

out until 0200 hours. Some of the boys had been air raid wardens and performed best in total darkness. For further details about the air raid wardens of 33 consult the belles of Belleville.

F/O Warren was our Flight Commander and a patient soul. He was continually telling us of our doings, or rather our undoings. He warned us repeatedly that unless we cooperated with our seniors we would have an extra session of duty flight. Small wonder that I.T.S. won the Minister's award for Flight 33 was always scrubbing.

However our flight bowed out in a blaze of glory, as one of its members, Wally Caughill, was the first Honour Student of No. 5 I.T.S. That was the highlight of the entire course and so we planned to risk the wrath of the powers that be, by carrying Wally out to the C.O. when the presentation was to be on Parade, but it had to rain and I guess it saved our necks.

These facts have been withheld until now lest the enemy discover our plans, and since most of this gang of wreckers have left for various flying schools, it can be announced. Soon we shall have our Wings, then Hitler, Tojo and Co. had better capitulate. For when Flight 33 does something it is done right. Ask course 87!!

(At least 33 is the first flight to make a real contribution to Flash. If we had more flights like it we would have to enlarge our Paper. Ed.)

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shattered appendix - it'll just have to stay there until he clears out. As for myself, I have the choicest job of the flight, I sit here all day thinking of ways both saintly and diabolical whereby S/O Fenton and her cohorts can be reinforced by seeds of V.D.'s to brighten the life of "X" Flight.

So cheer up mates the best is yet to come. One of these days you may join the ranks of those blasting the Axis with an axe in your hand and the Flight at your rear.

The Major of Flight 33.

SO YOU WANT TO FLY, EH ?

We hear a lot about the unsung heroes of this war, but there is one unsung hero among the unsung ones, and that is the courageous "X" Flight.

Now all you budding pilots, or should I say, truck drivers and all you wonderful conductors, otherwise known as navigators, and you delivery boys, who are known as bombers officially and even a few of the stutterers, airgunners to the uninitiated may some day find yourself lugging your worldly possessions in two blue bags and parking them in the dungeon of the East Barracks. There you sleep amid the din of creaking floors and frightened snores (That's poetry, kids) and finally drop off into mortal asphyxiation from, well you know, your best friends wont tell you. Well that's the introduction to "X" Flight.

Of course before you get that far it is necessary to complete your course, yet there are some who will tell you that that is just incidental. Then you meet the boss, F/S Geddes, who always greets you with a smile and an ominous death roll in his hand. The day on which we moved over was a real tragedy. It rained and so we were trapped in the corridor downstairs in the Admin. Building. Here we heard our sentence and for twenty minutes the walls echoed with wails and laments from the newly inducted "X" Flight. Pilots discovered that they were to pilot dishes around the Airmen's Mess, navigators found that the first course they had to plot was the shortest route to the Officer's Mess. The bombers had to deliver loads of coal and dirt to the boiler room and the first targets of the air gunners were the floors of the Admin. Building.

I found that Morale is a wonderful thing, because it soon survives from its shattered state. I saw the Navigators "B" smile blandly upon the world from the "V" office and when last seen one had resorted to the futile hope of playing both teams in the "Y's" only game-baseball. Others decided to hide out with the Gestapo at the front gate, so you rookies had better decide to use the gate when you come in late rather than the fence, for these fellows know all the holes by past experience. There is one unmerciful wretch of the course and he is a pilot who decided that the patients in the hospital weren't sick enough so he's gone up there to cook for them. Oh, my---

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