



"Bless them all! Bless them all! " Who? Why the Section Officers. Haven't you heard that #5 now has three S/O's on the strength of the station? Yessir the arrival of S/O Macdonald and S/O Sauriol brought cheers not only from the airmen but also from S/O. Fenton, who has long been the lone lorn female.

After F/O. Chisholm had C.T'd as Ass't Adj. owing to (Well who are we even to dare to suggest that he might have been the one who was responsible for purchasing and putting a new tag on the 5 I.T.S. Mascot?--- by the way take a look at this handsome engraving), S/O. Macdonald was posted in to do the "Joe jobs" for the Adjutant. "Wait a minute F/L. Burnett, that's exactly what this former school marm from Cornwall told us."

With four brothers in the Canadian Army and one sister a 2ndLt. in the C.W.A.C. at Ottawa, Miss Macdonald comes from a fighting family.

Asked about her hobbies, S/O. Macdonald replied: "Ask the C.O. at Centralia." At first we were somewhat confused as to her meaning until someone reminded us that Centralia is the R.C.A.F. station where they have the Kiltie Band. You guessed it, she loves Highland dancing. Hoot mon! By the way boys, the new Ass't Adj. is a fine baseball player. How about a tryout for the station team, Archie?

After completing our interview, we were about to take our leave when a knock came at the Adjutant's door, and in walked W.O.1 Birkett. "Why Major", we asked, "Why did you knock before you came in?"

"Well now," replied the pert, portly, discip. "I didn't want to disturb F/L. Burnett"

With a sigh we left the office, and made our way up the stairs to the Accts. Section, saluting 137½ times as we went.

There we found ensconced in the office - and we mean office- of F/L. Dickson, S/O. Sauriol, whose term of service in the R.C.A.F. both as an airwoman and as an officer, had taken her to such distant parts as #12 S.F.T. S., Brandon, and Gander Nfld.

Miss Sauriol admitted that one of the first things that struck her about #5 was the friendly spirit that everyone manifested, especially F/L. Cowieson of the Link Section.

"How do you get along with F/O. Armour?" we queried.

"He's very friendly," began Miss Sauriol, "But I can't understand why the girl clerks at the Bank the other morning looked daggers at me when he introduced me, and told them

then that in future I would be doing that job."

Not paying the slightest attention to this endeavor to get information from us about the said Mr. Armour, we resumed: "Where do you go on your 48's?" "I usually go to Buffalo, but if I could ever get a 48 that was long enough, I would spend it in England."

"Why?" we were so bold as to ask. "Well he's in the army over there." came the ready response.

After privately warning Cpl. Roberts not to be offering to give Miss Sauriol a ride downtown on his bicycle, in case he was not back in time for the next C.O.'s Inspection, we made a strategic retreat to the C.G.I.'s office.

The stentorian tones of a dissatisfied customer greeted our ears, as S/O Fenton straightened herself to an erect position in the place where she had just been tracing Pink elephants on the wall, or fixing up the weekly time schedule. "See here, if you don't run my advertisement in your paper this week I am going to resign as a charter cadet of "Flash".

Having only 4 readers left (three of the Flash staff and the consor) what could I do but promise to put it in? Well, here it is: Wanted one pair of opalettes for shirt, W.D., summer issue. No questions asked as to where you obtained them. See Miss Fenton, C.G.I.'s Office.

Miss Fenton hails from Ottawa where before the war she was a secretary in employ of the National Research Council. Among her hobbies Miss Fenton includes: piano playing (remember?), baseball, hockey, golf, lacrosse, boating, canoeing, sailboating, rowboating, steamboating, etc., etc.,

We ventured to ask this worthy addition to the C.G.I.'s staff what she thought of her fellow workers. S/L. Roberts, in his private loge began tapping loudly with his pencil on his desk, L.A.C. Paley edged closer on the pretext of looking for a letter from his wife which was plainly sticking out of his shirt pocket, L.A.C. Chapman, Bomber elect, and newest temporary addition to the staff, began fidgeting nervously with his tie as he pricked up his ears. An air of breathless expectancy permeated the whole office. Miss Fenton, opened her mouth, her lips moved, but not a sound was heard. Being an old hand at lip reading we were able to understand every word that she said, but being a new hand at reporting we weren't so sure that because we could lip read that we were allowed to print lip.

Well fellows, let's get One Dozon Roses, and give them in a hearty welcome to our Three Little Sisters.

