

15  
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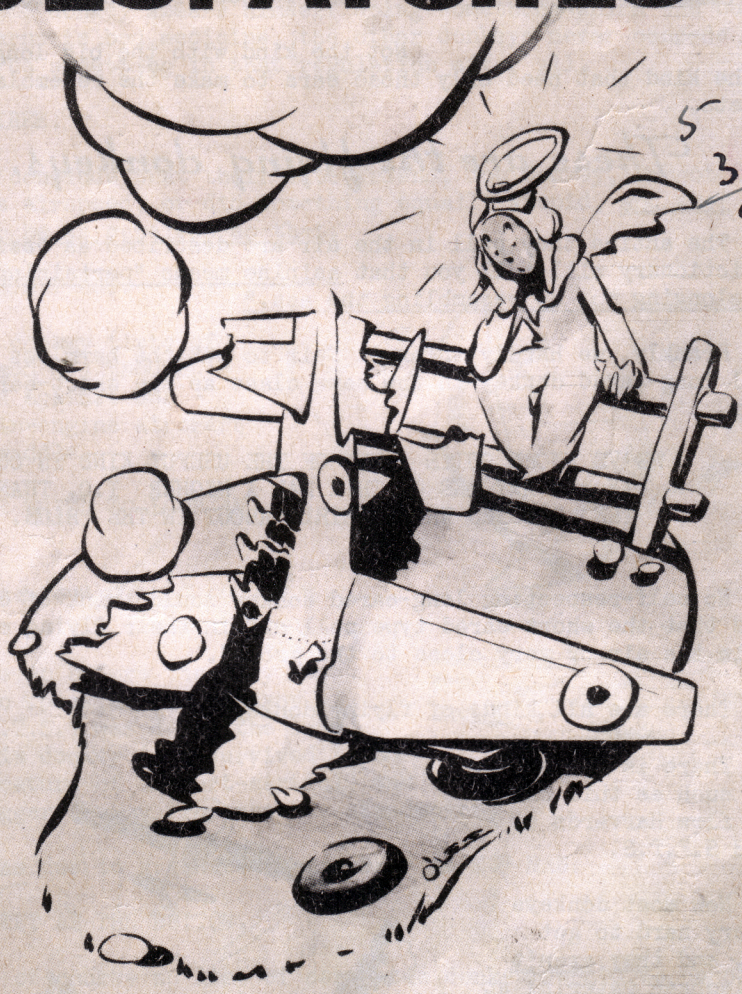
10  
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25

1750

G.P. M26

# MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES

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60  
70  
70  
45  
60 | 350  
300



5 50  
3 20  
9 10

50  
50  
60  
15  
6215  
12 1/2

**JAN.**  
**1944**

ISSUED ON THE AUTHORITY  
OF THE CHIEF OF THE AIR  
STAFF BY THE AIR MEMBER  
FOR TRAINING. R.C.A.F.





Our subject for today is donkeys.

Not the kind with the big long ears, but the kind that need only those ears to make the resemblance complete.

### *These are the flying donkeys.*

The antics they pull in the air are described as "asinine." Any dictionary will tell you that asinine means "pertaining to asses," or "belonging to, or resembling the ass."

Frankly, we hardly think it fair to put the harmless and very useful long-eared donkey in the same class as the short-eared flying donkey.

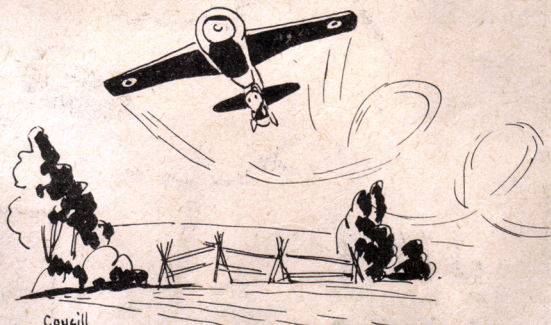
WE'VE KNOWN QUITE A FEW OF THE USEFUL KIND IN OUR DAY AND ANY ONE OF THEM HAD A HIGHER I.Q. THAN THE SPECIES WHICH WHIRLS ABOUT IN THE BLUE.

No self-respecting long-eared donkey would think of doing the things that the short-eared type pull off in their flying machines high in the air or very close to the ground.

There are all kinds of flying donkeys.

There is the show-off type, such as this one which flew Harvards at No. 13 S.F.T.S.

Now most donkeys are very hard to get going, and they aren't steeplechase material at the best. Manoeuvrable would hardly be the word to describe them. But this donkey wanted to show the world how fast he was; how he could run rings around a speed artist like a train.



SO, WITH A LOUD BRAY, HE DID.



He shot this way and that way, and over and alongside -  
*all at 200 feet.*

Then he did three slow rolls.

HE WAS ALSO COURTMARTIALED.

Most donkeys are the dare-devil I-don't-give-a-damn-for-rules-and-regulations type. Frequently they are paranoiacs, with an emphasis on the delusions of persecution. They think everybody is just out to spoil their fun.

**DEATH** never deters them.

If some donkey smears himself doing something which the book of rules warns is bad medicine, the other donkeys never concede that there must be something in that regulation after all.

NO SIREE.

They conclude that their late friend, Joe Donkey, forgot to look at his airspeed, or did something equally stupid, and they would never be as careless as that.

CERTAINLY NOT.

This donkey (late of No. 31 B. and G.) thought regulations against aerobating twin-engine aircraft a lot of twaddle.

SO HE TRIED TO LOOP AN ANSON.

*He'll never do it again.*

But even before the body was cold, so to speak, another donkey, (No. 9 S.F.T.S.) was doing the same thing. This donkey (who survived to be the main feature of a court-martial) was an even bigger donkey from another standpoint.

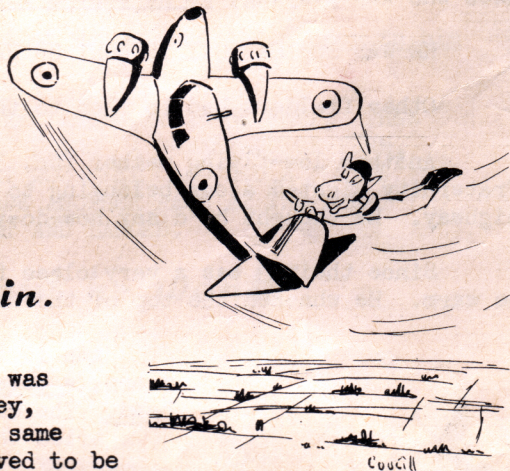
He was due to graduate in a week - AS TOP MAN.

HE LEFT AT THE BOTTOM.

And, of course no list of aerobatic donkeys would be complete without that at No. 8 B. and G. who looped and rolled a Lysander. He said he wasn't very happy in western Canada.

He still isn't.

The short-eared donkey generally can't stand altitude. They always like to be within quick reach of firma terra. Not too close, mind you, but close enough.



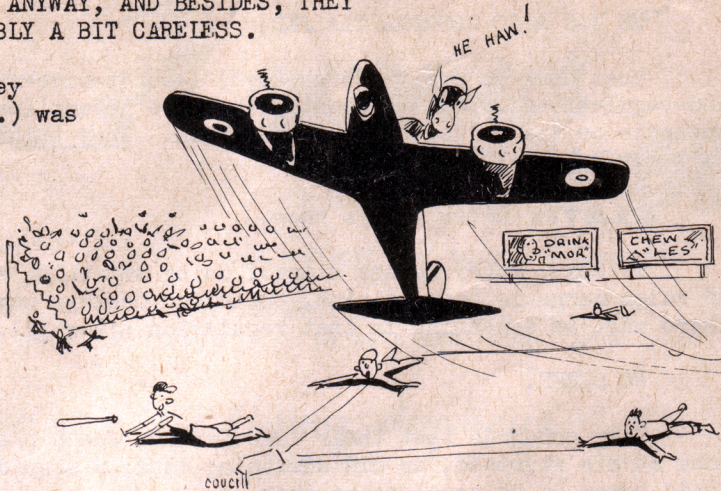


This desire to be close to the ground has, of course, killed a lot of donkeys.

BUT THE SURVIVORS REASON THAT THEY'D HAVE DIED AT HEIGHT ANYWAY, AND BESIDES, THEY WERE PROBABLY A BIT CARELESS.

This donkey (No. 19 S.F.T.S.) was on a low-level cross-country flight, and his student got somewhat off track.

While the student pin-pointed, our donkey friend decided to take in a baseball game. He couldn't read the names on the program sheet, and he just had to know who was playing, so he went a little lower.



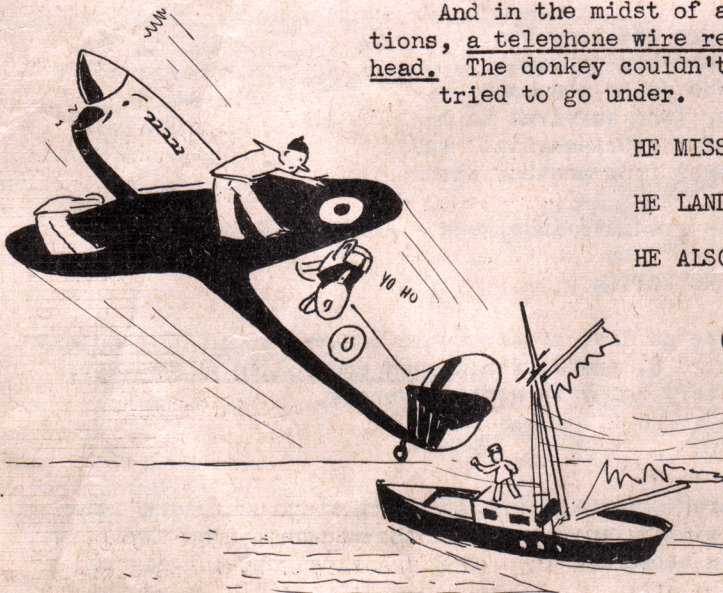
HE WAS SO LOW THEY THOUGHT HE WAS PLAYING CENTRE-FIELD.

Other fielders had to flop to the ground.

Another low-flying member (No. 32 E.F.T.S.) of the donkey fraternity sighted a car belonging to friends roaring along the highway. He thought he'd say how-do-you-do.

Since theirs was a very close friendship, the greeting had to be warm. He whacked the top of the car.

And in the midst of all these salutations, a telephone wire reared its ugly head. The donkey couldn't get over, so he tried to go under.



HE MISSED.

HE LANDED.

HE ALSO LEFT THE SERVICE.

This donkey (No. 118 Squadron, Sea Island, B.C.) was ordered up to 25,000 feet to do an oxygen test.

**HE HIT A BOAT.**

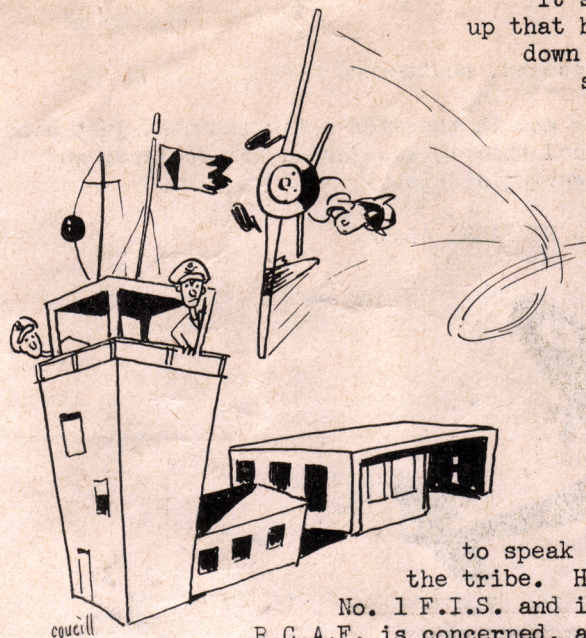


It seems that after he'd been up that high, he decided to come down a bit to improve his sight before landing. As his sight got better, he spotted a fishing vessel and noticed it had no identification. And as his sight sharpened he noticed "an unusual number of men on deck."

SO HE WENT LOWER.

THEN HE CLIPPED THE BOAT.

The next donkey of whom we are going to speak was a senior member of the tribe. He was an instructor at No. 1 F.I.S. and is now, so far as the R.C.A.F. is concerned, a member of the great unemployed.



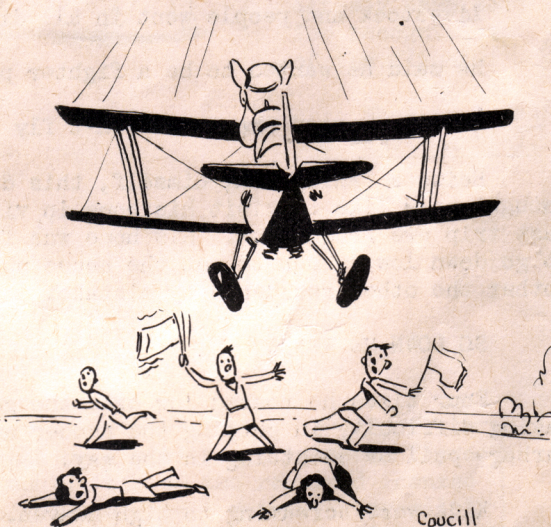
He took off in a Harvard at 9 p.m. and the donkey in him took control.

HE DOVE DOWN ALONG THE TARMAC AT 25-50 FEET, THEN DID AN UPWARD ROLL. DOING A DONKEY-QUICK TURN, HE ROARED BACK AT 200 FEET AND DID A SLOW ROLL. THEN HE MADE ANOTHER PASS AT THE AIRPORT AND LANDED.

### *And out he went.*

This donkey (No. 13 E.F.T.S.) has a passion for livestock. He loves farms and everything connected thereto.

Apparently that's why he descended to 25-50 feet over a farm recently, though at the court-martial he said no. He stated that while pounding along at 2000 feet, minding his own business, he saw some people on the ground. One of them was holding something white, and waving.



Thinking that "SOMEONE MIGHT BE IN DISTRESS," and he might get an A.F.C. out of it,

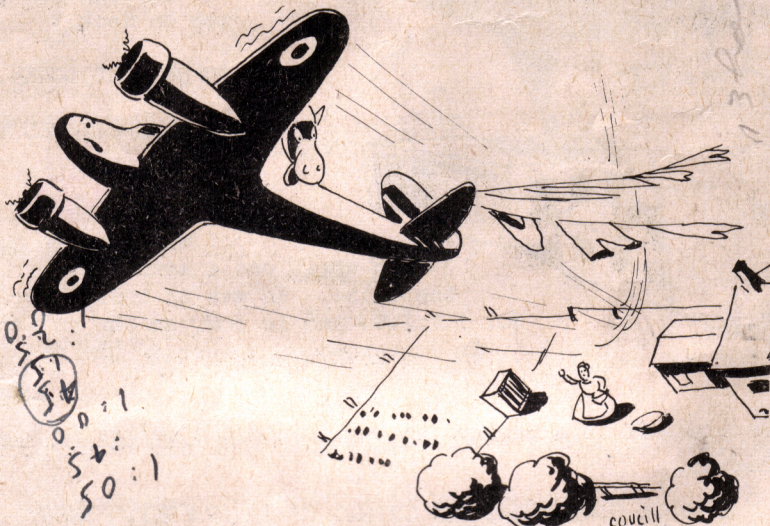


DOWN HE DIVED.

His friends, the livestock, scattered.

After shooting hither and thither for a few moments, just nicely off the ground, he decided that it was just a false alarm, and that the people were just waving at him.

THE COURT-MARTIAL WAS NO FALSE ALARM.



Another lover of farm life was this donkey (No. 3 S.F.T.S.). Instead of doing a bombing exercise, as ordered, he did a few steep turns then hurried down to the donkey tribe's natural level -

### JUST OFF THE GROUND

Livestock and people went in all directions.

He said he wanted to be a fighter pilot.

There's a good chance he won't fly at all.

Being a family man, himself, this donkey (No. 16 S.F.T.S.) thought he'd like to visit his home in view of the fact this was his last trip ere graduation. His home was Toronto, and of course he had to go down low enough to get the house number or otherwise he might bother the other residents by mistake.

SO DOWN HE WENT.

Four times he roared low over the general area, undoubtedly having difficulty in getting the number as there was a tree or garbage pail or something in the way.

Kids were screaming to high heaven.

EVERYBODY ELSE BUT THE DONKEY WAS CONVINCED HE WAS ABOUT TO CRASH.

290 Dual Solo  
 1.00  
 1.00  
 1.00  
 3.00  
 0.45  
 0.15  
 0.15  
 0.15  
 # 961

3 20  
 3 25  
 3 65  
 4 05

50.0  
 10.0  
 4.5  
 5.5

7:30  
 3  
 55

1:00  
 1:45  
 5:00  
 1:00  
 1:45  
 5:00

11:30  
 0



He didn't.

BUT IT WAS HIS LAST FLIGHT.

An instructor donkey (No. 4 S.F.T.S.) was down on a low-level cross-country flight when a school house came into his sights, so to speak. The school house brought back old memories to him, so he thought he'd give the youngsters a slight relief from the general tedium.

THE WINDOWS SHOOK AS HE POUNDED OVER, AND ONE OF THE YOUNGSTERS SCREAMED THAT THE PLANE WAS CHASING HER.

The donkey said he noticed the kids waving and being a hero-worshipper himself, he gave them a few sharp short turns. And, he admits, THEY LOVED IT.

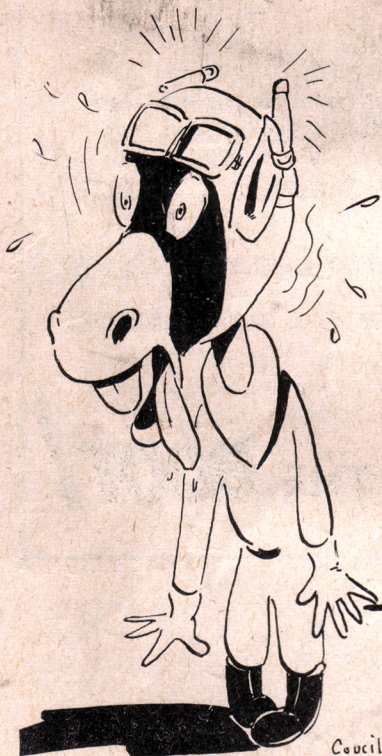
MEMBERS OF THE COURT-MARTIAL DIDN'T.

Now we want to tell you about a very rare type of donkey. This donkey (No. 8 A.O.S.) was not a pilot, but an observer. However, flying looked pretty simple to him, so he climbed into an Anson, and away he went. This, of course, very, very solo.

He was up for 2½ hours.

He got quite a reception on landing, and many plans had already been made for recognition of the flight.

They included the court-martial.



BASICALLY, WE ARE ALL POTENTIAL DONKEYS, BUT THE GOOD MAN DOESN'T LET THE DONKEY IN HIM TAKE CONTROL. IF YOUR EARS BEGIN TO TWITCH, PINCH THEM AND SHOUT "GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATAN." IF YOUR EARS GET TOO LONG, THEY CAN BE PINNED BACK VERY EASILY.

A pilot (No. 5 B & G), asked by a visiting flight to fly a certain compass course, couldn't set the required course on the verge ring. Asked how he flew a course, our pilot replied: "Oh, I always have a pupil bomb aimer set it for me". And he'd been flying on exercises for eight months, too.



THIS CHAP REALLY GOT THE JACKPOT.

An instructor (No. 17 S.F.T.S.), he landed his Anson, to discover that he had no brakes. However, he decided that he would be a "hot pilot", rather than a smart pilot -

*He'd taxi without brakes.*

After all, when you're the confident, determined type, like our hero, brakes are just something else to wear out.

Going straight down the taxi strip was simple. But then he started turning corners, and weaving between other aircraft, etc., etc., etc.

AND THAT'S WHEN THE TROUBLE STARTED.

He was picking his way through two rows of parked aircraft when, to his dismay, he noticed that "a collision was imminent", which means, in the language of the street, that he was about to smear another aircraft. He banged open the port throttle.

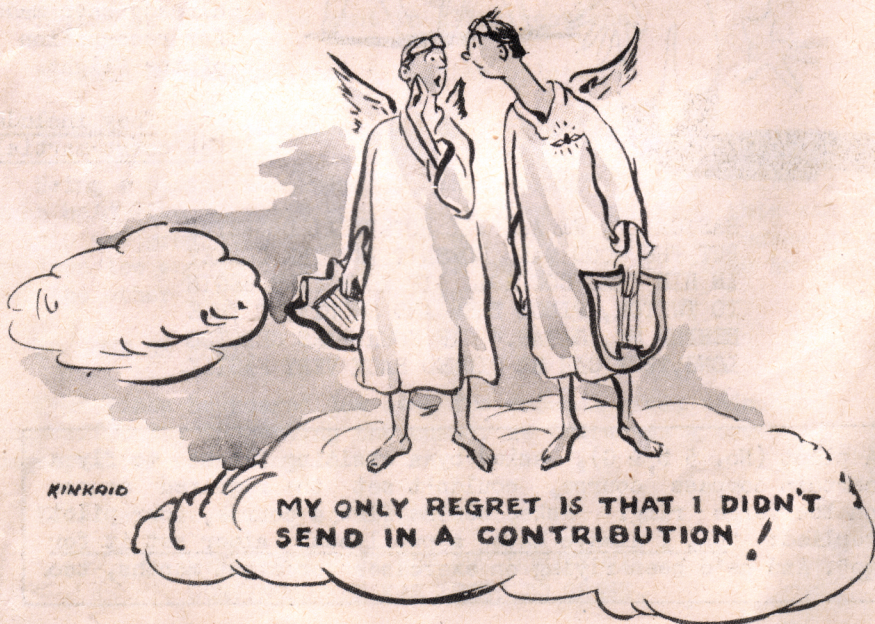
And his wingtip CLIPPED THE RUDDER OF A PARKED PLANE.

On he careened, SMASHING THE RUDDER OF A SECOND MACHINE.

Then he groundlooped.

And HIT A THIRD AIRCRAFT.

HIS SCORE - FOUR AIRCRAFT **AND THE BOOT!**



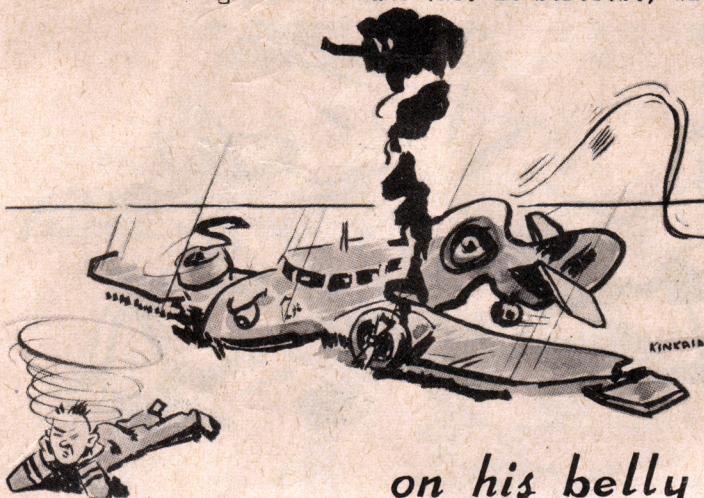


# IDIOTS' DELIGHT

MY, HOW SOME OF THESE CHARACTERS DO CARRY ON !

This Flight Lieutenant (No. 12 S.F.T.S.) with over 1000 hours.

thought he'd save a little time on take-off and get his undercart up a bit ahead of time.



Besides, it'd reduce his drag, and get him up faster.

INSTEAD HE WENT DOWN —

*on his belly !*

Said his station : "It is impossible to instill common sense in a pilot of such experience. With an ordinary amount of common sense this accident would never have occurred."

QUITE !

.....

Our pupil (No. 41 S.F.T.S.) was doing steep turns, and after getting himself thoroughly tied up in circles, he came out to learn that he didn't know where he was. He hunted here, and scurried there, and finally, since his gas was running low, he landed in a field - WHEELS DOWN - NOSE DOWN.

He **DID NOT** carry maps.

.....

This instructor (late of No. 31 E.F.T.S.) spun in and died. So did his pupil.

THEIR LAST MANOEUVRE, IN A CORNELL, WAS A STEEP TURN, AT LOW ALTITUDE, WITH FULL FLAP!

.....

This student (No. 10 E.F.T.S.) was doing circuits and bumps (with an emphasis on the bumps) in a Moth. On one circuit, he dropped his wailing aircraft in from a great height, but figured that since it would still run there couldn't possibly be anything wrong.

216  
255  
12.05

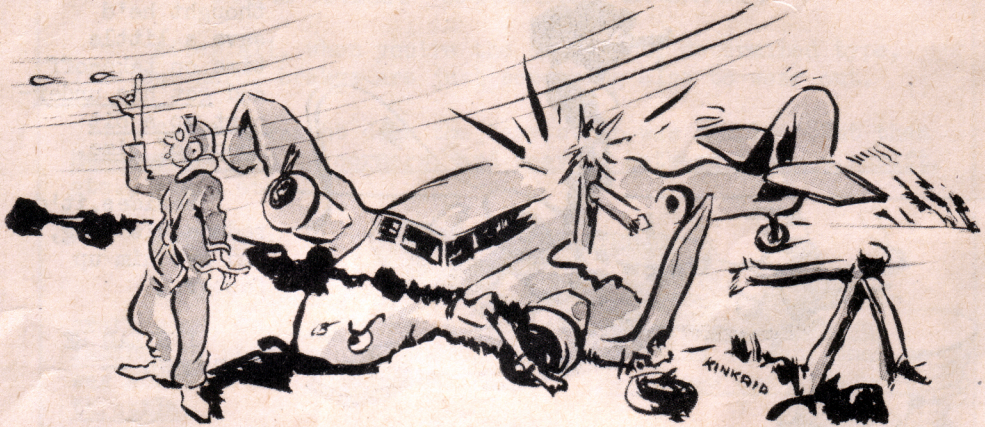


His next landing was a beaut.

BUT THE UNDERCARRIAGE CAVED IN.

.....

A staff pilot (No.33 A.N.S.) landed downwind, overshot and whacked a fence. As he cringed from the wreckage, he admitted he'd seen the landing T "but made a little mistake."



AND WITH 700 HOURS, TOO.

.....

Another instructor (No. 33 S.F.T.S.) was demonstrating single-engine landings. He removed the horn fuse so he could hear himself think. He obviously didn't hear a peep; that is, not until he saw his props gradually whittle themselves down to hub size along the tortured runway. The silence must have lulled him into a false sense of security, for -

HE COMPLETELY IGNORED HIS UNDERCARRIAGE.

.....

Generally one demonstrates stalling at 1000 feet ONLY ONCE.

This pilot (No. 2 W.S.) found that out.

**HE'S DEAD NOW .**

.....

This pupil (No. 13 E.F.T.S.) got permission to take off, and was so happy about the whole thing he didn't care where he did it.

WITHOUT EVEN A TEENY-WEENY PEEK AHEAD,  
HE BANGED THE THROTTLE WIDE OPEN.

The roar of the engine was exceeded only by the roar as he tore into the taxi post.

REMEMBER *Willie* (NOV. ISSUE)? - HE DID NOT BURN.



Another pupil (No. 6 E.F.T.S.) was doing medium turns, and on recovering from one (his last), his port wing dropped and his Tigerschmitt started slipping toward earth.

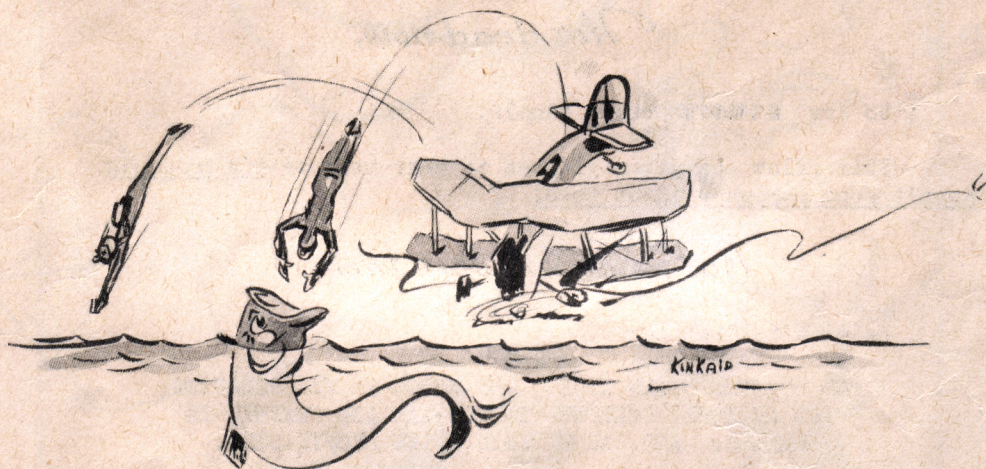
This was all very strange.

No matter what our student tried, the aircraft apparently just didn't want to come out, and thinking that the whole world was about to fall apart, OUR STUDENT BAILED OUT.

THE AIRCRAFT THEREUPON STRAIGHTENED OUT ALL BY ITSELF AND DIVED STRAIGHT INTO THE GROUND.

.....

This instructor (late of No. 10 E.F.T.S.) apparently wanted to see where a certain river ran to. So that he wouldn't miss anything he went right down over the water.



HE DIDN'T MISS A THING - NOT EVEN THE CABLE STRETCHED ACROSS THE RIVER.

He died.

*So did his pupil.*

.....

Yet another instructor (No. 7 S.F.T.S.) saw smoke issuing from his port engine, and presumed it was on fire. So he promptly shut down that engine, and headed back for the airport. So far so good.

BUT THEN HE SLIPPED.

He was so excited he forgot that sequence popularly described as a downwind check.

**YEP, ON HIS ABDOMEN!**



5. 235  
180  
6: 55

6:55 1wk.

6 55  
7 30  
8 85  
8:25



### FLYING BLIND

We'd like to tell you about a staff pilot (No. 1 C.N.S.) who had poor eyesight.

*He's dead now.*

So are **EIGHT** other people.

This pilot was given glasses to wear because his eyesight wasn't good enough without them.

*But he never wore them.*

He didn't like them.

AND SO, THE OTHER NIGHT, THE ANSON HE WAS PILOTING, AND ANOTHER, COLLIDED IN MID-AIR AND CRASHED IN FLAMES. AND, AS WE SAID, NINE PEOPLE DIED.

We're not blaming him entirely.

IN FACT, PERHAPS THE GREATEST BLAME SHOULD REST ON THE OTHER PILOT. HE CAME IN TO LAND WITHOUT GETTING PERMISSION TO DO SO.

However, it is reasonable to presume that had the other pilot worn his glasses he would have seen the other plane, and there'd have been no collision.

"Without the glasses," said the Medical Officer, "his vision would not have been good enough for night flying."

Glasses are not given to fill up your pockets.

They're provided to wear.

**WEAR THEM!**

