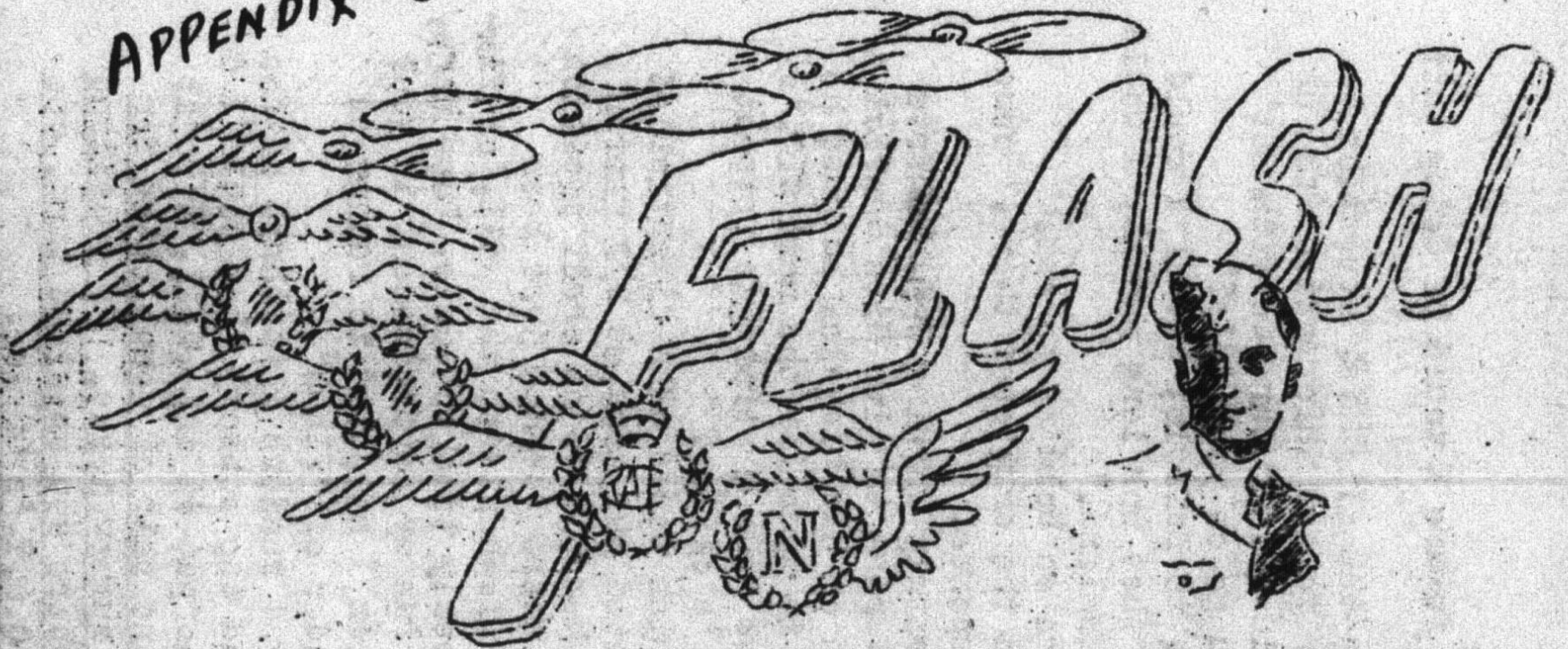


APPENDIX "B"



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

8 JULY 43

## *Airmen's Council*

Under the direction of the station padres, having been instigated by the S.A.O., S/L. Fortune, and approved by W/C. Snetsinger, an airman's Council has been formed. It is comprised of members representing all sections of Headquarters, and all flights of trainees. No one above the rank of Corporal is eligible for membership.

The object of this Council is to give the airmen an opportunity to have a say in the running of the Station. It is a means whereby constructive criticism related to any aspect of the life and work at No. 5 may be brought to the attention of the proper authorities, in an anonymous manner, through the offices of the padres, who are the only officers in attendance at the meetings of the Council.

It is felt that this will be a real forward step in the operation of this school, and will be an invaluable factor in maintaining and even increasing the present high standard of efficiency and morale.

All airmen are invited to contact the representative in their section or flight, and are urged not to hesitate in using him as their spokesman. This is democracy in action at #5.

NUMBER TWELVE

You haven't heard of number twelve,  
Well Mac, you just arrived,  
For number twelve's the smartest flight  
They have at number Five.

'Tis six thirty every morning  
When you hear the cow bell ring;  
Do we get up? why Mac, my boy,  
We ring the blessed thing.

When drill came round a sorry day  
It was for number two;  
We took it in a canter,  
Though they carried me all through.

We each were treated to a beer,  
By Flight Lieutenant Carr;  
Our thirty six came afterwards,  
We scattered wide and far.

Then Mac, we each took over  
To show what we could do,  
We drilled the squad like veterans,  
Or so says Sergeant Stow.

And averages in classes:  
Now I do not wish to boast,  
But they're away up in the nineties  
Including Wall and Poste.

For Smitty got one hundred  
In Navigation Mid,  
And big Jack Saul in armament,  
The same as Smitty did.

Our barrack room is spotless,  
The beds are all in line,  
We don't just mop the floor boards,  
But relly make them shine.

First on parade in morning,  
First out in the afternoon,  
If this keeps up we all will get  
Commissions pretty soon.

H.T.V.

UNCLE HERBERT'S CORNER

Dear Uncle Herbert:

Isn't it just too trying? My mother-in-law has deserted us and taken up her own residence. By that I mean she's literally thrown us out, lock stock, and firing pin, and after she's been living with us for a lovely year, too. It's not, Uncle Herbert, that I have been unkind to her. My wife has a wartime job. We've never complained if the meals were a few minutes late when we turned in the evening. If she spoiled the children by coddling them when we left alone to look after them in the evening, we scarcely ever upbraided her. Never did we insult her by mentioning money, yet he secretly phoned a local Bank enquire what we did with our savings.

Included in the repertoire of songs so beautifully rendered were: Song of Spring, Kiss Me Again unmmmm!, Carnations, and the lovely Laddie. In return the airmen introduced their delightful guest into the mysteries of airmen's high finance by singing Sixpence. With her husband in the Engineers of the U.S. Army, and her father serving in the American Army in Libya, Miss Dickenson is likewise doing her part to help win the war by freely giving of her time and talent in bringing fine entertainment to men in the armed Forces.

May her return to #5 be soon and often. Many thanks Jean Dickenson for a lovely time.

wife is on the verge of a nervous breakdown. What are we to do?

CORPORAL.

Dear Corporal:

You are too kind-hearted. You have taken the old weazel in too much. She must be mad - awful mad. Humour her by letting her do the washing or look after the Victory garden.

Uncle Herbert.

Uncle Herbert, that old sage of the Sahara and Belleville deserts, will undertake to answer any selected letters submitted seeking advice about love affairs, domestic problems, or anything at all that is causing you concern. Get your letters in early. Place them in the box provided for Flash contributions in the recreation room of your barrack. Watch for future contributions in Uncle Herbert's Corner.

Miss Jean Dickenson

"If music be the food of love, sing on." Completely captivating the hundreds of airmen who filled the Airmen's Mess to hear her sing, Miss Jean Dickenson's visit to No.5 will long be remembered as a highlight in fine entertainment. Her gracious personality and the winsome way in which she greeted the airmen amply vindicated the words of S/L. Doney when he said: "Miss Dickenson simply oozes personality."

Escorted by W/C. Snetsinger, whose countenance beamed; very closely followed by the S.A.O., The Adjutant, the Padres, etc., whose faces glowed; ardently watched by hundreds of airmen whose physiognomies shone; Miss Dickenson made her way to the rostrum which had been decorated with both the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes. Flashing her enthralling smile, Miss Dickenson drew a spontaneous outburst of applause, whistling, and cheering from the assembled throng. In the midst of all this hubbub we heard an airman (We are not sure but thought it was LAC Dick of X Flight) remark as he found himself spellbound: "Boy, she doesn't need to be able to sing."



PRONOUNCE #2  
SQUADRON SPORTS  
DAY CHAMPIONS  
AND RECOMMEND  
THAT #1 SQUADRON  
SMARTEN UP SOON.

Favored by fine weather F/O. Lou Davies ran off the first Summer Sports Meet at #5. It was a most successful afternoon of track and field events. Contributing largely to this was the efficient manner in which all the officials performed their duties and the fine way in which all participants co-operated. All events were run off on the scheduled times, and the interest of the spectators never flagged. It augurs well for events planned for future dates on even a larger scale.

Despite the fine individual efforts of AC2 Titford, who was the individual champion scoring 13 points; and AC2 Picard who tied with AC2 Pietz for second place with 8 points; No.1 Squadron succumbed to the superior opposition of No.2, for the inter-squadron championship.

Flight 27 of 2 squadron won the inter flight championship with 45 points, followed by flight 16 of No.1 with 32 points.

The various events including names of the first four in each followed by the no. of their flights are listed below:

- 100 yds. Pietz(29); Coyne(27); Forbes(27); and Sanderson(12).
- 220 yds. Ellsworth(14); Sanderson(12); Ritchie(26) and Scott(16).
- 440 yds. Ritchie(26); Picard (12); Hanson (14) and Bryan(10).
- 880 yds. Sharkey(32); McEachren(25); Faulkner(11) and Bergin(14).
- 1 Mile Wright(29); Wallace(29); Mutton(28); and Dougherty(14).
- Cross Country. Raiknor(32); Patterson(12); Sharkey(32); Clark(10).
- Shot Putt. Bruck(27); Poulos(29); Bell(27); and Balfour(10).
- Discus. Baluk(10); Titford(16); Poulos(29); and Kervin(28).
- Javelin. Titford(16); Woods(16); Black(27); and Balfour(10).
- Broad Jump. Picard(12); Pietz(29); Hood(11) and Cameron(24).
- High Jump. Titford(16); Douglas(11); Short(29) and MacPhee(15).
- Pole Vault. MacPhee(15); Biggar(24); Clayson(14); and Coyne(27).
- Log Throw. Brooker(27); Bell(27); McGregor (15) and Kearney(15).

Prizes were presented at the Commanding Officers inspection on Thursday morning.

Warren, gave a fine performance at the July 1st celebration at Wallbridge. The highlight of the evening was a strawberry social and a barn dance. Did the boys have a good time? Just ask them.

One of the trainees who hails from the Bronx was heard to say in class: "Listen to those 'boids'"

The Flight Commander promptly said: "They are not 'boids', they are birds." "Gee" came the rejoinder from the party of the first part, "I thought they choiped like Boids."

All of which reminds us that we ever heard Cpl. Roberts singing in his best Canteen baritone the other night:

The Spring has sprung,  
The grass has riz,  
I wonder where the flowers is?  
The boid is on the wing,  
Aint dat absoid?  
I always thought the  
Wing was on the boid.

Banging out 7 runs behind the fine three hit pitching of Bill Kuryluk, the I.T.S. Flyers defeated Stephens Adams in the local league 7-1. The outstanding features of the game were the grandstand fielding of Sgt. Rhuda, and the 1943 two-base hit of F/L. Archie Green.

This win leaves #5 tied with Reliance for the lead. The playoff is scheduled for Monday night.

In an exhibition game with Mountain View station the previous evening I.T.S. won handily with the score 8-4. It is well to note that Mountain View leads the parade in the Bay of Quinte league, which includes the highly touted Trenton F.T.I.'s

Trained by Sgt. Perlman, directed by Cpl. Scott, Flight 16 of No. 1 Squadron won the weekly drill competition from #28 of 2 Squadron. It was a worthy effort especially in view of the absence of their flight commander F/O. Weber who was away on leave.

I.T.S. Flyers lost out to Reliance in the playoff of the tie game 6 - 2. This winds up the local league's schedule, with #5 finishing in second place. They now enter the playdowns, and everything points to an exciting series before the final winner is decided.

The editors of Flash are anxious to have your contributions of articles, short stories and NEWS for every issue. Will you help us make this mimeographed news sheet a real success by getting in your copy early in the week? Leave in the office of the Padre, F/L. Scott, or in the box provided for it in your Barrack Recreation room. Let us have some news about your flight or section for next week!

The inter flight softball championship is to be decided Wednesday night of this week. Flight 29 of #2 Squadron plays Flight #16 of #1 Squadron. It will be a battle royal. Don't miss it!

SEZ HERE !!

A precision squad of fellows from X flight, trained by Sgt. Stewart, and under the direction of WO1 Birkett and F/O. M.



"Bless them all! Bless them all!" Who? Why the Section Officers. Haven't you heard that #5 now has three S/O's on the strength of the station? Yessir the arrival of S/O Macdonald and S/O Sauriol brought cheers not only from the airmen but also from S/O. Fenton, who has long been the lone lorn female.

After F/O. Chisholm had C.T'd as Ass't Adj. owing to (Well who are we even to dare to suggest that he might have been the one who was responsible for purchasing and putting a new tag on the 5 I.T.S. Mascot?--- by the way take a look at this handsome engraving), S/O. Macdonald was posted in to do the "Joe jobs" for the Adjutant. "Wait a minute F/L. Burnett, that's exactly what this former school marm from Cornwall told us."

With four brothers in the Canadian Army and one sister a 2ndLt. in the C.W.A.C. at Ottawa, Miss Macdonald comes from a fighting family.

Asked about her hobbies, S/O. Macdonald replied: "Ask the C.O. at Centralia." At first we were somewhat confused as to her meaning until someone reminded us that Centralia is the R.C.A.F. station where they have the Kiltie Band. You guessed it, she loves Highland dancing. Hoot mon! By the way boys, the new Ass't Adj. is a fine baseball player. How about a tryout for the station team, Archie?

After completing our interview, we were about to take our leave when a knock came at the Adjutant's door, and in walked W.O.1 Birkett. "Why Major", we asked, "Why did you knock before you came in?"

"Well now," replied the pert, portly, discip. "I didn't want to disturb F/L. Burnett"

With a sigh we left the office, and made our way up the stairs to the Accts. Section, saluting 137½ times as we went.

There we found ensconced in the office - and we mean office- of F/L. Dickson, S/O. Sauriol, whose term of service in the R.C.A.F. both as an airwoman and as an officer, had taken her to such distant parts as #12 S.F.T.S., Brandon, and Gender Nfld.

Miss Sauriol admitted that one of the first things that struck her about #5 was the friendly spirit that everyone manifested, especially F/L. Cowieson of the Link Section.

"How do you get along with F/O. Armour?" we queried.

"He's very friendly," began Miss Sauriol, "But I can't understand why the girl clerks at the Bank the other morning looked daggers at me when he introduced me, and told them

then that in future I would be doing that job."

Not paying the slightest attention to this endeavor to get information from us about the said Mr. Armour, we resumed:

"Where do you go on your 48's?"

"I usually go to Buffalo, but if I could ever get a 48 that was long enough, I would spend it in England."

"Why?" we were so bold as to ask.

"Well he's in the army over there," came the ready response.

After privately warning Cpl. Roberts not to be offering to give Miss Sauriol a ride downtown on his bicycle, in case he was not back in time for the next C.O.'s inspection, we made a strategic retreat to the C.G.I.'s office.

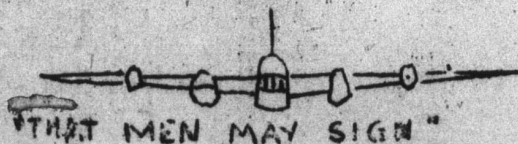
The stentorian tones of a dissatisfied customer greeted our ears, as S/O Fenton straightened herself to an erect position in the place where she had just been tracing Pink elephants on the wall; or fixing up the weekly time schedule. "See here, if you don't run my advertisement in your paper this week I am going to resign as a charter member of "Flash".

Having only 4 readers left (three of the Flash staff and the consor) what could I do but promise to put it in? Well, here it is: Wanted one pair of epaulettes for shirt, W.D., summer issue. No questions asked as to where you obtained them. See Miss Fenton, C.G.I.'s Office.

Miss Fenton hails from Ottawa where before the war she was a secretary in employ of the National Research Council. Among her hobbies Miss Fenton includes: piano playing (remember?), baseball, hockey, golf, lacrosse, boating, canoeing, sailboating, rowboating, steamboating, etc., etc.

We ventured to ask this worthy addition to the C.G.I.'s staff what she thought of her fellow workers. S/L. Roberts, in his private loge began tapping loudly with his pencil on his desk. L.A.C. Paley edged closer on the pretext of looking for a letter from his wife which was plainly sticking out of his shirt pocket. L.A.C. Chapman, Bomber elect, and newest temporary addition to the staff, began fidgeting nervously with his tie as he pricked up his ears. An air of breathless expectancy permeated the whole office. Miss Fenton, opened her mouth, her lips moved, but not a sound was heard. Being an old hand at lip reading we were able to understand every word that she said, but being a new hand at reporting we weren't so sure that because we could lip read that we were allowed to print lip.

Well fellows, let's get One Dozon Roses, and give them in a hearty welcome to our Three Little Sisters.





B R O M O    S E L Z E R    P L E A S E !

He had a strange appearance. A light shone from his eye that had never been seen on land or sea. His hands trembled as with twitching fingers he grasped at a sheaf of papers, waving them in the air, and yelling like a mad man. We were sure he was going wacky. "They can't do this to me!" he screamed, but apparently "they" were intent on doing their dastardly deed, despite all his objections.

We watched him heave a sigh of despair. Now he was muttering in an almost inaudible tone, "Take Sec. C para. 3-iii subtract all you can, deduct Sec. 89 $\frac{1}{2}$  at 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ %, demand a recount, ...." His pencil traced queer figures on a ream of papers. It seemed as though a quick death was the only release for people who had reached this state. His eyes became glassy, his muscles tensed, he drew himself erect, a ferocious look seized this condemned man. It was the first time we had ever seen a doomed man passing through his last brief hours. He cried out passionately: "I'll never do it again. Oh if they would only give me another chance, if they would only give me but a few more hours." Never were we so emotionally stirred as we were by the hideous, blood curdling outcries of this repentant procrastinator.

Great though our sympathy might have been, we had to leave this tortured soul to his certain ultimate fate. We had seen a man pass through suffering worse than death. We had learned an unforgettable lesson. Never more would we want to watch F/O. "Pappy" Waugh, or any other legal officer, fill out their income tax returns. There is still ringing in our ears the refrain so pathetically repeated by the doomed flight commander of two Squadron: "Sherman was right. Sherman was right. Sherman was right."