



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

D A W G    D A Z E

"I've never won any blue ribbons, haven't even got a black tongue, but I wouldn't trade my life for all the blue bloods in Caninedom. No, sir! I'm just a stray black and brown raggedy little Heinz dawg, but I'm happier than all those other pampered pets put together!

"Sure I grouse about the meals Sgt. Hughes dishes out once in a while, and I sometimes dislike being told what to do by people wearing 'hooks' and 'rings', and my paws get sore from marching on a hot drill square, and I don't like sleeping in close, stuffy quarters with four hundred humans, and I'd like to stay out after 22:30 hours at night, and I'd like to get to see Dad and Mom and the girl friend every week end, and I don't like 'joe jobs' - guess it wouldn't be natural not to 'sound off' about these things once in a while, but if I could get all these things there would be something else I'd want - seems we little dawgs are much like humans that way."

"But I sat back on my fanny the other day, after chasing the birds and the squirrels off the front lawns, and let my thoughts drift back - - I wasn't the most contented dawg before - - I couldn't always do what I wanted, often I craved company, excitement, anything to keep my mind occupied because I knew that the busiest dawgs were the happiest.

(Concl'd on back page.)

Here's to a long life, and a merry one,  
A quick death, and a painless one,  
A pretty girl, and a loving one,  
A cold bottle, and another one.

Your Flash reporter fell back aghast at this ready response from F/O 'Bill' Armour, in the Accounts section, to our query:

"What is your secret ambition in the Air force?"

We sat in his stuffy office in great amazement as he rolled his eyes in that 'come hither manner', wetted his lips with his tongue, and slowly, almost fervently repeated the last two lines:

"A pretty girl, and a loving one,  
A cold bottle, and another one."

"Mr. Armour," we ventured to ask after he had recovered his composure, "would you mind telling the readers of Flash something of the arduous duties of an Accounts Officer?"

"Well now" began the serious reply, "the duties are quite involved -- say, tell me, did you hear all those girls at the ball game the other night calling out 'Hello Lou'?" "Yes," we answered, "but what about the Accounts section?"

"Oh yes, now as I was saying the work of an Accounts Officer covers every part of the station activities -- say, did you ever see those girls down in the bowling Alley, that used to bowl just before the station teams? Swell crowd of girls those!"

"But what about the..." "Yes, now as I was saying it is necessary to make a daily trip to the bank to deposit the various funds -- have you ever seen the girls that work in that bank? And have you ever noticed the cute little one that comes in every day from Kresge's to make deposits?"

"But, please tell me something about..." "Well I am afraid this is going to be too much trouble," sighed the Acc. Off. "Its almost 12 o'clock. Time I was leaving for dinner, then a sun bath. If there is anything more you want to know see Cpl. Roberts"

Leaving the office we reflected it must be quite a break to leave off travelling from Hamilton, to Toronto, to Montreal, for the Bell Telephone Company, and settling down to covering the radius bounded by the Recreation Alley, the Park Pavilion, the Trianon, the Bank of Montreal, the Horse shoe pits, and Room 217 of the Officers quarters.

We found ourselves muttering:

"A pretty girl, and a loving one,  
A cold bottle, and another one."

Oh to be an Accounts Officer!

# CH AIRCREW

Well, lads, we're going to fill this column with a short story to-day instead of the usual news items which were few and far between this week. It's about a guy who joined the airforce as groundcrew and remustered to aircrew.

He'd been on flying stations for three years and enjoyed his work, until the drone of motors overhead steeped in his blood an intense desire to fly. He hadn't enough education at the time to remuster but one day an amendment came out that allowed an airman to enter a pre-aircrew training course which aimed to bring his education up to I.T.S. standards. For twelve weeks they pumped his brain full of more mathematics than he ever imagined existed. He was now ready for I.T.S.

One day while he was having a beer downtown, a Sgt. pilot came in and sat down at the same table. After their conversation had progressed, the airman asked the Sgt. the Gen. on this aircrew business, especially the Gen. on ITS, which had him a little worried. The Sgt. pilot ordered two more beers and said "I.T.S.? You have it got a thing to worry about. It's a cinch!"

The airman finally arrived at I.T.S. along with 30 other re-musters. He hadn't been there three weeks before he began wishing he had never seen the place. This wasn't like the old life. In those days he would finish work at five, get cleaned and buzz off downtown - maybe on a date, and the only time he stayed on the station was when he was on duty watch, and even then there was nothing to prevent him from sitting in the canteen, shooting the guff with the boys over a beer or two, and wondering when he would get those hooks. But this aircrew stuff was getting him down. He'd work like a slave on Navigation and Math, and little silhouettes of ME109's and Macchis would dogfight with Spitfires then merge into a Hampden, causing his slumber to be greatly disturbed. After the 5'clock siren had wailed and he had had supper, they would detail him for barrack cleanup, duty flight, or some Joe job. If he wasn't pushing a lawnmower or washing floors or cleaning windows, he was picking up cigarette butts out in the grass. Ten weeks of this? How could he stand it? Work till your brain is fagged. Study, work, eat, joed for this or that, study some more, try to sleep with those damned little silhouettes darting in and out of his mind, sweat through an airmanship exam, drink a coke in the canteen and then out on the drill square.

Well he stood it all right, and in a few more weeks which seemed no time at all, he saluted smartly before an Air Commodore who pinned a pair of embroidered wings on his tunic.

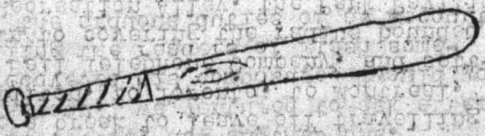


SEZ HERE 1

He felt a firm handclasp, stepped back a pace, saluted smartly again, made an about turn, and marched back to his place.

That night, while he was having a beer accompanied by G/C. MacFarlane, W/C. Ghent, downtown, an airman came in and sat down at the same table. After their conversation had progressed, the airman asked him the Gen. on this aircrew business - especially the Gen. on I.T.S., which had him a little worried. The Sgt. pilot ordered two more beers and said: "I.T.S.? You haven't a thing to worry about. It's a cinch!"

Air Vice Marshall J.A. Sully A.F.C., accompanied by G/C. MacFarlane, W/C. Ghent, and R/L. Warren made an official visit to the station last Wednesday, June 23rd. The Air Member for Personnel took a keen interest in the work of the Selection Board, and though his time here was brief, addressed the members of the R.C.A.F. This is as it should be for these things reflect themselves in every aspect of our work. "To be a leader is to be able to supply a lack, whether it be of knowledge or enthusiasm", stated the A.M.P. We all felt after meeting him, and hearing him, that Air Vice Marshall Sully exemplifies the qualities he extolls.



E A S E B A L L B A N T E R

Confucius once says: "You don't always win ball game when you hit, but it helps. It's taken 2000 years for Arch Green and his Flyers to realize the old boy had something. At any rate they went down to a 4 to 0 defeat, banging away wildly at most anything the Reliance Speedballer dished up.

It dun happoned, S/L. O.S. Dunn M.C., the popular O.C. of No.1 Squadron, has been posted to #6 S.F.T.S., Dunnville as S.A.O. Padre Scott reports that Padre Anderson at Dunnville "rejoiceth" to know that the new S.A.O. will be able to assist him in the reading of the lesson. Our heartiest wishes go with S/L. Dunn for continued success.

The Umpire, a Correspondence school product, modestly admitted that he had just finished lesson #1 and was ready for the more advanced course. We became interested in this ambitious fellow and enquired what was covered in lesson #1.

W.O.2 Inman, for 28 months the Instructor of instructors at Trenton, is the new Sgt. Major in charge of #2 Squadron. Welcome!

It seems that it covers fully the spelling and pronunciation (straight and phonetic) of the words "Ball" and "Strike". But to use his own words: "Dang it all (putt-whang) its a gonna be six more weeks fore I get the lesson which tells me when to use which."

Look who's here. F/Sgt. Geddes back at his old post after a few weeks furlough at Rockliffe station. F/Sgt. Hackott was posted to replace F/Sgt. Geddes.

Maybe our lads felt they might as well swing and get some exercise, or maybe they were just saving up for the unfortunate Alemito outfit.

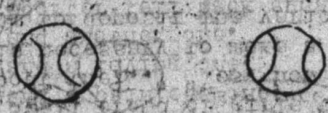
F/L. Shapiro joins the Medical staff, after a period of service at Trenton. The new M.O. will do his best to uphold the reputation of the Medical staff. In fact rumor has it, he is right in the groove by getting a 48 this weekend. Oh well it's his wedding Anniversary. Congratulations!

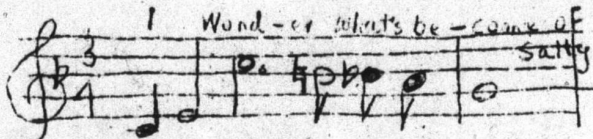
A complete reversal of hitting power was witnessed as they punched out 14 runs to Alemito's 4.

While trying to locate a stylus pen that had been carefully left in the Adj't's office, your reporter found F/O. Chisholm in place with Reliance, Stephen Adamson, and the incumbent during the absence on leave of F/L. Burnett, carefully perusing three volumes of Notes to Newcomers. Suddenly and simultaneously, the C.O.'s buzzer sounded, the fire siren wailed, the telephone rang, the window slammed shut, the door rattled, his knees knocked, his teeth chattered, and with a look of desperation, not knowing what to do first or how to do it, the Embryo Adj. jumped to his feet and shouted more loudly than all the other noises put together. "The answer is No!!" The C.O.'s buzzer, the fire siren, the telephone, the window, the door, the teeth, the knees all were still, and there was a great calm. A new Adj. was born!

This leaves a three way tie for first place with Reliance, Stephen Adamson, and the incumbent during the absence on leave of F/L. Burnett, carefully perusing three volumes of Notes to Newcomers. Suddenly and simultaneously, the C.O.'s buzzer sounded, the fire siren wailed, the telephone rang, the window slammed shut, the door rattled, his knees knocked, his teeth chattered, and with a look of desperation, not knowing what to do first or how to do it, the Embryo Adj. jumped to his feet and shouted more loudly than all the other noises put together. "The answer is No!!" The C.O.'s buzzer, the fire siren, the telephone, the window, the door, the teeth, the knees all were still, and there was a great calm. A new Adj. was born!

Win, lose, or draw we grandstand grumb- lers are mighty proud of the "show" which the lads are putting on. "Keep punching", and you others who haven't been out to see a game, "come on in the water's fine".





Tuesday, June 15, 1943 was a memorable day in the history of #5 I.T.S. W.O. Duffin and his men from the Works and Bricks had been going hammer and tongs, day and night, to alter the former M.S.B. section into suitable quarters for the 24 W.D.'s, who had been posted to this school, reporting 15 June 1943. Feverishly the work was rushed to completion under the constant surveillance of W/C. Snetsinger. Partitions were erected, floors were sanded, plumbing fixtures were installed, and all was in readiness just before the date set as the deadline. The M.O. had made a daily check on the progress from the sanitation angle; both padres had given it their blessing; "X" flight boys had diligently trimmed the grass; even the Adjutant had grunted his approval, and the whole station waited in breathless expectancy for the history-making arrival of the W.D.'s.

Not an officer or airman slept the previous night. S/L. Riddell conjured visions of sick parades miles long of airmen who hoped to enjoy the tender care of W.D. hospital assistants. X flight fellows celebrated in joyful anticipation of getting leave in view of the W.D.'s coming to take care of their tasks. Clerks Steno, and Clerks Gen. talked long into the night as to whether their sister workers would be blondes or brunettes. The officers had expectations of being so enthralled with the beauty of their new Mess Women that they would forget to grouch about what F/O Weber put on the menu. They were pleasant peaceful dreams.

Early next morning every piece of equipment and every member of the M.T. section was down at the station to meet the first train. Under Cpl. Hart the Band was on hand to blare a welcome. Hundreds of airmen had gone without breakfast to march down and welcome this valiant female contingent. Prominent among those noticed by your reporter were F/O. Lou Davies proudly displaying two reserved tickets for the Park Pavilion; AC2 Parkes deftly removing a few stray blonde hairs from his tunic, and beaming as if he were going to meet an old friend; AC2 Berlin with a new hair do and wearing his baseball sweater; Cpl. Roberts piloting a new bicycle built for two (gals.); and numerous other celebrities.

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We don't know what happened. We were on a 48. But upon our return we found hundreds of airmen searching every section of the station in a vain attempt to locate the 24 W.D.'s. They must be here! Somewhere! D.A.P.S. says so! D.A.P.S. is never wrong! But what we want to know is: Did D.A.P.S. send 24 invisible Scarlett O'Neill's, or are the W.D.'s ....A.W.L. ??

PIR ARDUA.....

We're packing our tonics and lotions  
And saying our last goodbyes,  
We're leaving marching and other such notions  
And heading out into the skies.

.....

"If the breech block moves backward or forward",  
You don't care and neither do I;  
And if P-4's don't steer us homeward  
What matters - as long as we fly.

.....

We're leaving dihedral stagger to Bernuliis,  
Geodetics to guys that understand;  
Rope climbing to yogiis and coolies,  
And brass shining to lads in the band.

.....

Goodbye to the Sergeants and whips they keep pitchin'  
Their bark and occasional bite,  
So to you No.5, your staff and your kitchen,  
Farewell, Good day and Goodnight.

..... AC2 Adams J.



Tuesday June 29 is to be Sports Day at #5. A super duper track and field meet has been arranged under the direction of F/O. Lou Davies. The program consists of everything from the usual track and field events to many novelty numbers. It is expected most of the latter will be provided by the Officers Relay team. The first man left the starting line yesterday; it is confidently expected that the anchor man will finish the last leg of the 440 before 23:59 next Tuesday night.

This will be a gala day. Representatives from all the flights will be in their doing their best to cop the laurels in the inter-flight competition. Individual awards will also be given for the best performances. F/O. Davies stated: "We are absolutely sure this will dwarf any similar Sports Day ever held in the Bay of Quinte district, both for the number of trainees participating, and the quality of their performances. This is strictly a show where everyman's effort on the field is our supreme concern, and our one ambition is to every airman in some event of his choice." Before we could get away from him, he seized our arm and reiterated: "This isn't being held for publicity purposes, its for the good of all the men on the station." Okay, okay we'll be in there pitching - - - horseshoes.



### D A W G   D A Z E

"Well, I'm busy now and I guess when I really sit down to think straight, this is the best time I've had since I was a pup, and I feel proud to be a part of the biggest thing that's ever happened in a dawg's life."

Sincerely,

The 5 I.T.S. Mascot.

### R U M O R S

A great preacher once said: "A lie can travel around the world while truth is getting its boots on." This pointed precept is still true. One of the most potent weapons in the arsenal of the Axis powers was the sword of propoganda. Unsheathing this ancient but effective instrument of war, they plunged unrelentingly into the hearts and minds of the ddecadent democracies.

Lies not only multiplied, they grew in size with the constant repetition to which they were subjected. But truth slowly got its boots on, and marched away to make a brilliant counter-attack. For some long time the battle waged then suddenly it seemed as though the lying propoganda of the enemy was to be exchanged for the proclamation of truth. But this was just a new manifestation of the dexterity of the lying spirit.

We face it to-day in so called peace offensives of some Axis dominated powers. Let us remember the Axis must be defeated on the field of battle, - and that means in his own back yard.