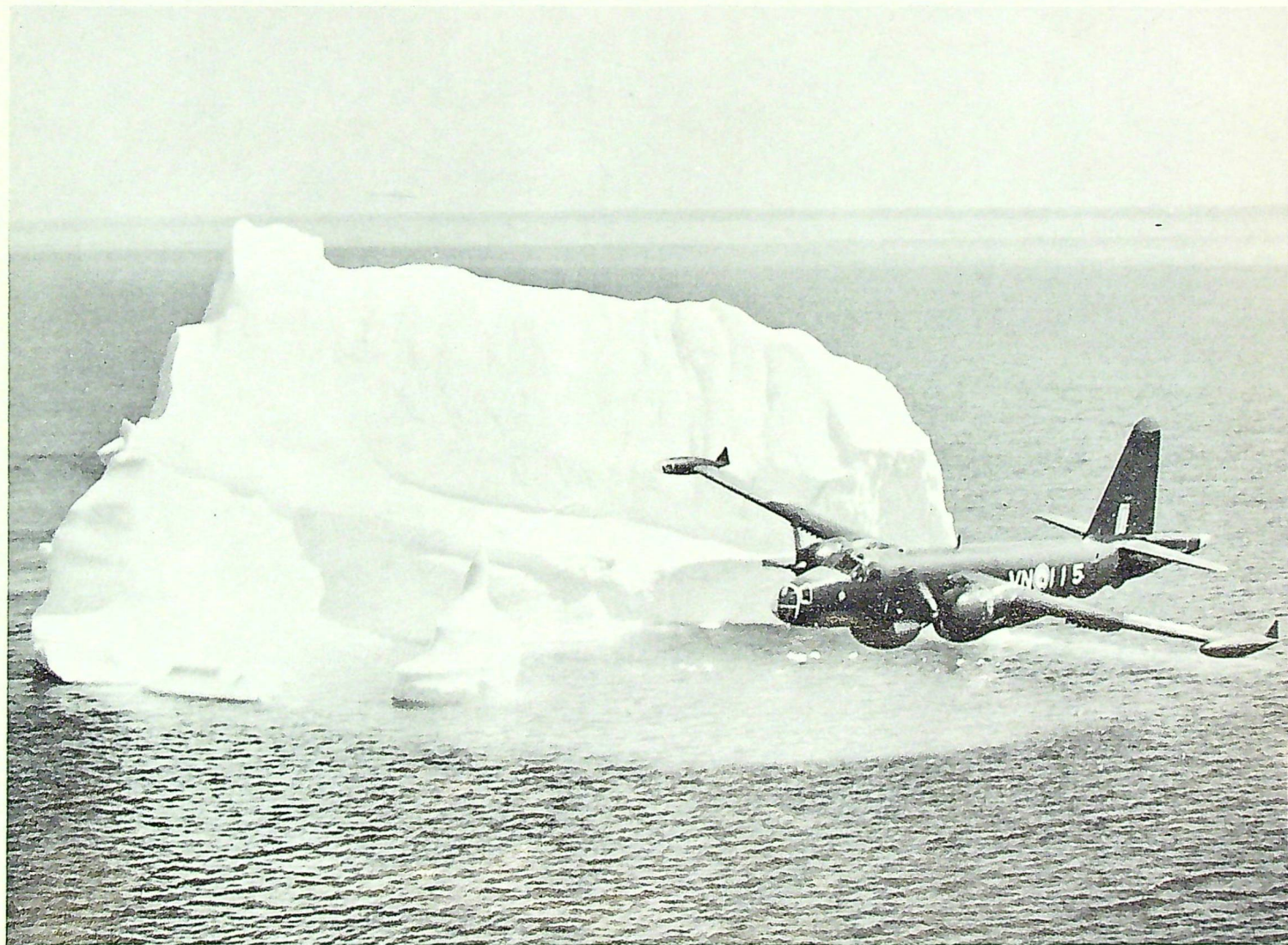


The **ROUNDDEL**



OCTOBER 1958
Vol. 10 No. 8



ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

* * * **CONTENTS** * * *

	<i>page</i>
On the Break.....	1
* * *	
Homeward Bound.....	2
Look Seaward, Guardian.....	4
B. C.'s Unique Marine Rescue Service.....	10
Deliverum Non Dunkem.....	16
A Short Hysteria of Canada.....	20
We Can't All Be Air Marshals.....	23
* * *	
Badges of the R.C.A.F.: 12.....	26
Letters of Commendation.....	27
R.C.A.F. Association.....	28
Royal Canadian Air Cadets.....	30
The Suggestion Box.....	32
* * *	
Air Gunnery Champions.....	24
Belgian Camp-Site.....	25
Picnic Turns Into Battle.....	29

THIS MONTH'S COVER



A Neptune of Maritime Air Command sweeps low near a huge iceberg off the Newfoundland coast while on reconnaissance patrol.

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ON THE BREAK



FROM over the editorial shoulder, as we were making last minute page-proof corrections, came the cryptic comment, "This looks like a pretty wet issue." The deadline-day aura of concentration in *THE ROUND* office was shattered.

The speaker was Alice, our only feminine staff member, who is not ordinarily prone to casting remarks on the moral tone of the magazine. Perhaps the abnormally long drought, brought on in this part of Canada by a current labour strike, had caused the poor girl to think in these terms—although we had not suspected she might be an addict of the preprandial.

"While naturally we try never to turn out a dry issue, my dear, why do you declare this to be a wet one?" we parried, swinging the editorial chair around to get a better perspective on the subject.

Said subject merely pointed to the table of contents and shrugged her pretty shoulders. They were draped, we noted, in a particularly fetching blouse. Our assistant across the desk dropped his ball-point, splitting an infinitive in the process. The situation seemed to be getting out of hand.

"Take a look for yourself, sir," said Alice, most respectfully. "Just about every article, including the photo-story on page 2, has to do with the ocean. I very nearly got seasick merely typing the copy."

And, if you care to look closer, you'll realize she's absolutely right! We hope the editor of *THE CROWSNEST* doesn't think we're trying to steal the navy's thunder, but this is probably the most nautical *ROUND* ever published.

* * *

MARITIME Air Command, on which we turn the leigh light this month, inherits a proud tradition from Coastal Command. Long hours of monotonous ocean patrol in peacetime is not the most exciting type of flying in the R.C.A.F., but it is the price being paid by M.A.C. aircrew to keep this country in a state of constant preparedness. We trust "Look Seaward, Guardian" (page 4) will give those unfamiliar with present-day maritime reconnaissance a better understanding of this vital R.C.A.F. role in anti-submarine defence.

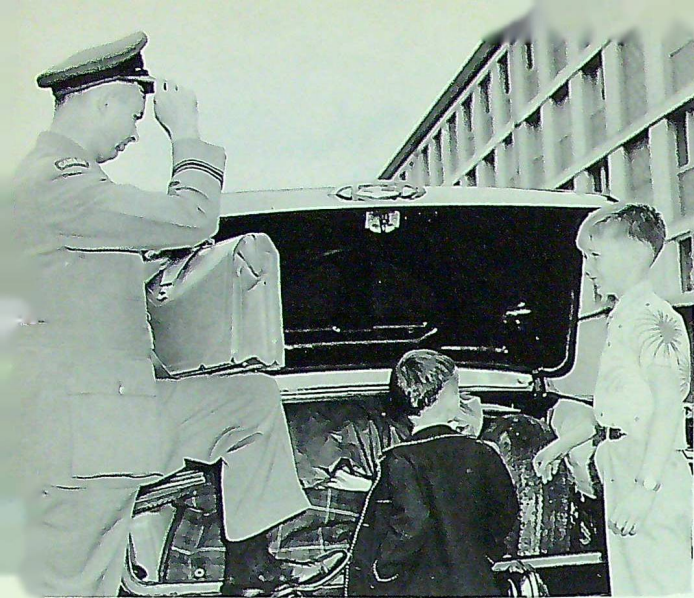


Search and rescue missions are probably the best publicized of all peacetime airforce operations. The organization which stands ready to aid persons in distress is a truly remarkable example of effective co-ordination between government and non-government agencies right across Canada. On the west coast this co-ordination has been achieved not without frustrations and failures, but B.C.'s Marine Rescue Service (page 10) has earned international admiration as well as the undying gratitude of scores of individuals who owe their lives to its prompt and efficient action.

After reading Flight Lieutenant Childerhose's manuscript describing the off-duty shenanigans of the overseas jet ferry pilots (page 16) we are forced to agree that they were a throwback to the wartime breed of aircrew—who lived, loved and flew, all with equal intensity. Now we'll sit back and wait for the reaction of the lads who man the *CF-100*, the *Argus* and the *Comet*. Surely they must have some rebuttal to the inference that today's flyboys are colourless and dull.

The Editor.

Homeward Bound

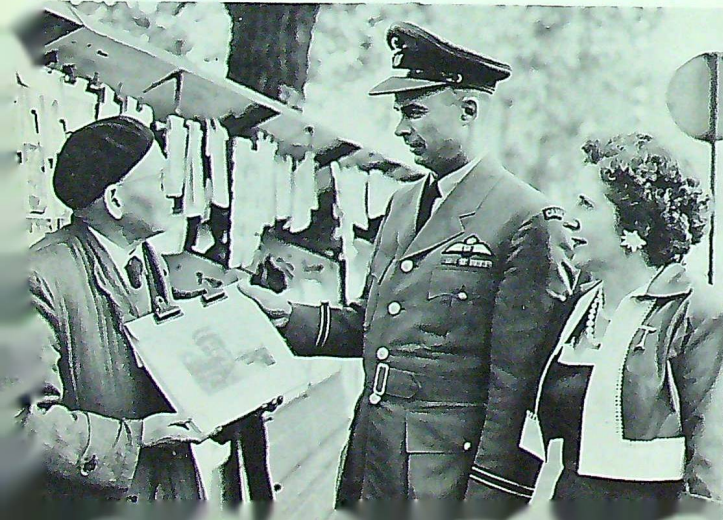


Flt Lt. Thornhill ponders where to squeeze in that last bag as he packs his car trunk for the trip home. Helping him in the thinking department are his two sons, Ronald and Allan.



At the PMQ at Metz the Thornhills receive bon voyage wishes from their neighbours, Warrant Officer and Mrs. C.A. Raizenne.

A traditional purchase by tourists is a painting from one of the many stalls along the east bank of the Seine.



Enroute to the embarkation port of Le Havre, the Thornhills ask directions from a gendarme near the Arc de Triomphe in Paris.



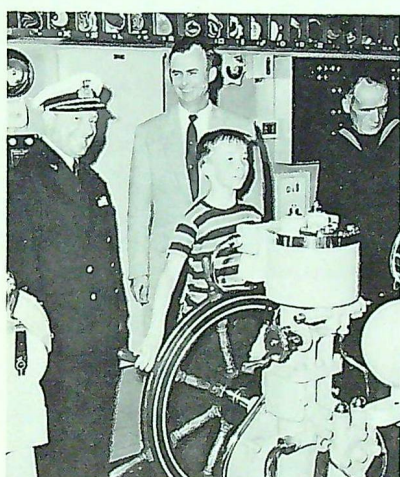


Travel documents are produced before boarding the SS Homeric at Le Havre.



No troopship, this!

The thrill of a lifetime for young Allan at the helm of the ocean liner.

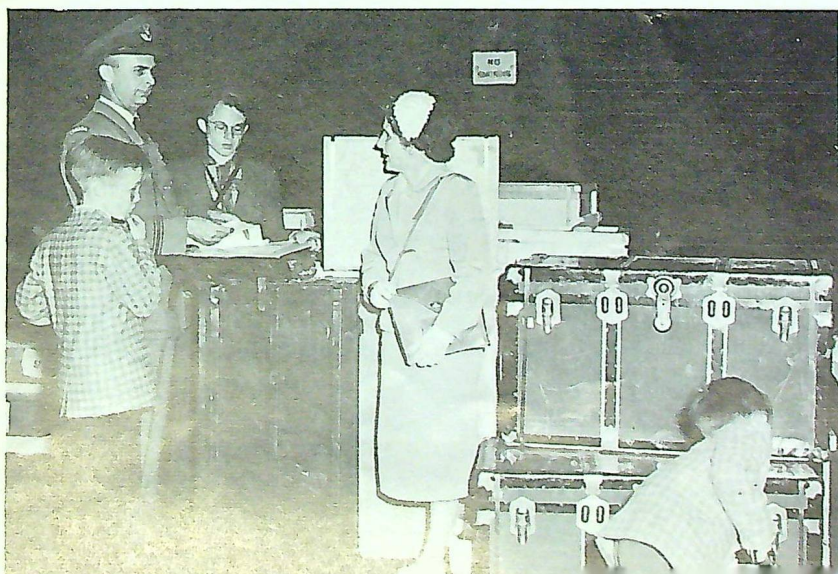


Through the early morning mist, the first sight of Canada after a three-year absence.



Back on Canadian soil, the family baggage is checked off at Montreal.

While waiting for their car to be unloaded, the Thornhills plan the route to their new home.



LOOK SEAWARD, GUARDIAN

BY FLYING OFFICER J.D. BURGE

Anti-Submarine Warfare Is Primary Function of Maritime Air Command

INSIDE the operations room at R.C.A.F. Station Greenwood a *Neptune* crew of 404 Squadron was being briefed. At approximately the same time off the Nova Scotia coast the cold light of dawn revealed a Royal Navy submarine cruising in the choppy Atlantic waters.

Within three hours aircraft and sub would rendezvous to begin a game of wits involving the airborne crew and the submerged sailors below. This would be a tracking exercise, one of a long series carried out by crews from 404, 405 and 407 Squadrons of Maritime Air Command who patrol the waters of Canada's coasts in continual anti-submarine warfare training.

Anti-submarine warfare is the primary function of M.A.C. The development of a large Russian submarine fleet and the threat of submarines capable of launching guided missiles have stimulated intensive training in this work. In addition to keeping the shipping lanes free from underwater attack, Canadian air and sea forces must be prepared to protect coastal cities and towns from missiles launched out of the ocean depths.

Increased operational and training activity together with the use of more powerful sub killers is the R.C.A.F.'s answer to the submarine threat. The introduction of new aircraft with greater detection and attacking capabilities provides Canada with an anti-submarine force designed to locate and destroy the enemy before he can inflict damage on vital shore-based installations or sea lane convoys.

Aircraft of M.A.C. patrol the waters off both east and west coasts. Planes from 404 and 405 Squadrons operate out of Greenwood to patrol the Atlantic waters. Over the Pacific 407 Squadron, based at R.C.A.F. Station Comox, B.C., participates in exercises anywhere between Alaska and Mexico.

In addition to A.S.W. operations, M.A.C. plays a vital role in search and rescue work. Directed by the Rescue Co-ordination Centre at M.A.C.H.Q. in Halifax or by the sub-R.C.C. at R.C.A.F. Station Torbay, 103 Search and Rescue Unit at Greenwood and 107 "R" Unit at Torbay function in the Atlantic S.A.R. area. When the need arises, the Operational Training Unit at R.C.A.F. Station Summerside assists in this work. Similarly, 407 stands ready to back up S.A.R. facilities in the Pacific area if required by R.C.C. Vancouver.

THE BACKGROUND

Events leading to the formation of M.A.C. commenced in 1924 when an R.C.A.F. Station was located near Halifax. For the next decade the station was used chiefly as the base for photographic operations, preventive rum-running

patrols, and the charting of air routes. The rapid expansion of the R.C.A.F. begun in 1937 resulted in the formation on 15 September 1938 of Eastern Air Command. E.A.C. controlled the R.C.A.F.'s anti-submarine operations during the Second World War.

Aircraft from E.A.C. played a significant role in winning "The Battle of the Atlantic". E.A.C. made its first attack on a German U-boat off Newfoundland on 25 October 1941 but by misadventure the bombs did not explode. It was nine months later on 31 July 1942 when E.A.C. scored its first kill. During the conflict E.A.C. aircraft scored six kills, damaged 84 U-boats and carried out countless hours of convoy duty helping to keep the sea lanes open.

With the war's end, operational and other types of activities in E.A.C. ceased or were curtailed. By the end of the immediate post-war period, E.A.C. as such, ceased to exist. In its place 10 Group was formed with headquarters in Halifax. This became Maritime Group on 1 April 1949 and Maritime Air Command on 1 June 1953, under the command of Air Commodore A.D. Ross, G.C., C.B.E.

M.A.C. TODAY

The retirement of Air Commodore Martin Costello, C.B.E., C.D., as Air Officer Commanding M.A.C. and his succession by Air Cdre. W.I. Clements, O.B.E., on 11 July 1958 marked the end of one important era in M.A.C. operations and the beginning of another. Air Cdre. Costello had directed M.A.C. through its use of *Lancasters* and *Neptunes* to the advent of the *Argus*. Air Cdre. Clements assumed his new duties at a time when crews from 405 Squadron were being converted from the *Neptune* to the *Argus* at Greenwood. As A.O.C. of M.A.C. Air Cdre. Clements fills two jobs. He is responsible to the Chief of the Air Staff for the air forces allotted to his control. He is also Deputy Commander to the Maritime Commander Atlantic, Rear Admiral Hugh F. Pullen.

Last 17 May the *Argus* was handed over to M.A.C. in an impressive ceremony at Greenwood. With its combat range of more than 4,000 miles it can cover those deep ocean areas which were beyond air-cover during most of the Second World War. In the *Argus* are the most effective devices available for detecting submarines, covering the

Air Cdre. A.D. Ross, G.C., C.B.E

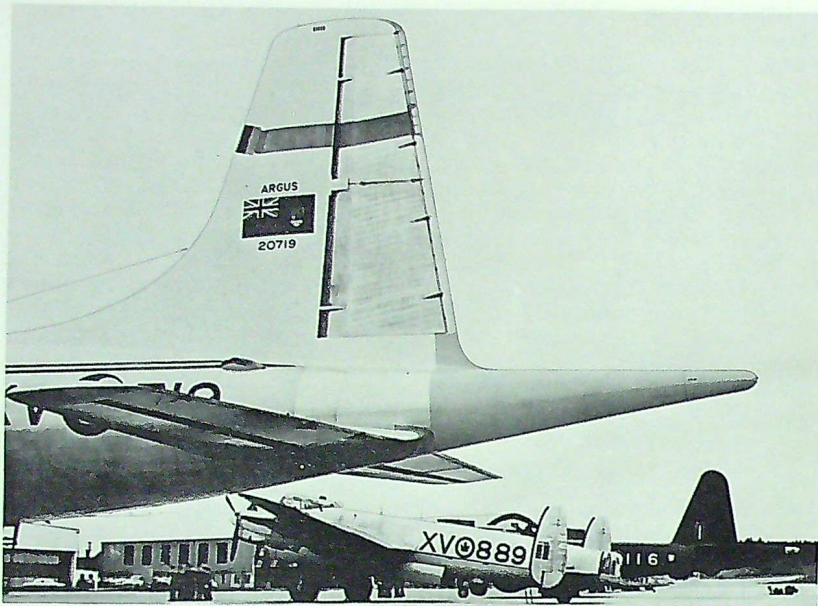


Air Cdre. M. Costello, C.B.E.



Air Cdre. W.I. Clements, O.B.E.





Argus (foreground) and Neptune flank the venerable Lancaster, retired from M.A.C. service this fall.

complete range of sight, sound, smell and aura. The arsenal is complete with bombs, torpedoes and mines, each used in some phase of anti-submarine warfare.

Crews flying the *Argus* are delighted with its handling qualities, operational capabilities and comforts. A detachment from the O.T.U. at Summerside conducts the Argus Conversion Course at Greenwood. 404 and 405 Squadrons, who now fly *Neptunes*, eventually will be completely equipped with the *Argus*. 407 Squadron converted from the *Lancaster* to the *Neptune* this year.

The Argus Conversion School was opened at Greenwood on 23 June with Squadron Leader A.S. Pelland, officer commanding. The instructors are veterans like Flight Lieutenant V.F. Lewis, D.F.C., who captained a *Halifax* with the R.A.F. during the war, and younger officers including Flying Officers J. Loewen, R.K. Pirie and R.H. Hampshire. The courses vary in length for the different trades. Theories learned in the ground school by the pilots, navigators,

radio officers and flight engineers are applied in the air.

TEAMWORK

Friendly rivalries exist between the three operational squadrons, such as those between the softball teams of 404 and 405 squadrons at Greenwood. At times, this rivalry becomes an inter-service affair (see box.) Although a healthy competitive spirit for achieving outstanding performances exists, teamwork is the keyword in all anti-submarine operations. The execution of A.S.W. is a dual-service role, requiring full co-operation between the R.C.N. and R.C.A.F. as well as the air and sea forces of other countries.

404 and 405 Squadrons usually participate in all major SACLANT exercises. During the past year these included "Newbroom 8" and the N.A.T.O. fall exercises of 1957. During the latter exercise, 404 Squadron under its O.C., Wing Commander I.A.H. MacFarlane, operated out of Greenwood and Torbay while 405 Squadron was deployed to Bally Kelly, Ireland.

This exercise was conducted from both sides of the Atlantic. Other exercises for the squadron included "Maple Royal", a combined British and Canadian operation and the largest of its kind surface-wise since 1945, "Beaverdam" and "Cold Gulf".

Training exercises are carried out continually. One type involves the despatching of aircraft from the stations to intercept ocean liners or freighters at sea. Often the ship under escort does not realize what is taking place although it is used to simulate a convoy. The crew of the aircraft carry out their searches around the ship using their magnetic airborne detection equipment, radar and other submarine detection apparatus.

They may spend hours searching the Atlantic. Suddenly a crew member in the rear of the plane

Nautically Embarrassing

Recently the Senior Service's Esquimalt headquarters challenged the R.C.A.F.'s 407 Maritime Squadron at Comox to a sailboat race.

Sure of their sailing ability, the tars offered to loan the airmen one of their "sailor-ettes" for the event.

Aircrews from 407 Squadron were more used to heavy four engined Lancaster aircraft than small sailboats, but they accepted the challenge.

Leafing through books on the subject and asking questions, the flyers rapidly acquired a basic understanding of the art of sailing.

Under sunny skies and ideal conditions the race was on.

The Air Force won against three navy boats.

Crew of the R.C.A.F. entry was Flying Officers R.R. Edmunds and I.P.C. Sherlock.

informs the captain: "submarine bearing 180 degrees relative, two nautical miles." The aircraft banks and the pilot spots a long grey column of smoke on the water. This is the simulated submarine. The selection of the correct weapon at the appropriate moment to destroy this "enemy" provides the crew with invaluable practice.

Crews from 404 and 405 squadrons have been deployed to Bermuda, Bally Kelly, Norfolk, Key West and Jacksonville, for exercises. In February of this year 404 Squadron engaged in anti-submarine operations from a base in Cuba. On training flights these crews also fly to such distant climes as Gibraltar, the Azores, Keflavik and Bermuda.

Officer Commanding 405 Squadron is Wing Cdr. C. Torontow, A.F.C. It was the first post-war maritime squadron to be formed in Canada and was joined in 1951 by 404 Squadron, a unit with a long background in anti-submarine operations, having been employed in this role during the war. A proud record of these squadrons as well as the O.T.U. is their safety performance. All *Neptunes* obtained by M.A.C. in 1955 are still in operational or training service.

Commanding Officer at Greenwood is Group Captain J.C. Scott, D.S.O. He succeeded Group Capt. C.G.W. Chapman, D.S.O., on 16 November 1957.

3-OCEAN SQN.

Performing a multitude of duties over the waters of the Pacific, Atlantic and Arctic, 407 Squadron has become known as the "Three Ocean Squadron". In the course of operations and training the squadron covers the entire western coast of North America. Many of its major exercises are carried out in co-operation with the United States Navy. Exercises are also conducted with the R.C.N. from Esquimalt and approximately once each year the squadron takes part in N.A.T.O. exercises conducted in the Atlantic. During the course of a year 407 crews may operate out of such distant bases as Londonderry, Northern Ireland,

Kodiak, Alaska or Eureka, California. At times the squadron has been deployed as far north as Resolute and has operated over Alert.

In addition, the squadron escorts R.C.N. vessels in passage along the west coast and crews take part in ice patrols for Canadian and U.S. Navy ships in the Arctic on supply missions.

Officer Commanding 407 Squadron is Wing Commander W.D. Foster, D.F.C. This squadron claims the distinction of being the only one in the R.C.A.F. to have had all its planes airborne within five minutes. This occurred in February 1958 when Group Capt. R.C. Weston handed over to Group Capt. R.F. Miller, A.F.C. as Commanding Officer of Comox. Credit for this feat, claim Wing Cdr. Foster and his aircrews, belongs to the maintenance crews for their round-the-clock vigilance.

OPERATIONAL TRAINING

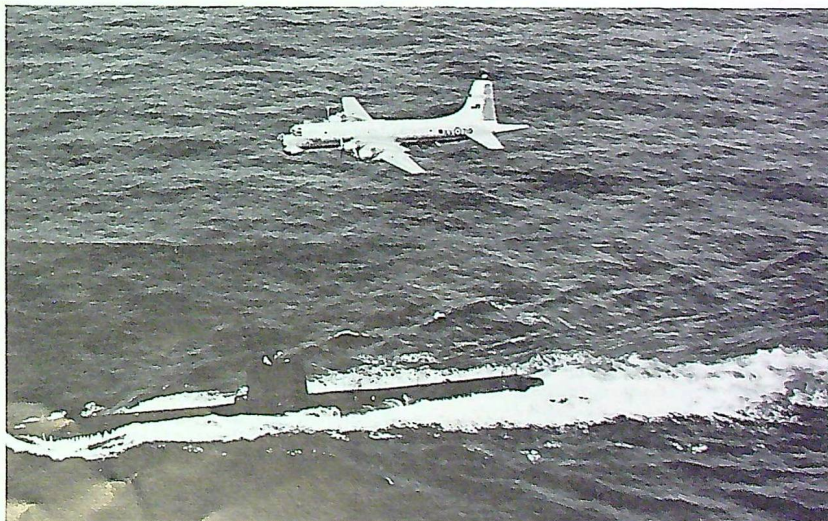
Aircrew for Maritime Squadrons are trained at 2 (Maritime) Operational Training Unit, R.C.A.F. Station Summerside. Here they learn the basic principles, procedures and tactics employed in the complex Maritime operations. While the O.T.U. devotes its ener-

gies to training purposes, it has an operational capability which could be utilized in an emergency. O.T.U. crews participate in SACLANT exercises and during the past year took part in the N.A.T.O. fall exercise of 1957 and "Newbroom 8". Officer Commanding O.T.U. is Wing Cdr. L.W.C. Limpert. In July, Wing Cdr. J.E. Creeper, D.F.C., succeeded Group Capt. W.H. Swetman, D.S.O., D.F.C., as Commanding Officer at Summerside.

The O.T.U. has conducted this vital training role since its formation in 1949 at Greenwood. It moved to Summerside in November 1953. Activity at the unit reached a high mark during August of this year when four courses were conducted simultaneously. In progress were two *Neptune* O.T.U. courses, a *Neptune* conversion course for crews from 407 Squadron and a *Lancaster* conversion course for pilots from 408 (Photo) Squadron. In addition, an O.T.U. detachment was conducting the Argus Conversion Course at Greenwood. Once each year an O.T.U. assessment team visits the squadrons to check on the efficiency of the crews.

During their course at the O.T.U. students attend the Joint Maritime Warfare School, Halifax, to study

Argus over Royal Navy submarine during routine exercise.





For surfaced submarines, Neptune rockets.

further tactics and strategies employed in A.S.W. Tactical problems are demonstrated by the use of model ships, submarines and planes to make the work of destroying submarines and protecting convoys more realistic.

The J.M.W.S. is staffed jointly by officers of the R.C.A.F. and R.C.N. along with two British and U.S. Naval officers. Three types of courses are given, one for senior officers, another for advanced operational teams and a third for trainees from the O.T.U. In addition to these instructional duties the J.M.W.S. works on nearly every phase of A.S.W. The instructors study, analyze and evaluate tactics generally and sometimes umpire and monitor the larger Canadian exercises. Once each year the instructors travel west to conduct courses at H.M.C.S. Naden. School directors are Wing Cdr. B.H. Moffitt, D.F.C., A.F.C., and Commander J.C. Reed, O.B.E., D.S.C.

From the operations room at M.A.C.H.Q. at Halifax the position of aircraft on patrol or operational exercises off the east coast may be ascertained at a glance. During combined exercises of the R.C.A.F. and the R.C.N. the operations room is staffed with an integrated staff of air and naval officers.

SEARCH AND RESCUE

Seriously ill seamen, lost hunters, survivors of missing aircraft—all

have been rescued by M.A.C. search and rescue units from Greenwood and Torbay. These units work within the framework of the an approximately 200,000-square-mile territory including the Atlantic Provinces, Labrador, part of Quebec, the southern portion of Baffin Island and the Atlantic to 30 Degrees West.

103 "R" Unit at Greenwood (O.C. Squadron Leader J.E. Ledbetter) is equipped with three *Cansos*, two *Otters*, a *Dakota* and a helicopter. One of the *Otters* can be used for operations on both land and sea. In addition, the unit has a para-rescue team and ground search party with Flying Officer J.M.G. Cloutier, officer in charge.

N.C.O. in charge of this team is Sergeant R.W. Crebo who has made over 200 parachute jumps, more than any other man in the R.C.A.F. He made his first airborne rescue at Grande Prairie, Alberta, in 1947 when he jumped to the rescue of a trapper missing in dense bush for three days. Since then he has jumped on mercy missions in all parts of Canada.

Personnel of the para-rescue team receive a wide range of courses in medical subjects. They practise administering plasma to one another and carry plasma in their kits when they drop. They are prepared to jump in teams of two or more, set up housekeeping facilities and administer first aid to survivors until

the rescued can be evacuated. They also maintain and train ground search parties from Greenwood in first aid, map reading, handling small inflatable boats and travelling cross country.

The work of search and rescue continues round the clock. The units may answer alerts on overdue aircraft, execute evacuation of seriously ill persons or search for missing aircraft, boats, fishermen, hunters and children. In recent weeks 103 "R" has air-lifted a seriously ill U.S. seaman from his ship 100 miles at sea to Greenwood for medical treatment. On 9 July another seaman was evacuated by *Canso* flying boat from Notre Dame Du Lac, Quebec, after being seriously injured by an automobile and less than a week later a ground search party headed north of Fredericton, New Brunswick, to investigate the crash of an aircraft which had occurred over 18 years ago.

R.C.A.F. Station Torbay is responsible for the initiation, co-ordination and termination of all search and rescue in Newfoundland, its water approaches and the North-western Atlantic area. Effective rescue operations for all points in the area are conducted by R.C.A.F. aircraft from Torbay and Goose

Sgt. R.W. Crebo, para-rescue jumpmaster at Greenwood, holds the R.C.A.F. record with over 200 jumps to his credit.



Bay in co-operation with the U.S.N. from Argentina and U.S.A.F. units from Harmon Field and Goose Bay. Commanding Officer at Torbay is Wing Cdr. G.R.M. Hunt.

107 "R" Unit is equipped with three *Lancasters* to carry out its search and rescue operations. Primary purpose of the unit (O.C. Flt. Lt. J.A. Richardson) is that of providing an immediate "intercept" when requested by Trans-Atlantic traffic in difficulty over the ocean. However, the unit handles a wide range of mercy and rescue cases and one of its more notable rescue operations was its participation in the 1956 search for H.E. "Whitey" Dahl and two companions in Northern Quebec. It was a *Lancaster* from 107 "R" Unit working from search headquarters at Goose Bay that finally sighted the wreckage of the *Dakota* and advised headquarters of the find. Within 30 minutes the sole survivor, Mr. E. Pearson, was picked up by a ski-equipped *Dakota* and flown to safety.

At Dartmouth, N.S., 101 Communications Flight utilizes three *Dakotas* and one *Expeditor* for the transportation needs of M.A.-C.H.Q. One of the *Daks* is also employed towing streams for target practice by the army and navy and on several occasions planes from the flight have executed mercy missions.

OTHER ACTIVITIES

Recreational facilities throughout the Command have been organized to keep pace with operational activities. Curling is a major winter sport at Greenwood and Summerside. Auto clubs have been established and personnel at Summerside have used the facilities of the hobby shop to build at least a dozen trailers. Three swimming pools have been constructed at Greenwood. In football circles the Greenwood Bombers were a strong entry in the Nova Scotia senior league for several seasons.

Construction programmes commencing this year at Greenwood and Summerside serve as evidence of the increased operational activ-



Group Capt. W.H. Swetman opens R.C.A.F. Maritime Bonspiel at Summerside.

ities planned for M.A.C. A total of \$16,211,000 has been approved for construction expenditures on these two stations within the next three years, during which new hangars will be constructed and runways extended. New housing units, a school and combined mess

will be built at Comox while over \$600,000 will be spent on construction projects at Torbay.

No story of M.A.C. would be complete without mention of the dramatic role played in the Springhill Mine disaster of November 1956. Personnel from Halifax, Greenwood, Summerside, Moncton and Debert sped to the scene of the tragedy. Officers, airmen and nursing sisters worked with other volunteers for long hours treating survivors and rescue workers. Some of the men went deep into the stricken mine to aid the trapped miners, well aware of the dangerously poisonous and explosive atmosphere in which they worked.

Their action clearly exemplified the character and spirit of the personnel of M.A.C. These are the men who will service and fly the *Argus* and who are now patrolling the oceans in the *Neptune*. Entrusted to them is the work of helping to keep Canada's coastlines and coastal waters free from sea-attack. Their past record shows they are equal to the task.



Apple Blossom Festival Queens at Greenwood: (l. to r.) L.A.W. June Palmer, L.A.W. Terry English, Cpl. Barbara Barkwell, L.A.W. Denise Crousset.



The stand-by crew scrambles at Sea Island.

BY FLIGHT LIEUTENANT A.T. PATON, *Editor, THE ROUND*

B.C.'s UNIQUE MARINE RESCUE SERVICE

THE early morning calm in the Vancouver Rescue Co-ordination Centre was shattered by the insistent buzzing of the telephone marked "Marine Distress." An R.C.A.F. duty controller instantly answered the call, the tape recorder automatically ensuring that every detail of the conversation was preserved.

"Tug 'Island Dispatcher' here," crackled the skipper's voice over the radio-telephone. "Partly submerged gillnetter sighted north-east tip Hernando Island. No sign of life. Proceeding in closer to search beach, but hampered by shallow water. Will stand by on 2182 kilocycles. Over."

Acknowledging the message, the controller immediately rang up the Department of Transport operator at Point Grey Marine Radio Station requesting a call to all shipping in the designated area on the distress frequency (2182 kcs). In less time than it takes to retell the story, the Search and Rescue Organization swung into action, with the single purpose of saving the lives of those aboard that still unidentified wreck in the Gulf of Georgia.

The R.C.M.P. was contacted. No. 121 Communications and Rescue Flight at R.C.A.F. Station Sea Island was alerted and its stand-by *Canso* roared off Vancouver International Airport's runway 12 minutes later. From Station Comox, closest R.C.A.F. base to the distress scene, the 40-foot crash boat's twin diesels churned it across the gulf at a 20-knot clip.

Meantime, four tugs had answered the call from Point Grey and had diverted from their designated routes to join the search. From one of them, the 'Harris VI', R.C.C. learned that the stricken vessel was named the 'Night Breeze'; it had left Lund, B.C., the previous evening bound for Twin Islands, near Hernando, with only its owner on board. This information was passed to all concerned, as the land, sea and air search converged on the area.

To record here that the sole occupant of the 'Night Breeze'

was safely rescued would, of course, make this a much happier story. The fact that he was not found, despite over 60 hours of concentrated surface and air searching, realistically points up the heart-breaking task which daily faces those charged with search and rescue on the B.C. coast. The hull of the 'Night Breeze' was towed back to Lund by the R.C.M.P.'s 'PML 9' and beached. The terse R.C.C. report concluded: "Investigation and search for body continuing."

THE MARINE ROLE

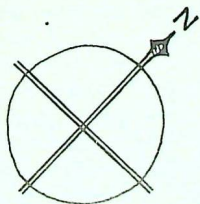
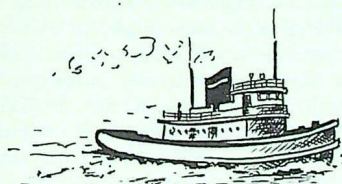
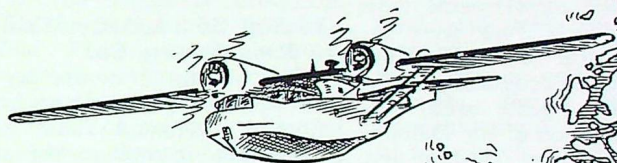
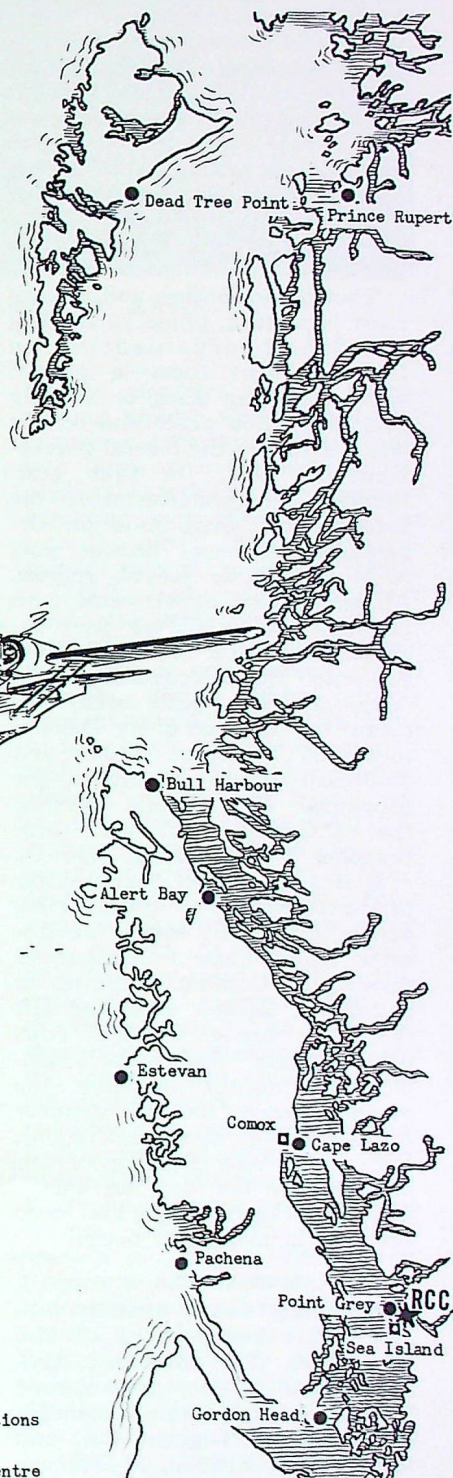
This incident, like the majority which appear in the records of R.C.C. Vancouver, was not brought to the attention of the Canadian public. Strangely enough in this well-established air age, searches for lost aircraft invariably make headlines across the nation. Consequently, most people are aware of the R.C.A.F.'s well-organized search and rescue (S.A.R.) service which stands ready day or night to hunt for survivors of downed planes. Are they as

cognizant of its other responsibilities?

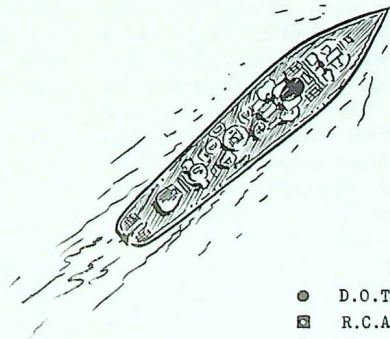
The purpose of this article is to trace the growth of the marine role of Canada's S.A.R. organization, particularly as it has gradually developed on the west coast. It is an evolution which continues, but for four years I was rather intimately involved in the events here recorded—first as a duty controller, then as officer in charge of R.C.C. Vancouver and, latterly, as a staff officer at 5 Air Division Headquarters.

One damp grey morning in December, 1953, a tall thin stranger

MAP BY CPL. J. M. BLACHE



MAP SCALE 1: 3,000,000



LEGEND

- D.O.T. Radio Stations
- R.C.A.F. Bases
- ★ Rescue Co-ord. Centre

arrived at R.C.C. to see me. He introduced himself as Cyril Andrews, manager of the B.C. Towboat Employment Agency. I was in the midst of studying the overnight reports of a tragic tugboat accident in Welcome Pass, when five of the seven men aboard the 'C.P. Yorke' were lost, trying to evaluate the action taken to see how it could have been more effective. It turned out that Andrews had come on a similar mission.

Thus began another, and perhaps most important, phase in building the S.A.R. organization on Canada's west coast—a process which had been going on steadily ever since this peacetime service was created by the federal government in 1947. In that year, fulfilling her commitment to the International Civil Aviation Organization, Canada became part of a world-wide S.A.R. service. All government departments with facilities for such work were included, with the R.C.A.F. being appointed the co-ordinating authority. In the Pacific area, this meant the inclusion of the Departments of Transport, Mines and Technical Surveys, Fisheries, the provincial B.C. Forest Service, the R.C.M.P. and all three branches of the armed services.

It is a rueful fact that disaster prompts people to preventative action, often only when the disaster strikes close to themselves personally. Captain Andrews, an ex-tugboat skipper who had left the sea to manage the B.C. Towboat Owners' Association's employment agency (actually the manning pool for all member companies of this association), knew practically nothing of our organization the day we met—but he was keen to learn and to do his part in making it better.

TOWBOATS JOIN UP

First step was a meeting with the radio committee of the B.C.T.O.A. This three-man committee was at that time chaired by Jim Stewart, general manager of Vancouver Tugboat Co., and included Bill Atwood, of Dolmage



Briefing at R.C.C. Vancouver (l. to r.): Flt. Lt. D.H. Ewart, officer in charge; Flt. Lt. G. John, F/O H.K. Styan and Flt. Lt. J.E. Errington, all of 121 C. and R. Flt.; Capt. C. Andrews, civilian marine advisor.

Towing Co., and Cec Costilitch, of River Towing Co.

Out of that first meeting came the decision on their part to promote a "constant radio watch" educational campaign throughout the fleet of 450-odd towboats on the B.C. coast. Framed instruction cards were placed in the wheelhouses for declaring an emergency. Some of the larger companies made it mandatory for their tugs to maintain a constant watch on the distress frequency while underway, even going so far as to remove the normal commercial broadcast bands so their crews wouldn't be tempted to listen to cowboy music instead.

But the towboat company executives went further than just instituting a tighter radio alarm system on their vessels. Predicated on the basic rule of the sea, i.e. aiding a fellow-sailor in distress, they realized that a closer liaison between their ships and the existing rescue organization was necessary. The B.C.T.O.A.'s first proposal in this regard—that each individual company dispatcher be responsible for directing the use of his own tugs on a S.A.R. operation—was regarded as im-

practical by the R.C.A.F. We welcomed the offer of this very considerable addition to our marine rescue facilities, but we felt the actual control of the towboats so used should be centralized—to avoid confusion, delay and possible duplication of effort.

The solution to this problem of control was solved early in 1954 by the B.C.T.O.A.'s appointment of Cyril Andrews as their marine S.A.R. co-ordinator, with full power to direct any towboat to divert from its normal course and join in a search operation under the overall co-ordination of R.C.C. Working from his downtown office, from his radio-telephone equipped automobile or from his home, Andrews was on call 24 hours a day and seemed to love it, even though he still had his full-time job of managing the employment agency to do.

EXPANDING THE GUARD

With the proper radio distress procedures thus publicized and the central control of surface S.A.R. operations set up, it seemed time in the spring of 1954 to take the next obvious step: the inclusion of all commercial shipping in the



Vertol H21A equipped with inflatable floats demonstrates a sea rescue.



Otters are versatile S.A.R. aircraft.

S.A.R. organization. As stated earlier, all federal and provincial government marine craft had been included in the organization from the start; but it was a different matter approaching private shipping to donate their equipment and services. This task was taken by the B.C.T.O.A. radio committee, which had by this time changed its name to the search and rescue committee.

Canadian Pacific and Canadian National Steamships, Union Steamships, Blackball Ferries and several of the private yacht clubs agreed readily to the plan. Once again, this time in the case of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club, near-disaster provided the final incentive in their decision to join the bandwagon.

During their first overnight cruise of the 1954 season, a sudden squall sprang up on the Gulf of Georgia between Vancouver and Nanaimo. By midnight, no less than 11 R.V.Y.C. yachts were listed as overdue or in trouble and the whole S.A.R. organization had been alerted to their plight. Largest vessel taking part in the search operation was the C.P.R.'s 'Princess of Nanaimo', which fell three

hours behind schedule as a result. But in the final accounting next morning, all 11 yachts and their crews were reported safe. Before the week was out, the R.V.Y.C. had wholeheartedly thrown its very substantial weight into the marine rescue organization.

It proved harder to bring the vast Pacific coast fishing fleet into the fold. Fishermen are an independent breed, the great majority operating their privately-owned boats, and look to their powerful union rather than to the fishing companies for guidance in matters of this kind. Nevertheless, by virtue of their very numbers, it seems more fishboats get into trouble than any other kind off the B.C. coast. Hence, their co-operation and close integration into the overall marine rescue organization was imperative to achieve maximum effectiveness. Finally, after literally years of negotiation, the 8000-vessel fishing fleet formally joined B.C.'s "unofficial coast guard" in June, 1957.

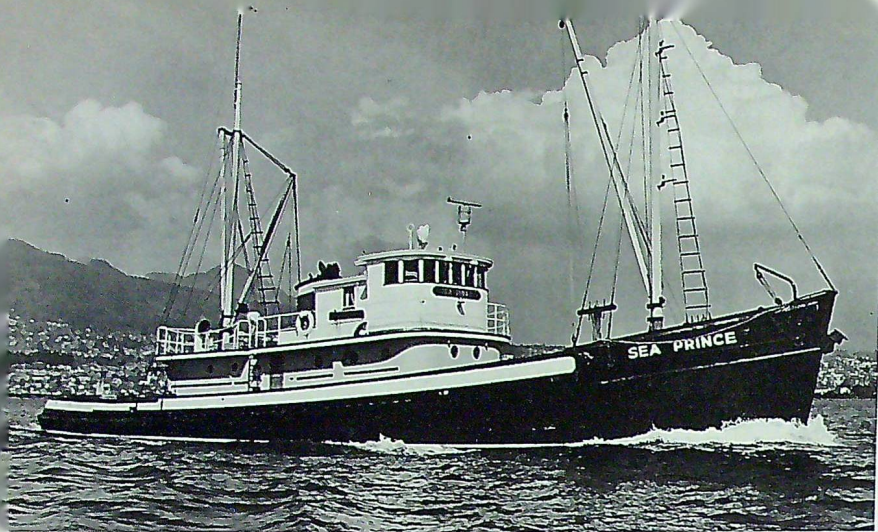
CONSTANT PRACTICE

Actual distress incidents were simulated almost weekly to bring as many of the participating agencies as possible into working harmony. This was absolutely essential to iron out the many communications and tactical problems involved. Then, at the quarterly meetings of the Inter-departmental Committee on Search and Rescue (Pacific Area), these operations were reviewed in detail

by the members of this policy-making group. Certain standard operating procedures thus came into force, even for such an unpredictable task as a rescue mission involving such alien elements as aircraft, naval ships and commercial tugs or passenger vessels.

D.O.T. radio operators were (and still are) appalled at the lack of correct R/T patten used by tugboat and fishing vessel skippers. Naval officers initially were downright skeptical of trying to work such a conglomeration of craft into a smoothly-operating alliance. At the Sea Island base of 121 C&R Flight, R.C.A.F. aircrew were confused by the nautical terminology of their newly-acquired colleagues. Some commercial operators were naturally reticent to risk sacrificing valuable pay-loads so their tugs could join in a search. But the overriding fact—which made all these obstacles surmountable—was the common zeal of all to make the system work.

As the exercises progressed, surface crews vied with each other to reach the "distress scene" first. Everyone, whether near the area or not, followed the simulated rescue's progress on the distress frequency. Back at R.C.C., the shore-based controllers got a steady report on the search aircrafts' flight paths as they passed low over vessels en route up the coast. At the designated spot, an "on the scene" commander, appointed by R.C.C., directed the tactical



Vancouver Tug Boat Co.'s "Sea Prince" has participated in several S.A.R. incidents.

operation. By mutual agreement, this commander (the counterpart of an R.C.A.F. search-master on an extended air search) is the captain of the closest government vessel, or if none is available, the best qualified commercial skipper in the immediate vicinity.

A kind of mutual admiration society developed on the coast as a result of these simulated and actual operations. Aircrews became more aware of the day-to-day problems of the men on the small boats; mariners felt a closer relationship to the R.C.A.F. and admired the way 121 Flt. aircraft would brave the hazards of low ceilings and wind-swept waters to reach them.

The tables were turned in November, 1955, when the airforce became the rescued and had good reason to thank a ship's crew for their prompt action. A *Canso* with 19 persons on board, flying low up the inside passage between Vancouver Island and the mainland on a routine transport flight, crashed without warning into the misty waters of Johnstone Strait. Sixteen of the 19 airmen were saved, pulled from a watery grave by the crew of the 'Western Challenger', Nelson Bros. fish-packer. Undoubtedly, the casualty toll would have been far higher than three but for the quick and efficient efforts of the seamen.

COMMUNICATIONS

A word should be said here about the communications systems used for handling marine incidents. The two main networks are those operated by the Department of Transport (Marine Radio Division) and the North West Telephone Company. The former consists of a string of nine marine radio stations stretching from Gordon Head, at the southern end of Vancouver Island, to Dead Tree Point, near the Alaska-B.C. border in the north. Their main functions are to provide navigational assistance and weather reports to mariners, but in times of emergency these stations are a valuable relay communications system for S.A.R. operations.

Probably nowhere in the world is there a more complete radio-telephone coastwise-hookup than in B.C. Not only is an unusually high percentage of small boats radio-telephone equipped, but the myriad of logging camps, fish canneries and other isolated communities along that rugged shore depend on the North West Telephone Co. for contact with the outside world. In the downtown Vancouver switchboard office which links land-line to radio-telephone, there is a red-encircled phone jack marked "Distress". Whenever the alert switchboard operator gets a call from a vessel

in trouble, she plugs in that jack and immediately both the duty controller at R.C.C. and the radio operator at D.O.T.'s Point Grey Marine Station are in on the conversation.

Thus, communications *alerting* facilities on the west coast were good when the marine service of the B.C.T.O.A. swung its voluntary force into gear with the already-existing R.C.A.F.-controlled organization. The nightmarish problem always confronting the R.C.C. duty controller, so alerted usually in the dead of night to the plight of a distressed vessel, was, "Where can I get help from, and how fast can it get there?"

DIRECT LINE

With the radio listening watch campaign well launched and several concrete examples of its value already in the records, it became apparent that the marine rescue co-ordinator needed a direct communications link with the boats able to render assistance. He personally needed this facility for two reasons: 1. as previously mentioned, to avoid confusion, delay and duplication, and 2, because it was he, and he alone, who had been delegated the power to order the non-government operated vessels around on their voluntary missions of mercy.

The solution to this ticklish problem seemed solved when, early in 1955, the Canadian National Railway Co. offered the Second Narrows Bridge Signal Station for the use of the marine rescue co-ordinator. Although equipped with a comparatively low-powered transmitter/receiver, the bridge station's location gave it an unusually wide range; and the S.A.R.-conscious operators, led by ex-R.C.A.F. wartime air-sea rescue controller Jimmy Welsh, displayed admirable keenness in using the facility for this work. Plans were well underway to install Andrews' office permanently at Second Narrows, so he would have ready access to the radio, when an unexpected snag cropped up.

The Signal Station was only licensed by Department of Trans-

port to communicate with harbour traffic wishing to pass under the bridge. Its use for S.A.R. communications was illegal, ruled the local D.O.T. Radio Division superintendent, and the C.N.R. laid itself open to having its operating license revoked if the plan went into effect.

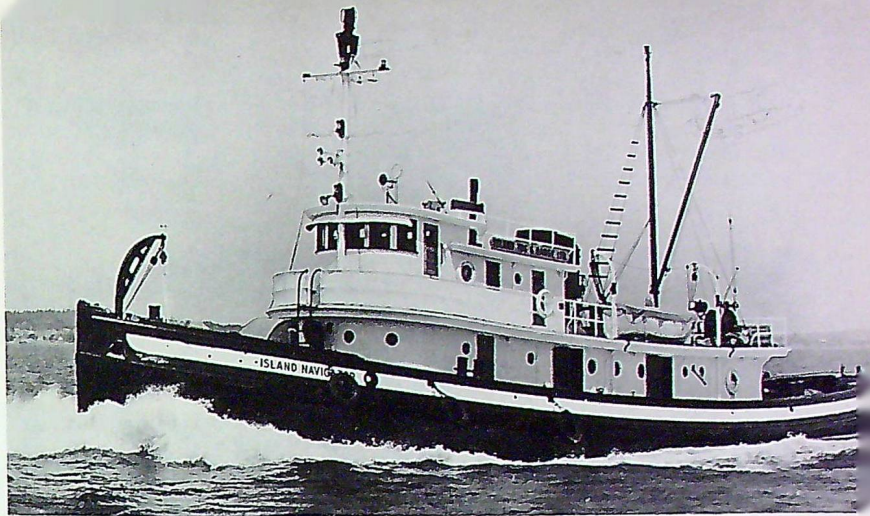
Things seemed to have reached an impasse by the summer of 1955. True, close to 200 marine incidents had been dealt with and the number of lives saved and equipment salvaged by the new marine rescue service, working in perfect harmony with the existing organization, was pretty impressive. The fact that this voluntary alliance of private and public bodies was providing a better protection than ever before was obvious. Was it to be thwarted by technicalities? The reassuring answer from Ottawa was, "Certainly not. If existing D.O.T. communications facilities are not adequate, they will be provided as quickly as possible. Meantime, the use of Second Narrows for S.A.R. is authorized."

S.A.R. REVIEW

Coincidental with this relatively minor communications problem, the whole subject of S.A.R. came under federal government detailed review at this time. For years, certain factions on the west coast had been plugging for a Canadian Coast Guard, modelled more or less along the lines of that admirable service in the United States. These coast guard exponents found ready and voluble support in several B.C. newspapers. Hardly a distress incident occurred, whether successfully handled or not by the existing organization, but certain editorial writers took the occasion to remind their readers of the urgent need for an official coast guard to patrol B.C.'s treacherous shoreline.

This campaign reached its peak during the parliamentary session of 1956 when a petition was tabled in the House of Commons calling for the establishment of a Canadian Coast Guard. Signed by hundreds

(continued on page 21)



Island Tug and Barge Ltd.'s "Island Navigator" recently answered the call to assist a stricken U.S. aircraft carrier under tow off Cape Flattery.



Gulf of Georgia Towing Co.'s "Gryphon" is a small but tough veteran of the marine rescue service.

Straits Towing Co.'s 1400 h.p. diesel deep sea tug "Johnstone Straits" is another frequent participant in B.C. coastal S.A.R. missions.





*DELIVERUM
NON DUNKEM

*Motto of No. 1 O.F.U.

ILLUSTRATION BY J. A. DUBORD

REFLECTIONS ON THE RANDOM ROUTE

BY FLIGHT LIEUTENANT R. J. CHILDERHOSE

IT WAS, I believe, one of the best organized swan-songs in the history of the R.C.A.F. The occasion was the disbandment of No. 1 Overseas Ferry Unit, at R.C.A.F. Station St. Hubert, 18 June 1957. The mimeographed programmes handed out to the small crowd of spectators called for the *Sabre* fly-past at 3:21. At the 3:21 and 10 second mark, three sections in tight diamond swept across the parade in impeccable formation. Tight formation, so tight that it made your heart leap with fear to see the overlap on the swept-back wings. It was a superb performance.

"Not bad formation," observed a voice in the awed silence, "but the dumb-yuks are 10 seconds late."

The voice belonged to one of the O.F.U. originals who, as an ex-member of that unique organization, was entitled to criticize. There were a lot of originals there that day. Proud of their old unit, though maybe not saying so. But they had a right to be proud, for in its short history the O.F.U. set records for jet operations unequalled in the R.C.A.F.

OPERATION RANDOM

In four years of operations the unit delivered almost 1000 *Sabre* and *Silver Star* aircraft to Europe. A speed record for trans-Atlantic delivery was set by a Random Operation ferrying *Sabre* 5s. The outfit flew more jet hours than any other unit in the R.C.A.F. They set a trans-Canada speed record. Most remarkable of all, perhaps, was their record of jet hours flown accident-free. It is unmatched to this day.

It didn't look that good to Squadron Leader R.G. Middlemiss, D.F.C., back in October 1953 when he first organized the outfit. When the call went out to No. 1 Air Division to donate pilots to the ferry unit, it is rumoured some unscrupulous squadron commanders unloaded their problem "personalities". Not that all the original pilots in the O.F.U. were cast-offs exactly. But history records that in the beginning and throughout its existence, the O.F.U. had something more than a leavening of startling characters.



The author, Flt. Lt. R.J. Childerhose, joined the O.F.U. in March 1955 and completed 11 Random Operations prior to discharge from the R.C.A.F. in October 1956. He is now assistant editor of AIRCRAFT magazine, and a flight commander in No. 411 (Aux.) Squadron in Toronto.

They came to St. Hubert surrounded by legends of atrocities committed at other times, at other bars, at other places. Not that this had anything to do with their individual flying abilities. When it came right down to herding *Sabres*, they were a cut above the average. It was evidenced in their perfectly timed takeoffs from St. Hubert enroute Goose Bay, the first leg of the Random. It was apparent

in their radio discipline and formation flying.

In sections of four, at 10 minute intervals, they would arrive at the Goose. Four *Sabres* in perfect echelon black-outlined against a cloudy sky; now peeling off in metronome precision.

"Random Foxtrot is on the pitch."

"Roger Foxtrot, check you on the break, call final."

EXTRACURRICULAR OPS

No, it wasn't their air work that caused anyone consternation. It was the things they did after they got to where they were going. (Like the time Random arrived at Goose Bay in time for the spring formal at the Officers' mess...)

Due to the absence of alternate airfields and the uncertainty of Greenland weather, the Random was sometimes delayed at Goose for weeks. Finally, however, the scream of Orendas along the line would announce their departure. They were at altitude crossing the Labrador coast and below them, like confetti strewn over molasses, lay the Ice Pack.

An hour was about par for crossing the Davis Straits, and when the white jagged mountains of "Sunny Southern Greenland" hove into view, the boys felt they had it made. The last 48 miles of the trip were flown on the deck through the brown-walled fjord called Tunugdliarfik. Icebergs, Danish fishing boats, sea gulls and ice floes blurred under their wings as they swept towards Narsarsuak Air Force Base. Here was the famous one-way landing for jets and the sure hospitality of Americans at an isolated base.

To off-set the boredom of Arctic isolation, the Officers' Club at Narsarsuak held quite a round of social events. Chief among these was the Saturday night dance for the officers and their ladies. Not that there were many of these; a handful of wives, two nurses and a school teacher being about the lot. But their scarcity of number vastly enhanced their attractiveness and popularity. So much so in fact, that visiting

Canadians in their rumpled and baggy Random fatigues were hardly in a position to compete for dances.

It was late evening. Several couples were gliding sensually across the hardwood to the muted strains of "Stardust" from the jukebox. Soft, bare-shouldered women dancing with soft, baldheaded American officers. In that dim-lit ballroom, the sweet scent of perfume mixing with the fumes of their Brandy Alexanders rendered the by-standing Herd restless. Suddenly one of them lurched out onto the floor, silent in grey woollen socks, stalking a fair damsel and her discomfited escort.

Then there were more of them on the floor. Sullen, hulking, brutish, they shambled after the quailing women. Naked fear, chased by anticipation, horror and frightened pleasure flitted across the faces of the hunted. It was at this critical moment that the commanding officer, a U.S.A.F. colonel, walked in. His penetrating West Point glance of steel took in the scene. In one leap he confronted the surprised Random leader and gritted between clenched teeth: "Tell your men to stop ogling our wives!"

ICELAND BOUND

The pre-dawn darkness of Greenland is cold. Glacier-chilled winds which funnel through the mountains made the trek from the briefing shack to the *Sabre* line-up miserable. Soon the *Sabres* were bounding off the runway, flattening out as the gear folded, then booming across the fjord in the long climb out. Random was bound for Keflavik, Iceland. Another American base, with more Americans in need of education, enlightenment, and more of that hearty Canadian good-neighbour treatment.

And they got it, too. By dint of a stupendous effort, a magnificent feat of collective will-power, the "Boys from the Stable" always managed to out-last their hosts. But the patriotic fervour which carried them so far at night sometimes failed them in the early dawn. Many of them took on the attributes of hibernating grizzlies.



Sqn. Ldr. R.G. Middlemiss, officer commanding No. 1 O.F.U., and a group of pilots talk things over with Canadianair tech-rep. Howie Webb (centre), who reputedly never missed a Random, riding them all in a North Star.

Which was all right as long as they did get out of the pit. For when the Random task commander called briefing for 0600 hours nobody, no one at all, was late. There is one recorded instance of tardiness for a pre-Random hop briefing. The commander's face darkened ominously as he made a rapid head-count before starting the briefing.

"All right! Who's missing? Who got left in the pad?"

Just then the door opened and the missing sheep entered—bleary, red-rimmed eyes peered out of the stubble of a two-day beard.

"Sorry I'm late, sir," the penitent muttered, as he sidled toward a seat.

"Why did you stay in bed? You knew the briefing time."

"I've been up for a long time, sir," said the victim aggrievedly. "Before anyone else as a matter of fact."

There was a heavy stillness in the room as the commander pounced.

"Then why," he asked with biting sarcasm, "have you got your shirt on backwards?"

DOWNHILL DRAG

The haul from Kef' to Scotland was the longest of the over-water legs, but somehow it always seemed

like a downhill drag. As the green hills of the north coast appeared ahead, the contrails would lift into huge whorls as exuberant number-two's started slow-rolling their way along at 40,000 feet. It was always a pleasure to hear the first British voice on the radio. His greeting seldom varied.

"Good day, gentlemen. Stornoway weather is clear, call Kinloss tower for approach instructions."

Kinloss, on the Moray Firth in northern Scotland, is a R.A.F. Maritime Command base. The pilots of those *Shackletons* and *Neptunes* were never any kind of competition. In fact, they were never known to offer even token resistance. They preferred to sip their brew alone, watching with ill disguised contempt as the Canadians surrounded themselves with vast numbers of beers and then commenced drinking themselves out to the edge. A disgusting practice.

Daytime was different around there, though. The Canadians were wont to drag the big leather chairs close up to the fireplace. And there, warmed by the fire, worn by events of the night before, they slept like innocent children. At noon some of the healthier ones would leave the circle of chairs for

the dining room; in which case, the vacant chair was apt to be taken by one of Her Majesty's newspaper-reading officers.

LAST LAP

The route from Kinloss to one of the Fighter Wings of Air Division took the *Sabre* flights southerly. Their track lay over most of England and across the Channel. They crossed into Belgium at a point where thousands of Allied bombers had penetrated 15 years before. This was the last leg, the home stretch.

Air Division: here the Herd was at home. Here old friendships were renewed, old squadron mates reunited. Celebration flowed into celebration. No outrage was so despicable as to lie beyond forgiveness. Barrack blocks were dismantled, bars broken up, wives patted, and friends' cars wrecked. Truly, the hospitality shown to the ex-members of Air Div' was inexhaustible.

The *North Star* flight back to Canada was excruciating. There was 22 hours of it. The noise, stink and vibration of back-end *North Star* riding has to be suffered to be appreciated. For The Herd it became almost a part of life, with the individual finding his own separate answer to the ordeal. Skin-books, bridge playing, smoking countless butts, sleeping

when the space presented itself. Finally, the Merlins would backfire into silence for the last time at St. Hubert.

Between Random Operations, the chief amusement to be had around St. Hubert was "CF-100 Baiting." This term isn't to be confused with the aerial sport of "Bouncing-the-Zilches", which was also indulged in by the day-fighter *Sabre* boys. This last-mentioned sport was forever resulting in angry memos ricocheting around the station. Only it was referred to as: "molesting CF-100s in the St. Hubert area."

No, CF-100 Baiting was the delicate and sadistic art of needling the CF-100 crews at the mess. Indeed, the poor chaps became so hang-doggish after a time that when the Boys from the Stable arrived at the bar, they would abdicate at once. But before the escape, there was the gauntlet of snide remarks.

"You got to hand it to those CF-100 crews. They order them to fly them, and they do."

In fact they controlled the mess at St. Hubert in a fashion. They did it, not by numbers, but strictly by virtue of a series of dazzling and demoralizing coups. Such as when a group of them began attending the Saturday night bingo games dressed as Mississippi gamblers. Complete with string ties,

green eye-shades and stogies. When the game really began to tense up, one or the other of them would shout, "Bingo!" Whereupon everyone in the room would dejectedly begin cleaning off their cards.

Of course, the man who checked the cards would discover that an error had been made. Nobody had bingo. Whereupon the O.F.U. gamblers would rise as one and chorus: "Oh balls!"

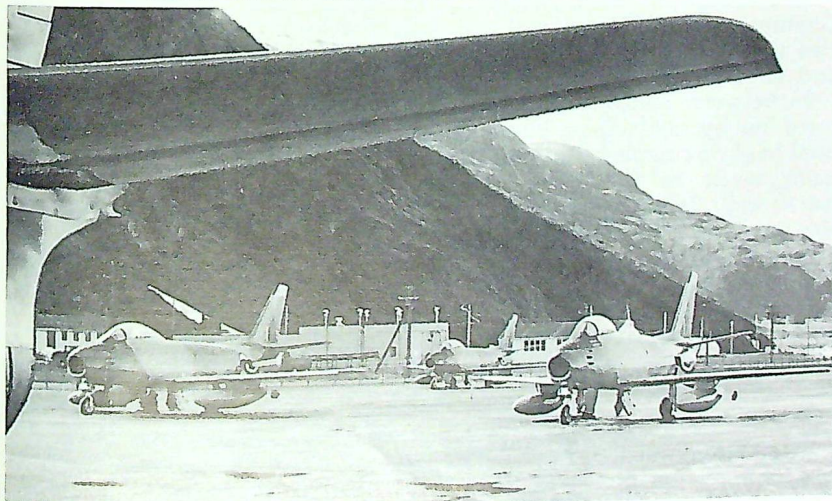
A THROWBACK

To most residents of St. Hubert, the sight of an O.F.U. member was anathema. Certainly it wasn't difficult to spot one of them; you could pick out the Stable Boys by their hats.

This item of apparel had an aura about it, an indefinable something which can only be termed "character". Crushed, stained, and greasy. Most likely the receptacle of beer at one time or another. It was formless, ageless and in danger of disintegration the very next time it was kicked across the flight room floor. But it was the manner in which it was worn that carried the day. For without doubt, that hat achieved a jauntiness totally unknown to the shining blue militaristic slab that belongs in Training Command.

The Boys from the Stable were, I believe, a throwback. They were out of time somehow, belonging instead to a colourful part of the past: to that part of history where their breed made legendary the quality of Canada's fighting men. They were a throwback to the days of glycol and gyro gun-sight, when "hawks in the sun" meant *Messerschmitts*. They were aggressive, confident, professional. Disgraceful on the ground, perhaps, but matchless in the air. They were fighter pilots.

Canadian-built Sabre 6s at Narsarssuak, Greenland.



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

A Short Hysteria of Canada

BY FLYING OFFICER H.L. SOUCY

CANADA is part of North America, which geologists tell us is older than Europe. With superb logic, the older was therefore named the New World and the newer the Old World.

The Old Worlders, though, developed civilization sooner. While the people of Canada were still pitching arrows at each other, the Europeans were inventing muskets and civilizing each other with cannonballs.

Meanwhile, back at the beachhead (this had been established on a sunny atoll named Iceland), Eric of the Leafs (also known as Lucky Red) went sailing one day and bumped into North America. However, the Leafs lost that year, so Eric had to go back without Canada. The connotation "red" being in disfavour with later historians, they decided to deny Eric had even been there, thus calling the continent Un-Eric-a.

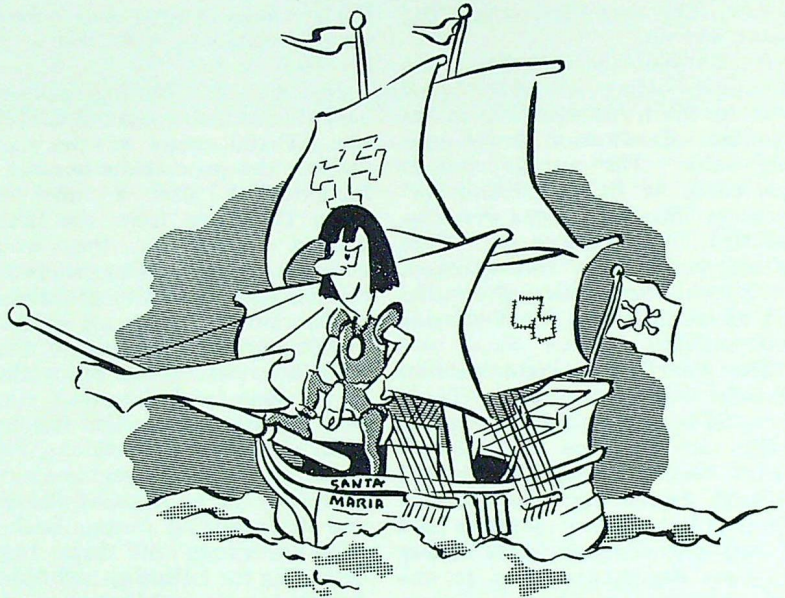
The next person to disturb the scene was a man named Chris, notorious for his poor navigation. He not only went west to get east, but tripped over America along the way. However, as he never saw Canada, his only importance is that people who tried to follow him, being just as poor at navigation, did see the country.

COLONIZATION

The Old Worlders now realized that there was a brand new, uncivilized territory awaiting them; so they picked up their cannonballs and went west.

The first to arrive was a Frenchman named Jack, who built a toll bridge in Montreal. This so impressed the Canadians—whom Chris the navigator had stubbornly insisted on calling Indians because that's what he was looking for—that they decided to rename the country after Montreal. However, they couldn't speak French, so they used their own word for vil-

(Reprinted with permission of the author, this article was written while she was editor of the R.C.A.F. Station St. Margaret's MAGAZETT and first appeared in that magazine. A fairly regular contributor to THE ROUNDDEL's pages during the past few years, Flying Officer Soucy recently left the service to pursue a full-time writing career.—Editor.)



lage, which, by a remarkable coincidence, was "Canada".

The Canadians then imported Champagne from France, and with this support, began building towns and having wars.

In between wars, les Canadiens, lured on by the tourist booklets, used to go on camping trips, usually along rivers so that they could fish as well. It was in this way that the St. Lawrence Seaway Project got started back around 1800. The latest progress report states that in the next two hundred years, the rock under Niagara will be worn back as far again as during the previous two hundred.

EXPLORATION

The nearby camping sites, of course, soon got crowded, so the

vacationers, known as *coureurs-de-bois* (because they had to spend so much time running from the Indians' wooden arrows) had to move on to new rivers. LaSalle did a reconnaissance sortie down the Mississippi, but reported that things were too Americanized to the south; so everyone else went west and north (or, if indecisive, north-west.) These latter, to hide their vacillation, used to insist they were looking for the North-West Passage, which someone had misplaced.

The most famous of the early campers was a pair known as Radishes and Gooseberries. Of the two, Radishes has had the greater success, having recently broken into television.

Various others, jealous of his future fame, tried to immortalize their own names by naming rivers after themselves; thus we have the Fraser, Thompson, MacKenzie and the Little SW Miramichi. However, Radisson not only has a TV programme, but has a song written about him as well; so the rest have had to retire in defeat.

(As a geographical sidelight, it is interesting to note that the current east-west argument about whether "BC" stands for "Better Canada" or "Beyond Canada" can be settled by historical research into the story of MacKenzie, who carved in a Pacific coast rock the announcement, "MacKenzie, by land, from Canada...")

INVASION

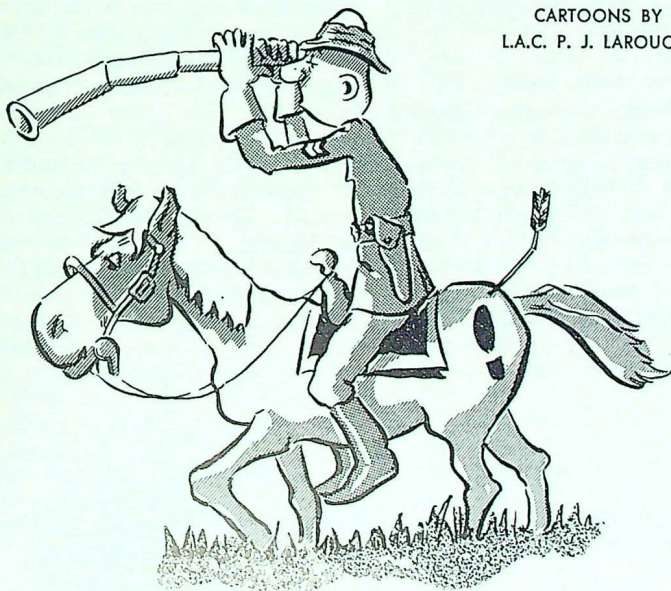
While people such as these were going west for the salmon fishing, the ones back east were keeping themselves busy with various small wars. When the Indians couldn't be bothered fighting them, the settlers would make arrangements with the various States to the south to fight a few battles. The plan backfired one day, however, when the 13 colonies invaded Canada with a wave of refugees called Loyalists, who took over

the country and instituted such innovations as voting and rebelling. This was the first successful invasion since Wolfe took his morning exercise up the cliffs of Quebec, and set a bad precedent, as invasions from the south have continued unabated, growing ever more devastating, until they have reached the extreme of Zorro hats and Presley records.

Made cautious by the results of this battle, Canada decided to keep her wars internal for a while. This meant trading her army for a police force, to which was given the name "North-West Mounted". (This was because their main job was to find the stolen North-West Passage.) They were also known as the "Riders of the Plains" so that Pauline Johnson could write a poem about them that would scan well.

This was the last glamorous chapter in Canada's history, as she began doing mundane modern things such as building railways, concentrating on politics, Confederating, being a Voice in World Affairs, having oil wells and pipelines fights, and in general behaving like just any other country. This, therefore, is the end of the country's individual history.

CARTOONS BY
L.A.C. P. J. LAROCHE



Marine Rescue

(continued from page 15)

of sincere B.C. citizens, this petition was originated by the widows of two fishermen who had been lost at sea aboard the 'Lady H' off Vancouver Island's west coast on 31 July 1955. A sea and air search, co-ordinated by R.C.C. Vancouver, had been unsuccessful in locating either the victims or the fishing vessel's wreckage and, quite naturally, feelings in the tiny village of Tofino, the 'Lady H's' homeport were bitter.

The net results of the investigation which followed materially strengthened the present S.A.R. organization for its marine rescue role. (It should be noted that when the peacetime S.A.R. organization was first envisioned in 1947, as part of Canada's I.C.A.O. commitment, aircraft were the prime consideration. Assistance to mariners and others in distress, while provided to the best of its ability, was a secondary duty—and not one for which the R.C.A.F. alone was particularly well-equipped. Only by co-operative and co-ordinated endeavour over the years, by both government and civilian agencies, had this vital aspect of S.A.R. been developed. It had grown to the point where, on the B.C. coast at least, the marine capability and the method of its operation was openly admired and envied by the U.S. Coast Guard itself. "How I wish that we had the same working agreement with the civilian operators off the Washington and Oregon coasts that you have here in B.C.!" exclaimed the U.S.C.G. Captain in charge of R.C.C. Seattle, a permanent and enthusiastic member of our Interdepartmental Committee, during one of his periodic visits to Vancouver in 1954.)

SPECIFIC IMPROVEMENTS

Specifically, following a detailed study of the current set-up and invited recommendations for its improvement by the Ministers of Transport and National Defence, these steps were taken in 1956:

1. The federal government made

an annual grant of \$10,000 to the B.C.T.O.A. to help defray administrative expenses and provide a full-time co-ordinator of civilian volunteer facilities for S.A.R.

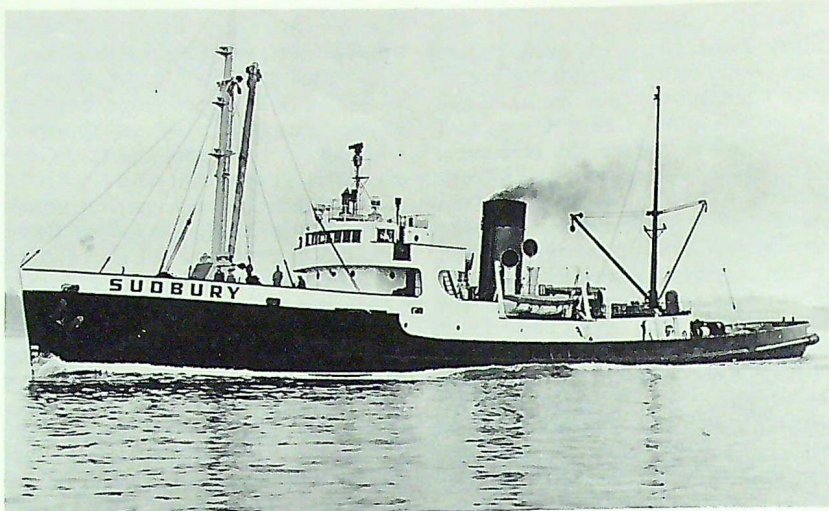
2. This civilian co-ordinator (and the natural appointee was Cyril Andrews) became marine advisor to the R.C.C. He was given office space in the R.C.C. at the R.C.A.F.'s 5 Air Division Hdqts., although he remained administratively responsible to the B.C.T.O.A.'s search and rescue committee.

3. New high-powered radio equipment was installed at nearby D.O.T.'s Point Grey Marine Station specifically for S.A.R. communications. Terminating by land-line in the R.C.C., the marine co-ordinator was thus able to receive messages on the designated distress frequencies and to transmit instructions direct to vessels from the central control point. (So successful is the operation of this new communications facility that for the first time in its history R.C.C. Vancouver is able to talk directly by radio to ships as far away as in Alaskan waters.)

4. In the design of marine craft for the use of federal departments in future, the S.A.R. role will be taken more fully into consideration, so that eventually all government ships will be better equipped to carry out this function. (This applies to R.C.M.P. motor launches, Department of Fisheries' patrol vessels, D.O.T. lighthouse tenders, etc.)

Truly immense strides had been taken in the development of marine rescue in the two years since that bleak winter's day in 1953 when the 'C.P. Yorke' went down. Much remained to be accomplished before those who had worked so diligently during those two years, mainly by the trial and error system, could be satisfied that the organization had reached its ultimate goal: the embracing of all possible facilities from Alaska to the 49th parallel.

The announcement on 29 June 1957, of the inclusion of an estimated 8000 fishboats connected with the Fisheries Association of



Corvette converted to deep sea tug, "Sudbury" gained world-wide renown for her dramatic 7000-mile round trip to aid distressed freighter in Pacific. She has since participated in several coastal incidents at the request of R.C.C.

B.C. brought that goal immeasurably closer to realization. The plan involves 16 sub co-ordinators along the coast, picked by a committee of the Fisheries Association, who use established D.O.T. communications to maintain contact with R.C.C. Vancouver. These "deputy rescue co-ordinators" are located at Prince Rupert, Butedale, Klemtu, Namu, Rivers Inlet, Smith's Inlet, Alert Bay, Juan de Fuca Straits, Ucuelet, Hot Springs Cove, Queen's Cove, Kyuquet and Coal Harbour.

THE SERVICE TODAY

Thus, today there are literally 9000 ships available on B.C.'s 10,000 miles of coastline for use in the S.A.R. organization in case of emergency. They are manned by professionals who know that coast and its tricky tides. None of them are paid for saving human life, although if the rescue operation turns into a salvage or towing job, accepted rates of pay do prevail.

The outstanding example of this type of operation in recent years, of course, was the amazing 7000-mile round-trip voyage of the Island Tug and Barge Co.'s deep-sea tug 'Sudbury', a converted corvette. Her dash from Victoria, B.C., to a point near Kamchatka north of Japan, and her successful tow through mountainous seas of the disabled Greek tramp 'Makedonia' 3200 miles back to a Vancouver dry-dock will long be remembered as one of the greatest salvage gambles on the Pacific.

Stirring dramas like that of the 'Sudbury's' naturally command breathless attention throughout the nation. But it is the smaller day dramas, equally as important to those unfortunates directly involved but which seldom reach the public view, that constantly concern those entrusted with S.A.R. "Operation successfully completed" is the sweetest message that reaches R.C.C. It is one which becomes more frequent as time goes by.



ALIBIOLOGY: The science dealing with the creation and presentation of credible stories to be used by husbands in explaining unauthorized absences.

(Reprinted with permission from AIR FORCE Magazine, official journal of the U.S. Air Force Association, Mills Building, Washington 6, D.C., this article by a serving U.S.A.F. officer is as pertinent for us in the R.C.A.F. as it is for his own colleagues, the liberty of changing the ranks mentioned to those of our own service. — Editor.)

WE CAN'T ALL BE AIR MARSHALS

BY MAJOR W. F. MOSELEY, U.S.A.F.

WAS there ever an individual who was completely satisfied with the situation life had dealt him? There may be persons who appear to be content with their lot; but if it were possible to see deep down within them, one would find a longing for something greater, perhaps a more lucrative position. The minister, although a servant of God, longs for greater sincerity toward his God. Others want greater position in life, desire the power to control others. But for most people this achievement of complete satisfaction of self is never accomplished.

During my 15 years commissioned service in the Air Force I have seen many of my contemporaries climb the ladder to group captain while I have remained a squadron leader. At first the situation worried me and I even considered leaving the Air Force for something better. Something better? What is better than the Air Force? Where can a man have greater prestige?

EVERYONE GRIPEs

Everywhere men gripe about their wages, the small amount of pay they draw each month. Civilians, airmen, and, if it means anything, officers gripe, too. If the truth were actually known, I expect a few air marshals aren't too happy about their pay scale, either. Yet they, in most cases, keep such matters to themselves.

A group captain once told me that when he was a wing commander he looked forward to the day he would make group captain because his money matters would be solved. But after he had been promoted he found that he could

barely live on that pay and was looking forward to the day when he would be an air commodore. Here is a typical example of one who could not adjust to the scale in which he was placed.

I have sat on promotion boards where sergeants were interviewed as to their qualifications for promotion to flight sergeant. Invariably, there were individuals who had met the board many times only to give way to some bright young capable sergeant who simply overflowed with all of the necessary qualifications for promotion. It was always the same old story with the man who had met the board many times. He simply did not have the qualifications for promotion, and what's more, he would probably never qualify. But you cannot tell an individual point-blank that he doesn't have what it takes to be a flight sergeant or a flight lieutenant. That would be one sure way to ruin what capabilities the individual already possesses. It is one sure way to chase away

any initiative he might have, and it certainly would break his spirit for future value to the Air Force.

NOT ROOM FOR ALL

Many officers I have known have remarked that in a certain number of years they intend to be group captains. These certainly are noble, ambitious desires, but practically all of these officers lie in the so-called "hump" areas and fully realize that in the not-too-distant future promotions to higher rank will be almost things of the past. There simply will not be enough room at the top to accommodate all of us.

What, then, is the solution? There is one, but promotion and monetary advancement are not the answer. The answer lies in one's self. The answer is in man's individual mind, if he will but consider it and heed the gains it has to offer. I am not advocating that man cease to consider promotion as the reason for his remaining in the Air Force but to consider the advantages he now has, the reward for achievement which has already been cast his way.

We can't all be air marshals and group captains or warrant officers and flight sergeants. As a matter of fact, we can't all belong to the Air Force. Consider the number of individuals who would like to qualify for enlistment



but haven't the qualifications. Consider the young men who would attend the Officers' School or the Canadian Services' Colleges but for the rigid qualifications required for enrollment. Consider that many who are selected are not retained.

ITS UP TO US

The Air Force does not deliberately fail to promote a man. The individual usually makes his own bed, so to speak, and he must lie in it. If we were to analyze ourselves we might find that we had made no attempt during the past two or three years to improve ourselves mentally or physically. Perhaps we have slipped into an attitude of reticence, or perhaps we have adopted the idea that "if they don't promote us, to hell with them." Common sense tells us that such reasoning is fallacious and unreasonable and we can hope to gain absolutely nothing as a result of it. If we adopt that

attitude toward the Air Force because we are not promoted, and if we leave the service in search of something better (unless the one-in-a-million job turns up, and that's doubtful insofar as the average individual is concerned), we are apt to carry the same attitude to the new job. The next boss might not be so lenient if he discovers that feeling within us.

For the average individual, advancement comes faster in the Air Force and the other armed services than in any other salaried business or profession. His salary, even for a basic airman, is hard to equal on the outside when one takes into consideration the fringe benefits (we still have a few) and retirement pay. In plain words, a man could do a hell of a lot worse on a hell of a lot less.

SELF-ANALYSIS NEEDED

It is time for all of us to use a

little common sense and reasoning in determining why we haven't been promoted recently; why we haven't received the assignment we considered ourselves best qualified for; why we were turned down on our request for a particular overseas area. In the Air Force, as well as in the other services, a man has every opportunity to better his personal self. There is the opportunity for him to develop himself physically, mentally, and morally, and if he is sincere in his efforts he will take advantage of every opportunity which comes his way. All of us cannot be air marshals, but the steady application toward self improvement might be the answer some of us are searching for. At any rate, if we do not succeed in becoming group captains or warrant officers simply because there isn't enough room at the top for all of us, certainly the effort we have expended will not have been in vain.

Air Gunnery Champions

A five-man squad from the R.C.A.F.'s No. 1 Air Division proudly displays the Gwynemer Trophy, emblematic of air gunnery supremacy within Allied Air Forces Central Europe.

The trophy was presented by U.S.A.F. General L.W. Johnson, Air Deputy at S.H.A.P.E., in a colourful ceremony at the French Air Base at Cazaux, near Bordeaux, France. The R.C.A.F. team flew its *Sabres* to a decisive victory over teams composed of top aerial marksmen from the air forces of the U.K., France, the Netherlands, and Belgium. A U.S.A.F. team withdrew from the competition.

In addition to its clean-cut team victory, won on the basis of total points scored by cine and live machine gun firing against aerial targets, Flying Officer R.S. Paul was the meet's top individual marksman.

Front row (l. to r.) Flt. Lt. W.H. Norn, F/O D. Barker. Back row: F/O R.S. Paul, Flt. Lt. R. MacGarva (team captain), Flt. Lt. C.J. Henry.



Belgian Camp-Site Godsend To R.C.A.F. World's Fair Visitors

THE World's Fair by day and a Canadian camp-site at night.

This delightful situation was enjoyed by personnel of No. 1 Air Division and their families in Europe during this past summer—and they could thank a Belgian Air Force officer for the combination.

The arrangement was made possible through the establishment of an air force camp-site overlooking the picturesque town of Nivelles near Brussels. Using either trailers or tents, over 740 R.C.A.F. families lived on the two acre site by night while visiting the nearby World's Fair by day.

Lieutenant Ray DeCyper of the Belgian Air Force initiated the idea. Last spring while training on the maintenance of CF-100s at 3 Fighter Wing, Zweibrucken, Germany, he learned of the Canadians' plans to visit the World's Fair and of their desire for suitable camping accommodations. When he returned to his home town of Nivelles he discussed the problem with the

Mayor, who immediately offered the R.C.A.F. a two-acre camp-site outside the town free of charge.

Despite the proximity of 1 Air Div to Brussels, many families would have been unable to visit the Fair without the use of the camp-site. Hotel accommodations with meals in Brussels average \$150 per person for one week—something out of the reach of most R.C.A.F. families. On the other hand, charges for camp services at Nivelles were 50 cents a day for each family, regardless of size.

Services available at the site included running water, electricity and drainage. Flight Sergeant Norman Peterson of Dartmouth, N.S. was in charge of the camp this past summer.

The camp solved one other problem—that of travelling with small children. For R.C.A.F. families, after spending an exhaustive day at the World's Fair, it was wonderfully convenient to return to their own accommodations at night, where the kids could romp while the parents relaxed.



Flt. Lt. J. Harder and family enjoy the sights at the World's Fair, then tired but happy . . .



Sons Ronald and Ralph help dad pitch their tent at the Nivelles' camp-site, where soon . . .

Sgt. H. W. Wheatley and his family cross the French-Belgian border en route to Brussels and the World's Fair. Sgt. Wheatley is stationed at No. 1 Fighter wing, Marville.



It is chow time for the whole gang.



BADGES OF THE R.C.A.F.: 12

This is the twelfth in our series of illustrations of R.C.A.F. badges. 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 mat 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.



AIR NAVIGATION SCHOOL

(March 1951)

In front of a terrestrial globe a key, wards downward.

DIRIGERE

(Lead)

The terrestrial globe denotes the universal aspect of navigation taught in the school. The key is symbolic of both the teaching and the prime importance of navigation in flying, the six-pointed star in the handle of the key standing for astronavigation.

Early in 1948 the Air Navigation School was established at Summerside, P.E.I., at a reactivated site which during the latter part of the Second World War had served

as a centre for navigation and reconnaissance training.

In August 1951 the Air Navigation School was divided into a Central Navigation School and No. 1 Air Navigation School. In October 1953 No. 1 Air Navigation School joined No. 2 Air Navigation School at Winnipeg. The Central Navigation School remained at Summerside until September 1954 when it, too, was moved to Winnipeg.

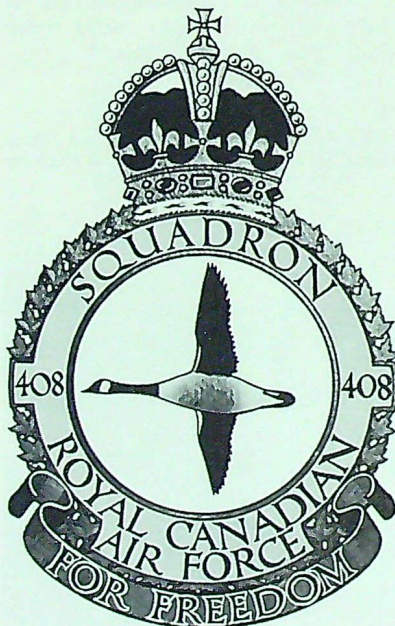
408 SQUADRON

(October 1942)

A Canada Goose volant

FOR FREEDOM

The Canada Goose, a powerful flier that covers vast distances in its migratory flights, is at home



in Canada, England and Scotland. Its great speed and endurance make it a fitting symbol of the squadron's operations "For Freedom".

No. 408 Squadron was formed in Yorkshire in June 1941, the second of many R.C.A.F. bomber squadrons which served overseas in the Second World War. The squadron participated in the first 1000-bomber raid on Germany, flew many missions against naval and industrial targets, and played an active part in "gardening" (minelaying) for victory.

Commencing operations with *Hampdens* in 1941, 408 was given *Halifaxes* in September of the next year and later (October 1943) *Lancasters*. In September 1944 it returned to *Halifaxes* and flew them for the rest of the war, chalking up an enviable record that earned the squadron an M.B.E., more than 160 D.F.C.s, and many mentions in despatches.

On termination of hostilities in Europe the squadron was re-equipped with *Lancaster Xs* and flew back to Canada to prepare for the "Second Phase" in the Far East. The abrupt end of the Japanese war led to the disbandment of the squadron in September 1945.

On January 1949, 408 Squadron was reformed at Rockcliffe and has since earned further fame as a photographic and, more recently, a reconnaissance squadron in the far north.

R.C.A.F. STATION LAC ST. DENIS

(March 1956)

A Blue Jay volant

DETECT AND WARN

The role of the watchful Blue Jay, in giving a warning call on the approach of an enemy, makes it an appropriate emblem for a radar station.

Officially formed in October 1952 on a beautiful site high atop a Laurentian hill to the north of Montreal, R.C.A.F. Station Lac St. Denis is one of the radar units standing on guard in Canada's vital defence lines. Equipped with

Letters of Commendation

Air Marshal Hugh Campbell, Chief of the Air Staff, has written personal Letters of Commendation to the following:

Flight Lieutenant J.I. Barton, of C.J.A.T.C., Rivers, was captain of a helicopter which on 27/28 November 1957 evacuated a seriously ill Indian woman from Bloodvein River to Pine Falls Hospital, Manitoba.

The successful completion of this flight, under weather conditions so adverse that it would not have been made had a human life not been at stake, is in itself a tribute to this officer's flying skill. In making seven forced landings in difficult terrain, in order to clear the ice which had formed on rotors and windscreen, he displayed superior airmanship, sound judgement and a thorough knowledge of his aircraft.

Flt. Lt. Barton's determination to complete the mission under such difficult circumstances is deserving of highest praise.

Leading Aircraftman G.T. Knox, of 435 (T) Sqn., was instrumental in extricating a trapped passenger from a C-119 which had crashed during an attempted landing at R.C.A.F. Station Namao, Alberta, on 6 January 1958.

Despite the possibility of immediate fire or explosion, this airman remained in the aircraft to ensure that all personnel had left. On discovering a passenger who was trapped in such a manner that he was unable to move his arms and hands sufficiently to undo his lap belt, L.A.C. Knox climbed further into the wrecked fuselage, freed him and then assisted him in making his exit.

His concern for the safety of the passengers in the aircraft and disregard of the dangers to which he was exposed while freeing the trapped passenger are an example of devotion to duty of the highest order and indeed worthy of praise.



the most modern radar and other communication devices it can collect, evaluate, display and transmit warning and information on the air situation in the area under its surveillance.

PREDICTED SPUTNIK'S PATH

Squadron Leader E.A. Bernard, seconded to D.R.B.'s Directorate of Scientific Intelligence where he is studying Soviet missile and earth satellite development, has been officially commended for successfully predicting the path of Sputnik I in its orbit around the earth.

Early in 1957 Sqn. Ldr. Bernard put forward an independent prediction of the orbit which the U.S.S.R. would choose for earth satellite firings. This was not in accord with other views in Western defence circles, but it was subsequently proved accurate. When Sputnik I was launched, the R.C.A.F. officer's prior calculations enabled Canadian establishments to obtain orbit data well in advance of other Western agencies - resulting in the further enhancement of Canada's reputation in the field of scientific endeavour.



Who Says Times Change?

Among the causes of discontent on the Plains is one which, it seems to us, can be and ought to be, removed. Many of the soldiers there are put to work in building the posts, constructing barracks, quartermaster and commissary storehouses, stockades, stables, etc. Their pay is 16 dollars a month, with say, six dollars extra-duty pay, and one ration. Alongside of them are civilians working on the same buildings, doing the same sort of duty, who receive 45 dollars a month and their board.

(U.S. Army Journal, 12 Oct. 1867)

R.C.A.F. Association

(This section of THE ROUNDLE is prepared by R.C.A.F. Association Headquarters, 424 Metcalfe St., Ottawa, Ont.)

"There Shall be Wings!"

THE man who first used these words, in summing up his philosophy, was Leonardo da Vinci. Early in the 16th century he declared that even though he might never solve the riddle of human flight, solved it would be.

The man who will say it next is author Leslie Roberts, whose book of that title will be published coincidental with the Golden Anniversary of Flight in Canada in February, 1959. It is a title, he says, which reflects the struggles *per ardua ad astra* of those who, in our time, have been determined to fly and to place aviation and the Royal Canadian Air Force in their rightful perspective in the Canadian scene. And struggle is the essential story of the Air Force, as Roberts sees it.

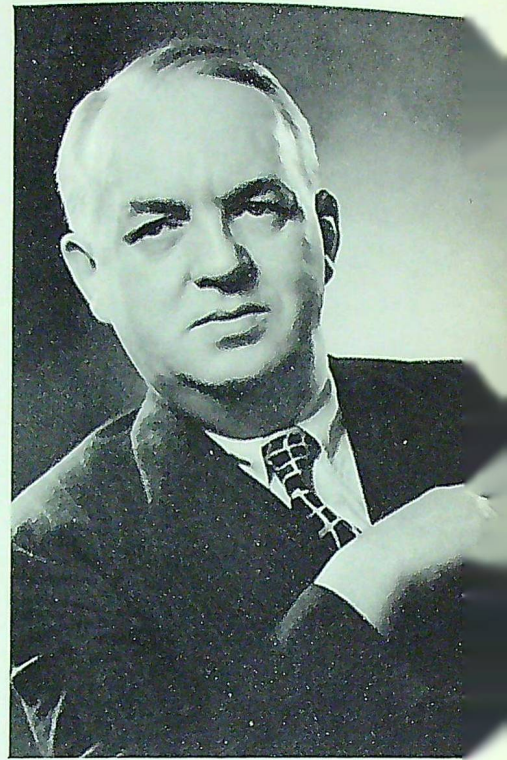
During the First World War there was the struggle of young Canadians to join one of the flying services, R.F.C. or R.N.A.S., and the struggle of the fliers to prove their combat value to the groundlings. When the war ended and the fliers came home the struggle was renewed: this time to prove to a ground-minded nation that aviation could play a matchless role in the development of a frontier

country. From beginnings which had their roots in the combat squadrons of that war came the bush pilots and the first beginnings of the R.C.A.F., which in its early days was the trail-blazer of northern flight.

This is the story Leslie Roberts has to tell in something like 100,000 words—the whole panorama of Canadian flight, and especially service-flight, from the beginnings down to NATO and NORAD. Even McCurdy's first flights, 50 years ago, had a military connotation, for he brought his *Silver Dart* to Petawawa and put it through its paces for the military brass. "The colonels," says Roberts, "were not impressed".

As the author of *THERE SHALL BE WINGS* sees it, it has always been an uphill struggle—against an uninformed or misinformed public opinion, against political forces (of every hue from time to time), or against Blimpism within the services. But at last, concludes Roberts, the R.C.A.F. has come into its own as the spearhead of our national defence.

It is a glowing story which every man who has ever flown or worn the uniform will want for his own



Leslie Roberts

Photo by NAKASH

library. The author is a man of lifelong experience in aviation and is a thrice-wounded veteran of the First World War who served again in the Second World War as a war correspondent. He was the first accredited writer on the DEW Line, and a subsequent magazine article (in Harper's and Reader's Digest) won the A.I.T.A.'s Aviation Writing Award for 1955. He is a Member of the Aviation Writers of America and of the International Society of Aviation Writers, and is the author of 14 published books.

THERE SHALL BE WINGS is honest, forthright, uncensored history, from the typewriter of a man who enjoys what he calls "a lifelong love affair with aviation and with the service".

Before a man can wake up and find himself famous, he must wake up and find himself.

Advance Sale

Publication and sale of "There Shall be Wings!" is being sponsored by The R.C.A.F. Association, as part of its contribution to the Golden Anniversary of Flight and 35th Anniversary of the R.C.A.F. next year.

All *ROUNDLE* subscribers will be given the opportunity to place advance orders for this book prior to publication date, 23 February 1959. Further details will be forthcoming from R.C.A.F.A. Hdqts. early in January.

Publishers are Clarke, Irwin and Co. Ltd., Toronto.

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COUNCIL STANDING COMMITTEES 1958-59

Air Marshal W.A. Curtis, National President, has named the following as chairmen of committees:

Resolutions Committee	- - -	Mr. G.A. Ault
Membership Committee	- - -	Mr. G. Ellis
National Convention Committee	- - -	Air Marshal W.A. Curtis
Projects & Activities Committee	- - -	Mr. G. Penfold
Public Relations Committee	- - -	Mr. S. Malach
Budget Committee	- - -	Mr. L.N. Baldock
Wings at Home Committee	- - -	Mr. P. Connell
International Projects Committee	- - -	Air Vice-Marshal G.E. Brookes
Aviation Education Committee	- - -	Mr. G.A. Ault

These chairmen were invited to select the members for their committees. A complete list of the appointees will appear in the next issue of "Wings at Home". This marks the third year in which we have operated under the committee system.

1958-59 MEMBERSHIP DRIVE

At the time of writing Mr. George Ellis, Chairman of the Membership Committee, has announced a three and one-half month long campaign aimed at increasing the total membership of the Association by at least 2,000 members. The general plan of the drive, which will have three phases, commenced 22 September, following the Anniversary of the Battle of Britain.

The first phase will be purely organizational up to a two weeks blitz drive 27 October to 8 November, and the third phase is the continuation of the drive until 31 December. Mr. Ellis impressed on the Wings the necessity for immediately clearing up their delinquent renewal dues. A list of prizes will be announced during the campaign.

COASTAL COMMAND'S WAR RECORD, 1939-45

Copies of this attractively bound commemorative booklet may be obtained from the Secretary, R.C.A.F. Association Headquarters, for \$1.00 per copy.



PICNIC TURNS INTO BATTLE FOR B.C. TEENAGERS

ONE of the worst forest fire seasons in history—that is the price British Columbia paid for its fine summer weather this year. But for the prompt and efficient efforts of teenagers of 3055 Technical Training Unit, 19 Wing (Aux.), the damage might have been considerably greater in the forests bordering Burrard Inlet.

Their annual picnic was just nicely underway on the afternoon of 26 July at Belcarra Park, a few miles up the inlet from Vancouver, when a harbour police officer brought word of a forest fire about two miles away. Squadron Leader W.C. Lee, officer commanding, his 12 officers and N.C.O.s quickly organized the unit into a fire-fighting force and proceeded to the fire via the small boats they had used for transportation to the picnic site.

On landing they clambered up half a mile of steep slopes thickly covered with bush and trees to lay pipe provided by the B.C. Forest Service. Three booster pumps were placed at intervals along the line to force water from the inlet up the hill. Then began the spraying, beating, digging and smothering attack on the conflagration.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is most important that Association members notify National Headquarters of all changes of address. Issues of "The Roundel" which are missed by failure to notify us cannot always be provided at a later date.

Association members are asked to send a card immediately upon moving, stating both their old and new address, to: Secretary, R.C.A.F. Association, 424 Metcalfe St., Ottawa, Ont.

In the meantime, wives and girl-friends, who had remained at the picnic site, set up a first aid post to treat the burns, bruises, scratches and other minor injuries suffered by the fire-fighters. At 1630 hours a call for food went out and the girls brought their picnic baskets to the scene of the fire.

By 2000 hours the fire was under control and most of the fire-fighters were able to return to the picnic grounds. A task force of 20 trainees remained at the scene under unit education officer Flying Officer J. Harrison. A forest ranger requested they keep watch over the fire which had already ravaged over 10½ acres of forest.

It was a weary group of approximately 300 boys and girls who returned to Vancouver from their "picnic". About 125 of the boys and 25 of the girls were members of the reserve. The others were girl friends or boy friends and most of the 300 were under 18 years old.

They sailed up Burrard Inlet that morning for a picnic. They sailed back weary fire-fighting veterans whose efforts had helped save an oil refinery and priceless forest lands next door to the province's largest city.



Leaving Buckingham Palace after a 30 minute visit with H.R.H. Prince Philip is the group of 25 Canadian Air Cadets who toured the United Kingdom as part of the International Air Cadet Exchange Visits programme. The civilian is Mr. C.C. Davis of North Battleford, Sask., Air Cadet League Escorting Official. On his immediate right is Sqn. Ldr. L.R. Pattee, R.C.A.F. Escorting Official. Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth was also scheduled to meet the cadets but she was unfortunately ill on the day of their visit.



Senior Leaders' and Drill Instructors' courses salute on a march-past at R.C.A.F. Station, Camp Borden, Ont.

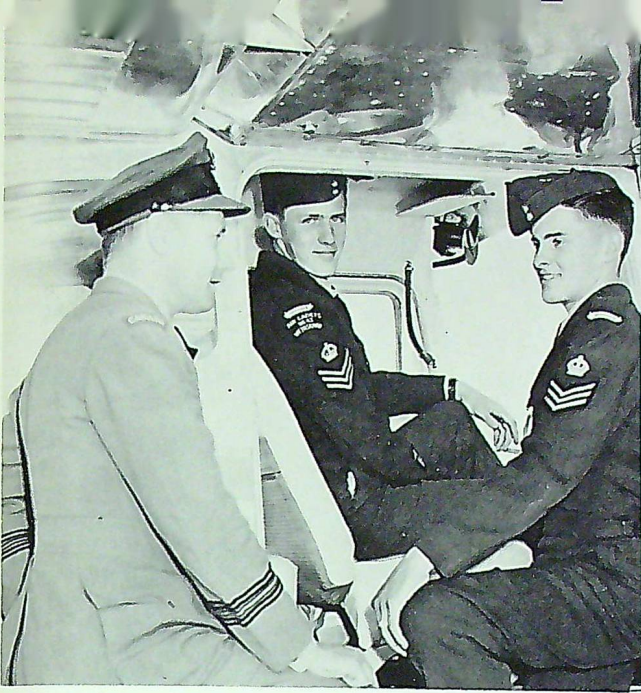


Prime Minister John Diefenbaker and Arthur R. Smith, MP, vice-president of the Air Cadet League of Canada are shown with a group of cadets from the United Kingdom, Denmark, Sweden, Holland and Norway in the Railway Committee Room in the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, Ont.

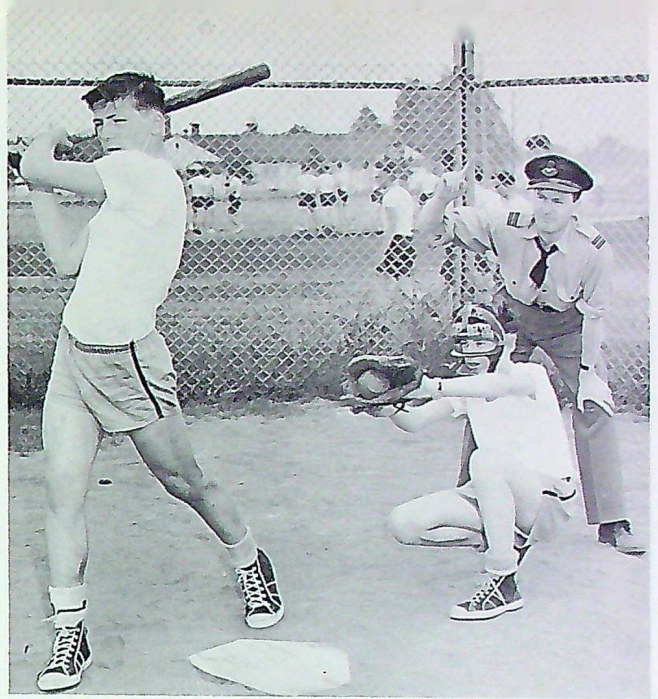
Royal Canadian Air Cadets

LAST month THE ROUNDLE published a word picture summary of the 1958 summer camp programme—acclaimed the most successful yet conducted. More than 6,500 Air Cadets from all 10 provinces participated in a variety of special activities, overseas tours and advanced training courses.

Pictorial highlights of some of the summer projects are recorded on these pages, as supplied by Air Cadet League Headquarters, 424 Metcalfe St., Ottawa, Ont.

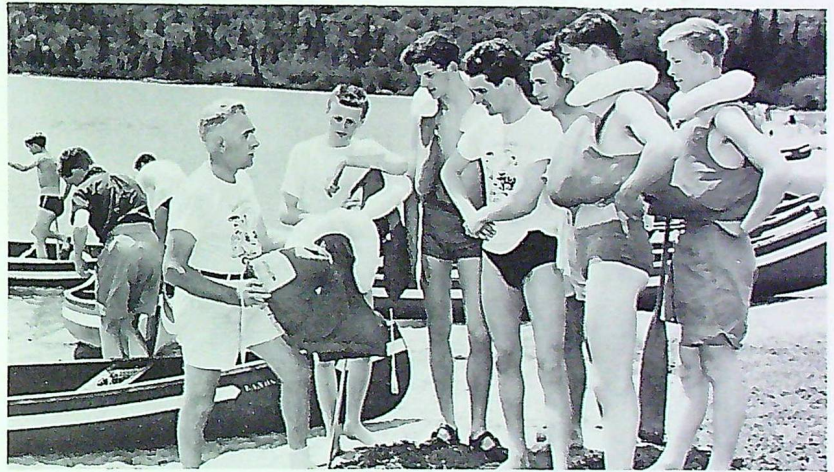


Sqn. Ldr. F.H. Mathew, of No. 395 (Edmonton) Squadron, chats with Cadet Sorensen of No. 42 (Wetaskiwin) Squadron and Cadet McKenzie of No. 504 (Edmonton) Squadron on the flight line at the Edmonton Flying Club.



At R.C.A.F. Station Clinton summer camp Cadets L.W. Ryder and K. B. Dunfield, of No. 121 (Guelph) Squadron, play ball under the watchful eye of umpire Flt. Lt. J.J. Reay.

Mr. Al Law, of the Air Cadet League, who acted as camp director at the Ontario Government Rock Lake camp at Algonquin Park, demonstrates the use of a life jacket to a group of U.S. Civil Air Patrol and overseas cadets.



Massachusetts Governor Foster Furcola welcomes the party of 25 Royal Canadian Air Cadets visiting the United States. Their tour took in the State of Massachusetts and also the cities of New York and Washington, D.C.



The Suggestion Box

Air Marshal Hugh Campbell, Chief of the Air Staff, has written letters to these officers and airmen, thanking them for original suggestions which have been officially adopted by the R.C.A.F. Each has received a cash award for his suggestion.

Sgt. H.A. Jenkins, of R.C.A.F. Station Uplands, devised a modification to the *Sabre* fuel quantity transmitter tester.

Flying Officer C.J. Bygrave, of R.C.A.F. Station St. Margarets, devised an operator aid for the AN/FPS-6 height finder.



W.O.2. T.H. Buchan, of R.C.A.F. Station Camp Borden, designed a tool to fit pushrod cover hoses on Wright R2600 aircraft engines.



Flying Officer J.H. Pigden, of R.C.A.F. Station Greenwood, devised a warning light to indicate overheating of the angle gear box drive in *Neptune* aircraft.



Sgt. O.D. Schnare, of R.C.A.F. Station Greenwood, invented a device for testing the heater transformer on *Neptune* aircraft.



Ft. Sgt. E.J. Huestis, of M.A.C. Hdqts., suggested the use of pre-printed address slips for the mailing of D.R.O.'s.



L.A.C. W.R. Jillette, of R.C.A.F. Station Trenton, suggested a modification to the T33 wing tank filler cap adapter cam insert.



Do Airmen Read D.R.O.'s?

The commanding officer of a certain R.C.A.F. station entertained the belief that airmen did not read D.R.O.'s.

He decided to test the issue.

Within a week, the following message signed by the C.O. appeared in D.R.O.'s: "The first ten airmen reporting to my office this evening after 1700 hours will receive five dollars."

It was an inexpensive way for the C.O. to prove his theory—only one airman reported.



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.

Edmond Cloutier

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