

Per Andua Ad
Astra Ad

R.C.A.F. --- PERMANENT FORCE

A magic term that -"Permanent Force"- How many ghosts have swollen perceptibly upon their owners being likened or compared to a "P.F."er. Here is the list of the P.F. personnel at present on the strength of No.5 I.T.S., listed in order of seniority, together with a brief resume of their service careers.

WO2. O.H. LACEY A real old timer - "BUD" Lacey - enlisted May 1, 1939. (Bud is now anxiously counting the years until he is due for his pension.) Four years spent at Camp Borden gave Bud an insight into what the Air Force was all about. He then left for Trenton where he remained for 6 years and had the opportunity of watching it grow from a small unit to the enormous station it is today. Elen months at No.1 M.D., Toronto; four months in Montreal; two months in Kingston at the R.M.C.; and then to NO.5 I.T.S., Belleville, where he has been for some 23 months. This period marks WO2 Lacey as one of the oldest members of #5.

F/Sgt. R.S. GEDDES Another old timer, F/S. Geddes took the solemn oath on Nov. 4, 1935, at R.C.A.F. station, Rockliffe, Ont. He was kept there for some 2 1/2 years, after which he was posted to Trenton, staying at that station for 9 months. Another posting this time to Petawawa, Ont. (No.2 A/O Squad) for a stay of three months, then back to Rockliffe, this time for two years. (You must have liked Rockliffe, pretty well, Flight!) Down to Eastern Air Command H.Q. Halifax for 6 months, then on to #9 S.F.T.S. Summerside, P.E.I. for a period of a year. Back to Trenton again, this time to take the Discip. course, whence he was posted to No.5 I.T.S. (All the best people go to #5) Still another posting to Rockliffe what again for a short period of two weeks. After remaining long enough to get a crown over his three stripes, F/S. Geddes returned to this station. Just about time for another posting, isn't it Flight?

F/O. R. McMAHON Ross McMahon enlisted at Kingston Ontario, as an AC2, April 17, 1937. Spending two years at Camp Borden, he was then posted to Sudbury Recruiting centre for six months, following which he spent a similar period at both A.F.H.Q. and the Hamilton Recruiting Centre. A year at the Bombing and Gunnery School at Fingal was followed by thirteen months at Trenton, which lays claim to being Canada's No.1 station. Following a six weeks course at No.1 Officers Training School at Domaine D'Estervil, F/O. McMahon returned for a short

period to No.1 Training Command, subsequently coming to No.5 where he serves as Flight Commander in No 2 Squadron, and according to F/L Green has secret ambitions of someday getting into No.1 Squadron. Asked as to which station he liked best he emphatically replied: "---Censored---".

Sgt. G.L. McFALL enlisted in the R.C.A.F. August 2, 1939 at Rockliffe, and after receiving his recruit's training departed for No.8 (G.R.) Squadron, Sydney, N.S. Two years at Sydney was followed by the Discip's course at Trenton, from where he was posted to this station.

Sgt. L.T. ALLORIDGE enlisted at Ottawa September 14, 1939 and was posted to No.5 (G.H.) Squadron, Dartmouth, N.S. where he remained for some 2 1/2 years. Posted again to No.4 Personnel Holding Unit, Fingal, Ontario, for a period of 3 months, then to No.5 I.T.S.

Cpl. L. MOREAU became a member of the M.T. section at Trenton upon his enlistment, Sept. 19 1939. After spending some time at that station he was posted to #17 "X" Depot, Angus, Ontario. Not long after he was posted to No.5 where he is now fast becoming a permanent fixture. (B. McK.)/o

 **PADRES
ATTER**
I WILL NOT CHANGE
By a Service Man -- B. Seever

They said, "All this will change you and the Song you sing; your smile will lack, And you will be a different boy When you come back."

I had no answer for them then, But I was sure As long as steeple bells were here to toll, To call to worship, blessed the slumbering soul;

As long as grass grows green and flowers bloom and trees endure;

My faith will flourish, and my prayers will rise;

And under skies, Though black with clouds, gray, misty, dim, My song be sweet, perhaps an ancient Hymn.

No, they will see no change, but may be age, when I go back.

Or should it be that people dress in black, Then they shall know by my last letter That I was in Utopia,

That all the way God led me by the hand, And even so, I'm in His promised land.

Oops Hello Lou