

APPENDIX D.



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

VOL. 1 NO. 8

JULY 28, 1943

Happy Birthday

August 4, 1943 is an epic date in the history of No. 5 I.T.S. This date marks the completion of two years of important service as part of the great Commonwealth Air Training Plan. Starting with a minimum number of the necessary personnel, the school rapidly expanded under the able leadership of W/C. Harding the first Commanding Officer, until to-day it is an important cog in the smooth functioning machinery of the R.C.A.F. The present high standard of efficiency is a tribute to the untiring efforts of the present Commanding Officer, W/C. Snetsinger. Under his leadership No. 5 has received Honorable Mention twice in the efficiency awards made during the past six months. This puts No. 5 in the enviable position of being the finest I.T.S. in No. 1 Training Command.

To celebrate this important occasion there will be a great sports Meet in the afternoon to which the public is cordially invited. In the evening there will be a mammoth Station Dance to be held in the Station Drill Hall. Don't miss this gala event.

Congratulations to the Commanding Officer, the Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers, and all the airmen on the splendid achievements of the past two years.

Per Andrus Ad Astra Ad.

R.C.A.F. --- PERMANENT FORCE

A magic term that -"Permanent Force"- How many ghosts have swollen perceptibly upon their owners being likened or compared to a "P.F."er. Here is the list of the P.F. personnel at present on the strength of No.5 I.T.S., listed in order of seniority, together with a brief resume of their service careers.

WO2. O.H. LACEY A real old timer - "BUD" Lacey - enlisted May 1, 1939. (Bud is now anxiously counting the years until he is due for his pension.) Four years spent at Camp Borden gave Bud an insight into what the Air Force was all about. He then left for Trenton where he remained for 6 years and had the opportunity of watching it grow from a small unit to the enormous station it is today. Elen months at No.1 M.D., Toronto; four months in Montreal; two months in Kingston at the R.M.C.; and then to NO.5 I.T.S. Belleville, where he has been for some 23 months. This period marks WOH Lacey as one of the oldest members of #5.

F/Sgt. R.S. GEDDES Another old timer, F/S. Geddes took the solemn oath on Nov. 4, 1935, at R.C.A.F. station, Rockliffe, Ont. He was kept there for some 2 1/2 years, after which he was posted to Trenton, staying at that Station for 9 months. Another posting this time to Petawawa, Ont. (No.3 A/O Squad) for a stay of three months, then back to Rockliffe, this time for two years. (You must have liked Rockliffe, pretty well, Flight!) Down to Eastern Air Command H.Q. Halifax for 6 months, then on to #9 S.F.T.S. Summerside, P.E.I. for a period of a year. Back to Trenton again, this time to take the Discip. course, whence he was posted to No.5 I.T.S. (All the best people go to #5) Still another posting to Rockliffe what again for a short period of two weeks. After remaining long enough to get a crown over his three stripes, F/S. Geddes returned to this station. Just about time for another posting, isn't it Flight?

F/O. R. McMAHON Ross McMahon enlisted at Kingston Ontario, as an AC2, April 17, 1937. Spending two years at Camp Borden, he was then posted to Sudbury Recruiting centre for six months, following which he spent a similar period at both A.F.H.Q. and the Hamilton Recruiting Centre. A year at the Bombing and Gunnery School at Fingal was followed by thirteen months at Trenton, which lays claim to being Canada's No.1 station. Following a six weeks course at No.1 Officers Training School at Domains D'Esteril, F/O. McMahon returned for a short

period to No.1 Training Command, subsequently coming to No.5 where he serves as Flight Commander in No 2 Squadron, and according to F/L Green has secret ambitions of someday getting into No.1 Squadron. Asked as to which station he liked best he emphatically replied: "---Censored---".

Sgt. G.L. McFALL enlisted in the R.C.A.F. August 2, 1939 at Rockliffe, and after receiving his recruit's training departed for No.6 (G.R.) Squadron, Sydney, N.S. Two years at Sydney was followed by the Discip's course at Trenton, from where he was posted to this station.

Sgt. L.T. ALDRIDGE enlisted at Ottawa September 14, 1939 and was posted to No.5 (G.H.) Squadron, Dartmouth, N.S. where he remained for some 2 1/2 years. Posted again to No.4 Personnel Holding Unit, Fingal, Ontario, for a period of 3 months, then to No.5 I.T.S.

Sgt. J. MOREAU became a member of the M.T. section at Trenton upon his enlistment, Sept. 19 1939. After spending some time at that station he was posted to #17 "X" Depot, Angus, Ontario. Not long after he was posted to No.5 where he is now fast becoming a permanent fixture. (B. McF.)

**DADRES
ATTER**
I WILL NOT CHANGE
By a Service Man -- B. Seever

They said, "All this will change you and the Song you sing; your smile will lack, And you will be a different boy When you come back."

I had no answer for them then, But I was sure As long as steeples bells were here to toll, To call to worship, blessed the slumbering soul;

As long as grass grows green and flowers bloom and trees endure; My faith will flourish, and my prayers will rise;

And under skies, Though black with clouds, gray, misty, dim, My song be sweet, perhaps an ancient Hymn.

No, they will see no change, but may be age, when I go back.

Or should it be that people dress in black, Then they shall know by my last letter That I was in Utopia.

That all the way God led me by the hand, And even so, I'm in His promised land.

SAFETY

DIED suddenly at the R.C.A.F. station, Trenton, CONTACT the beloved offspring of a few fertile minds, sadly mourned by a small circle of friends. The Coroner's finding was that death was due to poor circulation brought on by FLASHitis (--- and after only seven issue too!) The remains of CONTACT will be cremated, and F/S Sargent will lead the mourners in a session of weeping. We extend our sincere sympathy to Trenton in their recent loss.

Sparked by the fine pitching of F/O Bruce Miller, who was given exceptionally fine support by his teammates, the Officers advanced into the finals of the H.C. league by defeating the Diggers 16-5. This now brings the strong Combine team into a sudden death final game with the Officers. This game will be played probably next Monday.

The Station team has been inactive all week while waiting for a winner to be declared in the Bristol Aircraft-Stephen Adamson series. The latter teams are deadlocked with a win each and a tie. They are due to settle their feud this Thursday night. The I.T.S. Flyers are entered in the Command play-offs and are gunning for the championship which just eluded their grasp, as they were defeated in a very close final game last year.

F/O Bill Skoog the popular O.C. of the Victory Gardens, as well as O.C. of the Station Band, and Flight Commander of #2 Squadron, has recently been posted. Our best wishes go with him.

S/L Al. Riddell, while on leave was posted to #14 S.F.T.S., Aylmer. In his place at S.M.O. we now have S/L. C.G. Boyd, who comes to us from Aylmer. Hall and fare well!

L.A.C. MacDougall, the FLASH mimeograph mangle, is re-mustering to Aircrew. Could it be that the "Lightning" of the Orderly Room really believes that because he can make everything fly around there that he will have little difficulty with an aircraft?

AQI Whitehouse goes on annual leave this week-end. You guessed it; he is headed for Vancouver. We are beginning to think he really does like the West. The Orderly Room will miss the western propogandist for a while and the easterners will have a chance to have their say.

Is it really true that a well known member of Headquarters Squadron, a painter by trade, is a great big he man who signs his love letters "Love, Muscles."? We must ask Skuse about that some day.

Seq #2 Squadron: "Autumn has come to #1 Squadron since Green has turned to Brown."

Overheard an an I.T.S ball game

"Hello Sam
"Hello Sam
"Hello Sam Page 3

"Au Revoir" Mac! We say farewell to another old original of No.5. Sgt. McFall, who spent nearly 2 years at this school reports to Manning Depot Monday to commence his long awaited training for aircrew. So it's Good Luck "Mac" and Good Hunting from the Boys at #5.

SEZ #2 SQUADRON Thanks #1 Squadron for the invitation to be present at the drill competition last week and pick up a few pointers. Did we ever! By picking up the pointers we won the last two drill competitions in succession. Thanks No.1!!

Sgt. Atwell came running on the station the other morning puff-puff! He slowed to a fast walk in the Attention Area as you never know what time the Adjutant is up peeking out of his window. "Why the delay?" barked WO2 Inman in the Sgt. Mgr voice of his. "Well sir! more puffs!! My son- David John (He sticks out his chest - his stomach is out) ran away this morning, and I found him after searching for an hour over on the parade square teaching drill! The Mjr's brows creased in a frown! "Very well, Carry on".

Does the Mjr know that David John is only six weeks old? Better think of a better one next time "Puff" Atwell.

The Station Team played an exhibition with the team from Mountain View on Thursday night and were very fortunate to end up with a 10-10 tie. It was an exciting see-saw that saw a good deal of slip shod playing on the part of the Flyers. It is just as well that this game is out of their systems before they tackle the strong Bristol Aircraft team in the semi final round. The first game of this series will be played Monday night at the Fair grounds. Bristol defeated the Stephen Adamson team 8-7 in the replay of their tie game.

He dood it again! Upon the successful completion of sick leave plus annual leave Sgt. Barnard managed to make his way, un-aided, to Bed #2 this time of the Station Sick Quarters. Last time it was bed #1. Apparently it is the Sgt.'s intention to make the rounds. He said it was due to a rattle in his chest that the M.O. put him back in bed. Could be, could be!!

Under the direction of Sgt. Semain, Sgt. Cooper, and their cohorts, the Drill Hall is beginning to take on a gay appearance in preparation for the big Dance next week. This will be a colorful event. There will be no charge for the personnel of the station. The Orchestra from 6 R.D. will be in attendance. Refreshments will be served Cabaret style for a nominal charge. Admission for civilians is \$1 per couple.

The new wing order on Church parades is "Right in trees, right turn."

F/L. Gerry Dixon, formerly of this station, and the little man who nightly walks by the S.P.'s with a bag of --- has been posted to A.F.H.Q. What IS in that bag Gerry?

!! Musical Meals !!
↓ or ↓
? Melody in B -
mess hall?

Good morning, good morning, another new day is dawning -- What! Morning so soon? Half a grapefruit, cereal, 3 rashors of bacon and 2 eggs fried sunnyside up, toast, honey and coffee. With plenty of cream. I can dream can't I? Can't get out of this mood -- "If music be the food of love --, play on" Can't get over this feeling; I've got a feeling I'm falling. Aircraft Rec. the first period and I could hardly recognize my own face in the mirror. Oh well. Butter please. Move it over, move it over, move it right over here. Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast. Maybe it isn't soothing I need. Round and round I go, down and down I go, Like a leaf -- Leaves come tumbling down round my head. Some of them are brown and some are red, beautiful to see and reminding me of . Coffee! That old black magic. Or is it tea? Tea for two or two hundred....

As time goes by:

A long morning but at last it's dinner time. Never a day goes by that I don't think of you; and hope that maybe just once I can get near the first of the line. But somebody else is taking my place and here I am as usual practically outside. However I can listen to Dinah Shore, Benny Goodman, Glen Miller and Artie Shaw. And more Dinah. I could pun that but I won't, thank you very much. Yesterday's Gardenias -- the smell of the place. You leave me breathless; after one deep breath you've had a full course meal.

What's new? New potatoes rolled in butter with parsley. There are such things, but I get the neck of the chicken. Did I say "chicken"? Ma, I miss your apple pie, Ma, I miss your stew, Sweet Stew, it's you. And like any good Air Bomber, you hit the spot. Oh it 's started all over again and I'm dreaming out loud!

Murder, he said-- if you don't clean up your plate. The anvil chorus supplied by clattering plates, knives, forks, and spoons. Make it spaghetti with meatballs and Parmesan cheese. I miss my Swiss. Once upon time I turned up my nose at lamb and mint sauce, but I'd gambol for a lamb any time these days.

A cup of coffee a sandwich and you. And you and you and you. And the Orderly Officer, the little man who wasn't there! Or was he? Carrots: you are my sunshine, but

Oh Lou, is the sure still 3 to 1?
Page 4

not my only sunshine. Imagine a song, You are my vitamin C, you will help me to see (by night).

Can't eat that meat; If I do I'll have blues in the night, deep purple blues, While down and down I go, round and round I go. So rare-- the old gray mare ain't what she used to be. Comin in on a wing and a prayer.

Here I go, now you know why I'm leaving. For it all comes back to me now. S/o J.F.

.....
This is the Air Force, Mr. Jones!!

"But, Sir, do you always use Lux?" we asked furtively glancing at the amazing sight before us. "Well not always, but for this occasion, yes." was the rejoinder.

We didn't know what to make of it. Here was the C.G.I. diligently washing one pair of window drapes and one pair of slightly used socks in a rather large bath tub.

We hastily withdrew and wended our way towards the West Barracks. We almost tripped over the S.A.O. and 50 airmen who seemed to be doing P.T. on the spacious lawns. It must have been "Follow the Leader" they were playing, as they followed one another around, bending to the ground in succession. I suppose by numbers. Well, can you believe it, they were straightening every blade of grass to an upright position. Some were combing the fine golden locks of the dandelions; some were neatly piling the sand around the ant-hills; still others were painting the spots of bare ground green. The whole thing was fantastic. We thought they were wacky.

Not hesitating for a moment for fear we would be thought one of them, we made our way into the barracks. Well whadaya know! Here was WO2 Inman with Sgts. Hamilton, Ferguson, and Atwell down on their knees with cans of Finno diligently polishing every nail in the floor. The floor looked like glossy beaver coat studded with diamonds. Trainees were busy with levels setting the mattresses straight on the bunks; some were using compasses to see that the kit bags were hanging at the proper angle; still others were hanging from the ceiling, the walls, the windows, the lights, the doors, some even dangling in sheer space washing, dusting, polishing every square inch of space. "Whatever has come over this school" we cried out.

Five hundred pairs of eyes fixed themselves upon me. I stood rooted to the spot.

"Why you stupid ----" roared the Sgt. Mjr. "Haven't you heard? The D.I.G. is coming."

"Oh" we muttered, half apologetically, "So that's why everyone seems abnormal."

Two days later there was a great calm. We found F/O. Waugh, the House Officer, at the Officers Quarters, in his bed with ice packs about his head, and an orderly in constant attendance. "Yes sir, I'll do it right away sir," he screamed, incessantly.



Mussolini - The 'Little' Caesar

"Oh mighty Caesar! Dost thou lie so low? Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, shrunk to this little measure?"

The man who would be Caesar is gone. Where? At the moment this is not certain. What is sure, though, is that - unless some misguided patriot has already exacted private vengeance - there is no country in the whole wide world that will be able to shelter him for long, or that would dare to afford safety to him in defiance of the justice of the United Nations.

"There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar."

Perhaps he will bethink himself of the uniform of his black-guard, blackshirt Fascisti and of the dagger he loved to carry so conspicuously. Will he echo the words of Brutus, we wonder, and attempt to dramatise a miserable craven suicide with, "I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death."?

Whatever his fate, sanctuary, prison, or grave, he is gone.

"We are blest that Rome is rid of him."

F/L. L.C.