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September 24th, 1943.

WHAT MORE CAN YOU ASK ?

It is really true that the other day the S.A.O. said that everything possible must be done to meet the needs of the Airmen on this Station and make their stay as pleasant as possible. He really meant it.

Of course he nor any one else can accomplish all they would wish because of rationing and restrictions. Many of the requirements we want cannot be obtained for love or money. Others come only after long intervals. So inconvenience, disappointment and complaints result. If everything we wanted could possibly be bought there would be little to complain about on this Station.

There exists on this Station an Airmen's Council which is organized to meet every two weeks under the supervision of the Padres. Every section is represented on this Council by an airman or corporal, no other rank is eligible. At this meeting all your legitimate complaints are aired and your suggestions received, and these are presented to the proper authorities for action. Everything is done to comply with your requests and to investigate and act on your complaints, but we must remember the difficulties already mentioned.

(over)

..And in addition to those difficulties there is a real scarcity of labour, a shortage of available G.D.'s, of barbers, and civilian assistance. Do you not realize that only one cleaners will make any attempt to serve this station, and they cannot cope with our demands?

In two weeks time the Airmen's Council will meet again and so if you have complaints or suggestions tell your Flight or sectional representative of them. All these are done anonymously, so you need not fear having your name mentioned.

Also for your information we have been asked to print the financial statement of the Sports Fund, to which you contribute monthly.

Receipts for July and August.

Sales of Athletic supplies	\$ 85.42
Collections - Airmen @ 25¢	395.00
Collections - Officers @ 50¢	27.67
Softball gate receipts	87.80
Rebates	29.99
	<u>\$625.88</u>

Expenditures for July and August

Telephone	3.62
Umpires	7.00
Trips by the teams	175.00
Sports Day prizes	53.85
<u>Sports Equipment</u>	
Tennis Balls	49.91
Racquets restrung	10.05
Cleaning	19.50
Punching bags	15.00
Bats, Balls, Gloves	76.00
Badminton racquets	42.60
Volley Balls	53.32
Crests	58.13
Lumber	29.08
Lacrosse Balls	4.16
Caps	1.66
Badminton nets	9.00
Hardware	2.60
	<u>\$612.98</u>

FLIGHT 33, COURSE 83. (In Memoriam.)

Flights may come, Flights may go,
But never will there be,
A Flight with as many virtues
As good old Thirty Three.

It was during their stay at this school, and thru no fault of theirs, that 5 I.T.S., after nine months of effort, was awarded the Ministers Pennant.

What a noble list of names this Flight contained, a real cross section of a great country. There was Norm Burns, a star of New York Rangers, Bill Bamcroft a foot baller of Winnipeg Blue Bombers, and star pitcher of our softball team Russ Creasy, an 18 year old cattle rancher of Halkirk Alta. And Floyd Duenech, Garbage collector deluxe of Kitchener, Ont. (For the sake of space others omitted.)

Some of the boys had their own ideas as to how discipline should be administered in the R.C.A.F. As a result the sergeants pockets were always bulging with "I" cards.

Yes, Flight 33 won the drill competition, and now they had to work for it. Led by Bunny Berringer of Fudgecake, N.S., who had two left feet, they drilled for hours, and co-operated 100% with SGT Clarke. Luckily on the day for the competition the boys had to parade without supper, and in their haste to get to the Mess, they performed smartly for ten minutes. We pass this tip on to the succeeding courses.

P.T. was a real favourite. The general opinion among the boys was that the C.O. and C.G.L. had a wager as to whether they could make gorillas out of us. And after looking at Franklin Caven and Johnny Dorosh I think we are really reverting back. It at least convinces me that there's something in the Darwin theory.

Sgt Clarke had the privilege of being our Sergeant. He was a leader of men and follower of women. He succeeded in the latter. Sgt Blumson, our flight senior, used to bellow commands in swing time, and so occasionally we did resemble a jam session.

Lights went out at 2245 hrs but the noise didn't go

(Cont'd on Page 4.)

out until 0200 hours. Some of the boys had been air raid wardens and performed best in total darkness.. For further details about the air raid wardens of 33 consult the belles of Belleville.

F/O Warren was our Flight Commander and a patient soul. He was continually telling us of our doings, or rather our undoings. He warned us repeatedly that unless we cooperated with our seniors we would have an extra session of duty flight. Small wonder that I.T.S. won the Minister's award for Flight 33 was always scrubbing.

However our flight bowed out in a blaze of glory, as one of its members, Wally Caughill, was the first Honour Student of No. 5 I.T.S. That was the highlight of the entire course and so we planned to risk the wrath of the powers that be, by carrying Wally out to the C.O. when the presentation was to be on Parade, but it had to rain and I guess it saved our necks.

These facts have been withheld until now lest the enemy discover our plans, and since most of this gang of wreckers have left for various flying schools, it can be announced. Soon we shall have our Wings, then Hitler, Tojo and Co. had better capitulate. For when Flight 33 does something it is done right. Ask course 87!!

(At least 33 is the first flight to make a real contribution to Flash. If we had more flights like it we would have to enlarge our Paper. Ed.)

(cont'd from Page 5)

shattered appendix - it'll just have to stay there until he clears out. As for myself, I have the choicest job of the flight, I sit here all day thinking of ways both saintly and diabolical whereby S/O Fenton and her cohorts can be reinforced by scads of W.D.'s to brighten the life of "X" Flight.

So cheer up mates the best is yet to come. One of these days you may join the ranks of those blasting the Axis with an axe in your hand and the Flight at your rear.

The Major of Flight 33.

SO YOU WANT TO FLY, EH ?

We hear a lot about the unsung heroes of this war, but there is one unsung hero among the unsung ones, and that is the courageous "X" Flight.

Now all you budding pilots, or should I say, truck drivers and all you wonderful conductors, otherwise known as navigators, and you delivery boys, who are known as bombers officially and even a few of the stutterers, airgunners to the uninitiated may some day find yourself lugging your worldly possessions in two blue bags and parking them in the dungeon of the East Barracks. There you sleep amid the din of creaking floors and frightened snores (That's poetry, kids) and finally drop off into mortal asphyxiation from, well you know, your best friends won't tell you. Well that's the introduction to "X" Flight.

Of course before you get that far it is necessary to complete your course, yet there are some who will tell you that that is just incidental. Then you meet the boss, F/S Geddes, who always greets you with a smile and an ominous death roll in his hand. The day on which we moved over was a real tragedy. It rained and so we were trapped in the corridor downstairs in the Admin. Building. Here we heard our sentence and for twenty minutes the walls echoed with wails and laments from the newly inducted "X" Flight. Pilots discovered that they were to pilot dishes around the Airmen's Mess, navigators found that the first course they had to plot was the shortest route to the Officer's Mess. The bombers had to deliver loads of coal and dirt to the boiler room and the first targets of the air gunners were the floors of the Admin. Building.

I found that Morale is a wonderful thing, because it soon survives from its shattered state. I saw the Navigators "B" smile blandly upon the world from the "V" office and when last seen one had resorted to the futile hope of playing both teams in the "Y's" only game-baseball. Others decided to hide out with the Gestapo at the front gate, so you rookies had better decide to use the gate when you come in late rather than the fence, for these fellows know all the holes by past experience. There is one unmerciful wretch of the course and he is a pilot who decided that the patients in the hospital weren't sick enough so he's gone up there to cook for them. Oh, my---

(Continued on Page 4.)

S.P. (Sick Parade not Semper Paratus)

I woke up that morning feeling kinda' tough.
It must have been the canteen, I never say "enough".
Staggering forth, the bunk began to heave,
Grunted, the sleepy guy above, "your sick, I believe?"
Whitefaced, I agreed and with extra courage made
An effort to whisper, "I'm going on Sick Parade."
"No", they shouted "You owe us money." (Esprit de Corps)
But, too late. I staggered through the door.
In time, we reported, a riotely looking crew
Teamed in threes. The corporal grinned- he knew.
"Right dress" he roared, "Oh h--l, at ease",
The only reply - a throat wracking sneeze;
An eternity to get there, my feet began to drag;
Someone pointed to benches, on those we did sag,
Near a battered door marked, "Private, M.O."
(Medical Officer I presume, heard other versions tho')
Two hours later. Temperature taken. Answering my name.
I entered the portals, shaking in fear. Oh shame.
"What ails you?" Cigar smoke burnt my eyes.
He sat, stethoscope in one hand, other swatting flies.
"Here, two A.P.C's, Atten C". Open mouthed I took the slip.
The orderly gave a two-toothed grin (dont lose your grip).
Well! today I feel better - the pills I'm afraid,
Now they point with awe "He went on sick parade".

AC2 Butchard, S.H.

"We do not need more national development; we need
more spiritual development. We do not need more intellect-
ual power; we need more spiritual power. We do not need
more knowledge; we need more character".

Calvin Coolidge

WANTED for next issue of Flash a real contribution
from Course 84.

WANTED for Flash a few eavesdroppers.

(Cont'd from Page 8.)

God help the man who can only think of "staying in the Service". To some that may be the easiest answer, but it is not a solution of the problem. A Navy, Army, or Air Force made up of such individuals would have neither backbone nor stamina.

(F/L L.G.C.)

SALUTE TO NO. 1 AIRMAN

At 0900 hours on Thursday, Sept 16, 1943, in a quiet ceremony unheralded by any fanfare or advance publicity, No. 5 I.T.S., acknowledged the birth of a new son - The Honour Student. Although the weather spoiled the presentation for the whole School, and the illness of the Commanding Officer prevented his attendance, nevertheless the accomplishment of this airman is worthy of note.

To me and to the others in Flight 33 he was neither a "Myth" nor a "queer", but a real fellow-one who was always taking his place in the Flight's activities. He would lay no claim to being an all-star in sports, but then all-stars have never yet won games by themselves. He never thought of himself as being any better than any other, but still he could drill a flight better than any other fellow in the crowd. Hence he was outstanding in leadership. He would never claim to be virtuous, and would blush at being called generous, yet he was both. He never refused a helping hand to anyone; nor was he guilty of blind criticism, he would always give the other fellow the benefit of the doubt, and above all in spite of the trials of Camp Life, he could smile, something which encouraged many who might have given up. Hence he was tops in character.

In the classroom he would never parade his ability, but his 89% is proof enough of its existence, and so he led us all in the academic field.

This is no obituary, but the factual account of an airman in Flight 33 whose record will remain as a challenge to succeeding courses. His score is to be envied and proud of, and the other airmen of Flight 33 join me in this inadequate salute to "The outstanding airman of Course #83, IAC Caughell."

Carry on Wally!

(The Major of "X" Flight)



EDITORIAL



"THIS TOO WILL PASS"

Without indulging in that most dangerous pastime, aptly dubbed, "wishful thinging", many of us have undoubtedly been stirred by recent events to contemplate the possibilities of the post war years. That we have every right to do so at this time is borne out by the reports of the Quebec Conference, where we are assured, this subject was soundly discussed.

Many of us realize that the ultimate cessation of hostilities will usher in a new period of difficulties, rather than merely ending the present one. Some of us believe that that period will call for a greater expenditure of national and individual effort in order to achieve those aims for which we now think it worthwhile to sacrifice billions of dollars and millions of lives.

The time to plan for the years ahead is now. If, when planning the assault on the fortress of Europe the leaders of Democracy considered it necessary to discuss post war plans, surely it is time for each of us to have some idea of what we want to do "after the war". What solution our leaders reached ^{we} can only conjecture, what we can be sure of is that those plans are doomed to failure unless the Service personnel do something about their own plans now.

If the country feels obliged to help you to pick up the threads of your life where you dropped them in order to serve the country, then the least you can do is be ready to present your case. So start now to think it over.

(cont'd on top of Page. 7)