



FERTE MANUS CERTAS

ROAR



427 LION SQUADRON ASSOCIATION

PATRONS

LIEUTENANT GENERAL (RET) DONALD MCNAUGHTON CMM CD
MAJOR GENERAL (RET) ROBERT CHISHOLM CMM CD

NEWSLETTER

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Honourary Colonel - W/C (R) R.G. Middlemiss

427 Sqn. Commanding Officer - L/Col C. Drouin

Association Chairman – F/L (R) R.H.J. Smith

Honourary Colonel Bob Middlemiss

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The people who attended the GOL last September are still talking about it as being one of the best in the Squadron's history. Once again many thanks to Capt Proksch and his committee and all members of the Squadron for making it such a great success.

1 Wing normally holds two Commander's Training Sessions; one in the spring and one in the fall. Last November I attended the 1 Wing Commander's Training Session at Kingston and recently the Spring CTS held at Quebec City. Our gracious host at Quebec was 430 THS. These CTS help the Honourary Colonels keep abreast of the work and training being carried out by all the helicopter squadrons and provide an opportunity for the H/Cols to exchange ideas on how we can best help in carrying the Service message to our civilian friends.

In December, I attended the annual parade and Christmas party held by the Squadron, a great opportunity for the Squadron to get together and for Officers to serve our airmen and airwomen. On April 3rd the

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Maritimes

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Quebec

Jim Moffat – WW11

S. Ontario

Roy Inkster – WW11

N. Ontario

Bob Middlemiss - WW11

Ottawa

Allan Todd – WW11

Manitoba

Ian Thomson – WW 11

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Squadron celebrated the Air Force's 84th birthday with a Mess Dinner at Petawawa. On this special occasion we were honoured in having the Chief of the Air Staff, Lieutenant General Watt, CMM, CD as our guest speaker. He gave a great speech bringing us up to date with all the changes and improvements being made and those that are coming in the near future. He also mentioned that this was the first time as CAS that he has made a speech to a Squadron, a great honour and another first for 427 SOAS.

I continue to be very busy making speeches to Service Clubs about our great Air Force history, attending change of command parades, giving talks to the Air Academy students at Borden along with speaking to many high school students who visit the Air Museum (Air Annex) at Borden.

The Squadron continues to be very busy training and maintains a high level of readiness, ready to be activated whenever they are called upon.

427 Special Operations Aviation Squadron

Hopefully all Lions had a good Christmas vacation. For the most part, the Squadron had a quiet break. We participated this year in Operation Christmas Lion, where the Squadron flew a Griffon filled with gifts to give to the children at the Children's Hospital of Eastern Ontario. The gifts were purchased entirely with funds collected at the Squadron, donated by Squadron members.

It was good to have a quiet vacation because January through March was extremely busy times for the Squadron. With three simultaneous exercises in three different southern states, I have never seen the Squadron so busy. The largest deployment was to Fort Bliss, Texas. The intent of the deployment was to give pre-deployment support to 3 RCR prior to their overseas stint this fall in Afghanistan. The training was well needed for the Squadron as it has been many years since 427 has seen a desert environment. This deployment illustrated the need we have to talk to former Squadron members to understand how operations were conducted in the past so we don't repeat any negative lessons already learned.

Many of us returned from deployment with great tans to find many feet of snow burying our houses. This past week finally saw our winter ending, in addition to celebrating the 84th birthday of the Canadian Air Force. We had a special treat this year for our Officer's Mess dinner.

At the courageous invitation of our DCO, Lieutenant General Watt, CMM, CD attended. It was a surprise to all as even the CO stated that he has never before seen the Chief of the Air Staff attend a unit's mess dinner. Fun was had by all, with the exception of the young Lt's 😊. As the CAS is the Commander of the Air Force, he decided at random intervals to swap his guest of honour seat at the head table with the Lt's who were then prodded to recite historic references of the Squadron. In addition, HCol. Bob Middlemiss, Col Alain Parent (Commander 1 Wing), Col Michael Day (Commander CANSOFCOM), and Dr. Sean Maloney (Professor War Studies, RMC) all attended.

The CAS's speech was motivating, detailing the revitalization of the Air Force. With new aircraft and systems coming on-line, there has not been this much excitement in nearly a generation. Both heavy transport fixed wing and heavy lift helos have been procured. Renewal of the Hercules fleet, and finding a replacement for the Hornet means that it is going to be an exciting time to serve in the Air Force.

Don't forget to check out the excellent web site, www.tachelmemories.com and on behalf of L/Col Drouin and all Squadron Lions, I hope you have a most enjoyable summer.

Captain Michael K. Dias

Unit Historian

427 SOA Squadron

FERTE MANUS CERTAS

Membership/Financial - Summary – 2007

This is a “good news” - “bad news” - “snooze news” – “challenge” kind of story which combines the two portfolios of Membership and Finance. This time, the financial side of it will be in narrative format and interwoven throughout the story for ease of reading.

GOOD NEWS

- We recruited three new members in '07 (one F-86 and 2 Helicopter).
- Bell Helicopter donated \$1000.00 to the Assn. (thanks to our C/O L/Col. Drouin).
- We had member donations totalling \$800.00 as follows: Sabre era - \$560.00, WWII era - \$240.00, F-104 era \$0.00, Helicopter era \$0.00.
- Expenses were kept to the bare minimum, \$1144.91 for two issues of “ROAR”.

BAD NEWS

- Our revenue is drying-up. When you crunch the numbers (excluding donations), our total revenue for the year was \$180.00 and with expenses totalling more than \$1100.00 it's not rocket science to determine that it's tough to stay in business with this kind of performance.

SNOOZE NEWS

- I didn't mention this earlier because you would have stopped reading but, we are not yet crying “Mayday”. To date we have some \$3000.00 in the bank but at \$1100.00 plus per year for ROAR and upcoming expenses for the web-site etc. we are looking at a three year life. How does “Pan” sound.

- Unless the Helicopter era can help us out or for that matter the F-104 era, it is unlikely that we will generate any “new member” revenue.
- It appears that our ultimate survival will depend on our benefactors (donors).

Therefore, it is my considered opinion that there is nobody out there (of another era) who can match the will to win of the “Sabre” era lads and I challenge all of you on their behalf.

THE CHALLENGE :

The Sabre era group will “donate” to the Association, a minimum of \$500.00 in the year 2008 to help defray expenses. Should the weak kneed “peewillys” of any other era choose to exceed that amount we would accept their challenge and ultimately “wax their ass”.

AMEN

Trust you are all well and anxious to read the rest of “ROAR” **“Sask” Wilford**

PLEASE JOIN THE 427 LION SQUADRON ASSOCIATION

427 Squadron has a proud history and thus the main objective of the Association is to ensure that the achievements, traditions and memories of our famous squadron are maintained and perpetuated. The Association embraces not only the World War II and Post War Lions but all currently active “Lions” now serving on the Squadron and former “Lions” still serving elsewhere in the CAF.

We publish a newsletter titled “ROAR” and we have regional representatives all across Canada and in the US and UK. We are constantly looking for volunteers and we welcome suggestions from all sectors on how to make the Association more meaningful for the members. We invite you to get on board and help make us even better.

To receive your 427 Lion Squadron Association Membership card, make a donation or a bequest, please cut out, complete and mail this form.

Name..... Spouse/Partner.....
 Address..... ZIP/PC.....
 Tel ..()..... Fax..... e-mail.....
 Service years on 427 (from-to)..... Bases..... RankTrade
 Membership: Life Member () \$50.00 Annual Renewal Member () \$10.00 per year.
 I wish to make a “Donation” to the Association of \$.....
 I plan to include a bequest to the Association in my will yes ().
 Please make cheques payable to – 427 Lion Squadron Association
 Mail this form and cheque to: A.W. “Sask” Wilford
 427 Lion Squadron Association
 RR #2, Hillsburgh, ON, NOB 1Z0



We Shall Remember



Mr. W.H. (Arthur) Athey – Died May 25, 2007

Flight Lieutenant J. (Jim) Bangs – Died June 18, 2005. Jim was an F-86 pilot and after his military service had a distinguished career with Air Canada.

Mr. Fred Chappell – Died May 28, 2007

Flight Lieutenant R. (Rupert) Bailey – Died December 31, 2005. Pilot F-86

Mr. Herbert Deavy _ Died July 7, 2007

Mr. Donald E. Hepburn (DFC) – Pilot, Died January 8, 2008

Note from Vern White – Don Hepburn was a good friend of Al d'Eon. I got to know Don at some of 427 Squadron do's post-war. Don Hepburn and my cousin Lorne White had just arrived in Bournemouth about the time I went missing in June 1943. (They got their wings together) Lorne decided to go up to Leeming to see if he could help with my kit and personal belongings and Don went along. They stayed a few days since there was nothing doing at Bournemouth. Don liked the atmosphere so much that later when he finished OTU he jumped at the opportunity when a Leeming posting was offered. Don completed a tour on 427.

Mr. J.A.(McCartney) Jamieson – Died November 9, 2007

Flight Lieutenant R. (Robert) McCormack – Died May 28, 2005. Pilot F-86

Mr. Albert E. (Muff) Mills – Died March 7, 2007

Wing Commander K. (Ken) Olsen – Died April 26, 2006. Pilot F-86

Mr. George A. Storey – WAG – Died February 14, 2008 *Note from Vern White – Post war George was very involved on AAFR committees. AAFR stands for Allied Air Forces Reunion. This was an annual reunion held in the Royal York Hotel.*

Mr. Paul Verry – Died April 4, 2007

Flight Lieutenant D. (Dave) Wilson – Died February 22, 2006. Pilot F-86 and F104

Thanks to Roy Inkster



THE DUTTON LEGACY

Only our more senior readers, or possibly hockey historians, will have heard of Mervyn Dutton, better known as “Red”, who lived a remarkable life. Born in Russell, Manitoba, Red lied about his age to enlist in WW I and saw plenty of action in France and was badly wounded at Farbus Wood(Vimy) in 1917.

Doctors despaired of saving his leg but Red would not hear of amputation. He spent 18 months in hospitals and found his way to Winnipeg in 1919 and announced his intention to be a professional hockey player. With sheer grit and rigorous physical training he made the grade and turned pro with Calgary in the Western Hockey League.

In 1926 Red began a 10-year career in the NHL, first as the rugged and much-penalized defenseman of the old Montreal Maroons and later with the New York Americans. He retired as a player in 1936 and carried on as coach of the New York team for five more years until the team folded due to dwindling crowds following Pearl Harbour.

Red returned to his adopted home in Calgary where he operated a successful construction business. He and his associates laid down many of the airfields across the Prairies for training aircrew under the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. Red maintained his association with hockey and was for a short time Managing Director of the NHL and a Trustee of the Stanley Cup for almost 40 years. He passed away in 1987.

Not so well known are the tragic losses suffered by the Dutton family in WWII in losing two air-gunner sons in Bomber Command. Joseph Mervyn Dutton, 419 Squadron RCAF was shot down on a raid to Essen in June 1942 on his 30th operation. In March 1943, Joe’s younger brother Tom did not return from an operation over Germany. He was a proud member of 427 RCAF Squadron based at Croft, Yorks and flying Wellingtons at the time.

I was newly arrived on the squadron but I knew two members of his crew having trained with them in Canada. The names of the Dutton brothers are among the 20,450 Commonwealth Air Force personnel inscribed on the Runnymede War Memorial as having no known grave. It was all so very long ago but there is a rightful place in history for two generations of the Dutton family marked by courage and sacrifice.

Thanks to Vern White

Some Statistics

No. 6 Group flew a total of 40,822 sorties from 1943 to 45 which totalled almost 300,000 operational hours flown. There were 1,312 encounters with enemy aircraft reported during this period and unfortunately 814 aircraft were listed as missing. 2,222 gallantry awards were won.

Biography
Squadron Chief Warrant Officer - 427 Special Operations Service Squadron
SCWO Jean-Pierre Morin

SCWO J-P Morin was born in Ville de la Baie, Quebec. He joined the Canadian Forces as an Integral System Technician in 1980. Following his language and technical training, Pte Morin received his first choice and was posted to BAMEO AMO/LT Trenton in 1982. As a member of 424 Search and Rescue Squadron, he worked on the CC115 Buffalo, CH135 Twin Huey and CH113/A Labrador aircraft.

In 1988, then MCpl Morin was posted to the CF188 Hornet aircraft at the newly formed 416 Tactical Fighter Squadron (TFS) in Cold Lake, Alberta. This was followed in 1991 by a transfer to 1 Air Maintenance Squadron (AMS) Baden Soellingen, Germany, where he was promoted to Sergeant.

Sgt Morin was transferred to Greenwood, Nova Scotia in 1992, where he progressed to the rank of WO. He was employed in the Data Integration and Analysis Center/Program Generation Center (DIAC/PGC), Integrated Avionics Trainer/Mini-Simulator (IAT/Mini-Sil), AVS Labs, CP140 Aurora Air Maintenance Organization (AMO) and Engineering Support Organization (ESO).

Following an 8 yrs span in Greenwood, in 2000, WO Morin was posted to the recruit school in CFB St-Jean as a Basic Officer Training instructor. WO Morin's time spent in St-Jean was of short duration. Promoted to MWO in 2001, he returned to 424 Search and Rescue Squadron in Trenton, Ontario, as the Squadron Warrant Officer (SWO). During his tour in 424 Sqn Trenton, MWO Morin was deployed to the Middle East (OP ATHENA) from January - July 2004, as the Tactical Airlift Unit (TAU) SWO.

Upon his return to Canada, MWO Morin was posted to PMO Air Mobility Fixed Wing Search and Rescue (FWSAR) in Ottawa, Ontario, where he remained for one year. Promoted to CWO in Jul 05, CWO Morin was transferred to 10 Field Technical Training Squadron (10 FTTS) in Cold Lake, as the 10 FTTS Squadron Chief Warrant Officer (SCWO). In 2007 SCWO was posted to 427 Squadron.

SCWO Jean-Pierre Morin is married to Lynne Morin. They have an 18-year-old daughter Kaila, and a 17-year-old son, Daniel.



Welcome

A warm welcome to W/C Jim Gillespie who has agreed to become the Alberta Regional Representative.

F/L Doug Nicholson, whose name had been inadvertently omitted from previous issues of ROAR is back on the list as Regional Representative, U.S.A.

Lost Trails

The names below are some of the Association members whom we are no longer able to contact.. If you know of an updated address, even Email, for anyone on the list please notify Sask (wilsas@sympatico.ca) or myself (macway01@bigfoot.com). Also check out the complete list on the web site.

Mr	I	Llyod	Ayres	WW II
Mr.	P.W.	Paul	Benson	WW II
MR.	G.R.	Gordon	Brown	WW II
Mr.	J.C.R.	Jack	Brown	WW II
MR.	F.W.	Fred	Burton	WW II
Maj.	M.P.L.	Mike	Day	Helicopter
Capt.	C,	Charlie	Carrington-Smith	F104
MCpl	D	Doug	Fitz-Gerald	Helicopter
LCol(Ret)	D.R.	Donald	Foster	Helicopter
MR.	K.W.	Ken	Goodall	Sabre
Gen.	R.R.	Ray	Henault	WW II
F/O	J.	John	Howe	Sabre
MR.	K.N.	Ken	Lewis	WW II
Capt.	C.	Catherine	Lewis (Wilson)	Helicopter
MR.	N.	Norman	MacMillan	WW II
MR.	W.B.	Bruce	Mason	WW II
MR.	D.A.	Donald	McCann	WW II
MR.	G.W.	George	McIntyre	WW II
MR.	G.A.	Gervais(Red)	McKeown	WW II
Capt	P	Patrick	Mercier	Helicopter
MR.	E.M.	Ed	Radford	WW II
Capt	C.	Clay	Rook	Helicopter
MR.	M.	Mike	Russnak	WW II
MR.	J.F.	Joseph	Smart	WW II
MR.	H.A.	Harold	Smith	WW II
Sgt.	B.	Bernd	Wehmeyer	Helicopter
F/L	E.	Emil	Zuber	Sabre

Sabre Quiz Answer



No need to puzzle any longer

Sabre quiz answer = 6G

Avro Lancaster bombers like this one were among several types of aircraft flown by Bomber command during the Second World War.



At one minute past midnight on January 1, 1943, 65 years ago, the most powerful strike force that Canada ever possessed came into being. No. 6 Group, Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF), was established as part of Bomber Command of the Royal Air Force (RAF). The strength of No. 6 Group grew to 15 Squadrons – all formed overseas. By the end of the war, it had flown 40,822 sorties (a sortie equals one operational flight by one aircraft), dropped 126,122 tons of bombs and lost 814 aircraft.

A total of 9,980 young Canadians died in Bomber Command. It was Canada's biggest and costliest air commitment of the Second World War.

The Group flew a mixture of Hampdens, Halifaxes, Wellingtons and Lancaster bombers from 10 bases in northeast England. Its airfields were scattered along a picturesque crescent-shaped area known as the Vale of York in south Durham and east Yorkshire, stretching from Middlesbrough to York. The Canadians were farthest from their targets in Germany and Occupied Europe – about 30 to 60 minutes more flying time than RAF Squadrons to the south. When they got home, the dangers weren't over. Their valley was overlooked by the Cleveland Hills to the east and the Pennines to the west, which resulted in limited manoeuvring space for landings. Factory smoke from nearby industrial areas and frequent fog exacerbated the problem.

When war broke out, the RCAF had only one bomber squadron. No. 10 Squadron was formed at Halifax on September 5, 1939, and equipped with open-cockpit, two-seater Westland Wapiti biplanes

capable of carrying an unimpressive 263 kilograms of bombs at a maximum speed of 217 kilometres an hour.

The first RCAF bomber unit formed overseas was 405 Squadron, in April 1941. Equipped with the two-engine Vickers Wellington, it flew its first mission a couple of months later on the night of June 12-13, against railway marshalling yards in Germany. Three more squadrons followed by the end of the year, 408 and 420, flying the twin-engine Handley Page Hampden, and 419, equipped with the Wellington. These squadrons served in various RAF groups throughout Bomber Command.

In June 1942, the RCAF's first francophone unit, 425 Squadron, was formed in an effort to recruit French Canadians into the Air Force. In October, it was followed by two more squadrons, 424 and 426, all on the Wellington. By now the idea of creating an all-Canadian bomber group, an air formation roughly equivalent to an army corps, had firmly taken hold and four squadrons were hurriedly stood up in November, 427, 428, 429 and 431 all equipped with Wellingtons.

Headquarters for No. 6 Group was established at Allerton hall in Yorkshire, the gloomy 75 room ancestral home of Lord Mowbray, which was requisitioned by the British. His Lordship turned out to be a resentful landlord, who "... complained loudly and vociferously about the many inevitable alterations to his property. " The Canadians referred to their headquarters as " Castle Dismal".

In April 1943, three squadrons – 420, 424 and 425 – were temporarily detached to Tunisia in North Africa to support the forthcoming Allied invasion of Sicily and mainland Italy. They did not return until six arduous months later twice as long as intended. During their absence, three more squadrons were formed 432, 433 and 434. When 415 Squadron returned from its unhappy detachment to Coastal Command in July 1944, the Group's strength reached its final total of 15 squadrons.

The initial experiences of 6 Group were not entirely auspicious. It had expanded too quickly, and the lack of seasoned air and ground crew as well as administrative personnel soon showed. Loss, early return and serviceability rates were the worst in Bomber Command.

Improved Aircraft

Conversion to different aircraft and improved models continued throughout the war. Eventually, four squadrons were equipped with four engine Handley Page Halifaxes and eleven with four engine Avro Lancasters, including Canadian built models. The Lancaster was generally considered to be the best British designed heavy bomber of the war, in terms of survivability and bomb load.

As the Canadians became more experienced, No. 6 Group boasted higher accuracy and fewer casualties than any of Bomber command's five other groups. It took a special kind of courage to fly missions through enemy flak and fighters, pressing on to designated targets. Most of the more than 8,000 decorations awarded to the RCAF went to Bomber Command.

This article originally appeared in the Halifax Daily News and is reprinted here with the kind permission of the author and historian, John Boileau, who spent 37 years in the CF, retiring as a colonel in 1999. During his career, he served across Canada, in Cyprus, the United States, Germany and the United Kingdom. He can be contacted at johnboileau@eastlink.ca

History ????

This took place several years ago but some of you may identify with the Speedbird Captain.

The German air controllers at Frankfurt Airport are renowned as a short-tempered lot. They not only expect one to know one's gate parking location, but how to get there without any assistance from them. So it was with some amusement that we (a United 747) listened to the following exchange between Frankfurt ground control and a British Airways 747, call sign Speedbird 206.

Speedbird 206: "Frankfurt, Speedbird 206 clear of active runway."

Ground: "Speedbird 206. Taxi to gate Alpha One-Seven"

The BA 747 pulled onto the main taxiway and slowed to a stop.

Ground: "Speedbird, do you not know where you are going?"

Speedbird 206: "Stand by, Ground, I'm looking up our gate location now."

Ground (with quite arrogant impatience): "Speedbird 206, have you not been to Frankfurt before?"

Speedbird 206 (coolly): "Yes, twice in 1944, but it was dark, -- I was dropping things and didn't land."

THE END OF SABRE 26710

by John Swallow

March 6, 1962. Jim and I show up at the Servicing Desk to sign out our aircraft. We'd already had one trip that morning. Although our squadron was on "Alert", we'd got airborne at oh-eight hundred on a routine high level mission against anything that moved and had spent a glorious hour-five pulling "g" and turning JP4 into exhaust fumes.

Returning to base, we'd signed in our aircraft and headed for the cafeteria for a cup of squadron coffee then into the debriefing room for a rehash of our trip. A call from Servicing advised that our aircraft were ready for a second sortie.

Unserviceable on landing, my aircraft was still down and had been replaced by another. In answer to my query as to which aircraft he wanted, Jim indicated that his previous aircraft was slightly deficient in power and that it would be an excellent aircraft for me to take, seeing as it was my turn to lead the section.



The pre-flight briefing was simple. It mimicked the morning brief except I was leading and Jim was the wingman. We fired up and commenced the long taxi to the far end of the runway. We rounded the corner onto runway 03 and line up echelon right for the formation take-off. Take-off checks had been completed during taxi and all that remained was the engine check. The throttle was advanced to maximum in one second to check fuel

flow scheduling and then reduced to ninety percent power. Temperatures and pressures were all within limits. A glance down the right wing was met with a nod from Jim that indicated that he was ready to go.

Brakes were released and the engine speed smoothly increased. At fifty knots, another glance shows Jim glued to the right wing. At 110 knots, the nose was rotated to the take-off position with lift-off occurring at 130 knots. Gear and flaps were selected up and the climb established. I note Jim still tucked in tight as we approach the Alert Hangar.

As we pass over the end of the runway at about two hundred feet above ground level, a massive explosion (accompanied by a transitory smell of smoke) is heard and felt aft of the cockpit coupled with a complete loss of acceleration. The sudden cessation of over seven thousand pounds of thrust is noticeable enough to force me against my shoulder straps.

“Houston, we have a problem...”

I quickly scan the instrument panel looking for an answer to the loss of power. The deceleration was now robbing me of airspeed and with a best glide around 185 knots; I was shortly going to have to start giving up precious altitude for airspeed. The only anomaly noted during the scan is that the engine RPM is now sitting at one hundred percent, a setting I have not commanded. Out of the corner of my eye, I catch sight of number two high in my two o'clock position, banked into me, trying desperately to stay with me without stalling. Then, in my headset, his voice:

“LEAD, EJECT!”

This not a phrase I want to hear from a number two. The urgency conveyed in those words implied a dire emergency: I turn in the cockpit and look over my left shoulder towards the tail to check for smoke or flame. There is none. I do not want to leave the security of my warm cockpit for the below zero environment just outside on the basis of a radio call. I am momentarily unsure as to my next move. Other than not being shoved somewhere, there is nothing wrong with my aircraft. There must be something I can do, some switch I can select which will make everything right. However, in turning back to check my panel instruments once more, two illuminated lights on the right hand side demand my attention. My decision has been made for me. I have both the forward fire warning light and the aft fire warning light telling me that something has gone drastically wrong in the engine compartment.

I mentally tick off my situation. My engine is running at one hundred percent but I am not developing any thrust; I'm nose high and losing airspeed; and I appear to have a fire in the engine compartment. On the positive side, I'm still under control. I have airspeed. I'm climbing slightly, and I have at least 200 feet of air below me. I'm inside the ejection envelope.

I transmit, “I'm getting out”. Jim replies, “Affirmative, EJECT!”

Things happen fast now: I duck my head to prevent losing it, at the same time raising the left armrest to expose the canopy trigger. With a squeeze of the trigger, the canopy is gone, replaced by a rush of air. The sides of the aircraft are midway between my shoulder and elbow. I'm now sitting out in the open. I lean back placing my head firmly against the headrest and plant my heels into the seat footrests, at the same time raising the right armrest to expose the ejection trigger. As I place my fingers

around the trigger, I remember that I don't have my visor down to protect against the windblast. I instinctively close my eyes and squeeze.

The ejection system worked as advertised, hurling me out of the aircraft with enough force to clear the tail. There was a feeling of "being out-of-control" which was replaced by a period of negative "g", probably occurring as I tumbled and/or when I separated from the seat.

At this point, it seemed prudent to open my eyes. I've stabilized and I'm face down with a perspective of the ground that is normally limited to the skydiving fraternity. There is no feeling of fear or life scenes flashing before my eyes. The last altitude I remember is two hundred feet above ground and with the ejection system only guaranteed to a minimum of two hundred feet, my only thought is, "This is going to be close.

As I reach for the manual "D" ring, the automatic system activates, the 'chute deploys and snaps me into an upright position. I look up and take note that I have a fully inflated canopy, then look down between my feet and see the ground rushing up. Noise ahead causes me to lift my gaze in time to take in the spectacle of 550 gallons of jet fuel being turned into an inferno, a rising ball of red flame and black smoke billowing into the sky.

I notice that I'm having trouble inhaling; not being plugged into the aircraft oxygen system means having to overcome a valve spring to breathe. I disconnect my oxygen mask and place my hands on the risers.

The ground is really close now. I mentally go over the landing procedures according to the training film which we are required to view every six months: hands on the risers, feet together, at touchdown, fall sideways onto the hip and then the shoulders. Get up, run around in front of the canopy and collapse it if it has not done so already.

The ground is rushing up at me; I renew my grip on the risers and...



I'm lying on the ground, flat on my back. I can't breathe. All the air is knocked out of me and I'm gasping like a fish out of water. The training film forgot to mention the effect on a body's center of gravity when thirty pounds of emergency survival equipment is attached to one's posterior. I have landed like I was released from a very tall cow. After about twenty seconds, I've recovered enough to get up and try to get rid of the parachute and seat pack. Jim is circling overhead trying to ascertain my well being and I don't want him stalling in on top of me as has happened before. The 'chute is no problem, but the seat pack does not want to release. The connectors must have no downward pull on them to disconnect. One releases but the other will not and I'm left trying to walk around with the seat pack dangling off my side, banging into my thigh with every step.

About five minutes later, a squadron technician arrives. He was in the process of cleaning and washing his car a short distance away in a trailer court and witnessed the whole procedure. We toss everything into his back seat and head for the airport.

I spend the night in the hospital where my squadron mates ensure I have enough liquid to prevent dehydration. I have suffered only a hairline fracture to one vertebrae and a slightly detached retina that is picked up during a routine eye exam several months later. I am back in the air in three weeks.

The cause of the accident comes to light during the subsequent investigation. An aft piece of the engine came adrift and blocked the intake to the tailpipe. The resulting overpressure blew the tailpipe off its moorings allowing it to fall onto the fuselage floor. The engine was no longer a "jet" engine but a gas producer. The lack of "back pressure" allowed the engine RPM to rise the three percent I had noticed.

In keeping with custom, upon release from the hospital, I make the trek to the Safety Systems Section and present the technician who had packed my parachute with a bottle of his favorite libation. He had repacked it on 22 January 1962 and it had performed flawlessly some six weeks later, allowing me to become a member of a very exclusive group, the Caterpillar Club.

When John wasn't ejecting from RCAF aircraft, he was a member of 434 Squadron, the "other" Sabre Squadron, based at 3(F) Wing Zweibrücken. For two years he was also one of the six members of the "Top Gun" RCAF Guynemer Team in Europe. Back in Canada, he instructed on T-33s and flew two years with the Golden Centennaires, precursor to the Snowbirds. After retiring he worked with Irving Oil and retired as Chief Pilot. He presently resides in Vernon, B.C. where he is the editor of the Vernon Flying Club Newsletter when he is not building the perfect aircraft.

I try to find articles that have a 427 Squadron connection. The connection to this article was generously provided by John. He found out later that 427 pilots Dale Horley and Dick Dunn were walking back to the Squadron Ops after a flight. They looked over when the explosion happened, watched John eject and Dale commented, "Another typical 434 take off".

427 History...excerpts taken from Squadron records

May 2, 1943 - Twenty one aircraft of our Squadron took off from R.C.A.F. Station Croft and proceeded to R.C.A.F. Station Skipton to provide aircraft for the new Squadron, No. 432. S/L W.A. McKay of Vancouver one of the original members of the Squadron and "B" Flight Commander was posted to take over a flight in 432 Squadron to give them a nucleus of experienced aircrew. The Squadron is developing a feeling that 432 Squadron is a protégé of 427 Squadron due to the fact that they required all of our equipment together with some of our personnel. The Squadron had its official going away party from R.C.A.F Station Croft. Both the Sergeant's and Officer's messes were thrown open to all ranks and a party in true "Lion" style was held. (Editor's note: The Squadron was

simultaneously moving equipment to their new home R.C.A.F. Station Leeming and converting to a new bomber, the Halifax Mk V.

May, 1960 - Three incidents occurred to 427 in May which kept the alarm bells ringing. F/O Wilford landed his aircraft safely with the aid of S/L Knight after experiencing severe damage to the compressor section of his engine. S/L Payne suffered anoxia symptoms, but recovered sufficiently to land without further incident. F/L Riddols, an ex-427 pilot, completed the day with a loss of normal hydraulics, however, his utility hydraulics got him down safely. TOS: F/O T. Hessel, F/O L.G. Hill. Hours flown:595. On strength: 31 aircrew. (*see the back page for the commendation on Sask Wilford's incident.*)

May, 1968 – On the 16th of this month, Capt. E.V. Mold in aircraft 12845 and Capt. R.R. Reid in aircraft 12864 had just completed a formation landing when shortly after chute deployment the two aircraft collided. Extensive damage occurred to the complementary(sic) tip tanks of each aircraft and the resultant impact caused the aircraft to veer 30 degrees off runway heading. Control of both aircraft was maintained and no further incident occurred.

On the 21st of May, 3 Wing experienced its annual Tactical Evaluation and retained a One rating in all categories for the fourth consecutive year.

On May 30th, after twenty-five years to the month, the Lion Squadron met with M.G.M. Film Corporation in London, for an official hand-over ceremony of a film depicting M.G.M.'s adoption of 427 Squadron in 1943.

Web Site

We have a web site that is under construction and many of you have great stories that should be shared with your fellow 427 Association members. Please send them to me or Vern White so that we may publish them in the Newsletter and online.

Regarding the web site, it may have some design problems but there is no reason why we cannot continue to add to the content. In this vein, we need a Sabre era as well as a F104 era 427 historian to provide data for our web site. Any volunteers? The Helicopter era is presently very well represented by the web site – www.tachelmemoies.com.

While under construction, the site will continue to be password protected from the casual surfer. The instructions for entering the site were posted in the October 2007 Issue of ROAR. Password is **page_1**

Help

There is a request to identify the origin of this type of Squadron shoulder patch and sticker. It is believed to have originated in the late 1950s but no one can say for sure. If anyone has information regarding the designer or history of the patch please forward to myself at macway01@bigfoot.com.



This patch came via Peter Moyer's "Treasure Box"

F/O A.W. Wilford



Another Sabre Incident

F/O Wilford was flying lead in a formation of four Sabres. At 30,000 feet a rumble and vibration not unlike a severe compressor stall was experienced. Fumes entered the cockpit. The JPT began to increase and RPM to decrease accompanied by a grinding noise, so the pilot declared a PAN emergency to Zwiebrucken Approach Control. No. 4 took up position to accompany F/O Wilford home and Nos. 2 and 3 proceeded home together.

After a descent of 8000 feet was made it became obvious that the engine was seriously damaged. Mayday was declared. As the aircraft was descending a compressor stall recovery was attempted without success, so the engine was flamed out and relit on emergency fuel. The RPM and JPT were constant at 34% but when the throttle was advanced to 75% the JPT rose to 800°C. The engine was flamed out again. At 6000 feet and 11 miles from base the engine was relit and the JPT stabilized at 795°C with 60% RPM. The aircraft entered cloud at 5000 feet, broke out of cloud at about 2000 feet, and was landed without further incident. The compressor had been severely damaged by a foreign object of unknown origin.

F/O Wilford with the assistance of No. 4, S/L Knight, handled this emergency skilfully and successfully. The ground staff, especially Zwiebrucken GCA, also contributed to the success. GCA had the aircraft in position for a visual approach before minimum altitude would force F/O Wilford to eject. Throughout the emergency F/O Wilford was prepared to abandon his aircraft if at any time the situation became too critical or if GCA was unable to position him properly. Altogether a Good Show of planning, skill and co-operation.

This report was published in the R.C.A.F Flight Comment. Sask also received a commendation award from AVM Wray.

Smile

As a young minister, I was asked by a funeral director to hold a grave-side service for a homeless man, with no family or friends. The funeral was to be held at a cemetery way back in the country, and this man would be the first to be laid to rest there.

As I was not familiar with the backwoods area, I became lost. Being a typical man I did not stop for directions. I finally arrived an hour late. I saw the backhoe and the crew, who were eating lunch, but the hearse was nowhere in sight. I apologized to the workers for my tardiness, and stepped to the side of the open grave, where I saw the vault lid already in place. I assured the workers I would not hold them up for long, but this was the proper thing to do. The workers gathered around, still eating their lunch. I poured out my heart and soul.

As I preached the workers began to say 'Amen,' 'Praise the Lord,' and 'Glory!' I preached, and I preached, like I'd never preached before: from Genesis and Ecclesiastes all the way to Revelations. I closed the lengthy service with a prayer and walked to my car. As I was opening the door and taking off my coat, I overheard one of the workers saying to another,

"Lard Jeezuz b'y, I never seen nothin' like that before and I've been putting in septic tanks for twenty years."