



With the Kind Permission of Wing Commander Snetsinger ED.

Vol.2. No.4.

April 10th.1944

To The Editor of "Flash"

#5 I.T.S.

Belleville, Ont.

Dear Sir:

May I through the medium of your paper, heartily commend the parties responsible, for installing that large mirror at the entrance to the I.T.S. What a splendid idea!! I Am certain that we are the envy of every Ladies College throughout the Dominion. May I humbly suggest that a powder puff and comb be added, to make the ensemble complete. On second thought the local beauty parlor may complain, and then again, after a little usage, the comb may get up and walk away. I can but comment that "Per Ardua ad Astra" has taken on added meaning.

Yours Sincerely,
"Pro Patria"

Dear "Pro Patria":

The idea of the mirror is not to encourage vanity, but rather a natural pride in ones personal appearance, which some airmen seem to lack. Apparently you are not in that category, you may even carry your own comb, and mirror and possibly a powder puff. Is it possible that you are a bit self-conscious? Remember "Pro Patria", the public is spending its money on us, are we an attractive investment?

Editor.

NEWS AND VIEWS FROM THE STATION HOSPITAL

To most of the personnel with the exception of "X" Flight, the Station Hospital is still a strange and forboding place. When your reporter entered the hospital in an effort to get a little inside dope, he was immediately told that he would have to go to the Station Sgt. Major and get an M-25 in order to see the L.O.

When said reporter had finally convinced the staff that his mission was of a friendly nature, he was welcomed with open arms, and was able to glean the following news and views from different members of the staff:

Sgt. Gerrow - (Jerry) - We welcome Jerry to the College of Medical Knowledge, and hope that his stay here will be a pleasant one. Jerry is new on the station so as yet we are unable to print any gossip concerning him. Better luck next time we hope.

IAC McAllister - (Hoot) - Need we say more than that, the blank expression and worried look tells everyone that Wedding Bells will soon ring out for our Hoot. Congratulations Pal and from now on may all your troubles be little ones.

IAC Steenson - (Don) - The service undertaker - you walk in the front door on Morning Sick Parade, and Don wheels you out the back door (feet first)

IAC Mark - (Wolf) - His first question to all men on Morning Sick Parade, quote, "Have you a girl-friend in Belleville, if so when will you be posted?"

IAC Storozuk - (Mike) - The genial hospital cook, who is always making sure the patients get the best in food. Mike's one question to all new patients is, quote, "Are you on a liquid diet or do you want crackers with your soup?"

IAC Stephens - (Lorne) - Welcome to the Pill Rollers, Lorne, we suppose you are still wondering why there are so many Head Quarters personnel on sick parade every Tuesday and Thursday. Could it be P.T.

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MEDITATIONS.

We are allowed three hundred words on any subject. Mmmmmmm! Let's see, Only three hundred words? The subject will have to be really timely and bright to make those words count. Ah-h-h-h-h! We have a subject! It will just suit those three hundred words and will be of infinite importance to all and sundry who eke out their livelihood on gov'tment money and who wear the blue. We are a little afraid though that it might cause serious discussion among the rabble and adverse comment among the proletariat. Nevertheless we are going to chance it!

Our subject of the week is, "Refuse Receptacles" (Garbage Cans to the Common herd). Their Care and Maintenance and Preservation.

The first section of our title, namely, Their Care and Maintenance, we can dispose of quickly with a few well chosen words. When a garbage can will no longer fulfill its purpose. i.e. when the bottom has fallen out of it, throw it away! Don't be careless! Personnel will always ascertain if a garbage can is bottomless before doing the above.

Now, the second section, "Preservation", is more complicated and requires great thought. In fact a thesis could be written on what kind of a paint job a refuse receptacle should be given. We have noticed that here, the cans have been given a coat of grey paint. This is a bad thing! The colour grey is much too utilitarian. A garbage can should be painted in gay, sparkling colours in sort of a mild camouflage. A garbage can is a grim thing under even the best conditions and a garbage can painted grey is positively indecent. What ho! For a brush and a pot of pinkish green and let us end this sordid parade of garbage receptacles in front of the barracks blocks each morning.

We think that is now three hundred words but we're not going to count them. If anyone else can write more than that about garbage disposal vessels they're welcome to try. In fact, we think now, that twenty words would have been ample.

Chairman of the Committee for the Glorification
and Veneration of Garbage Cans.

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We wrote the obituary of the Link in the last issue, but they are still with us. We think they hate to say goodbye,-- to the Beales of Belleville.

DO YOU WISH TO IMPROVE YOUR MIND?

Four weeks ago, the Educational Room, better known as the "Gen Den" was officially opened. The response has been very good, and many of the boys have entered and found much food for thought and discussion.

The object of this room is to provide you with reliable facts on the leading topics of the day, and to give you first hand information on the post war plans for rehabilitation. A splendid reference library containing books on Meteorology, Navigation, Airmanship, Mathematics, as well as many other subjects has also been provided for your use.

So often one hears the words "How do I know how the war is developing? I never have time to read the papers!", or perhaps this, "I read the papers but those Russian names are merely so many letters to me, I've no idea where they are!"

In the "Gen Den" you will find excellent maps covering all the major war fronts. These are such that anybody can obtain a comprehensive mental picture of the progress in all theatres of action. Panels covering the Pacific, Russian, Italian, Burma and German fronts will enable you to become familiar with the front page news of the day.

Of course none of the fellows pay much attention to the feminine members of our race, but just in case somebody may be remotely interested, there is also a panel covering the activities of the so-called "Weaker Sex".

In the Intelligence Branch of the "Gen Den" are several pamphlets entitled "Evidence in Camera". These booklets contain many reprints of actual R.A.F. photographs taken by bombing and reconnaissance aircraft over enemy territory. Also available are a few copies of the "Weekly Intelligence Summary" released by the Air Ministry. These booklets will prove to be of great interest and immeasurable value to all aircrew trainees of the station.

Every member of I.T.S. aircrew speculate a great deal as to what the future schools hold in store for him. A document containing exact information on this all important question is now available for you.

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DO YOU WISH TO IMPROVE YOUR MIND? cont'd

The war is now entering the semi final round, consequently we hear a lot of discussion on rehabilitation, post war educational schemes, etc. Everybody should be vitally interested in this, because it directly concerns each and every member of the fighting forces. "What am I going to do when the war is won? What provisions are being made for my return to civilian life? How much help will the Government give me to become reestablished?" These and countless other similar questions should be given our serious consideration -- NOW!

Come into the "Gen Den" and find the answers to these questions, The room is provided for your benefit. Make good use of it!!

H.D. Archibald, Cpl.

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HEADQUARTERS BOWLING LEAGUE

Bowling champions of the past two weeks "Pop" Paley of the top team, bowling a lovely 85 - Schlepperman Chambers and twin brother "Idoodit" Chambers bowling 87 and 112 respectively, the three champs doing it in the same game.

"Eagle Eye" Crawford for the mouth butchers defeated the Top Team, bowling a string of 300, while a certain higher-up wearing three pips grinned all over the alley, really enjoying beating the cockey "Records" much more than beating the poor Acey Deucey in the dental chair.

Senior N.J.O.'s really went to town with Sgt "Gluck" copping high triple with 714 and Flight "Dididoodit" Hall smitching singles with 273.

The Heroes - "A" Flight - requested to bowl in the H.Q. league played first week - Haven't shown up since - hope though they will be in there next week.

Finally, our all star team representing No. 5 at Trenton competing against six stations produced wonders - ending up in the cellar.

 LOST - A little Black book with many phone numbers, please return before Saturday night. Reward, "Oh, I'll do anything for that".

P/O Cuttriss.

WANTED - An airman to room with us, board free in return for light duties. Must know how to shine buttons and wash floors.

SGT. Cooper

SPORTING COMMENTS.

Our Sports Editor, attempting to get out of a prospective gruesome P.T. period, wandered into Mr. Cuttriss' private den, after being duly admonished in no uncertain phrases and told where to get off, he tried to pretend he was only kidding, and asked for a summary of the sporting activities to take place at the I.T.S. during April. He was rewarded with a kick in the pants, and the following notes for the men of muscle.

There will be a new sporting system inaugurated during the month of April by way of a round robin tournament of each game. Basketball, Floor Hockey, and Volleyball, will take place on a competitive basis, both inter-flight and inter squadron games being recognized along these lines. The two top teams in their respective leagues, will play off on the final sports night. We are informed that prizes and crests will be given to the winners. (We hear via the grapevine, that one of the prizes will be an extra heavy session of P.T.) There will also be, my little cherubs, a rip-roaring body shattering, brain scrambling game of floor hockey, twixt the unbeaten #6 R.D. and the #5 I.T.S. Stalwarts - to take place at #6 sometime during the month - spectators will be taken to yonder field of battle, should any room be left in the trucks, after we pile in our brass knuckles, and stretcher bearer. Should you decide to come - we suggest you visit the Padre ere you leave for the game - Who Can Tell?

There will also be another boxing tournament on the 16th. of April - those who desire their proboscis bent kindly make inquiries. It promises to be much better than the last which you will recall was a bit of all right - much better than some professional cards you might see.

Oh yes - do you want to be a deep sea diver? Have you visions of rescuing a beautiful blonde who is drowning in a "Tom Collins?" beg pardon, in a foot of water?. Swimming lessons and competitions will take place during the entire month. For information, see your favourite (?) P.T.I. We do know that all swimmers of repute (not personal) will be given a chance to compete for crests and other prizes "Whoop"

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We Hear that on seeing himself for the first time in the mirror at the gate, Sgt. Goddes ran around setting bear traps.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A P.T. AND D.I.

Let me begin by saying that a day in the life of a P.T. and D.I. cannot be adequately described in printable language but a fair attempt will be made to cover those hectic hours in as clear and concise a manner as possible.

The dawn, and siren, first shatter the alcoholic stupor (called sleep to be polite) of the weary P.T. and drill N.C.O., and he commences another day of routine snorting and bellowing. Transforming a pair of mud caked, beer spattered boots into shining pieces of patent leather beauty, is a miracle that only an ex-discip can perform. Shaving and button polishing finding a place somewhere before breakfast, is a miserable but necessary submission to the ordinary.

The next necessary move is to get the baby up and ready for parade, the baby being of course approximately 80 bawling, yelling aircrew boys, who can ask more questions than Belleville has hostesses. After a quick check over, and a fervent prayer that the C.O. will not inspect No. 2 Flight, he makes himself, and the Sergeant Major, believe that the boys are ready for parade.

The C.O. does not look at No. 2 Flight but finds three times as many faults in No. 1 Flight, and the enraged and befuddled N.C.O. mechanically marches off the parade square, in his proper position, muttering incoherently about Guillotines and fire axes and use for said implements.

Relentlessly he follows his quarry to the barrack room where all the evil spirits of perdition are brought down on their innocent, and unsuspecting heads.

Proudly, and piously he proceeds from there to his little desk wherein all the facts, figures, and data are kept as to the feeling and changing of the baby. There is a blood curdling summons from one W.O.2 Inman and a resume of that fateful parade is conducted. A poste mortem if ever there was one. This is followed by a half hour lecture, delivered in 15 seconds, by the Sergeant Major, who finally dismisses him by a twitch of the well-groomed moustache.

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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A A P.T. AND D.I. cont'd

The rest of the day he plays sheep herder, moving the men from class to class and giving the black sheep a few stinging reminders about personal assessments. He at times is a double personality, being on P.T. and drill at the same time.

This he overcomes by calling on the placid and easy going Sergeant Walling of the drill hall, who volunteers to take his P.T. class for him (for the price of 2 beers)

I have heard that Sergeant Walling has been drunk for two days straight on his graft alone.

At a scheduled P.T. parade for his squadron, the P.T. and D.I. dons his gladiator pants (or sometimes called mattadore robes as he commences to shoot the bull) and gives the boys a work out. Worn out and weary from standing in the centre of the floor bellowing orders he winds up his class with a whistle blast, and sits down in the P.T. office to enjoy a detective yarn or look at the ever present pin-up girls. More often it is to rant and rave about the allotment of points to his squadron at the last sports meet. Having arrived at no satisfactory explanation he leaves, mumbling surlily about the resemblance of the P.T. office to a poorly kept lavatory.

Evening finds him cursing and raging about the events of the day and a phone call, telling him he is to referee a basketball game in twenty minutes, certainly does not tend to soothe his fellings.

After refereeing a quiet and friendly game of basketball, and helping two or three men to the M.O., his day is almost done. He sinks wearily to his bunk for a five minute respite, and suddenly remembers that all important date at Belleville's exclusive night club - The Trianon.

From here on, the story, I am afraid, reaches the point where censors step in and begin to cut up, but I will say the N.C.O. steps out and cuts up to rest up for the following day.

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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A P.T. AND D.I. cont'd

The sheer new and unswerving devotion of duty, pull many of these valiant N.C.C.'s. through many a tight squeeze. We take for instance the day "Whipper" Watson stood up on a bench and bawled the living daylights out of 50 men, and was seen leaving the station after dark between two service police and carrying a length of lead pipe. Or the day that Sergeant Attwell used the archery equipment as "encouragement" to his leg weary, and unwilling subjects taking P.T. and was aroused at midnight by his flight entering his room with a large wooden stake and a mallet.

This is as detailed a description as possible and any deviation from actual fact is absolutely intentional and with intent to insult.

Any P.T. AND D.I.

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THE WESTERN FRONT. WHERE? WHEN?

Much speculation is in the minds of all relative to the possible opening of the Western Front against Germany. Where will the invasion be? When will it take place?

Here is your opportunity to put your ideas on paper, and incidentally win a beautiful ring with a #5 I.T.S. crest on it. After studying the map in the "Gen Den", write down your prophecy and place it in the answer box provided.

Two prizes are available. One for the correct prediction to each question. Should future events influence your former decision, another answer may be submitted. But Two is the limit. Don't worry about being posted. If you aren't here, the prize will be forwarded to you.

Come on fellows - let's see how many War Strategists there are at #5 I.T.S.

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F/O Weber (questioning several French airman as to their progress in English): do you associate with boys who speak English in the evenings.

LAC Landry: "No Sir, only with girls".

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

"Aw, This discipline stuff's all the bunk!" It was morning - parade had just ended and AC2 Joe Erk was sore - the Flight Commander had ticked him off for sloppy marching. "I wasn't marching in any worse than any of you other guys!"

That's what you think, Joe. The only difference is that you could not see yourself as you appeared to the Flight Commander shoulders drooping -- eyes looking to the ground as though you expected to find the odd quarter laying there.

What is this "Discipline stuff" anyway? What's it for? A simple definition is "Control" both within and without. Let's take the case of a big bomber for example. One man is the captain whose word must be law. No matter what command he gives it must be obeyed. He has been chosen to command, because he has been tested in the crucible of action and not found wanting. In his hands has been placed the safety of his aircraft, and the responsibility of a successful mission. His crew must consist of men who will obey his commands implicitly, automatically, responding to these commands under murderous conditions. That is why the bombers continue on through intense "ack-ack". The average man is not a "Fearless Fosdick". Fear is a natural part of a man's make-up. But through discipline, or control if you like, this fear has been pushed into the back ground. The discipline you are taught on the parade ground also teaches you to discipline yourself.

I like the story of the Sikh Officer told in "God is my co-pilot." This officer was ordered to evacuate troops from Burma when the Japanese were advancing. This evacuation could only be done by air, and the number of planes available was woefully inadequate. At last the Japanese were within a few miles of the aerodrome and the planes were making their last trip, leaving scores of troops without a hope. The pilot of the last plane urged this officer to climb aboard and fly to safety. He refused stating his orders were to evacuate his troops, and as all had not been evacuated his job was uncompleted. He was not breaking orders to save himself, so he must stay with his men. That was discipline.

So Joe, when you are ordered to march with head erect, shoulders square, etc., it's all part of your development to teach you self-control, prompt and unquestioning obedience to orders, and to make an efficient fighting force.

HOMEWORKERS LAMENT

(Dedicated to the Basement Study Room West Barracks)

While dits and dah-fah's fill my brain
 From that last hour of Morse,
 And "Groups" and "Digits" fool my eyes
 At a twenty-fifth or worse,
 I swear tonight I'll really study
 If I can shake my carefree buddy.

So, Books beneath determined arms,
 And lips set in straight lines,
 I turn my back on the Canteen's charms
 Before my will declines,
 I've got to get this stuff untangled
 Ere within the soup I'm dangled.

I wish these guys would stop their gab
 So I can concentrate,
 The piston stroke ("Hi there, McNabb")
 Is measured by its weight,
 Or is that right? I'm only guessing
 To say the least - it's sure distressing.

With carburettor on my right
 And putting red in red,
 Aw - now I'm lost again - Good night
 I'm going up to bed,
 My head's awhirl - I'm agitated
 And that's a fact that's understated.

A. Mourner

.....
Pay and No-Accounts

.....
 by Salter McFinchel

We would like to know;

Why McCleary is so happy these days. Could it be that his brave heroine has returned from the Battle of Britain? Better get her Mac before she loses her accent.

What Dixon has been telling his girl friend in Toronto that makes her think that he isn't getting any loving in Belleville?

What Senior N.C.O. has foresaken the "Amber fluid" and thinks there is "nothing like it". Personally I think there is nothing like it, and I don't mean giving it up.

What it was that made Ma-Hat-Ma Thompson end his hunger strike?
 It is because Daisy-June's chickens have stopped laying eggs.

WHY INSTRUCTORS GO GRAY AND TAKE TO DRINKCourse 95:

When the plane rolls it begins to sideslip and meets a foreign aerodynamic force. (Editors note - paratroops perhaps?)

The pilot puts the NOZE down and the plane dives until it meets an ultimatum. (Then what does he do?)

Stability is the ability of a plane to return to its original position. (Like a boomerang?)

Ques: How does a headwind affect the length of glide?

Ans : Yes. Engine NAISELS reduce form drag.

Ques: What happens to the L/D ratio when full flaps are used?

Ans #1: It is changed. (Editors note - a canny answer - takes no chances - neither did the marker.)

Ans #2: It reverses.

Course 96:

Ques: Define "Throw".

Ans: It ~~is~~ the first motion of the piston - usually by hand.

Ethylene glycol has a higher boiling point than water. So it will keep the engine cooler when the heat is increased.
(Simple - wasn't He?)

The air hitting the left aileron knocks it down, and the air hitting the right aileron knocks it up.

Swept volume is the airtaken in, in one introduction stroke.

The purpose of the connecting rod is to give resolutions to the camshaft.

Who was the Officer that was found in the Drill Hall Office one day without his trousers. Is it a new fashion or was he caught with his pants down?

DUNBARTON NEWS Several airmen of #5 I.T.S. have gone religious in a big way, IAC'S Chambers, Fenton, Watson, Wright & Cpl Meldrum spent an all night vigil in the Church here.

Neatest Compliment of the week - "The Navy is as much our Ally as Russia".

It's not how we look when we are on our 48's that makes the Nazis move their government out of Berlin.

"BLESS THEM ALL"

The result of a Gallup Pole taken at the I.T.S., at the behest of "We The People" (i.e. all ranks from AC2 to Corporal inclusive), to ascertain the opinion held about those ersatz individuals commonly known as Sergeants, was as follows:

	<u>Humans</u>	<u>Sub-Humans</u>	<u>Didn't Know</u>
Lower income bracket	7%	73%	20%
Higher income bracket	3%	81%	16%

The above statistics were true for individuals from both Ontario and Quebec.

On questioning the interviewers as to what conclusion they arrived at, in the light of the above statistics, they replied, that the only deduction possible was that the Sergeants were a peculiar race.

When queried still further as to their exact ethnological status, the interviewers declined to comment. We persevered however and Mr. Gallup's representatives declared and we quote. "After a thorough check of opinion held at the I.T.S, re the status of the Sergeants, we are convinced, that were Darwin now carrying on his research of the descent of man, from that noble animal the Ape, he would have no trouble whatsoever in discovering the missing link."

We inquired of the interviewers whether they would allow us to publish a few comments received from the lads.

They generously acquiesced. One LAC replied. "It seems that when some individuals, through the Grace of God and the courtesy of the R.C.A.F. are blessed with the coveted third lock, their ego immediately inflates and they but look with disdain and not a little contempt on we, the common clay.

A recent addition to "X" Flight explained: "A certain Sergeant taking the course with us, graciously condescend each evening to hang his socks up at the foot of the bed, and thus generously allow us to sniff the fragrance emanating from same, it was something less than a bed of roses.

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"BLESS THEM ALL"---Cont'd.

A Corporal when asked to comment, charged right at the interviewer. We are told that he has been a Corporal for sixteen months now, and the mention of the word Sergeant upsets him.

When bringing our interview to a close, we asked for a statement to reflect the trend of feeling prevalent towards our Three Hooked friends. They replied, "The best summary can be given in words of an airman who when asked what he thought of the Sergeants said: "Sir, I haven't thought a great deal about reincarnation, but if there is such a thing, I hope I come back as a pain in the neck."

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"Flash" would welcome a reply to this article from any Sergeant.

WHAT'S COOKING IN THE A/C REC. SECTION

As ye students is only too well aware, the marking system in A/C Rec. has been toughened up. Hence the increase attendance of late at night classes. But ye weary instructor would recommend students to help themselves by making a scrapbook. A Couple of hours per week spent on a scrapbook will increase your knowledge of A/C Rec. and can well make the difference between success and failure. Too much cannot be said for sketching. The finished sketch may be very crude, but the impression gained will linger on. This particularly applies to straightening out the difference between confusing types of Aircraft.

Your attention is drawn to the excellent A/C Models now on display in Room #108. Through the efforts of "X Flighters" Proctor-Gregg, Nelson and Smart the old models have been rejuvenated and several new additions made. A true three dimensional picture of the aircraft can be gained by a study of these models. And it is possible to study them from any angle.

Remember, a good knowledge of A/C Rec. not only helps pass an exam but can well mean the difference between medals and flowers. Time spent on A/C Rec. is like money invested in Life Insurance, you are the Policy Holder.

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IS IT TRUE? that P/O Ratzloff has traided in his wife on a new one, the one he brought to the Officers' Mess last Sunday? Other Officers would like to know how it's done.



EDITORIAL



WHAT ARE WE FIGHTING FOR ?

To many people unfortunately consider that the sole purpose of this war is the ignominious defeat of Hitler, Tojo, and their regimos. They say, "Nothing matters but Victory". We know victory is essential, but there are other great issues at stake beside military and political success. If all we get for our great sacrifices is the surrender of the Axis powers then our victory shall be a great extravagance. Are we willing to sacrifice the flower of our manhood, and incur a terrific debt in order to trample Germany and Japan in historic dust. The bitter nationalist says, "Sure".

But he is the person who considers that all the enemies of human liberty are confined to these Axis countries. He thinks that once they are exterminated there will be no further threat to the four great freedoms of mankind. If that were true then no sacrifice will be too great to make in eliminating them.

Unfortunately that is not true. These nations with their present regimes are in the aggressive vanguard of Freedom's enemies. But all the enemies of Freedom are not confined to the Axis nations by any means. In fact they are even now being nurtured in the bosom of our own fair land, where they are growing fat and strong, awaiting the end of the war, when restrictions shall be over to go out and exploit the land. The Camel has its head in our tent.

The enemies of mankind, which would deny us our freedom, are to be found in selfishness, narrow mindedness, intolerance, hatred, etc. of the people. These along with fear and nationalism are the real enemies of mankind.

Thus if the sacrifices of this war impress man's dull mind with these facts, then our sufferings will not have been in vain.