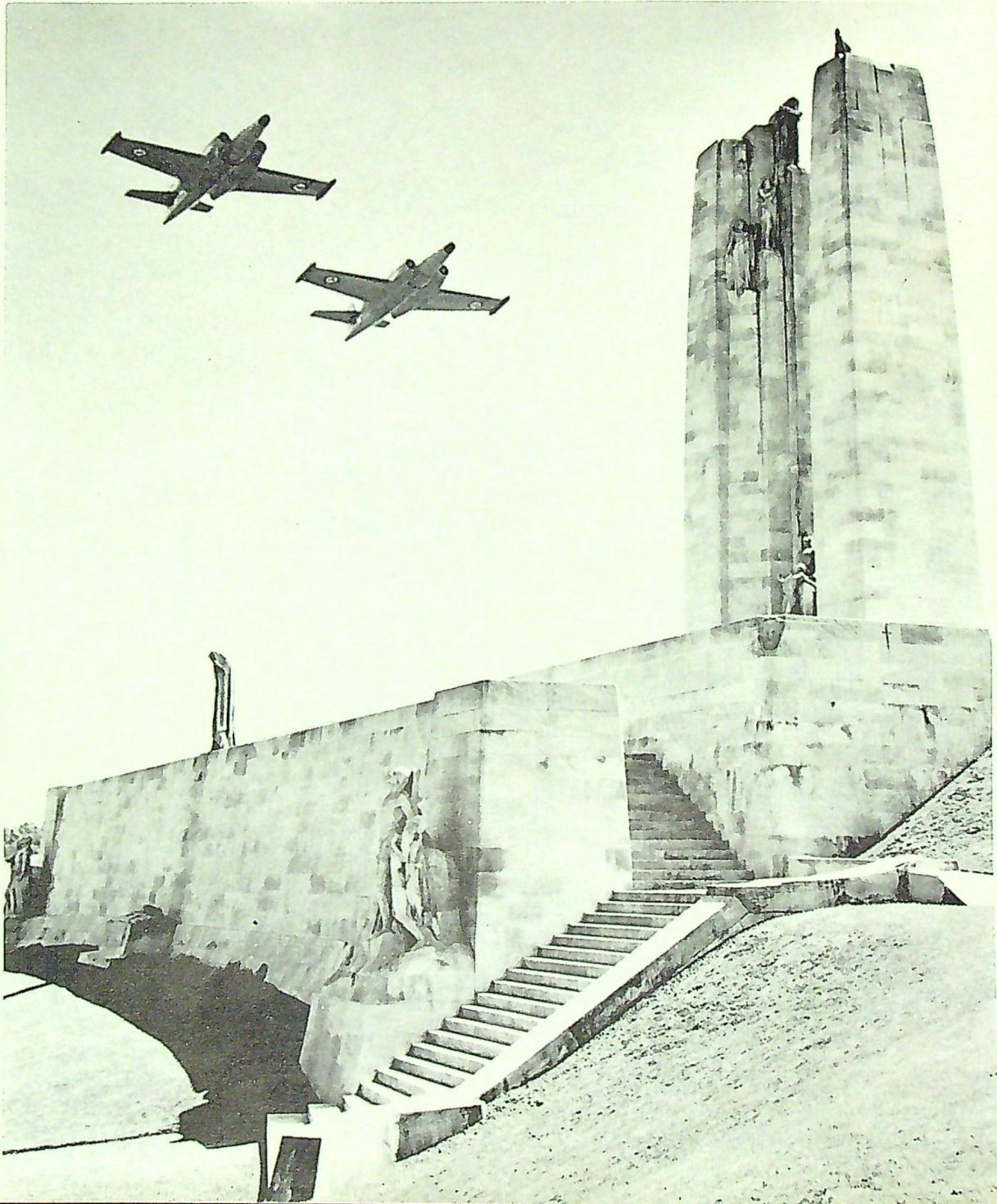


THE

# *Roundel*

VOL. 12, No. 9

NOVEMBER 1960





T H E

# Roundel

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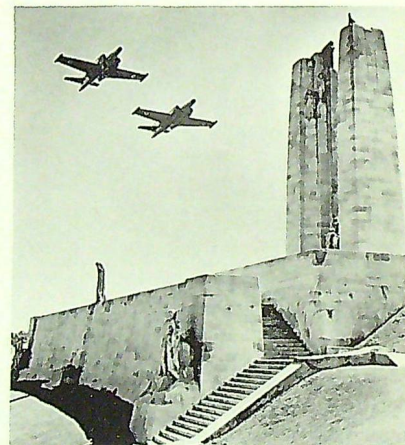
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### THIS MONTH'S COVER

Two CF-100s, which are helping to keep the peace in Europe today, fly over the memorial at Vimy Ridge in France in an aerial salute to their comrades of another era.

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



**T**HIS month we are starting something new, not by gazing into the future but by delving into the past. During the Second World War thousands of fliers were shot down behind enemy lines and became either prisoners, escapees or evaders. The adventures of some of these personnel were absolutely amazing and verifies the well known saying that truth is stranger than fiction. Starting this issue, and during the next few months, *THE ROUNDEL* will print a selection of these true tales of adventure experienced by serving members or former members of the RCAF. The first in the series entitled "Seeing Europe the Hard Way" (on page 4) recalls a wartime adventure of Canada's present Minister of Fisheries, the Honourable J. Angus MacLean.

**T**HE 1960 football season will soon be history and only the most tenacious of leaves still cling stubbornly to their wind-blown branches. All of this, of course, heralds the coming of winter and snow. Snow can be beautiful, it can be rolled into snowmen or sculptured, it makes splendid ammunition for children's snowball fights and wonderful surfaces for their sleds. It also, however, creates a problem. Just how big a problem snow can be and the methods used by the RCAF to combat this annual operational obstacle are interestingly described by G/C W. M. Diggle in the article "Operation Black Top" (page 12). *ROUNDEL* readers may recall an article by G/C (then W/C) Diggle in the May 1958 issue covering the evolution of the *Argus*. Having succeeded in helping usher that mammoth aircraft into the service G/C Diggle is now turning his attention to keeping it, and all other RCAF aircraft, flying in spite of inclement weather.

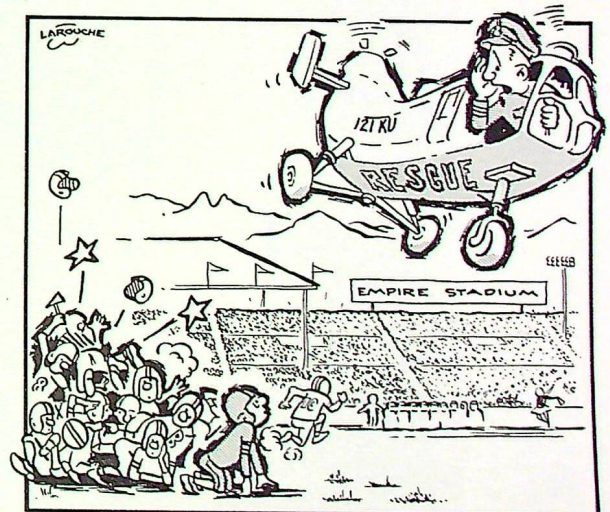
**C**ONTINUING our "Stations of the RCAF" series we find ourselves back in cowboy country. Edmonton is noted for such things as scenery, oil, cattle ranches and, since the early 1950s the longest airport runway in Canada. Station Namao, by F/L W. B. Totman (page 24), should be of

special interest to all those who have either been stationed at that unit in the past or else anticipate a posting there in the future.

**N**o, we don't propose to make any predictions on the final standings of the Canadian professional football leagues, preferring to rest on our laurels won as prognosticators last year. However, we couldn't resist a passing reference to the annual Grey Cup classic being played the last Saturday of this month in Vancouver. A similar situation to the one depicted below actually happened in Montreal last year when an RCAF mercy mission terminated in Molson stadium.

*The Editor*

"Somebody down there call for help?"



## *A Day with a Trans*



A reflective moment beside the River Trent which flows through Nottingham, England.

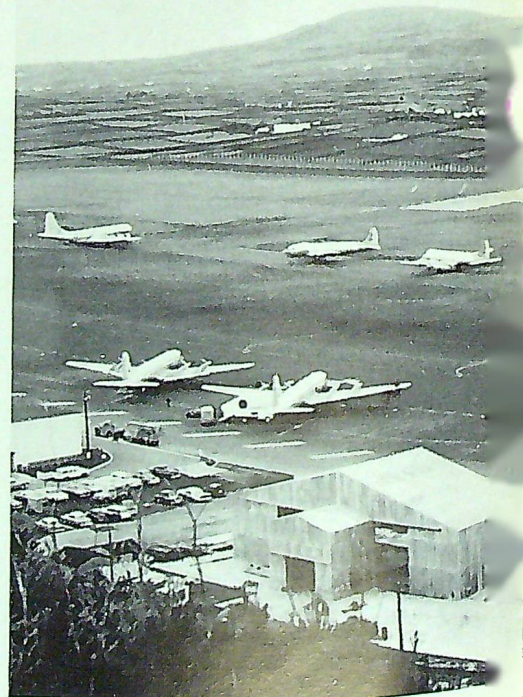
**I**N this latest edition of our "Day with a . . ." series we are admittedly stretching a point. It would be quite a day, even for a transport technician, to be in Canada, England and Africa within the same 24 hours. However, whether this picture story covers a period of a day or a week the fact remains it gives a good insight into the life led by "crewmembers" in the RCAF whose work takes them along the airways of the world and from the frozen north to the steaming jungles.

Transport Technicians (air) have the duties of securing the load aboard their aircraft, preparing the aircraft's load sheet and computing the weight and balance to ensure

LAC Gagnon greets a Danish soldier on sentry duty at the airport at El Arish.



One of the many ports of call for

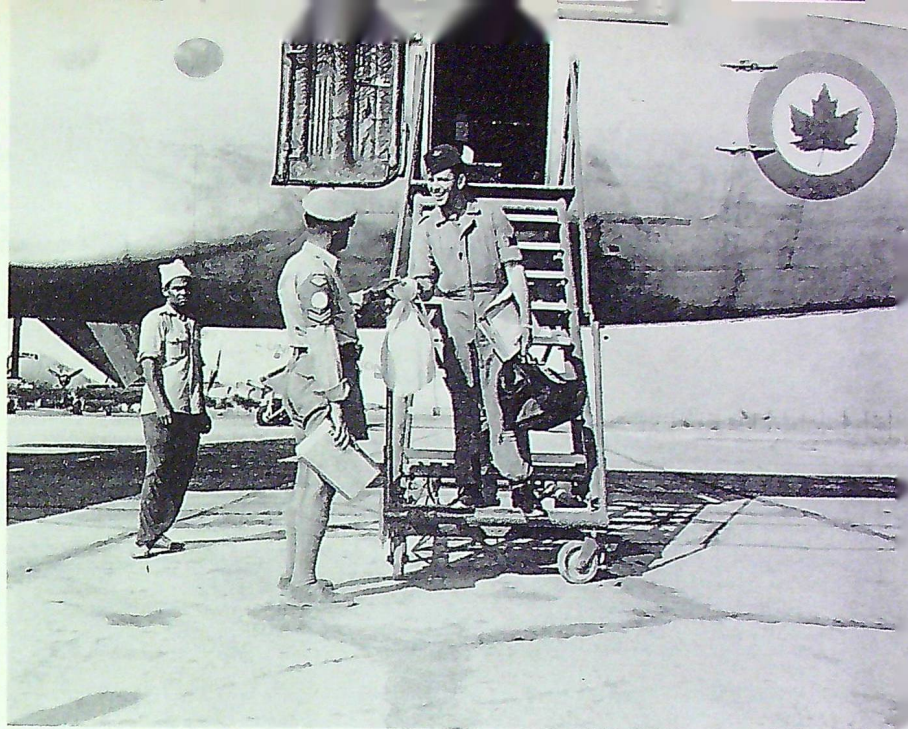


**THE ROUNDEL**

## port Technician (Air)

that the load has been placed as close as possible to the aircraft's center of gravity. While airborne the Trans Tech is responsible for crew and passenger comfort providing hot coffee and soups as supplies and circumstances dictate.

Like other personnel in his trade LAC J. G. Gagnon has travelled to a great variety of places in numerous foreign lands and, in the process, has logged many flying hours. LAC Gagnon and his globe-trotting partners of No. 426 Squadron have recently added the Congo to their ever-growing list of places visited during their tour of duty.



The mail must go through so LAC J. G. Gagnon delivers a sack of letters to a member of the RCAF Air Transport Command Unit in El Arish, Egypt.

LAC Gagnon is lajes, in the Azores.

A popular off-duty occupation is engaging in a bargaining duel with an Arab shopkeeper.



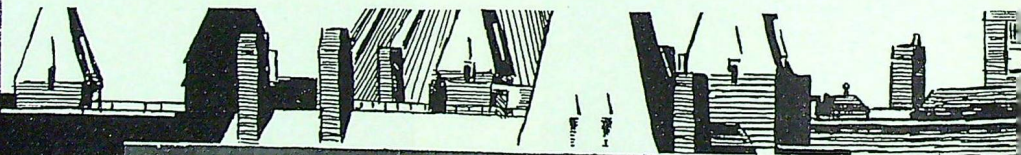
The first in a series of individual wartime adventures features the story of Canada's Minister of Fisheries the Honourable J. Angus MacLean.

## SEEING EUROPE

## THE HARD WAY

By F/L T. G. COUGHLIN

Assistant Editor, The Roundel



**B**ATTLES in the political arena may be hectic and unpredictable but, for the Honourable Angus J. MacLean, Canada's Minister of Fisheries, political warfare will always be tame in comparison to a certain wartime exploit. On this occasion the future Minister was shot down over continental Europe, successfully evaded capture and spent 11 weeks seeing Europe the hard way.

Flight Lieutenant MacLean DFC, taxied "H for Harry" around the perimeter of the airfield and onto the button of the live runway. Following the customary pre-takeoff litany, power was applied and flare-pots flashed past as the *Halifax* picked up speed. The night was 8 June 1942, the target was Essen and the return trip should have taken only a few hours but, before MacLean would return to his base at Pocklington, Yorkshire, he was to spend a great number of hours travelling surreptitiously on foot, by train and by truck on an inadvertent grand tour of Europe.

Attacking "Happy Valley," as the aircrews so inappropriately called it, was always a precarious occupation but it had to be done. The industrial heart of Germany was concentrated in the comparatively small Ruhr valley and, in order to destroy the Third Reich, the Ruhr or happy valley had to be destroyed. Flight Lieutenant MacLean and his colleagues of the RCAF's No. 405 Squadron were expecting a difficult night. The RAF's aerial armadas had been devoting a lot of attention to the valley and the Luftwaffe was determined to stop them.

On the bombing run the aircraft was suddenly coned by searchlights. Then came accurate and deadly anti-aircraft fire, which bracketed the aircraft, came closer and finally struck home. The *Halifax* rolled over from the blow and before recovery was made a great deal of height was lost. The ailerons were jammed in a left turn. There was no hope of making it to the original target. The best that could be done was to bomb a secondary objective then, if they were lucky, make it back home. They weren't that lucky. The crew of "H" for Harry



F/L J. A. MacLEAN.

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As can be seen by this target photo Essen was the object of a bombing raid on the night of 1 June and morning of 2 June, 1942.

found themselves flying in circles and being driven further and further into Germany by a brisk west wind during which time they were repeatedly coned by searchlights. After a period of time, that seemed like an eternity, the crew succeeded in wrenching the ailerons free. They then decided to fly northward towards Munster, to bypass the heavy concentration of anti-aircraft batteries, and then set course for the nearest point of England. It just wasn't their night. Over Holland MacLean and his crew saw red flares arching through the darkness towards them. The Gerries were vectoring night fighters to their position. The attack was not long in coming. An *ME-110* came in fast from behind and below exchanging fire-power with the tail-gunner. The duel ended in a draw. The *ME-110* was destroyed but so was the *Halifax*.

With fuel lines shot away and both port engines dead the *Halifax* slanted down towards the Zuider Zee. The beginning of the end came at 16,000 feet where the attack occurred. The end came at 1,200 feet when MacLean ordered the crew to "bale-out". The mortally wounded aircraft groped its way through the night, then ended its

active service as a charred wreckage on a Dutch farm.

#### THE ODYSSEY BEGINS

When MacLean landed he was alone. He had been the last man out and, since the other six crew members had jumped from various altitudes, they were widely separated. Within a short time they were also prisoners-of-war. By good luck or good management he was still a free man. Using intermittent moonlight and the light of pre-dawn, MacLean started walking through fields then, realizing he was leaving a clear trail in the wet grass, he rounded up a herd of cows and drove them before him to obliterate his footprints. Over a barbed wire fence then another group of bovine friends rendered similar service. And, so it went for some distance. In the morning Dutch farmers would wonder how their cattle got so far away, but he would be out of the area without leaving a trace of his passage.

As the sun climbed above the horizon, chasing away the protective cloak of night, MacLean sought refuge under a bushy hedge. All day he remained in this hideaway and, when evening came, two Dutch girls picking



The crew of "H for Harry" taken some time before their last flight. Flight Lieutenant J. A. MacLean is second from the right.

strawberries approached his sanctuary. He went up to them and in broken German, identified himself as a Canadian flier in need of help. The girls instructed him to stay where he was until they got their grandfather. Eventually an old man arrived and motioned MacLean to follow him down a road. As they walked along the old man excitedly told everyone he met that MacLean was a Canadian flier. Soon they had a small crowd of curious people as escorts, a situation not conducive to crossing enemy-held country undetected.

A young boy stayed ahead of the column to keep an eye out for any approaching enemy. Suddenly, he returned pedalling furiously and announced that Germans were coming. MacLean was told to hurry to a small building by the side of the road and wait until the way was clear again. As he entered the building, its occupant, a goat, objected to the intrusion and protested vocally with loud and sustained bleats. Fortunately, the passing Germans paid the animal no heed. When the soldiers were gone, MacLean went with the old man to an orchard where he was instructed to wait for someone who would bring him a suit of civilian clothes. He waited in vain. After two nights and a day had pas-

sed, with no one showing up, he knew he was on his own once more.

Holland is a flat land and trying to cross it unseen is a difficult operation. At times MacLean walked in a drainage ditch, so he wouldn't be silhouetted against the skyline, and at other times it was necessary to cross grain fields in a crouch. While hiding in a wheat field, MacLean noticed an old gentleman coming down a path so he decided to try for help once more. After the initial shock of suddenly encountering a hunted Allied airman, the old man said that he could help. He could and he did. The old man provided MacLean with a weather-beaten suit, that changed his appearance from a flier to a farmer, and permitted him to travel more openly. With one problem solved he was soon faced with another. The region MacLean was crossing was between the Maas and the Waal rivers and sooner or later he would have to break out of that circle by crossing the river. This was not as easy as it might sound. The Maas was a formidable river and the bridges were guarded.

Reconnoitering the area, MacLean approached a bomb-damaged bridge that had been repaired and returned to use. Since the repaired section of the bridge was lower than the re-

mainder of the structure, thus blocking his view, he was unable to determine the location of the guard. He decided to visit a nearby house and see if he could get any information. He approached the house warily and attempted a conversation with a man who was working in the yard. While trying to make himself understood a woman came out of the house. She understood some English but wanted no part of MacLean. She became more hostile by the minute and left no doubt that she was not in sympathy with the Allied cause. She demanded to know where MacLean was going so he mentioned a town down the road then took off in that direction. As soon as he was out of sight of the house MacLean left the road, doubled back through the town, then hid in a secluded spot. He hadn't long to wait before an event, that he knew was coming, took place. Truckloads of German soldiers raced down the road towards the town which he had said was his destination. The trucks stopped, the soldiers climbed down and fanned out in a search party. It was obvious that the Dutch woman had informed the Germans of his whereabouts and intentions. It was equally obvious that he had to get across the bridge in a hurry before the Germans returned.

#### A TENSE MOMENT

When MacLean arrived at the bridge it had swung open to allow a barge to pass. A small crowd had gathered and was waiting patiently for the bridge to close so they could cross. An armed guard at the bridge landing on the far side was busily examining everyone's papers. At the end of the bridge, where MacLean was standing among the crowd, he noticed a young woman, about his own age, with a baby carriage. He went over to the perambulator and started to play with the baby. The bridge clanged shut and the crowd began to move. MacLean took a firm hold of the baby carriage handle and pushed the carriage towards the far end of the bridge. The Dutch mother walked quietly alongside him. They approached the guard at the far end of the bridge, nonchalantly strolled

past and continued on down the village street. When he was out of sight of the guard MacLean handed over control of the baby carriage to its rightful owner and quickly departed. Not a word had been spoken between them, but the Dutch woman had made a valuable contribution to the escape of an Allied airman.

The tension, for the moment, was over but freedom was a long way off and the way there was still not very clear. To avoid entering any more towns, MacLean started using side roads and, while on this roundabout route, he came across a houseboat tied up to a grassy bank on a tributary of the Maas river. The owner of the houseboat, his wife and their four children welcomed MacLean to their floating home. Their help was much appreciated and badly needed as MacLean's back, injured in the parachute landing, was beginning to bother him. He was a guest of his waterborne benefactors for six weeks before they were able to arrange for his transportation to another location. A Dutch ex-army officer friend of theirs contacted a priest who said he would take MacLean to the town of Weert near the Belgian border. One of the children from the houseboat took MacLean to the railway station in Zaltbommel, bought him a train ticket and discreetly pointed out the priest sitting on a nearby bench. After several trains had come and gone the priest stood up as another train approached. MacLean did likewise. The train stopped and the priest climbed into a coach. MacLean moved further down the coach and sat by himself. They travelled all day, changing trains several times and in the evening they reached their destination. At no time were the priest and MacLean ever together. They did not speak nor even exchange glances. For all intents and purposes they were simply two separate passengers on a train. But, in spite of all these precautions, the gallant priest was later in the war arrested and shot by the Gestapo for helping Allied airmen.

When MacLean got off the train at the final station he was met by a young lad of about 16 years old. The boy had two bicycles and gave one to MacLean to ride. The operation

was obviously well planned but it had hit a snag. In the part of Prince Edward Island where MacLean had grown up as a boy, bicycles were not a popular item so he had never learned to ride one. Undaunted by this setback, the young resistance member climbed onto his own bicycle and motioned MacLean onto the bar. In this fashion the two of them started off on the final lap to the Belgian border. When they neared the frontier they got off the bicycle and took to the grain fields. Lying flat on the ground in a field of waving wheat they watched a house on the Belgian side of the international boundary. Presently a woman came out of the house and hung a galvanized iron

followed them. He joined up with them a few blocks away from the pub and took turns riding on each of their bicycles. After a journey of some 10 miles they turned off at a farmhouse near Rothem, where one of the Belgians lived. Here MacLean stayed with the Peeters family for almost two weeks while fake identity papers and other documents needed for illicit travelling were prepared. When all was ready the next lap of the hazardous journey was begun. A mining engineer took MacLean by train to Brussels where he was brought to another engineer's home.

### AN INTERROGATION

The business of passing evaders



Flight Lieutenant MacLean poses with the Peeters family, his underground hosts in Rothem, Belgium. On the far right is Albert Peeters, one of the young men who met him at Molenbeersel and took him by bicycle to Rothem.

washing tub on a nail. That was it. This pre-arranged signal meant that the coast was clear, there were no border guards around. MacLean and his young Dutch friend scampered across the border into Belgium. They made their way to a nearby pub, in the town of Molenbeersel, and sat down with two Belgians sitting at a nearby table. It was the last thing the Dutch member of the organization could do for him; from then on MacLean's fate was in Belgian hands.

When they finished their drinks the two men got up and left. MacLean

along the underground railroad was a hazardous occupation. Any mistake, or betrayal, meant that lives were lost and the whole organization thrown into jeopardy. To guard against this unhappy occurrence, members of the underground knew only their immediate co-workers so that, in case of detection, only a minimum number of people would be apprehended. The chain, minus the broken link, would then still be intact. Another safeguard practised by the underground was interrogation of the people they were helping to determine that they were,

in fact, genuine and not enemy agents trying to infiltrate the organization. When an officer of the underground questioned MacLean, a difficult situation arose. One of the first items the officer asked about was the RAF leave form. Since MacLean had not been on leave since his arrival in England he was not able to answer the question. This aroused the officer's suspicions as he could not believe that a member of the RCAF would not know what a leave pass looked like. The interrogator, however, had a good knowledge of the area where MacLean was based and, as he asked further questions and received satisfactory answers, his suspicions were allayed. Having finally established his identity, to the satisfaction of his visitor, MacLean was moved to another house in Brussels where an Australian and a Welshman later joined him. The three Allied servicemen were informed that they would be going by the Comet Line, the code name for an underground escape route. But no information was given as to where this led or by what route.

The first move along the Comet Line was an international one. From Belgium the three evaders were taken to France. On the train enroute they observed the usual precautionary measures namely, sitting by themselves so that, in case they were apprehended, no one would know who their guides were. But all went well and, in due course, they arrived in Paris where they joined a Scot and a Pole. After a two and a half week stay in the French capital they were on the move again. With a Belgian girl acting as their guide, they went by train to Bordeaux then to St. Jean de Luz in the shadow of the Pyrenees. How many people had already risked their lives for them they would never know. But now they were on the fringe of freedom thanks to the unlimited courage and self-sacrifice of many civilians who would have met sudden death if their activities had been known.

One large and one small hurdle still remained before they were free. The big problem was getting over the Pyrenees, the small problem was getting out of the hands of Spanish authorities who would certainly jail

them once they turned themselves in. First came the big problem. A Spaniard, who had fought on the losing side in the Spanish civil war, agreed to guide them into his former homeland. Obtaining a guide for the crossing of the Pyrenees was one thing, the actual crossing was to be quite another. On a dark and foggy night they started out in Indian file. The fog changed to pouring rain, adding substantially to the danger of climbing the precipitous slopes and the climbing became progressively more difficult as they worked their way through thorns and broken rocks to circumvent German patrols. It was an uncomfortable experience and a hazardous ordeal. If the Pyrenees had looked formidable by day, by night they appeared almost insurmountable. But, there was no turning back. All night they climbed with no time for rest and towards morning in a mountain valley they forded the Bidassoa River, then crossed a railroad. They were now in Spain. MacLean looked at his watch. It was 3:45 — 11 weeks previously to the hour he had bailed out of his crippled *Halifax*.

The first day on Spanish territory was spent in a shepherd's house recuperating from the gruelling experience of the previous night. When evening came the five evaders, the Belgian girl, Dedee, and the Spanish guide walked into the town of San

Sebastian. There they went to a house where shelter from the night had been arranged.

Contact had been prearranged with the British Embassy in Madrid and arrangements were made to rendezvous with an embassy car the following morning. The next day the five men waited anxiously for their first contact with one of their own people. Finally, a chauffeur-driven Buick skidded to a stop before them in a cloud of dust. It was one of the finest sights they had ever seen. The long drive back to the embassy, during which time they had no need to hide but could gape around like tourists, was sheer luxury.

There was only one more problem to be resolved, that of getting to Gibraltar. The problem was in capable hands. The Spanish authorities were informed that the men were from the British garrison at Gibraltar and had overstayed their leave. They were turned over to the Spanish police who dutifully escorted the "AWOL soldiers" back to the British territory.

Two days later MacLean boarded a troopship bound for Britain. His sojourn was almost over. In approximately three months he had travelled through Holland, Belgium, France and Spain — a lot of country, a lot of scenery but he had seen Europe the hard way.

Flight Lieutenant Maclean attends the funeral of one of his guides, Frederic-Emile De Jongh. Shot by the Gestapo, Mr. De Jongh's body was repatriated to Brussels in 1946. The girl in the foreground of the front row is Miss Dédé De Jongh, G.M., his youngest daughter, who was head of the Comet Line and was F/L Maclean's guide from Paris to San Sebastian.





Seen here is the air and groundcrew team that swept the RCAF's European based Air Division to its third straight win of the coveted Gwynemer Trophy.

## THREE IN A ROW

“**T**HEY should let you chaps keep it — you’ve won it three times now,” quipped an RAF pilot after the Canadian Air Division team had been named winners of the Gwynemer trophy for the third consecutive year at the 1960 air gunnery meet at Cazaux, France.

If any of the 36-man RCAF air and ground crew felt the same way, they said nothing. They were content in knowing that they had, once again, captured the European NATO air-to-air gunnery championship, this time against stiff competition offered by seven other crack teams from five countries.

The Gwynemer trophy was first put up for competition in 1958 by NATO’s Allied Air Forces Central Europe. The RCAF entered a team which won it handily, over teams from the Royal

Air Force’s NATO-assigned forces in Germany, the French Air Defence Command and the Netherlands and Belgian Air Forces. The RCAF score was nearly double that of the second-place RAF team.

The following year competition was stiffer with eight teams in the meet. Opposing the Canadians were teams from the RAF in Germany, RAF Fighter Command, the French Air Defence Command, French First Tactical Air Force, the United States Air Force in Europe and the Netherlands and Belgian Air Forces. Once again the RCAF came out on top ahead of the RAF Fighter Command team. In addition, the Canadians swept the three top individual scoring honours. The team-score margin was closer than the year previous but they were still 270 points ahead of their

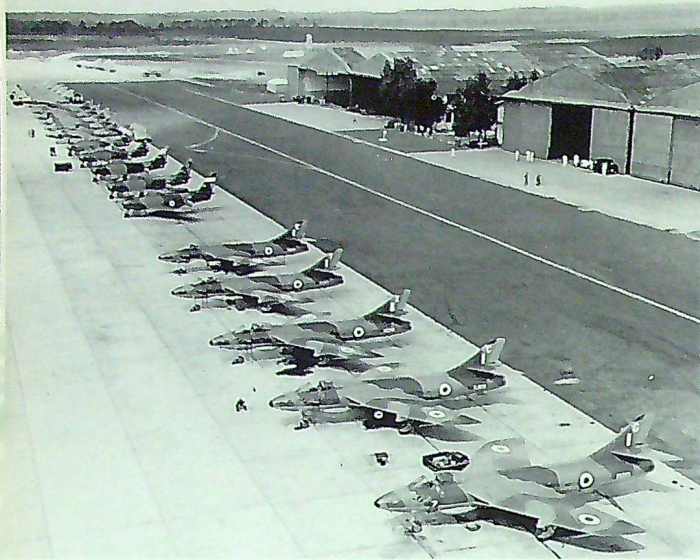
closest opposition and they had lead the scoring from their first sorties.

This year it was different. The Canadian fliers won, but they had to do it the hard way, after trailing in fourth spot with three-quarters of the scoring finished.

The Gwynemer trophy meet is divided into two one-week periods, each team doing its firing during one of them.

Each of the teams fields a squad of 36 officers and airmen. Five of these are pilots, the remainder forming a supporting ground crew element. Scoring is on the basis of marks registered on cine-gun and live gunnery exercises.

Each team flies three cine-gun sorties by four pilots, and then flies a similar number of live gunnery exercises. The trophy goes to the team



Aircraft of four nations competing in the Guynemer Trophy competition line up on the tarmac at the French Air Force base, Cazaux, France.



An officer of the Royal Hellenic Air Force counts .50 calibre machine gun ammunition before being placed in a Sabre jet fighter of the RCAF's Air Division Guynemer Trophy team.

putting up the top total.

The fifth or alternate pilot does not sit about, waiting for one of his teammates to come down with mumps. Every time that a team's four-man pilot squad taxis to the runway's end to take off on a point-scoring sortie the alternate pilot is alongside in his aircraft, ready to take off himself should a sudden unserviceability develop. The RCAF "sub" did just that this year, and he helped to keep the trophy in Canadian hands, coming through with a top score when it was badly needed.

Cine-gun sorties involve the pilots tracking another aircraft, keeping it in their sights during a stipulated interval — not as easy as it sounds with the target plane weaving at near the speed of sound at 35,000 feet. The resultant films are screened by the judges, who accord a score depending on what shows in the cine footage.

Live gunnery sorties are flown against targets, known as banners, towed behind another jet aircraft at 25,000 feet. Measuring 30 x 6 feet, the targets are woven plastic mesh, and bullets passing through them leave holes which are later counted by the judges.

Flying during the meet's first week

were teams from the RAF Fighter Command, French Air Defence Command, and the Netherlands and Danish air forces.

Top score for its first period was notched up by the RAF team, which registered 1093.5 in the cine-gun sorties and added 147 in live gunnery for a 1240.5 total.

The following Monday the RCAF team arrived from the Air Weapons Unit at Decimomannu, brown after three weeks of training under the fierce Sardinian sun. Flying with them during the meet's second week were squads from the RAF NATO-assigned elements in Germany, the French First Tactical Air Command, and the Belgian Air Force.

The Canadians had four teams to beat: the RAF Fighter Command with its first-week score of 1240.5, and the three teams flying during their period.

On the two previous occasions when they had won the trophy, the Canadians had found themselves slightly outscored in each case by the second-place team in the cine-gun portion of the meet, but their wide superiority in the live gunnery had pushed them far ahead in final total points standings.

This year they were again depending on their traditional ability with "hot" guns against a towed target but had a tougher row to hoe.

In 1958 and 1959 the live gunnery scores were automatically coupled, to bring them closer to the cine-gun marks registered. This was to the Canadians' advantage, with their demonstrated live-gunnery ability. This year the scoring system was changed, and actual live gunnery marks were added to cine-gun scores for a final total.

As the first cine-gun marks were posted the Canadians saw themselves falling behind. Their cine-gun scoring was good — better than they had ever done before at the annual Cazaux meet — but other teams were posting extraordinary marks. The Canadians could only do their best and hope that they could stay close enough to catch up when the live gunnery began. It was an anxious time, for a jammed camera or a dud score by any one of the pilots could drop them back too far to catch up during the live gunnery scoring.

On Wednesday the four teams had all flown off the last of their three cine-gun sorties and when scores were posted the Canadians were in fourth

place at the meet's half-way mark.

The RAF Fighter Command team which had shot the previous week had rolled up 1093.5 in their cine-gun exercises and stood in first place. In second spot came the Belgian Air Force with 1016.5, with the German-based RAF team two points behind. The RCAF total stood at 1002.7, nearly 200 points better than the Canadians had rolled up in cine-gun scoring the year before, but still only good for fourth spot.

The Canadians weren't too worried about the RAF Fighter Command team, although they technically stood in first place. They had completed their flying, and their total score stood posted at 1240.5. The RCAF boys felt sure their live gunnery would pull them past this mark — barring bad luck.

They didn't know, though, what the other RAF squad and the Belgians would do with their live guns, and they both stood ahead of the Canadians.

The Canadian pilots came down from their first live gunnery sortie without making any claims. They felt they had done well, but they wanted to see the scores posted on the big

official black scoreboard which was a constant centre of interest throughout the meet.

When the first live gunnery scores went up there were smiles on the faces of the Canadians. Their pilots had shot what proved to be the meet's highest single live gunnery sortie. It pulled them slightly ahead of the German-based RAF and the Belgian teams, and gave them a good chance of passing the 1240.5 score posted by the RAF Fighter Command squad of the previous week.

But both the RAF and Belgians shooting with the Canadians were scoring well and it was still a close thing, not to be decided until the final live sortie was marked on the board.

The Canadians' mark in their second live sortie pulled them past the score registered the week before by RAF Fighter Command, and ahead of the RAF-Germany and Belgian teams flying against them, but there was one more exercise to do.

When the scores of the final sortie went up it was the Canadians again — for the third time. Outscored in the cine-gun portion of the meet, their live gunnery had pulled it out for them, and they were in first place by

100 points.

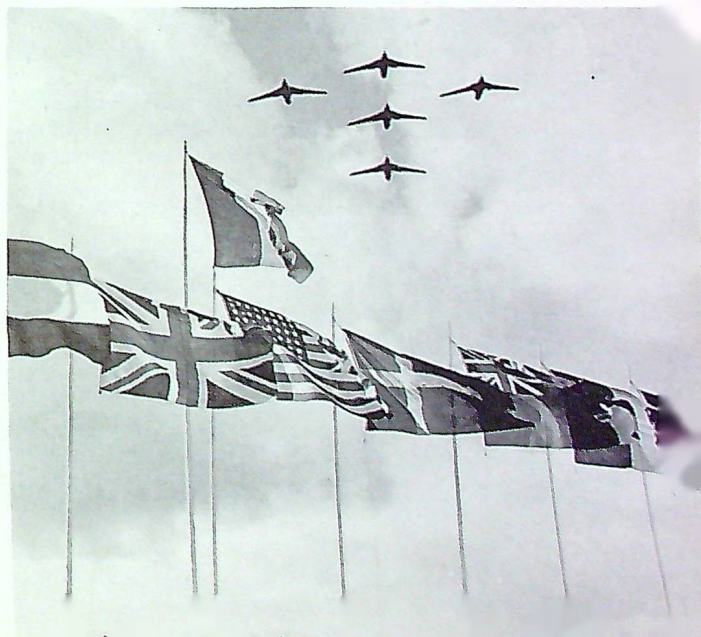
The RCAF crews had rolled up 1397.7, second spot going to the RAF flyers from Germany, with 1257.8. In third place came the RAF Fighter Command, whose 1240.5 stood up just enough to nose out the Belgians with 1234.5.

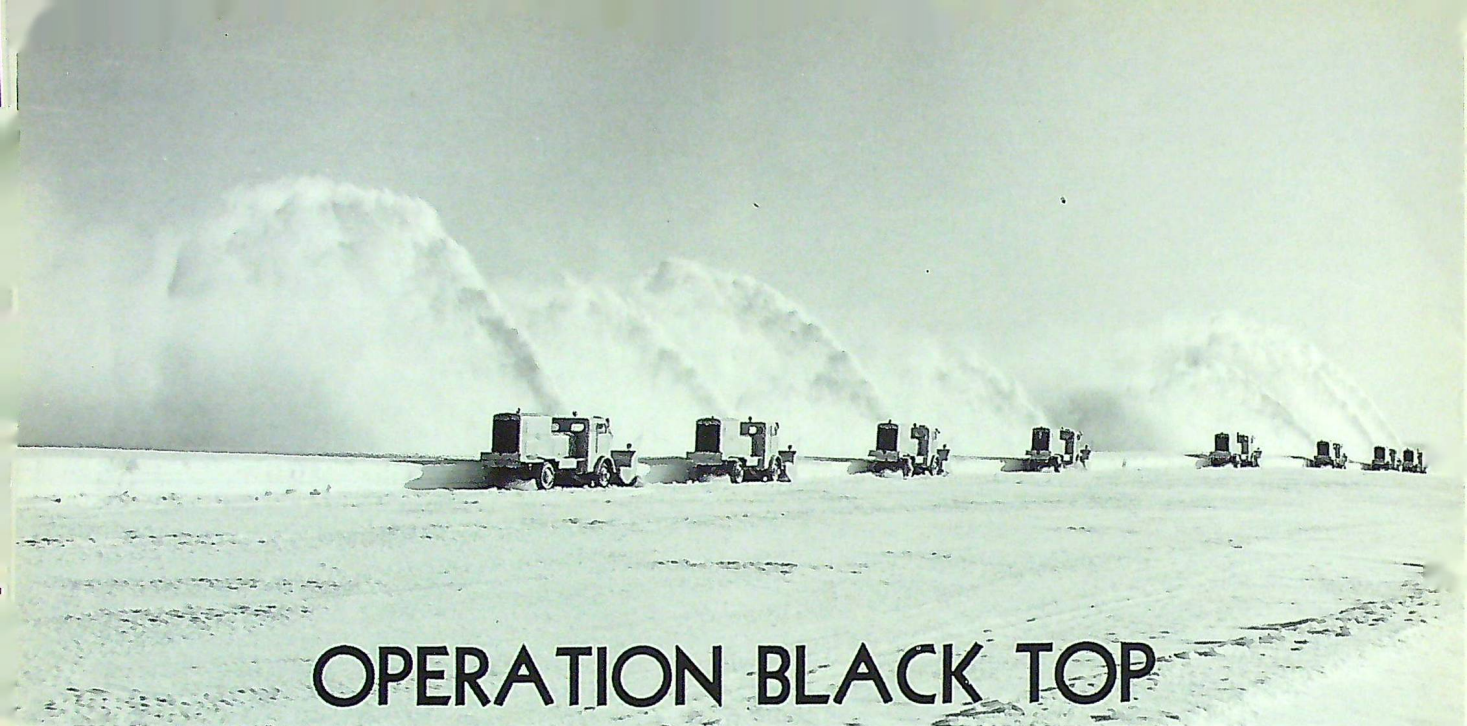
In addition, the Canadians had come up with the first and second top individual scorers. F/O A. McMullan, who flies with No. 427 (Lion) Squadron, No. 3 Fighter Wing, Zweibrucken, scored 355.3 points and was the meet's high scorer. On his heels came F/O W. McArthur, a member of No. 422 (Tomahawk) Squadron, No. 4 Fighter Wing, Baden-Soellingen, with 352.5 points. A young New Zealander from Auckland, F/O McArthur was the only Canadian pilot "repeater" from last year's team.

Other members of the RCAF flying team were F/L R. Spencer (team captain) from No. 430 (Silver Falcon) Squadron, No. 2 Fighter Wing, Grostenquin; F/O G. Tremblay, from No. 439 (Sabre Tooth Tiger) Squadron, No. 1 Fighter Wing, Marville, and F/O N. Granley, from No. 444 (Cobra) Squadron, No. 4 Fighter Wing.

Marking a *drogue* fired on by an RCAF team is an officer from the Royal Hellenic Air Force, while behind him marking down the hits as he calls them out is an American Air Force Sergeant, an officer of the Italian Air Force and a member of the Royal Air Force.

Five *Hunter* aircraft of the Royal Danish Air Force fly low in an aerial salute to NATO flags after completing air-to-air firing during the 1960 Guynemer Trophy shoot.





# OPERATION BLACK TOP

By GROUP CAPTAIN W. M. DIGGLE  
Director of Mobile Support Equipment

Down through the years the skirmishes, campaigns and wars which enliven the pages of history were fought either in spring, summer or fall. Those who dared to expose their armies to the hazards of winter, lived to regret it, the classic example of this being Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. In this day and age, however, no armed service can afford the luxury of waiting for the snow to go before resuming its effectiveness.

The RCAF must operate more effectively in its own Canadian environment than any enemy. Two of the difficulties of the Canadian environment are the snow and ice of winter. Not all of us drive equally well on ice or keep our driveways equally serviceable. Even the several departments of highways are not equally effective. However, national survival requires that the runways serving an all-weather squadron be usable and safe for aircraft take-offs and landings at all times in sun, rain, snow or sleet.

Snow control equipment has tried to keep pace with the evolution in operation of RCAF aircraft. How successful this attempt has been can be seen by the facts. At one time it was acceptable to stand down twice each year when it was impracticable to operate on wheels, floats or skis. Later, in a predominantly wheeled era, the snow was compacted and it was customary to stand down for the duration of the spring break-up. Progressively it became more necessary to remove snow to ensure all year operation of aircraft until now, delays of minutes duration are not tolerated.

Records of average snowfall in areas across Canada in which the RCAF has established air stations is indicative, but not conclusive evidence, of the extent of the problem at each station. In any year the snowfall may vary plus or minus approximately 50%. Equipment must be developed and provided to each station to cope with maximum snowfalls and drifts as

recorded in the year. Many organizations and agencies are concerned with the problems created by snow and ice. Central Experimental and Proving Establishment's Mobile Support Equipment Detachment have tested equipment and developed various mechanical improvements and operating techniques. Canadian industry has done much valuable work in the development of suitable equipment and Canada's Defence Research Board has done its bit in the battle against snow and ice by evaluating chemicals used for ice control. The National Research Council is also available when required to study certain aspects of the problem. On the international level, the US Army has made substantial contributions through the work of its Ice and Permafrost Establishment and the USAF carries out a test and evaluation program.

From all this research and development the RCAF has naturally benefited and the service now has some of

the finest snow removal equipment in existence. Three relatively new pieces of equipment form the backbone of the apparatus available to the unit construction engineer officer in meeting his runway maintenance responsibilities. They are the high speed sweeper and the high speed blower which operate together to form a new concept in snow removal operations and the latest in ice control equipment, the flusher.

The sweeper is towed behind a three-ton dump truck at speeds up to 25 mph and clears a 12-foot swath. Its application is limited to light snows (up to two inches) and to cleaning off all residue after blower and plow operations. The high speed blower is a fascinating machine to watch in action even though its "high speed" of 40 mph is moderate by aircraft or even automobile standards. The blower is capable of discharging 30 tons of snow (10 pounds per cubic foot) per minute and casting it a distance of 200 feet. At this rate two blowers and two sweepers can completely clear a four-inch snowfall off an 8,000-foot runway in less than 20 minutes.

The development of the blower into a very useful piece of equipment proved the worth of a test project, engineering staffs and the excellent

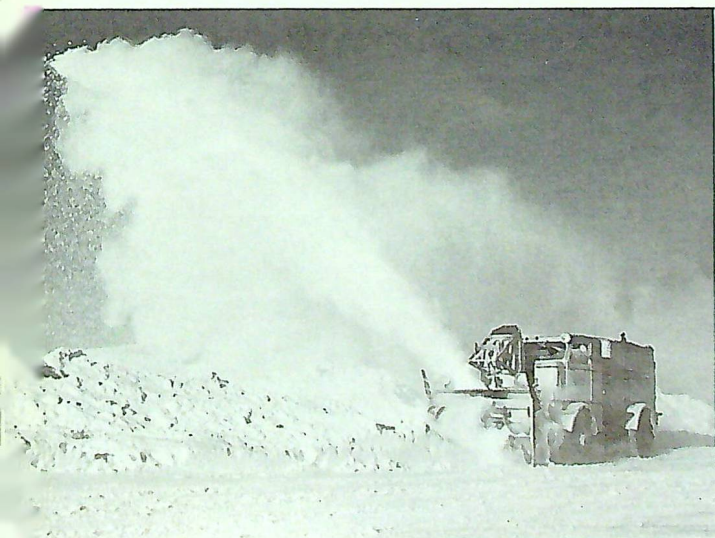
co-operation of the prime contractor and of the US military. Originally it was powered by a 600 hp engine which had been estimated by the manufacturer to be adequate for the job. However, it proved to be like continuous operation of an aero engine at takeoff power. Consequently, two engines failed after only a few hours in service. Fortunately, US Army Ordnance had an engine of 750 hp which a civilian company was able to re-engineer to meet RCAF criteria. The engine had to deliver the high torque values required throughout a range of engine speeds representative of the blower's cruise requirements. Among the changes which were found necessary before the blower could be considered adequate for service use were: improved weight distribution to make the unit laterally stable under load and therefore more effective; increased brake capacity to avoid excessive fading due to overheating; increased axle capacity to avoid failure and therefore lost time in operation; and improved design in the front blower to take advantage of the ram effect of the mouldboard.

This unit, with the new engine and other improvements, was tested again this past winter to ensure, in so far as possible, that the units would be as reliable in the last storm of the winter

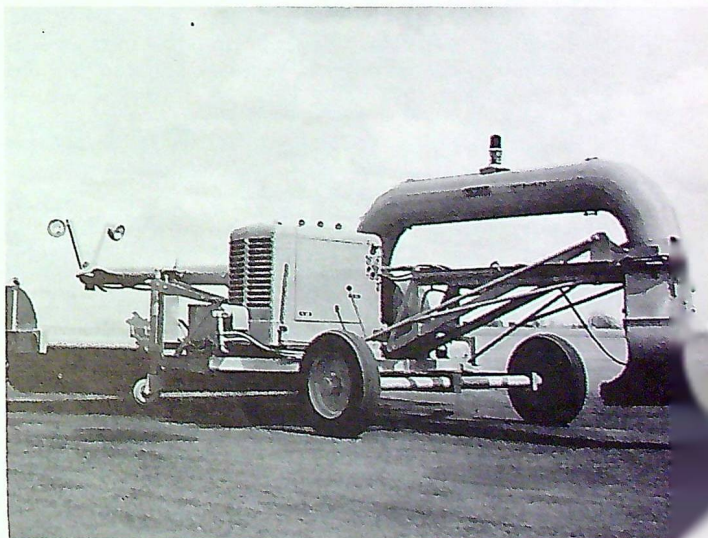
as in the first.

The control of ice on runways has created a situation which seems at first glance to be as anomalous as "fight fire with fire" in that CEPE has evolved a technique which fights ice with ice. There are two circumstances which require immediate corrective action in order to maintain a safe and serviceable runway: first, the effect produced by freezing rain and secondly, the effect of freeze after thaw. Under these conditions traction for aircraft braking must be provided on tarmacs and runways more quickly than it is possible to melt the ice by chemical or other means. Sand has been used to excellent advantage for years. However, with the advent of jet aircraft the sand showed too great a tendency to dislodge and blow away, often into the intake of the fighter following behind. Various methods of heating sand were tried, the principle being that the hot sand would embed itself and thus be bonded to the ice. In practice this worked very well, except that when the ice was patchy the sand still blew. In addition, the heating installations were inclined to be expensive and inefficient. The technique which best met all criteria of cost, speed of application and effectiveness, employed the common sander on the rear of a five-ton dump

A high speed blower equipped with a 750 hp. engine.



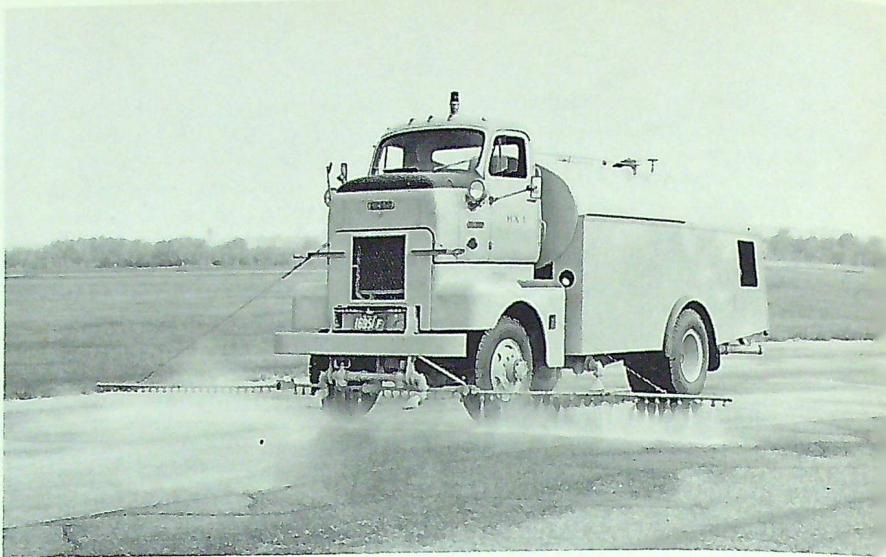
A sweeper towed behind a three-ton dump truck at speeds up to 25 mph. can clear a 12-foot swath.



truck to distribute the sand over the runway surface, followed at a distance of approximately 15 feet by a water flusher.

The amount of water applied to the runway is equivalent to a light rain shower which dampens one's shirt — enough moisture to bond each particle of sand to the ice and tarmac surface, but not enough to soak it. Using a 24-foot spreader bar and moving at 20 mph a landing strip can be prepared in a matter of minutes in event of an emergency. A complete fighter station runway can be serviced in 35 minutes by using two units. Subsequently, of course, both the old and the new ice must be loosened by sun or chemicals and then be removed by the sweepers in order to complete "operation black top". Although various chemicals have been tested from time to time, common chlorides are not acceptable for this use.

In addition to the job of maintaining runways, hangar aprons and aircraft run-up areas, station roads must also be kept open for the aircraft wheels to turn. In some instances it is feasible to use runway equipment in a second priority task; in others it is



Another handy tool of the snow-removal trade is the flusher which can cope with icy runways in a matter of minutes.

necessary to use other equipment more commonly seen in civilian communities where similar problems exist.

The USAF has a program of test and evaluation of equipment which is similar in principle but which usually does not duplicate that of the RCAF; thus, by exchange of information and some integration of tests both pro-

grams work to our mutual advantage.

Our objective has been set and tests have proved it feasible to maintain runways in black top condition by the proper application of equipment which is now in use. By using to good advantage the three Es — engineering, education and experience — we have made and still continue to make progress.

## Commemorating Gallantry

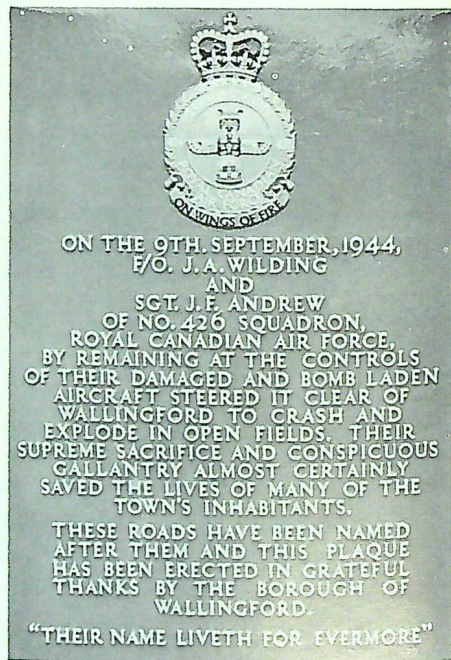
A SIMPLE but moving ceremony was carried out recently in the town of Wallingford, Berkshire, England to commemorate the gallantry of two air force fliers who lost their lives 16 years ago.

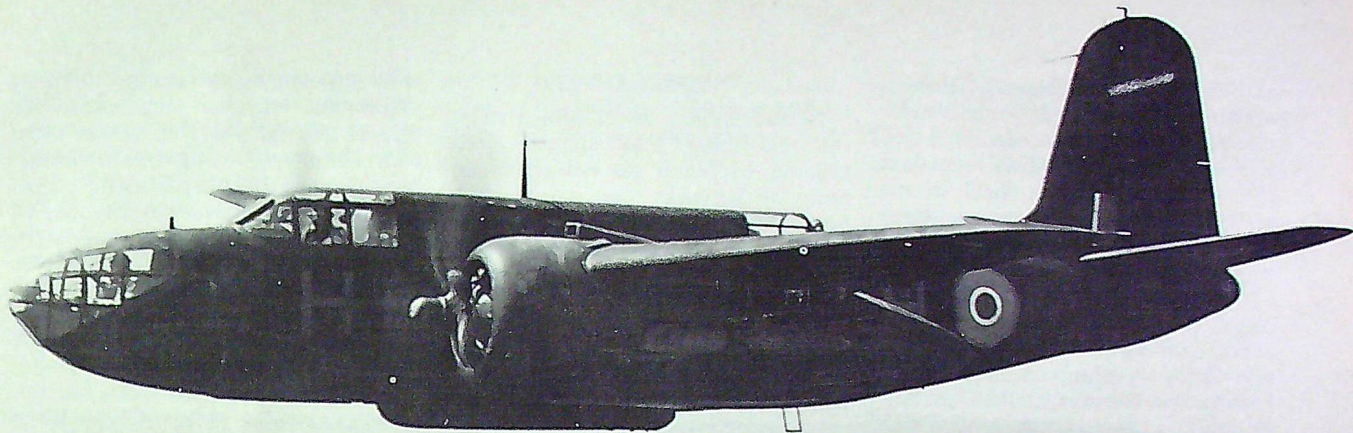
Wing Commander D. A. Maclean, DFM, representing the High Commissioner for Canada, unveiled a memorial which recalled the conspicuous valour of two members of the RCAF's wartime No. 426 (Bomber) Squadron.

On the night of 19 September 1944, F/O J. A. Wilding and his crew were detailed to take part in a bombing sortie to Le Havre. On arrival over the city it was found necessary to call off the attack due to a heavy overcast condition. While returning to base F/O Wilding's aircraft was hit by

enemy ground fire which started a fire between the two port engines. As the aircraft neared the town of Wallingford the order was given to the crew to bail out. F/O Wilding and his flight engineer, FS J. F. Andrews, RAF, elected to stay with the crippled aircraft in order to avoid hitting the town of Wallingford. They managed to keep the bomber airborne over the town and crashed in open fields. Both F/O Wilding and FS Andrews were killed.

The gallantry and self-sacrifice of the two fliers has not been forgotten by the town of Wallingford. Sixteen years after the event the memory of their deed remains fresh in the minds of the townspeople, or, to quote from the commemorative plaque, "Their names liveth for ever more".





# INTRUDER

BY SQUADRON LEADER A. P. HEATHCOTE  
Air Historical Branch

## The first of five parts of No. 418 Squadron history

IT IS one of perhaps a thousand nights on which Bomber Command operated during the Second World War. The vanguard of a bomber stream bound for an industrial centre in the heart of Germany crosses the Dutch coast. Air gunners scan the darkness for signs of an enemy who, sooner or later, is bound to be there.

Farther inland, many thousands of feet below, aerial gunfire resounds, punctuated by a pinpoint of flame which blossoms into a ball of fire. Presently a black-crossed night-fighter lies broken and burning on the edge of its own airfield. Nearby a winged phantom bobs and weaves at tree-top height among bursts of flak. Though seemingly in an altogether different sphere of operations, the low-level drama is very much a part of the main show up above. Its leading performer is a breed of aerial fighter whose battlefield is the enemy aircraft's very own back-yard — the intruder.

Not all the work of the intruders

was in concert with Bomber Command's. More often than not, in fact, their sorties had no connection with bombing operations. Their bomber-co-operation did, however, have a double significance in that it enabled them not only to assist in the all-important strategic bombing campaign, but also, through their own direct assault, to cut down the Luftwaffe's strength and dislocate the enemy's air effort generally.

One of the truly outstanding of all such units was the original intruder squadron of the RCAF and the second to be formed in Fighter Command — 418, which, in the war's late stages, became the RCAF's only nocturnal close support unit. This is its story.

• • •

Near the English village of Debden, Essex, there began to assemble, on 15 November 1941, members of a newly authorized RCAF squadron assigned to No. 11 Group, Fighter Command.

The first to arrive knew nothing of what lay ahead. Having simply volunteered for "special work", they had not the slightest notion that they were the nucleus of the first Canadian intruder squadron. They could not then foresee that theirs was to become the highest-scoring unit of the RCAF and indeed one of the top combat organizations of the Allied Air Forces.

The squadron's original aircrew personnel were a heterogeneous group of young and inexperienced Canadians, fresh from OTUs in Canada, and Englishmen with operational records dating back to the Battle of Britain. The pilots were predominantly RAF, whereas most of the observers and wireless-operator air gunners were RCAF. Included in the non-Canadian aircrew element were a sprinkling of New Zealanders and Americans and a citizen of Mexico.

Backing up the aircrew on the ground with the brand of technical know-how indispensable to any flying squadron's efficiency was a band of

aero-engine and airframe mechanics, armourers, and radio and radar mechanics, whose ranks included alumni of the first RCAF squadron to see service overseas. Each of the air and ground components was therefore built around a nucleus taught by experience.

Charged with drilling this assemblage of individuals into a cohesive combat unit was W/C G. H. Gatheral, RAF. Assisting him as flight commanders were S/L P. S. A. Anderson and S/L F. C. Hopcroft, DFC, both RAF. The three were trebly handicapped almost from the very beginning. First, because of an accommodation shortage, the aircrew and ground-crew were situated for two-to-three weeks in two widely separated camps, the former at Debden and the latter at Martlesham Heath, nearly 50 miles away. Secondly, the English weather was as unfavourable for flying as it could get. Snow, sleet, low "clag", fog, and ground frost — in fact, every one of Nature's dirty tricks except the hurricane and the hailstorm — precluded flying training (day and night) on 20 days of December, 15 days of January, and 16 days of February. Thirdly, the degree of aircraft unserviceability was abnormally high, the lack of spares being largely responsible.

With the weather dictating terms, it was not until the middle of February that an intensive night-training program got under way. Then, within two weeks, there were two serious flying accidents, four aircrew fatalities and two wrecked *Bostons* resulting therefrom.

After some five weeks of concentrated training the unit was declared operational. At 2000 hours on 22 March 1942 it was placed at readiness, but, as visibility was below the limit prescribed for take-off, it was released at an early hour. This frustrating procedure was repeated twice more in the next three days. Meanwhile 72 aircrew (two-thirds of whom were RCAF) stood by, waiting for action. Supporting them were 254 groundcrew. At dispersal stood nine intruder-type *Bostons* (MK III), fuelled, armed, bombed-up, and ready to go.

## THE REAL THING

In the evening of 27 March came the real thing. The squadron was ordered to bomb oil refineries and tanks at Ertvelde, near Ghent, Belgium. At 2035 hours F/O J. D. W. Willis, with observer Sgt. J. E. C. Pringle and air-gunner Sgt. B. F. Filliter, made 418's first operational take-off. Willis and crew would normally have been the first of 418 to attack the enemy, but they were dogged by misfortune in the form of "hang-ups" that defied two attempts to bomb. The honour therefore fell to the crew of Sgts. G. W. C. Harding, R. P. Shannon and R. G. Dusten, who attacked at 2150 hours from 3000 feet. All seven crews, whose bombs (four-250-pounders each) behaved, claimed to have bombed in the target area. As many as eight fires visible from 40 miles away were started, and one skipper counted about ten large orange flashes occurring after his attack; all of which would suggest that 418 had "struck oil" on its very first attempt. Complete tactical surprise appeared to have been achieved, for neither flak bar-

° Bombs which remained in their racks when the bomb-release button was pressed.

rages nor searchlights were experienced during the actual attack. In point of fact, throughout the entire operation the enemy's defences were surprisingly inconspicuous.

Although the operation had to be adjudged a success, it was, for an intruder unit, somewhat out-of-character. Considering the strategic nature of the target, it would have been a much more likely objective for heavy bombers. Moreover, during 418's "intruder" period this was by no means to be the only variation from the dominant theme of operations.

The first genuine intruder assignment came less than 24 hours later, when the destination was that traditional haunt of the night prowler — the enemy airfield. Four crews were detailed to patrol fields at Lille and Vendeville, France, and at Gilze-Rijen, Holland, while two more, flying from Tangmere in co-operation with 23 Squadron, were to cover Rennes, Le Touquet, and Abbeville aerodromes. One of these sorties led to the squadron's first sighting of an airborne enemy. Sgt. Stone spotted an E/A° approaching to land on an illuminated flarepath of an unspecified aerodrome. He closed on it and was

° enemy aircraft

Maps are studied prior to a sortie. On the left is the squadron's first CO W/C G. H. Gatheral, RAF



about to open fire when a double-red intruder-warning signal was fired from the field. Then, almost simultaneously, two things happened: the enemy pilot doused his lights and the flarepath lights went out. His erstwhile quarry lost, Stone could now only circle and wait. In a few minutes the flarepath lights re-appeared, whereupon he went in and deposited three 250-pounders along a stretch of the runway-in-use.

Frustrations similar to Stone's were to be experienced by many a crew of 418. They came to be accepted more-or-less as occupational hazards. Nevertheless partial compensation could be had by dropping explosive calling-cards on Jerry's doorstep. S/L Anderson, for another example, bombed Le Touquet airfield after being balked at Abbeville, which was completely blacked out. F/O Caldwell, having seen no activity while circling dromes at Gilze-Rijen for 40 minutes, dropped incendiaries on a rail junction near Tilburg.

So far the squadron had avoided casualties on operations, but in its training during the period it was a different story. In the three days after the above operation there were two serious training accidents. One was fatal to three aircrew carrying out a night-flying test. The other occurred when a *Boston* overshot on landing, crashed into a fence, and burst into flame. Its crew scrambled away unharmed, but then some bombs aboard began to explode. Within range of the shrapnel were W/C Gatheral and P/O J. H. A. Muirhead, squadron signals officer, who had rushed to the aircraft to render assistance. Both were injured seriously enough to require hospitalization, the CO with a broken eardrum, being lost to the squadron for a month. Acting CO for the period was recently-promoted W/C Hopcroft.

The squadron's third aircraft loss in four days came on 2 April and also involved its first personnel losses on operations. Two *Bostons* were sent out that night to intrude over Poix and Beauvais airfields, one failing to return. Heading 418's Roll of Honour were the names of an all-RAF crew — F/L A. T. Love, FS H. E. D. Tilby,

and FS M. N. Bunting. They were buried in a military cemetery at Montdidier, 25 miles equidistant from Poix and Beauvais.

#### DUMMY AIRFIELD

On this operation the squadron was introduced to the dummy enemy airfield. The other crew intruding that night, skippered by P/O P. K. White, spotted one at Nivillers which probably functioned to decoy our intruders away from Beauvais, some three miles to the south-west. It had a short flarepath with a wood at one end. To heighten the illusion of reality and entice the *Boston* to waste its bombs, some intrepid individual fired off a green flare at the leeward end of the "runway in use". At certain dummy fields elaborate methods were used in an effort to simulate the genuine article. Fake taxi-strips led from phony aircraft-shelters to a spurious perimeter track, all this being encompassed by a make-believe boundary lighting system. In at least one case Jerry even "grew" a small wood off one corner of a dummy field to make it look like a real aerodrome nearby. The dummy-airfield device was part of a fantastic game of deception between the enemy and our night-prowlers. As will be seen, the latter occasionally reciprocated.

On eight more nights before the middle of April the intruders were at work. They bombed Lille marshalling-yard, airfields at Vendeville, Eindhoven, Gilze, and Haamstede, and a factory at Nijmegen; they identified as dummies three other airfields; they were forced by coastal fog to turn back from Abbeville; they were coned by searchlights over Southend; and they saw no sign of an enemy aircraft. They also suffered their second operational loss, the team of F/O Willis, RAF, and Sgts. Pringle and Filliter, both Canadians, failing to return on the 13th. The trio were the first members of 418 to sign the guest-book of a prisoner-of-war camp.

On the morning of 14 April the unit undertook a move to bleak Bradwell Bay, on the Essex coast. Despite the confusion that accompanied the move, only two nights'

operations were missed.

By 26 April the unit had logged 45 operational sorties without as much as firing at anything airborne, let alone shooting it down. Number 46 broke the goose egg. Shortly after one o'clock in the morning of that April day a *Boston* manned by Sgts. G. W. C. Harding, R. P. Shannon, and H. J. H. Irving began a patrol of Evreux airfield and district. The weather, featuring rain showers and a ragged cloud base sagging below 2000 feet in spots, was not conducive to good hunting. Harding first made two wide circuits of the field and then went in for a closer look. Presently a bright-yellow horizontal beam, pointing north-east along the NE — SW runway, came on for a few moments, suggesting that something of an aeronautical nature was about to happen. It happened. An unidentified enemy aircraft burning navigation lights crossed the *Boston's* track at right angles. Harding banked steeply and positioned himself directly behind it. Closing the gap to a quarter of a mile, he opened fire with his four machine-guns. Three two-second bursts found the range and the E/A's lights went out in a hurry. Though hits were seen, nothing more materialized and the enemy disappeared. Nevertheless, to Sgt. Harding, whose crew had been the first of 418 to bomb the enemy, also went the distinction of fighting 418 Squadron's first air-to-air action. It was not conclusive but neither was it inconsequential, for it led to a valid claim of "one enemy aircraft damaged".

The first kill came only eleven nights later and in a most unexpected way. A *Boston*, manned by a crew of P/O A. ("Al") Lukas (RAF), Sgt. W. S. Randolph and Sgt. H. Haskell, reached its patrol airfield at Gilze just as the field's lights went out. For an hour and ten minutes Lukas orbited in wide circuits, keeping the field just within visual range. Then Gilze's visual lorenz<sup>o</sup> came on again and a single green rocket was fired, indicating "all clear" to pilots intending to land. Lukas made his bombing run immediately, releasing three 250-

<sup>o</sup> The visual aid-to-night-landing system of a Luftwaffe aerodrome.

pound H.E. and 90 four-lb. incendiary bombs at an oblique angle across the N.E.-S.W. runway. In the centre of the long line of incendiary bursts their appeared almost instantaneously a vivid yellow fire which eventually glowed brightly enough to light Randolph's navigation compartment. It was later learned that the incendiaries had set fire to an aircraft which had just touched down. This information was supplied by a P/O Scott, a *Hurricane* intruder pilot of 3 Squadron, who had gone in low to

apply the finisher only seconds after Lukas' bombing. The kill had therefore resulted from the combined efforts of an RCAF and an RAF intruder, one bombing from 5000 feet and the other strafing at low level. The official wording of the claim as it exists today in 418's records is, "One U/I E/A destroyed, shared with No. 3 Squadron".

This was only the fourth E/A reported seen by the squadron. For each sighting there had been something like seventeen fruitless patrols

involving orbiting for as long as an hour-and-a-half over defended areas. Crews were learning that in the science of aerial intrusion one of the prime virtues was indeed patience.

Ever more alert to the intruder threat, the enemy was making things hot for those who dared to interfere directly with the operations of its Luftwaffe. This was evident in the unit's losses, which were occurring more often than might have been expected. Out of 28 sorties despatched in the 23-day period ending on 20 May, for example, five led to non-returns. One of the missing captains was S/L Anderson; another was Sgt. Harding.

Near the end of the above period the squadron permanently lost the services of W/C Gatheral, who was posted on medical grounds. His successor was W/C A. E. Saunders (RAF), a veteran of three years' operations over India's north-west frontier.

#### CANNONS ARRIVE

Almost simultaneous with Saunders' arrival was the delivery of a *Boston* armed with cannon (underslung on the fuselage), an event indicative of a general strengthening of the unit's armament. *Boston* aircraft so equipped had shattering fire-power, with four 20-mm. cannon and four machine-guns spewing a concentrated cone of



While waiting to go on another intruder mission five sergeants play cards. The Sgts. (l. to r.) B. Filliter, E. Morton, E. Jones, R. Ratcliffe and G. Hardy.

They scored the squadron's first kill (l. to r.): Sgt. W. S. Randolph, P/O A. Lukes and Sgt. H. Haskell.



fire from the bottom half of the nose. Two more machine-guns in the dorsal position guarded the tail.

Two weeks after taking over 418 W/C Saunders led the unit on its most important operation yet undertaken. That was in support of Operation "Millenium" (30/31 May 1942), the first thousand-bomber raid in history, target of which was Cologne. The intruders, like the crews of "Millenium," were briefed to bomb, their targets being Leeuwarden and Soesterberg airfields. En route to the target one *Boston* was shadowed by two pairs of searchlight-equipped night-fighters, but violent corkscrew action threw them off. Four of five Soesterberg raiders scored hits on the airfield, and three out of four bombed Leeuwarden, but only after considerable periods of circling for purposes of identification.

Twice more, on 1/2 and 25/26 June, the squadron supported "Millenium" operations, and again its targets were airfields in Holland. The more successful of the two operations was the first, which saw Deelen and Leeuwarden A/Fs effectively bombed. Enemy pilots at Leeuwarden must have had a nasty surprise, when, while still on their landing runs, their aircraft were bombing targets for a pair of intruders. The attacking pilots were P/Os Al Lukas and H. D. Venables, who had waited for the opportune moment to bomb. The

raiders came under heavy ground fire, and in three cases it was not of German origin. Over Clacton-on-Sea F/L L. H. Wilkinson's aircraft was the object of an intense barrage of light ack-ack. Quick use of the Very pistol and the "colours of the day" halted the fire, but not before the *Boston's* wing had been hit. Two other aircraft managed to avoid the fire of convoy escort vessels off Harwich and Orfordness. This sort of thing was just another of the hazards of night intruding.

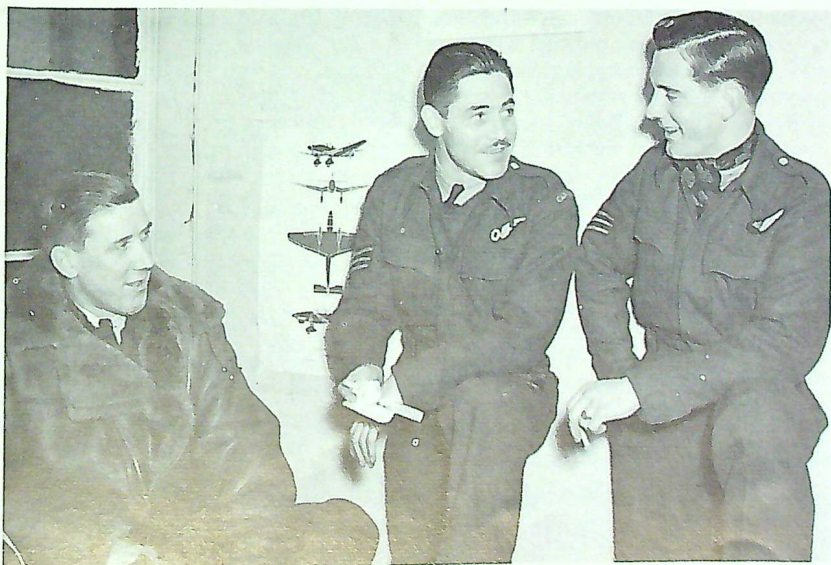
Bomber Command's overall losses

on the three thousand-bomber raids (approximately 4 per cent) were considerably lower than expected, and most of the missing aircraft succumbed to flak. On "Millenium I" night watchmen of 418 and other squadrons kept up their vigil over night-fighter airfields in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany itself until well after the last bomber had unloaded over Cologne.

Between the second and third "thousand-bomber" raids the unit operated thirteen times, their targets on all but three occasions being



The air gunners show the air observers the tools of their trade, a pair of machine guns.



After the heat of battle, a cool discussion of the raid by (l. to r.): Sgts. C. Scott, E. Anderson and V. Foran.

Luftwaffe stations in Holland. As no good opportunities to attack E/A were presented, crews had to be content with dropping bombs. A favourite target of the period was Amsterdam's Schipol (squadron wags pronounced it "ski pole") aerodrome. A lone 250-pounder dropped one night by P/O B. E. Williams found its way to one of Schipol's ammunition dumps and made an awful mess of it.

By official definition, "intruder" meant "an offensive night patrol over enemy territory intended to destroy hostile aircraft and dislocate the enemy flying organization". In theory it meant that; in practice it often meant more. For 418 the broader interpretation applied at least four times in July, when assignments more varied than before were undertaken. The first deviation from normal activity since the squadron's operational debut was on the night of 8 July, when P/O R. S. Patterson's crew was detailed to bomb a large ship near Boulogne. A near miss was scored in an inferno of naval and shore-based flak. Somehow or other the *Boston* was not hit. Inactivity at Chievres, Cambrai and Brussels airfields on the 26th led to attacks on alternative targets and the unit's first successes in train-busting. Freight trains in a Brussels marshalling-yard attracted P/O White, whose one-second burst caused a locomotive to explode in a smother of steam and sparks. Two half-second bursts missed, but a fourth made a steam-cloud of another engine. In a matter of seconds White had destroyed two locomotives, while his gunner, Sgt. Fields, also got in some good bursts at freight cars. The squadron's original train-buster, however, was P/O Williams, who had beaten White to the punch by an hour or so, having blasted into a steaming hulk a freight engine on the Mons-Valenciennes line. Some premeditated train-busting was carried out two nights later; P/O Venables' cannon disabling a loco at Hazelbrouck, Belgium. Before this attack the same skipper had authored another on a factory at Douai. He scored hits on cylindrical tanks beside the factory but was disappointed to see, instead of the expected glorious

explosion, a spouting of something that looked like milk! The month's final departure from typical intruder activity was on the 31st, when four crews made the squadron's second attempt in four nights (the first had been abortive) to bomb the Philips Radio Works at Eindhoven. P/O Lukas went in first, bombing plant "X" from 600 feet after circling the town once. His four 500-pounders scored direct hits on factory buildings, from which came clouds of smoke. Next to bomb was S/L J. Brown ("A"-Flight Commander since the non-return of S/L Anderson), whose bombs started a fire in the heart of plant "Y". The third *Boston* to attack (captain, FS Stone) did so an hour after Brown, its bombs slamming into the Works' south block of buildings. The fourth aircraft (captain, F/L Van Riel) had to turn back with a faulty compass. Photo reconnaissance proved the bombing to have been a big success, and a message of congratulations was soon forthcoming from the "back-room boys".

#### FIRST GONGS

In July two members of crews dispatched on the above operation were awarded the unit's first decorations for valour. Receiving the Distinguished Flying Cross were W/Os F. E. Hogg (RNZAF) and K. S. Thompson (RAF), navigators with F/L Van Riel and S/L Brown, respectively. The accompanying citations made mention of the persistence, unusual courage and navigational-bombing skills displayed by both on numerous intruder operations against enemy aerodromes.

So far in its war against Nazi Germany's air force the squadron had come off second best. In its first four months or so of operations eleven of its crews had been posted missing. As against that, it could show only one "kill" shared and one "damaged". The unfavourable imbalance was to continue for about another year-and-half.

Crew reports indicated that the Luftwaffe was doing considerable stalking of its own. In one instance intruder seemed to be pitted against intruder. Over the North Sea only 40-odd miles due east of Lowestoft F/L Peter Caldwell's *Boston* was at-

tacked twice in four minutes by a *Junkers* 88. To shake off the attacker the *Boston* had to be spiral-dived down to 300 feet, at which height Caldwell crossed the Dutch coast to continue the operation. Off the Hoek of Holland a week later another *Ju.* 88 got on the tail of S/L Wilkinson's aircraft. Wilkinson shook it off with a series of sharp, diving turns and then scooted up the coast, but in a few minutes the persistent enemy reappeared and had to be shaken off again. A third attack was reported by Sgt. W. L. Buchanan, whose aircraft was fired at by a *Ju.* 88 during a patrol of the Gilze-Eindhoven region. The enemy's fire overshot the mark. The *Boston's* gunner replied with a two-second burst but missed. On at least two other occasions in the period 418 aircraft had been shadowed by searchlight-equipped night-fighters operating in pairs.

No less dangerous were the enemy's ground defences. Time and again flak and searchlights would be encountered almost steadily throughout the patrol over enemy territory, from the coast to the target and back to the coast. Then there were the flakships to contend with. A flotilla of these pesky things showed extreme displeasure when P/O Lukas made hostile overtures toward a big freighter which they were guarding. Their combined fire scored on the *Boston*, one shell seeming to burst inside the rear of the port engine nacelle. Gunner Sgt. Haskell suffered a leg wound and the port tire was punctured, but the port engine and the aircraft's controls continued to operate as if unaffected. Lukas replied in kind, his cannon shells chewing up the deck of one flakship.

In their own hunting for things airborne 418's crews had been having wretched luck. Through May, June and part of July 1942 hardly a shot in anger was fired from their guns, the enemy being too alert and the *Bostons* a trifle too slow to allow follow-ups of what few sightings were made. Finally, on 13 July, there came the first opportunity for air-to-air action since Sgt. Harding's combat of eleven weeks before. Peter Caldwell tried out his cannon on an E/A ap-



The second CO W/C A. E. Saunders.

proaching to land at Gilze. Though not positive that hits had been made, the crew did see a red glow near the tail before the enemy disappeared. A few minutes later Caldwell's gunner opened up with a three-second, full-deflection burst at another E/A, but all to no avail.

#### FIRST SOLO KILL

The squadron's next crack at something airborne took another five weeks to come. Briefed to patrol Chartres airfield, Caldwell and company were fortuitously diverted to the drome at Creil. This was a good thing for our side, as Creil was found all lit up and wide open for business. A succession of green flares sent up from the field was followed by the turning-on of navigation lights of an aircraft approaching to land. As it crossed the outer cross-bar of the "funnel", Caldwell made his move. He closed to a range of 150 yards, identified the quarry as a *Ju. 88*, and fired two quick bursts. The first set fire to the port engine and the second cut the *Junkers* in two, the aft fuselage section parting company with the rest. By this time the field's lights were turned off and a red warning flare was fired. Caldwell circled just within visual range until he saw the lights re-appear and an E/A quickly land. Twice he

attempted to intercept aircraft approaching to land, only to be balked by the enemy's light-dousing measures in the air and on the ground. The enemy then tried decoy tactics to attract the *Boston* to an illuminated aircraft well away from the approach leg while blacked-out aircraft were landing. This worked once, but thereafter the decoy was ignored. Now, however, aircraft seemed no longer interested in landing at Creil, which was as good a time as any for Caldwell to pack up the patrol and go home. This he did, having achieved 418's first unassisted aerial victory and spoiled Creil's landing pattern for three-quarters of an hour.

Shortly after dawn on 19 August the squadron took part in a tactical operation that was at one and the same time a rehearsal and a live performance. The combined raid on Dieppe was a tune-up for something bigger to come, a test of the West Wall's defences, and an attempt to draw the Luftwaffe into a big aerial brawl. Two crews represented 418 in this, the unit's first operation in other than darkness. They were detailed to lay a smoke screen. One had to turn back because of engine trouble but the other carried out the assignment as briefed. Only seconds later, however, the *Boston* was attacked by a *Focke Wulf 190*. A burst set fire to the starboard engine and gravely wounded the observer, P/O P. C. McGillicuddy. The gunner, Sgt. C. G. Scott, had his seat shot from

under him but returned the fire. The aircraft was forced down onto the water, the impact breaking the fuselage in two just forward of the gunner's position. Scott, minus his dinghy, was thrown into the water. The front half of the aircraft sank; Buchanan and McGillicuddy, although unconscious, rose to the surface. Scott inflated Buchanan's life jacket and put the still-unconscious pilot in his dinghy, then swam to the observer and extricated him from his parachute, which was dragging his head under water. As McGillicuddy's dinghy was torn and useless, he had to tow him to the pilot's dinghy and put him aboard. He stayed in the water, the dinghy being too small for three. He had started a three-mile marathon to Dieppe when a friendly aircraft appeared overhead and began to circle, encouraging him to return to the dinghy. Inside of an hour he and his companions were picked up by a rescue launch, but McGillicuddy succumbed to wounds the following day. Scott, who had sustained a sprained ankle and a deep cut over one eye, was awarded an immediate DFM. Part of his official citation read: "In the face of extreme danger this gallant airman displayed conspicuous courage and determination in his resolve to save his comrades, both of whom were injured and in great distress."

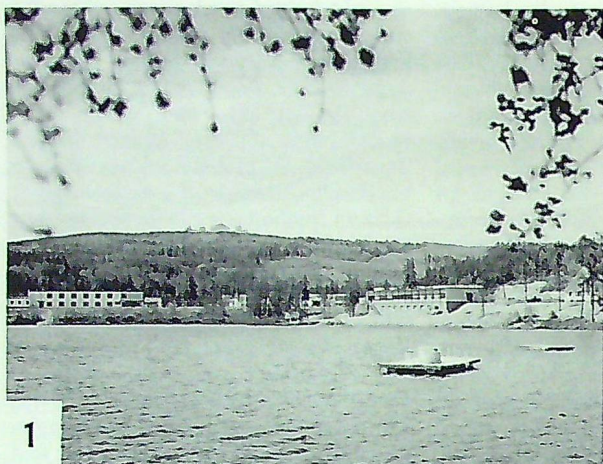
(to be continued)

## SCIENCE AND MORALITY

"From the point of view of the moral responsibility of the scientist a special, perhaps unique, problem arises in that science has put at the disposal of a few men a power which is truly devastating. In the past man's influence for good or ill was generally fairly localized. It is not so today. What is the right thing to do may be more important than the means by which it is done. The truly great scientist must be more than a technician. He will be called upon to advise the statesmen in certain immensely acute problems and, therefore, he must have a broad training as well as strong and sound moral principles.

"Two things fill the soul with awe," said Emmanuel Kant, 'the starry heavens and man's accountability to God'."

(From a sermon by the Right Reverend Monsignor William J. McDonald, Rector of the Catholic University of America.)



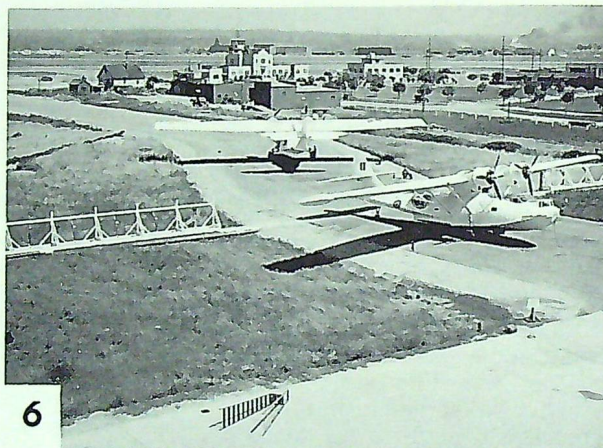
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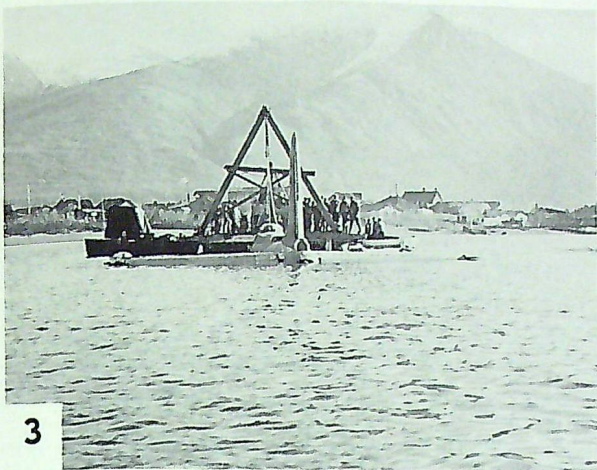
## *What's the Score?*

The eight scenes reproduced above should tax not only your knowledge of geography, but of RCAF history as well. The idea is to identify the location of each — if you can pinpoint them as to time, so much the better.

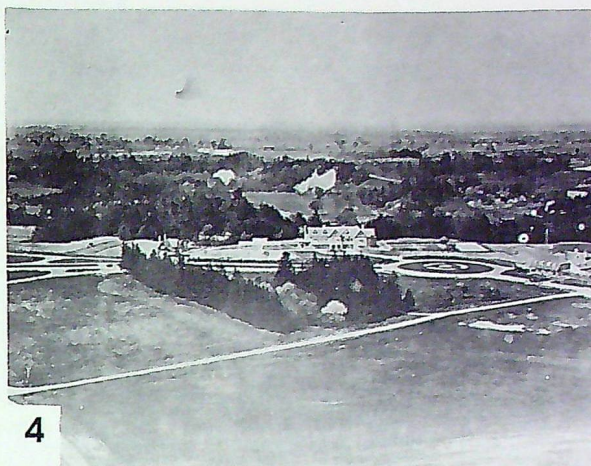
This is the first of several pictorial puzzlers which the air historian has prepared especially for *ROUNDEL* readers. This month's quiz features the "where is it" theme; others to follow will ask "what", "when" or "who is it". Answers are supplied by the AH. Don't peek until you've given it a fair try.

- 1 RCAF Station Parent, Que. — one of the stations of the Pine-tree Line.

- 2 CANADA WALK  
TO COMMEMORATE THE ESTABLISHMENT IN LINCOLNS INN FIELDS, BOROUGHS OF HOLBORN, LONDON, ENG. OF THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE DURING THE WAR OF LIBERATION.



3



4



7



8

3 The B17 *Flying Fortress* being raised from the water will recall to older readers of *THE ROUNDEL* the tragic event that happened on Lake Bennett near Carcross, Yukon Territory, in 1943. The B17 had stopped at Whitehorse for repairs and on a short test flight took 18 RCAF personnel along for the ride. The aircraft crashed in Lake Bennett; only seven of the crew and passengers were saved. The next day two more personnel were killed when a *Norseman* engaged on rescue operations hit an obstruction on takeoff.

4 The home of Colonel F. B. Robins in 1917, when it was six miles north of Toronto. It is now the RCAF Staff College and surrounded by a built-up area.

5 Fort Norman, a transshipment point at the junction of the MacKenzie and the Great Bear Rivers.

6 The spotless aircraft are from the Canadian Pacific Air Lines test hangar at Sea Island airport sometime during the Second World War.

7 RCAF Station Rockcliffe at one stage in its evolution (about 1930).

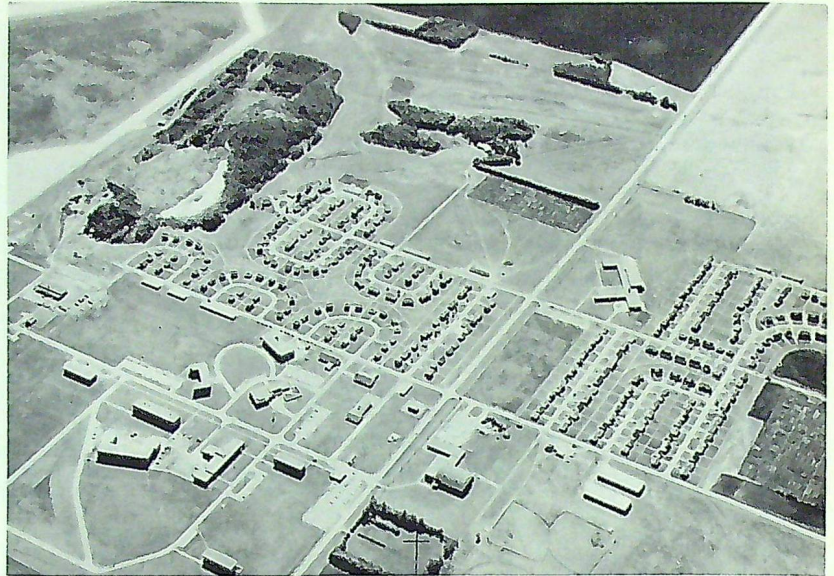
As many members of today's RCAF know, the marine hangar in the foreground is still in use.

8 This British outpost is Camp Borden in 1917 or 1918, where RFC in Canada had built one of the largest air training bases in the world. The large water tower in the background has been a landmark at Borden for years and is still in use.

## Stations of the RCAF:

# NAMAO

By FLIGHT LIEUTENANT W. B. TOTMAN



**N**AMAO is the Cree Indian name for the Sturgeon River which flows north of Edmonton, Alberta. Before the turn of the century the area's first white settlers called their village Namao. Today, on the same site, stands RCAF Station Namao — one of the largest and most diversified establishments in the air force.

Here, on the northern fringe of Alberta's rapidly expanding capital city, during the past decade Namao has been transformed from a wartime staging airport for USAF aircraft en route to Alaska, into a modern permanent base serving the military transport and logistics needs of most of western Canada. This Air Transport Command station also houses and provides administrative services for units of Air Materiel Command, Training Command and USAF Alaskan Air Command. Evident everywhere are signs that Namao has caught the growing fever that has infected Edmonton ever since oil became Alberta's leading industry.

Construction of the modern Namao commenced in 1951. Since then have been built red brick office buildings, a large cantilever hangar, new messes and barracks, a 14,000-ft. runway and — a mile southeast of the station — the

18½-acre warehouse of No. 7 Supply Depot. These, plus the 400 permanent married quarters and recreational facilities, are visible proof that Namao is a major factor in the economic and social life of this community.

Number 435 (Chinthe) Squadron<sup>o</sup> has built a world-wide reputation for service with its C-119 *Flying Boxcars* since taking up permanent residence at Namao. This reputation is now being given added lustre with the acquisition last month of the first of several C-130 *Hercules* turboprop transports. Army support in arctic operations has been 435's specialty in recent years, and during exercises many prairie farmers have stopped their early morning ploughing to watch as 58 fully-equipped paratroops came streaming from each C-119. Every spring and fall the squadron participates in the semi-annual resupply of Canada's arctic weather stations. Temperatures of 45° below zero, blowing snow and 'whiteout' are not uncommon working conditions

<sup>o</sup> First formed in 1944 as a transport unit in the Burmese theatre, No. 435 adopted its emblem from the mythical part-dog, part-lion beast whose job was to protect pagodas from evil spirits.

for the crews on these trips. No. 435 also provides an annual Christmas supply drop to arctic sites, for which its members have received grateful messages of thanks from government officials and Eskimo children who never saw a tree of any type until one arrived by parachute.

In 1956 No. 435 Sqn. moved en masse from Namao to Capodichino airport in Naples, Italy, as part of the RCAF's airlift contribution to the UNEF operation in Egypt. In less than a week from the time they left home base, six aircraft each night were transporting men and equipment to Abu Suweir, 60 miles east of Cairo — quite a change from their normal sphere of northern Canadian operations.

This fall, while engaged in the semi-annual resupply operation, No. 435 Sqn. truly lived up to its motto "Determined to Deliver". During an emergency flight from Resolute Bay, NWT, to Thule, Greenland an Eskimo baby was delivered in one of the squadron's C-119 aircraft.

Next door to No. 435 on Namao's hangar line is No. 418 (City of Edmonton) Auxiliary Squadron, equipped with wheel and ski-fitted *Otters* and C-45 *Expeditors*. Now preparing



A C-119 of the Chinthe Squadron and a Chinthe.

for its light transport role in support of civilian and military emergency requirements, the squadron inherits a tradition dating back to early Second World War days°. Formed as a night intruder unit in England in 1941, No. 418's *Bostons* rang up an impressive record of 177 enemy aircraft destroyed, 103 damaged, 78½ flying bombs destroyed, plus a large number

° See page 15

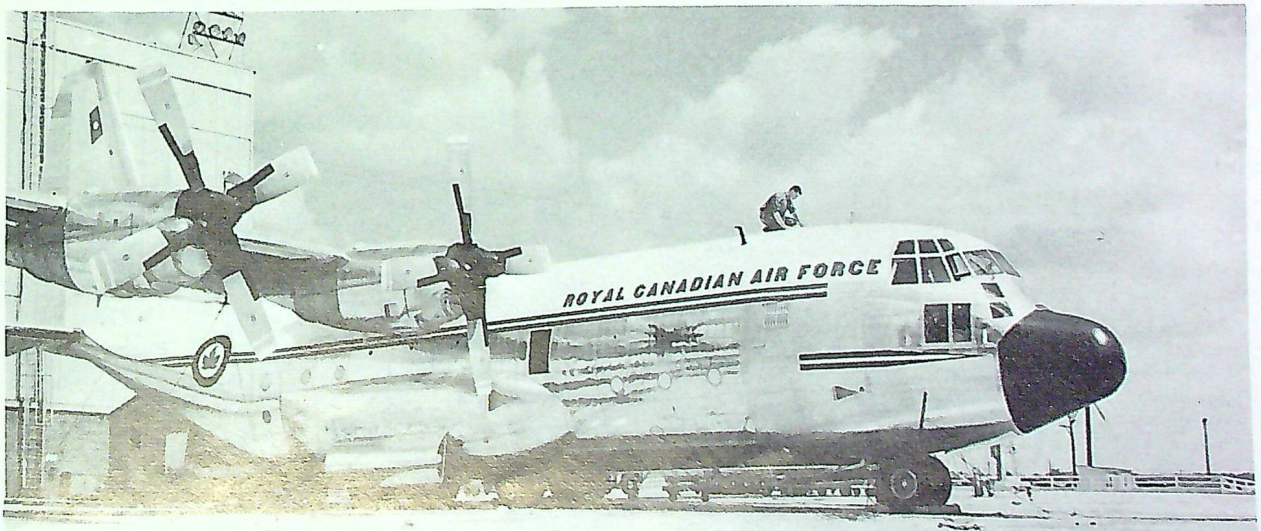
of 'probable' aircraft and bombs destroyed. On 18 March, 1944, the squadron was officially adopted by the City of Edmonton, and so informed the enemy of the fact by dropping copies of Edmonton newspapers deep in German-held territory.

Reformed as an auxiliary light bomber squadron in September 1946, No. 418 has flown *Harvards*, *Mitchells* and T-33s before converting to its present equipment. Its headquarters were moved from the Edmonton

municipal airport to Namao in August 1957.

Number 7 Supply Depot which is lodged at Station Namao for domestic services, is a separate entity for all functional purposes. Its one-quarter mile long single storey warehouse — where some 130,000 different items are stocked in 15,000,000 cubic feet of space — epitomizes the modern facilities available to the RCAF for the handling and warehousing of material. Such modern innovations as

New equipment for No. 435 Squadron is the *Hercules* aircraft.





G/C W. F. M. Newsom, D.S.O., D.F.C.  
Commanding Officer, RCAF Station  
Namao.

conveyor belt lines for the movement of equipment, the latest electrical and hydraulic handling aids, pneumatic tubes for moving documents from the central record section to the warehouse, are examples of the up-to-date facilities provided in this huge warehouse where some 420 civilian and service personnel are employed to process the hundreds of tons of

material handled each month. Some 100 "preferred handling" shipments are despatched each day and more than one-half million item transactions take place each year.

Direct supplier of technical equipment to all units west of the Lakehead, No. 7 SD also supplies explosives from the "X" site of 36 explosive storage buildings located in the same general area. In addition, it operates No. 702 (Kitsalino) Detachment in Vancouver — formerly No. 2 SD — which stores some clothing and anti-gas equipment, and No. 711 (East Calgary) Detachment — the old No. 11 SD site — where such materiel as barrack and safety materiel is stored. All are linked by direct teletype to each other and to Air Materiel Command's electronic computer at Rockcliffe in a manner which is revolutionizing logistics management in the RCAF.

In the heart of Edmonton, but under administrative control of Station Namao, other RCAF units industriously perform allotted tasks. Situated on Kingsway Ave., in the old North West Air Command quarters, is the Survival Training School as well as a Detachment of the Ground Observer Corps, 18 Wing (Auxiliary) Headquarters, area welfare and air cadet offices, investigation and communications units, the 'Wop May' swim-

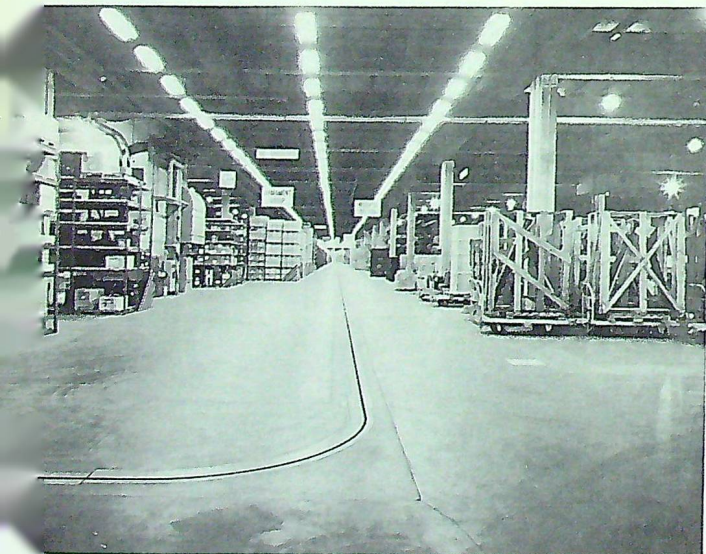


G/C W. M. Smith, M.B.E.  
Commanding Officer, No. 7 Supply  
Depot.

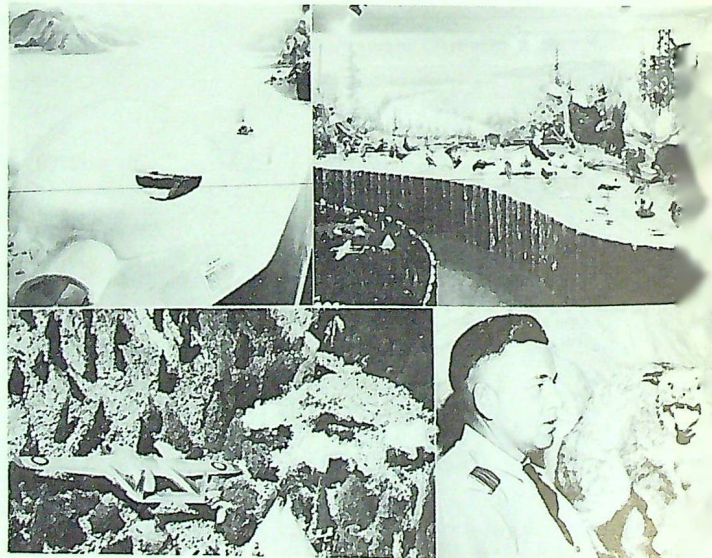
ming pool and a myriad of married quarters.

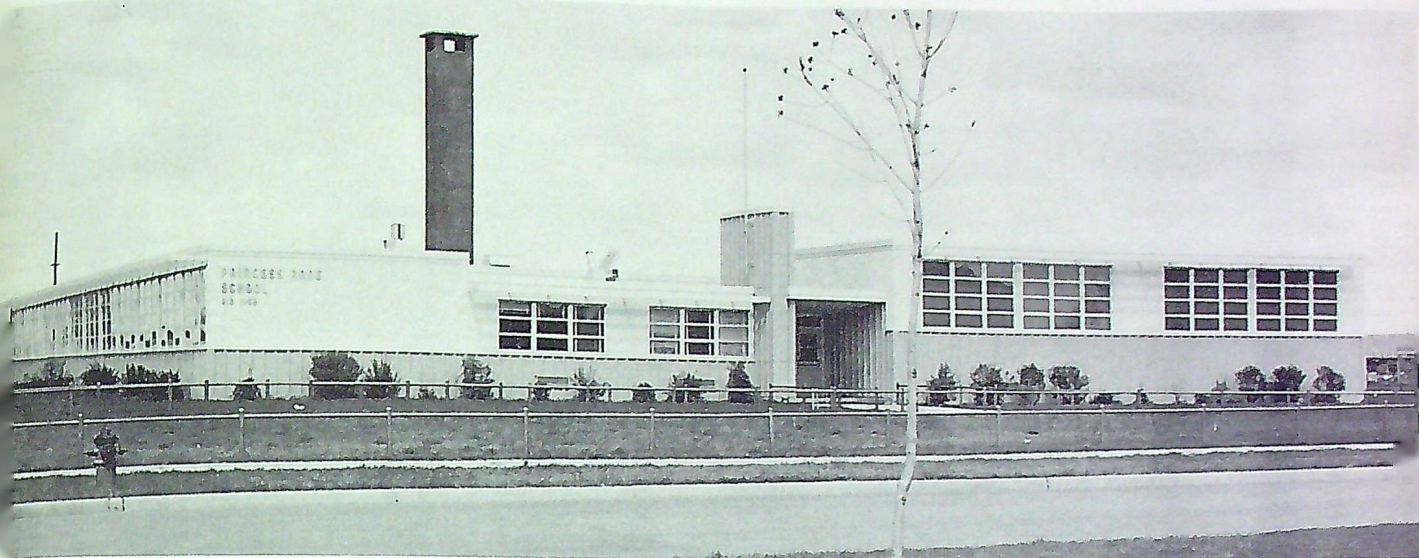
In over 13 years the Survival Training School has graduated more than 6,000 fliers of the RCAF, Canadian Army, RCN, RCMP, RAF, USAF, USN and civilians in the skills of keeping alive and well after a forced landing in the bush or in the arctic. Courses include summer bush, winter bush

An interior view of No. 7 Supply Depot.



A display of wild life at the RCAF's Survival Training School.





Princess Anne School near Princess Elizabeth PMQs is one of two schools serving RCAF dependents in the Edmonton area.

and arctic survival training. Theory of all survival subjects is taught thoroughly, including first aid, obtaining food and shelter, and signalling search planes. Moreover, the trainees receive swimming and 'shirt-tail' life saving instruction besides undergoing physical fitness exercises.

The practical aspects of survival are taught at the bush survival camp at Jarvis Lake, just east of Jasper National Park. Here the students build shelters, try hunting and fishing, bush navigation and construct, from junked aircraft equipment, articles such as slippers, cross-bows, snares and chairs, that could be of help to them in a survival situation.

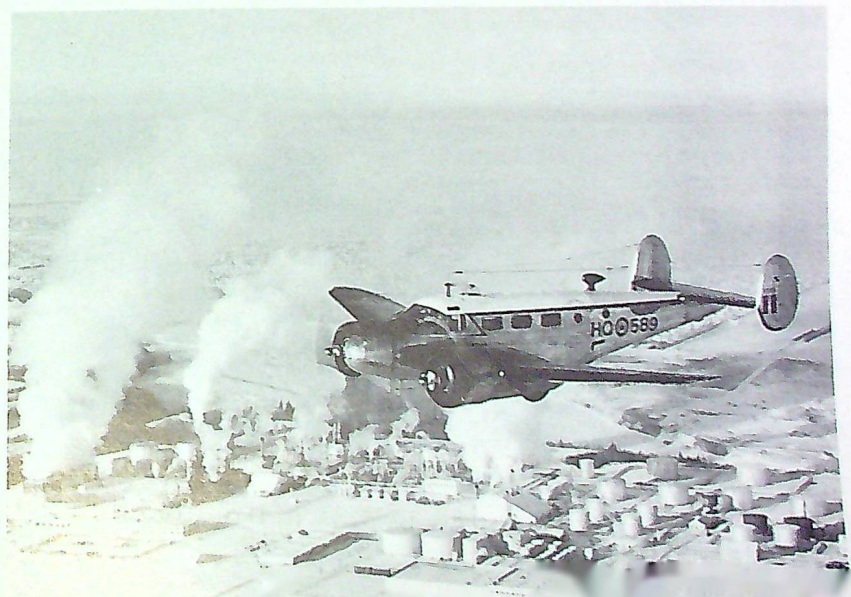
Arctic training is completed at Resolute Bay on Cornwallis Island where the fliers build igloos and taste arctic char while receiving top-notch instruction from their Eskimo teachers.

Another Edmonton detachment which is very interested in the Canadian north, but from a different aspect, is that of the Ground Observer Corps. Staffed by five officers and a complete crew of airmen and civilians, this unit is responsible for civilian volunteer surveillance of aircraft from the 55th parallel to Canada's northernmost islands. While the southern section of the Corps disbanded earlier this year, GOBC Edmonton remains strong and

vigilant. In fact, the detachment has taken on duties other than reporting south-bound aeroplane traffic for ADC. They now help staff the sub-Rescue Co-ordination Centre that is responsible for search and rescue operations in the northwest. Twenty-four hours daily the personnel, civilian and RCAF, of GOBC stand ready to report suspicious aircraft or to locate missing planes.

Amid all this military activity, the domestic expansion has kept pace. Four hundred PMQs are occupied by station personnel of Lancaster Park, two chapels serve their spiritual needs and RCAF schools their children's education. Non-public funds projects resulted in the erection of a curling rink in 1957 and a 3,000-yd. nine-hole golf course this year. Namao is today's evidence that Edmonton is still the "gateway to the north."

A No. 418 Auxiliary Squadron aircraft flies over a familiar sight in Alberta—an oil refinery.



# MOSELLE CONTROL

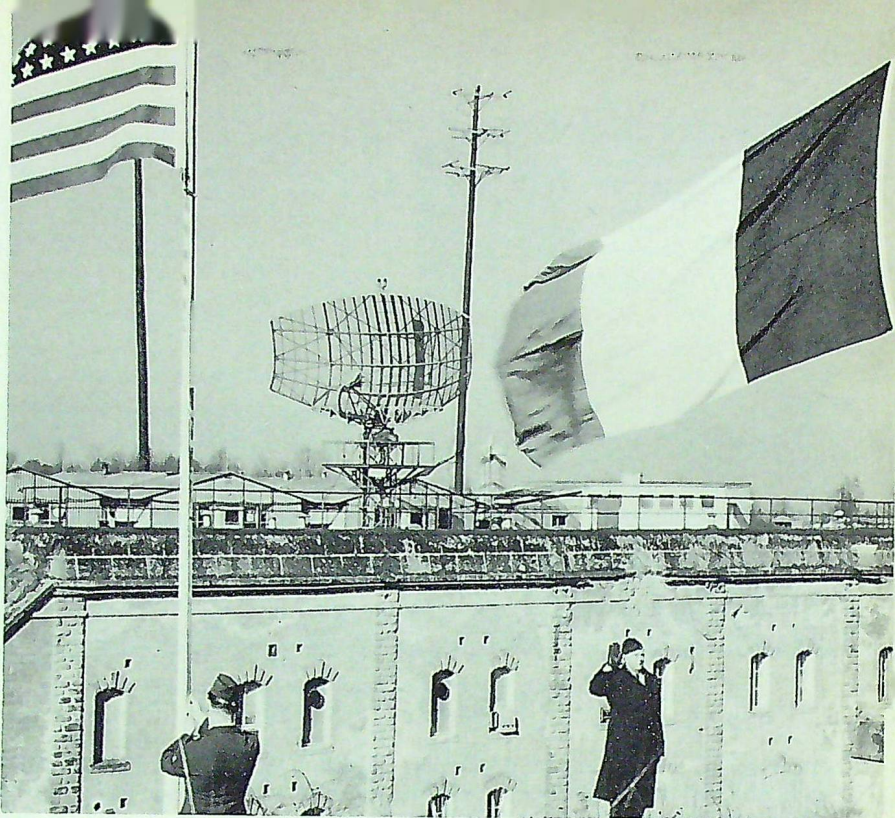
**A**BOVE an old French fortress, battered by scars of two world wars, proudly flies a Tricolour, a Red Ensign and a Stars and Stripes. The three flags symbolize the new role of the old fort namely, that of NATO's tri-national flying control centre.

Moselle Control, as the unit is officially known, is operated by French, Canadian and American personnel and co-ordinates and handles much of the military and civil flying in the area of the RCAF's NATO Air Division. In addition to carrying out an important job, Moselle Control serves as an outstanding example of how NATO can solve its problems at the working level.

The unit is housed in Fort Jeanne d'Arc, nine miles west of Metz, a massive concrete fortress complex built by the Germans in 1902, during their occupation of the area. During the First World War the fort was manned by German troops and in the Second World War an ammunition manufacturing plant was set up in it. Scars from shellfire of both wars are plainly visible and a mass of tangled barbed wire and sharpened metal stakes surrounds the fort, pierced only by a couple of narrow roads. Signs announcing the presence of unexploded mines discourage anyone from wandering off authorized limits.

The tri-national unit dates from 1955, when it was brought into being to co-ordinate military flying from the American, French and Canadian NATO fighter bases in a segment of north-eastern France and to prevent traffic conflict with civil air traffic operating through the area.

The unit's area of control is roughly rectangular, about 100 miles long and 60 miles wide and its air space is filled with a great deal of military flying, in addition to the civil traffic through the region. Sorting this out is a complex task.



Symbolic of the tri-nation operation undertaken inside the massive concrete fortress are these three flags being raised atop the 60-year old Fort Jeanne d'Arc situated outside Metz.

Purely local flying from the American, French and Canadian NATO fighter bases in the area is handled by control points at the bases themselves, and appropriate operational radar control points handle intercepts. It's Moselle Control's job, however, to look after instrument flight traffic through and over the area, and to make sure that military and civil flying is sorted out to avoid danger of collision.

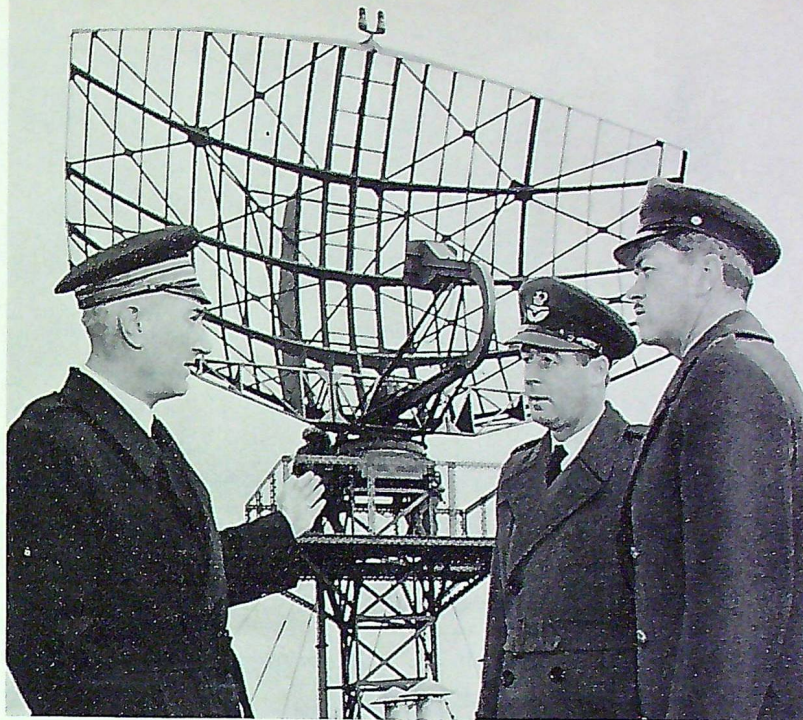
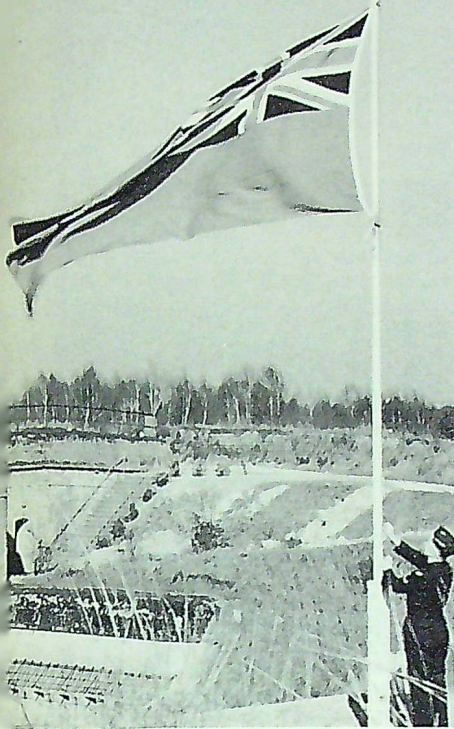
Moselle Control is staffed by approximately 160 French Air Force, French Civil Air Ministry, RCAF and USAF personnel. Heading the unit is a veteran French Air Force officer, Col. Charles de la Salle. The senior RCAF representative serves as director of operations.

When Moselle Control came into being it didn't inherit any smoothly operating set of working procedures. These it had to work out itself, and they had to conform to French civil

flying regulations, and meet the military flying requirements of the three NATO forces operating fighter wings in the area. The tri-national personnel of Moselle Control are proud of the way in which, as a group, they've worked out all the problems of procedure.

Nerve centre of the unit is the operations room located under one of the main bunkers of the fort. Here is located an array of radar scopes and charts showing airways through the region and the complicated pattern of ascents and let-downs used by each of the French, American and Canadian bases coming under Moselle Control's jurisdiction. To the uninitiated it's a confusing spot, with the many operators speaking in two languages to numerous bases, military radar control points and aircraft.

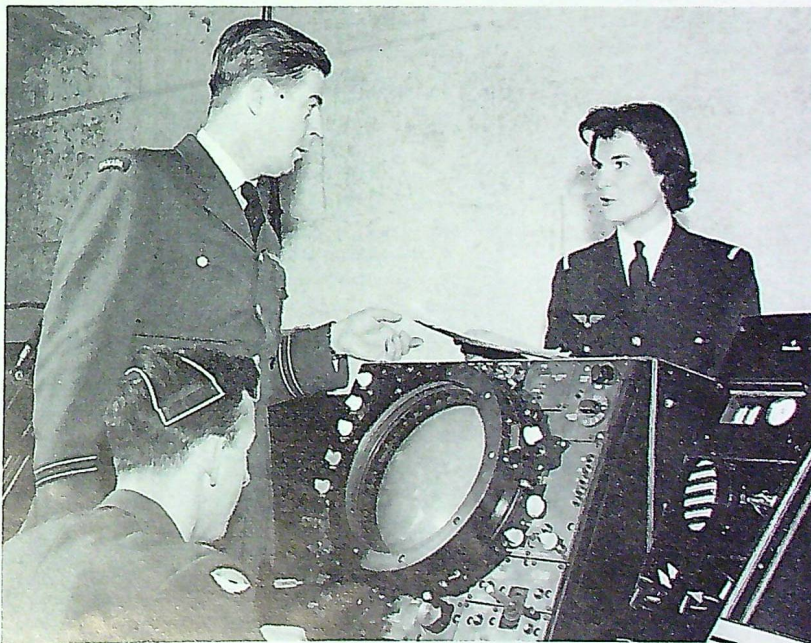
One of the obvious difficulties of operating Moselle Control with its French, Canadian and American staff



Colonel Charles de la Salle, Moselle Control Commander, confers with two of his section heads, F/L E. Lund, and Captain B. Rogers, right.

is the language problem. Not all members of Moselle Control are bilingual; but all senior personnel speak English and French and the rest have enough of each others language to make it work. "The important thing is everyone seems to want to make it work," said Colonel de la Salle. "With this sort of spirit you can usually beat the toughest problems, and I'm proud to say that our little unit has been working out very satisfactorily."

Flight Lieutenant E. Lund, director of operations at Moselle Control, discusses a method of procedure with Sgt. Joseppe Barre, French Air Force, and LAC F. McGillivray.



The ex-Kamikaze pilot was applying for a job. "What's your name?" asked the personnel manager. "Chou Mein," answered the pilot. "But I thought that, during World War II, all Kamikaze pilots either fought to the death or committed suicide. What about you?" "Ah", said the pilot. "Full name is Chicken Chou Mein."

der Flugplatz



# RCAF ASSOCIATION

*This section of THE ROUNDLE is prepared by RCAF Association HQ, 424 Metcalfe St., Ottawa, Ont. Wing contributions should be sent directly to this address.*

## SECRETARY-MANAGER VISITS MANITOBA-NORTHWESTERN ONTARIO WINGS

LAST month Mr. J. C. Gray, RCAF national secretary-manager, visited several Wings in the Manitoba and N.W. Ontario Group. He found plans already well underway in Winnipeg for the 1961 Annual Convention next May and reports encouraging progress in other centres.

Winnipeg — No. 500 Wing, under the direction of host wing committee chairman Herb Bell, has reserved space in the newly-completed addition to the Marlborough Hotel for all conference meetings and socials. The Wing Ladies Auxiliary is preparing a full program for the wives, including an aeroplane sight-seeing flight, fashion show by one of the leading stores, bus trip to Fort Garry and numerous coffee parties.

More complete details on the May 18-20 convention will appear in future issues of THE ROUNDLE.

Mr. Steve Coote, Group president and a member of 500 Wing, is currently working on the formation of Wings in Kenora, The Pas and Portage la Prairie. Plans for the organization of three squadrons in the Greater Winnipeg area are also being investigated with a view to increasing RCAF membership.

Brandon — No. 502 Wing is definitely operational again, having completed arrangements to move their recently-acquired building to a new

site and renovated to provide ample clubroom facilities. Another feature in the reactivation of this Wing is the fact that last month they took over sponsorship of the local Air Cadet Squadron.

Lakehead — No. 501 Wing has assumed sponsorship of the Junior Rifle Club, indicating their continuing desire to take part in civil functions and local projects. The location of the Wing's quarters at the airport, some distance from the twin cities, has prompted the search for a building site somewhere between Fort William and Port Arthur.

The secretary-manager is grateful to the group president and the executives and members of the Wings for the very kind and considerate reception he received on this visit.

## BATTLE OF BRITAIN PARADES

WHILE RCAF Association Wings in all parts of Canada took part in special observances and ceremonies on the 20th Anniversary of the Battle of Britain, focal point of Association participation was Ottawa where some 150 members took part in a formal parade and ceremony on Parliament Hill. On behalf of the RCAF, National President L. N. Baldock placed a wreath in remembrance of those who died during the epic battle of 1940.

The RCAF ceremony was a notable one for the Association in that, for the first time, veterans in RCAF dress were invited to occupy a prominent position in the national observance. Their smart appearance and drill

demonstrated that service training had not been forgotten, even though for some members it was their first parade appearance in more than a decade.

Representatives from RCAF Wings in Cornwall, Brockville, Kingston, Smiths Falls, Pembroke and Renfrew journeyed to Ottawa during the morning of Battle of Britain Sunday where they were received by members of the Ottawa Wing before the parade and, afterwards, were entertained at a buffet supper before returning to their own communities.

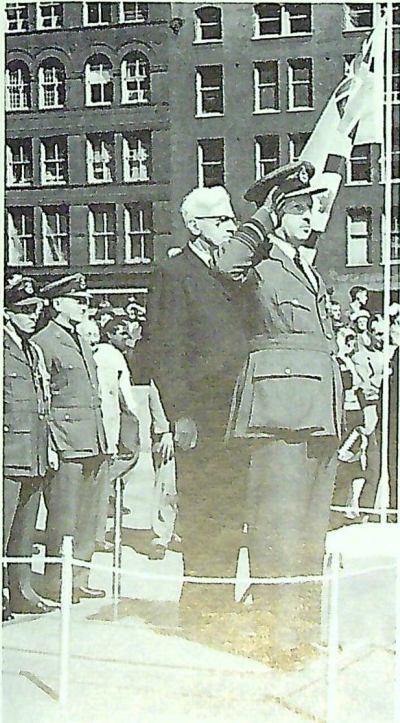
The Association unit, led by Mr. George Ault, Q.C., held a short service at the Ottawa Memorial following the Parliament Hill ceremony. At this memorial, erected to the memory of men and women of the Commonwealth Air Forces who gave their lives in Canada and in the United States and who have no known graves, a wreath was laid by A/V/M T. A. Lawrence, CB, CD, Past-President of 410 Ottawa Wing.

RCAF Association members in Toronto played a prominent part in Battle of Britain observances in that city where organizational arrangements were made by RCAF Station Downsview. Following a wreath-laying ceremony at the City Hall Cenotaph, an RCAF Colour Party and more than 100 members marched past in parade during which the salute was taken by A/M W. A. Curtis, CB, CBE, DSC, ED, the Association's immediate past president. All parade units then marched to Queen's Park where, with hundreds of spectators, they heard an address on the significance of the Battle of Britain by A/M Curtis.



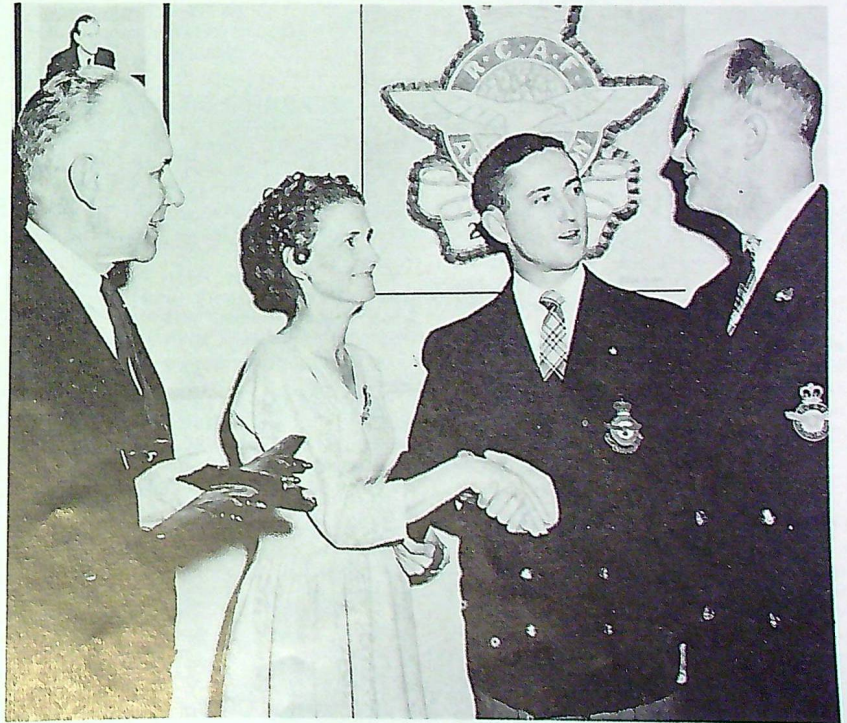
RCAFA National President L. N. Baldock placed wreath on Parliament Hill cenotaph.

RCAFA Past President A/M W. A. Curtis took salute in Toronto. Mayor Nathan Phillips was also on reviewing stand.



Association contingent from seven wings marched in national B. of B. parade in Ottawa.

National President L. N. Baldock (right) is greeted at No. 251 Madawaska Wing, Edmundston, N.B., by W. H. Birchard, a director of the Air Cadet League; Mrs. Roland Martin, President of the Women's Auxiliary; and Wing President Henry Bourgoïn.



# Letters to the Editor

## NO. 6 SFTS REUNION

Dear Sir:

The 15th annual reunion of former personnel of No. 6 SFTS, RCAF Stn. Dunnville, was attended by 66 former airmen and one airwoman at the Dunnville Golf and Country Club on 17 Sept.

Highlight of the program was a special aerobatic display by the Golden Hawks. A golf tournament preceded the annual banquet. One member from as far afield as Vancouver and several from the USA were in attendance.

The following were elected to the committee planning next year's reunion: Chairman — John Robertson, Indianapolis; Vice-Chairman — Tom Moreton, Toronto; Secretary-Treasurer, Frank Scholfield, Dunnville.

The 16th reunion will be held in Dunnville on Saturday, 23 Sept. 1961. Anyone who formerly served in the RCAF at No. 6 SFTS and is not now on our mailing list is asked to contact the undersigned.

Frank Scholfield,  
Box 814, Dunnville, Ont.

## STALL OR ROLL

Dear Sir,

In the nature of comment rather than errata: two of the illustrations for the Casey Baldwin article (on pages 24 and 25 July-Aug. issue of *THE ROUNDDEL*) show a unique feature of the *Red Wing*, an enclosed cockpit for the pilot. I am not sure whether this was the very first aircraft to have a cockpit but it must have been one of the first.

The caption under one picture says the aircraft "apparently stalled". I think that is open to question. My recollection (without access to notes) is that the accident was due to lateral controls when the aircraft got off balance. As a sequel to this accident lateral controls, i.e. ailerons, were introduced for the *White Wing* and subsequent aerodromes.

W/C F. H. Hitchins (ret.)  
London, Ontario.

*(Wing Commander Hitchins, who recently retired from the RCAF after serving as official air historian for 15 years, is still serving as unofficial watchdog of THE ROUNDDEL. In the matter he refers to above, he is right, as usual. The Red Wing rolled not stalled. — Editor.)*

## WHERE'S NORAD ?

Dear Sir:

The attached label was dispatched from Ottawa on an official document received at this H.Q.:

W/C Lawler,  
Mc Cord Air Force Base,  
25 Norad Street,  
Washington, D.C.

The USAF were mildly shocked at the apparent ignorance displayed. It may prove to be a source of amusement to your readers, it certainly produced some laughs here.

G/C D. R. Miller, AFC,  
25 NORAD Region,  
Mc Chord AFB, Washington,  
U.S.A.

## 415 SQUADRON REUNION

Dear Sir:

A reunion of those personnel who served with 415 Sqn. during the Second World War is being planned and it would be appreciated if you would arrange to have the following notice published in the next issue of *THE ROUNDDEL*.

Former members of 415 (Coastal) Sqn. who have not heard about the Reunion being planned for the summer of 1961 in Toronto are asked to contact the undersigned.

W. A. Adams,  
72 Lord Seaton Road,  
Willowdale, Ont.

## RCAF GLIDING CLUBS

Dear Sir:

In the April 1960 issue of *THE ROUNDDEL* you printed an article about flying clubs in the RCAF. Would it be possible to print a similar article on gliding as a recreation in the RCAF?

At No. 3 Fighter Wing we have five active glider pilots with plenty of interest being shown by other personnel. This interest will probably increase next year when I take delivery of a new high performance glider, a two-seater *Schleiker* KA7. I understand that a few gliders are to be found at various stations in Canada. In addition, I see from a report on the RCAF convention that a resolution was passed recommending gliding training for flight cadets.

Gliding has been accepted by the British Services as an official inter-service sport. RAF Gliding and Soaring Association attempts to bring this sport within reach of all members of the RAF with special regard to those normally employed on the ground.

This is the type of organization that I would like to see in the RCAF.

LAC A. Klinge,  
3 Wing RCAF,  
CAPO 5055,  
Canadian Armed Forces Europe.

## RE: UNDERWATER ESCAPE

Dear Sir:

The procedure outlined in the Underwater Escape article (Sept. 60) is worth knowing by all motorists. However, I feel a word of caution should be added.

Escaping from the car still leaves the ascent which can be just as dangerous as being trapped in the car. Air embolism resulting in death or permanent damage to the lungs can result if any attempt is made to hold one's breath from any depth, six feet or 50 feet.

The article states that the occupants wait until the water level stops rising. The trapped air will then have the same pressure as the water; at 33 feet this is two atmospheres. As the water pressure decreases on ascent the air in the lungs will expand proportionately. This will eventually damage the lungs if any effort is made to hold one's breath. While it would be impossible to hold back two atmospheres, or less, damage will have been done from the initial attempt.

I feel that this warning should be included in the article.

Cpl. J. R. Rajala,  
RCAF Operation Lookout,  
Ascension AAFB STN 12,  
Box 4187,  
Patrick AFB, FLA., U.S.A.

*(Corporal Rajala is quite correct. In our article on underwater escape we should have stated that, after taking a deep breath from the pocket of trapped air, the breath should be progressively exhaled as the person rises to the surface of the water. — Editor.)*

You must like people for what they are and not because they are the sort of people you like.

—Henry Wise Miller

## *Market Day in the Congo*



Three RCAF airmen, members of Canada's Congo commitment, stop at a bazaar stall in Leopoldville to buy ivory souvenirs. The airmen (l. to r.) Cpl. I. F. Thow, LAC D. Buhlam and LAC J. A. Hamilton are radio technicians with the U.N. air operations. The RCAF's participation in the strife-torn Congo has been two-fold: airlift of army personnel and supplies from Canada to Africa, and administration of the U.N.'s internal air transport operations in the new republic.

In the Congo itself G/C W. K. Carr, DFC, and his air operations staff are directing regular air communications over an area one-quarter the size of Canada with 13 different types of aircraft and with aircrews of eight nationalities: Swedish, Norwegian, Ethiopian, Yugoslavian, Brazilian, Indian and Argentinian.

*Roger Duhamel*

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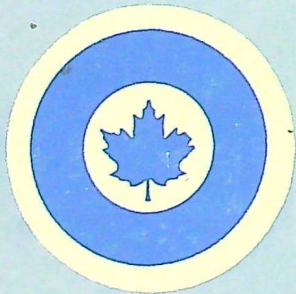


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