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Vol. 2 No. 3

March 3rd, 1944

"TO BE PRINTED - UNCENSORED"

To the Editor,
"Flash" (or The I.T.S. Hush)

Feb 8, 1944

Dear Sir,

Some of the officers would be very much interested in knowing how much money it would cost them per month to keep their names out of "FLASH" - and whether it could be added to their monthly bar bill, to avoid embarrassment.

The same officers would like very much to know what connection there is between our editor and "HUSH".

P/O Cuttriss, C.W.

ED'S NOTE: We are eternally grateful to you, Mr. Cuttriss; for your letter. It is kind of you to associate us with "HUSH"; it almost flatters us.

As to a little bribe to omit certain Officers' names, we are not amenable. But if you will submit a list of the names of those Officers whose behaviour will not bear close scrutiny, and allow us to print the said list in our Paper, we will, without any monetary consideration, henceforth see that any reference to them by name is censored.

IN MEMORIAM

In 'Forty-four
On Quinte's shore,
With the country's fate at stake,
The I.T.S. did proudly stand,
So stately and sedate.

The country's finest, strong and true,
Did here pause, while passing through,
While others who, were asked to wait,
To share with destiny a date,
Did troubles try to mitigate
With the advent of each "forty-eight!"

When from the sky the sword did fall
"Passes cancelled" for one and all,
We begged, implored, but all in vain,
We were ignored, and left in pain
Our errors to rectify, and to forestall,
Eagerly assisted by victims.

Thus, with morale lowered, but not irate,
We can't but contemplate, with patience great,
"That he too serves, who only stands and waits"
The return of our cherished "Forty-eights".

Post Office

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The addition of the deeper blue, and the gold of the Navy to our parades has aroused some curiosity. These young officers are the first of several who will be training with us for flying duties with the Navy. They are a few who have been chosen from among many volunteers, all officers who have sea experience behind them - one lieutenant admitting two and one-half years' sea duty. Some of them have served in Canada's eastern waters in her corvettes, others in the deeper waters of the mid-Atlantic, and one in the Mediterranean Sea. They will say very little of their past experiences, but all look forward to their new adventures awaiting them in the air.

To this vanguard of the "flying navy" we extend a very sincere welcome.

With great sorrow we announce the firefighters' demise. Now you will understand why you find no news from their section.

"X" FLIGHT-A DEDICATION

What is it? Why is it? Aw heck, who cares? It might be well to point out now that any resemblance to the truth in this article is purely incidental. (After all, we want a posting too!)

First we'll have you know that "X" Flight isn't at all like the common run of flights on this station- it's an institution. New York's 400 has nothing on us. It is rumoured that you even have to pass the exams to get into our exclusive little circle. Yessir, "X" Flight is a wonderful thing to be in: forty-eights every week (subject to slight modifications), leave whenever you feel like a rest, and you can go anywhere on the station you wish - provided you take your mop with you. If while on course you found it difficult to get up in the morning, don't worry about it any longer. All that is taken care of by a special slumber stopper that never fails. This device on occasion will even make a special trip to the Y.M.C.A. to make sure that you don't sleep through dinner. We could go on forever outlining the comforts of No.5's Valhalla, but we're afraid you might CT while dreaming of the promised land.

Why do we have an "X" Flight? For the best reply to this question Flash will pay \$64 in Confederate money, and LEO willy Hillock will donate an extra cup of milk out of the goodness of his heart. The editor requests that submissions be kept down to a bare 1,000 words.

And now for the guiding lights of "X" Flight. Actually we could stop right here- maybe we should. Anyway, if you don't know the parties I/C, this condition will soon be rectified. The Officer can usually be found at the drill hall brawls, playing cupid for bashful airmen (there are such things) and the belles from Belleville, thereby snagging a few dances for himself.

And as his able assistant, one who is impervious to flattery and a bulwark in his own right (you can't put anything past him, and you can't get around him), you'll soon get to know F/Sgt Robbie McBagpipe. This quiet, reserved, beloved individual you will immediately clasp to your bosom. People will tell you that Rugged Robert is a hard man, but we know who wears the "brocks" in his family, and we're no' bletherin' either!

Well fellows, now that you know all about "X" Flight, don't you just wish you were one of us? We thought you would.

Hamish

BOWLING

The bowling fans will have to forgive us for the lack of attention given their favourite sport in the past issues of Flash. This has been brought to our attention, and we shall endeavour to make amends in the future.

To the new arrivals may we explain that the bowling league was formed last fall, the brain-child of L...C. Ken Paley, with the blessing of our Superior Officers. The league consisted of Thirteen teams, twelve of which have survived to the present day.

At the moment of writing, the teams are embarked on the second part of the present schedule, and competition is at razor edge, with all the participants battling eagerly for top place.

The league leaders at present are the Records Office, with 19 points. The Postal Staff are runners up, with 16 points, followed by the Equipment Section, and the combination team of the Sergeants and No. 2 Squadron, each with 14 points.

The highest single game bowled as yet this season was the 350 score made by Oak Crawford of the Dental Team, while the highest triple of 747 for one evening was accomplished by Quebec's gift to the I.S.S., young Mr. Robert of the G.D. personnel.

The leading bowlers of the season up to now and their averages are:

	Games	Averages
Robert	9	325
Gluckstein	6	215.8
Heimle	15	198.1
Bisson	15	196
Paley	9	192

That is a summary of the games to date. We will be back next month with some new records and any points of interest that arise.

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To keep our ships on even keel
Takes tons and tons of corset steel.
The die is cast, their fate is written,
Ladies now must bulge for Britain.

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REPORT FOR THE OPENING OF THE GLEN DELTA

"SO YOU WANT TO GET PAID?"

Everyone seems to have a different opinion of what "Pay Day" means, with the exception, of course, of the Clerk Accountant, and to him "Pay Day" means work aplenty.

To give you some idea of work aplenty, let me elucidate. After the long siege of signatures and passing out cold cash, the following is a stock line of complaints:

Flying Officer:- "Sergeant, how is it that my wife is getting only \$45.00 a month? She can hardly meet her obligations on that!"

Sergeant:- "Have you made an assignment to your wife, sir?"

Flying Officer:- "Oh, does one have to do that?"

Sergeant (after that big night a few days after pay day):-

"I'll just have to have \$25.00. I failed to send my wife this amount, and she is desperately in need."

Sergeant:- "Well Bill, the lyrics are old but the tune is new, so I'll ask the Officer."

Corporal (after the big game):- "would it be possible to get \$10.00? I owe a chap some money, and he is posted."

Sergeant:- "I'll see --- (The corporal may still be waiting.)"

A.C. :- "Could I get - - -"

Corporal:- "Buzz off, bud."

So you see, 5 ITSers, that the Pay Office is not all stacked with hundred dollar bills.

THE GANDER GOON

What Corporal in the accounts section likes himself so much that he took the office mirror to his locker with him?

F/S Richardson, who was posted here from Gander to assume command of the new laundry, which is on the point of actually becoming a reality, is to be found wandering around in the basement with a dull stare in his eyes, and mumbling to himself in a very incoherent manner something about clothing stores and basements in general.

Sgt. Barnard and F/L Dawson seem to be slipping of late. Barny keeps on beefing day in and day out about all parades, while F/L Dawson has just about given up trying to convert "Ole" Red and "Ole" Barney to the temperate way of life.

SPORTING COMMENTS

During February four inter-Squadron events were run off to decide the winner of the C.C.'s pennant. On Feb. 3rd the Track Meet took place. On Feb. 4th a games program was run off. On Feb. 16th a boxing show, and finally the traditional Drill Competition, and was won by No. 1 Squadron.

The unlimited co-operation of the staff officers and the real enthusiasm of the contestants made our boxing show a near success. However, with a competent boxing instructor now available and the experience gained from our last card, we can assure the Station of a real show on March 16th.

Usually a weekend tournament in any line of sports has been arranged by Reg. Hackett our Y representative and real enthusiasm has been shown by a turn-out of 3 to 5 teams for each event. All in all with the equipment we have and the growing interest of the personnel, and along with the close co-operation of all the Headquarters' Staff, No. 5 IIS is second to none for its sports program.

C.W. Cuttriss, P/O

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SHOTS AT RANDOM - Sgt. Jake Stillman and F/L McGuire have at last fulfilled a long desire to "raffle off" West Barracks - Jake says "It's a bargain." All newly painted "and the darn thing is insured" says F/L McGuire - we wonder what company. With less N.C.O.s and more work we wonder how the O.C. No. 2 Squadron (former No. 2) will keep F/S Geddes from swiping his chairs and tables from West One. "You count the chairs and I'll count the tables." - Watch out Mr. Birkett, here comes Sgt. Ridcut - too bad Leon, they don't gamble in P.M.I. - ask Wilf Inman - Won't that girl in Brantford be disappointed, Leon? Oh, by the way Jake, who is going to keep watch "across the road" till Johnny comes marching home?

Things have changed - Squadrons to the right of us, Squadrons to the left of us, Squadrons in front of us, Monday and Sunday, where there was many, now there is few - Where we were happy, now we are blue (because you left us). From the few who are left to the ones that are gone (or going) we wish the best of luck, as we sing you this song.

A member of the Equipment Section, one "Lucky" Lambert, seems to hold some kind of a record or other by being able to hitch-hike to Pittsburg, P.A. and back, in a mere 48. Some Hitcher, brother!!!

"HAS ANYONE SEEN A POSTING?"

It seems that the long and noble tradition of postings from I.T.S. has practically been discontinued. The advent of Leap Year seemed to bring about a New Order in our I.T.S., and the hopeless days wore on into weary weeks and months, countless airmen sank into deep dejection, tearing their hair and crying out to unhearing ears the now historic question: "Has anyone seen a posting?" Only the hardship of endless days of inactivity could cause the misty and faraway look that comes into an airman's eyes when the once magic word is mentioned.

Although rumours fly thick and fast, the hardy "X" Flighters ignore them completely, and calmly proceed on their way. In their opinion "posting" is a word that can be dropped from the language as obsolete. Yet what wonderful visions were conceived when the word "posting" was a reality! Many an airman turned wearily into his sack at night to dream of Harvards, Wings Parades, Commissions, Spitfires and countless dog-fights with German Oberleutenants in the embattled skies of Central Europe. Numerous were the dreams of fleeting aircraft chasing the vaunted enemy into the wind-swept heights. Great was the satisfaction of seeing him go screaming down in a death-dive, while the elated victor returned on the flamingo wings of morning to meet a King who has gone out of his way to pin a V.C. on the modest and bashful hero.

"Sweet is the flower whose radiant glory flies,
But sweeter still the hope that never dies."

Haggis.

With the loss of LAC J.B.V. Brusseau to #34 Detachment, Navan, Ont. we lose the famous "Coo-Coo Boy", also the World's best Cigarette Scrounger. His approach to well known friends was "Would it be too much to ask if you have a cigarette?" but to newcomers, it was just plainly "Say, have you a cigarette, thanks." He believed in catching his victims off guard, using the strategy that surprise was the the battle half won.

By this posting, W.O.2 Lacey will have his work lessened considerably. Brusseau's impression of a hair cut was well known "Brusseau trim". The S.S.M. vowed that he would have Brusseau the proud possessor of a drastic "scalping job". They met on the field of battle and both claim to have won, nevertheless we notice Brusseau seems to have got his hair CUT according to regulations.

There was much questioning of how LAC Berlin received the facial disfigurement last week. We didn't know they had goal posts at the Trianon.

THE LINK OBITUARY

AT LAST THE WAR HAS STRUCK HOME. The bottom of the manpower barrel has been scraped. Sgt. Samain and his cohorts of the "Missing Link Section" are going after a thirty month stay. As one member of the Link put it, the airforce don't give you time to turn around and get settled.

Needless to say the radio service, electrical service, generator rewinding, jewelry repair and production, button polishing, ribbon mounting, hunting and fishing guide agency (introduction to Indian reservation included), liquor supply, money lending, and shopping service has been discontinued. Great is the sorrow of their passing. Definitely the Link will leave a great gap on the Station for it will be hard to find a group who were more willing to help their fellow airmen. They tackled any problem that was presented to them in a whole hearted manner, and many a sleepless night was spent in the Link bunk room worrying about someone else's problems.

Here they are fellows, Sgt. Samain swingarou of the P.A. system, LAC George Clow, maestro of the movies and fixer deluxe. LAC Patterson "there ain't nuttin mechanical can beat me, but I can't catch fish". LAC Abley, new type - a genuine Frenchman who has seen France, and L.J. Ritchie, dead eye Dick of the section, and a real good head.

The officers we have missed for some time, they seem to add some indefinable fellowship to the Mess which has been missed since their earlier posting - but hope had not died of their return. Now all are gone. Well so long and good luck till we meet again. That is the sincere wish of all on the Station.

PHILOSOPHY

Since being in the service we're impressed more and more with the fact that life consists of doing a lot of things we don't particularly want to do at (damn inconvenient times.

One of the Educational Officers taking a Nav. class for the first time is reported to have said, (quoting the Saturday Evening Post) "Gentlemen, Navigation is new to you and me. I promise to be an unbiased referee between you and C.A.P. 12."

For eating grapefruit keep mouth open and eyes closed. For success, reverse the process.

THE VALENTINE DANCE

Many a heart was fluttering in true Valentine fashion at the I.T.S. dance in honour of the good saint, Belleville's dashing debs and deb aspirants being the chief reason for the increased palpitations. Well stocked with a repertoire of the latest popular numbers, the boys beat it out, and many a hep-cat, with one eye on heaven and the other minding the lady friend was "out of this world", while the more conservative set trotted around at a faster pace than usual.

The gals undoubtedly were aware of Leap Year and its implications, for, since the dance, three well-known airmen, formerly classed as misogynists, have been walking around with a far-away look in their eyes, and muttering to themselves ...could be ...

Sergeant-Major Inman, resembling a fugitive from Barnum and Bailey, was a "Clowning Success" as Master of Ceremonies. He ran a close second to the refreshments served, as the highlight of the evening.

As the dance drew to a close, the jive artists, and the more sedate, were the better for a well-spent evening.

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STATION GOSSIP

'Tis rumoured that Cpl. (Zaharias) Birchell, cornerstone of the Gestapo will do battle with LAC (Man-Mountain) Turner of the Motor Transport on the 16th of March. Both are showing up regularly at the Canteen training table.

"Don Juan" Duchesne and "Romeo" Shriner have been rather inactive in town of late. According to reliable information these two gentlemen (?) felt it their duty to give the rest of the station a break.

In the first hockey game of the Station League, Curley Widmeyer ace sharpshooter of the S.P. got himself a goal, while Cpl. Boothby seemed to get only a good shaking up.

The service Police have organized a special Fence Patrol to take care of those who feel it their especial privilege to use the fence instead of the gate. Remember - Forewarned is forearmed.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE

After visiting our favourite teacup reader we were informed that during the month of March the following will come to pass:

A dance at the I.T.S. Drill Hall on March 3, with 6 R.D. Band refreshments, and all the phone numbers you can get. Two bits for the privilege.

Tobogganing and skiing party (weather permitting) sometime during the month. Make your hospital reservations early.

A touring musical troupe will be "Hitting the Jack Pot" on or about the week end of March 18.

The movies to be shown at the I.T.S. will include:

Stormy Weather, Mar 12. Very suitable for March.

Bataan, Mar 13. with Robert Taylor and George Murphy.

Somewhere I'll Find You. Mar 15, with Lana Turner and Clark Gable searching diligently for each other.

Claudia, Mar 19, sounds intriguing.

Life Boat, Mar 26. Bring your Ice West.

Slightly Dangerous, Mar 27, with Lana Turner. An understatement.

There will be games each Thursday at the "Y"; cribbage, bridge, checkers, etc. Win yourself a new pair of socks, and give your corns a break. Candy bars will be distributed to the winners who are "over stocked".

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F/O Campbell tells this story on himself. He spent forty-five minutes with one of his slower students at the back of the classroom working on a plotting problem. Since other men in the class needed help he prepared to leave the student with whom he had been working. as he stood up he said, "Just hang on the wind for thirty-seven minutes to your last air position to find a D.R. position and I will come back in a little while to see how you made out". The student gazed solemnly upwards, then said, "I think I had better do it to-night, Sir, when I can get one of the fellows who really knows about this to help me".

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WATCH FOR THE OPENING OF THE GIFT SHOP

RUMBLINGS FROM HACKETT'S REFORM SCHOOL

There seems to be some popular misconception as to the purpose of the little room snuggling so cozily at the far end of the lounge.

First of all, we wish to announce that Hackett's Hideout is not, as has been represented, a den of thieves. We have never overcharged more than 30% on railroad tickets, and it is not true that we pre-date library books in order to collect fines. In fact we are a most obliging crew. Any airman who can thread his way through the lounge to our doors has at his command a battalion of public stenographers, book-binders, sign painters, chess wizards, and sock menders. He may obtain free of charge, misinformation on train schedules, postings politics, flight sergeants, and what haveyou. As an added attraction we are lucky at this moment to have with us a certain Corporal who is an undisputed expert on advice to the lovelorn.

We, the resident Joeboys, are entrusted with the publication of the Daily Routine Rumours, without which "X" Flight could not function efficiently. Copies may be obtained at the library from 2500 hrs to 2700 hrs daily.

Airmen low in spirit may come in and see Padre Payton at any hour of the day or night, (except when he is administering his Friday morning war anaesthetic to the lads on course). Here they may win innumerable games of cribbage, thereby boosting their morale no end. Mr. Hackett himself oversees all sports tournaments, and it is his dearest wish sometime to referee a free-for-all. For this reason he has been called Mr. Hatchett.

All roads lead to Rome, but all muddy footprints lead to the Y.M.C.A.

The Padres' Pilots

IS IT TRUE:

That the storks have been practising formation flying, anticipating a flight over Belleville and Toronto to visit the homes of certain Armament and Aircraft Rec instructors?

That a certain fat Sgt. Armourer failed to repair a toy cap pistol in one whole day?

That Padre Payton, disgusted by his continued misfortune at cards has given up cribbage for Lent?

That LAC. Skelton is responsible for all the errors in this Flash ?



EDITORIAL



WELL, HERE GOES -

We were asked to write an Editorial for Flash. It is rather a difficult assignment for an amateur. We realize that our readers are sophisticated and quite cynical, with a knowledge of world affairs far beyond ours (we read only the headlines of a dissipated Toronto tabloid). However, this is to be a very serious and pithy two hundred and fifty words, dwelling on power politics, international warfare, global strategy, and all those other big thoughts which are daily hashed over in countless editorials all over the face (now badly battered face) of this world of ours.

We, the scribe, and you, the readers, will now dwell for a brief passing moment on the above-mentioned things. Herein follows a pause for a dwelling - - - - -

Now, having disposed of world affairs in an efficient, if somewhat sketchy manner, we will discuss this narrow groove in which we of No. 5 find ourselves. We call it a groove in only the loosest sense; perhaps we should have said niche. For it is a niche, just one small spot in Canada, seemingly unimportant, but in reality very necessary to the furtherance of our war effort. Some of us in training and on the staff have been here for quite a long time, and perhaps, because of this, have lost sight of the fact that this school is just as necessary and important as an O.T.U. But there is one thing that must be clear to everyone - that without a doubt this station is one of the most pleasant and efficient in the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. We won't go into tiresome details re the recreational and training facilities which are present here. We are all familiar with them, and appreciate them. It is enough to say that anyone of us could live our life on the station here pleasantly and profitably without once venturing into the outside world.

Incidentally, the food here is much better than we would get overseas - - - think it over.