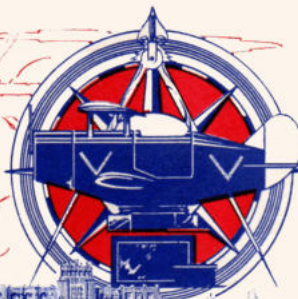


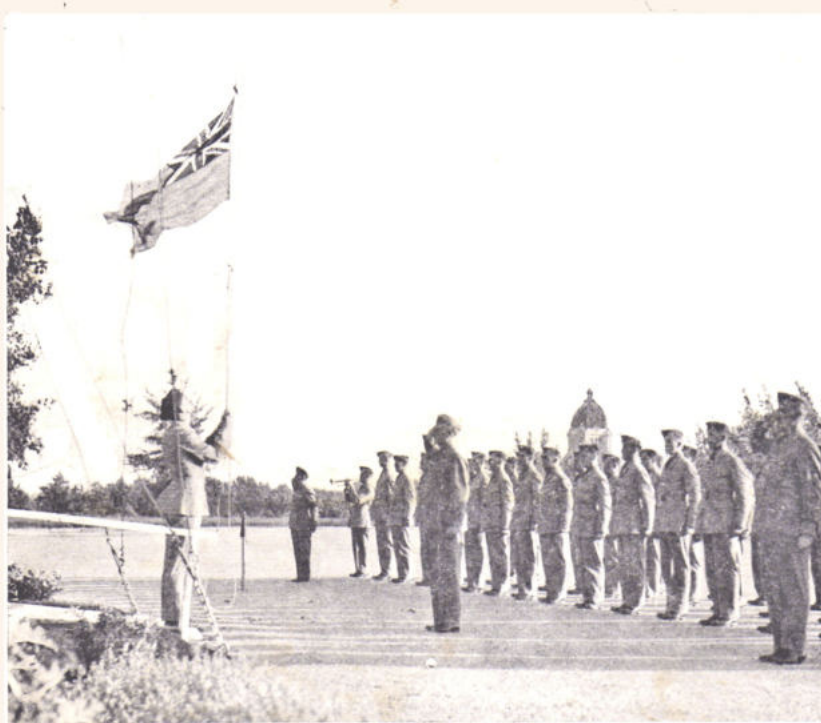
ITS

NEWS



No. 2 INITIAL TRAINING SCHOOL, R.C.A.F.

REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN



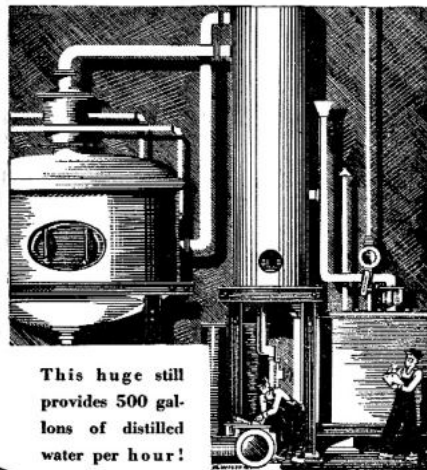
JULY, 1942

PRICE 20c

SECOND ANNIVERSARY

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JEWELLERS

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A SONG IN HIS
HEART AND A

Bluebird

DIAMOND ON
HER FINGER



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THE COMMANDING OFFICER



WING COMMANDER EWART G. MACPHERSON

The worries, problems and responsibilities of a commanding officer are multifarious but the satisfaction of a job well done, a station that runs smoothly with the full co-operation of its personnel and the knowledge that a vital and valuable contribution is being made in this fight for freedom is his compensation as well.

The foundation of No. 2 Initial Training School was well and truly laid by former Commanding Officers but it has been the task of our present "C.O." to see that the structure was built along the proper lines. That this has been accomplished cannot be gainsaid and it is the unanimous opinion of

all personnel that we have the finest station in the R.C.A.F.—a tribute to the earnestness of purpose and consideration given his men by Wing Commander Ewart G. Macpherson, our present Commanding Officer.

Born at Orangeville, Ontario, on April 18, 1898, he was one of six brothers, four of whom served overseas in the last war. The C.O. began his "military career" as a snare drummer in the cadet band, later becoming captain of the cadet corps. It was probably due to his early love of "music" that he has taken such a keen interest in the development of our own Station band.

At the outbreak of the last war he held the rank of Sergeant in the militia but was only 15 years of age and found the recruiting officer very "tough". At 17, however, he was able to convince the military authorities of his ability to do a man's job, and enlisted in the 164th Battalion. He became Company Sergeant-Major at the ripe age of 18.

The C.O. tells us that he celebrated his nineteenth birthday en route overseas, and that in the fall of 1917 he transferred to what was then the Royal Flying Corps (prior to its amalgamation with the Royal Naval Air Service under the new name of

(Continued on page 36)



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WING COMMANDER E. G. MACPHERSON, Commanding Officer, No. 2 I.T.S., Regina, Sask.

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Frontispiece—"Ensign Lowering," Photograph by GEO. WELLS

Editorial

WE LOOK BACK—AND AHEAD

On Dominion Day, July 1, 1942, No. 2 Initial Training School celebrated its second anniversary. Coinciding with this date, and in recognition of it, "ITS NEWS" makes its bow and takes its place in the world of R.C.A.F. journalism. It is only natural, therefore, that this initial number be an anniversary souvenir edition.

In any field of endeavour the opening up of new trails, the breaking of new ground, is an adventure fraught with difficulties; a challenge to stout hands and stouter hearts. The organization of an Initial Training School under the B.C.A.T.P. is no exception. Those who were here in the early days had their problems. They had little with which to work, meagre equipment and few precedents to guide them. It was theirs to meet obstacles and devise ways and means of overcoming them as they appeared. That they did, and their success may be measured by the record of the past two years and the order, efficiency and 'esprit de corps' of the station today.

The greatest satisfaction which comes in this hour of reflection, however, is to know that these two years have been spent in equipping hundreds of pilots and observers to take their place in the foreground of the battle for the possession of the soul of mankind. Many of the lads who received their initial training at this school, who here gained the rudiments of knowledge necessary for navigating and piloting, are now winging their way in fighter and bomber over enemy territory, or patrolling those sea lanes which are the lifelines of the Allied cause. Some of them have discharged their duties with such conspicuous gallantry, valour and endurance as to win individual honour and recognition; all have and are doing their bit in the common cause in such a way as to bring ever nearer the day of doom for the foe, and usher in the time when

"Nation with nation, land with land,
Inarmed shall live as comrades free."

That No. 2 Initial Training School has had a share in this for the past two years is something of which we may be justly proud, and which we rightly celebrate.

An anniversary calls, however, for something more than a backward look. We are justified in glorying in the achievements of the past only insofar as we find in them a challenge for the future.

Sir Robert Walpole once said with cynicism and sinister significance, "Every man has his price". That is true in a better sense than he implied; and not only every man but every thing has its price. Price is one of the best used and best hated words in the language. It is a word which meets us in every store, is bawled from every market stall, is rung through all the world's exchanges, flames from every battlefield.

"You must pay the price." It is one of the deepest laws of life. Never something for nothing. And that is true not only in the world of things but also in the world of men. To be human on the present scale of the human means that others have paid a price. The doctrine of vicarious sacrifice, of the doing of something for another, is writ in the heart of the universe in letters of fire and blood. And that writing speaks not only of the price others have paid; it speaks too of the price *we* must pay, for no one worth his salt will carry his heritage comfortably except as he manfully does his stroke for the general weal, adds something of value to the heritage of his successors.

In ancient times whenever a nation went to war it was upon the professional soldiers that the whole responsibility fell. In the struggle itself their fellow countrymen had no part or lot. Not so today. We have realized from the very first that this time "we are all in the front line". We all have a part to play, and every failure to realize it and to play it is a weakness in our national defense. Of course we cannot all be soldiers, we cannot all keep watch upon the seas or fight to freedom in the skies. Within our own Service we cannot all be navigators, gunners or pilots. But each and every one of us, wherever our lot may be cast, can help to pay the price. Not only can but must.

When Nelson flew his famous signal at Trafalgar about expecting every man to do his duty, someone on the lower deck, so tradition says, queried: "Does the old b—— think we shant?" The expectation is still the same; the execution must be equally certain.



WING COMMANDER H. J. BURDEN, D.S.O., D.F.C.
First Commanding Officer, No. 2 I.T.S.

Saboteurs in Blue

Attention, All Lead-Swingers!

No long-haired intellectuals; no fiercely bearded assassins; no lean and hungry Nazis are these saboteurs who steadily and relentlessly tear away and destroy the Air Force effort. No master spy directs their operations, no secret radio reports their destructive power to the enemy High Command.

Nevertheless, every minute of the day, in Air Force stations from coast to coast, their incessant gnawing goes on at the war effort like the persistent biting of the beaver. Their cumulative, combined destruction means more to the Germans and Japs than the blasting of a refinery or the sinking of a convoy. These dragons of defeat, clad in Air Force blue, camouflaged in a careless smile, a bantering word, or the mask of nonchalance, tear away at the vitals of Victory.

These are the men who waste Air Force time: the petty thieves of gasoline, metals, parts and equipment; the men who daily fritter away their own time and waste the time of others who have to correct and discipline them. These "Saboteurs in Blue" are on the scrounge. They convert supplies and stores to their own use. They waste food and neglect their equipment. They destroy their own efforts by late hours and dissipation. Their careless attitude is an infection which spreads like rot among their fellows. They fiddle while a figurative Rome burns and they dance in the red glare of the holocaust.

ARE YOU A SABOTEUR IN BLUE?

—From "The Trenton Contact".

REMEMBER WHEN---?

by

Wing Commander H. J. Burden, D.S.O., D.F.C.

Recollections of the early days at No. 2 I.T.S. would be most incomplete without something from the gifted pen of its first Commanding Officer, Wing Commander H. J. Burden, D.S.O., D.F.C., now C.O. of K.T.S. at Trenton.

Asked by Wing Commander Macpherson to sit down and reminisce a bit for the benefit of the anniversary magazine, his contribution arrived in the form of a personal letter and, with apologies to him, is here reproduced practically uncensored in its original form.

K.T.S., Trenton,
June 3, 1942.

Dear Ewart:

Many thanks for your newsy letter which you forgot to sign—and for the Regina telephone directory for which I neglected to thank you.

It seems hard to realize that it is nearly two years since you met me at the "Deepo" and took me up to the Club. A lot of water has gone under the bridge since then, and what was once the baby I.T.S. is now one of the daddies.

I can still recall Dominion Day, 1940, when we met the two trainloads of eager young air crew and marched up Scarth Street with Sgt. Matheson's Boys' Pipe Band. How those youngsters played! And the business of getting everyone bedded down. The macaroni and cheese—and cheese and jam—and cheese by itself for the first three days because the "whizzers" weren't finished. And then the prunes and figs and prunes to counteract the cheese.

Then there was the famous afternoon when we were practising for the Wing Ceremonial for the I.G. and the command started:

"The Wing will march past . . .
(grasshopper No. 1)

"The Wing will march past . . .
(grasshopper No. 2)

—and you and George Will (then Adjutant) thought I couldn't remember "In close column of Squadrons" so I swallowed two grasshoppers to cover my embarrassment. (Which in part was true.)

The most important story of all was the case of the two pilots who were

tossed out of the window of the Barracks by the W.O.A.G.'s and no one was killed but one gent broke a leg. One still hears it recounted and the passage of time has not detracted from its interesting details.

Do you remember my summer drill duck shooting soldier's suit? The one George Will disliked so much. Well, I gave it back to — for their museum. They are a splendid outfit to deal with. Today I received a dandy new suit complete with M.C. and M.M. (the Wing Commander's decorations are the D.S.O. and D.F.C.)

Remember the 7½-mile walk for Madeleine Carroll when my blister broke coming into the home stretch? Remember prancing behind the Shriners' Band and pacing majestically to the cadence of the Salvation Army Band? The Fire Fighting Corp. who put out the fire in the kitchen? The bloke who used to blow fuses at 1630 hours daily?

Remember the day we marched out to the Exhibition Grounds and I was practically eased off the reviewing stand by Jumbo? the D.O.C.? (weight well over 300 lbs.)

Remember the night on the midway when I nearly won a portable radio
(Continued on page 38)



Wing Commander Burden's sketch of himself in his "summer drill soldier's suit."

LOOKING BACK

with

WING COMMANDER J. A. HUTCHISON

One of the first officers posted to No. 2 I.T.S., Wing Commander J. A. Hutchison first filled the position now known as Chief Ground Instructor and, on the first of March, 1941, succeeded Wing Commander H. J. Burden, D.S.O., D.F.C., as Commanding Officer. Effective in June, 1941, he took over command of the newly formed I.T.S. (No. 4) at Edmonton, from which station he has kindly contributed the following article:

Looking back to July 1st, 1940, from where we stand at present, seems to be a long way, and yet in the two years that have passed, the time has seemed to slip along faster and faster. That, I think, indicates that there has been a lot of work to do, and that the work has been interesting.

The thing that makes the work so interesting at an Initial Training School is the fact that all the Headquarters personnel are in some way or other concerned with the developing of Aircrew personnel, young men who in the not distant future will take their places in the Squadrons of the R.A.F. and the R.C.A.F. and, I know, deal adequately with the enemy. For an old sweat who was through quite a lot of that in the last show there is only one thing that would be enjoyed to a greater extent than training these young men, and that is to be permitted in some way to take a more active part in the fighting; if that cannot be done, then it is indeed a great satisfaction to be in a position to assist to the extent possible the young fellows who tread the path we formerly trod.

FIRST INTAKE

And so it is recalled how on July 1st, 1940, the opening day of No. 2 I.T.S., the large intake of, I think, 475 men, was met at the C.P.R. depot and paraded to the Station with the assistance of the Boys' Pipe Band, how they were allotted accommodation, given their meals, organized into training squadron flights, and the course of instruction commenced under circumstances of shortage of staff, shortage of instructors and of equipment. Everyone worked, and worked very hard. No. 2 I.T.S. had to deliver, and despite many handicaps the Course was duly delivered.

The work went on and on, Course after Course appeared, went through the training and was disposed of in a

routine manner. Occasionally little incidents occurred which refreshed the routine, and it was in the first or second course that two potential pilots were invited to fly without wings, the invitation coming from four husky and rather truculent potential wireless air gunners who decided that they did not like these two potential pilots throwing their weight around and would prefer that they become airborne, so one after the other in quick succession they were invited to take off from the open windows of the Quarters, and almost as quickly they crash-landed on the ground about ten or twelve feet below. Crash-landed is the proper term, because one of the potential pilots came out with his underpinning slightly shattered.

FOND RECOLLECTIONS

It is almost a year since I relinquished Command of No. 2 I.T.S. to the present Commanding Officer and transferred my affections to No. 4 I.T.S., which was duly opened under much the same circumstances. While we believe that at No. 4 we have a



WING COMMANDER J. A. HUTCHISON
Second Commanding Officer, No. 2 I.T.S.

fairly good School, my recollections of No. 2 I.T.S. will always be those of a good School, functioning well, of good men working hard, and of a good job being done—our aim is the same at No. 4 I.T.S.

On the occasion of your second anniversary it is pleasant to be asked to say something of the days gone by, and I would add to that the good wishes of everyone at No. 4 for your continued success.

CRASH AT No. 2 I.T.S.

An airman broke a date with his girl. At noon the next day the very irate young lady tried unsuccessfully to get him on the phone. She eventually got his pal on the line. The reason he could not answer the phone himself and had to break the date was that he had crashed in a Link trainer.

Congratulations

- to the first A.O.C. of No. 4 Training Command, Air Commodore L. F. Stevenson. First on his distinguished service overseas, then as A.O.C. the Western Air Command, and now on his promotion to the rank of Air Vice-Marshal.
- to our second A.O.C., Air Commodore A. T. N. Cowley. First on his appointment to the newly created position at A.F.H.Q. as Air Member for Organization, and now to his promotion to the rank of Air Vice-Marshal.
- to the first Senior Air Staff Officer of No. 4 Training Command, Group Captain G. R. Howsam, M.C. First on his return to No. 4 as Air Officer Commanding, and now on his new rank of Air Commodore.

COMMANDING OFFICER REVIEWS THE PAST —AS AN INSPIRATION FOR THE FUTURE

By Wing Commander E. G. Macpherson

How time does fly! Two years ago on the 13th of June, I reported downstairs from No. 4 Training Command Headquarters (then located on the top floor of the College building) to fill the position of Station Administrative Officer on the establishment of the new I.T.S. then in the process of formation.

Wing Commander G. S. O'Brian, A.F.C. (now a Group Captain overseas), who had formed and was C.O. of No. 1 I.T.S. at Toronto, had come to Regina to do the spade work in the formation of the second I.T.S. Archie Hows, now a Squadron Leader) had been posted here as Equipment Officer and the three of us then made up the officer personnel of the station. Together with a few equipment assistants, some G.D.'s and a few carpenters, we started in to prepare the station for its official opening on July 1st.

TRIALS OF AN S.A.O.

The trials and tribulations of an S.A.O.—messing arrangements, sleeping and classroom accommodations, sanitary arrangements, the hiring of civilian cooks, messmen, stenographic and maintenance staff, etc., were really something to conjure with in those days, and I sometimes poured out my troubles to my wife at night over a late supper. Apparently some of those troubles concerned the disposal of garbage, because, on being queried as to the nature of my duties by some friends who dropped in at the house



Air Marshal W. A. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., inspects the Station in summer of 1940, accompanied by our first A.O.C., now Air Vice Marshal L. F. Stevenson of Western Air Command.

THE DADDY OF I. T. S.'s



GROUP CAPT. G. S. O'BRIAN, A.F.C.

As first Commanding Officer of the first I.T.S., Group Captain G. S. O'Brian, A.F.C., was "borrowed" to do the preparatory work prior to the opening of No. 2 I.T.S.

The "salt of the earth" to all who knew him, the "Grouper" always had a cheery word for everyone he met on his station. Often he would ask some question of an airman without paying much attention to the answer given. One day he met an airman when walking about his station and in his cheery way he said, "Well, how are you getting along?" "Oh, I failed in Maths this morning, sir!" "Good for you! Good for you!" replied the Group Captain as he hustled on his way.

Group Captain O'Brian, now serving overseas, also has a son serving overseas as C.O. of a night fighter squadron, who recently won the D.F.C. When Peter heard of his dad's promotion to rank of Group Captain he sent him a cable which, in three words, combined the affectionate touch with the proper deference due a senior officer; the cable read, "Atta boy, sir!"

one evening, my youngest son chipped in, "Oh, daddy's the garbage man!"

A few days before the station opened, Wing Commander H. J. Burden, D.S.O., D.F.C., arrived from No.

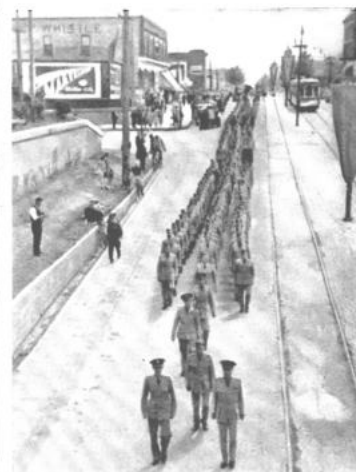
1 I.T.S. to assume command and Group Captain O'Brian returned to his first love at Toronto. Came also officers here referred to by their present ranks: Wing Commander J. A. Hutchison as C.G.I.; Flight Lieutenant G. A. D. Will as Adjutant; Squadron Leader W. R. Irwin, D.F.C.; Squadron Leader C. C. Sparling, and a handful of others as nucleus of a staff for the first intake. One should not forget, too, the grand little W.O.1 of the R.A.F., Mr. Trezise, who served from the outset here as Station Warrant Officer and steered us clear of so many pitfalls.

In their very splendid recollections printed elsewhere our first and second C.O.'s have respectively recounted many of the most interesting incidents of the first year.

HAPPY STATION

It has been a happy station from the outset with all ranks pulling their load. Wing Commander Burden departed with his Adjutant and a few other officers to open No. 3 I.T.S. at the end of February, 1941. His priceless sense of humor is gone but never forgotten. That marked the commencement of the split-up of the original personnel. Wing Commander Hutchison took over as Commanding Officer and I

(Continued on page 47)



Parade of No. 2 I.T.S. personnel to Regina Exhibition grounds shortly after the opening of the Station.

The time will come, when thou shalt lift thine eyes
To watch a long-drawn battle in the skies,
While aged peasants, too amazed for words,
Stare at the flying fleets of wond'rous birds.
England, so long the mistress of the sea,
Where winds and waves confess her sovereignty,
Her ancient triumphs yet on high shall bear,
And reign, the sovereign of the conquered air.

—Translated from Gray's "Luna Habitabilis",
Cambridge, 1737.



Simpson's

Extends Congratulations to
the Officers and Men of
No. 2 Initial Training School

on the occasion of the

Second Anniversary
of the Founding of
the School

HEALTH OF PERSONNEL IMPORTANT

Station Hospital Staff Cures and Cheers Ailing Airmen

The Station Hospital, that section that is so hidden away, represents one of the busiest of all sections. The staff have succeeded in accomplishing the impossible by accommodating and treating more than twice as many as the establishment calls for.

Already we have sent three of the staff across the pond: F/Lt B. Duncan, LAC "Scotty" Logan and LAC "Red" Boyce. Our medical officers have changed so often it has been really hard to keep track of them.

It is sometimes surprising to find in our midst, patients from stations from coast to coast, but of course it can be easily understood that such an organization as this would be known across the continent. Ahem!

From time to time we have our share of local epidemics, but these are taken in our stride. Recently two of the staff went so far as to contact mumps themselves.

Introducing you to the present officers and N.C.O.'s in our hospital, we have:

F/Lt L. G. C. d'Easum—Senior Medical Officer.

F/Lt L. G. Magid—Assistant Medical Officer.

Nursing Sisters—Valerie North and Ruth McPherson.

F/Sgt Gibson—Pharmacist.

Sgt. Gibbs—N.C.O. in charge of Nursing Orderlies.

Besides the above we have nine Nursing Orderlies and General Duties boys and two Medical Clerks, to look after the Orderly Room.

For friendliness and co-operation it would be hard to beat the individuals mentioned above. The Senior M.O. certainly knows his job, and both he and his assistant, F/Lt Magid, are a pleasure to work with. Nursing Sisters can throw a lot of weight, so to speak, if they want to, but we are happily blessed with two fine nurses



F/Lt L. G. C. d'Easum, Senior Medical Officer, and his staff at No. 2 I.T.S. Station Hospital.

who have brains coupled with, ahem! —putting it mildly—very good looks.

Our N.C.O.'s know their jobs and they, too, give and receive the best of co-operation possible.

WHAT THEY SAY—

Sgt. LEWIS—"Have you seen Mr. Scott, sir?"

F/Lt COOPER—"It never rains at the coast."

F/O WILSON—"Do you think I'll get through my navigation, Frank?"

F/O KLOMBIES—"I'm going over to collect the canteen money."

F/Sgt JAILLET—"All right, turn on the heat. Get 'em up."

F/O WARD—"I wouldn't know; I haven't been officially told."

F/Lt HENDERSON—"Well, old boy, here's a new form to fill out."

F/Lt LOCKHART—"G'wan, you haven't been 'Joed' on week-ends for months."

S/L NICHOL (Flash)—"Back on the cart. Give me a coke and lemon, please, Alex!"

F/O SCOTT (Sparrow)—"I haven't had a minute, I'm so damn busy—working like a beaver."

S/L BRISBIN—"Well, cheerio, first one today, boys!"

F/Lt RAMSAY—"No, definitely not! I just can't do it, much as I'd like to."

F/Sgt ROAST—"Pick up your feet. When I was in the ranks I used to touch me chin with me knees."

F/Lt CLARK—"We haven't nearly got around to that yet."

As a brief summary of what our unit is for, here is a poem to—

THE HOSPITAL STAFF

We take care of the aches and pains
Of part of Canada's fighting swains.
They are the boys in Air Force Blue,
Pilots, Observers, and Gunners, to you.

Our Sisters lend a helping hand,
Which makes the boys take a manly
stand,

When we give them noc's, because it's
right,

And not, as some think, 'just for spite'.
The M.O. looks with practised eye
(As the sick parade goes passing by)

At the boys who aren't just feeling right
Because of colds or a heavy night.

Some come here to be put to bed,
While others come to 'swing the lead'.
But whate'er the complaint, we do our
best

To keep them healthy, like the rest.

The Orderlies stay right on their feet
To keep the hospital clean and neat.
They've a ready smile, a joke, a grin,
Despite the long hours they put in.

There are files to keep them right up to
date,

So the boys in the Orderly Room mustn't
be late

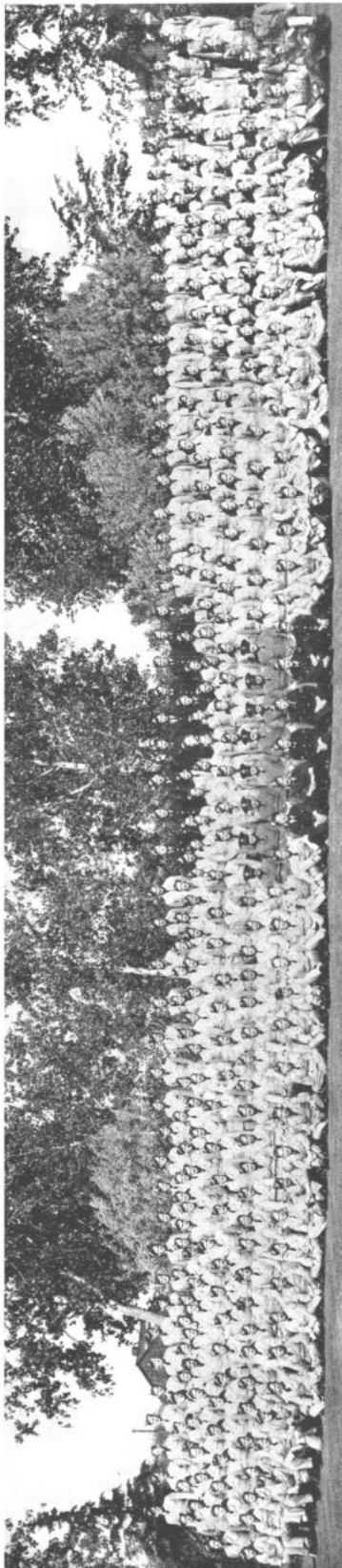
In getting to work and doing their part,
For the job depends on an early start.

Thus on we work, to save the life
Of each hearty man caught in the strife,
And when this bloody war is done,
We'll have done our part to lick the Hun.

—J. A. C.
(Write-up by H. R. P. and J. A. C.,
Hospital Orderly Room Clerks.)

The M.O. congratulated the half-stripped airman on the fine picture of Churchill tattooed on his chest, saying, "That's the spirit, my man!"

"Shucks! That's nothing," replied the airman, beginning to unbuckle his belt. "Want to see Hitler?"



Personnel

No. 1

Squadron



S/L H. V. BRISBIN, M.M.
O/C No. 1 Training Squadron



Above:
F/LT WILLIAM HAY
Senior Flight Commander

Below:
F/SGT J. A. MILES
Sqdn. Sergeant Major



It's a far cry from the Ypres Salient to Regina, time has flown, conditions have changed, but the thrill of being in uniform is still the same. The difference Old Father Time has made, however, means I do my flying from behind a desk instead of whipping about the blue with that good old stick in my hands.

I began my military career as a "foot-slogger", joining the Queen's Own Rifles in Toronto, August 8, 1914. In November of the same year we made up "A" Company, 19th Bn., for active service and were quartered at the Exhibition Grounds, where they really turned on the heat. The Company Sergeant-Major, Bradshoa by name, took us in hand—and how! He was most frank with us:

"You b——s, you might have broken your mother's hearts, but you won't break mine!" We didn't.

Left Toronto in April, 1915, for England, where I got my first stripe. More training and finally went to France in September, 1915, and went into the line in front of Kemmel Hill, where we saw our first Jerry. The trenches in those days were awful and the dugouts wet and dirty but as each man had to carry two large bags of straw with him we thought we would be quite comfortable. Alas, we were told we were not to sleep on them but were up in the grey dawn and instructed to set fire to our straw bags and heave them over the trench.

(Continued on page 43)

Personnel No. 2 Squadron



S/L C. J. S. NICHOL
O/C No. 2 Training Squadron

High in the list of contributing factors to the success of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, upon which may rest the destiny of the world, is the youthful, driving leadership with which it has been blessed.

Prime example of this is to be found in the person of a man who stands at the head of No. 2 Squadron, Squadron Leader C. J. S. Nichol.

Young, athletically moulded and possessed of what is termed "military bearing", Squadron Leader Nichol is greatly respected and liked by those who work under, and with, him. The efficiency of his administration is taken now as a matter of course and his ability on the parade square is unquestioned.

One of the high points in the squadron leader's career took place on February 10, 1908—his birth. Of this event, which occurred in Montreal, he remembers little, claiming he was rather unconcerned.

The following 12 years he occupied himself mainly with growing up at the alleged port of Montreal, somewhere in Eastern Canada.

ENTERS R.M.C.

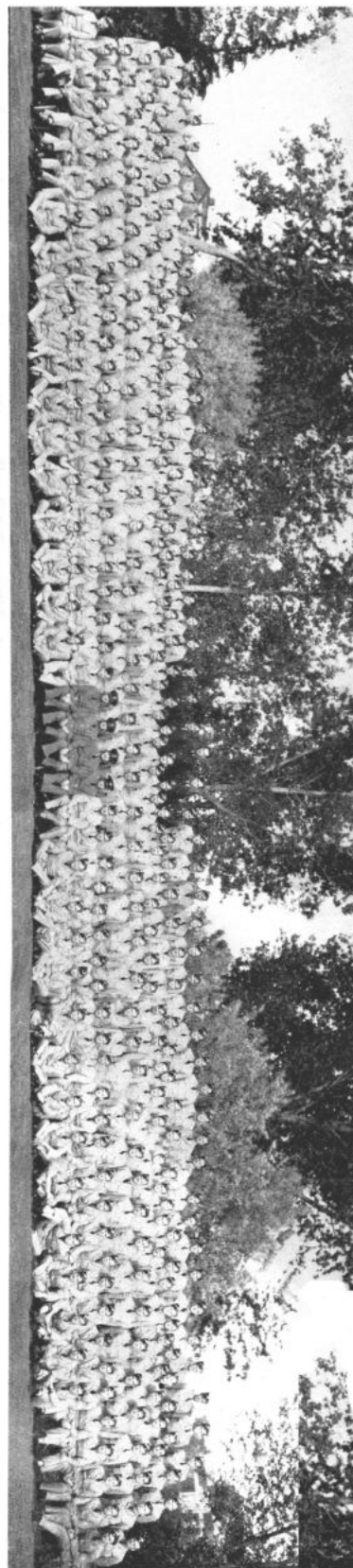
In 1920 he made a safari to Oakville, Ontario, for the purpose of education, coming under the guiding hand of a gentleman who is now Flying Officer Carruthers. Four years later he journeyed to Kingston, where

(Continued on page 44)



Above:
F/LT R. O. BABBITT
Senior Flight Commander

Below:
F/SGT. W. J. A. JAILLET
Sqdn. Sergeant Major



Guard Duty 1918 Style!

When we approached Flight Sergeant Miles and asked him for an interview and a picture for this magazine, astonishment and alarm were written clearly all over his face, and his first vocal reaction was certain sounds to the effect that he didn't see it, himself. However, a bit of persuasion, and he came through with the following. We do not know whether Flight Miles' early life is a mystery or not, but he plunged right into his service career, and this is, practically word for word, what we got from him:

"This is the first time I've ever had to do any talking about myself, and it's liable to be anything but on the button, but here goes.

"I enlisted with the Canadian army in November, 1916, trained in Regina for a few months and then went overseas, first to England and then to France. When I reached France I was posted to the 28th Infantry Battalion in the 'Iron' 6th Brigade.

FIVE MONTHS' GUARD DUTY

"We went through several good scraps until August 8th, 1918. Just about that time, Fritzie must have put my number on one. Anyway, I was on the receiving end, and went to the cleaners for three months. I got back in time to join the outfit and go to Germany with the army of occupation. So for five months we did GUARD duty, and how we did! We mounted guard in full marching order with all equipment snow white, ammunition burnished and rifles spotless. We did turn of 24 hours on and 48 off, IF there were no other parades.

"Incidentally, we marched from Mons in Belgium to Bohn in Germanv

Know Your Squadron

No. 1 TRAINING SQUADRON

Officer Commanding—S/L H. V. Brisbin, M.M.; F/Lt William Hay.

Flight Commanders—F/O E. C. J. Wilson, F/O R. P. Klombies, F/O A. J. Scott, F/O J. D. Carruthers, P/O H. B. Peto.

Squadron Warrant Officer—F/Sgt J. A. Miles.

N.C.O.'s—Sgt. C. W. Rainey, Cpl. T. C. Day, Cpl. A. C. Doraty, Cpl. J. M. Ferguson, Cpl. I. H. Lord, Cpl. J. G. Hateley.

which is a distance of something over two hundred miles.

"Then back we went to France, England, and finally home. I was discharged in June, 1919, and after that worked for a number of years in the auto repair line. Then, in 1929, I joined the Regina fire department, from which I am on indefinite leave.

"I joined the Royal Canadian Air Force in July, 1940, and was posted to No. 2 I.T.S. in October of the same year, having been on the station ever since. I would still like to get around and see some of the old spots such as Picadilly Circus, Trafalgar Square, the Union Jack Club, and as Fibber McGee would say, all places like that there. Good luck, fellows!"

PAYMENT OVERDUE

Blood by blood must be repaid—

They who sow the seeds of death,
Who turn the stone that whets the blade,
Who shatter minds and poison breath—

Theirs shall be the name accurst;
Theirs the torture and the pain;
Theirs the terror, last and worst—
Vengeance for our brothers slain.

And the dead who never die—

All the beaten and betrayed
Slain for Freedom's faith—shall cry,
"Blood by blood must be repaid!"

—LAC Aiken, D.L.
(First published in "Saturday Night", Toronto)

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"PROPS" PARADE



The Commanding Officer and his Adjutant, F/Lt J. Lockhart, during "props" presentation ceremonies.

It naturally cannot compete in importance with a wings parade, but it did seem too bad that aircrew should successfully clear their first hurdle in the training as such without some form of recognition.

Hence a props parade was instituted by the Commanding Officer in October, 1941, and has featured the concluding exercises for all graduating courses since that time. For this ceremony, aircrew are formed up in a

hollow square on the parade ground with the graduating flights facing the ensign and the band in the rear. Following congratulatory remarks over the P.A. system by the C.O., the graduates file past, as their names are called, for their LAC propellers and the warm handclasp of the Commanding Officer.

AWARD TO HONOR STUDENT

In January of this year one student set an all-time high of 97 percent average and a precedent was then established of naming an honor student in each course and making an award to him on the props parade. One of the early honor student awards was made

by the Inspector-General on the occasion of his visit to the station. It was of particular interest to Air Vice-Marshal G. M. Croil, A.F.C., in that the airman concerned had been in the permanent force and had once served under the Inspector-General at Camp Borden.

GRADUATES MARCH PAST

As a concluding feature of the props parade, the training squadrons form up as a wing in line facing the ensign and the Commanding Officer takes the salute as the gallant, smart young lads of the graduating flights march past. Wing Commander Macpherson has more than once complained of a lump in his throat on such occasions.

So far as can be learned, this form of recognition for graduates at initial training schools is in effect only at No. 2 I.T.S. and is considered a real inspiration for personnel of junior courses.

HONOR STUDENTS

The names of those who topped their course since the practice of naming honor students was instituted are here listed. It will be noted that many of them have elected to train as observers; in only one instance was one of them sent out as such against his own desire.

HONOR STUDENTS' DISPOSITION

Course	Student	Posted	Class Average
41	Ridgway, Pilot	No. 5 E.F.T.S.	97%
42	Hartman, Pilot	No. 15 E.F.T.S.	96%
43	Dyke, Observer	No. 3 A.O.S.	95%
44	Goodwin, Pilot	No. 15 E.F.T.S.	95%
45	Bygrave, Observer	No. 3 A.O.S.	94%
46	Garland, Observer	No. 3 A.O.S.	95%
47	Brown, N. H., Observer	No. 2 A.O.S.	93%
48	Shannon, Pilot	No. 3 A.O.S.	94%
49	Love, Observer	No. 3 A.O.S.	94%
50	Clapperton, Pilot	Pilot awaiting posting	94.5%
51	Emery, Observer	Observer awaiting posting	95%
52	Cameron, Pilot	Pilot awaiting posting	89%
53	Wallace, R. A., Sgt. Pilot	Pilot awaiting posting	94%



March Past after "Props" Presentation.

Jaillet the "Gendarme"

As the story books have it, Flight Sergeant Jaillet first saw the light of the good sun in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he lived until the year 1916. At that time the family moved to "la belle Montreal", which has been home to the Flight ever since.

A graduate of Westmount High School and St. Pat's Academy, Flight Jaillet was employed first by the Canadian Pacific Railway and later served for four and a half years with the Pointe Claire police force (un beau gendarme).

As befits a man of his physique, Flight Jaillet is an ardent participant in sports. He was a member of the Westward Juniors, who were Quebec provincial rugby champions in 1924 and 1925, and, after defeating the Ottawa Rideaus, Dominion champions in 1926.

GREAT CANOEIST

He dipped a mean paddle under the colors of the Valois Canoe Club and was a member of the Junior Four winners, 1922, and the Senior Four in 1923 and 1924. Reading between the lines of the Flight's rather modest statement when interviewed, one would be more than likely to find his home heaped high with a bewildering variety of trophies of various sorts.

The Flight's present pastimes consist of hockey, tennis and swimming, in all of which, to judge by his appearance, he would be a dangerous opponent.

Flight Jaillet joined the Royal Canadian Air Force in August, 1940, and after completing the Disciplinarian Course at Brandon was a member of the Exhibition Drill Squad. Subsequently he was posted to No. 2 Initial Training School and has been here since, a well-known figure on and off parade.

Know Your Squadron

No. 2 TRAINING SQUADRON

Officer Commanding—S/L C. J. S. Nichol, F/Lt R. O. Babbitt.

Flight Commanders—F/O George Ward, F/O H. K. Martin, F/O G. C. Warnock.

Squadron Warrant Officer—F/Sgt W. J. A. Jaillet, F/Sgt George Roast.

N.C.O.'s—Sgt. N. G. Minor, Sgt. L. Irvine, Sgt. A. Jones, Cpl. J. W. McKinnon, Cpl. J. S. Don.

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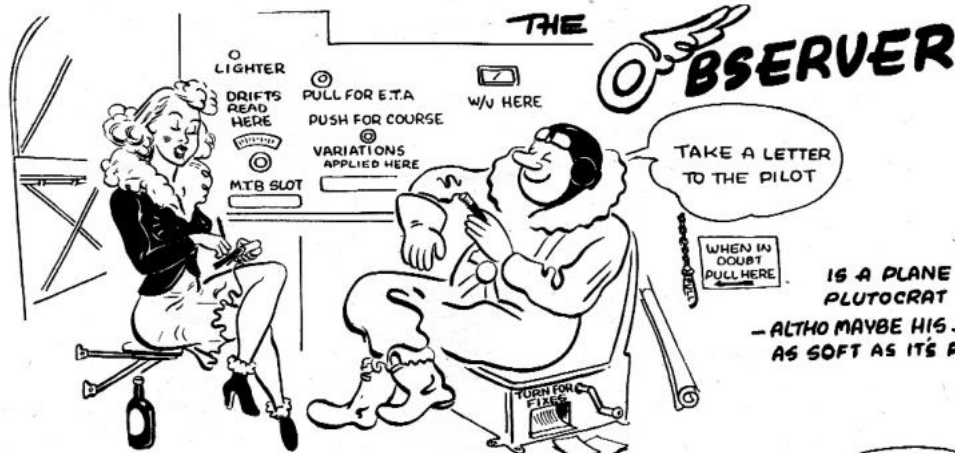
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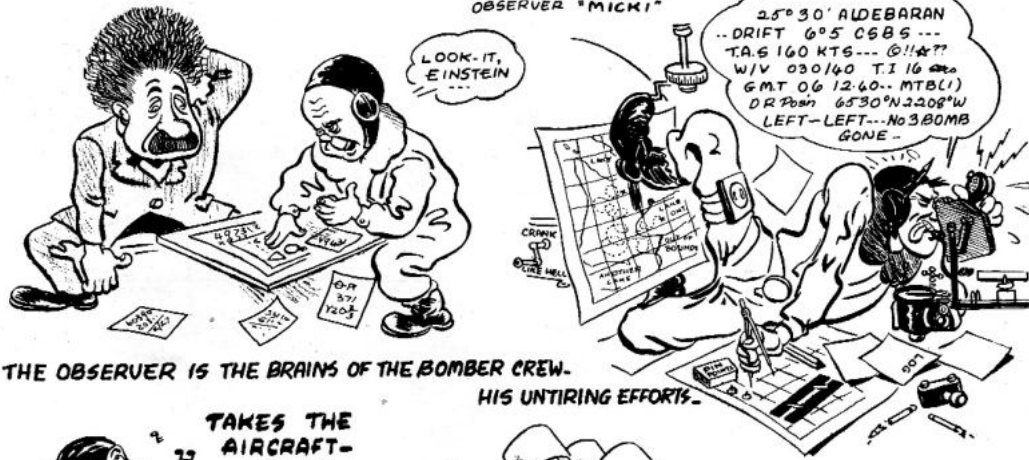
Ware's Wares Wear Well



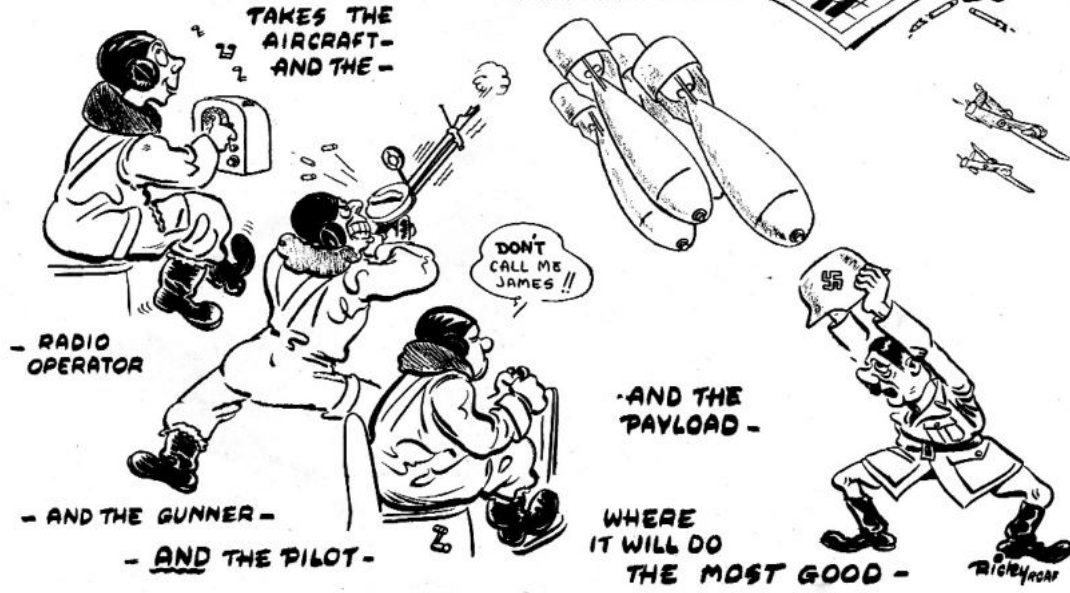
THE OBSERVER

IS A PLANE PLUTOCRAT
- ALTHO MAYBE HIS JOB ISN'T AS SOFT AS IT'S PICTURED

FROM A CARTOON BY OBSERVER "MICKI"



THE OBSERVER IS THE BRAINS OF THE BOMBER CREW.
HIS UNTIRING EFFORTS -



- RADIO OPERATOR

- AND THE GUNNER -
- AND THE PILOT -

- AND THE PAYLOAD -

WHERE IT WILL DO THE MOST GOOD -

RIGHTY RASAT

HOLLYWOOD STAR PRAISES TRAINING AT No. 2 I.T.S.

Phillips Holmes, of Screen and Radio,
Forsakes Career in Fight for Democracy

By LAC D. L. AIKEN

So I said to this chap, "What did you do in civvy life?"

And he said, "I was in pictures."

Whereupon I asked, "With a number under them?"

"No," he replied, "moving pictures. Holmes is the name."

"Well, ah, are you married?"

"Mmmm! No. I've been married so many times, killed so many men—and girls."

"So many girls," I scoffed. "Who were they?"

"Well," he replied, "there was Sylvia Sidney—I killed her, and I've been married to Irene Dunne, Loretta Young, Kay Francis, Frances Dee and Jean Arthur."

"Like so much . . ." I was about to reply, when he went on.

"Pictorially speaking, of course."

"Let's get this straight," I said. "You were in the movies—an actor?"

"Why, yes," he replied. "I come from a theatrical family, and I've played with Wallace Beery, William Powell, Walter Huston and the Barrymores."

"You're not kidding, are you?"

"No, not at all," said he very seriously.

"Well," I exploded, "Why the hell are you here then?"

"Now that you ask it," he replied, "with that Maths exam tomorrow, I'm wondering too. I'm sure I'd have been happy if I'd stayed home and kept my big mouth shut. But seriously, nothing in my life has ever meant more to me than being in the R.C.A.F. (and that goes for girls, too). From the minute I enlisted, I knew just where I wanted to head. I set the highest goal I could

for myself in the service, and I intend to make it, barring any unknown physical limitations. It's a wonderful thing to know definitely what you want to do, particularly after spending as many years as I have in the Bohemian life where indecision is paramount. My brother made the grade in the air force, and the Canadian half of my family expects as much from me."

"But you don't sound like a Yankee," I said.

"Oh, I went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and finished up at Princeton, which probably accounts for what you may think is a bastard accent."

"I see. Now about this picture business. I'm still a little skeptical."

"Oh, that's genuine enough! I've made pictures in Hollywood, France, England and Italy. As a matter of fact, I was over in France when this war broke out."

"Did you stay there long after the fireworks started?"

"Eight months. I was doing short-wave programmes beamed on North America for the French government (not the Vichy-washy one). As a matter of fact, Maurice Chevalier (remember him) and Charles Boyer were working with me on it."

(Continued on page 50)

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*"This Edition of the No. 2 I.T.S.
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MEDICAL RESEARCH PLAYS IMPORTANT PART IN SELECTION OF AIRCREW

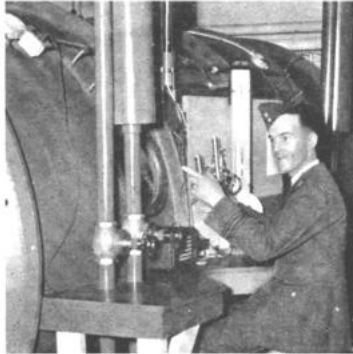
Doctors Probe Secrets of Who Can Fly and Fight

Sparked by the same ingenuity that caused Archytas of the ancient myth to build a wooden pigeon and sail off into space, medical officers of the air force are making history every day in their quest for superior air crews.

It is their duty to supply the R.C.A.F. with select pilots who can stand the strain of higher speeds and altitudes than the Stuka and Messerschmitt crews, of the German Luftwaffe.

Behind the headlines in the scientific laboratory and the medical clinic, their battle is being waged for air superiority. These officers, pursuing a pioneering branch of their profession, aviation medicine, are daily perfecting measuring sticks by which to judge an aspirant's ability to pilot a service plane before he leaves the ground, and in addition are probing the century-old enigmas surrounding the effects of flight on the body and mind of man.

Kept out of the limelight, this work is progressing silently in Regina. Attached to No. 2 Initial Training School, behind the Regina College building, a group of research doctors and hearing, vision, heart, nerves and psychology specialists are providing a finer mesh for prospective pilots and observers to pass through than the routine medical examinations given at recruiting centres.



S/L C. B. Stewart at controls of pressure chamber.

Because brilliant, brawny Joe Doakes is an A1 recruit for the army with a build like Achilles, these factors alone do not prove he can take a bomber to a certain altitude without passing out cold.

DELICATE INSTRUMENTS TEST HEART

Joe's ability or inability, to withstand lack of oxygen at high altitudes such as 25,000 feet, can't be assessed from outward appearances. By the same token, ordinary medical means will not always discover mild weaknesses of the heart. First class athletes with slight heart conditions may succumb to lack of oxygen at altitudes at which normal people would be safe. The air force specialists, however, use a delicate instrument known as the electrocardiograph which records electrical activities of the heart, detecting the slightest irregularities.

(Continued on page 48)

Physical Fitness is Necessary to Man Modern War Machines

In this war of machines, the strengths and weaknesses of the human being seem relatively unimportant. However, it has been proven time and again that the best machine is only as good as its operator.

Perhaps the day is coming when the machine will replace the man. Perhaps the day is coming when machines alone will fight wars and every man can sit



S/L G. L. Adamson, President of Medical Selection Board.

back and be a commander for a 25-cent bleacher seat and have the privilege of throwing pop-bottles at a mechanical umpire to boot.

Now, however, physically fit men are of extreme importance. Equally vital is the task of weeding the fit from the unfit. Each aircrew recruit who enters Initial Training School must be examined for everything and in every possible way. He must be studied fluoroscopically, microscopically, and just plain studied.

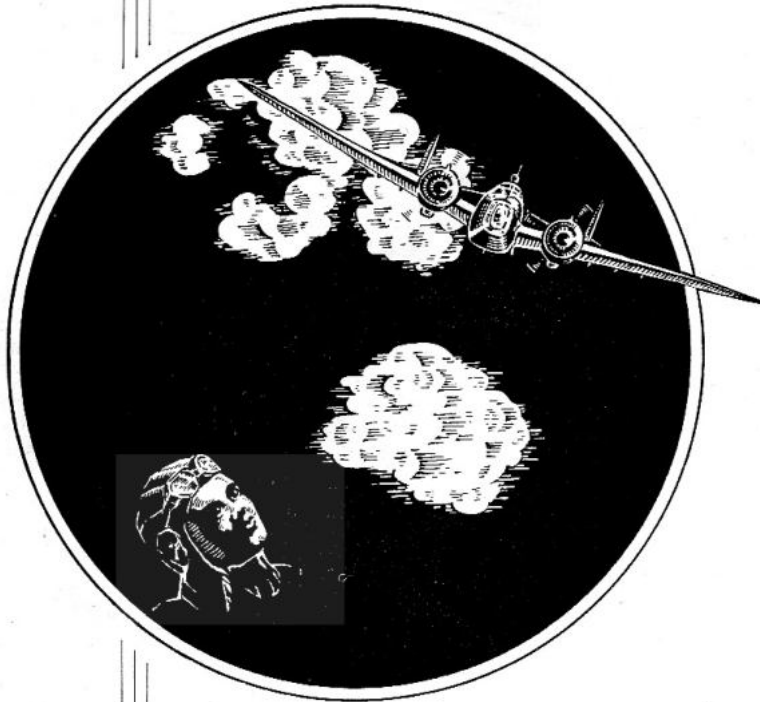
This is the task of the Medical Selection Board.

And this is the task at No. 2 I.T.S. of an exceptionally capable group of medical experts.

(Continued on page 49)



F/Lt G. W. Manning and the staff of the Clinical Investigation Unit at No. 2 I.T.S.



May "Ceiling Zero"
Never Hamper the
Success of Your
Venture!

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MOOSE JAW

REGINA

SWIFT CURRENT

C.O. SPONSORS INTER-SERVICE TEAMWORK

Perhaps it can be attributed to certain military reverses; perhaps it was just imagination. At all events, the public seemed to get the idea that there had been a lack of co-ordination as between the services, even of friction in the minds of some.

Recognizing the fact that, regardless of the uniform we wear, we are all striving for the same objective, namely, to lick hell out of the dirty swine, the Commanding Officer decided to try to break down this alleged feeling so far as Regina armed forces were concerned.

Last fall Wing Commander Macpherson started the ball rolling by calling on senior officers of the Navy, Army and the R.C.M.P. to invite them together with a group of their officers, to visit No. 2 I.T.S. at a specified time. It was quite a gathering, including some thirty officers of the other services. They were shown interesting phases of air force training, entertained in the officers' mess, and later left the station with the idea that, after all, maybe the Junior Service was not so smug as they had thought.

That started the ball rolling. Representative officers of the other services have, in turn, been invited to mess dinners at No. 2 I.T.S. and our officers have been invited to functions at the 120 training centre mess and the R.C.M.P. Sunday teas and a big dance on the station saw a goodly sprinkling of other than air force uniforms and a standing invitation has been extended to officers of the other services to visit the air force mess at any time without special invitation.

BANDS HELP

Our new air force band had barely reported to the station when a system of fraternizing with the 12th depot



W/C Macpherson accepting a leopard skin presented to the Station Band by Lt.-Col. N. L. M. Sim on behalf of the 12th District Depot Band.

band had been arranged. The bands visited back and forth, played separately and then together, marched and countermarched, and one happy occasion was marked by presentation to our drummer of a leopard skin by personnel of the army band through the medium of that very fine gentleman who has just retired as Commanding Officer of the 12th Depot, Lieut.-Col. N. L. M. Sim.

MASSED BANDS PROGRAM

Empire Day witnessed the culmination of these efforts, when personnel of the three services joined, first in a drumhead service in Wascana Park and then a massed band demonstration and concert on the parade ground of

No. 2 I.T.S. It was a most successful event, witnessed by thousands of Regina citizens. Officers of the other services with their ladies were guests of air force officers and their wives in the officers' mess, a vantage point from which to watch the bands. Among the invited guests were His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. McNab, Premier and Mrs. W. J. Patterson, the deputy mayor, the American consul and Mrs. Reinich and the clergy.

(Continued on page 34)

Our Friends the Mounties

Among their recollections of Regina, none will be more happy among graduates of No. 2 I.T.S. than the courtesies extended to them by Superintendent A. S. Cooper, M.C., and personnel of his Depot Division at the barracks of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Boasting one of the finest indoor swimming pools on the continent, the Superintendent most graciously extended the use of its facilities to airmen stationed here. Twice a week for months past training flights in turn have enjoyed a swim, and the added thrill of seeing the headquarters of the far-famed Mounties. It is worthy of note, too, that the billiard table in the airmen's main barrack block is the property of the R.C.M.P., loaned to us for the duration.



Massed Bands of No. 2 I.T.S. and 12th District Depot during marching and counter-marching manoeuvres on parade grounds prior to presentation of leopard skin.

WO₂ Kent has Seen Service in Many Lands

Like the pages of a fertile adventure novel reads the life story of the Station Warrant Officer of No. 2 I.T.S., E. F. S. Kent.

Neither Marco Polo's historical press agents nor Charlie Chan's histrionic pressure agents have managed, in all their mental meanderings, to place their heroes in more out-of-the-way acres, introduce them to more strange sights, adventures, occupations.

Simply, the huge, good-natured warrant officer has been and seen. That he now finds himself head non-commissioned disciplinarian at one of the leading units of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan is just one of those things which add chapters to a turbulent life story.

He was born "into the army" at Languard Fort, east coast of England. Suffering restlessness at the age of six months, he pulled stakes and headed for India.

After several years of training at the hands of a strict Ayah (pro. "nurse"), he attended schools at Nowshera and Ambala, which names may be placed in the Province of Punjab rather than on an All-American foot-

Our Advertisers

Without a proper lubricant, no machine could function very long, and without advertising, a publication is due for an abbreviated existence. The revenue derived from advertising pays all the costs of a magazine such as the "ITS News", including printing, illustrations and mailing.

The business houses which supported this first issue of the "News" did so with something of the spirit of the man who bought a pig in a poke, and their expression of faith and goodwill should be recognized and rewarded.

The airmen of No. 2 I.T.S. can attend to this matter by reading the advertisements in this issue of the "News", and by patronizing the firms who have been of such assistance to the publication. Incidentally, the more we support our advertisers, the more support will the magazine get in the future.

It is only fair that, of the large quantity of goods purchased by personnel of this station each month, the great majority should be purchased from those who have assisted our magazine.

Buy Advertised Merchandise

ball team. He candidly admits his memories of school concern the early hours and the ride to and fro on the jointed back of a pony.

One of his vivid boyhood memories is that of the ceremony at Delhi, Durbar, in 1911, when King George V was crowned Emperor of India. Impres-

sive are his descriptions of the great masses of people and hundreds of gold-draped elephants.

The same year, though young, he joined the army as a bandsman and five years later transferred to the Royal Horse Artillery.

(Continued on page 52)



Officers Uniforms

ARMY AND AIR FORCE

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The same care and craftsmanship which has made Warren K. Cook clothes famous in civilian life is now firmly establishing leadership in Officers' Uniforms.

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YOU CAN FLY THOUSANDS OF MILES IN FIVE-FOOT CIRCLE



F/Lt H. E. Cooper, head of Visual Link Section, and a student.



F/Lt A. C. Champ, head of Instrument Link Section, and his staff.

The Link Trainers, those fabulous machines approached with trepidation by some and with confidence by others, and the Link Instructors, come under two categories on this station.

The Visual Link Unit, headed by F/Lt H. E. Cooper, is the one best known by aircrew trainees, since this is the section in which they take their Link periods. Contrary to a fairly widespread opinion, the Visual Link is not an apparatus to teach flying. It is an evaluator; that is, it assists the instructional staff of I.T.S. to discover the strengths and weaknesses of the trainees with respect to their aircrew potentialities. The weeding-out, which is aided by tests on the Link, increases the efficiency of the training scheme in that it removes men from a category to which they are not suited by temperament or capability, and makes them available for other training to which their particular ability is suited.

The staff of the Visual Link Unit are: F/O A. C. Atkey, M.C.; F/O

W. D. Whyte, F/O W. N. Miller, F/O N. L. Head, F/O S. A. Hustwitt and F/O A. C. West.

The Instrument Link is used for more advanced training and does not come within the scope of the aircrew trainee's course at I.T.S. In this instrument a pilot is under a hood and flies on instruments alone. However, the whole Link section on this station will be more fully described in a later issue.

Personnel of the Instrument Link Unit is as follows: F/Lt A. C. Champ, Chief Instrument Link Instructor; F/O N. C. Boyles, F/O F. Green, F/O H. Teskey and F/O G. F. Mack.

"F-e-e-t. What does that spell, Johnnie?" asked the teacher.

Johnnie didn't know.

"What is it that a cow has four of and I have two?" persisted the lady.

Johnnie's answer was as surprising as it was unexpected.

Dat Goddam Bird de Link

For two, t'ree mont' brudder Pierre,
Take course on Link to fly de h'air.
She's hareyplane of special make
On first solo, your nerve she shake
You take heem off wit' nose to sky;
But dat Goddam t'ing, to floor she's tie.
Wit' needle, ball and h'airspeed dial
You fly like Hell for two, t'ree mile.

Wit' system Pierre call "One, two, t'ree"
Dat Link she fly like Hay, Bee, See.
Go right, go left. It's h'all de same,
Dat needle, she's like bear to tame.
But Pierre, he's tell me once on leave,
He's boss, call' Slim, get plenty peeve'
When h'airspeed, height above the
ground

She won't stay put; she's h'up an' down.

Dat Link, she's funny bird to see,
Got wings and tail, so Pierre tell me.
When I ask him why he's not fly home,
Dat Link she's nall' to floor of stone.
I visit one on Trenton place
D'ose Links line up for like de race,
But w'en dey give wot's call' "de gun"
Dey's back to where she's started from.

Pierre comes from H'easter H'eggs,
Starts talking "Beams, and Cones, and
Legs,

Dat's radio noise on Link he's ride,
Pierre says eyes, he's got so cross' one
day,

When under hood Pierre must hide,
Wit' phone on ear and eye on board,
Hear noise from Hell and voice from
Lord,

He's turn to lef' an' go odder way.

Pierre he's change', his modder t'ink,
Since he's been riding on dat Link.
He's appetite now, on week-end trips
She has shrunk down to leedle bits,
But two week more she mus' pass by
An' now no more in Links he's fly,
He's prove to Slim he's ver' able
To fly dat Link from a Goddam table.

—Flying Officer C. W. McLeod.

Editor's Note.—F/O McLeod arrived at No. 2 Initial Training School, Regina, on posting from No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden, in September, 1940. While here he wrote the above poem during his tenure as member of the Link Staff.

Indian to tourist: "I am Brave Eagle. This is my son, Fighting Hawk, and my grandson, Low Wing Bomber."

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Crests
of all
Kinds



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Military Jewellery
with
Suitable
Crest

YES SIR, IT'S GOOD!



"I'VE SWORN BY 'BOHEMIAN' FOR YEARS, TO ME IT'S ALWAYS MEANT BEER AT ITS BEST..."



THEN ONE DAY A PAL TOLD ME TO TRY "IMPERIAL STOUT"



"IT'S REAL STOUT HE SAID AND IT'S MADE BY THE BREWERS OF 'BOHEMIAN'"



"WELL SIR! I'M GLAD HE DID, FOR NOW I'VE TWO REAL TREATS 'BOHEMIAN & IMPERIAL STOUT' -- TWO TRULY GREAT DRINKS!"

IMPERIAL *Stout*

It's a companion product of Famous 'BOHEMIAN LAGER'

PRINCE ALBERT BREWERIES LIMITED

FLIGHT LASHES

From No. 1 Squadron

J1 JOURNAL

By MURCHIE

I now take prolific pen in paw in a hearty endeavor to describe briefly the origin and activities of our little group.

The birth of old J Flight took place a number of weeks ago when a group of airmen, after a strenuous trip across the wasteland from Brandon, were very carefully assisted from the train at the C.P.R. station in the beautiful little metropolis of Regina and poured into a waiting truck.

The truck, as it happened, was not one of the large variety, so some of the more temperamental chaps had the audacity to say that they felt rather crowded, with only forty-five men and the same number of kit bags to hinder their breathing.

At last our objective was reached and the M.T. driver, who was rather a considerate sort of fellow with a kind face, slowed up his vehicle to well below thirty to allow the boys to spill out as we passed the Normal school.

We then met the officer who was to command our flight, F/O Carruthers, and Sergeant Rainey, our flight N.C.O. The latter showed us to our sleeping quarters and gave us the lowdown on the routine of the station.

The following morning when we woke up we found a number of stran-

THE AIR GUNNER

If I must be a gunner,
Then please, Lord, grant me grace
That I may leave the station
With a smile upon my face.

I may have wished to be a pilot
And you, along with me;
But if we all were pilots,
Where would the Air Force be?

It takes "guts" to be a gunner,
To sit out in the tail,
When the Messerschmitts are coming
And the slugs begin to wail.

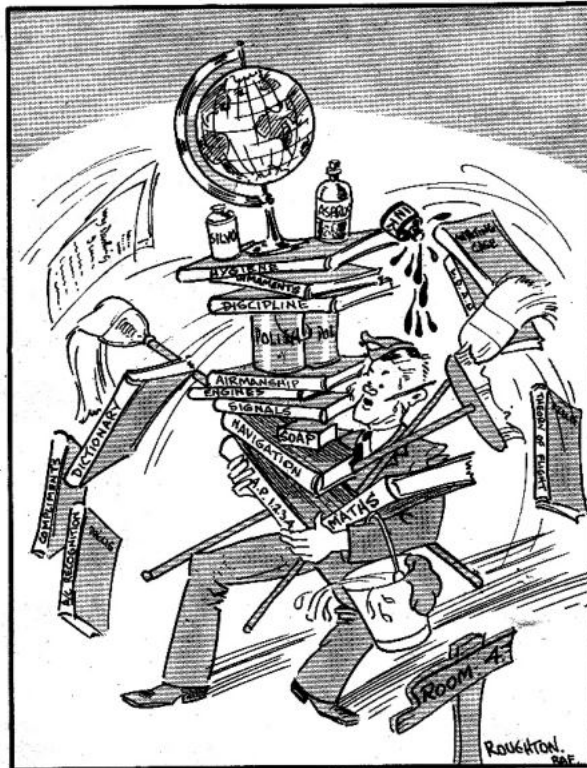
The pilot's just a chauffeur;
It's his job to fly the plane,
But it's we who do the fighting,
Though we may not get the fame.

But we're here to win the war,
And until this job is done,
Let's forget our personal feelings
And get behind the gun.

If we must all be gunners,
Then let us make the bet,
We'll be the best damn gunners
That have left this station yet.

—By Gunner G. H. H.

ON THE I.T.S. FRONT!



A U/T DREAMS OF WINGS, DUTY-FLIGHT, INSPECTION DAY, AND CO'S PARADE!!

gers in our room. These turned out to be some senior N.C.O.'s and corporals who were going to be with us throughout our course. At first we thought they were going to be a pain in the neck, but as it turned out later they were a good bunch of fellows, much better than we had originally anticipated.

The flight began at once to expand and increase in number, thus introducing into our midst a foreign element, therefore our leaders deemed it necessary to divide the talent into two categories, J1 and J2, the former getting the cream of the crop (we think).

There was much rivalry set up between the two flights. Of course, it was only coincidence that J1 was always ahead of J2 on morning parade. And it was a common occurrence to see some of the more snarly and spiteful members of J2 snap viciously at our men as we passed in the corridors.

However, rumor has it the two flights are going to bury the hatchet and unite for a big flight party at the

end of the course and I am sure that the affair can be nothing but a success.

I believe that each and every man can honestly say that No. 2 I.T.S. is one of the best stations in the R.C.A.F. (Continued on page 53)

QUIET ROOM

Quiet smoke, in the quiet light of the lamp,
Soft-sighing wind from the sleeping dark beyond
This rest-filled room. The roofs are grey and damp,
Grey and cool as a clouded sky in a pond.
Here is peace. Cat-footed moments pass
Unwatched, as the dusty grey ribbon of smoke,
Or the amber light shifting within the glass
Or the corner-shadow, there in its secret cloak.

Quiet room—only the embers falling,
Only the crispness of pages, turning, turning;
The soundless voices of sleep and the night calling,
And the strange, comforting smell of tobacco burning.

—LAC Aiken, D.L.

DESIGNER DYKE



SID
DYKE
'42

To LAC E. S. L. Dyke the staff of "ITS News" owes a debt of gratitude and expresses its appreciation for his very excellent work in designing our cover. When it is understood that the work was done while "Sid" was in the throes of final examinations at No. 3 A.O.S., Regina, it is all the more praiseworthy.

PAY DAY BLUES

'Twas the night before pay day,
And all through my jeans,
I hunted in vain
For the price of some beans.
Not a nickle was stirring,
Not even a bit;
The dimes were off duty,
The pennies had quit.
Oh, forward, turn forward,
Oh, time in thy flight,
And make it tomorrow—
Just for tonight.

LAC Dyke is at present at No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School, Mossbank, and will be leaving shortly for Rivers; Man., for the completion of his Observer's course. The record he has left behind him at each of his training schools is an enviable one and No. 2 I.T.S., especially, wishes him the best of luck in the future. It was on this station that he acted as flight senior and was the honor student in Course 43 with an average of 95%.

"Sid" was born on May 31, 1916, at Calgary, Alberta. His father, F. S. Dyke, was a captain in the last war; a brother, Ian Dyke, is a Lieutenant in the R.C.N.V.R.; another brother, David, is a Captain overseas with the Royal Canadian Artillery; and Kit Dyke is preparing himself as a member of the Air Cadets in Calgary.

LAC Dyke attended public school at Calgary and Lethbridge, Shawinigan Lake School, Vancouver Island, B.C.; Western Canada High School, Calgary, Alta.; and the Institute of Technology and Art, also in Calgary. He was previously employed by the Calgary Photo Engraving Co., and Neon Products of Vancouver as a display designer.

He joined up in Edmonton last June as an observer and has found the course all he expected—and more. He was acting corporal while at No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, and class senior during his term at No. 2 I.T.S. He is married and has a son two years of age. His hobby is amateur photography.

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and
VALUES

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Again who is it
that is giving
the biggest
Car Values

The Latest Models — the
Newest Rubber — the Finest
Engines — the Best Legal
Concessions in Terms — and
the Lowest Prices for Such
Values? Right You Are!

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S. & M. Wholesale Fruit

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"Keep Them Flying"

AVENUE
LUNCHEONETTE

ONE-HALF BLOCK WEST OF SCARTH
ON TWELFTH

★

Where you get the "mostest of the bestest"

FLIGHT FLASHES

From No. 2 Squadron

Y FLIGHT

(FORMERLY E AND F)

The Last Will and Testament of "Y" Flight

To Whom it May Concern:

We of "Y" Flight, being of sound mind, and body (we hope), do bequeath our exalted position in No. 2 Initial Training School to those who follow in our "illustrious" footsteps.

We bequeath the following:

1. At least two funeral parades a week.
2. Two weeks' quarantine, preferably two weeks before exams.
3. The patience to wait six weeks for posting to E.F.T.S.
4. Four to seven days' C.B. for missing classes and church parade.
5. Our ability to take all obstacles in our stride (including barb wire fences).
6. All the fun (without drink) we had at our flight party.
7. To some energetic airman, Don McKenna's ability to associate with Air Commodores.
8. To all those married, Don Staples' happiness and contentment of being isolated two days after marriage.
9. The encyclopedia Fred Hall carried around so long, to the station library.
10. W. E. Smillie's promptness on all parades and the Saskatchewan Hotel cellar.
11. The love and admiration Peter Dennis has for the United States.
12. To a remustered sergeant we leave Sergeant Wally's old saying, "Now, when I was at Mossbank."
13. Jack Smith's old "straw hat" to the station stores.
14. The following Regina telephone numbers: 5686, 100, 5643, 104.
15. To Flying Officer Harry Martin the hock shop on Hamilton Street, in which the members of "Y" Flight have 100% interest. This is a spontaneous contribution for his "patience" for such a "sweet and lovable flight".
16. To Sergeant Irwin, one package of safety pins, two nipples, and six clean diapers.
17. To I.T.S. we leave the luck of not getting another flight with so many



NO, SHODWORTH, YOU DON'T PUT YOUR WINGS UP TILL AFTER SIXTS!

Did You Know?

- WO2 KENT topped his class in administration at Trenton?
 CPL. LOUDEN hopes to get married soon?
 F/O ATKEY won his Military Cross and Bar in April, 1918, with the R.A.F., and has 18 enemy planes officially credited to him?
 S/L BRISBIN won his Military Medal at the Ypres Salient in 1916 with 19th Canadian Infantry Battalion?
 S/L NICHOL was a radio programme producer before joining the R.C.A.F.?
 F/O WILSON is looking for a suite or bungalow?
 F/O McCLUNG is happy there is another man about the house—he's now 10 pounds?
 SGT. HALL, pay and accounts, has to "figure" things out to cover three now?
 MISS MARY THORNEYCROFT of the Orderly Room staff expects wedding bells about September?
 CPL. McCOLL, Link Maintenance, has a definite "interest" in the Link Records Office?

- famous individuals as we have had.
 18. The bashful blush of Preston's to some other mother's boy.
 19. Red Norris' interpretation of the King's English.

I, Schubert Lee, do hereby proclaim that this last Will and Testament should be carried out to the fullest extent.

This 17th day of June, nineteen hundred and forty-two.

S. E. LEE, LAC.

The Sad Lament of a Wishful Thinker

It is my lot to be an inconspicuous member of "Z" Flight. It is my lot, also, to spend wretched, sleepless

(Continued on page 55)

THE PARABLE OF "C" FLIGHT

And it came to pass, on the evening of the second day of the week, that certain members of "C" Flight did go into the inn which is called Saskatchewan. With them did go the great men of the school: he who leadeth the squadron, he who commandeth the flight, he who keepeth track of the boys, he who tendeth the flock, and he who teacheth of drift and track.

When they had reached the inn, they gathered round a table laden with much meats and joy juice. Thus did they, even as their fathers before them, break bread and sup together on the eve of their dispersal.

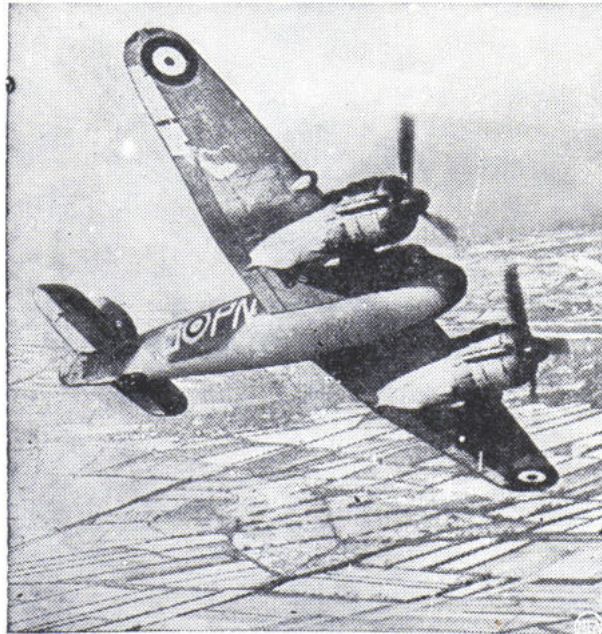
And in their midst did sit one of their number called Joe, with the leaders and wise men on his left and on his right hand. There was also among their number that airman whose name is Jim, otherwise known as C.B. since the time wherein his radiant countenance shone forth as a light before the enemy and drew upon his head a blackout of five days' duration. Present, too, was that tall young man called villainous.

When they had supped and eaten together, the assembled airmen paid homage to their King, and in their cups did reaffirm their gratitude to the leaders and wise men under whose guiding hand they fought the battle of Regina.

Then with much rejoicing was the festive cloth removed from the upper room, and many virgins were called forth to dance and make merry.

One there was who did fall by the wayside, and did lie in the outer court of the inn.

And it came to pass, when the evening was far advanced, that other great men came to the dancing: he who commandeth the wing, he who hovereth behind him at all times, and he who arrayeth the squadron in order in the morning and at noontide.



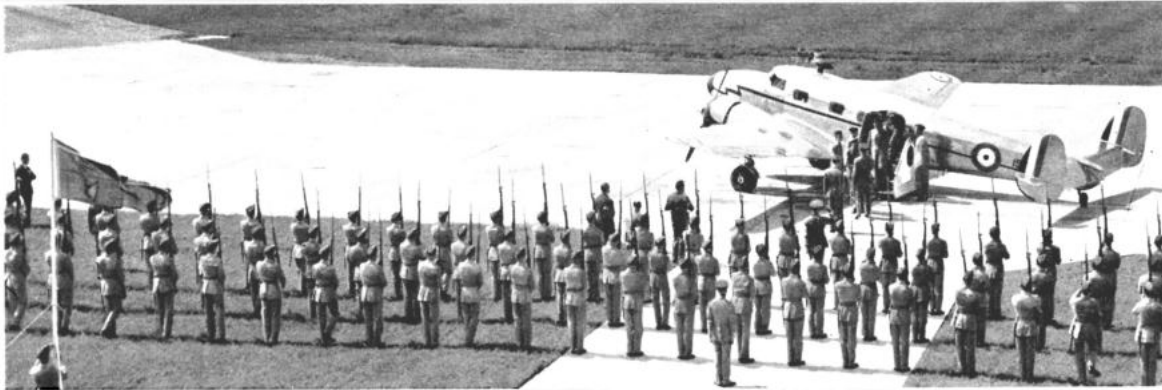
EATON'S Salutes Canada's "Men of the Air!"

In paying tribute to our gallant young men, who keep constant vigil from the air, we recall those most fitting words of Prime Minister Churchill in the House of Commons, August 20, 1940:

"The gratitude of every home in our island, in our Empire and, indeed, throughout the world, except in the abodes of the guilty, goes out to the British airmen, who, undaunted by odds, unwearied in their constant challenge and mortal danger, are turning the tide of world war by their prowess and by their devotion. Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
REGINA CANADA

GUARD OF HONOR ON VISIT OF H.R.H. DUKE OF KENT



The above picture shows the guard of honor supplied by No. 2 I.T.S. on arrival of H.R.H. Duke of Kent to Regina, Aug. 4, 1941.

EXPERT DENTAL ATTENTION FOR TRAINEES AT No. 2 I.T.S.

C.D.C. Separate Service Attached to R.C.A.F.— Fine Laboratory

The clinic was first opened in July, 1940, as No. 1 Clinic, No. 20 Coy. of the C.D.C., with Major N. Bailey as C.D.O. He remained in charge until August 15th, 1941, when he was replaced by Lt.-Col. R. W. McDougal. Incidentally, this company was No. 20, at the time of Major Bailey's posting to No. 2 T.C., so Major Bailey started and completed the old 20th.

The first operator at this clinic was Major H. K. Brown, who was shortly replaced by Capt. Harold Johnson, when Major Brown became Adjutant. Capt. Johnson remained officer i/c until October 15th, 1941, when he was posted to Calgary to take over Headquarters Clinic, and was replaced by Captain L. J. Conn, who, to date, is still with us.

This clinic has been a breaking-in point for most of the operators of No. 40 Coy., as over 25 of the 43 have at one time or another been attached here. It has also been the training centre for many of the other ranks.

The laboratory at this clinic is one of the best, and it is very fortunate that Sergeant Mitchell has been with us from the start. Here's hoping he remains.

The personnel of No. 1 Clinic, C.D.C., is as follows:

Operators—Capt. L. J. Conn, Lieut. W. H. McIver.

Chair Assistants—Cpl. R. E. Gaetz, Pte. A. Silverman.

Laboratory—Sgt. R. W. Mitchell, Cpl. S. Muller, Pte. J. Winarski.



Capt. L. J. Conn, in charge of Dental Clinic, and his chair assistant, Cpl. R. E. Gaetz.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

In their recollections of early days on the station our two former Commanding Officers have both made reference to an incident that was as funny as it was unfortunate—one of those things that just couldn't be hushed up.

At the conclusion of the first course, selections were made for pilots, observers and Wags on a quota basis. Aircrew were reshuffled in their dormitories accordingly and quite a time was had by all that night. A young potential pilot had the temerity to walk into a gunners' room. Exactly what he said is not known but something to this effect: "Check me over, boys, I'm a pilot." Can you picture it? "Oh", said the gunners, rubbing their hands together, "so you're a pilot. All right, let's see you fly." And with that they heaved him out the window. A broken leg grounded the would-be pilot for a period.

TRIBUTE from an AMERICAN

By LAC J. O. GODWIN

Recently Member F.B.I., Dept. of
Justice, U.S.A.

Like every American in the Canadian forces, I have often been asked why I came to Canada. The question is typically Canadian. I'm sure at home none would recognize a Canadian other than an American, because there is no difference between the two countries. We speak the same language, read the same books, see the same movies, ride in the same cars and do the same things. Here you recognize our accent and the U.S.A. badge on our arm. When I say the question is typical, I mean it shows your appreciation and your interest in us as individuals and as a group. I thank you for it.

In writing this article I can only speak for what is in my heart and what I feel for Canada. I hope it expresses the same for all the other Americans here in the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

I came to Canada for a thousand reasons. No one answer would be satisfactory. During the year before I came, I greedily consumed each scrap of gossip about Britain and Canada. I listened to the tales of foreign correspondents which it was my opportunity to hear; I drank in the words of radio commentators, how in a thousand ways, through newspapers, fiction and the movies, through printed page and word of mouth, these built together a sparkling image for me of the backbone of the British Empire. It was my hunger and desire to become one small part of its defence.

(Continued on page 51)

For REFRESHMENT



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You Will Enjoy
The Fresh
Fruit
Flavor
of

Orange-Crush

REGINA BOTTLERS LTD.

It is our privilege
to bake and sell
bread to the people
of Western Canada.
We accept the re-
sponsibility of that
privilege and our
duty is...to do it well

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Come On!
Keep 'Em Flying
Canada!
Keep On Buying

- War Savings Certificates
- War Savings Stamps
- Victory Bonds

BROADCASTING STATION CKCK, 620 KC., REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN

Y.M.C.A. of Great Help to Airmen



The Canadian Y.M.C.A. War Services, one of the four Auxiliary Service organizations serving Canadians in uniform, has been on the job for

nearly three years now, and its workers are to be found in every zone of action. Canada, the United Kingdom, Hawaii, Newfoundland, Iceland, Egypt, Libya, Yugoslavia, Hong Kong are all included in the list of countries where the red triangle has been found.

At No. 2 I.T.S., it may well be said that the Y.M.C.A. War Services has grown up with the station. The first Y.M.C.A. supervisor, Rev. George Young, arrived on this station early in July, 1940, shortly after the first intake of trainees. George did a fine job here—so fine that he was promoted and the station lost him in May, 1941. He is now an area supervisor in the Maritimes, with headquarters in Moncton, N.B. He was followed by Ernest W. McKenzie. Ernie, a former agriculturist from Moose Jaw and Indian Head, remained here only three months and then went overseas.

"Y" man No. 3 was Dave Smith, who was posted here from No. 2 Wireless School in Calgary, on August 22, 1941. Dave was with the Department of Education in Edmonton before joining the Y.M.C.A. staff, and before that he taught school for eleven years. It would thus appear that, whatever else may be said of the "Y" personnel, it must be admitted that there has been variety. In two years on this station, a preacher, a farmer and a teacher have rendered splendid service.

As to the work of the "Y" on this station, it may be said to fall into three main divisions—sport, recreation and personal services.

In the field of sport are included basketball, hockey, volleyball and badminton in the winter time; softball, volleyball, giant volleyball, badminton, tennis, touch rugby, English soccer and basketball for the summer. It must be pointed out here that the "Y" does not foot the bill for all the sports equipment on this station, but shares it with the station sports committee, whose funds are provided by voluntary contributions from the officers and men. Sports equipment is issued from the "Y" office on a loan-card basis and



AN IMPORTANT CORNER

The "Y" writing room is most important to the airmen and dozens of letters are written daily from this room. In the background is Dave Smith, "Y" Director at No. 2 I.T.S.

THE AIRMEN SAY

THANK YOU, REGINA

Too much cannot be said for the kindness of the citizens of Regina to the airmen from No. 2 Initial Training School.

It is inevitable that lads from home should become lonely in strange cities and, in many instances, a strange country.

Through the generosity of Reginans, "homes away from home" have been made for the airmen, and little thoughtful gestures make a difference in morale that is probably little realized by the average person.

Special mention must be made of the Ladies' Auxiliary, 120 Bomber Squadron, for their untiring efforts on behalf of the airmen.

For the dinner invitations, parties, dances, etc., the airmen of the station sincerely say, "Thank you, people of Regina!"

full use is made of the facilities provided.

Recreation at No. 2 I.T.S. includes snooker, darts, a weekly movie, concerts, free bingo parties and the occasional quiz. The "Y" man also arranges Sunday dinners for the boys, edits the weekly paper, "Wings Ahead", acts as librarian and as liaison

"Joe" between the boys and the various overtown groups who sponsor dances.

It may be of interest to the airmen who attend Y.M.C.A. movies on this station to know that in Canada alone, every week, the Canadian "Y" runs 1,100 miles of film through its 96 projectors. These films, which formerly were rather of ancient vintage, are now much more up-to-date and the prospect is for even newer releases to be added in the near future.

The personal services side of the triangle is more intangible and harder to define. In brief, it may be said that over 300 boys come into the "Y" office every day. They always want something, and they generally get it; not always, but generally. What they want ranges all the way from a three-cent stamp to sending flowers to the wife, who has just had a baby in the hospital at Badger Flats. Whatever it is, we try to give it to them, and while the process of doing so may sometimes appear to be a glorified "Joe" job, it's really a lot of fun, and one never gets tired of it. The reason is not far to seek; it lies in the fact that the "Y" man gets to *know* the airmen, who are a pretty grand bunch of fellows.



OFFICERS OF No. 2 I.T.S.

A station is only as good as its Headquarters personnel—officers, NCO's and other ranks—who carry out the duties necessary to the smooth running and efficiency of their own particular sections and all of which, bound together, form the backbone of any service.

It is not intended to detract one whit from the great importance of the men who fly (bucky dogs), the men who

fight or those who sail the dangerous seas, but it must be realized that it takes a tremendous ground organization to keep these same men in the air in the front line or aboard their fighting ships—to keep these men properly equipped, fed, clothed, housed, healthy and happy.

The Headquarters staff, like the spinal column of the human frame, is the nerve centre of the station through which the work is transmitted. It is vital to the welfare of the service that they know their jobs, and No. 2 Initial Training School is most fortunate in having one of the most efficient staffs in the R.C.A.F.

In any group there are personalities, special happenings and incidents, to say nothing of accidents and mishaps, and our own Headquarters staff is no exception. The following column is dedicated to those men and while some of the comments may not mean much to the average reader, nevertheless it will all make sense to those concerned.

F/Lt S. Clark, genial Officer Commanding Headquarters and Station Administrative Officer, is well known to all the staff for his ready smile and helping hand as well as his stern rebukes for any neglect or let-down in efficiency. His past training at the University of Saskatchewan and in classroom

teaching has made him a most competent and efficient instructor. He is a man who is always ready to help you in any way he can, and his own keen sense of personal responsibility serves as a guide for those under him to follow.

And so to the men in question:

SENALES—Cpl. F. J. Wall is back from his "Bending" course at Toronto, and he is a man who is always ready to help you in any way he can, and his own keen sense of personal responsibility serves as a guide for those under him to follow.

PERCIVAL ADRI—"Stand off behind Bay" A.R.R. says Sgt. Inna of the aerobics section. It is said, in the grape-vine, that Percival's wings should be redoubled.

MEN OF THE LINE—Sgt. Mitchell, Cpl. Miller, S/Lt. Erickson, Wilmanski and Silverman, we greet you!

stands a day while on his course at Toronto. Due to illness of the instructor he had to take over and so ended the strengthening process. We wonder if the P.M.'s crown has a silver lining.

Cpl. McCall does a swell job at the work bench behind the Lock frame but is feared for making numerous trips to the Lock records office for "instructions".

Hey, Nelson! What do you know about the Queen Mary?

McGILVERAY, McInnes, Martin, Miller, and 2 P.M.'s meet every day on J.I.T.S. floor along "Friday" we are all getting for you and see how you will become an excellent pilot. On good authority we hear John Taylor, J.A.B.T. "The Avonlea 1944" has made more trips to Avonlea than Hitler has over England.

McCall states he has the best equipped dental laboratory in the Dominion save for the fact the space is limited. Would one say the Cabinet has restrictions in view?

A tribute to the men of the Cabinet—Cpl. Gibson, Wilson and Harvey. They are doing a grand job. We all know how you fellows feel—cabinets are made, not born.

GUARDIANS OF OUR PASTS—We were sorry to see P. Sgt. Howes posted to No. 3. Cpl. Kelly, we hope the addition to your family has arrived safely. Your work as secretary of the Officers' Mess, Headquarters Bldg., is a most important and responsible one and is well appreciated here.

Congratulations to Sgt. W. J. Jeffrey on his coming marriage, June 27. We hope your troubles will all be little ones. We understand

Sgt. Gibson, formerly of the Army Medical Corps, and Sgt. Gault, now of the Hospital Corps, are at present patients in the Regina General. Their presence about the halls of I.T.S. is

P. Sgt. Howes' head and Cpl. Miller are at present patients in the Regina General. Their presence about the halls of I.T.S. is



NCO'S OF No. 2 I.T.S.

stand Cpl. Green is a herring choker being from Nova Scotia. Keep those menus coming, Pete, we like them. Posing for you to make a review.

Take your trouble, men, to LAC Kumber and LAC Barkinow of Stone Lake, Sask., and Cpl. Kelly, we hope the addition to your family has arrived safely. Your work as secretary of the Officers' Mess, Headquarters Bldg., is a most important and responsible one and is well appreciated here.

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named and best wishes are sent from all for their speedy recovery.

SERVICE POLICE—Men of the "R.F."—Greenfield, Owen, Payne, Pyntak, Duth and Fink, do well by the book. We are proud to see Sgt. Owen returned to service and we wish him luck. Cpl. Fenn's two boys are in army uniform overseas.

"You Are MY Sunshine", says LAC Beers, and LAC Ashby of Alabama, Ont., agrees. Those lads

(Continued on page 27)



F/Lt J. Lockhart
Adjutant



W/O E. F. A. Keat
Station Welfare Officer

HEADQUARTERS PERSONNEL



F/Lt S. Clark
Administrative Officer



F/Lt A. E. Henderson
Chief Clinical Instructor





REGINA'S

DIAMOND JUBILEE

**\$5,000.00
FREE!**

A \$1,000.00 Victory Bond given away each night (except Tuesday, Children's Day, when four bicycles will be given free)! On Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, your regular adult admission ticket to the evening grandstand show may win one of these bonds for YOU! On Saturday night, the coupons received throughout the week at the midway games will determine the winner!

6 Big Days

- MONDAY, JULY 27—
"Diamond Jubilee Day"
- TUESDAY, JULY 28—
"Children's Day"
- WEDNESDAY, JULY 29
"Citizens' Day"
- THURSDAY, JULY 30—
"Farmers' Day"
- FRIDAY, JULY 31—
"Travelers' Day"
- SATURDAY, AUGUST 1
"Round-up Day"

Exhibition & RODEO

Thrilling horse races each afternoon . . . spectacular Rodeo events each afternoon between races . . . exhibits galore . . . Saskatchewan's greatest holiday event, bigger than ever before to celebrate Regina's 60th anniversary!

GRANDSTAND REVUE!

"On to Victory", the greatest grandstand show ever brought to Canada! To be seen nightly on the huge grandstand stage!

MIDWAY!

FROLICLAND — Spectacular all-Canada midway . . . a mile of thrills!

JULY 27
TO
AUGUST 1

Round trip for single fare on all railways, from any point in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, to Regina!

F/Sgt. Roast Has Had a Varied Career

Believe it or not
"The Busher" was
Once a Jockey!

Flight Sergeant Roast was born in Orsett, Essex, and was educated at Gray's School. After serving an apprenticeship as a jockey at Newmarket, weight began to tell, and he turned to hunting stables and has ridden with the Newmarket and Furlough, West Kent Staghounds, and the Essex Union. During this period he was a trumpeter with the Essex Imperial Yeomanry.

Upon his arrival in Canada the Flight became interested in sprinting, winning the Saskatchewan amateur championship in the years 1914-15. In the latter year he ran against Alfred Hammond in Winnipeg, doing the 100 yards in 10 seconds flat—with a tail wind.



BRIEF BOXING CAREER

Flight Roast joined the colors and went overseas with the 60th Battery, and while with this outfit did some boxing, winning a decision over Kid Dumfrey at Shorncliffe and taking "an awful licking" from Leading Seaman Frankie Brown, an event which closed the Flight's boxing career.

("Too hard on the face", says he.)

Having received his discharge from the army, in which he held the rank of Acting Battery Sergeant-Major, Flight Roast joined the detective staff of the Saskatchewan Provincial Police. His hobbies: cricket, shooting, pigeon racing and dog breeding. He was a member of the Wanderers Cricket Club, and trophy winner for both dogs and pigeons, and, in addition, as a member of the Canadian Kennel Club, has judged many dog shows. He is also keenly interested in fox farming.

KEY MEN IN IMPORTANT SECTIONS



The above layout shows key men in some of the important sections on the Station. 1—F/Lt T. D. M. Christie, D.A.P.M.; 2—F/Lt R. K. Purdy, head of Mathematics Section; 3—F/Lt A. M. Ramsay, Senior Equipment Officer; 4—F/Lt J. G. Brown, Station Chaplain; 5—F/Lt S. H. Pallett, head of Navigation Section; 6—F/O J. G. McClung, Chief Accountant Officer.

After leaving the Provincial Police, Flight Roast worked as an acetylene electric welder for the Imperial Oil Company until August, 1940, when he joined the Royal Canadian Air Force. He completed the Disciplinarian Course in Toronto and was a member of the Exhibition Squad at the Canadian National Exhibition. Upon completion of his course, he was posted to the No. 2 I.T.S. and has been here ever since, claiming a record in the

number of "36" awards won by his successive flights.

The highlight of Flight Roast's career, if the expression on his face when recalling it meant anything, was the visit of Madeleine Carroll to this country. It appears that she was intrigued by the Flight, who puts the occurrence down to his English accent, but those who know the Flight well no doubt think of other facets

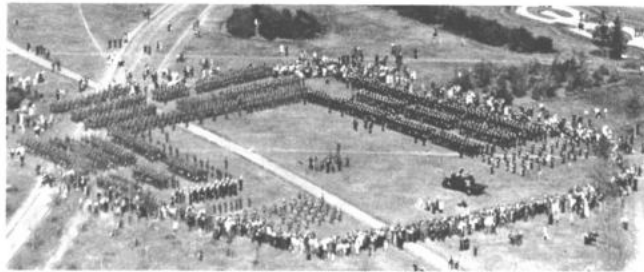
(Continued on page 36)

C.O. SPONSORS

(Continued from page 19)

"In aircrew we do not differentiate in the importance of the grand work performed by pilot, observer or gunner, nor for that matter between aircrew and ground crew," said Wing Commander Macpherson in referring to this form of collaboration. "Neither," he added, "should anyone differentiate in the role played by the navy, army, air force or factory worker. It's teamwork that will win the war."

DRUMHEAD SERVICE, MAY 24, 1942



Above is an aerial view of the Drumhead Service in Wascana Park on May 24, when Navy, Army, and Air Force units participated.

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Best of Luck to the
 Airmen of
 No. 2 I.T.S.
 ★
 C. T. DARKE R. M. MORRIS

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 YOUR FAVORITE TAXI

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1843 Broad Street Regina

AIR FORCE OFFICERS ARE WED IN OTTAWA



—Courtesy Leader-Post.

F/O R. G. DOUGLAS

SECTION OFFICER M. V. ROBERTSON

Of especial interest to No. 2 I.T.S., Regina, was the recent wedding in St. John's Church, Ottawa, of F/O R. Gordon Douglas and Section Officer M. V. Robertson. Apart from the fact it was the first marriage of an officer of the Women's Division, R.C.A.F.,

to an officer in the R.C.A.F., the principals were former members of the personnel of this station. F/O Douglas, whose home is in Winnipeg, was for 10 months a flight commander in the administrative branch and is at present posted to No. 5 I.T.S., Belle-

ville, Ont. Section Officer Robertson, prior to enlistment, was secretary to Wing Commander E. G. Macpherson, Commanding Officer at No. 2 I.T.S., Regina, and since receiving her commission has been attached to Headquarters Staff at Ottawa.

AN EMBARRASSING MOMENT for the C.O.

There were certain disadvantages in having No. 4 T.C. quartered "upstairs" before they moved to Calgary. The A.O.C.'s office was right above the C.O.'s and very little was missed.

This incident occurred back in the days when trainees did sentry duty, often with very little experience in handling a rifle, and at a time when numerous dogs attached themselves to the station.

The C.O. heard a band one day, before we got our own band, and looked outside to see a whole battalion of the army approaching along College Avenue under arms. The troops were called to march at attention as they approached the station and the C.O. viewed his sentry anxiously. The sentry seemed to be enjoying life with a couple of dogs around the gate. It was obviously impossible to call out the guard, as the guardhouse was located in the Normal school.

Presently the sentry noticed the advancing army, sloped arms, and the C.O. heaved a sigh of relief. That, however, was all the sentry did.

"Brrrr!" went the phone.

"Macpherson speaking."

"Cowley here."

"Yes, sir!"

"Do you see that armed party marching by?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Well, do you see your sentry, standing around playing with his dog?"

"PER ARDUA AD ASTRA"

WITH Compliments and Best Wishes
for the continued success of the
Students at No. 2 I.T.S., Regina, Sask.

GEORGE SPEERS

REGINA, SASK.

Commanding Officer

(Continued from page 2)

Royal Air Force). With four hours 55 minutes of dual behind him, he soloed on an Avro at Central Flying School, Upavon. The motor conked on his second solo, but he got the Avro down okay, although he had to cut through 12 telephone wires en route. He graduated on Sopwith Camels (fighter of that day) took a rigid course at the School of Special Flying at Gosport and later instructed at C.F.S. He was finally granted the heart's desire of all war birds and was posted to No. 201 Camel Squadron in France (formerly No. 1 R.N.A.S. Squadron).

Wing Commander Macpherson returned to Canada in May, 1919, and came west on a visit in June of the same year. In Moose Jaw he met a young lady who soon became Mrs. Macpherson; he has been "visiting" in the west ever since. He has two sons and one daughter, all of whom are very flippant with the C.O.

In 1920 the flying bug began to nibble again, and we find the C.O. the proprietor of an old Curtiss "Jenny" in which he barnstormed out of Moose

Jaw for two years. It was worth while, too, in those days. Aeroplanes were a novelty on the prairies, and you didn't have to fly 'em at a cent a pound; ten bucks per flight was easy pickings. Incidentally, the C.O. held Canada's No. 12 commercial pilot's license. Shortly after the barnstorming venture he went into the advertising business and at the outbreak of the war was vice-president and Saskatchewan manager of the nationally known advertising agency, J. J. Gibbons, Ltd.

In the fall of 1936 Wing Commander Macpherson became interested in No. 120 (BR) Auxiliary Squadron then being formed in Regina. He joined with the rank of F/Lt and trained in his spare time. At the outbreak of the present war he was called up for full-time duty. He was posted to Jericho Beach, Vancouver, in November, 1939; to Western Air Command H.Q. at Victoria in January, 1940; to No. 4 T.C. H.Q., Regina, June 6, 1940; and to No. 2 I.T.S. as Station Administrative Officer, June 13, 1940. On March 24, 1941, Wing Commander Macpherson was posted to No. 1 I.T.S., Toronto, as Commanding Officer, and then back to Regina as C.O. of No. 2 I.T.S. on June 21, 1941.

Flight-Sergeant Roast

(Continued from page 33)

of his character which would ensnare the fancy of a beautiful screen star. That, however, is history, and must go down in the book just as the chief actor has seen fit to tell it. "Complimented by Madeleine Carroll on my word of command and my English accent," says he.

Flight Roast was always interested in hockey and scouted for several teams, including New York Rangers. One fall Conny Smythe, manager of Toronto Maple Leafs, "Busher" Jackson and Charlie Conacher came west to do a spot of hunting, and Flight Roast acted as guide and guardian while they were in this district. Since that time the name "Busher" has stuck to our rotund hero.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
A girl went out in an airman's car,
What she did, she ain't admittin',
But what she's knittin' ain't for Britain.

* * *

"And what kind of uniform is that you are wearing?" asked Miss Dim Wit.
"I'm a naval surgeon", he replied.
"Goodness me, how you doctors do specialize these days!"

Airworthy



When the engine, instruments and equipment of an aircraft are in fit condition for flying, the plane is "airworthy". Imperial Oil Limited is proud that Intava aviation products are considered "airworthy" for all operations of the R.C.A.F. and R.A.F.

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Home on Leave

Towards the end of the course, there is always a breathless few days when the question—for observers at least—is "To leave or not to leave?" Daily routine rumors are thick as a trainee's head at examination time; we will get a 48; we won't get a 48; we're going to be posted right out—to Regina, to Edmonton, to Newfoundland; to Timbuctoo; we will be remustered as hut joes for the duration; these and many more, all with as little real foundation as the German racial theory.

Comes Saturday of the eighth week. The air is full of the sound of grinding teeth and splintering fingernails; the sun is obscured by the fog of doubts and dreams. New-fledged LAC's flit hopefully from one group to another and in unnaturally high voices swap the latest and freshest boloney.

An N.C.O. enters the scene.

"Everybody in L, M, N and O Flights report to the drill hall at 1000 hours," he bellows. It is then 0949 hours.

Eleven minutes! Does "Red" know? Tell "Red". Who knows where "Red" is? Have you seen him? And how about Looie? Go get Looie. 0952 hours.

"Oboyoboy—two weeks . . . get Ma to make me a chocolate cake and eat it all . . . won't get up till noon the first three days . . . drunker than a . . . only \$3.65 if you have a warrant. . . . Yeah, leaves here at 2. . . . Wonder if the girl friend went out with that . . . where'll you be staying in Winnipeg?"

Thus the pilots. With the observers, it's a different story. 0957 hours.

"They've just got to give us a 48 at least. . . . Aw, if we get leave we get leave, and if we don't . . . I'll try for compassionate leave. My dog just had pups . . . drunker than a . . . All I ask is one hunk of that choco . . . She wrote, 'No leave, no girl friend.' How d'you like that? Phooey! . . . Oboyoboy! A.O.S., here I come. . . . Hot dig! Flying pay so soon already."

That was the observers as they milled around in the drill hall.

1000 hours. Markers. Flights fall in. Officers in a knot by the door, laughing and looking very encouraging.

The C.O. Attention! Two flights retired and the C.O. stands between the second and third flight. Silence. Not a fidget. As the C.O. speaks, his words are heard faintly and far away. Then the glorious fact—

LEAVE!

Leave for everyone—fourteen days—dismiss—get packed—running around—where's my cap?—run around—phone taxi—run around—goodbye—going by bus—run around—run around—taxi—bus depot—check—ticket—seat in bus—moving—city limits—

We're going home on leave!

—D. L. A.

First Gal: My boy friend in the R.C.A.F. bombs beverage rooms and night clubs.

Second Ditto: That sounds strange.

First: Yes, in his letters he says he's a dive bomber.

STATION BOASTS WELL-EQUIPPED LOUNGE ROOMS



—Photos by G. Wells of Butcher & Runnalls.

Well-equipped and comfortable lounge rooms are an important feature at No. 2 I.T.S. and the facilities provided are in constant use. Top is a view of the anteroom in the Officers' Mess; centre shows the lounge room in the Sergeants' Mess; and in the lower picture the airmen are relaxing in their lounge after a full day of lectures and parades. Easy chairs, chesterfields, radios, and pictures give the rooms an attractive and homelike appearance.

REMEMBER WHEN --- ?

(Continued from page 7)

and ended up with a \$39 ash tray, worth 49c at the United Cigar Stores?

Remember the battles for the gas chamber, the revolver range, the parade ground, the flag staff, the officers' quarters, the officers' kitchen?

Remember how the Command Orderly Officer used to raid our refrigerator for snacks during the night?

Remember old Flight Joseph, the airman poet, and also the bloke who touched me up for \$75 to make Quebec in time?

Remember the sweet little fellow who worked in the butcher shop, about four feet high? (*Still here, and for whom the Wing Cndr. always had a cheery greeting.*)

The battle for stationary engineers and civilian employees, your baby? (*The present C.O. was then Station Admin. Officer.*)

And Bancroft, my driver? What became of him? And the card games the dish washers indulged in? The dirty bathroom in the digger? The 15-mile station speed limit? The paving job we did without money or authority?

MOVIE ACTRESS VISITS No. 2 I.T.S.




No, this is not a bridal party! Wing Commander H. J. Burden, D.S.O., D.F.C., escorts Miss Madeleine Carroll from the Administration Building on the occasion of her visit to the Station.

I met Section Officer Robertson on the train last week looking exceptionally smart. She is now at H.Q. with DAPS. (*Formerly secretary to the present C.O.*)

I wish I could be with you for the anniversary but you can depend on me to hoist one in your honor on July 1st.
Sincerely,
(Signed) "Hank."

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 WE PRIDE OURSELVES ON OUR WORK
 AS YOU PRIDE YOURSELVES ON
 YOUR APPEARANCE
"Give Bing a Ring"



Reminder TO MEN GOING OVERSEAS

Since the outbreak of war, The Royal Bank in London has become a popular meeting place for Canadians on active service, as well as a convenient banking centre.

The West End Branch of the bank lies next to Canada House, just off Trafalgar Square. The City Branch is opposite the Bank of England in

the heart of the financial district. Please make full use of these offices when you reach the other side.

FREE MAP OF LONDON
A free pocket map of London can be obtained on request at our Regina Branch. Please ask for one. You will find it useful.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Saluting

● AN AIRMAN SALUTES ALL COMMISSIONED RANKS OF ALL SERVICES. (INCLUDING WOMEN'S AUXILIARIES).



YOU SALUTE AN OFFICER—(EXCEPT WHEN YOU ARE BARE-HEADED—)



BUT DON'T OVER-DO IT—(NO SALUTE IN HOTELS, THEATRE, RESTAURANT, ETC)



ALWAYS BE PREPARED TO SALUTE—DON'T HAVE YOUR HANDS FULL—



YOU SALUTE ALL OFFICERS OF ALL SERVICES (AND AUXILIARIES) OF ALL COUNTRIES—THIS CAN BE A BIT CONFUSING AT TIMES—



YOU MAY HAVE TROUBLE DISTINGUISHING SOME OFFICERS— AFTER BEING TICKED OFF A FEW TIMES—



YOU MAY DECIDE TO ERR ON THE SAFE SIDE— BUT A FLAT-TOPPED HAT DOESN'T ALWAYS RATE A SALUTE—



YOU DON'T SALUTE THE OFFICER'S UNIFORM—



WHAT YOU ACTUALLY SALUTE IS THE AUTHORITY OF THE KING'S COMMISSION HE HOLDS—



BUT WHEN IT COMES TO SALUTING IT'S THE OFFICER WHO REALLY TAKES A BEATING—

Ricky—

HIGH-N-DRY GINGER ALE



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FOR
THIRST!

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No. 2 Initial Training School
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PLAN

Upon the second anniversary of the establishment
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Best Wishes for Continued Success



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STATION BAND ONE OF THE FINEST IN CANADA

Music Adds Pep to Parades — Creates Good Will

It has been a long, long struggle but we at last have a band—and what a band! To really appreciate it one has to recall the first year at No. 2 I.T.S. without music of any kind.

The parade ground first burst into martial airs just about one year ago when a P.A. system was loaned to us through courtesy of The Leader-Post and Radio Station CKCK. That helped tremendously but it had its difficulties. You couldn't buy large recordings, with the result that the music would run out about the time the second squadron entered the gate of the parade ground, and with the turn of the needle, everyone would have to try to get into step again. Then again, there was only one record that could be purchased in which the band maintained a steady, even pace, and some of our southern airmen didn't like the record. It was "Marching Through Georgia".

TRUMPET AND DRUM BAND

Just about Easter time a half-dozen or so bandmen were posted to the station. They were cornet players, so we organized them into a trumpet and drum band. It seemed so long before the rest of the bandmen were posted that our cornet players began to think they had been sent here under false pretenses.

At long last the rest of the bodies arrived, a grand bunch of chaps and real musicians. On the second day they were issued with their instruments. The next day they practised some marches, had some band drill, and then the next morning we marched proudly up through the main streets of Regina, headed by our band. What an event!



No. 2 I.T.S. is tremendously proud of its Station Band, a comparatively recent acquisition. It is shown on the stage of the Auditorium prior to a broadcast over CKCK. The band is under the direction of WO2 A. Deadman and F/Lt H. E. Cooper is president of the band committee.

You should have seen the boys swing their arms.

GOOD WILL BUILDERS

Apart from the pep the band has put into the wing parades, these chaps are worth their weight in gold to the service. Their frequent parades through city streets, their broadcasts over CKCK from our own auditorium and their friendly visits back and forth with the 12th Depot army band have combined to please the public, stimulate recruiting and develop a friendly spirit between the different armed services.

Popular, too, is the dance orchestra composed of bandmen. Already they have established an enviable reputation

and are greatly in demand for flight graduation dances and functions at the Hostess Club.

Our visual link maestro, F/Lt H. E. Cooper, makes an enthusiastic president of the Band Committee, Drum Major Jeffries attracts almost as much attention as the band itself on the city streets and, under our new bandmaster, Sergeant Major Deadman, these grand musicians are developing into the type of band that will compare favorably with any in the country.

What's in a Name?

Did you know we had a Sgt. Minor and a Cpl. Senior?

A. Deadman leads the band in the "Dead March", while Cpl. Lord is a discip.

In 1846, John Wise, a Pennsylvanian, proposed a U.S. Air Corps to operate in the Mexican war, using balloons 100 feet in diameter with a lift of 30,000 pounds. These craft, it was expected, would carry 18,000 pounds of bombs and torpedoes and were to be controlled by a five-mile cable. His plan, since regarded by experts as plausible, was rejected.

She: I'll bet you wouldn't kiss me if my mother was here.

Airman: Gosh, is she that beautiful?

Angry Father—What do you mean by bringing my daughter in at this hour of the morning?

Airman—Had to be at work at seven.

SALUTE!

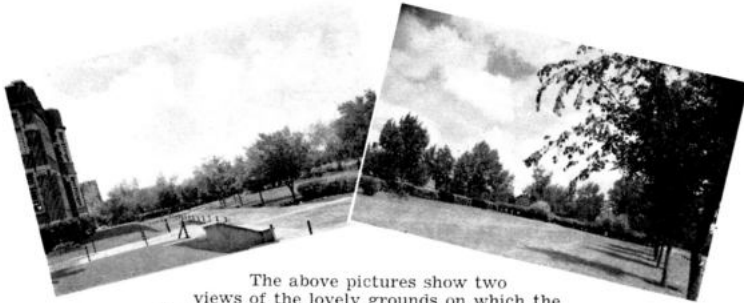
To all the brave young men who went from this school, winged and armed, and who have won honors in the blazing skies—Salute!

— :: —

To all the brave young men from Canada and the lands that border the seven seas, who have passed through this school, won their wings and crossed the ocean, and who, for the same cause their forefathers upheld with blood and life, went down fighting the good fight—Salute!

Sleep well, good airmen, sleep, for we
Who wing above where'er you lie,
By you inspired, shall still be free
So that your dream may never die.

BEAUTY of GROUNDS ADD CHARM to STATION



The above pictures show two views of the lovely grounds on which the Station is situated. They were taken from in front of what was formerly the Normal School and Regina College.

Facilities of Hostess Club Are Open to All Armed Services

On October 10, 1940, the doors of the Hostess Club opened to all service men in Regina, and have not been closed since, except during alterations to the premises during two months of 1941. Sponsored by the Regina Auxiliary War Services, it was intended to be a "Regina home for the armed forces", as is stated in its charter, and,

thanks to the untiring efforts and interest of the 50 women's organizations composing the Auxiliary War Services, the aim has been nobly achieved.

The clubrooms contain a canteen, games facilities, reading and writing materials, mending service and pants pressing room. In addition, the club gives valuable assistance to sailors, soldiers and airmen in finding accommodation for a one or two-night billet, in locating suites or rooms for those stationed here, in securing dinner, golf,

riding and tennis invitations to many Regina homes.

The club is under a board of management headed by Mr. R. L. Christopherson, and the official hostess, Mrs. L. R. McVicar, must be well known to many thousands of men in the services, for her help and advice in all manner of things.

Although she did not have an up-to-date check on the information, Mrs. McVicar stated that from October 10, 1940, to July, 1941, over 11,000 men had registered, and, of course, all visitors to the club do not remember to put their names down in the big book.

During the winter, the Hostess Club arranges a dance every Saturday night, with the army and air force bands alternating in providing the music. Then there is a Sunday musical program.

The Hostess Club is a community effort for the purpose of giving out-of-town men in uniform a centre of activity, and Mrs. McVicar paid tribute to the excellent behavior of all those who have benefited by this splendid gesture on the part of the women of Regina.

LAC1—Don't you think Myrtle looks ugly in that low cut dress?

LAC2—Not so far as I can see.



THE CITY OF REGINA

appreciates having the airmen of No. 2 Initial Training School in this city and trusts that their stay may be a profitable and happy one.

For information about the city write

THE CITY COMMISSIONERS

S/L H. V. BRISBIN, M.M.

(Continued from page 10)

Things really began to happen, for the smoke from the straw was just a blind for the real gas which was sent over at Loos and quite a stretch of line was straightened out as a result.

Later we moved to Ypres Salient (what a hole!). Here I received my second stripe and took over the Battalion Scout section. While in this area of the line we pulled off the first daylight raid on the enemy lines at 9 o'clock in the morning.

The night before I took three men and proceeded to cut a hole in the wire, one man holding the wire while the other snipped through it. This was a pretty ticklish job, for within ten yards you could see the Hun lookouts and if you made the slightest noise it was curtains for sure. However, quite a large hole was cut in the entanglements and we returned to our lines safely. Next morning we formed up in three parties, the first man carrying a roll of slats wired together much like a snow fence. This was to be thrown over any barbed wire we might have missed. The three parties were composed of first bayonet man, first bomber, second bayonet man, second bomber, officer in charge, two more bombers and a first-aid man.

Everything worked fine and we got into the trench before Jerry knew what it was all about. The first party worked the communication trench, my party moved to the right and the third to the left. We brought back eleven Huns and a lot of useful information. We didn't lose a man although two of the officers were badly wounded. The two officers and myself were decorated.

I remained with the Battalion until April, 1917, and was seconded to the Royal Flying Corps, having already won my commission on the field.

I was posted to a school at Reading which was very similar to our I.T.S. On completion of the course there, five of us went to Shoreham, near Brighton, and were introduced to our first aeroplane, a slick little machine, Farnham Longhorn by name. She was of the pusher type, just a bunch of wood, fabric and wire. The tail section was secured by bamboo poles and wires and an outrigger of the same materials away out in front. She was a honey!

From Shoreham I went to Hounslow, near London, and flew BE2E and 2C and Avros. The Avro was a really nice machine and was powered by a LeRhone rotary engine. But the real treat came when I flew my first Camel. These little planes are well known by most old "has-beens". From here I went overseas and after serving eight

STATION MAGAZINE TAKES FORM

*"Staff
in
Action"*



—Lower photo by G. Wells of Butcher & Runnalls.

Furrowed brows, deep concentration, many headaches—these are the lot of an editorial staff—but all things come to an end and it is our hope that these efforts have not been in vain and that this first edition of "ITS NEWS" meets with your approval. Top picture shows LAC "Sid" Dyke, our cover designer. Lower photo shows the staff, left to right: F/O Scott, F/Lt Brown, F/Lt Henderson, F/Lt Hay, F/O Martin, Sgt. Charko, LAC Aiken and F/O Stokes. LAC MacTavish was on leave when the above was taken.

weeks in France was shot down and returned to Blighty.

On leaving hospital I took a course at Gosport, and the first day I was there I found out that I knew nothing about flying. However, I soon learned, finished my course and was sent to Sedgford in November, 1917, as an instructor under Major H. R. Nichol, now Air Vice-Marshal, R.A.F.

In May, 1918, when Major McLaren left 122 Training School to fly a Handley-Paige to India, I took over the command of his squadron. Then, in July, I left to join Major Nichol, who was forming a new squadron for active service, which was to be known as the 110th Day and Night Bombing. The machines and all equipment were presented by the Nizam of Hyderabad.

We went to France and were attached to the Independent Air Force, under Major-General Sir Hugh Trenchard. Then on September 16th, while

bombing over Germany, the machine, the observer and myself stopped a few slugs, which meant that we had afternoon tea with the Jerries until they sent us home just before Christmas.

I arrived back in Canada in September, 1919, and started to get on with the business of accustoming myself to civilian routine. This didn't last long, as I was soon in uniform again. I joined the Canadian Air Force, as it was then known, in early 1920. We wore blue serge uniforms with silver wings, buttons and pips. Then in December, 1920, I left the C.A.F. for England to fly for the Daimler Hire Co., London to Paris, carrying passengers and mails. Then, in late 1922, I was turned down for commercial flying on account of eyesight, although I was still fit for private flying.

I stayed in England until 1926, when I returned to Canada, and have been mucking about ever since. Cheerio!

S/L C. J. S. NICHOL

(Continued from page 11)

he entered the Royal Military College. Here began a meritorious career in athletics, despite which the Squadron Leader managed to find time to gain fine scholastic marks and the exalted rank of Lance Sergeant.

His R.M.C. days, however, were marked indelibly by the record he achieved on the playing fields. During his four years at the college he was the regular right halfback on the football squad. Elected captain of the team in his senior year, he led it to the Dominion intermediate championship in 1926.

In the winter months he performed with the college hockey team, gaining an enviable reputation as a high-scoring, hard-fighting right winger. High spot of his hockey career was reached when he assisted the Kingston juniors in the Memorial Cup finals against Regina Pats. During that season he played alongside a young man who has since made quite a name for himself in National Hockey League ranks, Carl Voss.

In his final year at R.M.C., Squadron Leader Nichol was awarded the

Prince of Wales trophy as the best all-round athlete for the four-year course.

With the termination of military cadet life he returned to Montreal and attended McGill University. Registering in Commerce, he also joined Zeta Psi fraternity.

RADIO PROGRAMME PRODUCER

He next entered the business world as an insurance salesman. However, after one year of insurance he became a radio programme producer, which was more suited to his talent. Proving his versatility, the Squadron Leader produced many varied programmes, ranging from those advertising ale to religious services. He also spent several months as a sports broadcaster, handling the hockey games at the Montreal Forum.

In his spare time he pursued his favorite hobby, flying, which eventually led him into his present position. Although attached to the Artillery Reserve at the start of the war, he decided the air force was more to his liking. He was hopeful of being placed as a pilot but, instead, found himself training pilots-to-be.

Next to flying, his favorite pastime is golf. Despite a low handicap, he claims he is just fair to middling. There was a time when, as he clouted

Boners

Iron was discovered because someone smelt it.

A triangle which has an angle of 135° is called an obscene triangle.

The metric system refers to kilograms, centigrams, telegrams, etc.

Sound is a rapid series of osculations.

We make a right angle out of a straight line by bisecting the hypothesis.

A circle is a round line with no kinks in it, joined up so as not to show where it began.

Water is composed of two gins, oxygen and hydrogin. Oxygen is pure gin, hydrogin is gin and water.

The spinal column is a long bunch of bones. The head sits on top and you sit on the bottom.

A W.A.A.F., asked to define a bolt and nut, received 100% for the following answer: A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal, such as iron, with a square bunch at one end, and a lot of scratching wound around the other. A nut is similar to the bolt, only just the opposite, being a hole in a little chunk of iron, sawed off short, with wrinkles around the inside of the hole."

a lusty spoon shot, he had visions of becoming a champion.

That was before he tangled with a hole on the Jasper course known as the "Bad Baby".

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STATION PERSONNEL IN WING FORMATION



Canteen Staff One of the Busiest on Whole Station

When comes the end of the 1445 period, the dim recesses of the Dry Canteen are filled with a restless, noisy, hurried and harried horde of airmen, straining to reach the counter in order that they may wash down the most recent dosage of Math or Nav or Arm or Sig with the contents of pop bottles or with candy bars.

Then, the boys behind the counter really have to be on the bit. Orders pour in for the weirdest variety of articles, from collar pins to razor blades, from hat badges to shoe blacking. If you've lost a towel or a tie or a toothbrush, go to the canteen. If you need an HB for Nav, or an eraser to rub out the mistakes made by the HB in Nav, go to the canteen.

There are ping-pong tables there, too, besides a wurlitzer, a piano and numerous aircraft pictures, all of which make it a very good place to go, when you feel that agonic lines or coefficients, didahs, discipline or dismay are getting you down.

Sometimes in the evening, things are rather quiet, especially just before payday, but there are times when the boys gather round the piano and make unmelodious noises which they fondly imagine to be close harmonic renditions of good old tear-jerking melodies of our fathers' time.

A word as to the personnel of the Canteen staff. The canteen section is

Random Shots

1—"Break Period" in the Airmen's Canteen.



2—"Tucking It Away" in the Airmen's Mess.



3—During an Aircraft Recognition lecture in Classroom 10.



supervised by F/O Guy Mack and F/O Klombies, and the boys behind the "bar" include Cpl. J. Gibson, LAC's G. W. Purvis, S. Mikituk, E. Broad and J. D. Cossan, and ACI's J. Garstine and J. Maddox.

Drum Head Service on Empire Day

Sailors, soldiers, airmen, and civilians joined hands spiritually with those in other parts of the Empire during Empire Day celebrations May 24th. The three armed services paraded to Wascana Park, where, with impressive ceremony, a hollow square was formed. The drummers of the combined bands then advanced and pyramided their drums. Over this drumhead altar, the Union Jack was placed, and the service commenced with Hon. F/Lt J. Gordon Brown, R.C.A.F. Chaplain; Hon. Captain H. B. Campbell, chaplain of Regina Rifles; Rev. J. W. Carter, acting chaplain of the R.C.N.V.R., and Major S. Farley, District chaplain (P) M.D. 12, officiating.

The district depot and I.T.S. bands accompanied the singing of the hymns, "O God Our Help in Ages Past" and "Praise to Our God Whose Bounteous Hand". The public address system was used throughout the service in order to reach the large number of people who attended the service.

Following the service, the gathering moved to the I.T.S. parade ground, where a guard of honor, supplied by the army, was drawn up for inspection in front of the ensign. The inspection was carried out by Lieutenant-Governor A. P. McNab. He was accompanied by his A.D.C., Col. A. G. Styles, D.S.O.; Brigadier G. A. H. Trudeau, D.O.C. M.D. No 12; Wing Commander E. G. Macpherson, Commanding Officer No. 2 I.T.S.; Lieutenant-Commander A. C. Ellison, Commanding Officer H.M.C.S. "Queen"; Regina Division R.C.N.V.R.; F/Lt A. E. Henderson, No. 2 I.T.S.

The inspection was followed by a band concert given by the combined bands of No. 12 District Depot and No. 2 I.T.S.

RECENT POSTINGS

F/O R. G. DOUGLAS of No. 2 Squadron, posted to No. 5 I.T.S., Belleville, following drill and administration course at Trenton.
 F/O R. H. WALKER of No. 2 Squadron, posted to Sea Island, Vancouver. Is Station Adjutant.
 F/Lt J. BYERS, chief accountant officer, posted Torbay, Newfoundland.
 F/Lt J. GRAY, former head of the Instrument Link Section, transferred to aeronautical engineering branch and posted to Winnipeg.
 F/O R. ALLAN, genial math instructor and secretary of officers' mess, posted to No. 7 I.T.S., Saskatoon.
 SGT. LORY, discip in No. 1 Squadron, posted to No. 11 Equipment Depot, Calgary.
 CPL. BROWN, armament instructor, posted to Yorkton S.F.T.S.
 CPL. PROBERT, armament instructor, posted to Mossbank B. & G.
 SGT. GORDON, discip in No. 1 Squadron, posted to No. 2 Detachment U.T.O., Edmonton.
 F/SGT BOWER, in charge of Orderly Room, posted to No. 3 S.F.T.S., Calgary.
 SGT. S. C. HALL, in charge of equipment accounting, who has been posted to No. 39 S.F.T.S., Swift Current.
 SGT. TURNER, equipment section, posted to No. 8 Repair Depot, Win-

nipeg, and from there to R.C.A.F. Station, East Calgary.
 F/O HESS, who recently completed an instrument Link course, posted to Estevan.
 F/O HUGH TESKEY, instrument Link instructor, posted to No. 15 S.F.T.S., Claresholm, Alta.
 P/O A. MAYNARD, navigation instructor, posted to No. 3 Air Observer School, Regina.

High Flight

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
 And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
 Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
 Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
 You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
 High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
 My eager craft through footless halls of air.
 Up, up the long delirious, burning blue I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
 Where never lark, nor even eagle flew—
 And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
 The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
 Put out my hand and touched the face of God.
 —By Pilot Officer J. G. Magee, Jr.

(Editor's Note: Pilot Officer John Gillespie Magee, Jr., an American citizen born of missionary parents in Shanghai and educated at Britain's famed Rugby School, was killed on active service in Britain last December 11th. He was 19 years old and had the cause of freedom in his heart.

Pilot Officer Magee had poetry in his heart, too, and in the form of a sonnet, he left a message to youth which his parents consider may be a greater thing than anything he had done in the way of fighting.

The sonnet was composed last September as the exultant freedom of soaring 30,000 feet over the earth made a word-pattern in his mind. The above words were scribbled on the back of a letter after he had returned to earth.

He enlisted in Montreal early in October, and on completion of his training at No. 2 Service Flying Training School at Uplands, near Ottawa, he was commissioned from the ranks in June, 1941, and proceeded overseas shortly afterward.)

Figures Don't Lie

An airman has: 14 days' leave per year; twelve 48-hour passes per year (24 days per year); 1 day per week less 1 per month (40 days per year); 2 days at Christmas and 3 at Easter (5 days per year); sleeps 8 hours a day (122 days per year); 3 hours per day for meals (45 days per year); 5½ hours per day from 1715 until 2245 (82 days per year); average airman reports sick 5 days per year (5 days per year); waits 2 hours per day for officers to sign passes (28 days per year)—a total of 365 days per year, and gets paid for it!

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Commanding Officer Reviews the Past

(Continued from page 7)

thought my association with No. 2 had ended when I was posted to take over command of No. 1 I.T.S. at the Eglinton Hunt Club in Toronto.

As was natural, with each succeeding I.T.S. to open, the nucleus was drawn from existing stations. In June, 1941, Wing Commander Hutchison was posted to open No. 4 I.T.S. at Edmonton with officers drawn primarily from No. 1 and No. 2, and, much to my surprise, I returned to command this station on June 21st, bringing Squadron Leader C. J. S. Nichol with me from No. 1.

The past year has witnessed many changes, both with respect to personnel and to the station itself. The additional space acquired after Command Headquarters moved just "made" the station. Formerly scattered all over, the equipment section is now all centralized, the instrument link trainers can now fly in formation, the airmen's canteen has doubled its size, an airmen's lounge has been fitted up with new furniture, a billiard room has been acquired, the Sergeants (God bless them!) now have a decent Mess, the officers are all living in officially and we have a darned good band.

BRASS-REED BAND

Last July we marched to synthetic music supplied by a P.A. system kindly loaned by The Leader-Post (and how that helped, too!) By spring we acquired a small trumpet and drum band and now, at long last, we have a brass-reed band that is a credit not only to the station but to the Service.

So much for physical assets; what of the school itself? After all, that's where the progress must be made. The experience gained at No. 1 I.T.S. was capitalized to the degree of endeavoring to put into effect here the best features of both stations. The Flight Commander system was instituted with great success and the intimate knowledge of their men displayed by individual Flight Commanders at meetings of the Selection Board has really been amazing—and that is what counts in the disposition of borderline cases.

Last autumn, authority was sought and secured for a closer form of collaboration with E.F.T.S.'s. Our C.G.I. has officially visited E.F.T.S.'s just about the time drafts from this station had completed their 50-hour flying check. All Ceased Training cases have been carefully reviewed for clues as to how they might have been stopped

Under Canvas at No. 2 I.T.S.



The former A.O.C. (now Air Vice-Marshal A. T. N. Cowley) inspects tents used in 1941 to house aircrew graduates awaiting posting. Incidentally, "Sing Sing" was not an extra "digger".

here, and Chief Supervisory Officers have sat in on our Selection Board meetings. Results? The washout rate at E.F.T.S. on drafts from this station

since November 1st, 1941, has been almost cut in half.

FINE STATION SPIRIT

Rules, regulations, syllabi, discipline—all these and more contribute to the success of a school, but it's that intangible something—station spirit, esprit de corps, call it what you will—that really counts. Whatever it may be, the Headquarters staff have acquired it to the nth degree and, except for overseas service or actual flying operations, they enjoy more than anything else the close association with these grand young lads who pass through their hands.

We have a grand station, but heaven forbid that the time should ever come when we think there is nothing more to learn. Graduates of No. 2 I.T.S. are now veterans of the fighting fronts. Many of them have been decorated, some have made the supreme sacrifice—all have covered themselves with glory. What a privilege to have been associated with their early training! As we now pass the second milestone, let's determine that the third year will witness even greater progress and success in the training of potential aircrew.

Dawn Flight

Turn into the wind in a Tiger Moth,
Turn into wind and away
Over the Thames in a Tiger Moth,
Climbing the dawn into day.

Questing the eastern silver and gold,
Lit with a hope half-born—
Just to fly on, and never grow old,
Never a piston ring worn.

Hearing the wind-hushed whirr of your prop,
Lost in its motionless ring;
Banking to turn as the sun comes up,
Your tail-shadow crossing your wing.

To be just a ghost of the morning clouds,
Essence of color and air—
River-mists under you wrapping the woods,
Tears blown back in your hair.

Joy in your heart as you skim the hills
Islanded out of the fog;
Joy in your limbs as the pressure falls—
And no need of keeping a log!

Turn into the wind in a Tiger Moth,
Turn into wind and away
Over the Thames in a Tiger Moth,
Climbing the dawn into day.

—By P/O G. Eades in "Thy Muse Hath Wings."

DOCTORS PROBE

(Continued from page 17)

Interest in aviation medicine developed after 1862, when Glaisher and Coxwell made a balloon ascent to 29,000 feet. Strange symptoms marked by loss of visual sharpness and hearing, paralysis of legs and arms and finally by unconsciousness, were noted. Coxwell, though his arms were paralyzed, saved the day by seizing the valve rope with his teeth, which started the balloon downward.

Paul Bert, a French pathologist, took up from there by studying the effect of various atmospheric pressures on the human body. Classic observations were made after a high altitude balloon flight in 1875 by one of his subjects, Tissandier, who, together with Croce and Sivel, took the disastrous flight.

HISTORIC FLIGHT PROVED HAZARDS

The latter part of the flight is described by Tissandier: "I now come to the fateful moments when we were overcome by the terrible action of reduced pressure. At 22,900 feet, torpor had seized me. I wrote nevertheless, though I have no clear recollection of writing. We are rising. Croce is panting. Sivel shuts his eyes. Croce also shuts his eyes. At 24,600 feet the condition of torpor that overcomes one is extraordinary. Body and mind become feebler. There is no suffering. On the contrary, one feels an inward joy. There is no thought of the dangerous position; one rises and is glad to be rising. I soon felt myself so weak that I could not even turn my head to look at my companions. I wished to call out that we were now at 26,000 feet, but my tongue was paralyzed. All at once I shut my eyes and fell down powerless and lost all further memory. Tissandier was the only survivor.

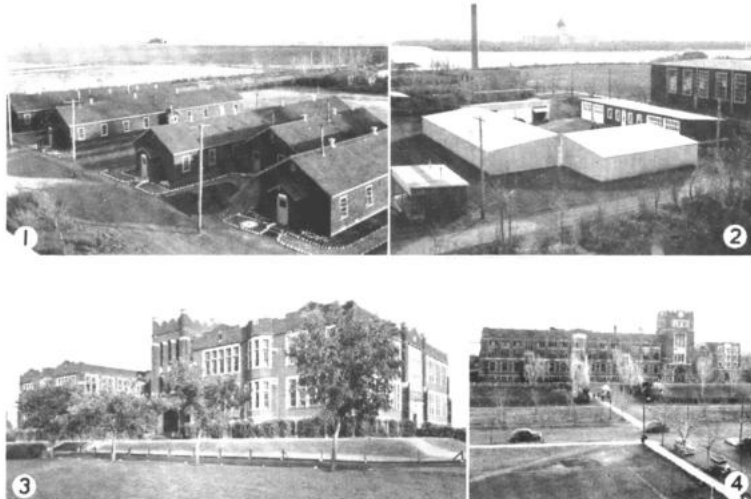
Thus the fact of decreased oxygen at high altitude was established.

Prospective pilots and observers at No. 2 Initial Training School in Regina are made to experience lack of oxygen before leaving the ground. They are sealed in a cylindrical pressure chamber in groups and the pressure is decreased equivalent to varying altitudes. The lower the pressure the rarer the air becomes and the less oxygen.

FINGERNAILS TURN BLUE AT 17,000 FEET

Anoxia, or lack of oxygen, is experienced at 17,000 feet and by means of the low pressure chamber, air students can be examined for reactions at that "height" on the ground. At 17,000 feet the airmen in the chamber see their fingernails turning blue. One of the men is ordered to don an oxygen mask and his comrades watch his fingernails

CAMERA SHOTS OF STATION BUILDINGS



1—Airmen's sleeping quarters in Barrack huts; 2—The Motor Transport Section; 3—The Normal School; 4—Regina College, used as Administration Building.

returning to their normal pink hue. This teaches them to have confidence in oxygen. Again, without oxygen, the airmen are given three-minute puzzles to work out and they find they have lost a noticeable degree of efficiency. With oxygen their mental efficiency returns to normal and they find they can work out the puzzle much quicker.

Training in the proper use of oxygen also includes overcoming fear of high altitudes. Many pilots are known to "get their wind up" at higher altitudes. Airmen are shown they can be 100% efficient at heights such as 25,000 feet.

This emphasis on training airmen in the use of oxygen masks has been found necessary. At the beginning of the war, stories were numerous of pilots who refused to wear the masks while flying at high altitudes. They tagged the masks a nuisance and didn't fancy themselves "all gadgetted up" with equipment. Many a veteran pilot will still insist, despite the proven value of oxygen, that he can withstand great heights without it and still maintain efficiency.

Figures compiled from the last Great War explode such notions. It was found during the first two years of the war that in some instances as high as 50% of the candidates for the air services suffered from a neurosis, or nerve disease, during training. It was also noted that about 90% of the accidents to graduate pilots were due to defects in the pilots themselves.

Fact was that, during the last war, when oxygen wasn't in popular use,

pilots went up to 20,000 feet, came down and, despite bad landings, declared they felt "like a million bucks". It has now been found through research that there is approximately 25% decrease in efficiency in 10 minutes without oxygen at 18,000 feet altitude.

But the sorry aspect of the matter is that, due to oxygen starvation, aviators are apt to become hilarious, with a feeling akin to intoxication, and not realize the danger they are in. When they land from great heights without use of oxygen, they often provide the same spectacle as a drunken driver parking his automobile.

Besides the pressure chamber and electrocardiograph, airmen are put through exacting hearing and vision tests, have their brainwaves recorded by an electroencephalograph, are examined by a nerve and physiology expert.

Have the medical officers arrived, through their investigations, at what may be termed a super-pilot, an ideal type who, in their opinion, will make a good service pilot? In general terms, yes.

The ideal pilot must have youth, between ages of 18 and 31. In civil life a man of 30 may be considered young. For combat flying he is getting old. An athletic background is a valuable asset. High school education is wanted.

The doctors attempt to assess a candidate for flying by prying into his family, habits, hobbies, traits of character.

(Continued on next page)

DOCTORS PROBE

(Continued from previous page)

acter. They look for a stable family history. If the candidate is married they are interested to know what his wife thinks about his flying. Good, sympathetic co-operation of members of his family is important, they have found.

The aspiring pilot must be keen, highly motivated. If he is half-hearted, got into the air force merely because he preferred it to other services, he is not apt to succeed nor attain the efficiency of a man who declares, "They can't keep me out of the air; I want to fly!"

Actual selection is made by the Medical Selection Board, of which Squadron Leader Adamson, neuro-psychiatrist, formerly lecturer at the University of Manitoba, is president.

Also working under the medical services of the R.C.A.F. and in co-operation with the National Research Council is a group of researchers known as the Clinical Investigation Unit. The group of investigators is conducting research into problems of aviation medicine which have presented themselves since man first wanted wings and speed to fly like the bird.

Now that man not only has wings and speed but is flying higher than the bird, the R.C.A.F.'s medical scientists are pushing grimly ahead, eliminating obstacles of high altitude flying, selecting fighting aircrews, with one aim in view—to keep the greatest number of airmen flying against the Luftwaffe for the greatest length of time with maximum safety and efficiency.

REGINA UNIT

The Regina unit was organized, planned, and the equipment ordered, etc., at No. 1 C.I.U. in Toronto some time prior to opening at No. 2 I.T.S. Just one year ago the first officer was posted to No. 2 C.I.U., which was at that time still on blueprints. Shortly

after, a clerk and two technicians arrived. When the building was finally completed, the unit's first Medical Officer i/c, S/L Stewart, was posted from No. 1 C.I.U. and the undertaking of research began.

Some time later F/Lt McAlpine was sent to take over when S/L Stewart was posted. Recently F/Lt Manning became Medical Officer i/c at No. 2 C.I.U. and is at present, along with F/O Smith, continuing with the research problems. The N.C.O. staff is made up of well-trained research technicians, most of whom had had many years' experience at large university medical research centres.

The magnificent co-operation from the trainees awaiting posting from No. 2 I.T.S. has been the most important factor in the success and usefulness of this unit. This has been possible by the most co-operative attitude taken by the Commanding Officer, Wing Commander E. G. Macpherson, whose understanding of this work has made it possible to carry out the varied and often indefinite program necessary in research. The experience gained by the trainee is of definite value to him and also enables the research group at No. 2 C.I.U. to carry out many important aspects of aviation medical research. The squadron commanders and C.G.I. have been most co-operative in this connection. In the beginning it was felt by some that Regina was a poor location for such a unit since it was so far removed from the larger university and research centres. The experience of particularly the last six months have shown that this is not the case, but rather the opposite. At the conclusion of one year's activities the officers and staff of No. 2 C.I.U. and No. 2 I.T.S. have much to be proud of, and this has been due to the magnificent co-operation of all-ranks in all departments at No. 2 I.T.S. and to the splendid trainee attitude to the work which they have volunteered to do while awaiting posting to E.F.T.S.

PHYSICAL FITNESS

(Continued from page 17)

SQUADRON LEADER G. L. ADAMSON

Head of the M.S.B. is Squadron Leader G. L. Adamson, a well-known figure in Canadian medical circles.

Squadron Leader Adamson confesses the "spontaneous eruption" took place in 1901 at the town of Rosthern, Saskatchewan. He was the last of ten children.

He was educated at the public schools of Winnipeg, at St. John's College, Winnipeg, and at the University of Manitoba, where he received his M.D. and I.M.C.C. in 1927. Concerned with being a Gordon Bell Medical Research Fellow in 1928-29, he journeyed to Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, where he was a resident in neurology in the latter part of 1929 and during 1930.

He did two years of post-graduate study in London, Vienna and Edinburgh, concentrating on neuropsychiatry. Returning to Winnipeg, he built a private practice in neuropsychiatry, in which he was engaged until 1941, when he took over duties at the R.C.A.F. recruiting centre in Winnipeg.

Adding to his peacetime duties, he was a lecturer in medicine at the University of Manitoba, assistant physician at the Manitoba Psychopathic hospital and assistant physician at the Winnipeg General Hospital. He arrived here in June, 1941.

He was married in 1928 and is the proud father of two children.

Assisting the president are F/Lt L. Kane, F/Lt A. J. Kerwin, F/Lt J. Wilson, F/Lt D. Murnaghan, F/O R. K. Holcomb, and Miss B. M. Billingsley.

Letter from Airman in the Digger

"Please send me one loaf of bread—and enclose a saw and file."

Doctor: The best thing you can do is to give up smoking, drinking and women.
Airman: What's the next best thing?

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REGINA

OPPOSITE P.O.

HOLLYWOOD STAR

(Continued from page 16)

"What were some of your pictures, Holmes?"

"There was 'The American Tragedy', with Sylvia Sydney, and 'Caravan'—that was the first picture Boyer was in, and Loretta Young was in that one too. But my real interest lay in the production end. You know, when I was at college I wanted to go in for economics, and dammit, I found myself engaged in the business end of the theatre finally."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"I went into partnership with another chap and we shuttled plays back and forth between London and New York. We looked after 'The Corn Is Green,' 'On Borrowed Time' and 'White Oaks' with Ethel Barrymore."

"Oh, yes," I remarked, "I saw her in that in Winnipeg. By the way, do many of the fellows ask you a lot about Hollywood and stuff like that there?"

"A few do," said Holmes. "Some of them were very interested to learn that a great many of the stars—men anyway—fly their own planes. Chaps like George Brent, Buddy Rogers, who

is now instructing at Pensacola, Jimmy Stewart, Tyrone Power and Robert Taylor all fly and many of them are now in the U.S. Air Corps. Of course the British actors in Hollywood are almost all back in the Old Country."

"Well, I'll be—I don't know what I'll be, but I never saw anything like this air force for gathering the most amazing collection of people together," I said.

"Right, chum!" he replied. "That's the beauty of it. It's a really democratic outfit, this. When you look around and see salesmen, farmers, former teachers, accountants and miners, with the odd—and I do mean odd—actor, author and lawyer, you get a feeling inside you that this old world's not nearly as badly off as some people think, if all these chaps can band together, work together and, finally, fight together for something they all believe in."

And, having said so, he gathered up his dishes and headed for the dish-washing hatch.

"Well, I'm very glad we had this little talk together," I said. "I have to write something for the station magazine—a sketch of some sort—and this will work in beautifully."

Oh! what he said!

An Appreciation

The staff of "ITS NEWS" wishes to express appreciation for fine co-operation and assistance given them in their efforts to turn out this initial edition.

To the "C.O." for his keen interest, valuable counsel, encouragement and help.

To the staff of our printing firm for their courtesy and assistance.

To the photographers and to Cpl. Faught and LAC Wasson. Cpl. Faught was the original assistant editor but due to posting was unable to participate actively in the magazine's production after the initial stages. Wasson did a lot of valuable delving in order to contact the members of Headquarters Squadron.

Thanks!

FIGHTER PILOT

Dark wrinkles beard his eyes, and shadows lie
Across their lustre like drawn blinds. Arrest
His gaze, win forth a smile—still in the sky
His spirit seems: here only half-expressed.
His D.F.C.—three words, a shrug . . . Defy
Him further: cynic full of dark unrest,
Aloof; for he has known his comrades die
And bears a keener cross than on his breast.

He has no time for fear; and of the earth
Scarcely asking life—how earthly life has been
Of old forgetting—lives not poised between
Future and past but hurtles with grim mirth
To split the sluggish seconds on his screen—
A comet, tadpole-tapered back to birth.

—By Pilot Officer G. Eades
in "Thy Muse Hath Wings."



Compliments and Best Wishes

TO THE BOYS OF

No. 2 Initial Training School



SASKATCHEWAN HOTELS ASSOCIATION

TRIBUTE FROM

(Continued from page 27)

Yet it was not only for Great Britain and Canada, but my own United States.

DEEP FRIENDSHIP

I have not forgotten these thoughts in the past seven months; it means more to me now than ever before. I have become a *part* of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, and every American likewise. We have remained because our friendship is deep. Our want of success in this training plan is not merely passing your course, but being a part of the finest group of men we have ever known!

When our group of Americans in "F" Flight first met in the Brandon Manning Pool we were truly a typical lot. The transplanted American is likely to be a very lonely animal. For that reason his first instinctive movement in a strange country is likely to be in the direction of his own kind. The first thing he does when he arrives in Canada is to look up other Americans. They form a community of mutual interest and mutual self-protection; they usually build a wall around themselves to protect themselves from the sharp questions and arguments of the Canadian boys. Of course the arguments are always the same—"what Great Britain can do, and what the United States can't do." And out of these arguments, work and play, was formed a perfect example of what we are fighting for today—free speech, free press, and freedom of religion. Also from this association of work, play and moments of loneliness were forged friendships which, we believe, have not been formed anywhere else in the world.

PRIDE IN SERVICE

To see the group of boys gathered in Brandon last November, and the same boys today in Regina, is quite a

thrilling contrast. The youngsters have matured into men and they have learned the meaning of responsibility. The older boys have been disciplined into a new and different way of life and have taken a pride in becoming a part of the service. The both together have adopted a spirit of devotion to the service which cannot be paralleled.

You may call this blind sentiment if you like. But also call it passion, devotion, energy, warmth and strength, high aspirations and an honorable pride. It is youth, but it is also the wealth of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

Our four months prior to the time we arrived in Regina for Initial Training School was not merely wasted as we thought. Every day we spent on a station, we gathered more knowledge and experience of air force life. This proved to be advantageous both in our work here and in our association with our officers. Also, when we do get to Elementary Flying School we will have had a little experience in tarmac rules and regulations, we will know what a plane looks like, and last but not least, we shall know what to expect from our instructors and what they will expect from us.

TRIBUTE TO No. 2 I.T.S.

Our training here at I.T.S. has been both a pleasure and comfort to us all, mainly because we have jumped the first hurdle in this long track. A few fell by the wayside from medical examinations and studies, but the percentage was small. However, each and every boy had to work pretty hard to get through and there was little loafing on anyone's part. The older boys found the going pretty tough at times, but there was always an instructor nearby who was more than willing to help us over the obstacles. Each and every boy was amazed at the interest our instructors took in each individual. The time they gave us, and the kindly ear they lent when we had our own individual troubles, whether personal

or otherwise, shall not be forgotten. We shall carry on through our course with higher aspirations and ideals which you have given us. We shall not let you down!

The Fight for Democracy

By LAC D. L. AIKEN

To the average man, whether in the services or a civilian, democracy means little, for he has seldom thought deeply on the subject. Indeed, there seem to be extremely vague and indecisive ideas as to the true nature of that way of life for which we are fighting this war.

This is not to say that sheer ignorance is to be blamed for such a state of affairs, but rather that the mind of modern man, distracted by personal economic questions, by the press of business and life, simply has not taken or is not given the time to think about what is considered an abstraction.

We must, however, become more thoroughly aware of the true nature of democracy, if we are to fight intelligently, win intelligently, and conduct the affairs of the post-war world intelligently. Democracy—in its most vital form—must be presented to the people of the United Nations as the ultimate achievement of man's social development.

Men must be stirred to feel that democracy, functioning efficiently, is the greatest man-made blessing the world could receive, and that wherever there is democracy, there also, is a place in which man's growth—physical, cultural, and spiritual, can attain its greatest heights.

Democracy is not merely a matter of administration, voting and debating, although these are the forms by which most people identify it. Democracy is something more—more than an abstract ideal of government made concrete in legislatures and councils—something which should transcend almost every other interest in our lives.

It is to civilization as the sun and the rain are to a flower. It is the medium through which man may most easily strive towards unattainable perfection. It is a chance to live the best of lives.

(Continued on page 54)

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REGINA

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SASK.

H. J. McPHAIL (Local Manager)

WO2 KENT

(Continued from page 20)

He saw service in India, Mesopotamia (now Iraq), Persia (now Iran), Egypt and Palestine. He has fond memories of Cairo, Egypt, where he had "one with a lid on" at the Kursaal—"one with a lid on" being a rather harmless concoction known now as steak and kidney pie, English style . . . of pleasure hours at Heliopolis . . . of barging down the Nile, even as Cleopatra . . . of the Holy Land and the gumbo at Ludd, which differed from Regina's in that it was white . . . of Mesopotamia—"dates, more dates and belly-aches, flies, filth and failing feet from Basrah to Baghdad to Bacubah."

Returning to England in 1921, WO2 Kent was recalled from a furlough for duty in Ireland during the time of the political troubles and the formation of the Free State Army. Following this he spent a year dividing his time between experting in signals at a Royal Flying Corps co-op school and the artillery stationed at Old Sarum, Salisbury Plains.

Obtaining a discharge from the army in 1925, he came to Canada and worked at a variety of jobs, including even that of grave-digger. He worked for General Motors in Oshawa, took

time out to work his way to Australia with Canadian National Steamships, work his way back via Buenos Aires and South America. On his return he took a position with the Connaught Laboratory, University of Toronto. In 1933, he was appointed hospital overseer, Collins Bay Penitentiary, by the Department of Justice. This position he held until he joined the R.C.A.F. in 1940.

He is married, is the father of three children, and has one outstanding ambition—to settle down after the war on a small farm near a good fishing lake.

"Relaxation from reveille, roll-calls, and requests for fatigue parties," is his explanation of this wish.

One of his better stories is that of a special duty job he undertook in Palestine, escorting an allegedly fabulously rich old native to Jerusalem. After a tortuous journey he discovered the old native's wealth and only diversion consisted of hoarded rolls of Carnation milk labels. Which prompts WO2 Kent to explode:

"What these quartermaster-sergeants won't stoop to! . . ."

A man who thinks he's the whole cheese generally smells like it.

Nothing to Do—Almost

The Sergeant-Major is one who has practically nothing to do—that is, nothing to do except: to decide what is to be done; tell somebody to do it; listen to reasons why it should not be done, or why it should be done by somebody else, or why it should be done in a different way; follow up to see if the thing has been done; inquire why it has not been done; follow up a second time to discover that it has been done, but done incorrectly; consider how much simpler and better it would have been if he had done it himself in the first place, but to realize that such an idea would strike at the very foundation of the belief of all employees that the boss has nothing to do.

—From "The Trenton Contact."

Men have been flying for over 150 years. On November 21, 1783, J. F. P. de Rozier and Marquis d'Arlandes soared over Paris in a balloon for 23 minutes.

* * *

In the U.S.A., the testing of government aircraft is done by civilian pilots.

* * *

Most of the world's great inventors have dabbled in aviation at one time or another, among them Bell, Edison and Maxim.

* * *

Transport pilots on American airlines log full time for their trips. Co-pilots log half time for the same aircraft on the same trip.

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To all the Boys at
No. 2 I.T.S.

The
GREAT WEST SADDLERY
COMPANY LIMITED

No. 1 SQUADRON FLIGHT FLASHES

(Continued from page 23)

CONCERNING FLIGHT J2

By BOB HALL

We are known to others as Flight J2,
But have called ourselves a thing or
two.

We want to be pilots, but don't ask
why,

We just look in the sky and yearn to
fly.

Observers and Wags are all right, we
guess,

But we want to be pilots, nevertheless.

We can work and fret and stew and
sweat,

Lie and drink and chew and bet;
We can go to bed without any noise,

Study our Nav and be good little boys;
We can jump the fence and go

A.W.L.,
Talk on parade and look sloppy as hell.

The night before pay day we haven't
a jit,

The cash is off duty, the frogskins
have quit.

They feed us strong coffee and make
us P.T.,

It's all included in the small Messing
Fee.

Parade and parade and scrub and
shine,

But we get in and pitch and think it's
fine.

Our course has been good, but some
spots are rough,

We hope P/O Klombies can cover the
stuff,

For he is a good guy, we all know it's
true—

We will be sorry to bid him adieu.
The other instructors, they have been

swell,
And for all I.T.S. three cheers and a
yell.

"L" FOR LOYAL

By AC2 D. A. RITCHIE

"I am a member of the *best* service,
bar none. I am blessed with the guid-
ance and leadership of officers and
N.C.O.'s who are qualified to help me
do the *best* job within my power. I
enjoy the companionship of the *best*
group of fellows. I am proud to be a
part of the *best* flight ever mustered."

Show me the airman whose creed is
not in keeping with the one above, and
I, in turn, will show you an airman
incompetent for the job at hand. It's
natural and important that every air-
man feel he belongs to the best service,
has the best direction, enjoys the best
of fellowship and belongs to the best
flight.

The way is now paved for one and
all to understand why "L" or "Loyal"
Flight moved into the limelight during
the second week in June and has every
intention of retaining the top position
for the duration of their course at
No. 2 I.T.S. It's shooting high, admit-
tedly, but it can and, we sincerely
hope, will be done.

There's an esprit de corps and a
common desire to be tops existent
among the fellows that has and will
continue to pay off with rich rewards.
It was conceived the moment we, a
bunch of new recruits, assembled at
Manning Pool, and was in full bloom
before departure therefrom.

There are many ways of recognizing
exceptional loyalty and esprit de corps
in a flight. They appear obvious but,
for the sake of clarity, let's examine
this "Loyal" Flight for an illustration.
A wing parade is over and as everyone
prepares for the first morning lecture
one overhears, "Look here, _____,
you were letting our whole flight down
this morning with your lazy marching,
and if you don't pour it on tomorrow
and thereafter, you'll end up in a cold
shower." That's what we mean by
loyalty—one for all and all for one.
No reprimand from a flight com-
mander or N.C.O. could have the same
desired effect.

Competition is the life blood of
flight loyalty and "L" Flight appreci-
ates the setup at No. 2 I.T.S., where
the heat's on every hour, every day.

One thing for sure when it comes to
"L" Flight, and this may be taken as a
direct challenge. There may be a flight
that will outdo us before leaving the
station (we want to be shown), but no
flight will be trying harder than our
gang to make the best possible showing
to the satisfaction of all.

"M" FLIGHT RAMBLINGS

"M" Flight is now on its fourth
week of study, and the lads are really
bearing down, as you can tell by the
midnight oil being burned.

We have won two 36-hour passes
and in doing so have run into some
stiff competition with "L" Flight.
Some of us spend our 36's downtown
kicking up our heels, others play tennis
and other sports. Some use it to relax
and study in, but whatever we do, we
enjoy ourselves. We thrive on 36's
and it is only fair to warn the other
flights that we have a greedy feeling
where the passes are concerned.

We have the distinction of having
in the flight an air gunner, Sgt. Lutes,
also an airman who has been overseas,
Sgt. Solski. These two lads know what
it is all about and have given us much
valuable information and help in our
studies.


We have an abundance of athletes
on our team. Maybe some of the other
flights would like to challenge us to a
swimming match, a softball game, a
tennis match, or what have you? Any-
way, cheerio! We'll see you at the big
match over there.

"TEA" FLIGHT

"T" Flight has the honor of being
the first flight on this station made up
mainly of R.A.F. trainees, who have
been in Canada 14 to 18 months.

Here's some of the personnel: LAC
Dyson is from Yorkshire and was a
member of the Rotherham United


(Continued on next page)



MACDONALD'S

BRIER

The Tobacco with a heart



Everywhere

No. 1 SQUADRON FLIGHT FLASHES

(Continued from previous page)

soccer team. LAC Dunster was a fitter for the British Air Ministry at an R.A.F. Experimental Station and was a member of the Folkstone Amateur Boxing Club. LAC Leader was a fitter with the London Transport Bus Company. Cpl. Owen is from Croydon and one of the seamen of our flight. Scotty Chown is the flight wit and musician. AC1 Roughton and LAC Smith are the flight cartoonists, LAC Lees the flight soloist, and LAC Munro an opera singer who made a name for himself at Carberry. One still hears many favorable comments about the show the boys produced.

The men in our flight are going after soccer in a big way and some of the players are: Cpl. Abrams, LAC Dobreff, AC1 Gibb, LAC Hawkins and LAC Kidd.

Overheard when "T" Flight were going through stores:

"Would you wrap these up for me, sir?"

"Be sure and come back for an exchange—if this fits!" This was said jokingly by members of the Equipment Section, knowing full well some of the

clothing issued to the R.A.F. boys at their previous station wasn't exactly a good fit.

The Orderly Officer inspecting the airmen's mess was asked by one of "T" Flight to smell the sausage he had for dinner:

O.O.: "It's on the turn, isn't it?"

R.A.F.: "On the turn, sir—it's coming down the home stretch!"

"W" FLIGHT

Well, folks, this is the first and, we hope, the last contribution from the famous "W" Flight, which consists of the once-famous "A" and "B" Flights. These two flights held first place in barrack competitions during their eight weeks on course, and then, to top all this off, we had the good fortune to have Rod Clapperton as honor student of Course 50.

We had a very able and congenial flight commander in Flying Officer Bishop and were led in our drill by Corporal Day, who is an A-1 chap.

Our flight party, held on the 16th of May at the Saskatchewan Hotel, went over with a hackneyed "bang". "A" and "B" Flights collaborated on this great event and showed the true spirit of brotherhood in the air force with each man endeavoring to bring his one-time rival to a state of unprece-

dented, unparalleled unconsciousness. They did.

Personalities: Champion mattress holder-downer—tall, dark and handsome Davidson . . . Who is this man Knights? Or what? . . . Our strong, silent type—Fitzgibbon (never known to smile; hidden humor) . . . Oriental experts—Pitman and St. Louis . . . Loquacity personified—our hallowed Partridge (talks himself out of everything—except the air force).

We would like to say goodbye to our chief morale keeper-upper, the most cheerful chap in our flight, Ralph Penley, who was discharged as a result of a most unfortunate accident.

THE FIGHT FOR

(Continued from page 51)

It is life itself, if man would keep his mind and his soul free.

But for all these privileges which democracy gives, it demands that we shoulder responsibilities, as well. Democracy is not a perpetual motion machine, which, once started, will never run down. It has been fought for, bled for, and died for. Men have endured intolerable pain, mental and physical, for the cause of freedom; they are doing so today. And in the time of peace, there will be work to do and burdens to be borne in the sacred name of Democracy, if it is to survive.

D. L. Aiken, LAC

"KEEP 'EM
FLYING!"



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No. 2 SQUADRON FLIGHT FLASHES

(Continued from page 25)

nights yearning for admission into that illustrious Flight "K". Thusly the reasons for my enforced insomnia:

Every observing person in and about No. 2 I.T.S. undoubtedly has paid particular attention to that merry mob. And furthermore it is no rumor that W/C Macpherson enjoys observing the clean quarters where they do their sleeping and sweeping, hence the prodigious number of 36's heaped upon them by our esteemed Commanding Officer. Personally, I think that the Barker Hut boys deserve "Good Housekeeping's Seal of Approval".

This superior band of bed makers hail from various stations throughout the fair Dominion. Moncton, MacDonald, Claresholm, 14X, Dafoe, Prince Albert, Winnipeg, Saskatoon and Trenton are the unlucky places which had the misfortune of losing these men (and I do mean men) which make up their flight.

All these are but a few of the famous facts that leave me so envious, so unhappy. What wouldn't I give if I could even march with them.

There were heartfelt tears shed in profusion when Phil Holmes, the boy

who is the famous actor of stage and screen, and two other raucous rascals, McGregor and Stollery, started the long trek west from way down in Moncton, N.B. Touching, too, were the farewell scenes at the other stations when the lads got their call to go to Regina and join "K" Flight. Representing the permanent force they have Sergeants Wallace, Trewthaway and Charko, seasoned campaigners who, having achieved great success in other branches in the R.C.A.F., now turn their talents to new fields of endeavor. These lads, along with Cpl. Jim Watkins and a sprinkling of LAC's, have a beneficial influence on the newer arrivals in the Service. Do you know that there are some fellows in that flight who have been in the air force so long that they automatically reach for their ripcords as they leap from their upper bunks?

A great deal of the success which these boys enjoy is brought about through the untiring efforts of their Sergeant Irvine. His advice and help used to be of the big brother nature but lately a certain degree of fatherliness has crept into his manner. And since the sergeant became a father a few days ago the flight does not mind his manner—they understand that probably he is practising the technique which he will employ on his "heir-crew" at home.

Never let it be said that I could possibly forget their leader, Flying Officer Martin. He's the gentleman who inspires them into being an efficient, relentless machine.

After perusing these prolific points concerning the grand group of fellows in "K" Flight, you must now surely understand my deep longings to be one of them.

"O" AS IN "JOE"

Introducing a gang of regular fellows who blew in from No. 15 S.F.T.S. at Claresholm about six weeks ago. Out of the regularities of studying, parading and all that sort of stuff, we do have a few slight irregularities too. For instance:

There's Ted Braunworth, the envy of the flight. He's got something all of us want. Guess what!

Our financial wizard, Dick Calvin, can tell you how to borrow money when most methods fail.

Who gets \$20, a gal, and a car from the gal's old man, all in one night? See AC2 "Smitty" Smith.

The "jinx boy", Hopkins; what he wants and what he gets are two different things. We know what he wants but all he gets is S.P. trouble with C.B.

What's this about a sergeant pilot coming to town and pushing one of
(Continued on next page)

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No. 2 SQUADRON FLIGHT FLASHES

(Continued from previous page)

our boys out on the street as far as the girl friend is concerned? Tell us more, will you, Ireland?

Speaking of Ireland, there's "Irish" McKelvey, our flight senior, who tries to be good but wants to be bad, so picks up with four rowdy gals after church parade last Sunday p.m. and tears up their house with them.

There's one in every flight. Meet Technical Advisor "Happy" Seller.

We must mention our flight mascot, so come around to McLeod hut some morning and meet "Tropical Charley".

If you need a sergeant to take over the band, parades, etc., we have one. How about it, Sgt. Jones?

Time is short and space is small, so our highlights are limited. This is all at present from "O" (as in Joe) Flight.

"R" FLIGHT PERSONALS

RAE PEPPER is a man now. He turned 21 the other day and says it won't be long now until he starts going after the girls. You can't kid us, Rae; that W.A.A.F. at Macleod wasn't your aunt!

DAVEN BILL gets a lot of mail but says it's his sister who writes him. You wouldn't kid us, would you, Curly?

RIP VAN WINKLE HOARE has come to life again after four weeks of continuous sleep at Macleod. Would it be the local girls who woke him up?

RUSS SANDERSON got the M.O.'s permission to discard his glasses. He must have seen you out with that dazzler, eh, Russ?

BOB PUNTER is right on the beam; his summer issue fits perfectly around the collar.

TED JACKSON and PAT AGUR completed their train trip here without missing any train. Is the beer not so good on this line, fellas?

JUD GURELSKI's legs are just long enough and no more . . . it's lucky the boys didn't chop him down for delaying their last pay parade in Macleod.

DON WISE is still leading the parade for most mail, or should that read female? Be sure you don't get your wires crossed, Don. Remember Medicine Hat?

JOE KALLAL and HAROLD BRATRUD are spending a few days in the hospital here. We'll all be glad to have them back with us, so hurry up and shake it off, fellas.

BUS WARRINE is in the clouds already, and just think, he hasn't even been to Elementary yet. If the M.O. could only test your heartbeat now it would be too bad, eh, Bus!

BILL WILSON says he's immune to women. You sure talk funny in your sleep, Bill.

ED RADCLIFFE tried to hang one on his upper lip but we notice he is back to normal again. Too itchy, Ed?

"S" FLIGHT

And the band was there to meet us. What a day! At last we had arrived and the sun shone down upon us. Met at the station by F/Sgt (they grow 'em big down here) Jaillot and Cpl. Don. (Little did we realize he would be our N.C.O. and P.T. too!) Marching down the bright streets of Regina with a smile on our faces and no more guard duty! Well, there it was. Big brick buildings and trees. So this is home for eight weeks! The M.O., blankets, and the hut. (Fold your blankets, shine your shoes, wash the floors, mow the lawn, were we wrong?) See that blonde across the street! But what place have women when it's navigation, maths, and Link from morn to night, and homework too? Just like back at school again. Cheer up! it will soon be payday again.

Where did we come from? Winnipeg, Regina (home to us) and joints! And R.A.F. remusters and jolly old England, you know!

Enlistment dates, 1928 to 1942. Ages 18 to 30 years.

Occupations: Insurance, coal, car, wood and machinery salesmen, bank tellers, agriculturists, C.P.R. and C.N.R. men, miners, farmers, garment cutters, aero engine fitters, welders, diamond drillers, newspapermen, pressmen, munition workers and school kids.

Ambitions: To reach the age of 21; to meet a beautiful blonde with lots of dough; to save some money; to be a squadron leader; to get enough sleep; to get back to England; to meet a blonde; to like P.T.; and to save some money.

Opinions (those not censored): Regina is swell! And the gals, ahhhh!

Hobbies: Women, movies, dancing, music, girls, sports, blondes, farming, my wife, gals, driving, boating, women, women, women.

Favorite actresses: Betty Grable, Rita Hayworth, Joan Leslie, Madeleine Carroll, Betty Grable and Betty Grable.

Nicknames: Smooch, Pooch, Pep, Parson, Drip, Greek and Jeep.

Most hated phrases: Getum up there! Stand steady! Look to your front! Everybody out! Time to get up! No thirty-six this weekend!

But when we are gone you won't soon forget us.

"Z" FLIGHT

Composed of members of the old "C" and "D" Flights, "Z" Flight, at the time of writing, was sitting around awaiting posting. Refresher classes in various subjects fill in the time for us, although our hearts and thoughts are in the air.

At present the flight is laying down its weary head in the south end of the Collishaw and Barker Huts, although there are rumors of a move. However, the amalgam of the two flights seems to work pretty well.

"D" Flight, if you remember, covered itself with glory in the matter of winning 36's while on course, knocking
(Continued on next page)

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Just how Hitler and his "Goery"

Shall now be blown to—smithereens.

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HEADQUARTERS

(Continued from page 31)

never let the red cans become empty on our station.

Wheels have turned for Armstrong, Thompson, Vienneau and Jones for more than two years around No. 2 I.T.S. No doubt Jones will excel at the wheel overseas and we wish him luck. By the way, Thompson will have special company now, as he has just been married.

ATTENTION! THE DISCIPS

Sgt. Minor, we understand, has F/Sgt Wheeler on his hip as to darts. The mines at Timmins, Ont., kept Sgt. Minor busy for six years. Leaving Toronto Manning Pool, he went to Picton, Ont. Sgt. Minor does well by No. 3 Squadron as sergeant major and is also an expert at firing eleven rifles, I am told.

F/Sgt Miles nearly breaks his neck looking out the window when the fire truck goes careening by. Reason? A former member of the Regina fire department. His experience during 1916-17-18 is appreciated at 2 I.T.S. Some believe he toed the line at Toronto Manning Pool. He did a swell job in the Station Sergeant Major's office while WO2 Kent was in Trenton.

Best luck to Sgt. Gordon, recently posted to Edmonton, and to Sgt. Lory, who is now in Calgary.

Cpl. Lord enlisted from the Queen City, went to Brandon and then to Jarvis. At the latter station he was employed as a drogue operator. He was later posted to Macdonald B. and G. in charge of the drogue section. He is now a discip here. Quite a change for a lad who was a musician in the winter band at Hotel Saskatchewan.

Cpl. T. C. Day sailed from Walthenstone, London, Eng. He has 10 months' service and completed course No. 10 at Fingal, Ont. If he sells I.T.S. as well as he bought it he'll have no trouble.

Pangman, Sask., sent us Sgt. Rainey. He enlisted in the fall of 1940 and after he left his course at Trenton it was heard that "Rainey can throw it the farthest and make it stick".

Cpl. Ferguson was born at Moffat, Sask. He has had a varied itinerary from field artillery to Manning Depot at Penhold, back to Ontario, University of Manitoba, P.T. course at Trenton and No. 2 I.T.S. He is a good sport.

Harvey comes from Silton, Sask., and went to Brandon. With a total of 21 months' service, Mel has spent 20 months here. Watch out for the whiskers, Mel.

Wilson — Doug for short — migrated from Winnipeg. He is considered a world traveller. Too bad about your eye, Doug, but keep punching and you will make aircrew yet.

MEN OF THE C.I.U. AND M.S.B.

F/Sgt Walker was born at Carlyle, Cumberland, Eng. He worked for 15 years at the Banting Institute, Toronto. Sgt. Huntley was born in London, Eng., and is an honor graduate in chemistry from U. of T. and a former Olympic wrestler. Kohn comes from Minsk, Russia, and is a graduate of the University of Manitoba. Sutherland hails from Picton, N.S., and graduated from McMaster. Cpl. Roberts calls Folkstone, Eng., his home.

PULCHRITUDE PERSONIFIED!



The stenographic staff at No. 2 I.T.S. play an important part in the daily routine of the Station. Apart from the fact they know their jobs to the nth degree, they have other attributes (as can be seen from the above picture) which makes it very pleasant to have them around.

F/Sgt Muirhead of the Medical Selection Board came west from Hamilton. He is single and a medical technician. Sgt. Manderson came from Hawarden, Sask., and was a Swift's man before enlisting. W. P. G. Roche is a Montrealer and attended high school in Quebec City. Cpl. Senior has nine months' service.

EQUIPMENT

Know these chaps in the equipment section—Powell, Black, McIntyre, McLachlan, Cross, Martin and Wilsin? Our anniversary will mean much to "Jimmy", MacNeill, Adcock with approximately two years' service on 2 I.T.S. Know the score, fellows?

It is reported our Sergeant Cook, Sgt. G. J. Lewis, comes from Windsor, N.S. He attended Mount Allison Academy and University of Sackville, N.B. Who says the poundage is not on the upward trend on this station?

THE ARMOURERS

Cpl. Martin sought renown away from his home in Arthur, Ont. Went to Toronto Manning Pool and Mountain View. Came west to Yorkton before posting to 2 I.T.S. Alex says he will always be a bachelor.

Cpl. Loudon is the range maestro. He is a dead shot and hopes to go places at present unknown. Bill is due to leave the ranks of single blessedness shortly. Congratulations, my friend, if you must!

Cpl. Tommy Fell hails from Windsor, Ont. Came here from Mossbank and claims aircraft recognition is his "pigeon". Cpl. Gray developed much "grey matter" at U. of B.C. and University of Los Angeles. Mountain View Armament School made a G.I. of him

but D.R.R.'s say engineering will claim him in the R.C.A.F.

Wasson, they say, is a teacher and editor. Came here from Mountain View. Attended U. of S. and taught school for a number of years. R. C. Donaldson is a recent arrival, hailing from Bridgeford.

Where they are now: Cpl. Brown at Yorkton; Cpl. Probert at Mossbank; Dalzell at Patricia Bay; Cpl. Day at No. 15 E.F.T.S., Regina; Cote at Lethbridge and married.

No. 2 SQUADRON FLIGHT FLASHES

(Continued from previous page)

off seven such awards, while "C" Flight puffs out its collective chest over the fact that one of its number, George Reynolds, now at No. 3 A.O.S., came a very close second to the honor student of Course 50.

A few personalities: Funny man of the flight, Ron Moen; supreme and exalted sleeper, "Savannah" Morse, the Georgia Peach; voted the most worried looking men, Jake Allen and Al Henderson; likely to succeed as most inactive man, Young Mitchell; happiest men, Webb and Salomka; handsomest, Marjerrison; most likely to come back with Hitler's headpiece, chesty Al May.

Good luck and cheerio!

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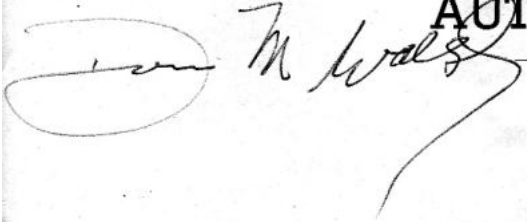
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AUTOGRAPHS

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Tom Walsh". The signature is written in dark ink on a light-colored background. The first name "Tom" is written in a simple, slightly slanted cursive. The last name "Walsh" is more elaborate, with a large, sweeping "W" and a long, trailing flourish that extends downwards and to the right. The signature is positioned to the left of the "AUTOGRAPHS" header.

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