

THE FINGAL OBSERVER

No. 16, Monthly

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

May 15, 1942

No. 4 Bids Farewell to Wg. Comdr. Kennedy



WING COMMANDER D. D. FINDLAY
Our New Commanding Officer

Wg. Comdr. D. D. Findlay will be taking over the command of No. 4 B. & G. School at Fingal about the time this paper is printed and we welcome him as our new Commanding Officer.

The Wing Commander saw considerable action in World War No. 1, having served with the Canadian Field Artillery, also in the Royal Naval Air Service. This background now stands him in good stead as an officer commanding an air school.

In the present war Wg. Comdr. Findlay has already served in numerous locations before taking over direction here. He was at Ottawa Air Station, Air Force Headquarters. Then he was posted to No. 1 Bombing & Gunnery

School at Jarvis, and immediately before coming to Fingal was the Commanding Officer in command at No. 3, Initial Training School, Victoriaville, Quebec.

As our information about this gentleman is rather sparse at the present time, we will promise our readers that our next issue will carry more details of his activities. However, as he comes from a family who are noted for heating engineering, we anticipate the next winter season will be one free of all heating difficulties.

To you, Wg. Comdr. Findlay, we will give our whole-hearted co-operation, and trust that by our united efforts we will be able at No. 4 B. & G. School to do a first rate job of work.

"Keep 'Em Flying"



WING COMMANDER A. J. KENNEDY
Posted Overseas

Wg. Comdr. A. J. Kennedy, who succeeded Wg. Comdr. Van Vliet as Commanding Officer on the 1st of October last, has, we understand, received a not unexpected summons to report back to the Royal Air Force overseas. We use the term "not unexpected" since he has only been "on loan" to the Royal Canadian Air Force for the past three years.

Though an officer in the Royal Air Force, the Wing Commander is not by birth either an Englishman or a Scotsman, but is one of many Canadians who proceeded to the Old Country and joined the Royal Air Force years prior to the commencement of the present great conflict. He was born in the City

of Toronto, and his early school days were spent at Upper Canada College, from which he progressed to Royal Military College, Kingston. Following his graduation from that famous military seat of learning, four years later, he attended Queen's University for a brief period, and early in 1933 received a commission in the Royal Air Force and promptly sailed for England.

Immediately following his Service Flying Training Course, which he passed with distinction, he proceeded to the School of Army Co-operation, and in due course was posted to No. 4 (AC) Squadron, one of the original squadrons of the old Royal Flying Corps. In the

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The Fingal Observer

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WING COMMANDER A. J. KENNEDY

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THEY'VE LEFT FINGAL, TOO

The old saying of "Men may come and men may go, but Fingal goes on forever" is quite true, but could I in this issue just tell you a few things about two men with whom I have been closely acquainted ever since coming to Fingal Air Station?

I refer to Flt. Lt. Gowdy (Padre) and Mr. Don Marks. These gentlemen came here about the same time (early in the year 1941) and served faithfully from that time until their recent appointments to other fields.

Padre Gowdy came to R.C.A.F., Fingal, on his first appointment in the Air Force Chaplain Service from his charge in Paris, Ont. At this station he has served well and I echo the thoughts of every airman when I say he was indeed a friend to all. He was a consultant in many capacities, and was a valued member of the following committees: Entertainment, Sports, Library and the Airmen's Lounge, and on the latter he was one man who was directly responsible for making it the outstanding success that it is.

The Padre also acted as editor of this paper until his posting overseas. He was cautious in checking each and every article before it got into the printer's hands and if any of you contributors wondered why your story sounded so good in THE OBSERVER

it was because a master hand had assisted you in just adding a few fine touches, or probably he may have shaded out some of your pointless lines, all adding up to making our paper one of the best military publications to come off the press.

Now this man Marks is a different character again. He is a younger, more vivacious individual, but was also well known and admired by the boys at Fingal. He came here on January 2, 1941, and was installed as the station librarian and to assist the Y.M.C.A. representatives in Sports and Entertainment. As many of you will recall, Don did an excellent job in these lines and it has been this background and experience that has fitted him so well for the position he now holds as associate Y.M.C.A. Supervisor at the Red Triangle Club in Kingston. Don tells me he would like to see any and all of his Fingal friends if they could call at the club on their travels east. No doubt you will find him up on the stage leading one of those hectic "Jam Sessions" that he and the airmen alike entered into with all their hearts.

To you two men, God speed, and good luck. May we meet soon again.

Air Force Recruit: "Say, look at the horrible insignia on the side of that plane."

Old Timer: "Shh, not so loud. That's the Squadron Leader looking out the window."

SAY "BON VOYAGE"



Flt. Lt. David Gowdy

A host of friends gathered in the Airmen's Lounge on the evening of May 7th to say "Au revoir" to a man who has been more than a padre to us; he has almost been a father, so this man will be missed from our midst.

Along with many airmen were some of our own officers, also two officers from the Technical Training School at St. Thomas, namely, Flt. Lt. Surman and Capt. McLaughlin. Both of these gentlemen were called on to say a few words.

L.A.C. Dan Eaton took the floor for a few moments, when he, on behalf of all the airmen, read a few lines that expressed each man's thoughts. The following script, along with a tangible token of our esteem, was presented to the Padre and Flt. Lt. Surman dismissed us with prayer:

"Flight Lieutenant Gowdy, Officers and Fellow-Airmen: Perhaps I should have started by saying Padre, because in the service that word means a great deal. It means first of all a friend, a man who makes it his business to be a friend of all the chaps in the service, young and old. Secondly, it means a counselor, a friend who is ready to assist in the many places where formerly the parents and comrades counselled—one ready and able to help a chap over the rough spots in his personal affairs. Thirdly, it stands for the factor in our lives which, while we do not often display it, means most of all to us—the spiritual. In you, Sir, we have seen the complete Padre. We have liked you as a friend, been helped by you as a counselor and strengthened by you

as a man of God. In your new sphere we know you will mean as much to our comrades overseas as you have meant to us. We wish you Godspeed and His protection.

To you, Sir, to Mrs. Gowdy and your children we give these small tributes of our esteem and appreciation. May they serve to remind you of us, your sincere friends."

Dedicated to All the Lads at Fingal

Kingston, Ontario,
May 1st, 1942.

The Editor,
FINGAL OBSERVER.

Dear Sir:

For some little time now I have had a small part in the operating and publishing of one of the best little papers in the armed forces of Canada. Now that I am no longer connected with this paper I would like to take this opportunity of thanking some of the faithful few who always came through with their articles on time and so doing made the reputation that the paper holds today. I would just insert a little bit of advice, seeing that I took all of your advice for 16 months: Don't let the paper down, lads; men all over the British Isles and Canada watch for this publication. I know, because they told me so. Don't disappoint them and don't disappoint your Observer Committee. Support them and continue the good work. You will, because you feel the same about it as a lot of other chaps do.

I think you will agree with me when I say that Fingal is truly a hard station to beat any way you look at it. I know that a chap may feel that he is getting in a rut doing the same old job day in day out, but when he does get a posting he finds that old friendships are hard to forget and for some little time he misses that spirit of comradeship that existed between himself and his fellow-workers, and until he has had a chance to make new friends he wishes sometimes he was back at good old Fingal. I feel the same way.

If I didn't say "So long" to some of you I am sorry, and will certainly be back to see you real soon. However, may I just take this opportunity to say thank you for all the memories that I was able to take away with me and that I'll be able to keep for many years to come. Those chats at night in the barracks, those little snap meetings and conversations and to some

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AVIATION MEDICINE

Our New Hospital Wing



In the popular mind, Aviation Medicine is one of the modern romances. When the subject is mentioned there comes to mind the research work done in decompression chambers and giant centrifuges and spectacular work on oxygen and high altitudes. Truly this is one phase of the subject, and before going into some of the less spectacular phases, it will be necessary to review briefly the relation of medicine to armed forces in past history.

Until quite recently, medicine in armed forces was mainly concerned in attempting to repair the injured and make them again fit to fight. This short-sighted attitude caused the decimation of the ranks of Napoleon's forces in their retreat from Moscow. Then, in the Crimean War, many more died from disease than were killed in battle and it was during this war that Florence Nightingale started the nursing of soldiers by female nurses. By the time of the South African War the medical service was greatly improved, but there were still more soldiers killed by phoid fever than there were by bullets. During the War of 1914-18 the Medical Corps of the various countries, profiting by the advances in medical knowledge and, having been given an absolutely free hand, turned in a marvellous record. By the immunization against typhoid fever it was almost eliminated and, by the use of better hospitals, more fully equipped and staffed, those who did become sick were more certain of recovering than of dying. Since that time medicine has again made great strides and doctors are again flocking to the colours to give the armed forces the benefit of the training that they have acquired at great cost in money and years of study.

One of the fields of recent medical advance is that of Aviation Medicine and, until recently, the

R.C.A.F. was given medical service by the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps. Late in 1940 there was formed the Medical Branch of the R.C.A.F., the nucleus of which was formed of members of the R.C.A.M.C. who had been attached to the R.C.A.F., and many more have joined the Medical Branch since that time.

Although many members of the Medical Branch of the R.C.A.F. are doing research into the problems peculiar to those who fly, the great bulk of the Medical Branch are concerned with the selection of those who will be aircrew or ground crew in the R.C.A.F. and the maintenance of the health and physical fitness of those already selected. "Prevention" is the key word and the Medical Officers at the various training schools and stations are concerned first with the prevention of disease and, second, with the curing of the diseases that they are as yet unable to prevent. In carrying out his prevention programme, the Medical Officer must, of necessity, be the technical adviser on matters of health to the Commanding Officer and his administrative staff. Let us now turn from this generalizing to our own school.

No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, due to its proximity to the Technical Training School at St. Thomas, was provided with only a ten-bed hospital. Before this hospital was completed, Sick Parades were held at the small canteen and a few of you, no doubt, will remember the long walks through the biting winter winds to visit the Medical Officer in that location. With the opening of the ten-bed hospital in March, 1941, the Medical Staff were much more conveniently located on the station, although the accommodation was still very cramped for Sick Parades and Inoculation Parades. Due to the necessity of keeping three beds available for possible victims of

accidents, only seven patients could be hospitalized on the camp. During the winter months the Motor Transport Section was kept busy carrying patients back and forth by ambulance between Westminster Hospital or T.T.S. Hospital and our ten-bed hospital. In September, 1941, the Medical Staff surprised the B. & G. School one day by letting out loud whoops of delight. News had arrived that Ottawa had approved an enlargement to our hospital. Although promised by the Engineers that it would be all finished in a month or two (we hoped that would be right), we thought that it might be finished by the following May. In the latter part of January, when the snow lay deep on the ground, work was started on the additions to the hospital: window frames were yanked from their location in the walls; partitions were ripped down; plaster and dirt and cold air were everywhere; and, of course, it was necessary to send our patients to other hospitals when they had to be kept in bed, but through it all the Medical Staff struggled on, carrying on their Sick Parades, looking after the sanitation of the camp, and seeing that disease did not become rampant in the camp.

We now have a lovely 25-bed hospital, complete with kitchen—

even a small ward for officers. It has been made beautiful inside with fresh paint and our Station Engineer is making it beautiful on the outside with freshly laid sod. Our Medical Staff feel that patients in our new hospital will get more personal attention and become well faster than when they had to be sent away to other hospitals but, although we hope this is true, time alone will tell.

Perhaps you are interested in hearing something of those who have served on the Medical Staff at Fingal. Sqn. Ldr. Jackson arrived at Fingal on the 11th of November, 1940, and since that time has given his services in attempting to keep disease away from the personnel of this school. For a short time he was aided by Sqn. Ldr. MacLean, who left to take charge of the medical work at No. 9 S.F.T.S., Summerside, P.E.I. Then he had as his assistant Flt. Lt. Male, whose wit and charming personality made him well liked by officers and men at the school. He also gave the school the benefit of the experience he had obtained in being a supervisor at one of the Toronto playgrounds in that he became chairman of the Sports Committee at Fingal and helped greatly in getting a sports pro-

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Wg. Comdr. Kennedy Posted Overseas

(Continued from Page 1)

spring of 1934 he was posted to No. 20 (AC) Squadron, based at Peshawar, India, and with them put in over two years' continuous active service on the sinister northwest frontier, which even during "peace" years always presented a scene of active war operations, as the hardy hillmen are fanatics who are happiest when indulging in the gentle arts of head splitting, throat slitting, or just long-drawn-out, excruciating torture. After more than two years of "relaxation" on this famous frontier, the Wing Commander was awarded the India General Service Medal, and posted back to England.

Then followed a two-month leave in Canada, and on returning to the Old Land, Wg. Comdr. Kennedy attended a Specialist Armament Course, on completion of which he was posted back to his old Service Flying Training School as Station Armament Officer. In April of 1939 he was again en route for Canada, having been posted as an R.A.F. exchange officer to the R.C.A.F. Then followed various periods of service at Ottawa, Trenton, Halifax and Dartmouth. He arrived at No. 4 Bombing & Gunnery School, Fingal, when it existed as nothing more than a few hundred acres of rough farm land. Those few of the present officers—and they are very few—who were privileged, like the "Old Contemptibles" in France in 1914, to be first on the spot, will well remember, and with somewhat mixed feelings too, the organization, application, and hard driving work that was devoted over a period of many months to the mushroom growth of this now well-appointed and efficiently administered station. Few, if any, will dispute the statement that No. 4 B. & G. School has developed into one of the best-organized and ably-administered units of the

British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, and whilst admittedly this reflects credit on all for their excellent concerted effort, much is due to the indomitable spirit and the organizing ability behind the guiding hand of our Commanding Officer and his predecessor. When the Wing Commander first arrived on the station he was appointed chief instructor, where he was responsible for all the aircrew students undergoing training.

In October of last year, with the posting of Wg. Comdr. Van Vliet to Ottawa, Wg. Comdr. Kennedy took over command of the station. Since that date, just as prior to it, the watchword has been "Production"; quantity without sacrificing quality; and all through the long winter months, despite inclement flying weather, the courses progressed to their successful conclusion and students graduated on schedule. Night bombing was introduced, the number of Air Observers undergoing training was increased, and obstacles presented from time to time were speedily surmounted.

All recognize that the Commanding Officer has executed his many and various duties, shouldering heavy responsibilities in a highly capable and commendable manner; and none of us doubt that he has been recalled to the Royal Air Force to fill some important niche, and feel certain that he will carry on in the same efficient style as has been so continuously demonstrated on this station.

Mrs. Kennedy, we understand, plans to stay on in St. Thomas with the two boys, for a while at any rate; we shall look forward to seeing them from time to time and sincerely hope the separation may be alleviated through her contact with the many friends around them. As for the Wing Commander, we all wish him every success and Godspeed.

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AVIATION MEDICINE

(Continued from Page 3)

gramme under way. Flt. Lt. Watson arrived at Fingal in April, 1941, and gave his services to the Medical Branch here until his departure in August to the S.F.T.S. at Dunnville. In July, 1941, there arrived at Fingal a very popular member of the Medical Staff in the person of Flt. Lt. Graham, who is still with us and has replaced Flt. Lt. Male as chairman of the Sports Committee. His considerate care of the sick and his enthusiasm for sports have made him a valuable asset at Fingal; we hope he will remain with us for a long time to come. And for several months we had Flt. Lt. Smith, who, in addition to his medical duties, was active as chairman of the Entertainment Committee. We were sorry to see him go to the E.F.T.S. at St. Catharines and hope that some day he will again return to give Fingal his valuable services. Recently there has arrived Dr. Harvey and he will no doubt follow in the footsteps of those who have preceded him. There have been many capable members in the other ranks of the Medical Branch at this school and, although one cannot mention them all by name, it should be mentioned that their services are appreciated and that, although the work they do day by day is often not spectacular, they are helping greatly in the prevention of disease and the care of sick and in so doing are helping Canada win the war.

Dedicated to All the Lads at Fingal

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of you, thanks for wonderful "48's" together.

* I am now a part of Y.M.C.A. War Services and stationed at Kingston Red Triangle Club, so if any of you are ever passing through, as I know you will be, drop in and say hello and chin for a while.

And so until this old war is over and we once again are able to settle down to a regulated routine of living, may I wish you all the very best of luck. God bless you and protect you and bring you back from this struggle safe and sound.

Your pal,
DON MARKS,

Kingston Red Triangle Club.

Y.M.C.A. War
Services Supervisor.

Some Noose Is Good Noose
"Listen, buddie, this will relieve that asthma of yours," said the hangman as he adjusted the knot.

COULD IT BE?

With the coming of the Women's Dept., R.C.A.F., in view many of the men on the station at No. 4 B. & G. School are set to thinking: Is this a man's world after all? About the last remaining stronghold of the men has been invaded, a reasonable amount of territory captured, and the feminine army of occupation have won another "bloodless battle."

Will any of our privileges or freedom be curtailed? is another question going the rounds. Well this, of course, remains to be seen, but depends a great deal upon the general conduct of both departments. It is up to the fellows here to set a fine example at all times and win respect and admiration from our newly appointed sisters and so keep the name of the R.C.A.F. at its high level.

I believe that on the part of the girls joining the service it is a grand gesture of patriotism with the sole object of helping their country in the time of need and not simply to be with the men—some would imply. We cannot help but realize, however, that a new era is dawning over the world, so the sooner we accept it the quicker we will progress toward victory.

All trades and professions are practised by the fair sex (no longer referred to as the weaker sex). But here is the big question: Is it still up to the man to pay the way? Would it be fair for a girl machinist earning \$1.50 an hour to expect her soldier boy-friend who receives \$1.30 a day to pay for the supper, show and taxi, etc.? Or, if she offers to pay, has he a right to be embarrassed?

The main issue is: how will this social adjustment be ironed out? Come on, fellows, write in solution and help settle this jigsaw puzzle.

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IN ANTICIPATION

(A Salute to the Women)

Shortly after this paper is issued the ladies of the Women's Division, Royal Canadian Air Force, will occupy our already famous air station at Fingal.

We, at this station, will welcome them with open arms—literally? No, but we have anticipated their arrival for many months now, apparent by the numerous changes and additions that have taken place about the station. The Airwomen will be conveniently located near our new lounge which is our latest pride and joy.

The Organization Order bringing the Royal Canadian Air Force (Women's Division) into existence was issued on September 5, 1941. The original title or designation of the Force was "Canadian Women's Auxiliary Air Force." But as the Force was not an "Auxiliary", but a component part of the Royal Canadian Air Force, the name was changed to "Royal Canadian Air Force (Women's Division)" by Air Force Routine Orders issued February 20, 1942. The change in name was a wise one and the authorities are to be congratulated on the change. It will add more dignity to the Force and create in the public mind the idea that there is one Air Force, not two. "In unity there is strength." Let us always keep this thought before us.

The Women's Division has been organized to help meet the increased demand for manpower for combatant and other more strenuous duties, by replacing airmen with airwomen in such non-combatant trades as may from time to time be designated by Air Force

Headquarters. Personnel are enlisted and are mobile; that is, they may be posted from one unit to another as the demands of the Service require.

All ranks are subject to the Air Force Act and to the same regulations as officers and airmen except as such regulations may be amended from time to time to meet the requirements of the Women's Division.

The change in certain trades from airmen to airwomen will of necessity be a gradual one, and cannot be accomplished in a day. No time has been lost, however, and already nearly all the Service Flying Training Schools of the Commonwealth Air Training Plan have received their allotment of over a hundred officers and Airwomen of the Women's Division.

All appointments to Officer rank will be from the ranks.

Airwomen are now being employed in the following trades:

Administrative: Clerks (Stenographer); Clerks (General); Clerks (Accountant); Cooks; Cooks (Medical); Dental Assistants; Equipment Assistants; Motor Transport Drivers; Messwomen; General Duties; Telephone Operators.

Pay will be approximately two-thirds of that received by airmen of corresponding rank and grouping. No dependents' allowances will be paid. All other allowances will be the same as for airmen.

Officers of the Women's Division hold the King's commission, and as such will be saluted by airmen at all times and under such conditions as they are required to salute their present officers. Likewise, airwomen will salute officers of the Navy, Army and Air Force at all times. Officers of the Women's Division will acknowledge salutes in the same manner as laid down for Officers of the R.C.A.F.

Airmen will note that they are to salute Officers only of the Women's Division and not any woman in uniform just because she is a woman. It would be considered just as much an offence to salute an airwoman in uniform as it would be to salute another airman. If you think that it is not an offence to salute another airman, just try saluting a Warrant Officer some time. Yes, he is an airman, too.

Perhaps our readers may think that an airwoman cannot be told to get a haircut; she can. She must keep her hair clear of the collar of her jacket. She will not be permitted to wear jewelry or trinkets with the exception of wedding rings, signet rings and en-

agement rings with small stones. Bright nail polish will not be permitted and make-up is to be inconspicuous.

Leave and passes may be granted to airwomen under the same conditions as granted to airmen not on flying duties. Airwomen will comply with Station Standing Orders the same as airmen.

Airwomen may apply for their discharge on request to marry or on compassionate grounds. Airwomen may be granted permission to marry by the Commanding Officer on production of suitable reference as to the moral character of the intended husband.

Airwomen will be advanced in rank and trade grouping in the same manner as airmen, and as per instructions contained in Administrative Orders.

Personnel of the Women's Division will use the appropriate mess. That is the officers, the Officers' Mess; the sergeants, the Sergeants' Mess; except that for the present the sergeants will use the women's section of the Airmen's Mess, tables being reserved

for the N.C.O.'s, and the airwomen will use a section of the Airmen's Mess which has been reserved for them. No mess charges are to be made except as may be necessary to cover actual food costs. Entrance fees, promotion fees and regular mess dues will not be charged. They will have no voice in the governing of the various messes.

The Commanding Officer may authorize the invitation of personnel of the Women's Division as guests at entertainment in Royal Canadian Air Force Messes.

As stated previously, the introduction of women into the Services in Canada has been made necessary by the anticipated increased need for man-power. They will render equal service with the men. Perhaps when larger numbers of women appear on our streets and in public places in uniform, enlistments from our male population will show a preference for the company of men who are in uniform.

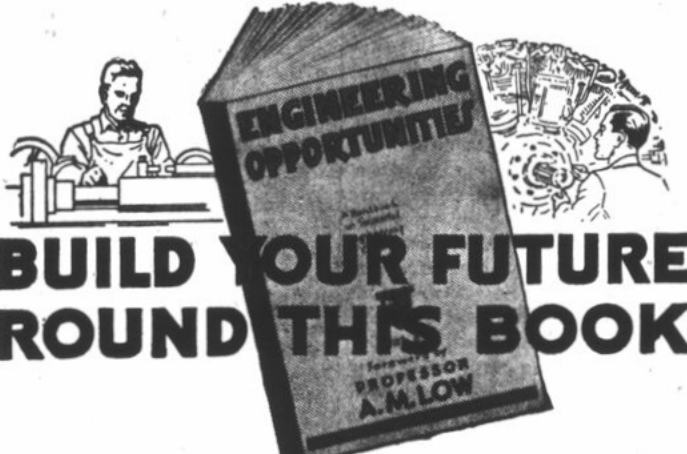
The airwomen will be living and working under conditions that will

(Continued on Page 6)

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by PROFESSOR A.M. LOW

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IN ANTICIPATION

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be strange to them. All officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the Royal Canadian Air Force must do all that they can to help them in the course of their duties and to adjust themselves to their new surroundings. Situations are certain to arise which have never arisen nor been dealt with before. It will, therefore, be necessary to rely on the good sense of all personnel, both airmen and airwomen, as well as officers, to see that these situations do not become serious either in their nature or their number. We take pride in the fact that in the Air Force we have men of above the average of intelligence. If our airwomen prove themselves to be of the same high standard, we shall be fortunate, and our problems will be few and not of a serious nature.

All personnel must realize that the same relationship should exist between the different ranks of the Women's Division and the Royal Canadian Air Force when off duty as has in the past existed between the different ranks of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

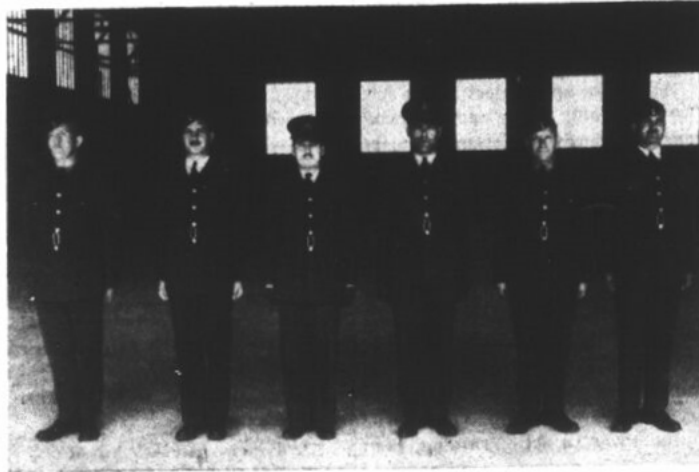
We welcome the personnel of the Women's Division to this station and assure them that we will do all in our power to make their stay here a pleasant one. As in all departures from tradition, the eyes of the public are upon us. Many of our civilian friends are skeptical as to the outcome and would like to say: "I told you so." Let us show them that men and women can work together just as successfully in the Royal Canadian Air Force as in any civilian industry or commercial corporation. And when our enemies are finally put in their place and Hitler is dangling from the end of a rope, may airwomen as well as airmen be able to look back on a job well done.

"My preference for blondes dates back to my childhood."

"Your childhood?"

"Yes, even then I was afraid of the dark."

DISCIPLINE



A member of THE OBSERVER staff approached me recently with a request that I give a summary, concerning object, "programme of training", applicable to Disciplinary pupils.

To the average layman, or those not familiar with requirements of this trade, it would appear from casual observation that the course consisted of purely Drill, Drill and Drill, endless repetition of marching back and forth from here to there, and would cause one to wonder possibly why a whole ten weeks is devoted to a distinctly limited phase of Air Training.

In pre-war days the term "Disciplinary" was a highly respected one. It would cause one to visualize a Warrant Officer of many, many years of experience of handling men, whose competence was beyond question, both as an established instructor, sound knowledge of procedure, initiative and qualities of a general advisor; one that a new recruit would automatically seek and respect their advice when needed. This, by no means, indicated a very uncommon person; on the contrary, such a person came to be, through the result of thorough training and confirmed qualifications in each rank, up the ladder. The ultimate result being sound service knowl-

edge brought about by experience.

During this last world war rapid and vast expansion of the service has necessitated that hundreds of men needed to take charge of new airmen entering the service were required. The type of established competent instructors were not available in comparison to numbers needed; therefore it automatically followed that ordinary airmen, some of which were chosen from General Duties, by reason of them being considered stable, reliable with qualities of leadership, which when developed through training could qualify as an efficient Disciplinary. Other candidates for this trade were enlisted by reason of them having shown proof of ability to control effectively, athletic groups, etc.

The toughest and main problem, of course, is felt at commencement, as it is at this stage one is faced with a group of men who in the main have had no experience as instructors, but what is worse, no basic service experience, as a high percentage of these men have had as little as two weeks' service on some courses.

The problem is considered tough, due to the fact that in order to work progressively in accordance with programme the men have, out of necessity, got to be highly disciplined from the very start. The psychological effect on the men caused by complete change of environment and rigid discipline as mentioned is apt to discourage most pupils at the start, and it is at this point where personal example and standard must be demonstrated and maintained by instructors. Personal pride, i.e., the honour of wearing the King's uniform, especially in these days when the country is at war, is emphasized to recruits. This, together with constant checking on appearance and deportment, brings

about a sense of well being which, when amplified, develops into pride of Unit and esprit de corps.

Once pride of Unit is established, the problems of training are simplified. A potential instructor is required not only to be able to perform efficiently, but also knowledge of detail, and ability to impart instruction in individual training, Arms drill, collective training, flight, squadron, wing and ceremonial drill; also, the same applies to Physical Training. Pupils, however, are not required to qualify in P.T. as experts, but it is required that they obtain a sound working knowledge of all exercises included in the P.T. tables, quickening games, knowledge of general athletics, field and track, tabloid sports, also lectures on organization and laying out of athletic fields is given, also fundamentals of boxing meets, equipment, and organization applicable to, is given. Pupils are also required to have an elementary knowledge of the general functioning of the human body, and for this reason lectures covering skeleton, respiratory, circulatory, muscular, digestive, nervous and excretory systems are given, also lectures on First Aid. Also extensive lectures are devoted to voice control and words of command, and series of lectures concerning

(Continued on Page 7)



R. C. A. F.

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DISCIPLINE

(Continued from Page 6)

and explaining procedure applicable to Conduct Sheets, framing of charges, Orderly Room procedure, entry of awards, minor offence, charge reports and guard reports, procedure applicable to arrest, powers of C. O. and subordinate commanders and a fundamental knowledge of the more common offences under the Air Force Act.

Pupils are also taught sanitation and hygiene applicable to troops, under conditions of temporary camps and bivouacs.

To summarize the above, it means that a potential disciplinarian is one considered capable of developing those qualities of command and leadership and instructional ability, so that they can train effectively in accordance with Service requirements, recruits of the R.C.A.F. in their basic training of drill and P.T., so that the recruits may be physically capable of carrying out their normal and extra duties required of them.

Drill is considered one of the finest aids to discipline in that it teaches an airman unhesitating, immediate and cheerful obedience to orders without altercation, and discipline in turn aids in the general proficiency of all work and duty.

We do not pretend to produce a thoroughly qualified experienced disciplinarian within the comparatively short space of ten weeks; however, we do feel that trainees receive a thorough grounding which adequately fits them for the long road of experience, and it is gratifying to the writer, who has been connected with all courses as instructor, P.T. instructor, chief instructor, and officer i/c, to see that the instructional staffs have been on the whole, sound in their judgment, in that approximately 30 of our pupils have since graduating as junior N.C.O.'s attained commissioned rank, due to recommendations of the part of their Commanding Officer's. More than a dozen are now W.O.1, and about 80 W.O.2's, and several hundred holding Senior N.C.O. rank.

In closing, as Officer Commanding the course, I would say that training facilities, accommodation, and location has been ideal in every respect, on this station. Such conditions never have been experienced during courses held elsewhere. It has been gratifying also to feel the co-operative spirit of the station personnel, which has had the effect of making us feel that the Disciplinarian Courses held here were respected and considered an asset to the station. This current



Part of a Disciplinarian Training is to learn to organize and conduct a funeral. During the No. 11 Course this was carried out to every minute detail. Sgt. Galbraith and Sgt. "Curley" Maynes (with hair) above acted as Padres. From perusal of the photo, you can imagine it will be some time before this will be forgotten.

course about to conclude is the largest in candidates for a Disciplinarian Course in the history of the R.C.A.F.

Staff

- Flt. Lt. H. N. Hinton
—Officer i/c Course.
- F.O. H. S. Cassidy
—Adjutant.
- Flt. Sgt. Buss, W. C. J.
—Chief Instructor.
- Sgt. Galbraith, M.
—Assistant Drill Instructor.
- Sgt. Maynes, W. W.
—Assistant Drill Instructor.
- Cpl. Wright, K. J.
—Assistant Drill Instructor.
- Cpl. Forsyth, H. F.
—Assistant Drill Instructor.
- Cpl. Church, J. G.
—Assistant Drill Instructor.
- Cpl. Colquhoun, G. P.
—Assistant Drill Instructor.
- Flt. Sgt. Inman, W. N.
—P.T.I. Instructor.
- Cpl. Taylor, R. A.
—Assistant P.T. Instructor.

Cpl. Cronin, V. B.
—Assistant P. T. Instructor.

To the Boys Who Keep 'Em Up There

Many people talk about the boys in the air,
But what about the boys who keep 'em there?

They worry and stew
About the things they have to do,
And try to keep their courage up
Until their ship comes through.

They work and they toil
In daylight and dark,
Fixing things, arranging things,
Testing all the sparks.
Then! the bell rings
And the great ship takes off.

No, these boys don't wear uniforms
Like first and second pilots do.
They call themselves "Grease Monkeys"
And "Woodticks", too.
They ought to be recognized by the people
As brave boys, it's true.

One slip of the hammer, one turn of the wrench,
One bolt not tightened, one cog not oiled
Can write disaster for those who toiled,
But what of those up there above
Who have put their trust
In a "Grease Monkey's" glove?

Remember these boys for their deeds noble and true,
For keeping them flying up there in the blue,
And when you stand and gaze up there
At that lovely bird so graceful and fair,
Think of the toil, the fret and care,
Remember the boys that keep 'em up there.

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OUR NEW PADRE

This husky gentleman, who as a college student won fame in the field of sport, specializing in wrestling, got his start in Pictou, Nova Scotia. He attended McGill University from 1931 until 1935 and during this period spent his summers in the North Woods of Ontario — somewhere near Fort William. Already he has told of a few of his harrowing escapes from grizzlies and upset canoes.

While at McGill, Padre MacLean took a special course in Arts, Theology and Science and it was during these years that he became a member of the boxing, wrestling and fencing teams of his college. His hobby was wrestling and at that game won several prizes from Queen's and Toronto Universities.

Padre MacLean then took a post-graduate course at McGill, during which time he also accepted a small circuit outside of the City of Montreal; after two years here he was called to serve as a pastor at St. Stephen, N.B., and remained there until his recent appointment to the Chaplaincy of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Flt. Lt. Robert Underwood MacLean will be in his office in the Airmen's Lounge at regular hours and is anxious to meet the personnel of this station at their convenience.

LIBRARY NOTES

No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School can be proud of the excellent library now located in the Airmen's Lounge. Contributions of books have been received from time to time from many outside sources, until today there are

Station News

approximately 2,000 volumes available.

What do you read? Westerns? There are volumes by Zane Grey, Seltzer, Tuttle, P. B. Kyne, Cullum, Rex Beach and many others. Are you romantically inclined. Katherine Brush, Grace Livingston Hill, and Temple Bailey are a few of the many authors represented. Detective stories? Look over the selections by Edgar Wallace, Walling, Valentine, Gardner, Rex Stuart and Frome. History? There are volumes from the time of Carlyle to the present day. Many best sellers and Book-of-the-Month Club choices are on the shelves with Gunther's Inside Asia and Inside Latin America being representative of the class of books available.

The Canadian Legion Educational Services have provided books on technical and trade topics. Two recent additions are Quantity Food Service Recipes and the New American Cook Book. Aircraft Maintenance, Dyke's Automobile Encyclopedia, Audel's Builder's Guide give some idea of the scope of the technical library.

This library is for the use of the personnel of this station. Library hours have been rather irregular for the past few weeks, but it is usually open from 1245 to 1320 hours and 1800 to 1900 hours. Some of the books of special interest at present, available at the library are "Blood, Sweat and Tears" by Rt. Hon. W. Churchill; "The Battle for Asia" Edgar Snow; "Mission to Moscow" J. E. Davies; "France in Berlin Time" Thomas Kernan; "Australia" Paul McGuire; "The Balance Sheet of the Future" Ernest Bevin; "Pattern of Conquest" by Harch.

Our Revised Orchestra

It was suggested to the men of the Orchestra to say a few words in this month's FINGAL OBSERVER. Some said: "Oh, I can't think of anything right now." But I am writing this for myself and a few others concerned in the music of the station. We have a station dance tonight and hope it turns

out O.K., making everybody glad that they came for the dance. We know it is hard to keep up with some of these popular city bands; we keep plugging in there and practice as much as possible (which could be a little more) to keep the musicians in tune. We have room for a few more sax players and other wind instruments if anybody wishes to make our little gathering a little larger for more dances to come. We have in our band three fellows who came from T.T.S. a while ago as bandsmen and are very good musicians, and those who were at the last station dance were introduced to these boys and since then we all have improved some. "That's if we don't loose our nerve when we get up on the stand."

Well, anyhow, it sure would be nice if we could get a few more musicians in our band and really get some practice. Then we would give some of this Glen Miller and Tommy Dorsey music. As it is now we only get practice when Rod Smith, our head man, can get us all rounded up for a rehearsal. Then there is something to mess things up and something in the road.

Well, I can't steam on for much longer, but if we had more co-operation this band would really amount to something. It has a backbone now and all we need is

the support to this backbone to build it up.

Hoping we can form a bigger and better band, I remain,

YOURS FOR BIGGER AND BETTER ENTERTAINMENT.

LETTERS

Letters so easily put off, as easily are penned;

A three-cent stamp is all it costs a cheery word to send.

And no one minds the scribbled lines, at least nobody should,

Or heeds a word or two misspelled —the letter's always good.

What is it in us makes us think "Tomorrow I will write"

And thus delay the heartening word that ought to go tonight.

Yet 'tis the commonest of faults—a universal trend—

To think a better time will come for writing to a friend.

"Tomorrow" or next week perhaps or when there's more to tell,

Or when we've not so much to do the next long, easy spell;

Or any time except just now, beyond the slightest doubt,

We'll settle down with pen and ink and get those letters out.

Some say they find it hard to write, but surely that's not true;

I hold it is the simplest task which friend for friend can do.

Five minutes' time, a postage stamp—the letter's on its way—

And there can be no better time for writing than today.

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While looking down through the bomb sight the other day I got to thinking about this free speech business in the democratic countries. It sure is a wonderful thing alright, but while I was thusly thinking of the great many things we have in Canada and U.S.A. that are real luxuries and help so much to make ours a life worth living instead of a drab existence. I began to wonder if we weren't just getting used to this stuff that we had lost track of value regarding this free speech thing.

What brought it to my mind was a little incident which happened on my last leave—mind you, I didn't sit in a beer parlor the whole seven days, like most of you guys think, but I did fiddle away an idle hour or two bending the rite elbow frequently enjoying the cool suds, while letting the feel of civvy clothes lull me into a very fine state of complete relaxation. Happy to be alive, healthy, with enuff hair left to comb, teeth left to be able to eat, and a country to live in where everything is yours and mine, as much as we want, whenever and wherever we work to obtain it—no limit. Well as all this nice rosy stuff is hanging all over me—I hear a coupla lame brains at a table beside me—going through the old crap about—the Government's no good, the President's no good—the army, navy and air force is no good. They weren't tight, the one guy's trying to sell the other guy his miserable and lop-sided slant on life, that's all; and the other bozos taking it all in, to hand to someone else as soon as he gets a chance, and in the meantime going around hating everybody and everything. Well, part of his blatting went something like this: "Looka here, chump, why do we hafta pay for this war; we didn't start it, and besides, lookit the way I'm working—16 hours a day, and the boss wants me to come back 'tonite—Tahell withum—Stalin says he'd starve with the people; who says that here, not our Government men, no sir, and another thing he says when we was on the relief, why didn't they give us a job making airplanes and cannons; I ain't sorry for 'em if they take a beaten,



SEEN THROUGH A BOMB SIGHT

it's their own fault he says, "shoulda known better."

Well, as I said before, I'm no angel, and in camp I can bellyache and moan as well as any good airman (I like to see guys moan, its good for them) but when your coveralls are off and you pass through the gate, the moan stays inside the fence—leave the head clean of station and regimentation difficulties, its easier to answer the old question "How's the grub at Fingal?" by a definite answer such as "No kick at all", or "not like home but good", and you'll be surprised to find you feel better after you've said it that way—and that civilian will pass it on just so—but let him hear a complaint, and he'll distort the answer in such a manner that the R.C.A.F. will take a kick in the pants every time he retells it.

Well then theres the know it all, he can answer any thing about anything, he really doesn't know the score atall but he likes to say astounding things to amuse his audience and he'll say anything atall even that such and such an officer of some rank kicked his wife's teeth out, or that he was a bootlegger years ago or any old thing he can conjure up in his mad way to have the spotlight on his conversation, you've seen these guys.

Well the idea is this regarding the two droops in the beer parlour, I didn't get into any argument with them, but I merely stated a fact which neither one could deny as being true, and proceeded gently

to show them the rite side of the story.

I asked him if he liked the idea of being a free man, then I told him the reason why armaments and planes and such were not built on a production basis over the last 20 years.

Would you like to ride in a car of 1920 vintage, well why pile all money into junk. The smart system which has been accepted by the great democracies is not to produce and store away but to keep machinery up to date which can throw out war material at a fast clip, when its needed, on short notice—thereby having the latest and best equipment. If you read much of the news these days you'll be amazed at all the rate America is producing men and machinery for war. And look at the R.C.A.F., your own outfit—do you realize its the greatest thing of its kind in the world, and only a coupla years old. Well I can't talk all day but you see what I mean anyhow.

So adios.

HEADQUARTERS

Well folks, in next month's issue we'll give you our impressions, slightly censored perhaps, of the R.C.A.F. (W.D.). Yes sir, the ladies, bless their hearts, arrive in Fingal on the 23rd of May. In the meantime, the station awaits with a slight trepidation, and some misgivings, their arrival. And also, by the time next month's issue comes out, we shall have a new C.O. Yes, great things are happening. Oh yes, and I nearly forgot this one: Port Stanley opens on May 8th (Advt.). Yes, all in all, I guess the station will take on a new lease on life, and awake from its winter sleep. The ball players around headquarters are getting warmed up these nice spring nights, so any of youse guys that think you can play ball, turn out any night at the sports field and get in the game. We have such stars in our line-up as "Wild Wils" Ledingham, "Shorty" Cramer, "Lost-in-a-hole" Evans, "Put-'em-in-there" Pentney, "Bashing Bob" Cunningham, "Cannonball" Craig, "Spider" MacKenzie, and a host of other stars. Congratulations to Sgt. Wood of Wood & Bricks upon getting the third hook. We hope he doesn't forget to wet it properly (hint). Our friend, Cpl. Orr of Wood and Bricks, has just heard some good news. He is to be transferred to the Royal Canadian Navy, with the rank of Warrant Officer. Congratulations, Roy. Cpl. Russell of the Hospital has just been discharged for medical reasons, in case anybody is missing his cheerful mug around the hospital. However, we still have Rock over there to kid the boys along

(Continued on Page 10)

FINGAL R.C.A.F. OFFICERS

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HEADQUARTERS

(Continued from Page 9)

when they're blue. Jay Shaver has left Headquarters Building and is now hiding down in the Recreation Hall. Guess you can sleep more soundly down there, eh Jay? (ow!) Freddie Clarke says he wears the pants in his family, but we notice that when a telegram came in last week asking had he been posted to Alaska that, oddly enough, he went home the next week-end. Casanova Cramer is coming along ably under Clarke's tuition and is starting to have feminine troubles himself. "Lost-in-a-hole" Evans went home to dear old Toronto last week on a week's leave. We hope you gave all the girls a treat, Billy, and didn't just confine all your charm to one. Well folks, pardon me now, I got to go up to London and see one of those beautiful girls for which that city is justly famous.

EDUCATIONAL

Since the commencement of the war education has been a deciding factor in the placement of men in the various trade groups in the R.C.A.F. Educational standards for pilots and observers were necessarily high. Many young men, well qualified physically for aircrew, were unable to meet the educational requirements.

The Director of Airmen Personnel Services has set up a new branch of Air Force Training whereby those who wish to re-muster to aircrew may reach the required educational standard by means of a comparatively short and intensive course in Mathematics, Science and English. A full time Educational Officer has been posted to each Service Flying Training School and Bombing and Gunnery School to organize and conduct classes to provide refresher courses for airmen who have been

From The Sections

out of school for two or more years but who hold Junior Matriculation or Upper School certificates in Mathematics and Science. Instruction will also be provided for those who attended High or Technical School for one or two years who are desirous of re-mustering to Aircrew.

The following procedure should be followed by those who wish to re-muster:

- (1) File an application for re-mustering with F.O. Murray.
- (2) Interview the Educational Officer regarding placement in re-mustering or refresher classes.

Candidates for re-mustering who have completed Grade X or Form II work in High School should be able to complete the required courses in from 12 to 15 weeks on the basis of three two-hour periods per week. The Mathematics curriculum includes a review of fractions, decimals, metric system of measurement, averages, measurement of angles, elementary algebra to the simple equation, graphs, similar triangles and scale, velocity vectors, trigonometry of the right angled triangle logarithms. This course was drafted to meet the requirements of the Air Cadet League of Great Britain and the text used is "Aircraft Mathematics" by Walling and Hill.

The Science course parallels that of the Junior Matriculation with a study of mechanics of fluids, compressibility of gases, laws of motion, humidity and cloud formation, thermometer scales, magnetism and electricity.

The English test requires sufficient knowledge of English to write clearly and correctly—and to give evidence of a clear understanding of written English.

At the conclusion of the course the Educational Officer will set an examination in each subject and those who take the examination

successfully are eligible for re-muster to Aircrew provided that they can meet the requirements of the M2 examination and pass the ability to learn test.

Airmen may re-muster at the rate of five per month from this station. To fill this quota, re-muster classes are held every morning from 1000 to 1200 hours in the classroom in No. 1 Hangar and for day crew classes are held in G.I.S. Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday from 1900 to 2100 hours. A refresher class for those who hold Junior Matriculation or its equivalent is being held Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings from 1900 to 2100 hours.

Candidates should understand that these courses in no way replace the Canadian Legion Educational Services courses. Canadian Legion courses are recognized by the Department of Education in all provinces. The Air Force courses are given only for re-mustering. To complete the re-muster class successfully you will find it neces-

sary to attend classes regularly and spend part of your leisure time in study, but if you really desire an opportunity to take your place with the aircrew personnel this is your chance to qualify.

SECURITY GUARD NOTES

This humble pen arrived at "No. 4", our beloved Bombing and Gunnery School, on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1942. Perhaps what follows can be written in a style that interprets the average impressions and duties, trials and thrills of the average guard. I speak of potential aircrew boys who continue after some weeks to I.T.S. At present Permanent Guards have taken over the job indefinitely.

A Security Guard has a fairly good opportunity to survey various sections of this station, if he keeps his eyes and ears open. He learns the value of each man's job, whether it be on the ground or in the air. It is his first opportunity to meet "old timers" whose uniforms, though worn and faded, proudly display long and skillful service. He says to himself "There is a man of experience who means much to the force and to freedom."

(Continued on Page 11)



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ST. THOMAS

SECURITY GUARD NOTES

(Continued from Page 10)

He learns to recognize the various types of aircraft on the station and others displayed graphically in buildings and hangars. He guards crashes and hears of more experiences of the flyers and supporting crews. He also gets a smattering of knowledge as to the nature, whereabouts and job of the machines and calculations of the pilot, the observer and the air gunner. He buys or borrows what books and articles there may be available on knowledge which later on will be vital to his progress. It is thus possible in seven or eight weeks to learn much about flight, engines, and other operational procedure for aircraft.

Of course he meets men from widely scattered countries and from as many different jobs. Upon questioning them or just chewing the proverbial rag he finds they are friendly to the novice, interesting and with first-hand experience. In each S.G. group we find men from every part of Canada and the U.S.A., in fact, from other lands as well, a veritable cross section of free races. Many stories, viewpoints and friendly slams are exchanged while learning about strange places and conditions from fellows who have "been there."

For those who may wonder, Security Guards don't shoot at station personnel who don't stop when they are caught "on the spot." The shot is merely a warning shot. If they halt, very seldom is a challenge necessary unless the case looks or acts "suspicious." If the spotlight is ignored then—orders are orders but no one gets killed without reason.

If you've never been up in one of those guard-turrets for two, three or four hours you don't know

much about it, and be thankful. The weather can be anything and visibility zero. Sleepiness has a nasty tendency to sand up the glimmers when all is so still. There is too much opportunity to be doing nothing, which profession isn't good for anyone and becomes very boring. However, if we all realize the many monotonous jobs, flying and on the ground, it helps to pass the time away.

From first-hand reports the boys seem to get around very well outside these gates. Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and even Chicago are visited on "48's" and from accounts rendered prove very good spots for any leave.

Flips are available to Security Guards now and then and cause quite a bit of speculation when a first timer goes upstairs. His description of the flight may be anything from a grunt to three chapters of thrills.

If a suggestion may be in order the boys would like to see good tea and coffee more often. A decided improvement in cuisine has been noticed of late, however.

To be drafted from Security Guard to I.T.S. is a very satisfactory conclusion to seven or eight weeks here. Enough said on this matter.

In conclusion, the guards thank all station personnel who have in any way been in charge of their work and welfare. This salute includes our corporals, our flight and our officers in Maths and P.T. We have appreciated our superb lounge, our friendly canteen, the various concerts, shows, contests and dances. May we add thanks also to our "Y" man and sports room. And so Toronto, here we come.

THE ARMAMENT SECTION

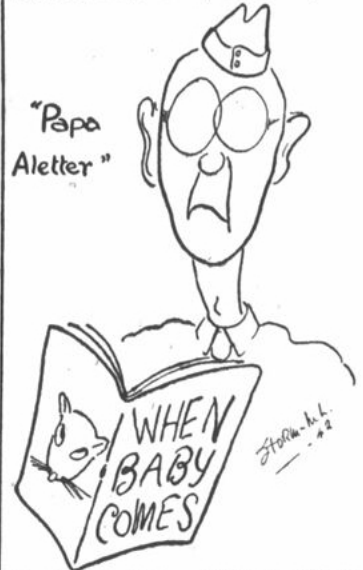
We are in a reminiscent mood these days. News from overseas. Bill Newell, McFarlane, Urlin and the rest of the boys reached Albion safely. We had a letter from MacIver, who tells us that he also joined the fellows at the boat. McFarlane, he claims, was not very much in evidence during the trip across. To quote from the letter: "Hardly saw McFarlane on the trip over. As usual, he was running around talking to the Big

Shots and getting the score generally." He goes on to say: "The people treat us swell, and I think it's going to be okay once we get used to the grog, money, weather (awful), etc., etc." So we are in a reminiscent mood. We sat around the barracks, talking over old times after we had read the letter and wished that we were "over there" with the gang. About the only good thing that comes of war—apart from the smartening-up we get, nationally—is friendship. It brings together men who would otherwise in all probability never meet. And it brings them together so intimately that bonds of affection are strongly forged. We used to be known as a "wild bunch" last summer. We were not really. It was merely that we had a lot of very strong characters and temperaments. And the result was that whenever we got together there was a display of pyrotechnics—mirabile dictu, as Virgil put it, or might have. And heaven help us if most of us haven't a bit of the devil in us when we meet the enemy. I should like to be with the old gang in a front line. The Hon. Jap and the Nasty Nazi would get quite a reception. I can see McFarlane hollering his head off and scaring 'em to death with the sound of it, and Bill Newell quietly picking 'em off with a rifle, not to mention Quick—of bomb-fusing fame—playing hardball with hand

grenades. Yes, we may have appeared to be a rum bunch. But bless those boys. They had hearts of gold.

Incidentally, we'd like to take time out to welcome the newcomers to our Armament fold. They are too many to name. They have long got the score by now and are well settled with us.

Someone asked me today why it was that Aletter went about with such a woe-begone look on his physiognomy. That, I replied, is a



simple question. "Al" is likely worried about something. But it (Continued on Page 12)

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THE ARMAMENT SECTION

(Continued from Page 11)

doesn't necessarily mean that he is unhappy. Because he's never quite contented unless he is worried to death about something. Like as not, his mind is full of bomb sight gears, jettison tubes, light series bomb carriers and a couple of girls in Toronto. (Confidentially, with regard to the latter, I'm not sure whether he doesn't know which one to marry or which one is going to nab him. It's one or the other.) No, Aletter's all right. He's as happy as a pig in a barnyard when he's got a load on his mind. Now, take Traves. He is never unhappy. Or, at least, that is what he would have us think. He just shouts "Oh, joy!" and carries on. Besides, Aletter HAS something on his mind right now and what it is we know for sure. The Armament Barracks cat recently gave birth to four kittens. Al was so fussy about pre-natal care that we called him papa. And, by heavens! even the kittens think that now. You ought to see them leap all over him when he gets in from work. And the old lady comes up and says, "Okay, Al dear, what about something to eat!"

There is something to be said for a certain young man in our section who is doing a wonderful job without fanfare or fame. L.A.C. Wright, H. H., Armourer (Bombs), is assisting as a teacher of mathematics at the classes recently under way for brushing up would-be aircrew. "Herb", we call him. Well, Herb, old boy, here is a bouquet for your efforts. We've been hearing some mighty good reports about you from your "students". They say you have a knack for spilling the beans. And while we're at it, Herb, when you are winging your way over the white cliffs of Dover towards those Nasty Nazi airports, don't forget to drop an egg for us.

Anyone, with or without horti-

culturist tendencies, who would like an eyeful of pleasure should meander past the Armament Section barracks. By the time this appears in print the Armament garden will be in full bloom . . . we hope. Crummy lot though we may be, we have our moments.

THE QUESTION OF THE MONTH: Will my gas last out?

THIS MONTH'S FASHION NOTE: Uniforms, *Summer*, for the use of the airmen of . . .

Impregnate your blue uniform with Chlorosulphonic Acid. It'll simply riddle it with holes and provide excellent ventilation. We have this from Flt. Sgt. Reilly, who is apparently an authority on the subject. This is his method. Unscrew the plug from a Bombs, Practice, Smoke, 11½ lbs. With a circular motion of the hand sprinkle your uniform (and yourself) well with the contents. Allow to dry.

NOTES FROM THE WORKSHOP

* Just a few words from the lads in the workshops, this being our first appearance in THE FINGAL OBSERVER. We fix everything from flat bottom chairs to Fairey Battles.

We wish all the luck there is to two lads from our section just posted to Polsen Manitoba, Cpls. MacKenzie and Semper. Both have been with us for the last year.

Also missed by the section and the band is Bert Sewell, who was posted to Ottawa some time ago.

When it comes to beautifying the section we are still tops, even got the Firefighter lads beat. One Officer asked us if we're building the fence to harbor little brown bears or Fairies. I guess they're just jealous.

If you see a certain L.A.C. Cormier walking around in a daze and wringing his hands, don't worry; it will just be the blessed event he and his wife are expecting. (Apologies to Winchell.)

Its getting bad when a lad by the name of James lets a cousin in the R.A.F. take his girl out right under his nose. Then begins the worry about getting things back under control.

They say in spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love and other things. Get a shot of this: L.A.C. Calhoun and A.C.2 Richards expect a session with Cupid in the near future.

Ye old radiator man Hardy is racing around the shop repairing rads and putting on weight. If that bay window of his gets any

bigger he'll be getting an hour's extra drill each morning to help the slimming.

Cpl. Case and his gang of wood butchers are still hammering away. Packing airscrews and building cupboards, tables, etc.

Cpl. Sewel wonders what kind of how much corn flakes he has got to eat to get that third hook.

His love affairs are still a worry. Maybe some day he will marry the gal. He better do something quick about it, though, before the Waafs get here.

So until next time we sign off.

WORKSHOPS.

Y.W.C.A. HOSTESS HOUSE

For the airmen who have been posted here recently we welcome them to the Hostess House, next door to the Guard House. Come to read, write letters, play games or listen to the radio—in other words, we want you to feel that it is your home away from home. It is a meeting place for you and your families and friends. Have them come here to wait for you. We hope that you will bring your wives here and let us be of service to them. We help you to get suitable accommodation for them for days, weeks or months.

Every Tuesday evening there is a dance at the Y.W.C.A. in St. Thomas for all airmen. Wives welcome. Admission, 25 cents.

The wives of the Fingal airmen have organized themselves into two clubs—one for those who live in Fingal and the vicinity and the other for those who live in St. Thomas.

Mrs. J. I. Smith is President of the Fingal Club and Mrs. Stanley Nelson, the Secretary-Treasurer. Their meetings are held at the members' houses every Tuesday

afternoon at 2.30. At the last meeting they decided to take First Aid Classes furnished by the St. John Ambulance Corps of St. Thomas, which classes will probably be held in Fingal.

Mrs. C. E. Wickhorst is President of the St. Thomas Club and Mrs. S. G. Simpson the Secretary-Treasurer. They meet at the Y.W.C.A. in St. Thomas at two o'clock on Thursday afternoons.

At present both clubs are making children's clothing to send to the bombed areas in Britain. In order to help along this work the St. Thomas wives held a raffle for two cartons of cigarettes. Tickets were sold by the members and the draw was made at the dance on the station on Tuesday, May 5th, by our C.O., Wg. Comdr. Kennedy. The lucky winner was L.A.C. Thain, G. M., of the Plotting Office.

On Wednesday afternoons at two o'clock the members have access to the Alma College Swimming Pool for an hour, free of charge.

We urgently ask all wives of our men, old members and those who have recently moved into our midst, to come to these meetings, in order to become acquainted with each other and also to take part in the good work accomplished by the clubs. Let this be your personal invitation to be present at the next meeting. Come and bring along another lonely friend. The children are welcome, too.

Call Mrs. Savage (Phone 3680, Local 36) for further information.

A man was pegging along the street with a walking stick several inches too tall for comfort. A solicitous friend said: "That's a nice stick, but you better have somebody cut a few inches off that end."

"That wouldn't help," the owner answered. "It's this end that's too high."

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VOICE OF TRANSPORT

It has been quite a thing around the M.T.S. lately that the confinement cases, "Crash Tender and Ambulance", which up to a while ago used to sit around day after day in the same spot, have been running around the countryside looking for forced landings.

But fortunately the crash tender and ambulance drivers haven't had any business.

Now that "Pop" Saunders has gone, will the freight and express run get in on time to unload the same day or will we still have to go clamoring to the driver asking for our parcels?

We also would like to know when Letourneau is going to get it over with. "Married", we mean, so he won't be running up town every time he gets a smoke period.

There's another thing that has the boys worried and that is when the fellows get back from their course at Trenton all full of knowledge of trucks, especially "Pie Wagons". The "B" groupers will have to be on their toes or they'll be away in the back row — or will they?

We were sure happy to see that Walker came out on top of the effeminate blitz up in London the other night, but we see he's still going back for more. Just a devil for punishment.

The fellows from the section often wonder if "Red" (Flt. Sgt. Herbert) was just born that way or acquired that school teacher aspect in recent years, but there's one person he hasn't mastered and that is Mrs. Herbert, so we hear.

There's another thing that's got the boys' dander up and that was the other day when Flt. Lt. Coady came across the road with his gang equipped with saws, hammers, crow-bars, tape measures, and walked right into our old smoke room and started to tear hell out of it. One of the fellows, quite inquisitive, asked what the score

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was and the reply was: "Oh, we're just going to make a powder room here for the W.A.F." So I guess we'll do our smoking on the roof or in a corner in the garage.

Another remark about the M.T.S. is that now that Herbert has got all the trucks painted up and nice and shiny again, will they be that way long enough for the paint to dry before they are cracked up again?

We also have a suggestion for Hogdson: Why doesn't he buy a saddle for Regal and have him carry him around, on account of his bad feet? Or listen to Fred Allen's programme on "Meet Your Feet Week."

We also have a tip for the Post Office and that is to never close down for more than one day as L.A.C. Jimmie Crawford sure would tear his hair out not getting his one letter a day from his better half.

I don't know if you have noticed or not, but a few of the boys have been getting in shape, so they say, out on the sports field, but if you were to see them in the morning when they get up you would probably say they should go back to training on cigarettes and Labatt's ale because that physical exercise don't seem to agree with them.

FIRE FACTS

Spring is here again with clean-up time. It must be said the station has come through the winter with a clean face, but a little cleaning behind the ears is needed before we can step out and say, "How is that?"

The firefighters have started into the flower business this spring. They will have a lot of digging before they have it as nice as their plans. The crash tender crew are working on a new cover or weather shade for their truck near the Control Tower.

The boys here must have what it takes as Firefighter Milne, G. J., left for R.C.A.F. "W.D." Toronto F. D. last fall. Now we have lost F.F. Armstrong, R. H. M., to the R.C.A.F. "W.D.", Ottawa Training Depot.

The Service Police may help some in turning out good bridge players, or the cooks may have something to do with it—who can tell?

Your Respirator

The respirator will give complete protection to eyes and lungs against all gases and smokes, if you take care of it and know how to use it. Avoid getting water into the container as this destroys the chemicals inside it. Adjust and

(Continued on Page 14)

TIPS ON PHOTOGRAPHY

This is by no means one of those technical ramifications about lenses and time exposures. It is (we hope) merely an aid to your making better pictures with your camera. And now that summer is on our very doorstep most of us will have that yen to catch the world through a pinhole. A pinhole is a mighty small aperture and it pays to make the most of it. Miles of film and paper are wasted every year. Absolutely wasted because the camera-addict does not spend a few important minutes, previous to taking his shot, to analyze the scene before him. The sad result is that the print sometimes shows a wide expanse of dreary terrain with the subject lost somewhere in the middle of it. Years ago it was our good luck to be acquainted with an artist who used to take us with him, via a cushion on the back of his motor-bike, whenever he went on sketching tours into the country. From him we learned a little trick. He used to carry a cardboard frame with him which he held at arm's length when picking out a subject. This permitted him to see what his finished water-colour would look like. We have since found this to be of excellent help in "snapshooting." Cut out a frame the size of the print you usually make and frame your subject before you take the picture. By this means you will be practically compelled to pay a little more interest in background. Last summer a friend of ours was taking a picture of the Armament Barracks because of the garden beside it. The garden was his subject. But all he got in the print was a rather uninspiring hut with what might have been Golden Rods about it. Now it so happened that at the head of a stone walk the Armourers had made were two posts with a small white decorative fence on either side of them. These two pieces of fence were merely stakes, graduated in a pleasing curve from the top of the posts to the ground. Each fence was no more than three feet long. Using our friend's camera and telling him to get a spade and do a little digging in the flower beds, we took a

shot through the "fence" so that its curve cut across the right-hand corner of the picture. The finished print was full of interest, with the garden partly framed by a fence, our friend digging the flower beds and just enough background of the barracks to lend that "home" touch.

It pays to compose your picture before you take it. That is the artist's touch of photography. Outside of the developing and printing you make or marr your pictures there. And since a great many of us take our films to drug stores for "Two prints of each and may I have them by tomorrow night?" composition is about the only control we have over the product. Next time you are taking a picture of your girl-friend, or your wife and baby, pay a little more attention to composition. It will pay a hundredfold.

Nothing To Do—Almost

The Sergeant Major is one who has practically nothing to do—that is nothing to do except: to decide what is to be done; tell somebody to do it; listen to reasons why it should not be done, or why it should be done by somebody else, or why it should be done in a different way; follow up to see if the thing has been done; inquire why it has not been done; follow up a second time to discover that it has been done, but done incorrectly; consider how much simpler and better it would have been if he had done it himself in the first place, but to realize that such an idea would strike at the very foundation of the belief of all employees that the boss has nothing to do.

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FINGAL BOMBERS' BANQUET

Well sir, the Fingal Bombers really wound up their hockey season in great style at the Grand Central—a fine supper, nectar of the gods, and a great bunch of boys.

Wg. Comdr. Kennedy, the C.O. of Fingal No. 4. B. & G. School, was called on for a speech by the chairman of the affair, Flt. Lt. Graham. His words of praise of the Fingal Bombers and the school brought a fine round of applause and only goes to show at heart he's one of the boys.

Several speeches were made by various officers and men. The M.O., who is one of the main cogs in the wheel of sport at Fingal, did a very admirable job as master of ceremonies. Sqn. Ldr. White made a jovial little speech which, though it took time to get going (due to the inability of Mr. Skinner to get to his lunch), really rocked 'em in the aisles. Flt. Lt. Gray was promised he'd be free of speeches, but was called on nevertheless, and did a fine job too. Mr. Stewart (Metal Signs) was called on and he told of the possibility of having an artificial ice rink for next winter. He rounded off with an unusual story (very good).

Jim Borland interrupted the M.C. a coupla times, but he was very funny and got quite a laugh.

Sgt. Major Ordidge, who handled the team and took all the grief all winter, was called on for a speech and to accept the cup which they won (St. Thomas and District Hockey League). He thanked the guys for their support and ability to get along under trying circumstances and the good fellowship shown in all their play as well as work. His ceaseless and untiring efforts alone made the whole thing possible. By the way, the cup was filled (good stuff, too). We all drank from it—a lovely cup.

Meeko, Smoky 49'er, took an awful beating all evening, but he likes it. He was presented with a thundering mug from the gang—

- Station Sports -

for getting the most free hair cuts or something.

The players in turn were called on for a speech. Sgt. Miller, a staunch supporter of all sports, made a little speech—mighty fine, Jack.

DeGagne, the boy who was high score holder, was to have had a cup, but it didn't arrive, so he'll get it later. Congrats, Dag! (He's a newlywed). Roger LaFond played the piano so they could sing their heads off, and they did, too—what harmony! Incidentally, I think the boys will back me up on this. I don't think Meeko knows the tune to that "Sing Me Another One, Do" piece, do you? Jay Shaver, the Y.M.C.A. "rep" at the station, took care of the evening to keep things on the go. He's a great guy and is certainly well liked by the fellas. The cup was presented by Jack Preston.

The table line-up was as follows: Wg. Comdr. Kennedy, Flt. Lt. Gray, Sqn. Ldr. White, Flt. Lt. Graham, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Preston, Sgt. Major Ordidge, Jay Shaver, Roger Neath, DeGagne, Meeko, Jimmie Borland, Bill Gordon, Dave Chapman, LaFond (pianist), Sgt. Miller, Andy Adress, Krasnowski, Brownlee, Hudson, MacPherson (Rosy), Flt. Sgt. Wallace, Flt. Sgt. Lewis, Sgt. Hoginson, Cpl. Tessier and Cpl. Stone.

Well, we had a swell time—a beautiful finish to a great hockey season. Much obliged, boys, for your endeavours.

Fingal is proud of the Fingal Bombers.

Scotch and Wry

At a political meeting in a remote Scotch border town I was defending Lloyd George's Insurance Act as a practical application of the Sermon on the Mount. A shepherd rose and asked: "Ye consider that this Insurance Act is in keepin' with the Bible, sir?"

"I do."

"Is it true that under the Act there's a maternity benefit and that a woman gets it whether she's married or not?"

"That's right."

"Well, sir, how d'ye explain this? The Bible says the wages of sin is death and the Act says 30 shillings."—John Buchan, *Pilgrim's Way* (Houghton Mifflin).

"CAN YOU TAKE IT?"

"Oh, so we are going to have P.T. I wonder how I can avoid taking it. Maybe Flt. Lt. Graham will give me a medical certificate."

P.T. in the R.C.A.F. no longer indicates Physical Torture. Physical Training today implies a programme which stresses games as opposed to physical jerks. The exercises seem less strenuous but they are grouped in tables for the definite purpose of co-ordinating the major muscular groups. Co-ordination is essential in an airman.

Flying, though it attracts an active type of man, does not involve much actual muscular work. Sports, therefore, become a necessity to the airman to provide both exercise and relaxation. A good rule is to get some exercise every day with a sweat, followed by a shower. A brief daily period is much more valuable than a longer period once or twice a week. Avoidance of sports that bring stiffness or exhaustion is desirable.

Active participation in the games programme builds up the morale of all. It will put the aircrew on a par physically with the Nazi. The ground staff will do a more efficient job and quite possibly increase their production in the vital maintenance branch.

Don't be a chronic spectator; be a player. Play on at least one team representing your unit. The voluntary after-hour programme will provide schedules and tournaments in softball, soccer, volleyball, table tennis, tennis and track and field sports during the spring and summer months. Station teams will be developed from our station leagues. Your support is fine but your name in a box score or line-up is much better.

A young woman brought a yapping dog into a hotel dining room. A man at a nearby table endured it for a while, then turned to her and with a grave air of solicitude asked, "Your first dog, madam?"

To the Boys
Sgt. Major Ordidge would like to take this opportunity to extend his thanks to all the station personnel, officers and men who gave their help in making for a successful season of hockey, etc., etc.

FIRE FACTS

(Continued from Page 13)

remove your respirator as taught in respirator drill—this prolongs its life. Always return your facepiece the correct way, as otherwise you will damage the facepiece and connecting tubes. Hold your breath while you put on your facepiece. Always test for gas before taking your facepiece off. Wipe out the facepiece after use.

How to Recognize Gases

Phosgene Gas—Smell of musty hay, sweet corn or maize.

Chlorine Gas—Yellow-greenish colour—smells like bleach or chloride of lime.

Nose Gases—By effects produced in body in 3 to 5 minutes.

Tear Gases—By effect in eyes produced immediately.

Mustard Gas—Brown, oily liquid which gives off an invisible vapour—smells like garlic or onions—ground or paint will turn red when in contact with liquid.

Do not take unnecessary chances without protection. Look for protection before you take a chance.

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AN R.A.F. IMPRESSION OF FINGAL

On arriving at Fingal, the first feature to strike one is the atmosphere of activity. No. 4 A.O.S. was, comparatively, a quiet, scholastic haven—here, the essentially practical aspect of everything is everywhere evident. Fingal is, of course, a larger camp and has more resources in equipment and machines, but it seemed in a special sense to open up a wider horizon and to give a preview of life on an operations station. Small things struck one. I remember being quite impressed the first time I saw mechanics dashing out and holding on to the wing tips of planes—real service style—and in general coming into contact with the various departments of the ground crews—armourers, mechanics, drogue men and others was educational in showing how the team work goes on to get the aircraft into the air and keep them flying.

The attachment the mechanics have for their ancient charges is very touching—they know all the history of every plane, how many times it has crashed, just how it has been bent, and exactly why it is impossible to get really good bombing results with it.

Flying with Service pilots was new, too. The Observer was now in his correct relative position, down below in a smelly cockpit and delivering up from his oily isolation hopeful instructions and ingenious explanations for error.

Gunnery was delightful—irresponsible and care-free, although the noise of the V.G.O. sounded disappointingly tinny up there. Problems of relative motion not allowed for in the textbook had to be solved—your plane bumps, the gun jitters, and the drogue is tiny finger flapping about furiously. Most folks, and some the most successful, avoided academic sighting and just “waved it about a bit.” On the ground, the Browning; this has a man-sized bark and shoots straight—seeming more like a cold, impersonal instrument of death and destruction. The Vickers jumps and chatters and stops quite a lot—the Browning stops less frequently and invariably it was your error which stayed its progress.

There is a memory of one really good low-level bombing in bright sunshine and little wind. The target circle was enormous and the bombs fell away gliding straight for the mark, lost from sight for those last few yards—one almost cried out “Stop now”—then a puff of smoke right close in to the red triangle. On one run a direct hit

was recorded, rounding off the pleasure of the trip, then the short journey home and impatiently waiting at the plotting office for compilation of the abnormally low error.

Other times, crabbing across a high wind, the target swerves and drifts about as those precious seconds of the run over go by—one feels an impulse to pull the plane over bodily in that last split second before the release is pressed when, after “steady” and the target has been brought more or less down the drift wires, it sidesteps neatly as you press the button.

Turrets—here the Empire leads the world and these examples of our engineering which the enemy has not yet been able to duplicate, are heartening. An exciting novelty at first, then a realization of their potency when handled with skill. Aircraft recognition is coming very much into the picture nowadays and is so prominent at Fingal that one simply cannot avoid it. There are pictures and drawings of aircraft everywhere, even in the most private places.

Ground school is much the same as before, except that here the actual equipment is to be seen and handled—not merely pictures or descriptions. One can spend a happy evening combining business with pleasure in taking a Browning gun to pieces and guessing just which parts are missing, or dropping imaginary bombs in sticks or singly operating a gratifyingly expensive and complicated piece of mechanism known as a “Mickey Mouse.” Actual large bombs are on view, pleasingly weighty and, to quote the precis, some of them designed to produce the “maximum number of fragments of useful size and weight with the highest possible speed in the most desirable direction.” That is certainly one side of the picture—the view of the recipients of these bombs would be expressed in a less literary fashion.

In the hangars there is quite a variety of aircraft—many are interested to see a close-up for the first time of a Lysander, Nomad or Bolinbroke—no objection is raised to climbing all around and the mechanics are eager to give information about them. In fact, the most noticeable feature about Fingal is that everyone is on his toes, proud of his own particular department, and 100 per cent for the job in hand.

- Entertainment -

“MAY DAY DANCE”

Tuesday, May 5th, was dance night at No. 4 B. & G. School and, although the weather was cool and every available airman on the station was doing a clean-up job in anticipation of the Governor-General’s visit, a grand crowd of airmen was in the hall to greet the five bus loads of feminine pulchritude that accepted our invitation to be entertained on this occasion.

A few model aircraft were hung about the hall to give an added touch of Air Force, and special dances were conducted during the evening. The waltz king turned out to be an airman from down under, and partner; they were awarded appropriate prizes. Then came the famed jitterbugs and they collected their lucky prize and jitted away so swiftly that their identification was not made known. Next in line came the spot dance and in this department Cpl. Joe Baker from Headquarters and his wife were on the spot for prize No. 1, while one of the most bashful couples from the photography was the recipient of spot prize No. 2.

Many of the airmen’s wives were on hand at this function, and with the co-operation of our Mrs. Savage of the Hostess House sold the remainder of their tickets for a lucky draw of cigarettes and also to supply clothing for children overseas. During the evening the draw was made by the Commanding Officer, Wg. Comdr. Kennedy, and the lucky man turned out to be L.A.C. Thain in the Plotting Office. At this time Wg. Comdr. Kennedy welcomed the guests of the evening and also expressed his regrets on leaving this station where he has served for the past year.

Refreshments were served in the Airmen’s Mess, after which dancing continued to the tunes of our revised Station Orchestra under the direction of L.A.C. Smith. “The King” was played and the curtain rung down. Time, 12.45 a.m.

“MERCII ALMA”

The pleasure was all ours when the girls of Alma College, along with the teachers and headmaster, were hosts to some eighty airmen and Officers from R.C.A.F., Fingal.

Unfortunately, this dance came late in the season. I say this because of the numerous requests from airmen who would, for some reason or other, like to have such a dance duplicated, but it seems that the month of May is rather filled with college activities, therefore putting the ban on further dances for the airmen this season.

However, ladies of Alma College, we, the airmen of No. 4 Bombing & Gunnery School, wish to thank you for your kindness and trust that in the season of 1942-43 we may again have the pleasure of being your guests. And don’t forget, if your good headmaster, Dr. Dobson, will allow you to come to our parties at Fingal the welcome sign is here for you.

SERVICE POLICE NEWS

We would call the attention of all car owners to the following facts:

1. To bring your car on the station it must carry all insurance.
2. To keep it on the station you must park it in the space allotted.
3. Observe the 15-mile-per-hour speed limit and be a little more thoughtful of the requirements of others.

To those persons who don’t park on the station, but park on the road way outside the main gate—DON’T PARK BETWEEN THE TWO SIGNS THAT MARK THE GATE CLEARANCE!

If you are in doubt as to any of the above, kindly consult the S.P.

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OPEN EVENINGS

Upstairs

INCIDENTALLY . . .

We were standing on the main street of Brantford the other week, thinking of nothing in particular except that it was a hell of a nice feeling to be on a "forty-eight" and would the five bucks see us through till pay day, when a lady paused beside us. She was by no means young. Smallish, with grey hair and bright blue eyes. And her rosy cheeks would have made many a modern miss look like a slapstick comedienne. Farmer's wife, we catagorized. She blessed us with a motherly glance. But we edged a little and became instantly superior when she asked us where we hailed from. One gets weary of the same questions. Undismayed, however, she chatted on and informed us that she had had a son "over there". That puzzled us. We bended enough to seek the reason for her use of the past participle. Then our superiority crumbled to worthless ash. Her eyes became a little brighter as she said very quietly: "He was shot down over the channel two weeks ago." She smiled (very bravely, we thought), whispered, "God bless you", and went towards the market where spring flowers were on sale. We blew our nose loudly into a handkerchief.

Visiting London the other week during a "forty-eight", we boarded a bus for the Active Service Club on Queen's avenue. The newspapers were full of the raids on Rostock at the time. "How's the Air Force?" exploded the bus driver, joyously. "Fine!" we replied. "You boys certainly deserve a big hand," he shouted above the grinding gears of his jalopy. "You're really plastering 'em now!" And as we

blushingly found a seat at the back of the bus the top button of our uniform went "plop"!

An American friend of ours had a queer experience in Cleveland some time ago. The uniform of an airman of the R.C.A.F. was still a rare sight in that city. He was



"Bell-Hop!"

waiting for a friend beside an elevator of a downtown hotel when a lady puffed upon him, bag and baggage. "Bell Hop!" she cried, "take my bags and call a cab!" He obliged. She gave him a dime.

There's a story going the rounds of Australia about a certain American S.A.I. who was up in a Flying Fortress with some of his students. Only they weren't out after drogues. This was the real thing. He watched one of the side

gunners pot away unsuccessfully at a few Jap planes until finally, unable to stand it any longer, he thrust him to one side. "Your relative speed's all cockeyed!" he shouted. "Now watch me." Three of the enemy aircraft went spiraling down before his gun. Meanwhile the pilot was getting a bit worried. Over the intercom he wanted to know if no one had noticed that the Jap fighters were about as thick as flies around a dead cat. "We've just shot down three, Goddammit, sir," replied the A.S.A.I. Then he turned to the gunner, "Like that, see. Now you do it!"

Mr. Nasty Nazi Hitler had a birthday some time ago. But there was not much song and dance about it, our correspondent informs us. You see, every birthday Adolf celebrates is merely a milestone along a very dangerous road. And at the end of it there's a bottomless pit. N.N.H. is fully aware of all this and it makes his flesh creep to think of it. So he says, "But we don't talk about that!"

HIS LAST BET

Wilkins felt he could never ask Valerie to become his wife because she was an angel, whereas he himself had many little weaknesses of which no angel would approve. Valerie, on the other hand, kept thinking it was about time he popped the question.

Then, one moonlight night, he spoke up.

"Valerie, w-will you-you m-marry me?" he stuttered, hardly daring to hope she had heard him.

"You bet!" she replied, briskly, already deciding on white satin and four bridesmaids.

"I know, darling, I know," he almost wept, "but if you'll only say 'Yes' I'll never back another horse as long as I live!"

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MAN Likened to an Institution

Every man is looked upon as an institution supported by the character and life of which he himself is the Builder. In this Institution there is a Control Tower; from this Tower everything that he thinks, acts and does reflects how he can and will support laws provided by the Founder.

Let us take a look at the ins of this wonderful masterpiece of nature. First there is the heart, likened to a Dynamo. From this, power is supplied for the control of mind, heart, breath, speech and movements of the limbs. All these must be in accordance with the dynamic power supplied by the will power—resistance and stronghold of the entire body.

So each man must be careful how he lives that this institution will not become immoral or barbarous.

Airwoman No. 89765: "Is your boy friend broad-minded?"

Airwoman No. 56798: "Yeah, that's all he ever thinks of."

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