



PUBLISHED BY AND FOR THE PERSONNEL OF 5 I.T.S. BELLEVILLE, ONT.  
 BY KIND PERMISSION OF WING COMMANDER A.J. SNETSINGER, E.D.  
THE OLE SWIMMIN HOLE

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One of the chief delights of boyhood is to go down to the old swimming hole, hang your clothes on a hickory limb, and go swimming a la certe. What a thrill to slick down your hair with back of your hand, dry yourself in the sun, then try to let on to me that you had never been near the water let alone in it. Such memories are soon revived as you see the airman scurrying under the railway tracks, stripping as they go, and with a war whoop of sheer delight taking a belly flopper into the warm waters of the Quinte.

What with a lovely cottage to lounge in, a well kept lawn and clean beach, not to mention electric floodlights and the sweet strains of Love's old refrain squeaking out of the antedeluvian serenade box, it is a perfect setting indeed. All airmen waiting posting to an I.T.S. spend most of their Tarmac Time hoping and praying that they will be posted to that beautiful summer resort located on the moonlit shores of the Bay of Quinte - No.5 I.T.S.

When you feel hot, dusty, and tired bring your trunks and come down for a refreshing plunge. It is such pleasure as these that make life worth while.

"Hi ya Skinny ! last in is a so and so! Okay blub, blub, blub, say look after these shorts will ya. They just won't stay on."  
 Be seen you at the Ole Swimmin Hole.