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- FAREWELL -

Squadron Leader A.W. Roberts, former Chief Ground Instructor at No. 5 I.T.S., left October 1st., for the RCAF War Staff College, recently opened in Toronto. He is one of twenty selected for the first course chosen from the whole RCAF.

Squadron Leader Roberts was one of the first officers at this Station when it was opened in August 1941, and for almost two years was Chief Ground Instructor. To a great extent it was through his organization, thoroughness, and efficiency that the present standard of No. 5 was attained - the standard which is symbolized by the "E" Pennant that now floats over the Parade Grounds.

It is an honour to Squadron Leader Roberts and to No. 5 I.T.S., that he has been selected from such a large personnel to attend the War Staff College. The best wishes for his continued success go with him from the personnel of this Station.

This week saw the completion of the Official Flag Pole of No. 5 ITS. Well what is so outstanding about a new flag pole?

Now it might be interesting to the readers of Flash to hear something about the adventures of this new addition.

Some days ago W/C Snotsinger, S/L Fortune and accompanied by our genial Station Gardener, Harry Reeves, drove to the bush of Harry's brother and selected this tall sturdy cedar. Eventually it found its way to ITS where under the craftsmanship of ACl Alexander it was carefully turned into its present graceful state. We may add here that Alexander was unable to see his handiwork placed in position as he has been posted since to Halifax.

When erected there seemed to be something missing from this stately staff. Oh yes, it needed a top notch to make it complete. So Sgt Dupuis came to the rescue and with deft fingers and much skilled patience produced the smooth ball which gives the pole that finished appearance.

Some may be saying. "Well, why did we need a new flag pole? May we state, this will be the one and only flag pole on the Station, what you see on the Parade Square is a flag staff. The latter has on it an arm for the hanging of extra pennants. We need We need this flag pole to prevent many airmen from falling under the wrath of the Station Sergeant Major for having failed to salute the ensign blowing so merrily many stories above their heads. Henceforth there will be no excuse.

Supervision credit for this lofty addition and the laying of the base goes to WO1 Duffin and SGT Dupuis. The pole is 35 feet in height.

Monday morning October 3rd., this pole became official and our ensign took its newly appointed position.

Gentlemen, A Toast to "Our Flag Pole".

by, a Roving Reporter.

- GOOD NEWS -

The entertainment Committee has managed to secure No. 6 R.D. Orchestra, one of the best in the country, for our dances here. The first is October 15th., keep it in mind. The other dates are Nov. 5th., 26th., Dec. 17th and 31st. 1943.

So come on Child'un Le's Dance.

- IN MEMORIAM -

With a sense of deep personal sorrow, and as a spokesman and for those fellow airmen who came in touch with him, I am writing this parting tribute to Corporal Bill Dewar whose sudden death on Sept. 30th., came as a terrible shock to all of us.

The impress Bill made on those around him will never be forgotten. His genuine love of life, his constant enthusiasm and cheerfulness, his open but kind frankness, his keenness of mind, were deeply felt and admired by all who knew him. He possessed exceptional physical fitness and stamina, as shown in his achievements on the sports field. But more important than that these qualities were combined with deep spiritual perception, and moral integrity of the highest order. He was always a true friend, ready at all times to give a helping hand, and to ^{do} more than his share. As an airman he was the ideal, combining the highest in character and leadership, with all-round ability.

Bill's passing leaves a gap in the lives of his friends which cannot be filled, but his memory we shall always cherish with deep gratitude and pride. It will always be a challenge to us to live up to his high ideals.

To his family goes forth the heartfelt sympathy of all his friends in the Service. May they take comfort in the knowledge that they could not have had a finer son or one more loved and respected.

We will never forget you, Bill.

LAC G.W. Logge.

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I WAS BORN IN PRAGUE (Cont'd from Page 6)

I was able to get passage from England to the United States where I completed my engineering studies at the University of Illinois. For a short time I worked as electrical designer, until I decided to come to Canada to join the Czechoslovak Air Force. I have finished my course here, and the day will soon come when I will be able to repay the Nazis for what they did to my country.

Another successful Track and Field Day was held on this Station on September 29th., No. 2 Squadron emerged with 107 points as against No. 1 Squadron with 40 points. However the latter Squadron isn't giving up, but threatens to square accounts with the boys from the West Barracks at the next Field Day.

Flying Officer McMahon and SGT Attwell duplicated the feat of the previous Meet by leading their Flight, which is 23, to take high honours. They accumulated a total of 35 points. They had fourteen points more than Flight "25" which stood in 2nd place.

Corporal Dewar and AC2 Wroggit were the individual high scorers, being tied with ten points a piece. Cpl. Dewar broke two Station records in the Log and Discus Throws.

Barnett, a bare-footed jumper, carried away the honours at the bar (the Jumping Bar).

The "Maestro" of the Mike was "Hot-Foot" Whittle, who handled the announcing in a masterly way.

The "Big Race" between Sgt. Major Birkett and Sgt. Major Lacey didn't come off as these two stalwarts hadn't finished their training in time for the Meet.

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Speaking of unsung heroes, we have a group of them in Course #85, Flight 11, blessed with a number of talented ball players who proved their ability by carrying away the championship pennant for inter-flight softball.

Possibly you haven't heard much about this as these modest fellows are not much to talk about their achievements. But we cannot let them pass from here without mentioning their hard won success.

The games were all well played and sportsmanship was displayed on both sides. The competition was keen but not keen enough to subdue the "Nine" of Flight 11.

The sole comment of Course #85 is, "We were pleased as well as proud to enter Flight Eleven in the Sports Limelight of No. 5 I.T.S., and on the pages of athletic fame.

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IS IT REALLY TRUE?

That a certain Sergeant in the Armament Section received a Special Delivery package on the eve of Sept. 17th., last addressed to himself and his wife to be, but when opening it refused to show the contents to his bride. We are wondering too, Dave, don't keep us in suspense.

AND, IS IT REALLY TRUE that on the morning of his wedding day he spent from 10 to 1.00 p.m. in that widely publicized theatre in Toronto known only to a few of us as the "Casino"? Was it just a last flight Johnny?

Is It Really True that he had all his finger nails bitten and holes worn in both shoes walking up and down while waiting for the minister? Poor boy! Was it worth it, Dave?

Was it true that some one did a beautiful job of hemstitching and knot tying on his new red and blue pyjamas? We hope you didn't have to sit up all night untying them Sarge.

We extend our heartiest congratulations to you and Marge and may there be love and happiness in all your undertakings, Dave.

- THE BELLEVILLE DERBY -

Ah! Never before has there been such an event. After a night of hectic preparation (F/O McMahon stayed late the night before to make sure his entry was in Al Snape - it is rumoured that several other officers slept with theirs to make sure that some over-enthusiastic sergeants would not resort to crippling measures against their hated rivals). The day dawned. Among the entries when they heard that such a delightful afternoon's entertainment had been planned for them there was a belated rush for "Attend B's. However most of them carried on with the philosophic comment "C'est la Guerre".

Finally the day, the hour, the minute arrived - they lined up long ones, short ones, fat ones, and those that just don't like meals. F/O McMahon's entry were dropped from 10 to 1 to even money when it was announced that SGT Hamilton would be starter for the race. They're Off! The cry went up from all those fortunate enough to have "Attend B's.

All too soon it was all over and the leaders swept down the track before the grandstand to an almost photographic finish. (slow motion). SGT Connor of 10 Flt. was first, followed by Wreggit of Flt 33 and Simpson of Flt. 12, in that order. and Flight 10 were the lucky winners of the team prize. The remainder enjoyed the scenery. (by Reg. Hackett)

I WAS BORN IN PRAGUE

From my earliest years I travelled over most of Europe and acquired a knowledge of several languages, which were to be a great asset to me later. I started to study medicine at the Charles University in Prague, which was built by Charles IV of Bohemia in the 15th Century. With many of my countrymen I saw a crisis coming in Europe, so I decided to take engineering instead of medicine as it would not be necessary to take a State examination for that profession in case I would have to leave my country.

After studying for two years Czechoslovakia was invaded by the Germans, and I saw the field-gray Nazi hordes stream into Prague, the Capital of Bohemia since the days of good King Wenceslas in the 10th Century. The German Army of Occupation or "Protection" as they called it, drove up in huge lorries to the famous library of the University taking away loads of very valuable books, some of them incunabulae (books of early period) and sent them to Berlin. They also took large amounts from the State funds from the National Bank.

Soon the Army was followed by the State Troops and the Gestapo. I held at that time a commission in the reserve army of my country and so I felt it better if possible to leave the country. I did so with the aid of a Gestapo agent whom I happened to know. I used a passcard, which was required in addition to my passport, in order to leave the "Protectorate". The passcard had been issued to a man who had been apprehended at the border, and then sent to a concentration camp where he had died. Fortunately his pass card had not been destroyed, and so I was able to substitute my own picture upon it.

I made my way to Germany where my thorough knowledge of German language enabled me to pass for a German. From there I made my way to the Netherlands. At Flushing I embarked on a small fishboat without any auxiliary motor, but equipped with sails. With me were two Dutch soldiers and two French soldiers. In two days we reached England, but not without encountering two attacks by the Luftwaffe. The extremely bad weather and dense fog proved to be a great blessing to us.

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MORALE (Cont'd)

worth while, and that the country you call your own and the lands of our allies along with the form of government they represent are the things in life that are worth defending. A quiet sure belief in God and his Infinite Justice is the foundation upon which deep courage rests.

The service works night and day to help you maintain your morale, you can do your part either to reinforce the efforts of the Service or to wreck it all - it is up to you and you alone, to keep your most valuable fighting weapon in the proper condition to beat the common foe. That's our job.

(Author 1720)

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LIFE

Quiet people are hard to read,
It pays to advance at lessened speed.
Because you've seen a lot of life
Don't think you've conquered in the strife.

This business of life is quite some job,
And on it goes despite the mob,
Like a mighty tireless, endless chain
It brings us pleasure, love or pain.

The joy of having a woman's love
That seems to come from heaven above,
The joy of holding her tight in your arms
On you she lavishes all her charms.

This force called love, subtly sublime,
Refines and purifies the soul.
It kindles again a dying flame,
And we set out course for a higher goal.

Things we find the hardest to do
Are things we need the most,
These widen the mind to greater scope
And build up our lives to a greater hope.

H.M.E.



- MORALE -

During your period in the Service you will hear the word morale used very frequently. It will be well to understand what the word really means in relation to your service in the Armed Forces.

As you know it is the constant endeavour of the Air Force to maintain your morale at a high level for the job you have to do requires all you have to give.

Just what is meant when we speak of morale? Morale is influenced by three conditions, mental, physical and spiritual. What is meant by mental morale? Simply stated it means you have the right mental slant on your life in the Service to the extent that you can ride over the irritations caused by the necessary discipline imposed on you and that you realize you are a part of a vast and complex fighting machine each member of which must subjugate his personal desires and freedom to the requirements of the job to be done.

The second item in the make-up of morale is bodily health. When you came into the service trained medical men made absolutely sure you were fit, every day since you have been subject to training designed to maintain your condition of physical well being at its highest peak. You can undo all that has been done for you by a lack of horse sense in your pleasure after duty on or off the Station. "You cannot walk through the slime of the gutter without getting your feet dirty."

The third item in the make-up of morale is spiritual, that is, spiritual not in the sense of stained glass windows and soft organ music but the strength that comes from the conviction that the cause you are fighting is

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