



It has been suggested at various times that there are about ten men on the ground for every man in aircrew in the R.C.A.F. All these men have very vital jobs to do. They are the boys who fulfill the injunction of the slogan: "Keep 'em flying." Many of the fellows now in ground crew jobs did not have the opportunity of getting into aircrew when they enlisted owing to the educational standards which previously existed, or perhaps due to the fact that they were fully qualified to do an important job in ground crew that was urgently needed.

Recently such airmen have been given their chance to fulfill that long pent-up desire to be in aircrew. W.E.T.P. and Pre Aircrew courses have aided in making up for deficiencies in educational qualifications, and the enlistment of an ever growing number of personnel in the Women's Division has released more men to fly.

It is a source of genuine satisfaction to the Commanding Officer of this station to see the growing interest on the part of the H.Q. staff to get into some part of aircrew duties. At present more than 20 are attending special classes which will enable them to re-muster to aircrew. These classes include instruction in Maths., Eng., and Signals. Classes in Science and Aircraft Recognition will be formed in the very near future. The instructors feel that the fellows who avail themselves of these opportunities will be well prepared to take an I.T.S. course, upon re-muster.

Recently three of our H.Q. staff were posted to begin their aircrew training. Sgt. Brummell, Wardmaster of the Station Sick Quarters, was thrilled when word of his re-muster came through. The Sgt. expects to be plastering the Reich soon, instead of sick airmen. AC1. Cohen, a G.D., who was batman in the Senior Officers Residence, also left this station for training. It is reported that he took along a tin of Silvo to polish the bombs before dropping them on Herr Hitler. AC2 MacKenzie, the former runner in the Drill Hall, really got into high gear in a hurry when the good news of his posting came through. We never knew he could move so fast. If he continues the pace he will race through an I.T.S. in considerably less than ten weeks.

These airmen are but following in the train of others who have gone from us to make good in this important job. P.O. Dagenais, formerly F/S in the Pay and Accounts, received his commission as a Bomber at Mtn. View not long ago, and Cpl. Clapp of the same section is now at S.F.T.S., Brantford. These are but two of several. May there be many more.

Scooping the Green Sheets

If there is one thing that people do like to know about, it is their future. It is the intention of your reporter to scoop the green sheets, and tell you the whoabouts, the whereabouts, and the whyabouts of various I.T.S. personnel some twenty years hence. Putting on our black hood, taking a swig of turnip juice, and gazing into our crystal ball, we are all set to conjure up a most remarkable vision.

There appears before me the greying head of F/S. Rosenberg, seated behind a desk, with a mass of Green Sheets in one hand, and a flock of passes, clearances, D.R.O.'s, etc., in the other. Shaking his head in a vobegone manner, he looks up and says: "Sir, I've been in the R.C.A.F. now for 24 years, and it looks as though they intend to pension me before they give me a commission."

As he faded into the distance the sad face of the S.A.O., S/L. Fortune appeared. Immediately it seemed to light up with joy. He exclaimed exultantly: "Isn't it great! After all these years I am going to be posted overseas in just two weeks time." We left the poor fellow to seek what comfort he could, and soon there rose before us the happy form of L.A.C. Francis. He introduced us to the family in alphabetical order, and with a sly wink asked us if we wanted a rum and coke. This gave us an idea, for it was a dry hot day, and we left the crystal ball to go down to the corner store for a drink.

As we reached the corner we saw a new store being opened. It had a huge sign which said ARMY, Navy, and AIRFORCE VETERANS store. Walking inside we saw that the huge stock comprised used clothing of the C.W.A.C., W.R.E.M. and W.D. The proprietor stepped forward to greet us, doubtless hoping to make a sale, and who should it be but Sgt. Barnard -- dehydrated.

Not being interested in ladies wear, we hurried back to our helicopter, gave it the throttle, and headed north. Landing on a lonely island in an isolated lake, we looked around and found an old man, counting aloud, apparently oblivious of our presence. "One, two, three,....." It was the House Officer, F/O. Waugh, checking his own inventory. Eyeing us he screamed: "Can't you ever leave me alone?" The poor old fellow had our sympathy. Three months as House Officer had left many a man in this state twenty years later. We didn't have time to enquire if this was a part of the Rehabilitation scheme for Legal officers before a soothing voice spoke: "Now Pappy just take it easy, remember you must not get excited. Don't forget it was strain and overwork that caused the early demise of all the former officers of 1 Squadron, and we would never want that to happen to you -- or me." It was F/O Mcl. Warren.