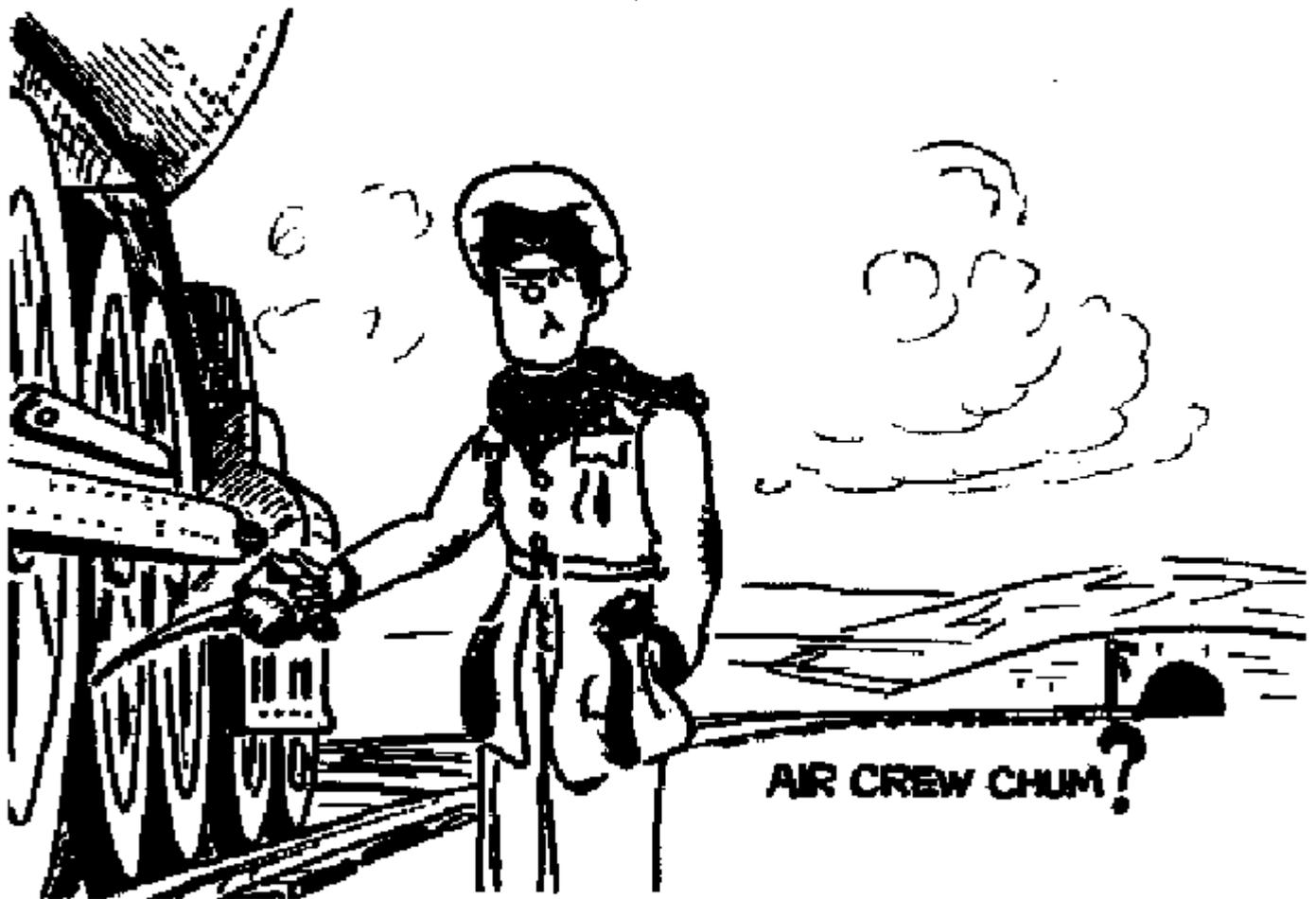


COURSE 23



AIR CREW CHUM?

LISTENING OUT



C O U R S E 23

And now our days, and nights, of striving are rewarded, and Course 23 have won their wings. It is difficult to find words to express our gratitude and appreciation to everyone who has made this possible - our R. A. F. officers for their guidance and help - our N. C. Os for the work that they have done for us (and made us do) Flying Instructors for their unlimited patience under the stress and strain of making Pilots out of Course 23. Our Ground School instructors for their untiring efforts in making us assimilate the knowledge necessary to get through - our Link instructors for their continued good humour after our hopeless efforts of trying to fly the Link.

It is impossible to mention everyone who has helped to make our graduation possible, but we must thank the Embry-Riddle Company and all its employees, the Medical staff for its efforts to keep us fit for flying, Mr. Burka and his staff for keeping us so well fed during these difficult times, the Canteen staff for their cheerful 24 hour service and Rainbow whose untiring advice has been so helpful ("Second ship on approach go around")!

To our many friends in Clewiston, to the Cadet Club and to our hostesses in Palm Beach, we offer our sincerest thanks for the kindness they have shown us, which have made our stay in this country so memorable, and whom we shall never forget

To you all Course 23 offers their thanks.

Au revoir,

Course 23,

LISTENING OUT

COURSE 23

It seems a far cry since we crawled in through the iron portals of a certain reception centre in the north of England, bowed down by several kit bags and bravely weathering the cry of "join" or "get some in!" Things was very 'ard in those days, and very shortly conditions tightened up, we always seemed the first to be too late!

Still; the different unions of hut orderlies, T.W.5s, u/t farmers, musicians, and all their satellite branches did a lot for us, saving us from early morning P. T. and an ensuing week in sick quarters—I believe 10 or 12 cadets did go to lectures under a roster system.

Then came the flying bombs and the call for repair gangs—whether London needed us or whether the C. O. had had enough of our company we don't know—volunteers were requested and hundreds stepped out. Some say the magic word 'London' did the trick. I plump for the fact that it was early morning and raining hard at the time . . . as usual.

In any event 23 Course was there, with a finger in the proverbial pie, cheerfully helping to break more windows and putting front doors back up side down in the best air-crew fashion. Our favourite job of work was repairing roofs, as we delighted in hurling down tiles into the street with cries of "Below." (One of our members had two pedestrians and a dog confined in one afternoon.)

The only qualifications required to make a first class repairman was to know nothing about building. It was unfortunate if you did, as then there wasn't much for you to do except lorry driving or storekeeping! Being a clerk I was fortunate and was soon operating as a full blown carpenter complete with kit, a mate, and a knowing look. The only job I wasn't so sure about (a little matter of a new roof) solved itself—we were recalled.

The would be lorry drivers had a severe test to endure, one circuit round the largest hangar without touching the walls. The front pedals were rather confusing, and on one occasion I understand, mistaking the throttle for the brake, one cadet overtook two Spitfires on their 'take-off' run.

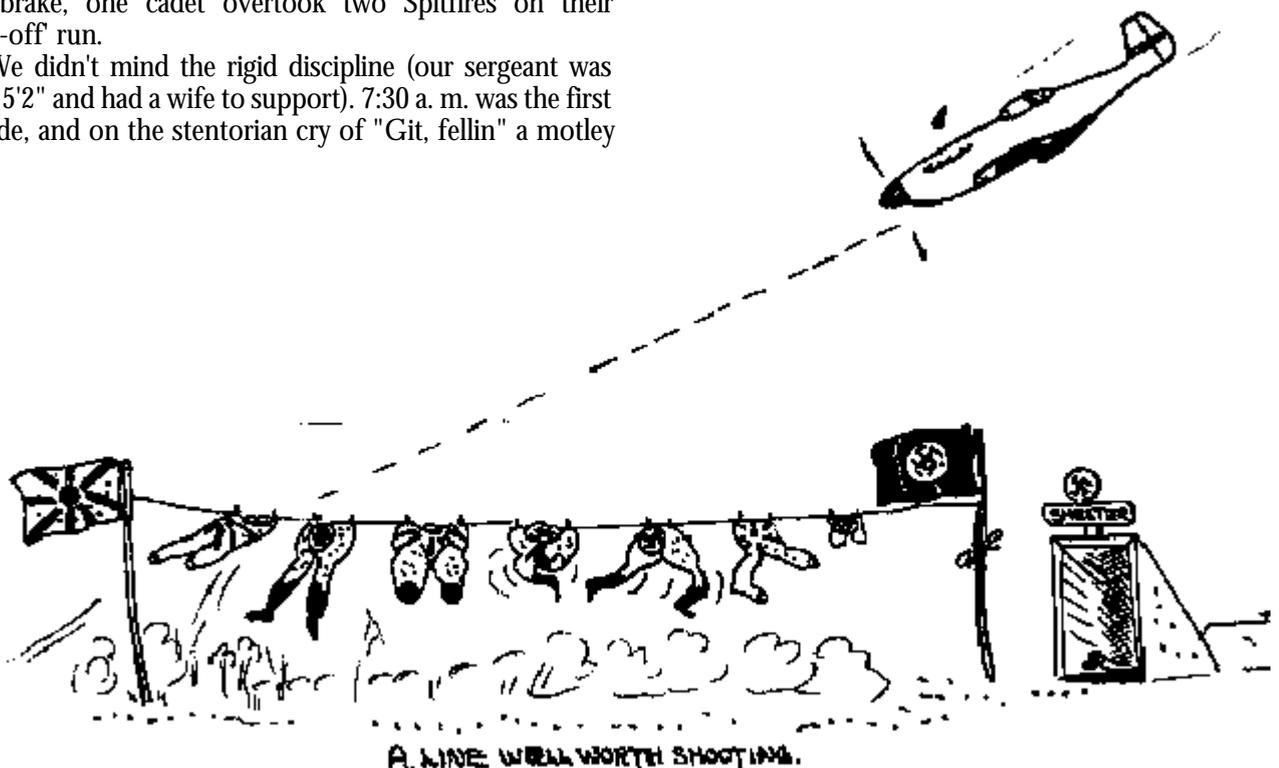
We didn't mind the rigid discipline (our sergeant was only 5'2" and had a wife to support). 7:30 a. m. was the first parade, and on the stentorian cry of "Git, fellin" a motley

assortment of bodies in various stages of undress and wearing a wide variety of headgear (loot or booty), such as bowlers, brown derbys, straw "Bees" and trilbies, and carrying the morning papers in one hand, and their breakfast in the other, drifted onto the parade ground

We usually drove through London in a triumphant state in a lorry covered with slogans which never failed to amuse, our chief ones being "Give us the jobs, and well finish the tools" or "Planeless pilots vs Pilotless planes." The London people denied us nothing and on one occasion together with a fellow member I was given a piano—which until we could get to camp provided good material for street concerts in the lunch hour. There was no charge and passers-by were cordially invited. Public houses were our speciality. The problem wasn't getting us to the job, but strictly speaking, getting us off. Unfortunately, the proprietors used their loaf and cleared off most of the bottled stock before we arrived. It was amazing how difficult these jobs proved, we were generally on the spot for three or four days, living on hopes as it were.

We had a very successful run altogether, as we tenaciously struck to the principle of evacuating the district on the first sign of rain—maybe our roof repairing wasn't too good—our casualties were very light, most people were hors de combat through the very bad habit of falling off the roof. On our recall for overseas posting, it took quite a time for the boys to realise that after all they were u/t pilots, there were tears in many eyes as they handed in their sky hooks and glass hammers, tools of an honourable profession.

Well, members, now that the great day has arrived and you're actually pilots, you may have lost the pride of being a craftsman, but to those of you who haven't, there seems to be a chance of going on the railway as firemen, so will all those interested please hand in their names.



IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Planes are scraping paint from tail and wings
If you can trust yourself when they all doubt you
And think that you are suitable for other things.

If you can wait and not be tired of waiting
Till Rainbow gives the word to scramble out,
If you are binded don't give way to binding
But threaten your instructor with a clout.

If you can land and not make bumps your master
Or groundloop and not make that your aim,
If you don't chance the triumph or disaster
When Rainbow says "that ship go round again."

If you can bear to hear about your flying
Twisted by knaves to make you look a fool,
And stand by knowing they're not lying
But wait and plan to throw them in the pool.

If you can land in "A" Field without pranging
And let the bank stay where it's always been,
And never give a heck for pistols banging
But land wheels up and still remain serene.

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To fly by night long after day is gone,
And when the ground appears there's nothing in you
Just close your eyes then pray and just hold on.

If you can talk with Pilots without stalling
And talk of drift as though you really knew,
Or shoot the line that's really most appalling
By saying you were there among the few.

If you can be at Link spot on the minute
And keep your height and airspeed on the ball,
And walk out with the thought there's nothing in it,
You're too darn good to take this course at all.





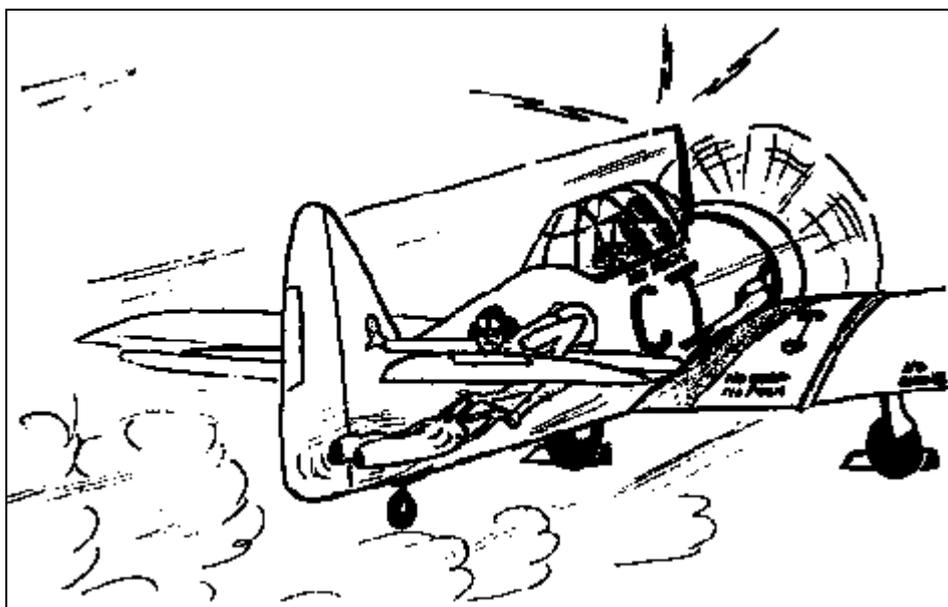
ODE TO NIGHT PILOTS

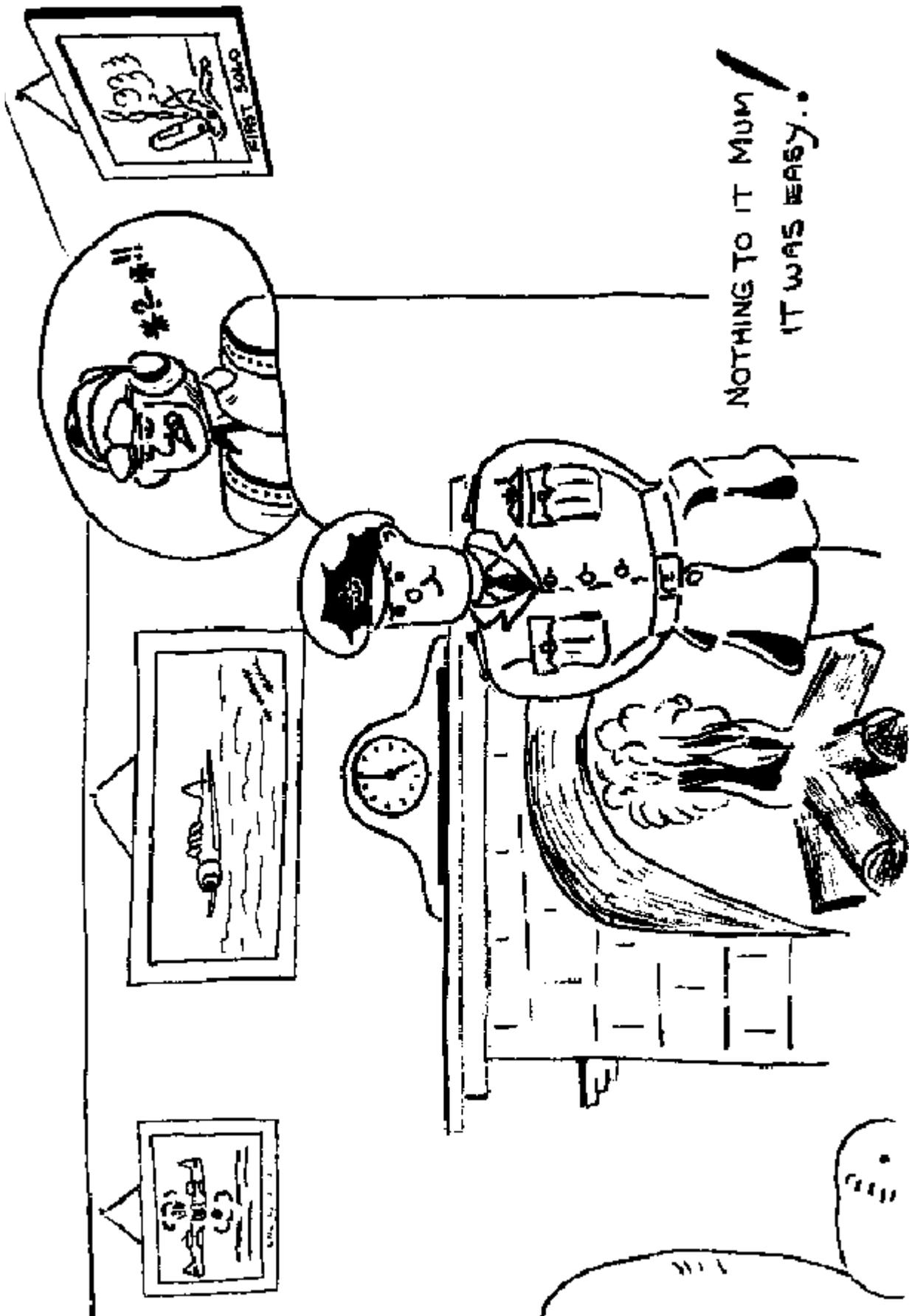
All is dark, and little wonder - sun is 50 minutes under,
Just recovered from the briefing, "vunder vot time v'eel be leefing,"
Flight commander's looking blue, merry Xmas - same to you,
Adding with a heavy frown "no dual circuits upside down."

From the flight line someone shouts, "Rainbow may I taxi out?"
Rainbow seated way on high, clear to taxi, time to fly.
Take off points have big attractions, frantic pupils, vital actions,
Some, take off just like a hero, with the fuel tap reading zero.

Yet another R.T. whine "who just taxied from the line?"
"Wrap up Rainbow" came the gen, "Able Zebra round again,"
Instructor took me down a peg, slow rolled on the downwind leg,
Flying high whilst others slept, now you know why Moses wept.

Little hints and tips galore, what's this little lever for?
Instructor's thoughts stray to his marriage,
"Dammit man! Your Undercarriage."
Finds the A.T. quite a rover, "Rainbow, may I groundloop, Over?"
Rainbow gives scathing shout, "Charlie Charlie, groundloop, out."
From the land where men are men - Able Zebra round again."





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