

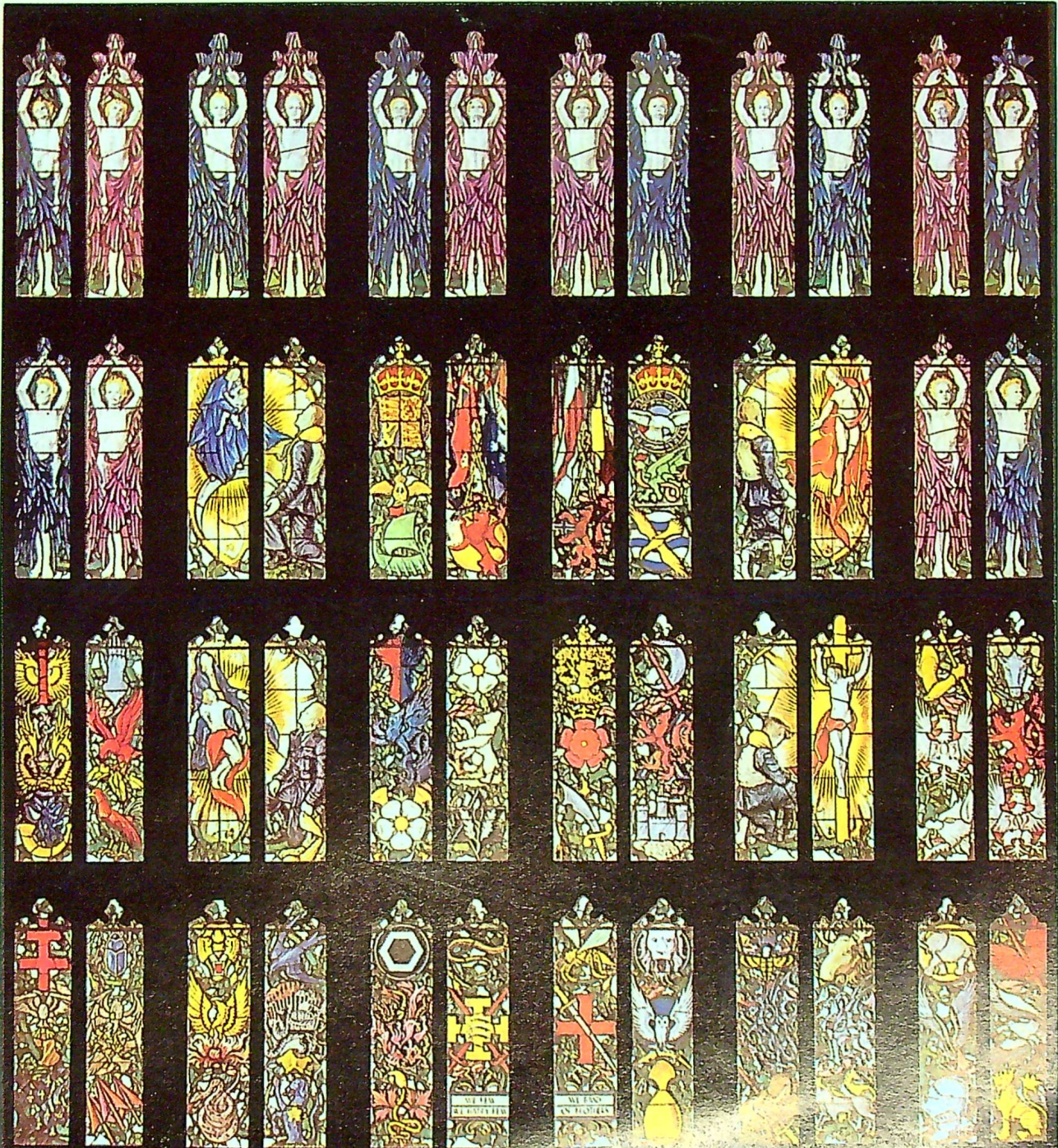


THE

Roundel

VOL. 12, No. 7

SEPTEMBER 1960





ARTICLES

	<i>page</i>
Among the Few	2
Personal Recollections of a Pilot	6
Raids, Rules and Regrets	10
The Maple Leaf and the Maltese Cross	12
The First Pilot Course, BCATP	18
Midnight Is Still Noon for Nighthawks: Part II.....	21

PICTURE STORIES

Recording Royal Roads	16
Operation Flame Thwarter	28

FEATURETTES

Kiwanis Kids' Day	20
Argus Production Completed	25
Auxiliary Prepares for Survival	26
Underwater Escape	27
Junior Staff School Opens	32

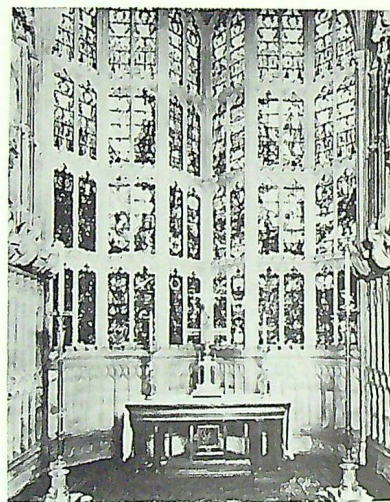
DEPARTMENTS

On the Break	1
RCAF Association	30
Letters to the Editor	32

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THIS MONTH'S COVER

These memorial windows were unveiled in Westminster Abbey in July 1947, in tribute to the personnel of the fighter squadrons which took part in the Battle of Britain.

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.

On the Break



SUNDAY, 18 September, is being observed across Canada by special parades and services to commemorate the 20th anniversary of the Battle of Britain. Veterans of that campaign have now grown to middle age — some have reached high places in the business and professional life of Canada, and some still carry the physical scars acquired two decades ago during “Britain’s finest hour.”

One would think that surely by now the Battle of Britain story had been so well and truly documented that nothing new could be added. Yet, even as we were preparing this issue two recently-published versions came to our attention, convincing us that the tribute on the following pages is indeed timely and pertinent.

The new and officially-sponsored Soviet history of the Second World War declares the Battle of Britain a fake. Volume I of the “History of the Great Patriotic War of the Soviet Union 1940-45” contends the battle was an elaborate smokescreen to disguise Hitler’s preparations to invade the Soviet Union. (This, at a time when the Russians were still linked by treaty with Nazi Germany!) The book is reported to be selling briskly at 30 rubles — \$7.50 — a copy.

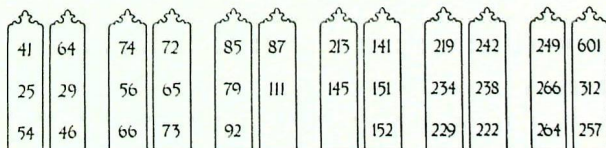
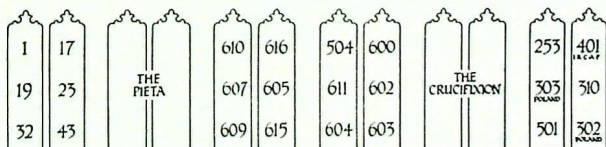
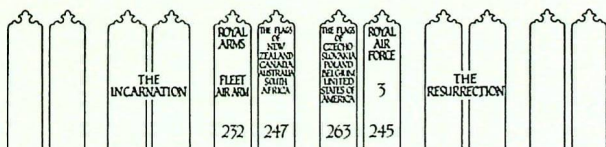
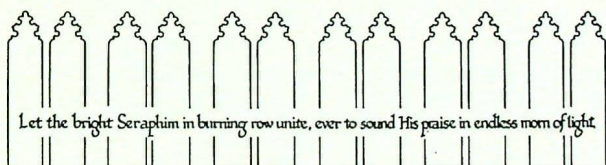
The second book referred to above was published 11 years ago in Germany but has only now been made available to English readers. “The Life and Death of the Luftwaffe” is the personal memoirs of Werner Baumbach, an ex-Luftwaffe colonel, who blames the German political leaders for the loss of the Battle of Britain. They failed to develop fighter aircraft of sufficient range to engage the RAF, rationalizes Baumbach. The subsequent night bombing of London and other cities failed because it was not carried out “with sufficient resolution and in adequate strength.”

Somehow, these two “explanations” just don’t jibe with the version of our own historical section (see page 3).

• • • •

THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN WINDOW

Key Plan



All Fighter Squadrons which took part in the Battle of Britain are represented in the window by the badges, and the numbers of the Squadrons are shown above.

Now there exists a new German Air Force, allied with us in NATO for the defence of freedom. Its pilots, like ours, fly *Sabres* and look forward to the day when these faithful but obsolescent jets will be replaced by CF 104s.

On page 12 we present “The Maple Leaf and the Maltese Cross” — a current account of life at No. 10 Waffenschule near Oldenburg, Germany. We think it appropriate to include this in our Battle of Britain issue, if only to put things in their proper perspective today.

• • • •

As we go to press, the RCAF is again engaged in a major UN air transport assignment. Our special correspondent, S/L Ken Roberts, is in the Congo now. Watch for his *ROUNDEL* report next month.

The Editor

The Battle of Britain has special significance for the RCAF: it was the Force's baptism of fire. In August 1940 an RCAF squadron for the first time flew into action against an enemy, won its first victories—and suffered its first casualties. Its members were . . .

Among The Few

Sky trails over London, September 1940.



Extracts from the Sketch of the same title, published in January 1948.

By the Air Historical Section

IN THE early summer of 1940 the eyes of the world were focused upon the narrow strip of water separating Great Britain from the continent of Europe. To all men who believed in democracy, in freedom, truth, justice and human decency, that narrow channel represented the last barrier against the forces of a new power of darkness that was threatening Christian civilization.

Poland had been crushed; Norway and Denmark had fallen; the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg and France had been overwhelmed by Hitler's Nazis. Mussolini had snatched at the opportunity to enter the war in hope of securing some of Hitler's spoils. From North Cape to the Pyrenees the victorious might of Nazidom was arrayed, facing westwards toward the only opponent remaining in the lists — Britain, the Dominions and the Empire. The next few weeks would witness a trial of strength upon which the cause of human freedom depended. What was freedom's Order of Battle?

- The Royal Navy — which would operate at a decided disadvantage in such restricted waters;
- The British Army — sadly handicapped after Dunkirk by the loss of much of its equipment;
- The Royal Air Force — outnumbered by the great air fleets of the Luftwaffe;
- The British People, epitomized by one of the greatest leaders in the long history of that people.

Control of the air was the essential prerequisite to success in the Battle for Britain. If the Luftwaffe could win and retain control over the Strait of Dover and English Channel long enough to permit the invasion fleets to cross and gain a beach-head, Britain might well follow in the list of Nazi conquest. It was upon the Royal Air Force then, and particularly upon Fighter Command, that the heavy responsibility rested of being Britain's first line of defence

against invasion. Were the 50 squadrons of *Hurricanes* and *Spitfires* equal to the task? Could David again overthrow Goliath? There was one hopeful indication, although its full significance was little appreciated at the time. Over Dunkirk the fighters of the RAF had come to grips with the Luftwaffe and had taken a heavy toll. Without that fighter cover the story of the Dunkirk beaches would have been much more tragic. But could our squadrons, exhausted by the great demands made upon them in the Battle of France, meet this new challenge?

PRELUDE

France fell on 17 June; the next day Prime Minister Churchill warned the House of Commons that the Battle of Britain was about to begin. It is difficult to assign precise dates for the battle. It did not begin with a thundering barrage at H-hour on some D-day, nor did it end at any specific hour or day. In one sense the battle started with the fall of France and continued well into 1941. Air Ministry, however, has accepted the dates 10 July and 31 October 1940 as being the most convenient to mark the opening and termination of the battle. Although the selection has, of necessity, been somewhat arbitrary, the period between these dates does cover the major Luftwaffe activity against Britain.

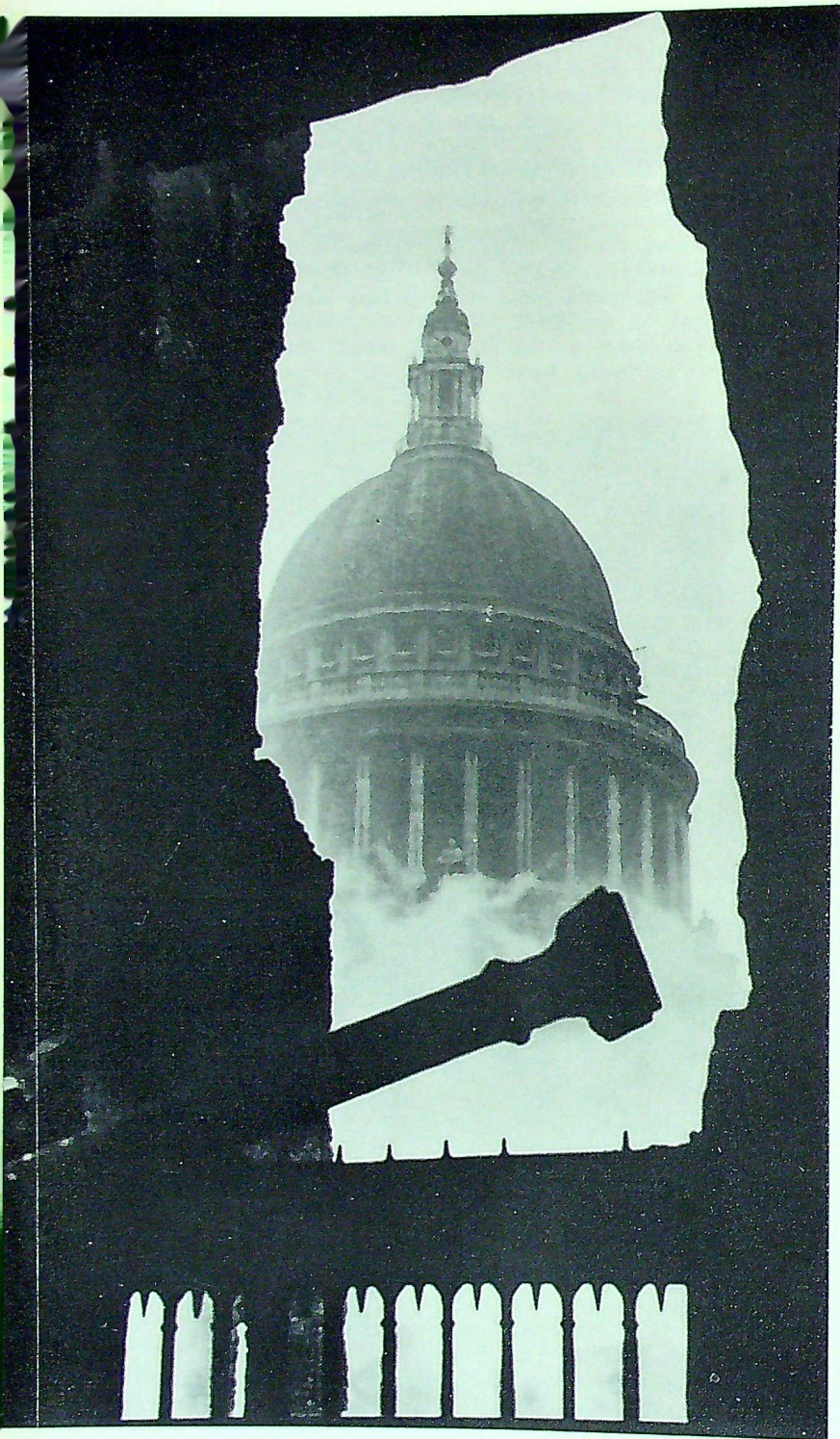
Before the battle began there was an interval of several weeks, a breathing spell during which the Luftwaffe rested from its arduous six-week blitzkrieg, moved forward to new bases in the Low Countries and Northern France, collected replacements of aircraft and personnel, organized lines of communications, and gathered all the varied supplies of bombs, ammunition, fuel, spares and equipment necessary for the next campaign. The Wehrmacht, too, was making preparations, moving up troops and supplies and collecting barges for the invasion fleet. The Luftwaffe's preparations required six or seven weeks for completion; but before the full-scale assault could be launched there was some preliminary skirmishing over the Channel in

which small forces bombed Portland and coastal convoys. On 10 July a sudden quickening was evident in these activities: two formations of 150 aircraft, the largest force yet used, attacked a convoy off Dover. The Battle for Britain had begun.

THREE PHASES

The contest that followed can be divided into three phases. The first, covering forty days (10 July to 18 August), was the period during which Goering sought to overwhelm Britain's fighter defences by heavy attacks on coastal shipping, harbours, airfields, radio location stations and aircraft factories. This period reached its climax in the ten days (8-18 August) when the German Air Force, its preparations now completed, launched a series of mass attacks on a wide front in a supreme effort to eliminate our fighter squadrons and open the way for invasion. Fighter Command was called upon for intensive efforts on a scale greater than at any other time in the battle. But Goering's efforts failed. Air supremacy over the Channel and Strait was not achieved. Far from exhausting our fighter forces the Luftwaffe itself suffered crippling losses and had to change its tactics.

After a five days' respite (19-23 August), the second phase began, with London the chief objective of great formations of bombers escorted by swarms of fighters. This was the climax of the air battle and was probably intended by the Nazis to be the prelude to the actual invasion. Their preparations for the land battle appeared to be complete and Hitler issued his solemn warning "we shall come." For five weeks, 24 August to 27 September, the ordeal of London continued, rising to a peak on 15 September when the Luftwaffe suffered a major defeat. Great damage was inflicted on the capital but once again the Luftwaffe failed to attain its objective. The heart of the empire was not paralyzed, nor was the spirit of its people. "We can take it" was their defiant reply. German bomber losses became so great that a continuation of this phase was impossible. Once again there was a change in



St. Paul's Cathedral withstood the holocaust.

tactics. The 15 September had marked a definite turn in the course of the battle; it was the beginning of the end.

On 28 September the third and final phase opened, a "battle of attrition" which continued until the end of October. Forced to abandon the use of his bombers for mass daylight attack, Goering now resorted to sweeps by squadrons of high-flying *Messerschmitt* fighters and fighter-bombers. This attempt to wear down our fighter defences was in itself an admission of defeat, and like the others it failed. By the end of October the pressure on Fighter Command had definitely eased; waves still beat upon the defences, the night assault was still raging, but the menace of invasion for that year had passed. The battle had been won.

This brief summary of the air assault upon south-east England is not a complete picture of the Battle of Britain. The battle was not fought solely in the air, nor was the responsibility of guarding Britain from invasion the exclusive prerogative of Fighter Command. It was fought on the ground and within the Nazi fortress.

THEIR FINEST HOUR

The ground crews who serviced the *Hurricanes* and *Spitfires*, the men and women who manned the operations rooms, and operated the signals and communications services, the intelligence and equipment staffs, the administrative personnel and all those who kept units, airfields and headquarters operating efficiently — they too had their share in the victory.

The spectacular victories won by Fighter Command have tended to overshadow the fact that the other commands of the Royal Air Force were also engaged in the battle. While Fighter Command was defending Britain, Bomber and Coastal Commands were carrying the battle to the enemy and by their assault on Nazi-held ports and harbours, on aircraft factories and other war industries helped to defeat Hitler's plan of invasion.

The struggle has been called the Battle of Britain. More accurately it

was a Battle for Britain (and freedom) in which the people of that island were assisted by the other parts of the Commonwealth and Empire and by contingents from conquered lands of Europe. In the ranks of the Royal Air Force were to be found fighter pilots from Canada and South Africa, coastal crews from Australia, bomber crews from New Zealand, and men from many other branches of Britain's great family. From Czechoslovakia and Poland, from Norway and the Netherlands, from Belgium and France came more trained aircrews to don the blue of the RAF and take their part in the battle. They, too, were numbered among the few.

CANADA'S CONTRIBUTION

Canada was represented in the Battle of Britain by several hundred officers and airmen who served as aircrew and groundcrew in Fighter, Bomber and Coastal Commands. The names of 47 are inscribed on the honour roll in the memorial chapel in Westminster Abbey. The great majority of these Canadians who fought in the Battle of Britain were young men who had crossed the Atlantic in pre-war days to enrol in the RAF and served in units in that force.

There were, however, two fighter squadrons which bore the name Canadian. One was No. 242 (Canadian) Squadron of the RAF, composed of Canadian fighter pilots in the RAF; the other was No. 1 (Fighter) Squadron of the RCAF (later designated No. 401) which had arrived in Britain on the eve of the battle. Prior to leaving Canada No. 115 (F) Auxiliary Squadron had been amalgamated with No. 1 (F) Regular Squadron.

Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding, GCB, GCVO, CMG, who was Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief of Fighter Command during the Battle of Britain, in his despatch paid tribute to the two Canadian squadrons. "No. 242," he wrote, "became one of the foremost fighting squadrons in the Command. No. 1 (Canadian) Squadron also came into the line and acquitted itself with great distinction."



His prayers rode with the few.

Personal Recollections of a Pilot

By AIR COMMODORE E. M. REYNO, AFC

(The author, currently a student at the Imperial Defence College, has had a distinguished RCAF career in the 20 years since the days which he recalls here. Returning to Canada from Britain in 1941, he held various instructional posts and was awarded the AFC for his contribution to the BCATP. Post-war tours followed in Greenwood, Vancouver, Toronto, Trenton and Ottawa. He served as deputy AOC (administration) at ADCHQ, St. Hubert, before returning to the UK on his present assignment. — Editor.)



IF ANYONE had told me as I left the Convocation Hall of St. Mary's University in May 1936, with a sheepskin in one hand and holding the world by the tail with the other, that four years later I would be in the thick of aerial battle over Britain I simply would have thought he had gone off his rocker. Now two decades have elapsed and memories of those exciting days inevitably return.

One could take any day during the period 15 August to 10 October 1940, while the Battle of Britain was at its height, and make the same comments

on them all. Those days were certainly momentous ones and beyond a shadow of doubt some of the feats performed during the period have made aviation history.

Our Canadian squadron, under the command of a squadron leader^o, was sub-divided into two flights each commanded by a flight lieutenant. Total number of pilots was about 25 although normally only 12 flew at one time.

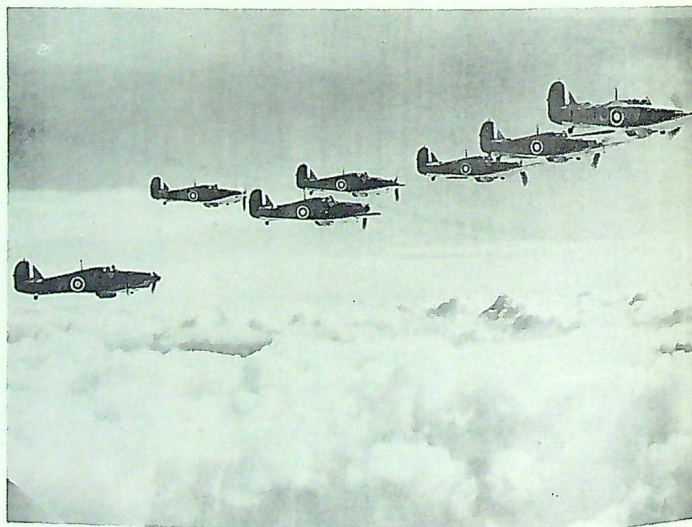
^o now G/C E. A. McNab, OBE, DFC (ret.)

The squadron was designated various states of alert which we simply called "The State". "Readiness" meant the 12 aircraft had to be so positioned and ready that they could all be off the ground within five minutes of a call being sounded. The other states were 15 minutes available, 30 minutes available, and of course our favourite state, "Released". The squadron intelligence officer always notified pilots and ground crews of the particular state for the next 24-hour period. Most of the time, however, it was quite simple — just "Readiness at

SCRAMBLE was the command which sent RCAF pilots racing to their Hurricanes . . .



. . . minutes later they were searching out the invading Nazi enemy.



Dawn". That meant turning out of a warm bed in a comfortable mess at 0330 hrs. and reporting to the squadron dispersal area on the aerodrome by 0400 hrs. — just before the first beams of the morning arose from the misty eastern Thames. Each pilot on call dressed in a "Mae West", fixed his parachute and helmet in his machine to facilitate a quick getaway and returned to the dispersal hut to await the inevitable call. On this particular day the call came a bit earlier than usual — at 0715 hrs. The loudspeaker in the hut droned out the orders: "Canadian squadron patrol Croydon 25,000 ft."

* * * *

Twelve pilots run like mad for their aircraft which have already been started by the well trained and extremely efficient crewmen. The hum of idling engines becomes a mighty roar as 12 *Hurricanes* climb into the sun. Up, up, up, in a long line astern formation in sections of three, circling for the all-important height advantage and the squadron takes up cruising formation and levels out at 25,000 ft. "Hostile raid due south" comes the terse radio warning from the control officer on the ground. The squadron weaves its way southward, every pilot alert, looking upwards and behind, always wary of being jumped by

yellow-nosed *Messerschmitt 109s*.

A few dark specks in a great expanse of grey sky ahead of us is undoubtedly our target. Another friendly squadron of *Spitfires* passes just over us and the leader waves his wings in traditional greeting. The specks come closer and their long tapering fuselages mean *Dorniers*. There are 15 of them at about 20,000 ft. and we can see about the same number of cannon-firing *Messerschmitt 110s* escorting them, hovering nervously in the background.

We manoeuvre for position and the squadron leader gives the attack signal. The line-astern formation becomes a sweeping echelon to starboard and throttles wide, down we go on the *Dorniers* — knowing that the *Messerschmitt 110s* will be well looked after by the *Spitfires*. The air becomes suddenly filled with tracers from the very active rear gunners of the bombers, reminding us for all the world of a snow squall. Then almost simultaneously each *Hurricane* begins its eight-gun tattoo and things happen fast. The *Dorniers* are not able to maintain formation under the concentration of fire and slowly break away. Each *Hurricane* chooses a target and several bursts of flame and smoking engines denote the end of at least some of the enemy.

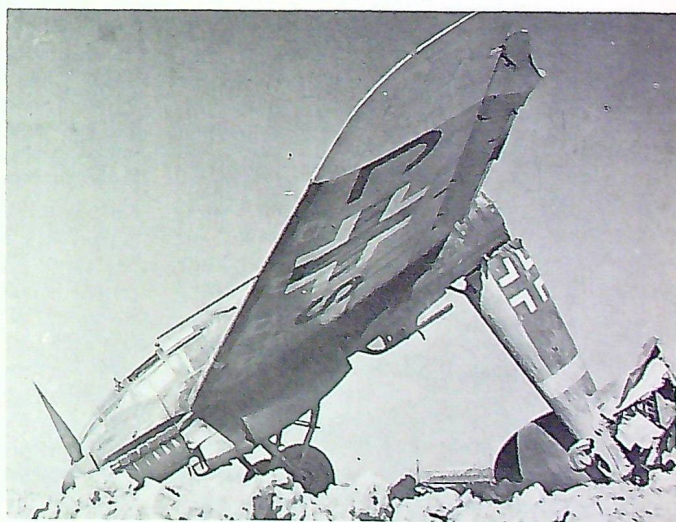
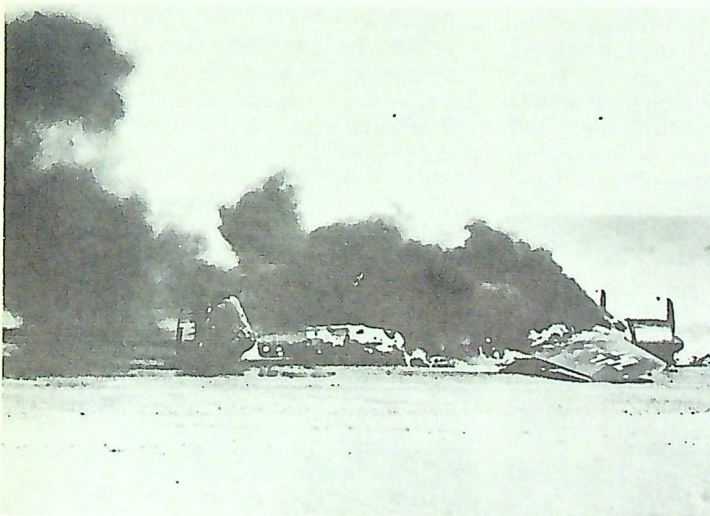
One *Hurricane* receives an unlucky

hit in the gas tank by an incendiary shell and bursts into a great ball of flame. It first rears a little and then plummets towards its final landing ground. A small black speck is seen to leave the smoking mass, which eventually becomes a large white swinging mushroom dangling in space, and you can almost hear the sighs of relief from the other *Hurricane* pilots. Each pilot uses up all his ammunition and then points the nose of his aircraft towards the aerodrome and comes down the long imaginary hypotenuse to land and report. Combat reports are signed and the intelligence officer asks innumerable questions. Then the results are out. Two of our machines have not returned with the rest but we saw one pilot bale out.

The 'phone rings: "Please report when your squadron is refuelled and re-armed and return to the state of readiness". All goes normally until about lunch time, 1220 to be exact, when we are enjoying egg sandwiches and coffee. Then comes the monotone again. "Canadian squadron patrol base 20,000 ft." More running about — more engines roaring — and then the steady drone of 12 *Hurricane* engines in close formation—the squadron is away again. The medical officer and the intelligence officer watch the machines until they become too small to see and then return nervously to

Remains of a Dornier 17 on a beach somewhere along the south-eastern English coast . . .

. . . and a Heinkel 111, with broken back symbolic of the Luftwaffe after the Battle of Britain.





A group of No. 401 Sqn. pilots (l. to r.): F/O W. P. Sprenger, F/O O. J. Peterson, F/L W. R. Pollock (adjutant), F/O P. B. Pitcher, S/L E. A. McNab (squadron commander), F/O P. W. Lochnan, F/L E. M. Reyno, F/O E. W. Beardmore, F/O S. T. Blaiklock (intelligence officer) and F/O R. W. Norris.

drink their coffee. Up, up again, through the great bank of cumulus cloud at 6,000 ft. and out into the new world above it — 10,000, 15,000 and finally the weary altimeter once more reaches 20,000 ft.

Flattening out to begin our patrol, we see the winding Thames glistening through the holes in the fire bank far below. Then over the radio comes the advice "Enemy aircraft have returned across the Channel — Canadian squadron return to base". The squadron leader gives the signal to form close formation and down we go again, wing tip to wing tip, until finally we make a steep diving turn in over the aerodrome like one big machine. After landing, in answer to 12 unspoken queries the intelligence officer announces: "15 minutes available until 1700 hrs., then readiness till dusk". The squadron, this time on wheels, arrives ten minutes later at the mess for a brief two hour period

of wide-awake restfulness.

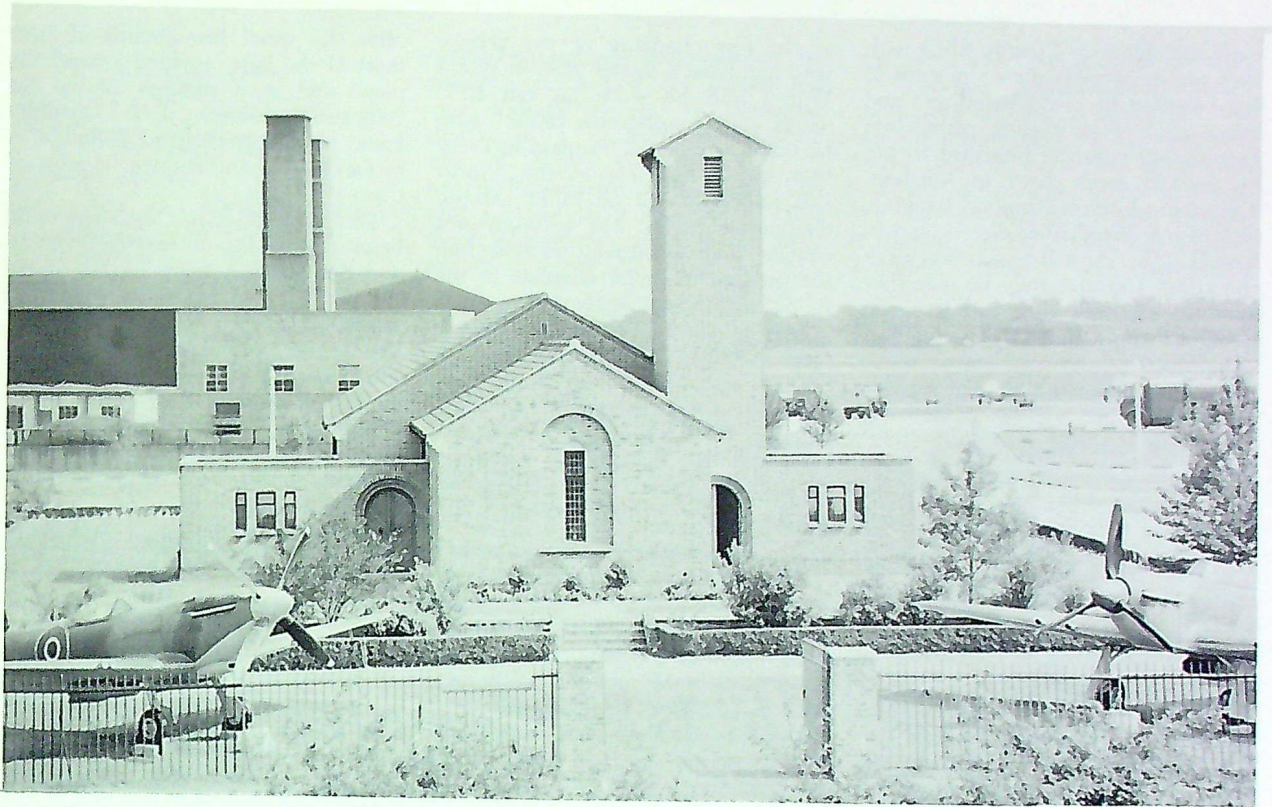
Promptly at 1645 hrs. the loud-speaker blares: "All squadrons to readiness for wing patrol". The quiet atmosphere becomes alive and this time we can hear the air-raid sirens of London as we go running to our machines. Twelve Merlin engines cough into life and we are away again. As we climb ground control advises: "Canadian squadron will rendezvous with two squadrons to form wing at 20,000 ft. over base, then patrol Southampton 25,000 ft."

Thirty-six *Hurricanes* in war-paint soar southward, weaving like a long spotted snake towards the English Channel. Off to the left and a few thousand feet below are a few black puffs, bursting anti-aircraft shells, and off to the right far below the evening sun glistens on the barrage balloons protecting precious targets.

The voice comes again slowly and distinctly "hostile aircraft in your

vicinity. Over." The squadron spread fanwise into search formations at a signal from the wing commander and heads begin to swivel about in earnest. The command comes "Squadron attack formation — No. 1 attack — No. 1 attack".

Full throttle and a long looping half roll straight down on the target — this time more *Heinkels* and *Dorniers* and *Messerschmitt 110s* than we ever thought possible. A rolling, twisting maze of aircraft — some spinning down out of control — some in flames, white swinging mushrooms floating down — all flash by in the space of three short minutes. One by one the *Hurricanes* return home, some limping a bit, and the tally is made: "Three destroyed for sure, three probably, three damaged. One of our aircraft forced down at Tangmere with a shell through his oil line. State — back to readiness till 2100 hrs., then released."



St. George's Chapel of Remembrance at RAF Stn. Biggin Hill contains 12 stained glass windows commemorating the squadrons which fought in the Battle of Britain from this airfield. A Spitfire and Hurricane stand guard at the entrance gates.

At 2100 hrs. the welcome telephone call comes releasing us, and we move off, first to the mess for a quick clean up and then off in a bus to the "Orchard", the friendly pub two miles down the road. The driver, a corporal, can see like a hawk and he is used to black-out driving after four months of it.

"There goes 'Moaning Minnie' again," says the CO, somewhat disinterestedly, and the mournful wail of the sirens tells the same old story — poor old London is in for it again tonight. The last echoes have scarcely died away when the rumbling sounds of our own anti-aircraft gunfire can be heard and flashes seen in the distant south-eastern sky.

"What's the state for the morning, Sir?"

"Readiness at dawn again. The other squadrons got hit pretty hard today....."

* * * *

This, as I recall it, was a typical day during the late summer of 1940. Here are two or three personal stories which still are clearly etched in my memory 20 years later.

Flying Officer R. L. Edwards, a personal friend of mine, was the first RCAF officer to be killed in action during the Battle of Britain. He was shot down during the squadron's first real engagement over the Thames Estuary when we were sent to attack a large number of *Dornier* aircraft. The fire from the *Dornier's* rear gunners was extremely intense and his aircraft received several direct hits.

While helping to sort out F/O Edward's personal effects following his crash, I came across a little diary he had been keeping up until a few days before his death. In the diary was an annotation to the effect that, on his travels through England during the month he had been there, the prettiest and most peaceful place he

had ever come across was the tiny village of Woking in Surrey. Ironically soon afterwards, he was buried near this little village in the cemetery which is the final resting place of many Canadian servicemen.

Flying Officer O. J. Peterson was also a close friend, having been a member of the old No. 1 Sqn. in Canada before it amalgamated with No. 115 Sqn. from Montreal. He developed into one of the keenest pilots in the squadron and this characteristic almost proved his undoing during our fourth major engagement in August 1940.

One of Peterson's pet habits was to get so close to an enemy aircraft that he would be certain of hitting it when he fired his guns. On this particular day he got so close to a *Dornier 217* that pieces flew off the enemy aircraft and hit the windscreen and canopy of his own machine. Unfortunately he did not have his goggles covering his

eyes, and his eyes literally filled with tiny pieces of plexi glass. In spite of the fact that he could barely see and every blink of his eyelids caused him excruciating pain, he managed to get his aircraft safely back to Northolt. The medical officer, Captain Rankine, took him in hand immediately and in less than two days Peterson was back operating. Unfortunately he was shot down a few days later and was one of the first three pilots in the squadron to be killed.

The first time the Canadian squadron was bombed on the ground occurred on or about 1 August 1940. At that time we were based at Croydon but used to fly across London to Northolt Airfield for operational training every day. On this particular day I was detailed to bring an aircraft which had been having undercarriage trouble back from Northolt. I landed at Croydon about 1600 hrs., delivered the aircraft to the maintenance hangar and went to the Croydon Hotel on the base which served as an Officers' Mess. It was an extremely warm day so I took a shower and was relaxing on the bed in my room when at about 1715 the air-raid sirens sounded. About three minutes afterwards some 15 *Junkers* 88 broke off from a larger formation on its way to the London docks and bombed our airfield heavily.

Confusion reigned supreme for about ten minutes. I dressed as quickly as I could and made my way downstairs through the dust and smoke and broken glass of the hotel. Many of the buildings were on fire and one bomb hit the station armoury which had thousands of rounds of ammunition in storage. When the ammunition was all exploded I went over to the main office building where S/L Ernie McNab, the squadron commander, had his office. Strangely enough, the building was still standing but his office was no longer there for it had received a direct hit which removed the floor just as though it had been cut by a power saw. Luckily for S/L McNab he was still at Northolt with the other members of the squadron.

The squadron chaplain was F/L (later A/C) the Reverend W. R. Cockram, now deceased. He was one

of the few chaplains of any service who had been a fighter pilot in World War I and he wore his old RFC wings with considerable pride.* Also he was a wonderful chaplain in every way and he had earned the respect and admiration of all ranks and all denominations. It was certainly not chance that eventually earned him the position of senior chaplain in the RCAF a few years later.

One of Cockel's (as we all knew him) favourite pastimes was to gather the lads around the piano in the mess when flying had finished for the day. One of these occasions stands out very prominently in my memory. Flying had finished a little earlier than usual because of bad weather and

* his son F/C D. R. Cockram is currently undergoing aircrew training.

after the usual few rounds of beer most of the lads crowded around the piano and went through all the old Rabelaisian ditties. F/L Cochram knew all the words and melodies — in fact he led the singing in most of them.

Shortly before 2300 hrs. some of us began to break off for the evening and then with a bang on the piano the padre called for silence and said something to the effect that he would like to hear one more before we went. The song he played and led off in singing was that beautiful old hymn "Abide with Me", and I have never heard it sung with more gusto and sincerity. I will never forget the look of satisfaction that came over his face as he rose from the piano, said good-night and went off to bed himself.

Raids, Rules and Regrets

(This extract from the book "Two Thirds of an Airman" was written by Miss Margaret Horton about life in the W.A.A.F. during the days of the Battle of Britain. Now a member of the RAF Association, Miss Horton holds the dubious honour of being the only airwoman to have been inadvertently taken for a flight on an aircraft's tailplane. — Editor.)

Reprinted courtesy AIR MAIL

WE worked at high pressure in that momentous year of 1940, with all leave stopped and the seven-day week relieved only by a very occasional Sunday afternoon. But never once were we expected to relax the formalities proper to the dignity of a Group Headquarters — never on duty, that is.

Once in a way a Sunday afternoon hockey match, open to volunteers of any rank, sex or service on the camp, literally reduced us all to common level, for play was rough and the field slippery — giving as much opportunity for paying off old scores as did the crowded camp dances.

"I hear you covered yourself with glory in the match yesterday, sir," said one of the younger officers one Monday morning.

"No, chaps," said the S.O.A. genially, "that was mud."

In spite of deficiencies in W.A.A.F. equipment — for the first year it did not include a greatcoat, obliging us to go about in shapeless raincoats with detachable linings — discipline in dress was more severe than in later years of comparative plenty.

Even when bitter weather and flooded roads made it almost impossible to keep one's feet warm and dry, ankle socks were forbidden except by special permission from the M.O. And to take off a jacket in warm weather was practically Follies Bergere.

"I wish you wouldn't come into my department half naked, miss!" I was surprised to hear a corporal admonish a particularly decorous young air-



"I wish you wouldn't come into my department half naked . . ."

woman one morning. His stricture, though severe, was not unmerited — her top pocket button was unfastened.

MUST BE READY

We might miss meals because we were kept late at work. We might have to be posted or discharged because only strong constitutions could bear the strain of overwork combined with erratic food and make-shift accommodation. Still we must be ready to present ourselves in the officers' room immediately the buzzer sounded at any moment of the day, must accept even impossible orders with apparent compliance and must never query the omniscience of our chief.

Letters, however confusedly dictated, must be returned to him clear in meaning, but pity help us if he realised that we had tampered with a word of his august — and frequently incomprehensible — script.

Our anxieties in this department were added to by a flight sergeant who habitually blamed us for our officers' shortcomings. One day, goaded past bearing, I wrote some disrespectful verses on the subject of the all-powerful N.C.O. and put them where the great man could not fail to see them. Fortunately, he had a sense of humour and the return shot was neat and appropriate.

Our corporal was summoned to the orderly room when my verses fell into Flight's hands, to reappear shortly in a most uncharacteristic state of giggles, bearing a copy of King's Regulations that Flight had sent for me to amend, with some moral observation about Satan finding mischief for idle hands.

TO VICTORY HOUSE

Shortly after these discreditable events I was posted to London for recruiting work.

It seemed a shattering blow to be reft from defence work, which had taken all my efforts for the last nine months, and be thrust from the comradeship, the jokes and the hardships of life on an aerodrome into the civilian atmosphere of a recruiting station.

I pined for the military atmosphere of an aerodrome, for parades and inspections, and for "Halt! Who goes there?" out of the wintry dusk as you made your way back from deserted Headquarters to the cheerful riot of the billet. ("Friend!" you used to shout to the invisible sentry, and were wise not to move till commanded, "Advance," or, if he happened to know you, something like, "Advance, Joan Smith, and be recognized.")

Victory House at that time was being used for training recruiting staff as well as for enrolling volunteers and the idea was that we should stay there a few weeks before being posted to recruiting stations throughout the country.

This was my first real introduction to the blitz, and landmines were falling uncomfortably close while I was in my bath on the night of April 16, the date of the "Terror Raid." A large part of Bloomsbury was already missing and, judging by the nearness of some of the cracks, the wind would have a still clearer sweep across our already draughty square by morning.

FIRE BOMBS

A dive-bomber swooped and a house crashed a few doors away. Then a machine came across the housetops dropping missiles at regular intervals and in my inexperience I thought that it was loosing high

explosives and that this was the end.

"Good-bye," I said aloud, though there was no one to hear. But the winged terror sped on its way scattering nothing more than firebombs.

I had had enough, however. Groping into dressing-gown and slippers, I slipped out into the dimly lighted corridors, where I met two Home Guards who said there were firebombs on the roof.

Could I help, I begged. Yes, I could ask the proprietress for another shovel and bring it up to them, they said as they hurried on.

Our hostess, sleepily settled in her armchair in the basement, showed an almost excessive imperturbability. The fire was upstairs, she was down, and it seemed impossible to convince her that this comfortable state of affairs might not last indefinitely.

Failing to arouse in her any interest in my search, I at length found a shovel for myself and took it to the scene of action.

It was disappointing to be met on the last flight of stairs by one of the fire-fighters and forbidden to come any nearer, but I found that negotiating the many abrupt and unexpected flights of stairs on my way down in entire darkness supplied me with quite as much excitement as I wished.

Next morning I walked to Victory House through a dripping, smoking London, some of its great blocks of buildings piles of rubble, others, blackened skeletons still being hosed by weary, red-eyed firemen.

Shopkeepers were shovelling up broken glass preparatory to doing business in that icy spring weather in shops "More open than usual," as they proclaimed on notices on what remained of doors.

Elderly housewives, their faces puckered from lack of sleep, were starting their early chores before setting out on the daily round of food queues.

Yet these men would give me, a stranger in uniform, articles normally reserved for regular customers. And these women would raise their tired eyes from the doorsteps they were scrubbing to give me a smile and "God bless you, dearie," as if the burden of the war had been mine.

Now they fly together for NATO:



Major P. Schauder and S/L D. Warren, in a FW190 and a Spitfire, respectively, were in on the Dieppe operations in 1942. Now they collaborate in operating No. 10 Waffenschule.

Cpl. E. Bieker helps Feldwebel H. Krebbel pack a parachute.



THE MAPLE LEAF

THE young RCAF flying instructor demonstrated with a classic sweep of his hands just how his student pilot must position his *Sabre* jet fighter when the two of them went into a formation turn. The even-younger student listened intently, putting in the odd question to make sure he understood exactly what was wanted. All points checked, the pair hoisted parachutes on their shoulders, grabbed flying helmets and walked out of the pilots' room toward the flight line.

The routine was typical of what goes on every day at RCAF flying schools — but in this case the student's cap and tunic, hanging on the wall, bore the insignia of the German Air Force, and the waiting *Sabres* had big black maltese crosses painted on their wings.

At No. 10 Waffenschule (Weapons School), on the outskirts of Oldenburg, a group of 41 RCAF officers and NCOs are playing an active role in the new German Air Force which is adding to NATO's operational strength in Europe.

The school corresponds to an RCAF Operational Training Unit and is attended by aircrew prior to joining a squadron. At the Oldenburg Waffenschule young German NCO and junior officer student pilots — unter-offiziers and lieutenants — learn to fly the Canadian-built *Sabre* jet, and having learned to fly it, go on to learn how to use it as a fighting aircraft. Fighter tactics form an important part of the course, and all students practise at the NATO gunnery range off the island of Sylt in the North Sea.

ADVISORS ONLY

The Canadian advisory group arrived at Oldenburg in April 1958, the result of an agreement between Canada and Germany calling for

AND THE MALTESE CROSS

By WING COMMANDER R. V. DODDS,
No. 1 Air Division Staff Officer Public Relations



RCAF and GAF airmen inspect a Sabre on Oldenburg tarmac.

provision of assistance in the operation of the school. The Canadian assistance is provided on a repayment basis. Majority of the aircraft flown at Oldenburg are Canadian-built *Sabres*. Canada gave Germany 75 Mark 5 *Sabres* under mutual aid, and a further 225 Mark 6 *Sabres* were purchased by Germany from the makers.

Like the aircrew, RCAF ground technicians (all top men selected on the basis of trade proficiency and thorough familiarization with the aircraft) work alongside their German counterparts, advising them on RCAF methods of maintaining and servicing the *Sabre* and all its components. RCAF personnel also work in the field's control tower and in the mobile ground controlled approach unit, which guides aircraft coming into the field under poor visibility.

"Our job isn't to tell the Germans they have to follow specific procedures" explained the RCAF chief technical officer S/L A. V. Pudsey. "Both on the technical end and the operational side we merely point out our way of doing it, and explain why we do it that way, and it's their business to decide whether to follow our procedure. Usually they do, although sometimes, perhaps for specific reasons beyond their control, they can't."

The provision of the advisory group is not the only way in which Canada's NATO Air Division has been helping in the new GAF. German pilots have been checked out on *Sabres* at the Air Division Wings, and have been given time on the *Sabre* flight simulators. Ground personnel have been given lectures and on-the-spot training with regard to the operation and maintenance of the aircraft, and as-

sistance was provided in connection with the translation of engineering orders. About a quarter of the German groundcrew technicians at Oldenburg have received training of some sort at Air Division Wings.

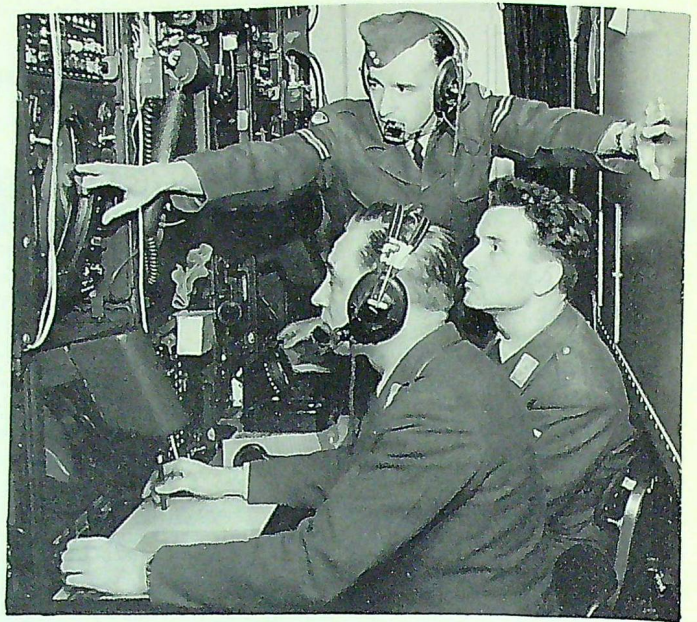
ONCE AN RCAF BASE

The base is located about three miles from Oldenburg — a bustling city of 125,000 in northwestern Germany, less than an hour's drive from the great port of Bremen. It was built before the Second World War and iron grill work in the big dining hall in the officers' mess bears the date "1936". Large brick hangars and other buildings still carry traces of wartime camouflage paint, but there is no visible evidence of wartime bomb damage.

Used during the war primarily as a bomber base by the Luftwaffe, Oldenburg was an RCAF unit briefly after



F/O W. G. Hollingshead and Hauptman E. Dieter, both flying instructors at No. 10 Waffenschule.



Cpl. M. Splane instructs German GCA controllers.

the war's end and was used as a fighter base by the RAF until late in 1957. Traces of the RAF's stay can be seen in the occasional English-language signs about the hangars and particularly in the English-style houses built as married quarters, some of which now are occupied by Canadian families. The remainder now house GAF families, with some families of UK personnel stationed at nearby RAF bases.

Several officers and NCOs spoke German well before they were moved to Oldenburg, but the majority spoke none at all. Now, most of the Canadians can get along reasonably well, and some are fluent. As FS Cecil Hicks, an aircraft instrument and electrical technician, said of his four-year-old son Peter: "My wife and I didn't even realize he knew a word of German until one day when a German friend came in. Peter started talking to him in German that he'd picked up from his playmates and it nearly bowled us over."

OPERATIONAL PROBLEMS

Some knowledge of the language, in fact, is essential to the RCAF men for while all the German officers and students speak English, this isn't true

of the groundcrew. Radio contact between the control tower and aircraft is in English, as emphasized by a large sign on the door leading up to the tower which stipulates "English Only Spoken". This isn't done for the special benefit of the Canadians at Oldenburg, although it does make things easier for them, but is the result of NATO agreements which extend to other non-English speaking forces.

The Canadians at Oldenburg point out that the German staff pilots and ground technicians there are working under two handicaps. These are their relative unfamiliarity with modern jet aircraft and the natural results of a void of 12 or 13 years absence from military flying.

The RCAF officers and NCOs generally steer clear from discussing politics with their German colleagues, although it isn't too unusual to see one of the older RCAF flyers chatting wartime "shop" with one of the GAF staff members of his same age.

S/L D. Warren, DFC, OC of the RCAF advisory group, has an office in the base of the control tower with a connecting door leading to the office of Major Paul Schauder, chief flying instructor at Oldenburg. Schau-

der was a Luftwaffe fighter ace during the war and he and Warren have talked about the day they were both involved in the Dieppe raid.

On that day in 1942, S/L Warren was a 20-year-old fighter pilot and flew four *Spitfire* missions over Dieppe out of Eastchurch in the UK. Schauder was 21 years old and flew seven missions over Dieppe in FW 190s out of Abbeville in France. "For all we know, we might have taken passes at each other," reminisced S/L Warren.

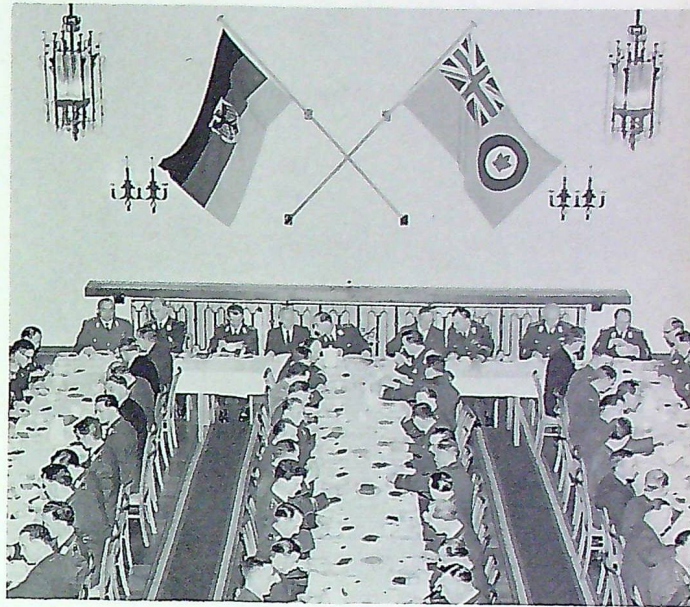
Youngest of the Canadian pilots, and serving with the others as a flying instructor, is F/O W. Van Oene. At 22 he's a fully qualified jet pilot with four years RCAF service and is married, with two children. Yet when Warren and Schauder were over Dieppe together back in 1942, young Van Oene was going on six, a fact that fills the two still-youthful veterans with some awe. "My gosh, you could look around and see your grandson flying No. 2 in the formation with you," remarked S/L Warren, reflecting on the way the years go by.

WARTIME VETERANS

Majority of the German officers are wartime veterans, many with extensive service on the Russian front during



Sgt. L. Head and Oberfeldwebel H. Bergemann check in mutual aid supplies from Canada.



Dining-in at Oldenburg officers' mess.

the war. Recently posted from Oldenburg, but having served with the Canadians there during most of their period at the German base is Major Erich Hartmann, who distinguished himself as a crack Luftwaffe fighter pilot flying against the Russians on the Eastern Front. Like many of the other German personnel at the Oldenburg base he was imprisoned by the Russians following the war's end. In his case he spent 10 years in a Russian prison, being released only in 1955.

Commanding officer at Oldenburg is another veteran of the skies over the Russian front, Oberstleutnant Herbert Wehnelt. A 41-year-old flyer who joined the Luftwaffe in 1938, he now holds the equivalent rank of wing commander in the new GAF.

The contrast between some of these German veterans and the younger Canadian "jet jockies" is interesting. While impressed by their demonstrated professional ability, they refuse to be awed, and look on Second World War combat flying as "back in the old days".

"Gosh, I kept telling him he couldn't shake me off his tail by trying that moth-eaten stunt", com-

plained one young RCAF pilot after a *Sabre* flight in company with a Luftwaffe pilot who was already a combat veteran when the Canadian lad was in short trousers. "It may have worked 15 years ago, but it sure doesn't work today."

SOCIAL LIFE

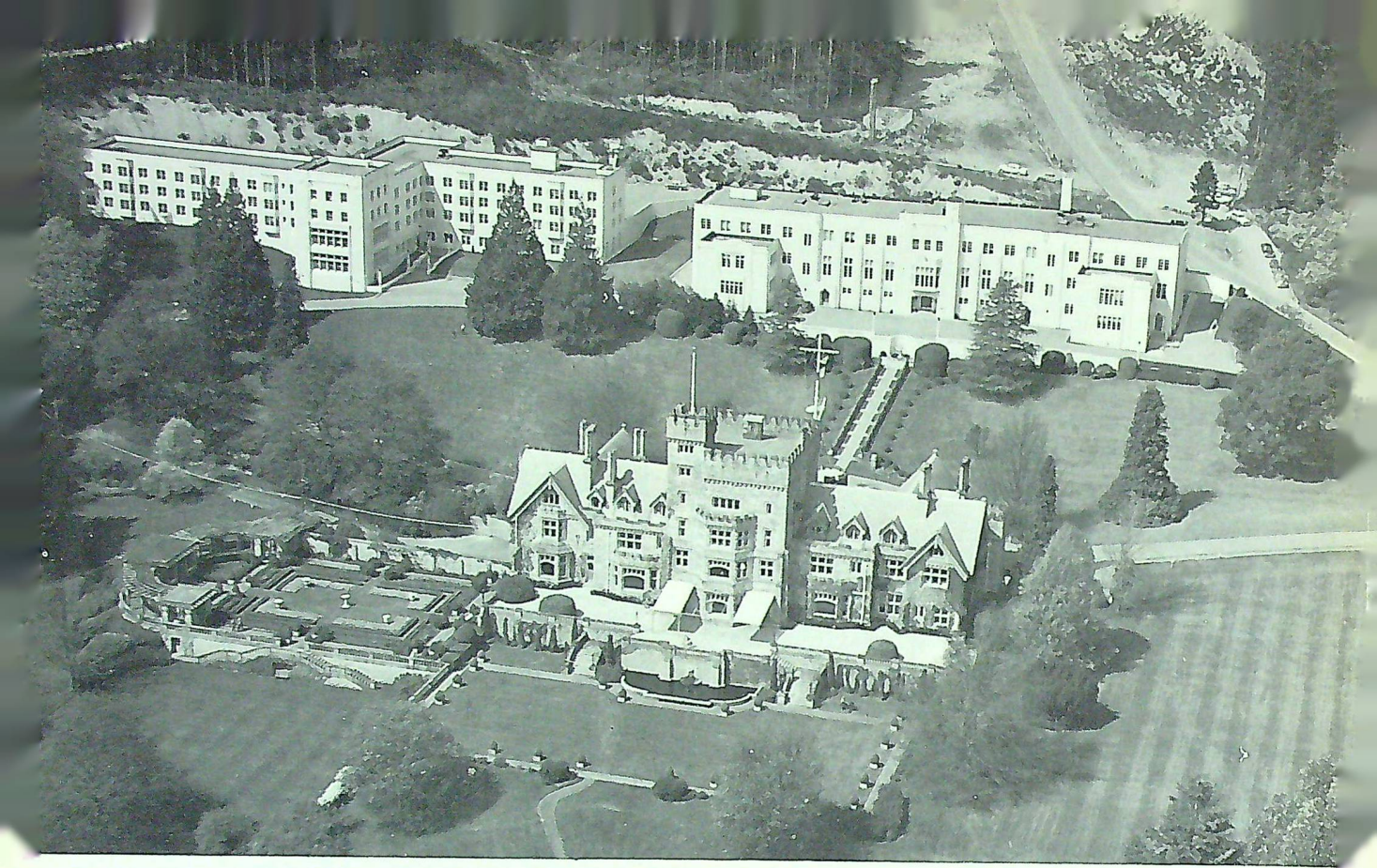
The Canadian families at Oldenburg are few in number, and they have no organized recreational programs and entertainment. This has encouraged them to develop acquaintances with German families, just as the children play with German youngsters.

From time to time, the Canadian officers attend a "Herrenabend" or "Gentlemen's Evening" given in the officers' mess. Main feature of the evening is a simple meal in the large dining hall, at one end of which the German flag hangs in company with the sky-blue RCAF ensign. The air force flag was in place in the dining hall at Oldenburg when the Canadians arrived, and just how the Germans located it is a bit of a mystery to them. However, they feel that it's a pleasant touch.

These dining-in nights are restrained affairs. The atmosphere is friendly and informal. The meal may consist of bread, including the famed pumpernickel, sausages and cheese. Except for a few who may go downstairs for a game of table tennis or German bowls, it's all over by 10 o'clock.

At the Oldenburg control tower and in the mobile ground controlled approach unit a tri-service atmosphere prevails. A USAF flying control officer works in the tower alongside RCAF and German personnel, and a USAF master sergeant works with RCAF personnel in the GCA truck, assisting and instructing German NCOs along with the RCAF instructors.

This isn't the first time that RCAF men have been stationed at Oldenburg, although the circumstances are vastly different. Following the war's end, Canadians served there with 8402 Air Disarmament Wing. Now they are serving to aid in the growth of the new German Air Force, which is today spreading its wings to fly for NATO and to help in maintaining peace and deterring aggression.



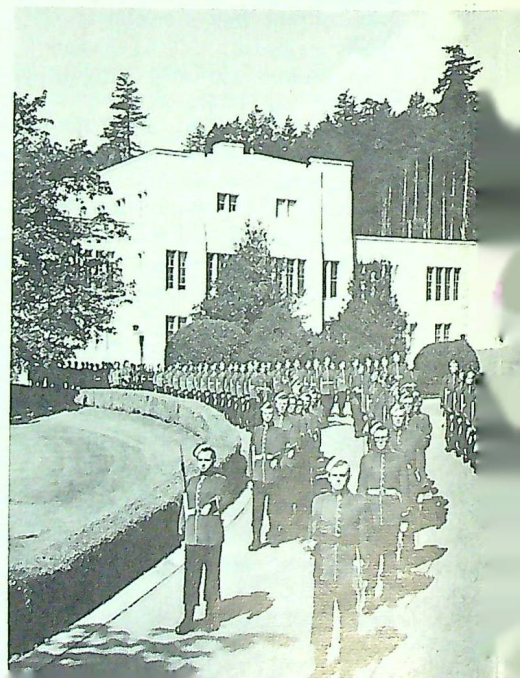
Recording Royal Roads

THIS month the doors of Canada's Services Colleges swing open to commence the 1960-61 academic year. The incoming group of officer-cadets will number approximately 360. For the freshmen classes at Royal Roads and College Militaire Royal de St. Jean, four difficult years lay ahead. The cadets at Royal Military College, who are graduates of either Royal Roads or C.M.R., will have reached the half-way point of their chosen careers.

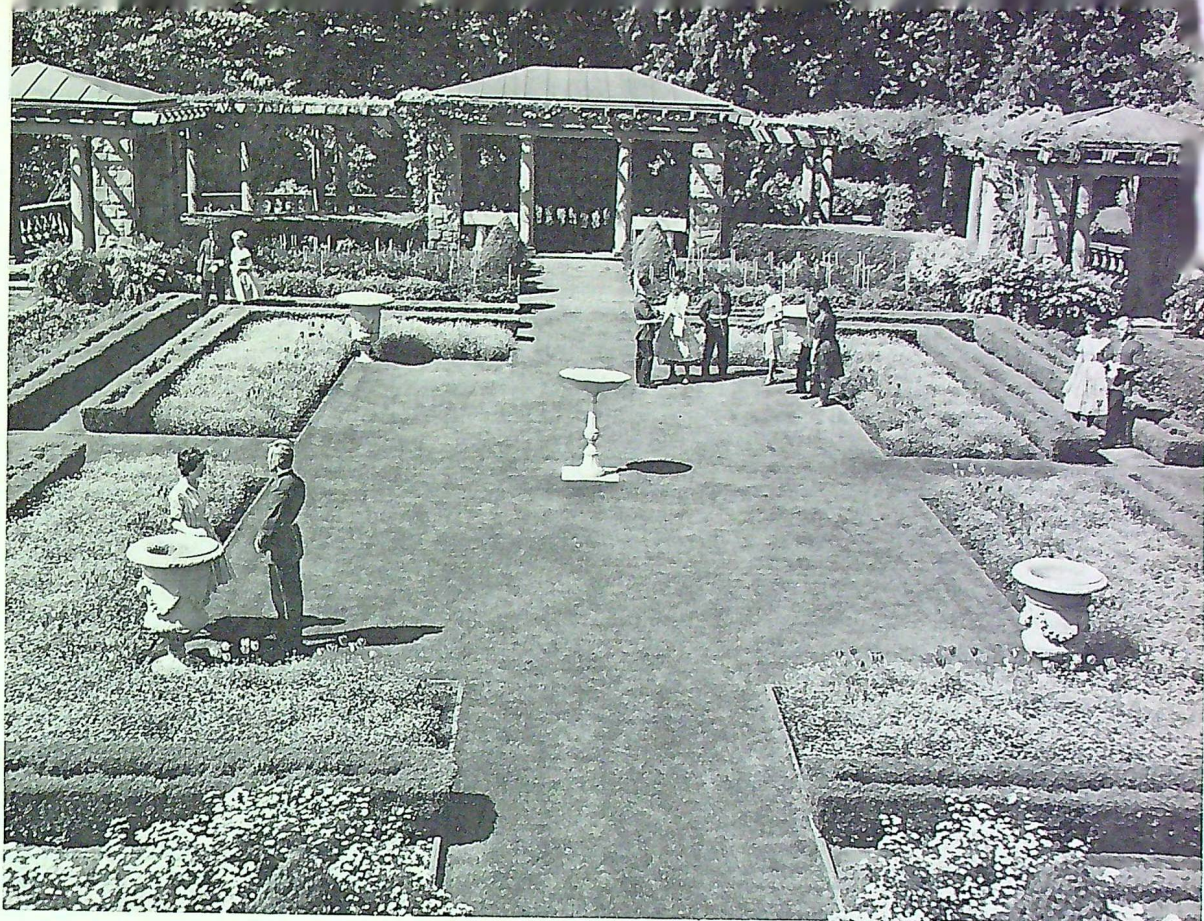
Royal Roads, located near Victoria, B.C., began its military existence in 1941 as a training school for RCNVR sub-lieutenants. In August of the following year it became the Royal Canadian Naval College. In 1947 RCAF students attended the college and in 1948 the institution became

tri-service with the arrival of the first army personnel. The main building at Royal Roads is the old home of Sir James Dunsmuir, former premier of British Columbia and lieutenant governor of that province from 1906 to 1909. In addition to the "castle", the campus also includes several modern buildings which were built to handle the increased requirements. The college itself got its name from the off-shore anchorage in the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

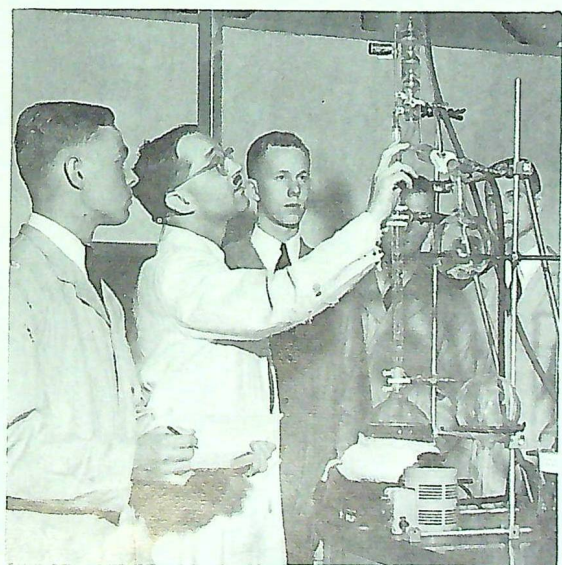
The students at Royal Roads have a new commandant this year in the person of G/C A. F. Avant, DSO, DFC. The accompanying photographs give an insight into the most westerly and certainly the most beautiful of the Canadian Services Colleges.



THE ROUND EL

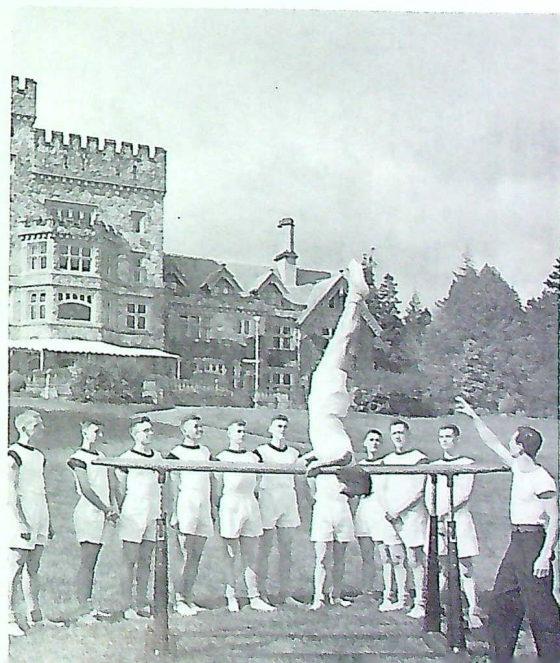


Photostory by SQUADRON LEADER LLOYD WALKER



SEPTEMBER 1960

17



GRADUATION OF THE FIRST PILOT COURSE, BCATP

TWENTY years ago this month, on 30 September 1940, 39 student pilots won their wings at No. 1 Service Flying Training School, Camp Borden, and gained for this course the distinction of being the first to graduate under the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. A course of observers which had been going through No. 1 Air Observers School at Malton and No. 1 Bombing and Gunnery School at Jarvis at the same time could claim with some justification that it was the first BCATP class to complete a regular course of aircrew training, to have graduates commissioned or to proceed overseas. However, the failure of higher authority to grant this particular observers' course its wings until after it had completed the advanced training course at Trenton cost it official recognition as "No. 1 Course, BCATP."

The pilot course at Camp Borden was made up of 45 LACs, fresh from newly-opened elementary Flying Training at flying clubs across Canada, and four PPOs who had been left behind by the last course of PPOs to train under the old order. Borden was a most appropriate school to have the honour of graduating the first of the many. For over 23 years it had been the principal source of trained military pilots in Canada and in the summer of 1940 its training squadrons were manned by some of the most experienced instructors in the RCAF. When the course started flying in July, S/L J. G. Kerr (now A/V/M) was OC Intermediate Training Squadron, with S/L W. E. Kennedy (A/V/M dec.) and F/L W. R. MacBrien (now A/V/M) as assistants. Advanced Training Squadron had the redoubtable "Bull" Riddell

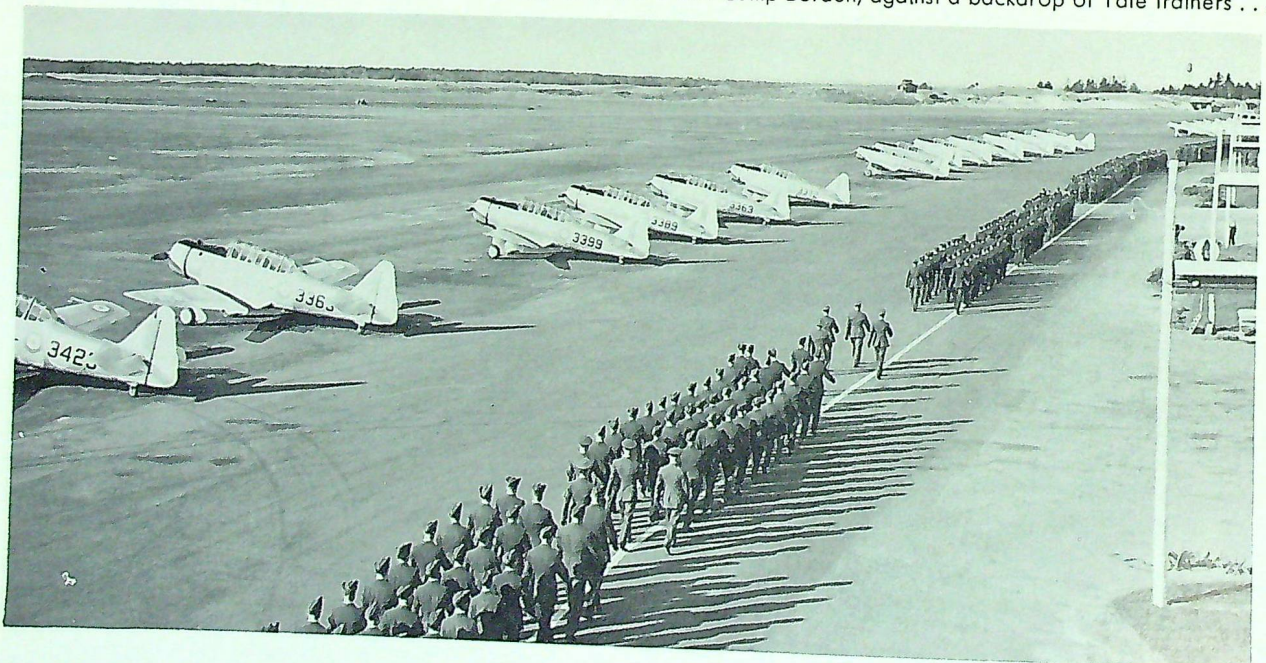
(W/C ret.) as OC and S/L D. S. Blaine (now A/C) as deputy. Later in the summer S/L Kennedy replaced S/L Kerr when the latter was transferred to Uplands.

VIVID MEMORIES

One of the most vivid memories of course members was the awesome spectacle that followed an accident on the airfield. The siren blew, all activity ceased, and a hush fell on the station as three staff cars occupied by the menacing figures of W/C Riddell, S/L Kennedy and F/L MacBrien ground slowly towards the perpetrator of a wheels-up landing. Tension was relieved and noses were removed from hangar windows only when it became evident that the culprit would not be hung on the spot but would be permitted to live to fly another day.

Other memories are of aircraft that were in chronic short supply. Some

On the tarmac at RCAF Stn. Camp Borden, against a backdrop of Yale trainers . . .



Ansons and *Oxfords* were in use at the beginning of the course but towards the end, the Intermediate Training Squadron had been standardized on Mark I *Harvards* and *Yales* (a French Air Force version of the *Harvard* with fixed undercarriage and instruments which were calibrated in the metric system-dials and which had to be marked with green lines to show approximate landing and climbing speeds). Groundloops were a constant hazard and of the five aircraft put out for night flying one night, one soon hit an obstruction on the airfield, one turned up on its nose, and the other three groundlooped, ending all night flying by 2200 hours.

Inadvertent spins took their toll. After two of the students wrote themselves off in one of the more spectacular crashes of the period, the students who had been assembled soon afterwards were shocked and sobered by a tense, furious RAF member of the staff who told them that, at a time when the Royal Air Force was fighting for its life in the skies of Britain, there could be no room in his heart for sorrow for the unfortunate students but only regret

that an aircraft which should have trained six men had been lost.

LIGHTER MOMENTS

There were lighter moments. One occurred when the class attempted to introduce some of the democratic practices of civvie street by electing its own class leader, but it was soon brought to heel by outraged officialdom. Another was when the course showed itself a winner on Sports Day, mostly through the efforts of LAC R. F. Patterson of Richmond, Va., a former intercollegiate and Olympic track star. Pat Patterson, one of the keenest and most personable members of the course, was killed 15 months later with 121 (Eagle) Sqn, RAF.

A member of the course who left a lasting impression on his classmates was Alec Angus, member of a prominent Montreal family and an early hi-fi fan who played band music at 0530 hours. Whenever he could, he would add to a book that he was writing. A spinning *Yale* a few months later kept him from finishing it. Another well-remembered student was LAC J. H. "Doc" Simpson (now S/L) who knew more about aeroplanes than most of the others from

years of working at the Kingston Flying Club. Before the war was over he was to put in 3,000 hours instructing.

As graduation day drew near and it became evident that this was to be the first pilot course produced by the BCATP, arrangements were made to bring distinguished guests from Ottawa and to have extensive press coverage. The occasion also was used to effect the handover of the station from G/C A.T.N. Cowley (A/V/M ret.) to G/C R. S. Grandy (G/C ret.) The Hon. J. L. Ralston, minister of national defence, was guest-of-honour and A/C G. O. Johnson (A/M ret.) pinned wings on the graduates, exhorting the wearers to avoid compromising their careers "by foolish stunting or mixing gasoline and alcohol." In the general excitement no formal class picture was taken.

AFTER GRADUATION

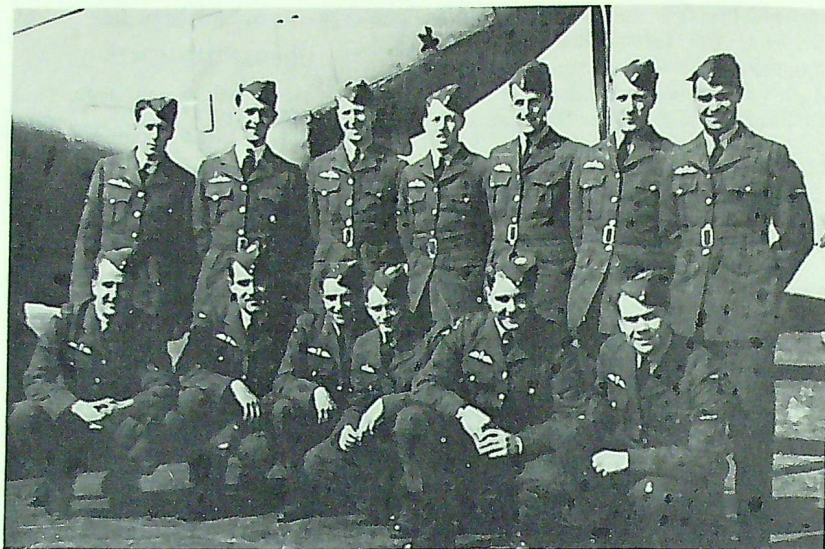
After the graduation ceremonies the newly-made pilots were given a further 50 hours flying on *Harvards*, *Battles* and *Nomads* in the Advanced Training Squadron before being broken up as a course and posted to their new duties. The war in Europe

... the first BCATP Wings Parade was held on 30 September 1940.



had just passed through a critical phase and there was a general anxiousness to get into the fray. When the transfers came in, however, all students were to be kept in Canada to help man the expanding training machine — most going as instructors to newly-opened No. 3 SFTS at Calgary and No. 7 at McLeod, Alta. This was especially frustrating for P/O Zack Wood who had been in the navy originally and, when it seemed likely that he was going to spend the war idly on a warship in Halifax harbour, transferred to the RCAF. He had hardly made the change when his old ship sailed to take part in some gallant action in European waters while he himself was not to get overseas until near the end of the war. Another well-remembered member of the class hoped to convince the authorities of his keenness for operations and his unsuitability for a role in the training organization by beating up the Bowness dance hall at Calgary at night from an altitude low enough for the aircraft number to be read. This feat set in train the sequence of events which led to his being an LAC pilot at a wireless school, where he remained until his death in a training accident.

Most members of the first pilot course, however, managed to make it overseas within a year or two. A.L. de la Haye (now F/L) served with a Coastal *Beaufighter* squadron and F/Ls C. A. Rawson and A. B. Whiteford did training or operational tours or both. Jack Reed (now S/L) did a tour on anti-submarine work and then was transferred to transport operations in time to take part in the D-Day drops and the tragedy at Arnhem. Others went to Bomber Command. Doug Orr (F/L ret.) earned a DFC and Bar on No. 403 (Spitfire) Squadron and J. D. Beirnes (S/L dec.) had an equally distinguished career in the Tiffie Wing until it was cut short in 1945 by a flying accident. In all, by the end of the war 15 of the 39 originals of "No. 1 Course, BCATP" had given their lives in the service of their country.

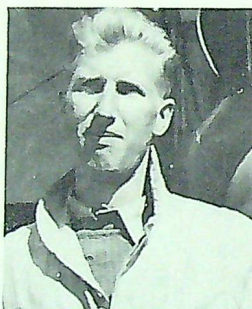


Back row (l. to r.): A. B. Whiteford, K. A. Jones, R. F. Patterson, W. N. Douglas, J. H. Simpson, H. Armstrong, F. C. Colborne. Front row: J. K. Dawson, I. Burke, N. R. Farnham, R. H. Cousins, N. Lougheed, T. Davis.

J. R. Beirnes



J. H. Simpson



A. D. Angus



KIWANIS KIDS' DAY 24 SEPTEMBER

Twenty RCAF stations across Canada will conduct a half day "open house" for Canadian youngsters on Saturday, 24 September, as part of the fourth annual observance of Kiwanis Kids' Day in this country.

Initiated in 1957, the program comes under the co-sponsorship of the RCAF and the Kiwanis Clubs of Canada. It gives the children the opportunity to become acquainted with the air force at first hand. On many of the stations they will have a chance to examine the aircraft responsible for Canada's air defence, from jet

fighters to helicopters. In addition, there will be displays of survival gear, electronic and radar training devices and armament. Tours will be arranged for the children under the joint supervision of the RCAF and the Kiwanis Club, and an alternate program will be available should the weather prevent out-door activities.

The "open house" is only one part of a wider community effort aimed at making Canada's youth more aware of the part they will have to play in the future of their country.

MIDNIGHT IS STILL NOON FOR NIGHTHAWKS

By FLIGHT LIEUTENANT F. J. HATCH
Air Historical Section



IN JULY 1944 No. 409 Squadron destroyed eight German planes and damaged one. Six of these victories were won against *Ju. 88s*, Germany's best night fighting aircraft, leaving little doubt that the Nighthawks out-classed their Luftwaffe counterpart. Up until this time 409 had seen little of these aircraft, for it was Hitler's policy to use them mainly for home defence. As the tide of battle rolled towards Germany engagements between *Mosquitoes* and *Ju 88s* became more frequent. Sometimes the German ground stations and our own covered the same area, thus enabling our pilots to hear the enemy controllers manoeuvring the *Ju 88s* around the sky. Hitler's night fighters were flown by the best pilots the German Air Force could muster but they were no match for the *Mosquitoes*; by the end of hostilities No. 409 had destroyed 20, probably destroyed two and damaged one.

A victory over Germany's night fighters on 26 July cost the squadron one of its most experienced crews, S/L R. S. Jephson and F/O J. M. Roberts. They engaged a *Ju. 88* over Caen and a burst from Jephson's guns caused it to explode so violently that the *Mosquito* was badly shaken up by the blast and both engines stopped. Jephson reported via R/T that he and Roberts were going to bale out, but on discovering that the latter was injured and unable to move, Jephson courageously decided to stay with the aircraft and try for a crash landing, hazardous as it was in the dark night. The plane crashed and both occupants were killed. The story of the combat was later obtained from the log of the controlling GCI.

HEROIC EXPLOITS

On 6 August the squadron suffered another fatality that was also surrounded by heroic circumstances. W/C M. W. Beveridge, DFC, who had succeeded W/C J. W. Reid as CO at the end of July, had his own aircraft shot down by a *Ju. 88* hunting

in formation with a *FW. 190*. As Beveridge and his navigator, F/L J. W. Peacock, prepared to abandon their disabled aircraft Beveridge got stuck in the pilot's escape hatch and Peacock couldn't get the navigator's door to jettison. Time was running out when Peacock, deciding that at least one should survive the impending crash, rushed to Beveridge's assistance and pushed him free. There was just barely time for his parachute to open before he hit the ground but Peacock didn't have a chance and died in the crash.

Four nights later S/L J. A. Hatch and his navigator, F/L J. Eames (RAF), turned the tables on one of these *FW 190 - Ju. 88* combinations. As they came within visual range of the two aircraft the *FW. 190* turned off to starboard and the intrepid Johnny followed it, knowing full well that at any moment the *Ju. 88* would start creeping up his tail. But before the German pilot had time to complete his manoeuvre a two-second burst from the *Mosquito* sent the *Focke-Wulf* spiralling earthwards in flames. Hatch turned sharply, probing the night skies for the other adversary, but further contacts turned out to be friendly bombers. A week later Hatch and Eames marked up a double-header, shooting down a *Ju. 188* after a running fight and then blasting another *Ju. 88* out of the sky.

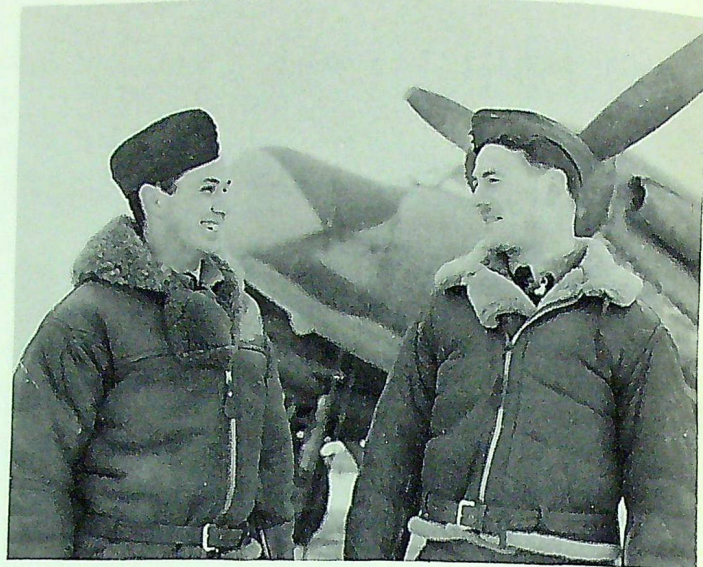
CROSS CHANNEL BASES

No. 409 Squadron had the distinction of being chosen as the first night fighting unit to operate from European soil. On 24 August, stripped of everything but the bare essentials of equipment, they flew across the Channel to Carpiquet, near Caen, where an advance party under F/L V. L. Fiksdal, the squadron engineering officer, had set up a maintenance section. Two weeks later the mobile Nighthawks moved on to St. André and at the end of September they left that badly battered airfield for Le Culot.

Conclusion of a two-part wartime history of No. 409 Squadron



W/C J. D. Somerville, DSO, DFC (right) and navigator
P/O H. G. Beynon.*



S/L R. F. Hatton, DFC (right) and navigator
F/L R. N. Rivers, DFC.*

At St. André the squadron was saddened by the loss of W/C "Massey" Beveridge who was killed while searching for one of his crews that had baled out after an attack by a German night fighter. The missing crew, F/L J. Leslie and F/L C. M. Thurgood, subsequently showed up but Beveridge crashed and was killed after running into thick fog. He was buried with full military honours in the town cemetery of Flavencourt, about 60 miles north-west of Paris. S/L F. R. Hatton, "B" Flight Commander, now took temporary command of the squadron until 10 October when W/C J. D. Somerville, DFC, formerly of 410 squadron, was appointed CO.

On the same day that W/C Beveridge was reported missing, WO Len Fitchett and F/L A. C. Hardy had to leave their aircraft in a hurry when the port engine ran out of oil. On landing they were picked up by the French Maquis who received them royally, treating them to a hearty meal with plenty of good French wine. None the worse for their experience, they found their way back to the squadron and made more news four days later by scoring the squadron's first kill from a continental air base.

On the night of 6 October more excitement developed around Le Culot airfield than the Nighthawks had seen since moving to the continent. Early in the evening F/L Gordon Sproule and F/O F. G. Wilkinson were coming in for a single engine landing when their undercarriage collapsed and the *Mosquito* finished the run on its belly, much to the grief of the already overworked maintenance crews. Before the runway could be cleared P/O F. E. (Hank) Haley called in on the R/T to say that he and P/O S. J. (Fairy) Fairweather, DFM (RAF), had shot down a *Ju. 88* and were coming in on one engine. Because of the previous prang they couldn't land at base and were being diverted when their other engine cut out and they had to take to their parachutes. Just before midnight F/O R. H. Finlayson and his navigator team-mate, F/O J. A. Webster, touched down with the news that they had destroyed an *Me. 110*. As a sort of finale to the eventful evening an aircraft from No. 410 Squadron force-landed at Le Culot after destroying a German plane and getting badly shot up itself. Fortunately all went well and the squadron diarist summed up the evening's events as "a fairly good night."

The day after W/C Somerville arrived the Nighthawks set out for Lille/Vendeville where they were quartered in a beautiful old French chateau which had been used by the Luftwaffe during the German occupation. The spacious dining room walls were finished in murals painted in Prussian military design ironically depicting Hitler's dreams of conquest. The squadron also fell heir to excellent dispersal huts and ground crew flight rooms complete with a collection of easy chairs, tables, and double-decker spring bunks for the night crews.

On 3 November, No. 410, the Cougar Squadron, joined the Nighthawks at Lille/Vendeville. Throughout their wartime history these two units were closely associated; two of 409's commanding officers, W/Cs Davoud and Somerville, were formerly with the Cougars while two ex-Nighthawks, S/Ls G. H. Elms and E. P. Heybroek, became commanding officers. These two pictures were among several turned over to the RAF Missing Research Section by a photographer in Lille, France, after the war. They had been left with him for developing by someone in 409, but the squadron had been suddenly moved before the prints were called for. Negatives and prints were passed to London, thence to Ottawa, where W/C Somerville (now G/C) helped to identify the personnel.



WO R. E. Henke and FS L. A. Emmerson.



F/Os L. E. Fownes and R. E. Britten.

officers of 410. At Lille/Vendeville the two squadrons enjoyed some good times together. On many an occasion when duff weather cancelled night flying the rafters in the old chateau rang to the night fighters' repertoire of air force and other songs as they gathered round the piano with S/L George Bower at the keyboard. (Bower was now on his second tour with 409).

The first three weeks of November passed so quietly that it seemed as if the Luftwaffe was spending the winter in quarters but such was not the case. On 25 November both squadrons had a lively time. No. 410 stole the show with Lt. A. A. Harrington (USAAF) shooting down three German aircraft; No. 409 was close behind as F/O R. E. Britten and F/L L. E. Fownes destroyed one *Ju. 88* and damaged another. There was more "trade" about the next night but the Germans dropped enough "window" in the area to upset 85 Group's radar system. Nevertheless two crews, WO R. A. Boorman - P/O W. J. Bryant and F/L W. H. McPhail - F/O J. E. Donoghue, each made a free lance interception of a *Ju. 87B*.

WO E. F. ("King") Cole and F/O W. S. Martin won the applause of

their comrades on 29 November for shooting down two *Ju. 88s* that were on the prowl for *Mosquito* patrols. About 1900 hours a burst from Cole's guns sent the first victim down in flames and half an hour later his cannon ripped into the second *Ju. 88* causing it to explode in the air. Debris flew in all directions filling the air intake of the *Mossie*. A wing of the German plane smashed into Cole's aircraft, knocking two feet off the nose and bending the port propeller. Five minutes later the port engine of the *Mosquito* stopped altogether. Then the toughest part of the night's operations began - getting safely back to base with one engine gone and a kite that wouldn't trim. They finally made it to a landing field at Brussels but came in a bit too high and ended up unhurt in an old shell hole. Their double victory won an immediate award of the DFC.

December brought the inevitable thoughts of Christmas and of home; on days off the Nighthawks carefully canvassed the shops at Lille, Brussels, and Ghent for gifts for families and friends. A few of the more fortunate ones were able to carry their shopping activities further afield to Paris or London. Ample time for wrapping the gifts was provided by

the weather man who continually forecast rain, snow, fog, and icing.

Yet in spite of the dirty December weather the Nighthawks had a good month operationally, thanks to Hitler's committing most of what was left of the Luftwaffe to his flash-in-the-pan offensive in the Ardennes. On the night of 18 December, three German night fighters fell before the fire of 409 crews. One of these kills was registered by W/C Somerville who thereby made his first tally with the Nighthawks; the others were made by P/O F. E. Haley and F/L R. H. Finlayson. A week later, Britten and Fownes accounted for two *Ju. 88s*. The last engagement of the year was fought by S/L Hatton and F/L Russ Rivers who out-manoeuvred another German night fighter and destroyed it with a single burst.

As the new year dawned S/L Bower, who had now taken over the diarist duties from F/O D. J. G. (Red) Wilkes, indulged in a bit of reminiscing about the old:

It has been one of the most eventful (years) in our history, taking the squadron from practically non-op in the north of England to fully op in France. It saw D/Day with the squadron covering the beachhead. It has seen 45 Huns fall before the guns



F/Os A. Sterrenberg and J. Clarke.



F/Os J. E. Donoghue and E. Spiller watch LAC J. W. Farrow work on their Mossie.

of the squadron, and also unfortunately it has seen some grand friends and comrades take off on their last flights. It has been a happy time for the squadron and it can be truthfully said that the squadron spirit has never been better than it has in the past twelve months.

1945's QUIET BEGINNING

After the Ardennes offensive, enemy air activity came almost to a standstill in 409's sector. On 23 January Somerville, flying with P/O Hardy as navigator, accounted for a *Ju. 188* while another crew, F/Os M. G. Kent and J. Simpson, made a kill on a *Ju. 88G*. These were the only engagements in January; in February there was only one when Kent and Simpson again brought down a *Ju. 88*.

Everyone was elated on 11 February by the news that W/C Somerville had been awarded the DSO, a fitting tribute to his own prowess as well as to the squadron as a whole. The citation read in part: "This officer has displayed outstanding efficiency, great courage and determination, qualities which have been well reflected in the fine fighting spirit of the squadron he commands." At the same time it was announced that Britten and Fownes

had each been awarded the DFC. The next day low cloud and rain cancelled all night flying; night state was reduced to one crew at readiness, thus enabling the squadron to observe the awards with a suitable celebration. About a month after this occasion W/C Somerville finished his tour of duty with No. 409 and was succeeded by Frank Hatton. The former "B" Flight Commander had already distinguished himself as a capable leader and an excellent flyer. The news of his appointment was welcomed by all members of 409.

In March the weather improved sufficiently for the first softball game of the season to get under way. The outlook for flying was better, too, and regular night patrols once again became the rule rather than the exception. Preparations were now going ahead for Operation Plunder which was to carry the Allies across the Rhine and into Germany. The night fighters of 85 Group kept constant vigilance to ensure the German Air Force didn't operate during the hours of darkness, but the Luftwaffe seemed powerless to interfere with the invasion of its home land and was seldom in evidence. Two of the very few victories won by the Group in this period went to Britten and Fownes,

who destroyed a *Me. 110* on 21 March and a *Ju. 88* on the 25th.

INTO GERMANY

On 18 April the squadron moved onto German soil taking up headquarters at Rheine on the Ems River. The prospects of increased air activity produced a noticeable lift in morale witnessed by great hustle and good natured boisterousness as the Nighthawks prepared to settle down under canvas again. On 23 April 409 broke all its previous records, by shooting down no less than six enemy aircraft, three of them by one crew, F/O E. E. Hermanson and F/L D. J. I. Hamm. Two others fell to F/O J. H. Skelly and P/O P. J. Lim, a rookie crew on their first operational flight. The sixth went to P/Os P. J. Leslie and C. N. Thurgood. With the exception of Hermanson's first target, which was a *FW. 190*, the German aircraft were *Stukas* and *Ju. 52s*, troop transports that had figured largely in German operations in Norway and Crete. The Nighthawks' biggest problem was to avoid overshooting these slow flying aircraft and the pilots came into the attack with flaps and wheels down.

In bright moonlight the next night the squadron fired its guns in anger for the last time, taking toll of three

more German aircraft. P/O Len Fitchett and P/O Hardy shot down a *Ju. 52* with a single burst while S/L B. E. Plumer and P/O H. G. Beynon destroyed a *FW. 190* on the ground when they straffed an aerodrome close to the Russian demarcation Line. Appropriately enough, it was W/C Hatton who won the squadron's last victory. Hatton and Rivers took off at 0155 hrs on 24 April. At about 0400 hrs they were vectored after a bogey that turned out to be a *Ju. 290* four-engined bomber. A second blip on River's radar indicated that a fighter escort was nearby and Hatton approached the target with caution. The *Mosquito* was suddenly illuminated by a series of red and white flares which made the pilot manoeuvre evasively to avoid an attack from astern. When the flares had gone out Hatton closed in firing two long bursts into the big bomber. Bits and pieces fell off as the German plane made a slow turn to port then fell and crashed with a loud explosion.

VICTORY AT LAST

The Germans still had a large number of aircraft, including about 700 night fighters, but the shortage of petrol and the pasting their airfields had taken from our bombers left the Luftwaffe in a sad state. No. 409 found their few remaining sorties of the war to be rather quiet. On 4 May news of the surrender of all German forces in Holland, Denmark and north western Germany was released. Nevertheless, a night state of two aircraft on readiness was maintained until 8 May when it was formally announced that the war had ended.

The Nighthawks now could rest; their war time flying was over.

VE-Day witnessed great activity at the Rheine airfield. Every few minutes *Lancasters*, *Fortresses* and *Dakotas* were landing and taking off busily engaged in transporting ex-prisoners of war back to the U.K. A happy climax to the VE-Day celebrations occurred when F/Os A. B. Sisson and D. S. Nicholson, who had been shot down over enemy territory on 16 June 1944, found their way back to 409 Squadron after having been liberated from a prison camp a few days previously. After VE-Day the squadron settled down to a routine of morning parades and light duties. The weather was unusually warm and two good swimming pools in the vicinity of Rheine were frequented after the daily chores were done. On 13 May the squadron moved to Gilze, Holland, and on 3 June they headed for their last base at Twente in north-east Holland. On 1 July 1945, just over four years from the day on which it was formed, No. 409 Squadron was officially disbanded.

The last victory by W/C Hatton and Rivers had raised the squadron's total of enemy aircraft destroyed to 64½. In addition they had probably destroyed nine others, damaged 23 and had also shot down 11 flying bombs. While these statistics testify to the fighting spirit of 409 they do not sum up the squadron's contribution to the final victory. One must remember the 52 members of 409 squadron who made the supreme sacrifice, the long list of honours and awards, the endless hours flown on night patrols and training flights, and

the unceasing toil of the ground crew to keep the night fighters in the sky.

REBORN AT COMOX

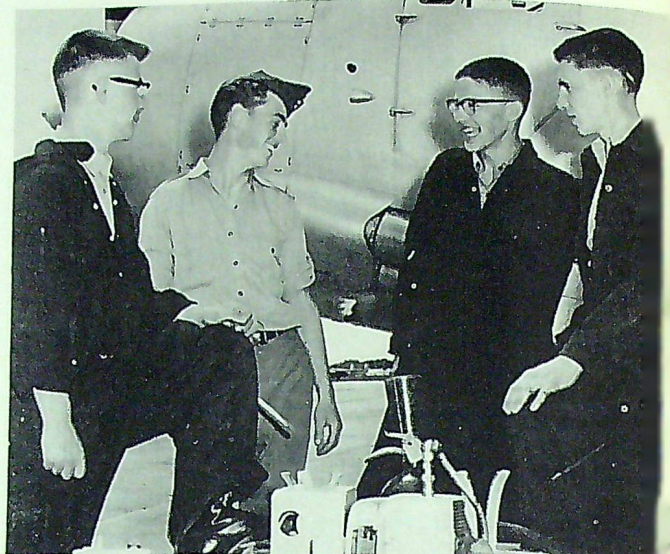
On 1 November 1954, slightly more than nine years after No. 409 (Night Fighter) squadron was disbanded, No. 409 (All Weather Fighter) Squadron was formed at RCAF Station Comox on the Pacific coast. The reborn squadron is a CF-100 interceptor unit in Air Defence Command and appropriately bears the name, motto and badge of the original night fighter unit. Although technological progress has led to changes in the techniques and tactics of air interception, the basic role of the pilot-navigator crew remains the same. The present-day Nighthawk crews well know what it is to wait in anxious readiness for the controller's call to chase a bogey and to stare intently as they approach the target, asking themselves, "Is it one of the enemy's or one of ours?"

A link with the past was formally observed in the Comox officers' mess on 1 March 1958 when W/C R. F. Hatton, DFC, the last CO of the wartime Nighthawks, presided at a squadron presentation to W. C. T. J. Evans, the first CO of No. 409 (AWF) Squadron. In winning the Laurence A. Steinhardt Trophy for being the best ADC interceptor unit in 1959 the Comox-based squadron has proved itself a worthy successor to the Nighthawks of World War II. No. 409's groundcrew accumulated another honour even more recently, winning the Groundcrew Efficiency Award at the 1960 ADC rocket meet at Cold Lake.

Argus Production Completed

The last of 33 RCAF *Argus* anti-submarine aircraft emerged on schedule from the Montreal assembly-line of Canadair Ltd. in July. Like its 32 predecessors which have been rolling out since 1956, it will join Maritime Air Command to protect Canada and her NATO allies from seaborne attack against shipping and from submarine-launched missile bombardment of coast and inland cities. When production began, the 74-ton *Argus* was the largest aircraft ever built in Canada; that distinction has recently been taken over by the CC-106 turbo-prop transport which has a gross weight of 102½ tons, now in production for the RCAF at Canadair.





"Part-time" aircrew and groundcrew, in training at Winnipeg as . . .

AUXILIARY PREPARES FOR SURVIVAL

FOR two weeks this summer, 11 auxiliary squadrons in Canada received training in preparation for the role they will be required to fulfil in the event of a nuclear attack on Canada.

At a time when many families were heading for the beaches or the golf courses, dentists, salesmen, accountants, clerks, high school students and university professors from various cities across the nation were flying *Otters* or *Expeditors* and conducting simulated searches and "emergency" evacuations.

The squadrons involved in summer training were: Nos. 400 and 411, Toronto; Nos. 401 and 438, Montreal; Nos. 442 and 443, Vancouver; No. 402, Winnipeg; No. 403, Calgary; No. 406, Saskatoon; No. 418, Namao; and No. 424 Hamilton.

The operations of 418 (Namao Squadron) were typical. Of its total 110 personnel, over 90 flew to RCAF Station Winnipeg for their two-week camp. Prior to their Edmonton departure, 418 Squadron had just re-

ceived the first of four *Otters* which were scheduled to replace four of the unit's *Expeditors*.

At that time, two of the squadrons' young flying officers, R. E. Jarvis and R. J. Greenly, were already undergoing instruction on handling *Otters* at Station Winnipeg. Two regular force support officers, S/L W. J. Argue and F/L A. G. Robertson had been checked out on the *Otter* at an earlier date and will convert auxiliary pilots to the aircraft throughout the year.

During the summer training four more pilots were converted to *Otters*, as the unit prepared for its new role: "light transport in the support of military and civilian requirements in an emergency".

In addition to operating *Otters*, squadron personnel were trained on mobility exercises and the emergency evacuation of civilian populations in the event of disaster. Some of this training took the form of unannounced exercises at nearby towns and airfields.

On the second day of camp, four aircrews were detailed for a search mission. A *Cessna* 180 was reported "lost" north of Kenora and the *Expeditor* crews were given a five-hour search in which to locate the missing aircraft.

The trainees were also taught the methods of assessing various airfields and strips. They worked in liaison with the militia on evacuating disaster areas and on such familiar operations as pilot proficiency and long range navigation training.

Of the 90 trainees at the No. 418 Sqn. camp 23 were aircrew. Among the other trades were air frame, aero engine, electrical and instrument technicians, maintenance, accounts and supply personnel.

"For a lot of people these are their regular holidays," stated 418's C.O., W/C O. W. Cornish, himself an Edmonton dentist. And for some such as Sgt. D. T. Dorosh, an electrical technician, about the only change in the day's work was the aircraft. Dorosh, in civilian life, works for an aircraft firm in Edmonton.

UNDERWATER ESCAPE

Reprint courtesy of the International Association of Fire Chiefs

EVERY year lives are lost when persons are trapped in vehicles plunging into water. Most of the fatalities occur because the occupants, trapped under water, panic and frantically try to open doors. But because of the pressure of the water outside the doors will not open.

To escape from a submerged car the occupants must do an unnatural thing — calmly let the car fill with water. They need not drown while the car fills, as a pocket of air will remain in the car, enough in fact to sustain life for about 15 minutes. As the car fills, the occupants must keep their heads in this air pocket. When the water stops rising, the pressure inside is about equal to that outside and the doors will open easily. Each occupant must take a deep breath, open the door and push out and up to the surface. The air pocket remains in the car after the door is open so there is no need to hurry. Following are a few example situations:

- The car submerges in an upright position with the windows open: The car will fill fast as the water rushes in through the open windows. Brace yourself against the force of the incoming water and keep your head against the roof in the air pocket which will form. When the car is almost full make your escape the same way as described above.
- The car overturns and rests on its top: This time the head is kept against the floor boards until pressure equalizes; then open the door and get out.
- The car lands on its side with the window open: Keep your

head against the door below opening until the car fills. The door would almost float open; small persons could even float out the open window.

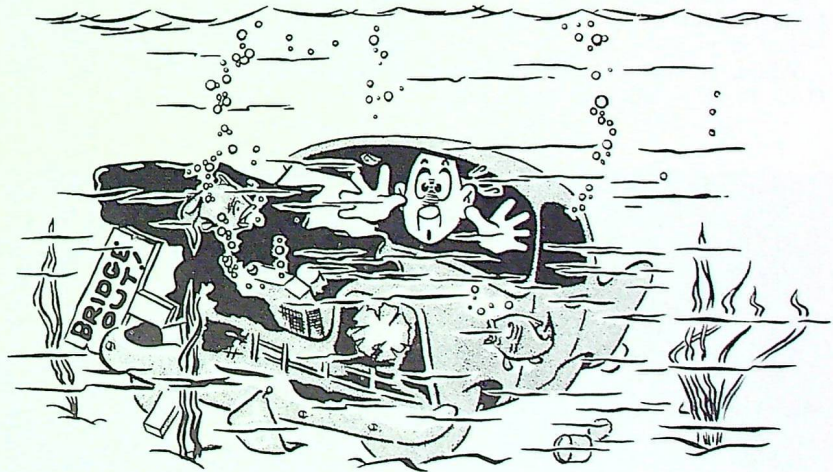
- The car lands on its side with windows closed: Keep your head against the door below the window opening until the car almost fills. Then with a few inches of space left, take a deep breath, open the window and open the door or get out through the window opening.

A fully expanded adult chest holds about five quarts of air; equal to one quart of pure oxygen. The body also contains five to six quarts of blood full of oxygen which equals about

another one quart of pure oxygen. One half-pint of oxygen will maintain life for one minute. Almost 100% of submerged vehicle occupants could get out alive if they did not panic. The unconscious and those unable to help themselves are the unfortunates.

A conscious person can get an unconscious person out by keeping his head above water. This is relatively easy as the body is buoyant enough and no great weight is involved. When the pressure in the car equalizes, grasp him by the hand or by the clothing at his neck, take a deep breath, open the door and float out the person the same as under water rescue for a drowning victim.

Illustrations by CORPORAL P. LAROCHE





Operation Flame Thwarter

Photostory by S/L R. M. BOWDERY and CPL. W. WHITEHEAD

At 1500 hrs. one day the alarm went out from Air Transport Command's Trenton headquarters — an undetermined number of people, resident of Gagnon and Jennine, Que., were in immediate danger of being engulfed by a raging forest fire. By 1530 hrs. ten RCAF aircraft, including *Dakotas*, *North Stars* and *Flying Boxcars*, were heading for Seven Islands on the first leg of an errand of mercy.

While enroute to Seven Islands G/C D. J. Williams, DSO, DFC,

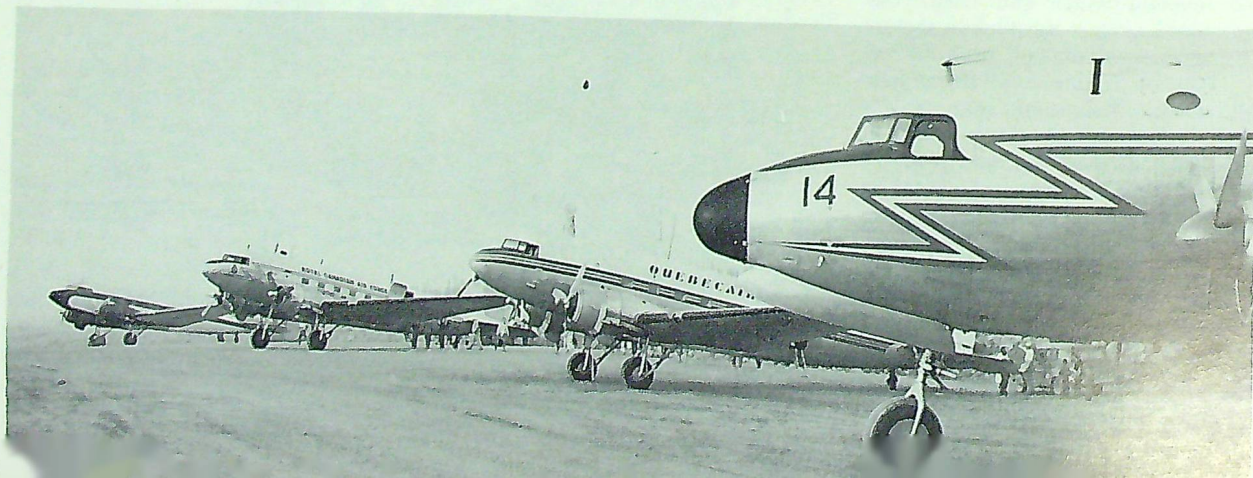
officer commanding the evacuation operation, decided that the urgency of the situation required them to fly directly to Janis Lake where the evacuees were assembling.

On approaching the Janis Lake airport a Quebecair aircraft was used as a control centre. The radio set in the small control tower at the airstrip had burnt out some two hours earlier. Upon landing, the *North Star* was quickly loaded to capacity. Then it took off bound for Montreal. The scene was repeated as other aircraft,

both military and civil, arrived. Soon the situation was under control and every person who wished to be evacuated was airlifted out of the area. Fortunately, the wind died down and the fire was brought under control.

Within five hours of the first alert, an emergency airlift for 758 passengers had been gathered and delivered to the disaster area. Thus, Air Transport Command's motto "versatile and ready" was again proved to be no idle boast.

Civilian and RCAF aircraft at Janis Lake airstrip.





F/L J. E. Jean speaks with some of his passengers en route to Montreal. More than 450 women and children were evacuated from fire-threatened Gagnon and Jennine by civilian and RCAF emergency airlift.



While her mother looks at the forest fire, below, Susy Ham tries to deaden the *North Star's* takeoff roar

. but her brother David shows complete unconcern over the excitement.

LACs R. H. Moorhouse and A. Smith of No. 2 Air Movements Unit help passengers disembark at Montreal.





RCAF ASSOCIATION

This section of *THE ROUND*
is prepared by RCAF Association
H.Q., 424 Metcalfe St., Ottawa, Ont.

MESSAGE FROM THE NATIONAL PRESIDENT

DELEGATES to the Tenth National Convention of the RCAF Association have greatly honored me by electing me to the office of National President. I am deeply conscious of the responsibilities of this high office and accept the position with humility. As National President of the RCAF Association I shall be succeeding to the high reputation which was established by my predecessors: Air Chief Marshal L. S. Breadner, Air Vice-Marshal A. L. Morfee, Air Vice-Marshal G. E. Brookes, Air Vice-Marshal K. M. Guthrie, Air Vice-Marshal F. G. Wait and Air Marshal W. A. Curtis. These gentlemen gave unstintingly of their time and wide experience to help organize and develop the Association to the enviable position it holds today. I sincerely hope I shall prove to be a worthy successor.

There has always been a feeling within the Association that the time would come when someone who had progressed through the ranks would be elected National President. That I should be the first to assume the presidency under these circumstances is naturally a source of great satisfaction; it is also an indication of the faith

that the members of the Association have in the future. It is reassuring to know that in our democratic organization any member who devotes time and effort to his work in the Association may reach the top.

There can be no doubt in any of our minds about the value to Canada of the RCAF Association. It affords us as former members of the RCAF the opportunity of devoting our time and efforts towards the support of a proud service which has our esteem and affection. This year will present many challenges and with your continued support it will be my earnest endeavor to make real progress. The strength of the Association is in its Wings and it is my fervent hope that all Wings will increase their efforts through the coming year with the aim of having our organization an integral part of community life all across Canada.

LEONARD N. BALDOCK



250 (Saint John) Wing new executive: (l. to r., front row) A. Buckley, K. Fortune, J. Mitchell, D. Clark, and D. MacKenzie. (back row) J. Beardsley, H. Goodwin, D. Welsford, L. North, G. McCauley and M. Franklin.

Maritime Wings Visit

Mr. L. N. Baldock has arranged to visit Wings in the Maritimes September 16 to 26. The tour, which begins at Edmundston, will take in Charlottetown, Sydney, Halifax, Truro, Moncton, Fredericton and Saint John. "I am looking forward with great interest," said Mr. Baldock, "to my first visit to the Maritime Wings where I will renew acquaintances with many old friends and I am sure make many new ones." The Wings are making special preparations for the president's visit and many outstanding functions are planned.

Wings Securing New Quarters

103 (Cabot) Wing, Sydney, who were required to surrender their accommodation at the end of this year,

have been successful in securing new quarters on York Street and are busy making renovations. The Wing executive has expressed the hope that they will be in their new quarters in September.

424 (Cornwall) Wing members have been fortunate in securing a very suitable building for club rooms. This climaxes a search which has been going on for some time and with the proper accommodation the Cornwall Wing should easily boast a membership of 150.

150 (St. John's) Newfoundland Wing members are making plans to brighten the stay of the children of Sunshine Camp which is located just outside of St. John's. They plan regular visits and will take the children for drives, on picnics or even to visit their homes.

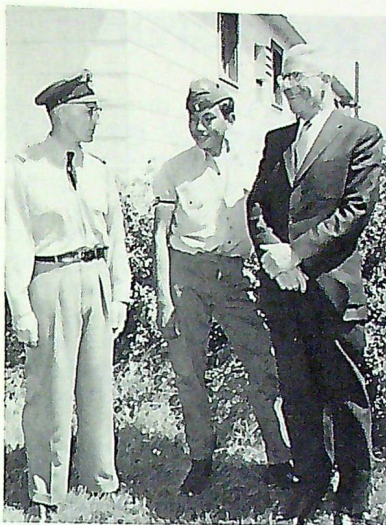
Battle of Britain Fighter Association

We have been asked by the Battle of Britain Fighter Association for assistance in getting in touch with aircrew who took part in the Battle of Britain.

The Battle of Britain Fighter Association is open to those aircrew of the Commonwealth and Allied Air Forces who are entitled to wear the Battle of Britain Clasp on their 1939-45 Star Campaign Ribbons. For further information please contact:—
The Secretary,
Battle of Britain Fighter Association,
Room 0211, Air Ministry,
Whitehall, London, S.W.1, England.

National Convention Group Pictures

It has previously been our practice to publish in THE ROUNDLE the group pictures taken at the National Convention. The number of delegates attending the convention from the larger groups has increased to a point where the required reduction in the size of the photograph to accommodate our space would make the picture indiscernible. It is regretted that we are unable to continue the publication of these pictures.



F/O Harry Marshall, 700 (Edmonton) Wing, and Cpl. H. Brown, Edmonton Indian Air Cadet Sqn., chat with Mr. W. J. Arneil at Sea Island air cadet camp. Mr. Arneil retired last month as Indian commissioner for B.C.



Air cadet FS R. Thornton, of 225 (Taber) Sqn., took time out from summer camp duties to help Penny Gaston adjust her costume at Theatre Under the Stars intermission time.

Battle of Britain Sunday

RCAFA Wings across the country will once again join with the Regular Force in commemorating Battle of Britain Sunday on 18 September. We commend to your attention the special section at the front of this issue.

We would again remind all readers who have failed to renew Wing memberships that their name has been removed from THE ROUNDLE mailing list. Prompt payment of your dues will insure reinstatement.



In appreciation of the splendid co-operation afforded to the RCAFA, the members of the Toronto Wings presented an oil painting to W/C J. C. Mirabelli, C.O. of RCAF Stn. Downsview.

JUNIOR STAFF SCHOOL OPENS

AN institute of higher learning, unique on the Canadian military scene, will come into existence on 26 September when the RCAF inaugurates its junior staff school. Known officially as RCAF Staff School, its main purpose will be to prepare junior officers for staff appointments. Staff School will give junior officers training of greater scope and depth than its now-defunct predecessor, the Junior Officers' Administrative Course (JOAC).

The school, which will have a staff of 12, will be located at the RCAF establishment on Avenue Road, Toronto, the present home of the Institute of Aviation Medicine and RCAF auxiliary units. Commandant W/C A. R. Ross and his instructors are themselves all graduates of RCAF Staff College.

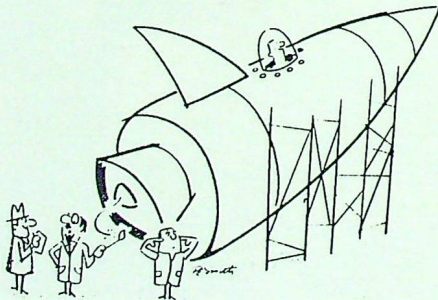
Inauguration of the Staff School will, in fact, mark the beginning of a number of changes in the RCAF educational program. The aim of these proposed changes is to form an Air Force College composed of the Staff School, Staff College, a central planning staff and an examination unit. With Staff School as a start and the possibility of attending Staff College at some future date, the opportunity will then exist for an RCAF officer to obtain a professional education, on a continuing basis, throughout his career.

The three-month course at Staff School will consist of instruction in staff training, service writing, service management, administrative procedures, air force law, regulations and orders, leadership, organization and functions of defence agencies, air warfare, and national and world affairs. In addition to 324 hours of lectures during the six-hour school days, the students will be expected to do two or three hours of homework nightly.

Since all staff and students will be given accommodation at the school, existing quarters and messes are being renovated and enlarged in order to provide for the influx of personnel. Initially, there will be 50 officers on course but, before the end of the year, it is hoped to double the enrollment to 100 students per course. With a total graduation of 400 students per year Staff School will have one of the largest outputs in the RCAF's training establishment.

There are in the RCAF today 2400 flight lieutenants who have not attended JOAC and, since it is beyond the capability of Staff School to accommodate the entire backlog, the Staff School Correspondence Course will be formed next year. Junior officers who successfully pass this correspondence course will be given the same credit as those who actually attend Staff School.

GIVE GENEROUSLY TO YOUR UNITED APPEAL



"Let's call it RED FEATHER . . . we know that works!"

Letters to the Editor

ATTENTION EX-TUSKERS

Dear Sir:

The staff of No. 413 Squadron is re-writing and bringing up to date the history of the squadron, and in reviewing old material we find there are many gaps which give the story a disjointed appearance and lack of continuity.

We are hoping that through the medium of THE ROUNDEL ex-squadron members, retired or otherwise, might be made aware of our project and write providing any personal experiences, items of squadron interest, anecdotes, etc., however small, which will simplify this task. We are particularly interested in borrowing old squadron photographs which we promise to return in the condition received.

W/C R. D. Schultz,
413 Squadron RCAF,
RCAF Station Bagotville, P.Q.

THANKS TO 2 AMU

Dear Sir:

Recently I was transferred from Trenton to Gander. The move was made by service aircraft. My wife and I flew from Trenton in a *North Star* operated by 426 (T) Sqn. and we were given first class consideration in every aspect.

A certain amount of my furniture and effects was also moved by aircraft and through the medium of your magazine I wish to thank all personnel of No. 2 Movements Unit, Trenton, for their considerate and expeditious handling of my effects during the whole move. Not even a fragile light bulb was broken.

Cpl. C. P. Barrett,
RCAF Station Gander, Nfld.

REQUEST ANSWERED

Dear Sir:

Re the request for the address of Mrs. Leonard Hancock (ROUNDEL, Vol. 12, No. 5) I was advised by S/L Sylvia Evans, who met her on a trans-Atlantic trip two years ago, that Mrs. Hancock's address then was:

Bix Hall,
Henley on Thames,
Oxon. — Tel. Henley 476.

I am afraid that too many of us who enjoyed Mrs. Hancock's hospitality during the war at the Air Officers' Leave Club have allowed the pleasant association to lapse. Perhaps some of your readers would like to rectify this situation.

F/L H. R. J. Gilbert,
1 Air Div. H.Q.

Celebrating Graduation Day



Two hundred and seventy first-year university students graduated from a six week RCAF reserve officers school at College Militaire Royal de St Jean. The cheering students, from 17 Canadian universities, were among the 1500 who took part in the University Reserve and Regular Officers Training Plan this summer.

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