

IN MEMORIAM

In 'Forty-four
On Quinte's shore,
With the country's fate at stake,
The I.T.S. did proudly stand,
So stately and sedate.

The country's finest, strong and true,
Did here pause, while passing through,
While others who, were asked to wait,
To share with destiny a date,
Did troubles try to mitigate
With the advent of each "forty-eight"

When from the sky the sword did fall
"Passes cancelled" for one and all,
We begged, implored, but all in vain,
We were ignored, and left in pain
Our errors to rectify, and to forestall,
Eagerly assisted by victims.

Thus, with morale lowered, but not irate,
We can't but contemplate, with patience great,
"That he too serves, who only stands and waits"
The return of our cherished "Forty-eights",
Post Office

The addition of the deeper blue, and the gold of the Navy to our parades has aroused some curiosity. These young officers are the first of several who will be training with us for flying duties with the Navy. They are a few who have been chosen from among many volunteers, all officers who have sea experience behind them - one lieutenant admitting two and one-half years' sea duty. Some of them have served in Canada's eastern waters in her corvettes, others in the deeper waters of the mid-Atlantic, and one in the Mediterranean Sea. They will say very little of their past experiences, but all look forward to their new adventures awaiting them in the air.

To this vanguard of the "flying navy" we extend a very sincere welcome.

With great sorrow we announce the firefighters' demise. Now you will understand why you find no news from their section.

"X" FLIGHT - A DEDICATION

What is it? Why is it? Aw heck, who cares? It might be well to point out now that any resemblance to the truth in this article is purely incidental. (After all, we want a posting too!)

First we'll have you know that "X" Flight isn't at all like the common run of flights on this station - it's an institution. New York's 400 has nothing on us. It is rumoured that you even have to pass the exams to get into our exclusive little circle. Yessir, "X" Flight is a wonderful thing to be in: forty-eights every week (subject to slight modifications), leave whenever you feel like a rest, and you can go anywhere on the station you wish - provided you take your mop with you. If while on course you found it difficult to get up in the morning, don't worry about it any longer. All that is taken care of by a special slumber stopper that never fails. This device on occasion will even make a special trip to the Y.P.C.A. to make sure that you don't sleep through dinner. We could go on forever outlining the comforts of No. 5's Valhalla, but we're afraid you might OT while dreaming of the promised land.

Why do we have an "X" Flight? For the best reply to this question Flash will pay \$64 in Confederate money, and LAD Willy Hillock will donate an extra cup of milk out of the goodness of his heart. The editor requests that submissions be kept down to a bare 1,000 words.

And now for the guiding lights of "X" Flight. Actually we could stop right here - maybe we should. Anyway, if you don't know the parties I/C, this condition will soon be rectified. The Officer can usually be found at the drill hall brauls, playing cupid for bashful airmen (there are such things) and the belles from Belleville, thereby snagging a few dances for himself.

And as his able assistant, one who is impervious to flattery and a bulwark in his own right (you can't put anything past him, and you can't get around him), you'll soon get to know W/Sgt Robbie McBagpipe. This quiet, reserved, beloved individual you will immediately clasp to your bosom. People will tell you that Rugged Robert is a hard man, but we know who wears the "brocks" in his family, and we're no bletherin' either!

Well fellows, now that you know all about "X" Flight, don't you just wish you were one of us? We thought you would.

Hamish