FERTE MANUS CERTAS

ROAR

427 Squadron Association

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427 Special Operations Aviation Squadron

Commanding Officer - L/Col François Lavertu

Dear Fellow Lions,

It is a pleasure to share with you once more some of the achievements of the Squadron over the past six months. Indeed, since our last interaction, and aside from the traditional movement of personnel during the summer months, the unit has maintained a very high tempo given our ongoing deployment.

First, COVID 19 decided to pay the unit a visit back in May and although we had a few members infected, all recovered swiftly and we were able to continue our operations without too much disruption. This event served as a good reminder that although vaccination was in progress, the risk of infection was still present and we had to remain vigilant. Since then, the vaccination rate at the unit has been excellent and we are now in a good position to limit the spread should another infection occur.

The summer months saw us continue with our regular training events and CWO Riutta and I had the privilege to pay a visit to our deployed detachment in the Middle East. And while we were not expecting anything less, what we witnessed was a superb display of professionalism and teamwork and the chief and I certainly felt immense pride to be associated with such fine individuals. Suffice to say that it was very inspiring for both of us to see the outstanding

Honorary Colonel Lianne Ing

Fellow Lions,

Another season has passed since the last ROAR newsletter and another Remembrance Day is just around the corner. After a year and half engulfed by the COVID-19 pandemic, I had hoped that we would be gathering in-person this fall to honour the fallen and to reunite at the Gathering of the Lions. Unfortunately, the pandemic stretches on and many of our well-loved traditions are still on pause.

Over the past few months, there have been glimmers of hope that life will return to some reasonable facsimile of "normal" in the coming months. In July, I welcomed the opportunity to join the squadron for its first barbecue for the troops since the pandemic began—this may seem like a small act, but it was the first opportunity in a year and a half to finally meet in-person with a large cross-section of the unit. It was clear from the strong attendance that members have missed these gatherings. On the same day, I had the pleasure of meeting with the incoming CANSOFCOM Commander, MGen Steve Boivin and the Command CWO Gary Grant to share my thoughts on the priorities and challenges facing the squadron.

In October, I joined members of the 427 command team to observe an interagency field exercise, where members of the squadron had an opportunity to hone their skills in tactical aviation and teamwork under

Continued

From the CO continued ...

work that is being done day in and day out by the Lions in support of OP IMPACT.

The unit then moved on to train the latest cohort of Special Operations Tactical Aviators and all trainees graduated last week after many months of hard work and ensured the sustainment of the Special Operations Aviation enterprise. October also saw the graduation of our first Manned Airborne ISR crews from their operational training in the US and the return of operational fixed-wing multi-engine crews at 427 Squadron, a first since the Second World War!

Amidst all of this action, we were also able to hold a few welcomed social activities such as a golf tournament and a few barbecues, thanks to a relaxation of some of the restrictions on gatherings. Unfortunately, we are still not in a position to plan for a much anticipated Gathering of the Lions but let me assure you that this sits high on our priority list and I sincerely hope that I will be able to meet most of you in person in the New Year.

Finally, we have arrived at this time of the year when we reflect on those that were before us and the sacrifices they have made and although the unit was looking forward to representing in force in Cobden, participation at this year's ceremony will once again be limited to myself and the chief. Nonetheless, it will be our honor to represent all the Lions and pay our respects at our beautiful memorial this year again.

Lest we forget.

From the HCol continued …

dynamic conditions. As always, I was impressed by the energy, enthusiasm, dedication, and professionalism of the 427 members participating in this exercise.

The past several months have also busy with many virtual meetings of the RCAF HCol cadre, as the group seeks to bring meaningful support to the troops and to identify ways to effect culture change within the institution. Through these meetings, we have heard painful personal stories from members who have experienced or witnessed sexual misconduct and discrimination; while these issues are not unique to the CAF, it is clear that more must be done to protect those who are vulnerable. 427 has taken a proactive approach to understanding and addressing these issues: a squadron-wide survey has been conducted to assess the well-being of the unit and a Unit Cultural Advisory Team is being established to provide inputs to the command team in order to support a safe and effective work environment. My hope is that 427 can develop a grass-roots approach to creating meaningful culture change that can serve as a model for other units in the CAF; I will be supporting these efforts wholeheartedly.

As we look ahead to winter, I hope that we will all have the opportunity to gather safely with our loved ones over the holidays. If the pandemic has taught us anything, it is to never take family, friends, and freedom for granted.

Lest we forget.

Ferte Manus Certas

The Legion Magazine for November/December 2021 is an excellent magazine and mainly focused on Canadian military history. The information below was copied from that source.

LOCATIONS OF CANADA'S WAR DEAD

South African War (Boer War): **267** dead. All are buried or commemorated in South Africa.
First World War: Burials are in France (**28,424**), Belgium (**7,049**), Canada* (**6,846**), Britain (**3,898**) and 27 other countries. Those who have no known grave are commemorated on the Canadian National Vimy Memorial (**11,285**), the Menin Gate Memorial to the Missing in Ypres, Belgium, (**6,994**) and the Beaumont-Hamel Newfoundland Memorial (**820**), representing almost 30 per cent of all dead.

Second World War: Burials are in Canada* (**9,722**), Britain (**8,817**), France (**7,851**), Italy (**5,916**), Netherlands (**5,712**), Germany (**3,103**), Belgium (**1,750**) and 63 other countries. The largest number of the **8,506** with no known grave are **3,050** air force personnel commemorated on Runnymede Memorial in Britain.
Korean War: 516 dead, buried or commemorated in Korea (**399**), Canada* (**90**) and Japan (**27**).
Afghanistan: **158** buried or cremated in Canada.

LOCATIONS OF CANADA'S PEACETIME MISSIONS DEAD

Post-Second World War (mainly NATO): **1,490** service personnel and dependents are buried abroad. Their graves are in Germany (**955**), France (**441**), Britain (**84**) and four other countries. The largest number is **474** buried in Werl, Germany.
Peacekeeping: **117** fatalities from 18 United Nations and other international missions. They are buried in Canada (**70**), Palestine (**22**), Egypt (**10**), Cyprus (**9**) and three other countries.

*Died in Canada after returning from overseas or before deployment overseas.

In This Issue

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Help Needed

There is a need for assistance in publishing ROAR and the website. It would not be necessary to completely take over either job in the near future but assistance in several of the tasks associated with the publishing would be appreciated.
No special talents are required to help on any task (I am proof) but a willingness to continue to document and publicize our 427 history. The only requirement is access to WiFi.

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 is 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. Books 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 available 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 logon to our Facebook 427 Squadron Association page .

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

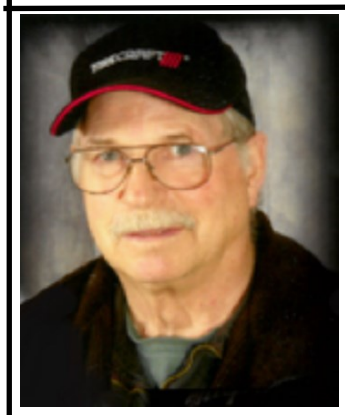
We need your biography with a suitable photo(s). Take a look at the present list and plan now to submit yours.

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

A Day of Remembrance
November 11, 2021

427 Special Operations Aviation Squadron and the Cobden Royal Canadian Legion Branch #550 will be conducting a parade and ceremony at the Legion, Cenotaph and Memorial commencing at 1100 Hrs.
Everyone is invited to attend and pay our respects to remember and honour all those who have lost their lives in defence of Canada.

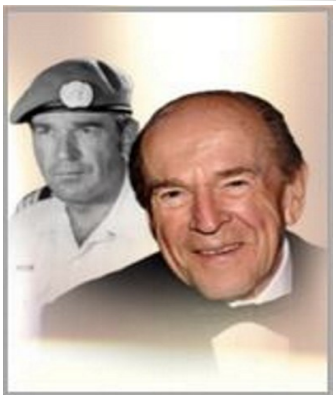
The Poppy is 100 years old. Help support it for another 100 years.



William (Bill) Brown
d:September 15, 2021

Bill at 85, of Baysville, Ontario, passed away on September 15, 2021. He died peacefully at the Biggar Saskatchewan Long Term Care Facility. He was born to David and Norah Brown on 23 October, 1935. He attended the Brown's Brae Public School until he began work at 15 years old in the lumber camps. He joined the Royal Canadian Air Force in 1954 and served as an aircraft mechanic with 3 (F) Wing in Germany. He was a member of the RCAF Flyers hockey team and played at a national level representing Canada in Europe. Upon release from the RCAF in 1959, he returned to his family home at Nithgrove Farm near Baysville where he raised his six children and established his business, Brown's Enterprise, constructing cottages and docks on Lake of Bays, Muskoka.

The full obituary is at https://www.427squadron.com/remember_1.html#bill



Joseph (Joe) Gerard Claude Couillard
d:5 July,2021

Joe passed away peacefully on July 5, 2021 at the age of 87. He was predeceased by his cherished wife of 62 years, Phyllis. Joe had a distinguished career in the RCAF and CAF, attaining the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, as well as over 20 years of civil service at the Canadian Ministry of Transport. Joe served as a Flight Commander in 427 Squadron from 1959 to 1960.

Full obituary & photos are at https://www.427squadron.com/remember_1.html#joe

Arthur Roberts Barker
d: March 5, 2020

As a veteran of WWII with the Royal Canadian Air Force, Art was posted to the 427 Lions Squadron as a tail gunner and completed a Tour of Operations - 34 missions over Europe. He worked for the federal government as an Air Traffic Controller Supervisor at the Ottawa airport until December 1978. Art enjoyed his family and friends, scotch and fine food and the many fun times at his and Tedde's Christie Lake cottage. Together, they enjoyed international travel and road trips across North America with their family. Art was a founding member of the Carleton Heights Curling Club. He was an amazing storyteller and had good times watching classic movies with his grandchildren.
The full obituary is at https://www.427squadron.com/remember_1.html#arthur

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Shawn Corwyn Coyle
19 June, 2021

Shawn was born into a military family on 8 June 1950 in Pembroke, Ontario to Donald and Helen Coyle (both deceased). Shawn always had an interest in flying, and his appetite was further wetted by his being awarded his Private Pilot's Wings through Air Cadets in 1967.

He attended RRMC (Royal Roads Military College) and RMC (Royal Military College) from 1969 to 1973, obtained a degree in Civil Engineering, and completed his wings training on CF5s in 1974. He then converted to helicopters and was posted to 427 the following year. Shawn spent a full tour with 427 and subsequently by his own wish was channeled into test flying. He was posted to the Empire Test Pilot Course at Boscombe Downs in the UK, in 1979 and stayed on as an exchange officer until 1982 when he was posted to Canada's Aerospace and Engineering Test Establishment.

He left the CF in 1984 to serve as a test pilot for Bell Helicopters in Fort Worth, TX. and then instructed from 1985 to 1989 at the US Naval Test Pilot School in Patuxtent River, MA. From 1989 to 1992 he was the Principal Rotary Wing Instructor, at the International Test Pilots School in Cranfield, England. Shawn remained in the UK as an Independent Aviation Consultant until 1995 and then came back to Canada to become an Engineering Test Pilot at Transport Canada until 2001. He then assumed Branch Chief responsibilities for the Helicopter Program at the National Test Pilot School in Mojave, CA until 2004. He subsequently had short stints as an Emergency Medical Service Pilot in Mojave, as Director of Flight Operation at Agusta in Philadelphia, and as Director of Certification at AeroSimulators Group in Belgium and the USA until 2007. In 2007 he created his own Aviation Consulting Company, Eagle Eye Solutions LLC. He has written extensively, including books on aviation related topics and was often called upon for accident analysis and expert testimony. Shawn also separately received the Helicopter Association International's Excellence in Communication Award in 2013.

The full obituary and more photos are at https://www.427squadron.com/remember_1.html#coyle

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Major Hans Billy "SWEDE" Larsen, CD
D:September 8, 2021

"Swede", a kind, generous, loving and loved gentle soul, passed away peacefully with family by his side at the Valleyhaven Retirement Community in Chilliwack BC.

Son of Dorthea and Thorvald Larsen, Swede was of Danish ancestry but the nickname Swede stuck nevertheless. Swede was devoted to his family, to his many lifelong friends and to his music. He was generous and kind, a skilled pilot, mentor to many and a dedicated RCAF officer and Mason and Shriner. He had a wonderful sense of humour and could entertain all and sundry with hilarious telling of tall tales.

After high school graduation, Swede left home and joined the RCAF in 1948 becoming a Radio Technician. Within two years he had married June and was accepted into pilot training. He earned his 'Wings' and became a fighter pilot and, on his first tour, flew Canadair F 86 Sabres at RCAF 3 Wing, Zweibrücken, West Germany. Following his return from Germany, he was posted to the Overseas Ferry Unit in St Hubert, Quebec

to a unit which delivered new F 86 aircraft to RCAF squadrons in France and Germany. Next came North Bay and a tour with the local Ground Observer Corps Unit and the Recruiting Unit, followed by a posting to 414 AW(F) Squadron flying the CF100 and CF101. A tour with the USAF at Goose Air Base, Labrador came next and that was followed by a posting to CF101s at 409 AW(F)Sqn, Comox in 1966. Then came a return to North Bay serving at Air Defence Headquarters as Command Flight Safety Officer and a posting back to 414 Squadron. In 1972, Swede married Caron, an Air Force officer and in 1976 he followed her to CFB Trenton and worked at Air Transport Group Headquarters until 1977 when he retired. Moving to Ottawa he served with the Reserves until 1982. Then for several years he worked for a logistics support business.

Swede was a staunch supporter of SPAADS (Sabre Pilots Association of the Air Division Squadrons), and 427 Squadron Association.

His saxophone lay dormant during his military life until the posting to Trenton where he played in the base band. Upon Caron's retirement from the CAF, they moved to Chilliwack in 1988 where Swede continued his 'musical career', playing in the Community Band. He joined the Legion, the Air Force Association, as well as the Masonic Order and the Shriners and played in their Concert Band. Later he also played with a small group of musicians leading the musical side of worship at the New Life Church in Chilliwack. His love of music and dancing prompted him to also join the Chilliwack Rhythm Reelers and Dancing Shadows.

Throughout most of his military career he travelled extensively, not always by choice, and, after retirement he and Caron took many cruises and trips to Europe, South America, Hawaii, and the Caribbean, (pretty well always by choice!). Keen curlers, they made many trips to bonspiels in Switzerland, made many friends and even won a few prizes, returning to the same bonspiel ten times, but never learning to yodel!

The full obituary is at https://www.427squadron.com/remember_1.html#swede

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Lieutenant Colonel Douglas Howard Riddell

D: September 2, 2020

Douglas Howard Riddell, of Durham, passed away at Chapman House, Owen Sound on Wednesday, September 2nd, 2020 in his 88th year. Doug was born on December 21, 1932 to Morrow and Laura Riddell. He was the beloved husband for 66 years of Marilyn (nee Alexander). He and Marilyn were married in London, Ontario on August 14, 1954. He was the loving father of Alex Riddell and his wife Eva of Alton, Steven Riddell and his wife MaryEileen of Orangeville, and Rebecca and her husband Warren Blain of Rockland. Doug joined the Royal Canadian Air Force in 1952. He flew as an instructor pilot and had two overseas postings in Germany and France as a F86 Sabre pilot and later as a CF-104 Starfighter pilot. At one point in his flying career he was also the Chief Flying Instructor and Squadron Commander in Chatham, New Brunswick. L/Col Doug Riddell had staff positions in North Bay, Ottawa, NORAD headquarters in Colorado Springs, and a Senior Staff position in Trenton. He also attended the Canadian Forces staff College in Toronto. Doug was an elder at Latona Presbyterian Church.

The full obituary is at https://www.427squadron.com/remember_2.html#riddell

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IMPORTANT NOTE

Any and all 427 Squadron veterans, Association members or not, deserve to have recognition of their service in the Squadron 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 when one of your comrades dies. Military record information is requested if available, otherwise include as many details as possible. Please help us and send any information you have to one of us.

Dick at richmark@telus.net	Membership
Ken at kensorfleet@yahoo.com	Facebook
Wayne at macway01@gmail.com	Web Site/ROAR

There are approximately 300 obituaries recognized on the web site and over 70 have little of no information attached. As we approach November 11 in this post pandemic year, please take a minute to review the obituaries of your Squadron comrades and provide any further information you can as well as notifying us of any missing obituaries.

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 II

In the first part, we explored the inner workings of the helicopter; its ups, its downs, its "all-arounds". In this section, we'll concentrate on some of the finer points of helicopter aerodynamics – namely: why does it take so much time and trouble to get a helicopter to do what an aircraft does so gracefully and with such ease? And why are fixed wing pilots so different from helicopter pilots?

Harry Reasoner (Ed: Google him) said it best in 1971:
"The thing is, helicopters are different from planes. An airplane by its nature wants to fly, and if not interfered with too strongly by unusual events or by a deliberately incompetent pilot, it will fly.

A helicopter does not want to fly. It is maintained in the air by a variety of forces and controls working in opposition to each other, and if there is any disturbance in this delicate balance the helicopter stops flying, immediately and disastrously. There is no such thing as a gliding helicopter. That is why being a helicopter pilot is so different from being an airplane pilot, and why, in generality, airplane pilots are open, clear-eyed, buoyant extroverts and helicopter pilots are brooders, introspective anticipators of trouble. They know that
" if something bad has not happened, it is about to."

Now, add to this, the variety of Laws under which a helicopter must operate, and you begin to understand why these machines are so humbling and cause many an under-training pilot to go home at night and cry quietly into his/her pillow. In the previous part, we covered the Laws of Attraction and Rejection; this issue, we'll cover lead, lag, and flapback.

The quest to leave the earth under the power of rotating wings is an old one and was explored by one of the Leonardos. I think it was the one who had never heard of the Titanic who stated*: "...I have discovered that a screw-shaped device (which), if it is well made from starched linen, will rise in the air if turned quickly..."*

However, this was only an experimental design, which was never put into practical use, and Leonardo busied himself with writing a Code which, in later years, was turned into a movie. This was actually a good thing for we now know that had Leo's starched linen device got wet it would have curled up like a Groucho Marx vest.

One of the difficulties with rotating wings was how to overcome the problems of the difference in lift between the advancing and retreating blades. As long as there was no wind and the aircraft was in a "hoover", everything was hunky-dory. But, if the machine lurched into forward flight, all hell broke loose. The forward speed was added to the advancing blade and subtracted from the retreating blade resulting in a decided difference in lift between the two. As a rotor acts like a big gyroscope, this difference in lift is manifested ninety degrees in the direction of rotation resulting in an unwanted nose pitch-up. This was not only disconcerting but added hours to a trip as the resulting flight path was more akin to a Coney Island ride than a controlled excursion from A to B; needless to say, customers rebelled. Not only that, but the mental duress of trying to figure out where to put the stick so that the correct input would be felt at the right place ninety degrees later gave most helicopter pilots the fits. In addition, the stress on the blades as they tried to even out the lift imbalance was enormous. Helicopters would never become a viable method of transportation unless a solution was found. It was left to a fellow named Juan de la Cierva to sort things out.

Juan de la Cierva was born in Murcia, Spain. After receiving his engineering degree in 1918, he built the first tri-motor airplane. Its crash in 1919 after a stall convinced him that aviation safety called for stall-proof aircraft that could make steep takeoffs and landings at slow speeds. He decided that only the wing and

not the body should be used to maintain lift. He began experimenting with rotating-wing aircraft in 1920 and developed the autogyro as a more stable form of aircraft. His first attempts with rigid rotors were unsuccessful. He then applied the idea of mounting the blades to the hub of the rotor on hinges so they could flap or move up and down. This would equalize lift on advancing and retreating sides of the rotor while in forward flight. So, when the blade is advancing into the wind, the blade is allowed to rise which reduces its angle of attack. However, this means that the blade is now describing a smaller circle, which, if left unchecked, would violate the Law of Conservation of Momentum. No duff. I don't make this stuff up.

In accordance with the same principle that sees a figure skater increase rotation speed when he/she pull their arms into their body during a spin, so too does the speed of the rotor blade increase slightly during the advancing portion of the circle. The reverse is true of the retreating blade and the increase and decrease in speed causes the blade to move forward and aft of a "neutral" position as it circles the mast "leads" and "lags". In the early days of helicopter flight, a camera was mounted on the top of the mast and aimed down the leading edge of one of the blades and the instrument activated during flight. In addition to the leading and lagging that went on during every revolution, lateral waves were seen to develop on the blade that rivaled those produced by the mythical Ogopogo in the Okanagan. As the blades of the day were fabricated from wood, it was no wonder that helicopter pilots of the period could be reduced to blubbering hysteria by popping an inflated brown paper bag behind their backs. They just knew that *"if something bad had not happened, it was about to…"*

Now, in the helicopter world, "flapback" is not the same as Rene Levesque's hair style. "Flapback" is a known aerodynamic feature of helicopter flight, but explanations for it are few and far between. However, one of the more believable interpretations posits that "When the Law of Attraction has been reduced by an amount sufficient to allow the helicopter to rise approximately three feet into the air, a slight forward movement of the cyclic will allow the machine to accelerate toward the front. Now, at an airspeed of around fifteen to twenty miles an hour, an interesting phenomenon occurs: the helicopter will start to slow down *with no input from the pilot*! (Author: italics added for emphasis). In the early days of helicopter flight, this created no end of problems to the progress of a flight: the helicopter would start to accelerate forward and then, for no apparent reason, would slow down and stop. This, of course, would necessitate starting all over again; but, when the magic fifteen or twenty miles an hour was attained, the helicopter would again come to a stop. You can imagine what this could do to the bottom line of a chartering company. Eventually, high speed photography revealed the truth of the situation. As the helicopter attained the above-noted speeds, the whole rotor system would appear to "rock" back, thus removing the forward component of lift and thereby slowing the machine to a standstill. The solution to the problem was found to be a simple one. As the "flapback" starts to occur, *keep moving the cyclic forward*. (Author: italics added for emphasis) For the time, it was revolutionary and probably kept the idea of the helicopter and vertical replenishment from going the way of the Red River Oxcart. The reason for this "flapback" took a little longer to decipher.

It appears that the dissymmetry of lift was indirectly the culprit. To counter that problem, the aforementioned de la Cierva had allowed the individual blades to pivot as they rotated around the mast. This meant that the blade reached its zenith over the nose and its nadir over the tail. The coriolis effect on the rotor coupled with the tangential angular acceleration at the tips produced a sudden back movement or "rocking" of the whole rotor system. Although counterintuitive, the reaction is in complete agreement with the dictum of Conservation of Energy. Videlicet: "Energy can be neither created nor destroyed; it can only be changed in form".

When a trainee has mastered helicopter flight to the extent that reusable machines are the result of three consecutive flights, he/she is considered to have completed the course and is now ready to go to work. However, as there exists the distinct possibility that there will be situations in which the skill level of the pilot is not up to the demands of a particular circumstance, most helicopter pilots are required to accumulate their first thousand hours of experience north or south of the sixtieth parallels. This ensures that the only observers to minor "learning experiences" are penguins or polar bears who are both known to be extremely dismissive of anything that flies and are notoriously poor witnesses.

Helicopter pilots aren't born with paranoid tendencies. It can take upwards of two thousand hours of flying to realize that you're smack dab in the center of a million parts rotating rapidly around an oil leak waiting for metal fatigue to set in. In the next thousand hours comes the knowledge that helicopter flight has nothing to do with aerodynamics; the machine just beats the air into submission. Around the five thousand hour mark, conversation with a Zen master is rewarded with awakening awareness that helicopters don't really fly: they're so ugly that the earth rejects them. This knowledge can seriously damage the psyche of gentle,

So, the next time you chance upon a helicopter pilot sitting in a dark corner quietly nursing a Shirley Temple, cut him a little slack if he seems a little reluctant to discuss his line of work. He's probably lonely, unsure of himself, a touch paranoid, and highly suspicious of why you would want to know about the secret workings of a helicopter.

Don't let that stop you from inviting him/her home for a drink, though.

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. He builds aircraft in his spare time. 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.*

ED: Being a simple soul and only with fixed wing experience, John had me all confused with his talk of lead, lag and flapback. So I decided to go to, ***So You want to fly Helicopters, An Introduction for Wannabes****. And thanks to Helis.com I think I now understand. This is also for our colleagues who have only been airborne by pushing a throttle and pulling/pushing a control column.*

How the Helicopter Flies … Thanks to Helis.com

Flight of a helicopter is governed by the pitch or angle of its rotor blades as they sweep through the air. For climbing and descending, the pitch of all the blades is changed at the same time and in the same degree.

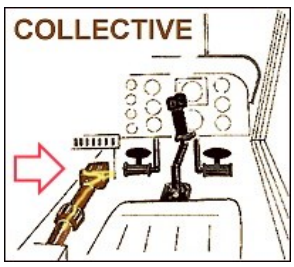
To climb, the angle or pitch of the blades is increased. To descend, the pitch of the blades is decreased. Because all blades are acting simultaneously, or collectively, this is known as **collective pitch** . For forward, backward and sideways flight an additional change of pitch is provided. By this means the pitch of each blade increases at the same selected point in its circular pathway. This is the **cyclic pitch**.

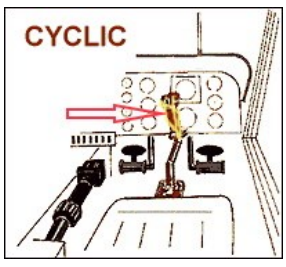
With these two controls in mind let us make an imaginary flight. With the engine warmed up and the rotor blades whirling above us in **flat pitch**, that is, with no angle or bite in the air, we are ready to start.

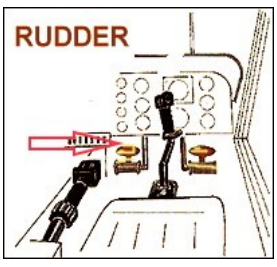
We increase the **collective pitch**. The rotor blades bite into the air, each to the same degree, and lift the helicopter vertically. Now we decide to fly forward. We still have **collective pitch** to hold us in the air and we adjust the **cyclic pitch** so that as each blade passes over the tail of the helicopter; it has more bite on the air than when it passes over the nose. Naturally the helicopter travels forward.

Now we decide to stop and hover motionless so we put the **cyclic pitch** in neutral. The rotor blades now have the same pitch throughout their cycle, and the **collective pitch** holds the helicopter suspended in space without moving in any direction.

In short, it is the **cyclic** and **collective pitch** which give the helicopter its unique ability to fly forward, backwards, sideways, rise and descend vertically and hover motionless in the air , **making it one of the most versatile vehicles known by man** .







100, 110 feet - One for the record.

By L/Col Bud White - Senior Test Pilot
Aerospace Engineering Test Establishment
Armed Forces Magazine "Sentinel" - March Issue 1968.

In December 1966, my USAF Exchange Test Pilot, Captain Jim Reed, came to me with an exciting idea. It was this: beat the Russians and capture the world's absolute altitude record for Canada in the Centennial year . Over the years, the world's altitude record has been hotly contested by the major Powers. In one year alone, 1959, it was held in turn by the Russians, the US Navy, and by the United States Air Force. In 1961 Colonel Georgi Mossolov captured the record for Russia in a rocket boosted MIG-21, called E-66A, when he attained 113,892feet. His record still stood in 1967. Beating it by the requisite three percent became our goal!

Our attempt would be based on a three piece keystone. First, we would use our high-speed "Pacer" aircraft CF-104 number 700. It was lighter than a standard Starfighter and it could be easily modified and instrumented. Secondly, we would take advantage of the high-energy jet winds along the axis of the Saint Lawrence River Valley to increase our total kinetic energy. By starting our pull up from within the core of a jet stream, we estimated that we could increase our maximum height by some 5,000 ft for every 50 knots within the jet stream. Finally, we felt that we could improve our zoom profile over that achieved by the Americans in their 1959 record flights. We postulated that by initiating our pull up from 35,000 to 40,000 feet and then pulling only low levels of G, we would carry more energy into the vertical and thus reach greater heights.

Our proposal drew enthusiastic support from Canadian Forces Headquarters and General Allard personally approved the Centennial project on 14 August 1967. We were off and running!

The Centennial Team
Ottawa—1967

Our first task was to get an uprated engine, and it was here that Material Command and Orenda joined the Centennial team. Simultaneously, we begin to modify "700". We had to extend the inlet cones to better position the shockwave across the engine intakes for the higher supersonic speeds. Lockheed Aircraft Corporation helped by lending us the cone extensions and helping us mount them. The electrical system was completely revised as we added two new batteries and a "zoom" inverter. The pressurization system had to be changed out of all recognition. Captured by the spirit of it all, most of us worked well into the night and almost every weekend for five months!

In 1959 when Capt. Joe Jordan of the USAF captured the world's altitude record, the existence of the F-104 "flat spin" was unknown. Since then, however, a number of Canadian and American pilots had to jump out of 104s because of this characteristic. Lockheed studies revealed a stable and deadly spin mode, and it was apparent that if we were not extremely cautious our Centennial zooms could easily get us into a flat spin so we had to approach our task with unique instrumentation. Principally, this meant an extremely sensitive vane to measure angle of attack, and an instrument panel that would allow the entire zoom manoeuver to be flown on instruments, and a power system that would not arc out in the low density conditions of inner space.

The Flight Research Section of the National Aeronautical Establishment (NAE) came up with the design of an "Alpha" vane to measure angle of attack. They fabricated the vanes, tested them in their wind tunnels and installed them on our Centennial "Bird". NAE gave us a great deal of help!

We needed full pressure suits! The Institute of Aviation Medicine secured these for us through the Surgeon General of the USAF, and in September Major Ron Hayman and I flew down to Tyndall Air Force Base in Florida to pick them up. Later on we obtained valuable assistance and special check-out gear from the Psychological Test Squadron at Edwards Air Force Base.

We finally were airborne in the first week of October, and our first task was to work the speed up to Mach 2.4 and determine engine performance. We progressed cautiously, but even then we ran into serious control and damper problems before we could start perfecting the zoom maneuver. Starting from Mach 2.0 and 25 degree climb angle, we gradually began to increase our Mach number and climb angle. During those days it seemed as if problem followed problem. The team always overcame them, sometimes with almost superhuman efforts, but time began to run out on us. Too soon Ron Hayman had to leave for RAF Staff College in Bracknall. Then on our 29th flight, I got to 96,000 feet from Mach 2.2 with a light following wind. I felt we had it made!
But then we began to have engine inlet guide vane problems. We tried everything but it wasn't until we had changed engines and rescheduled inlet guide vanes that we got our thrust back. And low and behold, a light jet stream was still overhead!

By the third flight on 14 December, the engine was producing the required thrust and an NAE's T-Bird located the jet wind core to the south of Ottawa. Aerofile "David" (after my eldest son) was filed with Air Traffic Control and the countdown for our 41st flight began. Scores of Air Traffic Controllers in Toronto and Montréal began vectoring aircraft around our profile airspace, and Ottawa terminal begin to clear our route. The "David" profile traversed the most densely traveled airspace in Canada, between Toronto and Montréal, at high speeds, and required a most unique arrangement with the Department of Transport. But, by then, we had worked together for two and one-half months and everything went like clockwork!

I took off and began my climb out to the west of Ottawa, while Jim Reed in the chase (a standard CF-104) carefully checked me over. At 35,000 feet I dumped cabin pressure and check out my suit during the climb to 47,000 feet. At 100 miles west of Ottawa, I started a slow turn around to the east, and the DRTE (Defense Research Telecommunications Establishment) satellite tracking system at Shirley's Bay begin to track by beacon. Their tracking data was the vital bit of "proof" that we needed to establish any record of our height. Once DRTE had me on "auto track", I went full power and dove to 35,000 feet. I was supersonic almost at once, and by 35,000 feet was up to Mach 1.4. I continued to accelerate! Bypass on! through T-2 Reset! Mach 2.0! Shirley's Bay told me to switch antennae. Mach 2.35! A gentle ramp up to 39,000 feet! Mach 2.4! Pulling 2.4 G! At 57 degree pitch angle I seemed to be going straight up! My angle of attack "Alpha" guage was centered, so I was right on the zoom schedule. At 75,000 feet, the afterburner blew out and at 84,000 feet I shut the engine down to prevent it overheating.

From the time I had established my climb angle, at about 70,000 feet, I was just like a fly riding on an artillery shell! I could control the attitude, but I could make almost no change in the trajectory. Attitude control was critical, and with the gyroscopic effect of the still rotating engine, any loss of control could get me into a flat spin! Following my " Alpha" gauge I gradually began to push my nose down as "700" arced over the top. Almost zero "G" and over the top at 65 knots; but I'm still supersonic! Dive brakes out as I start to accelerate downward and a gentle turn towards home. The Mach number continues to rise as I re-enter; even with maximum braking angle of attack, it rises to Mach 1.8 when I reach 60,000 feet and relight the engine. "Relight!!" This is the one word from me that relieves the people on the ground who are sweating it out with me. Then events come to a quick succession as DOT radar vectors me home, my chase catches me, checks me over and we come straight in because of my low fuel.

When DRTE told me I had peaked at 100,110 feet, I was discouraged. It was apparent to me that we were not going to be able to beat the Russians. The following day, I confirmed this on our 42nd flight and terminated the program.

Now that time is eroding some of the pangs of failure. I can see that we did something significant. First, we got to 100,110 feet and proved it to the satisfaction of the Royal Canadian Flying Clubs Association who monitored all our flights for the FAI. We established a Canadian national altitude record that has only been beaten by one other pure jet in the world. And, of the 25 zoom flights, we managed to make 12 flights safely above 95,000 feet. No one has ever spent that much time in a jet at those levels!

But I think the main benefit is that we exercised all of our national aerospace research and development organizations. In the same way that an operational squadron exercises to enhance its combat readiness, we exercised our capabilities and all of us, individually and collectively, gained valuable experience that could not have been acquired in any other way. Moreover we obtained data about the CF-104 that can be directly related to the operational CF-104 squadrons in Europe.

The Sentinel article was followed by a 6-page detailed technical article in the Canadian Forces Observer (Available on our website). Also there is some background information about the records that were set. Now 54 years later, I'm still being reminded of my failure to beat the Russians and the Americans. I had to explain and confess again to my fellow test pilots in 2019 (just before Covid) in Ottawa & Los Angeles at a reunion we had. And now my own Squadron gets me to confess again by reminding me of the prize that got away. But it was an exciting and innovative period for our amazing team that made all of us proud. Bud White

Battle of Britain Commemortion
81st Anniversary
Sunday 12, September 2021
Air Force Garden of Remembrance, Stanley Park, Vancouver, BC.

As with 2020, **o**ur traditional ceremony of 300-400 Air Cadets, Military Bands, Colour Guards and spectators exceeded the Covid-19 Government mandated maximum. Our modified, modest ceremony took place within the confines of the Garden.

A planned pre-ceremony gourmet brunch buffet morphed into a bagged lunch of sandwiches and cookies. A mid week fire at the Stanley Park Pavilion had trashed the kitchen with fire and water damage. The ballroom suffered smoke damage, and there was a contingency for a tent. In the event, the fire department cleared the ballroom for use.

Trusting the weather forecast, I cancelled the order for tents. The weather cooperated for the outdoor ceremony, with 60 participants and spectators, including two sign-language interpreters for a member.
Dr. Richard Vedan of the Canadian Aboriginal Veterans gave an exceptional keynote address and presided over the unveiling of a plaque.

Honoured Guests in Attendance:
Master of Ceremony - Major (Ret'd) Neil Coward (continued next page)

Guest Speaker - Dr. Richard Vedan - PhD RSW, Capt (ret'd) RCAF/CAF
British Consul - General Nicole Davison
Republic of France - Consul General Nicolas Baudouin
Netherlands - Consul General Henke Snoeken
USA - Consul General Brent Hardt
Republic of Poland - Vice-Consul Katarzyna Kasperkiewicz
Czech Republic - Honorary Consul Emeritus Karel Galland
Vancouver City Deputy Mayor - Councillor Rebecca Bligh
Veterans Affairs Canada - Donna Twemlow
Royal Canadian Legion BC/Yukon Command President - Val MacGregor
ANAVETS Unit 280 Vice-President - Kelly Wong
Chinese Canadian Military Museum Society- President Randall Wong
Polish Veterans Association (SPK) - President Elizabeth Skrzymowska

Order of Service

Presentation of the Lamp of Brotherhood * O' Canada * Introduction – Major (Ret'd) Neil Coward
Guest Speaker - Dr. Richard Vedan * Unveiling of Canadian Aboriginal Veteran's Plaque
Last Post - The Silence - The Lament - Rouse
Chaplain's Prayer * Royal Anthem * Closing Address

Photos and the text of Dr. Vedan's exceptional address at:
http://battleofbritain.ca

Richard (Dick) Dunn, Secretary-Treasurer, Battle of Britain Memorial Fund Treasurer,
Air Force Officers' Association

Formation Flying

One thing we used to do frequently was close formation flying with four Sabres. It started on the runway. Number 1 and 2 would position for take off on the runway in airborne close formation position. Number 3 would be immediately behind and positioned in between 1 and 2. Number 4 would be in his airborne formation position on the right of number 3. The lead would start the take off roll using about 95% power; a second or two later 3 and 4 would roll using enough power to get airborne first and move to the outside of the lead and 3 would pull ahead to slot into his position. 4 at this point was formatting on three. The perfect join up was to have the four plane in finger formation as they reached the far end of the runway, especially if the opposing Sabre or CF-100 squadron was holding Zulu at the hangars off to one side and at the runway end. Once airborne and with some air below, 4 could switch from the outside of number 3 and move into the box position but normally a looser formation would penetrate the cloud and then move into a battle formation "on top". The box position had Number 4 in line astern and below the lead. When in position, 4 would be looking up at a 45 degree angle at the tail pipe of the lead aircraft and out of the periphery of his eyesight watching out for number 2 and 3. A well positioned number 4 in the box could feel a slight vibration in his rudder pedals because his tail fin would be projecting into the jet blast of the lead aircraft.

By Moe Morrison from the SPAADS Storybook by Eric Mold and slightly modified by Editor

Speed Brakes, Speed Brakes, Go!

The OTU of course was the place where they got serious and as one Instuctor was prone to say, "Here we separate the men from the boys". As eighteen and nineteen year olds that statement was enough to keep us awake at night. One training focus was impeccable close formation flying, but the major focus was battle formation, high level as well as low level; with the four aircraft split into two two-planes up to 5,000 feet apart and numbers 2 and 4 out a 100 feet or so from number 1 and 3 respectively and responsible for covering the lead and number 3's rear.

One such trip remains stuck in my mind. A Canadian Korean war veteran was being re-checked out on the Sabre. After he had a few trips under his belt and had been checked out they started using him for training students. On one memorable trip we had completed our high battle training and were heading back to the airfield. He called us into close formation, including number 4 in the box. This was perhaps our second or third

Week at Chatham. We were still in awe of the Mark V Sabre as well as our lead, the Korean war vet. So to impress him we all tucked into what we considered nice and tight. Through about 15,000 at 400 knots or so on the way home, I started sliding under the lead aircraft, then became aware of the lead aircraft's speed brakes deployed and deployed my own, not necessarily in that order. Speed brake deployment in the Sabre resulted in a slight pitch up, more pronounced at high speed, and I was a second or two late in correcting the pitch up which caused me to approach the underside of the lead with my canopy. I of course over corrected immediately; realized that I had overcorrected and had to get back to my box position. As I now rapidly approached the belly of the lead aircraft the second time with a death grip on the control column and sweating profusely, I quickly reversed my vertical approach. I regained awareness around 3000 feet, wings level and the aircraft descending gently, sitting on the metal frame of the ejection seat with my seat pack jammed sideways underneath my knees and with the top of my helmet just above the top of the canopy rail, barely able to see out. Number 2 and 3, although they broke off formation when the speed brakes came out, were able to rejoin the lead and returned to base with him. After I got myself seated properly and checked in with the lead, I was told to proceed solo back to base. On the ground I reported to maintenance that I had experienced some negative "g". When checked the "g" meter read +3 and - 9. Of course an internal review was conducted but we three "sprogs" never heard any more about it. We had been trained that in close formation when deploying speed brakes that the call was "Speed Brakes, Speed Brakes go!". The three of us decided that someone had forgot to tell our lead. Once the word leaked out about our episode, there were also a lot of facetious comments in the bar about teaching my yoyo manoeuvre as an fighter tactic. One of the great thing about the Sabre was that after a check over, it was back in the air later that week.

"Army's" article in the ROAR May issue "Tango with the Ruskies" sparked memories of other "live" scrambles. S/ L Gerry Langan remembered one episode where they were scrambled to intercept an unidentified aircraft coming out of the actual border.

It was the 14th of June 1960 and 427(F) Squadron was on ZULU Alert. Gerry Langen #1, John Howe #2, Mick Scromeda #3 and Ron Armstrong #4 had just settled down to their first hand of hearts, when the horn sounded. A live Scramble, we mounted our steeds and departed on an easterly vector, our purpose was to intercept a low flying aircraft that was running in and out along the West German Border. As we approached the area, I decided that number one and two would go down and investigate with three and four remaining on high cover. Prior to commencing descent one and two armed guns, we had barely started down when flight control advised the target had returned to East Germany and we were directed to return to base. This uneventful trip was recorded in the log book.

The SPAADS Reunion is a "GO"

SPAADS Newsletter, October 2021

From Walt Pirie

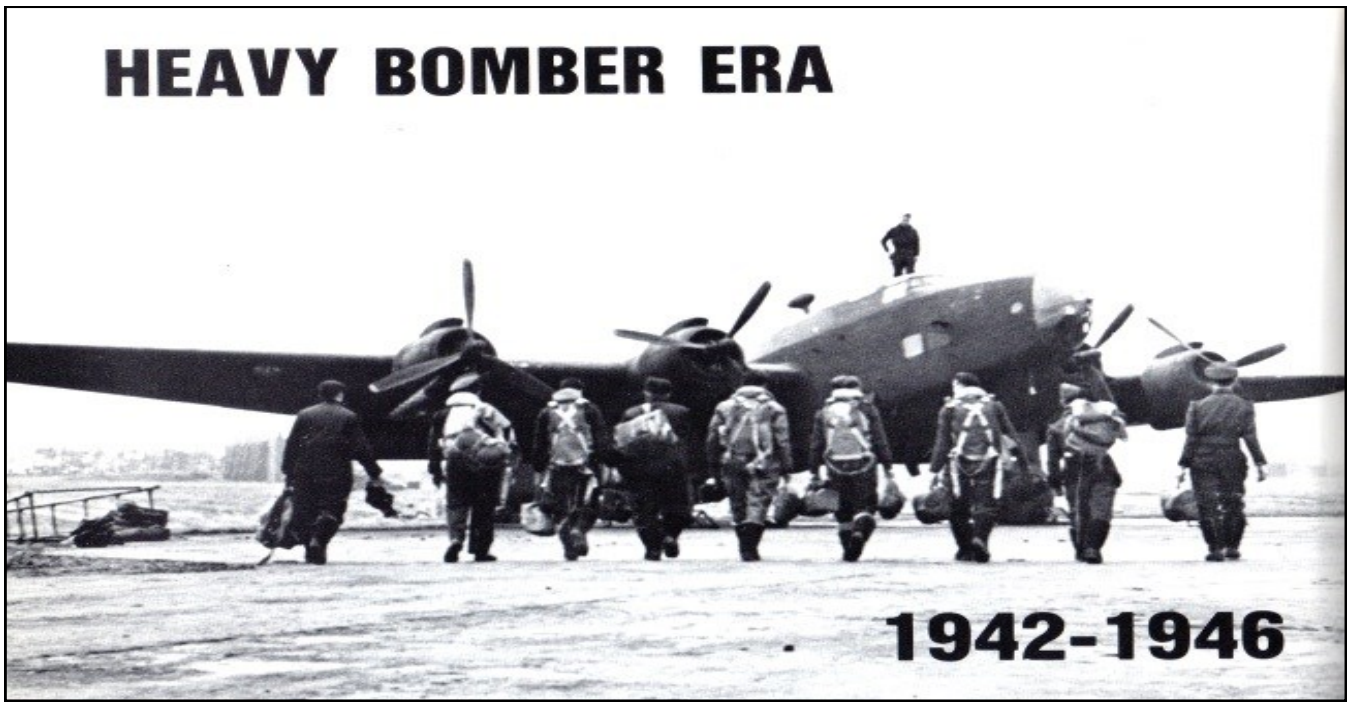
Just a short note to bring you up to date on your 2022 Reunion Committee activities and negotiations.

First of all please note above our new logo indicating 2022 versus 2020. We have also updated the SPAADS Reunion website at https://spaads-reunion.ca/ . Please check periodically for updates.

You can now once again register for attendance at the Reunion with Pat Barrett. Follow the directions on the website. We have kept the registration fees the same as 2021 i.e. $215.00 per person. Should we find that costs have increased appreciatively since 2020 we may have to ask you for a small additional payment. We will try hard to avoid that.

Reservations at the Sheraton Centre Hotel in Montreal are now open with room rates the same as we negotiated in 2020. Although our website indicates that you can book on line, this method is not recommended at this time because of shortages in staff at the hotel. We also recommend when reserving by telephone you use the direct line to the hotel rather than using their international reservation number. When you call, identify yourself as SPAADS.

See you in Montreal, Walt



Creston veteran celebrates 101st birthday with community fundraiser.

Chuck Page wants to collect 101 donations for Valley Community Services .What's the secret to living over 100 years? According to 101-year-old veteran Chuck Page, he owes his longevity to "...behaving myself and not getting into too much trouble".

With many birthdays to look back on, Page decided to celebrate this particular milestone by giving back to his newest community of Creston. Before moving to the small town last year, retired Sgt. Page had lived his entire life in the city of St. Catharines, Ont., where he was born and raised. He served in the Air Force from 1940 to 1945. For almost three years, he was also a prisoner of war in a German camp after his flight crew was shot down near the Dutch coast.

Sadly, his wife of 68 years, Irene Page, died in July 2020. Her death led to his decision to move across the country to live with his daughter Nancy DeVuono and her husband. Page is a proud family man with three children, five grandchildren, and one great-grandchild. Since his making the move, he said everyone in the community has been friendly and welcoming, which prompted his desire to give back. When he turned 101 on Aug. 9, Page decided to start the initiative to collect 101 monetary donations for Valley Community Services.

The non-profit society provides numerous services for residents in the Creston area, including community counselling programs, supports for families and children, the Therapeutic Activation Program for Seniors, Better at Home, and others. To kick off the campaign, Page has started by donating $101 of his own money and is asking others to either match his donation or contribute whatever is affordable for them.

Page is no stranger to fundraising for a good cause. For his 100th birthday last year, he walked 100 laps around his townhouse complex and raised almost $24,000 for a local rehabilitation hospital.

"Lots of people are struggling," said his daughter DeVuono. "Our hearts go out to those who have been facing so many challenges this past year. We count ourselves especially lucky to be healthy and have dad with us here. And that's why we want to give back to the Creston community and share our good fortune."

Throughout the interview with the Advance, Page was cracking jokes and making his family laugh. He said there will always be hard times and loss in life, but his mantra is to "have fun and look forward to the next meal". To donate to Chuck Page's campaign, visit valley.services

by Kelsey Yates of the Creston Valley Advance

See also Chucks Wartime Story & Chuck's Challenge

Captain R.C. "Bob" Penrose DFC

Air Cadets, RCAF - 422-427-437 Squadrons, TCA, AC, TC, OWA
Lifetime flying hours - 32,000

RCAF World War II
Part I - Training

Bob enlisted in the RCAF in the fall of 1941 and was sent to Manning depot in Edmonton. Deluxe accommodations were the old horse barns on the Edmonton fair grounds. Time was mostly spent marching on the parade square or peeling spuds and waxing floors for going AWOL some nights.

Next came Initial Training School (ITS) at a college in Saskatoon. Most of the time was spent in classrooms on aircraft, mathematics and navigation.

By this time, Bob had a close knit group of friends which included Max Strange, who served on every station and squadron with him throughout Bob's air force career. Others included Al Nicol and Alec Schierman. ITS was always a fight about who was going to be chosen as a pilot; navigators were in demand and academic standing alone did not guarantee selection as a pilot.

Elementary Flying Training School (EFTS) in Prince Albert was Bob's next posting. This was a civilian flying school and the instructors were mainly former bush pilots. There was only one air force officer on the station. Recruits were trained on Tiger Moths, and most soloed after eight hours of instruction. The bush pilots were excellent instructors and gave the recruits every opportunity to succeed. Bob finished second in the graduating class; his flying time was about 85 hours.

Bob, Max Strange and Al Schierman then arrived at #7 Service Flying School (SFTS) at MacLeod, Alberta, November 21, 1942. Al Nicol alone was posted to Saskatoon. The aircraft were Avro Ansons. With twin engines, they at first appeared to be too big and cumbersome. Bob was awarded a gold bracelet for graduating first in his class, and commissioned as a Pilot Officer on March 17, 1943. He now had a grand total of 220 hours and 15 minutes flying time.

The RCAF tried to post Bob to High River as an instructor, but he traded postings with an RAF student. On April 2, 1943, he arrived at RAF 31 GRC in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. This was an Astro navigation school. The commanding officer was a Wing Commander whose initial greeting was to say that learning navigation was important and if we did not, we would die and in fact deserved to die. Alex Schierman and Max Strange were still with Bob. PEI was dry, so on Saturdays they had a bar special before going into Charlottetown for a good meal at the Old Spain and then to a dance hall.

Staff pilots would fly them out into the Atlantic, and they would act as navigators. Bob noted that they seemed to be in a semi-lost position on many trips. On one memorable trip, Al Schierman was the number one navigator and Bob was supposed to get bearings and drifts with flame floats and smoke floats but they had no visual contacts with the ocean. Bob hurled all the floats out to no avail. Finally on the way home, Al gave Bob a chit for the pilot to alter course 30 degrees to starboard. They saw a hole in the clouds sometime later and there was Charlottetown. Bob asked Al how he had determined the 30-degree correction. Al said, "Our morning lecture said navigation was 50 percent common sense. I figured we were a long way south of track so 30 degrees alteration might find PEI".

Somehow they managed to survive navigation school.

They were next posted to RAF Debert on #31 OTU on Hudson aircraft. Debert was a big step for Bob, Max, and Al. They had not flown for two and a half months and the Hudson was a much better aircraft to fly. In fact, the Bay of Fundy became known as Hudson's Bay. The instructors were nearly all 407 Demon Squadron types, a squadron that was wiped out three times. Bob's instructor was too informal, and Bob felt that his first solo in the Hudson was far more risky and dangerous than the Tiger Moth and Anson solos. On graduation, or survival if you like, some were posted to Nassau and some to coastal command in Canada. Bob's crew

consisted of a navigator, Ken Schmitz, and two wireless operators, Doan and Johnson. Max Strange and Bob co-opted for overseas. By this time, they were considered to be coastal command qualified. By August 21, 1943, Bob had a grand total of 320 hours.

For Bob's mother, it was difficult to see him going overseas. Bob's brother Bill, with 158 Squadron, was lost March 27 1943 on his ninth mission over Berlin, a long tough target. On about September 10, 1943, Bob set sail from Halifax aboard the Queen Elizabeth. Eighteen passengers occupied a stateroom built for two. There were some 20,000 troops on board and air cover was provided the whole way. The ship kept a maximum 32 knots and their cabin near the stern shook and rattled all day and night. The crossing took four days and ten hours.

In November 1943, Bob was posted to RAF Ossington in the Midlands. He was transferred from Coastal Command to Bomber Command. His stay at Ossington was short. The next station was Gamston, a satellite of Ossington. The accommodation was cold and damp, and the meals were terrible, mostly Spam, wooden sausages and Brussels sprouts. They flew Wellington aircraft (Whimpys) which were quite forgiving but had noisy Pegassus engines.

Bob and Ken Schmitz were crewed with a bomb aimer, Keith Caspell, and two air gunners, Roy Pettigrew and Jack Curl. One memorable flight out of Gamston was a Bull's Eye on Portsmouth. They were a reserve crew and called in when one crew took sick. That evening Bob's crew got half the briefing, so Ken took the other navigator's flight plan. The flight was supposed to fly due south to Portsmouth, on to London and back to base. On the south leg, the wind had picked up from the north and their ten p.m. takeoff was also a decoy for German radar as the big boys were going to Berlin. Portsmouth was supposed to be clear and also London. On ETA over Portsmouth, they had broken cloud and were unable to pinpoint their exact location. They flew east and then west over some lights and soon realized they were being fired upon. Two aircraft appeared, one on each wing, and they recognized them as a Beaufighter and a Beaufort. They flashed their navigation lights and were gone. They turned due north and saw Portsmouth some twenty minutes later. Then they saw the lights, or rather searchlights, of London, so headed there just in time for a German air raid and barrage balloons beeping away. They flew on unscathed and back to base.

The next morning, Bob was called in to the C.O.s office and asked "What in God's name were you trying to do last night!" Bob indicated to the C.O. that he realized that they were over Cherbourg, not Portsmouth, and under German fire,so they headed north to Portsmouth. The C.O. then asked, "Why in the hell did you go over London?" "Sir," Bob said, "our morning lecture said to press on regardless so we completed the exercise." The C.O. simply shook his head and dismissed him.

After some 50 hours dual and solo on Wellingtons, they were transferred to the RCAF Heavy Conversion Unit on Halifaxes in 6 Group Bomber Command at Topcliffe, Yorkshire. At Topcliffe, Bob had his crew of navigator, Ken Schmitz, wireless operator Ken Doan, bomb aimer, Keith Caspell, middle gunner Roy Pettigrew, tail gunner, Jack Curl and his final crew member, Jack Davidson, a flight engineer. The Halifax looked big, black and formidable. Bob could only hope his 412 hours of flying would give him sufficient experience to handle the monster.

Training went well except for a couple of bad weather days when they had to make several somewhat scary approaches to find the airport and runway. However, on March 24, they nearly ended their days. They were to fly a bull's eye operation on Paris to drop leaflets telling the French that help was on the way and that Eisenhower was in total command. Their aircraft came out of the hanger after a maintenance check, so they were last to be airborne. It was ten o'clock at night, a pitch-dark night on takeoff. At about 500 feet, Jack yelled there was a fire in their starboard inner engine and they seemed to have lost all power on the right side. Bob could only remember pulling back on the other port engines and keeping 120 mph on the clock on descent. God was obviously his co-pilot as they belly-landed in a field. The nose split wide open and all crew members scrambled to safety. The aircraft was completely enveloped in flames and ammunition from the eight turret guns was popping off. The tail gunner had rotated his turret but was caught up by his feet and rescued by a crew member. The only things left of the aircraft were the two port engines. The field where they had crash

landed was directly behind a pub called The Green Tree in the town of Little Ouseburn, some 15 miles west of York and 12 miles from takeoff. They were welcomed to the pub as saviours of the town. After numerous drinks, ambulances from several airdromes arrived and they were escorted to a hospital in Thirsk. They bailed out of there to the Golden Fleece pub after making out a somewhat hazy report for the C.O.

Later, they learned that apparently the propeller and reduction gear flew off the starboard outer into the starboard inner, which caught fire and immediately spread to the fuel in the wing tanks. The dinghy reversed in the wing and also inflated and flew away. Bob and crew were back flying the next day. They felt surviving the crash was a good omen for a chance to live through a tour of ops.

Before going on operations, Bob and crew were sent to Dalton for a two week Commando course. The first day was a five-mile run with an army Lieutenant yelling at them. The army called them pigeons. They were introduced to a field of barbed wire and had to crawl under it. Next came an underground tunnel of pipes just big enough for a body, and finally a barricade where one had to swing on a rope to go over the top. For their final days on course, they were loaded into transports with no outside vision and driven to and deposited on the Yorkshire Moors. They were stripped of all money and identification. Bob and three others found a little pub and the lady in charge hid them when the army came in. They got back to base in one piece, after two days of dodging the brown jobs. Some smart boys had hidden their money and got on a train to London for their Commando course.

Next Part II—Posted to 427 Squadron

Our Senior Members

We have WW II members and since we do not collect personal information it is only when they let slip some information that we find out their age. Here are some we have identified.

Frank Dennis - 9?
Nathan Isaacs - 98 this year
Chuck Page - 101 this year
Don “Doc” Payne - 9?
Charles Procter - 9?
Harry Winter - 99 this year

There are also a number of women members who may be in the 90 plus group but I have been warned that it is not polite (and dangerous) to ask a woman her age.

The Wisdom of Phyllis Diller

As your beauty fades so will his eyesight.
****
Housework can’t kill you, but why take a chance?
****
I want my children to have all the things I couldn’t afford. Then I want to move in with them.
****
The reason the golf pro tells you to keep your head down is so you can’t see him laughing.
****
Any time three New Yorkers get into a car without an argument, a bank has just been robbed.
****
You know you are old if they have discontinued your blood type.

Exam Answer

Question i) What was 6 Group's criteria for a completed Ops Tour ?

Ed note:I will use Ian Thomson's explanation from an interview in 2015.

Answer:

"Originally I believe it was 30 or 35 Ops to complete a Tour and prior to D-Day, the enemy had fighter stations right at the French Coast so the guys could be under attack the whole ding-danged way. Those poor beggars had the TOUGH part – I had a snap by comparison!!!!! And that's not modesty talking, that's the straight Gen! When I was there, they used a Point System. Any Operation which went "beyond 6 degrees longitude was considered a Major Op and awarded four (4) Points and "a Tour" was 120 Points. So-o-o-o, a guy could go to Calais 30 times and have completed a tour. That's facetious of course but that could have been possible or a combination of short trips such as that could garner 120 points.

If the target were closer than 6 degrees East Long., we were awarded three (3) Points. There were some trips during my time there and I flew one of them where they said "The only guy who entered Enemy Territory was the Tail Gunner. That was after D-Day, while the land troops were advancing that a "Bomb Line" was established. It was located 100 yards ahead of our most advanced troops. and there were some instances in which we bombed right on the 100 yard line."

Question 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 ?***

Answer:

Capacity:10 troops

Remember I only print what I can find.

https://www.canada.ca/en/department-national-defence/services/procurement/ch-146-griffon.html
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bell_CH-146_griffon

Question iii) What is this ? Bonus points for identifying the red buttons and the top right black button.

Answer: Sabre control column hand grip

Top Black button = Trim

Top red button = Bomb/rocket release switch

Mid red button =Radar target selector

Top Left = camera/gun trigger

Bottom left hidden red button =nose wheel steering selector

Question 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 ?

The CF-104 was able to maintain Mach 2 plus at altitude. Bud White managed Mach 2.45 in his altitude record setting CF-104 (see page 10)

The CF-105 in test flights only achieved Mach 1.9 but was planned for Mach 2 plus

The Goat

Two Montana lads were out hunting, and as they are walking along they come upon a huge hole in the ground. They approached it and were amazed at the size of it.

The first hunter says, "Wow, that's some hole; I can't even see the bottom. I wonder how deep it is!"

The second hunter says," I don't know. Let's throw somethin' down there, listen and see how long it takes to hit bottom."

The first hunter says, "Hey, there's an old automobile transmission over there. Give me a hand, we'll throw it in and see."

So, they pick it up and carry it over and count one, two, three and heave it in the hole.

They stand there listening, looking over the edge, when they hear a rustling behind them. As they turn around, they see a goat come crashing through the under brush, run up to the hole and, without hesitation, jumps in head first. While they are standing there staring at each other in amazement, peering into the hole, trying to figure out what that was all about, an old farmer saunters up.

"Say there," says the farmer, "you fellers didn't happen to see my goat around here anywhere, did you?" The first hunter says, "Funny you should ask, but we were just standing here a minute ago and a goat came running out of the bushes doin' bout a hunnert miles an hour and jumped headfirst into this here hole!"

The old farmer said, "Naw, that's impossible! I had him chained to an old transmission.""

We need your Stories

Some of you may have heard of the Memory Project which documents veterans' experiences by either oral or written means. We are trying to do the same for the Squadron but using the written word on our website and facebook. It's our 427 history and the excuse "I never did anything exciting doesn't cut it." Just start with "My day began …" or "It was a dark and stormy night…" and since we don't have to worry whether it will make the best seller list, your words will be added to the website and even ROAR if you permit. Our ground people are under represented here and I know they have stories to tell also.

Please write.

macway01@gmail.com

Viking Humour

"We have reason to believe one of you is a Canadian spy."

Ed Note : This page was copied but we are not sure from where. It is possibly from the Legion Magazine. However it is pertinent as we recognize the sacrifices made by many in the service.