" title. As the "Badische Neueste Nachrichten" remarked, "the visit of the German beauty-queens to Soellingen's N.A.T.O. air base was . . . a further real step towards the deepening of the good relations between Germans and their Canadian neighbours. Beauty remains, it appears, still the best diplomat."

(Photographed by L.A.C. Violette.)



RESERVE FORCES WEEK

Although the activities of Canada's first Reserve Forces Week, celebrated in Toronto from 26 May to 3 June, were given good coverage by press, radio, and television, we feel that the four photographs published here may be of interest to many of our readers who have not seen them. The R.C.A.F.'s part in the programme was carried out by units of No. 2 (Reserve) Group.

No 2 Group Headquarters was formed in Toronto on 15 January 1951. It now exercises administra-

tive control over the following very active Reserve units:

- No. 14 Operational Wing.
- No. 15 Technical Training Wing.
- No. 411 (Fighter) Squadron.
- No. 400 (Fighter) Squadron.
- No. 2400 Aircraft Control & Warning Unit.
- No. 3000 Technical Training Unit.
- No. 2 Radar and Communications Unit.
- No. 4005 Medical Unit.
- No. 5001 Intelligence Unit.

It may be recalled that our issue for November 1955 contained an article on technical training in the Auxiliary which dealt in some detail with the work of No. 2 Group.

On the steps of the City Hall, officers from the three Services salute as the National Anthem is played. Left to right: Group Capt. O. B. Coumans, M.B.E., C.O. of No. 14 T.T.W.; Col. J. G. Housser, M.C.; Capt. L. Stupart, C.O., of H.M.C.S. "York"; Controller (and Acting Mayor) B. Ford; Brig. W. S. Rutherford; Group Capt. R. C. A. Waddell, D.S.O., D.F.C., C.O. of No. 14 O.T.W.; Lt.Cdr. R. S. Bunyard.



Warrant Officers of the three Services unfurl their respective flags. Representing the R.C.A.F. is W.O.1 R. Owen, S.W.O. of No. 400 Squadron (Aux.).

Sqn.Ldr. R. A. Illingworth, C.O. of No. 2400 A.C. & W.U., leads his squadron past the reviewing stand on which Air Marshal W. A. Curtis, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.C., is taking the salute.

The R.C.A.F. guard of honour in front of Toronto's City Hall during the opening ceremonies. In command is Flt.Lt. B. A. Howard, of No. 400 Squadron (Aux.).



Royal Canadian Air Cadets

BY FLYING OFFICER G. GAWRYLUK

FIFTEENTH YEAR ENDS

THESE lines are being written as the Aid Cadet movement in Canada prepares to launch its sixteenth training-year. The fifteenth training-year, probably the most successful on record, drew to a close with the annual inspection of every squadron, followed by a wide range of special summer activities.

Nearly every cadet breathes a sigh of satisfaction as he marches off the parade square at the end of the annual inspection. As each flight disperses, eager parents and friends cluster around individual cadets to offer congratulations to prize-winners or to compliment them on a fine performance.

Regina

In Regina, Air Commodore H. H. C. Rutledge, O.B.E., A.O.C. No. 14 Training Group, Winnipeg, pre-

He thought my name & here same for track in off the 4p. 14 / King / 1939

sented gliding scholarships to four cadets of No. 11 Wing, R.C.A.C., following the annual inspection. The scholarships were sponsored by No. 600 (Regina) Wing of the R.C.A.F. Association.

The Air Force band from R.C.A.F. Station Moose Jaw attended the inspection and played during the parade. No. 11 Wing's new band accompanied the general salute and gave a brief demonstration before the 400 visiting friends and parents witnessing the inspection.

In his speech to the cadets after he had inspected them, Air Commodore Rutledge said: "You are indeed very important young fellows. You have attracted the time and attention of men prominent in your community. They have devoted their time and thoughts to help you advance in life."

The Air Commodore might have been talking to any of the other 283

Air Cadet squadrons from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Victoria, B.C., since the Regina Wing is more or less typical of them all.

Included in the inspection party were Wing Commander A. J. Ayotte, Commanding Officer of No. 11 Wing; Flt.Lt. R. Worthington, Wing Adjutant; Flt.Lt. J. Middleton, Air Cadet Liaison Officer, Sask.; C. C. Davis, Provincial Committee Chairman; E. W. Campbell, Group President, R.C.A.F. Association; and A. J. T. Boyd, President of No. 600 Wing, R.C.A.F.A.

North Bay

Some of the squadrons didn't stop at annual inspections to bring their year's activities to a close. For instance, six Northern Ontario squadrons took part in the first Northern Ontario Air Cadet Day, at R.C.A.F. Station North Bay, in mid-May.

Actually, the "Day" was a week-end of track, field, and drill competitions. The boys arrived at the station on Friday evening and held their first track event early on Saturday morning. Sudbury walked off with the track prizes while North Bay took honours in the drill competition. Presentation of the prizes was made in the station theatre on Saturday night.

The Sudbury squadron received the Art Home Memorial Trophy for the track and field championship, along with the R.C.A.F. Station North Bay Trophy for the grand aggregate. The North Bay squadron received the Halliday Memorial Trophy for winning the drill competition.

On Sunday morning, the cadets paraded to church in North Bay.

Air Cdre. H. H. C. Rutledge talking with a Regina cadet.





Presentation of ensign to No. 155 Squadron. Left to right: Flying Officer J. C. Javorski, Pilot Officer T. D. Bailey, Mr. K. Brown, Flying Officer J. H. Anderson.

Group Capt. C. G. W. Chapman, D.S.O., and members of the N.S. Air Cadet Committee and the school board.

The banquet was considered to be the most ambitious undertaking yet for a squadron that has won many honours under the leadership of their C.O., Sqn.Ldr. G. E. Adams. No. 517 Squadron, with a strength of 182, is now the largest in the province. Nova Scotia boasts 28 squadrons out of the four Atlantic provinces' total of 52.

After church, the parade was formed into individual squadrons and marched through downtown North Bay, led by the pipes and drums of the Sault Ste. Marie squadron and the drum and trumpet band of the North Bay squadron. The parade was led by Sqn.Ldr. D. W. Murray, C.O. of the Sault Ste. Marie squadron.

Sault Ste. Marie

Hundreds of spectators turned out when Sault Ste. Marie's No. 155 Squadron was presented with new colours by the local Canadian Legion during a brief ceremony at the city's cenotaph. Legion President Ken Brown handed over the new Air Cadet ensign on behalf of a Sault resident who wished to commemorate a son killed in the Second World War while serving with the R.C.A.F.

The three flights of cadets taking part in the parade were commanded by Sqn.Ldr. D. W. Murray and headed by the squadron's pipe band. The cadets were inspected by Mr. Henry Harvey, president of the Ontario Command of the Canadian Legion.

Middleton

A highlight of the year for No.

517 (Middleton) Squadron was an impressive Father-and-Son Banquet which marked the squadron's seventh anniversary. Nova Scotia's Premier Henry Hicks headed a distinguished list of guests that included Air Vice-Marshal A. L. Morfee, C.B., C.B.E., Mayor Carl Bruce,

Premier Hicks takes the salute from No 517 Squadron. In background: C. Earle Mumford (left) and Group Capt. C. G. W. Chapman.



SUMMER PROGRAMME

With the coming of summer, cadet squadrons ceased training — but not before their outstanding cadets were offered a chance to go to summer camp, to attend the Senior Leaders' Course or the Drill Instructors' Course at Camp Borden, to go to the United States, Britain, or the Scandinavian countries on exchange, or to gain their private flying licenses through a scholarship scheme.

Close to five thousand cadets attended summer camp at three R.C.A.F. stations across the country, where facilities had been prepared for their arrival and two-week stay. The camps, rated as the most successful in history, were held at Abbotsford, B.C., Clinton, Ont., and Greenwood, N.S.

With both the Senior Leaders' Course and Drill Instructors' Course being held there, Camp Borden this year became a sort of "senior summer camp" for Air Cadets. Forty cadets from the Drill Instructors' Course were chosen to represent Canada at the International Drill Competition held, in late August, in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Altogether, 58 honour cadets were chosen for exchange tours abroad. Twenty-five went to the United

The rifle-team of No. 287 Squadron, together with Mr. Marianioz (instructor) and Flt.Lt. R. Shears (C.O.) in front row, and Flying officer P. Poloway (adjutant) in back row.

States as guests of the Civil Air Patrol, the same number were guests of the R.A.F. in the United Kingdom, and four pairs of cadets went to Norway, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden — one pair to each country.

With the help of R.C.A.F. scholarships and of scholarships privately donated by friends of the Air Cadet League, no less than 323 Air Cadets were given pilots' courses at Canadian flying clubs and schools this summer. Successful graduates of this course qualify for private pilot's licenses and the Air Cadet flying badge.

The league's summer programme, made possible only through the generous co-operation of the R.C.A.F., is in many respects more varied and far-flung than its winter programme. It's a wonderful chance for cadets from coast to coast to get together, to see their country, and,



in some cases, to see the world as well.

A selection of photos covering the various special summer activities will be published in the next issue of "The Roundel".

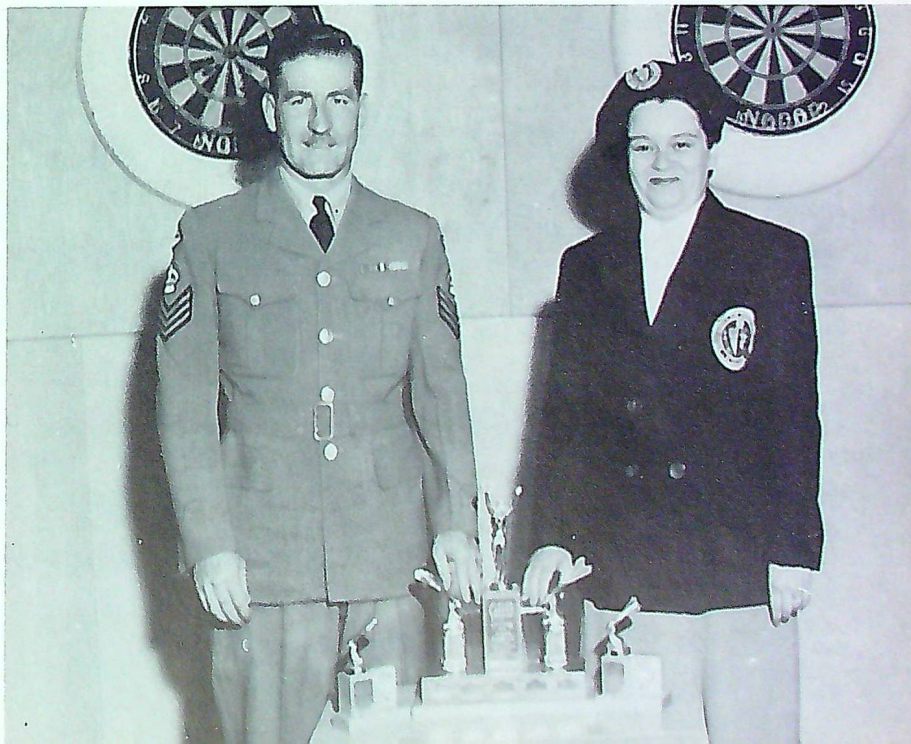
CONGRATULATIONS

Results of the winter's competition among Air Cadet squadrons

across the country have been announced by the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association. The Dominion Challenge Trophy, awarded annually to the sharpest-shooting squadron, this year went to No. 287 (Lamont, Alta.) Squadron's team. Runner-up was last year's trophy winner, No. 103 (North Vancouver) Squadron.

EDMONTON DARTS CHAMPIONS

Flt.Sgt. and Mrs. O. G. Yendall, of R.C.A.F. Station Namao, were recently presented with the mixed doubles trophy at a banquet of the Edmonton City Darts League. Mrs. Yendall began her darts career only a year ago, when she joined the Army, Navy, and Air Force Veterans' Club in Edmonton with her husband, who had long been a skilled exponent of the ancient game. Discovering in his wife an unexpectedly true eye and steady hand, Flt.Sgt. Yendall teamed up with her for the doubles tournament, which they succeeded in winning in competition with 75 other teams. For the past two years Flt. Sgt. Yendall has been foreman of works with the Construction Engineering Section at Namao.



No. 432 SQUADRON



PART ONE

BY FLIGHT LIEUTENANT A. P. HEATHCOTE,
Air Historical Branch.

ON 25 July 1955, R.C.A.F. Headquarters officially unwrapped three new all-weather fighter squadrons. One of these was designated "432", a figure which was coming up for a second tour of duty. But this meant more than just the removal from moth-balls of an identifying number. It signified the reincarnation of a crack war-time unit. Now a home-based fighter squadron of the R.C.A.F.'s Air Defence Command, equipped with 600-m.p.h.-plus CF-100s designed to repel air attack against this country, No. 432 was originally a Yorkshire-based heavy-bomber squadron which carried the war to the heart of the enemy in bludgeon-like *Wellingtons*, *Lancasters*, and *Halifaxes*, flying at scarcely a third the speed of today's operational jets. Now a unit of a purely defensive arm, it was then a part of the greatest aerial striking force the world had ever known. Its popular name was "The Leaside Squadron".

An excerpt from a Bomber Command letter dated 21 April 1943 read as follows: "It has been decided to form No. 432 (R.C.A.F.) Squadron. . . The squadron will form at Skipton-on-Swale on 1 May. . ." Accordingly, another Canadian component was fitted to the pulverizing machine operated by Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur T. Harris. The twelfth R.C.A.F. unit to join Bomber Command, No. 432 became operational at the peak of the first "Battle of the Ruhr". In little less than two years it was to contribute well over 3,000 sorties to bombing and mining attacks on the enemy.

On 2 May, aircrew teams posted to this unit began to report at Skipton. Heading the influx was the Squadron Commander, Wing Cdr. Harold W. Kerby, a former O.C. of No. 400 (Fighter Recce) Squadron and a pilot since the age of sixteen. His deputies were Sqn. Ldr. C. B. Sinton, "A"-Flight Commander, and Sqn. Ldr. W. A. McKay, "B"-Flight Commander. Original aircrew strength was 26 five-man crews, plus spares. Coinciding with the arrival of personnel was the landing at Skipton of 21 *Wellington Xs*, the famed "*Wimpies*" which were to be 432's standard equipment for five months.

Although beset with the usual problems facing an embryo unit — incompleting buildings, unserviceable runways, shortage of ground personnel and equipment, to mention but a few — the squadron

made exceptionally quick strides along the road to operational preparedness. Flying began on 14 May, and, a scant eight days later, the first Form "C" was submitted to Group Headquarters, signifying that No. 432 Squadron was operational. Thus was fulfilled the wish of the A.O.C. that the squadron achieve a record for the shortest elapsed time between date of formation and date of operational readiness. No. 432's time was exactly three weeks.

Several days before the squadron's first operation as a unit, six of its personnel flew missions as second pilots with other squadrons. Wing Cdr. Kerby and Sqn. Ldr. Sinton each had a look at Bochum from the right-hand seat of a *Wimpy* belonging to No. 426 (Thunderbird) Squadron. Kerby was slightly wounded by flak, but re-

Flt.Sgt. G. Atkins, just back from his seventh operational trip, discusses it with Group Capt. H. M. Carscallen, D.F.C., the station commander.





Wing Cdr. H. W. Kerby.

turned to his post the next day. Five nights later four other pilots had their operational baptisms with No. 428 (Ghost) Squadron.

On the morning of 23 May, No. 432 Squadron was given its first target: Group requested it to contribute 15 aircraft to the bombing of Dortmund. So from 2240 hrs. until shortly after 2300 hrs. that evening, Skipton's airfield was the focal point of interest for all on the station as the lads of 432 made their first operational take-off.

"Into the valley of death rode the six hundred . . ." If there exists a modern counterpart of Tennyson's poem, it may well have been written by some ex-Bomber Command type with a few Ruhr trips in his logbook. On the night of 28 May 1943, into the valley of the Ruhr, into the inferno of fighters, flak, and flame, hurtled the men and machines of Bomber Command, including No. 432 on its initial errand of destruction. Some three hours after take-off, the new unit was celebrating its "24th of May" in approved Canadian fashion by letting off fireworks. The pyrotechnical display over Dortmund featured 400- and 500-pound firecrackers interspersed with hundreds of 4-lb. and 30-lb. incendiaries. It was actually a triple-barrelled celebration, for, in addition to observing Victoria Day and the occasion of its first operation, the squadron was helping its Commanding Officer celebrate a birthday. Crews identified the aiming-point visually and by



target-markers dropped by the Pathfinder Force. The well-grouped markers were presently ringed by fires almost indescribable in size and awesomeness; smoke polluted the air up to 12,000 feet. As was to be reported perhaps hundreds of times thereafter, "the glow from the target area could be seen from the enemy coast".

No. 432's opening night was an auspicious one, for this 2,000-ton caress of Dortmund was called "the biggest show since the Cologne job" (30/31 May 1942). If one may judge from the crews' reports and Wing Cdr. Kerby's comment that "our boys gave them a jolly good pasting for a starter", the operational history of this unit would seem to have had a most successful introductory paragraph.

It didn't take the squadron long to begin making a name for itself. Over Dortmund, just as "bombs away" was given, *Wellington* "W"-William was holed by flak, a fragment of which struck the head of the navigator, Sgt. L. G. Collins. Though suffering greatly and weakened by loss of blood, Collins made no mention of the wound until the aircraft had bombed and was well away from the target area. He kept plotting as long as necessary to see his aircraft safely home, finally collapsing after touch-down. Only then was it learned that his skull had been fractured. For his example of grit and devotion to duty, Sgt. Collins was awarded the first decoration to be won by this squadron—an immediate D.F.M. He was soon on the mend in Northallerton Hospital.

To Duesseldorf, Essen, and Wuppertal within the next five days the squadron went, running the gauntlet of flak, massed searchlights, and the Luftwaffe, and losing a crew on each of the two last-named objectives. The loss of the second crew was partially avenged by Sgt. Don Kelly, rear gunner of "V"-Victor (Sgt. Bill Meaden, captain), who

claimed the first enemy aircraft shot down by No. 432 Squadron. With classic simplicity he described his victory over a Ju.88: "It came in dead astern, and I opened fire so fast that Jerry had no chance to line us up." Both Meaden and his navigator, Sgt. John Barker, saw the Junkers hit the ground and explode.

The unit now took on a second offensive commitment—the highly important (and, as was later proven, highly fruitful) task of minelaying in enemy coastal waters. Its maiden mining mission was logged on the night of 1-2 June, when six *Wimpies* rumbled away, visited the Den Helder area, sowed their "vegetables" in the allotted patches, and sneaked safely back to base with little or nothing out of the ordinary to relate. They had seen no sign of enemy activity and had experienced no difficulties. A similar story would be repeated in connection with many a subsequent gardening excursion by 432. In point of fact, their total mining losses were only two crews in 230 sorties (.87%).

Still the chief business by far of the England-based "heavy", however, was bomb-transport to the continent proper. With the weather calling the tune, things fell off sharply in this department until the early morning of 12 June. Then a man-made storm broke anew over the Ruhr, and, more especially, Duesseldorf. No. 432 emerged from it with its numbers depleted by one crew. Within the next twelve days five operations were completed without loss. Three of these were mining missions, one to the Frisians and two to Brest. The bombing targets were Krefeld (the first for this squadron outside the Ruhr) and Mulheim, the latter being hit for the first time by a major force. Both shows were such smash hits that Command deemed repeat performances unnecessary. Early on 25 June, the town of Wup-



Sgt. L. G. Collins, D.F.M.

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on 13/14 July still another crew did not return. Two days later, an accident which occurred during non-operational flying took the lives of five aircrew and one groundcrew. The toll of war was steadily mounting.

On 24 July the stage was set for the biggest show in which this squadron had yet appeared — the Battle of Hamburg. In the course of three successful raids (and one not so successful) in nine days, Germany's second city was to be virtually annihilated by a crushing weight of 7,196 tons of high explosive and incendiary bombs. In this taut drama No. 432 Squadron had a prominent part, appearing in all four raids. At three minutes before one a.m. on the morning of the 25th, the first of 739 attackers which bombed Hamburg on that date released its load. Twenty-three minutes later, eight Leaside *Wellingtons* began to check in over the target and add to the blizzard of incendiaries already falling. Their crews saw a great area of fires surrounding the ground markers, and if ever fires were well established and concentrated, these were. A heavy black pall of smoke lay over the city, extending as high as 20,000 feet, and the glow beneath it was visible at a distance of more than 100 miles. Never before had the words, "fight fire with fire", been so well applied as by Bomber Command on this occasion. The death-laden crop sown by the Luftwaffe nearly three years before over London was now being reaped tenfold by the people of Hamburg.

On this operation Bomber Command introduced what was the simplest yet most effective of all its radar-jamming devices — "Window". This innocent-looking counter-measure, whose name soon became a household word in the vocabulary of all "bomber types", consisted simply of long, thin aluminum-foil strips, conveniently bundled. These bundles were drop-

ped at intervals from hundreds of bombers along the approaches to the target area. Upon bursting, they released many thousands of strips to the enemy-scanned ether, which had the effect of filling the German ground-controllers' "Wurzburg" (close control) screens with images of seemingly numberless attacking aircraft. The result was "organized confusion" among the enemy's G.C.I. operators (on whom Hamburg's airborne defenders relied for directions) and also among his flak and searchlight crews, all of whom depended mostly on Wurzburg for information on bearing, height, and distance. Also employed to the fullest were "Mandrel", which jammed "Freya" (the enemy's early-warning radar), and "Monica", which warned a bomber crew of hostile aircraft attacking from the rear. The three devices no doubt helped greatly to cut losses to a mere 12 aircraft, or 1.5% of the despatched force of 791 bombers. No. 6 Group's losses were exactly nil. For the Luftwaffe and its frustrated ground controllers it was indeed a bad night.

Three nights later, Bomber Command, including six of No. 432's *Wellingtons*, returned to do a stoking-up operation on still-burning Hamburg. This time the smoke alone was visible fully 200 miles away. It was another of those highly effective, terribly complete samples of area-bombing which had come to typify the work of this Command.

In the third attack, which began around ten p.m. on the 29th, enemy defences exacted a toll almost equal to that of the first two attacks combined. Twenty-seven aircraft did not return, and one of 6 Group's two missing crews was captured by the Commanding Officer of this squadron. He went down with three of his crew-mates. Through his own splendid example on operations, his unselfish devotion to duty, and his genuine interest in the welfare of

pertal-Elberfeld went the way of Mulheim, when, in one raid, 94% of its built-up area was reduced to rubble and ashes. The price of success was 33 crews, two belonging to this squadron.

* * *

After a smash at Gelsenkirchen the following night, the Battle of the Ruhr, in so far as it concerned the Leaside squadron, was over for the time being. The lads were not to visit the valley again for a whole month, and then, after one brief but eventful return, not for several months. A new phase now began for No. 432. Its operational activity throughout the next four weeks was confined to minelaying in French waters and bombing in the Rhineland south of the Ruhr.

From this squadron's viewpoint these weeks were the blackest thus far. The period began with the unit's first ill-fated mining attempt, on 26/27 June, one crew having failed to return from a mission to the Brest area just off Pointe du Toulinguet. Three more trips in twelve days to the same area were accomplished without loss. Bombing commitments took the unit twice to Cologne and once to Aachen. On the second Cologne raid it suffered rather heavily, as two crews were missing, three members of a third crew were lost in a crash, and one member of a fourth bailed out prematurely over Germany. From the Aachen mission



those under him, Harold Kerby had fashioned from a collection of crews with varied squadron loyalties a cohesive fighting unit possessing an *esprit de corps* second to none in the R.C.A.F. The man chosen to succeed him was Wing Cdr. W. A. McKay, a second-tour veteran with months of experience as a flight commander, first with No. 427 Squadron and latterly with No. 432. Only 24 years of age, Wing Cdr. McKay had risen in rank from sergeant to wing commander in 18 months.

* * *

The squadron's first operation under its new leader was its fourth blow at Hamburg. On this occasion its meteorological luck ran out. Thick cloud, poor visibility, and severe icing conditions rendered the operation almost a complete failure. In fact, one of this unit's aircraft, piloted by Sgt. Bernie Sorge, took on such a load of ice that it fell two miles out of control before ridding itself of the stuff. It returned safely to base. One other 432 aircraft did not.

Bomber Command's losses in the Battle of Hamburg were less than half of what was expected. The low loss-rate was attributable to several factors, not the least of which was the use of Window, which had so proven itself that it now became an indispensable item of equipment aboard every heavy bomber. It can be truly said that the advent of unglamorous, uncomplicated Window represented one of the most important tactical milestones in Bomber Command history.

If a trip to Essen could be called a breather, then 432 had one on 25 July between Hamburg engagements. Certainly it was anything but a breather for one crew of this squadron. While over Essen, *Wellington* "K"-King took a chunk of heavy flak in its port fuel tank which caused severe petrol loss.

The skipper, Sqn.Ldr. Clive Sinton, decided to fly on two engines to the Dutch coast, then, in order to conserve fuel, to feather one engine and make a single-engine crossing of the North Sea. This he had to do anyway, as the port engine caught fire at precisely that point. Having put out the fire, Sinton continued on one engine towards Cromer, the nearest point of England. Unsuccessful in contacting the Coltishall airdrome near there, he headed north for what appeared to be the lights of another field. When this "field" proved non-existent, he had no choice other than to head for the Coltishall 'drome and land without permission. The undercarriage was pumped down by the emergency system (the hydraulics had been shot away), and the aircraft promptly proceeded to lose altitude from 3,000 to 100 feet. Its airspeed was now a shaky 80 m.p.h.

Then Lady Luck really frowned on Sinton and crew. Just as they were approaching to land, a "Bandit" (intruder) warning came over the R/T, and simultaneously the field's lights were doused. As the fuel situation had become extremely critical, the skipper, rather than chance a crash-landing in darkness and in unfamiliar territory, turned the *Wimpy* out to sea with the idea of ditching just off shore. About two miles out, the remaining engine cut. To complicate matters further, the undercarriage, having been lowered by the emergency system, could not be pumped up again. Result: "King" had to be ditched "wheels down", a method not highly recommended in the official ditching procedure. Considering the adversity of things, a remarkably smooth touch-down was, nevertheless, made. But within 45 seconds the kite had all but submerged, and everybody had to swim out of it. They had to keep right on swimming, too, for the dinghy had failed to release. While Sqn. Ldr. Sinton, Sgt. George Sharpe

and Pilot Officer Reg Patterson remained behind to assist Sgt. R. E. Pearce, who was a poor swimmer, Pilot Officer Syd Sinclair began thrashing his way to shore, all the while yelling at the top of his lungs. After swimming for a mile he finally attracted the attention of people on shore, who quickly despatched a launch to the scene. This happened none too soon, for none of them could have survived much longer in that chilling water. For doing "a wizard job of directing the whole show in the air and in the drink", Sinton was awarded an immediate D.F.C. His was the first of three ditchings to be made by No. 432 Squadron. It was also the unit's first and last ever made "wheels down".

After Hamburg, 432's operations took a sharp turn seawards. Of 28 operations logged between 3 August and 23 October, no less than 22 involved "gardening". Brest, mined eight times, and Den Helder, Lorient, and the Frisians, each mined four times, were the chief ports of call during this period. The great majority of these penetrations were accomplished in the face of little or no resistance. But occasionally the enemy would get wise, and things would get really hot. On 12/13 August, while operating in the Brest area, the squadron lost its second and last crew to go missing on this type of operation. Undoubtedly it fell to enemy action.

On 7 October, *Wellington* "C"-Charlie was making a D.R. (dead reckoning) mining run in the Heli-goland Bight just off Newark Island. Nearing the end of the run, Sgt. H. J. Quesnel, the rear gunner, saw below and to port a Messerschmitt 110 with its navigation lights on. Simultaneously the bomb-aimer, Pilot Officer G. O'Gorman, warned his skipper, Flt.Sgt. P. Dennis, of another Me. climbing towards them. After giving a very quick "bomb - doors - open - mines-away-bomb-doors-closed", Dennis

put the *Wimpy* into a violent dive to port, bringing one of the attackers directly in line with Quesnel's guns at very close range. That was all Quesnel needed. He let fly 1,200 rounds at the enemy, who flew right through his cone of fire. The fighter exploded, then fell in flames through the clouds a thousand feet below. Seconds later the clouds were illuminated by a second explosion, which could but mean the end of another enemy aircraft.

The period of intensified mining activity, which had lasted for nearly twelve weeks, ended with a penetration into the Den Helder garden plot on 22 October. That was the last of such operations for this squadron. Thenceforth it was to concentrate on bombing alone. A partial explanation for this may have been the unit's change to *Lancaster II* aircraft, which had begun early in September with the posting of two crews to Eastmoor for conversion.

During this long stretch, the mining motif was interrupted by bombing operations on Muenchen-Gladbach, Forêt de Raismes (the unit's first French target), Boulogne, and Hanover (three times). The four operations over Germany cost the squadron four crews, three of which went missing on Hanover. Two of its crews that attacked the old city on 22 September were forced by fuel starvation to ditch in the North Sea. One crew lost two of its number while ditching, but the remaining three were rescued by a Royal Navy launch which had been directed to the scene after another crew had spotted the dinghy during a sea search. The second crew to ditch that night was rescued intact, but by the wrong side. Both engines had cut shortly after the Dutch coast had been crossed, and *Wimpy* had to be ditched off the island of Borkum in the "Nectarines" garden patch so familiar to this squadron. Despite a neat touchdown by the skipper,

Sgt. L. Tierney (R.A.F.), the kite broke up and sank within fifteen seconds. The drill was carried out to perfection, everyone remembering well what he had learned in those dinghy practice periods at the Ripon Baths. All scrambled aboard the raft in short order, but there was no time to get any equipment out of the aircraft. Then followed four wet, miserable days and nights in a dinghy equipped with an unserviceable pump and no leak-stoppers. Next morning a *Beaufighter* passed close by; but it disappeared before the exhausted crew could rig up any sort of a signal. No other aircraft appeared until the morning of the fourth day, when a Ju.88 came into view and obviously spotted them. That afternoon a Dornier flying-boat came upon the scene and directed a rescue launch to the dinghy. The crew were taken to Borkum, where, for two days, they were subjected to questioning and vague threats. Then on to Frankfurt, whence, after six days in a prison cell, they were sent to Stalag Luft 6, there to sit out the remainder of the war.

* * *

Between mid-September and mid-October the squadron acquired a new home and a name. Its lease of the Skipton premises having expired on 18 September, it was being evicted to East Moor, or so some wag jokingly claimed. At any rate it was a fine excuse for a little celebrating. "Eviction parties" raged unchecked in both aircrew messes after duty on the 15th and 16th. Not long after No. 432 had become established in its new surroundings, Air Ministry endorsed, and the squadron accepted, a proposal for its adoption by the town of Leaside, an enterprising suburb of Toronto. Appropriately, the originator of the idea was Mr. R. D. Kerby, of Leaside, whose son had so capably led the unit until his disappearance on the Hamburg operation.

Coincident with the end of the unit's mining activity was the end of its five-month association with the geodetic-frame *Wellington*. On 25 October the old war-horses were put out to pasture at O.T.U.s and the unit's aircraft establishment was charged to *Lancasters*. No. 432, incidentally, was the last squadron in 6 Group to "go on ops in a *Wimpy*", as the bomber boys' ditty used to express it.

After suspending operations for more than a month in order to complete conversion, the Leasides, on 24 November, announced themselves fully converted and ready to operate on *Lancasters*. Twenty-five well-primed crews and eighteen spare personnel, backed up by 443 tireless N.C.O.s and airmen, were poised to pit their *Lancs* against the cream of the Luftwaffe and the recognized flak experts of the Third Reich. Since their new steeds carried two more engines and one more gun turret than the old *Wellingtons*, crew strength was augmented by two — an engineer and a mid-upper gunner.

Before 18 November 1943, there existed in Germany a top-priority target embracing nearly 20,000 built-up acres which had yet to be appreciably bomb-damaged. On the above date Bomber Command changed all that. The systematic large-scale bombing of this target (Berlin, the destruction of which had become a virtual obsession with Air Chief Marshal Harris) was begun on that night; and, for many months thereafter, Berliners learned to accept the wail of the banshee, the whistle and detonation of bombs, and the sight of their metropolis in flames and ruin as unavoidable aspects of everyday life in a city unlucky enough to be the capital of Nazi Germany.

Into the battle of Berlin, on 26 November, went the Leasides and their *Lancasters*. It was the third raid of the current series on "the Big City". While Command losses



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on the first two raids had averaged only 2.64%, experience gained during those raids had enabled the capital's defenders to sharpen up considerably, and their accrued talents showed on the 26th, when those losses rose sharply to 6.2%. Moreover, defences generally had strengthened, especially with regard to searchlights and flak. So, just as the Leasides had christened their *Wellingtons* in a debut made during the warmest phase of the first Ruhr campaign, here they were breaking in their *Lancasters* at an especially hot point in the Berlin proceedings. Over the target area three enemy fighters made things distinctly sudorific for Flt.Sgt. Dennis and the crew of *Lancaster* "G"-George, who had just completed the bombing run. They attacked "George" in quick succession from three different quarters. But Pete Dennis and his rear gunner, Harvey Quesnel, were old hands at dealing with fighters, and conducted themselves quite capably. Despite his turret's unserviceability after the first attack, Quesnel methodically directed his skipper in combat manoeuvre, potting at the enemy whenever he could. Meanwhile Dennis twisted and turned, dived and climbed, slipped and skidded his *Lanc* like a *Spitfire*, offering the Germans but

little opportunity to get in a good burst. Thus completely thwarted, the attackers gave it up, and "George" went safely home. This incident was mentioned (along with that of 7 October at Heligoland, when Quesnel shot down an Me. 110) in the citations accompanying immediate D.F.M.s awarded to Dennis and Quesnel early in the New Year.

In the two months or so that followed, the Leasides hit Berlin nine more times. Judging by the experiences of two Leaside crews during that period, it was apparent that the enemy, in an effort to save his capital and homeland, was experimenting with something radically new in the way of night-fighter tactics. Over Holland on the way in, *Lancaster* "E"-Easy was attacked head-on by, of all things, a Focke-Wulf *Kurier*. Pilot Officer Tom Spink made a diving turn to starboard and the enemy disappeared. During that brief but businesslike encounter the *Lanc* took a bit of a beating. The most serious damage was done to the oxygen equipment, which would now supply the precious gas for only 45 minutes more. Prevented by heavy icing conditions from descending to a lower level, the crew flew for more than two hours at a critical altitude without oxygen. When severe symptoms of anoxia began to show, Spink had no choice other than to descend below the cloud base at 6,000 feet, at which unhealthy height he had to remain. He landed in Lincolnshire, having completed his mission under most trying circumstances. The performance of this captain and his navigator, Pilot Officer G. I. Phillips, won D.F.C.s for both. In a later raid another of 432's kites, "B"-Baker, was similarly jumped and badly mauled by a Focke-Wulf *Condor*, peacetime antecedent of the *Kurier*. "Baker" got back to base with its crew intact, but it was one sorry-looking *Lancaster*.

Decorated at the same time as Spink was Pilot Officer J. McIntosh, who had earned his gong with a cool, heady bit of flying on the same Berlin operation. The following are excerpts from this pilot's report of what had transpired aboard "U"-Uncle shortly after "bombs away":

"Just after we turned for home . . . the rear gunner (Sgt. L. Bandle) spotted an Me. 110. The enemy and my two gunners opened fire at the same instant. Cannon shells hit our aircraft like sledge hammers. The gunners scored hits on the Me.'s port engine and cockpit, and the fighter went down, burning fiercely. All this happened within five seconds. Meanwhile my control column had slammed forward (the elevator had been hit), putting the aircraft into a near-vertical dive. . . By putting both feet on the instrument panel, one arm around the control column, and the other hand on the elevator trim, then hauling back with every ounce of strength while trimming fully nose up, I managed to pull out of the dive at about 10,000 feet (13,000 feet below bombing height). My compasses were unserviceable, the rudder controls had jammed, and I could get very little response from the elevators. I still had to wrap both arms around the control column to maintain height. . .

"We were now far behind the rest of the bombers, and our only hope was to stay in the cloud-tops and take our chances with the severe icing we were encountering. Fighter flares kept dropping all around us and the flak positions en route were bursting their stuff at our height, but the fighters couldn't see us in that cloud. . . My navigator took astro fixes and kept us away as much as possible from defended areas. . . We had been losing a lot of fuel from the starboard inner tank, but enough remained to take us to Woodbridge. . .

"About 70 miles out to sea I let

Wing Cdr. A. D. R. Lowe, D.F.C.



This could be Roundel's front page

Don't miss

down through cloud, experiencing severe icing, then levelled off when I broke through. . . The aircraft was now becoming very sluggish, and only with difficulty was I able to hold height. I detailed the crew to throw out all our unnecessary equipment and to chop out everything they could. This considerably lightened the aircraft and made it easier to control. I then ordered the crew to stand by for ditching, just in case. . . The navigator headed me straight for Woodbridge, on 'Gee' . . .

"I used all the runway and felt the kite touch down on our port wheel. . . It rolled along until the speed dropped to about 30 m.p.h., then settled down more on the side of the starboard wheel, did half a ground-loop, and stopped. . . I shut down the engines, got out, and took a look.



Gunners back from the Ruhr. Left to right: Sgt. C. E. Scarffe, Pilot Officer D. K. Ryan, Pilot Officer H. Quesnel, D.F.M.

Wing Cdr. W. A. McKay (left) and Pilot Officer R. Duncanson, just before their first Berlin operation.



"Both starboard engine nacelles were gone; the hydraulics were smashed and twisted; two large tears were in the starboard wing near the dinghy stowage; the dinghy was hanging out; the starboard fuel jettison sac was hanging out; the tailplane was riddled with cannon and machine-gun fire; the fuselage had five cannon holes through it (three of the shells had burst inside, near the navigator); there were two cannon holes in the rear turret (one of these shells had whistled almost the entire length of the fuselage before exploding); there were hundreds of holes of all sizes in the kite; every prop blade had at least one hole in it, one being split down the middle; the starboard outer oil tank was riddled, and the starboard tire was blown clean off. . . But nobody was injured. It had been a good trip until we were attacked by the fighter."

But what about that fighter? Both of "Uncle's" gunners, Sgts. L. R. Bandle and A. F. Dedauw, had opened fire simultaneously at 100

yards range, and loosed 500 rounds at it without taking their thumbs off the firing buttons. The enemy's port engine caught fire just as he broke away. He went into a succession of dives and half-hearted pull-outs, finally spinning out of control until lost to view.

Shortly after the unit's next (seventh) Berlin operation, came the first intimation of its impending conversion to *Halifax III*s. But the *Lanc* took the Leasides on three more trips to that city before bowing out in favour of its chief rival, the "*Hallybag*".

Perhaps the most outstanding Command performance on Berlin, and certainly the most effective from a Leaside viewpoint, was the one on 29 January. That early morn saw a 100% effort by the unit, as thirteen crews took off, bombed the primary target, and returned to base. Their comments indicated that the raid was an unqualified success. Aiming for the ground-markers of the Pathfinder Force, which shone brightly enough through cloud to allow bombing by ground reference, they had dropped their lethal load through the small end of a giant funnel formed by converging searchlight beams which encircled the metropolitan area. Fires were so thickly concentrated around the markers that in a matter of moments they had merged and become a broad expanse of continuous flame in the centre of the searchlight ring. The target

area was a kaleidoscope of black bombers, falling markers, yellow fighter flares, endless flak bursts, fiery rockets, horrific explosions of orange, crimson, and white, and a Berlin on fire (the glow being visible fully 200 miles away). Leaside veterans considered this blow the heaviest of all on the capital, and other experienced campaigners called the bombing the best they had ever seen. Strangely enough, not a single Leaside crew was attacked or even shadowed by an enemy fighter, and only one kite was flak-damaged. The unit's follow-up attack two nights later was almost equally successful.

Between certain of their Berlin engagements in this two-month period, the Leasides also called on leading German production centres, these being Leipzig, Frankfurt, and Stettin, which they attacked without loss, and Brunswick and Magdeburg, against each of which they lost two crews.

The Berlin drama was not yet over. One final, disjointed scene was yet to be played out by this squadron. Meanwhile there was a matter of conversion to be attended to, the unit's second change-over in little more than three months. By reason thereof, the Leasides were non-operational for three weeks.

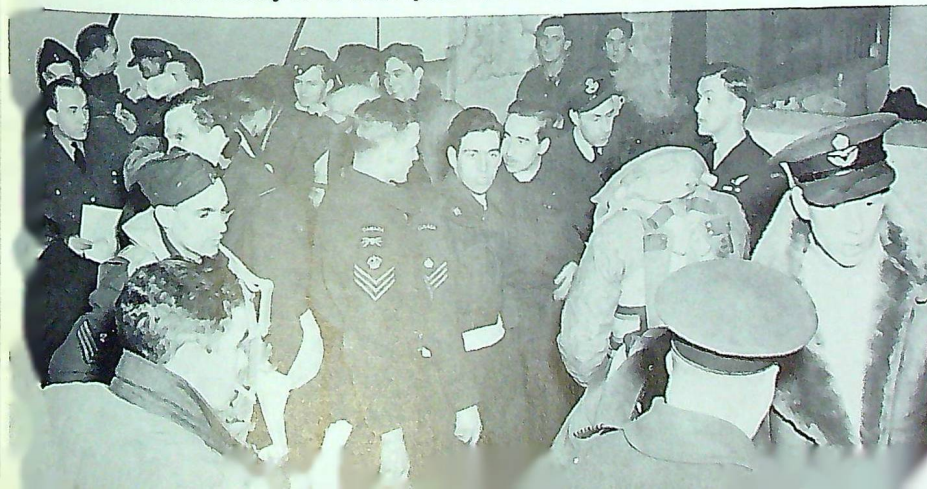
Rejoining the fray to find the campaign against aircraft manufacture still going strong, the Leasides broke in their *Halifaxes* by attempting to hamstring Germany's

ball-bearing industry, so-called Achilles' heel of the Nazi war-machine. Schweinfurt, chief producer of German ball-bearings, was given a stoking-up by Command on 24 February a few hours after being incinerated by the U.S. Eighth Air Force. This successful combined blow inspired another duet by Command and the Eighth on the following day, over Augsburg, which proceeded to join Elberfeld and Mulheim in oblivion. To date, the number "432" had been a common denominator in three of those "once-will-do" successes. Their latest effort cost them one crew. On the other hand, certain German centres refused to be paralyzed even after repeated raids. Perhaps the outstanding example was Stuttgart, which, in eighteen major attacks, Bomber Command failed to knock out. The Leasides now assisted in two of these before mid-March.

With D-Day not far off, the time had come to begin diverting the heavy bomber occasionally from strategical to tactical ends. In order to deprive the enemy of vital rail transport to would-be forward areas, somebody had to knock out 79 well-chosen railway centres in northern France, Belgium, and western Germany. About half of these were assigned to Bomber Command. To this end, then, from early March till the end of June, the crews of the *Hallies* and the *Lancs* directed much of their energy.

The first rail-busting demonstration entrusted solely to the "heavies" and attended by the Leasides involved the marshalling-yards at Trappes, near Paris, on 6 March, where results were most encouraging. Yards at Le Mans, missed the next night, were nicely messed up on the 13th. Then, a switch to the strategical for 432, as Stuttgart and Frankfurt (twice) were attacked within nine days. Two crews missing on the second Frankfurt

Crews waiting to be interrogated by Intelligence Officers after a raid on Berlin.



raid were the unit's first losses in nearly a month.

March 24th was set aside for the cleaning-up of unfinished business on Harris' agenda. On that date Berlin was attacked in strength for the last time by Bomber Command. The capital's defenses, primed for the attack, were unusually formidable. The flak in itself was tough enough to penetrate, but, in addition, over the target approaches night-fighters formed a protective screen the like of which few attacking crews had ever seen. These and their cohorts along the route undoubtedly brought down most of the 72 crews and aircraft lost on the operation. One missing *Halifax* bore the Leaside letters.

Bomber Command had made thirteen major raids on Berlin. The Leasides contributed to eleven of these, flying a total of 127 sorties in so doing. Their losses were five crews and six aircraft. More than 6,400 acres of Berlin now lay in ruins. As has been seen, in that purely physical destruction this squadron had helped no little. What it had helped thereby to do to German morale cannot, of course, be told in figures.

* * *

A major air campaign was over. But the Germans were still very much in the war, and bombing alone would apparently not put them out of it. D-Day was not far off, and much in the way of heavy-bombing preparations still remained. So Bomber Command got on with it, and the Leasides pitched in with a will.

In the next two raids to which this unit made contribution — one on marshalling-yards at Aulnoye, the other on Essen — Command losses were only nine aircraft, all on the latter target. But on the night of 30/31 March, nature played into the enemy's hand, and losses soared. The air over the continent at operational height was moist and very cold, and a half-moon was shining.

The result was that moonlit vapour trails betrayed the track of the bomber stream as nothing else could have done. Over a vast arena stretching from the Ruhr to Nuremberg, the objective, there unfolded the biggest nocturnal aerial battle of the war. For the Luftwaffe it was the best round of the whole fight. Two-thirds of the 94 missing bombers (Command's greatest-ever losses) were attributed to it, and included therein were two of this squadron.

More than a year later there appeared on the front page of the R.C.A.F.'s overseas newspaper, "Wings Abroad", a story of escape. Leader of a nine-man break from prison camp, and co-originator of the escape plan, was a Canadian N.C.O. who was chosen for his good knowledge of German. The plan worked to perfection. Three men escaped at one time, six at another, and the two groups later linked up to work their way into friendly territory. They travelled nearly three

hundred miles over European countryside, by rail, by motor transport, by cart, and on foot.

"My feet", said the Canadian, "were very, very sore. In those Russian felts that were given to me, they really hurt. We pulled into towns at night, just dead beat. . .

"The Polish people treated us wonderfully. There wasn't anything they wouldn't do for us. The Russians were friendly, too. We had plenty of food once we got out of Germany. It wasn't fancy, but it was good, plain, wholesome food." . . . (He soon regained the twenty pounds left behind in prison camp.)

Reaching England early in 1945, the N.C.O. learned that he had been commissioned, and that a sizeable sum of back pay was owing him. It was great to be back, thought Pilot Officer John Henry Marini, the Leasides' first escape artist, who had been shot down on the Nuremberg operation.

(To be continued)

Letters to the Editor

AN APPEAL

Dear Sir:

Sometime last year, during the hour of the pre-prandial, a few of us were lamenting the fact that our Club was without any outstanding memento presented to its members by a distinguished person.

Apparently the old wardog must somehow have learned of our sorry case, for shortly afterwards we received a picture of Sgt. Shatterproof himself, pipe in mouth and Q.R. (Air) in hand, inscribed at the bottom with the heart-lifting motto, "Numquam Illegitimis Carborundum". The portrait was hung in a place of honour over the bar, where all and sundry could gaze on that fearless countenance and thus be inspired to rise to ever-greater heights in the proud hierarchy of N.C.O.s.

A few months later it suddenly disappeared. We have reason to believe that some other Club, Institution, or Mess laid larcenous hands on it, but all investigations have so far failed to discover its whereabouts.

May we enlist your aid in appealing to the better natures (if any) of the perpetrators of this base deed?

Cpl. G. R. Fletcher,
R.C.A.F. Station Rockcliffe.

(The old gladiator is, unfortunately, still away on leave, but we are confident that, on his return, he will not permit Cpl. Fletcher's cry to go unanswered. Meanwhile, let the unknown desperadoes tremble as they recall the motto of the House of Shatterproof: "Aes semper nobiscum". As every herald knows, it means not only "The Brass we have always with us", but also "The sword is ever at our side".—Editor.)

ERRATUM

Dear Sir:

May I take this opportunity of drawing to your attention a typographical error which appears on page 27 of the May issue of "The Roundel". Under the heading "Members-at-large" you have "L. R. Tofrel, of Walkerton, Ont." This should read "L. R. Naftel, of Walkerton, Ont."

Flt.Lt. L. R. Naftel (M.A.T.P.).

(We offer our apologies Flt.Lt. Naftel for the misprint.—Editor.)

* * *

THE R.C.A.F. BENEVOLENT FUND

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

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

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

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

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