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With the Kind Permission of Squadron Leader Fortune

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Vol.2 No.5

May 5th. 1944

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TO "FLASH"

"It is difficult for me to put into words my feelings on leaving this Station which I have had the greatest pleasure in commanding for twenty one months. It is with great regret that I take my leave.

The importance of elementary training of aircrew trainees is not realized. The results of such training is continued throughout the Airforce life of every graduate. The great pleasure and pride to me is that I have had the opportunity of participating in the training of the finest types of manhood who are destined to play such an important part in the future of the world.

The co-operation that I have received from all ranks and from Headquarter's squadron has made my job a pleasure. The results achieved by the Station amply demonstrate the efficiency of the instructors and maintenance personnel.

On leaving I want to thank all those who have worked with me, wish them good luck in their future, and happy landings to the trainees.

A.J. Snetsinger W/C  
Commanding Officer

## MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

In the House of Commons, at a fateful hour,  
Arose the Honourable C.G. Power.  
The Minister spoke, and in words imposing,  
Announced that No. 5 was closing.

The news was flashed to Belleville's shore  
That the I.T.S. would be no more,  
The people grieved, the merchants distressed,  
The gals were peeved as you've probably guessed,  
The lads received it with mixed emotions,  
"X" Flight exclaimed "At last some postin's.

The staff had thoughts of 'Goose and Gander',  
And drowned their sorrows in a liquid-Amber,  
The officers kept their feelings well-hidden  
For now they might have to work for a livin',  
The Padre (God bless him :) had visions night-marish  
He'd undoubtedly have to go back to his parish.

But when war is over, and history is written  
From the epic of Stalingrad to the Battle of Britain,  
The real heroes my friends, to whom none can dare vie,  
Are the lads who attended dear old Number 5.

Shakespeare

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### NOTES FROM THE S.P.'s

Having our eyes constantly glued on the gate, we noticed that Cpl. Benn had changed his mode of travel - according to Benn it was a straight trade, "Old Elizabeth" in exchange for a two wheeled jallopy with pedals.

For the information of our aircrew personnel, we of the graveyard shift have noticed that the "crack of dawn" comes at approximately 0530 hours these mornings. This is not the time of sunrise according to the air almanac.

SUCCESS MOTTO- Stand up to be seen, speak up to be heard, and shut up to be appreciated.

SPRING, BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

Paper

The new title of our Station is going to be "Flush" since they pulled the chain on us. Many of those who were floating around those parts have departed for greener fields. O ! nuts who wants to write an article in the Spring ? "X" Flight wishes that some one would pull the chain on them or Geddes - so what ?

We notice that with the coming of warm nights "Pistol Packin' Mamma" has changed to "Lay that Shotgun Down Father". Many of the farmers around these parts say they haven't seen so many wolves for years, and this place used to be noted for wolves. Fathers report seeing a new type around - the dark blue or sea wolf type. This particular <sup>one</sup> is reported to be very elusive, and hard to hit on dark nights. It also has a very wide range. O ! nuts who wants to write an article in the Spring ?

By the Invasion reports to date it would seem that the Airforce is going to win this war single handed. I wonder what they wanted an army for in the first place. Still maybe-----# & \$ %X Z .Oh! who wants to write an article in the Spring ?

Heard as the door slams at 0630 hours, "Here comes our prize bull." It must be Spring. Yep by the sag in the wires we can tell that Spring has arrived. Here comes the Editor - one word outa him and I quit - who does he think he is F/S Geddes ? Well I scared him away, maybe he was just going to use the telephone. Oh ! nuts who wants to write an article in the Spring ?

Oh boy, look at that swell convertible, and what th'----What have those kids got over their shoulders - no- yeah, fish. Say son where-- you don't say-- lots of ' em oh ?---Well I can oh--m-m-m. Oh! nuts who wants to write an article in the Spring ?

Teased by the muse. Let's see what's on for this afternoon----that can wait----that can wait----. Those fish were---- I can't write any more, let's go. Who wants to write an article in the Spring.

-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x

Something else we would like to know -

Just what Mr. (Short-pants) Hackett had in mind one day in the mess when he asked a cute little W.D. Officer what she did in the evenings. Watch him Miss Rice, that miniature wolf has a record as long as your arm.

## WELCOMING THE NEW ARRIVALS

The new boys undergoing baptism a la No.5 just fell on their bunks and went to sleep without changing, at the end of their first day in "Happy Hollow".

No wonder, as soon as the truck stopped, they were collared by diverse immature looking N.C.C.'s of all calibers, from acting corporal to a winged W.O.I with D.C. and two bars. Without warning or a wash, or a word of welcome, they were cleaning rooms, mopping hallways, having a kit inspection, polishing up for a parade, changing into fatigues, changing rooms, kit bags too, marching around on a sight seeing tour—endless tour—trying a T.C. Test which would have stumped "Information Please", changing step until day changed to night, and finally heard their heartless Discip's say "That's nothing if you guys don't smarten up you'll be on an "extend P" for the duration."

..y--x--x--x--x--x--x--x--x--x--x--x--x--x--x--x--x--

FROM NO.3 SQUADRON

In the recent sporting events of this Station several of our squad distinguished themselves. In fact No.3 Squad monopolized the Boxing and wrestling events, and the show finally concluded with two members of B. Flight fighting ~~abrege~~ themselves. (Which was nothing unusual.)

Two wrestlers ? from B. flight distinguished or rather, ~~greatly~~ extinguished themselves in a weight for age contest, notable for its unorthodoxy as well as its humour. (The lads couldn't throw a sigh.)

A B Flight member from "Down Under" can swing a left hook too..... according to a member who has designs on polishing all cupboards in B. Ward. Hope the Wing S.L. doesn't peruse this.

The single ones never run short of advice in our Squadron. We have enough fathers to provide aircrew for years... or W.D's eh Renwick ?

The Squadron mouse seems to have taken dislike to the uniform of an A Flight member—could it be that he carries some cheese from the Mess in his pocket ?

It must be remembered that our Squadron are out to distinguish themselves academically as well as on the field of Sports. What with the enthusiasm of our Squadron Officer, Drill instructor, and instructors on toto, we'll do our best to upset the record for average efficiency.

De Nostribus. #101

N.B. The write refuses to divulge his name for safety reason.

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Is it TRUE that a certain Belleville blond has objected to the horns in Sergeant Major ~~Imen's~~ mustouch ? How else can we account for the change ?

## MEET THE BOYS !

Gentlemen ! May we introduce the Canteen staff ? These humble souls(?) who labour diligently(?) **seven** days a week, from early morning, until the last beer bottle has been drained, are worthy of recognition. And what greater honour could be accorded any section of the Station, than honourable mention in Flash ?

Theirs is a difficult assignment. We understand that every Canteen Steward must be a qualified diplomat ere he is eligible for that noble trade. Outside of the rather tedious routine, they are the blessed recipients of all complaints, grouchy remarks, griping, and personal worries. When a 48 has been lost by some wayward creature, he looks for sympathy at the Canteen bar. We understand that that item is given gratis to any individual in need of same. And when some chap has been on a bit of a spree and finds himself ill disposed financially, they will gladly extend **him** unlimited credit, if it does not exceed a dime (that is if he is willing to leave his kit bag as security).

Seriously the lads take an awful ribbing. The hot dogs aren't big enough, the cokes are warm, the cigarettes are stale, the razor blades are dull, the beer is diluted, the candy bars rhyme with frowsy. If there is anything they haven't been accused of yet, give them time, they will be eventually. They certainly help to keep the Station morale up with their friendly chatter, and efficient service.

On occasions, they have been known to dig out their little black book and hand out their personal phone numbers to some lonely airman in need of social companionship. What greater sacrifice could be asked of any individual ?

All in all the entire staff are a bunch of good heads. (no cracks please). And to Sgt. Gluckstein, Cpls. Dale Rowe, and LAC's Nichols (meet my wife) Neveau, Ward, Dorion, and Dupres our salutations and thanks for the good service.

-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-

IS IT TRUE - that Sgt. Hughes is visiting a fortune teller to find out if he will ever get that crown, and when ?

That Reg. Hackett's bowling average has exceeded a 100 ?

That LAC Stockford finally got a new issue of underwear ?

That F/S. Geddes has lost his voice ? (Finders keepers)

That LAC. Owen talks in his sleep and is forever asking for 48's ?

## DIGGING FOR SOLID MUSIC

For some time now, jive, swing, and boogie-woogie, have been the current pastime of millions of younger Canadians and Americans. They flocked to juke boxes and local "Jump-joints", and cut a rug with Harry James, Benny Goodman, and Arty Shaw, or any favourite Swing band.

This, one of young America's favourite pastimes, has been denounced by many long haired, straight faced types. Apparently unable to keep up with the faster pace, try to "wet blanket" any adherents of "jive" claiming that it is stupid, immoral and above all not music.

Now there my friends is a guy who definitely <sup>is</sup> not "hep". In all likelihood he is a third rate musician himself who hates to admit that jive is leaving his beloved classics far behind.

May I try to outline a few arguments in favour of jive that will help to convince the individuals allergic to this type of music, of its merits.

In the midst of the depression record sales for phonograph entertainment dropped alarmingly. With the advent of jazz however the record business has had one continuous boom. This alone earns a livelihood for many thousands.

May we point out that Carnegie Hall, that hallowed auditorium for fine symphonies was opened its doors wide to the artists of jazz, namely, Goodman, Ellington and Shaw, which is in itself an admission of the high place that jazz has earned for itself.

That world renowned **symphonic** conductor Leopold Stokowski, in conversation with the king of swing, Benny Goodman, has been quoted as saying "If I could get musicians to have the touch, dexterity, and ability to improvise as your men have, I could build the greatest symphony orchestra of all time." These remarks coming from an individual who holds such a noteworthy place in the field of classical music is worthy of note.

The above is a curtailed synopsis in favour of jive. For your own satisfaction were you to tune in your radio at hour of the day and compare the number of **symphonic** bands to the numerous jazz orchestras it will become apparent that our type of music is predominant.

To those individuals who associate immorality, stupidity, lack of breeding and innumerable other short comings to the followers of jive, may we suggest that they stick to their own brand of music. We the jitterbugs, jive artists, and what have you will continue to kick out our feet when some "sander" gives out with a boogie-woogie. So get "hep" my friends.

One of the many millions.

AN ODE TO "X" FLIGHT

They push us here, they push us there,  
It matters not whate'er we care,  
They say we're pilots (U.T.)  
We'll fly Lancasters, a stately beauty,  
But alas ! 'Tis a dream, long now we've dreamt,  
I suppose we will, till we are old and bent,  
Sleep on ye "X" Flight,  
Succumb to your plight,  
You will be posted one dreary night.

-X-

HEARD AT I.T.S.

TH A certain lecturer whose affinity for chewing rope, or dock leaves, or maybe tobacco, once said; "This period is being taken at sixty per cent of the normal speed, which means that you guys haven't learned a hundred per cent of what you should have learned; guys are forty per cent dumber than normal - which means — Oh never mind."

"There's no such thing as a poor navigator (but there is such a thing as a good instructor.)

A cherub faced instructor who swings a classroom instead of a Browning once uttered warningly, "If there's one guy who can't strip the Breech Block after eight weeks, may the Lord have mercy on him, as I went — (the Lord was kind.)

That "X" Flight through much leisure have shown great ingenuity in immortal poetry. While the animals queued up to feed, these sublime couplets were to be seen,

"Together with Props, they gave us mops,  
Instead of block busters, they handed us dusters."

If that isn't sufficient proof of talent digest this,

"To become men who fly with fame,  
And go places with those that came,  
You must swing a mop, in ache and pain,  
To uphold the good old I.T.S. name."

-X-

Wh airman (without blond curly hair---without hair--PERIOD) in the accounts section, has practically married, the purchaser of a wedding ring, yet still dabbles about the art of wolfing in nearby villas. What's long Dickson has the Sixth Victory Loan got something to do with it ?  
(A good story anyway.)

## THE I.T.S FORMAL

May we give you two versions of the Dance held at the I.T.S. Drill Hall on April 14th. One of the young ladies who was present at the dance has given us her version, and an airman has depicted his feelings of the jamboree, so read them and take your choice.

By Marjory Cook -

Turn backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight ! That's just what happened - for just as in the good old days of "when you and I were young Maggie," at 7.30 with the setting sun, we trooped forth in our gayest and best. For the past week, this dance had been the topic of conversation, and everyone who was anyone was going to the "sob session" to weep a sad farewell on the remaining (and willing) shoulders of our remaining crew-cuts. The time set for the floor show was 8.30, and at 8.30 it was. On with the show, and what a show ! Where does Kingston hide its talent ? The army will never tell you. One airman said, these must be the girls who stay home every night with Momma, but confidentially -- don't believe everything you hear. Any-who it was super entertainment, even if we did have to give up the spot light for the first part of the evening. The Six H.P. Orchestra (who else but?) announced dancing in no uncertain terms, and by that time everyone knew everyone else (if you didn't my sympathies) And we didn't need a Grand March, but we had it any way, because after all it was a Drill Hall, and you know how the kids just love to drill (Ugh-Ugh- - or is that the way you spell it ?) After three dances, some yelled "Chocolate Cake" and the rush was on. What ! Lunch so soon ? Horrors ! The dance was practically over, so we thought then - but by 2.00 A.M. - w-e-l-l- or have you an iron constitution ? Lunch was worth fighting for, and believe me we had to fight. It seemed like New Year's all over again - Paper hats, coloured streamers, prizes, wonderful music, chocolate cake (we really had more to eat than that) Novelty dances and more prizes - - what a lovely way to spend an evening, and the C.O. was right, we mustn't say goodbye, said he with a tear in his eye - at least not yet - parting is such sweet sorrow, though this wasn't really the last dance, but the beginning of a series of last dances until we become accustomed to the idea of no I.T.S., no love, no nothing at all.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

By an Airman -

Having heard much trumpet blowing, and drum beating about "the most sensational Ball:- formal - ever to be held at No.5 or Belleville for that matter, I polished up everything from steel

clefts, to tie pin, and went to see the kill.

Kill is right, for if I hadn't rough ridden in many an open wagon, six-shooting rodeo out West, I would never have survived that Buffalo stampede.

There was one guy who looked like a divinity student (Div. from "Dive" not Divinity) struggling with a mawl, two chins taller than himself, whose <sup>mother</sup> must have been frightened by a howling, screeching dive bomber. I manoevered into position to hear an airman recently arrived from the canteen ask a cute young thing for a dance, she apparently allergic to individuals who indulge in the pleasure of the grape replied, "You look like a poor airman to me." He responded, "Why my face is my fortune", and being no slouch the gal came back with, "Well, you'll have to show me more collateral." The airman was struggling for reply, and unable to watch his painful expression I meandered off.

Saw a stunning blonde, and exclaimed, "That's what I call a golden opportunity", asked her to dance. I didn't count on the Navy which was standing near by - one of those guys got her - what do they have that we cannot get in a hurry?

My next dance was with a cross between a Maltese poodle and a Pack-horse. Wish she had removed her horse shoes - any way I'll be unfit for P.T. for a month - happy thought.

The last Waltz was with beauty itself, but as as beauty is only skin deep, I had to skin her - pleasant task. What a wonderful evening. I should have stayed in bed.

-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-

After the Dance, On Parade -

"A guy can make a day's pay picking up all those empty bottles."

"That breath corrodes."

"Left in files, I mean turn, I mean columns of bunches, I mean ----"

"A fine lot of bodies."

and us back to bed." - You said it, Bud !

F/O Cuttriss, "This building has been incorrectly labelled, 'Drill Hall'. From now on it is going to be called what it looks like now, 'Cuttriss' Cotton Club."

CULLED FROM EXAM PAPERS(Courses 98 and 100)

The following excerpts from examination papers will at least suggest that some members of these courses do not lack originality whatever else they may lack.

Question-Explain the special means for cooling the exhaust valve

Answer- It is filled with soda water which liquifies with heat.  
(could the candidate have been filled with soda water too ?)

Question - Tell how carburettor icing is prevented ?

Answer - Ground the aircraft. (Simple wasn't he ?)

Question - What is the purpose of the oil radiator

Answer - When you first start the engine the oil is cold, so you run it around the radiator which warms it up. (How about in the summer when there is no fire in the furnace ?)

For those seeking "Pkha gen". The metal sheath on ignition wires keeps the current in the spark plug, and prevents the current from flowing thru the rest of the engine. (Similar to dikes or tariff walls, no doubt)

Question - Give a function of oil in the cylinder

Answer - Oil gives less chance of piston being worn out faster.

Question - Explain the action of the idling jet

And here's what he said - "When the plane is idle there isn't sufficient air coming in from the radiator to function the carburettor." (And he hopes to be a pilot)

Here's another diarrhoea of words on the same topic - "The action of the idling jet is to prevent idling during your required mixture, according to the movement of the throttle." (What does he mean?)

Then there was the optimist who said, "The advantage of air-cooled engines is that there is no danger of running out of air." (Examier's note - very true statement, we get lots of it, especially the hot variety.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Comments from Accounts;

What office on this Station gives so little to so few, yet owes so much to so many ? Could it be the Station Orderly Room ?

Wedding bells have rung for another Corporal in this Section---- that two this month...this ought to be bring bigger and better...?... next year...Congrats.to McLeary and Relyea.

What a name in Headquarters turns left when dismissed on parade by the S.M. we don't mention names, only his initials are Fred Naylor.

COMING EVENTS FOR MAY

May 15th. Happy Go Lucky... Mary Martin, Betty Hutton, Dick Powell

May 21st.- Once Upon a Honeymoon

May 22nd.- Governement Girl... Olivia De Haviland, Sonny Tufts

May 31st.- Destroyers..... E.G. Robinson and Glenn Ford

June 1st.- They've got Me Covered..... Bob Hope

King of the Zombies Comes in June (Attention Mr. Cuttriss)

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"X" FLIGHT BLUES

Our course was completed; What a glorious day  
 "In less than a month we'll be on our way,"  
 We thought then as we sighed a satisfied sigh  
 And pictured ourselves sailing 'way up in the sky.  
 But, woe betide. Alas! What befell?  
 What is happ'ning to us is sad to tell.  
 For three months we wait, we toil, and swear  
 And yet no one knows just when we'll be there.  
 At Works and Bricks we wreak destruction,  
 We clean the kitchen's dirt and corruption,  
 We gather the garbage, serve the beer,  
 And hope we'll be gone by the end of the year.  
 On top of all that to add to the humour  
 There'll always be Daily Routine Rumor  
 Of postings and leaves, and passes galore,  
 Which turn out to be talk, more talk, nothing more.  
 And so ends my tale, so sad and sedate  
 Of the things we endure while we work and we wait.  
 "Pooh!" Here comes our sergeant! - We go through the door  
 To begin our daylight sweep around the floor.

A "Hopeful" of Course 9I

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Section Officer Sauriol -

From an airman who once thought W.D's were 'crumby'...but upon  
 working with an officer of this Division all such versions were cast  
 aside. To you S/O. Sauriol, tho the entertainment Committee failed to  
 tender you worldly materials, and even soft flowing syllables by major  
 Inman, we of the Accounts Staff think you "Tops!" Though we may never  
 have the opportunity (at No. 5 that is) to give you a 'silox', at least we  
 can say,

"If with failing hands we throw our lodgers  
 Be yours to hold them better."



## GEN FROM THE EQUIPMENT SECTION

The Equipment Section has become a quiet and peaceful place since Sgt. Bernard and Red McMillan have departed - even safe to visit now. No more do you hear the words, "OUT ! OUT !", and see the airmen or N.C.O. diving for the door to save himself from being put on charge.

Now as you enter clothing stores handsome F/S. Ford meets you at the door and welcomes you, and calls Cpl. Andy Burrell to help fill your requirements. Tech. Stores even remains calm and quiet (most of the time) with F/L. Dawson at the helm while his worthy assistant Cpl. Carry- the- Load Montgomery keeps tab of those large volumes that puzzles so many. The Publications and I & R. Sections say nothing more to a customer than a "Sign here" (they don't have time for more) Mr. MacDerment and his bus terminal of many tickets and charts says, "Business is as good as usual." He also tells us that Barrack Stores are right up to par in reference to "Q" Orders, which is his substitute for Webster's Dictionary.

Your Staff Editor

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

### BOASTING FROM COURSE 99

Course 99, from its inception, showed that it was one course that would leave a mark to remember in I.T.S. History. In its ranks it had men and boys of all ages, from those who wondered what shaving for C.O.'s parade meant, to the old lads who creaked and groaned through P.T.

The academic record of this Course was extraordinary and one which made its members very proud. Imagine not one person was C.T'd through failure in examinations. This is worthy of commendation since none of the original members had the refresher course.

Taking part in two sport and drill competitions Course 99 was second in their first effort, and won the C.O.'s pennant in the second. There are several fine marksmen among them, as shown by the way in which they win prize money at the weekly Rifle Meet.

This Course also had its fun (even while on course). The Irish are still mindful of the night they attempted to shower two stalwart Scots, but somehow or other got the cold drenching themselves. The boys are still laughing about the night while celebrating the end of exams the S.P.'s told them to quiet down or else - After the S.P.'s had supposedly left a brave member began to air his opinion of S.P.'s in general, and among other choice things compared them to the Gestapo. Imagine his consternation when he discovered they were still in the doorway, and threatened to put every one on charge.

It is with considerable regret that we draw near to postings and possible separation, and to the care of the indomitable F/S. Geddes.

## MEN OR MICE ?

Phew-w-w ! We had P.T. this morning. I don't just know what these callous initials stand for, but from my angle, at least, it seems like "Prehistoric Torture" or "Potential Tyranny". But anyhow, it's plenty tough. Right now both feet would feel like misshapen blocks of petrified putty, were it not for the many aches and pains that extend in varying waves, streaks and stabs up thru the other weary parts of my tortured anatomy.

After the roll is called and that gloating monster is satisfied that all his miserable victims are where they wish they weren't (As Pat would say), things get under way. First of all our souls are bowed beneath a tornado of withering sarcasm, from which we gather that our gym singlets range in colour from a dirty, dark, dusky grey, through other shades, to a drab, doleful, disgusting brown. When this tirade has blown itself out, and we are properly subdued, our hearts imbed themselves still deeper in the unyielding soles of our running shoes, as we are told "with a jump" to right turn. O Joy!! Double March... High Knee Raising Begin... Duck walk... groan-n-n... Frog Hop.. (one more hop and my legs will fall off at my knees, I swear it) Or your stomachs down... On your feet up... On your backs down... (Can't he make up his mind anyhow?) Push ups... Phew-w-w !!

And so it goes on, for hours on end it seems. And all the while the cavorting tyrant is driving his weary victims to ever increasing efforts. The fiendish gleam of an awful madness glows in his eyes as ever and anon he lashes with his tongue at some near-collapsing wretch, whose legs dare to show their weakness. Awful, isn't it? And this is the Twentieth Century in a civilized country.

Sometimes we have games. Games they say, "GAMES". After our "games" the other aches are still there with the addition of various bruises and abrasions inflicted by sawed-off broom handles, elbows, hips, knees and heads.

On occasion Cuttriss & Co. claim they will make new men out of us in spite of ourselves (an improvement on nature you know). That is if they don't kill us in the process. Personally, I'd place my dough on the undertaker.

Wun Hu Nose

"FORTY" - EIGHT"

The sweetest sound to airmen, N.C.O's and officers alike is, "Forty-Eight". It inspires our dreams, instills hope and cheer into every monotonous hour, and sometimes there are many of them. We live for it, fight for it, and continually strive for possession of it, it is the Fifth Freedom. Life would be impossible if there were no Forty-Eights. In fact, for many it is more important than the war, and there should be an international agreement whereby the war should stop for two days every two weeks, so the boys could take a Forty-Eight. If the Powers-that-be wish to inflict real torture on a poor airman, and some like to do so, all they need to do is cancel a Forty-Eight. The meanest, lowest reprisal a Discip. can exact is a Forty-Eight for some slight misdemeanour.

Then on the other hand if one would bring laughter and joy to some down hearted and despondent airman or officer—we get that way sometimes— just tell them that they can have a Fort-Eight. There is nothing a normal member of the R.C.A.F. will not do for a Forty-Eight: he will work his fingers to the bone, or risk his very life. This Forty-Eight is not only a perfect number, but it is also a magic one, it seems to contain occult powers. It can transform an airman's life in a moment, changing him from a disgruntled pessimist to a gay and jovial optimist. It is the greatest builder of morale I know, and nothing destroys morale quicker than, "There is no Forty-Eight". For that reason every member of the R.C.A.F. in training should get his regular Forty-Eight, and only a major offense should interfere with it. And if ye officers, and N.C.O's would be popular and well served then be generous with your Forty-Eights.

When this war is over, the Battle of Belleville is passed, and the thrill of Forty-Eights has been relegated into cherished memories, we shall be back in civilian life living in apartments, houses, and streets designated "Forty-Eight". No doubt there will be a few who will succumb to the strain and stress of Service life, and who will spend the rest of their lives suffering delusions of a "Cancelled Forty-Eight". But the best of us are going to strive and sweat until every person shall have only a five day week, at the end which will be a "FORTY-EIGHT".

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We Would Like to Know - who is that certain Postal Clerk who drools as he dances every Tuesday at the Trianon Ballroom ?



# EDITORIAL



WING COMMANDER A.J. SNETSINGER, ED.

It was with a real sense of loss that this Station said, "Au Revoir" to Wing Commander A.J. Snetsinger, who for the last twenty one months has been its Commanding Officer. The regret was quite general, for wherever one went one heard personnel of all ranks expressing such regret. One airman said, "He is the best C.O. I've had in my two years of Service." An officer who had worked closely with W/C. Snetsinger expressed himself thus, "It seems as though half the Station was posted." This page wouldn't hold half the sentiments of regret that the writer has heard in the last week.

W/C. Snetsinger was well thought of because he had done his very best for the station and all concerned. His major interest was the airmen on this unit, and their highest welfare. They and their welfare was the yardstick by which everything was measured. He would give the closest attention to anything the Airmen's Council recommended because it was the voice of the Airmen. It isn't likely the average airman realized this, but those who worked closest to the C.O. did.

In the opinions of many he was an ideal Commanding Officer. He was never satisfied with anything but the best, and what he demanded of others he demanded of himself. He never used his rank or office for personal advantage, nor did he exempt himself from the inconveniences of Airforce discipline. He never asked any one to do what he wasn't willing to do himself - what was good enough for an AC2 was good enough for him. He didn't please every one, he couldn't if he tried, but every decision he made was just, and made to serve the interests of the Station and the personnel.

In his new responsibility as Commandant at Airforce Headquarters the personnel of 5 I.T.S. wish Wing Commander Snetsinger real happiness and success. It won't be his fault if the Efficiency Pennant doesn't fly over the Administrative buildings of the R.C.A.F. in the capital city of Ottawa.