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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A P.T. AND D.I.

Let me begin by saying that a day in the life of a P.T. and D.I. cannot be adequately described in printable language but a fair attempt will be made to cover those hectic hours in as clear and concise a manner as possible.

The dawn, and siren, first shatter the alcoholic stupor (called sleep to be polite) of the weary P.T. and drill N.C.O., and he commences another day of routine snorting and bellowing. Transforming a pair of mud caked, beer spattered boots into shining pieces of patent leather beauty, is a miracle that only an ex-discip can perform. Shaving and butter polishing finding a place somewhere before breakfast, is a miserable but necessary submission to the ordinary.

The next necessary move is to get the baby up and ready for parade, the baby being of course approximately 80 bawling, yelling aircrew boys, who can ask more questions than Belleville has hostesses. After a quick check over, and a fervent prayer that the C.O. will not inspect No. 2 Flight, he makes himself, and the Sergeant Major, believe that the boys are ready for parade.

The C.O. does not look at No. 2 Flight but finds three times as many faults in No. 1 Flight, and the enraged and befuddled N.C.O. mechanically marches off the parade square, in his proper position, muttering incoherently about Guillotines and fire axes and use for said implements.

Relentlessly he follows his quarry to the barrack room where all the evil spirits of perdition are brought down on their innocent, and unsuspecting heads.

Proudly, and piously he proceeds from there to his little desk wherein all the facts, figures, and data are kept as to the feeling and changing of the baby. There is a blood curdling summons from one W.O.2 Inman and a resume of that fateful parade is conducted. A poste mortem if ever there was one. This is followed by a half hour lecture, delivered in 15 seconds, by the Sergeant Major, who finally dismisses him by a twitch of the well-groomed moustache.

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The rest of the day he plays sheep herder, moving the men from class to class and giving the black sheep a few stinging reminders about personal assessments. He at times is a double personality, being on P.T. and drill at the same time.

This he overcomes by calling on the placid and easy going Sergeant Walling of the drill hall, who volunteers to take his P.T. class for him (for the price of 2 beers)

I have heard that Sergeant Walling has been drunk for two days straight on his graft alone.

At a scheduled P.T. parade for his squadron, the P.T. and D.I. dons his gladiator pants (or sometimes called mattadore robes as he commences to shoot the bull) and gives the boys a work out. Worn out and weary from standing in the centre of the floor bellowing orders he winds up his class with a whistle blast, and sits down in the P.T. office to enjoy a detective yarn or look at the ever present pin-up girls. More often it is to rant and rave about the allotment of points to his squadron at the last sports meet. Having arrived at no satisfactory explanation he leaves, mumbling sulkily about the resemblance of the P.T. office to a poorly kept lavatory.

Evening finds him cursing and raging about the events of the day and a phone call, telling him he is to referee a basketball game in twenty minutes, certainly does not tend to soothe his feelings.

After refereeing a quiet and friendly game of basketball, and helping two or three men to the M.O., his day is almost done. He sinks wearily to his bunk for a five minute respite, and suddenly remembers that all important date at Belleville's exclusive night club - The Trianon.

From here on, the story, I am afraid, reaches the point where censors step in and begin to cut up, but I will say the N.C.O. steps out and cuts up to rest up for the following day.

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