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THE VICTORY LOAN

The Victory Loan is number Five;
Canada needs your loan.
Freedom must remain alive,
Give freely of what you own.

Your little bit, it isn't much,
Yet when together thrown
With little bits from such and such,
A mighty loan is grown.

A mighty loan to hurl defiance
On to the teeth of our common foe,
To let them know-this evil alliance -
That Canada's effort will grow and grow.

So dig down deep, give till it hurts,
Help our coffers to overflow.
We must give, if we would live
As only the Britons know.

H.M. Everson.

MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND

I was born in Trinidad, The Land of the Humming Bird, and count it a privilege to tell the readers of Flash a little bit about that southern-most island of the West Indies. It was called Trinidad by Christopher Columbus, because on approaching its shores he saw its three mountain peaks which suggested to him the Holy Trinity, and hence the name which is the Spanish for Trinity.

This tropical island is a cosmopolitan paradise for it provides amply for people of several nations that are fortunate enough to live there. Its chief products are pitch, oil, sugar and cocoa.

Situated in the heart of Trinidad, about sixteen miles from Port-of-Spain, the capital, is the beautiful little town of Arima, where I was born. This is the home of the ancient Carib tribe, whose patron saint is Santa Rosa. This little borough, whose population is about 6000 got its charter from Queen Victoria by its first mayor, Charles Pamphile Lopez whose proud descendents continue until this day.

One of the most interesting festivals in Trinidad is the Annual Carnival Pageant, and is celebrated for two days by the whole island. The inhabitants parade the streets masked or with painted faces, and attired in the most beautiful multi-coloured costumes. Different bands are formed and each is dressed to represent some well known character or historic personality. Some dress as Persian Shicks, others as Red Indians, Mohawks or Matadors, some even dress to represent the Devil. Each band specializes in playing the national music. The Hindus, of which there are a number, also have an annual festival in which they honour their God Hosh, and dance to the strains of the drum.

I am having a wonderful time in Canada, but when the war is over I'll be back in my native land as soon as I can get there, where I can find real sport in soccer and cricket my favourite games. Also where I can hear the Calypsonian music with its soul stirring melodies.

(C.P. Lopez)

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HEADQUARTERS BOWLING LEAGUE

STANDINGS

<u>Team</u>	<u>Points</u>	<u>Team</u>	<u>Points</u>
Equipment.	10	Post Office.	5
All Stars.	10	Canteen.	5
Nav. Officers.	8	Records.	5
Admin. Officers.	8	Motor Transport.	3
Accounts.	7	Sgts. #2 Sqd.	2
Service Police	6	Hospital.	2
		Armament.	1

The bowling star of the year so far is undoubtedly Quenville of the Equipment Team; His high single of 300 and high triple of 763 make him practically a one man team. However the league is young yet and no doubt men such as Heimpel, Birkett, Garner, Earle, Gilchrist and others will soon be chasing him. And we must not forget the powerful ball thrown by SGT. MJR Lacey which threatens to become No. 5's secret weapon.

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INVASION

Great Britain and the U.S.A. has had to learn the technique of seaborne invasion since the fall of France, when the Allies lost their foothold in the Continent. This technique was first tried out on the shores of North Africa, but it wasn't really put to the test until the invasion of Sicily.

Seaborne invasion means that every single item a soldier uses has to be transported by sea and landed on beaches where so often there are no docking facilities, and often under strong enemy fire.

The army must be landed.

The army must have food.

The army must have water.

The army must have gasoline and oil.

Also their weapons, supplies for those weapons etc. One armoured division needs 250 tons of gasoline a day. An infantry division needs 9,064 tons of tanks and vehicles. A division needs approximately 120 tons of drinking water a day. Three field regiments consume 200 tons of ammunition in an hour's artillery barrage. (Winnipeg Kinsman)

HELP! ORDER! ETC.



The other night the telephone in the Officers Quarters rang furiously. No one pretended to hear it, since it was the duty of the Orderly Officer anyway, and then they were busy reading the editorials of the Intelligence. Finally one of the Squadron Commanders noting the urgency with which it rang decided to answer it in case

it was from his wife, or his other date. From the other end of the line came the hysterical voice of a woman urgently demanding the O.O. But he was nowhere to be found, much to the regret of the S.C.

So the congenial Flight Lieuy, sensing the desperate plight of the caller, offered to go to the rescue. Should he wait for the Orderly Officer it may be too late, for in the meantime some fiendish Fu Manchu may abduct or murder the helpless W.D. So the would-be rescuer sought for some assistance, he wasn't going to risk going into the den of the W.D.'s alone. How was he to know that it wasn't some cleverly planned scheme (He knew too well the moral of the verse about the Spider and the Fly) and then being a married man, he couldn't take any chances with a desperate female. The President of the Airmen's Mess was the only officer present with courage enough to respond to that S.O.S.

As they approached the brick building, where the W.D.'s have their residence, they heard the most blood curdling screams, and through the windows they caught glimpses of great commotion. They hastened their steps, ran up the stairs, burst hurriedly into the front room just in time to see the terrified and exhausted Messing Officer collapse in a heap upon the floor. They heard groans in an adjoining room and in there they found S/O Fenton prone upon the bed in convulsions - they weren't sure whether her condition was due to some mysterious phantom or some other circumstances.

The only occupant of these quarters able to give any coherent explanations to this mystery was Section Officer Sauriel, and her nerve was almost gone.

(Continued on Page 5.)

Turning to her the Rescue Squad asked in unison, "What's wrong? Where is it?" Haltingly the timid W.D. pointed to the corner of the room, and with a quivering voice said, "It's over there." Both officers rushed for the corner, but all they could see was a small helpless little mouse lying lifeless in a trap. Surely they thought this couldn't be the cause of the panic, so they inquired again, "Over here?" "Yes," said the S/O shuddering, "That's it." Well you could have knocked those two officers over with a feather, they were so chagrined.

They took the mysterious phantom from the trap, and made their way back to their quarters utterly amazed that such a small, helpless creature should inspire such fear in three noble officers of the R.C.A.F. Why the Squadron Commander cannot do half as well, not even in his most fearful threats. The last comment he was heard to make was, "What would have happened if it had been a wolf?"

It is officially reported that F/O Weber is now detailed to those quarters for the extermination of mice.

THE CRIBBAGE LEAGUE

Ah! What a sport. Guaranteed to broaden one—ones famy. From a purely personal view I can't see what is so fascinating about it, but then who am I to judge, when men of such mature judgement like CPL Nay and Kleinsteuber and L.C Christie are simply crazy about it? Even 'Hot Pants' Hannah succumbs. Even Padre Payton has become a victim.

The persistence with which I have been hounded down the last few weeks has almost unnerved the writer. Why I cannot call a minute my own without some cribbage wolf comes along to try to fatten his win column at my expense. All told there is a total of 26 scrambling for the honour of being Station Champ (or chump). So far the leaders are CPL Kilmer with 8 wins and 5 losses, Reg. Hackett with 8 and 5, Birchall with 6 & 3 Hannah with 5 & 1, and Dark Horse Dale with 4 & 0. However a small card cover the others and it is definitely any ones battle yet.

A Divine Nucleus (Cont' l from back page)

'Archbishop Damaskinos, the Metropolitan of the Greek Church protested consistently the shooting of hostages, but in vain. He told the German authorities that by such a heinous system they were imposing cruel hardships upon Greek families. He said, "You kill farmers--after their death, their families are broken, without support, without bread. You kill sons--after their death, their families lose a moral and material support." The Metropolitan then showed the Nazi authorities a list of names of men they could shoot without effecting the ruin of Greek homes. The first name on the list was his own, followed by the names of all of the Greek Clergy. His offer was rejected.'

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WORTH QUOTING

Right Rev. Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen says, "Unfortunately the basis of unity among us is a common hatred, and too often the hatred of a person rather than a hatred of wrong. We know whom we hate; but whom do we love?....

We cannot and we must not hate any person whom God made--even though he be our enemy. But in forgetting evil we have substituted a hatred of persons. It is very well for us to sing "God Bless America," but how can He bless us if we hate? How can He bless us unless we deserve the blessing? Will you do your share to prevent the spreading of the spirit that makes war, and thus prevent America from rotting from within? Our greatest enemy is not outside our shores; it is not even in our saboteurs, secret agents and Fifth Columnists; it is in our souls - our forgetfulness of the God of Justice and Love."

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What is the "Fringe of the Fifth Column?"

Propaganda casualties, people who have been bombed too much, or rationed too much, those who feel they are losing too much through war, and those who can no longer "Take it".

Let's face it:

Sleep ends at 0630 hrs.; Tuesday since meat and fish on Friday; your flight will certainly be inspected on Thursday should your hair be long; endless meal line; barking disciples; only a seat on the floor if the show is; staggering stag line for Friday dance; inexhaustable (???) P.T.I.'s; post lights out; soothsayers and serenaders; compulsory Church Parade the a.m. you planned to catch up; the jovial Joe who flops on your bunk 30 seconds before the check up; sleepless S.P.'s the one night you return late... it's pretty tough, but -

Let's face it:

Duty Watch for Course #90 -- 48's for graduating #86 The one and only's letter won't arrive on time...life can be too uneventful for her to write about at times... Some of us may not be able to fly a Hurri over #5 Sunday afternoons...and lots of hopefuls will be JOE before reaching EPTS...some have it and some don't so -

Let's face it:

Cpl. Hannah may yet acquire a taste for music...and AC2 Jones relax sufficiently on Back to embrace Tommy Dorsey the bit..... The vigilant Sgts in room 108 may find that speck one of these days that has been bugging them this long while.....stranger things have happened.

Let's face it:

You may have only five days at home after ten months absence--(but then Flight Geddes hasn't been home in 16 years)bound to be bumpy air on the way.

Let's face it:

Your steps will be dogged until you buy a Victory Bond..... So let's face the responsibility and start planning for the investment we can make.

Determination discipline, endurance and team-work alone will enable us to get those toughies, Adolph and Hirohito into the pot with Mussi.

So every last JOE at #5 (and you know what that means)
LET'S FACE IT.....

(Maximus)



A DIVINE NUCLEUS

"The Church bores me" said an airman to me one day. The Nazis have been saying the same thing for a long time. So they have tried to recast the Church in Europe, and mould her nearer their evil designs. Part of the Church submitted, accepting the way of least resistance, but a divine nucleus remains. Of this nucleus thousands have been slain or tortured in internment camps. But in spite of persecution and threat the Church in Europe carries on. It isn't dead, and it cannot be destroyed, nor can the gates of Hell prevail against her.

The Nazis had to crush the Church if they would be free to pursue their godless and ruthless program. She seriously opposed their extermination of the Jews, and all other acts of sadism and brutality. Through the Church has come all those prized possessions for which men are dying today, and she is the only reliable guardian of them - governments sometimes betray the people, so in order to deprive mankind of them the Church must be destroyed.

The only living hope in Europe today is a struggling Church, who, with head bloody but unbowed, goes on reviving hope in the hopeless, encouraging the despairing, and shouting defiance in the face of organized evil. As long as there is a living soul in that bloody mess there will be an unconquerable Church. Such a spirit is to be seen in the following story.

(Cont. on top of Page 6.)