The ROUNDEL

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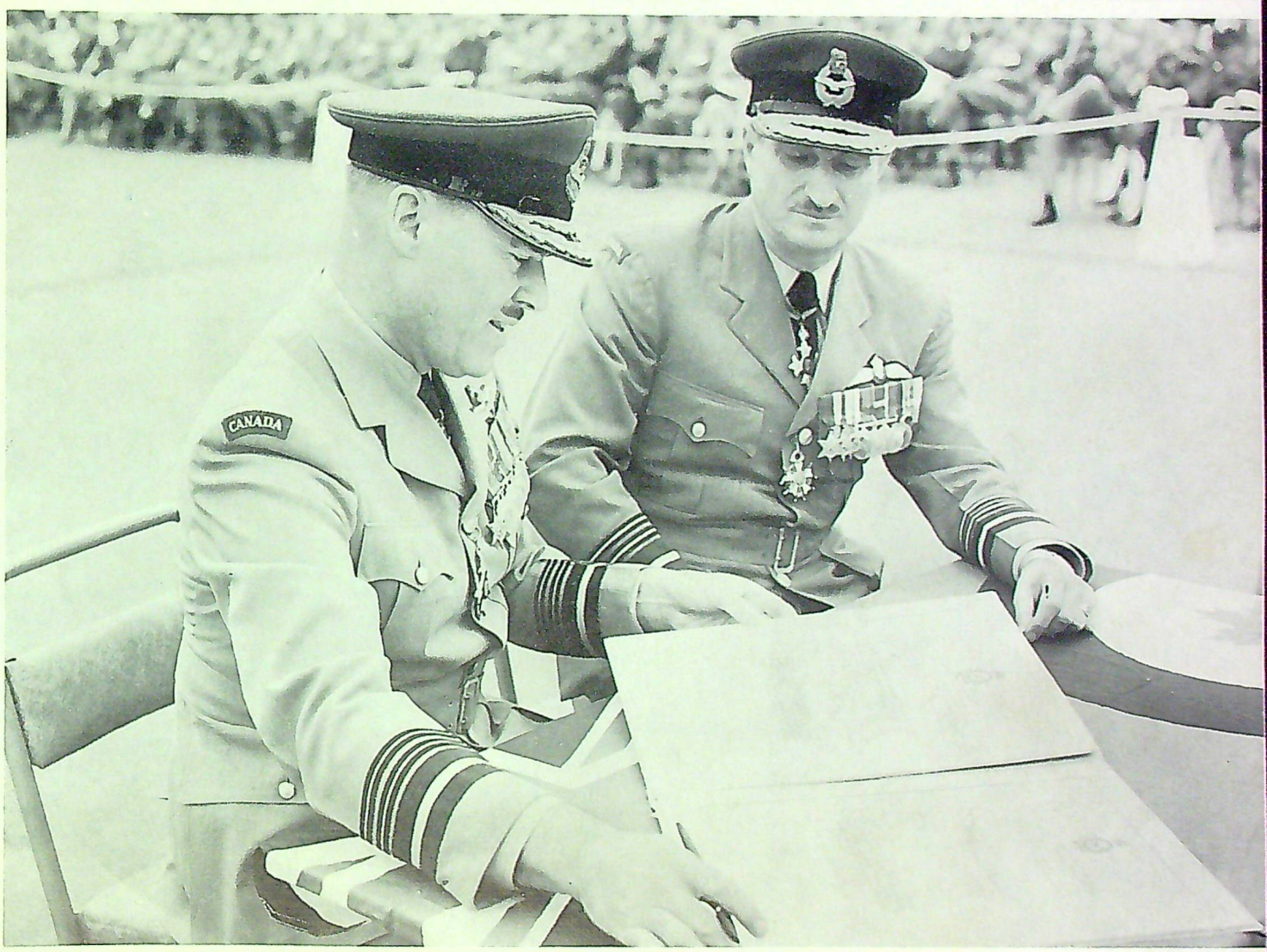
OCTOBER 1957



ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

THE Roundel

Issued on the authority of
THE CHIEF OF THE AIR STAFF
Royal Canadian Air Force

Vol. 9, No. 8

OCTOBER 1957

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THIS MONTH'S COVER

Air Marshal C. R. Slemon, C.B., C.B.E., on the left, signs over command of the Royal Canadian Air Force to Air Marshal H. L. Campbell, C.B.E., at a ceremony held at R.C.A.F. Station Rockcliffe on 10 September 1957.

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THE Roundel

Change of Command

On 1 September 1957, Air Marshal H. L. Campbell, C.B.E., succeeded Air Marshal C. R. Slemon, C.B., C.B.E., as Chief of the Air Staff. The following brief notes on these two officers' careers may be of interest to our readers.

* * *

Air Marshal C. R. Slemon is the only serving member of the R.C.A.F. who has been with it continuously since its official formation on 1 April 1924.

While attending the University of Manitoba, he was a member of the Canadian Officers' Training Corps and was commissioned as a lieutenant in the Canadian Militia on 1 May 1923. A fortnight later he was taken on strength of the R.C.A.F.'s Training Depot Station at Camp Borden as one of the first group of Cadets (later called Provisional Pilot Officers) to receive *ab initio* flying training in the Service. He returned to Camp Borden again in the spring of 1924 for his second term, and continued training until he qualified for his wings in December of that year. After serving for a time with the R.C.A.F., he was granted leave and returned to university to complete his course, graduating with the degree of Bachelor of Science in civil engineering.

His early flying career included several years' flying in the far north and in the sub-Arctic, on fire patrols, photographic survey, exploration, etc. Shortly before the war he attended the R.A.F. Staff College in England, after which he was posted to the staff of Western Air Command, subsequently assuming command of it in March 1941.

In 1942 he went overseas, where for two and a half years he served as second-in-command of No. 6 (Bomber) Group of the R.C.A.F. For the last few months of the war he was Deputy Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief of the R.C.A.F. overseas, with the rank of Air Vice-Marshal.

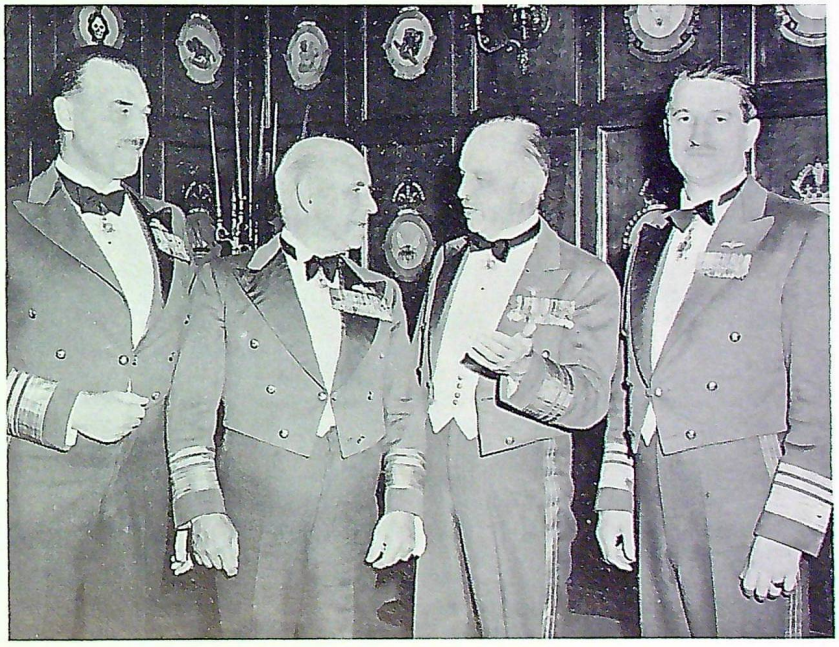
After the war's end, he served in Ottawa as Air Member for Operations and Training until 1949, when he was appointed A.O.C. Training Command. Made Chief of the Air Staff in 1953, he has now relinquished this position to take up his new duties as Deputy Commander-in-Chief of the North American Air Defence Command.

* * *

Air Marshal H. L. Campbell, C.B.E., also served in the C.O.T.C. while attending the University of New Brunswick, from which he graduated in 1930 as a Bachelor of Science in electrical engineering. While still at university, he entered the R.C.A.F.'s Provisional Pilot Officer training scheme and completed three terms at Camp Borden between 1928 and 1930, qualifying for his pilot's wings in August of the latter year. A year later he was appointed to a commission in the Permanent Force.

He filled various positions in different parts of Canada before becoming Director of Training Plans at Air Force Headquarters soon after the outbreak of the Second World War. In 1942 he was posted to R.C.A.F. Overseas Headquarters as Director of Air Staff.

Left to right: Air Marshal C. R. Slemon, C.B., C.B.E., (1953 to 1957); Air Marshal Robert Leckie, C.B., D.S.O., D.S.C., D.F.C. (1944 to 1947); Air Marshal W. A. Curtis, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.C., E.D. (1947 to 1953); Air Marshal H. L. Campbell, C.B.E.



He returned to Canada at the beginning of 1944 to fill the position of Assistant Chief of the Air Staff, and in April of the following year was appointed Air Member for Personnel, a post he relinquished in 1948 in order to attend the Imperial Defence College in the United Kingdom. After his return to this country, he was made A.O.C. North-West (now Tactical) Air Command, and a year later was sent to Washington as Chairman of the Canadian Joint Staff, in which capacity he was intimately associated with the original work of the military committees of N.A.T.O.

From December 1952 to August 1955 he served as A.O.C. No. 1 Air Division, in Europe, giving up the position in order to assume even greater responsibilities as Deputy Chief of Staff (Operations) at S.H.A.P.E. There he remained until his recent appointment to the command of the R.C.A.F.

* * *

The photograph which appears on page one, and which shows four Chiefs of the Air Staff (three past and one present), was taken at the Mess Dinner held in Ottawa at the R.C.A.F. Headquarters Officers' Mess in honour of Air Marshal Slemon.

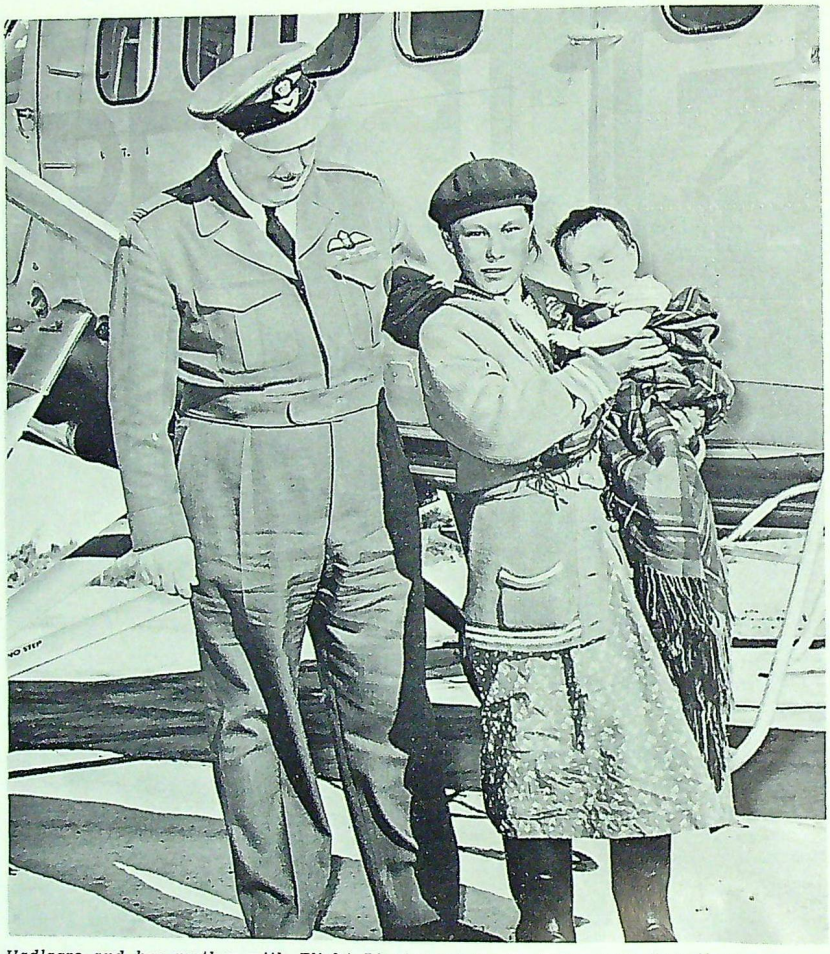
Mercy Flight

THE situation looked somewhat bad for little Hadlagro, a 9-month old Indian child, when an R.C.A.F. Dakota, sent to Baker Lake to bring her back to hospital for an emergency throat-operation, was prevented by fog from landing on its return to Churchill.

With fuel running low, the aircraft headed for one of the Mid-Canada Line stations in northern Manitoba. By the time it reached its destination, night had fallen, and its pilot was faced with the problem of getting down on to an emergency airstrip intended for use only in daylight hours.

Under the direction of the unit's C.O., however, tomato-cans, filled with fuel oil and sawdust, were placed along the sides of the strip and ignited; and all available motor vehicles were lined up with their headlights shining.

The aircraft landed safely, and Hadlagro was rushed to the small station hospital, where Dr. P. D. Naidu, a native of India employed by the Bell Telephone Co., removed a large cyst from her throat.



Hadlagro and her mother with Flight Lieutenant C. W. Weir, who flew them back to Churchill after the operation.

SGT. SHATTERPROOF FINDS A GUIDE

HILDEGARD had just gone to the canteen for her morning coffee-break. Knowing from experience that Hildegard's coffee-breaks always prolong themselves until she has ingested enough puff-pastry to maintain her corsets at full stretch, I went into her office to refer to a corrected draft which I had given her to retype. While searching for it, my eye was caught by a stapled sheaf of papers that looked rather like the manuscript of an article. I picked it up.

The first few words were enough to show me that it was not an article. It was a story — and, as I perceived from a distinctively faulty "f", it had been typed on the machine beside which it lay. Confident that its authoress was good for at least another half-hour's guzzling, I began to read.

THE KISS OF FIRE

"All I ask in return, Miss Dangerfield, is a single kiss."

The lovely girl at the typewriter crossed her hands across her low-cut blouse with a modest jesture and her eyes flashed up defiantly at the officer who leaned above her.

"Group Captain Ponsonby," she cried in ringing tones, "I scorn your offer. Even though I remain a Grade IIA for the rest of my Civil Service career, at least it shall not be said that Damaris Dangerfield sacrificed her honour on the altar of promotion. My lips, as you well know, are for Corporal Cruiser alone. Officer you may be, Sir, but gentleman you are not!"

A dark flush suffused the handsome face of Group Captain Ponsonby, O.B.E., C.D. With a jesture of impertent rage, he crumpled into a ball the CSC-64 with which he had sought to purchase her shame. Then, letting his licentious gaze wander over her voluptious figure:*

"Very well, Miss Dangerfield," he said in a voice that passion had robbed of much of its polish, "we shall see! Not for nothing was I known at Manning Depot as 'Press-on Ponsonby'. Not for nothing has my country seen fit to reward me with the honours I so proudly wear."

The girl's eyes softened momentarily as they dropped to the coveted decorations that glowed upon his breast, for she had worked long and loyally for the Air Force and she knew well what they stood for. But her weakness was of short duration. Resolution returned to her swiftly. She rose to her feet, incautiously lowering her hands from her bosom as she turned to face him.

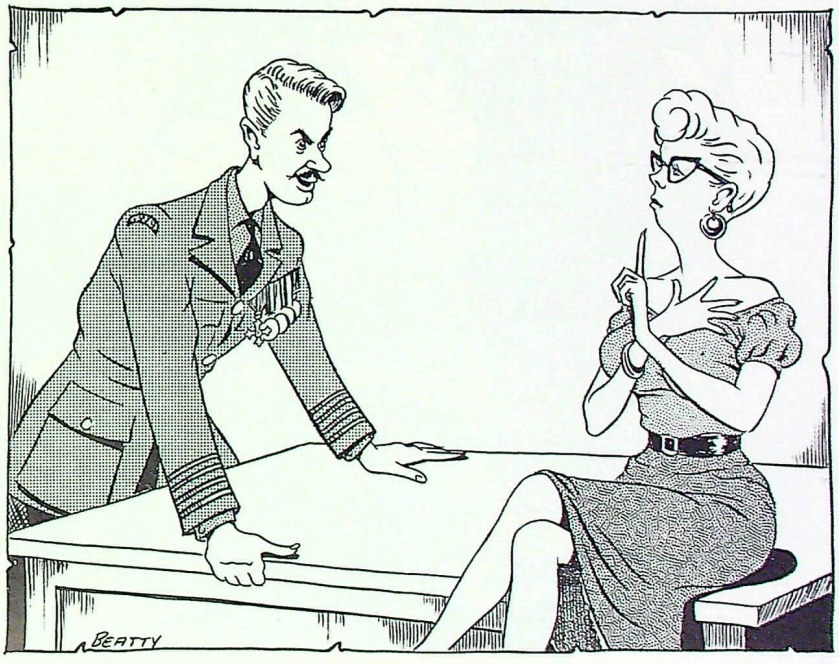
A look came over the officer's face that recalled to her mind a movie in which a mad trapper had surprised the beautiful young wife of a geologist bathing alone in a forest pool. She suppressed a shudder as she remembered —

So intent was I on my reading that I was unaware of Sgt. Shatterproof's presence until a tremendous sigh behind me broke the silence and startled me into dropping the manuscript. Not otherwise, I imagine, must the calm of the Jurassic jungles have been shattered during the mating-season by the titanic exhalations of a love-lorn tyrannosaurus. Turning hastily, I found my old friend staring at me with the haggard expression of a costive bulldog.

"Good heavens, Shatterproof!" I exclaimed. "Are you ill? Here—" I pushed a chair in front of him, and stood back waiting for him to speak. Presently, still staring at me:

"Her heart", he said, "is in the tomb."

"I scorn your offer!"



*Hildegard here refers to the Civil Service Commission's Efficiency Rating and Appraisal Form.

"Whose heart?"

"Mrs. Grimgirdle's, Sir."

"Mrs. Grimgirdle?"

"Sergeant Highball's sister-in-law. She is spending a month with the Highballs on the station. Does the name of Malvina the Masked Amazon convey anything to you, Sir?"

I shook my head.

"Malvina the Masked Amazon," he informed me, with almost fatuous pride, "was the name under which Mrs. Grimgirdle used formerly to pack the arenas of two continents. Her speciality was the double-octopus, a hold whose secret she took with her when she retired from the ring."

" . . . a charming and accomplished woman . . ."

"She must be a charming and accomplished woman," I said. "You have, I assume from your remarks, been pressing your suit?"

"I have, Sir — and with what I fondly believed to be some measure of success. Two nights ago, however, while she was cutting up a cod in the Highball's kitchen, I respectfully offered to bestow upon her a chaste salute. Tactfully turning aside my advances with a chop to the floating ribs, she told me, with gentle firmness, that her lips were a shrine sacred to the memory of the late Mr. Grimgirdle."

He lapsed once more into a dejected silence.

"A sad story, Shatterproof," I sympathized, "and one that moves me deeply. Let us remember, however, that it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

He heaved another sigh. "You are right, Sir," he said. "I must pull myself together."

He straightened himself on his chair, and, as he did so, his foot rustled the papers I had dropped. He bent forward and retrieved them, and he was about to hand them to me when his attention was arrested by the top sheet.

"So, Sir," he exclaimed, with an abrupt return to his normal manner, "we leave 'The Roundel' to flounder rudderless while we squander our all-too-slender talents in the composition of pornography! Turning once more to the fleshpots and the Venusbergs—"

"That, Sergeant, happens to be the work of Hildegard."

"Indeed?" He glanced at it with renewed interest. "You have read it, Sir?"

"Not yet."

"Good. Then you will want my opinion on it before you formulate your own."

I waited patiently for some ten minutes while he perused it. When he had done, he lifted his head, and I saw that his face was that

of a man upon whom a great light has dawned. Laying the manuscript on the desk, he surged mightily to his feet.

"Sir," he said, "to every man there comes sooner or later his appointed guide. Group Captain Ponsonby has shown me the way."

Without another word he saluted, turned on his heel, and left me — narrowly missing a collision in the doorway with the returning Hildegard.

* * *

Yesterday morning Hildegard received by mail a large box of extremely fattening chocolates. No card accompanied them, but the postal cancellation-stamp on the outer wrapping revealed to me their point of origin and, by simple deduction, the identity of the sender. Hildegard, whose philosophy of life does not demand that she look too closely into gift-horses' mouths, soon abandoned her speculations and set about giving her corsets a towsing that would have brought a cold sweat to their manufacturers' brows.

For my part, I was more than a little puzzled. What on earth could the old wardog have got out of her ridiculous story to evoke such gratitude? Finally, since there seemed little likelihood of my finding out, I settled down to work. It was then that, as if by a miracle, my question was answered.

Included — obviously by accident — in a pile of rewrites that Hildegard had typed for me a few days earlier, I came upon what was, beyond doubt, a carbon-copy of the last page of her story.

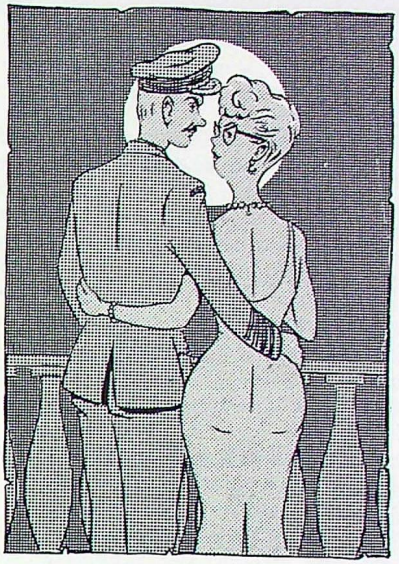
. . . together they stepped from the ball-room on to the moonlit balcony. He closed the French doors behind them, muting the seductive strains of the music that had been intoxicating their senses. For a while they stood drinking in the magic of the night.

Presently the girl drew a deep breath of contentment, and her bosom heaved beneath her low-cut gown. Stars were reflected in the eyes that she turned up to him.

"I can't quite believe it all even yet, Sir . . ." she whispered.

"Believe what, Miss Dangerfield?"

"Why, I mean, having my Grade III approved like that, and now being here on T.D. with you in Acapulco. It's like a dream . . ."



" . . . T. D. in Acapulco . . ."

Her voice trailed into silence. Then, moving closer to his side, she added:

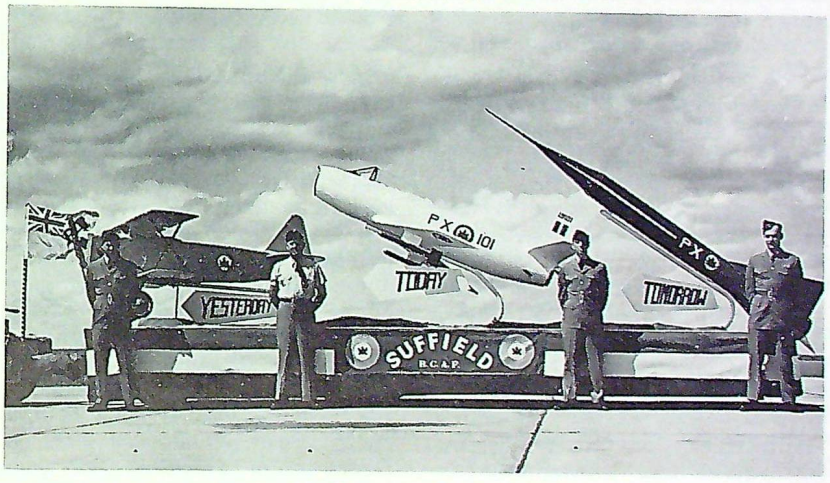
"And I know Corporal Cruiser must be very happy as an acting-Sergeant at—where is it, Sir?"

"Resolute Bay, my dear," murmured Group Captain Ponsonby into her lips.

AIR DEFENCE FLOAT

A float entered in the 1957 Medicine Hat Stampede by C.E.P.E. Detachment, Suffield, won first prize for the out-of-town entries. Made out of scrap material, and in their own time, by the airmen shown standing in front of it, the float symbolizes Air Defence — in the past, the present, and the future.

Left to right: Corporals R. A. Wall, A. E. Thom. Leading Aircraftmen D. W. Patterson, C. L. Robertson.



THE ERA OF COMPETITIVE CO-EXISTENCE

BY WING COMMANDER JOHN GELLNER, D.F.C.

(Wing Cdr. Gellner, who is recognized both in and outside this country as an informed interpreter of the international scene, needs no introduction to our readers. His work has already appeared in "The Roundel" on several occasions in the past, and his face has recently become known to many thousands of television-viewers. In giving us permission to print the following article, he asks us to stress the fact that it was written more than a year ago. Thus, though nothing has occurred in the interim to modify his views on the subject with which he deals, the actual figures quoted and situations cited in support of his opinions do not pretend to carry the reader beyond the year 1955.—Editor.)

THE MEANING OF CO-EXISTENCE

"Hope springs eternal" . . .

For close to forty years now, the Western World has watched for signs that Communist Russia is changing in colour from blood-red to pink. In 1921, Lenin's New Economic Policy (N.E.P.) led to widespread belief that what the Soviet leaders really wanted was private enterprise diluted by a liberal dash of socialism. Between 1933 and 1939, Russian co-operation with the West on the international scene, the partial opening of Russia to foreign travel, and the liberal Soviet Constitution of 1936, evoked hopes that Stalin had abandoned the drive for world revolution and that henceforth it would be possible to deal with the Soviet Union on the basis of "live and let live".

The comradeship-in-arms of the Second World War (greatly exaggerated in the imagination of the Anglo-Saxon peoples) led to the persuasion that fighting together could mean working together in time of peace. Hopes that the course of the communist revolution has been arrested by Krushchev and his associates, that the Soviet Union is becoming very much like other world powers of the past and present — very big, very tough, but not untractable — are riding high again these days. Optimism is perhaps a little guarded after so many disappointments, but optimism there is.

Nothing shows more clearly Western hopes and Western disillusionment, as far as Communist Russia is concerned, than the quotations of the old Czarist gold bonds on the American Stock Exchange. There have been times when they were traded for about two tenths of one per cent of their nominal value: recently they stood at approximately five per cent of par. The chances that the Soviet Union will, at some time in the future, behave like any other civilized nation which has the means of paying its debts, and that it will redeem them, are thus considered comparatively good — only twenty to one against.

* * *

It is, of course, quite possible that the Soviet leaders have decided that world revolution, the establishment of a classless society, the whole mystic drive toward the communist ideal, is so much nonsense, and that the Soviet Union may just as well remain what it now is: the first, and so far the only, socialist state in the world. The lessons of history speak against this assumption, human nature speaks for it. For would it not be natural for the members of the Soviet ruling class (those high party functionaries, government officials, senior officers of the Forces, managers of factories, university professors, professional engineers, and artists, whose standard of living is not different from that of the rich in capitalist countries) to want to protect what they now must have come to consider their vested interests?

In the highly stratified Soviet society, in which the division of the classes, at least in terms of mode of life, is much more sharply defined than in most Western countries, the communist ideal of a classless society cannot be very attractive to those in the high-income brackets. The ever-repeated professions of fidelity to the Marx-Leninist creed that come from the lips of the present rulers of Russia may well be only the smooth talk of cynical men who have not the slightest intention of advancing from socialism to communism in the Soviet Union.

The question as to whether or not the Russian leaders are in fact doctrinaire communists is, at any rate, of only little practical importance. What really matters is that they are aggressive, anti-democratic, and anti-Western. They most certainly do not want co-existence to mean co-operation. The refreshingly outspoken Mr. Krushchev has made this clear on many occasions. In November 1955, for instance, he said in a speech to the Indo-Soviet Cultural Society in Bombay: "I do not like the capitalistic system, and when I speak about co-existence it is not for the purpose of continuing that system. But I give *de facto* recognition to capitalism and grant that it does exist". With almost the same frankness the Soviet masters proclaim that it is still their intention to revolutionize the world in Russia's image.

Much was made of the fact that, according to Mr. Krushchev's

statements at the recent Moscow congress of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R., the Marx-Leninist thesis of the inevitability of war between capitalism and socialism can now be considered obsolete, and that henceforth socialism may be spread "by parliamentary means". The trouble is that too many commentators only read the headlines and not Mr. Krushchev's full statement. The full text of Mr. Krushchev's keynote speech reveals that the time for the peaceful propagation of Marxism is not yet. As long as the wicked capitalists are in power in the countries of the West, the "economic basis giving rise to war" remains. "United fronts" of communists and indigenous labour movements could, of course, destroy this basis. In other words, "war can be avoided if, and only if, non-communist governments can be induced by communist-led political movements to accept the communist terms of the moment" ("Spectator", March 2, 1956). The Soviet concept of co-existence is thus both contemptuous of, and bellicose toward, capitalism. To call it — as is generally done today — "competitive co-existence", is, if anything, an understatement.

With Russia — be it communist, socialist, or simply imperialist — remaining as much the foe of the West as it has been for the last four decades, the question arises of how dangerous a foe the Soviet Union is right now, and how dangerous it is likely to be in the next few years.

MATERIAL STRENGTH

A good deal has been spoken and written about the industrial strength of the Soviet Union. It is widely believed that the Soviets have outstripped Western Europe in industrial productivity, and that they are even now engaged in a resolute attempt to catch up with the United States.

In reality, the rate of growth of the Russian economy is much more impressive than the actual level of production. This can be shown by comparing the production of the two basic materials in heavy industry which are generally used, in England and in the Soviet Union, as a measure of industrial capacity —steel and coal. England has been chosen as a means of comparison in preference to the United States or Canada, because in the U.S. coal is not of the same importance as the prime producer of industrial motive power as it is in Russia and in Western Europe, and because Canadian heavy industry (as a result of its interrelation with that of the United States) is not a true indicator of Canadian productive capacity.

In 1955, the Soviet Union mined 390 million tons of coal and produced 45 million tons of steel, as against 221 million and 20 million tons, respectively, in the U.K. The Soviet production is thus twice as large as the British, but the population is more than four times as big. In producer goods, that works out to an output per head in the Soviet Union that is approximately one half of that of England. Moreover, as the production of consumer goods lags behind that of producer goods, it would be fair to say that per capita industrial production in Russia is by about three fifths lower than in England. The U.S.S.R. is not yet in hot pursuit of the goals set in industrial output by the United States, and it still has a long way to go to catch up with the most industrialized countries of Western Europe.

Even so, the Soviet Union has been able to develop an engineering industry that has become, in its field, a serious competitor of the West. This has been done by feeding far the greater part of the available basic materials into heavy engineering at the expense of the industries working mainly for the consumer market. This is just the reverse of what is happening in Western countries. To use England again for comparison, almost 900,000 passenger-cars have been produced in British factories during 1955, for hardly more than 100,000 in Russian factories. Even in the production of trucks and other commercial vehicles, the Soviet Union (which is very much dependent on road transport for the distribution of goods) only outstripped Great Britain in 1955 by about 100,000 units. One motor vehicle was produced in England for every 36 inhabitants, as against one for every 400 in the Soviet Union. This disproportion is even greater when it comes to structural steel and all those metal goods that contribute to the comfort of living, such as home appliances and various types of domestic hardware. It explains how the Soviets are able to produce up-to-date equipment for standing armed forces of approximately five million men and even to export appreciable quantities of armaments, while the Western nations, with a far higher output of steel and other metals, are hard pressed to find the materials for their arms production.

Consumer goods are, of course, also produced in increasing quantities in the Soviet Union, but only in so far as that type of production does not interfere with the output of producer goods, and thus only in the fields where comparatively little capital investment and comparatively small quantities are required of the materials needed also by the heavy industry. Thus, for example, a refrigerator is still a luxury that not one in a thousand Russian families possesses. Shoes, on the other hand, which were once a luxury, are no longer such. Agriculture is still the weak spot of the Soviet economy: food production has, in fact, only barely kept step with the increase of population. If the average Russian city-dweller is perhaps a little better fed today

than he was in the lean years just before the Second World War, it is because of better distribution, not because of higher farm output. It is believed that, during the Fifth Five-Year Plan (1950-1955), agricultural production rose only six per cent, as against a rise in industrial production of 85 per cent. A determined effort is now being made to increase efficiency on the farms by a reorganization of the collectives, by the abolition of the tiny private holdings (on which the farm labourer naturally works much harder than he does on the public land), and by improvements in the living-conditions on the collective and state farms.

* * *

We mentioned earlier that the really astounding thing in the Russian economy is not how much is being produced today, but rather how much higher the present output is compared to what it was only a few years ago. When Stalin embarked on the first of his Five-Year Plans, in 1928, Russia was an agricultural country. In 1955, at the end of the last plan conceived under the old dictator, she is a great industrial power. Twenty-seven years ago, the Soviet Union produced 4.2 million tons of steel and 35.4 million tons of coal. These figures have been multipled elevenfold, for an average yearly increase of some 40 per cent. The output of electricity has increased by 35 times (from 5 to 166 billion kw.-hrs.)

Many new industries have been created from nothing. For instance, the automobile industry might not amount to very much compared with the American, but its growth to a current yearly production of close to 600,000 units is spectacular if one considers that only 671 automobiles were built in Russia in 1928. In the same span of years, coal production in Great Britain fell slightly, while steel production increased by close to 250 per cent. There was a great deal of industrial expansion also, but nothing to compare with the mushrooming of industries in Russia. There, industrial expansion has gone at a substantially faster pace than even during the amazing last ten years in Canada.

There is no indication that the point of saturation has been reached in the U.S.R.R. During the present Five-Year Plan (the sixth, and the first to be drawn up under the new order of collective leadership by the chairman of the State Planning Commission, Maxim Z. Saburov) gross industrial output is to be increased by two thirds by 1960. This still works out to a yearly rise of 13 per cent. Quantitatively, because the present level of production is so high, the annual growth is to go far beyond anything ever attempted in the Soviet Union —it is to amount to 4.5 million tons of steel, 40 million tons of coal, 13 million tons of oil, 30 million kw.-hrs. of electric power. There is little reason to believe that the Soviets will not attain the goals of the Sixth Plan just as they have attained those of the five which preceded it, unless it should be shown that the softer course adopted on the home scene by Messrs. Krushchev, Bulganin, and their group cannot bring about the results produced under Stalin's heavy hand.

* * *

In one field the Soviet Union probably has overtaken the West— the field of technical education. The Soviets are not philosophizing about the coming age of automation: they are taking its advent for granted, and they are preparing for it in a practical and vigorous manner. They have realized that, some day in the not too distant future, all need for the labourer will cease and the whole labour force will have to be skilled. A tremendous expansion in secondary and academic educational facilities is now under way. Soviet adult education, already the most extensive in the world, is being developed even further. Graduate engineers come out of the Polytechnic Schools in ever-increasing numbers and some kind of trade training is given to the vast majority of the industrial workers.

All this is taking place in a milieu in which a technical education is a highly sought goal because it is likely to bring the highest material returns. In the West, he who sells the product generally earns more than he who makes it. Selling in the Soviet Union is an administrative function — and a very lowly one except in the field of foreign trade. In Russia, the organizers of production, the works-managers, the scientists in the laboratories, belong to the highest-paid group in a social system in which the differences of income are as a rule greater than in the democracies of the West. It may be mentioned, in passing, that the Soviets have even established a Ministry of Automation entrusted with the task of preparing the country, its economy, and its people for the new machine-age.

THE RULED AND THE RULERS

There are no public-opinion polls in the Soviet Union — or let us say, if the government is conducting any, their results are not accessible to the West. It is therefore more or less impossible to make a really valid estimate of the state of Russia's civic morale. By sifting carefully such evidence as is available, it may, however, be possible to make an intelligent guess. To arrive at it, the extreme opinions must first of all be eliminated.

On one side of the scale, there are the reports that the peoples of the Soviet Union, or at any rate of certain of the ethnic republics of the Union, are a seething mass of discontents held at bay only by the armed might of the government.

These stories often come from refugees from behind the Iron Curtain. On the other hand, there are the reports of casual travellers who, after a stay of a few days (usually only in Moscow or Leningrad), bring back the news that all is laughter and sunshine in Russia. But between these two extremes there is a good deal of reliable information.

There are the newspapermen stationed in Moscow — and among them, in particular, those of the smaller nations who in the past have generally enjoyed more freedom of movement than their North American colleagues. Businessmen have visited the Soviet Union pretty regularly even in the times of the strictest isolation in the last years of Stalin's dictatorship. Here, again, the Scandinavians are particularly valuable witnesses, because commercial intercourse between Russia and Finland or Sweden has actually never ceased. More than a million German prisoners, among them many highly intelligent and observant men, have returned from the U.S.S.R. after a forced sojourn of many years. Some of the books they have written — for instance, Dr. Starlinger's "Limits of Soviet Power", to name but one of the most valuable — contain coldly factual, lucid analyses of the attitude of the Soviet people toward the régime. Much can also be learned from reading Soviet periodicals.

The picture one gets is that of people who, in their attitude towards government, are not too different from ourselves. Their thinking is, like our own, largely determined by economic considerations. Conditions in the country districts are very bad and are improving only slowly. The industrial revolution of the U.S.S.R. has been made possible by the ruthless victimization of the peasants, who are still ragged and poorly fed. Things are better than a few years ago, when returning German prisoners reported that Russian farm labourers were envious of the rations issued to the inmates of forced-labour camps; but the diet on the farms is still mainly cabbage soup, gruel, and potatoes. The continuous experiments with the organization of the collectives are viewed with suspicion, and the pressure for ever greater farm-deliveries is met with dismay. There does not seem to be any revolutionary spirit in the farm districts, but there is a good deal of sullen discontent, and even some open grumbling.

The city worker is much better off than the farmer, but he too has much cause for complaint; the work norms are high and are being raised all too frequently, the penalties for absenteeism are very stiff, and housing is wretched — in fact, it is the greatest problem in the Soviet cities. On the other hand, all around him he sees the evidence of the growing might of Russia. He is well provided with means of recreation. He has to work hard, but he also knows that he will probably never be out of work. His children are getting a good education at no expense, and they will, he believes, "have it easier" than he had. Since Stalin's death and the liquidation of Beria's terror organization, he has been breathing more freely. By and large, morale in the cities seems to be fairly high.

Except for patriotism, always a powerful force in Russia, ideological factors obviously affect Soviet civic morale very little. George F. Kennan, probably the American who knows Russia and the Russians best, was right when he likened the Soviet idea to a dying star far out in the universe. Observed from the earth, its light is still strong, but there is precious little light and heat left at the point of origin. The great majority of the Soviet people today are non-political, even as regards communism. In Stalin's time, people dozed through the compulsory classes in Marx-Leninism. Now that this type of indoctrination is given largely to voluntary recipients, even the Soviet press admits that attendance has fallen off, that the "red corners" in offices and factories are unused or are being converted to other purposes — in fact, that the whole machine of domestic propaganda is in danger of grinding to a standstill. That the number of applications for admission to the Communist Party remains as high as ever is no proof that communism is a living force among the Russian people. Considerations of career and resulting material rewards are probably uppermost in the minds of most applicants.

Even if there was more discontent in the country than there is at present, the Soviet government would still be safe because it is backed by a devoted civil service and loyal armed forces. Here the binding factors are vested interests in the good salaries and the prestige which go with permanent government service. The commissioned officers of the Forces and the higher officials of State and Party are among the best-paid people in Russia. Also, socially, they belong to the upper classes of a highly stratified society. There is now, for instance, a distinct officers' caste which draws a considerable part of its new members from its own ranks (sons of officers have preference for admission to the cadet schools). The gulf between officers and men is very wide indeed. Since the fall of Beria, when for the first time in the history of the Soviet Union the Red Army was called in to suppress a segment of the Party, the armed forces are wielding a great deal of political power. Marshal Zhukov is quite definitely a member of the collective leadership group. Significant concessions have been made to the Forces, the most important of which is the establishment of the principle of *yedinonachalye*, whereby the commanding

officer is given unrestricted authority over his unit, without interference from the political officer. This did away with a system which was in force for more than 36 years, from the day of the founding of the Red Army.

It is widely believed that one of the reasons for the present official vilification of the dead Stalin was the insistence of the marshals that the myth of Stalin as the great military leader in the war be done away with, and that they be given due credit for Russia's victories. In return for the favoured position accorded to them, the regulars of the Soviet armed forces are firmly behind the present government; they certainly support it much more-whole-heartedly than they did Stalin's.

THE WEST ON THE DEFENSIVE

The many countries which stand uncommitted in the East-West struggle provide the principal arena for the bloodless contests of the era of competitive co-existence. At first sight it would seem surprising that, in a contest which is largely economic, the Soviet Union should be at all able to compete with the United States. There are two reasons for that: the miracle of Russia's industrialization under socialism has deeply impressed many of the leaders of the neutral states, and the Soviet Union itself is not a commercial competitor of these countries.

By and large, the neutral countries have agrarian economies which, at best, assure marginal subsistence to their large and fast-growing populations. They see their salvation in industrialization. They have little time: there is real want and wide-spread popular clamour for improvements in the economic conditions (Nehru once spoke of "the devil who is at our tail"). They are convinced that rapid industrialization offers the only way out of their social and economic difficulties. Russia has shown them how this can be done, starting from nothing, and despite the enormous set-back of a war in which the greater part of the industrial areas of the U.S.S.R. were occupied by the enemy and largely destroyed.

The leaders of the Eastern nations know that the Russian people have paid a frightful price, but they are willing to impose sufferings on their own people for the sake of what they believe is ultimate salvation. The spectre of socialism does not deter them. On the contrary, many among them believe that if the limited resources of their countries are to be made to support their huge populations, the economy must be stringently controlled, even if this should mean that the state would confiscate all means of production.

In other words, while the overwhelming majority of the leading men in the neutral countries reject the philosophic and political parts of the Marxist theory, they are quite prepared to accept its economic teachings. Accommodatingly, present Soviet propaganda emphasizes the latter aspects of Marxism to the exclusion of the former. Russia also buys the products of the Eastern countries without competing with the latter on the world markets. For instance, the Soviets are eager to buy Malayan rubber; the United States, with an eye on its own huge synthetic rubber industry, is not. The United States is a cotton-exporter; Russia, although she too produces huge quantities of cotton, is prepared to buy more cotton from Egypt to further her political aims.

Many responsible people in the neutral countries believe, rightly or wrongly, that the United States would rather aid than trade, the Soviet Union rather trade than aid. They are inclined to prefer the latter. They certainly are not fooled about the motives that lie behind the Kremlin's willingness to extend a helping hand. Yet, paying no heed to the lessons of history, they believe that they have long enough spoons to sup with the devil.

* * *

There is no doubt that the West is on the threshold of a very difficult, if not the most difficult, phase of the cold war. We must match Russia's military might. We must stay well ahead of her in the economic field because the free economy of a democracy, as compared to the controlled economy of a dictatorship, can convert only a relatively small proportion of its economic power into political power. We will have to make great sacrifices in order "to make friends and influence people" all over the world. It will indeed be quite a job — but not necessarily a job which cannot be done successfully — to live side by side, in one small world, with the Soviet Union in this era of competitive co-existence.

BADGES OF THE R.C.A.F.: 8

This is the eighth in our series of illustrations of the badges of the R.C.A.F. The dates shown in brackets beneath the names of the units are the dates on which the badges were officially authorized. Black-and-white reproductions of the badges shown may be obtained by writing to: Director of Public Relations, Air Force Headquarters, Ottawa, Ont. Glossy or matt prints are available in two sizes: 8" × 10" (50c.) and 11" × 14" ($1.00). Cheques or money orders (not cash) must be made payable to the Receiver General of Canada.

R.C.A.F. STATION CHATHAM

(December 1950)

In front of a fir tree on a mound over barry wavy, a portcullis.

Ever Prepared

The fir tree and heraldic representation of water indicate the station's location on the Miramichi River in a district where fir trees are plentiful. The portcullis symbolizes the station's function as a unit in Air Defence Command.

During the Second World War, Chatham, N.B., was the site of two civilian-operated training schools of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan — No. 21 Elementary Flying Training School which functioned from July 1941 to August 1942, and No. 10 Air Observer School which operated from July 1941 until the termination of the B.C.A.T.P. in March 1945. Dormant for four years, the site was reactivated on 2 May 1949 with the formation of R.C.A.F. Station Chatham as a unit in the newly-created Air Defence Group. No. 421 Squadron, the R.C.A.F.'s second jet fighter unit, was formed at Chatham on 15 September 1949 and trained there, on *Vampires*, until it went overseas to England in January 1951. R.C.A.F. Station Chatham is the base for No. 1 Fighter Operational Training Unit which, originally formed at St. Hubert, was relocated at the New Brunswick site in October 1949.

NO. 432 SQUADRON

(March 1945)

In front of a full moon, a cougar leaping down.

Saeviter ad Lucem
(*Ferociously towards the light*)

The badge represents the squadron's night bombing operations during the war as it fought for the light of freedom against the darkness of oppression.

The twelfth R.C.A.F. heavy bomber squadron formed overseas during the war, No. 432 originated at Skipton-on-Swale, Yorkshire, on 1 May 1943, as a unit in No. 6 (R.C.A.F.) Group of Bomber Command. Equipped originally with twin-engined *Wellingtons*, it converted to four-engined *Lancasters* in November, 1943, followed a few months later by *Halifaxes*. No. 432 carried out its first operation on 23 May 1943, just three weeks after the formation of the squadron, and by the end of the war, 23 months later, it had flown 3130 sorties on 245 bombing and mining operations, during which it delivered more than 10,000 tons of explosives to enemy targets. The squadron's operations included 44 attacks on the Ruhr and 11 on Berlin. Its battle honours are English Channel and North Sea 1943, Biscay 1943, Fortress Europe 1943-1944, France and Germany 1944-1945, Biscay Ports 1944, Ruhr 1943-1945, Berlin 1943-1944, German Ports 1943-1945, Normandy 1944, and Rhine.

On 15 May 1945 the squadron was disbanded at East Moor, Yorkshire (its base since September 1943), and was reformed at Bagotville, P.Q., on 1 October 1954, as an all-weather fighter unit in Air Defence Command.

NO. 410 SQUADRON

(May 1945)

In front of a decrescent, a cougar's face.

Noctivaga
(Wandering by night)

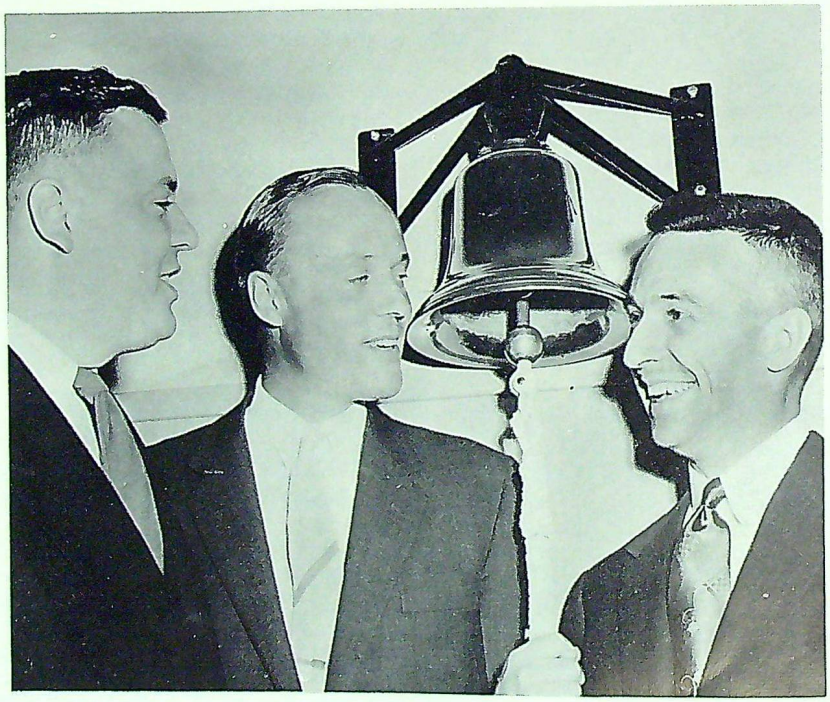
The cougar, indigenous to Canada, is noted for its speed and power in striking down its prey. The waning moon indicates the squadron's original rôle as a night fighter unit.

Formed at Ayr, Scotland, on 30 June 1941, No. 410 Squadron was engaged in the night defence of Britain and in intruder operations over enemy-held territory until D-Day. Then, after guarding the beach-head in Normandy, it moved to a base on the continent in September 1944, and patrolled the battle area in search of night bombers until the end of hostilities. Credited with 76 enemy aircraft destroyed, plus 10 probably destroyed or damaged, the squadron was awarded the following battle honours; Defence of Britain 1941-1944, Biscay 1943, Fortress Europe 1943, France and Germany 1944-1945, Normandy 1944, and Rhine.

Disbanded at Luneburg, Germany, on 9 June 1945, the squadron was re-formed at St. Hubert, P.Q., on 1 December 1948 as the first jet fighter squadron in the R.C.A.F. It was equipped initially with *Vampires,* changing to *Sabres* in May 1951. In November 1951 it went overseas to North Luffenham, England, as the first unit in No. 1 (F.) Wing of No. 1 Air Division. Moving to Marville, France, in April 1955, it remained there until November 1956, when it was relocated at Uplands, Ont., and converted to a CF-100 all-weather fighter squadron.

"Ring, Happy Bell..."

Standing beside the ship's bell recently presented by the Royal Canadian Navy to the tri-Service sergeants' mess at the Canadian Joint Training Centre are (left to right): Sgt. J. J. P. Regimbald, R.C.A.F.; Lieutenant Commander W. H. I. Atkinson, D.S.C., Naval Assistant to the Commandant; and Warrant Officer 1st Class D. L. Nichol (Can. Army), the Mess President. The inscription on the plaque which accompanies the bell reads, in part: "It is the wish of the N.C.O.s that the bell peal only on occasion of National Joy or other extraordinary occasion, and then only by order of the Mess President."



MUSICAL APPRECIATION

BY JOHN C. OUTRAM

(The development of the science of war seems to be evidenced not only by the increasing complexity and efficacy of the weapons used. The Duke of Wellington, we suspect, would have taken a dim view of the suggestion that he might have cleaned up in Spain more quickly had his infantry-men entertained stronger views about Couperin or Scarlatti. Nevertheless, scarcely more than a century after his death, we find the art of musical appreciation being fostered in the Services. Air Force Pamphlet No. 51, "The Handbook of Music Appreciation for the Royal Canadian Air Force", is available to groups of Service music-lovers on request to the Directorate of Personnel Administration, Air Force Headquarters.

Mr. Outram, who offers these few remarks on the subject of A.F.P.51, is himself a pianist of some virtuosity. A musician of catholic taste, he has nevertheless devoted his talents as an excutant primarily to the interpretation of Chopin, and he views with some suspicion the 'precious' school of musical thought which is, as he expresses it, "frightened of a tune." During the Second World War Mr. Outram served with the R.C.A.F. overseas as personal staff officer to three successive air officers commanding-in-chief. He was released from the Service in 1955 with the rank of wing commander.—Editor.)

No one has thought of a better term than "appreciation" for the study and the evaluating of musical masterpieces. The word means putting a price on such abstract qualities as beauty, skill, and power. To be qualified to do this, the average person must seriously study both the imaginative sources of the composer and the technical problems which have been overcome in translating thoughts into sound and pattern.

"The Handbook of Music Appreciation for the Royal Canadian Air Force" does not pretend to go all the way, but it is an excellent guide for the beginner and interesting to the expert. There are some who would appraise this handbook as too advanced for the uninitiated; but, for the majority who love music and strive for a better understanding of its depths, it will serve admirably to advance their knowledge.

Of course, the outstanding pioneer in developing the idea of musical appreciation is Dr. Percy Scholes, who celebrated his eightieth birthday in England on 24 July of this year. One of his books, "The Listener's Guide to Music", is particularly commended, as it distils into simple language the complexities of great music that can bewilder the amateur.

Dr. Scholes gives credit to a predecessor, Burney, for originally generating the idea of musical appreciation. In 1789, Burney deplored the lack of any book that would instruct ignorant lovers of music on how to listen and judge for themselves. More than a century was to elapse before any constructive approach was made. Popular demand was limited, as the listeners had available only "live" concerts and, later, a comparatively small number of good gramophone records.

Fortunately, science came to the aid of art. By the invention of the microphone, millions with an unsatisfied desire for good music were suddenly given the opportunity of listening to the best performances. Dr. Scholes took full advantage of the new medium to spread the knowledge and love of music to the English-speaking peoples. By his lectures and writings he influenced the schools and colleges to include musical appreciation as a full subject on their curricula.

In itself, musical appreciation is a liberal education combining social and musical history, biography, criticism, and analysis. The point that should be mentioned here is that appreciation unfolds music as if it were literature, and, as such, it becomes an art. The learning of any art develops perception and sensibility in the student. Therefore the art of musical appreciation may be the sole source of these two desirable qualities in an otherwise impersonal school curriculum.

The importance of this modern thinking was recognized at the International Conference on the Rôle and Place of Music in the Education of Youth and Adults, held in Brussels in 1953. The Conference met as part of an extensive programme sponsored by U.N.E.S.C.O. and undertaken from 1949 onwards to determine the place of the arts in general education and their influence on character. Specialists in music education, composers, students, and performers from 29 nations were brought together at this conference. They not only considered the development of the listener's appreciation, taste, and critical judgment from earliest youth, but they made a special study of the rôle of music education in international understanding. Music to them is not simply recreation; it is an exercise in the development of the intellectual and emotional faculties. The lectures given at this European conference covered a wide variety of subjects related to music and other arts, and these are assembled in a book, published in 1955 by the United Nations, entitled "Music in Education".

If I have digressed from A.F.P. 51, it has been in order to point out the growing importance of the subject dealt with in the handbook under review, and to suggest reading supplementary to it. A.F.P. 51 arranges programmes in an orderly way, with lucid and helpful commentary, and it does stimulate the reader to pursue the subject further. It can be genuinely com-

mended as an introduction to the realm of music.

No text book, however good, is sufficient by itself to guarantee the enjoyment of music. The listener must make an effort to meet the performer half-way by using his imagination. After all, imagination is the basis on which the composer creates his work. The listener has to interpret the message with his own powers of imagery. What does his mind's eye see when he listens, for example, to Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony? Does he recognize the vivid colour and perfect form in the scenes depicted by the composer?

Certain forms can exist without colour, as in some works of Bach, who etches in black and white far more than any other composer. A five-finger exercise is form, but a melody has pattern and colour which make it memorable. Most composers have a preference for certain dominant hues. In my opinion, Beethoven is crimson and gold, Brahms lavender and rich brown, Stravinsky strident orange and peacock tones, Chopin delicate greens and deep blue, Mendelssohn pale pink and forest green. One could go on indefinitely through the rainbow in relation to the various composers and the impressions they create.

What I have just said constitutes only one aspect of musical appreciation which is seldom mentioned in books. There is, however, as wide a range of ideas as there are professional and amateur critics, and the imaginative possibilities are thus limitless. It is well to remember this in reading any book that purports to point the way to an understanding of music. This R.C.A.F. handbook on musical appreciation is a guide to a definite place beyond which the reader can set forth on his own exploration of the world of music.

●

Commended by the C.A.S.

The Chief of the Air Staff has sent personal letters of commendation to Flying Officer W. W. Empringham and Corporal R. C. Hutton.

While on a U.N. Emergency Force flight from Gander to the Azores, a C-119, piloted by Flying Officer Empringham, developed serious trouble in the starboard engine at a point about 200 miles south-east of Torbay, Nfld. Since it was impossible to jettison the cargo (an aircraft engine), Cpl. Hutton, the crewman, requested and received permission to attempt to jettison fuel, despite the fact that there was no known method of doing so in C-119 aircraft.

Cpl. R. C. Hutton.

Cpl. Hutton, however, quickly devised a system by improvising extra fuel lines out of metal tubes used as parachute racks. These he connected to the auxiliary fuel tank lines. Then, switching the auxiliary fuel tank lines to feed from the crossflow valve, he drained 7000 lbs. of fuel out through the paratroop doors.

Flying Officer Empringham was thus enabled to maintain an altitude of 4000 feet on one engine. After flying for two hours, he arrived over Torbay and executed a skilful single-engine let-down in conditions of a 300-foot ceiling, 3½-mile visibility, and gusts of up to 45 miles per hour.

Flying Officer W. W. Empringham.

9-YEAR JOB ENDS

Completion of the Shoran Programme

BY FLIGHT LIEUTENANT H. N. ASTROF,
Staff Officer Public Relations, Air Transport Command.

Group Captain W. H. Schroeder, O.B.E., examining the skin of a bear shot by Corporal Marquis.

A BASIC aerial survey of more than four million miles of Canada's vast territory was recently completed only nine years after it began. The same survey, carried out by ground survey parties alone, would have taken several generations to finish.

Geodesists now have a framework of accurately known positions in relations to which the map of Canada can be drawn. Thousands of aerial photographs taken by the R.C.A.F. since 1921, and thousands more taken by commercial operators, when fitted to the latticework produced by the Shoran survey, will produce a more accurate picture of the country's face than has ever yet been drawn.

Teamed up on the Shoran programme, which employed airborne radar and temporary ground radar stations, were No. 408 (Photographic) Squadron, based at Rockcliffe and commanded by Wing Commander J. G. Showler, A.F.C., and the Geodetic Surveys Branch of the Department of Mines and Technical Surveys.

Shoran operations began in 1948 from a point just south of Winnipeg. The name Shoran is derived from the radar gear used in making the survey — Short Range Aid to Navigation. This equipment was originally developed during the Second World War for blind bombing purposes, and modifications made in it after the war enabled the earth's surface to be measured with extreme accuracy. An error of not more than 25 feet in a hundred miles was the maximum permitted in this year's operations.

Until 1956 the survey, which moved progressively northward, was carried out only during the summer months. In 1956 and 1957, however, the scene of operations was the Arctic, and the work was therefore done in the spring in order to beat the break-up. More than 400,000 square miles north of the 75th parallel were measured this year. During 1956 the survey disclosed the fact that the island on which the Magnetic North Pole is situated was incorrectly located on all existing maps. On future maps and charts, Prince of Wales Island will appear three miles north-west of its present indicated position.

The tight schedule, and the distance between the area of operations and the Rockcliffe base, necessitated the closest planning. Since No. 408 Squadron was required to be self-sufficient in the field, main and sub-bases were selected a year ahead, as well as the sites upon which the temporary radar stations would be located. At the same time, tons of equipment, including aircraft spares, were prepositioned either by sea or airlift.

For the 1957 programme, Thule Air Base in Greenland was selected to be the main base, and Resolute Bay, on Cornwallis Island, the forward. The Shoran survey was carried out by *Lancasters*, and, in order to meet the schedule and anticipate the spring break-up, their crews flew from 12 to 14 hours a day. Ski-equipped *Dakotas* provided the logistic support, transporting supplies and personnel between the bases and Shoran sites, and carrying out airdrops. *North Stars* and *Flying Boxcars* also supported the operation. Numerous hazards had to be met and dealt with — completely unreliable magnetic compasses, extreme cold, arctic fog, and "white-out" (a temporary condition in which the eyes of aircrew, after long exposure to snow, lose all perception of depth and horizons).

Temporary ground radar stations, each consisting of a 30-foot antenna, two tents lined with fibre glass against the cold, a well-stocked larder, and electricity to operate the radar equipment, were set up at various spots in the middle of nowhere; and teams of three men were left to man them. For periods of up to a month, their only contact with the outside world was their radio and the sight of an oc-

An Eskimo and his team arrive to transport equipment to a site near by.

casional aircraft passing overhead.

In-the-field reduction of the survey data was carried out at the main base by a group of experts from the Geodetic Branch. In charge of the party was Mr. Angus Hamilton, who has been field engineer of the project ever since the programme's inception.

As an interesting footnote to this very brief account of a very large subject, we might add that the "father" of the whole Shoran programme was Mr. J. E. R. Ross, the Dominion Geodesist. Mr. Ross, who was due to retire in 1956, was granted an extension of his retirement date in order to enable him to see his great programme through to its completion.

for the PHILOLOGIST

THE R.C.A.F.'s commitments in the Far North would suggest that there exists in the Service a growing body of men who are fluent in the Eskimo languages. Such, however, is not the case. For the benefit of those who may be tempted to point the finger of scorn at the boy in the field for neglecting his educational opportunities, we are printing here a song composed some thirteen years ago by a blind Eskimo patient at Chesterfield Hospital. It is taken from "Eskimo", a magazine published by the Oblate Fathers at Fort Churchill.

Kanangnarmit anoreuyarsluni ikkiinarsluni unnuk manna, ayaiyayaya ...

The north wind is blowing, the night is very cold, ayaiyayaya ...

Mayorautinidlunga tussalerpaklunga sivungagut pisuktunik inugnigli, ayaiyayaya ...

I hear the people passing outside the entrance stairs, ayaiyayaya ...

Itilerangamalu kisiani kolanut iglualuk iterpaklungali, ayaiyayaya ...

When I come in, I go up to the big house main floor, ayaiyayaya ...

Anilerangamalu Wisiani pamut torksomut anilerpaklungali, ayaiyayaya ...

When I go out, all I do is go as far as the entrance-way, ayaiyayaya ...

Angunasuktullu tusutuinareaksak tusunarsarpakkaluarput igluligardjugmi owanili, ayaiyayaya ...

How I wish I could join the hunters, instead of being here, ayaiyayaya ...

Innartiksatuinareaksak kuviangipakkaluarpok, inulli pigarniartillugit owani nayagnili, ayaiyayaya ...

Early to bed is far from fun while others stay up, but here at the Sister's place, ayaiyayaya ...

Isumalerpaklungalu k'anok tautulisareaksamnik owani, ayaiyayaya ...

All too often I wonder how I could ever see again, ayaiyayaya ...

Pisiitorneralu isumalilerpaklugo, pisik'artillugit owani, ayaiyayaya.

There is no song within me, I know, while all around me others sing, ayaiyayaya.

JUNIOR TIGERS

Canadian youngsters, the sons of R.C.A.F. personnel serving with Canada's No. 1 Air Division in Europe, seem to be teaching their American counterparts a few tricks about baseball in the Eastern France American Little League.

The R.C.A.F. Tigers, of Metz, are at the moment undisputed league leaders in their first season, with a record of seven wins and no losses. They waltzed through the opposition with such facility that the American *Weekend,* a newspaper for U.S. Servicemen in Europe, reports them as "running away with the season schedule".

American boys, all sons of U.S. Servicemen in France, make up the Tigers' opposition. In their home opener, played near the R.C.A.F.'s Air Division Headquarters at Metz while a French Military band and several hundred spectators looked on, they crushed the U.S.A.F.'s Red Sox with a score of 32-0.

In the accompanying photograph they are receiving a pep-talk from team-manager Leading Aircraftman R. Lamoureux.

The Whirlybirds

They may not be housewives, but they showed the married women a thing or two about softball. Members of the Richmond Housewives' Softball League in Vancouver, the R.C.A.F. Whirlybirds team from Station Vancouver topped the league play-off recently by winning 14 out of 16 games Shown here with their trophy are (back row, left to right): Leading Airwoman L. Hilton, Miss Virginia Twerdochlik (a member of the R.C.A.F. Reserve), L.A.W.s H. O. Searle, P. J. Sanderson, (front row) Corporals L. Farr, N. P. Cartwright, and L.A.W. I. R. Orr.

What's the Score?

(The Air Historian strode into the editorial office with a springiness that had been absent from his gait ever since the appearance of the July-August issue of this magazine. Squadron Leader Waterman's third article on the intercontinental ballistic missile had naturally affected him a little more deeply than most of us. Being a very active officer, he had been put out by the reflection that, should all this nuclear exuberance indeed write 'finis' to man's history, historian of all types might find time lying rather heavy on their hands. We looked up at him suspiciously, knowing from experience that such heartiness usually betokened his discovery of some hideous error in our proof-reading. But no; all was well. He had merely read in the morning paper of the premature explosion of the latest transoceanic equalizer, and, like the scholar that he is, he had decided to use some of his borrowed time in flummoxing our readers. The correct answers to his questions are given on page 32.—Editor.)

1. The *Anson,* widely used in B.C. A.T.P. schools in Canada during the war years, derives its name from:

   (a) The inventor of a type of cab or carriage.
   (b) A famous British admiral who sailed around the world in 1740-1744 and defeated the French off Cape Finisterre in 1747.
   (c) An abbreviation of the maker's name, Armstrong and Son.
   (d) The colleague of Stringfellow who designed an "aerial steam carriage" in 1842.

2. The *Argus,* the new four-engined maritime patrol aircraft being produced by Canadair, takes its name from:

   (a) The Latin word for a cargo-ship, derived from Noah's famous vessel.
   (b) The ship on which Jason and his band of heroes sailed in search of the Golden Fleece.
   (c) A figure of Greek mythology noted for multiple vision.
   (d) A constellation near Taurus and Pisces.

3. C-119, the designation of the heavy transport aircraft often referred to as the *Flying Boxcar,* actually is:

   (a) The code indication of its cargo capacity — 119 men.
   (b) The number assigned as the 119th Canadian-type design.
   (c) The Canadian contract order-number.
   (d) The U.S.A.F. type designation.

4. The *Canso,* the veteran twin-engined amphibian, bears the name of the strait which:

   (a) Separates Newfoundland from Cape Breton Island.
   (b) Lies between Baffin Land and Ungava.
   (c) Divides Cape Breton Island from the mainland of Nova Scotia.
   (d) Runs between the coast of British Columbia and the Queen Charlotte Islands.

5. *Canuck,* the seldom-used name of the twin-jet all-weather fighter, is:

   (a) A slang word of uncertain origin.
   (b) An old Anglo-Saxon word meaning "descendant of Canute".
   (c) A word of Iroquois origin signifying "one who dwells in Canada".
   (d) A word of combined Indian, French, and English derivation, which means "gentle wind that causes big thaw".

6. *Chipmunk,* the name given to a light single-engined trainer, originated from:

   (a) The mating-call of the little animal.
   (b) The medieval English for "one who munches chips".
   (c) The Indian word for the rodent.
   (d) An early zoologist in the New World, Hezekiah Chipson, who erroneously classified the animal as a type of monkey.

7. The *Dakota* twin-engined transport takes its name from:

   (a) An Indian tribe, warlike and of fine physique, belonging to the Sioux family.
   (b) An Italian navigator noted for long voyages of exploration.
   (c) A tribe of robbers who used to operate in gangs in India.
   (d) A type of wagon used for heavy transport across the prairies.

8. The name *Expeditor,* given to a twin-engined communication training aircraft, means, by literal derivation:

   (a) One who delivers the *coup de grâce.*
   (b) One who supervises disbursements.
   (c) One who formerly travelled on foot.
   (d) One who frees the foot.

9. The *Harvard,* the single-engined trainer used by the R.C.A.F. since 1939, bears the name of an American university which:

   (a) Annually plays a traditional hockey game with Canada's R.M.C.
   (b) Is situated in a town bearing the name of an English university.
   (c) Was the first to introduce co-education in the U.S.A.
   (d) Was the alma mater of W. L. M. King, Canada's war-time prime minister.

10. *Helicopter,* several types of which are used by the R.C.A.F., is a word of Greek derivation which means:

    (a) Ascended from Helicon.
    (b) Rising toward the sun.
    (c) Spiral choice (i.e. forward or upward).
    (d) Spiral (or screw) wing.

11. The *Hudson,* of war-time anti-shipping and anti-submarine fame, bears the name of:

    (a) The founder of the H. B. Company.
    (b) An Anglo-Dutch navigator of the early 17th century.
    (c) An eminent English experimenter in aerodynamics.
    (d) An explorer who, sailing up the river into the bay and thence eastward through the strait (all three of which were named after him), completed a round-trip voyage to Britain.

12. The *Hurricane* single-seater fighter had a top speed of about 340 m.p.h. Its meteorological patronymic:

    (a) Has been clocked at speeds equally high.
    (b) Differs from a cyclone in that it rotates clockwise while a cyclone rotates counter-clockwise.
    (c) Is a large-size cyclone with winds up to 100 m.p.h.
    (d) Is a tropical cyclone peculiar to the Philippines and China Sea area.

13. The *Lancaster,* the mighty "pulverizer" of the Second World War now used by the R.C.A.F. in photographic and maritime rôles, bears the name of a one-time royal house of England which:

    (a) Was founded by Henry VIII.
    (b) Traces its descent from the great actor-king, Egbert.
    (c) Was identified by a white rose in the Wars of the Roses.
    (d) Was identified by a red rose in the Wars of the Roses.

14. The *Mitchell* twin-engined bomber, named for the great American exponent of air power, first won fame by:

    (a) Making the first bombing attack on Tokyo.
    (b) Sinking an "unsinkable" German battleship.
    (c) Making the first daylight attack on Berlin.
    (d) Completing the first non-stop flight from California to the Hawaiian Islands.

15. *Neptune,* whose name is carried by our twin-engined maritime patrol aircraft, was:

    (a) The Greek god of the underworld.
    (b) The Roman god of the sea.
    (c) Formerly regarded as the closest planet in our solar system.
    (d) A Carthaginian sailor who first circumnavigated Africa.

16. The *North Star,* which gives its name to Canadair's four-engined transport, is:

    (a) Polaris in the constellation Ursa Minor.
    (b) Commonly known to air navigators as "Beetlejuice".
    (c) The star at the extreme end of the handle of the Big Dipper.
    (d) Located directly above the exact position of the North Magnetic Pole.

17. The *Sabre* single-seater jet fighter is named after a sword which:

    (a) Was the typical arm of the cavalry.
    (b) Has a long thin blade used for thrusting.
    (c) Has a double-edged blade and a basket hilt.
    (d) Has a short, heavy, curved blade and was wielded usually by marines.

18. The *Silver Star* two-seater jet trainer owes its name to:

    (a) A particularly bright heavenly body found in the constellation Orion.
    (b) A comet which appears only in the northern hemisphere every 77 years.
    (c) A planet which is found in the sky in the opposite quarter from Mars, the red star.
    (d) A combination of Shooting Star (the name of the F-80) and Silver Dart (the first aircraft to fly in Canada).

19. *Vampire,* the name of the R.C.A.F.'s first jet fighter (now withdrawn from service) is:

    (a) A non-carnivorous type of bat.
    (b) A blood-sucking ghost.
    (c) A maiden who, in Norse mythology, hovers over the battlefield selecting those to be slain.
    (d) One of an early race of Slavic gods who was lord of the weather and war.

20. *Vedette,* the first Canadian-designed and -built flying boat produced by Vickers, which did yeoman service in the R.C.A.F. from 1925 to 1936, means:

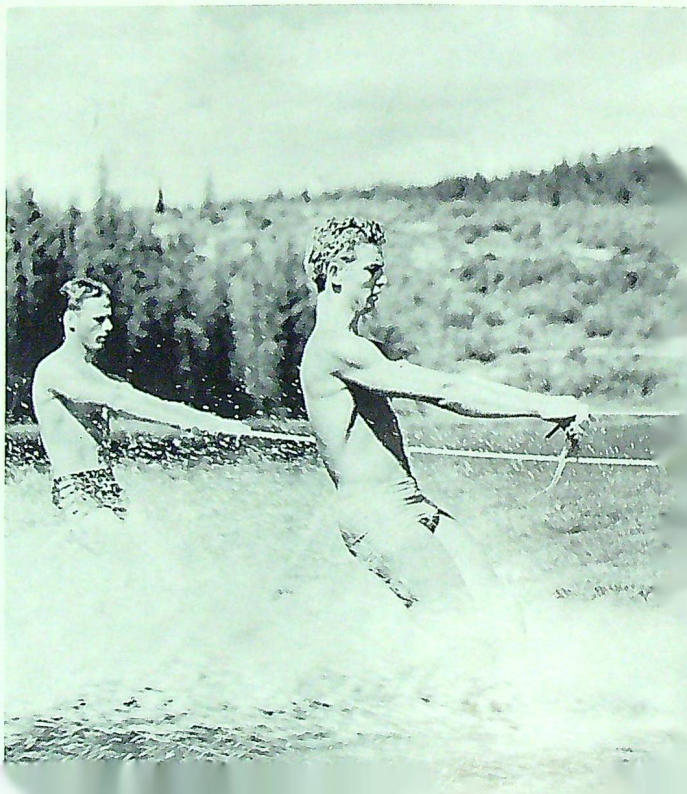
    (a) A blood feud.
    (b) "Look!" (Latin).
    (c) A mounted sentinel stationed ahead of the outposts.
    (d) A condensed version of the ancient Hindu scriptures.

CARNIVAL at PARENT

These candidates for the title of Carnival Queen are (left to right): Airwoman Jessie Dobrovolny, Leading Airwoman Janice Ward, A. W. Lois Exley, Corporal Grace Axelson.

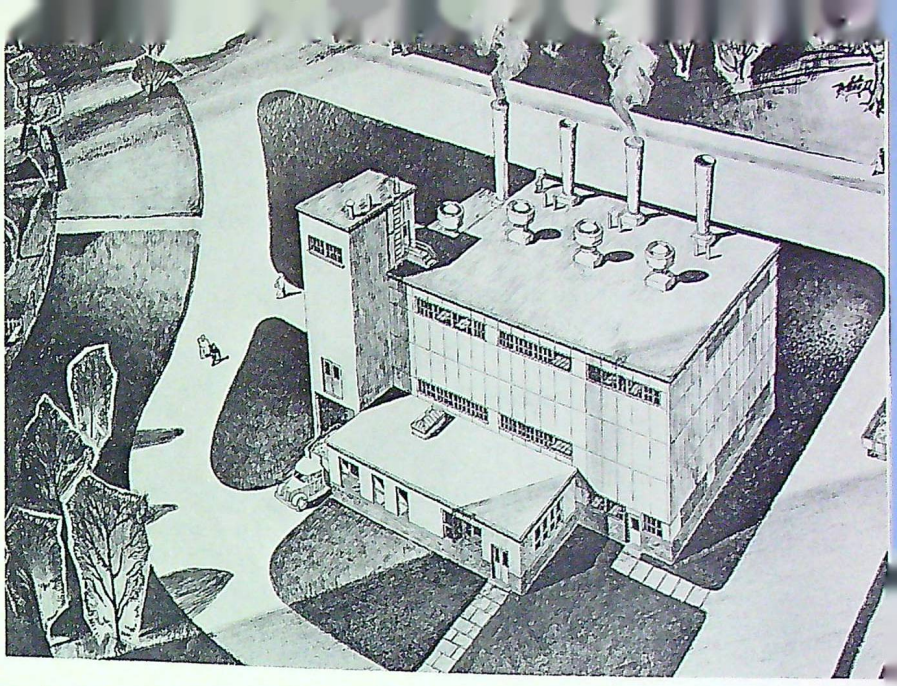
ALTHOUGH these photographs, taken at R.C.A.F. Station Parent's summer carnival, failed to reach us in time for the July-August — or even the September — issue, they may serve to bring a message of hope during the chilly days of later October. "If winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

Air Commodore E. M. Reyno, A.F.C., helps Janice Ward to cut the ribbon and officially open the carnival.



L.A.C.s Woodruff and Barrett on single skis.

One Man's Boiler-House



WHILE wandering in search of someone or other in the Construction Engineering Branch, we happened upon two or three rather delightful pencil-sketches which were lying around in one of the offices. They were drawn, in the course of his regular duties as an architectural draughtsman, by Warrant Officer C. S. Roy. Seen here through his eyes is the boiler-house at R.C.A.F. Station Rockcliffe.

In private life W.O.1 Roy is an artist whose painting, both conventional and experimental, reveals a controlled skill and imagination that is most refreshing in these days when glib abstractions too often serve as a cloak for impatience or incompetence. Though black-and-white photographs cannot do justice to oils or water-colours, we hope to reproduce some of his more serious work in the not too distant future.

Iroquois Test-Bed

A U.S.A.F. B-47 *Stratojet* on loan to the R.C.A.F. is being utilized as a flying test-bed for the *Iroquois* engine. The *Iroquois,* which will power the Avro *Arrow,* was installed in a large pod and attached to the rear of the B-47's fuselage because it demanded the least amount of structural change to the aircraft, avoided possible structural damage from noise, and provided easy access for ground maintenance. Some idea of the size of the engine may be obtained from the smaller photograph.

TWO REVIEWS

"NIGHT FIGHTER"

Reviewed by

SQUADRON LEADER L. P. S. BING, D.F.C.

(Sqn. Ldr. Bing, though a newcomer to the pages of "The Roundel", is anything but new to the field of activity with which his review is concerned. In the spring of 1941 he was sent to the newly formed No. 406 (Night Fighter) Squadron of the R.C.A.F. and there served as a Radio Observer. He was flying in that capacity with the celebrated "Moose" Fumerton when they scored the R.C.A.F.'s first night-fighter victory. Transferred to No. 89 Squadron, R.A.F., he fought in Egypt and Malta until the end of 1942, when he returned to Canada and took a pilot's course. He was one of the flight commanders of Canada's first CF-100 squadrons, and he is now stationed at Comox as Chief Operations Services Officer.— Editor.)

In this book* a man who is truly familiar with his subject has collaborated with an equally experienced associate to write a fascinating account of his experiences in two of the best-known night-fighter squadrons in the R.A.F. during the Second World War. Jimmy Rawnsley was with night fighters from their inception. With his pilot, John Cunningham, he made up the most successful night-fighter team in the R.A.F. Never one to sit back and let others develop the art of night fighting, he developed many of the techniques himself. He began the war as an airman air-gunner in an auxiliary squadron and ended it as a squadron leader with the D.S.O., D.F.C., D.F.M. and Bar.

The book begins with Rawnsley's early days in No. 604 Squadron of the Auxiliary Air Force and takes us through his experiences with this squadron, as night fighting developed, to his days with No. 85 Squadron when night fighting had become a very exacting art. The development of that art is followed from the time when the aircraft used for it were converted light bombers equipped with fixed forward-firing guns and an air-gunner in an upper turret, to the days of the sleek and speedy cannon-firing *Mosquito* with its complex radar gear and a specially trained observer to operate it.

* * *

The early days of the night fighters were pretty rugged. There were few, if any, radio aids to get the fighters home in the generally bad weather, and the blind-flying instruments and techniques left much to be desired. These factors, plus frequent encounters with heavy icing in the clouds, all worked against the crews in their continual conflict with the law of gravity.

In those early days the night fighters were *Blenheims,* and the crew consisted of a pilot and air-gunner. They were steered around after the enemy bombers by radioed instructions from the ground radar stations, and their aim was to get close enough to see the enemy against the clouds or to catch him illuminated in the searchlights. Soon, however, a mysterious newcomer appeared on the scene, flying with them in the aircraft and peering into a mysterious black box. This member of the crew (he was not, of course, regarded as such by the old hands) was without rank, an outsider, referred to only as "Hey you". Nevertheless, it soon came to be realized that this black box might hold the answer to the problem of getting at the enemy by night.

Before long, air interception radar had become a part of the night fighter's life. The final blow fell when word came through that there would be no more air gunners on the night-fighter squadrons. The gunners had to become radar operators or transfer to another part of the Air Force—a procedure which was at first unthinkable to Jimmy Rawnsley and his friends.

Shortly after this the night-fighter squadrons were equipped with the famous *Beaufighter*. The radar was a little more reliable, although still subject to many failures and always limited in range by the height above ground. But now they had an aircraft designed expressly for their job, heavily armed, and fast enough to cope with their targets, and — wonder of wonders — the cockpits were reasonably well heated! The team of Cunningham and Rawnsley now began to pay off, and their victories began to mount. The book contains many of the personal experiences and descriptions of the two men's chases through the night skies of Britain, so many of which ended in victory for them.

After a rest-tour as staff officers, Cunningham and Rawnsley returned to No. 85 Squadron, more modern radar, and, finally, more modern aircraft. The battle with the *Luftwaffe* became increasingly complex as the Germans learned more and more of our night-fighting secrets. They sent over faster and more manoeuvrable aircraft, manned by more wily crews, and equipped eventually with rear-

* "Night Fighter", by C. F. Rawnsley and Robert Wright. Published by Collins, 10 Dyas Rd., Don Mills, Ont. 382 pages; illustrated. Price: $4.00.

warning radar. To combat all this, the R.A.F. radar became increasingly complicated and the techniques more exacting. The night fighters went into the intruder business and also found themselves engaged, on numerous occasions, in chasing "buzz-bombs".

Eventually, the outstanding team of Cunningham and Rawnsley was "stood down" from operations and once more employed on staff duties.

* * *

From the time that Rawnsley first looked at a radarscope he appears to have become obsessed with the desire to perfect his ability to produce results for the pilot he flew with, the incomparable Cunningham of whom he thought so highly. It is apparent from the honours that were bestowed upon him during the war that his skill as a radio observer was unique, but all through the book he speaks of his apprehensions that his ability might fall short of the standards he had set for it. One questions, considering his amazing success, if his self-criticism was justifed, but such doubts usually seem to haunt all perfectonists.

The book is well written and easy to read, and much of the "mystery" of the night-fighting business is explained here to the layman for the first time. It is particularly recommended to to-day's all-weather aircrews. It is somehow salutary to bear in mind that their exacting profession has grown so rapidly from its shaky beginnings with the black box and that peculiar chap known as "Hey you" peering into it.

PIECE OF CAKE

Reviewed by

SQUADRON LEADER
C. L. HEIDE, D.F.C.

In a short foreword to this book* Air Marshal Arthur Harris pays tribute to the "ordinary average run-of-the-mill aircrew" who contributed so much towards the success of Bomber Command during the last war. Geoff Taylor frankly admits that he was one of these "average" pilots. As such, his memoirs of the war, which for him was largely spent in a German prison camp, have produced just an average book.

The crew of Geoff Taylor's *Lancaster* were representative of the Commonwealth. Taylor was an Australian, as was also Mac, the tail gunner; Jock, the navigator, was a Scot; the bomb-aimer, Smithy, a Canadian; and Joe, Don, and Bill (the wireless operator, engineer, and mid-upper gunner) were English. As they return to their station from leave to prepare for a night raid against Hanover, the author faithfully records the small-talk and actions of this typical Bomber Command crew.

As the *Lancaster* becomes airborne, the author's words also take wings. It is unfortunate that only this opening chapter is devoted to flying, for it is at once apparent that Taylor has a sincere love of the air and is able to capture the spirit and feeling of a night raid in excellent descriptive prose. The tension builds up admirably until the *Lancaster* is riddled by the guns of a German night-fighter over Hanover and the crew are forced to bail out.

Alone on the ground, the pilot hides for two days until, foolishly leaving his concealment and walking out in plain sight, he is easily captured by German workers. Taken to a German barracks in Hamelin, and later to a transit camp outside Frankfurt for interrogation, he finds all but one of his crew also prisoners. A three-day trip by train brings them to Stalag IV late in October 1943. Here Geoff. Taylor is to remain until liberated by advancing Russian troops in the spring of 1945.

The most salient factor of life in a P.O.W. camp is boredom. So many stories have been written by and about ex-P.O.W.s that, eleven years later, they can now only be interesting if the person concerned has made an unusual escape, or if he has made himself such a thorn in the flesh to the Germans that the reader can enjoy their discomfiture. The author did neither. During the first fifteen months of his captivity he appears to have had no connection with or interest in the escape organization in the camp. The casual remark that "escapers vanish and reappear" shows his disinterest. While he accurately describes life in Stalag IV, the boredom transfers itself to the pages.

Finally, in February 1945, with the Russian troops only about 100 miles away, Geoff Taylor, in company with Smithy, escapes from a working-party outside the camp. Their intention is to steal a Ju. 88 from the neighbouring German airfield of Lonnewitz and fly into Russian-held territory. Disguised as French workers, they have no trouble getting on to the airfield, but their attempt to steal an aircraft meets with no success. After spending a day and a night on the field they abandon the plan and join a returning working-party to march back into Stalag IV.

Within a very short time Russian advance troops appear and take over the administration of the camp. There is complete disorganization, and Taylor joins his fellow ex-prisoners in roaming the countryside in search of food. Finally, deciding to wait no longer for the Russians to act, a large group takes to the refugee-packed roads to walk to Leipzig. From here the Americans take Taylor by air to Brussels,

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* "Piece of Cake", by Geoff Taylor. Peter Davies Ltd., London, 1956. Distributed in Canada by the British Book Service Ltd., 1068 Broadview Ave., Toronto 6, Ont. Pp. 273. $3.25.

whence the R.A.F. repatriates him to England.

Geoff Taylor has succeeded in accurately describing the adventures of an average pilot and an average P.O.W. Unfortunately, even in war, the life of an average man is not very interesting.

●

The Suggestion Box

The Chief of the Air Staff has written letters of thanks to the undermentioned airmen for original suggestions which have been officially adopted the the R.C.A.F.

Corporal J. E. Luesby, of Station Cold Lake, suggested modifications to the N6 camera-mount which will permit use of the N9 camera as a radarscope-recorder in the cockpit of CF-100 aircraft. (Cash award.)

L.A.C. A. K. Mann, of Station Sea Island, designed an improved rear trunnion mount puller for *Sabre V* aircraft. Its use makes for greater safety as well as economy of man-hours. (Cash award.)

Sergeant J. A. P. Prefontaine, of Station St. Hubert, executed eight posters which are to be used as a means of emphasizing Supply regulations. (Cash award.)

Leading Aircraftman E. P. Champagne, of Station Moose Jaw, devised a tool that greatly facilitates the insertion of bushings into the riser end of parachute harnesses.

Flight Sergeant R. M. Doucette, of Station Greenwood, proposed an alternative system for inhibiting the induction system of R3350 Pratt & Whitney engines. (Cash award.)

Clear the Desks for Action:

BY SQUADRON LEADER L. J. NEVIN

(A year ago Sqn. Ldr. Nevin dropped us a few hints on the art of giving dictation. He now casts a jaundiced eye on those of us whose desk-tops seldom see the light of day.—Editor.)

IF I were asked to choose a symbol of our modern business world, I would suggest an office desk. The Executive's Desk is the ultimate creation of the designer/manufacturer. Like an altar in a cathedral, it dominates the office; behind it, like the high priest of some ancient cult, the Executive, clothed with authority, presides.

Many of us aspire to become executives, and some of us may even achieve that goal; but the budding Service executive could be well advised to model himself on — at least — the outward show of the Ideal. The briefest of glances will show that many of our office desks in the Service do not fit into the above picture. Too often the incumbent sits or crouches behind a veritable Maginot Line of files, documents, publications, coffee-cups, and full ash-trays.

The purpose of the following remarks is to put forward a few simple thoughts on the subject of neatness as an aid to doing one's work in a manner that will enable one, not merely to get by, but even to accomplish something. There are, of course, several time-honoured methods — not always unsuccessful — of *appearing* to accomplish something. We have all met the individual who rushes along corridors with a dedicated, fixed, do-or-die look in his eye, a bit of correspondence in his hand, and nothing more important in his mind than a hope that he may (literally) bump into his boss. We all know, too, the guy who always takes home a full brief-case . . . "swamped with work, y'know". In seven cases out of ten he's only taking it for a walk, returning his lunch-container to his wife, or tacitly advertising the fact that he hasn't been working to good effect during the day.

It is a British Army expression that a soldier is happy as long as he can "bitch". The soldier may and does complain about pay, discipline, monotony, etc.; but the Staff office-worker, if asked how things are going, usually assumes a desperate and woebegone expression, gestures towards his desk, and wails "Snowed under!" Although only its legs are visible, it may be assumed that the article of furniture *is* a desk, but all that the solicitous enquirer sees is a heterogeneous pile of files, magazines. "In", "Out", and "Pending" baskets, and the usual tools of his trade or profession. To a casual observer, therefore, his complaint rings true. He — or at least his desk — is snowed under by a collection of paper which threatens to, and sometimes does, put Central Registry out of business.

Suppose we start at the beginning and endeavour to define a desk and its function. We could liken the desk to a trademan's bench or a surgeon's operating-table. The competent tradesman keeps his bench tidy, his tools sharp, orderly, and within reach. If he didn't, he couldn't function. The owner of the cluttered desk, on the other hand, will unashamedly claim that he is "working" on the files that carpet the surface of a desk which has not seen the light for years.

Regardless of how carefully a man may build a layer, or successive layers, of papers and files on top of an average office desk, it is almost impossible to improve, for writing purposes, on its actual surface. And even apart from that consideration, it is a physical impossibility for anyone, no matter how diligent or enthusiastic he may be, to operate simultaneously on a litter of files that are often unrelated and extraneous to the particular file on which he is, or should be, working at the moment.

If he finds it necessary to have an inordinate collection of correspondence, publications, and other literature within easy reach, I would suggest that he obtain tables, filing-cabinets, bookcases, and shelves, and even pile the overflow in an orderly fashion on the floor. If it still overflows, he should consider enlarging the office. There is, indeed, only one contention that might possibly be made in favour of the piled-high desk: that it is a permissible excentricity, a symbol of freedom, and that (like the absent-minded professor's lack of trousers) it indicates personality. In an armed service, however, it is not hard to imagine situations where such a type of personality might give considerable comfort to an enemy.

Personally, I can put forward a multitude of reasons in favour of a neat and tidy desk, but I feel that I would be insulting any normal intelligence were I to list such arguments. The word "argument" is used advisedly, for the proponents of using the desk as a hold-all will fight to the last file to justify their system, or lack of it.

There are five main species of the genus Desk-Clutterer:

The Self-Sufficient Type. He can do without Central Registry. All the information he requires is within reach, almost at his finger tips — if he could only get his hands on it.

The Apologetic Type. He intends to clean it up some day, but he knows from past experience that it takes time to acquire such a collection and he hopes that his long-awaited transfer will solve the problem for him.

The Self-Defence Type. To a close friend he may confide that his desk

is piled high, wide, and handsome for two reasons: first, if he kept his desk bare, his boss might imagine he was not producing; and second, a bare desk is an invitation to others to dump or pass correspondence or files.

The Individualist. In the recesses of his mind he has a picture of an alchemist surrounded by the paraphernalia of his profession, of an artist in his cluttered attic, or of the author literally surrounded by books and working knee-deep in MSS.

The Couldn't-Care-Less Type. We will leave him to the tender mercy of an R211.

Then there are those who hold that dealing with correspondence too quickly has often resulted in mistakes. By going to the other extreme, they find (to their satisfaction) that, if they hang on to correspondence until the "flap" has subsided, any further action becomes unnecessary or innocuous. Another time-honoured method of keeping one's desk clear is to pass the file to someone (anyone will do), accompanying it with a cryptic minute, the more cryptic the better. The ideal procedure, of course, is to minute it to some type who will lose it, hide it, or start it on an Odyssey among others who will wear it out.

A crafty stratagem which this writer has often seen employed is to minute it "As discussed". Someone connected with the project is then 'phoned — preferably at closing-time — and the matter is discussed in a nebulous manner, the final remark being: "I'm passing the file to you". After that, all that is necessary is to ensure that the file does not reach the minutee until the "discussion" is only a vague memory.

There is, of course, yet another method of disposing of files: take action on them!

FRONTIER MEMORIAL

A PLAQUE, to serve as a reminder of the goodwill existing between the people of Canada and the United States, was unveiled recently on the indistinctly marked border between Alaska and the Yukon. The band of R.C.A.F. Station Whitehorse took part in the ceremony.

The plaque, which is at mile 1221 on the Alaska highway, was presented by Mr. M. B. Dennis, the Governor of the Pacific Northwest Kiwanis District, and accepted for Canada by Mr. F. H. Collins, the Commissioner of the Yukon, and for the United States by Mr. W. E. Hendrickson, the Secretary of Alaska. Also in attendance were Brigadier H. L. Meuser, Wing Commander T. T. Scoville, members of the Whitehorse Kiwanis Club, and some 200 Canadian and American citizens.

R.C.A.F. Association

(This section is contributed by the Royal Canadian Air Force Association.)

THE NEW C.A.S.

THE members of the Association welcome Air Marshal H. L. Campbell, C.B.E., as the new Chief of the Air Staff. We look forward with confidence to continued mutual cooperation in the years which lie ahead.

The sincere good wishes of all members of the Association are extended to Air Marshal C. R. Slemon, C.B., C.B.E., who has gone to take up his new post as Deputy Commander-in-Chief, North American Air Defence Command.

NATIONAL PRESIDENT IN NEWFOUNDLAND

Air Vice-Marshal F. G. Wait, C.B.E., was the guest speaker at a hundred-dollar-a-plate dinner sponsored by No. 150 (North Atlantic) Wing. Approximately 100 attended and many prizes were given away, the main prize being an automobile. The National President, in addressing the Wing, congratulated its members for the splendid affair which they were sponsoring. He was accompanied on his visit by Air Commodore M. Costello, C.B.E., Air Officer Commanding Maritime Air Command.

BADGE FOR No. 162 SQUADRON

A motion was passed at the Seventh Annual Convention of the R.C.A.F. Association, held last June in Saint John, N.B., to the effect that a badge be designed for No. 162 Squadron. In order to have a badge approved by the College of Heralds, it is necessary that a formal submission be made, accompanied by a proper design appropriate to No. 162 Squadron.

All members who served in No. 162 Squadron are asked to help in deciding upon a suitable badge to be submitted for approval. Required are:

- A suitable Latin motto.
- A description of some historical event that could be brought out in the design of the badge.
- Any item of outstanding interest that pertains to the history of No. 162 Squadron.
- Financial assistance. (Approximate amount needed: $100.00.)

Please direct all replies to: Mr. Leonard N. Baldock, Vice-President, R.C.A.F. Association, 665 Bartlett Drive, Windsor, Ontario.

No. 251 (Madawaska) Wing executive. Front row (left to right): G. Lapointe, Roberta Richards, Alyre Daigle, J. H. Bourgoin, L. Albert. Back row (left to right) G. T. Matheson, W. K. Scott, R. Melling, G. Bellefleur, R. McCabe, R. Morin.

DRESS AND INSIGNIA

The approved official dress for Association members is as follows:

Men. Wedge cap, grey trousers, blue blazer with crest, white shirt, tartan tie and black shoes.

Women. Wedge cap, grey skirt, blue blazer with crest, white blouse, tartan tie, and black shoes.

It is recommended that Association personnel wear this distinctive apparel when attending parades, ceremonies, or other such functions. The underlisted items of it are available from National Headquarters:

Tartan ties, tartan bow ties, blazer buttons (large and small), blazer badges (cloth or gold wire), wedge caps complete with badge and numerals, lapel badges (past-president, women, men and ladies' auxiliary). Any member is entitled to purchase this equipment, and prices are available on request.

VISIT TO PRAIRIE WINGS BY NATIONAL SECRETARY

"On invitation from the Prairie Wings," writes Mr. J. C. Gray, "I was priviledged to visit the Mid-West early in September. In Saskatoon, at a get-together held under the joint sponsoring of the Saskatchewan Group and No. 602 Wing, I

In Saskatchewan. Left to right: L. C. Hoskins, Elizabeth Raeside, S. T. Malach, J. C. Gray, Marion Graham, E. Campbell, A. J. T. Boyd.

met representatives from the Saskatchewan Wings. The Group's plans for the coming year were unfolded. They are very ambitious, and we can look for at least one new Wing and possibly the sponsorship of a new Air Cadet Squadron.

"At Medicine Hat, a meeting of the Alberta Wings was arranged. It took the form of a corn-roast and barbecue, and the whole affair exuded keenness and confidence for the coming year.

"At Brandon, my meeting with the Executive of the Brandon Wing convinced me that, despite its reverses of the past year, we can count on Brandon again becoming one of our foremost Wings.

"In Winnipeg, at a joint meeting of the Manitoba Group and No. 500 Wing, enterprising plans for the coming year were discussed. At the present time No. 500 is co-sponsoring a band-concert in the new Winnipeg arena, the proceeds of which are to go to the Fargo Relief Fund. This effort is obtaining much favourable publicity for the Association.

"My next and last stop was at the Lakehead. Here the Executive and a number of members of No. 501 Wing arranged a dinner-meeting, after which we retired to the clubrooms. The Lakehead Wing has made ambitious plans for the coming year.

"I returned home with the conviction that our Wings on the Prairie are soundly organized, keen, and active. Every Wing had made plans for an all-out membership drive. The fact that the 1958 convention is being held in the West seems to have given them all added stimulus.

"To all my prairie friends, both old and new, I would like to say thank you for a wonderful time."

NO. 251 WING

Squadron Leader R. H. Morris, Commanding Officer of No. 7 R.C.A.F. Ground Observer Corps Unit at Halifax, was made a Knight of the Republic of Madawaska at a meeting of No. 251 Wing, Edmundston, N.B. The ceremony was performed by Alderman F. D. Tweedie, Q.C., acting on behalf of the president of the Republic, Edmundston's Mayor Harry E. Marmen. Sqn. Ldr. Morris was accompanied by Flight Lieutenant R. C. Hussey, Commanding Officer of No. 71 Detachment of the Ground Observer Corps at Moncton. The guests were welcomed by Alyre Daigle, president of the Wing.

RECEIPT OF "THE ROUNDEL"

Recently we have received numerous complaints from members that they are not receiving their copies of "The Roundel". This we regret, but the only way the situation can be corrected is for members concerned to notify us of their correct addresses. Write to:

National Secretary, R.C.A.F.A.,
442 Metcalfe St.,
Ottawa, Ontario

No. 400 (Guelph) Wing executive. Left to right: T. Brown, W. T. Tooey, E. A. Jones, H. D. Sansom, G. T. Hindley.

At No. 500 (Winnipeg) Wing's annual banquet. Left to right: Wing Commander J. L. Berven, A.F.C., of No. 14 Training Group; Mrs. Berven; D. Stevenson, Wing pres.; Mrs. Stevenson; Group Captain G. F. Jacobsen, D.F.C., C.O. of Station Winnipeg; Mrs. Jacobsen; E. Carlyle, Group president, R.C.A.F.A.; Mrs. Carlyle.

Royal Canadian Air Cadets

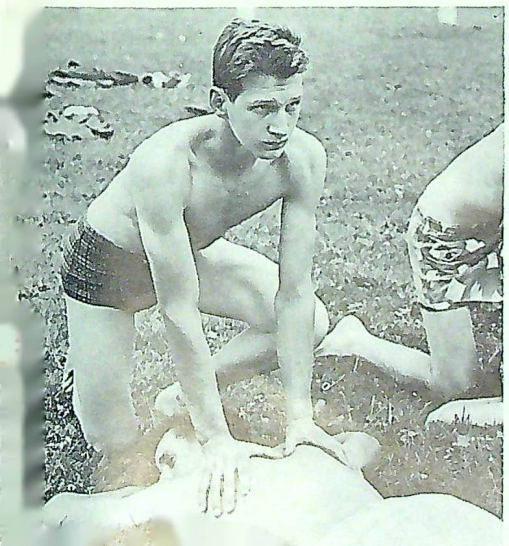
(This section is contributed by the Air Cadet League of Canada.)

Cadets R. Mathias (left) and W. Woodruff, of the U.S. Civil Air Patrol, study the anatomy of Air Cadet A. McKenzie's bagpipes after a church parade in Leamington, Ont.

SUMMER 1957

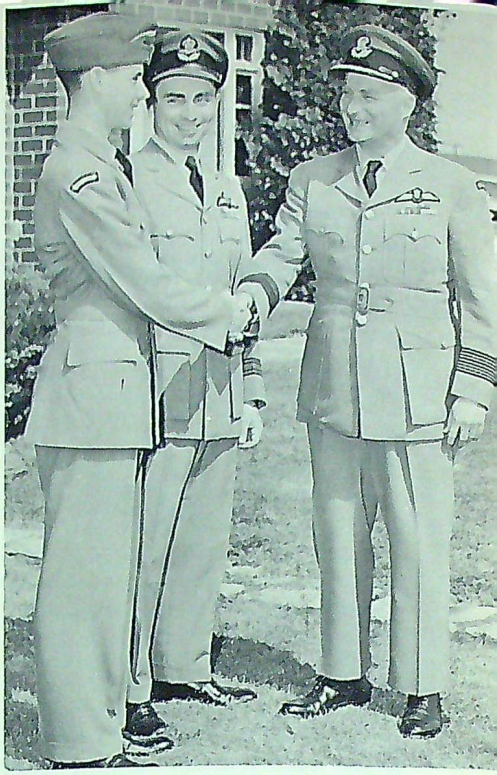
THIS past summer, almost 6,000 Air Cadets from coast to coast participated in a highly successful programme of special activities and advanced training courses. Pictorial highlights of the various projects will be found on these two pages.

Water safety was an important part of the programme for the 5500 cadets who attended the three summer camps at Sea Island, B.C., Clinton, Ont., and Greenwood, N.S. Cadet Sergeant Stuart Woodley, of No. 592 (Canadair) Squadron is shown practising artificial respiration on Flight Sergeant Claude Teasdale of No. 621 (Canadair) Squadron, at Clinton.



Visiting overseas cadets in Algonquin Park. Denmark, the U.K., the Netherlands, Sweden, and Norway are represented here.

Fifty-nine Air Cadets flew to the U.S. and Europe this summer as part of the League's international exchange visits scheme. Some of them are shown here, along with League Vice-President J. B. Smith, admiring one of the Horse Guards in Whitehall.



Group Captain F. R. West, C.O., of R.C.A.F. Station Camp Borden, and Squadron Leader Hines, C.O. of the Senior Summer Camp, greet the first arrival, Cadet McConnell of No. 342 (Bedford) Squadron, N.S.

Rain did not dampen the traditional spirit of friendly rivalry at the International Drill Competition. At the Canadian National Exhibition, in Toronto, the Canadian team's captain, Warrant Officer 1st Class J. Gleason, congratulates the winning U.S. team-captain, David Kilani, of Hawaii. Facing camera is Major General W. R. Agee, National Commander of the Civil Air Patrol. The Beau Trophy has been won by the U.S. three times, the U.K. once, and Canada six times.

A total of 326 cadets received pilot training this summer at approved flying schools and clubs across the country. Two hundred and fifty of these high-school-age lads trained under R.C.A.F. scholarships while the remaining 76 received special League scholarships. Successful graduates earned private pilots' licenses in addition to the Air Cadet flying badge. Shown here explaining the instrument panel of a Cessna *to cadet Dick Cawley is Phil Rogers, a flying instructor at the Montreal Flying Club.*

(Canada Wide photo.)

TU-104A IN CANADA

We are indebted to Leading Aircraftman J. E. Jones for the photograph and luggage label reproduced here. The former shows the first Russian aircraft to land in Canada since the end of the Second World War, a TU-104A which landed at R.C.A.F. Station Goose Bay on 4 September 1957 while carrying Soviet delegates to a U.N. Assembly meeting.

The TU-104A is a commercial airliner now in regular service with Aeroflot, the government-sponsored airline.

COMMUNISM

WHY do we consider the Communist menace so dangerous?

Basically, the peril lies in the fact that Communism aims at the extension of itself throughout the four corners of the earth. To the true Marxist, indeed, such a denouement is inevitable. But even this statement begs the real question: why should we in the West view the extension of Communism with such abhorrence? After all, we are all now approaching a socialistic organization of society, whatever we may label the experiment.

Our real fear and hostility derive from two fundamental differences between our own attitude to social life and that of the Marxist. Firstly, we cannot accept that any political doctrine has the validity of a revealed truth; we insist on treating politics empirically. Secondly, we reject outright the totalitarian method of government . . . Our present objection to Communism is of the same nature as our former hostility to Nazism.

But the dangers of Communism are greater than were those of Nazism, for it is far more insidious and far more easily misunderstood. A little knowledge of Marxian is indeed a dangerous thing; it leads to the acceptance of superficial catchphrases and the rejection of the authority of wiser minds; it leads to the dangerous mentality of the "fellow traveller."

Moreover, it is easy to forget that Marxists base their actions on a different ethical code from the one accepted in the West . . . The combined danger of a hostile system of beliefs and an alien ethical code was noted by Montalembert when writing of a different enemy of freedom in the nineteenth century. . . . "When I am the weaker, I ask you for liberty because it is your principle; but when I am stronger, I take it away from you because it is not my principle."

(From an article by Flying Officer D. B. Heater in "Air Power": R.A.F.)

Letters to the Editor

BISHOP OR MANNOCK?

Dear Sir:

In the article entitled "Few Are Chosen" which appeared in the May 1956 issue of "The Roundel", the writer states that Air Marshal Bishop's amazing total of 72 enemy aircraft destroyed was the largest of any British pilot.

Surely that statement is open to discussion? Was not Major Edward Mannock, V.C., D.S.O. and two Bars, M.C. and one Bar, who had a defective eye and who was over 30 years old when he arrived in France in 1917, officially acknowledged by the Air Minstry to be the leading British air-fighter of the war, with 73 victories to his credit? If, as I believe, that is the case, Mannock, not Bishop, was "The King of Air Fighters".

Cpl. K. Atkinson,
R.C.A.F. Station Sea Island.

("The King of Air Fighters" is the title of a biography of Major Mannock written by one of his comrades, Wing Commander J. I. T. Jones, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., M.M. in the London Gazette of 18 July 1819, in Mannock and he is therefore referred to as being the leading British ace. However, in the London Gazette of 18 July 1919, in which the award of Major Mannock's Victoria Cross was published, he is officially credited with shooting down a total of 50 enemy aircraft.—Editor.)

OH YEAH?

Dear Sir:

The July-August instalment of Flight Lieutenant Heathcote's history of No. 425 Squadron contains one photograph which particularly fascinated us. We refer to that which appears on page 6, showing Wing Commander Ledoux and two flight commanders.

Their caps, wings, and ribbons will, we feel, present quite a problem to future students of Air Force dress. Even contemporary airmen like ourselves are rather puzzled.

Leading Aircraftmen J. A. Bonsant
and D. W. Cobb, A.F.H.Q.

Dear Sir:

I was interested in seeing, on page 6 of the July-August issue, a photograph which includes Squadron Leader (now Wing Cdr.) Dupuis, who was until recently the Commanding Officer of this unit.

Greater than my interest, however, was my curiosity. I had, until then, always believed that Wing Cdr. Dupuis had spent his entire Service career in the R.C.A.F. I see now that I was wrong; you have shown him in the uniform of an air force which wears field service caps on the left side of the head, and brevets and medals on the right breast.

Will you please let your readers know in what air force Wing Cdr. Dupuis was serving at the time when the photograph was taken?

Flight Sergeant J. M. MacDonald,
R.C.A.F. Stn. St. Sylvestre.

(Sgt. Shatterproof has dealt with us less gently than Flt. Sgt. MacDonald and L.A.C.s Bonsant and Cobb in the matter of this reversed photograph. Scorning the rapier of irony, he has belaboured us with the cudgel of Q.R. (Air). We have, he asserts, laid ourselves open to charge under Article 103.14. "There is a time", he writes in rather sombre vein, "when the loyal servant of Her Majesty must decide between the bonds of friendship and the call of duty. My own decision, Sir, is made. It was made yesterday morning, when L.A.C. Bladder reported for duty wearing his propellers and cap-badge court-mounted on his right breast. When taken sharply to task, his only reply was to wave a copy of the July-August issue of 'The Roundel' in Warrant Officer Gallstone's face. After witnessing such a scene, conscience will not permit me to use my eloquence in your behalf. I can only hope, Sir, that when we face the firing-squad, we shall play the man!"—Editor.)

HI-er and FI-er

A FEW months ago we read (with no surprise) the statement of some American psychiatrist that an astonishingly large percentage of his male patients were hi-fi addicts. In a recent editorial "The Times Weekly Review" (U.K.) has this to say on the subject of hi-fi:

"All you did if you wanted to play the gramophone was to put the disc on the turntable, see that the needle was not too blunt, start the motor going and sit back and enjoy the music. *Nous avons changé tout cela* —or rather, other people have done so. The technologists have moved in on the gramophone in a big way. In the best circles it is no longer possible to enjoy, say, "1812" — if anyone does want to enjoy "1812"— unless one has beforehand weighed the head to the nearest gram, lined up the tone arm to the last possible degree of accuracy (allowing for the pull of the Arend-Roland Comet), inspected the torque of the motor, and put the whole works through a vacuum cleaner. Never has anything which should surely have remained essentially a simple pleasure become so complicated. Bearded young men talk of Beethoven in terms of baffles and tweeters. Earnest young women will not consent to hear even skiffle unless they are sure of the reverberation factor of the sitting room."

The ultimate result of shielding men from the effects of folly is to fill the world with fools. (*Herbert Spencer.*)

Answers to "What's the Score?"

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

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.