

ANTI-GAS

LDAO

MATHS

THEORY OF FLIGHT

AIRCRAFT REC.
NAVIGATION

HARVARD STEP

ENGINES

ARMAMENT

METEOROLOGY

FLAK



VOLUME 1

Edmonton, Alberta, DECEMBER 22 1943

NUMBER 1



EDITORIAL

This little Christmas issue of "Flak" has been produced in the nature of an experiment. No effort has been made in this issue to gather news and gossip from all sections of the station. To the contrary, the general theme has been to inject a spirit of fun, of sociability, and to extend as warm a clasp of friendship as possible through the printed word. It is also a medium through which our Commanding Officer expresses to you the goodwill and fellowship always prevalent among comrades in arms.

We dwell in a world where we are pilgrims and strangers; where there are many exiles and refugees. Home ties are broken, family life is largely destroyed, and for this reason we must turn to one another for the companionship we left so abruptly. The Christmas season brings to us again the atmosphere of home, and the tiredness and weariness slip from our shoulders like the old coat we used to hang behind the kitchen door. We become more human, more likeable, more understanding. Friends have grown more close and dear; ties of home and kindred have become a thousand times more precious.

The Spirit of Christmas has filled us with a desire to serve, to give, to make others happy. We are glad and proud to sacrifice our own pleasures that others may have greater hope. We grow fearful and afraid lest we falter in our battle for freedom. You and all the rest of freedom-loving mankind have been changed into messengers of hope, that we may never again be under the yoke of conflict, of suffering and misery.

THE PADRE'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

H/F/L W. G. Greenfield

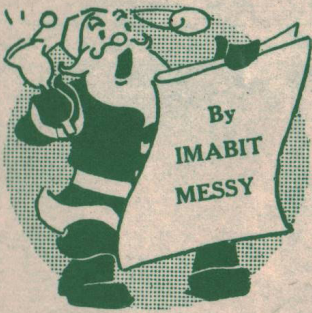
For those of us in the Service, Christmas comes as a breathing space in the ordered routine of our lives. Whether we are fortunate enough to be going home, or whether we will not see our loved ones this year, we can all join in the celebration of this holy season. These festivities naturally will differ from one household to another, since most of us have our own customs which are peculiarly our own. And yet there is one way of keeping Christmas which is common to all Christian people throughout the world, and that is, of course, worshipping our Lord as we think of Him lying in the manger crib of Bethlehem.

Parties are fun; renewing old acquaintances is heart-warming; the exchange of gifts is intertwined with the joy of this season; all these things and many more are of the essence of Christmas. But you know, and I know, that there will be something sadly lacking in our celebrations, if we neglect to make an act of adoration to our Lord and Saviour, on the anniversary of His coming into the world as a little child. That was the greatest of all gifts ever received by mankind, "A Saviour who is Christ the Lord." If you honour Him on His birthday, yours will be a happier and holier holiday. Go to Church on Christmas Day.

May the Prince of Peace enter your hearts at this great festival and find a place therein. My prayer for each and every one of you, is that you may have a happy and a blessed Christmas.

From east to west, from shore to shore,
Let every heart awake and sing
The holy Child whom Mary bore,
The Christ, the everlasting King.

Ancient Office Hymn.

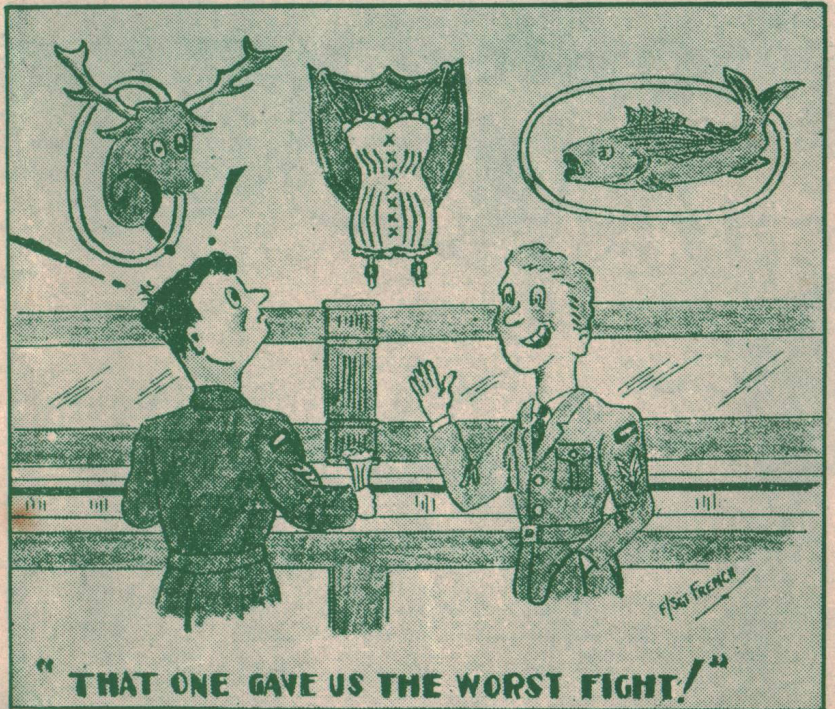


MESSING IN THE MESS HALL

Numerous complaints since this station went on "rations" has prompted this timely article for the edification of the messing committee. The fact that the committee as a committee has succeeded in messing is not being overlooked, as messing is one of the messiest jobs in the mess, and a committee can hardly be blamed for messing up the messing in the mess.

In a previous article, we dealt with chopped meats. This time we will deal with meat chops. Usually a chop is three times as thick as a chip and, while tastes differ as to chops, chops differ very little as to taste, hence pork chops will make as good lamb chops as do veal chops.

It is sometimes difficult to decide whether to cook the chop or chop the cook. If the former we usually try frying, braising or grilling. Stewed chops and chop soup are good for babies and sick folks. Of course, if you are prejudiced against chops, you may fillet them and wrap them in cellophane, which links them to the sausage, to cook which see my article in the next issue.



Christmas Menu

Tomato Juice	Salted Crackers
Roast Turkey	Savory Dressing
Giblet Gravy	
Cranberry Sauce	
Celery Curls	
Fresh Rolls and Butter	
Fluffy Potatoes	Buttered New Peas
Diced Carrots	
Hot Mince Pie	Ice Cream
Coffee	Milk

K. of C. Comments

May I take this opportunity of wishing all the officers and the airmen of No. 4 Initial Training School a VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS as well as a HAPPY AND SUCCESSFUL NEW YEAR.

Arrangements have been made with the I. T. S. Ladies' Auxiliary to accommodate anyone who is staying on the station for his Xmas leave. Should you desire a dinner invitation or a private home in which to spend one to six days of your leave, will you please get in touch with me at the office as soon as possible.

With your co-operation I will spare no effort to make 1944 a most enjoyable year in the field of sport and entertainment.

REMEMBER: No need to be lonesome at Christmas. See me and arrange to have a good time.

R. G. LEBLANC, Supervisor, K. of C.

Jingle Contest

ARE YOU BROKE? Here is how you can win three dollars to fill that empty pocket after New Year's:

The Auxiliary Services Officer, Mr. Rene Le Blanc, will pay Three Dollars (\$3.00) cash money of the Dominion of Canada for the most original jingle you can dream up during the Christmas and New Year's Celebrations. Originality and humor is all that is needed—keep your pencil sharpened and jot them down. Send them or give them to Mr. Le Blanc before January 7th and you may be the WINNAH! Here are a couple of samples, with the compliments of the editor, to start you on your way:

A farmer once called his cow Zephyr.
She seemed such an amiable hephyr.
When the farmer drew near
She kicked off his ear
And now the poor fellow is dephyr.

An eloping young couple from Syndeham
Found that father had forbydentham,
But the young lady knew
That he dare not pursue,
For she had taken his trousers and hydentham.

AMENDMENTS—C. A. P. 12 (Unofficial Edition) Active Service Geometry

1. A Corporal is one who has position, but no magnitude.
2. A German Communique lies equally on any point.
3. An Obtuse Officer is one more stupid than a superior officer, but less so than two staff officers.
4. An Airman equal to a Sailor is equal to anything.
5. A Navigator and a Pilot who are in the same line meet on the same plane.
6. If things are double the price of the same thing obtainable elsewhere, it's a War Office Contract.

A redhead stood at the Pearly Gate,
His face was flushed and old;
He meekly asked the man of fate,
For admission to the fold.
"What have you done?" Saint Peter asked.
"To seek admission here?"
"I was an Air Force Sergeant, sir,
For many and many a year."
The gates swung sharply open,
As Peter touched the bell;
"Come in," he said, "and take a harp,
You've tangled enough with hell."

A Christmas Greeting from the C. O. . . .

A mansion on the hill, a cottage on the back street, a farm house on the lonely prairie—be it home, our hearts go out to the loved ones who, within its portals, eagerly await our coming this Christmas season.

Many of you, who are fitting yourselves for a real man-sized job, will drop the role for a few days and gladly revert to the little boy of whom your Mother still dreams and for whom she prays. A few of you will hasten to the side of your own life partner and the wee 'uns in whose eyes you are of Air Marshall stature. Still others, too far removed from home, will find a welcome place at the Christmas table of a friendly Canadian family.

Wherever you may be I wish you full joy of the Christmas season. May you return to your duties with renewed resolve to assist in establishing for all time that way of life best typified by the true Christmas spirit.

EWART G. MACPHERSON,
Wing Commander.



Wing Commander E. G. Macpherson
Commanding Officer

SANTA CLAUS VISITS No. 4 I. T. S.

One hundred and fifty happy-go-lucky youngsters, children of the headquarters staff of No. 4 Initial Training School, were on hand Saturday, December 18th, to give an enthusiastic reception to Saint Nick (Nee Armour), as he parachuted from his Tiger Moth to the Normal School Building after a record-breaking hop from the North Pole.

Impatiently awaiting the arrival of Santa Claus, the youngsters were entertained to a private showing of a Mickey Mouse Cartoon, to Xmas selections by the band of No. 4 I. T. S., and to a lusty if somewhat discordant sing-song.

It was a bang-up show for the kids, and congratulations are in order for the entertainment committee and particularly to Flight Lieutenant Young, Chairman; Flying Officer Southworth, as Master of Ceremonies, and A-S-O Dunn who was in charge of decorations.

Santa Claus did himself real proud, though your reporter was rather shocked to note that he has lost considerable weight since the war began, and it is suspected that he too is on rations.

STUBBED HIS TOE

Have you ever seen a youngster who had gone and stubbed his toe,
And was sitting by the roadside a-crying soft and low?
A-holding of his dusty foot, so hard and brown, and bare,
Trying to keep from his eyes the tears that're gathering there?
You treat him sorta kind like, and the first thing that you know
He's up and off and smiling; clean forgot he stubbed his toe.
So it is along the road of aircrew life:
you'll find a fellow airman travelling slow;
Like as not it's some poor cuss who has gone and stubbed his toe.
He was making swimming headway when he bumped into a stone.
And his fellows kept hurrying onward and left him there alone.
He's not sniffing, nor is he sobbing:
he's too old for tears and cries;
But he's grieving just as earnest, even though it comes in sighs.
It does a lot of good sometimes, to go a little slow
And speak a word of kindness to the airman who stubbed his toe.



ORACLE OF NO. 4 INITIAL TRAINING SCHOOL R.C.A.F.

INTER-SQUADRON SPORTS

Inter-Squadron sports, similar to the off-station teams, have been held up for various reasons. Nevertheless, leagues are in process of organization in hockey, basketball and volleyball, with several games having already been played in each sport.

The following is an eye-witness account of a volleyball game in the inter-squadron league:

"Blood, sweat, and tears rained in copious quantities over the centre volleyball court in the Drill Hall last Thursday night. To the cheers of five or six hundred (?) wildly enthusiastic spectators (and the constant jabber of that darn referee), No. 3 Squadron dealt a smashing "coup de grace," which, translated, means blow in the face or someplace, we think, to those agile gentlemen from No. 1 Squadron, their worthy but ineffective opponents.

To all outward appearances and in the mind of the writer who, as it happens, is from No. 3 Squadron, the first two of

the best games were won by No. 3 Squadron by scores of 15-11 and 15-10 respectively. It is admitted that there was a bit of bickering and checking and rechecking of scores, but after a few compliments and a few insubordinate assertions had been exchanged between the teams and the referee (who was also a No. 3 man, it so happened), the series was awarded to No. 3 Squadron, an ordeal which lasted about three-quarters of an hour.

In all fairness it must be said that on the whole or rather, on the court, the games were very evenly contested, with most of the luck (and decisions) falling on No. 3's side of the net. No. 3 now has won 100% of its games and hopes to continue the long streak of wins (two games so far) in its next scheduled appearance.

So until next time this is AC 2 Snafu, shovel in hand, looking for another scoop.

I. T. S. SPORTS

It is the aim of the Sports Department at I.T.S. to have every man, be he aircrew or general duties, participating in some branch of sport. It is well understood that a man has a leaning towards certain types of games with very little desire or skill in others. So, to further the above aim and to satisfy as much as possible every man's inclinations, equipment covering practically every branch of sport has been purchased by non-public funds.

A very careful check is kept on the purchase and care of equipment. The Sports Committee, composed of officers, N.C.O.'s and airmen, representing each branch of sport and each section of No. 4 I. T. S., decide on the purchase of new equipment. The list of new equipment desired is then submitted to the Station Finance Committee, which is presided over by the Commanding Officer, for final approval before purchase. The utmost care is given to this equipment yet there is unnecessary wastage because of the manner in which station personnel use it. This equipment is yours, replacements are becoming more difficult, and in some cases, impossible to obtain, so it is in your best interests to help us protect it.

Although the season has been delayed, the winter sports programme is now swinging into high gear with hockey and basketball headlining the list of activities.

The station basketball team under the supervision of "Doc" Howden, who starred on University of Saskatchewan Quintettes, and hard-working Sgt. Brown of No. 1 Squadron, has yet to lose a game in the Edmonton Inter-Service League, with a record of six wins. Although some of the players on the team at the start of the season have already been posted, the calibre and spirit of their replacements has remained at the same high level.

At the time of writing, the Edmonton Inter-Service Hockey League and Junior City League have not commenced their schedules because of the mild weather. However, the entries from No. 4 I. T. S. in the respective leagues have held several workouts to date, with F-L Armit supervising the Inter-Service League practices, ably assisted by our P. T. and Drill expert, Sgt. Russ Grant. F-L Bill Dolan, known throughout the Ottawa Valley as "Silver Blades," because of his hockey prowess, is guiding the destinies of our Junior City League entry. That indefatigable worker from No. 3 Squadron, Sgt. "Blondie" Hamilton, is back out with F-L Dolan after a severe bout with the flu, and, to hear these two brain-twisters talk, No. 4 I. T. S. has a team which will go places in the Junior League.

Boxing will be coming into the lime-light during the month of January. At a meeting of the Inter-Service Sports Council, it was decided to hold a boxing show on January 12th, the card to be made up of bouts between experienced men and bouts pitting novices, men who have never competed in an organized boxing show, against each other. F-Sgt. "Red" McCallion, who has had quite a bit of experience in amateur and professional fighting, has been appointed coach of the No. 4 I. T. S. Boxing Club, and he has requested that any men who have had experience in, or who wish to learn something about the manly art of self-defence, get in touch with him at the P. A. E. D. School.

Badminton, a very popular sport around these parts, during the winter season, is beginning to show signs of life. A strong and enthusiastic club has been organized among Headquarters personnel and it is planned to hold bi-monthly tournaments amongst the trainees, starting immediately after the Xmas spirits have left our systems. That genial K. of C. Supervisor, Rene Leblanc, has hinted that attractive prizes will be provided by his organization for these tournaments. Racquets and birds, at less than cost price, may be obtained at the Sports Stores in the Drill Hall. The three courts in the Drill Hall are open for play on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and week-ends.

Another popular sport at No. 4 I. T. S., skiing, has also been held up by weather conditions. But plans have been laid for the formation of a ski club with F-O McPherson, the man who tells when the ghost will walk out, at the helm. There are over thirty complete sets of ski outfits in Sports Stores available for use, with several well known sporting trails around Edmonton, so that all that is postponing those grand moonlight hikes with your favorite blonde is a sizeable fall of snow.



SAY THAT AGAIN DEPARTMENT

SAY THAT AGAIN

Flight Commander, interviewing aircrew aspirant:

"And now tell me something about your marital status."

AC 2: "What do you mean by that, sir?"

F C: "Well, I want to know about your family. Are you married? How many brothers and sisters have you? Are your mother and father both living? Just give me a general outline."

AC 2: "I'll tell you how it is. I met a young widow with a grown-up daughter and I married that widow. Then my father met my step-daughter and married her. That made my wife the mother-in-law of her father-in-law and made my step-daughter my step-mother, and my father became my step-son. See? Then my step-mother, the step-daughter of my wife, had a son. That boy was, of course, my brother, because he was my father's son, but he was also the son of my wife's step-daughter and, therefore, her grandson. That made me grandfather to my step-brother. Then my wife had a son. My mother-in-law, the sister of my son, was also his grandmother, because he is my step-mother's child because his step-sister is his wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is also the child of my step-mother. I am my own mother's brother-in-law, my wife is her own child's aunt, my son is my father's nephew and I am my own grandfather and—my gosh, he's fainted!"

Sgt. Peters: "You're a liar."
Sgt. Zipperstein: "What did you say?"
Peters: "Didn't you hear me?"
Zipperstein: "If I had, I'd a socked you in the jaw."

She, at the Sergeants' Dance: "Let's sit down, that dance made me dizzy."

Sgt. Cundal: "All right, I know a swell dark spot."

She: "Thanks just the same, I'm not that dizzy."

This is a fast age, some of us are in pursuit of happiness, some fleeing from trouble and the rest are Sergeants.

Never call a Sergeant a liar—if he is one it may hurt his feelings, and if he isn't he may hurt yours.

Sergeant Heathcote: "I've never kissed a girl in all my life."

She: "Well, quit buzzing around me, I'm not running an Initial Training School."

Sgt. Wood: "I suppose they ask a lot for the rent of your new apartment."

Sgt. Laing: "Yes, they asked me seven times last week."

Truly, lots of airmen would leave their footprints,

Time's eternal sands to grace;
Had they but gotten Mother's slipper,
At the proper time and place.

A-S-O Dunn: "Doctor, I'm not feeling well, I'm shaking all over."

S-L Helliwell: "Fine, come up and shimmy some time."

Judge (putting on black cap): "You'll die when you hear this one."

AC 2: "Justice! I demand justice!"

C. O.: "Silence! Don't forget this is an orderly room case."

Overheard in the Sergeants' Mess:
"That chicken we had at dinner was an incubator chicken."

"How do you know that?"

"Any chicken that had a mother couldn't be that tough!"

"Sgt. Clough had his leg broken in three places."

"That'll teach him to keep out of those places."

"They tell me Sergeant-Major Mayne is interested in settlement work."

"Yes, his creditors finally caught up with him."

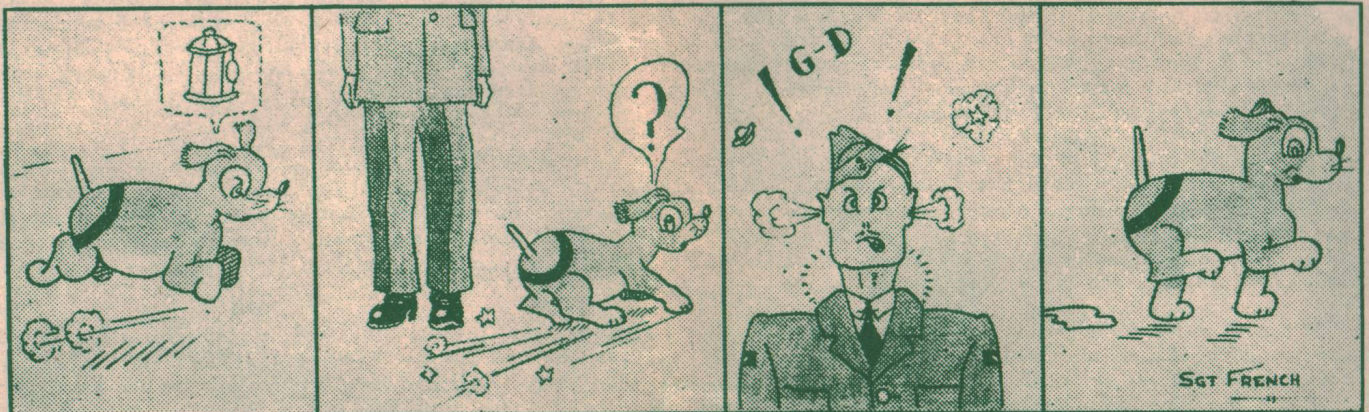
"What do you think of love?"

Sgt. Woodland: "It brings heaven to earth—and raises hell."

F-S Sellers: "When does a man think most seriously of marriage?"

Sgt. Adin: "After he is married."

DOGGY
DILEMMA
★





ATTEN-SHUN!

It will be noted elsewhere in this issue of "Flak" that airmen who are unfortunately spending Christmas Day on the station may avail themselves of the opportunity of enjoying the day at someone's home. The invitations which come from public spirited citizens of Edmonton should be appreciated by everybody, and those who are intending to accept this hospitality must realize that they have an obligation in this respect.

It is unnecessary for us to warn you of deportment and social manners as you must be aware of the fact that the entire airforce is judged by the way YOU behave and conduct yourself. However, one serious bit of advice we wish to tender is, that if you accept an invitation, by all that's geometrically holy, make certain that you keep the date and do not leave your hostess with a carefully prepared dinner and reception on her hands to spoil the Christmas Day she tried to make happy for you. 'Nough Said!

BOUQUETS

This month's most inexpensive Christmas Gift, a large vote of thanks, goes to Sergeant Maurice Oswald Bodle, the artist responsible for the cover design of this issue of "FLAK," and also the gentleman responsible for the splendid drawing of President Roosevelt which is reproduced in this issue. The original of the drawing of the American President has been beautifully framed and is being forwarded to him as a gift from the Officers and Airmen of No. 4 Initial Training School as a gesture of international goodwill symbolic of the esteem which the President enjoys among service men of the allied nations.

Sergeant Bodle, who is at present instructing in Aircraft Recognition at No. 4 I. T. S., is a gift to us from the Argentine, where, he tells us, the damsels are beautiful, the Spanish fearful (his, we believe), and the only way he could get along was to develop artistic ability so that his stock phrase was "would you like to see my sketchings?"—(Spanish translation not printed for security reasons.—Ed.)

“Season's Greetings”

Air Vice-Marshall G. R. Howsam extends cordial Christmas greetings and best wishes for the New Year to Wing Commander E. G. Macpherson and all personnel under his command.

SMOOSH FROM HEADQUARTERS ORDERLY ROOM

The addition of new W.D.'s in the Station Orderly Room brings additional drill instructors to No. 4. Remember, boys, the performance last Headquarters drill period? ? ? ?

What blond W. D. has trouble getting out of the Accounts Section—working, no doubt.

AC I Raphael has recently returned from California where he spent two weeks Annual Leave. He is recuperating nicely.

Our mimeograph operator recently appeared smoking a large evil-smelling "SEEGAR." Rpe evidently is no longer a rationed commodity.

Gretta, civilian steno. in the Squadron Office, recently received word from "Gracie," Station Orderly Room steno. now on leave, to the effect that hunting in the old home town is very poor as "They're either too young or too old." When last heard of, she was communicating with Dorothy Dix.

JUST A LAUGH

LAC: "Will you marry me, dearest?"
"Certainly: Companionate, trial or fight-to-finish?"

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IT COULD HAPPEN

Scene: Equipment Section. Private (?) office of Flt. Lt. Dolan.

"Now, Miss Blogg," boomed Flt. Lt. Dolan, "I want you to understand that when I dictate a letter I want it written as dictated, and not the way YOU think it should be. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," says Miss Blogg, meekly.

"All right—take a letter."

Scene: Next morning. Private office of O. J. Squizz, president of the Squizz Flexible Soap Company. He receives the following letter:

"Mr. O. K. or A. J. something, look it up, Squizz. President of the Squizz, what a name Flexible Soap Company, the gyps.

"Detroit, that's in Michigan, isn't it? Dear Mr. Squizz, hmmm:

"You're a he— of a business man. No, start over. He's a crook, but I can't insult him, or the bum'll sue me. The last shipment of soap you sent us was of inferior quality and I want you to understand. Ah, unless you can ship, furnish, no ship your regular soap you needn't ship us no more period comma or whatever the grammar is and please pull down your skirt. This d— cigarette is out again pardon me and furthermore where was I? Nice bob you have.

"Paragraph. The soap you sent us wasn't fit to wash the dishes no make that dog with comma let alone the laundry comma and we're sending it back period. Yours truly. Read that over, no never mind. I won't waste any more time on that egg. I'll look at the carbon copy tomorrow. Sign my name. We must go to Calgary together soon, eh?"



*Happy New Year
Mr President*

*From the Commanding Officer, Officers and Airmen
No. 4 Initial Training School, R.C.A.F. Edmonton, Alta.*

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