



PUBLISHED WITH THE KIND PERMISSION OF  
WING COMMANDER A. J. SNETSINGER, ED

VOL. I. No. 15.

Dec. 31st, 1945.

FRIENDS, GIVE US YOUR EARS

"Say, Joe do you know whom I picked up the other night?"

"No, and what the H--- do I care."

"There you go, that's just the trouble with some of your guys, expect everything, and don't give a D--- as to what goes on."

"What on earth is eating you anyway? Come give it to papa, I'll suffer."

"Well it's this way Joe. I picked up Sgt. Hughes, you know from the Mess, say he's some guy - was in the last War, and has been all over the world, India, Mesopotamia, etc. He was telling me that its some job mixing grub these days. Do you know on mornings for Fried Eggs or Griddle Cakes they (the chefs) are sizzling with those things for us for two hours, starting at 6 o'clock, They have to stand over ranges that practically singe your eyebrows off because they can't get the right kind of coal."

"Say that must be some job"

"It sure is. You should have heard him when I asked if they used egg powder for scrambled eggs—I am convinced it is not, so would you be. They are having some fun with rations right now too. They can only get three kinds of vegetables, turnips, carrots, and cabbage, and what a job trying to spread them over the week and give variety. He tells me that the Beef they are getting is pretty light stuff, mostly bone, and doesn't go far. You ought to hear him tell about the stuff they called meat in Mesopotamia. Here he stopped and pointed to his head and said, "That's why I keep my

(Cont'd on Page 2)

(Cont'd from front Page)

"hair short so the grey hairs I get worrying about grub, won't show." He said if they could get the meat the boys would have it twice a day."

"He said it doesn't help the Kitchen staff, especially the Chefs after spending four or five hours getting food ready in heat and steam, to have so many grousing about the food. It's our privilege to grouse, but let's consider them a bit. And if seconds, particularly of meat, are not there it usually means that they are trying to see that everybody gets some. When there is M.I.K. (More in Kitchen) they are only too glad to fill up the plates again, they don't want food left. Then there are the sugar, butter and milk rations too, there is nothing for extras at all. If one takes more than one's share then someone else does without, and of course he is blamed for the scarcity."

"Do you know Joe, those fellows in the kitchen are just slugging for us. They want to do their part to beat Hitler, and the Service puts them here to do this job. Many of them would like to be in Aircrew, but some are past the age-limit, the Sergeant tells me one of the Chefs has six sons on Active Service, others can't make it because of physical reasons, but they are just as good as we are, and doing a vital job too. What they need is a little more consideration, and not so many kicks."

"Oh, yes there was another thing he told me about extra messing worth remembering. He said a little more care with the dishes and less souvenir hunting among the silverware would leave more money for Catsup and Chili Sauce."

"Take it for what it's worth Joe."

NOTICE TO CRAPSHOOTERS Corporal Nay of the Service Police, the ruthless menace of this indoor past-time has been posted to No. 1 Training Command.

Congratulations to LAC McElligott on his recent engagement, we are sorry though that it got him in wrong with the RCAF. We hope that it doesn't indicate C.B. for life, sometimes it does.

Congratulations to the Station Corporals who are getting a New Mess, and we understand it is to be second to none. Has that anything to do with <sup>the</sup> number of new corporals we see around here?

RUMBLINGS FROM THE POSTAL STAFF

The Postal Staff decided to pool its gray matter and give vent to a literary masterpiece for posterity's sake. This immediately evoked the supplication of all standing by, 'The Lord help our Children.'

Actually it is but a hidden desire to see our name in print, exclusion of the usual police court columns dealing with inebriated individuals, and to refute that ugly rumour that morons and postal clerks are synonymous. Not that we had taken offense. Only the president of the International Order of Morons took exception to that fact and demanded an apology, which he has here and now (because guess who is a potential member of that illustrious organization?) So this is to prove to all and sundry that we too can read, write and chisel 48 hour passes.

The real reason for this literary gem is to ask, plead, implore and beg you noble creatures to kindly refrain from asking us the most tedious question which can come to our ears, to quote "Any mail for me today?" unquote. No matter where we be, or what we are doing those sweet words, with the tenderness of a Sergeant-Major's whisper falls on our ears.

Yes, be we munching some of Miss Mitchell's delightful, digestible delicacies (that should be good for a steak) or browsing in the library to find a book with sufficient pictures to make it interesting, or even dancing with a beautiful belle de Belleville! whispering sweet nothings in her ear, and telling her all about the possibilities of becoming Commanding Officer of I.T.S. someday, when some ingenious creature, in a voice that reminds you of a street car going round a corner, exclaims, 'Why there's my mailman - Any --- today? Ugh!!! Of course we can't blame him for trying to further his social standing by thus acknowledging that he is an acquaintance of ours.

But apparently this embryo pilot is unaware that about a month ago the postal staff, with the sanction of the powers that be, had declared open season for all individuals who dared mention that subject outside of office hours. Were it not for our altruistic nature we would have enough pelts to delight a trapper's heart. But our patience is waning so beware. If you want to remain more than a fond memory to your friends you know how to conduct yourself. This advice is offered gratis from the Postal Staff. So be careful lest you become a statistic.

IAC Wise, H.

-----  
Believe it or not but our Basketball team has won two games in the League, and only lost one, without a basket ball. The other team had one

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Who were the two most photogenic sergeants on this Station the last dance night?

What is Sergeant Cooper of the Service Police going to do now since St. Pierre has been posted? What will he do without a batman?

What airman from the Hospital took a swing at a Sergeant of the Service Police on Pay-day? Why, doesn't he like Sergeants or S.P.'s?

What officer was out with what girl, at what restaurant, what Tuesday night, eating what?

Who gave Sgt. Rideout's name to a well known blonde from nearby and arranged for a meeting at the main gate? The sergeant took Phyllis' optical outlook on the matter.

What sergeant discip. lost how much money to how many other N.C.O.'s what bowling night? (Ans. Pek)

What Corporal's face was in the 14 of the 15 official photos taken at the opening of the new Canteen? And why?

Who solved the mystery of the 'Vanishing Pies'? Ain't Education grand? Will the Education Officer be giving instruction to the S.P. ?

Why F/O Campbell says when the War is over he's going to take a whole month to say to everybody, "No! NO! NO! D--- it?"

-----  
ODE TO A HORSE

Oh, horse you are a wondrous thing  
No horns to honk, no bells to ring,  
No license buying every year  
With plates to stick on front and rear.  
No spark to miss, no gears to strip  
To start yourself, no clutch to slip.  
No gas bills climbing up each day,  
To steal the joy of life away.  
Your inner tubes are all o.k.  
And thank the Lord they stay that way.  
Your spark plugs never miss or fuss  
Your motor never makes us cuss.  
Your frame is good for many a mile,  
Your body never changes style.  
No speed cops chugging in your year  
Yelling summons in your ear.  
Your wants are few and easy met  
You've something on the auto yet. (by HeK)

P E R S O N A L S

A certain young aircraft recognition instructor is trying very hard these days to keep from smoking. He has asked a few of the boys to refuse him any cigarettes no matter how hard he pleads. He has been doing very nicely, but may weaken any day now. So take heed all those who smoke and beware of this desperate man.

A short time ago the S.P.'s got a call to meet a certain train. So expecting a dangerous prisoner they went well armed and en masse. When the train came in they braced themselves for the worse. Soon an S.P. got off having in custody a fair, slim W.D. who was A.W.L. from a local Station. We wonder who got the break.

When Corporal Hodgins of the Fire Department presses his trousers we understand another F.F. stands by with a fire extinguisher. We have heard of Hot-Pants Hannah, but we think the title is more becoming to Cpl. Hodgins. However he has a new seat in his pants.

Sgt. Samain must be the most versatile NCO on the Station. because he is assigned a greater variety of jobs than any one, beside the Padre. He is in charge of the Link, of electrical work, he repairs everything from radios to hip pocket metal flasks, and he is an assistant to the S.W.O. This seems to be quite characteristic of Patterson and Ritchie too, who are also from the Link Section. We hear they have been relieving the Service Police, and giving them a few pointers.

When a certain airman of Course #92 reported to this Station he found he was without a bed, so having a slight cold decided he would try the Hospital for the night. He was admitted and given a bed, and has spent three weeks in it, and has prospect of another week yet. They are very hospitable over there.

The Fleet Pawn Aircraft formerly of the Drill Hall has moved to its new home west of the Hospital. In spite of the loss of two wings, and rather small quarters, it will be at home to callers, and will welcome all visitors.

Here are the latest dates regarding Station Entertainments:

DEC 15. "The Massey-Harris Combines" one of the top concert troupes a popular wherever they perform.

DEC 17. Station Dance in Cabaret style and with Six-Are-Dee Orchestra, and the fair Hostesses from Belleville, with free refreshments, prizes and entertainment.

DEC 31. New Year's Dance and everything, and more, that goes with such a dance. This is the event of the year.

-6-

SOUTHERN FOLKHOES

"Of the several things for which I thank my parents, one is that I am congenitally lazy..." My fellowman is an elderly gentleman who was sitting on a nail keg on the front gallery (porch) of a rural store in South Carolina one August afternoon, slowly stewing in his own sweat. "Damn" he said, "I feel lazy sitting here doing nothing -- I believe I'll go to sleep." Like a sensible fellow he did, to dream in a purely desultory fashion of chitterlings, turnip greens, rice, biscuits, sorghum molasses and a Mason jar of "Lik'uh" out of the second barrel. The contents of the first barrel that is filled from the local stills being reserved for amateurs and strangers.

The diet of the residents of the rural tenement areas in the South - two blocks beyond the end of Tobacco Road - is monotonous in the extreme unless one is brought up in it. It always reminds me of a camp cook we once had. He was not very good, and we decided that his cooking formula was, "if it's smoking it's cooking, and if it's black it's done." For the true Southerner the formulae would have to be revised to read, "if you can't fry it, boil it in fat."

Almost all vegetables, i.e. sweet potatoes, turnip roots or turnip tops, if boiled are covered with water and cooked with a large piece of ham fat. Meat is usually rolled in a paste of any kind of meal available then fried in deep fat. Biscuits - a semi-digestible concoction of flour, baking powder, shortening, salt and sour milk - are usually served instead of bread. When a southern boy meets a southern belle who can make biscuits no worse than his mother he marries her and they become dispeptic together. Romance wavers at neither the diet nor the heat of summers, yet the heat and the food cause a territorial annual epidemic of chronic constipation.

A friend of mine, an Arkansan from a long line of southern families (from which nothing goes more in line) once said that his compatriots were just too lazy to pronounce the final "G" in any word ending with 'ing', except chicking. Neither the various local pronunciations nor the intonations of speech can be properly expressed in writing by merely leaving letters out and substituting apostrophes, or by substituting a phonetic spelling. The idiom is characteristic and colorful. Two thousand acres of cotten land is casually called, "My little old farm." Close relatives become "Kissing kin." If you offer a passenger a lift in your car you ask "Where do you want out?" Best of all is the idiom corresponding to the Northerners "Goodbye". In the South when you leave anyone they say, "Hurry back, right soon."

(Cont'd from Editorial Page)

The second premise is linked with the first, insofar as it is your relation with everyone with whom you come in contact. Your every action affects not only yourself, but every one about you, even those who do not seem to know. Every act of yours is like a stone dropped into a smooth pond, the ripples spread until it eventually covers the entire pond. So all one's self-interest must be tempered with consideration for others. The only measure of your plans for yourself is that they must not interfere with the happiness of others.

You have the facts now, think. Some of your plans may fail and some of your ideas may prove impractical, but plans must be made, and thinking must be done if one is going to get anywhere, so, THINK.

#### FORGOTTEN MEN

Who is the tall gaunt officer who is seen continually prowling around in the subterranean tunnels of No. 5 I.T.S., like a ghost or a spectre from the film, "The Phantom of the Opera?"

Who are the two pale, anemic, nervous sergeants who follow in the footsteps of the Phantom? Who is the redheaded LAC who also daily stumbles, and mumbles as he grumbles to himself, making his way also in the dim corridors of that basement of I.T.S.? Who is the partially bald corporal seen pussy-footing between barrack stores and Tech Stores with a a haunted look upon his bovine countenance? Who is the Jamaican seen standing by the nearest radiator shaking and shivering, and bemoaning the fact that this is Canada, the Land of the Polar Bear? Who is that image of a former man seen unloading boxes from immense trucks, and carrying their contents down into the deepest bowels of #5 ITS? Who is the civilian with the book continually under his arm, who reminds one of a shaggy Alsatian of doubtful heritage?

Who are these men who live a life of constant turmoil, of perpetual fear of the next moment? I'll tell you who they are. They are what is left of the lost battalion of "Forgotten Men" ---

The Equipment Section.

WANTED: for next month's Flash NEWS and ANECDOTES, also short ARTICLES from every section on the Station, also from any of the personnel.

LOST: one small, energetic femal dog which responds to the name of Snetsy. Any one knowing the whereabouts of such a dog will notify the S.A.O. There is a reward we understand.



# EDITORIAL



## HOW ABOUT IT AC.3?

WAR - No, you don't want to hear about that, it's made too much of a mess of our lives already. This being away from home, with all its discomforts and disruption of our home life, is best merely endured.

One of the better tortures for Hitler, Tojo, & Co., would be to make them ride endlessly in those draughty coaches in which we try to sleep coming back from our 48's. Of course this treatment wouldn't be complete without having them stand up for three or four hours in those luxurious 1860 coaches in which we are compelled to ride home. Possibly the best way to make our fighters 'Fighting mad' is to give them a train ride just before going into battle.

But away with all this - let's go on to the post-war situation. Remember what you are fighting for is your world following this war.

Regardless of how little importance you place on your thoughts in this post war planning, they are needed. Do not forget that ounces make pounds, and pounds make tons. Your thoughts are the ounces that make this weighty plan.

Two main considerations face us. First - how am I going to look after myself? Second - how am I going to live harmoniously with my neighbours?

On the first premise rests the basis of life. To answer it ask yourself these questions. 'How shall I be happy?' 'What do I want to do?' 'Where do I want to live?' 'How do I accomplish them?' Think it all over and answer these questions. Your success depends on your own choice - no one else has anything to do with it. Your future lies entirely within your own thoughts you only are responsible. Satisfaction is your goal, think about it. The most important thing in your life is YOURSELF.

(Con't on page 7)