

DAT HÄMPIRE HÄIR TRAIN PLAN

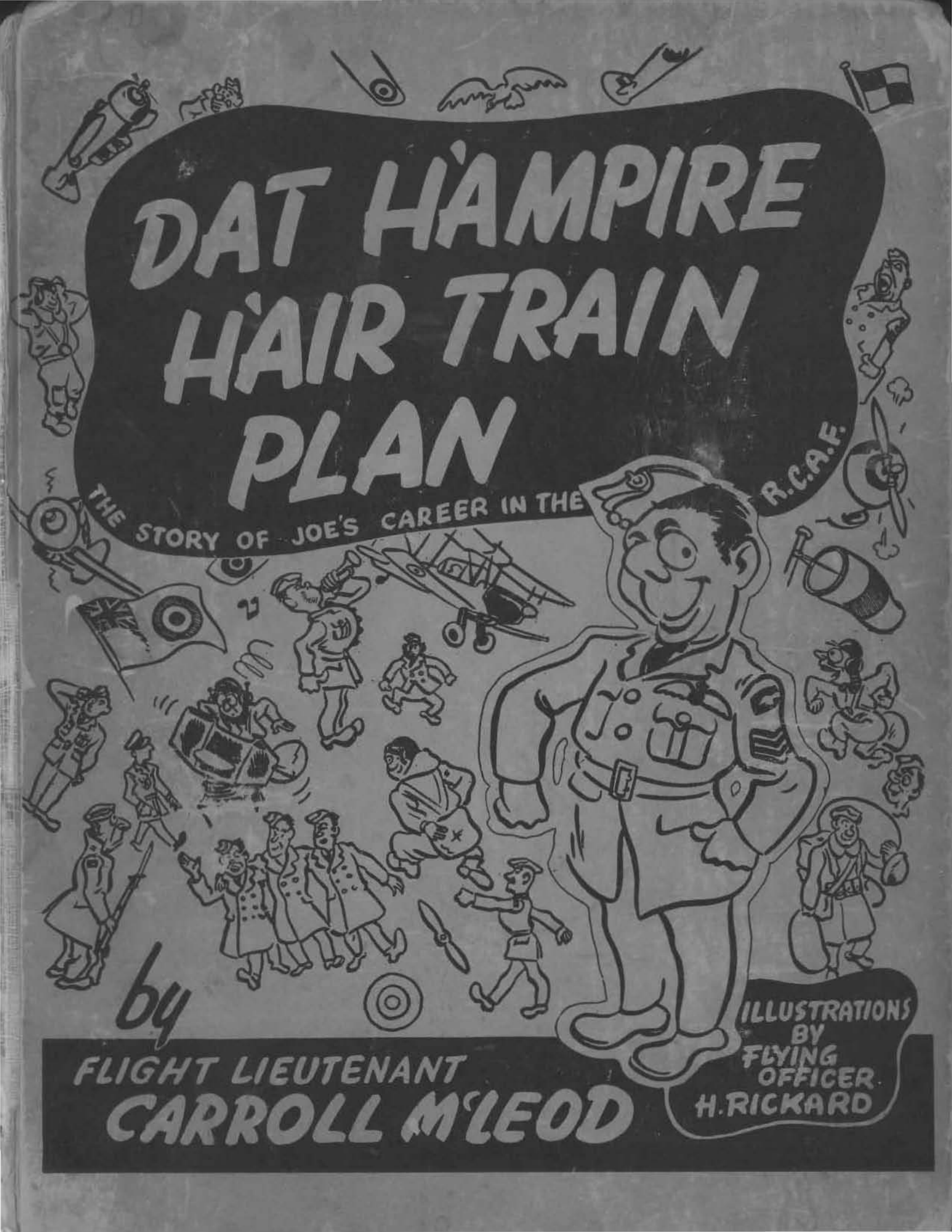
THE STORY OF JOE'S CAREER IN THE

R.C.A.F.

by

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT
CARROLL M'LEOD

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
FLYING
OFFICER
H. RICKARD



Dat H'ampire H'air Train Plan

by

Flight Lieutenant Carroll McLeod

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FOREWORD

This inadequate volume is respectfully dedicated to all Aircrew from the original British Commonwealth Air Training Plan; the adjusted Joint Air Training Plan; and the recently renamed B.C.A.T.P. operated by the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Thousands of young airmen have duplicated the extensive and thorough training required by the Plan, but no comparative story has been told about their personal associations and experiences in going through that period of training and their subsequent activity in action overseas.

It is sincerely hoped that this story of a "Joe's" career in the R.C.A.F. has captured for all aircrew some of those never-to-be-forgotten experiences during training and some exciting moments of historic action in the face of the enemy.

Just why this story has been told in verse and in dialect can only be explained by the fact that the Author enjoyed doing it that way.

THE AUTHOR

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Part One

This poem is the original in the series and was written in April 1940 at Trenton station during the final period of the original long Link Instructors course. Since that time the Link Trainer has gradually increased its usefulness in the flying training program and "Dat Goddam Bird de Link" in mimeograph form has appeared on the walls and desks of hundreds of Link trainer sections. Additional inspiration hit the author from time to time and the net result is presented between the covers of this book.



You take him off wit' nose to sky—
But dat goddam t'ing to floor she's tie.

Dat Goddam Bird De Link

For two t'ree mont' my brudder Pierre,
Take course on "Link" to fly de h'air.
Dat "Link" she's plane of speciale make,
On first solo your nerves he's shake,
You take him off wit' nose to sky---
But dat goddam t'ing to floor she's tie.

I visit once on Trenton place,
Dose "Link" line up lac for de race,
Dat "Link" she's funny bird to see,
Got wings and tail, so Pierre show me,
But w'en you give wot's call "de gun",
You stay right where you started from.



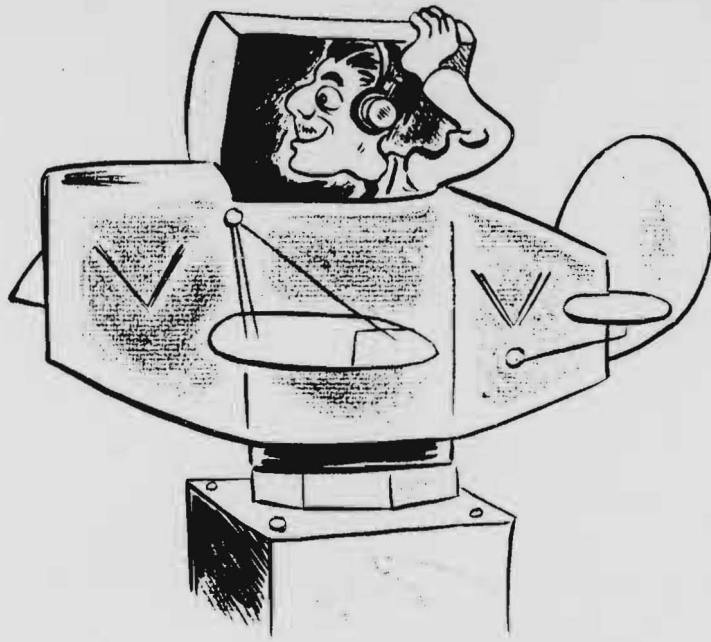
Pierre say eyes get cross' one day—
Try turn to lef', go odder way.

Wit' system Pierre call one, two, t'ree,
Dat "Link" she's fly lac hay, bee, see.
Wit' needle, ball and and h'airspeed dial,
You fly like hell for two, t'ree mile,
Go right, go left, it's h'all de same,
Dat needle, she's lac bear to tame.

Pierre, he's tell us once on leave,
He's boss, C.O., get plenty peeve,
When h'airspeed, height above de groun',
Don't stay put, go hop and down.
Pierre say eyes get cross' one day---
Try turn to lef', go odder way.



But lucky man, he's now ver' able.
He's fly dat "Link" from de goddam table.



Duck under hood, Pierre mus' hide.

Pierre come home for h'Easter h'eggs,
Starts talkin' "Beams, and cones and legs",
Dat's radio noise wit' "Link" he's ride,
Duck under hood, Pierre mus' hide.
I h'ask him why he's not fly home---
Dat "Link" she's nail to floor of stone.

Pierre he's change, my modder t'ink,
Since he's been ridin' in dat "Link";
He's appetite on week-end trips,
She's shrink on down---jus' leedle bits---
But lucky man, he's now ver' able,
He's fly dat "Link" from de goddam table.

Part Two

The following poems tell the story of "Joe's" career in the R.C.A.F. as narrated by himself in his own style. In truth, he could be any one of the thousands of aircrew trainees who are now bravely blasting history from the skies, the world over. Before you finish reading about "Joe" you will find him an earnest, brave, hard-working airman. He trained hard, studied hard and proved to his superiors that he was the "stuff" of which heroes could be made.



If heart she's big, wit' plenty chest,
You go to Manning Pool for rest.

Dat H'ampire H'air Train Plan

D'is great big H'ampire H'air Train Plan,
She's mos' big job, take plenty man;
You firs' go in and tro' off pants,
D'en shirt and sox, an' jompa dance.
So Doc he's look inside your mout',
If can't find pulse, he's toss you out.

If heart she's big, wit' plenty chest
You go to Manning Pool for rest.
Dat's where you get blue uniform,
And sleep on double deck in dorm'.
Dat's where dat drill she's started from,
She's never stop, d'ere's more to come.



You march wit' wind, freeze up your face,
Dat Sarge he's swear, "Wottahell a place".

One morning, two-tree flights of you,
Catch train for Wes', wit' baggage too,
For two-t'ree night you ride lac hell,
At small station, "Fall out," Sarge yell.
You march wit' wind, freeze up your face,
Dat Sarge he's swear, "Wottahell a place."



And only plane you ever hear—
She's pass d'is place, 'bout twice a year.

For mont' or two, you guard wit' gun,
Cold day, cold night, mos' time you run.
Sometime you t'ink, w'en do I fly?
'Cause two, t'ree mont' she's pass on by,
And only plane you ever hear---
She's pass d'is place, 'bout twice a year.

Jus' w'en you t'ink dey's pass you by,
An' fix' for life, as guard, don't fly,
You jump on train and go on trip,
To I.T.S. where park your grip,
And drill she's catch you up once more;
D'ere's class for teach, on two-t'ree floor.



Here's where you t'ink, by gosh I'm fly
But Link Trainer's de bes' you try.

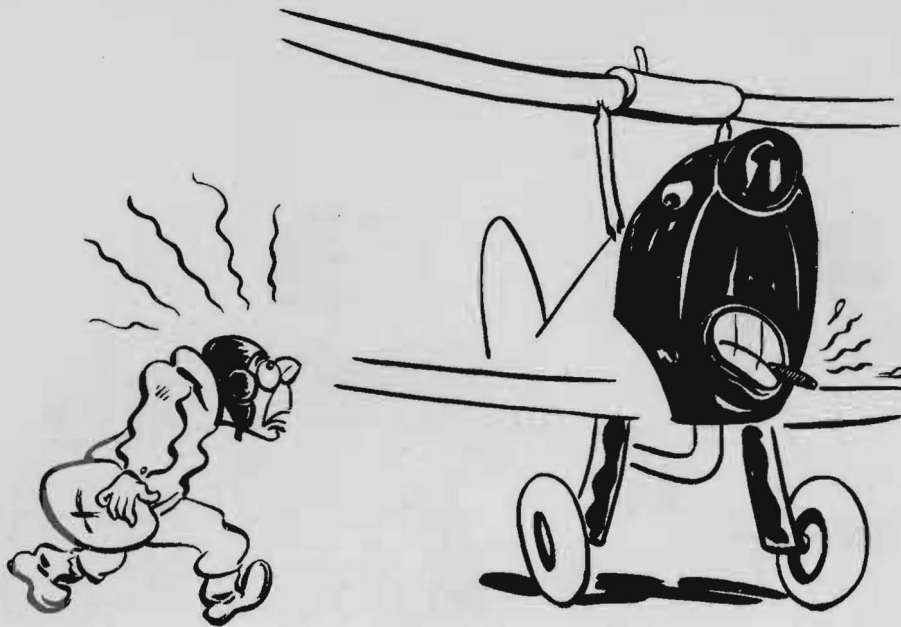
Here's where you t'ink, by gosh I'm fly,
But Link Trainer's de bes' you try.
You get from bed, it's dark lac hell,
D'ey always ring dat goddam bell.
Go here, go d'ere, wit' book on arm,
You wish for work back on dat farm.

Five-six week in d'is school place,
You hope, by gosh, she's last big race.
Exam she's snare you every day,
You write so hard for what to say;
But biggest day your life come quick,
W'en for a pilot, you are pick.



Take snapshot for dat girl back home,
Hair all grease, wit' planty comb.

Nex' day big bunch get flyin' kit,
Wit' goggle, boots and big fur mit.
Dat pilot suit, she's classy cut,
Lac Polar bear I'm walk and strut.
Take snapshot for dat girl back home,
Hair all grease, wit' planty comb.



Dat w'en dat plane she's front of me,
I feel ver' small and shake of knee.

I'm worry much on parade nex' day,
Dat board selection, pass our way.
Once more we tro' off pant and shirt,
Wit' eye and ear, dat doc he's flirt.
I'm push up metal in dat glass,
And Doc write down, 'Joseph, he's pass!'"

So many days and mont's pass by,
Since first I join to fly in sky,
Dat w'en dat plane she's front of me,
I feel ver' small and shake of knee.
My firs' time off dat solid groun',
I'm wish I'm back in Levis town.

D'ose firs' two week at flyin' school,
Teach me no more to play at fool.
Instructor man, he's nice big guy,
He make you do your bes' or die.
Dat plane go h'up, come down h'okay,
So long you do what boss he say.

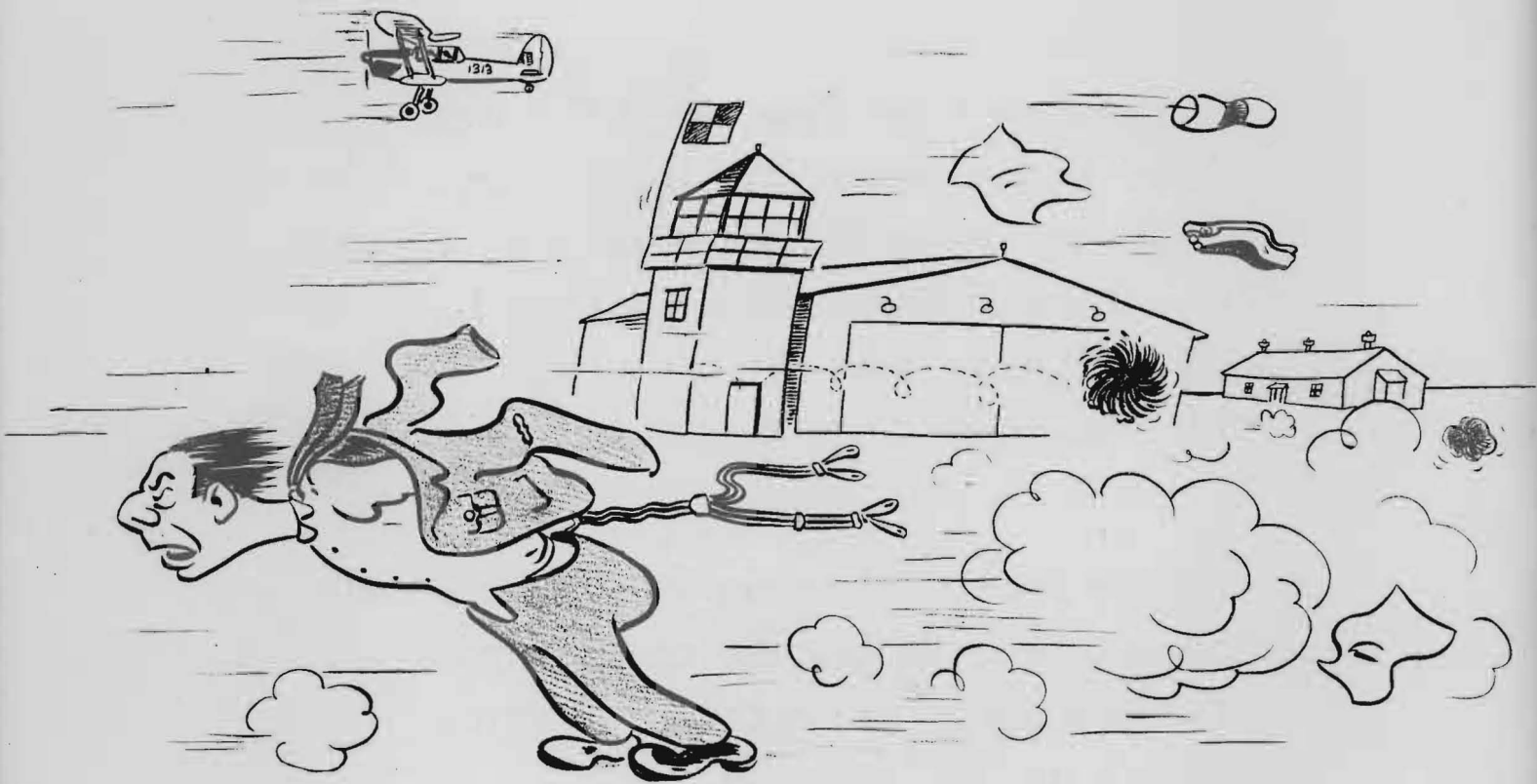
From dat firs' time on solo flight,
D'ose days fly by, lac northern light.
Two mont' pass by and lucky me,
I'm pass out from dat E.F.T.
To Camp Borden. dat's service course,
Sixteen more week, I'm work lac horse.



Dat's where I get d'ese "wings" I'm wear.

Dat's where I get d'ese wings I'm wear,
After six long mont' I'm fly de h'air.
I pass my tes' at Borden place,
Get shake of hand and smile from face,
Of C.O. man, who pin d'ese on,
He's no more d'ere, oversea he's gone.

So you see dat H'ampire H'air Train Plan,
She's took 'bout year for train de man.
I've tole you 'bout my brudder Pierre,
Who's fly dat Link mos' anywhere.
He's fly d'ose "Spit", shoot down five Hun,
I'm hope to join dat sonnavagun.



At all dose Elementary School, in H'Air Train Plan out West,
D'ere's wind she's blow, mos' all de time. tear off your pant and vest

Watch Out For Dat Wind

At all d'ose Elementary School,
in H'air Train Plan out West,
D'ere's wind she's blow, mos' all de time,
tear off your pant and vest.
Sometime she's blow at eighty mile,
sometimes she's pass one twenty,
De ole windsock she's fly off pole,
w'en wind she's get too plenty.

In early mornin' flyin' check,
d'air she's smooth lac jell,
But sun quick pull d'ose cork out,
and ship she's bounce lac hell.
So boss he's hang de washout flag,
w'en dust blow in his face,
Instructor men rush out lac hens,
w'en kids force down, mos' any place.



Sure every day, dat wind she's blow, boss man see charts get red,
C.F.I. man make noise lac wind, and groan he's miss his bed.

Instructor men get sour of puss,
wit' rule for fly by night,
Mos' every man pull bung from keg,
some take on boss for fight.
"W'ot is idee," d'ey squawk real loud.
"D'is night-fly stuff, she's bunk."
"Our keeds can't land by light of day,
in blackout d'ey be sunk."

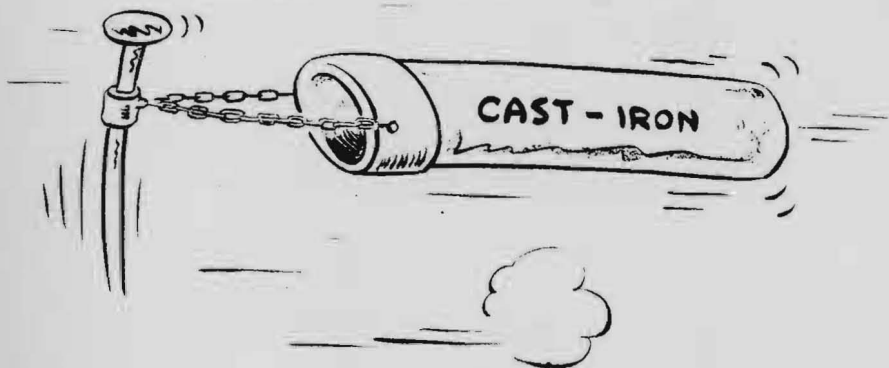
Sure every day, dat wind she's blow,
boss man see charts get red,
C.F.I. man make noise lac wind,
and groan he's miss his bed.
"Dat goddam wind," he say w'it spark,
"She's bad for fly by day,"
"Let's hang out light in green and red,
night-fly she'll be lac play,"

But chief he's answer for dat one.

“You guys climb under hood,”
“Let student land you down dat wind,
big bounce will do you good.”
‘If flyin’ blind is wot you do,
w’en wind she’s blow all day,
Hang out d’ose green and big red light,
night-fly she’s here to stay.”

D’ere’s not one day w’en wind shut up,
mos’ time you can fly Link,
But who in hell get kick from dat,
fly circuits wit’ red ink?
Dat Link she’s nail down to de floor,
dose dial go h’up and down,
W’en passin’ flyin’ tes’ in dat,
you sweat lac for to drown.

Lac wind you pass across dat place,
eight week you try for fly,
Remember dat you're fledgling duck,
d'ere's lots more you mus' try.
So w'en d'ey pin dose wing on ches',
at Service Flyin' School,
Look always w'ich way wind she's blow,
or you be flyin' fool.



Look always w'ich way wind she's blow, or you be flyin' fool.

This book belongs to —
S/L. C. J. MCKENZIE



Rick By