

# A FAMILY OUTING

One Sunday Aug. 28th. the staff of I.T.S. and their wives met at the "Y" in Belleville, gaily climbed on the that awaited them, and rode merrily to Massaga Point where they had a really family picnic.

During the afternoon a very strenuous softball game was played. The teams were as follows, Mrs. H. H. Smith, capt., Mrs. Nicco, pitcher, Mr. Hackett, and L.A.C. Chambers, it was a four man team. Then Mrs. Burns, capt. Mrs. Chambers, AC2 Burns, and L.A.C. Blanchette, pitcher. It was a hectic struggle, which explains why the participating ladies were the worse for wear at the Monday meeting of their Auxiliary. (For some reason or other the score was never known).

Mrs. Manson and Cpl. Roberts were the prize swimmers. Mrs. Manson won the bathing beauty contest (who were the judges) Cpl. Roberts acted as the genial life guard. He certainly cut a classic figure, some of the girls conveniently painted and fell in the water, hoping to be rescued by the life guard, but Mrs. Roberts kept interfering, much to the disgust of her ambitious husband.

The traditional picnic basket was thoroughly enjoyed about 1700 hours F/Sgt. Manson had to have his daily "Dagwood". So he buttered his bread, and went from group to group begging until he had sufficient variety to make a real sandwich. Was it a good one? Just ask Cpl. Parker whose eyes and mouth watered with jealousy.

The merry party was safely deposited back at the "Y" at 1930 hours, windblown, and otherwise, but happy and satisfied. It was a grand outing with a swell gang, which are grateful that at last they are getting to know each other. For this these couples are most grateful to Mr. Hackett for his efforts in bringing them all together on so many occasions.

A hearty invitation is extended to all airmen's wives at I.T.S. to attend weekly meetings of these young women. The first Monday of the month this group meets at the Y.W.C.A. They are planning an interesting and busy program for the coming months, and would like to have every available member. Mrs. Neice, 2297, or Reg. Hackett will give you necessary information.

-----  
"No nation can ruin us unless we first ruin ourselves."  
S1022  
Chaing Kai-Shek.

Who steals my purse steals trash,  
But who filches from me my good name  
Steals that which not enriches him  
But leaves me poor indeed.

A first cousin to the contemptible gossip is the chronic grouch the person who seems to have a grudge against everyone, and everything. Everbody is at fault but himself. He sees the world through the colored glasses of his conceit.

If you want friends, be friendly. If you want to be loved be lovable.

## Victory in the Victory Garden

In spite of bugs, grubs, birds, weeds, etc we have managed to raise a Victory Garden that was considered a worthy subject for Claire Wallace on her radio broadcast this week.

The majority of the station personnel are not aware of the large amount of "extra messing" being supplied to the kitchen of this station, from this garden. The two thousand Tomato plants have already yielded nearly FOUR TONS of fruit, and if the frost doesn't come too soon, will yield as much more.

Our corn has so far supplied us with three hundred dozen ears of corn, which has given us more than one special treat, both at meals and corn roasts. In addition to these bumper crops we have an abundance of green beans, lettuce, radishes and carrots, of which we have lost all count. There will be two thousand cabbages ready for use in a few weeks (who likes sauerkraut?) And from the potato patch, which is just south of the sports field, we should get at least fifty bags, or over two tons.

This garden was planted was made the responsibility of F/O Skoog, who later was posted overseas; and then F/O J.T. Flewelling became the chief gardener with the assistance of many potential pilots, navigators, bombers, gunners, etc. And to all who had any share in this venture, which has been decidedly worth while, we say "Many Thanks".

In the last issue of Flash we reported the results of the first round of the Ping Pong tournament, but we weren't able to give the final results. Well here it is, Westoll of Flight 23 survived the struggle, and was declared the champion. But how long will he retain the honor will depend upon the other fellows who play this game. Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown, eh boys?