Wing Mate

Royal Canadian Air Force Association of Canada

Newsletter 408-437 Wing

October 2025

AIR FORCE ASSOCIATION of CANADA MISSION STATEMENT

The Air Force Association of Canada is a national aerospace and community service organization whose aim is to commemorate the noble achievements of the men and women who have served as members of Canada's Air Force since its inception, advocate for a proficient and well equipped Air Force and, support the Royal Canadian Air Cadets.

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Sick and Visiting

Be sure to advise Barbara Newman, Fellowship Chair, if you are aware of a Wing member who is ill or in distressed circumstances.

Barbara can be reached at 416-223-7840.

General Meeting

948 Sheppard Ave. Legion Building

October

CANCELLED

President's Report

Dear members, please note that the

October 13th Wing General Meeting is cancelled because it falls on the Thanksgiving long weekend.

Monday, September 8th was our first General Meeting and year opener dinner (a.k.a. Bangers and Mash. The event was attended by 35 happy campers. The meal was good with tasty bangers, and open bar of course. If you did not attend, you missed out on a pleasantly good time.

Heads up For Remembrance Day: John and I went to the Brampton Air Museum at the Brampton Airport. We had a good time with the people very welcoming. and will do a repeat performance. If anyone else is interested let us know.

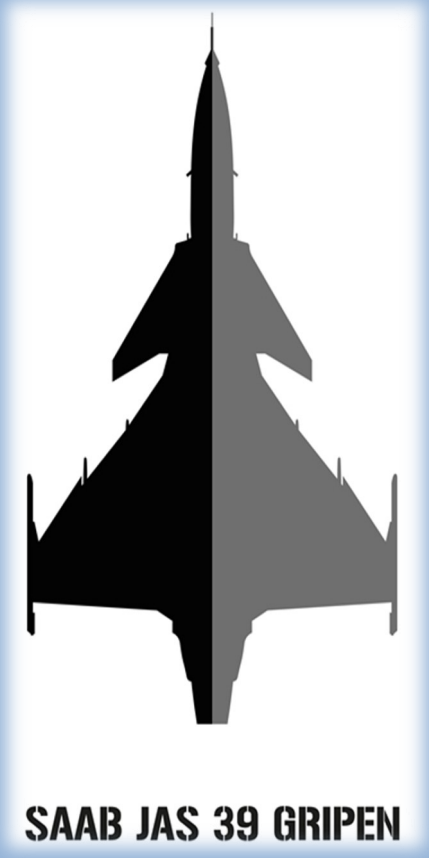
On September 20th I attended the Regional meeting at Mount Hope. While we were discussing the usual regarding individual Wing activities since the Spring meeting, one question arose from several individuals as to why we haven't received any concrete information from Ottawa concerning what is happening. My opinion was/is that given the long—running disaster that was inherited, re-organization takes time and proper planning. According to Michael Cuffe there will be proper accounting of where we are and more importantly the new vision at the next AGM . Things will change; one big or perhaps the central issue is funding, in my humble opinion. That decides everything. There is much riding on this because we are still committed to supporting the Air Cadet Flying Program.

A proposal was put forward that the Association should hold a national lottery asking each Wing to provide an item(s) valued at $750.

Off topic, recently I was browsing to replace our TV. I was in one of these box-stores, the sales rep looked to be about 18 was nattering on about all the wonderful and must have features of the new wafer-thin flap panels. About the only thing '*it*' couldn't do was make coffee (yet). It occurred to me that the only useful and important features it should have are a mute, pause and fast forward. How did we ever survive without the remote?

Nick Czernkovich

John Wreglesworth and Mort Lightstone "frolicking" in the beautiful garden at Sunnybrook's Veterans" Wing in September.



The Saab Gripen

As we all know, Canada selected the F-35 to replace its CF-18 Hornets back in March 2022 and signed a contract for 88 jets in early 2023. However, in March 2025, the Canadian government announced that it would reassess the F-35 purchase, due to concerns over dependence on the U.S., as well as trade tensions,. This led to renewed negotiations with Saab regarding the Gripen. Saab is again positioning the Gripen as a strong alternative that offers local industrial participation, technological transfer, and interoperability with NATO and NORAD systems. And, importantly, the Gripen is cheaper than the F-35.

From Saab:

"Gripen E meets and/or exceeds all of the Canadian requirements. It's an efficient, modern fighter, and it's the latest development on the market."

Anders Håkansson, Saab's deputy campaign director for the company's participation in Canada's Future Fighter Capability Project (FFCP).

Canada's protracted search for a new fighter aircraft to replace its aging McDonnell Douglas CF-188 Hornets has narrowed to a field of two competitors. U.S. manufacturing giant Lockheed Martin is offering the F-35A Lightning II, with Sweden's Saab offering its latest incarnation of Gripen — the single-seat E variant.

While Saab is often cited as an excellent model for cost-effectiveness — company marketing literature refers to Gripen E as "the smart fighter" — actual capability is sometimes overlooked. So, does Gripen E have the requisite muscle to give the U.S. heavyweights a run for their money in this important campaign?

The RCAF's CF-188 "saga" recapitalization project included Canada becoming a partner in the multinational F-35 program back in 1997. This enabled Canadian industry to gain a foothold in the global supply chain for the stealthy fighter. Canada ultimately planned to purchase 65 F-35As. But the then Prime Ministerial candidate Justin Trudeau pledged to overturn the F-35 deal — forcing a competition rather than a straight, non-competed acquisition of Lightning IIs.

On July 31, 2020, formal responses to a request for proposal were submitted to Ottawa by the three remaining interested parties in the FFCP. The Eurofighter Typhoon and Dassault Rafale had already withdrawn from the race, making this a three-way chase for the prized contract.

The $11 to $15 billion FFCP calls for 88 fighters to be procured through an open competition, with the aircraft required to enter service from 2025 and be sustained to around 2060. Canada would select a winner by late 2021 using a formula that assigns 20 per cent to industrial offsets, 20 per cent to cost, and the remaining 60 per cent to overall capability.

As the sole non-U.S. candidate, Sweden's Saab appears to be an outsider — maybe even a stalking

horse. However, Saab is heavily committed to Canada with a strong, but understated, offering that shouldn't be underestimated

Gripen E is a subtly beefed-up variant of the original Gripen in terms of airframe, but under the surface it is very different. With 10 external hardpoints, Gripen E can carry up to seven MBDA Meteor beyond visual range air-to-air missiles — a weapon that has been eyed enviously by the U.S. in comparison to its AIM-120 Advanced Medium-Range Air-to-Air Missile (AMRAAM).

Combined with the Leonardo ES-05 Raven radar, it gives Gripen E impressive detection and engagement ranges. On top of the nose sits a Leonardo Skyward G infrared search and track (IRST) sensor for passive tracking and targeting.

The cockpit features an 18 x 9 inch-wide area touch screen display, and the pilot operates in an immersed world of fused data that is constantly updated via a fighter-to-fighter data link — as well as connectivity to other agencies via Link 16. Sweden has been working in this connected world for decades.

Again From Saab:

"The idea was not to build a geometrically stealth aircraft that would be obsolete long before the life expectancy of the fighter, due to continuously and exponentially growing new technologies that target geometrically stealth aircraft," explained Håkansson. "We added an EW system that solves the issue electronically, and that will continue to develop exponentially because no one knows what threats are evolving."

The embedded system combines active and passive systems to help protect the aircraft, which is cleverly combined with a 360-degree spherical missile approach warning system. "We have an airframe that is stressed for 8,000 hours . . . and Gripen E has the most advanced sensor fusion," he said. "You can put the aircraft into an automatic mode and it suggests almost everything to the pilot so they can concentrate on the big picture, as well as the details."

It remains to be seen if Canada will purchase any Gripens to complement its F-35s still to be received from the U.S.

Saab is a Swedish aerospace and defence company primarily operating from Sweden. The company is headquartered in Stockholm, but its development and manufacturing operations are undertaken in Linköping. The company was founded by AB Bofors in 1937, by reforming the aero engine division of company NOHAB, located in Trollhättan, into a proper aircraft manufacturer. From 1947, Saab started producing automobiles, the automobile division being spun off as Saab Automobile in 1990, a joint venture with General Motors.

Canadian Pilots

Capt. William Ernest Shields DFC & Bar

1892-1921

William Shields, born in Toronto, did his duty as a Canadian and joined the CEF in 1915 at the age of 23. He joined the Royal Flying Corps and was later assigned to No. 41 Squadron where he joined two other Canadian aces, William Claxton and Frederick McCall.

William first flew an SE.5a and soon became an ace several times over. By the time he scored his final victories in November 1918, a week before war's end, they totaled 24. He was an ace on observation balloons alone, being credited with destroying five of them. He also destroyed 11 enemy fighter planes, and drove down eight out of control. His valour was rewarded with two awards of the Distinguished Flying Cross and the rank of captain.

"*Lieut. William Ernest Shields. A gallant officer who inspires others by his courage and dash. In six weeks he destroyed six enemy aircraft and drove down three others out of control. On one occasion he, single-handed, engaged three scouts, driving down two of them.*"

"Lt. (A./Capt.) William Ernest Shields, D.F.C. (FRANCE) Bold in attack and skilful in manoeuvre, this officer is conspicuous for his success and daring in aerial combats. On 22 September, when on offensive patrol, he was attacked by fourteen Fokkers; he succeeded in shooting down one. On another occasion he was attacked by six scouts and destroyed one of these. In all, since 28 June, this officer has accounted for fourteen enemy aircraft."

Shields returned to Canada and married a Miss Nicholson on in June 1921 while living in Portage la Prairie. As he was employed by the Dominion's air patrol, he moved to High River, Alberta as the acting sub-station superintendent of this station. His flying duties there included the aerial spotting of forest fires over the eastern Rocky Mountains.

On 1 August 1921, he and wireless operator G. H. Harding were going to fly west of Red Deer. At an altitude of about 50 feet, the plane side-slipped into a nose-diving crash. Though Harding suffered only minor injuries, Shields died from a fracture to the back of his skull, dying a few minutes after being pulled from the wreckage.

The Royal Aircraft Factory S.E.5a was a highly regarded British single-seat scout, noted for its speed, stability, and robust design.

Lifting the Dead
The Bud Larson Story

It wasn't much really. Hardly noticeable at first as he thundered down Runway 22 Left. A slight change in the vibration of the controls. If it was your first time climbing a fully-loaded Lancaster, you might have noticed it too late. But this pilot, Flight Lieutenant Lyle Erling "Bud" Larson, knew right away—felt it come up from the main spar, up through the control column, sensed the vibration through the Bakelite of the yoke. Larson's trained eyes scanned the instruments, squinting through the late afternoon sunlight pouring in as he climbed out to the west. A second sense, born of more than 50 combat missions, told him something wasn't right.

It was 9 April 1945. The time of day was 1613 hours GMT. Though the Second World War was showing signs of winding to a close with the Allied juggernaut gaining an unstoppable momentum, backed by the massive war production machine in North America, the tempo of combat flying in the Royal Canadian Air Force's elite Pathfinder unit—405 Squadron—was, if anything, only increasing. The 405 Pathfinder aircrews were now flying up to four operations a week, and as the Nazis reeled backwards, all the flying took 405 deep into the German heartland. Bud, a seasoned veteran at just 23 years old, had been training for or fighting at war for nearly five long years. The shy farm kid from Cabri, Saskatchewan had become a gifted pilot, seasoned combat flier and a veteran leader. His skills had made him one of Bomber Command's elite—the Pathfinders.

The Pathfinders were target marking squadrons of the Royal Air Force's Bomber Command during the Second World War. They were responsible for lead navigation, locating and marking specific targets with flares or incendiaries, which the following main bomber force could then aim at, increasing the accuracy of the overall bombing. As such, the Pathfinder crews, particularly the pilots, navigators and bomb aimers, were the best of the best.

Avro Lancaster "D" for "Dog" was dead last in a stream takeoff from RAF Gransden Lodge. Ahead of LQ-D, in the low sunlight, were the silhouettes of a dozen other 405 Squadron Lancs, straining under heavy loads to gain a safe altitude. Bud's Lancaster had reached takeoff speed, all of its engines straining at maximum power, all except for one. There was no aborting this takeoff now. Pulling back on the yoke, Bud willed the big bomber off the runway.

The Lancaster was a formidable heavy lifter. While the Yanks in their B-17 Flying Fortresses could carry 4,500 lbs of high explosive bombs all the way to Berlin, the Lancaster could carry three times that weight—14,000 pounds! Specially equipped Lancs could carry a 22,000 lb Grand Slam bomb for special operations against submarine pens.

Now, with Runway 22 Left behind him, and carrying a full bomb load of 14,000 lbs of high explosive and incendiaries for targets in the city of Kiel and massive gas tanks full of high octane aviation gas, all of Bud's training, all his experience, all his hard-won knowledge, would be focused on a split second decision. The decision was irrevocable and it had to be right. Kiel would have to wait.

As the heavy aircraft struggled through 150 feet altitude, Bud took a glance to his right and could see the oil pressure on his Number 4 engine dropping, the needle rolling back, flickering dangerously. "Damn..." thought Larson to himself, careful to keep his fears to himself. With the ground looking uncomfortably close, and the aircraft straining hard under the failing engine, Larson snapped a quick peek, across the chest of his engineer Al Potter, through the Perspex of the cockpit and over the number three engine. What he saw drained the blood from his face. Blue-yellow flames were streaming from Number 4's exhaust manifold. Somewhere inside the wailing guts of that engine, in the labyrinth of lines, clamps and pipes, a gasket had blown or oil line had ruptured. Under pressure, oil was ignited and was blow torching from the exhaust stacks.

There's never a good time for an engine failure when flying an aircraft, any aircraft. But there are times that are worse than others. The worst possible time for engine failure to occur on any aircraft is during takeoff, in particular that period just after liftoff and prior to attaining the magic figure still usually called "safety speed". This is the speed at which it is still possible to keep the aircraft under control and flying, and preferably still climbing. If you have not attained this safety speed, then your only option is to execute a textbook straight-ahead forced landing. With low light, small farm fields surrounded by hedgerows of high trees, scattered small villages, raised dykes and any number of unseen obstructions dead ahead—and, for tactical reasons, unable to use landing lights—Larson knew that a forced landing with a full load of fuel and a belly full of high explosive ordnance was a death sentence for all seven airmen onboard.

A fully loaded Avro Lancaster requires a recommended minimum "takeoff speed" of 95 mph indicated (IAS). Really, a pilot needs to get her to 105 mph with the tail up, wings level with the ground and moving enough air over the wings to get airborne. And herein lies the rub. It just distills down to a case of mathematics. 105 and you are flying, but not until 130 are you safe to continue to fly. Between 105 and 130 stands 25 mph of uncertainty, even with four engines. Without 130 over the broad wings of the Lanc, Larson could not begin to contemplate a turn. Turning before would doom his men, himself. Every second that passed, every mile-per-hour won, was a thing of great significance, a thing of beauty.

Seconds, milliseconds, instants. Larson had little time to make a decision. The difference between a bad decision and a good decision was Larson's training. He was faced with two choices: he could shut down the No. 4 Engine, extinguish the fire and feather the prop immediately, or let it torch longer and squeeze what little failing thrust was still in those dying cylinders to get him to that magic 130 mph number. Let it go longer and the blow torch fire could burn through the wing and the fuel tanks it housed. Shut it down and he would lose what little thrust it still generated. Larson watched the fire carefully, knowing he needed everything left from No. 4, needed every fraction of accumulating airspeed. He would nail 130 on his airspeed Indicator first, and then go through the shut down sequence. His training gave him the confidence to make the right choice.

Holding her steady, advising the crew of the situation and his decision, and concentrating on flying his performance-degraded heavy bomber required every ounce of Bud Larson's concentration. "Come on, come on, come on", he thought to himself as he willed the airspeed indicator to climb.

Bud Larson did not get to the command seat of a Pathfinder Lancaster through seniority, luck or nepotism. He was here, in this terrifying moment and making the right choices, because he was a total professional. A gifted pilot and leader yes, but a professional who took his training to heart and applied it every day. Derring-do and bold lone-wolf independent acts might happen now and then, even inspire, but only training, teamwork and professionalism would win this war. It was this accumulation of training—absorbed, repeated, applied, repeated and applied again since his 1940 enlistment—that made Bud the pilot that he was. A product of the massive, complex and selective British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, a national training program that suffered no fools nor graduated the incompetent, Bud Larson was very much on top of his game. This day he would need to be.

Young Lyle "Bud" Larson joined the RCAF from his Cabri, Saskatchewan home in 1940 and was selected for aircrew training. He completed his Elementary Flying Training syllabus at No. 6 EFTS, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan flying the Tiger Moth, and was selected for further multi-engine Service Flying Training. Like all the young students completing their EFTS flights, Bud likely hoped to be sent to a single-engine Service Flying Training School (SFTS) where wings earned on the North American Harvard would likely

get them to a fighter unit overseas. To a man, young student pilots wanted to be fighter pilots, but when they were chosen instead for multi-engine, they got over their disappointment and got down to learning their new trade. Being a bomber pilot was to face far greater odds for injury, imprisonment or death. He would now need to take his training even more seriously than before. His life would depend heavily on the lessons he would absorb over the next few months.

All of Larson's hard-earned training was coming home to roost during these few critical seconds in the failing light over Cambridgeshire. Time was slowing down. As in all these life-and-death situations, it seemed like an eternity to Bud (and no doubt his crew) though it couldn't have been more than a minute. Calmly Bud held her steady, while Potter kept an eye on the fire situation in No. 4. Imperceptibly, but steadily, the airspeed began to creep towards 130 mph. "The magic number!" he thought to himself when the needle on the indicator flickered over 130. Not wanting to make any brash moves, he began a creeping, tentative banked turn to the left. In the back of his mind he could hear his Crane instructor's memorable words—*"Lift the Dead, Larson, Lift the Dead."* With this mnemonic, he learned to always bank away from the dead engine, to fight the effects of asymmetric thrust. Tonight, his life and his crew's were saved by *Lifting the Dead*.

As LQ-D turned to the left and slowly gained more altitude, Bud felt it was OK to pull the fire extinguishers on No. 4 and feather the propeller blades. He could feel some of the anxiety releasing from his shoulders. With the other three Merlin engines pulling with maximum power, the Lancaster seemed to groan and vibrate at every joint. Almost home free. Almost. He had one thing he had to do first—get rid of his bomb load. He continued his left turn and steadied on a course for the Thames Estuary some 60 –70 miles to the southeast. He would be airborne for about 20 minutes, still in the bomber stream. Bud held the airplane down low, between 1,000 and 1,500 feet above the ground, to allow for the other bombers, streaming out of England, to climb above his crippled ship. He listened for his navigator to read him a heading, up the Thames to the east to get to the jettison area. Here over a predetermined spot, it was safe to drop his 14,000 pounds of bombs.

A quick glance back to the right confirmed that Number 4 was still feathered and the fire was out. Bud held her steady on course and, passing over the estuary, he reached the drop zone where he could finally "pickle" his bomb load and bend a course for home. There was one last worry. Would all the bombs fall away? This was critical, for not being able to successfully jettison all of the ordnance meant, at minimum a bailout. Landing a bomber with hung bombs could spell disaster. A heavy (or even light) jolt on landing could finally and tragically separate the balky bombs from their shackles. Nobody on this Lancaster wanted to contemplate landing with ordnance onboard.

Below and forward of Larson, the bomb aimer opened the massive bomb doors of the Lancaster, the hydraulics whining imperceptibly beneath the thunder of the engines. Bud felt the controls vibrate as the doors opened into his slipstream. This time it was good news... the bombs fell away in the order they were meant to go over the target. Flares and incendiaries first, followed by the 500 lb iron bombs. The lightened Lancaster surged upward and the controls felt lighter, more responsive. Confident with the three remaining engines, it was time to bank her firmly left, calling the navigator for a vector for Gransden Lodge

and home. And a drink.

Ops Kiel was planned for 7:15 flight time. The logbook for the stressful trip records 1:15 of flying time. All the men made it home that night, due to the training and professionalism of its crew, and in particular, its pilot.

The War's Over For You

F/S Bob Charman, RCAF

"I had never seen such a night before or since. All over the sky, RAF planes were going down in smoke. The great German fighter armada, poised for the expected raid on Berlin, had all been brought into service and arrived in time to catch the last wave into Peenemunde.

Bob Charman, 1945

I recall asking the captain, Frank Brady, to get down on the deck and break the order to climb on track, as we wouldn't have a chance against the waves of fighters. He refused, said if everyone did that it would screw up the whole mission. What an unselfish, dedicated person; they didn't come any better.

I had barely given Frank a course for home when Jimmy Fletcher, the tail gunner, broke in with evasive action. A Junkers 88 was bearing down on our tail. We went down in a dive, trying to avoid the fighter. Then the aircraft quivered, like in killing poultry where you strike the brain with a knife and the feathers release- that is the way the aircraft felt. A horrible smell of gunpowder enveloped the aircraft and the wireless operator beside me lay dying, with his entrails exposed.

Then Frank issued the order, 'Abandon aircraft…' a cut, and that was all. I rushed back and he was wriggling the controls without effect. They had been severed and we were spinning down. The centrifugal force was enormous and I crawled along the floor to get my parachute. I lifted the floor hatch and the night air rushed in. My maps and navigational aids were all sucked out immediately. I put my hand on the ripcord of the chute. I remember thinking to myself that I had better know where the cord was or it was going to be hard finding it travelling through th*Ed.* *Note:*

Wow! Alone in enemy territory, 6, 300 miles from home. Where do I go from here? I thought of the lectures on what to do in enemy territory, Number one, bury parachute, check rations and water purifier, maps, etc. I checked the maps, hoping for a detailed one, but no such luck. Whoever had packed the maps thought the operation was Italy or North Africa for that was all the maps there were. I became angry and searched the heavens for the North Star. It was quite easy to locate so with a bearing on it, I began skirting the Baltic coastline westward. Even in those days, Sweden had a reputation for beautiful blondes. That would be a lot more fun than dropping bombs on the fatherland!'

Charman never got to meet any blonde Swedish beauties… he was captured a few hours later. The above excerpt was written by R.W. Charman, and taken from The Peenemunde Raid by Martin Middlebrooke (out of print). Many crews from the Canadian squadrons of 6 Group were caught in the battle. During the raid 237 airmen were killed. There were 45 men made POWs. Pilot Officer R.W. Charman was the navigator in this 427 Squadron Halifax. Only one man followed Pilot Officer Charman through the door escape hatch. His name was Sergeant Johnson. They were the only survivors.

POW Stalag 4B

I was shot down at Peenemunde, Germany on August 18, 1943. This was a special raid. The German's were making the V weapons. We were told to get this target at all cost.

I was flying with the 6th Group, 427 Squadron. The name of our aircraft was F- Freddie. There were seven in our crew. I was the navigator. Only two of us survived on the crew- the bomb aimer and me.

I was taken prisoner and imprisoned at the local jail at Greiswald. After two or three days we were put in a boxcar on the railway and taken to Dulag Luft in Frankfurt. There we were interrogated and had all my possessions taken away from me. I lost both my watch and my flying boots.

We were all put in solitary for a couple of days. Then we were given the royal treatment to soften us up for questioning. - good food, cigarettes, recreation, etc. – the better to get information out of us. Following this nice treatment we were interrogated by a German Officer who had lived in England for 30 years, and who surprised us with his knowledge of our Air Force intelligence system! From Dulag Luft we were put back into a boxcar and taken by train to Muhlberg-on-Elbe in Saxony. The camp was called Stalag 4B.

Upon arrival, we were allowed to keep our air force battle dress, and they gave us clogs to replace our air force boots, which they had confiscated. I did not have a prison dog tag as such.

Our daily routine was exactly the same very day. Every morning at 6:00 AM the bugle would sound and we would have to quickly move out to the parade ground. We would line up in threes, and they would do a head count. If the count did not match the records, we would be forced to stand out in the cold for 3 or 4 hours.

In camp we lived in long rectangular buildings. Our sleeping accommodation was on 3- tier bunks made up of slats with straw ticks. There were no sheets but we had one blanket and one pillow each.

Our food rations was one cup of turnip soup and one-tenth of a loaf of black bread per day. There was drinking water available to us. Red Cross parcels were supposed to arrive every week out of Geneva, but due to transportation problems, the supply of parcels was very irregular. When they did arrive, sometimes the Germans would punch the tins, so that we had to use them immediately.

After we were established in the camp, the Red Cross sent us sports supplies – baseball bats and balls. We had a competition among the Canadians. It was Western Canada against Eastern Canada. The WEST WON! Other things we did to keep ourselves busy and fit were to walk the compound and to play bridge.

The goofiest thing all of us young 20 – something's did in camp was to watch the pretty Polish girls in the next compound. During 1944 there was an uprising in Warsaw and some of these women and small children attacked the German forces. They were all rounded up and placed in a compound next to ours.

My best buddy in camp was my bomb - aimer who had survived along with me, to become a POW, and we were friends with all the other Canadians there as well. In camp with us we got to know and make friends also with the British, Americans, Serbs, French, Dutch, Russian, Romanians and Poles.

We were liberated on April 23, 1945 by Kossack Russian Horsemen. They immediately hung most of the German guards from the trees. The Russians intended to take us to Odessa and then charge the allies so much per head for our liberation. So about ten of us decided to escape and make our own way to Halle, Germany, which was a US camp. We were very well received there. We all had dysentery and our stomachs were unable to tolerate much good food right away, but gradually we started eating again. Wonderful wonderful food! After about 4 days in Halle, we were flown back to Brussels, Belgium, where we stayed overnight. Then we were flown to Guilford, England where we were deloused before being shipped to Bournemouth. We stayed in Bournemouth where we were fed five small meals a day as part of our rehabilitation process. I weighed in at 150 lbs, not much for a tall guy like me.

After one month we were shipped to Southampton and took the Isle de France back to Canada. We were home.

Bangers & Mash Night

408-437

Wing

Former B & G School No.31, Picton, ON

1) Crashed Fairey Battle trainer, Prince Edward Cty.
2) Old cedar shingle. These covered 50+ barracks and other buildings and were painted green.
3) 1940 era workshop 4) Interior of one of the hangars
5) A row of old barracks 6) A test model, Avro Arrow, on launch pad, Pt. Petre, P.E. County, 1950s.

Avro Arrow Test Model, 1953-19. Pt. Petre