

# THE FINGAL OBSERVER

Vol. 1 - No. 7

No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, R.C.A.F., Fingal, Ontario, Canada

August 15, 1941

## The Station Trumpet Band



### THE HOSTESS HOUSE

The Y.W.C.A. is the national organization under the Auxiliary Services of the Department of National Defence, designated by the Government to work with the women relatives and friends of the forces.

Its war services include:

- I. Hostess Houses
- II. Rooms Registry
- III. Hospitality
- IV. Traveller's Aid
- V. The Land Army.

On this Station we are especially interested in the first four services—the Hostess Houses, Rooms Registry, Hospitality and Traveller's Aid.

A Y.W.C.A. Hostess House (under Auxiliary Services, Department of National Defence) is an official meeting place, with a hostess in charge, designed for the women relatives and friends visiting men on Active Service, established near Air Force and Army Camps throughout the Dominion.

Hostess Houses serve as meeting, waiting and visiting places for women relatives and enlisted men. They are open during the day and

until late evening.

The Rooms Registry Service, provided by the Y.W.C.A. throughout the Dominion, furnishes lists of supervised boarding and rooming houses suitable for the wives and families of the troops. This registry, which is constantly in use, is a continuing service kept up to date at all Y.W.C.A. buildings and Hostess Houses.

The Y.W.C.A. has accepted re-

sponsibility for making the enlisted men from all parts of the Empire, now gathering here, feel at home in Canada. The service is duplicated in all Y.W.C.A. buildings across the Dominion, where busy, happy groups of wives, mothers and sisters find comfortable meeting and places for war work and entertainment.

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No doubt the muffled tom-tom of the B.B.C. throbbing out Beethoven's symbol of victory awakens in one's heart a little of the breathless emotion which it must evoke in weary and desperate European hearts. Trembling fingers hurriedly chalk a "V" in some dark corner of Warsaw or Rotterdam and this small triumph brings a moment of fierce exultation. A "V" means something when the penalty, if caught, is the concentration camp or some equally cruel punishment.

These victims of tyranny who fight back with their humble, furtive, courageous little "V's" do not buy them for

ten cents from the drug store; they cannot buy them in hats or dresses or bread loaves; they cannot, crowning insult, buy them in beer mug blotters; no, be it the accidental crossing of two pieces of wood, the rat-tat-tat of a door knob or walking stick, a pencilled . . . — on the tablecloth under the plate in a restaurant, ingenuity and courage are needed to avoid the eye of tyranny. But indomitable spirits keep trying. It is a spirit sign; nothing material or costly—except in blood—for its making.

Are we not in danger of degrading the "V" of the temporarily Vanquished?

After a very short series of practices the Station Drum and Bugle Band can be congratulated on its very fine first showing at the Wings Parade 19/7/41. Looking at the picture, from left to right, can be seen L/AC Pixton, F/O Smith and Sgt. Hill, the three men responsible for the Band organization.

### FINGAL

Fingal (or Fion na Gael)

His father was Comhal or Combal, and his mother Morna.

(Comhal was the son of Trathal King of Morven, and Morna was the daughter of Thaddu.)

His first wife was Roscrana, mother of Ossian. His second was Clatho, mother of Fillan, etc.

(Roscrana was the daughter of Cormas I, third King of Ireland).

His daughter was Bosmi'na, and his sons, Ossian, Fillan, Ryno and Fergus.

(The son of Ossian was Oscar.)

(Fillan was younger than his nephew Oscar, and both, together with Ryno, were slain in battle before Fingal died.)

His bard and herald was Ullin. His sword Luno, so called from its maker Luno of Lochlin (Denmark). His dog was named "Bran."

His kingdom was Morven (the  
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## The Fingal Observer

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WING COMMANDER W. D. VAN VLIET

"NOW many nations are assembled against thee. . . . But they know not the thoughts of the Lord, neither understand they His counsel: for He hath gathered them as the sheaves to the threshing-floor." Micah iv., 11, 12 (R.V.).

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### The Value of Slogans

It is a good job that most of the slogans, like the little systems, have their day and pass away. It is good that many never reach even the stage of birth and die stillborn.

The few that have survived and served us perhaps deserved to live, but imagine a world where every fresh sentence or phrase became a slogan filled with never-dying power. We dread, like a plague, an over-sloganed world. Like all good things, there can be too much.

It is the rarity and uniqueness about slogans that give them point and make them serve us.

It is an axiom then that slogans cannot come in multiples of more than one.

So far in this war they have kept to the rule and the only real slogan has just come among us. Seldom does a slogan claim almost half the world, yet "V for Victory" is bidding well to win that claim.

Unlike many another slogan, we know its origin and its design, and perhaps for this reason the value will be restricted. It was meant for the subjugated peoples of Europe in the hope of raising their spirits and inciting a campaign of under-surface restlessness against the German captors. For these down-trodden peoples the psychological value of the slogan must be reckoned high, and the allies must make the most of it. But for the rest of us, for whom the slogan was not originally intended, we do well to guard against a detrimental reaction. We must watch against anything which might trick us into static self-complacency. The Maginot Line was a slogan in the minds of the French, but it engendered a mental and physical inertia, a dependence upon a past

achievement rather than upon necessity for human initiative and resourcefulness.

We must beware against the false security of thinking that the success in spreading a slogan among us is a substitution for all-out giving and sacrifice. Our Canadian people are not usually the kind to go wild over slogans. In this case they don't need one, for "victory or perish" has been our vision surely since we began the struggle.

Let's put vim into the "V."

I consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot and vein that runs through the body of it.

At thirty a man suspects himself a fool; knows it at forty and reforms his plan; at 50 chides his infamous delay, pushes his imprudent purpose to resolve. In all the magnanimity of thought resolves and re-resolves; then dies the same.

### Fingal

(Continued from Page 1)

northwest coast of Scotland); his capital Semo; his subjects were Caledonians or Gaels.

The old Celtic romances picture him not so much a king as the warrior to whom and his heroes all Erin looked for deliverance from their foreign foes. His standing army were a kind of militia called Feni, and it is from them the Fenians derive their name.

After the restoration of Erad-Artho to the throne of Ireland, Fingal "resigned his spear to Ossian," and he died A.D. 283.

### Le "Bombing Teacher"

(Ed.—We are indeed glad to welcome back a French pen. This article will be translated into English in the next number.)

J'aimerais vous parler dans cet article du "Bombing Teacher" dont plusieurs d'entre vous ont entendu parler, mais n'ont jamais vu en action. J'essaierai de vous donner une idée de son fonctionnement et de son utilité dans le Corps de l'Aviation Royale Canadienne pour l'entraînement des observateurs de l'air.

Ici, à Fingal, nous en avons trois (il y a place pour quatre). Ils sont situés dans la bâtisse de trois étages faisant face au théâtre, de l'autre côté du champ de parade. En entrant dans ce bâtiment divisé en quatre parties—chaque partie ayant son propre "Bombing Teacher"—la première chose qui vous frappe est un grand disque blanc qui mesure près de dix pieds de diamètre. Sur ce disque se reflète, comme sur un écran, une image mouvante représentant une section d'un pays quelconque photographié à 10,000 pieds d'altitude. La curiosité vous pousse à monter au 2<sup>e</sup> étage pour vous renseigner sur la manière dont on se sert de ce mécanisme-là, et ici, je m'excuse de devoir employer des mots techniques anglais, ne connaissant pas les termes français.

L'appareil consiste en un projecteur installé au 3<sup>e</sup> étage du bâtiment, et reflétant sur le disque blanc, une image photographique. Au 2<sup>e</sup> étage, se trouve une plateforme accommodée pour le pilote et le bombardier, qui se trouvent installés comme dans le nez d'un avion de bombardement, avec un "bomb sight," les instruments de navigation, contrôles de direction, etc. C'est ici que travaille notre observateur, où il se perfectionne dans l'emploi du "bomb sight," et dans le dangereux métier de bombardier. C'est là qu'il trouve la vitesse du vent et sa direction.

Montons au 3<sup>e</sup> étage et essayons de comprendre le merveilleux travail accompli par ce mécanisme. A première vue se trouve un grand disque sur lequel semble se reposer tout le reste du projecteur. D'un côté de ce disque se trouve un moteur rotatif qui sert à faire tourner le disque dans la direction désirée; de l'autre côté se trouve le moteur transversal qui sert, lui, à faire fonctionner la plaque transparente donnant l'impression de vol, car c'est au travers de cette plaque que passe la lumière très forte du "Point-o-Jite" qui envoie l'image se refléter sur le disque d'en bas. Cette même image est projetée vers la plateforme d'in-

struction et donne ainsi une idée de la terre, exactement comme si nous étions en avion.

La vitesse de l'image projetée dépend de la vitesse de l'avion et aussi de sa hauteur. Celles-ci sont déterminées par l'instructeur et transmises par l'instrument. La vitesse dont on se sert le plus couramment varie de 150 à 200 milles à l'heure, celle du vent de 0 à 60 milles à l'heure. On se sert de trois hauteurs: 4000 pieds, 10,000 pieds et 15,000 pieds. A basse altitude, l'image est beaucoup plus rapide, c'est pour cela qu'on se sert peu des 4000 pieds, cette hauteur ne donnant pas à l'observateur le temps de préparer ses instruments.

Pour la direction on se sert d'un compas mécanique, dont l'aiguille ne tourne que quand le pilote change de direction. Celui-ci se sert du "rudder bar" qui fait marcher le moteur rotatif et meut l'aiguille du compas.

L'observateur choisit alors sa cible et essaie de la placer dans sa "line of sight." Quand celle-ci se trouve à l'endroit indiqué, il presse un bouton électrique qui met en mouvement une roue mécanique indiquant "time" pour faire arrêter le projecteur.

Après l'opération se trouvent, sur le disque d'en bas, trois cercles. Celui du milieu représente la bombe et permet de corriger l'erreur que peut avoir fait l'observateur.

Je termine donc ici et j'espère avoir satisfait un peu votre curiosité. Si jamais vous avez la chance de devenir observateur, je me ferai un plaisir de vous donner de plus amples détails.

### Australian-New Zealand Army Corps Veterans in Canada Clubroom in Toronto

The members of the Australian-New Zealand Army Corps Veterans in Canada have opened a clubroom in the Carls-Rite Hotel, 174 Front Street W., Toronto, for the use of Australians and New Zealanders now training in Canada, who may be stationed in, or visiting Toronto. Australian and New Zealand newspapers and magazines will be available at all times, and writing materials have been supplied. It is the warm wish of the ANZAC Veterans in CANADA that the boys make the clubroom their headquarters while in Toronto.

Information regarding entertainment of visitors may be had from the secretary-treasurer of the organization.

Everything happens to everybody sooner or later if there is time enough.

**Missing**



Reported missing in air operations overseas is Sgt. Air Gunner Marshall Johnson, only child of ex-Mayor Angus W. and Mrs. Johnson of St. Thomas. The parents were notified yesterday by cable.

**St. Thomas Flier  
Among Missing**

**Sergt. AG. Marshall Johnson in  
Air Operations**

**ONLY CHILD OF EX-MAYOR**

**Called for Overseas Service  
During Last Spring**

ST. THOMAS, July 16.—Sgt. Air Gunner Marshall Johnson, son of ex-Mayor Angus W. Johnson, Inkerman street, St. Thomas, is reported missing as a result of air

**FLASH**

Since going to press, Sgt. Johnson's parents have been advised by cable that he is a prisoner in Germany.

operations on July 14. The brief cablegram conveying the news to the parents here was received from England this afternoon.

Sgt. Johnson was a popular St. Thomas boy, and only child of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson.

He offered his services to the R.C.A.F. in November, 1939, at the age of 18, and was called up in June, 1940.

His training as an air gunner was in R.C.A.F. schools in Regina, Montreal and Fingal. He graduated from the latter school on March 15, 1941, and sailed for the

**Roll of Honour**

To all of us who, either directly or indirectly, have been connected with the training of Air Observers and Air Gunners at No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School there will come a touch of sincere regret upon the realization that, though the numbers of trainees that have graduated from this Station have been large, the fellows whom we have admired and respected, first as good pupils and trainees and, secondly, as the real "Men of the Empire," are those who have given their lives in the defense of the Empire. To they who have unselfishly devoted themselves and their lives and who have now passed into the great world "Beyond" we, of No. 4 B. & G., salute you:

- No. CAN. R54982  
**Sergeant William Edward Stuart YERBURY**  
*Killed in Flying Accident, Overseas, 17th June, 1941.*
- No. CAN. R60887  
**Sergeant William Archibald BARTLEMAN**  
*Killed in Flying Accident, Overseas, 5th July, 1941.*
- No. CAN. R65358  
**Sergeant Robert Emerson Drocourt NICKERSON**  
*Killed in Flying Accident, Overseas, 10th July, 1941.*
- \* \* \*
- No. CAN. R68074  
**Sergeant Marshall Angus JOHNSON**  
*Missing after Operational Flight, 14th July, 1941.*
- No. CAN. R57938  
**Sergeant Julian Lee Byron MARTIN**  
*Missing after Operational Flight, 24th July, 1941.*

Old Country on April 5, going first to Iceland and arriving in England about May 1. He was attached to a bomber squadron along with Sgt. Perry of Tillsonburg.

Sgt. Johnson's father is an inspector of buildings for the province at Technical Training School in the Empire Air Training scheme here.

Who dare to love their country and be poor.

A man should never be ashamed that he has been in the wrong. Which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.

**ODDS AND ENDS**

The Trap-shooters have been left high and dry with the removal of the Station guns. It is said, however, that a rifle club may be formed with the Government supplying ammunition. Rifle-shooters are asked to hand their names to the Y.M.C.A., when we will have some idea of the number interested.

The departure of Dr. Male seems to make a good opening, coupled with the now great interest in sports, for a reorganization of the Sports Committee. The Commanding Officer has suggested a Station

Sports Parliament with a representation of one in twenty. That sounds great.

F/S McMann on behalf of Headquarters says they have a basketball team that CAN trim all-comers. Did we hear a challenge?

The General Fund Committee has voted the Library \$15 a month for the purchase of current magazines or books of the month. Doug. Deane will welcome any suggestions for book or magazine purchases.

The men off-Station say that the cost of living is climbing alarmingly. There is hardly an article from toilet paper to ginger ale, which hasn't added on cents, while the life-blood of the kitchen, butter, ham and eggs, are going up out of sight. The man with a fixed salary wonders if this is profiteering.

The Managing Editor of the "Fingal Observer" will pay fifty cents for a first edition of the Station paper in good condition.

The article "We Patrol Dunkirk," written by Squadron Leader F. M. Gobeil for the second edition of the "Fingal Observer" was reprinted in full in the annual of the Royal Military College of Canada.

Welcome to the Y.W.C.A. Hostel at our gates. Drop in fellows and meet Mrs. Savage, the genial hostess, who is anxious to help in all things within her power.

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## The Hostess House

(Continued from Page 1)

The Traveller's Aid takes care of the many emergencies arising from missed connections, lost tickets, train and boat connections

### Y. W. HOSTESS



MRS. L. V. SAVAGE

and inexperience. They are always glad to meet the wife and family of the enlisted man when he is unable to do so.

The Y.W.C.A. Hostess House at

## Fingal Manning Depot

Anyone visiting the Recruits Squadron Hangar would find very little evidence to confirm the fact that recruits are still being quartered on the Station.

Drafts to T.T.S. and last month's Canada-wide posting have left only 60 recruits under the capable eye of Sgt. MacKenzie.

The loss of Rod Smith, who went to take the Clerk Accountant Course at T.T.S., has left us without anybody to furnish music for our nightly sing-songs, which were without a boast capable of producing the best harmony singing on the Station.

the Fingal Gunnery and Bombing School, which opened a few days ago, will provide all these services. It will be under the able supervision of Mrs. Alice Savage of St. Thomas, who will at all times work in close co-operation with Padre Gowdy and Mr. Douglas Deane, the Y.M.C.A. representative on the Station.

All the men on the Station are cordially invited to use the reading and writing room of the Y.W.C.A. Hostess House. We imagine that as it becomes known it will prove as popular as have the Hostess Houses on the other Stations.

Our toughest chore of the month was assisting Doug. Deane in decorating the dance hall in preparation for the revival of monthly jam sessions. Fred Fuenfgeld, who had some decorating experience, took a squad of recruits over to the hall and really did a swell job of brightening up the place.

Through the kind offer of Mr. Deane, the recruits have been "rooters" for the Station team at their last three games. We certainly enjoyed our trips to Boxall, St. Thomas and Aylmer and hope to be able to help the players through the medium of "support" on many more occasions.

Since our boys are moving in and out of the Station so irregularly it is difficult to assemble a baseball team. We had hoped to be able to take part in the regular Station schedule, but our changing numbers have left our baseball chances in the hole.

We are indeed proud of the Clerk Accountants that were posted to T.T.S. from this starry squadron. It has come to our attention that they took all honors in the Tennis Tournaments held at the Technical School—a feature which has never occurred before. The tennis stars of the Recruits Squadron at pres-

ent are George Ross and Clarence Upham. They would be delighted to have the chance to play some of the other "seeded" players on the Station.

The "scoop" of the month is the return of Flying Officer J. G. Gilmour to his duties as Officer Commanding the Recruit Squadron. Recently confined to the Technical Training School Hospital, Mr. Gilmour is once again "back in the saddle."

The Airmen of the Recruits Squadron wish to thank Mr. Deane for his invitation to attend the Fingal Station dance . . . and report that each and every man who was there enjoyed the time of his life.

The night life of a recruit is confined generally to the Station. The tri-weekly movies are a big hit and one hundred per cent attendance can be found from the Squadron. Port Stanley is another drawing card and generally each night a carload of aquatic artists goes down to the lake for a swim.

We are glad to have our living quarters cleaned out. The large stock of windows and bomb targets stacked against the north wall of the hangar has been removed and we can now boast that No. 1 Hangar is the nattiest spot on the Camp.

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**"FLIGHT"**

Howdy, my Airmen Pals! This is you four-footed friend and unofficial mascot writing from Sgt/Major Thorpe's office. This, by the way, lads, is my office also. The Sgt/Major has kindly given me a desk and typewriter, where I am typing out this little message to you. That other big bozo, "Regal," stays well south of this place. Why, I am telling you lads, if that lad shows up here the Sgt/Major will have Cpl. Fox put him on charge damn quick and I will be tickled pink to be an escort if he is paraded into Sqd/Ldr McConnell! Wow! Could I ever give evidence against that guy such as that certain time he went through the screen door into a certain barrack block. Yes, my big palooka, this place is out of bounds to all except those on official business. And the only business you have up this way is to come up with the Fire Dept. and help L/AC Ireland handle the hose to water the grass in front of the building. Enough of that piece of Alpine dog meat! Well, my lads, this office is sure a busy place, and talk about headaches, the Sgt/Major and I get during the day, what with the Adjutant tearing the wall down (and his hair) with his buzzing the buzzer. Boy, when that man wants something done he means just that. Seventy-five Airmen arrived in the camp the other day. The Adjutant says, "Bed them, Major." "Yes, Sir," says Major Thorpe, "it will be taken care of right away." The Major rushes back to his office, rushes up to Flt/Sgt McClellan's desk, saying "Pete, get beds ready for 75 men right away." "Ye gods," cries Flight, "we haven't any empty beds on the Station." "I don't give a damn," says the Major; "get those men bedded immediately." "Right," answers Flight McClellan and turns to Cpl. Fox saying, "Say, Foxy, look after those men right away for the Major, like a good fellow." "B-B-B-But," starts Cpl. Fox. When the Major barks, "Get going, Cpl., those men have to be fed yet." "Yes Sir," replies Cpl. Fox, hitting for the door at 120 paces per minute. He reaches the door when he spies me busy at my typewriter. "Come on, Flight, give me a hand, will ya?" he begs. Well, fellows, the Cpl. being a good friend of mine and remembering the "esprit de corp," of course I helped him, and I will say right here we got the beds, although some of the lads of the Station had to remove their bodies to upper berths. What makes this so tough, the Adjutant gave this order at 16.45 hours. Yes, fellows, as Foxy and I hits for the door we bump into Doug Deane,

our genial Y.M.C.A. representative, with a long list of you laddies' names on it. I overheard him say to the Sgt/Major, "Here, Jack, is a bunch of fellows who haven't paid for their tickets to the last dance. Look after it, please, as I would like to close my books." "O.K.," says the Major. You know, lads, there is nothing the Sgt/Major won't do for anyone on the Station. He is the most obliging guy I have ever met, although he does speak loudly now and then. I think he has bought a car. Course every time he scrapes his chair on the floor I hear him mutter, "Damn those gears."

But say, fellows, the greatest mystery, or should I say masterpiece, is the way Flt/Sgt McClellan draws up a duty watch. He grabs men's names out of thin air, and Orderly Sergeants. Wow! he sure does them up brown. He can tell you the next Messing 6 weeks from now. I'm atelling you, you guys, it is uncanny the way that man does it. I consider the Flight one of my best friends.

Before closing, fellows, I want to give you a little incident that happened up here. When my good friend, Wing Commander Van Vliet, came back from the hospital with his injured leg and hobbled down to his office at the end of the corridor I felt as if I should go down and pay my respects and sympathy in his injury. Although you should be paraded into the C.O.—and I have never been in there before—I gathered up the courage, which is the same courage which goes after Regal, and marched into his office. I went right up to his chair and he patted me on the head and said, "Well, old fellow, this is the first time I have had the pleasure of meeting you in my office." Boy, I felt good and proud! I am a-telling you, fellows, he is a good friend of mine. But that ain't the end of the story. No siree. Well, when the C.O. threw away his crutches, what did I go and do? Got into an argument with that

guy who lives in the stucco bungalow across from the Airmen's Mess. And the lucky stiff gets a *lucky bite* on my leg. Well, Flt/Lt Male and Flt/Sgt Levere of the Hospital Staff put bandages and splints on it. (Thanks Flt/Lt Male and Flt/Sgt Levere, my leg is fine now.) Well as soon as I get fixed up I came over to the administrative building and hobbled on three legs down to the C.O.'s office for the second time in my life. I went right up to him in his chair. "What happened, ole fellow?" asked the C.O., and I in my canine language told him the history of my injury. Then I limped proudly out of his door. But the C.O. was overheard to say, "I don't know if that ole Flight wanted to show me that I wasn't the only one who could go around with a broken leg and splints."

Now, fellow Airmen, I will close now and leave this thought with you: If you have any problems or feel you are not being done good by, come on up and talk it over with Sgt/Major Thorpe or Flt/Sgt McClellan. I know they will do their utmost to make things right for you. The Major and the Flight are ole timers and know all the angles and griefs men have on a large Station. You want to realize, lads, the Sgt/Major is the man responsi-

ble for discipline on the Station and if you play ball with him and conduct yourselves as good Airmen do, you will please the Major, the Major will please the Adjutant and the Adjutant will please the Commanding Officer. That's all, fellows. See you next issue,

"FLIGHT."

P.S.: I was sitting on the veranda, outside Cpl. Fox's home. I heard the Cpl. talking to his wife. This is what he said, "You know, dear, I sprung from a long family tree." "Yes," replies Mrs. Fox, "that is where all monkeys sprung from."

Woof! Woof! !Woof!

If the heart of man is depressed with cares,  
The mist is dispelled when a woman appears.

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**F/Lt R. W. Male, M.O., Posted to Toronto**

Postings take their inevitable toll from our Station weekly, but occasionally the posting of one of our numbers creates a noticeable and almost irreparable gap in the



Station activities. None could be so dislocating to No. 4 B. & G. at the present time than the departure of F/Lt R. W. Male, Medical Officer and President of the Sports and Entertainment Committee of

the Station.

Now that he is about to leave us, many would appreciate a few lines of biographical interest. "Bob," as his officer friends learned to call him, boasts of grand old English stock. He was born and educated in the City of Toronto, from whose famed university he also graduated as Doctor of Medicine in the class of 1933. His post-graduate work was taken in Western Hospital, Toronto, and his practice began in Tottenham, Ont. Four years after graduation he married and is today the proud father of a three-year-old son.

In September, 1940, the call of the country drew him into the forces and he enlisted in the R.C.A.M.C., No. 8, which was then attached to the Air Force. Later his transfer was secured to the Medical Branch of the R.C.A.F. with the rank of Flying Officer.

A little probing into the Doctor's past quickly revealed the secret of his success in making friends and his fondness for extra-curriculum activities. During the summers of his student years the Doctor was appointed supervisor of Toronto civic playgrounds. From this school of experience he graduated with honors, and for the past eight months has been putting at our

disposal the well-learned and hard-earned art of recreational organization.

Few men can equal his record here for downright unselfish giving of his time and energy in the promotion of social, athletic and diversional life of No. 4 B. & G.

Besides, he has watched nearly every activity grow from its beginning. As one of the first officers on the Station he pioneered the temporary twice weekly clinics directed from T.T.S. with the able accompaniment of Orderly Arding, which partnership, by the way, has remained to this day. They recall with a laugh now the slow motion medical perambulations through mud and water.

But the same Doctor has the instinct and persistence to wade through any difficulty and we wish him well as he makes his way through the next course in the School of Aviation Medicine, Toronto, to which he is now posted.

The Gneisenau is becoming to British propaganda what the Warspite was to the German. The Germans sank the Warspite several times while we seemed to be hitting the Gneisenau (and Scharnhorst) every night for a long time . . . yet it seems able to flit up and down that French coast.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring out.

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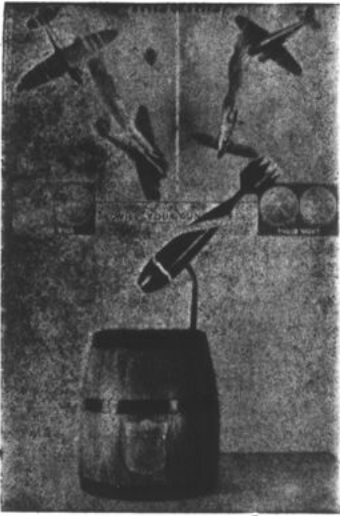
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## The Pickle Barrel Club



Floating about over Lake Erie in a Fairey Battle aircraft some time ago, one of the air observers in training at this School gazed through the intricate device of a bomb sight. Making the necessary calculations, he released a bomb. The missile struck, and as seen from the air, a cloud of spray or smoke spread completely over the target. The trainee who released the bomb became the only bomb aimer to ever score a direct hit from the height of 10,000 feet. His objective was a thirty-foot triangular target floating about in the still waters of Lake Erie.

This incredible hit set an "all high" record for bomb aiming—possibly due to the existence of the Pickle Barrel Club.

Organized when the first class of air observers commenced training at the No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal, Ontario, the Pickle Barrel Club was instituted "to create a keenness in the competitive spirit among the trainees taking the air observer's course in bomb aiming."

Flt/Lt C. Bendall, Officer Commanding the Range, who was the originator of the Club, says: "The idea came to me that a direct hit should be recognized by dropping a bomb down the funnel of a ship, but since no ships or funnels are available I conceived the Pickle Barrel; in that a direct hit was a 'pickle' dropped into a barrel." The

plan was formulated as follows: The scoring of a direct hit from 2,000 or 10,000 feet would qualify the bomb aimer for a presentation in the form of a memento. The award was arrived at and consisted of a pin bearing a facsimile of the Pickle Barrel. The bomb aimer scoring the hit and the pilot in charge of the aircraft at the time of the feat were both applicable to be awarded a "Pickle Pin."

In order to make the Pickle Barrel Club a self-contained and successful organization, the trainees on arriving at the School were asked, voluntarily, to join the Club at a nominal fee. Furthermore, to operate the Club on a paying basis, a Rumble Club was instituted which operated in this manner: If a trainee got over a certain score he was "rumbled" or assessed a small amount in proportion to the number of yards he was "off" the target. In other words, the trainees paid for their own Pickle Club.

Through the medium of the Pickle Barrel, the efficiency of the bomb aiming during authorized bombing exercises has increased. Through the splendid co-operation co-operation between the pilot and the bomb aimer the proficiency of bombing has shown a steady improvement. It is not an uncommon thing for a bomb aimer to score as many as three direct hits.

It must not be forgotten that bombing can only reach a proficient degree when the teamwork of the pilot and the bomber is completely synchronized.

A number of graduate observers who have had their names inscribed on the Pickle Barrel have been successful in scoring more than one direct hit. L/AC McCormick, L/AC Wright, L/AC Cooper, L/AC White and L/AC Cram have all been made members of the Pickle Barrel Club, all having scored more than two direct hits. L/AC Johnstone was the only air observer to score a direct hit from 10,000 feet.

To point out the increased efficiency of the bomb aiming through the competitive spirit symbolized by the Pickle Barrel, a Norwegian observer on the day the story went to press scored two direct hits successively and placed his load of six bombs within a radius of sixty

yards. Flt/Sgt McPherson of the Plotting Office says: "That score is the one to beat. It's one of the best we have ever recorded." This "eagle-eyed" Airman, whose name is Benjaminsen, could certainly wreak havoc with some of Nazi Hitler's munition dumps.

The Fingal Pickle Barrel Club is becoming an internationally well-known institution. Letters have been received from different parts of the Empire proclaiming that "my son" was Pickle Barrel Champion of a class; and "my brother" received the honors of being Pickle Barrel Champion. It is quite apparent that the Club is putting Fingal on the map. It might possibly be conceived that a British Empire Training Plan Pickle Barrel Club could be introduced throughout Canada in the Bombing and Gunnery Schools.

The slogan or creed of the Pickle Barrel Club is one of Latin origin "No Bono Panico" and "Per ardua ad Berlin." Translated for your reporter by Flt/Lt Bendall, it literally means: "Strictly copesetic" and "Through difficulty to Berlin."

Over the Honor Roll hanging on the Plotting Office wall there is the following scroll: "The under-mentioned pilots and bombers, by virtue of their superb co-operation, have succeeded in registering a direct hit on a target whilst engaged in an authorized bombing exercise."

Beneath the scroll are recorded the names of 99 bomb aimers who

during their course scored a direct hit on the bombing target. Corresponding to the bomb aimer is the name of the pilot who flies the aircraft at the time of the "hit." F/O Erwin, F/O Anderson, F/O Ribansky, F/O Lee and F/O Stevenson are a few of the pilots who have been awarded "Pickle Pins."

These are the men who are meeting the enemy in their own backyard, grappling with the foe in the air. Flying daily over German territory, they bomb the shipyards, the munitions, the steel plants and the manufacturing centres. These are the men who retard the enemy output of war materials. These are among the "few to whom we owe so much."

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**SECURITY GUARD**

Consider, if you will, the plight of the Airman condemned to several weeks of Security Guard with no means of entertaining himself while waiting the four hours before his duty. His is a sorry lot. For him, the baseball field, the tennis court and the swimming pool are a thing of the distant past recollected only through a misty haze of memories. With curtailment of heavier activities, the Airman must therefore look to some less muscular entertainment to wile away the hours.

Among the most popular of these latter pastimes Hangar Flying reigns supreme as the most liked sport. To become proficient as a Hangar Pilot one has merely to be gifted with the ability to "gab" or "throw the bull." A casual stroll through No. 1 Hangar in the vicinity of the S. G. Barracks will convince anyone that the average Guard has more than his share of talent. Four or five guards in one group, or even more than that number, talking about nothing any more serious than the weather, or what they were going to have for dinner, or any other such silly patter, will undoubtedly get warmed up for a few heated words on their

*From The Sections*

By The Staff Reporter

particular brand of flying.

Some of the tales would make the infamous Baron Munchausen a mere piker in the art of tall stories. Each incident is related as being absolutely true and above board. There was one Airman who had glibly passed himself off as a washout from the U. S. Navy Air Force. He glowingly described a beautiful account of the time he flew a Curtis P-40 from the decks of the U. S. S. Lexington. The Airman with this masterful achievement to his credit has about one hour and a half solo flying a kite. The masterful feat of flying the P-40 was not enough; he needs must fly the darned thing off a naval vessel. He neglected to relate how the Navy ever got a P-40 for him to accomplish his daring exploit.

One other Airman was particularly proud of putting a 40 horsepower Taylor Cub into what he claimed was a 9-G dive. He had no sensation of blacking out whatsoever and miraculously the wings didn't fold up. A 9-G dive, of course, isn't just done every day and Mr. Taylor, even in his wildest advertising, would be a little backward in proclaiming it has been accomplished by his Cub.

The Premier guard of the outfit is the chap who soloed ten minutes after he stepped into the grounds of his first airport. Since that time he accomplished the amazing feats of belonging to the prize American squadron which is doing such fine work in this show. And also did

crop-dusting with a Fairey Battle.

The theory of Hangar Flying is to manoeuver your opponent into admitting his flying or non-flying skill and then quickly administer a knockout punch with a line twice as good as has already been bragged about. There is plenty of doubt as to the ability of the guards to demonstrate their real flying qualifications but if Hangar Flying is indicative of the real thing the 7th Security Guard certainly will rank with the best.

**P. O.**

Standing in the Post Office the other day I heard the following conversation: "Any mail for I. Gord Grant?" "Yes; here's five letters for you." "Why didn't I get these before?" "When were you here last?" "Two weeks ago." "Scram."

The Post Office duties are hard enough without Airmen like that barging in picking up mail that has accumulated over a period of time. Bill and Stan, the Airmen in charge of postal work, find it is chaps like this who give them the most trouble. These two lads operate one of the vital organs of this Station. Every mail is allocated into Flights; Bombing, Gunnery Recruits. An average of 300 letters are cleared through their hands daily. Parcels and papers are another big item that receives their close attention. There is more than a personal note in their job. If an Airman comes in and asks for mail and doesn't get any Stan comes out with a quip "She didn't write today," or "Has she forgotten you already?"

Guests were in the Guard House. For the first time since the Station opened the Detention Room was occupied for a period of more than 24 hours. Two of the Security Guards who took a "21-day vacation" were housed in the Guard House and for 14 days it was "their happy home."

He's armed without that's innocent within.

**BOMBING FLIGHT**



Just as a matter of curiosity I stopped to talk to the Airman in charge of Stores in Bombing Hangar. I inquired as to what his duties were or, in other words, to outline his day's work. This is what I found out:

"Reveille sounds; about an hour later you get up, wash and shave. Discovering that you are late for breakfast, you rush back and get properly dressed. Scooting down to the hangar, you try to get in on the Early Party—only to find that it has already begun to work and all the aircraft are on the line." A cigarette seems the logical thing now and you drift into the Smoke Room for a quick smoke. By this time you hope you are recognized as being part of the Early Party—of course, the other fellows in the party don't know you're on the job. The Flight Sergeant will ask you—and he generally does—"Why weren't you on Morning Parade?" and you can generally squeeze by with the "quip": "Sir, I was on Early Party." Then the Air Crew, who are still panting from their P.T., come gasping up to the wicket at Stores, asking for parachutes, harness and Gosport connections. An odd thing is that the Air Crew are never satisfied. Corporal Cass will now make an appearance and beef about the condition of the floor—but, oddly enough, everybody has found a job to do by that time either on the Drome party or some other less ambitious chore. (That's why Corporal Cass has white hair.) The "twelve o'clock whistle" just blew and I'm off to lunch. This afternoon I'll be back to do some more work. Then since I was on Early Party I can leave at 4 o'clock.

Two days ago I wandered into Bombing Hangar and noticed an Airman painting an aircraft. Today I made another trip over to

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see how the job was coming along and was surprised to note that the aircraft was completely finished—transposed from a black to a yellow bomber (the yellow color designating that it is a ship used for training purposes). Quizzing the Airman, I learned that it generally requires two days to do a complete paint job on an aircraft. It takes eight gallons of “dope” or airplane paint liquid and four gallons of thinners. In this particular hangar I learned that 15 planes had received their new coats. Roundels and identification numbers are repainted when the ship has received a completely new color. The paint itself is applied with a paint spray gun, which the artist handles with all the dexterity of an expert. All parts of the aircraft which the paint is not intended to cover are covered up with paper and the spray gun plier goes right to town on the aircraft.

**MESS**

For 365 days a year Airmen of this School hear the familiar bugle notes tapping out the “Come to the cookhouse door” ditty. They see the consumption of large quantities of food—but very few of them ever stop to consider just what the actual figures are in regard to how much is actually consumed.

A daily consumption for one breakfast would be as follows: 100 lbs. of bacon, 125 dozen eggs, 100 lbs. of butter, 31 gallons of milk and 175 loaves of bread. Other meals would carry such items on the menu as: 1,800 pancakes, 900 pork chops, 3½ bags of potatoes and 500 bottles of milk.

The staff of the Airmen’s Mess consists of 18 cooks who regulate a 24-hour-day schedule. The meal hours range from 5.30 a.m. to 6.45 p.m. At meal times the staff is bolstered by a number of recruits from No. 1 Hangar, who are put to good service as waiters in the mess. The approximate time required to prepare one meal is three hours, except in such cases when the menu requires a little more time. Late parties, Security Guards and other special details are given meals at specific times during the night.

All of the cooking required to

feed the men is done in the mess proper. Dishes and other eating apparatus is cleaned and made ready for the next sitting. Sergeant Faulkner and his staff are certainly doing a wonderful job in preparing the meals for the Airmen. His knowledge of how to feed working Airmen and keep them happy is one of the contributing factors to the feeling of goodwill present at this Station.

**M. T.**

In the office of the Motor Transport Section the shrill peal of an electric bell resounds through the stillness of the night . . . four human frames draped over the engine of a truck spring to life and race from the garage to the telephone. The listening Airman lifts his head and mutters: “Another emergency, fellows.” That is one phase of the hectic life that staunch band of 24 mechanics of the Section lead. These men operate and service various types of trucks, cars and Station wagons. They are required to be experts in the mechanical knowledge of each different model and be capable of repairing any form of breakdown.

A department of vital importance to the Station, the M. T. is responsible for the safe transport of anything from cricket bats to new recruits. Operating on a 24-hour basis, they are available at any time for duty.

In the course of one day the Section requires 110 gallons of gasoline and travels approximately 900 miles daily.

Postings from this Section to other Stations in Canada has left only four “originals” now working in the M. T. Cpl. Mann, Kitching, McNeaney and Peterson profess to be the remaining members of the first Section crew to operate on the Station.

One of the mechanical monsters of the Section is the huge six-wheel-drive crash tender. This particular model is capable of reaching eight different shifts and carries the latest up-to-date fire-fighting equipment.

Every department on the Station pulls a boner at one time or another and this particular one originated in the M. T. Section. One of the drivers was given a detail in

which he had to pick up the items on an invoice at a stated address. Driving to London (he still doesn’t know why), he inquired from competent authority, a city policeman, just where he might find this place. The lawman directed him to the spot and our gallant driver, calling at the address, glanced down at the invoice and the following address made him tear out all his hair: 170 Queen Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Of the numerous detailed runs: Officer’s Run, Mail Run, Freight and Express Run, and many other specials, a quiz revealed that No. 3 Quadrant is the “most-sought-after run of the day.” It seems to afford loads of time for sleeping and sun bathing. Driver McNeaney contends that his task of driving the Commanding Officer is the “top” chore and states “It is a pleasure to be given the opportunity to drive for the C.O.”

“Sleepy Hollow” is a very interesting spot on this Station. It is situated just on the immediate left of the Control Tower. Daily the M. T. Section sends a detail down to take care of the Crash Tender and Ambulance. The lads who are assigned to that particular post are never in need of sleep—that is, they never should have occasion to be—because they practically sleep all day long.

All the M. T. vehicles are equipped with heating equipment and for the drivers particularly those who sit and wait in the gas tenders and assigned to Control Tower duties we suggest that radios be introduced. These men have the longest and most tedious chores of any other men on the Station and they deserve a break from somewhere.

It was interesting to note the

pre-enlistment vocations of the men in the Section:

C. Kitching drove a bus for the Windsor, Ontario, Street Railway. Del Sexsmith was a mechanic with Service and Sales, Toronto, Ont.

H. McNeaney managed the Hamilton branch of the Good Rich Oil Company.

J. Crawford was a packer and shipper.

E. McLeod, a Vancouver lad, was a wheel alignment inspector.

R. Saunders drove the president of the Winnipeg Electric Co.

E. Truman was a treater and blender of gas and oil at the Lloyd Refineries, Port Credit, Ont.

Congratulations are in order for AC/1 Jimmy Crawford, who was married in Toronto on July 17 to Miss Eileen Hall. The Crawfords honeymooned in Northern Ontario and later took up residence in Shedden. To “Mary” Worden, who recently married a lovely damsel hailing from Trenton, Ont. Wedding Bells will ring for Sgt. Herbert, who is being married in Hamilton to a Western Canada fiancée early next month; for L/AC Sexsmith and Miss Marjorie Gallagher, who are to be married in a mid-October wedding at Toronto.

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## GUARD HOUSE

The Service Police have finally found two "guests" to occupy the recently approved Guard House. By order of the Commanding Officer, for an offence of A.W.L., two Airmen of the Security Guard spent a sojourn of 14 days in the detention room of the Station.

Under the "eagle" eye of the Service Police, supervised by Sgt. Wallace, the two wayward lads spent a reasonably enjoyable time during their short stay. During the course of their detention they became expert grass cutters—and they really made "hay while the sun sh—." Hour after hour they plied their machines over "miles" of grass. They also became quite experts in the fine art of shovelling. Daily, while they were in the Guard House, they could be seen out around the Station doing some sort of odd job—with the ever-present Service Police tagging along to see that everything was in good order.

Although they didn't exactly sing out with lusty voices "this is our happy home," they were rather reluctant about departing from confinement and on their departure curiously enough they expressed that they liked it—but had no desire to remain in the newly approved detention barracks any longer than the confinement period.

The Service Police state that they were pleased with the conduct of the two lads and are sorry that the only "fly in the ointment" had to be an injury to one fellow's hand, and thereby lies a tale. Sunday, being church-going day on the Station, the Service Police thought that the prisoners could well do with a little blessing and arranged that they could go to church (under police escort). On the way to the Recreation Hall for the church service an injury received by one of the defaulters (while on a "vacation" recently) opened up and since where one half went the other followed, both boys had to repair to the hospital for a treatment to the injured hand. The fellows, both prisoners and Service Police, were disappointed at not getting down to hear Ft/Lt Gowdy's Sunday evening inspirational sermon.

And so with international finesse the Detention Room has been inaugurated and the Service Police, a great gang of hosts, say: "Don't come in and see us; we would sooner come out and see you."

## A Day in the Instrument Section

The day really begins when the Sergeant-Major draws himself up to his full height, displaying well

his manly figure, seeing as shorts are now on orders, and barks something quite unintelligible in English but in Sanskrit would mean, "Good morning, gentlemen." The parade then wends its way through the highways and byways of Fingal till we hear: HALT—TO THE RIGHT—DISMISS—these are some of the prettiest words in the entire R.C.A.F. alphabet.

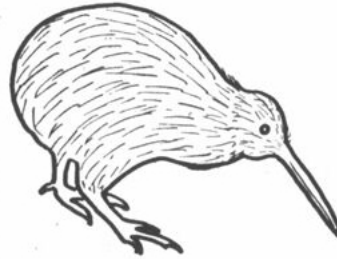
The Instrument Section settle down to their regular routine by first reading the morning paper and thus refreshed by our improved knowledge of world affairs go forth to do battle in the tasks of the day. After glancing over the various Maintenance forms displayed we find to our horror that one of our gliders will do a Lazarus act and rise again, this means a major inspection will have to be carried out on a P 180. Gathering up the tools of our trade, namely a ten-inch crescent wrench and a large screwdriver (Instrument men are chosen on account of their ability to handle delicate tools), the job begins. The first step is the removal of the Blind Flying Panel; you loosen the three Simms nuts holding it in place and—"HEY! what blasted rigger is wiggling the rudder; this panel is resting on the controls" (or words to that effect). Well, the panel's out, and now comes the nicest goody job for some little Lord Fauntelroy, who never gets his hands soiled; we grease the Flex Drive, such lovely gummy grease as you find in the Cable. By this time Smoke Period is only a memory and so is Fat Stuff's lemonade (darned good, too) and we get on to the calibrations. These are checked over and comparisons noted; then after testing the Sperry Panel and checking the Pressure Head we're ready to put things together again.

A welcome clang on an old ploughshare says come and get it and there comes a mad rush for the washroom, where the pungent smell of ammonia tells the tale of grease and a little of the epidermis being removed.

Dinner past and the beef fairly well settled, we return to the hangar and find that some bright soul has parked several B.T.H. Compressors on our doorstep accompanied by a little note which merely reads "Unserviceable." These are our Nemesis. At times the Instrument Section can't look a compressor in the face without groaning. After struggling with these for a while the door opens and a head is thrust in, closely followed by a bombsight compass complete with bubble. "Fill this right away; we're holding up the British Empire Training Scheme." You sit there and dream about

holding up a whole war on account of a bubble and it wouldn't fit Sally Rand. Camera Gun units come under our eagle eye also and at this point we change our huge crescent wrench for a pair of tweezers, sort of from rags to riches. Joe Instrument Man is the guinea pig for any new ideas it seems, but never mind, we can still win the war with our tweezers. Five o'clock and we can conclude this little bit of unmitigated tripe.

## KIWIS



Our first month in the R.N.Z.A.F. was spent in Levin, and many and varied were our duties, and many were the curses from our drill sergeant.

Memory of Robbie will be with us for a long time to come. After our final leave we all met again and our last few days in Auckland were very busy and very hectic. Then one fine sunny morning we put to sea in the Aorangi and waved good-bye to old New Zealand.

We all went ashore in Tuva and there was much bending of elbows and buying of souvenirs. After many happy days at sea we arrived in Victoria and then Vancouver.

We boarded the train and passed through all the wild, rugged grandeur of the Rockies, across the prairies of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba and so to Winnipeg. Our course at No. 3 took five months, and we left there with no little regret.

In leaving Winnipeg we left many good friends, whom we hope to see again, and we carry with us a memory of hospitality that can never be equalled in this world.

For one month our heads reeled with stoppages, trajectories and mechanisms, and at the end of that month our hopes and ambitions, our goal that we have worked and waited for so long, has been realized. We leave Fingal on our leave, and when we say farewell to this country it is with sincere hopes that we may some day return.

The test of a man or woman's breeding is how they behave in a quarrel.



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**SO YOU WANT TO BE AN OBSERVER**

Yes, I remember the day we arrived at No. 4 B. & G. School to complete our intermediate training—how could I ever forget? We travelled for miles down byways and dryways until we came to the most desolate spot imaginable. This, they told us, was Fingal Air Station.

From the start we knew that everyone was against us—how could it be otherwise? The first week no late passes were issued and we were forced to either stay in or climb fences—we stayed in. Later on it became a sort of game. We figured that we were being tested to see if we could take it. Boy, did we take it! Strong men became weak—fat men became thin—but we came through with flying colors notwithstanding the cook's determination.

Time marched on—and so did we. They brought out their new secret weapon to plague us—a wireless exam. We were taken by surprise and many of us fell by the wayside—struck to the quick. However, we weathered that storm by means of a new secret "radio locator" which weakened their fierce attack. In the end we compromised and graciously offered

ourselves for extra instruction on odd evenings.

Aside from these little skirmishes, we were involved in a fierce struggle to master the art of bombing and gunnery. Struggle described the situation perfectly. We struggled to keep awake in class—struggled to pass our weekly tests—struggled to hit the drogue—and struggled to drop bombs at least 200 yards from the target. No matter how hard we struggled, somebody always moved the drogue and hid the target. When a few of us did manage to hit it—the range crew—obviously on the other side of the fence—denied it.

Day followed day—and we came closer and closer to "Der Tag," our graduation day. Were we nervous? Were we downhearted? And how! You should have seen our marks and averages (or maybe you shouldn't have)! The sergeants ranted, the officers preached, "This is the most important part of your training. You are of no use to the Force until you know how to bomb accurately."

And so for the last few days we worked furiously, burned the midnight oil, and in the vernacular of the Kivis, we "swotted." We all worked together, each man for himself, and the "washouts" take the

hindermost. Time staggered on. Needless to say, we became flying "rear-ends," but that was to be expected.

What surprised us was that, after all our pleas of ignorant waste of time and useless information we claimed was being thrown at us, we actually came out of the School the better for it.

**FIRE DEPARTMENT**

You may meet a monster in your line of duty. He may be small and thin as a wafer when you first look at him. But within seconds he may become large and out of control.

A brief comparison between the force of gasoline vapor mixed with air and other explosive mixtures. Gasoline has a thermal value of about 2,100 B.T.U.S. per pound. Compare that with T.N.T. and we find that T.N.T. is only about one-half that of gasoline. Again compare it with dynamite and dynamite, too, is only a little less than one-third of the explosive value of gasoline. Black powder is only about one-fifth. A dangerous feature in connection with the handling of gasoline is either spillage or leakage. And that has been the cause of many fires. When you hear in your workshop a "drop,

drop, drop," from some container or pump, do not neglect it as this sets up a great fire hazard by filling the air full of inflammable vapors. These vapors do not rise and for some time may not be detected. Being heavier than air, the vapors always go down. So you can imagine what a careless smoker might do unconsciously in a case of this kind. According to "Fire Marshals Reports" we find that smoking causes most fires. The cigarette is the worst offender as its temperature is very high.

Let us give brief consideration to the methods of fighting these gas fires. A number of chemical substances have been and are still being used successfully. A fine spray of water or fog nozzle has been used to good advantage and sand is worth consideration as an extinguisher. The only way to extinguish gasoline fires is to exclude air from them. This is not always easy as it may cover a large space or area. Use sand as a barrier and cover with a blanket of extinguisher foam.

Remember! Uncontrolled fire is a monster!

The course of nature is the art of God.



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## Good-bye, Doc. Male

It was a small but select group of softballers who gathered to bid Doc. Male good-bye. Doug Deane said that, while the Station seemed to produce a good crop of softballers, it was short on speech-makers, hence he had been asked by the lads to express their appreciation of all Dr. Male had done for the team and their regret that he should be posted just when they were on the verge of at last trimming T.T.S. Doug was able to say that Dr. Male hadn't been limited to the softball team in his interests but that he was losing a very enthusiastic collaborator in everything that concerned the recreational and social welfare of the Station. The boys were certainly sincere in giving their best wishes and a hearty handshake to the team manager—not to mention—sub rosa—a concrete symbol of their feelings.

## SPORTS

The opening day for our weekly Wednesday sports started off and finished with a huge bang and success. Most everyone on the Station thoroughly enjoyed themselves by engaging in the various sports provided. When these Sports Days become routine, smoothly running afternoon, Doug Deane of the Y.M.C.A. promises even bigger and better times (if this is possible).

A new sport for the Station took its bow on opening day. Five courts for volley ball; and many, many enthusiasts indulged in this popular game. We expect to see plenty of fast action and real fighting games on these courts. So come, fellows, the nets are there for your enjoyment—let's see a few organized teams using them these nice evenings.

Softball, of course, also had its day in the limelight with four crack teams going at it hammer and tongs, with Sgt. Barrow taking all honors for mound duty for the day. We expect to see and hear more from him and his speed ball.

In the centre of the sports field a soccer ball was being kicked about lustily, and we can safely say that in a few more such days this Station will be able to produce as nice a squad of physically fit men as any Station in Canada.

On the tarmac in front of No. 1 Hangar, tennis sets were run off in grand style, with our tennis stars really finding their batting eye and second wind. This is a great game for conditioning, so let's have more and more tennis enthusiasts out on our succeeding sports days.

Re our second sports day. We should like to compliment Sgt/Maj Thorpe on his efficient handling of

## Station News

the setting-up exercises. It is quite a job to make oneself heard on a field such as ours with such a large body of men. Many thanks WO/2 J. Thorpe! We hope you will continue with the good work.

In closing, we should like to bring to the notice of our sporting element a spot of bad news. Flt/Lt Male, one of our M.O.'s, who has given much of his time and energy to promoting sports on this Station, has been transferred to Toronto. Our genial M.O. had a leading part in forming and organizing the Station ball team, which was no little trouble and work, and due to his efforts we believe we can continue on from where he has left off.

The Station Team, who were in constant touch with him, keenly feel the loss and can only say in parting, "The best of everything to you, Flt/Lt Male."

## STOP THE PRESS--FLASH

The Station Softball Team takes all honors at the Copenhagen (World's Fair) Carnival.

After getting off to a bad start, in as much as Sergeant Farr remembered to turn back and pick up the softball equipment 6 miles on the road to Copenhagen, the team pulled up their socks and dug in. The first game of the round robin fell to our team in a well-balanced and hard-fought title score 5-2. Pitcher Craig's steady twirling was backed with errorless plays by his team mates and all that was needed to do the trick was a few hard-hit singles which our lads did manage to pole out.

In the second game T.T.S. fell to Aylmer, which meant that the third and final game for honors of the day would be Fingal versus Aylmer. This was a very close contest throughout with Fingal again coming out on top. Score 9-7. Nice work, fellows; keep it up.

## DANCE

Tripping the light fantastic to the sweet swing of the station orchestra the Airmen of the No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School were hosts to 70 young ladies at a dance held Friday, July 24th, in the Recreation Hall.

With the permission of the Commanding Officer, supervised by Mr. Douglas Deane, the Y.M.C.A. representative, and with the splendid co-operation of the Tonti Chapter, I.O.D.E., another successful dance

was held at the Fingal School.

The hall was brightened up with red, white and blue streamers and the keynote of the decorations was simplicity. On the movie screen draped from the corners was a large "V" for VICTORY. From the centre of the hall hung the R.C.A.F. ensign filled with balloons which at the peak of the dance was released by an ingenious device concocted by Don Marks. The decorating of the hall was left in the hands of the Recruits Squadron, and under the supervision of Fred Feingeld a staff of decorators moved into the building about eight hours before the dance was scheduled to begin and "hung" the hall in real style.

The station orchestra, directed by Rod Smith, gave its best performance of the season. Bert Sewell's sobbing sax was perfect; Carl "Drummer Boy" Welsh gave a great exhibition and Herb "Slap That Bass" Stretton was superb with his bass fiddle. Herb pulled a solo out of his bag of tricks that really had the jitterbugs jammin. Mickey Calhoun's crooning thrilled the crowd and his vocal of "Blue Skies" went over the top. Rod Smith, the master of ceremonies, led the band at the piano, and turned in one of the best shows ever seen on the Station.

The programme was varied with a number of specialty acts. S. Thorstienson gave a hilarious political oration. Rod Smith, the piano maestro, did a blindfold act with the piano keys covered that brought the house down. Betty Holborne sang two current songs

and wound up her special with duet "In Apple Blossom Time" — Mickey Calhoun supporting.

For the first time since the station opened, airmen attended a dance in civilian clothes. Recruits on the Station came out to the dance in "civvies," although reluctant to do so (they were under the impression that the airmen in uniform were the ladies' choice). It was quite interesting to note that the airmen in civvies were in the thick of things, having a wonderful time.

It was a pleasure to note that Wing Commander Kennedy appeared at the dance and a number of other Officers, including Padre Gowdy.

An intermission was held at 11 o'clock when the Airmen and their ladies sojourned to the Mess Hall, where a delightful and tasty snack arranged by the ladies, was served by Sgt. Faulkner and his Cookhouse Cohorts.

A sing song added a bright note to the programme. Led by Don Marks and Mickey Calhoun the whole audience gathered around the platform and sang snappy songs.

At twelve o'clock the dancing ceased and after the "National Anthem" the ladies vanished into busses and the merrymakers bumped off to their homes.

Bouquets to Rod Smith for a swell job as M. C., to the Service Police for their doorman chores; and to Doug Deane who spent hours arranging for our guests to come to Fingal; to all the fair St. Thomas ladies who offered to come out and "cut up the rug".

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**DOMINION FRIENDSHIP**



Proof that New Zealanders like the Canadians was given at the Wings Parade 19/7/41 when, after the ceremony, Wing Commander A. J. Kennedy, second-in-command, doubly congratulated Sgt. Air Gunner A. N. Young of Auckland. Congratulations were in order for successful completion of his course and also for his marriage to Miss N. E. Ward of Montreal, P.Q.



Laugh then at any but at fools of foes  
These you but anger, and you mend not those.  
Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are sore,  
So much the better, you may laugh the more.

Our warmest thanks to Mr. "Snapper" Binns, the well-known St. Thomas sportsman and softball umpire, who has helped us in more ways than one.

We join with Smokey in hoping for a happy event about sixty days from the 29th or 30th of July.

Our next dance will be Thursday, August 21st. The Station Orchestra will perform again under wizard Rod Smith with Stret, Bert, Hal, Crooner Mickey and sound effects Dan. Remember, bandmen are needed and a cordial welcome will be given to all newcomers.

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**BLUEBIRD DIAMONDS**

## "Aceyto Hardbottom Writes To His Love"

Dere Mable:

I got back of my seven days leave OK. I was four days over but nobody missed me much except the barber, he says he cant give me any more bottles of hair tonic cause the likker board is checkin up so tell yer old man that I wont be sending him any more for a while. I don't know what he wants so much of that stuff for espeshully when his head looks like heaven cause there aint no partin there.

Its been reely hot here, Mable, in fact it was so hot here last week one of the Fairy Battles was a flappin its wings tryin to cool of.

Well Mable I dont know how this war is goin to turn out. I suppose you saw in the papers where a bunch of wimmen were going to take over the men's jobs in the air forse to let us go over seas. Well it happened here in the Mty section. They sends us up some of the snappiest Mty drivers you ever saw and I dont mean perhaps. They comes to work at nine oclock and quits at four thirty. They live in town at the Grand Central and takes a pie wagon in with them and drives it back in the morning then spends the rest of the day talkin of what we should be doin overseas.

When the sergeant tells them to take a truck anywhere we have to figure twenty minutes before they goes to get powdered up and away they goes and when she comes back they all go into a huddle to talk about the trip. One of the girls brought her sister's baby up for a week to look after it while her sister was away on her holidays or somethin and then Gertie has to take a car to Trenton and the sergeant is left holdin the baby for four days. The office looks like a picture gallery with their boy friends pitchers around and a fellow is scared to look in any of the clothes lockers now in case there is ladys apparul he isnt supposed to see. The sergeant says overseas's is going to be heaven to

get away from this. In fact we are all agettin gray Mable controllin our language, you cant talk natural whatsover. Before you could say "Get the H— down on the drome McLeod, with a gass tender" but now its "Dorothy do you feel up to the mark to go down to the drome, dearie please?" and she answers "Id sooner take that run to town." So there you are. Do you see what we got to put up with. I think Sherman must have been thinking of this war when he made that famous remark.

Well I guess I'll have to get my uniform all cleaned up cause the Dook of Kent is inspectin all the airfields and I suppose he'll be wantin to see me Mable, when he gets here. Ill get his autygraph for you when he isnt looking, on a cheque if I can.

Well I dont know as how I'll be seein you this weekend cause the service police and I are doin a few odd jobs after supper for about seven days.

I may be made a corporal Mable but I hope that doesnt make any difference to yer old man. You know the way he feels about those guys speshially after Walsh drank that bottle of beer he had put away for the next morning after that Swiss navy reunion or somethin.

Tell yer maw I'd like to get my boots back for next week for C.O's inspecshun but if she aint back of her holidays I'll borrow a pair of some of the other chaps. Well Mable I cant write any more now. These dames are making such a noise yellin at the sergeant for a

forty eight hour pass for the week end that I cant hear myself write. I wish you would write me as soon as you can so we would know here how the war is goin. One of the guys just came back from Toronto and tells me Russia is mixed up in it now for a couple a months so we may get a chance to sample Vodka yet. Walsh tells me you got to hold yer hat on with one hand while you drink it.

Well so long Mable. Yours till Hitler tells the truth.

ACEYTOO HARDBOTTOM.

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