

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR THE PERSONNEL OF 5 I.T.S. BELLEVILLE, ONT.
 BY KIND PERMISSION OF WING COMMANDER A.J. SNETSINGER, E.D.
THE OLE SWIMMING HOLE

One of the chief delights of boyhood is to go down to the old swimming hole, hang your clothes on a hickory limb, and go swimming *a la carte*. What a thrill to slick down your hair with back of your hand, dry yourself in the sun, then try to let on to me that you had never been near the water let alone in it. Such memories are soon revived as you see the airman scurrying under the railway tracks, stripping as they go, and with a war whoop of sheer delight taking a belly flopper into the warm waters of the Quinte.

What with a lovely cottage to lounge in, a well kept lawn and clean beach, not to mention electric floodlights and the sweet strains of Love's old refrain squeaking out of the antedeluvian serenade box, it is a perfect setting indeed. All airmen waiting posting to an I.T.S. spend most of their Tarmac Time hoping and praying that they will be posted to that beautiful summer resort located on the moonlit shores of the Bay of Quinte - No. 5 I.T.S.

When you feel hot, dusty, and tired bring your trunks and come down for a refreshing plunge. It is such pleasure as these that make life worth while.

"Hi ya Skinny ! last in is a so and so! Okay blub, blub, blub, say look after these shorts will ya. They just won't stay on."
 Be seen you at the Ole Swimm'n Hole.



HEAVEN CAN WAIT

Reams, volumes, brochures indigestible,
Have been shouted loud and moaned low in
and re a position detestable,
To wit: such odious tasks are foisted, such
denial of liberty, equality & fraternity--
Most unfortunate catastrophe
Why should one have to be
A poor G.D.

Gentlemen; I should like to go on record
with vehemence
That the denouncers and revilers have de-
nounced and reviled without sufficient
evidence,
Nor have they noted in their rash import-
unity
The calm untroubled, clear-eyed equanimity
Of their imagined calamity,
The happy G.D.

Amlets gone, oh heap derision
All view dimly the decision
While the Padre weekly notes
that Hell looms large for sure,
the S.A.O. is routed
"Give me rulers!" loud they shouted,
And the Y Director licks his wounds
unfriendly and obscure.

Picking his teeth with a straw detachedly,
Untrembled, almost gleefully,
Muses your G.D.

The question of saluting and other such
intrinsic matters
Bothers your G.D. not a whit for he salutes
all flat-hatters.
Nor do such problems as "I was a F/L before
you were a F/O so why should I call you
"Sir"

Cause him to stir.
No renks to remember tediously--
Just "Sir" to everybody,
Says your G.D.

Addressing N.C.O.'s is a matter to him nei-
ther difficult nor mystical
For he calls them all "Sgt" which is most
simple and logical.

Thus reasons the W.O. or F/S that the suffix
Ward 2 with the hot water bottles,
or prefix the G.D. had muttered inaudibly
aspirin, etc.- but no Epsom salts. The
And the Cpl. is pleased and amazed with the
time detained in hospital is just long
perspicacity,
enough for a ghoulish reporter to pounce
Of the Floor Joe who has noted with such
on a so called news flash and the expect-
sagacity
ant father is left with only one conclusion
How he, lowly Cpl., is of senior N.C.O.
- he is a victim of circumstance. I know
potentiality--
for I was ribbed in last week's Flash.
He has seen servants riding and princes
L.A.C. Paley,
walking dejectedly,
Editor's Note: Will expectant fathers
And N.C.O.'s are undreamed of in his
please make reservations at the hospital
philosophy,
early. This co-operation is requested
Our stoical G.D.
by the staff.

Oh aircrew, bravely toiling, eating bread
with bread, fearless, altruistic,
Terminal velocity, Progress of War, C.A.P.
12, drill, and "how many days C.P. can",
Hitler is vandalistic
Rain bombs, shatter nerves, tear, destroy,
build up, kill or be killed magnificently
Toil, slave, sweat, work, oh God, can't
you work harder. Incidentally
Grab the phone at noon, quickly,
Phone her, make a date-tonight--hurriedly,
"Darling--you--can't--somebody else ahead
of me?"
Defeated ignominiously.....
Talking with her all the morning
Whispering sweet love sublime;
Toil and books so proudly scorning,
Gently living, lives his time,
And the aircrew hero's darling lists, and
coos back tenderly;
Not unadvisedly,
Love needs proximity
He has the time you see,
Your Casanova G.D.

Dear God should war again possessing
Hearts and minds of men distressing
Send us forth again to battle for
our country proud and free,
Give me not of rank or station
Nor meritorious decoration:
Please make me
A G.D.

F/S M.J. Rosenberg

Letter to the Editor.....

Dear Editor:
The two best friends an airman
can possibly have on many a dark day are the
Senior Medical Officer, and the Padre. My
sole advice to all airmen-- stay clear of
them -- that is, after a blessed event.

Prior to the occasion of such
an event, an airman places his confidence
in both these officers of experience. Take
for example, S/L Riddell. On the surface
there isn't a better M.O. on any station.
But that's only on the surface. Actually
underneath there's a scheme being formed
to supply a certain paper called "Flash"
with news.

An expectant father goes thru
--(censored)-- those long never ending
months, especially the last few days, and
of course by the time congratulations are
in order, eager to eliminate the memories
seeks the M.O. for advice. The outcome -
the prostrated father airman finds himself
Ward 2 with the hot water bottles,
aspirin, etc.- but no Epsom salts. The
time detained in hospital is just long
enough for a ghoulish reporter to pounce
on a so called news flash and the expect-
ant father is left with only one conclusion
- he is a victim of circumstance. I know
for I was ribbed in last week's Flash.

L.A.C. Paley,

Editor's Note: Will expectant fathers
please make reservations at the hospital
early. This co-operation is requested
by the staff.

SEZ HERE!



THE NORTH DIAMOND MULLA

FLIGHT 15

The honour of being the first casualty from flight 15 rightly fell to Parks, our flight senior, who sustained lacerations on his body while dismantling a Browning. Fortunately this will not interfere with his nocturnal chats with an unidentified blonde.

The ball team has rounded out very well with 2 wins against 0 defeats. We hope the officers team will take note and apply themselves more diligently to their practices.

As Sgt. Watson leaving for a holiday of two weeks, we can expect an improvement in the discipline and drill of the flight during that time.

Lindsey, yesterday, had the honour of being one of the few, the very few, whose bed escaped the hands of the person whose apparent mania is to rip beds apart. What we want to know is: who in ~~the~~ does it?

FLIGHT 12

Flight 12 would like to know why AC2 Meadus has so much trouble Slow Marching?

What happened to AC2 Stewart on the horse in the gym the other day? Better watch that Stewart.

WO2 Lacey moved over to the Sgts. quarters the other day to live. We wonder then why it was that he slept in the East Barrack ~~at~~ last night?

Cpl. Allsworth has been doing a swell job on getting the boys up in the morning in the East Barracks. When he wakes us at 0600 hrs. with "Don't get around Much any More" we know that he is the trumpeter for us.

Was it this trumpet playing that brought on the boot polish? Ask the boys from 14.

If you fellows get the chance, have AC2 Annan of 14 flight play the piano for you. He makes the keys jump faster than the sparks from an emery wheel.

IMAGINATION NEEDED

The recruits were having a lecture about the dangers of espionage, and especially about talking to strangers about military matters.

"Hitler knows all about this camp," said the officer, "He knows where it is situated how many men are here,; he probably knows exactly what you had for breakfast this morning."

A recruit sprang to his feet as he remembered the strange cookhouse concoction he had for breakfast.

"He must be a very clever man, Sir, for that's more than we know ourselves."

Early Thursday morning eighteen mangled bodies were found scattered about the trim baseball diamond at 5 I.T.S.

Records show that this had been the scene of the Officers vs Diggers do, and it is presumed that the gruesome objects were the remains of participants.

An almost indecipherable score card found near the scene read Officers 16, Diggers 15. Foul play is suspected as the clean cleaving shows the work of an expert. AC2 Berlin is being held for questioning.

Officers living in the nearby mess can, on still nights, hear goulish groans which seem to say: "There's anudder day coming, we'll mop the floor wit yuz."

COMBINE COMBINATION COMBATS COMPLACENT

COMBUSTIBLES

Meaning, of course, that the Combines, those Supermen of swat dood it again when they met and smeared the sergeants in a debut league game Monday night. The bat-proof battery of McElligott and Kerr, and their strong support, proved too great a match for the triple strippers. Even Sgt. Whittle's anger failed to arouse sufficient spark in his team to alter the final score of 34-15. If butter is rationed, the seemed to be a copious amount of it on the fingers of some of the Sgt's team. Here are the lineups: SGT's c. Whitlap; Samain; lb Neice; 2b Westfall; ss. Gist; 3b. Watson; lf. Birkett; cf. Stillman; rf. Hodgins.

COMBINES: c Kerr; p. McElligott; lb Stauffer; 2b. Chambers and Stephenson; ss. Sprowl; 3b. McKenzie; lf. Herman and Stilwell; cf. Smith and Desjardines; rf. Cull. Scorekeeper J. J. J. J. Watson.

TURNING ON THE HEAT

Before showers and darkness broke up a very exciting ball game, Combines and the G.D.'s had reached a score of 15 all. If the score reverts to the previous inning G.D.'s will have entered the win column for the first time in a worthy effort.

The Sergeants took the Diggers under their charge on Tuesday night in an abbreviated fixture. This gives the Sgt.s their first win for many seasons - to come.

The I.T.S. Flyers are at the top of the heap in the local league after defeating Stephens Admson for a second time last Monday night. The score was 5 - 1.



NO. 5 ELEMENTARY DRYING SCHOOL




SOFT...SOAP

To what do you credit the snowy whiteness of your laundry? Rinso, Chipso, Snow White, Princess Flakes, or good old Lifebuoy? Or is it mainly simply elbow grease and plenty of it? For evidence shows there are daily wash days and laundry, grey, white, brown and blue, floats and flaps in the most peculiar spots on the station premises. Like flags of all nations waving in the summer breeze and summer sun (remember that day?) The favourite and choice spot is the line that runs parallel with the east edge of the parade grounds. There in all its glory does a brave display of articles and garments, mentionable and unmentionable, hold down that western front.

In any case it does supply the homiest touch to the Officers' mess, in view from all the front windows-- not to mention the example it puts before everyone's eyes each Thursday morning on the C.O.'s parade! By the sweet of airmen's brows, working their heads to the bone over the hot steaming wash tub, may all men know these works of love and long may they wave!

Let matters dishpan hands, hands that embarrass you over the bridge table. (It is a grand way to clean up after the daily farm leave picking dandelions and cutting grass...) No tattle tale gray shall prove poor housewifely care. Clean and bright, fresh and white, No.5 keeps 'em flying -- from windows, doorways, trees and fences, fire escapes and strangest of all, even from clothes lines. The station blossoms like perennial apple trees in flower! -- Isn't it wonderful? (This is not a testimonial for Three Flowers or any other soap company.)

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All News Items in this Enclosure were supplied by Flights 10,11,14, 16,21,22,23,24,25,26. Peace to their ashes!



Seems a rather odd title for a movie, doesn't it? As a matter of fact, it is only in the last spoken words at the end of the film that you get the idea of the title. Those words are rather depressing; "The next of kin have been informed." Informed of what? Of the death of their son, husband, brother in another brilliant action in which all objectives were reached and the mission accomplished? Yes, that is what they hear. What they do not hear, and can only surmise, is why those men died. The film tells the story.

Those of you who finally reach England will hear a lot about this film. You will be paraded to see it as soon as you reach the Reception Centre. You will see it advertised in every city, town and village over there, and wherever you are, you will be told again and again that "Careless talk costs lives."

Don't let this constant repetition lose its punch. Keep it in mind in pubs, dance halls, trains and busses. Perhaps the well meaning friendly citizen who admires Canadians looks quite inoffensive. Maybe he is. Maybe not. We cannot afford to underestimate the enemy, neither must we overestimate him.

If we imagine for one minute that we have not got a well organized espionage system, in England, N.Africa, Burma, yes, and here in our own country, well, we are certainly underestimating him.

At the same time, if when we hear of things, and see things apparently so evident that "Everybody knows about it!"--think a moment. How many know? Fifty, a hundred, a thousand? How many have you met who know? Half a dozen? See! Everybody does not know! And if you excuse your slip by saying "Jerry knows all about it", you may be overestimating Jerry. Perhaps HE has not yet met YOU or some other loose tongued idiot.

When you see, in this film, how information is handed out to enemy agents as if on a golden platter, don't think there is any exaggeration. Those things happen all the time.

We, here and in England, are constantly receiving information from Germany and the occupied countries. This information is bought - bought at the cost of gallant lives, often innocent lives, hostages.

The information which Hitler gets only too often costs him - the price of a pint of beer.

May none of us in the days to come have to think back and wonder whether or not we drank Hitler's beer!

Think of the next of kin. Your's;- and the other fellow's.

Airmen who think by the inch, and talk by the yard, should be kicked by the foot.



EDITORIAL



ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE WOMEN'S DIVISION

The C.W.A.A.F. was formed in the fall of 1941, and the first enlistments were posted to what is now known as No.2 K.T.S. at Toronto. Subsequently the name was changed to R.C.A.F. (Women's Division). At the present time all recruits report to No.7 R.D., Rockliffe for their basic training and selection of trade.

W.I. personnel are governed by the same regulations as are applicable to all R.C.A.F. officers and men. It has been proven that the Women's Division has a very definite place in station life due to their efficiency, enthusiasm, and whole-hearted support of the war effort. Due to their adaptability, trades have been increased to such an extent that at present women are employed in nearly every capacity with the exception of flying.

Recently establishments have been increased to allow for a greater expansion of the Women's Division under the slogan: "WE SERVE THAT MEN MAY FLY". Every airman can assist in the recruiting of the W.D. knowing something of the magnificent work they are doing. As the W.D.'s are an integral part of the Service, the pride you have will go a long way towards the recruiting campaign's success, as a girl will be desirous of associating herself with an organization of such high ideals as you represent.

Aircrew are particularly reminded that ground jobs must be that they may fly, and if airwomen do not volunteer to fill these positions, thousands of men in operational flying today would still be in ground crew. The members of the Women's Division are a vital part of the R.C.A.F. and must have full respect and the loyal support of their brothers in the service.