

Here's to a long life, and a merry one,
 A quick death, and a painless one,
 A pretty girl, and a loving one,
 A cold bottle, and another one.

Your Flash reporter fell back aghast at this ready response from F/O 'Bill' Armour, in the Accounts section, to our query:

"What is your secret ambition in the Air force?"

We sat in his stuffy office in great amazement as he rolled his eyes in that 'come hither manner', wetted his lips with his tongue, and slowly, almost fervently repeated the last two lines:

"A pretty girl, and a loving one,
 A cold bottle, and another one."

"Mr. Armour," we ventured to ask after he had recovered his composure, "would you mind telling the readers of Flash something of the arduous duties of an Accounts Officer?"

"Well now" began the serious reply, "the duties are quite involved -- say, tell me, did you hear all those girls at the ball game the other night calling out 'Hello Lou'?" "Yes," we answered, "but what about the Accounts section?"

"Oh yes, now as I was saying the work of an Accounts Officer covers every part of the station activities -- say, did you ever see those girls down in the bowling Alley, that used to bowl just before the station teams? Swell crowd of girls those!"

"But what about the..." "Yes, now as I was saying it is necessary to make a daily trip to the bank to deposit the various funds -- have you ever seen the girls that work in that bank? And have you ever noticed the cute little one that comes in every day from Kresge's to make deposits?"

"But, please tell me something about..." "Well I am afraid this is going to be too much trouble," sighed the Acc. Off. "It's almost 12 o'clock. Time I was leaving for dinner, then a sun bath. If there is anything more you want to know see Cpl. Roberts"

Leaving the office we reflected it must be quite a break to leave off travelling from Hamilton, to Toronto, to Montreal, for the Bell Telephone Company, and settling down to covering the radius bounded by the Recreation Alley, the Park Pavilion, the Trianon, the Bank of Montreal, the Horse shoe pits, and Room 217 of the Officers quarters.

We found ourselves muttering:

"A pretty girl, and a loving one,
 A cold bottle, and another one."
 Oh to be an Accounts Officer!



CH AIRCREW

Well, lads, we're going to fill this column with a short story to-day instead of the usual news items which were few and far between this week. It's about a guy who joined the airforce as groundcrew and remustered to aircrew.

He'd been on flying stations for three years and enjoyed his work, until the drone of motors overhead steeped in his blood an intense desire to fly. He hadn't enough education at the time to remuster but one day an amendment came out that allowed an airman to enter a pre-aircrew training course which aimed to bring his education up to I.T.S. standards. For twelve weeks they pumped his brain full of more mathematics than he ever imagined existed. He was now ready for I.T.S.

One day while he was having a beer downtown, a Sgt. pilot came in and sat down at the same table. After their conversation had progressed, the airman asked the Sgt. the Gen. on this aircrew business, - especially the Gen. on ITS, which had him a little worried. The Sgt. pilot ordered two more beers and said "I.T.S.? You have it got a thing to worry about. It's a cinch!"

The airman finally arrived at I.T.S. along with 30 other re-musters. He hadn't been there three weeks before he began wishing he had never seen the place. This wasn't like the old life. In those days he would finish work at five, get cleaned and buzz off downtown - maybe on a date, and the only time he stayed on the station was when he was on duty watch, and even then there was nothing to prevent him from sitting in the canteen, shooting the guff with the boys over a beer or two, and wondering when he would get those hooks. But this aircrew stuff was getting him down. He'd work like a slave on Navigation and Math, and little silhouettes of ME109's and Macchis would dogfight with Spitfires then merge into a Hampden, causing his slumber to be greatly disturbed. After the 5'clock siren had wailed and he had had supper, they would detail him for barrack cleanup, duty flight, or some Joe job. If he wasn't pushing a lawnmower or washing floors or cleaning windows, he was picking up cigarette butts out in the grass. Ten weeks of this? How could he stand it? Work till your brain is fagged. Study, work, eat, joed for this or that, study some more. try to sleep with those damned little silhouettes darting in and out of his mind, sweat through an airmanship exam, drink a coke in the canteen and then out on the drill square.

Well he stood it all right, and in a few more weeks which seemed no time at all, he saluted smartly before an Air Commodore who pinned a pair of embroidered wings on his tunic.