

FOX-PROOP

N^o1. I.T.S.  R.C.A.F.

Vol. 1, No. 1

TORONTO, ONT.

September, 1944



WING COMMANDER L. C. RUSSELL, M.C.

A Message From The Commanding Officer

Through the medium of this new station paper, I welcome the opportunity of sending a message to all ranks on the Station.

No. 1 Initial Training School has always been looked upon as being the king-pin of the initial training schools. I can look back to the days in early 1940, when the school was still a hunt club. Under the direction of Wing Commander E. G. K. Burden, D.S.O., it was converted into a school for the young enthusiastic aircrew. Since then many thousands of airmen have received the very best of training. They have gone forth to give their blood for their country. Many have paid the supreme price, others have won honour and glory and are now holding senior positions in the Air Force.

There has been no let-up during all these trying war years, and even now, when we can see the beginning of the end, there can be no lessening of effort. It is just as essential today for the best training of these airmen as it was in those early days. These things can only be accomplished by the enthusiastic co-operation of all ranks. The instructional staff can leave no stone unturned to ensure that these trainees for whom they are responsible, receive the very best of training. The other sections, who have to deal with the well-being of the airmen, whose job perhaps has not very much glamour, are now, nevertheless doing their bit by their best efforts in the welfare of the trainees. The trainees themselves must co-operate by endeavouring to absorb all the knowledge imparted to them and to attain as high a state of proficiency as possible.

It is our responsibility to ensure the very highest standard of training, and by so doing we can further the war effort and at the same time save many of the lives of these airmen by bringing home to them in their earlier days the necessity of paying attention to detail and thoroughly familiarizing themselves with all aspects of their jobs. If any stone is left unturned, it is our responsibility.

This has been the spirit of No. 1 Initial Training School, and it is because of these things being realized that we have turned out many thousands of excellent airmen who have gone overseas and have done more than their share during the Battle of Britain, during the Battle of the Atlantic, and in all the activities of the R. C. A. F. in Africa, and Europe, which have followed since that time.

Let us keep this spirit constantly before us and never let up until the last gun is fired.

Commanding Officer's Long Career In Service Started At Early Age

Wing Commander L.C. Russell, M.C., has been a military man nearly all his life, and that statement in itself is enough to indicate that his career has been an interesting one. But a mere recital of dates and events can hardly indicate the colorful aspects of any man's career, and as is usually the case with men of accomplishment, those desiring to learn anything of their worth and work are confined to such dry statistics. The Commanding Officer is no exception to this rule. When asked for some information about himself he found it expedient to be busily cleaning up his desk in preparation for his annual leave. Behind him he left a scrap book filled with newspaper clippings, photographs, athletic and concert programs, and of all things, a wedding invitation. These trivia of past occurrences, unfortunately, are not concerned with his own activities by any means, but touch on friends and acquaintances who have taken part in service functions of one sort and another throughout Canada.

Reluctantly putting the scrap book aside, we decided to start from scratch and make out, as best we could. We find that Wing Commander Russell was born in London, England. He enlisted in the British Army as a private, and was promoted to the rank of temporary corporal while his regiment was in Africa. This was in 1911. In 1913-14 he was a trooper in the Southern Rhodesian M.I. In June of 1915 he was a second lieutenant in the Royal Fusiliers, taking his part in the struggle so well that he was an acting captain before long. In September of that year he was wounded and sent back to England, returning to his unit in April of 1916. It was at this time he was awarded the Military Cross, but just what particular act of gallantry led to this decoration is another of the

Wing Commander's secrets. On the first of July he was taken prisoner, and after seventeen months he was back in Great Britain again, having made a successful break for freedom. And there, too, is another story that might be

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Civilians, Service Scientists Working Together at C.I.U.

Perhaps the least known section on this station is the Clinical Investigation Unit or C.I.U. as it is familiarly known. Whereas it may seem that the staff of the C.I.U. is medical this is decidedly not the case. Under the direction of the medical officer i/c, Wing Commander J. K. W. Ferguson, are men from many professions and trades. Medical officers, engineers, biologists and general list personnel combine to form this test unit. Though classed as technical assistants medical the variety of training displayed by our other ranks is very wide indeed, varying from undertakers to artists. Each of these men possess some training usually by virtue of his pre-war occupation which especially fits him for duties with a group such as the C.I.U.

The C.I.U. had its humble beginnings in a small room on the top floor of the Banting Institute in the days just prior to the outbreak of the present war. There a group of scientists under the direction of the late Sir Frederick Banting began to investigate problems concerning the physical well-being of flying personnel. When war came and the R.C.A.F. began to expand many of these personnel entered the Service. However the value of the important work which they had

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Published with the kind permission of the Commanding Officer,
Wing Commander L. C. Russell, M.C.

EDITORIAL STAFF

President F/L. R. Davidson
 Secretary F/L. R. R. Latimer, (Padre)
 Editor Sgt. T. F. Clarke
 Asst. Editor F/S. M. R. Conroy
 Art Director Sgt. L. E. Dingwall

And the very capable assistance of the C. I. U. Photography
Sections for pictures.

POST-WAR AND YOU

During the closing days of the Parliamentary session just concluded, measures were passed which are of utmost interest to all men and women in uniform. The government introduced its post-war rehabilitation plans, and had them passed unanimously in the Commons and Senate. They are worth a close study by all of us, for they represent the best thoughts and planning by men who have spent considerable time on this problem. The government received advice in this matter from leading industrialists and business men, educators and sociologists. In order that the views of the men and women in uniform might not be overlooked in the multitudinous details involved, close attention was paid to the views of senior officers of all the services, and to those of such veterans' organizations as the Canadian Legion and the Canadian Corps Association.

Several publications dealing with post-war rehabilitation of service personnel have already appeared, and it is expected that in the course of the next few weeks other publications, embracing the latest government regulations, will make their appearance. It would be well to keep your eyes open for them.

VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE

Herewith is the first issue of Canada's newest service publication. It is offered with the hopes that it will serve a real purpose at No. 1 I.T.S. The success with which it meets in its endeavour, curiously enough, does not rest entirely with the editors, though, being human, they would be among the first and loudest in their claims for credit if the paper succeeds. Those responsible for The Fox Prop are looking to you for support. They hope to receive constructive criticism and suggestions.

More than this, however, is the need for contributions from those who might have something to share with their buddies. Whether it is a good joke, a snappy piece of cartooning or art work, or a more serious piece of writing, either prose or poetry, they want to see it, and what's more, want to publish it.

It has often been said that the first edition of a publication should be the best edition. The Goddess of Endeavour, if such

THE PADRE'S CORNER

Morale Must Be Kept Up, Is View

Having very recently been posted to this unit as Station Chaplain (P) I would like to take this opportunity of asking for your sympathetic co-operation in assisting me to do the job entrusted to me.

The only genuine satisfaction a chaplain has in the service is the knowledge that he has been used to help someone who needed help. Be assured, therefore, that it will be my pleasure to be of service to you at any time. Your problems may be domestic, financial, social or spiritual. Whatever they are, I will be glad to discuss them with you.

One of the most important subjects dealing with Service is morale, and it is the responsibility of the Padre to keep before him and his personnel the high ideals we fight to maintain. The value of maintaining morale is well recognized by the government of any nation at war, and considerable money has been spent on the various schemes to boost and maintain morale. "Mail from home" is rushed by plane to our troops in action, movies are shown in the remotest parts of the world and papers and magazines are furnished wherever possible. All these things tend to maintain morale but they are not the foundations upon which it is built. Morale has a deeper meaning and is best evidenced by the sense of well-being which can only come from within for your own thoughts and action are the real foundation. It was Plato who said, "If the head and the body are to be well, you must begin by curing the soul." If the soul is to rule the body, it needs to be fed continually, with nourishing food. It needs more than highly seasoned amusements and frothy chatter to raise it above pettiness which is always the cor-

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"Y" OFFICE NOTES

"Y" Services Offer Many Facilities

The Y.M.C.A. services are termed "auxiliary," and are in addition to the regular services provided by the armed services. It is the function of an auxiliary service to provide such amenities, principally social, as will add to your pleasure during off-duty hours.

Contact is maintained with many social groups, clubs and organizations, and through them outside social events are arranged. This type of program includes dances, house parties, weiner roasts, skating parties and some hospitality. On the station close co-operation is maintained with committees set up to sponsor and attend social functions held on the station. Movies are arranged and presented on all stations.

The office maintained on the station attempts to fill a variety of needs. Some of the services rendered including the sending of telegrams, travel information, purchasing of money orders, cashing cheques, and arranging outside accommodation. In addition personal services of a varied character receive careful consideration.

An excellent library is maintained by the Y.M.C.A. We say without reservation that it is one of the finest of its kind on any station. A supply of magazines is on hand for the casual reader.

Writing rooms are maintained by the auxiliary services and paper and writing materials provided. Materials for numerous small games are supplied through your Y.M.C.A., and prizes are donated to promote competition.

This article is not intended to cover fully the many phases of auxiliary service, but is intended to acquaint you with some of the major facilities available to military personnel. It carries with it an invitation to you to make use of it.

a diety exists, has very wisely neglected to provide a precedent for this stern criterion, so that, mindful of defects of this issue, the editors see many places for improvement. Starting from scratch as they have, they now have something to work with on future editions, and what is more important, they have made their wants known to those who are in a position to help them in future editions.

And with this little introduction, they will let the paper speak for itself. The Fox Prop is yours, to encourage and enjoy. It is also yours to nurture and foster. It is sincerely hoped that you will!

It is hoped that in time The Fox Prop will come to reflect the spirit and morale of this station and that through its columns, staff and trainees will come to know each other better. It should also be the means of introducing trainees to the many facilities of this station, and serve as a record of the events and activities which up to now, unfortunately, have gone unheralded and unrecorded.

LIFEBUOY FOLLIES COMING HERE

One of the best of several of the travelling shows currently being seen in Army, Navy and Air Force establishments throughout Canada, the new Lifebuoy Follies is slated for a performance at No. 1 I.T.S. on Thursday, September 21. This is the third tour of the circuit which this popular group of entertainers has made since it was organized.

The show which is to be seen here is a new one, but many of the old favorites will be on hand. Pat Rafferty, famed "Dumbell" star of the last war, whose comedy is as bright and new as it was in France a quarter of a century ago, heads a cast of singers, dancers and comedians which have been cheered by over 300,000 services men and women. In addition to this prodigious record, the group have been instrumental in raising considerable sums for the Canadian Red Cross Association through their many appearances before civilian audiences.

Organized and financed by Lever Brothers (soap to you), the Follies were first launched in 1941 expressly for the entertainment of the armed forces, and in the two years since has entertained over a quarter of a million men in uniform, playing a total of over 300 performances at more than 200 camps across the Dominion.

In the Spring of 1943 the Follies forsook Canadian soil for Newfoundland, and after a triumphant tour among the allied forces there, they returned to their home ground, Toronto to whip into shape a brand new show with new acts and routines, new costumes, new songs and new sets. The new show opened its 1943-44 season to a record-breaking audience at



We present HELEN BRUCE, high voltage songstress, who will be seen and heard with the Follies. Need anything more be said?

Camp Borden in September, 1943 and has been travelling ever since.

Each member of the Follies cast is a professional performer and amazingly versatile. With Pat Rafferty, Jimmy Devon and Jack Ayre, names that have been bywords for hilarious comedy and musical antics since they first won popularity in the "Dumbells" during the last Great War.

Lovely Helen Bruce has a clear and remarkably sweet soprano voice, which she uses to outstanding advantage in a bit of solo spotlighting and in duet with Norman Evans, Canadian-born baritone and CBC radio artist. The accordion medleys of Joan Elaine, attractive young musician who joined the Follies at the beginning of 1943, have always been sufficiently tuneful to swing her audiences into community singing. Irene Hughes, who has whirled and pirouetted across some hundred stages, and Daphne MacFarlane who specializes in song and guitar impersonations, round out the cast of eight.

Directed by Jack McLaren, producer of the First Overseas Concert Party with the Canadian Corps in the Great War, the Follies is a compact travelling unit, fully equipped with its own scenery, curtains and sound equipment. Costumes and sets are the design of Ronald McRae, well-known magazine illustrator.

A weary LAC climbed down off a forty eight that had somehow run into six days. "Well," exclaimed Flight Sergeant Conroy, "we sure are glad to see you. For a while we were afraid that you had signed a separate peace."

Passing of Local Personage Raises Some Misgivings

Death came, as it will to us all to one of this station's most respected figures ten days ago. While carrying out his usual duties around the mess, A. C. Ginger was seized with a heart attack during the morning, and passed away shortly before noon.

The station received the news with consternation, just as it took an anticipatory interest in his/her daily habits. As long as Ginger was on the job, all realized that one of the greater dangers of their daily gastronomic risks was non-existent. Thus it was that Ginger's passing removed from this scene something which might be added to their nutritional intake. A guard of honour composed of twelve men who, though regular customers of the mess (don't spare that word!) watched attentively over the remains until they were safely interred. A self-appointed daily orderly officer now checks morning and night to see that the sacred ground has not been disturbed. As long as it has been preserved from ghouls, it is believed that the stew is worth at least sniffing.

The feline heaven is wealthier in the degree that the feline world, and the kitchen at No. 1 I.T.S., is poorer.

FORM PERCEPTION, or AIRCRAFT REC

One of the sections that is really popular with the trainees is aircraft rec. Maybe because its the training given in form perception. The staff consists of Sergeant Vic Noad, Flt. Sergeant Eddie Owen and Flight Sergeant Russ Mac-Arther.

Vic is a native of Toronto and really whips those classes into shape. If he seems a bit in the clouds these days, it's neither the heat nor the humidity—it's those wedding bells in the not too distant future. Best of luck, Vic!

Eddie is a welcome addition from No. 6 I.T.S. Comes from Hamilton, and seems to take his newly assumed fatherly duties seriously judging by the number of times we see him on the Queen Elisabeth Highway. He has a fine collection of models—and we do mean aircraft.

Mac is an old timer in the organization of aircraft rec. Hails from Calgary—they say that's in Alberta, and vows he is going to settle down some day, though we doubt it.

Bristol Beaufighters now carry 4 20mm. cannon, 6 .303 guns, 8 rockets and a 21 inch torpedo.

Recognition is simply a technique to be integrated with all the other subjects of war.

RACE PROBLEM, ARCHITECTURE AND RELIGION PROVIDE VARIED THEMES

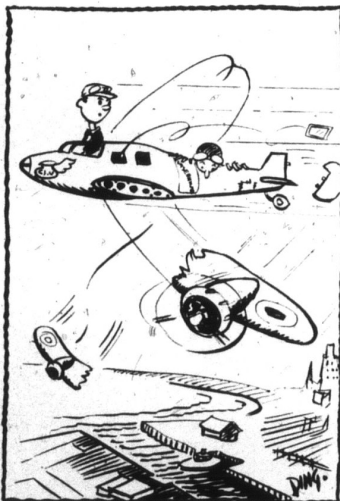
In the event that some of you may not as yet have become acquainted with the Station Library we recommend without reservation that you become familiar with the varied and excellent number of books on the shelves. The library committee has made every effort to secure the type of reading material that will appeal to a varied reading taste. In consequence then you will find something that appeals no matter what your literary bent may be.

We offer with brief comment the following books for your consideration. "STRANGE FRUIT"—by Lillian Smith, a study of the negro problem as affecting the southern United States—not pleasant reading but thought-provoking.

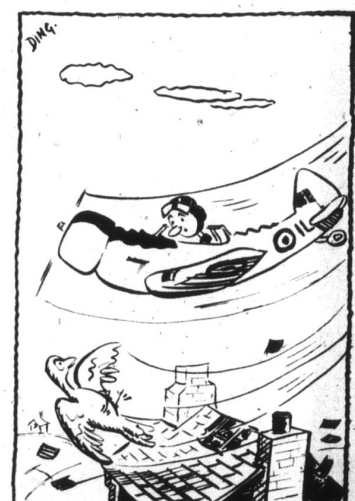
"THE FOUNTAIN HEAD"—by Ayn Rand. With the architectural field as background the author has written a highly controversial novel that will hold your interest to the last page. Good for many discussions.

"THE ROBE"—by Lloyd Doug-

las. The religious theme of this book is ably handled by one of the continent's outstanding and popular authors.



"Gosh, is this what 'unserviceable' means?"



"SISSY"

Ready To Abandon Ship, Find Gunner Wounded; Set Down After Repairs

Repatriated Air Gunner, Now at No. 1
Gives Vivid Picture of Life and Work of Aircrew Overseas—
Happy Social Life Contrasts with Hard Work.

Much has been said and written of the team work and coordination of an air crew. I am not going to enlarge on that, but simply present some personal glimpses of my crew, the manner which we met, worked, played, and parted.

I had been in England some time, when my second crew, of whom I now write, were formed. Prior to this I considered life had dealt her lasting blow to me when I had an operation on my appendix which meant six weeks lost in hospital. The result was I was separated from my Canadian crew friends who passed on to "ops" ahead of me. This was at my second O.T.U. in Rutlandshire, where we had gone to complete our training, as the old Wimpies on our previous station had not fared so well in the first one-thousand bomber raids.

You may be able to visualize me one evening reclining on our hard cot in an empty barrack block, reading, cussing my misfortune, and feeling sorry for myself in general. Then something happened. The door burst open and in barged a medley of new faces. They were RAF boys. I wondered how I would be able to put up with "limies" with barely a Canadian on the station. But it goes to show how first impressions are not always favorable or correct.

Having been asked how long I had been there, I guess I gave a sultry report of my two tours of O.T.U.'s. I supposed that made me an authority, so I told them what the score was. They seemed polite to me, which helped my ego a bit, and I began to rib the "chippers" about Canadians winning the war for them. The inevitable argument ensued, which broke the ice, and we became just fellows thereafter.

Paddy came to me and suggested we go to tea together, and that is how I met my tall, ungainly looking pilot, Paddy was from Belfast, and had done his training in the U.S.A. With his friendly brogue and a package of American cigarettes, he won himself a rear gunner.

That night, after a few speak-easies, Burma and I began spinning yarns and reciting poetry from opposite beds, and later he became our navigator. Burma was quite a guy. Perhaps Don Juan would have hung his head in defeat had the two of them been contemporaries. He signed up on a steamship line between Burma and England before the war to follow a girl, and as soon as the ship

docked he jumped overboard, he took a selling job until war broke out, and then lowered his age from thirty five to twenty eight to join up. He was the kind of fellow who went shooting pheasants out of season in a farmer's field, and when caught, persuaded the good farmer to take him to dinner and introduce him to the wife. Thereafter Burma would have a pass-key.

Next we picked Ernie, our wireless operator, whom we nicknamed "Joe" for obvious reasons. He was a cute kid. Before joining up, Joe was a tea-taster in London. He had the typical brylcreamed hair, bed-room eyes and small black tache. Our Joe was the sort of chap who would go manfully into a drug store, and if served by a lady, would swallow hard, ask for a tube of toothpaste, and dash out quickly.

Now Taff was a different type, an open faced Welshman with a ready "Hi, Mon!" Taff was our bomb-aimer, and a darn good one, too, with no dummy runs slated against him. I think he is going back to Crafter Corners after the war, though, to raise new species of his own, as he used to be quite interested in them at times.

This was the way my crew began on Wimpies, and, being the only Canadian, I had my times I can assure you. We were all sergeants, and when one was up to something you can bet the remainder were not far behind. Our main social life centered around the Old Mill pub in Stamford, and the Coddfellows Hall opposite. We had a small dark oak-pannelled room in the back of the pub which held a piano, a few chairs, and of course a table built to hold a few dozen pints. When our day's training was over, providing we were not briefed for night flying, we would invariably be found there in force. It was very convenient, as Alf and Gladys, our landlord and lady, kept three beds upstairs for us when we were indisposed to return home. In the morning we were furnished with a good breakfast before our eight mile hike back to camp, all for four bob.

Later we received two new crew members. Stan was a likable cobbler with an Australian background who had also lived in England. He became our engineer. Stan knew his work well, and I think I owe him credit for saving my life.

Chris was the mid-upper gunner with whom I forever tangled. W
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SHOWS TO SEE DURING SEPTEMBER

Pictures Start at 1900 Hours in Airmen's Lounge

- Tuesday 5—"Redhead from Manhattan," starring Lupe Valez, Michael Duane.
Shorts—"Spied For You" & Screen Snapshots
- Friday 8—"Jack London," starring Michael O'Shea.
Selected Shorts.
- Sunday 10—"I Dood It," starring Red Skelton, Eleanor Powell.
Short—"Trifles That Win Wars."
- Tuesday 12—"Murder by Invitation," starring Wallace Ford, Marion Marsh.
Shorts—"Up from the Ranks" and "Rooftop Follies."
- Friday 15—"Madame Currie," starring Greer Garson, Watler Pidgeon.
Selected Shorts.
- Sunday 17—"Song of Russia," starring Robert Taylor and Susan Peters.
Short—"Kid in Upper Four."
- Tuesday 19—"Chip of the Old Block," starring Donald O'Connor, Peggy Ryan, Ann Blyth.
Short—"The Merry Madcaps."
- Friday 22—"Follow the Boys," with an all-star cast.
Selected Shorts.
- Sunday 24—"Reunion in France," starring Joan Crawford, John Wayne, Philip Dorne.
Short—"Don't You Believe It."
- Tuesday 26—"The Imposter," starring Jean Gabin, Allyn Joslyn.
Selected Shorts.
- Friday 29—"A Lady Takes a Chance," starring Jean Arthur, John Wayne.
Selected Shorts.

Civilian, Service Scientists Work Together

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began was recognized and a new unit organized under the direction of the Director of Medical Services and headed by Group Captain G.E. Hall, AFC.

This unit, which is the C.I.U. as we know it to-day, is composed of the above personnel together with civilian scientists from the National Research Council. Problems being investigated by the C.I.U. are jointly handled by Service personnel and the N.R.C.

The nature of the work carried on by the C.I.U., although still to a large measure shrouded in official secrecy, deals in general with any problems which may affect the well-being of an individual during flight. Much investigational work has been carried on in regard to proper and adequate oxygen supply for high altitude flying. A recent press release has described the great contribution made in this field by FL. F.E.J. Fry. The problem of flying clothing which will assure the comfort of a man under many climatic conditions is continually receiving a great deal of attention as well as the study of noxious gases which may contaminate aircraft cockpits and constitute a hazard to aircrew. Emergency equipment on which may depend the life of an airman forced down over land or water has been the subject to which a great deal of attention has been devoted. Continuous improvements from time to time are being made which will

give the airman who is in such a position a much better chance for survival. Problems arising from difficulty of intercommunication in aircraft are under study by another group of workers at this unit.

In addition to the personnel actually stationed at No. 1 I.T.S. several have proceeded overseas where they occupy liaison positions between the investigational group here and the actual operational theatres. The chief of this group is Wing Commander B.C. Coles who many will remember was medical officer i/c at No. 1 C.I.U. until last March.

In addition to the actual laboratory facilities at No. 1 I.T.S. there is maintained an aircraft and special pilot which are in use daily carrying out flight tests on new equipment, supervising various trials at flying stations and collecting valuable data for use in future developments.

Many graduates of No. 1 I.T.S. who are now serving in aircrew capacities in the R.C.A.F. would undoubtedly be able to tell you of some of the developments that have come from C.I.U. and of their benefit to the lot of the airman. It is hoped that in future issues of this publication that we may be able, from time to time, to give more detailed information concerning some of the new and interesting developments which have issued from the building behind the motor transport garage.

DENTAL DOINGS, or OUCH! THAT HURT!

It is the wish of the writer of this column that the title will not frighten too many of the station personnel, anticipation accounting for the "ouch!" which covers 90 per cent and a granted 10 per cent for the "that hurt!" We can almost hear the numerous and firm disagreements. Brace up, boys, the war will be over some day soon, and then it will cost us money.

The Dental Clinic staff extends a hearty vote of success to the editor and staff of this new station paper, and we hope that support, which we know will be welcome, will be forthcoming all the time.

Speaking of the clinic staff, this is a most opportune time to introduce the personnel of this station. Because of the limited space, we can only give a list of the names, which are as follows:

Major J.F. Porter, officer in charge.

Captain E. Rollanston, the other dental officer.

Sergeant John Pettit, NCO in charge, and dental assistant to Major Porter.

Sergeant Don Fleck, dental assistant to Captain Rollanston.

Sergeant Harry Lewis, our lab technician.

Private Bill Ainley, the chap who keeps the clinic in its sparkling condition.

The furlough season for our staff is almost over, with the exception of Sergeant Lewis, who leaves for New Orleans, in the good old U.S. this month.

Major Porter spent one of those popular new "stay-at-home" furloughs, one that was very much deserved.

Captain Rollanston, Sergeant Fleck and Private Ainley migrated to the wilds of Northern Ontario. Same old fish stories, if any fishing was done at all!

Sergeant Pettit returned recently from a trip from New York City. One wonders if all his fish stories can possibly be true. If you want to learn to samba (that's a type of South American dance), says John, go to the William Sloan House in New York. You then might be able to tell us how its done when you get back. Beautiful teachers too. Mmmm!



LAC Suttin's next sick parade as visualized by Doc Connolly.

Course 107 Scores Heavy Navigation Marks Average

Course 107 has set a particularly fine example of what can be done if the necessary effort is put forward. On the final examination held they averaged 84 per cent. The course as a whole is to be complimented on such a good showing and it is hoped that succeeding courses will make a special effort to at least equal, and possibly surpass their mark.

The navigation staff takes this opportunity of assuring every trainee that he should not hesitate to ask for extra assistance at any time. An instructor is on duty every evening, Monday to Friday inclusive, and whether he is your class instructor or not he is more than willing to discuss your problems with you, and assist you in every way possible.

A LITTLE MORTAR FROM WORKS AND BRICKS

Who is the corporal in our section who goes directly home at 1630 hours every day, now that a certain flight sergeant is away on leave?

Rumour has it that Stan Ellis is the influence behind the passing of the new "Baby Bonus" bill.

W/O.2 Herring has been awarded top standing in the Scrounger's Club. This award was made public by officials of No. 1 Training Command early this month. The official citation reads: "Highest award for meritorious scrounging," while underneath is engraved: "Presented to W/O.2 Herring, August 3rd, 1944." We understand, unofficially, of course, that the Recruiting Center on Bay Street is being moved intact to No. 1 I.T.S.

To S/M Herring, the spotlight shines with pride.

P.S. Inventory holders are hereby warned.

Morale Needed

(Continued from Page 2)

ruption of the soul. Make it a habit to refuse to indulge in pettiness of thought and actions. "Self reverence, self-knowledge, self-control; these and these alone lead life to sovereign power.

Take pride in your job, your unit, your Command and the Service. Rightly assume your job is what you make it. Ask yourself what kind of a unit would yours be if every fellow acted as you do. Consider the public appraisal of your Command and the Service if they are judged by your estimate of them. Remember always that there is nothing noble in being superior to some other fellow. The true nobility is in being superior to your former self.

It need not be pointed out that the responsibilities of a navigator are tremendous and no man should undertake them unless he feels within himself that he has given his best in preparing for his place in air crew.

There may be a mistaken idea that the bomb aimer does not need to have a thorough knowledge of navigation. This is far from true. The training for bomb aimer is becoming more intensive, and if success is to be achieved a thorough grounding in the elements of navigation as taught at I.T.S. is, without a doubt, going to stand the trainee in good stead. It is, then, the duty of every air crew aspirant to apply himself in all subjects so that he can say at the end of the course, "This is my best."

Music, Tall Tales Mark Doings in Den of Three Hookers During Night Off

It generally starts off with a few of the boys drifting in and ordering their favorite brand of liquid refreshment, and doesn't really get started until they have departed from the realm of reality and get talking politics, rehabilitation grants and other like subjects—i.e.—women!

This class is generally presided over by Professor MacNeill of the C.I.U., who has read all the literary masterpieces from the British Pharmacopoeia to a local newspaper going under the name of "HUSH".

If the conversation is ever changed from the last mentioned subject it generally drifts around to experiences—from here on it is every man for himself, and may the best liar win. Incidentally, I might add here, it is extremely difficult for a good liar to get a word in edgeways—this will show what kind of competition I am up against. As we have candidates for the Burlington Liar's Club who have been stationed everywhere from the Pacific Coast in Canada to the Middle East, this will naturally take up a goodly part of the evening, and incidentally to mention a few of our Prodigal Sergeants we have in our midst, Sgts Pawlett, Clark, Patton, and Elliott.

Just about here someone will raise his golden voice in rapturous song; this is generally known as the last phase, the finis, or the pay-off. Anyone who has been thinking of going, suddenly departs, leaving the more hardy members of our crew to suffer in silence while our song-birds lose themselves in the realm of the higher classics. These song-birds are headed by Sgts Pawlett, and he is aided and abetted by Sgts Barney Doyle (No 1 Manning De-

It Really Happened

LAC Johnny Doig: Can I have this morning off?

Sergeant Atwell: What for?

LAC As Above: I was out late last night and I'm tired.

Sergeant Atwell: O.K., Doig.

(This stricken man was received in short order and proceeded on his way. He was last seen standing with his face toward the East.)

VITAL STATISTICS

PAY AND ACCOUNTS

The Pay and Accounts section could really be described as an information bureau—a sort of meeting place for troubled or distressed airmen. In an average day this section learns all about the airman who have had babies, who have taken the fatal plunge, and who have lost everything from their wallets to their mothers-in-law.

When a baby is born or a marriage takes place the airman concerned usually rushes over to this section and expects the paymaster to be standing at the front door with a bouquet of flowers and a cheque for the extra allowance. However, no matter how sad or serious the story might be, the airman is always assured of one thing, from the Pay and Accounts staff—a long wait and an icy reception. The staff is not quite as unhappy as it looks. Now and then some member, below the rank of corporal, will smile and try to be nice to the anxious customers that mill around the counter. Later, however, this particular member is usually reprimanded by his seniors.

GETTING RIGHT ALONG

Corporal Albert Patterson: I can't sleep at night.

Doc Connolly: You should eat something before you go to bed.

Little Albert: But when I was on sick parade a month or so ago you told me not to eat anything before going to bed.

Pill-Pusher Connolly (thinking fast, but talking smoothly after blinking twice and gulping once): Yes, my boy, that was a month ago. Medical science is certainly making great strides, isn't it!

pot), Clarke, Taylor, and Harris, and anyone else who happens to be in full bloom at the moment, while Sgt. Kijek accompanies them to the theme of breaking bottles.

They travel to heights undreamed of by Chopin and Beethoven—such music and poetry!!! The melodious strains of our songbirds are wafted on the breeze as far as the stop lights at Eglington and Avenue Road. We call this our Musical Appreciation Hour—shades of Dr. Damrosh!!!! We have offers from all parts of Canada, to stay here.

Top Notch Show Will Be Seen Here September 21st



Above are Irene Hughes and Jimmy Devon, versatile dancing team, which will be seen here in the Drill Hall on September 21.

LAC Driscoll, Sgt. Fowler and LAC Whitman of course 111, say that the thing they miss most in the Air Force is civilian life.

It has been truly said: Sergeant Court commands in a tone that means either the order or the person receiving it will have to be carried out.

And we take our bow to our station duplicator operator (no double talk intended) for we cannot but refrain from murmuring, sotto voce, that no NEWS is good news.

Is it true that one lad of these parts, after a long absence of letters from home, wired: Dear folks, let's hear from you more often, even if it is only five or ten dollars.

Coloured glasses, according to one G.L. officer, have ceased to be a badge of the optically-afflicted. They are now, he maintains, compatible with youth, smartness and sex appeal. Oh, hum! What's in a uniform!

It was quite a shock to him when a nameless AC2 learned, after passing through reception wing and training wing at No. 1 M Depot, and arriving at No. 1 I.T.S., that R.C.A.F. stands for Royal Canadian Air Force, and not Running Continually After Women.

Alberta Alf, the Western blow-hard, allows as how it will take another four years to end the war. "One to lick the Germans," says Alf, "Another to clean up the Japs, and two to clean the easterners out of God's country."

I guess you're just getting old. —Sgt. Frazer

Any airman will tell you that while money talks, it never gives itself away.

We have no outpatients in our hospital, so Doc Williamson calls them his "impatients."

We don't like to mention the fact, but an airman who had finished his dinner was passing down the line of those waiting to be served when he was overhead to remark: "For those who don't like beans, dinner is over."

Are you troubled with improper thoughts?

No, I enjoy them.

Some husbands are really wonderful. We know one Sergeant who, though married for six years, has never stopped being romantic. We hate to think of the language his wife will use when she finds out.

Ivan Poppoff: We have some of Canada's finest cooks in Air Force kitchens.

Open-Eyed AC: Really, what are they doing?

Below is another couple, in a not so serious mood. They are the well-known Pat Rafferty, right, with Norman Evans.



Here is an **AIRCRAFT REC QUIZZ**

Some of you lads who think you know your stuff can try these out. When you get stuck, turn to page eight for the answers—but don't peek until you have thought the thing out.

True or False?

1. Hurricanes and Typhoons are the only single seater aircraft with pronounced straight center section to the wings.
2. The Mitchell is the twin-engine plane with the highest wing.
3. German planes are all low wing.
4. The Messerschmit planes only have visible wing radiators.
5. Lockheed planes only have irregular fins and rudders.
6. The Typhoon, Mustang, Kittyhawk and Spitfire have filleting on the leading edge of their wings.
7. Engine nacelles break the trailing edge of the wing of the Do. 217, Boston, Marauder, Whirlwind and Mitchell.
8. The Do. 127 and Marauder are the only aircraft on the syllabus with no visible dihedral.
9. Mid-wing planes are Baltimore, Beaufighter, He. 111K, Whirlwind and Ventura.
10. The Tempest, Firefly and Mustang are the only single seater fighters with no cut-out on the tail plane.

F.L. Looseley (stopping an airman who has failed to salute): What's your name, lad?

AC2: Wolfgang Wattlebury Amadeus Hoppinskip.

F.L. Looseley: Say "Sir" when you are speaking to an officer.

AC2: Sir Wolfgang Wattlebury Amadeus Hoppinskip.



"Sorry, but we're all out of small ones."

C. O.'s Long Career

(Continued from Page 1)

worth hearing.

Like many young man of that time, he was keenly interested in the newest phase of warfare—flying, and in April, 1918, he was seconded to the Royal Air Force. The next item that comes to light is that he was demobilized in September, 1919. In addition to the Military Cross, he was now wearing the ribbons of the 1914-1915 Star, the G.S. decoration and the Victory Medal. He has, of course, added the Canadian Volunteer Service Decoration to these for his services in the present conflict.

Soon after leaving the service Wing Commander Russel came to Canada, and he has travelled throughout the country since that time. When the present conflict broke out he was again in uniform. He enlisted with the Royal Canadian Air Force on November 8, 1939, and was commissioned with the rank of temporary flight lieutenant. AC2's on the station might find some consolation in the fact that their C.O. also went through No. 1 Manning. The Winco's first station after enlisting here was No. 1, and while he was there he took a short discip course. On December 10 he was posted to St. Thomas, where he was O.C. of No. 1 training wing. After nine months he returned to Manning, where he organized the officers' course and became the first O.C. of the officers' training wing. In August of 1941 he was second in command and C.G.I. of the training School.

In December, 1941, Wing Commander Russell, (he had attained that rank in the previous August,) went to Saskatoon, where he opened and for two years had command of, No. 7 I.T.S. When that station was closed last June 5 after a very creditable showing, the C.O. started east, and without the loss of a day assumed his present command, succeeding Squadron Leader W.E. Tiley.

And that is the story, as far as it can be learned. One can, however, read, between the lines and find a good job being well done. It is often said that I.T.S. stations are among the most important of the whole air training scheme, and when a man opens, commands and closes a station all on his own prior to taking over the command of the premier station of its kind, and one that has survived the drastic reduction of stations due to the present program of curtailment, little need be said of his ability as an organizer and leader.

The Wing Commander is better known to most of the station personnel by sight than by intimate personal contact, but one can discern, in his bearing and in his approach to his work, the make-up of a perfectionist. Many have been overheard to remark on this aspect of his command in the few months that he has been here. It has also become recognized that

Ready To Abandon Ship Find Gunner Wounded

(Continued from Page 4)

all used to razz the poor fellow about his unlimited dates. He was from Devonshire, where his minister father used to keep him in check. At this stage he was tasting many things he didn't touch before. Poor lad, he had to carry a spew can in his turret while flying, in case evasive action upset his tummy. I can still see the picture Stan described on the wall of our quarters with all the crew in a dinghy while Chris had his unshakable spew can tied about his neck. This masterpiece was in the center of the kid's pin-up girls, to keep him down to earth.

Our first completed op together happened to be "gardening" or mine-laying off the Friscian Isles. When it was all over, of course, it didn't seem to be much, but Burma's common sense accounted for that. From three thousand feet we were to pin-point three oblong islands and set our course from there to drop our load on the Dutch coast. We couldn't see anything, so we made an orbit for a minute until some stooge flew over Borkum—a highly defended area. Speaking of pretty pictures, from a safe distance that was one. That kite was pinned by every available searchlight, and Jerry threw every color, shape and form of flak at them. Anyhow, they fared not too badly, as they later managed to crash land on the English coast, at Mablethorpe, and the Navigator got the DFM.

However, coming back to us, we found our bearings, dropped our mines, and arrived back at base in one piece. We were ready for our bacon and eggs and bed at six A.M.

In the several trips we made after our initiation, I think the one to Berlin was the nearest thing to being perfect after we were airborne. It was one of those nights when ops were postponed from ten o'clock to twelve mid night. Well, the second time we collected in the crew room we got the green light. In one of those very black nights which sometimes occur in England during the blackout we proceeded to our dispersal. Soon we became one of the many great birds carrying a

Wing Commander Russell demands as much from himself as he does from those associated with him. He has intimated more than once that he would welcome some more active form of war service than is provided in a training program. He is a good soldier, though, and is doing his assigned job to the best of his ability. The Efficiency Pennant which his former station won for the period ending December 31 last bears evidence of this fact. Now he is looking for another one.

cargo of death and destruction to the heart of Germany, where in a few hours, we would deliver it to Hitler's front door. After dodging three fighters over Denmark, we made an uneventful trip in the clear night sky over Germany. The Pathfinder's had done a perfect job laying flares and markers around the lake bordering the city, as if paving a highway for us to coast along to our objective.

The searchlights surrounding the capital were very active, though, like thin stealing fingers reaching out to pluck us from the unknown into a luminous cone from which the enraged gunners on the blighted ground might have endeavoured to pound us into submission, to fall defenceless, or explode in mid air. That was not the case, moreover we slipped into position, unloaded our share into the seething ferment of flames below which seemed not unlike Disney's pictured blight which came to the earth in "Fantasia." And so we wended our way home to a well-earned day of rest and another night of pleasure.

Lincoln was now our stamping ground, and the Sarcen's Head pub our meeting place. We had our fun together there, but our relation ship as a crew was now taken for granted and if one or all wished to go elsewhere, it suited the rest. I suppose it was better that way, as we all lived in the same house on the station. Maybe a change from talking shop was a good thing.

One night we were briefed to go to Dortmund in the Rhur Valley. I hardly suspect I carried my wife's intuition about with me, but before we got into our kite in readiness to take off, I remarked to Paddy that something was going to happen. This may bear out the fact there is a certain nearness among members of the crew which sometimes responds before mis-hap. Paddy told me he had a similar premonition of danger, but we didn't alarm the rest of the crew untimely. We carried on in the usual manner, singing over the inter-com until we had reached sufficient altitude over England, to set course for the happy valley.

It may have worked out differently had we our own kite, "I Itma." But she was being patched up from a previous do. Now "J Johnny" was a Lanc which had its day and was only good for 18000 feet in height. The unfortunate part was that we were briefed to fly at 20000 feet in our wave, so I guess we were a "sitter." Anyhow, Jerry charged us from the bows with rockets, and then, as we were blinded, he raked us with machine guns and cannon fire, oblivious to our evasive action. This all happened as Taff was out of his turret at the bomb sight drop-

FLASHES FROM THE GREEN LIGHT SECTION

Here is just a little news and gossip from the green light section. For the past few weeks the staff of this section has been sadly depleted. Corporal Al ("Fergie") Ferguson has been holidaying at Beaumaris Convalescent Hospital for a month, but should be with us again by the time this is being read. Good luck, Fergie!

Corporal Paul Watt, the section artist, is an inmate of the unit hospital, and is going to Mountain View upon his release, to carry on instruction there.

Corporal Alf ("Stinky") Bowden has been over at No. 11 PATS for the past two weeks, but he, too, should be on the scene in a short time. "Stinky" is quite a baseball player in his own right.

Corporal Mal ("Curly") Weir is the old section stand-by, and has been carrying on nobly during the manpower shortage.

Sgt. Art Harrison is still doing business at the same old stand—better not be late for those buzz and flicker classes, boys.

What officer in ground school says that the signals section is oooohhh kaaayyyy?

In closing, may we wish the station paper every success and ask every airman to get behind it and give it every support possible.

ping the four thousand pounder and incendiaries. In all probability luck was with us, as the elevator wires were severed and we plummeted to fourteen thousand ft. before Paddy and Stan could right us. Thus we lost our attacker. In the meantime I had received one bullet in the abdomen and two in the right fore-arm. Fortunately I was the only one injured, and the boys nursed "J—Johnny" back to Blighty with tireless effort. I had remained in my turret until Paddy thought it was advisable to bail out over base, so Chris came back with the crash axe to chop my damaged turret doors open. With that I wriggled out into the body of the plane with his help. Stan administered a hypo then in preparation for my hitting the silk, but when he discovered the extent of my stomach injury he told Paddy he might be able to fix the elevator to land. Then, with a pair of pliers, Stan spliced the elevator wires strongly enough for landing, and, I am certain, that saved my life.

It wasn't discernable when we left the air and hit the ground until we were at a standstill and waiting for the ordered ambulance. In fact, Groupy told Paddy next day it was an impossible feat to land "J—Johnny" in such a condition, but that was the kind of a crew I had. It was one that would stand by to accomplish just such impossibilities for a wounded comrade.

I should like to say this for my crew mates—they were the best bunch I was ever with.

COMING WITH LIFEBOUY FOLLIES THIS MONTH

Several Local Men May Play With Air Force Rugby Team



Here are some of the attractions which will be seen here on September 21, when the Lifebuoy Follies play to the personnel of No. 1 I. T. S. From left to right, in the front row, we have Irene Hughes, Joan Elaine, Pat Rafferty, Helene Bruce, while behind them are Jimmy Devon, Jack Ayre and Norman Evans.

Well, chaps, it won't be long before the rugby season is on us again, with a game at Varsity Stadium every Saturday. Rumour has it that our team will be stationed at Camp Borden, and many men from our own staff will be leaving to join the ranks of the crouching mastadons. Our station sergeant major, Milt Conroy, will be heading the local talent making the northward trek, and with him will be Sergeant Pyzer, Sergeant Kijek, Sergeant Terry O'Conner, and one of our Service Police, Corporal Hooper.

With all that local talent representing No. 1 I T .S, as well as the other stations in this neck of the woods, it might be well for us to give them the boost that so often means so much. Announcement of the start of the season will be made in due course, and it is earnestly hoped that as many as possible will turn out on Saturdays and shout them through to the play-off position we are confident that they will win for themselves. We can't all be members of the team, but we can all help materially by giving the boys our support. Why not plan right now to take in these games, and give our gridiron representatives a real helping hand?

NEW STATION BAND CLICKING

Our new band has overcome an obstacle which we ourselves may never have to face. The horn blowers and drum thumpers arrived here in ones and twos from all over the Dominion, known as Canada. Some came directly, (after a leave of course), from Great Britain. Many of them have left their wives and families, farms and homes, several having made the trip from the Canadian wheat bowl.

Having come to No. 1 I.T.S., a new home in a new city, they set about to make the most of their posting, and they have done so with a vengeance. They have made

many new friends, both off and on the station. They work, live, sleep and eat together in harmony, as every good musical aggregation should do, unless it is essaying one of the later works of one of the more virulent moderns. Their work is of good order, and they are working their way into becoming a fixture here.

The thanks of the station personnel are due to Flight Sergeant Taylor and his men for the fine job they are doing in replacing a band which was once thought to be irreplaceable. Welcome to No. 1, boys, and the best of luck and good fun at your newest booking.

In Flight Sergeant David's Victory Garden there are some tomatoes as big as marbles, some as big as peas, but the rest are all small. The Flight says that it's a gem of a garden—fourteen carrots.

Service Police (on a late patrol around the grounds): Hey, what do you think you're doing.

Quick-thinking AC (a-straddle the fence) I was just going out for a minute.

S.P. The hell you are! Get back in there and go to bed.

Happy AC: O.K., corp.

Air Gunner (potential): Say, waiter, this steak isn't very tender.

Leros Waiter: If it's affection you want, sir, you'll have to speak to the cashier.

Where do all the senior NCO's (PT & D's) go every afternoon, and why do they call duck pins poker? And who gets all the gravy? Can you answer that one Bob?

We are happy to have in our midst the very talented Sergeant Pawlett. His singing (?) and piano playing make him the life of some of our more quiet parties.

AC1: How tall was that famous Indian hunter?

AC2: About five feet eleven inches in his stalking feet.

Sergeant Elliot (over a hospital sick bed): Hey, wake up! Yes, you—come on, snap out of it. You've forgotten to take your sleeping powders.

It Really Happened

Actually, and in the presence of witnesses, there is a WO1 on this station, a veteran of overseas operations, who confessed, to never having heard the famous hymn "The North Atlantic Squadron." Proper affidavits are now being drawn up, and space for them is being secured in a museum. Ohhh, brother! They're letting anyone wear wings these days, just anyone.

"Is that REALLY a hat, Miss Smith?"

Here are answers to the AIRCRAFT REC QUIZ

1. True.
2. False—Do 217 is highest.
3. False—Do 217, latest Junkers 88, Hs 177 are exceptions.
4. False—Spitfire carries wing radiators.
5. False—Albermarle is irrigged.
6. False—Typhoon and Spitfire are filleted.
7. True.
8. True.
9. False—He. 111K is low winged.
10. True.

With Malice Toward Some

By DING

