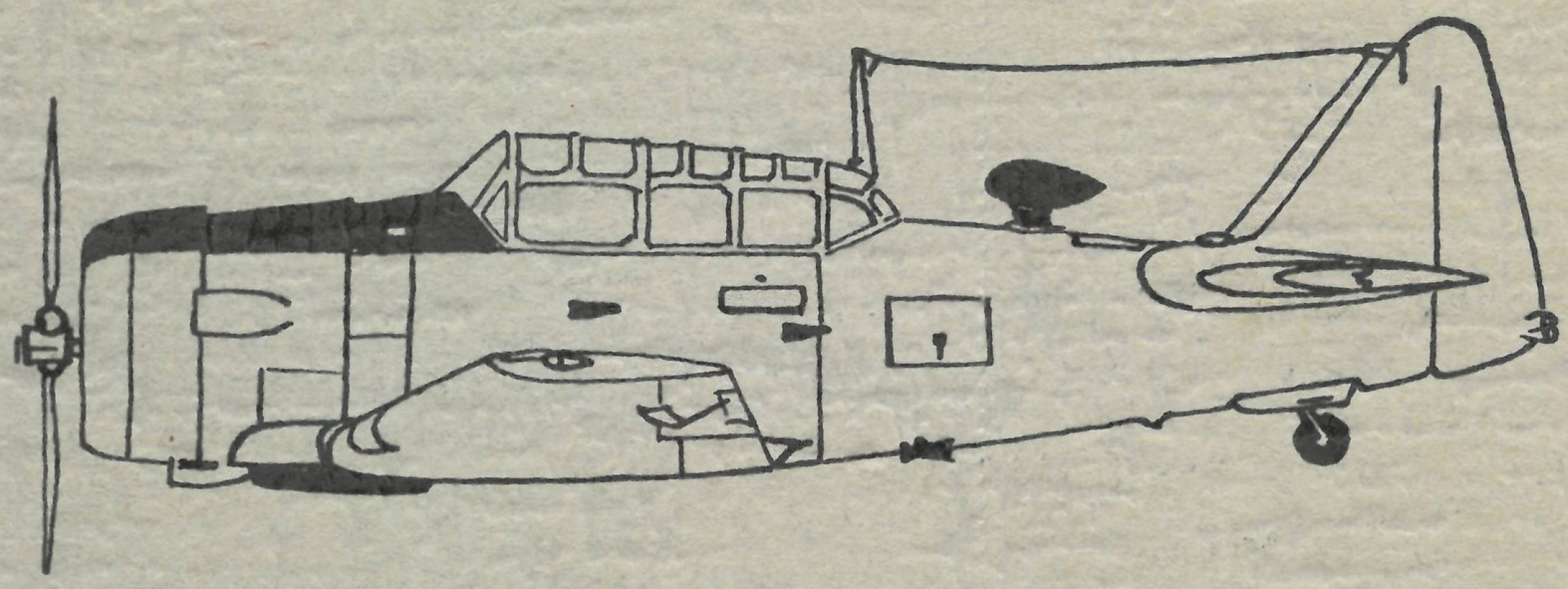
SAUDER



JERICHO

56 QF 09

GRADUATION

Memoirs

of

COURSE 5609

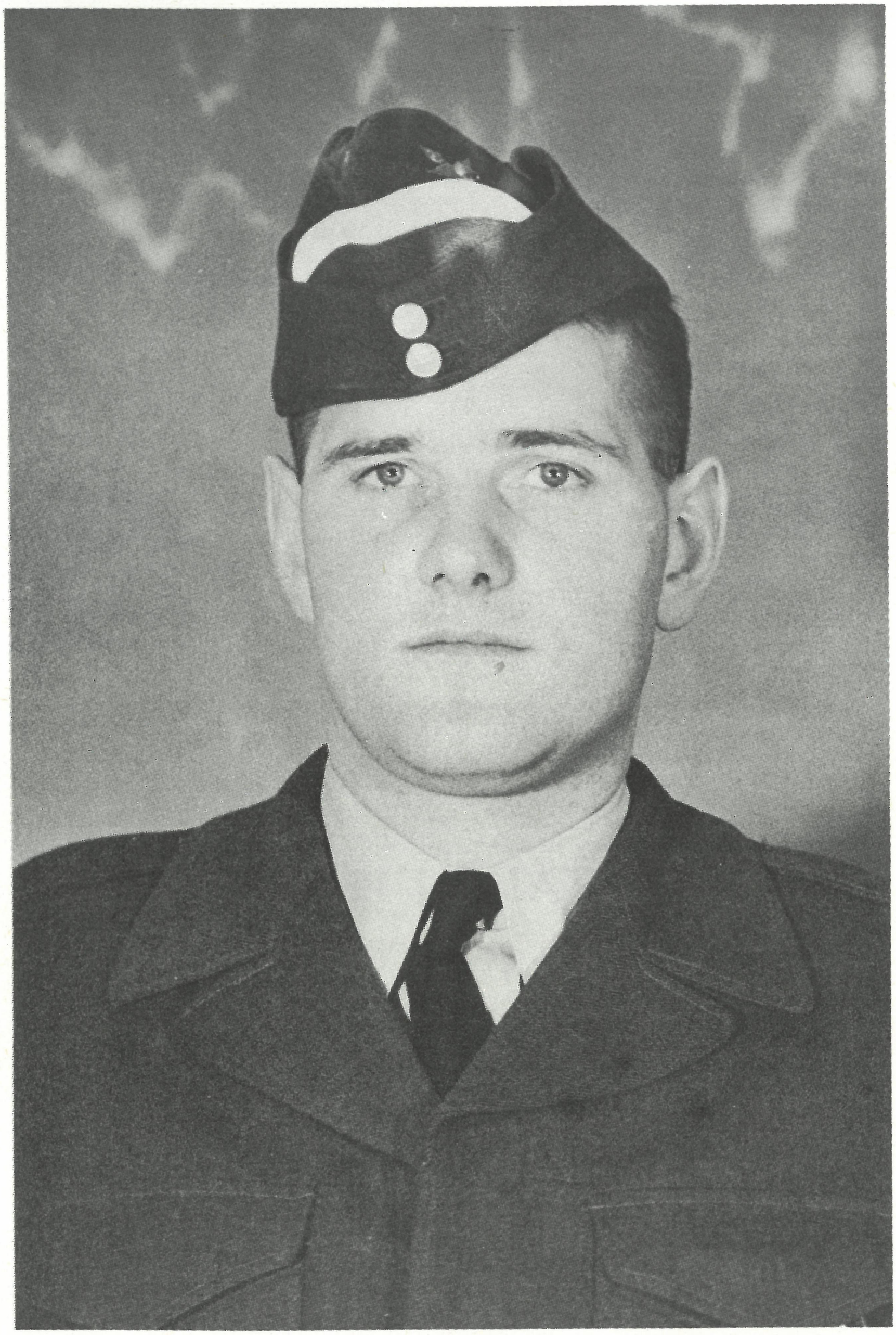
21 JUNE, 1957

RCAF STATION PENHOLD

4 FTS

"We Came, We Saw, We Feared

But We Conquered"



Flight Cadet R. M. Close

DEDICATION

When Bob left us, his tragic and untimely death shocked our whole course into immobility.

On realization of his loss, every course member recalled valued memories of his own personal association with Bob. Armed with a ready smile, a big heart, and true consideration of his fellow course members, he became endeared to us all.

The greatest compliment that could be paid any man would be to say "He was truly liked and greatly respected by all his fellows."

Such a man was Bob Close.

We shall always remember him. . . .



A Message from the Commanding Officer

G/C D. E. GALLOWAY, M.B.E., C.D.

Once again it is time to congratulate each member of a graduating course on the fine results you obtained during your training at Station Penhold. Therefore, to those of you on Course 5609 who successfully completed your training, I wish, on behalf of the station, to say how pleased we are with your progress to date.

There is no reason to believe that you cannot continue to achieve the desired results in your forthcoming advanced flying training. We wish you continued success in your future endeavors.



Message from the O.C., 4 F.T.S.

W/C J. C. McCARTHY
D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, C.D.

The graduation of Course 5609 marks the completion of the first course which has been trained under the Chipmunk-Harvard syllabus.

On behalf of the staff of 4 FTS, I would like to thank you for the splendid co-operation you have shown. We wish you continued success in your future training.

FLIGHT COMMANDERS

F/L J. C. MILLMAN
O/C E FLT.

F/L D. C. MacKENZIE
O/C F FLT.



S/L HAVERSTOCK
O/C 3 Squadron



F/O M. A. STRUDWICK



F/O M. J. WRIGHT

Valedictory

We the members of course 5609 may be quite rightly accused of extreme biasness. However, to a man, we feel our group to be exceptional in every way.

We are proud of the fact that we have been a pioneer type of course acting as the "guinea pig" so to speak, in order that a new system and modifications, in air crew training, might be put into smooth operation. We refer of course to the introduction of the new Primary Flying Training School and the resulting necessary though slight modifications throughout the rest of Canada's "pilot pipe line."

It may have been a small thing, but yet we are proud to have been the first.

Our recent training has been one of great and valuable experiences. We have had moments of agony as in the case of physical education; moments of wisdom; of courage and understanding. There have been moments of fear, of weakness and ignorance. We have had happy moments nad sad ones, too. We have known laughter and we have known tears. I guess you could say—we have lived.

However, our main purpose for being together at Centralia and more recently at Penhold has been to receive flying training. Thanks to most excellent instruction, a high percentage of our course has managed to graduate from flying training school.

One of our more valuable courses which has not been on the training syllabus, is simply living and working with trainees of many varied nationalities and customs. For many months these young men of various NATO countries have had the opportunity to live, work and relax together. Friendships have been formed that will last for many years and outlive many and varied international situations.

We have learned much with regard to each other's countries, customs, sports and of course, women. As a result much useful information for future reference has been gathered by all parties concerned.

And now the time is past for looking back on pleasant memories. Now we must look ahead into the future and the things that are to come.

From Station Penhold, Course 5609 moves on to an advanced Flying Training School. We are looking forward with eager anticipation to our jet-powered experiences of the near future.

May our course be as successful in the future as it has been in the past. Good luck to all !



Standing, left to right: Cpl. Kuzminski, LAC Hanson, Cpl. Wintink, LAC Islip, LAC Madsen, LAC McPherson, LAC Lussier, LAC Powell, LAC Urbain, LAC Campbell, LAC MacDonald, LAC Roberts, LAC Hunt, LAC Mitchell, Cpl. Wilson,LAC Brooks, LAC Ball

Sitting. left to right: Cpl. Craig, AF Tech., Sgt. Murray, AF Sup., S/L Haverstock, O/C 3 Sqn., F/S McHarg, AM Sup. WO i/c 3 Sqn., Cpl. Jubb, AE Tech.



LEBLANC, Eugene "The BLANK" "GENE"

"Behind his eyes, emptiness lies."

Yes, sir, Ol' Gene is quite the lad. One day he made a classic goof and pulled the fire extinguisher instead of the brake. The atmosphere was blue all around the aircraft for several moments while Gene was discoursing on its canine ancestry. Another Maritimer, he and Lewis have some really wing-ding inter-service arguments.

168 Victoria St., Moncton, N.B.

FERGUSON, Robert "THE ROCK"

"It is better to know useless things than to know nothing at all."

One of the smarter types on the course, he comes from Dawson Creek, B.C., and is ready to take on all comers who insist that the town is as small as he is. In fact he will take on anybody or anything as long as the subject is immoral, illegal or alcoholic.

Sunset Prairie, B.C.





TIMMINS, Patrick "TIM"

"Wine, women and song spell ruin. I think I'll give up singing."

Tim is the old pro in the course, having logged multi-service time 50% bar time, 25% sack time and 25% work time. He is from Seven Islands, Quebec, though we wonder where he gets the gall to admit it. When he finishes this hitch he will just about be able to apply for pension. Tim was born and brought up in Ottawa and can justly claim: "My parents are in Seven Islands, my friends are in Ottawa and my girl lives in Vancouver."

Box 663, Seven Islands, Quebec

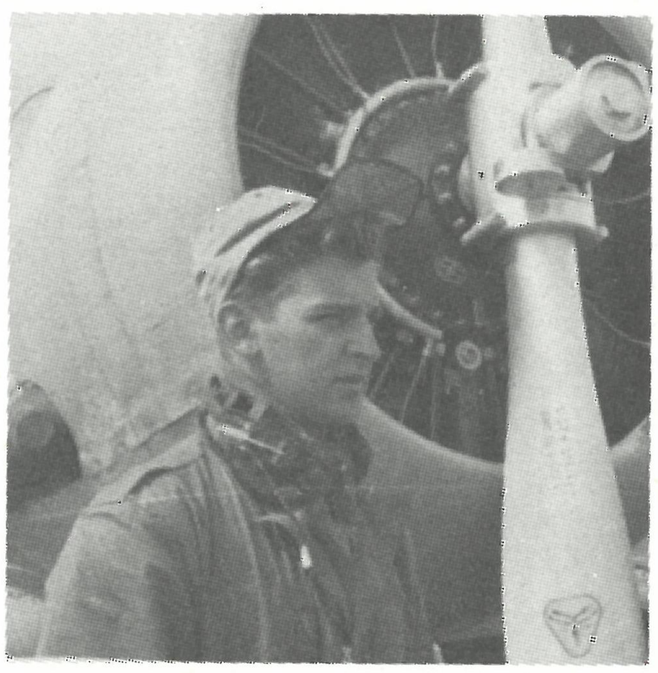
HOOGKAMP, Ben "BENNIE"

"To fly or sleep; that is the question."

An avid flyer, our course's lone Netherlander would rather fly than eat. Although his ideas of what one should do with one's solo time is a little "different from the Air Force's," he has not yet been caught and probably never will be. He is blessed—or cursed—with a great capacity for sleep and it's always good for a laugh to see which one wins; sleeping or flying.

Bronkhorst B59, Steenderen, Holland





DE MEEUS, Eric "BIBI"

"Armed with nothing but paper or pen, he draws with the magic of Merlin.' '

This man is responsible for many of the excellent photos in this book as well as our course crest. He is a man of many talents, a student of languages, a skillful pilot and a fine athlete. He is unlucky enough to have Leblanc for a roommate, but is probably responsible for the sudden gain in moral uplift of his roommate.

Le Verger, Tervueren, Belgium

WONG KEE, Murray "WONG"

"To all who see him, it is very clear, in sports and studies he has no peer."

A fine athlete, conscientious worker, and good flyer. Murray is something of an oddity on his course. He leads a blameless life—and looking at the examples his roommates set, this speaks volumes for his moral courage. Of Ryerson — a top electrical school—he is one of the few qualified to do anything but fly.

265 Niagara Blvd., Fort Erie, Ontario





BONNNAFOUS Andre "TONTON"

Andre is the proud owner of a tape recorder, much to the embarassment and confusion of his roommates. He switches it on right in the middle of typical barrack-room discussions and then threatens to replay it in the mess. Quite a skiier, he was the first and last to ski in Banff. If not on skiis, you will nearly always find him on some far away mountain top. To him the Rockies are a great playground so evidenced by the fact he has already conquered many peaks.

14 Rue Camille Raband Castres (Tarn)
France

POLITI ADRIANO NANO (Nano)

This Italian is from Northern Italy near Cremona, but even he, like his compatriot, was happy when winter ended. A man who hates to move fast except in the air, he has frequently brought down the wrath of the PT staff on his head by saying he didn't agree with their schedule and suiting his actions to his words.

Via Colletta 1, Cremona, Italy





MATHESON, David "Skindog"

"Gentlemen, the bane of our lives are women who want to be wives."

A person of numerous bad habits, with somewhat odd tastes and a warped sense of humor, this lad can usually be seen deep in some senseless argument on some obscure subject which has nothing to do with the matter at hand at all. However, he's survived thus far and we have no doubt he'll push on to more mediocre triumphs.

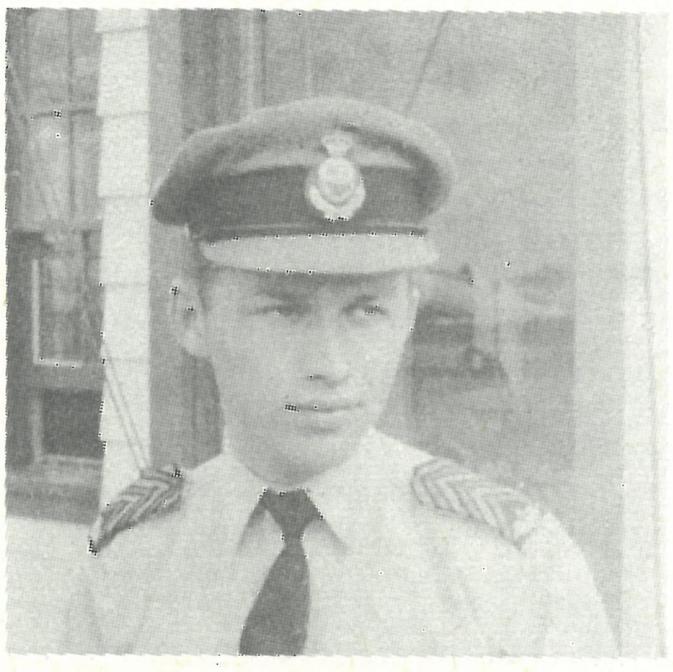
4409 Old Orchard, Montreal

DiROBERTO, Georgio, 'JOJO"

Poor old Jojo had it a little tough here during the winter, being from central Italy. His joy was a wonder to behold when spring finally came. Another hunter like Saachi, he was successful once and shot a fox. He wanted a bear so badly he went out and bought an old jeep with a block and tackle attached. No bear yet.

Via Mazzini 4, Perugia, Italy





KRULL, K. A. J. "Guy"

"Laziness is next to Godliness."

Here is a very nonchalant type who takes everything in his stride. Nothing seems to bother him except his two roommates who try his considerable patience by disturbing his sleeping time (14 hours daily). An ex-Danish navy type, this probaly explains his vast capacities in most things.

Mollevejen, Marstal, Denmark

PERRE, Jean-Claude 'PERR"

Another French type with a moustache which is second only to Gaud's. He is noted for his ability to get out of work and still appear busy while doing so. When asked what he liked better, his bed or girls, he had the nerve to pick His Bed, although from the photos on the inside of his locker door we can't help but have our doubts.

College Technique Des Garcons, Brest
(Finistere) France





BULLOCK, William Gordon "Uncle Willy"

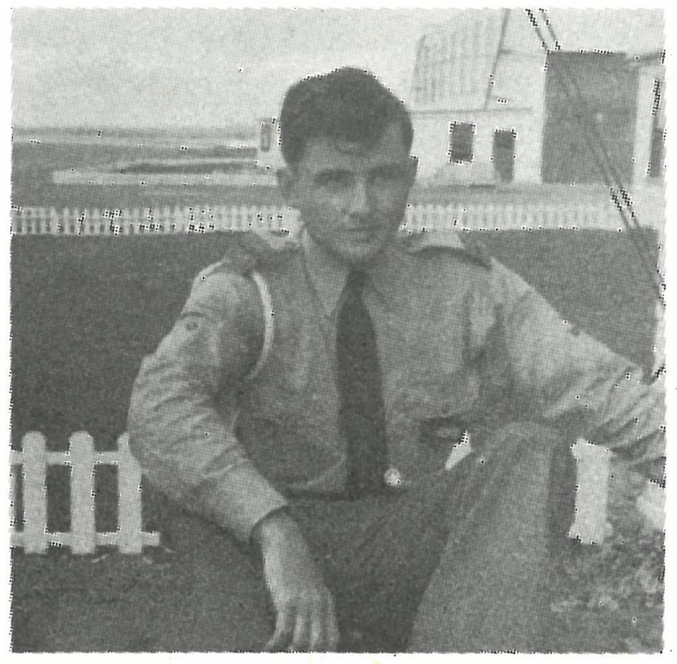
"And He who made the lamb, made thee!"

A staunch Ontarian from Norwood and many other Ontario places, he was born near Montreal, and is living testimonial that all Montrealers do not revel in sin. A relatively quiet studious type who, when asleep is practically in a coma and when he awakes looks like the wrath of God. One of the few that's a credit to his course. However he has one weakness — a mania known as "last Wunitis" in that he is always last one up or down, in or out, asleep or awake.

Box 32, Eastview Park, RR1, Kingston, Ont.

THOMAS, William "Wee Willy"

"Never do today what you can get someone else to do tomorrow."



Bill is from the banana belt namely Welland, Ontario. He served two years ground crew before they threw him out for identifying the CAS's aircraft as a dust spot on the radar screen. He is the only member of the course considered to have the best Volumetric efficiency per sq. inch that is possible. And amazing it is that from one so small there should come so much. However, we must add that he is a necessary asset to the course. Indeed without him and his timely quips, life would be oh so very dull. Serious at heart, he has conquered the Harvard better than David's triumph over Goliath.

75 Dorothy St., Welland, Ontario



LAMERTON, William "Big Willy"

"And did those brains in ancient times, have to work as hard as mine?"

Bill is our second reserve flyer and incidentally the proud owner of a car that is serviceable. Of course "Betsy's" muffler is partly missing, but that just makes her sound like a Harvard. Anyway he drives her as though she were a Harvard. Being a man of conservative music tastes he has the misfortune to live in the same cabin as Thomas, whose music tastes run to "Rock 'n Roll"— with the volume turned up. But we think such a combination leads to a very educational experience. Bill is climbing up then. Without a doubt it's a very rugged sport, but Bill insists that the efforts and dangers involved are worth the treasures to behold at the top, whether it be going up or coming down.

Ste. 5, 1915 W. Broadway, Vancouver B.C.

BARNES, Donald "BARNSEY"

" . . . and there he was burrowing under a tree to find the sq. root."



Here we have a military type from way back, who as a result is prone being outspoken, though he remains a relatively quiet and thoughtful member of our course. Yet the transformation that takes place at a party is amazing. Here we have a special case of Jekyll and Hyde. No longer the quiet restraining type, instead the life of the party. Don used to have trouble rolling the Harvard properly, but not anymore. One day, he took Bullock out to show him how and he practiced with his car. He needless to say hasn't had a bit of trouble since. Yep, with pipe in hand and control stick in the the other, a Douglas Bader of tomorrow for sure.



PEARSON, Donald "The Old Master"

"A scream, a yell, a moan of pain; Pearson just made another man lame."

Apart from a fluctutating interest in wine, women and song, our boy "Pears" pours his excess energy into closing rear canopys. His main ambition is to accomplish the feat while in flight. He has filled many an hour with stories of hilarious adventures and it is a wonder to us why such a lad from Peterborough has never been tagged as "The Lift Lock Kid."

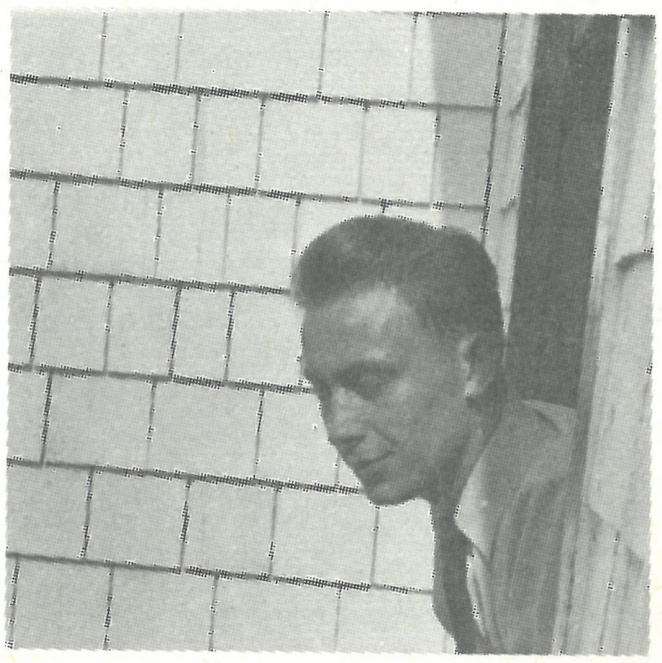
R.R. 1, Lakefield, Ontario

SACCHI, Romano "Sak"

If ever a man was born with a sense of humor, it was Sak. He pokes fun at everything and everyone. Nothing is sacred. His friends take an awful beating. Especially those who are overweight. A great hunter, Sak will wander off into the bush on a weekend and emerge Sunday night empty-handed and looking like the last rose of summer. Sacchi has been the humor mainstay of our course. Without him and that particular lovable type of humor known only unto himself, the course would have suffered a great loss, a great loss indeed.

Via S. Francesco, Lodi (Miland), Italy





GALLOO, Roger

"He came to us with a sober face, but soon was clowning all over the place."

A seemingly quiet type at first glance, he surprisingly becomes a comical rascal full of the dryest of dry humor upon further inspection. Galloo's quietness is probably just another method of avoiding that dread disease of Course '09 known as "workosis." He has spent a few vacations at the hospital during the 30 odd weeks we have been here. We can offer no explanation other than that there must be nurses over there that we have not seen. We must begrudge him some admiration in the fact that he has been able to keep up his flying time despite his "vacations."

Rue D'Ypres 60, Houthem, Belgium

BLANCHARD, Philippe "Grand Duke" "Philou"

"It is better to keep your mouth shut and let people think you are stupid than to open it and prove it."

Another of the Navy types, Philou is from Waterloo, Que., and has the nerve to be proud of it. Always difficult to find when work is to be done, he's right there when a standown is rumored. Being conversant in both French and English, Philou can say more with his hands than anyone else.

1103 Main St., Waterloo, Quebec





MAILLOT, Patrick "Pat"

"and there he way lying in bed; a pair of phones wrapped around his head."

Yet another one of the very quiet types on course, it took a month before we realized that he was on course with us. His two passions in life appear to be blondes in general and a rather extraordinary portable radio which picks up almost every city in the world. Pat too, is a collector of feminine art forms.

Pasteur Institute, Brazzaville, French Eq. Africa

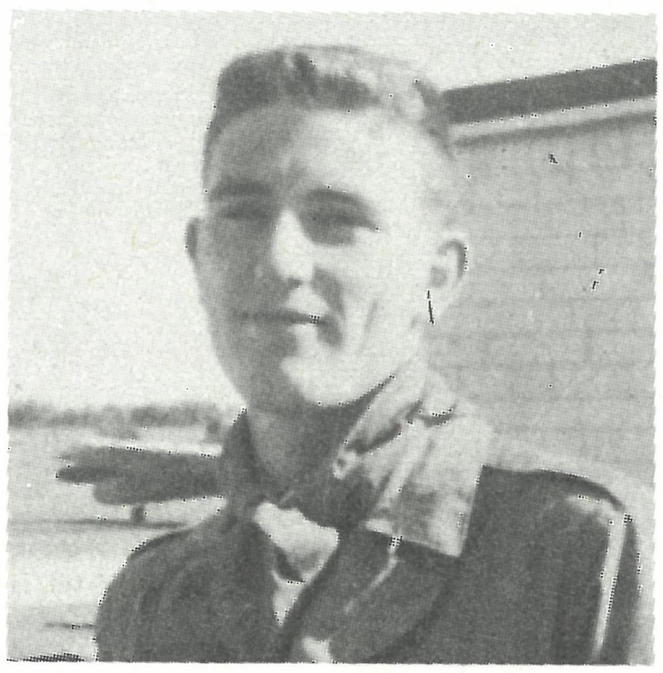
LEWIS, Arnold "Big Lew"

"Arnold's a wolf—a real hot lover. The only girl he's kissed has been his mother."

Here we have a naval type from one of the more backward parts of the world, the Maritimes. It seems that his main ambition in life is to log more pit time than waking time. Lew is a cheerful type with a ready smile for any situation. Some say he wheels his car around as if he were at the helm of one of his favorite battleships. But at times like this his face is lighted up with a mixture of intensified concentration and rapturous contentment. It is then that we cease to worry and begin to pray.

5 Chignecto St., Amhurst, N.S.





WILHELM, Robert "Bob"

"A loud voice bespeaks an empty mind."

Another of the very few quiet types with us. He seems to have very few vices and that fact alone makes him exceptional. The proud owner of a car that runs, he can be seen transporting multi girls around the countryside. Bob is one of those few types who are interested in so many different things that they end up pursuing no one interest in particular. A very exasperating hobby, indeed.

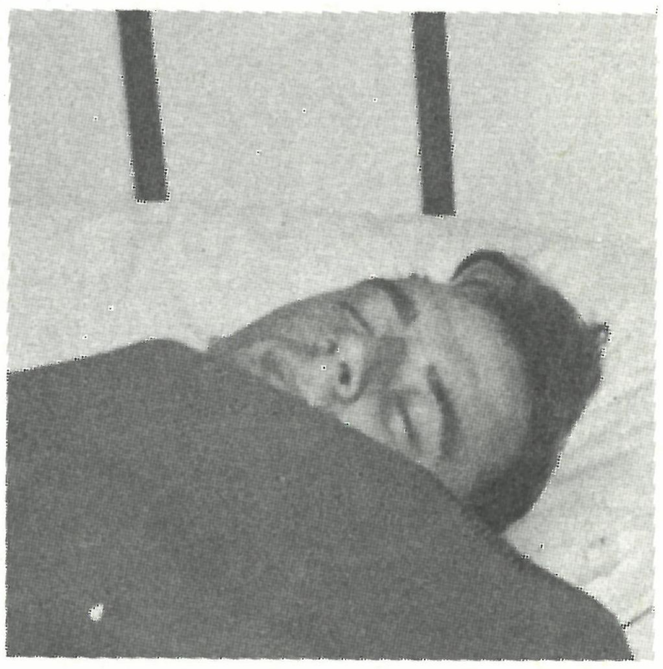
486 Ridge St., Ridgeway, Ontario

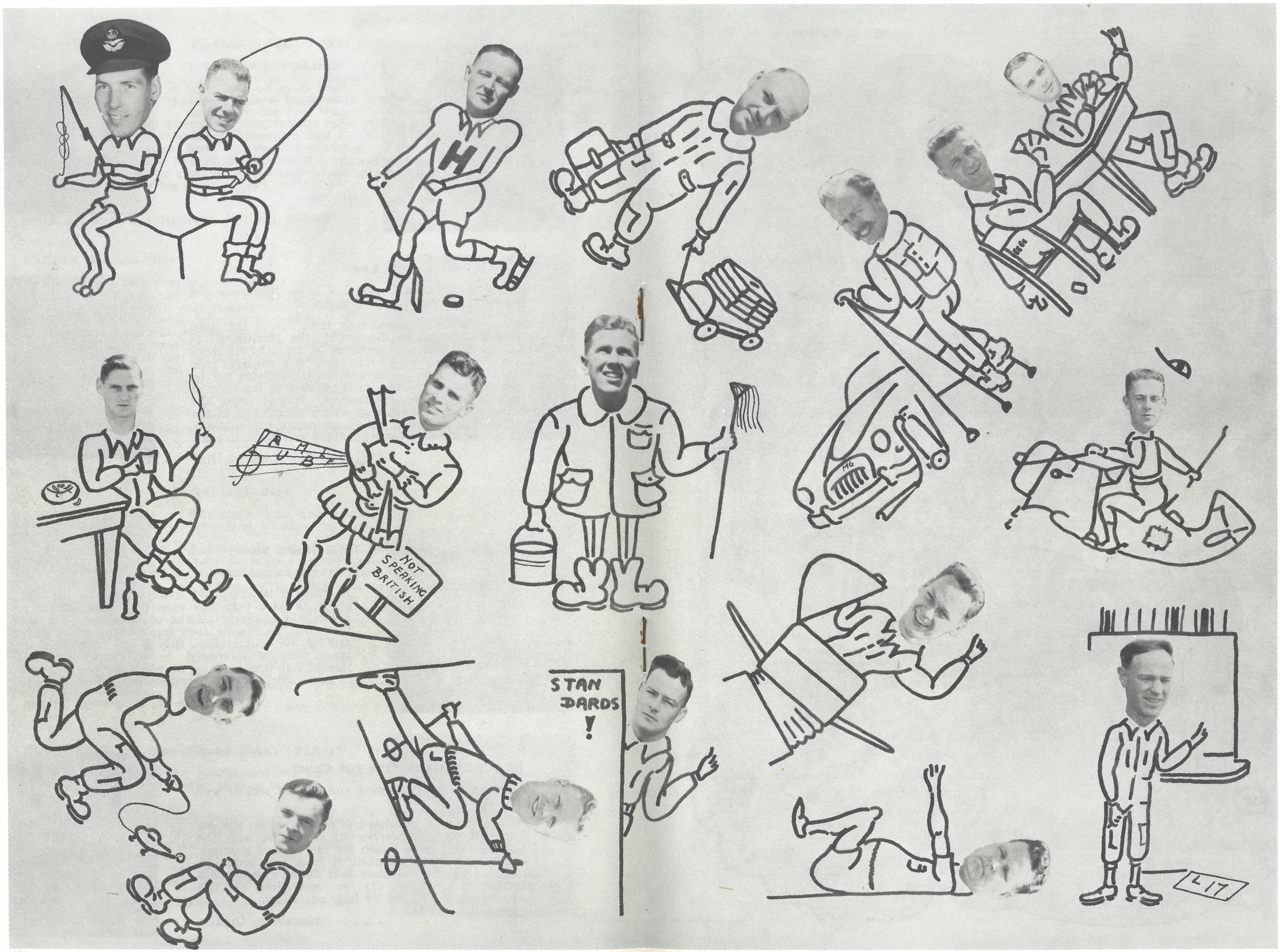
BRACKEN, Garth "The Old Chief"

"All great men are dying and I don't feel so well myself."

At first this lad was hard to persuade that the Air Force loved him dearly, but at last he saw the light and will now vouch for the Service anytime. He is a reasonably ambitious man and could be more so but he considers that he isn't being paid enough to overexert (?) his tremendous abilities and so you might say he is lying fallow.

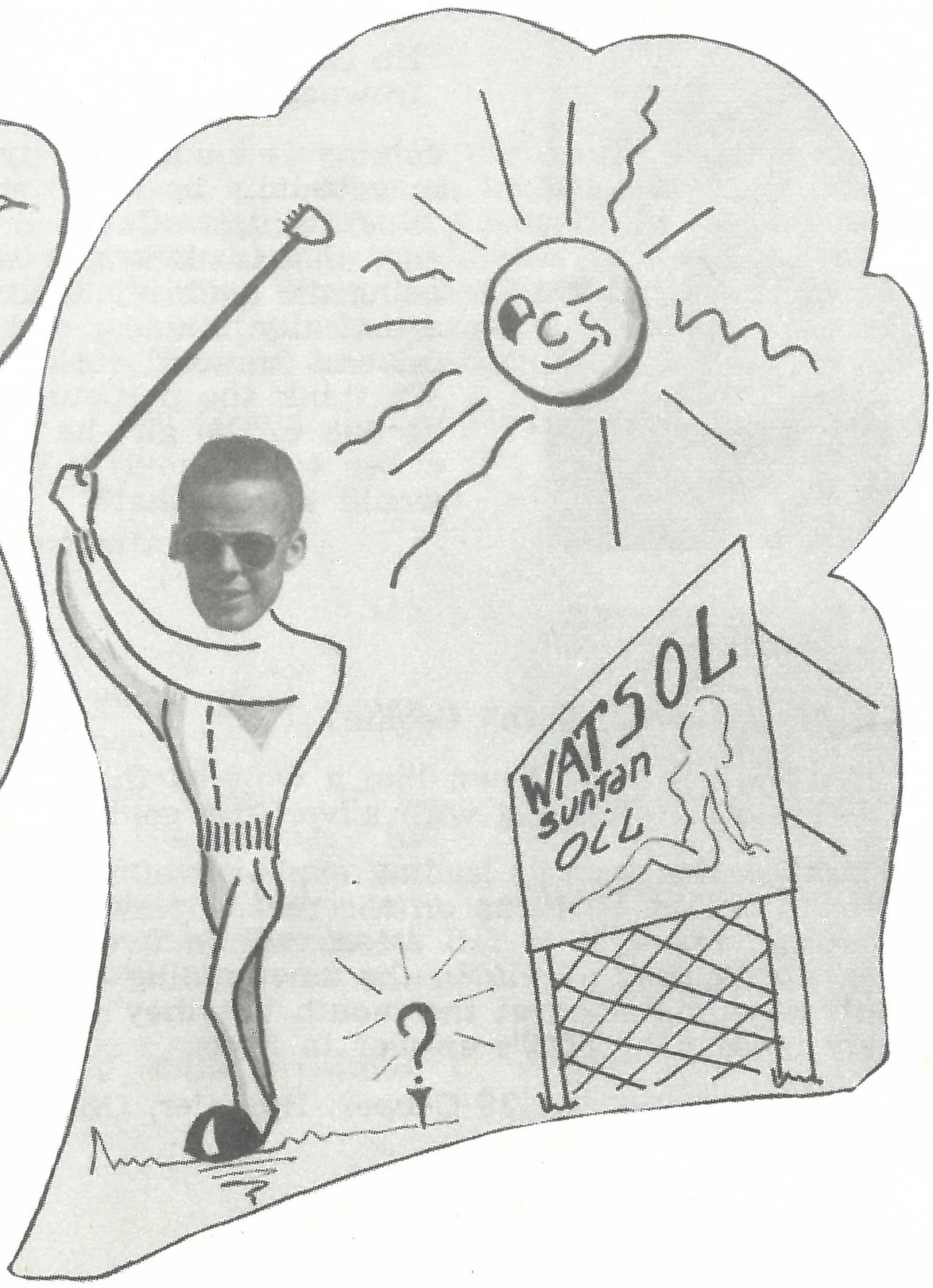
Orangeville, Ontario



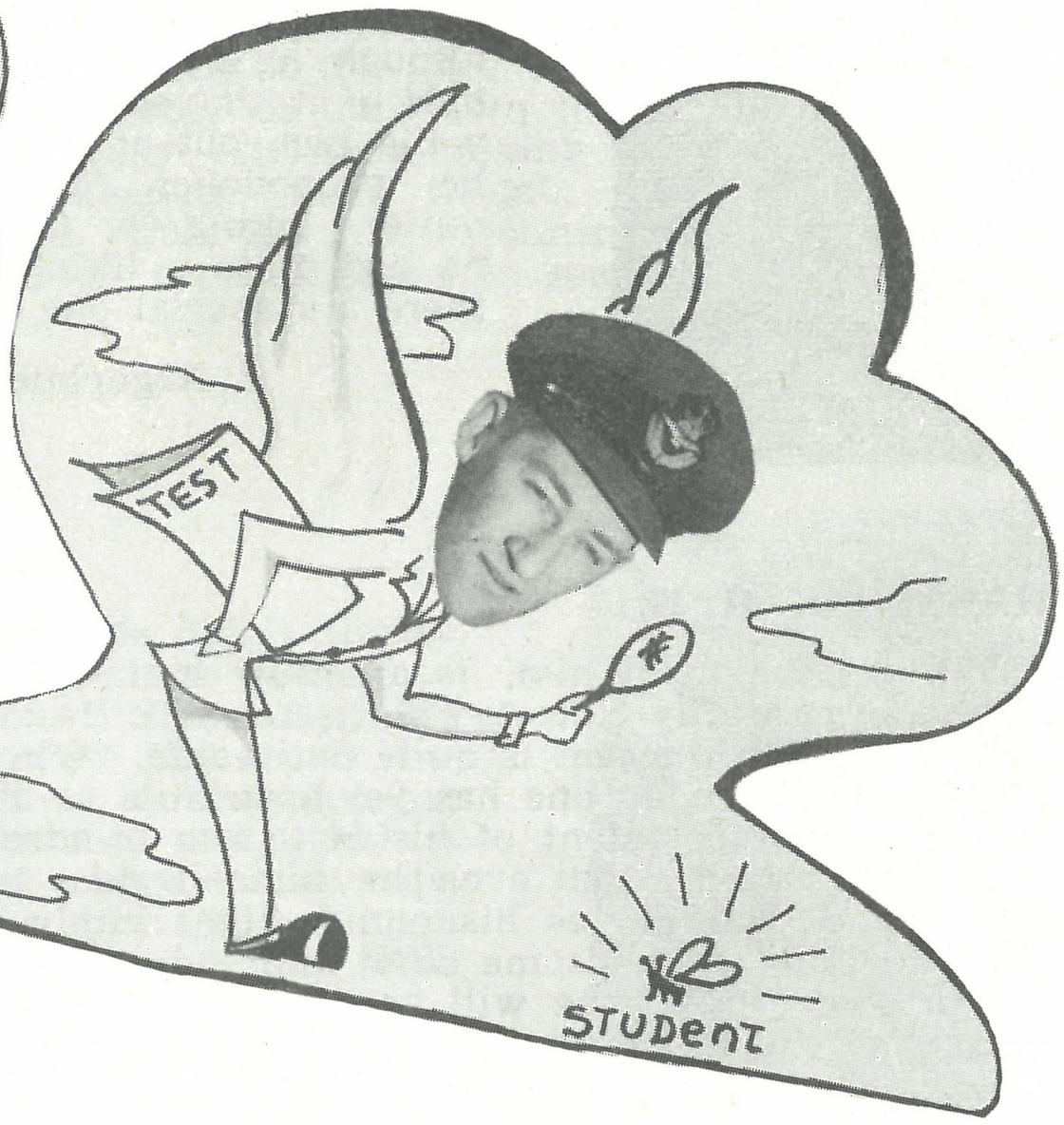

NOT SPEAKING BRITISH
STAN DARDS !
L17

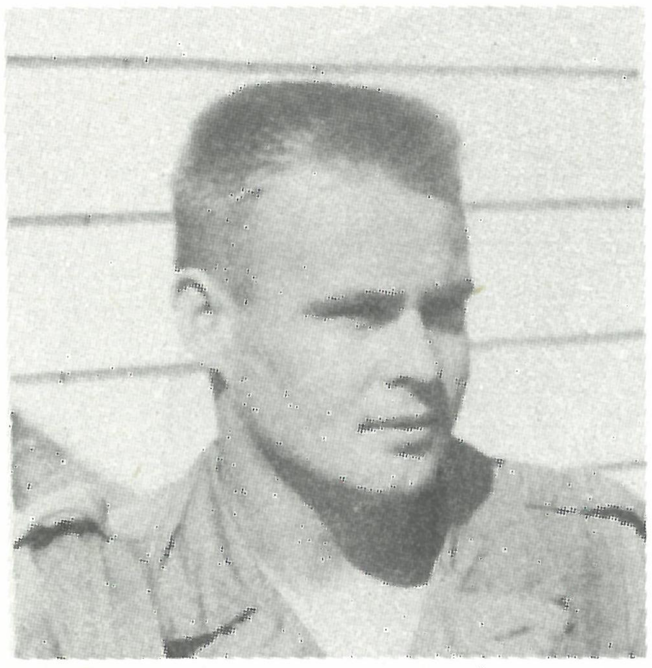

ALL WEATHER
SUN GLASSES
+CU
HARVARDORUM PILOTISSIMI
UNSTABLE
HARRR..WW GALLLOO...
STABLE
SHHH !!! DE MOOUS
HOLD IT MELLOTE !!!
QF
BANFF
BUICK Convertible
TOP


75
75


WATSOL
suntan
oil
?


Am I speaking too Loud ??
BRIEFING
DESK


TEST
STUDENT



KERREMANS, Jan

"He came to us with a smile on his face but soon frowned at the sight of the place."

Johnny is an athletic type from way back and may usually be found standing on his head at the "Rec" centre. Could it be for that all-girl audience that is always in faithful attendance? Besides being the double-jointed rascal he is, he's also very artistically minded, and creates the most beautiful and immoral cartoons that one has ever seen. We think the perpetual sadness on his face could be due to the girl he left behind, or is there one closer to Penhold? We wonder what Johnny would say to that?

Leestsesteenweg, 7, Battel (Malines) pro. Antwerpen, Belgium

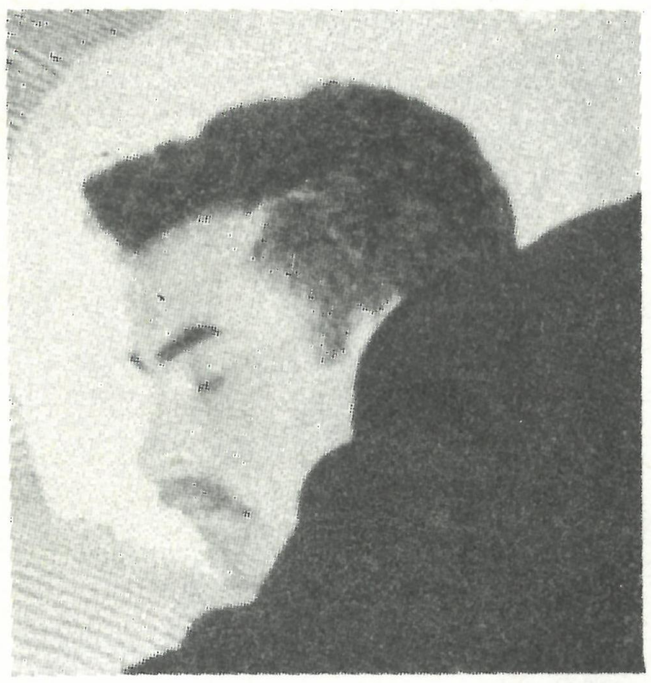
KUCH, Terence "Kush" Cookie

"This Brando came down like a wolf on the fold; his cycle all gleaming with silver and gold."

"Kush" is the course's leading exponent of rock 'n roll. At night he turns on the record player full blast and manages to fall asleep within five minutes. Of course, people in the surrounding cabins rant, rave and foam at the mouth but they're blithely ignored by 5609's answer to Elvis.

136 Cooper, Hespeler, Ontario





GAUD, Raphel "Moustache"

The first thing you see about Gaud is his luxuriant handle bar moustache. He's very proud of it altough he's probably resigned himself to having half of it shaved off come graduation. We all got a big kick out of his Gallic accent specially when he pronounces "Decorateur." It seems he has quite a liking for Canadian girls but also admits he has quite a liking for all girls. Then again there s a special one back home.

3 Arguebue, Montbard, Cotedor, France

HANSEN, S. H. K.

"Sak," as they call him, is a fellow that always has some carefully collected stories to tell. Besides that, his English accent is quite noticeable. "Where he got that from no one has yet been able to discover." Another talent of his is to use hundreds of strange words, that even he himself does not understand. Hansen, as his name might imply, is without doubt a handsome devil and judging from the pipe and pose, he will become the "Douglas Bader" of the Royal Danish Air Force in the near future.

Henrik Herizuet 3, Odense, Denmark





PAQUOT, Pierre

One of the tallest lads on the course, he gives the instructors a hard time on landings for they can't see the runway. When at Centralia in Chipmunks, he was picked up by the tower for going too fast in the circuit. When asked how the tower could have noticed this, he gave the classic reply, "I passed a Harvard on approach."

20 Grand Route, Tihange (Avy), Belgium

BURKE, Brian "Burkie"

"Get out of the way! Get off the floor! Here comes Burke on a vine through the door."

Now here is a lad with a moralizing streak. He is known as the Great Reformer of the Young. In between rather long relapses back to iniquity he can be seen lecturing the Station's small fry on the evils and pitfalls of life and what they must do to atone. He has even set himself up as an example — and a fine one he is.

c/o Post Office, Camp Shilo, Manitoba





PILLININI, Adelchi, "Pilli"

"There is so much I'd like to say, but why waste my energy that way."

With Bracken and friends, Pillinini seems to find the social life of the Park Hotel very educational. In the corner of their own they wile away many a Saturday afternoon talking shop, philosophy, etc., keeping their throats well lubricated, of course. Like his fellow countrymen, Pilli is often lured to the mountains in search of that illusive bear.

JENSEN, K. E. L. B. "Kel"

"Kell" and the Canadian way of life didn't always get along too well together although he seemed to get more and more used to it as time went by. He is a great sports fan—try to make the sports instructors believe that "sometimes in the evening you could see him practice soccer, and what a terror he is on the field. "But where do you suppose all that energy goes when he is called upon to attend a phys. ed. period?" We regret so little on one who is so much.

St. Kongensgade 59, Copenhagen, Denmark





KENNEY, Mart "The Chief of all Chiefs"

"Some men are born great; others are born; then there's Kenney."

Kenney is without a doubt the most resourceful man on the course. His agile mind is continually at full power keeping him away from that dread disease "workosis." In this respect he has succeeded where many other envious types have failed. On top of this the chief holds the distinction of being the only solo flight to give a weather report to the tower when solo flying had been washed out. Mart hails from that famous place of music near the big city of Toronto.

Mart Kenney's Ranch, Woodbridge, Ontario

PECILE, Attilo

"Across the burning plains he came with many a rhyme that brought him fame."

A man of great knowledge, Pecile is conversant on most any topic. Typical of the Italians he has the gift of flowing musical poetry. In view of this fact it is difficult to picture him as an "outdoors" type, but that he is. Being the most famous driver this side of the Tiber river he loves a good foray now and then into the wilderness of Alberta. After such an outing there are very few pests or rodents left to testify as to his expert marksmanship.

Via E. Valvason 11, Udine, Italy





SHERMAN, Mac "Sherm"

"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and you Ferguson, you stoopid idjit!"

One of the courses' few seemingly intelligent Canadians as well as one of the more quiet. Well, at least he can undoubtedly be credited with the fact that without him as a guiding light Ferguson would look more human Monday mornings. Sherm is a Navy type whose quiet spoken words can bite as deep as an ocean wind sweeping across a swaying deck in the middle of winter without even raising his voice a tremor.

RR 1, Otterville, Ontario

CROSNIER, Andre

"A pillar of rock and peace of mind, what manner of man be this kind?"

This gentleman gained fame and notoriety flying a nav trip undercarriage dangling down. We are afraid he'll never hear the end of that one. Being a student of aircraft, he will tell anyone why French aircraft are the fastest and bestest in the world. Another of the very quiet and thoughtful types, he represents a picture of silent dignity when bedecked with pipe and slippers.

58 Rue de Maurecourt, Jouy-le-Moutier,
(S.et O.) France





JORGENSEN, OVE "John"

Another Dane, Ove is called John for the simple reason that Ove is too difficult to pronounce properly. He's full of energy which is obvious to all. Anything he does he really puts himself into it and works. However, he continually gets hooked to fly during dinner and is continually bemoaning the fact that he's faint from hunger.

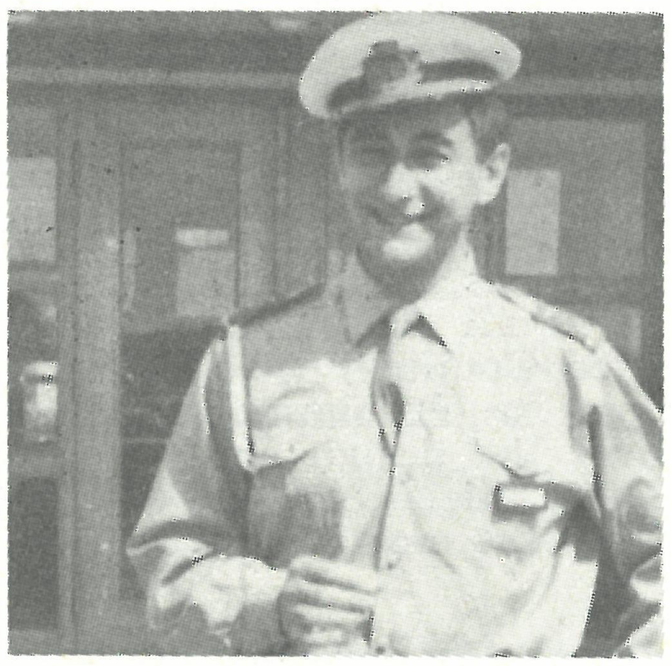
Svallerbakken 10, Skagen, Denmark

MASSELIS, Gilbert

"Gilbert—a man with a name that is distinguished by fame—but a futile attempt to grow hair on his lip, turned out to be a disastrous slip."
Gilbert is a man with a good sense of humor and an exceptionally good taste for women. Since his stay in Canada his taste for women has been surpassed by a greater desire for Canadian beer and he may be frequently found exercising his better judgment at the F/C's bar.

We all wish him best of luck with that feeble growth under his nose—and remember, Gil, success is never achieved easily.





GOLDONI, Rolando "Roly"

"He came in hopes of finding a bear, but couldn't find one anywhere."

Roly insists that he is a blood brother of a famous Stony Indian tribe. His name? None other than "Chief Rain-in-the-Face." Roly is particularly noted for his floor polishing skill. It seems that he has gone off the deep end and developed it into an enjoyable art! We are greatly mistified at that deep-rooted urge that lures our Italian friends into the mountains of Alberta in search of big game. Goldoni seems even more so inclined than his friends. Does anyone know the location of a bear? Any kind will do.

Via Rovereto 9, Schio (vicenza), Italy

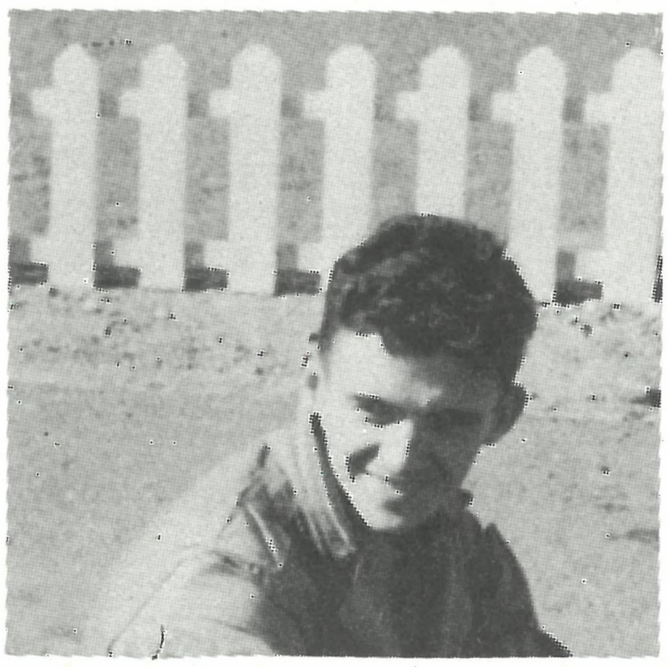
GIBSON, Robert "Gibbie"

"Live fast, love hard and die young."

"One of the few," Gibbie is an Auxiliary type from Stratford, Ontario. He can usually be seen draped over a pool table trying in vain to show us how to play snooker and win. Being in the Auxiliary has its good points. He will probably fly on the weekends and commercial aircraft during the week.

249 Brydges St., Stratford, Ontario





MESGUEN, Noel

Another one of the unlucky lads who has to put up with Gaud's tape recorder, Noel takes it philosophically. He is a master at chess and getting high marks in ground school. A proud owner of a .22 rife, he spent some time chasing ducks, but sad to say, without success. Could it be the gun? In sports he has the "wings of Mercury"; in academics the "wisdom of Jupiter", but in chasing girls, nothing, not even the desire. Where do you suppose "Venus" got to?

2 Place du Parvis, Saint-ol-De-Leon (Finistere)
France

ANDERSEN, Tom "Andy"

Tom is one of those boys that really knows how to make life comfortable. If he is not eating or drinking milk shakes in the snack bar, you can usually find him relaxing on his bed. Besides that his stories about his circuits and landings during nght-flying couldn't happen to anyone. They make your hair stand on end!

Vester Alle 7, Vemb, Denmark





HARRIS, Michael "Mike"

"Einstein? Einstein? Who was he? Just some joker who was taught by me." Gentlemen, here we have an exception. A man who has successfully beaten "the system." Let us all raise our glasses high. A B.C. (Be-Knighted Country) type, he is journeying to the U.K. on a scholarship where he will probably take over the design and testing of Britain's supersonic aircraft. And so we tip our hats in tribute to the man most likely to succeed.

RR1, Halert Rd., Matsqui, B.C.

LITERARY EFFORTS

The Night Navigation Trips—

Such a moon, beautiful and bright,
Such a lovely breath-taking night.
Come on, where are the rest of you
Over Rosedale our rendezvous.
Pitch full fine, throttle wide,
Let the beacon be our guide.
Exhaust tracing a pace to behold,
The race is on for fair Penhold.

In support of emergency procedures we offer an emergency Prayer—

And now I open my throttle wide.
If my engine dies ere I decide
From that other tank my fuel to take,
I pray Thee Lord do meditate
The extent I must succumb to fate
Determines my gift to the collection plate.

EXPOSE

By F/C Bracken

Student pilots like all great men are modest individuals who talk little of their experiences. Because of this characteristic it is often difficult to glean the truth from such non-commital individuals, especially in the presence of instructors. In spite of this unwritten code of security it is occasionally possible to overhear them make humble admissions of commendable feats and sometimes errors in the privacy of the barracks or mess. It is not the purpose of this expose to make libellous statements, nor to mention anything derogatory to a course member's reputation as a flyer. With this in mind, names have been omitted in some instances and associated only with the more commendable actions.

We start with Sgt. Jorgensen who was overheard admitting his ability to fly a DI heading within a deviation of one-half degree. Further investigation revealed that this accuracy lessened considerably when the instrument was uncaged.

Shortly after conversion from Mark IV to Mark II Harvards, F/C Bracken asserted that there were remarkable differences between the two. To quote, "On final approach I put down full flap; the undercarriage came up . . . "

With regard to navigation trips, Sgt. Crosnier was seen by an anonymous observer flying the second leg of a trip with his wheels down. Another student having completed a solo nav shyly confessed that he had made a collossal but unsuccessful attempt to close the coupe top and secure the harness in the rear cockpit during flight. F/C Kuch having successfully found his way to Claresholm decided to give the personnel of the station an example of how we land at QF. After a high-speed approach he bounced right back to circuit altitude, and Buttercup was heard to say, "Roger 244, we check your touch and go" . . .

Night flying gave rise to some interesting happenings. Several had to prove to themselves that it was more feasible to taxi on the runway than elsewhere. Sgt. Gaud sitting at the button awaiting takeoff clearance with a receiver failure probably would have still been there if the sun hadn't risen. F/C Kenney having great trouble getting his Harvard to settle on the runway asked for landing clearance, touch and go. Decorator dejectedly replied, "Clear, and the next time make a full stop . . . if you can."

Even parking the aircraft is hazardous. It is rumored that a certain cadet (name withheld) pulled the fire extinguisher handle instead of the parking brakes.

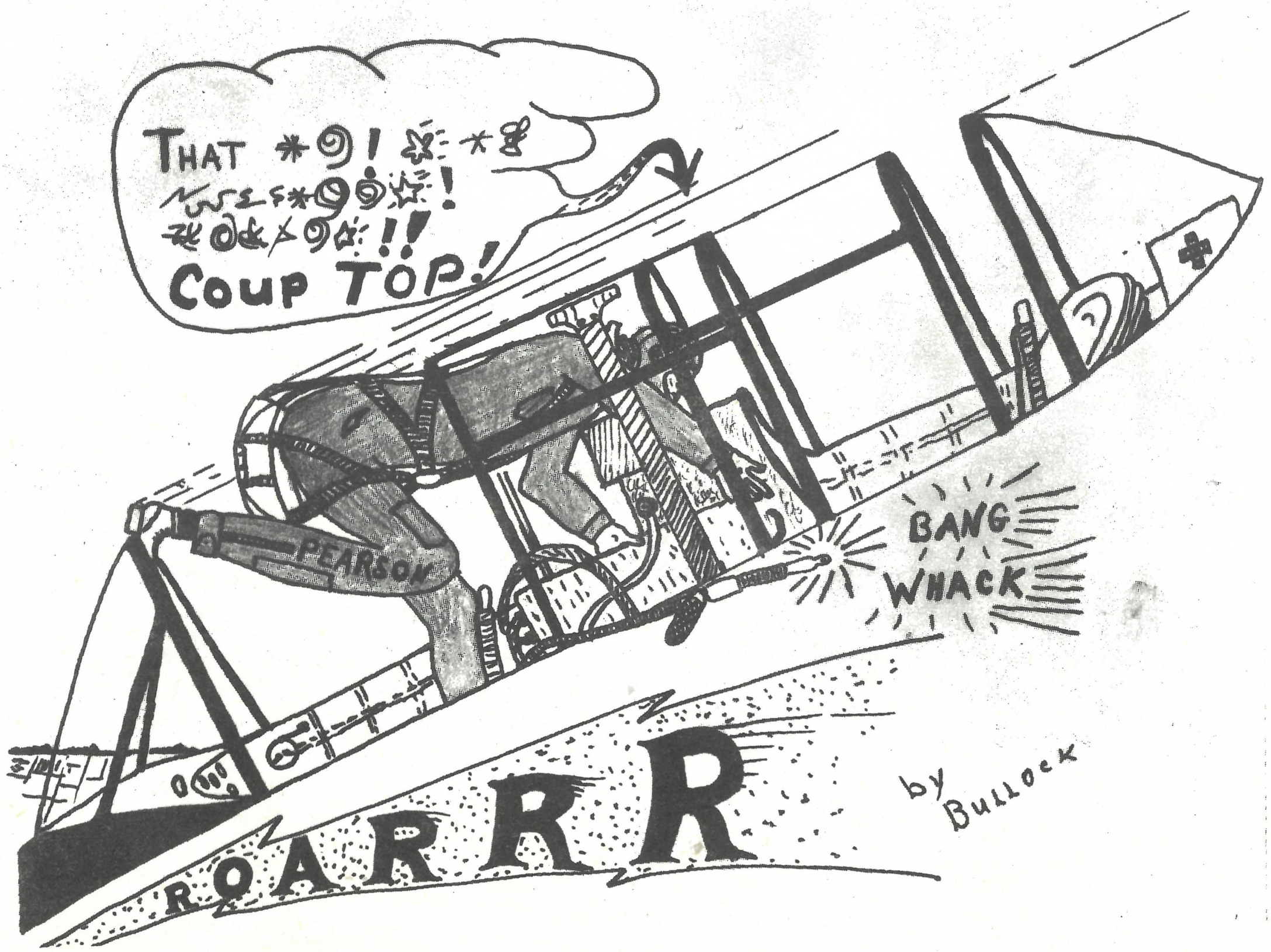
It is hoped that this article has accomplished its purpose in giving a few of the inside and so-seldom-revealed facts.

Famous Quotations

"I think it's snow, Decorator. It's white anyway."

"Decorator, this is Breaker 215. I'm in the rhubarb at the end of two-niner. Would you send a lorry out to give me a tow?"

"No flying today. Can't you see the * * * *Rockies! ! !"



HOW COME DEPARTMENT

How come our university types find it so hard to total their log books correctly?

How come on night navs Thomas can be last to leave but first to return?

How come on night trips Pearson uses grass exits instead of the regular taxi exits?

How come F/O Watson got so "burned up" when Pullock cut him off on final?

How come Bullock cut him off in the first place? Huh, how come?

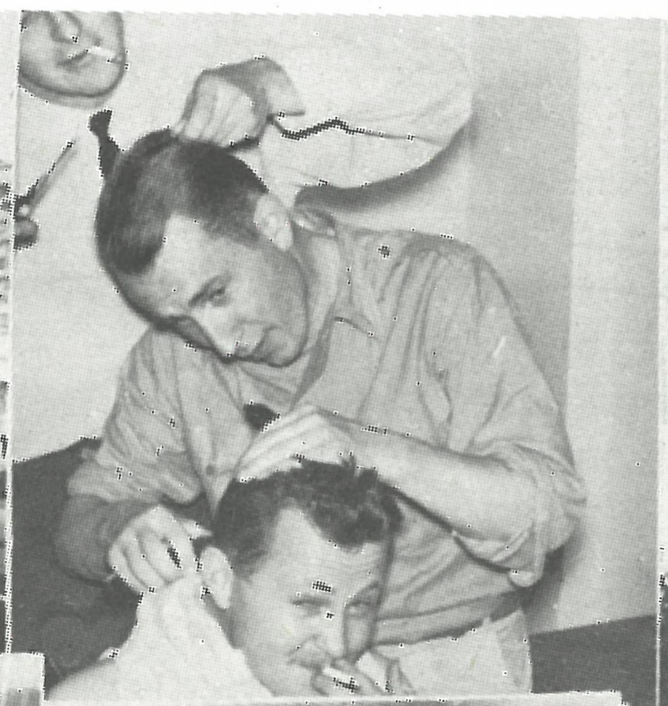
How come Thomas keeps running out of asphalt on O2? Is the runway getting shorter or is Thomas trying to prove something?

How come on night nav ten Decorator reported very feeble position reports, yet they could hear everyone singing "Ghost Riders in the Sky" quite clearly.

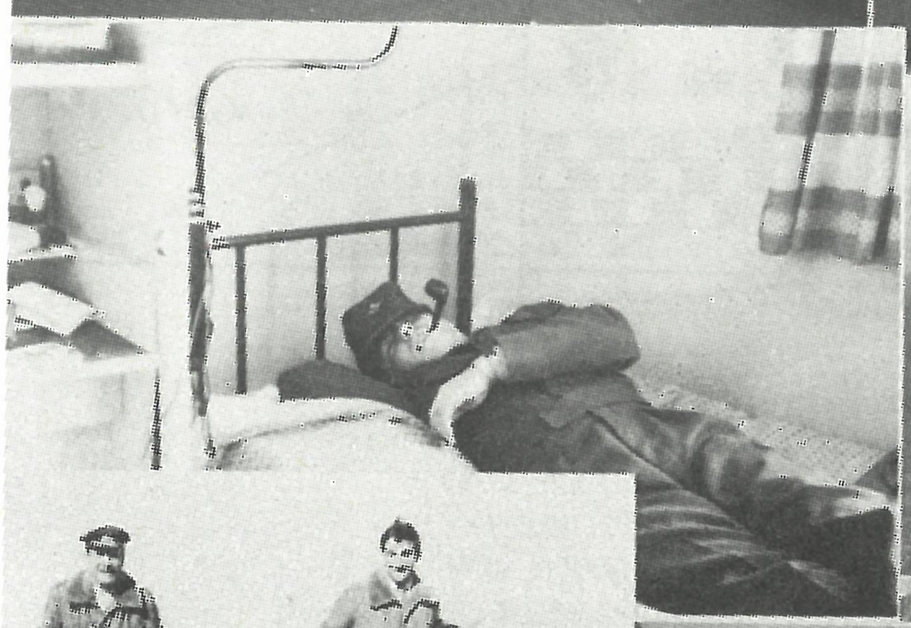
How come Kenney runs out of maps on his nav trips when everyone else can do the same trip with one map?

How come those four aircraft from "E" flight, who serenade Decorator with such hits as "Ghost Riders in the Sky", Moonlight Over Penhold", etc., can manage to PX over the same spot at the same height at the same time, when there is a three-minute separation between them?







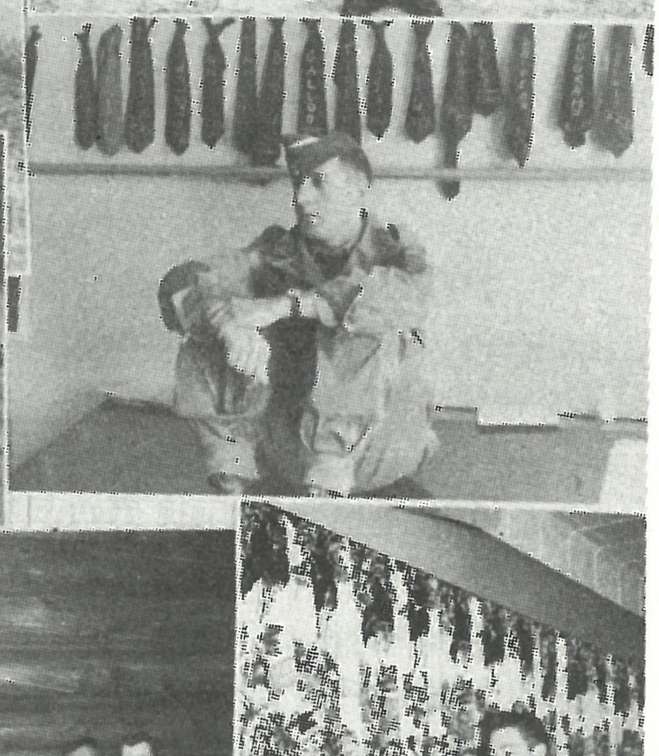














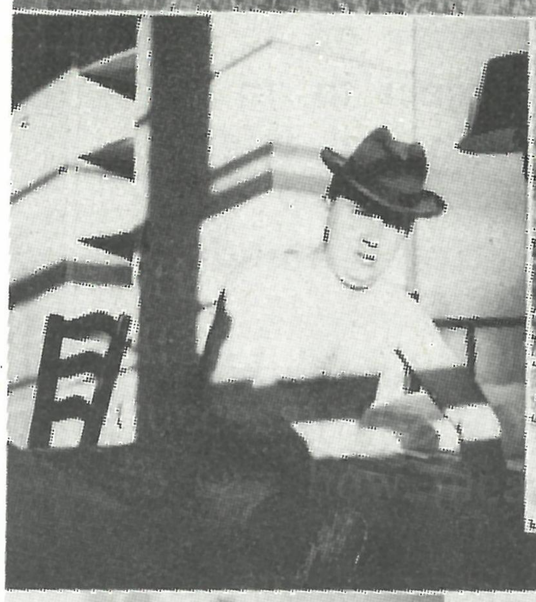






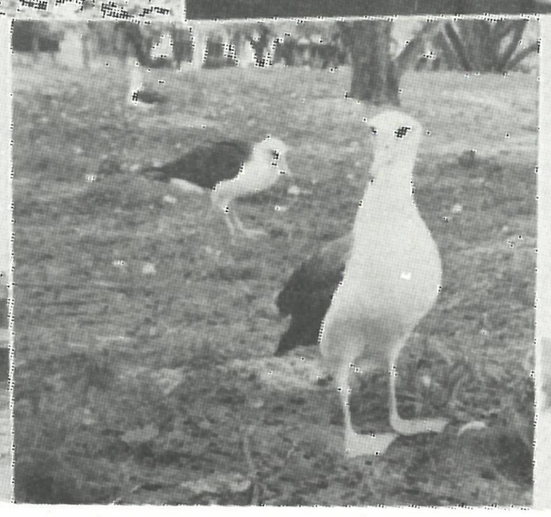




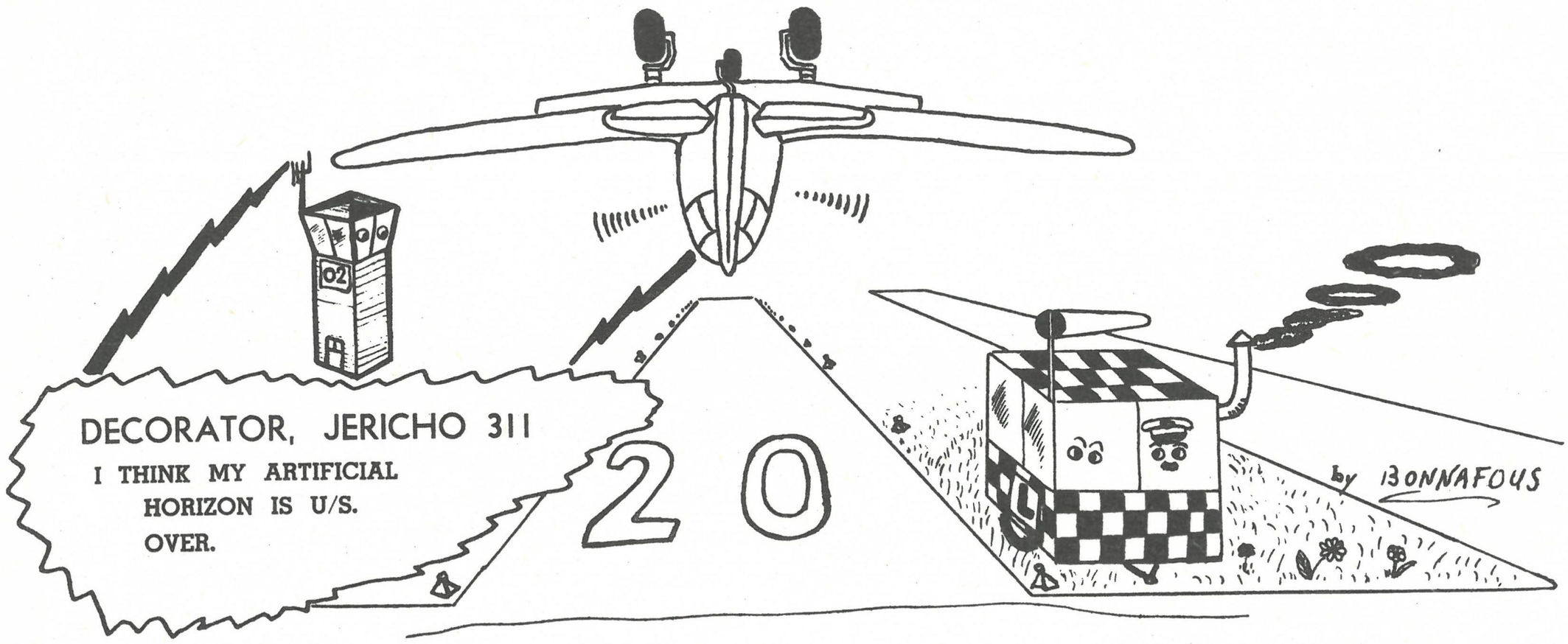












The Art of Floor Polishing

By Rolando Goldoni

This article is dedicated to those people who live without knowing what immense pleasure a mature man in his full intelligence (and culture) can derive from floor polishing.

Of course, if you are not such a man of culture, intelligence and sensitive feeling, you better quit floor polishing immediately, as you will not find this very nebulous and remote but positive pleasure evident in your endeavors.

Because of a pilot's exceptional mental alertness and physical fitness he is very apt to find great pleasure in floor polishing. I as one of these men am going to guide you on the road to this secret. Take a dirty floor. You enter and your spirit rebels because it has the feeling that under this filthy covering there is a light, which is making a great effort to reach the sun.

You feel then like a great liberator —the powers of a god rest in your hands— the power to release this glorious shining light from its bonds of dullness.

To accomplish this magnanimous task, some ingredients are needed. I will not however, waste your time dwelling on these incidentals. Let us move on to the moment when the Polishing Machine is transformed from an inert object to an instrument vibrating in its anxiety to help the artist accomplish his high and mighty objective. Then the shadows of darkness miraculously disappear as touched by a "magic wand", and finally the light freed from its bonds ascends, casting a wonderful glow over the room.

Part of this glow enters your very soul, and inebriates you with joy thinking that Flying Officer Strudwick when crawling under the bed with his lens the next morning looking for a shadow will be blinded by the focus of all this light.

THE "09" BLUES

During the recent winter months we were at one time besieged by two weeks of nearly 50-below weather. As a result no flying at all could take place. At that time we were keen and eager types all "hepped" to fly. But don't misquote us; we still are, only in a more nonchalant way. However, way back then the mysterious medium of the skies was still new to us and our desire to get to know it better, gradually changed to impatience mounting by the hour as we waited for warmer weather. As a result we had nothing to do but sit around, polish floors and, ugh! study!

It was out of such a setting that the inspiration for our course song arose. Set to the tune of "Red River Valley," it soon became a Number One hit with our course members. Thus for its adoption here as another memento of "09", we salute our composers 2/Lieut Pecile, F/C Bracken and F/C Pearson.

Our course was formed in Centralia
Where the weather is nice and warm.
We have been sent out in the west,
A hope in our hearts was born . . .

And now we are stationed at Penhold,
Where it's colder than hell all the time.
So we sit on our thumbs in the flight line
And we think of the floors we must shine.

At night we study at the movies,
In the daytime we sleep in the class.
Then they give us some phys. education,
A course they can give to the brass.

The week-ends are gay, other courses all say,
There are plenty of girls down in Red Deer.
But when we get there, the streets all look bare,
So we go to the Park and drink beer.

Are we really here to learn flying
When we're cleaning up floors all the time.
Coffee cups must be washed for instructors,
When we're not towing planes to the line.

Our Wing Co. on Fridays is busy,
On our floors he must see his own face.
If the image is a little bit distorted,
Punching cards at the gate is the case.

But besides all these things, we're living like kings,
We are like the birds in the nest.
Our instructors are best, they work without rest,
They live at QF, the best in the West.

. . . And now we are leaving Penhold,
We will miss our instructors so fine,
We will miss the dear old flight line,
And the floors we won't have to shine.

In Parting . . .

We would like to add a note of appreciation to all those who have given of their time and talent to make these memoirs a success.

We must confess that we have had fun in poking fun, at those with whom we have been associated; both fellow trainees and instructors, and we hope that our mischievous, satirical treatment will be taken in the spirit it was given. It is our sincere hope that we have depicted all in the way that we can remember them best.

Some have been critical of the size of this edition, and our sole defence is to say, "This is only Volume 1; you can get Volume 2 at AFS."

And so we wish to thank:

2nd Lieut. Goldoni, F/C Bracken, F/C Barnes for special features.

Adj. Kerremans, Sgt. Jensen and Adj. DeMeeus for drawings and photographic work.

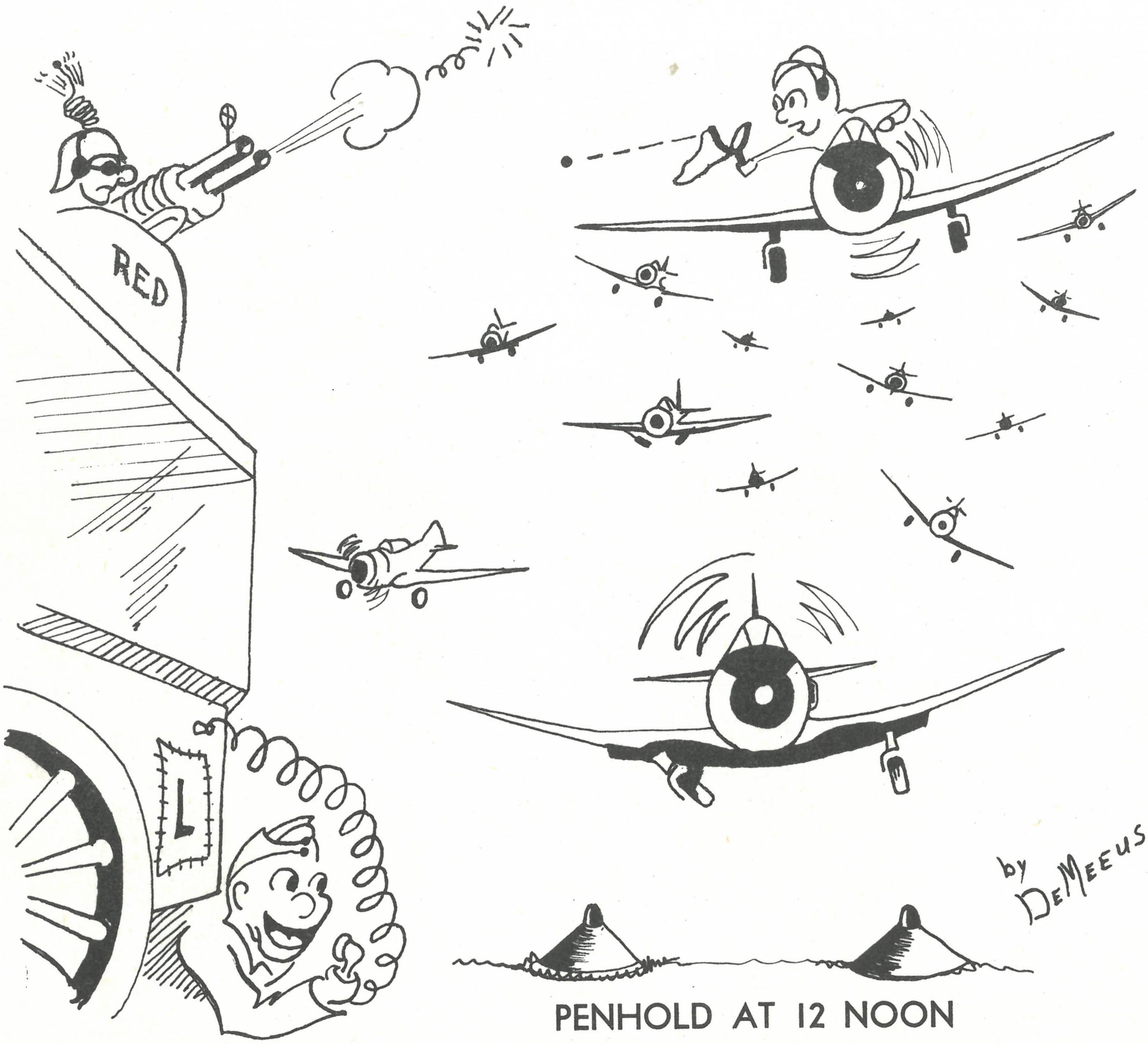
F/C Wong Kee. Sgt. Krull, F/C Lamberton, our typing staff.

Special thanks go to Mid. Matheson and those who helped him in the preparation of write-ups. We are also deeply indebted to Adj. De Meeus for his tremendouus artistic and photographic work.

We also wish to thank those who helped in many ways too numerous to mention separately.

We realize that many persons outside of course members will be reading this edition. Should our jokes, cartoons and stories, etc., have no meaning to them whatsoever, we would have them remember, that this booklet has been designed primarily for the members of our course. As such, in later years, we can leaf through this booklet, look back, remember and smile.

F/C Bullock and F/C Harris, Editors



PENHOLD AT 12 NOON

