

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A P.T. AND D.I. cont'd

The sheer new and unswerving devotion of duty, pull many of these valiant N.C.C.'s. through many a tight squeeze. We take for instance the day "Whipper" Watson stood up on a bench and bawled the living daylights out of 50 men, and was seen leaving the station after dark between two service police and carrying a length of lead pipe. Or the day that Sergeant Attwell used the archery equipment as "encouragement" to his leg weary, and unwilling subjects taking P.T. and was aroused at midnight by his flight entering his room with a large wooden stake and a mallet.

This is as detailed a description as possible and any deviation from actual fact is absolutely intentional and with intent to insult.

Any P.T. AND D.I.

THE WESTERN FRONT. WHERE? WHEN?

Much speculation is in the minds of all relative to the possible opening of the Western Front against Germany. Where will the invasion be? When will it take place?

Here is your opportunity to put your ideas on paper, and incidentally win a beautiful ring with a #5 I.T.S. crest on it. After studying the map in the "Gen Den", write down your prophecy and place it in the answer box provided.

Two prizes are available. One for the correct prediction to each question. Should future events influence your former decision, another answer may be submitted. But Two is the limit. Don't worry about being posted. If you aren't here, the prize will be forwarded to you.

Come on fellows - let's see how many War Strategists there are at #5 I.T.S.

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F/O Weber (questioning several French airman as to their progress in English): do you associate with boys who speak English in the evenings.

IAC Landry: "No Sir, only with girls".

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

"Aw! This discipline stuff's all the bunk!" It was morning - parade had just ended and AC2 Joe Erk was sore - the Flight Commander had ticked him off for sloppy marching. "I wasn't marching in any worse than any of you other guys!"

That's what you think, Joe. The only difference is that you could not see yourself as you appeared to the Flight Commander shoulders drooping -- eyes looking to the ground as though you expected to find the odd quarter laying there.

What is this "Discipline stuff" anyway? What's it for? A simple definition is "Control" both within and without. Let's take the case of a big bomber for example. One man is the captain whose word must be law. No matter what command he gives it must be obeyed. He has been chosen to command, because he has been tested in the crucible of action and not found wanting. In his hands has been placed the safety of his aircraft, and the responsibility of a successful mission. His crew must consist of men who will obey his commands implicitly, automatically, responding to these commands under murderous conditions. That is why the bombers continue on through intense "ack-ack". The average man is not a "Fearless Fosdick". Fear is a natural part of a man's make-up. But through discipline, or control if you like, this fear has been pushed into the back ground. The discipline you are taught on the parade ground also teaches you to discipline yourself.

I like the story of the Sikh Officer told in "God is my co-pilot." This officer was ordered to evacuate troops from Burma when the Japanese were advancing. This evacuation could only be done by air, and the number of planes available was woefully inadequate. At last the Japanese were within a few miles of the aerodrome and the planes were making their last trip, leaving scores of troops without a hope. The pilot of the last plane urged this officer to climb aboard and fly to safety. He refused stating his orders were to evacuate his troops, and as all had not been evacuated his job was uncompleted. He was not breaking orders to save himself, so he must stay with his men. That was discipline.

So Joe, when you are ordered to march with head erect, shoulders square, etc., it's all part of your development to teach you self-control, prompt and unquestioning obedience to orders, and to make an efficient fighting force.

W.G. Cooke, S/L