

The ROUNDDEL

Vol. 9 No. 10
DECEMBER 1957

At Christmas be mery, and thanke
God of all:

And feast thy pore neighbours, the
great with the small.

Dea al the yere long have an eie
to the poore:

And God shall sende luck to kepe
open thy doore.

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE



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

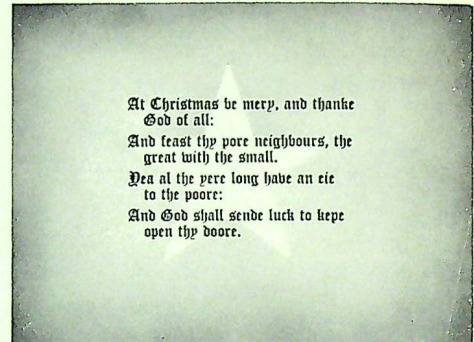
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THIS MONTH'S COVER



At Christmas be mery, and thanke
 God of all:
 And feast thy pore neighbours, the
 great with the small.
 Dea al the pere long have an eie
 to the poore:
 And God shall sende luck to kepe
 open thy doore.

From Thomas Tusser's "Five Hundreth Points of
 Good Husbandrye".

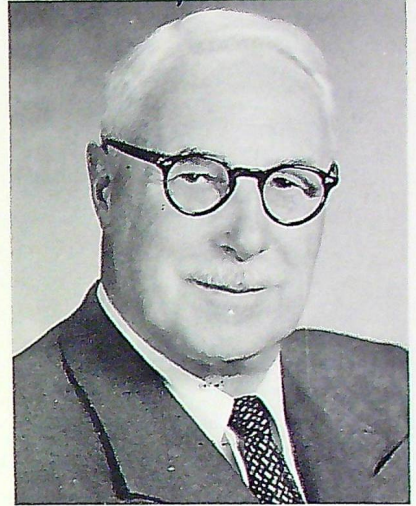
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EDITORIAL OFFICES:
 R.C.A.F., Victoria Island,
 Ottawa, Ont.

Christmas

In 1961 Angus
made first
visit to
A. J. B. Le
A. J. B. Le
A. J. B. Le

Messages



George R. Pearkes

(George R. Pearkes)
Minister of National Defence



Hugh Campbell

(Hugh Campbell),
Air Marshal,
Chief of the Air Staff.

A name of Parashinsky

I CONSIDER it most appropriate that the first opportunity afforded me, as Minister of National Defence, to greet you through the medium of "The Roundel" should come at this happy season of the year. To all members of the R.C.A.F. and to your families, wherever you may be, my sincere Christmas greetings and best wishes for 1958.

Man's recent invasion of outer space places increased emphasis on the need for improved scientific endeavour and personal efficiency. This is the challenge we must face as we enter the New Year. Only by meeting it sincerely and resolutely will we be able to maintain the

true spirit of Christmas: peace on earth and goodwill towards men.

During the past few months, I have met many of you on your stations both in Canada and overseas. I hope to extend these visits as much as possible during the coming year. Meanwhile, whether you read these words at your post on some northern radar warning unit, at a training station on the Canadian prairies, or at a European fighter base, rest assured that we shall continue to do our share in preserving peace and upholding those Christian principles which are so much in mind at this Christmas season.



BEFORE the book is closed upon 1957 I should like to record my sincere appreciation of the outstanding contributions that the R.C.A.F. Regular and Auxiliary have made to the security of Canada. Each in its own way has carried out the role assigned to it, and in so doing has advanced the cause of freedom and peace.

At the same time I should like to make special note of the invaluable public services that have been rendered by the Royal Canadian Air Force Association and the Royal Canadian Air Cadets.

The combined efforts of the components of the R.C.A.F., the

Royal Canadian Air Force Association and the Royal Canadian Air Cadets to maintain peace and to promote understanding and goodwill know no season. They do not end with the Old Year and begin with the New; they go on unceasingly. But it is fitting at this season of the year to recall that these efforts have met with success and to renew our confidence that they will continue to be successful if we pursue them unremittingly.

To each and everyone, I send my warmest Christmas greetings and my fervent wish for a New Year filled with happiness, peace and prosperity.



SGT. SHATTERPROOF LIFTS HIGH THE HORN

Sir:

I have studied the manuscripts submitted by you for my approval, and I am returning them herewith with the usual marginal glosses. I would strongly urge that we refrain from publishing Group Captain Heavywater's "First Steps in Space for Service Tots". I cannot share that far-sighted old officer's apparent confidence that his course of conditioning for household pets would pass unquestioned by the more militant members of the S.P.C.A. Apart from that, Sir, your December issue, though far from representing a cross-section of progressive Canadian thought, should at least avoid injuring the Air Force's reputation beyond all possible hope of redemption.

I have, as you will note, made no comments beside the Christmas Messages. That is not to say that they left me unmoved. On the contrary, they occasioned in my breast something very like a twinge of envy. For a moment I found myself questioning the wisdom of the path in life that I have elected to follow; for a moment (let me confess it) I wished myself in more exalted shoes.

Before we dial the number that would bring Group Captain Walmsley's man-hunters baying forth from the torture-chambers

below the Directorate of Air Force Security, let me reassure you, Sir, that I contemplate no sudden assumption of the purple by *putsch*, *coup*, or other unconstitutional means. I am simply expressing my regret at being unable to emulate the Minister and the Chief of the Air Staff in confining my Yuletide utterance to sentiments such as they express. Unlike them, alas! I still have one painful duty to perform before I can address myself at the wassail-bowl with a clear conscience and in seasonable stance.

That painful duty, Sir, is this: to draw the editorial attention to the explosive nature of the October issue. Let us try to look at it, Sir, not as we ourselves see it through the steam of our eternal tea, but as it must appear to the reader, with all its shocking potential for discord and litigation.

Of the *non-sequiturs*, the misspellings, and the general orthographic chaos, I will say little. The generous reader will perhaps imagine that "privileged" was a printer's error, and there is a chance that he will not take too grave a view of "Highball's" for "Highballs'" or "historian" for "historians". Nor, admittedly, do I foresee very serious repercussions from the gibberish in which our reply to Corporal Atkinson's letter is couched: a corrected version can yet be printed* in time to restore Cpl. Atkinson's faith in the balance of the editorial intellect. These are, at worst, errors that will arouse only passing censure.

There is, however, nothing of an ephemeral character in the insults hurled at Mr. John C. Outram in our introduction to his article on musical appreciation. What

"pianist of some virtuosity" will stand harmoniously by while we blithely brand him before all Christendom as "an excutant"? That word, if it existed at all, could only signify one who "knocks out" music from his instrument. While such an epithet may not be inapplicable to a *maestro* of the boogie-woogie school, I doubt if Mr. Outram, who is justifiably proud of his delicacy of touch, will wear it without protest. Even less agreeably will he react to our statement, five lines later, that "he was released from the Service in 1955" as a wing commander. Since he left the R.C.A.F. in 1945, he is unlikely to feel gratified by our cavalier dismissal of his ten years' faithful service in Her Majesty's Canadian Government.

Our next attack is directed at victims less capable of defending themselves. On page 20 we show four girls seated on a fire-truck. The discerning eye, having recovered from the impact of their strikingly displayed youth and beauty, is naturally drawn to the caption beneath the picture, which gives their names. These the unmarried reader stores away in his memory, and proceeds with his appraisal of the regal-looking little personage who, with the assistance of a senior officer, occupies the

*We hasten to print it: "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 this book, 73 victories are claimed for 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.)

centre of the photograph below. Though small danger exists of his confusing Air Commodore Reyno with either the Carnival Queen or her attendants, what must be our unmarried reader's sense of frustration when he realizes that a letter written to Queen Janice Ward at Station Parent may well end up by expressing his admiration to Miss Dobrovolny, Miss Exley, or Miss Axelson?*

I might, Sir, continue at greater length upon the subject of this unseemly issue, but it would be pointless. What I have said should be enough, I think, to convince us that we have at last reached a time of life when the flesh-pots and the Venusbergs are too much for us. But let us not utterly despair. Let the cry be "*Sursum corda!*" A few more hours at the helm and a few less evenings of dalliance, and "*The Roundel*" may yet wallow on into the uncharted seas of 1958.

And now, the sword sheathed and the buckler laid aside, let me lift high the horn to all those men and women who serve, who have served, or who yet shall serve in the Royal Canadian Air Force. In the words of our Commonwealth's most ancient Christmas greeting, I bid each one of them —

WAES - HAEL!

*We apologize both to the ladies in question and to our unmarried readers. The caption to the upper photograph should have read: "Left to right: Corporal Grace Axelson, Airwoman Lois Exley, Leading Airwoman Janice Ward, and Airwoman Jessie Dobrovolny."

R.C.A.F. Pistol Champions

THE four-man Air Force Police team from R.C.A.F. Station MacDonald has won the first annual R.C.A.F. Security Service pistol competition, while Sergeant J. A. Levy, of R.C.A.F. Station St. Hubert, has been named individual champion. The MacDonald team scored 176 out of a possible 200, and Sgt. Levy fired perfect targets for a possible score of 50. Close runners-up were the Rockcliffe Special Investigation Detachment team and, for individual honours, Corporal M. J. McMurdo, a member of the championship team.

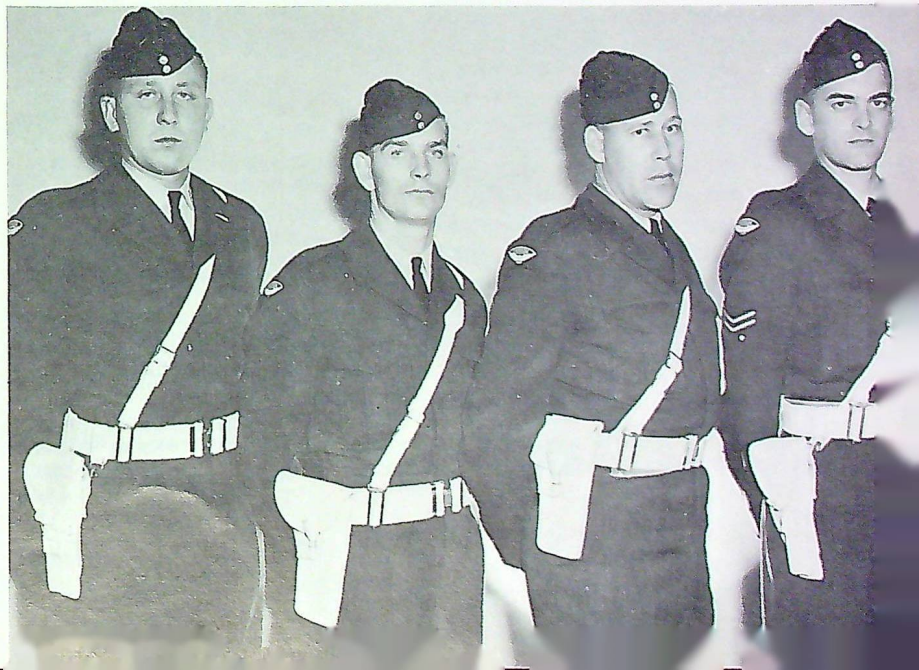
The competition was sponsored by the Directorate of Air Force Security to encourage increased proficiency in the use of pistols by personnel whose Service duties occasionally require them to carry side-arms.

The winning team (l. to r.) Leading Aircraftman C. A. Gunars, Aircraftmen L. P. Newton, S. R. Samuel, Cpl. J. McMurdo.



Sgt. J. A. Levy.

Trophies for team and individual champions have been donated for annual competition by officers of the Air Force Security Branch, with small replicas provided for the winners' retention. Plans are under way to bring the 1958 competition more into line with the rules laid down for the meets of the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association and Canadian Civilian Association of Marksmen.



UNCERTAIN SOUNDS

BY THE RT. HON. VINCENT MASSEY

(The following talk is a broadcast version, presented by the B.B.C., of the Josiah Wood lecture delivered by His Excellency the Governor General last February at Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B. It is reproduced here by kind permission of Dr. W. T. R. Flemington, president of the university.—Editor.)

CONFUCIUS one day was approached by a disciple who asked what he would do first if it were left to him to administer a country. The Master replied: "It would certainly be to correct language." His listeners were astonished. "Surely," they said, "this has nothing to do with the matter. Why should language be corrected?" The Master's answer (freely translated) was:

"If language is not correct then what is said is not what is meant; if what is said is not what is meant then what ought to be done remains undone; if this remains undone, morals and arts will deteriorate, justice will go astray, the people will stand about in helpless confusion. Hence there must be no arbitrariness in what is said. This matters above everything."

One finds these words quoted as singularly apposite to our age of vast and complex communications. And, I must add, many who have never even heard of Confucius would, on reflection, admit that in modern parlance "he had something". He did indeed have something. So did St. Paul who expressed the same idea more pithily in these words: "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound who shall prepare himself to the battle?"

I propose to take these two ancient sayings as my texts. I want to discuss the mainspring of all human affairs, that special mark of humanity by which mankind stands or falls — language.

Revolutionary Change

I need not remind you that in the time of Confucius and for many

centuries thereafter, the multitude confined their language to speech, and that a very small minority expressed and exchanged their ideas in writing. Until modern times, the two aspects of language, speech and writing, might meet, but only very slowly did they mingle. Our own age has seen a revolutionary change. When I say our own age, I speak, of course, in rather broad terms, for I am thinking of the age of printing, which began some five hundred years ago. Confucius would have rejoiced to see the day of Gutenberg. He would have detected, almost certainly, the essential significance of his great invention — the device of movable type which made possible an unlimited number of identical and accurate copies of a published work.

There is no need to dwell upon the influence of the printed book on the growth of political democracy. Without the mechanical means of conveying information — and therefore the material for critical thought and judgement — to the ordinary man and the poor man, almost on terms of equality with his more privileged and wealthier neighbour, democracy would have been impossible, unthinkable, in the nation states of the modern world. The citizens of ancient democracies met in person, in one place, where everyone could see and hear. The people of modern states meet only through confidence in the printed book and the printed newspaper, whose voices speak clearly and coherently to all. Modern nations, one must

add, can meet only in so far as language is, as Confucius would say, "correct", only so long as the trumpet gives a clear and certain sound.

I must add that, if democracies live on printing, modern governments live on and through and by paper. Many distracted civil servants and members of the armed forces, weighed down by copies in triplicate and worse, may groan that theirs are governments *for* paper. But in spite of their protests it is true that but for the mechanical word the elaborate services of our large centralized states would speedily perish from the earth.

What, then, has the printed word done? It gave man the opportunity, the hope of freedom and equality, because knowledge lay open to him and knowledge was power. It has, moreover, by making possible speedy and precise communication on practical matters, enabled large communities to carry on their affairs smoothly, efficiently, and profitably. It has helped to give us not only knowledge and freedom, but comfort and prosperity. Many are now wondering whether we stand at the end of the age of printing, at the close of an era when a particular use of language for communication made possible a new and, as we believe, better form of political society. During this period writing and speech have almost merged. The writer no longer occupies a world of his own. Everyone reads, if not always very widely or very deeply. Almost everyone writes, if not very much or very well. Communication through the printed word is, therefore, complete. And, one might well say, if the beginning of this process made the individual more free, and society more united, so its completion ought to bring us to the perfection of freedom and unity.

Rivals of Reading

Yet, as I have suggested, there

are those who think that the end is self-defeating. Ours is the age of the telephone and the cinema, of radio and of television. Many now appear to believe — and fear — that the new “mass media” will push the book into the corner. In this age of automation, we shirk the labour of attention to the printed page. Our eyes are naturally caught by the colour and movement of the pictures, and our emotions are stirred by the warmth and vitality and variety of the human voice. Few of us need much urging to toss aside our books. Human nature has not changed much since Dr. Johnson declared that “people in general do not willingly read if they can have anything else to amuse them.” What has changed is the variety and accessibility of the rival amusements.

There are some who hail with a cheer the new and bookless day, reminding us that the mass of mankind existed very well without books during most past ages, and may exist equally well without them in as many future ages as are vouchsafed to us. I do not, myself, find such arguments entirely convincing. I place myself among the traditionalists who do see a connection between the spread of the printed book and the growth of liberty and the extension of learning. I warmly applaud a recent writer who points out that there are three things that a book can do that the new mass media cannot do. The viewer or listener carried along by honeyed words or ornamental passages, cannot say “Stop one moment and tell me again the assumption on which you are building this elaborate argument”; or, “Let me know *now* just what you are trying to prove, so that I may make sure that you really make out your case”; or, “Exactly what do you mean by this word or expression?” The reader of a book can do all these things. He can meditate and re-read. He is permitted and invited to work with

the writer and on him, until he truly possesses him. The process can and often does lead not only to critical but to creative thought. Losing the habit of serious reading, we are deprived of valuable, perhaps essential, means to that end.

Two Offences in Written Speech

I am, however, encouraged by the assurance that, so far, books are not losing either their authority or their charm. Reviewers assure us that more books, and more good books, are being bought than ever before. Their reports are confirmed by a glance at any bookstall where Penguins, Pelicans, and Pans jostle Vulcans and Vintages in their endeavour to press their way into every man’s modern library. The danger is not so much, I believe, that the reading public will desert good books, as that our abuse of the written language may ruin our books, our speech and, indeed, ourselves. It is commonly observed that our written speech requires correction. We err in two ways. First, we imitate too closely the spoken word, retaining its negligence, its informality, its blunders, while losing, unavoidably, the colour, the strength, the vigour of the spoken word. Our second crime is exactly the opposite of our first. When the subject is complex or academic, we throw overboard completely the strong simple language of speech and plunge into a new country, a shadowy place for the most part, finding and using the strangest verbal shapes and the most startling figures of speech.

It is this second crime that I would urge on your attention. Let me offer you a few samples of language that even Confucius might have despaired of correcting. For example, what would he make of this terse suggestion on how to build a lot of motor cars quickly:

The desirability of attaining unanimity so far as the general construction of the body is concerned is of considerable im-

portance from the production aspect.

Or this simple comment of a man dissatisfied with his job:

It is not an avocation of a remunerative description.

But this last was said a century ago by Dickens’ Mr. Micawber, who was good enough to add his own translation: “in other words, it does not pay.” We now live, however, in a world of Micawbers who do not pause for the translator.

It is fair to say that our love for the magnificent generalization is equalled by our taste for striking metaphors. These are no longer left to the poets. And we employ, very properly, strong, everyday words like “the bottleneck”, “the ceiling”. Sometimes they get the better of us, as in this passage which brings to mind vague memories of “Alice in Wonderland”:

The effect of this announcement is that the total figure for 1950-51 . . . can be regarded as a floor as well as a ceiling.

An unwary scientist, in a serious statement, can speak with enthusiasm of “a virgin field pregnant with possibilities.” We are fond of “ironing out bottlenecks” and “covering angles”. Metaphorically, however, we are at our best in the international field where the writer of a paper, striving to clarify I know not what, announced to the reader that he now had come to “the hard core of the third slice of infrastructure”! This may have had something to do with the cold war — it certainly played a part in the cold war against the English language.

“Insightful Experiences”

As for words, we are never at a loss; if they do not exist, we invent them. We carry out purposeful projects in a meaningful manner in order to achieve insightful experiences. We diarise, we earlierise; any day we may begin to futurise. (Several examples of what might be called the newer English which I

have offered come from Sir Ernest Gower's famous hand-book on the subject.)

In this day, every kind of slovenly language finds its supporter. I know that shallow and pedantic defenders of popular English remind us that grammarians always lose in the end, when they struggle against "the people". I know, too, that every one of dozens of new professions and specialities must have its particular jargon to establish and defend its status. Those who strive to correct language today find themselves reviled at once by the "expert" and by the self-appointed spokesman for the multitude. For all their talking, bad language is still bad, and the perverse use of bad language is a crime.

Why do I call language such as I have cited, bad? For several very simple reasons. First, it is verbose. It says in three pages what could be said in one. Secondly, it is ugly. It has neither shape nor form, harmony nor rhythm. Thirdly, it is obscure. The writer, having to say what might easily be clear after one reading, seems to take pleasure in compelling us to a second or even a third. After sorting out all the clauses and phrases and connecting words, we are still left wondering exactly what the writer means. And this is not surprising, for the sins of this form of writing are not confined to their effect on the reader.

If man, in using words, becomes inadequate in his own language, confusion must arise. It is too easy to assume that thought can exist independently of speech. One often hears it said "he has excellent ideas but he cannot express them." There may be some truth in such a statement; there is far more falsity. An idea comes to birth when it is expressed. Newman, very wise about such matters, says this:

Thought and speech are inseparable from each other. Matter and expression

are parts of one; style is a thinking out into language.

And, after describing the opposing view, he says with scorn:

As if language were the hired servant, a mere mistress of reason, and not the lawful wife in her own house.

How can we defend language from its enemies? I suppose the simplest answer would be that the price of pure speech is unflagging vigilance. It is surely the sign and the source of life and strength in a people. Today we are treating our language as the Victorians treated their building materials. As they needed more buildings of many different kinds for many different people, so we need more language of different sorts, for different purposes. Like the Victorian builders, we have too much to do it with; and in the urgency of our task we can forget to be cautious and humble. Those who come after us will have to accept, for a time at least, many of the verbal devices that we pass on to them, ungainly and awkward though they may be.

"Ecclesiastes" Up to Date

There is another cause of bad language. I have mentioned government by paper. I could also mention buying and selling; conveying and exchanging; making; building; planning; discovering — all by paper. A vast number of people make their living today by writing, by reporting, recording, describing, explaining, directing. Very many of these people write badly. There are many reasons why they should do so. Some are ignorant and inexperienced and they write badly because they know no better. Others are not ashamed of writing badly but rather proud of writing at all and — with a certain vanity — are attracted by gorgeous words which give to their slender thoughts an appearance of power. Compare the majestic simplicity of a great passage in

Ecclesiastes with George Orwell's version in what he humorously calls "modern English".

I returned and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.

Here is Orwell's version:

Objective consideration of contemporary phenomena compels the conclusion that success or failure in competitive activities exhibits no tendency to be commensurate with innate capacity, but that a considerable element of the unpredictable must invariably be taken into account.

Some offenders against language often are merely lazy. Nothing is more difficult, even in dealing with the most familiar and commonplace matters, than to find exactly the right word or phrase. And, most ominous of all, perhaps, many write badly because of cowardice, unacknowledged, possibly unconscious, but none the less debilitating. Sometimes, of course, such obscurity of language is purely conventional, as with the doctor who, when asked the meaning of the phrase "bilateral, periorbital haematoma and left subconjunctival haemorrhage", willingly translated it as "two lovely back eyes". But there are others who, it would seem, through fear or shame, can never call a spade a spade. They do not heal the sick, but they may take into consideration the rehabilitation of those suffering from "psycho-physical maladjustment"; poor children to them are "underprivileged adolescents"; slums are disguised as "sub-standard areas". There may be some reason for some of these easy evasions, but they are dangerous.

Linguistic Democrats

As I have suggested, there are many who scoff at any concern for the correction, the purity, the integrity of language and assure us that if only we would remember that language comes from the

people and that the grammarians are always wrong in the end, all would be well. I am getting weary of reading these smart sayings. I wish that someone more competent than I would meet such linguistic democrats on their own ground and show them how little they know of either language or of democracy.

We may agree that oral communication is the living matter, the raw material on which all writing must be based, out of which all creative writing must be fashioned. Not all oral communication is alive, of course. All of us know persons whose conversation seems confined to barely articulated phrases. But it is a fact that in any human society so many people must talk so much that there is not a chance but a certainty that someone will occasionally say something superlatively good. From the mass of ore which comprises their endless conversation, emerge the sparkling fragments which, tried in the fire of everyday usage, come out as fine gold. Is it true that grammarians inveigh uselessly against slang and grammatical solecisms — uselessly because slang always wins in the end? Nothing could be more untrue. What could be staler than 99 per cent of last year's current sayings? But the 1 per cent, the hundredth new word or phrase, will survive in spite of all the grammars and dictionaries can say. It survives because of its beauty, its precision, its power to convey something new in human experience, or to show something old in a new light. It survives precisely because it has the true quality of poetry, for all good prose must grow from poetry, and must constantly be purified by it.

Language, then, is largely born from the speech of the multitude and is constantly being refreshed by the vigorous action of popular speech. Where (in this scheme of creation) do the writers come in? I am speaking now not of those whose sins I have deplored, but of

the writer who is an artist. His art is deliberately to convey in words what he has seen, felt, thought, or in any way experienced. Or, more exactly, it is his art to see, feel, experience, think *in words*. Whether in poetry or in prose, the writer takes the living but undifferentiated speech of the people and gives it form, coherent, harmonious, beautiful. The parts are given to him and he must be true to them; but the whole is his creation. It is the whole created by the writer that gives coherence and consistency to everyday communication, lifting it above the level of the daily round and making it symbolic of life.

The Much-maligned Grammarian

I have tried to describe to you the two creators of language: the exuberant spontaneity of the crowd and the conscious creative art of the writer. I do not, for a moment, forget the guardian of the treasure, the much-maligned grammarian, the scholar. It may be true that without the vigour of the multitude, language would become bloodless and feeble; it is equally true that without the scholar's anxious, refining criticism, it would be corpulent and unwieldy. But today there is a dangerous shifting of forces. With our increasingly stereotyped experiences, everyday speech may lose much of its originality, spontaneity, and freshness. Moreover, it may actually be stifled by the amount of reading and writing that is going on. More people today read than ever before, but far more people write — and too many of them do not write well. Many, as we have seen, do not even try to write well. For them, writing is only the dull and careless assembling of prefabricated parts with, here and there, a cunning twist where they think it may serve. There are fine writers and great writers still, of course, perhaps more than ever before. But the

number of true writers — those who know that experience and the expression of experience are inseparable — has not increased at all proportionately to the number of readers. The danger is that the spontaneous creative power of the people may simply be damped out by the mass of so-called "literature" which is offered to them.

Writing as a Craft

What is the remedy? The task before us is to influence the ordinary writer, the man who, perhaps, does not call himself a writer but who reads, who writes, and is read. He would not call himself an artist; but neither is he an unskilled worker. He is — or he should be — a craftsman. As a craftsman he has his own essential role and standards. Practice in the manual trades is governed by regulations. The standards of a writer can be influenced only by his own conscience and the criticism of his readers. It is not possible, nor is it even desirable, that all writers should be artists, for artists, because they are creators, are also experimenters. Not all of their experiments turn out well. They are allowed and expected to break the rules in the hope that some day they will reveal a new order. We also need writers who are craftsmen. Not only do they know and practise the obvious rules of correct writing, they remember also the fundamental principle that underlies all good writing. As in architecture, the basic structure is the important thing. Decoration can be added only with care and discrimination. The writer must communicate clearly and unambiguously and, if possible, with grace and harmony. He can do this only if, so far as in him lies, he feels with imagination and discerns with humour, and if he thinks carefully and honestly; if, to use a familiar admonition, he can "stop, look, and listen."

We have no lack of good artist-writers and no want of serious readers. But our language will be in peril until we can train the craftsmen who, abjuring all uncertain sounds, fix their hearts and minds on the good writing that is

rooted in clarity, in honesty, in simplicity. When I struggle through the daily spate of feeble, synthetic, and perfunctory writing, I am reminded of the counsel that Philip Sidney said he had received when, deeply troubled, he endeavoured to

write to his lady:

"Fool!" said my Muse to me, "look in thy heart and write!"

The writer of prose must never forget the essence of poetry, an honesty of mind which compels spontaneity.

NO. 442's MASCOT



BATOOLOO, an Indian rock-python who is the mascot of Vancouver's auxiliary fighter squadron, made her debut recently at an airmen's dance held at No. 19 Wing (Aux.) Headquarters, where she proved to be a particular favourite with the Sex.

Born in Hong Kong, Batooloo came to Canada as a baby. At three years of age, she now measures ten feet in length; when fully adult, she will have grown to 25 feet and will weigh 200 pounds. She is the living counterpart of Haietlik, the Lightning-Snake, which appears on the official badge of No. 442 (Aux.) Fighter Squadron.

Until recently her home was a suitcase belonging to Flying Officer Christopher Heath, a member of

the Auxiliary and a geology student at U.B.C., who took her for early-morning walks and provided her with a diet of twelve live rats daily. This routine became too hazardous for the young unmarried student when his landlady grew suspicious of his actions, and when neighbours started to complain about losing cats and dogs. Heath reluctantly turned the python over to Allan Best, Stanley Park's zoo-keeper, with whom she is doing splendidly.

Flying Officer Heath is shown here in the act of draping Batooloo about a very charming Eve, Miss Kindry Chappel. Whether or not the serpent really deserves its reputation as the most subtil creature in the field, we leave it to our readers to decide.

THE S.-R. 53

The Saunders-Roe S.-R.53, a mixed-unit interceptor which was shown in the 1957 Farnborough Air Show, has a liquid-propellant rocket motor and a turbojet mounted together in its fuselage. It is designed to bridge the gap between the conventional piloted fighter of today and the missile of the future.



What's the Score?

“I am, Sir,” writes Sgt. Shatterproof, in a seasonably nostalgic vein, “no young turkey, and much that is forgotten by the generality of men finds place in my meditations. Recently, disturbed by the sudden insipidity of my pre-prandial when the Mess radio began to moan some dirge about a white Christmas, I was moved to wonder at how comparatively few of the manly old carols of our forefathers have survived into the present era. Well do I recall the rich and varied Yuletide repertoire of my Great-uncle Squeezebox Shatterproof, the Mendelssohn of Moose Wallow, whose name was for many years a byword among the musicologists and pioneer brewers of our mid-western communities. It is, indeed, by drawing upon my memories of his minstrelsy that I have formed the framework upon which the enclosed twenty questions are imposed.”

The answers, alleged by the old wardog to be correct, appear on page 32.—Editor.)

1. The origin of the word “carol” is uncertain. Some derive it from “Chorus”, others from the Latin *corolla*, a little crown or garland. Formerly known as “the Giants’ carol” was:

- (a) Stonehenge.
- (b) A remarkable formation of basaltic columns on the coast of Antrim, in Ireland.
- (c) “Good King Wenceslas.”
- (d) “Adeste fideles.”

2. “Augustus Caesar having brought
The world to quiet peace . . .”

The Caesar referred to was:

- (a) Tiberius.
- (b) Octavianus.
- (c) Nero.
- (d) Julius.

3. “The woman’s son that sick
did lie
When Christ our Saviour
passéd by,
He rose to life immediately,
To her great joy and comfort.”

The son’s name was:

- (a) Lazarus.
- (b) Absolom.
- (c) Not recorded.
- (d) Isaac.

4. “David’s town”, referred to in more than one Christmas carol,

is:

- (a) Nob.
- (b) Jerusalem.
- (c) Ziklag.
- (d) Bethlehem.

5. The first certain mention of the celebration of Christmas as a Christian anniversary was made:

- (a) In the reign of Tiberius.
- (b) In the 3rd century, by Clement of Alexandria.
- (c) Towards the end of the 2nd century.
- (d) By Domitian, at a performance in the Circus Maximus.

6. “The Eastern Wise Men from afar

Directed by a glorious star...”

The names of the Magi included:

- (a) Belshazzar.
- (b) Balthazar.
- (c) Belgeddes.
- (d) Baalam.

7. “The star drew nigh to the
north-west,
And at Bethlehem Jury she
took up her rest . . .”

The word Jury here means:

- (a) That Bethlehem was in the land of the Jews.
- (b) A stable.
- (c) That Bethlehem was an electoral district of the province of Judea.
- (d) A village.

8. “. . . they could find no room
at all
But in a silly ox’s stall.”

The epithet “silly”:

- (a) Does not imply that the ox was stupid.
- (b) Means “silver.”
- (c) Is an old adjectival form of the verb “seel,” meaning to close (the eyes).
- (d) Was originally “silky.”

9. “Thus spake the seraph, and
forthwith
Appeared a shining throng...”

In the Jewish hierarchy, a seraph was an angelic being whose duty it was to:

- (a) Guard the house of God.
- (b) Convey the souls of the just to heaven.
- (c) Keep watch upon the frontiers of Hell.
- (d) Minister before God’s throne and proclaim His glory.

10. “When righteous Joseph wed-
ded was
To Israel’s Hebrew maid,
The Angel Gabriel came from
Heav’n . . .”

The archangel Gabriel is referred to as the Spirit of Truth:

- (a) In St. Paul’s Epistle to the Thessalonians.
- (b) In Genesis.
- (c) By the Muslims.
- (d) By the Society of Friends.

11. “. . . when cruel Herod heard
Of this great homage done...”

The Herod who ordered the Massacre of the Innocents was:

- (a) Herod Agrippa I, the grandson of Salome.
- (b) Herod the Great, so named because of his brilliance as a soldier and statesman.
- (c) Herod Antipas, the husband of Herodias.
- (d) Herod Agrippa II, the last of the Herodian line.

12. “St. George he made reverence
in the stable so dim,
Who vanquished the dragon
so fearful and grim.”

St. George, the patron saint of England, is:

- (a) Said to have served with distinction under the Emperor Nero.
 - (b) Popularly associated with dragons because his shrine was near the traditional site of Andromeda's rescue from the sea-monster.
 - (c) Correctly identified by Gibbon with Bishop George of Laodicea.
 - (d) Reputed to have been a knight of the Round Table.
13. "Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen..."
St. Stephen, whose feast falls on Boxing Day, was:
- (a) An early Pope who is remembered partly for his views on the rebaptism of heretics.
 - (b) A king of Hungary, canonized some 20 years after his death.
 - (c) The first Christian martyr.
 - (d) Founder of a branch of the Benedictine order.
14. "That mankind should be of
God's fold
And feed like lambs on Sion's
hill..."
Sion:
- (a) Was once an alternative name for Bethlehem.
 - (b) Is a biblical synonym for Palestine.

- (c) Was a name given to David after his defeat of Goliath.
- (d) Is another spelling of Zion, the holy hill of Jerusalem.

15. "To save us all from Satan's
power
When we were gone astray..."

Satan is nowhere referred to in the Bible as:

- (a) The Adversary.
- (b) The Slanderer.
- (c) One of the Sons of God.
- (d) The Enemy.

16. "Now carol we, and carol we,
And Hallelujah sing..."

The cry "Hallelujah" means:

- (a) In Hebrew, "Praise ye Jehovah."
- (b) In Aramaic, "Peace on earth."
- (c) Nothing in particular.
- (d) In Greek, "Come, all ye faithful."

17. "O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie..."

Long before the birth of Our Lord, Bethlehem was the scene of a famous love-story which is told in the Book of:

- (a) Ruth.
- (b) Esther.
- (c) Daniel.
- (d) Judith.

18. "Hark! all around the welkin
rings..."

"The welkin" was:

- (a) The gong used in certain ancient church rituals.
- (b) The sky.
- (c) The earth.
- (d) The tenor bell in a peal.

19. "Pleased as Man with man to
dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel..."

Emmanuel, a Hebrew name that occurs first in Isaiah and again in the Gospel of St. Matthew, means:

- (a) "A Child shall be born."
- (b) "I am the way."
- (c) "God is with us."
- (d) "The prophecy is fulfilled."

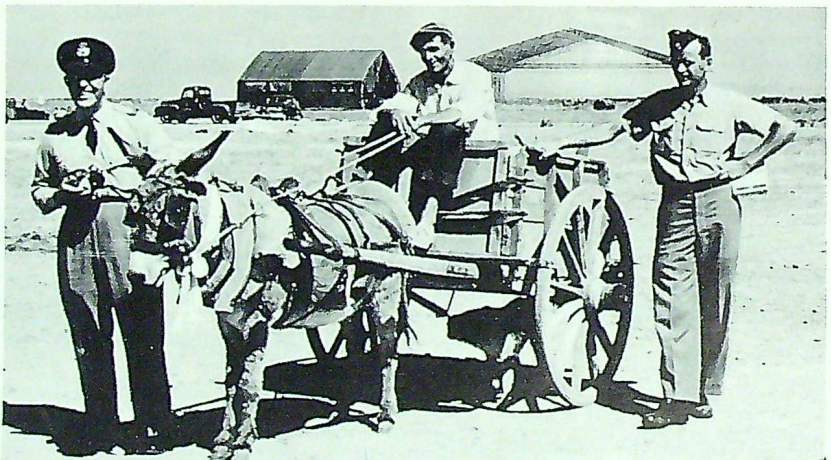
20. "Estennialon de tson8e Jes8s
ahatonhia..."

The above words:

- (a) Are the actual Bohemian words uttered by King Wenceslas to his page.
- (b) Constitute the first verse of an Eskimo translation of "It came upon a midnight clear."
- (c) Are taken from the first Canadian Christmas carol, believed to have been written in Huron by the great Jesuit missionary, Father Jean de Brébeuf.
- (d) Occur in the Finnish version of "Silent night."

SARDINIAN SNAPSHOT

Flight Lieutenant W. Ronberg and Sergeant D. MacDougall, both of the Vehicle and Marine engineering Branch, are shown standing beside their pride and joy, LAZ-6, a garbage-disposal vehicle in service with the R.C.A.F.'s Air Weapons Unit at Decimomannu, Sardinia.



*92 Duke Warren was C Ops O here in 1941
He was formerly at Weapons School
with Simmons in 1941*

THE GROUND OBSERVER CORPS

FROM the earliest days of Canada's history, through the Indian wars, the Fenian raids, and various threats of invasion, the civilian population has played a large part in the nation's defence. Now, in the era of jet planes and atomic missiles, civilians once again are helping to guard Canada's security, this time as members of the Ground Observer Corps.

Although the DEW, Mid-Canada, and Pine Tree Lines offer the optimum of radar coverage, the fact remains that low-flying aircraft might still penetrate such screens. This is where the Ground Observer Corps comes in. Formed in 1951 by the R.C.A.F., at the request of the Chiefs of Staff, the Ground Observer Corps is an essential part of the air defence system. An organization of nationwide scope, it comprises some ten thousand volunteers and draws its membership from every walk of life and from almost every part of Canada.

The corps is divided into provincial areas, below the 55th parallel. Within these provincial areas are numerous filter areas, each with a filter centre which collects and assimilates information passed to it by the observation posts within its area. Since an observer can, on a clear day, see most aircraft within a circle of ten miles in diameter, it



Mme. Jean-Charles Dehoies, of Ste. Anne de la Perade, scans the skies.

is possible to determine the number of observation posts that are required within each filter area. For the mid-northern regions of the provinces, many provincial employees are members of the Corps.

A particularly valuable contribution to its ranks are the fire-watchers who are stationed in specially prepared fire-observation towers which are also ideal for the task of scanning the skies for

Observers on the roof of a school at Smiths Falls, Ont.





Mr. O. Paquette, of the Dept. of Transport, diverts his attention skyward during his normal duties of checking ship movements.



One of the few G. Ob. C. observation posts which serve only in that capacity is located at Alvinston, Ont.

Northern missionaries relay an aircraft report.



aircraft. In the far north, observations are done by members of the Department of Transport, the R.C.M.P., Hudson's Bay Company traders, and by trappers and miners, if the latter have access to radio communications.

Although the prime mission of the Corps is to provide, by visual and aural means, an early warning system in the event of enemy air attack, there is another valuable contribution that the corps can, and does, make in peace-time. This is the constant reporting of all aircraft activity, so that, in the event of an aircraft going down, the information supplied by the Ground Observer Corps will make it possible to narrow down the area to be searched, thereby saving thousands of dollars in search and

rescue operations — and also, quite possibly, the lives of survivors of the crash.

That the corps has in fact rendered such service is confirmed by the files kept at the various filter centres across Canada. A missing CF-100, for instance, was located in record time near Resoule, Ontario, because members of the Ground Observer Corps had plotted its track. On another occasion, a Ground Observer Corps filter centre received a distress call from two *Harvards* that were lost and running out of fuel. The filter centre alerted a local airport, which promptly turned on its beacon; then, by using their car headlights, members of the corps provided the additional illumination that the airport lacked. The *Harvards* landed safely.

In order to test the capabilities of the Ground Observer Corps, the R.C.A.F. carries out periodic exercises. In 1954, Exercise "Checkpoint", the largest air defence exercise ever held in North America, was carried out. In June 1957 a bilingual exercise, called "Ciel Clair" in Quebec and "Clear Sky" in the Maritimes, was undertaken. Numerous R.C.A.F. and R.C.N. aircraft penetrated the Ground Observer Corps areas at an altitude low enough to evade the Pine Tree radar surveillance and on tracks unknown to the Observers. By the end of the 12-hour exercise the communications network had handled some 3,000 calls. So thoroughly were the aircraft tracked that one commercial aircraft, on a hop from Mont Joli to Quebec, was reported by 50 Observers along the way.

The Ground Observer Corps has, in short, proved itself successful beyond all expectations as an air warning system.



Northern briefing.

Operations Room of the G. Ob. C. unit at Three Rivers.





ALL R.C.A.F. Auxiliary squadrons, no matter what their role, have one common problem, and that is to stay "operational" while a steady stream of their trained personnel transfers to the Regular Force. In at least one squadron, however, this trend is not only encouraged, but actually promoted, by means of a plaque of honour.

Plaque of Honour

No. 2416 Aircraft Control and Warning Squadron, based at Ottawa, displays a large wooden plaque at its headquarters building, inscribed with the names of squadron members now serving with the R.C.A.F. (Regular). To date, 52 names have been entered in gold leaf on the plaque and another dozen or more will appear shortly.

Squadron Leader W. Walker, Commanding Officer of the squadron, believes that, in addition to maintaining a unit which would be readily available if called upon, one of the squadron's objectives should be to train and qualify individuals of all ranks for service with the Regular Force. Testimony to the calibre of this training is seen in the number of airmen who retain

their trade grouping when transferring from No. 2416 to the Regular.

Since the plaque did not come into existence until September 1956, the names of squadron members who left before that date and have subsequently joined the permanent R.C.A.F. may have been omitted. The squadron is anxious to obtain the names of such people, and it is asked that any officers, airmen, or airwomen who are entitled to have their names on the plaque contact the squadron. The address is as follows:

*Commanding Officer,
2416 A.C. & W. (Aux.) Squadron,
R.C.A.F. Station Uplands,
Ottawa, Ont.*

The Suggestion Box



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

Sergeant A. N. Roberts, of Station Gimli, suggested that forms R.C.A.F. E.92 and E92A be prepunched in a manner that will enable them to fit the standard 66S/1080 binder.

Flight Lieutenant J. A. McCallum, of Station Uplands, devised an improved communication system between control towers and G.C.A. operators. (Cash award.)



876 YEARS OF RADIO



The Reunion of No. 6 W.O.M. Course

BY WING COMMANDER R. E. MOONEY,

Director of Airborne Telecommunications.

(Analog computers and flip-flop multivibrator circuits are not, so to speak, everybody's cup of tea. None the less, few will fail to be moved by the epic picture which Wing Commander Mooney, assisted by his fellow members of the Reunion Committee, has painted of the world-weary W.O.M.s of 1937 still standing at bay amid the oscillating microwaves and resonating molecules of the Missile Age.—Editor.)

"TWENTY years is a long time ahead, but a very short time astern, particularly when you have spent it in such a rapidly developing and all-pervading speciality as electronics. I congratulate you on the idea of a reunion, I hope you will enjoy renewing old friendships and much mutually stimulating talk. And I know that, as is usual in a progressive and dynamic Service, your talk will be as much of the twenty fascinating years ahead as it will of the twenty years behind." (*Foreword to the Reunion programme, by Air Vice-Marshal M. M. Hendrick, Air Member for Technical Services.*)

An event of special significance to the R.C.A.F. took place recently in Ottawa when members of the 6th Wireless Operator Mechanics' course held a reunion to mark the 20th anniversary of their entry into the Service.

Thirty-five of the fifty graduates of the course are still active in the R.C.A.F., eleven have been released, and four are deceased. Three of the deceased members gave their lives on active service during the war; the fourth, who was released in 1947, died during the past year. The total years served by the graduates of the course amount, at the present time,

to 876 — a figure which represents 87.6 per cent of the originally potential thousand. Such statistics, though, however interesting they may be, tell little of the remarkable events that have taken place in the world of wireless (or telecommunications, to use the post-war word) in which the graduates of No. 6 W.O.M. course have found themselves during the past two decades.

No. 6 was the first large wireless course to be given by the R.C.A.F. to so many new recruits with no previous training in radio. It thus represented the beginning of a programme of expansion to establish a sound technical base for the use of radio in the R.C.A.F. The earlier courses were much smaller and the majority of members already had had some training in radio in civilian life or through service in the Signal Corps or the Navy. It is safe to say that No. 6 W.O.M. course was the longest continuous technical course ever given by the R.C.A.F. up to that time. It began in June 1937 and ended in September 1938. A comparison between trade requirements of the Wireless Operator Mechanic of 1937-38 and those of the present electronic tradesman provides the best measure of the growth of the importance of radio in the R.C.A.F. during the last twenty years.

* * *



**No. 6
W. O. M.
COURSE
1937**

Bottom row (l. to r.): Corporal S. C. Jones, Leading Aircraftman G. T. Simoneau, Flight Sergeant J. G. L. Foster, Flight Lieutenant W. A. Orr, Flt. Lieuts. H. E. Godwin, E. L. Miners, Sgt. Trepanier, Cpl. E. deN. Boyden, L.A.C. E. Gauthier. 2nd row: Aircraftmen 2nd Class P. G. Barber, J. H. Bailey, E. A. Patterson, I. Massé, D. Thompson, M. Hoffart, L. A. Lemieux, R. D. Hansen, A. L. Desjardins, J. J. Maier, J. D. Murphy, E. W. Pierce. 3rd row: A.C.2s J. G. Graham, H. H. Jones, F. G. Lawrence, T. A. Calow, A. Birchall, C. C. Connolly, D. A. Lambert, F. H. Battison, R. G. Henley, C. R. Arsenault, H. G. Halward, E. F. McGrath. 4th row: A.C.2 G. P. Purvis, A.C.1 R. L. Rom-bough, A.C.2s C. F. O'Doherty, G. C. Perry, K. Livingstone, G. F. Fiddick, S. Boyczuk, M. E. McMurdo, D. J. Macleod, R. H. Anderson, T. Eadie, C. V. Clee, L.A.C. R. B. Melville. 5th row: A.C.2s G. A. Brown, A. Robinson, W. J. Kelley, A. Jamieson, H. Brennan, S. R. Radcliff, J. G. Ultican, J. H. Galbraith, N. M. Gill, O. S. Carkner, R. E. Mooney. Back row: A.C.2s S. J. Balke, R. Bennett, A.C.1 F. W. Naish, A.C.2s J. A. Slater, E. F. Gault, A. J. Hurley, L.A.C. H. H. Wood, A.C.2s W. J. St. Louis, D. C. Clair, N. H. LaCroix.

Don Lambert

THE
Roundel



As a prelude to their "specialist" course (as we shall see later, the meaning of the word specialist has since changed radically), the members of No. 6 W.O.M. course spent three months at Technical Training School (T.T.S.), Trenton. Here they studied aircraft engines and the theory of flight, carried out practical projects in metal work, wood-working, airframe-rigging, engine-timing, aircraft-handling, and machine-shop practice. The sole

specialist subject taken during this phase was one hour of Morse code practice a day — unless, of course, one includes the early introduction to the mysteries of the Station telephone switchboard (which, oddly enough, always seemed to take place during holidays and week-ends).

After T.T.S. came the full treatment of the W.O.M.'s subjects proper, at the Wireless School,

which was also at Trenton. These included many hours of Morse practice and lectures in radio theory, combined with lectures and training in aircraft electrical systems, bomb-release systems, bonding, touch-typing, semaphore, Aldis lamp, and signalling procedures. The practical training was quite extensive, covering detailed study of the entire range of radio equipment in the R.C.A.F. (10 equipments) and many hours of air

operating and practical field communication exercises.

During their stay at the Wireless School, the pupils' energies were also directed into activities of which the recollection remains undimmed by time. It would, for example, be difficult to challenge the survivors' claims that they put more man-hours into making and maintaining the Officers' Mess tennis-courts and the aerial system, waxing floors, duty watch, battery shop and switchboard detail, than any other trainee airmen in the R.C.A.F., past, present, and — let us hope — future.

Upon graduation, and after award of the coveted wireless operator's badge (a fistful of sparks), the new W.O.M.s were transferred throughout the breadth of Canada. Four of them elected to take leave without pay and to enroll for a

university engineering course. In September 1939 every member of the course (including the four just mentioned) signed on for the duration of the war. Two of the members went overseas with No. 1 (Fighter) Squadron, and one of these was killed while assisting in rescue operations during an air raid on London. Most of the others were absorbed, in 1940, into the British Commonwealth Training Plan, where they served as key members of the instructional staffs.

* * *

With the outbreak of war, a technical revolution had taken place in the radio field. The W.O.M., who by today's standards was a jack-of-all-trades, could not begin to keep abreast of the sudden general advances in wireless. The first step towards trade specializa-

tion was the breakdown of the W.O.M. trade into Wireless Operator Ground (W.O.G.), Wireless Air Gunner (W.A.G.), and Wireless Electrical Mechanic (W.E.M. — later to become Wireless Mechanic), with the introduction of a separate trade of Electrician. The advent of Radio Direction Finding (R.D.F. — later Radar) produced the Radar Mechanics; but not many members of No. 6, who were practically frozen in communications and training jobs, found their way into this new and fascinating field until late in the war. Two, however, were senior technicians on the first two sea-watching radars set up on the east coast of Canada, and they operated these stations for a long time.

In the post-war years, the great specialization that had occurred not only in communications and radar, but also in their separate and distinct air and ground aspects, required further breakdown within these areas. Further, the key-basher was quickly being supplanted by the teletype operator as radio-teletype proved capable of rapidly passing high-volume traffic, and the trade of Teletype Technician was introduced to handle the maintenance of the specialized radio-teletype equipment. The Airborne Interception (A.I.) radar used in the early night-fighters became so intimately tied to the armament systems that these specialities were combined in the speciality of Armament Weapon Systems. The operation of electronic devices also became a full-time job, and the Communication Operator (Com. Op.) now combines wireless (or radio) and teletype operating. The observing of ground radar equipment was delegated largely to the female element of our Service right from the early days of radar.

The first major adjustment came with the introduction of radar. The W.O.M. of '37 found, as he looked more closely at his familiar resis-

420 years were represented at the Reunion by the aging W.O.M.s shown in our photograph. Front row (l. to r.): J. H. Bailey, M. J. Hoffart, D. A. Lambert, A. C. Turner, H. H. Jones, E. T. Williams. 2nd row: J. G. Graham, C. F. O'Doherty, G. C. Perry, R. H. Anderson, T. Eadie. 3rd row: A. Robinson, W. J. Kelley, S. R. Radcliff, N. Gill, R. E. Mooney. Back row: S. J. Balke, J. A. Slater, J. H. Galbraith, W. J. St. Louis, D. C. Clair.



tance-capacity coupling network, that it behaved quite differently when presented with steep fronted pulses of voltage, and it took on the fashionable title of "time constant". The member who stayed with communications met with similar changes with the advent of V.H.F. as the primary means of short-range tactical communications. In this equipment, the familiar coil became a single loop of wire, and tuning procedures were much more precise and demanding.

In the later years of the war, and in the immediate post-war period, many new techniques crowded in upon the scene, the principal ones being radio-teletype and frequency modulation for mobile communications. In 1947 the Bell Telephone laboratories developed the transistor, and the weary graduate of Course No. 6 had to think of electrons finding their way through molecular holes in a block of germanium instead of roaming in

the wide open spaces from cathode to plate in a conventional vacuum tube. Soon after this, the analog devices he had encountered in radio compasses and radars grew into analog computers. The flip-flop multivibrator circuits he had learned about in radar came into their own in digital computers, where they are encountered in vast numbers. And now a new device called M.A.S.E.R. (Molecular Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation) has appeared on the scene, which will require the fourth major adjustment in the education of our aging W.O.M.s. In this technique the phenomenon of molecular resonance is exploited to generate or amplify microwave oscillations without the need for electrons to leave their atoms and travel elsewhere. Since the W.O.M. is quick to realize that the traveling electron is one of the chief contributors of noise in an electronic system, he will watch the develop-

ment of this device with keen interest.

* * *

By now our seasoned graduates are well conditioned to receive similar inevitable advances and changes in electronics in the years to come. In view of the fact that every one of them had to be no younger than eighteen on enlistment twenty years ago, none can claim to be any younger than thirty-eight now; therefore, since they appear a healthy lot, they can expect to see at least ten to fifteen years' more service. Time and the hard necessities of technical advance have transformed a fine group of tennis-court constructors into managers and executives, and many of them can be found, somewhat to their own surprise, as staid members of the teams who plan or prepare the electronic environment for the control of supersonic fighters and guided missiles in Canada.

B.C. CENTENNIAL

COMMITTEE

Next year, when British Columbia celebrates its centennial, the R.C.A.F. will join with the Navy, Army, and R.C.M.P. in contributing to the province-wide festivities, which are expected to be on a scale never before witnessed in Canada on an occasion of this nature.

To prepare for the Services' participation in the celebrations, an Armed Forces Liaison Sub-Committee has been formed. Its members, shown in our photograph, are (left to right): Squadron Leader A. M. Ogilvie, Superintendent C. B. MacDonell, Wing Commander D. R. Miller, Commander D. L. Macknight, Lieutenant Colonel J. H. Littlehales, Mr. L. J. Wallace, and Mr. L. H. McCance.



No. 423 SQUADRON

PART ONE

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



Practice-bombing over Loch Erne.

MAY, 1942. All goes well for the Nazi enemy. His zenith has been reached. Not the least of his successes have been at sea, where the underwater wolves of one of Hitler's chief lieutenants, Doenitz, have been ripping and slashing the America-to-Britain lifeline, inflicting shipping losses much in excess of the figure deemed prohibitive. If this carnage is not checked, the enemy bids fair to end the fight by a knock-out at sea in the third round. Convoy escort by surface vessels alone has failed to cut down losses. The answer to the U-boat is more and more aircraft of the type that can fly long hours on close escort and anti-submarine patrol in co-operation with naval craft, seek out the raiders visually

or with special radar, and either destroy them or keep them beyond attack-range of their intended victims. The hunter will then be the hunted, an offensive weapon will be forced back on the defensive, and a major step will have been taken toward winning the vital battle of supply.

* * *

One of the units which were equipped with such aircraft and added to the counter-punch against the U-boat was No. 423 Squadron, the first R.C.A.F. *Sunderland* squadron to come into existence in the United Kingdom. Ordered to form on 18 May 1942, it went into action eleven weeks later, and from then on, for nearly three years, was to scan the Atlantic from Reykjavik to Gibraltar. Its first haven was at Oban, Argyll, on the west coast of Scotland, and its parent formation was No. 15 Group, of Coastal Command.

Leading the influx of squadron members was Squadron Leader J. D. E. Hughes, D.F.C., an R.A.F. officer posted to Oban as flight commander on No. 423's birthday. His dubious privilege it was to organize something out of nothing, for the unit was almost completely lacking in facilities and equipment, and, but for himself, totally lacking in personnel. This situation went on for another eight days, until the unit's first C.O., Wing Commander F. J. Rump, also of the R.A.F., arrived from

Gibraltar to lend support to the one-man squadron. For two days after that nothing but officers, all of them section leaders, arrived. Then, on the 29th, there finally appeared an airman, and No. 423 Squadron was no longer all Indian Chiefs and no Indians.

Although a steady flow of personnel followed, that bugbear of all budding formations — shortages — continued to hamstring the squadron in virtually every department. The first aircrew to arrive, other than the above officers, did not do so until exactly a month after its formation, and they had nothing of their own to fly until 17 July, when the squadron's first aircraft, a *Sunderland Mark II*, was ferried to Oban. Arrangements had, however, been made for aircrew to be attached to No. 228 (R.A.F.) Squadron for flying experience, and several had already flown on operations with that squadron in the capacity of "spare". Within a couple of days after the arrival of a second *Sunderland* on the 18th, flying training and test flights, including local night details, had begun.

On 3 August, two flights (one of 9 hours, the other of 12½) were logged by the crews of Pilot Officer I. R. A. ("Moose") Mills and Flight Sergeant R. S. Long. Though referred to in the unit diary as "training flights", these actually had all the aspects of coastal operations. The duty performed was "A/S Patrol" (anti-



submarine) and both interrogation reports contained the words "No sightings or contacts made", which unquestionably indicated that the purpose of each flight was to search a given area of the sea for U-boats.

The arrival, before mid-August, of two more *Sunderlands* brought the unit's aircraft strength to four, and one of the latest acquisitions carried a crew on 423's first official operation on 23 August. It was an anti-submarine search flown by a Rhodesian captain, Flying Officer J. Musgrave, and his crew of ten — Pilot Officers A. J. Finucane, W. B. Everton, and R. D. Woltman, Sergeants A. Hayden, R. Harrison, E. J. Garden, G. R. Elliot, J. H. Wright, and A. C. W. Heath, and Leading Aircraftman G. Wright. The search incorporated the "creeping line ahead" method and the flight lasted roughly thirteen hours. There was no sign of the enemy.

After this operational beginning, training held sway for four weeks. Then, on 20 September, the same skipper and an eleven-man crew carried out a twelve-hour sweep off the Outer Hebrides. Again no contacts, visual or radar, were made.

* * *

When, on 23 September, "Moose" Mills took off with two other aircraft to escort a convoy, he had every intention of returning to alight on the placid inshore waters of the Firth of Lorne, harbour for No. 423's flying-boats. But double engine-failure on the port side while over the open sea made him change his plans. It happened a few minutes after leaving the convoy, and as the wave-tops were only 500 feet below, there was no time to investigate the trouble and possibly rectify it in the air. Mills had to make a forced landing on a heavy sea while carrying a full load of depth charges. While far from being impossible to get away with, an ocean landing by a flying-boat



Front row (l. to r.): Sgt. R. B. O'Connor, Pilot Officer J. F. Wharton, Flt. Sgt. R. S. Long, Flying Officers J. R. Harries, J. B. Donnett. Back row (l. to r.): Flt. Sgt. J. A. V. Richard, Sgts. W. J. McKinley, L. B. Pearson, R. B. W. Clegg, P. C. Marshall.



Front row (l. to r.): Flying Officers D. M. Johnston, H. M. S. Legault, I. R. A. Mills, Pilot Officer C. M. Ulrich. Back row (l. to r.): Sgts. G. A. Buckenham, T. D. V. Bascombe, R. G. Locke, R. J. Russell, F. R. Haar.



was recommended only when special emergency and the experience of the pilot made the operation both necessary and advisable. As for the first requirement, this was no doubt a special emergency; as for the second, "Moose" was in no position to reflect on his qualifications. Down he set the *Sunderland* in the approved stall fashion, and with surprising gentleness. No damage was done either to floats or hull.

Once the kite was waterborne, the top-priority item on the drill was to jettison the dynamite to bring down the all-up weight for the hoped-for take-off. Even though the D.C.s were "on safe", the crew kept their fingers crossed for some time after the cans had been dropped, for, as Pilot Officer N. V. Martin, the second navigator, put it, "if anything had decided to go wrong, we sure were sitting on an awful lot of h.e.!" Nothing went wrong.

Meanwhile the wireless operator was pounding out an S.O.S. and the flight engineer was succeeding in his attempts to restart the offending engines. Now having four engines to taxi with, Mills decided to head toward a small island off in the distance. But this was a far cry from the Firth of Lorne. Whenever the *Sunderland* was turned out of wind, the starboard float submerged and the starboard outer prop bit deep into the sea. As the 'boat struggled through 30-foot waves, water was pouring through the front turret, the pilots' windows, and the astro-hatch. After about half an hour of this it was realized that the *Sunderland* was shipping water faster than the pumps could handle it, and that sooner or later it was going to sink. Clearly it was time to get airborne. The first take-off attempt, along the length of a swell, was unsuccessful. The second try was good, and, in Mills' own words, this is how it went: "... A bucking broncho had nothing on our *Sunder-*

land on that take-off. One second we were surf-boarding down the backside of a swell and ploughing the trough with our nose, and the next we were temporarily airborne. The floorboards were buckling and the navigators were frantically pursuing cups and saucers flying about the galley. With each bounce the 'boat picked up a little more air-speed, and finally, at a speed of 65 knots, it was airborne to stay. In two hours we were back at base."

The rugged appearance of the *Sunderland* quite belied its seaworthiness. For all its ark-like proportions, when compared with even the smallest fishing smack as a sea-going craft it was scarcely more than an eggshell shaped like a boat. It was essentially an aircraft that could float, not a ship that could fly. Small wonder, then, that this particular one, during its take-off struggle, had taken a bit of a beating. The bows were stove in, the sides of the hull were creased, the longerons were strained, the tail-plane was dented and warped, the propellers were pitted and bent, and who knows how many rivets had popped. The aircraft was, in fact, so badly damaged that it was not again used on operations by this squadron. Mills and his crew were congratulated by the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief Coastal Command, Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip B. Joubert, for having effected a successful forced landing and then taken off again "in extremely hazardous circumstances."

One of the more interesting of the unit's early flights might well have been called "Operation Kelp". Actually a non-operational flight, it was made on 24 September by Pilot Officer A. B. Howell and crew, accompanied by a scientist from the Ministry of Supply, and it involved a photographic survey of certain seaweed areas along the west coast of Scotland and the coastline of the Outer Hebrides. There was no truth to the rumour

that the "man from the Ministry" was planning to cultivate a belt of impenetrable kelp around the British Isles for the purpose of fouling the propellers of U-boats.

Throughout the last six days of October the unit was operating while on the move. On the 26th it had undertaken its own wholesale transfer to Castle Archdale, located on Lough Erne in Northern Ireland, to which on more than one occasion its aircrew had been attached on operations with other squadrons. The big *Sunderlands* airlifted all its 292 personnel and gear (except the rear party and its accoutrements) in exactly a week, carrying loads consisting in some cases of 10,000 lbs. of passengers and freight plus the nine-man crew. The date of the move's completion (3 November) also marked the end of an exceedingly busy fortnight of operational training. Intensive navigation, bombing, and air-firing exercises were carried out in that period, the intensity of the armament training being evidenced by the 346 practice-bombs that were dropped and the 31,000 rounds of .303 that were fired.

Although the confusion following the move might reasonably be expected to hamper the operational output temporarily, such was not the case. The young squadron, still not over-endowed with aircraft and spares, operated on twenty of the thirty days of November, a month not noted in the U.K. for its fair-weather propensities. The 45 sorties and 532 operational hours for the month were to compare favourably with totals for any month up to and including May 1944.

It was on 12 November 1942 that a crew of No. 423 Squadron first sighted a real live German submarine. What must have been the surprise and excitement felt by Flt. Lt. Jack Sumner and his crew when they saw a U-boat, fully exposed, six miles away! What must have been their disappointment to see it crash-dive a minute or so later!

Forty seconds after the raider disappeared, the flying-boat swept over its approximate position, but the rough sea obscured the sub's wake, leaving no trace on which to base an accurate attack. Resisting the temptation to bomb by instinct, the captain dropped only smoke flares, then circled the marked area for thirty minutes, daring the U-boat to reappear. The waiting was in vain, for obviously the submarine was having no part of the *Sunderland*. By this time it was probably hugging the ocean floor.

On its many reconnaissance flights the squadron was not always concerned primarily with submarines. On 20 November, for example, a four-day aerial search for a lifeboat by numerous Coastal Command aircraft culminated in success when a 423 crew, skippered by Flt. Sgt. S. H. E. Cook, spotted the tiny craft and its dozen or more survivors. Details of its position, course, and speed, which were radioed to land, enabled a surface vessel to effect a quick rescue.

The squadron's first contact with the enemy came the following day. Rather surprisingly, this did not take the form of an offensive action against the seaborne foe; it materialized out of a defensive action against an aerial attacker. *Sunderland* "D"-Dog had been airborne scarcely two hours and had yet to reach its convoy when Flying Officer J. R. Matthews spotted from his mid-upper turret a Junkers 88 approximately 800 yards off the starboard beam. It was flying a parallel track on a reciprocal heading, and it had a height advantage of about 500 feet. Swinging behind the *Sunderland* in a wide arc, it came in on the port quarter and let go with its cannon and machine-guns from directly astern at 400 yards, closing to 200 yards before breaking away to starboard below. Tracer passed under "Dog" and a little to port. Meanwhile, tail-gunner Flying

Officer Ray Harries had opened up at 250 yards' range and fired several hundred rounds, some of which were thought to have found their mark.

The *Sunderland's* captain, Flt. Sgt. Long, then headed into a patch of cloud, and, when he emerged from it, the 88 was seen on the starboard quarter down. Positioning itself at two o'clock low about 500 yards away, it now made a climbing bow-attack, opening fire at 400 yards and maintaining it up to 200 yards before breaking away. The *Sunderland's* armament replied with 50 rounds from Sgt. R. B. O'Connor in the nose-turret, 200 rounds from Matthews, and another good burst from Harries. All three were confident that hits had been scored, and their opinions were strengthened when the Junkers went into a steep dive that took it to within 50 feet of the sea. Appearing to recover, it turned for home and climbed into cloud cover, not to be seen again. Thanks to the alertness of its gunners and to the manoeuvring skill of its skipper, the big 'boat was damaged to the extent of only four harmless bullet-holes in the mainplane.

The combat had its humorous side. While Oerlikon and Browning slugs were criss-crossing only a few yards away, there drifted through the *Sunderland* the tantalizing aroma of sizzling steak. The Scottish flight-engineer cook, Sgt. R. B. W. Clegg, was busy with his frying-pan in the galley, and, come hell or high water, he was not going to waste it! He stuck doggedly to his skillet, occasionally peering through the port-hole to check on the progress of the battle, and when the Junkers packed up, the steak was done to a turn.

On the same day the squadron made its second fruitful search in two days, this one being part of the war's biggest rescue operation to date. At briefing, the searchers had been given "lat. and long." position hundreds of miles out at

sea. To hit that position on the nose would leave little room for error on the part of the pilot-navigator team of Flt. Lt. S. Baggott, D.F.C., a New Zealander, and Pilot Officer N. Martin. But hit it they did, and after a short search in fast-fading daylight, their *Sunderland* swept over a little craft crammed with waving, cheering seamen. A Thornaby bag was dropped and the *Sunderland* stood by while homing signals were sent to the destroyer *Clare*, which was seen to reach the lifeboat some four hours later. Separate notes of thanks from Group Headquarters and the rescued personnel were subsequently received by the crew, but their greatest reward had been the sight of the actual rescue.

* * *

The following description of an operation by Flt. Lt. Sumner's crew may be considered typical, in most aspects, of No. 423 Squadron's activities . . .

The time: 0030 hrs.

The batman taps the sleeping skipper on the shoulder.

"Time to get up, Sir. Briefing's at one-thirty, take-off three-thirty." (Batmen could seldom tell the time in Service officialese.)

A few hours before, the weather had looked anything but promising. The sky was heavy with a low overcast, and rain was pelting down — real "scrub" weather. Bed felt especially comfortable and warm to Sumner as he watched the batman shuffle off to wake the other officers. None the less . . .

Sleepy-eyed aircrew stumble through a drenching downpour to their messes. Breakfast consists of porridge, bacon and egg, tea or coffee, and "lashings of toast and marmalade".

"Looks like a really long stooge this time", some pre-informed flight engineer remarks. Engineers had a talent for ferretting out information about forthcoming ops before anyone else. "Almost seven



Wing Cdr. F. J. Rump.

hundred miles out! They'd better have those petrol-tanks good and full or there'll be a lot of us in the drink waiting for the air-sea rescue types."

By briefing-time the clouds have gone and the sky is a mass of stars. A strong wind has picked up, which means headwinds on the way out.

Covering one wall of the briefing-room is an Atlantic area-map, which itself looks as big as an ocean. Lines of ribbon run out from British ports to code-lettered sea positions that represent the latest reported positions of convoys inbound from America. Just beyond 25°W. is a miniature submarine.

"That's where you're going", announces the Operations Officer, pointing to the U-boat marker. "Americans patrolling that area yesterday came on a pack of subs. They attacked them but we don't know what the results were. As you can see from the chart, there's a convoy in the vicinity. But your job is those submarines. You'll get the weather conditions from the met. man."

The weather-merchant is far from happy. Only the urgency of the situation, he admits, permits the operation in the first place. The weather overhead is purely a local condition. Information from the Atlantic is so vague that he cannot predict with any accuracy. There are several fronts out there, but their movements are indefinite.

"If you're lucky you may return under conditions just as they are

now" — and he adds — "or it may get thick."

After a few words from the Squadron Commander, the aircrew leave the briefing room. Sumner's navigator, Warrant Officer Harry Parliament, is loaded down with maps and charts. The second pilot, Pilot Officer George Holley, carries two orange-coloured metal boxes housing Gertie and George, homing pigeons which will be released if the *Sunderland* is forced down at sea. At the docks, crews board motor-boats which take them to their flying yachts moored well out in the lake. There the rest of the crew of "J" awaits them — Pilot Officer Art Mountford, Sgts. Jack Kelly, Hal Hutchinson, Phil Marshall, J. B. Horsburgh, and A. J. Lunn. They have been in the aircraft all night, having slept aboard. Mountford is busy making tea in the galley. There is still some time before take-off, and crew sit around the table in the wardroom, chatting the minutes away.

Suddenly the skipper looks at his watch, heaves himself to his feet, and gives the order to douse cigarettes and the oil heater. It's time to start up.

In quick succession four *Pegasus* power-plants kick to life, then merge into an unsynchronized roar. The big 'boat moves toward the flare-path (a row of lights bobbing on the water), guided by a dinghy-borne airman flashing an Aldis lamp. The pilots make their pre-take-off checks, the crew get into their take-off positions, and presently the ship is trimmed and ready to go. Then, throttles opening wide in an angry crescendo, the *Sunderland* gathers momentum, pulls itself up on to the step, and is soon moving over the lake at express-train speed. Suddenly Sumner brings back the control column with a slight jerk, and "J"-Jig is airborne.

But the operation isn't yet under way. Before reaching its patrol area, "Jig" is recalled because of

Left to right: Flying Officer G. F. Rosenthal, Sgts. D. M. MacFie, R. E. F. Blades, Flying Officer J. Ritchie, Pilot Officer C. H. E. Cook, Flt. Sgt. J. G. Kilgour, Sgts. L. G. Irving, W. J. McKinley, T. A. Reeves, J. Milligan.



threatening weather at base. It returns to the mooring-place and the crew awaits another order to go. The order comes sooner than expected, and the routine begins all over again. This time it's a convoy-escort. The briefing is very much like the previous one, except that one of the U-boats has been definitely sunk and another two have probably been destroyed by escort surface-vessels. But a pack of them are still shadowing the convoy and it must have aerial protection. It's that simple.

Taking off again in darkness, the *Sunderland*, soon after first light, reaches the area where it is to pick up the convoy. Sumner and Holley scan the ocean for a sign of a ship, Mountford is glued to his wireless set, Parliament checks and rechecks his navigation, Kelly swings his mid-upper turret slowly back and forth. The wireless operator calls the captain on the inter-com and gives him a radio bearing on the convoy. A course alteration is made to starboard and soon the long lines of ships are in sight. Then the *Sunderland* begins to circle the convoy just within visual range. (The armament of those ships carried quite a sting, and it was considered unwise to venture too close to them until they'd sent out a recognition signal. It was not unusual for such ships to shoot first and ask questions afterwards.)

The message of recognition is received, followed by a second message giving a bearing on a suspected submarine well to starboard of the convoy. Everybody aboard the *Sunderland* perks up. Even if they don't see one, at least they'll have the satisfaction of knowing that their presence is keeping one of the foe out of striking-range. The circling goes on and on . . .

A welcome break in the monotony comes with the call to lunch. The crew retire in shifts to the wardroom to partake of thick steaks with potatoes and turnips,



Flt. Sgt. J. Kilgour (left) and Flying Officer J. Ritchie go into action in the wardroom of their Sunderland during a patrol.

Front row (l. to r.): Pilot Officer G. Holley, Flt. Lt. J. R. Sumner, Flying Officer A. E. Mountford, Pilot Officer H. B. Parliament. Back row (l. to r.): Sgts. H. Hutchinson, J. B. Horsburgh, Flt. Sgt. J. S. Kelly, Sgts. A. J. Lunn, F. Hadcroft, W. J. Lancaster.



and a dessert of bread and jam. The next meal, tea, will feature fried egg sandwiches.

Times passes, the monotony grows. Everyone wishes the patrol would hurry up and end. As if in deference to their wishes, the alarm siren shrieks and red warning-lights flash.

"The skip's spotted something!" Hutchinson shouts as he heads toward the bomb-racks.

As he and another chap pull down the side flaps of the bomb-bay and press the button that moves the depth charges out on a track to their position on the lower surface of the wing, Sumner banks as tightly as possible and dives at full throttle in the direction of something long and black in the distance. The thing — it's a submarine, all right — appears to be about five miles away, but distances are deceptive over water. Uppermost in everyone's mind is the question: "Will it see us and submerge before we can attack?"

The answer comes only seconds later, when the alarmed enemy crash-dives to safety. Though such an eventuality is one of the occupation's accepted hazards, disappointment clouds every face. The

vicinity around the sub's vanishing-act is carefully scrutinized, but any attempt to depth-bomb now would be nothing but the wildest stab in the dark. The raider may have "beetled off" in any direction.

"Bring in the bombs", orders the captain, and the load of H. E. returns to its stowage in the fuselage.

Now the circling begins anew, but the patrol period is soon over. A signal to that effect is sent to one of the escorting destroyers. The *Sunderland* turns for home . . .

* * *

Toward the end of January 1943, word was received that four crews and aircraft were to be prepared for a special assignment. Because of the exercises in bombing and fighter affiliation that were laid on, there was much speculation as to its nature. Things crystallized on 1 February, when a detachment consisting of a party of four aircrews and a groundcrew departed for R.A.F. Station Pembroke Dock, located on the inlet of Milford Haven, the first sizable indentation in Britain's west coastline north of the Bristol Channel's mouth.

The Pembroke Dock detachment was introduced to a zone of operations that was new to No. 423 Squadron — the Bay of Biscay. Its duty was to help protect convoys proceeding from England to Gibraltar, convoys that were carrying troops, equipment, and supplies to reinforce Operation "Torch", the invasion of North Africa.

While not lucky enough to surprise any U-boats in the Bay, the detachment's crews saw many an agent of the *Luftwaffe*. On one particular patrol, Flt. Sgt. Cook and his team counted 17 "hostiles". Acting on orders, however, they did not go looking for trouble and were not drawn into combat. All in all, the unit's *début* in the usually truculent Biscay region was surprisingly devoid of eventualities. Even the weather was tame, for more than once the visibility was described as unlimited and the sea as calm, adjectives that were almost unheard of in met. reports concerning the North Atlantic.

Before the middle of February the detachment personnel had returned to Castle Archdale.

(To be continued)

The dairy cows' taste for music, though it is barely a year since it was first properly recognized, is moving fast with the modern tide. A year ago the cows of Dorset were content to have a piano in the milking parlour, with "The Dam Busters' March" as their favourite piece and the most productive of milk yields. But no doubt it was inevitable that . . . the amateur family musician should be ousted by the mass-produced synthetic professional. Now we find an enterprising farmer from the country advertising for a radio or radiogram "suitable for entertaining thirty poor young cows while being milked, day in, day out" . . . The day may come when no eyebrows will be raised if some smooth-tongued "disc-jockey" announces "And now for Daisy, of Stall One, Bluebell Farm, here is . . ." (*"The Times Weekly Review": U.K.*)

R.C.A.F. Association



(This section of "The Roundel" is prepared by the R.C.A.F. Association.)

A MESSAGE AT CHRISTMAS

It is with great pleasure that I take this opportunity to extend the compliments of the season to all our members and their families.

I am deeply grateful for the splendid support you have given me during the past year.

To all a merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

(F. G. Wait)
Air Vice-Marshal,
National President.

WING NEWS

No. 312 (La Tuque) Wing

A gala occasion for No. 312 Wing was the fund-raising campaign held during the week-end of November 2nd to aid in the support of the Air Cadet squadron which was organized and is fully sponsored by the Wing. The R.C.A.F. Training Command Band was in attendance, and on the Saturday night a dance was held in the Community Club. During the evening Miss Jacqueline Roy was crowned "Queen of the Air Cadets". Activities on November 3rd included a Church parade in the afternoon with a band concert in the Central High School in the evening. Hearty congratulations are most certainly due both to the executive and to members of No. 312 Wing.



No. 420 Wing's 1958 executive. Front row (l. to r.): F. Seedhouse, secretary; W. Sutherland, past-president; R. Murphy, president; G. E. Penfold, Ontario Group president; D. Robertson, first vice-president. Back row (l. to r.): W. Brownell, J. Humphries, J. Greenshields, W. Evans, E. Gray, W. Vince.

No. 312 Wing. Front row (l. to r.): Mrs. A. O. Dumas, Mrs. B. Hamel, Jacqueline Roy, Mrs. J. C. Panneton, Mrs. B. Bishop. Back row: Squadron Leader A. O. Dumas, Pilot Officer J. C. Houle, Mrs. J. C. Houle, Flying Officer B. Hamel, A. Wallace, Flying Officer M. O'Donnell, Mrs. B. Braithwaite, Flight Lieutenant C. Panneton, Flying Officer W. B. Bishop. (Lalancette photo.)



No. 310 (Wilno) Wing, Montreal

The annual Blue Ball of the Wilno Wing was held at the Ritz Carlton Hotel on October 26th. Music was provided by the R.C.A.F. Central Band.

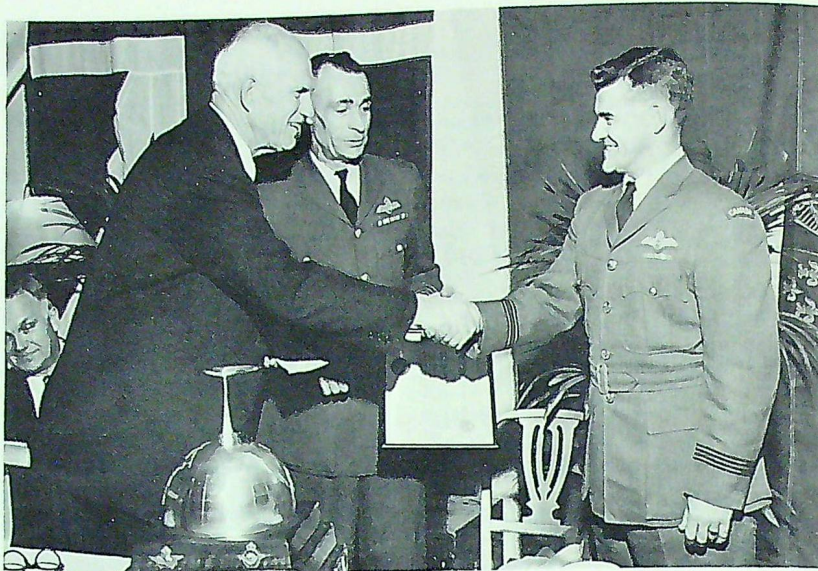
No. 432 (Sault Ste. Marie) Wing

Under the direction of Alex Mathewson, president, and his executive, No. 432 Wing is enjoying a very active season. Recently they accepted an invitation to a meeting of the North Bay Wing. Those members who made the trip, some 20 in number, had a very enjoyable evening. The Remembrance Day Dinner and Dance exceeded all expectations, with more than 150 attending.

LADIES' AUXILIARIES

Ladies' Auxiliaries of the Association are recognized at Wing level: their members do not pay National or Wing dues. As an indication of the high regard which members of the Association have for the Auxiliaries, two years ago the delegates attending the annual convention in Windsor unanimously expressed their appreciation of the services performed by them all across the country. A special lapel badge has been provided for Auxiliary members.

Every Wing would be well advised to include a Ladies' Auxiliary within its organization. The Auxiliaries are a great help to the Wing executives, and it is a fact that a Wing with a Ladies' Auxiliary is usually strong and very active. A good example of this is the success enjoyed by two newly formed Wings at Renfrew and Pembroke. No. 427 (London) Wing and No. 500 (Winnipeg) Wing have recently announced formation of Ladies' Auxiliaries, and we would suggest to those Wings who have not yet availed themselves of the services of the Sex that they give the matter careful consideration.



As mentioned in the November issue of "The Roundel", the R.C.A.F. Association Trophy was awarded this year to No. 588 (Canadian) Squadron of the Royal Canadian Air Cadets. Mr. J. G. Notman, president of Canadair Ltd., is shown congratulating Flight Lieutenant H. W. Brehn, C.O. of No. 588. In the background is Wing Commander E. E. Simms, C.O. of No. 16 (Canadair) Wing of the R.C.A.C.

No. 310 Wing's annual Blue Ball. L. to r.: Air Commodore D. A. R. Bradshaw, D.F.C., representing Air Vice-Marshal L. E. Wray, A.O.C. Air Defence Command; Mrs. F. G. Michalak; Group Captain S. Szuk, C.B.E., vice-pres., R.C.A.F.A.; Mrs. W. Hamilton; the Hon. W. Hamilton, postmaster-general; Mrs. A. M. Jardine; Group Capt. A. M. Jardine, A.F.C.; Mrs. D. A. R. Bradshaw; Mr. F. G. Michalak, pres. of No. 310. (Borris Studio photo.)



Bradshaw was once my neighbor in Ottawa, Szuk was in next office

BADGES OF THE R.C.A.F. : 9

This is the ninth 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" x 10" (50¢) and 11" x 14" (\$1.00). Cheques or money orders (not cash) must be made payable to the Receiver General of Canada.

R.C.A.F. STATION GANDER

(June 1944)

In front of a sun in splendour,
a Canada gander volant.

Alis Volat Propriis
(He flies with his own wings)

The gander represents the name of the station. Aircraft operating from this base during the war flew eastward over the ocean towards the rising sun.

Originally known as Newfoundland Airport, the R.C.A.F. station at Gander was officially formed on 5 May 1941 and remained in operation until the end of the war as an

important air base in the Battle of the Atlantic and a staging-point on trans-Atlantic ferry routes. Even before the R.C.A.F. took over the airport, Canadian aircraft had started operations from Gander, and three bomber reconnaissance squadrons, Nos. 10, 5, and 116, were stationed there at various periods during the war. Local air defence was provided by R.C.A.F. Hurricane squadrons. Aircraft based at Gander made 26 attacks upon U-boats, the largest number reported by any station in Eastern Air Command, and they scored four of the Command's six U-boat kills. Early in 1946 the site at Gander was returned to the Newfoundland government and the R.C.A.F. station was disbanded on 31 March of that year.

1942, to strengthen our far-eastern defences. The aircraft arrived just in time to give warning of an enemy strike against Ceylon. The squadron remained in Ceylon until the end of 1944, with detachments located at many points in and around the Indian Ocean; then, returning to Britain early in 1945, it was disbanded. Its battle honours are Atlantic 1941-1943, Ceylon 1942, and Eastern Waters 1942-1944.

On 1 April 1947, No. 13 Photo Squadron was renumbered No. 413 and continued its photographic and survey transport operations over the Canadian northland until 1 November 1950, when No. 413 was again disbanded. The squadron began its third tour at Bagotville, on 1 August 1951, in the role of a Sabre fighter unit. It flew overseas in March 1953 to join No. 3 Fighter Wing at Zweibrücken, and remained there until May 1957, when No. 413 returned to Bagotville and was converted to all-weather (CF-100) fighters.



No. 413 SQUADRON

(October 1943)

In front of a maple leaf an
elephant's head affronté.

Advigilamus Undis
(We watch the waves)

The elephant represents Ceylon, the squadron's major operational base during the war, and the motto describes its original role.

Formed at Stranraer, Scotland, on 1 July 1941, No. 413 was the first flying-boat (*Catalina*) unit in the R.C.A.F. overseas. After a few months on operations over the north-eastern Atlantic from a base at Sullom Voe in the Shetland Isles, the squadron was transferred to Koggala in Ceylon, in March



No. 419 SQUADRON

(June 1944)

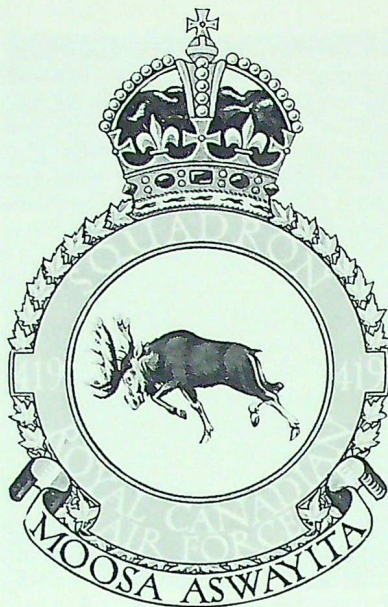
A moose attacking.

Moosa Aswayita

(Beware of the moose)

The moose, representing the squadron's nickname acquired from its first commanding officer, is a ferocious fighter indigenous to Canada. The motto is in the Cree language.

No. 419 was formed at Mildenhall, England, on 15 December 1941, as the third R.C.A.F. bomber squadron overseas. The first C.O. was Wing Commander John ("Moose") Fulton, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., from whom the unit gained its nickname. Originally in No. 3 Group of Bomber Command, the squadron joined No. 6 (R.C.A.F.) Group upon its formation on 1 January 1943. From Mildenhall it moved to Leeming, Topcliffe, and Croft for short periods before settling down at Middleton St.



George, in November 1942, where it remained until the end of the war. Beginning operations on

Wellington medium bombers, No. 419 later converted to *Halifax* heavy bombers and then to the *Lancaster X*. It flew more than 4,000 sorties and dropped 13,417 tons of bombs on enemy targets; 129 aircraft were lost on these operations. Among the scores of decorations won by the squadron was a Victoria Cross awarded posthumously to Pilot Officer A. C. Mynarski. The squadron's other battle honours are English Channel and North Sea 1942-1944, Baltic 1942-1944, Fortress Europe 1942-1944, France and Germany 1944-1945, Biscay Ports 1942-1944, Ruhr 1942-1945, Berlin 1943-1944, German Ports 1942-1945, Normandy 1944, Rhine, and Biscay 1942, 1944.

In June 1945, No. 419 flew its *Lancasters* back to Canada and was disbanded three months later. The squadron was re-formed at North Bay on 15 March 1954 as a CF-100 unit and flew overseas in August 1957 to join No. 4 Fighter Wing at Baden-Soellingen.

MEETING OF CHIEFS



AIR Chief Marshal Sir Dermot A. Boyle, G.C.B., K.C.V.O., K.B.E., A.F.C., who arrived a few weeks ago for talks with senior R.C.A.F. officers, was met at R.C.A.F. Station Uplands by Air Marshal Hugh L. Campbell, C.B.E. Behind the two Chiefs of Staff is the R.A.F. *Comet* which brought Sir Dermot to Canada.

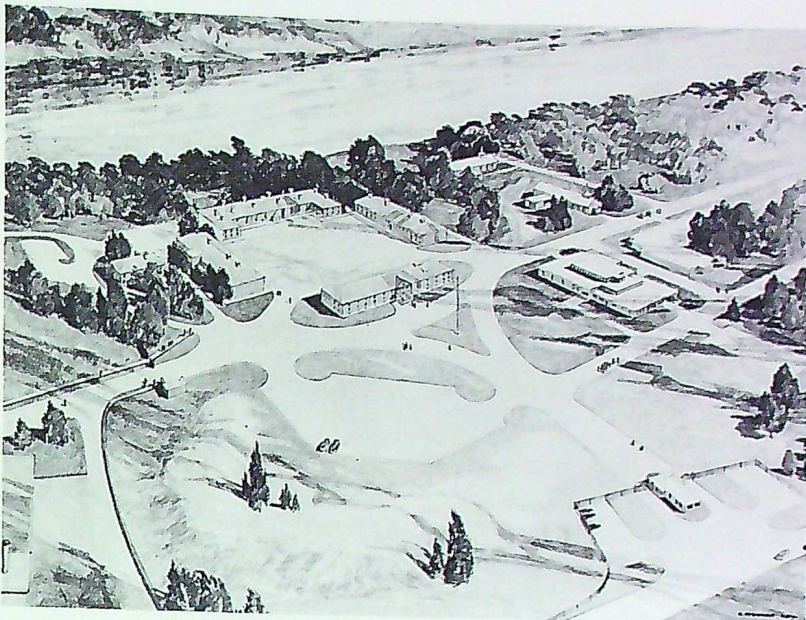
Air Chief Marshal Sir Dermot A. Boyle (left) and Air Marshal Hugh L. Campbell.

Preview

for

Cadets

The accompanying sketch by Warrant Officer C. S. Roy gives us an idea of what the tri-Service Collège Militaire Royal de St-Jean will look like when planned alterations are completed.



CHAPLAINS

IN

RETREAT

ANNUALLY the R.C.A.F.'s padres gather to spend a few days together in prayer and meditation. Protestant chaplains attend a tri-Service retreat at Cleveland's House, Bala, Ont., and the Roman Catholics hold two retreats, one in the east and one in the west. The eastern retreat was held this year at Aylmer, Quebec, and the western at St. Albert, Alberta.

Pictured here are the eleven priests who participated in the retreat at St. Albert, under the guidance of Father Fournier, retreat master. Front row (l. to r.): Flight Lieutenant R. G. MacNeil, Wing Commander A. J. E. Leveque, Squadron Leader J. E. V. Ville-neuve, Flt. Lts. J. C. McNeil, J. C. E. DeChamplain. Rear row (l. to r.): Flt. Lt. R. M. G. Guilmin, Sqn. Ldr. J. F. D. A. Halle, Father Fournier, Flt. Lts. A. L. Dittrich, M. Dussault, J. E. E. Cartier, C. E. Shea.



Letters to the Editor



AN APOLOGY

Dear Sir:

The lower left-hand caption on page 30 of the October issue refers to the captain of the Royal Canadian Air Cadet drill team, shown in the accompanying photograph, as "Warrant Officer 1st Class J. Gleason". This should read "Warrant Officer 2nd Class Winston Jackson".

A. Simmons,
Hon. Sec'y.-Treas.,
Manitoba Branch,
The Air Cadet League of Canada.

(Air Cadet League Headquarters ask us to apologize on their behalf for the error pointed out by Mr. Simmons. —Editor)

NOTICE TO LIBRARIANS

Dear Sir:

This unit's library has more books than space, as well as quite a number of duplicates. Our dispensable books now number about 1200, and vary from non-fiction to mysteries, western, and novels.

Crates of books will be sent out to libraries requesting them.

Flying Officer J. P. Tucker,
Library Officer,
C.J.A.T.C.,
Rivers, Man.

MARSHALS OF THE R.A.F.

Dear Sir:

Have two or more persons, other than the reigning Monarch, ever held the rank of Marshal of the Royal Air Force?

Flt. Sgt. E. W. Guillemin,
R.C.A.F. Station Camp Borden.

(Marshals of the R.A.F. are never placed on the Retired List. There are at present eleven Marshals of the R.A.F., whose names are given below, together with the dates of their appointment to the rank: Sir John M. Salmond, 1 Jan. '33; H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor, 21 Jan. '36; Sir Edward L. Ellington, 1 Jan. '37; Lord Newall, 1 Oct. '40; Viscount Portal of Hungerford, 1 Jan. '44; Lord Tedder, 12 Sept. '45; Lord Douglas of Kirtleside, 1 Jan. '46; Sir Arthur T. Harris, Bart., 1 Jan.

'46; Sir John C. Slessor, 8 June '50; H.R.H. Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, 15 Jan. '53; Sir William F. Dixon, 1 June '54. — Editor.)

LETTER OF THANKS

Dear Sir:

May we express our heartfelt thanks to all the Air Force personnel involved in the search for the *Hudson* which was lost on a flight from Great Whale River to Val d'Or, P.Q., last July. One of the four men aboard, Warrant Officer J. N. Clemens, was husband and brother, respectively, of the undersigned.

Particularly we wish to thank Squadron Leader R. J. Lemieux, Sqn. Ldr. S. M. Milliken, Flying Officer W. A. Wilson, and the three padres, Group Captain L. A. Costello, Wing Commander J. P. Davignon and Sqn. Ldr. E. D. Stuart.

To those mentioned above and to the scores of other personnel of the R.C.A.F. who were so helpful and considerate, our sincerest appreciation.

Mrs. Margaret Clemens.
W.O. 2 Clarence Clemens.

Tabby for the Tigers

THE R.C.A.F. Tigers of Metz, France, pictured in the October issue of "The Roundel" after winning the Eastern France Little League championship, now have a mascot. The gift of Mrs. Ellen Fairclough, Canada's Secretary of State, "Hammy" (short for Hamilton Tiger Cat) will henceforward occupy a seat of honour on the Tiger bench. Acting as proxy Secretary of State, four-year-old Candy Lee, daughter of Squadron Leader W. M. Lee, presents Hammy to eight-year-old D'Arcy Lamoureux, son of the team's coach, Leading Aircraftman J. Lamoureux. The boys will give Hammy a seat of honour in the R.C.A.F. Air Division Dependents' School until the team is re-formed next year.



Answers to "What's the Score?"

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

Politics is perhaps the only profession for which no preparation is thought necessary. (Robert Louis Stevenson.)

Views expressed in "The Roundel" upon controversial subjects are the views of the writers expressing them. They do not necessarily reflect the official opinions of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

THE R.C.A.F. BENEVOLENT FUND

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

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

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

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

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