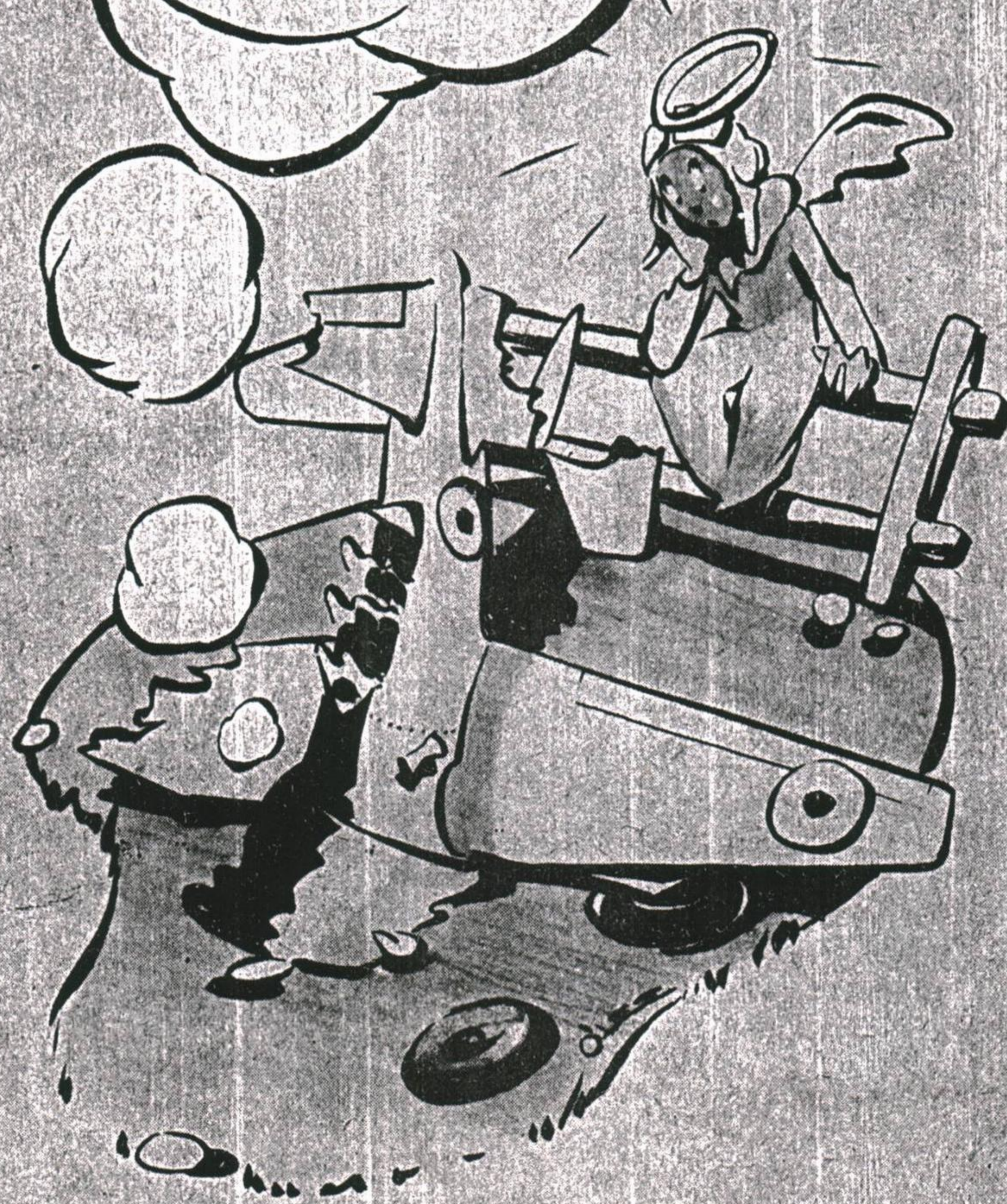


25-74

MAR 21 REC'D

G. P. M26

# MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES



**MARCH**  
1 9 4 4

ISSUED ON THE AUTHORITY  
OF THE CHIEF OF THE AIR  
STAFF BY THE AIR MEMBER  
FOR TRAINING. R.C.A.F.

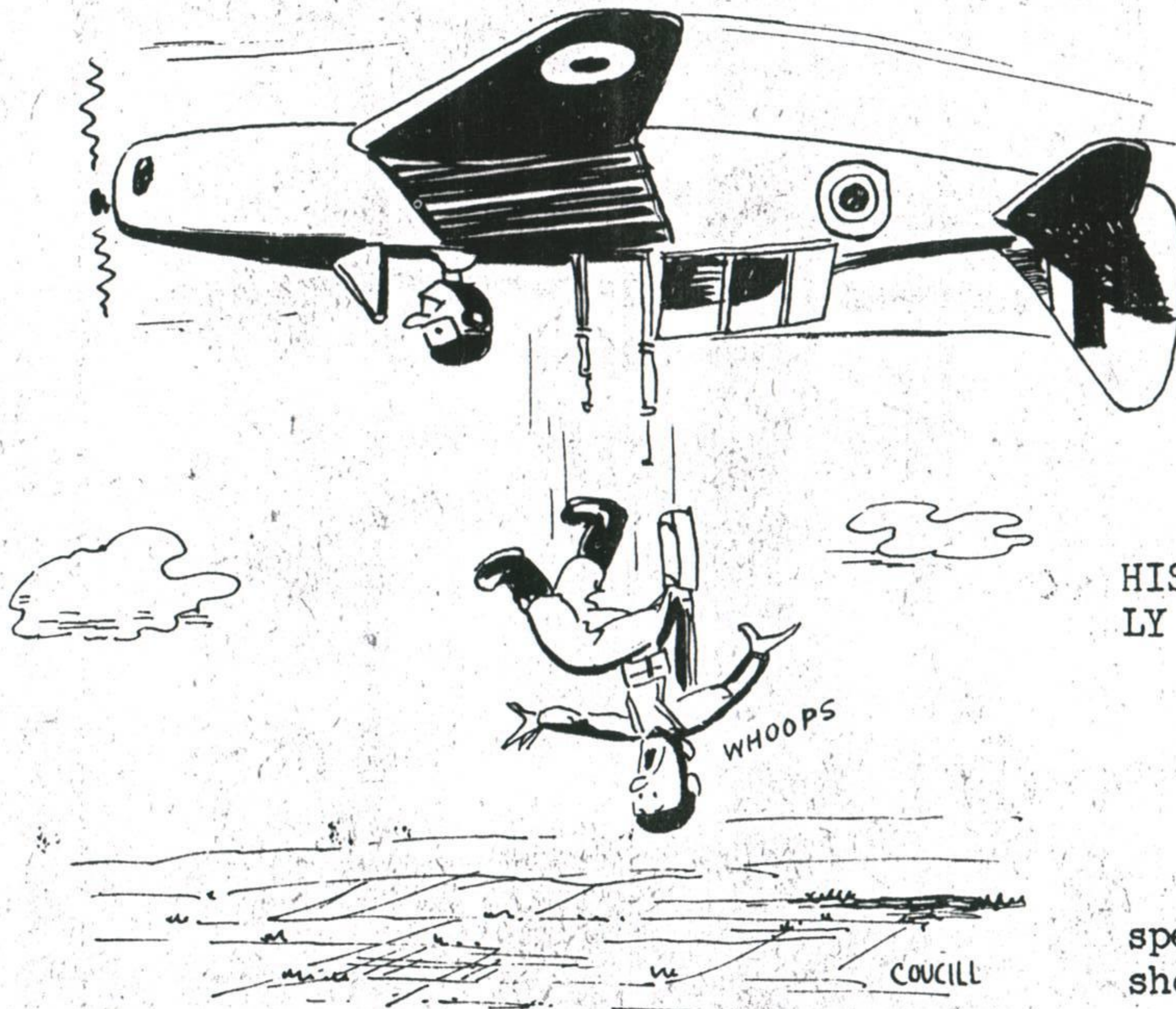
# Geronimo!

You are about to meet one of the granddaddies of all donkies.

He is (or, rather, WAS) an instructor (No. 23 E.F.T.S.).

It seems that one fair day an instructor of the same school was flying with this member of the short-eared tribe, when the former asked the latter for a few tips on the finer points of slow-rolls.

OUR HERO, ALWAYS WILLING TO IMPART ANY OF HIS SUPERIOR KNOWLEDGE AND ABILITY TO OTHERS LESS FORTUNATE, PROCEEDED TO DEMONSTRATE THAT A SLOW ROLL WAS AS EASY AS FALLING OUT OF A CANOE IF YOU HAD THE MASTER'S TOUCH.



He put his nose down to get a bit of speed, yanked it up again and, with a great flurry of hands and feet, got over on his back.

At that point HIS INTEREST SUDDENLY WANED.

BUT HIS PASSENGER'S REACHED A FEVERISH PITCH.

Through his speaking tube, he shouted eagerly :

"Where do we go from here?"

But THE MASTER had already gone.

## Straight down.

As THE MASTER explained later, when found bundling up his parachute : "Previously I had been under the hood and a lot of fumes had gathered in the rear cockpit. When I pulled back the hood I opened the coupe top to clear the air. My safety harness had been uncomfortable and I had unfastened it.

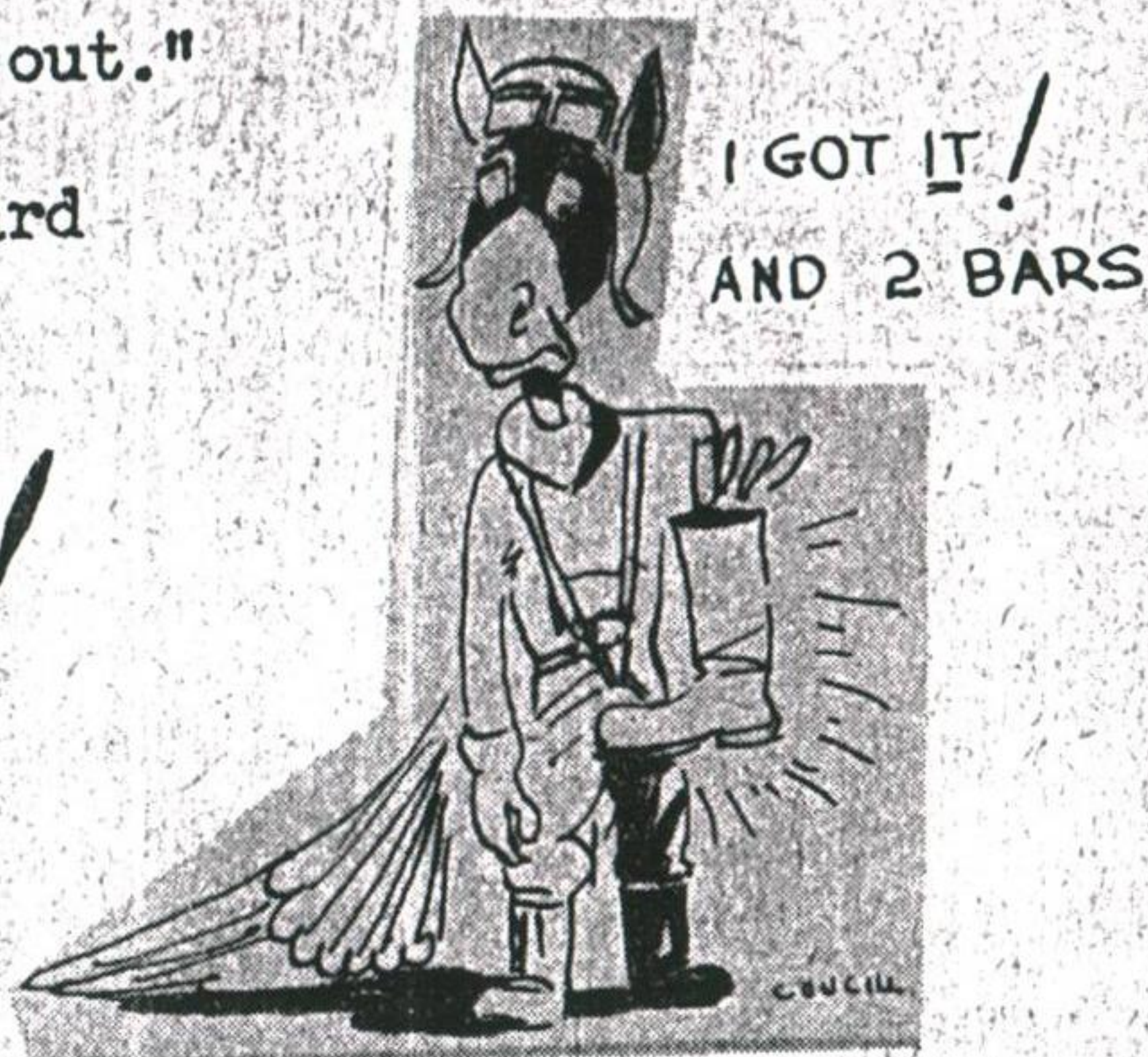
"I forgot that my harness was undone and began a roll.

"When we were inverted, I fell out."

McGurk authorized immediate award  
of

## **THE BOOT** *with two bars!*

Oh yes, the other pilot got down all right. But he was mad as h--- because THE MASTER had given up in the middle of the lesson.



## **SHORT-CUT TO DEATH**

Only death seems able to teach some people their lesson.

This pupil (No. 24 E.F.T.S.) was asked in ground school one day what he would do if his engine failed just after take-off.

He said HE WOULD PUT HIS NOSE DOWN AND TURN 90° TO THE RIGHT, the object being, it was presumed, TO RETURN TO THE AIRPORT.

The instructor gurgled slightly, went blue in the face, then informed our pupil that that procedure would get him to Heaven or vice versa much quicker than it would get him back home.

The VERY NEXT DAY the student's engine did fail just after take-off.



AND HE DID TRY TO RETURN TO THE AIRPORT.

AND - like many others who've tried the same trick - HE DID DIE.

# A SERMON...

BY

A GOD-FEARING SQUADRON LEADER AT NO.1 T.C.

TEXT - Matthew, Chap. 4, Verse 11 -  
"THEN THE DEVIL LEAVETH HIM, AND, BEHOLD,  
ANGELS CAME AND MINISTERED UNTO HIM."

Now it came to pass upon a beautiful autumn day that a very young instructor (No. 6 S.F.T.S.), whose obviously rationed quota of brain was in his nether portion, decided to bring light and joy in- to the life of a colleague who dwelt, for the moment, in a woody Ontario retreat, pursuing the beasts of the forest.

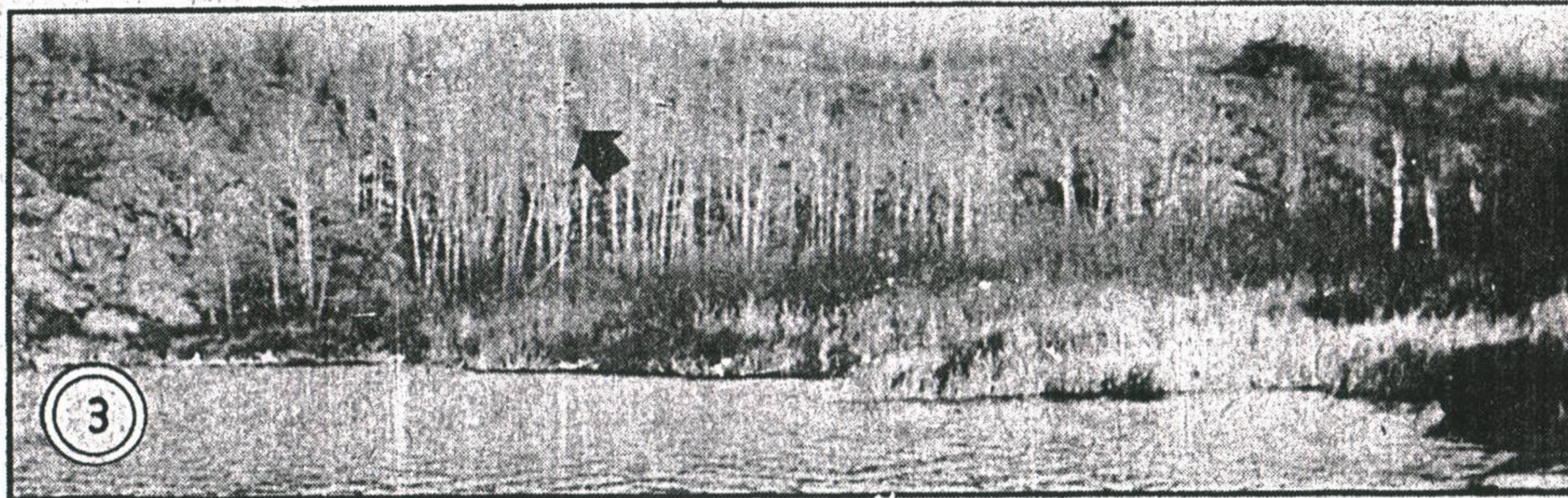
Being one who shunned loneliness, he took a student along and, regardless of orders to the contrary, deliberately stepped from the beaten path to see if he could locate his friend, knowing that his dwelling was only minutes away. He attempted to draw the attention of his friend by what is described, in more earthly parlance, as "beating up the camp". Not a creature did stir, not even a moose.



Deterred not a whit by his failure, but having inspired in the pupil what is known as "the fear of the Lord", he continued his "beat up" the next day, at the same hour, but with another pupil, and the forest resounded to his hellish roars. Having skimmed over the water (Scene 1) so close to the ripples that none knew whether he was fish or fowl, he successfully completed several wing-tip turns around an island beautiful but small - and rugged (Scene 2).



Not attracting nearly enough spectators, not even a wave of greeting from his friend, our pilot completed his low-level repertoire, which included rolls just off the treetops, by zooming over the rocks and trees (Scene 3). Indeed, it was beautiful - but dumb.



Our pilot, although sadly lacking in many directions, nevertheless had cultivated some of the arts, one of them being the ability to read. Some words he could read and even heed - but others meant nothing to him. Firm in his memory, however, was the fantasia attending upon welcomes in New York, which included the showering of paper from a great height, and not to be outdone by anyone in any respect he emulated this phenomena by flinging rolls of toilet paper to the far winds as he brushed his way over the hills (Scene 3).

These antics were repeated until the pilot, wearying of his sport and with his pupil sick unto death, decided to return to the



place whence he came, many moons away. Yet he had to have one last fling, so, with cries of delight, into a farewell roll he went. But his cries of joy turned to cries of fear and consternation, for, lo and behold, he had permitted an evil Gremlin to take control, said Gremlin immediately diving to his lair amid the rock and trees (Scene 4), thus returning the instructor and his pupil to the presence of their ancestors in a remarkably short space of time.

The chosen area was indeed rough and wild, with a narrow hilly road winding through snowy countryside (Scene 5). The only thoughtfulness apparently shown by the pilot was in arranging that the wreckage should be close by to this route, thus facilitating the work of the investigating officer, for which blessing he offered up many thanks.



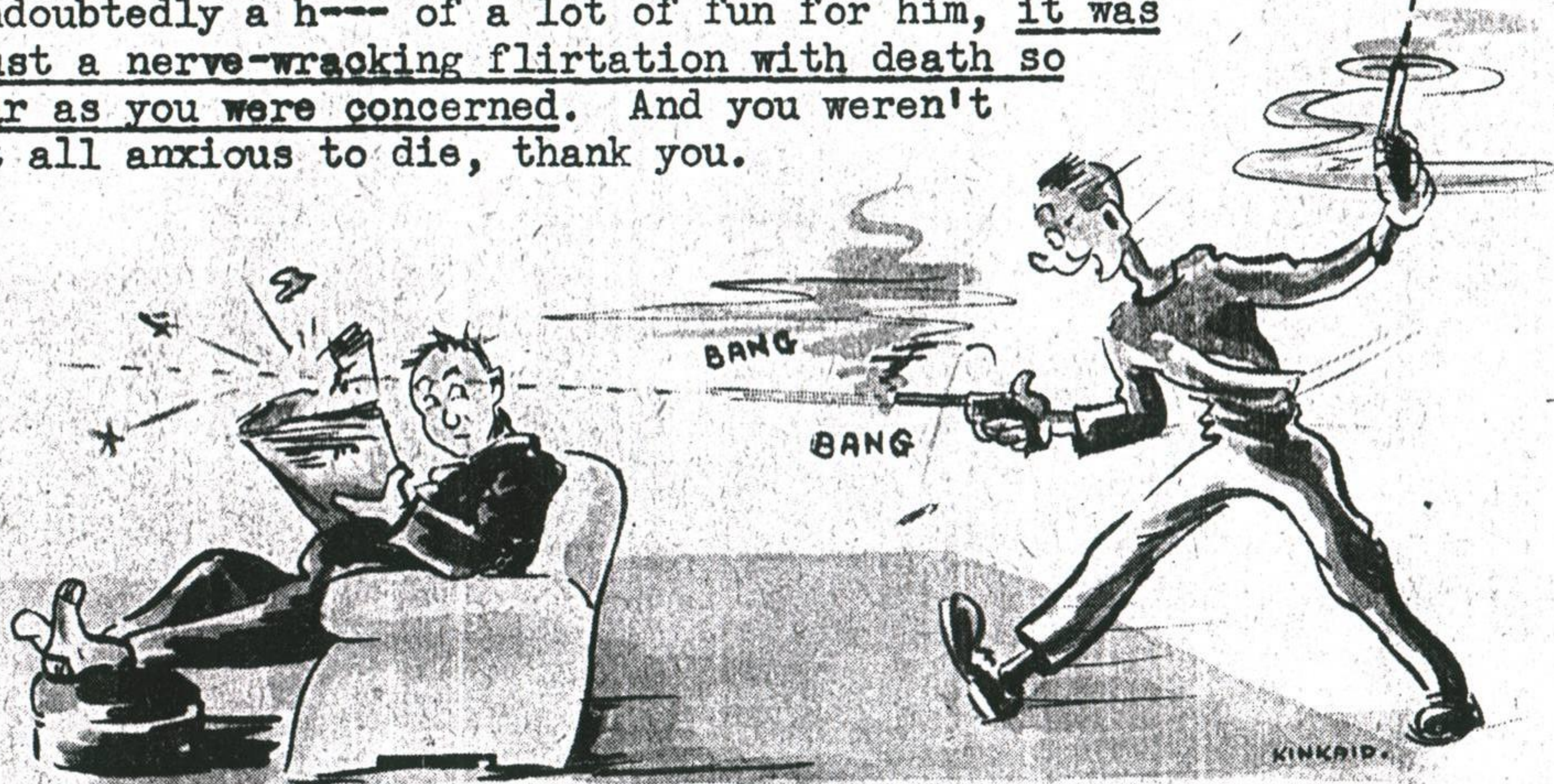
No one will know the feelings of the student as he caromed through the countryside at the whim and the mercy of the instructor who was to show him light, not darkness, but it is said that the pupil of the first day promptly gave thanks and acquired both religion and reason.

Here endeth the lesson.

## MURDER, INC.

If ANYONE were potting merrily away at you with a revolver for fun, you would ask him to stop, of course.

You would point out that while the sniping was undoubtedly a h--- of a lot of fun for him, it was just a nerve-wracking flirtation with death so far as you were concerned. And you weren't at all anxious to die, thank you.



IF HE PERSISTED, YOU WOULD REPORT HIM. YOU'D REPORT HIM WHETHER HE WAS FRIEND OR ACQUAINTANCE, COMRADE-IN-ARMS OR SUPERIOR OFFICER. YOU'D REPORT HIM, WE DON'T DOUBT, IF HE WERE YOUR FATHER.

You'd do this because -

*Your life was at stake.*

Of course your sniping friend probably didn't mean to kill you. He was shooting merely to see how close he could come. This, of course, is of little solace to you six feet underground.

Which brings us to LOW FLYING AND OTHER IDIOTIC PURSUITS IN AIRCRAFT.

When your instructor, staff pilot, fellow instructor or fellow pupil begins to frolic just off the treetops, diving here and zooming there, and chasing groundhogs into their holes, he's undoubtedly having a whale of a time.

He's also risking his neck, though apparently it isn't bothering him any.

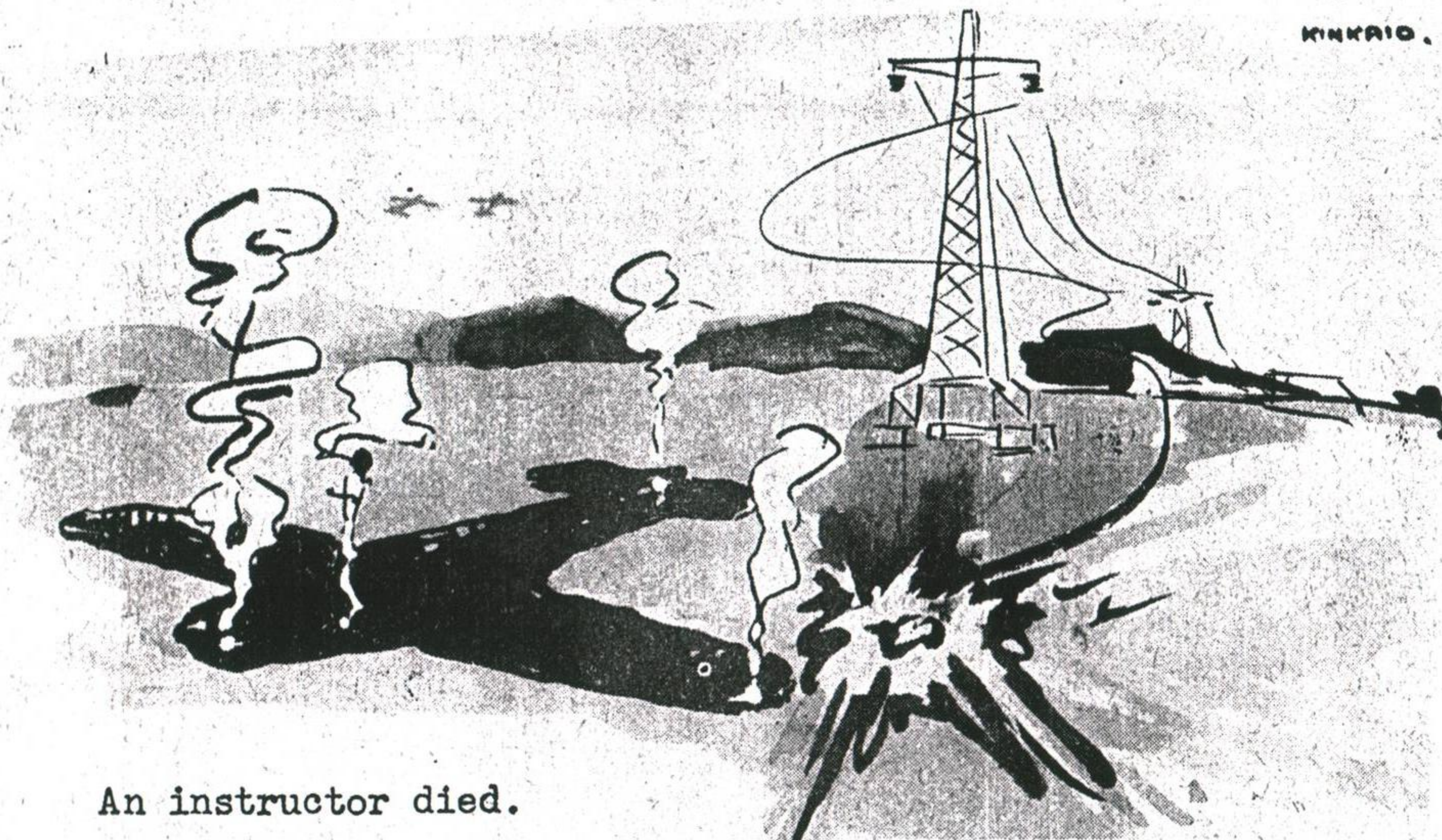
*But* he's also risking *your* neck.

AND THAT SHOULD BOTHER YOU.

It's no fun to die purely as a result of someone else's idiocy. BUT PLENTY DO.

Some "Pal", for example, wants to show his girl what a daring pilot he is. He does. ALL THAT YOUR GIRL SEES IS A CORPSE - if enough bits can be found to represent you.

Recently three planes containing instructors and pupils gave a small American town the works. Finally, one machine went a bit too low, hit some high tension wires and crashed.



An instructor died.

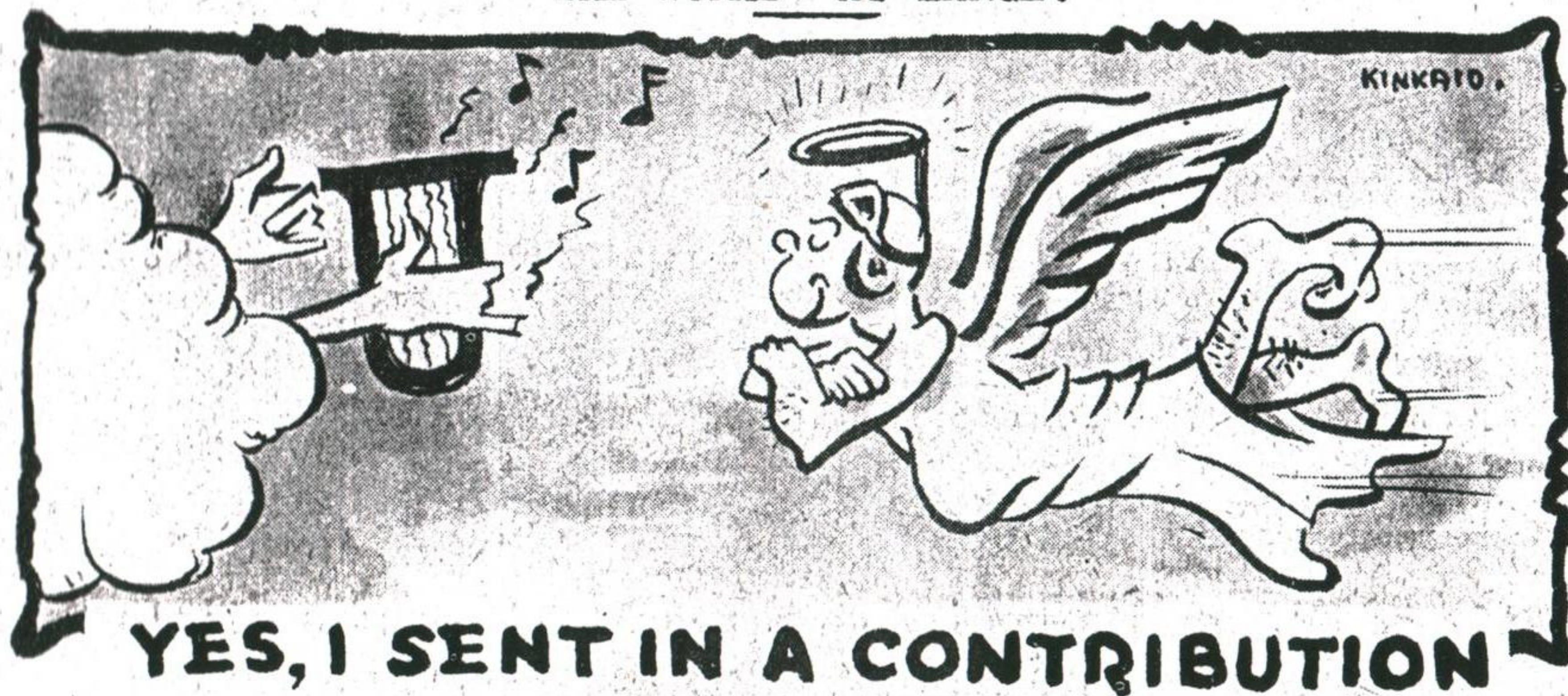
But all survivors swore that there had been no foolhardy low flying. Even the pupil who just missed death by inches in the crash would not admit that the three aircraft were low flying in formation.

"DID YOU COMPLAIN ABOUT YOUR INSTRUCTOR'S LOW FLYING?" ASKED THE INVESTIGATOR.

"NO", WAS THE REPLY. "HE WAS CAPTAIN OF THE AIRCRAFT AND MY SUPERIOR OFFICER".

If your stunting pilot's life is of no value to him, your's should be of some value to you. Anybody who risks YOUR LIFE for HIS PLEASURE is not giving much thought to your welfare.

IT IS YOUR DUTY TO REPORT YOUR PILOT IF HE CARRIES ON IN THE AIR IN A FOOLHARDY MANNER. IT'S NOT ONLY IN YOUR OWN INTERESTS, BUT IN THOSE OF YOUR INSTRUCTOR, YOUR SERVICE AND THE WORLD AT LARGE.



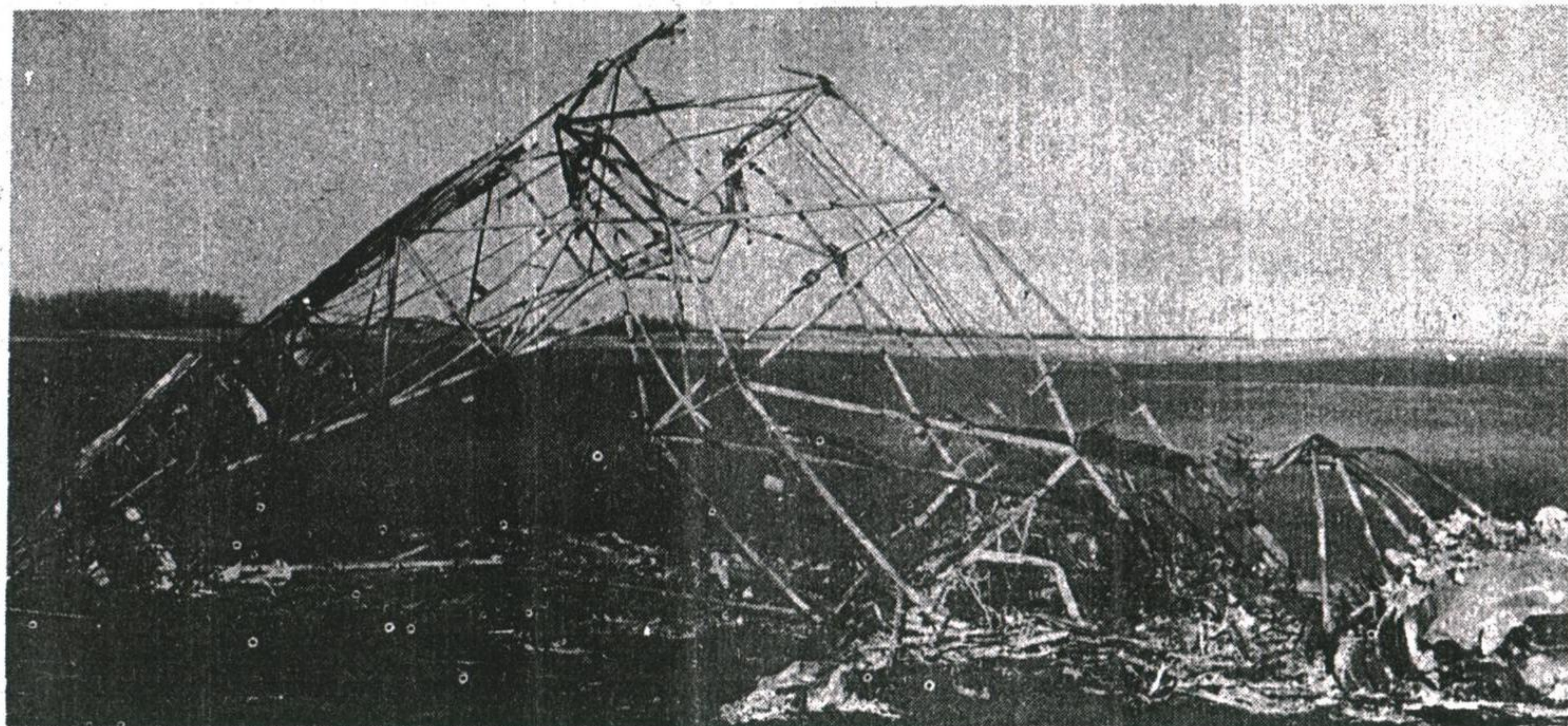
# SNAPSHOTS FROM A CRASH-TRUCK'S LOG



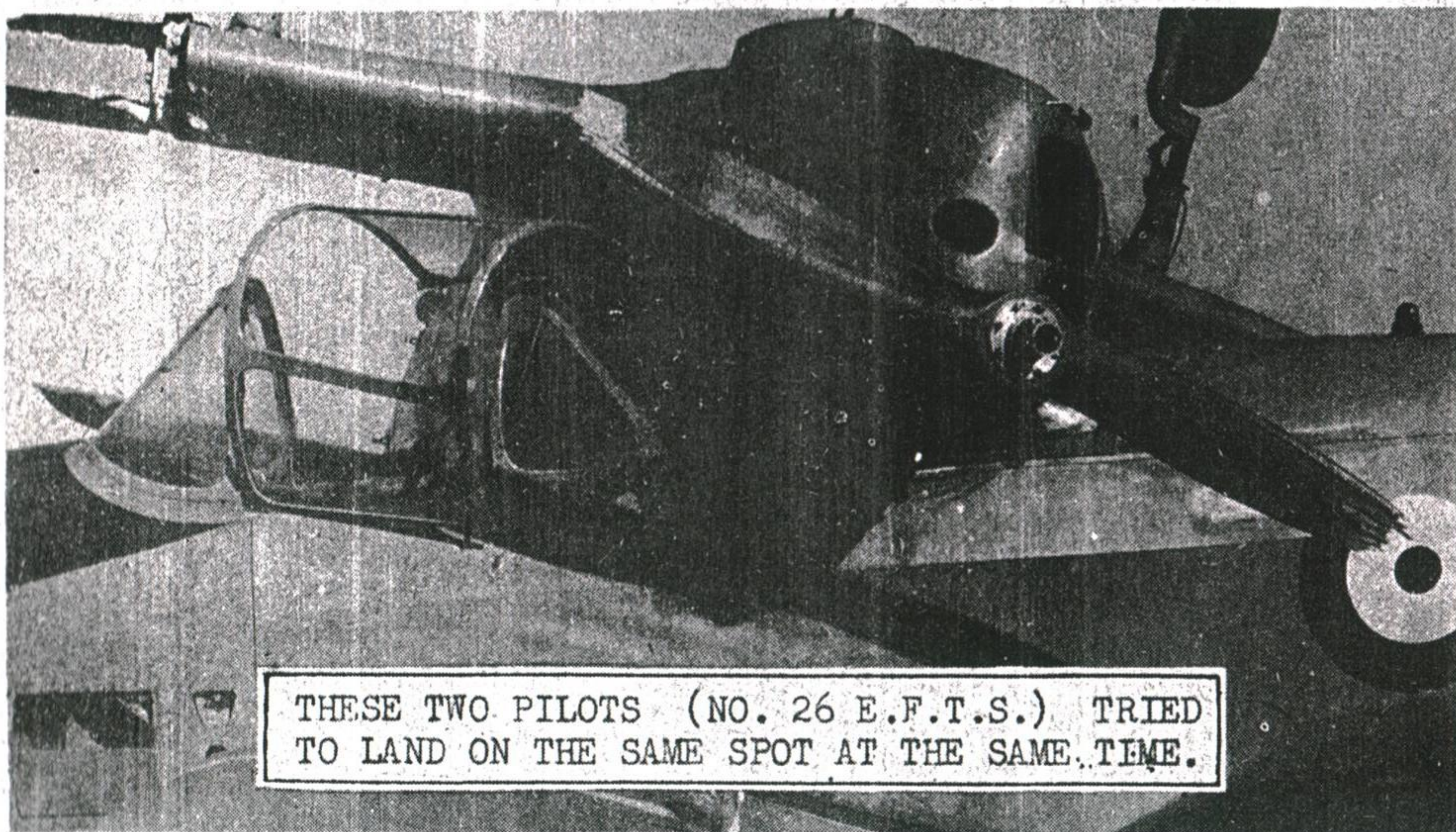
THIS PILOT (NO. 34 O.T.U.)  
CHECKED THE WRONG GAS TANKS.



THESE TWO PILOTS (NO. 26 E.F.T.S.) EACH  
THOUGHT HE WAS THE ONLY ONE IN THE SKY.



THIS PILOT (NO. 5 B. & G. S.) TRIED TO TURN  
AGAINST THE DEAD ENGINE CLOSE TO THE GROUND.



THESE TWO PILOTS (NO. 26 E.F.T.S.) TRIED TO LAND ON THE SAME SPOT AT THE SAME TIME.

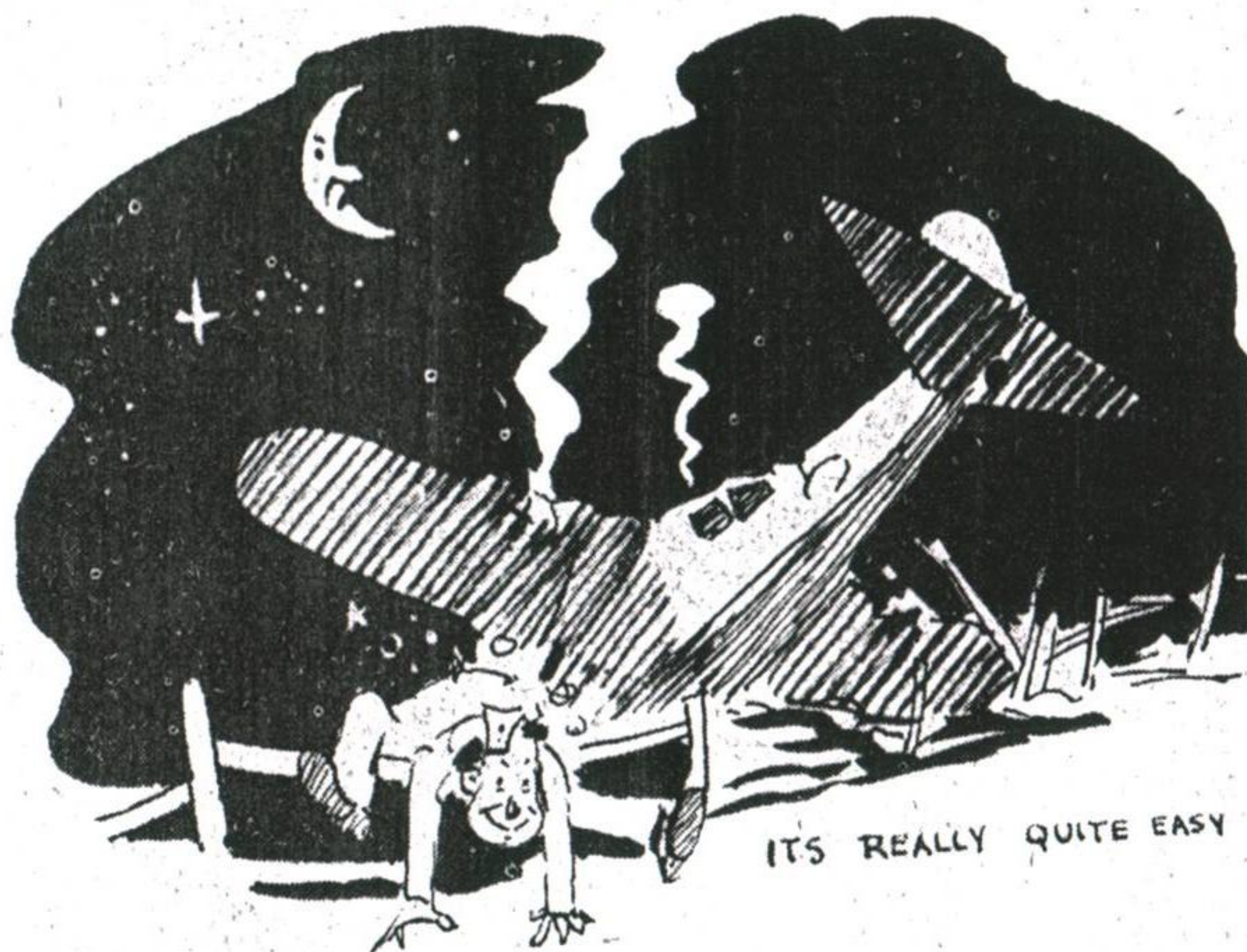
This LAC (No. 18 S.F.T.S.) knew deep inside him that he was born to fly.

As he watched aircraft take off and land day after day, night after night, he knew that his destiny lay in the sky, not on the ground. So he decided to pursue this destiny.

HE'D NEVER HAD ANY DUAL IN ANY AIRCRAFT, LET ALONE SOLO, BUT HE KNEW THAT FLYING WAS A CINCH. PEOPLE HAD TOLD HIM SO. AND, BESIDES, IF SOME OF THE DOUGHHEADS HE HAD SEEN COULD HANDLE A PLANE, CERTAINLY AN ABOVE - AVERAGE TYPE LIKE HIMSELF COULD.

So he did.

Either to put himself to the test supreme, or to screen his efforts from doubting Thomases, our ground-crew wonder made his bid for aerial glory shortly after midnight. With a terrific roar, he was off, and for two circuits he was with the gods.



BUT THEN, AS HE CAME IN TO LAND, BOTH HIS GODS AND HIS INBORN SKILL MUST HAVE FAILED HIM.

He overshot and screamed through a fence.

His destiny now lay, not in the sky but in the hands of the C.O.

# LOST HORIZON

The weather was C.A.V.U. but our pupil (No. 36 S.F.T.S.) was lost just the same.

He had done all the work on the first two legs of his cross-country and had left the last leg to the Oxford.

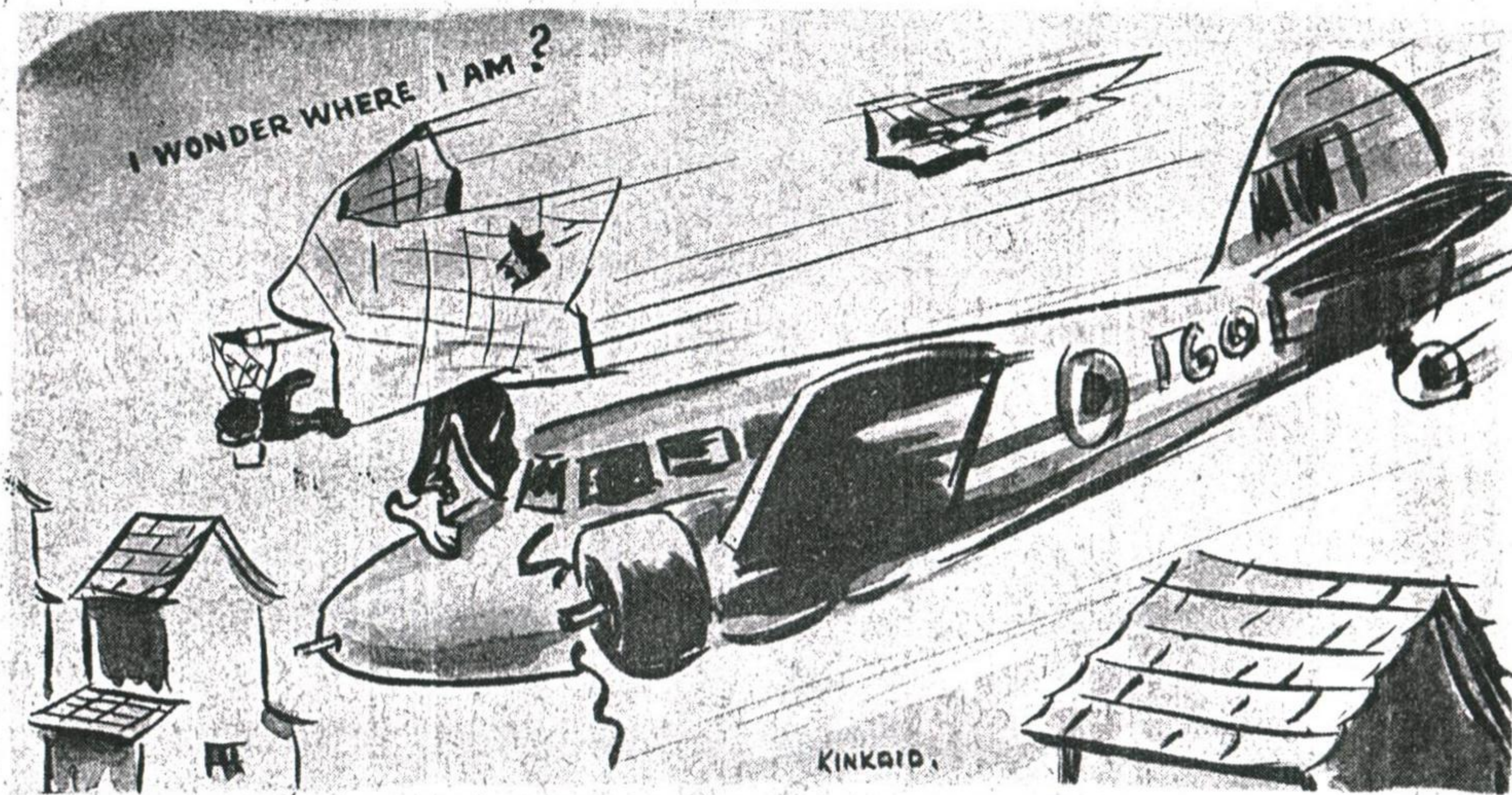
THE AIRCRAFT, NOT BEING IMBUED WITH THE HOMING INSTINCTS OF THE PIGEON, HAD MADE A SHAMBLES OF THE JOB.

When our pupil finally poked his head outside for a routine check, not one landmark registered on what was laughingly referred to as his mind.

So he dived down to take a peek at some grain elevators, praying for even the tiniest clue to show him the way to go home. But everything was a blank.

Life seemed to be getting darker and darker.

## Suddenly everything went black



THE DRAUGHT WHICH WAS TRYING TO KEEP HIS RAPIDLY-RISING TEMPERATURE DOWN HAD BLOWN HIS MAP OVER HIS FACE.

His vision was somewhat restricted, but it really didn't matter since he didn't know where he was going anyway.

In the middle of this little game of hide-and-seek between pilot and map, a distressing bump momentarily interrupted the flow of awe-inspiring language from the cockpit.

Our harrassed pilot feared the worst.

It was.

THE FIRST SIGHT TO MEET HIS EYES AS HE EMERGED INTO THE LIGHT OF DAY WAS A PAIR OF SLIGHTLY SHATTERED PROPS.

He landed straight ahead.

Only then did he determine his position.

ACCORDING TO HIS C/I, THE STUDENT WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN LOST "HAD HE PAID THE SLIGHTEST ATTENTION TO CHECKING HIS POSITION DURING THE LAST LEG OF THE CROSS-COUNTRY FLIGHT".

## CRIME & PUNISHMENT



This pilot (No. 1 A.O.S.) was taxiing in from a night flight. He was going so fast people wondered whether he was taking off or landing. But his speed suddenly dropped to zero when he rammed a gas truck and another Anson.

HE WAS DISCHARGED.

...

This pilot (No. 1 O.T.U.), always told to relax while flying, did. So did his mind. It returned to active service only when his engine stopped abruptly - for lack of fuel.

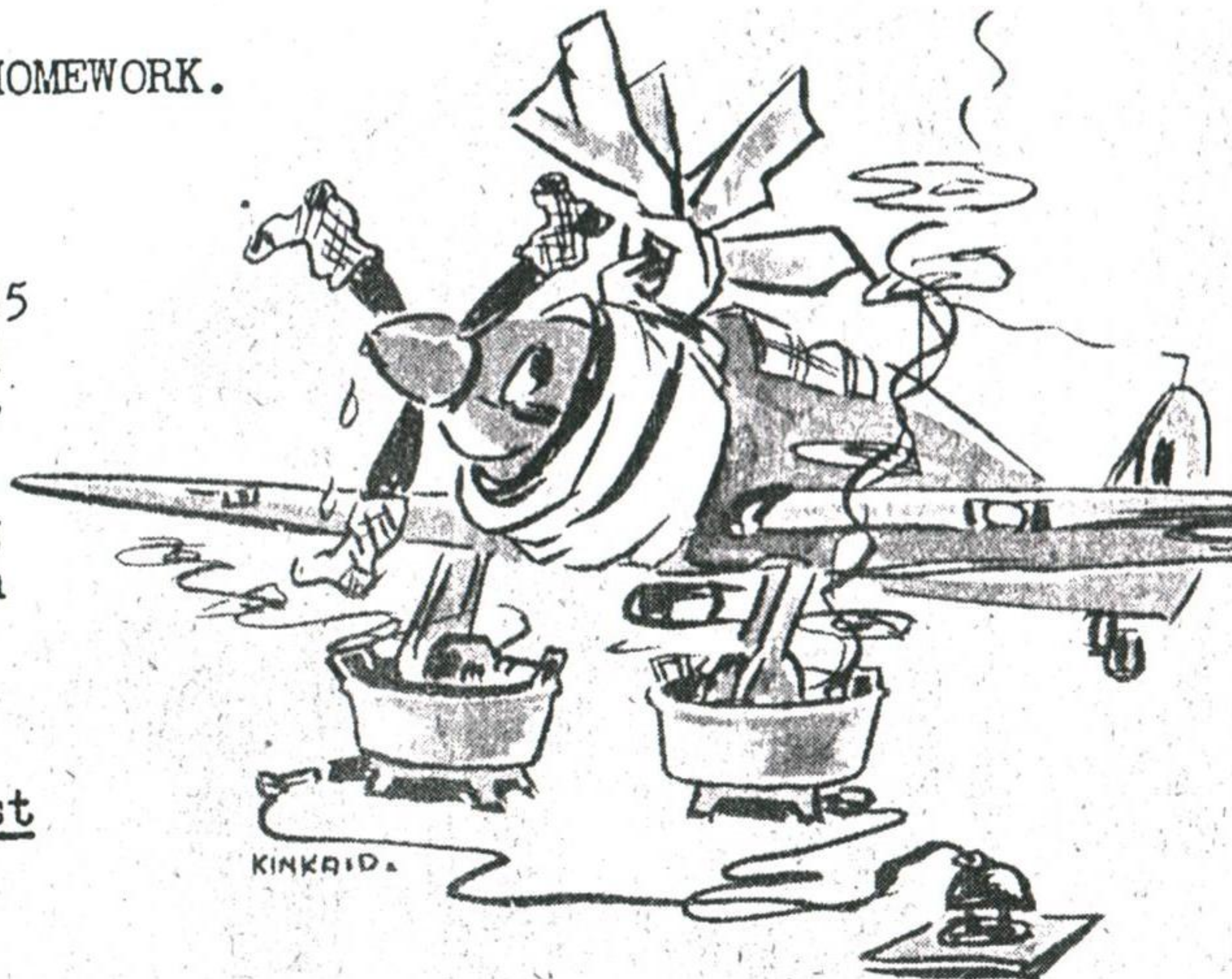
For this slight oversight, and for allowing his engine to get so cold that it wouldn't start even when turned on to other tanks, he was awarded -

1000 LINES OF HOMEWORK.

This pilot (No. 135 Squadron) was authorized out in his Hurricane for local flying. This did not include wave-chasing along a river, but, then ordinary practice is so boring, you know.

He hit a cable just 15 feet off the water.

HE DIED.



Two people (No. 37 S.F.T.S.) were burned to a crisp in the wreckage you see here.

Yet only seconds before they were very much alive, happy in the service and full of the joy of living. In fact one of them had just thrown a cheerful wave and a smile to a spectator on the ground.

It was his last wave and his last smile because fifty yards further on the Harvard hit some wires, crashed and burst into flames.

You couldn't really call it an accident. though; IT WAS SIMPLY A CASE OF STUPIDITY. The occupants were on a low-level cross-country. Low-level, however, does not mean following a river bed at 15-20 feet.

THE SPECTATOR, WHO KNEW NOTHING ABOUT FLYING WAS AFRAID SOMETHING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN. BUT THE INSTRUCTOR, WHO KNEW EVERYTHING ABOUT FLYING, WAS EQUALLY CERTAIN NOTHING COULD POSSIBLY HAPPEN.

But it did.

No man who practises such idiocy can be exempt. Don't try it. It CAN happen to you.

