

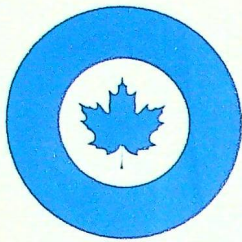
THE

Roundel

VOL. 13, NO. 2

MARCH 1961





THE

Roundel

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THIS MONTH'S COVER

C-130B Hercules, shown here over Trenton, Ont., gives No. 435 Sqn. vastly increased capability for long-range transport operations. The big turboprop can use virtually any airstrip in Canada; can carry loads approaching 20 tons for 2000 miles. See page 8 for further details.

Views expressed in THE ROUNDel are those of the author expressing them. They do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

On The Break



THERE were 17,100 RCAF personnel lost in the Second World War and a further 2,475 became prisoners-of-war (POWs) in Germany, Italy and Japan. Simple arithmetic shows that about one in eight of those shot down survived to become prisoners of war. These odds, which applied generally in the Allied Air Forces, were well known by all POWs at the time of their incarceration. Thus, while cursing their bad luck, most POWs realized down deep that they were lucky to have beaten the odds.

Our feature article this month, the second in an exclusive *ROUNDEL* series of escape and evasion stories, was written by W/C C. D. Noble, now serving at AFHQ in the directorate of air policy. Looking back more than 15 years to recall the details for his gripping tale (page 2), W/C Noble commented, "For most of us, war was a relatively short period of combat excitement, followed by boredom and frustration. Life at the time as a POW was intolerable. Now I consider those three years an interesting and educational experience — but one that I would not wish to have repeated."

CHANCES are that the gals pictured on page 10 now have daughters almost as old as they were when this photo was taken. If so, they'll be able to prove to the kids that life overseas wasn't all beer and skittles. Certainly today's women personnel living in barracks don't have to put up with such quarters, but we wonder if they have as much fun.

Next month airwomen plan to commemorate two important milestones in the life of the RCAF: the birth of the WDs in 1941 and the induction of women into the regular force in 1951. We hope they'll invite the men to help them celebrate.

RADAR returns from the moon, picked up by the ballistic missile early warning system (BMEWS) station at Thule, Greenland, last October proved that the

radars designed to reach out 3000 miles functioned much better than expected. The Thule BMEWS, which now reports constantly to the NORAD Combat Operation Centre, is the first of three designed to monitor trespassers in outer space. The second, at Clear, Alaska, is scheduled to become operational this year and the third is now under construction at Fylingdales Moor, Yorkshire, England.

Construction for the Arctic portions of BMEWS once again showed that man can overcome natural obstacles which, only a few years ago, were considered practically insurmountable. Size of the buildings alone created major problems: the tracking radar's radome is 140 feet in diameter and stands approximately seven stories high, set atop the three-storey transmitter computer building; the troposcatter (billboard) radar antennas are each as high as an eight-story building, resembling a football field standing on edge.

The troubles accompanying construction at Fylingdales Moor are different but just as complicated. For instance, mud can be equally hard to cope with as permafrost. And in the Arctic BMEWS builders didn't have to contend with beekeepers (see page 12).

WE were impressed last month at the 20th annual meeting of the Air Cadet League of Canada to observe the calibre of Canadians who plan and guide the destinies of the air cadet organization (see page 16).

Delegates from all provinces met to celebrate the "coming of age" of this youth movement and were justifiably proud of the accomplishments of the past 20 years. Many "graduates" of air cadet squadrons have now taken their places in all walks of Canadian life, better prepared for good citizenship because of this association.

At Paton s/p

Editor



“FOR YOU THE WAR IS OVER”

By WING COMMANDER C. D. NOBLE, MBE, DFC

MY personal experience behind enemy lines commenced in the early morning of 16 June 1942. For 18 months I had served as a navigator with RAF Bomber Command, first with No. 40 Sqn. and latterly with No. 214 Sqn. flying *Stirlings*. This was my 57th operational sortie, and on the surface, it was strictly a “no sweat” trip. The target was the railway marshalling yards at Osnabruck and we completed our task with little opposition.

We were ten minutes from the target on the way home when a *Messerschmidt 110* attacked from below, in a blind area for the gunners. The initial attack set our aircraft on fire; two subsequent attacks finished both us and the *Me. 110*, which fell to the mid-upper gunner's fire. We were descending, out of control and on fire, when the order came to bail-out. Two of the crew were dead, four had already jumped and the

captain, S/L Peter Nixey (RAF) and myself were near the escape hatch with parachutes on when the aircraft exploded and disintegrated at about 1,000 feet altitude. I was thrown clear, and despite the short descent, landed with only minor injuries. I later learned that S/L Nixey was not as lucky. There were four survivors of a crew of eight.

I hit the ground in the middle of a large cemetery. The area was well lighted from the flaming debris of the aircraft, and judging by all the shouting, I felt that I was surrounded. I took stock of my injuries, which were mostly burns to the face and arms plus a few bruises, and figured I was fit to travel. I hid my parachute and while proceeding at a crouch through the cemetery I came face to face with our front-gunner, FS Bailey (RAF). With few spoken words, we headed for a woods that adjoined the cemetery, then on to a

country lane, and after about an hour of hard running we decided to hide for the day in some thick undergrowth. Shortly after daylight, a search party of German soldiers with dogs approached our hide-out but passed by with no apparent suspicion.

OVERLAND BY COMPASS

After a few hours sleep we mapped out our plan of action. From the maps in our escape kit we established our position inside Germany about 70 miles east of the Dutch border. Obviously we would have to travel by night and hide by day, avoiding the main roads, at least until we got out of Germany.

After dark we began travelling across country guided by compass. We made about 12 miles that night and just before dawn selected a hiding place for the day, reasonably satisfied with the night's work. This

routine was repeated each day, although on the second night we started to use the roads as cross-country travelling was slow and strenuous. We subsisted on the concentrated food in our escape kits and helped ourselves to milk in cans placed at the roadsides for pick-up by dairy trucks. Bailey was in good shape but my burnt face and hands began to bother me seriously about the third day, especially as I realized my appearance would attract suspicion if we should come in contact with anyone. We made it out of Germany and into Holland on the fifth night without being seen by any Germans. During this time our morale was lifted by witnessing the RAF's 1,000 bomber raid on Hamburg, which overflew us for a couple of hours.

On the sixth night, being about ten miles inside Holland, we approached a Dutch farmhouse to test our luck. Neither Bailey nor I spoke or understood Dutch and the people knew no English. Although they gave us food, they appeared frightened and the uncertainty of the situation made us decide to move on. We had five similar experiences at seeking help in Holland, never able to find anyone who spoke English, and decided to rely on our own resources rather than take the chance of being turned over to the Gestapo, an organization which obviously had the people badly frightened.

Travelling in Holland was a slow and frustrating experience. The secondary roads led nowhere and there were canals or water obstacles everywhere. We spent one entire night floundering around in a maze of canals trying to bypass a small city. Our net advance that night was less than a mile but we probably walked 20 miles. We continued to travel by night, quite openly as far as the Dutch people were concerned, had many contacts with them, and it was obvious that they knew our identity as we heard the word "Englischer" on many occasions. Although they

didn't hinder us, they also did not offer any concrete help. We were still trying to contact the underground and felt that if we couldn't find them, they would eventually find us.

CLOSE CALL

The first persons we met who could speak English were two bicycle-equipped Dutch police officers near Arnhem. After listening to their problems for some time, and assuring them that the Allies would win the war in short order, we told them of our own problems and aspirations. One of the policemen was prepared to help but the other was not. They argued for about an hour, then the sympathetic officer explained the situation and regretted that he would have to turn us over to the Gestapo. After another hour of unsuccessful arguing we decided to take action.

The officers were wheeling their bicycles and we were walking quietly beside them when we launched our attack suddenly, hoping that we could knock them out with one blow. Although we each succeeded in knocking our man down, they were far from out. Then confusion took

The author today.



over. As I learned later from Bailey, he saw me lunge towards my man and thought I was taking off. So he ran in the opposite direction with his opponent in pursuit, firing into the darkness. He caught Bailey in a few minutes. Meanwhile, I stayed to completely immobilize my man and headed off in a few moments with his bicycle and his gun. I pedalled furiously for a couple of hours without worrying much about direction. I then selected a good hiding place for myself and the bicycle and assessed the situation. My right hand was now in very bad shape. As the day wore on I lost all use of it and the pain was nauseating. I decided that I had to get medical attention soon.

Late that afternoon I moved to the outskirts of a small town and approached several persons individually asking for assistance. Several understood English but none were willing to help. All considered that there was nothing that could be done without reprisals from the Gestapo. I learned later that the Gestapo had raided the area a few weeks previously and had removed a considerable number of men to internment camps.

I then decided with a good night's cycling and a little luck I could make it into Belgium where I had two firm addresses to contact for assistance. Setting out at dusk, I made good progress for a couple of hours until I ran into the canal jinx again. Because most of the bridges were guarded, my method of crossing was to approach at full speed and hope that I was in the clear before the guard realized what was happening. This method was effective but I was leaving a trail behind me.

TRAPPED AT LAST

I had just crossed one of the bridges when immediately in front of me were four Dutch police. They later confirmed my belief that they had been waiting for me, having been alerted by the episode with the

police on the previous night and by reports from the bridge guards. I was still in air force battle dress with the insignia removed, my useless right arm tucked inside the jacket.

They disarmed me, took me to a small police station nearby and called the Gestapo. Eventually three men in civilian clothes arrived and, after completing their business with the Dutch police, one of them walked into my cell and stated bluntly in reasonably good English, "For you the war is over." I learned later, after having the same phrase repeated to me by several different Germans, that this was the standard method of informing a captive that he was now a prisoner. But, at that time, and coming from the Gestapo, the words had a more sinister meaning for me.

However, I had absolutely no rough treatment from these Gestapo agents. I insisted on medical attention immediately and it was given. I was taken to their HQ in Eindhoven where they made a half-hearted effort at interrogating me. The same day I was handed over to the Luftwaffe and moved to a night-fighter station nearby where I remained one day and was treated much better than I expected. I was taken then to Amsterdam and lodged in a semi-

dungeon, without knowing the identity of my custodians although I assumed they were another branch of the Gestapo. Here I was given the full treatment by Hitler's secret police: accused of being a civilian partisan with no military status, even threatened with death. Finally, after three days and nights of progressively rougher interrogation and abuse, I had a very brief visit from a man that I hadn't seen previously. He merely stated that they had methods of dealing with people like me who would not co-operate and then he left. I was so sick from the shock phase of my injuries that this threat didn't worry me as much as it otherwise would have.

IN TRANSIT

Early next morning the door of my cell, which was solid stone with no bars or windows, was opened and I figured this was it. Instead, I was taken out and handed over to an elderly Luftwaffe warrant officer who informed me that he was taking me to Dulag Luft, the transit camp for air force prisoners. From another cell we picked up Bailey, whom I hadn't seen for a week, and I then became confident that the Gestapo had been bluffing. The three of us boarded a train headed

for Frankfurt. Our custodian was a kindly man but not too alert and I am sure that we could have escaped from him easily had we tried. However, at that point I was not fit to travel and was more interested in getting medical attention than in trying to escape.

We had to change trains in Cologne, which had received a severe attack from Bomber Command a few nights earlier. The station was overflowing with people who were obviously evacuating the city. In the midst of this, our old guard got hopelessly confused and couldn't find the correct platform. I found it for him as the natives didn't appear to be too friendly and we didn't relish standing among them. As we raced to catch the already-moving train, our guard nearly got left behind.

After a month in hospital at Dulag Luft, and two more interrogations, I was moved to Stalag Luft 3, near the town of Sagan 100 miles southeast of Berlin. This was the largest air force POW camp in Germany, had six separate compounds, and contained about 15,000 airmen of all allied nationalities. The Americans were kept in separate compounds but all other nationalities were mixed. The Germans had built

Canadian POW ball team at Stalag Luft 3, summer 1944.
Noble is kneeling second from left.



this camp with maximum security precautions in mind.

BEHIND BARBED WIRE

Within the barbed wire POW camps were well organized. There was a Senior British Officer in charge and he had an organization below him which functioned mostly unnoticed but effectively. Such discipline as was required was self-evolving and automatic. The most important organization was the "Escape" or "X" organization. In our compound this was led by the incredible S/L Roger Bushell (RAF), who was one of the 50 allied officers shot by the Germans after a mass tunnel break in 1944. Roger Bushell was older than most POWs, was a criminal lawyer in peacetime, and was shot down on fighters just before Dunkirk. He spoke German fluently and, at the time of my arrival in camp, had spent as much time "on the loose" in Germany as he had behind barbed wire.

For most POWs frustration, hunger, and the indeterminate length of captivity were the crosses to bear. The secret was to keep occupied. Within the limits of our resources we had sports programs, theatre, courses of study, etc., organized and well patronized. However, all other

activities took second place to "Escape". Most POWs spent most of their time in the pursuit of ways and means of gaining their freedom even though the odds were high against a successful exit from the camp, and even more difficult, out of Germany. The Escape Committee screened all proposals and while there was no restriction on any individual scheme, no matter how fantastic, the resources of the organization were given only to those that were well planned and considered to have a good chance of success.

ESCAPE ATTEMPTS

My first two escape attempts were abortive. A spur-of-the-moment jump from the roof of a hut into a load of cedar trees being hauled outside the camp came to naught as I was observed by a guard and taken from the truck before it left our compound. The penalty for being caught was a three-week stretch in the "cooler".

The second try was well planned and would have succeeded but for excess caution on my part. Every day a little old man with a horse-drawn wagon, accompanied by an armed guard, entered the camp to empty garbage from the incinerators. I watched for a few days and noticed

that the guard didn't stay too close to the wagon. My plan was simply to get into the wagon undetected before the old man started to shovel the garbage. Once inside, the wagon's high sides would hide me until I got covered; then I would jump out of the wagon after it had left the camp. The guard did not accompany the wagon beyond the gate and while the old man would see me and spread an alarm, he could do nothing to stop me.

The "X" organization was not impressed with this scheme but decided to give it limited support. However, they stressed caution and felt that I should bury myself deep in the load and devise a method of getting air. On the appointed day, the guard and the old man were diverted while I got in the empty wagon undetected. However, I buried myself too deeply in the mixture of wet ashes and other debris, and couldn't get out when the time came. Three more weeks of solitary confinement followed.

LOUSY SCHEME

The next escape attempt in which I was involved was planned by the "X" organization and was a qualified success. Whenever POWs got lice in their clothing, the Germans would march all prisoners in groups

Canadian POWs stage hockey game watched by prisoners of several nationalities at Stalag Luft 3.



of 24 to a delousing station about a mile from our compound. Roger Bushell reckoned that when such an operation was in progress we could slip a phony group into the stream with two prisoners masquerading as German guards. The German uniforms, the gate passes, and even a wooden rifle which would stand close scrutiny were prepared in the camp. When all was ready, we found that we had no lice. Russian prisoners obligingly lent us some, and when shown to the Germans, they agreed that a delousing operation was in order. It would take four or five days to complete the job. Bushell sat tight for the first day, during which groups of POWs with two guards were passing in and out of the main gate almost continuously. The procedures being used were closely studied. On the afternoon of the second day, two guards were persuaded to have a cup of coffee with German-speaking POWs and, while they were so engaged, two prisoners dressed in German uniforms took over their duties.

Our group of 24 POWs, laden with blankets under which was hidden our escape clothing, plus the two phony German guards approached the main gate; passes were shown, and the gate swung open. We proceeded down the road and, when out of sight, melted into a woods bordering the road. After a quick exchange of clothing each prisoner set out on his own. We had hoped for several hours before detection but, unfortunately, the Germans discovered our unauthorized absence within an hour and sent out a national alarm. As a result, nobody made it out of the country but several came close. The two prisoners dressed in German uniforms proceeded to an airfield close by with the aim of borrowing an aircraft for a trip to England. Both spoke German and had studied the handling notes for the type of aircraft. They were caught by a fluke after they had



the aircraft started. The German NCO that caught them did not suspect that they were anything but a couple of German trainees who were in the wrong place at the wrong time. Another of the group was caught on the border of Switzerland within a few hundred yards of freedom.

Carrying prison-made documents identifying me as a Norwegian labourer, I bought a ticket for Danzig and boarded a train. I survived two routine checks by railway police and had been on the train about eight hours when it stopped in a Polish town and hordes of SS Police commenced a detailed check of everyone on the train. I decided to make a strategic withdrawal. As I was leaving the station, a suspicious policeman asked to see my papers and I was held with about 30 others who had been taken from the train. One by one, they were released until I was there alone. It took the police over two hours to establish that I was not the person that I claimed to be, and then I told them my real identity. I was returned to Sagan and

three weeks' solitary confinement.

Tunnelling was the most successful method of escape from POW camp, but even so only about one in 50 was completed and used before being discovered by the Germans' standing tunnel patrol. In an attempt to improve these odds, the "X" organization decided to direct all tunnelling activity, which previously had been conducted on a small group basis.

The "X" organization started three tunnels simultaneously in the summer of 1943. Compared with previous tunnels, all three were engineering marvels, the trap or entrance to each being ingeniously concealed. Each tunnel was 35 feet deep to get below German detection equipment. They had electricity, a pressure air supply and a manual railroad, all of which were built the hard way. F/L Wally Floody, a Canadian, was one of the technical wizards on this job. Upwards of 800 prisoners worked on this project either underground, dispersing sand, on security, or in the maps, creden-

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25																									
Personalkarte I: Personelle Angaben															Beschreibung der Erkennungsmerkmale Gr. 477 Lager: K109 11/43										
Kriegsgefangenen-Stammlager: Stalag Luft 3																									
Des Kriegsgefangenen	Name: Noble										Staatsangehörigkeit: Canada 11/11														
	Vorname: Carman Douglas										Dienstgrad: P.O. Temp 50														
	Geburtstag und -ort: 16.6.18 Durham Ont										Truppenteil: R.A. Komp usw.														
	Religion: United Church										Zivilberuf: Student Berufs-Gr.: 1501														
	Vorname des Vaters:										Matrikel Nr. (Stammrolle des Heimatstaates): 4169 Durham														
Familiename der Mutter:										Gefangennahme (Ort und Datum): 11/43 Canada															
Ob gesund, krank, verwundet eingeliefert: Gesund																									
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										NOBLE, C.D. Weiden!															

Germans kept record cards like this on each POW.

tials and clothing department. Paul Brickhill's book "The Great Escape" describes this tunnel break in detail but I would like to add a few words on some aspects.

By March 1944 one of the three tunnels was ready for use. It was 500 feet long and reached outside the wire. The "X" organization estimated that, if all went well, the tunnel would handle 200 people in one night. But there were 800 people who had worked on the tunnel and most of them wanted to escape; additionally the "X" organization had about 75 more to be included because they were considered to have the best chance of getting out of the country. So the "X" organization selected the first 25 and then 25 were drawn from a hat. This principle was followed until all 200 slots were assigned. Naturally, those that missed the draw were disappointed but everybody continued to carry out their job during the last few strenuous hours. I had position No. 78.

MISHAPS MULTIPLIED

When the tunnel was opened on the outside, we found that instead of being well into the woods as planned, the exit trap was on the edge of the woods within sight of and only 25 feet from a guard tower. This was not an impossible handicap but would slow down the rate of exit and make detection by the Germans more probable. To make matters worse, it started to snow in the early evening and that night the RAF raided Berlin which caused all of the camp lights to be cut off and left the tunnel in darkness. Several people consequently got stuck in the tunnel. Despite these handicaps, the mass exodus went well but slower than planned.

By 4:00 am only 70 persons were out, but it was decided to call a halt. During the eight hours of the operation, three different German guards had passed within five feet of the exit trap without noticing anything

amiss. Two other prisoners and myself who had been in the tunnel for several hours directing traffic were to be the last out, and it was to be our job to cover the outside trap to make detection more difficult for the Germans. As we were moving towards the tunnel outlet, we received the shouted warning from those outside that the Germans had discovered the trap. A guard who was answering the demands of nature had stumbled over a prisoner lying beside the exit trap and the jig was up.

There was shouting and a volley of shots as those outside attempted to make a break for the woods. Those of us in the tunnel headed for the entrance trap closely pursued by guards. We made it back safely inside the camp and quickly closed the entrance trap. This trap was so well concealed that the Germans could not find it, even though they had found the exit trap.

Within a few minutes, the Germans arrived inside the camp in force. Several of us caught in the escape hut were herded off to the cooler. The remainder were subject to even worse indignities as the Germans attempted to ascertain the number who had escaped. We were disappointed that those who were on the outside would have less of a start than we had planned, as the Germans quickly put out a national warning.

DISASTROUS CONSEQUENCE

Seventy prisoners escaped from the tunnel; 60 were caught within the next couple of days. Fifty of these were reported to have been shot trying to escape, but as we proved later were shot in cold blood. The remaining 10 of the 60 were returned to our camp and lodged in the "cooler". There seemed to be no rhyme or reason as to the manner in which the Germans selected those to be shot and those to be spared. The German guards at our camp were as shaken by this atrocity as were the prisoners, because it was carried out by the

Gestapo on direct orders from Hitler. S/L A. K. "Skeets" Ogilvie (RCAF) was one of the 10 returned to the cooler in our camp. I spoke with him on the morning of his arrival and when I told him of the reported shooting of 50 prisoners he was dumbfounded as he had been lodged in the same cell with some of them just two days before.

The remaining 10 escapees did not return to our camp for various reasons. Four made it back to England. One was captured, but as he was a relative of Sir Winston Churchill, he was returned to England carrying a message that Hitler wished delivered to Churchill. Five managed to evade for a considerable period of time but were eventually captured and held prisoners in another camp until the end of the war.

Shortly after this bitter experience, the Germans issued a directive that, in future, all escaping POWs would be considered as partisans and shot if captured. This was not in accord with the Geneva Convention but we decided to heed the warning and curtail escape activities. The invasion of France occurred soon after, and most POWs spent the next few months second-guessing Allied and Russian generals. General Patton was the favourite of all POWs because he moved quicker than the rest.

By 1 January 1945 the Russian front was closing in on the area where Stalag Luft 3 was located, and gunfire from the front was plainly audible. It was obvious that the Germans were beaten and even our guards were questioning the wisdom of continuing to fight. Rumours began to circulate that Hitler intended to hold POWs as hostages in Berlin.

FORCED MARCHES

On the night of 19 January 1945, our camp was ordered to evacuate and we began walking in —28°

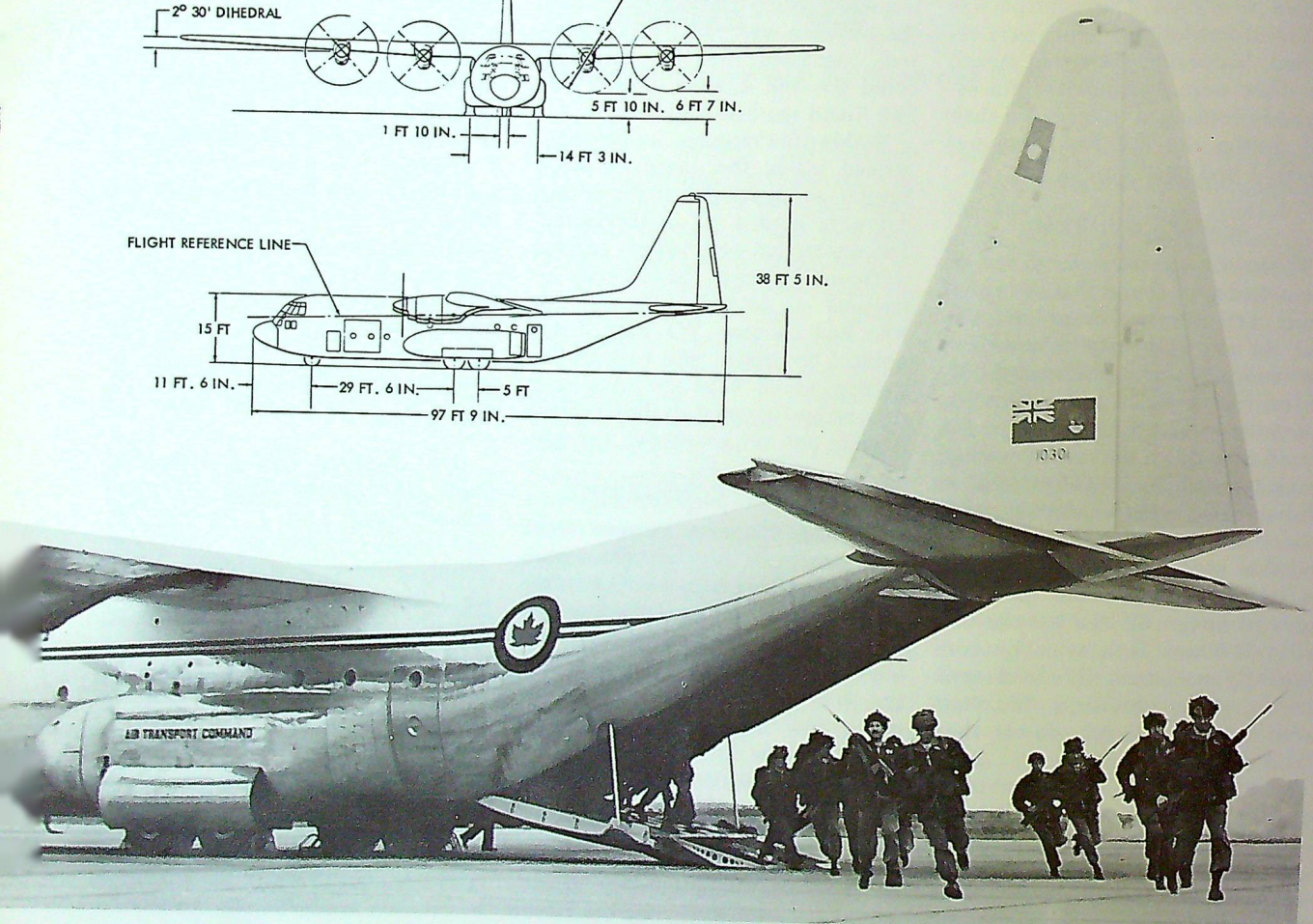
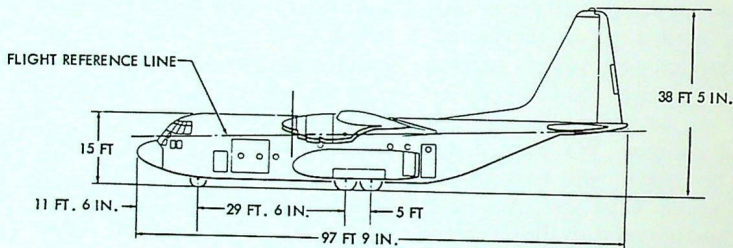
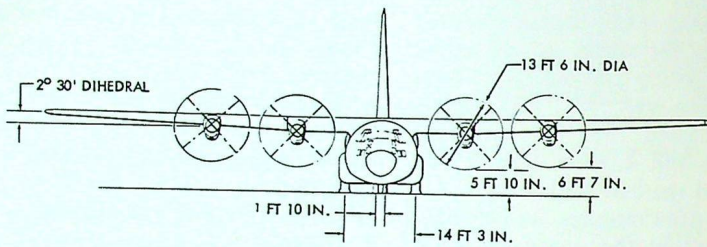
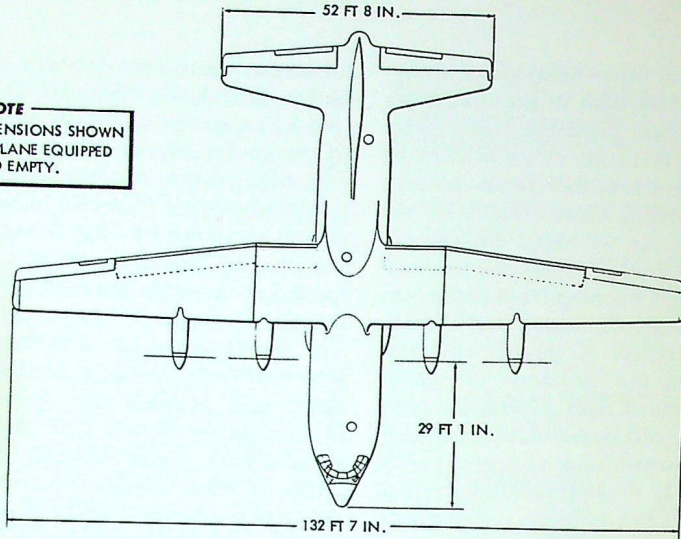
(continued on page 25)

HERCULES IN HARNESS

By FLYING OFFICER A. G. TRIMBLE
Directorate of Maintenance Engineering, AFHQ

Troops of the PPCLI disembark from a Hercules at Namao during joint army-airforce manoeuvres.

NOTE
DIMENSIONS SHOWN
AIRPLANE EQUIPPED
AND EMPTY.



FROM Greek and Roman mythology emerged a hero named Hercules whose prodigious strength was used to perform 12 immense labours. Although somewhat more prosaic, the *Hercules* now in service with the RCAF also performs immense labours — on behalf of Air Transport Command.

Four turbo-prop *Hercules* are operated by No. 435 Squadron based at Namao. The tasks assigned *Hercules* will undoubtedly be many and varied, but basically the aircraft is utilized for the transport of bulky items on trans-Atlantic and domestic flights and Arctic re-supply operations.

The model acquired by the RCAF is the C-130B, a modified version of the C-130A designed for long-range operations. This aircraft is capable of transporting a payload of 20,000 pounds 3,350 nautical miles. Other extensive changes in the "B" version have increased reliability and improved maintenance aspects. The most noticeable difference to the casual observer are the four-bladed propellers in place of the three-bladed props on the "A" model.*

The C-130B long-range cargo and troop carrier landplane is a high-wing all metal monoplane powered by four Allison turbo-prop engines that have a total power output of 16,200 equivalent shaft horsepower (4,050 per engine) and operate at a constant speed of 13,820 rpm. Each engine consists of two assemblies, a power section and a reduction gear section coupled by a torque shaft. The power section is also fitted with



an accessory drive housing. The reduction gear section contains a decoupling assembly, a propeller brake and the necessary gearing to drive the Hamilton Standard propeller which operates normally at a speed of 1,021 rpm. Starting of the engines is made independent of ground support by means of a gas turbine compressor situated in the port wheelwell which supplies pneumatic energy to a starter on each engine. In addition, this compressor provides a source of air for the ground operation of the air conditioning system and for an air turbine motor that drives an emergency AC generator.

As a cargo carrier the aircraft provides a clear cargo space 41 feet long, 10 feet 3 inches wide and 9 feet high; as a comparison, it can accommodate a box roughly the size of a railroad car. The maximum useable volume of the cargo compartment amounts to 5,397 cubic feet. As a troop carrier, seats can be installed for 64 paratroops or 92 ground

troops; as an alternative, 74 litters and seats for two attendants can be fitted. The rear loading ramp and aft cargo door provides an entrance for large loads and wheeled vehicles, and also serves as an exit for aerial delivery service.

The *Hercules* has been designed to takeoff with a gross weight of 118,000 pounds and the maximum allowable takeoff gross weight is 135,000 pounds. The basic aeroplane tips the scales at about 69,000 pounds and can carry a useful payload of approximately 19 tons.

With a gross weight of 100,000 pounds, a takeoff can be accomplished in less than 1,500 feet of runway and it takes less than one minute to climb to 2,500 feet. The cruising speed of the aircraft is 315 knots, with a maximum speed in excess of 360 knots and cruising height is normally 24,000 to 26,000 feet. The tricycle landing gear, which consists of a dual nose wheel and two wheels in tandem on each main gear,

* The USAF tanker version of the *Hercules* can off-load as much as 50,000 pounds of fuel at airspeeds in excess of 300 knots at 25,000 feet and is compatible with almost any fighter aircraft. *Hercules* is the largest ski-equipped aircraft in the world and has been used extensively in Alaska, the Arctic and Antarctic regions. The USAF photographic version is equipped with the most complex system for aerial photography and distance measuring of any aircraft in existence.

permits unexcelled operation from unpaved landing strips and soft fields. The *Hercules* has a big foot-print. With a 96,000 pound gross weight, the wheels will penetrate only three quarters of an inch on dry, ungraded clay, silt or humus surfaces.

The aircraft fuselage is fully pressurized and air-conditioned, and both the flight and cargo compartments can be pressurized to maintain a cabin altitude of 5,000 feet at an aircraft altitude of 28,000 feet, and the system will maintain a sea level cargo compartment pressure up to 18,500 feet altitude. There are two air-conditioning systems, one being for the flight station and the other for the cargo compartment. The flight station temperature can be maintained at a comfortable setting at the same time that the cargo compartment could be regulated to a cool or cold condition to preserve a perishable cargo.

Four complete hydraulic systems are installed in the aircraft and act as the muscles to move various aircraft units, i.e. flight controls, landing gear, flaps, brakes, steering system, and cargo doors. Other systems in the aircraft include an AC electrical system, high-frequency and low-frequency communication systems, search radar, automatic pilot, and a high pressure gaseous oxygen system.

The crew complement normally consists of six members and crew comfort has not been overlooked. Bunks have been provided for relief crews and adequate galley facilities are available.

Both air crew and ground crew trades have received extensive training at the Lockheed plant in Marietta, Georgia, and training has also been given at the Allison Division of General Motors in Indianapolis. Without exception all participants in this program are very enthused with the RCAF's latest acquisition, and already *Hercules* is proving its worth in squadron service. ©

Double Anniversary:

AIRWOMEN ON ACTIVE SERVICE

AIRWOMEN throughout the RCAF are preparing a double birthday celebration next month—to mark the 20th anniversary of the five-year wartime Women's Division and their 10th year of service in the RCAF Regular and Auxiliary Reserve.

Elementary mental arithmetic thus reveals that members of the fair sex have been in uniform during 40 per cent of the RCAF's 37-year exist-

ence*. Today approximately 2,600 airwomen and 300 women officers serve at 39 air force stations in Canada, France, Germany and England; an additional 330 airwomen

* Nurses were the first women in uniform, the nursing service having been organized in 1901 as an integral part of the Canadian Army Medical Corps which, prior to the Second World War, provided for the RCAF. In 1940 the RCAF Medical Service was authorized and 11 nurses transferred from the army 16 November 1940.

All the comforts of home (?) were improvised in this Nissen hut in Yorkshire by Canadian WDs (l. to r.) Rose Spencer, Nora Plaxton, Isabel White, Mary Dempsey and Joan Sutcliffe. The girls were drivers in the motor transport section of RCAF Bomber Group HQ during the mid-40s.



and 50 women officers are in auxiliary formations across Canada.

An Order in Council dated 2 July 1941 granted authority for the "formation of a component of the Royal Canadian Air Force to be known as the Canadian Women's Auxiliary Air Force, their function being to release to heavier duties those members of the RCAF presently employed in administrative, clerical and other comparable types of service employment." The RAF Air Ministry loaned six WAAF officers to help set up the new organization. Mrs. C. C. Walker, Dr. Jean Davey and Dr. M. A. Stewart were commissioned in the RCAF, with the rank of flight officer. H. R. H. Princess Alice, wife of Canada's Governor General the Earl of Athlone, gave her patronage to the new component and accepted the rank of honorary air commandant.

The first 150 recruits reported 23 October 1941 to the Manning Depot in Toronto. Initial training was directed by the WAAF officers. Later the Manning Depot for airwomen was moved to Rockcliffe. The CWAAF was an integral part of the RCAF, but the name suggested a separate organization. Therefore, on 3 February 1942, the designation was changed to Royal Canadian Air Force (Women's Division), and "WD" was used as a shortened form.

Originally airwomen were employed as clerks, cooks, equipment assistants, fabric workers, hospital assistants, MT drivers, telephone operators and standard (messwomen and general duties). Eventually these eight trades were increased to include 65 out of a possible 102 RCAF trades and trade specialties. The 16 Service Flying Training Schools were first to receive airwomen replacements, with the first group reporting to No. 2 SFTS Uplands on 2 January 1942. Later airwomen were stationed at many other types of units. The first draft of RCAF

(WD) personnel proceeded to the United Kingdom in August 1942. During the war 117 officers and 1,205 airwomen served in the UK. In addition there were more than 4,000 British WAAFs attached to Canadian squadrons and stations in England.

In January 1944 the RCAF (WD) reached a peak strength of 15,147 all ranks. After that time very little recruiting was done. Altogether more than 17,000 women served in the "WDs". When the war ended and the Special Reserve recruited for wartime service was demobilized the Women's Division also ceased to exist. All women personnel were released except a few messing officers, who were retained on the same basis as nursing sisters, in the medical branch. The last airwomen, employed in records jobs at AFHQ, had returned to civvy street by the end of 1946.

The signing of the North Atlantic Treaty in 1949 and the Korean War in 1950 stimulated RCAF expansion once again. It was decided that women would be needed in the peacetime force and the air force was authorized to stockpile clothing and to proceed with plans to take women into the Regular Force and active Reserves. In April 1951 the Cabinet approved the recruiting of women.

Some ex-members of the RCAF (WD) were enrolled, to help with planning and training. F/O M. L.

Fraser worked at Air Materiel Command HQ on the provisioning of uniforms and S/L S. I. Evans went to AFHQ to advise on policy matters. A "nucleus" of six women officers and 26 airwomen were sent to the Manning Depot at St Johns, P.Q., to take a refresher course and prepare for the arrival of recruits. The officers were F/O F. D. Howey (later Blackburn), F/O I. R. S. Hutchins, F/O J. O. Poole and F/O D. L. Pope, all in the Pers/Adm branch, and F/O M. W. Pledger in the supply branch. Soon after S/L H. M. Sutherland was enrolled to organize a social welfare branch in the RCAF.

The first class of over 80 airwomen recruits reported to No. 2 MD St Johns on 3 July 1951. Initially ten trades were declared open for employment of airwomen; this was soon expanded to include 22 trades, ranging from armament systems technician to photographer.

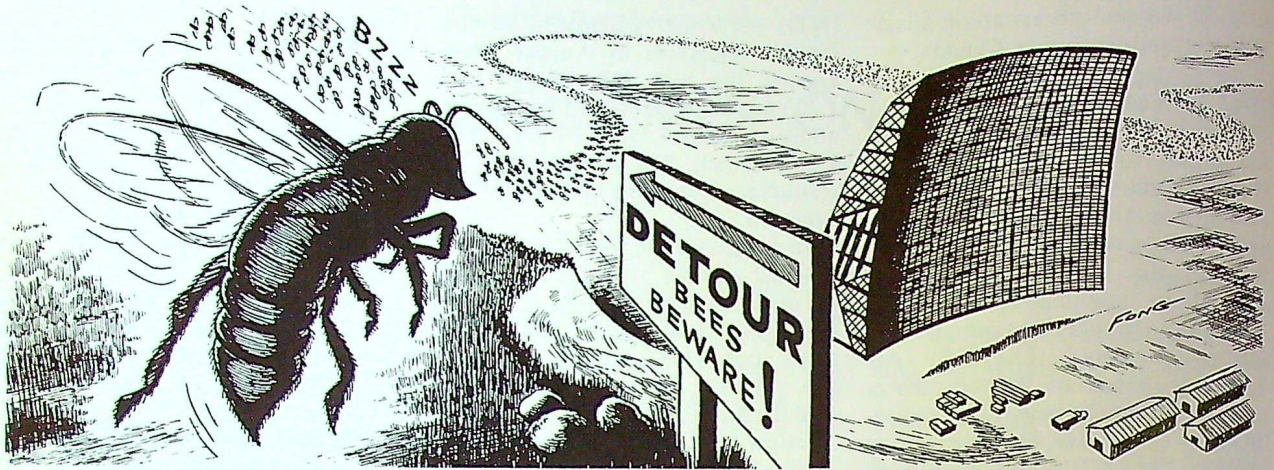
The authority to employ women in the peacetime air force applied to reserve components as well as the RCAF Regular. In 1951 a few women officers, who had been carried on reserve lists from the wartime, were called out on continuous duty to help with recruiting of women. Since that time women have served in the following reserve components: Auxiliary Reserves, Reserve Trades Training Plan, University Reserve Training Plan, Mobilization Assignment Training Plan and Supplementary Reserve. ☉

Exit the Observer

The name "observer", used since two-man aircraft flew in the First World War to describe the brain of the aircrew, has been dropped from RCAF terminology. Effective 1 Jan. 61 the Observer branch (Air/Obs) was renamed the Radio Navigator branch (Air/RN) and all former observers are now known as radio navigators.

Explaining the change, a recent AFRO stated "observer" has never enjoyed widespread approval primarily because it is not descriptive of the functions involved, has a passive connotation and lacks meaning. Study of possible alternatives showed that the name "radio navigator" best overcomes these objections.

Specialties in the Air/RN branch now include navigator long range, navigator air interception, and radio officer.



What Happens to the Bee when BMEWS Comes?

(Norad News Service)

THIS question was no laughing matter to the Yorkshire beekeeper who raised the point when the third North American Air Defence Command (NORAD) ballistic missile early warning system (BMEWS) site was announced as coming to Fylingdales Moor near his secluded village in the north of England.

Fylingdales Moor is covered with heather and ling, and these flowers are the source of what is called heather honey, a much-sought table delicacy. Besides the bees and their heather, the moor is also frequented by flocks of sheep and, on occasion, by winds high enough to make a man lean at a 45-degree angle into them to make forward progress.

BMEWS has never had to deal with the bee situation before, as honey bees have too much climatic sense to be found around Clear, Alaska, or Thule, Greenland, where the other two sites are located. The bee man heard that BMEWS would have radar beams powerful enough to reach out more than 3,000 miles, which meant high intensity to him,

and in order to stay as low as possible over the Soviet Union's potential launching sites for ICBMs, they must be projected at an extremely low angle from Fylingdales Moor.

A bee making its bee-line, he reasoned, wouldn't know or care about a detour sign, so would he wind up cooked? Or is honey nectar spiked by electronics? Or would the resultant honey come up with a taste change?

His fears subsided when he learned that BMEWS is aimed at more important survival targets and, even though the angle is low, it's unlikely that a bee would get enough altitude to get into the beam and test out the dire consequences he feared.

The bee man was not alone in his concern about this installation, so vital to improving the warning capability of NORAD as the enemy ICBM threat curve rises. The Council for the Preservation of Rural England wanted to be sure that the picturesque and natural countryside of this part of Yorkshire was not defaced by any construction or antenna

monstrosities, however useful and necessary they might seem to the military strategist and electronics engineer. In deference to the Society, the BMEWS location is so laid out that only the radome "bubbles" of the three tracking radars rise above the horizon.

This led to debate as to whether the radomes should be painted brown to match the moor, or duck-egg blue to melt into the sky. Duck-egg blue got the vote.

The Ancient Monument section of the Ministry of Works was enlisted in the surveys because there are many mound and barrow style burying grounds in the vicinity, used by the ancient Britons and dating back as far as 2,000 years before Christ. There is also a recently uncovered remnant of an old Roman road used by Caesar's legions, which terminates on Goathland.

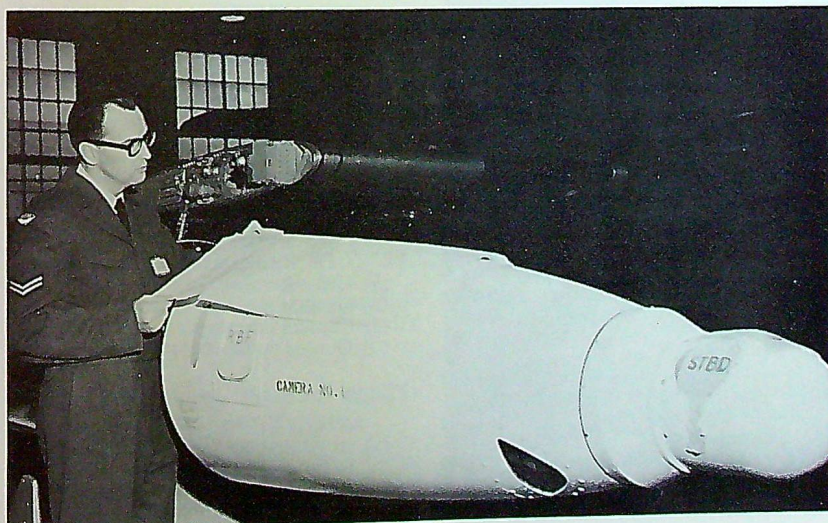
Military people have a more recent concern which is being dealt with. The BMEWS site was used first in modern times for service purposes during the Second World War when

it was a British artillery range, the impact area being right where construction is starting. It was used in this manner until three years ago, and even now the land is dotted like a wild poppy bed with different coloured flags which indicate where duds have been spotted which must be removed for safety. Not even a man perched on so formidable a bit of equipment as a bulldozer likes to stub his blade unexpectedly on a three or six inch shell itching for just such triggering at long last.

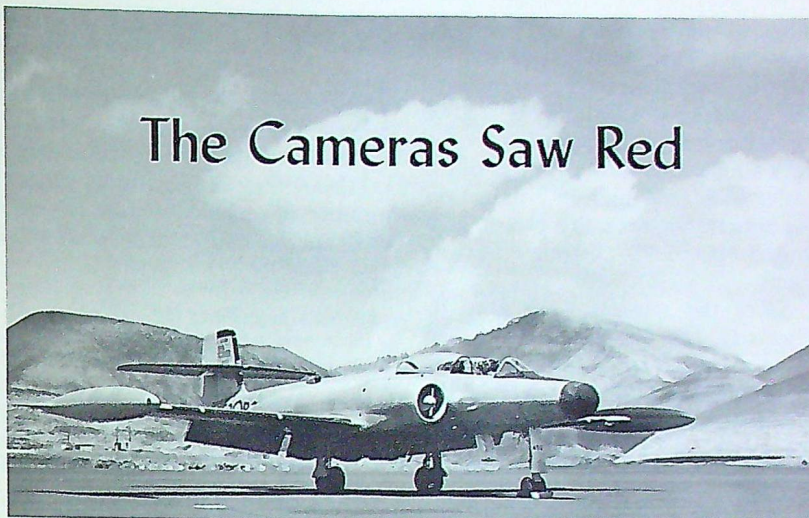
The British Air Ministry patiently listens to all the expressed concerns, tries to be sure every interested group has an explanation and reassurance, but misconceptions still abound — even though the beekeeper seems to have had his fears dispelled.

Fylingdales Moor is scheduled to become operational sometime in 1962 as an integral part of the ICBM warning system. The three ground-based BMEWS stations will eventually be complemented by the orbiting infra-red sensor MIDAS (missile detection alarm system) and after that by SAMOS (the orbiting photographic satellite system). ☉

Cpl. J. Rajala, an RCAF technician on Operation Lookout, examines modified wing pod used to house CARDE-designed instruments.



The Cameras Saw Red



CF-100 on standby at Ascension Island.

YEAR-LONG RCAF and Defence Research Board collaboration from an island in the South Atlantic Ocean has resulted in the successful recording of radiations from rocket nose cones re-entering the earth's atmosphere. Called Operation Lookout, the joint project was a Canadian contribution to ICBM defence stud-

ies conducted with the US Advanced Research Projects Agency.

The Canadian Armament Research and Development Establishment (CARDE) scientists and their RCAF associates left Quebec City in January 1960 for the 7000-mile trip to Ascension Island, a speck of volcanic ash midway between South America and Africa*. They returned last December, armed with accumulated data for processing in CARDE's Valcartier research laboratory. Detailed assessments and analysis of all the information obtained are still underway.

CARDE-designed instruments placed in modified wing pods of two CF-100s recorded ultra-violet, visible and infra-red radiations generated by white-hot US nose cones launched with rockets at Cape Canaveral, 5000 miles to the northwest. Friction caused by the increasing density of the earth's atmosphere made the radiation measurements possible. Unusually skilled flying ability was required during the operation. The crews of the two fighter-interceptors, which flew single mis-

* THE ROUND, Apr. 60.

sions, were required to intercept, and, in effect, photograph the incoming nose cones which re-entered the earth's atmosphere at 15,000 miles per hour. The power expended by a single re-entering cone is of the order of several million horsepower—comparable with the power generated by the St. Lawrence Seaway dams.

Since the missiles were fired irregularly, the *CF-100* aircrews had to be prepared to go up at any time of the day or night. In spite of the obstacles, an estimated 90 percent of the missions flown produced valuable recordings.

"The flying and navigating skills exhibited by the personnel concerned should be a matter of pride to all in the RCAF," said DRB Chairman Dr. A. H. Zimmerman. "Without their efforts and those of their fellow servicemen who maintained the aircraft and associated equipment at Ascension Island, the operation would not have been possible." Air Marshal Hugh Campbell, RCAF Chief of the Air Staff, made mention of the quality of the initial research carried out by DRB scientists and noted that Operation Lookout was "another example of the high standard of cooperation that has existed between DRB and the RCAF for many years."

F/L Murray Sweetman commanded the RCAF air detachment while Dr. Guy Giroux, the DRB project scientist at Ascension Island, carried out the difficult task of directing the field measurements. After preliminary examination on the spot, the records were forwarded to CARDE for analysis by Dr. Cameron Cumming, the program scientist. ☉

Then there was the pilot who, when gleefully announcing the arrival of his first son after his wife had previously borne four daughters, commented: "We were beginning to think that, though heir-minded, we weren't heir-conditioned."

What's The Score?

ENGLISH, as we all know, is a living language. This fact is never more apparent than when seen in relation to a new field of human endeavour. In the terminology of aerospace defence, for instance, guided missiles, sputniks, satellites and electronic warning devices are adding an ever-increasing number of technical words to our language—and giving new meanings to old, familiar ones. Here's what we mean; answers are on page 32.

1. An *After Body* is:
 - (a) A boss in hot pursuit of his secretary.
 - (b) The housing of a jet aircraft's afterburner.
 - (c) A companion body that trails a satellite.
 - (d) The gantry that moves onto a launching pad after a rocket has departed.
2. The space technician's definition of *Bird* is:
 - (a) Something you give a referee if you don't like his decision.
 - (b) A missile or any other inanimate object that flies.
 - (c) The rotating antennae on a gap filler radar installation.
 - (d) A creature that migrates in winter.
3. *Black Box* is jargon for:
 - (a) The memory drum of a digital computer.
 - (b) The hooded cockpit of a spacecraft simulator.
 - (c) The operations room at a combat operations centre.
 - (d) Any electronic components that are easily removed or replaced in a larger system.
4. A new meaning for *Brain* is:
 - (a) The nickname for the head scientist of a defence research project.
 - (b) A generic term applied to electronic computing equipment.
 - (c) Jargon for the cathode tube of a radar set.
 - (d) The colloquial expression for a rocket's steering mechanism.
5. *Chaff* is the word used for:
 - (a) Narrow strips of metal dropped to cause radar confusion.
 - (b) The irritation produced by a too-tight pressure suit.
 - (c) The binding which results when rocket control rods rub against the sides of a missile.
 - (d) Very fine shavings produced by lathes making satellite parts.
6. *Conelrad* is:
 - (a) A fraternal society composed of former NORAD personnel.
 - (b) The "rad" or radiator of a single stage rocket booster.
 - (c) A system of denying the use of our broadcasting for enemy navigation purposes.
 - (d) The joint commission that would control all radio broadcasts in case of war.
7. *Cross-tell* stands for:
 - (a) The cross-hairs on a radar gun sight.
 - (b) The relaying of information of the air situation to installations to the right or left of the originator.
 - (c) Information from the memory drum of an operating SAGE unit feeding to the memory drum in the standby equipment.
 - (d) The telecommunication network that crosses Canada.
8. *Fall-out* is the:
 - (a) Precipitation of particles from an atomic cloud.
 - (b) Release of chaff from a research rocket.
 - (c) Decrease of signal strength from an orbiting satellite.
 - (d) Executive command for evacuating an atomic bomber.
9. *Gap filler* stands for:
 - (a) The reinforced wall between two underground rocket silos.
 - (b) The temporary cover placed between sections of a multi stage rocket.
 - (c) Radar installations designed to give low altitude coverage between heavy radar sites.
 - (d) Military equipment which fills the gap between now and the day of the ultimate weapon.
10. *Genie* today refers to:
 - (a) An atomic warhead air defence weapon carried by fighter aircraft.
 - (b) The giant that materialized when Aladdin rubbed his lamp.
 - (c) Any airwoman on duty in an ADC operations room.
 - (d) A document concerning space vehicles that is classified as secret or above.
11. *GAR* stands for:
 - (a) Ground-to-air radar.
 - (b) General acoustic research.
 - (c) Ground atomic reaction.
 - (d) Guided aerial rocket.
12. In military terminology *Hardware* means:
 - (a) Items that are recoverable as opposed to those that are expendable.
 - (b) A weapon, missile, computer or other object actually in inventory.

W.P. Bush Thru into House

- (c) Equipment that can stand hard wear with no need for special handling.
 (d) Construction of extra strength to withstand atomic blast.
13. *Hypersonic* means speed:
 (a) Faster than Mach 5.
 (b) Slightly faster than that of sound.
 (c) Slightly slower than that of sound.
 (d) Twice that of supersonic speed.
14. The term *Lock-On* stands for:
 (a) Closing the hangar door at the end of each day.
 (b) Automatic tracking of an object by infra-red or radar equipment.
 (c) Fuelling the Lox tank in an ICBM.
 (d) Pressurizing the Lox tank in an ICBM.
15. *Nike* refers to:
 (a) A surface-to-air missile.
 (b) A new American research satellite.
 (c) Canada's Defence Research Board northern lights research program.
 (d) A surface-to-surface missile.
16. A *Picket Ship* is:
 (a) A boatful of striking longshoremen picketing the waterfront.
 (b) An ocean-going vessel carrying radar for early warning of an air attack.
 (c) An ocean vessel assigned by the International Civilian Aviation Organization to a designated position for navigational purposes.
 (d) The code name for the US satellite designed to replace Midas II.
17. *Pole Vault* means:
 (a) An athletic event dominated by the Australians.
 (b) A flight over the north pole by commercial aircraft.
 (c) An aircraft going through the sound barrier.
 (d) A high energy communications system.
18. *SAGE* is the term for:
 (a) A 20-year service warrant officer.
 (b) A plant which readily loses its bloom.
 (c) Semi-automatic ground environment.
 (d) Secure all gates and exits.
19. *Tropo Scatter* means:
 (a) All messages are to be ciphered from plain language.
 (b) Aircraft deployment in the troposphere.
 (c) Radio waves are jammed.
 (d) Communications system designed to overcome the shortcomings of standard radio transmission.
20. *SAM*, besides being a man's name, stands for:
 (a) Surface-to-air missile.
 (b) Semi-automatic machine.
 (c) Sea-and-air mining operations.
 (d) Strategic aerial mapping.

Pilot's Prayer

When I have leaped from lowly earth
 To woo the windy void of space
 God give me courage, fraught with mirth,
 To match the dangers I must face.

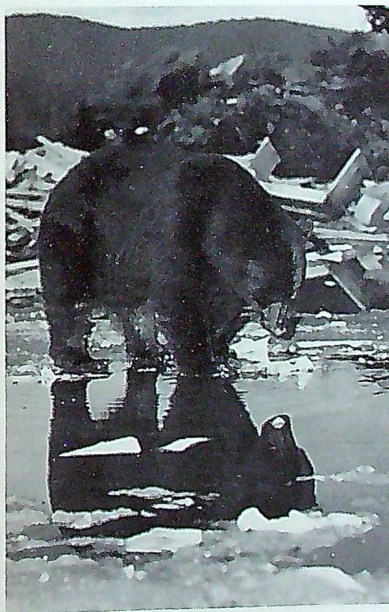
For only fools can hope to do
 The complex tasks jet flight demands
 Whilst boring through the boundless blue,
 Without the aid of His strong hands.

And as I fly the heavens alone,
 A prey to anxious doubt and fear,
 Oh, make Thy gracious Presence known
 And let me feel that Thou art near.

To lead me down through darkest night
 Strong in the faith when terror rings,
 Thine eyes shall guide my faltering flight,
 Thine arms uphold my falling wings.

RONALD GORDON-CUMMING,
 Veterans' Hospital,
 New Westminster, B.C.

Holberg's Freeloaders



Washing up after lunch, this B.C. black bear is one of several which frequent RCAF Station Holberg's garbage dump. The Pinetree radar site at the northern tip of Vancouver Island is surrounded by wild life, but these bears have become particularly bold, and even took to roaming through the station at night, overturning garbage pails in search of food.

Although the bears never molested anyone, concern for children's safety prompted W/C J. R. Austin to have the dump moved further from station living quarters.

"It didn't work," reports the CO. "We forgot to tell the bears, who still waited patiently at the old dump. We were forced to shoot nine of the worst offenders."



AIR CADET LEAGUE OF CANADA

Celebrates 20 Years of Progress and Plans for 1961 Activities

By DICK LOGAN,
Air Cadet League HQ., Ottawa

THE 20th anniversary of the Air Cadet League of Canada's founding in 1941 provided the keynote for the League's annual meeting last month at the Seigniory Club, P.Q.

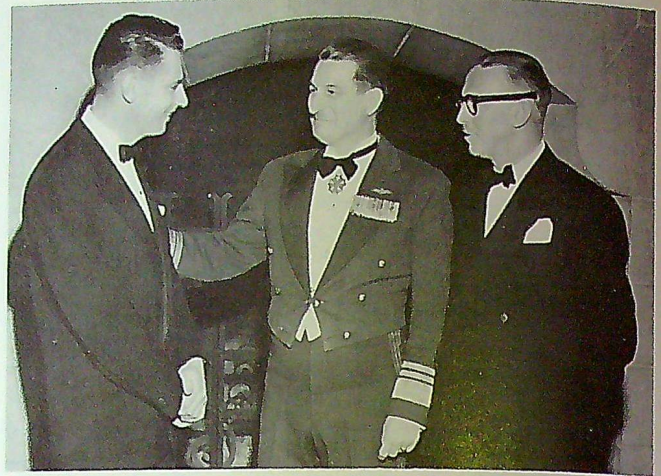
On hand for the business sessions on February 8 and 9 were some 100 League delegates and key RCAF officers from all parts of Canada. Also in attendance were representatives from the United States and Great Britain as well as observers from other organizations interested in aviation and youth work. From overseas came A/C A. G. Dudgeon and W/C G. J. Rayner to speak for the Air Training Corps of Great Britain, while the U.S. delegation was headed by Col. D. H. Byrd, past chairman of national executive board Civil Air Patrol, and an honorary member of the Air Cadet League.

For some years now air cadet enrolments across Canada have been at the maximum figure of 25,500 presently authorized by the government. The League recommended to the Chief of the Air Staff a plan for over-committing the squadron quotas by 10% during the months of September to January inclusive so that, by annual inspection time, the movement would come close to the

maximum figure provided for. Approval was also granted for an increase of 500 in the summer camp quota to 6,500 cadets.

In an election held at the close of the first day's business, A. R. Smith, DFC, M. P., of Calgary, Alberta, was chosen to succeed John F. Ayre, Newfoundland, as president of the League. A veteran of the wartime RCAF, the new president has served with the League since 1946, has held numerous executive posts at local, provincial and national levels, and is a popular and respected figure throughout the movement. Vice-presidents for 1961 are Ivan B. Quinn, Vancouver; and Robert Inch, Q.C., Hamilton. C. Douglas Taylor continues as honorary president; D. A. Ross is honorary treasurer and M. Banker Bates is honorary secretary. Other executive members include: J. T. Eaton, E. Vopni, W. H. Collie, J. Rene Gauthier, Q.C., W. James Griffis, R. A. Lambert and N. D. MacDonald. Air Marshals R. Leckie and W. A. Curtis will continue to serve on the executive in an honorary capacity.

Held in the main dining room of the Seigniory Club, under the chairmanship of retiring president Ayre,



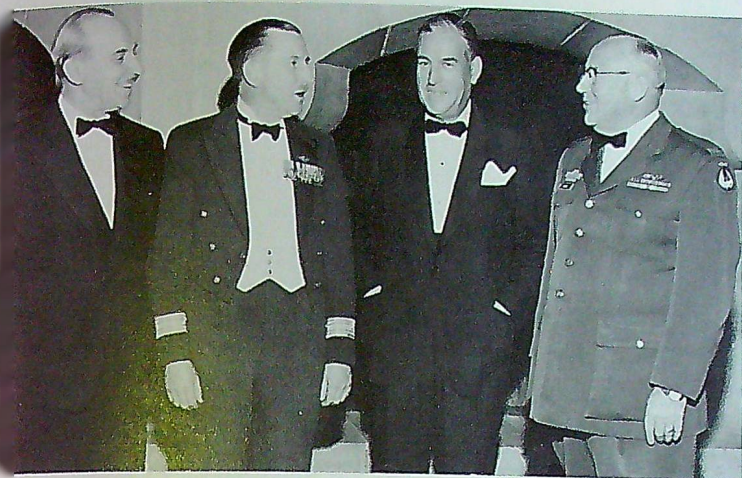
League president-elect Arthur R. Smith, Air Marshal Hugh Campbell, retiring president John F. Ayre.

the 20th Annual Dinner of the League was addressed by the Hon. D. S. Harkness, minister of national defence; A/M Hugh Campbell, chief of the air staff; Col. D. H. Byrd, CAP; and A/C A. K. Dudgeon, ATC. An impressive account of his exchange visit to Denmark was given by former cadet Morven Gentlemen (see page 31).

During the course of the evening honorary president C. Douglas Taylor paid homage to G. Ross, general manager of the League, who will retire April 1st of this year. Mr. and Mrs. Ross were presented with oil paintings in appreciation of 17 years of service to air cadets. Mr. Ross will be succeeded by the present assistant general manager, Arthur Macdonald.

Another feature of the dinner was the naming of the League's "Man of the Year" by A/M Campbell who presented an illuminated scroll to Arthur R. Cousins of Toronto, in recognition of 20 years of service with the movement in various capacities.

The president took the opportunity during the dinner of presenting a capsule-type report on League achievements for the past 20 years.



Defence Minister D. S. Harkness; Air Cmdre. A. G. Dudgeon, Commandant Air Training Corps of Great Britain; League honorary president C. D. Taylor; Col. D. H. Byrd, U.S. Civil Air Patrol representative.



Former presidents D. R. MaClaren and A. W. Carter are both 20-year league veterans.

Among the points he made were the following:

- Since operations were started more than 150,000 cadets have received training in the squadrons, now numbering 332. If all of these cadets could be paraded at one time in column of route the parade would stretch for a distance of 35 miles.
- The annual summer camps conducted by the RCAF with the co-operation of League personnel, have extended valuable training benefits to 90,464 cadets.
- Since inception of scholarship flying training in 1946, 4,500 cadets have been trained up to private pilot's licence standing through scholarships provided by the RCAF and the Air Cadet League.
- Since international air cadet visits began 14 years ago, 770 Canadian cadets have received "all-expense" tours abroad as ambassadors of goodwill. A like number from six other countries visited Canada during the same period.
- During the past 20 years, the combined efforts of the League at national, provincial and local levels resulted in contributing a total known to be in excess of \$6,300,000 from civilian sources for air cadet work. Apart from the widespread interest and support this represents, it has resulted in substantial savings to the public treasury.
- Through the years the movement has assisted substantially in meeting the manpower needs of the RCAF. More than 4,000 pre-trained air cadets joined the armed forces during World War II and many served with distinction.

In the build-up years subsequent to the war and as vacancies occurred, air cadets enlisted in large numbers. The League is proud of the fact that approximately 20% of those now serving in the RCAF were pre-trained as air cadets.

- Striking success has been achieved in raising standards of proficiency at squadron level through the leadership training courses conducted each summer at RCAF Station Camp Borden. Over 1,500 cadets have attended.

The final business session, dealing mainly with the program for the coming year, was held on the morning of February 9th. This meeting gave approval for continuation of special training courses and reward activities including summer camps, scholarship flying training, exchange visits and a new senior leaders' course which represents an amalgamation of the two courses presently held at Camp Borden.

Near the close of the meeting, it was announced that the RCAF Association Trophy, awarded annually to the most proficient squadron in Canada, was won by No. 333 Lord Beaverbrook Squadron, Fredericton, N.B. The trophy, along with an illuminated scroll and cash award, was presented by RCAFA President L. Baldock to N.B. Chairman Donald Welsford.



Arthur R. Cousins, Air Cadet League's "man of the year".

THE CRUDER

By SQUADRON LEADER A. P. HEATHCOTE
Air Historical Section

Part Four of No. 418 Squadron's Wartime History

Covers D-Day Preparations and Post Invasion Buzzbomb Battles

IF THERE was a climax to the deadly pace set by No. 418's sharpshooters, it must have come on 2/3 May 1944. During that 24-hour period the unit established its own all-time records for E/A destroyed in a single operation and also passed the "100" milestone in matter of E/A destroyed *in toto*.

The chain reaction of contributory events was triggered by the squadron's most active honorary member, S/L Charlie Scherf, DFC and Bar, who again succumbed to the operational urge and casually cooked up a day-ranger with F/O Caine and navigators Stewart and Boal. Airborne by mid-afternoon, the two *Mosquitoes* headed for Germany's Baltic shore. They first attacked 20 or more

He. 115s and *Do. 18s* sitting on the water between Ribnitz and Putlitz. Caine destroyed two *Dorniers* and damaged two more, while Scherf damaged two *Heinkels*. The next point of call was Barth airfield, which was mercilessly strafed. Scherf blew up a *Do. 217* and an *He. 111* and Caine reduced to junk four members of the *Junkers* family.

However, Caine's port engine ingested too much *Junkers'* debris for its own good. It quit. The skipper was about to head for Sweden, only 70 miles across the Baltic, but after huddling with Boal and weighing the merits of Swedish blondes against possible internment for the duration decided to trust the remaining *Merlin* to take them the 500-plus miles

(90 percent over water) back to England. It did just that. While Caine struggled westward, Scherf continued eastward. At Greifswald he shot down in flames a *Ju. 86* and pulverized a parked *He. 111*. At Bad Doberan, on the way home, he added to his list of victims another ground-bound *Heinkel*.

When the unit's official scorer announced that the record bag had boosted 418's total of E/A destroyed (independently) to 96, crews all but queued up for the chance to get the 100th. Two of them, MacFadyen-Wright and Kipp-Huletsky, took off within the same minute that night, the former for St. Yan and the latter for distant Munich. MacFadyen was the first to attack, damaging an aircraft on the ground at St. Yan. He followed with three strafing runs on a *Bi-Heinkel*, which was consumed by fire. That was number 97, and Mac's chances of getting three more looked pretty good, at least until he dived to take photographs and took a burst of machine-gun fire in his starboard engine. A small explosion was touched off and the propeller had to be feathered, all of which rendered MacFadyen and Wright *hors de combat* for the time being.

Kipp got the 100th. He also got the 98th, 99th, and 101st. To add



P/O Carl Boal and F/O Johnny Caine
The dog won over the Swedish blondes



Air Marshal L. S. Breadner, AOC-in-C RCAF Overseas, and 418's CO W/C Tony Barker kid the latter's "crippled" navigator F/L Gordon Frederick following their May 1944 ditching.

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frosting to the multiple-victory cake, each victim was the *Mosquito's* deadliest foe, the *FW 190*. The first was perfectly illuminated by the beams of searchlights with which it was cooperating in an exercise near Ammer Lake; the second was approaching to land at Gunzburg with its navigation lights twinkling; the third and fourth were obligingly flying all lit up and in such tight formation (near Saarburg) that Kipp was able to blast them both on the same pass. It was a wonder there was a fourth at all, for while attacking it the *Mosquito* flew into the wreckage of the third and fell into a wicked stall from which its pilot recovered just in time. A paltry hundred feet or so of altitude meant the difference between his returning home in triumph and not returning at all. In shooting down four E/A Bob Kipp established an RAF-RCAF record for a single night sortie, this without the help of A.I.* Already, so to speak, between a DFC recommendation and award, he had now earned membership in the Distinguished Service Order. The citation stressed his genius for leader-

ship and his most inspiring example. Huletsky, also about to receive a DFC for work on previous operations, now earned a bar to that decoration.

Since 22 March, although there had been many a close shave with ground defences, enemy fire had failed to inflict casualties on 418 in nearly 200 sorties. A prime example of the Edmontons' luck was seen on 5 May, when Merv Sims' aircraft returned safely from a day-ranger with a dud incendiary bullet (which had severed the fuel line from the starboard tanks) lodged in one of its belly tanks. Nevertheless the law of averages applicable to intruder operations had to assert itself; with all the practice they were getting, German gunners were bound to knock something down every now and then, even a fast night-intruder *Mosquito*.

INEVITABLE CASUALTIES

The inevitable happened in May, when three "TH"* *Mosquitoes*, manned by experienced intruder teams, were brought down in eight days, all by flak, and a fourth was lost by misadventure. A night-ranger over the Baltic coast on the 8th was the

23rd and last sortie for the team of F/L J. M. Connell and F/O Dave Carr, each of whom was to spend nearly a year in a prisoner-of-war camp. A day-ranger to Luxeuil airfield on the 14th was also the 23rd and last sortie for F/L W. T. Harper and F/O T. H. Rees (RAF), who were last seen (by F/Os F. M. Sawyer and J. E. Howell) bracketed by flak as they were shooting-up hangars. They never returned and were later presumed dead. Only a few days before, on a day-ranger with Sims and Sharples, they had destroyed two E/A and damaged three more at Metz and Thionville. They were given credit for damaging still another on their last operation.

The unit's third loss of the period came during a day-ranger on the 16th by Howie Cleveland and Frank Day (RAF), accompanied by S/L Charlie Scherf, DFC and Bar, (who, for the third time, was flying "just one last trip") and "Swede" Finlayson. Over Denmark and Germany's Baltic coast the Scherf-Finlayson combination destroyed five E/A in the air and one on the ground and damaged another on the water, while Cleveland and Day destroyed two and damaged one. While strafing seaplanes moored offshore, however, Cleveland's aircraft was hit by the fire of two Bofors guns and the starboard engine had to be feathered. With his instruments destroyed and his aircraft labouring sluggishly, Cleveland turned for Sweden. He failed by three miles to reach it. The *Mosquito* was ditched and rescue came in three hours, but by that time navigator Frank Day was dead. In his 26 operational sorties with

* Airborne Interception (radar) Equipment. An RAF night-fighter pilot, assisted by A.I., was to equal this mark some six months later.

* The squadron's identification letters.

Cleveland the Lancashire lad had shown a high degree of ability, determination and devotion to duty, assisting in the destruction of nine E/A and in damaging attacks on three more. These facts were mentioned in the citation accompanying his award of the DFM, which, having been recommended earlier, was announced a day or so after his death. Simultaneously S/L Cleveland, described as an extremely efficient flight commander whose courage and determination had proved most inspiring, received a DFC. Repatriated after recuperating in a Swedish hospital, he was eventually to rejoin the squadron and become its last wartime commander.

SCHERF'S SUCCESS

Returning to the exploits of Scherf and Finlayson, they were struggling home minus a port elevator (flak had removed it) when, over the German coast, they were "bounced". A flock of birds which had taken off from a strip of beach intercepted the *Mossie* and used ramming tactics. The nose and spinners were damaged and some two dozen holes were punched in the leading edge and upper side of the wings. Yet, even with these aerodynamic surfaces so vital to its lift thus impaired, the matchless *Mosquito* made it home.

S/L Scherf's bag of five E/A air-to-air in one trip was never exceeded on the squadron. His score now stood at 23½ conventional E/A destroyed and 4 damaged, which gave him all-time unit leadership in that category also. A unique aspect of his score was the fact that he chalked up all but six of the "destroyed" and all but one of the "damaged" when no longer officially on squadron strength. His final performance with 418 earned him the decoration of the Distinguished Service Order. In view of his consistently excellent work on operations, the words of the citation — "His successes are a splendid tribute to his great skill, enterprise and

fearlessness . . ." — seemed almost an understatement. Partly for navigational services rendered on the above operation, "Swede" Finlayson was awarded a bar to his DFC.

"Last trip" Charlie was not again to fly on operations with 418 Squadron. Ironically, what proved in effect his last trip of all was not made in an aircraft. On 13 July 1949 he was killed in an automobile accident in his native Australia.

DITCHING EPISODE

The fourth aircraft loss of the eight-day period previously mentioned involved no loss of life. W/C Barker and F/L Frederick, returning from a night operation in which their aircraft had been rendered sluggish by severe flak damage, took a parting shot at Jerry by shooting-up a coastal gun post on a cliff-top at Biville. While diving on it, Barker glanced back momentarily to check on a suspected E/A. Thus distracted, he may have descended a little too low; or possibly the damaged aircraft "mushed" a little on the pull-out. At any rate his propellers briefly churned water instead of air. The bent blades set up such severe vibrations that Barker decided to ditch rather than chance the aircraft's self-destruction in the air. The *Mosquito* pancaked at 110 m.p.h., and its crew abandoned via the cockpit floor which had been ripped open by the impact. They watched from their dinghies as the *Mosquito* submerged scarcely 90 seconds later. After about 16½ hours *Spitfires* spotted them. In another hour-and-a-quarter they were picked up by a *Walrus* aircraft right under Jerry's nose, two miles off Dieppe. The *Walrus* was chased by four *Me. 109s* but reached its Hawkinge base safely. Frederick, who had sustained a broken leg, was posted, but the wingco recreated with F/O W. A. R. ("Red") Stewart, DFC, and returned to operations on the eve of D-Day.

During the unit's most productive

month-and-a-half, which ended on 21 May, there were several other successes. Caine and Boal destroyed two flying-boats and damaged two more on the water at Putlitz, this on the night-ranger operation from which Connell and Carr failed to return. Almost simultaneously Jones and Eckert were eliminating an airborne *Ju. 290* hundreds of miles to the south-west near Wurzburg, Bavaria; still farther south, F/Os D. E. Roberts and A. D. McLaren were dispatching an *FW 190* at Ober Phaffenhofen, near Munich. On the day Harper and Rees disappeared, Jasper and Martin probably destroyed an *He. 111* in the air near Nancy and then blew up a *Stuka* parked at Azelot. A few hours later Kipp and Hulet-sky destroyed a *Heinkel 177* which was approaching to land at Mont-De-Marsan. The last kill of the period came in the course of an unusual operation in which *Mosquitoes* manned by Jasper-Martin and Kerr-Clark combined with sections of *Mustangs* to day-range over Denmark. Kerr shot down a twin-engined *Le 0.45* and shared a similar kill with two *Mustangs*. Although their score was unchanged throughout subsequent operations in May, the Edmontons bombed several airfields and, for the first time in several months, strafed a few trains.

The last sortie in May was a night-ranger on the 31st to the most distant airfield ever intruded upon by the squadron from a base in England. F/L C. J. (John) Evans and F/O Stan Humblestone (RAF) flew to Pilsen, Czechoslovakia, and back (over 1200 track miles), their margin of fuel being a scant 15 gallons.

PRELUDE TO D-DAY

Came the momentous month of invasion, and the Edmontons' score began to mount again. Anderson and Hulet-sky prowled over the Rhone Valley soon after dawn on the 1st and disposed of a *Do. 217* north of Avignon. That evening Sims and



F/L Cliff Evans and F/O Stan Humblestone, long distance record holders

Sharples added another kill, a *Ju. 34*, this one being registered over the upper Rhine near Baden Baden.

After two "flowers"* on 2/3 June the squadron was partially diverted from its primary duties to assist in the softening-up of coastal defences preparatory to the assault on Normandy. On D-Day eve it contributed a "maximum effort"; only one of 19 operational crews on strength did not take part, that crew having no aircraft to fly. One *Mosquito*, manned by Sims and Sharples, was quite possibly the first Allied aircraft to penetrate enemy territory in the D-Day show. With 11 other aircraft of 418 it supported Bomber Command's blasting of the vaunted West Wall by harassing 20 airfields in France. In addition, with the anti-train-busting decree no longer in effect, a rail junction and a few coast-bound freight trains were bombed or strafed. Six more crews undertook as primary assignments attacks on tactical targets such as anti-aircraft guns (five of which were silenced), searchlights, and a railway bridge, all in strategic Cherbourg Peninsula. The *Mosquito* carrying Anderson and Cadman was twice

* Bomber-support operations.

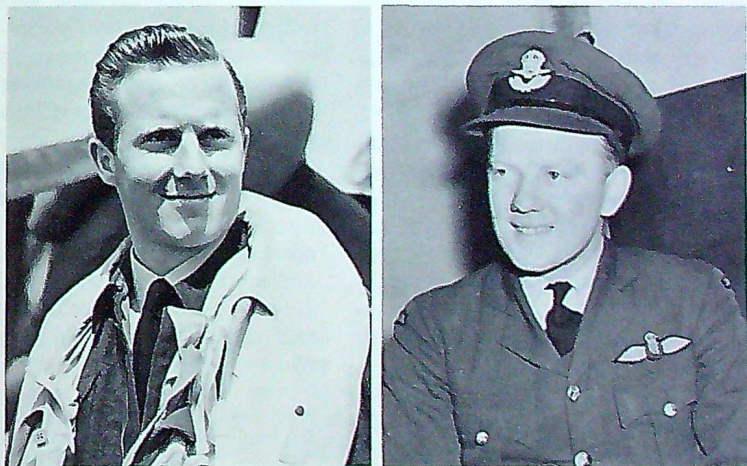
hit by light flak and had to be crash-landed at base with a full bomb-load still aboard. Its crew walked away from the kite unhurt. These 18 sorties constituted the biggest night's work done by the squadron on intruder operations.

Superb work by the groundcrews made possible another "maximum effort" the following night. Exclusively engaged in flower patrols covering airfields behind the battle line, the squadron registered five kills.

Accounting for all but one of these was F/L S. H. R. ("Stan") Cotterill, who thereby tied Bob Kipp's mark of four in one night. The victories, against three *Ju. 52* transports and a *Ju. 188*, were recorded in 20 minutes and brought Cotterill an immediate DFC and his navigator, Sgt. E. H. McKenna (RAF), a DFM. Another *Ju. 52* was claimed by Don MacFadyen, while WO T. T. P. McGale claimed one damaged, his cannon having jammed at the wrong moment. In air-to-ground action F/L Tommy Anderson and WO McGale scored bull's-eyes on bridges over the Seine and Loire, respectively, while P/O W. E. Bowhay blew up a truck and crippled a locomotive. During a sortie on 7/8 June still another *Ju. 52* went down, this before the guns of F/L Kerr. All in all it had been a grim 24 hours for the Luftwaffe's air transport organization.

Until the middle of June, operations consisted mostly of flowers in support of heavy bombers attacking rail targets in France. When unable to find enemy aircraft or illuminated airfields to attack, the Edmontons took a more intimate part in the anti-communications campaign by bombing and strafing roads, rail-

F/L Stan Cotterill and F/L Bob Kipp; each bagged four in one night



ways, and trains. Although from 8 to 15 June surprisingly few E/A were seen, on the 14th three were destroyed. Kipp-Huletsky and Sims-Sharples each scored on a Baltic day-ranger, while, on their first operation, S/L Russell Bannock and F/O E. R. Bruce incinerated an *Me. 110* taxiing on Avord airfield at night.

For Kipp, who was soon to be posted after completing a tour, it was the last of 10½ air-to-air victories. (He destroyed two more aircraft on the ground.) In matter of manned E/A shot down, therefore, he led all pilots of 418 Squadron. Surviving the war, he remained in the RCAF and became CO of 410 Squadron. On 25 July 1949, while practising aerobatics in a *Vampire*, S/L Kipp crashed at St. Hubert and was killed. By an almost incredible stroke of irony, he and Charlie Scherf, who had each completed two tours of operations involving duties hazardous in the extreme, met untimely deaths by misadventure in peacetime, only 12 days apart.

ENTER THE BUZZBOMB

Shortly before 0400 hours on 13 June, while returning over north-west France from an intruder patrol, skipper Don MacFadyen and navigator Jim Wright had seen what they described as "a rocket projectile heading northward leaving a red trail". Whether their sighting had any special significance can only be conjectured. Nevertheless, at precisely 0418 hours that morning the first flying bomb fell on Britain.

The next operation by MacFadyen and Wright began on 17 June, just past midnight. It was not an intruder mission; they were not stalking conventional enemy aircraft. They were after something probably similar to what they had seen before, something that glowed orange-red. They saw it at 0125 hours, some 25 miles south-east of Beachy Head at 2000 feet. Opening the throttles wide MacFadyen closed in to 300 yards



F/L Don MacFadyen and F/O "Red" Stewart. These gongs didn't come with the rations.

range, chased it on a course of 340 degrees magnetic, and fired twice. The target began to burn, then fell off its line of flight and into the sea. An hour or so later this procedure was repeated 20 miles south of Dungeness — the same type of target, the same course and airspeed, virtually the same altitude and range. A single burst put the target into a dive that culminated in a vivid explosion on the water. Hunting similar quarry that early morning, John Evans and Stan Humblestone sent a third crashing into open country near Hastings, while Ed McGill and F. D. Hendershot probably destroyed one over the coast between Dungeness and Folkestone.

So did the squadron perform in its debut against the *Vergeltungswaffe** or "retaliation weapon" — three kills and one "probable" in five sorties. It also lost one crew. More than two-thirds (400-plus sorties) of 418's operations in the next 14 weeks or more were to be directed against V1 and another secret weapon that was an even greater menace to London and the successful conduct of the war.

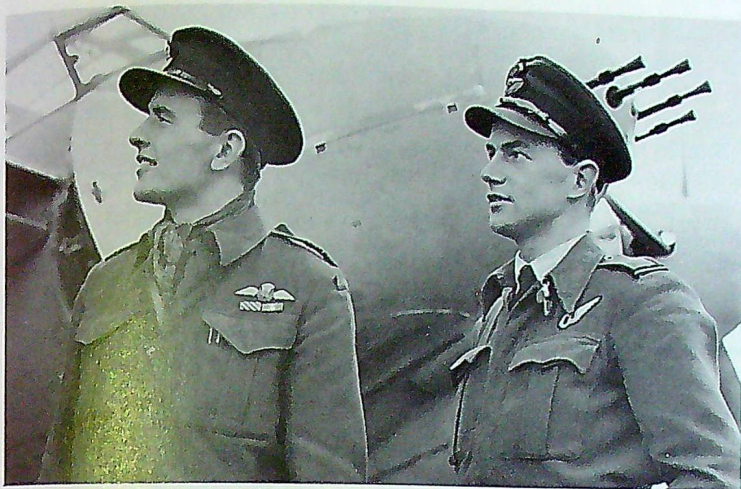
* Alias V1, flying bomb, buzzbomb, pilotless bomb, robot bomb or robomb, doodlebug, and, in official code, "Diver".

Though it could neither take evasive action nor shoot back, the V1 was a tricky and dangerous target. Only a fraction the size of a conventional aircraft, it had to be fired at from closer range, 300 yards being the maximum for a reasonable chance of success. The *Mosquito* pilot had to judge the gap while in a powerdive (because of his slower speed he could not get within attacking range straight-and-level), this making even more difficult the delicate matter of timing. At too long a range chances were he would miss; at too short a range the thing might explode in his face. Usually, even with ideal sky conditions, he had six minutes at most in which to shoot it down*; if he chased it for longer than that he might be trapped in London's hellish ack-ack and balloon barrage. Finally, there was the possibility of surprise attack by a German night-fighter or intruder during the time of concentration on Diver.

HAIR-RAISING ATTACKS

Despite these problems, in the next ten days ten different crews downed doodlebugs as 418's list of victories

* The enemy took every advantage of cloud cover to cut down the already short time our fighters had to intercept.



S/L Russ Bannock and F/O Bob Bruce, acknowledged buzzbomb experts

over V1 swelled to 20. Kills did not come easily, however. Sorties, successful and unsuccessful alike, had their hair-raising moments. Tony Barker was directing a stream of cannon fire at a robomb when both of his engines inexplicably cut. Robombs were forgotten while he sweated to coax the Merlins back to life, before height and time ran out. They responded, preventing what would have been his second ditching within six weeks. F/O S. P. ("Syd") Seid achieved at least one kill in a way not calculated to lengthen his life expectancy. In his eagerness he closed to the almost suicidal range of 50 yards. He had barely touched the firing button when the V1 exploded, virtually in his lap. The *Mosquito* survived the holocaust intact except for losing all its paint. WO McGale had a target lined up in his gun-sight when his starboard engine failed. Even after feathering it he managed to climb to 5000 feet; but then the port engine took fire, forcing him to restart the starboard and feather the port. The aircraft just made it over the English coast before the starboard engine conked out for good. McGale and his navigator, F/O E. T. Story, bailed out, the skipper at a height only 800 feet

above ground. He sprained an ankle.

Typical experiences of hunters were described to the Press by two 418 pilots. Stan Cotterill commented, "We used to stooge around just out from the launching area . . . Sometimes we could see the actual launchings, like a great half-moon of brilliant explosion. When the things came up we dived on them vertically at full throttle. Several kites would line up on one bomb, and, if the first one missed, another would go down for a try. Sometimes . . . we were not always sure there was a doodlebug. So we lined up the light with a star and, if it moved, in we went." Ross Gray told how, during attacks early in the anti-Diver battle, the flash of exploding robombs temporarily blinded attacking pilots, who momentarily had to fly by the seat of their collective pants. "As the days went by," he continued, "we developed a habit of closing one eye as we shot for a kill, so after the flash at least one eye would be serviceable."

MORE DIVER CHASES

Even if leading to no kills, anti-Diver sorties were highly useful to Intelligence. Crews of 418 brought back valuable information on the height, speed, and track-made-good

of buzzbombs chased, and, most important of all, the exact spot where they had passed over the French coast. Combining the latter item of knowledge with the reciprocal of the T.M.G. produced a position line on which, at some point a few miles inland, lay the launching site. Many V1s were seen emerging over the hamlet of St. Quentin on a course of 340°M. These had quite possibly come from Oisemont. Others were seen actually being launched from a position bearing about 150°T and eight miles from Pte. d'Ailly. That was the approximate position of a site at Foret du Croc, twice attacked by Bomber Command in the month-and-a-half after this information was reported.

On 5 July word came that a V1 shot down over the sea would thenceforth count as an E/A destroyed, whereas one shot down over land would count as only half an E/A. Judging by the results of operations flown in the next 48 hours or so, the announcement gave fresh incentive to the Diver chasers, one crew destroying four and two others destroying three each on the 6th. Bannock and Bruce scored the quadruple kill in just over an hour-and-a-quarter. (Having had a triple kill three nights before, they were becoming acknowledged experts in this strange type of air war.) One of the "hat tricks" was scored by Evans and Humblestone, who got number three under highly adverse circumstances. Immediately after blowing their second victim to bits they flew into some of the wreckage, which damaged their starboard engine badly enough to make it quit. That was a legitimate reason for discontinuing the operation then and there, but Evans thought differently. Making up for depleted airspeed by diving from 6000 to 1800 feet, he attacked on one engine and scored again. His feat prompts a question to which there is no ready answer. In the brief history of air warfare, how many

twin-engined fighter pilots, if any, have shot anything down when flying on one engine? Nearly a year later, Evans was to receive the King's Commendation for Valuable Services in the Air and a mention in dispatches.

The other triple victor of 6/7 July was Don MacFadyen, who flew two sorties. With four more kills 24 hours later (two by Bannock), the three-night bag reached 20 VIs destroyed in 27 sorties. More successes the next night and the next made it seven consecutive nights of victories over *Vergeltungswaffe*.

ON THE MOVE

On 14 July the squadron moved from Holmsley South to nearby Hurn. The latter base was, however, found unsuitable because of inadequate housing, and a fortnight later came another move, to Middle Wallop. After only six weeks that station was to be vacated in favour of Hunsdon.

In the last half of July the score against VI continued to grow steadily, this despite the news that each anti-Diver patrol would now count as only half an operational sortie. Before the month's end 13 more were destroyed, of which Bannock claimed six. That made a unit total of 40 for July. To illustrate the relative intensity of operations, whereas in 1942 the Edmontons had operated roughly every second night, in the hectic spring and summer of 1944 they operated on an average of six nights a week.

The pace was maintained in August, the squadron keeping up a one-a-day-average score against the Diver until the 21st, the date of its last VI kill. While some patrols were routine enough to be monotonous, others were anything but that. At least three times aircraft were chased by enemy night-fighters just as they were closing in on buzzbombs, violent manhandling of the *Mosquito* being required each time to

elude the E/A. On at least one occasion necessity dictated bold and unorthodox tactics. Spotting a Diver approaching him about 15 miles south of Beachy Head and quickly estimating that it would be over land in 2½ minutes or less, Syd Seid attacked in the only way that time permitted — head-on. The closing speed was nearly 800 m.p.h., but his judgment and aim were good; one less VI fell on Britain that night. An attack by Russ Bannock had a unique twist in that it made a robomb boomerang on the enemy. Initially his cannon fire forced the thing's starboard wing to drop. It righted itself for a while but then turned almost completely about and flew back to France. Bannock went along with it. At the proper moment he attacked again, then watched the runaway robot crash in a military zone near Boulogne.

EXIT THE BUZZBOMB

Shortly after 0200 hours on 21 August F/O R. D. Thomas shot down a robomb which had crossed the French coast just north of Berck-sur-Mer. Although over the next three weeks the squadron was to fly another 33 of these sorties, this was its last official VI kill.

The bare statistics of 418's part in the buzzbomb battle are as follows: sorties, 402; kills, 83*; damaged, 16. Its *Mosquitoes* accounted for roughly 14 percent of the VIs shot down by aircraft at night. Tops among its doodlebug exterminators was S/L Bannock, with 18½ official kills. Second to him was F/L John Evans, with 7½. Next came F/Ls MacFadyen and P. S. Leggat (5 each), F/O S. N. May (4½), and F/L Cotterill, F/L D. E. Forsyth, and F/O Seid (4 each).

On more than half-a-hundred days and nights throughout 418's anti-VI period its crews were also hunting their more traditional enemy. * Seven were shot down over land, reducing the official total to 79½.

my, the conventional E/A. Their score was thereby increased by nine destroyed, two "probables", and nine damaged. Among the more successful teams were, Bannock-Bruce (3 destroyed), Evans-Humblestone (1 destroyed, 1 shared, 1 "probable"), and Jasper-Martin, Kerr-Clark, Sims-Sharples, and Bowhay-Naylor. For four crews these victories were the last. S/L Kerr and F/O "Butch" Clark, whose total score was now six E/A destroyed or "shared", never returned from a mid-July night-ranger to Kolberg. Five nights later P/Os Ed Bowhay and H. K. Naylor, who, a fortnight or so after D-Day, had scored 418's only official VI* kill made over the continent, were killed in a training accident. Jasper-Martin and Sims-Sharples were screened from further operations with the squadron. Jasper had now claimed 8 E/A destroyed or probably destroyed, plus 3 VIs; Sims' score of E/A was virtually identical. Both pilots and their navigators soon wore DFCs.

BACK TO GROUND-STRAFING

The latter half of the summer of 1944 also saw the unit perform some specially effective ground-strafting. Its cannon shells ripped open numerous locomotive boilers, set fire to coaches and freight cars, blew up dozens of trucks and vehicles, and damaged a few canal barges, among other moving things. Outstanding work in this department was done by F/L H. E. Miller and F/O Seid. On 31 August, prevented from reaching Hagenau airfield by the un-serviceability of his drop-tanks, Miller began to raise proper hell with ground targets around Metz. He dived on a long line of vehicles and let go a long burst of enfilading fire. The leading vehicle blew up, and the convoy was so tightly packed that a chain reaction set in, carrying down the line until perhaps 10

* This one was not headed for England; it was on a bee-line for the Normandy beach-head.

“MET”* exploded and were burning furiously. Later that night he destroyed four more vehicles. His feat of 14 vehicles destroyed in one sortie was a squadron record. Seid applied his technique to road and rail transport, destroying two locos and five trucks and damaging five more vehicles.

Two flights of the period were in all probability connected with Oper-

* Mechanized enemy transport.

ation “Dagoon”, the Allied landings on the south coast of France. The first, on 15/16 August, was an intruder to the Toulouse area by F/L F. M. Sawyer and F/O J. E. Howell to help oppose possible nocturnal reaction to the landings by any of the estimated 220 German aircraft based in southern France. It proved uneventful. The second was more interesting. When the squadron was informed that it was

to provide escort for a German aircraft, it no doubt suspected leg-pulling on somebody's part. Yet, on 6 September, three *Mosquitoes* flew from Hunsdon to Carpiquet airfield at Caen. From there they flew to Toulouse airfield, from which they took off to escort a *He. 177* back to England. The *Heinkel* was presumably carrying German V.I.P.s captured during “Dagoon”.

(to be concluded)

“FOR YOU THE WAR IS OVER”

(continued from page 7)

weather. We walked all that night and all of the following day. At dark on the second day our German guards admitted that they didn't know where we were going and that they had no shelter for us that night. Many of our group were slowly freezing to death as there was a strong wind with the low temperature. So we took charge ourselves, commandeered some barns and arranged shelter for everyone. In the morning, the Germans had re-established some control and had arranged shelter for us in a glass factory about 10 miles away. We remained there for several days and then were moved by train to a camp near Bremen where we remained for two months. This was a bad period. Sickness was prevalent, and there was little food and no medical supplies. Only the belief that it couldn't last very long kept us going.

At the beginning of April the Allies were approaching our camp from the west, so the Germans decided to move us again. We set out walking in an easterly direction, destination unknown. G/C (now A/V/M) Larry Wray (RCAF) was now the Senior British Officer and his handling of the situation earned him the respect and gratitude of prison-

ers of all nationalities. He quickly impressed on the Germans that although we were their prisoners, the positions would be reversed in a few days. This approach was effective. The German Kommandant reported to G/C Wray each morning for his orders. We walked only 10 miles per day and rested every third day. The weather was fine and we enjoyed this period. The recce echelons of the Allied forces were all around us as we moved eastward but we didn't make contact with them. However, we knew that Allied aircraft were keeping us under observation and our strategy in moving slowly was to permit our ground forces to overtake us before we crossed the Elbe River. We were under orders to stay together and not to wander off individually.

However, we reached the Elbe before being overtaken and had to cross it. The Germans wanted to take us into Lubeck, but G/C Wray flatly refused. We were camped in a field beside the Hamburg-Lubeck road when a Luftwaffe captain approached and asked to speak to the senior officer. This captain had been a POW in Canada and had been repatriated on medical grounds. He was impressed with his treatment

while a prisoner in Canada and wished to do something in return. He owned a large farm nearby which he offered for our use as shelter. G/C Wray realized that the German officer was sticking out his neck in making this offer but decided to accept. The German Kommandant had disappeared from the scene by this time so there were no objections from this quarter. In fact, there appeared to be no centralized control within Germany at this time.

In the next few days, we had a grandstand view of the dying stages of the war. We witnessed several bombing raids and much tactical air activity as the Allies came up to the Elbe and then crossed it. About noon on 4 May one lone armoured car of Monty's Second Army entered our farmyard and, for me, three years of captivity were over. This was a bit of an anticlimax as, by this time, we had already accepted the surrender of about 500 German troops including our guards and about 30 heavily armed SS troops who had been fighting just one hour before they asked us to accept their surrender. Most of our group were in England in time for VE Day celebrations. At long last, for us the war was truly over.



Number 162 Squadron Receives Recognition

TO THE galaxy of RCAF squadron badges has been added still another—that of No. 162 Squadron, one of two Second World War units to produce a Victoria Cross winner.

Number 162 Sqn. was disbanded in 1945 without an official badge being sanctioned. To rectify this situation, albeit belatedly, a few years ago the RCAF Association decided to get air force approval for an official badge. The movement officially began at the seventh annual convention in June 1957 when a motion was passed to the effect that a badge should be designed for No. 162 Sqn. The project was successfully climaxed at the 10th annual convention in May 1960 when No. 162's officially-approved badge was presented to A/M Campbell by association national president L. N. Baldock, himself a navigator in this squadron.

Recognition has also been paid to the squadron's most illustrious member, F/L D. E. Hornell, VC. Number 442 RCAF Wing is known as the David Hornell VC Wing and the air cadet squadron, sponsored in Toronto by this wing, is designated the David Hornell VC Squadron.

ANTI-SUB PATROLS

Number 162 (Bomber Reconnaissance) Sqn. was formed at Yarmouth, N.S. on 19 May 1942—initially, with four *Canso* aircraft. The first officer commanding was S/L N. E. Small. Number 162 played an essential part in the great network of anti-submarine operations

off the eastern Canadian coast, but for many months its patrols were routine sorties without a single sighting to relieve the monotony.

By the end of 1943 submarine activity in Canadian operational waters was reduced to mere nuisance proportions. Therefore, when the United Kingdom authorities requested that a Canadian long-range bomber reconnaissance squadron be despatched to Iceland to work with Coastal Command in anti-submarine operations over the northern shipping routes, an affirmative answer was given. The move was made in January 1944 in three stages: from Dartmouth to Goose Bay, thence to Greenland and finally to Reykjavik, Iceland.

The squadron remained in Iceland until 13 June 1945, carrying out operations over an area stretching from Moncton, N.B., to Wick, Scotland, and touching Labrador, Greenland, Iceland and within 30 miles of Norway. Part of the time, No. 162 aircraft operated out of Wick and Reykjavik functioned merely as a repair and rest base. A change of scene brought a change of luck during its Icelandic sojourn, with the squadron reporting numerous sightings and successful attacks upon enemy submarines.

On 22 February 1944 F/O C. C. Cunningham and crew logged the first sighting and carried out an attack which won DFCs for the pilot and the front gunner, F/O J. E. Banning. Two months later, on 17



April 1944, F/O T. C. Cooke's crew depth-charged a surfaced U-boat which subsequently exploded and sank. For this exploit Cooke was granted an immediate award of the DFC.

BUSY MONTH

During June 1944 the squadron had an amazing run of success. Its *Canso* crews sighted six U-boats, sank three, probably destroyed another and shared in the destruction of a fifth. Squadron members won one Victoria Cross (the first ever awarded to a member of the RCAF), two DSOs, seven DFCs and three DFMs in a single month. The first of this series of successful actions took place early in the month when F/L R. E. McBride and his crew probably destroyed a submarine. This attack, carried out in the face of intense and accurate fire, was cited when McBride received the DFC in August of that year.

The next success was achieved by F/O L. Sherman and crew on the afternoon of 11 June. The attack followed the familiar pattern—an

exchange of fire on the approach, while the sub endeavoured to keep stern-on to the aircraft; the dropping of depth charges in a straddle, leaving the U-boat damaged and slowed down; a gun duel during which the sub gradually sank lower in the water and finally disappeared. For this well executed operation, F/O Sherman received an immediate DFC.

The squadron's officer commanding, W/C C. G. Chapman, and crew accounted for the next victim two days later when they attacked a U-

boat as it rose to the surface. The sub began to settle by the bow with stern in the air and rudder and propellers plainly visible. It looked like a clean-cut victory for the *Canso*. However, an enemy gunner opened fire on the flying boat as it made a run to get photographic evidence of the kill and forced Chapman to ditch his badly damaged aircraft. The crew scrambled into or clung to the sides of the one dinghy which was serviceable. During the ensuing ordeal one of the crew was lost. Nine hours later an air-sea rescue launch

arrived on the scene and picked up the survivors. Unfortunately, two of the air gunners died of exposure. The other members of the crew were subsequently decorated.

HORNELL'S EXPLOIT

On 24 June F/L D. E. Hornell and his crew (F/O B. C. Denomy, F/O S. E. Matheson, F/O G. Campbell, FS I. J. Bodnoff, FS S. R. Cole, Sgt. D. S. Scott and Sgt. F. St. Laurent) sighted a fully-surfaced U-boat travelling at high speed on the port beam. Flight Lieutenant Hornell at once turned to the attack. The sub altered course and opened up with anti-aircraft fire which became increasingly fierce and accurate. Ignoring the enemy's fire, Hornell carefully manoeuvred for the attack. Meanwhile the aircraft was hit repeatedly by the sub's guns. Two large holes were torn in the starboard wing; the engine caught fire and the flames which began spreading along the wing endangered the fuel tanks. The *Canso* was vibrating so violently that it was very difficult to control. Nevertheless, Hornell came down to a very low altitude and released his depth charges in a perfect straddle. The bows of the U-boat were lifted out of the water. Then it sank and the crew were seen in the sea.

By superhuman efforts at the controls, Hornell contrived to gain a little height, but the fire in the starboard wing had grown more intense and the vibration had increased. Then the burning engine fell off. With great coolness and skill, the captain brought his aircraft down safely on the heavy swell. Only one dinghy was serviceable and it was necessary for the crew to take turns in the water, holding onto the sides. Sergeants Scott and St. Laurent succumbed. The survivors were finally rescued after they had been in the water for 21 hours.

(continued on page 32)

Portrait of F/L David Hornell, VC, was presented in 1960 to No. 700 RCAC Sqn. sponsoring committee chairman A. A. Deeks by RCAF chief of the air staff A/M Hugh Campbell.



A Trip by North Star

Reprint from THE SAND DUNE, the weekly paper of the UNEF

FOR those who have never flown on the *North Star*, the aircraft symbolizes a contact with their far away home country. But for those who know the plane from the inside, it is a reality, a creation of metal, canvas and noise.


Every Sunday afternoon a *North Star* arrives at El Arish from Canada via Langar, Pisa and Athens. Out of the plane come people who in one way or another look older and more experienced than those who are about to leave on the return trip. When you step into the cabin, you soon know why. The canvas seats at first seem comfortable enough. You sit down and put your feet on the stack of freight which includes shovels and rakes, boxes of butter

and cans of jam. But when the engines start a rather odd thing happens. A crewman passes among the passengers handing out wads of cotton. The reason for this becomes apparent just before the plane takes off when the pilot revs the engines.

From this point on you have a good opportunity to consider the concept of noise. The *North Star* "noise" has a dimension unlike any other sort of everyday sound. There are deep resonant rumbles, high whining whistles — a full range of tones like from the speakers of a hi-fi stereophonic recording machine. As the trip wears on, in a quarter of an hour or so your bones begin to vibrate and you suddenly realize

that you are the hi-fi machine—and you're turned on full blast.

For some reason or another, a number of small portholes have been placed in the fuselage of the plane so that they focus on the small of your back. Only if you are built like a snake can you see out the window without breaking your spinal column. So you look around inside the cabin and eventually become aware of the bright blue cloth right in front of your eyes and the message "Royal Swedish Post". When this has been seared into your brain you begin to count the mailbags. You can count, for instance, the number of bags which are visible with your right eye closed — and then with your left eye closed. You think of how a policeman might look if your motorcycle made that much noise or whether the pilot ever feels like stopping the engines just for a second. The book you brought along is down in the bottom of your suitcase which is somewhere in amongst the strapped-down agricultural implements. You try to talk with your neighbour but it's no use and the ink sack of your fountain pen has just exploded from the altitude so you can't even write him a letter. Back to counting mailbags.

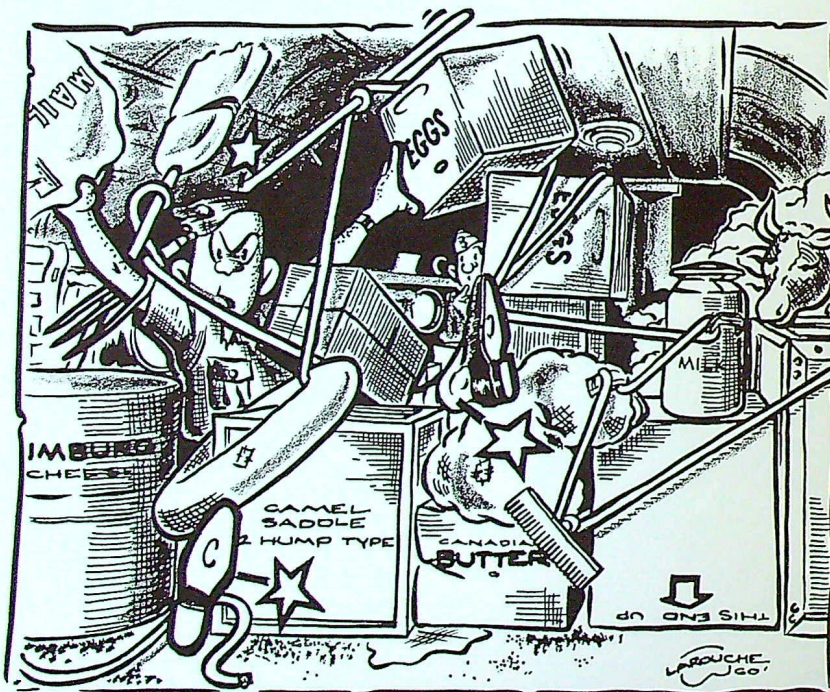
Nevertheless when you have been flying by *North Star* for a couple of days you get to like the old girl. In the first place she carries with her a certain spirit of making the best of things and being glad for small pleasures. Then, somehow, you know that she'll get you where you're going. 

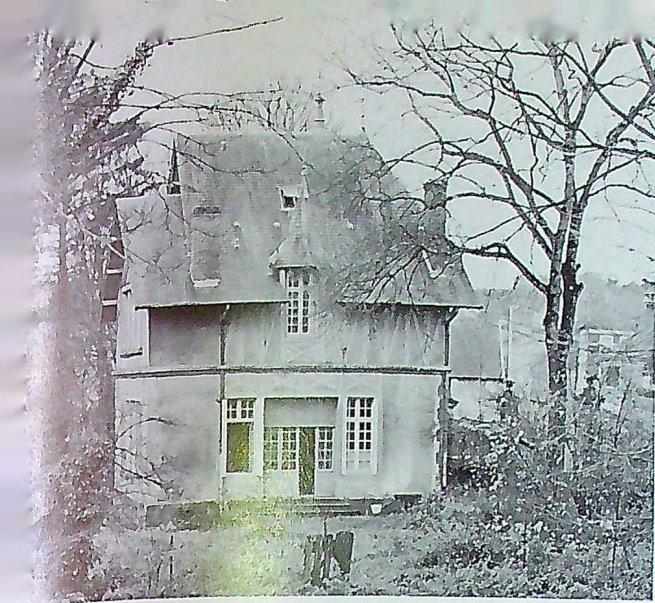
NO SWEAT

"Attention please. This is your captain speaking. If there is a doctor on board will he please come up front immediately. The baby has swallowed my navigator's dividers."

"Attention please. This is your captain again. Don't worry, Doc. The navigator's found another pair."

de Havilland Gazette





Yesterday it was an abandoned house. Today it is the scene of feverish activity. Tomorrow it will be home for 40 fortunate children.



WO D. Danforth and W/C H. McLachlan, DFC, discuss with two Carmelite nuns the projects which the airmen have promised to do for the Sisters.

OPERATION SILVER FOX

WHATEVER else RCAF personnel may be doing at Marville, one thing is sure: Canadians are proving good Samaritans to their French neighbours. This spring a boarding school for 40 homeless young girls will be opened nearby, thanks to the generosity and physical labour of No. 1 Wing in general and No. 441 Silver Fox Squadron in particular.

Their project, which has been dubbed "Operation Silver Fox", really began four years ago when Sister St. John of the Cross, a member of the Carmelite Order, arrived in Montmedy, a town of 3,000 located a few miles northwest of the Canadian base. Without funds and existent upon charity, and what she earned from painting and teaching English, she made arrangements to teach town children in a single tiny classroom.

The sister's ultimate goal was to open a school and home for young girls from broken families. She was joined by two more nuns of the same

order and a few months ago two local residents made the nuns an offer. They owned a building in the town, empty since the departure of its last tenants—German occupation troops. The building had been lying derelict since 1944. There was no furniture, it was badly in need of repairs and it was unbelievably dirty, but if the nuns could use it, it was theirs.

The sisters jumped at the chance and started cleaning operations, using rakes because brooms could not cope with the job. They did their best, but gradually realized the job was too much for them. In desperation Sister St. John appealed to the Canadians at Marville. Servicemen and their families on the base gave more than \$700 and the Silver Fox Squadron volunteered to put the building into shape.

Working in their spare time the Silver Fox men stripped generations of dirty wallpaper from the rooms of the old building; they patched,

plastered, resurfaced and painted the walls with cheery colours. They have repaired chimneys and have turned the basement into a playroom, cut and piled winter firewood, collected, repaired and refinished furniture, found beds and bedding, stoves and blackboards and have done a hundred other jobs. Much remains to be done, but members of the Silver Fox Squadron are hard at it. As one airman put it, "We're not going to quit this job until the atmosphere of the school is the kind that children everywhere need and deserve." Many items remain to be bought, from mattresses for 40 small beds to dishes, pots and pans, and at times the Canadians find themselves almost frightened by the faith of the three nuns in their ability to overcome all obstacles.

The official motto of the Silver Fox Squadron is "Stalk and Kill", a most appropriate motto for an organization with the mission delegated to No. 441. But, to Sister St. John of the Cross, this motto is quite incompatible with the people through whose efforts the opening of the Carmel St. Joseph School has been made possible.



RCAF ASSOCIATION

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND
THE ELEVENTH NATIONAL CONVENTION
MAY 18-19-20th, 1961
AT THE NEW MARLBOROUGH HOTEL
IN WINNIPEG

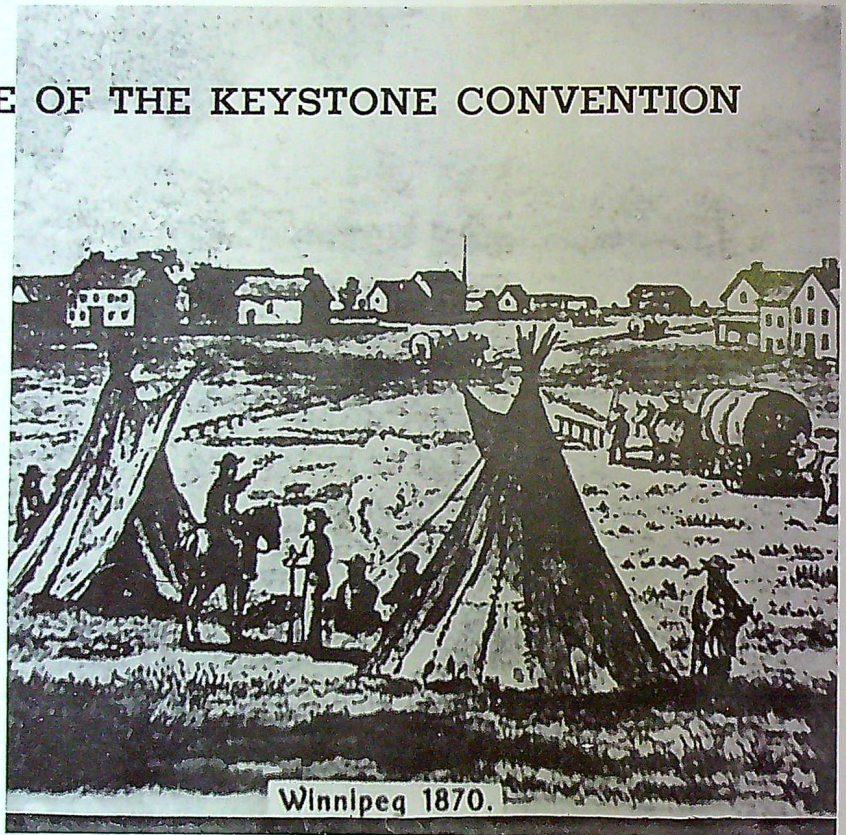
WINNIPEG - SITE OF THE KEYSTONE CONVENTION

A GLANCE at a map of Canada will show why Manitoba is called the Keystone Province. Not only is it shaped like a keystone, but it is also the province tying the East to the West. The focal point of Manitoba is the city of Winnipeg, which in May will also be the focal point for RCAF Association members from Newfoundland to British Columbia.

Early exploration of Canada was accomplished by using the waterways. The junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers soon became the centre from which explorers and traders set out across the prairies. La Verendrye first reached this point in 1734, and in 1738 de Louviers built Fort Rouge on the site of Winnipeg. They were followed by Thompson, Mackenzie, Simpson, and a host of H. B. Co. and Nor-West Co. traders. Fort Gibraltar was built in 1810 to be succeeded by Fort Douglas (later Fort Garry) in 1812. The gate of the old stone fort still remains standing.

Lord Selkirk brought out Scottish settlers in 1812. This led to trouble with the Metis and ended in the Insurrection of 1870, followed by the Wolseley expedition to restore order, and the flight of Louis Riel, the erratic leader of the insurrection. Out of this event came the formation of the Province of Manitoba.

The first railway locomotive came to Winnipeg by barge from St. Paul



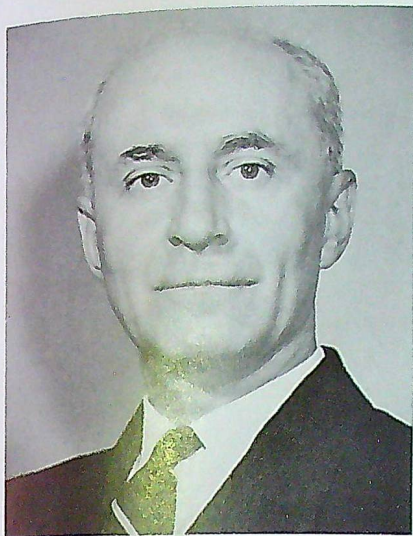
in 1878. It may still be seen, "The Countess of Dufferin", in front of the C.P.R. station. With the coming of the railway, Winnipeg still remained the distributing centre for Western Canada as it had for nearly 150 years — only now the train replaced the York boat, the canoe and the Red River cart.

With the introduction of the aeroplane, Winnipeg still continued as the hub for air traffic from west to east and from south to north. Stevenson Field, the principal airport, is a

modern and well-equipped terminal where many RCAF units are located including Training Command Headquarters, the Search and Rescue Headquarters for Northern Canada and the Air Navigation School. ☉

As a fraternal delegate for information write:

Convention Headquarters,
643 Academy Rd.,
Winnipeg 3, Manitoba.



Herbert M. Bell - Convener 1961 National Convention

The man who heads the host wing committee for this year's convention in Winnipeg possesses drive, enthusiasm and ability. A native of the Winnipeg area and a graduate of the University of Manitoba, he took graduate work at the University of Minnesota. He is now principal of Landsdowne School in Winnipeg.

During the war he served with distinction in the RCAF, being mentioned in despatches for outstanding overseas service. He was one of the group who formed 500 (City of Winnipeg) Wing of the Association and has since filled many positions on the wing executive.

Married to a Winnipeg girl, he has two daughters who, he claims, keep him young.

WVF Delegates

Two Toronto men will represent the Canadian Council of the World Veterans Federation at the world general assembly at the organization in Paris May 8-12. They are George Penfold, RCAF Association national chairman, and Fred Woodcock of the Sir Arthur Pearson Association of the War Blinded.

702 (Lethbridge) Wing

Morven Gentlemen, second year math-physics student at McGill, was presented with the Stanley Jones Memorial Scholarship at a dinner sponsored by 702 Wing in Lethbridge. The \$200 scholarship is an annual award open to all air cadets in southern Alberta who are planning either training in aeronautics or attending university.

Stuart McDonald, president of 702 Wing, is also commanding officer of No. 11 Air Cadet Sqn., of which Morven is a former member.

406 (North Bay) Wing

Funds to assist in the continued sponsorship of 547 Air Cadet Sqn. were raised by a raffle in North Bay recently, reports 406 Wing President Sam Malaney. The winning ticket was drawn for Orville McKerrow by G/C R. L. Denison, RCAF Stn. North Bay commanding officer.

Quinte Conference

National President L. N. Baldock was guest speaker at the annual Quinte Conference in January. More than 50 delegates attended the week-end meeting at RCAF Station Trenton, where Ontario Group Vice-

At Quinte Conference, front row (l. to r.): W. Hineman, Kingston; W. Caverly, Ontario Group; L. N. Baldock, national president; S. Freedman, Ottawa; H. Schacker, Peterborough. Back row (l. to r.): L. Foley, Belleville; H. J. St. Jean, Pembroke; L. McGaughey, Trenton.



M. Gentlemen, Mrs. S. Jones,
Mrs. D. Gentlemen, S. McDonald.

President William Caverly was in charge of arrangements.

Describing the role of the RCAF Association as "a springboard of public opinion between the air force and the civilian population", Mr. Baldock said members must remain alert to any changes or modifications in Canada's peace-time defence program. He likened Canadian participation in NORAD to "paying premiums on insurance we hope we never have to collect."

New Lapel Badge

The new Association lapel badge is now available. Members-at-large may receive theirs by forwarding 50c to National Office. Wing members are asked to apply to their Wing secretary.

No. 162 Squadron

(continued from page 27)

By this time F/L Hornell was blinded and completely exhausted. He died shortly after being picked up. Throughout the ordeal, he had encouraged the men by his cheerfulness and inspiring leadership and displayed valour and devotion to duty of the highest order. At the end of July it was announced that the posthumous award of the VC had been made to F/L Hornell. Flying Officer Denomy received the DSO, F/Os Campbell and Matheson, DFCs, and FSs Bodnoff and Cole, DFMs. Sergeants Scott and St. Laurent were mentioned in despatches.

The next 10 months were less eventful as the squadron continued its anti-submarine patrols over the North Atlantic. Sightings were few and attacks numbered only three, all unsuccessful. Number 162 remained in Iceland until 13 June 1945 when it moved to Sydney, N.S. and disbanded on 7 August 1945. During its existence, the squadron won one VC, two DSOs, 13 DFCs, one AFC, three DFMs and 21 mentions in despatches. ☺

KISS—NAVY STYLE

The US Navy, according to the WALL STREET JOURNAL, has joined the battle against gobbledygook. Its bureau of naval weapons has organized Project KISS to improve communications. A kiss has always been a most satisfactory means of communication, but that is not what the bureau is talking about. Its KISS is this basic instruction: "Keep it simple, stupid!"

Answers to What's the Score?

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

Letters To The Editor

CAMP BORDEN PIPERS

Dear Sir:

The Rockcliffe Pipe Band is to be congratulated on its wonderful achievements in taking so many top honours at the Brookline games. Their hard work and intense effort required to achieve the success that they did is an incentive to other bands.

Your article (December 1960) which lists the other pipe bands now active in the RCAF fails, however, to include the pipe band of the "birthplace of the RCAF": Camp Borden.

The RCAF Camp Borden Pipe and Drum band has been very active in this area since 1952 when it was first organized by Pipe Major (Flight Sergeant) Frank A. Dunne. Principally the band participates in the usual on and off station parades such as Commanding Officer's, Battle of Britain and Armistice Day parades as well as performing for Air Force Day, local trade fairs, sports events and benefits.

In 1956, members of the band played with the RCAF massed band at the Toronto Highland games and in 1960 paraded the Air Cadet Precision Flight for their drill precision display at the Fergus Highland games. The band also participated that day in the parade of the massed bands.

The RCAF Camp Borden band is unique as it claims to be the only truly volunteer pipe and drum band in the service today. It brings much credit to the RCAF in the area which it serves and it is only just that they should be included as one of the pipe bands of the RCAF.

FS J. E. Dyson,
Pipe Major,
RCAF Stn. Camp Borden
Pipe and Drum Band.

(The oversight was entirely unintentional and we are glad to have the record straightened. — Editor.)

POOR FAKE JOB

Dear Sir:

Re the photograph (page 3, December 1960) showing 435 and 436 Squadron air-

crew preparing to drop Christmas goodies to isolated communities in the north:

This is a very interesting and very dramatic picture. Why don't you print the one showing the faces of the crew, as they watched the bundles thunder in, and realized that they had not hooked up the static lines on the chutes?

W/C C. A. Ross,
CO 4001 Medical Unit (Aux),
Edmonton, Alta.

(Obviously, our faking wasn't up to standard. Another reader pointed out that these squadrons fly C119s, not North Stars.

— Editor.)

CALLING OLD COMRADES

Dear Sir:

I enjoyed your account of RCAF Stn. Bagotville (Oct. 60) and wonder if through your letters column I can contact two wartime buddies with whom I served at that station. They were FS Hosey de Lorey and Sgt. Earl C. Wilson, both in "works and bricks".

Lloyd B. Bradley, ex-Cpl.,
15 Sunset Ave.,
Toronto 14, Ont.

FRANCE RE-VISITED

Dear Sir:

Can anyone stationed at Crepon, France, in 1944 (particularly of 443 Sqn., 127 Wing) tell me the spot where we were encamped was located in relation to the village or first war German hangar? I spent a whole afternoon last June prowling the area, locating easily the fields at Beny-sur-Mer, Ste. Croix and the one near Nonancourt.

Letters from ex-squadron friends would be appreciated.

G. Greenough,
4650 Alexander Ave.,
Pierrefonds, P.Q.

WILD GOOSE

As most of you know, a goose never flies in IFR conditions. At least that's been the belief for many years. However, a B-52 crew declares this is not correct. On a recent low-altitude mission, the crew, flying night IFR on a proper clearance, met one of the larger of the migratory waterfowl. The goose came off second best, but the '52 picked up a couple of dents. A survey is being made of the flyways most used by ducks and geese in their annual jaunts. They don't have a clearance, but they don't know it.

COMBAT CREW

The sign read
No 2 Wing at G.T.

Germans at Grostenquin



The tarmac at No. 2 Wing, Grostenquin, resembled a Hollywood set early this year as RCAF officers and airmen turned actors while a French company shot sequences for the film "Germans in NATO", a documentary slated for TV and movie release soon.

This scene depicted RCAF groundcrew cross-servicing a GAF F84, while officers from 4th Allied Tactical Air Force Headquarters timed the operation. M. Jacques Curtis, formerly personal photographer for General de Gaulle, was chief cameraman.

Grostenquin was chosen as the site for this portion of the film because of the reputation it and other RCAF bases in Europe have for swift and efficient cross-servicing of aircraft.

Roger Duhamel

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