



427 Squadron Association

Volume 5— Issue 4

WWW.427SQUADRON.COM

May 2021

427 Special Operations Aviation Squadron

Commanding Officer - L/Col François Lavertu

Dear Fellow Lions



It is with great pleasure that I take the opportunity to reach out to you for a second time through ROAR and sincerely hope that this edition finds you in good health and maybe with bit of an aching arm from a recent COVID-19 vaccine. It certainly feels like it has been ages since the last note

and it is probably because a lot has happened since then. Indeed, we have not sat idle in spite of the pandemic. First, we deployed our detachment to support OP IMPACT in the fall and they have done tremendous work for the coalition since then, notably in the realms of mobility, medical evacuation and surveillance.

We also conducted the first ever Tactical Aviation First Officer course at the unit between January and March. As you may know, this course is normally run at 403 Helicopter Operational Training Squadron but the backlog in the training pipeline had recently reached a level that they could no longer solve on their own. 427 SOAS therefore stepped up and trained four pilots thereby ensuring that we would have a good cohort for our upcoming Special Operations Tactical Aviator Course.

Honorary Colonel Lianne Ing

Fellow Lions



As we pass the one year mark of the COVID-19 global pandemic, I am grateful to have the opportunity to connect with you again through ROAR. Since the last newsletter in October 2020, we have marked a number of milestones quietly and often distanced from one another: Remembrance Day in Cobden, Ontario was sol-

emn and sparse, with 427 laying wreaths at both the Royal Canadian Legion Branch 550 cenotaph and at the 427 memorial; Christmas, New Years, and Easter found many of us separated from family and friends; and, as many regions in Canada are swept up in the third wave of the pandemic, we are left wondering when we will be able to gather again and return to our long-standing traditions.

The squadron and, indeed, the CAF as a whole, have adapted rapidly to these unusual times, adopting new communication technologies and finding ways to collaborate and carry on. As one small example, the squadron fundraises each year for the National Defence Workplace Charitable Campaign (NDWCC). Usually, fundraising activities are centred on social events; however, this year's COVID restrictions made that option untenable. With support from local

From the CO continued ...

While the training of four students may not seem like much, it is quite a challenge to do so on schedule all the while sustaining a deployment and maintaining enough aircraft to meet our currency and proficiency requirements. Suffice to say that it was truly a team effort and once again, the determination and dedication of the Lions was key to pulling it off.

Finally, crew members from our fixed-wings ISR platform sub-unit recently made their way south of the border to begin what will be a series of courses to get qualified on our new aircraft. This is an exciting milestone that will be soon followed by the award of the In Service Support Contract and the beginning of a long and important relationship with our civilian maintainers.

All that to say that the Lions have continued to do what they do best, which is focus on delivering operational excellence. And they have done so despite the ongoing pandemic and the very real challenges being faced by the CAF in relation to sexual misconduct. For my part, I have re-emphasized my commitment to the squadron to make it a safe and inclusive place that reflects the high standards expected of us.

Thank you for your continued support through these difficult times. I sincerely hope that the upcoming vaccines will allow us to slowly return to some kind of normalcy and allow us to hold social gatherings once again.

Ferte Manus Certas

From the HCol continued ...

businesses, we were able to execute a raffle and raise funds for the V-42 Foundation, which provides support to active and retired members of CANSOF and their families. In addition, new initiatives continue to be rolled out despite the pandemic. On March 31, the RCAF Foundation was launched via an on-line meeting, with a mission to “recognize, foster and celebrate the RCAF through community engagement, education programs and commemorative activities”. As one of its first initiatives, the Foundation will be offering twenty scholarships, each valued at \$1000, to support post-secondary education for students in a Science/Technology/Engineering/Math (STEM) program that could lead to a future role in areas related to the fields of either aviation or aerospace. Ten of these scholarships are specifically reserved for students whose parents are either current or former serving members of the RCAF, where the student is entering or is already enrolled in a post-secondary institution in a STEM field.

Another new initiative, spurred in part by the inability to hold in-person conferences, relates to the creation of a Regional HCol Engagement Initiative. This initiative was started by the Comd RCAF, with the goal of increasing networking amongst HCols to collect ideas, identify issues, propose solutions, and present these inputs to the Comd RCAF on a regular basis. The first of these engagements is slated to occur later this spring through a virtual meeting and will serve as a good segue into the virtual HCol conference in late May/early June.

As expected, some of the key topics to be discussed relate to the difficult issues of addressing sexual misconduct and making meaningful progress on diversity and inclusivity. While these issues continue to be a struggle for organizations of all types, the CAF has reached a pivotal point where the need to foster a safe and respectful environment is essential to its long-term viability. Conduct that runs counter to the organization’s ethics and ethos not only harms individuals, but also the organization as a whole, adversely affecting morale, recruiting, retention, and mission-focus. While these are daunting challenges facing the CAF, change can and must occur at every level; ultimately, conduct is a reflection of personal accountability. In the coming months, I will support LCol Lavertu and the squadron as we collectively seek to make the squadron a safe space for all.

With COVID vaccinations ramping up, I hope that by the next ROAR newsletter, we will be starting to see our way to the end of this pandemic and I look forward to gathering with the Lions once again. Until then, take good care of yourselves and each other.

Ferte Manus Certas

In This Issue

CO's Greeting, P1/2
 H/Col's Greeting, P1/2
 Membership, P3
 Remember, P4-5
 Finance, P6
Heli - Love That Egg-beater, P7-8
 Guardair Story, P9-10
CF-104 - The Day I Took a Girl Up, P11
 Flush Rivet&Speed of Heat, P12
 Fly Boy, P13
Sabre - Tango with the Ruskies, P14-15
WW II - Hidden Treasures, P16
 'Doc' Payne Story, P17-18
 Chuck Page, P19
 Exam, P20

427 Lion Squadron Association**Treasurer & Membership**

Dick Dunn
richmark@telus.net

ROAR & Web Publisher

Wayne MacLellan
macway01@gmail.com

ROAR Editor

Beth MacLellan
macbeth1937@gmail.com

Facebook Publisher & Editor

Ken Sorfleet
kensorfleet@gmail.com

Directors-at-Large

Ted Hessel - F-86
 Dale Horley - F-86
 Walt Pirie - F-86
 Dean Black-Helicopter
 Rick McLaughlin-Helicopter
 Randy Meiklejohn-Helicopter

CFB Petawawa

Main Switchboard-613-687-5511

CO 427 SOAS

L/Col Frank Lavertu
 Ext.—7600
francois.lavertu@forces.gc.ca

Admin Assistant to the CO

Sandy Daley
sandy.daley@forces.gc.ca
 613-588-7600

427 Squadron Adjutant

michael.peat@forces.gc.ca

427 Squadron CWO

CWO T.E. Riutta – ext 7969
timothy.riutta@forces.gc.ca

427 Hon. Colonel

Lianne Ing
ingl@bubblotech.ca

Squadron Historian

Captain Jean-Christophe Marois
jean-christophe.marois@forces.gc.ca

**Membership Policy
427 Squadron Association**

The following is a list of the current membership categories: Charter Membership, Life Membership, Annual Subscription Membership, Honorary Associate Membership, Associate Membership, Affiliate Membership and Association Partnership. For a complete definition of the categories please access the web site at: <http://www.427squadron.com>.

To apply for a 427 Lion Squadron Association membership or make a donation or bequest, please complete and mail or email the form which can found at <http://www.427squadron.com/membership.html>

427 Squadron Association Web Site

The web site contains much more information about 427 squadron history than could possibly be covered in ROAR newsletters. Have a look at it. All newsletters from 1996 on are posted there. Bios/Books/Stories have material from all eras that you may find interesting. Book and stories by former POWs give us a first hand look at that segment of their history. There is also a squadron diary from 1942 to 1970, The Green Book. Additionally in the history section LCol (Ret.) Eddie Haskins has put together a WW II 427 Squadron Ops pictorial history coordinated with the 427 WW II diary and casualties. It's an amazing project. You may also be interested in the original MGM video of their presentation at Leeming to the squadron which is on our site. Looking for the name of the CO in 1944 or 1976? It's all there waiting for you to discover.

The links page is another trove of interesting information of military history. WW II databases, Canadian as well as worldwide, Luftwaffe records, aircraft crashes, including military, from 1905 forward, all can be linked and searched.

For more current information I urge you to [login to our Facebook 427 Squadron Association page](#).

Last but definitely not least is our [Remember Page](#) where we honour our comrades who have come before us. All names on the 427 Squadron cenotaph are linked to the cenotaph icon there as well.

Moving ?

Please notify us of your new address and email if you move.

Email Dick at - richmark@telus.net

Or regular mail to:

Richard Dunn
 427 Lion Squadron Association
 1998 Ogden Avenue
 Vancouver, BC V6J 1A2

Biographies

We need your biography with a suitable photo(s). [Take a look at the present list](#) and plan now to submit yours. It is appreciated.

Apology

We find it impossible to keep up with the changes in rank designation/salutations that may have changed during the passing years since you first joined. We will continue to modify rank designations/salutations as we become aware of them or if you request a change; otherwise, the rank or salutations that you signed up with will remain.

Flying Officer B.W. MacLellan

We Will Remember Them

At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them - Laurence Binyon

<https://www.427squadron.com/remember.html>



Major General James E. Hanna

d: December, 22, 2020

Born in Toronto, Major-General Hanna was raised in Ottawa, receiving his early education at the Ottawa Model School and at Trinity College School, Port Hope. While a student at Ottawa's Glebe Collegiate Institute, he began his Military career in the Royal Canadian Artillery [Militia] and subsequently enrolled in the Royal Canadian Air Force, completing training as a Flight Engineer in the spring of 1945. After the war, he attended the University of Toronto and obtained the degree of Bachelor of Applied Science in Aeronautical Engineering. During summer vacations, he continued flying training in the Royal Canadian Air Force [reserve] receiving his pilot wings in 1949.

Major General Hanna was appointed to the Royal Canadian Air Force [regular] in 1950 and served with fighter squadrons in Canada and the United States (416 Sqn 50-51, 427 Sqn 52-53, 444 Sqn 53). He subsequently held the position of instructor in the All-Weather Operational training unit at North Bay, Ontario, and Cold Lake, Alberta. He attended the Empire Test Pilots School at Farnborough in 1956, traveling extensively in the far east, endured many inoculations, and enjoyed a Singapore sling at Raffles Long Bar. His next five years, 1957 to 62, were spent with the Central Experimental and Proving Establishment at Malton and Ottawa prior to joining the staff of the Operational Requirements subdivision at Air Force Headquarters.

After completing the Royal Canadian Air Force staff college course in 1964, Major General Hanna spent a year in the middle east as Air Staff Officer to the Commander of the United Nations Emergency Force in Gaza and walked the streets of Jerusalem. He joined the Directing staff of the staff college in Toronto in 1965 and was named Commander of the Canadian Forces base in Rivers, Manitoba in 1967.

In 1970, Major General Hanna and his family moved to Quebec City to participate in the Federal Biculturalism Development program at Laval University. One year later, he was posted to National Defense Headquarters in Ottawa as Deputy Director General Bilingual and Biculturalism. In 1974, he attended the Royal College of Defense Studies in London, UK. Major General Hanna was appointed Canadian Defense Attache in Paris in 1975, and in August 1977 assumed command of the Air Defense Group and the 22nd NORAD region. Jim served on the board of the Canadian Red Cross as Vice President and the Board of Commissionaires and was the eldest member of the Royal Canadian Military Institute [RCMI] in Toronto.

He served 41 years in the military, as a fighter pilot, a test pilot for the Canadian Government, and was slated to test the Avro Arrow before it was decommissioned. As a proud Canadian, he generously supported many Canadian foundations.

Jim was a collector of antiques, military memorabilia, flags and Heraldry, gifted with a marvelous memory, passionate about erudite mysteries of the Spirit of God, and spiritual dimension of his life, and would have been at home in the company of John Knox and the Cambridge and Oxford Independent thinkers of the 1870s.



Captain R.C. “Bob” Penrose DFC

August 13, 1918 - August 5, 2005

Air Cadets, RCAF - 422-427-437 Squadrons, TCA, AC, TC, OWA

Lifetime flying hours - 32,000

A proud descendant of Cornish pirates, Bob was born August 13, 1918, in Penticton, BC, and spent his formative years helping on the family orchard, racing home-built kayaks, singing in the church choir, acing school exams, and playing competitive badminton, winning the BC Junior Championship. Throughout his life he was a devoted sportsman as both participant and spectator. Bob followed brother Bill overseas, joining the RCAF in 1941, flying 40 missions as a bomber pilot and receiving the Distinguished Flying Cross. He was our hero but maintained that the only heroes of war were his comrades and brother who never came home. Bob's passion for flying went from mission to a dream career. He enjoyed every flight in his 33 years as a pilot with TCA/Air Canada. His reputation was that of a superb pilot and instructor, a pilot's pilot.



Family, friends, flying, golf, and gardening were Bob's passions, and his life was lived with vigour, integrity, humour, and kindness. A consummate master of ceremonies, Bob engaged all with his quick wit and way with words. He was a confident, compassionate leader who always spoke his mind and took a genuine interest in all whom he knew. As his legion of lifelong friends can attest, with Bob in your corner, you had a fierce and loyal advocate. We smile as we imagine Dad walking the heavenly fairways with his foursome, focusing intently on winning his two-bit bet, enjoying a joke, and proudly regaling the exploits of his lefty, grandson Will. Thank you Bob for your life of love and laughter. We will miss you always.

[See the web site for Bob's wartime story - click here](#)

*Ed. Note: A special thank you is going to **Barb Henderson** who as well as being an amateur genealogist is also an aviation enthusiast. She came across our site while researching and decided to do further digging. The names below are some of the 427 veterans that she has identified and provided us either with an obituary or further information for their published obituaries. Below are the links to our Remember page.*

[Hector Munro Bertram Millward D.F.C. - Air Gunner](#)

[Roy \(Red\) Reginald Fredrick Newnham - Air Gunner](#)

[Robert Neil Martin - Bomb Aimer](#)

[Murray Gordon Marshall D.F.C. - Pilot](#)



Keith Patrick - Air Gunner (Link not yet activated)

Keith passed away peacefully at Winston Park LTC in Kitchener, surrounded by family, on **April 29th, 2021** at the age of 102. Beloved husband of Phyllis (nee Taylor; died 2016) for 69 years. Keith was born on Sept 22, 1918 in Saint John NB, son of Hugh and Lily Patrick. He had eight brothers. Keith served in the R.C.A.F. from 1940 to 1945 as a Wireless Operator/Air Gunner. He did a full tour of duty in North Africa with R.A.F. 108 Squadron and was on a second tour with R.C.A.F. 427 Squadron when his Halifax bomber was shot down over NE France six days after D-Day. Seriously injured, he was hidden by brave villagers and nursed back to health. He retired from the Air Force in February 1945 with the rank of Flight Lieutenant. Keith and Phyllis were married on June 29th, 1946 in Lynn, Massachusetts. He had a successful career as a Purchasing Manager with Ford Motor Co. in Saint John, Canada in Montreal and Fleet Manufacturing and Horton-CBI in Fort Erie. Donations to the Canadian Warplane Heritage Museum in Hamilton, the National Air Force Museum of Canada in Trenton or the Alzheimer's Society would be appreciated by the family.- **The Hamilton Spectator**

IMPORTANT NOTE

Any and all 427 Squadron veterans, Association members or not, deserve to have recognition of their service displayed on our website [Remember Page](#) as well as a notice appearing in ROAR when they pass on. We depend on you to notify us if one of your comrades dies. Military record information is requested if available, otherwise as many details as possible. Please help us and send any information you have to one of us.

Dick at richmark@telus.net
 Ken at kensorfleet@yahoo.com
 Wayne at macway01@gmail.com

Membership
 Facebook
 Web Site/ROAR

Financial Report - 2018-2019-2020

427 Lion Sqn Assoc.	2020	2019	2018
Income/Expenses			
Income			
Donations Received	1,240.00	860.00	500.00
Interest Inc	0.26	1.41	2.24
Membership dues	200.00	100.00	50.00
Total Income	1,440.26	961.41	552.24
Expenses			
Administration			
Bank Charge & Pay Pal	43.85	6.06	24.16
Web	161.88	191.75	225.65
Total Admin	205.73	197.81	249.81
Roar: *1			
Postage	434.89	344.25	0.00
Printing	608.05	248.60	0.00
Total Roar	1,042.94	592.85	0.00
Total Expenses	1,248.67	790.66	249.81
Total Income/Expenses	191.59	170.75	302.43

427 Lion Sqn Assoc.	2020	2019	2018
Balance Sheet			
Assets			
Vancity	569.62	437.46	1,805.63
Vancity Shares	5.26	5.10	5.00
Investments *1	10,500.00	10,500.00	10,500.00
Web Prepaid	0.00	161.88	0.00
Total Assets	11,074.88	11,104.44	12,310.63
Insurance Transactions			
Cenotaph Insurance Fund opening	3,561.02	4,371.02	5,181.02
Annual Liability Premium	-810.00	-810.00	-810.00
Cenotaph Insurance Fund closing	2,751.02	3,561.02	4,371.02
Liabilities & Equity			
Liabilities			
Net Cenotaph Insurance Fund	2,751.02	3,561.02	4,371.02
427 Sqn NPF	965.00	965.00	965.00
Accounts Payable *3	38.85	0.00	66.94
Member Payable	1,500.00	1,500.00	2,000.00
Total Liabilities	5,254.87	6,026.02	7,402.96
Equity	5,820.01	5,078.42	4,907.67
Total Liabilities & Equity	11,074.88	11,104.44	12,310.63

Notes

*1 2018 Roar nil, 2019 Roar 1, 2020 Roar 2

*2 Investments shown at cost

*3 ASAP Cheques

Richard Dunn
 Membership Chair - Treasurer
 427 Lion Squadron Association

LOVE THAT EGGBEATER

By John Swallow

(Many of us belong to an exclusive club – those who understand the terms lead, lag, and flapback. For those who are convinced that helicopters are just collections of stuff going the same way the same day, I submit the following which was based on a Bell 47...)

PART 1

The helicopter is an amazing assortment of nuts, bolts, rotors, push-pull rods, irreversibles, longitudinal collective differential quadrants, swash plates, wobble plates, gimble rings, cuff links, trunion assemblies and other gadgets too humorous to mention. All of these are welded, riveted, bolted or sewn together to make a single machine capable of

flight. In fact, it is capable of flight in any direction – backwards, forwards, sideways, up, down, and even standing still! Standing still is known as “hovering”; or, as a Dutch friend of mine was wont to say, “hoovering”. This also comes in handy for those who like flying but have no place to go. Helicopters are normally flown by individuals who don’t like to stray far from the airport or who are known to have narcissistic tendencies. In fact, as a group, helicopter pilots have long been suspected of self-abuse.

One of the more necessary components is the engine. This unit is expected to start with ordinary fuel; change the fuel to BTU, the BTU to BMEP, and the BMEP to RPM. The RPM is then transmitted through a series of shafts and gears to the main rotor blades that are responsible for the frantic eggbeater motion characteristic of the beast.

The engine has several important parts. Among those are cylinders. A cylinder is a long hole covered on one end with a plate full of smaller holes containing valves. The holes admit air and fuel...and sometimes water and carelessly misplaced tools. The other end is closed with a plug called a piston. This is free to move up and down and would come out altogether if it were not fastened to a connecting rod. The other end of the connecting rod is affixed to a crank shaft. By themselves, the piston and the connecting rod are well nigh useless, for all they do is produce BMEP. However, the crank shaft is extremely important: it is responsible for converting your BMEP to RPM. Without RPM, you would be left with BMEP and some leftover BTU, which, by themselves, are not worth a pitcher of warm spit.

The output of the engine is measured in horsepower. No one knows why...it is often difficult to get a self-respecting horse within seventy yards of one of these machines. There was talk that a fellah named Jimmy Watt found that a mine pony could lift 22000 pounds one foot in one minute, added fifty percent and called the resulting figure “one horsepower”. However, as no one uses horses in coal mining anymore, it’s anyone’s guess as to its real meaning today. For that reason, it’s better to rely on instruments the electrical men have invented to measure power. They indicate power in amps, volts, or kilowatts, depending on the individual whims of the designer. With a little imagination and an E6B, these values can be converted into horsepower.

Starting the “thing” requires some knowledge of quantum mechanics, steady nerves, and a certain amount of ‘je ne sais quoi’, which is French for “two over easy, toast on the side”. First, make a careful check of all your instruments. When converting to a new machine, many helicopter pilots make an accurate count of the cockpit instruments on their first trip. Subsequent instrument checks can then be reduced to counting; if there are supposed to be ten gauges in the cockpit and ten gauges are found, the machine is serviceable. This procedure not only gives you a little self-confidence, but also adds prestige in the eyes of the onlookers. After everything has been checked, then – and only then – is it safe to start the engine. If everything is as it should be – air, fuel, spark, Marvel Mystery oil - there will be considerable noise and the machine will commence to shake, tremble, and rock from side to side. This is a good sign that the engine has started. If the rotor has commenced to turn any time during this procedure, it is visual proof that the mast has not broken during the procedure.



When your audience has returned, synchronize your eyeballs and look wisely at the instrument panel, noting pressure and RPM. Before you forget, check the flight controls. This is important even though the controls quite often do not perform the function for which they were designed. It is embarrassing to get into the air and find these items not working properly...or, worse, not working at all! Once airborne, you are on your own: astride a brute that, like a bumblebee, looks as though it won't fly, knows that it can't fly, but does so anyway and to Hell with it!

The controls of a helicopter do not work like the controls in a fixed wing aircraft: for instance, the stick (cyclic) has no feel nor rigidity and if not held securely at all times, will fall to the floor or bounce off the instrument panel resulting in expressions of concern from the passengers. The anti-torque pedals are somewhat akin to the rudder pedals in that they both provide a resting spot for your feet. However, unlike the rudder pedals, the sole job of the anti-torque pedals is to keep the blunt end forward - except in the "hoover" when their job is to make the passengers dizzy.

The collective is the stick thingy to the left of the pilot's seat: its job is to convert the RPM and BMEP into lift. The means by which it does so is known only to some senior helicopter pilots who are extremely secretive about the whole operation, but I have included a lay-person's explanation further down. For practical purposes, suffice it to say that pulling on the lever causes things to get smaller while pushing on the lever will cause the reverse effect. Through some interconnect between the controls, the collective can also make the machine accelerate. Again, the process is rather ambiguous and not normally discussed in polite circles. However, the collective has an active part to play in a quick descent procedure called "autorotation"; more about which later.

When all the tickets have been collected, it is wise to go flying before anyone can change their minds. To get airborne is a rather technical affair and involves momentarily nullifying the Attraction Law; the principle which keeps all things on the ground. The principle states that two objects have an attraction to one another and the larger the mass, the larger the attraction. Momentarily null the Law of Attraction by pulling up on the collective and the Law of Rejection becomes prime and the helicopter leaves the ground. As long as the collective lever is off the stop and the engine is running, the helicopter will fly. However, if the engine fails, one of the two main requirements of flight - motive power - has been removed and immediate action is required.

To get the helicopter going down, the Law of Attraction must be reintroduced by lowering the collective. This will produce a descent of around 1500-2000 feet per minute and can cause unsecured items in the cockpit to float up around eye level. Depending on the time since ingestion, these items may be intermingled with various passenger lunch bits. Once the helicopter has reached an altitude between 75-100 feet above ground and near terminal velocity, its descent and forward speed must both be slowed to near zero before contact with any surface: this is achieved by the judicious use of the collective to maintain a fine balance between the Laws of Attraction and Rejection. Too much one way or the other can lead to disastrous results. This level of expertise comes with time and damage to at least three helicopters. However, most of the machines are repairable.

It should be noted that in the helicopter world, most students are sent solo at this stage. In the second part, we will explore lead, lag, and flap back and discuss why helicopter time in the logbook is viewed by fixed wing operators in the same light as ballet skills in a Special Ops operator.

Standby November 2021 for Part II

Ed. Note: John and I were dropped off at 3 Wing, Zweibrücken about 1500 on May 12, 1959 after a noisy, uncomfortable, long (~18hours) trip across the Atlantic via Gander, Azores and Marville(1 Wing) in a troop/cargo carrying North Star. John went to 434 Squadron and I to 427. John's career included a Guynemar team member, a Centennaire team member and Transport Canada Inspector. He also spent 3 years in Gagetown with 403 Sqn as a line instructor and then Ops Officer. One day as he entered the "O'Club" at noon for lunch he had a phone call and received a job offer he couldn't refuse and so he joined Irving in rotary and fixed wing operations. About ten years ago he got the urge to build an airplane and five years later sent a video of his aerobatic routine in his new aircraft. John also suggested that if there are any queries why a 434 member was allowed to sully a 427 newsletter that I should publicize the fact that it is his reward for regularly assisting little old ladies across intersections.

GUARDAIR

By Brigadier General (Ret.) Ed Godson

SERVING EX-MEMBERS OF THE EX-REGIMENTS

Home Station, Petawawa - circa 1969. "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times"

It was the best of times because of the regimental standards, traditions and sense of family that we all cherished, and it was the worst of times because of what was starting to happen all around us. The infantry was being reduced in size, integration and unification were the order of the day, green uniforms were en route to unit level, and the CF base concept would streamline operational support while producing economies of scale. If you could be made to believe in all this, then you could be made to believe in anything. Enter GUARDAIR!

Guardair was hatched in the minds of Capts W.A. Brocklehurst, Esquire and E.H. Gosden, Esquire. Why? Our Home Station Officers' Mess was about to be turned into a "Red Bargain Barn" food and drink dispensing operation. In short, the dreaded centralized Base Petawawa Officers' Mess concept was about to take over our home. Quickly realizing that traditions and mess standards would be adjusted to the lowest common denominator, we decided to retaliate in a subtle, snobby, and yet no less mocking and humorous manner. The living-in junior officers needed an alternative mess environment where we could retain all the vestiges and trappings of our regiment that was about to be placed on the supplementary order of battle. It was rapidly determined that an organization outside the reach of the military establishment was needed. As well, since the pilots on the base seemed to dress and do pretty well as they pleased, we decided on an aviation theme to encourage greater rage at Base HQ.

From these humble beginnings grew such popular events as the annual Guardair dinner, the semi-annual Guardair Christmas Turkey Contest (Jun 25), and the ever popular late night Guardair Radio Quiz. Expansion saw the acquisition of such capital assets as the Guardair airplane, the stable of Guardair limousines as well as those eye-pleasing collectibles consisting of stock shares and matchbooks.

As Guardair's notoriety grew we found that those who would humorously challenge us, such as LCol J.O. Ward, B Adm O, would be set upon in an equally humorous counterattack by our people within their organization like Capt J.A.S. Haley. We soon had supporters everywhere and were being widely encouraged by our peers to take on the system. We did this through a series of tongue-in-cheek encounters through the medium of the Base Petawawa Post. Even Sgt. Fred Watson, the Base radio announcer, was giving us honorable mention on the air and in his weekly Base Post column. Attendance at the dinners grew until we had junior officers representing all the different units of the Brigade including the medical depots, Base HQ and Base Animal Control. Even Major A.H.C. Smith took us on in an attempt to curry favor with the Brigade Commander, Brigadier-General S.V. Radley Walters. Little did he know that General "Rad" was on our side as was our Commanding Officer of the day, Lieutenant-Colonel G.R. Cheriton.

By 1975 the reputation of Guardair was still growing thanks mainly to its lavish dinners and overt snob appeal. To be a member of Guardair was to have arrived on the scene, to be made, to be on the inside. Most new members were not sure exactly what they had joined, but nonetheless were quite proud to have been accepted over their peers. From a morale perspective it was the best of times in the worst of times and our military leaders knew it only too well. That is why to this day we believe that they never shut us down. Guardair was a link and a bond of comradeship in some very challenging times.

To its credit, Guardair was not an officer only enterprise. Whether we were scheming with or against some of our favorite NCOs, all were involved. Thanks to Percy Price and his Guardair limo that acted as driver and hearse to transport the remains of Ambrose between messes for re-internment following the takeover of the Home Station Officers' Mess. Thanks to regimental tailor Marcel Perrault and the many nameless NCOs in workshops across Base Petawawa who tailored, welded, repaired and cleaned up after Guardair. While less positive perhaps, but no less fun, we took great pleasure in annoying MWO Ken Woods almost as much as Major Ian Douglas enjoyed annoying Capt Fred Marentette. Ken Woods was really put off when we declared him a hostile competitor in the semi-annual turkey contest. Despite being drawn as the winner, it seems he was so upset with the late night Radio Quiz calls that he could not describe his feelings for Guardair in less than 25 words. He didn't even qualify for a bag of used groceries and the matter is still on appeal in the office of the

President, W.A. Brocklehurst after all these years.

Guardair's crowning achievement was the migration of the annual dinner to the Army Command and Staff College in Fort Frontenac, Kingston in the spring of 1975. There with the stalwart support of one master chef of earlier Guardair fame, Sgt Brandon, we managed to replicate the original stock holders dinner held in Petawawa six years earlier. In the words of the then Commandant, Brigadier-General P.V.B. Grieve, "Several people spoke to me during the evening about how much it reminded them of the better regimental mess parties all of us recall with such enjoyment and pride. No doubt that is why General Rad was such a staunch supporter of the aims of your annual get together"; commentary and support from two senior officers who both served with distinction in combat and who could see the value of the morale and bonds being fostered by the Guardair experience.

"Where have all the tigers gone?" Perhaps not too far since as long as the spirit lives, Guardair lives.

Guardair car in Santa Claus Parade - Petawawa circa 1963



New Guardair Uniform Unveiled

Special to the Post — The President of Guardair announced at a press conference held recently at the Head Office in Petawawa that the Company had recently conducted a series of tests to select an official uniform for its pilots. The airline approached the problem in a military-like manner. The Board of Directors voted to apply a well worn formula most of them had seen employed to little effect during their years in the Service. They recommended that a committee be formed to study the problem.

After several years of deliberation it was decided to conduct a user trial on uniforms which were currently being discarded by other flying organizations in order to conform with the President's "they off the shelf policy". After much searching the Canadian Forces

agreed to conduct the trials since they had many "average individuals" who were quite familiar with the uniforms in question.

During the one year period which followed the uniforms in question were subjected to the toughest tests on the face of the earth. The uniform which was finally selected proved to be the front runner in all test categories.

1. It was DURABLE enough to survive a DISASTER combined Happy Hour.
2. It was POOR FITTING enough to prevent the occupant from falling asleep during a BCR Candlelight Dinner.
3. It was UNATTRACTIVE enough to prevent being stolen from the Base Officers' Mess.
4. It was FLEXIBLE enough to be acceptable at 427 Sop with little or no maintenance.
5. It was COMFORTABLE enough to allow restful sleep during Officers' Training at BLEND.

6. It was INCONSPICUOUS enough at Base Headquarters. The uniform, which will be available April 1st, 1973, will cost \$975.00 (baitous NOT included) less a 10 per cent discount for Canex Credit Card users. The President went on to deny as false a rumour circulating that Base Workshops were currently sewing bow-ties for a Mess Kit version of the same uniform.

The President concluded the press conference by stating, "At Guardair we are simple people with simple tastes; only the best is good enough".



Pictured above are the three uniforms which competed recently in a GUARDAIR User Trial held in Petawawa. The uniform on the LEFT finally won Presidential approval to become GUARDAIR's Official Pilot Uniform.

NEW GUARDAIR AIRCRAFT LETTERING

PETAWAWA — (Special to the Post) All GUARDAIR aircraft will receive a facelifting because of a new presidential lettering policy. The word "SOS" will replace the word "GUARDAIR" and "AEROGARDE" which is now displayed on NORTH and SOUTH sides of the Company's aircraft. This measure will benefit the company by reducing the cost of lettering paint as well as making room on the fuselage for a blue circle surrounding a white field upon which is superimposed an 8 x 12 foot color glossy photo of W.A. Brocklehurst.



As part of the same change the president ordered that an 8 x 8 foot piece of talc on a white background be fitted to each side of the aircraft's fuselage. Passengers of ethnic origins other than FRENCH or ANGLOSAXAPHONES will be entitled to purchase black grease pencils in the terminal and may

letter the aircraft as they deem fit during the boarding phase of each flight. The talc and grease pencil cartel will be subcontracted to a local company called BASE HEADQUARTERS. Work is due to begin on St Jean de Baptiste day and terminate on King Billy's Day. GUARDAIR is planning a week of festivities prior to its grand un-

veiling ceremony scheduled for the Cobden airport. In order to give all pilots and ground crew enough time off to attend the week's festivities, the Vice President has instituted a SPORTS WEEK.

Among those unable to attend the ceremony are Prince Philip, Willy Brandt, President Nixon, Colonel Ward and Fred Watson.

Guardair Change of Command

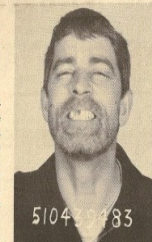
Petawawa — Mr. Gerald (Indian Jack) Flath has assumed command of Guardair's Rotary Wing Division at a spectacular change of command parade held at Petawawa recently. The weather was excellent for this magnificent pageant which included the participation of local artillery, armoured, and air units. The parade also included a drive past by the recent graduating class of the Base Defensive Drivers Course.

Following the signing of the official documents, Mr Flath drew the winning door prize ticket for dinner for two at the Base Officers' Mess. The winner has until 15 Aug 73 to claim his meal or it will be thrown out.

Following the parade a luncheon was held at the Canex Snack Bar with all Guardair aircrew claiming the maximum \$2.25 for the casual meal.

Mr. Flath stressed the importance Guardair placed on the close relationship which exists between the company and the many different units of the Base. His future duties will include travel to Brandia, Gleneg and Fantasia where he is expected to meet such interesting people as AO BAC, CANNEX OFFR, ACO, and Fred Watson.

All in Petawawa join in wishing Mr. Flath well in his new post.



Mr. G. Flath, the new Head of Guardair's Rotary Wing Division.





The Day I Took a Girl Up

By Eric Mold

Most of the six and a half years I spent in Germany with the RCAF I was on 427 Squadron at RCAF Zweibrücken flying Starfighters in the Nuclear Strike role. However, at one time I was working with Test Flight carrying out test flights on Starfighters that had been in scheduled maintenance or repair. Because we wanted to have the maximum number of aircraft on the flight line on Monday mornings, we frequently had to do tests on kites that had been worked on over the weekend. There-

fore, so as to not annoy the local population too much we did not start weekend test flying until 1.00pm on Sunday afternoon. On this particular Sunday I was scheduled to do a test flight on a two seat Starfighter which had several minor 'snags' that had been fixed and needed to be checked out. Vera was away somewhere, and I was 'batching' it, living in our apartment 'down-town', and having my meals in the officers' mess. So I drove over to the mess to enjoy the excellent Sunday Brunch they served. Since it was Sunday only a minimum of mess staff and waitresses were working, so to try to ease things, we usually tried to bunch up together at the dining tables. I, as it turned out, found myself sitting at a table with two charming RCAF Nursing Sisters. I noticed that one of these girls was wearing Parachutist Wings on her uniform. I found that interesting especially when she told me that she had made 32 jumps into the bush for both training and to give medical aid. I was very impressed because jumping out of a plane was something, I had strived all of my life to avoid.

One thing led to another and our conversation drifted around to flying. This young lady told me she had been up in all sorts of planes, including a T-33 Silver Star, a two-seat jet trainer. However, she had never had a flight in a Starfighter (I expect you can see where this is going). I asked her if she had been through the high-altitude jet indoctrination (required before all jet trainer and fighter flights) and she assured me she had.

In a weak moment, I said. "I'm doing a test flight in a two- seater this afternoon. Get yourself down to Test Flight and have the guys down there 'suit you up' because you're going on a test flight with me". As soon as I had said it, I wished I could have eaten my words. We were strictly forbidden to take anyone up in the Starfighter that had not been authorized by God himself. It would be a massive loss of face to say. "Sorry forget that, I can't take you." The girl was so excited. I just had to hope I would get away with it without the CO finding out. Apparently, the people down at test flight were having a good giggle as they kitted her out and strapped her into the back seat, they knew that what I was doing was highly illegal. I acted as nonchalant as I could - as if I did this sort of thing every day.

We took off and immediately entered solid clouds and it was not until we reached 35,000 feet that we broke out on top of them. I did the items I had to test and then it was back into the clouds on our letdown back to base and an instrument approach to the runway. Not much of a flight for the young lady in the back seat and for the great risk I had taken. I dreaded Monday. I tried to keep the lowest profile I could. I was expecting the Commanding Officer to send for me at any moment, but nothing happened. This was too good to be true, perhaps he was too busy, but I was sure I would hear something on Tuesday. Imagine how I felt when Tuesday passed without a word, this was wonderful. Had I got away with it? Didn't the boss know?

It was not until Wednesday lunch time when I almost bumped into the CO (Bill Marsh) as he was coming out of the Officers' Mess and I was going in. I did a quick salute and tried to disappear as quickly as possible. As I was disappearing, he called out. "Oh! Eric" I turned around and replied. "Yes Sir". I knew this was it, I'd had it. All he said was. "I don't want to hear about it, I don't want to know anything about it. Is that clear?" I replied. "Yes Sir." I knew everything would be all right after that.



CF-104G“Starfighter”“Flush Riveted...&...Speed of Heat”

by Captain (Ret'd) A B (Art) Cameron

The “104” was a 2nd generation jet fighter aircraft that had a wide range of useful roles. During its time with the RCAF/CAF, its primary role was in fulfilling Canada's commitment to NATO during the Cold War period. I was privileged to fly the “One Oh Four” from 1966 to 1969 as a member of 422 Strike/Attack Squadron, 4 Wing, Baden-Soellingen, West Germany. This was a Strike (Nuclear Weapon) Attack (Conventional Weapons) Squadron, one of six. There were also two Photo Reconnaissance Squadrons that had weapons training but did not have a “QRA” (Quick Reaction Alert) status which the Strike/Attack Squadrons maintained on a 24/7 basis, two aircraft per Squadron on 10-minute alert to being airborne with a nuke tucked under the belly of the CF-104. The “One Oh Four” was very stable and an exceedingly fast low level platform in the European skies, in fact the fastest. It flew through ground turbulence like a hot knife through butter, going exactly where it was pointed and would arrive there about 3 times faster than one would guesstimate. One had to adjust ones thinking accordingly. There was no looking back to see where you were nor much in the way of gliding time should the trusty General Electric J-79 power plant decide to pack it in. Thinking ahead of the aircraft was essential for completion of a successful flight in the 104. Some might call it an unforgiving aircraft but I would disagree. You simply had to be ahead of the game or you were counted out and became a statistic. It also had excellent cockpit visibility which in addition to its low-level high speed, added to its suitability as a Reconnaissance aircraft.

The “G” model of the 104 had a beefed up airframe to withstand the ground turbulence fatigue factor and a Litton 3 INS (Inertial Navigation System) that was gyro driven and worked in a square grid pattern of “X” & “Y” coordinates. Its acceptable hourly error rate was about 1.6 NM/hr and was difficult for pilots to reset should they land other than back at home base. However, it did a pretty good job of providing stabilization for the AHI (Artificial Horizon Indicator) and the Radar. The radar was optimized for ground mapping and had a horizontal line on each side of the radar screen that displayed bank angle but not pitch. The main AHI was a 360 sphere with the compass displayed around the equator and the 30-degree longitude lines running to either poles. Very useful to do aerobatics with...or part and parcel of the LADD (Low Angle Drogue Delivery) nuclear weapons attack procedure. [Please see: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Toss_bombing](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Toss_bombing) .

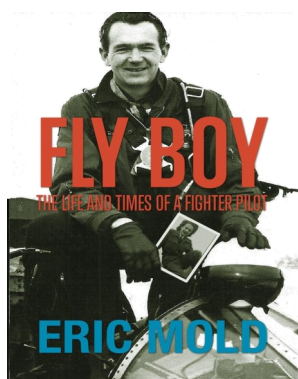
With only about 7 feet of very thin wing, the CF-104 was not a turning aircraft such as many other 2nd generation fighters were. These included the MiG-21, Mirage 3, Lightning and F-4 Phantom, but it had tremendous climb capabilities and held the world record for many years. So if caught in a fighting situation, you could simply go full A/B (After Burner) or as the Brits would say Reheat, and go vertical, disengage and come back in out of the stratosphere...and preferably out of the sun and win the fight. The other option was to simply run away as it was the fastest low-level aircraft around.

In place of the M-61 Gatling gun, which was replaced when the Nuke role was abandoned, it had an extra fuel tank to allow for deeper penetration into enemy territory. While the 104 could go a little bit beyond Mac 2.0 at altitude, the limitation was a function of skin temperature on the engine intakes and compressor and not a function of thrust from the J-79 engine. There was a temp probe in the fiberglass intake shock cone that turned on a red “SLOW” light in the cockpit when the probe reached 141 C due to friction heating of the air. At low level, the 104 was restricted by airframe loading in the much denser air. Although still supersonic, this limitation occurred at 750 KEAS which approximated M 1.135 on a standard 15C day. At sea level or close to 900 mph. Near the end of the 104's time in the RCAF in NATO, the Litton 3 was replaced with a digital LNS (Laser Navigation System i.e. laser ringed gyros versus inertial gyros) that operated with a spherical map using Longitude & Latitude coordinates that were global. This made the Conventional Weapons role a lot easier and allowed for mission planning in the air versus the manually intensive preplanning that the LN -3 required. This made the aircraft much more responsive in Close Air Support requirements of the troops on the ground.

A midair refueling capability would have added to loiter time and/or range of operation but was not needed in the European theater of operations. To sum up, one “One Oh Four” with a Nuke equated to 1,000 Bombers of the Second World War in terms of fire power and it had 100% accuracy and was unstoppable in all weather conditions.

In visual conditions, targets were approached at less than 50' above ground and at M0.85 or in case of larger weapons M0.90 to allow sufficient escape distance from the heat wave coming from the atomic burst. In instrument weather conditions and night time, 500' was the upper limit of approach altitude so it was well within ground radar clutter but required using the onboard mapping radar for target acquisition which could attract some enemy attention. It is a thrilling aircraft to watch flying and beautiful to fly. The airspeed was directly connected to the throttle and was exceptionally responsive. It was not an easy aircraft to perform an airshow with due to its wide turning radius primarily due to the higher speeds at which it best flew. For example, doing a loop would take over 5,500' of altitude. You simply can't stay in front of a crowd with it so it was not often displayed in airshows.

However, the noise of the J-79 was very distinctive and will always remain dear to the hearts of "One Oh Four Pilots" and many Ground Crew who performed late night engine run-ups in the test facilities at the air bases from where it was flown. It was said to have caused high birth rates among Squadrons so equipped...but this has not been proven.



Foreword

This book is the story of my life leading up to and including 10 years service as a pilot in the Royal Air Force and 20 years service as a pilot in the Royal Canadian Air Force. Some of the stories, particularly in the Memorable Flights and Miscellaneous Tales sections, have appeared in print elsewhere.



Ed. Note: *Eric Mold has written other books, [The SPAADS Stories](#), [The Family Goes to Sea](#). He has also compiled and promoted two CDs that support military projects. All his endeavours support Air Cadets or the Bomber Command Memorial. The excerpt below is from [Fly Boy](#), the book is available on the web [site](#), with other information on his writings.*

Chapter 9 - Memorable Flights in the RCAF

Collision on Touchdown

We were coming in to land at Zweibrücken; the weather was terrible, right on minimum limits, probably a bit below. The ground-controlled approach operator was saying that we were "On course, on the glide path; on course, on the glide path." My wingman was tucked nicely into my starboard side. "On course, on the glide path." We were in the landing attitude, just a few knots above touchdown speed. "On course, on the glide path." Finally, he said, "Look ahead and land."

Then, THUMP! The plane swung violently to the right; instinctively I applied hard opposite rudder, but it was too late, I touched down on the port wheel with what seemed like 45 degrees of left bank, the nose pointing towards the infield. As the kite careened down the runway on its left ear, so to speak, I was worried about my wingman. He was surely going to clobber me, and then we would have a massive barbecue in the middle of the runway. However, that did not happen. After pulling the drag chute and zigzagging across the runway a few times more, I finally got the beast under control, coming to rest almost at the end of the concrete, the plane still listing heavily to port. The left gear had collapsed; little wonder after that assault it received on touchdown.

Still expecting the crash as my wingman hit me, I cut the engine and scrambled out of the cockpit. He was nowhere to be seen, but then the visibility was only a hundred yards or so. He had slid off the runway coming to rest on his belly a few hundred feet further back than I did. My poor old Starfighter looked rather sorry for herself, lying there on her side. Apparently what happened was, when the talk down controller said, "Look ahead and land", my wingman did just that, he took his eyes off his leader, something you never do when flying in close formation. It caused him to collide with my starboard side, a split second before touchdown. Both of us were unharmed and both planes were eventually repaired and flew again. Nevertheless, it was a scary moment.

Tango with the Ruskies

by Flying Officer Ron (Army) Armstrong
-as told to Dick Dunn

May 24th 1960



Stopgap Alpha, a four-plane formation of F-86 Sabres departed Zweibrücken in the clear, early morning, and climbed rapidly to the east towards the sun, which had not yet pierced the horizon. The section of 427 (Fighter) Squadron was led by F/L Don Ingram, with F/O Ron (Army) Armstrong as Alpha 2, Unknown pilot, Alpha 3 and F/O Ross (Roscoe) Mayberry as Alpha 4.

Categorized as “Development of Tactics,” the plan was to cross the Rhine River, then head south, and hopefully catch some hapless 4-Winger unawares by attacking from up-sun and wreaking havoc. As our predecessors had learned, “Beware the Hun in the sun!”

The Met briefing that morning indicated the contrail level would begin above 35,000 feet, so as we reached that altitude and Roscoe called “Conning,” we quickly dipped down a couple of hundred feet so as not to advertise our presence. We were south-bound when Ross called “Cons, nine o’clock high.” A quick glance to my left and I could see four widely separated contrails heading west that seemed to reach back to the horizon. I immediately surmised that it was probably a section of West German fighters out of Furstenfeldbruck. Don called “Go Buster,” as we wheeled left and began the climb to gain precious altitude. We were conning again but this time it didn’t matter as our adversaries were obviously well above us.

Things now began to get a little uneasy as we were rapidly approaching the buffer zone, and our target was well inside. Any thoughts of aircraft from Furstenfeldbruck quickly vanished and Don switched us over to Yellow-jack Control. The voice of a very relieved controller advised us that these aircraft had flown out of East Germany and were now in our airspace. He said, “We’ve scrambled every aircraft we could but you are the closest.” Don requested and received clearance to charge our guns. As the dummy rounds clunked through the breeches they mirrored the clunking sounds of my heart, which had mysteriously moved from its normal position and now was thoroughly entrenched in my throat, as an aerobatic team of butterflies practiced their precision maneuvers in my stomach.

I had only recently arrived in Europe and had just completed my combat training. Hell, I wasn’t as combat ready as I thought I was. To put it in the vernacular, I was cannon fodder and the sprogiest of sprogs. I never thought that my Sabre tour would start off so operational.

Don requested to drop our tanks which was nixed by the controller with the firm rejoinder, “Do not fire unless fired upon!” My hands were visibly shaking as I heard the angry voice of our leader crack, “Come on four, close it up!” As the number 4 in a full-throttle climb, Roscoe had been unable to keep up with the rest of the section and had fallen badly behind. He was the most laid back guy in all respects, but his reply was so laconic as to set a new standard, even for him! “Go ahead and start without me, and I’ll join you later.”

I almost laughed and immediately the angst I had been feeling suddenly disappeared and all seemed well with the world. We were now within twelve miles of the bogies and we could clearly see the sun glinting off four silver aircraft. Moments later as we met head-on, a quick glance at my altimeter showed we were above 40,000 feet but these guys were still at least 2,000 feet above us. With a long silver fuselage and a very big red star on the tail fin, these were Mig 17’s, and Russian! My heart returned to its newfound position and the butterfly aerobatic team resumed their practice loops.

All I could think about was the lesson I had learned in phase training; don’t lose your lead! My eyes burned a hole on the side of Don’s aircraft and the rest of the world disappeared outside of my narrow focus as we began

a hard climbing left turn. Two circuits around the eggshell and we were falling into their six. They became visible in my windscreen as we rolled out on an easterly heading with the Migs dead ahead at a range of about eighteen hundred feet. Again all feelings of fear had vanished and I was fighting an almost uncontrollable urge to squeeze off a few rounds.

I saw four afterburners light up as they began a dive back to the east and home. They quickly pulled away and we were obviously not going to catch them now. We abandoned the pursuit and turned back to the west. My last sight was of four aircraft heading east in a shallow dive, going like bats out of hell. A quick check of our fuel state made it obvious that we could not return to Zwei so we turned towards Baden. The controller informed us that Baden had been closed to all other aircraft so that we could land with hot guns.

We crossed the button of the active runway, eschewing our customary one-second-fan break, as we methodically and gently turned to allow a full runway length between us in the event a gun inadvertently fired on landing.

At the 444-dispersal we were met by armourers who had the gun panels off and the guns disarmed before the engines had wound down to a stop. Don was on the phone to Yellowjack as the three of us told our story to the pilots who had gathered around us in the 444 ready room; but shortly he returned to tell us that an American intelligence officer was enroute to Baden to debrief us. After a leisurely lunch we returned to the squadron, where the intelligence officer eventually showed up for our debriefing. By the time the debriefing was complete we decided to stay overnight at 4 Wing. Of course the evening was spent in the Snake Pit, and for the price of a beer, we told the story over and over again. At each re-telling, we were flying higher, faster and braver than in the previous recount of the adventure.

We were pretty well washed out by the time we returned to Zweibrücken in the morning after a quick and uneventful flight. Strangely enough it was all behind us now and we didn't want to talk any further on the subject.

Looking back at it now I can't help but think that if their intention was to test our reaction time they must have been pretty impressed at how quickly they were intercepted; not knowing of course that it was pure luck on our part for being in the right place at the right time. (We will never know that of course.) I also vainly imagine that they must have been embarrassed at how quickly they lost their initial advantage and were properly waxed by us. I fantasize of the Mig pilots telling their squadron mates "Don't go over there, those guys are good!" (It's my favorite Walter Mitty moment.)

Don and Ross are long gone now and fate will only decide how long I can claim to be one of the last Air Division pilots who had "Tangoed" with the Russians. I remained in Europe for another three years and had some memorable moments, but nothing came close to matching the drama and the excitement of this flight.

CAIL Captain (Ret'd) Ron Armstrong

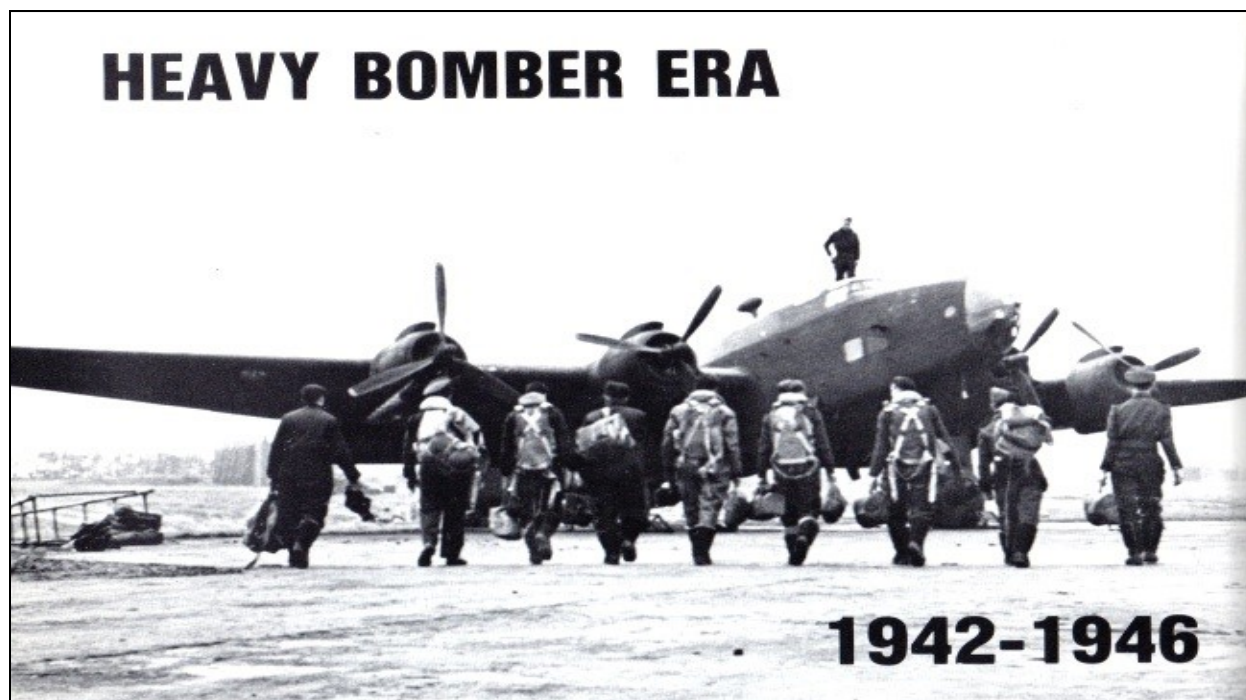
November 2004

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Ronald "Army" Armstrong succumbed to his 2 1/2 year battle with cancer on February 11, 2005

GLOSSARY :

Stopgap:	radio call sign for 427 Squadron
F/L:	Flight Lieutenant, RCAF rank equivalent to Captain
F/O	Flying Officer, RCAF rank equivalent to 1st Lieutenant
Con:	"Contrail"- condensation, the byproduct of combustion, water vapour turns visible depending on temperature and moisture content, usually only several thousand feet in depth
Conning:	aircraft trails highly visible contrail from the exhaust
Buffer zone:	a zone adjacent the East-West German border, not to be entered.
Buster:	full military power
Yellowjack:	Canadian long range radar control at Metz, France
Six	6-O'clock- position directly behind
Snake pit:	informal bar in the Officer's Mess where flight suits are permitted
Sprog:	newly arrived pilot



Al d'Eon's Mementos

Some months ago I received a call from Marianne d'Eon-Jones, our founder's daughter. She had been organizing her basement and came across several technical manuals and pieces of equipment that Al had stored there, all of WW II vintage. She wanted to know if any group might be interested and asked for my help in placing the material. After a bit of research, it was decided to check with the Squadron first, then the National Air Force Museum in Trenton as a start on placing the material. The squadron unfortunately did not have the room or the means to display the material; however, the Air Force Museum and the Deputy Archivist, Jennifer Dunn, were interested. Although they did not want to duplicate any material they already had.

A list was compiled with photos of each item. Because of space concerns, you will have to click on the link below if you wish to view the list of equipment and manual covers.

https://www.427squadron.com/history/stories/al_deons_books_equipment.pdf

The museum was interested in a majority of the material which was then sent to them. The following items below still require a home and CWH will be contacted and then Nanton to solicit their interest in the remaining material.





Item to the left remains a puzzle. It is a radio transmitter of some type.



During our time with the Association we have become aware of many 427 veterans' wartime or military mementos being discarded after their passing. Our thanks to Marianne d'Eon-Jones for reaching out to us and ensuring that these valuable historical artifacts were not discarded. It is appropriate to add a reminder here to all present members that it would be appreciated if they made some planning for the dispersment of their military mementos whatever they may be so that they do not become lost.

The Doc Payne Story DFC AFC

By Vern White

This is a brief overview of the remarkable aviation career of a former Commanding Officer of 427 Squadron. This story was originally published in ROAR, volume 1-#9 -December 2000.



His story begins in Leamington, Ontario where Donald M. Payne was born on April 11, 1925. There are many noteworthy events, the first being at Camp Borden in September 1943 when Doc received his wings. He was soon on his way overseas where he moved quickly through the usual training units. Doc was then posted to No.2 RAF Squadron, first flying Spitfires and then rocket-firing Typhoons. This was an exciting and hairy business in support of ground troops in northwest Europe. When Doc completed his tour on Tiffies he had barely reached the ripe old age of nineteen. Rather than returning to Canada as he could have, he wangled a posting to train on twins. From this point he flew Oxfords and Wellingtons which then led to a conversion course to Lancasters and a posting to 428 Squadron in 6 Group.

The former Typhoon pilot was now a full fledged bomber Captain who completed his first dozen operations successfully. It was on Friday the 13th, April 1945 that his luck ran out while target marking over Keil, Doc's Lancaster was clobbered and on the way home was again hit by ack-ack over Heligoland. Heavily damaged, they headed for Sweden but didn't make it. The aircraft started coming apart and Doc ditched in the North Sea under difficult circumstances. All but one of the seven man crew managed to scramble into the dinghy. They were exposed to the elements for an incredible twelve days and finally drifted ashore at the mouth of the Elbe. Six emaciated airmen were rescued by a German naval vessel and taken ashore. They were in grim shape and extensive medical treatment and convalescence followed in German, Belgium and British hospitals. In recognition of the outstanding skill, resolution and devotion to duty, F/L D. M. Payne was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.



On returning to Canada, Doc spent seven weeks with a nutritionist who was trying to measure the impact of the twelve day ordeal Doc had experienced. He was demobbed in late 1945; however, in early 1946 he re-joined the RCAF as an LAC and in due course had his commission restored. He helped re-open St. Hubert airfield and was later posted to Lachine where he joined 426 Squadron. By now it was 1951 and the Korean War was on. The Thunderbird Squadron was selected to be a part of the Korean airlift. Doc Payne flew North Stars for more than a year on the long run across the North Pacific. On one occasion he managed to nurse his heavily laden North Star to a safe landing after losing an engine hundreds of miles from base. For this he was awarded the Air Force Cross.

In the next few years there was work in Aircrew Selection, Staff appointments and pilot training where he checked out on Sabres. In 1959 he was posted to Zweibrücken, Germany and was appointed Commanding Officer of 427 Squadron where he served for more than a year. He was the last CO of 427 with the rank of Squadron Leader. He left 427 in June 1960 and for the next four years served in Operation at Air Division HQ. It was an exciting time in the Air Division when the squadrons took on a new role flying the CF-104 and while at Metz he logged time on the Starfighter. Doc left Europe in June 1964.

Doc & Morning ZULU Sabre Preperation



Back in Canada, Doc served at Airforce Bases at Winnipeg, Comox and Edmonton in a variety of capacities and during this period he also was checked out on helicopters. While at Edmonton he made 93 parachute jumps. He reasoned that as CO of a squadron supporting the Airborne he should know how it feels to be one of them. Doc retired from the Airforce in 1974 after 32 years of service. In the post service period he operated a helicopter business for more than ten years. Taking a link from Stan Miller's book, Doc is still flying, at present (2000), it's Daks and DC6Bs. He resides on Vancouver Island and makes sure he finds time to attend the SPAADS Reunions since he has especially fond memories of the Sabre era.

Some Old Aviation Flying Quotations

Icarus could have flown if he'd picked a cloudy day.

An idiot can get an airplane off the ground. It takes a pilot to get it back in one piece.

Pilot dictum: remember, in the end, gravity always wins.

You can only tie the record for flying low.

When you see a tree in the clouds, it's not good news.

Heaven is crowded with civilian pilots who did not get their Instrument Rating.

Aviation's greatest invention was the relief tube.

My high school teacher told me no one would pay me to look out the window. Now I'm an airline captain.

Never fly the "A" model of anything

I was 14 when I wanted to be a pilot. I'm now 80 and still want to be a pilot, but I'd rather be 14 again.

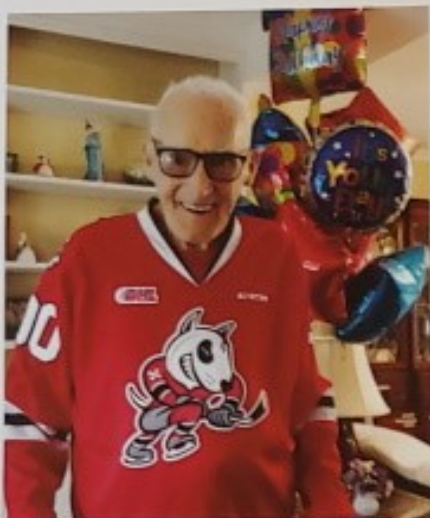
Thanks to Peter Krayner for these.

Hotel Dieu Shaver Health and Rehabilitation Center

<http://www.hoteldieushaver.org>

Chuck's Challenge Exceeds the Goal

How a simple walk in his neighbourhood inspired a community to give



Chuck Page wanted to do something special to honour his 100th birthday.

He set a goal to walk 100 laps around his housing complex and asked family and friends to support him by donating to Hotel Dieu Shaver.

Little did Chuck know that his generous spirit and determination would inspire the Niagara community – and beyond – to raise almost \$25,000 for patient rehab equipment at HDS. Donations came in from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, and even from the U.S. and the United Kingdom!

Wearing his HDS signature "Don't Ever Quit" t-shirt, local politicians and friends from the community walked with Chuck daily as he reached closer to his 100-lap goal.

A veteran of WWII, Chuck relished sharing his incredible stories, and imparting words of wisdom for the younger generations.

In celebration of Chuck's birthday and the official completion of his 100-lap challenge, a small victory parade took place in his housing complex, complete with marching band and balloons along the street. Neighbours and supporters came out on their lawns to congratulate Chuck and celebrate his achievement.

With the funds collected through Chuck's Challenge, several pieces of equipment have been purchased, including a new recumbent cross trainer, a patient lift and a ceiling lift for the neurology rehab program.

Thank you Chuck & the Page family for inspiring us all to stay active and support the needs of the community. Keep walking Chuck!



Chuck and his family visit Hotel Dieu Shaver in August.

[See more - Chuck's wartime story, His Challenge and the Victory Parade](#)

Exam Time

As “The Examiner” my answers, which will be in the next issue, are unquestionable.

i) *What was 6 Group’s criteria for a completed Ops Tour ?*

ii) *DND specifications for the Griffon indicates that 12 seats for passengers can be configured in the cargo area. How many combat troops can be carried with three crew and full fuel tanks ?*

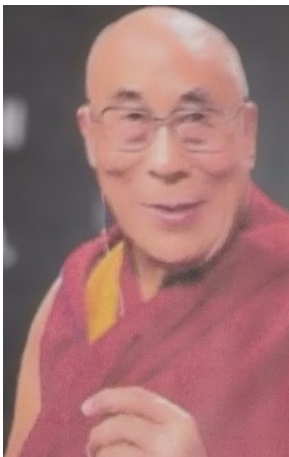
iii) *What is this ?*



Bonus points if you can identify the red buttons and the top right black button.

iv) Was any RCAF aircraft able to achieve a speed of Mach 2 or greater? If so, identify it; if not what was the highest speed achieved by an RCAF aircraft

Winners must answer all questions correctly. Send to:
macway01@gmail.com



*If you think you are too small to make a difference try sleeping with a mosquito.
 Dalai Lama*

This is Buddy , I bought him as a surprise present for my husband but it turns out he's allergic to dogs . So unfortunately I'm going to have to find a new home for him , and I'm just wondering if anyone out there can help ? . His name is Alan, he's 61, great at DIY, drives a nice car and plans wonderful holidays.



Good Deed Reward?

A cowboy appeared before St. Peter at the Pearly Gates.

“Have you ever done anything of particular merit?” St. Peter asked.

“Well, I can think of one thing,” the cowboy offered.

“On a trip to the Black Hills out in South Dakota, I came upon a gang of bikers who were threatening a young woman. I directed them to leave her alone, but they wouldn’t listen. So, I approached the largest and most tattooed biker and smacked him in the face, kicked his bike over, ripped out his nose ring, and threw it on the ground.”

I yelled, “Now, back off or I’ll kick the hell out of all of you!”

St. Peter was impressed, “When did this happen?”

“Couple of minutes ago.”