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A Station paper can always be an asset to the personnel it serves. It should have a real contribution to make to the unit as a whole, and at the same time it should be a real benefit to each individual. If this wasn't so we wouldn't waste our time, week after week preparing it. Neither would so many other R.C.A.F. Stations throughout the Dominion. We want to make Flash almost indispensable to No. 5, and by your suggestions and contributions we can make it so.

Here are some of the functions of a Station Paper. It should inform and inspire us, praise and criticise us, amuse and annoy us. It should contribute to body, soul and mind. But we cannot accomplish all this without your cooperation. Flash in one respect is like a bank account, the more you put in it the more you will get out of it.

We want our paper to find popular favour with the Airmen. In order to make it so we need more personal news, a little gossip if you will, of what is going on in your Flight your barrack, or some one's off-station activities. This is not for disciplinary action, but as one part of the Station

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PHYSICAL TRAINING

(With apologies to Joyce Kilmer-- but not many)

I think that I never shall be
The same again since taking P.T.--
P.T. which leaves me so depressed
With not a moment off for rest.
P.T. that wears me out all day
And leaves me with no pep for play.

P.T. that drives me to despair
While dust and dirt gets in my hair.
Upon my bunk I oft have lain
And intimately lived with pain.
P.T. is done by fools like me--
O God, what fools we mortals be!

(S/O Fenton.)

Consider the Airman in the fields; how they sweat they
toil even though they do not spin.

And it is obvious that not even Heinz company with all
it's fifty seven varieties can produce better results than
these.

Wherefore, if nature supplies such plentiful abundance,
shall not a little effort on man's (airman's) part increase
it tenfold?

Hence hold no dark thoughts, saying "Saying what have
we to do with farming?" Or what is there in this that has any-
thing to do with a navigator? What have we to eat? Or what
have we to eat?"

For the C.O. and the Messing Officer ~~know~~ that you have
need of these things.

But seek you first to earn your share rightfully by
your labors, and all these things shall be provided for
you.

And take no thought for to-morrow; gather the harvest in
its good time, for to-morrow beginneth the chili sauce and
pickling season.

(S/O Fenton.)

Plenty of hot air helped Hitler rise to power. Now we
hear of a certain Cpl. Roberts who commands authority by the
same means. He rides his bicycle up to the Station gate,
blows his bugle and the S.P. rush to open it

SAD NEWS FROM F/L SCOTT

The following is part of a letter written on R.C.A.F. paper by F/L Scott the former Padre to an officer of this Station.

"Don't mind the embossed paper, it's handy and it's free. Thought I had better drop a line to acquaint you with the experience of a prayin', preachin', pitchin', passin', playin', pluggin' Padre at S.F.T.S. After all you too may someday be sentenced to the same tour of duty if you fail to keep FLASH in the proper PAN.

Shortly after arriving here I was told I was expected to become "Aero Fit". That is the condition one gets when he can neither eat, sleep nor work because of aches brought on by his contortions, convulsion, twists, turns, ups and downs, downs and ups, ins and outs, outs and ins, all under the pseudonym of P.T. and route Marches. After getting up for an EIGHT mile route march beginning at 6.30 I was so utterly exhausted I was unable to recover in time to take a 48. In fact I have been so utterly helpless that I don't know when I shall be able to get home again, unless I am taken there as a casualty. It is so long since I have been able to see my wife that I wrote and told her to write to the Dependent's Board at Ottawa about her pension as I understand that when you are missing for six months you are presumed dead.

Apart from the subversive conditioning campaign, the unconquerable flies, the seven day week, the atrocious bus service, and the inescapable fact that I have to work, this is a marvellous station. The mess is grand, the meals are excellent, the officers are cordial and cooperative the W.D.'s are..... well even Uncle Herbert might have trouble finding the proper words.

Let me hear about the doings at the "E" station. The next thing I know I will be receiving the George Cross like the people of Malta. I expect to get the A.F.C. shortly

(Aero Fit Chaplain)

(cont'd from Page 1)
does not know how the other part lives, and would like to out. Will bring to the Padre any interesting incidents and any embarrassing or humorous experiences that take place. Let's make FLASH as popular as free drinks.

Baseball Banter

Fresh(?) from triumph over Trenton and Deseronto our softball team embarked for Toronto to represent Eastern Ontario in the Command play-offs.

Saturday dawning clear and bright chased chased from the players minds, the revenge vowed upon the managers who would stoop to imposing "C.B." upon them, when the bright lights of Toronto were beckoning, and the horrors of being once more quartered in the "Bull-pen". The disturbing memories of the ride from 6 R.D. with six pretty W.D.'s were also eclipsed by the prospects of that day.

The draw brought together No. 4 Wireless of Guelph and No. 5, also No. 1 I.T.S. and the Goderich S.F.T.S.

At the end of the game between our team and Guelph the score was 2-2. The first overtime inning went scoreless. In the next inning Guelph had the bases loaded with only one man out. The second man was forced out in running home, and And it looked as if Bancroft would save the day. Two balls and two strikes were on the batter, and our pitcher grouched a ball that cut the plate in the middle. The umpire is still muttering to himself after calling it "a ball". On the next ball the batter made no mistake, driving it out to the left for the winning run.

It was a tough game to lose, but a dandy to win. It was no disgrace losing to this team of players from No. 4 W.S. The great baseball exhibited by Kerr, Muldoon and Bancroft of 5 I.T.S. will long be remembered by those from here who were fortunate enough to see the game.

Last Monday No. 5 I.T.S. resumed its struggle with Reliance Aircraft in the Belleville city League, and managed to even up the series. The teams are again deadlocked at three games apiece. The final game comes Monday next.

The game was the same hard fought contest that characterized all the games played lately. Bancroft was at top form allowing only four hits, while he got twelve from the Reliance pitcher.

At the opening of the ninth the score was tied 3-3. Reliance was retired in their last inning. No. 5 was up. McIntyre got to first base on a safe hit. Two batters were then eliminated. The next man was Kerr, there were two strikes on him and he drove the ball into right center, which the fielder missed, and McIntyre made the run which saved us the game in hollywood style.



No. 5 is justly proud of the "E pennant, and of those former graduates who have earned honors for their devotion to duty overseas.

However it is not only to the fliers that decorations come, but to a few exceptional individuals who toil in difficult places here at home. As usual No. 5 is the first to have one its personnel receive a new honor.

Last week our conscientious ~~Major~~ Administrative Officer wore for some days, and with great distinction the "Famed Order of the Right Cross", or was it the "Order of the Straight Left"? At any rate it was one or the other.

And now to the same worthy official comes the first award of its kind. At a solemn ceremony in the stately rooms of the Commanding Officer, S/L Fortune was decorated with the Order of Farm Commandos, First Class. With a few well chosen words W/C Snetsinger congratulated our S.A.O. on his Brilliant success in farm administration, and told him he now had the right to wear the rondel of a farm Commando, First Class Six inches above his cuff. Which cuff was not designated, but we assume he meant the cuff on his fatigue pants, which he wears while skillfully weeding the garden. Here is another illustrious son for No. 5. Congratulations S/L D. Fortune, F.C.

A FAMILY OUTING

One Sunday Aug. 28th. the staff of I.T.S. and their wives met at the "Y" in Belleville, gaily climbed on the that awaited them, and rode merrily to Massaga Point where they had a really family picnic.

During the afternoon a very strenuous softball game was played. The teams were as follows, Mrs. Halden, Smith, capt., Mrs. Neice, pitcher, Mr. Hackett, and L.A.C. Chambers, it was a four man team. Then Mrs. Burns, capt. Mrs. Chambers, AC2 Burns, and L.A.C. Blanchette, pitcher. It was a hectic struggle, which explains why the participating ladies were the worse for wear at the Monday meeting of their Auxiliary. (For some reason or other the score was never known).

Mrs. Manson and Cpl. Roberts were the prize swimmers. Mrs. Manson won the bathing beauty contest (who were the judges) Cpl. Roberts acted as the genial life guard. He certainly cut a classic figure, some of the girls conveniently fainted and fell in the water, hoping to be rescued by the life guard, but Mrs. Roberts kept interferred, much to the disgust of her ambitious husband.

The traditional picnic basket was thoroughly enjoyed about 1700 hours F/Sgt. Manson had to have his daily "Dagwood". So he buttered his bread, and went from group to group begging until he had sufficient variety to make a real sandwich. Was it a good one? Just ask Cpl. Parker whose eyes and mouth watered with jealousy.

The merry party was safely deposited back at the "Y" at 1930 hours, windblown, and otherwise, but happy and satisfied. It was a grand outing with a swell gang, which are grateful that at last they are getting to know each other. For this these couples are most grateful to Mr. Hackett for his efforts in bringing them all together on so many occasions.

A hearty invitation is extended to all airmen's wives at I.T.S. to attend weekly meetings of these young women. The first Monday of the month this group meets at the Y.W.C.A. They are planning an interesting and busy program for the coming months, and would like to have every available member. Mrs. Neice, 2297, or Reg. Hackett will give you necessary information.

"No nation can ruin us unless we first ruin ourselves."

Spore
Chaing Kai-Shek.

Who steals my purse steals trash,
But who filches from me my good name
Steals that which not enriches him
But leaves me poor indeed.

A first cousin to the contemptible gossip is the chronic grouch the person who seems to have a grudge against everyone, and everything. Everybody is at fault but himself. He sees the world through the colored glasses of his conceit.

If you want friends, be friendly. If you want to be loved be lovable.

Victory in the Victory Garden

In spite of bugs, grubs, birds, weeds, etc we have managed to raise a Victory Garden that was considered a worthy subject for Claire Wallace on her radio broadcast this week.

The majority of the station personnel are not aware of the large amount of "extra messing" being supplied to the kitchen of this station, from this garden. The two thousand Tomato plants have already yielded nearly FOUR TONS of fruit, and if the frost doesn't come too soon, will yield as much more.

Our corn has so far supplied us with three hundred dozen ears of corn, which has given us more than one special treat, both at meals and corn roasts. In addition to these bumper crops we have an abundance of green beans, lettuce, radishes and carrots, of which we have lost all count. There will be two thousand cabbages ready for use in a few weeks (who likes sauerkraut?) And from the potato patch, which is just south of the sports field, we should get at least fifty bags, or over two tons.

This garden was planted was made the responsibility of F/O Skoog, who later was posted overseas, and then F/O J.T. Flewelling became the chief gardener with the assistance of many potential pilots, navigators, bombers, gunners, etc. And to all who had any share in this venture, which has been decidedly worth while, we say "Many Thanks".

In the last issue of Flash we reported the results of the first round of the Ping Pong tournament, but we weren't able to give the final results. Well here it is, Westell of Flight 23 survived the struggle, and was declared the champion. But how long will he retain the honor will depend upon the other fellows who play this game. Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown, eh boys?



EDITORIAL



RUMINATIONS OF AN F/O

We know that in flying a plane, sailing a ship or driving a car are certain laws and rules we must observe if we are going to have a successful journey. This is also true of life in general.

Following are a few simple rules that are most beneficial to observe them. To ignore them isn't wise. The person who does isn't do company for any human being, and certainly will not have many real friends.

"Neither a borrower or lender be,

for Loan oft loses both itself and friend."

So wrote the great bard of Avon, what wealth of wisdom there is in his words. The wise person cuts his coat according to his cloth; he lives within his means. To do otherwise only leads to embarrassment and regret. It is easier to sacrifice to keep out of debt, than to have to sacrifice to get out of it.

The egotist is never a popular person. The most boring conversation is that which is frequently punctuated with "I" "me" and "my". It has a very poor subject.

"George Washington and me cut down the cherry tree

And I sold cigars to General Grant.

I'm everybody's ma. I'm everybody's pa,

I'm uncle, cousin, nephew, neice and aunt."

If a person amounts to anything at all he will not need to talk about himself.

If you want to earn the title of Public Enemy No. 1 then go about talking of other people's faults and failings. There is no adjective so harsh to describe such a malicious individual. It is good policy to say nothing behind a person's back that you wouldn't say to his face.

Curly P J